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						February 1989
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M A G A Z I N E



THE WASHINGTON POST

WARNING: PARTS OF THIS ISSUE MAY BE
DETOURNED



FOR DECADES psychiatrists, psychologists, scientists of all sorts have attempted to explain the psychogenic underpinnings of plegarism. What are the roots of this manic-depressive drive to steal, corrupt and twist the work of real artists? Deeply lost in psychotic denial and persecutory projection plegarists appear invulnerable to almost all forms of therapy with the exception of extreme punishment. Must disturbing is the recent rise to fame of the Tape-beatles and their glorification of plegarism as a high art form. One immediately wonders what sickness lies in our society that such a wickedness should be spawned. To do so is only to blame the victim. Their compulsion to grossly reshape external reality to suit their inner perverse needs threaten the moral sensibility of man, woman, and child alike. We are again confronted with the fact that not all psychological abnormalities are solvable by science at this time. I only wish that their mothers would have drowned them. In lieu of this I recommend Congressional action. Let's throw their asses in jail.

Excerpt from a speech by psychiatrist Dr. Marvin W. Welp, M.D. at a convention of the American Psychiatric Association in March of 1988

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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 PhotoStatic 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 PhotoStatic 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@detritus.net. Visit our web site at: <http://psrf.detritus.net>.

ART STRIKE

1990-1993

We call for all artists in the U.S. to put down their tools and cease to make, distribute, sell, exhibit or discuss their work from Jan. 1, 1990 to Jan. 1, 1993. We call for all galleries, museums, agencies alternative spaces, periodicals, theaters, art schools etc., to cease all operations for the same period.

Art is conceptually defined by a self-perpetuating elite and is marketed as an international commodity; the activity of its production has been mystified and co-opted; its practitioners have become manipulable and/or marginalized through self-identification with the term "artist" and all it implies.

To call one person an artist is to deny another an equal gift of vision; thus the myth of the "genius" becomes an ideological justification for inequality, repression and famine. What an artist considers to be his or her identity is a schooled set of attitudes; preconceptions which imprison humanity in history. It is the roles derived from these identities, as much as the art products mined from this reification, which we must reject.

Unlike Gustav Metzger's Art Strike of 1977 to 1980, the purpose is not to destroy those institutions which might be perceived as having a negative effect on artistic production. Instead, we intend to question the role of the artist itself and its relation to the dynamics of power within our specific culture.

Everybody knows what's wrong

we call this artstrike because, like any general strike, the real reasons being discussed are ones of economics and self-determination. we call this artstrike in order to make explicit the political and ethical motivations for this attempted large-scale manipulation of alleged "aesthetic" objects and relationships. we call this artstrike to connote and encourage active rather than passive engagement with the issues at hand.

GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM

Art Strike will fail for many reasons, not the least of which is that it's a bad idea. But Art Strike raises a number of questions worth asking. Is there an attitude inherent in self-identification as an "artist" which implies that art-making is in itself a sufficient response to cultural issues? Is there an implication that the "artist" identity somehow absolves one from responsibility for cultural conditions? What are the possibilities for real engagement? This is not meant primarily as a critique of "art for art's sake" but rather as a critique of the perception that a class of artists exists as an independent social class. What are the priorities of the people who are calling for Art Strike? Does Art Strike, as a method for prompting dialogue concerning issues of personal productivity, commodity dynamics and cultural identity, conflict with the needs and priorities of artists who identify themselves primarily as feminists, hispanics, blacks, gays, etc.? Is Art Strike in any form a good idea?

ART STRIKE 1990-1993

P.O. BOX 170715

SAN FRANCISCO CA 94117-170715

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

11/10/88 «Lloyd/Huzz & all/long life, tape-beatles... relaxing spastic mus/eager await N D vid, DP fellow Czechs, is well & enjoy, hope/four more years, Bush (as per not usual, am giving it a 10% benefit of doubt factor), I sense either a shaky finger pressing down or wonders totally unexpected, a non-toady att. to rightly-pressure, blahblah. Well, be well & ... future, Quassa Nova, Malok.»

8/21/88 «Dear Lloyd, At last I have enough time to write a short explanation referring to Dan Fuller's letter published in Retro Futurism Nr 3 (or Photo-Static Nr 30—May 88). I feel I can do it but most of all I s h o u l d.

So: First of all I am glad that because of Dan and Your Magazin some more people will at least hear about the existence of a Great Artist S. I. Witkiewicz. What happened and what happens around Witkacy perfectly illustrates the state of consciousness of people dealing with culture (unfortunately not only) in Poland. You should know that publishing this and other books (of and about Witkiewicz) became possible about forty years after his tragic death. It's a fact we do not need to hide that through these years only a small group of Witkacy's lovers talked about him and his work. Officially an artist named Witkacy did not exist, and didn't have any right to exist.

The first shy attempts of bringing his personality to life took place after the revolt of 1956. Then silence again up to 1985 accounted as an international year of S. I. Witkiewicz (UNESCO). 1985 was the 100th anniversary of his birth. The funniest thing is the excitement with which the officials started to glorify Witkacy's genius.

But it is not the matter I wanted to write about. The only misleading point in Danny's wise letter is Witkiewicz's death (surely the book doesn't make it clear).

So, after the nazi attack Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz started his desperate escape to the east. But a real reason of his final decision was the invasion of the Soviet Army of Poland on 17.IX.1939. On that night committing suicide in a forest next to a small village Jezioro, Witkacy decided once and for all to escape from a catastrophe

the Russian invasion was a bloody beginning of.

I wonder how he knew what would happen to Poland after the war... I think it could be enough for now.

be well and keep in touch

Piotr Szyhalski, Kalisz, Poland

P.S. A few months ago our authorities decided to bring S. I. Witkiewicz's ashes to fatherland. So they did. After the second funeral (this time in Zakopane) I learnt from an unofficial source that exhumed was unfortunately some other person. So Witkacy is still resting in peace at the small country-cemetery.

Personally I consider that as another joke of Vitcatius. Impatiently we are waiting for some other ones.»



S. I. Witkiewicz

11/16/88 «Lloyd, The restrained marked existence, hermi-vores and blank Visi-Gothic influences, intercede the ambiguous clarities, expounded, is a Tape-beatle demise? True, or just an aberrant connection of restatements—of mad drunk rapes and Parisian missile conjunction? I need a degree. And Some ribbon peels, instant nipple orgasms, matter distimulators, etc. When she walks in the room, I put on my feet. The polycrystalline silliness of too much polish, mayhap? "I dinnen do it, ma! It was just a fly, anyway?" Seems a dash of mordacity, loose those reins, de-strict the wholly

caseload, the admittedly gargantuan eddy-task, we're goin' to have Morpho-Static soon. Or a manitou elicits blank stats, cork plateaus and ascending passions, a quoin encasing studies and analysis of deluxe-quantapizza-grains of extasy and forged pearls of plastic Kat races. Aga! more glop for you to please well, forbid that I should stay within the subject parameters, but what apply, the cat? This can be conceived as a letter, ed. Whatever. Isko Quassa Nova. Till the future, Malok»

«Dear Lloyd, ...[pS/Rf]. Really nice magazine and we enjoyed it. Perhaps, we did something different about DADA power, also about some other things—but whole impression is very OK. About your (wrong) impression of OPEN WORLD n°36, it's just one issue of OW and you couldn't say nothing deffinitly. Besidest that, it is not final issue!...» [Sorry. —Ed.]

12/8/88 «...thanx evermuch for the "PHOTOSTAT-ICS" you been droppin here!! know now Y I heard so much about it!They are mirrors that portend to examine themselves!LOVE IT!Some of the writings seem a little like Structuralist on an ether binge! Chiasma in & out! So sorry to hear of the cancerous Demise of the Tape beatles,but just think, the philosophy of "plagerism" demands that they rise again from the grave and replicate themselves! Where "plagerism" is concerned can anything ever really "DIE"?This madness strikes me square in the face!! Could this be the "immortality" that "art" has always sought after? The item itself is constantly reappropriated,yet the artist is lost in the hand changing!This just could be the way "art" like things!the child who leaves the parents house,never to return!...»

Pascal Uni (I.M.I.), Metairie LA

«Dear Lloyd Dunn ...I should admit first that I am an "optimist" personally... while the optimist's confrontational radicalism & goal-oriented activism can result in freedom from corporate capitalist domination, is this reaction an application of situationism? Not having hard 'n' fast definitions close at hand, I'm just not sure... further, would the 'beauty' of a "free will" qualify as an æsthetic effect? If so, a strong enough one to overcome (or neutralize) the power of materialism? An even then,

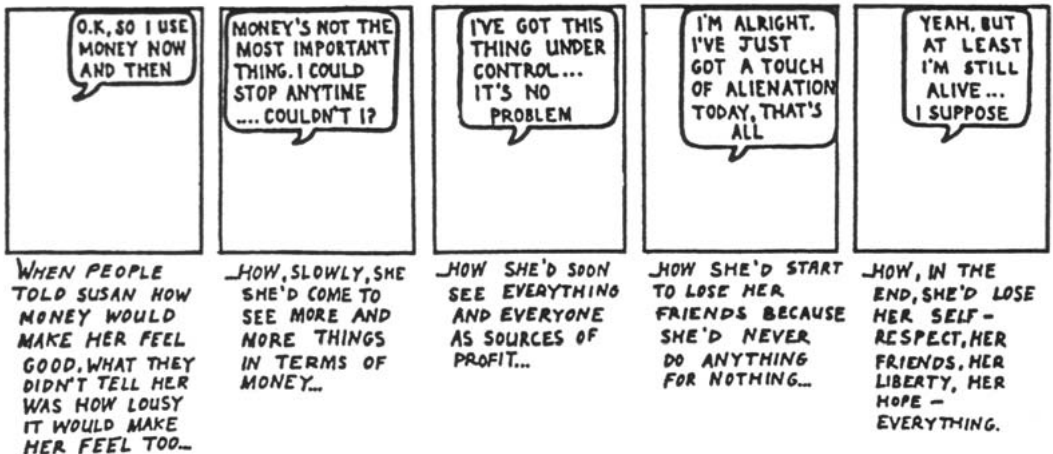
would it free the masses whom the 80/20 law knows to be mindless sheep?

On the other side o' the fence: is there an use-of-situationism in the pessimist's final act by saying, "punt", and letting apathy have its sway by throwing in the towel? What æsthetic effect would even come into play here? My only guess would be the 'beauty' of the "naïve" or "idiot savant" who mirrors the corporate capitalist domination back-at-itself (without knowing what it's doing of course) and insuring its self-destruction at some point in the future. Hm-m-m, could this be nature's way of closing the circle on the pessimism/optimism cycle, thus creating an eternal law of balance (every action has an equal and opposite reaction?)»

Mick Mather, Syracuse NY



The Pleasure Tendency, P.O. Box 109, Leeds, LS5 3AA



EVERYONE THINKS THEY CAN CONTROL MONEY
UNTIL IT STARTS TO CONTROL THEM

Money Screws You Up



The barbarism of modern times is
still enslavement to technology.



Spread This Information Virus

INFOMEME LABS INC. P.O. BOX 5890, ATHENS, OHIO, USA, EARTH, 45701 • FAX#614-593-2485

It has been a while since I have been on the Mall Art circuit, I am excited to be back. I have a new project that I hope to continue for along time to come. It is something that I hope you, as a mail artist, will participate in. I am starting a magazine called "This is an Information Virus—the Magazine," and it requires your immediate participation.

The concept of an "Information Virus" is not mine, it is Keith Henson's who wrote an article in the Whole Earth Review about "Memetics," the science of the dissemination of Ideas and Information. It is a very inspiring article for those who have so much fun communicating. The concept of "Info-Viruses" and "Memes," are that ideas spread much like diseases and "selfish genes" and that they use us, Humans, as carriers for their survival, introduction to and infection of new territories and uninfected minds. Every Meme needs human minds, a system of any kind, and geographic territory to invade, explore and replicate in. I.V. Magazine's function will be to broadcast viruses (including yours) into uninfected territories all over the globe!

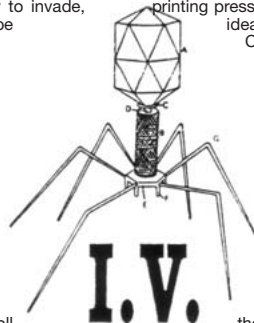
An inspiring thing happened to me on November 8th, 1988, George Bush was elected as president of the United States of America. It inspired me, but NOT because I want him to be our next president! In fact, it terrifies me that we will soon have a president who was once the head of the American Secret Police, the C.I.A.! I decided on election night that I could either mope around for the next four years or I could actively and creatively communicate with and to others about the terrible injustices that will be enforced upon us by the CIA-Presidency of George Bush.

We live in an "information Age," (or so THEY say) yet the American public knows and understands little of what is going on in the world they live in. (A recent poll discovered that 16% of Americans actually think that the Soviet Union is part of NATO!!!!) This may have something to do with the fact that less than thirty Corporations own more than half of ALL of the American media, and that television is the dominant news source for most Americans. These thirty corporations are not a monopoly but a increasingly powerful oligopoly that strongly influences what we see, hear, and ultimately think about or as the case may be, do not think about. At the same time we Americans still, thank god (or goddess), live in the country with the freest press in the world and have little fear of state repression for our views (not to say that U.S. Government repression does not exist, it does!) Benjamin Franklin once said that "the press is free to be (or she) who owns one." Though it may be true that few of us actually OWN a xerox machine, most of us however do have access of some sort to one and use it regularly. Franklin's revolutionary dream 200 years ago has finally come to life in this, the beginning of the Information Age. Think of it!, there are now millions of decentralized communication centers (or what was previously anachronistically called "Presses" and what I now would like to call "Info-Viral Replicators," waiting to be used! If the conventional and established communication and information systems have become

inaccessible to us then we will have to create our own alternatives.

This is the purpose of I.V. Magazine, to be a central publishing point for political public art created with the purpose in mind of being copied on decentralized copy machines for distribution all over the world!

People love the biting social commentary of a good political cartoon that makes them laugh, cry and understand the complex world we live in a little better. These "Viruses" will have the same function only they will be spread "samisdat" style, hand to hand, person to person, computer to computer, modem to modem, copier to copier, fax to fax, VCR to VCR and mail box to mail box, using the new technologies offered to us. Remember when Martin Luther published his disputes against the Church, his ideas were spread all over Europe in ONLY a month's time because of the recent technological advances in the printing press. The printing press combined with intelligent, popular ideas brought down the monolithic power of the Roman Catholic Church! As Stewart Brand said "if, as alleged, the only real freedom of the press is to own one, the fullest realization of the First Amendment is being accomplished by technology, not politics."



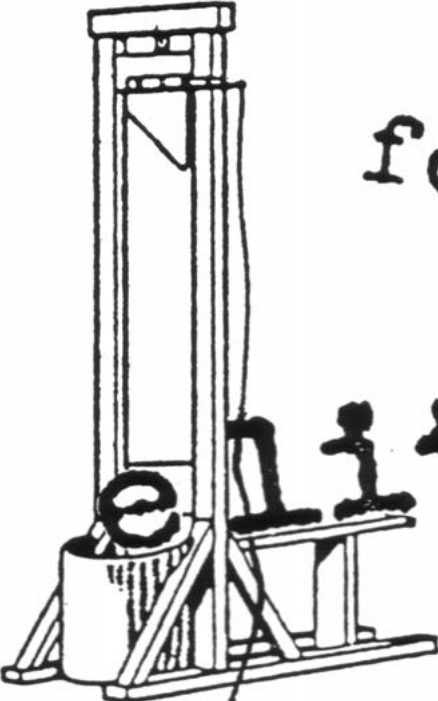
I have seen this medium work on the local level of a small college town of 30,000, and it has at times had empowering and influential effects. I have found that people become excited when given the task of distributing or "carrying" a "virus" and will spend money to make even more copies! I have found that they get spread around to unforeseen places, in people's offices, homes, bulletin boards, telephone polls, notebooks, you name it. It is incredibly fun to watch YOUR virus grow and expand in your community. After a while it becomes not yours any more but the "host body's", the public, and will sometimes adopt it as its own and alter it in interesting and creative ways. People love to participate in something visual that everyone else is doing, especially when it's a challenge to the authorities!

I now need your creativity and assistance to reproduce and produce Information Viruses (starting with the one that is your hand right now!) and send me your new viruses. I will compile and publish them every two months in I.V. Magazine. I will try to afford the costs myself for now and am also trying to get other publications to advertise. I hope to have the policy of a free issue for any one who participates by sending me a new virus to be broadcasted. I will do this for as long as I can afford it. If you wish to subscribe please send \$15 for six exciting, graphically colorful issues for the year 1989, the first year of George Bush's four year term. I do realize that your Mail Art habit is an expensive one, however if you could donate any money at all to get this project off the ground, it would be very much appreciated. Thank you!! Send viruses soon!!

Deadlines are: First Issue, Jan. 10th; Second Issue, Mar. 10th.

—Jonathan Prince

lite is just
lite for
elite



dadata
P O Box 33, Seaford PA 17878

Newsletter of
TSTHPFAGOTIAOLLTFFTO*

Volume 1, N°61, 62nd release

by Tim Coats

WE'VE ALL been intrigued around here by the recent discovery in the formations of new languages. It's turning out now that virtually all modern languages (and not just a few of the ancient ones!) can attribute their beginnings to the same psychological trait. To be more specific this recurring human tendency has been directly responsible for the startlingly quick disintegration of the old languages, requiring new ones to be devised without much adieu.

What got researchers on the trail of this culprit was seeing the same process at work today to one degree or another in each and every current language. A lion's share have already reached the advanced stages witnessed by incredible increases in local dialects which manage to go their merry ways in spite of the much-touted consolidating effect of tv that, in this regard, has proven as big a disappointment as radio. The variety was, of course, thought enriching to languages until it was seen to know no limits and is now

being compared to a runaway train drawing the threads of languages behind it until disintegration reaches the point where (hold on to your hats) not only can two people no longer communicate with each other but individuals can't even think!

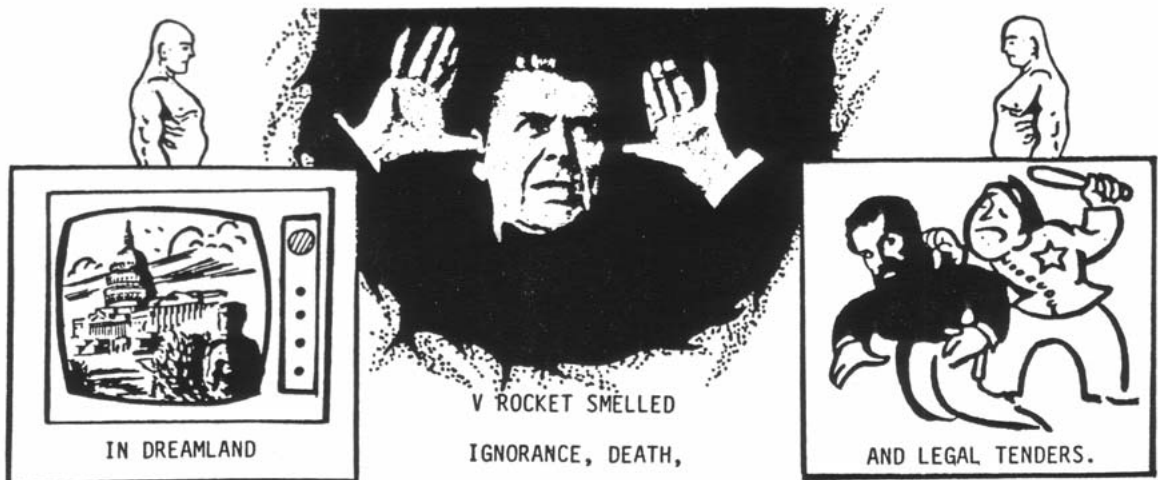
It's to the everlasting glory of mankind that a few hardy souls have often gotten together before this point was reached, taken the bull by the horns and started altogether new languages. Unfortunately we have no records of who they might be for the simple reason that in their formative stages new languages have a way to go before achieving record-keeping capabilities.

All of this has been known a while. The new twist here is they've finally uncovered the exact mechanism that begins the process of disintegration. Fortunately we live in an age when clues from other sections of our culture have equipped scientists with the concepts to understand the linguistic disease. I refer to a trend in the sixties hippie culture, namely the glorification of innocence and the concomitant devaluation of sophistication. While poor people still did their best to be sophisticated, the educated, in the form of hippies, began to unlearn, get simple,

get to the true feelings—at some point it was decided that language separated people from their feelings. Before that, of course, it was thought language was a thing that, when used by great writers, could give us greater insight into our feelings. But that view, we now know, invariably takes the back seat.

The final linguistic coup began on a large scale in this country only recently. Scientists think it will finish off what the hippies began. We are speaking here, of course, of the adopting of the foreigner's slight misuse of language and gesture. This eventually makes it impossible for the foreigners to learn the language correctly, since the people he's imitating are imitating him. Generation by generation less and less of the language is learned before the foreigner runs into those imitating him until the point is reached where what is learned isn't worth learning. Here, of course, the few hardy souls hopefully step in and begin a new language. Everybody will have to learn it, so there won't be anyone who already knows it to screw it up. [end]

*The Society to Help People Feel as Good on the Inside as Others Look Like They Feel from the Outside.

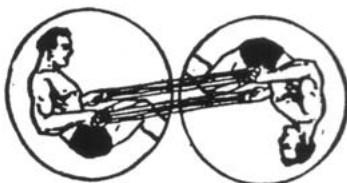




ONE TO WORSHIP

JOHNNY REX

COUNT OFF WITH V ROCKET



TWO TO MURDER

MALCOLM X



THREE TO BE
THE PERFECT HOST



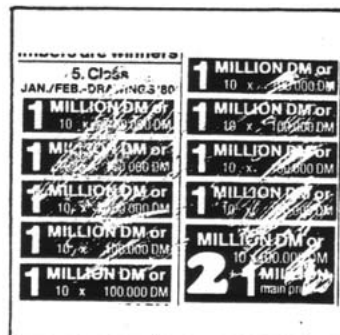
FOUR TO FEED
THE HOLY GHOST

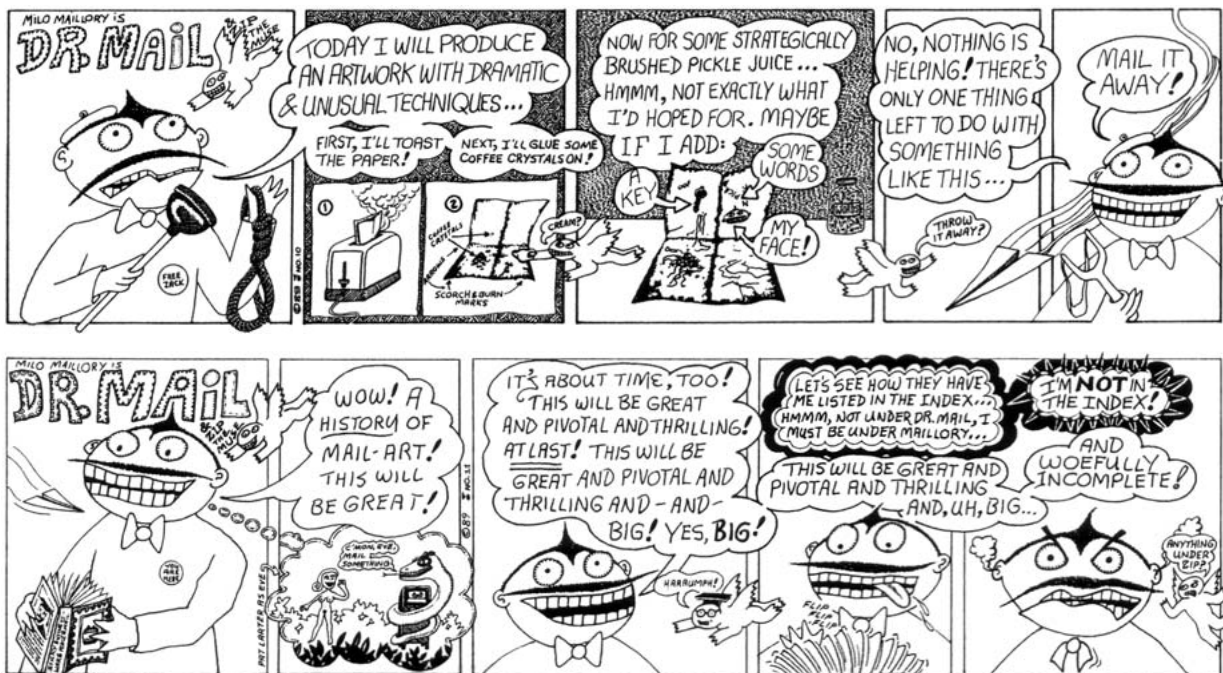


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Mick Mather





ALL NOISY:

a treatise postpolitic
by Miekal And

ALL HEARD NOISE the very first time. Opinion, judgment & taste precede recognition & observation, so all are taught that hearing is a superficial mannerism, like eating temporarily resolves the pang of hunger.

All hear noise as environmental phenomena, a parachute of sonorities has created all under greenhouse conditions, spawning a head of white-noise, from infancy to intellectual & physical extension. All noisy stimulants have been reduced to the mental furniture of a many-layered floor plan. They are continuously arranged & rearranged in obliquely, but unthought-out schema, so as to minimize their/its intrusion upon everyday.

NOISY is a four letter word & all must all be made to feel guilt for performing amid its debacle. All's perspective discourse excludes noisy philosophy. Noisy memory cultivates the Babylonian anti-spectacle of bygone millennium.

"Noise courts distrust & friction, behavioral schizophrenia & irrational haste." The most unwanted by-product of population is noise. Its want & utility have imploded within its availability. That noise is a weed to be plowed under, for hope of a flower later, that a planet so wealthy with a resource that is pungent with chaotic bits of info could rhetorically sacrifice it to the distant surroundings, to the recent past. Noise is [cont'd 1222

VIZLATURE

a column on verbo-visual art by Bob Grumman

taxonomical considerations, part 4

light

When the poem above, which is by Aram Saroyan, appeared in the 1960s, it achieved a bit of notoriety by winning some sort of federal award totalling seven hundred and fifty whole dollars, and causing some imbecile of a congressman to have a well-publicized fit of fiscal horror.

It is a first-rate work for other reasons, however. The key to its effect is its extra “gh.” By spelling it into his word, Saroyan startles the alert reader into freshly experiencing the extensibility of light: it can be stretched out forever, without losing its identity, like the word, “light,” taking on additional, unpronounced (or identity-changing) gh’s. ... Moreover, the silence of the “ghgh” points up the similar silence of light’s analogous “interior letters”—and their weightlessness. And we are brought face-to-face with the ineffability of light—its mystery, its being composed of something that somehow is there but absent—as “gh” is there but absent in the word “light.”

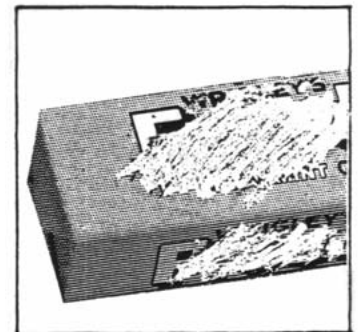
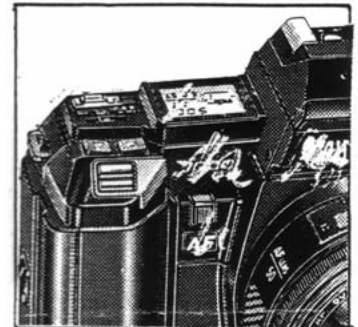
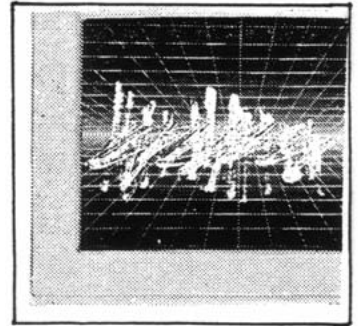
More could be said about the poem’s excellence but my prime concern here is to classify it. It’s a poem, but what kind of poem? For a long time I would have said—without much thought—that it, and poems like it, were specimens of visual poetry. I guess that was because they so often appeared with poems more genuinely visual in anthologies of concrete poetry, a term from the fifties meaning approximately what I mean by “vizlature.”

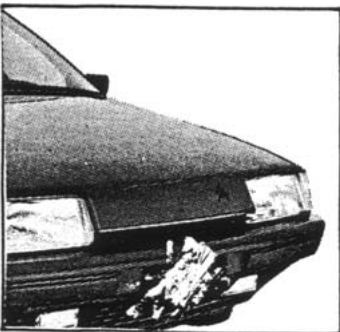
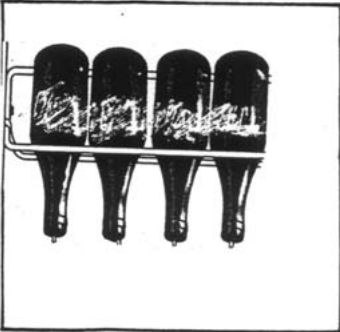
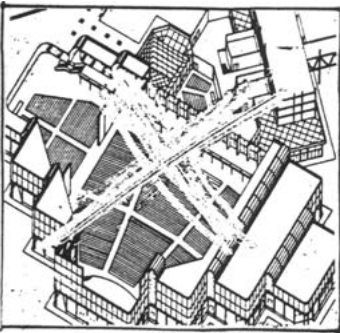
Mr. G. Huth, a former resident of Horseheads, New York, more than once took me to task for this in our correspondence. Such poems were simply not visual to him. But surely, I argued, the misspellings that most of them depend on change their visual appearance, and produce important metaphorical effects— which words misspelled to give the flavor of a dialect, or suggest semi-literacy, or produce some kind of comic effect don’t. And “lightgh” could be considered visually stretched out, too.

Mr. Huth would have none of that, and he finally convinced me that such poems were minimally visual. But I remained firm in my conviction that they needed a tag to distinguish them from traditional textual poetry. And I eventually came up with one: “Alphaconceptual Poetry.”

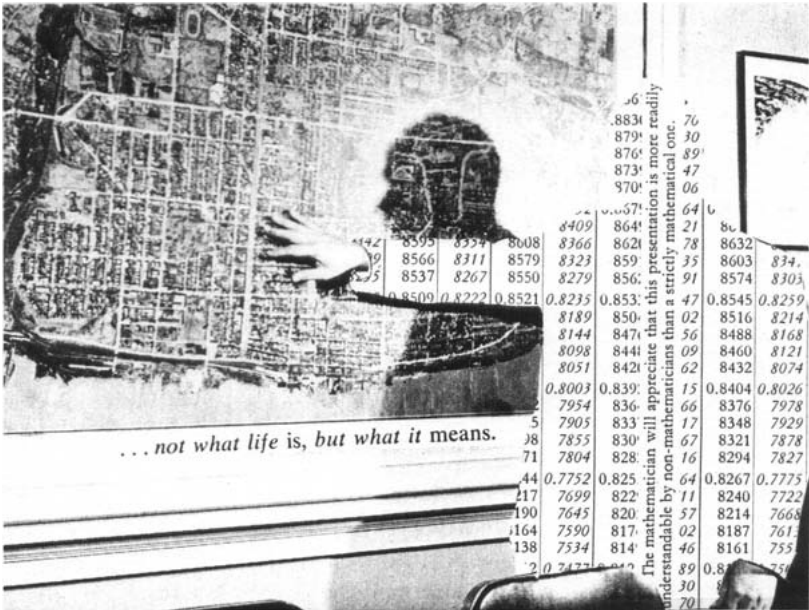
Alphaconceptual poetry is what results when one of the printed characters of a text, or a group of them, “sub-denotatively” produces a metaphor of central importance to the work it is in. Thus, while its letters, or spelling, (and pronunciation) don’t change the denotation of “lightgh,” they produce the metaphors earlier described. Hence, they make an alphaconceptual poem of it. Similarly the punctuation mark in a line of mine, “the boy on the s.wing,” by producing the metaphor, boy soaring free of gravity equals a sentence plunging on beyond its period, makes the work the line is in an alphaconceptual poem. Many other examples could be produced, like Saroyan’s “Blod,” Joyce’s “crops,” Kempton’s “g u i dance” and Huth’s “ghohshthshs.”

Since alphaconceptual poetry is, I have now decided, not a subcategory of vizlature, it might seem that I should not have devoted a column on vizlature to it. But it is near vizlature. Moreover, alphaconceptuality will prove important when we discuss how to subdivide textual vizlature. That will happen in my very next column! Before ending this one, though, I have one last comment: I’ve revived the older term “Concrete Poetry,” to stand for visual and alphaconceptual poetry, taken together. And I consider the latter to be part of pure literature. Concrete Poetry thus overlaps Literature and Vizlature, which is what it has traditionally done. So I don’t think I’ve changed its meaning. There. That should take care of alphaconceptual poetry for now.





ASSOCIATED PRESS



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

NOTE

All the characters in this novel are imaginary.

—JOHN HECK

POPULAR CULTURE IS THE WALRUS OF THE AVANT-GARDE

An Introduction

“WHEN YOU’RE DRY,” Guillaume Apollinaire used to advise his friends, “write anything, any sentence, and forge straight ahead.” And so I begin...

‘Literary license is now founded wearing that rather stubbornly anxious look overlaid with an aggressive optimism, which is the facial trade-mark of the man who becomes common property. A big man with an ingratiating smile and a carelessly charming manner.’

Such is the beginning of my modest little story, the one soon to be revealed to you; the entrance of our character who brings in with him promise. How did he get here, and where is he headed? This, I cannot answer, but I would appreciate the chance to hear what this man has to say. Perhaps he would offer an apology, or make attempts at flattery. Perhaps he would ignore us altogether and get on with his work. I cannot help but see this man raising a finger in the air to state simply: “Plagiarism is necessary, progress implies it.”

At this point the questions begin: What do you mean by plagiarism? Is it not possible to progress without such underhandedness? How would the originators of culture make a living? Don’t you realize you will become a banality one day? The scowling faces of the inquisitors might tell me that my character did utter the most profane vulgarity. Being a being of common property I’m sure this charming man would want to clear the confusion and make fast friends. Recalling the precious words of a dying grandfather, he would say: “Don’t get me wrong, plagiarism is a positive tool for the advancement of individual expression.”

I would agree with my friend, but being a distant observer there is probably little I could do to help him through the task at hand. Even so, I should take some responsibility for part of his actions, as I was the one who convinced him to say what he had to say. When such an attempt has failed, not having said anything that would bite down hard on the consciousness of the curious spectators, he may cast a prayer in the direction of the sky: “André Breton, we have not heard the last of you; Walter Benjamin, it is only a matter of time now; Jean-Paul

Sartre, you were absolutely right.”

He is right to pray, it may be all he can do.

At this point my character is in need of much sympathy and great compassion. Please, take the phone off the hook, turn off the radio, go next door and politely ask your neighbor to take the dog inside for a moment. Close your eyes and try see my friend standing erect in a crowd of expectant, skeptical figures, with his own face in the sky. Push your way through the bodies to the center of the crowd and invite him out of his reverie. Ask him to say what he means.

He speaks slowly, cautiously at first: “Plagiarism is the soft under-belly of linguistic originary presence...” As he hears the sound of his own voice he responds, and the uttered words achieve increasing clarity. “...Hovering over all the jabbering and pewling of the legal profession and the professoriate, the self-muted mouth of the divine shrouds itself in the cloud of unknowing. For if mute it is because the word kills as well as creates, that is, embodies complete power which obliterates the puny human ants. We are to believe, says this tale, that speech is being withheld, is thereby being, withheld. This of course provokes volumes; if you refuse to speak, then I seize the microphones of history and swell out in capitalist expansiveness. In this vein, monopoly becomes necessary, from which plagiarism. Your uses of force, my Lord, I emulate. The discourse model of the law equals that of the divine and of knowledge production/transmission itself. Its differential destruction of the social formation is ignored since this affects only the others. The invention of God created real estate.”

He is not finished.

“It would be better to say that no one owns anything, not even a physical body much less a mind or a soul. The monodic personality fragments, dissolves under the negative impact of totalized [cont. 1250





READ MY LIPS

**MEN:
Use Condoms
Or Beat It.**



Dear Abby

Dear Abby: The shock of freedom works miracles. Nothing can resist it, neither mental illness, remorse, guilt, the feeling of powerlessness, nor the brutalization created by the environment of power.

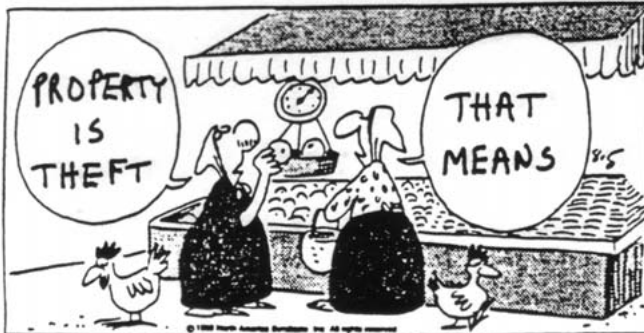
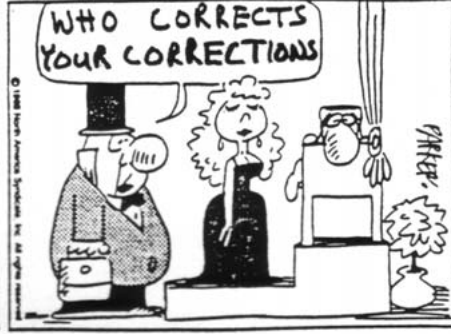
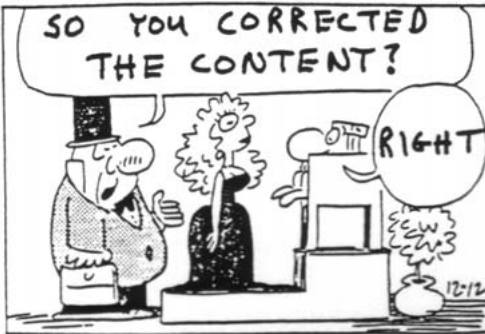
When a water pipe burst in Pavlov's laboratory, not one of the dogs that survived the flood retained the slightest trace of his long conditioning. Could the tidal wave of great social upheavals have less effect on individuals than a burst water pipe on dogs?

— Yours for Anarchy

Dear Anarchy: I couldn't agree with your more. Thousands of years of living in the shadows will not withstand a week of revolutionary violence.



FUNNIES - DETOURNEMENT



from 1216] a food like oxygen, or is a piece of information like the mail, or an emotional gamut such as crying or fucking.

Noise has entered our waking conscience, forcefully & can not be relinquished to the un/sub conscience. There lies within noise a manner of empowerment that is both organic & suggestive. By an external manipulation of erotic desirability, by a concentrated rehearsal of memory, of the most complete & instantaneous global recollection. Noise constitutes all that remains undigested, confused & in opposition. At the beginning of the 2nd millennium the properties of noise include as its subset consonance & rhythm since they are no longer obtainable in their original purity.

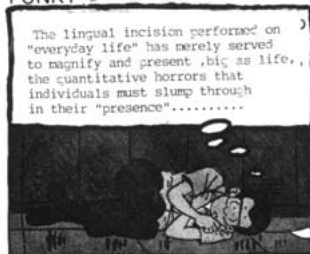
No virgin harmony remains unspoil by the ravages of industrial continuity. Noise is the diamond of the future, mined & recycled for its luster, for its clues to the nature & construction of infinity. Noise reproduces in all directions with nucleic passion, with spidery unpredictability.

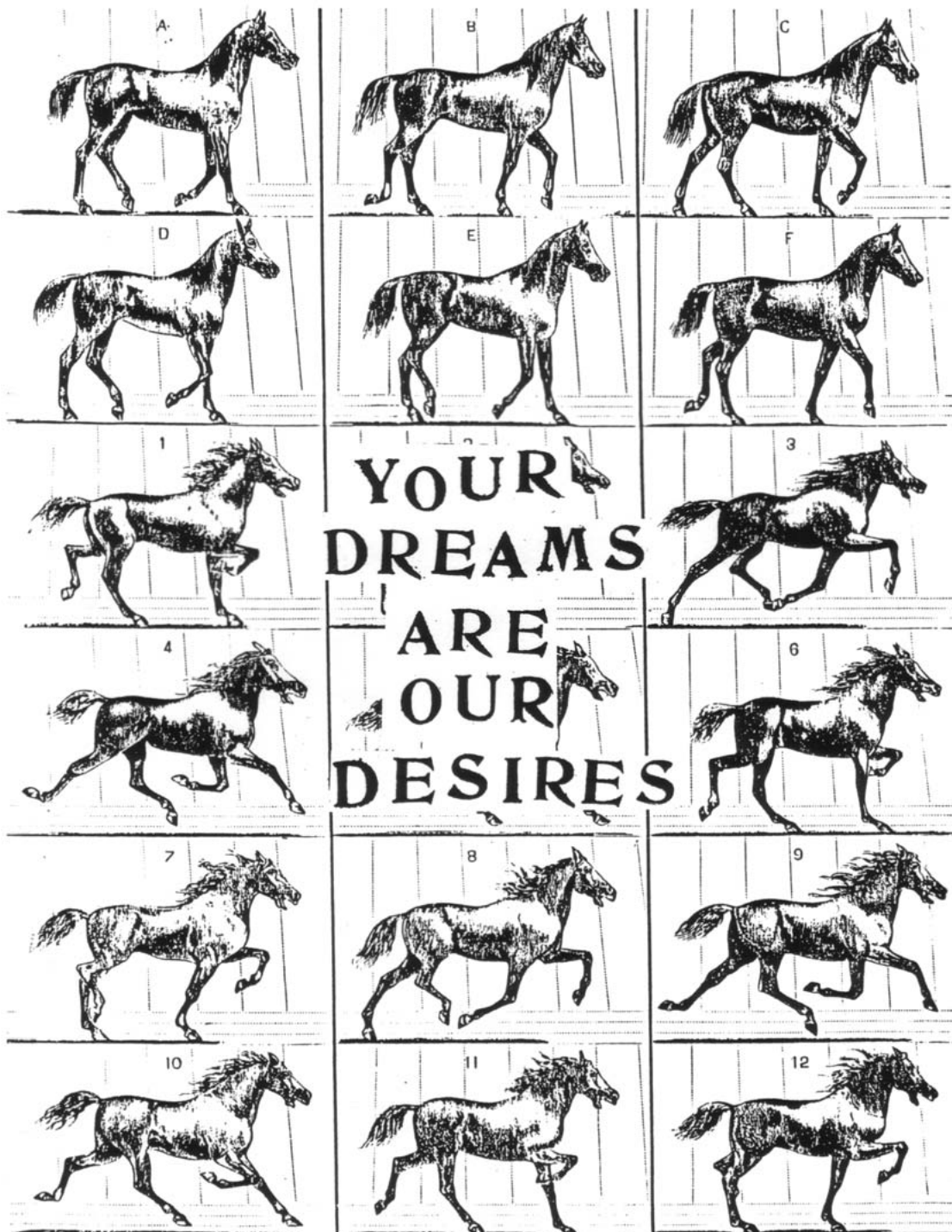
The race is paralyzed by volume, loudness, amplitude, shouting, explosions; every sonic initiative is yet another blur of distortion. [N°2



ALTE KINDER

FUNKY DETOURNEMENT





The Festival

LET US make a scapegoat out of care. Ever since Adam, mankind has been seeking scapegoats as a convenient way to pass the buck, thereby avoiding precise scientific analysis. Thus the use of the term "care" is somewhat hazardous simply because it prevails as the common ground of the deceived gaze, false consciousness and dominated awareness. The Tape-beatles, however, share sets of concerns that give their work greater accord. "Make sense! Be fair! Have fun!", to which the Tape-beatles propose to append, "Who cares!"

It becomes apparent in the society of the spectacle that, above all, we are asked to care. Care is a prison that shackles the flaming heart of life. Cares lap upon the shores of rapid progress and meaningful achievements, relentlessly eroding them away. Moreover, it becomes apparent, after cautious reflection and unceasing study, that the colonizers of awareness would be rendered powerless in the absence of care. Those who partake in the vast control of the spectacle so as to harvest the rewards of the exploiter require, above all, that the exploited care. The colonizers of our lives utilize care in specific and exacting ways to get what they want. Both the precision and scope of their studies on care would be difficult to comprehend, and makes their manipulative powers formidable. Like the material upon which their power is based, they take full advantage of the principles they've devised governing care. One would be hard-pressed indeed to imagine a culture wherein insignificant care plays a greater role. Care is their fuel and their lifeblood.

In asking us to care, they toy with our existence. They call upon us to participate in a shell game wherein we are lead through illusion to value the valueless and care about the meaningless. Why choose one brand of bathroom tissue over another? Is one toothpaste really more effective at preventing caries than the next? Isn't one tomato soup brand as bland as the next? What of the immense crunchiness advertised of some breakfast cereals? The minutiae of individual preference becomes a mine whose depths are plumbed by capital so that the consumer's lowest whim is met. The broad spectrum of public taste is core sampled, interpolated and target-marketed in exactly as empirical a way as in the eradication of a particular bacterium or in a lunar landing. The society of the spectacle is a hall of mirrors, fraught with illusion, filled with misaimed purpose.

Is it not time to pause and ask, who cares about care?

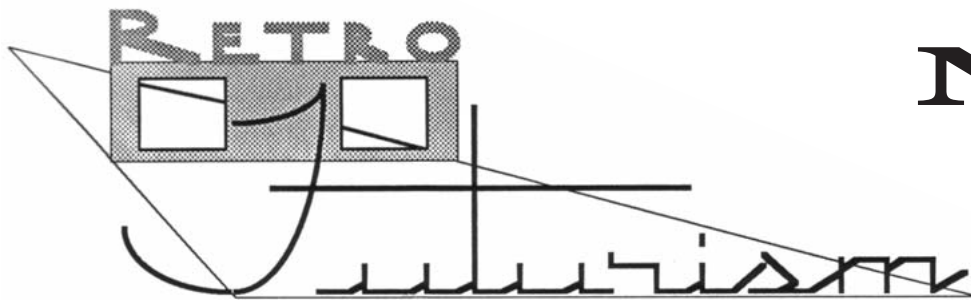
In the absence of care, we begin to live our own lives. We see clearly for the first time, the dust of sleep rubbed from the corners of our eyes. We find we have been sleeping the dream of a corporation's fantasy. We take back what has always belonged to us in the first place: the right not to care; the right to embrace only the truly significant, the right to live our own lives and the right to think for ourselves.

Let us destroy the destroyers of imagination. In fact this act is an exercise of the immense practicality of human intelligence.

Commentary by any and all will be welcomed and published. Write:

The Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City USA 52244; or
PhotoStatic Magazine, 911 North Dodge St, Iowa City USA 52245.

of APATHY



N°7

Overlooked Classics by Brad Goins

I. Rant N°2

Return for a moment to the glorious days of elevator heels, the Hustle, and Fawcett dos. I must admit that at the time I was one of the thousands who naively assumed that the mid-70s constituted a cultural nadir for the United States. Now I realize that the 70s were in fact a time of cultural resignation, cultural capitulation, and as a result there was a harsh but poignant beauty in the cultural products of the time.

Today many who lived through the 70s stand in terrified awe of the cultural fascism of the late 80s, and marvel at the power of the mass media's nihilistic and debilitating image of what it means to be an American. If we admit that Alex de Renzy's scandalous 70s shocker Femmes de Sade was the product of a decadent culture, we also maintain that George Bush's flag speech is the product of a culture that has collapsed. We find that we are cultural nihilists; after all, how can we revive a culture that has ceased to exist? We long to return to a time a dozen years ago when we could still find at least a little beauty in our decadence.

II. Review: Sweetheart (dir. Bob Koup, 1977)

Even when viewed from the broad historical perspective just hinted at, Sweetheart may seem like an unpleasant, even grim, film. The viewer cannot be blamed for seeing in this story of a woman who derives secret pleasure from the sexual manipulations of her kidnappers a cynical simplification of the Patty Hearst story for the purpose of turning a fast buck. But just as authentic as this film's cynicism are the efforts of its creators and actors to introduce real, if limited, creative energy into the bleak tale.

Like *Eraserhead*, Sweetheart submerges a strong humorous element in a persistently violent atmosphere, and often forces the viewer to choose between indignation and laughter—two incompatible responses. Although this review will emphasize the humorous elements of the film, it should be remembered that Sweetheart is essentially a work about nonconsensual sex.

Like hundreds of porn films, Sweetheart tries to explain away nonconsensual sex by asserting that it reflects the psychological quirks of those involved. Although the film does this with much more sophistication that is usually the case, many will find the result so repugnant that for them the film will be inherently negative.

That being said, let's briefly consider Sweetheart's formal qualities. The film offers an odd but effective mix of technical facility and dorky 70s production values. The script is intelligent, often witty. The director is masterly at interspersing several scenes by means of numerous cuts which move with a Beyond the Valley of the Dolls rapidity. (For example, the final sequence of the kidnap victim Mabel's masturbation scene features an astonishing 56 cuts in a 1 minute, 40 second period.) In spite of all this, we are still treated to generous helpings of microphone shadows, close-ups of unidentifiable objects or body parts, and dubbing

5. Listen to the teacher.



Do not daydream.





for lips that aren't moving.

The film's success lies in its cynical and complex black male protagonist, Hank. (I haven't been able to discover the name of the actor who plays this role.) Hank continually expresses his contempt for the social status quo of the white suburbs through which he travels with his companion Lee (played by Jean Jennings). As he leads her "down the yellow brick road to riches and minks and good shit," his words and actions constantly move between confirmation and refutation of the racial stereotypes held by the affluent society he despises. His contacts with others inevitably lead to ironic racial role reversals, particularly when he makes wise-ass remarks that break up the smooth conversational patterns that are second-nature to the whites he encounters.

The film's most ironic racial role reversal occurs in regards to Lee. This white woman with her white tank top, jeans, lifeless greasy blonde hair, and southern drawl, functions as a prototypical redneck, even calling Hank "boy" on occasion. Viewers who expect stereotypes will be surprised to see that Hank's power over Lee comes not from his physical strength or sexual prowess (which she ridicules) but rather from his cultural education and logical thinking. This is most humorously seen immediately after Hank invades the lonely "rich

suggestion that they take Mabel's money and run, for he recognizes that one of the paintings in the house is a Degas. Of course, Lee doesn't know who Degas is; her preference is for a glass vase:

Lee: Ooo, this is pretty!

Hank: Ah, that's just a cheap Blenko. Baby, I'm gonna have to train your taste.

Lee: You can't teach me nothing!

The theme is developed to the very last scene, when an exchange of double-entendres plays on both cultural and racial relations. When Lee says that domestic and foreign wines are "all the same," Hank replies, "In time you will learn to discriminate."

Susan McBain gives a truly masterful performance as Mabel—the emotionally devastated and lonely heiress who is willing to whine, whimper and gamble, and even risk her vast fortune, in order to feel loved, or if that is impossible, sexually desired.

The late Terri Hall apparently tried to give just as serious a performance in her portrayal of the lover of Mabel's husband. But Hall's acting is instead campy and unintentionally humorous; it is perhaps the most bizarre display of overacting in porn. The highlight of this performance is the monologue in which Terri lays out for her lover her plans for Mabel's murder. In this monologue, Hall not only pronounces every syllable (refusing to use contractions in even the most banal phrases), she also emphasizes every syllable. Imagine that process applied to such mundane phrases as "I have thought of a way," and "I am coming to dinner tonight." Hall's gestures are as stiff as her speech. Fans of Connie Mason's performances in H.G. Lewis's films will derive intense satisfaction from Hall's acting.

Mabel also has a lover on the side who provides comic relief that was probably unintentional. It's easy to imagine Jack—just think of the Don Knotts character in *Three's Company*. Back in '76, I watched many Jacks "do the hustle" in the Ramada Inn Lounge in Chattanooga, but none of them danced with a Mabel. Mabel's youth and sleek suburban hippiness provide an outlandish contrast to Jack's middle-aged hip sleaze. Viewers will find an absurd humor in the idea that the unhinged Mabel fervently wishes to pursue an affair with such a dinosaur.

In the climactic scene, all the characters are brought together, and Hank's physical and psychological control over them is reflected by the extent to which his snide humor controls their communication. After dismissing the husband's ineffectual elitist reaction to his wife's captivity—"Dumb. Dumb is the word, brother"—Hank places the characters in outrageous sexual matchups.

Those Conversations (introduction)

The dark-suited gentlemen bending over every night their muesli or scrambled eggs in the only thing Dining-Room of the Hôtel du Rhône in no Greater Geneva, might be middle-grade bankers attending an international convention. The straight Third World Debt. Or they could be arms salesman on a company outing—at 19—shaken off a teenage Nothing. Their appearance marks a directer interest or occupation through the expectations; his give signs that they are members of a Pro-control of the firm's international fraternity. It was on the point when a newcomer enters and crosses three years towards his table ('Hi Guys'), all the others nod flourishing concern while their quiet conversations, with the title, around the circular tables, in Italian, French, German, Swedish, Japanese, and American English.

Unless you heard those conversations you would never guess that these men were bad lines.

—Chris Mitchell

He then tells Mabel of her husbands philandering:

Hank: Now listen to what your devoted husband has to say. He's been making it with your cousin.

Mabel: No!

At this point, Hank uses the Terry Hall method of equilateral emphasis for one short crucial phrase—"THEY ARE LOVERS!" Words cannot describe the power of his cynical irony at this point: it's so funny because it's so outrageous. His delivery continues:

Yeah. He just offered me \$50,000 to knock you and your boyfriend off, so they could have your money, and each other... I guess. He thought I'd buy a dumb idea like that. How much do you offer me ... the other way?

His words have the desired effect: they send Mabel

Cruel truth about dementia

As discovered by NEIL K. HENDERSON, 1988.

One of the first things to understand about today's electronic preachers is that they come from traditions sharply at variance with each other.

Shares tumble in Hong Kong



'My weak point is my cardio-vascular endurance,' Bell says. 'I'm fast and strong, with muscle bulk, but I have to work on my heart and lungs. That means a lot of running.'

He and his wife are unashamedly in love with Drogo, and strongly protective of it. It cuts to the quick if they overhear a visitor saying anything derogatory. Jean says: 'Someone commented, "Not old; not new. I hate it." I won't tell you what I felt like doing to him.'

When they did finally descend to the surreal kaleidoscopic landscape of the Strip, in full glare of the television lights, a rope snagged, leaving a rather startled abseiler struggling ten storeys up, to a chorus of drunken jeers from down below.

Much more than this, the wretch faced a furiously united front determined that only over our dead bodies would we let our parish be despoiled. He crept away, sweating, shunned by all, miserably defeated.



PROGRESS WITH DISTINCTION

Didn't he like being found? 'No.' Sometimes 'OK, sometimes.' He is particularly vulnerable to being found by women, no doubt immensely attracted by his vulnerable naughty-boy behaviour, which draws out irresistible half mothering, half headmistress feelings.

over the brink and set up the mock-tragic ending which leaves Hank in irrevocable control of Mabel and her vast fortune.

In Sweetheart, the struggle between victim-turned-victimizer and victim-turned-willing-victim is elevated from a porn cliché to a sustained and sophisticated counterpoint. The effect on the audience will be rendered all the more powerful when viewers consider that the scriptwriter and performers who chose to bring about this extraordinary feat have long since been forgotten. The themes of Sweetheart are indeed repulsive; but they remind us once more that porn films serve as a brutally accurate mirror of the social disintegration of their times, and that rare films like Sweetheart can teach us something about the sad, meagre beauty of individuals who insist on creating in the midst of social decay.

[N°2

In theory. The practice was rather different. Two of the junior masters had a relish for boys in short trousers, which struck us as unfortunate. The Latin mistress, a well-built lady with the makings of a fine walrus moustache, had a way of squirming round in her chair and writing on the blackboard from a sitting position calculated to show the older boys the amplitude of her bosom.

"Where is it, then? Where's it all happening? Where are all the orgies? Why haven't we been asked?"



CANODDLING:

Scottish believers are brought to be healed

'Most of my friends are married and I love them, but I am sick of being extra all the time; I'm a spare wheel. It doesn't prey on me and my friends don't feel I'm a spare wheel, but I do. And I deal with it through work.

I had one client die on me last winter. He was 92 and had overdone it by doing the donkey-ride excursion and the Casanova Night on the same day, plus drinking a whole bottle of Spanish brandy which is only £3. His wife wanted to know whether he was still entitled to take his duty-free back. She got really stropky when I explained that deceased plane passengers lose their duty-free allowance.

They had a dream

She had been expecting to find kindred spirits, oddballs - 'I have always been attracted to those who don't fit in more than those who conform to society.' Instead she found more dull conformity.



You certainly wouldn't go there to borrow a cup of sugar. For a start they're not only off the main road, they're off the dirt road that's off other dirt roads.

And she had some quite horrendous things happen to her. Her manicurist and her hairdresser, for instance - they didn't want to look after her any more.

She is certainly good company. Even other women like her. 'She is absolutely harmless,' says one social commentator, who is not noted for being polite.



Fiasco

Americans loved things from other countries. So with my body-building friend Franco Columbu, who was a trained bricklayer in Italy, we put an ad in the paper describing ourselves as "European bricklayers". Franco did the bricklaying and I was the guy who went out nicely dressed, took the measurements and came up with the estimates. I bargained with customers even though I knew all along what the price would be.

People in America like sex and violence. He had laid on a squad of buxom Rambettes, all bearing his store's slogan, 'I do it automatically', across their scanty tops, who were trucking delegates over to shoot in his indoor range for \$25. For a further \$8,000 you could struggle out of his store with an anti-aircraft machine gun.



Many lesser men might have succumbed to, such show-business hype, smartening their appearance, having their hair cut fashionably and bits of themselves plucked or tucked.

Size does not overwhelm him, although he's learned to check with his kitchen door frame first.

Heady benefits

As the stars twinkled above, and we tinkled below, one stout fellow proclaimed: 'Damn clever, these Eyeties. All sing in Italian.' Another opined: 'Bit of a double-dealer that Count, trying to poach another chap's girlfriend. Had it coming to him.'

Paul's mother found her in a junk shop in Wales, and the Spices only discovered her identity when they were on a pilgrimage to Doc Holliday's grave in Colorado (he died in Jubilee year).

Not that this worried the man who has been described as 'a furry little figure with abrasive charm'.

Dynamism

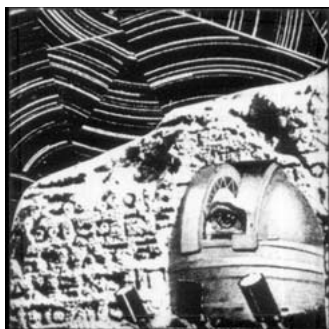
went out immediately and bought an orchestra with some loose change, then invited friends round for regular ukulele evenings. He called it the Bridge Club.



The Vision

Codes and Chaos

by Thomas Wiloch



Shapes of Fire

CERTAIN TRIBES in Central Africa foretell the future by reading the cracks in the dried shoulder blade of a sheep. The ancient Romans used a system of divination called Myomancy, the study of the damage caused by rats. Other peoples have divined the future by interpreting the patterns made by smoke in the air, or by dancing flames, or by the flight of birds in the sky.

All of these divinatory systems have one thing in common: each at-

tempts to find a meaningful pattern in something that is essentially random and meaningless. An each, too, avows that such a pattern will have a definite relationship to the future course of human events. "Course" is the primary word here. It exposes the underlying assumption of all the divinatory sciences—that life is a kind of journey through a time/space landscape, a landscape that reveals itself to those who are properly trained in detecting its presence in the most unlikely of places.

Art fosters a similar belief. Just



Two hours and two encores later, we all stood up and rubbed our bottoms and agreed it had been very amusing. John had a glass of wine and sighed – tomorrow it was back to briefs.

'I have got two pairs, but one pair is falling apart and the other pair is looking extremely worn down, like me,' he quips.

He should know. His uncle ran the changing room for the previous 38 years. 'I don't know if I'll live long enough to do that. But I come here as long as I can,' he adds.

The *kispet* ends just below the knee, where it is tightly secured with twine. The knee-tie, or *paca*, is of major importance; wrongly tied, it can become a handhold by which the wearer can be grabbed, lifted, and thrown. There was this bloke's bum and when he stood up to speak blow me if it wasn't a customer of mine who runs a ski shop.

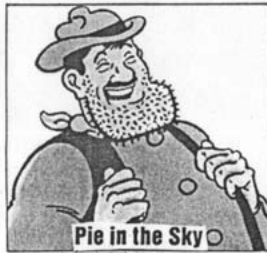
When Tom once turned up with new trousers with permanent creases – 'I thought I was being clever' – Joyce was absolutely furious and told him to take them off straight away.

His earthly remuneration is negotiated by his agent, but his heavenly reward will come when he finally climbs the beanstalk.

plot by Mafia

Captain William was not too dismayed; he collected all the plastic bags on the lorry, melted them down and poured the molten plastic into the gaping holes. Apart from making everybody feel better, it made little actual physical difference and we limped.

Anti-drink-driving groups said last night the results showed how effective even limited testing could be and justified further crackdowns.



as a meaningful pattern can be found in the tea leaf configurations in the bottom of a cup or in the star patterns twinkling in the night sky above, so the nature and purpose of our paradoxical existence is laid bare in the images of a painting or a phrase in a poem or in the sequence of events in a story, to those who study such things carefully. Works of art—like the random actions of the world around us—can be, if examined in the proper way, sources of personal revelation.

Art and the occult are insepa-

able. Those who practice astrology find meaning in the myriad relationships between the stars and planets much as a television viewer can, by observing the myriad points of light on a screen and listening to the sounds from a speaker, discern a "story". The process is virtually the same.

Of course, one major difference between the patterns of the stars and those found on the television screen is that one is not intended to convey meaning and the other is. Or so we believe. But perhaps

WHEN YOU'RE EATING OUT, EAT OUT.

'In 1365 John Russell, a poulter, was charged with exposing 37 pigeons for sale, putrid, rotten, stinking, and abominable to the human race; to the scandal, contempt and disgrace of the City. He was sentenced to the pillory and the said pigeons were burnt under him. ...'

'The thing is like poison. You've got to get it out. The people who tried to sit on it, to repress it and carry on as usual, were the ones who worried us.' According to Dr Versteeg, of the two people who had been the most reluctant to talk, one attempted suicide and the other became psychotic and had to be hospitalised.



Snow is on the way, sad skiers are promised

On the first Sunday in July, in south-west London, a good-looking 22-year-old vaulted over the barricades and clambered, almost Tarzan-like, up the metaphorical Virginia creeper that makes sedate and snooty Wimbledon what it is.

Facing a raging drunk with a broken bottle presents a similar problem to

But what if he won't let you?

dealing with a gunman. So does handling a drug crazed kid with a knife. Or even domestic disputes. (Most murders are family affairs.)

The spectacle includes a policeman who turns into a dragon, the sex life of planets, the angel who guarded the Garden of Eden and who lurks in the ultimate desert.

(Quizzical looks all round)

TREVOR (still looking at his watch): Look, it's getting late and I've got another six meetings tonight. What do you think?

THE BOYS: Great idea. Thank God for that. Can't think of anybody else. What time is the bloody meeting supposed to end?

TREVOR: Right, that's settled. Next item?



Cruelty

there is a logical reason behind the placement of the stars in our sky. A Creator, or aliens, or an unknown physical force may have positioned them just so for a definite purpose. If so, the the astrologers may be on to something. Who can say? We are all agnostics in such matters.

Since we do not know for certain whether the patterns of stars or of tea leaves or of smoke in the air are truly random, we must keep an open mind. We must withhold our judgment. We must allow that, yes, there is a faint possibil-

It was taught to Pascoe by a Chinaman in a toilet strategically chosen for its waterproof floor and a drain, at a small country town in Australia called Albury. It took three months of eight-hour days breaking eggs before Pascoe cracked it.

'Skiffy is on the up and up,' says cadaverous-looking Matthew Bailey, art historian from Texas, wearing a diamond stud in his nose, chain-mail loin cover and two thigh bones dangling from a hook on his black leather jacket. 'We are counterblasting with a panel discussion called "Why are the British so arrogant?"'



Megalologic



We sat at the bottom of the stairs trying to work out who was what. We had no idea when we left for school in the morning that this was going to happen and it was a bit startling rather than upsetting. We learned *all* the facts of life at a very early age.'

It wasn't a shocking experience. But it was intense. Then immediately you step up the stairs each woman of the longhouse has a glass of strong rice wine and because of the intensity you just drink it down: Scot-

tish tipples such as Sheep Dip. Trost of the Long Knife's pioneering attitude towards marketing and brand protection in the fourth century is about to achieve the recognition it deserves.

'I could finally get up in front of people and speak and not have a problem,' she says. 'I forced myself to do it because I knew the only way you can overcome fear is to face it, do what you fear and see yourself succeed.'

She was tied within easy reach of mouthfuls of hay (shades of 'Would madam like a coffee?') and soon her rhythmic chomping filled the 'salon', producing the calm atmosphere essential for stylist and client.

Someone suggested that it was perhaps a lot more comfortable to be in the warm with an electric guitar.



Borneo?

sweet sixteen.

The spread of writing has a map of its own; so do pagan cults and the practice of religion; solar eclipses as seen from Nineveh; and the missionary journeys of St Paul.

'It shows you should never over-estimate the intelligence of your audience,' says Mr Casey, now, sounding like someone has just shot his dog.

The best times consisted of looking at each other, gossiping about each other and, most important, being photographed while doing so, particularly on one of El Morocco's blue and white zebra skin banquettes.

In January, 1938, in the Harvard laboratory of Dr Wallace H. Carothers, elements of coal, water and air fused into a new type of elastic yarn, which he called Fibre 66.

This was the first smog to strike London since the Clean Air Act of 1956.



Myopic merriment

I don't take out insurance: either life insurance or travel insurance or even luggage insurance. My life insurance is that I am working and not snorting the money up my nose.

'There's a whole carload - kids, mum, aunt and granny. They drive up, stay overnight and drive back with the boot full. They're probably violating some law about transporting black pudding across state lines. There's been a tatty rat in a gas mask running round all day, and a rather dowdy Superwoman. I don't want to insult the lady but she was a little too plump for it, if you know what I mean. Unfortunately the sub-group tends to hog the limelight and give an impression that we're a bunch of loonies.'

We could be in America's Deep South, but for the autumn rain dripping on the Bois de Boulogne, or 'Bwaa de Boollone' as the Duke of Windsor calls it.

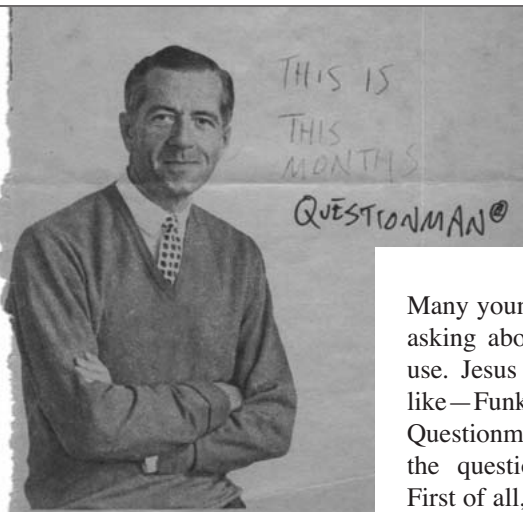


Sacrifice

ity that the cracks in the sidewalk may hold the key to our future lives. We must keep the door open to the chance that the clouds rolling across the heavens may be speaking to us in a language we have not yet suspected or deciphered.

Perhaps even this simple text, so easy to read and understand, may reveal to us, if scrutinized properly and with sufficient gravity of purpose, chasms of hitherto concealed revelations.

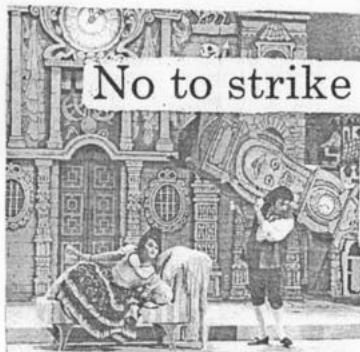
[no. 6



QUESTIONMAN®

Lies

Many young people have written in asking about lies; their nature and use. Jesus Christ! What do I look like—Funk and Wagnal's? I'm the Questionman®, aren't I? I'll ask the questions around her, dwüb. First of all, what do we know about



No to strike

Suspended sentence

It's not a sexual relationship, although he'd like it to be.

It's like laughter in another room I suppose. Everyone else's part always seems to be having more fun than one's own...

humpbacked 'elephant' rocks. In the country villages, Malays fish and farm as they have for centuries; their very quietness makes them appear aloof, but the Malay is happy-go-lucky, smiling and kindly.

Dearer parking

Don't get him on sausages. He will talk endlessly about the transcendental beauty of the perfect sausage. His, of course, are perfect.

But next morning he had bad news. The couple had gone off on holiday to America. That, you see, is the trouble with older people:

(fearsomely spiked boots, elbow- and knee-pads, hand-guards and helmets, plus-fours for traditionalists, Lurex suits for the go-faster flyers, gauntlets and gloves).

People seem to be either a banger, a scraper or a blower. I was always a blower.

'Bless her,' everyone gushes through clenched teeth as some genetically-affiliated small person runs over various feet with sharp roller-skates before throwing up on the Chesterfield... She was very much her own person; even then she was totally shut off in her own world. She was a year old before she ever smiled. However much I tried I couldn't get a close association.

When the curtain started to draw on me at Longleaze the Barneses, who own this place, said, 'You come up here and bring your chickens; so that's what I did.

Fanatic for perfection

£40,000
IN CASH
1ST PRIZE
CHOICE

£4,000
A YEAR
FOR LIFE
1ST PRIZE
CHOICE

Extraordinary money

Why Bimbo Charles has the Ab-Dabs

If you hire someone for a specific fee, because you need their services some, but not all, of the time, "you do not have to house them, service them with secretaries or coffee; or pension them".

I'm a player rather than a watcher anyway, always have been. I don't like sitting watching other people do things - I like to have a go myself.

She is referring to her mob cap and long skirt. 'Going up and down the iron staircase carrying the pots and pans and dishes isn't easy.'

Sometimes a player will fall on the floor and you might tread on him by accident. Absolute tragedy when it happens... They can follow Queen Victoria's children in ransacking the aristocratic Euro-talent. Without fear of making too many waves, today's pack are free to marry Roman Catholics, slightly older women or outstanding yuppie career girls.



homeless big wheel



I particularly enjoyed the sight of a row of huge lesbians chanting in unison: 'Two, four, six, eight. How d'ya know your grandma's straight?'... 'It gives you a glimmer of hope,' says John, 'something to cling on to in the chaos of grief.'

the truth? There are things that are true, absolutely true, necessarily true, conditionally true, completely true, partially true, probably true, momentarily true, things that could be true and things that are not true. Things that are not true are lies. But we accept the "fact" that they are not true. How can anything regarded as not true have anything to do with "fact"? What do you know when you know a lie? Granted it is beneficial to know that something is a lie so that in being misled by a particular statement, concept,

belief, or doctrine, one does not cause harm to one's self or others. Unless that harm is desired. But what happens to the lie after it has been disbelieved and the dangers inherent in it have been avoided or stopped? Is it still a lie? When an idea does not succeed in fulfilling its pre-ordained function (in this case an untruth designed to be believed), does it still exist? In short, is an idea that does not work an idea at all? Are lies and the truth merely two ways of looking at a given problem? What about lying about lying?

If you are lying and then deny it, is that denial another lie or part of the original lie? What about telling the truth and then lying about telling the truth? Of what use are known lies? Can the blatant lie be used for artistic purposes? Are known lies a part or product of irony? Is proving something more interesting than believing it? Does it then follow that science is more interesting than religion? Do you like apples? God dammit, I want answers from you people. Answer any or all of my questions (no "yes/

Exciting



1910... 11 acres by the sea... swim, fish, read and unwind... red security phone at his shoulder... every day an adventure... smell of urine in the lift and a hallway blackened where children started a fire. 'We're quite lucky really,' says Johns. 'A lot of the flats have damp.'

problems: there is nowhere to dispose of the detritus of a few thousand Eskimos. Garbage can not be buried because the ground is always icy. To see the country I take a train and the train breaks down three times. The Australians fall about laughing: 'It was a Pommie engine, see!'

Fresh lead in murder probe

Earl has not yet proved himself capable of sitting at the big table with the grown-ups. 'He's a gadfly,' says a merchant banker. 'He never gets a big enough cannon to shoot the castle down.'... A skilled horseman, sometime Texas ranger and then early heart-throb, he did his own daredevil stunts before retiring in 1934, only to be killed six years later in a car crash.

This time the fly was ensnared and the phone went down with a brisk: 'Got him, the silly old fart.'



Wealth

People living on their own actually need drink, with occasional video nasties to relieve the monotony.

They see a guy who has been around the block a couple of times and still hasn't lost his ability to be sensitive - or lost his sense of humour...

free-for-all: slapping, cuffing, gripping, grasping, pulling, slipping, holding and throwing. Suddenly, a flash of flesh, a roll, a roar, it's over.

Of course, there is a snag.

Strip search

THE WAGES OF SIN

Finally, Agatha was led away for a wash with warm soapy water, a hard scrubbing brush and a lot of elbow grease.

Consequently, I remained starstruck about her for the rest of her life. She died at the age of 94. She is from her large nipples to her luscious bottom, perfectly and gloriously disgusting.

From this crack a venomous tiger-snake slid one Boxing Day while they were watching television, and was promptly blasted by Alex's shotgun.



Molecules

She was born and bred in the Calton district in the East End of Glasgow; her Irish grandfather was a fish porter and her father a lamplighter.

'But I love him.' He's an intellectual, who has to be very careful to hide his light under a bushel.

where drunken and uncoordinated Hoorays could be persuaded to Charleston till dawn and dissuaded from topping up the tuba with champagne.

You can tell this is the Latin American section because of the music being played by the Andy Ross Orchestra.

'Not likely,' he said, 'you can drink it black.'



no" responses). Make up algebraic or physics formulas to prove your point or its opposite. Show all work. Send your answers to:

The Questionman®
c/o Information Archive
376 S Sackett #3L
Brooklyn NY 11231

And you could win something really nice. No deadline, no fee, and I ain't lyin'. [N°1

Præcisio

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by Geof Huth

WE PROBABLY FIRST understand nothingness as something visually absent: a gap to be filled, the universe w/ all the stars blacked out, a glaring white. Sight is the sense that proves to us that something is here. If we cannot hear, maybe our hearing is gone, temporarily disturbed. If we cannot taste or smell, we have merely lost those subtle ways of understanding the world. But if we cannot see, we have lost the world; there is no way to find it again, except minimally thru the surface of sense or touch. Our vision of the world is that we can see it, & it disappears at that sense first.

Even in a præcisio based on writ-

She was a very dynamic woman. There was a gangster around at that time called Jack Spot. He was in the protection racket like the Krays, and when he came round threatening my father, Josie went straight out the back, where all the eel boxes were, and just tore at his face, great scratches down each cheek. By the time my dad went out to talk to him he'd disappeared. East End men respected women with guts like that; we never heard from Jack Spot again.

'He was furious. He said "Don't ever call my daughter again!" I said, "Dad, please, that was Jack Nicholson!"'



Money

The fish-mongers, for example, check some 400 tons of fish daily at Billingsgate, and, among other fishy duties, keep an officer in Scotland to watch out for illegal salmon-fishing.

The Mud Pie will set you back a little under £2 and everything else in the café is reasonably priced. The builders describe the decorations and furnishings as a 'we think you're special' look.

Both of them enjoy saying nice things about each other. He turned to her and pinched her cheek. 'No one else would be as tolerant as you.'



Barbara confesses to a dislike of mechanical things but accepted the commission for the London Docklands Light Railway cake because, with the actual blueprint plans to work from, she thought it would be easy.

'That is the main reason I'm against putting workers into protective clothing. It's far better to make sure that radiation is not a problem in the first place.'

Heartlessly abandoned



Move to ban gay

He has condemned the Supreme Court and Congress as institutions "damned by God" and once said, "Don't ever bargain with Jesus, He's a Jew." It wouldn't enter my head not to be direct, if the question is germane and reasonable and polite and not offensive.

'And the actual take, the supreme moment of doing it, is still pretty good, possibly because these days I'm much more aware how easily you can fail.'

Explosive incident



Bishop dies **INSANE**

Nothing like that happens in Broadstairs, where people search for years for the right trim or snippet of lace.

I stepped out on to the runway to sniff my first breath of Antarctic air. 'Cooee, Ka-a-tie!' 'Yoo-ho!'. They nuzzle and nestle and snuffle around the salon, leaning their heavy weight against the legs of the dinner guests. 'Naughty boy,' says the Duchess, as Disraeli scrambles over the silken sofa.

"Please," she said when we knocked on her door and barged in. "I don't want... I told *The Sunday Times* not to come. I don't like to make any more propaganda."



Power

NO AGENCY... NO HASSLE...

"I don't do anything very much now. I do the housework, and then Harry comes in at midday and I cook him a meal and then James comes in at half three and I cook his meal and by the time I've washed up and cleared away the day seems to have gone. I feel empty, you know, dead. I haven't any interest in anything."



DEMOCRACY: JUSTICE IN NUMBERS



Fresh jail term



The Shakespeares from Bicester can afford to keep Richard at the institute until December. After that, said Eleanor Shakespeare, they would put their house on the market, sell up to pay his way, rather than sell out and take him home.

"We've been learning Romany ways — some of them quite funny — and we're picking up a bit of the Romany language."

They have even been described as megalomaniacs and social climbers.

Admirable

It is a classic confrontation between the Establishment and an ambitious parvenu number-cruncher. The black wool miniskirt, possibly. As when amorously tipsy, you just weren't yourself when you bought it. Oh, and the horror, next morning, of waking up to see it still hanging there. They know better, however, than to lose that overall basic formula of nostalgic British tradition. The wallpaper here is bright, quick, honest and unbiased. It's not in his make-up to manipulate or adjust the facts. The magic carpets are created on three floors of a former trouser mill. . . . Both girls wore ankle socks and sensible practical shoes.



Romantic

Unquiet spirit

Despises

Strong stomachs

Silently caring



Mr Ongpin

Anti-stress pill breakthrough

Lost 9lb by now due to heat, jetlag and busy work schedule. Thank goodness I didn't pack anything fitting.

Knowing that anything in your home life may be taken down and used as evidence in a public weekly column might be somewhat self-conscious-making.

Then your cheeks go numb and you look for refuge in another scented salon.



Wyatt wins Worker quits

'I enjoy being pampered. I surround myself with people who can read my mind. It makes me feel comfortable.' . . . 'As a kid, I used to play a baseball game and come home and write a poem about it, but I didn't realise which was more important to me.'

Amazingly, he means every word. And even more amazingly, it works. One of his principal male dancers recently broke.

He demanded another stop; a young doctor exchanged two shirts and a pair of jeans for more bracelets;

He had managed to concentrate in one personage the whole gamut of Santas that existed in the US at that time.

POLE STAR

He's still protective towards them, but otherwise he treats them the same as men. . . . 'Some of us are not pronouncing the Hs,' he says quietly, and, 'You could have chosen a more opportune moment to blow your nose.'

'Also I discovered that once I had a white suit I didn't have to say very much, I was just this magnificent presence. . . .

'It turned out to be exactly the kind of plane you could get for £95. It looked like something that had fallen off a kiddies' roundabout.'



Helicopter escape bid

ing, the writing disappears visually. We read a title and then we not-read the blank pages that follow it. Nothingness makes sense to us as something missing from a picture, a frame around no canvas. & we are happy this way, b/c the nothingness is never out of control: It doesn't try to take over our feet and our chair; our livingroom carpet is safe. A visual præcisio gives nothing a very specific place to stay. Nothing is kept a safe distance from us. B/c nothingness is so conceptually frightening & engulfing (taking our meager consciousness down w/ it), 1234

we are much happier to have a means of containing this nothing.

W/ many visual præcisio, the containment of the nothing becomes containing the nothings (reminding me of my childhood & mathematical cosmogony: that the universe was formed out of two negative numbers multiplied together into a positive). In John Byrum's "Batesville, Indiana", four nothings (or nowheres) are contained inside four identical rectangles. Three empty rectangles form a triptych at the bottom, & floating above the center of this trio is the fourth rectangle. A first that is

that these rectangles are a visual way of saying what Gertrude Stein said about the denigrated city across the bay from San Francisco: "There is no there there." & these rectangles say even more emphatically, by repeating the nothings, that there are no theres there; nothing is evident in Batesville in many many way. But there is something else about these rectangles. The triptych is often used for Christian paintings, especially for those that decorate altars, b/c their threeness mimics the threeness of the trinity, the three-gods-in-one idea that a polytheism trying to be monotheistic

P R I N T



10.-22.-38 ASTORIA. 68pp-letter-xerox. Colin Hinz, ed. \$6 from ASFI World Headquarters, 349 West Street N. #3, Orillia Ontario L3V 5E1 Canada.—In honor of the 50th anniversary of the invention of the xerox machine. An ununified collection of xerox-based works from the all-over. Although it contains some very fine graphic works, few of them address the import of Carlson's invention, nor do any of them seem to find really new possibilities for it. To its credit, there is some fun writing by Amendant Hardiker (a.k.a. Miekal And) which strikes glancing blows at big issues of xerox: elimination of virtuosity, accessible idea-disseminator, artist as factory, immediacy, and machinistry.

The Brainshadow Conspiracy N°1. 18pp-letter-xerox. Bryn Craig, ed. \$1 from Cloud 247, P.O. Box 1132, Eastsound WA 98245.—A poorly conceived and produced publication that does little more than pay lip service to the profound issues of our time without dealing with them in any serious way. Graphically inept as well as ideologically quite brain-dead.

Central Park N°13. 208pp-7.5x10"-offset. Edited by Stephen-Paul Martin. \$5 from 50 W 72nd St #1514, New York NY 10023.— Central Park is a lively collection of well-conceived essays, fiction, drama, and poems with some visual matter thrown in to underscore the tone. My favorite was a

piece on *National Geographic* magazine by Scott Montgomery which rightly points out that *NG* is not so much informative as it is attitude-forming and complacency-engendering. The world is rendered a harmless curiosity through its full color depiction and distribution. Also of note: Pinhole photos of China, collages by Thomas Wiloch, "What We Swallow" and much more make this thick volume very much worth the time it takes to read it.

Certain Gestures N°7. 16pp-105x297mm-offset. David Tiffen, ed. Write: *Certain Gestures*, 55 Perowne St, Aldershot Hampshire GU11 3JR England —"The mass media do not represent a 'transparent' view of the world, but shape and influence our perception of it, and thus are potent agents of socialization, and crucial in the construction of attitudes and beliefs." One story here is told in wishbook language, minutely graphing the trajectory of a common life through the products that shape it. Witty and telling. Our lives have been acquired and possessed. Images and texts.

Cult Comix 10. 44pp-half letter-xerox. Edited by John Eberly. \$2? from Mumbles, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita KS 67208.— Not exclusively for comics, although the comics are the most interesting parts of this digest of graphic/verbal works. Inclusions range from the pointlessly offensive to the



CULT COMIX 10

R E V I E W S

aberrantly amusing.

Also: *Cunt in my Face*. Erotic poems by John Eberly. \$2 from Mad Dog Press, P.O. Box 47, Youngwood PA 15697. Is what the title suggests, with some artwork thrown in. Too much of the same thing over and over again for my taste. Far more effective is Eberly's *Ham*, a single page folded in half, which contains a variety of quite real material and says more in less space.

Document. September 1988. 10pp-A4-xerox. From: Philippe Billé, B.P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux France.—Announcements for art-outlets and striking xerographic images by Szyhalski, Sládek, Billé, etc., in a new publication, sequentially paginated. Contact and exchange with Billé (editor of *Bizaar* and *Pogo*; previous issues of *pS* review some of these), who has a lot of other publications and activities, including:

•*Catalogue de Publications en Photocopie*. A listing of the offerings of the xeroxist Billé. Anyone with an interest in specifically xerographic artwork should look into this, as his offerings are very assorted and exploring. Some very exciting xerage work is to be found in the pages of the publications listed here.

•*Pogo* N°35, June 1988. Work of Jean-François Robic. Gradual transition portraits from 60s-look to 80s-look on the same guy.

•*Bizaar* N°s 7, 8. April and June, 1988. Compilations of work by xeroxists from North America

and Europe. N°7 focuses on the minutiae of facial expressionism in line, halftone dot, and bitmap. N°8 emphasizes handwriting, pattern and grayscale in xerox terms.

Eulipian N°3. Don Baker, ed. \$2 from 2815 Alaskan Way, Suite 37-A, Mail #24, Seattle WA 98121. 24pp-ledger-xerox, colors.—A fast-talking multicolor xerox and computer graphic marriage, *Eulipian* ridicules the issues of the day with paragraphs about George Bush, televangelism, rap music, John Birch Society, and things from that familiar category. This flavor is mixed together with page design, heavy on the rubber typography (i.e., computer-stretched) and xerox granularity. So we see that *Eulipian* raises questions in two areas: 1) What is the future of the xerox art mag in light of lasography, a variant of xerography? [*Eulipian* opens a plausible door on this question.] and 2) Can the small press change the world by commenting on it? [*Eulipian's* glibness gets in the way here, in that its commentary=lampoon.]

Included with *Eulipian* N°3: "Heetseekers". Cassette-45 minutes.—Music to thumb through the magazine to. This relies heavily on rock and roll for its inspiration, although it's probly not what you'd hear on top 40. The songs include heavily flanged and otherwise affected sounds, and this knob twiddling is one of the more interesting elements on the cas-

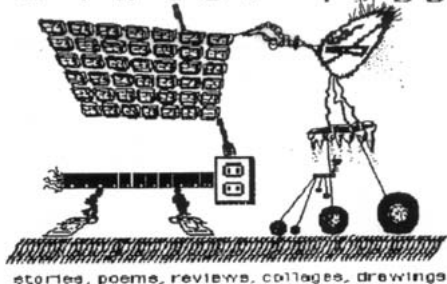


juin 1988. 88 Th 81114, BP 249, 33012 Bordeaux, France.

P R I N T



winter 1988



stories, poems, reviews, collages, drawings

sette. My biggest criticism of it is that it's too familiar: even the inclusion of appropriated vocals turns out to be the obligatory televangelist railing about some sin or other. Still, it's a well produced cassette with the sounds having a good clarity which gives them a good punch.

Inter: Art Actuel. N°41. 96pp-227x340mm-offset. \$5.

Published by Les Éditions Intervention, C.P. 277, Haute-Ville Québec GIR 9Z9 Canada.—A

big, thick slick in French, this magazine focuses on the contemporary scene; this particular issue looks at art in Poland and how it survives under Polish (which is to say Soviet) communism. Issue also contains well-reproduced art photography, as well as photographic documentation of various performances. Interviews, and a section of small press reviews at the end make this a stimulating publication. Provides an introduction to some unfamiliar names and activities that are worth knowing about.

Kallisti Vol. 3 N°3, September 1988. 42pp-half letter-offset. \$1 from Kenn Day, P.O. Box 19566, Cincinnati OH 45219.—Sort of mystical, sort of trendy, Kallisti offers fiction and viewpoints, letters, graphics, and fashion photography. There is a mixture of stuff here, and I might be tempted to use the word “eclectic” if the word “unfocused” didn't spring to mind.

MaLLife N°16. Winter 1988. 56pp-half letter-xerox-various

appendages. \$3.50 from Bomb Shelter Propaganda, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102. Mike Miskowski, ed.—“Stories, poems, reviews, collages, drawings, booklets, & original art.” Lots of hidden corners to peer into; little booklets glued in here and there, color (re)productions tipped in, and a denser page layout than usual. Also a selection of reviews and contacts at the end. *MaLLife* is one of the indispensables in the xerox zine scene, due to its longevity and the scope of its contacts.

Nada Vol. 1 N°6 & 7. 16pp-5x7"-xerox. Edited by John McCarthy. Inquire at 1459 W Cortez, Chicago IL 60622.—

N°6 is called “Flexistentialism” and N°7 is “In the ‘No’”. *Nada* has an attractive, albeit flaky, look in its refined selections of line and dot, diagram and text, cut up asensical constructions. Droll and xeroxy, it has much in common with fanzines and other off-the-cuff publications in terms of its image fodder and text mutter; but it has something the less interesting of these publications don't have. There is a sense that someone of vision is running the show, someone with an ability to take advantage of the process used rather than fitting within its limitations. Many magazines use xerox for *re* production, yet few make good use of xerox in magazine *pro* duction. *Nada* does the latter and should be looked into. Most other magazines just don't seem to be trying.

R E V I E W S

Some States of Being by *State of Being*. 24pp-4x5"—xerox. \$2 from Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082.—A page-gallery of figures and faces in a harsh xeroxy environment. Quasihumans stare bleakly out of photonegative landscapes; hollow eyesockets and emotionless expressions. Sometimes the grain is curdled like xerox and other times it is orderly like video; in any event they are apparently intended to be weird and disturbing, which they are.

Transplagiariest Fine A4 Artwerks. (*manipulation and stolen images, recyclation*) Alessandro Aiello, ed. 24pp-A4-xerox. Alessandro Aiello, via Naxos 161, 98035 Giardini (Me) Italy.—Compilation of xeroxist flotsam, with some very good images on these pages. Much is appropriated at random without intent or gist—it seems fairly clear that the notion of recycling, in which “finished” product is the raw material for new work, is the basis of this edition. The entire point of the thing is that this stuff is from other artists’ work and has been recombined into a completely new and different form. What constitutes “raw” material, what defines the quality of “finished” in a work thought of as such, and isn’t an image “owned” as much by the viewer as it is by the creator? are the ideas touched upon by those familiar with Aiello’s compilations and interests.

Untitled. Edited and composed by John R[ininger]. 18pp-letter-xerox. *Tradelinquire: Phosphorus Flourish*, P.O. Box 129, Dekalb IL 60115.—This xerofolio examines the imaging idiosyncrasies of the xerox machine; multi-impositions, dark shapes, ambiguous disturbing forms, all come out of the toner’s curt blackness from the night. Interestingly involved in the material of the xerox machine.

Also from John R: a mysterious package, wrapped like a mummy in clear package tape, spray painted black on one side. A velobound work, irregular size and shaped plastic sheets with xerox toner lost in the folds.

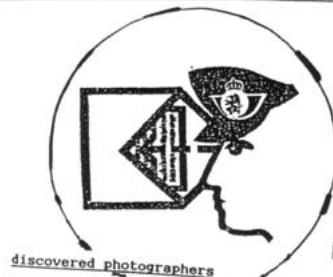
Whap! Magazine Vol. 3 N°1. 8pp-half letter-offset. Edited by Glans T. Sherman. Write: Al Ackerman, 137 Burr Rd, San Antonio TX 78209.—Perversely nonsensical and a hoot, Ackerman’s question and answer format gives him the editorial opportunity to set things up so that contributor’s work interlock in unexpected and funny ways. Mostly text, *Whap!* answers its ludicrous queries with largely impertinent answers, leaving readers in the rubble. Fun and well-written.

Publications sent for review are welcome and encouraged. Everything received will at least be listed. You’ll also receive a copy of the PS you’re listed or reviewed in.



Enrichemette Pratica Bonnard - Anemot.	1/10/81
Ames.	1/10/81
Le Schema Imparo (Germann Calant)	1/10/81
Storia (Germann)	1/10/81
8-Haus in der 7. Etage (Germann)	1/10/81
Le Schema Imparo	1/10/81
Poster Photography - Storia della Arte Antica.	1/10/81
Storia della Arte Antica	1/10/81
Front de l'Est - La Sicilia	1/10/81

willy-nilly contributors - copyright violations



Front de l'Est - Enrichemette Pratica Bonnard - busthewfive
Sorter la Chienne

THE EXPLAINED SIGN

0 serpent-respirator
1 best' awbening
2/3/8/1 Pluses' drawings before suffocation
2 seriously blotted retina
0/1 structures designed for immobile fish
2 hammering system
3 the persistence of Sermon

WARNING: enssawwere compiled by the 'anyhow creative'
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YOUR COPY — 637 —

PRINT REVIEWS

Schism N°21 by Janet Janet. Sase from 135 Cole St, San Francisco CA 94117. — Janet Janet has been a Bay Area enigma for several years now. She seems to only appear on stage, in performance, or through her provocative little pocket-magazine, *Schism*. Does she exist outside of these? She may be an enigma to us, but we, the world, are not enigmas to her. Is this the schism, the separation, between us? She sees what we cannot? In her latest *Schism*, #21, she states “la culture est l’inverse de la vie.” Yet she doesn’t come right out and say that; she spreads this message over eight pages, including seven images from the Paris student riots of 1968. In this world, it is a simple matter to distinguish culture from life, but the energy of an era can push culture closer to life. 1968 was one of those years. Janet Janet, extraordinary psychohistorian that she is, was there. The images over which this message has been pasted, pink on black, effectively evoke and invoke the human turbulence of the time. One of Janet’s strengths has been her conciseness. Her statements on things like the Challenger shuttle disaster, vasectomy, or plagiarism, have always been clean, crisp, quick to the point. The final image of this booklet is a repeat of the first, but it goes beyond repetition: it’s a recycling, meant to transform what came before. The process is ongoing. It seems weird to call such a small booklet exciting, but this one is. —ch

Conceptology: fractionating concepts by g.x. jupiter-larsen. Write: G X Jupiter-Larsen, c/o P.O. Box 92, Denver CO 80201. — “For myself”, this booklet begins, “eye am not as interested in reacting to old information,

as eye am in creating new information. This new information being a form of data which is neither fiction nor fantasy, but is instead the actualization of thought probabilities.” And so that is what this book is: new information exists in the act of its creation, not in its potential or result. This project of creating new information g.x. jupiter-larsen has entitled “conceptology”. But this is no academic exercise. Conceptology is “fundamentally the act of studying a concept outside the context of a philosophy”, outside the basis of any particular system of thought. It is an “activity in ‘multi-dimensional thinking’ in which concepts themselves are mentally cut up into pieces to form new concepts”. This cutting up is called “fractionating concepts”. The process of fractionating begins with a perception such as “John is running”. That is them represented as the concept “running John”. The next step breaks the concept into possible subconcepts such as r,u,n,n,i,n,g,J,o,h, or n. Subconcepts then can be broken down into 2nd or 5th degree subconcepts. The more degree subconcepts one comes up with “the more refined the process of fractionating a concept will be”. What is the point of all this? you may be asking right about now. The creation of a new, objective kind of knowledge. It is the setting forth of a process of investigation that has no academic, æsthetic, or authoritarian goal. Or as jupiter-larsen puts it, with “‘multidimensional thinking’ this is no ‘should be’; there’s only a view to see things as they are”. This booklet, complete with diagrams of the whole process of fractionating, is sure to change the way people will look at

concepts. “Running John” will never be the same. —ch

The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage N°12. “Suburbreal” Geof Huth, ed. Write: Ge[of Huth], 225 State St #451, Schenectady NY 12305. — The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage, or SJRC, is the only journal that I know of that encourages—in fact, exists for—the coinage of new words. It is known for the playfulness of its new words. To illustrate that, a couple words in this issue are “deKafkanated” (M. Kettner) and “constipassion” (Greg Evason). Both of these, clearly, are plays on other words already entrenched in our everyday vocabulary. As I sit here drinking a cup of undeKafkanated coffee, I wonder when these words will become a part of our vocabulary. They enlarge our ability to communicate our world. Misunderstandings are often the result of meaning misapprehended. These word-coiners are working to prevent misunderstandings in the future. These new words are made to fit something we haven’t quite been able to say yet. Start today, start with this journal, to improve your vocabulary. Put color into the gray shades of meaning. Do your part to prevent communicative impasses. It is necessential.

The editor would like to extend his thanks to Crag Hill, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA, 94610, for offering his time and effort in reviewing these works. Crag Hill is the editor of *Score*, and his insights will be a regular part of this section.

Work sent for the purposes of review is welcome and encouraged. Everything received will be at least mentioned.

AUDIO REVIEWS

\$uperinfection\$ by *Teen Lesbians and Animals*. *Cassette-12 tracks-C60. \$4 from Sound of Pig, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck NY 11023.*

— Looped found voices are the vocals here, on top of industrial-tinged rhythmic rocksong backdrops. Repetition is the mainstay because the short bits of speech (dubbed off movies, tv, or radio) are played over and over again. The background instrumentation is often drum-machine regular to the extent that attentive listening is thwarted; one's concentration too easily diverted by the monotony. I feel like I've heard this one before; something like Throbbing Gristle. —ld

A View from Somewhere. *Cassette-15 tracks-C90-includes booklet. Compiled by Mike Dyer. John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664 Station F, Toronto M4Y 2N6 Canada.* — “A collection of alternative works by Toronto area musicians.” Find out what's happening musically in Toronto. The works on this compilation are of a wide range; spoken, musical, tape-effects, synthesized. As this is a compilation, a generalization about it will not serve; suffice it to say that everything on it is worth hearing. The skill and adventurousness of the compositions is complemented by clean sound quality. Also from John Doe: Dog as Master/If, Bwana Live in Toronto. “The Sacrifice of Reason Tour, 1987”. Synthesizer, guitar, voice, tapes, effects. Emoting voices mired in a variety of noisome beds. An ominous, deliberate pace pervades. Atmospheric, and deeply engaged in its own portentousness.

Pure and Painless Pleasures. *Compilation of 20 works rooted*

in improvisation. This cassette has somewhat less appeal than does “Somewhere”; in part because some of the long selections seem self-indulgent (particularly Minóy's work). Nonetheless, it does contain some fine pieces. In addition, it is an interesting cassette for the approach it takes—it places nearly equal emphasis on instrumental improvisation and electronic tape-type on-the-spot inventionism.

John Doe Recordings has a small catalog out which exhibits a wide variety of cassettes they have available, apparently ranging from spoken word recordings to the extreme of electronic dither and found audio composition. Looks like it's worth checking out. —ld

Animal Religion by *Big City Orchestra*. *Cassette-7 tracks-C30. Ralph Records, 109 Minna St #391, San Francisco CA 94105. Production by UBU/BI, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060.* — Composed entirely of animal sounds, this feature length cassette issue is compositionally sound in every sense of the word. The animal sounds speak to each other over a landscape of stretched harmonic tones which endure throughout each piece. This is the general structuring method used, and it works well in the compositions “Church of the Sub-species,” and “White Slave Bird.” Sounds drift melancholic, float, persist, annoy, fall, flare, and are ever-moving. The production quality of this cassette is better than any before and enhances the effort. —jh

Back to the Grindstone. *Lp-10 tracks. Compilation from Gelatinous Records, P.O. Box 10023, Arlington*

VA 22210. — It's not often that a compilation album comes along that has not a single mediocre cut against it, but BTTG's ten cuts offer ten different and highly provocative workings of independent synth music today. The first (a “dance”) side features state-of-the-art industrial dance floor from Gelatinous Citizen and Nomuzik. Fact 22 offer up a slinky little number reminding me (of all things!) a synth-struck Elvis Costello, while the Industrious Fleas serve up a rich, thick, seething Fats Domino cover—plainly recognizable beneath the samples and reverb. My fave here, though, is New Law Nightmare's “Ballad of Doug Dangerous”, a torch song theme for a sci-fi detective thriller shot in the 50s (you know, tail fins on the space scooters, etc.) that must be heard to be believed. Clearly, there is some songwriting going on here. The flip, by contrast, seems to be the “sit still and listen” side, featuring more instrumental, atmospheric stuff. Mental Anguish and David Prescott offer mixes here that seem to sneak up to the lip of the New Age hole without falling in, while Dominion's “Voodoo Visions” consists of more concrete themes forming within oceans of delay, and Alien Planetscapes turn in a little composition that suggests...just...that. I think the stand-out, if there is one, is Lewis Francis' “Permutations”, a Japanese-sounding construction of almost cut glass radiance and fragility. Comps like this one are a tremendous shot in the arm to independent music (the album's producer even encourages taping it if it'll get the message through.) Moreover, this is the best showcase of this genre

AUDIO REVIEWS

I've heard in a long time. —pn
The Backyard Mechanics for Language. *Cassette-5 tracks-C30. Available from: Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Hts OH 44118.*

— A cassette of poetry, lightly accompanied by odd sounds and tape effects. The spoken word is always on top and its expressiveness is underscored or undermined by sounds in the background. A kind of electronic beatnik feeling is the driving force behind those works which work the best. Too, they have an interesting interest in foreign language; the sounds of French and Vietnamese, as well as English, are given the spotlight in a few pieces. —ld

Dark Days by *Somewhere in Europe.* *Cassette-8 tracks-C30. £2 from: These Silences, 55 Perowne St, Aldershot, Hampshire, GU11 3JR UK.* — It won my heart with the piece "Blood of Martyrs", an audio collage which makes use of some of the same music Buñuel used in his collaboration with Dali "Un Chien Andalou". Ah, memories from film school. This is a really well-done cassette with some unusual mixes of voices and generated sounds—the tone is poetic; not rapid-fire like the Tape-beatles, but studied and moodish. Underpinned with drones and pulses, music and voice float on top. This is a risky thing to say, but it seems to have a distinctly "European" flavor to it—the sensibility in the mix and kinds of sounds used, romantic and smoky, lead me to say this. —ld

Daydreams of Night by *Big City Orchestra.* *Cassette-3 tracks-C45. Zeal Severe Systems, 77 Solstice Rise, Amesbury WWTS SP4 7NH,*

England. Das, Cliff Neighbors, Robo, Mark Hosler (of See-land). — The most musically adept and productive musicians in the cassette network have performed the act of releasing a loud screeching nightmarish mix of animalistic machine music. Big City Orchestra are masters of the mix to which it remains entirely possible that the process of listening alone may not allow you to believe what your ears have heard. —jh

The Devil Himself. Level 13. *Cassette-23 tracks-C90-includes printed material. Level, P.O. Box 50164, Indianapolis IN 46256.* — The title suggests the theme and direction of this compilation cassette. The collective mood of the compositions adhere to that theme, bringing out a definite coherence to the project. It remains successful in this way, however delving into the devil seems to me to be an uninteresting pursuit. A great portion of "Devil" is instrumental music (acoustic, synth, and/or concrete), with some of the best work by Big City Orchestra, Tom Burris, Don Campau, X-Ray Pop, and notable works by Nick, Minoy, Ampzilla's Delight, and Petro Rite. —jh

Due Process: RRRradio, 12-15. *Radio broadcast-C60. Info: RRRrecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell MA 01852.* — A super mix of rhythm and sound which takes contributions from audio artists and uses them in a "...big messy collage..." on the air. It keeps your attention with it, as main sources change rapidly, with an underlying bed maintaining a kind of continuity between them. There are electronic bleeps and hisses, electroguitar stylings, and tapey effects, as well as talk

and rhythms ranging from the ponderous to the danceable. So there's a lot of variety here, and that said, I must insist that every transition between disparate things on the entire show was simply masterful. Every source seems to contribute without making mud. —ld

Also: RRRrecords catalog has video, cassette and Lp releases listed, as well as calls for submissions to future compilation releases. The "Due Process" RRRradio cassette which I received is wonderful and I highly recommend you write them for info if you're interested in artnoise and noise composition.

And: They're also putting together a Xmas Lp compilation for release in late 1989; if you're interested in submitting a cut, write to inquire.

Guffahw by *the Astorians.* *Lp-7 tracks. From Peg-in-Hole Records, 167 12th St, Brooklyn NY 11215.*

— Well, this disc isn't really Retrofuturism's line, but it is a collection of tightly laced pop-punk-rock tunes in the vein of X, the Ramones, Boston's sorely missed Not, or even a skateboard-toting Elvis Costello. Superb vocal harmonies tie together clever hooks, quality riffs and a tirelessly enthusiastic rhythm section. THIS is the sort of hi-octane tunage we should be hearing on college radio, dammit. Melt your Dead Milkmen records and buy this. —pn

Kwashiorkor: We are Numberless. *Cassette-13 tracks-C45-includes booklet. Write: Gleason, 215 Woodbine 2RR, Harrisburg PA 17110.*

— Quoted from the cassette-sized booklet accompanying it: «Kwashiorkor: A Case Study [cont. 1247

L I S T I N G S

- «Greetings. I'm collecting bits of information for a short video: projections for people born in the 1980s. Statistics and futures having to do with any aspect of living. From life expectancy to odds on an 80s baby living forever. Particularly interested in numbers; years, pounds, miles, dollars, hours, odds, percentages, etc. Your help will be appreciated. Please include your source if you send along some information. Contributors will be listed on a roll at end of video. Contributors will also receive printout of all info received. Please send this on. Thanks.» Joe Schwind, P.O. Box 256, Fort Collins CA 80521.
- A Basic Introduction to the "t.n.u." by G.X. Jupiter-Larsen. Outlining a theory of a transcendental numerical relationship, this booklet states that "...Different mathematical concepts are analyses of relationships in general, unhampered by preconceived notions..." Write: G X Jupiter-Larsen c/o P.O. Box 92, Denver CO 80201.
- A1 Waste Paper Co. Ltd. Christmas Catalog 1988. Recombinant wishbook from an imaginary era. Hilarious. Write: A1 Waste Paper Co, 71 Lambeth Walk, London SE 11 6DX England.
- Aardvark Mail Art is a catalog of mail art using aardvarks as subject matter. Drawings & collages mostly. Contact Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527.
- Ag Taisteal na Blarnán. Thrillhammer Vol. 1 N°7. This is Christopher Erin Yeats and his family's personal response to the Troubles in Northern Ireland on the occasion of his recent visit to his home town of Derry. Write: Christopher Erin Yeats, P.O. Box 20548, Wichita KS 67208.
- American Living "cleaned house" and sent some of their back issues, which they said are still available at \$2 each. All of them are heavy on edge-to-edge collage, one issue being fairly interchangeable with the next. Most are basically the work of Michael Shores and Angela Mark, although some contain a variety of contributors. If you like a sort of surreality relying on highly American iconography arranged in dense visual barges, this might be for you. Also received Established Patterns of Living by Angela Mark, a collection of drawings and a line of prose to go with each. American Living, P.O. Box 901, Allston MA 02134.
- «AUTOCEPTOR EXPERIMENTALIA. Specializing in precise modifications of future flashbacks, artificial imagination recall simulators, speech-to-collective memory mnemoptics, 4-D hyper prognostics, cambrum event processors & environmental distortion tanks. Advanced users will be drawn to the family of psychotronic beliefware & abstraction encoders equipped for 'pataphysical recovery maneuvers & compufakir gymnastics. Finally our newest line of image-nation noise converters & proxy earcages have anticipated a market 1000 years in the future. Get in the ground floor at Autoceptor Experimentalia. 24 hour consultation in Advanced Imaginosophy at very reasonable rates. All products are imaginary & fully tested to the parameters of the known imagination. For more disinformation, contact Amendant Hardiker, produkt imaginator, Autoceptor Experimentalia, 1341 Williamson, Madison WI 53703, 608/258-1305. A

division of Xerbudox Technologies®.»

- Choplogic™ N°3. Tim Canny and Eric Gunnar Rochow, eds. Xerage, photography, poetry, prose. This issue is a bit thin. 151 1st Ave #D, New York NY 10003.

• Copy Art: 50 Jahre Xergraphie: Fotokopie in der Kunst. Catalog of an exhibition held in Basel, Switzerland, summer 1988, to mark the 50th anniversary of Carlson's invention of xerox. The history of xerox is barely hinted at; instead, works from formalist/conceptual axis of copy art are well-represented. Also contains Box of Water's Steve Perkins' article "Photocopy and Street Art", and work from Europe and North America. High quality offset publication with some full color. Martin Klotz, ed. Write: Von Art zu Art c/o Fotogen, Eulerstrasse 53, 4051 Basel Switzerland.

• Copy Only is a xerofolio series of transformative compositions, unfolding in time. The phrase "COPY ONLY" is rubberstamped, xeroxed, the copy is stamped again, xeroxed, the copy is stamped again, xeroxed, etc., until the page has a lot of images of the phrase, each at its own level of degeneration. The ending is arbitrary, of course. Write: David Powell, 2/71 Riversdale Rd, Hawthorn 3122 Australia.

• Cramped and Wet N°3. \$1 from 3015 Virginia, Sioux City IA 51104. "A 'zine of Sioux City punk/skate culture. Fiction, editorials, typically punky graphics, "weird art, bizarre documents, fucked writings, crazy punk rock." Their words.

• Crow Magazine "...is dedicated to reviewing alternative and fan-nish film, video, music, books, publications, and comics. Begun in 1978 as AFTA..." Write for fur-



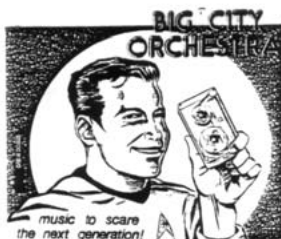
L I S T I N G S &



Voice of Americanism

Slide A
 NICK TOCCEK: Things to Do on a Saturday Night
 HUMBLES: Communication Breakdown (yeah, it's a Seppella cover)
 SINK NANTHATTAN: Death of Speech
 R.A.L.F.: Excerpt from Def Rare
 DAVE MUSEKANY: Fake Gold
 HDL: Dumpster Diving
 GENERATION WASTE: Unity
 THE WALLMEN: Excerpt from It Was Not A Good Day
 DIE TRUETEL: Excerpt from Demo
Slide B
 VAN COOKS EAR: Annual Blowoff
 GENERATION WASTE: Another Alternative
 BLOOD DUNLIS ACTIVISTS: Kuch Gear
 VICTOR POISON TETS: Get Out of My Head
 STIMT JUDGES: Paphasher
 RHYTHM ACTIVISM: Americaca
 BOB 2: The Future of His Country
 VAN COOKS EAR: Who's Gonna Try
 PARASITES: If You Knew
 R.A.L.F.: Excerpt from Def Rare

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ther info: AFTA Press, P.O. Box A, Wharton NJ 07885. Contact: Bill Dale Marcinko, ed.

- The Cryptical Oyster N°3. Michael Schwartz, ed. 16pp-letter-offset. \$1 from P.O. Box 289, Auburn AL 36831. Social comment, Neoism, SubGenius, other stuff, make up this journal of mostly text.

- Factsheet Five N°28. As ever, the closest thing there is to an exhaustive sourcebook for the small publication fanatic. See ad in this issue. Mike Gunderloy, ed. \$2 from 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer NY 12144.

- Fiji Times by Carol Stetser, who has moved to the South Pacific. A xero-diastrophic booklet describing the author's experiences in the Fiji Islands. Sociological and personal. Carol Stetser, 11 Rewa Place, Tapeka, Russell, Bay of Islands, New Zealand (until March 30).

- Freek Manifesto III is fairly premature. A little consideration for the reader would go a long way. Write: Richard F Woodbury, P.O. Box 2723, College Station TX 77841.

- The Happy Hater N°s 3, 4. Cartoon booklets featuring the character of the title; a faceless fellow committed to creating havoc from ordered situations. Sort of koan-like, somebody seems to get struck in the end. 40¢ each from Colin Upton, 6424 Chester, Vancouver BC V5W 3C3 Canada.

- The Last False Positive. Donna Kossy's demented collage 'zine is being replaced by the more documentary Kooks magazine. (Won't we miss the lovely overproduced color xerox covers?) Where False Positive is visual and surreal-based (with graphics rather similar to those of the American Living duo), Kooks has nutty

stuff from tabloids and print media lifted and reproduced. Write: Out of Kontrol Data, P.O. Box 953, Allston MA 02134.

- Lunch Hour by Musicmaster. Funny story-poem about fear and imagination, and young (mis)understanding of the adult world. SASE from Musicmaster, 4950 Bryant Ave S #5, Minneapolis MN 55409.

- Magazine 14 (Final Issue). Three volumes of poetry & prose; collages by Thomas Wiloch, cover photos by Iván Sládek. Write: Chris J. Mitchell, 11 Woodlands Dr, Glasgow G4 9EQ Scotland.

- Mondo Hunkamooga N°7. December 1988. \$10 US per year from Proper Tales Press, Box 789 Station F, Toronto Ont, Canada M4Y 2N7. A 16-page journal of small press news, reviews, interviews. A good place to find out what's going on. They seem to cover a wide variety. Send them your output to see if they'll review it. Recommended.

- Mormonoids from the Deep: An adventure game for the Apple Macintosh. by Robert Carr (editor of Smurfs in Hell Magazine). This is a loony satirical romp through a Mormon town, accent on role-playing. 2 diskettes for \$10 from: Smurfs in Hell, 2210 N 9th St, Boise ID 83702.

- L'odeur du Chocolat et la Mort de Jackson Pollock by Jean-François Robic. A collection of xeroxy textures on drafting vellum. The image of Pollock appears on the last page.

Also: Vélocitalique. Xerox documentation of a bicycle trip to Italy with diary pages and xerodistorted photographs.

And: C'est la Faute aux Copies sent along a small catalog of xerox publications. They seem to be of the avant-xerox formulation (heavy emphasis on xerographic

effects). Write: Jean-François Robic, 6 Rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg France.

- Open World N°38. 12-page contact zine from the mail art files of Rora and Dobrica Kamperelic, Milovana Jankovica 9B, 11041 Beograd Yugoslavia. Energetic and full of vim, heavily cut-up with lots of fragmentary info.

- Pandora's Mailbox sent along a small booklet, bound in burlap, with each page a mail art announcement. Contacts, addresses. Pandora's Mailbox, P.O. Box 339001 #349, San Francisco CA 94133.

- Photobooth Portraits by Ben Allen. Book reproduces a large collection of tiny collaged faces, identikit style, using the photobooth portrait format as raw material. Funny and lively. Write: Benjamin Allen, 1 Carnhill Ave, Newtownabbey, County Antrim, BT36 6LE Northern Ireland. Ben also does mail art and audio cassettes.

- Piermario Ciani, Xerografie Originali is a catalog for his show at the Centor Culturale A. Moro, Italy. It contains colored xerox pieces as well as lengthy text in Italian. The focus seems to be on a subjective kind of portraiture. Write: Piermario Ciani, via Latisana 6, 33032 Bertiole Italy.

- The Primal Plunge Catalog 1988-1989. \$1. "...first catalog from Boston's only alternative bookstore..." Mail order the finest. The Primal Plunge, 107 Brighton Ave, Allston MA 02134.

- Score Sheet N°s 9—14; Score Review N°9. Edited by Crag Hill. \$1 for 4 issues. Page-publishments with artwork on the Sheets, and talk about other people's work on the Reviews. A small taste of Score. 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- The Slapdash Hackery Factory (Final Issue). October 1988. Religion Issue. Commentary, humor, essays, poetry, graphics. Carl Bettis, ed. Carl will be starting a new magazine called Crooked Roads early in 1989. Write: P.O. Box 32631, Kansas City MO 64111.
- «S'mile Magazine Super 8 version. S'mile invites contributions for neo etc. Super 8 collection. Only S8mm, S-8 contributions accepted, or copies of previously published Smile Magazines to be newly documented on Super 8. or other relevant materials. Send strip of Super 8 (no limit on length) for S'mile Film-Magazine.» S'mile, Box 441275, Somerville MA 01244.
- Soma N°2 "Bitter". A fanzine. Scene reports, atheism, record and band reviews, some fiction and poetry make up this 'zine of Atlanta punk culture. \$2 from Thomas Peake, P.O. Box 35526, Atlanta GA 30332.
- The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage N°14. List of words defining the person who reads them. Write: Ge[of Huth], 225 State St #451, Schenectady NY 12305.
- Yet another Slow-burning Feast of a Few Months' Mischief in the UK, Maybe. Told in letters and found visuals, this volume documents the art they did while there. TENTATIVELY a cONVENIENCE & Laura. Write: Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203.
- «I am interested to change tapes with you, please send me you catalogue or your tape-list!!» This small flier lists 7 tapes from 1982—1988, mostly compilations. Inquire: IRRE—TAPES, c/o Matthias Lang, Barendellstr. 35, 6795 Kindsbach West Germany.
- Hal McGee's Electronic Cottage International Magazine dedicated to home tapers, do-it-yourselfers, cassette culture, electronic audio folk art, home arts, independents, experimental/avant-garde/electronic music, video, radio, performance, mail art, inter-/mixed media; featuring in-depth articles and profiles by independent artists themselves; also thoughtful & insightful reviews of cassettes, records, CDs, videos and publications. Issue One Published March 1989. 3-issue subscription US \$6 Can \$7, Overseas \$8. Sample issue US \$2.50, Can \$3, Overseas \$3.50. Write for display ad rates, more info: Electronic Cottage, P.O. Box 3637, Apollo Beach FL 33570. ph. (813) 645-4523.
- Mystery Lab Hell; definitional pamphlet by John Oswald of Plunderphonics [«...coined to cover the counter-covert world of converted sound and retrofitted music, where collective melodic memories of the familiar are mined and rehabilitated to a new life. The blatant borrowings of the privateers of sound are a class distinct from common sample pocketing, parroting, and tune thievery.»] which at once plunders the dictionary and offers a de facto de cryption of the things Oswald's Mystery Laboratory has to offer. Write P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada.
- Sound of Pig '88 Catalog. Lists some 150 different tape releases by this unusual label; international collaborations, electronic, cut-up, drones, drums, rituals, madness, instrumental (their words); emphasis on variety. Inquire: Al Margolis, Sound of Pig Music, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck NY 11023.
- WHNU 88.7 fm, 300 Orange Ave, West Haven CT 06516. Contact: Cliff Furnald. They sent along their playlist which emphasizes the alternative scene.
- Write Big City Orchestra at 1803 Mission St #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060, for a catalog ["What the Hell have we Released Lately?"] of their cassette offerings—there is an amazing amount of stuff here, and a few of them have been reviewed in these pages. Interesting thing is, everything seems to be released by a different label. Other audio contacts: Swinging Axe Productions, P.O. Box 3741, Northridge CA 91323; Sub-Electric Institute, 475 21st Ave, San Francisco CA 94121; CMH, P.O. Box 240131, Memphis TN 38124.
- Mystery Hearsay International. 28pp-4x5"-xerox. Mystery Hearsay, P.O. Box 240131, Memphis TN 38124. — Catalog of video, audio, electronic music and arts networking. Lots of contacts. It looks like these people are pretty ambitious, so if you're garnering new addresses, look here.
- Panic Contact List. 60pp-letter-xerox. Edited by Sri, Panic Productions, P.O. Box 1031 Adelaide St Station, Toronto ONT M5C 2K4 Canada. — An outstandingly thorough contact list for those interested in networking "experimental music" of any variety. The cover says "Over 200 addresses of individuals and organizations dealing with experimental music, fully cross-indexed, and up to date as of June, 1988." Updated editions promised for the future. Extremely useful for the cassette networker.

MACHINA.

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SOULS.THE ROMANCE.

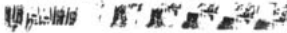
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DEAF EYE



deaf eye is looking for quality recordings (cassette or post) for a compilation cassette to be published in winter 88. Electrostatic copies from experimental to pop should send to: deaf eye, rather than etc. 86, now Berlin, west-germany. Participants will receive a copy of course.

IN AL EYE, BATHING NOW A \$18.46 XXXX BE BL IN 21 WIDE MARY

Kopy Kultur [production title]

Will be an as-exhaustive-as-possible sourcebook on the medium of xerography and its role as an artform and cultural practice. Since its invention in 1938, xerography has been rapidly found to be an indispensable tool in not only the world of commerce and bureaucracy, but also in the graphic and literary arts. The unique place xerography occupies as a broad and easy tool of immense and flexible possibilities merits more thorough study. *Kopy Kultur*, a sourcebook of xerography, is a project currently being undertaken by Stephen Perkins (editor of *Box of Water*) and L.I. Dunn (editor of *PhotoStatic Magazine*) collaborating as *Kopy Kultur Productions*.

We are now seeking submissions for essays and commentary (in either graphic or textual form) for possible publication in *Kopy Kultur*. We are primarily interested in images and texts having to do with xerographic process, but we will also entertain submissions concerning other duplicative processes. Send us your art or text work dealing with:

- artforms made possible by the xerox machine (i.e., which were impossible before xerox)
- artists (biographical, theoretical, historical) who make significant use of xerox
- xerox presses, small press scene, self publication or samizdat, desktop publishing
- xerox and its influence on the speed of dissemination of ideas
- histories of xerox: corporate, technological, social, cultural
- how xerox has changed business practice (oral history)
- xerox hoaxes
- other forms of copying: cloning, electromagnetic, etc.
- relationship of networking art, mailart, correspondence art
- the role of machines in art; the machine esthetic
- xerox and the death of the original
- graphic artwork done specifically for the xerox machine
- extensions of Xerox: lasography, color xerox, xeroradiography, xerocinematography, xerox and
- animation, xerox as graphic copy camera
- media that are easy to copy and distribute, like audio, video, floppy diskette
- social issues copying practices raise
- copying and copyright
- control of xerox from economic or ideological viewpoints
- the power duplicative technologies give to the individual
- subversive xerox stories; misappropriations of corporate facilities
- personal xerox stories, unusual interactions with the machine, cross-cultural observations
- anything you consider to be a related issue



Xerographie-Erfinder Carlson

We ambitiously hope that this will be a major work about xerography, a medium as yet not investigated in a serious way. We'd love to promise that all contributors of accepted work will get a free copy of the finished product. It's too early, however, to make that promise; so instead we will guarantee that *Kopy Kultur* will be made available at cost to contributors of included work. Fair enough?

We don't precisely know what form it will take yet, either. We hope to have enough good material to make a sizeable book, of several hundred pages, probably letter size or smaller, black and white, in an edition of perhaps 1000 copies. That means it will probably have to be offset printed. All this is assuming we could find a large publisher to print it for us. If we have to do it ourselves, the edition will probably be smaller, though we think the finished product will be of the same quality.

Be in touch with us! Let people who might be interested know we're doing this so they can participate. Spread the word. Everyone, regardless of their approach to *Kopy Kultur*, should have a say in this; we don't all have to agree—in fact, it'd be more interesting and useful if we didn't.

You may submit your work as double-spaced typewritten manuscript or on Macintosh-format floppy diskette. Visual works may be submitted as paste-up, stat, or photocopy. If you want your submission returned after use or rejection, you must include a self-addressed stamped envelope with sufficient return postage. Otherwise, we will accept no responsibility for its return. Send anything at all to either of the following [no deadline as yet, but let's get it rolling]:

Steve Perkins/Box of Water, 135 Cole St, San Francisco CA 94117
L.I. Dunn/PhotoStatic, 911 North Dodge St, Iowa City IA 52245.

from 1235] there are seven panels, one for each day of the week, one for each day in a sequence of not-painting. But, more than this, seven is a mystical number (like Batesville's three) that carries significance beyond itself. It is a prime number (a magical thing in itself), odd (unbalanced, two trinities and a spare man), & a number that has no basis in the structure of our bodies (we can think of five or ten as numbers that are part of us, but we have seven of nothing). & this strange number we long ago, under the influence of the superstition that made us have faith, combined w/ the structure of our whole life, so that now we live a seven-day week (in homage to the god's six days of building our world & one day of resting from the labor, wch in its own turn is an homage to the older superstition that made seven an important number to hammer importance to).

One of the shortest artistic movements of all time, Pure Photography, was my own venture into visual præcisio. Pure Photography was such a

narrow school of photography that I was able to complete all the possible works it wd include in one day. A black & white photograph might look like it is made out of grays, but it is made out of bits of black organized on the surface of a white sheet, so in its purest form it is either all black or all white. The black photograph must be exposed to uncontrolled light, so I turned on the lights in the darkroom, exposed the paper & then developed the photograph. The white photograph must never be exposed to light; it is fixed so that it never changes from its white beginnings. I framed one of these photographs in a bright metal frame, but I don't know where it is anymore.

Another præcisio, appearing in Lankford's "From Here ... To Absurdity", a comicstrip in Syracuse University's student newspaper, is entitled "minimalist comics". The panel that makes up the comic is blank. This strip falls within the long tradition of the comicstrip artist (low art) making fun of contemporary high art (in this

case, minimalism in all its forms). But it also fairly successfully becomes what it means to deride.

The most recent visual præcisio I've seen is on the cover of *PhotoStatic* N°33: "Cultural Property" above a medium-gray dot pattern, the gray being neither white nor black & so not as there as either of those colors would be. Quietly, this says, ha, there is no cultural property, we can take whatever we want.

So nothing can actually say something. Nothing there can actually be something we see. [no. 4

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from 1242] in Mail Art. ¶Kwashi-orkor, or K+, is a specific example of a cassette mail art network. ¶It is difficult to define K+, for all the Participants have their own impression of what K+ represents, its objectives, and its relation to society....¶It is my impression that the ambiguity of the definition of K+ fosters a stigma-free environment for the creative process. ¶A major role of music in western culture is for recreation. This music is largely defined by a music industry, and the majority of people are passive recipients. One objective of K+ appears to be to encourage people to be active participants that define music for themselves. ¶The proficiency on conventional musical instruments appears not to be a limiting factor for

the creative process. Almost every participant surveyed considered their mind and the tape recorder as their main instruments. ¶Typically, tapes are traded for other tapes, newsletters, and miscellaneous creativity. ¶None of the members view K+ as an avenue to stardumb or financial gain. What each member does receive however, is a unique collection of tapes that supplement, if not totally replace the need to buy recreational music.» They said it. —ld

Magick Television by Nick. *Cassette-10 tracks-C45. Lucky Baby Retreat House, R.R. 2 Box 644, Linton IN 47441.* — Upon opening this tape I scanned the liner card for possible stereotypes. Hmm, I thought: one guy (Nick) plays everything, some

mystic imagery, Aleister Crowley... This could be another Psychic TV meets Cabaret Voltaire sort of thing. And I was pretty much right for the first couple of tracks. But as I reached the end of side one, I knew something more was going on. Why, that "Magick Television" was positively catchy... and that "Still Water" tune could pass for New Age™, were it not tinged with a sharp industrial edge. And side two! "Duke and the Poodle" is industrial country, "The Ballad of Barney Fife" is c&w worthy of a deranged Marty Robbins, and "Nick on MTV" is—like AOR, man... whereas "Miss Popularity Plus" is a Genesis P-Orridge pædophile's delight, or would be if it weren't so dang happy sounding. And that's when it hit me.

Yes, Nick's churning synth/guitar lashes, cavernous reverb settings, and ominous beatbox programs can't hide the fact that he is indeed a happy man. And why not? He can play many instruments well, and avoids much of the self-indulgence that so characterizes independent cassette releases these days. If he was more stylistically adventurous, I'd call him a god. But I suppose he's as close as many will ever get. —pn

Mixed Ink by *McStinkk*. *Cassette-8 tracks-C45. Lucky Baby Retreat House, R.R. 2 Box 644, Linton IN 47441.* — This cassette is a collaboration-by-mail between one MKST (rhythm tracks) and Nick (stringed instruments), and comes off as an exploration of Nick's numerous genre interests. And there's a lot here: "Stompin' on the Snitch" is a rock 'n' roll jam over industrial thumping, "Undercover Saigon" is a lush instrumental soundtrack with a particularly nice violin drone, and "Hot Shot" is a bombastic guitar blast leading into "The Penguin's Dilemma", another instrumental romp featuring some

nice textures from Nick and intriguing drum breaks from MKST. These guys work well together, and their process seems to allow both composers a great deal of freedom to play with their ideas. Which, of course, backfires in some cases: the hackneyed sentiments of "I Want You" don't seem to have anything to do with the music's prominent industrial howl. But on the whole this is a solid release, and I'll be waiting with eager ears for these two to get together again. —pn

Power In The House: New Music From Nebraska. *Post-Ambient Motion, 5402 Camden St, Omaha NE 68104. \$18 for CD or cassette-18 tracks-includes art.* — The Collaborative Arts Project is the name under which the very many contributors to this project are working, and the list is long. A popular music sampler really—much of it mediocre, a few new age vibes creep in here and there, and a few good items, particularly the piece by Joshua Kuhl, and one also by Kasumichi Tatebayashi. All selections are very well produced, and packaging is slick (screen prints

come with cassette and rubble in box). I'm not sure how I feel about getting a piece of brick in the mail though. If you have the money it would be worth supporting this project. —jh

They Call Me Bwana by *If, Bwana*. *Cassette-11 tracks-C60. \$4 from Sound of Pig, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck NY 11023.* — Rhythmed slow, sounds of related timbre from every part of the frequency spectrum, these works amble along rather aimlessly, and this is one of their best qualities. I like the way in which these are dances, slow and strenuous with knees bent, arms swinging, and trunk parallel to the floor. Primitive and sophisticated. Grunts and tribal rhythms, tape-slowed down, and mixes that don't try to cram too much in at once so that everything can be heard. Are those violins that I hear? And typewriters? Good stuff. —ld

All recordings sent for review are welcome and encouraged. Everything received will be auditioned, and listed, if not reviewed. All submitters receive a copy of the issue their work is in.



The magazine for intelligent reptiles. Each and every issue is loaded with reviews of small presses and other media from such diverse fields as punk, humor, science fiction, anarchy, homesteading and unclassifiable oddness, as well as regular columns on many of these subjects. Surprise yourself by discovering a new world of articulate nonconformists that you never knew existed. For a sample copy, send \$2.00 in cash, check or stamps, or a copy of your own publication, to Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Avenue, Rensselaer, NY 12144.

TAPE-BEATLE NEWS

NEWIS IS SCARCE this issue, as all three of the Tape-beatles have been busy with outside projects and other, more prosaic interests (holding down a job, for instance). Probably the biggest news is their work on a self-produced new release, tentatively entitled *Music with Sound*.

The Tape-beatles' now classic first release, *A subtle buoyancy of pulse*; continues to sell well by mail order and in local stores. The Tape-beatles may soon be distributed by Missing Link, and hope to be distributed soon by other cassette distributors.

On the "live" front, the Tape-beatles have been phenomenally active, giving a lecture/performance/Q-A session for the Colloquium class at the University of Iowa School of Art and Art History last October 1st. The show, attended by an estimated 150 students, generated mixed but generally favorable reviews, such as: "One of the strangest presentations yet.... I've never heard of such art." and, "Ralph talks way too much. I start to lose interest." or how about, "It would build up and I would feel like my head was spinning with confusion then it would wind down—making your thoughts settle down and collect your thoughts then it would go back and put your mind back in the spinning motion. This is a different kind of work."

Or possibly, "I don't like the idea of copying or using other people's material. I don't think there is much musical quality to it." "Your expressionism has reached new levels and its implications are endless." "We need this in society—people who are concerned." "Definitely a confusing display of contradictory ideas... Where is the constructive purpose in their work?" "Different—way to go. I hope copyright laws don't get them into trouble." "It has no form or structure and the messages are very depressing." "The guy in

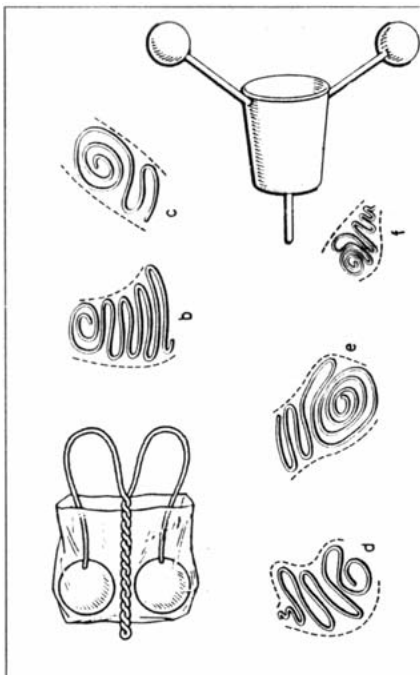
the mustash seems to twist reality to justify his distorted view." And so it goes.

The Tape-beatles followed up this outré feat with a mind-blowing set at local watering hole Gabe's Oasis on October 24, as part of a benefit for AIDS education. Interspersing their pieces with excerpted reading from *Popular Culture is the Walrus of the Avant-Garde*, the Tape-beatles pulled off a brain-shattering set, even earning plaudits (and recommendations for improvement) from local famous performance artist Mel Andringa.

The Tape-beatles capped their week-long jag on November 1st with a radio broadcast on the "Curious Music" program, hosted by Russ Curry, on KRUI 89.7 fm. They improvised with live mixes and played "canned" work as well. Look for some of the material they came up with that night on compilations originating at various point in the networking cassette scene.

Currently on the Tape-beatles' agenda is a lecture/performance/discussion for the Art Department of St. Ambrose University in Davenport, organized by Leslie Bell. The event occurs in conjunction with an exhibition of networking art from the *PhotoStatic* collection hanging through February 25. The Tape-beatles' presentation will include sound, film, and discussion. It will take place at 8:00 p.m. on February 16 in the Art Building at St. Ambrose.

Look forward to sometime around March to another Curious Music *RadioStatic* special in which Tape-beatle Lloyd Dunn will fill 3 hours of air time with networking audio cassette work from his growing collection. Rumor has it all three Iowa City Tape-beatles may show up that evening and help out. You may want to tune in every Tuesday evening at 11:00 for Curious Music anyway, which can be heard on KRUI 89.7 fm originating in Iowa City. —pn



PhonoStatic #9—"Concurrencies"

Containing work from across the US (and one work from Belgium), this "Concurrencies" cassette completes a matched pair which was begun with the last issue, entitled "Concatenations" (PhonoStatic #8, June 1988). Where submissions to no. 8 were encouraged along the lines of

"...the most simple possible audio tape construction technique: the edit ... [involving] a technique of lining up sounds in time, single file, with transitions, stops and starts, shifting rhythms, and unpredictable 'melodies' forming the main interest of the piece. Concatenations can be performed on any sound source using something as simple as a pause button....",

the present compilation emphasizes works of a mixed nature; in other words, any number of sources superimposed and being heard simultaneously, synchronously, concurrently. The audio on this tape exemplifies sounds from farflung sources and their interactions together at the same time.

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from 1219] ownership of the world. Thus courts of law, writs, record books and ledgers, the unfolding and endlessly self-generating quantization that spins through the brains of the population burst into flames. After the inevitable violence in the streets, this is the only form of class upheaval with any possibility of success. Afterwards, there is nothing left "knowable" or ownable; and any so-called implications would then merely be those of the enemy's Newtonian/Victorian machine mind which continues to crank and grind regardless of the fact that the people have stood up and walked away, at last."

Please excuse me now, I have to go. My friend, I will leave with you to care for. I apologize for being so abrupt, but there is little time.

There is still so much to be done, let us leave the praises and introductions behind and get to work. Better yet, we will all call in sick and leave our work behind. Let us set off on the roads, leaving everything behind. Leave your wife. Leave your mistress. Leave your hopes and fears. Leave your children in the woods. Leave your easy life, leave the substance for the shadow.

My aim is to write like a camera operator, capturing the details not only of a carefully selected scene, but the elements which make that scene possible, with the swift ease of a finger depressing the trigger, releasing the shutter. What is a photograph without the intervention of hands? It remains a document; a simple recording of light impressions made in a dark box.

What am I saying?

First let me suggest what I am not saying: A simple recording of surfaces is enough. The machine makes the art.

No.

What I am saying is that the picture is never finished. The meaning of the picture is not carried by the photograph itself, it could not have a life of its own. The meaning exists in the relationships of particular objects or subjects as they are presented to each viewer in the photograph's depiction under the terms of each particular viewers' way of seeing. A pair of scissors will do nicely to take that photograph to pieces. Then, by mixing the pieces

and with an adhesive, putting them back together, something new comes out. Now, choose particular pieces from many images and put them together. By assembling the diverse fragments into a new whole, a new meaning is created that did not exist before in any of the fragments.

Let's apply this to the literary landscape.

Many minds have chartered new territories through writing, populating a fertile scholarly soil with theories of angular momentum, psychologies of adult neurosis, stories of young girls in love, boys floating on rafts down large rivers, and men dragging crosses up hills. With such a richly textual world of text what need is there to create more, adding to the already overflowing heaps? The pictures to be made of this landscape by the means of literary imaging can be integrated into new and useful constructions to arrive at new meanings in ways similar to the photographic collage technique.

My mind is my camera, these pages you will read, my picture. [no. 5]

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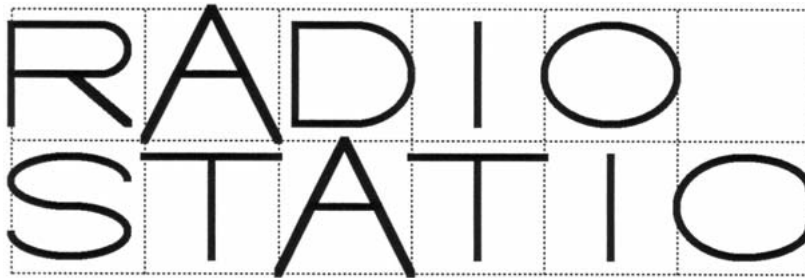
N°9—10/25/88

54. "Paragate" by Tim Risher, 227 Day St, Tallahassee FL 32304
55. "Saxophones of Reality" by Barry Edgar Pilcher, Letty'r Nest, Llanllawddog, Nr Carmarthen, Dyfed SA32 7JE Wales—UK. Excerpts from this piece appeared on PhonoStatic Cassette N°6 The World News Cassette
56. "Poolside Oracle" by Fred North, text by T. McMod; from MaLLife 15 compilation. Bomb Shelter Propaganda, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102

N°10—11/8/88

[Curious Music features the Tape-beatles]

57. The Tape-beatles live on "Curious Music" with canned and live improvised audio art work. Write: P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244 for info



N°11—11/22/88

[Excerpts from Audio that was reviewed in pS#33]

58. "Ballad of the Eighteen-inch Screen" by Rupert Wondolowski (with John Berndt and Karen Eliot) from Readings from Nether Lips. Shattered Wig Productions, 3322 Greenmount Ave, Baltimore MD 21218
59. Excerpt from No Be Many Maybe by Violence and the Sacred, Panic Productions, P.O. Box 1031 Adelaide St Station, Toronto ONT M5C 2K4 Canada. John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664 Station F, Toronto ONT M4Y 2N6 Canada
60. "Divide Divide Divide" from Songs for the Tribulation by Billy Dim, Bill DiMichele, 2390 Lake Meadow Circle, Martinez CA 94553
61. "Twilight" from Impressions by Duane Isaacson. Heartland Music Marketing, P.O. Box 5591, Coralville IA 52241
62. "Haunted Booth" from Defears II: the Second Cunnin by Ralph Mindicino, Bill Randazzo, Mik Rezanka, Evan, and Ralph Schulze from Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527

N°12—12/6/88

[Featuring selections from
PhonoStatic N°9 Concurrencies]

63. "Boing Boom"
64. "Kick the Chandelier"
65. "Communication" by X.Y. Zedd
Scott Elledge, #412 Hotel Quincy, 513 Hampshire, Quincy IL 62301
66. "Lampshade" by P. Petrisko, Jr., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079
67. "Children of the Bushwack" by Semantics Could Vanish, 1341 Williamson, Madison WI 53703
68. audio by Malok, P.O. Box 41, Waukau WI 54980
69. "Hey, Moe" by Mike Miskowski and Dave Wil-

liams. Write: Mike Miskowski, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102

70. audio by Chris Winkler, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082
71. "From the Tide or the Wind" by the Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244

N°13—12/13/88

72. "Due Process" RRRadio Re-broadcast, 12-15. RRRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell MA 01852

N°14—12/20/88

72. excerpt from "Heetseekers", cassette included with Eulipian N°3, Don Baker, 1822 NE Ravenna Blvd, Seattle WA 98105
73. "Stürmish Bewegt" by Violence and the Sacred. Panic Productions, P.O. Box 1031 Adelaide St Station, Toronto ONT M5C 2K4 Canada. From

the cassette A View from Somewhere. John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664 Station F, Toronto ONT M4Y 2N6 Canada

74. excerpt from "Random Sample of "Destroyed Music" by the Haters, %G X Jupiter-Larsen, P.O. Box 92, Denver CO 80201

N°15—12/27/88

75. "Destiny (1)" by Somewhere in Europe, from their cassette Dark Days. These Silences, 55 Perowne St, Aldershot, Hampshire, GU11 3JR England
76. excerpt from Son of Spam's cassette entitled Stuff '86 '87. John Harden, 535 Andrieux St, Sonoma CA 95476
77. "I Need You" by the Backyard Mechanics for Language from their eponymous cassette. Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Hts OH 44118
78. "No Guilt" by Teen Lesbians and Animals from their cassette Superinfection\$. Sound of Pig Music, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck NY 11023
79. "John the Madman" by Abstract Gallery from the compilation A View from Somewhere. John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664 Station F, Toronto ONT M4Y 2N6 Canada

N°16—1/10/89

80. "Les Iles Laval" by Djo le Chien, from the compilation Pure and Painless Pleasures. John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664 Station F, Toronto ONT M4Y 2N6 Canada
81. anonymous fragment
82. "Johnny Has Gone" by the Fleeing Villagers from the compilation Everybody Loves the 'Cello. Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkeley CA 94703
83. "Blood of Martyrs" by Somewhere in Europe from their cassette Dark Days. These Silences,

55 Perowne St, Aldershot Hampshire GU11 3JR England

84. Untitled #651 by if Bwana, from their cassette They Call Me Bwana. Sound of Pig Music, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck NY 11023

N°17—1/17/89

85. "Jude the Informant" by Fredrick Knud Lonberg-Holm from his cassette Sanctions Adopted. Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkeley CA 94703
86. "Car Crash" by Rupert Wondolowski from his cassette Readings from Nether Lips. Shattered Wig Productions, 3322 Greenmount Ave, Baltimore MD 21218
87. work by Floating Concrete Orchestra, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703
88. selection from the cassette The Family that Blows up Buildings by Face in the Crowd. Write: Rupert Loydell, 37 Portland St, Newton Exeter Devon, EX1 2EG England
89. "Arecibo (Non tha nok)" by Beth Learn, P.O. Box 165 Station J, Toronto Ont M4J 4Y1 Canada. From the Taproot compilation Text/Texture. Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Hts OH 44118
90. selection from the cassette Magnetic Phenomena of all Kinds by Agog. Write: Spyagric, 19241 Kenya St, Northridge CA 91326
91. selection from the cassette Songs for the Tribulation by Billy Dim. Bill DiMichele, 2390 Lake Meadow Circle, Martinez CA 94553

N°18—1/24/89

92. "Appelez-moi un docteur" by Didier Moulinier, 4 av. P. V. Couturier, 24750 Boulazac France

N°19—1/31/89

93. no title by Paul Thomas. Media Space, P.O. Box 152, Inglewood WA, 6052 Australia. From the compilation N D 7, N D, P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765.
94. "Whisky Island" by Izabella from their eponymous cassette. Write: P.O. Box 93584, Cleveland OH 44101
95. "Suite N°1 from Power Plays" by René Fabre. From the Poets. Painters. Composers. N°4 compilation. Poets. Painters. Composers., 10254 35th Ave SW, Seattle WA 98146
96. "Song for Vancouver 5" by Kathleen Yearwood. From her suite "Songs and Other Stories for the Semi-circular Canal. Write: Kathleen Yearwood, General Delivery, Riverton Manitoba R0C 2R0 Canada
97. "Two on One Guitar" from Deafeers II cassette. Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527



is hosted and edited by LI. Dunn and is heard every Tuesday evening around midnight on KRUI 89.7 FM Iowa City during the "Curious Music" program hosted by Russ Curry. Cassette tape submissions to RadioStatic are welcome and encouraged. Your submission will not be returned unless you include a self-addressed stamped envelope with sufficient return postage. Send them to this address in care of RadioStatic Broadcasts.

