

DOWNLOAD PDF FATHERS OF MODERN ART, MOTHERS OF INVENTION: COCKING A LEG AT TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Chapter 1 : In The News: Auctions Archives

Fathers of modern art: mothers of invention: cocking a leg at Toulouse-Lautrec *Fathers of modern art: mothers of invention: cocking a leg at Toulouse-Lautrec.*

All I wanted was to be honest. I feel mad again. I felt like if I could be honest it might relieve some of the frustration. I felt like I had a choice in an area where there are no choices. I made the art. And I can unmake the art. The Trumps are no art. Right up there with Leo Burnett Leo added a third, later in his career The MayTag Repair Man. Would love to go on his show and talk about my "New Portraits". Yea I know, some of these people are dead, but some of them are alive too. Maybe to round out the guest list Who Do You Trust. We could keep the chatter centered around day time game shows. I know a guy, who knows a guy, who knows my father who knows a guy that knows about drones. They were all brand new. I had just taken them out of a box that was shipped from Iceland where they were published. John McWhinney had spent a year looking for a country to publish the book, and when we finally got the finished edition we looked at each other and smiled and without saying a word, knew it was perfect. Re-reading the book, which came out in , was like reading prose that sometimes shows up in periodicals like Esquire and Rolling Stone. We were always astounded how contemporary the writing was. The style was up to date. There was nothing ornamental or extraordinary about it. The slang and profanity, ahead of its time. It was kind of like reading an essay by Joan Didion. Or a review by Luc Sante. Or better yet, a long short story by Reynolds Price. There would only be two changes to the book. The second, doubling the price. Actually there was a third change sort of. It all made sense. The look of it made us feel happy. Everything about the object was considered. We decided early on to put it out under our own imprint. A strange and nice surprise. Both feelings came at the same time. Back to the garden. We brought a bunch to Central Park and started selling them. I nearly fell off the bench. The corner of Fifth and 79th is populated. A steady flow of people walking by. Or why the person bought it. It felt like we were hatching. What we put out had already been out. Talking up customers like he was a bible salesman. He sold five in ten minutes. He had a rap, a pitch. It was like he was selling Listerine, toothpaste, chewing gum. People started showing up that we knew. Word spread thru text messaging, E-mail, photo sharing. Adam Lindemann came by and wanted to buy the eight copies we had left. My plan was to show up once a week, same day, same time, same place, until all three hundred copies were gone. The price of the book was sixty-two dollars. If you asked, I would initial the book on the back. No extra charge for my two initials. If you wanted it signed you would have to fork over seventy-five thousand dollars. If you wanted it inscribed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They were in line with what you would normally pay for a real Catcher In The Rye if the Catcher was a first edition and it was signed or inscribed. Not a single one has been recorded or sold. Never, no one, anywhere. Signature, inscription, unrestored dust jacket. The selling of my Catcher was easy, different, fun to do. But it only happened once. I ended up not returning to the corner of Fifth and 79th. Felt it might be more of a performance than distributing a book. I put my blanket down in front of the shuttered club and spent about twenty minutes. I asked Fabiola, who ran Fulton Ryder, my publishing company, to come along and take photos. It was more like a photo op. I put on a black suit. I even wore a vest. The photo of me on Instagram is an Instagram photo. A story about World War II. A story about survival. How do you know where to begin to deal with that kind of killing and murder? How do you come to terms with genocide atrocity? This harvest took place in a town in Germany. After Germany surrendered I learned that Salinger checked himself into a mental ward in Berlin. When he got out, he married a woman who was part of the Gestapo. Do you do that? Do you marry your enemy? A way of dealing, coping, with love and hate. Your covered in shit. You try to wipe it off. After the wash, the soap, the rinse, the dry you write a book about children. The child keeps most of his pain for himself and invites the reader to share it, handle it, take it over and keep it. You get yourself a little piece of the world somewhere up in the back woods of New Hampshire and keep writing. Lee Miller, one of the first artists and war correspondents to witness the mass

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executions of the final solution, moved to the English country side, drank more, buried her camera, prints and negatives in the attic and spent the rest of her days gardening and coming up with new recipes for healthy food. John McWhinney drowned that winter. He was in the Caribbean snorkeling, and got caught in a rip tide. He would show up at least once a week at my studio with two shopping bags full of books, prints, ephemera, zines, flyers, smut, and a cross pollination of beat hippie punk cultural artifacts. I can still see him, coming down the street, waiting by my doorâ€ smiling ear to earâ€ knowing we would spend the next couple of hours sharing the things that we loved the best. Things that only we knew about or cared to knowâ€ things that I can only describe as medicine. It probably will keep me over on the side for a long time. Taught me the never ending points of what a good copy of Chamber Music is suppose to be. A copy no one knew existed. You want the first issue? The one with the table of contents pasted on the back? I inscribed it to John McWhinney. Do I want it?

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Chapter 2 : German addresses are blocked - calendrierdelascience.com

About canons and culture wars -- Differencing: feminism's encounter with the canon -- The ambivalence of the maternal body: re/drawing Van Gogh -- Fathers of modern art: mothers of invention: cocking a leg at Toulouse-Lautrec -- The female hero and the making of a feminist canon: Artemisia.

Women educationalists have a responsibility therefore to ensure that the voices of the women and marginalized are heard. It is also becoming relatively easier to access information about global issues. People are more aware of global issues now, but how do they decide as to how they will critically assess the information they receive? It is often where women educationalists have engaged in broader debates that progress has been made. In order to achieve this, women development educationalist should see their role as people who can influence societies and empower women to develop the skills, knowledge and values that can make connections between their own lives and those of people elsewhere in the world. Despite the fact that Imran Khan is surrounded by men of controversy who have been part of tyrannical governments run by corrupt dictators, he manages to pull large crowds. Take the food industry for example. Now that farmers have been allowed to charge prices prevailing in the international market, the prime minister must bring their income under direct taxation, while making sure that wages for farm labor are hiked proportionately. Unless every income is subjected to direct taxation, he cannot provide subsidy for basic food items, without which anger on the streets will not subside. Universally accepted norms and ethics such as Conflict of Interest codes must be strictly followed by members of his cabinet and all those holding public offices. The patience of masses, driven to desperation by massive corruption and inflation, has run out, and they seek change. All international regulatory agencies have declared Pakistan at the top of the lists of countries with the worst socio-economic indicators, with Polio, Hepatitis, Breast Cancer and Infant Mortality assuming an epidemic situation. Malik Tariq, Beware Bilawal Sir, This is with reference to the reports of the Khairpur bus accident that killed 57 people. Those responsible for massive corruption in building highways, be it NHA or the provincial government, and those who are responsible for regulating the safety of the passengers, cannot be absolved. The PPP has ruled Sindh for more than seven years. It was under their rule that corrupt bureaucrats were calling the shots, and their handpicked men notorious for abuse of power and financial mismanagement destroyed an already decadent infrastructure. If highways in Sindh are the worst in the country in spite of billions of rupees allocated for their construction, development and maintenance, the onus rests on those who held power. The development of infrastructure in Karachi and interior Sindh took place prior to , and then under Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Thereafter, all that has been witnessed is systematic plunder and exploitation of the province. Hundreds of thousands of people have perished in floods that have ravaged this province repeatedly, with not even an iota of improvement. If young Bilawal wants the PPP to perform, he needs to review the role of the aunts and uncles of his party, and weed out corruption. Otherwise this party will never regain its lost prestige and credibility. In order to position itself as a great power, India is also trying to emerge as a formidable pole of economic and military power. To realize the dream into a tangible reality, India is striving hard to enhance its hard and soft power by reaching to far corners of the world in order to secure and safeguard its geo-strategic, military and economic interests. This hot pursuit of great power status is replete with multifaceted pitfalls leading to direct diplomatic and economic confrontation with China. Since Chinese takeover of the Gwadar port, Indian government has been deliberating to manipulate by constructing the first foreign project at Chabhar in Iran. Meanwhile, Pakistan views the growing Indian diplomatic and economic footprint in Afghanistan with suspicion and anxiety. Finally, India foresees the operationalization of port as a mean to hold global footprints, but the mighty China is more vigilant and pragmatic. So far, there is little chance that Indian aspirations to emerge as a regional power will be fulfilled, in the presence of a mighty China and a challenging Pakistan. China wants to set up outposts located along its energy lines across the globe to monitor and safeguard energy flows. China is expected to build a naval base at Gwadar and its navy

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would maintain a regular presence there. Gwadar is the most important of these pearls. Beijing has also developed Hambantota port in Sri Lanka and built a container port facility in Chittagong in Bangladesh. Baluchistan and Xinjiang are the largest, least developed and most restless provinces in Pakistan and China. Other projects being started are a 15 mile tunnel connecting both countries and a fiber optic cable connecting Rawalpindi to China, and expansion of Karakorum Highway. A motorway from Gwadar, Balochistan to Kashgar in Xinjiang province is planned as well as a rail link connecting the two. Its natural layout and depth will enable large ships to dock, a characteristic absent in Dubai and Chahbahar. To facilitate rapid commercial and economic development special facilities will be provided like general tax-holidays, no VAT and generous incentives pertaining to business ownership and employment of foreigners. The purpose is to accelerate economic development and foreign and local investments. Gwadar will also serve as a regional oil refining hub due to its port capacity and land availability on the coast. Karachi has been quite unsuitable as a naval port as its shallow approaches require a long entrance channel which is easily susceptible to mining. Gwadar is meant to be the largest business centre of the world. Maritime security, trade and development through effective sea lanes are absolutely vital as sea power is of the greatest importance.

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Chapter 3 : Abril Valadez (abrilanestesia) on Pinterest

About canons and culture wars --Differentencing: feminism's encounter with the canon --The ambivalence of the maternal body: re/drawing Van Gogh --Fathers of modern art: mothers of invention: cocking a leg at Toulouse-Lautrec --The female hero and the making of a feminist canon: Artemisia Gentileschi's representations of Susanna and Judith.

In line with my previous postings about the Toyota truck that is based on a 30 year old Toyota Landcruiser FJ 4x4 design that you cannot buy in America but can get in many other parts of the world as a new vehicle from Toyota, it got me thinking about who could make a no nonsense 4x4 truck for the sportsman. Which might have been the sales problem. The Jeep J was always low profile and height, like the Landcruiser, but had great ground clearance and tremendous torque and gearing to get out of tough spots. And the Jeep J usually was the one pulling out a very stuck jacked up truck out in the middle of nowhere on the northern parts of South Padre Island. Three bucket seats across the single cabin and the middle seat folds down with a big glove box in the back of the seat like in a Dodge truck. The key is, make at least one version that will become a legend. Like the Z Corvette. Make 4x4 equivalent of a boy racer version of a J Truck. Tires and wheels appropriate for on and off road driving. I remember when Chevy reintroduced the Z28 in and then further in My Z28 had hand rolled windows and no options. Base line boy racer. What a great car that was. Sportsmen like me want to tow a boat or trailer or carry a load to the camp in the truck. Beach fishermen, cruisers and folks who venture into all kinds of wilds like swamps and deserts and beaches and woods and mountains and rough country long for a reasonably priced vehicle that will go anywhere. We want basic and we want heavy duty. They make it elsewhere, and it would be relatively cheap on a large basis to modify it to fit American safety and pollution standards from the start. True, Toyota makes several great 4x4 trucks, but none are rugged like the Landcruiser truck. Ideally, in an ideal world for El Fisho and the thousands of Landcruiser FJ afficiandos out there, would settle for even the hatchback 4 door version of the FJ Landcruiser sold here in the USA until The updated overseas versions are nice, as many of my friends who have worked or fished or hunted or trekked overseas have invariably been transported in one. I know one attorney in Austin, back in the spring of had the opportunity to buy two from a car dealer at a discounted price, new on the lot, and did so, even though he and his wife already had two of them. He simply thought it was the best car ever made and being an avid Texas Hill Country avid fisherman, appreciated his FJ Landcruiser for what it was. He kept them in the garage of his downtown office that was a former residence. He and his fly fishing wife had a brand new car waiting on them whenever their fairly new then Landcruisers finally wore out. A solid engine and transmission tough enough for African wilds and South American jungles. Another Japanese or Korean car maker could take a cue and built an old school 4x4 truck or SUV copying the Landcruiser philosophy and sell many vehicles. Dead or Alive" and I suggested that gun be made in a. Any day now is the word. I remember fishing at Mr. There were police around telling folks not to touch the sharks because they thought disease responsible, but since that time other theories involved low tides because the sharks were never tested. Unfortunately, the only seller is an online seller with a high price or one dealer in the UK who will ship overseas but the shipping brings the price from a quasi-reasonable amount to almost as bad as the other online seller. It sells in the far east and europe, not in America. I know that America has to be a big market for Shimano fishing tackle. I own several Shimano reels and rods in the low and medium range. A shelf made of somewhat durable plastic was behind where El Fisho Jr. At some distance, I might add.

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Chapter 4 : Aeolus 13 Umbra:

After Toulouse-Lautrec's death, his mother, the Comtesse Adèle Toulouse-Lautrec, and Maurice Joyant, his art dealer, promoted his art. His mother contributed funds for a museum to be created in Albi, his birthplace, to house his works.

But oh, what album to pick? He released like It also happens to be full of all kinds of sex imagine that. I assumed that the title was some kind of sexual slang not a bad assumption , but Wikipedia suggests it has something to do with an insane asylum Camarillo and the crazy hair they often had, which makes sense given the crazy lyrics. It starts kind of trippy with inscrutable lyrics. The melody is twinkly and silly. It also plays around with hippy slang. Zappa packs a lot of music into 35 minutes, and this album seems to be a turning point in his desire to cram sex and craziness into his commercial music. Just about every song on this disc was played a lot live and this album has become something of a classic. I enjoyed Section 2 very much. The Slothrop scenes were funny and wild and even advanced the plot. I never expected that Section 3 would introduce a ton of new characters, more or less ignore the old charterers and stay with these new characters so that by not paying close attention to them in the beginning I was just confused by the end. I do admit that while skimming again for this post, I was able to focus on the new characters more and found it far less confusing. And yes, it was quite interesting once I actually paid attention, and the connections were pretty awesome. But it was still pretty surprising on the first read through. Section 3 is called In the Zone. And the Zone is mentioned quite a lot, although I never figured out where it is meant to be exactly. And in comes Slothrop, barefoot and blistered. His shoes were stolen by some DP on the train ride from the Swiss border. They left a red tulip between his toes which makes him think of Katje. And speaking of freight cars, Slothrop ran into his very first African on top of one the other night who turns out to be Enzian. They had small talk about the departure of Major Duane Marvy these are two of those newly introduced characters who will play a huge role in this section. Slothrop hops a train following clues about Imipolex G. A music box starts playing. He and the girl dance. He is still Ian Scuffling war peace? He is looking through the files on Imipolex G and it points to Nordhausen. Hugo Stinnes Slothrop also has information on Laszlo Jamf. One of the documents shows contact with a Lyle Bland of Boston, Mass. And he was personally blamed for Inflation. The banknotes were contracted out to a Massachusetts paper mill called Slothrop Paper Company! When Slothrop reads this he gets nauseous and a hardon at the same time. He smells the Forbidden Wing. Once something was done to him in a room while he lay helpless. Bland either saw the Stinnes crash coming or was generally nervous and bailed in Tyrone Slothrop or Tough Shit. Through this, Schwarzkhnabe received a pass to Harvard University at a time when every one else around him including his family had no money. Broderick Slothrop or Bull Shit. Has Slothrop been under surveillance since he was born? Pipes are passed around. He feels queasy, so he climbs onto the roof. Marvy, who is nice to Slothrop and is also on the way to Mittelwerk, is a horrible racist. The Schwarzkommando stayed in Germany and learned ordnance. He says that all of the Schwarzkommando are headed for Nordhausen. Out of the darkness come a voice. The speaker, a large African picks up Marvy and hurls him from the car and down the embankment. His name is Oberst Enzian. Enzian is about to reveal a secret about who is more dangerous than Marvy, but stops when he sees that Slothrop is a war correspondent. Slothrop goes into town, a largely deserted town, where he sees a girl playing the balalaika, named Geli Tripping. The balalaika belongs to a Russian named Tchitcherine [this named simply will not go away in Section 3, after the lowly beginning here, he becomes very important to this section]. Tchitcherine maintains a harem in every rocket town in the Zone. But Geli invites him back, asking if he wants information about Tchitcherine or perhaps about Rocket "the one rocket out of that carried the Imipolex device. Then comes Paranoid proverb 5: So Slothrop stays for the information. Geli reveals that she posed for a rocket insignia as a witch. He asks if she is a real witch to which she replies she has witch tendencies and asks if he has been to Brocken yet because she has been up there every Walpurgisnacht the May Day Festival since she had her first period. He judo chops Slothrop, he drives a tank into the room and

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blasts Slothrop with a 76 mm shell. She entices him back to bed where they go at it animalistically until Wernher claws him and Slothrop declares that she is a witch. But despite all the craziness, he falls asleep in her arms. Scene from the mittelwerk Section 3. Tchitcherine calls this the Interregnum. Nick De Profundis, former lounge lizard is now a suave businessman selling A4 souvenirs. He takes them on passages to Dora, the secret prison which he knows is haunted. You can even visit the Schwarzkommando room and see where Enzian had his wet dream when snuggling with a rocket the spot is freshened every day. The whole Raketen Stadt Rocket-City is designed to be asymmetrical and terror inducing. The soldier tells him things are sweet here, he can get Slothrop women and booze. And then we move on to parabolas. Not a Nazi parabola The Albert Speer touch. But it centers around Brennschluss and the Brennschluss Point [from Wkikipedia: The moment in the trajectory of a rocket when the fuel burns out, after which it continues with its own momentum for some distance and then begins to succumb to gravity; all-burnt, burn-out. Or lovers curled asleep which is where Slothrop wishes he were. Slothrop wants to be with Katje and wonders if They will let him. Does that mean the whole Poisson distribution map is false? Slothrop shows his forged pass and gets in past the guards. Just how much of this story is real? Stollen 20 is the A4 part of the factoryâ€”traffic is heavier and more and more components of the rockets are visibleâ€”different parts are kept in different Stollen and Stollen 41 was final assembly. He wants in on the food and fun, but the only way down is by zipline. He has a delusion about falling to his death only to make it safely if ungainly into the crowd. And as soon as Marvy sees Slothrop, hijinx ensueâ€”he orders all of his men to get the limey wot threw him off the train. He slips in some paint, puts on a coverall and clips his moustache now you look like Hitler! He has a plan which involved a racial epithet aimed at Marvy. And they escape on a train designed to show visitors the tunnel that would be a wonderful-to-film movie sequence of crashing and lights out. And yet the Mothers are still in hot pursuit you can tell because they have not stopped their limericks. They gain on Slothrop and Glimpf. Slothrop hides behind a warhead which he pushes off the train. Various crashes signals that they are safe and they cruise out to a waiting Mercedesâ€” which they steal. And when they see Slothrop T. In the quote, Enzian implored the scientists to listen to the Rocket above all when it comes to specs. There is a history of the peoples: Rhenish missionaries brought them back as specimens of a possibly doomed race where they were experimented upon or used as servants by soldiers in the Herero uprising of In , the Nazi party who never admitted this brought over the present day leadership to set up shadowy juntas capable of taking over British and French colonies in Africa. The Schwarzkommando are turning into a cult of sterility and death, rather than fertility. They want a negative birth rate. To finish the extermination the Germans began in A simple choice between tribal death and Christian death. He is their Nguarorerueâ€”not exactly a leader, but one who has been proven. He is also known as Otyikondo, the half â€”breed, because father was European although this is not uncommon. Whites in Africa were concerned tooâ€”as they would be about dying cattle. And they were perplexed by the choice of death over Christianity.

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Chapter 5 : A basket of chips. By John Brougham.

Fathers of modern art: mothers of invention: cocking a leg at Toulouse-Lautrec The female hero and the making of a feminist canon: Artemisia Gentileschi's representations of Susanna and Judith Feminist mythologies and missing mothers: Virginia Woolf, Charlotte Bronte, Artemisia Gentileschi and Cleopatra.

Stunning Swiss sex symbol, starlet and jet-setter Ursula Andress will always be remembered as the first and quintessential Bond girl. She made film history when she spectacularly rises out of the Caribbean Sea in a white bikini. Ursula Andress was born in , in Ostermundigen, in the Swiss canton Bern, as one of seven children in a German Protestant family. Although often seeming icily aloof, a restless streak early demonstrated itself in her personality, and she had a desire from an early age to explore the world outside Switzerland. At 17, she ran away with an Italian actor, then returned home after her mother intervened. She studied painting, sculpture and dance in Paris. Andress started her career as an art model in Rome, which led to her first roles in the Italian film industry. Some sources claim that she was on a holiday to Rome at the time. Eventually, due in part to the patronage of paramour Marlon Brando, she signed a contract with Columbia Pictures and went to Hollywood heralded as the New Marlene Dietrich. Actually the only things she had in common with Dietrich were her partly German heritage and magnificent legs. In Hollywood she had a troubled relationship with James Dean. One tabloid reported at the time that Dean was learning German so they could "argue in another language". On the day of his death 30 September , Dean asked her to go with him to San Francisco in his Porsche Spyder, but he left Los Angeles without her. She had met actor and pretty-boy John Derek and had fallen in love with him. They married in , and Ursula dropped out of film-making for several years thereafter. No , Terence Young. On a trip to Greece, John Derek had taken photographs of his wife, and one had been published in a magazine. The photograph was seen by Harry Saltzman, co-producer of the first James Bond film, which was scheduled to start shooting within a few weeks even though the female lead had not yet been cast. One glance at the picture was enough. Ursula was offered the part. Her performance helped to start the James Bond franchise and set the Bond Girl standard beside which all future Bond actresses would be judged. The success of Dr. In , she also posed nude for Playboy - the photos were taken by her husband John Derek. Her charms seemed not to diminish by age. In she began what would be a long-term romance with Harry Hamlin, her handsome young co-star from Clash of the Titans , Desmond Davis in which she was cast, predictably, as Aphrodite. She and Hamlin have a son, born in , Dimitri Hamlin. On television she appeared in the mini-series Peter the Great , Marvin J. Chomsky, Lawrence Schiller and in the series Facon Crest She last worked on a film in her homecountry Switzerland. Her relationship with Harry Hamlin having ended in , she has lived with Lorenzo Rispoli since In the white bikini from Dr.

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Chapter 6 : Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec*

Differencing the Canon moves between feminist re-readings of the canonical modern masters - Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec and Manet - and the 'canonical' artists of feminist art history, Artemisia Gentileschi and Mary Cassatt.

Last August, a new track opened, replacing the original quarter12 size one. Starting with just four members, the club has grown to become one of the largest in the UK. In that time four of its members have gone on to become part of the Olympic team. Tre White is now ranked third in the country, while Quillan Isidore has been UK champion three times despite being only A film, 1 Way Up: Describe Peckham BMX in three words. I wear a variety of styles blended into one. The people running it are so hardworking and caring, steering us in the right direction. It has got me where I am today. The Fast and the Furious. They had done a kind of London Underground map of record labels, and I had the idea of extending it to genres of music. As he pointed out, not only was the actual music a heavy influence on his work. But The Sound of the Drum is so much more than a piece of artwork to be admired. Although fans are able to buy copies. Which is where Paul Bradshaw, who started Straight No Chaser magazine, comes in as he is man in charge of kickstarting a range of exhibitions and activities around the concept over the coming year. First hearing the play as a student at the Royal College of Art in the s, Blake has been creating these illustrations as an ongoing project, seen together for the first time at this exhibition. Together they have created a campaign, Freedom Through Photography, which invites photographers to showcase their imagery. So, how do you make ones that are special? During that time they have been sourcing machinery and creating denim made on year-old Toyoda looms. These lovingly produced, handcrafted jeans each come with their own logbook and can be sent back to them for repairs. Both bikes come with Brooks leather saddles and bar tape as standard. Fittingly, Hackett has made a range of apparel to look and feel dandy whilst on the bikes. Set in east London, her book The Roses Grow Wild explores the highs and lows of the early stages of adulthood amongst a seemingly lost generation. Fast forward plus years and Watson is one of the most respected photographers working in the UK today. It seems only fitting that Dr Martens, the boots of choice for said skins, should recognise his legacy with a series of T-shirts emblazoned with some of those great photographs. Smith has worked in production and design for a range of brands over the past 15 years. His experience Photograph Chris Tang Words Edward Moore has put him in contact with the best manufacturers, Skins Andreas, Bill and Tyrone suppliers and skilled craftsmen around the world. Pooling their skills, they have created a range of six bags, which they plan to expand over the coming 12 months. In , the twins arrived fresh off the boat with an entrepreneurial spirit and started off selling handmade felt pennants to sports fans in their hometown, Boston. From these humble beginnings, the twins expanded their operation and started selling souvenirs to baseball stadiums across the country. In , 47 Brand joined Banner Supply Company, a small upstart apparel brand that produced highquality, sports-licensed apparel, and formed a strong partnership based upon their similar values. Today, through focusing on quality, comfort and durability, they extend far beyond the world of sport and produce premium headwear and apparel for the discerning consumer. A long-lived design requiring a year or two to break in, and three or four decades to wear out. More than a mere hat, it was like a companion, used to protect against the elements, shade the eyes for sleep and catch drinking water, for example. The collection includes both new and old hats, shaped entirely by hand. Each hat is smoked with cedarwood, which protects them from moths. To mark the 40th anniversary of the album, Dove and White have collaborated with Lewis Leathers to replicate the jacket using the original screens. After studying cinematography in Russia, Onyeabor returned to Lagos in the mids to set up the Wilfilms label, releasing eight revolutionary LPs before his exile as a born-again Christian. Thankfully they were eventually able to get his agreement to this compilation of his prescient Afro electro funk, recorded from Who is William Onyeabor? Although the brand carries great buttondown floral numbers, Mick, the owner, is much more attracted to clothing that harks back to the late s as evidenced by his coloured, knitted ties, penny collar cotton shirts, and insistence that all his clothing is

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made in Italy. It is therefore fitting that Universal Works has collaborated with John Smedley this season with a small range of simple but highly prized knitwear. In a word, ska. And like all these things, as they say, what goes around comes around. Matthew Murray has been documenting the current crop of ska acolytes and has finally published his direct portraits in a neat little book. Yet, today, thanks to photographers such as Bruce Davidson, Joel Meyerowitz, Mary Ellen Mark and Jamel Shabazz, we tend to see the unmistakable New York backdrop in the most important street photography of the last 50 years. Recognised for its sturdy, classic style, it has recently tied up with newly relaunched Jigsaw menswear to create a collection of shoes for the brand. The Singles Cover Art of Punk The typically insightful and erudite introductory essay from Jon Savage sets the tone for what is not just a study of Punk 45 cover art, but of the DIY aesthetic of punk itself. An avid social documentary photography, settling in the Phnom Sarakham district for a few months, Moran-Morris was struck by the ubiquity of the humble scooter and its central role in everyday life here, from taking the kids to school, to shopping to socialising. His series of images have been brought together in this book, accompanied by a text by Leah Tannehill in both Thai and English. Twin brothers in quaint England with a love of old Hollywood films write a fan letter to Lillian Gish, star of the silent, golden era of Hollywood. Not only does she respond, she invites them to stay. And so begins a unique friendship between the young boys and a wealth of Hollywood greats – Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart for starters. Their experience is captured through the letters and recollections of their encounters over cups of tea. Broken into three ranges, the Limited Collection consists of one-offs, the Black Collection incorporates details such as premium horse hides, tweeds and solid brass buckles, while the Territory Collection has more accessible, rugged, all-purpose bags. Actors on the set of All Quiet on the Western Front The Story of Modern Pop As one third of pop trio Saint Etienne, Bob Stanley has a personal insight into the life of a pop star as well as maintaining a successful music writing career. Stanley takes a literal and unique approach to documenting this era by reviewing each hit with anecdotal stories along the way. Our mission is to reduce disparities in cancer care in medically underserved communities and ensure that treatment is available at an earlier, more curable stage. It is also home to a lakeside cabin built in by the great-grandfather of Johnny Schillereff, founder of Element. Schillereff has fond childhood memories of the town and the surrounding wilderness. An ex-fashion photographer, Dean has spent many years photographing unexpected images of London – pub signs, graffiti, doorways etc – and then used text from old London literature to accompany the photos, thus making the connection between the past and the present. A fascinating read, the book discusses the various elements that are shaping modern cinema. And the good news for movie buffs: Dan Le Sac and Scroobius Pip both come from the same small town in Essex, Stanford-le-Hope, yet that has pretty much nothing to do with their partnership. They had, in fact, become friends working at HMV in the sprawling shopping centre, Lakeside, near their Essex home. Eventually he became aware that his old friend was working and sought him out, but says: He shared the Black Nationalist-informed ideas championed by John Coltrane and his collaborators, and in he recited a Malcolm X tribute on his album Fire Music. His latest release, I Hear the Sound, is a rerecording of his oratorio Attica Blues, written in response to a rebellion at the Attica Correctional Facility in New York State in , during which 39 prisoners and hostages were shot dead. It suggests equality has arrived. The latest manifestation of his obsession with cinema will be his second Horror-on-Sea film festival, in Southend in January. His passion for that particular genre began as a kid. In recent years he has been responsible for the Southend Film Festival through his production company the White Bus – named after the short film by Lindsay Anderson. Sales were limited, but among the buyers was Jim Jarmusch, who featured it on the soundtrack of his film Broken Flowers. Step Ahead, the band Astatke formed in London last year, is a fierce piece built around A-list jazz and funk musicians and players of traditional Ethiopian instruments. Astatke now divides his time between London and Addis Ababa, where he has opened a seat club, the Jazz Village. After 69 years, things are getting better. This education has afforded Manny a unique opportunity to work across both disciplines. Currently he is studying for his doctorate at the University of Surrey, exploring the use of contemporary dance in fashion advertising. Childhood alienation, though, has been followed by

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creative recognition. John arrived in New York City in where he and his brother became involved with the Collaborative Projects, aka Colab, the New York-based art collective. While Charlie started making films, John, through preparation for a monster movie, learned to make face castings. In , they initiated a series of permanent neighbourhood sculpture murals featuring local members of the community, including the Double Dutch girls. After 30 years, their professional and creative partnership is still going strong. Most recently, they completed a two-year residency at the Inhotim art museum in Brazil. As such the band comprised a measure of rockabilly, a bucket of Elvis, great gobs of glam and liberal lashings of eyeliner; Southend teddy boy Levi Dexter on vocals, Dibbs Preston on guitar, Lewis King on drums and, last but not least, Smutty Smith who, tattooed from neck to toe and with a penchant for standing on his double bass, was the star of the show. And jams with Johnny Thunders were frequent. The press loved us. We took the English Teddy Boy scene, added glam, added youth; and it worked. Today, Smith lives in Reykjavik where he has his own Friday night radio show playing rockabilly, old ska, glam and punk. But on stage and off, there is more than a touch of retro to his modernism. Between gigs, he collects vintage muscle cars. I built my own vocoder when I was 18 and bought my first muscle car soon after. He is now officially retired. Conor wears jacket by Carhartt WIP. As Jane Austen might have said. More to the point, wearing a good fragrance makes you feel better about yourself. The difficulty comes with the definition of good. There are over 2, decent fragrances on the market, but there is only one that appeals to almost everybody:

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Chapter 7 : Richard Prince - Birdtalk

SOUNDTRACK: FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION-Over-nite Sensation (). When I saw Marvy's Mothers, it was hard not to pass up the connection to Zappa and his band.

The 23d of the 6th Month, which is the Month June. It is plain therefore, that the Truth is not in thee: Think of this, and take Tobacco. If the zealous Writer of the above Letter has any Meaning, it is of too high a Nature to be the Subject of my Lucubrations. From my own Apartment, June To [Page 7] deceive, is the immediate Endeavour of him who is proud of the Capacity of doing it. A chearful Temper joined with Innocence, will make Beauty attractive, Knowledge delightful, and Wit good-natured. From Saturday July 1. Thus it is Folly in a Plain-Dealer to expect, that either his Friends will reward him, or his Enemies forgive him. Ladies talk like Rakes, and Footmen make Similes: But this Writer knows Men. From my own Apartment, July 5. I received him as well as I could, and by good Fortune threw him out of the Saddle. His Name, as I afterwards learned, was Doubt. His Name was Danger. While I went forward to the Temple, the Structure was beautiful beyond Imagination. Her Name was Womanhood. Morphew, than to let us know whether you are a Whig or a Tory. To Amanda in Kent. As many as love you will now be willing to marry you: From my own Apartment, July A Man of Talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. A worthy Merchant, who employs a Crowd of Artificers? Semper ego Auditor tantum? What a pretty Book that is! Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina II. The Stranger asked, When he was expected at Home? The Servant replied, She would go in and ask his Wife. The young Woman repeated the Word Wife, and fainted. Can Infamy and Innocence live together? How bitter, Heaven, how bitter is my Portion? I am, Palamede, to live in Shame, and this Creature be Heir to it.

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Chapter 8 : Reseda, Los Angeles | Revolv

Admiradora, creadora en proceso. | Abril Valadez is pinning about Sewing, Office chairs, Rhinos, Toulouse lautrec, Garden ideas diy and more.

My publishers, with that delicious sangfroid so characteristic of the frigid class, have just intimated to me that they are "waiting for a Preface. I had fondly imagined that, like the prologues to plays, Prefaces belonged now to the cocked-hat and shoe-buckle period. But it appears that I am mistaken; my publishers want a Preface, and publishers are unappeasably despotic. Now, I have a kind of general idea what a good Preface should be, just as I have a tolerably shrewd notion of what a good dinner should consist. But unfortunately my resources, both mental and monetary, restrict me to the simple but unsatisfactory consciousness of the abstract knowledge. A properly organized Preface should be more suggestive, than indicative, of that which is to follow, just as a tastefully ordered table with its plate and glass, its bouquets and snowy serviettes, prepares, instinctively the fortunate invitee, for a grammatical repast. Vi their lips upon the after-taste of the accompanying single glass of Chablis, with the double relish of present enjoyment and appetizing anticipation. A Preface is usually either apologetic or explanatory, or both. Now, I have nothing that I am aware of to apologize for; and the book I sincerely hope will explain itself. It was not the urgent solicitation of flattering friends, which gently forced me to this evulgation. No, I have no hesitation in acknowledging the compromising fact, that I was partly propelled thereto by considerations of a merely mercenary nature; added to which, I must do myself the justice to say, that I was also influenced by the hope that my Publishers might also be recompensed for the compliment they paid me in imagining that the scraps now set before you, would satisfy the least exigent appetite. I know one who will hardly let the opportunity escape for saying a smart thing or two. Perhaps it might be as well in explanation of the title, to say that the random sketches contained in this volume, are but the sawdust and shavings accumulated during intervals of more laborious carpentry. I wonder if that will save me? At all events I can at least be permitted to indulge a hope that the accompanying " Chips," -may help to light a gloomy hour, and haply not decrease the brightness of a cheery one. BEING a strange, self-willed, and slightly egotistical old dog, I shall make no elaborate apology to the snarling puppies of the present time, for thus presenting the memorials of a long, quiet, and observant life, to the consideration of that insolent and overbearing portion of animal existence called man, singularly blind as it is to its own incongruities of nature, and stupidly vain of its very imperfections. Surely it is not the accidental circumstance of a few mere superficial inches in his formation, that gives him the right to lordly domination; or many a long-eared donkey would be his superior. Can it be possible that he prides himself upon a poor shivering frame, shrinking from contact with all vicissitudes of weather, save when he dons our natural clothing for protection and ornament? The result of a long experience in the man-world has convinced me, that it is to external embellishment they pay the greatest deference, and that in the, great battle between broadcloth and brains, the former in almost every instance obtains the victory-a fact which I shall sufficiently prove as I unfold my tale. Look at the dog species. When did one of our tribe ever despise another for the roughness of his coat? When did a dog ever. Is not a tattered garment a bar to social recognition, in almost every circle? How many hands have been grasped with apparent cordiality, when the hearts to which they belonged throbbed with hatred? Be satisfied and thankful, therefore, oh, ye most fortunate dogs, that ye were not born of that perfidious race. Heed not their self laudations, and foolish assumptions of superiority. Remember that we resemble the royal lion by nature, while they are only one step removed from the obscene and chattering monkey. Suffice it to say, that we well know which is the inferior species of the two. But let us not, therefore, imitate them in their stupidity, and puff ourselves out with ridiculous vanity, for that which we had no act or part in, more than the disgusting worms, which in the end will fatten equally on both. Selfishness is the immediate staple of an autobiography. Therefore I must be pardoned if I still make the personal pronoun predominant in my narrative. The early part of my existence was passed in the usual checkered routine of

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puppyhood, alternately petted or punished by the juvenile members of the family, my treatment on all occasions entirely depending upon the capricious and variable temper of those changeable humans. Nor indeed could I really tell which was the greatest torture to me—the absolute punishment for some pretended fault, some failure in my efforts to work my original nature into that of a monkey or a man, by attempting to assume their ridiculous attitude, or the uncomfortable caresses, the pulling and mauling I received during their more merciful moments. Then commenced the lugging and tugging and screaming, each striving to nurse? In taking an occasional retrospective. We had sojourning with us a charming cat, who, with her highly amusing and frolicsome little family, formed the nucleus of a very sociable party. The kittens being exactly my own age, I naturally began to form an attachment for their society, evidently very much against the wishes of our mutual parents, who very seldom met in the course of our casual acquaintance without interchange of compliments in the shape of a growl on one side, and an emphatic "spat" on the other. Often have I puzzled my little cranium to discover the cause of this confirmed animosity, when one fine morning it was developed in a very summary manner. Upon the occasion to which I allude, I, with my feline friends, were enjoying, to the topmost extremes of our animal spirits, a most exciting race after a vagrant spool of cotton, which we alternately pawed and watched amicably from each other, panting with the very joyousness of the excitement, when two of our young human torturers of the male species suddenly interrupted our harmless play. I have observed in the course of my experience among the humans, that the egotistical —authors of histories like mine, invariably enlighten the benighted world with interesting accounts of their juvenile existence, each foolishly supposing that his individual early life and adventures are of especial importance; forgetting, in the immensity of his self-esteem, that millions upon millions of his stupid species have passed precisely through the same routine. As well might an insignificant grain of sand upon the sea-shore exclaim, "how fortunate am I! Behold how the ever-rolling tide bathes me at the appointed time with its refreshing coolness! See how the varying seasons dispense upon my head their respective delights! The spring breezes fan my cheek; the summer flowers fling their odors upon my atmosphere. The golden autumn clothes me with its softened radiance. The benignant winter covers me with its protecting snow. My name is Carlo; it was also the name of my respected sire. Indeed, my lamented mother told me, that it was the privilege of our exalted breed,—capriciously called "IKing Charles," although I need not tell the intelligent reader, that our ancestry dates much further back—for the then head of the family to preserve the hereditary name. As I was the eldest hope, I was, therefore, as a matter of course, called Carlo; and consequently looked up to, and petted by the elegant society in which my youth was passed, as the possible living link which bound together the long and brilliant ancestral chain. I have but an indistinct recollection of my father, for he unfortunately died while I was yet a puppy; but that remembrance suffices to call up before my mental gaze, a fine, portly dog, scrupulously sleek, silky, and of decidedly elegant manners. With respect to his moral character, I have in vain questioned my poor, dear mother, but she invariably evaded a direct reply. My impression is, however, that the human society into which the accident of circumstance had thrown him, by pernicious example, had the effect of undermining the native excellence of his principles. As for my maternal parent, she was indeed most beautiful; filial affection would fain give a true description of her loveliness of form and truly exalted nature, each attesting the indisputable nobility of her birth; but no language can do the theme sufficient justice. I have had many brothers and sisters, but only two were suffered to live, of whom I may have occasion to speak hereafter. The inexorable dictum of the exclusive society of which we form a part, decrees destruction to the majority of our devoted species, in order to enhance the rare value of the residue; a circumstance strikingly illustrative of the short-sighted stupidity of the human kind in general, which estimates the value of a thing, not by its intrinsic worth, but by its scarceness; and greedily covets the possession of that which is absolutely useless, if it be only difficult to obtain. It was on the very same day made ever celebrated in the annals of history, when the justly famous Dog of Montargis astonished the canine world by his heroic deeds in the Forest of Bondy, that I first saw the light—not that I mean to arrogate to myself any peculiar excellence from this simply fortuitous circumstance. It was only a curious coincidence, and therefore I mention it with, I trust, becoming modesty.

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By a remarkable ordering of consentaneous events, it so happened, also, that a favorite cat belonging to the family, blessed the world with a numerous and interesting progeny; and the chimney of a house on the opposite side of the street to that which we inhabited, caught fire, but was speedily extinguished. IT has just struck me, that it is quite time to say something about the particular family by whom I was surrounded in my youth, and whose family, in a great degree, tended to the formation and development of my individual character. The head of the house was a gentleman of the greatest possible respectability. The outer world, of which he was an acknowledged ornament, looked up to him with deference, and pointed to him as the very embodiment of propriety. Of course, he went regularly to church every Sunday; took an active part, as far as zeal and oratory went, in all charities, whose claims upon respectability were duly endorsed by his own clergyman; deprecated with upturned eye the increasing iniquity of the external world. So thoroughly was he grounded in essentials of religion, that he absolutely knew all the response by heart; and when the place of worship was enlightened by the presence of some high or fashionable church dignitary, audibly joined in the service, without once referring to his morocco-covered gilt-edged prayer book. The weekly locality of all this pious enthusiasm was a magnificently appointed pew, which, as its late occupant had failed in business, he was enabled to secure for a mere trifle, compared with the original outlay, so that he could indulge in the reflection that in the matter of religion itself, he had exercised those habits of business, which taught him to take a proper advantage of the inferior tact, prudence, or fortune of his fellow man. His family consisted of his "lady," Mrs. Angelica Glosely "who must have Ia special paragraph devoted to her peculiar characteristics presently "two sons, and one daughter. One of the sons, Hector Glosely, was eighteen years old, rejoicing in high collars, in the matter both of coat and shirt; the other, Rufus, was a boy of about eight; while the only daughter, Priscillina Augusta, was a blooming, thoughtless, naturally good-hearted school-girl of fourteen. Here was a stock in trade for domestic harmony and household comfort, if properly managed. How it was dissipated and destroyed, my narrative will show. Angelica Glosely an especial paragraph, and I must now endeavor to depict her most contradictory and antagonistic traits. In appearance she was decidedly the reverse of prepossessing, but her lack of personal attractions was amply compensated for by an overweening vanity and supreme selfishness; her creed consisted in the perfect consciousness of her own great excellence, and the corresponding unworthiness of all the world beside. Every groan which she upheaved for the sinfulness of humanity, was a trumpet blast in proclamation of her impeccability. With a countenance expressive of the most intense humility, she admitted with the Rubric that mankind were all "miserable sinners;" but she by no means included herself in the category. With apparent sincerity she inveighed against worldly vanity, while she looked exultingly around the velveted worshippers to watch the effect caused by the display of her own magnificent attire. In fine, she was a pattern of fashionable wives and " professing " Christians. Her faith was self "her hope, the opinion of her modish friends-and her charity a newspaper paragraph. The characters of the younger branches of the family must develop themselves. It was near the close of a lovely afternoon, late in the fall, when the regal and benignant summer, like some potentate of old, arrayed in gorgeous robes, lies down to die in sovereign splendor, that my mother and I were reclining upon our especial cushion, at the feet of Mrs. My mother was quietly slumbering, all unconscious of passing events, haply used to the many contradictions and perversities amongst the human society in which she had placidly passed her hitherto existence. She heeded them not; but me, only just admitted within its extraordinary circle-curiosity and wonder kept me a constant and unwearied listener. Strange effect of education and association upon the human being, thought I; and as unnatural as though a ferocious watch-dog were to smile-for dogs do smile-and wag his tail, at a midnight burglar. And this little domestic jar had been going on for several minutes. You must know, then, that Mr. The father and mother, strict and irreproachable, have just had a conversation as to the means of counteracting the evil effects of such conduct, which has, from the complacent selfesteem of both, eventuated in a scene of polite, courteous, but implacable recrimination. For the last five minutes he has had the book before him, but never saw a letter on the page; while she was keeping up a petulant and perpetual tattoo upon the carpet. At length the natural spirit of wrath rebelled against the restraints of ceremony. My

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mother woke up with a sharp bark, which she continued for some time with a vague idea that some calamity had occurred. An authoritative ring, sharp and aristocratic, announced some distinguished visitors; but not a muscle moved in the imperturbable face of Mrs. In a few moments Patrick announced Mrs. Whibley Syllabub, and the Misses Whibley Syllabub. If it were not that Gloseley was so very correct a character, I could have solemnly declared I heard a remarkably profane expression; but his face resumed its accustomed smiling serenity as Mrs. This is kind of you, Angelica, my love. How charmingly our dear friends are looking. The clearest observer could not detect a ruffle upon the surface of Mr. As my mother was a most intelligent animal, and never omitted an opportunity to inculcate within my opening mind lessons of correctness, she therefore seized upon the present opportunity to give me some wholesome advice and instruction. Who amongst us could suppose that those people, to whom our master and mistress are now speaking in such honeyed accents, were the same of whom they spoke so disparagingly before they entered I" " But, surely they are not all thus perfidious alike I" I asked my intelligent parent. But let us remain silent, and listen to their conversation. Gloseley having casually looked at his watch, started up in great apparent agitation, exclaiming"Dear me, can it be possible? Whibley Syvllabub, your most interesting conversation has positively so enchained my attention, that I had nearly forgotten a most particular engagement.

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Chapter 9 : [OTA] The lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq: revised and corrected by the author. [pt.4]

The topic under consideration "censorship" came about following the formation of the Parents Music Resource Center (PMRC) in which was created to inform the public on what they considered was a rising explicitness in sex-related topics in rock music.

It was founded in , and its central business district started in . The neighborhood was devoted to agriculture for many years. Earthquakes struck the area in . The neighborhood has fifteen public and five private schools. The community includes public parks, a senior center and a regional branch library. Parts of Reseda have been used in several motion picture and television productions. History Founding and growth The area now known as Reseda, like much of Los Angeles County , originally was inhabited by Native Americans of the Tongva tribe who lived close to what is now known as the Los Angeles River. The rural areas were annexed into the city of Los Angeles in . Whitley purchased the Suburban Home Company so that he would have complete control for finishing the development. The geographic name "Reseda" was first used for a siding on a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad , which ran between the cities of Burbank and Chatsworth in the San Fernando Valley. Later, it was used as the name of a stop on the Pacific Electric interurban railway running along Sherman Way. As the *Zelzah Tribune* reported: The Marian territory has made application for a post office to serve that district. To avoid confusion in mail distribution it is necessary that the name of the town be changed and the people of that community have decided upon the name Reseda, and if the application is granted it will be the only post office in the United States by that name. Turner, we are told, who has taken an active interest in the canvass and to create a sentiment for post office advantages, will possibly be the postmistress. Soon a blacksmith shop and an auto repair garage were built nearby. Within a short time, these were followed by a grocery store and a drug store. There were no sidewalks or pavement yet, most were beginning to be added during the to early s time period. On the southwest corner of Sherman Way a wooden building housed the volunteer Fire Department until , when the present brick building was erected as was the Reseda Bank. The wooden building, housing the Fire Department, was then moved to the southeast side of Sherman Way, where it remained until . The stock market crash of and subsequent Great Depression further slowed expansion. During the late s and s, the area became widely known for its production of lettuce, lima beans, sugar beets, and walnuts; in the late s, Reseda became known as was one of the largest producers of lettuce in the United States. The Southern Pacific Railroad trains came up the middle of Sherman Way to pick up freight cars of lettuce on a daily basis during the lettuce harvest season. Around that time, manufacturing roof tile, canning poultry products, and processing walnuts began to emerge as viable businesses as well. However, by the population had increased to 4, residents. The large ranches were subdivided, and the area was developed by realtors just as the veterans of World War II were returning home. The familiar orange groves were successively plowed under in favor of housing. At the time, most of the jobs were in the Los Angeles Basin and to the south, over the Santa Monica mountains. By , Reseda had over 16, residents and in the early s, a population explosion took place, making Reseda one of the most popular and populated of all Valley communities. During the s, the above-average residential real estate values and income patterns compared to the rest of the country began to reverse. Land and housing costs shot upward, while most incomes only crept. According to a study by the U. Bureau of the Census , it has tripled that of the early s. Northridge earthquake The Northridge earthquake struck at 4: It remains the only large earthquake to originate directly under a major U. On February 9, , the San Fernando earthquake also known as the Sylmar earthquake struck the area with a magnitude of 6. The median age was . Their breakdown of the population using the census was Latinos , Nineteen percent of Reseda residents aged 25 and older had earned a four-year degree by , an average figure for both the city and the county. The percentages of those residents with a high school diploma was high for the county.