

11th ANNUAL AVANT GARDE FESTIVAL

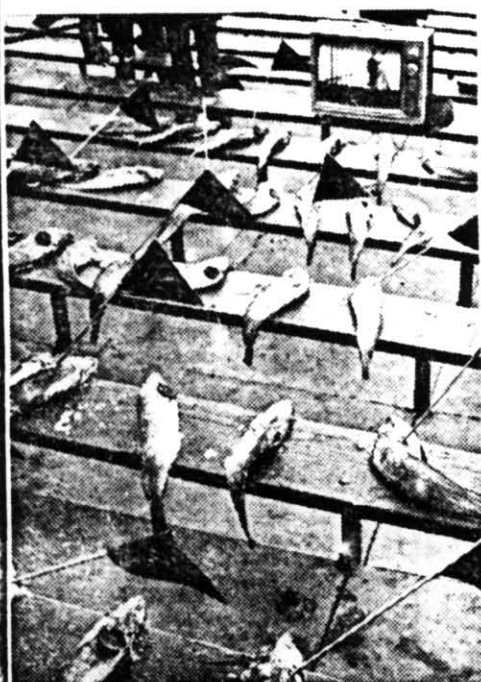
by Alan Shapiro

Avant-Garde is art's fudge factor, the category for things that don't have a category. At the Big Shea on November 16, there certainly were a number of uncategorizable things, just a few of which are pictured here.

If you don't understand some of this, don't worry. You're not supposed to. Most avant-garde forms are kinaesthetic and the gossip is that if you try to understand you're not allowing yourself to sense the proper phenomones. The age-old question--"Why?" is a fish out of water here. If your perception is true, "Why" should be irrelevant. It just is. "Philosophy?"--"Meet my Good Friend Art."

All of this was, of course, beyond the belief of Shea's public address announcer who kept imploring people to get off the field. He got few results. [There are always some who understand] but was largely ignored. Someone forgot to tell him that everyone was part of this show and that cause had been freed from effect for the day. His voice was but another string of vowels and consonants to be savored in their individual glories.

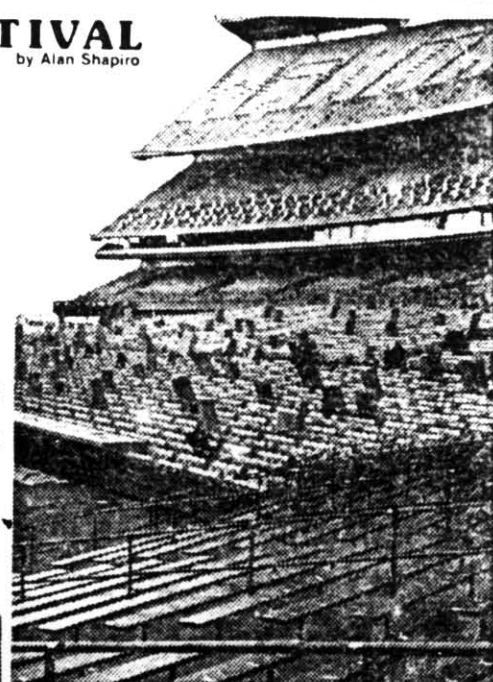
Yogi must have stopped by for a brief yoo-hoo because a week later, George Theodore, the closest thing the Mets had to avant-garde, was dropped from the team. I couldn't help thinking that people like Yogi blame this sort of stuff on people like Theodore. Far be it from me to understand and I don't.



Is this picture saying something about football? About America? Are you listening Howard?



Kinetic sculpture a la box.



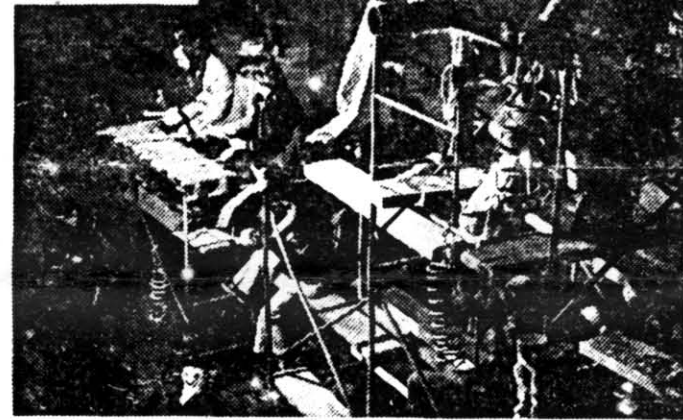
Yet another observation of the American Dream, Sunday Chapter.



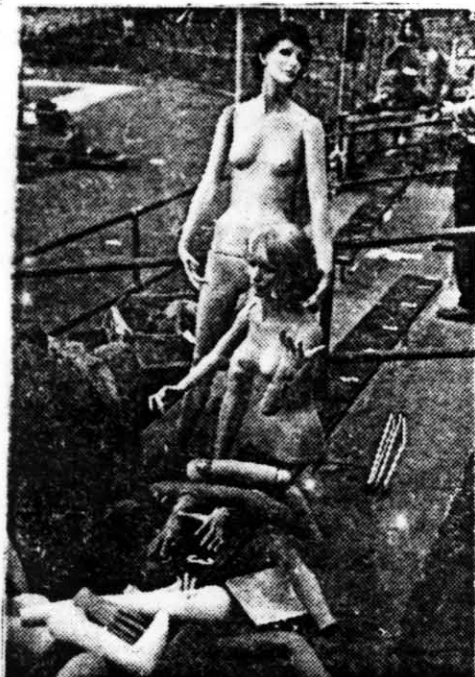
Neither asteroids, nor comets, nor pulsars will stay this courier. But a lock and key might.



This jolly fellow is real grass, grown in soil sewn between layers of burlap. Shades of James Amess.



The "Community Instrument" to bang, scrape, climb and use to your imagination's content.



Some of Joe Willie's fans, no doubt. He inaves them heartbroken.

Photos by Alan Shapiro



Classical knowledge appears bewildered.



Spectators who asked the forbidden question? [Why?] Nope. Popsicles cast in molds of surgical gloves.