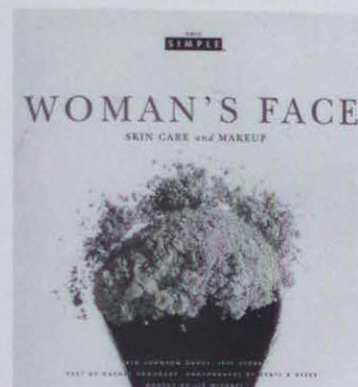


Pink Book Reviews



The Naked and the Dressed: front cover photograph of Elton John



Kim Johnson Gross and Jeff Stone

Chic Simple: Woman's Face: Skin Care and Makeup

New York: Knopf, 1998

Text by Rachel Urquhart

Photographs by Gentl & Hyers

Makeup by Liz Michael

reviewed by Sarah Katherine Roszler

"Hey Ladies, get funky!"

Beastie Boys.

MIGHT AS WELL get funky, because I have an inkling that it's a lot easier than getting pretty; the parameters for the former remain a little looser. *Woman's Face: Skin Care and Makeup*, of the Chic Simple series edited by Kim Johnson Gross and Jeff Stone, is a reminder of the elusiveness of prettiness: the art of looking okay. The idea of prettiness is paradoxical—at once suffused with dreamy hopefulness and a brutal call to reality. These components actually sound pretty good held at bay from each other, the potential for an interesting clash of otherworldly beauty and worldly vulgarity is promising. But when the two meet at the mirror, the drama factor gives way to Max Factor and that tepid, insipid need to prettify sets in. All the good stuff—weird, sick, daring, funky—is passed up to zone in on that narrow margin of decency which is so hard to attain that it has demanded volumes of the likes of *Women's Face* for ages in which to be properly made-up requires, as always, "a few simple steps":

Step 1: The navigation of a slew of feel-good icons—ranging from a pig with a dollar-sign branded on its

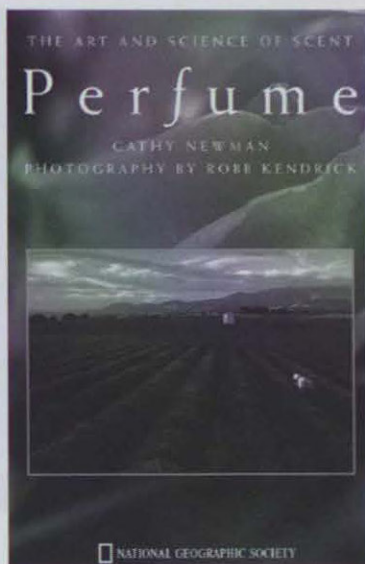
belly (a value tip), a masculine-looking head on a torsoless body (a historical profile), an eerily blank mirror (personal style) or an ominously locked first-aid case (emergency action for those boudoir accidents).

Step 2: The humiliation of responding to age-old rhetorical Q. and A. (Is your skin oily, troublesome, shiny?); because overcoming denial is key to looking good - it's all attitude, right? We can all be beautiful, can't we? It's on the inside, isn't it? . . . You'll be reminded of this every few pages for esteem titration—just in case you start to think that the "T" in T-zone stands for terminal.

Step 3: The grasping of the euphemism which applies to you. Accept it and be willing to overcome it by returning to step 1.

The tome is replete with picture-pretty pictures of women, products and tools plus dewy shots of flawless flowers and luscious fruits. All powders, pastes and unidentified miscellany in jars look good enough to eat never mind slather your face in, although that might not fall within the bounds of becomingness the book is trying hard to set us right by. Unfortunately, the prettiness of the book itself presents a bit of a problem, because as come-hither as it is (the whole series is a graphic success) it probably isn't one for the coffee table—that the best makeup should look totally natural is a cliché, what sense could there be in telling guests straight-up that not only do you make up but you have splurged on yet another self-helpish book to assist you in doing so? (And may still be slugging it out as an imperfect being with broken capillaries subjected to their scrutiny.) Better hope that the editors are following up with an issue on good hostessing to work out the aesthetic/ethical quandry, and that this one *will* be complete with the requisite accompanying instructional LP.

In the meantime, keep busy with the well-scrounged accompanying "famous skin care and make up quotes," which may be more entertaining than proper tweezing techniques and possibly more enlightening. Andy Warhol's admission that one of the things that gets him hot is having a Q-Tip in his ear is one of the most feasible DIY tips in the book.



Catherine Newman
Perfume: The Art and Science of Scent
Washington: National Geographic Society, 1998
Photography by Robb Kendrick
reviewed by David Theodore

ARCHITECTURE STINKS, BUT does it smell? In fact, architecture stinks *because* it doesn't smell. Odour, that most identifiable marker of place (have you never walked a dog?), has been flushed out of modern architecture: sanitized, climatized, de-odorized. Even smokers nowadays are sent to huddle outside the vestibule, blowing blue accusations at concrete indifference.

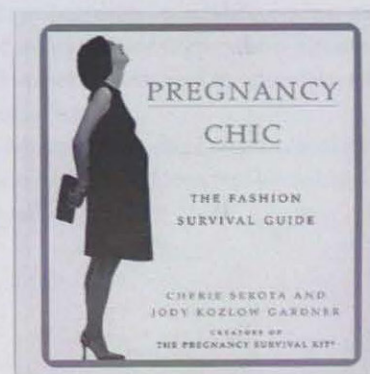
Into this void the notorious department store perfume vendors have rushed, atomizers in hand.

What is this book? Full colour. Glossy. Very pink. Gossipy. ("What do you sleep in Miss Monroe?" An interviewer asked. "Chanel No. 5" she replied. Find out why Michael Jackson's and Cher's scents failed.) High stakes. Big time. (It costs \$20 million to launch a new fragrance, but Calvin Klein earned \$250 million in the 1996 from cK One alone.) This is a National Geographic book, and fans of the magazine will be familiar with its combination of history, journalism and "insider" reporting.

This is not, however, a scholarly book. There is no index, although there is a bibliography which includes such academic olfactory standbys as Alain Corbin *The Foul and the Fragrant* (1986), marketing references such as *The World Market for Fragrances*, and more good gossip: Charles-Roux Edmonde, *Chanel: Her Life, Her World—and the Woman behind the Legend She Created* (1975). And there is a glossary. ("Lasting Quality: The ability of a fragrance to retain its character on the skin. See *Substantivity*.")

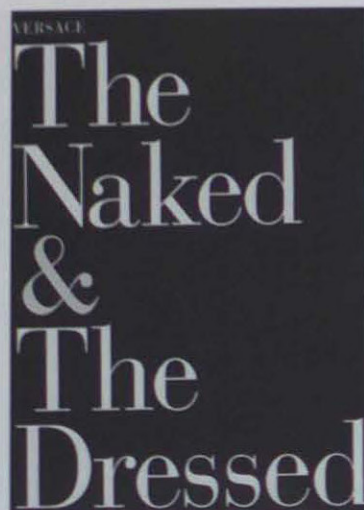
In short, this is a perfect book to have on the coffee table at the cottage. Entertaining but not enthralling, the book can be opened to any chapter for some quick light entertainment: read until you get bored.

Unfortunately, (not even for reviewers alas!) there is no scratch-and-sniff board (state of the art strips are made by a Tennessee company called Arcade; see p.117), so you'll have to fork out your own money if you want to sample the synthetic floral hedione, created in 1966 for Eau Sauvage, or check whether Tabu really does smell, well, forbidden. If you want to do it cheaply, though, just sample Michael Jordan cologne: it's 23 bucks, the same number as the one on his jersey.



Cherie Serota and Jody Kozlow Gardner
Pregnancy Chic: The Fashion Survival Guide
New York: Villard, 1998
Illustrations by Tracey Wood
reviewed by Thespian Bright

NOT SO CHIC.



Richard Avedon
*The Naked and the Dressed: 20 Years of
 Versace by Avedon*
 New York: Random House, 1998
 reviewed by Julie Charbonneau

CULTURE POPULAIRE, CULTURE de masse... Couleurs étourdissantes, lumières aveuglantes, musique trop forte et tapageuse; culture changeante, en perpétuel renouvellement; culture du peuple, accessible au commun des mortels. Tel était le *modus vivendi* professionnel du célèbre designer de mode italien Gianni Versace, assassiné au cours de l'été 1997. Italien du Sud, son œuvre entière transcende le sang chaud, le faste indécant et la sensualité torride de ses origines méditerranéennes. Il va sans dire que les photographies publicitaires de la ligne Versace sont imprégnées de la personnalité du créateur et ont fait l'objet de plusieurs recueils photographiques, tel *The Naked & The Dressed: 20 Years of Versace* de Richard Avedon, hommage posthume au couturier.

Ce livre ayant pour but de donner un aperçu de l'œuvre du designer comporte quelque cent photographies, quelques-unes datant des (déjà!) désuètes années 80, la majorité

prises au cours des deux ou trois dernières années. Les rares images notées 1982, 1983 ou 1984 détonnent d'ailleurs curieusement, nous paraissant d'un ridicule achevé, nous qui vivons au *cutting edge* de la mode... Cheveux crépés, lourdes boucles d'oreilles aux formes géométriques, suède et bottes à la mode *cow-boy* accrochent à nos lèvres un sourire un peu jaune (la pensée que quelque part, au fond d'un placard oublié, rutille la preuve que nous suivions la mode, même à cette lointaine époque...); sentiment de honte, on compatit presque avec le créateur méditerranéen, dont l'audace exubérante et l'imagination fertile enfantèrent ce qui devint immédiatement le dernier cri de ces temps révolus... En contraste, les photos récentes, plus naturelles, flattent la maison de couture italienne, même lorsque carrément osées, comme celle où le mannequin Vladimir se montre en tenue minimale, chaussure de femme rouge à la main, portée comme Adam jadis porta la feuille de vigne, ainsi qu'un sac à main assorti. Conclusion: même lorsqu'on se nomme Versace, la mode passe, et avec elle, une certaine dignité...

La communication avec son public est essentielle pour la maison Versace, aussi peut-on admirer dans les pages de *The Naked and The Dressed* les atouts d'idoles populaires, tels des chanteurs et des acteurs de cinéma. Ainsi Elton John fait-il la couverture du livre vêtu d'un luxueuse robe de soirée noire fendue haut sur la cuisse, laquelle s'ouvre sur les jambes remarquablement galbées de la star, elles-mêmes moulées par un fin collant de soie noire et chaussées d'élégants escarpins de suède noir, l'ensemble rendant hommage aux proportions respectables et généreuses du chanteur, la taille impressionnante du livre aidant. Moins choquants, le *rocker* Jon Bon Jovi et le très controversé chanteur *pop* anciennement connu sous le nom de Prince prêtent également leur visage et leur corps aux images publicitaires du designer italien. En fait, tous les mannequins choisis par le couturier sont les plus en vue et admirés. Rejoindre le public signifie aussi le séduire; les photographies Versace sont donc toujours extrêmement expressives, le dynamisme et l'animation des mannequins

donnant toute sa signification au vêtement, qui semble à lui seul créer l'atmosphère et l'image socio-culturelle moderne, originale et provoquante.

Plus que de simples photographies mettant en valeur le produit, les images de la prestigieuse maison de couture italienne ne sont pas sans rappeler certaines oeuvres classiques de la Renaissance italienne et nombre de scènes mythologiques reconnues. En effet, Italien dans l'âme, le designer se passionnait pour l'étude de la sculpture et de la peinture, trait qui semble s'opposer à la philosophie Versace valorisant la culture populaire. Le génie du créateur résulte peut-être de cette contradiction, provoquant une tension entre l'image avant-gardiste du vêtement et le narratif évocateur de la photographie, qui fait allusion à une kyrielle de légendes et de mythes. Ainsi, la *top model* Naomi Campbell nue et assoupie, blottie au creux d'un tapis aux couleurs chaudes s'ouvrant sur son précieux contenu comme le ferait une huître ressemble étrangement à Vénus née des flots, tel que dépeint par l'artiste-peintre Botticelli dans sa *Naissance de Vénus*. D'ailleurs, le traitement général des photographies, la nudité, les corps croqués en mouvement, les drapés et déploiements d'étoffes et de tissus ainsi que l'absence de décors d'arrière-plan évoquent les sculptures de Michel-Ange.

The Naked and The Dressed se veut un livre-culte, livrant l'essence même du designer que fut Gianni Versace, qui allait au-delà du simple vêtement pour s'intéresser à la situation et l'atmosphère commandée par l'époque. On sait que la Maison Versace est maintenant entre les mains de la sœur du grand créateur, Donatella Versace; le public surveille avec anxiété le destin de cette étiquette, qui est peut-être appelée à changer, privée de l'inimitable griffe de son fondateur.

Julie Charbonneau est une élégante étudiante de l'école d'architecture de l'Université McGill.



Kim Johnson Gross and Jeff Stone
Chic Simple Men's Wardrobe
 New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1998
 Designed by Wynn Dan
 Text by Woody Hochswender
 Photographs by David Bashaw
 Styling by Martha Black
 reviewed by Thespian Bright

THE LINKS BETWEEN architecture and clothing, and particularly between architecture and men's clothing, are probably as old as *mimesis*. Since the time the first builders thought that structures corresponded in simple or intricate ways to the human form, covering our bodies has had some intimate connection with our artful organizations of the world. And in this Modern century, Austrian architect Adolf Loos's recourse to the tailored English gentleman's suit as the model for an appropriate modern architecture has linked forever the notions of simple sartorial sophistication and the production and expression of architectural character.

Of course, architects must not only design well, but dress well, too. Especially students, say, going to job interviews, or young architects on their first golf date with potential clients. What do I wear? How do I look? Do I unbutton my last vest button or not (yes, because Edward VII did!)?

For pondering both sides of this question of appropriate dress, the metaphorical and the practical, *Chic Simple Men's Wardrobe* is the ticket. The group of authors and designers, overseen by the Chic Simple team of Kim

Johnson Gross and Jeff Stone (www.chicsimple.com), have come up with a ton of information, clearly presented in an exemplary package of light concise writing and up-to-date styling (something to learn here). Replete with photographs, cartoons, lists, quotes, addresses, glossaries, *Men's Wardrobe* presents clothes as significant matters, at the middle of social and cultural importance, in a way that contemporary architecture begs and whines to be.

Peruse this book. You will learn: how to shave; how to tie a tie; when beetle boots are appropriate (with a tux!); how to recognize quality tailoring (irregular stitching around buttonholes is a *good sign*); what shoes to wear to job interviews (probably should be shoes you can shine); and answers to important questions such as "Do blazers have to be navy blue?" and "What makes a classic a classic?"

It is not a question about classic as style, mind you, but as something that endures through the changes of fickle, market-driven trends. All too often the connection between clothing and architecture is reduced to a discussion of fashion and style, a discussion that aims to trivialize the concerns and intentions of modern architects. *Men's Wardrobe* shows clothing caught up in a much more interesting web of symbolism and practical concerns, enmeshed in frivolity and deep cultural assumptions. It makes dressing well an attainable and indispensable goal.

A hundred years after Loos, we could use another book like this to teach us about building as well.

Thespian Bright is the nom-de-plume of a student in the McGill School of Architecture.



Inter

reviewed by Michel Moussette

[Inter no. 69 (spécial paysage) est sorti en kiosque en avril, 1998. Le prochain numéro, Inter no. 71 (spécial urbanités différentielles), devrait être disponible en février, 1999.]

LE QUARTIER-GÉNÉRAL de la revue *Inter* occupe les locaux d'une ancienne boucherie de la Basse-Ville de Québec. Entre *Inter* et la viande, on peut établir toute une série de rapports qui tournent autour d'une volonté de prise de contact avec le réel vécu et la chair des choses. Étrange coïncidence, au moment même où l'industrie des viandes traverse une crise sans précédent due en grande partie à une succession incontrôlée de contaminations à la Salmonelle (poulet), de maladie de la vache folle (boeuf) et d'éruption soudaine et affolante de la maladie de la tremblotte (mouton), on peut observer que les deux principaux domaines artistiques couverts par la revue, soit la performance et l'architecture, sont au beau milieu d'un combat dont l'issue est pour le moins incertaine. Bien sûr, certains deviendront végétariens, comme d'autres font déjà appel à un entrepreneur ou ne se gênent pas pour dire que la performance est l'affaire de quelques vieux exhibitionnistes arriérés en manque d'attention. Mais ce serait tomber dans les idées reçues et passer à côté du noyau du problème, "the meat of the problem" comme on dit en

anglais. Et de toute façon, comme l'écrivait Nietzsche, "The exhausted are attracted by what is harmful: the vegetarians by vegetables" : le végétarisme ne réglera absolument rien.

Le numéro 69 était presque entièrement consacré à la problématique du paysage. Pour en approximer la couleur, mentionnons quelques uns des 35 articles que l'on pouvait y retrouver:

1. Adrien Sina s'intéressant aux villes lentes constituées par des bactéries vivant dans des "paysages cataclysmiques" à des dizaines de kilomètres sous la terre.

2. Adriaan Gueuze faisant un compte rendu de ses plus récents projets, de belles réalisations qui font jouer l'époxy, le caoutchouc et l'asphalte sur des grandes surfaces. Martha Schwartz proposant une ré-interprétation d'un certain modernisme à travers ses aménagements urbains à New-York et Minneapolis.

3. En Chine, Rem Koolhaas étudiant les terrains de golf en attendant de s'envoler à destination des grandes villes africaines. Beatriz Lima à la poursuite de l'horizon fuyant de Brasilia.

4. À Montréal, Julie St-Arnaud et Micheline Clouard investissant les fissures de la ville; le collectif Arkhé installant des fragments de "villégiature posturbaine" autour des Foutounes Électriques; l'atelier *in situ* projetant d'immenses images sur les silos à grain du Vieux-Port.

On peut constater à travers les pages de la revue, l'intérêt de cette "nouvelle vague du paysage" pour l'informe et le ludique. Il y a là un appétit vorace pour les terrains vagues, les grands stationnements asphaltés et les produits brutaux du modernisme. Fini la grande nausée. Banals et déchus sont intempestivement appréciés au-delà des hiérarchisations du moment, puis réinvestis, réinterprétés à travers des projets qui s'ouvrent sur la ville. Bien sûr, une telle approche comporte des pertes d'équilibres et des dangers de toutes sortes. On pourrait y voir un rassemblement de tous les prétextes et de tous les ingrédients propres à la constitution d'environnements inhumains où les seules traces de ludisme à survivre seraient des rires jaunes pâles, faibles et éparpillés.

Par-delà ces risques, après des années de production en série de grandes boîtes climatisées, on en arrive peut-être à une étape où l'énergie de la ville ne sera plus réduite à danser en reflets sur du verre teinté. D'ailleurs, ce n'est pas que le paysage qui devient informe et ludique: des parties entières de bâtiment sont parfois posées comme étendue gazonnée ou comme terrain vague, en continuité avec l'extérieur. Ces parties instables peuvent ensuite être juxtaposées à des parties plus stables. On pourrait penser à du Godard période Alphaville où se côtoient l'extraordinaire et le banal, l'incohérence délirante et la logique la plus froide, les fulgurances inattendues et les références les plus usées. On recherche la complexité et la difficulté sans pour autant tourner le dos aux oppositions binaires simples, au montage en parallèle et au gazon bien ras. Et c'est peut-être là, de toute façon, la seule position qui puisse actuellement tenir.

Pour le prochain numéro on promet des articles de :

Nicolas Reeves, architecte et mathématicien, s'intéressant ici aux bidonvilles.

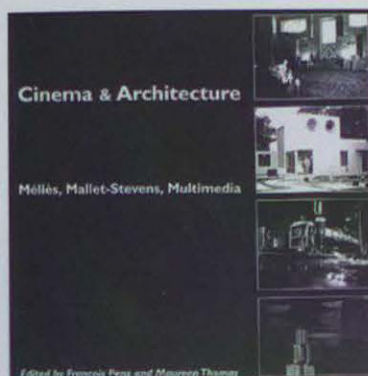
Kunishi Uno, le traducteur japonais de Gilles Deleuze, qui tente de penser une architecture selon les lignes du concept de corps sans organes d'Antonin Artaud.

Deux jeunes architectes Sud-Africains qui débutent leur carrière dans un paysage de dédoublements consécutifs à des décennies d'Apartheid.

Bien qu'*Inter* ait tissé autant au Québec qu'à l'étranger un solide et productif réseau, et bien qu'*Inter* fête cette année son vingtième anniversaire, il sera plus facile de se procurer la revue dans les kiosques à journaux que dans les bibliothèques des grandes institutions. En cas de recherches infructueuses, vous pourrez toujours vous adresser à l'ex-boucherie :

Les Éditions Interventions
345 rue du Pont
Québec (Québec)
G1K 6M4

Michel Moussette est à compléter une thèse de maîtrise à McGill qui aura pu s'intituler "La Tourette, Vauban et le Cinéma Centre-Ville."



François Penz and Maureen Thomas, ed.
Cinema & Architecture: Méliès, Mallet-Stevens, Multimedia
 London: British Film Institute Publishing, 1997
 reviewed by Erica Goldstein

IN ITS INFANCY cinema attempted to depict the city and city life, quickly establishing a link between reality and its representation. This early relationship between film and architecture proved to be fruitful and has been explored by architects and cinéastes, independently and in tandem, ever since. There is a mutual fascination here, each art wanting to unleash the power of the other.

This book is the result of a symposium on Cinema & Architecture that was held at Cambridge University in April 1995. It has many well-structured essays; others are flat, having been originally presented with clips and slides which did not translate well on paper (an apology of sorts is made for this failure in the introduction). The editors have divided the work into three large headings, under which the essays are presented thematically and somewhat chronologically. "Early Images of the City" consists of academic pieces on historical subjects (the past); "The Modern City" explores the dialogue between cinema and architecture (the present); "The Virtual City" looks forward to "new alliances between cinematic and architectural vision and practices" (the future).

"Early Images of the City" deals with early film representations of architecture. The first examples of film depicted the city; without rhetoric, they emphasized the representation and perception of space, as a document or a "reality." This leads to discussions on the evolution of film styles as seen through the changing views of the city and architecture. Modernism, the New Architecture, became intricately tied to film, the New Vision, as film became increasingly accepted as the new mass medium. Robert Mallet-Stevens, "pre-eminent architect of the 30s," is an important symbol of how these two arts were symbiotically linked; through his work as art director, he achieved the synthesis of architecture and cinema.

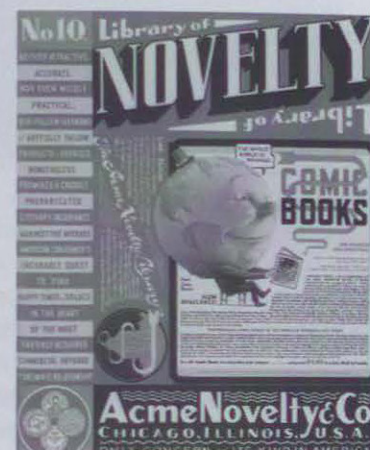
"The Modern City" is a loose title for articles which continue to explore our subject in a somewhat cubist fashion. Topics are diverse: "Imagining the Post-War World" by Nicholas Bullock takes a look at housing and social problems during World War II and the utopic reconstruction of London as it was sold to the public by the British documentary film movement of the 40s. "The Space Between" by Ian Wiblin is a well-articulated essay on the "presence of absence" in architectural, photographic and filmic spaces. A narrative potential is stored in seemingly empty architectural space which suggests a resilient presence, projects a past and a future. Moving pictures and still photography exploits this power. Examples are given, though none architectural since it is the *image* of architecture, not real architecture, which is being explored. Here lies the problem: the main focus in all of these articles, from discussions of Jacques Tati to Martin Scorsese and Woody Allen, Michelangelo Antonioni and Jean-Luc Godard, is how architecture is represented in film. For the reverse, how film is represented in building, only a few stray, brief examples are given (Le Corbusier, Jean Nouvel, Christian de Portamparc).

It is in "The Virtual City" that film's influence on architecture might have become more apparent, but alas the connection to built architecture is still theoretical. This section is about multimedia and its influence on film, architecture and (mostly) on multimedia itself. Regardless, there are some interesting articles

on the process of production design, the art of designing architecture for film. Christopher Hobbs' essay "Film Architecture: The Imagination of Lies" is particularly amusing and informative, shocking if you never stopped to realize how contrived and un-spontaneous a film set is. The last essay in this section is a good conclusion to this book. "Looking to the Future—Imagining the Truth" by Zbig Rybcynski takes us along his chosen path of life. Through his achievements we understand his intentions of getting to the "truth" or to his kind of "realism"—being able to show us convincingly what we already see in our mind's eye, but which is difficult to capture by mechanical means. We have come full circle, for right from its historic beginnings, film images strived to represent reality. The author questions whether our modern version of "reality" is really satisfying; the "truth" is out there for all to see on CNN—O.J., political scandals (preceding Monica!), horrifying news tidbits. Is the fear that technology manipulates the "truth" really valid? "We should use [technology] as soon as possible," writes Rybcynski, "before we are obliged to see the end: the naked 'truth' in gigantic close-up." This is not simply a rant. The author's noble achievements in digital technology and his desire to combine a proper understanding of perceived images with elegant software design is the cool-headed action behind his criticism.

As mentioned above, the connection between real architecture and film, on how architects conceive cinema (or cinemas), is not explored in this book. This one-sidedness is in itself a problem that might be interesting to explore. Architecture has been a great influence on film and a necessary source. As multimedia further blurs boundaries between these distinct arts, architects will hopefully draw on the enormous lessons of film to develop new forms of engaging, moving architecture.

Erica Goldstein, a former TFC staffer, combines work in Montreal on both film and architecture.



Chris Ware

The Acme Novelty Library No.10

Seattle: Fantagraphics Books, 1998

reviewed by Jamie Smiley

dear sir or madame:

going through a chris ware comic is about as refreshing as wading through a particularly turbid cess-pool. i'd rather stay at home all weekend and listen to johnny cash records. their feckless frivolity is mortar for the concrete boots that are shackling modern culture, bringing it to the aesthetic standstill it is trying to trudge through today. to hell with chris ware and his acme novelty library. the only novelty you'll find is the word on the cover. and the cover is as far as they're worth reading.

andrew corrigan, chicago IL

From The Acme Novelty Library No.10

Caroline Thomasset-Laperrière

The EVER-POPULAR FAD, A Heartless Practical Joke.



professionally; new technology, the fast evolution of technology denoted a strong desire to go beyond the general aspects of the process of translation, the design and the new ways to explore the unknown, stimulating requests for ingenious and exclusive responses, fine-

HEY GANG! HERE IT IS! Now's Your Chance to Get
 a Brand New 1967 Ford Mustang
 -and the details taken from the
 1967 Ford Mustang
 Model Price

man and the machine, where architectural order
overwhelms a materialized witness of a process.

[illegible]

Things That Look Like Other Things

The EVER-POPULAR FAD. A Heartless Practical Joke.

Hey here it is, gang. The newest thing. Everybody's doing it -- just look around you. Plastic that looks like wood. Buses that look like trolley cars. Adults who look like children. It's all the rage! Bunkers that look like buildings. Movies that look like television. Things that look as if they should be well-constructed. Wow! Cardboard doors that look solid. Windows that look like they have panes, but are just glued-on strips of metal. "Townhouses" that look like apartments. There's more. Telephones that "ring". Books that "talk". People who look happy. Also, new for this season: little girls who look like prostitutes, little boys who look like killers.

No. 2413. *Modern World*. 50¢.



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They're everywhere. And they're not the kind that Lewis and Clark were so tickled by. No, these are perfectly flat, paved, grey, and hard. You've probably already got some in your neighborhood. Aren't they swell? Wouldn't you like a few more? Or maybe just one -- comes in handy as a place to leave your personal vehicle while out foraging for supplies, or a place to toss your paper, glass, or plastic, or simply a place to ruin the overall look of everything. Kids can play on it and scrape up arms, legs, heads, and faces. Something useful, even interesting, probably used to be on it. No need to worry about that now. Watch the weeds grow through the cracks. But if you're lucky, your neighborhood will suddenly become the "place to be", and then you're definitely going to want one of these hard flat grey open spaces. People will be clamoring for them, asking you about them. You'll wish you had a hard flat grey open space then. So get one now. It's easy. Everybody's doing it.

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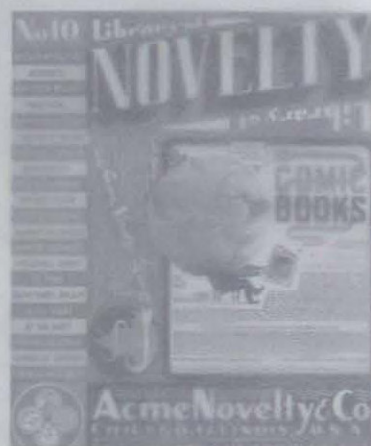
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This is what you have been waiting for -- a real Western Frontier House, just like the kind Mom and Dad have, ready for you to move in. Wow! Imagine the good times and fun that you'll have "setting up shop" in this, your new "fortress". Ingenious "peaked roof" design helps deter meteorological inclemency, while keep food safe from animals and insects. Also, makes a good place to store trinkets and religious fetiches. Set the "bounds of your territory", and defend it with hurled rocks and a growling of bared teeth. Keep "to yourself". Pace around back and forth in your "living room", waiting for something to happen. Turn the TV on and off, over and over again. Go "out". Come "back". It's fun! This is what it's all about, the Grand Prize, all to yourself. Lock your doors, peer out of windows. Get a "security system". No one's going to get your stuff now. Sit up, late at night, staring into the unyielding inky blackness of your "family room". Begin spending more and more time on the first floor as the stairs become difficult to negotiate. Shuffle around in an alcoholic haze with your pants down around your ankles. Nobody's going to see. This is what real American freedom is all about. "Personalize" your environment and set up little "activity centers" at strategic points containing important necessities like beans and pills so you don't have to go hunting. Many possibilities for this, a "grotto" of your own. Alexander Pope decorated his with bits of mirror and broken glass. What about you?

No. 2453. *Citadel of Dreams*. \$4.98.



Chris Ware

The Acme Novelty Library No. 10

Seattle: Fantagraphics Books, 1998

reviewed by Jamie Smiley

dear sir or madame:

going through a chris ware comic is about as refreshing as wading through a particularly turbid cess-pool. i'd rather stay at home all weekend and listen to johnny cash records. their feckless frivolity is mortar for the concrete boots that are shackling modern culture, bringing it to the aesthetic standstill it is trying to trudge through today. to hell with chris ware and his acme novelty library. the only novelty you'll find is the word on the cover. and the cover is as far as they're worth reading.

andrew corrigan, chicago IL