stronger in a different context; here, inclusion seems based on stereotypical gay iconography. Some of the collages make you wish such a technique had never been invented.

The stronger work includes Bastille's untitled 1982 oil of five men connected by tubes, having intricate sex. Keith Milow's sculpture, "Blue Balls," is both funny and poignant. William Sande contributes a perverse mixed-media piece of a dirty sock mounted on cardboard which is attached to a plywood scrap decorated with a cheesy pinup. Linda Matalon's "From the Wound Series #4" is a vertical tarred box with gauze slit that battles all the encroaching maleness. There is also a "dried sperm" work by Mike Biblo, a Rainer Fetting tucked in the back office and a notebook of delicate ink washes by David Wojnarowicz, entitled "Ink Paintings of Third Avenue Movie Houses Before Health Dept. Closures."

Gary Leibovitz contributes a belt triptych to Queen. Each buckle is a word—as with Madonna's Boytoy belt—the three spelling out "Your Dick Here." More of Leibovitz's (aka Candyass), satire can be seen at Stux Gallery. In an installation entitled bric-a-brac, he's decorated the walls with pennants that say, "Go Sadness," "Life Sucks," and "Drop Dead." The lower half of the wall is covered with wallpaper that reads "I am a miserable and selfish person." Large felt banners, dinner plates, teddy bears, floor mats and flattened cardboard boxes displayed in two other rooms deliver different messages.

There are many influences at play in Candyass' work, most notably Mike Kelley, though not in as sloppy an incarnation. Three pairs of polyester pants, with "Kick me" spelled across their seats, suggest Jenny Holzer loose in a K-man.

One of the best pieces is the calendar given away at the gallery's counter. Every month is September and features a different nude photo of a hairy Candyass performing household chores such as vacuuming or weighing himself on a scale. It is this sense of absurdity that is Candyass' strongest suit, and not his celebration of angst.

An installation about the current status of the AIDS crisis is at PPOW. Entitled The Lazaretto, after a quarantine hospital, the exhibition seeks to draw the parallel between PWAs and lepers. One enters the installation through a labyrinth of black plastic walls. In these hot and claustrophobic passages, PWAs' handwritten horror stories are taped to the plastic. Some of the handwriting is shaky; some is clear; some may remind you of your own. These are disturbing statements, free of jargon and matter-of-fact: "I get black and blue very easily."

The viewer is in a New York City tenement apartment. A bleeding skeleton lies in the bed. The nightstand is crowded with medication; garbage and vomit dot the floor. Under the bed lies the Post, with the headline "We May Lose Some Boys."

In the last room drifts a lifeboat with passengers Cardinal O'Connor, George Bush and Jesse Helms. The sea is full of drowning men whom they ignore, continuing their feast of brown babies. The walls have clock faces with no hands and white arms reach out from the black plastic. There are pie charts displaying the demographics of AIDS.

The artists responsible for this report from the front wish to remain anonymous. They prefer education to career advancement. In the front gallery are three tables of extensive information about available services. One only wishes that the men in the boat and others like them would see the installation. To an HIV-positive person, this show is his or her worst nightmare; to someone with AIDS, it's all too familiar.

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Spanish Eyes


by Max Cavitch

Juan Goytisolo is one of the most important Spanish novelists of the 20th century. He was also a prominent figure on the international literary scene and a vocal opponent of Franco's regime. Yet, unlike his similarly brilliant, acclaimed and politically correct (or wildly incorrect) peers such as Genet, Calvino, Beckett and Borges, Goytisolo remains relatively unknown to the American reading public. Not only his marvelous books go neglected, but the man himself becomes a stranger.

Happily, a little more of Juan Goytisolo is now available to us in Realms of Strife, a second and final installment of his memoirs. The first, entitled Forbidden Territory, was published in English last year, also by North Point Press, and leaves off more or less where Realms of Strife begins. Both volumes, however, rely very little upon sequential narrative, so that one need not feel obliged to begin at the beginning. Realms of Strife stands on its own as one man's exploration of his identity.

Of course, I mean identities, for Goytisolo has many: writer, politician, Spaniard, expatriate, husband, homosexual. The struggle so thoroughly charted in his memoirs is the struggle between the identity he is trying to synthesize and the many tribes, places and principles he identifies with. Ideally, there would be no struggle; ideally, the world without would tally with the world within. But it never does, especially for a gifted novelist who is also a propagandist; especially for a Spanish-born hater of Spain, obsessed with a country he cannot live in; especially for a gay man in love with a woman. The contradictions Goytisolo embodies are striking, and what he learns from them during the course of a lifetime is his gift to the reader of Realms of Strife.

Early in the book, Goytisolo makes a touching admission that resonates throughout these pages. Speaking of the pain that results when nostalgia for the old confronts longing for the new, he observes that we "who are not single-minded..."
but are made up of variegated, anti-
thetical features struggle for a world
that we will perhaps find uninhabit-
able." Over and over again, this proves
ture, as in his fight for the liberation of a
country in which he can neither live
or write, and in his devotion to a life-
time partnership with Monique Lange,
though in many ways it cannot accom-
modate his developing sense of him-
self as a gay man.

Anyone who feels impelled toward align-
ment with a difficult cause or an
unpopular lifestyle knows, along with
Goytisolo, that the urge to take part and
join with others is often thrown into cri-
sis by the new discoveries we constant-
ly make about ourselves. Suddenly and
without warning, the tribes, places and
principles we have long embraced can
come to seem less and less like expres-
sions of who we really are. Or think we
are. Euphoria encounters disillusion-
ment, trust becomes resentment.

Thus, there comes a point in
Goytisolo's activism when he realizes
that the anti-Franco movement is mis-
directed and futile. Fed up with the
pettiness and infighting that tend to
characterize all political movements,
no matter how righteous, he becomes
disaffected: "I had prepared myself for
something that never happened and
for a time experienced a strong sense
of being cheated." The alternatives are,
on the one hand, despair, on the other,
radical change—both in himself and in
his writing. He opts for the latter: "a
change of skin, an end to posturing,
gradual purification, a purging of a
surly, inhospitable identity." He flirts
with Cuba, clings to Paris, cultivates
his relationship with Genet and con-
stantly adores Monique while exploring
the "masculine world" toward which he
is newly drawn, always seeking to
develop a better, more honest voice.

One great challenge to that voice is
the letter Goytisolo decides to write to
Monique prior to their trip to the Soviet
Union in 1965. It is, foremost, a com-
mentary on the Cold War threats, but it is
also a letter about intimacy and sacrifice and therefore has
much to do with Goytisolo's own expo-
sure to the Soviet system and the reali-
ties of political change. Coming out
behind the Iron Curtain is the dis-
tillation of a lifetime of introspection for Goyti-
solo: insight into himself and his existen-
tiality as well as the political world in which
he is still trying to find a place.

Years ago, the feminist movement
deconstructed a tired, old opposition
and, at the same time, gave us a very
useful slogan: "The personal is political." So
shopworn has that phrase become,
however, that it has lost its usefulness.
Everything is political. Everything is per-
sonal. The words don't mean anything anymore. Juan Goytisolo hasn't come up
with a brilliant, new catch phrase of his
own, but he has restored a little clarity
to the old one. The political and the
personal are, in his memoirs, distinct
realms; they are "realms of strife" and
realms in strife with one another. Nei-
ther one can be absorbed by the other;
neither one can be ignored. It's the
antagonism of the two that helps Goyti-
solo see what he may become.

D.O.A.

by Tim Dlugos

"You knew who I was
when I walked in the door.
You thought that I was dead.
Well, I am dead. A man
can walk and talk and even
breathe and still be dead." Edmond O'Brien is perspir-
ing and chewing up the scenery
in my favorite film noir,
D.O.A. I can't stop watching,
can't stop relating. When I walked
down Columbus to Endicott last night
to pick up Tor's new novel,
I felt the eyes of every
Puerto Rican, teen, crackhead,
yuppie couple focus on my cane
and makeup. "You're dead,"
you might say in chorus.
Somewhere in a dark bar
years ago, I picked up "luminous
poisoning." My eyes glowed
as I sipped my drink. After that,
there was no cure, no turning back.
I had to find out what was gnawing
at my gut. The hardest part's
not even the physical effects:
stumbling like a drunk (Edmond
O'Brien was one of Hollywood's
most active lushes) through
Forties sets, alternating sweats
and fevers, reptilian spots
on face and scalp. It's having
to say goodbye like the scene
where soundtrack violins go crazy
as O'Brien gives his last embrace
to his girlfriend—can't
Friday, Paula, played by Pamela
Britton. They're film noir's least
likely lovers—the squat and jowly
alie and the homely fundamentally
talentless actress who would hit
the height of her fame as the pillhead-
acting landlady on My Favorite Martian
fifteen years in the future. I don't have
fifteen years, and neither does Edmond
O'Brien. He has just enough time to tell
Paula how much he loves her, then
to drive off in a convertible
for the showdown with his killer.
I'd like to have a showdown too, if I
could figure out which pistol-packing
brilliantinated and ruthless villain
in a hound's-tooth overcoat took
my life. Lust, addiction, being
in the wrong place at the wrong
time! That's not the whole
story. Absolute fidelity
to the truth of what I felt, open
to the moment, and in every case
a kind of love—all of the above
brought me to this toot-
self-conscious state—pneumonia,
emaciation, grisly cancer,
no future, heart of gold,
passionate engagement with a great
B film, a glorious summer
afternoon in which to pick up
the ripest plum tomatoes of the year
and prosciutto for the feast I'll cook
tonight for the man I love,
phone calls from my friends
and a walk to the park, ignoring
stares, to clear my head. A day
like any, like no other. Not so bad
for the dead.

POETRY