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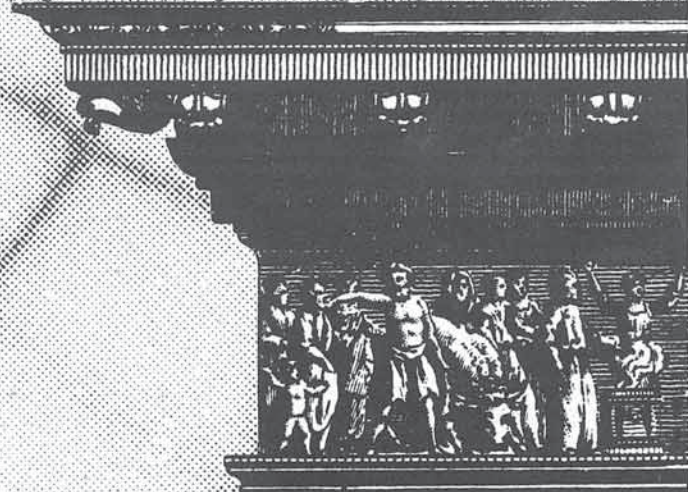
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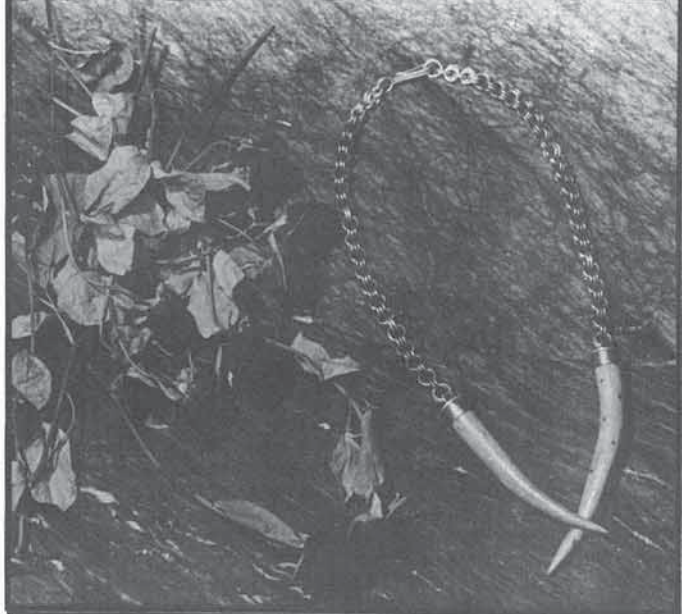


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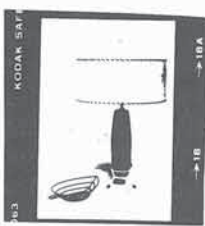
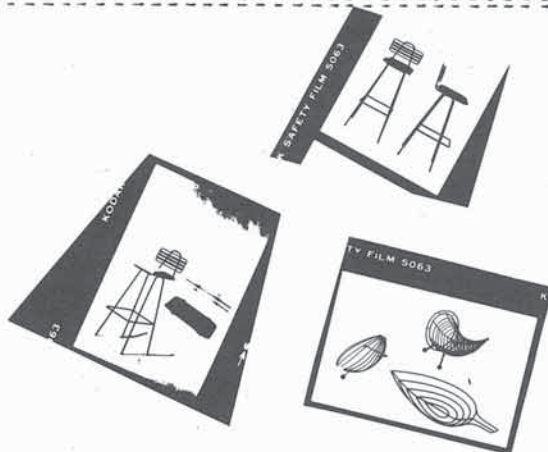
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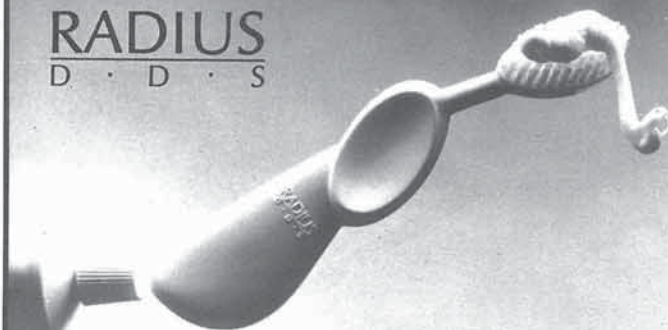
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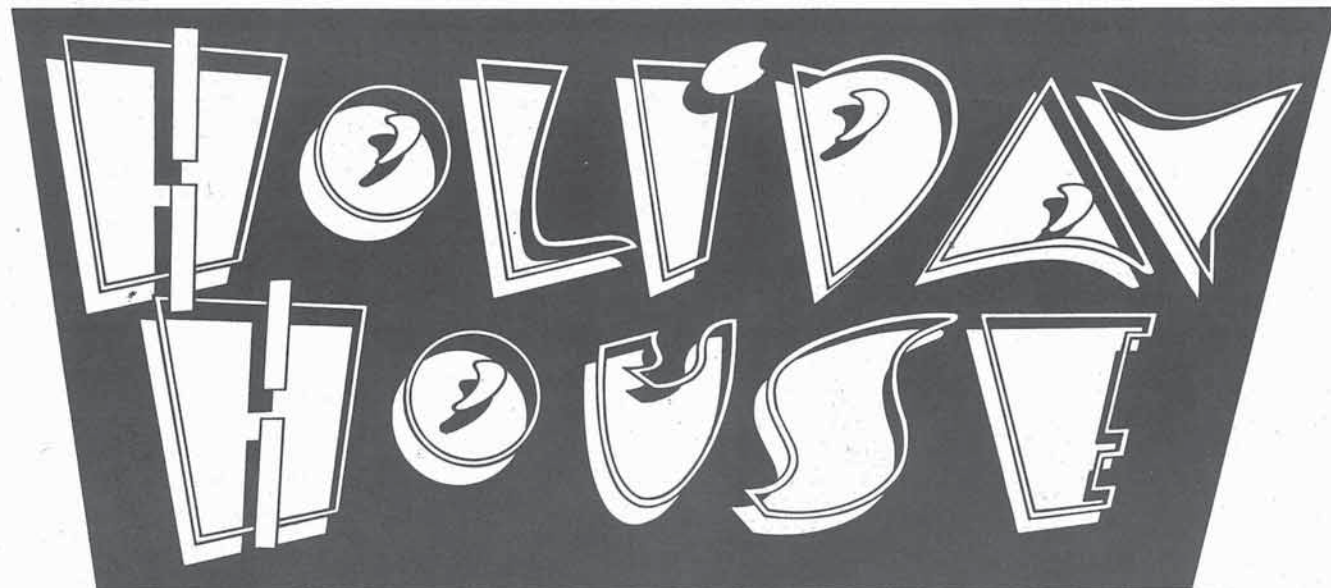
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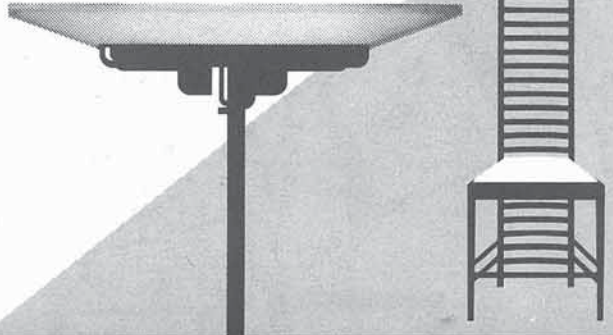
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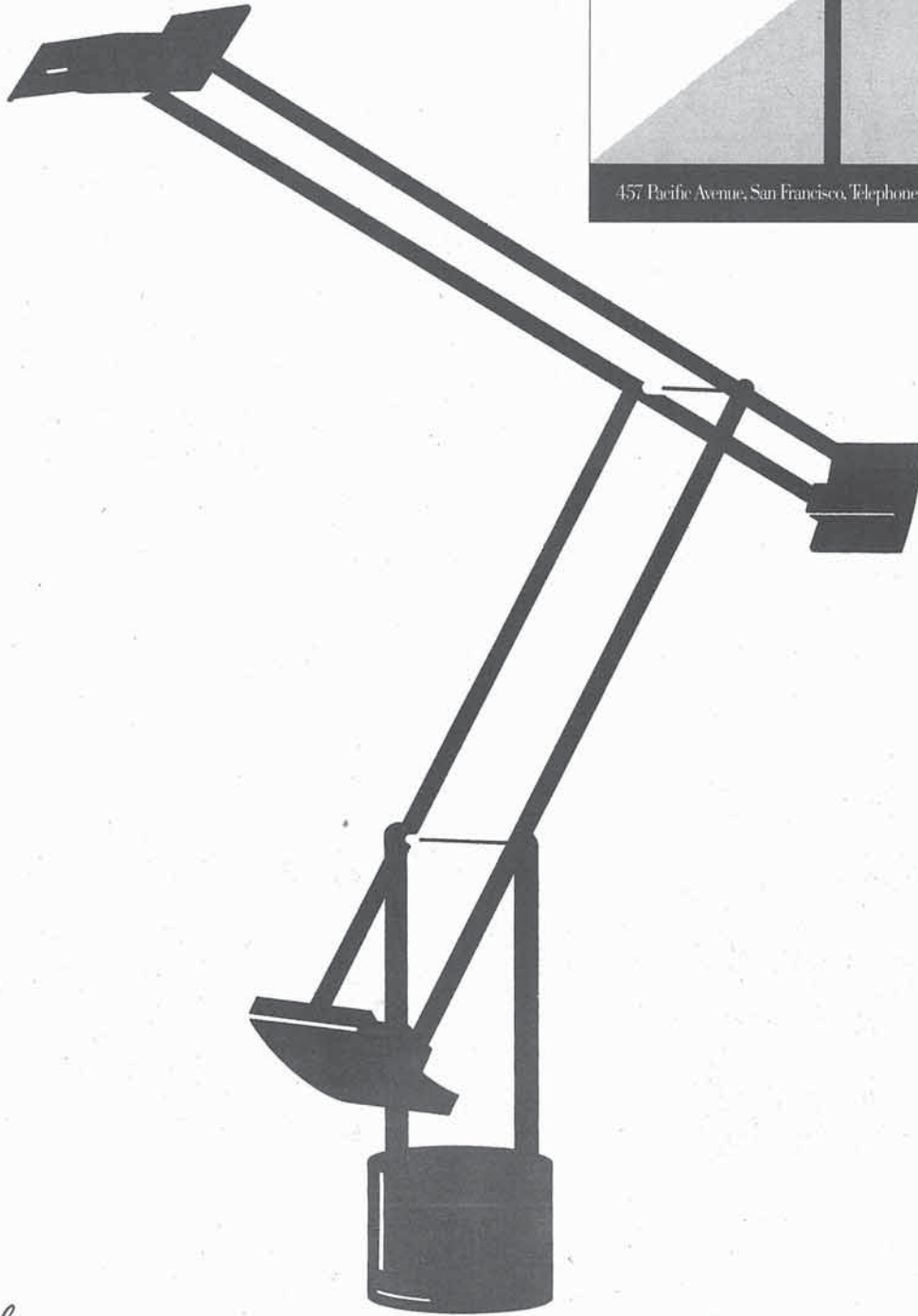
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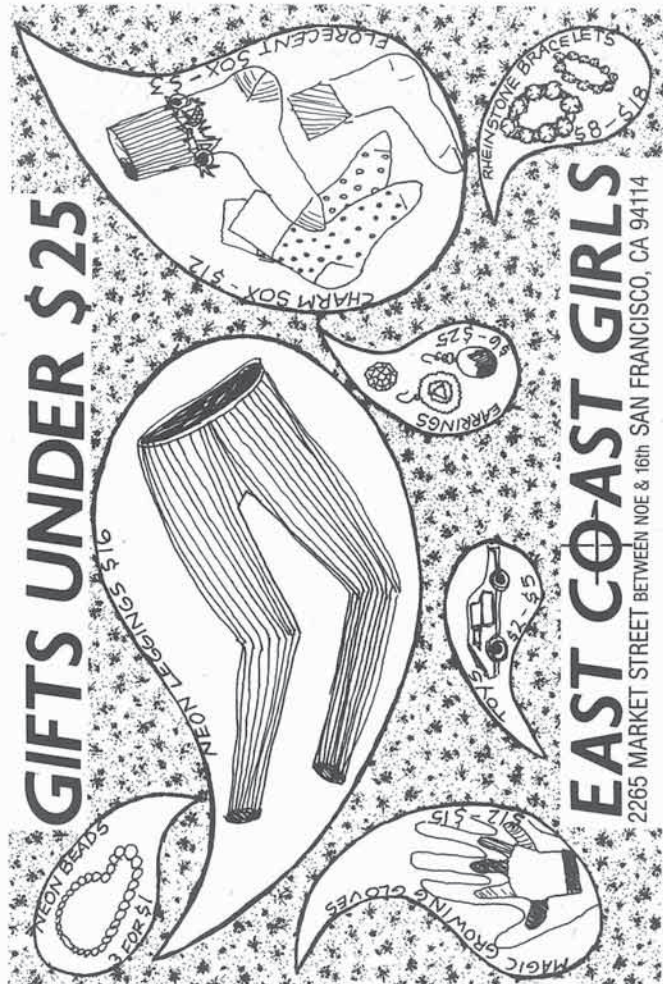


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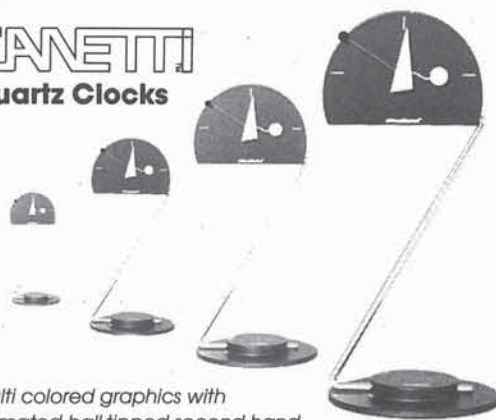
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Stan Sesser
Eating Out
S.F. Chronicle
September 28, 1984

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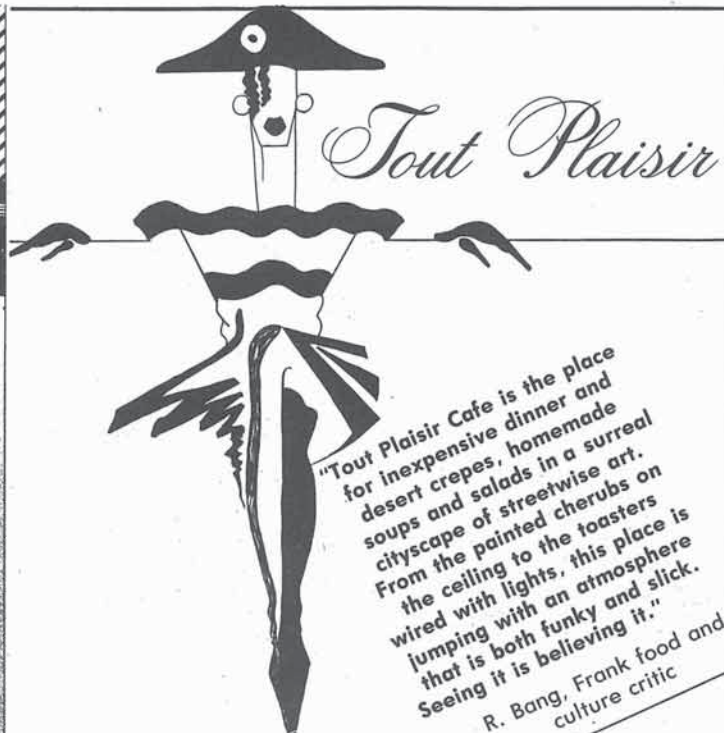
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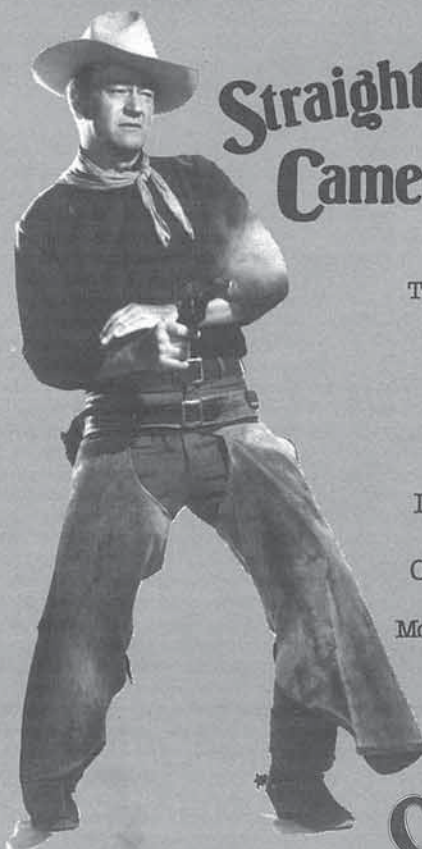


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"Maureen" — photo by Sharon Camhi, from the All Girl Band series



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FRANK⁴

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FRANK CORRESPONDENCE



Dear FRANK:

Out my window today, the quality of grey in the sky and the quantity of rain falling out of it were very similar to the conditions of a particular Sunday in Bordeaux.

What had been meant as a one night stopover near the southwest coast of France (on the way to Paris) became a six week haunting of, among other things, a great number of cafes. Bordeaux is much more familiar as a monter on a bottle of red wine than as a medium sized city. And it could be argued that six weeks is a rather long time to be acquainted with its charms. With that in mind, I decided to write you with a distilled list of cafes for one who, like me, tends to measure a place by the life found in its cafes but doesn't have the time to make a complete survey.

The Vent Debout is a collectively owned cafe-bookstore which has a young clientele, plays good contemporary music and stocks books (most in French) on subjects ranging from anarchy, ecology and music to large stock of "bande dessinée" (comic books), a genre that is very popular throughout Europe.

Le Cafe Pey Berland is a place near the cathedral with Art Deco interior decorations and furnishings. There have been so few changes in the ensuing years that it is often used as a shooting location for period films. Rough hewn wooden floors, a six point neon star on the ceiling, beveled mirrors on the walls, and an elegant ceramic vase filled with pink roses sits on the bar next to an old pushbutton cash register. Coffee is served in very wide brimmed porcelain cups by the owner, a lovely older woman who seems to be the long lost favorite aunt of everyone who enters.

Cafe des Arts is another Art Deco room with a large number of outdoor tables as well. On the rue Victor Hugo at the corner of a walking street, it attracts a more mixed crowd, businessmen punks, art students and occasional low life members (the author). Perhaps it was the mosaic tiled floor that first attracted me or perhaps the circles of neon which hover from the ceiling like haloes awaiting some local saint to pass by. There is evidence of wear, the wrought iron bases now have formica tops to replace the marble.

Cafe de la Concorde, opposite the square of the same name, is more the working neighborhood cafe, a stop after work for a Pernod, a cigarette and a little conversation with acquaintances. There is a pool table in the back of the large room, a cloud of smoke in the air, men playing chess and red, white and blue plaques with small flags, evidence of Armistice Day just past. The plastic plants need little care. The floor is covered with what looks like tile but is actually vinyl paper. But then what cafe would be complete without a little illusion?

Finally for the high budget traveller who needs a place to sit after a hard day on the boutique circuit, Le Regent, On Place Gambetta, it is the cafe in which to see and be seen. Waiters in white shirts, black vest and bow tie, white cloth apron from waist to ankle and white cloth carefully draped over one arm. There is a large selection of outdoor seating, also crushed velvet seating inside. The green plants with real and on the walls are plaques with what appear to be lacquered turtles walking toward the ceiling, perhaps as symbols of the true slow paced cafe sitter.

Au revoir,
R.B. (rob bang)

From London

Suddenly it's my last day here, and I haven't seen hardly anything yet! I drag Steve around to the London Tower, the London Bridge and the Westminster Abbey. Except when we get off at Victoria Station we can't find the Abbey. Sure, there are plenty of huge, historic, neat-looking buildings, but which one is the Abbey? I ask a bobby. "That's the Abbey there, across the street," the bobby says, pointing at a building directly in front of my face. Steve hovers nearby, face averted, embarrassed at our ignorance. "Ah hah," I say, pretending for all three of our sakes that I AM Not making a terrible faux pas. "And what is this building here? I say, gesturing at the massive, imposing structure directly behind us. The bobby very nearly loses it. He glances sharply into my face and says, tight-lipped, "Parliament." With nothing to say to that and our embarrassment now complete, we slink away to gawk at the Abbey. But it is not much fun; we are suddenly too well aware of the ignorant, Yankee blood coursing through our ignorant, Yankee veins.

Shamefacedly,
Les



Dear FRANK:

Life is just oke-doke by the skin of my teeth. Have been having a fairly difficult summer—seem to be questioning everything in my life: dance, relationships, volkswagens, tofu.

Bill

Designed by Jeff Welch

Dear FRANK:

Well, S. was suppose to arrive in S.F. on Saturday. I had planned a champagne cocktail party. She called last night from NYC. Steve said, "What happened, did ya make a wrong turn?" She said, "I was (in Michigan) so close I just had to come." When she pulled up in front of Tom's N.Y. pad (next to three stripped and burned vans) a police car pulled up there. Ahhh Autumn in New York, the smell of burning vehicles wafting through the air.

Dear FRANK:

The trees at this point, are bright yellow. They lighten the dimmest sky, the dullest pavement; dry and crispy like potato chips or lying like wet tens — after the rains.

On a walk last weekend Abby was confronted by a mean German Shepherd who paused in the most terrible instant of decision between snatching up Abby or returning at his master's command, Abby took off into the weeds. We thought she'd find us but were just turning back to find her when she crept along the path making the saddest groaning sound I have ever heard,

"moooooaaan"

She thought she was left, probably like the first time when she was sick and got dropped off at the school down the road. She is getting a lot of fur for winter and looks like a rabbit though she acts like a dog. Her and Marbles snuggle up like lovers. Marble sucks her teats (I think we took her too young from her mother).

Read Flannery O'Connors' short stories. I made a rash ill-conceived opinion of her before I knew any of her stories. I had heard grotesque, but I am thought the farmer's daughter jokes came from her storchouse, but I am overwhelmed by her religious convictions and the density of symbol and language in her stories. Do you begin like this: "She sailed until the calm morning. Carrying her full cargo of roses." Roethke

M.

Dear FRANK:

I took my summer vacation late this year, taking off to Paris in mid-September and returning to San Francisco at the end of October. Picked-up a copy of FRANK III to read en route, and was delighted with its thoughtful and unpretentious content. Had to show it to several friends abroad: a Russian who loved the article on underground rock in Moscow; some friends who sell magazines in Paris who flipped when I told them that FRANK is a free publication (better than much of the crap they sell). So you are appreciated at home and abroad.

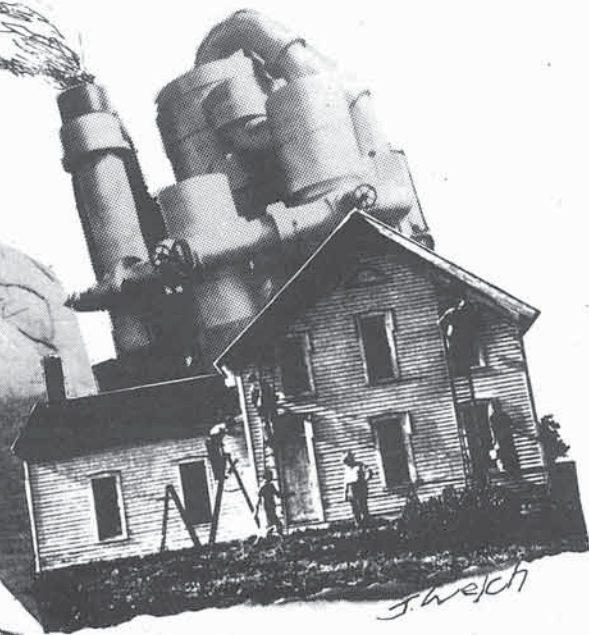
Just a word to those who are planning next summer's vacation: go to Glasgow, Scotland. It's a city that gets a lot of bad press, like Detroit or even Cleveland. But in truth it is a grand and beautiful city, rich in architecture, art and design, filled with students and good folk. Like FRANK it is a quiet treasure. Unlike Paris or London, still unexploited by tourists, cheap for Americans and full of surprises.

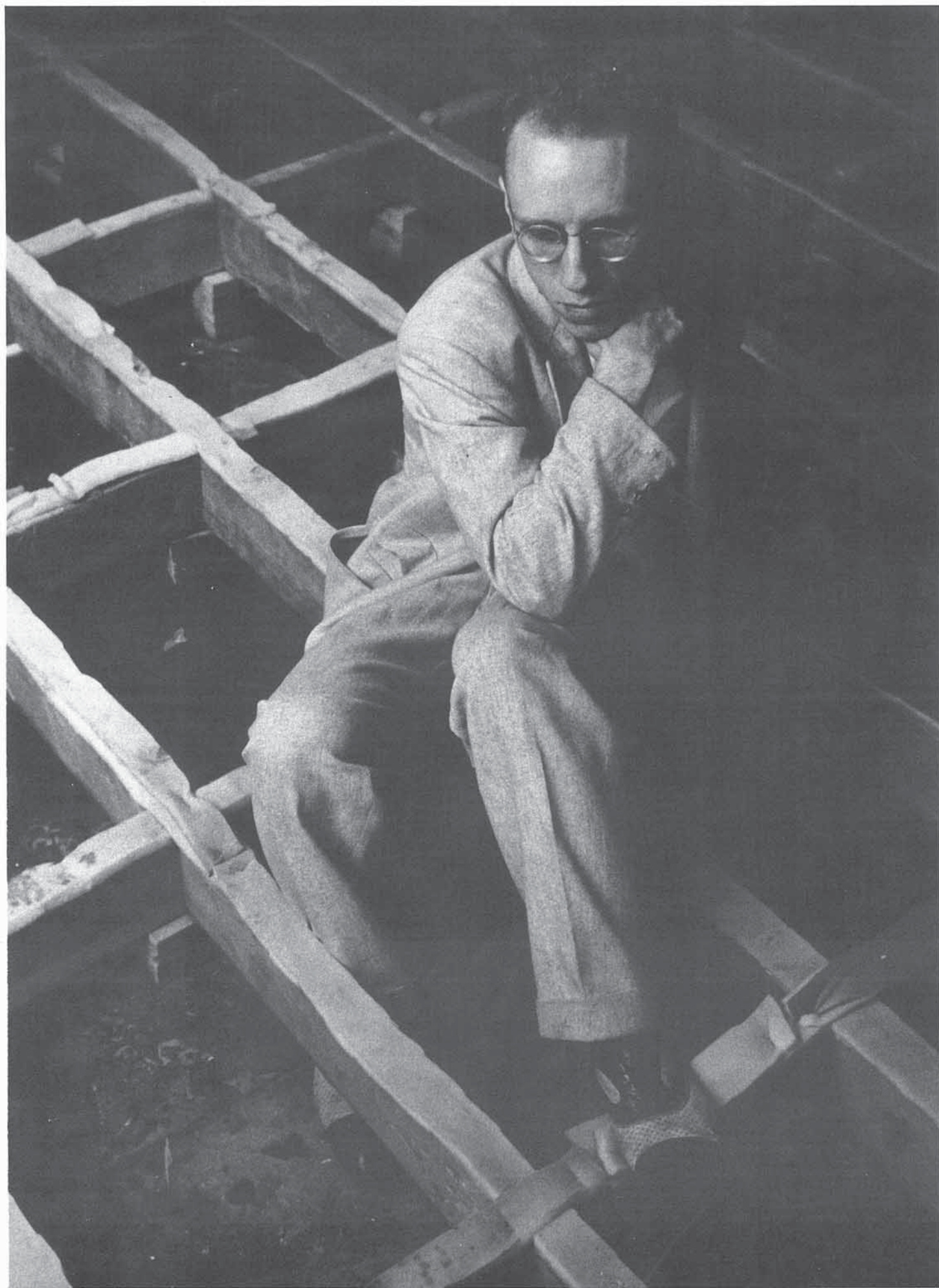
J. Schachter

Dear FRANK:

A few words on fall in the Poconos. It is definitely the best time of the year; then the natural beauty shows thru the man-made scars of the strip-mines. I ran into the quarterback of the high school football team — he still can't stop talking about the winning year '75 — maybe for him, but not for me.

K.C.





Generic Story



Steve Cassal

It's a long way from the Tropicana to the New Generic. But Stephen Parr, who likes to use images and cross boundaries, realizes he can do both by comparing Ricky Ricardo's old club to his own. Says Parr: "I feel the same way Ricky does when he talks about 'the club' to Lucy. I understand completely when he says, 'I have to go to the club, Lucy.' I have to to 'the club,' too. It's my life." Parr is smiling as he says this, but he takes his commitment to the New Generic very seriously.

Parr founded the New Generic in March of this year. It succeeds the Club Generic, which operated in the Tenderloin from 1979-82. Recent programs at the New Generic have included a bike messenger bash, sonic architecture, African films, a big band film party, assorted video presentations and a tribute to Liberace which featured a Liberace look-alike contest and a live debate between Communist and Liberace "sympathizers." Parr believes in a flexible format. If possible he avoids referring to the New Generic as a 'club,' because, he says, "That destroys the aura of mystery; and it limits what I can do."

Parr's interests have always been eclectic. "I've worked with video, theatre, electronics, lasers, photography, graphics, painting, sculpture and design. I never felt comfortable in any one group. I wanted to do all those things. Ever since I was a kid, that's how I've been."

Growing up in upstate New York, Parr was interested in 'art' at an early age, but found he had a broader definition of it than many of the people around him. "I remember when I was going to high school and an old lady would wheel around the 'art cart' dur-

ing recess. That's where you were supposed to do art. From the cart. It didn't make much sense to me, pinning it down like that."

Parr was interested in what is now called conceptual art. He also liked to "orchestrate events." Says he: "One time I got permission to park my truck on school property. All of a sudden there were hundreds of people in and around the truck. We showed films and played music. It was a disruption; we wanted to disrupt things." Years before anyone had defined 'performance art,' he was practicing it.

During his school years, Parr thought of himself as an "instigator" rather than a subversive influence. "I acted as a catalyst," he says. "I supported people whose aesthetics were not in vogue."

His first actual "location" was the Cafe Bizarre in Syracuse, New York, which opened in 1977 and stayed in business about a year. "It was an outgrowth of my experience with lasers and live performance and sound collage," he says. "But I don't know if you could even call it a 'cafe.' It was more like a state of mind."

For a while in the late 70s he lived in Oregon, but that didn't work out. "I talked more in 15 minutes than most of those people did in a week," he says. Then he got sick and "had a vision" of what he was going to accomplish in the Bay Area. In 1978, he moved to San Francisco.

He came to San Francisco with a book he had just published, "Lost in

the Clearing," written by Linda Phillips. The book was itself a performance work, combining poetry, theatre and stand-up comedy. "Lost in the Clearing" was Parr's first major publishing project.

Parr and Phillips travel to San Francisco together. Along with the book they brought a performance work, "Hyperactive in the 70s," that used photo images, props and spoken dialogue. The book and "Hyperactive" were Parr's entree to the San Francisco "scene."

Not long afterwards, Parr realized he wanted to shape the direction of the scene, not just be a part of it. He began looking around for a late-night place. The site he found was in the middle of the Tenderloin, on Leavenworth and Turk. "I was immediately drawn to the Tenderloin. It was raw. There were people living on the edge. It had a reputation for being wild. I saw it as the heart of the city. Plus," he adds, "the building was really cheap."

Parr's goal was to put video and performance in an environment "where people could stay up late and drink and socialize. I wanted everything to be spontaneous. People are going to reach the way they feel late at night. They're not going to applaud politely; they'll throw beer at the performers if they don't like them." The name Club Generic was chosen because "the place had no pretensions; it was just a storefront, painted white."

It isn't Parr's style to fondly

reminisce, but he almost does when he recalls the shows at Club Generic. "We had some stuff I really liked. We had 'The Wild Nixons,' a group of teenagers from the suburbs who would just make loud noise. We had Peter Pussydog, an electric sex and drug poet. He's a dwarf and he would read poems about fucking black holes in space. In 1980, we put on a two-week program called 'The Western Front' which I felt brought together all the musical influences in San Francisco and New York and London. And we did video. Lots of good video. Club Generic became a kind of sanctuary, I think. It was a place where people with unfashionable aesthetics could come. In a way it was similar to what I'd done as a kid in New York."

Eventually the privacy of the sanctuary was invaded. The police raided the Club Generic. Recalls Parr: "They just smashed the door open and came in. They told everybody to throw their drugs on the floor. Then the cops put all the drugs in a big bundle and took off." Soon afterwards, Parr went out of business. "I didn't need the harassment," he says.

But he believes the raid may have been beneficial. He had been contemplating a change for some time; now his hand was forced. "I was tired of 'doing something' every week," he says. "I wanted more time to put into meatier events. I also wanted to work on an idea I'd had for some time, a video catalog." That catalog was produced a few months later. It features listings on video artists across the United States and Parr uses it to rent videos to clubs, to arrange broadcasts and to set up screenings. It is now one of his major sources of income.

After Club Generic folded, Parr went to New York and produced video shows. Among the entertainers he

"I don't think people have to understand; it just has to hit them and affect them somehow. That's all you can do, short of hooking their brains up to electrodes . . ."

***"We had some stuff
I really liked. We had 'The Wild
Nixons,' a group of teenagers from
the suburbs who would just make loud noise.
We had Peter Pussydog, an electric
sex and drug poet . . ."***

worked with was John Sex, who performs a song and strip act with his snake, Delilah. Parr also produced a couple of music acts, did video consultation for clubs and generally kept busy. But . . . he kept thinking about getting another place.

He liked 2 Clinton Park as soon as he saw it was in an alley. He also enjoyed the fact that he was able to rent it "with basically no references and no money."

Although his principle concerns hadn't changed since Club Generic, he didn't want the new location to be a reincarnation of the former one. "I wanted a place where I could screen video tapes and produce live events and I didn't want a club, a spot where people came to drink or dance or meet their mate. I wanted a place where people could interact, but I wanted them to have some commitment to coming here."

He also wanted to resist easy definitions and labeling, which is one reason the site is called both the New Generic and 2 Clinton Park. It's harder to pin something down if you don't know its name. "I also thought about painting the place black and calling it 'The Black Box,'" he says.

Whatever you want to call it, the

specialty of the house is what Parr terms "high content" video. "I put on a lot of pre-MTV stuff," he says. Seldom seen tapes of Roxy Music, Lene Lovich, Iggy Pop, David Bowie and many others have been screened. So have videos by Emjay Wilson ("Emjay Teevee") and other contemporary artists. "I like to put on things that aren't cut and dried, that break through frameworks," says Parr.

That's true of his live performances as well. When Nell Stewart appeared, she "revisited" Jonestown by wearing a stocking mask on her head and throwing little white bundles filled with lime Kool-aid onto the floor. Connie Hatch's piece, "Serving the Status Quo," consisted of photo images, audio tape and a performance narrative with an "All American" cast of characters headed by a radical separatist lesbian computer whiz. Comments Parr: "I don't think people have

to understand; it just has to *hit* them and affect them somehow. That's all you can do, short of hooking their brains up to electrodes, which I have no intention of doing."

How does Parr book his acts? "I go primarily on instinct," he says. "People will say, 'I want to do a show at your place.' And they'll hand me a resume. I don't want to see a resume. I don't care about that. I book according to how I feel."

Sometimes he doesn't 'feel' like anything. He doesn't believe the New Generic *must* provide stimulation and he thinks the 'non-performance' is a legitimate art form. "I thought for a while about a 'Nothing Club,' where literally nothing happened," he says. "I really liked that concept."

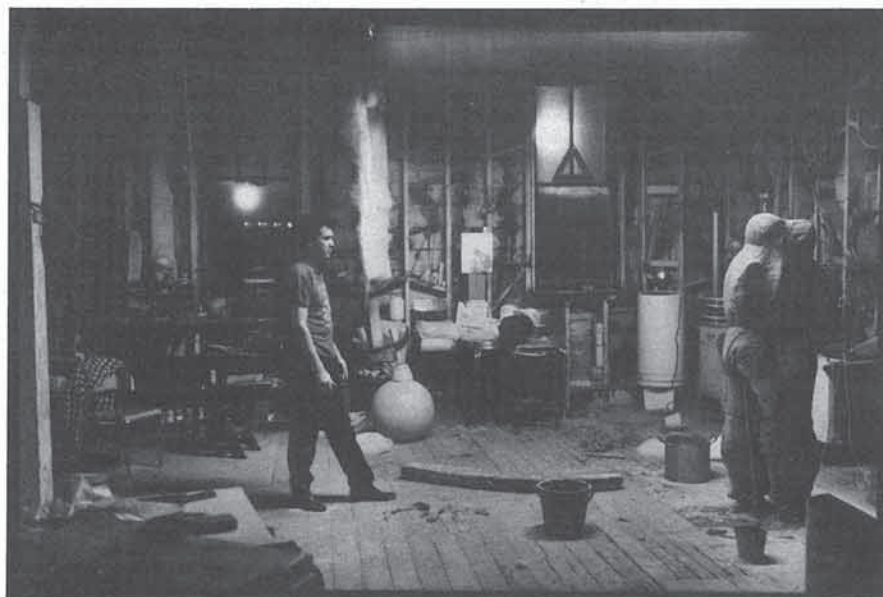
He put that concept into practice on October 27th. That night had been advertised as a "Night of Hell" masquerade ball at the New Generic, but

Parr changed his mind about the ball and closed his doors. "People kept coming by; they'd see that no one was here and they'd leave and come back later. This went on for hours. More than a hundred people must have done that. Finally I got bored and opened the doors."

Parr probably isn't bored very often. Fast-talking and quick-witted, he has a New Yorker's style; it's easy to see why he startled the slower-paced Oregonians. During the interview, there was noise from an adjacent room. Parr shouted, "Hey, shut up there for a minute!" When asked whether the people in the other room were employees or visitors, he replied, "They're just trash with two legs." A vintage New York response.

Much of Parr's considerable energy is funneled into the New Generic. "I couldn't be any more committed than I am," he says. "Hell, you know you've got a strong commitment when you go to bed at night and dream of a new floor you're putting in at your place. But an artist or performer is going to make himself vulnerable and be absolutely committed to what he does. The only way to accomplish anything is to put yourself on the line." ■





photographs by Colin C. McRae

Chair=Cheeseburger

The parallel lives of Mark McCloud

Holly Erickson

When I first saw Mark McCloud's sculpture I found the distorted, vaguely human shapes and the barely recognizable household objects coated in layers of prettily glazed clay distressing. It seemed as if within the inflexible boundaries of baked mud, life had been caught unaware, as if in some Pompeian disaster. I was tempted to crack open the pieces and look inside, maybe to let life out again in the form of long preserved sounds or smells.

One critic said that Mark McCloud's sculptures are muddy and fecal. Consistent with that appraisal of McCloud's work are the stories of his origins. At one time, he was born in Argentina of Italian parents, but adopted at an early age by wealthy Americans. Just last week he was born in Grosse Point, Michigan and that is what official documents state. Today he is the illegitimate son of his uncle by adoption (who died of a heroin overdose when Mark was six) and Alvaretta Hamilton, a parapalegic who could walk with the use of canes. He dismisses the discrepancies in these stories by saying, "I don't know what the truth is about my background. It's hard to tell whether these are lies I have told or whether lies have been told about me. I don't know where I was born because I wasn't paying particular attention at the time."

Uncertain to whom I am speaking I tell McCloud to speak about himself. He proceeds, breathlessly, chain smoking Winstons, downing latte after latte, with a rather nasal Mid-Western sounding accent.

"I was always doing photography although I didn't know it was art. I was in a hospital for asthmatics when I was a kid in Argentina. I made figures of mud and egg yolks to pass the time. I came from a corporate family, they only had Argentinian folk art. I didn't

think about art as such until college.

Although the first piece I did, in retrospect, was a group of objects I put together. I was sent to Webb School, from Argentina, when I was twelve. There we boys were locked up together and into psychedelics. I was reading Hesse's *Steppenwolf* and the idea of a mind altering club that is very hard to get into, but when you are permitted in you see the inner workings of the universe, impressed me. I started to collect objects and realized that while each object has a magic of its own, when you arrange them together they emanate this really strong thing.

"After boarding school I studied psychology at the University of Santa Clara. I realized shortly that what I was actually thinking about was called Art. It wasn't without a great deal of embarrassment that I became an artist because I had been anti-artist all my life. In my family there was a tendency to think of art as superficial because it was not involved with a way of life that does benefit to anyone, feeds people, or manufactures products that improve the quality of life. So I had to face the fact that I was an artist.

"I got into grad school at U.C. Davis as a photographer. I arranged sentimental objects, a Woolworth's outlook towards religion. It was my way to record ideas. I like to grab specific symbols in the environment and rearrange them. I think you can change the meaning of all the old symbols. I would take half an hour snapping the pictures and then months figuring out how to put them together. I noticed that a lot of clay was coming into my photographs so I decided to start working in clay as well. I thought if I worked in clay I'd spend more time doing and less time thinking, but it turned out to be the same really. You pick subject matter and that is where the tension lies. The rest, the elaborate preparation, the building, and the construction, in that the tension is

minimal.

"I did figurative things at first. Bats, guns, rifles. Then I went abstract and that is when art loosened up for me. It was not that I was no longer depicting what was real; I was merely depicting what may be real but is invisible. I had had an experience which showed me a group of invisible things that were coexisting with our environment. They have no name on what we call the Other Side.

"I don't feel it is my responsibility to select good or bad ideas. I can do anything. I'm communistic about art. All art objects are equal but some are more effective than others. People accept Van Gogh's painting of a chair as art, but they don't accept the chair itself as art, although the first chair was a radical sculpture that happened to be functional.

"I feel, in my deepest, darkest corners, that all matter has infinity running through it. An art object is valued because the collective conscious has not been able to absorb it as readily as other objects. People need the power that comes from breaking away from what we have delineated. We have drawn lines around things when actually they are interlocked and intertwined. This is a chair, this is a table, all that breaks down on the Other Side. The Mona Lisa is like a pack of Marlboros. They both contain infinity.

"People ask me why I do art. If the Mona Lisa is the hottest thing man has done artistically, why bother? Or if the Mona Lisa is equal to a pack of Marlboros why bother? Well it's only a



continued on page 37

Gathering

Berry Brice

18

There are rats in Raymond Abbey's storm sewer — dead ones. Big rats as plump and bloody as those giant plums from California. Last night, Raymond lay in bed listening to the trees move above the house, hearing his wife breathe and his children call out and smelling the soft, close smell of dead rat. Now he watches his small son climb into the sewer, racoon hands clutching the rough cement. 'He looks like a monk,' Raymond thought, 'with that white face and that green hood and all, he looks just like a monk.' The boy's voice echoes slightly as he yells, 'Here they are!' He holds the animals by the tails and throws them onto the street. Each makes a heavy, liquid sound as it lands. The last one thuds softly against Raymond's track shoe, leaving the laces wet and pink.

Wild things are somehow drawn to Raymond's yard — always going there to breed and grow and die. Odd, luxurious plants fill his flowerbeds and hide the tracks of big-bellied cats. In the summertime, Raymond must cut the grass at least three times a week. And even so, he often wakes up on steamy mornings to find his mailbox nearly strangled with flowering dewberry brambles and his newspaper surrounded by hundreds of damp gray mushrooms. Yet Raymond cuts and trims and controls all of this violent growth without passion. Like that Renaissance painting of a white-robed Christ in the Garden of Paradise, Raymond remains distant and fastidious.

Occasionally, after dinner, he plays basketball with the older boys from the neighborhood. At these times, the sweaty, round-shouldered fathers leave their house painting, or their lawn-mower repairing, or their tree mulching and watch quietly as Raymond plays. They shake their heads and smile at each other across the spiky lawns, and each secretly straightens his own dense, myopic body. But Raymond is never truly involved in these games. He always feels like a platoon leader in some colossal World War II campaign — spurring others to move and making moves himself, but doing so blindly — never quite knowing the reason for the motion.

Once, on a Sunday afternoon in early winter, Raymond and his three children cleared out the ragged corner lot next to the house. It was nearly dark when they gathered the wet newspapers and scraps of rotting lumber into a pile and poured gasoline onto them. To the top of this pile, Raymond added a pink enamel high chair without legs, and then struck a match. His children clapped and hopped up and down as the stuff whooshed into flame. The pink paint on the high chair turned black and peeled and was sucked into the gray, cold sky. His children screamed each time he splashed more gasoline into the flames. As cars approached the scene, the kids would turn to point at their fire; faces illuminated for an instant by the headlights — eyes glowing red and glassy, mouths open to yell. But Raymond did not turn to greet the cars with a man's curt, suburban flash of the palm. Instead, he stood with hands in jacket pockets, very still, and watched the fire.

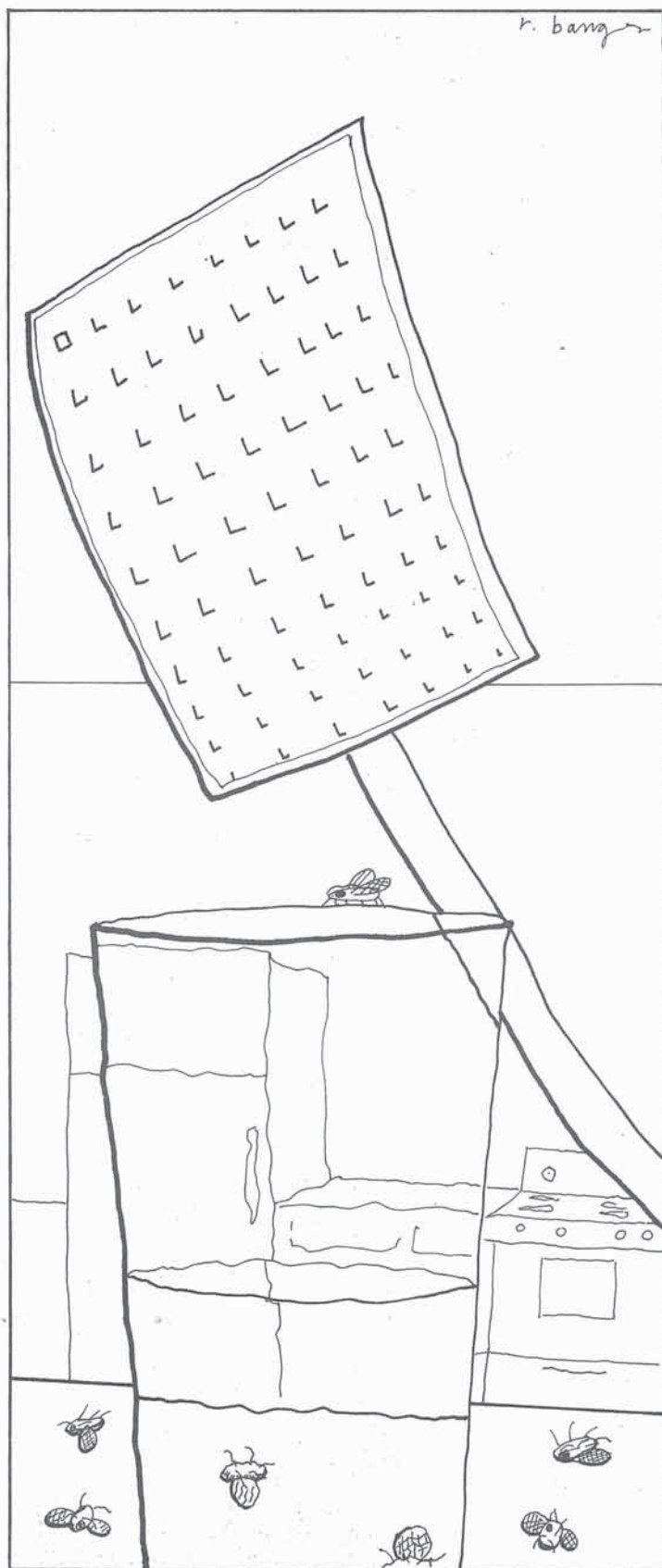
Raymond's muddy track shoes, and his ashes and his dirt, and his round of senseless, slightly dangerous motion

never reach the inside of that house. His wife Marilyn keeps her home as white and silent as a convent. Marilyn is very tall, with strong, pale legs and the hands of an ancient nun. Those large-knuckled, ammonia-smelling hands are covered with fat blue veins and smaller green ones. Her gold wedding ring seems so tentative on such hard, active hands. Marilyn has fierce black hair which she never ties back. In the supermarket, the young checker would stare at that snaky hair and then forget to ask for driver's license or credit card. As she closes the till, the checker and her sacker watch Marilyn push her heavy basket to the car, looking as if she had just begun some holy, terrible adventure.

Marilyn grocery shops twice a week, filling her tiny car each time with all the food that she must buy. Although she does not like to cook, Marilyn shops lavishly and her white kitchen is gaudy with bought goods. In the refrigerator, the thick wire racks creak under the weight of giant jars of pickles, gallons of milk, and industrial size containers of Welch's grape jelly. Fat, perfect plums and cucumbers and potatoes crowd the bottom shelf. Marilyn hates to 'run out' of things, so her freezer contains nineteen loaves of bread (fourteen white, four wheat, and one raisin), thirty-seven small cans of Rosedale frozen orange juice, three t-bone steaks, twelve one-pound packages of hamburger meat and four smoked turkeys. Her pantry holds several hundred cans of Del Monte and Campbells — one large shelf is filled entirely with Spam and V-8 juice. And in the corner of this immaculate room is a large green garbage can. Twice a week, before her shopping trip, Marilyn clears her kitchen of uneaten food. Blackened, dripping plums; jars of yellow mayonnaise, slushy and beginning to grow grey mold; and five pounds of dusty, sprouting potatoes are all thrown into the can. Marilyn leaves the mess unlicked. During the day, and sometimes very late at night, she will go into the kitchen just to look at her own festering garbage.

Marilyn's kitchen also holds two white fly swatters. Every day at noon, her young daughters stand sentry at the window above the sink, waiting for the heat and the light to draw the flies to the glass. Each fly is killed with an efficient, joyous 'Yecch!' By twelve-thirty, the ledge and the counter are gory with insect bodies. Today, the girls yell, 'Eleven, mother . . . we got eleven!' Their mother looks blankly at the dead; flicks the bodies into the sink; then takes the splattered weapons from her daughter's hands.

Through the ivy-choked window, Marilyn spots her son and her husband. The boy is clumsily shovelling the swollen bodies of the rats into a green plastic bag. The tool is too heavy for him, and several times he nearly tears the bag. Raymond puts his hand on his son's shoulder and says something to him, and the boy smiles and makes a face. Once, in tenth grade science class, Marilyn read that Madame Curie 'passed like a stranger across her own life.' This phrase frightened her and she remembered it for a long time. Marilyn wonders what her husband has said to her son to make him smile like that. ○





LAST HIT


Maria was a long, cool drink looking for a ticket. He was a one-way trip going nowhere fast. They hitched up and hit the Buffalo limits doing 90 miles per. It was the backslope of a roller coaster til they hit the Continental Divide, cheap thrills, motion sickness, wanting it to never end and praying to hit bottom. They were bankrupt long before they blew into Vegas. She had a millionaire until he crapped out. Freddy won her back with a couple of sick queens, but it was a steep grade with no brakes all the way to the bay. They tried to find an edge that would cut them loose but it was all cool fog. "Like a bad movie you're too weak to switch off," he said. She gave him a smile shiny as a poisoned apple and said, "Freddy, this flicks over."



Models: Fred Rine, artist and Mary Dollar, model, dancer and dancer review pro-
ducer, can be reached through FRANK Magazine

photos: Synapse Productions/
Sondra Schlade and Will Cloughley
clothes: M.A.C
broken heart: Tim Englert





Coat — Vest
Eastwind Code

Sweater — Skirt
Todd Oldham for Congovid

Hats — Scarf
Bernstock-Spiers, London

Constructivist Sweater — Gray
Peter Werth, London

Pants
Hector Herrera

Jacket
Saxon

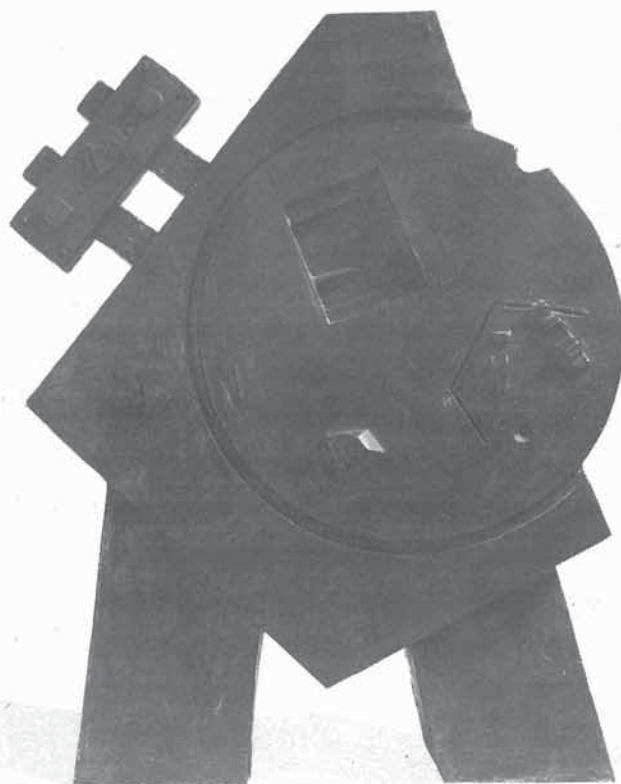
Shirt
Studio Tokyo

Jewel Bolero
M.A.C.



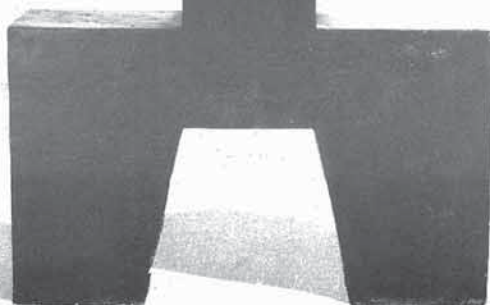
MURRAY ROSEN

Each of my pieces realizes its form usually through a period of several months of work. In the beginning it is I that takes the piece but as things develop it is the piece that takes me. Some I have been able to go a greater distance with than others.



I make no distinction between the occurrences in the waking and sleeping parts of my life. The whirling presence within of various phantoms chanting their silently resounding primordial songs is always there. I am after not what is real — but what is true.

Nov. 1984 — San Francisco





Sculpture photographs by Robert Brown
Hayes Street Studios

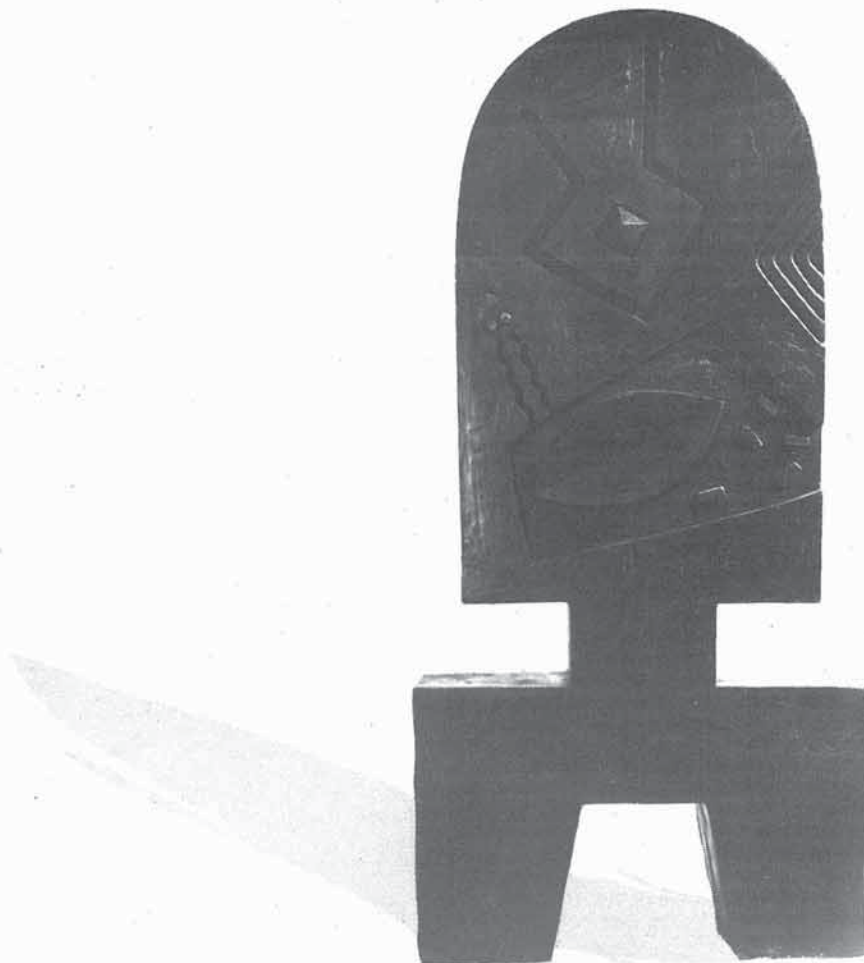


photo by Sarah Vogwill

Elevator Review

This chorus is already deafening: this city used to have better views, better food, better air. It's possible that life itself was better, some years or decades ago, before we got here, before we were born. I hate to add my voice to this dreary roar, but one of my favorite elevators has recently been closed, and it seems that attention should be paid.

Some memorable elevator rides may be compared with a great meal. The content is important, but the ambience is a consideration as well. The ride from street level to the top of the Bank of America, for example, relies heavily on soft lighting and great speed to create a sensation of genteel excitement. Other elevator rides seem more cinematic in nature. The ride in the Museum of Modern Art, especially on free nights, may be compared with early Stanley Kubrick; lit harshly from above and charged with a faint sense of hysteria. Compared to these, the aged elevator in the bookstore at the corner of Kearny and Sutter would appear to have little to offer; its exterior betrayed none of the potential of this eccentric vehicle.

This ride was distinguished from any other by a sense of true independence. Although there were numbers above the door, as in most elevators, some investigation would reveal that the light behind them no longer worked, and that they might as well have been painted onto the metal. Other than some vague external clues, such as noise and duration of movement, there was really no indication of which floor

one was approaching. This was an important failing, because the number pressed upon entering was merely added to an ancient memory of previous requests, which the machine obeyed like an elderly waiter bringing meals ordered ten years before. The doors didn't always open upon arrival, so that one might be bounced from floor to floor for several minutes without pause or glimpse of daylight.

Alternately, one might simply find oneself sealed up, motionless and silent, like a character in a story by Poe. On these occasions only the prolonged stillness of the doors on each floor would signal the employees that a rescue mission should be launched. These employees, incidentally, would only enter the contraption with something to eat and a magazine. These were people who had spent whole afternoons trapped between floors two and three, people who had known limbo.

And it was not only the ambiguity of one's destination, but the speed with which it was reached that marked the free-wheeling soul of this machine. The ride started with a lurch and briefly defied the laws of acceleration until some kind of a restraining device would kick in, and slow things down to a crawl. This pace covered most of the remaining distance, until just before arrival, when forward thrust and brakes were applied at the same time, in a

move reminiscent of one my great-aunt used to use when parallel parking. This peculiar combination of forces would cause all the passengers in the elevator to do a little dance, which was remarkable in itself, but when performed by several insurance salesmen and a little old lady with flowers on her hat, was positively surreal.

The last time I rode in this elevator, the mechanism which controlled the speed gave away completely during my ascent from the basement to the third floor. As I accelerated, the floor being driven towards my knees, I pictured my face becoming contorted by the accumulating G's, with the wildly rolling eyes and bared teeth of the first chimpanzee to be shot into space. Just as I expected to smash into the top of the shaft, possible breaking through and continuing skyward, the car suddenly stopped. For a few enchanting and dreamlike moments, I was airborne.

This elevator, and the building it is in, have been marked as casualties in the Renovation Wars that are raging downtown. It will be replaced, no doubt, by a slick chrome device with softened lighting and piped in music. The thrill will be gone, I'll use the stairs.

Alex Pletcher

REviews



vocals — mostly women singing. Can't use words to describe this music.

REviews

in exploring the source. Here is a small list of records with which to start.

Being an adventurous listener really makes all the difference.
Music and Rhythm - PVC Records, PVC 201. A compilation album of contemporary western music and world music and how they influence each other.

Viet-Nam-Nouvelle musique traditionnelle — Ocora (New traditional music). Improvised instrumental music from Vietnam. Stringed instruments - lutes and zithers with percussion.

Halfmoon — Ustad Ali Akbar Khan, Swapan Chaudhuri — Metalanguage ML-122. Indian ragas performed on sarod and tabla by the undisputed master on sarod - Ali Akbar Khan.

Golden Rain — Balinese Gamelan Music — Nonesuch 72028 Ketjak: The Ramayana Monkey Chant. Brilliant gong music from Bali.

Sacred Flute Music from New Guinea: Madang-Quartz 002. In two volumes. Hypnotic, minimal flute music. Other worldly.

Iran/Vol. 2 — Anthologie de la musique traditionnelle — Santur par Majid Kiani — Ocora — Traditional solo instrumental music from Iran played on the santur — a multistringed plucked zither.

A Harvest, A Shepherd, A Bride — Village music of Bulgaria — Nonesuch 72034. Beautiful, strong

Banda Polyphony, Philips (French) 6586032 polyphonic horn, flute and vocal ensembles from Africa.
Aka Pygmy Music — Philips 6586016. Amazing vocal music — solos, duets, and larger ensembles. Head and chest voice singing. Incredible harmonies.

Musiques du pays Lobi — Ocora — music of the Southwest Upper Volta. Melodic polyrhythmic music. Principal instrument is a kind of xylophone.

Music of Mexico — Vol. 2 — Sonos Huastecos — Los Caporales de Panuco — Arhoolie. Lively stringed trio music from Tampico, with vocals. Lead singer has an amazing falsetto.

Music in the World of Islam — by Jean Jenkins and Paul Rovsing Olsen; Tangent.

1. The Human Vice, TGS. 131
 2. Lutes, TGS 132
 3. Strings TGS 133
 4. Flutes and Trumpets, TGS 134
 5. Reeds and Bagpipes, TGS 135
 6. Drums and Rhythms, TGS 136
- Music from North Africa, Middle East, India to Indonesia.

Where to buy:

There is a world music section at Tower records. Down Home music in El Cerrito has an amazing array of music from everywhere.

There is also a world music program the first three Wednesday mornings of every month, 9 am to 11 am on KPFA, FM, 94.

Charity Martin

Sound Review

Record buying can easily become an obsession. A good new record can lift you out of boredom, distract you from financial blues, ease romantic struggles, or even help to dispel post-election anguish. All it takes is the right music. Although, the thrill of impulse buying is oftentimes better than the product itself. Unless you have heard the whole album through, buying an album can be like throwing money in a slot machine; sometimes you win, sometimes you lose.

More and more though, I am willing to put my money on the records released by the independent labels. Usually started by musicians or people closely involved in the production end, these labels allow their artists much more freedom and originality in their work. The major record companies would rather not take a risk with a young group or artists who does not easily fit into an established musical trend. The "indies" release albums by artists that appeal to smaller, more eclectic audiences; people who don't follow the charts but rather, follow what interests their own ear. There are "indie" labels specializing in all areas of music; pop, jazz, ethnic, and even poetry.

Here are a few records that are not new releases by any means, but came out on independent labels and are worth checking out.



World Music

The world's musical wealth is boundless knowing no boundaries. The music of other cultures has become increasingly available to us. Exploring this world can do much to offset the complacency and homogenization that our ears (and souls) have become accustomed to simply accept.

A great deal of contemporary music incorporates elements from the music of other cultures. This is true of classical as well as popular music. Bartok made some of the first gramophone recordings of traditional music from his native Hungary. This influence is very strong in his music. Much of the inspiration for the music of Henry Cowell, Lou Harrison, Terry Riley and Debussy have come from non-western sources.

This kind of eclecticism is increasingly prevalent in some of the more interesting popular music. The talking Heads makes use of African inspired polyrhythms. Joh Hassell has combined and restructured elements from Balinese and Malayan music as a basis for his own compositions. Holger Czukay picked up music from a short wave radio and pieced it together to create a sound collage. Brian Eno has utilized a lot of world music as inspiration for his own, as well as Fred Frith. Even Herbie Hancock employs a master kora player (an African multi-stringed harp-lute type instrument) in his Rocker Bank. The list is endless. If this music intrigues you, you might be interested

Fiction

I've been bathing in stories by Donald Barthelme. I've been dining on stories by Donald Barthelme. I've been riding to work astride stories by Donald Barthelme. They've been flocking around my head like so many wonderful birds and bats, scaring the drunks away in the street. They sit on my bed at night, lighting up my room with their eyes. They've been making me laugh and they've been making me wonder.

The book is called *Sixty Stories*, and the first story I read is about zombies looking for wives. These are sad, familiar zombies who have learned to cook in an effort to attract women. They stand about saying cheerful things and hoping the Bishop doesn't show up. Some of them are bad zombies, who know how to do terrible things. I have seen some of these creatures in the streets of this city, and you should read about them soon. If they get you, they will scarify your hide.

The second story I read was about children and death and a spontaneously generated gerbil. Oh, and about sex too, although parenthetically. Or maybe it's about sex, and parenthetically about children and death and a spontaneously generated gerbil. Depending on which eye you use to read it with.

The third story I read is about jazz, the king of jazz, and a trombone player from Japan. The fourth story I read was about the sandman, and psychiatry

LOST WEEKEND

From the synth-drenched airwaves of England arose a sound of musicians playing saxophones, stand-up bass, jazzy keyboards, and singers singing songs with melodies. Cutting through the computer-cassio-boink-boink music, the sensual rhythm was reminiscent of the "The Girl From Ipanema." But this is no throwback or cover version. "The View From Her Room" by **Weekend**, is a pensive but dreamy single from former **Young Marble Giants** singer Alison Staton along with Spike Reptile and Simon Booth on guitars, and Larry Stibbons on sax.

The British music press perked up briefly, dubbing them the "new Bossa Nova Cognoscenti," and in an issue of *The Face*, plunked them alongside a flashy still from a Soft Cell video with its fire-eaters, midgets, and bondage clothes.

The contrast between the two bands was telling; Weekend photographed simply, backed only by an orange sunset, and not one person wearing spandex or studded leathers. Their music held the same uncluttered beauty: style without gimmicks. The album, "La Variete" on Rough Trade, followed and expanded the sound, running the spectrum from slow moody numbers to dancy salsa tunes. With some of the tracks produced by acoustic arthouse musicmaker Simon Jeffes of Penguin Cafe Orchestra, some by musician and champion of Cabaret style, Robin Millar, and some tunes produced by Weekend themselves, the LP flowed

from song to song, allowing each musician to caress and spotlight Alisons vocals and personal lyrics.

This excellent album came out with no fanfare, no video, and sadly, no tour to promote it. After a live EP ("Weekend, Live At Ronnie Scott's", Rough Trade) came out, the band split with some of the musicians forming Working Week (naturally, after the Weekend comes the working week) and Alison going on to . . . ?

Rough Trade Records has put all of Weekends singles and the album "La Variete" on one cassette album in a deluxe package.

ANTENA: RECEIVING THE SIGNAL

While in Europe some years back, I was bemused to hear talk of **Bossa Nova** and the acoustic tradition of the Brazilian guitarists. I was proclaiming **Talking Heads**, and getting Badden Powell as a response. These Germans, Belgians, and French were not paying attention to the New Wave scene and I thought they were incredibly behind the times (like about twenty years . . . but they were only in their mid-twenties for Christ sakes!). So the culture barrier was not bridged on this subject until I heard **Antena**.

From the cover photograph of a shady outdoor patio with its white-washed stucco walls, moderne patio furniture circa 1950s or 60s, decanters of wine and water, palms in the background, we are sent upon an air of summer, vacation. "Camino del Sol," a five song EP on Less Disques du Crespescule (no, that's not a creature from a tidepool, but Twilight Records in French) with two songs in English and three in French, fuses successfully

the soft, sensual Brazilian sound with just a touch of the electric rhythms of more contemporary music. The sparing use of electronic percussion and keyboards, tasteful echo for mood, and the two girls (Pascale Moiroud and Isabelle Powaga) on vocals, complete with their French accents, create the most soothing and sumptuous music. This EP, with its catchy melodies but mysteriously subtle lyrics, brings a magical and tropical world smack dab into the middle of our "Downtown" domain.

The title track sways on a chorus sung in French, describing the beauty of a place called "Camino del Sol." Without so much as a Basic French course behind you, the mood is definitely communicated . . . a "manana" kind of feeling, just relax. "Achilles" one of the two songs sung in English, defies interpretation. The guitar echos as if submerged under water and the voices whoop and murmur, repeating a mysterious chant. Somehow the unexplained but provocative images keep me coming back for more. I just never have gotten tired of this EP. Its an import, and not easy to find, but worth tracking down.

OLD PLOW BREAKS NEW GROUND

From the very fertile land of Athens Georgia come another group of musicians with a whole lot to say instrumentally for the most part. **Love Tractor** isn't really a new band, though they seem to have gone through a rebirth of sorts since their first album. Arriving on the scene from Athens, home to a bushel (or is it a peck?) of young bands with talent, these guitar playing boys played their tunes clean and sharp but used no lyrics. Now instrumental music can be the most pure and inspiring but its got to have a lot a

compositional finesse, interesting transitions and make its statement without the framework of vocals. On DB records **Love Tractor's** latest LP, called "Around the Bend" might well be called "Around the World" with what feels like little tastes of other musical styles from the folk music of the British Isles, the sad almost wailing of the Middle East, to the spy-soundtrack quality of the **Ventures**. The "Tractors" use their guitars to sing the riffs back and forth, trading solos and shifting tempos and moods. Michael Richmond (formerly of the **Method Actors**, another Athens band), Mark Dine, and Armistead Welford all play guitar on this album.

Their playing styles run the range of sounds; wah wah, growling fuzztones, banjo style picking, and just good country slidin'. Primarily a record with no vocals, except a chorus here and there, the instruments do the singing, leading the listener through each song's smooth transitions. Adrian Belew, the clever and hardworking guitarist known for his inventive guitar treatments, could use some of the solid songwriting savvy that these good ole boys employ so well. Unlike some instrumental albums that play one theme to death, or jump around so much trying to throw every studio trick in the book into the soup, "Around the Bend" makes its point with good musicianship, well crafted tunes and a great blending of styles.

Jeff Welch

reVIEWS

and choosing between a piano and therapy. The fifth story I read . . .

But this is all wrong. These stories are much broader and denser and much more fun than I can describe. Barthelme creates fantastic scenarios, conversations with the Phantom of the Opera, dialogues between Montezuma and Cortez, chilling tales of captivity and control, all with such simple, elegant writing . . .

Wrong, wrong, wrong. I'm trying to tell you, this man know how things really sound. His characters use the kind of crazed, skewed language you can hear on any bus in the city. His stories are about things as they really are, if you strip away the exterior, the outside that's dulled by constant exposure to the light. His stories are magic. His stories are damned good.

Look, why should you believe me? Find the book (It's called *Sixty Stories*, remember?) which shouldn't be too hard. Open it up to page 350, the "The Zombies," and read it right there in the bookstore or library. It's a short short story, as are most of them, and you should be able to finish it fairly quickly. Then go back to the beginning of the story, and read it again. This should be enough to convince you. Striking out in any direction from there will yield nothing but more delight. Then you too can bathe in stories by Donald Barthelme.

Alexandra

A Meal Review

A few months ago, a friend of mine named Ed told me about a place called Eddie's Original Sea Soul Cafe that, according to Ed, served one of the best breakfasts in the city. I was skeptical. Even an overpriced soup kitchen can have a certain charm if its one's namesake. And besides, I'm incredibly superstitious — especially when I hear someone praise a person, a government or a restaurant. Their natures change so quickly. These superstitions dominated my thoughts and almost convinced me that some poor bastard had just gotten served Eddie's first batch of watery fried eggs and cold hash browns — or that I'd be that bastard. But since Ed and I are both big eggs-meat-potato-bread-coffee-paper breakfast eaters who will spend the greater part of a weekday morning in that position, I said what the hell (as long as they don't start serving it on croissants) and joined him for breakfast.

Eddie's Original Sea Soul Cafe is located on Haight St. between Steiner and Pierce. The place is built like a live bait and groceries store that has strayed too far from the bay. There is only one window, a very small one, so that no natural light shines in to remind



you that it's getting on into the afternoon. The kitchen is a ten foot square area next to the long wooden counter which you are not allowed to lean your back against. The breakfast menu is four pages long with about two dozen combinations of eggs served any way with bacon, sausage, smothered chicken, or salmon patties. Along with this comes fresh ground hash browns, rice, or grits with hot, home-made biscuits and a large slab of margarine.

I ordered scrambled eggs with the smothered chicken, hash browns and biscuits. The waitress said, "Somebody told you about the smothered chicken," and smiled like a preacher who's just baptized some terrible sinner. Eddie and two other cooks (all wearing tall, starched chefs' hats) worked over my order like a team of heart specialists. Then came the smothered chicken: some kind of gravied, twice-cooked chicken that is so tender I nearly blew the bones out of it. I looked up at Ed and we laughed like two young scientists who have just discovered some life-enhancing drug. I knocked twice

on the wooden counter, tossed some salt discreetly over my shoulder and ate. Then I ordered another breakfast.

I have heard that their bacon and sausage is also excellent but only once have I had something other than the smothered chicken (they were out of it). The salmon patties were very, very good — but they weren't smothered chicken.

The service is not bad: it's, well, relaxed and has absolutely nothing to do with the number of people waiting to be fed. Eddie's is not the place to breakfast if you have to be anywhere that afternoon. If any customer pretends to be in a hurry, their rudeness is kindly ignored. This makes Eddie's a painful sight on weekends, when hordes of downtown carpetbaggers wander in and stake their claims for a decent brunch. They serve a bottomless cup of coffee. If you're not careful, you'll wind up a quivering, caffeinated mess before the food arrives. And don't try to pick up the change that's lying on the floor near the cash register. It's glued there. For luck.

Tim McGee



reVIEWS



"You can't fight an eviction, not downtown, it's not like a residential area. They play hardball down here. They did everything legally. The block goes down from the garage on. You can't stop progress, the most you can hope for is to delay it a month or two. The fact is small businesses are the barricade against the corporate life.

We know all our customers and when we're all gone there will be no favorite bar to stop in after work, no shoe repair, no barber shop, no Fun Terminal for Bechtel employees to go to at lunchtime. Nothing but MacDonalds and Burger King."

Victor Vuyes — Zazu Pitts Memorial Delicatessen



The face of what is Lost

When destiny comes knocking on the block of First and Mission Street its calling card will be a wrecking ball. And when the crane winds up and lets progress fly what is lost will be more than walls and fixtures.

The sight of San Francisco blocks turned into rubble, then jagged pits, then sterile glass and chrome towers is a familiar sight. But it is not only historical buildings, sunlight and a familiar skyline that are lost; with the buildings goes a sense of neighborhood.

On First and Mission what will be lost are small businesses — inexpensive restaurants, a shoe repair, barber shop, drug store, luggage store, neighborhood bar, the irreplaceable Fun Terminal pinball/video arcade — and, with the demolition coming to South of Market, artist studios.

The businesses that are left will be out by the first of the year. There are already empty store fronts, including that of the elderly Filipino barber. His neighbors say he lacked savvy, was easily intimidated by the eviction notices and has disappeared. They don't know where, perhaps to the neighborhoods.

Those who are left are philosophical. They talk about impending destruction as if it were a terminal illness they had fought and succumbed to, having gained only a little time. They call what is happening "progress" and don't pin the blame on their absentee Texan landlord. Money is an easy motive to understand. As one shopkeeper said, "You don't have to be a Harvard Business Graduate to figure it out; money is what they care about."

But the shopkeepers know this is not an isolated event. They see the pattern as they move their businesses out of the city or into low-rent fringe areas. One evictee talks of moving into a basement with only a three-year lease, another scoffs at the idea of ever being able to afford rent in the 26-story office tower that is going up in place of his shop.



"Losing this space has accelerated my moving to downtown L.A. You can still find spaces in L.A. I have a great loft there in an area that has a community of artists, something that is lacking here. What's happening here now is everyone is moving to the Mission. People don't have studios anymore; they move into Victorians instead. I can see what's happening with growth. In 10 years this whole South of Market area will be like a financial district. They say it is an improvement, I say it is not. The artist's excuse has always been, 'I don't have to take responsibility, I'm an artist.' And that is why things like this are happening, because of that attitude. Artists have to get together."

Jill Buchanan — Fashion illustrator



"We have been here 5 years. We've been looking elsewhere but rent is so expensive. I think a new style office building is going up here. We don't like what is happening but there isn't anything we can do. The people who own this place are wealthy and people can do what they want when they have money. It's just the regular people who don't have a voice."

Po Wao Kwong and Choi Hai Kwong/B&M Family Chinese Restaurant



"We've been here 8 years. This used to be a Navy locker room. When we moved in the place was painted black and lined with lockers. There's no fight to put up here. It's inevitable but we're still not out of here yet. Technically we're squatting now. They turned off most of the electricity. It's a kind of harassment.

No one knows when they'll actually demolish. All of these buildings (bordering First St.) have gone up in the last 2 or 3 years. I knew this was coming. I've had anxiety about it for a long time. We've been spoiled. The Mutants have always practiced here. Now we'll have to rent space for practicing. To find art spaces you have to go more and more towards Hunters Point."

Sally Webster of the Mutants and roommates Zippy (also of the Mutants) and Kate Back



The management of the Fun Terminal could not be reached, but the fate of the landmark seems sealed. The management wouldn't confirm the loss of lease and pending demolition. But the "pinball machines for sale" signs posted throughout the arcade seem to sum it up. One employee talks about the vintage "kick the hell out of Hitler" machine he just purchased. And neighbors talk about the basement filled with old "art" movie booths with soft porn films and rows of old pinball machines. One neighbor keeps referring to the owner as "the kid who owns it now." Even though "the kid" got the Fun Terminal from his father 40 years ago. Someone else suggested that from now on the Fun Terminal be known as Terminal Fun.

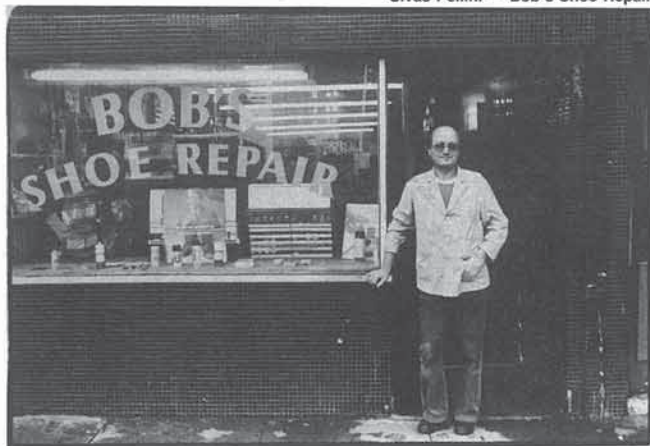


"I had a difficult time finding a new space in this city. A small business is hard to run with the landlord's hand in your pocket. A lot of small businesses are moving out of town or into a fringe area. That is where I am moving to. It's not a bad area but it is a fringe area. If you can't afford to buy a building — you're at the mercy of the landlord. This would be all right if the landlord was honorable and wanted to hold on to his property like the old days. Now you look down Market Street to the Embarcadero and see all the street level businesses in the buildings are banks and savings and loans. They're the only ones who can afford it. You can't find colorful shops anymore, it's all guild."

Ted Wong — Harband's Luggage

"I've been here since 1964. We will try to stay in the city. We've been looking for the last couple of months but \$5,000 a month rent and shoe repair don't go together. We've known we would have to go since last December but they don't even have a permit to build. Our whole block wrote to the city to get permission to stay here until they build. You watch this block will sit empty a year before they start anything."

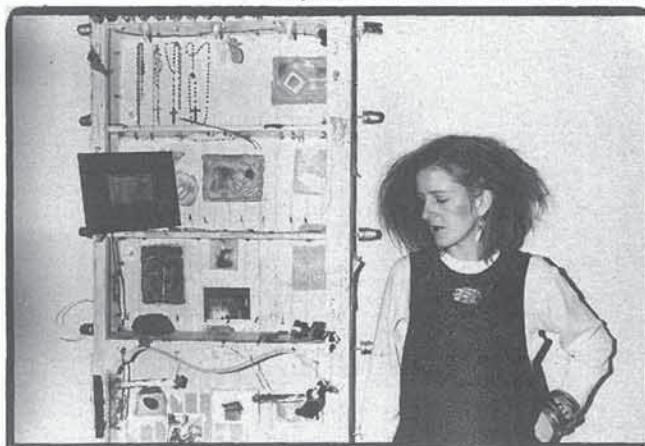
Sivas Pellini — Bob's Shoe Repair



"I have lived here over 2 years. Before living in this space I lived with the Mutants for 7 months. So, it's been 3 years on this block. This space is close to the actualization of my ideas. I did more work here than I have ever done before. You can do anything here. I'm moving to a flat which will be constrictive.

When we move out we're going to graffiti the walls. I'm going to write 'Where can the artists go when the corporations take over.' 'They can go to Hell.' Then I'm going to do big hell scenes. When the wrecking ball comes everyone will be able to see the walls. I think the artist is a dying breed; we're white elephants. It's going to end up like New York where people do their art in the kitchen.

Cindy Moore — artist with one of her installations



Their living room is dominated by one wall completely lined with books, many culled from travels around the world, covering subjects such as Surrealist art and writing, Dada, film (obscure, noir, gore), medical texts (esp. surgery and forensic pathology), occult, crime history, and literature of every kind—from Mickey Spillane novels to Hegel, Michel Foucault to J. G. Ballard, who is the subject of their latest issue.

The Ballard issue is typical of the work *Re/Search* produces: intensively researched ("we like to provide maximum information"), with articles ranging from a nine-hour interview to short

the Sun, which recounts his boyhood experiences in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp.

Vale cites his entrance into publishing, with *S&D* in 1977, as an "action of anger and rebellion" against the type of media coverage punk received in the earliest days. "Punk, in the beginning, was a reaction against the phony, outdated 'youth culture' being mass-marketed by *Rolling Stone*, *Levi's* commercials, etc. Most of the original 'punks' were artists, rebels and at the least genuine *characters*. The music, posters, graphics, films and many underground (though short-lived) magazines that sprung up together constituted a total, wholesale *critique* of existing hypocritical values, relationships, language and interests. The

than "secondary source" pieces written narrative-style; bibliographies, lists of favorite books, films, records, etc; all tending to maximize information and minimize journalistic intrusion—the cult of personality. "Our aim was to chart out *our* culture out of all the available (and not-so-available) information. Our roots are in Surrealism and Situationism."

"Two ideas have made possible the potential extinction of mind control by man over man," Vale explains in an introduction to the Ballard issue, "1) Surrealism, 2) the Unconscious. Widespread understanding of these conceptual tools could make the world of reality subservient to the world of the imagination, rather than the present reversal."

Publishing *S&D* helped create a network of like-minded friends and

Re/Search



photo by Bobby Neel Adams

Susan Arriek

"All art has as its source dreams, the unconscious, and the imagination. And in dreams as in the imagination as in art—nothing is forbidden, everything is permitted."

In this foreword written for the *Industrial Culture Handbook*, *Re/Search* editor Vale encapsulates the philosophical attitude behind his series of tabloids and books that started with *Search & Destroy* in 1977, and continues today under the name of *Re/Search*.

Current co-editors Vale and Andrea Juno share a sprawling North Beach flat which also shelters their typesetting business, which in turn supports their publishing efforts. They met in 1980, a year after Vale had stopped putting out *S&D*, and since that time they have produced nine issues of *Re/Search* which all share in common the theme of "psychic and physical survival" in an age of "media control."

fiction, novel excerpts and non-fiction by Ballard, and critical essays. Added to this is biographical information, extensive bibliographies and photographs accented by the bold graphics that have always characterized the *Re/Search* style.

Vale's interest in Ballard extends back 11 years, during the time the author was enjoying a moderately successful career as a "science fiction writer." Attracted to his blend of hard, scientific fact with an incisive imagination (in 1966, Ballard predicted the election of our current president in "Why I Want To Fuck Ronald Reagan"). Vale published an interview with him in *S&D* and later printed a short fiction piece, "Zodiac 2000," in *Re/Search* #1.

Now, coincidental to the publication of the *Re/Search* Ballard issue, the writer is currently on the *London Times* best sellers list with *Empire of*

movement originally had a very political, media-wise, anti-consumerist edge that was completely sidestepped by the press in favor of the more sensational aspects surrounding certain personalities. The realities of Vietnam, hardcore crime, sex and pain were annexed rather than averted."

Best described by Vale as a "corrosive, minimalist documentation of the only rebel youth culture of the 70s," *S&D* was a collaborative effort that lasted 11 issues, with friends contributing copy, photos and graphics, and Vale editing and typing everything on an IBM. "We figured in the beginning that the whole thing was too good—too much fun—to last, and we seriously planned to end it all after 10 issues." Consequently *S&D* ended "when punk rock ended for us—around early 1979."

S&D established a certain format that continues today in *Re/Search*: interviews ("primary source") rather

colleagues all over the world, thus providing a continuum for *Re/Search*.

"In the early days, the punk movement was so small that sooner or later you met *everyone* who was doing anything at all interesting. There was a lot of contact back and forth with other cities like New York and London. We met *Throbbing Gristle* because in 1977 they sent us a copy of their first album hoping to get some attention over here. I had met William Burroughs through working at City Lights bookstore; we interviewed him for *S&D* and he became really supportive. The same thing happened with Ballard; first we printed an interview, later he gave us a story."

Maintaining that "you never seem to be more than one or two people away from anyone you want to know," *Re/Search* started up with three issues similar to *S&D*, and then graduated into books.

Re/Search editors Vale and Andrea Juno, 1984

"Everything started to snowball when we made that decision," Andrea recalls. "We had come to the realization that for the tremendous amount of effort it takes to put out an issue, it would be a lot more worthwhile to put it in a book. For one thing, it's easier to distribute books, and for another, they have a much longer life span."

The first book *Re/Search* published was an account of blues musicians by Michael Bloomfield entitled *Me & Big Joe*. Next came a biography of Brion Gysin by Terry Wilson, and after that *Re/Search* did their own book on William Burroughs, Brion Gysin and *Throbbing Gristle*. All three of these books were produced after-hours at a typesetting firm a friend, Francisco Mattos, worked for. "We'd go in after dinner and work through the night," Andrea remembers, "always with that edge of fear, in case we got caught."

Later, backing from friend and co-publisher S. X. Summerville enabled them to buy the equipment to produce their own books and maintain a self-supporting typesetting business. They immediately went to work on the *Industrial Culture Handbook*, a provocative issue that focused on the "industrial" subculture that emerged in the late 70s. "All these artists shared an interest in a kind of *harder* information than we usually allow ourselves access to; this information was put in the service of their own imaginations."

Subjects such as *art brut* (art of the insane), the occult, guns and military strategy, sexual and violent obsessions, gore and black humor in films and books, survivalism, dream research, forensic pathology; all are sources of exploration expressed in the work of *Throbbing Gristle*, *Cabaret Voltaire*, Mark Pauline, *SPK*, *Non* (Boyd Rice), Z'ev, Monte Cazazza, and others.

"We only cover topics we're interested in, and we only talk to subjects who share these interests. In general people can talk much more accessibly than they write. For us, the interview format seems to be the best way to express ideas and interests we favor."

"It's possible to elicit an incredible range of responses when you talk to people about almost anything. We ask them what books they read, what films they liked, what records they have in their collections, what they're fascinated by, what their obsessions are, what they dream about, what their purest fantasies are. Biographical details are de-emphasized except as they reveal the development of an original philosophy."

Of all their interview subjects, Vale and Andrea found J. G. Ballard to be perhaps the most rewarding. "We just started talking and didn't stop until nine hours later," says Andrea. "Ballard was capable of illuminating even the most mundane topics, drawing analogies and metaphors that you would never think of."

"Mostly what we're involved in," she continues, "is trying to steer people away from conventional topics of thinking." Adds Vale, "We want people to dodge or at the least negate any popular pattern or viewpoint. We want people to go against the grain. Because the *content* of most people's conversation is so unexciting, we encourage the development of obsessions even to the point of perversity, because at least then you're more likely to bring an unusual viewpoint to bear upon any given subject."

"We're trying to provoke more unsettling, *outsider* perspectives, which has something to do with our next book" (*Incredibly Strange Films* by Jim Morton and Boyd Rice). "You can see in certain films (mostly produced on a low budget, independent of large box office control) a raw vividness of imagery; blatant action; content so

fascinations ourselves."

Exploring these fascinations is precisely the point of the type of performance *Re/Search* is interested in, and from time to time, engages in. As part of the *PIL* event at Fort Mason last month, *Re/Search* held a "Crash Spectacle." Central to the performance was the theme of the car crash, which

"... the content of most people's conversation is so unexciting, we encourage the development of obsessions even to the point of perversity, because at least then you're more likely to bring an unusual viewpoint to bear upon any given subject."

original that it makes 'good taste' seem as insipid as it really is. Only after seeing a few hundred of these deviant films do you realize how totally convention-bound and 'safe' most films are, in every way—from dialogue to stage sets to costumes to plots. And especially in the morality implied."

Andrea interjects: "Take Larry Cohen, for instance (*Q, Demon, It's Alive*), or Herschell Gordon Lewis (*The Wizard of Gore, Blood Feast*). These films present their makers' obsessions, their quirky humor, so directly and uninhibitedly that—they succeed in exerting the kind of primal fascination you get from witnessing a fatal car crash or a devastating fire. Most of us don't allow ourselves to really *feel* that kind of intensive experience, yet we will allow ourselves to go home and watch it on TV, from the safe distance that the medium creates for us. We allow the media to be fascinated *for* us, rather than actively exploring these

Ballard treated as a sexual obsession in an early novel appropriately entitled *Crash*.

Large murals depicting car crash scenes (taken from *Highway Patrolman* magazine photos) were painted by friends including Mark Pauline, Paul Mavrides and Jim Osborne, and hung next to giant photo blow-ups of some of Ballard's texts. DMV Drunken Driving films and actual car crash slides formed a backdrop for an ill-fated mating ritual between two junkyard cars (set up by Survival Research Laboratories), as piteous "victims" lay strewn about splattered with gore makeup provided by Monte Cazazza. Video monitors displayed car crash footage intercut with hardcore porn and autopsy procedures—a special compilation tape edited by Jim Morton.

At another end of the stage, dominatrix Kristine Ambrosia and her love slaves engaged in eye-opening unnatural

acts. Later, SRL member Eric Werner was called in to liberate explosively-charged bundles of meat in one of the car trunks. He repeatedly assaulted the installation with his own hotrod ram car, almost catapulting the wrecked cars into the audience. A little hard-hitting, some might say, and certainly fascinating.

Yet for the rather censurable nature of some of *Re/Search*'s interests, they have never attracted anything but a positive (or at least interrogatory) response. "We get letters from all over the world," Andrea says, "and none of it is ever negative. We have people calling us to make some sort of contact, because they feel strong affinities with something we've expressed."

Future projects include the film book, an issue on artists' pranks, a special on "modern primitives" who have really followed their secret yearnings to extremity, etc. They also hope to produce a video-magazine. "A videotaped interview can reveal layers of meaning—nuances of gesture and phrasing that can never be translated into print," Vale observes. "Add to that the capability of interspersing vivid visual imagery, and you have the possibility of affordable communication far richer than ever before in history."

For the time being, *Re/Search* generates enough income to keep going, and enough interest to keep Vale, Andrea and friends on the lookout for "exceptional information."

"As for *Re/Search*'s future, we don't believe in that idea of continuously ascending linear evolution—that idea has never worked, for anyone. But we do plan to still be here," Vale says with a smile, "doing only what we want to do. Which is, these days, actually kind of rare..."

The Drought

Abbas Modjahi

I did not know, still I don't know why we called him by a name that is neither extraordinary nor common. We called him papa-man. His face, his gesture, his behavior are not easily erased from my memory. He is a part of my childhood.

I saw him kneeling down, bowing over the soil. His knees sunk into the dry ground. He clenched a hand full of earth, held it for a while, and as he loosened his fingers, the soil poured from between his knuckles to form a little pile. The soil was bone dry; it had not received any water during the late spring and whole summer. He held up his head with its sunburned and hardened skin and slowly faced the sky. He looked at me with a faded smile that broke the sorrow which stood around us just then. He said nothing but I could see in his kind eyes something which dominated

and possessed everything at that time: drought. I thought, castrated earth.

Again he looked at me. I believe he could read my thoughts. He said, no, it is fertile but it is tired, it has given us a lot. He conveyed to me the idea of man upon the land, as just a part of the land, in which we have roots, from which we have been nourished.

Now he regarded the vine. The leaves were dark and the grapes small or twisted. From time to time one or two surrendered themselves slowly, somewhat painfully to the ground. He stood up and pushed back his hat. The white skin which appeared made a high contrast to the face. Again he smiled. A narrow line of red flesh appeared from the fold of his forehead. He leaned heavily on a shovel, like the fruited branch is supported by a piece of wood. His chest bowed in

and there was a gap between the muslin shirt and his body. His rib cage was showing.

He walked toward the house slowly in the hot sun. We could hear a sobbing from the house. He said, "it is the old woman." Taking refuge in the shade, we sat down and leaned back against the wall. He took out a small bag from his pocket, carefully took out a cigarette paper and poured some golden tobacco flakes into it. He licked the corner of the paper and rolled it up, but did not light it. The old woman appeared from the house bringing tea. The old man drank his and then lit the cigarette. It had been a while since the old woman stopped sobbing. The old man said, "the cow has died." He inhaled deeply, exhaled, almost gently. The smoke in the sunshine turned to a bluish color and stood still in the air.



Voice Farm — Myke Reilly and Charly Brown — talk of a scathing review sometime back that came from a local music reviewer and punk connoisseur. The reviewer first chummed up to them and then turned out a review titled "Art Rock?" As if there were so many art rock bands in San Francisco that one would roll their eyes and plead, "no, no... not another art rock band."

A Voice Farm press release calls their performances not art rock but "a reflection of their unusual attitude towards media and image control," which is one way of saying Voice Farm has a fabulous supply of wigs. The press release goes on to say "they have appeared convincingly as a Vegas lounge act, housewives, television celebrities, drugged hippies and glamorous superstars."

Their performances, done with dance troupe Oblong Rhonda, are a kind of cabaret. But what goes beyond their performance or techno-pop sound is obvious wit and intelligence in a musical age often lacking in both.

The song "Double Garage" is a good example of a popular, mass appeal topic — the basic slasher, psycho killer tale — with an insightful and humorous twist. The chorus is a litany of the rooms of the house: kitchen, kid's room, master bath, laundry room, family room, den, sewing room and the unasked question hanging over this piece of silly terror is "what could ever go wrong in a house with a room called master bath?"

The luxury of a double garage is a far cry from the Voice Farm studio which they refer to as the "trailer." The trailer is an 8 foot by 15 foot sound room Voice Farm has built with money advanced to them from A&M Records. Myke comments it would be nice if it was in fact a trailer that could be moved.

"Actually," he said, "I like the idea of wheels on things like sofas, chairs, beds; everything on wheels so you can move things around." Out of this trailer/studio will come the tracks for Voice Farm's second album.

Myke and Charly recall more primitive days when they worked out of a South Van Ness apartment-turned-studio. Above them lived a family of huge, monstrous children who enjoyed nothing more than throwing things out the windows at motorcycles and scooters.

Charly tells the story of one night opening the apartment door and "a man lurches in with a knife, or was it a gun, no it was knife." He demonstrates throwing his weight against the door to block the intruder.

In those days Voice Farm played clubs more frequently and came out with the first album featuring Double Garage, as well as a cover photo of Myke and Charly in very white underwear on a roof top.

But soon after those crazy, salad days came the shift. Myke and Charly worked on quality tapes, which landed the bigger recording label, hence the recording studio and with the albums finishing up — history is pending.

Rebecca Biggs

"VERUSCHKA MEETS THE HARDY BOYS"

—ARTHUR WEST/TWA AIRLINE HOST
SEATTLE

photos by Bill Checkvala



"THEY HAVE THE BEST WIGS"
—SAXON/MENS CLOTHING DESIGNER —
S.F.

**"WHEN I FIRST MET VOICE FARM
I THOUGHT THAT THEY DIDN'T
LOOK ANYTHING LIKE THEIR
PHOTOGRAPHS. BUT AFTER SPEN-
DING A WEEK WITH THEM IN
THEIR STUDIO I FOUND THE
BIZARRE REAL LIFE CHARACTERS
REVEALED TO ME MADE THE
PHOTOS PALE BY COMPARISON."**

—ANNABEL LAMB/BRITISH POP STAR —
LONDON

**"THEY'RE OUT OF THEIR MINDS,
SO VERY ADVANCED."**

—PATRICK MILLER/MINIMAL MAN, S.F.



Arare

V O I C E

"THEY ARE A LIVING PARODY OF WHAT THEY ARE, AN ABSTRACT JOKE THAT REQUIRES PERFECT TIMING, AND WHICH ONLY SINKS IN AFTER YOU LOOK AT THE WORLD AROUND YOU TO SEE IF THEY'RE RIGHT."

—THOM HOLMES/EXPERIMENTAL RECORDS AND RECORDINGS MAGAZINE N.Y.

"VOICE IS THE ONLY BAND I CAN STOMACH TO WATCH WHEN I'M NOT HIGH"

—DARLING KING/HEAD DOMINATRIX AT THE CHATEAU S.F.

"THEY'RE ALWAYS COMING AT ME WITH A BIKINI COMB. I DON'T KNOW . . . SOMETHING ABOUT HEIGHT. BUT REALLY, THEIR SHOWS ARE GREAT, THE DANCERS THEY WORK WITH - OBLONG RHONDA - ARE THE BEST."

—DEBORA IYALL/ROMEO VOID S.F.



"VOICE FARM IS A CROSS BETWEEN THE VELVET UNDERGROUND AND THE MONKEES . . ."

—JILL SUNSHINE S.F. STUDENT OF BEAUTY



Vox



F A R M

MODERN MYTHS

Kristine Stiles



The singular point of agreement on the nature of myth is its identity in and inseparability from language. Myth is story telling, narrative language which operates in the interweave between rational expression and imagination through rituals, religions, and all poetic discourse that reveals the aims, values, morals and ethics, the concepts of ultimate destiny and purpose of a culture.

Originally, myth described the domain of superior powers who dominated human life and controlled natural processes performing as independent, autonomous agents under whom everything, including human life, remained tied. With the advent of rational sciences and positivism, humans assumed control. Nietzsche's Dead God, coincided with the lost status, convertibility, and applicability of traditional myth to contemporary existence. Yet, although nature appears to have been harnessed by science, still uncontrollable forces of mysterious identity continue to plague us but without the emergence of equivalent mythic forms which challenge, pacify, or themselves dominate these new demons.

An extraordinary multidisciplinary international forum of scholars, organized by Dore Ashton, art historian and Matti Megged, the former Dean of humanities at Haifa University now a professor of comparative literature, met Oct. 11-13 at the New School for Social Research and The Cooper Union, in New York, to discuss "The Presence of Myth in Contemporary Life." With great precision these scholars addressed the widely disparate character, origin, and current transformations of traditional myths.

Predictably, attitudes were split among those whose commitment to dialectical materialism or rational science prevented them from interpreting myth in any other manner than as the repository for the deplorable ensconement of cultural mystification responsible for the domination of individuals in and throughout history. Of these Peter Brooks, chairman of the French department at Yale and author of such books as *The Melodramatic Imagination*, urged the constant maintenance of a critical skepticism marshaled to protect against mythic forms such as Hitler's Master Race, Nixon's Silent Majority, and the Reagan-Falwell Moral Majority, or more devastating, any power's Nuclear Superiority. For others, such as Megged, myth humanizes especially those scientific modes of perception which organize life positively. Restating the notions of Leszek Kolakowski, author of *Main Currents of Marxism, Husserl and the Search for Certitude*, upon whose concepts the symposium was fashioned, Megged expressed an unforgivably idealistic belief that myth endows "faith, hope, and love" on a world that is "indifferent and apathetic to us... that refuses to let us belong."

For Theodore Gaster, professor emeritus of religion at Columbia University, myth is quite simply story telling called to link two temporal experiences which he named the "punctual" and the "pretapunctual," or the joining of "here and now," a definite place and time, with a continuous, enduring, and universal, time. Like most didactic definitions, Gaster, author of such books as *The Dead Sea Scrolls in English Translation* and *The New Golden Bough*, also established the most workable definition of myth. Myth explains value and is created to extend a

value beyond the precision of the historical present, he explained. He chided views such as those held by Mircea Eliade that myth is the transfer of a "prism of vision" into another world approximating a primordial state, calling them representative of the traditional confusion of archetype for prototype. Defending this

entitled "The Quest for the Father." Kunitz described the male poet's search for the missing Father absent in our century due to the combined toll of suicide, the disintegration of the nuclear family, war, early death, and over work. Absent from his list but hauntingly present was the emasculated, banished male ostracized by

The most urgent location of myth however, remains in the relationship of death and life depicted in the image of humanity annihilating itself with its own tools.

view, he gave the Persian pleasure garden as an example of the source for the Christian Paradise, or the ideal site for existence. This is the extension of the prototype into an archetype and not the other way around.

The presence of myth was identified in several ubiquitous themes that pervade cultural discourse: in the binary oppositions of the brain; in the power of the State with its attendant legitimization of violence grounded in the myth that such tools of annihilation as nuclear weapons are truly protectors; in totalizing concepts such as the myth of history as universal in a world increasingly characterized by micro histories, or the myth of personalities and their domination of cultural concepts such as that of Freud.

Professor of philosophy at Barnard College Hide Ishiguro addressed herself to the binary oppositions of left and right functions of the brain with their attendant but projected characteristics such as rational-irrational, passive-active. She accused structuralist methodology of supporting such myths by converting them into theory and cited Claude Levi-Strauss' equation of female=nature and men=culture as an example of this kind of fallacy. She was joined in her opinions by James Hillman, a practicing analyst and Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Re-Visioning Psychology*, when he explained that concepts such as binary divisions of the brain defend traditions which tend to preserve the status quo, especially the ways in which male and female roles and personalities are characterized, ethnic types segregated according to abilities, and national groups isolated on the basis of projections.

Mythic structure is contradictory and slippery as Umberto Eco, philosopher, semiotician, and author of the highly acclaimed *The Name of the Rose* demonstrated. For example, precisely in the moment that Thomas Aquinas secularized history, distinguishing it from scripture, Dante devised means for creating divinely inspired poetry. Thus, although analogy and kinship are born at the same time a secularized quantum world arrived, they obey the same semiotic laws.

This paradoxical character of human impulse became evident in Pulitzer prize-winning poet, Stanley Kunitz' presentation

an aggressive strident feminist culture whose totalizing presence made even Kunitz' poignant quest itself seem anachronistic. Reversing previously dominate patriarchal systems, the feminist assault now threatens to simply substitute one myth of power for another and is exemplary of the reversal pointed out by Eco.

Sheldon Wolin, professor of political philosophy at Princeton who regularly writes for *The New York Review of Books*, accused the State and a scientific society of segregating myth to "the residual and alien categories that justify fugitive intuitions; and of tolerating myth only as it represents "a confessional sign of powerlessness" now generally confined to the operations of theology. Whereas originally myth was instructive, social science has deadened our sensitivity to power and the ways in which State and corporate decisions are legitimized by their manipulators. Power is euphemized and modern man and woman substitute the artificial for the mythic. Francesco Pellizzi, an anthropologist who has conducted extensive field research among the Mayan people of the Chiapas Highlands, in Mexico, and is an associate in Middle American ethnology at the Peabody Museum, Harvard, amplified Wolin's analysis of the powers of State by suggesting that the "political" itself is vanishing into what Guy deBord of the International Situationists called already in the 1960s, "the society of the spectacle." Today not only theological rituals but rituals in general have lost their meaning although we continue ritualistically to carry them out. Whereas the politically radical aspect of ancient myth resided in its descriptive ability to envision power on a large scale — creation myths, eschatological solutions, heroic exploits — the failure of contemporary ritual is that it holds humankind at the center of Being where it is its own de-centered myth.

Confining his analysis of power problems to architectural models, Bruno Zevi's battle with classicism is a dispute with what he believes to be the myth of order as conferred through tradition and as representative of codes which both employ and reinforce power politics responsible for the nightmare condition of the "megapolis as a prelude to the necropolis." The real

struggle not only for architecture but in life, Zevi explained, is always between order and freedom: Order which stands for power as expressed through the canons of perspective, regimentation, monumentality, are all utilized by regulatory political regimes fearful of change and that deny growth. The symbols of classicism are supported throughout history because they denote established traditions that encourage people to remain irresponsible and dependent rather than creative and independent, for the geometry of classicism regulates space and denies the creative dynamism of freedom — "The cubic arrangement is good for everybody and nobody." He then noted that psychiatric patients are known to have a terror of undulatory space and feel more calm when they are protected from all polyvalence. Classicism is the myth of stability that is revived when there is a desire to create something that has nothing to do with contemporary life — "The dead don't move." For Zevi, professor of architecture, president of the International Committee of Architectural Critics, and author of many books on modern architects and architecture, the Zero Degree as formulated by Roland Barthes, represents the only state able to resist myth because at the zero point, form no longer is employed as an instrument of a triumphant compromised, anachronistic, conformist ideology of the "great traditions" but rather represents a condition in which all criteria are thrown into perpetual flux.

Gianni Vattimo, professor of aesthetics and chair of theoretical philosophy at the University of Turin who has written extensively on Nietzsche, argued that although myth remains remarkably uncoded in our culture attitudes toward myth might be distinguished by what he called archaism, cultural relativism, and moderate rationalism. "Cultural relativism" suggests that the undemonstrable is irrational; "moderate rationalism" relates the narrative basis of myth in certain fields of experience to more radical expressions that those of rational thought, i.e., the psychological descriptions one gives of his/her inner life. Like many speakers, Vattimo attacked structuralism. He criticized it as characteristic of the archaic view of myth comparing structuralism with the avant-garde of the early 20th century in their combined attempts to exorcise Western cultural guilt over the Third World by idealizing the primitive and slotting it structurally into a static form that dispenses with transformations.

Here one needs only reflect on the current exhibition of "primitivism" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York to verify Vattimo's observations. At MOMA, the primitive has been curated to appear to represent the authentic, original, natural, and timeless creative impulse and is hung as a backdrop for contemporary art which completes the curatorial equation by becoming inauthentic, derivative, artificial, mimetic, and historically embarrassed. Attempts to totalize history produce myth by presupposing a unity of reality that is contradicted by multiple experiences. This way of thinking produces notions of "Truth" and absolutist values only overcome by the negation of both. Turning to Nietzsche, Vattimo concluded that myth in our culture requires an overcoming of rationalism and irrationalism by overcoming all concepts of "Truth."

Michel Perrin, a physicist turned an-

continued on page 38

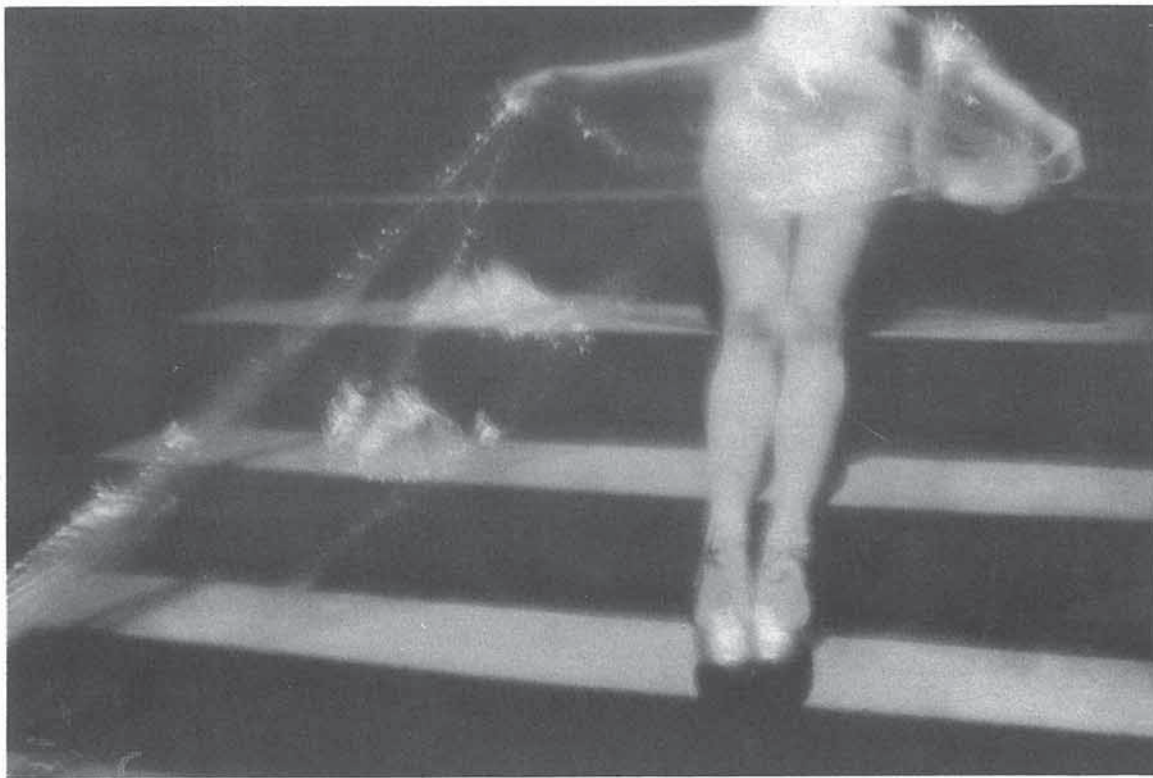


D o n n a
M a e
S h a v e r



D M S
===

"I like the self-portrait in the snow with my face painted. It has a gothic, Shakespearan look. There is something mysterious about this work. Sometimes I wonder if I am from another time zone."



D M S
≡
≡
≡

"I always sought to photograph
what didn't exist. I wanted to capture the world
and what it isn't. I have a spontaneous approach
to photography. I just get out there
and let it rip."

Segment II of the story of Len, a six foot five inch androgyne with two-tone black and white spiked hair, who travels from New York City to his hometown where he learns to stop worrying and love his Appalachian roots.

Len Whitney

When it came time to drive me to the airport, the duty was assigned to Dennis, my younger, semi-catonian brother, and his fiancée Vicki. Vicki has been the cause of a continuing family feud for the last few years — the general consensus is that she's white trash and not good enough to marry Dennis. The first part is true enough, but since Dennis has been unemployed for four years, has a slouching posture, greasy sideburns, and liberal coat of plaque on his teeth and lips, I can't see who might be more suitable for him than Vicki.

As we rounded the steep back roads Vicki's, the terrain became more Southern — TOBACCO ROAD meets LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS. (Too bad I forgot my corncob!) We turned onto a dirt road, actually no more than a bare patch in the grass, and I was confronted by a Babs Johnson apotheosis.

Recipe: Lazy Day Hamburger Gravy
Unwrap a package of frozen hamburger, being careful that none of the wrapping paper sticks to the frozen meat. Drop into a pot of water and bring to a boil. Skim the cooked meat off the top, drain, mix with ketchup and flour, and serve over boiled potatoes.

Vicki and her mother live in adjoining house trailers in a space station configuration, one joined to the other by a tarpaper covered walkway. The lawn boasts not only the expected bird-bath and pink flamingoes, but also a pair of snowy egrets (an icy blue-white bird resembling a flamingo but with a

crested head), and (best of all) a set of the seven dwarfs that Vicki (creative girl) had painted herself.

The overgrown grass barely hid the broken toys, and two abandoned Chryslers with Florida licenses were propped on concrete blocks. Vicki appeared, twenty pounds overweight, wearing those hideous glasses all the women in middle America have now that look alike: they're upside down. Vicki's trademark color is pink, and she was wearing a bare-midriff rayon

have a peek."

The four small rooms inside were all red brocade and cheesy nylon net swag curtains with ball fringe. The focal point of the living room was a chandelier big enough for the Pitt Palace, which one had to walk around to negotiate through the trailer. In the bedroom a space was cleared for the wall-to-wall waterbed that would be their next purchase.

As I tore myself away, fascinated, like a person who just witnessed a

When not working at her daytime job as a fryer girl at the local Kentucky Fried Chicken, she devotes her time and energy to rifle-twirling the driving passion of her life.

top that tied in a bow just above the navel. "You look great, Len," she gushed. "I'd invite you in, but the place is not finished yet."

I peered over her shoulder at the interior, wondering what could possibly finish this rococo brocade fantasy other than a can of kerosene and a match. "That's OK, you should see my apartment," I assured her. "I'd love to

spectacularly grisly accident, I figured the ride to the airport would be all anticlimax. But listening to Vicki's nonstop monologue made the hours pass like minutes.

After explaining the sad story of why she had to leave college (a broken leg that forced her to quit the marching band dashed her hopes of being a professional trumpeter), she talked about

her current ventures. When not working at her daytime job as a fryer girl at the local Kentucky Fried Chicken, she devotes her time and energy to rifle-twirling, the driving passion of her life.

"I really wish you were around last week to see the competition in Buffalo," she confided, "I know you'd have loved it." I nodded my head in rapt agreement. "Color guard and rifle twirling is really evolving into an art form. Last year at the state championships, this team from the city, Elmhurst I think, performed selections from *Fiddler on the Roof* dressed in authentic Russian peasant outfits. I know that someday rifle twirling will be absorbed into the Broadway theater. Oh, I love Broadway!"

"Have you seen any Broadway shows?" I asked.

"Not exactly, but I know I'd love them. Especially after seeing that Broadway show — you know, *Staying Alive*? That's the kind of show I'd like. Anyway, we just ordered this new fabric for our team's uniforms. You probably haven't heard of it, since I think it was developed specially for color guard. It's called lame', and we have to send away to Cleveland to get it."

She mimed her best moves for me (as best she could in the confines of a compact car), then moved on to another subject. "Len, I think I know you well enough to know you'd be really interested in my new project." Of course I was. She pulled a copy of a magazine called *Macrame Today* out of her purse. Her "project" turned out to be a headboard for the waterbed that looked something like the Peacock Throne of Iran.

"It says you need twenty feet of garden hose for the frame — I guess we can get that at the mall, Dennis."

Dennis spoke for the first time in an hour. "Show him the coffee table."

continued on next page



illustration by John Hersey

She did, after first showing me the decorative macrame bird cage she wanted to hang over the bed.

"The macrame coffee table is my own idea. I take two of these lamp shades," she said, pointing, "turn one upside down on the other, and put a piece of glass on top. You should see them."

The conversation turned to music. "Are there any really good record stores in New York?" Vicki wondered. "When I lived in Florida I went to this wonderful disco called Lighthouse, and saw this singer named Celi Bee — I don't know why they don't have her album at the mall. She's my favorite, along with Olivia Newton-John, Toto and ABC."

She went on, "you're so lucky to live in the city — there's nothing much for Dennis and me as far as night life. We go to the Jubilation disco next to the mall, but the music isn't very good. I keep trying to convince Dennis we should move to New York after we get married, either that or Florida." A ball of drool hung on the corner of Dennis' lip as he drove, thinking about Olivia Newton-John.

"We want too much out of life to stay cooped up in a little town, don't we Dennis? Len, one of the reasons we wanted to drive you to the airport . . . well, we were wondering what you thought would be a good career for Dennis."

I glanced over at my brother, with a two-day beard stubble and the beginnings of a beer belly hanging over his belt. For a twenty-four year old, he looked very middle-aged and hopeless. "Dennis, isn't there something you'd really like to do? What would you like to spend your time doing?" I asked.

He shrugged and nodded, unable to think of anything. "It's hard to get him to decide," Vicki offered. "He's so different from me — I know exactly what I want . . . didn't you say once you'd like to be a landscape architect? That's what I think you should do."

"I think I'd like to be a heavy equipment operator, or work in construction. I saw this ad on TV . . . but I guess it's hard to get into those fields unless you're related to someone in the union," he said, with a finality that closed the subject.

We drove on in silence the next few miles. As we approached Buffalo, the sulfurous industrial air was acrid and damp. We rolled up our windows in unison, then Vicki laughed. "I almost forgot to tell you. We're coming to see you in September. Dennis and I are driving to Florida over Labor Day, and we thought we'd swing back up along the coast on the way home. Will you take me around to the art galleries? I saw the crafts show at the mall and got a lot of good ideas for my macrame, so I thought I'd like to see what the artists are doing in New York."

"Sure," I said as we pulled into the airport. I said my goodbyes and as I carried my bag to the escalator, I was anxious to dig in to the copy of *Hollywood Wives* I had saved for my flight home to the city.

Recipe: Velveeta Surprise

Take one TV dinner for each guest. Without peeking, peel back one corner from the foil cover and tuck a lump of Velveeta inside. Replace the cover and bake. The surprise is finding out where the melted Velveeta ends up in the finished dinner.

Wilderness

Big city, big party and no one listening to the woman overcome by bourbon and beyond caring. The couple she's pointing out, though not imbibers, seem farther gone than she is. Were they the planet's last survivors there wouldn't be more passion in their kiss. The lonely drinker leans on me and whispers "When two people fall in love they go to the wilderness."

* * *

At the western gate of Glacier Park the brochures gave it to us straight: here, in this world, we were visitors and were to act with propriety as good guests should. On Going-to-the-Sun Highway we stopped now and then to honor our hosts by paying attention. Elk. Water ouzel. Osprey. A mountain goat, unearthly white, playing hide-and-seek with our binoculars, foraging like a god cloistered among the lifeless rocks of the Great Divide.

* * *

The thought of grizzlies kept us close and careful not to intrude on anyone's privacy. We practiced the songs that would announce our presence. At Clark's Summit three hikers, arm in arm, skipped past us singing "The Wizard of Oz." Through Sacred Dancing Cascade a rainbow danced and we each played at being the pot of gold at rainbow's end. Then vegetation thinned. Air grew rare. We felt rare, like the first of a species or the last. In the middle of the trail was a flat rock, reddish, shaped like a child's valentine and we sat down to catch our breath — not for words or song; for breathing. Later in the pickup we slowed again, this time to pay homage to the Weeping Wall. But its vale of tears was barely a trickle.

* * *

At night we broke out beers, burned Douglas fir, stoked the fires in the back of our minds. Over our small talk the Big Dipper poured its spell. Then it was old fear that spoke, our failures at love, our wondering out loud if there was someone somewhere we'd never run away from. Possibility flared in the chilly dark, more a home fire than a shooting star. I got lost in the wished-for richness I saw rising in her face, half of it golden again, retrieved, as from a treacherous cave-in. She stared back. I wondered what she saw in me.

* * *

At sunrise, a wind of gale force tore at the orange tent, almost blowing us away in a flurry of cinders and orange-yellow leaves. Seventy miles per hour of pure abandon flushing her cheeks, nipples erect, her hair a blonde fire. And wild strange sounds came flying downwind to us, half human, half other, but all of a piece: neighboring campers, making light of the air's distress, were mimicking the flight of two wild geese. A mock cry at the apocalypse, or mocking laughter. A rough song that would carry them from this wilderness into the next one.

—Thomas Centolella

contradiction if you think hierarchical. If all objects have infinity intercepting them and if all objects are equal, well then my art objects are equal too. I think art is not something you use to communicate to a large mass but something the artist does to educate himself. I'm not the sort of drowning sailor who wants to go en masse. I really am only concerned about saving myself.

"As an artist I've always approached a critic as another artist who is trying to grab my raw material and make it into art. I guess if all objects are equal then all critics are equal, but that doesn't mean I don't like some better than others."

I quote to Mark McCloud, "Six foot clumps of clay that are trying to be shocking but are only gross. They are garishly glazed like an abstract expressionist totem, but they are muddy and fecal."

"I never read that review! Wow! I am trying to be shocking to myself. But nothing is more shocking than what I see in life. Scatological analogies are so obvious. Clay has a fecal quality and may be thousands of years worth of old shit. You see, the good critic grabs something invisible and forces it to the surface."

"Someone else described your work as looking like the China department of Gumps after a nuclear explosion." It was not a review but the comment of another sculptor.

"That was said by a better artist than the first one. Hell, what does Gumps look like? The critic I like is John Leahy. He rants and raves and uses my raw material to present his ideas." Leahy describes in McCloud's work a sense of "violence, violation, vulnerability, anger and rage combined with sensuality and ritualism, and a wry sense of humor, a dance macabre that embraces life."

Mark continued, "I have fantasies about the destiny of some of my work. 'That'd look good on the Pope's desk, I think. But I don't know how permanent I want my work to be. My art could easily be ground down and hidden in a beach. At an opening at ARE Gallery one woman broke one of my sculptures and another woman stole a small piece. Those might not have been the ends I had in mind for my work but it doesn't matter to me. I don't mind parting with my work. The money helps too. But who buys doesn't matter. If the Guggenheim has my work it doesn't make it any better art. The value of my work is measured by me. And the secondary affect is on society. The Archies equal Cabaret Voltaire. A chair equals a cheeseburger. You can eat a chair and you can sit on a cheeseburger. I am an artist by default. If I could find a more practical way of dealing with what is important to me I'd switch mediums. Art is not so important."

McCloud exhibits regularly at Dana Reich Gallery at 278 Post Street and at Ulrike Kanter Gallery in Los Angeles. In the past year he has exhibited in a group show called "Crime and Punishment" at the Triton Museum in San Jose and at Smith-Anderson Gallery in Palo Alto in a show called "America 1984." McCloud has just been awarded an NEA grant. He has an upcoming one man show at Deborah Sharpe Gallery, 328 East 11th St. in New York City.

thropologist, spent three years living with the Guajiro Indians of Colombia, South America, between 1969 and 1972. From his anthropological studies, Perrin concluded that the dichotomy between history and story telling resolves itself as specific myths move toward history where they gradually lose their force while constantly changing and shaping history. Perrin's study and life with the Guajiro was motivated by his inquiry into the ways in which myths and symbols are transformed in the modern world. Bay area filmmaker Calogero Salvo's film, "La Guajira," which is remarkably similar both in

myth as the domain of what he quoted Mark Rothko as calling, "Monsters and Gods who enact our human drama," he stated that the "regression to myth represents bourgeois society's salute to itself." Like many before him, he summoned Nietzsche, who described myth as brutal, artificial, and innocent-idiotic. But Clark seemed confused over the meaning and purposes of myth vacillating in such circular statements as "mythic material itself reveals the problem of myths... as the self-consciousness of modern discourse on itself exemplifies." Although Clark acknowledged the need for such collective meaning, he himself admitted his exhaus-

Superman, champion of the oppressed as well as other such comic book characters — muscular anti-intellectual types contemptuous of both law and order — make their appearance in the 1930s and 1940s coincident with the growth of totalitarian ideologies and the rise of the superstate.

structure and content to Perrin's film, co-produced with Jean Arlaud, "The Way of the Dead Indians," and is greatly indebted to Perrin's book *The Way of the Dead Indians: Myth and Symbols of the Guajiro*, nonetheless differs distinctly on the central point of Perrin's research. Whereas Salvo created a distinct juncture marking the old way of life of the Guajiro Indians with their urban existence in Maricabo, Perrin's film presents an integrated expression of a people who make culture an aesthetic as they move through time from a pre-industrial existence into the electronic world. Perrin does not call his film a documentary but rather a reflection of the way a society transforms and how they employ their myths to help them, concluding that "myth reminds one of the precariousness of life."

Harold Bloom, author, scholar of Shelley, Blake, and Yeats, and professor of humanities at Yale, pronounced ours "the age of Freud" and named Freud the generic "father figure" of the 20th century. Freud will, like Plato, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, prevail inescapable, immense, and incalculable subsuming Nietzsche and Schopenhauer and leaving Marx literally swimming in 19th century thought — Freud is "that perfection that destroys" — Bloom boomed. He then connected Freud to the rabbinical tradition which holds in tandem a need to be everything in oneself with the reality of being nothing. In the rabbinical world where everything is understandable and where everything is over-determined, Freud's radical negation and theory of repression is understandable. Negation is a frontier idea that breaks down the dualism of inwardness and outwardness and connects them into an all present meaning which discards idolatry and delivers individual consciousness. Ironically Bloom seemed unaware that in his attempt to isolate Freud in a cosmology of exemplary events or individuals, he contributes to and participates in the exact conditions which give rise to the ideologies of transcendent essence — precisely the metaphysical ground in which individual consciousness is threatened and where the operations of myth enter into shadowy alliance with mysticism.

To my disappointment, Harvard art historian Tim Clark's presentation was the least persuading. Deeply disturbed by

tion and his retreat to "surface" and urged a retreat from "depth" — "Without monsters and Gods, art can perfectly well express human expression, objects, and pleasures in a reflection of the world today."

In stark contrast to Clark, but spoken as a practicing artist, the Greek writer, Vassilis Vassilikos admitted the interdependence of myth with *logos*, this rational and regulating principle that allows him to make non-existent things come to life so that the monsters of the present-real disappear in a self-created myth behind which he attempts to hide. He explained his effort in especially writing *Z*, to surrender parable and use the typewriter as a machine gun, shooting words as bullets. Quoting Jean-Paul Sartre, he said that the writer has no other mission than to express his time. "To avoid one's culture renders one blind to himself." Then he conjectured that perhaps this is the reason that Third World writers reach middle age and give their talents to politics whereas writers from industrial countries end up being abstract metaphysicians. *Z* is both the sign and the signifier of Vassilikos' involvement in the Greek political struggle for independence. His book condenses history elevating it through imagination from the specific to the heroic where it stands for the battle of moral and ethical forces which exist on a multi-experiential world and where it may sustain belief.

Artist Paul Rotterdam, who teaches at the Visual Arts Center, Harvard University, presented his views of the kind of social attitudes that create myth as they seek to understand the processes of artistic creation and hinged his argument on the quixotic shift in public opinion of the value, spiritual content, and technical excellence of some Vermeer paintings when, on May 29, 1945, they were found to have been faked by Von Megerin. Once the public learned that they were frauds, these works suddenly were seen to be the representations of a false pathos and painted so badly that an arm was no better than "a dead sausage." Rotterdam described this effect as the phenomenological condition of the work, which although formerly felt to demonstrate the effect of transcendence, once separated from the concept of artistic authenticity and creativity, were reduced

to the finite and valueless. This condition results from expectations which are in no way located *a priori* in the art itself but are the product of social projections. The myth of art resides in the concept of uniqueness and the trend to interpret reality through the particularity of the work. But, Rotterdam argued, appearance is not essence but its reception; nor is appearance the exclusive essence of what one is.

SHAZAM is the condensation of Solomon, Hercules, Atlas, Zeus, Achilles, and Mercury, a displacement which the comic book hero derives from the protective deities whose home in the collective memory is ever-present and ready to arise battling for cosmic power. Superman, champion of the oppressed as well as other such comic book characters — muscular anti-intellectual types contemptuous of both law and order — make their appearance in the 1930s and 1940s coincident with the growth of totalitarian ideologies and the rise of the superstate. Neil Harris, professor of history at the University of Chicago, author of *Humbug: The Art of P.T. Barnum*, explained the persistent significance of these models by the way in which copyright laws fiercely protected their identities, quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes' statement that "The most modest grade of art has something of integrity." Producers of mass culture received legal protection based on the notion of creative essence. In other words modern mythic heroes are private property, subdivided and owned. But Harris asked, "Can one distort a distortion?" The social function of myth, he pointed out, is corrosive and can be deployed only by satire, parody.

Carl Schorske, professor emeritus of history at Princeton, author of *Fin de Siècle Vienna: Politics and Culture*, and winner of the 1981 Pulitzer Prize for non-fiction, elaborates on Harris' theme of the comic book hero, who begins to embody the modern cultural conflict between popular and elite culture. Curiously, presumably post-mythic popular culture is precisely the culture to sustain the myths that elitist culture has de-mythologized. Through parody, burlesque, and cabaret, popular culture resists the establishment of legal limits on its old culture by continually re-appropriating to the populace the figures of high culture that have been regulated and controlled by law. Schorske suggested that Pop Culture is also the surviving folk resistance to the failure of bourgeois intelligentsia to become involved precisely with the culture it so wishes to understand, absorb, or convert.

The most urgent location of myth, however, remains in the relationship of the death and life depicted in the image of humanity annihilating itself with its own tools. This picture condenses fantasy and dream into reality. Our possible actualization of the murder of the world results from a collective psychic experience similar to the schizophrenic's murder of the self in soul death. Robert J. Lifton, a research psychiatrist at Yale and a lecturer in psychiatry at Harvard University as well as winner of the National Book Award for

Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima, argues against the indefensibility of weapons by combining politics with psychology in a case against nuclearism.

Myth is the wholly abstract, human conceptualization invented to bind the real or contrived spaces that we identify between subject and object, historical time and the eternal, between the specific and the general, or the individual and the collective. Myth is psychic glue summoned to unify ontological experience where the mind finds no unity. It is too idealistic to suppose that what we are constructing in the current nuclear stand-off is a myth of the end that itself becomes so powerful that it deters its goal. It seems more realistic to suggest, as did Hide Ishiguro, that "Myth is wish that becomes belief." And this wish is the wish to become complete, to close the spaces between life, death, and the eternal transition between them in a finality of holocaust.

It was precisely this unity which Theodore Adorno, like Nietzsche before him, urgently warned against when they cautioned that any philosophy which claimed to recapture a lost human wholeness also proclaimed a potentially pernicious utopia. For this ideal threatened to eradicate distinctions between things, distinctions necessary to the capacity for human reflection.

"Myth hides in the extraordinary ability of our understanding," David Apter, professor of comparative political and social development at Yale and author of *Political Change and Against the State: Politics and Social Protest in Japan*, perceptively observed that only through this kind of understanding of the mythic structures of society and culture can we hope to modify the conditions of existence.

Where to find FRANK

San Francisco Art Institute	Modernism Gallery
New College of California	Nathan Hart Gallery
Academy of Art College	San Francisco Cameraclub
S.F. State University	New Langton Arts
Tower Records	
Rough Trade Records	
Kamikaze Records	
Recycled Records	
Wolfgang's	Squid's
Green Apple Books	16th Note
Photographers Supply	Cafe SOMA
City Lights Books	Rite Spot
Color Crane	Billboard Cafe
Carbon Alternative	Savoy Tivoli
	Cafe Flore
Other Cafe	Cafe Nidal
Blue Danube	Cafe Picaro
Zephyr Cafe	Cafe Clarion
Le Petit Cafe	
Cafe Corbas	
Meat Market Cafe	
Goat Hill Pizza	
Daily Scoop	
Just Desserts	
All You Knead	
Double Rainbow	
	Voitek
	Schiavo
	Gimme Shoes
	Par Interval
	Mikage
	Shop Dog Meat
	M.A.C.
	Slade Designs
	Benares
	Algebra
	Daljeets
	Carbon Alternative
	Reruns
	Black Cat Clothing
	Forma
	Thorn Story Designs
	American Rag
	Ritz



Guest Lists

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Talent Scouts Vacation in New York, 1984

Clubs:

- 1) Limelight — disco and circus in a remodeled church
- 2) Pyramid Club — erotic dancers on the bar, basement lounge
- 3) Zodiac Club — trendy underground mafia and pimp scenes after 5 a.m.
- 4) Area — the abstract art set. You'll find out who your friends really are here
- 5) Danceteria — 4,5,6,7 or 8? floors of themes, video and dance
- 6) Kamakazi Club — graffiti murals and better murals

Theatre:

- 1) L.S.D. #4 — experimental with flashbacks to Salem witch trials, (Howl) Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary's Party in Berkeley, etc. good acting, music and staging.

Restaurants

- 1) Bon Temps Roulet (Let the Good Times Roll) Cajun Food... best martinis, alligator sausage, voodoo stew.
- 2) 2nd Avenue Deli — real Kosher style, gefilte fish, stuffed cabbage, the waiter says "nothing is as good as your mother makes." But this is close.
- 3) 103 2nd Avenue — open round the clock. Very important social scene at 6 a.m.

Raoul Thomas

Things that resemble sheep

- 1) Cumulus clouds
- 2) Cotton balls
- 3) Huddled masses
- 4) Some dogs
- 5) Kapok
- 6) Babies in thermal underwear
- 7) Commuters
- 8) Irish knit sweaters
- 9) Christians
- 10) Goats

Tim Rowland

Places I've Been That I'll Probably Never Go Back To

- 1) Zanesville, Ohio
- 2) Farmington, Missouri
- 3) Weed, New Mexico
- 4) Inyokern, California
- 5) Poncha Springs, Oklahoma
- 6) Dad, Wyoming
- 7) Ennis, Montana
- 8) No-Name, Colorado
- 9) Prescott, Arizona
- 10) Ely, Nevada



Insidious Forces of Evil and Decay

- 1) The green mold that grows on bread
- 2) The balls of dust that grow under furniture
- 3) Receipts from automated tellers
- 4) Hardened toothpaste at the end of the tube
- 5) Pigeon shit
- 6) Women's underwear catalogs
- 7) Shrink-wrapping
- 8) Abandoned grocery carts
- 9) Japanese toys
- 10) Excelsior

My mother always said:

- 1) "Is that what they're wearing now?"
- 2) "Hold your horses (young lady)"
- 3) "The squeaky wheel gets the oil."
- 4) "Don't be a dog in the manger."
- 5) "Who took my good scissors?"
- 6) "You get more flies with sugar than you do with vinegar."
- 7) Always take the closest piece (when served at the table)

10 things that are wildly popular for no apparent reason

- 1) football
- 2) Bob Hope
- 3) high heels
- 4) Nancy Reagan
- 5) "The Sound of Music"
- 6) Fisherman's Wharf restaurants
- 7) bumper stickers about how you do it
- 8) microwave ovens
- 9) caviar
- 10) Las Vegas

Caroline Grannan

Where do they go?

- 1) Single socks in laundromats
- 2) Tops off felt-tip pens
- 3) Swiss army knives
- 4) Tools for changing the tire
- 5) Paper-clips
- 6) Favorite earrings (singly)
- 7) Cassette tape boxes
- 8) Spare screws
- 9) Taxes
- 10) Escalators



Things that really hurt

- 1) Bee stings
- 2) Bone cancer
- 3) Rejection
- 4) Golf balls
- 5) Hammer blows
- 6) Loss of love
- 7) Blind pimples
- 8) Neck waxing
- 9) Second degree burns
- 10) Injustice

Tim Rowland

Many men fear

- 1) Groups of women
- 2) Maitre d's
- 3) Tax audits
- 4) Baldness
- 5) Rejection
- 6) Penury
- 7) Transmission failure
- 8) Impotence
- 9) Fashion
- 10) Other men

Tim Rowland

Can't Get Enough of

- 1) Chanel No. 5
- 2) Red high-heeled shoes
- 3) Squid
- 4) Juluka
- 5) Literary biographies
- 6) Shostakovich
- 7) L'Histoire du Soldat
- 8) Dark-haired men
- 9) Japanese toys
- 10) William Faulkner

Some of my Favorite "Neglected" Movies

1. **Mickey One** (1965) — Director: Arthur Penn. Fellini comes to Chicago. The best Arthur Penn movie and Warren Beatty's best performance. Beatty plays the existential comic (he describes himself as a "Polish Noel Coward") running from himself. Best Symbolism Award to the "Yes" machine.

2. **The Big Combo** (1955) — Director: Joseph H. Lewis. Best known for his "Gun Crazy" (1949) this is probably his greatest film. Lee Van Cleef and Earl Holliman as a pair of hit men and probably the most well-adjusted homosexual couple ever portrayed on film. Best line by Richard Conte — "First is first and second is nobody."

3. **Shock Corridor** (1963) — Director: Sam Fuller. All of Fuller's films are under-rated and neglected. This emotionally disturbing film is of a man in search of his own insanity. Best Character Actor Award to Larry "Pagliacci" Tucker.

4. **Fire Sale** (1979) — Director: Not Sure. Vincent Gardenia, Alan Arkin, Sid Ceaser, Rob Reiner — a funny, funny movie. Not for everyone's taste, though. Gardenia is Arkins' and Reiners' father who enlists his brother Caesar's aid in blowing up his clothing store for the insurance. Arkins' wife tries to commit suicide by locking herself inside a refrigerator. There's lots and lots more.

5. **Over the Edge** (1979) — Director: Jonathan Kaplan. Kaplan has been called a derivative of Fuller and like Fuller all of his films have been neglected by the masses. Tony Bill has called this film "violently unrealistic." Every scene, however, is fact. Based on articles written in the Examiner about life in our Redwood City. Released in theatres three times with no fanfare. Great Soundtrack and Kaplan at his best.

Ron Deutsch

Ways to Climb Out of the Doldrums

- 1) A ride on the 33 Ashbury
- 2) *Music For Chamaleons*
- 3) *A Night at the Opera*
- 4) A hot bubble bath
- 5) Jazz piano
- 6) Two pints of Whitbread or a tall glass of Dewar's
- 7) Joe Bob's Drive-in Reviews
- 8) The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show
- 9) Barbecued ribs, Tex-Mex chili, Fried Bananas and a Hot Fudge Sundae
- 10) The snakes at the Academy of Science

Tim McGee

