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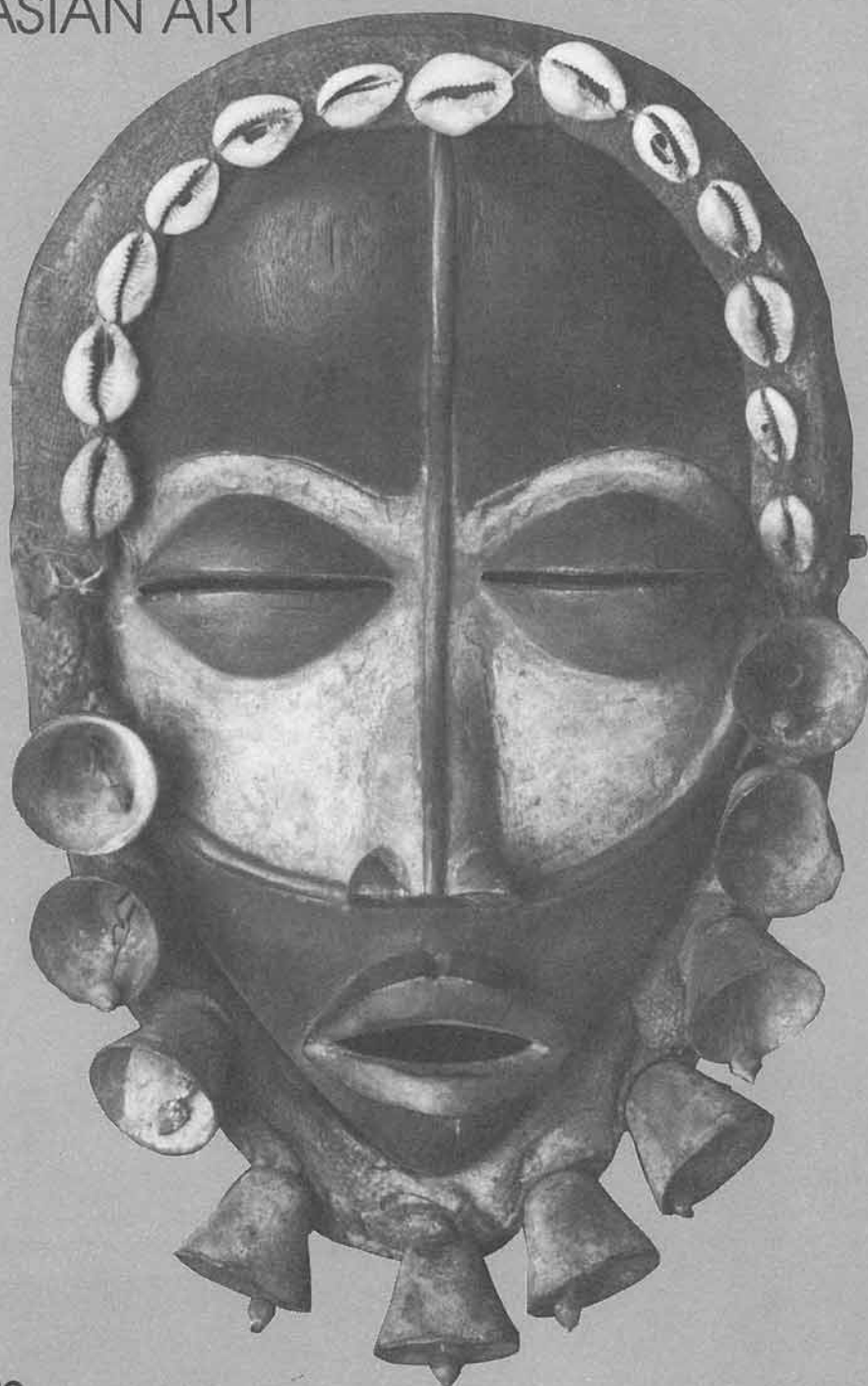
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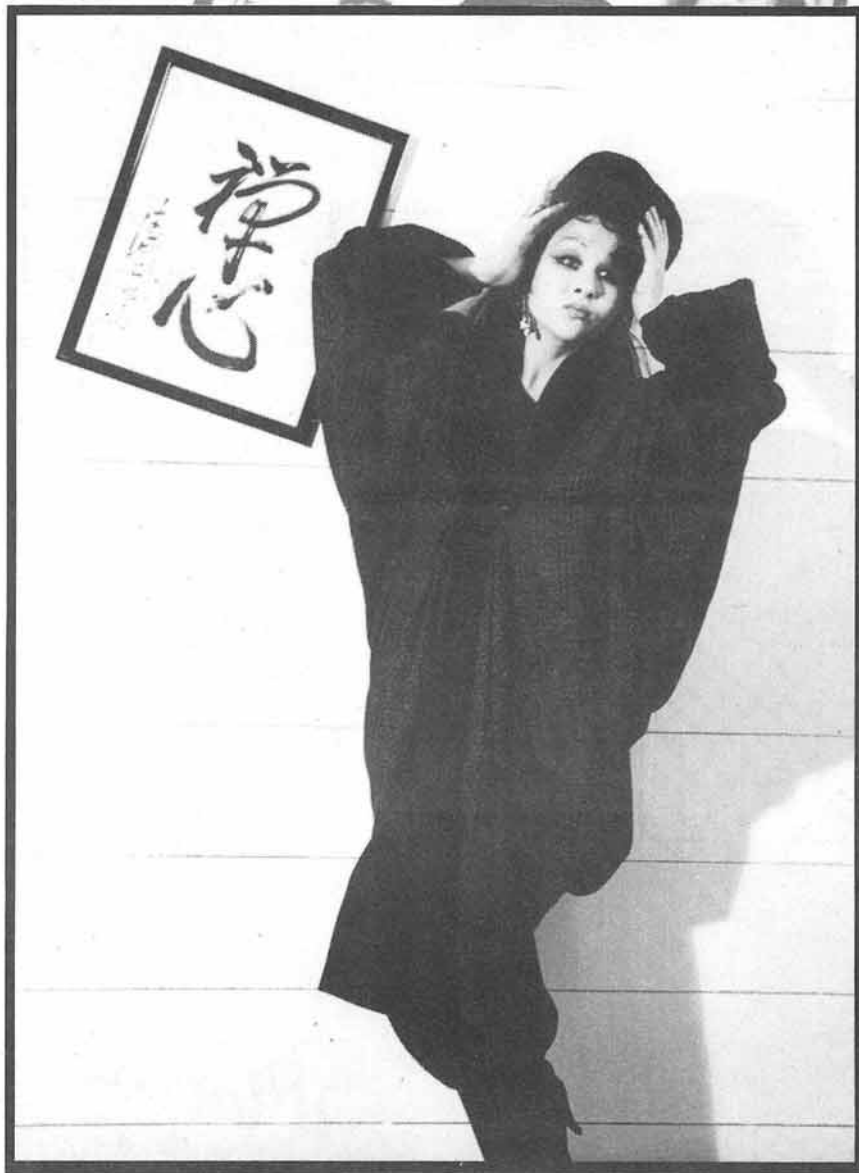
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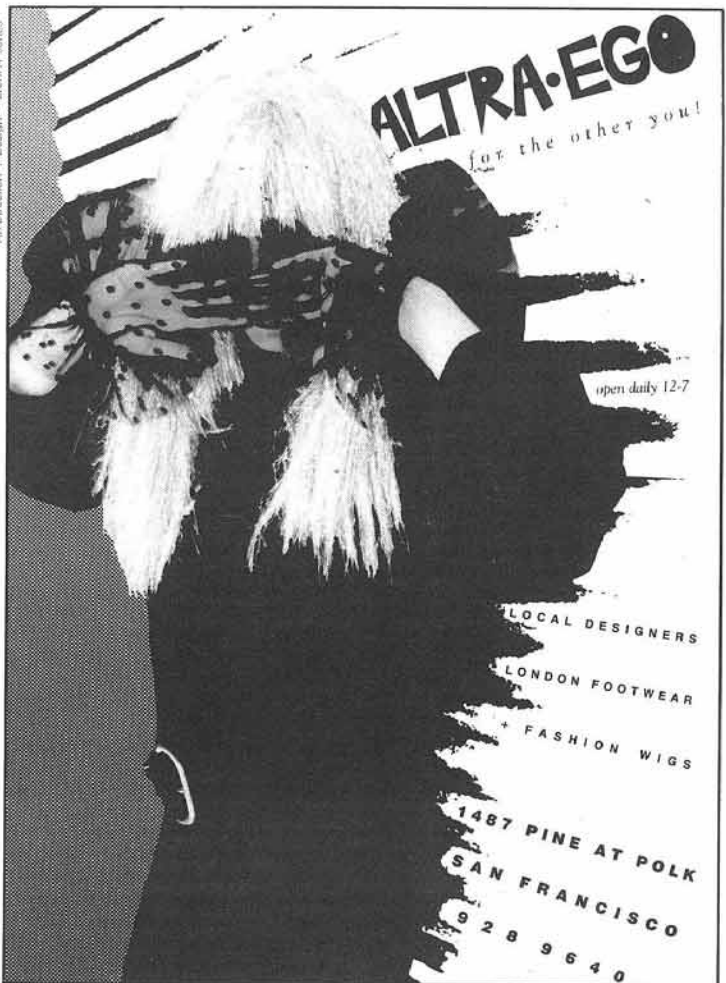
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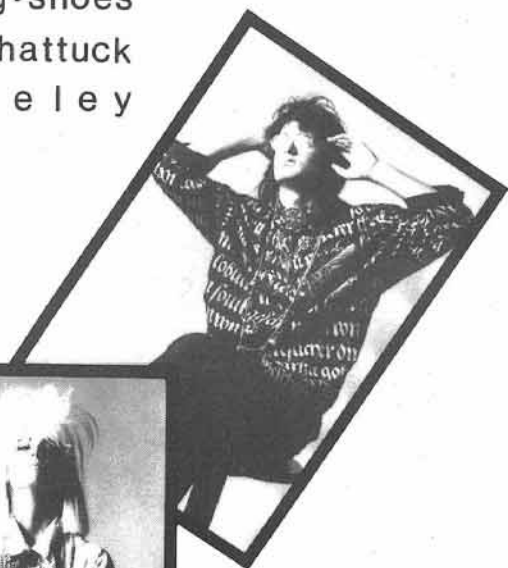
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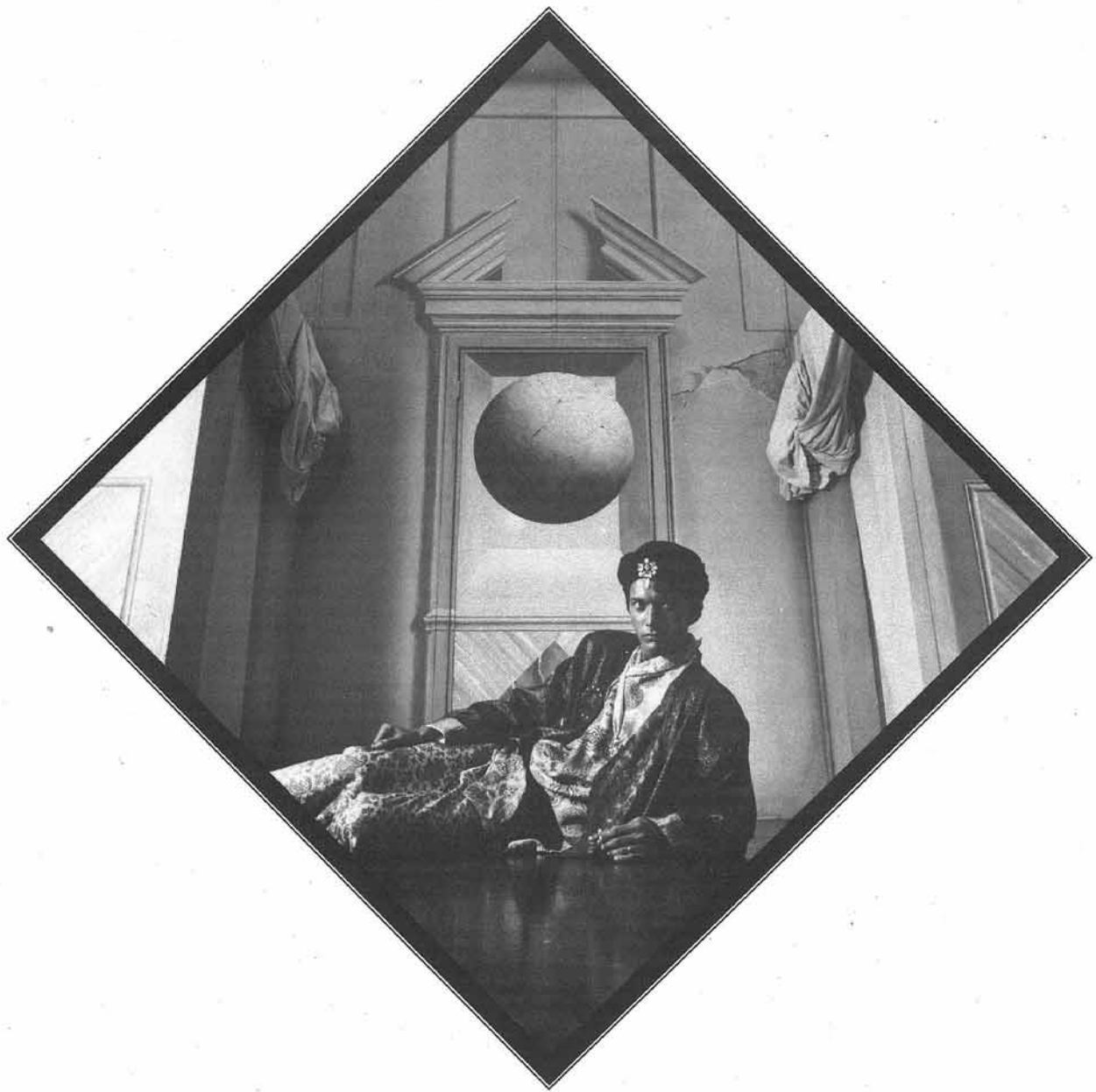
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CLOSED CIRCUIT DANCING



Dice so hot they smoke. "Baby needs a new pair of shoes," she whispers. Spots tumble.

*Shoes*



## FRANK VI

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#### PUBLISHERS

Rebecca Biggs, Robert Langenbrunner, Steven L. Rosenberg

#### EDITOR

Rebecca Biggs

#### ART DIRECTION AND DESIGN

Robert Langenbrunner, Steven L. Rosenberg

#### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Alix Pitcher

#### ASSOCIATES

Joe McGee, Shannon Wood

#### CHICAGO ASSOCIATE

Monica Kuhlman

#### CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Jeff Welch

#### PRODUCTION

Joe McGee, Marcie Weinstein, Glen Helfand, Jeff Welch

#### COPY EDITING

Mary Eiben, Clifford Schwartz

#### CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Sarah Vogwill, Steven L. Rosenberg

#### CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Fred Rinne, R. Bang

#### ADVERTISING COORDINATORS

Patricia Davidson, Robert Langenbrunner, Nancy Parkin

#### THANKS

Bill Carpin, Raoul Thomas, The Lab, Laura Brun,

Kitty, Henry Wangaman, Barry Hermanson,

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Man with Heart by Alan Winkler courtesy of Dorothy Weiss Gallery



# FRANK



## From New York Saturday Afternoon

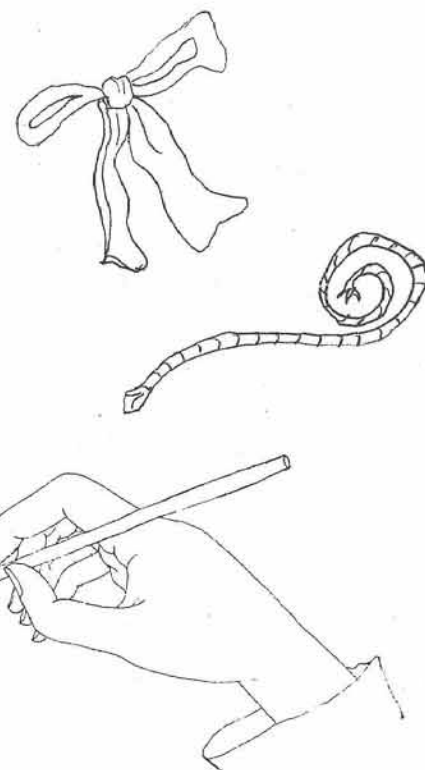
It's Saturday  
I get up at noon to do my wash  
It's my day off  
All I want to do is sleep  
not because I'm tired but  
to escape  
my job, my girl  
people, life.  
I walk into the bathroom  
there is a small window in the ceiling  
to let the light in  
I lift the toilet seat  
and see a reflection of the sky  
I stare into it  
My mind becomes filled with  
blue  
crystal clear  
blue  
I fly, I soar  
I pee into the sky  
It explodes into a thousand pieces  
I flush them down  
Pick up my clothes  
and walk out the door.

Tom

## Dear FRANK:

We have met before. Perhaps we're related. Your black and whiteness motivates the morning mind. And pictures talk. Especially when they know each other. On my living room floor, it is my task to introduce them. In a real world, I am a reckless driver driven by the promise of an overdue paycheck, an invisible shopper who hates buying practical things, and a solitary moviegoer till the end (admit one). But at home, alone in a paper kingdom, I am a ceaseless matchmaker. The eyes have me, deeper than the blanket of darkness. You just have to see it.

Much love,  
Margarette



## Dear FRANK:

Thanks for your swell magazine. I'm told my hipness quotient rose 300% just by picking it up.

S.L.

## From Mill Valley Dear FRANK:

I love your mag quite a lot. It is very inspiring to me — being a 16 year-old Marinite boy, surrounded by Yuppies. You know there are a lot of weird people in Marin, but there are a lot who aren't. You've helped me realize my values (which don't actually exist prominently).

Oh! Hey — do you know any good optometrists? Everyone has these goofy Sophia Loren jobs!

A.A.



# C O R R E S

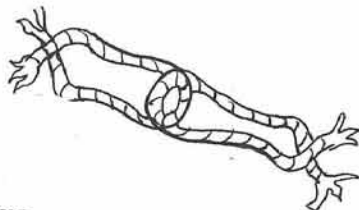
## Dear FRANK:

I'm not one of your regular traveling correspondents, but having just vacationed in a town (Inyokern, CA) which made your 'ten worst' list (FRANK #4) a couple of issues ago the urge to write to you came naturally to me. My ten days in Inyokern provided the opportunity to watch numerous Three Stooges shorts, and I have reached the answer to the age-old Stoogetmania question — Shemp was better than Curley.

Shemp's approach to slapstick combined artful dance-steps (recall his well-known shadow boxing jig) with an acute knack for character acting (recall his portrayal of an ace news reporter as he says to his boss, Mo, 'Listen here, ya glass-eyed baboon!'). Curley brought to the screen mere antics, which were funny even to us Shemp fans, but after the thousandth repetition of SOIT'N'LEE or WOO-WOO-WOO-WOO-WOO or of running around on the floor pivoting on his shoulder, even the most loyal Stooget nut gets tired. Besides, these were all time-consuming escapades that contributed nothing to plot structure, while Shemp's trademarks were integral features of the story lines. And even Curley's fans must acknowledge this bottom line, that Shemp's episodes gave us more of what we watched the Stooges for — violence.

Shemp, in fact, was a threat to Moe's supremacy. Sometimes Curley got the last slap with Moe, but in his episodes there is no question as to who the boss is. I ask all Frank readers to consider this question when watching Stooget reruns; between Shemp and Curley, who works toward perfection and who plays the fool?

Inyokern Otis



## Dear FRANK:

The other night I was lying on my couch naked reading a magazine. I heard a small explosion. Like a shot. Without thinking I rolled off the couch and yanked out the plug to the lamp. I lay on the floor naked in the dark. Waiting.

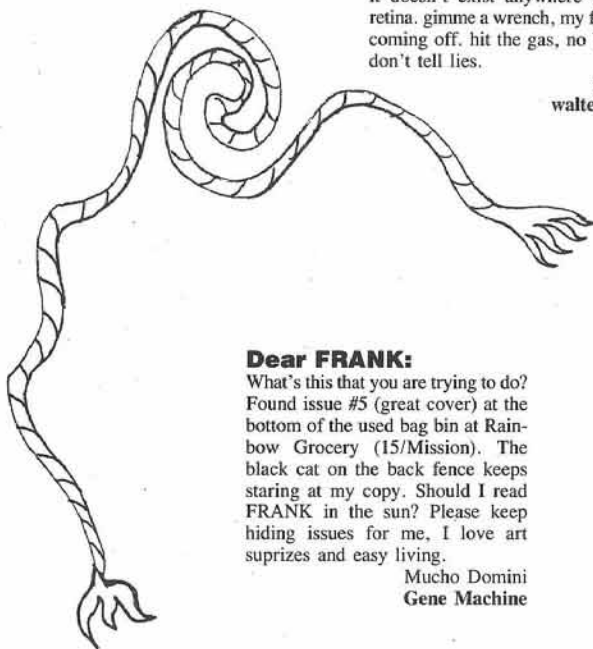
Today I was walking. I heard a church bell ring once. I pulled out my pocket watch. It said one o'clock. A wave of well-being washed over me. I had an orgasm.

Sincerely,  
Arthur Selavy

## Dear FRANK:

the inspiration for this letter went through me like a bad jalapeno. one denuded falsification after another wet me down and wiped me off... WOT ZIT TAKE?? the patagonian category passed a knout to my brow. how do we measure? We're all damaged, generic tragedians out on the interstate, plastic bag ghosts trapped in a convection. the horizon is a dotted line, a circle, a measure of futility, like a rainbow, it doesn't exist anywhere but the retina. gimme a wrench, my fender's coming off. hit the gas, no brakes. don't tell lies.

yer pal  
walter alter



## Dear FRANK:

What's this that you are trying to do? Found issue #5 (great cover) at the bottom of the used bag bin at Rainbow Grocery (15/Mission). The black cat on the back fence keeps staring at my copy. Should I read FRANK in the sun? Please keep hiding issues for me. I love art suprizes and easy living.

Mucho Domini  
Gene Machine

# P O N D E N C E

Margarette  
Kamour



# SPIRITUALITY:

## PRAYERS FOR BRILLIANT BLINDNESSES AND DANGEROUS TEACHINGS

Oh dangerous god who never kills but only changes  
What is the difference between right and wrong

Oh god, father of the stagnant water and mother of the funny words I thought of  
while I was there

All the things I believe in are wrong, and I know it,  
and yet I still have as much power as people who hate

oh god sabotaging climaxes with your obscene abundance  
oh god of pure disappointment

I want to say what can't be said  
I want to live without opinions

oh god of unnatural animals living in me like sex on other planets  
Give me a song about sex and war that shocks people so bad  
they pay me to stop suffering

oh god who scorns all mediocre longing  
I am living without ulterior motives  
I have shut up until I had something to say  
So reward me now  
Give me dreams I can spend like money  
Give me an ego I can laugh at no matter how beautiful or stupid it is

oh normal god who can't hide your fear from me  
oh god of childhood eating up the mother and the father  
I have no wife and kids  
Tell me why  
I play with dolls and toys  
What am I waiting for

oh nagging god who begs me to tease and not to fuck, to create and not to conquer  
you croaking reptilian two-faced teacher who inspires me only a little bit just to  
keep me hooked  
You can't stop me if I want to imitate you  
You can't abandon me if I free myself  
from looking for a woman who would complete me

oh god of haunting facsimiles and hungry substitutes better than the original  
Once again I have proved my self-control  
Once again I'm becoming bigger than life and wilder than my fears  
forcing you to change all your teachings

oh god of unlearned love and of heats and smells that go nowhere  
What am I trying to prove  
Who am I trying to impress

oh sneaky, anguished god who can't escape me no matter how much I heal  
I'm not the most dangerous person in the world  
or the most intelligent  
or the trickiest  
or the most spontaneous  
or the most anything  
Help me therefore to give myself away for free  
and to make things that last only by accident

oh god of brilliant blindnesses and enemies who reawaken life  
oh god of opening the negative world to me as I fall asleep on my birthday  
I'm not myself  
So then who am I  
I want as much emotion as women  
I want to be disciplined enough to go crazy  
in the name of creation not destruction

oh god revealing to me my exact infinitesimal purpose in history at the weakest  
moment  
of a day when pleasure extinguishes my worship of the adolescent in  
women  
oh loose and yowling god of childbirth who saves all the best pleasure for women  
alone  
oh god of no hope for men who try too hard  
What hidden forces control me  
What if there are women who secretly want me  
What if I can give them nothing

oh god of drowned worms and electricity leaking out my feet into the rain as I cry  
about the temper tantrums and obsessions I can no longer have with any conviction  
or joy  
oh backwards god, oh god of hoarding up feelings for years and then spitting them  
all out in one night  
oh intimate and delicate and precise god  
I'm afraid I might try to imitate myself  
I'm afraid I might try to live off the love I saved  
when I was too strong to love anyone

oh god you pushy cruel generosity that gives people gifts too big for them to handle  
oh crippled god of fascination and repulsion and nothing in between  
I'll forgive you if you forgive me  
I'll fake an emotion until it becomes real  
if you admit that's how you create everything

oh god of the usual mystery, god of no explanation, god of no good reason  
god of thousands of people who all have a different image of me  
oh imprisoned, fecund, crumbling god whom I have known for less than one hour  
oh god of muscles in the face twitching at unanswered emotions  
I never claimed I was a human being  
I never agreed to be raised by kind and gentle parents  
I never said I gave up being a dirty dog-headed god of the underworld  
flailing in the snow in North Carolina, dying brilliantly of LSD

And if you don't stop strangling yourself now where cunt meets cock  
I swear I'll never do anything normal again  
I'll make myself into a bomb, I'll live without routine  
I'll pretend I'm insane when I talk to considerate people in cafes in the middle  
of the day

oh outmuscled god, outlived god, god drained of all human will  
oh end of god and beginning of a fierce alien tender ego in my heart with a face like  
yours but no name yet  
oh black solar heat of god at midnight  
love bomb god exploding from a dream impossible to translate, impossible to use on  
this earth  
Help me think up bigger, better, more original sins  
before you change forever into the perfect pungent flavor of cunt  
and disappear from this world where there are no real men

oh best god in the world, happiest, funniest, hippest god  
I know you want me to be my biggest, most confused, greediest soul  
I know you want to give me the pleasure of thinking terrible things  
and having more flagrant desires than you could ever imagine alone  
So that I am still and always split in two  
So I know I am a man and a woman fighting it out in one and the same body  
just so I can stay attracted and excited by this life  
of never being born and not knowing how to die

**By Rob Breznsky**  
from his book *Images are Dangerous*

# circa 1985



*"What you see is what you get but it sure ain't what we need."*

— David Byrne

**By Richard Halstead**

On the one hand, there is an abundance of spiritual leadership available today — Rev. Moon, Rashneesh, Jerry Falwell, Billy Graham, etc... On the other hand, those interested in exploring the spiritual dimension of their lives without sacrificing their own common sense are adrift without a touchstone.

There has been such a rash of false prophets that the credibility of religious teachers in general has become suspect. And yet, there is a yawning gap that can only be filled by righteous, creative spiritual thinkers.

One of the problems is that it is almost impossible for innovative thinkers to reform existing spiritual traditions through regular channels. Established religions resist change today no less than in Calvin's day.

Rev. Matthew Fox, a popular Dominican priest at Holy Names College in Oakland, is currently attempting to breath some life into the Catholic tradition.

But his efforts are being investigated by the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith for possible signs of heresy. The congregation was called the Holy Office when it conducted the infamous medieval inquisitions; more recently, it has cracked down on the liberation theologians of Latin America.

Fox moved his Institute in Culture and Creation Spirituality from Mundelein College in Chicago in 1983. The institute's ecumenical faculty includes a Zen Buddhist and a self-described witch named Starhawk.

Fox has published 11 books including "Original Blessing" and "On Becoming a Musical, Mystical Bear." His writings and teaching draws heavily on the ideas of Meister Eckhart, a German Dominican mystic who died in 1327.

The following Frank interview will allow you to decide whether he is indeed heretical.

**FRANK:** What do you think is the current level of interest in spirituality in this country?

**Rev. Fox:** It is high and getting higher and hotter. For example, we just finished three summer programs, one in New York, one in Minnesota and one in Oakland. Seven hundred people attended all together. We had to turn people away in Oakland. And who came? College presidents, engineers, lawyers, doctors, therapists, teachers, scientists, many artists, peace and justice activists, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, new age people, people in their 70s, people in their 20s. Something is really happening. People are waking up. That actually is my definition of spirituality: waking up.

**FRANK:** Are people more or less interested in spirituality than in the 1960s?

**Rev. Fox:** I think there is a much deeper interest, a more mature interest. I think in the 1960s there was a beginning of a spiritual questioning but it quickly got co-opted by drugs in the 1970s and by a lot of what I call professional workshop goers — workshop junkies who quit attending their

church or synagogue but had to go to a workshop every weekend.

Churches have failed so miserably in knowing their own spiritual traditions and presenting the mystics of the West. Utter, utter failure. That's what we're doing at our institute. We're discovering the Western mystics.

**FRANK:** What is your definition of a mystic?

**Rev. Fox:** Everyone is potentially a mystic until our culture or religion or educations or the whole bit drive it out of them. Our mystical experiences are our unitive experiences. We have unitive experiences in the mountains, at the ocean, in fields with friends, lovers, spouses and children, listening to the music of Mozart or Mahler...we have unitive experiences with those that suffer, the people of Nicaragua, for example.

**FRANK:** Why do you think drugs were so useful originally in stimulating the interest in spirituality?

**Rev. Fox:** All cultures have recognized the power of drugs. Take the peyote in Native American spirituality, the incense in the Hindu or Roman Catholic tradition too. The

that morning to share. One woman said she had a dream after my talk on mysticism in which she had a left brain as big as a weather balloon and a dried up prune for a right brain.

I think that is a powerful dream for our culture. Our right brain is a dried up prune. The right brain is for mysticism, for making connections, for the unitive experience, for seeing the whole. The fact is we are so out of touch with the mystic in our culture that people have to resort to drugs.

That is the power of what we're doing in our institute. We're recovering the Western mystics, the great ones — Eckhart, Hildegard, Mechtilde and Julian. They get you so high you don't need drugs. Hildegard's music — we train people to sing her music here — I interviewed every person in that choir this year and they all told me the same thing. They had mystical experiences singing her music. Why? Because she has you hyperventilate. There is no way of singing her music without hyperventilating and that is much cheaper than cocaine and much healthier. Unfortunately, a lot of ritual in the West is putting people to sleep.

## Man of the cloth revealed



key to drugs being positive is the ritualizing of them. The discipline is lacking in many consumer oriented Americans. But you don't need drugs if you live in a culture that is doing its job exciting right and left brain.

The reason Americans need drugs is that they have no right brain development anywhere, not in churches, not in education, not in media. I'll tell you a story. I did a workshop on mysticism a year ago and after the first night I asked if anyone had dreams

**FRANK:** Was it necessary for Jesus to perform miracles to be recognized as the Son of God, and isn't the performance of a miracle more a demonstration of power than a lesson in spirituality?

**Rev. Fox:** I think the role of miracle in Jesus's life has been grossly exaggerated by certain fundamentalist religions. The real miracle that Jesus performed was a change of heart in people. That is part of the anti-scientific attitude of a lot of Western religions that God has come and intervened

in nature's laws. We take just the opposite position. We have a full time physicist on our faculty because we believe that science tells us about divinity...God doesn't come to intervene or contradict natural laws. God comes to awaken people to how full of divinity nature is. Hildegard, who was a scientist in the 12th century, said, "All science comes from God."

**FRANK:** To what degree is the interest in spirituality simply a fear of death?

**Rev. Fox:** The real fear is the fear of life. The spiritual disciplines allow people to love life. Once you really commit yourself to an affirmation of life and you give yourself over to the study of nature and creation you understand death is an integral part of the cycling and recycling of life's processes. So you see that death is not the last word.

**FRANK:** What about the other motivation for seeking enlightenment — the quest for happiness?

**Rev. Fox:** I am more interested in the search for justice than the search for happiness and satisfaction. For me, this is the tradition of the prophets of Israel and Jesus. When justice can be some way guaranteed for the oppressed and poor and for all of us then we can truly celebrate. I think celebration is one of the non-goals of spirituality. A lot of this quest for happiness or the fear of death, the nirvana stuff, is pure ego search. I'm not impressed. That is what constituted a lot of the so called spirituality of the 1970s. I'm not impressed. At all. That is not the message of the great prophets of East or West.

**FRANK:** Does that mean we can't celebrate until there a perfect world order?

**Rev. Fox:** No, no because obviously the celebration will get greater and greater as the injustice gets less and less. We have eschatological breakthroughs, tastes of the future, from time to time and we need them. They give us a taste of what a healed cosmos and a celebrative culture would be all about. The point is they could be breaking in on us far more frequently and more deeply than they do. This is what church ought to be doing ritualizing our lives in a celebrative context. We do this here at our institute. We train people in art as meditation that is celebrative and non-elitist and this is the key. Eight-year-olds and eighty-year-olds ought to be able to do it. The divine experience of celebration doesn't require a perfect world order. In fact, it's a dialectic. It charges people up so they will work harder to make justice happen.

**FRANK:** Is there life after death?

**Rev. Fox:** The bigger question is: Is there life before death? You look around and Americans are addicted to everything from going shopping to alcohol to drugs to militarism. There is a tremendous move to put life off so I'm more concerned with life before death.

I believe our existence does not cease with death because I don't think any beauty is lost in the universe. The beauty that we become does find a place after this expression of existence that we call life.

**FRANK:** Will we retain our personal identities?

**Rev. Fox:** I think that it is personalized.

*continued on page 19*





**Photos by Packy Robinson**  
**Text by Rebecca Solnit**



**AS**

bright and bizarre as tropical birds, the hats that the older women in my neighborhood don for Sunday services never cease to captivate me. They are, to put it simply, magnificently weird. Perhaps because the hat is the most purely ornamental of garments — there is very little function for its form to follow — it is more prone than any other piece of attire to every kind of decorative mutation possible. “There is not so variable a thing in nature,” wrote Joseph Addison in 1711, “As a Lady’s head-dress.” And he had not seen Sunday morning at, say, the New Strangers’ Home Church or Mount HERNON Baptist or Holy of Holiness Missionary Baptist Church.

It is as though a Millinary Deity said, “Turban and Boater I create thee, now multiply and fill the church.” They are themselves beatific visions; I have dazed impressions of hats like monumental jello molds adorned with heron hackles and a rhinestone clip; hats tiered like a wedding cake that might quite possibly reveal, upon closer inspection, a crowning bride and groom; stetsons in leopardskin; hats piled with fruit, but not modest cherries and grapes — bananas, mangos and kidney-shaped marvels unto the firmament; hats with cyclone-fencing veils tied in knots like knuckles; a pale pink starched chiffon beehive with the texture of tripe; hats like Saxon helmets; magenta Dayglo nightmare jockey’s caps.

There is something truly transporting about these hats; it is not only the imperturbable dignity of their wearer, but the fact that they are, in however roundabout a way, sacred vestments — hoarded up for Sunday best, when they become testaments to the anticipated joy and necessary glory of the Sabbath, manifestations of celebration as unbridled as the sermons in some of their wearer’s churches. After one particularly lively service I saw a black sombrero studded along its rim with pale yellow flowers; a strange little inverted-flowerpot fez of braided straw lacquered an intensely glossy black as though it had been dipped in the La Brea tar pits; a pleated turban of rose-patterned navy nylon tricort; a tricolored — fuschia, old rose, salmon — satin marvel gathered and puckered to resemble a popover, showing a true appreciation of sculptural volume; a brilliant orchid-colored garden hat whose up-turned front brim was upholstered in plastic orchids. It is impossible to conceive of the stores these hats were sold in, let alone their designers; one is driven to musings on extraterrestrial five and dimes and demented hatmakers working out their visions in chiffon, straw and netting.

Upon first acquaintance, four years ago, I saw these hats — and their wearers — as paragons

# On the eighth day . . .

of camp. Since then I have gained respect for the awesome unselfconsciousness of those who all unaware defy fashion by wearing clothes whose purpose is purely decorative and symbolic as opposed to stylish; a flat declaration as opposed to careful flattery. (Generally when we the chic wear celebratory clothes, the subject of celebration is our own questionable charm; my Sunday ladies, on the other hand, celebrate the Sabbath by means of hats.) I found much the same unselfconsciousness in the Winnebago senior set at the Grand Canyon a few months ago: they clad themselves in vividly colored polyester raiment of simple cut because, apparently, such garments signify leisure and pleasure and leisure and pleasure were what they were there for. If I were to paint a latter-day Adam and Eve before the Fall, their guilelessness would have to be represented by something less ambiguous than nudity — he would wear a demure robin's-egg

blue leisure suit with a large turquoise belt buckle (one of my friend's Oklahoma uncles paid a visit in similar costume recently); she would most definitely have a lime green garden hat bedecked with passion-pink roses and zebra-print leaves — a scale model of the Garden of Eden itself.

*\*Some may note that all our subjects are black (not to mention Baptist). We had originally intended to photograph all churchgoing races and denominations, but soon discovered that only older, black, churchgoing women had any hat-wearing panache. This may well have something to do with matriarchal and patriarchal structures; in support of this theory, I cite the example of Queen Elizabeth of England, who not only has been seen to wear hornrimmed glasses and a diamond tiara simultaneously but wears hats that are nothing less than totally awesome.*





# Cross the seas and SOJOURN

**I**t is not often in the 80s that one hears of spiritual quests. Tales of journeying to India, searching for gurus and even the more inward trip of true soul searching are linked to other days. If the topic comes up, it is usually with a dose of chagrin.

Nine years ago Thad Foulk, then a comparative religion major, set out on his sojourn with an open mind, a blank journal and a desire. He went to Findhorn in Northern Scotland, monasteries in Europe, a fledgling commune in Israel, a Greek Orthodox monastery, temples in India and a Tibetan Buddhist nunnery.

But there is a difference in Foulk's journey in that he shares here excerpts from his 350 page journal/thesis without a trace of chagrin, perhaps, because it has less to do with the tone of the times and more to do with the tone of his own spirit. Foulk's journey is also different in that it was not something he 'returned from.' In a sense, he has not returned at all but has simply kept going. He has settled in the Bay Area and, although the location is less exotic than a monastery in the French countryside or a temple on the Sea of Galilee, he continues his own personal journey.

Most recently he has been contemplating the relationship between art and spirituality. He refers to the famous poem by Japanese Haiku poet Basho:

The old pond:  
A frog jumps in —  
The sound of the water.

'Haiku is like ink painting which stresses the relationship of space not only outwardly but inwardly too,' said Foulk. 'Left out are the important things which can only be read between the lines. It is only through art that the ineffable is expressed and put into the realm of human conception.'

What follows is the tale of a pilgrim's progress.

—Rebecca Biggs

## November 4, 1976 — Iona

I am now on Iona, a beautiful island off the western coast of Scotland. It has a long spiritual history with the Druids of long ago, then came Saint Columba and his establishment of a monastic order. There have been several Christian mystics who lived on the island and recently one mystic died and gave her home to the Findhorn community to use as a retreat. I have had a lovely time on this small isle romping around in the green lush hills.

Earlier this day I was sitting in the ruins of the Hermit's Cell recalling the experience of a nature mystic known by many as Roc. There was a certain peace as I relived his experience in my imagination. In the words of Roc,

"Well, the next meeting was early in May on Iona in the Hermit's Cell, a ring of stones which is all that is left of the cell where Saint Columba used to go in retreat. It is about half-way across the island, almost on a level with the Abbey. I was there with two friends, one of them was Peter. I was standing in the center of the ring, facing in the direction of the Abbey which was hidden from sight by rising ground. In front of me was a gentle grassy slope.

I became aware of a large figure lying on the ground. I could see him through the grass. It appeared to be a monk in a brown habit with the hood pulled over the head so that the features were concealed. His feet were toward the cell. As I watched, he raised his hands and rolled back the hood. It

was Pan. He rose up out of the ground and stood facing us, an immense figure. He smiled and said: 'I am the servant of Almighty God, and I and my subjects are willing to come to the aid of mankind in spite of the way he has treated us and abused nature, if he affirms belief in us and asks for our help.'

—Paul Hawken  
*The Magic of Findhorn*

I have come to realize that Pan is another name for Divine Mother or nature, the spirit that directs all life processes in nature.

## February 26 — Mont Saint Michael

I am in Mont Saint Michael — an island off the west coast of France. There is a rather old and beautiful monastery that takes up most of the land on the island. I believe there is still a small community of monks living there. The huge castle-like monastery is built on the highest part of the Isle and from miles off you can see its steeple reaching high into the sky. It's as if the hand of man is stretching to touch the face of God. Beautiful scenery! At low tide one can drive out on a road to the isle and at high tide the road is blocked by the sea. Sort of romantic.

I found a small quiet room off by itself in the Abbey. It had a simple blue and white stained glass window with a cross at its top. I could hear tourists walking through the nearby rooms. The place is a big tourists attraction. I sat down on a wooden bench, got comfortable, relaxed, straight back, and gently focused mentally on my third eye. And I proceeded to silently chant Hong Sau on each in-and-out breath. When my mind wandered I would sing softly like the monks at Pluscarden Abbey making up my own lines. I would reach a peaceful state and then go back to my meditating. I enjoyed short 'stillness' and then my mind would wander again. I would redirect the mind to the third eye (ajna enkra) and continue on. I seemed to be able to focus on the ajna cakra and fall into a very peaceful state for only a few minutes at a time. In this 'stillness' the sound of Hong Sau could be heard in the background, but there was only this delightful silence in the foreground. I have been meditating fairly consistently once or twice each day now for over four months. I felt an overall positive energy in the abbey. Legend has it that the abbey was built by order of the Archangel Michel.

## February 28

As I was traveling through the French countryside, I reflected on some of the communities I visited in the past and thought how it really does not matter whether or not a community follows one doctrine or practices one method. Findhorn is an example of a community that does not practice any one particular doctrine. Although there was a very strong and subtle doctrine of 'no doctrine.' A few years back, near Nevada City, California, I visited a community called Ananda Cooperation Village. Everyone there practiced Kriya Yoga and were disciples of Yogananda, although there was an openness to other paths.

What both communities share is their striving towards God — to be aware of the presence of God at all times. There will always be many differing types of communities, because there will always be many different paths to God. There was a subtle philosophy at Findhorn that said the best path to God today is 'no doctrine.' Some people in the community might say it is useless to practice Yoga or some discipline daily. Just be in the presence of God at all times, as if it is something easy to accomplish. Findhorn's doctrine would be the practice of 'group consciousness' although individual meditation was stressed. At Ananda the doctrine was simply Kriya Yoga, but no particular religion was stressed even though there was a tendency towards Hinduism. Findhorn leaned toward Christianity. What I am getting at is that all communities have their doctrine, whether or not they claim it.

The important thing is that one does not want to let his own particular doctrine interfere with someone else's path. There should be total respect and acknowledgment of other paths and at the same time one must be faithful to one's own path.

## March 3 — Taizé Community

I have been at Taizé for the past few days. It is a loosely structured monastic community located some 200 kilometers south of Paris. The countryside of southern France with all its small villages and towns is something to behold. It is a vivid green. After a three hour ferry ride the next morning, I finally got to the peninsula of Mount Athos. There are many Eastern Orthodox monasteries in the area and at one time during its peak there was over 50. The penin-

sula has a long spiritual history. Before the monasteries many early Christian hermits lived there. It seemed most of the hermits and monks I came across had long beards and hair. They looked more like Indian yogis.

If I compared the Roman Catholic monasteries to the Orthodox, I would have to say the latter — are more severe and use harsh ascetic methods more often. Common prayer starts around two in the morning and for some monasteries earlier. One monastery I visited fasts on the first three days of the week and eats only two meals on the other days. I enjoyed their common everywhere.

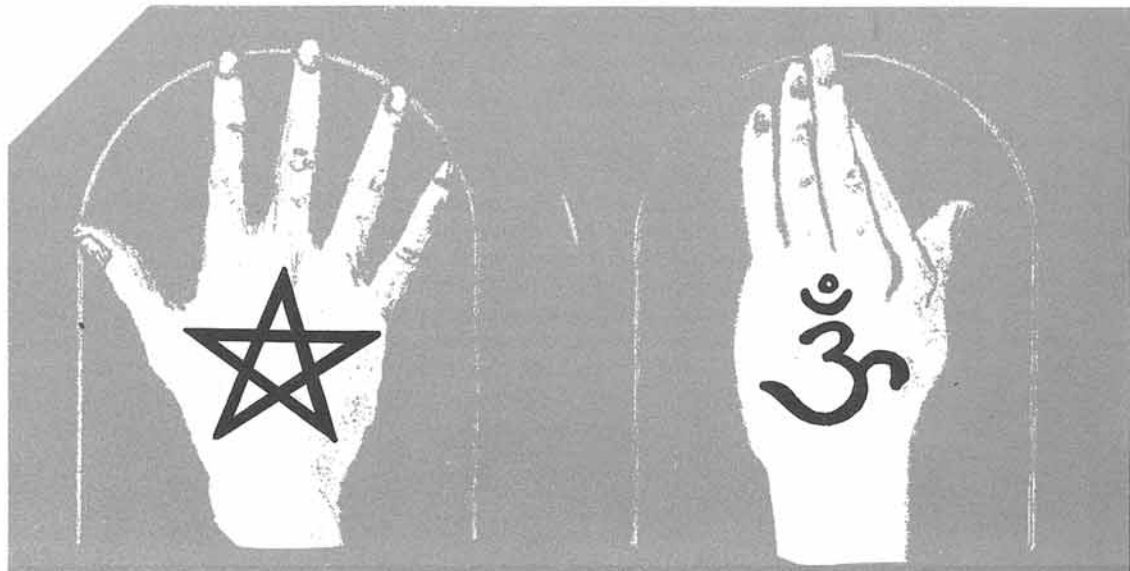
The community is made up of both Protestant and Catholic monks (about 50), some sisters in the nearby nunnery help out with chores, and there are many individuals who have been here anywhere from a few months to years. They have three common prayers that take place before breakfast, lunch, and supper. I find them to be very inspiring. The prayers last approximately 20 minutes with mostly singing chants, a few meditative readings and a lot of silence. One is moved towards God! Jack (my Augustine brother in Miami) would love the huge pipe organ that is here.

## March 14 — Mount Athos

A few days ago I arrived in Thessalonika, the northern capitol of Greece. It took most of the morning to get around to three or four government agencies to get permission to stay on Mount Athos. The afternoon was spent taking a bus to the north eastern coast where I spend the night waiting for the ferry, prayer which was unlike any Catholic Mass I had ever been to. Everything was Greek to me, so, I would listen to the beautiful songs and chants and while they read I would pray silently in my own way.

In the Orthodox tradition the Jesus prayer has a similar place, a continuous repetition of the single prayer: 'Lord, Jesus Christ have mercy upon me, a sinner.' This Jesus prayer has been traditionally associated with a breathing discipline, so that eventually the repetition of the prayer becomes connected with the constant inhalation and exhalation of breath and the activity of the mind becomes drawn into the activity of the whole self or heart.

—Eve Baker  
*The Mystical Journey*



# In a land of strangers by Thad Foulk

## April 9 — Segev

Here I am in the Galilean hills of northern Israel. The view is breathtaking! The Mediterranean Sea and a few sea ports to the west are visible from here. To the north about 20 miles is the border of Lebanon. And if I walk up the hill behind me I can get a glimpse of the Sea of Galilee some 15 miles due east. There is a lot of vegetation and pine forests in this area, especially compared to the arid desert lands of southern and central Israel. If I am quiet all I can hear is the nice, gentle sea breeze passing through the forest trees. A very peaceful atmosphere. I am staying with a Jewish couple that have a few acres outside of the small village of Segev. I met both of them at Findhorn and decided to visit them once I got to Israel.

Asher and Naomi have a vision for the near future of a spiritual community coming together that would focus on cooperation between Arabs and Jews. Something along the lines of Findhorn, where people would have mutual respect for different paths with an overall unifying group consciousness. For the next three weeks there will be plenty of work to do with general maintenance around the house, some garden work, and converting a storage room into another bedroom.

At the end of this time we (the three of us) have to be ready for a weekend seminar which will discuss their vision of a community. The three of us get up early, meditate together, have breakfast, then work till noon. Usually we take a few hours for lunch, relax, or maybe read or meditate on our own. Then back to work until five or six, then we meditate together, eat dinner, socialize some, read or write, and then to bed. It is a routine that I have become used to and enjoy very much.

## May 16

I really have enjoyed my stay in Jerusalem. Of all the cities I have visited so far I like Jerusalem the best. It might have had something to do with the quiet neighborhood I was in. The apartment I was in was peaceful and conducive to meditation. Before leaving the States, Shelly had told me that Jerusalem would be a good place to meditate because of the vibrations that still lingered around from Christ, Mohammed, and the many saints that had been there. He was right because I had many good meditations while here. I was lucky I had the quiet

apartment, other wise one can forget trying to meditate at holy shrines, churches, temples, or mosques. Tourists, tourists, and more tourists.

I went to the cathedral in old Jerusalem where supposedly Christ had been crucified. The place is run by the Eastern Orthodox Church and the events that took place were bizarre from my point of view. It was like a three-ring circus. In one ring there was a real life size scene of the crucifixion portraying the agony and suffering of Christ. There was many old Orthodox women dressed in the traditional black garments sobbing heavily as if Christ had died yesterday. There is nothing wrong with this. I just personally had a hard time relating to it. In another area near the tomb of relics there were over a hundred tourists swarming like bees, snapping their Kodaks. And in the small chapel where certain rituals were performed, the young priests would be arguing over proper procedures to follow or who got to do what. I would just shake my head in amazement and continue to pray silently and pay tribute to Christ in my own way. For me, the presence of Christ was felt as a living spirit, not a dead one.

## June 20 — Dharmasala

I am staying in a village made up of about 3,000 Tibetans who have been exiled from their native country since the communists took over in the early 1950s. The Dalai Lama, who is the leader of Tibetan Buddhism, has his headquarters here. One could compare him to the Pope in Catholicism. There are many monks walking around in their traditional red and yellow garments. It's beautiful to see how the monks and lay people mingle together in both their daily work and religious practices. There seems to be respect for both paths to God. The longer I am here the more I enjoy being around the Tibetans. Beautiful people with a very rich spiritual culture.

I know I am only seeing a fraction of what the Tibetan civilization might have been like hundreds or even thousands of years ago. But none the less, I like the general peaceful attitude of most Tibetans. It is not unusual to see the older traditional types walking along or sitting and chanting certain mantras or prayers. Some have beads in their hands, and others have a prayer wheel they are turning around. The young Tibetans don't seem to do mantras, but who knows

what is going on in their heads.

The West is here with its loud music, blue jeans, 'freedom', etc. It's funny most Indians and Tibetans have abandoned their traditional clothing and wear western style clothes. The Westerners who hang out smoking hash all day kind of repulse me. I go into shops and restaurants and the energy and vibrations are really negative. Semi-spiritual, semi-dope trips, laziness. A lot of confused souls.

A few days ago I was walking through the village and I noticed a Tibetan with his American wife who I met a week earlier. They and other Tibetans were carrying over a thousand loafs of bread from the road up a steep slope to a home. I helped them carry bread up and when I first entered the house I could hear the sweet rumble of four or five monks chanting. My immediate thought was — my Father has put me into another beautiful situation. I just love the sound of the Tibetan chants. They bring on a very inspiring atmosphere. After we had finished carrying all the bread up, which was put in a neat pile in the room with the monks, the young couple explained what was happening. The monks were reading the Tibetan scriptures which would take three or four days to finish. The puga (holy ceremony) was a blessing on the bread. From early in the morning to late in the evening the chanting went on while the ladies in the household cooked food for everyone. Most families in the village do this once a year if they can afford to. Not all can afford bread, some just make tea or what ever they can afford and have it blessed. (I can't handle the Tibetan tea or should I call it — Tibetan butter and cream with a little tea). After the puga, the bread or whatever is passed out to each family in the village. It is really beautiful to know such ceremonies of love still exist. The next day the young Tibetan told me to come up and get some bread and other gifts. I felt a certain connection with all the villagers from then on.

## July 2 — Tilopur

Here I am in a different community for a few days located a three hour drive southwest of Dharmasala in a small village called Tilopur. The name comes from a Buddhist saint who reached enlightenment in some caves nearby. Both Buddhists and Hindus have shrines in the caves and there is no argument over who controls what.

They live and work in harmony. A week ago I met John who lives with his wife Bess in a Tibetan Buddhist nunnery with around 15 nuns.

The nuns pray in a chanting fashion together from five to seven in the morning, eat breakfast, then continue chanting from eight to noon, eat lunch, and continue from two in the afternoon until dark. It's pretty loosely structured with sometimes only a few nuns in the temple chanting. They rotate their various chores and work. It is really a tranquil place for contemplation and meditation. Occasionally, I go down to the temple and listen to those divine sounds that put me in a peaceful state conducive to prayer or meditation.

## July 8

It's is good to be on the bus heading towards a small Tibetan village called Bir. A few hours walk from the village is a small Tibetan Buddhist monastery run by a young English speaking Rinpoche name Situ. I have been told by others he is very open to westerners, is humorous, is accessible practically all the time, gives good Dharma teachings and likes photography. What else do I need? I was also told the place is very quiet and conducive to meditation and there is some construction going on that would balance my energies with some physical work. So, I was off to see this Rinpoche and looking forward to staying there.

## July 10

It was a rather interesting adventure getting from Bir to the monastery. It was about an hour and a half walk through rice paddy fields with the mud oozing between my toes, through streams and woods. I would wave at an occasional farmer who would smile back. I followed my guides, two Indian boys, who would periodically look back at me and giggle. We finally made it and there set in the cool Himalayan hills off in the middle of nowhere was this beautiful monastery.

I had my first chat with the Rinpoche. He seems to be very interested in the west and open to new ideas. He is about my age I would guess. He is the 20th or so incarnation of the lineage of gurus he belongs to. I was interested in the relation between lay people and the monks. He mentioned that there are some lay people who are closer to enlightenment than some monks. He went on to say that the great Tibetan yogi Milarepa was a farmer and a father. Also Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche who has a few retreats in the States is married and has two children. That kind of surprised me.

Interestingly enough, after I had asked the Rinpoche's advice on overcoming impatience he replied by suddenly changing the subject. I guess that was my lesson.

## August 7 — Benares

The holy city of Benares is a sight to behold. This is where old sadhus (holy men) come to die and have their ashes sprinkled in the hold rive, Ganges. Today I went to visit Sat-chycharan Lahiri but he was gone and would not return until the end of August. So, I will go to Nepal and return the first of September.

There I was, looking for a table in the crowded dining hall of my hotel. No tables were vacant. So, the manager directed me to a table where an Indian gentleman was seated alone. He turned out to be a medical doctor from Sri Lanka but he had gotten his Bachelor of Arts degree in comparative religion. He was in Benares on a pilgrimage. We talked awhile and I enjoyed his company. The thing that really comes to mind

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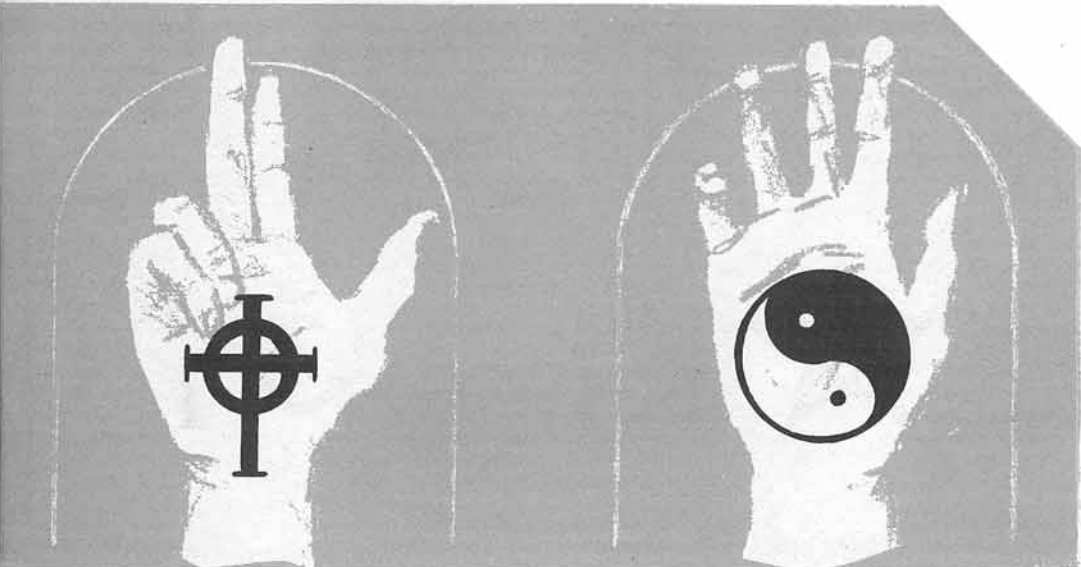


Illustration by Jeff Welch

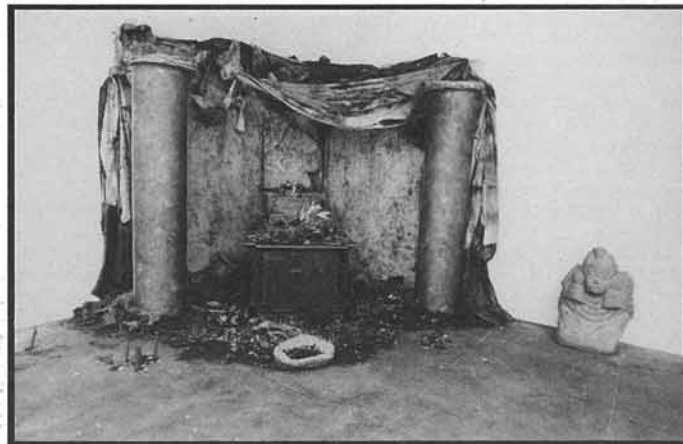


**T**he altar artists featured here have a litany of reasons, good, sensible reasons, for not continuing with the creation of their shrines. It is hard to get shows, hard to move the cumbersome yet fragile pieces, there are few buyers and many viewers who call the works sacreligious and worse. But it is these qualities that give the pieces their ineffable spirit. As one altar artist said, "It's hard to possess an altar."

It is an ancient form that Lee Champagne, Dana Chodsko and Amalia Mesa-Bains practice in their distinctively personal art. Mesa-Bains chronicles not just her life but also the history of her culture. She began creating altars during the Chicano Movement. "It was a reclamation, a way of saying our history does have meaning," she said. Among others, she has done altars to Delores del Rio, Santa Terese de Avil and one to her uncle Luis E. Mesa. "I do altars of people who have traits I feel in need of," said Mesa-Bains.

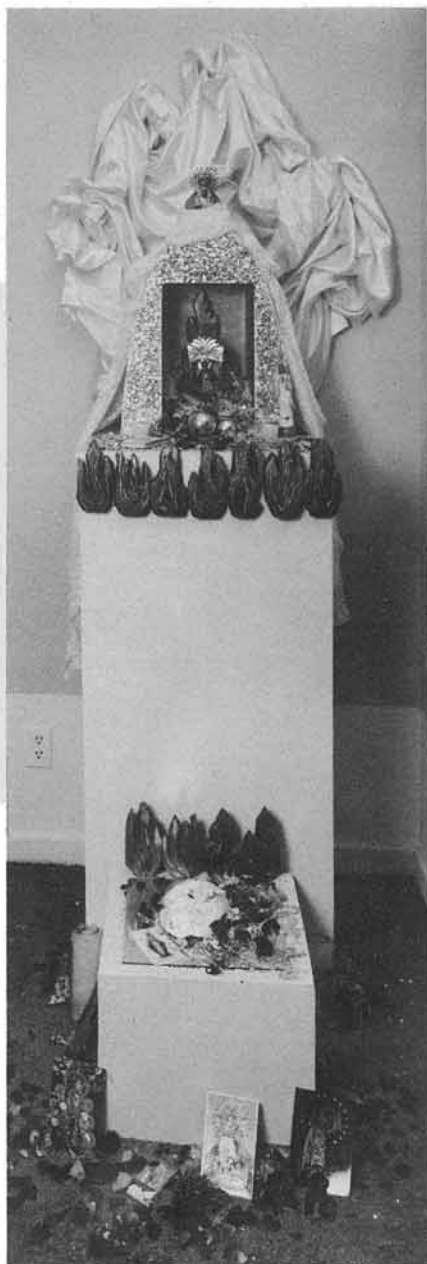
"People feel powerless in the world. So, any power they can give themselves gives them a certain serenity. That's what art is all about, making that magic happen. You are transforming the dissatisfaction of your life into something, the place, you'd like it to be. I think artists have become the magicians, the shamans of our age. I started incorporating performance into my pieces. At the last show I had people bring up pieces of paper with secret things written on them and I burned them at the altar. In our age of technology people have a tremendous need for ritualistic images. There are no secrets anymore. It is hard to have mystery."

In contrast to Mesa-Bains' altars with their natural objects, corn, stones, flowers are Lee Champagnes' post pin-ball altars. His altars are electronic wonders that



"Temple of the Passionate Heart" by Amalia Mesa-Bains

## What blessings flow from the shrines of art?



"Dialogue with a Virgin" by Amalia Mesa-Bains



"Adobe Altar" by Dana Chodsko

light up, sing, flash and all but lift up off the ground, but to get a reaction the viewer has to participate. In some altars it requires kneeling and in a piece of the work entitled "Chapel Champagne Shrine of Latter Day Neon Nuanced Naivete" the viewer has to pay for enlightenment.

"If you want the full effect you have to pay for it. You have to participate. It's two-bits for enlightenment," said Champagne. "I try to get people's attention, to get them to be more committed. They become committed if they have to pay money. Actually, I stole that idea from an Italian Cathedral. There was a little room you go in and when you put money in the slot the room lights up and for 15 seconds you can see the pictures of the saints on the walls."

Champagne's work, and the work of the other altar artists, is by nature controversial. There are always fundamentalists eager to point a finger and shrilly call out "pagans." But nothing had prepared Champagne for the reception his Chapel Champagne received in Pittsburgh this summer. The piece, which includes a pulpit holding a TV showing atom bomb mushroom clouds, a padded kneeler that activates a sound tracks of moans and an arch with a pentagram, was part of an arts festival shown in the city hall.

Fundamentalist ministers tried daily to save Champagne's soul. He received death threats. The county attempted to unplug the piece and the press wrote for a week about the "freedom of art." Ultimately, Champagne threatened to drape a black shroud over the Chapel Champagne "to protest the ignorance of the universe."

"What they couldn't see is that it's a compassionate piece. There is a kneeler and a pentagram. They say it is an altar to the devil. I say it is exposing the devil. It's about the

downfall of civilization. The glitter and glut of society today. "People were offended by the pentagram. It is the keystone that holds the arch together. It comes from the alchemists and stands for the internal light of man. Then after the 13th century power struggle in the church the alchemists were ostracized. The symbol was turned upside down (by the church) to stand for heresy and over time to

stand for the devil."

All three artists agree that the altar is historically a woman's art form. Women have been the chroniclers of their world and times, the keepers of the hearth, the gatherers and collectors. Dana Chodsko's altars have this kind of ancient air of certainty to them. She says she doesn't really create them, although, she labors to build the solid, red adobe altars. In the end,

she says, the objects that fill the niches assemble themselves.

She is the collector. She brings to her studio bits of glass, a flattened aerosol can with its marble propellant imbedded like a jewel, slats of a wooden fence that lean haphazardly in a corner, smooth rocks fitted together like spooning lovers. In a quiet moment you hear what could be the rustle of feathers, the soft noise of pebbles rolling in-

to configurations of ancient rituals. "Shamanism is definitely involved in my work," said Chodsko. "The altars seem to assemble themselves."

"I've been interested for some time in tantric art which is the Indian/Hindu philosophy where objects are used to take you into meditation." There is a very mystical edge to Chodsko's work but there is also humor. In "Adobe Altar" there is a niche that Dana calls "Dad." It is a bit of garden hose, a piece of wood and a hammerhead.

The piece is about the passage from girlhood to womanhood. Along with the niches that hold symbolic assemblages such as "Dad," there are in the center two small wooden doors fastened with an old lock. Locked behind the doors is an image. "No one has ever seen that image and no one will unless they buy the piece. It's part of the secretive nature of my work," said Chodsko.

Chodsko, who was raised a Catholic, finds that her religious background, her childhood in Southern California and childhood summers spent at a Hopi camp all influenced her in creating adobe altars. Of her religious upbringing she says: "Growing up Catholic I definitely got the R.C. complex but I still think Churches are the greatest. They're private, enigmatic, you're alone with time to fantasize. I've always thought churches were very erotic. The visual imagery--the arches and crosses--are all there to lead you into a spiritual place."

Mesa-Bains says that spirituality plays a part in her work though there is a continual problem in how people perceive the work. "I'm constantly running into people who have strong views on spirituality and because my work doesn't easily fit into a category, they have problems with it. I was raised a Catholic but what I believe now is in a natural order of things larger than myself. I believe there is power in an unknown, private language."

Champagne was also raised a Catholic and spent time studying in the seminary. He called his current spiritual leanings a cross between Christianity and Tibetan Buddhism. When he was asked why he thought spirituality played such a big part in current art, he answered, "The Tibetans say this is the end of the world. This is the 300 millenium when all secret teachings are no longer held back. I think artists are just picking up on the tone of the times."

—Rebecca Biggs



"Chapel Champagne Shrine of Latter Day Neon Nuanced Naivete" by Lee Champagne

*So shrouded in dust are the accounts of miracles, martyrdoms and visions of early Christianity that silly young Americans in quest of exotic mysticism and excitement delve into Buddhism, voodoo or Sufism—anything but their own culture's past. But the lore of early and medieval Christianity is fantastically rich in both, particularly in the tales of the saints: holy women sit and recite psalms for seven years on chairs upholstered with nails, anchorites wall themselves up in churches with only a slit for food and air, acres of flesh are mortified with hair shirts and flails, sores are kissed, hermits strive to receive "the crown of a glorious martyrdom," and martyrs walk long distances with their decapitated heads under one arm or their bodies float upon the waters for seven days and seven nights; miracles take place at the site of their death and churches are built around their tombs. Lions dig the grave of a desert father and devils blow out the candle of a young saint-to-be, but angels relight it.*

*"Sanctuaries, hermitages and sacred wells made up the geography of the day," writes Emile Male, "The lore of the saints was the only learning, and it influenced every thought and action." The calendar, too, was made up of saints — the battle of Agincourt in the fifteenth century was recorded as taking place on Saint Crispin's day, not on October 25. But saints were primarily important as personal intercessors in Heaven — celestial attorneys pleading one's cause with the Almighty, celestial doctors curing everything from toothaches (St. Apollina) to children's nightmares (St. Amable of Riom).*

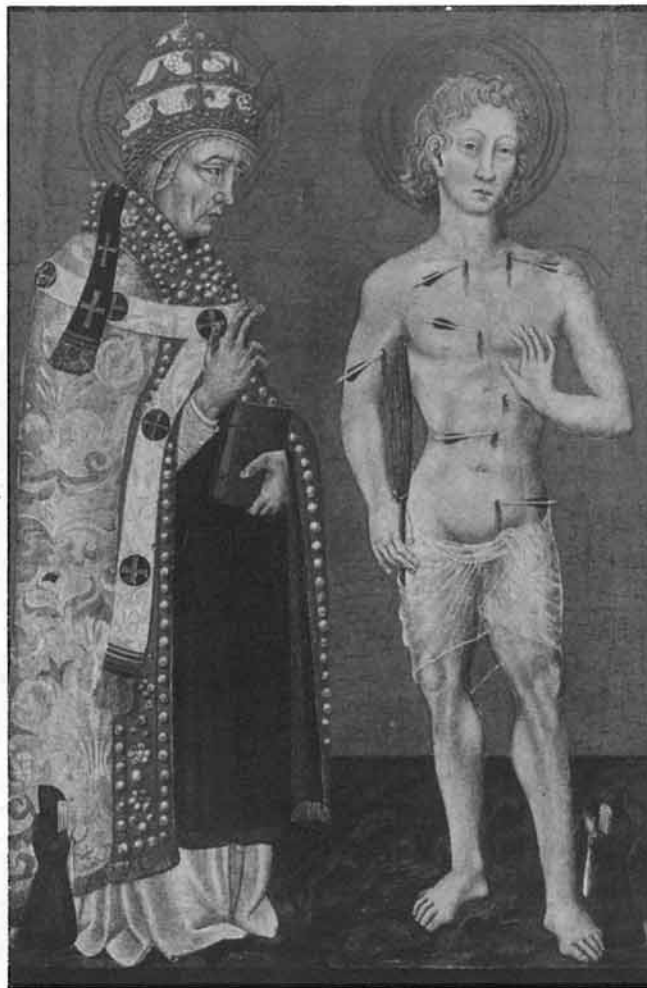
*What follows is our modest attempt to convey the entrancing character of the lives of the saints, in all their variety and uniqueness (we leave the conveying of their sanctity to those more qualified).*

### THREE SAINTS AND THEIR MIRACLES

**Saint Dewi, or David:** Patron saint of Wales and son of Prince Sant of Cardigan and Non, Dewi came forth from his cell to preach against heresy sometime in the sixth century. Wescott recounts, "he preached as if with a trumpet; the sound was everywhere, as the light at noon; the ground rose slowly under him. On that hill, years later, a church was built."

**Saint Catherine of Ricci** (sixteenth century): For twelve years, this St. Catherine

# FIELD GUIDE TO



*Saint Fabian and Saint Sebastian*

# WESTERN SAINTS

Annie Barrows and Rebecca Solnit

spent every Thursday (Friday, in some accounts) prostrate with ecstasy. As if this were not enough, "she had a vision of the crucifixion so heartrending that she was confined to bed for three weeks, and was only restored by an apparition of St. Mary Magdalen and Jesus risen." She received the sacred stigmata, took on the sufferings of a man whose soul was in purgatory and frequently conversed with St. Philip Neri in Rome while she was in Sienna.

**Saint Paul the Hermit** (third century): During his ninety-eight-year sojourn in the

desert, St. Paul was visited each day by a raven bearing a half-loaf of bread. When St. Anthony came to visit, this ration was increased to a full loaf. They spent most of this visit discussing who should break the loaf.

### THREE SAINTS WHOSE RELICS WERE REVERED A LOT

**Saint Louis** (King Louis IX of France (Thirteenth century): "In 1392, King Charles VI of France, on the occasion of a solemn

feast, was seen to distribute the ribs of his ancestor, Saint Louis, to Pierre d'Ailly and to his uncles Berry and Burgundy he gave entire ribs; to the prelates one bone to divide between them, which they proceeded to do after the meal." (Huizinga, *The Waning of the Middle Ages*). This kind of gruesomeness reached its apex in the boiling down of the corpse of Saint Thomas Aquinas, so his bones could be retrieved for relics.

**Saint Julian the Hospitaller** (ninth century): Saint Julian was informed by a stag that he would murder his parents, which he inadvertently proceeded to do. He spent his life worrying about it and caring for the sick in penance, and "received the crown of a glorious martyrdom." His skull was given to Bruneault of France. Part of it still loiters in Paris.

**Saint Martin of Tours** (fourth century): The people of Poitiers and Tours assembled around Martin's death-bed in Cannes and a great altercation arose as to which party would get Martin's blessed relics. The Poitevins argued that as Martin had started his holy career in Poitiers, his body should be returned there. The men of Tours responded, "He raised two dead men for you and only one for us... it is therefore necessary that what he did not achieve with us when he was alive he should complete now that he is dead." The situation became a stand-off until the Poitevins foolishly went to sleep. The men of Tours hastily shoved the body out a window, loaded it into a boat, and rowed to Tours. The men of Poitiers retired in confusion.

### THREE SAINTS WHO SAW CELESTIAL VISIONS

**Saint Hildegarde of Bingen:** Hildegarde, abbess of Bingen, began her religious career at the age of nine and achieved renown as a physician, musician and visionary. After seeing angels clothed in garments made entirely of eyes, Hildegarde was ordered by no less an authority than St. Bernard to stop seeing visions. God, in defiance of Bernard's admonitions, continued to show Himself to her.

**Saint Eustace:** Also known as Eustachius (and called Placidus before his conversion), Eustace, in Bishop's noble words, "whilst hunting a deer, suddenly perceived between the horns of the animal the image of our crucified Savior." Interestingly, St. Hubert had this same vision at a later date, and Albrecht Durer made a beautiful etching of the blessed event.

**Saint Henry** (Duke of Bavaria, later Emperor, eleventh century): A tireless warrior for the faith, Henry conquered many lands — angels and saints were seen leading his armies — and eliminated an antipope. While installing Pope Benedict VIII in Rome, Henry attended mass at St. Mary Major, where he saw Jesus Christ say Mass assisted by Saints Laurence and Vincent. "Saints innumerable filled the church, and angels sang in the choir," say the accounts.

### THREE SAINTS WHO HEAL DISEASES

**Saint Ulrich of Augsburg** (tenth century): While conversing with Saint Conrad, Saint Ulrich so far forgot time that a holy day dawned before they had sat down to dinner. Miraculously, their meat was changed to



sinless fish. Despite this marine miracle, Saint Ulrich is associated with mad dogs; a chalice found in his tomb was reputed to cure dog bites when quaffed from.

**Saint Wolfgang of Ratisbon** (tenth century): A retiring sort of saint, Saint Wolfgang is said to cure apoplexy and paralysis along with his duties as the patron saint of carpenters. His emblem is the ax, which can't be too encouraging to apopleptics.

**Saint Fiacre** (seventh century): Saint Fiacre, who came from Ireland to preach the Gospel in France, miraculously left the imprint of his bottom upon a stone bench. As one historian puts it: "Several sufferers sat on this same seat, and were healed at once of their diseases, a triumphant proof of the special sanctity of Saint Fiacre." Surprisingly, it is hemorrhage that he cures; pregnant women pray to him.

### THREE ROYAL SAINTS

**Saint Cnutus** (Canute): St. Cnutus, King of Denmark and England in the eleventh century, is best known for commanding the tides to cease. They did not obey. While attending mass, Cnut was attacked by rebellious Vikings. He was pierced by a javelin that came through the window while he was hurriedly confessing his sins. This combination of events would have tried the faith of a lesser man.

**Saints Clothilde and Cloud** (sixth century): The French royal house showed a genetic predisposition to sainthood. St. Clothilde could have been sainted for her endurance;

she was married to that most brutal of men, King Clovis of France. Miraculously she converted him. As Butler put it, "Clothilde, having gained to God this great monarch, never ceased to excite him to glorious actions for the divine honor." Clovis killed most of his family, but Clothilde survived him to raise her grandson, St. Cloud, who washed his hands of the Frankish throne and became a monk. Other saints of royal birth include Jane of Valois; Edward the Confessor; Edmund of Canterbury; David, King of Scotland; St. Bathildes, wife of Clovis II; Cunegundes, a Holy Roman Empress; Casimer, son of the king of Poland; Ladislav and Stephen, both kings of Hungary; Gontran, brother of Cloud and king of Orleans.

### ELEVEN THOUSAND AND THREE GLORIOUS AND GRISLEY MARTYRDOMS

**Saint Sebastian** (second century): Saint Sebastian is a widely known martyr, due to the many artistic representations of him riddled with arrows. Surprisingly, he survived this ordeal to be cudgelled to death on the orders of Roman Emperor Diocletian.

**Saint Blaise** (fourth century): This Armenian bishop had his flesh pulled off his body with an iron comb as if it had been wool. He is the patron saint of woolcombers.

**Saint Ursula** (fifth century): Declining to sacrifice her holy virginity even to a prince, Saint Ursula and eleven thousand of her maids set off on a pilgrimage. Huns, as is their wont, waylaid these feckless virgins. Refusing to submit to a fate worse than death, they died, cruelly, in many accounts.

### THREE MORTIFIERS OF THE FLESH

**Saint Anthony** (third century): Saint Anthony was one of the earliest and most determined mortifiers of the flesh. He began his spiritual exercises in an abandoned basement, where he was beaten black and blue by the devil and tormented by lust. Afterwards, he took to the desert, where he ate, only at long intervals, bread and water, and tried valiantly not to talk to anyone. He was so successful that the angels elevated him and requested God to wipe out any sins that Anthony had incurred before he became a monk, which God obligingly did.

**Saint Simeon Stylites** (fifth century): Saint Simeon brought penitential mortification to new heights. He began his career by retiring to a hill near Antioch, attaching himself to a nearby rock with a chain. He stood there for four years and then removed himself to the top of a column to escape the adoring crowds that had gathered around him. He stood on a pillar sixty feet high and three feet wide for thirty years and prayed day and night, bowing so low that his head touched his worm-eaten feet. One of his admirers tried to count how many times Simeon bowed; the admirer gave up at 1,244, but Saint Simeon kept on bowing.

A "Certain Solitary" monk (third or fourth century), though he is unnamed, gives a cheering example of mortification. The young men of his village determined to cause his fall through lust, so they hired a prostitute to tempt him. In the middle of the night, she banged on his door, crying out that she had lost her way and the wild beasts were devouring her. Full of trepidation, our "Certain Solitary"; allowed her to sleep on his floor. Within minutes his heart was pierced with lust. To remind himself of the fires of Hell, he thrust his finger into the flame of his candle. He continued to do this

until all of his fingers were burnt off. The prostitute, upon awakening, saw his mutilated hand and promptly died of fright.

### SAINTS WITH PARTICULARLY LOVELY NAMES

**Saint Radegunda of Thuringia** (sixth century): Her splendid name did not compensate Radegunda for the mortification of drinking wine out of her father's skull. Not only did her husband, King Chlotar I, force her to drink this draught, he massacred her immense family in its entirety. Later, Radegunda managed to shed the marital shackles and founded a nunnery in Poitiers, where a church bearing her name still stands.

**Saint Elphage of Canterbury** (tenth century): Elphage had the misfortune to be an English bishop during the turbulent years of the Danish invasions. During a Danish festival, St. Elphage was captured and put to death in a most inhospitable way. The carousing Danes pelted him with their meat bones and drinking horns, and a sympathetic bystander put him out of his misery with an ax.

**Saint Ethelburga of Barking**: St. Ethelburga of Barking, sister of St. Erconwald, is noteworthy primarily for her mellifluous name and for "certain wonderful occurrences at the nunnery." Saints Frumentius, Aloysius Gonzaga, Fintan of Clonenagh, Eulalia, Imelda Lambertini, Hermenegild, Celestine, Hyacintha of Mariscotti, Willibrord and Zephyrinus also had scintillating names.



Saint George



Saint Theodore

The word identity is not a favorite word. Again, it is a psychological word of the 1970s. I prefer the word cosmological or pantheistic to identity.

**FRANK:** What is the dominant belief system in this country today?

**Rev. Fox:** A combination of paranoia and consumerism and fear of course. One reason Americans are so fearful is that they are not in touch with the mystical traditions that can teach you to welcome the dark and embrace nothingness. When you don't embrace nothingness then you have this big sink hole and you try to fill it with junk. And then consumer society comes along and gives us all kinds of junk. Every year there is a new model of junk to fill the nothingness.

Americans, on the whole, are very materialistic and superficial in the sad sense of that word, meaning they are out of touch with their own depths, their own potential for creativity. Divinity lies in the depths and it is expressed in our powers of creativity. In our program, we are trying to awaken these powers in everybody through art as meditation. Everyone is an artist and everyone is divine. Everyone is an image of God and therefore capable of creating.

**FRANK:** What are the odds of a broad spiritual awakening in America?

**Rev. Fox:** I think it is possible. I see all this interest in what we're doing. A lot has been happening over the last 15 years that never gets reported in our media, at least not our major media, which by definition tends to render everything superficial and is itself one of the major problems.

One of the key signs of hope for me is the despair of our times. When you get down to the facts, which are being covered up totally by this denial syndrome, what we're doing to the water, water as we know it is available only on this planet. Americans alone are destroying 4 billion tons of top soil a year. What we're doing to the forests of Third World countries so we can raise beef for our hamburgers. I think that people will change. Why? Because I think it is a question of survival.

**FRANK:** You've studied both philosophy and religion what is your appraisal of modern philosophy?

**Rev. Fox:** If philosophy in the West were healthy, if it really meant love of wisdom, which it means etymologically, it would be a wonderful thing. But in fact philosophy has fallen victim to leftbraininess, to the Cartesian definition of truth and academia's structuring of education based on Descartes' definition of truth as true and distinct ideas, as if guts and feeling and bowels and passion are not an equal arena for experiencing wisdom and love. You can't just sit around with a pipe in your mouth idly spinning off ideas and calling that philosophy. Philosophy is a commitment to a way of life.

Religion and philosophy in the West need radical renewal and when this happens they would really become very close together again.

**FRANK:** What do you think of Wittgenstein's rejection of metaphysics due to its unknowability?

**Rev. Fox:** All mysteries of life are unknowable. That is what makes them exciting and interesting. Love is not knowable but it is experiential. The same is true of beauty and justice. I don't think we should reject what is unknowable. I think we should explore it and that is what artists and musicians help us to do. I think what Wittgenstein is really saying is that the left brain can't name these things.

**FRANK:** Would you agree that no metaphysical system is ever complete?

**Rev. Fox:** Sure. Part of mysticism is inef-



Mani Stone photograph; Barbara E. Martz  
Collage: Marcie Weinstein

## THE UNIVERSAL MIND Five Interviews with Psychics

By Marcie Weinstein

*My original idea to be a sort of Psychic Question man was hatched over a glass of California Chablis at a cocktail party in the Haight. However, as soon as I realized the human resources who were willing to share their thoughts and discuss their work with me, the idea of a single question and answer was quickly transformed into a few casual interviews. I learned that like any group of professionals, the psychic network in the Bay Area is a large and diverse community. But a single issue did surface in each interview.*

*What I heard again and again was the belief among psychics that we are all psychic. It is simply their job as readers, teachers or healers to provide those of us who are not quite so clear-seeing with the appropriate metaphysical tools, methods or mirrors to help us find the answers which already exist within each individual. Anyone who has had a good reading knows what I'm referring to, and if you don't, here's your chance to do some reading.*

### **Nesta Lowenberg, Psychic Counselor and Teacher**

I was born, raised and educated in South Africa. When I was twenty I moved to Israel where I lived on a kibbutz and studied oc-

cupational therapy. The kibbutz I was on is called Ein Dor. The caves there are where King Solomon was supposed to have gone to see the witch of Ein Dor, so it's a very psychic area. I lived there for eleven years.

Then I went to the Bahamas where I studied yoga and became a yoga teacher. My idea was to combine yoga and occupational therapy and go back to Israel, but here I am in California and I've been here for five years. I was very torn as to whether I should go back to Israel or stay here. Someone told me to go to a psychic reading. I went to a reading and halfway through the reading the woman said, oh, you can do what I'm doing. I started going to her for lessons and it evolved from then. That was in 1980. I was scared to do readings for quite awhile because of the power I thought was involved. I equated me with the reading, I don't anymore. I'm just a channel.

I don't particularly have any guides, and I don't hear guides talking through me. I think I just channel into the universal wisdom. It may be directed by guides, I don't know, I have no experience of that. I used to have total amnesia in the beginning. Someone explained that that was because my conscious mind wasn't prepared to accept what my unconscious mind was saying. But you evolve physically and I think you evolve as a person too. As I'm growing, I'm allowing myself to accept what it

is that happens. I'm never going to tell people anything they don't know. I may bring it out in a different way. I often see a symbol that will make sense to them but not to me. I think within all of us we know the truth. We all have our open inner voice, we just don't listen to it because we are not trained to. I really like to help people tap into that.

### **Joy Curtis, Therapist**

I realized my abilities about seven years ago — abilities I had to heal plants and animals as a child that I had totally repressed. I feel that if people come to me for healing that it's almost the same as making an appointment with a regular doctor, so in the last three or four years I've walked away from hands on healing, except for plants and animals, and taught people how to heal themselves and other people.

Anyone that comes to see me will find a place to learn some tools and techniques to find their own answers. I find that most people who do call are ready to find that out. I work with a lot of people who have been given a diagnosis of being terminal in some way. I try and help them fully accept everything that's going on around them... I feel that the most powerful way for us to change the world today is just to change our own ways of how we deal in the world: by being clear, by being in the moment, by being very truthful with ourselves, not playing games. That's very potent, I think, in changing the world. More so than jumping on the bandwagon of a cause. The most important thing is to watch what we do when we hate something, because that's the whole thing that creates wars.

### **Mitchell Horowitz, Psychic and Teacher**

More people are aware now that there is an alternative to traditional spiritual values. They feel more free to explore their spiritual nature, but they're not going anywhere. They get very stymied, there are stumbling blocks in the way. They say, how come I'm meditating and I'm not getting what I want? How come I'm opening up psychically and everything seems to be falling apart? One thing I'm finding is that people are ignoring their bodies.

We consist of a body and a being. Our spirit resides in our body and in order to be really psychic and be very aware of what's happening around us on a conscious level, we need very good communication between the body and the being. I am working with Laura Shriver on looking at nutritional needs as related to energy and psychic elevation. I look, on an every level, at the body to see what energy blocks are occurring which are preventing the people from reaching their spiritual goal. I help them evaluate what their nutritional and physical needs are and help direct them in the areas that they need to go. The main issue that I really talk to people about is listening to your body. Is it sleepy? Is it hungry? Does it want to do this? Does it not want to do that? Does it really want to meditate six hours a day?

If you can get that communication between your body and your being, you are on your way. Every body's needs are different because the spiritual and ethical wills are different.

### **Michael Symonds, PHD. Psychologist, Medium, Clairvoyant, Sufi**

I was in training as a therapist when my precognition started intruding. I took a break

to try to get it under control and did Zen meditation for three hours a day. Within a month I was able to induce the state at any time and I learned how to do more and more things. That was 14 years ago... I started originally as a medium.

I started to work with the presences that I had grown up always feeling. The spirits that I work with are the spirits that I would work with whether I was doing mediumship or not. Their expertise is in terms of other people's problems — how they came to the situations they are in... I'm in a dying art. Mediums make up an extremely small fraction of the psychic community. The majority of psychics in this country feel things and know things, but that's it.

I stopped doing mediumship for 10 years to see if I could sustain a psychic practice without using spirits. I didn't talk to my guides for 10 years. I now do mediumship and clairvoyant reading. During clairvoyant readings, I'm responsible for making sure that what I'm saying is clear to people, that I'm not frightening them, or putting it in such a way as to lead them to think what I see as a possibility is an absolute that will happen. I'm not interested in programming other people's lives. They do that too much themselves anyway. In general, I won't do precognition for people I don't know. There are too many people who are very impressionable and want other people to tell them what to do. I'll give odds, and discuss what they need to do to change them, but that's as far as I will go. Mediumship is different. My main spiritual guide is much more willing to talk about the future than I am. As long as it is clear in a person's mind that it's her doing, it's OK with me if she gets more detailed. She does past life stuff a lot. I am much more focused on this life.

When I first started out I ran into a whole series of people who used past life information to avoid responsibility in this life. I decided not to be a part of that. I'll do it with my friends, that's it.

### **Sue Priolo and Mary Anne Aleandri clairvoyant readers, organizers of The Psychic Connection**

"We promote psychic and healing arts festivals and workshops and are always looking for new psychic readers and bodyworkers to participate. One of the positions we have is to allow the public, particularly those people who are curious about psychic things but who aren't sure what it entails, to come and meet psychics.

It seems now there are more people looking for a way to find their own answers. They are not as willing to go to someone else to tell them what to do or how to do it. It has become important to find that God within, in order to find your own way, your own answer. One of the things that we do believe is that everybody is psychic. That's why we started doing our festivals — so people could get in touch with that. We all have that potential within us, and going to see a psychic merely opens those channels in the individual. ■

For information:

Nesta Lowenberg, 653-2835

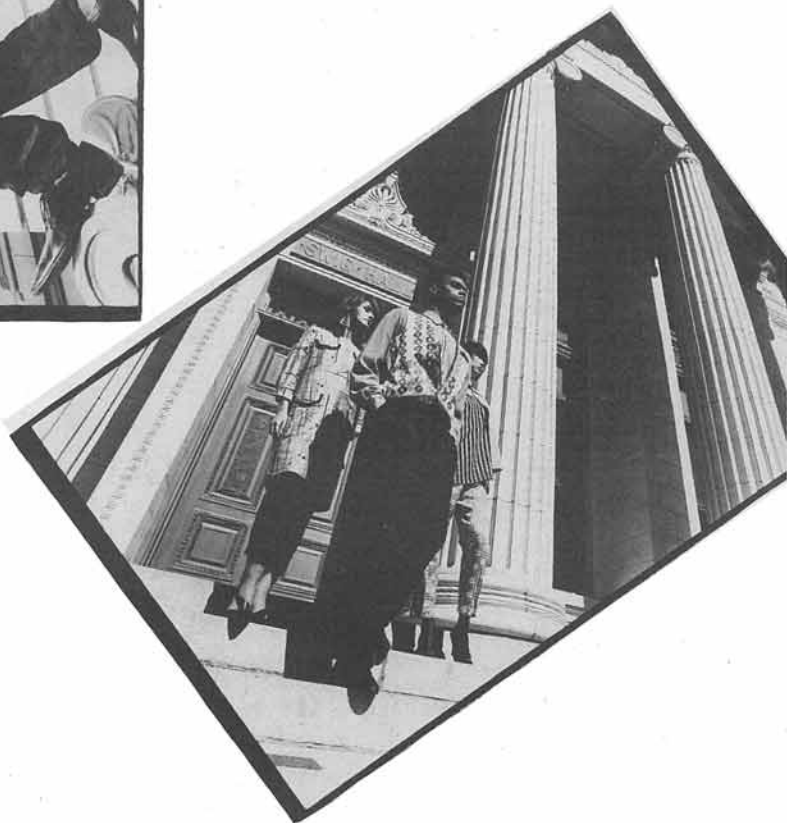
Joy Curtis, 843-7512

Mitchell Horowitz, 482-5116

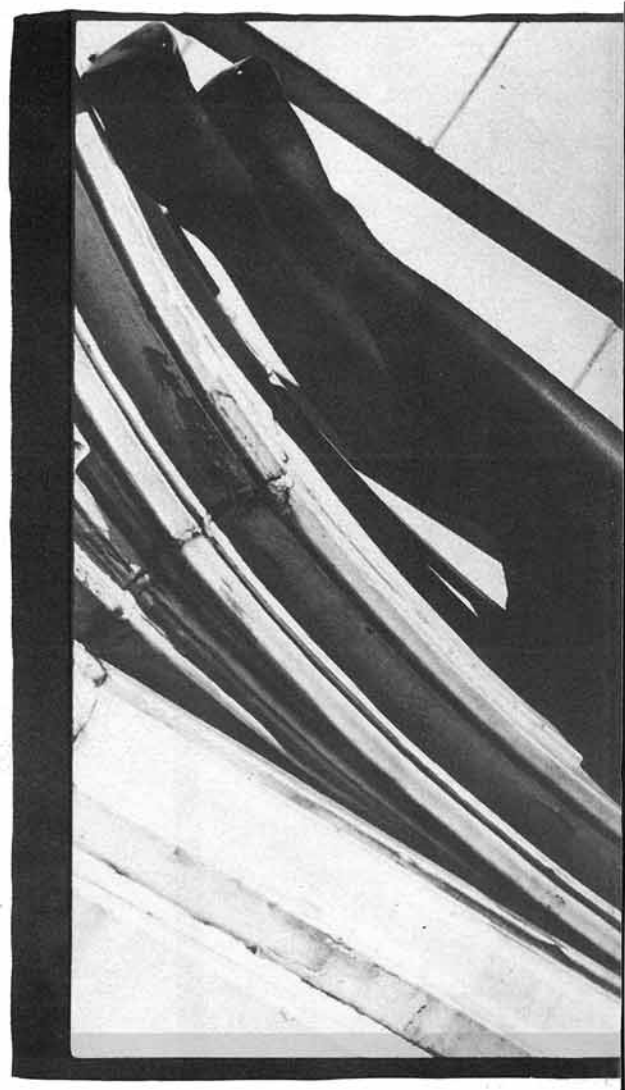
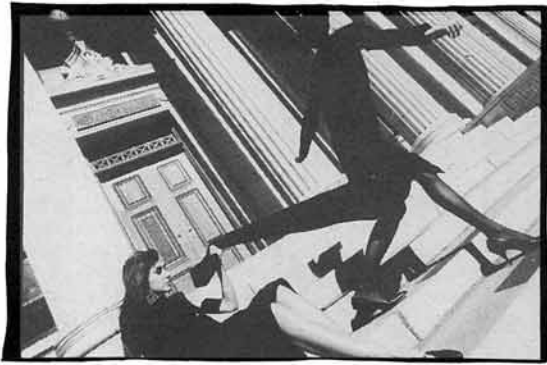
The Psychic Connection

(Sue Priolo and Mary Anne Aleandri)  
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And wilt thou have me fashion into speech/







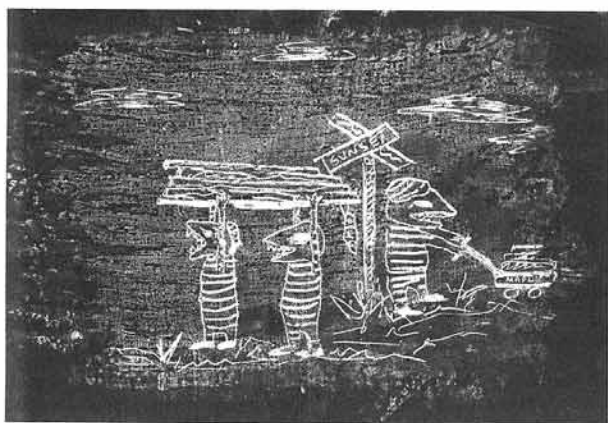


## the love I bear thee

**First page** — Terry: Comme de Garçon pants/From American Rag, his cowboy shirt, vest and bolo. Marine: American Rag tunic/pants Comme de Garçon. Carol: American Rag pajamas/Tank top from Comme de Garçon. **Center fold:** Far left (scratch and bite series) Carol: black (long sleeve) dress from Comme de Garçon. Marine: shirred top & skirt she brought back from Paris. **Top** — Terry in swimsuit by Q-Rolo. Torin: Comme de Garçon rayon pants and white jacket/From American Rag his tuxedo shirt and ascot. **Middle** — Carol in Comme de Garçon dress.

Photographs by Dah-len. Make-up by Eva Lake, Styling by Shannon Wood, Rebecca Biggs. Models: Carol Lee, Marine Duhamel, Torin Von Jones, Terry Brooks.





## LUMBER REVIEW

I have a mental collection of what I think of as Mystery Businesses. It's made up of an odd assortment of restaurants, bars, stores, and other establishments including an airport and a zoo, all of which manage to wobble along without providing any service to anyone. Whenever I find myself ensnared by one of these operations, I redeem the whole frustrating experience by considering it for The Collection, which involves trying to detect any disqualifying concessions to established form. Mere shoddiness is not enough; the genuine article must be completely mystifying. And the older the business, the better.

There was, for example, the truck stop in Carrizozo, New Mexico that was staffed entirely by midgets. I wandered in with a couple of friends one morning to grab a quick bite for the road, and staggered out almost two hours later without having glimpsed anything more nourishing than a tepid glass of water with a fly motoring around in it. We would have left much sooner, but every time we started to make a break for it, we found ourselves surrounded by a circle of crestfallen faces that peered beseechingly up at us from near our waists. They went heavily for cutlery there, and kept bringing us spoons. We found out later that they had been in business for 10 years, apparently without serving a single customer.

Then there was the field trip my third grade class made to the Albuquerque Zoo. A rather sullen young fellow with a ponytail and a leather headband led us on a tour of a series of empty boxes, cages, and compounds, each labelled to indicate what type of animal might be there if they ever got one. We gathered in front of a thick glass case filled with sticks and marked "BOA CONSTRICTOR" and looked futilely for the snake. Our guide told us that he was right in plain sight, but his natural markings made him impossible to see. We stood before a tremendous mass of lead pipe that was meant to be a habitat for some monkeys. The monkeys, we were told, were hiding from the blazing sun in a kind of concrete bunker in the back. We gazed at a chocolate colored pond, waiting for the exciting alligator to appear. The guide pointed to a motionless form in the murk and told us that it might be the beast. We began to suspect that we had been hauled 70 miles in a boiling hot schoolbus just to look at some rocks behind bars. The guide, perhaps sensing that an ugly mob of enraged seven-year-olds might be more than he could handle, abruptly informed us that the zoo was closed for the day and ushered us out the back gate. A kid thought he saw a tarantula in the parking lot, which caused a flurry of excitement, but it turned out to be a chunk of tire.

There was the deli in San Diego that only sold ancient cheesecakes that were cemented forever to their pink cardboard boxes. There was the shoestore in Flagstaff that only sold enormous hideous black shoes that might have been what some Victorian nanny would

have worn, if she was the size of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. There was Henry's Audio Center in Denver, which specialized in selling pre-broken television sets. There was an office supply store that was filled, floor to ceiling, with wads of faded typewriter ribbon. And so on.

Now, I am pleased to announce the induction of the first lumberyard into this dubious Hall of Fame. I wanted to build myself a bookcase awhile back, and after consulting the yellow pages, set off for Koenig's Lumber Co. A large sign loomed over a group of pale green structures that leaned against one another like a bunch of drunks, proclaiming, "WE DELIVER." The rakish appearance of this cluster of sheds was intensified by the neat orderly houses facing them from across the street, uniform in a style I call Lesser Sunset.

As there was no door or office I could discern, I walked through a large gate and into a Faulknerian scene of consummate weirdness. Four men and a dog stood variously arranged around an ancient table saw, apparently frozen in a state of suspended animation. A fifth man was clambering around in one of the sheds and making a sort of humming burbling noise. He was wearing a set of fluorescent orange earmuffs and a wide loony smile, and he looked about seven feet tall. I looked hopefully at him, whereupon he lifted his hand, made a circle with his thumb and forefinger and looked at me through it. And then he winked significantly.

Now, a woman tottering on high heels in the sawdust of a lumberyard is at a disadvantage anyway, but being winked at by a crazy giant in earmuffs shook me up a little. I made my way over to the still-life at the saw, wearing an expression my mother calls, "little me and great big you." The giant burred along at a respectful distance behind me. We passed a pile of quarter inch ply that was so warped and stained it looked like a stack of monstrous potato chips, and my misgivings worsened.

The group at the saw barely acknowledged my presence; a corpulent man in overalls sort of flickered his bloodshot eyes at me, and I figured he was the man to talk to. His disagreeable face sported a tremendous drinker's nose and enormously fat cheeks, which reduced his eyes to slits. His stomach was sort of spread out on the top of the saw, which was completely covered with several inches of rust. The blade, I noticed, was as smooth and harmless as an old butter knife.

"Do you sell cinder block?" I asked. The fat one looked at his friends (or they might

have been regular customers) and smiled bitterly.

"No," he said. That struck me as being fairly reasonable, seeing as how he was in the lumber business. I asked him if he had any 1 by 8, pine or fir. He continued to smile and told me he didn't. Determined to wring something from this recalcitrant fellow, I asked about 1 by 6. None for sale, 1 by 4. Nope. I waved somewhat wildly at the stack of potato chips and asked if they were for sale, wondering what kind of structure one might be able to build with parabolic wood. Not for sale. That's when the dog started bumping into me.

The dog was an ancient grizzled mutt with a long thread of drool hanging from either side of his mouth. A peculiar smell, like very old cheese, arose from his fur in a visible wave and his tail was covered with something that looked like tar. He walked straight into my shins, backed up, slightly altered his course, and walked into me again. The fat man looked on as the dog buffeted my legs and drooled on my shoes. "He's blind," he said with satisfaction.

Beating a hasty retreat, I glanced quickly around to see if I could detect any stray piles of usable wood. And here's the great mystery: Koenig's Lumber Co. DOESN'T HAVE ANY. A thick drizzling fog had settled, and the buildings looked rather ghostly. The giant accompanied me to the gate, and stood there winking. I half expected the whole thing to disappear as I walked to my car, but when I looked back, it was still there, the sign looming out of the fog like the prow of a great ship. "The Flying Dutchman," I thought, and pulled away.

—Alix Pitcher



There I was at the Opera House, completely high on Wagner's too amazing GOTTERDAMMERUNG (the six-hour grand finale of the Ring cycle) and I looked around, tears streaming down my face (Siegfried died) and wondered, "Where is everyone? These people are not my peers!"

You see, I set out to write an alternative review of Wagner's Der Ring des Niebelungen — the San Francisco Opera's Summer Festival Season — and I realized that my sympathetic audience among FRANK readers was probably quite small. Not to shun those of you who are knowledgeable in opera (you can harumph along with us) and especially those who are not, but I didn't see you sitting near by. So, for those of you who may have a notion that opera is something you would like to take advantage of but haven't done so yet, let me dispel some of the myths about the opera and at the same time offer some "easy access" info.

**MYTH #1. To get opera seats you have to inherit them from your grandparents.** Not true, unless you wish

p.m., one per person. Doors open at 7 p.m., and you'll usually see the standees already lined up on the rugs in the foyer waiting to gallop up the stairs to the prime Dress Circle standing area and claim a slice of the rail to lean on during the performance. There is also a standing area behind the orchestra seats on the first floor and on the very top floor, behind the balcony, where the sight lines are not so great but true addicts say the sound is the best.

If you stake out your standing spot with a coat, you can go downstairs to the basement and eat in the reasonably good cafeteria or sit at the box bar and talk opera with Gordon Getty and opine about the evening gowns. If you stand, and make the discovery that you hate opera mid-performance, you can leave. If you're sitting, getting up during the performance is a very strict no-no, as is making any kind of noise.

**MYTH #2. Opera is boring.** Opera is THE complete audio/visual experience. Some sets are fabulous, avant-garde, classical or just tacky — the singing runs the same gamut. In fact, so can everything about an opera production, but there's never too little going on to keep your interest. Give it a chance, but you'll enjoy it most if you do your homework.

Read the libretto before you go, read a little about how the story fits into history, learn about the performers, know a little of what to expect. Libretti (with translations into English) and other operabilia are available at the Opera Shop, on Grove Street just across from the south side of City Hall. But if homework has always been your downfall, don't worry. You'll be given a synopsis at the performance, and if you buy a program, you'll find further info about the story, singers and historical references. And there are now "Supertitles" at most performances where a loose translation of what's being sung is projected on a small screen above the stage.

to occupy a center box on Tuesday nights (that's "A" series, you know, all those people that Pat Steger writes about). Most of these "A" series people spend in the five figure bracket every year on just the opera. You can spend \$5 on Tuesday night (or any other night) and stand for a performance and have just as much fun. Or you can buy single tickets before most performances.

Ticket prices range from \$15-\$20 in the balcony, to \$50-\$60 for a big cushy orchestra seat (or a not as cushy Grand Tier Seat with a very good view) and more for the box seats. Opera can be expensive, but it doesn't have to be. Student tickets, available before some performances at around \$10, may be anywhere in the house.

It is true that most seats are sold to season subscribers, but even for sold out performances you can buy or sell tickets on the Opera House steps beforehand, customarily for the face value of the ticket. You may have to be very highly intentioned to get into a performance that received great reviews and/or has Luciano Pavarotti or Placido Domingo in it.

Standing-room tickets go on sale at 6

continued on next page

**MYTH #3. There is no way to get information, they're all snobs at the box office and everyone's too intimidating.** Far from the truth. Most everyone at the ticket office is very helpful and will automatically sell you the best available seat in any given section. Do expect them to be short with you if you are there just prior to the beginning of a performance. If you really want to research the possibilities, go during the day, tell them you aren't familiar with the process and ask to see a map of the house.

Most opera buffs will talk your ear off, given the chance, and the Opera House crowd is usually a very friendly one, everyone having favorite singers, operas, musical directors, seats and bartenders. Remember that there are as many different opinions as there are patrons, so don't be afraid to have your own. And, if it's your first time at the Opera House, walk around the hall. It's a remarkable building. You can also check out what and where the seating areas are and see which one you like the best. Many people who can afford more expensive seats still sit in the balcony, just because they like it there. I like the orchestra because there's more leg room, and I'm tall and like to squirm around a lot.

**MYTH #4. You have to wear a tuxedo (or gown) and you have to know how to act.** This is a laugh. I've seen people dress every possible way. Black leather ala Folsom Street has been overdone at the Opera, so don't, not even with a tie, unless that's the only way you're comfortable. I wear things that I would wear to dinner at a nice restaurant. I advise dressing for comfort, both physical and psychological. Don't wear noisy bracelets or crunchy fabric. If you want to wear a tux or formal gown, feel free to, but only about 10-20 percent of the people will be doing so, except for Tuesday nights ("A" series) when the crowd is noticeably tonier. Even then, though, it's more important to behave well than to be dressed any certain way. Rudeness at the opera is cause for crucifixion.

Performances of the San Francisco Opera fall season start on September 6. Be on time. If you arrive after the performance has started, you won't be seated until the intermission. And arriving early will give you time to read the synopsis if you haven't already. There are 10 operas shown during the fall season, and they're rotated so as to appear on different nights each week.

Please write to me c/o FRANK and tell me about your Night at the Opera!

—Robert Bregoff



BOOK REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED BY LISSA ROVERCH

We were drinking coffee with our elbows on the table when the conversation turned, as it often does, to books. Margaret spoke of obscure French surrealists and I was invoking the names of the Big Guys: Kundera, Marquez, Faulkner, when Tim leaned back and said, "You know, one of the best books I've read was *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*."

A distant bell began to ring and I thought, "Wait a minute. That title... isn't that... nah. Couldn't be." This guy Tim is a very intelligent fellow, given to constructing elegant syllogisms and flexing a well developed vocabulary. Yes, his sense of humor can be a tad perverse. So he's involved in almost as many scams as Frank "My Uncle Can Get It For You" Schettini. But *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*? Why, that's — that's...

Yep. The unauthorized autobiography of Chuck Barris. That's right, Chuck Barris of The Dating Game. Chuck Barris of The Newlywed Game. Chuck Barris of The Gong Show. And here's this guy of rich and varied talents telling me that it's one of the best books he's ever read. What could I do? Not wishing to be guilty of intellectual snobbery, I found a copy and read it. And guess what? It's a damned good book.

It's also a very strange book. Barris claims that he was an active agent for the CIA from 1965 to 1969. During this time, his assignments included infiltrating Reverend King's Freedom March from Selma to Montgomery, and gunning down a revolutionary pal of Che Guevara's in Mexico City. His murderous exploits (of which there are many) took place throughout the western

world, and did nothing to endear him to the KGB, who are still sending their best to remove him from action. He sez.

And all this while he was developing his own particular genre of television programs and building a production company that eventually made him a millionaire. Surrounded by crazoids, nymphs, and various members of the lunatic fringe, Barris took NBC by storm and made off with an unheard of 17½ hours of weekly airtime before someone mercifully pulled the plug. The stories he has to tell about taping his gameshows would make Ken Russell drool. In the beginning, most of the contestants on The Dating Game didn't know that there were things you couldn't do on American television. They propositioned each other, leered, made foul noises and flaunted various parts of their bodies. By the time he produced The Gong Show, everyone had figured out what the supposed parameters of good taste were. They just didn't care.

Woven between these two bizarre occupations is a sad and familiar tale of a lonely man trying to cut down on booze and cigarettes and figure out just what it is that women want. The juxtaposition of images is dizzying. You find a description of how it feels to kill a man in cold blood immediately followed by a genuine Newlywed Game question and answer session:

Host: Who will your husband say is your favorite classical composer?

Wife: Neil Sedaka?

Host: How long is your husband's inseam?

Wife: Seven inches?

This is followed by an account of how the

woman he loved tried to commit suicide. Followed by the story of how he and an agent named Keeler assassinated a German union leader. Followed by an account of how Keeler DID commit suicide. Followed by a lurid affair with a woman named Lucy Sue Glupp. And so on.

Is this guy making all this up? Well, if he is he deserves a place in the role of American novelists somewhere between Ken Kesey and Joseph Heller (as a matter of fact, there is something faintly Yossarianesque about him). His powers of imagination are formidable, and he's an immaculate stylist. If the plot is hallucinatory, it is also beautifully controlled. He has marvelous characters with names like Honey Bun Miranda, Rollic Ripple, and Daffodil Rosner The Monumental Suck. His code name is Sunny Sixkiller. There's even an unbelievably ugly hermaphroditic cab driver known simply as The Duck. All right, he's making it up.

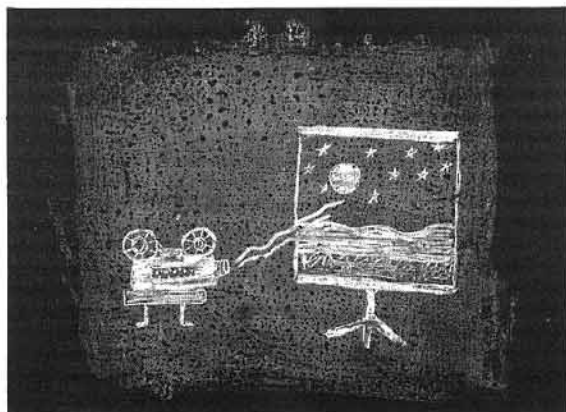
Ah, but wait a minute. What if he isn't? Everything he writes had the ring of truth to it, even if it is fantastic. Reading the Sunday paper produces stories that are almost as weird. And there are pictures of all these characters, including some of his targets, in the middle of the book. What if it all actually happened?

Then it's a brilliant, frightening look at a quintessential part of American culture. It becomes a book about the remarkable contradictions of our lives, our vanity and childishness and brutality and naivete. It's about fear — the fear of failing, the fear of succeeding, the fear of being loved, the fear of not being loved. It's about the schizophrenic 60s that produced the existential haze of the 70s. It's a report on our society that puts Chuck Barris at the top of the New Journalists. He makes Hunter S. Thompson look like Erma Bombeck.

And if he's merely raving, then he's by far the most entertaining madman I've encountered in quite some time. By the time you finish reading *Confessions*, you won't really care. You'll probably feel a kind of admiration for this guy. You will hope, as I do, that he's found happiness somewhere and that no one is shooting at him. You'll have to admit that you like him. You may even find yourself telling your friends that one of the best books YOU'VE read was *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*.

—Alix Pitcher

Note: This book isn't easy to find, although it is still in print. The library might have a copy. So might a friend. We all have our secrets.



BOOK REVIEW

In his memoir, Louis Bunuel is very specific about what he requires in a bar — darkness, comfort, no windows and an unusually quiet clientele. Imagine yourself in such a dim and smokey haven with a companion whose conversation is brilliant, irreverent, spiritual and consuming. Start reading *My Last Sigh*. The

power of Bunuel's personality is so great, the book's sense of intimacy so authentic that the experience of reading is transformed into listening. As Bunuel remembers, the best sort of conversation unfolds — the kind that starts in the evening and ends up somewhere else at dawn. It turns back on

itself, digresses, leaps ahead in time — encompasses luminously recalled details, historic events, gossip and philosophy. Bunuel describes his time with the surrealist inner circle, the process of his filmmaking, a hilarious Hollywood sojourn, his dreams, likes, dislikes and thoughtfully includes a martini recipe.

*My Last Sigh* is both the memoir of a filmmaker and a self-portrait drawn from a remarkably well spent life. It wasn't until he was in his sixties that Bunuel could concentrate exclusively on making his own films. He didn't, however, live to make films. He lived. His work was the product of his experiences. A youthful sexual fantasy was years later expanded into *Viridiana*. The dream of a dead cousin returned in *The Discrete Charm of the Bourgeoisie*. Bunuel's reminiscence illustrates how the myriad details that comprise a life add up to a vision.

It takes a fascinating life to evolve into a exceptional vision. Bunuel was born into a world of marvels — the provincial Spanish village of Calenda, renowned as the site of a miracle in which the Virgin of Pilar

restored the leg of a devout amputee. There, he says, the Middle Ages lasted until the forties and only movies intruded upon "that painful and exquisite epoch." Events were commemorated with pagantry — hundreds of drums beat unceasingly from noon on Good Friday until noon Saturday. Time was marked by tolling bells.

Considering the visionary landscape of his childhood, it's not surprising that Bunuel, after his arrival in Paris, was warned, "I see surrealist tendencies in you. If you want my advice, stay away from them." Shortly afterwards, the surrealists invited him to join them. Years later, Andre Breton lamented to him that it was no longer possible to scandalize. Bunuel recalls a time when scandal was gloriously possible — when films caused riots and paintings made headlines. Together, he and the other surrealists "exhausted passion, mystification, black humor, the insult and the call of the abyss." They joined in "obstinate dedication to fight everything repressive in conventional wisdom." These ideals remained with

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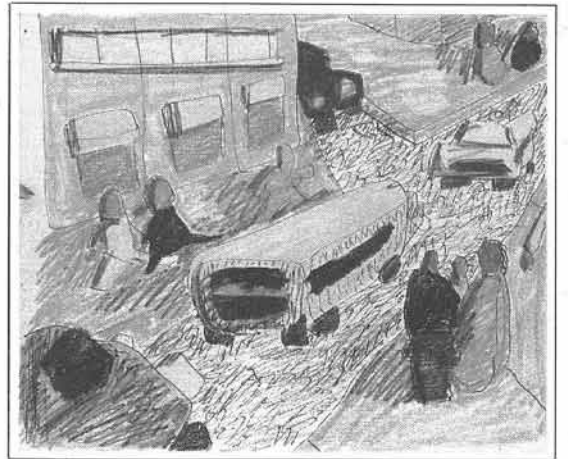
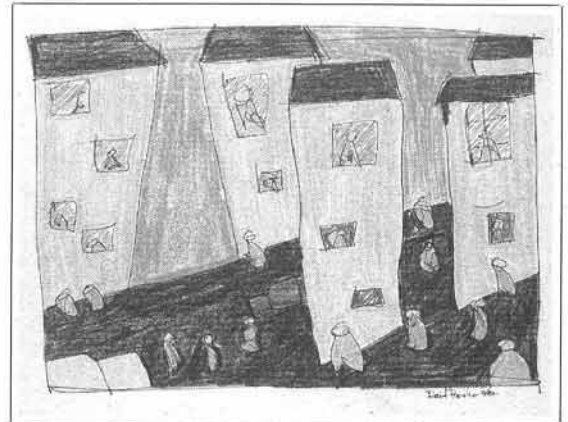
# PORTFOLIO

## DAVID PROWLER



Photo by Mrs. Prowler

Photo by Sarah Vogwill



Street Scenes, mixed media

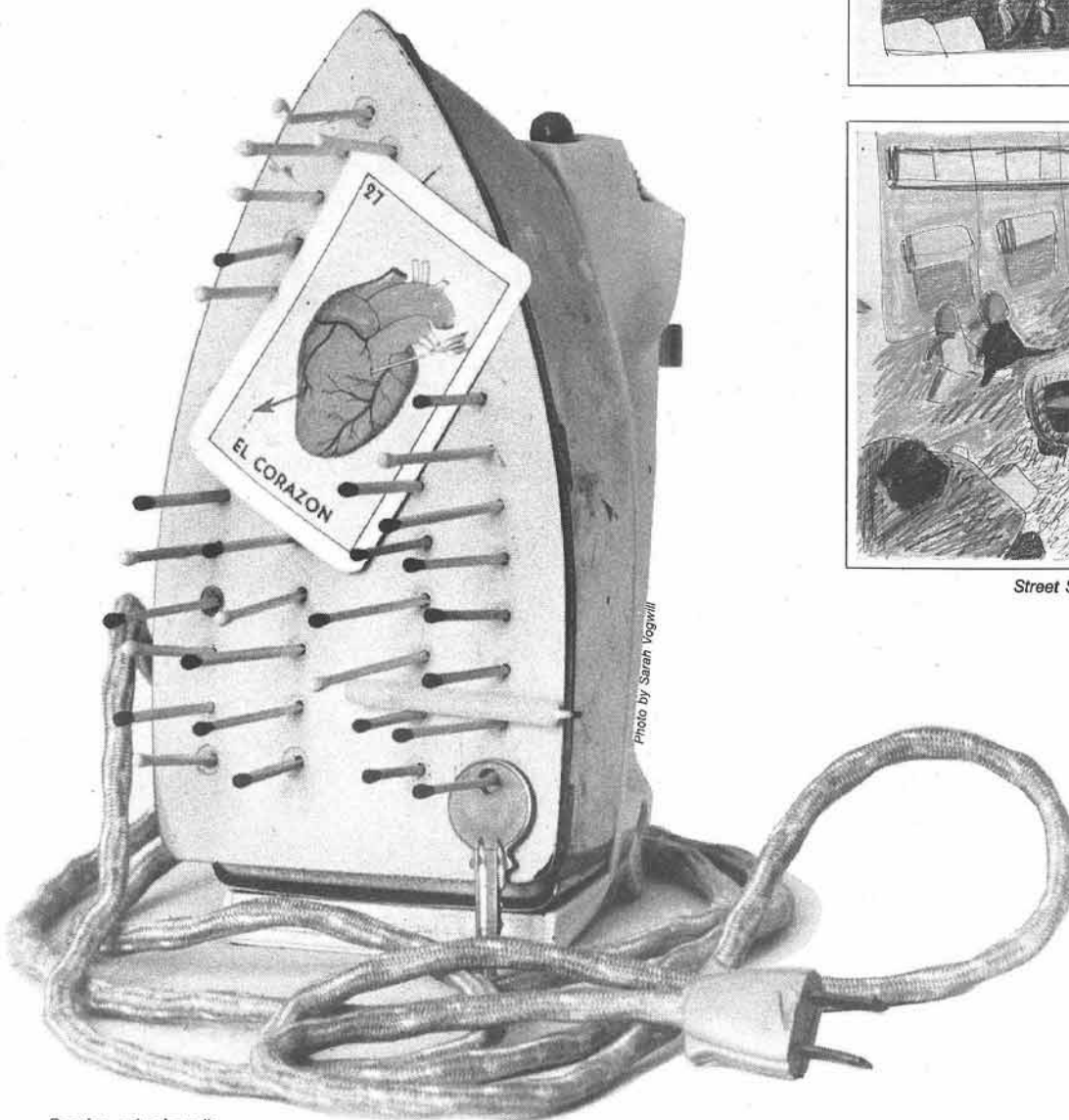
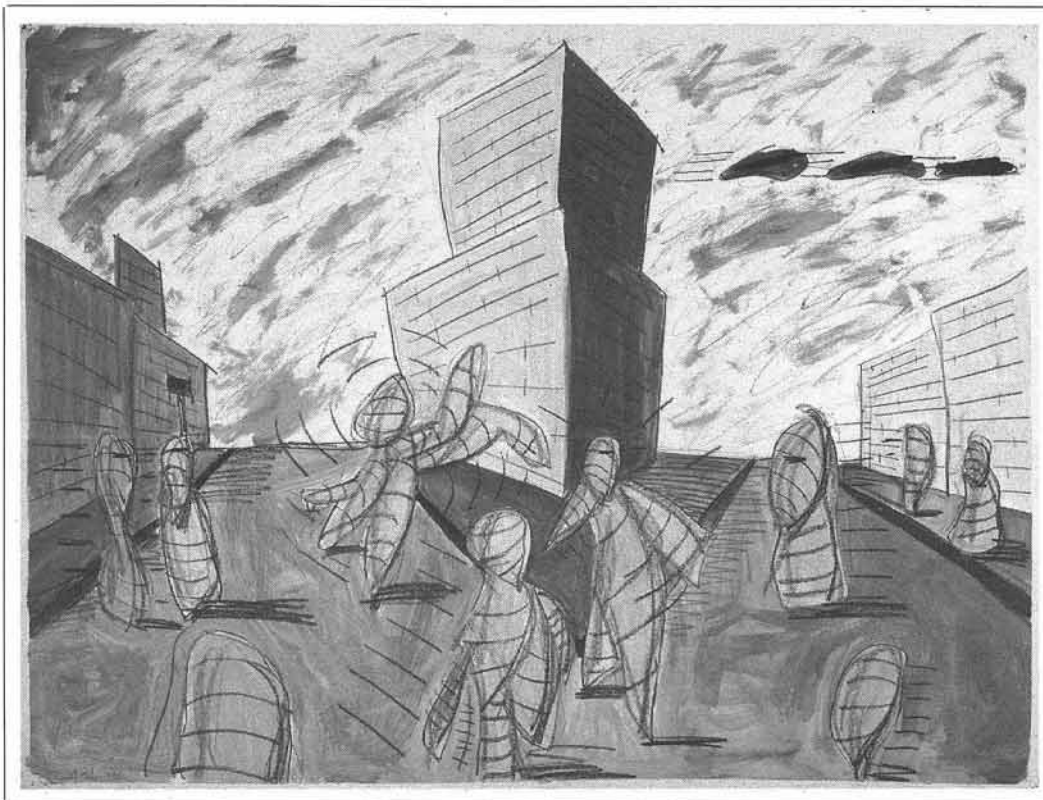
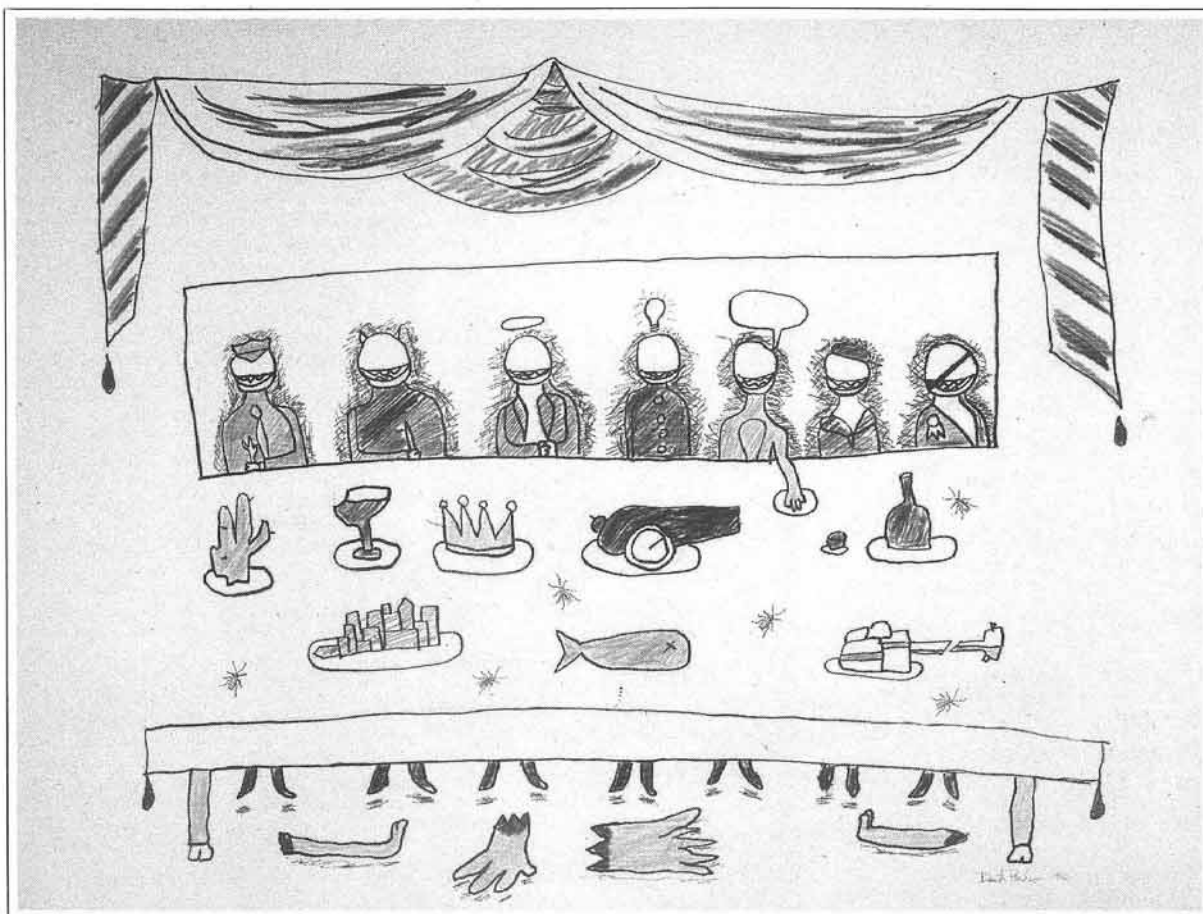


Photo by Sarah Vogwill

Passion, mixed media



*Fleshbags, mixed media*



*Banquet, mixed media*





# Beyond the limits of the personality

By Patricia Davidson



Kenneth White (Crest Agency)

My friend begged me not to go. He was sure that if I met and talked with her my remains would be found sometime after the next full moon on the top of some mountain on a sacrificial stone altar. The way I saw it, there was only one way to find out.

The first time I saw Diamanda Galas perform was at the New Performance Gallery in 1983. The moment she walked on stage and faced the audience she filled every square inch of the room with her presence. She took complete control as if she had the room sealed off. As an electro-acoustic vocalist she surrounds the audience with layers of her sounds that she has pre-recorded, while simultaneously barraging the audience with live vocals. Her sounds range from primitive screams and growls, to reciting Beaudelaire in French with operatic interludes. The result often sounds demonic or as if she's in the midst of insanity. The result is very, very powerful. With her voice, her ability to manipulate sound and sound systems, and her presence, she confronts the psyche, oppressors, and fear itself.

Diamanda's involvement in music runs very deep. She was accomplished as both a classical and jazz pianist before she ever developed her voice. Over the last five years she has participated in every major new music festival, both nationally and internationally, as well as some very impressive solo performances. She has also been awarded a producer's grant by NEA to produce an electro-acoustic opera for solo soprano, for the 1986-87 season. Even with a vocal range of three and a half octaves, she continues taking voice lessons four or five times a week with a bel canto teacher in San Diego. Since she's living in San Francisco now the voice lessons are over the telephone.

The Diamanda I talked with for two and a half hours (at the lovely Carlene's of Maui on Polk Street) was not at all an evil monster, or even intimidating. She's warm, articulate, and of sensibilities and vulnerabilities that I could respect and appreciate. But then, as she said so well; "Anyone with any brains has several personalities!"

Here are excerpts from that conversation:

## On Being a Greek Woman

"As a Greek, with the mythology of the Greeks and the whole trance ritual thing that we have, it makes perfect sense why I'm doing what I'm doing, in a kind of collective unconscious way. It makes perfect sense.

"My relatives come from two places: Smirna, which are Turkish Greeks — but they're Greeks; and near Sparta, where the Maniates are from. The Maniates are these women that have big death ceremonies where they pull their hair out and scream for days when someone dies in their clan. They have a lot of clans there that fight and try to build towers bigger than the others. The new son is called the 'new gun.'

"I come from a whole tradition of vendetta and revenge and what is called 'occult worship.' It would be incredible if my work didn't reflect that.

"In Greece, if you're a good girl, you stay home, and wear all of this black, and keep yourself a nice girl, then you're all right. But if you go out by yourself, you're a whore. That's it. You're either a good girl, or you're a whore. And if you're a whore, you could be a witch. You're probably a whore, lesbian, witch, vampire — everything at the same time.

"That film (referring to the first Joseph Sarnoff film that she showed at the I-Beam) is so perfect because it's got the lesbian, vampire, dominatrix as one thing. As soon as these women are seduced by other women, they turn into witches. It's real interesting. The whole idea in those cultures is if that happens then they are way outside. They're not controlled by men anymore. They're way outside of the society. And so of course they're hated, and they're evil, and they're the devil, and they don't play the game. I get a kick out of that. I'm not coming from the Lesbian perspective, I'm not a lesbian — but I'm real interested in that (idea).

"The only time the woman has ever walked ahead of the man in Greece, besides ancient Greece, was in WWII. The man would ride a burro and the woman would walk ahead just in case there were land mines. She'd get blown up. That's serious. I have a whole history to go against."

## On Moving into Performance

"I remember quite vividly getting real sick of the free jazz context one day and saying, 'what's the point here now?' Someone told me that I was getting too adven-

turous to be considered a free jazz pianist. And I remember saying, 'Oh, I see, I'm supposed to limit my options so that I can be considered a musician, a musical exponent or proponent of this music,' and I thought, 'What the fuck, man.' Why should I support any kind of music. To hell with it. Let somebody else be the fool. And so I just started performing.

"I went to a weird art class, an advanced projects class in San Diego in the visual art department, and I was asked what I wanted to do. What was going to be my project for the semester. I remember stammering, I'm not saying that was the work, I mean, I was very inarticulate. I didn't know what I wanted to do but I knew I had to break out of something. It was getting to the point where I felt different forms of musical expression were not really communicating what I had to say. So, I started performing with my back to the audience in this class.

"I just put a long dress or pants on, and stood there with my back to the audience and kind of shrieked for a while, and I'd do that every week. Once a week, show up and do this. This lady (instructor and performance artist Eleanor Antin) was great because she would just let me do it. She said, 'O.K., fine.' I said, 'I don't know what I want to do, I just want to do this.' The Living Theater people saw me and said I should do a mental institution circuit because those people wouldn't go away. Also because they thought that we had a lot in common. They were doing this mental institution circuit after they came back from Morocco. Then they took me to Genesee Mental Health Institute and I started to do this stuff.

"The patients liked it a lot. I just went in to this open area and they said; 'This woman is going to do a performance - come.' Everyone showed up. They'd sit there and watch me. Then I would do it and they'd say, 'Oh, O.K., good.' Someone said, 'You're insane, we're insane, you're insane, you're insane, we're insane, I was insane.' That was cute, huh? And then they started thinking that I should come back every week and I said, 'No, this isn't right, I'm not a therapist.'

"If it's emotionally powerful work, it's better to let people choose to see it, or not to see it. To sit there and inflict it on people who can't go anywhere is kind of a cheap shot. But at first it was interesting. There's a tradition of that if you think about Marat Sade.

"I have a kind of intimate understanding of this whole mental institution thing and mental illness. From my own experience, I understand those fringe lines, those borderlines. So, I couldn't really put myself in a situation of curing anyone because I've got my own brain to figure out. We're all in the same place as far as having to hold on so we don't go way down stream. There's no one that is immune to any of that. None of us. So how could I look at them and say that 'I've got something to show you.' I don't." (laughs)

Photo by Bledwyn Butcher



## On Witchcraft and Voodoo

"I don't object to it, and I don't condone it. I do what I do and these people do what they do. I mean, I probably have no more in common with these 'pseudo half-assed witches' and people that read witchcraft books than I do with some Japanese housewife that shoots speed. Vacuum cleaner salesmen sell speed to housewives in Japan. It increases efficiency. Completely insane! The Stepford Wives again!

"But anyway, I just do what I do. It's a unique vision. It's a unique work. It's my own work and it can be construed as a million things. I would never deny that I probably have a very intimate relationship with this whole voodoo thing. I do. I don't know why I do. There's something in that whole ambience that has always been very close to me since I was very,

very little — you know, horror film sound track kind of stuff. But I'm not saying that with any sort of mysticism because let's face it, there are a lot of people who like horror films. Why am I doing what I'm doing, and they're doing what they're doing? I know people who like horror films that are insurance salesmen."

## In response to a quote she made in another interview:

"All men within the music business aspire to the status of being women. So, why women should aspire to the status of being women when they're more highly evolu-

continued on page 40

# DAYS

Photographs by Jon Winet  
Text by Margaret Crane



"Everything is new in our house."

Dad stands behind them. He sees them even when they aren't looking at him.

Dad says, "Only the best for our kids."

Dad says, "We're a close knit family and we like it that way."

Dad says, "My kids mind their p's and q's."

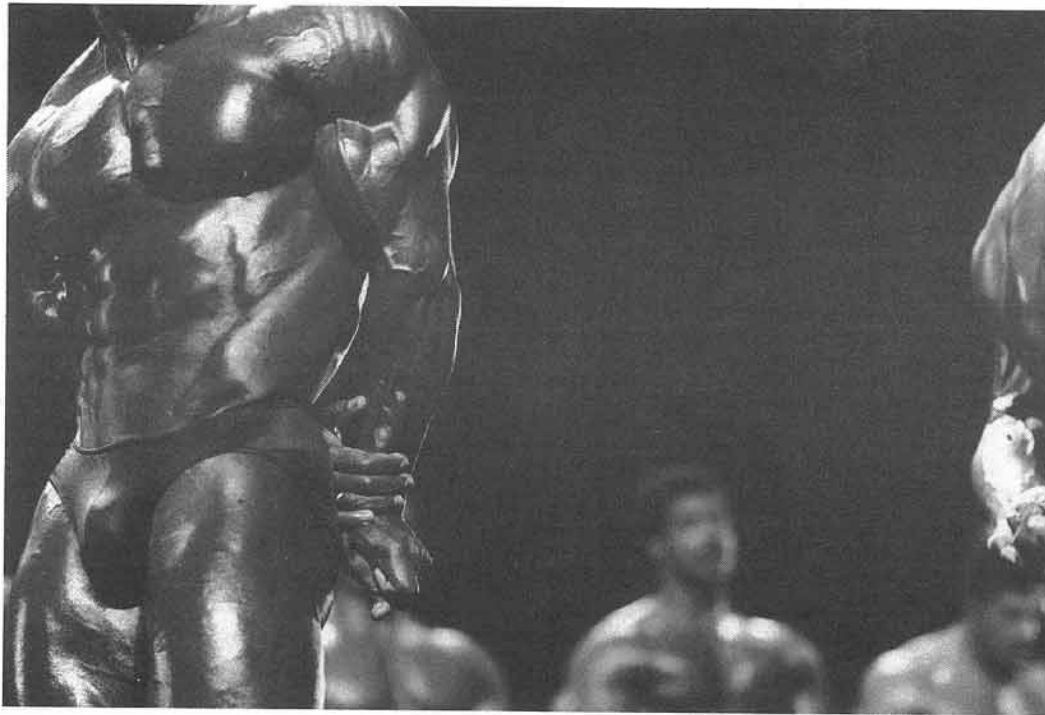
Dad stands behind them on his polished hardwood floor.

Good advice: If you have a secret, don't tell Dad.

\* \* \*

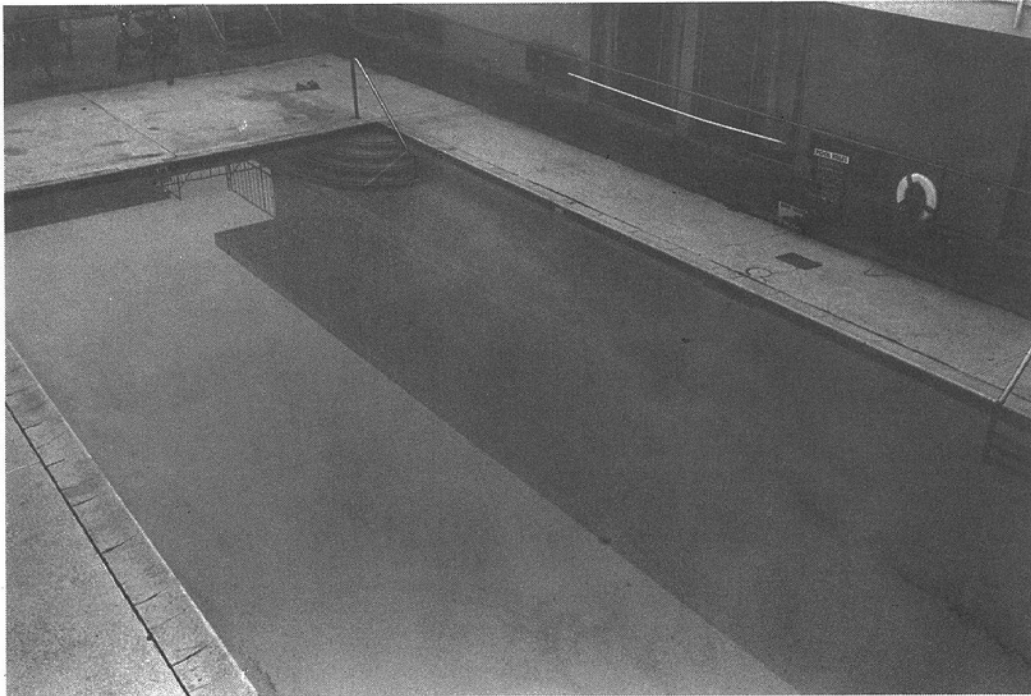
Already, she has been separated from the boys and, with all the girls in her class, shown a movie about menstruation. Dad has forgotten the wildness of childhood. She is beginning to forget because she's watched the cut away cartoon ovaries blooming in the dark, like flowers on a little print dress, so different from what is buried in blood and tissue and cells bonded like microscopic bricks. In the movie, the girl's mother informed the father that their daughter has become a young lady. He beamed with pride.

"Don't tell Dad."



The brain of man is the enlarged extension of the spinal cord. This remarkable organ is a mass of nerve tissue. Soft, grey and furrowed, it is cradled within the protective vault of the cranium. This great raveled knot is the center of all thought. The outer cortex is grey but the inner mass of nerve fibers is white. The brain of man receives sensory impulses and transmits motor impulses to the body. It is the great decoder. It holds all memory.





Behind every door there's an orange couch. The manager won't fix anything. He says I broke the air conditioner. With the windows open the blinds clatter all night long. But who can sleep with all this noise anyway? The T.V.s around here never stop. One way or another, the neighbors are always going at it and when you come over they hear us too. No Rough Housing, says the pool rules, but nobody swims. There's a few who work. The rest of us are asleep during the day. When my back is turned I hear a splash. My orange couch opens into a bed. That's where I stay until it's too hot to sleep anymore. I wake up sweating like a pig. Then, I look out the window. On the concrete by the shallow end, there's a dark spot that won't go away, like the stain on my mattress. Come over and kill some time with me. Somebody's high beams are shining in your rear view mirror. There's a small bottle of ant poison in my kitchenette. When I was little, I used to jump into the water and come up with silver dimes from the bottom. Who can sleep with all this noise around here?

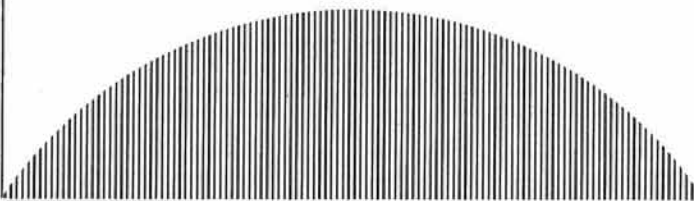


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Illustration by Fred Rinne

The great silvery bus shimmers into downtown Valley Center. Thudding huge tired monster rattles white mummified storefronts. The guy with the backpack got off. He stalked into the blazing vapor as the bus lurched onto the horizon and melted.

The town was a vague concrete courtyard surrounded by dirt and machinery. It was founded by a T.V. western back in the fifties. "Remember? — chocolate milk and revolvers — the old 'Project Mercury' series?" Years later and car radios mumble from dusty dashboards; take any wide decaying boulevard and watch it run pointlessly into another.

The vacant expressway ran for miles. The dust stiffened and aged his face. His hair was like old carpeting. Car radios shrieked in the tan haze. A sign used to say Alley Oop and it still had most of the word Vacancy in the lower corner. The building was about to crumble as he spoke to the newsphoto walls. Small circles of light in the old manager's glasses reflected a used car lot. His voice was a gravelly twilight. "Yessir my. Wife and me. Been here. Thirty years and no. Trouble or anything." Old landlady smiles up at the ceiling recalls shots from a .38 gone off years ago. Outside is the sound of Mexican candy wrappers scudding down Maverick Boulevard.

The room was a hastily assembled stage set for acting out the scenes of sex, dreams, or despair. The bed was too large for the room; it stood in the center like some monument. He hung out the window and played harmonica/ripping dusty winds through silver strips into the black night. Below actresses from city college sped by in convertibles.

Dust sparkled with metallic particles down the dark wooden hallways. The only signs of life in the hotel were the sounds from nowhere. Sex noises from the nurse's room, coughing of an alkie, coffee spoons, television laughter and cowboy radio stations all merged into a single buzzing of alien chatter.

It was late night when he approached the huge thumping cannery building. He presented a translucent referral slip to the silent man in the blue plastic helmet who waved him in. People kept calling him by a different name. He remembered that he replaced a dead worker who had been there last night. His motorcycle crashed silver strips on ragged expressway. Someone tore his name off the smock his replacement now wore. All night he stood on the stepladder watching cans swirl and slam down a wire chute from the ceiling. In the background were spastic churning of black rusty machinery attended round the clock by quack mechanics.

Outside was the dull hum of night. Groups of workers sweating in plastic aprons smoked and talked in Spanish. Forklifts bearing huge boxes of fruit whirled metal dances before the great trucks on the loading docks. Finally the cafeteria closes. The night expands, grows closer. The high corrugated walls dim, then turn black. Machinery falls silent. Victimized

# The Alley Oop Fire

fields patrolled by exhausted Mexicans fall silent.

The next day there was nothing happening. He and another worker drove madly about the

ragged edges of town looking. The driver had a joint sticking out of his face. He wore a cutoff levi vest. His pale eyes were burnt into a permanent squint by the relentless sun. The car stopped in front of a sagging mobile home with a german shepherd chained in front. The driver got out but returned shortly still cradling his bent .22 rifle they wouldn't trade for a gram of PCP crystal drug. He slings it back into the trunk and slams his car door shut: "Fucking Assholes!" The car roars off aimlessly.

October and the party laughter diminishes to echoes of rain battering the ghost hotel window. Cowboy steel guitar from a radio somewhere. Arms of girl: bracelets, underwear. Eyes through dark ask him in sex-embrace "who are you?" He obeys her body-sense of time. (live/die more rapidly now) Stares past her into enveloping emptiness, clings tightly now. Suddenly you're a long way from. Home mister? Ritual touching "who are you?" Kept away the six flashing pistol shots outside. "It'll be day soon."

November and the one story town beneath sudden black rains, battered concrete dissolving under tumbleweed corpses. The wide streets glistened and flashed. Unseated by the winds, a Santa Claus is dragged upside down by grinning deer along a flickering rooftop.

Gradually the entire town dissolves into racing black and white dots.

Meanwhile, inside the building, the frayed lampcord has carried enough electricity and sputters silently. Vapor of bleached TV sports trickles through the pinkish walls. Footsteps rapidly now down the hallway for the last time; rooms exhale their final breath of whiskey and dirt. Everything going up now, all the magazines, milk cartons, old shoes, rat shit and dirty van varnish crackling and bursting in the rising chorus of transfiguration. Greasy smoke hunches and flexes from the ghost building. Below, anemic street trees blown by the wind, bang rhythmically on cars.

The next morning he was leaving; kicking rubber truck tire strips out of the way down Mexico Boulevard. The sweet morning air was not yet defiled. His past gone up in cinders — caramel smell of charcoal and burnt light sockets. Her eyes asking through blackened walls "Who?" Now fierce blue winds shot Christmas wrappers through the streets. No reaction in the pointless maze wherever he looked.

Now the town boiled off through the green bus window glass. Radio plays a gray conveyer belt cracking into sand. Stones, signs, gas stations sank into the earth. Soon there was nothing but the mute furrows of valley soil left by forgotten urgency.

—Fred Rinne





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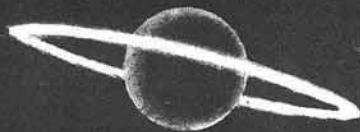
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 CENTENARY: Can you enter the  
 great acorn of light?--Some  
 cantos (read) and music dear  
 to il miglior fabbro (sung  
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DECEMBER/JANUARY  
 Gertrude Stein, Saints and  
 Singing--A Grand Oratorio  
 on a Miniature Landscape;  
 voices, instruments,  
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FEBRUARY/MARCH  
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APRIL/MAY  
 SCORSE TO TUDOR: MUSIC AND  
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JUNE/JULY  
 Tristan Tzara, Handkerchief  
 of Clouds, newly translated  
 as an Opera by the Noh  
 Philharmonic.  
 life! art! spectacle!  
 dreams! more ravishing than  
 gossamer promises on ecstatic  
 fingers

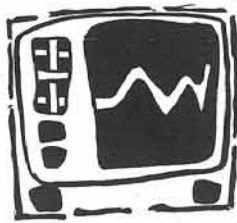


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- Wednesday, Sept 25 The complete video works of Andrew Huestis 1980-1983.  
 "Huestis's tapes are disturbing documents of adolescent  
 anguish." 9pm \$3.00
- Thursday, Sept 26 Artspeak video interviews with Colleen Larkin and Mit-  
 sue Mitsueda. 9pm \$2.00
- Saturday, Sept 28 "Pioneer Women." New Video/Performance by John Mar-  
 tin. 10pm \$3.00
- Monday, Oct 7 "Video Refuses" exhibition. 9pm donation
- Friday, Oct 11 & Saturday, Oct 12 & Sunday, Oct 13 "The Urban Landscape." Group show of video works by  
 Ron Ryder, Buster Simpson, Art Simon, Lise Swenson,  
 and Alan Winkler. 9pm \$3.00
- Friday, Oct 25 Alan Lande from Seattle video performance. 9pm \$3.00
- Friday, Oct 18 Paintings and drawings from the "More Food, More  
 Birds" series by Brett Reichman. Reception Oct. 18,  
 6pm-9pm
- Friday, Nov 8 FRANK Magazine film screening benefit. 9pm \$4.00
- Friday, Nov 22 & Saturday Nov 23 Dance/costume performance Sha Sha Higby. 9pm \$3.00



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# SQUARE HOLES

## A Spiritual Haircut

The call comes in over the line. It's Schiavo. That's slave of love for all who don't speak Italian. He's heard about the spirituality issue and wants to talk about spirituality and beauty. More specifically, since he's a hair-cutter of unparalleled magnitude, he wants to talk about spirituality and haircutting. "This," I tell myself, "should be amusing."

The first thing one must realize is not just anyone could say spirituality and haircutting in the same sentence in a perfectly level voice. Jehr Schiavo is deadly serious about haircutting. Need I say more than that he was involved in the first laser beam haircut which took place in Las Vegas at a cost of \$30,000.

This is not to say he doesn't have a playful side. Take the interior of his loft on Eighth Street with its mod plastic pellet chairs and table made of a large cardboard tube covered with fluorescent green teddy fur. Or for that matter, take the haircut he gave my friend a flight attendant on a lay-over. A very playful haircut.

Back to spirituality and beauty, here are a few of Jehr's thoughts on the subject. "It has to do with having a salon with no mirrors. Mirrors are the barrier. Where there is a lack of mirrors the client is more relaxed and I can work with the beauty that is inside of them. I can connect with what's inside. A mirror is a deception of reality; it's more of a magnifying glass. The client knows what they're there for—you have to have a degree of trust."

While he is talking, he is cutting hair that falls into a pattern all around the chair. The hair is not swept up but is carefully swept together into a rug of patches of different colored hair. It's really lovely. As I watch, I remember Jehr once telling me that he considered himself an artist not just for the way he cut the hair but also for the way he made the hair fall on the floor. He once saved for a year all the hair he cut. He kept it in grocery bags and was going to have it pressed into bricks, or something. But he moved and threw it out.

As a last question, I ask why a haircut should be considered important. He says, "Because when you take your clothes off, it's the only thing left." But perhaps the last word on the subject was the remark of a client asked what he thought of his new haircut. He said, "death defying."

—R.B.



## Call me Mr. Nitelife!!!

Dear READERS

A vacation recently took me to New England to discover some new clubs and restaurants! In particular **The Purple Barge** in N.Y.C., an actual barge on the Hudson River under the Brooklyn Bridge that offers a cool view of the Manhattan skyline. I also discovered **Alexander** and **Von Benz** moonlighting as bartenders in the one-block-long **Bar Lui** in the village and they were voted bartenders of the month by **Details** mag. Bartending seems to be a naturally soothing compliment to their demanding clothing design schedule, or is it the other way around. Vacation took me to Connecticut where I discovered two hot spots in Hartford! **One, Commercial Street**, mostly a women's bar with a huge dance floor and great music, and another club called **The Diner**, an old fashioned diner built atop an underground club, alternative music, booths, etc. **TOO MUCH FUN**...then up to a very small town in Maine called Brooks to stay with an aunt who just bought an **Addams Family** style mansion. Call me Gomez... After a lobster-good time and a near fatal car wreck it was back to Manhattan with a black eye and a new hair cut. People seemed to think it quite imaginative to be out on the town with a black eye. Only in New York City.

The summer brought us lots of club activity here as well... **Nine** with its upstairs art motel... **The 181 Club** with its Friday

night soap opera called **Bill's Cafe Bar and Grill**...Many great bands like **Typhoon** with the surprising voice range of its lead singer **Maxine**...And the **Morlocks** with their 60s style light show at the Swedish American Hall.

Saw lots of great movies this summer. Loved **Pee Wee's Big Adventure** it will make you pee-wee in your pants! **Emerald Forest**...amazing Amazon photography and a great soundtrack... corny plot though...and my favorite summer movie **Kiss of the Spider Woman**...took a lot of risks... "Beware when you step outside your fantasies, because the realities you choose can be deadly."

Saw lots of great t.v. this summer too. **Playboy Comedy Theater: Phyllis Diller**... The release of a video by **Godley and Creme, Cry**, which asks you to look at the world through their faces...and...**Shelly Winters** stole the credit for saying "Whenever I feel like exercising I lay down until the feeling goes away." On the Tonight Show...It was **George Bernard Shaw**... A philosophy I share... Vacation has ended and at last I can go back to being a sloth...I'm telling you... "Stress Kills." Relax and pamper yourselves...Let's stretch the summer as far as it can go...Till then

P.S. Again! Here's an update for all you shameless boys and girls who missed your big opportunity to participate with the City's Best Performers at the Event of the Summer which was (of course) the Sept. 7th Benefit for **FRANK** at the Lab on Divisadero. Here's a rundown of what you missed. Here's big applause first to **Maxine** who gave us a big solo premiere of two songs. She and **Typhoon** are performing lots these days so don't miss 'em. Next, more applause to the once shy **Dahlen** who really belted out two tunes. Soon he's giving us a record on Warner Brothers! Catch him at the next Science Party. Then more applause to **David Prowler** who despite a tech problem walloped us with his version of "I Walk The Line." Then the vivacious **Hell Kitty** gave us a simply delicious performance (fully clothed) to a backdrop of her most original slides. She'll be at **Club Nine** in Mid-October.

AND then the mudslinging began with **Voice Farm** teamed up against **Oblong Rhonda**. Yes...Mud wrestling, in a kiddie pool to their latest hit "Hey, Freethinker," they hurled mud everywhere and leglocked all over the stage. The fans went wild with roars of laughter and much big applause. The whole show was M.C.'d by the fabulous "How are you" **Stephen Brown**, who'll be M.C.'ing future parties.

After the performances, people crammed the dance floor to the best boogaloo dance tunes of the past two decades D.J.'d by yours truly...More big applause to the backstage dominatrixes...I mean designers... (from N.Y.) **Beth Von Benz** and the mile high **Monika** from Chicago. And yet more thank yews to **Carlos Arguello** and **Scott Alexander** for videos and **Joe** and **Mary** the mixologists behind the bar and "whose guest's list?" **Bill** the doorman.

I hope people took time out from the frenzy to see the artwork on the walls. Cavika hung her series of paintings called "Sacred Images" and Concio contributed his "The Big Ballet Series."

November 8th marks the date for the next Frank benefit in the glamorous South Of Market at the **Martin Weber Studio** (a.k.a. Artist's Television Access.) This event highlights films and videos and you! See you at the next big event. Yours in a Tuxedo, **Raoul Thomas** "no problem D.J."

Please send any comments, suggestions, gossip and party invites c/o Mr. Nitelife, 74 Delmar St., S.F. CA 94117

## Meridan

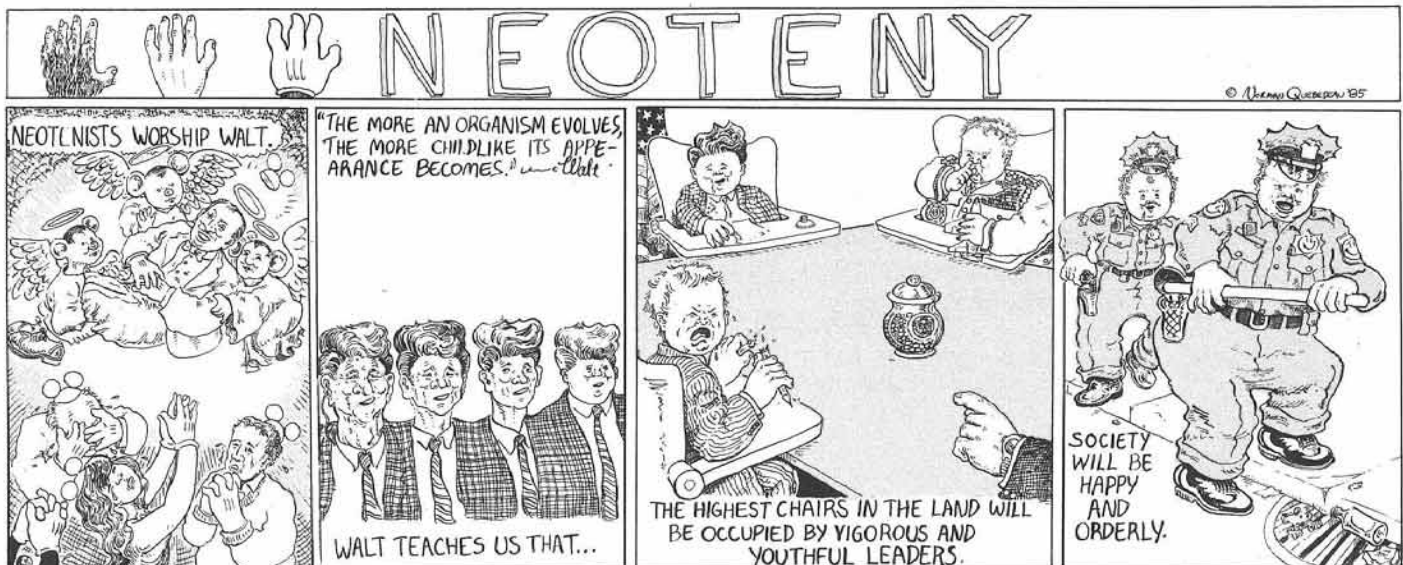
It is an easy trap to fall into — to think of American Art as art produced in the United States. Alas, we must look to the South, look to the North stretch out our arms as we spin in a circle repeating slowly "North America, Central America, South America." It's not a guarantee but perhaps this exercise will break the spell and open eyes to what's happening to art up and down the meridian.

Granted, This is a rather primitive method with limited results as you do not actually see the art in question. A much more formulated approach would be to have an exhibit of art work from all the Americas and hold symposiums by the visiting artists on topics such as "The Effects of Culture on Making Art."

The Society For Art Publications of the Americas did just that this summer. The exhibit, held at the Arts Commission Gallery, was a rather uneven mix that showed more than anything else the variety of work currently being executed. It was the symposiums that provided the heart for the exhibition.

It was often with passion that panelists referred to "Yankeeism" in art. It is just this tilted view of art that Anne Brodsky and members of The Society hope to combat with a magazine devoted to art of all the

continued on next page





Americas. Brodsky and associates are no strangers to such a project. They worked on Arts Canada for decades before the magazine's funding dried up and publication ceased. They are currently gaining momentum for their new publishing venture.

In the meantime, events such as those held this summer challenge boundaries and, just as in travel, give us a world that is larger yet more intimate. As Tomas Ybarro-Frausto said during a discussion on The Effects of Culture on the Making of Art, "The highest form of racism is when you deny the imagination of a people. When you think your people have the imagination that gives culture. The question is how we still don't know each other's imaginations and constraints. We need to say all people create."

## The Crawling Eye

The fall season dawns and we shake the sand from our shoes, stretch, and sharpen our claws in anticipation. It must be said that recent years have offered extremely slim pickings and in most quarters the word slump is being cautiously murmured. This is odd, especially at a time when the nation is still hanging 10 on the crest of the largest art boom in 20 years.

New York, Los Angeles, and even Austin, Texas have been producing crops of interesting artists with challenging work. Why hasn't San Francisco warmed up to the nationwide art frenzy? Various theories are entertained around town. Some see the problem as pure demographics, pointing out that San Francisco has one tenth the population of New York or L.A. and so has one tenth the activity.

The shaky logic of this argument should be obvious to anyone who attempts to apply it to the music, theatre or dance scenes around town. Others

claim that a mass exodus occurred here about five years ago at the tail end of the punk scene. "Everyone who was doing anything interesting just left." This has a nice mythic ring to it, but is still no explanation for the indifference and alienation that reign over the scene at present. For the explanation to that, it is necessary to look at the structure



of San Francisco's art world itself.

When asked to write about the art scene, the first phrase that comes to mind is "which one?". Instead of the integrated community one finds in other places, this remains a city of factions; tiny satellites clustered around the downtown galleries, the museums, the alternative spaces, the art schools or the cafes. Each of these promotes a different type of work, attracts a different audience and barely recognizes the existence of the others. While it might be argued they all have different aims and this mutual alienation makes perfect sense, it must be pointed out that it is a situation that does not exist anywhere else. When told that an artist was showing at New Langton Arts, a gallery owner from the blue chip Grant Steet corridor was unable to remember what that was, much less its location.

People who own galleries four blocks away from the Museum of Modern Art claim they are unable to attract any sort of viewing audience for their work. Artists remain trapped in one or the other of these various worlds without being able to advance their career or receive greater recognition.

In this situation the dealers shift blame on to the collecting public in S.F., characterizing it as conservative and only interested in work that has received a stamp of approval. While this is undoubtedly true in some cases, it ignores the fact that the dealer for the most part educates the buying public and has the option to present what it wishes.

This point is interesting because it brings us to the central problem in San Francisco's cultural life. At the present time the city is split between old and new. Old San Francisco has always entertained myths about its urbanity, european character and of course, culture. They might be loosely characterized as the Museum crowd, presumably the same people who support the opera and symphony. In reality this public has no interest in culture except as an old bone to be gnawed at intervals while wearing evening clothes. The motto might be: no art please, just art appreciation. It is the approach that Brecht derided as "culinary"; art as garnish.

But what of new San Francisco? We are constantly assaulted with stories of its aggressiveness, its wealth, its singles life. For some reason it has not made the potent art/fashion/fame connection that has been responsible for the latest art boom elsewhere. It remains timid, unwilling to explore beyond its boundaries.

All this ranting would be pointless if the situation here were hopeless. But the truth is that last season did offer a great deal of interesting work and important shows.

Important events of the last season have included: the Bill Traylor Show this spring at Acme Arts; the Borofsky show at the University Museum in Berkeley; the Human Condition show at SFMMA - several glaring omissions (Schnabel from N.Y., Kiefer from Germany), some strange inclusions (Tom Otterness), and some questionable history (the past four decades as prelude to today's monumental expressionism) - shows like this are supposed to generate controversy and this one did serve as a good version of "this year's flavor". There was the "border realities" show at Galeria de la Raza with its chainlink, political acumen and black velvet; Glenn Grafelman at Nathan Hart with lushly painted cutouts and hulking drawings.

Upcoming:

Former Vogue employee and SFAI alumnus Barbara Kruger will be speaking at Camerawork on September 24 in conjunction with their Playing It Again show. Kruger is noted for canny commentary and should provide some antidote to the mush we are so often fed from newyork; Image/Word: The Art of Reading, at New Langton Arts starting October 8.

Premier performances by sf's neo thrash samba band Pig Latin with their eyepopping light show.

The end of all public breakdancing.

Get well wishes to Matt from Survival Research, who is recovering from a motorcycle accident. And condolences to the relatives and friends of Ralph Maradiaga, cofounder and codirector of Galeria de la Raza. Mr. Maradiaga died in July; his contributions to the community will be surely missed.

Next column: South of Market development: threat or menace? This column invites commentary, contributions and gossip. Send to crawling eye c/o FRANK Magazine.



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is what he said about meditation. It takes years of practice in order to do just five minutes of a 'real' stillness of mind, I mean a deep meditation with no intrusions. A completely quiet mind. After meditating for about a year now, I can really relate to what he was saying. Knowing this just gives me more patience along with the perseverance. The fire of enthusiasm to reach those five minutes of complete stillness and peace — those five minutes would be an eternity!

## August 12 — Katmandu

This is a pleasant feeling being up in the Himalayas with its cool breezes. Katmandu is the capital of Nepal located in a beautiful valley at about 4700 feet elevation. From a distance one can see the white towering giants reaching for the blue sky.

*Dignaga, one of the great Indian logicians, was once meditating in a cave preparing to write a text on logic. After composing the first pages, he left his cave for a moment. While he was gone an opponent came and erased the work he had done. This happened again and on the third occasion Dignaga left a note saying, 'Such action is pointless. If you want to oppose me, come and debate openly.' The opponent did this and lost. He was so angry he produced fire from his mouth through his miraculous powers and, out of spite, burnt everything in the cave. Dignaga became so disheartened that he said, 'If there are such people as this who do not even accept logic, I shall throw my writing slate up into the air and if it falls down again I shall give up working for others.' He threw the slate up but it did not fall back. He looked up and saw Manjushri holding it. Manjushri then said, 'My spiritual son, you are about to make a grave mistake.'*

—Rabten and Dhargyey  
Advice from a Spiritual Friend

## September 2 — Benares

Today, I went to the Ganges river which is experiencing one of its worse floods in a long time. Some of the temples along its banks are totally under water and all one can see is the trident on top of the Siva temples. The trident symbolizes the three aspects of

Brahman (God) — Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. I followed a procession carrying a body to be cremated near the banks of the river. As I walked along the narrow streets dodging people and Brahmin cows and their messes, I felt I had gone into a time warp which took me back thousands of years. Little shops and markets everywhere and the chants of the procession echoing. The ghat is where bodies are cremated and then the ashes are tossed into the holy river. I really got a good feeling about the place and if there had been a place to meditate I would have, but with the floods and all, space was very limited.

I seem to be making progress in my meditations. I am getting short periods of stillness with sort of a blissful feeling. My concentration must be getting better but my mind still wanders too much. I must let go of this little achievement and go deeper until my mind is completely stilled. My pride has also increased with the noticed improvement in my meditations. That too must go!

*At times when I was in meditation I experienced extraordinary joy, felt so happy, hours passed like a second, but when I woke up, my master told me that I was not in Samadhi but in deep sleep.*

—Swami Shree Purokit  
Aphorisms of Yoga

Coming by train to Gaya from Varanasi (Benares) I realized I had a choice. If I wished to talk or be silent around the Indians in my compartment. If I said I was a tourist — talk! talk! talk! If I said I was a student of religion or even worse a student of yoga and other mystical traditions then there would be silence. The choice was mine.

No matter where one is — America, India, Europe, wherever, people in general do not want to be associated with mysticism. India is no holier than any other country.

## September 14

I enjoy the pugas. The two or three monks, along with those who know Japanese, chant sutras (holy texts) in a very low sounding voice that seems cosmic in itself. There are beautiful sounds made with drums and bells of various shapes and sizes that really pro-

duce an atmosphere conducive to prayer or meditation. All the sounds seem to be echoing Om. I would usually chant a mantra silently to myself. Even the sparrows sitting on the ornaments hanging from the ceiling next to the golden Buddha seem to harmonize their chants to the monk's chants. What a joy — everyone singing to the Infinite.

After the puga which lasts 30 or 40 minutes the monks and whoever wishes to stay can practice Zazen (Zen meditation) for an hour. But since my path is that of Kriya yoga and its meditations I leave and go to my room and meditate on my own.

While in Calcutta, I remember coming across a yoga center that had what I would call advertisements for good health mental stability and wealth, plastered on signs and walls outside the center. Not a word about God — realization. Therapeutic yoga is not only in the West, but also in India.

**October 17 — Shantivanam**  
For the past few weeks I have been traveling through south India visiting Sir Aurobindo's community in Pondicherry and Ramana Maharshi's ashram in Tiruvanamalai. I enjoyed both but have moved on and am staying in the Saccidananda ashram outside the Kullitalai village. I am probably only six hours by bus from the ferry to Sri Lanka at the southern tip of India.

The ashram is set up like the typical Indian ashram but instead of an Indian guru, the guru is Jesus Christ. Back in the early 50s the contemplative community was founded by two French Benedictine monks. Their life is based on the Rule of Saint Benedictine but also they study Hindu doctrine and make use of Hindu methods of prayer and meditation (yoga). I read a book by Bede Griffiths who runs the ashram now and was very much looking forward to being with him. He is in his mid-70s and I was also hoping he might have some contacts for me since he knows many yogis in southern India.

When I arrived at the ashram during the mid-day heat, I found out he had just left for Italy that morning. I had missed him by only a few hours. At that point, I immediately realized my journey was over. This was the sign I had been waiting for — it was time to go back to the States.

## Priest from page 19

fability, an inability to name the divine. Meister Eckhart says we always stammer when we speak of the divine. So there is no system that will ever name the divine experience. The divine experience needs to be experiential. Systems always limp. The fact is, no system was ever born out of a system. All doctrines have been born out of a mystical experience. Then, when it gets to the level of doctrine, when it gets named and codified, very often the experience is sucked out and all you're left with is an empty room.

**FRANK:** What is your notion of God?

**Rev. Fox:** Meister Eckhart says, "You should stop flapping your gums about God." So, like all solid creation mystics he would advise talking about God less and experiencing of God more. Often talking about God is a coverup for running from experience. An example in our culture is how we stamp In God We Trust on our coins and dollar bills and MX missiles and drag God into our presidential speeches just before the President cries.

All this superficial mouthing of the holy name is an abomination to a true mystic. It is interesting that in the Song of Songs, an entire book in the Hebrew Bible, never uses the word God once. Yet, it certainly celebrates the sacred.

In the creation tradition, God is not out there. We celebrate pantheism. We are in God and God is in us and by us I mean the

who's a wolf — all the rest are cows."

"Oh yeah, I definitely meant it. I'll tell you why. In the music business, you know — Apollonia and Madonna — that whole thing is so fucking stupid! Why should women want to do that? It's so fucking weak. All the men in the music business get on stage and they're immediately female. Their whole energy is like a snake — female. It's female. It's not male. All of them. Mick Jagger — all of them. The whole bisexual thing came to question to some degree on these guys coming up there and acting like women on stage. So why should women go on stage like that when they've already got that.

"They should push it further and be what they're supposed to be. Actually, I don't care what they want to be. I know what I'm supposed to be doing, on some level, and that's the 'La Loba' thing. The wolf. I'm not supposed to be, for myself, up there showing everyone how it is to be weak. The only thing I know I'm supposed to do, is be an example of power. Not just to women but in general. And that means that I have to push that to the next level.

I have this weird concept of performance as pushing yourself beyond the limits of your personality. Beyond the point in which you can go. The concept of performance as a sacrifice. I can't escape from that. That's my view and that's what I have to do.

So I don't understand how women can go up on stage and be little dolls. I don't understand how men can go on stage and be little dolls, like a lot of English performers who make me want to vomit because they're so fucking cute. I can't stand the whole syntho-pop thing. I don't even understand that."

So that's what I meant. I wasn't making special reference to Madonna and Apollonia by any means, I was just giving you two examples of people who I think are cows in the music industry. There's a lot of them too.

I kind of laugh at that because I've been doing music now since I was 5-years-old. I've put in my time. I don't think that there is anything else you can do but put in your time."

## On Performing

"There is a real limited group of people who say, 'If this is art, it should not be flamboyant,' hence, what you should do is come out and first apologize to the audience for performing, and then timidly go up and show your wares. Well, as far as I'm concerned, if I've worked on my wares all my life, I'm not going to be timid about it. I either go upstairs and kick ass, or I stay home.

"I don't think there is any room for a performer to be afraid of being sensational. Why go to a performance if it's going to be some kind of textbook or academic experience? Then stay home and read a book! Go to a lecture series, don't go to a performance.

"One thing I liked about Rome was that I was able to see the Colosseum again. I told the Italians in their interviews that the greatest performances that ever happened in Italy were in the Colosseum; if you were great they kept you alive for awhile, and if you were bad, the lions tore you to bits. It was a very binary system. You know, win or lose. That's how I think of performance — win or lose. If you want to win, you use everything you've got."



# DESIGN

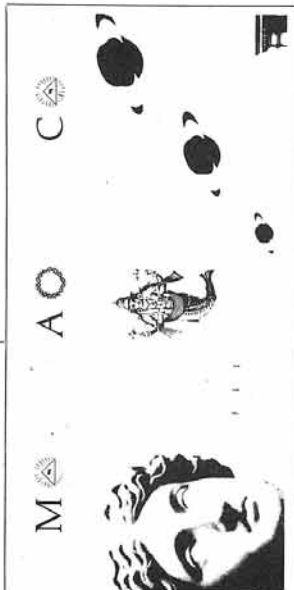
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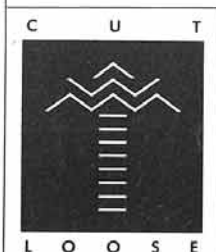
## TOM BONAURO



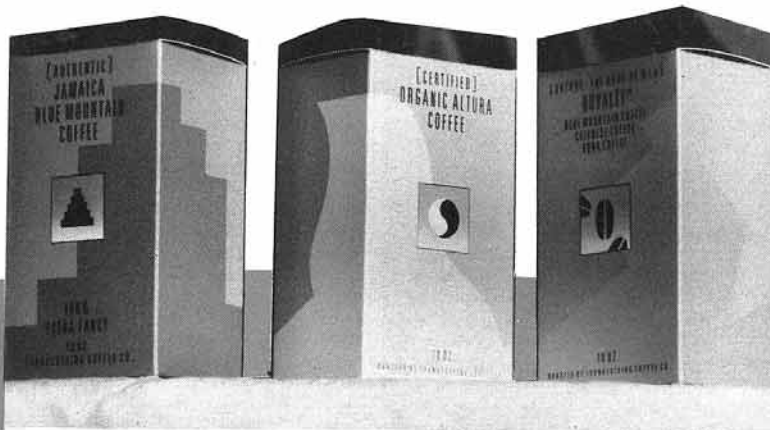
Logo design



Invitation to store opening



Logo design



Package design for Thanksgiving coffee

It has been suggested that a visual reading of that artificial landscape known as the skyline can reveal many of the values of the culture from which it arises. Thus, the skylines of cities in much of western Europe during medieval times were generally dominated in height or in bulk by places of Christian worship, that is, churches or cathedrals. In the present era, the profile of most western cities has changed so that the spires have been replaced by skyscrapers, and one might infer that today's places of worship are corporate headquarters. Certainly there are steady streams of pilgrims journeying in and out of these office buildings on a daily basis.

While designing modern icons for modern places of business, Tom Bonauro has assembled a personal landscape of obscure symbols, atmospheric manifestations, celestial bodies and images from long gone civilizations. Here on a two dimensional horizon lies another type of skyline for observation by the approaching visitor. Watch for parallel lines and make your own inferences.

R. Bang



Photo by Paul Cruz

T-shirt design



Poster for fashion show



Media folder for Macy's



## Magic for Moderns

### Mock Ectoplasm (Enough for 3 seances)

- 1-12 oz. jar mayonnaise
- 1-30 oz. package unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 pint sour cream
- 7 pinches spirit gum
- 2 tbs. white glue
- 2 packages dry active yeast

In a large bowl mix mayonnaise with gelatin, add water and stir slowly. Refrigerate 1 hour or until mixture is slightly congealed. Stir gently to distribute lumps. Add spirit gum, sour cream, and glue — stir. About ½ hour before materialization, add yeast and spoon into a sandwich bag. Place bag in armpit, held loosely in place with clothing. Bring arm down sharply when ready for use.

### Parking Spot Attraction

- 5 parking tickets (past due)
- 1 moving violation citation (if available)
- 2 oz. gasoline
- Broken plastic or glass from your headlights, ground into small pieces
- 2 "I Heart" (your choice) bumper stickers

Tear up tickets into tiny pieces, form into mound. Add gasoline, let dry. Mix in broken glass and form into tight ball inside fist. Squeeze until a drop of blood oozes onto the mixture. Divide ball in half. Affix one half to the front bumper of your car by placing it beneath the center of the bumper sticker. Repeat for rear bumper with other half. Parking spots should be easier to find.

### To keep Bathroom Free for Morning Showers

- 5 oz. water collected from panty hose and/or
- bathing suits that are drying on shower rod
- 1 ball of hair from drain
- 2 oz. dried soap shavings of users favorite brand
- Cotton Swab

Combine collected water, hairball, and soap shavings in a small sauce pan. While singing "Your Cheatin Heart" (out of tune), bring mixture to a boil, stirring with the cotton swab. When mixture has reduced to about 1 tbs., and hair has melted, remove from flame and let cool. After the mixture has begun to coagulate, transfer it to a small vial with swab. When ready for use, smear on inside doorknob of unwanted shower user while he or she sleeps. Will allow for sufficient time for you to shower first the next morning. Only works once.

### Airline Safety Amulet

To a motion sickness bag add 1 package Camel non filters, 1 gram foil wrapped hashish, and a metal plated water pistol. Tie top of bag with a gold chain and wear around neck when you reach the airport. Upon reaching the inspection point line begin to chant, "Hail Sikhs, I want to sit in the last 5 rows" over and over. Increase volume as you get closer to the metal detector. Aviation disasters will be successfully avoided.

Glen Helfand

## Fun Facts about Famous Artists

- 1) Max Ernst was scared of birds.
- 2) Picasso:
  - A. Never drove a car
  - B. Never visited America
- 3) Salvador Dali signs blank sheets of paper which get printed later.
- 4) Three artists who supported themselves by gambling:
  - A. Marcel Duchamp (roulette)
  - B. Frances Bacon (I forget)
  - C. Robert Irwin (horseraces)
- 5) Snails are hermaphrodites and both lovers produce pods.
- 6) Andy Warhol was an illustrator. He did cookbooks and shoe ads.
- 7) Phillip Johnson supported Hitler before WWII.
- 8) Federico Fellini was a cartoonist
- 9) Luis Bunuel Drank gin every day of his adult life. He invented a drink called the Bunueloni: ½ gin, ¼ vermouth, ¼ carpano (punt y mes).
- 10) On April 25th 1985 David Hockney, unable to get a taxi, rode from the Museum Modern Art to the Berggruen Gallery on David Prowler's motor scooter.

## Things that make you fall down

- 1) Gravity
- 2) A magnum of champagne
- 3) Cracks in the sidewalk
- 4) Being weakened by lust
- 5) Bullies
- 6) Sudden blows to the head
- 7) A rollerskate at the top of the stairs
- 8) Ice spots
- 9) Earthquakes
- 10) Severe disappointment

## 10 Favorite Forms of Divination

*The art or practice that seeks to foresee or foretell future events or discover hidden knowledge usually by the interpretation of omens or by the aid of supernatural powers.*

- 1) by Spirits seen in a magic lens (Cristallomancy)
- 2) By ventriloquism (Gastromancy)
- 3) By walking in a circle (Gyromancy)
- 4) By the entrails of animals or humans sacrificed (Hieromancy, Anthropomancy)
- 5) By ghosts (Psychomancy)
- 6) By mice (Myomancy)
- 7) By nails reflecting the sun's rays (Onychomancy)
- 8) By dough of cakes (Crithomancy)
- 9) By dots made on paper (Geomancy)
- 10) By pebbles drawn from a heap (Psephomancy)

—Dinette Set Archives

## List of real headlines

- 1) Helpless rabbits suffer so you can smell nice
- 2) Enraged wife sets fire to playboy hubby's wooden leg
- 3) Mom sells twins for two beers
- 4) Cabbage patch doll strangles its mom
- 5) Nurses astounded; baby talks and sings at birth
- 6) Little boy sues Disney World Claiming "I got mugged by Mickey Mouse."
- 7) Doctors warn breakdancing can make you bald
- 8) Worm eating record shattered; new champion gobbles down 315 crawlers in 24 minutes
- 9) Piranha attack. 115 soldiers eaten alive
- 10) Teacher shows x-rated movies to his students
- 11) After hubby told her to shut up in 1952 angry wife doesn't talk for 33 years
- 12) Stage tramp Madonna is really an old fashioned girl, says old beau Jellybean
- 13) Shocked mom bowled over by early arrival — baby born in a toilet
- 14) World didn't end, so pair sues church

## More neglected films:

**"Q...The Winged Serpent"** (1982) Director: Larry Cohen. What a great movie! Larry Cohen who has brought us "It's Alive" and the TV series "The Invaders" (a classic in its own right) has scored again with Q. Honestly though, David Carradine, Candy Clark, and Richard Roundtree stumble along reciting their lines and the monster is good but not great. What does make this film terrific is the virtuoso performance by Michael Moriarty. As the slinky Jimmy Quinn, he sneaks and grovels his way through what should have been an Academy Award winning performance. You can catch this on cable after-hours or rent a copy. Do Not Miss!

**"Into the Night"** (1984) Director: John Landis. I know, I know. How can I even consider a Landis movie. But, don't forget that this director of "Animal House" and "Trading Places" also brought forth "Schlock!" and "Kentucky Fried Movie." This film, starring Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer is Landis' most mature comedy to date. The critics panned this puppy to pieces. A super supporting cast including: David Bowie, Richard Farnsworth and Roger Vadim. Best walk-on by Jack Arnold (Director of the "Creature of the Black Lagoon") as the man with the dog. You'll have to rent this one. Be the first one on your block.

**"Panic in the Year Zero"** (1962) Director: Ray Milland. This Roger Corman produced film takes the lightning out of the Thunderdome. Post apocalypse with Ray Milland and Frankie Avalon. As the JD's say: "We're the new highway patrol, daddy-o... somebody dropped a bomb... crazy kick!!" Catch this kick late some night on your screen.

**"Psychomania"** (1972) Director: Don Sharp. Grab your leather jackets and open a can of motor oil! This is a tale of an English motorcycle gang called, (ready?) "The Living Dead." The leader of this pack discovers the secret to immortality and commits suicide than literally rises from the grave on his chopper. He convinces the rest of the gang, who devise novel ways to end it all and they proceed to tear up the quiet English countryside. George Sanders in one of his last roles (before he really committed suicide). Need I say more!!

Coming Soon: Next issue — Great Lines from Bad Movies. Stay tuned.

—Ron Deutsch

—Raoul Thomas