

# Greg Gorman and The Body Electric

*Greg Gorman, Levi's-clad boy from Kansas City, Missouri,  
plain-speaker and friend to the famous,  
polite, level-headed, generous with time and space,  
he hails from the wheaty vastnesses  
of the American Mid-West.*

*Leaving that white picket-fenced world  
in the middle of everything,  
he planted its legs of a thousand leagues  
on the Western Shore,  
stopping to gaze down below upon  
a grid-crossed Ocean of Stars.*

*Greg,  
like numberless immigrants before him,  
offered fresh vision to the jaded eyes  
of Coastal Dreamers.*

*Spotting his beacon on the slopes of Hollywood Hills,  
trickle became flow, luminaries drew backwards, uphill,  
to that piece of New-Plant'd Heartland.*

*For two decades they've clustered, sat,  
for a new season's face to come out of his dark box,  
as he works the agency of light,  
chemicals and lens upon the cherished smiles  
of the Western World's role models,  
Objects of Lusts, Suns.*

*Gorman,  
below the surface a ferment,  
hidden depths hinted at by branchy-headed figurines,  
and straining naked bronzes  
in the sunny engine room of this man  
who also Sings The Body Electric.*