

## STUFF AND NONSENSE AT THE CITY MUSEUM

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It is with genuine alarm that we view the apparently endless shenanigans racketing through the lower floors of the old shoe warehouse building at Lucas Avenue and 15th Street.

Readers are called upon to acquaint themselves with the situation on those premises with dispatch, and to consider some appropriate action.

What is going on?

Stuff and Nonsense!

The perpetrators of the multiple outrages under the warehouse rafters are a duet of artist-revolutionaries who call themselves Bob and Gail Cassilly.

For a time, working out of various properties in suspect fringe areas of the city, Mr. Cassilly and Mrs. Cassilly have concocted "sculptures" which, in a more gentle time, would have frightened the horses and today challenge and confound any of us with refined sensibilities.

Not only have these Cassillys spread these sculptured beasts, monsters, reptiles, hippos and insects around the precincts of the town, it is apparent that they have made money performing their mischief! And they are not ashamed!

With the spoils of their ill-conceived industry (and with a fat wad of money realized by palming off an old ice plant on one of our Esteemed Tax Supported Institutions) this gang of two, leading a rag-tag crew of volunteers and workers who bear distinct resemblances to hippies, have inflicted upon the historic old International Shoe Company building a collection of discarded and worn out objects.

This "museum" mocks the very name of such institutions and flirts with intellectual blasphemy in its disregard for convention, for propriety, for good taste, for abstemiousness, for symmetry, for soberness, for logic, for rationality, for breeding, for caution, for reverence, and so forth and so on.

Not since the Fox Theatre opened its doors almost 70 years ago has such a garish and nerve-wracking assembly of discordant objects from historically and visually unrelated sources been gathered together to utter what can only be called authentic aesthetic heresy.

A strong stench of subversion rises from this so-called City Museum. Within the confines of a building whose owners once employed our esteemed playwright laureate, Tennessee Williams, a madperson's nightmare has been turned loose to gallop and to frolic about the corridors with apparent abandon.

Who has nurtured this lunacy?

Certainly not our esteemed city government, which, Wonderlandish place that it is, would never encourage such fantasists as these nowadays Hogarths of the three dimensions.

Nor could one expect the spine-chilling nod of our noble pooh-bahs in the star chamber of (here genuflect) Civic Progress. These nobles wisely have forgotten that the neighborhood in which the new "museum" has erupted, and will have to be shown the way in order to make an inspection.

Nor have the officials of our Established Cultural Institutions hurried downtown with the wine of welcome for christening of the City Museum. Indeed, some of their eyebrows are quite upraised in the face of this rumbustious radicalism. Behind the brows lurks worry that some attention (or treasure) might be subverted from their safe-and-sure programs by the exuberant tomfoolery on Lucas Avenue, where touching is encouraged.

Rise Up, fellow citizens!

Gather up your children and your children's children and your great-grandparents' children, your neighbors and loved ones, and together make your progress downtown to his abomination when it opens so that you will know, first hand, the dangers of which you are herewith advised.

See for yourself how these merchants of subversion have positioned fallen pieces of our fair city, the better to belittle the eleemosynary crash of headache ball and dynamite. Understand that in the hands of cunning artistic alchemists such as these Cassillys, dross has been

transformed into something that appears absolutely golden to the untutored eye.

Guard against sensory seduction, gentle readers, guard well! As Odysseus of yore plugged his ears against the Sirens' song, shield your eyes from the superficial innocence of these seductions.

Take that admonition seriously; reports offer news that Upright Citizens who shaved off senses of humor long ago and who deposited playful natures in the nursery where they belong, have left this building smiling.

What is even more difficult to abide, these visitors, these Pillars of the Community, have described their experiences as "fun," and have discovered the perverse pleasure of learning-while-jolly. They have even offered to help out.

We must be vigilant against this frivolity masquerading as a museum. When its doors open on Saturday morning, be not amused.

City Museum, 701 North 15th Street, located six blocks north of the Kiel Metrolink Station, opens Saturday Oct. 25, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is \$6, free for children under a year. Regular hours are 9 to 5 Wednesday through Friday, and 10 to 5 Saturday and Sunday.

- **Caption:** PHOTOPhoto - This monumental praying - the work of artists Bob and Gail Cassilly - stands sentinel at the entrance to the City Museum, 701 North 15th Street, the Cassilly's brainchild. The museum is off Washington Avenue, six blocks north of the Kiel MetroLink Station. It opens Saturday Oct. 25, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is \$6, free for children under a year. Regular hours are 9 to 5 Wednesday through Friday, and 10 to 5 Saturday and Sunday.

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