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Psychoanalysis Issue

no. 12 May 1985

photoSTATIC is a nonprofit bimonthly visual journal which strives to serve as a showcase for artists working in xerographic and related media.

The theme for this issue is psychoanalysis and it was suggested by Steve Harp. Please allow a loose interpretation. Miekal And created graphics for the cover, photoSTATIC is indebted to them and likewise to all its contributors. Thank You.

Coming in August is "Glossolalia", the new phonoSTATIC cassette, designated #12". Details elsewhere.

S U B M I T :: September 1 is the date #13 comes out, designated the "Déjà Vu" issue. Artists whose work has already appeared in photoSTATIC are invited to choose one of their pieces which has already appeared and re—do it (change it a little or a lot, update it, make it refer to itself, etc.) causing it to become a hopefully entirely new piece.

NEW POLICY:: Starting with issue #14 (as yet undesignated but appearing November, 1985) there will be no themes for photoSTATIC announced in advance, rather the theme will be decided by myself (and cohorts) based on the material recently received from the likes of you. So please keep sending in the work, we will keep it on file and use it when it's appropriate.

Lloyd Dunn, editor

This project is sponsored in part by a grant from the University of Iowa Fine Arts Council.

P.S.: By the way, the International Society of Copier Artists needs new members! Write to: I.S.C.A., 800 West End Ave., NYC 10025 for details. Include SASE.

Musicmaster provided the graphic on this page.



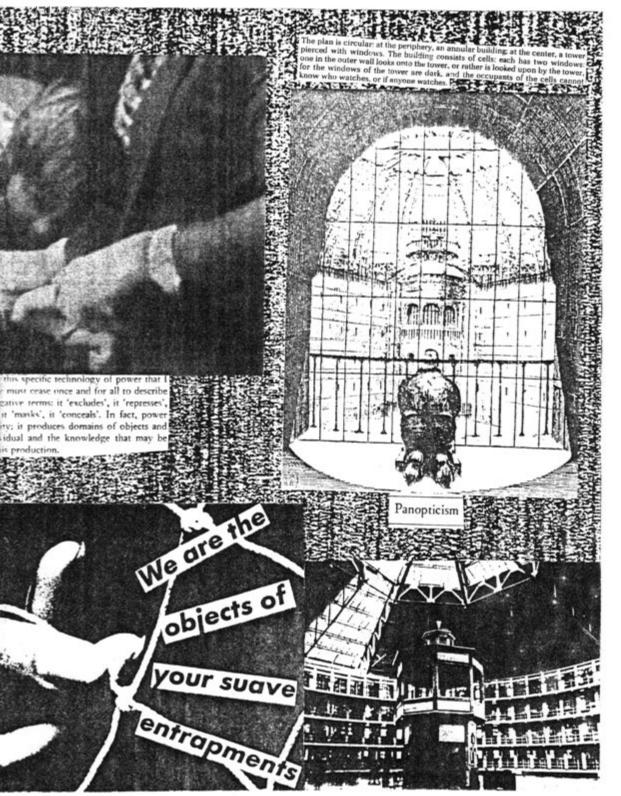
## CHRISTIANS AT THE



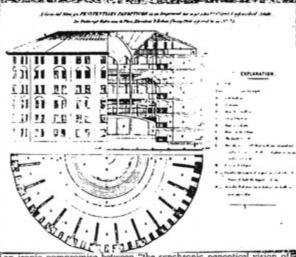
XEROX MACHINES

Steve Perkins



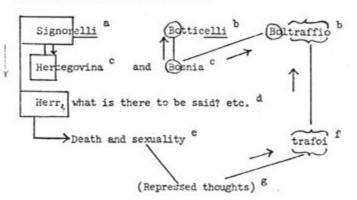


with imitation, we should be very careful not to think too quickly of the other who is being imitated. To imitate is no doubt to reproduce an image. But at bottom, it is, for the subject, to be inserted in a function whose



an ironic compromise between "the synchronic panoptical vision of domination-the demand for identity, stasis-and the counter-pressure of the diachrony of history-change, difference") speaks of that "process by which the look of surveillance returns as the displacing gaze of the disciplined, where the observer becomes the observed."

keyed by letters of the alphabet:



'I' of the voice-over talks of this fascination, co

look: the viewer is thus drawn into a fetishistic sp ledge. As she begins to come down the stairs of the house, we see a close-up of her legs and her golde Neff and catches his image in the mirror as he was her dress and putting on her lipstick. She turns fro still fixed in his gaze, and moves over to the other

TOLOGY

nverging with the 'T of the per'il it between belief and know- e California style Spanish anklet. The camera follows close her finish buttoning up on the mirror, leaving him side of the room.

the voice-over draws our attention to the photograph on the piano of Dietrichson and his daughter by his first marriage, Lola. Visually, the women resemble each other in age and general appearance in a striking way. 'Mother' and 'daughter' are nevertheless, from the beginning, established as inhabiting a different space in the diegesis, Phyllis Dietrichson/Barbara Stanwyck frozen as fetish object in Neff's look, already outside the space of familial relations, and Lola frozen in the family photograph from which Phyllis is excluded.



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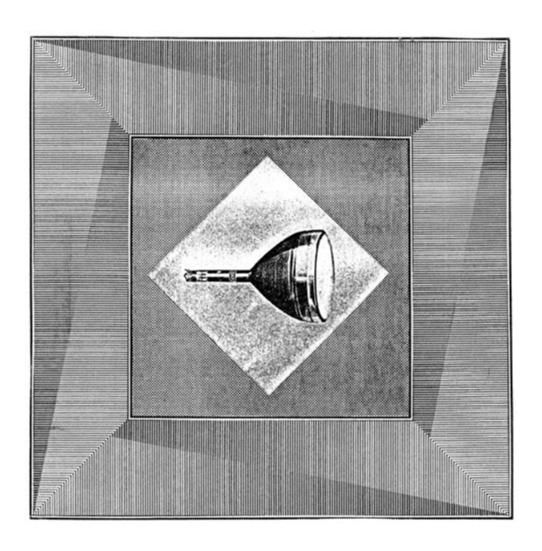
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registion - the will go .. Its word go.

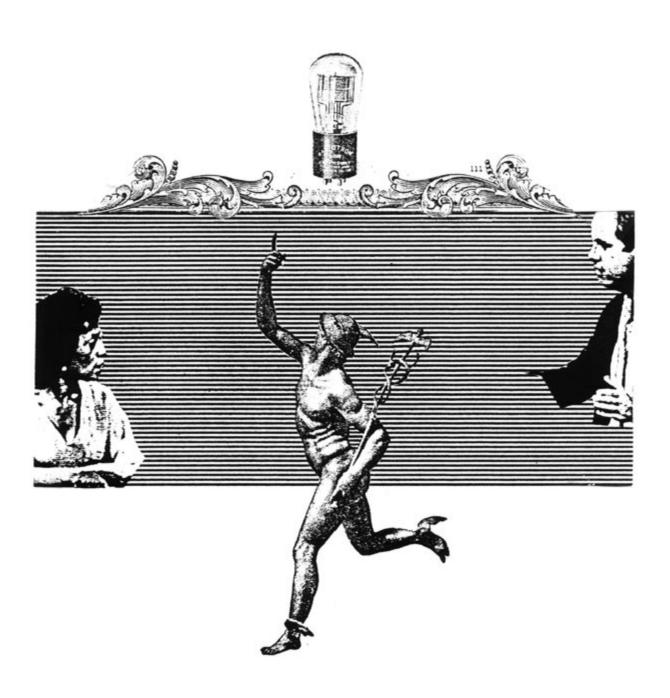
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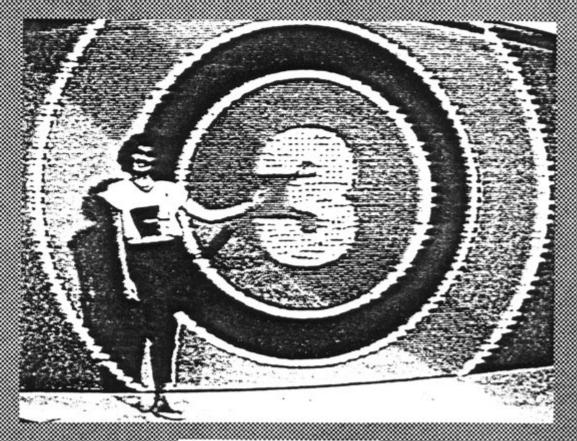
"The Cathode Ray"
by Ll. Dunn



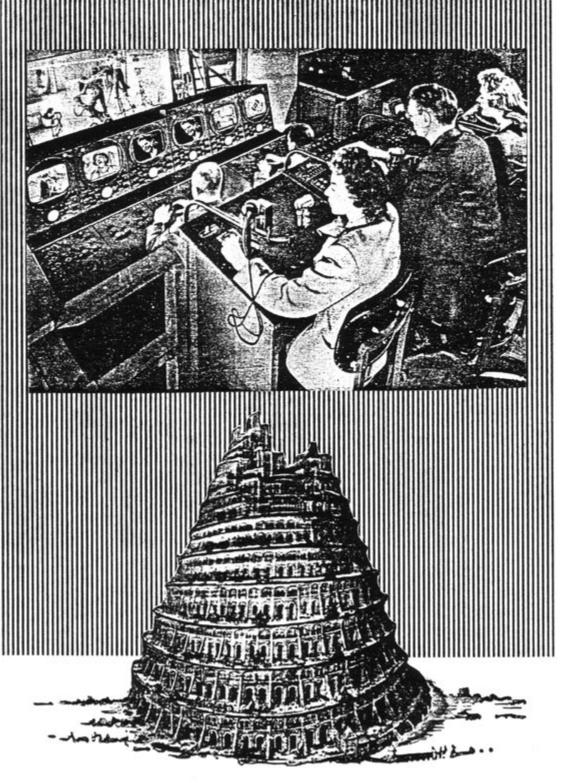








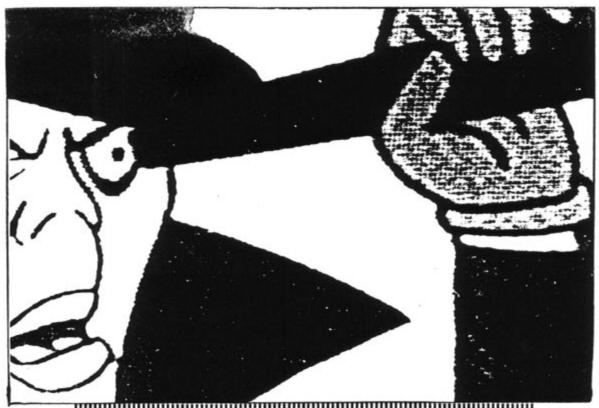
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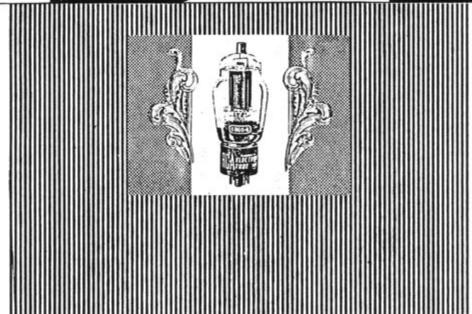


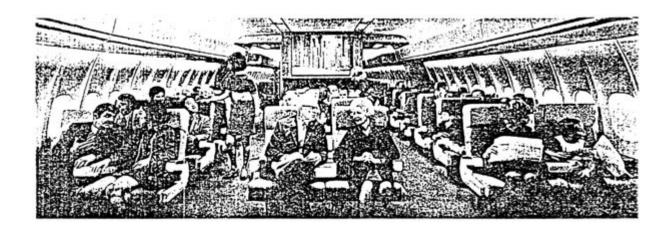












Inside the castration complex.

Upon entering analysis with K., she soon related this dream to me:

I am standing in a field with my lover. We are apart and picking geraniums and T-squares. Another letter arrives splitting the first. My lover (whom I call M.E., jo) asks "why?" Suddenly the cargo door opens and the ground has slipped away. My crotch ... no, my crouch begins to tremble at the opening. Just as I am about to remember to say something, I am asked by M.E., "Now I remember! You are about to remember to say something — what was it?" I leap from my crouched position into the air, shouting in a man's voice a man's name: Geronimo!



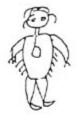
The castration complex.

Before analyzing this dream, I shall make a few remarks concerning the formation of dreams. Every dream is a wish which is represented as fulfilled, and the representation acts as a disguise if the wish is a repressed one, belonging to the unconscious. Thus to interpret this dream, I had to read through the manifest dream, taking into account the processes of condensation and displacement, in order to arrive at the latent phantasies of the unconscious.

I asked K. where she had first had this dream and she replied that it had occurred on a couch while she was being entertained. Taking into account the structure of the modern home, I knew that the couch must have been in the T.V. room. Given that only one letter separates "couch" from "crouch", and that "crouch" appears contiguously to crotch in the dream, I immediately recognized the castration complex at work. I also knew that the program she was watching must have teen "Hogan's Heroes" where the Germans repeatedly answer to the name of "Kraut," thus proving that her unconscious desire for a penis, represented homomorphically by the letter "r", was finding

fulfillment through her "crouched" position in front of M.E..

I carefully related my thoughts to K., trying to notice the signs of receipt. Given her NOW and THEN background, I fully expected her to deny my interpretation of the dream. I stressed that such an interpretation would surely bear witness to her alleged jock itch and to her hallucinations. I stressed that the phallus served only a symbolic function and that if she denied castration, that was to be expected. To my statements she only smiled and then sung two runes, the first a recent fight song for the football team, the Washington Redskins, which I know nothing about; the second a chant printed below, along with a drawing produced, she said, under one of her "hallucinations, as you all call them."



### The lines diverging from the figure of the man were said to represent "feeling."

### I Can Charm the Man

#### WORDS

Niwawin'gawia' .... I can charm the man
Enf'niwa' .... He is completely fascinated
by me

I must admit that her rhythmic response caught me off guard. She said that I looked like an armchair quarterback that had grown tired of his Lazy—Boy, and wouldn't I like a rest a bit on my own couch? She insisted that her feminism would certainly allow such a sidelining of the field general.

I, of course, recognized her behavior as indicative of yet another symptom of the failure of Oedipalization — this time directly addressed to me as the institutionalized Father. I explained this to her and again she smiled.

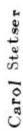


He-Makes-Mistakes was chief, hurriedly coming.

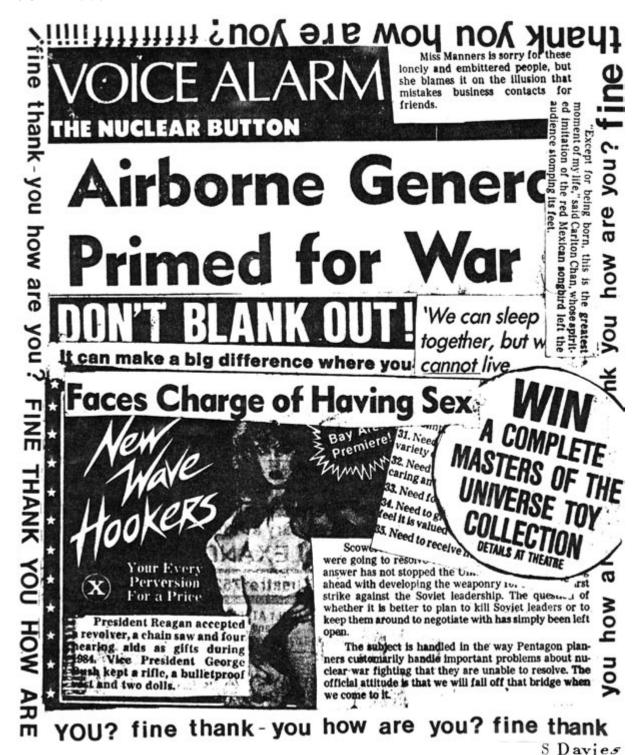
At this point I was lead to the most frightening hypothesis. Indeed, given all of K.'s earlier "flights of fancy," I must admit that I should have come on to this consideration earlier. For (and this forms the basis for my own fright), the evidence for my hypothesis had been passing under my nose all along and I had sensed it; thus my failure to recognize its significance resulted from my own repression and sublimation of an unpleasant thought originating in my unconscious. My hypothesis: K.'s attraction to my "bod," the transference placing me in the position of "Pop," and the insistence on her "feminism" were all diagrams or schemes from her "playbook". Not that these plays (which  $\underline{I}$  had formulated in accordance to the concepts of my practice) lacked a relation of validity for her, rather K. appeared to mimic my theories as a flighty myna bird would: repeating words without fully grasping their conceptual import. Thus my "bod" might, in scrimmaging, refer to my corpus, my science of psychoanalysis; her feminism might be my feminism, and thus, in addition to, and over and above all else, my position was not only that of her "Pop," but was primarily that of her "Prop." She, as it were, gives me a spin.



Jon McKenzie







367



368

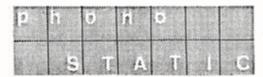


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