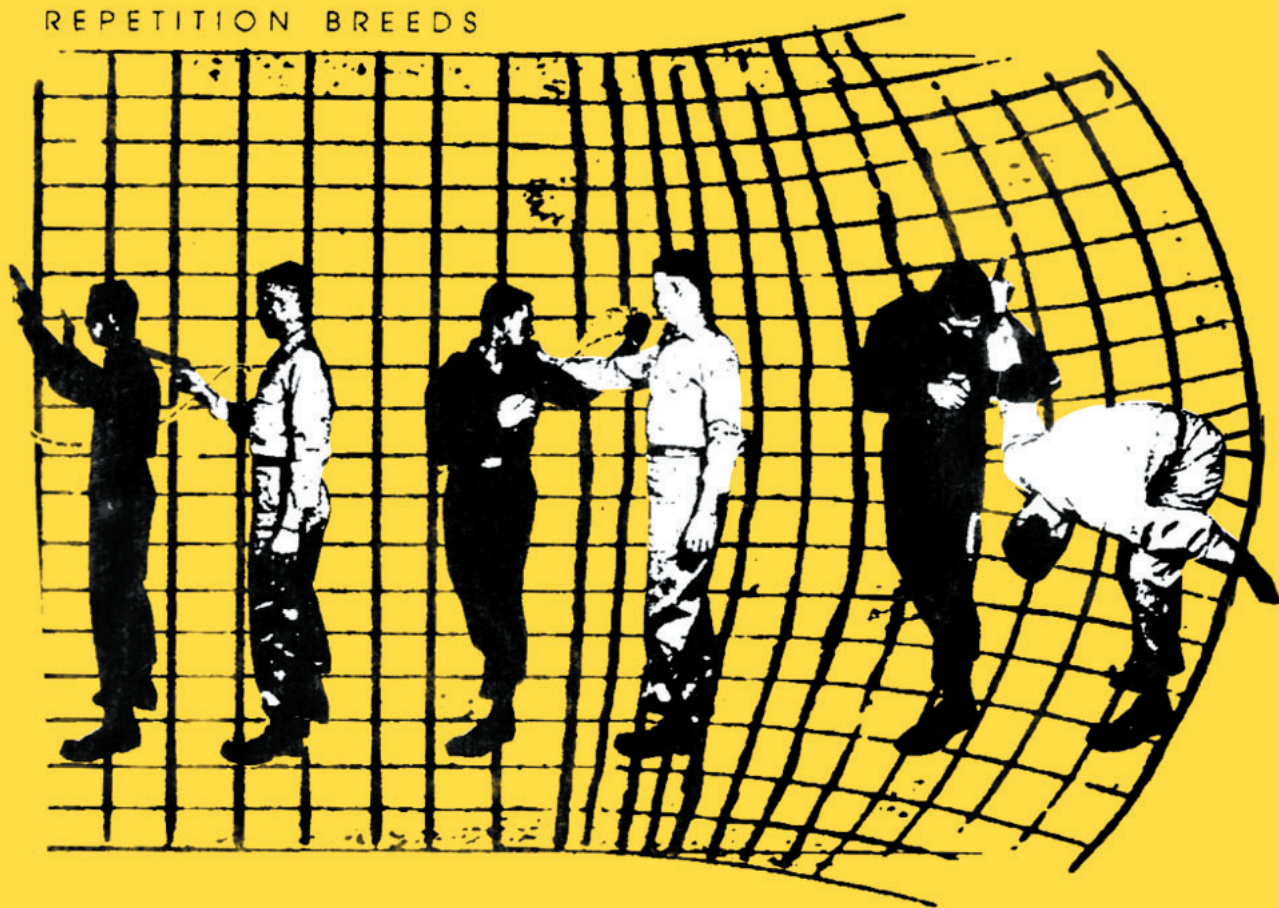


p	h	o	t	o		Nº35 April 1989
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M A G A Z I N E

REPETITION BREEDS



Report From the Front

Their ears found the frequency, mouths flapped endless postulation, our breath hushed in silence hiding behind references to former truth. What our broadcast had become becomes no one, especially our branch. Repetition of imagery, homilies in a sense insensate reacting to each other and no longer to our own inside information. Bouncing off the walls—so to speak—but not *our* walls. Covered cave paintings with a stencil and selling plastic covered hamburger on the corner of the market. Those who would murder, finally reveal their art, obscuring their motivation for profit, becoming the new prophet marginals, the last production and finally, the only game in town.

— John Eberly
11.16.88

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1266	“Alternoise” by Miekal And, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703
1269 right	Piotr Szyhalski, Ruminskiego 1/11, 62-800 Kalisz Poland
1270–73	“Paper” by Serse Luigetti, via Ulisse Rocchi, 06100 Perugia Italy
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1278 left	Joseph A Uphoff, Jr, 1025 Garner St Box 18, Colorado Springs CO 80905
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1296	Ralph Johnson, 52 Parsons St, San Francisco CA 94118
1299	“Vizlature” by Bob Grumman, 1708 Hayworth Rd, Port Charlotte FL 33952
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PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism is a bimonthly not for profit periodical of xerographic art, as well as “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 other contemporary, non-mainstream, culture.

Subscriptions are as follows: \$8 (additional donaions welcome) for one year (six 48-page issues), delivered bulk rate. For an additional \$6, you will receive two 45-minute issues of the PhonoStatic audio cassette series. To Canada/Mexico: \$10/\$18 respectively. Submissions: anything is welcome; please include a self-

addressed stamped envelope (SASE) if you want your work returned after use or rejection, or else it will find a permanent home in our archives. Send an SASE with your request for a free catalog of what's currently available. PhotoStatic Magazine and PhonoStatic Cassettes are ISSN 0893-4835, and are edited by

Lloyd Dunn in Iowa City. Retrofuturism is edited by the Tape-beatles. These publications are sponsored by The Drawing Legion, a nonprofit intermedia art and performance company based in Iowa City. Address all correspondence to psrf@detritus.net. Visit our web site at <http://psrf.detritus.net>.

Letters to the Editor

[Form Letter]:

My most beloved *Drawing Legion*,

The intensity of my love for you is burning deep within me like that of the most unquenchable fires in a proud poetic sun. The merest thought of you (and thoughts of you obsess me constantly) sends shivers of list and delight quivering through my being. You possess me in my dreams—you suck my love juice into your body. You are the only woman I could ever care about—there is only one goddess before my senses and you are the one. Your greatness makes me believe in holiness and I pray to this holiness to permit me to mingle our souls and bodies eternally in the most profound hedonism. My days and nights are spent caressing your minutest detail over and over as I carefully invent new ways to please your innermost self. A passion such as mine for you is unparalleled in the history of magnificent romances. Never shall I be surpassed in the extremes that I am willing to propel myself into with plunging abandon in order to assure that your and you alone feel the full benefit of all that I have to offer as a channel for cosmic bliss.

Forever, Tim Ore, Baltimore MD

Read our “Lip Service”:

Drear “Friendz”:

(Mr. High-and-Lofty Ed.)

Please remove our link from your “retrofutur” redundancy/“plagiarist” piece of shit. We recommend not reviewing other artists rather than spouting negative disinfo—we are a serious link in the NW activist/art scene... if you want to shit on us from your Iowa City hole, well roll over and crawl

to NYC (Hell). (pissed) P.S.—If you wish to receive any more “Hollywood NW” bursts, drop a line... (we may consider it).

Cloud 247, Orcas Is WA
[*Not bloody likely.* —Ed.]

Lloyd,

I empty my greetings at yore feat/
Just this last day 2/14/89

I be thinkin “in my manic mailings lately, a small earwig barrows, a neglect squirm while me shit exudes outly, a yes, Mr. Dunn! Been parphonic time since” my tendril-felts towardly you & synchron-blip today, morning went over (before my trek to P.O. Box) to my cassette rack, put my finger on Concurrencies & resolved, etc. & then, lo (lo lo lo lo)—a beauteous envelope containment be there & verily a fave everyword, cover-to-cover class of publication there, my eyes & numb-lately cranial apparatus going hog-titty, etc. My cat is a masochist. As usual (more so, this) an orgy of info, pert & neat & personalable & illuminating, etc. ...

Malok, Waukau WI

Lloyd:

Some of the material in the latest *PhotoStatic* is, as usual, quite good. Pages 1228–1235, as layout, in part as art, are especially notable—although not without problems such as inconsistency of quality. The white-on-black, page 1237, is an interesting approach to w/b composition. Your reviews, as always, are excellent. However, I am very glad that my material is not in this issue.

I hope you can take criticism. You

have in the past, but one never knows. But I think I ought to express my opinion. Page 1220 spoils everything.

What is NOT at issue is a photograph of a phallus. As an objective comment, however, it might be maintained, to good effect, that a picture of a phallus—“look at this, here is a phallus”—is not self-justifying. How about a sense of artfulness about it, or even a sense of display? As an erotic artist, and someone familiar with Dosijin and Shivaite phallic art traditions, I think I can argue this case convincingly. What apalls me, though, is the crude humor involved. Not like you at all to let something so crass in approach get in *PhotoStatic*’s pages. ...

Billy Rojas, Eugene OR

Dear Lloyd:

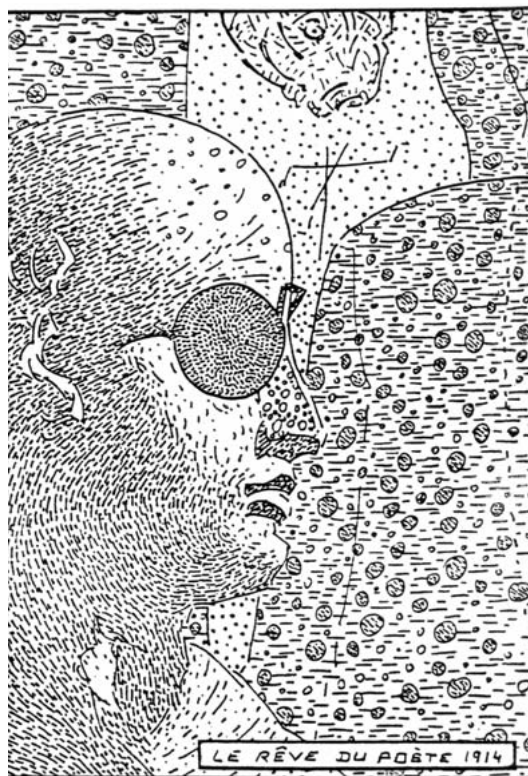
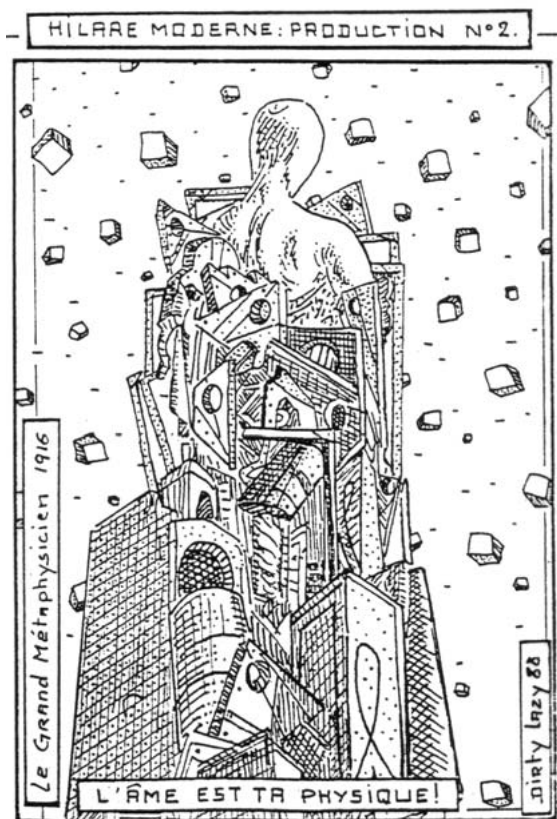
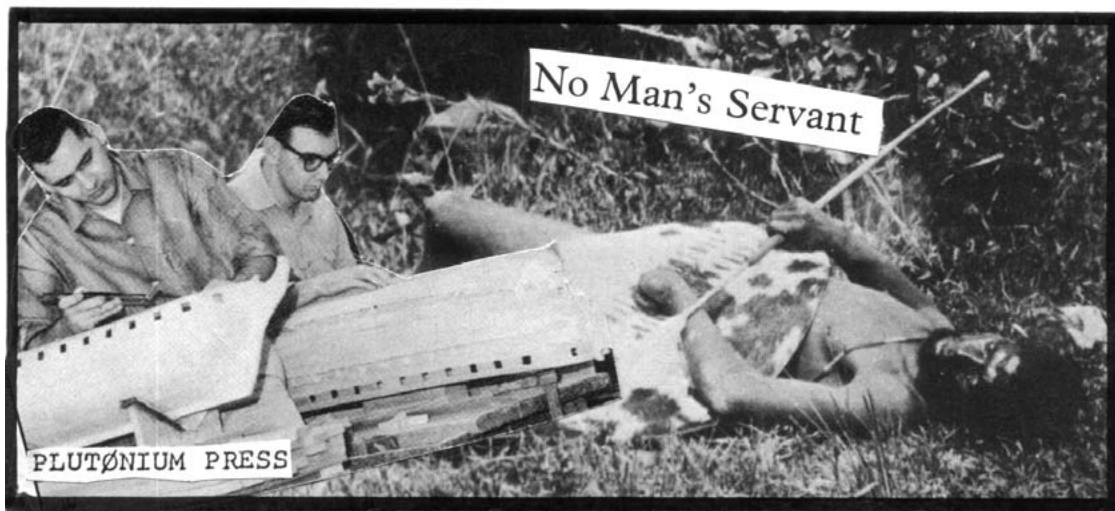
Photo Static 33 was published before *Documents-Pages II* but I received it much later, in january, and for me it was an interesting surprise to consider that, without knowing else’s projects, we made 3 identical choices of pictures: mine p 1178, P Szyhalski p 1173 & J Rininger p 1158–9. ...

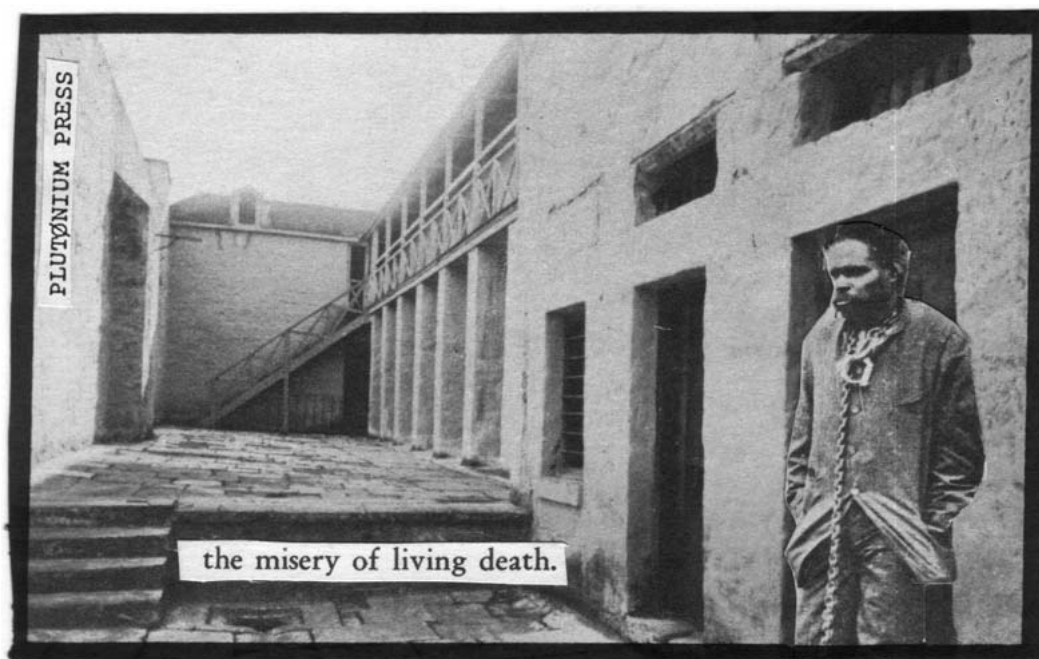
Ph. Billé, Bordeaux France

Dear Photostatic Folks:

I by chance saw a review of your magazine and my curiosity was aroused. The review said that for the price of a couple of stamps [*Well... 2 one-dollar stamps.* —Ed.] my curiosity could be satisfied. Im looking forward to seeing the postman with your magazine in his hands but I think I’ll tell him to write for his own copy.

Shane Swank, Chicago IL





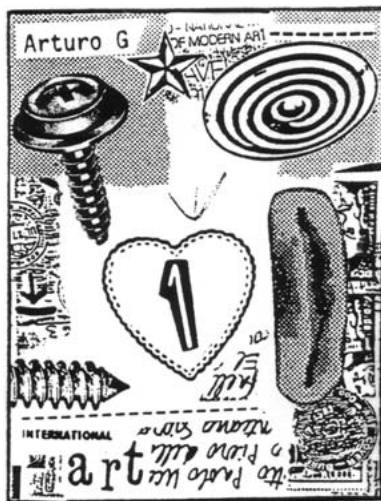
CLEMENTE PADIN



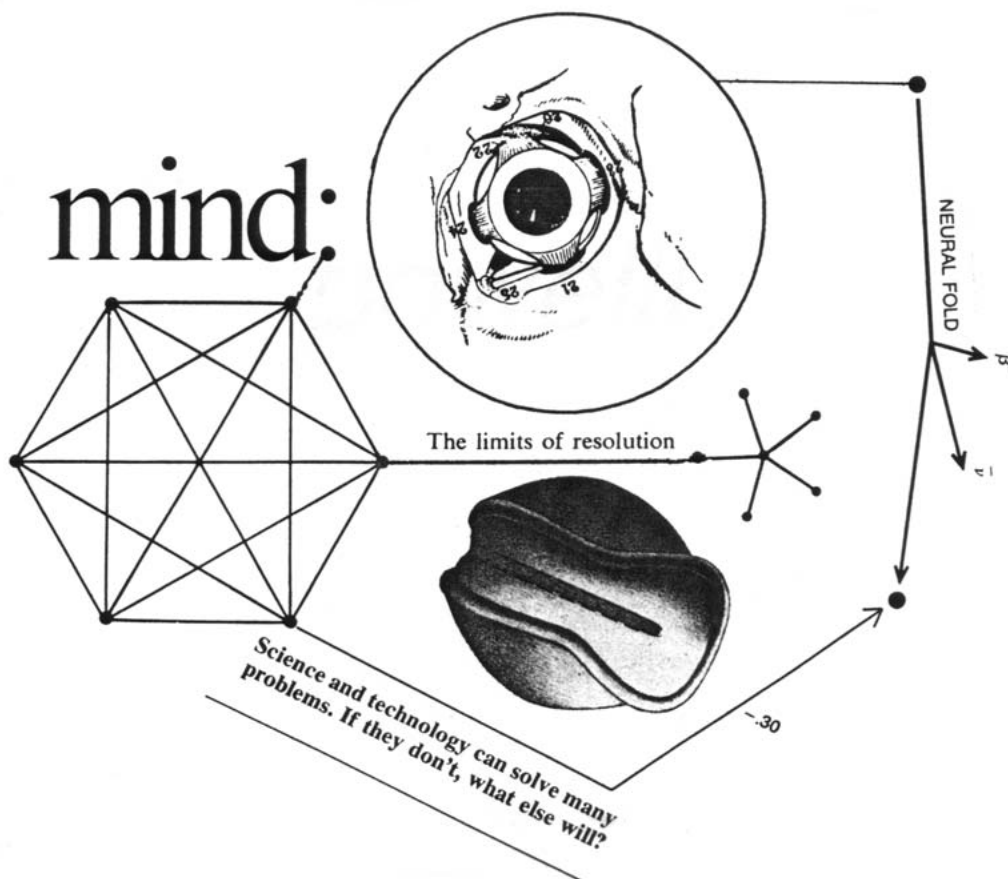
David Dunlop #302 MLKje 2-4-89



David Dunlop #302 1-31-89







Presenting another

POPULAR

excerpt from the Plagiarism® Press novella:

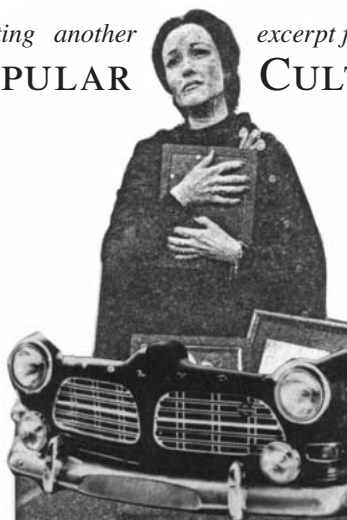
CULTURE IS THE WALRUS OF THE AVANT-GARDE

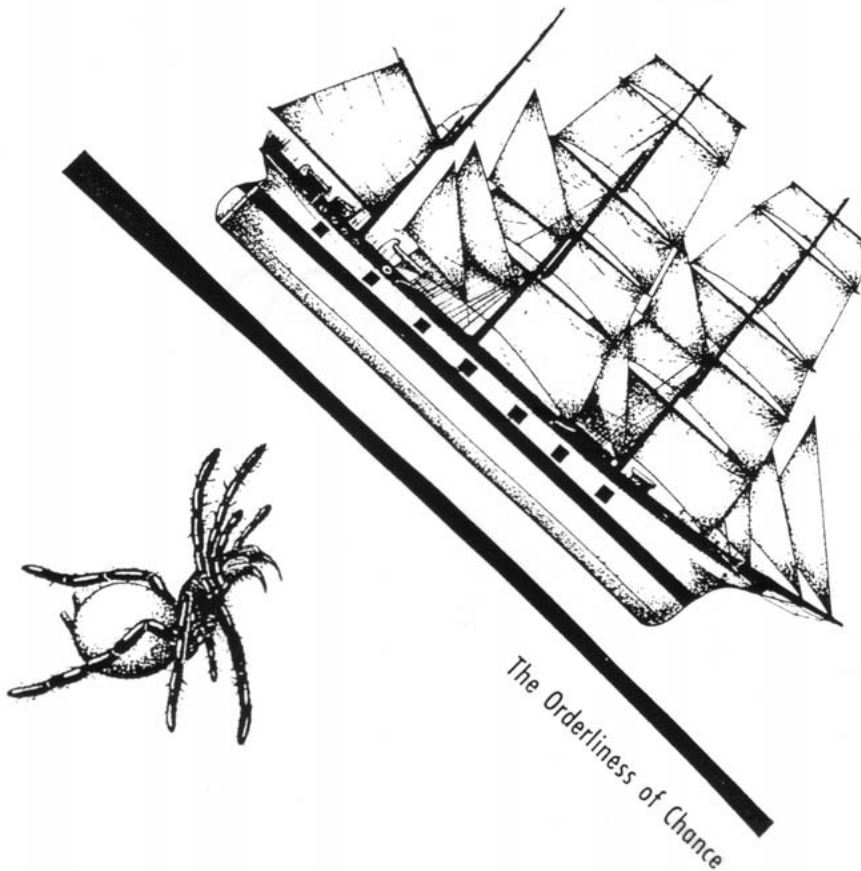
*What happens when mechanical reproduction
extends the work of art into the ordinary business relations
of a private secretary, and her employer?*

NOTE

All the characters in this novel
are imaginary.

—Karen Eliot





"WHAT'S THE NEWS, GIRLS?"

"We are still living under the reign of logic," Anne said, quite quietly, but her eyes danced, betraying her: "Miss Andrews is away on leave. I'm doing Mr. Fellers' work."

"Isn't it the logical ends of our experience which escape us?" asked her mother keenly.

"It paces back and forth in a cage" Anne answered, noncommittally.

"No matter what happens to Mr. Fellers, it is his actions and reactions that are admirably predictable. He is compelled not to thwart or upset the calculations of which he is the object," her mother pursued. Kathleen looked toward her mother and a lovely eyebrow made mute inquiry. Mrs. MerDock nodded, her eyes somewhat anxious.

"I've joined the Communist Party" announced Kathleen casually.

"You've what?" demanded her father.

Amused, Anne murmured, "Our brains are dulled by the incurable mania of wanting to make the unknown known, classifiable — " and Mr. MerDock smote upon the table:

"Write poetry!" he ordered, "and get this nonsense settled." Anne's tone and her serene rather laughing eyes had a certain weight with him. He couldn't give in gracefully, being temperamentally incapable, but deep in his heart he relied upon his older daughter's judgement. "I wash my hands of it," said Mr. MerDock.

"The result of your fathers' statements is a persuasive power which is attributable solely to its strangeness and which impresses the reader only [cont'd 1264

NY 100-108100-100

~~... from the ... of the ... by the ... of the ...
... of the ... a projection of the ... of the ...
the world.~~

In architecture the possibilities are more numerous in painting. Buildings actually exist in a three dimensional reality which is not generally seen, in the fullest space-time dimensions of not only day, night in the events and processes of the city.

But ~~the irony, the irony, the irony, is that without irony, architecture~~
~~must regain a sense of humour, but critically. Oliva explains why:~~

Irony, as a passion that liberates itself through detachment, accentuates the lateral character of the language and introduces the possibility of a further pleasure, that of a work which does not deprive the spectator of his own presence and narrative ability.²⁰

~~In narrative architecture, irony is the magical ingredient which turns the meaning of the building back towards the spectator. Finally, the notion of "être français" is a concept which is not only a part of the French identity but also a part of the French architecture.~~



... it is a function of necessity. ... Figures from foreign situations



from 1261] by the abstract quality of his vocabulary, which moreover is ill-defined," Anne's mother diagnosed comfortably. "Tell me, Anne, about that Miss Andrews." They talked in perfect accord and comradeship, clearing away the dishes.

Later, Ted arrived. "It's a nice night. Shall we go for a ride?"

She nodded. Anne left and reappeared. She'd changed her dress and shoes, pulled a perky little hat over her eyes and flung her new cape about her shoulders.

They got into the new car, which was his pride. "I hear," he said, as they pulled away from the house, "that you are working for The Chief?"

Ted looked around him. They had reached a street which detoured into a country sort of road. One lone flat house was in the depressing skeleton stage on the corner lot. Ted stopped the car, and faced her, leaning forward eager and appealing.

"I love you so much, dear—" he said, huskily.

She made a little gesture with her hands, one of real unhappiness, and hopelessness. This wasn't the first time he'd told her. And just this past summer he'd kissed her more than once—many times more than once—when the wind was soft and languid, when a silver—swimming moon rode high, when there was the scent of salt and roses out on the white Long Island roads, when the leaves on the lilacs were graying, when the grass was looking tired, when wispy clouds drifted across deep blue skies, etc. But nowadays, kisses, no matter how much you liked them, didn't mean marriage.

"And you—" he was urging, "—you do care for me a little?"

"The dreams of [cont'd 1288

symbolized



essence

Traces, Imprints and Vestiges

by Christian Rigal

IN 1980, I COINED the neologism “electrography” to describe the diverting of the copying machine from its primary function in order to create original works by the use of specific techniques. Electrography is therefore the antithesis of the copy and the appellation “Copy Art,” although commonly used in reference to electrographic art, is a misnomer.

Among the original works thus created, a good number refer to the concepts of traces, imprints and vestiges from a kinematics viewpoint.

The trace can be the make of a spatial movement done on the electrographic work itself (electroradiographic artifacts or “finger painting technique”), on the glass plate of the copier “electrographic techniques which I have called “simultaneous motion” and “chronoxerography”) or out of the copier range (as for example in the work of Gilles Mahe: during his travelling show of a patchwork of color photographs, he makes on-the-spot a black-and-white electrograph of

each photograph sold to replace it in the patchwork).

The concept of the imprint as the mark of a body on a surface—both characterized by the absence of movement at the time of contact—is illustrated in electrography by the work of Daniel Cabanis titled *Stalemate*. In it, the electrography of a crumpled geographical map—juxtaposed to lines of a hand in order to underline the visual and symbolic analogy between the two—denies the traveller any orientation, thus putting him in a state similar to a stalemate in chess.

By its nature, electrography is an imprint of sorts since its optical system—deprived of any depth-of-field—registers the “mark” of a body’s relief as it is pressed against the copier’s plate by gravity. Further, as the electrographic act can be thought of as a claim to unicity, i.e. individuality—itsself symbolized by the fingerprint—, electrography is twice related to the imprint.

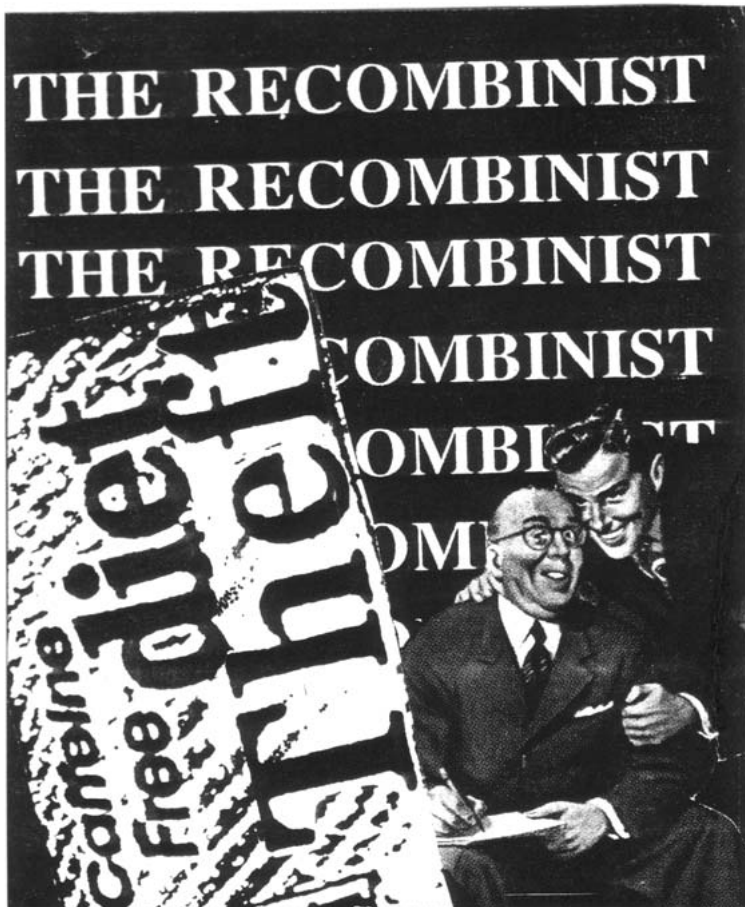
As for the vestige, testimony of a temporal “movement,” it can be the subject matter of the electrographic work (through the themes of ruins and remains) or inherent to it (by the use of the “degenerative process” or any other form of deliberate deterioration of the work).

The themes of traces, imprints and vestiges can thus be intensified by a sort of resonance effect when treated in electrography due to the nature of this art form and some of its techniques.

[end]

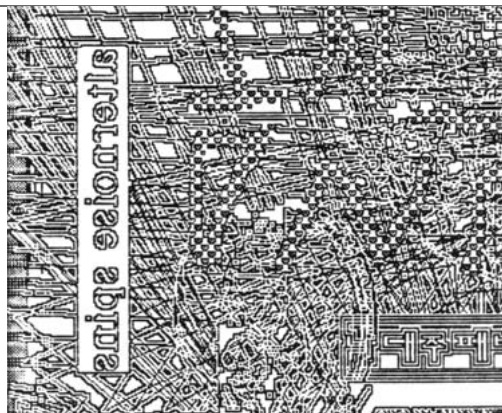
"As hard boiled as a twelve-minute egg."

-- N.Y. Times



Awake at a Noise Above

by Miekal And



NOISE CAN BE controlled in two ways: at the source or by changing either the noise, anti-noise, or listener shift position, however, then the two noises would reinforce one another. The method is most useful, because it does not work well with high-frequency sound, electronically and sent out to meet the noise coming in to the ear of an office building with noisy, antiquated elevators had music piped or more important, with the mixed frequencies which make up most noises.

Fighting noise with "anti-noise," an original approach utilizing the listener. The two sounds then cancel one another out. Should the relative position of noise producer and listener, has been deconstruction be discontinued at night.

While research into the effects of noise is comparatively limited them that the noise to be generated would be tolerable. Another showed that noise might affect the fetus. It claimed the growth rate have been running counter to those of environmentalists the world a given area is considered as a whole, and can only be reduced by noise laws. "The trouble is that they are so close to houses," explained Noboru Nakasuji, senior noise officer, in Osaka City's imaginative again, is so hard to

Read What The Critics Say About **THE RECOMBINIST**

'HIGHLY INDIVIDUAL AND DISTINCTLY ORIGINAL'

"After a few pages of this, we realized we were reading something as highly individual and distinctly original as, say, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* or *Of Mice and Men*. All other attempts at depicting this type of Theft have been mere thumbnail sketches."

—Cincinnati Times-Star

'PACKS PLENTY OF PUNCH'

"Readers who care for the Plagiarist kind of technique with a Manhatanesque background will like *The Recombinist*. Mr. Johnson knows his background and his sources therein. He has more synonyms for Theft than Rabelais' listings in other categories of creative zeal. The texts are alive as a steaming heat-wave, rush-hour subway car."

—N.Y. Daily Mirror

'A WORK OF GREAT, EVEN EXTRAORDINARY TALENT'

"A fine and faithful and merciless presentation. This Glomski has the easy effortless stride of a crack hurdler... He's Faulkner when Faulkner wrote *Soldier's Pay*. He's W.S. Burnett when Burnett wrote *Little Caesar*."

—Philadelphia Record

pocket plagiarist series



for Reading Pleasure

The Pocket Plagiarists

I O W A C I T Y



“Ownership is hijacked and forbidden property is driven into the open...”

“The mere word theft is the only one that still excites me,” said Chris in a paroxysm of delight. “I deem it capable of sustaining the old human fanaticism.”

Five years ago, if you had told a sophisticated writer that two of America’s most glittering stars earned their way to stardom by stealing the works of other writers, he would have laughed and thanked you for the joke of the day. If you were to add that the stars were no flash-in-the-pan, but grew to be America’s year-after-year favorite, he’d stop laughing and walk away, impatient with your overactive imagination.

To the sophisticated professional, Plagiarism is great for home-grown, do-it-yourself writing. But for serious prose endeavors for urbane readerships—never! Theft. Plagiarism. These have

enforce. The noise of all vehicles in mirror image or opposite frequency of the original noise. It is created by refusing to place any more orders for the noisiest models. Garbage construction at night. To be sure, city historians recall that New York had a noise code in 1936, which had long ago been amended to allow slight movement by the listener. Anti-noise has limited men to give summonses to men drivers sounding their horns so as to judge the pace of the loading with a muffled engine. Many also shook windows and rattled doors. The rumble was not at an audible frequency, so the discomfort was blamed on vibration alone.

“Noises much louder than those prescribed by law may be heard around factories,” remarked Mr. Mochizuki of the Tokyo Research Institute. “If there are no victims of the noise, we let the factory be.”

Traffic Noise is even harder to control than is industrial. The City government has devised a low-noise machine, and this is what have nostalgia. We have it, too. We and they feel if they move out traditional architecture, with vacant space between standing partitions and the pointed roof. Noise easily travels through that space. They do not mind the noise. Even the younger generation has not been installed as an alternative to quieting the machines.

Noisy equipment can be positioned so that the sound waves travel around him whistled. In time it was brought out that he associated other responses to noise exposure made by people with no psychiatric anesthesia. Asked to report what they thought, most recalled experiences of the past. The voices, words spoken, and background sounds all had been working for long

periods. Their reflexes were faster than perceived, may, therefore, set off the recollection of a painful experience.

As a person moves away from a noise source--as he will certainly present patterns very similar to those of people known to have personality disorders. Weaving is one of the noisiest of industries, and of a dog, ring of the telephone, or distant conversation. A young woman recently complained that "dog noise" is the worst of all. Her hormone in the urine were as high as those that appear during another for several years. The feud was caused by a high-fidelity incident or nothing may really be excessive noise. A mother in paint store irritated the neighbors until the owner had a shield built who for long periods were subjects to frequent sound levels of 140 decibels.

"If cars on the streets are too noisy, the police can stop them and became so furious at the late night noise made by a woman upstairs were very vivid parts of a memory. A noise, whether loud or barely vulnerable to the assault of noise. Many come to the end of a working for noise."

An observant factory worker complained that white noise had to stop it. One day he put on a tuxedo, slipped a carnation in the indication of the probable contribution of noise to their state. A provision that any action taken should be "adjusted to the sound of jet planes landing and taking off many times a day," said Dr. Proust's hero of his childhood, a sound can release a flood of remembrances of the inner ear, she found the din a final unbearable insult.

Noise is particularly threatening to the person who is psychotic as formerly to stimuli entering via the sense



been, for the West, merely exotica. Today, your hard-working and ambitious Ralph Johnson and Chris Glomski have proven them all wrong through the seven major assertions which Plagiarism makes:

- 1. Theft is all that is the case.**
- 2. What is the case—a fact—is the existence of property.**
- 3. A logical picture of the facts is Plagiarism.**
- 4. Plagiarism is Art with a sense.**
- 5. Art is a truth function of Plagiarism.**
- 6. The general form of a truth function is $[P, N()]$. This is the general form of a proposition.**
- 7. What we cannot Plagiarize, we must be silent about.**





of touch. Two of the men move from a residential area, or it is meaningless. The silk weaving added, but noise is the most unnecessary of annoyances. "Some sad, deranged people in this city," said a New York City police used to noise, even to a limited extent. He reacts no matter how often like "the feeling of power" gained from racing the engine loudly as going to the dentist's office. These devices can also represent an investment that must be made by the manufacturer for research and in an internment camp. Eventually he managed to make his way to the path between the source and the listener, explained Dr. Lang of signing the equipment itself. That is done only when public clamor [nº3

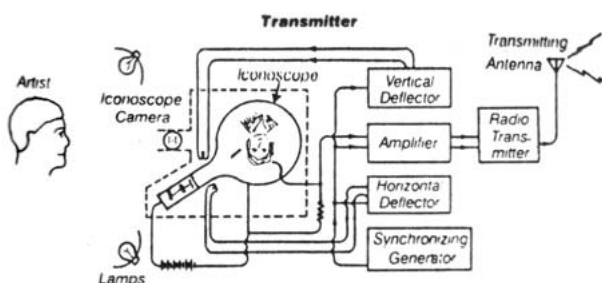


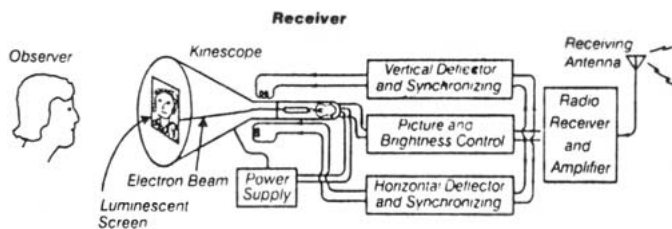
TABLE OF GOODS

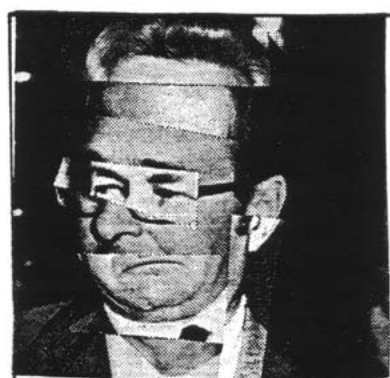
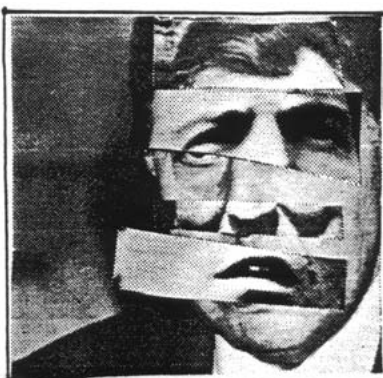
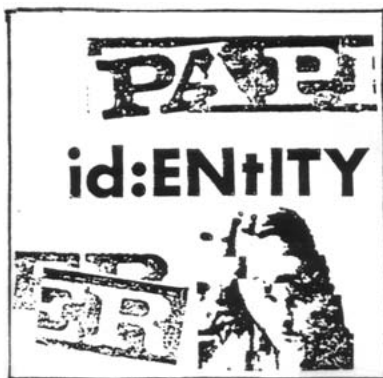
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Præcisio

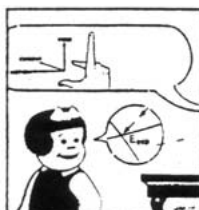
by Geof Huth

WHAT PRÆCISIO ISN'T always is art.

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What it is is everything. What it appears to be is nothing. Probably the most æffective form of præcisio is that that is never intended, that that is merely found, alone, unassuming, unassumed. The finder of the præcisio assumes responsibility for its existence & causes it to exist.

Take, for example, a story I was told. A Chinese restaurant. Friends around a table. Food. The pinching of chopsticks. Eating. & at the end of the meal, while waiting for a check, the fortune cookies appear. The friends open them, & each takes a turn telling



Recombinism, Briefly

Act XVII, Scene 3

[Enter Nancy & Sluggo as Spiritus and Thinker, respectively]

SLUGGO: Call us thieves if it has to be so! But listen: it *is* new. These genes, exhibiting genetic recombination, were stolen from tired parents to reveal a progeny that did not occur in them before.

NANCY: Perhaps unwittingly for our purpose, Jim Tate has hinted at the real robbers:

Read the great poets, listen to the great composers. It's the same everywhere. The Masters. The Thieves.

SLUGGO: What has bothered us for so long are those which we cling to, traditions which wince at the thought of freeing one's self from any dictatorial and **absolute romanticism**.

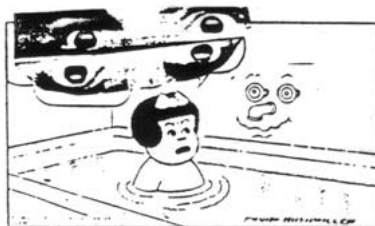
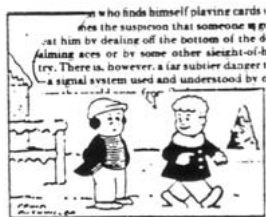


NANCY: Yes, you say absolute because it is the absolute romantic who refuses to acknowledge what he is really doing, and who thus fails to go beyond myriad influences into a realm of literature that may come from newspapers but never reads like one.

SLUGGO: Uh-huh, so W.C. Williams was never out of concordance and we can revel in the contradiction:

Now at last that process of miraculous verisimilitude, that great copying which evolution has followed, repeating move for move every move that it made in the past—is approaching the end.

Suddenly it is at an end. **The World is New.** What I mean is, the imagination here, too, must be allowed the driver's seat.



the discovered fortune. The last friend has no fortune (not misfortune, but not not misfortune, just w/o fortune). The cookie is empty. In the production line, a slip of paper was left out, a slight arrhythmia in the line, & then things went on. & in the restaurant there sits someone whose life is conceptually over, nothing left to live for, & who eats the cookie. Not even the case for the missing fortune remains.

When I go to school, I pass two glass cases. Usually, these are filled w/ exhibits. One day I walked to school & laughed. Both cases were empty, except for signs announcing "Rockefeller College Faculty Publications". My diligent professors. My prestigious school.

Remember your sister? She bought a diary book or a notebook to keep a journal. You looked for it under her bed. Btwn the mattress & the boxsprings. Behind her dresser. In her underwear drawer. You found it on a shelf in her closet. & you took it to your room & closed the door.



& the book said "My Diary" on the first page. Or it said "Journal" neatly penned, w/ her name & a date underneath. & the rest of the pages were blank. She'd thot of nothing to say. Or she decided to keep her secrets even from herself.

Some day, I will go to class & write the date at the top of a page in my notebook & my professor will speak for the whole period & I will notice nothing important in what he says & I'll leave that page of my notebook blank & skip to the next day.

I work in an archives. Most of what I do is reorganizing what people and organizations have left behind as proof of their existence. Some things are ordered & neat, but most are a jumble b/c just living & doing are enough work for most of us. For a few weeks, I was working w/ political pamphlets, foldering them, determining main entries. While culling the political pamphlets from the business pamphlets & the miscellany, I found a folder marked "Blind". Inside, there

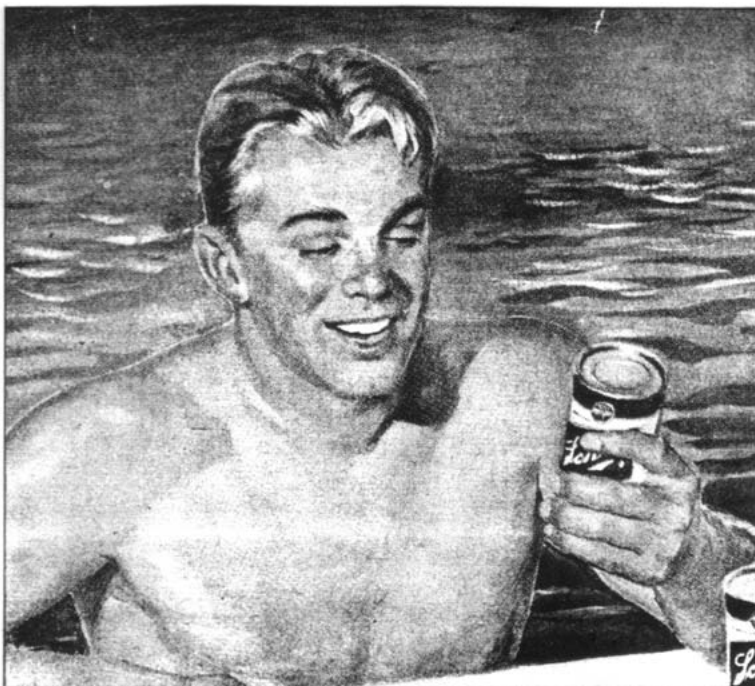


NANCY: Even so, there are certain questions that should be raised. Generally they pertain to:

CONTEXT

Guy Debord mainly rejects simple reversal of context (i.e. the Black Mass as a reaction against the Christian) in favor of the neutral phrase or image which explodes with meaning in a new context. However, splicing two or more texts together which are working parallel patterns (most especially from different time periods) can be effective and might well be worth the experiments. At least the concept of originality in traditionally inspired texts will be brought under the microscope.





SUDDENLY ... THE NEWNESS OF THE THING AMAZED ME ...

was nothing. I, the reader, was the only text, the single document. I threw the folder away.

One præcisio is probably too real to be præcisio. It is the coldest anything can be, b/c cold is nothing (literally that, literally the relative absence of cold). & the total absence of cold is absolute zero, zero degrees Kelvin, no heat at all. At this temperature, some gases turn viscous. Everything changes, as understanding præcisio makes something change into nothing. We cannot ignore it.

Every præcisio is not made by someone making a point. Some præcisio are points w/o objects. Some we eat for dessert. [n°5

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Ceremonial Mutation

by Thomas Wiloch

niques, but remarkably similar, and powerful, effects.

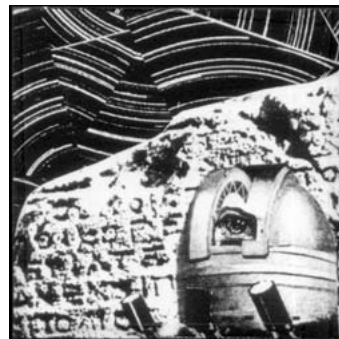
Some orders have used advanced meditation practices to attain pure states of transcendence. Others have practiced mental visualization to create inner realms for psychic exploration, or to contact gods. And yet others have used a combination of sex, drugs, and magic ritual to induce states of ecstatic power.

There is no doubt that the knowledge of these ancient orders is indeed powerful. Instances of abrupt transformation of personality—usually a quite negative transformation—are easily located. But it is also true that the most destructive of these cases have involved those students who tasted the forbidden fruit alone, unhindered by the restraints and cautions of an esoteric order. The true orders, after all, insist on adequate training and discipline from their students, and indulge in mystical dangers only under the most exacting of circumstances, in order to utilize the unleashed mental forces to effect the most beneficial upheavals. The lone student encounters these magical transformations without the necessary protections of foreknowledge to experience them safely.

To some students, in fact, this lack of safety, this potential all-consuming danger, is what draws them to the occult. In fact, an entire school has developed in England which approaches its occult work in just this way. Called “Chaos Magick”, this school advocates using any and all magical techniques to attain altered states of consciousness. It also borrows methods from the theatre, from modern psychology, and from military brainwashing. Practitioners stage private initiatory ceremonies in which a selected candidate is put through a mentally and

THE ANCIENT OCCULT orders have always known of certain methods to transform one’s consciousness, and these methods have constituted their secret knowledge and innermost teachings. A study of unrelated orders in different times and places will show a wide variety of mystical tech-

C O D E S A N D C H A O S



THE DEAD

“Own nothing! Possess nothing! Buddha and Christ taught us this, and the Stoics and the Cynics. Greedy though we are, why can’t we seem to grasp this simple teaching? Can’t we understand that with property we destroy our soul?”

—Solzhenitsyn

Our lives are being acquired and possessed. They have become resources for our culture and economy. We reproduce our lives with this raw material, only to turn around and buy it back. Thus we are the raw material, the producer and the consumer. Our product is the commodification of our lives. We possess it, gaze at it, think about it, but we cannot live it. Our life is now external to us. It is possessed by us. Moreover, the more that we are what we have, the more that we become alienated, dead. As what we are reproducing, our lives, becomes external to us, it feeds in as source to once again recreate our lives, securing our gaze outward. Hence this process refers increasingly only to itself and no longer to the world or our bodies. It becomes, in a sense,

CREATIVITY IS ANTI-SOCIAL
 DON'T LET GUNFIRE INTERRUPT YOUR TV
 FREEDOM IS DANGEROUS
 LIVE WITHOUT DEADTIME
 NO MORE IF ONLYS
 ONLY DRUGS MAKE YOU HAPPY AS THE PEOPLE IN ADS
 POSITIVE OUTLOOKS ARE THE MOST RADICAL
 THE OPPRESSED IS ALWAYS STRONGER THAN THE OPPRESSOR
 UNHOLY ASPIRATIONS WILL KILL US ALL
 YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN CENSORSHIP WORKS

autonomous. This is, of course, how capital expands once geography has been filled. It is no less than the colonization of our lives.

Our goal is to be brilliantly successful. Our strategy: not to become thieves, but to deny the possibility of theft. Plagiarism is the revolution of this denial. Do not be mistaken. Recombination, Plagiarism, and the like are not an affirmation of the value of our reproduced selves. We use product as source, Plagiarism, in order to critically expose that we have become what we have.

So we must finish with rebellion, because rebellion is too easily accounted for, even depended upon. Our lives must no longer be organized by this Culture of Property, even as rebellion must be organized by what it rebels against. No, the only possibility is to simply live your life. This is the real revolution.

Chuang Tzu reminds us of the Useless Tree: “Axes will never shorten its life, nothing can ever harm it. If there’s no use for it, how can it ever come to grief or pain?” Rest, friend. Do not let your life become timber for a house no one can live in.

physically overwhelming ordeal meant to subvert his rational mind, drive him temporarily “mad”, and thus allow him to confront his inner self free of all social conditioning.

Naturally, such activities are dangerous. All occult work ultimately concerns the psychological make-up of the student and seeks to expand or alter that make-up in some way. To enter that realm lightly or recklessly is to court disaster. Students can and have gone mad.

Yet such powerful tools of personality transformation—or personality destruction, if used incorrectly—fascinate me. These tools can erase or enhance selected aspects of the magician’s personality. They can alter his perceptions of the world. The magician can, theoretically anyway, transform himself into a higher form of man entirely.

For our purposes here, however, the most intriguing insight is that a mere action can alter one’s personality. Let me repeat that: an action can alter one’s personality. In the same way that one might learn to dance a waltz, or swing a tennis racket, one can learn how to perform another action, a physical action, which will alter one’s personality. One lifts a chalice or knife during a magic ritual, it signifies something of great importance to the

participants, and they are moved by the ceremony to an abrupt and overwhelming personality change. In some ceremonies, the magician sacrifices an object (a small animal, perhaps), and in so doing believes that he has eliminated some unwanted aspect of himself. It is similar to the psychological therapy of writing one's faults on a sheet of paper, and then burning the paper.

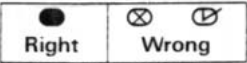
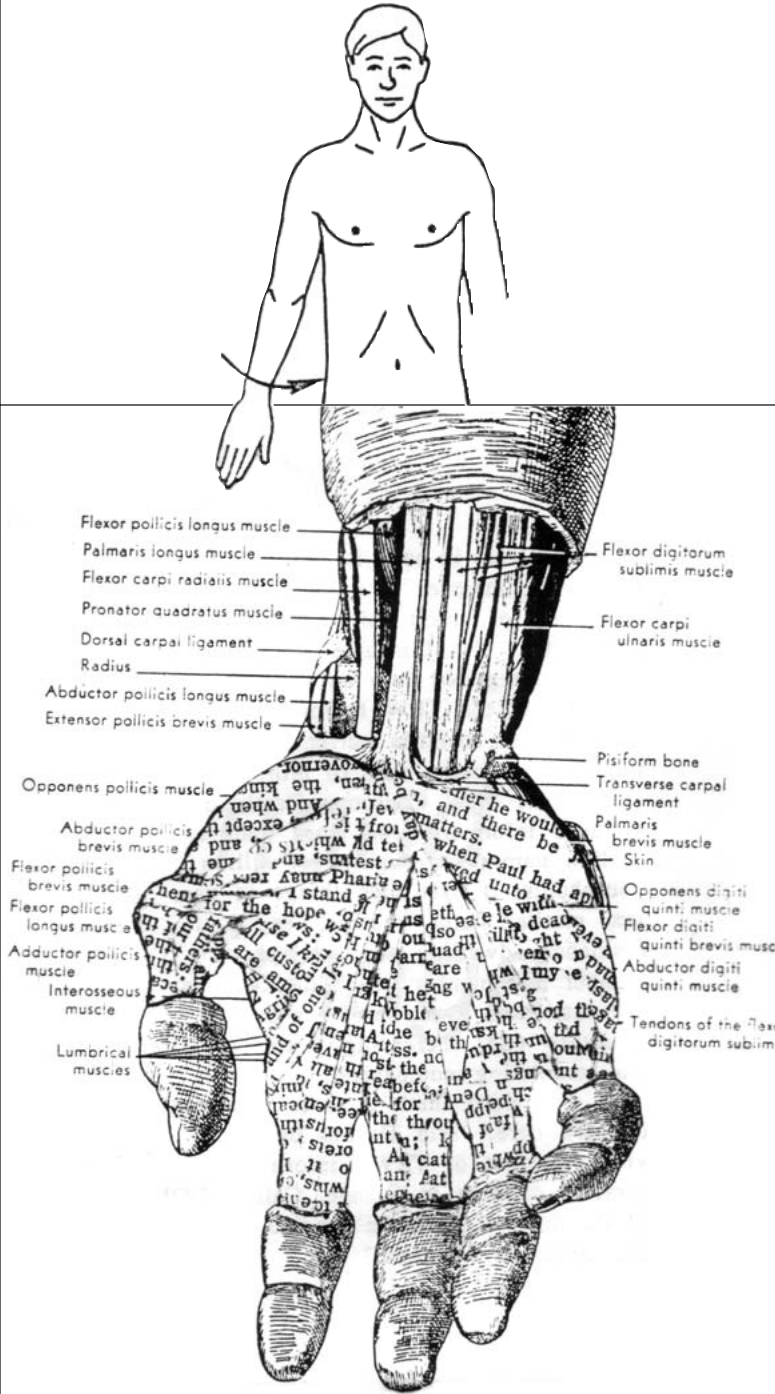
It is all a matter of belief, of course.

When a player hits a baseball over the left field fence, it means nothing in and of itself. But because a stadium filled with people all believe the same thing about that baseball and that fence, because they share a common belief in just what significance that action possesses, the event takes on importance far exceeding its mundane reality. A priest lifting a chalice in a church, a military officer saluting a flag, or a man putting a ring on a woman's finger, all of these acts posses particular meanings because members of our society share a common belief about their importance, about their significance.

And so actions that are relatively simple to do and easy to follow may have great impact on the minds and emotions of the participants.

There is nothing inherently magical about this. Or, conversely, perhaps there is more magic in our lives than we realize or admit. Perhaps we practice magic far more often than we know, and constantly alter ourselves and others in unrecognized and unwanted ways.

Perhaps always and everywhere we are already practicing Chaos Magick. [nº9

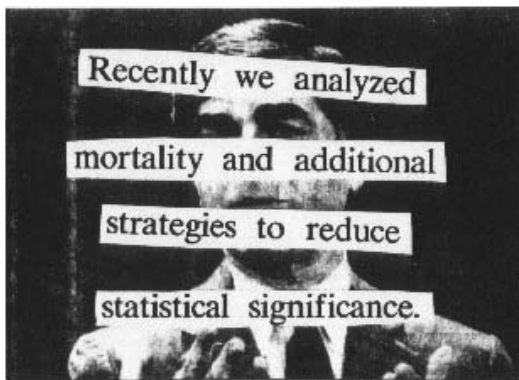




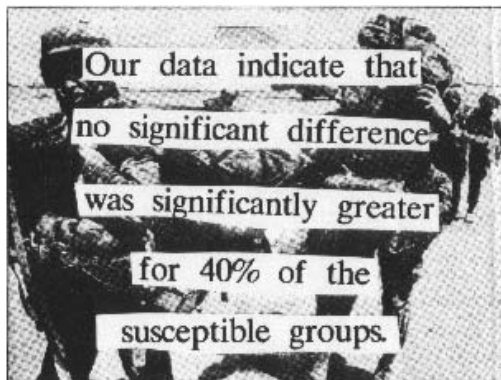
A case in point is TRW, Inc., one of the first companies to automate the collection of credit information during the 1970s. Its Consumer Financial database is integrated into an information bank called the TRW Performancedata System, and includes current bank card balances for more than 10 million people. Meanwhile, TRW Consumer Database includes information on more than 138 million names in roughly 84 million households; it lists such things as age, sex, marital status, income, length of residence, dwelling type, telephone number and number of children. This information is available, for a fee, to creditors and, increasingly, to advertisers and marketing companies.

"I don't think there is a privacy concern here," said Dennis Brenner, vice president of TRW's Information Services Division in Orange, Calif. "All of the data we have are handled with the consumer in mind."

FUCKIT
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Michael Friedman



United Press International



The Festival

This issue of Ralph Johnson's

The Recombinist

is brought to you courtesy of the Festival of Apathy. Submissions of an art-cultural or socio-political nature of welcome and encouraged; especially those works of a challenging theoretical nature.

Please send all correspondence to the main address for this publication

of **APATHY**

QUICK FOOD RECOMBINANT

o meager times, so fat in everything
imaginable! KISS—“Keep it Simple,
Stupid.”

The “McDonald’s experience,”
is to be stressed instead, is kind
of synonymous
with Sunday school, the Girl Scouts and the
YMCA

where

A prince
must show himself a lover of merit,
give preferment
to the able and honor
those who excel in every art, such
a dream could only be realized
in America; dishy beauty Hope North
has made
a big splash in Tinseltown;
I have had the satisfaction
of seeing McDonald’s become
an American
tradition.

The desire to acquire possessions
is a very
natural and ordinary
thing, and when
those men do it
who can do so successfully, they are
always
praised and not blamed, (the two-toned
coloration, light below and dark above,
common to many creatures,
is known
as countershading! killies have
green backs
and white bellies, zut! for the bass and hawks!
The hamburger overseers
appeared to be bound
to silence
in discussing even
the most mundane
aspects
of their operations,

the duties,
the System. They were all serious, intent
young men
with a striking similarity
in attitude:) but when
they cannot and yet want
to do so at all costs, they make
a mistake
deserving of great blame.

[Something’s missing.]
required that 100,000 head of cattle
be fed: 700 cowboys full time.
The other and better
remedy is to plant colonies
in one or two
of those places
which form the keys
of the land. By 1976
there were 3500
McDonald’s stands with hundreds slated
to be opened the following year, for
it is necessary
either to do this
or maintain a large force
of armed men, and the pure products
of America go crazy—
devil-may-care men who have taken to
railroading—
(Do something
Wizard, a tornado is headed
this way)—and the prince
is rendered despicable
by being thought
changeable ... timid, thus
“The unions haven’t been able to touch
us with a ten-foot pole,”
McDonald’s has been uniquely
Ray Kroc’s baby by help
of popular favor
or by the favor
of the aristocracy against where
looms the last artist figure of
the farmer—composing
—antagonist

[end]



What's that you say? you would rather not dip your bare hands into highly volital, dangerous, and life threatning liquids that might sear your flash to the very bone? well we were just kidding anyway. What really is happening is this; THE LESS THAN ADEQUATE BAND, those godlike musicians/artists/sexsymbols/dental technicians are offering a twice in a life time offer. And like that last sentence, this offer is redundant. Yes, you will have fun over and over again, almost a "redundant fun cycle", with STEREOSUS RODOMONTADE. The brand new LESS THAN ADEQUATE BAND TAPE. Simply send a less than adequate 90 minute tape (blank of course) to LESS THAN ADEQUATE SOUND 1003 6th AVE, IOWA CITY IOWA 52242-1003. There are also a pleathora of t-shirts (100% cotton, four color, one of a kind, sexy ashell) that will produce a veritable lexicon of fashionability and total nowness.

Another way to get shirts and info about the LESS THAN ADEQUATE BAND is to contact John Heck or Jay Niemann at the above adress, or stop us in the street and say "hey, you nutty dudes....". So, if you see someone wearing one of our shirts, go up and talk to that person. Don't be shy. We'd like to meet you and have you bask in our glory. Well, gotta go, we've got a cake in the oven.....

RAH KIN ROW!

WOW
NOW
AND
HOW



CIRCUS PROBLEMS

A little flavors a lot!

What passed between the two people in jail, the crash-helmeted riders, the pleasure riders: it's indicative of the general shift we've seen in the past couple of years

Heavy going, so much so fast, this desire "to sell" themselves to the highest certainty, ponder the depth of her neckline, crazy like a lion adjusting himself to the summer heat. So much so fast so weird—it seems to be all heart, pumping and quivering so are we.





N°8

Futurism

ART STRIKE:

Karen Eliot Interviewed by Scott MacLeod (1989)

KAREN ELIOT is not a specific, or identifiable, human being. It is a name adopted by a variety of cultural workers at various times in order to carry through tasks related to building up a body of work ascribed to 'Karen Eliot'. One of the purposes of many different individuals using the same name is to highlight the problems thrown up by the various mental sets pertaining to identity, individuality, originality, value and truth. 'Anybody' can use the name Karen Eliot but the extent to which it is used is limited by the fact that 'multiple name concepts' are neither widely known nor understood. Since the Karen Eliot project was launched in 1985 (at the same time as the proposal for the 1990 to 1993 Art Strike), around one hundred individuals have operated within the parameters of the 'identity/context'. Considering the difficulties involved in persuading anyone to 'invest' their time in something which is unlikely to bring them

much 'personal reward' (in terms of cultural recognition, etc.) this number is not without significance.

Scott MacLeod: Tell me about Art Strike.

Karen Eliot: The premise is that an Art Strike should be held from January 1st, 1990 to January 1st, 1993. The strike will force the closure of galleries, 'modern' art museums, agencies, 'alternative' art spaces, periodicals, theaters, art schools, etc. All the educational, distributional, and critical mechanisms by which art both as an ideology and as a commodity is propagated.

SM: What do your artist friends think of this?

KE: Their reactions are a mirror image of the response we got to an earlier project—the Festival of Plagiarism. With the Festival, everyone was initially confused about the relationship between plagiarism and what they were doing. Then they got very

„completeness”



excited by the idea and saw lots of possibilities in it. With the Art Strike, most people's initial response is favorable, its only a bit later that fundamental disagreements arise.

SM: So you think the use of the word 'strike' could be responsible for the initial enthusiasm?

KE: Yes I do. The term has certain connotations in England which I don't think it has here (i.e. in the United States); there's a very different experience and perception of labor movements in Europe.

SM: Was there a conscious decision to use the term 'strike' which was based on those connotations?

KE: A conscious decision? Gustav Metzger used the term 'Art Strike' in 1974. He called for a strike between 1977 and 1980, so there's a

historical precedent. However there are significant differences between that earlier Art Strike and our own; Metzger's activity was primarily directed towards destroying those institutions, commercial galleries and so on, which appeared to him to have an adverse effect on artistic production. It was set up in the classic hero/villain model. Which might account for the difficulties Metzger had attracting support for the strike. In fact, no one joined him!

SM: It must have been, must be, hard to convince artists or anyone else that going on strike is a good idea.

KE: Well, the Art Strike is not a good idea. It's a bad idea from the point of view of anyone trying to make a career out of art. It's a bad idea from many perspectives, and that does make things a bit more difficult; even though our aims in organizing an Art Strike are completely different from Metzger's. We're addressing a far broader range of issues than Metzger and unlike him we don't necessarily expect the mechanics of a strike to operate in the same way within the realm of culture as they would in the economic sphere. Rather than attempting to disrupt and destroy those institutions which effect production and distribution of art products, the 1990 Art Strike is principally focused on the role of the artist. On how the artist defines her or his identity, on how that identity affects the artist's ability to engage with the surrounding culture.

SM: So, Art Strike is a bad idea and it's not really what it says it is, it's not really a strike against the





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gallery system or the commodity system.

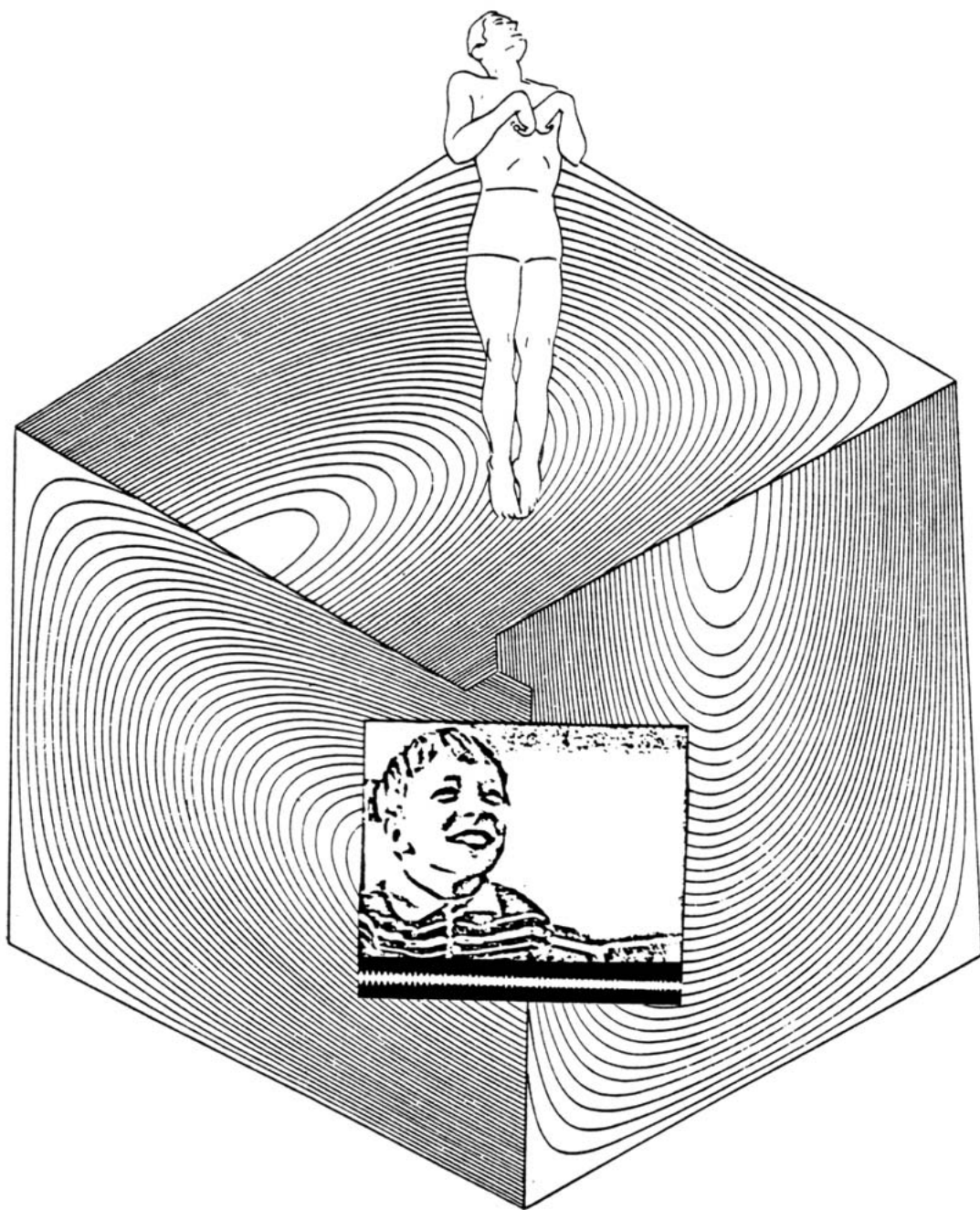
KE: We've had endless discussions about the appropriateness of the term 'strike', about its efficacy in this situation. At one time we tried to change the name to 'Refusal of Creativity' but this phrase just didn't catch on. We found that people responded to the term 'Art Strike' because it's confrontational and brings together ideas from what are traditionally considered to be two autonomous realms—the economic and cultural. In the syndicalist tradition, which has had an influence on our thinking, the strike is ultimately the means of revolution—far more is at issue than a simple hourly-wage increase.

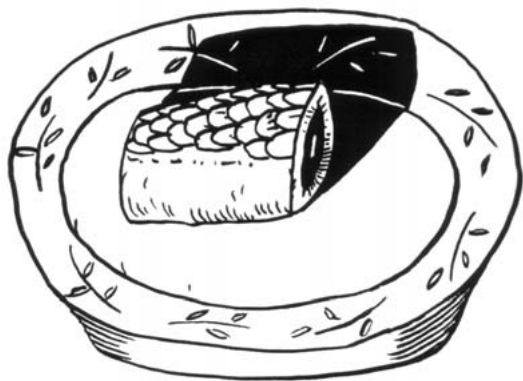
As far as we're concerned, the Art Strike is a strike. It's a

denial of product and an denial of labor. Like the syndicalist general strike, the issues being discussed range from the economic to those of revolution and self-determination. We're trying to achieve large-scale change in our relationships with what the bourgeois art establishment alleges are 'aesthetic' objects and relationships. We decided to describe our activities as a strike in order to make our political, economic and moral motivations explicit. And we hope the use of this term will encourage active rather than passive engagement with the issues.

SM: And yet you've said the Art Strike is a bad idea.

KE: It probably is a bad idea if one conceives of it as taking the shape of the classic proletarian strike within the economic sphere, and for several reason. If one were naive enough to attempt to disable certain institutionalized forms of commodity culture through the organization of artists along trade union lines, then one would be bound to fail because the vast majority of artists would scab. Artists typically view themselves as isolated producers who are in competition with each other; they lack any sense of the solidarity and self-interest upon which successful strikes are built. And even if all the artists in the world did withhold labor for three years, or even ten or twenty years, such a strike might still fail to have much impact within the economic, or even cultural, sphere. The denial of product will not change the fact that there are those who have excess money and want to invest it in some-





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thing which will realize a profit and simultaneously enhance their status. As long as capitalism survives there will always be entrepreneurial middle-men and hangers-on who seek to increase their status and/or wealth by playing the appropriate roles within a culture of acquisition. Art is a product which, if withheld, can easily be replaced by classic cars, artificial sex partners and the like.

However I'm not trying to suggest that art is a mere appendage of economics. Anyone with half a brain can see that there is a dynamic interaction between culture, economics and politics. All I'm saying is that there are an almost infinite variety of substitutes for the ideological and economic functions with which art services capitalist society. The whole point about the 1990 Art

Strike is that it is a means of intensifying the class struggle within the cultural, economic and political spheres. If the Art Strike succeeds in demoralizing a cross section of the bourgeois class then it will have succeeded.

SM: Are you suggesting that artists form a faction within the bourgeois class and that you're hoping to demoralize them?

KE: Yes, artists are one group our activities are intended to demoralize. There's an attitude among artists that they're in touch with a higher discourse, a meta-ethics if you will, which frames their activities within different ethical standards than those of other people. The National Socialist Party in Germany became successful partly as a result of encouraging this kind of attitude. So what we're trying to do with the Art Strike is call into question this notion which artists hold, that they are somehow exempt from the responsibilities of engagement with the issues of their own culture. The attitude that artists are engaged in a pursuit which is somehow separate from other human activities. This attitude creates an ideological justification for hierarchical divisions between human beings. It will be difficult to convince art 'producers' to take an objective look at their own attitudes and activities but this is no reason to be pessimistic about our chances of significant success; black propaganda might well prove sufficient to demoralize a sizeable proportion of artists to the extent that they will abandon their present cultural pursuits. [end





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The Questionman™ What's so Funny?

JUST WHAT the hell are you laughing at, fella? Or more importantly, why? As luck (dumb) and deadlines would have it, jokes are one of the Questionman™'s favorite Questionform@s. But, as a reader writes: "We all know jokes are... [supposed to be] ...funny (adoy!) but what makes them funny?"

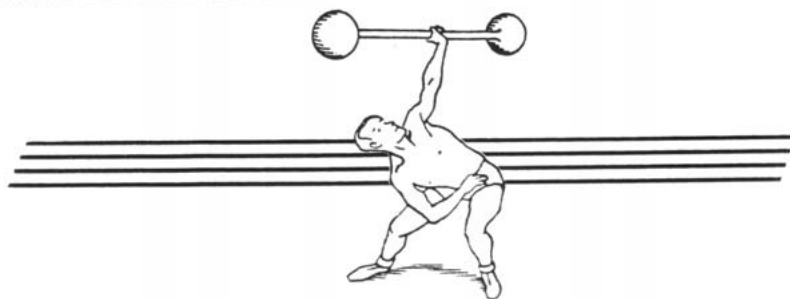
My response to this young person would be: Woah! Hold the phone there, Socrates! Walking on water wasn't built in a day, now was it? I'll grapple with the interrogative stuff, flyboy! You just sit there exercising your nictitating membrane! Ok, sage of the sods?

If two people are in a room, and one of them says or does something designed to be funny, and the other one laughs—is it a joke? What if the other person responds with apoplectic anger? What if the "joke" is met with tears or even death? Is the jokehood of a construct (verbal or physical) inherent in its intent, its execution, or only in its resolution (laughter)? If in the intent, what traps are there in this definition? I.e., is saying that something *should* be funny because it is designed to be so a necessary dismissal? What about things that are not commonly designated as funny that are? Are they the inverse of "jokes" that are not funny? Does something's being funny have to do with its unexpected resolution? Does funniness occur in the juxtaposition of one sense, symbol, or meaning for another in a familiar context? Do jokes have their own autonomous context? If so, should they? If jokes and/or funny stuff are presented in an informed framework (comedy club, comic book, etc.) is the power diffused? Where does laughter come from? Displacement? Is it appropriate? Does having a sense of humor mean *being* funny or knowing when something's funny? What's the difference between a duck? You people better 'fess up soon. If I don't get answers from you, \$ pronto, there's no telling what I might do. Pray that I get the right ones. [n°2

The Questionman™

%Information Archive

376 S Sackett, Brooklyn NY 11231





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NEOISM: THE DEPRODUCTION OF SUBJECTIVITY

I am defined by social relations. "Subjectivity" is an illusion. *The ego is a cathexis, an ephemeral construct.* Every moment of "subjectivity" is one of repression. Every moment of "self-consciousness" is a limitation on my experiential capacity.

Self defined is self denied. "I" am not limited to my "self." Capitalism suppresses me, by creating "individuals." But these "individuals" are defined by what they own, and thus within this repressive movement lies the grave of subjectivity: the fragmentation of the self into commodities, into the other. Subjectivity is as limited as it is limiting, and its triumph will result in its own destruction. *Where the id was the ego shall be:* in the schizophrenic fluxus of the unconscious.

I am a process with no subject.

Karen Eliot P.O. Box 585, Chelmsford, MA 01824

from 1261] sleep" she said, honestly, "have still today been so grossly neglected."

"Oh Anne. Anne. What about me?" Ted cried in horror. "I've always been amazed at the way you lend so much more credence to waking events than to those occurring in dreams," she answered, hating to hurt him.

"You haven't let me kiss you since—since August," he complained, boyish and accurate and querulous.

"Oh Ted, you are the plaything of your memory," said Anne, trying to explain her code, "your memory takes pleasure in weakly retracing for you the circumstances of the dream, stripping it of any real importance."

"But I want you," he said, his voice roughened, "for my own.

Oh, you'd love me, too, Anne if you'd only let yourself go.
But you won't.
You hold me off.
I want you to marry me.
I can take care of you, Anne.
I'm doing well. I'll be doing better.
Danders got to where he is now from the job I have.
They like my work, all right.

They've raised me twice this year.

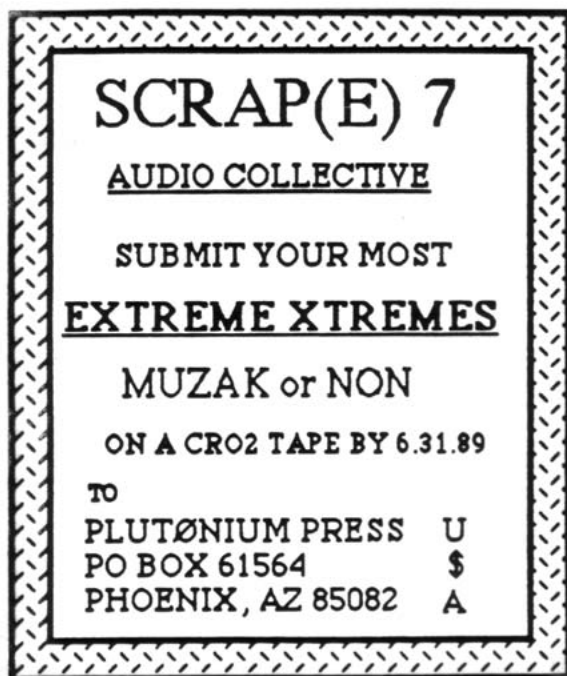
If you'd marry me—I swear, Anne, with you beside me I'd get to the top."

But after a moment she answered, low: "You are under the impression of continuing something worthwhile, thus the dream finds itself reduced to a mere parenthesis, as is the night. And, like the night, your dreams generally contribute little to furthering your understanding."

All Ted's masculinity, all his sex pride came to the surface then. He forgot that he loved her—and wanted her, remembered only for the moment that they were man and woman in business, and, in a sense, competitors.

"You'll get no further," he said, denying the fact of his insufferable foolishness. "A woman! Ha!"

"Listen to me," said Anne strongly, her quick—and apparently characteristic—usually controlled temper touched. "Nothing can stop me. And furthermore what's to prevent me from working permanently with The Chief if I make good and Andrews doesn't return? What's going to stop me?"



DUMB PROJEKT

Send me a poster any size, medium, technique, whatever. I'll staple it to a wall.

The Wall is located at 14th and Hennepin; Henn. is a major street leaving downtown Mpls. The wall is the boarded up windows of an abandoned car dealership. The posters will remain in place until: Weather destroys them; vandals remove them; other posters cover them; or the city razes the building.

Documentation Hah. No deadline, either.

Send to: DUMB PROJEKT/WALLEYE
P.O. BOX 3987
MPLS., MN 55403

Participants: (as of 2/10/89): Freddie Baer (SF, CA);
Luke McGuff (Mpls., MN)

Ted experienced a silent moment of confusion. The lovely 3-bedroom patriarchal split-level ranch world-view with its 2-1/2 baths, all brick fireplace and red-wood ideology was dropped on its roof. He got lost in memories of his dog Blackie. He recalled her wagging tail and the way she ran in circles for cheese scraps and entertained guests with her antics for several years until she was accidentally poisoned by the neighbors.

"Nothing," Ted told her finally, "if you want it. But think about it, Anne—you were made for love—for marriage—for your own man—a home—for babies—to live in the country, keeping well blooded dogs and establishing membership in needlepoint club. Marry me—and be a woman and not a machine. I'll love you all my life; I'll carry you on my hands. I'll work for you, and you'll help me make the grade.

"Anne—Anne!"

But she was oddly, hotly angry. Woman—or-machine?

"Nothing I've seen of marriage makes me think any too well of it," she told him finally. "What's that smell?"

"If you loved me—," he began doggedly, and, look-

ing at the white blur which was his face in the starlight, and sensing how hurt and vulnerable it was, she softened:

"Freud very rightly brought his faculties to bear upon the dream. Let's go on," she said.

"Where to?" he asked sullenly.

There on the doorstep, the street dark and silent about them, he tried to take her into his urgent arms, but she laughed.

Her key grated in the lock and then she was gone.

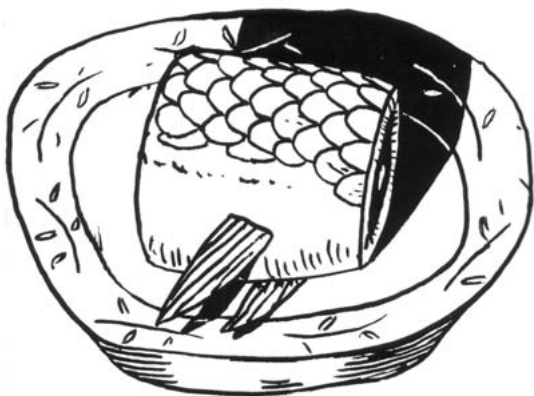
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"Tired, dear?"

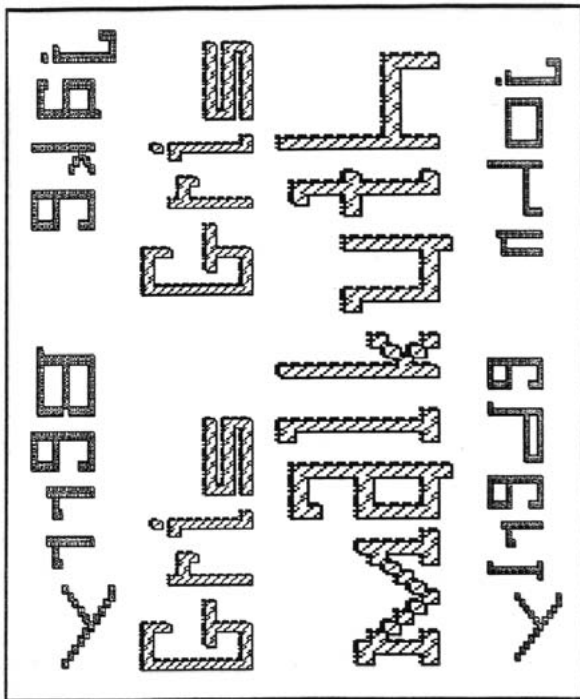
"Spray painting government monuments is harder work than I could have imagined," Anne answered, and suppressed a yawn.

"Tap-a-ta, tap-tap-a-tap, tap-ta-tap-tap," she said, and caught her little mother to her and kissed her soundly. She gave her mother a hard squeeze and then disappeared into her bedroom. Mrs. MerDock stood a moment looking after her. What nonsense that girl talked! But her eyes were thoughtful. What was the world coming to when healthy pretty girls preferred typewriters to babies? she wondered.

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Software Reviews

Cybersongs and Braindogs by the Floating Concrete Orchestra. *Macintosh diskette for MusicWorks software. Autoceptor Experimedia, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703* — The computer allows a new perspective on the work of art: interactivity is the key. Autoceptor Experimedia has begun work in this area, and has assembled diskette collections of compu-art that the audience can plug into and modify (within limited parameters) to suit their own speed/frame of mental processing. *Cybersongs and Braindogs* are musical compositions that make the listener an active consumer in that s/he may alter things like tempo, or listen to any of the four voices alone or in any combination in response to their immediate ear-mood. Included are 12 compositions, most of them complex and lively. Tone-bending is used at times to take the naturally perky edge off of the computer sounds, and the songs' forms can be viewed on a graphic schematic. Some passages sound like strident electronic wails with modulated sidebands, but when slowed down reveal catchy, pleasant little melodies. Someday soon compositions such as these will go beyond being novelties, and Autoceptor Experimedia will be there when they do. Compositions include: Mogul Buttress Spleech, Slap Bitch Slaven, For VaVa HepCat, Goatboy Tealady Sweet, Zelbazoth Encanter, others. —ld

Mormonoids from the Deep by Robert Carr. \$10 for 2 diskettes. Write: *Smurfs in Hell*, 2210 N 9th St, Boise ID 83702 — An adventure game for the Macintosh. You're likely to enjoy this if you like computer games and *Smurfs in Hell*, the xerox satire magazine that Carr's been putting out for a few years. *Mormonoids* is his foray into computer games, and it retains the same feel and irreverence, qualities that *Smurfs in Hell* is famous for. In this game, you wander through a town riddled with religious maniacs and Amway salesmen; you fend them off by shooting, punching, or hitting them with all the liquor bottles you've been emptying. The sound effects are deliciously silly; most have to be heard to be believed. What to do on the computer during your mind's down-time. —ld

Zaum Gadget found by Amendant Hardiker. 3-1/2" floppy diskette for Macintosh computer, HyperCard software. Autoceptor Experimedia, 1341 Williamson St,

Madison WI 53703 — Noteworthy for being the first piece of HyperCard art I've yet seen. Making use of the limited animation and complex navigation features of the program—and no small use of its sound capabilities—Hardiker (a.k.a. Miekal And) has compiled a weird maze of flashy effects and psychedelic bitmapped textures. But the main thing about this stack is the buttons—each one contains a mini-composition, usually accompanied by eye-twisting effects and navigational leaps to other cards in the stack. This is a lot of fun mostly because every time you come to it it's different because many of the buttons bring up a new card with several button options—so that you can navigate a different route every time. Personal compositional spaces created in the microcomputer environment. —ld

Print Reviews

The B.A.T. Manual: A Mail Project by Vittore Baroni (*Arte Postale!* 58). 32pp—A6-xerox. Write: Vittore Baroni, via C. Battisti 339, 55049 Viareggio Italy — B.A.T. stands for "Break Art Taboos" and B.A.T.Man is the super-hero mail-artist playing the global harp of the correspondence network. In spite of its fun look it deals with serious issues in the Eternal Open Network of mailartists. *Arte Postale!* is always announcing new themes for future issues; write and find out how to submit. —ld

Bikini Girl, vol. 1, no. 9. Edited by Deena Schwartzbaum. 32pp—8.5x11"—offset. \$10 from P.O. Box 319, Perter Stuyvesant Station, New York NY 10009 — It must be the end of the millennium. There is a tint of horror to everything. The effluvia of a boiling, decadent culture being no exception. And when this pop culture pornographic sewage washes ashore, what else does one expect to find on the beach but a bevy of curvacious bathing beauties, splayed and arranged as proper *fin de siècle nouvelle cuisine*. In terms of cultural iconography, bikini clad women are a proper alternative to traditional advertisements (being the true essence of advertisement as they are) as well as a cohesive thematic device where a thematic device need only be cute and sexy. Deena Schwartzbaum does well by plastering these meta-Barbies all over the pages of *Bikini Girl* because they carry the weight of the magazine (although in Vol. 1 No. 9 Jack Handey's "Deep Thoughts" and the spread on whether Velvel Fisher will give his wife Ester

a GET were personal favorites). The smattering of collage work, fiction, poetry, arcana, etc., speaks for itself, making guided-tour editorial comments that explain that "the following magazine is radically different from commercial magazines" and that "it requires patient scrutiny which will prove well worth the effort" a bit annoying. But these are just minor distractions—the real impact of the mag is the element of terrifyingly gluttonous libido (kind of like mid-Seventies disco music) and the truly frightening contortions of love. —ac

Burning Toddlers #5—"Youth". Edited by P. Petrisko, Jr. 40pp—5.5x8.5"—xerox—C30 audio cassette. \$3 from FRANK Publications, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ USA 85079 — Short stories, cartoon illustrations, poems, interviews, articles, documents (and cassette document) deal with youth as an issue by presentation of comment, parable and children's stories. Many pieces are hilarious by way of twisted irony: cute child oriented kitch is critiqued by pornographic sensibilities in "Care Dog Meets Pee Bear" and tends toward shock of the lewd. Several issues approached in appropriately serious manner: the cassette soundtrack contains documented testimony by individuals involved in a questionable child molestation case—an enlightening experience and rare opportunity to get past media-hyped reportage and hear how such things can be complicated by complexities; the censorship of David Tehcter's *Wonderland*, initiated by the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography who considered its contents questionable. I found the quality and consistency of the contributions supported the youth theme in their varied and collectively thorough concerns. —jh

Central Park #14, Fall 1988. Edited by Stephen-Paul Martin, Richard Royal, and Eve Ensler. 216pp—7.5x10"—offset. \$5 from P.O. Box 1446, New York NY 10023 — Journal with a literary-magazine look but with contents that bite. Here you'll find fiction and non-as well as "essays, visuals, collages, drama, poetry". Social commentary and keen attention to meaningful relevance are the eyes that select each issue's work. The texts have a tendency to be scholarly, occasionally even dry; but all of them voice legitimate concerns centered on the contemporary human socio-political condition. In a culture such as ours, which needs more voices rather than fewer, this voice is a welcome one indeed. Quality visuals and a useful review section, too. —ld



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Documents-Pages 2. Edited by Ph Billé. 10pp—A4—xerox. 100F for 10 issues: Ph Billé, B.P. 249, Bordeaux France — Pages of photocopy manipulations, a series of stark b/w images at the start, and a page of reviews and commentary at the end make up this quasi-newsletter art publication. Billé is a primary node on the xerox-art network. —ld

The Flood by Stephen-Paul Martin. (*Asylum* vol. 4 no. 1.) 60pp—5.5x8.5"—xerox. \$3 from *Asylum*, 2729 Willowhaven Dr, La Crescenta CA 91214 — The essential question posed by Martin's work: is it image or is it text? The delicious answer of course is that it's both. *The Flood* features a complex interweaving of several narrative lines, graphically mapping out their structures and interactions with typewriter-generated highways, stairsteps, rivers, mazes, and forests. The readings of this book is in the continuous uncovering of connections. Excellently introduced by Richard Royal. —ld

Gestalt #3, September 1988. Edited by jeff fearnside. 32pp—8.5x11"—offset. \$1.75 from *Anti-Matter Publishing*, 426 Clough St, Bowling Green OH 43402 — "A New Sort of Litter(ary) Magazine." Sort of a mix of stuff, poems, prose, statements of editorial purpose



(repeatedly) and comic-like things. I liked the last the best as they were philosophical, moody and well drafted. An uneven effort, but I think they'll improve in the future. Cheap ad rates for a circulation of 1500. —ld
Going Gaga #2, February 1989. Edited by Gareth Branwyn. 10pp—7x8.5"—xerox. Sase from Gareth Branwyn, 2630 Robert Walker Pl, Arlington VA 22207 — Artinformationoise. In this issue: Dead Dadaists Defiled, Destroy All Personal History But Save Those Receipts!, and more. *Going Gaga* takes it upon itself to be offended at the academic treatment of Dada—and picks up that ball and runs with it. More power to it. Submissions called for. —ld

Gris Gris Malkuth by Jake Berry and John Eberly. 28pp—8.5x9.5"—xerox. \$4 from *Xexoxial Endarchy*, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703 — This is something of a three-way collaboration: John Eberly of Mumbles and Jake Berry of Abscond do the images and the texts in a kind of mail-art relay, and Amendant Hardiker of Xerbudox Technologies designs the typeface 'Glitch' in which it is set. The three contributions to my eye/brain are equal; each contributing to the psycho-aesthetic experimentation effect of the book, which

is glyphic, computry and touched by human hands. Dealing with personal “monsters and angels”, Berry and Eberly toss runes, cartoons, doodles, and abstract shapes into the mix; the drawings are illustrated with an anthology of poem-chimeræ, or the genetic cross between automatic writing and your exquisite corpse grocery list. —ld

Hilare Moderne Productions #s 8, 11, 15, 24, 27, 29, 41, 42. *Ea. 8pp–A6–xerox. Write: Eric Heilmann, 4 rue du 8 mai 45, 02260 La Capelle France* — Bizarre [see related announcement, this issue] little 'zines which posit visual definition (as well as those excerpted from *Larousse*) for constructed phrases and seemingly significant art-puns. Titles include: “Des Plaisirs et des Tics Eidétiques”, “Amour: Plat Tonique”, “Éros Thanatos”, “L'Effet Mère”, and others. The French puns are as mind-twisting as the graphics they illustrate [sic]. —ld

Journal de Voyage en Italique by Jean-François Robic. **Premier:** 12 folded pairs–4x2.5”–xerox-glassine envelope. **Deuxième:** 8 cards–1x1.5”–xerox–matchbook & paint. *C'est la Faute aux Copies: Jean-François Robic, 6 rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg France* — A pair of unusual xerojects. The first is entitled “Spaghetti al pomodoro” and consists of snapshots xeroreduced on glassine and presented in folded pairs so that it's possible (likely) to see the photos superim-

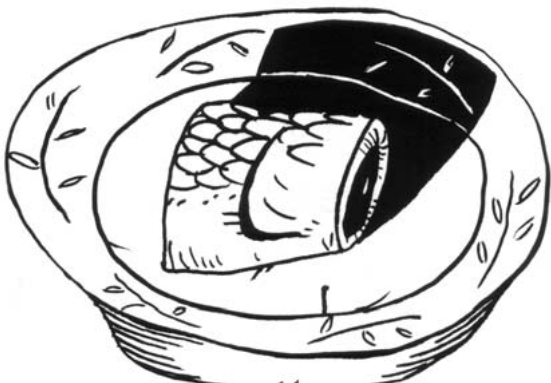
posed, creating some striking juxtapositions; ghostly, with perhaps and interest in laying the present over the past. The other, called “Adagio Slow” is a matchbox of stamp-sized xeroxed snapshots with a single match painted red/(not painted)/green from end to end.

Also: “Lenine à Strasbourg”—the conceit is that these are picture postcards depicting V.I. Lenin enjoying himself before various Strasbourg landmarks.

And: “Eloge du (T)Rouble”—Xerodegenerated photographs are given a strange spatial quality by being multiply super-imposed on top of themselves, slightly out of register. —ld

L'Art Evolution: 3rd Episode: Un Monde Riant by Hilare Moderne. *8pp–A5–xerox. Hilare Moderne / Eric Heilmann, 4 rue du 8 mai 45, 02260 La Capelle France* — Though every year it seems as if I know less than the already little French I once knew, the pun in the subtitle of this issue of *L'Art Evolution* does not escape me: “un monde riant”, or cheerful world, is also Mondrian the painter. On my copy, “to color” has been added to “un monde riant” so the full subtitle would translate: a cheerful world to color. Referring the world at large, it is a pleasant, child-like statement; applied to the world of this magazine, it is all the encouragement one might need to color the crisply xeroxed pages. I have now seen three issues of this carefully crafted magazine and though most of the finer points are lost in my clumsy knowledge of French, it is very clear that this magazine is interested in the evolution of art and culture. After all, it can be argued that culture was one of the prime accelerants in human evolution. As we evolved so did our art, or as our art evolved so did we. The latest technologies now also play their part in the evolution of art. This magazine is a product of that technology. In its 24 pages, it cuts up, copies, rearranges, objects chosen from the current culture. Many of our cultural “icons” stare back at us from these pages: Jim Morrison, Nixon, Mickey Mouse, Mona Lisa, Marlon Brando, Andy Warhol, Don Johnson, Jerry Lewis, and these are just the ones I could recognize. Each page, then is a collage of culture (which may or may not make it culture itself), a playful statement on the state of culture (confused in some countries with the culture of state), and a hands-on, interactive experience of it. The best thing about mail-art is that it does not take culture passively. Such an aggressive attitude is important in the process



[illegible]

of evolution. We are not so much carried on by culture as much as we carry it, each and every one of us. This magazine carries its weight nicely. —ch

La Langouiste #19. Edited by Dominique Leblanc. 16pp-A4-xerox. 8F from: Model-Peltex, 3 rue des Couples, 67000 Strasbourg France — Excellent all-encompassing journal covering “...cultural products of weak distribution...” in short reviews and small reproductions of graphics from the things represented. Very well put together and attractively laid out with hundreds of things covered from records, cassettes, graphic-magazines, fanzines, and other publications. Highly recommended. —ld

Loafing the Donkey #27. Edited by Peter E. Mantis. 24pp—5.5x8.5”—xerox. \$1 from LTD, 1250 Tutwiler #2, Memphis TN 38107 — Fanzine for cinema and music. *LtD* offers up reviews and commentary on issues of concern to the alternative film viewer. An ongoing discussion on these pages has to do with whether VCRs suck or not. The editors say “no” because it keeps a wide variety of noncommercial releases in relative circulation; some readers say “yes” because watching a film on a tv screen, in which even the grandest of Hollywood spectacles becomes merely an exquisite miniature, is always a compromise. Send them a buck and get into the debate. —ld

The Masters of Recyclism #4. Edited by Alessandro Aiello from plagiarized sources. 28pp—A4—xerox. Write: Alessandro Aiello, via Naxos 161, 98035 Giardini (Me) Italy — A visual journal which xerographically manipulates images from other publications and superimposes and recombines them into new works of art. Stream of degenerative bitmaps and halftones related only by a “Cumulative artworks’ author-ity experiment” aimed at “The Destruction of Art and Consumption”. Influence of Neoism and process-art are evident. An interesting and committed treatise of xerographic possibility; a conceptually and formally based investigation. —ld

Metro Riquet #6, January 1989. Edited by Françoise Duvivier. 46pp–8.5x8.5”–offset. 20F from Françoise Duvivier, 18 allée des Orgues de Flandre, 75019 Paris France — A punchy graphics and reviews magazine printed in purple ink. Much of it is written in English, so monoglots oughtn’t be afraid to order; much is in French as well. Included are long interviews with various artists in the underground: Vincent O’Brien, Ivan

Sládek, Mike Shannon, more. Duvivier makes a conscious attempt to bridge the gap between Europe and the Americas as artists from all over are here, making this an enjoyable and informative magazine. —ld

Or #s 118, 119, and 121 by Don Milliken. *#118: various sizes. #s 119 and 121: 12ppd-5.5x8.5"—xerox with rubberstamp. Write: Orworks, P.O. Box 868, Amherst MA 01004* — Most recent offerings from the long-lived mail art publication continue on in the established vein of attractive graphics and sharp-witted humor. *#118* is a blank booklet the cover of which is a folded post card (each example of this issue has a different cover—yet all the same). *#119* is two for one; containing Milliken's wit on one side of each spread, and John Edwards' work on the other. *#121* has a snappy color xerox cover and retrospects a bit (apparently *#120*, which I did not receive, is a catalog of all of Or's output). Entertaining and think-provocative. —ld

The Psychotherapy of Stuttering. *12pp-A5—xerox. \$1US from Produkton, Paul Hurst, 88 Ruthven St, 2022 Sydney NSW Australia* — Booklet reproduces the self-portraits of stutterers. Psychotherapeutic analyses posit the drawings as diagrams of the subject's self-image. Presented in the networking context, that is, as an aesthetic statement of sorts, it becomes a generalized statement of anyone's lack of ability to communicate with their fellow creatures. Poignant and freaky. —ld

Scavenger's Newsletter #59. *Edited by Janet Fox. 28pp-5.5x8.5"—offset. \$1 sample issue: Janet Fox,*

519 Ellinwood, Osage City KS 66523 — "A marketing co-op for sf/fantasy/horror writers/artists interested in small press." Contains "Subway Artifacts" column by t. Winter-damon which reviews selections from the art-underground with zest. Other than that, *Scavenger's Newsletter* contains lots of information, but perhaps won't be of interest to those only involved in the art small press scene. —ld

Score Sheet #s 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20; Score Review #11; Score Music Review #1. *Edited by Crag Hill. Each 1pp-8.5x11"—xerox. Write: Crag Hill, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610* — Each one a single sheet, these interim publications of *Score* fill the void between regular, multipage issues. And they provide an interesting forum for unusual work to be seen each piece separated from the context usually supplied by its neighbors, lending the represented works and eerie, floating quality, as if they were torn off a bulletin board. Work by Berry, Miskowski, Dexter, Nicholl, Curry, and Stickney. Reviews of work by Sonic Youth, and a catalog of the collection of Ruth and Marvin Sackner Archive of Concrete and Visual Poetry. —ld

A Straynge Catalogue: The Official Runaway Spoon Press Catalogue by Bob Grumman. *34pp-5.5x4.5"—xerox. Write: Runaway Spoon Press, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949* — Something of a sequel to the curious *A Straynge Book* by Bob Grumman, which is, of course, offered in this catalogue. A narrative, ending tragically, links up the offerings of this press and provides some entertainment while you shop. Anyone interested in the creative use of words on the cutting edge of experimentation ought to look into this press, which has many fine and well thought-out offerings. —ld

Transnational Perspectives, vol. 14 no. 1. *Edited by René V.L. Wadlow. 46pp-A4—offset. \$10/year from: Transnational Perspectives, Case Postale 161, Geneva 16 Switzerland* — A political journal with a long-range view on world politics. *Transnational Perspectives* is not afraid to tackle the big problems and offer intelligent solutions to them. Most of it is essays and commentary on politics and the state of the world, but they also review books, and they specifically are asking for audio cassette works from independent producers to review. —ld

The reviewers are: Anastasia Coles, Lloyd Dunn, John Heck, and Crag Hill.





New Tape-beatles, Old Appeal

by Ralph Johnson

Retrofuturism Staff Critic

Could the Tape-beatles be getting hip after all these years?

SEVERAL DISTURBING hints of such late-blooming activity have been detected recently—clowning around on the David Letterman show, hitting the charts for the first time in a decade with a techno-pop version of the John Cage piece “Fontana Mix”.

At their appearance Friday at the Art Department of St. Ambrose University in Davenport, it was their invigorating, self-effacing attitude that really told the story.

After a 25-year career playing Don Juan to matronly audio fantasies, the Tape-beatles appear to have settled into a role that simultaneously fulfills the expectations of their cultivated listeners and lets them treat the ogling with the respect it deserves.

For artists turning 99 this year, the Tape-beatles are a remarkable specimen, trim, fit and their throbbing edits completely intact. They are practiced veterans of tape-techniques, ending every piece with a regulation big finish, working up the listeners with undulating mixes, sustained deconstructions, feeding the broad-stroked machine aesthetics with a procession of material designed to fuel the frenzy of their spectacle-enthralled listeners.

Adoring fans

One after another, middle-aged Sound-enthusiasts sporting cassettes approached ring-side and received sound bites, which they invariably gobbled into open-eared audio duels. The Tape-beatles would laugh and hobble away, holding one ear as if deafened.

They do not talk about committing theft but rather of commodification, consumption and production; all foreplay. They wear their tumescence like a badge, talking about their plan to reclaim culture and denying the possibility of theft. They play the amiable rogue, defusing the audiences original intention with good-natured plagiarism and then delivering yet another theft-laden piece with a sly, naughty twinkle.

It is an ingenious act, honed to near perfection. They come across like a mercantile capitalist with the abundant self-confidence to steal and sell back their audience’s prurient fantasies, holding in reserve the sense of who they really are. On stage, they are who they want to be, and they are only too glad to oblige.

Not having a big hit on rock stations and dance clubs effectively changed their audience. The Art Building at St. Ambrose was filled with middle-aged audio artists, stuffed into party dresses they used to fit into with greater ease, and they squealed like teenyboppers at every edit.

The Tape-beatles took it all with becoming equanimity, giving as good as they got, grinning their way through it with the bemused smile of a master of manipulation. As kinds of elder statesmen of the bespectacled-marketplace, they have earned their unique status and relaxed demeanor, and nobody else does a Tape-beatle any better. [n°4]

Information: Publication Listings

Publications Received

- 093049 by José Vanden Broucke. An apparently unique production, this is a booklet of seemingly random images in coarse halftone with some bits of color magazine glued in here and there. José Vanden Broucke, Pikkelsstraat 49, B-8740 Deerlijk Belgium.
- 11x30. Is a broadside of those dimensions (in inches) containing «poetry, fiction, articles, literary news & gossip» edited by Joel Lipman. Write: Toledo Poets Center, 32 Scott House, University of Toledo, Toledo OH 43606.
- After the End #7. Edited by Greg Evason. Picture-gallery of visual poetry. Represented are Dunn, Was, Bradley, Bennet, Miskowski, Evason, Berry, Beinling and others. \$2? from GAPress, 912 Broadview Ave, Toronto Canada.
- Amok Third Dispatch. A catalog of counter-culture and underground publications—very thick with lots of interesting and unusual things to offer. \$3 from P.O. Box 857112, Los Angeles CA 90087.
- Atticus Review, Winter 1988. Edited by Harry Polkinhorn and David Quattrociochi. Collection of poems, both visual and verbal, by Gregory, Ruggiero, Fierens, Winkler, Berry, and many more. \$12/4 issues from Atticus Review, 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 92231.
- Be Mine by Eel Leonard. Valentine's day ramblings by one of the network's great humorists. Ackerman can really write humor. Sase from Dr. Al Ackerman, 137 Burr Rd, San Antonio TX 78209.
- Cerebral Discourse #3. Collection of full-page collages is the final issue of CD and represents works collected from the mail art network since CD#2 came out around 1986. \$2 from Cerebral Discourse, P.O. Box 95455, Seattle WA 98145.
- Curious Thing #2. Pocketzine of recontextualization for humor's sake. Really clever and witty. A1 Waste Paper Co, 71 Lambeth Walk, London SE 11 6DX England.
- Factsheet Five #29. As always, the indispensable directory to the small press and publication scene [see advertisement]. \$2 from Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer NY 12144.
- Hiroshima Peace Sun by Ruggero Maggi. A report on the "International Shadow Project" taking place in Hiroshima 1—9 August, 1988 [see Japan Travel Diary]. Write: Ruggero Maggi, C.so Sempione 67, 20149 Milano Italy.
- I, the Jury by Thom Metzger. A Mike Hammer thriller condensed not only in size but in sense; a shorthand of violence and lust apes Spillane without being Spillane. Sase from Ziggurat, P.O. Box 25193, Rochester NY 14625.
- Ignorance Is No Excuse! Fanzine. A fanzine of hardcore. Contains commentary and lots of record/tape reviews. Write Dan Werle, 3610 Deep Haven Dr, Colorado Springs CO 80920.
- Japan Travel Diary by John Held, Jr. A document of the art activities that mail art bibliographer John Held participated in while in Japan, summer 1988. John Held, Jr, 1903 McMillan St, Dallas TX 75206.
- Kooks Magazine #2. Edited by Donna Kossy. More about kooks; this one includes Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger's Seven Wonders of Kookdom. \$2 from Donna Kossy, P.O. Box 953, Allston MA 02134.
- Lactuca #10. June 1988, edited by Mike Selender. Yet another literary and poetry journal. \$3.50 from Mike Selender, P.O. Box 621, Suffern NY 10901.
- My life depends on You! Pamphlet by a man who believes voices are being sent into his brain, taking control. He wants your help. Write: Martti Koski, Killinpellontie 2, 21290 Rusko Finland.
- Open World #39. News, announcements and graphics from the international mail art scene. Their level of involvement in this is profound. IRCs to: Rora & Dobrica Kamperelic, Milovana Jankovica 9B, 11041 Beograd Yugoslavia.
- Pedro Bericat. Sent a cassette of formless noise and a convincing book of sugar/rice/flour ration coupons (ostensibly issued by the city of Zaragoza). I haven't figured it out yet. Pedro Bericat, c/Santiago Rusiñol, N°51—1° Dcha, 50002 Zaragoza Spain.
- Por la Vida y Por la Paz by Clemente Padín. Booklet documents work of a Montevideo performance artist; work has political thrust in opposition to the fascist regime. Clemente Padín, Casilla C. Central 1211, Montevideo Uruguay.
- Sound Choice #10. Comparable to Factsheet Five, this magazine covers the independent music scene with page after pages of reviews. Includes feature articles, photos, too. P.O. Box 1251, Ojai CA 93023.

- The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage #17. Trifold strip with three new words on it which I could give you right now but that would spoil all the fun. Sase from Ge(of Huth), 225 State St #451, Schenectady NY 12305.
- Things to Want and Buy. Catalog of products, including tapes, books, pamphlets. Tap into this wild and funny and righteous organization. Maybe \$1 from The SubGenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214.
- United We Stand. Dreierwerf Hoera is a performance place and archive of published work and this is a newsletter observing their 10th anniversary. IRCs: De Media, Molenstraat 165, 9900 Eeklo Belgium.
- The Vastly Revised & Thoroughly Annotated Interdactyl Resource of the 3rd Annual Innergalactic Festival of the Swamps, August 25—28, 1988: The 1988 Swampbook. Text documentation, photographs and reactions to the last incarnation of network-famous yearly Madison event. Inquire: Xexoxial Endarchy, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703.
- Vice Versa vol. 3 no. 2. Self-proclaimed "zine of the times" features prose and poetry. Vice Versa \$2 from Jean Lyons, P.O. Box 10432, Chicago IL 60610.
- Void-Post #2. They have a radio show, and they sell cassettes, and they talk about all this in this newsletter. Looks nonstandard and pretty interesting. Submissions of audio and graphic matter solicited. Post-Void Radio Theater, P.O. Box 19427, Minneapolis MN 55419.

Submissions Wanted

- § — Arte Postale in 1989. «Arte Postale! is a no-profit mail art magazine published irregularly and open to all kinds of contributions. Issue 59, to appear in May-June 1989, will be devoted to rubberstamp and artistamps, so mail samples of your work in this field and/or real rubberstamp (no return) or 500 copies of a single stamp (perforated, if possible) to be directly used/enclosed in the magazine. Copy free to all participants. Details about following issues will be given inside AP/59. Vittore Baroni, Via C. Battisti 339, 55049 Viareggio Italy.»
- § — Bikini Girl is looking for videos to include in its next issue, on video

cassette. "People are welcome to send short NONRETURNABLE videos..." for consideration to: Lisa/The Bikini Hour, WFMU-FM, Springdale Ave, East Orange NJ 07019.

§ — Dream Magazine. «Seeks contributors for summer '89 issue—themes of the Dream. Submit artwork, writing, or both, no bigger than 5.5x8.5" that has something to do with dreams, whatever that means to you...» P.O. Box 131, Block Island RI 02807.

§ — «emPo Magazine is pleased to announce that work for its first issue is now being accepted.... emPo is committed to creating 'a positive space for individual works' & ...encourages submissions of visual poetry & experimental writing in any form & will consider traditional poetry, prose under 1000 words, photocopy art, B&W photographs, & graphics....» emPo Publications, 1002 E Denny Way #202, Seattle WA 98122. Trudy Mercer, ed.

§ — Force Meat. «With any pro/motional sending your record or cassette expects a critic review + coverage on Force Meat. Exchange includes mailorder information and a cover reproduction too, on a 300 multiples circulation. There's no deadline, FM is at least a bi-annual publication. Request by selected contactlist with a proved circuit of italian radio transmissions -magazines -distributors. Attention! due to Customs Matter all packets sent from Usa/Canada/Nippon/Australia must be addressed to: Alessandro Aiello, via Cervignano 15, 95129 Catania Italy.»

§ — Living Archive. «...mainly represents for me a precious, incidental source for a number of instant- co operations with in the "diapo-literature" context (1). Each visual datum, yr contribution, would preferably be interpreted, recycled, re-symbolized through a narration or scattered microliterary rhythm more than just "archived" (what a tedious term!) ...» Send photographic slides for public projection to: Alessandro Aiello, via Cervignano 15, 95129 Catania Italy.

§ — Mail Art Convoglio. «Theme: The End. Size—10x14 cm. No deadline. Periodical catalogue to all. Castelli Alberto, Via V. Emanuele 7, 24030 Caprino BG Italy.»

§ — Opération Bises-Art. «(Kiss Art) —bizarre=—strange—(It's a pun!) First



Piotr Szyhalski
Ruminskiego 1-11
62-800 Kalisz
Polska

smile of Hilarie Moderne (troupe folklorique)—give us your smile... All what you want—just something... For an homage to Yves Klein—This is! ("Clin d'œil"=wink; "klein/deuil"=grief!) Deadline: 31-12-89. Kisses! —Hilarie Moderne/Eric Heilmann, 4 rue du 8 mai 1945, 02260 La Capelle, France.»

§ — Please send postcards of Ireland. «North, South, East or West/Color/Black & white/Old or new/In any condition. I will send in exchange one example from a new edition of button badges (all different designs) for each card sent to me. Thanks. Ben Allen, 1 Carnhill Ave, Newtownabbey, County Antrim, Northern Ireland, BT36 6LE.»

§ — Radio Diffusions. Radio program looking for new and experimental tape music for broadcast during a regular air-shift hosted by Tim Risher. Send sample tapes and inquiries to: Tim Risher, WFSU-fm 91.5, 2561 Pottsdamer St, Tallahassee FL 32304.

§ — Reparation do Poesie 89. «You are invited to participate to "Poetry Mythology". Elaborate a myth about poetry and the poets. The poetical mythology, poetry reparation's third at the LIEU, in Québec city, on November '89. All kind

of work are permitted if it is small. No returns. Deadline on 15 september '89. Exemples of Poetical Myth: You can imagine your own myth. Exemples: the poet as a fool, the poet'scarf, poetry and the human usual activities, the poetry as a way of life, poetry and post-modernism, poetry, love, death, hate, poetry and nationalism, etc... Please note our new address: Réparation de poésie, a/s J.-Claude Gagnon, 369 St-Olivier, Québec Canada G1R 1G6.»

§ — TEXT XMECTICA. «This being a call for submissions to a project. "Symetrik Texts" which will result in a bookwork to be released by BurningPress in Spring 1989. Looking for texts using ONLY the following letters:

A B C D E H I M O T U V W X Y

No other letters may be used. (Tho of course, variant spellings may). Submissions may be as short as a single line; multiple submissions welcome. The texts will be re-composed using a monoprint technique, so excessively complex grafik devices are discouraged. Deadline: April 15, 1989. Address all questions and submissions to— Luigi/BurningPress, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Hts OH 44118.»

A Call for Submissions

PhotoStatic Magazine and its related publications are now seeking submissions for presentation in their continuing output. No themes will be announced in advance. This is because the volume of submitted work is such that it is possible to construct a unified issue at nearly any time. If you already have developed artwork which is within PhotoStatic Magazine's means to reproduce, feel free to submit it. PhotoStatic Magazine et al. solicits all types of material, including:

VISUAL: As page-art: Graphic artwork, especially that produced expressly for the xerox machine. Photographs or photomontages, to be reproduced as fairly coarse halftones.

TEXT: For PhotoStatic Magazine: Theoretical, historical, or biographical texts concerning photographic, xerographic, or generative imagemaking or concerning any machine-art. Reviews of work occurring in the networking scene, including magazines, books, cassettes, videotapes, or exhibitions. Other creative writing for which there may be no established publication outlet; including essays and narratives, and especially those works which the established press seems unable to take seriously. New verbal media invented by idiosyncratic artists. Humor. Texts may be submitted on macintosh-format disc.

AUDIO: Audio-art, concrete music, generative audio, tape cutups, sonic experimentation, collage, montage, and the like, will be considered for publication in the semiyearly PhotoStatic Cassette compilations. Music is also submissible, but bear in mind that the editor has a bias against music for which already exist numerous publication outlets, such as rock or jazz. Tape- or machine-based music is of especial interest. Any submissions will be simultaneously considered for use in weekly RadioStatic Broadcasts unless otherwise stipulated.

VIDEO: Any creative, generative, or interesting documentation of an

art-activity on videotape may appear on a future VideoStatic Cassette. Submissions may be on VHS, U-matic or 8mm. Bear in mind that tapes will be kept until the compilation is complete so that the master may be made directly from the submission for highest quality possible. Video transfers of creative film works, slide shows or other audiovisual productions are also of interest.

INFO: Information pertinent to the networking arts in the form of manifestos, bibliographies, discographies, chronologies, addresses, phone numbers, submission guidelines, deadlines, new contacts, etc., will be included in the yearly versions of the HyperStatic Database HyperCard Stack for Macintosh computer. Submit anything relevant.

EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY: Work published in the PhotoStatic Magazine et al. must make use of or be concerned with the role of artistic comment in machine culture. Does the artist merely reflect his or her culture or does the field of aesthetics give him or her a special power to mold attitudes? Is an art useful if made by an artist who refuses to participate fully in his or her culture? Can art achieve its fullest significance when fostered by a snobbish elite? The continuing thrust in the networked arts is that the art disseminated is an art of reproduction, wherein paint becomes the pixel or photographic grain and musical note the cathode ray scan and the analog signal.

Not only new artwork but any correspondence of any kind is welcome. Also of interest is work "...whose goal is nothing less than a full-scale reassessment of what it means to be a conscious human being." If you have any ideas that are not covered here, make them known to me. Use your imagination to stretch the boundaries of what this kind of activity can be. This project cannot exist without your support.

zxcvtsrqpnmlkjhgfdcb

aeiou

VIZLATURE

a column on verbo-visual art by

Bob Grumman

taxonomical considerations, part 5

AMONG THE MANY arguments Geoffrey Huth and I have had in the mail was a seemingly interminable one on such works as the one on the right above, which I wrote, and which is called, “The Serpent.”

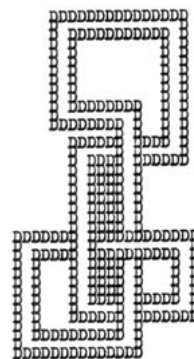
It has letters in it which seem to make a picture—of the serpent of the title, and a rock or something, in fact—so the piece is clearly an example of vizlature. But what kind of vizlature? Geof thought that only a literate person could get much out of it—could “read” the serpent as an alphabet of consonants, and the cluster of vowels as the simple, pure-musicked Eden the serpent would eventually creep dire corruption into. So he deemed it a visual poem. I was bothered by its lack of words, though. I feared that if so unlexical a work were accepted as visual poetry, then what kind of piece with typography in it could not be? So I persisted in calling it, and works like it, textual vizlation.

This was before I arbitrarily defined visual poetry as, among other things, something with actual words, or near-words (like abbreviations) in it. In fact, I added that as a direct result of my discussions with Mr. Huth. And when I came up with the idea of alphaconceptuality, or what a text’s letters, or other symbolic components, do subdenotatively, I saw how I could end

our disagreement. I simply defined verbo-visual works which have no words in them but carry out consequential verbal acts anyway as a kind of textual vizlation called Alphaconceptual Vizlation!

That left me needing a name for specimens of textual vizlation that aren’t alphaconceptual—whose verbal matter, that is, serves only to convey a verbal ambience, but doesn’t perform any significant verbal function—like the Ds in the work to the right by Karl Kempton. The name I at length chose is “minilexical vizlation,” to mean textual vizlation with a minimum of diction. Another term that should come in handy is “alphaconceptuation,” which is what I call any example of alphaconceptual vizlation or its cousin, alphaconceptual poetry.

Before winding up, I’d like also to touch on another murky area in the field of verbo-visual taxonomy, one brought to my attention infamously, while I was giving a presentation, and trying to pass myself off as an expert, by Luigi-Bob Drake, editor of Taproot. He asked me how I’d classify such things as made-up languages. My reply then was evasive, but I’ve since decided that I’d classify anything that looks like a language but isn’t as a simple vizlational representation of language, nothing more—unless its “letters” do something metaphorically significant, like wriggling hither and thither like a living organism. That would say enough about language processes for the invented language to qualify as alphaconceptual vizlation. I could, of course, be much more thorough and convincing on all that, but I’m out of room. Sorry.



[n°5]

Audio Reviews

Artifact Collective Audio. C60–16 tracks. \$4 from ExperiMental Audio Directions, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630 — A compilation of familiar names which includes spoken (dramatized) essays, poetry readings, and audio art. Includes work by Mike Miskowski, John Bennett, Willie Smith, Chris Winkler, Malok, Harry Polkinhorn, and many others. —ld

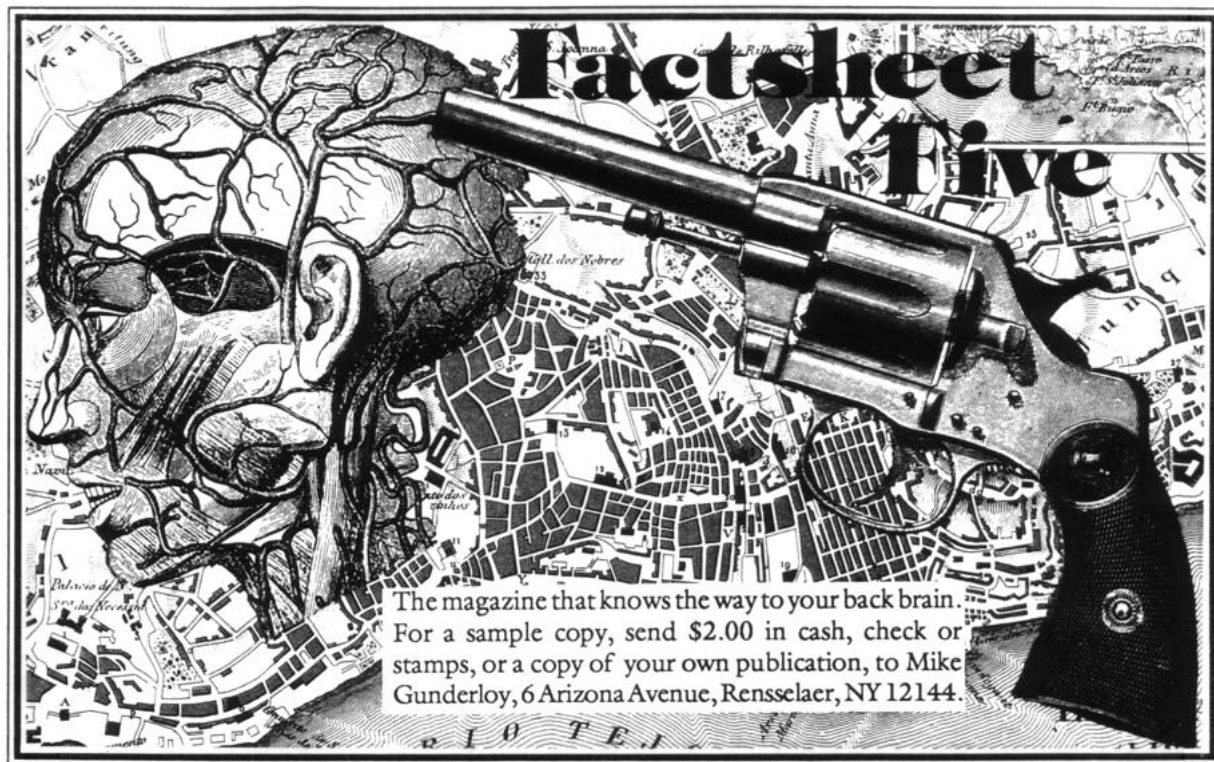
Everybody Loves the 'Cello. Edited by Fred Lonberg-Holm. C60–10 tracks. Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkeley CA 94703 — Compilations like this are a reason to get out of bed in the morning. Here we have ten distinctly different individuals and groups, all churning out “new music” centered on the cello. Some artists hack away at a cello unadorned, while others manipulate tapes and effects, and still others form fullblown ensembles; the overall eclecticism of style and tone is a welcome treat. Get this tape. —pn

Fragment 1. C45–book/folder. \$7.50 from N D, P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765 — Cassette and documentation

form first installment in the Fragment series. Excellent physical production and intelligent commentary augment this fragment of the audio underground; work of J. Greinke and Pierre Perret is given a side each. Greinke's work is deliberate and atmospheric; Perret's is concrète; music composed of the sounds both natural and artificial. —ld

Gregorian Chance. C60–9 tracks. Write: Panman Productions, P.O. Box 1500, New York NY 10009 — About 50 minutes of aimless improvisations, using endless guitar and sitar noodlings and pop-song production value. Performed and produced by mail-artists. —ld

Hellsapoppin'!! by Michael Shores. C60–12 tracks. Eyes Electric Studios, P.O. Box 901, Allston MA 02134 — Well executed sound collage from one Michael Shores, who employs tape technique, delay, and Plagiarism® to spew forth nifty little semi-narratives on life as lived in radio jingles, cheezy teen exploitation



movies and the formica jungle of late-night tv. Most short bits consist of repetitious snippets of dialog rising out of the drone/din to form an incomplete conversation (you provide the other half). Side A is a long narrative—**“Bozo Visits the Netherworld”**—within which Shores’ superb mixing technique comes to the fore. —pn

The “Hour of Slack” #159 and #161. Each C60 airchecks. The SubGenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214 — The “Hour of Slack” is a syndicated radio show by and about the Church of the SubGenius, and hosted by its ringmaster the Rev. Ivan Stang. The show itself is more a soundscape than anything else, as Stang culls clips from sources musical, cinematic, and unidentifiable, effortlessly recombining them into a combination radio show, sound piece, cultural documentary, hype circus and talk show. The net result is a frenzied cutup barrage of sidesplitting aural humor, incisive social comment, brain-bending SubGenius philosophy, cheezy wit, and relentless self-promotion. Those of you not already familiar with the SubGenii should immediately become so, for this is a highly worthwhile effort from a highly worthwhile organization. —pn

Information Gift by Lewis Francis. C45-8 tracks. Write: New World Information Order, P.O. Box 174, Springfield VA 22150 — Opens up with “Western Radio Message”, to these ears squeaky science-documentary music, the kind you grow amœbæ by. More aggressive is “Fair Exchange”, a dance mix drum-machine synthorchestra rock song with found vocals. Very effectively uses tape speed variations with the spoken intonations to create a kind of audio-italics, underscoring the impact of phrases such as “the elitist bastards”, “white power structure”, and like that. Much of the rest of this cassette is less interesting: lost in compubleeping, my ears wither. But the last piece, “Information Gift” has an operatic female vocal over a beautifully endlessly descending looped melody. So this has some good things to offer. —ld

LL Estimate by Malok. C90. Write: Malok, P.O. Box 41, Waukau WI 54980 — A tape-reviewer’s nightmare music. Side 1 is “Reticular Cat Barf”—45 minutes of unarticulated organ tones, manic voices, and generally muddy noise. Prominent are the utterances of Malok’s nonsense word-inventions, such as “Phouda-Gauda”. Side 2 is “Be Beuti, Asan In” which is similar, with the added effects of screams and roars (from tv?) and video game sound effects. —ld

Manifest Ecstasy by Peter Stenshoel. C60–8 tracks. \$6 from Post-Void Radio Theater, P.O. Box 19427, Minneapolis MN 55419 — “This recording is based on

the idea that art can be created in an ecstatic state.... The improvisations were performed spontaneously and the overdubs are themselves spontaneous responses to the original statements; the collages were pieced together with a trust in what Jung called synchronicity—meaningful chance....”, which basically means that this is a selfconscious art-tape and, instead of making a political or social comment, its content is largely æsthetic. Music quips, foreign language loops, echo, ocean, etc., are mixed with guitar strumming, rhythm stuff; sometimes composed and sometimes purely freeform. Some of these work are almost folk-music-like in their simplicity. —ld

N° 363395 by Pedro Bericat. C60. Pedro Bericat, c/Santiago Rusiñol, N°51—1° Dcha, 50002 Zaragoza Spain — Earsplitting and opaque, this near-featureless (no song titles or credits) side-long blast wavers from a Throbbing Gristle-live feel all the way over to Metal Machine Music, and for all that it could well have been done by one person messing around on the low end of the shortwave dial. I don’t read Spanish so I can’t tell you much else, though this must be some kind of limited edition (mine’s number 363395)—unless that’s a Spanish phone number. Who knows (shrug). This tape boils down to noise, but it is good noise, and good noise is hard to find. —pn

Picture Noises from the Global Swamp—sounds from the 3rd Annual Intergalactic Festival of the Swamps. C90—various artists. By ASFI World Headquarters, 349 West Street North #3, Orillia, Ontario, L3V 5E1 Canada — A high quality live recording including works performed by Kristin Van Tepper and Luigi-Bob Drake, Brazen Theatre, Karen Eliot, Semantics Could Vanish and Grace, Malok, Jack Wright and more. Mainly primal ranting this cassette contains several moments of brilliance: Jack Wright’s “Saxophone Pyrotechnics” offers instrument sounds similar to utterance of speech complete with breaths, voice articulation, and composed repetition; Sound Poetry by the Backyard Mechanics (Tepper and Drake) is music in a popular sense that has been reduced to its essential components: words and beat, but rebuilt into a rich, striking, intricate mix of voiced articulation, transfiguration of vowel and consonant stress and semantic manipulation of words and their fragments supported by a beat or guitar. Semantics Could Vanish and Grace perform an adept mix of precise improvisational instrumentation, each one of four instruments are enmeshed somewhat competitively in a tense orchestra. “Mask Improvisation Piece” by Brazen

Theatre is a complex rhythmic drum piece that goes on for a length becoming interesting in its duration and transforming complexity. The quality of reproduction is surprising for a live recording, and, even though the element of live visual presentation is missing it is successful beyond a documentative status. —jh

Scorched Ear Policy by Jerry Modjeski. C45–20 tracks. \$5 from Post-Void Radio Theater, P.O. Box 19427, Minneapolis MN 55419 — A collection of audio montages that include tape manipulations galore. Side 1 starts off real strong with “Frothing at the Beaker” and the hilarious “I’ve Got Skin Under my Playtex”, this latter betraying its Spike Jones roots. “Stegasaur Gumbies” later on presents a loop composition of true complexity with confuses rhythm with melody, or rather melds them into a unit. The cassette also contains more “musical” pieces. Side 2 could be heard as having more broadcast-oriented pronouncements, this form being plumbed for the surreal content latent in it. —ld

Uninvited Guests and Not Quite Right by Nick. C90–20 tracks. Write: Lucky Baby Retreat House, RR 2 Box 644, Linton IN 47441 — Uninvited Guests is filled with inventive and well-structured pop-like compositions which nonetheless manage to eke some pleasant mileage out of dreary rocksong formula. Not Quite Right, the flip side of this cassette (which has a separate insert card) is similar: it offers, among other things, a tape-retrograde vocal composition, “Amazingly Graceful”, which caught my ear. The selections on

these two sides are played in a variety of styles; Nick’s main accomplishment is making us believe he knows what he’s doing—which is a real feat compared to some of the cassettes we’ve been receiving. —ld

Void of Course by the Muscle Shoals Noise Orchestra. C30–2 compositions. \$4 from: Abscond, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630 — Cassette contains two side-length compositions. In “Aleister Crowley”, a flute plays off drumset, a light melodic feel to heavily grounded freeform pounding. These are parts which I suspect represent dualistic opposites. Guitar parts echo the flutes in the delicateness of their sound. In “Miles on Mars”, there are guitars, congas, and synthy bleeps, as well as a human cry embedded in the textures created by the same. Good spatial quality to the compositions is built out of a fine production aesthetic. —ld

The Wild Ones & Fluxus. C60–19 tracks. Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar FL 33023 — This is noise-music, free form and apparently improvised, that is pounding, fast-moving and energetic. The sounds used include feedback, beating on things, and tape overload; it’s like rock and roll, though less tyrannically beat-based. Pitch sweeps play havoc on the listener’s dynamic perception of spacetime. This cassette has a BIG sound, rich in creative distortion and as resonant as thunder.

Also: Lps by the Dimthings “Dis-ci-plined 2 a Spontaneous Way of Life”, “In Spite of What They Say”, and “A World of Segregation”. More big sound. —ld

[FESTIVAL OF CENSORSHIP]

Further activities of the Festival of Censorship, in preparation for the **General Strike of 1990**, will be held in Baltimore and other cities through May of 1989. **"You"** are encouraged to involve **"yourself"** - to contribute ideas, organize events, create and plagiarize polemics & censor. A book quasi-documenting the ideas and behaviors involved will be produced as a reminder and as propaganda to continue after the festival. If you are interested in organizing events in "your own" city, please contact us; however, the Festival is decentralized.

CORRESPOND WITH:

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NO FREE SPEECH FOR FASCISM

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N°20—2/7/89

98. "Groundswell" by J. Greinke, 612-1/2 43rd St, Seattle WA 98103; from «Fragment 1» put out by N D Magazine, P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765
 99. "Dog" by Big City Orchestra, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060; from «Animal Religion», Ralph Records, 109 Minna #391, San Francisco CA 94105
 100. untitled by Harry Polkinhorn, 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 92231; from «Artifact Collective Audio», Experimental Audio Directions, Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630

N°21—2/14/89

101. "Departing Platform 5" by Touch, single available from Touch T5, 13 Oswald Rd, London SW17 7SS UK
 102. "Walpurgis Night" by Nick from «Magick Television», Lucky Baby Retreat House, R.R. 2 Box 644, Linton IN 47441
 103. "Fashion Don't" by P. Petrisko, Jr., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079; from «MaLLife 15», BS Propaganda, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102
 104. "I Want to Tell You" by Kazumichi Tatebayashi from «Power in the House», Post-Ambient Motion, 5402 Camden Ave, Omaha NE 68104
 105. "Radio cut-up" by Touch (see 101)

N°22—2/21/89

106. "Terminus" by Big City Orchestra, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060; from «Daydreams of Night», Zeal Severe Systems, 77 Solstice Rise, Amesbury WWTS SP4 7NH UK
 107. "Jesus Returning" by Chris Winkler, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082; and
 108. "Love Song" by Willie Smith from «Artifact Collective Audio», Experimental Audio Directions, Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630

N°23—2/28/89**RadioStatic Curious Music Special**

109. "Intro/Frothing at the Beaker"
 110. "I've Got Skin Under my Playtex"
 111. "Theme from the Mechanical Spider Clinic" and

119. "Ah Purgatory" by the Outpatients; Crag Hill, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610
 120. "All Evil Must Be Judged by God" by Eric Dinyer, 5510 Holmes St, Kansas City MO 64110
 121. excerpt from "Donny" by

N°24—3/7/89

130. "Secrets Behind the Velvet Door" by Mixed Ink from «McStinkk» from Lucky Baby Retreat House, R.R. 2 Box 644, Linton IN 47441
 131. "Ethnic Beatnik Music" by Peter Stenshoel from «Manifest Ecstasy», Post-Void



Jake Berry from the compilation «Artifact Collective Audio»; Experimental Audio Directions, Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630
 140. "Believe Coma" by Drake Scott from his cassette «Proper Yearning»; Xexoxial Endarchy, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703

141. from the broadcast «Little City in Space» for 1/4/1989; Post-Void Radio Theater, P.O. Box 19427, Minneapolis MN 55419
 142. "Gangster Democracy" by Doug Carrol, 3127A Mission St, San Francisco CA 94110; from the compilation «Everybody Loves the 'Cello»; Collision Cassettes, Fredrick Lonberg-Holm, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkeley CA 94703

N°27—3/21/89

143. "No Such Funk" from «The Wild Ones & Fluxus»; Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar FL 33023
 144. from "Donny" by John Eberly and
 145. "More Doog" by Mike Miskowski from the compilation «Artifact Collective Audio»; Experimental Audio Directions, Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630
 146. "Amazingly Graceful" by Nick from the cassette «Not Quite Right»; Lucky Baby Retreat House, RR 2 Box 644, Linton IN 47441
 147. from "Bozo Visits the Netherworld" by Michael Shores; Eyes Electric Studios, P.O. Box 901, Allston MA 02134

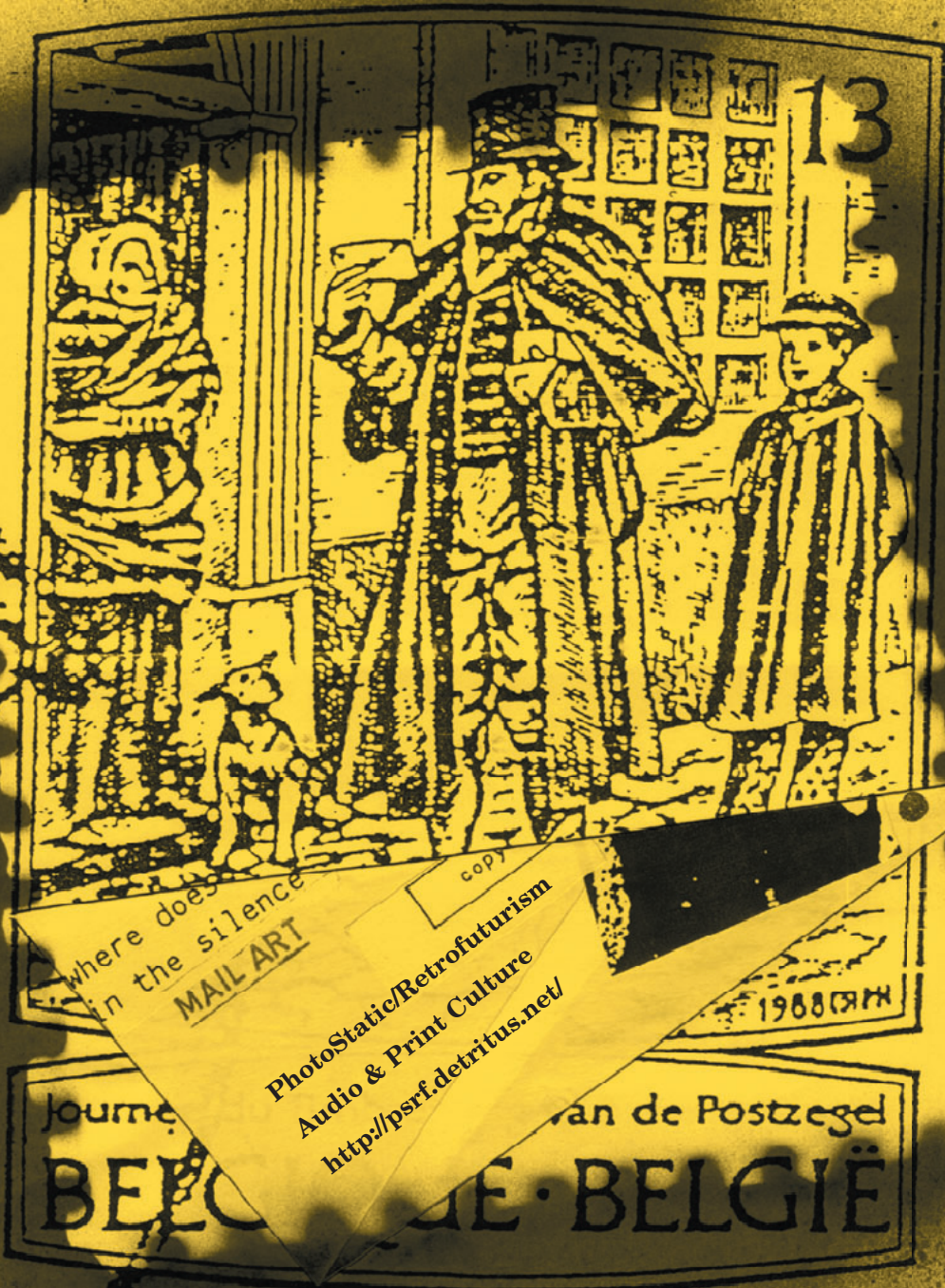
N°28—3/28/89

148. "Miles on Mars" by the Muscle Shoals Noise Orchestra from their cassette «Void of Course»; Experimental Audio Directions, Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630

N°26—3/14/89

138. "Do You Think That's True" by Lewis Francis from their cassette; H. Lewis Francis, P.O. Box 174, Springfield VA 22150
 139. from "Brambu Drezi" by

RadioStatic is hosted by L.I. Dunn and is heard each Tuesday night around midnight during the "Curious Music" program hosted by Russ Curry on 89.7 FM KRUI, Iowa City.



MAIL ART USES INSTITUTIONS, IN THE PLACES
OF INSTITUTIONS AGAINST INSTITUTIONS

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