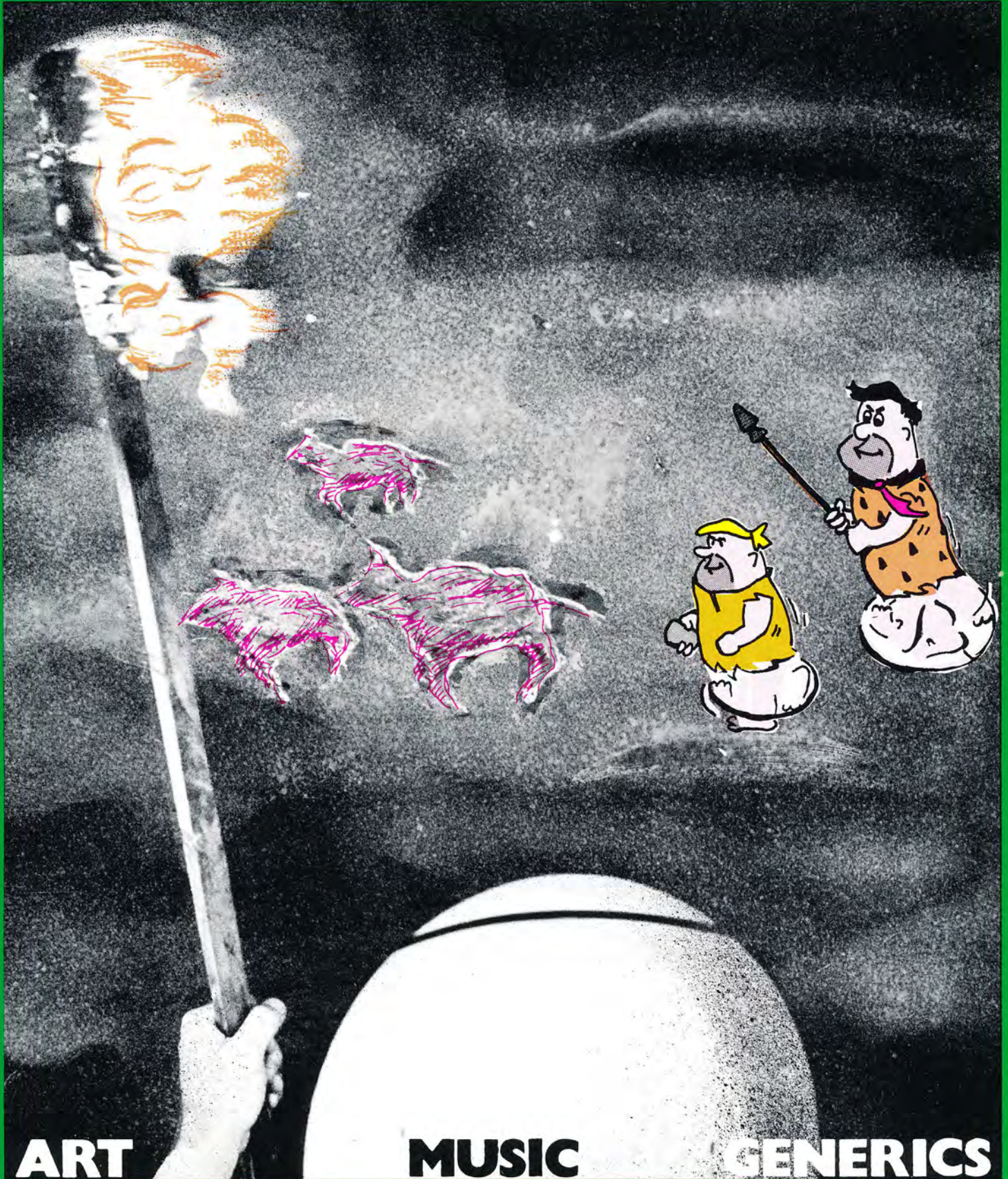


# STANFORD Chaparral

A Buck

Spring 1981



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**GENERIC**

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# Chaparral

Volume 82, Number 3, Spring 1981

## ART MUSIC & GENERIC

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**Inspiration/Et al**

**Futile Cuticle/Steiner**

**The MBA s/Wilkins**

**Warhol Meets Rockwell/Vasquez**

**The Melody of Malady/Fisher**

**Popular Art/Et al**

CADENZA

**Blob on the Bus/Corrine**

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'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

**REFLECTIONS**

KATHYA GREENE '81

# NOW TREAT

the Reagan Administration has dealt what many critics feel is the death-blow to Art by cutting back on welfare, it is time for us as taxpayers to reevaluate our position on the emotionally charged subject of Art. Contrary to popular opinion, the definition of Art is an easy one. St. Thomas More said that "Art is, broadly speaking, that stuff artists do, you know, with paint and stuff. And like that." While More failed to include musicians and writers in his definition, Pound took all of Art under the banner of his credo, "Art is, by hook or by crook, whatever people can pawn off as Art."

So Art is easy to define, but what of this mysterious "Artist?"

What is an Artist? Joke: Do you know Art? Art Who? Artesian. Yes, I know Artesian well. Does this help? Yes. Go into a crowded room, and tell this joke. Everyone who isn't an artist will laugh. Artists, on the other hand, will spend thirty minutes discussing its relative merits, and then pass it off as derivative. The next month, parts of the joke will show up in *The Atlantic Monthly*, as a concept album, and forty feet high in the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.


What does it mean to be an Artist? It is the artist who saves the cartons that take-out Chinese food comes in, making sure not

to mess up the "true" grease stains on them. It is this Artist who will varnish them, thus creating a "supra-realist image of capitalist commercialism," and then sell these selfsame pieces for what it would normally cost to buy the entire restaurant.

It is the Artist who buys thirty-six Cadillacs and half-buries them in a row, mocking traditional American values, while millions of traditional Americans go hungry for want of the capital needed to build a three-and-a-half mile fence through Marin County. Of course Art advances society, while poor people only slow it down.

It is the Artist who records someone smashing a

grand piano with a sledgehammer. It is the Artist who makes an eight hour movie of a man sleeping. It is the Artist who publishes a book consisting of hundreds of photographs of people's rear ends, and who then turns it into a bestseller by having her spouse shot.

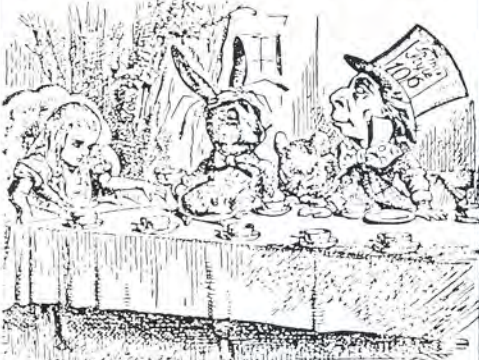
To come to the point, if Artists are denied welfare, as President Reagan and his minions are wont to do, then they will be forced to get jobs. Jobs that will place them in positions of responsibility forty hours a week. Working near you and near your loved ones. Write your congressman. Oppose welfare cuts, before it's too late. An Artist suffers, and rightly so. 



Feet of Klee

Shane O'Hara

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# Jokes of



**Robert Polhemus**, professor of English at Stanford, is currently a Guggenheim fellow. His latest book is *Comic Faith*, published by The University of Chicago Press.

There was not long ago, a Polish woman who, by some misfortune, was trapped in East Berlin. Not wanting her mother to worry, the Polish woman went about trying to procure a phone call to her family in Warsaw. The first person she asked, a tough East German soldier, obliged to arrange a transmission, but only on the condition that she "bring him pleasure." Escorted brusquely into a small interrogation cell, the woman was forced to kneel in front of the soldier, now bereft of his trousers. Placing her lips to the warrior's weenie, she hesitatingly opened her mouth.

"Hello, mom?"

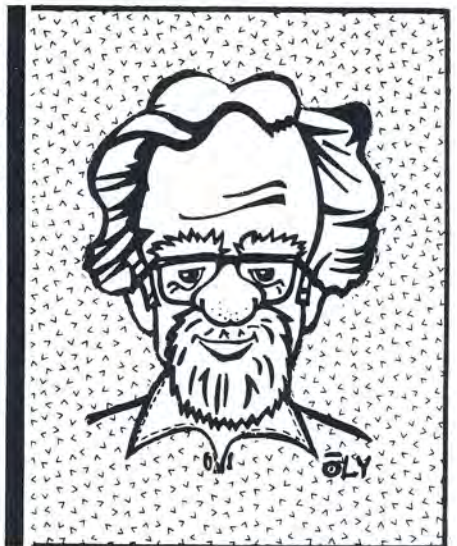
**John Perry** is the chairman of Stanford's Philosophy department, and is this year a fellow at The Center For Advanced Study In The Behavioral Sciences. Professor Perry is the editor of the book *Personal Identity*.

Pope to Cardinals:

"I've got some good news and some bad news.

"The good news is the Lord spoke to me and told me he was coming back to earth.

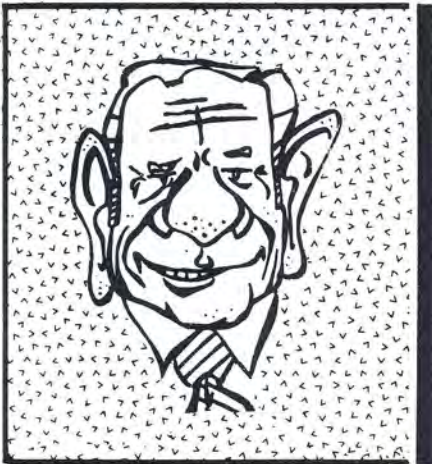
"The bad news is he told me to meet him in Salt Lake City."





# Professors

graphics: by Oly



**Ralph J. Smith** is professor of Electrical Engineering at Stanford. Professor Smith received his M.S. from Berkeley in 1940, and his Ph.D. from Stanford in 1945. He is the author of the books *Engineering As A Career*, and *Circuits, Devices, And Systems*.

One summer afternoon a graduate student was joined on the first tee at Stanford by a young

woman. He invited her to play along and she accepted. It turned out that they had mutual interests, the weather was perfect, the course was in good condition, and they both played very well.

On the long eighteenth hole, he put his second shot on the green and she was safely on in three. As he studied his 40-foot putt he said: "This has been a fantastic afternoon. I need this putt for an all-time best score; if I sink it, I'll take you out to dinner." He putted firmly, the ball took the break, hit the back of the cup, and dropped in for a birdie.

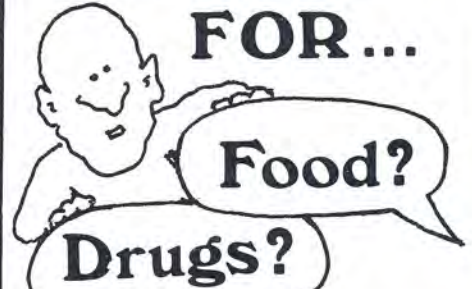
She exulted with him and pledged: "This *has* been a great day. If I sink my putt, we'll go over to my place after dinner." As she lined up the 30-footer, her companion suddenly grabbed the ball. In response to her startled look, he said: "Don't you know a 'gimme' when you see one?"

Submitted by **Robert Simon**,  
Assistant Dean of The Stanford  
Graduate School of Business.



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"LOTS."

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# Tales Of Courage

**It's a plain fact** that good habits are hard to break. You, as a typical Stanford student, are sure to have picked up many a "white vice" over the years: washing your hands before meals, giving bums a quarter, or even doing your homework. I, however, have found that the hardest virtue to get over has been my cultured background. I'm ashamed to say it, but I used to have class. It started small, when I was in junior high; I took a French class, and before I knew it, I had written highly articulate critiques *sur les oeuvres des* Hugo and Zola. I found myself missing the bus back to school on field trips to the museum. My diet began to include rare Polynesian dishes. It was horrible.

I realized that I had to break this ominous chain of self-improvement before I grew up to be like my parents. Visions of wine and cheese parties and Brooks Brothers salesmen worked their way into my dreams, and I would wake up in a cold sweat. By this time, it would take three people to

talk me down from the aesthetic highs I would get off a Cezanne still life. Drastic measures were called for.

I tried the Shick Center for the Control of Snobs, but I couldn't take it. They use the method of overkill, rerunning Truffaut films over and over while stuffing you with fine imported caviar. The self-help books weren't much use either, having been written by a bunch of hacks who probably never touched a croquet mallet in their lives.


If I was going to reverse this road to ruin, it would have to be on my own. First off, I got a stereo. A big, dangerous one. Previously, I had listened to all my music in libraries, and my tastes had been no more radical than early Louis Armstrong. I now threw myself upon the other extremes: Sex Pistols, The Ramones, and the Dead Kennedys. I found myself singing lyrics like "I wanna wanna wanna git ridda you" to myself. Progress.

Destroying my artistic sensibilities was probably the most harrowing aspect of my detoxification program. I had to get my roommate to rip my Monets off the wall, which in turn were replaced by a life size poster of the Blues Brothers. It was easier to de-

stroy my Rodin busts, which I had always thought kind of queer anyway, and replace with authentic-type hula-girl figures that glowed in the dark.

After cancelling my subscription to the *Times Book Review*, I began reading Sidney Sheldon, and started using Keats for Kleenex. Friends commented on my lack of taste. I was pleased.

It was time to take the final step. One fine Friday after having used my newly-acquired fake I.D. to buy a six of Lucky beer, I cruised the Palo High parking lot, AC/DC blaring, in search of big game. The rest was Hum Bio 10.

Today, I'm a happy man. Upon graduation, I got a job with the Chronicle reviewing fast food chains for the restaurant pages, plowing every spare cent into promoting my new invention, edible 5-day deodorant pads. I now buy clothes at the Salvation Army, and don't change what I'm wearing for a week. I speak in monosyllables, and can no longer understand public television. My wife dropped out of tenth grade, and we had three kids by the time she was twenty. My parents hate me. My former friends hate me. You probably despise me, too. I don't care. You see, unlike many of my counterparts, I was able to reap the fruits of academia without becoming one of them. 

# Tales From the Archives

**Many aspects** of Stanford life baffle students and faculty alike. Why are costs so high? Why doesn't our football team win more often? Why are the carpets in Meyer Library such an ugly color? Why am I here? The fascinating answer to a remarkable number of these questions lies with one of the University's most fundamental documents: Jane Stanford's last will and testament.

Determined that her influence over her school should survive her death, Mrs. Stanford left behind a legal legacy that University lawyers are still trying to sort out. Perhaps you have never heard of the will, or maybe just a rumor regarding liquor stores (it's all true.) That is not surprising, for since Jane's death University officials have been trying desperately to keep the will from the public eye. A brief glance at a few of its many provisions will explain why:

—Jane Stanford's will specifically prohibits the construction of linear accelerators on the Stanford Campus. Circumventing this provision was considered a major legal victory for the University's lawyers.

—The will forbids the use of Leland Stanford, Junior, as a school mascot.

—During her lifetime, Jane Stanford loved fountains. Her will demands the erection of over 100 fountains by the year 2000. Although substantial progress has already been made towards reaching this goal, the deadline is menacingly near. Consequently, tuition will be raised an additional 3% (above other increases) to finance further installations.

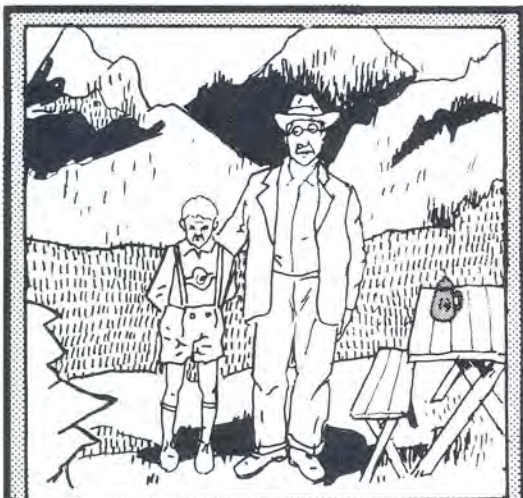
—Jane Stanford's will calls for red tile roofing on anything bigger than a breadbox.

—Is your middle name Schwartz? Not likely—Jane Stanford's will specifically prohibits accepting people with the middle name Schwartz. If your middle name is Schwartz—keep it quiet.

—Have you ever been treated like dirt at the Financial Aids Office? Their infuriating bureaucratic pettiness is no accident. Jane Stanford felt that students of less advantageous economic backgrounds should be allowed to attend her University—but she didn't feel any particular need to like them.

—Mrs. Stanford's will specifically mandates bollards.

The most fascinating section of Jane Stanford's will sets the University's official building policy. No doubt most of you have heard of the Winchester Mystery House. Perhaps a few of you have even visited it. Mrs. Winchester, wife of the inventor of the Winchester rifle, and heir to his fortune, felt that she could appease the spirits of the Native American victims of her husband's savage ingenuity only through continual construction on her house. The ghosts would leave her alone only as long as some sort of building was going on in the house. Mrs. Winchester died peacefully, but left behind a sprawling monstrosity without rhyme or reason, with staircases leading up to ceilings, and windows looking into other rooms. Jane Stanford was a close friend of Mrs. Winchester, and the two often had tea together. It was inevitable that some of Mrs. Winchester's ideas would rub off on



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Jane, still stricken by the recent deaths of her son and husband, and plagued by guilt for the poor treatment of Asian American workers by her husband during the feverish building of the Union-Pacific.

Jane Stanford died suddenly under mysterious circumstances in Honolulu in 1905. Certain provisions of her will caused some amusement when they were read. The common opinion was that "old Jane had gone a bit soft in the head." Much of the will—especially that part outlining University building policy—was tactfully ignored. Who needed a building policy in any case? Construction of the University had only just been completed that year.

On April 18, 1906, in an early silence unbroken by the sounds of saws or sledgehammers, disaster struck Stanford in the form of the San Francisco Earthquake. The University was leveled. Some blamed the disaster as the natural consequence of building upon a major geological fault. But those who remembered the warnings in Jane Stanford's will knew better. It was "those goddamn coolies" who had died building Leland Stanford's railroad. They had wrought their revenge from the grave—either through an orgiastic splurge of ectoplasm, or by urging their millions of living relatives in China to simultaneously jump off 3 foot high tables. Jane Stanford had warned the trustees in her will that the only way to appease the spirits of those who had died through ceaseless labor was through ceaseless labor on their part. Construction at Stanford must never end. The trustees, shaken and awed, vowed never to ignore Jane's advice again. After all, some of the University was still standing—they might not be so lucky next time.

Constant and sometimes seemingly senseless construction has been an element of Stanford life since. Pressured by the ever-present threat of supernatural revenge, Stanford University rapidly expanded to its present size and is still growing. Construction has included old buildings as well as new, often with its purpose of protecting against earthquakes openly stated. History Corner has been rebuilt 18 times in the last 75 years, and is slated to be identically reconstructed again in 1986. Other attempts have been made to placate the angry spirits. Jane Stanford herself had mandala signs placed on the walls of the Quad to make Taoists among the dead Asian-American workers feel more at home. Interestingly enough, this was one of the few areas to survive the earthquake intact. More recently, an Asian-American theme house was created for the same reason. But still, over the years the bell steeple of Memorial Church and the Great Arch have never been rebuilt—a promise to the spirits of the dead workers that University construction will never be completely finished.

Although possible legal action against this publication prevents us from divulging more of the will at this time, you may be sure that there is, indeed, much, much more. There is, for example, a reason for the quality of Stern food, and a reason for the shape of Hoover Tower. So, if you bicycle into an open trench on a brand new street which seems to go nowhere, or your water main bursts, ruining all your work, or if the registrar should lose your PTR—remember, it's probably Jane Stanford's will. 

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STORY: STEVE KESSLER

ART: GEOFF MANDEL

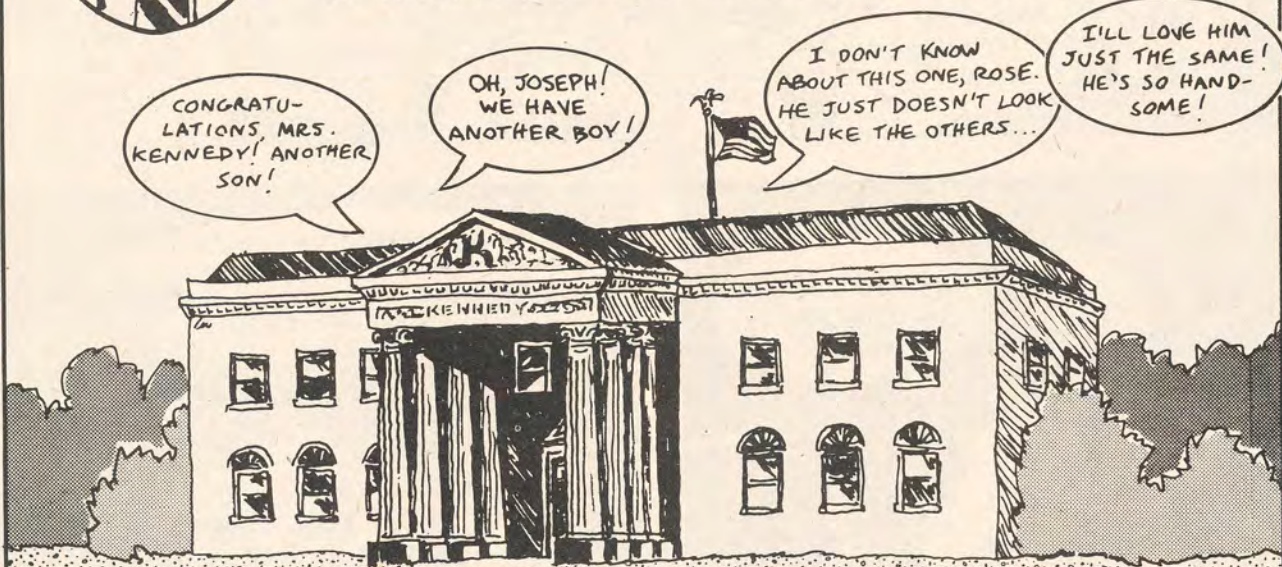
**IT** ALL STARTED ONE SUNNY MORNING IN HYANNIS PORT...

CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. KENNEDY! ANOTHER SON!

OH, JOSEPH! WE HAVE ANOTHER BOY!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS ONE, ROSE. HE JUST DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE OTHERS...

I'LL LOVE HIM JUST THE SAME! HE'S SO HANDSOME!



**AND** SO, A BABE IS BORN...

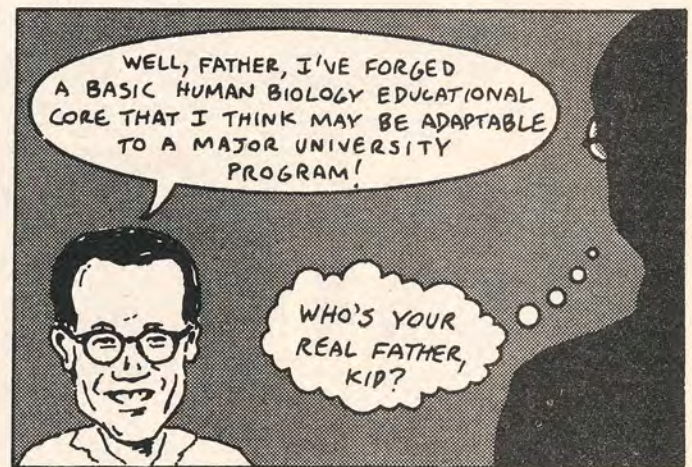
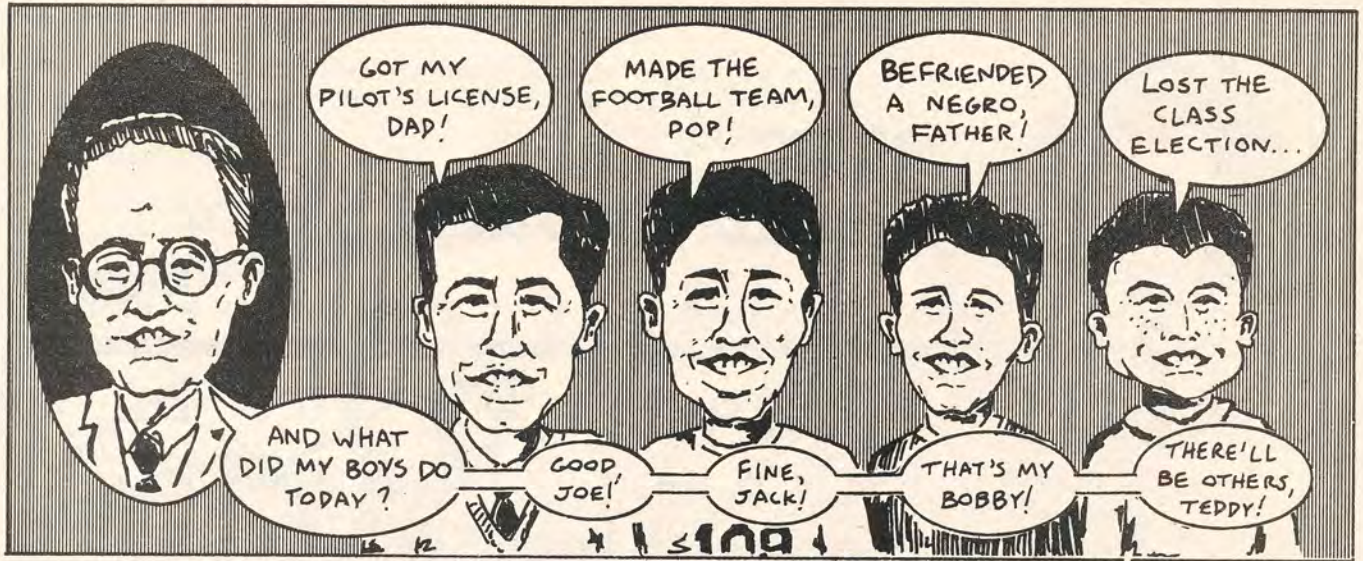
LOOK, JOE, I THINK HE'S SMILING!

GOO...

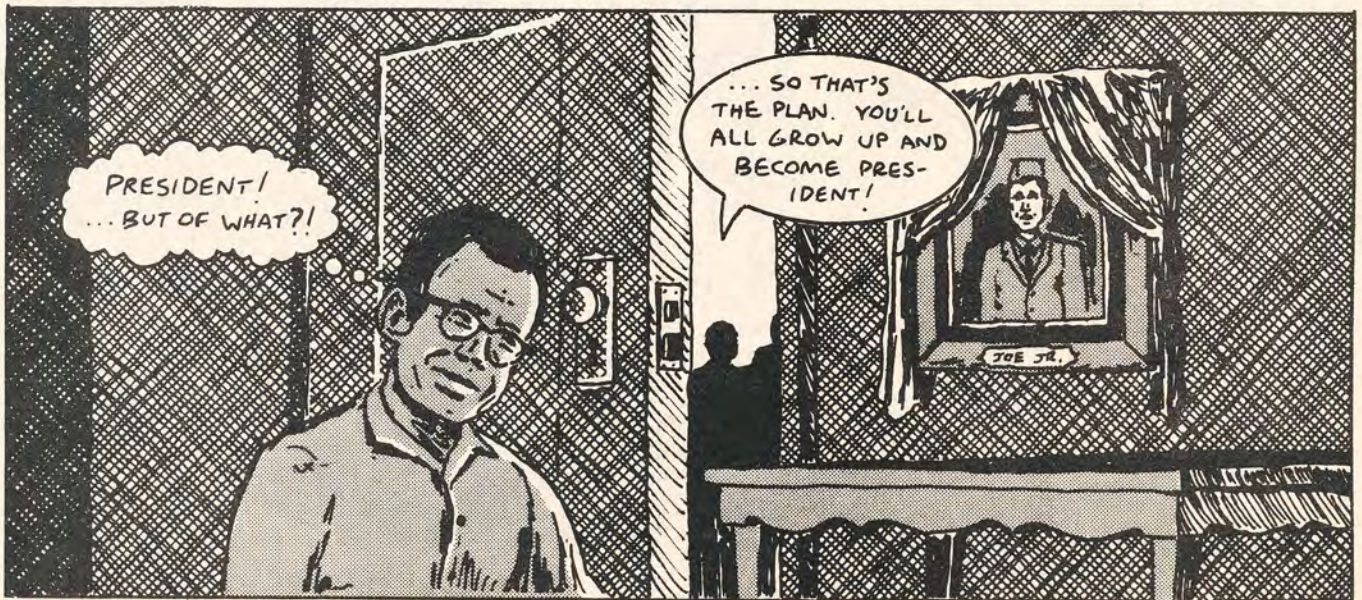
...WHO'S YOUR REAL FATHER, KID?



IT WASN'T EASY GROWING UP A KENNEDY. DAD HATED ME FROM THE START...



AS I GREW OLDER, DAD BEGAN TO SEPARATE ME FROM THE OTHERS, AND LEAVE ME OUT OF THEIR PRIVATE TALKS...

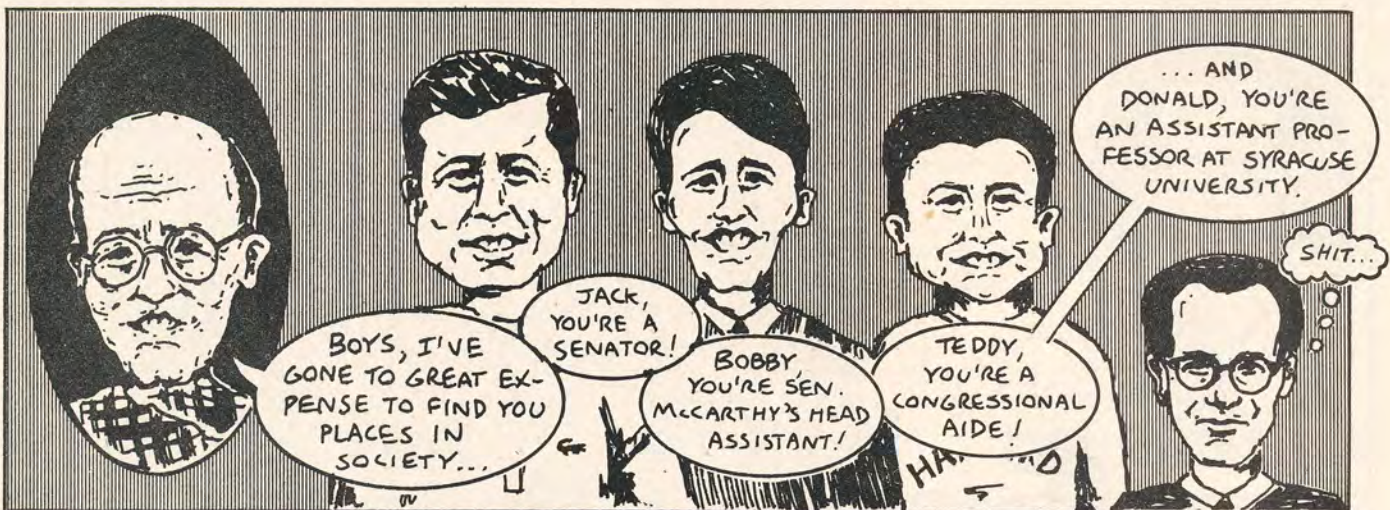




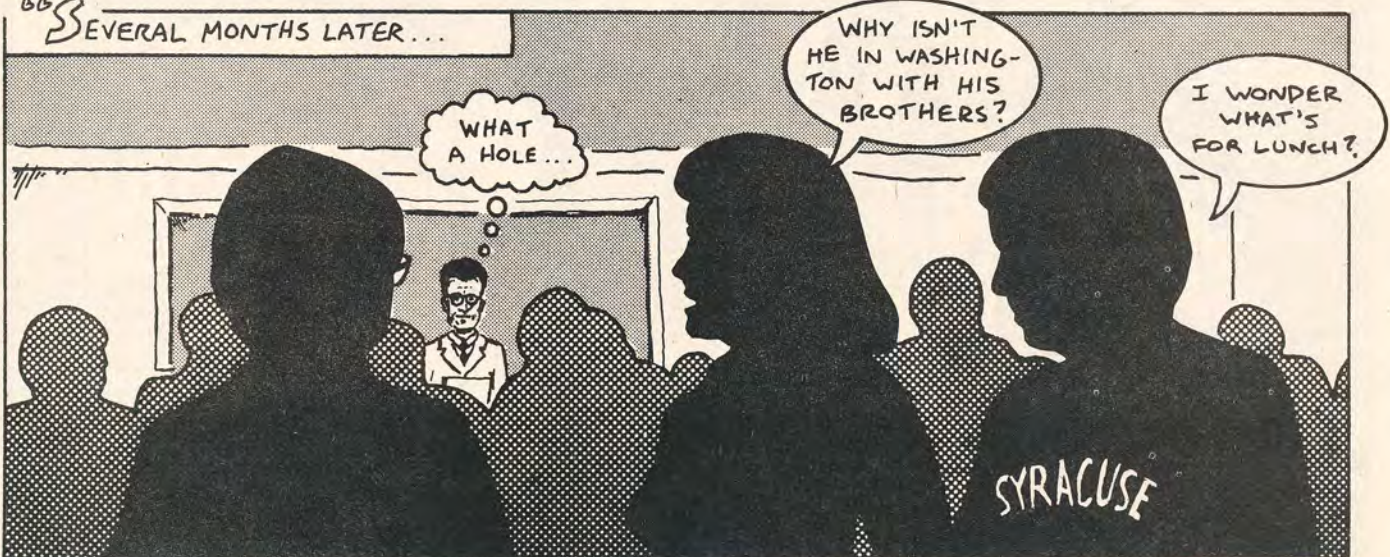
MY HARVARD YEARS WERE HAPPY ONES. I TOOK UP LONG DISTANCE RUNNING, A SPORT I EXCELLED IN...



SUDDENLY, I WAS CALLED BACK TO HYANNIS PORT...



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...



**B**UT TIME MARCHES ON. BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL...

AH KNOW Y'ALL WILL LOVE IT HERE AT THE F.D.A., DON!

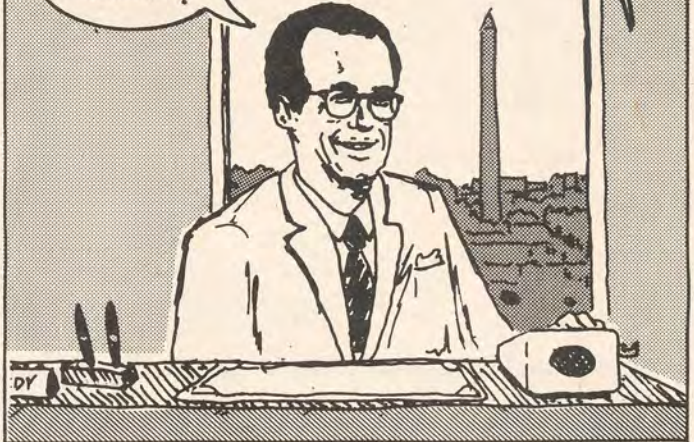
CHRIST, THIS PLACE MUST BE TEN MILES FROM THE WHITE HOUSE ... I'M DOOMED!



**T**HEN, ONE DAY...

DONALD? THIS IS DICK LYMAN... WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN—?

I'LL TAKE IT!

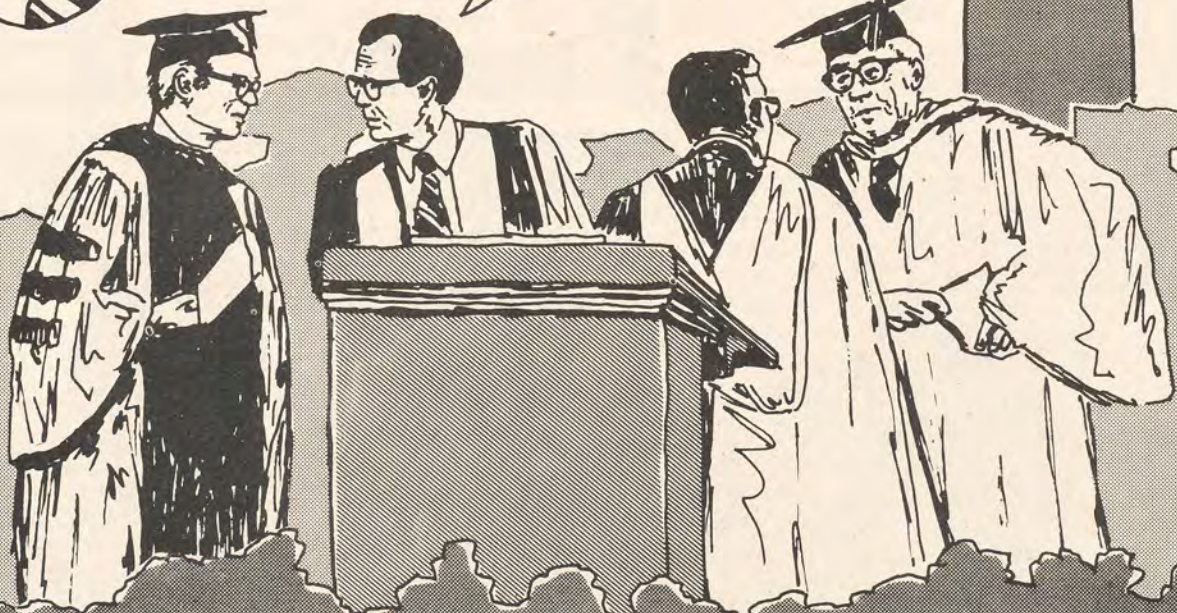


**A**ND SO, FINALLY, A HAPPY ENDING. PEOPLE WOULD FOREVER CALL ME ... **MR. PRESIDENT!**



BUT WHERE'S THE SECRET SERVICE? AND CAMP DAVID? AND THE OVAL OFFICE ...

?



# BEAU GODOT



"The wine  
worth  
waiting for"



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### Beaux Arts Trio

8 pm, Wed., April 15\*

\$8.50; students \$5



### JAZZantiqua

8 pm, Fri., April 17\*

\$7; Stanford students \$4.50



### Emerson Quartet

8 pm, Wed., April 22\*

8 pm, Fri., April 24\*

\$7; students \$4.50



### Billy Taylor Trio

2:30 pm, Sun., April 26\*

\$8.50; Stanford students \$5



### Peter Serkin, piano

8 pm, Fri., May 1\*\*

\$8.50, \$7.50, \$6.50; students \$5

\*Dinkelspiel Auditorium

\*\*Memorial Auditorium

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# inspiration

not what it's  
cracked up to be

It is a well-known fact that the late great novelist Thomas Wolfe could only write with his typewriter positioned on top of the refrigerator. Or that Michelangelo painted bad Leroy Neimans when he wasn't lying on his back in severe agony. Or that Charlton Heston couldn't act for beans unless he was playing Michelangelo lying on his back in severe agony. Or that Irving Stone couldn't write "The Agony and the Ecstasy" unless he was on his back under a refrigerator eating beans with Charlton Heston.

But what about those aspects of the creative process less well-known to the public? For instance, why must artists, who aren't really better (that much) than anyone else, have to be suspended from a hot pink helicopter in an oiled leathered harness, like Truman Capote, before they can work, while a server at Burger King need only blow his nose?

Of course, it all comes down to the artistic mind. The popular conception of a light bulb forming over the artist's head is misleading at best. In order

to write these very words, for example, it was necessary for this artist to roll around in Gold Medal flour (any other brand chafes) for a good half hour.

As the actual creation came to pass, I sharpened one of my favorite chisels and began carving this article into forty-foot slabs of granite. For me, it's the only way. I tried writing on a refrigerator but I kept falling off.

Certainly, words come slowly when you carve them in stone, but when they come they are gloriously permanent and you can't erase them except with lime, which I'm out of right now, and you can only go on until the sentence ends.

But it's all ART with big letters. Because I say it is. And critics are artists because they explain art, even when they lisp and have funny hair. They are especially artists when they explain art in foot-long letters chiselled in granite. My hands hurt and I hate the world. Especially that Mormon toothcap Robert Redford.

Light bulb, my ass.

# BRANDT and the ANGELS

by Mike Wilkins

**T**he sound the angels made downstairs in Schumann's apartment every night was enough to drive Brandt crazy. Each evening, shortly after nine, voices from below would sound, noisy, annoying voices, and Brandt found it impossible to sleep. The laughing palaver would continue 'til dawn and morning would find Brandt bleary-eyed and exhausted. Some nights he tried to decipher what was being said downstairs, but even with a glass pressed on the floor he could not.

And that was the worst of it. Brandt was a composer like Schumann, and a technically accomplished one at that, but he lacked whatever spark is needed to turn artifice into art. Schumann, on the other hand, had more inspiration than he could handle. And Schumann never let Brandt forget it.

"My angels dictated the most wonderful allegro last night, Brandt," Schumann would say over morning coffee; "What do your angels tell you?"

"I am not visited by angels, Schumann."

"It shows."

Not long afterwards, Schumann left the apartment for a month to go to Prague, where his most recent work was being performed for royalty. Finally freed from the cacophony of Schumann's cherubim, Brandt fell into a deep, dreamy sleep. His slumber was abruptly interrupted by a couple of thumps on his window. Thinking perhaps that Schumann's angels were lost or lonely, Brandt pulled a wrap over his shoulders and went to answer the window.

"Brandt?"

"Yes? Who are You?"

"I'm your angel Brandt. I'm here to dictate to you. Do you have a pen and paper ready?"

For the next two days, Brandt neither ate nor slept, staying at his desk and transcribing everything the angel said. Here was his inspiration! The music was unlike anything Brandt had ever seen or heard. It violated many of the conventions of the day, and to Brandt, much of the music seemed disjointed and harsh. But this must be what is played in heaven, Brandt thought, and now it shall be played on earth.

**S**chumann returned from Prague to find Brandt's things in a heap in front of the apartment building, Brandt in a heap on top of them.

"Brandt, what is all this?"

"I've been evicted, Schumann."

"Evicted? You? But why? Lack of talent is no grounds for eviction."

"Schumann, I am the laughing stock of the city. I had an angel visit me, and I borrowed money to hire an orchestra to perform my new piece for the world. The world hates my work. Now I am penniless."

Brandt handed Schumann a copy of his hopeless opus. Schumann looked at it for a minute, then handed it back to Brandt.

"This is rubbish," he said, walking into the building.



**T**here was a bridge not far from the apartment house, and Brandt made it there before dark. Peering over the edge into the water, a huge rock tied around his neck, Brandt sought a moment of quiet before departing the merciless mortal world. Behind him in the reflection he saw his angel, the same angel who had dictated the music, motioning to him not to jump.

"I am not a musician," the angel said, "But I *am* an angel. You have been chosen, Brandt, you are blessed. Better to be visited by an untalented angel than by none at all. Cheer up. Move to a different city and start a new life. Be a music teacher, you have the ability."

This made sense to Brandt, who decided not to kill himself a moment before he slipped and drowned.

**I**n heaven, Brandt was approached by an older-looking angel with a clipboard.

"Brandt?"

"Yes?"

"Now that you're in heaven, we've got to find something for you to do. I understand that you are a composer."

"I am a bad composer, you saw to that."

"That was most unfortunate, but, you see, we are shorthanded in the inspiration department. Your angel, while he meant well, was only an itinerant lutist. We are poorly staffed, and need you very badly."

"Am I to understand that I would bring inspiration to composers?"

"Your services are badly needed."

Brandt thought for a moment, then, with a horrific grin spreading on his face, and a gleam in his eye, agreed to go down and dictate to composers in need of inspiration.

On one condition.

Schumann committed suicide not long after Brandt's fall into the river, driven mad by an incessant angel, dictating bad music.

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## THE BUDDY CAEN STORY

by Trey Ellis

It was almost as if Buddy was born with drumsticks in his hands. For as long as he could remember, he had been banging away at something. He would beat the pots, the tables, his dog's head, anything that made a noise. But what Buddy needed was a real drum.

One day he saw a sign in school that read:

"BEST DRUMMER CONTEST"  
Winner receives a new  
precision drum set!



Buddy practiced constantly for that contest. He would stay up until two, get up at four . . . always, always practicing.

The long awaited day of the contest arrived, he climbed up on stage in the school's auditorium, played his heart out, and out of the ninety-three contestants between the ages of nine and sixteen, Buddy came in last. He had absolutely no sense of beat, rhythm, or tempo. He was awful. That was just the first of many defeats, but Buddy never lost hope.

"What do they know," he thought, "One day they won't laugh at me. I'll be a star."

Throughout high school, Buddy started up many bands, but they always broke up when they found out how terrible he was. His parents always supported him though. For his seventeenth birthday, they soundproofed his room.

Late into his senior year of high school, Buddy could take no more abuse and ran away to New York, where he hoped to find a band that appreciated quality percussion. But, alas, New York is a harsh city, and, after eight months and many try-outs, Buddy had still not found work. In fact, many of the bands he auditioned for laughed in his face, and sprayed beer on his clothes. Cold, weary and homeless, he migrated to the last stop for three-time losers.

The Bowery can be a frozen hell in wintertime. Buddy stole venetian blinds from gutted tenement houses and sold them to eat. Then the twitching started.

It began as nothing more than a periodic spasm, but soon things got worse. The first real bad attack came when he was selling his blinds up on Sixth Avenue. It hit suddenly, and a quick jerk of his arm sent the shades flying into the face of a nearby police officer. Buddy ran away and escaped the policeman, but had no money. Things grew worse. On Christmas Day, Buddy ate dinner at the Salvation Army. There, everyone was allowed only one bowl of hot soup. Just as he held the bowl up to his hungry lips, a quick spasm sent it across the room where it smashed against the wall.

Buddy was worried about these attacks, not because he knew about Parkinson's disease, but because he thought the uncontrollable seizures were caused by his hands yearning to play again. The next day, Buddy stole a pair of drumsticks and vowed to make it big as a street performer.

This was the day he would always remember. He was outside the New York Public Library, tapping away on the head of one of the library lions when his arms went crazy again and mercilessly thwacked and whacked the stone lion. Pieces of granite were now chipping off as a large black limosine screamed down the street then suddenly screeched to a halt when it saw Buddy. Three young men in white shirts and black suits raced up the steps of the library.

"Our drummer just O.D.'d," said the tallest one, panting. "We're supposed to play the Ed Sullivan show in thirty minutes. How bout it?"

Buddy was confused.

Without waiting for an answer, they stuffed Buddy into the limo and cruised off for the Sullivan show.

The lights were very bright. Elvis had just played and the crowd was ecstatic. The cameras stayed above his waist because his body movements were deemed lewd. The Scorpions, including Buddy, rushed out on stage to catch some of Elvis' enthusiasm. Their first songs were well received because they had turned off the drum's microphones. Buddy was still lousy and the rest of the band was getting a bit apprehensive. During their last song Buddy had the worst attack of his life. This time his whole body hopped, jumped and gyrated, moving so spasmodically that the censors ordered the cameramen not to film anything other than his left ear. All eyes were on Buddy's ear as he played like he had never played before. Ten minutes later, the crowd was still going wild, but after fifteen minutes some began to get uneasy. Two and a half hours after the show ended, he was still playing and only one person, a Parkinson's disease researcher, remained in the studio. By the time the ambulance arrived, he had broken all the drum heads and ripped the cymbals in half. The paramedics tried to give him an injection but could not come close enough. Finally, from forty yards away, they shot him with a tranquilizer dart gun.

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That one researcher in the audience was Miss Mary Jean Woodmont, soon to be Mrs. Mary Jean Caen. She and Buddy have three children, Mary, Annette and Buddy Jr. They live in El Cerrito, where the former Parkinson's disease victim owns a prosperous nightclub. Behind his desk is a picture of a spastic young ear beating a set of drums into the floor of the old Ed Sullivan Theater.

## MICHAEL and the MUSES

by Dave Sahlin

Michael sat in his cold water apartment in New York, freezing, starving, despairing — waiting, for inspiration, and for his welfare checks. The latter came about once a month, the former not at all. That was his despair.

"It's been two years," he thought, staring at the blank paper before him. "I've got to write something." But he couldn't. The poetry had not come in two years, and it wasn't coming now. Michael was going mad. "Maybe I ought to get a job," he thought. "Become an insurance adjuster, find a wife, buy a house, a car — have some kids, get a dog, maybe a few cats." He sighed, shook his head, and looked at the blank paper. He had to be a poet. He didn't like cats.

Suddenly, Michael heard a faint breeze rustle through the room — not like the winter drafts he had long grown accustomed to, but warm and fragrant, and filled with a very slight tingling like a thousand wind chimes. He turned from his desk, and started.

Before him stood the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She stood tall and majestic, white robes pouring down from still whiter shoulders, bits of light sparkling like jewels about her. Michael gasped and gaped. She spoke.

"Be not afraid, mortal," she said with a voice reminiscent of a thousand melodies and yet like nothing heard on this earth. "My name is Calliope, I have come to help you."

"Calliope?" he said. "Mortal?" he wondered.

"That is right," she said. "I am not mortal as you are, but am a goddess. I am one of the Muses. I have descended from Mount Olympus to inspire your poetry."

Michael said nothing. He now noticed how she glowed.

"You need not be afraid," she reassured him as she stepped towards him. "I've inspired many men before — Homer, Hesiod, Virgil and Dante, Shakespeare. Nobody lately, of course. But now I've come to inspire you."

Michael found his voice. "But . . . I don't understand. Dante? Shakespeare? My God, why have



you chosen me for this? I'm nobody. I'm starving, I'm freezing, I'm in a bad neighborhood . . . What could I ever do to deserve this?"

Calliope smiled. "The ways of the gods are not for men to understand. But let me explain this — though my sisters and I dwell among the clouds, and usually are content to gaze down upon the world below, there are — how shall I put it? — certain pleasant diversions which you mortals can provide, which the immortals can find amusing." She held out her hand. "Need I say more?"

She didn't. Michael smiled, and reached for her hand.

**M**ichael woke up in the midst of an epiphany. He groaned, and closed his eyes again, trying to go back to sleep, but to no avail. The epiphany refused to go away. He was exhausted. It was going to hurt to move. But the urge to write was upon him. Melodies danced in his head, words sang in his ears, metaphors, themes, images crowded for recognition. Michael pulled himself out of bed. By the time he had staggered to his desk, he had already composed two poems. He wrote them down in a horribly frenzied scribble, only to find himself confronted with three more. Inspiration was upon him. He couldn't write the words fast enough — as he finished one poem, two more would be pounding in his head, demanding to be written down. Michael quickly used up all the paper he had in the room. He started to write in the margins — between the lines — on old newspapers — on the walls.

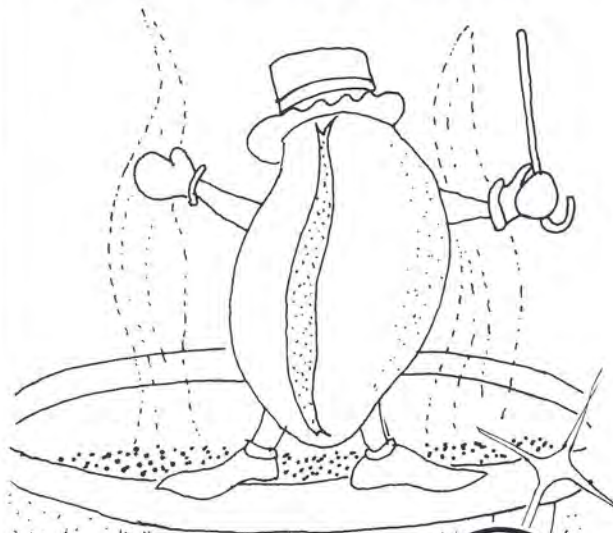
Sometime in the afternoon, he came down long enough from his creative frenzy to put all of his poetry in a box, and carry it to 25 West 43rd Street. The *New Yorker* bought all of it. He sold it to them by the pound.

Michael staggered home that evening. He was exhausted — mentally, and physically. He fell into bed without bothering to turn on the lights. Calliope was waiting for him.

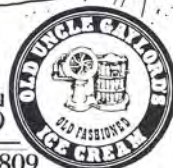
**M**ichael sold his second book of poems the next day. More inspiration, more poems, more books, more money, and more exhaustion immediately followed. Michael was a success. He was quoted, interpreted, and celebrated. But he wasn't happy.

Rather, Michael was tired. He sat at his new desk in his new apartment, pen in hand. An epiphany was fluttering about in the back of his mind, quietly insisting upon expression, but Michael ignored it. He was, to be quite honest, tired of poetry. For years he had lived for it, and now he had mastered it, and it bored him. He no longer had to make an effort, but simply picked up his pen, and recalled what Calliope had dictated the

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night before. He wasn't an artist anymore — just a goddamn secretary. He had to grow — to explore other media — to expand into other fields. Poetry was nothing; words were too clumsy. Michael wanted to compose music. And he couldn't. But now, more than anything else, he wished he could.

A sudden breeze jangled behind him as a gentle fragrance rolled into the room, and a feminine hand touched his right shoulder. He turned —

"Calliope!" he almost said, but he didn't, for it wasn't her. The figure before him looked like Calliope — close enough to be her sister — and was just as beautiful, and just —

"My name is Euterpe," she said. "I am the Muse of Music." She smiled. "I have come to help you, poor mortal, in answer to your call."

**T**he next day, Michael sold seventeen songs to Warner Brothers Records. The music was easily translated from the lyre to the guitar. The melodies — unheard by mortal ears in over two thousand years — were an unprecedented success. They were sung, played, and hummed everywhere by everybody. The lyrics, which Michael had freely adapted from his earlier poems, were reprinted on millions of posters and greeting cards. The music world was in a tizzy.

But Michael didn't stop there. He quickly branched out into other fields of artistic creation as he found new sources of inspiration. He choreographed a series of ballets to his own music. He wrote tragedies which made the whole world weep, and comedies which kept entire nations rolling in the aisles for extended periods of time. For a while, he had trouble displaying his initial attempts at painting publicly, as passersby in the street would vehemently insist on buying them before he could carry them to the art gallery. Even carrying his paintings in shopping bags did him no good — one buyer paid two million dollars for Michael's "A & P on Brown Paper."

But Michael still was not satisfied. He was exhausted — drained by his art, by his constant fits of creative ecstasy, and by the Muses — all of them. Now that inspiration had finally come to him, it refused to let him alone. He woke up in the morning in the midst of an artistic frenzy, worked it off until he collapsed into bed late at night totally exhausted, only to be seized by the Muses once again. His health was being ruined, he had no time to enjoy the fruits of his success, and he was still worried that he was going mad, this time through the constant anxiety that the Muses would find out about one another, despite his precautions. Moreover, Michael could not help but feel that he was being used. He was tired of prostituting himself for his art.

He sat in a bar, drinking heavily. Drinking heavily seemed to be a part of the job of being an artist. Something was missing. Michael wasn't satisfied — he longed for something which the goddesses couldn't provide. But what it was, he did not know. He wished that he could.

Suddenly Michael heard a slight rustling behind him, and smelled an intoxicating fragrance. A hand touched his shoulder. He turned from the bar.

**M**eanwhile, there was trouble up on Mount Olympus. Either the Fates had finally done their thing, or somebody had talked too much. But, in any case, the jig was up. Zeus, Apollo, and the rest of the gods were quite amused. The Muses were not.

**M**ichael woke up abruptly. He pulled his head out from underneath the covers and switched on his bedside lamp just as a crowd of tall, beautiful women in long flowing robes stormed into the bedroom. He knew all of them.


"Don't try to hide, you piece of mortal corruption!" cried Calliope as she led the angry mob of Muses. "We're on to you now!" Her eyes suddenly widened, and narrowed, and flashed with anger. She pointed to a bulge next to him under the blankets, and howled. "And who, may I ask, is this? Have you also cheated on Fate?"

A blonde mass of hair popped out from beneath the covers.

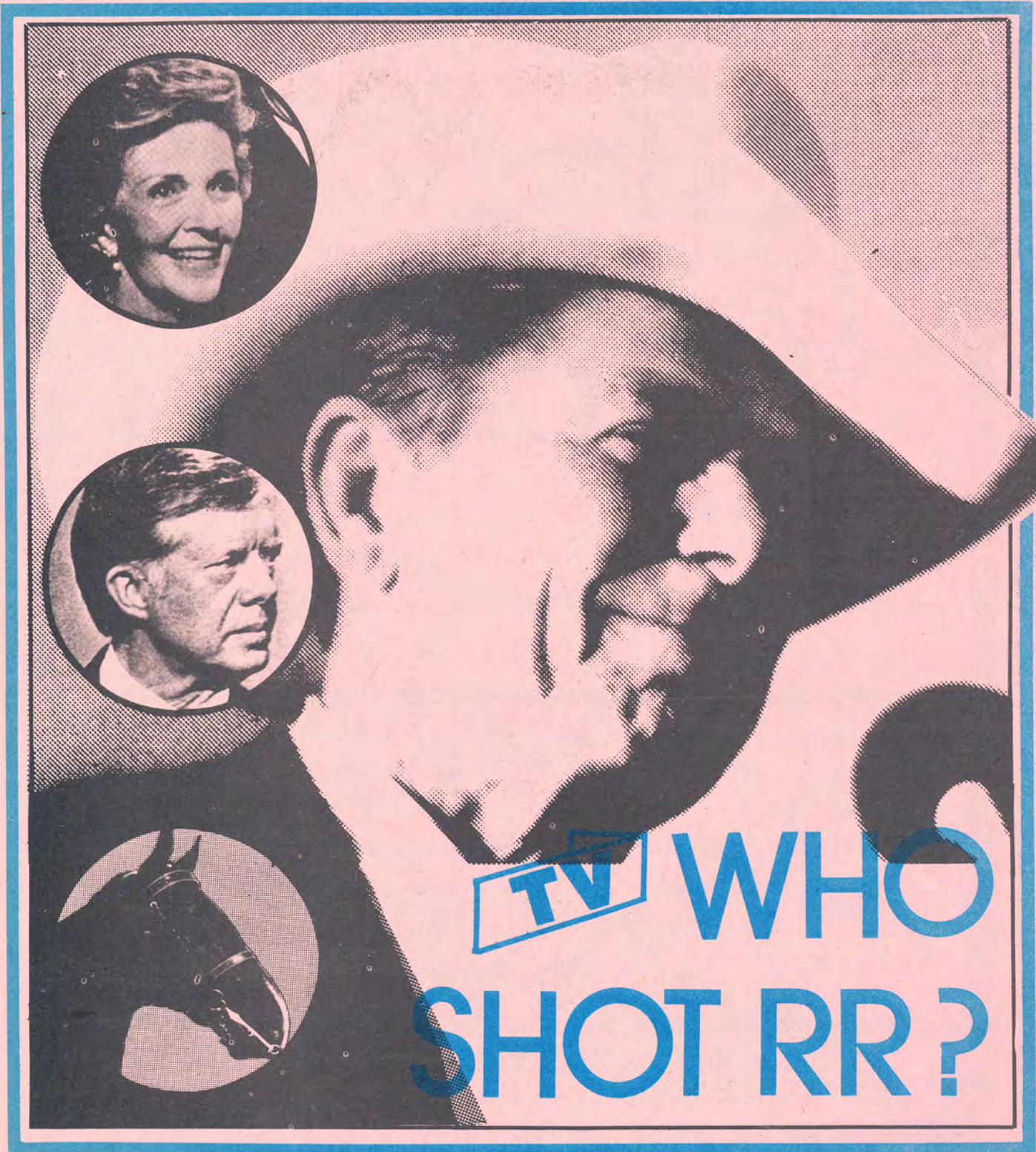
"I don't know who you are," it said, "but my name is Tracy. I'm going to be a star."

"A mortal!" cried Calliope. "This is the last straw!" She looked at her sisters coldly, and then glared at Michael. "You chose a mortal over us. It's bad enough that we find out that you've been cheating on all of us — or that you attempt to make fools out of all of us. No man can resist the charms of a goddess. That's understandable. But a mortal! That is it!" She turned, and walked to the door. The rest of the Muses — Clio, Euterpe, Terpsichore, Urania, Polyhymnia, Thalia, Erato, and Melpomene — followed.

"I was planning to make you immortal, before I discovered — this!" Calliope waved toward the starlet, and towards her sisters. "No more! We could kill you for this. We could plant you in the lowest darkest pit in Hades. But we won't. We'll do worse. We are simply going to leave you. There will be no more inspiration from us."

Michael looked up. He slowly lit up a cigarette. "I signed a contract yesterday with Tracy's producer, and I'm writing for television now," he said. "I don't need you." 

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10% Su									51	29%	Wc	1.40	3.2 12
3 Su									19%	43%	Wc	1.40	3.2 12
6% Su									17	17%	Wc	1.40	3.2 12
12 Syscon	1.00	7.3	7						14%	14%	Wc	1.40	3.2 12
26 Sysco	.40	1.3	13						11%	31%	Wc	1.40	3.2 12
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He could be one of the Salomon Brothers, but he sings like one of the Isleys. An American dream.



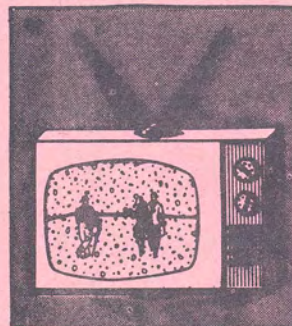
### Film: 'French Curves' 15

The encompassing story of an American engineer who uses his tool in Paris and protracts a social disease.



### Theater: Red Buttons in 'King Lear' 17

A tragic figure plays a tragic figure. If ever there was a comeback, this is it.



### TV: Norman Fell of 'It's Zimbo' 31

### TV: The Day Mork Died 40

### TV: Is Anyone Watching KRON? 41

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# Films

## San Francisco

Arts and Entertainment Listings for the Week of April 5 to 11, 1981

**ARTHUR** — hates reviewing movies. Arthur especially hates reviewing stupid movies that no one will see no matter what he says about them. Sure, if Arthur was Gene



Shalit, Rona Barrett, or even that goddam Rex Reed, then people would listen, but since Arthur is just a stupid pissant writing for a pissant publication, no one will even read his stuff. I am Arthur Deeds and my editor won't even read my stuff. He'll just print this garbage without reading it over.

**THE BIG SLEEP** — if anyone should ask me, is what this movie's director, producer, and especially that goddam homo Rex Reed deserve.



It's the worst movie I've ever seen. It's about some strange, mysterious force that sucks people out of their cars in a drive-in. I only picked this movie to review 'cause I thought it would have a lot of sex-in-the-drive-in scenes, but the stupid director must be a fuckin' Mormon or something 'cause he skips the sex and goes right in for the mutilation.

**DELIVERANCE** — The movie isn't even half over yet, but I can't take it. The force was coating bodies in hot buttered popcorn then draining their blood and selling it as Hawaiian Punch. The actors don't even look like Donny and Marie. The crowd consists of me, a couple in the back that's got to come up for air soon,



### A Very Special Film

A rare print of Rock-and-Roll's The MBAs 1978 World Tour, "Accrued Boy", is playing Friday at the Cinema 21

and a bum in the front pulling his pud. I gotta get outta here.

**MR. DEED GOES TO TOWN** — Arthur Deeds hates reviewing movies so Arthur Deeds quits. So long, editor! So long Rex! So long paycheck. Time to tie one on. Gotta get drunk, but I dunno where to go, since I spent my whole fuckin' life holed up in a fuckin' theater.



**TAXI DRIVER** — "What's going down in this town?" "Well, there's a great new flick at the Royal..." "Just take me to a bar. A cheap crowded bar. No, make that an expensive, empty bar."



**UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT** — and the joint is empty. The barkeep asks me if I want the special. "What's that?" "Vodka and Hawaiian Punch. I call it the Bloody Marie." I couldn't resist then I couldn't desist. I broke my wrist while taking a piss and I needed assist because I missed when I pissed. Judith Christ has a cyst.



**VANISHING POINT** — after ten B.M.s at three A.M.; can't see past the rim of my glass. I'm a fuckin' failure. Now I'll boof a sailor. Norman Mailer needs the jailer to bite his whaler. This is sick. Lick my dick.



## HOROSCOPE/ Night Life

Where to go and what will happen to you there

### ARIES

This will be a mixed week for you. While dancing with your girlfriend at Studio 951, the lead guitarist of Crosswinds (April 17-24) will start singing love songs to her. In between sets he will buy her drinks and by the time one o'clock rolls around she will tell you that she doesn't need a ride home. You will be very upset.

### TAURUS

An interesting week! On Friday you will go to the Blarney Stone where you will catch the end of Larry Flint and Friends (April 20-27). There you will meet a pair of very attractive twin Capricorns who will invite you to their place for some Harvey's Bristol Cream. The next morning you will find your apartment gutted by fire.

### SAGITTARIUS

Beware of the Purple Onion! While you are there listening to Bill Robinson and the Bay Shore Five (April 13-16) a large man in a tuxedo will approach you. You will argue, and he will repeatedly strike you about the head and torso. You will regain consciousness in San Francisco General Hospital and your wallet will be missing.

### PISCES

This is your lucky week! While watching the Bob Schwartz trio at McGowan's (April 13-15) a tall woman in a white fur coat will introduce herself to you. She will ask you to mind her pocketbook while she goes for a tinkle, and you will rifle through it as soon as she is out of sight. You will find cocaine. When she returns, you will announce to her that you are a narcotics agent and will arrest her unless she hands over the toot and any money she is carrying. You will sell the snow in the bathroom and leave McGowan's fourteen hundred dollars richer.

# TELEVISION

## The Question That's Killing Us All Keeps A Nation Guessing

By Jay Martel

**W**ho shot R.R.? When are they going to tell us? These are questions on the lips of every T.V. fan as the biggest media mystery since "Who shot J.R.?" rivets even casual viewers, makes headlines in Europe and has got even this reporter scratching his head. Alas, even with my connections, I'll have to wait until the public finds out; the congressional investigation is writing the script and mum is quite the word. Talk is that the guilty party will be identified on the first show of the new season, that is to say, President Bush's first press conference.

Even the most avid fan of the late President Reagan's young administration was taken off guard by the stunning turn of events, which have already shot R.R.'s rating sky-high in the polls. The Niensens showed that the viewers who weren't watching ABC's broadcast of the first White House rodeo turned quickly to it as the fatal shots rang out and watched avidly until the Secret Service, party-poopers with absolutely no sense of the entertainment business, cleared out the last cameraman. It's no wonder that the next day's headline of the N.Y. Times declared: "REAGAN SHOT."

Who, then, shot R.R.? Everybody's guessing, but nobody, not even the detective experts hired by the entertainment section of the *S.F. Chronicle*, can know for sure. One thing is for sure, correct guessers will be well rewarded. A radio station in Great Britain is offering an all-expense paid trip to the Arlington National Cemetery for the correct answer, and the U.S. Justice Department is offering a limited clemency for similar information.

All we saw was the smiling President dismount from his horse, Daisey, and fall to the ground of the White House corral. Pausing Secret Servicemen, who first thought R.R. was taking one of his impromptu naps, eventually rushed to the side of the former movie star, who was dressed in a flannel shirt with "Tex" written over one pocket. It was too late, though, and, as Eric Severeid said, "as the sun's light receded from the omnipresent cow pattys of the President's last playground, we know yet another tragic mystery confronted the American public with the expediency of an assassin's bullet." Right, Eric: Who shot R.R.?



### IS REVENGE NEXT?

First, we should note the marked difference between this gripping mystery and last season's "J.R." stumper:

- 1) R.R. was, of course, president and an unlikable capitalist. J.R. was just an unlikable capitalist. the stakes are higher, gang!
- 2) Whereas J.R. didn't really die (Larry Hagman went on to appear on the cover of *TIME*), R.R. apparently did.
- 3) The suspects in J.R.'s case could be narrowed down.

Enough of the preliminaries. Here are the chief suspects in "Who shot R.R.?"

**WELFARE RECIPIENTS** — R.R. had cut some programs, and it looked like he would cut some more, giving any number of poor shits reason to off the old prick.

**DAISEY** — Despite the public image of R.R. getting along with his "faithful steed," my sources say that Daisey was actually fed ball bearings when she trotted too fast. Some experts think that Daisey saved them up and drilled her master machine-gun style with one whinnee.

**POOR PEOPLE** — Let's face it: There's always some out-of-work schmuck who can't make an honest living, can't even write an entertainment column, and has to waste somebody better than him. Not me!

**LARRY HAGMAN** — Last season's J.R. frenzy gave this two-bit actor of "I Dream of Jeannie" fame his first taste of the big time. Now that it's over, though, his career looks washed-up, unless he gets shot again or **TAKES A SHOT AT SOMEBODY!!**

**W. GLENN CAMPBELL** — Who can blame this man for shooting anyone? He sings that great song, "Gentle on My Mind," but nobody gives him the time of day. He rises to the top of the Hoover Institution, gets Solzhenitsyn to shave, but does he win the Nobel prize? No! Then, finally, his "pal" Reagan ascends to top banana, but does he give him one lousy appointment? Are you kidding? Heck, he's old and bitter; Shoot away, W. Glenn!

**NANCY REAGAN** — Nothing can be harder on a marriage than the presidency: the meetings, the functions, the late night binges with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. My sources say that things were getting sour between America's first couple. Nancy's affectionate nickname for Ron, "Pruneface," was gaining a mean, bitter edge when spoken.

That's it, America. You decide!

SAN FRANCISCO  
SYMPHONY

*This Week*

20 GIRLS 20



GET YOUR

RACH - MANIN - OFFS  
WITH OUR  
HOT, HOT SYMPHS

Tickets \$4-10  
April 15, 7:00 p.m.

sunday THE OUT-OF-Work  
mon UNEMPLOYED BOYS  
tuesday - -  
JOBLESS WUNDERZ **FAD MAD**  
443 BROADWAY SAN FRANCISCO  
wednesday REBECCA'S UG-  
LY FRIENDS 10:30 pm  
thurs THE WANT AD-DICTS<sup>o</sup>  
friday - last show - the MBA<sup>s</sup>

sat. closing down until  
next wave --- sorry.

**GINA'S  
PINK PALACE**

*Lovely young marrieds  
give exotic massages that  
their husbands approve of.  
Manuals available.*

160 Gough, S.F.

# LIZ SMITH

At a lunchtime press conference, rock impresario **Bill Graham** announced that as of April 1, he will be permanently closing San Francisco, the one time home of many fine musical revues. "It's just not drawing like it used to, and the neighbors are starting to complain," Graham said. Graham has previously shut down **Fillmore West** and **Winterland**.

And speaking of lunch, word has it that leftover **Jimmy "J.J." Walker** has been seen serving snacks in New York's fashionable **Elaine's**. Good Times, Ellie? "Ain't we lucky we got 'im," croons the fat ex-cathouse mistress.



HELLO, THERE!

Know what young and funny **David Letterman** has been up to lately? Nothing . . . Have you ever wanted to speak to **Woody Allen**? I don't know his number, but you can get his writing partner **Marshall Brickman** at (212) 580-7816, and he'll be happy to put you in touch with the self-

indulgent Semite. And for only fifteen dollars, you could be unlisted too, Marshall.

Caught with his pants down is former White House honcho **Hamilton Jordan**. Jordan was picked up by Atlanta police in a local schoolyard asking little girls if they wanted to "see a penis." Oh, Ham!



WHOOPS!

**Producer Dino De Laurentis** has announced the signing of actors **Danny (Partridge Family) Bonaduce** and **Mason Reese** for his film adaptation of the Arthur Conan Doyle story "The Short, Fat, Red-Headed League." "Dese boys, dey are zo pudgy and cute," De Laurentis said. "They are just what the America is to be needing."

As for myself, I'll be taking a long needed rest next week when I crawl into a cave in the chic **Hamptons** and hibernate for three months. See you on the beach!

## LIVELY ARTS

### Didn't we meet in Zim's?

Famous people don't like me anymore," a dejected **Mort Sahl** tells me over a soda at **Finocchio's**, the eatery one block down from the home of his new act at **The Entertainers on Broadway**. "No one returns my phone

#### MORT SAHL

calls. I flew to Washington for the Inauguration, and ran into Ronald Reagan at one of the balls. I said, 'Hello.' He said, 'Mort?'. I said, 'I know you want my approval. Well, I do like you, Mr. President, it's your constituency I can't stand.' He said, 'Who gives a flying fart what you think anymore, Mort?'. And

then he had a couple of Secret Service agents throw me out." Sahl put down his sandwich and held his head.

"And now, nobody will tell me their funny stories. And if I go to a show-biz party, and people are talking and having a good time, they clam up as soon as they see me. It's terrible," he said.

"I have decided to stop dropping big names in my act. Ordinary people are very funny too." I asked him what he meant. "Well, for instance, last night I came out on stage and said, 'I remember **Bill Johnson** when he was in the audience at the hungry i,' and it



From The Cellars Of The Psych Building To His Townhouse In San Francisco. . .NBC Is Proud To Say That If Craziness Abounds. . .

# IT'S ZIMBO!!!



It looks like the Chairman of the Ethics Committee has stumbled onto Zimbo's Madness Cave. Can Zimbardo "befriend" him in time? Norman Fell guest stars.

It's Maddening Fun!!

9:00 PM



## TIP OF MY TONGUE

1. I co-starred with Mary Tyler Moore on The Dick Van Dyke Show, and went on to co-star with Hope Lange on The New Dick Van Dyke Show. Who am I?
2. This actor played a famous TV cop. Or was it a doctor? Can you name him?
3. Who is the Prime Minister of Zimbabwe? Who is the Prime Minister of South Africa? What is the British Labour Party? It doesn't matter. You're hired!
4. If there is a God, why does he allow evil?
5. Who is known as "The Rod Laver of Tennis"? "The Jackie Robinson of Baseball"?

## CYPHER

ZNK GYNNURKY CUT'Z  
LOXK SK, YU ZNKE  
YZAIQ SK COZN ZNK  
LAIQOT' IEVNXK.

— GXZNAX JKKJY

## MENTAL BLOCK

**D**IRECTIONS: Try to beat today's challenge time.

Today's Challenge  
Time **4** Seconds

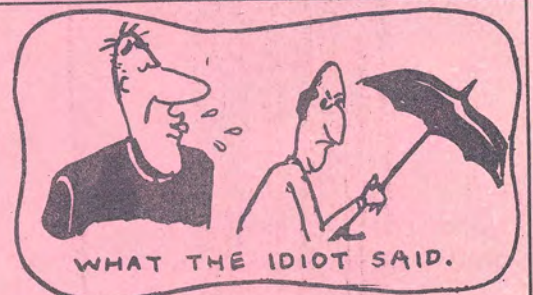
Your Working  
Time Minutes  
Seconds

			18
	8		25
		7	28
	5		22
18	13	32	17

## JUMBLE.

Unscramble these Jumbles,  
one letter to each square, to form  
ordinary words.

B	U	H	B	
E	B	U	B	L
N	O	B	B	I



PRINT YOUR ANSWER IN THE CIRCLES BELOW

"( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )"

# IVORY TOWER RECORDS

The Dead Hoovers  
"Room at the Top"  
\$6.98

It's time you learned  
something about  
Rock and Roll.

The Dead Hoovers.

New babble from the  
Ivory Tower.



Herman's  
Hermaneutics  
"Prove it all Night"  
Capitol Records /  
\$6.98

Bram Noamchomsky  
"The Kids are  
Innate"  
Casablanca / \$7.98

Al Green  
"Reserved Reading"  
(Double album - 2 hrs.)  
Columbia / \$13.98

A.W.B. (Alfred  
Whitehead Band)  
"A.W.B."  
Columbia / \$6.98

# the case of the FUTILE CUTICLE

with Mr. ConsumerMan



# THE MBAS

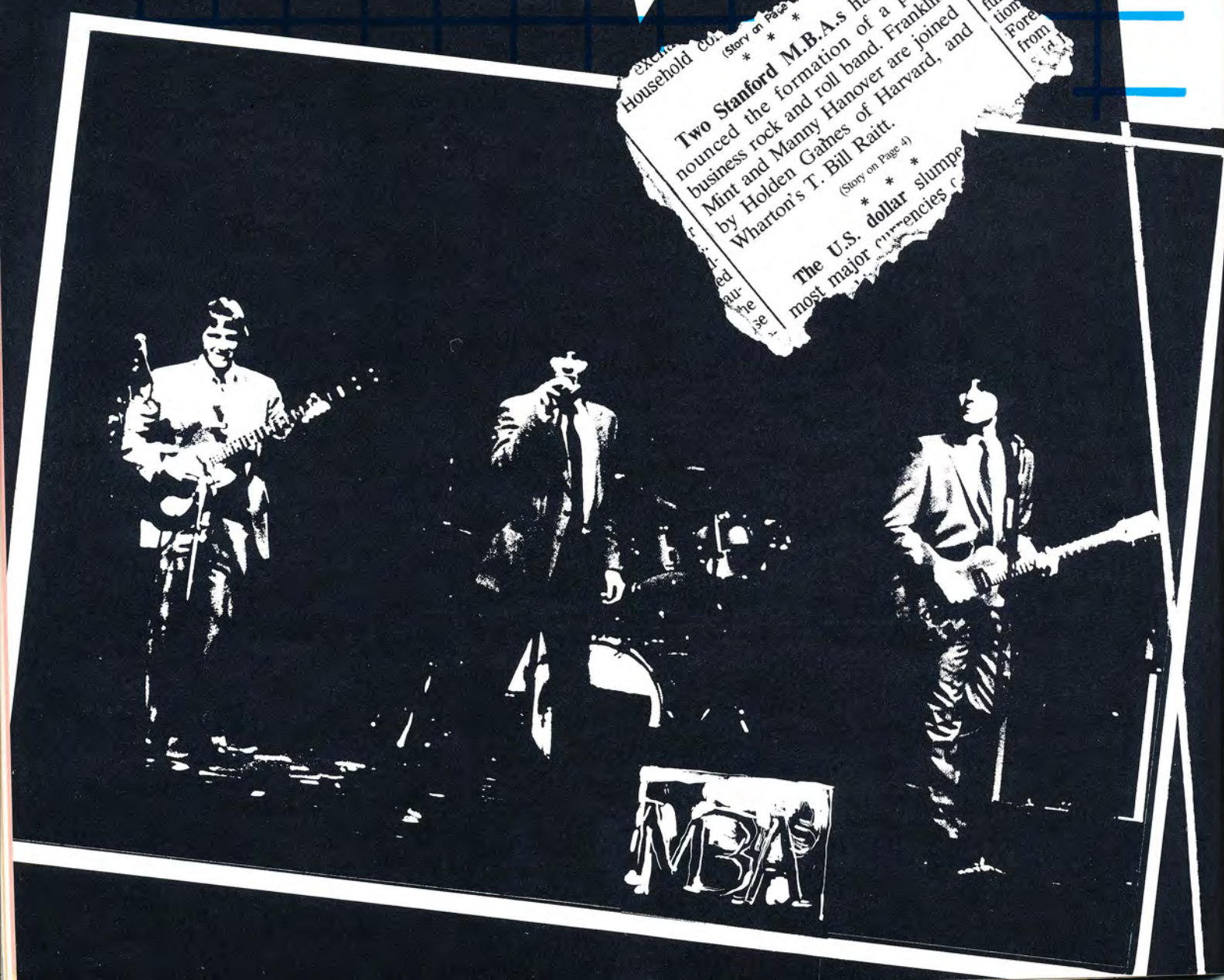
RISE AND FALL OF A

ROCK GROUP

Household ... (Story on Page 2)

Two Stanford M.B.A.s have announced the formation of a professional business rock and roll band. Franklin Mint and Manny Hanover are joined by Holden Games of Harvard, and Wharton's T. Bill Raitt. (Story on Page 4)

The U.S. dollar slumps most major currencies ...



This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

The MBAs  
Burden Hall  
Boston, Massachusetts  
October 15, 1978

By Peter Wirth

They say that there is no accounting for taste. But last night at Boston's Burden Hall, The MBAs went public, and the *enfant terrible* of the rock world raised Keynes to an extent which made even the marginal fan shake the dynamic cobwebs out of their head and take interest. The performance-oriented MBAs supply even the most demanding listener with as much no-bull sound as the customer's ticker can bear.

Their music itself is a balance of traditional rockers (all played in A), and other risk-oriented numbers (played in B). And even though the MBAs deal in volume, they occasionally forego their solid "Wall Street of Sound" when it is warranted, and issue forth a tender offering (in a diminished key). By arranging songs in only three key signatures, the MBAs play with an economy of scales that is both imaginative and refreshing.

The lyrics speak to an audience disillusioned with the portrait of despair and *angst* painted by English majors and liberals. The words are a

2,000,000 Shares

**MBAs**

Common Stock

message to set Americans free to do the things that they do best, as illustrated in these lines from "Go-go Trust":

If you care,  
Buckley the system,  
Laissez is fair,  
Sorry you missed him.

The MBAs sing songs of hope. Not only do we have bright futures, they proclaim, but we also have better leverage because of them.

Analysts everywhere are forecasting big things for the MBAs, and if their first album, to be released later this month, is anything like their blue-chip concert here, the word of one reviewer may prove prophetic: "First Boston, then the world." The MBAs are here to stay.

(12, Tea  
30), Los A  
(12/6), Pitts  
ND (12/9),  
Ohio Ple  
Roanoke, d in any State where these  
(12/4), Gr undersigned and such other  
mingham securities in such State.  
(12/10),  
Grah  
(11/30)  
OH (1  
Sly  
burg, Co.  
(12/3)  
land,  
Fayett  
Thin Co.  
Detroit  
4), St. L  
Tower Se  
(11/30),  
man, W  
Corvalli

(Story on Page 2)  
\* \* \*  
The MBAs have announced  
that plans to incorporate have been  
completed.

**EDITOR'S NOTES**

A talk with T. Bill Raitt, drummer of the rock group, The MBAs, is like a breath of fresh air. Raitt, who has an MBA from Wharton, joined the band when the group was still funded in part by The Rockefeller Foundation, then called "JD and The MBAs." Much of the group's sudden fame is attributed to Raitt's arrival, necessitated when the original drummer left to become governor of West Virginia. Before joining The MBAs, Raitt did a stint with the obscure group, CEO Speedwagon. "An odd-lot," Raitt admits.

"The Speedwagon was a common group, and I preferred not to be playing the same stock charts all the time. And when The MBAs' headhunter called me, annuit was time to put CEO under the counter."

The MBAs current single, "Resume Mucho," was run up the flagpole two weeks ago, and the country seems to be saluting.

"We were concerned at first about whether or not the dogs would eat it," Raitt said, "but we put it on the 5:42, and we hope it won't get off 'til it gets to number one."

The sudden fame that a hit record brought the MBAs is something new to Raitt, and it is not always enjoyable.

"There were rumors going around for awhile that I was dead. Supposedly that line in our song "Gimme Tax Shelter," where it says that these days it's impossible to drum up business was a clue. Another clue was the fact that we are a four piece band, but we wear three piece suits. The post office even stopped my mail for a time. It was frustrating."

But Raitt seems to be happy with his new found fame. Would he have it any other way?

"Not for all the T-Bills in China," Raitt quipped.

**B J Leonard and  
Richardson Secu  
American Weste  
Brooks, Hambur  
S. W. Devanney  
Tennessee Capita**

Interstate

**Mone**

Editor-in-Chief: Henry A  
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# Im Erscheinen der MBA S

Billboard

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WEEK	LAST WEEK	WKS. ON CHART	TITLE—Artist (Producer) Writer, Label & Number (Distributing Lab.)
☆	1	12	<b>RESUME MUCHO</b> — The MBAs (M. Hanover), F. Mint, Capital 60609 WBM
☆	2	12	<b>STAYIN' ALIVE</b> — The Bee Gees (B. Gibb, R. Gibb), B. Gibb, RSO 857
2	3	12	<b>THE GAMBLER</b> — Kenny Rodgers Richie, Jr., Liberty 5847 CL

n E u r o p a i s c h e n

D E B Ü T

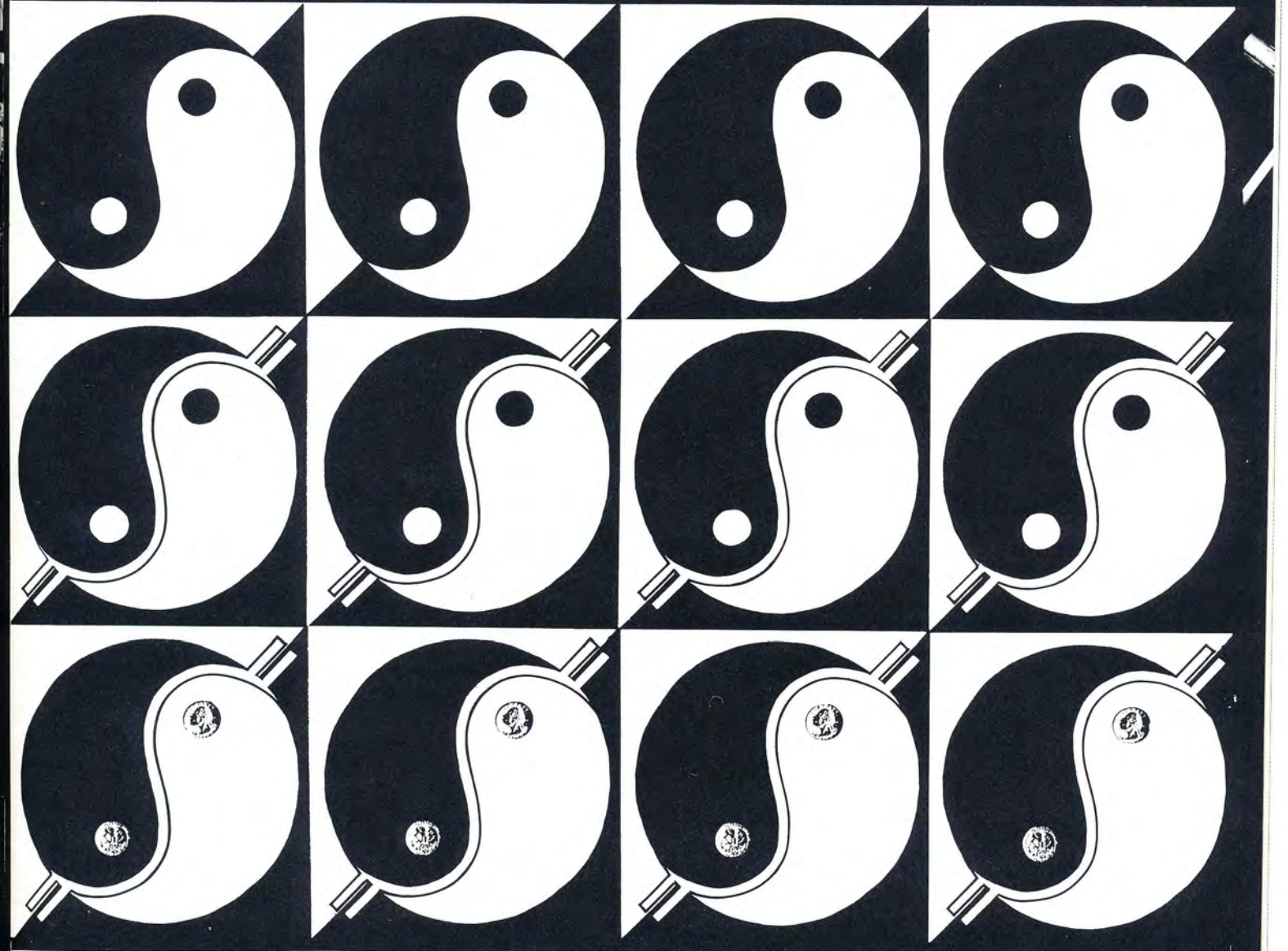
## Daily Percentage Le Of NYSE-Listed Issu

The following list shows the New York  
change-listed stocks and warrants that sell for  
\$2 that have gone up the most and down the m  
on percent of change regardless of volu  
Wednesday. Rights are excluded. Net and  
changes are the difference between the previous  
price and yesterday's last price.

Name	Sales(hds)	High	Low	Last	Chg
1 MBA Inc	110	7	6 1/4	7	+ 3/4
2 Tchnicolr	2100	7	7	7	0
3 Bayuk	2100	7	7	7	0
4 LTVcp AA	6616	31 3/4	26 3/4	27	+ 3/4
5 High Volt	2100	9	9	9	0
6 Vornado	1194	51 1/4	46 1/4	47	+ 1/2
7 PatrickPtr	3	47	47	47	0
8 TelexCorp	360	24	24	24	0
9 Mobil Home	273	388	388	388	0
10	388				

J A Z Z K E L L E R

29. 30. 31. D E Z E M B E R



**TAO  
OF THE DOW**

**THE  
MIBAS**





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A  
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**SIDE 1**

Amortize It  
Don't Sell Me Short  
Jesus H. Chrysler  
A is for Boston (Part One)  
Free Salmon P.

**SIDE 2**

Bessy  
The Tao of the Dow

**A Is For Boston (Part 1)**

A is for Boston (and)  
B is for New York.  
Collect the whole alphabet.  
Make your money work.  
C is for Philly (and)  
D is Cleveland town.  
And C.D.'s are attractive,  
If the interest rates go down.  
E is for Richmond (and)  
F's Atlanta's name.  
After-tax profits can be big,  
In the gentleman rancher game.



M  
A  
N  
N  
Y  
H  
A  
N  
O  
V  
E  
R

**Amortize It**

When you buy a big piece of machinery  
You got some say 'bout how the tax should be  
Don't spend today  
What you can salt away  
Chorus: You got to  
Ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah  
Amortize it, amortize it,  
Amortize it, amortize it.

Long-lived assets can be trouble,  
Straight line method, or declining double.  
R and D,  
Is never free.

(Chorus)  
Patents are the same if's true,  
Good will too we can flow through.  
3,5,10 the best time frame  
Shorter the years, the bigger the gain  
(Chorus)

Good Vibrations  
(Use) Depreciations  
Beat Inflation  
(Use) Depreciations  
Corporations  
(Use) Depreciations  
(Repeat and fade)

**Don't Sell Me Short**

When I first saw you, so fiscally appealing  
I knew our futures would soon hit the ceiling  
I'd been saving and lonely  
Waiting for only  
You.

I took stock in myself; I asked you to dinner.  
You gave me insurance that you were a winner.  
And after we'd gorged  
Our love bond was forged.

We became partners, our business was pleasure  
Each other's company is what we most treasured  
But my interest waned  
As you became vain.

To be quite frank, I once yenned for you fervently  
Each Heart pound once marked a major occurrency.  
All this you disdained  
And looked foreign exchange.

Indifferent, I dropped you, and you became tame.  
You pleaded that love was a zero-sum game.  
You always were one  
For mutual fun.

I sold you my soul, and gave you a bargain.  
But now all that's over and you bought on margin  
So you're high and dry  
With an option to cry.

G  
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**Bessy**

Let me tell you that if you're in doubt  
I'll re-tool quickly and  
We can iron things out.  
Bessy,  
I just want to be specific,  
I shun foreign interests, and  
Thing'll be terrific.

Chorus:  
Oooo,  
You can't let your workers go.  
Oooo,  
You got to put up a fight.  
'Cause Bessy  
I won't let you throw —  
Steel away, into the night.

Bessy,  
Productivity is droppin'  
And even with me around,  
It won't all be Bliss and Laughlin.  
Bessy,  
You know I'm not here to condemn,  
The only thing I want from life,  
Is to be your star of Bethlehem.  
(Chorus)

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A Memo From:

MANNY!!!



To: All My Fans  
From: Manny Hanover

Re: My Love for that special woman

Whereas I, Manny Hanover, being the party of the first part, am searching for my one and only. And Whereas you, being the party of the second part have supported me and the band. Be it known that you may just be *That* woman, the woman I can give my blind trust to. Ciao.

MH

THE MBAS  
888 AISLE  
1 FIELD  
Winterland  
CAS: TPES1  
GG24 8:30  
SEAT 19FEB

# TIGER beat

A LAUFER PUBLICATION

12 SEXY COLOR PIN-UPS!

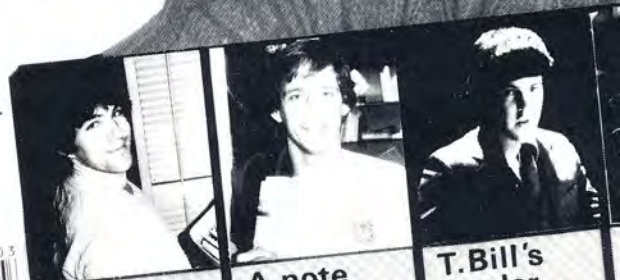
## HOLDEN GAINES

CAN YOU GIVE HIM ALL THE LOVE HE NEEDS—AND WANTS?

## IS PUS DEAD? NEW CLUES INSIDE!

PLUS

STEINER, BRUCE, SPANKY, AND PAUL!



Franklin Mint: Is love an issue?

A note from Manny!

T. Bill's tender moments!



\* \* \*  
**Fresh out of Harvard Business School**, twenty-nine year old Annette Lauss has caused a minor sensation by being named back-up singer by the band, the MBAs. Guitarist Holden Gaines, also of Harvard, explained the move. "In today's world there's no reason why a qualified woman can't sing in a rock and roll group. Annette auditioned for me, and proved that she could handle the position."

**BY ORDER OF THE STATES BANKRUPTCY COURT, DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA  
 CASE NO. 3-81-0011**

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION  
 January to 151.8% of the 1967 average, after seasonal adjustment, from a revised 150.9% in December, the Federal Reserve reports. (See story on page 2.)

**Lauss Resigns From MBAs, Seeking Redemption**

\* \* \*  
 Band's Future and Funds Sinking

By DAVID BRAND  
 Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

**NEW YORK** — In a bombshell announcement which is still shaking up both the world of finance and the world of music, Annette Lauss today resigned as lead singer of The MBAs. "I haven't done anything wrong," Lauss said afterwards, "But I feel that it is in the best interest of the band to resign."

The matter has been the subject of an immediate investigation by both the SEC, and by Capital Assets Records, The MBAs label. MBA, Incorporated stock fell over fifteen points in the half hour following this morning's news, and trading was stopped by the SEC, pending further developments.

In Los Angeles filming the long-awaited and now canned MBA movie, "Accrued Boy," Franklin Mint and Manny Hanover would say only that they were both dumbfounded. Mint added that "Annette's resignation is perhaps The MBAs' tombstone announcement. The prospectus isn't a bright one."

Interviewed in his Manhattan penthouse, T. Bill Raitt threw up his arms, and said, "We've come a clinker. The winds of Fortune's 500 have apparently shifted."

Indeed. There has been talk of an impending crisis in The MBA organization, and the words from The MBAs most recent release, "Jesus H. Chrysler," may prove prophetic.

"If you want to get to heaven, You better file Chapter eleven."

In re: **THE MBA's**  
 a Delaware corporation,  
 doing business as listed below,  
 Debtor

TO THE DEBTOR, ITS CREDITORS  
 PARTIES IN INTEREST  
 An order  
 Chancery

**Trends**

**Plaudits and Audits**  
 Insider Information has it that The MBAs may be undergoing wholesale changes. It is rumored that Annette Lauss is now singing lead for the group, leaving one time vocalist, and founder, Franklin Mint short-changed. And speaking of Holden Gaines, guitarist for the combo, some say that Annette Lauss is liable to soon become Annette Gaines. "There are no plans for a merger at this time," said Lauss. The standard reply? Poor Franklin. Nuff said!

continued or adjourned  
 notice at the meeting, without  
 notice to creditors.  
 At the meeting the creditors may file their claims, designate a person to supervise the meeting, examine the Debtor, and transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.



**GRADUATE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS**  
 WILLIAM P. ROTH CENTER FOR ADVANCED MANAGEMENT  
 ALFRED P. SLOAN CENTER FOR MANAGEMENT EDUCATION  
 J. HUGH JACKSON LIBRARY  
 DEDICATED OCTOBER 7 1966

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# Andy Warhol

Meets

# Norman Rockwell

by: Perry Vasquez



DIN-DIN'S READY!

NOT ONE OF THE "LIGHT ONE'S," MOMMY??

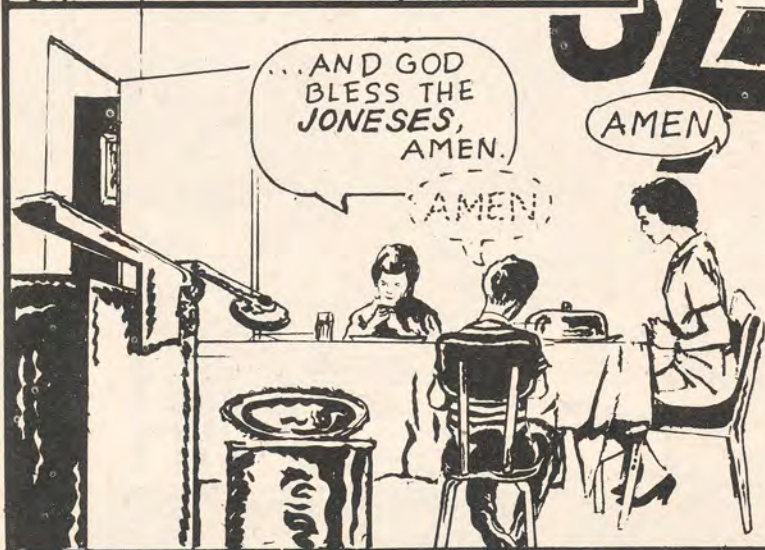


NOOO!! STARCH, PROTEIN AND PLENTY OF SPINACH!

YEA!

JUDY, SAY THE BLESSING, PLEASE.

THERE'S THE DOOR, SOMEONE'S HERE..



...AND GOD BLESS THE JONESES, AMEN.

AMEN

AMEN!



I'LL GET IT, I'LL GET IT!

IS THAT YOUR BROTHER? HE'S LATE FOR DINNER AGAIN!

Norma's husband

NO, IT'S...

HARD DAY AT THE FACTORY? I COOKED YOU A WELL-BALANCED MEAL, AH...

GET LOST!

WHERE'S THE SWEET SHIT I BOUGHT?...

UH HUH!

ANDY MARSH - COCA COLA BOTTLES

HURRY UP, YOU KIDS. "TIC TAC DOUGH" IS ALMOST ON.

DADDY, DO WE HAVE TO?

BUT I HAVEN'T CLEANED MY PLATE YET...

I WAS GONNA TAKE A BATH...

WHAT? DISOBEYING YOUR FATHER?

NO DADDY, DON'T POP US!

STOP! LET THOSE CHILDREN FINISH THEIR DINNER!

WHA...  
ROCKWELL!

THAT'S RIGHT WARHOL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR MASS-MINDED TRICKS.

SO YOU DON'T FORGET NEXT TIME TAKE THIS!

COMPANY? YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WE WERE HAVING GUESTS FOR DINNER.

SHUT UP! WIFE, YOU'VE NAGGED ME TOO LONG AND I'M SO SICK OF IT, I COULD SCREEN!

HE'S RUTHLESS!

ANDY WARHOL: MARILYN MONROE

"I QUESTION YOUR MOTIFS WARHOL, WHAT YOUR ART NEEDS IS A FEW TRADITIONAL VALUES. SO THEN, DRAW YOUR WEAPON AND PREPARE FOR A BRUSH WITH ..." "DEATH, ROCKWELL? YOU ARE AS NAIVE ASH CAN BE, WE'LL SEE WHO'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE ARTIST." THE TWO FOES BRISTLED, THEN RUSHED AT EACH OTHER FROM ACROSS THE ROOM IN A RETROSPECTIVE BLUR.....



WHY A GRUESOME HIGHWAY FATALITY, OF COURSE!



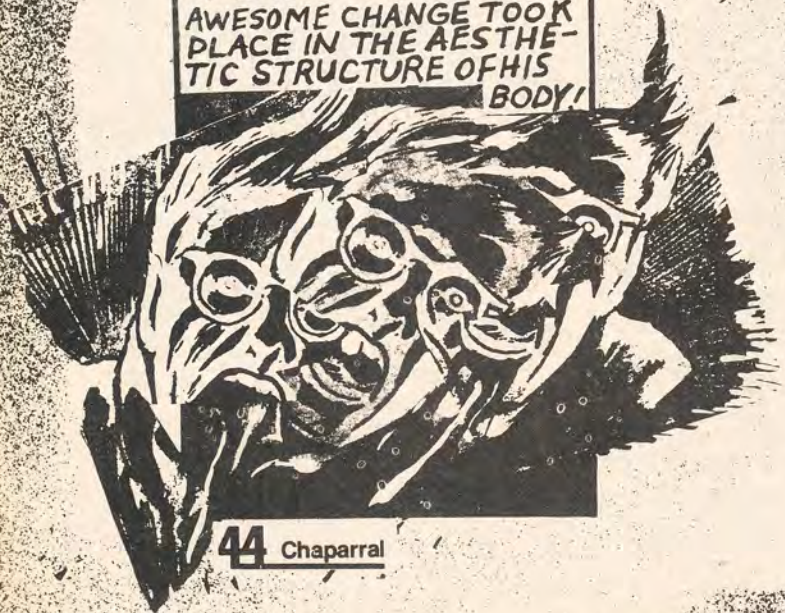
N. AH, A BRIEF, PLEASUREABLE CONVALESCENCE AND ALL'S WELL ONCE MORE, SIMPLE, NO?



A. YES, AGREED. I'M A MINIMAL TO YOUR SIMPLICITY, ROCKWELL. IN THESE DAYS OF VISUAL OVERLOAD WHAT ONE NEEDS IS THE CONCISE, SPARE...



HIS EAR-PIERCING SCREAMS FILLED THE AIR AS THE ARTIST LOST ALL SENSE OF TIME AND SPACE, AS AN AWESOME CHANGE TOOK PLACE IN THE AESTHETIC STRUCTURE OF HIS BODY!

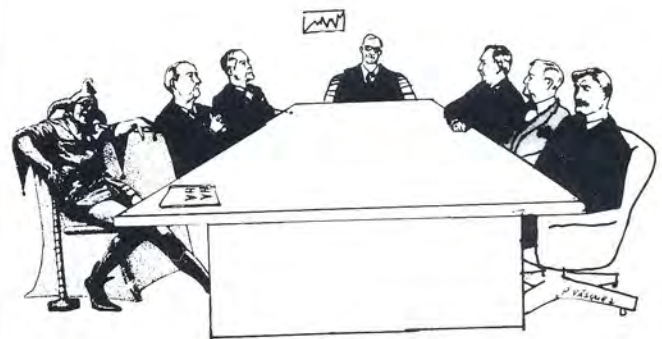




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 —Marshall McLuhan  
 Patronize our advertisers  
 —Old Boy

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# THE MELODY OF MALADY

*The 1960's were witness to a great awakening of interest in American Folk Music. Folk's cheery, lyrical music, and honest, musical lyrics captured the imagination of an American people disillusioned with contemporary existence. Here was something basic and real to appreciate in plastic times. You may well ask, "Where did folk music come from?" Simply put, it came from the heart.*

graphic: by Bruce Handy



**F**olk music had its roots in the foothills of the Appalachian and Smoky Mountains of the East, primarily Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia, an area famous for its strip-mined mountains and mongoloid children. Being surrounded by such breathtaking, rustic scenery, the inhabitants of the one-room, dirt-floored residences in the resplendent area have always had a lot to sing about. Why, imagine trying to contain the exhilaration of living along with seventeen brothers and sisters in a cardboard and tar-paper shack, overlooking an abandoned quarry filled with stagnant, mosquito-ridden water, and rusting, useless automobiles, all of you growing up together and experiencing malnutrition and stunted growth along with the rest of your happy-go-lucky, starving, toothless, rotting community.

Why, just the feeling of waking up in the morning would be more than your heart could bear. Up with the sun, you open your eyes and look over from your urine-stained pillow, across the tattered WW II surplus, olive-drab, army blanket at the shivering forms of your siblings, desperately trying to rest and recuperate from their last, fun-filled, exciting day. You are sleeping on your communal, mildewed, insect-ridden mattress, placed light-heartedly on the soft, mud-covered floor of your enchanting shanty. You sit up slowly and take your first deep breath of the day, carefully savouring the pungent aroma of rat-infested piles of rotting leaves and soot from the coal mine, *your* coal mine, the economic hub of your town. You step out of bed and go outside for your first piss of the day, carefully aiming the warm stream of yellow fluid at any wild



dog or toad that happens by. They say that the simple pleasures of life are the best.

Then, it's back inside your hovel to wake up your siblings and join the screaming hoard of hungry in a desperate fight for the best meal of the day. Breakfast! This week your father shot a cottonmouth and two gophers at the local swamp, and since Tuesday, you and your 17 brothers and sisters have been sharing the fruits of his good fortune. It's snake stew for breakfast along with warm, murky, mountain water. It's fresh from the steel refinery where it's been cooling huge turbines, and you can drink all that you want! And while you're enjoying your tasty, native meal, in shuffles Daddy. He stumbles in with glee, a huge grin on his grimy, unshaven face, mumbling about all the cheap beer he drank, all the money he lost at cards, and all the used-up, old whores he almost laid last night. Daddy is an inspiration, and you want to be just like him.

**B**ut this a busy morning and Daddy does not have time to enjoy the flavorful feast that you are fortunate enough to have; he must be off to the mines. Yes, Daddy works in the mines. He's been working in the mines for 22 years, almost as long as his Daddy worked in the mines, before he got caught in that gas explosion that killed 37 and maimed 33. Daddy is one of the senior men in the mines and you can tell how much he

likes his work by how he smiles his toothless smile when he coughs up his black, coal-dust-spotted phlegm from the one lung that still works. Daddy works on the line. That means that he stands next to a moving belt that brings tons of coal past him each hour at a monotonously even pace so that he can pick out the chunks of rock and gravel that may have fallen in. He practices his craft two miles down in a dimly lit mine shaft in two six-hour shifts with a fifteen minute break in the middle to eat. Not everyone who works in the mines has it so good. Daddy worked long and hard to get where he is now.

And just think, in a few months, you will be eleven and that's old enough for you to work in the mines like Daddy. Of course, you will only make about half as much as him, probably six cents a ton, but won't that extra spending money come in handy! You might even save enough to buy that first pair of shoes you've been dreaming of. And if you work hard enough you may get the most exciting and thrilling job that any boy can get in the mines: searching for hidden pockets of poisonous, flammable gas with a candle and a canary. Talk about good time; who could help but sing!

But that's enough day dreaming. Breakfast is over and it's time to get on to the most important part of the day: teasing Bo-bo.

**B**o-bo is twenty-eight years old,

## Collecting Folk Music

John Jacob Nils roamed the spawning ground of folk for over three decades, collecting and cataloging the tunes of the hills. His volume of these melodies, "The Nils Ballads," is recognized as the definitive study of folk music. Printed below are excerpts from several of the collected songs, by kind permission of the author, and McMillan Publishing House.

From  
Nils No. 29  
"Always Wear A Smile"

*When your crops are failing,  
And the mine just caved in,  
It'll soon be smooth sailing,  
So wear a happy grin,*

*When mudslides take your brother,  
And poppa hits the jug,  
Who's left for your mother?,  
So wear a happy mug.*

*You should always, always, always wear a smile,  
Through every tribulation and trial,  
The one we're walking is the longest mile,  
So always, always, always wear a smile.*

From  
Nils No. 36,  
"Ballad of Old Versy"\*

*Linda Lou and Versy  
Were married Sunday morn,  
By the foreman of the mine crew,  
While the baby was being born.*

*Linda Lou was thirteen,  
A pretty maiden fair,  
Vers' was twenty-six and blind,  
With crab lice in his hair.*

\*Also known by the name "The Miner's Minor"

and has no hair, and his head is really big and round, and he has six fingers on his left hand. He is your older sister's child, and your half-brother. He just sits in the corner and rocks back and forth on his hands and flutters his eye lids and drools. But he is fun to tease.

You can hit him and poke him in the eye with burning sticks and dangle bugs in just in front of his mouth so he can't reach them while your brothers hold him down. It gets tiring, teasing Bo-bo all day but there is little else to do since your one-room school closed because someone raped the old teacher and then scorched her back with a carbide lamp. There are other things you can do to amuse yourself during the day. You can fight with some of the neighborhood kids and get all cut up with a rusty knife, or you can just sit in a circle with some of your buddies and watch each other get skinny. Or you can go to the weekly meeting of the Tetanus Club, if Mom doesn't make you change Bo-bo first. Mom is old and battered and fat and spends her afternoons talking in tongues and handling snakes.


Then, before you know it, dinner time has arrived and you are really looking forward to sitting down for an evening of grabbing for what little food there is on the table and listening to mommy and daddy threaten to kill each other, because he spent half of his last pay check on poison moonshine.

After you finish eating your pinebark and slugs, you wipe your mouth on your grimy, tattered shirt sleeve and head outside for a stroll before going to bed. As you walk over the grassless hills, you can hear your majestic neighborhood quieting down for another peaceful night. Life has been good to you.

Y

our heart is just about ready to burst with felicity and good cheer and you know that there is only one possible outlet for all this happiness. You have to sing. And so, as you skip jovially along, ignoring the growling in your stomach and the lead-poisoning-ache in your head, you hum a simple tune that you thought up yourself. You are singing the words that come straight from your soul, joyous words, words of praise and thanks, and you know, it doesn't get any better than this.

S

o that's it. That is where folk music began, this is where it still flourishes. From these humble beginnings sprang a movement influential enough to leave its mark on our society with such rustic phrases as "squeal like a pig." Perhaps now, when you hear some classic folk song by Albert "Stumpy" Collins, or Blind Boy Blacklung on public radio, you will be better able to appreciate its musical and lyrical genius. Because folk music, along with its sisters jazz, and rhythm and blues, are the product of the American spirit. A spirit nurtured and sustained by a poor and downtrodden people with absolutely no hope for betterment. 

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*especially not Theta Xi*



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# Popular Art

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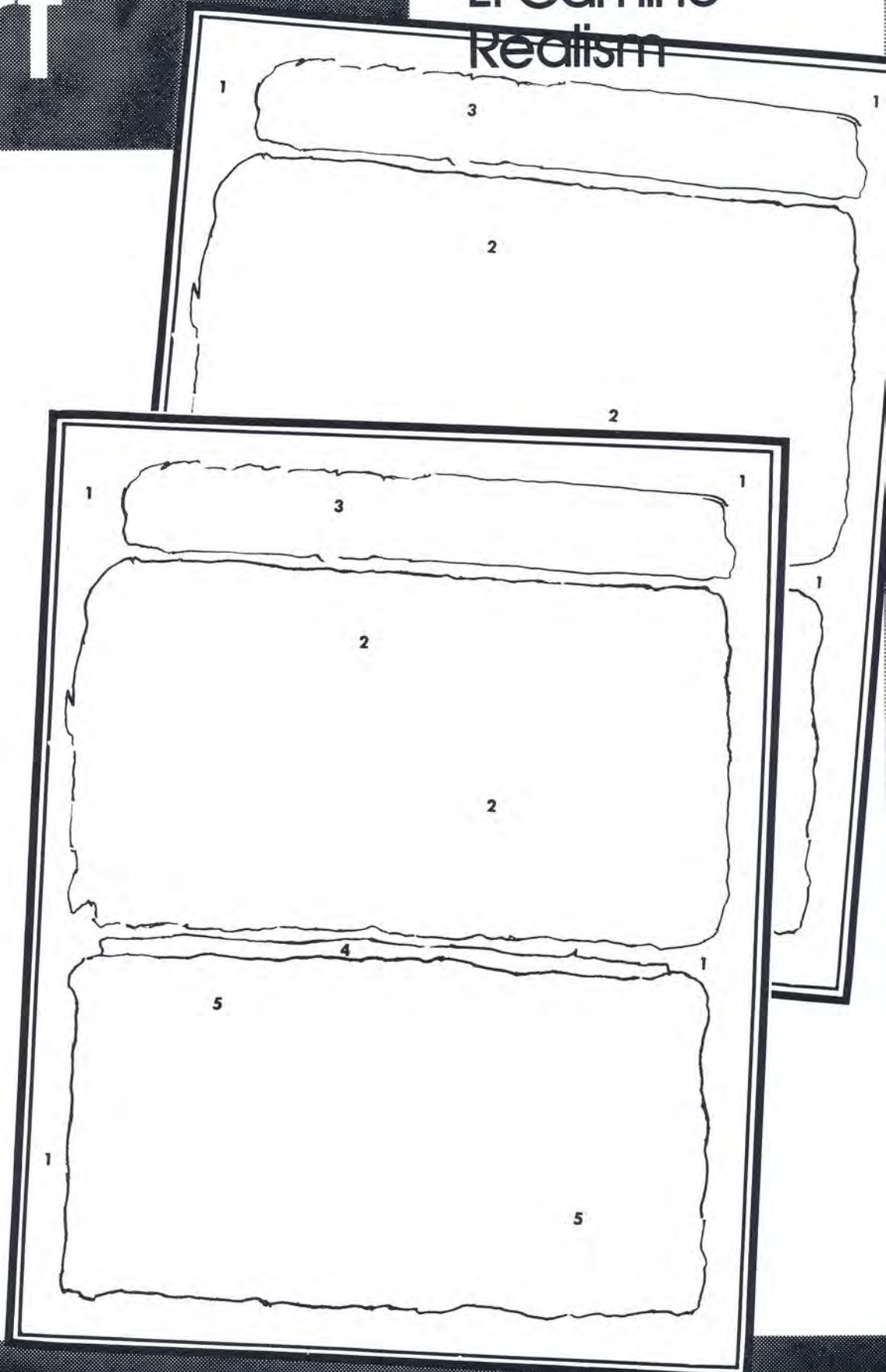
## **Easel Street**

Art in the  
fast lane

## **Rodan Redux**

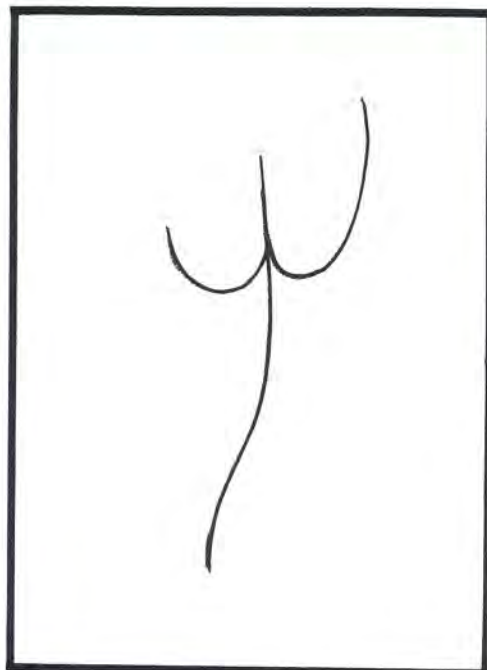
Flying into  
the 80's

**Rothko:**  
-paint by  
numbers



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# Popular Art

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Artists hit the streets . . . and the streets are a hit!

### Rodan Redux

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# Rodan Redux

## Flying into the 80's

"During this century we've witnessed the wholesale release of mankind's destructive instincts. Millions have been senselessly and shamelessly butchered. Cities have been leveled, whole countries devastated, and all civilization threatened. With the push of a button, all of us, and all which we have created and cherished for thousands of years, could vanish. And yet, though recent years have amply demonstrated the depths to which

humans can descend in madness or evil, they have also hinted at the heights which artistic creativity might still achieve. We are, though most are unaware of it, in the midst of an artistic revolution — a sudden aesthetic and spiritual rebirth. The twentieth century has seen destruction and decay on an unprecedented scale — but it has also witnessed the production, for the first time, of really top rate Japanese science fiction movie monsters. Like a

phoenix, the monster Rodan rose out of the radioactive ashes of post-war Japan after a long hibernation, heralding in a blaze of fire the new age upon us. AND NOTHING CAN KILL IT."

Albert Elsen  
*Renaissance, Renascence, and  
Radiation on Monster Island.*  
1979

Albert Elsen, Professor of Art at Stanford University, is one of America's leading experts on Japanese science fiction movies, and is considered to be the world's authority on the flying monster Rodan. An honorary Inoshiro Honda Fellow at the University of Tokyo, contributing editor for *Monsters Illustrated* magazine, and founder of the Institute of Advanced Rodan Studies in Palo Alto, Elsen graciously took a few minutes off from his hectic schedule of writing and lecturing to talk to us about his favorite subject.

"I can anticipate your first question," said Elsen as he settled himself in his chair, and lit his pipe. "You want to know why I, a grown man and a tenured professor, should devote myself to something which most tire of by age twelve."

"Well, actually, I . . ."

"That's what everybody asked me when I was an undergraduate, double-majoring in Art History and High Energy Physics. What's the

point? What's the purpose? All my friends were studying Van Gogh or Rembrandt, or Picasso. They thought I'd be left in the minor leagues with my monsters." Elsen stood up, an imposing figure — as imposing as the Japanese gargantuans he so loves. "And where are those people now? Ha! Van Gogh. . . Rembrandt. . . Picasso — those boys are all fine in their own way, but, can they fly? Can they streak across the sky at supersonic speeds leaving a path of total devastation in their wake? Can any artist, living or dead, stand up against a creature with a 500 foot wingspan?" Elsen paused dramatically, and sat down again. "No way."

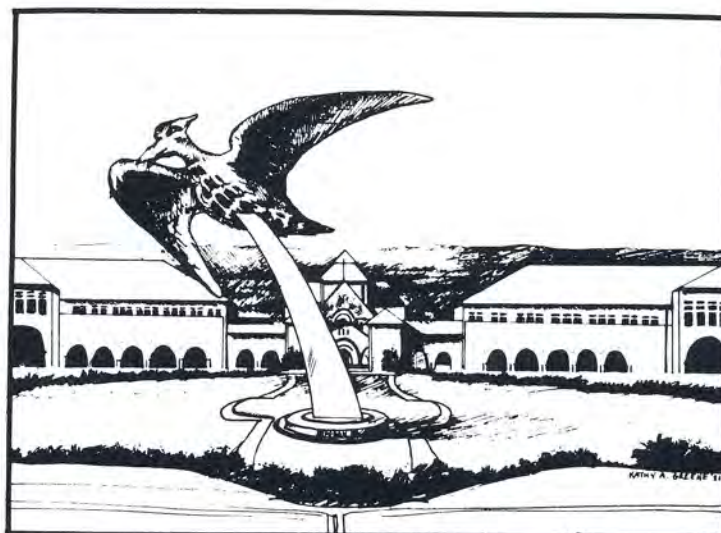
"Still, some might say that to devote one's life to the study of the aesthetics of low-budget monsters is rather — well — unorthodox."

"They might. But if Bruno Bettelheim can do it with fairy tales and Freud, I see no reason why I can't with monsters and art. Besides, there have always been those

people who are unable to accept innovation or revolution, and there always will be. Van Gogh was only recognized after his death; Caravaggio's early works were called obscene; Galileo was banned by the Church. Any great change causes some consternation. But such changes must happen. At certain critical moments in history, creative watersheds occur, when Man must look back to the past for artistic and spiritual inspiration. The Romans in the 1st century B.C. looked back to 5th century Athens; the Rationalists and neo-Classicists looked back to Rome. Well, in the 1950's, the Japanese film industry looked all the way back to the Mesozoic."

### Wrong about Kong

"But it's been suggested that the actual inspiration for Rodan, and for all the Toho Productions monsters, like Godzilla, or Mothra, was King Kong."



Art History Professor, Albert Elsen, of Stanford University (left), proudly displays movie still of Rodan. An extra vapor trail given off by Rodan in the forged version first alerted Elsen as to its inauthenticity. Artist's conception (above) of proposed Rodan sculpture to be placed in "The Oval."

"Yeah, I've heard all that before," Elsen said, shaking his head. "That's all you hear from all those Harvard boys out east. King Kong this, and King Kong that! Sure, Kong anticipated Rodan, but let me tell you something, Rodan could whip that moth-eaten banana eater in an instant, with one wing tied behind its back. Heck, King Kong got shot down by a goddam biplane! Rodan got the bomb dropped on him, and that didn't even slow him down!"

"Still, Godzilla predated Rodan by at least three years, and a fight between them would be an even match."

"That's been argued. In fact, I've been engaged in a debate in the letters section of the *Biannual Review of Monsters* for several years now over that very question, but I think my latest rebuttal, to be published in January, will settle the issue once and for all."

"Oh?"

"Yes. You see, if you'd done your homework, you'd realized that Rodan and Godzilla did in fact fight it out, in "Sandai Naiju Chikyo Kessen" — released in the states as "Ghidrah the 3-Headed Monster." Though Mothra interrupted their combat, close frame by frame analysis of the film reveals that Rodan certainly had the upper

hand, and inevitably would have defeated Godzilla."

"But as I recall it, Mothra actually defeats both Godzilla and Rodan in that film."

"That's ridiculous!" Elsen sat up from his chair, but then settled back and puffed at his pipe. "Mothra is merely a watered-down bastardization of the Rodan motif."

### Film-flam exposed

Seeing that Elsen had grown upset, and not wishing to have our interview cut short, we passed on to other topics.

"Recently, you've been very much in the news for your involvement in a 12 million dollar lawsuit over a possible Rodan forgery. What progress has been made in the case?"

"Well, as you know, for the past three years I've been fighting it out with an American film distributor who released on the market a movie entitled "Rodan vs. the Cosmo-Creatures." I went to see this film, immediately saw that it was a fake, and let this be known to several people interested in buying tickets for the second show. My remarks were repeated publicly, and I was subsequently sued for libel and slander," Elsen smiled. "Last week I won my countersuit against him."

"Well, congratulations. But, how could you tell that the film was a fake?"

"It was obvious to a trained eye. For one, the costume worn by the monster in the film was a very crude imitation of the real Rodan outfit owned by Toho Productions. And then, of course, the actor portraying this imitation Rodan was an imposter."

"What do you mean, an imposter?"

"Just that. Only one man in this world can play Rodan accurately — the man who has been playing Rodan since 1956 — Haruo Nakajima. No one else can make the proper movements, or produce Rodan's cry. But that was not the worst. By studying the dubbing of this forgery, I determined to the satisfaction of the court that this film was not only not made by Toho Productions, but wasn't even made in Japan. It was filmed in America."

"What?"

"Yes! Any expert on Rodan could see that the dubbing in the film was fake. It was not made in Japanese and then dubbed in English. Rather, it was originally made in English by actors who tried to move their lips so that it looked like they had been dubbed. Of course, they failed in that attempt."

"Thank God for that! Well, what

do you plan to do with the money you've won from the settlement?"

Elsen puffed out a cloud of smoke, and smiled. "Well, to be sure, a large part of the money which I've won will have to go for legal fees, but with what's left was thinking of funding my own chair here in Rodan Studies. And then there's the sculpture project."

"Sculpture?"

"Yes. For years it's been my dream that Stanford have the largest collection of Rodan sculpture outside of Japan. At last, I think this dream might be realized."

"Oh?"

"The negotiations are not yet complete, but I'm hoping to soon acquire for the Stanford campus a life-sized Rodan sculpture."

"Life-sized?"

"You bet! It will stretch 500 feet from wingtip to wingtip. Steel and aluminum understructure, coated with a realistic-looking plastic skin. It's to be set up in the Oval, in front of the Quad, where all those people play frisbee."

"Ah."

"What a sight to see as one drives up Palm Drive! Rodan, the flying monster, patrolling our skies! What a tourist attraction! This alone might right our trade imbalance with Japan. And then there's the mascot issue!"

"Oh, no!"

"Oh yes! Who wants a color for a mascot? Or a griffin, an archaic symbol of feudalistic repression? Why not Rodan as our mascot? Rodan is vital; he's big; he's strong both on the defense and the offense; he's faster — faster than the speed of sound; and he can fly — and we are a passing team."

"Sounds good to me."

"Of course it does! But why stop at Stanford? Have you ever noticed that there are ten major Japanese monsters, and ten Pac 10 teams? Coincidence? Maybe, but a game between the Stanford Rodans and the Berkeley Godzillas? Now that would be a Big Game!"

## Tokyo of the West

"It's no wonder that some say that you've been instrumental in turning Palo Alto into the Tokyo of the Western world. . ."

"I like to think so."

"But still, one cannot help but wonder if all of this is not just another artistic fad — popular now, but meaningless 100 years from now."

Elsen stopped me. "Fads in art come and go," he said, leaning back and lighting his pipe. "But Rodan has been around for 100 million years." He placed his feet upon his desk and puffed upon his pipe. "And seriously," he said with a smile, "Who can argue with staying power like that?"

PA

# TOMB MUCH

Ever visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and wish that you could own some fine Etruscan vases? Well, now you can! "How," you ask, "when such objects d'art are being sold at prices which make even New York Jewish art dealers blush?" It's easy. Of course, you could never afford to pay 6 or 7 figures for a broken pot or rusty piece of metal — but we're not asking you to. The small collector can fill his private museum in the den, or the homeowner that spot on the living room table, at a price easily affordable by all — if you are willing to learn the method of collecting Etruscan art used by all the big-time professionals. Dig it yourself, straight out of the tombs, and eliminate the middle man. Thousands of undisturbed tumuli — or burial mounds — dot the countryside just one hour north of Rome. Each of these clearly mark the site of an unopened Etruscan tomb, containing pottery, goldwork, and jewelry easily worth as much as a million dollars. And it's all there for the taking — all you have to do is to go and dig for it!

*"But doesn't all that art already belong to somebody?"*

The Italian government legally owns all of the antiquities found in Italy. But the Italian government has fallen an average of 1.5 times a year since WWII, so who can say who owns those artifacts now. Besides, if the government really wanted all those lovely works of art, they wouldn't leave them under twelve feet of dirt. Italians have no taste for fine art.

*"But aren't such tombs protected?"*

Indeed they are — by the Italian government, which has fallen an average of 1.5 times a year since WWII. Some tombs are checked daily by low-flying helicopters — so dig at night. You won't get caught.

*"But what if I am caught?"*

Not very likely, but if you are — remember: that Italian officials are incredibly corrupt, that the Italians don't care enough for this stuff to even bother digging it themselves, and that you are carrying a million dollars worth of antiquities on your person. Bribe the guy — give him a vase worth a couple of hundred G's. And don't be stingy. Remember, there's a lot more where that came from.

*"What if I get stopped in customs?"*

Again, not very likely. Most custom officials are more worried about whether you're over your liquor allotment than anything else. Besides, how's he to tell your authentic ancient art objects from the million of souvenir reproductions brought home by tourists? But why worry about customs? Go home by way of Switzerland, and let some art dealers there send it home for you.

*"And when I get it home. . ."*

It's up to you. Let your creativity run wild. Etruscan funerary urns can be made into beautiful lamps or ash trays; a bronze armor breastplate can double as an attractive serving tray for chips and dips. Etruscan jewelry is a great stocking stuffer.

*"But isn't it illegal to dig up Etruscan tombs?"*

Sure it is. But if nobody stops you, and you don't get caught, and nobody stops you in any case — what difference does it make?

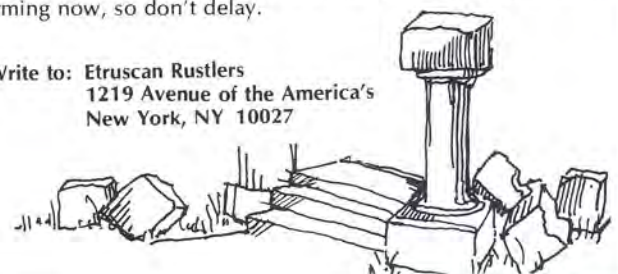
*"Sounds great! How do I begin?"*

First of all, you'll want to buy a budget ticket to Rome. But until you leave for the Immortal City, why not practice tomb robbing at home? One night's work at a local cemetery can produce thousands of dollars worth of jewelry and watches. Medical students will pay top dollar for cadavers to catch extra practice on. Bulldozers can be rented by the ambitious or enthusiastic collector.

*"O.K., Where do I sign up?"*

Glad you asked. That's where we come in. Etruscan Rustlers, Inc. can show you, step by step, how to make it happen. Classes are forming now, so don't delay.

Write to: Etruscan Rustlers  
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# Easel Street

## Art in the fast lane

---

Recently Edward Marovich has been thrust into the national spotlight, and labeled as one of the most significant artists of the decade. The overnight success of his latest explorations into his medium have brought him fame, but also criticisms from his artistic peers for allegedly selling out to commercialism and “pop art.” In fact his entire career has been an uphill battle to gain respect for his genre. However, it is *Popular Art’s* hope that by presenting some highlights from Marovich’s career it will become clear that these latest, more popular works are the logical continuations of a long, thoughtful attempt to describe modern-day society through road signs.

### Young and depressed

One can understand that as a young man at the Art Institute of Chicago he was concerned with things of the flesh. His early works display an earthy, almost antediluvian style reminiscent of Gauguin (Pl. 1). Unfortunately his teachers labeled it “pure smut.” In the same tradition of Dante’s Beatrice,

Marovich composed Plate 2 for the first love of his life, Chicago meter-maid Edna Filbert. But his rejection by Miss Filbert and subsequent ejection from art school caused his so-called “sexual phase” to melt into his “depression phase” (Pl. 3). By the time his “Do Not Enter” was commissioned by the Playboy Corporation this change was fully apparent.

### Art takes its toll

Depression overwhelmed Marovich and he moved to California. He sought to express society’s irreversible crushing of the human spirit by paintings such as his first acclaimed work, “NO U TURN” (New York Museum of Fine Art). He thought he had finally captured the ultimate hopelessness of life in terminally-suburban America in Plate 5, but this work was too depressing to gain popularity. By this time Marovich was so unhappy that he tried to commit suicide by jumping from the incompleting Interstate 85 overpass. Luckily for the art world, he was unsuccessful.

This “depression phase” is often

thought to be related to his concurrent “blue period,” out of which came such works as “REST STOP — NEXT EXIT” and “GAS, FOOD, LODGING — 1 MILE.” However, other scholars believe that the “blue period” more represented an attempt to “find direction.”

### Career at a crossroads

The “depression phase” was brought to a close when the Bakersfield Center for the Arts and the California DMV commissioned what was to be the last work of the period. Although this simple, clear, and almost cynical message (Pl. 6) is indebted stylistically to Michelangelo’s later “tortured” period, Marovich infused the form with such new energy and vitality that he received national attention and wealth for the first time. Freed from financial worry, Marovich experimented in other, less conventional media. He did some exploration in paint on asphalt, but soon gave up because “It was as boring as painting a stripe down a road.” Then he decided to explore the pos-



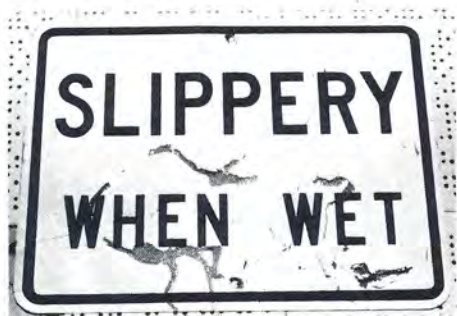


Plate 1



Plate 2



Plate 3



Plate 4



Plate 5



Plate 6



Plate 7

sibilities presented by the technology of today and soon found himself at home with electronic art. His first notable creation, "Flashing Yellow," takes a new, more optimistic view. Said the artist, "Forward progress is possible, but we must proceed with caution."

This cautiously optimistic attitude was expanded in his latest, and certainly most popular work, "Traffic Light" (Pl. 7). This masterpiece is a clear testimony to Marovich's genius. Although commonly believed to state that while there are times in life when we must slow down or even stop, there are also times in life when we may pro-

ceed at full speed, this work has so many levels of meaning that it has also borne other interpretations, such as that we are infinitely regulated by society. Such richness of meaning is understandable when we realize the amount of planning and number of sketches that went into forming its present perfection. Thus the claims that it is merely "pop art" or pretty flashing colors to amuse motorists are unfounded. In fact, traffic lights are important symbols we must all pay attention to.

Today Marovich's pioneering genius can be seen influencing a number of younger painters. Cope-

land, whose "4HR 7348" was composed while he was in prison, readily admits to being "moved in more than one way" by Marovich. In France, Roget is being called the "Marovich de Montmartre," due to his series of signs, of which "Olympic Figure Walking With a Red Slash Through Him" is the most famous. Indeed art historians are showering more and more attention upon Marovich and his followers, collectively known as the "Traffic School."

This is perhaps the truest measure of Marovich's influence, that his work has indeed become a sign of the times. PIA

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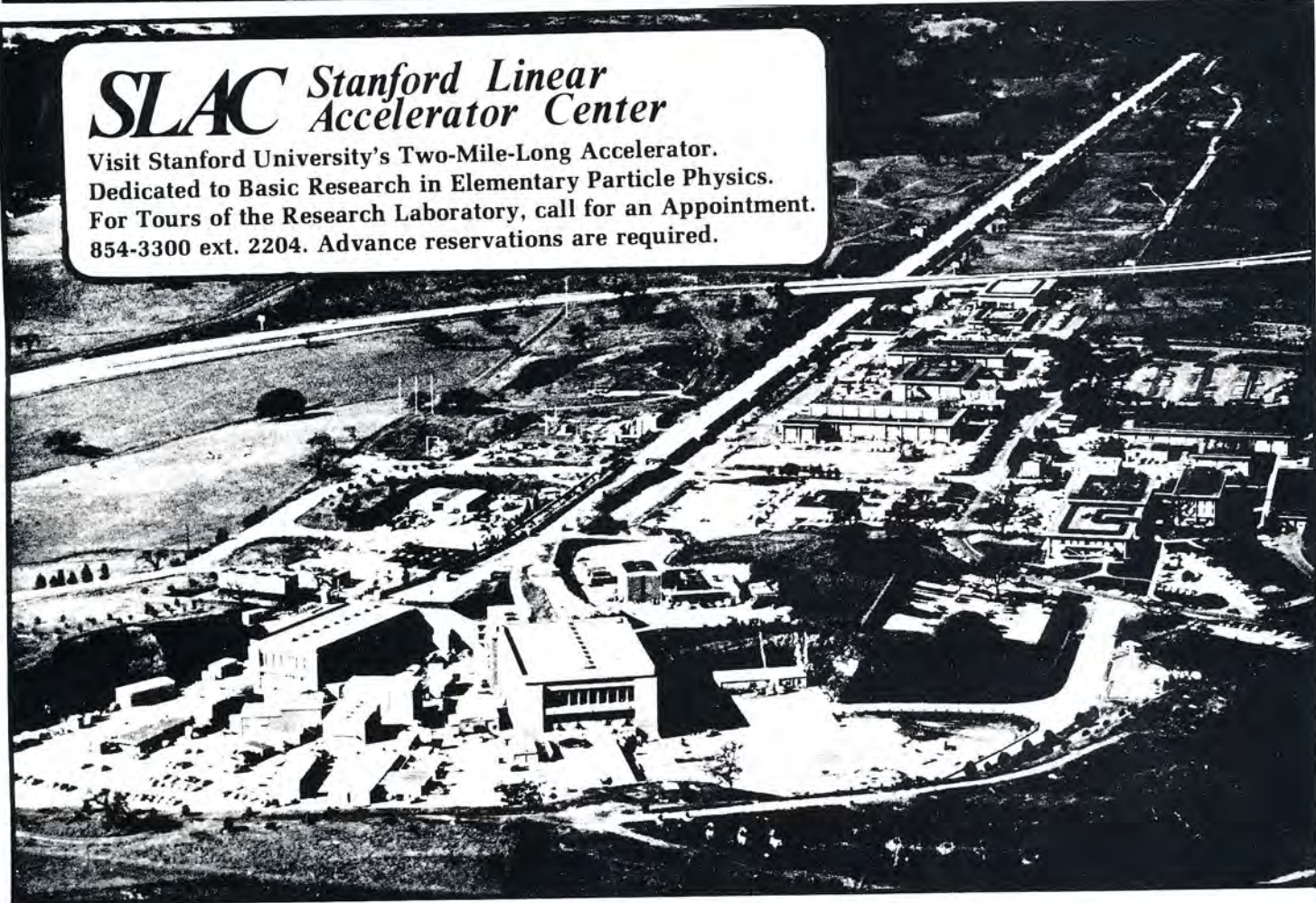
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