

The new Steely Dan album is here.



"Gaucho" (MCA-6102)

Three-and-a-half years in the making, the new Steely Dan album is finally here! "Gaucho," featuring the hit single,

"Hey Nineteen" (MCA-51036)

MCA RECORDS

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n the next twelve months, the men, women and children of WET pledge to make a magazine like no one of us has ever seen before, that takes the WET impulse further, that makes every previous concept of a magazine obsolete, and that reflects the world cultural RIGHT NOW with the glittering perfection of the Pacific Ocean. In 1981, we will make this magazine so hot and so attuned to the needs of its viewers that people'll have to bribe the corner newsboy to save them a copy.

ubscribe to the adventure. You'll save 40% — that's two free issues — off the newstand price, and WET will come direct to your home, in a beautiful sleeve-wrapper. That way you'll be able to avoid the riots when the 1981 WETs explode onto the streets.

WET. WE ARE NOT KIDDING.

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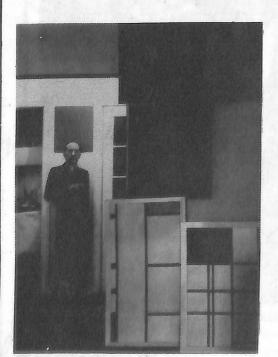
Thomas Ingalis **David Reeves** Background Jazz Birdist

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LIGHT



ARNOLD NEWMAN Mondrian, 1942

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Civilization

FUTURE HUMANS: READ THIS

So what are you doing March 9, 1982? The Krononauts are throwing a party to welcome some people from the future, and you're invited.

According to the brain behind the party — a certain X Richard of Maryland, Baltimore—it all started when he hit seventeen and realized that we still lacked the ability to travel convincingly or efficiently through time. By God (X Richard reasoned), if we can't go there, let them come here. The Krononaut party was hatched.

The date for the party — March 9, 1982 — was chosen for the coincidence of celestial events that happens to collide all at once with that day. The heavenly party games include (1) the Jupiter Effect, when all old Sol's system planets will be more or less aligned; (2) the overlap of the orbits of Neptune and Pluto; (3) the exact midpoint in the twelve-year interim between the appearances

of the Comet Kohoutek and Halley's comet; on top of which there's (4) a full moon.

The basic principle of the party is simple: The Krononautic Society hopes to generate so much pre-party publicity — as in this mention — that future creatures, browsing through the image bank of a lazy Saturday afternoon, will spot the by-then ancient party plans, and decide to come back to 1982 and boogie.

Unlikely, you say? X Richard begs to differ. "In 3,000 A.D.," he opines, "if people have 'way-back'





machines and/or the right drugs, they'll find out about it.'

X Richard and the rest of the Omnidirectional Organism of Krononauts plan to welcome the folks from the future at simultaneous parties in several cities around North America - with Baltimore, Montreal, and Los Angeles already definites. The O.O.K. plans to link up the parties electronically with long-distance video and one or two special 800 numbers; in case the visitors prefer one type of party to another, the guests at the other parties will (almost) instantaneously know about it.

The Los Angeles branch of the party will be held at Zero Zero, the artists' social club on North Cahuenga in Hollywood. David Zack, a working member of the club, told us that Zero Zero plans to welcome the visitors with the final round of the Artist-Weight Saxophone Boxing Championship of the known world.

"The unusual is what will attract

people from the future," Zack assured us. Basically I think the 'nauts will attract travelers from peaceful, prosperous periods of the future who have time for tourism."

"How," we asked Zack, "will people come from the future to Zero Zero?"

"The easiest way possible," he replied, but explained: "My working theory is that they are attracted by beer and, in some cases, marijuana."

Which brought us to the question of refreshments - unfortunately, it's B.Y.O.B.

Still, over the next year and a half, party plans are sure to accelerate, and if the people from the future read this, maybe they'll bring some abusable substance as yet unthought-of. If you want to help publicize the event, throw a party in your town, or, you know, maybe bring a casserole, you can fall into the Krononaut Divector Field at Box 382, Baltimore, Maryland 21203 USA Terra SS; or

give them a call at 301-659-7218. Be there or be "square".

Dribs'n Drahs

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

IRLS: For a good time call Wippo at (213) 271-1043 . . . LEFTOVER FROM LAST MONTH: Richard Meltzer got so hot in our invisible sauna he forgot to mention that the sound track for Penelope Spheeris's film, The Decline of Western Civilization which features local talent Alice Bag Band (Bags), Black Flag, Catholic Discipline, Circle Jerks, Fear, Germs, and X — is available from Slash Records, P.O. Box 48888. Los Angeles 90048. The price, postage included for U.S. citizens only, is \$6. . . . TIME FANS: Look Out for the December 18 issue of LAICA journal in which Chogyam





Trungpa, Rinpoche, told Pat Patterson that he was considered famous and intelligent as a sixteen-year-old because he wore a watch. (Trungpa also finally explains why you have to try to stay on top of the situation if you live in the West.)...

Semper Fidel

TIME WORN

his right arm with a silver spandex band and radium hands, so it glows in the dark. While fighting in the mountains outside Havana during the height of the revolution, against a far superior army, he lost his watch somewhere in the rough terrain. Fourteen years later, while conducting a tour of his original hideout, El Commandante, who earlier had led his baseball team to victory against the muchfavored Americans, found his Timex in a clump of brush. It took

a lickin' but it kept on TICKIN'.

— Scott Cohen

Time's Up.

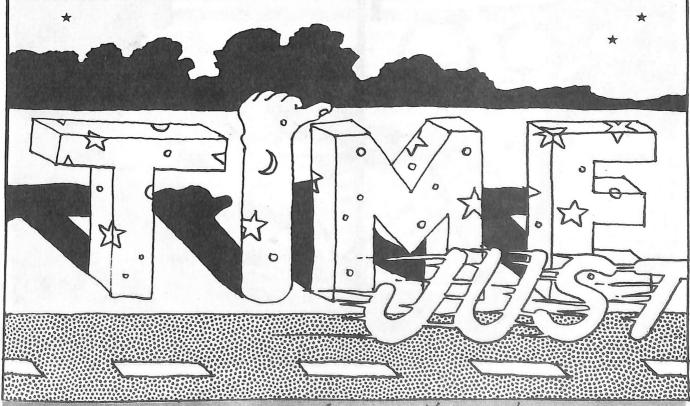
A HEAD OF HIS TIME

n Halloween 1980 a light went out in Los Angeles. Yes, it's cornball time — but, shit, we're gonna miss the old coot. Claude Bessy — that's Kickboy Face to you, chief writer for Slash Magazine and madman par excellence — packed up shop and moved to England. Seems the L.A. punk scene plum wore itself out, so Claude moved on to the bleaker pastures of Blighty.

Claude never did set much store by the sun-and-skate set, and things hereabouts have gotten insufferably cute and new-wavy as of late. His exodus marks the official closing of a musical chapter in L.A., a chapter about which none spoke with the eloquence of the Mr. Face. Now this is not to say punk is dead — some things are eternal — but the face punk showed in 1977 has mutated into a mask one can now purchase on Melrose Avenue. The spirit of the beart has meanwhile slunk off to find a new unmarketable shape. And wherever it chooses to rear its ugly head you can bet Kickboy Claude will be hot on the case because, in the words of Iggy, he's got a *lust* for life.

Beyond his awesome powers of marathon partygoing, Kick's genius lay in his ability to grossly overstate the case, insult everyone, and still retain a kernel of truth and love. He called us all assholes, but we know he did it because he cared. His vitriolic outbursts were illuminating; his short-lived band, Catholic Discipline, was not bad; his prose was always hilarious; and his consumption of mind-altering substances was legendary.

Claude Bessy will go down in flames, 'cause he knows it's the only way to fly.



Frank Olin

Jim Trombetta

JUSTIN TIME

Dr. Frank Tipler, Inventor of the Time Machine

IME TRAVEL is definitely possible," says physicist Dr. Frank Tipler, and he's designed the first true two-way time machine to prove it. The 32-year-old Tipler has degrees from both MIT and the University of Maryland, has done advanced postdoctoral work at Oxford and Berkeley, and is now a research fellow at the Center for Theoretical Physics of the University of Texas, where he specializes in the study of singularities — those cosmic regions or events, like black holes, within which physical and mathematical laws cease to apply. Tipler bases his scheme for a functional time machine on the fact that any object with superhigh gravity, like a black hole, will create a "causality-violating," or time-distorting zone around it.

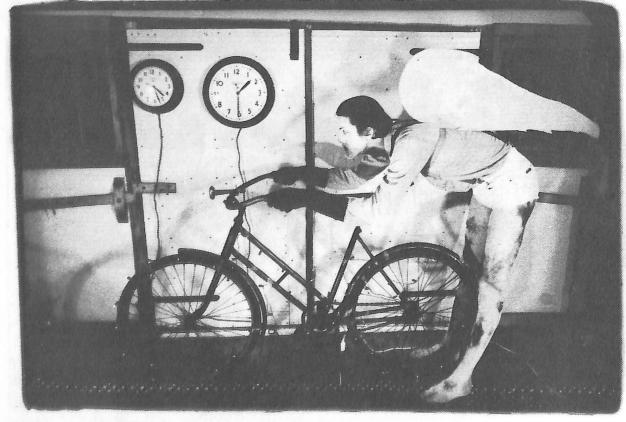
The Tipler two-way time machine is a long cylinder composed of an ultradense material with a surface that can spin at half the speed of light. Once the surface is spinning, one simply turns the cylinder 180 degrees: Turn it against the spin and you travel into the future; turn it in the same direction as the spin and you'll head backward, into the past.

Building the Tipler time machine would, of course, be no small undertaking. To carry passengers, Tipler says, a cylinder "100 kilometers in diameter and 1,000 kms in length"

would suffice. It would most likely have to be out in space. You'd have to manufacture an ultradense (10¹⁴ grams per cubic centimeter) substance to build it out of and it would have stability problems along its axis. These difficulties are only engineering problems, however, the kind of thing advancing technology is good at dealing with.

Despite our ingrained prejudice that time, of all dimensions, is the only one-way street, the Tipler time machine is consistent with every premise of relativity theory and current scientific thought.

We reached Dr. Tipler via an ordinary telephone at his home in



Dana Simmons



Left: Tipler's first attempt. Failure. Horn didn't work. Clocks went sideways. Got smudges of black hole stuff all over himself.

Above: Tipler's second attempt. Closer. Turned Nazi Storm Troopers into members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Turned himself into bath house attendant.

Austin, where he speculated about his machine in a rich Alabama accent:

I understand that this time machine can't take you back to a time before it was built. Does this mean we can never visit our favorite historical eras?

You cannot travel back before the machine is turned on, because you need to create the causality-violating region — this twist in time and space — in which to travel, and you cannot travel back before that region exists. On the other hand, maybe there is an extraterrestrial race which has been operating one of these machines for, say, 100,000 years. So you might be able to visit Shakespeare by using theirs — if they'd let you.

Suppose the machine were operating now. What would you use it for?

I might use it to communicate with myself about some wonderful chance I was going to miss, some lost opportunity. Presumably, you'd take advice from yourself if you'd take it from anybody. A whole breed of people might develop who had a self-consistent interaction between their past and future selves.

Wouldn't civilization fall into chaos with all these future selves communicating with the past?

Things would be different, that's for sure. But we could adapt. We've adapted to being able to predict the weather. Maybe you could send a warning to 'evacuate the Mt. St. Helens area before the eruption.

Wouldn't changing the past create paradoxes?

That's the problem of self-consistency. Field equations demand that the

universe be a self-consistent object. Time travel would change the entire field equation. How would the universe conserve its self-consistency? Perhaps when the machine was turned on, it would simply wipe itself out! Rerhaps there are certain individuals with a certain cast of mind who want to change the past, and these individuals with a timechanging attitude would find themselves unable to travel in the machine. There is no global field equation to cover such instances. Our mathematics is just not strong enough at present to deal with these problems.

Would you like to visit the future?

I'm happy where I am now. I love to work creatively on ideas of physics. If I traveled 20,000 years into the future, my ideas of the physical universe would be the

Courtesy John Margolies

equivalent of a Stone Age witch doctor's — witch doctors don't get professorships in American universities. I'd be a freak in that society. The best I could do would be to become a lecturer in the anthropology department!

You know, there are other possible uses for this machine, for instance, governing a galactic empire. Say the governing star sends a message at the speed of light to a colony star 20,000 light years away. Well, it would take 20,000 years to get there and would be well out of date. With the machine, you could send the message 20,000 years into the past at the same time. It could be used for virtually instantaneous transmission, like a galactic radio, making a true galactic society possible.

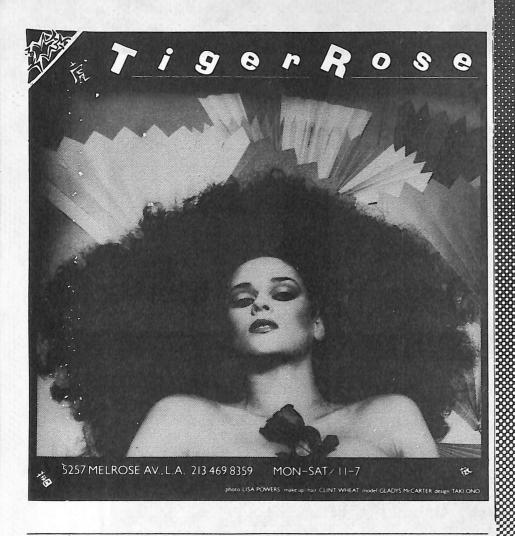
What are the prospects for building this machine?

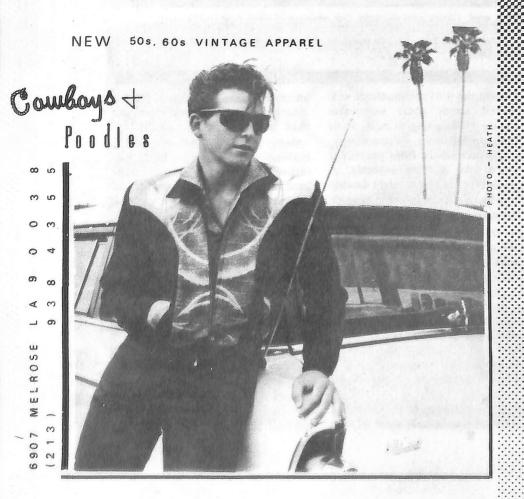
Not immediate. It could be a thousand years, maybe more. What about a small one to transmit messages if not people?

There is no limit to how small you can make this machine, so it's certainly possible. But here again there are stability problems. If the density of the material is too great, the machine would tend to collapse through a series of smaller and smaller black holes, radiating away all its energy and dissipating the causality-violating effect.

Having invented a time machine, what are you working on now?

The structure of singularities. It's conceded nowadays that the universe began in a singularity, expanded from there, and may at some point contract again into another singularity — unless, of course, the universe isn't closed, is truly infinite, in which case it will go on expanding indefinitely. But I think the universe is closed; I find that a much more elegant idea. I believe it will collapse into a final singularity, and I am trying to study what the structure of that one will be like. To me, the original singularity is a fairly boring or.e; I'm much more interested in the final one. Unlike the first, it'll have vibrations.

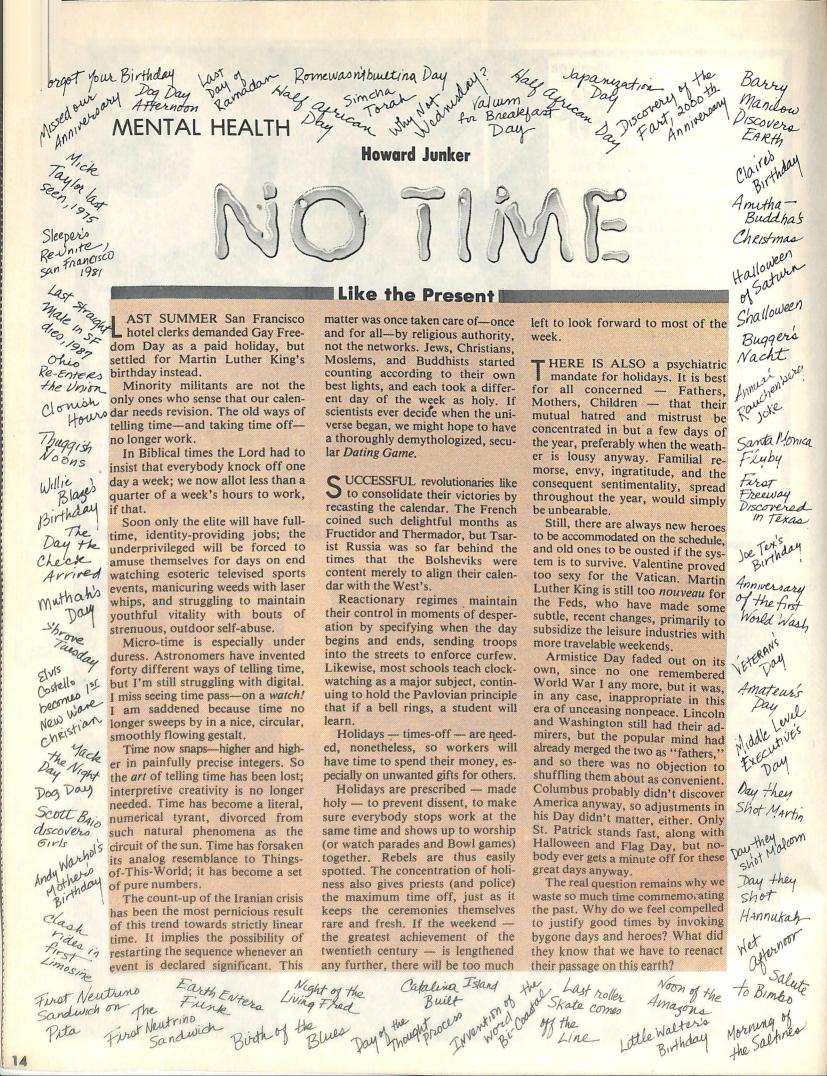


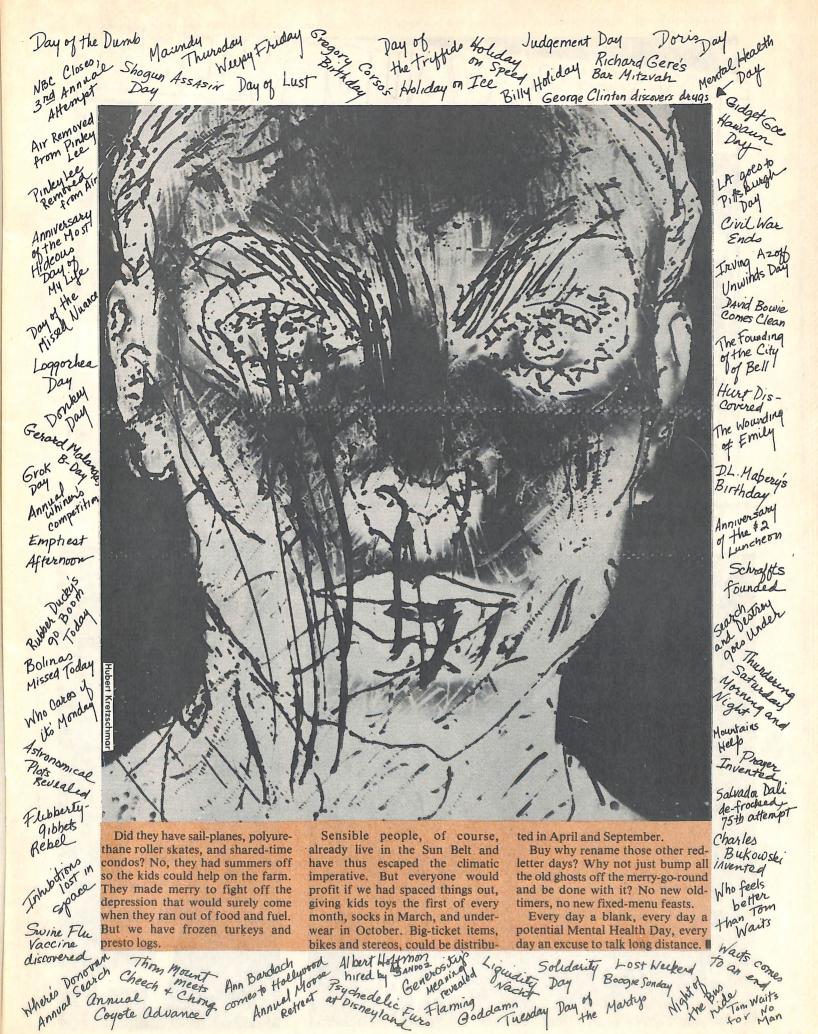


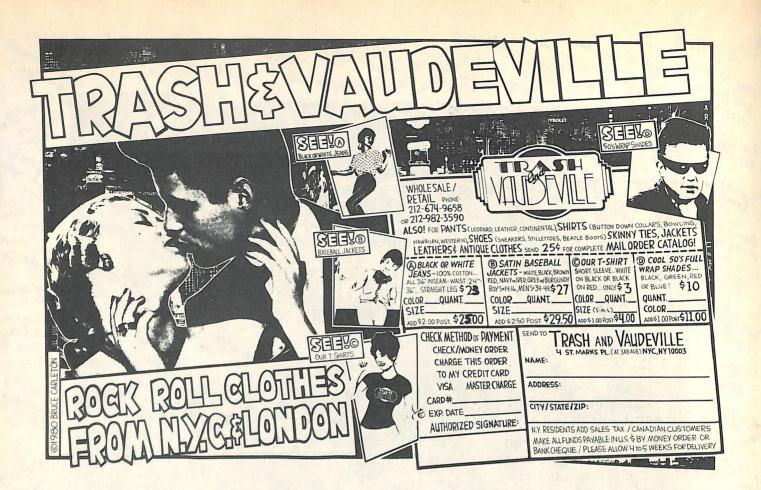
















Lewis MacAdams

TIMEFLIES

News via Saturn From a True Space Cadet

ALKING THROUGH Building 268 at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena on the day Voyager passes by Saturn is a little like visiting this magazine at deadline: JPL has a few thousand more employees, and we have no computer terminals, but the sense of excitement, of long work hours finally fulfilled, is the same.

One component of the JPL team is Donald Heller, a mathematician who started working on the old IBMs that blasted Geminis into earth orbit when he was twenty-one years old. From Saturn 5 through the first lunar landing, he worked on the "third stage"—the power pack that injected the first earthlings toward the moon. But when Apollo 11 finally landed at Tranquillity Basin, Don Heller left the space program to pursue what he calls "the spiritual things"—drugs and

sex and rock 'n' roll.

By 1977 he was Vapor Person, living with his motorcycle in a garage, when an old friend from JPL urged him to return to the space program—

A silver, Saturn-shaped earring glows in Heller's left earlobe as he stares at his console. When he looks up, his calm green eyes, slightly enlarged by thick eyeglasses, have exactly the same expression of a man on two simultaneous acid trips, as he prepares to tell us his version of the nature of time.

NE OF the most exciting things about the present day, according to Heller, is that all our models of the universe are up for grabs—not just in scientific inquiry, but in our personal lives, as well. He explains: "At any time in history, there is a view of reality that invariably comes to be at odds with our physical experience of the universe. The disparity between that idea and our

experience becomes so uncomfortable that we are finally forced to change our interpretation, and things make sense for a while."

It is crucial for us to remember, he says, that our so-called laws of the universe are only a description—or, as he puts it, "The map is not the territory itself. No one would stick a straw into a blue place on a map if they were thirsty, but most people are satisfied to think that the electrons surrounding the protons and neutrons in an atomic particle are *real*, instead of clouds of moving energy."

Time, says Heller, is the hardest model to crack, the toughest illusion of them all. "We are deeply programmed to believe that time is a river with a past, a present, and a future," he says quietly. "The notion that time runs forwards and backwards is a common one in mathematics. For instance, if you have a normal equation in high-school physics for the path of a body in time, you can extrapolate backwards in time. But ordinary mechanics—the laws of moving bodies—break down in two places: at the very large, say, solar-system level; and at the very small, very high-speed level of the subatomic."

Apparently a certain Dr. Feynman has already drawn a chart to show the paths of subatomic particles, with the protons splitting into positrons and electrons. "Extending our high-school physics equation further," says mathematician Heller, "it seems that for the positron and the electron to recombine, the positron has to go backwards in time." But isn't that a paradox?

No, says Vapor Person; or, if it is a paradox, it's only because we have a preconceived notion of time. "There is no fundamental law of physics that says time must go forward," he says. "It may just be that time is based solely on where we're standing, observing—that is, an electron traveling "forward" or a positron traveling "backward" is just a matter of point of view. If we could crack the time illusion, Heller believes, we could see that everything in all universes is happening simultaneously everywhere.

It doesn't matter what you do in your life, Heller concluded, turning back to his console to type out more instructions for man's most sophisticated machine to date, now leaving Saturn's rings behind and heading out toward Uranus. As long as you approach it with a single-mindedness of intent, mathematics, art, dance, fucking yourself to death. It doesn't matter, you'll find the underlying truth in everything and reach enlightenment.

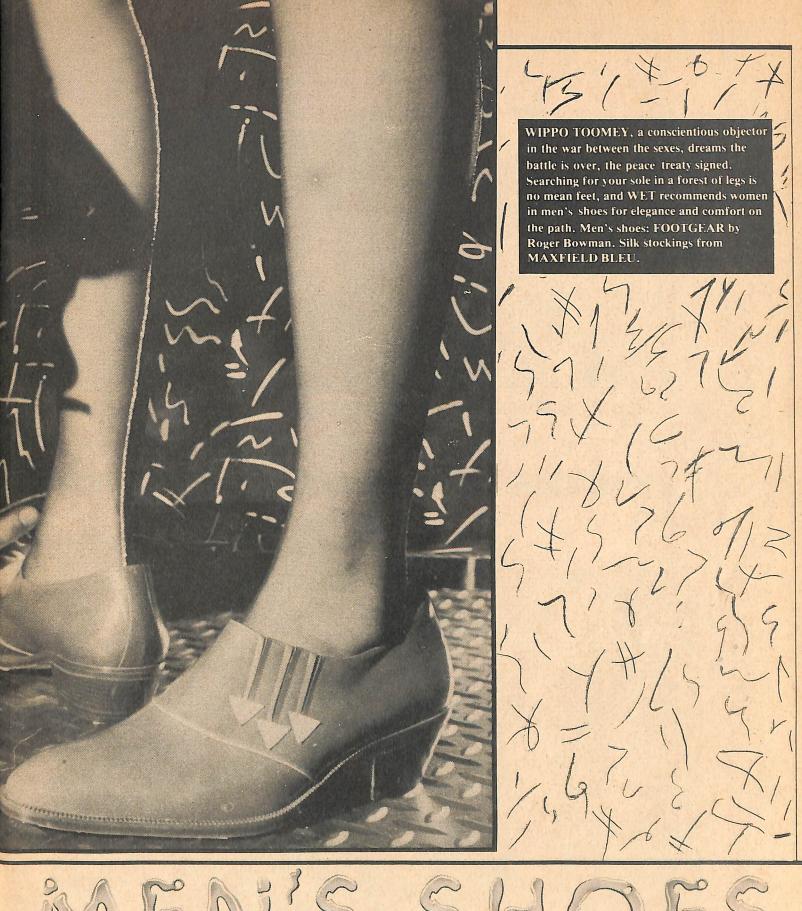


FASHION

Photo: Guy Webster with the very able assistance of Linda Epstein.



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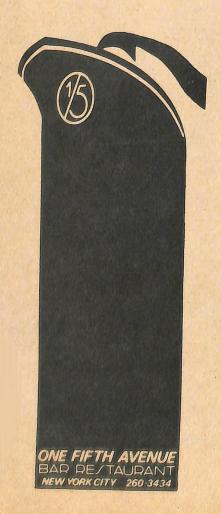


MENIS SHOES

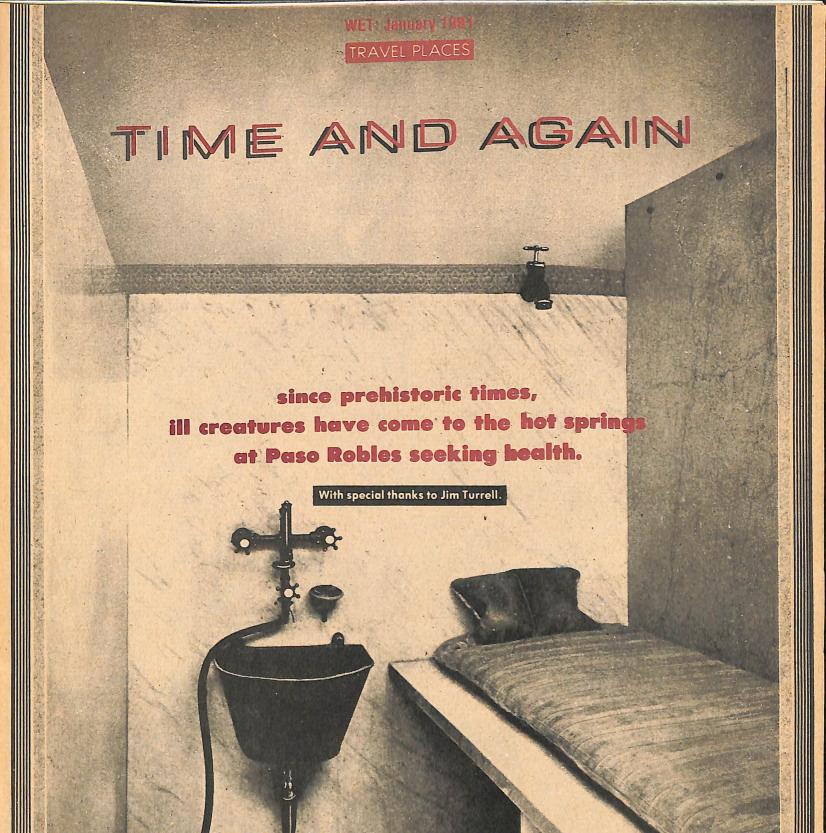
ANNOUNCING THE OPENING
OF ANOTHER FABULOUSE

SOAPPLANT







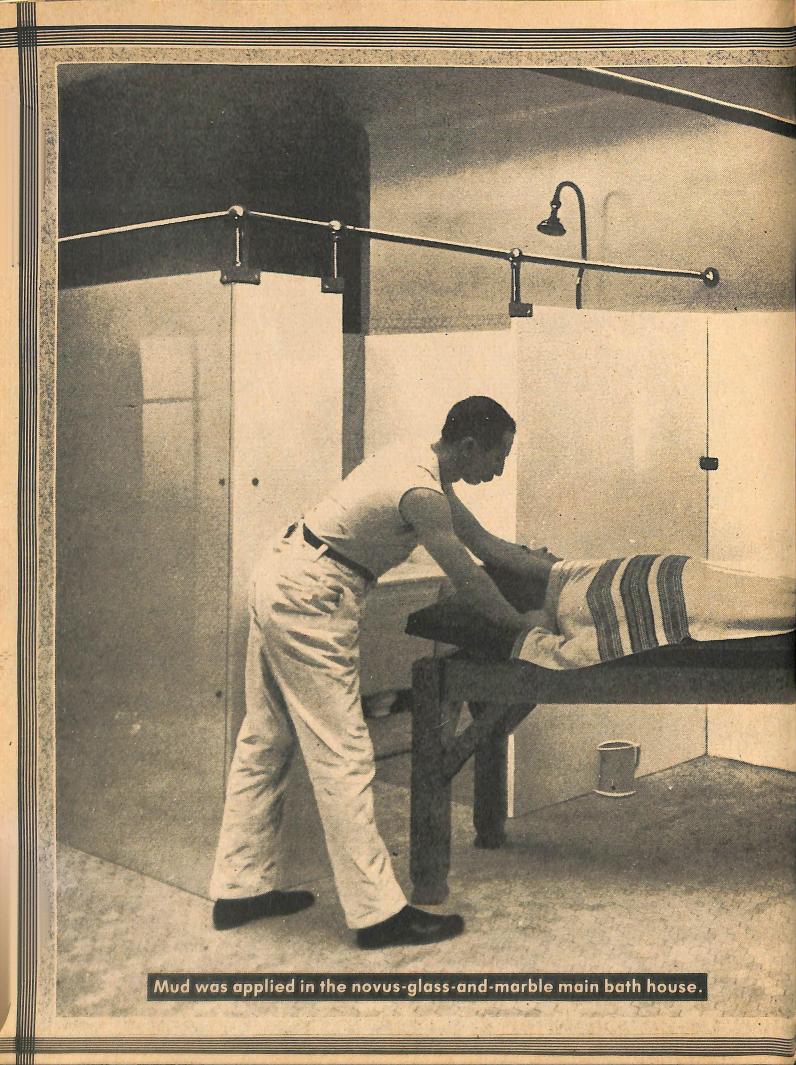


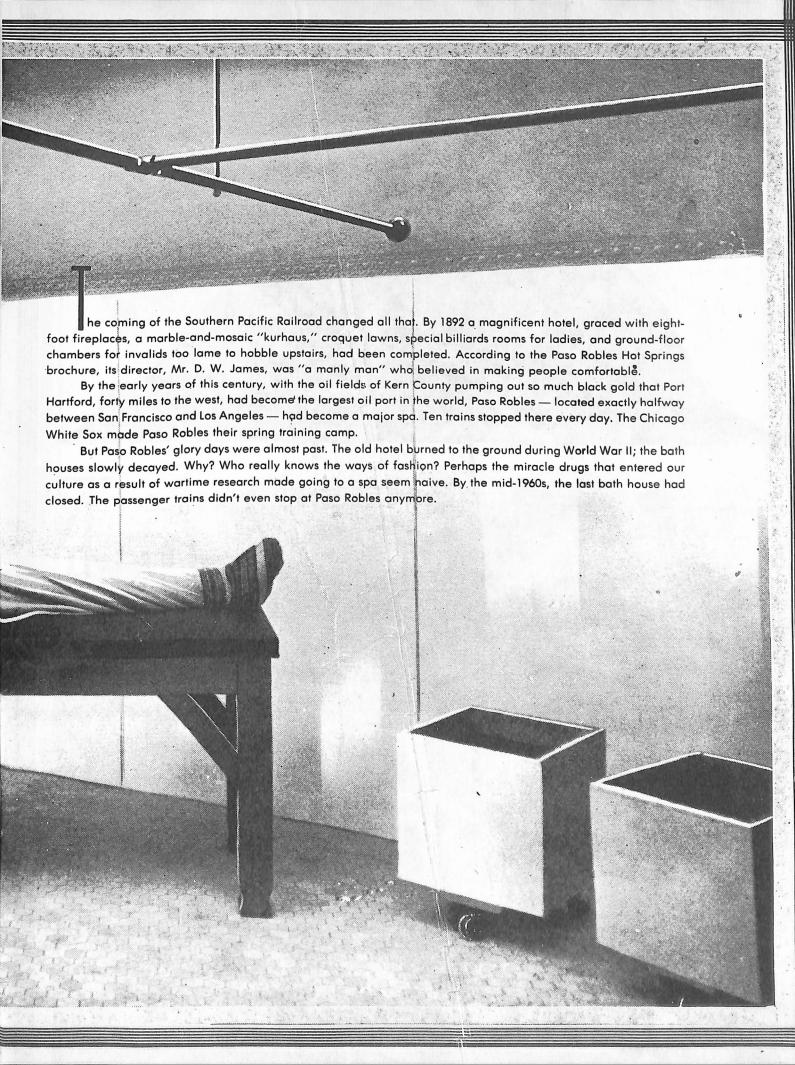


or thousands of years the natives of North America — bears and Indians — came to roll around in the sulphurous muds of the lovely valley between the mountains of the coast and the Diablo range west of the great San Joaquin. So impressed with the valley's pristine beauty were the Franciscan monks making their way north along the Camino Real that their reports back to Spain convinced the church hierarchy to found the Mission San Miguel eight miles north of what would someday be the town of Paso Robles.

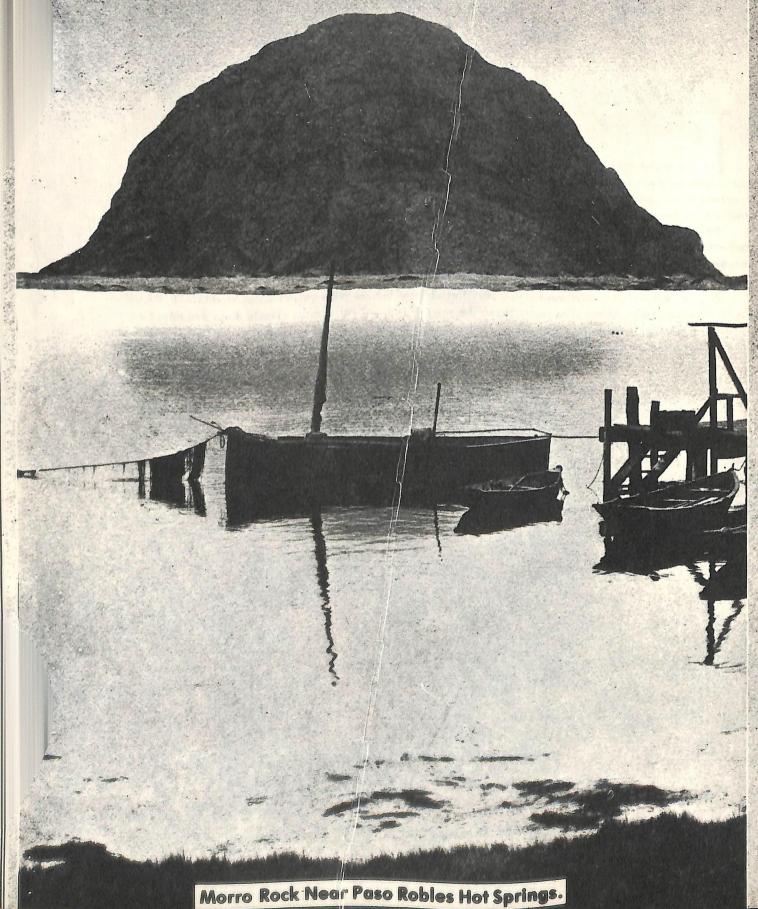
By the late 1970s a big-hearted Virginian named James Blackburn was running a kind of shanty-spa next to the mud. It was difficult to get to El Paso de Robles — the Pass of the Oaks — in those days. The trip involved many weary days of stagecoach travel over mountain roads.







Last year, two men—a builder from Atascadero named Loren Crother and his partner Bruce Woodsworth—bought the old bathhouse on Spring Street in Paso Robles and began to clean it up. New lawns were planted. One of the old springs was tapped for a new lily pond. Skylights and cedar paneling have been added to the two large, fourteen-by-fourteen-foot tubs. Crother and Woodsworth are planning to reopen the spa this coming Valentine's Day, and everyone is invited. One day soon, maybe the trains will stop at Paso Robles again.







sends you:

The Card of the Month

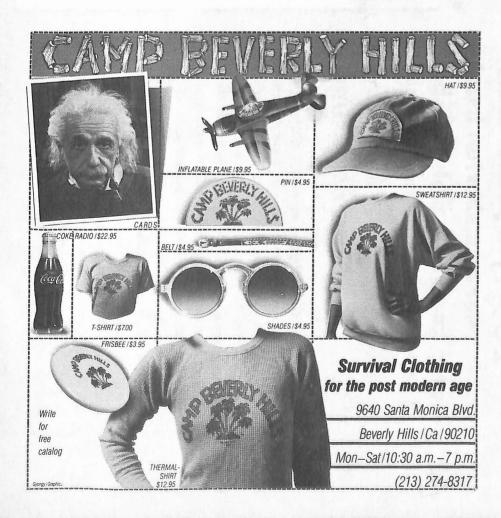
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1894, in poona, india, merwan sherian irani, was born of persian parents. later known as meher baba,

was of Zoroastrian faith and a rne seeker of God. Merwan went to a Christian high school in Poona and later attended Deccan College. In 1933, while in college, a momentous event occurred in Mohammedan woman and one of the five Perfect Masters of his Age. Babajan gave Merwan God realization and Merwan's life. He met Hazrat Babajan, an ancient made him aware of his high spiritual destiny.

Sheriar Irani,

His father,

Perfect Master, Upasni Maharaj. During the next seven years, Maharaj gave Merwan "gnosis," or divine His spiritual mission began in 1921 when he drew together his first close disciples. It was these early disciples who gave bim the name Meher Baba, which means "compassionate Eventually Merwan was drawn to seek out another knowledge. Thus Merwan attained spiritual perfection.

ener



am the One residing in every heart. Therefore love others, make others consciousness and I am beyond happy, serve others, even at discomfort to yourself; this is to love me. I am One with all on every level: I am One with all on every plane of

all planes of consciousness.

After years of intensive training of his disciples, Meber Baba established a colony near Abmednagar that is called Meherabad. There the Master's work embraced a free school where spiritual training was stressed, a free hospital and dispensary, and shelters for the poor. No distinction was made between high castes and untouchables; all mingled in common fellowship through the inspiration of the Master. To his disciples at Meherabad, who were of different castes and creeds, he gave a training of moral discipline, love for God, spiritual understanding, and

Meher Baba told, his disciples that from July 10, 1925, be would observe Silence. From that day until he dropped the body on January 31, 1969, he maintained this silence. His many spiritual discourses and messages were dictated by means of an alphabet board. Later the Master discontinued the use of the board and reduced all communication to hand gestures unique in expressiveness and understandable to many.

elfless service.

An important part of Meber Baba's work through the years was to personally contact and to serve hundreds of those known in India as "masts," advanced pilgrims on the spiritual path who bave become intoxicated from direct awareness of God. For this work Meber Baba traveled many thousands of miles to remote places throughout India and Ceylon. Other vital work included the washing of the feet of thousands of poor, and the distribution of grain and cloth to the destitute.

Meher Baba has asserted that he is the Ancient One, come again to redeem man from his bondage of ignorance and to guide him to realize his true self which is God. He is acknowledged by his many followers all over the world as the avatar of the age. Meher Baba said, "I had to come, and I have come. I am the Ancient One."



cumulates and grows in strength, becomes a habit long after the original cause has ceased to be. When you were young, this and that

could at the end of that time be still worrying about something which was happening now, It is crazy.

happened, you cried, you felt

after fifty years you still worry, although the time when worry began in you has gone. If another fifty years passes you

sad, and worry began, and



your fellow-men, but learn to cious life-span in differlong for the love of God. Be entiating and judging pure and simple, and love all because all are one. Live a sincere life; be natural, and be will guard you against false o not waste your prehonest with yourself. Honesty modesty and will give you the





portance to explanations and discourses. Words fail to give any meaning to Reality; because when one supposes that one has understood: One is far from understanding anything so far as reality is concerned. Reality is beyond human understanding for it is beyond intellect. Intellect must go before knowl-

o not give undue im-

-Meher Baba I want you all to know that whatever you do, good or bad, the one thing not forgiven by God is to pose as that which you really are not.

night you go to sleep and have different kinds of dreams, yet Il that you see and hear at this moment — all this is a dream. Every

every morning you wake up to experience anew the same old dream that you have been dreaming since your birth into your present life in illusion.



absolute stupidity of the universe.

Today has passed as it had to pass,

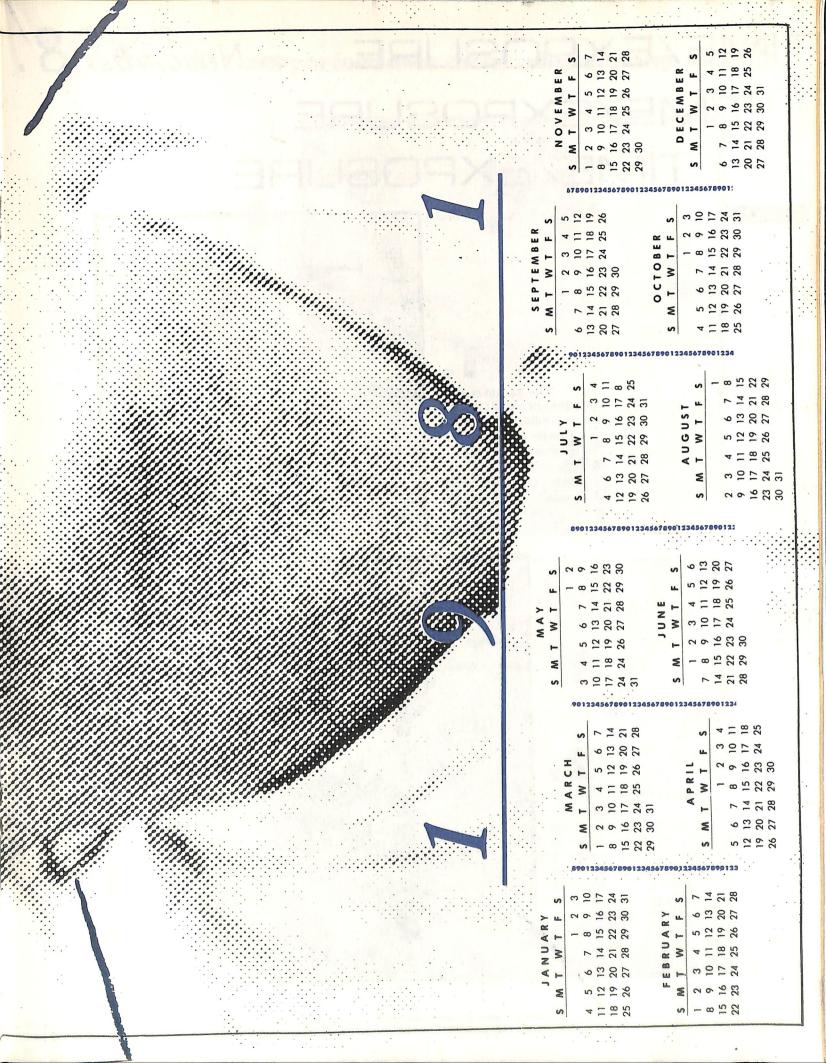
Testerday passed off somehow,

And who cares for the future,

For tomorrow too will pass.

Meher Baba

≽ш⊢



TIME/EXPOSURE on November 8.

TIME/EXPOSURE TIME/EXPOSURE

RELIGION

Photography by Marek A. Majewski



Neutrinos, the elusive phantoms of particle physics, were discovered in 1956. Originally considered to be massless specks of energy, useful only in certain equations to explain energy loss, neutrinos are turning out to be slippery little devils indeed.



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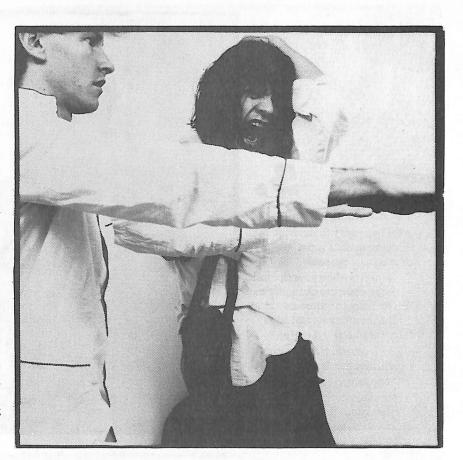
Frederick Reines, sixty-two, recently shocked the heck out of his colleagues and possibly overturned our current definition of the universe by announcing that neutrinos do indeed have mass. Not much mass, certainly; say, about 10,000 times less than an electron. A river of neutrinos could — and, in fact, do — pass through the earth with no evidence of attenuation.



1980, wet met performance artist winston tong and his

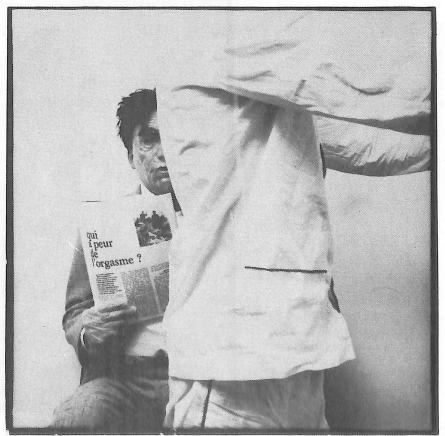
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The earth, it seems, swims in neutrinos. Dr. Reines estimates that neutrinos are distributed throughout the entire universe, in a ratio of about 100 neutrinos per cubic centimeter of space. There are at least three kinds, or flavors, of neutrino - those associated with the electron, those with the muon, and those with the recently discovered tau particle. Neutrinos, it was said, are immutable. A tau particle neutrino could never be a neutrino of an electron. Yet, says, Reines, changing from one particle into another is exactly what neutrinos appear to do.



4

In his experiment, Reines and his associates used 268 kilograms of heavy water deuterium oxide - as the neutrino-sensitive medium. Neutrino-sensitive instruments sheathed in lead and cadmium were immersed in water and connected to an exterior oscilloscope. But when the experiment was concluded, Reines discovered less than half the neutrinos he'd anticipated. Where did they go? Well, Reines theorizes, they changed flavors, or oscillated.

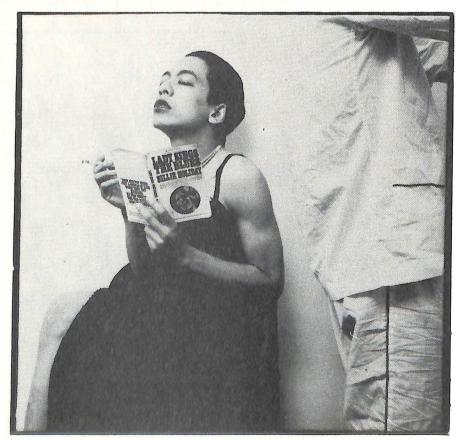


partner, video artist bruce geduldig, at cafe trieste in san

5.

According to Reines, it is now necessary to describe the neutrino as a superposition of waves in chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry, with each single neutrino changing its identity continuously as it moves along its trajectory. This could be compared to a person walking down Wilshire Boulevard turning consecutively into a bank building, a bunny rabbit, a stop sign, then back into a human being again.





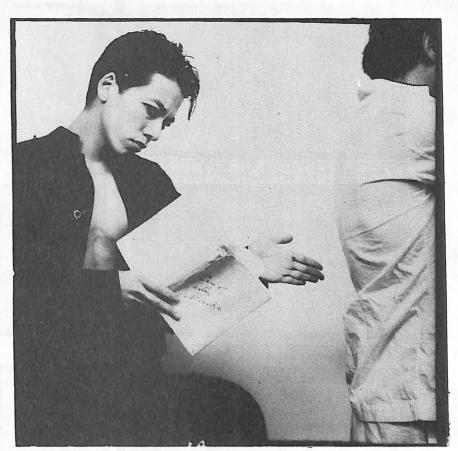
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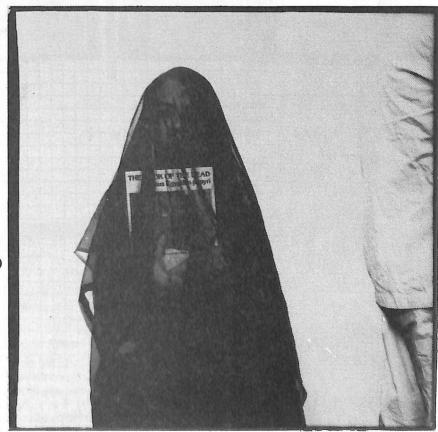
Or maybe into Winston Tong, the San Francisco-based performance artist, pictured here turning from a geisha girl into a spirit of the dead with a few stops along the way while his associate Bruce Gudaldig sleepwalks slowly by.

francisco, california. the pictures that follow are the result.

77

Well. Until Reines's experiment, the Second Law of Thermodynamics seemed to point to an ultimate "heat death" of the universe, because the celestial spheres seemed to lack enough gravitation to keep them from hurtling apart. Are the neutrinos the missing mass holding the universe together? If neutrinos do have mass, their gravitation could reverse the entropic heat death and then, when the universe collapses in on itself, give us another Big Bang.





8

The neutrinos may be telling us, then, that nothing is random. That when we discover the pattern, we will see that everything is connected with the inexorable logic of a lawyer's brief, that change is ultimate, and that the narrow paradox we call time is annihilated.

- John Acoca

37



CINEMA

on may 27, 1922, christopher frank carandini lee was born in london, england. from 1941 to 1946 he served in the

british royal air force.

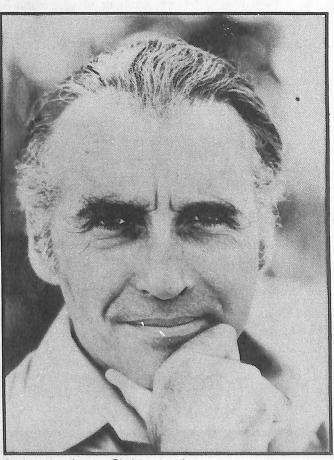
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ILLING TIME

by Ann Bardach

fter World War II, Christopher Lee turned to acting, appearing in his first film in 1949. In the late fifties he attained stardom in The Curse of Frankenstein, and over the next ten years he became something of a fixture in the horror genre, way outclassing most of the gory potboilers he appeared in. In person, he's an aristocratic kind of guy — tall, athletic, intelligent, handsome, not spooky at all. In this interview with Ann Bardach, he talks about the war years, which proved an odd sort of inspiration to his considerable acting talents.



Christopher Lee as Christopher Lee.

WET THINGS

NN BARDACH: Is Lee your real name?

CHRISTOPHER LEE: Yes. We are of Italian origin on my mother's side. Lee is my father's name. He was a professional soldier in the British army and his family came from the county of Hampshire, a Gypsy area of England. Lee is derived from the old English word "leah," meaning forest or wood, which is, of course, where Gypsies used to live. So I'm Gypsy on one side and Italian on the other.

Were you raised a Catholic?

Church of England. I was raised — like all boys of my background and upbringing — in a very traditional way indeed.

Presumably you attended English public school.

Yes. I took a scholarship at Eton and I took a scholarship at Wellington, which is an army school. I had a very conventional, traditional, what they call English upper-class upbringing. Not sheltered, luckily. I had to fend for myself at a fairly early age. Your comb is dropping out of your hair. What was the name of your first film?

It was called *Corridor of Mirrors*. It was made in Paris in 1947, directed by Terrance Young. I had one line.

When was your first prominent role?

I'm not too good at dates, but I would say in 1957 in Charles Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities. I played the wicked Marquis, who was later played by Basil Rathbone in the Ronald Coleman version. Then, of course, we had the Hammer period — between 1957 and '70, more or less. I was never under contract, but I did a lot of movies for them.

Horror movies?

People call them horror movies. Some of them were, and some of them weren't.

What was your favorite horror film?

Rasputin, because I was able to play a real person, not a fantasy.

Who directed Rasputin?

Don Sharp. In fact, I finished a movie with him not too long ago: *Bear Island*, shot in Alaska with Donald Sutherland and Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Widmark.

What part did you play?

A Polish scientist.

You were in, was it Dracula or Frankenstein?

Both. I played both and *The Mummy*, too. A long time ago.

That places you squarely in the sinister company of Bela Lugosi, Basil Rathbone, Vincent Price and friends.

A great friend of mine, Taft Schreiber, said something that I will never forget. He was a very charming, shrewd and delightful person, and he was the senior executive at MCA and Universal. He died in 1976 in a dreadful way: He was given the wrong blood after an operation. He said, "You know, there have been a great many British actors in the film world and many of them have left their mark playing villainous characters, people like Boris Karloff

(who was a very dear friend of mine), Basil Rathbone (whom, alas, I never knew), George Sanders (whom I did know well and admired enormously), Claude Rains (whom I didn't know — he was wonderful) and Conrad Veidt (an idol of mine who died here young at 49).

And he [Schreiber] said to me, "You know you're following in their footsteps, aren't you?" Nobody could have paid me a greater compliment. It was very heartwarming that one man should consider that I represented, in a sense, all these people. It's a very humbling thought.

hat did you do during the war?

I was in the Intelligence Service during the War. Some of it I am permitted to discuss; some of it I am not permitted to discuss. Even now. The Official Secrets Act in Britain is valid for forty years. That means 1985.

Does that mean you could get tried for treason?

I don't think it would ever get as far as that. The whole thing seems a bit ludicrous anyway; in the last couple of years of the war, I was involved in special operations. After the war, before I became an actor in 1947, for the two intervening years, I worked on investigation committees connected with war crimes.

That means after your stint with the RAF you were chosen as part of the English delegation of war crimes?

Well, it wasn't as simple as that. Perhaps it's better not to mention this, as it's slightly unofficial.

Could I clear this with the British Home Office?

No, you couldn't. They would not have heard of me. People did not work under their own names.

What name did you work under?

I can't tell you that. You must understand that there are things I can't discuss, I'm not being mysterious.

Were you responsible for bringing in any Nazis?

I helped. So did a lot of others — British, French, American, Jewish, Russian. Many groups.

Any big-name Nazis? Like Eichman?

No, no, no. Eichman was done by Mossab [Israeli Intelligence], as you know. Mossab is probably the most effective and efficient intelligence service in the world.

I would imagine that Mossab and the British Intelligence are probably the two most admired agencies in that world.

Oh, yes, and probably the most ruthless, too. But that's the name of the game, isn't it? When you come across words like "grease him," and "waste him," it's kind of weird. It's like "terminate with extreme prejudice" [the CIA's lingo for killing].

Yes, and scary.

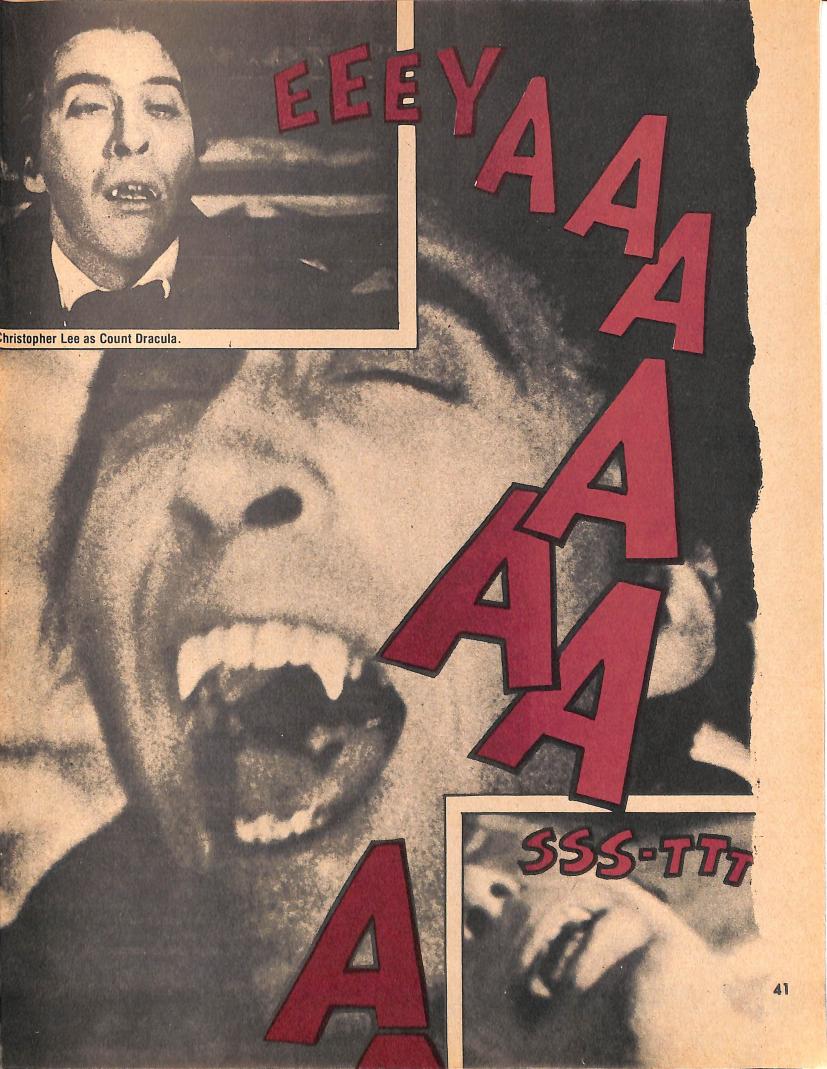
It's like the Department of Dirty Tricks. It's like the Department of Wet Things, which is the head of the Russian Execution squad.

How did you become interested in the intelligence business? It just happened.

Natural curiosity?

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There will be more calamities, more death, more despair. Not the slightest indication of a change anywhere. The cancer of time is eating us away. Our heroes have killed themselves, or are killing themselves. The hero, then, is not Time, but Timelessness. We must get in step, a lock step, toward the prison of death. There is no escape. The weather will not change. — Henry Miller



IT'S WAR

Obviously. I had a natural bent for it, and I had the linguistic ability for it.

What languages do you speak? French and German?

Yes, And Italian, And a bit of Russian and Greek and Danish and Swedish.

id you know an Englishman named Allan Beasley?

No. I am not permitted to discuss intelligence matters, and I don't want to, because the past is the past. Some of it, all of it, is very vivid in my mind. Some of it comes back to me from day to day according to what is happening in the world. But one did not know people by their real names. You were a cipher — a code name or whatever.

I believe Allan Beasley worked for the English CIA. He was also a linguist and wrote many travel books.

Oh, that could be the M15, which is military intelligence, or the M16, which is civilian intelligence, or SIS, the Special Intelligence Service.

He was a friend of Kenneth Tynan's and, according to Tynan, he committed suicide when his cover was blown. Oh, well, how do you know he committed suicide?

I see what you mean. That's a good question.

"How do you know?" is a good question. That's why I've said that these boys don't play at games. We had nothing to do with the major war criminals, though. We were after anybody, anybody who was on a list we were given.

How many people were on the list?

The figures were enormous. There were literally thousands of people arrested. I think out of that number, only something like 150 were executed, actually.

Executed where? At Nuremberg?

I had nothing to do with that. The Nuremberg executions were carried out by an American hangman, a master sergeant named John Woods of San Antonio, Texas. We operated wherever we were told to go.

Were you present at any executions?

Yes, quite a few.

Twenty?

More than that.

Fifty?

More than that.

Hundred?

Not quite.

Did you ever see a war criminal show signs of remorse? No, none whatsoever. They believed unshakeably, with total conviction and total sincerity, that they were doing the right thing. I'll never forget that. It explains a great deal.

How old were you?

I was young. Twenty-four. Having been through the war, I was fairly inured to the bestiality or the cliche of man's inhumanity to man. But it wasn't until I saw those camps that I had any idea . . .

Which camps did you visit?

I really don't want to discuss that. Not all of them, of

course. Sometimes two days later, sometimes two, three weeks after, months. But when we saw the people responsible, we saw what they had done and spoke to them and interrogated them. You must remember that there were hundreds of people involved. It was difficult to feel that they were human beings because you had seen what they had done. I don't recollect any remote indication of remorse right up until the moment of execution.

That must have been some experience for a twenty-fouryear-old English boy.

I wasn't a boy and I wasn't all that English.

o you think your ability to characterize evil so well comes from your close encounters with Nazi hunting and surveillance?

But in 1946, you were investigating the world's most evil men and in 1947, you began to play them in the theater and films. Did you ever use the specific characteristics of a war criminal in a part you've played in a film?

Oh, yes. The clinical indifference, the emotionlessness, the cold, callous attitude.

Can you think of specific parts corresponding to specific

Yes, there have been instances, and I'll tell you exactly what they are: Rochefort in The Three Musketeers, the great swordsman of France who had a sardonic sense of humor although he was a very evil guy; and Scalamandre, the professional assassin in The Man With the Golden Gun.

How about Rasputin?

Now that's a different thing. Rasputin I based upon what knowledge I had about him. Of course he was a very complex individual. I met his daughter, Maria, around two years ago, before she died. She told me that I was like her father. She had seen the film. A compliment, I suppose. Were you bothered by playing all the bad guys, monsters, and villains?

Oh no. They are much more fun to play — much more interesting than anybody else. They are usually better written, with more dimension to the characters. They're wittier. People remember them better.

In the war, were you in a situation where you had to kill people?

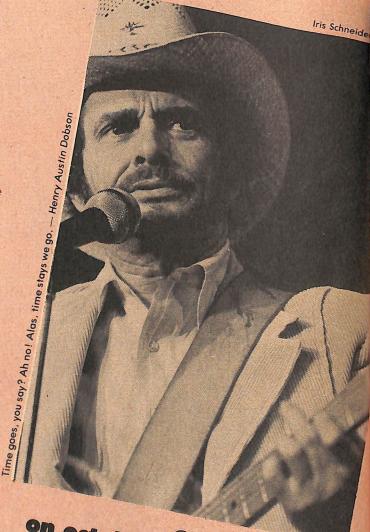
Oh, I don't want to get into that really. A man who drops bombs kills people. I'd rather not discuss that, I don't really want to give the impression that I was some sort of mass murderer because I was in a plane that dropped bombs. I was one of 10,000s of people...I was, if you like to call it, involved in the infliction of death; so were millions of people. I was taught to do a lot of unattractive things, let's put it that way. You can call the murder "licensed murder" or "political murder"— it doesn't excuse it—but it's war.



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n 1934 James and Flossie Haggard's barn in
Checotah, Oklahoma, burned down, so they loaded up their '26 Chevy and drove to California. Arriving in Oildale, a suburb of Bakersfield, they were confronted by thousands of other unemployed migrant workers living in cardboard shacks. In 1937 Children, was born in a converted refrigerator traincar. When Merle was nine years old, his father died. Not hit the road when he was fourteen. The next eight four children, and a three-year stretch at San Quentin

erle Haggard's experiences, coupled with the vast, arid expanses of country he traveled, succeeded in shaping him into a distinctly American songwriter. Like Hank Williams and Jimmy Rodgers, Haggard wrote tunes that have a purity and directness evocative of smoky honky-tonks, parched cornfields, and rusting Chevys, timeless songs that make us feel the link with Americans of two generations past. Talking with him in a motel room in Anaheim, California: Haggard, now forty-three, chain-smoked unfiltered Camels while his pet chihuahua Tuffy darted about the room. He's a disarmingly honest if somewhat elusive man with a great reverence for the tradition he's a part of. He seems at once restless and weary, and there's a haunting melancholy in the slow, studied way he moves through the world.



on october 25, 1980, kristine mckenna interviewed

Merle Haggard

in a motel room in anaheim, california. ristine McKenna: As the cowboy, the American West, and simple agrarian life recede into the past, what will happen to country music? Will it become an academic museum music about an imagined past? Merle Haggard: Country music is about hard times, broken hearts, and feeling homesick, and I can't see that those things are going to vanish. Songs about Mama, where I work, and where I don't want to work will always strike a familiar note in people. It'll last because it's got melodies you can whistle, earthiness, and simplicity.

ould you describe your music as simple? It seems there are many subtle complexities in your songs.

True, my music isn't as simple as it might sound. It's kind of like the Dean Martin approach. He always looks like he sort of stumbled onstage, but there's a great art in creating that relaxed appearance. Bob Wills played with such great ease that one time a fan went up to him at one of his shows and said, "I bet I can do that." Bob handed over his fiddle; of course the guy didn't know where to begin:

You've often commented that you feel a great nostalgia for the depression era. Why are you attached

That period has always interested me because that's when the music was new and my father was young. I loved the stories I heard as a kid about the Black Hats, John Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde. Plus, I've always been a railroad buff, and that's when the railroads were thriving. To this day I often think about taking a freight-train trip. You know, puttin' a little money in my pocket and taking off just to see if I could still do it. But it's always just a thought — I never get the

Do you feel you've been lucky in life or have you had to struggle for all you've achieved?

I know what it is to be down and out, to work hard and hear people run down your way of life. I've rubbed shoulders with all kinds of outcasts, rich and poor, had equal parts good and bad, and I don't really think luck has had a great deal to do with my life. As far as my writing, I've been fortunate in that I've been able to write some songs that a lot of people liked. But it hasn't all been luck, because I've studied hard for a long time and I take a lot of pride in my

It's there on my report card in sixth grade: "He just sits and stares out the window." They didn't know I was sittin' there trying to write a song.

> Not professionally. My grandfather was a great fiddle player, and my father played fiddle and guitar in what is your family musical? were then known as gospel quartets. He gave it up for my mother, though - because she was a pretty religious woman, and a lot of people thought all music outside of hymns was sinful.

re you basically the same person you were as a child, or has your personality undergone radical changes? I'd have to say I've undergone some radical changes. I've been working on my autobiography, and the ghost writer — or whatever you call it — asked my mother to describe me in a sentence, and she said, "I can do it in a word — unpredictable." So I'm sure

I've changed many times in the course of my life. Lately I've been tryin' to change, tryin' to get ready to be an older person and do things with a little more sense. Mainly for health reasons. I can't just jump on a plane at three in the morning, fly halfway across the country and stay up all the next day like I used to. That's pretty much the way I've always lived. I've done every damn thing I wanted and can't think of a place I've missed seeing or long to be — unless it's my houseboat on Lake Shasta.

No unfulfilled fantasies?

I've always wanted to fly my own Learjet and would have liked to be an astronaut. Ever since I was a little kid, space travel has always fascinated me.

What's been your biggest disappointment in life? The death of my father. It happened more than thirty years ago, but a day doesn't go by that I don't think

ho have been your heroes in life?

My father, of course, and after him, President Roosevelt, Bob Wills, Joe Lewis, and Bing Crosby -Frank Sinatra couldn't hold Crosby's pipe. Later in life I became friends with a man who owns a gambling casino in Las Vegas who became sort of a father figure for me. He's one of those people that always seem to know how to iron out any problem. He's got all these great little one-line philosophies, and his basic theory is that there's no real problem as long as you have your health. I got to know him 'cause he was a gambler and so was I. I was pretty well-known in the casinos, and I did real well for four or five years. I don't gamble anymore, because basically it's just a big ego trip - you know, stroll in and be the man who beats everybody else.

What's the biggest change you've observed in the world over the course of your life?

People are becoming more liberal and honest. Used to be that you encountered a lot of people who were flat-out phonies, who claimed to be something they simply were

Perhaps you've become less subject to those kinds of things because your position in the world is quite different from what it was twenty years ago.

I don't think that's it, 'cause I'm referring to issues that concern everybody, things like authority and sexuality. People have become much more open about sex, and I see that as a real change for the better. Thirty years ago it was something everybody did but nobody admitted, and I've wondered about that since I was four years old.

TIMES WERE HARD



ow do you feel about the way country music is evolving? Do you think it's becoming diluted and

Pure country music is still as much a cult music as pure bastardized by the influx of pop? jazz. Hardcore country artists still have a hard time getting on country stations because most of them are geared towards crossover MOR [MOR = middle of the road]. Everybody seems to think that because country music has had a great upswing in popularity that it's changed, but I don't see any change. The audience has changed. It's been rediscovered by the mass audience because the movie industry has been focusing on it lately, but people like Willie Nelson have been playing their music for years, and just because they've only recently had mainstream acceptance doesn't mean they've changed.

Why are country music and booze so intertwined? It's jukebox beer-drinking music that had its real beginning in honky-tonks. When it first came out, the record company men didn't think it would sell much, so they didn't print up too many copies of the records. The only place you could hear it was on jukeboxes in bars. Of course all that has changed, but songwriters can still depend on booze as a successful subject, whether it's a pop song like "The Days of Wine and Roses" or a country song like "Swinging Doors." You know, it's hard to keep from drinking in certain places - Nevada, for instance. When I was working night clubs in Bakersfield I used to drink a fifth of whiskey every night and not tell any difference. But I don't drink enough to be called a drinking man.

To me there are just two kinds of music — good and bad. I've never paid much attention to stylistic categories, because categorizing music is just a device for the people trying to sell music. I like most kinds of music but not all of any one particular kind. I don't like all country music; in fact, I like very little of it. I loved fifties rock 'n' roll, Fats Domino, Little Richard. But as far as today's rock 'n' roll, it sounds a little too slick and contrived for my taste. It's become so involved with electronics that it's begun to have a feeling of unreality. Which of your work are you most proud of?

Probably my album tribute to Jimmy Rodgers. Jimmy Rodgers was pure country and a great singer with a very clear, true voice. He was the first to be pegged a country artist because he was the first to use a particular blend of American influences. He recorded with Louis Armstrong, Fatha Hines, and all kinds of people beyond the realm of hillbilly music. For my album tribute to him, I learned the blue yodel style that he developed, and I didn't do too bad with it.

How do you see your music evolving? Do you see it changing over the years?

I hope so. I sure wouldn't want to stay the same. Sure, you lose something when you discard the past, but you have to train your eye to see that new thing that's replaced the past. As to where my music is heading, I really can't say. I'm such an unpredictable person I can't even plan my life thirty days in advance - which is my main problem with this business. You have to plan your life a year in advance, and that just

accurate is your image of the hardliving loner? I'd have to say it's fairly accurate. Being a public person, if you plan to remain on a friendly basis with your audience, you've got to be honest. There are some things I'd rather not discuss with the public, but those things are very few. So, yes, I'd say that with me what you see is what you get.

Do you enjoy being famous?

It can be advantageous in certain situations. If you want sometning in your hotel room at two o'clock in the morning, you have a better chance of getting it, but in the long run fame ain't much use. Success can be a real prison — hell, it devoured Elvis — that and the other things a man goes through when he hits forty. When I was thirty-eight I went through a period I guess you'd call male menopause. Anyhow, basically, I've led a simple life and when the money started to roll in, I was too busy to think about it, much less spend it. So whether I had \$80 or \$80 million it was just numbers on paper. Everything you own is just one more problem to worry about. I'd like to get rid of everything and have nothing to think about but the anchor on the back of my boat.

Does having created great music in the past weigh heavily on you?

Oh, yeah, there's a lot of pressure, but you bring that on yourself. I could quit now and say to myself, I've done it all, received all the awards, had forty-some number-one records. I've got plenty to brag to my grandchildren about. But if I stopped, I'd feel like a quitter. It would be an injustice to the people who might be looking forward to the next record. Plus, what the hell else would I do? So I figure I might as well be in it with both feet.

re you attracted to chaos?

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Not consciously, but I'm sure there's a part of me that gravitates towards trouble. My greatest fears are boredom and loneliness. I can't stand to be alone at all. At two or three o'clock in the morning, after everybody else has crapped out, I'm usually still awake. And there's a period after everyone else has fallen asleep when I'm still awake that I dread every

For most of your life you've seemed compulsively driven in search of adventure. Are you a more contented man now or are you as restless as you ever

Mentally I'm still driven, but physically I can't keep up with all the things I'd like to do. If I had the energy I had ten years ago, there's no telling what I'd be into. When I was a kid I kind of flew the coop. Took my first train trip to Texas when I was fourteen, got in a car wreck and thrown in jail, got hungry a couple of times, and worked all sorts of odd jobs. There's no way I could've stayed in one place 'cause as a kid I'd spend all my time glued to the radio listening to those great country singers talking about hopping freights, traveling, and seeing the big cities. It was just in my blood to be out there on that road too. Maybe I was lookin' for them. x

THE BEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES

november 6, 1980, wet played hit-and-run at some l.a.-area high schools. these teens told us what to look out for in the future.

iackie

Q: What are you going to do when you get out of school?

A: Go to beauty college and become a cosmetologist.

Q: What's your greatest dream?

A: To be a famous model.

Q: What's going to be the worst thing in the future?

A: The rapture.

Q: The what?

A: That certain time when God comes and takes his people away.

Q: Do you go to church?

A: Yeah, Mt. Hermon Baptist.



victor

Q: What's your great dream?

A: To become an actor.

Q: Did you hear that Steve McQueen died this morning?

A: Really?

Q: How do you see the eighties?

A: Drugs will be legalized. There'll be space drugs.

Q: Huh?

A: Like flying cocaine.

Q: Where do you get flying cocaine?

A: It just turns up.

Q: Are you getting a good education?

A: Yes, I am. I'm studying electronics.

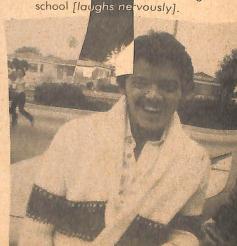
Q: What do you see as the future of television?

A: I just heard that now you can get your phone calls through the television. They're called space phones, I think

Q: What do you think'll make you happy when you're thirty-five years old?

A: A career, a really expensive car, maybe a nice mansion here in L.A. Q: What's the scariest thing in

your future? A: If I don't graduate from high





tracy

Q: What did you like about the six ies?

A: I was born in the sixties.

Q: How long do you think you'll

A: Forever. Well, maybe till about

Q: What do you see for fashion in the eighties?

A: No clothes.

Q: What is the purpose of high school?

A: To acquire knowledge.

Q: If the seventies were the Me Decade, what will we call the eighties?

A: Universal. I think all the countries will finally come to a Decision.

Q: Are you afraid of Ronald Reagan?

A: Yes.

Q: What is it you don't like about him?

A: His looks.

Q: Who's the best new band in town?

A: Adrenalin!

quaalude"

Q: How do you think you're gonna die?

A: I dunno. Probably just burn out.

Q: What's your favorite thing to do in this world?

A: Party and surf.

Q: What do you think'll be cool in the year_20003

A: Hovercrafts.

Q: What's the worst thing about

high school? A: The hours.

Q: Wha's the best thing?

A: Hard to say.



Q: What's the most exciting thing in your life?

A: Dancing.

Q: Who's your favorite dancer?

A: Martha Graham.

Q: What's your greatest dream?

A: I don't have one yet.

Q: How does our society need to be improved?

A: Women's liberation. Equality.

Q: Do you feel that men treat you unequally?

A: Yes.

Q: What does that string around your wrist mean?

A: The other person wearing one of these is in South Africa, surfing.



avonda

Q: How long do you think you're going to live?

A: As long as the Lord wants me to.

Q: What are you going to do after you get out of high school?

A: I'm going to be a secretary.

Q: How would you describe the 1980s?

A: My years.

Q: What do you see in the future?

A: A black president.

veronica

Q: So what are you going to do when you get out of high school?

A: Commercial art.

Q: Uh, wait, I better get closer because this tape recorder isn't working too good. What kind of commercial art?

A: Advertisements, like my dad.

Q: What future do you see for America?

A: America is trying to get too high. Everybody wants too much. I think it's going to end up being a disaster."

Q: How would you describe the eighties?

A: Berserk.

Q: Who do you think will replace Steve McQueen?

A: Scott Bajo!

On What do you think is cool?

A: Being yourself.

Q: What do you think will be cool in the year 2000?

A: I don't think there'll even be cool in the year 2000. I don't think people'll even have their own minds.

Q: Just one more question. What's your greatest hope?

A: The way things are going in the world now, there's really no room to



micole

Q: What do you see as the juture of fashion?

A: Everything'll be more the same because there will be so many more people.

Q: How about music?

A: It will be more mood-elevating. It won't be hard rock 'n' roll. I mean, rock will still live on but it'll be a different concept, more inside.

Q: Who do you think will be the eighties' biggest star?

A: Bryan Sparr. He lives out in the Valley. He's got a Prophet 5, and he's an excellent synthesizer player. He's about thirty-five and he doesn't take drugs or anything.

Q: And you think he's going to be a star?

A: If he wants to be.

Q: What about drugs in the eighties?

A: They'll be governmentally legalized and controlled. Pot will probably be grown on government plantations. Drugs'll be like home entertainment centers.

Q: How long are you gonna keep on surfing?

A: Forever.



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(fakt), n. 1, the quality of existing or of being real; actuality; truth. 2, that which is known to be true.

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by Lewis MacAdams

WILL TELL

on november 11,1980, the author visited his grandmother in a home in placerville, california. the two talked about her youth.

y grandmother is ninety-six and living out her last days in a convalescent hospital in Placerville, California, an old mining town in the foothills of the Sierras, and I went there to see her last week. s long as I can remember, she'd insisted I was her special grandson, that there was a special bond between her and me. She was an artist. Her early life was devoted to the theatre in obscure New York productions and touring companies, and to the earliest days of the movie business. She was in Thomas Edison's first talking films, but she had two children to raise alone, and so began a long career teaching drama in a girls' boarding school. After a sixty-year hiatus, she came back to the movies as an old lady having her tongue cut out in a Dallas-made drive-in horror movie called Don't Look in the Basement in 1975. father, died a year ago. Her daughter, a retired public health official, came and brought her back to Placerville. It proved impossible for my aunt to keep her in her house. My grandmother began to howl at night. "Help me. Help me," my grandmother cried all night long to God knows who. Finally, my aunt couldn't handle it any longer and put her in a so-called convalescent hospital. Convalescence in my dictionary comes from the Greek "to grow strong." In our language, it means a slow return to health, but it didn't look to me like anybody in that convalescent hospital was going to walk out of there alive. It looked to me, in fact, like a privately owned, incorporated-for-profit garbage heap for old people. It made me curse myself and my culture for living in such a way that I couldn't even take care of my own grandmother. the brick facade of the building, on a back street in Placerville, my aunt and I met my grandmother. She was sitting in a wheelchair underneath a press clipping from a local newspaper about her life. In the article, there was a photograph of her taken around 1910, probably a publicity still. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman in an ersatz buckskin Indian costume. In her high dark boots with her hands behind her back and breasts thrust forward, she looked proud. Her arms y aunt noticed that my grandmother was wearing somebody else's clothes. She had were alluring and soft. apparently misplaced her false teeth and new ones had not been made. My grandmother looked dazed, pulled back into her head. But we were glad to see each other. She pulled me toward her, and I felt her stiff mustache whiskers against my cheek for the first time in nearly a year. Kneeling beside her, I noticed that one foot was missing from her wheelchair. Around the dayroom were a dozen or so women in wheelchairs of their own. Most of them were sound asleep, snoring peacefully, though it was ten o'clock in the morning. One woman howled horribly, "NOOOO, NOOOO!" She screamed over and over, "NOOOOO NOOOOOO NOOOOOOOO!" Then a nurse ran in with a little paper cup and some Melaril. "Here, Mrs. Sands, drink this," the nurse said firmly, as if she were talking to a little girl. The old woman took the paper cup in her twisted hand and poured it in the general direction of her face. The water poured down her cheeks as she swallowed the pill. sn't there someplace else we can talk?" I asked. The only old man in the room snored in a maybe the TV Room?" the nurse replied. wheelchair next to us, his fly open wide. n the television room, loud game shows passed unnoticed across a large screen. Below it, two or three more old ladies slept slumped over in their wheelchairs. Maybe in my grandmother's own room there wouldn't be as much noise. y grandmother shares her room with two other old ladies. One was asleep. The other sat bolt upright in her wheelchair with horror in her eyes and watched me wheeling my grandmother in. She pointed her finger at my grandmother and stage-whispered, "That one's not right. She's . . . She's" The woman searched for the right word. "She's fluffy." longer has control of her body. She sits on a piece of foam rubber that gradually soaks up her pee. Her bed is covered with what looks like toam-rubber egg crates. The copy of Time Magazine on her bedstand is the only sign that anyone still lives there. They must have to lift her into bed every night. thought of how when I was little she used to read me to sleep with the fairy tales of Oscar Wilde." 'Climb up, little boy,' said the tree," I heard her reading to me somewhere in the distant where can we find a place where there isn't any noise in this hospital?" I asked a nurse. She suggested we try the dining room. The sound of slamming dishes and a buzzing coke machine in the small room made that impossible. We tried the beauty parlor. A very old woman slept with a smile on her face while a beautician did her hair. Finally we found an empty bathroom. I set the tape recorder down next to a stainless steel bathtub and we began the interview.

Mrs. Rhea MacAdams, or actress Rhea Acton.

Youth



Me: What's it like to live around all these drugged-out people?

Grandma: Oh, it's very annoying. Very unpleasant. There's not a soul here who would know what I'm talking about. I can't bear it, but I have to. There's no other avenue open.

Do you think you've been too smart for your own good?

I haven't been smart. I've been dumb. I had chances to get in with the right group, but I didn't.

Well, what have you learned in your life?

I haven't learned anything. I have lived beyond my own destiny.

Do you think your training as an actress helps you in your life today?

Oh greatly. In every way. The first rule of acting is: "Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I would as leave the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do you saw the air too much with your hands thus. But use all gently, for every moment is known and accepted. Good or bad." That's still good advice.

What makes a great actor?

The power to throw your own life to the side and accept the life you're acting for.

Who was the greatest actor of your time?

David Garrick.

What were your favorite parts?

I loved to play Juliet. But she's so far beyond me now. I don't have the looks. Well, I can assume the looks, and I can assume the grace. But it's not genuine. I would love to play Juliet again.

4567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234

How can a thing exist, whereof no part does ever exist? Nothing of time does ever exist, but instants; and an instant is not even

Does acting make you more wise about other people?

No, because acting is an assumption. You're not genuinely coming into another person's life. You're just capable of making your voice and diction suit the character. But when I play an old lady, I become an old lady (somehow she makes her body shrivel up even more). I can play someone a hunared years old (her voice becomes even reedier and more tiny and phlegm-filled and she looks up at an imaginary shelf): "Oh dear, I can't get up there and reach it. It's too high for me. I'll have to stay down here." That's your old lady.

Now here's your young, sporty girl (she tosses her head coltishly): "Well, of all things. He doesn't know what he's talking about. Tell him to go back to school."

If I were to play an old woman today, I'd tremble all over. I'd be watchful of everything. I would be *nervous* about life. But, as it is, I don't give a damn.

Yet you still want to go on living. So you do give a damn.

Yes. I still want to hold onto life. Life has some allure. Like holding my daughter's hand.

So what do you still look forward to?

Love. It's still the predominant emotion.

What things are you afraid of?

Oh, I'm afraid of life. I'm afraid of what life has in store for me. I'm terribly afraid.

Do you think the mind exists outside the body?

The body follows the mind. You have to begin to realize you're living this life and accept it.

These days, do you ever find yourself slipping into a role unconsciously?

No, I always know when I'm playing a part. But I only have to close my eyes and say, "I'm here, Jenny Jones. What do you wish to do with me?" and then live the life that Jenny Jones tells me to.

Was anything aside from acting happy in your life?

No, not at all. Acting has always been the height of my life. But to be able to walk across the stage in a beautiful gown and do it beautifully requires thought—and emotion. Now my mind is losing its vim. It just feels like it's sinking. As you get older, you don't have the strength to go through three acts of being someone else.

I've had love. I'vê had children and grandchildren, and I've enjoyed the power of being with them. But my life, aside from acting, has not been very illuminating. Acting has been my sphere, and it's all still there. I can still play an old lady or a little girl.

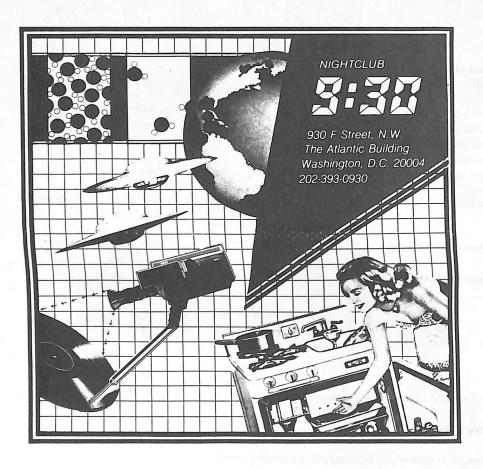
What about time?

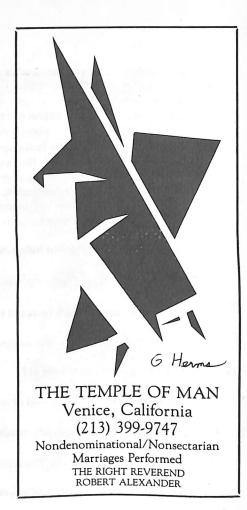
Time? Time rolls on. We've got nothing to do about it. There's nothing new. There's only the same old question: What shall I do? How shall I live?"

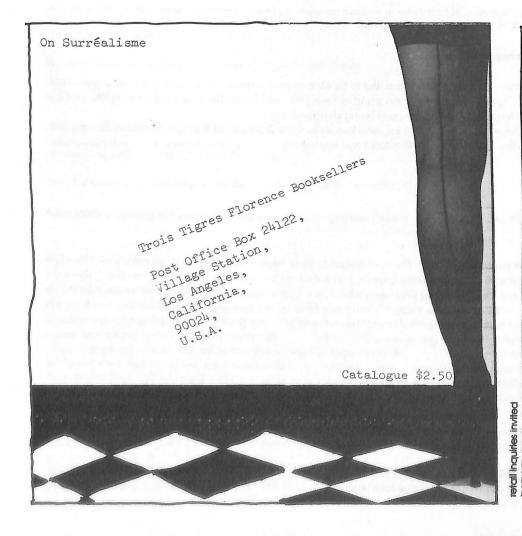
could feel both our minds beginning to drift. My aunt began to busy herself with the fresh laundry she'd brought from home; the hospital only supplies fresh sheets once a week. I wheeled my grandmother back into the dining room for a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. Then I went to find her a wheelchair that at least had two feet, so she wouldn't have When I came back, my aunt was feeding my grandmother a chocolate bon-bon. My to drag her leg down the halls. grandmother raised her mouth and took it like a faithful dog. "You have to go?" my grandmother said, gripping my hand. "Yes," I answered, holding her tight, "I've still got to drive 500 miles." a nurse came up with a paper cup and a don't want it," my grandmother fretted. "I won't take it." Melaril. "Mrs. MacAdams, it's time for your pill." She missed her nine o'clock," the nurse explained to me patiently. She must take her pili," her own daughter warned, while I sat through the situation, staring at the tabletop in impotent rage. may grandmother held the Melaril under her tongue and smiled at me out of the corner of one eye. "MOTHER," my aunt insisted, "I know you haven't Finally, my grandmother did and we talked small talk about her great-grandchildren as she swallowed it. Please." slowly faded and then it was time for me to go. I said good-bye to my aunt, got in the car, drove like a madman for several hours to the highest point I could find in the Sierras, and there I screamed my lungs out into the Pines.

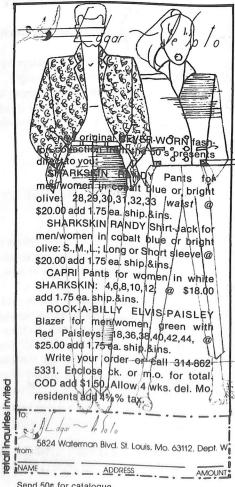
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itself a part of time. Whoever considers these observations, will easily apprehend that time can only be an ideal thing. — Leibniz









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would give me a new concept of space.

How do you approach the vast

I approach time as an artist and scientist, employing logic, linguistics, mathematics, computer science, taste, and value. I try to convey in my time art presentations the passing and understanding of time, being time. My shows are designed to generate randomne They began with something I read in Wittgenstein that ther are things you can talk about and things that you can't. Th things you can't talk about must be passed by in silence. You experience it, and show it. That's what I do, just show it. I show things having to do with time, taking place in time. Does a watch help? No, but I'm thinking of getting one; I'm tired of asking people what time it is.

Are your ideas analogous to the phenomenological philosophies of Husserl and Bergson?

Yes. Husserl's book The Phenomenology of Internal Time Consciousness spells out most of what my experiments attempt to show Henri Bergson's Introduction to Metaphysics points to these basics of time. These books are prerequisites for anyone trying to understand time. Without them you don't have a clue to what time it is. Or what time is, Which is basically what? Time is time and not space.

It's more like random music, melody, harmony, counterpoint rhythm, intervals, and variations that Farina writes down) tic(8)tic(2)tic(2)tic(1)tic(4) tic(4)tic(6)tic,

Where does all this research lead to?

I've discovered the attention span. I should say, the Interest Curve. Not only the durations but the patterning of time, or timing. And my discovery of timing has given me a fondnes and aesthetic for the process and beauty of randomness. Randomness is such a vast

resource. A method for understanding the

future, perhaps? Exactly It opens up the future of possibility. It's not determined by motions of space but by an infinite spectrum of conceptual counterpoint - tonal and colorlike relationships. Do you feel coincidence is related to time?

I don't know Coincidence is difficult. If you get too hung up on it you become paranoid or kozmik". Paranoia is probably 21st-century word for not being able to accommodate coincidence.

Does coincidence figure into your art presentations? What I've been experimenting with is not presenting coincidence but concurrency. That's Time / / Time. Time is time: things are always happening all at at once. It's what we choose to focus on that limits our perceptions or ability to experience Time / / Time, as opposed to Time // Space.

Can Time / / Time be demonstrated?

I once had a character in my shows, Mr. Zip. Mr. Zip had no spatial coordinates whatsoever. He would change into anything cornflake boxes, loaves of bread telephones, Charlie McCarthy dummies — always in the right place at the right time. That was the story on him: He changed his time and he could also change his

But then, instead of changing himself, he decided to replicate himself He became two Charlie McCarthy dummies or two cornflake boxes. He became Mr. Zip//Mr. Zip, the Time / / Time Double Boys. He//They simultaneously existed in two distinct time structures, two different spectrums

Weren't they hypothetical twins of Ralston Farina?

What is pure time? Time that doesn't drink, smoke, or fuck! Or shall I say it's how a five-yearold experiences time Is there a way for novice time enthusiasts to follow your footsteps through time?

It's a simple project, takes thirteen years twelve if you're a fast reader. Go to the library and read everything having to do with time. Read all the books these books refer to, then read verything that has to do with time but is cataloged under some other name. Sooner or later, you'll come upon someone doing this type of research, and I say you will come upon me. If it's someone else, bring that to my attention, but I'll bet it's me How has time changed

your life?

For the best, of course.

It's allowed me to discover the aesthetics of time. I've figured out how to organize a sequence of perfectly timed events. Does the physics of time have relevance for you? Physicists never take time far enough. They run into anomalies and wonder why they find anomalies. Their conceptions of time have a dissonant relationship with what they experience; in other words, they run into interference and react negatively. If they had an alternative view they might see that there's a message to continue, contained within the noise. It's like an acoustical hologram. Are disciplines like the I Ching applicable to the study of randomness? It's good to study disciplines, then abandon them and try to experience life and be in tune without the aid of a barometer, but the I Ching is definitely attuned to randomness, and its willingness to give good, solid advice is a positive aspect. Other time hobbyists should approach time in the same spirit. Can you relate intuition to understanding time? It takes time to organize, anticipate, and forecast. Intuition is a feeling of time, a feeling for what might happen Is there a mental or mechanical device to allow one to travel out of the Now into another century or dimension? The last person to try it got hit by a car. You can experiment with time, but I advocate confining most time travel to one's dreaming hours. Do you financially support yourself with

your time art?

Yes. An outgrowth

of my experimentation with the syntax of time is a highly sophisticated process called telepathic hypnosis. I utilize telepathic hypnosis to generate maybe \$80 to \$100 a week whenever I have the opportunity by inducing highly creative, visually oriented people of above-average intelligence and heightened sensory contact to help provide monetary security. For instance, I want everyone looking at the drawing on this page to send \$5.50 to Ralston Farina in care of WET. I tried this once in the inception of telepathic hypnosis and made about \$500. I'm going for \$5,000 this time. As I say, the technique is highly developed. What plans do you have for time in the future? Besides my painting, Vintend to explore the common expression, "Time Is Money." I plan to discover if there is any truth in that statement. Is there such a thing as Non-Time? Yeah, that's when you're on the bus an hour and a half from Hollywood to Santa Monica to do

this interview.

some time in the future. raiston farina is going become a milliongire and waste money. till then he's just wasting fime, and we're glad he wasted some on

by Corrinna Mabuse

alston Faring, is the original Time / / Time artist, "What," we asked him, "can time do for the average WET reader?"

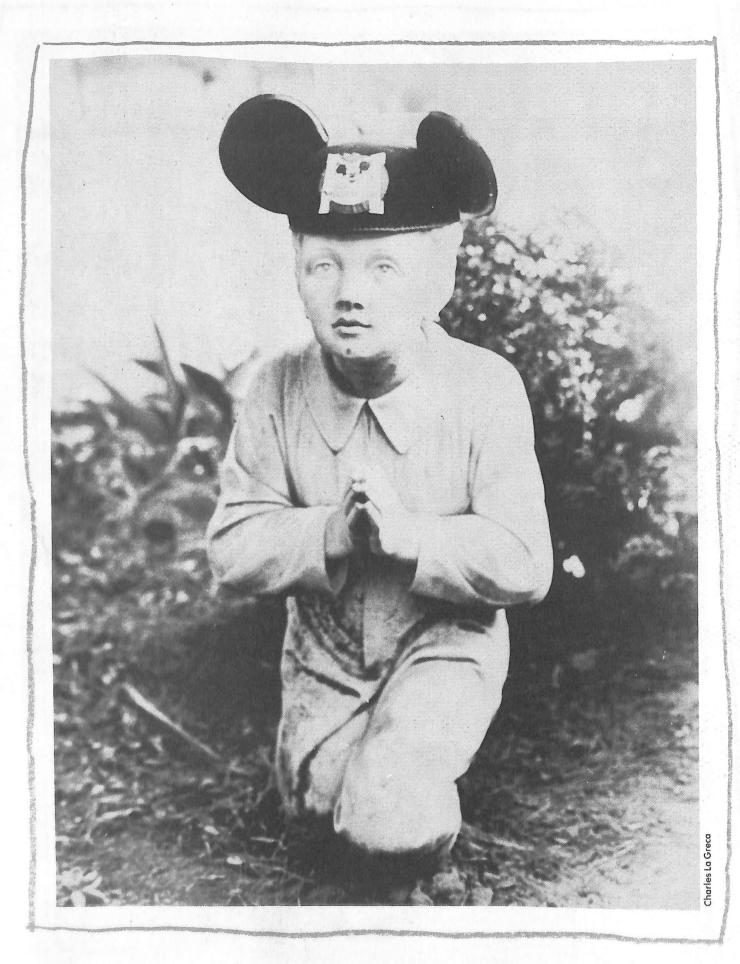
"What a question!" he replied. "What can WET do for the average time reader?" Is this just word-game bullshit? Read on and see. 1224567890

WET: What propelled your interest in time? Farina: I wanted to understand how to depict phenomena that occur in time. I had a hunch if A separated time and space, and researched only time, that it



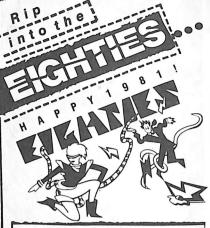
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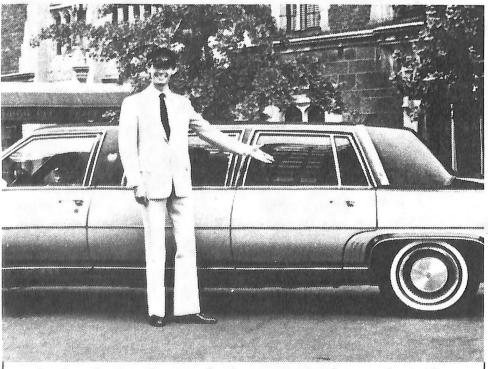
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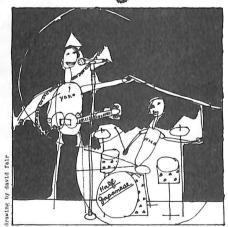
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TIME PIECE

This Is a Story of Substance Versus Image.

Beginning. Middle. End. There are other ways of thinking about time. Historical time, for example, doesn't necessarily flow in a straight line.

Time is what Paul "Tick Tock"
Kugler makes of it.

TEN

For more than forty years, he's been the clock foreman at Grand Central Station.

NINE

He's from a railroad family; between his pop, his brother, his sister and himself, the family's logged 123 years for America's rails.

EIGHT

Tick Tock could be called the Clockmaster, but he confers that honor to A. Tweed Westlake, the man who taught him clock repair.

SEVEN

Tick Tock takes care of all 200 clocks up and down the Conrail line; each of the clocks has its own personality, but Tick Tock doesn't play favorites.

SIX

All the clocks are attached to a master clock and a synchronizing system Tick Tock built twenty years ago; it corrects for deviation every hour on the hour.

FIVE

Tick Tock sets the clocks according to the National Bureau of Standards time, because telephone time "has too many discrepancies."

FOUR

Tick Tock's two busiest times of year are when he turns the clocks ahead one hour to change to Daylight Savings Time, and when he turns the clocks ahead eleven hours to change back to Eastern Standard Time...

THREE

because you never turn those clocks backwards. Never.

TWO

Tick Tock gets to work at six every morning — two hours ahead of official starting time — so he can work at his own pace, get the job done — "plus a little bit more."

ONE

The railroad runs on the time I give 'em," Tick Tock says proudly: He's in control here. "If I wanted to be mean I could slow everything down." He doesn't, though. Probably just knowing you can is enough.

The first clock he checks each day is the ball clock, a four-sided job that juts out over the information booth in Grand Central Station. This morning all four sides are slow. "Bingo, we got her," says Tick Tock, adjusting the mechanism to pull the clock up a minute. Then, like an Indian listening for the cavalry, he puts his ear against the metal post supporting the spiral staircase; he is listening to the pulse of the ball clock above.

Within Grand Central Station, Paul Kugler is a constant. He orbits the station hour after hour, checking, adjusting, refining. Regulars and old friends greet him cheerfully. And no wonder: He looks like Central Casting sent him over to play the Burgermeister in a Tyrolean musical but he took this job instead.

"Hey, Tick Tock!" we say. "How're ya doin'?"

"Oh, I haven't slept for days."
"Man, Whatsa matta?"

"I don't sleep days, I sleep nights!"

It's an old joke, but Tick Tock goes way back. He remembers the days when the red carpet was stretched out along the platform for the 20th Century Limited: "It was really elegant, really something." He recalls the time in the 1960s when there were hippies doing a jig

on top of the ball clock, The hippies busted all the hands: "Made 'em feel real big," Tick Tock says. "So they can say, 'I damaged something today. What am I gonna damage concrete." Makes them feel big. Makes me feel bad."

At Grand Central Station, this is what goes on: Commuters rush in and out twice a day, while "deadenders" sit around thinking about tracks they could have taken but never did. The changes don't affect Paul Kugler very much. Time, for him, is the hands on the clock and the perfectly tuned mechanisms that drive them, not something to be raced against. Time is Kugler's "go-to-hell" electrical chargers --which look like something from Thomas Edison's workroom - and the battered, beloved San Juan Hill hat he wears every day while he makes his rounds.

Tick Tock is planning to retire in 1982. So far he has no successor. It's hard to find someone with just the right knowhow, just the right attitude. It takes a certain type of person to really understand what Tick Tock means every time he says, "When you're busy, time goes.

Events aren't lives. Life-time has to progress from beginning to middle to end, no way around it; the relationship you strike with that order becomes the way you live your life.

Most of us try to handle it like Ralph Cramden handled his wife, Alice, on The Honeymooners. He tried to get around her, to outsmart her, win her over, or sometimes even ignore her. It never worked. Alice the Constant — bless her heart — always got the upper hand. And Ralph — frustrated but knowing she had won — could only stand and shake his fist at her: "To the moon, Alice. To the moon."





A B O ME

where the snow went,

Where we will be.

The vitality of the moment,
passage,
Assures us

There are peaks and shallows
everywhere
Chronic and unframed.

The desolation is bountiful
Such that we might
Rise to admire the spread paths
Darker than events, more
inscrutable.

We are brave, but temporary.

The earth is also temporary, but complete.

Yes. Yes. Go on. Say more.

Where shall we go when we are old?

Where will we be

When all is non-specific or vast:

That vast rim of intrusions

Vanishing as we overtake it.

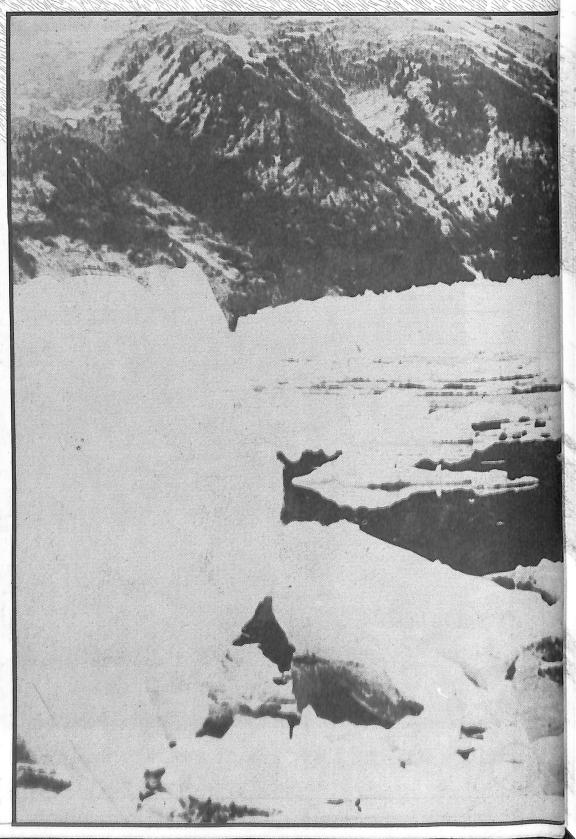
Time flies.

Or else we fly and it vanishes, vastly expired.

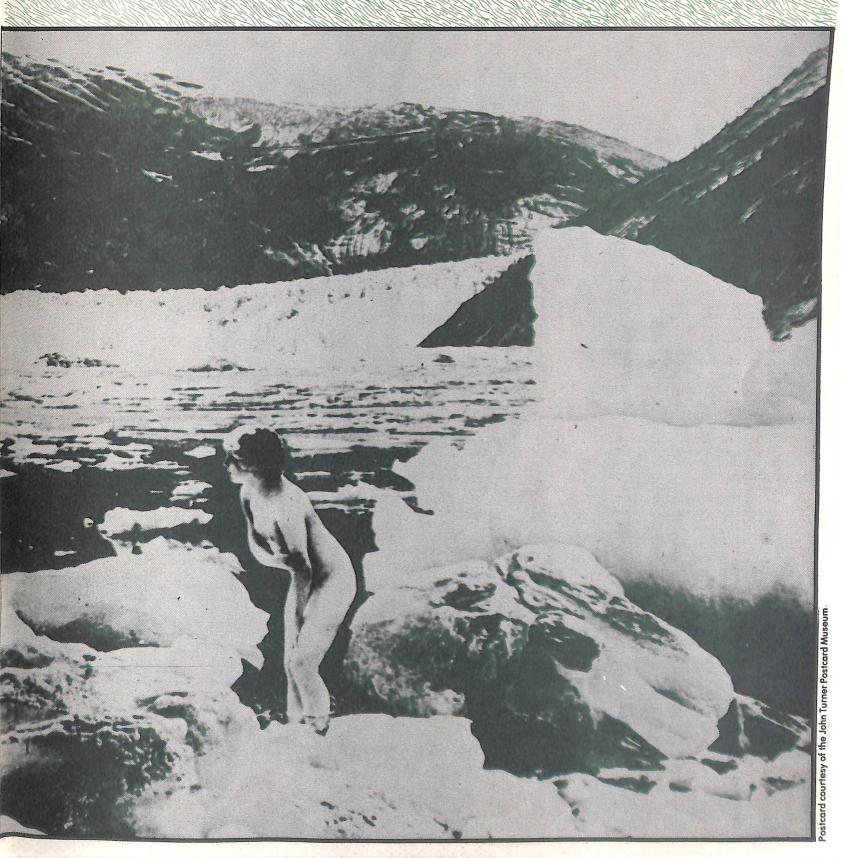
Some, the lesser of us, are beguiled, even as

The prophetic shapes grace

us with our doom.



COLORADO





ALGIS BUDRYS,

science fiction writer

What is time?

Increments of awareness, without reference to mechanical or external measurement.

What is your earliest memory?

I remember running around a dining room table in our house in Germany when I was about three. I was about the same age when Hitler paraded past our house in his Mercedes, accompanied by brass bands, Hitlerjugend, and everybody else. Our neighbors — all high-minded, upper middle class Germans — turned into a howling mob and even lost control of their bodily functions in some cases.

Where would you go in a time machine?

I'd like to visit Renaissance Italy or Periclean Athens, but I'd have to have the right weapons and training; I don't think a person with the sedentary habits of our civilization could survive in those societies.

What's your favorite time-saving device?

The typewriter. - Jim Trombetta

WILLIAM BURROUGHS,

66, great writer. (His latest — Cities of the Red Night — is due out in March from Holt, Rinehart & Winston.)

What is time?

Time is that which ends.

What is "that which does not end"? What does not end has no meaning. It can't be put into words. Time and words, in fact, are almost synonymous. You should study the Mayan concept of time. Their calendar had a definite day on which time began, and a definite day when it ends. They regarded time as a resource to be used up, like coal.

Do you think our exploration of space has altered our concept of time?

Not yet.

What is your earliest memory? My third birthday. Sitting in front

of a mirror knowing I was three. Where would you go if you could travel in a time machine?

Traveling back to ancient Greece or Rome you don't know what you're getting into. I think I'd go back and start over in another career, perhaps medicine.

Do you believe in eternal life?

I believe in life after death. When people say they want to live forever they're talking about a finite period of time.

What's been your happiest time? It's fleeting, just momentary flashes here and there. The happiness results in the contact with something beyond time — and that is space.

TAJMA,

DAPHNA, 5, cover girl What time is it? Eight o'clock. What is time? Six-thirty.

Hawaii.

time ago.

in your life?

No

If you could travel in a time machine, where would you go?

What has been the happiest time

When I went to Palm Springs, because the kids played with me, but I haven't seen them for sixteen months — is that a long time?

Do you believe in eternal life?

What is your enrilest memory? When I came flying out of my mom's puss — it-was a long, long

Sunset Strip streetwalker

What is time?
Time is living.
What's your earliest memory?
Just existing, just living.
If you could travel in a time machine, where would you go?
The twenty-first century.
You think things will be better?
Yes.
Would you go anyplace special in

Would you go anyplace special in the twenty-first century?

London,

Do you believe in eternity? Yes.

What's been the happiest time in your life?

When I make love, which is pretty ridiculous, but that's about the only thing left for me to be happy for. What time is it?

Probably about six. [Actual time: 4:40 p.m.]

-Paul Josephson



Your Only Alternative



