

Road Warrior Alert!



If, as the apotheotic critics of outsider-art contend, Punk and Heavy-Metal styles comprise a revisiting of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Romanticism, augmented with Futurism's machine aesthetic and glorification of violence, we must perforce consider viable the canonic exegesis of barbarian emulation as Paleolithic humanity bound itself first to the schedule of the plow (are black leather yokes and buckles coincidental?) and a mere nine millennia later to the quotidian levers of industry.

It was only then, as the linear rationality, spawned in the Age of Enlightenment, posthumously informed the transubstantiation of philosophical Positivism into the dross body of physical mechanism i.e. the Industrial Revolution and its ancillary linear disciplines, that an answer could be raised, if not well by Rousseau, then at least adequately by Gericault and Girodet, propounding that it is inner idiosyncrasy, and obeisance to emotional impulse that offers us the natural, if not the only plausible defense against the thralls of reason and regime.

The Road Warriors then, with their iconoclastic slam-dancing, their barbed wire, black leather and chrome studs, gratuitous violence, and their self-conscious alignment with pre-agricultural piercers and mutilators, still nonchalantly master their post-cataclysmic technology and operate with facile dexterity amidst the jetsam and detritus of Enlightened Modernism, barely acknowledging an emerging clique of engineered cyborgs, which while being no more unwilling to brook the problematic traditional European duality of body and mind than that of body and machine, still affect the rubric of non-conformity and the denial of solipsistic anomalies, *ecce signum*: the Postmodern inner-child emerging as Cyberpunk.

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