



Vicar's Whore



VW 28

Frýdek-Místek, 11 October 2009

Six months ago VW reconvened after its winter hiatus in a little salon located in a slum undergoing redevelopment. It quickly proved more convenient to shuffle our gatherings among homes in Ostrava rather than to commute to this salon, where the politics of the restaurant were suspect anyway. The restaurant must be doing something right, because the salon has since doubled in size. The proprietor, long a patron of the arts, offered us the use of his facilities in lieu of the hulk we tried out across the street last week. The hulk was quite fine, but the salon has more props and its proximity to the restaurant bar also played in its favor. So VW has come full circle, with a solid membership now ready to take to the floor, to flail their arms about, stomp their feet, grimace and growl, and raise their voices to heaven with all the pathos and emotion one would expect from a civilization about to be crushed by the weight of its own foolishness. And the carpet was pretty comfortable too.

