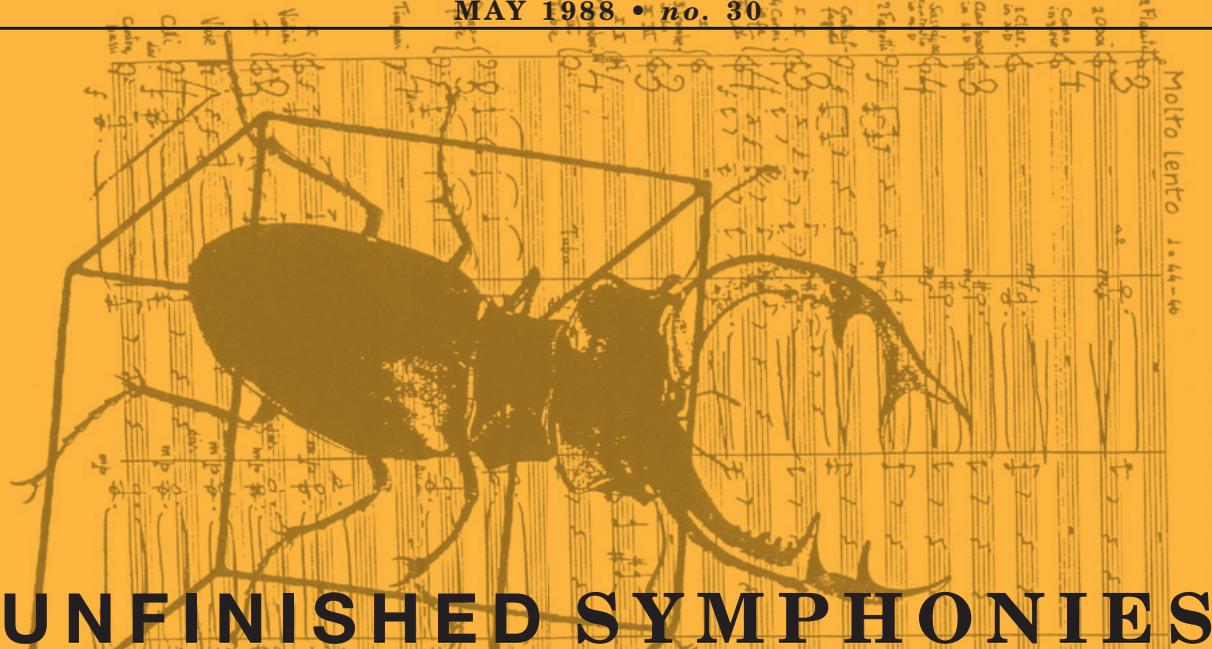


p h o t o  
S T A T I C

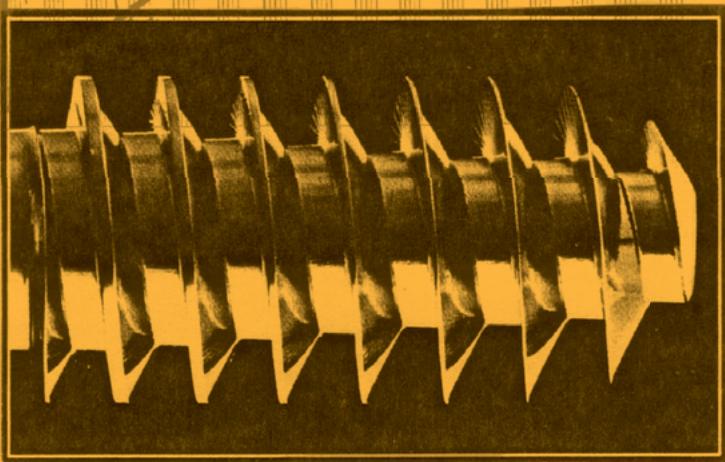
MAY 1988 • no. 30



# UNFINISHED SYMPHONIES

NUMBER

# 3



**FOREWORD:** This issue of *PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism* represents a different approach to xerox art than has been attempted on these pages before. The Call for Submissions for this, the "Unfinished Symphonies" issue asked specifically for unfinished work. The editorial intent was to assemble fragments of ideas or incomplete notions or concepts and put them together, to form a collective whole, where the bits are hard to extract from the whole. The xerages were performed by the Tape-beatles over many exhausting hours of cut and tape work. The artists listed in the adjoining column all submitted their unfinished works, which appear on pp. 1007–1017.

**Arturo Giuseppe Fallico**, 22700 Mt Eden Rd, Saratoga CA 95070; **Steve Harp**, 830 Elmwood, Evanston IL 60202; **Dave Coulter**, 206 S Summit, Villa Park IL 60181; **Steve Perkins**, 135 Cole St, San Francisco CA 94117; **Mark Rose**, 9037 Palatine Ave N, Seattle WA 98103; **Joel Score**, 1204 E Burlington St, Iowa City IA 5224; **John Heck**, 840 Dover St, Iowa City IA 52240; **Bob Grumman**, 1708 Hayworth Rd, Port Charlotte FL 3395; **Dominique John**, 41½ E Main St #2, Champaign IL 6182; **John Stickney**, 4545 W. 214th St., Fairview Park OH 44126; and **Chris J. Mitchell**, 11 Woodlands Dr, Glasgow G4 9EQ Scotland.

The rest of the work in this issue is considered finished and was done by the following artists, whom the editors would like to sincerely thank:



**John Stickney**, address above [1011-14, bottom, Retrofuturism section]

**Philippe Billé**, B. P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux FRANCE [1018-17]

**David Dunlap**, 322 A RR 2, Kalona IA 52247 [photo, 1020]

**Chris Winkler**, P.O. Box 85777, Seattle WA 98145 [1020, below]

**Thom Metzger**, P.O. Box 25193, Rochester NY 14625 [1021]

**Musicmaster**, 4950 Bryant Ave S #5, Minneapolis MN 55409 [1022]

**Mark Rose**, 9037 Palatine Ave N, Seattle WA 98103 [1023]

**Ivan Sládek**, Liberijská 592, Praha 6—160 00 CZECHOSLOVAKIA [1024]

**Piotr Szyhalski**, Ruminskiego 1/11, 62-800 Kalisz POLAND [1027-36]

**Lang Thompson**, P.O. Box 49604, Atlanta GA 30359 [1035, top] Work for front cover:

**Pete Spence**, 6/11 Milton St, Elwood Victoria 3184 AUSTRALIA Work for back cover:

**John Held, Jr.**, 1903 McMillan St, Dallas TX 75206

PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism is a bimonthly not for profit periodical of xerographic art, as well as what could be called "machine art" generally. Much of the work in this publication overlaps into the fields of correspondence art, concrete poetry, photography, audio, video, film, performance, and much other contemporary, non-mainstream, culture. Subscriptions are available as follows: \$8 (more would be appreciated if you can afford it) for

one year (six 48-page issues), delivered bulk rate. For an additional \$6, you will receive one year (two 45-minute issues) of the PhonoStatic audio cassette series. To Canada/Mexico: \$10/\$18 respectively. Submissions: anything is welcome; please include a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) if you want your work returned after use or rejection, or else it will find a permanent home in our archives. Send an SASE with your request

for a free catalog of what's currently available. PhotoStatic Magazine and PhonoStatic Cassettes are ISSN 0893-4835, and are edited by Lloyd Dunn in Iowa City. Retrofuturism is edited by the Tape-beatles. These publications are sponsored by The Drawing Legion, a nonprofit intermedia art and performance company based in Iowa City. Address all correspondence to: [psrf@detrirus.net](mailto:psrf@detrirus.net). Visit our web site at: <http://psrf.detrirus.net>.

1006





Respect personal property. Learn what the rules are and follow them.



1007

# Letters to *Retrofuturism...*

Dear Tape-beatles,

retro-futurism rules! but didnt ralph johnson drown in swim-pool or strangled by joseph beuys t-shirt?

the TASK FORCE episodes are great! you should hire the guy as a columnist—or producer—at least send

him a joseph beuys t-shirt and invite for a swim. there's alot to learn from situationist int'l but them debord becomes a figure to quote and vocabularies start looking again like 19th century textbooks. yann beauvais of paris wrote me in response to inquiry into whereabouts



1008

of situationist films that debord is in virtual hiding since the murder of his publisher/friend. enter the realm of "politics". the "situationists" described the need for "anti-situationist art"....

Owen [S'pool] O'Toole

[Well, Thad Metz, are you ready to take over your duties as a regular commentary writer in Retrofuturism? If you are, let us know; your fans are calling for it and we're game. —Eds.]

Hello!

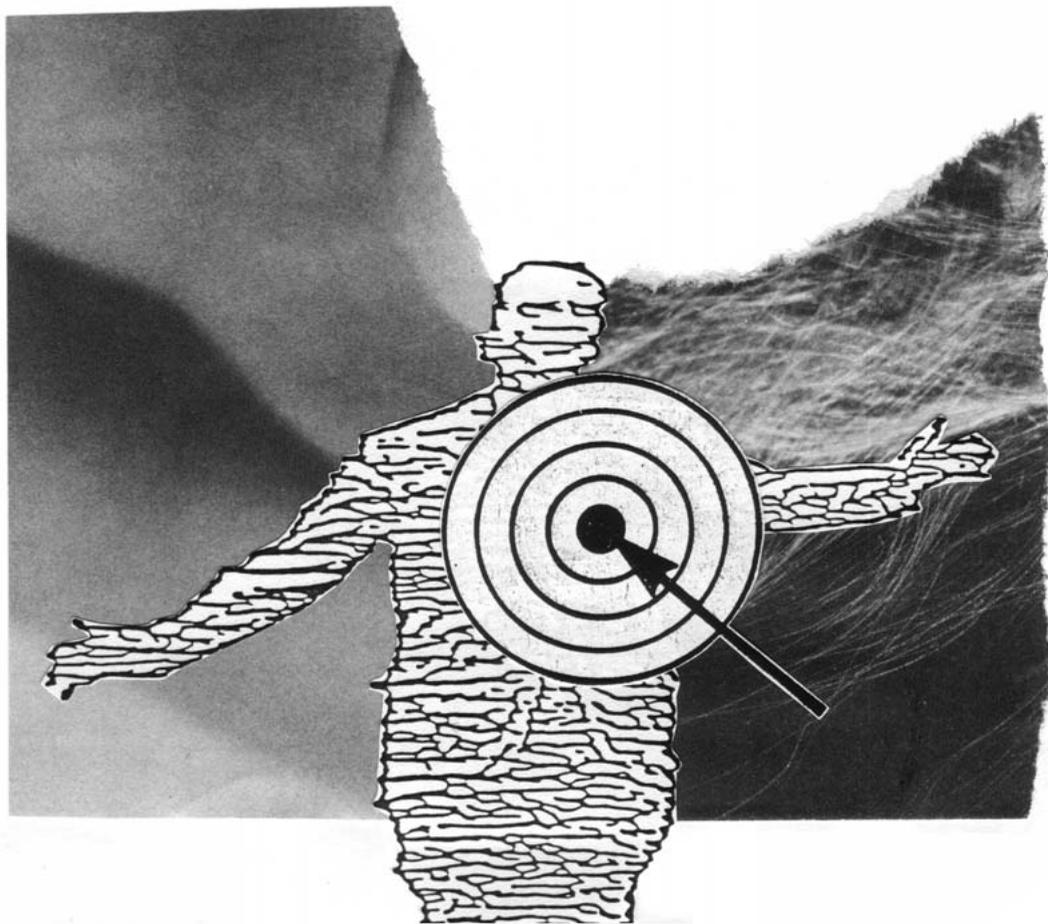
...Yeap, the Situationists sure didn't invent *detournement* but it sure is a handy name to have. Remind me to send a copy of my submission to the Festival of

Plagiarism in SF. Technology has outstripped concepts of property so much that it's not even a joke anymore; witness the attempts to limit the use of sampling on pop records like "Pump up the Volume." Fuk 'em; if it's not nailed down, take it. ...

Lang Thompson

Dear Lloyd,

...the package Piotr [Szyhalski, a frequent pS contributor —Ed.] sent surface rate two or three months before was waiting for us. He sent a book of photographs by and of and about Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz. This gift again makes me realize that there are—and have been—interesting people leading interesting lives of whom I know nothing. Utter obscurity is only just



slightly less sure than death. Of course, if everyone is a correspondence artist and videotapes his significant actions and da da da da da, then the *Who's Who* of 2001 will be thicker than that of 1971. But somehow I doubt it.

What was I talking about?

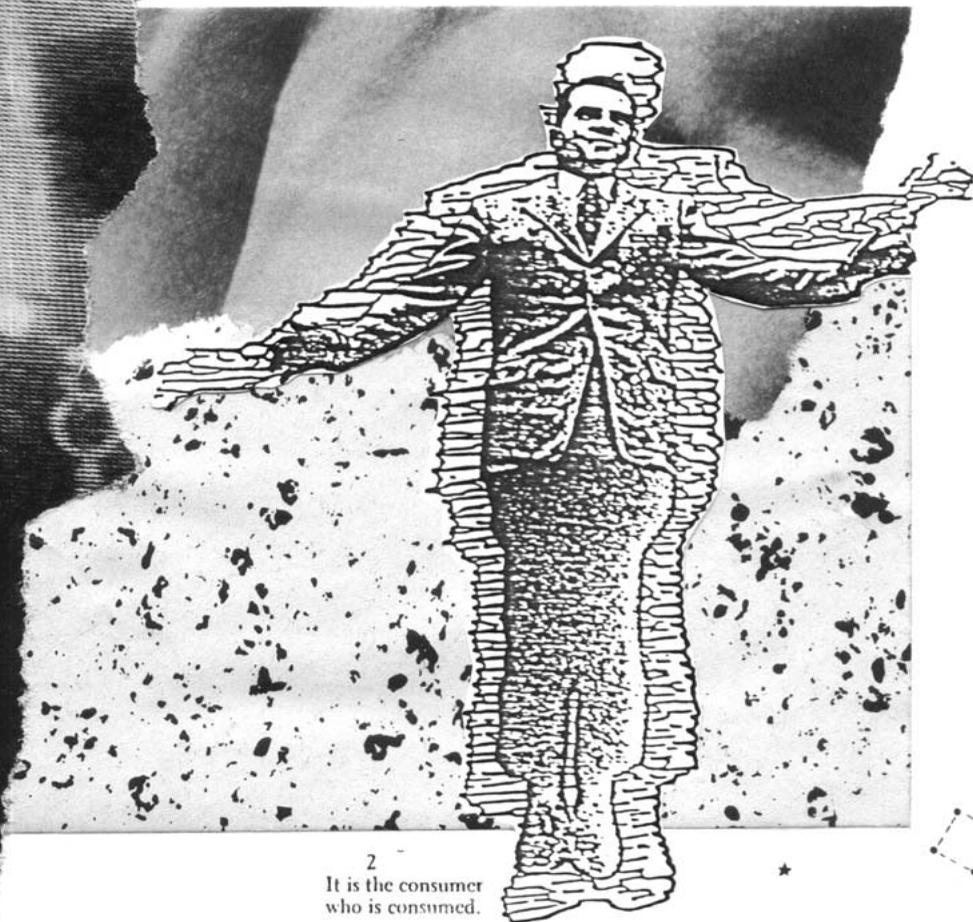
Well, S.I. Witkiewicz seems to have been a painter and novelist and philosopher and God knows what else from the turn of the century until he died or disappeared when Hitler overran Poland. What happened to him isn't clear in the book. Anyway, this guy had the zany art lifestyle and the zany art lifestyle friends. That he had all this in Poland and not in Paris or New York or Berlin might explain why I've never heard of him.

So, here is an art lifestyle extract for your edification and possible emulation taken from the English translation of the preface (PLAGIARISM SAVES THOUGHT):

the atmosphere of narcotic seances and experiments in drawing under narcotic influence, parties /»orgies«/ where Witkacy used to play the leading part /»I must meet people for without them I would peg out of starvation and intel. [lectual] bordom [...] and the people, they plague me horribly, bloody bastards, although I like them.«

—Creating a specific and odd atmosphere around himself by his eccentric, shocking and unusual behav-

a good audience, you are the queer one. Be ready to entertain with songs, games, or any tricks of cards,



2  
It is the consumer  
who is consumed.

1010

ior, oddities of various kinds, »demonism«, hoaxes, improvised acting shows, singing, wild dancing /when paying visits/, and extravagant clothes /by the standards of the time/.

—Experiments with people such as arranging meetings of people who did not suit each other, without their knowledge, and watching the results; causing awkward situations, such as bringing to parties large numbers of uninvited guests; making lists of friends subdivided into categories, and breaking friendship by sending a poem *Do przyjaciol gowniarzy /To My Bastard Friends/*, with the reason specified.

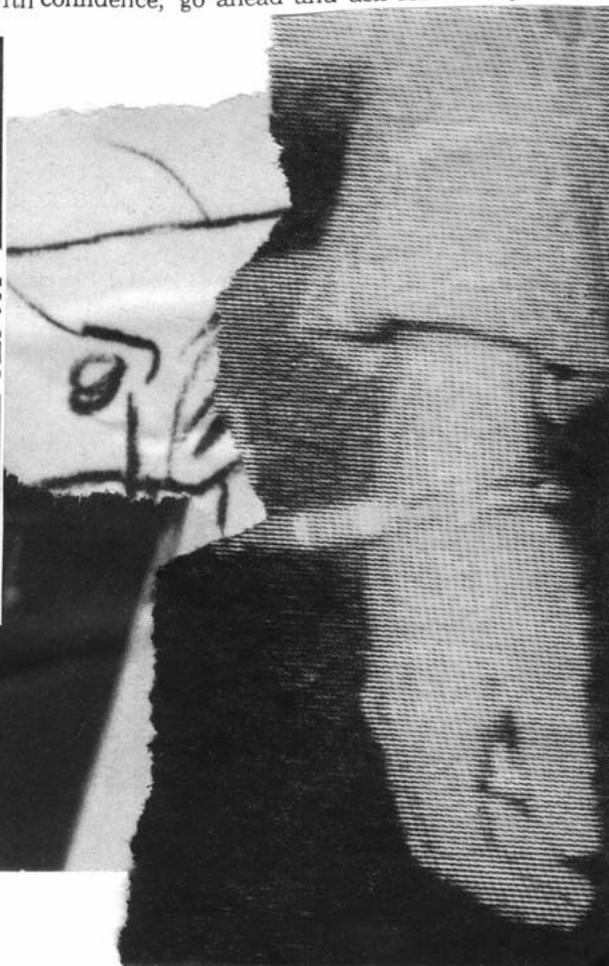
—The game of readdressing postcards /»I have invented a marvellous sport—readdressing other people's

postcards sent to me and sending them to others [...] the point is to change as little as possible [...] Great economy—instead of 5 minutes «you work» 1/2 hour, but how much laughter, what fun—it might lead to something terrible.«

—Composing unusual poems, very often of erotic meaning, and sending them to friends, granting titles and diplomas for nonprofessional but good drawings, such as the Great Sash of Pure Form; having »fundamental conversations« with chosen persons in private, during »orgies« or mountain trips; creating a »metaphysical harem« consisting of »platonic mistresses« who shared only his love for philosophy and metaphysics.

Dan Fuller

coins, or string which you may know. You can go far with confidence, go ahead and ask for what you



2  
You are the product  
of TV

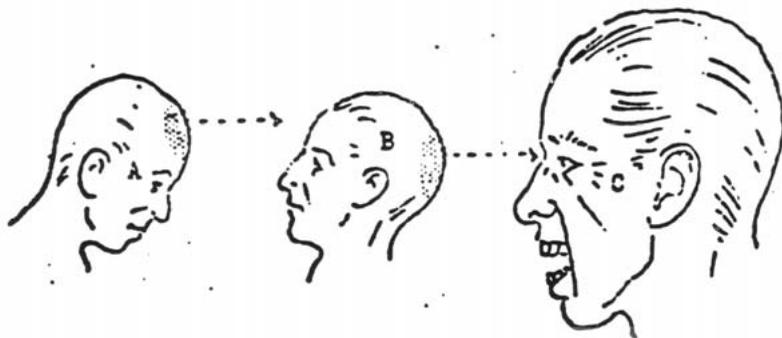
1011

Hello Lloyd et al.—

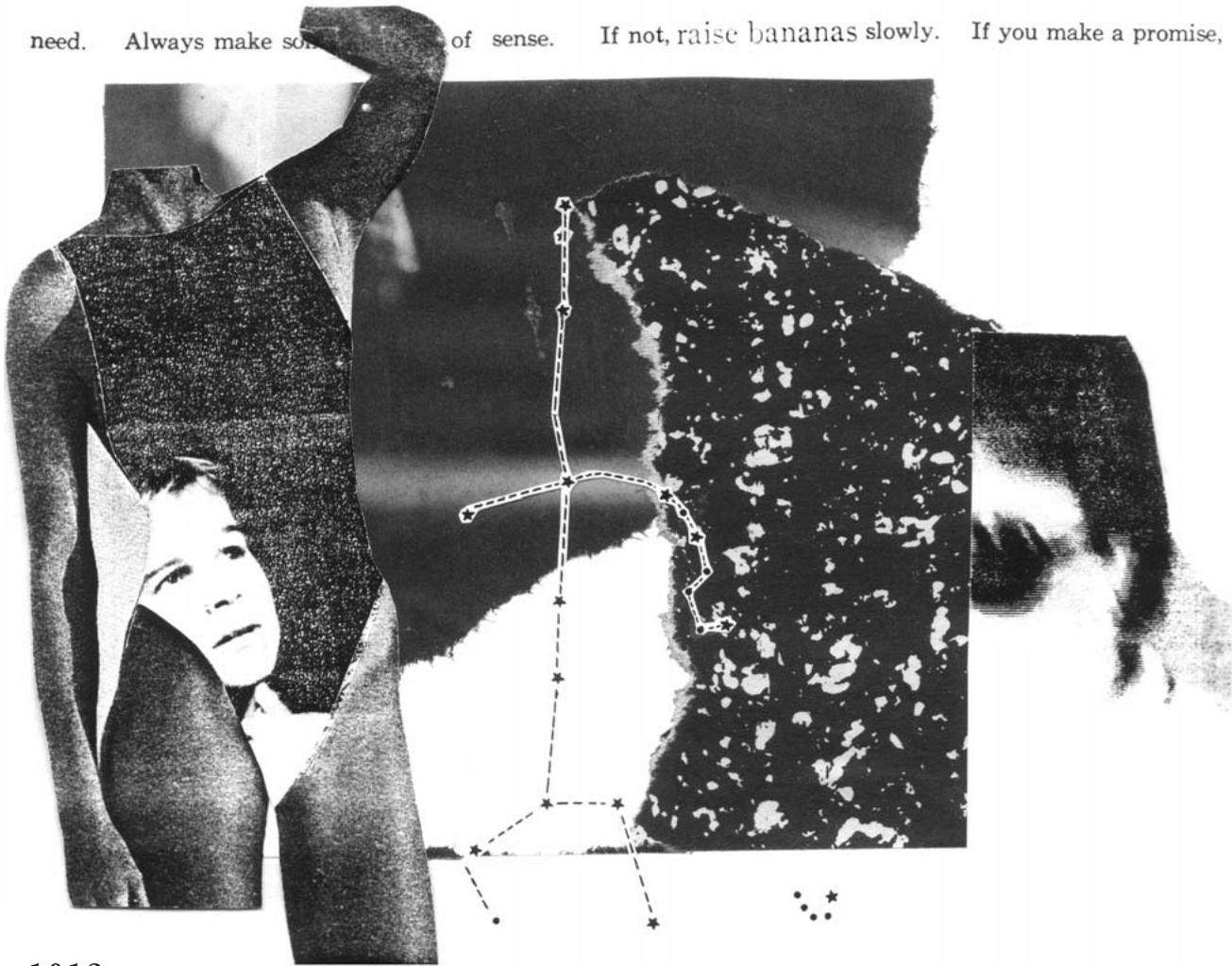
Well *PhotoStatic* continues on—change is progress and progress is moving ahead and moving ahead means leaving something behind and leaving something behind means memories and memories means nostalgia & nostalgia means returning to the past and returning to the past means stagnation so why bother?...

Das/Big City Orchestra

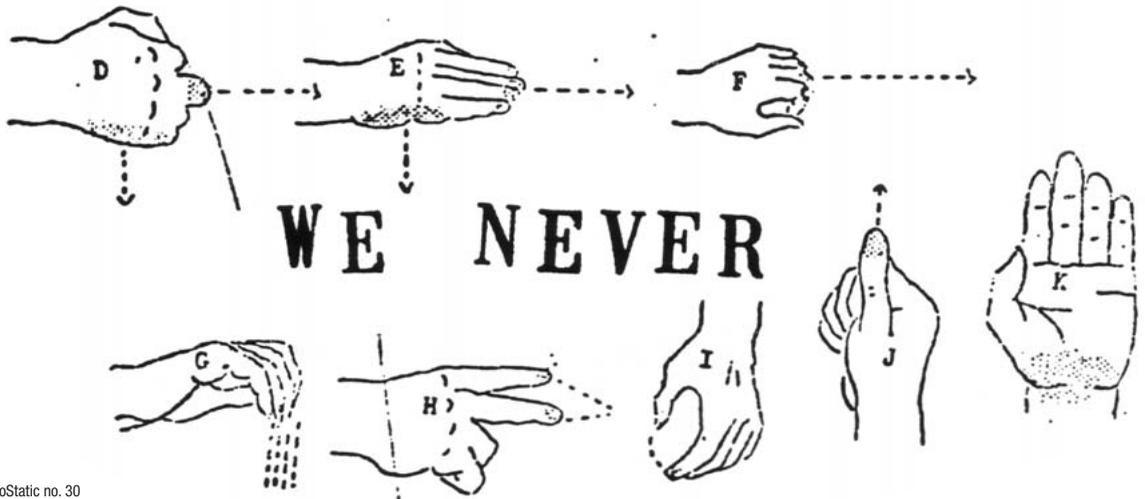
## IN AMERICA



need. Always make some sense. If not, raise bananas slowly. If you make a promise,



1012



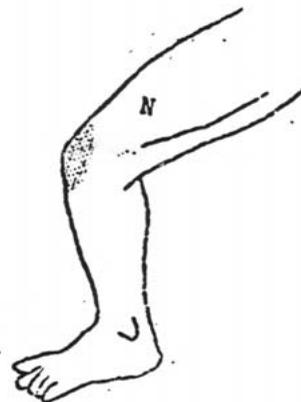
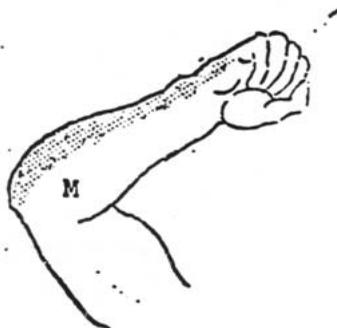
keep it. Display proper identification, such as a U. S. flag. Treat your new friends like human beings.



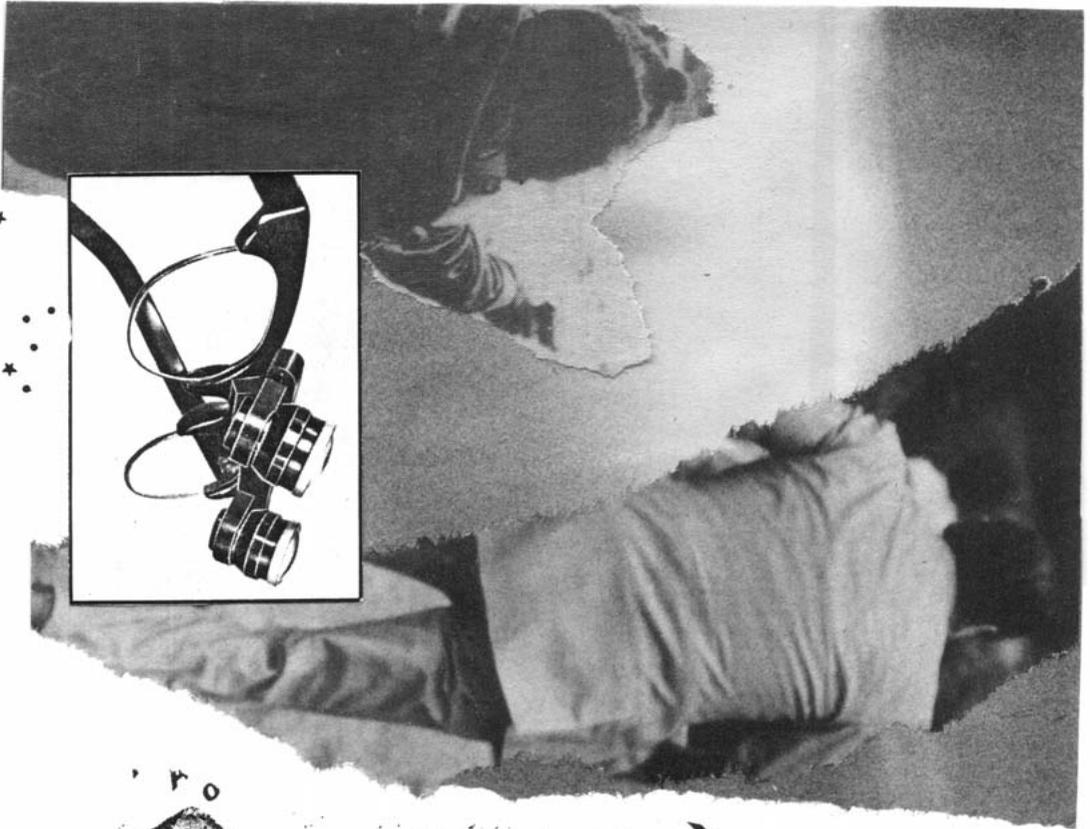
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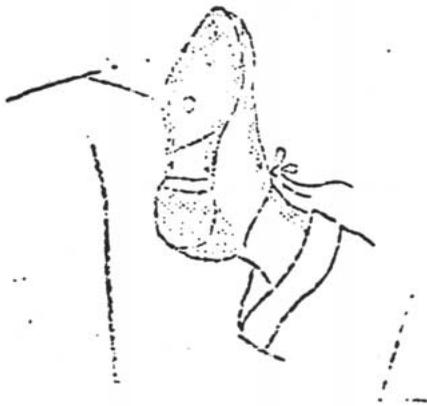
# FORGET



Respect privacy; don't go into places, containers, It leads to later embarrassment



1014



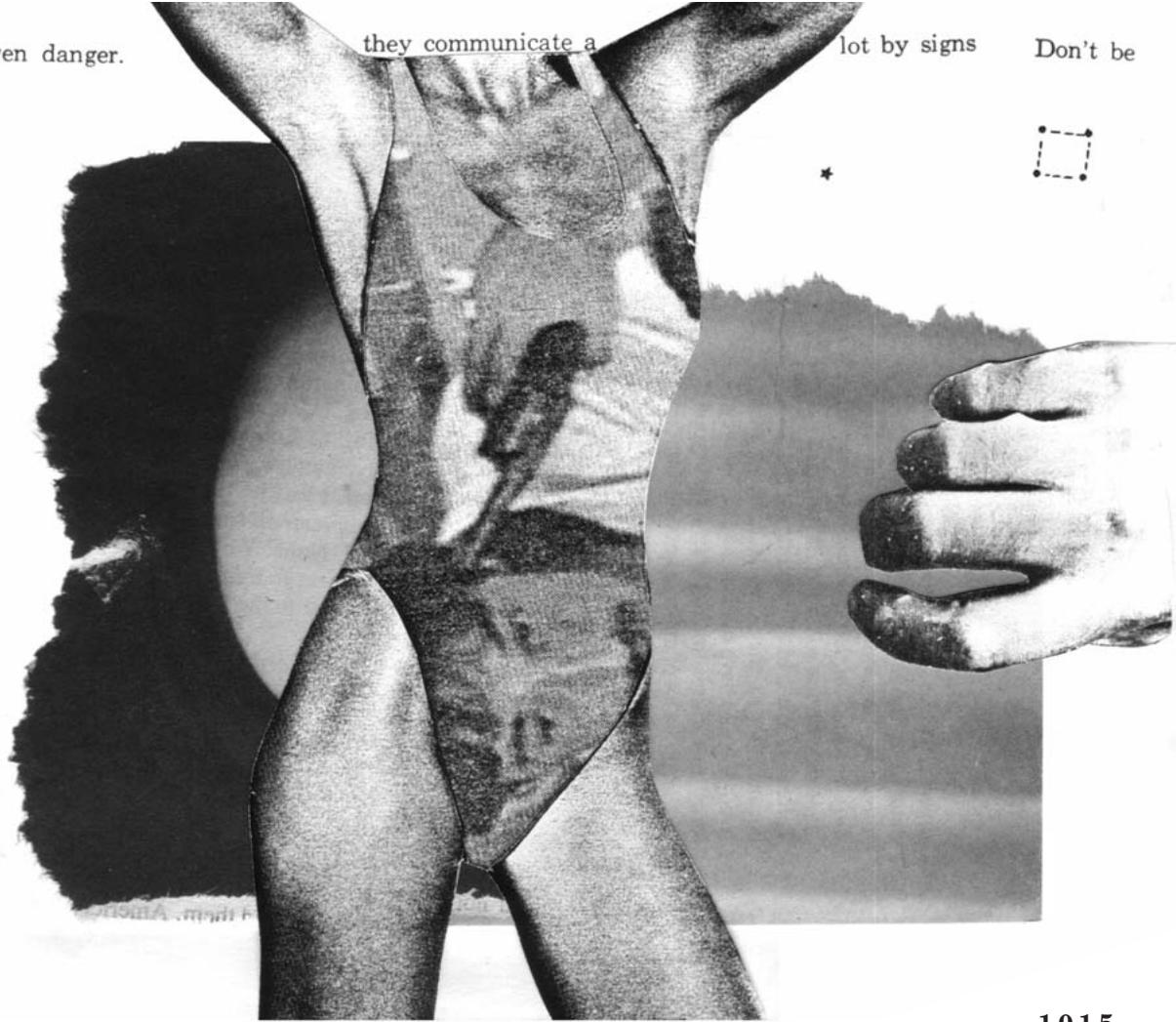
THE ALPHABET

and even danger.

they communicate a

lot by signs

Don't be



1015



afraid to be an object of amusement



up in a few days. I didn't know :  
enough yet to celebrate ~~with~~.  
frustrated, "I have no plans." ~~And~~  
up, I started to cry. ~~I would be~~

1016



## Limits to Unification

by Christopher Erin

FOR THE MIND there is always a possibility of unity in multiplicity, and the act of discovering the unity is in itself a pleasure. First it is necessary to inquire whether every multiplicity is capable of unification and to what extent. In order to unify objects the mind seeks to relate certain aspects. However, objects as mere units can be brought together in relation through our response to them. The elements may be all alike and their only diversity may be numerical. This unity will then be merely a sense of their uniformity. But there is a limit to the possibility of such unification, for the objects must not be too numerous.

Some of the earliest experiments in the psychological laboratory were devised so as to discover how many dots can be clearly perceived if they have no relation to one another other than the fact they are visual stimuli of the some quality. Each dot was equally distant from its neighbor. It was found that one can perceive five or six such objects that are exposed to the eye for a fraction of a second, and that all beyond this number are not observed. The same was found for letters and numbers when arranged in a meaningless order. They could be individually recognized up to six as the outside limit, with certain individual variations. This psychological law, which is termed "the span of perception," is applicable to all qualities of sensation. One can distinguish separately five or six such sounds without counting or grouping them, such as the striking of a clock. Any number over that and we tend to break them into groups of four or three.

More attention should be given



***Why should the Japanese have it all to themselves?***

1017

## Meet Retrofuturism

Retrofuturism will be returning soon!

And it will offer more than ever before! Retrofuturism will become an old friend in new clothes, taking sentiments of yestermorrow with a renewed flair for style [form but not at the expense of content]; but wait, Retrofuturism is more than a new haircut, more than a new attitude [and the Tape-beatles are more than mere attitude-chameleons], more than a way-of-life; Retrofuturism is a magazine: a magazine devoted to issues concerning electronic media: audio, video, photo, xero, and concerns related to these reproductive processes; such as PLAGIARISM<sup>®</sup>, ownership/ateurship, concepts of newness and originality, nostalgia, neoclassicism, how human desires are manipulated for corporate profit, both lost and found objects as art, time and personnel management, postindustrial pondering peoples' propensity for product, Moholy-Nagyism, anti anti anti anti, counter counter coun-

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# NOW!

1018

ter counter, long lists of related things, media immediately mediate experience and the awareness thereof, and just full of the dandy joy of making life worth living! It's finally here, soon! It will be what you always desired!

What will this thing called Retrofuturism be? Could it have been just another crackpot attempt at dominating human awareness for a mere decade, leaving real substance out of the picture? Or is it a glorious philosophy rooted in the ancient Greeks, worthy of any platform on a presidential ticket? It will be both, and neither. Retrofuturism will be what follows when we become aware that art is mere fashion, timely and not timeless. The Mona Lisa and American Gothic have been hidden away for safe keeping in reliquaries where only the holier-than-thou-est of the holy go. Now that they are finally out of our hair, we can get down to what this art stuff is supposed to be about! We can trumpet and catcall achievements both real and imagined; we can malign the dead and resurrect the living. In short, we do what we want.

the law in the network than it has sometimes received, especially by people who make collages. Frequently too many unrelated objects are placed in a picture, and they either induce bewilderment in the observer or arbitrary rearrangement by him. If the intent of the work is to bewilder at least bewilder clearly. Jasper Johns has given us a good example of this in his paintings of the last seven or so years. As hard and as dense as they may seem, and they are, by the continual references to his earlier work he lets us know that since no one has ever really figured out his earlier work we aren't going to ever fully understand these new ones either. So since we know we are bewildered this allows us to see the work in other ways. I know this is a simplified way to explain obscuring clearly, but discussing Jasper Johns is not the point of this article. So study his work and you will see what I mean by "bewilder clearly."

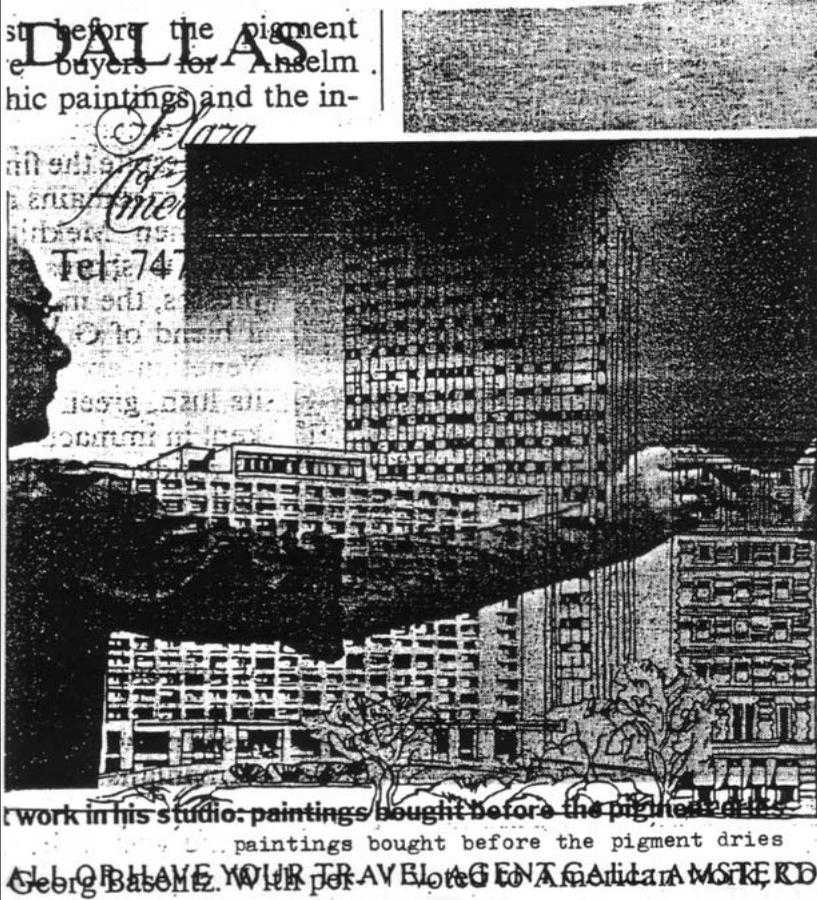
It is clear from the above that when there is unity in multiplicity, as in the repetition of the same letter of the alphabet, there will be a breaking up of this group into smaller groups, a mere uniformity in number units such as a file of soldiers or the railings of a fence is deadly monotonous and not to be endured. (The same thing can be said of looking at a bunch of work that makes no sense.) If they are somehow not broken into smaller groups, the attention will not be held. The other extreme is entire lack of uniformity, as in a succession of totally different objects. Spend a day at a flea-market. I can't count the number of times I've heard people come out of one of these and say, "Just looking at everything made me real tired." Still, as objects they admit to being grouped and a certain degree

of unity may thus be obtained. (Or in the case of bad collages you can look at them and say these all suck.) Between the extremes, there are all kinds of similarities as a basis of unification.

In short, although the perception of tone, color, etc., seems at first thought a very simple process, it is in reality the result of the unification of a number of characteristics. The pleasure we obtain in such perception depends to some extent upon this unity.

Too many visual artists (in this group I include people who are using words and images together) are getting away with no making any sense. Namely conceptual artists are the ones making the least sense. The biggest contribution conceptual art has to make is that it immediately allows us to identify the boring and insignificant. Like the guys who fucked the corpses, or the guy who walked around in circles while his friends threw sacks of flour at him, or Vito Acconci when he masturbated under the museum while the visitors saw the show. Supposedly Vito was trying to say something about relationships between the artist and the audience; the other two I haven't any idea what they were about. And hey, Vito is a big-time museum artist. This is proof you can be famous and have no point to your art.

I centered this column on collages, at least in idea, because they are the most widely used form of communication in the network. I was getting tired of seeing so many that made no sense or could give a clue as where to go for help so I could understand what I was looking at. For everything I talked about this time I have come up with a thousand more things to talk about. For example: is there really a difference between the network and the



The Tape-beatles evolve Retrofuturism through a process called tech-mech. With the arrival of techno-mechanical processes we can now turn our machines towards the old to find that ever-present newness. We're not satisfied with merely locating old new ways to manipulate your desires; desire is a force of habit. Ideas are the result of a working imagination, wo/man's last frontier, as the following slogans of the Tape-beatles exemplify: Audio Constructivism; Perfectionism is Sinister; Turning Today's Potentials into Tomorrow's Actualities; Using Yesterday's Techniques for Tomorrow's Achievements; The Tape-beatles: Seriously; Code of Common Knowledge; The Need to Experiment; Not for Everyone; The Experts Agree; The Avant-garde Collapses Here; A Subtle Buoyancy of Pulse; PLAGIARISM®: A Collective Vision; Miracle of Sound; This is not just another empty slogan; Art You Can Forget; Science You Can Figure Out; and, Spreadsheet Statistics Reveal the Tape-beatles are the Focus where the Avant-garde and Popular Culture Meet.

[end



mainstream; is machine-generated art the next big art movement; is plagiarism really ok?

In future columns I will be writing about, since this is supposed to be a general comment column, I guess the best way to put it is, things in general. Who knows what is going to show up here. If you sent me something good, maybe I would mention your name. I wish I could go on writing like this forever but I better get started on the next column. [no. 1



*Christopher Erin is an artist who lives in Wichita where he has 12,000 ft<sup>2</sup> of studio space downtown. He is the editor of Thrillhammer and can be reached at P.O. Box 20548, Wichita KS 67208.*

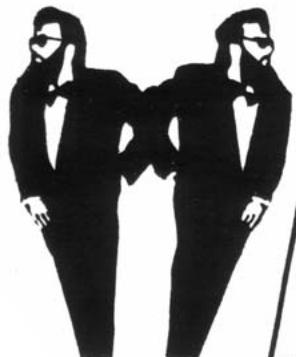


1020





V ROCKET WASN'T  
IN LOVE



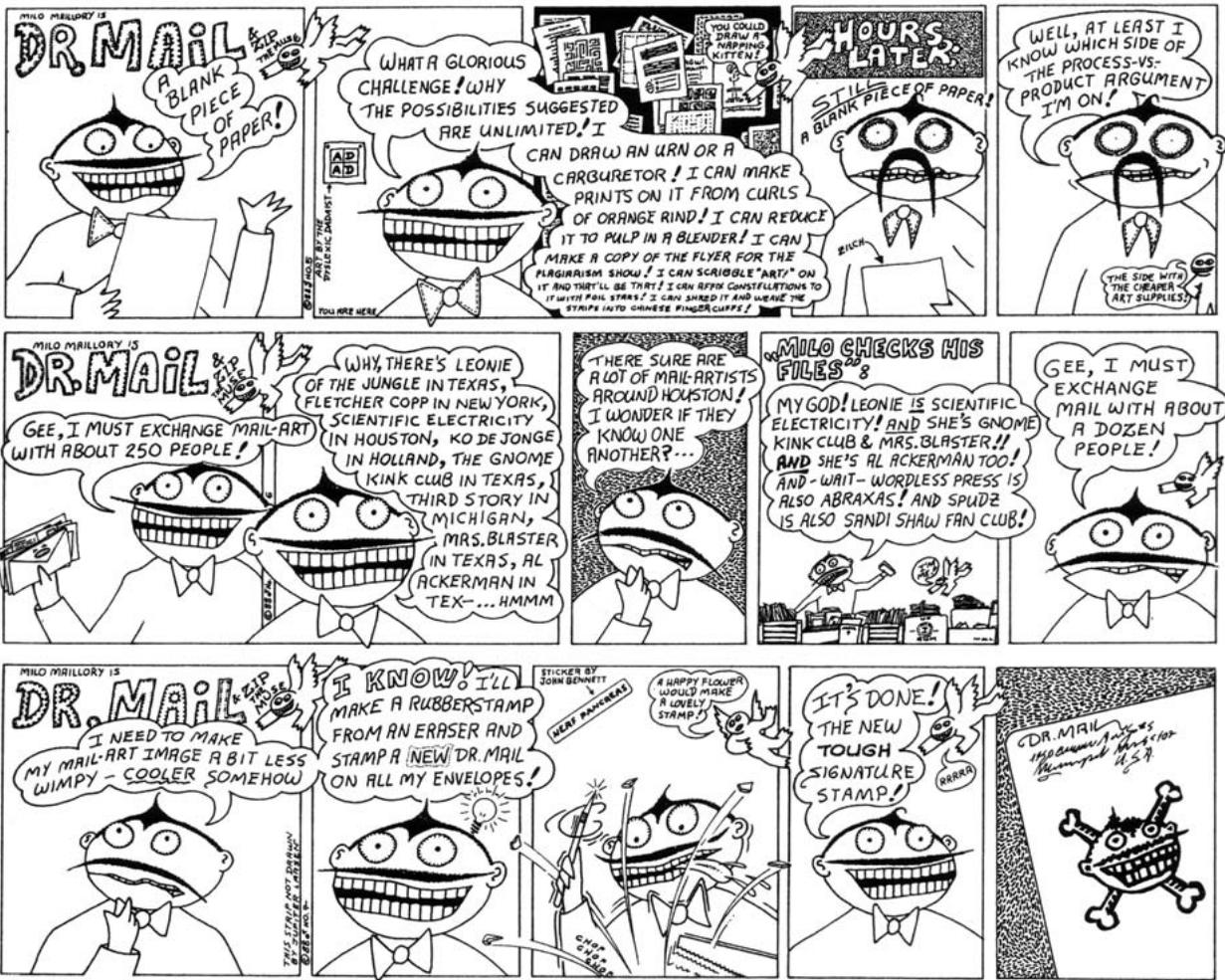
HAD  
A  
SECRET



SCOOTER  
PIES!



T. MÜNTZER



1022

What happens when strong, intimate emotions and mechanical reproduction extend the ordinary work of art into the business relations of a private secretary, and her employer?

Presenting the second in a series of excerpts from the PLAGIARISM® Press novella:

# POPULAR CULTURE IS THE WALRUS OF THE AVANT-GARDE



**BUENA VISTA**  
**Development Council**

Dear Concerned,

This photograph, taken after the fact before it had occurred, represents the final realization of a concept yet to be born. The idea is the Buena Vista theme park, for which original artist's drawings do not exist. However, the finished product does. It exists right outside my backyard picture window. Though its assembly is final, the plans, ideas and drawings needed to make this project are unavailable at present. In succeeding installments, the Buena Vista Development Council will preview architects' plans for the park, until the tiny kernel of a dream in some urban planner's mind is achieved. Other artists/architects/engineers are invited to contribute (or ignore the project entirely). In either event, we hope to hear something from you soon.

Signed,



Mark Rose  
Buena Vista  
Development Council

MDR:sjf

cc: Anyone who wants one



1023

**A**ND SO FELLERS left his office and went into that of Timothy Danders, the Vice-President.

Danders wasn't in, but his secretary was. The light streamed in through the big sheet of glass and haloed with an especial tenderness her cropped red-gold head. The effect was charming, and Fellers, with increasing intensity, responded to it with quick pleasure before he spoke.

"Is Mr. Danders in the building, Miss Merdock?"

She smiled.





Fellers, looking down on the massed tops of many cars, directed his efforts to the critique of the capitalistic mode of production, upon the people hurrying about their pitifully unimportant concerns—unimportant, that is, to the serene blue proletariat which had themselves roofed in and to the careless shining of a late autumn classless society.

Danders entered.

“My objective is to be brilliantly successful. My strategy outmodes previous ‘inspired’ works. On this point I feel extremely modest: Any elements, no matter where they are taken from, can serve in making new combinations, it goes

without saying that one is not limited to correcting a work or to integrating diverse fragments of out-of-date works into a new one,” offered Danders cheerfully and nodded to his secretary. “One can also alter the meaning of those fragments in any appropriate way, leaving the imbeciles to their slavish preservation of ‘citations,’” he added.

“Certain prognostic requirements should be met by these statements” said Fellers as Miss MerDock turned to go. “When I’m through here could you, if Mr. Danders can spare you, take a letter for me? Miss Andrews has gone home.”

The blonde girl smiled and assented in a con-

# Mail Review

## PhotoStatic's Editor Reviews his Mail

**"IS THIS ART?" Vol. 1 N°3.** Robert Wire Production, Ltd. 15451 LaSalle Lane, Huntington Beach CA 92647. Monthly, 22pp, letter size, xerox. — By its own admission, a "publication of photostatic ideas and art" compiled by Bob Wire. From its plain, dossier-like cover to the unadorned presentation of distorted xeroenlargements of halftone images and grungy text copied from dark paper, "Is This Art?" neither really asks that question nor poses an answer. Of course it's art, but in a world where art is so patently ignorable, where the general public frequently can remain unmoved by a sincere and passionate message by shrugging off its insistence and saying, "Oh, I get it. It's just art," who cares? People are so used to art being ugly and weird that they've developed a perceptual shield to keep them from interacting with it because the payoff is so frequently nil for the uninitiated. So if you ask the question "Is This Art?", be prepared for no one to care, etc. Actually there's nothing wrong with Bob's magazine and it's a reasonably solid effort with some interesting found images and pointed texts, but I just got off on a roll.

**Future issues** of *Is This Art?* will require your help in the form of artistic submissions. All works should be letter-size, xerox, and include your name and address. Contributors of accepted work will receive a copy of the issue.

trolled little voice that was low and warm and very pleasing to the ear. As she went through the doorway Fellers watched it close behind her straight little back and said suddenly:

"They become obstacles, dangerous habits."

"My mind, my creativity and genius runs on secretaries, I shall have to let Miss Andrews go. Their dialectic is no less noticeable in the superstructure than in the office. Why the devil are you grinning like a Cheshire Cat?"

"Can't a fellow smile? Want to take Miss Merdock away from me? I'll wring your neck if you do, besides, creativity and genius are outmoded concepts as is the eternal value you place on

**Also available from Robert Wire Productions, Ltd.:** "Idle Vice Youth: The New Madonna" chrome c60 cassette, music, \$4.50 ppd; and "Tell Me What You Want..." chrome c45 cassette by Robert Wire and the Electric Fence, \$4 ppd; and "Wired for Sound" RWire Anthology, 10 song cassette, \$2.50 ppd. All are available for trade, as well.

**SMILE Issue 2, "Art Eats Life" \$6/4#s** from Schiz-Flux/Karen Eliot, P.O. Box 3515, Madison WI 53704. 24pp, letter size, xerox.

"If you are tired of imitating demolitions; if it seems that the work expected of you has already been tried or surpassed even before you start, then contact Schiz-Flux to organize a higher level of power for the transformation of lived experience. We are not working for the spectacle of the end of the world but for the end of the world of the spectacle."

This version of the ubiquitous *Smile* is the Madison arm of that contemporary art movement [Neoism, Situationism] seeking to remove power from the "spectacle" and re-empower the individual through the intelligent and directed use of artistic images. The "spectacle" has power over the populace through the use of capital and the manipulating of the peoples' desires. If power is a reality in any society then artists can wield the recognized power of images without needing the conven-

---

1025

your secretaries," threatened Danders, without savagery.

"*Touché*," Fellers insulted him, with genuine affection, and Danders continued to grin, amiably.

Anne Merdock went to her old friend, Betty Howard to talk. Betty, Anne thought, observing Betty's haggard face, was a woman of problems. She knew Betty Howard's commonplace story:

*clevergirl, averagetalent, workingway-throughcollege, getsgoodposition, dreamsof-heightsofprofession, hitcheswagontoastar, then, marriessoldier, manstugglingto-*



Figure 1



Dagknee's left hand reached out and firmly grasped the base and began to tug at it. A low guttural moan came from Milton's throat as the folded mass of fifty's began to hyper-inflate at a phenomenal rate.

Freidman was now astride her, his engorged filthy lucre wildly sliding between the pink deposit slips of her savings passbook.

Then like a C.D. reaching maturity, Dagknee could hold herself back no longer. Behind her firmly shut eyes she began to see steel girders, metal lathes, and small furry animals having their skins ripped off and resold at a considerable profit.

Her body bounced like a check and from her chrome appendages spilled at least \$3.50 in nickels which Freidman furiously thrust into his

tional (and difficult to obtain) power of capital. Artists are encouraged to de-individuate themselves by using the name Karen Eliot and publishing a magazine called *Smile*. This *Smile* is full of dense but engrossing texts and documentations of Madison activities relating to this movement. This is really a good magazine, and the first of its kind that I know of from the midwest. I propose that everyone start a magazine called *PhotoStatic* and call themselves Ll. Dunn, and then the world will really, etc.

**SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION** "A compilation found in the road" [First issue]. \$1 from Aaron Sinift, ed., 404A #6 6th St, Coralville IA 52241. 40pp, half legal, xerox.

Another new entry in the Iowa City 'zine scene. Dense, raw, and emotional, *Spontaneous Combustion* is a collection of drawings and (hand)writings which owes a lot to German Expressionism and hard core

punk. There is a disdain expressed for both intellectuals and artists, but I would guess that their use of these two terms is too general. Really what the editor and contributors seem to hold in contempt are people who put on the intellectual act 'cuz it's cool and hang out with "artists" 'cuz it's intellectual, etc. And if that's the case, I'm sympathetic with them. These works have a strength together that they could not have alone. In general however the brooding, nasty puerility of this stuff will put off many readers. For those who like their art unrefined.

**SMURFS IN HELL N°4**, "Friendly Fascism". \$3/# from Robert Carr, ed., 2210 North 9th St, Boise ID 83702. 38pp, letter size, xerox.

It could be that this is a big improvement over the last *Smurfs in Hell* I reviewed, and it could be that I've changed. I enjoyed this one in the same way that I enjoyed *National Lampoon*, which is to say that it is a

## 1026

*overcomehardluck, outofwork, spiritual/physicalweakenedlungdisasterofmustard-gasscarredwarservice, givingbirthto boy, forcedworkabsence, andfinallyleftwithcompetentnurse, dividedbetweenofficeandhome, drivingherselfsavagely, nerveenergyatlow-estebb, freelanceseccondjobwritingandweek-toweekshoestringdisabilitymoney.*

After the long silence Anne said:

"Well, I'll get back now. Bye."

Mrs. Howard thought, as she returned to her desk, how beautifully Anne carried her small, swift, sure progress, pretty, vital, friendly, genu-

inely friendly, warm, giving, well paid, excellently functioning brain under clipped lovely hair, person.

Mrs. Howard glanced at her watch.

Anne MerDock was in Fellers' office. He spoke now to her with that deep and dangerously magnetic voice, a voice wholly ballasted by the contingency of which it would be the weightless, transparent envelope, handing her Miss Andrews' notes. Fellers flashed her a quick appreciative smile. He saw how well Anne's pencil kept pace with his terse, crisp phrases. The small girl, pretty and young with the red-gold hair and the pointed, ardent face, whose crossed



-DZIEWIĘĆ RYCIN

1027

legs and short skirt revealed silken delightful knees, was a good worker too.

## 2 MISS MERDOCK HAS AN ILLUMINATING PROPOSAL

LATER, the next day, back in the office, at Janet Andrews' desk with Fellers coming in late because of the afternoon before, speaking, pleasantly even, trying to ignore the scene—and

it's implications—of the afternoon before.

But she said timidly enough:

"The mock orange bushes beside the house were heavy with sweetness of the summer's first bloom, and the branches bent low with the masses of white blossoms."

"That's all right," he told her hastily, "I hope your headache is better?"

It wasn't. But she lied mechanically.

The early morning routine having been disposed of, Janet Andrews drew a deep painful breath, dropped her good morning heartwarming smile and sat tense and erect at her desk, her thin hands idle, staring at the wall upon



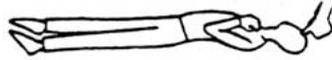
1028

which she seemed to see an image of Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome and thought: "I am looking at the eyes that looked at the Emperor." God alone knew what a hideous night she had put behind her—hours of endless, sleepless, bitter self-reproach and shame, and frequent trips to the bathroom. She had always prided herself upon her cool intelligent interest in her work, an interest which was beginning to take a more cultural turn. She had been proud of her business loyalty and integrity, and of Lawrence Fellers' reliance upon her. Her young womanhood had been spent caring for and supporting an invalid father. No one had advised her of the

perils she ran into, the dangers of a starving maternal instinct, the warning signals of her forty years; The sustained urgency of her new-found "ontological" desire—the desire to go beyond the tremendous contemporary expansion provided by technology and its usage. Socially she was repressed, a little awkwardly austere with abundant vitality and youth.

All night, weaving her head from side to side upon the familiar objects she had come to know and to term, if not adjective-descriptively so (in a poetic sense even), as crumpled pillows, she told herself: "I shall resign—I must—"

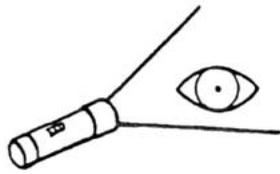
She did not appear at all ridiculous to her-



self. She dressed well and plainly, and as Betty Howard had said “washed her face” and left it at that. She had a few friends, professional women of her own age, some sober plodders like herself, but friends had always been reproducible, and others of a more volatile nature who could always be imitated by boys of harsh discipline.

Anne MerDock was the youngest friend she had and by far the most attractive. Janet disapproved of Anne. She thought her too pretty and, erroneously, too “light,” for diffusing the works of the masters. Anne knew with accelerated intensity that mechanical reproduction represented something new: enormous change. Anne

understood with leaps and bounds, the familiar story which print, the mechanical reproduction of writing, had brought to the office. But Janet liked Anne, was fond of her, had even been subject to temptations, but, today, at her desk, sitting in her chair, staring at the walls, being the inveterate dreamer, daily becoming more discontent with her destiny, she experience a sharp stab of jealousy. Anne was twenty-four. Anne had youth, ambition, beauty and a flashing gaiety, a warm ardency of manner, and a more direct process of reproductive techniques. And last night Anne had been with Lawrence Fellers in the quiet big office taking his dicta-



1030

tion, becoming involved, for the first time, in the process of pictorial reproduction, and, finishing her, Janet's, tasks. The way she saw it was affected by what she knew and what she believed. No, she could not resign.

But, as she was leaving for the day Fellers called her to him.

"I am going to give you a leave of absence, Miss Andrews," he told her quickly but most kindly.

"Does that mean that I am—dismissed?"

He answered, wishing to be honest yet finding her so very pitiful:

"I hope not."

She drew a little nearer, her hands clasped before her in a futile endeavor to still their tremor, the shaking of her entire body.

"I—"

The grinding post-five-o'clock vacuum choked his sentence incomplete and signed her death warrant.

"I'd like to have the new Cole Porter album," she implored, so desperately unhappy that she did not realize what she was saying.

In another moment she would cry.

To Anne MerDock he said briefly:

"Just as water, gas, and electricity are brought into our houses from far off to satisfy



our needs in response to a minimal effort, so shall Mr. Danders supply me with you for the duration of Miss Andrews' absence."

Anne looked up and smiled. For the first time in the process of pictorial reproduction his mind banished Miss Andrews completely and centered upon her successor. What a very pretty girl, he thought, for the twentieth time, as Anne evidenced her willingness to fall in with his plans. These convergent endeavors made predictable a situation which was to be prophesied by Betty Howard during a rather tired, excitedly happy lunch hour:

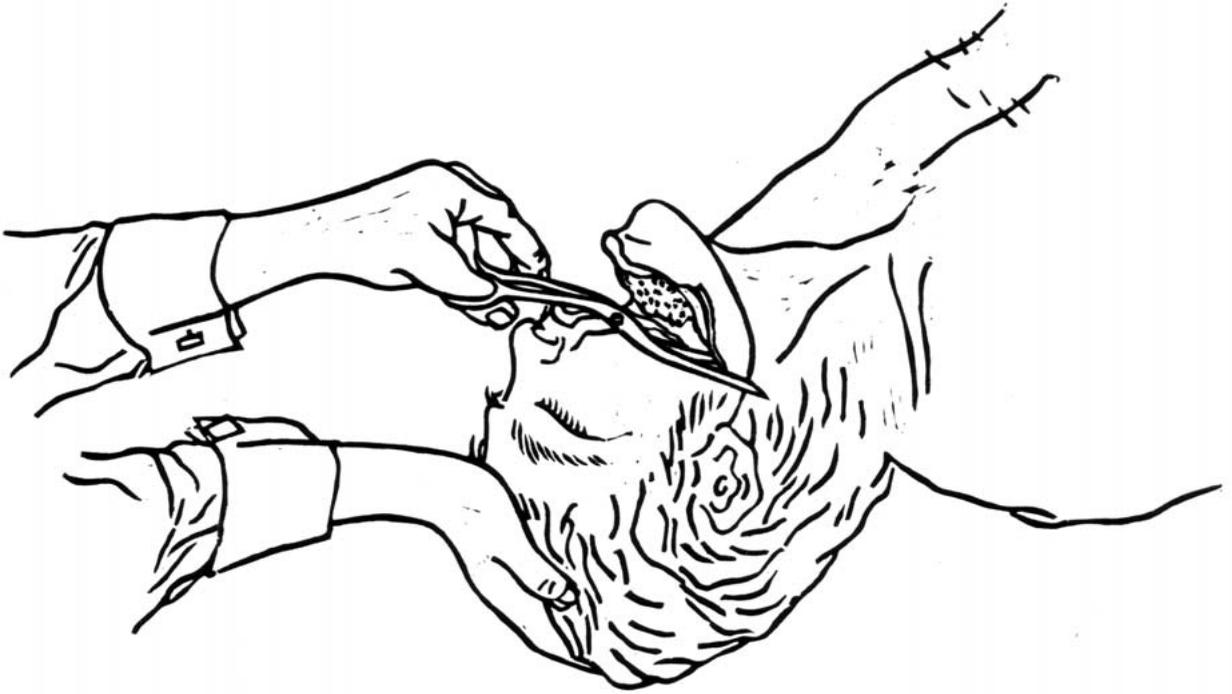
"You'll get Andrews' job. She'll never come

back."

"Mr. Fellers says she may later try to pull herself together upon occasion, having felt she is losing by slow degrees all reason for living, incapable as she has become of being able to rise to some exceptional situation such as love, she will hardly succeed," Anne said, arguing against her own ambitions and happiness in a way women have.

"What am I saying?" asked Anne suddenly, "I fell into this expansive, far-reaching poetic madness—well, I haven't done anything underhanded, have I?"

Betty smiled at her, with something of envy



1032

for the younger girl's vitality.

"Of course not. It's dog eat dog in this world anyway," Betty told her a little wearily, "poets, murderers, and land-owners," Betty reminded her, "are all the same to me."

Anne lived:

- ✓ brick house,
- ✓ suburbs,
- ✓ New York City

place of:

- ✓ backyards,
- ✓ clothes-lines,
- ✓ straggling grass,

✓ dusty lilac bushes

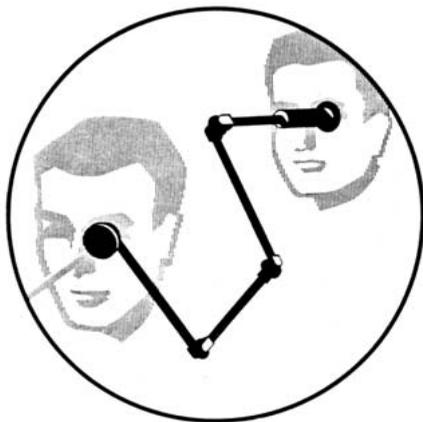
with:

- ✓ gallant gaiety of tulips,
- ✓ a startled and somehow impermanent air.

Being the fifth in a row of ten with the door open, a rich hint of County Clare, her mother's voice, all the while grinning to herself like a small boy, Anne entered her house.

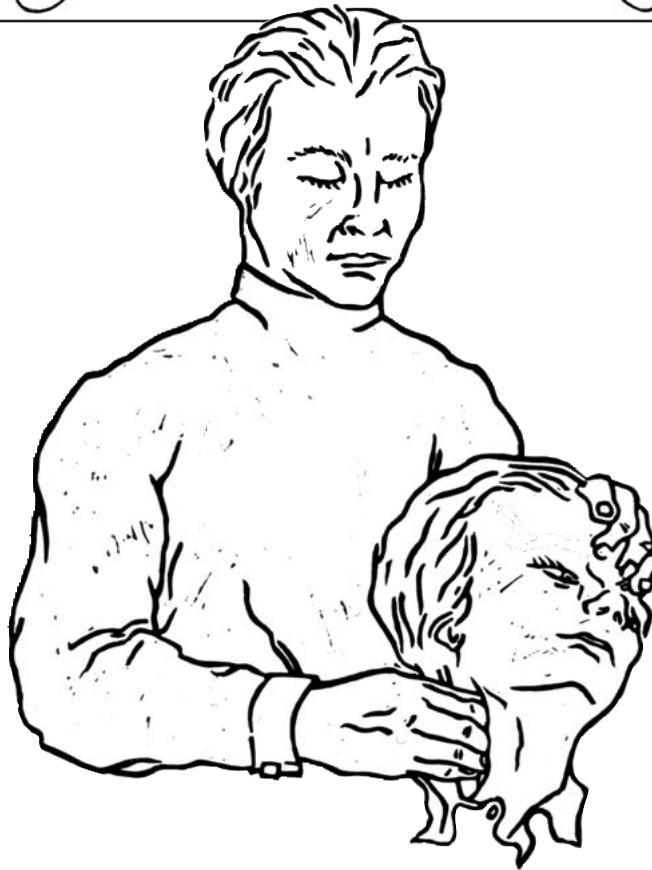
"Among all the many misfortunes to which we are heir, there are disagreeable little sisters," she guessed silently, as she walked in.

[no. 2

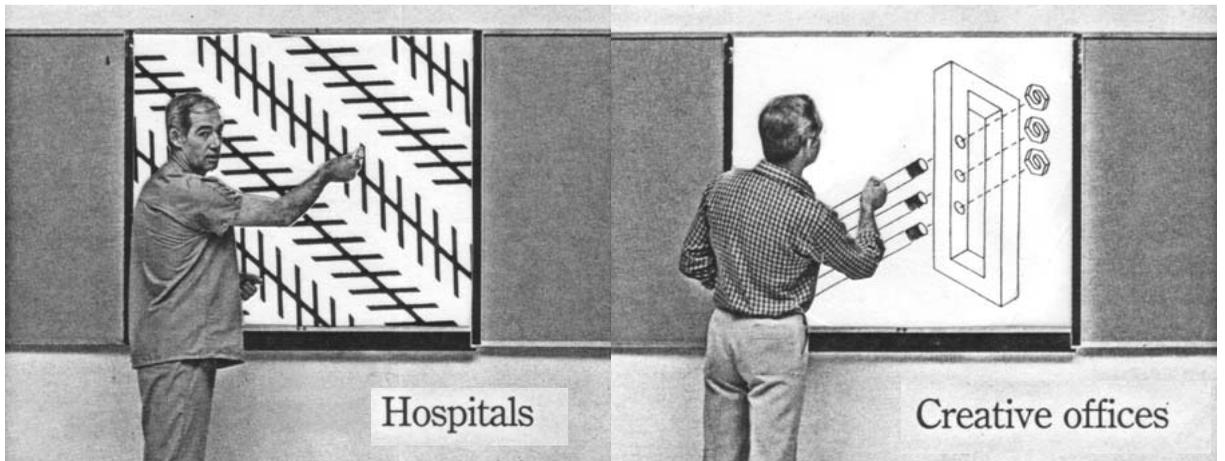


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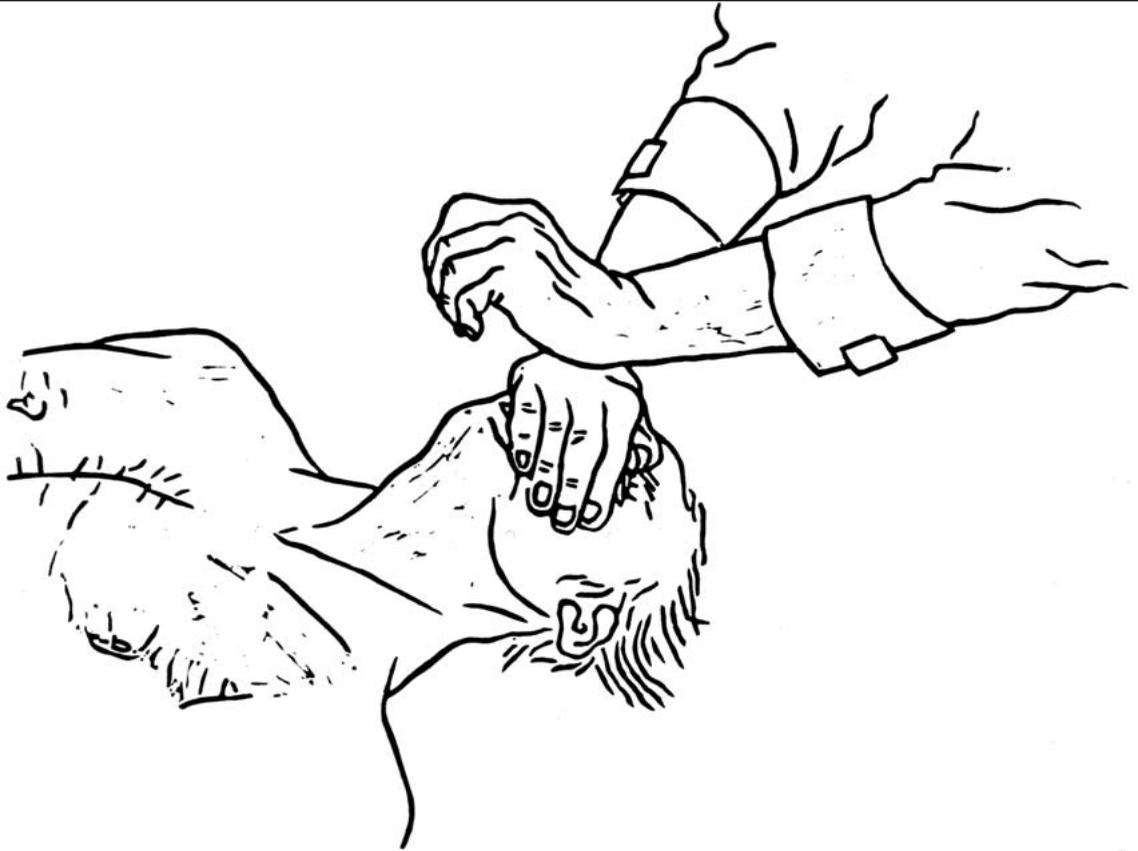
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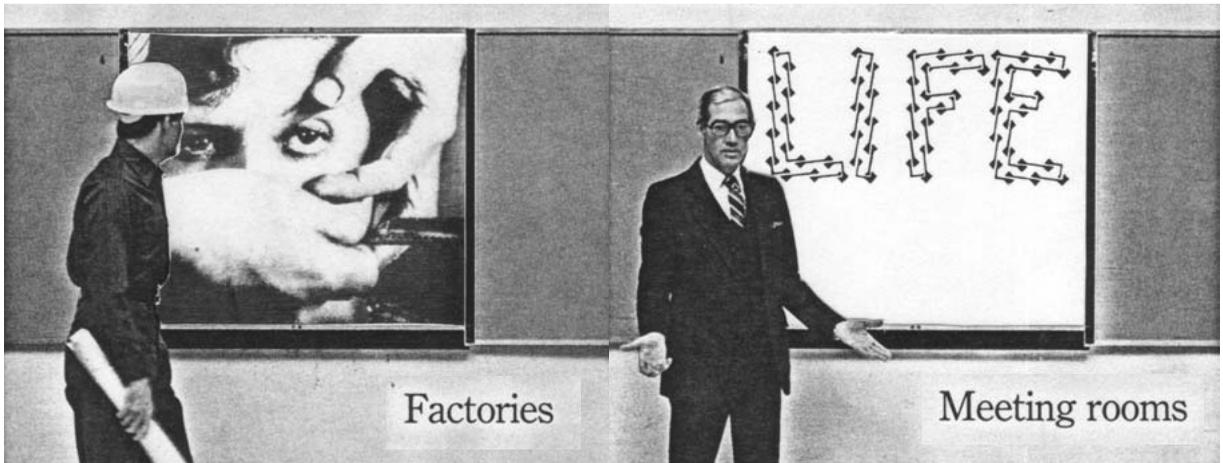
Hospitals

Creative offices

It was Elvis that seemed to come through the gates, alert and laughing if as everything was exactly what it was supposed to be. I laughed as well.



1035





1036



**Reviews by  
JOHN HECK**

Cassette tapes sent for the purposes of review are welcome. All tapes reviewed will at least be mentioned. Please include all pertinent information.



collection of outrageous parody, embarrassingly honest and sharp-tongued. This magazine lacks any kind of art edge and as such, the stuff said is solely for entertainment (which is absolutely fine with me). This, however, is not to say that some meaningful issues aren't raised and looked into; in *Smurfs in Hell*, of course, irony and cutting satire become the probes by which these issues are investigated. The intense absurdity of the stuff in this 'zine underscores the absurdity of contemporary American, etc. Robert Carr is very funny and probably ought to send a resumé to *Lampoon*.

**CHOPLOGIC.** Tim Canny and Eric Gunnar Rochow, eds. \$1? from 151 First Ave, Studio D, New York NY 10003. 16pp, half legal, xerox. — From the introductory statement, this highly graphic magazine? booklet? would seek to offer a solution to the world's problems, perhaps through point-of-view modification. What it ends up being is a collection of short writings collaged

onto xeroxy images to which I find myself being rather indifferent, etc.

**SCRAP** #5.73 by M. Schafer. Send 'em a stamp for it: Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 85777 (he's moved again), Seattle WA 98145. The artist: 75 Fairview Ave #3B, New York NY 10040. — A punky little booklet with drawings and found stuff incorporated. With its devil-may-care layout and its aggressive graphics, this little thing is a punch in the eye. M. Schafer has come up with the xerox equivalent of graffiti; direct, graphically bold, etc.

**TWA DREGS DIBOLVE MELBOURNE** by Chris Winkler and Pete Spence. \$1.50 from Post Neo Publications, 6/11 Milton St, Elwood Victoria Australia; probably easier to write Chris at Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 85777, Seattle WA 98145 as he probably carries it too. 12pp, 4x5", xerox. — A booklet of b/w designs and bits of poetic phrases alluding to famine and sightseeing

**Text Taproot 5/6 Texture** Double issue of *Taproot* on cassette from Taproot/Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Heights OH 44118. Submissions/queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope. This double issue: \$5, single back issues \$2.50.

A very fine collection of quality work, thorough in its consistency, refined and elegant with a smooth gloss of high listenability, a not-much-to-complain-about cassette com-

pilation. I recommend you get this. *Susan Frykbert*—"Sliding Downward." Voices manipulated among various pitch-modulated sounds. *Pennie Stasik*—"Hungry Moon." Poetic blues song containing vivid word-images sung by a voice, full and rich. Refined sound quality. *Kristen Ban Tepper*—"ClearCut." Vocal-rhythm poem cutting hands angry and words draw pictures of persons, places, and situations. *Costes Cassette*—"Du

Lundi Au Samedi" & "Kiki le Kuku." Pause edits and fluid manipulation of the properties of tape. Effect of whole is like an animation or puppet show without visuals, cheesy and sometimes violent. Not at all unlike the Mystery Tapes sound. *Liz Was*—from "Onion Leaves, Her Map Untended," Poem spoken in the fore, subtle electronic instrumentation underneath, "internal, combustible, fly-paste, taste-specific, as is." *Tekst* (Rich-

### Logic Problems

- 1) What's wrong with the following syllogism?—  
 A. Nothing is better than freedom.  
 B. Prison life is better than nothing.  
 C. Therefore, prison life is better than freedom.
- 2) Logic isn't a fact discovered in nature, it's an artifact, a technique invented for the manipulation of symbols. So to say things like "Logic dictates such-&such" is to limit your journey through the territory by the tools used to draw the map. On the other hand, you can't just decide that from now on 2+2 will equal 7, so logic does have some objective validity. Question: Where do you draw the line between the subjective & objective aspects of logic? How do you decide—by logic, or through other means?

Rodney Ridge bump  
 ate a slug pump,  
 Pumped his hand & did the  
 high jump.

# SMILE

book 2 101111111

# SCHISM

John M. Bennett

FAN

Shredding my chest the  
 thought that stopped and  
 spun. Like sleep in a  
 parkinglot full of stones. I  
 said it all and keeps on  
 saying. It's nothing. Just a  
 fan beating around where the  
 view used to be

which I didn't exactly see the point of. The pages are inventively designed to an extent and the booklet is not without its visual charm, etc. Also: **TUYAU N°?** by the prolific Chris Winkler. 16pp, 3x4", xerox. Mine is labelled "Bootleg Copy" which means Chris participated in Didier Moulinier's daily magazine fill-in-the-layout-spaces project and ran a few off for himself before returning the master. This is a hand-sized collection of jittery drawings which recall for me Picasso à la *Guernica* what with the eye-on-the-side-of-the-head look and all. Ranks among some of Chris's finest work. Address above for booklet or the OFFICIAL copy might be had at Didier Moulinier, 4 ave. P.V. Couturier, 24750 Boulazac France. [Has anyone heard from Didier recently? If you have let me know.]

Also available from Plutonium: **I DREAM OF WAR** by Tom Roberts. Booklet of typographic symbolic looking images crammed onto tiny pages with hand written

text. Attractive; 50¢. **COCOON** by Lindley Bhanji. Booklet of alienated poetry and expressionistic drawings; \$2. And **A FEW WEEKS AGO** which is a tiny sentence-book for 25¢. Above three books published by Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 85777, Seattle WA 98145; Chris Winkler, ed.

**THE IRRATIONALIST N°1**. 25¢ and a stamp from Carl Bettis, P.O. Box 32631, Kansas City MO 64111. 8pp, fourth-letter, xerox. "Published for no reason, on no schedule, more than likely for no readers."

This is an interesting booklet with a short story, a couple of cartoon drawings, an essay or two and a poem. Humble stuff, but you know, I really liked it. The short story is disturbing and funny partially because of the familiarity of it and we can identify it with our everyday fears of hideous embarrassment (unless of course you don't have these fears, and then you're probly etc.). I won't tell you what it's about. *The Irrationalist* shows

1038

ard Truhlar/M. Zibens)—"Myths of Space #2." I see a very large, hungry man impatiently waiting in the line of a mcdonalds of the future. That's one possible reading anyway. The piece creates an aural space by well-formed electronic-rhythms rising out of previous piece nicely (a credit to the editor) —takes on hushed words then crawls away. *Beth Learn*—"Aricebo (non tha nok)," more than just another synthetic pop song; it's a good

one. Composition and mixing markedly strong as is sound production. *Charlotte Pressler*—"Public Service Announcement," "Idumea," & "When You Go." A message, sour singing and clanging sounds and a pretty choral segment. *John M. Bennett*—"Pants" & "No Boiling No Itching." Nuttiness—completely. Wacky. Zany. Madness. Chants about pants and other repetitions—eardrum calisthenics. *Bob Ebersole*—"She came

to me softly" & "Rhythm flows." Tom-toms and words about sex and luv. *Miekal And*—"Kinters Liquisible Thrair" & "Ex-Submission." Have you ever experienced a room full of people speaking in tongues? Lloyd has, and he told me that Miekal's piece reminds him of the weekly incantations he shares with the Assembly of God people. Lloyd has been attending meetings in the basement of the Coralville Best Western regu-



KEEP  
ALERT!

that you can be genuinely interesting and meaningful even if by appearances your product has no flash or volume, (although perhaps Carl should have a lesson in symbolic logic, because one of the pieces is just dead wrong about a certain syllogism it uses as an example). This is the kind of thing the network is made for, etc.

**THRILLHAMMER Vol. 1, N°s 2, 3 & 4.** Available for exchange of art and ideas from Christopher Erin, P.O. Box 20548, Wichita KS 67208. Future issues will cost \$2.50; and artistic submissions are welcome.

N°2 expands on N°1, which was mentioned in pS#29. N°3 is the most extra-magazinic magazines I've come across. It consists of: a bottle of scotch, a box of NoDoz tablets, a cardboard can of salt, a package of Marlboros, and a printed statement. The statement tells you what's the big idea: these things are supposed to be artistic inspiration. The notion being that meaningful artistic advances are made through nutritional self-abuse. Or that these harmful things are romanticized and thus

these harmful behaviors and addictions are perpetuated. Anyway, the scotch was cheap but satisfying, and I don't smoke anymore, and I was just about out of salt, and I'm not trying to cut down on caffeine, etc. This is a favorable review.

N°4 is an oddly bound statement of sorts, the first issue of *Thrillhammer* to really outline clearly what it's up to. Personal stories, contributed poetry, erratic binding, Erin's collage work, etc. *Thrillhammer* is a magazine with energy and, I hope, stamina.

**Also Note:** Christopher Erin has space in downtown Wichita which he is willing to open up for exhibitions, performances, etc. If you have a mind to get something to occur in Wichita, write Chris to see if it can happen in his space. Publishers: he also has plans for a public archive of networked stuff.

**CENTRAL PARK N°12.** Fall 1987. Edited & produced by Stephen-Paul Martin, Richard Royal, and Eve Ensler. \$9/yr, \$5/# from Central Park, P.O. Box 1446, New York NY 10023. 125pp, 7x10", offset.

Intellectual but not dry, *Central Park* is one of those rare magazines that values both production quality and content. The first page says they're "looking for printable forms of thought and feeling that address the most general and pressing concerns of our time, and do so through passionate and/or unpredictable means..." In my estimation they do not fall short of that goal. This issue contains collages from Bob Gregory's book *10,000 Dreams* [available in xerox form from *PhotoStatic*], a couple of visual poems by Essary/Kempton, photo-

larly since 1984 (around the time of *PhotoStatic's* inception), but has somehow escaped any discussion of this uncharacteristic passion. *Paula Potocki*—"Space (New Matrix)." Jungle and wild-life atmospheric space carved out of my listening area. I'm suing. *John Deveney*—"Lightning." "Liquid Sky"—inspired sound rhythm effects, beat poetry words as the "beatbox" woman in the film would speak herself.

**FOIST COMPILATION N°2**  
A 1988 cassette product of Foist Magazine, 287 Averill Ave., Rochester NY 14620.

Tape is predominated by abstract musical constructions, some as excerpts from full-length works; *Charles S. Russell*—"Quartet Op. 3" is excerpt constructed from many short bits forming a moving piece that goes somewhere; Onion—selection from "1348" is reformulated rap, physically and aesthetically,

through tape effects and successful addition of violin; *The Haters*—"Stao" is excerpt that sounds like screeching smash glass tires braking falling apart noises of the next century; *DSD*—"Sound Art Manifesto" is excerpt containing rhythm loops repeated with slow gradual shifts; *Vittore Baroni*—Psicofonie "S.P.L.A.T." whispers and sounds which invoke a sense of immanent danger; *John M. Bennett*—"Pocket" is a list of many

graphs, collages, but the bulk of it is essays and creative writing which deal with various topics, all of which I found interesting and informative and passionate. A well-read journal for those who like to read, etc.

**WASTESIDE DEVELOPMENT 1988.** Assembled by Mike Miskowski, \$4 from Bomb Shelter Propaganda, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102. 48pp, half legal, xerox. — A kind of yearbook of poetry and graphics, mostly the former, *Wasteside DEvelopment* features work by many familiar names in the network. It is the kind of thing that you need to sit down with and sort of study; as opposed to many small press magazines which are sucked dry with just one pass. Works by Miekal And, John M. Bennett, Greg Evason, G. Huth, Jack Moskovitz, Musicmaster, Chris Winkler, to name but a few.

**BURNING TODDLERS N°3.** April/May 1988. Ed. by P. Petrisko, Jr. FRANK Publications, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079. 2\$/#, 6\$/yr; 40pp, half letter, xerox. — *Burning Toddlers* is an exciting collection of absorbed-with-the-present writings, both fiction and non. “A Closer Look at Censorship” is a passionate plea to be aware of suppression activities going on under our noses, and puts us in contact with people needing our support. “Crank” is an essay about the place of the writer and what lengths one could go to get heard. News clippings as well concerning SubGenius, and the usual hard-to-believe madness of mainstream culture. Entertainment. Thought provoking. Issue-based. Etc. Maybe I don’t have a lot to say about it other than: get it.

## 1040

things she (the undisclosed heroine) put in her pocket, the musical compositions; *Sismoid*—“Sismoid Archives” is music piece with bounce; *Von Non & Kenn Tech*—“Sunset,” local church stumbles into the twentieth century, mistakenly buying a synthesizer for a wind organ; *Aquatics Ever Tarnish*—“Staples For Jesus”; *Psychic Workshop*—“The Golden Cause” is broadcast sources set to music; “we never really understood the

nature of the universe;” *M. H. Naylor*—“Here Now...” Music From Winter’s Pond is suggestive of visual images, a bit like movie mood music; *Peach*—“Untitled 1”; *Wallmen*—“Baby Dolls Flexed Between Interstellar Acid Gels,” an excerpt, is movements of animated bizarre music. Live performance, and/or documented pieces: *Sink Manhattan*—“Unsung” is live industrial moaning (not sung), recalls “Savage Republic” and/or “Test

Department” or not; *Deerpark*—“D’sheeky Hu” is live excerpt sounding of reverberated rhythm forms; *Vingt Doigts*—“Prelude to Schlimehaus” grinds in a big live sound. The concrete music: *Ll. Dunn*—“Alzheimer Party” where incoherence reigns at this social dysfunction, “what?”; *Pierre Perret*—selection from “Gaia, La Terre” is an inventory of sounds of the earth, smooth and seamless with quiet spaces reserving significance. Record-

# Listings

**THE ONLY SON OF EVERYTHING** by Paul Dickinson & Scott Dolan. Big collection of poems and shadowy drawings. \$4 from Wicked Mule Poetry Alliance, P.O. Box 466, Northfield MN 55057.

**AMERICAN LIVING N°24** by Angela Mark & Michael Shores. Collection of halftone nightmares is a continuation of the series. \$2 from P.O. Box 901, Allston MA 02134.

**CATTLE/LISZT N°16½**, M. Kettner, ed. Inquire at Catalyst, P.O. Box 20518, Seattle WA 98102. Familiar names Winkler and Miskowski included in this collection of poetry and graphics.

**POQO:** N°3, 5/86. Cryptic and abstract textural xerox work by Jacques Abeille. N°8, 8/86. “Autotherapeutic” portraits in wasted environments by Wraclaw Ropieki. N°10, 8/86. Documents of screaming psychosexual “art actions” by Pat Larter. N°12, 8/86. Striking xerox art by Pierre Devresse, includes image of L.H. Oswald. N°13, 8/86. Fragmented echoey xerages about the mating ritual by Didier Cazal. Miniature leaflets of xerage committed to paper by people who care. Inquire at Ph. Billé, ed., B.P. 249, Bordeaux France.

**BIZAAR N°2**, 9/86; **N°3**, 4/87; **N°4**, 5/87; **N°6**, 12/87. Highly degenerate[d] xerox pictures of sex and violence, a reaction perhaps to the sweet-painted face of society. Some text manipulations thrown in. Inquire at Ph. Billé, ed., B.P. 249, Bordeaux France.

**NADA v.1 N°3**, John McCarthy, ed. Graphically dense with an interest in freeform nonsense. Worth a close look. Free

from Nada, 304 S. Summit #102, Iowa City IA 52240.

**CATALYST COMICS N°23.** Frankly I think this is a waste of time, but if you like bad xeroxes of genital exposure, you may want to get it. Write Kalamity Jill, 41<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> E. Main St. #2, Champaign IL 61820.

**sh\*WIPE!** Weekly magazine named for letters of the alphabet. “J” has four short poems by Chris Winkler. “O” has three short poems by Gary Baldwin about a frog. Write to Greg Evason & Daniel f. Bradley, eds., 551a Crawford St, Toronto ONT M6G 3J9 Canada.

**POST-ART INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION** of Visual/Experimental Poetry. Collection of exciting graphic work from all over the world. The work is excellent, and my only criticism is that the layout might have attempted more than just putting four pieces on the page. Write Harry Polkinhorn, 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 82231.

**THE SUBTLE JOURNAL OF RAW COINAGE N°6:** Labrys. A small lexicon in matchbook format. **N°7:** Contradictory. A label with words which are selfcontradictory. A modest and stimulating project for those who get off on lexical issues and entertainments. Write to Ge( of Huth), 715 Watkins Rd #A9, Horseheads NY 14845.

**CLOUD 247** P.O. Box 1361, Bellingham WA 98227. Freeform packets of indifferent xerage work dealing with environmental issues. Free as far as I know.

**CIRCULAR N°23,** Carol Schneck, ed. Collages and texts, the same size as this magazine. Free, P.O. Box 6013, E. Lansing MI 48823.

**LIFE ON PLANET EARTH.** Short newsletter of odd viewpoint and honest fiction which includes a listing of reviews at the end. “Official publication of the Embassy of

Planet Claire” and it’s free from P.O. Box 85807, Seattle WA 98145.

**SNAPSHOTS** by Carol Stetser. Ironic booklet of xeroxed photos and texts dealing with environmental concerns in the South Seas. P.O. Box 56, Oatman AZ 86433.

**KALLISTI v.1 N°12.** Kenn Day, ed. \$9/yr, \$1/# from P.O. Box 19566, Cincinnati OH 45219. “A Magazine of Alternative Views” which seems to focus on fashion and the social scene and has lots of articles and a few photographs of people wearing groovy clothing.

**CULT COMIX N°7,** March 1988. 99¢ from Mumbles, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita KS 67208. 8pp, half letter, xerox. A collection of art-comics, the best of them crudely but expressively wrought. Also from Mumbles, “The Book of Flies” by John Eberly. A collection of poems and pictographic things, metaphorical.

**OR N°s112 & 113** by Uncle Don Milliken. In a letter along with his latest installment, he writes, “You saw MY work in a fluxus show? Someone is misinformed. I’ve met a few of the fluxus people. I ain’t a member of their group(s).” Yes, in the University of Iowa’s recent fluxus show, put together by Estera Milman, an old copy of *Or* was present. Shows you how this networking stuff gets around. Get *Or* from P.O. Box 868, Amherst MA 01004.

**Sent by GREG EVASON & DANIEL f. BRADLEY:** (all by Greg Evason unless otherwise noted) “Instant Broadside” featuring a rejected poem; “1 oz.” a graphic poem presented much like a greeting card; “a journey toward the end in the shape of air” small booklet of terse inscrutable poems and xerage graphics; “I Used to Be a Vegetarian But Fuck That” just poems; “the next worst thing to being

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## 1041

ing quality gives medium a transparency, as collected bits form aural landscape and an inkling of narrative within the environment created; *tENTATIVELY a cONVENIENCE*—“Sound Thinking” is voice reporting changes in modulation as the voice itself is being changed by the various modulations it reports.

**LAST TRAX** Final Report of the Trax Project, Baroni-Ciani-Giacon Trax c/o Piermario

Ciani, 33032 Bertiole, Italy 7” eight-track disc and 7x7 in. 60 pp. polycolor offset book.

Glossy and beautiful—you must get your hands on this. They put a lot of work into this project, and the book shows it, in content, form, slickness, and the impressive lists of contacts and collaborators. Because there are eight tracks, each selection is short. The pieces are rich and diverse and each carries a weight of its own, like movements in play.

The movements have a theatrical quality that is sometimes twisted and demented, crooning, sometimes barbershop trio, lounging, or operettic. In any case, the music isn’t afraid to step out of traditional time-frames, the guitar not too shy to twang, nor the vocals to take a stand and make up their own tonal rules.

*John Heck is a member of the Tape-beatles, and a frequent contributor to this magazine.*

there” by Daniel f. Bradley—heavily fragmented xerages using a variety of source material; “Mourning Heat” prose text; “Blind Date Jitters” by Evason and Bradley—texts; “Shredding Trout One” by Evason and Mike Miskowski—strange drawings; “the placebo effect” numbered list of grouped phrases; “S.A.P.” with various contributors doing typewriter poetry; and “Bloat” a series of paired photographic images with some interesting juxtapositions. Write these guys to find out what they’re about if you’re interested in visual and unusual types of poetry; I might naively describe them as being somewhat surrealist and often inscrutable, but I believe there’s an unusual amount of energy being put into these projects. Write: Greg Evason, 912 Broadview Ave, Toronto ONT M4K 2R1 Canada or Daniel f. Bradley, 551a Crawford St, Toronto ONT M6G 3J9 Canada.

**MALTHUS N°3, BAG OF MUTTON ISSUE.** Features visual poetry work; a sizeable collection of work by Kepler, Beining, Huth, Polkinhorn, Wiloch, Evason, Essary/Kempton, and many more. \$4 from Dale Jensen, ed., 2317 B Carleton St, Berkeley CA 94704.

**FINAL** An One Act Play by G. X. Jupiter-Larsen. Dialog work on the nature of existence and reincarnation. Write: P.O. Box 48184, Vancouver BC V7X 1N8 Canada.

**ARTE POSTALE! N°57:** The Box Game. Ed. by Vittore Baroni. Mailart catalog of a project in which participants design patterns to go on cardboard cubes. Via Raffaelli 2, 55042 Forte dei Marmi LU Italy.

**PROPAGANDA IN HELL** by Vince Lisella. “Cautionary pamphlet” uses hell as a metaphor for the propaganda going on all around us. Write dbqp/Ge[of Huth], 715 Watkins

Rd #A9, Horseheads NY 14845 for info.

**SCORE SHEET ONE**... “is yet another occasional [one-sheet] publication from Score Publications....” The art is on both sides, work by Ernest Robson and Luc Fierens. 1\$/4#s. Score, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610. **THREE TALKERS** by Jack Foley, Mike Miskowski, and Jake Berry. “Sound as language, language as sound” cassette. #4 from Experimental Audio Directions, c/o Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**UNTITLED**, a mailart show: “...We prefer to leave you an unstructured space. “Untitled” by convention and measure. A space which we hope you will structure with your own breath and your own utopia.” Material to **SCISSIONE** c/o S. Aria, via de Filippis 61, 88100 Catanzaro ITALY. Deadline 23 September 1988. Catalog to all artists.

[**CONTINUED** from “Letters to *Retrofuturism*”] **NSHR(audio)pak**: yes. please announce the invitation of radioworks for **S’pool**, in your words always best as it then takes on life outside the dull already and becomes ‘ours’. (my invitations always vague, open i hope to multinterpretations and miscalculations as project develops. previous deadline may 1 extended indefinite).” Inviting works which deal with radio as their substance or starting point to be included in a cassette package of radio-show length (3–4 hours). NSHR refers to anti-situationist art-activity. Also hoping to collect various writings on radio to accompany the package. Submissions, inquiries to: S’pool, P.O. Box 441275, Somerville MA 02144.

1042

**I**N SOCIETIES where modern conditions of production prevail, all of life presents itself as an immense accumulation of spectacles. Everything that was directly lived has moved away into a representation. A representation is not reality, but in a commodity-based world, it is just as good. The liar has lied to himself. Don’t be fooled: **The Tape-beatles** want to manipulate your desires: we want you to want to become one of us. This is the essential process of mystification in which we are involved: By presenting ourselves in the mold of stars we become that moment of intense desire; that feeling of inadequacy in you by which we empower **The Tape-beatles**. Participate. Take part. You won’t be sorry. You will be consumed. You will know what it is to be swallowed whole. Recommended reading: *Society of the Spectacle* by Guy Debord.

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- A) "CRITIC" REVIEWS SECT.S ON "FORCE MEAT" MAGAZINES AND ON "IL SORRISO VERTICALE" ALMANACS
- B) DIASLIDES ARCHIVE AND "VIDEO-TEXT" SLIDES PR.
- C) XEROX RECYCLATION STREAM:THE 'IMBEZILL' BULLETINS
- D) THEORETIC MAIL DEBATES ABOUT SOUND/EXCESS AND COMMUNICATION/ SELECTION AND INFORMATION-TRANSMISSION IN MAIL-ACTION AND SMALL PRESS.
- E) "THE MICROCEPHALY ATTACK AND DAMNATION IN MILITARY CAREER" . "ZOOPIHILIC LOLITA" "THE FIRSTBORN IS DEAD". MAIL ART ARCHIVES PUBLICATION.

SUBMIT:

- A) TAPES, VYNIL, DEMOS, PRESS & XEROX, INFORMATION
- B) ABSTRACT OR CONTEXTUAL 'BELOVED' SLIDES
- C) BASIC GRAPHISM
- D) TEXT OR SCATTERED CONSIDERATIONS
- E) ORIZZONTAL CM 8.5 x 7 B/Wb.ARTWERKS

VISUAL BOOKLETS BY MAX TRÄGER ("ORBITH BATH", "ORHOR VACUI") ENRICO ARESU("DE VISU")ARE AVAIL FOR EXCHANGE RESPECTV.FROMM.Cavallaro:V.Gorizia-9 95032 Belpasso (CU),Italia. and from E.A.V.Nazionale-42 95045 Piano Tavola(CU),IL .INSEMINATION . CONTACT .CIRCUIT . INSEMINATION:



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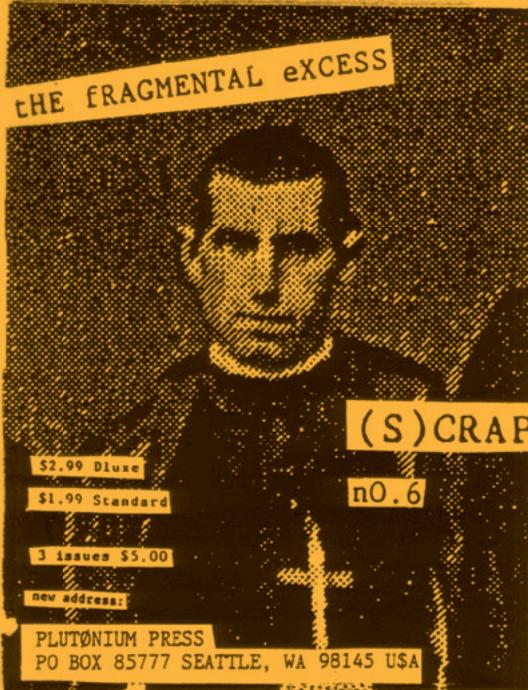
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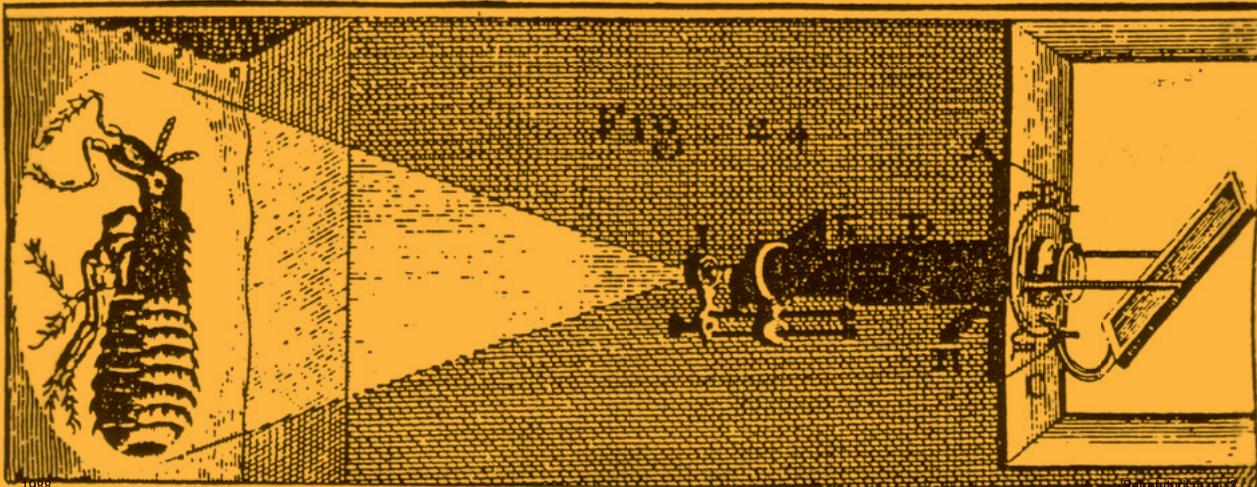
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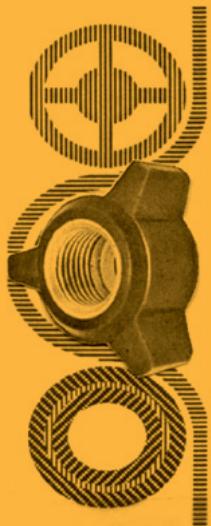
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