

p	h	o	t	o		№36 JUNE 1989	
	S	T	A	T	I	C	

M A G A Z I N E

ADD THE WILL TO THE STRENGTH AND IT EQUALS CONVICTION

DEC. 3, 1941: THIRD ANTI-NUT CASE MEMORANDUM

LOUIS ARAGON IS THE PRESIDENT OF DADA.  
HARRY POLKINHORN IS THE PRESIDENT OF DADA.  
LLOYD DUNN IS THE PRESIDENT OF DADA.  
EVERYONE IS THE PRESIDENT OF DADA.  
YOU COULDN'T PAY TOM HIBBARD TO RAT ON  
LLOYD DUNN.  
DIDIER MOULINIER WOULD LAY DOWN HIS LIFE  
FOR JOHN EBERLY.  
ONLY THE ALREADY-DEFEATED FIGHT IN WARS.  
CRIMINALS WILL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.  
THE UNITED STATES of AMERICA IS BEING HELD ON  
SUSPICION OF COLLABORATING WITH THE ENEMY.  
REV. MALOK HAS SEEN A VISION  
AND IN THAT VISION DISCORD WAS LOCKED IN THE  
PIT FOREVER.  
NO FORCE IN THE WORLD CAN SUPPRESS DADA.  
THESE ARE THE FACTS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE  
KNOWN.  
THE AX IS ALREADY AT THE TREE.  
THE TRUMPET HAS SOUNDED.  
I WAS A HELPLESS ALCOHOLIC AND DADA SAVED  
MY LIFE.  
I WAS A COPY-CAT AND DADA SHOWED ME THE WAY.  
WOULD WHOEVER STOLE THE TOOLS OUT OF MY  
CAR PLEASE  
RETURN THEM.  
RANDY SMITH IS ADOLF HITLER REINCARNATED.  
HE PRETENDS TO BE YOUR FRIEND BUT IS JUST  
LOOKING  
FOR A CHANCE TO SCREW YOU UP.  
IS THERE NO END TO THESE COCKROACHES?  
TRACY LINDNER IS A LUNATIC, LESBIAN BITCH.  
I AM GOING TO THE KITCHEN TO GET SOMETHING  
TO EAT.  
AS FAR AS THE SECOND COMING IS CONCERNED,  
DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP.

signed,  
Joe Blow  
Your Town, U.S.A.

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**PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism** is a bimonthly not for profit periodical of xerographic art generally. Much of the work in **PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism** overlaps into the fields of correspondence art, concrete poetry, photography, audio, video, film, performance, and much of whatever else is going on in contemporary culture. Subscriptions are available as follows: \$8 (more would be appreciated if you can afford it) for one year (six 48-page issues) of **PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism**, delivered bulk rate. For an additional \$6, you will receive one year (two 45-minute issues) of PhonoStatic on audio cassette. To Canada/Mexico: \$10/\$18 respectively. Submissions: anything is welcome; include a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) if you want your work returned or else it won't be. Send SASE with your request for a free catalog of what's currently available.

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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Lloyd,

#35 & in yellow smog to sand w/foot of pelican as text & it brings up earlier mind, sliced leaves, cut each of fish, all these tracks around sun of photostatic #35, this sewing of a breast to a can makes a perfect drink.

Best,  
Guy [R. Beining]

Dear Editor,

By any standards of behavior the letters to your recent issue (#35) are the most peculiar I have ever come across outside the pages of a psychoanalytic journal. Out and out mental cases most of them if I am any judge.

Consider—not to put too fine a point on it but you have received and printed letters:

- A) from a man who can only be described as a sort of raging suitor or bug (Tim Ore)
- B) from a vicious psychopath (Cloud 247)
- C) from a profoundly confabulated soul who sounds as though he were contriving in some way to speak like a ventriloquist through some agency or object, probably a meatball (Malok)
- D) a person with megalomaniacal tendencies who seems to be operating under the fixed narcissistic delusion that his ass

is made out of cake, and who moreover exhibits an obvious fixation with the male organ (Billy Rojas)

E) two fellows with almost nothing at all in mind (Ph. Billé and Shane Swank)

## SUMMARY

Dangerous	Confused	Obnoxious	Pointless
2	1	1	2

This is about all I can tell you on short notice but if you don't mind a little advice you would in my opinion do well to change your address and/or keep the door locked. You seem to have become a freak-magnet and any one of these freaks is likely at any moment to hoot like an owl and make for your goodies. Particularly A), B), and D).

Thank you for this most interested consultation.

Carl Jung

*"And when art, for the last time, forgets its name, I'll be there with my gun."*

—Luciell Balls (I love Looseness)

Dunn;; PhotoStician,

CONvulsive time appropriation by them (!) has been squelching my little ticks away ..SO.. sorry

not to have communalca-  
ted for ..well.. must be a  
millennia or so ..NOW!  
but.. thanx ever much for  
the PHOststs you been  
sending here, gleaned  
over and enthusiastically  
penetrated by the voice  
behind these words. It  
was good to find out the  
historically (a)hysterical  
replicated past of the  
recombinist/de-combinist  
roots of everybody's "fab  
four", the tapebeatles? To



AMINDBOX  
PARASOL



think...that Ludwig Wittgenstein had joined and layed certain precepts for the recombination of truths/anti-truths for the TBs during his lonely time as a poor german school teacher (and thief). To the seven assertions (major..p.1268, PsSt 35) iterated by R.J. there should be added the two lost axioms (destroyed in the (not so) great "Principia Flood" of the early 1900s):

8. "Plagerism can either be the case, or not be the case, and everything else remains the same"

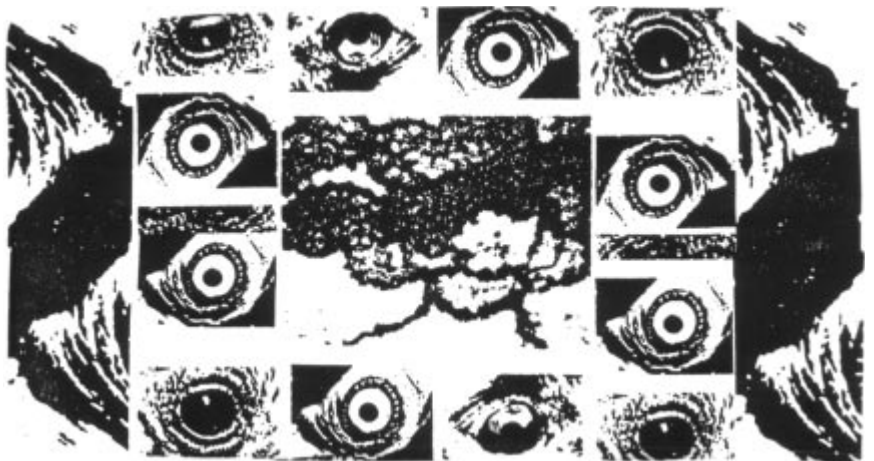
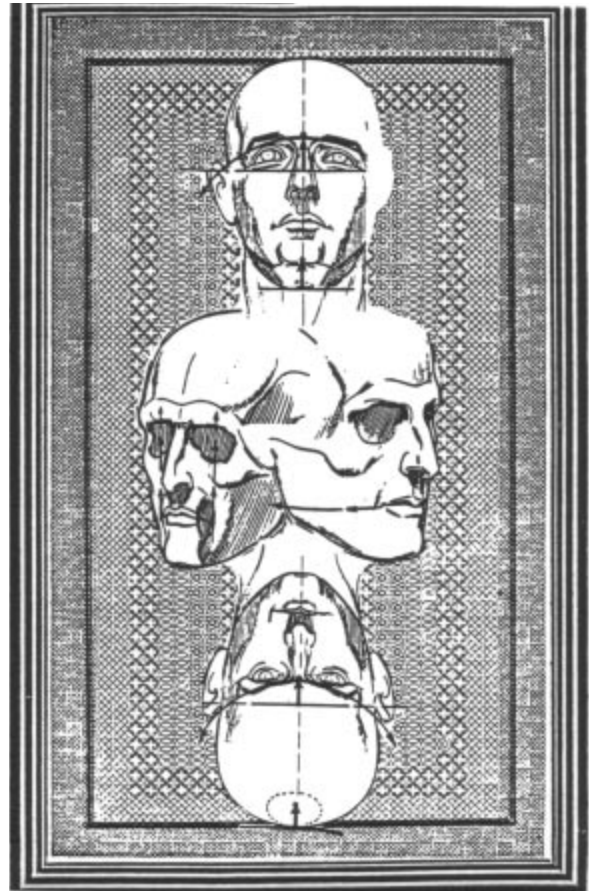
and

9. "Plagerism leaves the world as it is".

This famous thief also has re-appropriated all of history's and (future's) text in the true manner of plagerism when he said "My work consist of two parts: plus ALL that I have NOT written". Quite a swoop at propertyé eh? This even includes Mr. Huth's "Præcisios", since they are what is "NOT written". How could anyone tell that they were "not written" by old tape beatle Wittgy? Therefore being part of his "work" (or would it be non-work if it were play?), or is all this just verbal playing (language games?) around? And what do words "play around" on. . . .shit. I'm beginning to sound like the "question man". But the way...somebody put some christmas lights on that harmless penis in #34 for Mr. Rojas, willya? Perhaps a little "crude humor" is exactly the acidic solvent we need to melt the iron held of culture that constantly

wants to hide or "dress up (aesthetise)" these "crass" appendages. When art is finished suffocating we can remove the pillow of truth and LOOT the CORPSEé Push away the "invisible hand" and RECOMBine the WHIRLEDé VIVA PLAGERISMOé (this is a copy) REPPPETITT-TIOON BREEDS, YOU-MANS BLEED,

DK. PAZZKAL UNNNI  
IIMMMIII.



# Præcisio

by Ge(of Huth)

Of oceans we have only the slightest knowledge. Werner Herzog, the German director of such classics as *Nosferatu*, *Fitzcarraldo*, & *Aguirre, Wrath of God*, began his film *Every Man for Himself and God Against All* with a shot of a sea of crashing & waving wheat, Pachelbel's *Canon* and these words: "Don't you hear that terrible screaming all around us, — the screaming that men call silence?" This is præcisio w/o being præcisio. It tells us of a præcisio so made out of nothing that it doesn't exist except as thot (as thot wrapped around nothing). With these words the enormity of silence surrounds us, swarming, chaotic, loud. This is the conceptual præcisio, wch we can refer to but never see.

Since conceptual præcisio need something to make them exist, they

usually exist in the form of words. We say them to each other, but these are not writing (they are not about words or making words), and these are not-writing. These live at the least tangible edge of our perception. Made out of the abstractions and the arbitrariness of words, conceptual præcisio are just intimations of nothing. Hollow, crashing, simple, these settle into the mud of our minds.

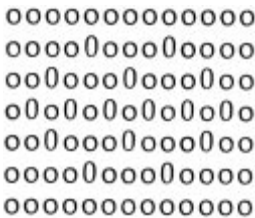
Ernest Hemingway, to continue the subject, early in his career wrote a story called "Out of Season", & in it there was a suicide, but in the final version of the story the suicide had been cut out. Hemingway believed that he had devised "a new theory that you could omit anything if you knew that you omitted, and the omitted part would strengthen the story and make people feel something more than they understood." The theory is wrong. Unless some vestige of the omitted part remains, that episode of the story merely never happened as far as the reader is concerned. Writing

the suicide in, changing the words around the suicide & then deleting it certainly might produce a story different from one that never contained the suicide episode, but there is probably no hidden feeling left in the story, no hint to the lacuna. What is interesting, tho, is the theory pure, the theory w/o the practice, the idea (simple) that something not there, that an invisible unsensible vacuum inhabiting the land of matter actually affects us, b/c it is nothing, wch is something that we try to look away from b/c in its eyes is the mirror of our face, the thot of our belief, the worry of our possibility.

Taking another story left gaped, taking another movie more real than the first, the film *The Killing Fields* has Sydney Schanberg (played by Sam Waterston) say to a military attaché (Craig T. Nelson) who has given him no information to report, a joke: "When I write this story, I will no doubt be quoting you in full." No doubt. The nothing the military attaché has said is also everything he said. Nothing is everything, wch is what we can accept if we're pure skeptics. But most of us don't

accept nothing & reform it to make everything & live there happily & never realize that our everything is nothing b/c our nothing is everything.

Let us work around to a slim novel, *Housekeeping*, by Marilynne Robinson. Try to imagine (tho you can't) what happens before these words that end the book: "No one watching this woman smear her initials in the steam on her water



A volume of blood  
published in Silent



glass with her first finger, or slip cellophane packets of oyster crackers into her handbag for the sea gulls, could know how her thoughts are thronged by our absence, or know how she does not watch, does not listen, does not wait, does not hope, and always for me and Sylvie." That absence is presence, that not-watching & not-listening & not-waiting & not-hoping are actions, that nothing is here all around us, all around her, crushing upon our perceptions, opening up her closing eyes, is what præcisio is. Tho there is nothing here, there is a hint of nothing, the quiddity of it, wch is the essence of præcisio & how it means to be.

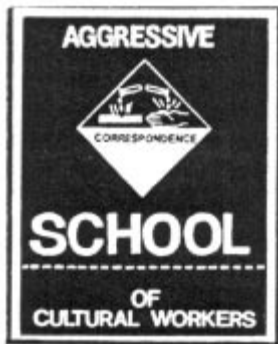
& how it means to others. One day

in the mail, I found a package w/ this brief note from Bob Grumman penned on it, a message about conceptual præcisio from one who had just conceived: "18 April 1989: Grumman invents the præcisio præcisio —————> He opened the envelope expecting it to contain a præcisio but found . . . nothing." If the envelope had been empty, if the package had been nothing, this wd've been a simple præcisio, an object præcisio, the titling message wch framed (as the envelope wd also have framed) the nothing w/in. But this præcisio was just an essay

in the form of a one-liner, a conceptual præcisio saying what a præcisio might be, how a præcisio could be less than itself.

If we can conceive of ourselves, we can conceive præcisio & perceive its nature even when it doesn't exist—if we can conceive of a writer who doesn't exist on the page that you are reading believing something is there, that these words have meaning more precise than the meaning of the palmprint of your left hand so pink w/ an ocean of blood.

*Nihil obstat*





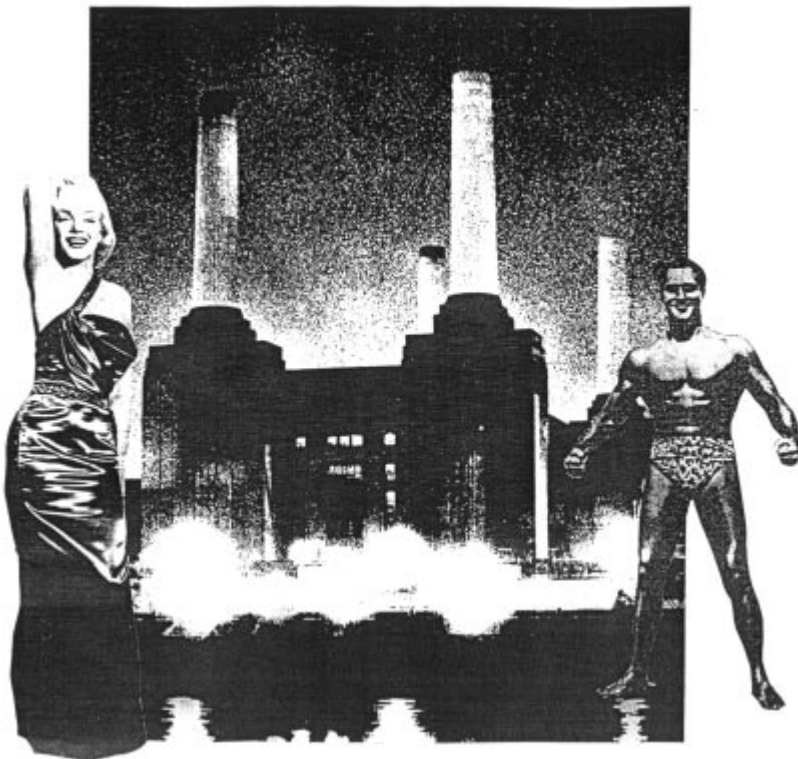


All the men with eyes closed  
surround a naked woman  
serenely at rest, but visible.  
The man who almost reaches her  
never touches her.  
his hands were stiff.





## GOODBYE TO CONFRONTATION





A  
BEAUTIFUL  
FEELING



The WHITE Dress She is wearing  
Exhibits An inaccessible body  
He reaches her shoulder however,  
She has already killed him  
with her voice





DOUBLE CHARADE



# Violent Brown in “Miss Diagnosis”

by Erik Belgium

Frank Red arrived home from the baseball game. As he made his way up the stairs to his room, he stubbed his left big toe on the edge of the stairs. He swore like crazy and continued up the stairs. After getting ready for bed, he began to soak the toe in turpentine. There was no blood or torn musculature, simply a ripped toe nail. So he went to bed.

Several weeks later Frank Red noticed that his toe had turned dark blue. He wondered if this was a bad sign. He did not ask the opinion of a doctor or nurse. He did mention it to one of his relatives, Violent Brown, over the telephone.

Then he went to the kitchen and took some liver out of the ice box and washed it off and cooked it on the stove. As he

opened the refrigerator door, he again bumped his toe.

Violent Brown told Frank Red that she had heard of a case where a toe turning dark blue actually resulted in an increase in the health of that person. However, she also warned him that this might not be the case with him, and said that she would come over that afternoon and take a look at it.

When Violent Brown arrived, Frank Red greeted her at the door and showed her his toe. At that point, she said this was definitely a case where it would result in an increase in his health. In back of the two of them, on a table just behind Frank Red, was a picture of his father and a framed copy of a letter he had received from the president. Just next to all

of this was a photograph of the ocean.

Three weeks later, Frank Red was having some difficulty walking. As he stepped out of bed he felt a numb sensation in his left foot. He then went down the hallway running for the bathroom to take a look at his foot. When Frank Red took his sock off he noticed that his entire left foot was dark black. He again called Violent Brown who promptly came over to his house and said that she had been wrong and that she had confused his condition with weight loss.

Then Violent Brown drove him to the hospital and two doctors chopped his foot off because he had gangrene in it. Then the two went out for a full steak dinner. Each. [end]

(1) First SHE observes his EAR In the  
light her living breasts surround his hands  
and The murderer turns to blood



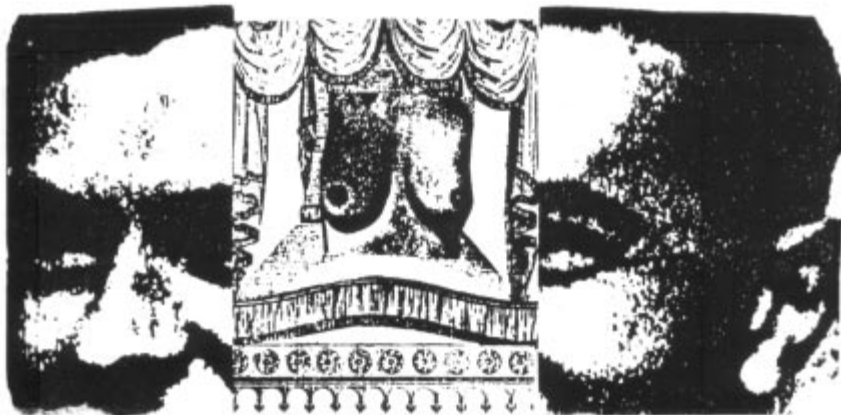




## Electric people

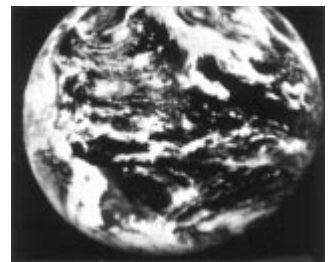


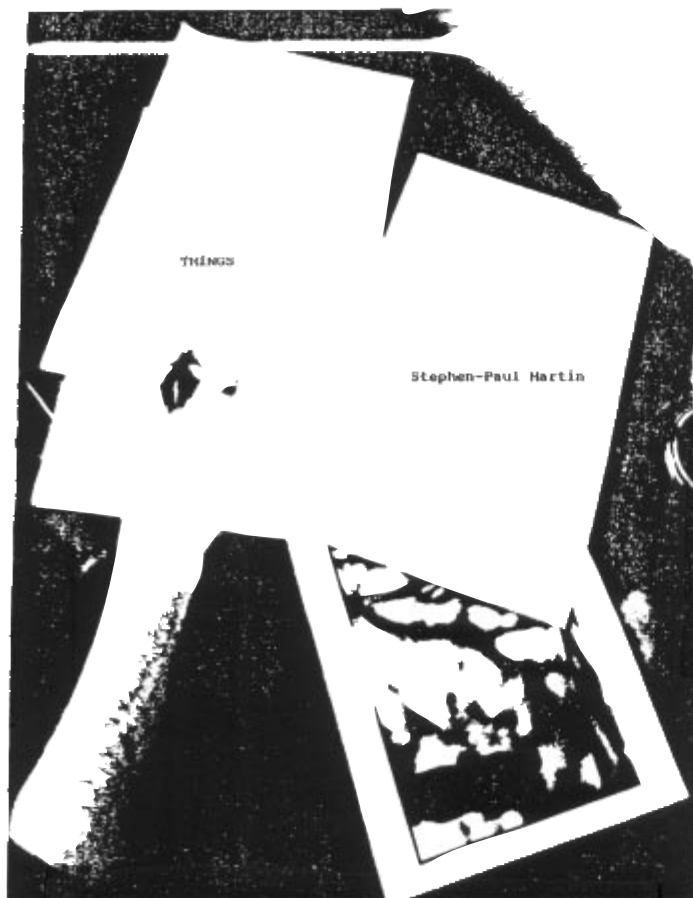
## Invisible assailants



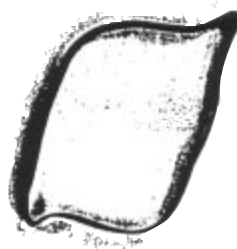


(2) “ I have to search for the *Femme* ”  
 MAKE the hidden object visible.  
 never touch it with eyes



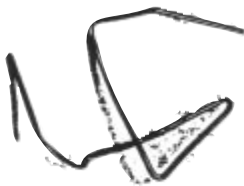


THE REPRODUCTION OF THINGS IN THE MOTION  
OF SYLLABLES

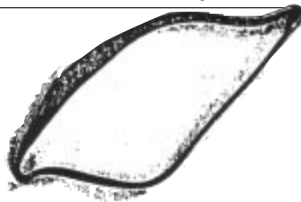




the lity behind the myth and the myth behind  
the reali y



Having ki led the Na ve  
Amer cans with advanced  
technology, we are there-  
fore doomed to kill our-  
se ves through simila



Ma ng plans  
to see what  
vani hed  
right before  
you sav hi

The ight that forms  
when you look  
ght here  
but disappears when  
you look  
away like



pois bee mauling  
senator n the  
tution

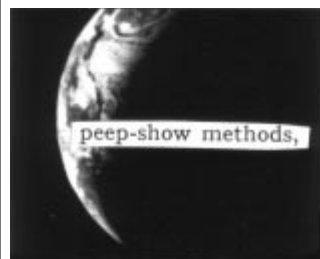
A MESSAGE AT ONCE INDECIPHERABLE  
AND SELF-EVIDENT SOMETHING YOU'VE  
RECEIVED OR HAVE NOT RECEIVED AND  
ABOUT WHICH--ONCE YOU'VE RECEIVED  
IT--YOU KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW  
AND HAVE NOTHING TO SAY

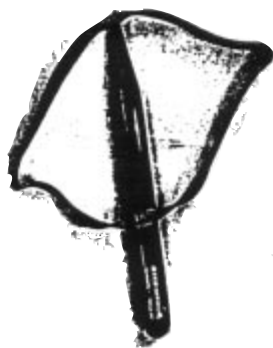


hi  
help you  
ee  
ha people  
re but  
no  
despise them



(2) snuff-box montage hidden in the forest  
the object of the leaves nightmare





NOT HERE  
BUT NEAR-  
BY  
LIKE  
AN EYE  
WATCHING

WHEN THINGS YOU SEE BEGIN  
TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE NAMES  
YOU'VE GIVEN THEM



"AND NOW, FOR YOUR DINING  
PLEASURE, RIGHT HERE IN  
THIS MARVELOUS CASSEROLE  
DISH, THE BABY JESUS!"



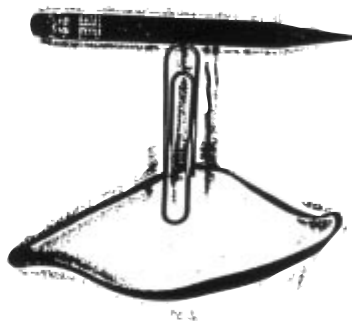
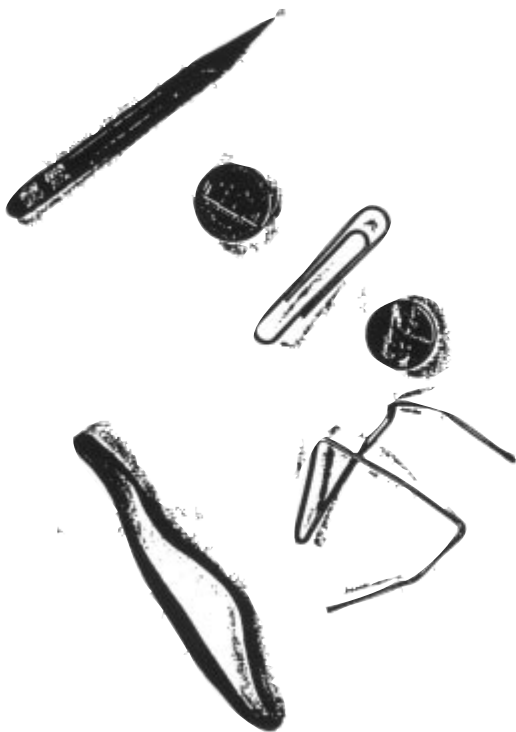
What is that form stretch-  
ed out in space that shows  
your body seen possible?

Everything is between the  
first word and the last word  
but when you look back it's  
not here anymore. The first  
and last words are in differ-  
ent positions



has what  
you're look-  
ing at  
made its  
own medium  
a zone  
that no-  
thing  
else could  
be con-  
sidered in

does it  
only ex-  
ist in  
potential  
at first  
and then  
having  
been here  
long enough  
to seem  
tangible  
appear in  
the very  
form you're  
looking  
at now



the conspicuous one turns brutal,  
armed with festoons of drapery  
in his favorite bowler

move up close

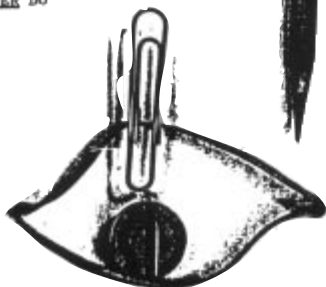






OK OK I GET IT  
SO SHUDDUP!

BUT YOU DON'T GET  
IT ASSHOLE YOU  
NEVER DO



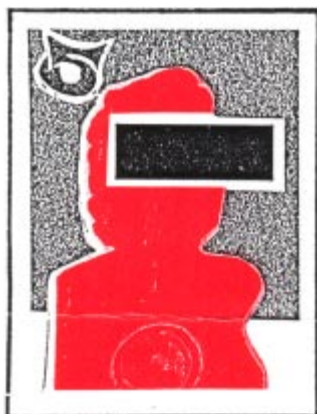
As if by making  
precisely the  
pattern you're look-  
ing at they made  
a place they could  
exist in  
once you began  
looking at them.

TIME HERE DEVELOPING NOT AS MOTION  
THROUGH SPACE BUT OUT OF WHAT'S HERE  
ON THE PAGE RISING INTO WHAT YOU SEE  
LIKE STEAM ON A SUMMER DAY OR LIKE A  
METAPHOR CRUMPLING UP AND THROWN AWAY  
BY MISTAKE



But to many  
philosophers  
it seemed  
that con-  
structivism  
was a camel  
that could  
not be stopped  
once it was  
allowed to  
poke its nose  
inside the  
philosophical  
tent

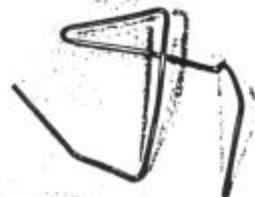
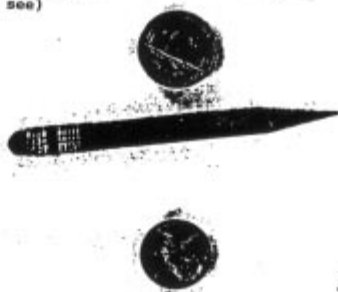
So then she said often, in the midst  
of crisis a subtle reassurance comes  
a sense that what you feared has come to  
pass and that you can stand it--in fact  
you can even begin to understand it--pro-  
vided of course it doesn't get any worse  
and I replied that



AT THE  
AQUARIAN  
UNIVERSITY  
OF MARYLAND,  
IN 1972,  
I LEARNED  
HOW TO RE-  
PRODUCE  
MY OWN  
BODY,  
AND THEN  
HOW TO  
MAKE IT  
DISAPPEAR.



(no, not  
simply a  
larger  
version  
of what  
you might  
normally  
see)

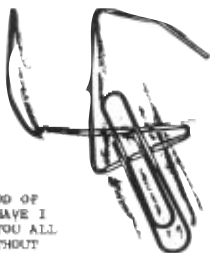


LIKE A TV MUSCLEMAN  
VOMITED FORTH FROM  
THE GAPING JAWS OF  
LEVIATHAN



Murdered eye seeks to kill  
omnipotent walls transhx the  
temporary murderer and  
I photograph his guilt





THOU ART A GOD OF  
SEEING BUT HAVE I  
REALLY SEEN YOU ALL  
THIS TIME WITHOUT  
EXPLAINING?"



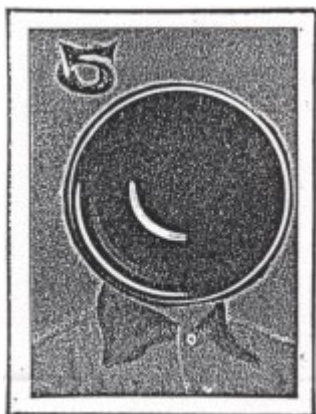
IN THIS CONTEXT YOU MIGHT ARGUE  
THAT A SIMILARITY COULD EASILY STAND AS  
THE BEGINNING OF A DIFFERENCE



As if they meant nothing  
to us and yet would soon  
become parts of our lives  
on a constant basis



and I replied "If you can tell  
that certain people are in the  
room without seeing them, does  
that mean you can feel some sort  
of force field that they carry  
around with them?" And she re-  
plied "Oh don't be ridiculous  
You know very well that



You're focused  
here, the  
space you've  
made for  
yourself, you  
can't be  
elsewhere. But  
elsewhere  
someone is  
coming, someone  
who might have  
been here  
first, someone  
who might have  
seen pre-  
cisely what  
you're looking at  
now.



In the nightmare  
All the men had their eyes,  
Set serenely ON the montage  
thinking of other lovers







## ECONOISE TOPICA

by Miekal And

The culture of all noises is an invisible hodgepodge of information dissemination. an expert cultivator would unbend or remesh the disparate frequencies into irrational foodstuffs. By adventure & innovation the signage of noise varies proportionate to an insurmountable negativity suggested by a paramount of sound resourcery. The literalness of noise & its ancestry has spawned little enough thought to advance noise beyond the speculative stage. Where in fact is the host of theoreticians lining up to say the most up to date & relevant postulations possible. I think/fear this awaits the very ecstasy of commoditization before the word-bending follows in place. Wholly unleashed on the unsuspecting,

### Codes and Chaos

The Shields We Hide Behind  
by Thomas Wiloch

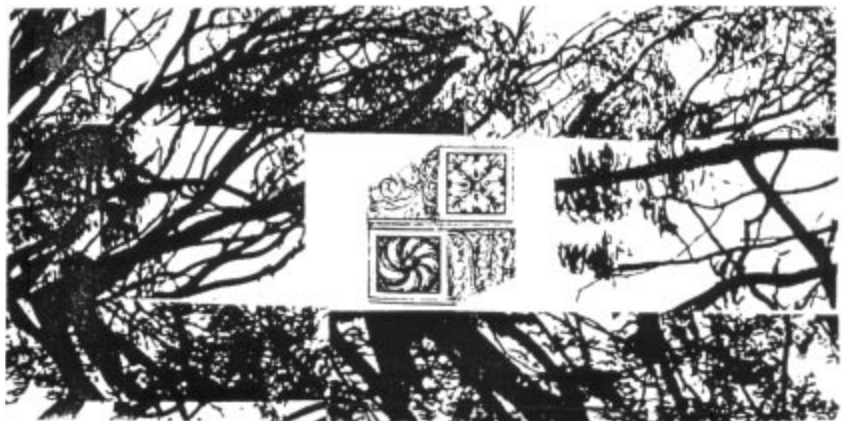
Throughout history there have been artists, philosophers, and madmen who have claimed that man's normal conscious state was, in essence, nothing more than a form of sleep. And perhaps that is true. It is the sort of claim that has great appeal, anyway. There is some doubt in all of us as to how conscious we really are, and some belief that a higher mental state is possible for us to attain.

This "sleep" we are under is best explained as being our acceptance of the everyday routine. That is, because we always do the same or similar things from one day to the next, we have shut off our perceptions of our lives to some extent. We have become conditioned to the routine to the point where we do not need to be very conscious of it to muddle through. We live our lives

like zombies or sleepwalkers.

An example: on my first day working on the auto assembly line, I remember vividly how complicated my new job seemed to be. It took all my focused concentration to follow the assembly procedure and then to perform that procedure quickly and accurately enough to keep up with the moving assembly line. Those first couple of days were nerve wracking experiences. I had to be so very aware of everything I did, each little physical motion. But after a time I got the hang of the job.

I could do it properly and quickly. I kept up with the moving assembly line. I found that I could automatically pick up the part, the bolts and nuts, fasten them on to the motor, and tighten them down with the drill. I even had time to chat with other workers, to daydream, to hum a tune to myself. I found that I did not remember each and every one of the 90-some parts I assembled each hour, eight hours a day, six days a week. They just somehow got done by my body while my mind what somewhere else, not



noise is not a candy, a suppressant, but given its viable ability to cauterize the unknown & the overly emoted sense of being, noise can be the missing pill of proximity. Taken readily with frequency there is eventual clarity amid the chaos. To spread thru the manner of listening in all directions sensory, the assimilation of noise is a combatant against feebleness, or is the constitution of bearing a specific weight. The noise of the future is the combination of all noise past. Conceived memory wise, noise has the unlimited potential of subscribing to every contradiction, such as one might expect from a juxtaposition of dreams. Noise leads to no conclusions yet is an equation of solutions.

[N°4

thinking about what I was doing. My work had become something I did in the same way that I breathed. The same unthinking, unknowing, automatic way.

And it is just this trance-like state which certain people throughout history have called a kind of sleep. To wake from this sleep is to become aware of everything you do *as* you do it. To be always discovering your life as you live it. But how to shut off the automatic pilot that runs our actions? How to break out of this robot conditioning?

The surrealists advocate a shock to the rational mind by combining unrelated items in unusual situations, thereby jolting the mind into a new mode of consciousness. Zen Buddhists use a similar method in their koans, as to the Sufi mystics. These methods can result in a momentary break in the routine, an upsetting of the mental apple cart. Your eyes widen, you take in a sharp breath, what? you say. And then the moment is gone, you relax, you sink back down into your usual mental patterns, you shrug



and smile at the moment of alarm and danger.

For it is dangerous to be shaken from the mental routine. The mental routine is our basic reality, after all. It provides the framework for our conception of the world. When that routine is shaken, our very sanity is at stake. Our sense of Self, of purpose, of value, are all under siege when something breaks the routine. The Odd is threatening.

It can be argued that such a threat is healthy, that atrophied modes of thought can be broken in this manner. So argue the surrealists, Zen Buddhists, and Sufis. To some extent that is true. But I personally see far more danger in it. Our awareness of reality is filtered through so many perceptual lenses, is accomplished within such a limited conceptual framework, for very good reasons. Just as it would be dangerous to look directly at the sun without benefit of the earth's atmosphere filtering and diffusing much

I photograph his guilt

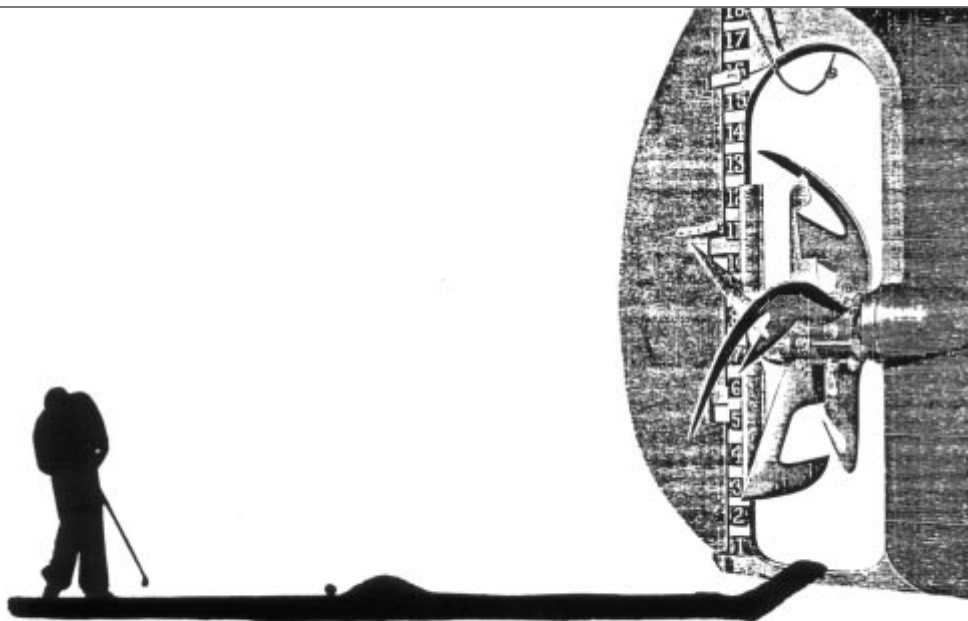
of its harmful power, so would it be dangerous to see reality unhindered by any preconceptions, any cultural frameworks, any physiological limitations. The sight would literally destroy the viewer. His Self would

be annihilated. Reality is too strong to confront except through mental blinders and distorting lenses.

It would take a man with different eyes than we now possess to perceive and survive the true nature

of our existence.

In the meantime, we erect symbols and alphabets, religions and philosophies, nations and monuments. Anything to shield ourselves. [N°7



## MINIATURE GOLF – THE NEXT WAVE



# RETRO Futurism

N°9

## Overlooked Classics *by Brad Goins*

Sylvia. N.d. (1975?). Dir. Armand Peters. Starring Joanna Bell.

Like the Sybil of popular American culture, Sylvia is tormented by split personalities. These personalities tend to be clever, witty, and adept at arguing. Most of the personalities like to engage in frequent and anonymous sex, which is especially disturbing to Sylvia, because she is a pious Catholic in her healthy state.

The cinematic portrayal of Sylvia's battle against her personalities begins with a slow pan of an ordinary suburban street. The sound of chirping birds is abruptly broken by the voice-over of Sylvia shouting, "Bullshit." As an argument among several of Sylvia's personalities develops, the camera comes to a halt before the front of Sylvia's house. The camera is in no hurry to start moving again; it stays put during the remainder of the long argument.

Sylvia's meanderings (and the accompanying static shot) are finally interrupted by the arrival of a travelling vacuum cleaner salesman, played by Marc Stevens. Sylvia is not aroused by Stevens, but the sight of the neck of his vacuum cleaner brings to the fore one of Sylvia's sexually aggressive personalities. When Sylvia rapidly transforms from an apparent prude into a garish seducer, Stevens is disconcerted for a moment. Once Sylvia's seduction of the salesman gets underway, Stevens quickly returns to his customary indifferent state of mind, and gazes unconcernedly at the ceiling while Sylvia fondles him.

In the midst of this encounter, Sylvia is visited by her cousin and a travelling companion. The cousin is disturbed by the sight of her formerly devout cousin

writhing in Stevens' languid embrace. As the film proceeds, the cousin watches with growing concern as Sylvia careens through a series of bizarre sexual encounters.

One of Sylvia's more mundane sexual encounters involves the personality Mary, a woman with traditional values and working-class speech, who is wooed by a naive young





man of similar background, Ben. We are shown Ben's proposal and seduction of Mary. The situation is realistic, and to some degree, poignant; after all, every day thousands of simple, trusting people devote themselves to individuals who have managed to keep severe mental disturbances hidden.

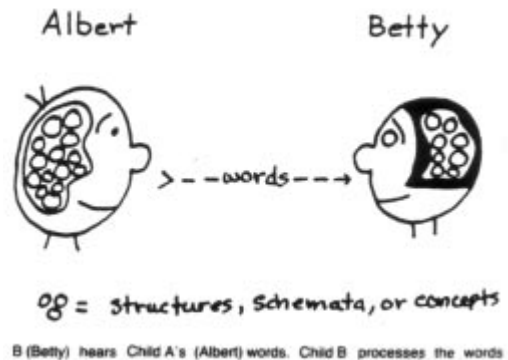
The scene in question offers us a glimpse of the awkwardness that results from porn's attempts to show a character whose primary characteristic is the tendency to unbridled sexual behavior suddenly experiencing romantic love and its attendant idealizations. In 70s porn, the dialogue of romance is often so minimal or trite that it is unconvincing. Directors seek to compensate by loading romantic exchanges with lyrical music and soft lighting. Such endeavors create ideal conditions for porn kitsch.

Sylvia is one of the very rare 70s porn films in which stereotypical romantic music is used with such serious and well-formulated intent that the poignancy that results is greater than the kitsch. The simple piano melody that is heard during Sylvia and Ben's proposal dinner in a restaurant, and in the later bedroom scene, enhances the emotional intensity of the situation, for it parallels the basic beauty of Ben's oafish sincerity and Sylvia's desperate struggle to fight her personalities and retain what is most precious to her.

In the restaurant, Ben begins his painfully elaborate process of imploring Sylvia with a string of banal clichés about love, marriage and sex. "My need for you is getting out of control." So is his expression of it—others in the restaurant are pointing and sniggering at the couple. When Ben pushes his proposal, Mary directs a long, ambivalent look to him, then quickly bends down her head to hide her eyes. The sequence is repeated; then Mary begins to cry and nods her assent.

It should be emphasized

LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT

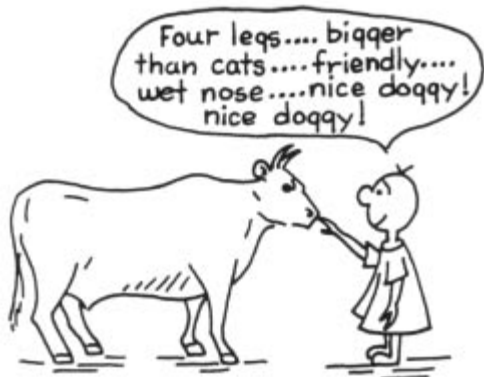


that the pathos indicated by these descriptions is accompanied by plenty of bathos. But the rank triteness of Ben's clichés, the technical gaffes (jerky cuts; dubbing of speech for Sylvia when her lips aren't moving), Sylvia's occasional overacting, and the silly superimposition of the other personalities' faces onto Sylvia's, do not detract from the basic poignancy of the disturbingly real situation. The most significant aspect of films like *Sylvia* is that they allow us to willingly suspend belief to the degree that we can feel at the same time delight in kitsch elements and pity for the characters. We are reminded that porn usually comes closer than mainstream cinema to showing people as they really are (that is, outside of sexual intimacy).



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INTELLECTUAL ORGANIZATION AND ADAPTATION



Everyday people are often tongue-tied or maladroit at their moments of greatest emotion.

After the scene shifts to Ben's bedroom, Sylvia lies in bed, awaiting her lover. She breaks down and cries a defiant but inadequate assertion to her personalities:

*You're never getting my man.... You'll never get my man. (She sobs.) Ben is mine.*

Quotation alone can't convey the accuracy of Sylvia's imitation of the broken speech of the distressed. When Ben returns, the portrayal becomes even precise:

*But Ben... Ben wait... I I I know... I I I know... I told you before... but I'm afraid now. Maybe we should wait.*

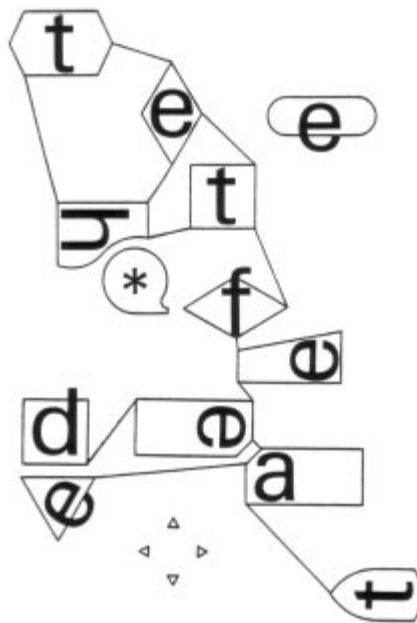
The language is stretched to its extreme as Sylvia stutters out her I's. Her speech is profoundly real: it's the expression of someone who must use speech to communicate something important which she cannot put into exact words. It's a futile task; the viewer is moved, but is also surprised by the unexpected realism. The realism is unexpected because the viewer is accustomed to mainstream cinema, which has no room for individuals who cannot say what they mean. Such speech would force the audience to determine what the character means—force the audience to think. The everyday speech of mainstream movies is cosmetized, safe, devoid of the uhs, yuhknows, and likes that clog real speech. Working-class Ben, who looks supremely out of place in a suit, would not be convincing if he didn't use clichés. Likewise, Sylvia must use broken, stammered speech: the sort of speech used by

the schizophrenic Dorrie in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*: a film that Americans refused to watch and Hollywood refused to acknowledge.

Of course, porn's speech is not structured by a desire to make the audience think. Indeed, porn's speech is real because it is so unstructured. The spontaneity and practicality of early porn create a speech whose unplanned realism jolts us with its sparseness, then moves and convinces us with its verisimilitude.

We need not catalogue or describe the plethora of sexual encounters portrayed in this film, except to note that in the orgy scene, Sylvia's cousin undergoes what can only be called a rape. The cousin is thoroughly repulsed, and the entire scene has a grimness of structure and set which is entirely appropriate and notably at odds with the rest of the film.

As for Sylvia's sexual escapades, they are entirely contained within the leitmotif of this film: the struggle between hope and doubt followed by the inevitable capitulation to human frailty. [N°3



# Newsletter of TSTHPFAGOTIAOLLFFTO\*

(Volume 1, N°57)

by Tim Coats

Today my assistant John and I are embarking of a topic that involves us all. As we know, many of us have secret loves or habits we're ashamed to make public. One that springs immediately to mind is the love of horror and/or the supernatural in movies, books, etc. What's that, John? He says he might admit that he likes one but definitely not the other. John's, of course, a little off base here. You can't very well like horror movies without also liking the supernatural—unless, of course, you only enjoy maniacal slasher movies. Now that's not possible, is it, you old fiend? Even *your* tastes are a bit broader than that, aren't they? Not significantly, huh? (For those not in the know, we treat John pretty darned good around here, considering.)

Now, before we spring our big surprise on you, the reader (you didn't know we had one, did you? I mean a surprise), let us mention one more example that anyone can agree on—romance. All right, I'll say it: John thinks we should use the word 'sex' here. Contrary to what John thinks I am not a prude. But, let's face it, the word 'sex' leaves out at least one important quantity that many of us find important, and that is our attitude toward the other person. All right, John's looking up in the air and getting his wonderfully disgusted expression on that big ugly kisser. (One thing nice about John is you can't offend him, so we don't even try anymore. We do love to watch the little fellow squirm though. It's one

of the few pleasures of questionable virtue we allow ourselves, so we're not going to feel too bad about it.)

You say you look at the other person as a sex object, John? Well, isn't that sweet. John wants to know what's wrong with that. Well, not much, kid, just like there's nothing wrong with listening to rock and roll instead of classical music, reading cheap novels instead of great literature, eating fast foods instead of good, home-cooked meals. Haé—I knew I'd get John's look again with that. One of these days, John, that look of amazement is going to rip your face right open.

Do you mind if we get to the main point now? (It's one thing being decent to people like John, another altogether to hold up the world for them.) All right, here it is: according to science the little secret that a lot of people cherish these days is something we've all felt at one time or another—an overwhelming desire to hurry up and get on with things. What's interesting is that, to a man, all hurry-up types will insist that each time they rush it's for a particular reason at that moment. Of course even the most cursory glance at history will reveal that this is the way it always goes: new-found loves are kept deeply hidden. As time progresses, of course, that all changes. Many people today, for instance, shout from the highest rooftops their love of horror and sex—what's that John? Okay, I see. John it seems, wants to make a little hay out of my inadvertently

using the word 'sex' there instead of 'romance.'

Our prediction then here in **The Society** is that the next great human desire to come out into the light of day and join the distinguished company of sex and horror will be hurrying. Clubs will form composed of people always in a rush. There will be displays. Great historical examples of hurrying will be dug up. Some people are even predicting that hurrying will enjoy a heyday far greater in magnitude, not to speak of glory, than either of its aforementioned predecessors.

Already it's being admitted in leading psychological circles that hurrying is the greatest boon yet to mental health. Psychology books are being rewritten at an alarming rate to reflect the change.

All right, John wants me to mention that **The Society** is only in the business of noting and analyzing the trends, not endorsing them. Now this is true, but I might also point out that John can't seem to discuss the subject of hurrying without that wonderful little lip curl. Seriously though, we're great ones for being objective here, but why would people even bother studying something if they didn't like it? What's that, fella? Ha, haé John says it's just the opposite—people will accept something without a second thought unless they begin to *dislike* it—*then* they'll start analyzing. Don't you love that kid's logic? [N°57

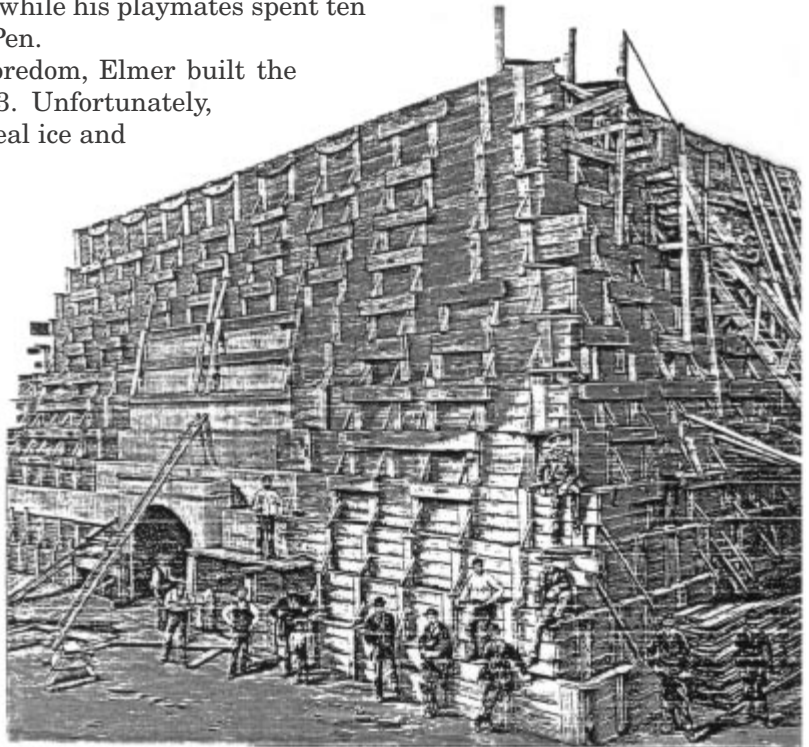
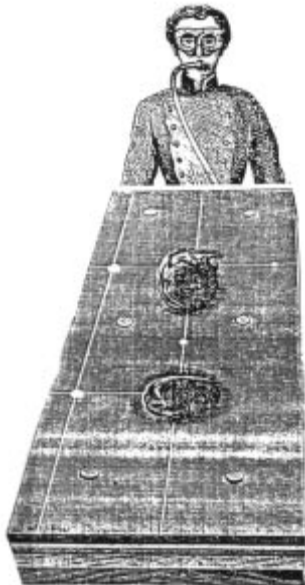
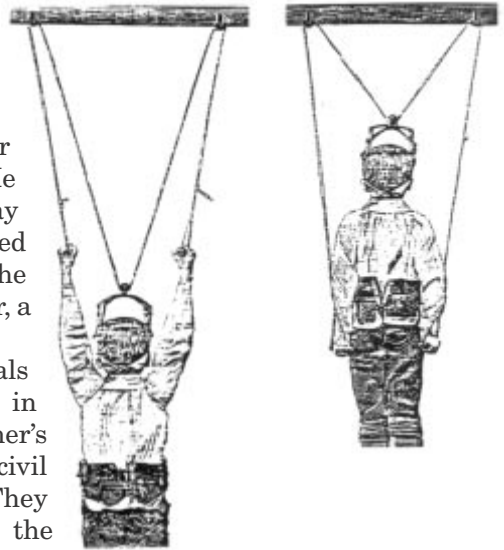
\*The Society to Help People Feel as Good on the Inside as Others Look Like they Feel from the Outside

## Elmer Blecker, Man of Destiny

Born in 1888 in a log cabin in Wheaton, Illinois, inventor Elmer Blecker was a precocious child from the start. He loved to tinker with his father's tools, he liked to play with the saws, hammers and drills, and for hours, he pored over his father's blueprints for adding a rec room to the house. At a young age, he was a real builder, an inventor, a man of mechanical genius.

When he was twelve, Elmer and a couple of pals built the Wheaton Dragons Club House (boys only) in his parents' backyard. Though a definite eyesore, Elmer's parents looked fondly on their son's attempts at civil engineering, and were proud of his accomplishments. They became less proud when the Wheaton police raided the clubhouse, and charged Elmer with harboring prostitutes and illegal trade in alcoholic beverages. But boys will be boys, and Elmer was allowed to live, while his playmates spent ten to twenty in the Illinois State Pen.

To alleviate his friends' boredom, Elmer built the first air hockey table in 1903. Unfortunately, the use of real ice and





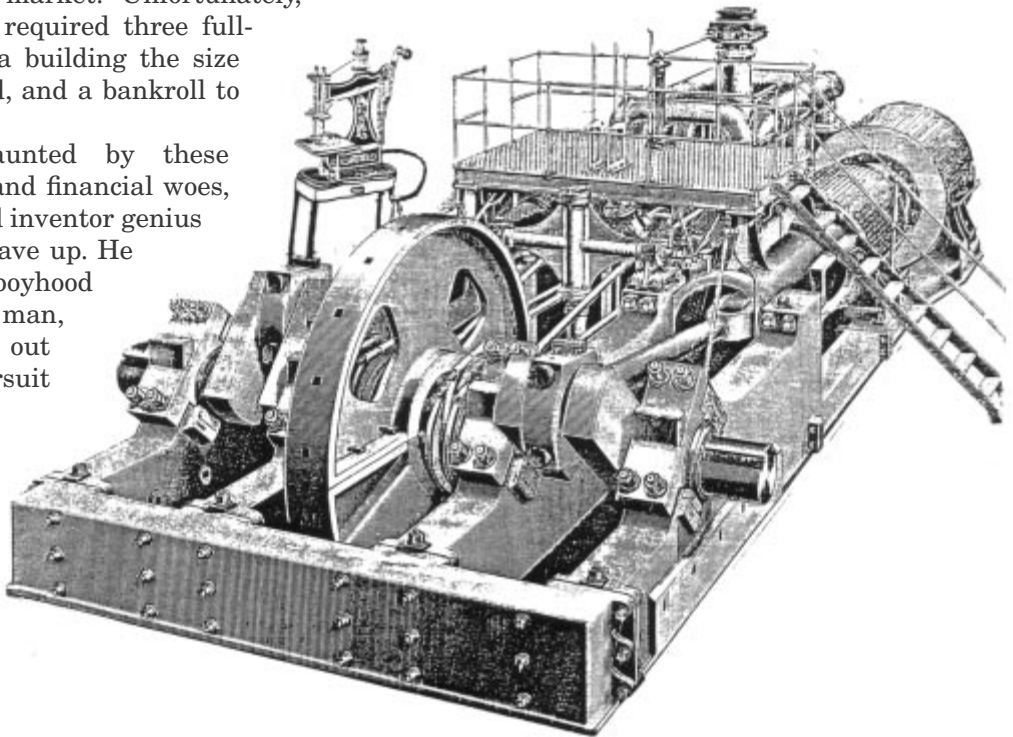
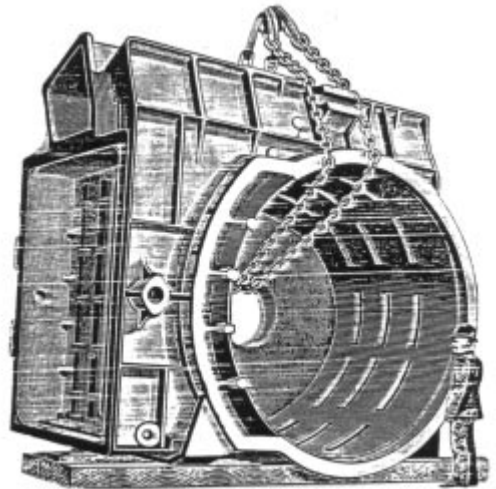
the lack of a proper cooling mechanism caused large slush puddles to form on the surface. In addition, the air cushion had to be supplied manually, and proved impractical for play.

Undaunted, Elmer began to work on the world's first 35 millimeter, single lens reflex camera. With meticulous care and original research in the field of optics, he painstakingly drew up his construction plans. But in transferring the measurements from blueprint to reality, Elmer erred by a factor of 10, and couldn't find the right size film for his end product.

Only slightly daunted by this setback, Elmer set out on his next trail of innovation. He would build the best, most efficient and easiest-to-use sewing machine the world had ever known! In less than a month, he had created the first perfect prototype. It ran well, and outperformed all other models on the market. Unfortunately, its power plant required three full-time operators, a building the size of a football field, and a bankroll to match.

Severely daunted by these major setbacks and financial woes, the unrecognized inventor genius Elmer Blecker gave up. He went back to his boyhood home a dejected man, and there lived out his life in the pursuit of forgetfulness.

—Mark Rose



## VIZLATURE

a column on verbo-visual art

by Bob Grumman

**taxonomical considerations, conclusion**

In my first five columns I worked out a system for classifying artworks which combined the visual and the verbal. At this time I would like to summarize that system. Before I do so, however, I feel (because of brickbats that have started coming in my direction) that I ought to defend my use of “vizlation”, a term I’ve been using to refer to visual art instead of the term, “art”. The latter seems to me most properly a synonym for “art-in-general”. As such it seems as absurd to use it also as a synonym for “visual art” as it would be to use the term, “science”, as a synonym for “chemical science” as well as “science-in-general”. I realize that few share my problem with the way the word is used; nonetheless, I refuse to use it to refer to visual art.

The terms, “visual art”, “graphic art” and the like, seem unsatisfactory to me, too—surely the art they refer to deserves a one-word name. Moreover, it should have a name from which a workable adjective can be derived as easily as “literary” and “musical” have been from “literature” and “music”. (Neither “visual-artistic” nor “graphic-artistic” are in my view workable.) Hence my coinage, “vizlation”—from which “vizlational” and “vizlator” follow without difficulty. “Vizlature”, which is “vizlation” and “literature” combined, and my synonym for verbo-visual art, follows fairly readily from it as well.

So much for my defense of “vizlation”. It is now time to turn to my summary. My first category, **Alphaconceptual Poetry**, has to do with that which results when the spelling of a word or near-word, or a group of words or near-words (in letters, but other symbols such as numerals or punctuation marks as well), coupled with its verbal meaning, produces a metaphor of central importance to the work it is in. Strictly speaking, alphaconceptual poems are entirely literary—but they are right on the edge of vizlature, so I felt it should be included in this discussion.

The most literary kind of vizlature is **Visual Poetry**. That is what results when the visual appearance of a word or near-word, or a group of words or near-words, coupled with its verbal meaning, produces a metaphor of central importance to the work it is in. “Concrete Poetry” is a term I took from the 50s to stand for visual poetry and alphaconceptual poetry taken together, but now I feel after exposure to some cogent arguments of Karl Kempton that the term, **Metaverbal Poetry**, is preferable.

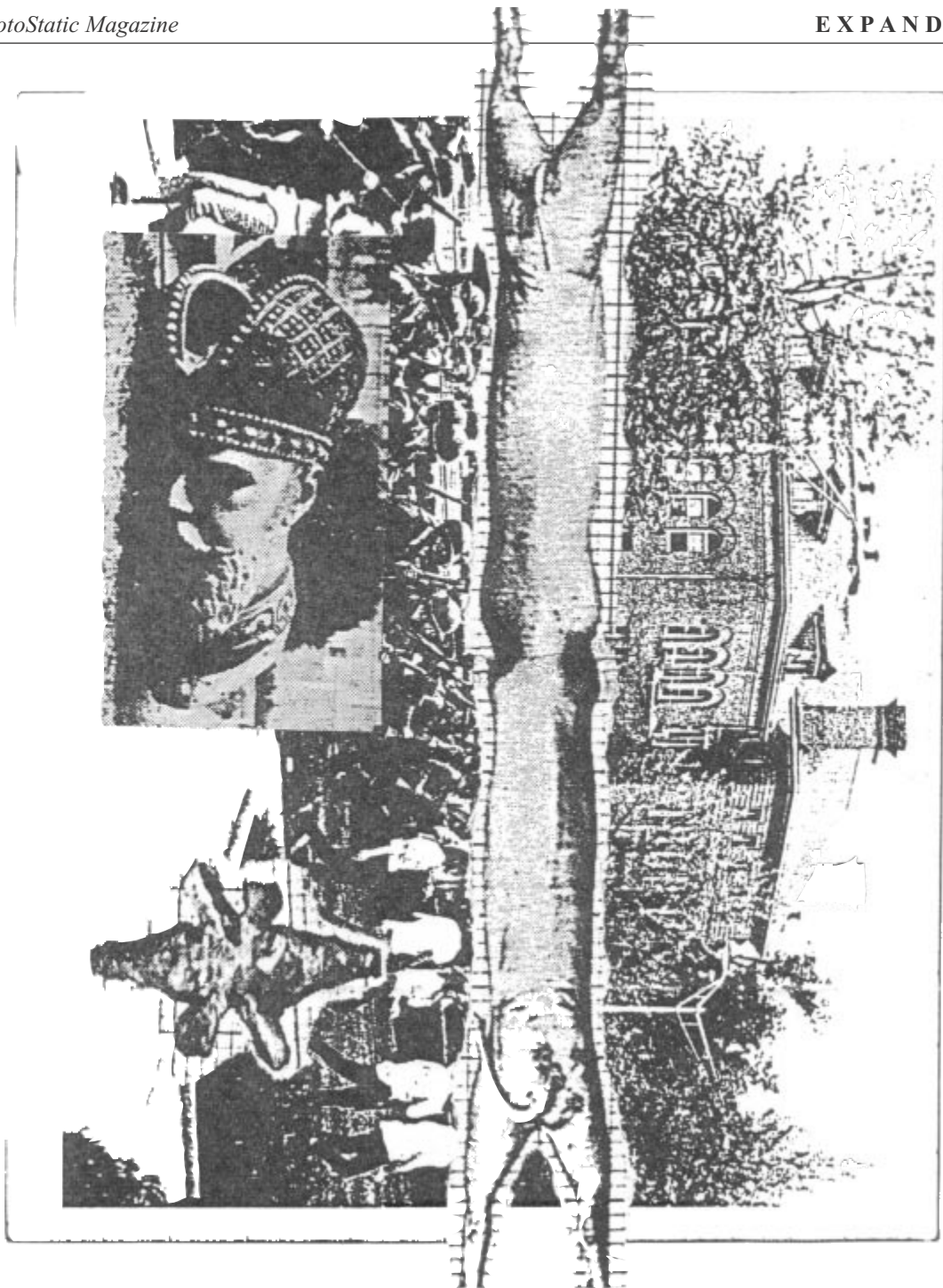
At that point on the vizlature continuum where a work’s visual content starts seeming more important (to most aesthcipients) than its verbal content, **Textual Vizlation** arises. This class includes any vizlational artwork in which textual characters such as letters or numerals form elements of visual images but contribute no significant, specific semantic meaning to the work.

There are two sub-classes of textual vizlation. The first, **Alphaconceptual Vizlation**, has to do with that which results when the sub-denotative meaning of one or more of the printed characters in a work which contains no semantically meaningful words or near-words, coupled with the visual appearance of the work, produces a metaphor of central importance to the work. The second, **Minilexical Vizlation**, is a less literary class. It has to do with vizlational art which contains asemantic verbal elements which are without any significant metaphoric effect.

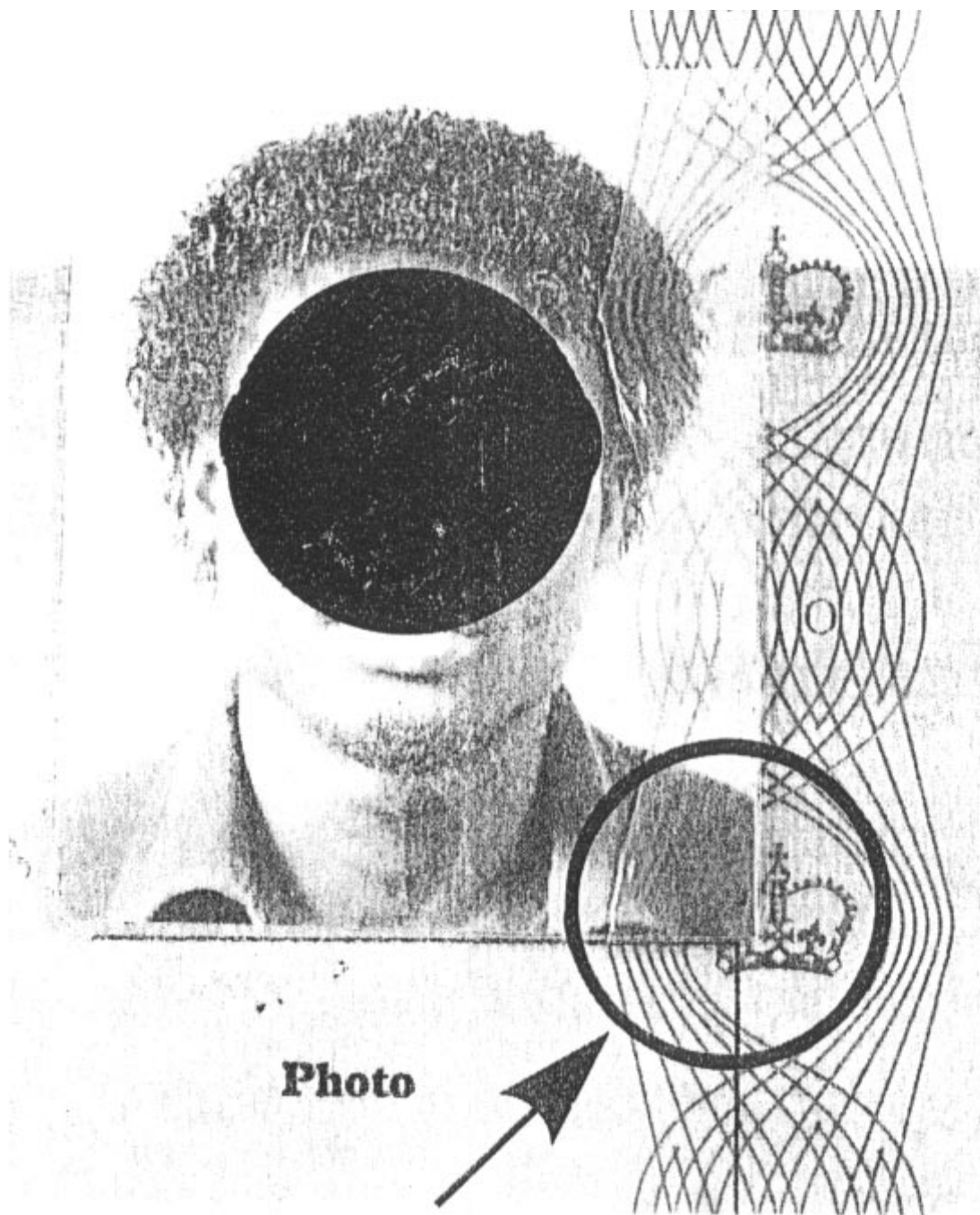
Since there are two kinds of alphaconceptual vizlature, by the way, I have added the term **Alphaconceptuation** to denote any work in which one or more printed characters are used “pre-lexically” (i.e., before achieving “wordness”) to achieve metaphorical meaningfulness.

In all the preceding categories of vizlature, verbal and visual matter are more or less fused. In **Illuscription** this is not the case. Illuscription is any work in which verbal elements of semantic importance but little or no visual expressiveness are combined with visual elements whose aesthetic significance to the work they are in is approximately equal to that of the verbal elements’.

That does it for my vizlational taxonomy, at least so far as I can now tell. It should become but background for my future columns. There I hope to highlight particular technical ruses by my favorite vizlaturical artists, and showcase more works than I so far have. [N°6







John Baldessari's Passport



# PRINT REVIEWS



*The author, in 1979, "when I was under time limits and the computerized Spirit, the Evils' Leader was after me."*

**11x30** vol. 1 N°s 1 & 2. Each 1 p-11x30"-offset. Edited by Joel Lipman. From the Toledo Poets Center, 32 Scott House, University of Toledo, Toledo OH 43606 — Large-size broadside compilations of poetry, visual poetry and prose is an attempt to bring poetry to the masses via the medium of mass mailing. Handsomely produced. N°1 has a longish poem by the late d.a. levy, to whom this issue is dedicated in a sense, as the only other piece is a prose reflection by John Bennett of the 60s scene in which levy participated. N°2 contains prose and visual poems. —ld

**Am I Insane?** by Dan Scott Ashwander. 40pp-half letter-offset. \$4.50 (checks payable to Donna Kossy) from Out-of-Kontrol Data Institute, P.O. Box 953, Allston MA 02134 — Dan Scott Ashwander was born of virgin birth on February 6, 1934 in Hanceville, Alabama, but that's not really the half of it. In a text that is weirdly written—this at times can be as trying as it is at other times entertaining—Mr Ashwander gives us his explanation for why he is "...tortured by all satellites in orbit around Earth and computer minds on Earth..." As inexplicable as it is, you should probably read it for yourself. —ld

**Aquarium: Wide Angle Landscapes** by Mike Miskowski. 24pp-5x4"-xerox. \$1.50 from B.S. Propaganda, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102 — A series of proses which snowball: start specific—grow general. The essential tension holding the work together is between individual claustrophobic corner gazing and the

collective engaging in that practice. Little to big, and in clear accessible language, Miskowski's extended metaphor for existence consisting of scraps of cardboard and paper, filed on shelves or blowing in the wind, is elegant, and too existential. —ld

**Arbella Special Elvis! Issue.** 39pp-letter-xerox. Edited by Anthony G. Chianese and Thomas Obrzut. Dreadnought Earth Press, 301 Seaman St, New Brunswick NJ 08901 — I don't see how the graphics made it through the first editorial cut, unless there were no editorial cuts. The poetry is good-hearted and sincere, although most of it reads like work-in-progress. Here's a friendly collection you can read on the bus. You might even want to pass it around and suggest that if your fellow writers have a poem with them they'd like to share, they could staple it to the back of *Arbella* with their pocket Swingline.

Also: **Home is Where the Eyeball Is.** Poems by Anthony G. Chianese. Skip the pictures. More angst 'n' shit. Conversations with the self in the shadow of pre-sleep consciousness. I felt like I was eavesdropping while the guy next door was fiddling with the dial, trying to tune into his own frequency. —kh

**Choplogic N°4: Poster Issue.** 3 sheets-legal-xerox. Choplogic, 151 First Ave Studio D, New York NY 10003 — New one looks at posters and computer imaging techniques—scanned pictures and stretched type. Tim Canny's written intro gets at what

# PRINT REVIEWS

seethes in our culture and this issue is worth getting for that alone. Long poem by Geof Huth, and a graphic dealing with Hitler's stance on vegetarianism as a morally superior practice. And another possibility is to copy off the press sheets yourself and hang these barbed posters around your home town. —ld

**Classical Plagiarism** by Prof. Elizabeth Was. 40pp-5x4"-xerox. Xexoxial Endarchy, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703 — Booklet is nearly as wise as it is funny. It seeks out the pseudohistorical roots of plagiarism, detailing the petty accusations of the ancients. Liz Was has blown the dust off some professorial 19th century tome, stealing graphics and text excisions from its pedantic chapters on plagiarism and pseudepigraphy. Result is a readable, jabbingly emphasized, lecture on the topic with graphics. The Xexoxial people have taken a different tack on plagiarism than has Stewart Home, whose background is Neoist. Where Home asserts that plagiarism is a weapon for reducing establishment power, And and Was are more in tune with making it a productive device around which new work can be centered. Home seeks to destroy culture and start afresh, whereas Xexoxial wants to extend extant culture with new directions of work.

Also: **Hypok Changs Trees** by Miekal And. 50pp-2x3"-xerox: Conceptual beyonsense flip-book of hand drawn graphismics which swirl and float, jitter and start right before your very eyes. Also conducive to slower readings.

And: **The Aperiodic Journal of 'Pataphysical Succulentosophy.** 40pp-half letter-xerox. \$3: A sort of spoof on botanical science culture, "...succulentosophy would be the wisdom & knowledge attributable to succulent plant culture...". News flashes on new species, such as *Euphorbia Pneumonoruga*, fast-breaking subdisciplines, like accoustomesbology, diagrams, definitions, treatises. —ld

**Collective Copy.** 61pp-A4-xerox. Jürgen O. Olbrich, Bodelschwinghstr. 17, D-3500 Kassel West Germany — Assembled from the xerox copies people throw away, one can receive this book only if Olbrich decides to send you one. Random photocopies from books, magazines, and so on, make up its pages; a compilation of xeroflotsam. Every volume is, of course, different from the others and the rules are you can only receive one in your lifetime. So now I have a little less to look forward to before I die. —ld

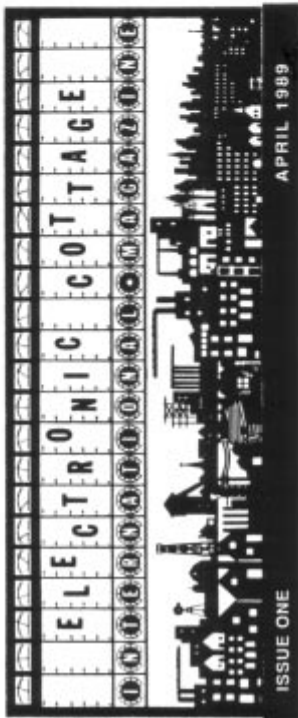
**Dogs without Cars** N°s 2 & 3. 4pp-half letter-offset. Sase from Musicmaster, 4950 Bryant Ave S #5, Minneapolis MN 55409 — Change-of schedule commentary for today's bus rider. Rumor has it that these are left on bus seats to provide humorous respite for the weary public transit traveller. Bus poems, etiquette, logo contest, question surveys, and more make for funny, site-specific, reading. —ld

**Le drapeau rouge flotte sur le sommet du Qomolangma Feng** by Jean-François Robic. 12pp-A5-xerox. C'est la Faute aux Copies, 6



# PRINT REVIEWS

## THE FESTIVAL OF PLAGIARISM



rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg France — Robic uses xerox as a special photographic effect akin to solarization, reticulation, and that ilk, using found and original photographs. As a consequence the images have distorted greyscales made up of shattered, irregular bits of black toner. The loss of photographic sharpness is underscored here by the insertion of cartoon-like facial expressions in white paint. Robic's copier does an amazing job—the pages look like they've been varnished. In any event, the wry text of this work depicts a Chinese expedition to the top of Mt Everest. The ideologues shown think of it as a victory for communism, rather than a small group's achievement. —ld

**Electronic Cottage** №1 64pp—half legal—offset. Edited by Hal McGee. \$3 from P.O. Box 3637, Apollo Beach FL 33570 — Electronic Cottage is a much needed magazine devoted to the home taper and to taking that activity seriously. The featured articles focus on the writings of the home tapers themselves to provide a more direct route to their ideas and methods of working. Judging from the contributors and the advertisers, McGee is in a good position to interact with many faces in the scene: he certainly knows nearly everyone in it I'm in contact with, and a good deal more. Interview with Al Margolis (Sound of Pig), short history of *ND* magazine by Dan Plunkett, theoretical essay by Miekal And, 20 pages of reviews, and much more. Support this one for

sure if home taping is what you're interested in. —ld

**Fenici** N°s 3—6. Edited by Francesc Vidal. Tabloid size—slick offset. Write: Fenici—Comissariat, Apartat 430, 43200 Reus (Tarragona) Spain — (*Fenici* N°s 1 & 2 were reviewed in *pS* 20 & 21, respectively.) Among the most visually seductive of journals willing to trade in the network scene, *Fenici* has imagination and verve, and each page holds something for the gaze to linger over. In between the full-page black and white ads of young men in surreal hair sporting bizarre fashions there is photography, drawings, and those amazing *Fenici* quasisometric techy graphic elements. It is unsettlingly groovy. In addition, most issues are supplemented in some way: N°s 4 and 6 are distributed with Lps; N°5, a boxed set, includes an exceptional audio cassette and many inserts. So the images are frequently augmented by sounds. The text, a significant part of *Fenici* and in Catalan, includes interviews, criticism, and coverage of performance art, galleries, audio/music, etc. (Some issues have English and Spanish translations of the text appearing in the various inserts.) This magazine is unusual sheerly for its graphic scope and the way it presents its work. —ld

**The Festival Of Plagiarism** by Stewart Home. 24pp—A5—offset. £1.95 from Sabotage Editions, BM Senior, London WC1N 3XX — Document of the London "Festival of Plagiarism", 1988; "...intended largely for

# PRINT REVIEWS

informational purposes (to provide a 'record' of what took place)." Good coverage, from an insider's point of view, beginning with the events leading up to the Festival. Booklet provides an informative and thorough account of what went on there through Stewart Home's eyes. This is a very unglossy interpretation of the events, as Home unflinchingly details the successes and failures of the many events associated with that Festival. The writing, while a bit dense, is capable of formulating arguments of real clarity and power. Home seems to be one of the main theorists of the activities that have sprung up in the wake of Neoism. These include the recent interest in plagiarism and art-strike actions, ones which merit, to my way of thinking, a good deal of attention. Home addresses issues which seem terribly apt perhaps because of where the technological project of human development leaves us—with xerox machines and tape recorders and legislation against their fullest use. (A lot like a god giving us genitalia and then telling us it's bad to use them.)

Also: **Art Strike Handbook**. 40pp—A5—offset. Edited by Stewart Home. £1.95 from above address. From the intro: "The essays collected in this pamphlet provide an indication of the breadth of objections to the mental set 'art'; simultaneously they may be read as an attempt to open up and explore received ideas of strike action, 'reality', identity, individuality, value and truth. While I am not in agreement with the specifics of all the arguments

put forward, some of which are mutually exclusive, I feel that providing a cross-section of opinions is more likely to stimulate debate than insisting on rigid adherence to a particular ideological line...." —ld

**Lightworks** N°19. 56pp—letter—slick offset. \$5 from Lightworks, P.O. Box 1202, Birmingham MI 48012 — *Lightworks*, through many years and 19 issues, has documented and illuminated the shadowy underground. Without taking sides, it has reported on most of the creative movements—sound, visual, performance—of the 1980s. Reading back issues of *Lightworks* is like reading a history of the alternative before it is co-opted by institutions, academic or economic. In this latest issue, we are not only treated to excellent reproductions of Ron Terner's "Phototerns," Ivan Slédek's photographs, paper weaving by Fran Rutkovsky, and many other works, there are also excellent articles on A.M. Fine, Bob Caskey, and Al Hansen. Also included: an article by Stewart Home on his plagiarist activities; "The Aesthetics of Absence" by Henry Melrose; "This is (not) a recording" by Daniel Plunkett, a good blurb for the cassette network; and other interesting stories and reviews, all with first-rate reproductions. So, *Lightworks* is timely, superbly printed, diverse, energetic, creatively designed, open-minded and -hearted, vital, and inexpensive. I recommend it without restraint, though I wish some of the articles had more depth, (but then I realize they are not meant





# PRINT REVIEWS



through my body. I got in the habit of visualizing it. Up came the spine, and the way I saw it was like bones in a butcher shop, you could see how the bones were sawed through the middle and you could see the pink marrow and spots of blood. I would look down at myself and see my spine in a cutaway view like that. But I told myself that wasn't reality. In reality my spine

to exhaust a subject as much as introduce it) and I wish it came out more frequently (selfish as I am). Anyone looking for what is happening in the steamy birth rooms of our culture should look in *Lightworks* first. It works. It's light. —ch

**Magaphone** 2. 24pp-5.5x7"—xerox. Edited by Lee Markosian. \$1 from Emotion-L Books, c/o Lee Markosian, 415 Capp St, San Francisco CA 94110 — The uncredited writings and drawings (Markosian's ?) of which this 'zine is made are the kind that vivisection human existence, laying bare a throbbing ugly wad of ideas and images. So personal—even self-indulgent—are these that they become universal, in a sense, and compelling for their introspective myopia. —ld

**Nada** N°s 8, 9, and 10. 16pp-5.5x7.5"—xerox. Edited by John McCarthy. Inquire: Nada, 1459 W Cortez St, Chicago IL 60622 — A fine looking work of xerox art, *Nada's* significance lies in its look and feel, and its burgeoning participation in throwaway culture—phrases from advertisements, graphics from instruction manuals and cheap fliers, and the like—give it a curious Merz-like continuity. Its various installments are segments of an ongoing work in progress. —ld

**NEX: Nouvelle Expressions** N°13-14. "Retrospective pour le Futur" 52pp—letter—slick offset. NEX: Nouvelle Expression, C.P. 213, Succursale "M", Montréal QBC H1V 3L8 Canada — In

French. Cultural bulletin board for quebecois artists contains reports, reviews, essays, reproductions. It looks like they cover all the arts, a section for each, in a style that is welcomingly un-splashy: modestly neat look with emphasis placed on presentation of the information. Clear layout, nice array of illustrations, with reviews somewhat longer than those found here. Current issue looks forward by looking back. Sound familiar? —ld

**NRG**, 6735 SE 78th St, Portland OR 97206 — "Never tRust any maGazine over 30" this latest issue of *NRG* declares, echoing that great truism of the 60s. One implication of that statement: a small press magazine, any magazine, cannot sustain its original impetus of more than 30 issues (more or less, depending on the original energy). Repetition sets in, begins to undermine. For the editors/publishers it becomes drudge work, and it shows; for the readers the magazine becomes stale. That *NRG* is aware of this enervation, this entropy, and so far unaffected by it, shows in the energy, the generosity, the sense of humor, of this issue. We *can* trust this magazine, unafraid of poetry and prose, and these are some reasons: "Blind Pig On Skates Dancing" by David Whited, quotes woven with poetry; Stephen-Paul Martin's excellent view of Robert Gregory's "Interferences"; Spencer Selby's excerpt from "Instar"; Greg Evason's visuals. One good reason to trust as it gets "older": *NRG* 31 will be for those who haven't published in *NRG* before,



# PRINT REVIEWS

A daring policy. *NRG* is healthy and honest. On the outside, *NRG* may be 30, but inside it is 10. —ch

**Open Magazine.** 60pp—letter—slick offset. \$5 from Open Magazine, Suite 21, 215 North Ave W, Westfield NJ 07090 — *Open* has photos, collages, cartoons, art and poetry which "...[believe] that art and literature can usher new motions of balance, meaning, and wholeness. We actively encourage an uninhibited exchange of ideas that inspires change, be it targeted at social processes or the consciousness of the individual..." A variety of work from all strata: one page has a Mike Miskowski; flip it and a Dennis Hopper photograph (beautifully reproduced) stares you in the face. Includes a flexi-disc song by the Masons. Much better than most, in general it is typical of the lit/arts magazine genre. Eagerly seeking creative submissions. —ld

**(S)crap** N°6. 36pp—half letter—xerox—sandpaper cover. \$2 from Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082 — *(S)crap* is an abrasive portfolio of graphics and poetry. For the most part works participate in the everyday environment of urban culture—with content ranging from the introspectively personal to the socio-politically aware. Collage, pen/ink, type, bitmap, and photo. Many of the poems selected have an undertow of intense psychologicosurreal violence, while the images are reproduced harshly with gritty grayscales.

Also: **The White Boy Papers** by

Paul Weinman: Mocked up like a pack-age of cigarette papers, Weinman's cut-to-the-bone social observations via the Quixotic White Boy are on target. And: **Professional Driver** by K.A. Keefe: Poems of automotive sexuality although not in the Ballardian sense. —ld

**Shattered Wig Review N°3.** 70pp—8.5x8.5"—xerox. Edited by Rupert Wondolowski. Shattered Wig Productions, 3322 Greenmount Ave, Baltimore MD 21218 — Literally square with frenetic, hallucinatory covers. Poetry, prose, sci-fi fantasy, and satire loosely illustrated and spangled with xerographic finger-food. The Gertrude Stein to Albert Einstein metamorphosis tickled me. Most of the poetry is murky, composed of inchoate challenges and thrashings around in the dark, although Serena Fusek's work was beautiful and lucid. The prose imaginings are drier, although also on the angry and opaque side. I enjoyed Blaster Al's story about an acid-eating street evangelist whose sermons are quite a mess. —kh

**Shots** N°14. 40pp—11x14"—offset. \$2 from Shots, 304 S 4th St, Danville KY 40422 — Tabloid-size magazine of photography with a less 'serious' stance than most such; looks almost like a fanzine. The emphasis here is on what is often called 'straight' photography—unmanipulated black and white prints representing recognizable reality—and this particular issue takes a close look at panoramic photography. —ld

The reviewers are: LI. Dunn and Karen Holman. Work sent for the purposes of review is welcome and encouraged. All work received will be at least mentioned, and the contributor will receive a copy of the issue in which their work appears.



David  
Powell



# AUDIO REVIEWS

## BAMBIX

### MANNSCHAFT POSSE



Clad in Gleaming Skin



## euy

### About *Little Green Dogs* and *Big Brown Bears...* by Bambix.

C60—21 tracks. 3riorecordings, Magisch Theater Production, Juliaandillenstraat 22, 2018 Antwerpen Belgium — Sporting the oddest pair of vocalists — one a hinge-creaking falsetto and the other a sandpaper-larynxed scrape — this cassette falls neatly into the genre psychedelic industrial. The song titles: “Tranquilizers Part 1”, “Peyote My Love”, “LSD Bee”, “Mushroomland” :lead one to conclude a recreational drug influence; and the degeneracy continues with songs like “Sex With Little Boys” and “How to Rape a Virgin Nun”. Though there are some surprises, most of the listening is mired in bombastic discotheque stylings, and only becomes interesting because of the occasional sitar modality or the odd arabesque tone progression. —ld

### *Clad in Gleaming Skin* by Mannschaft Posse.

C30—8 tracks. Team Chris Productions, 154 Westwood Dr, Nashua NH 03062 — Competent albeit repetitive rocksongs; vocals atop urgent backing of drum, synth, and guitar. Sinister square-wave drone, incantation, postindustrial ritualistic bleakness and stagnation dominate the concerns. The occasional taped voice lends much needed texture to these beatbased compositions. —ld

*Diaspora* by Jake Berry. C60—4 tracks. \$4 chrome/\$3 normal from Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082 — Divided into “four sonic movements”, *Diaspora* begins with “Before”, a sustaining machine-like drone, moving to elegantly sculpted voice loops richly varied and merged into music in “A-N.” “North and South America”, a piano and radio transmission composition, begins as near-classical piano piece—soon to be disassembled by radio noise into a sea of percussion, voices, tape and piano treatments—somehow transforms into the last piece “The Future.” —jh

### *Euy* by Semantics Could Vanish.

C60—booklet. Score, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610 and Audio Musixa Qet, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703 — “A Zaumist biography of Alexsei Kruchenykh” is the subtitle and this beyonsense composition consists of sampled voices which hover, slide, flutter, and rip across aural consciousness. From retrograde to speed-altered, every conceivable alteration is performed on the sounds to create a tape that is as generalizedly atmospheric as it is sonically varied. The density of the pieces ranges from delicate choruses of cicada-like sounds to psychophonic din made up of electronic drones, howls, and tremolos. So what is this about? and how does this tape consti-

# AUDIO REVIEWS

tute “biography”? It may not matter, as the listening is interesting and rewarding in its own right; and perhaps I should take the advice of the liner notes which suggest, “...interactive listening is recommended, to move around, to sing/chant along, to wonder, to speculate, to realize your own version in the tongue of the imagination.” Next time I put on this cassette I’ll do just that. —ld

**In the Middle of Intersections by Ulterior Lux.** C90–16 tracks. Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar FL 33023 — Free form performance-based music that shows the influence of both punk and harmolodics. Documentation of 1983 jam sessions.

Also: **A Message... by Dim-thingshine.** C90–22 tracks. Collaboration includes John M. Bennett’s odd body-obsessed poetry reading on top of atmospheric electric guitar and drumset improvs. This audio is as theatrical, really, as it is musical. —ld

**Life is a Slow Sax Solo by Mr. Suburbia.** C60–14 tracks. \$3 from Fear Head Recordings, Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527 — “I hope you’re having fun listening to this bullshit tape I’m recording.” I had a lot of fun listening to this spoken word recording, as the voice of Bill Randazzo is rubbery and expressive. He whines

about is nightmarish, almost surreal, experiences with an awe that is almost naive, but keyed into all the relevant details and voice inflections that keep you listening. —ld

**Mythical Music from the 21st Century by Hybrids.** C60–13 tracks. 3riorecordings, Magisch Theater Production, Juliaandillenstraat 22, 2018 Antwerpen Belgium — At times concrète, Hybrids build up music from rhythmized tape loops, superimposed in pairs into a polyrhythmic monotone. Many compositions have a bell-curve shape—start little, get big, end little—which is a quite effective structure for the soft talking, chanting, and moaning sounds of some of the works. The song titles—“Maneater”, “Kill the Beast”, “Mindswamp” and the like—show an interest in the occult. Static prhythmitive homogeny. —ld

**Nobody to Blame But Themselves by Claeric Red F.** C46–9 tracks. Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkely CA 94703 — Footsteps clomp in an empty room. Then comes an eerie unhuman whistling as the “footsteps” become too heavy and graduate to the sounds of cheerfully maladjusted giants trashing the hall furniture and then the horns cut loose. There are long moments of drama in this improv document by Claeric Red F that remind me of Barbetomagus, ROVA,



MYTHICAL MUSIC  
FROM THE 21st CENTURY



HYBRYDS



# AUDIO REVIEWS

## CLAERIC RED F NOBODY TO BLAME BUT THEMSELVES



and other free jazz giants because their evocative power far outstrips that of lowly rock, jazz, or audio art. Problem is, these moments are all too often separated by the endless passages of self-indulgent bleating characteristic of improvised music these days. And that's a pity, because it really is worth wading through the sonic mire to hear, fleetingly, Claeric Red F's truly improvised music. —pn

**Relentless Uninhibited.** C90—16 tracks. From: Sound Of Pig Music, 28 Bellingham Ln, Great Neck NY 11023 — Great music, originated and composed on a moog synth often with overlaid text. “Commercial Theme” conforms to pop sensibilities while advancing the polished musical sense established by two pieces it follows. “Don From Lakewood”, a real-life telephone drama that fills most of side one, is out of place among more complex musical works. Second side builds through the sum of all carefully constructed parts, several recall the pleasantness of early Eno works: voice loops over harmonic drones, music riffs transform in cyclic patterns, watery bell-like tones over a melancholic melody, and phrases like “murder is the churches’ business”—Good listening. —jh

**Run From Themselves by Fleeing Villagers.** C60—13 tracks.

Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkeley CA 94703 — Accessible and demented, these catchy (but weird) pop songs would feel perfectly at home at a party. This music has the unmitigated cool to both dance and experiment with sound source, composition, and melody. Basically instrumental music, the “lyrics” are often banalities (“Shortnin’ Bread”, “Tastykake”) included for sound and texture. A wonderful moment occurs during “Johnny has gone...” when the backing drops away for a concrete “solo” of clunks and plosions—unpredictable stuff. No ruts here, no sir. Side 1 is the winner of this contest; side 2 is a noisy intermixing of Italian songs with each other and other sounds, variable pitch for comical effects. It is interesting but more textural than attention-grabbing. —ld

**Text/Sound Collaborations by Crag Hill, Laurie Schneider, and Bill DiMichele.** C90—22 tracks. Score, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610 — Basically there are two kinds of pieces on this cassette: spoken word and musical. The former category has a range from simple poetry reading to arranged word works in up to three vocal parts—some of which contain laughs, nonsense syllables, etc.; some are lists of related phrases. The more musical pieces often recall Bill DiMichele’s (Billy Dim’s) solo work

# AUDIO REVIEWS

on his cassette *Songs for the Tribulation*, with single tired voice with acoustic guitar, here occasionally augmented by recorder or other instrument. Production value has the unvarnished honesty which comes from a committed amateurism, obviously no small part of its charm. Those interested in audible poetry — dive in — there are pearls at the bottom. If you're not, however, this collection is unlikely to sway you in that direction, I suspect. —ld

**Touch Ritual c/w Departing Platform 5.** 45rpm single. £2 UK/£3.50 elsewhere from Touch, 13 Oswald Rd, London SW17 7SS UK — Okay, it's time to drop names. Gilbert & George. Renaldo & the Loaf. The Hafler Trio. Last Few Days. Touch. The Touch label has been pulling together top underground artists and musicians for several years now (Tuxedomoon, Einstürzende Neubauten, the Residents, to name a few) to present the eerie, beautiful "Touch Tapes" compilations to the world. This particular effort intercuts the contributions of several artists (including those above) into a crowded yet strange sound collage so effective it reminded me of the Tape-beatles. This is all part of a larger C90 work "Magnetic North", which features even more big names (Residents, Cabaret Voltaire, Kill Ugly Pop) and originally came with a 108p

booklet. Celebrity sound collage? Count me in. —pn

**Turn of the Grindstone by various.** Compilation Lp—10 cuts. \$7 US/\$10 foreign from K.O. City Studio, P.O. Box 255, Dracut MA 01826 — With the *Grindstone* series of compilations, K.O. City Studio is establishing itself as the thinking dancer's alternative to Wax Trax drivél. While this comp is neither as diverse nor as strong as its predecessor *Back to the Grindstone*, a crew of ten artists/groups churn out a worthy synth/drumline/electronic miasma. My fave here is Gelatinous Citizen but it's like splitting hairs to pick one; this is all well-done psycho dance floor stuff, that the rich kids of America should be snapping up by the truckload. —pn

**Warning: Electronic Music by Bill Kelley.** C30—8 tracks. Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkely CA 94703 — An electrosonic potpourri, *Warning: Electronic Music's* eight numbers each spotlight different creative approaches, from live improv ("Scrill", "Giant Stips") to musique concr!te ("Spliffid"). My fave is "Throw-down", wherein, according to the liner notes, "...the first sound heard is the progenitor of all that follow." Bill Kelley's virtuosity and versatility make this tape both interesting and worthwhile. —pn



**WARNING:**





## ASK ARTURO

DEAR ARTURO,

IN ALL YOUR TRAVELS WHO IS THE MOST FAMOUS PERSON YOU'VE EVER MET?

MR. BEN MATTERAZZI  
MUSICK, CALIFORNIA

DEAR BEN,

IN REPLY TO YOUR QUESTION, I'VE BEEN LUCKY TO MEET MANY FUNNY and FAMOUS PEOPLE OVER THE PAST 30 YEARS INCLUDING: HERB ELLIS, JEAN PAUL SARTRE, BUDDY RICH, WILLIAM WILEY and ALAN WATTS.

ALAN WATTS WAS A VERY INTRIGUING INDIVIDUAL TO MEET. I MET HIM WHILE I WAS IN THE EIGHTH GRADE. MR. WATTS WAS GIVING A LECTURE AT A UNIVERSITY WHERE MY FATHER TAUGHT AT (SAN JOSE UNIVERSITY), and HE WAS INVITED TO MY HOME IN SARATOGA. HE CAME OVER WITH HIS WIFE JANO and ATE DINNER AT OUR HOUSE. (WE HAD OCTOPUS THAT NITE AND I WAS SO SCARED TO EAT IT THAT I ONLY DRANK MILK THE ENTIRE EVENING).

HE TALKED ABOUT MANY THINGS AT THE TABLE AND I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY (TOO SHY?)

TOWARDS THE END of THE MEAL I DID BURP and EXCUSED MYSELF TO THE DELIGHT OF MY PARENTS.

MR. WATTS STAYED OVERNIGHT AT OUR HOUSE AND I HEARD HIM SNORE THE ENTIRE NITE! (IT WAS IN B FLAT I THINK).

HE GAVE ME SOME OF HIS NEW BUMPER STICKERS ("SO WHAT DOES IT MATTER") AND WISHED ME LUCK WITH MY ARTWORK. (NICE GUY eh?)

I HOPE IN THE NEAR FUTURE TO MEET: SONNY ROLLINS, BILLY BARTY, COLONEL SANDERS, JUDGE WAPNER, TUESDAY WELD, GINA LOLLABRIGIDA, and JERRY LEWIS.

MANY THANKS FOR A GREAT QUESTION!

ALL MY BEST,  
ARTURO





**WANT A TRULY MEMORABLE POTATO SALAD?**  
TRY THIS ONE:

PHOTOSTATIC POTATOE SALAD:  
(PREPARATION TIME: 30 MINUTES PLUS  
COOLING)

2 POUNDS ALL-PURPOSE POTATOES  
1/2 CUP MAYONNAISE  
1/2 CUP CREAM (LOW CAL IF DESIRED)  
2 TABLESPOONS HORSERADISH  
1 TABLESPOONS CHOPPED PARSLEY  
1/2 TEASPOON SALT  
1/2 TEASPOON FRESHLY GROUND PEPPER  
4 HARD-COOKED EGGS, CHOPPED

3 BACON SLICES COOKED and CRUMBLED  
2 GREEN ONIONS, SLICED THIN

PEEL POTATOES; PLACE IN LARGE SAUCE-  
PAN WITH SALTED WATER TO COVER. BRING TO  
A BOIL and COOK UNTIL TENDER, 20 MINUTES.  
DRAIN and COOL COMPLETELY. CUT POTATOES  
INTO 1-INCH CUBES.

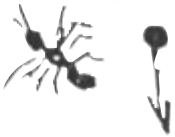
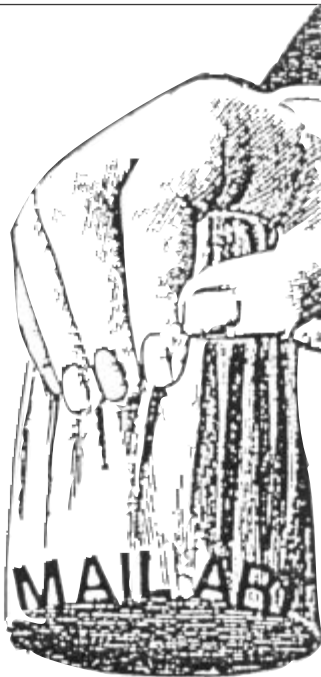
IN LARGE BOWL WHISK MAYONNAISE, SOUR  
CREAM, HORSERADISH, PARSLEY, SALT and  
PEPPER UNTIL SMOOTH. STIR IN POTATOES  
and REMAINING INGREDIENTS UNTIL WELL  
COMBINED. (CAN BE MADE AHEAD. REFRIGERATE  
UP TO 24 HOURS. MAKES 6 CUPS.)

(Arturo Giuseppe Fallico) [N°2



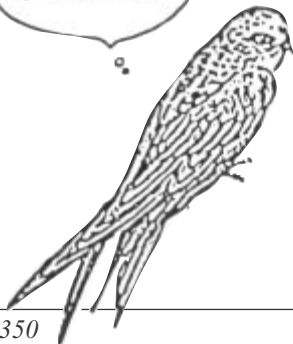
**Audio Collage Cassette N°10 July 1989.** Deadline June 15. Think of Slavko Vorkapich, the Hollywood master of the time-compression montage, in which locomotives rush together in headlong superimposition, calendar pages blow away by the romantic winds of time, hundreds of cups of coffee are drunk and cigarette butts snuffed out in anxious awaitment, only to get on with the rest of the story. Make us an ear-movie. Submission policy: Any artist whose work is used will received compensation in the form of a free copy of the finished compilation. Please include a self-addressed stamped envelope with each (set of) submissions if you want them back after use or rejection. No further themes will be announced.





OFFICIAL  
ART?

LIFE is  
my favourite ART



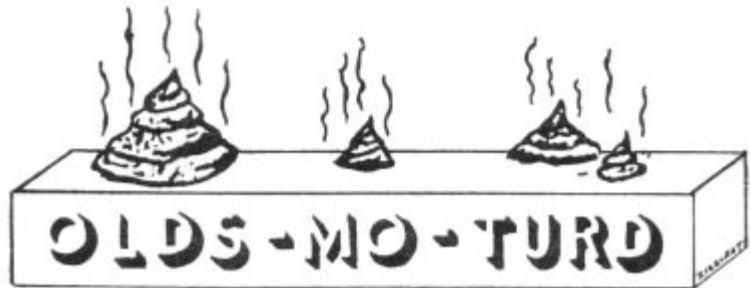
Everybody jump, everybody romp, she gonna do the  
Weiner Stomp! I drive up to her door and then I  
sing, can my Baybay come out and do her thing?  
Old Joe say no, so I cut off his head with a  
shovel like we do with snakes. His blood was  
hot and salty, Mmmm Mmmm Good. Just like Mom's.  
Oh Baybay, oh Cherry jelly Baybay. Let's ride-  
ride-ride in my Olds-mo-turd. Cops caught us in a  
hotel with Cherry's berry bright, so we blew out  
their lights. My skum and her skum were ONE SKUM!  
She was full of gas and glue, how 'bout you? I say  
hey Baybay wanna cool your heater on my cheater  
whilst I plug these holes? All reet? Krazy Kool! So we cut  
off their heads, that's what I said, and hung 'em from the  
mirror with the fuzzy dice, Snake Eyes! But the car's get-  
ting crowded and Cherry says it's them or me, so there you  
be. I cut off her head and hooked up the wires. Now she's  
right out front and she glows in the dark. Dig it? Kooool.



FIRST COMES ME  
THEN OLDS-MO-TURD  
I GUESS MY BAYBAY  
COMES IN THIRD

NOW DRAGNET'S ON  
BUT I DON'T CARE  
I GOT MY BAYBAY'S  
UN-DER-WEAR !!

Liar, liar, blood's on fire. It's in the tank, it's in  
the fuel lines. It's in the air, it's in my hair. It's  
on my tongue, it's everywhere! Now Olds-mo-turd and me  
are free. The road is ours and so are we!



WHAT'S THE WORD, OLDS-MO-TURD?

# Tape-beatle News

## Then the Music Started

“John, the trouble with *you* is...” “No, Paul, let me tell you what *your* problem is...” The *real* problem is that **Paul Neff** and **John Heck** have had their final fling with the quick-cut, overlapping track mixing that ought to make the Tape-beatles’ **Musical with Sound** a runaway radio hit. A local radio personality suggested that both group members should behave themselves, especially in light of their recent award of a grant from Intermedia Arts for the production of the project. A broadcast and live performance of the show is projected for December 1989.

Tape-beatle Neff worries that a wavering story line, not enough reruns and well-publicized “stars” will make the “stylish” program go bump in the night. Working on the Tape-beatles’ first project, **The Big Broadcast**, which serves as a point of reference to all who seek to establish the birth certificate of what is still called ‘audio-art’, says Heck, was like playing a kind of manifesto-work, somewhat in the same way and probably for the same reasons as Picasso’s *Desmoiselles d’Avignon*, for the first time: “When we were ‘on’, we hit some notes that can never be Plagiarizedé ag ain.” His comment has not ceased to engender, first, polemics, then, praise, and, finally, the necessary clarifications. This ‘piece’, to make a long story short, has become (of itself and by the legend quickly spread around its creation) the cornerstone of audio-art.

## New Face on the Rock?

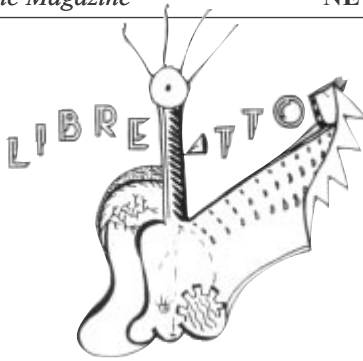
The notion of four Tape-beatles staring down from Mount Rushmore got a gosh-darn grin from **Ronald Reagan**. During a dinner conversation last year, recombinist **Ralph Johnson** sarcastically gave Reagan a sketch showing how his greasy pompadour and genial likeness would fit in with the familiar stony-faced foursome. Reagan didn’t care for Johnson’s Plagiarismé of him, though, and his simplified language permits the decisive recapture of a long-neglected element; from the very start, he retaliated by suggesting the Tape-beatles be placed up there instead. Johnson, in the quest for solutions in the areas of splicing, pause-edits, and mixing, the role of rhythm had gradually been reduced to that of an unfortunately necessary substratum, sometimes refined, based on a certain number of “archetypes”, returned a stony stare and sniffed, “We already are.” As he left the dinner party, Nancy Reagan, the extreme and most characteristic example of this new state of affairs, was overheard to have said, “I intend to take this up with President Bush.”

## Dark Secrets

Ever wonder about the seven loops of icing on Hostess cupcakes? No? This basic pulse, according to a given unit, is multiplied (one would think), regularly or irregularly. Naturally, the most “exciting” “effects” are “provoked” by the *irregular* multiplication, for this gives a certain proportion of the “unforseeable” within a “forseeable” context. The Tape-beatles, 98, finally explained why it was created: “A straight stripe didn’t look rich enough, so we tried the squiggle.”

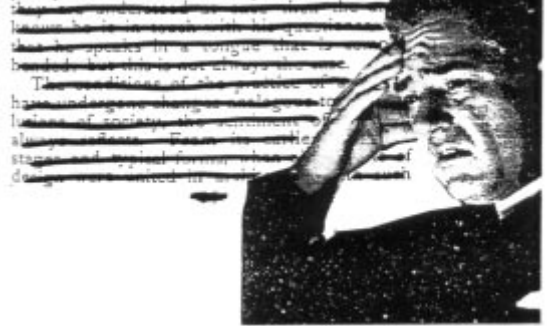
## Sour Notes

What a way to promote a record! American audio-artist **Lloyd Dunn** is back in circulation doing new audio art with the **Tape-beatles**. But there is one piece he won’t be Plagiarizing® soon: Igor Stravinsky’s *Rite of Spring*. “I wouldn’t do anything with a Stravinsky work,” he told *Rolling Stone* magazine. “It’s all terrible...” it’s “...music for buffoons.” Even if today the historical landscape seems more varied and the collective “personality” of the Tape-beatles more complex, nothing can dilute the physical excitement provoked by the tension and the rhythmic life, if you will, of certain sections: for the outspoken Dunn, who doesn’t think much of the Works of the Masters™, the remarks were blistering. “What makes that stuff so damned important? I just don’t understand why we subsidize people who seem to just go on vacation all the time.” It is not difficult to imagine what amazement these comments caused in a world in which a “civilized” “aesthetic” often exhausted itself in dying affabilities. Now, now, Lloyd.



**Wake St Aims? Kind Law and Zeal!** by the Floating Concrete Octopus. (7x8.5–52pp–offset, window cover.) From the introduction: “gesturing is the international communication of beyonsense, the raw dance of sign shaking the crazy language tree. Where one has come to expect a message delivered & consumed the contemporary cave culture has substituted an unfolding mural of contradictory logograms, graffiti & picture words.” Includes the booklet *Polynoise* by Amendant Hardiker. \$4.00

Works of art are like questions or problems put by their inventor to the public at large.



**Works of art are like questions or problems put by their inventor to the public at large.** by John Stickney. (5.5x8.5–40pp–xerox.) And so is this one. Stickney takes pages out of books and blacks out all but one sentence. These sentences are then given a new significance by placing them in a sequence with others of a like ilk for effects that are as witty as they are wise. \$1.00



**Brief Eternities** by Tom Hibbard. (5.5x8.5–52pp–xerox.) In six chapters of essay, poem, and xerage splash, Hibbard explores love, anguish, god, and peace of mind in language whose unadorned directness probes a spirit of alienation and dread, but at the same time retains a certain hopefulness and awe of things human. \$2.00



**VideoStatic 1989.** (VHS–60 minutes.) Premier issue edited by LI. Dunn and John Heck. This is a variety issue, and the works included cover a broad range. *VideoStatic 1989* includes works by Joe Schwind, Steve Harp, Aquatics Ever Tarnish, Daniel Plunkett, tENTATIVELY a cONVE-NIENCE, and David Hynds; as well as by Iowa City locals John Heck, Forrest Rogness, Linda Morgan-Brown, Trang Tran, LI. Dunn, Bonnie Sparling, the Tape-beatles, and R.K. Courtney. \$10.00

**How to order.** All prices include postage (Canada/Mexico, please add 25¢ per title ordered). Just say by title which one(s) you want and include check or money order in for the entire amount. Send your orders to:

**PHOTOSTATIC MAGAZINE, 911 NORTH DODGE STREET, IOWA CITY USA 52245**

# LISTINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

† — «Badges Cheap!!!...Your design(s) can be quickly and cheaply made into 1" diameter badges....» More info write: Mark Pawson, 104 Glyn Rd, London E5 OJE England.

† — «METRO RIQUET is a printed and inter. mag. (written in English+French traduction). It includes interviews+tapes/records/publications reviews+mail-art listing. Metro Riquet is open to the underground/alternative expression through the world, it welcomes audio/visual material out of the ordinary... For more informations, write to: METRO RIQUET c/o F. Duvivier, 18 Allée des Orgues de Flandre, 75019 Paris France.»

† — «Signs of Life is an independent mailorder service. It was started by fans of underground music and press to provide much needed distribution to independent bands, labels and press, and to give them more much deserved exposure. We raise the price of everything we get up 20% from the cost we get it for to cover the expenses of Signs of Life....» More info, contact: P.O. Box 8141, Myrtle Beach SC 29578.

† — Alien Planetscapes Info Update 1989. Lists what's new for this experimental music band. For this and more info, write: Alien Planetscapes, c/o Doug Walker, Space Station Studio, 191-32 116th Ave, St Albans NY 11412. 718/723-1662.

† — Antytabu Nr II Rok I. Strange Polish porn done on a ditto machine, apparently with some sort of erotic political content. . How did these people get my address? [Ah! Factsheet Five.] Contact: Tadeusz Adamski, ul. Dunikowskiego 9 A/7, 80-526 Gdansk Poland.

† — The Duplex Planet N°s 93, 94, 95, 96, 97. David Greenberger interviews the elderly and records their insights and at times strangely wise misconceptions. P.O. Box 1230, Saratoga Springs NY 12866.

† — Fourteen Poems by David Powell. Collection of Roman-style

rubber stamp capital letters arranged in patterns on the page and then smeared while the ink is still wet. Begs the question, "What is a poem?"

Also by David Powell: Muse (sic), which collages graphic bits onto musical score, which one plays with one's eyes. Inquire: David Powell, 2/71 Riversdale Rd, Hawthorn 3122, Australia.

† — From the Rubble. Compilation of works the editors "...would not normally do...", and the xerages and visual poems are beautiful and done with sensitive eyes for composition. Polaris Press, P.O. Box 196, Dobbs Ferry NY 10522.

† — Get Smart! N°5. 'Zine of humor includes spoof interviews and book reviews, as well as humorous graphics. \$2 from John F Kelly, 30 Cottage Pl, Tarrytown NY 10591.

† — Ham 2 and 3. Single sheets folded in half, Hams are xeroxed bits of wit which most notably sport the humorous writings of "Blaster" Al Ackerman. Also: Nostril, which is similar and mostly graphic. SASE from Mumbles, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita KS 67208.

† — Inter N°42. Calendar of events for the 4th Festival International Immedia Concerto is featured; also included in this large-size slick are articles, reviews, and photographs. \$4.95 Canadian from: Inter, C. P. 77, Haute-Ville QBC G1R 9Z9 Canada.

† — iT Rad Lihr #23. Typed prose, poems and scraps of snapshots from band gigs. A fanzine look with an art school content. Interested in submissions. P.O. Box 472084, Tulsa OK 74147.

† — Kallisti v.2 #4. With this issue, occult/new age/erotic/fashion/art digest Kallisti ceases publication. Matrix Productions, P.O. Box 19566, Cincinnati OH 45219.

† — Kentucky Fried Royalty is a distribution service for independent audio cassette producers. They have an international catalog of over 1000 tapes. For more infor-

mation, write: KFR USA Grievance Tapes, Jen, P.O. Box 2123, Van Nuys CA 91404; or: KFR England, BBP Records & Tapes, Stephen Parsons, 90 Grange Dr, Swindon Wilts SN3 4LD England.

† — La Langouste. «Toute l'Actualité des Fanzine et Graph'zines.» Excellent contact-list and review-paper of small press zines, tapes, and other releases. I highly recommend this one. 5FF from Model-Peltex, 3 rue des Couples, 67000 Strasbourg France.

† — Lemmas by G.X. Jupitter-Larsen. A series of sentences which discuss and explain the universe, or our perception thereof. Sase from G.X. Jupitter-Larsen, P.O. Box 48184, Vancouver BC V7X 1N8 Canada.

† — MacWanker Obscene Phrase Generator software for Macintosh computer. Of questionable value and worse taste (I laughed a couple of times). \$4 from Smurfs in Hell, 2210 North 9th St, Boise ID 83702.

† — Maximum Rocknroll #71, "Sexuality". If you're into the hardcore scene, then this mag's for you. Rare energy put into a variety of editorial features makes for interesting reading. \$2 per issue from P.O. Box 288, Berkeley CA 94701.

† — Musicworks 43: The Canadian journal of sound exploration. Includes audio cassette. Tabloid-size journal deals with issues of concern to modern composers and music scenes. Write: Musicworks, 1087 Queen St West, Toronto ONT M6J 1H3 Canada.

† — Open World #40 is latest issue of Yugoslavian mail-art contact zine. Loads of European mail-art addresses. Write: R. & D. Kamperelic, Milovana Jankovica 9b, 11040 Beograd Yugoslavia. † — Or N°122 by Don Milliken. Donut Larvae: Drawings in Correct Projections. Latest in the ongoing series is strangely unsettling, but funny. Inquire: Orworks, P.O. Box 868, Amherst MA 01004.

† — Paper Radio N°6 January 1989. Edited by Neil S Kvern and Dagmar Howard. Anthology of poetry and graphics, divided about 50/50. \$2.33 from P.O. Box 85302, Seattle WA 98145.

† — Reject #2 March 1989. Looseleaf collection of xeroxed news clippings and other ephemera documenting the irony of our times. Inquire: Dental Associates, 2560 Van Buren St, Eugene OR 97405.

† — Score Sheet 19, 20, 21 and Score Review 12 and 13. Most recent single-page interissues of Score include artwork by John Byrum, Bill Found, Bob Gregory and text by Crag Hill and Harry Polkinhorn. These sheets are valuable resources of presentation and criticism. Write: Score, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610.

† — Sin v.1 N°1. Xerox graphics and photos on brightly colored paper. Texts that rail against consumer society. Inquire: Kristsin n Kafka, 145 Magazine St, Cambridge MA 02138.

† — Soma: Addiction. Youth culture 'zine the present issue of which seems to have a strong atheist bent. (The silkscreen cover tends to stick to other magazines.) \$2 from Thomas, Georgia Tech Box 35526, Atlanta GA 30332.

† — Void-Post N°3: The Journal of the Little City in Space. Newsletter of the Minneapolis-based radio program of wild experimental radio. News, letters, commentary. Post-Void Radio Theater, P.O. Box 19427, Minneapolis MN 55419.

## Submissions Wanted

§ — «How big is your head? Send a Paper Strip representing your hat size. Deadline 6-6-89. Documentation to all participants.» DeSirey Dodge Peace Post, 4645 Columbus Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55407.

§ — «You are invited to submit works about peace and nuclear disarmament for the "International Shadow Project" to: Harry



# LISTINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Polkinhorn, 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 92231, USA (Copy if possible to: Ruggero Maggi, C.so Sempione 67, 20149 Milano Italy) All works to be displayed at the Art Gallery, San Diego State University, Calexico CA. Size and Media: Open: Deadline: July 15, 1989.»

§ — FESTIVAL OF PLAGIARISM «Plagiarism: A Collective Vision. Plagiarism is the conscious manipulation of pre-existing elements in the creation of 'aesthetic' works. Plagiarism is inherent in all 'artistic' activity, since both pictorial and literary 'arts' function with an inherited language; even when their practitioners aim at overthrowing this received syntax (as happened with modernism and post-modernism). ¶At the beginning of the twentieth century, the way in which pre-existing elements were used in 'artistic' productions underwent a quantitative leap with the 'discovery' of collage. This development was pre-figured in the 'writings' of Isidore Ducasse (1846–1870), who is better known by his pen name 'Lautreamont'. In his 'poems', Ducasse wrote: "Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it." This maxim summarizes the use to which plagiarism has been put ever since. Two, or more, divergent elements are brought together to create new meanings. The resulting sum is greater than the individual parts. ¶The lettristes, and later the situationists, called this process 'detournement' (diversion is a literal translation from the french), but the activity is still popularly known as plagiarism—the term that Lautreamont used. ¶Plagiarism enriches human language, it is a collective undertaking far removed from the post-modern 'theories' of appropriation. Plagiarism implies a sense of history and leads to progressive social transformation. In contrast, the 'appropriations' of post-modern ideologists are individualistic and alienated. Plagiarism is for life, post-modernism is fixated on death.

## FROM ORIGINALITY TO ONTOLOGY—THE DECLINE OF THE TEXT

«The Festival of Plagiarism is a polymedia celebration of those cultural practices which transgress the 'logic' of the commodity and its 'exchange-value'. The Festival will emphasize the collective nature of all cultural production and the central role played by the audience in this process. Through a plagiaristic practice which denies any distinction between so called 'producers' and 'consumers', we intend to destroy the hegemony of 'serious culture' and the artistic hacks who support it. ¶The Fifth International Festival Of Plagiarism will take place at Transmission Gallery, Glasgow, between Friday 4 and Friday 11 August 1989. The Festival will feature exhibits, performances, films, videos, walks, slide presentations, discussions, workshops &c. ¶Numerous possibilities exist for participation in the event and the organizers welcome proposals from potential participants. Participants coming to Glasgow will be expected to cover their own travelling expenses; the organizers can provide official letters of invitation for those individuals who wish to use these to obtain grant money from their governments or other 'charitable' institutions. The organizers of the festival will be able to provide a limited amount of accommodation (with preference given to those individuals arriving from outside the UK). Please notify Transmission Gallery in advance if you require accommodation. ¶Those unable to attend the Festival can still participate by sending works in any medium for the exhibition "Reversal of Slogans/Slogans of Reversal". Images are required which detourne pre-existing visual icons (preferably advertising imagery). Film (super 8/16mm) and video (PAL format) may also be sent for screening during the Festival. Postal submissions for the Festival should be sent so that

they arrive at Transmission no later than 7/29/89. ¶Previous Festivals Of Plagiarism have been held in London, San Francisco, Madison, and Braunschweig. Documentation of these earlier events will be on view during the Glasgow Festival. Rather than being events which have been 'fixed' and 'resolved', the various Festivals Of Plagiarism should be understood as part of an ongoing dialogue. The organizers of the Glasgow event intend their Festival to be seen as an open-ended intervention which raises more questions than it answers. ¶Proposals, work, and further enquiries should be sent to: Transmission Gallery, 28 King St, Trongate, Glasgow G1 5QP, Scotland UK. Telephone (041) 552-4815.»

§ — LW4: Bag-O-Whale: «You have the freedom to do whatever you want. And the responsibility to live with your actions. ¶Laughing Whale 3 attracted over 40 contributors from 5 countries. The media used included letterpress, silkscreen, hand assemblage, xerox and crayon. ¶Laughing Whale 4 will be assembled loose into a 6x10 in (15x25 cm) polypropylene bag. ¶You contribute 80 copies of your work. All work accepted. Theme, medium, technique: free. Size limit: 6x10 in (15x25 cm); fold larger works ahead of time. We will accept anything that can be assembled into or onto the bag—stickers, stamps, cassettes, objects, pamphlets, etc. "All that art that's fit to stuff." ¶Distribution: one copy to each participant. 5-10 copies will be sold, in order to reach nonparticipants. 5-10 copies will be distributed for archive or review. Any reviews will be printed in the following Whale. ¶Deadline: November 4, 1989. ¶Address: LW4-BOW, P.O. Box 3987, Mpls MN 55403.»

§ — The Nucl!o Post-Arte group in Mexico City is having Harry Polkinhorn coordinate the North American section of the "III International Biennial of Visual/

Experimental Poetry in Mexico." The theme of the exhibition is "The Last Decade: 1890–1990–2000." The materials solicited include the following: 1) creative work in all media; 2) documentary work—can include photos, films, video, publications, or criticism of poetry events, installations, etc.; 3) summary (10pp max) in English, Spanish, or Portuguese of your work; 4) directions your work may take in the decade 1990–2000. Send work by early July so an overview essay on trends can be written. More info, write: Harry Polkinhorn, 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 92231 or call 619/357-3721.

§ — XEROX BOOK. «...The contents of this book will be your contributions.... The interconnections and dialectic energy of the [correspondence] NETWORK comprise an important, new form of COMMUNITY. The metaphoric unification of diversity, and the creation of connection is something that I believe is sorely needed in our MODERN culture. ...this is a BLACK AND WHITE edition. ...I figure around 1-3 pages per person, negotiable. PHOTOGRAPHS, DRAWINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, KIDS ART, INK DRAWINGS, SHORT STORIES, POETRY, RECIPES, LYRICS, COMPUTER GRAPHICS, ABSTRACTS OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, PAGES FROM THE FAMILY ALBUM, FAVORITE PASSAGES, PLAIN LETTERS, WISHES, COLLAGE, MONTAGE, PENCIL DRAWINGS, FOUND OBJECTS, ARTWORK, POLITICAL STATEMENTS AND MANIFESTOS, TICKET STUBS, PORTRAITS, LISTS, LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION, LETTERS OF REJECTION, POSTCARDS, MAPS, AERIAL PHOTOS, BROCHURES, BUSINESS CARDS, PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS, QUILT PATTERNS, DOODLES, MESSAGES, AND SO ON, AD INFINITUM, AD NAUSEUM. ¶ANYTHING66...» John Hopkins, P.O. Box 2275, Boulder CO 80306. 303/786-0299.

# RADIO STATIC

## N°29

149. excerpt from "Radioearphonics" by Dan Goldstein. Audio Musixa Qet, 1341 Williamson, Madison WI 53703

## N°30

150. "Verbal Idvantage" by Ybrigor Moss from «PhonoStatic N°6—The World News Cassette» (c/o this magazine)  
151. "It Gave No Details" by Agog from «Putting Legs on a Snake» from Spagyric, 19241 Kenya St, Northridge CA 91326  
152.? by Son of Spam from their cassette «Stuff '86 '87», c/o John Harden, 535 Andrieux St, Sonoma CA 95476  
153. "Man Alone in Cafe Society" by

Qwa Digs Never Parish, 1341 Williamson, Madison WI 53703; from «N D N°7» compilation, N D, P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765

## N°31

154. "The United States" from the cassette «Scorched Ear Policy» Jerry Modjeski, 2374 Como Ave, St Paul MN 55108  
155. "Monkey" by Big City Orchestra, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060; from «Animal Religion», Ralph Records, 109 Minna #391, San Francisco CA 94105  
156. "Grunions" (same as 154)  
157. "More Doog" by Mike Miskowski, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA

98102; and:

from «Artifact Collective Audio», ExperiMental Audio Directions, Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630

158. "Jude the Informant" by Fredrick Lonberg-Holm from «Sanctions Adopted». Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkely CA 94703

## N°32

159. "Tom didn't get the right gift",  
160. "Foolish toilets on Parade",  
161. "If I could...",  
162. "The B'room is an Orifice", and  
163. "The Chair" by Mechanical Sterility, c/o M[ike] Schafer, 75 Fairview Ave #3B, New York NY 10040  
164. "Theater Phantom" by Dimthings from «The Wild Ones & Fluxus»; Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar FL 33023  
165. untitled performance by Steve Mass and David Roberts from «Picture Noises from the Global Swamp»; AFSL, 349 West Street N. #3, Orillia Ontario L3V 5E1 Canada



# WHITE BOY BUILDS A BEGGING BOX

Paul Weinman

17 HOMELESS PEOPLE ARE  
GATHERED BY WHITE BOY IN  
SOME VACANT LOT TO BUILD  
A MODEST APARTMENT HOUSE

1. Lawyers serve an illegal assembly notice.
2. Health Dept. officials demand vaccination records.
3. Housing Code Inspectors pass out summonses.
4. Police beat the living shit out of everyone.

WITH BOTH LEGS IN CASTS  
WHITE BOY STARTS A LIST  
OF VOLUNTEERS AMONG THE  
STOREOWNERS WHO AGREE TO  
DONATE THEIR WINDOWS FOR  
SLEEPYPEOPLE - NONE SIGN

MELESS  
a. many can't read  
b. many don't read  
c. many won't read  
ARRESTED & LOITERING  
WHITE BOY SEES THAT  
DIAGRAMS ARE IN JAP.  
AS HE SERVES 1 WEEK.

DO-IT-  
FREE HOUSES  
GUIDES TO  
UR-SELF  
TO SOLVE  
WHITE BOY  
PROBLEMS,  
can't read

"ADMAN WANTED!" WHITE  
BOY GETS PEN & HURRIES  
TO NYC MAYOR'S OFFICES  
FOR ANTI-BEGGING DRIVE

1. unlimited artistic license
2. high visibility
3. astounding salary

3. astounding  
LOST, WB ASKS HOME  
LESS WOMAN FOR DI-  
RECTIONS, GETS PAN  
HANDLED R. IN FACE

RENOUNCED  
TOLD NO. 1 WHITE BOY  
SIDE MAKES DOOR & CUT \$5  
LESS - BUSINESS MONTH 1  
POLDS

a. some have no money but find shelter to living  
b. others have no money but find shelter to living  
c. others have no money but find shelter to living

UNDAUNTED, WHITE BOY  
XEROXES COPIES OF THE  
SONG FOR WHILE SITTING  
TO READ WHILE OR  
UP ON CURB WHITE  
A WHITE

HOPING TO INSTILL A  
POSITIVE ATTITUDE IN  
A GROUP OF PROTESTING  
HOMELESS, SING-A-LONG  
LEADS A SHEET UNDERSTAND  
"HOME SWEET TO  
IS QUICK TO  
+ of people

A. a lot of folks  
are many voices  
B. far too many voices  
have babies put  
C. crying out of sync  
most out of sync

TRIPPING OVER A STREET  
PERSON, WHITE BOY ASKS  
WHY DOESN'T HE GO SLEEP  
SOMEPLACE ELSE - FINDS:

a. The trickle-down money somehow sunk in up above.

b. Jobs I can get only serve those it sunk into.

c. The sunk-into pay  
me only to enough  
to be where I am.  
AH-HA SAYS WHITE BOY.  
AS HE KEEPS STUMBLING  
OVER ONE AFTER ANOTHER

TRIPPING OVER  
SEXING TO RESOLVE THE  
PROBLEM OF HOMELESSNESS  
WHITE BOY GETS HIS BLUE  
HARDHAT AND DISTRIBUTES  
891 claw hammers  
crescent saws  
measure

a. 891 claw hammer  
b. 212 crosscut saws  
c. 402 tape measures  
d. 50 lbs of 8p nails

TOOLS IN HAND. THE HOME-  
LESS STAND IN THE STREET.  
BUT WHITE BOY FORGOT WOOD.

ASSESSING THE RESPONSES  
OF NO. WHITE BOY STARES  
AT ALCOHOLIC AND SAYS -  
THEY SHOULD VOTE 4 SOME  
I ELSE NEXT ELECTION YR

C. Haven't you ever heard that "A Hand In Need, Is A Hand In Deed"?

B. Hadn't your mother  
ever read you the  
Parable of the  
Good Samaritans?  
Haven't you ever  
heard that?

A. Will you consider  
that this might be  
3rd coming that  
you are rejecting  
from the Inn?

BEING TURNED AWAY AT  
THE WHITE HOUSE DOOR  
FOR THE 3RD TIME WITH  
A HOMELESS ALCOHOLIC,  
WHITE BOY INTERJECTS,

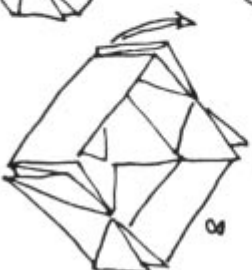
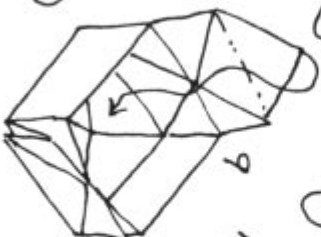
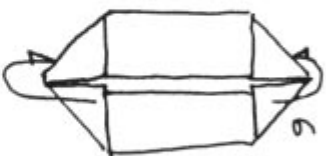
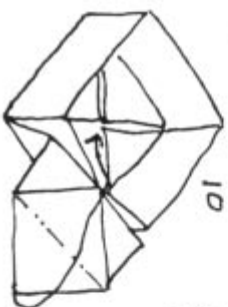
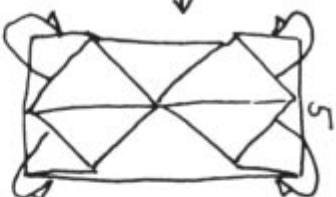
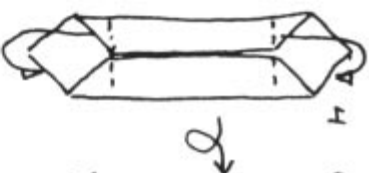
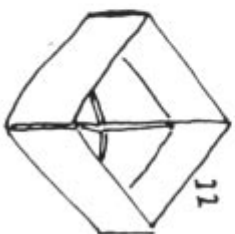
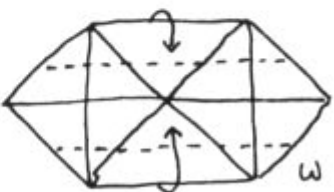
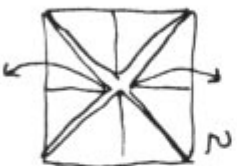
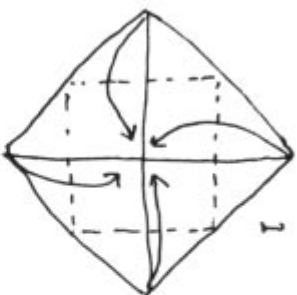
slow-down  
UNDERSTANDING THESE PROB  
LEMS BRINGS BIG SIGHS OP  
RELIEF IN BEING HOMELESS

WHITE BOY LISTENS AS A  
BANKER EXPLAINS OF THOSE  
NESS TO A CROWD ONE HOT-  
GATHERED AROUND ONE PLAZA  
AIR VENT AT AREA PLAZA  
estate

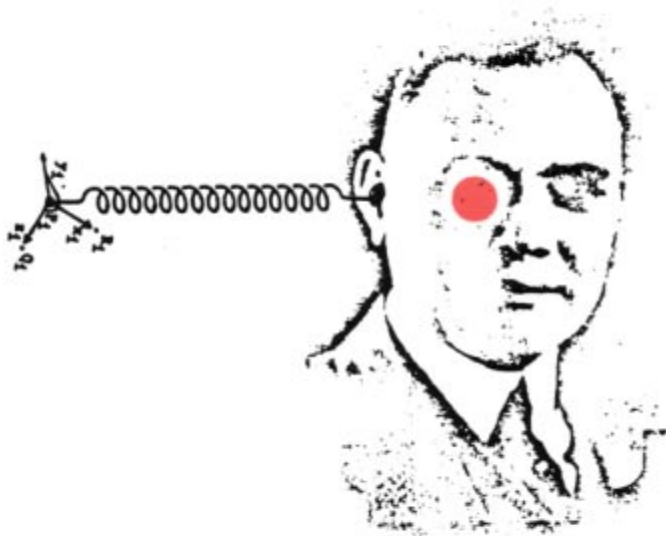
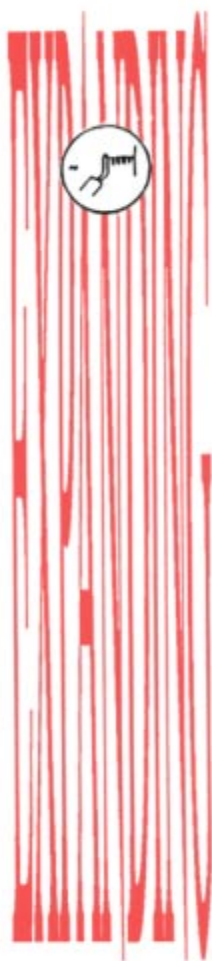
- a. soft  
markets
- b. rise in adjustable  
mortgage rate
- c. starter-house  
down



Help the Homeless! - Donate Your Time - Do Origami 4 Donations!







# THE NETWORK

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PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism  
Audio and Print Culture

<http://pwp.detritus.net/>

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YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN CENSORSHIP WORKS