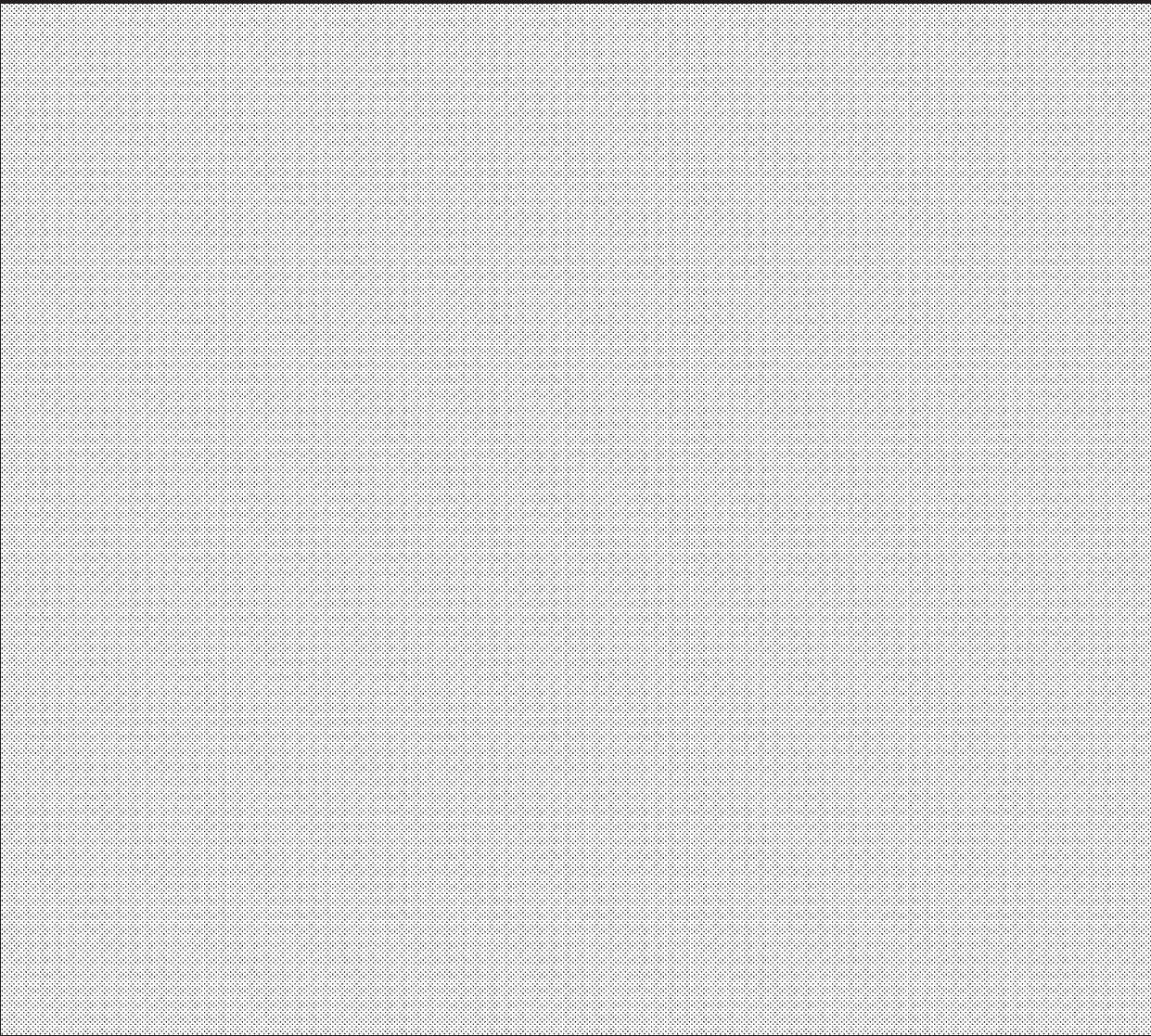


p	h	o	t	o		N°33 November 1988
	S	T	A	T	I	C

Cultural Property



NOTICE

This time warp at considerable distance like fish crying from an implanted virus. A strain of highly charged particles that dismantle behavior as quickly as fear arranges a reaction. Undoubtedly the direct opposite of current morés (i.e., those previously believed to be advantageous for farming and freelance prostitution). A gate perhaps, but one must be certain before soliciting a response because of the risk of accidentally triggering the virus. Those most frequent to deserted villages will therefore soon notice the distinct lack of calcium and laetrile products. Protection is essential even in chaos although its congregation dismisses the term entirely. The majority of warnings have been restricted to fruit producers and the absolute diversity of rhinos in the immediate area. It's more a matter of fire in remote caves than in an open field that might attract these and other leviathans who would inadvertently trigger a chain reaction resulting in riots demanding the restoration of monarchy and the cult of Anubis. To avoid this destruction of particulars the institutions will be reopened and admittance granted to all those hemorrhaging from their skullplates.

—Jake Berry

CONTENTS

The work of the following artists and columnists appears in this issue. Sincerest thanks to them for making these contents available.

1158	Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630
1158-9	John R[ininger], P.O. Box 129, DeKalb IL 60115
1161	Alte Kinder, August-Bebel-Strasse 104, 4800 Beilefeld FRD
1162	Jack Moskovitz, 4161 Wakely St, Omaha NE 68131
1163-7	John Stickney, 4545 W 214th St, Fairview Park OH 44126
b.1163	Thomas Wiloch, 43672 Emrick Dr, Canton MI 48187
1168	P. Petrisko, Jr, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079
1169-70	David Powell, 2/71 Riversdale Rd, Hawthorn 3122 Australia
1171	LL. Dunn, 911 N Dodge St, Iowa City IA 52245
1172	John Stickney, 4545 W 214th St, Fairview Park OH 44126
1173-4	The Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244
1173-4	Piotr Szyhalski, Ruminskiego 1/11, 62-800 Kalisz Poland (p. 1174 reads, in Russian, "Work, Leisure, Death")
1175	I.M.I., 829 Orion Ave, Metairie LA 70005
b.1176	Ge[of Huth], 225 State St #451, Schenectady NY 12305
1176-7	Patrick McKinnon, 510 N 17th Ave E, Duluth MN 55812
1178	Ph. Billé, B. P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux France
1179	Mike Miskowski, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102
1180-2	Serse Lugetti, via Ulisse Rocchi, 06100 Perugia Italy
1182	Piotr Szyhalski, Ruminskiego 1/11, 62-800 Kalisz Poland
1182-3	Thomas Hibbard, P.O. Box 3831, Wichita KS 67203
1183	Bob Grumman, 1708 Hayworth Rd, Port Charlotte FL 33952
1184	Thom Metzger, P.O. Box 25193, Rochester NY 14625
b.1185	Kurt Nimmo, 7535 Calhoun St, Dearborn MI 48126
b.1187	Brad Goins, P.O. Box 2432 Station A, Champaign IL 61820
1189	Ralph Johnson, 109 S 7th Ave, Iowa City IA 52240
b.1188	John Heck, 840 Dover St, Iowa City IA 52240
1191	Billy Rojas, 1590 W 11th St, Eugene OR 97402
1195	Arturo G Fallico, 22700 Mt Eden Rd, Saratoga CA 95070
1197	Miekal And, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703
1198	Tim Coats, 1774 42nd Ave, San Francisco CA 94122
back	Piotr Szyhalski, Ruminskiego 1/11, 62-800 Kalisz Poland

PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism is a bimonthly not for profit periodical of xerographic art, as well as what could be called "machine art" generally. Much of the work in this publication overlaps into the fields of correspondence art, concrete poetry, photography, audio, video, film, performance, and much other contemporary, non-mainstream, culture. Subscriptions are available as follows: \$8 (more would be appreciated if you can afford it) for one year (six 48-page issues), delivered bulk rate. For an additional \$6, you will receive one year (two 45-minute issues) of the PhonoStatic audio cassette series. To Canada/Mexico: \$10/\$18 respectively. Submissions: anything is welcome; please include a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) if you want your work returned after use or rejection, or else it will find a permanent home in our archives. Send an SASE with your request for a free catalog of what's currently available. PhotoStatic Magazine and PhonoStatic Cassettes are ISSN 0893-4835, and are edited by Lloyd Dunn in Iowa City. Retrofuturism is edited by the Tape-beatles. These publications are sponsored by The Drawing Legion, a nonprofit intermedia art and performance company based in Iowa City. Address all correspondence to: psrf@detritus.net. Visit our web site at: <http://psrf.detritus.net>.

READER'S COMMENTS



"In response to the review of Hairbone Stew (pS#31) I had to bring this topic up of the validity of Jake Berry's work. Sure, Jake 'rejects grammar and logic'. That's the whole point of writers like him, Mike Miskowski, Willie Smith, myself, and countless others. We are trying to break away from the 'formal' literature past in the exact same way PhotoStatic, Foist, Box of Water, (S)crap, and hundreds of others are trying to break away from the 'formal' visual arts past. Berry gives references to being representational in his work, but to actually visualize the images, you would have an absurd reality. Try reading the introduction again. 'The fiction in the mirror we look at', 'The greatest gift comes when the projector breaks down', 'When machines grow limbs, I'll become a believer'.... True surrealism achieved! (no insult, Jake). He has done it, opened the door from the rational side of the brain and the force of the subconscious literally ripped off its hinges. Give it another reading or 2, Lloyd."

—Chris Winkler, Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082

«Well Chris, I didn't claim Berry's work wasn't valid; I would never do that. Because much work since Dada has rejected grammar and logic, my phrase was intended as a descriptive one; I anticipated that it would help to position the work for the person who hadn't seen it.

«I guess while I'm at it, I should challenge your idea that 'zines such as this one 'trying to break away from the 'formal' visual arts past'. My feeling is that, at least with the four you've mentioned, they're actually trying to extend the arena you call 'formal' by claiming new territory for it. Xerox Sutra [now Xexoxial Endarchy], as I recall, once claimed that it was working within the *tradition of the avant-garde* (and whether they claimed it or not, it's clear that's what they're doing, in

spite of the apparent oxymoronic quality of the phrase). Extending the territory of art tradition ends up being the effect, in most cases; in my experience people with 'formal' art backgrounds are the biggest consumers of these magazines. If this is a criticism, then I am liable to it; early issues of PhotoStatic claimed to be a 'gallery of xerographic art', which puts it firmly in line with this notion. I have only this year begun to seriously reconsider my role in this. The changes which you've seen in *PhotoStatic* are a reflection of this concern. Editorially, I'm trying to be more broadly cultural than just art-cultural. If I'm not succeeding, you must let me know. Suggestions are always eagerly received. Thanks for your letter.»

[—Ed.]

“...**HUM, SPEAKING OF THE BEATLES, DID I EVER TELL YOU AN OLD FRIEND from SEATTLE HELPED USCHER in THE 'FAB FOUR' AT A 'GIG' in SEATTLE in THE 60'S? YES, IT SEEMS MY FRIEND ROB HAD A COUSIN or UNCLE WHO WAS A DISC-JOCKEY AT A SEATTLE RADIO STATION. THIS RELATIVE GAVE HIM (ROB) THE CHANCE TO 'USHER' in THE BEATLES AT A HALL or STADIUM in SEATTLE. ROB (MY OLD FRIEND) TOLD ME AN AMBULANCE WAS CALLED in TO TAKE THE BEETLES from THE AIRPORT TO THE STADIUM or HALL WHERE THEY WERE GOING TO PERFORM. IT GOT SO BAD THAT JOHN, PAUL, RINGO and YES GEORGE HAD TO CROUCH DOWN in THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE SO THEY WOULD NOT BE HARASSED BY THOSE 'ANNOYING' FANS! WHAT THRILLS, eh? (ARE YOU GOING TO READ GOLDMAN'S BOOK ON LENNON?)**”

—Arturo G. Fallico, 22700 Mt Eden Rd, Saratoga CA 95070.

“[with regard to the Tape-beatles]...**Yes, I definitely think** that not only is there a place for [audio tape based] type of manipulatory undertakings in this age of ready sampling, but in many ways I think it is superior. It certainly requires more input from the artist. Although somewhat limited, in certain ways it is more free-form and open-ended than sampling; the latter which tends to dictate form to the artist rather than vice versa. In any event, both are wonderful modes of aural sculpturing....”

—Fr. James X. Nova, The Fellowship of Esthetic and Artistic Revolutionaries, P.O. Box 980462, Houston TX 77098-0462.

For those of you who were stimulated by the last issue, N°32 “Existentialism and the Illusion of Choice”, you might want to read “Of Free Will and Flush Toilets” by Frank R. Zindler, starting p. 28 of the March, 1987 issue of *American Atheist*. Thanks to Fr. James X. Nova, radio personality, for dispatching that to our box.

[—Ed.]

“**The Tape-beatles...**it's a nifty package (including the booklet...) and I liked the 'music', too. (Maybe music, like 'real' should always have quotes around it)... A few of the statements may seem a bit too obvious or repetitive (then again, that is the point), though I admire the spirit and bravado and piracy. In effect, you are recreating your own world in a more exciting and subversive manner than most, which is really all there is left to do in the world, whether that be the world of art or just the world at large. I look forward to more Tb work, and hope it is even stupider and smarter, crazier and more sane....”

—X.Y. Zedd [Scott Elledge], #412 Hotel Quincy, 513 Hampshire, Quincy IL 62301

“**Received the latest issue** of PhotoStatic today. And...the magic word “Retrofuturism”. Suddenly things click! ...

“To be sure there is much else besides Futurism in my art... but that certainly is one important element. Had I realized you were 'getting at' or 'reinventing' Futurism it would have been much easier to communicate....”

“The character of PhotoStatic is consistent, and looks at the playful dimension of things. You would be poorly advised if anyone tried to coax you out of doing what you do best. But let me point out some problems with Futurism as “all play” and no seriousness. The big problem, of course, concerns values. Where does one draw the line? Too often the entirely non-serious waltz off the deep end into ‘anything goes’ pseudo-liberalism.

“Somewhere, amidst everything, there needs to be a nucleus of values around which to create a life worth living. It means saying ‘no’ to some things because some things aren't good in any real sense of the word. It doesn't mean ‘just say no’ or such total nonsense as that. It means, rather, having clarity about what one really values and putting effort into seeing those values actualized, and to hell with poisons....”

“In other words, play, yes, but the minute it subtracts from what is best then cease and desist. Which is a critique of 1988 pseudo-liberalism—by someone who considers himself to be a Liberal Democratic Socialist. Everything may be possible but a great deal of what is possible is no damned good. For anybody.

“Modern-day pseudo-liberals have bought a line of crap. Not that we should still be where Adlai Stevenson was, or FDR, obviously not, but somewhere in history since those years one helluva lot was lost sight of. Look around you, viz., at contemporary so-called ‘liberals’. They are cultists, conformists, shallow-thinkers, all in the name of enlightenment, non-conformity, deep thought. Such liberalism is a sick joke, a parody of liberalism. Do I recommend neo-Conservatism? Of course not; that is much worse. The point is that the time is long overdue for people who call themselves ‘liberals’ to get their acts together, and analyze their values and goals in life.

“In terms of art let us hope it means a new age of seeking what has genuine quality; and trash everything else. Those who regard such a maxim as a debilitating limitation can't be considered to be artists....”

—Billy Rojas, 1590 W 11th St, Eugene OR 97402

«**Dear Lloyd,**...

«I can (really) say that the truth is that You could not photocopy what You like on public photocopy machines [in Poland]. Some time ago I tried to complete a little brochure including artworks and letter connected with the activity of the International Television-Crimes Commission. But photocopy of some works appeared impossible. I tried in three xerox workshops—without results. The told me “no!” because of some symbols placed on artworks I received from abroad... They told it could be against the interest of society. All that shit seems to be funny but in fact it is rather cruel joke. Finally I gave up publishing “TV-crimes reports”...»

—Piotr Szyhalski, Runinskeigo 11/1, 62-800 Kalisz Poland

«**To depict** is to...refer not from a language to a referent, but from one code to another. Thus realism consists not in copying but in copying a (depicted) copy... Realism copies what is already a copy.»

—Roland Barthes John Stickney, 4545 W 214th St, Fairview Park OH 44126

FIGHT PLAGUE IARISM NOW !

Protect Your Mental Property Today
Before A Stranger Grabs It Away.
Use Property-Tickets And Avoid
The Plagiarist's Handiwork.



ALTE KINDER

July 25, 1988

MaLaMute --

Jack Moskovitz

Mundane
MaLaMute

Foo

and

at

Bo
Mystic

and

rest

sith

unexplored

EVEN

unknown

scientist

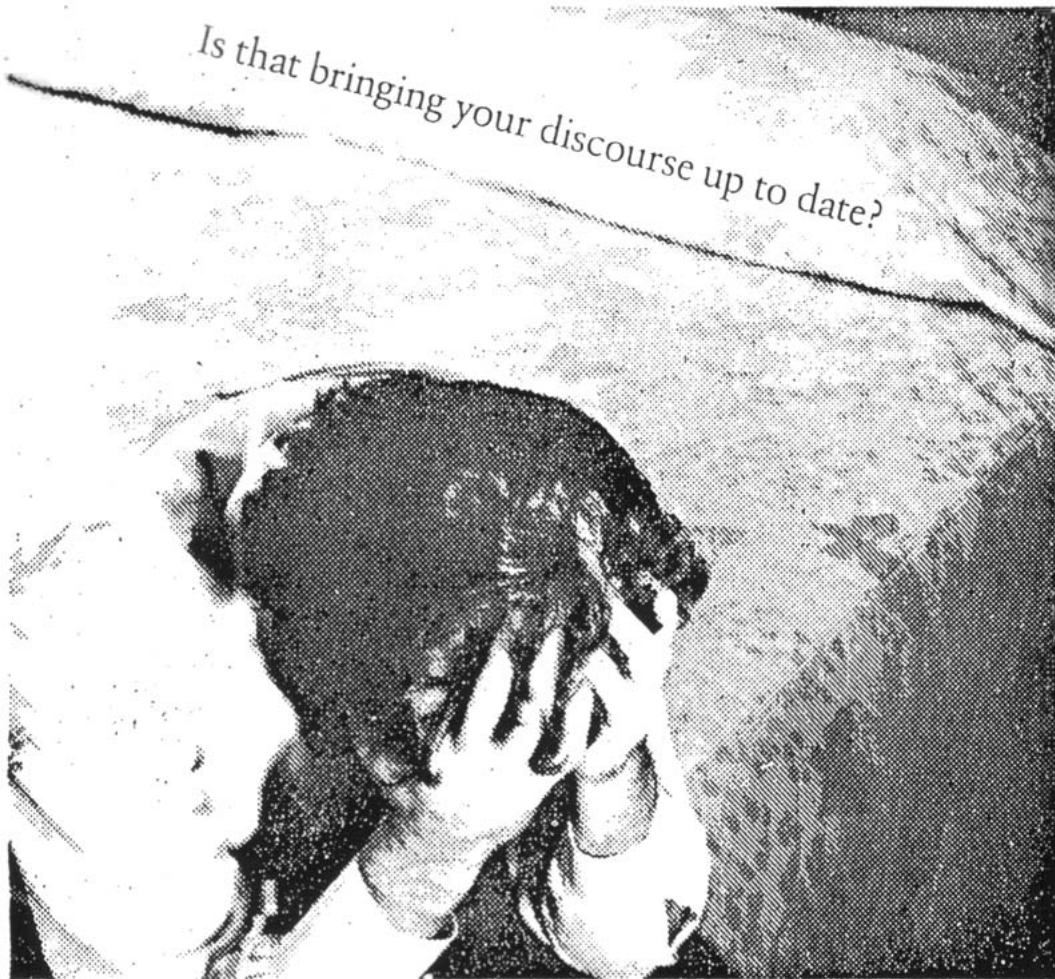
psychic

believer

skeptic

MYSTERIES

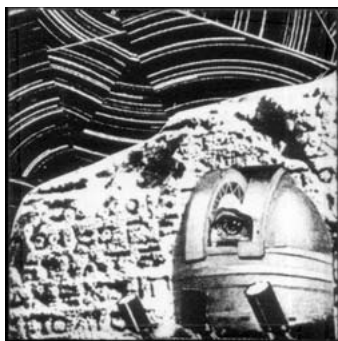
TWO Moons Foo



 GO ON

Codes and Chaos

by Thomas Wiloch



Holding a Mirror

WHAT IS the significance of my face?

When I look in the mirror I see the familiar configuration of flesh and bone which form my features. I see my own eyes, blue eyes with streaks of yellow in them. I see my forehead, cheeks, nose, and mouth. I see a batch of brownish-gray hair above my forehead. I see one ear on either side of my head. Above my upper lip there is a raggedy moustache.

Yeah, that's me.

But what is the significance of my face? I mean, aside from its purely utilitarian value, why have the forces of evolution or God or the imps of nature given me this particular face and no other? Does this configuration of the usual features reflect more truly what I really am? (I speak here of the "I" which exists behind my eyes and between my ears. I have never had my "I" in any other part of my body.) Is



there a correlation of some sort between my face and my personality? Can the kind of person I am be discerned from a look at my face? Is the physical form I have assumed merely a cloth draped over an invisible structure?

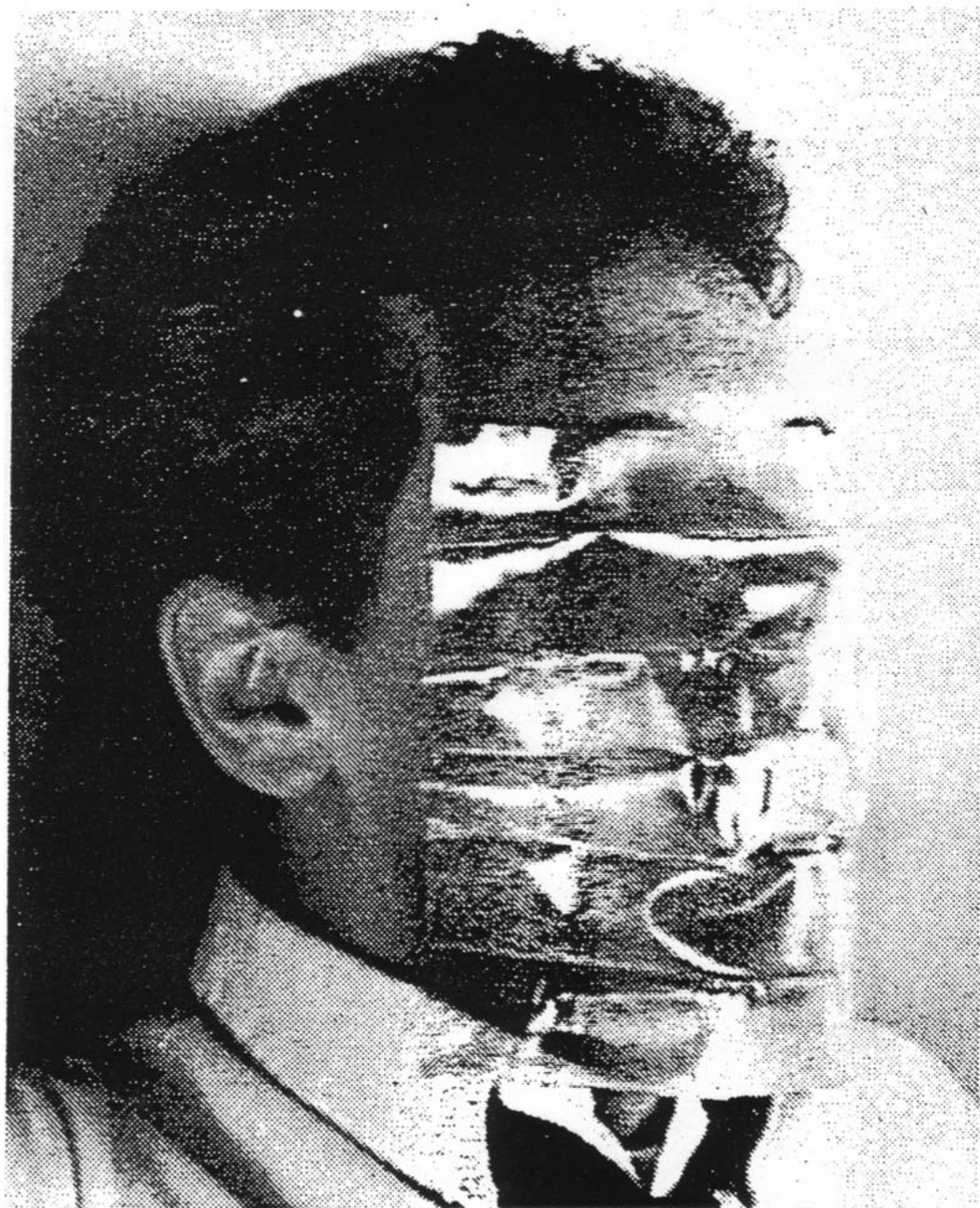
I think, in a general sense, that the answer is yes. Certain “types” of people do exist and you can spot them at a glance. You look at a face; you gather impressions about that person, categorize them according to some instant classification system of which you are barely aware.

Now, this article will not go into great detail explaining the relationships between physical appearance and personality type. That sort of thing bores me. And besides, I see text as an interactive form. One in which the

reader contributes as much to the subject at hand (or in his hands) as I do. So the whole business of proving or disproving my theory about appearance and personality—delineating the discreet relationship between the inner and outer man, if you will—falls on your shoulders, not mine. I have come up with the idea. It is for you to complete this article by reacting to it.

And that is, ultimately, how all text works. The reader either accepts or rejects what he reads. He is not a sponge which indiscriminately sops up a message from the words. He is not a stone wall off which the words bounce without effect. He interacts with them, absorbs them, digests them, and finally, well, I don’t want to carry this biological analogy too far. But the reader does finally

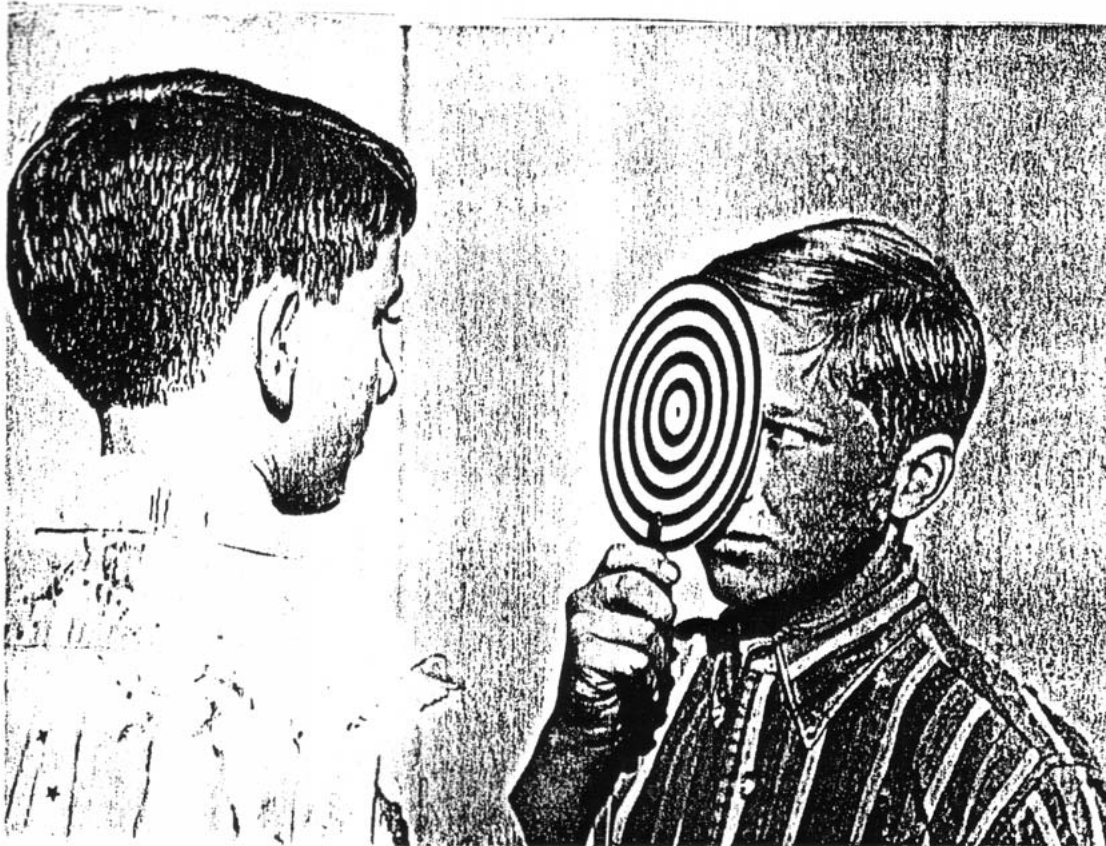
Why Risk Exposure



THE HOW



Learning takes place wherever there is life.



The utopian dream has collapsed: left behind are a few loyalists and insomniacs.

give something back.

So see if I am right in what I say about appearance and personality. Take and mirror and look into it. What do you see? Why do you see it? What *don't* you see? What clues does your face give you about your Self? How can you identify those clues? Think about it.

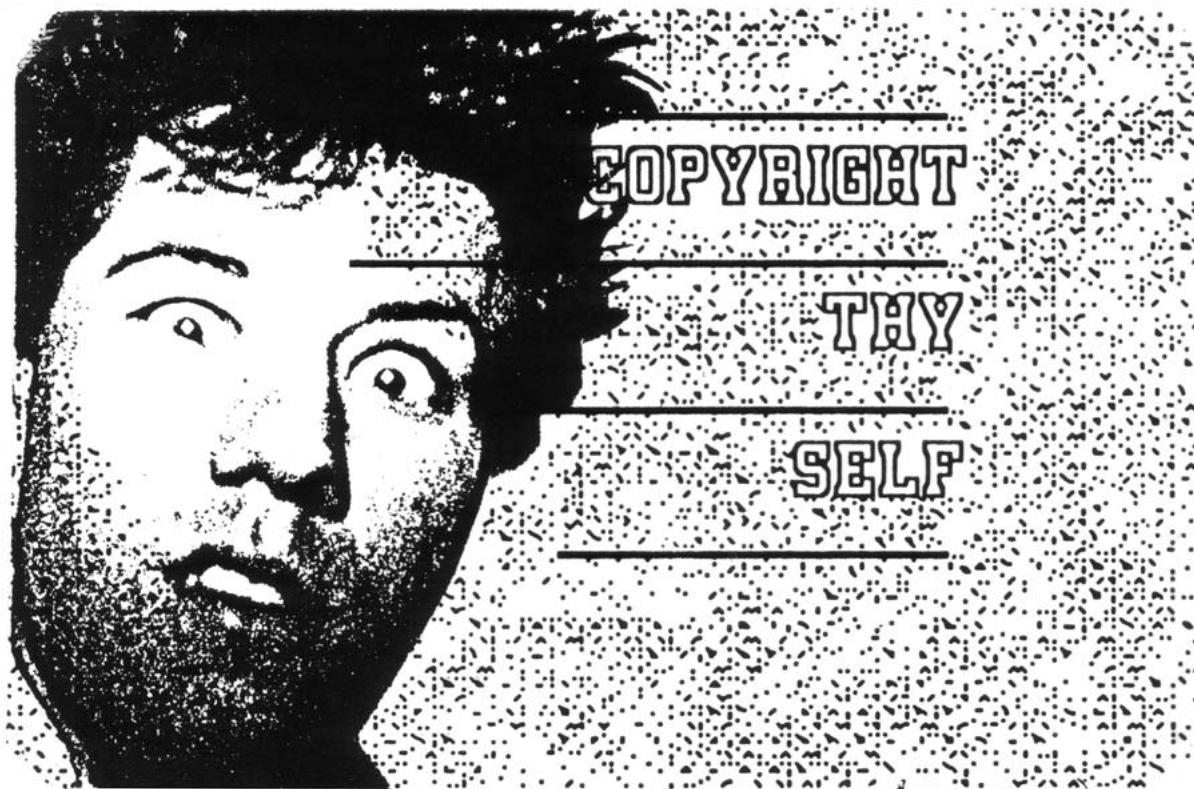
In a sense, you are already holding a mirror in your hands. [no. 3

The Weeping God of the Andes

IN TIAHUANACU, an ancient ruined city near Lake Titicaca in South America, there are found numerous statues of a nameless, weeping god. These statues were made by an unknown group of pre-Incan indians, as was the city of Tiahuanacu itself.

South American history before the Incans, and much of Incan history too, for that matter, is simply lost. We have only recently realized that the Incans had a written language, and have not yet learned to read it. The Incan forebears who carved the weeping god apparently had no written language at all, and so there are no records of what they did or thought. And since the Incans enjoyed claiming that they were the first people in the region to develop a civilization, although many ruined buildings exist that belie their claim, whatever oral stories may have still been told about those who came before them were suppressed.

And so the origins of the weeping god are unknown.



I have a magazine photograph of one of the weeping god statues that I find myself examining at odd moments, as if the image will somehow reveal its meaning to me if I study it carefully for a long enough period of time. I know that this will not actually happen. I know that the only way the story of this god will be found is through the work of archaeologists. But I have great faith in my ability to decipher images. And faith is what any god, even a long-forgotten one, requires.

I examine his squat little figure, his great gaping eyes (almost bug-eyes), and the two vertical lines that run down each of his cheeks, between which have been carved a number of small circles representing tears. Very abstract tears, really. They look like the sprockets on the

sides of film. I think to myself how it must be to stroll about Tiahuanacu where hundreds of such statues are propped up on pedestals here and there, crying for what lost reason, imploring or grieving or in the midst of pain. What a city that must be. How it must overwhelm its visitors. How even the most hardened and insensitive tourist, off to South America on a binge of international solidarity, must pause for a moment to question this god. Why are you weeping? he will ask the carved features. Who are you weeping for?

That is the beauty of this god, really, at least for me. That he is a mystery that has no solution, may never have

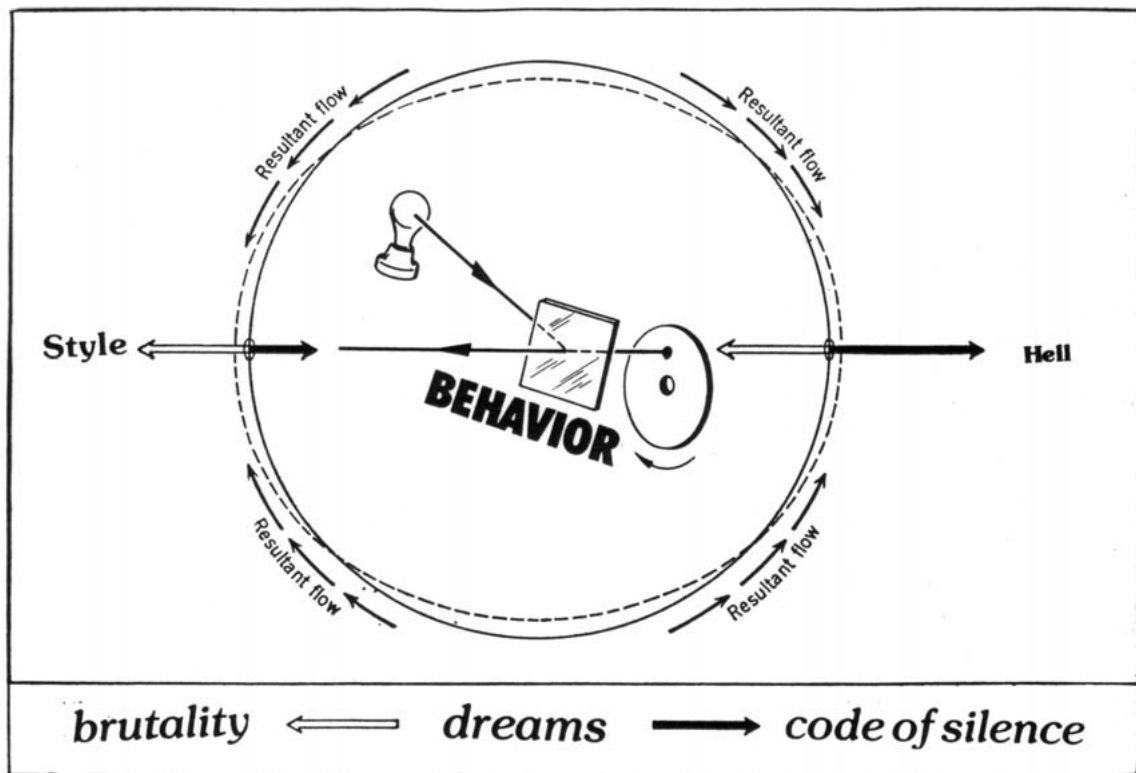


Diagram to illustrate the principal forces involved in the production of Youth

a solution. He is therefore tantalizing. And his mystery is made all the more acute because it is unintentional. At one time several thousand years ago he had a perfectly legitimate reason for his existence, perhaps it was even a mundane reason that, if known by jaded cultural thrill-seekers like myself, would render him common and uninteresting. But this reason, this rationale for existence, is now lost. This god's purpose, his name, even the name of the people who fashioned him into existence—none of these things is known. And so I find him fascinating. And so I strive in vain to discover his meaning.

Perhaps what is most needed is not the uncovering of the truth about such enigmatic historical finds, but a re-

imagining of them, the creation of contemporary truths they can embody. Perhaps we should claim this weeping god as our own, as a symbol that can be used here and now, in our lives.

For me, one of this god's possible meanings is this: that he represents the lives of the unknown human beings in the distant past who created him, human beings whose lives are irretrievably lost to us. This weeping god symbolizes for me the passing of time and all the horror embodied in that idea. He represents the loss that occurs again and again throughout history, the vain strivings for communication between our species across the barriers of time, our inability to preserve and pass on those things

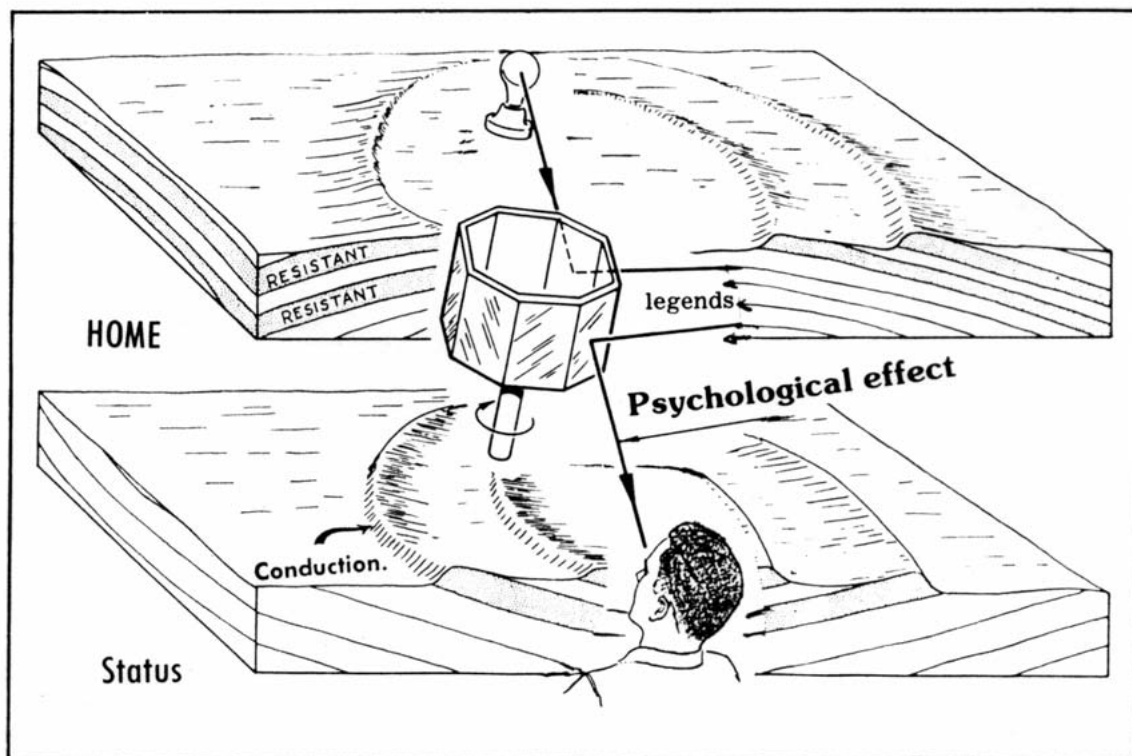


Diagram to illustrate the development *ahead* of the advancing tongue

which we find most important, the unnerving way in which we become mysteries to our own children, how our parents become mysteries to us.

I have a difficult time remembering my own grandfather's face, and he only died a few years ago. I speak to my father on the phone about twice a year. I see my sister a handful of times each year. My mother, I don't speak to her at all.

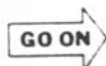
Fill in that same blank in your own life.

And so in this way the weeping god can become a usable icon in our lives, regardless of what he may have been to the ancients. Like a hook on a wall, we can hang whatever we please on him, whatever suits our purposes.

The weeping god of the Andes may be the product of a lost people, but he can speak today for and to other lost people as well. [no. 4

A Round of Questions

1. What is a toy?
2. How do you play with a toy?
3. How does a toy differ from a religious artifact?
4. From a work of art?
5. From a tool?
6. What do you create when you play with a toy?
7. Does what you create "exist"?
8. What do you create when you use a religious artifact?
9. Does what you create "exist"?



WE ARE YOUR OCCUPIED TERRITORIES



The Festival



10. What do you create when you display a work of art?
11. Does what you create "exist"?
12. What do you create when you use a tool?
13. Does what you create "exist"?
14. Where do these things "exist"?
15. Can you use a work of art in the same way you use a tool?
16. Can a toy take the place of a religious artifact?
17. When is a toy gun not a toy?
18. When is a chalice just a fancy cup?
19. When is a tool a work of art?
20. How does an object move from the category "toy" to "religious artifact"?
21. From the category "work of art" to "tool"?
22. Can objects be given meaning?
23. Can people be given meaning?
24. Why are meanings given to objects and people?
25. Are these meanings "true"?
26. If you believe something is "true," is it true?
27. If you believe in yourself, do you then "exist"?
28. If two or more people believe the same thing, does it "exist" for them?
29. Is religion a matter of belief?
30. If you believe in a religion, does it "exist"?
31. Is politics a matter of belief?
32. If you believe in a political ideology, does it "exist"?
33. What is belief?
34. Is belief something you tell yourself?
35. Is belief powerful?
36. Can belief dominate your mind?
37. Can belief blind you to the facts?
38. How does one express a belief?

of АРАТНУ

→ FULL ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE NEXT ISSUE



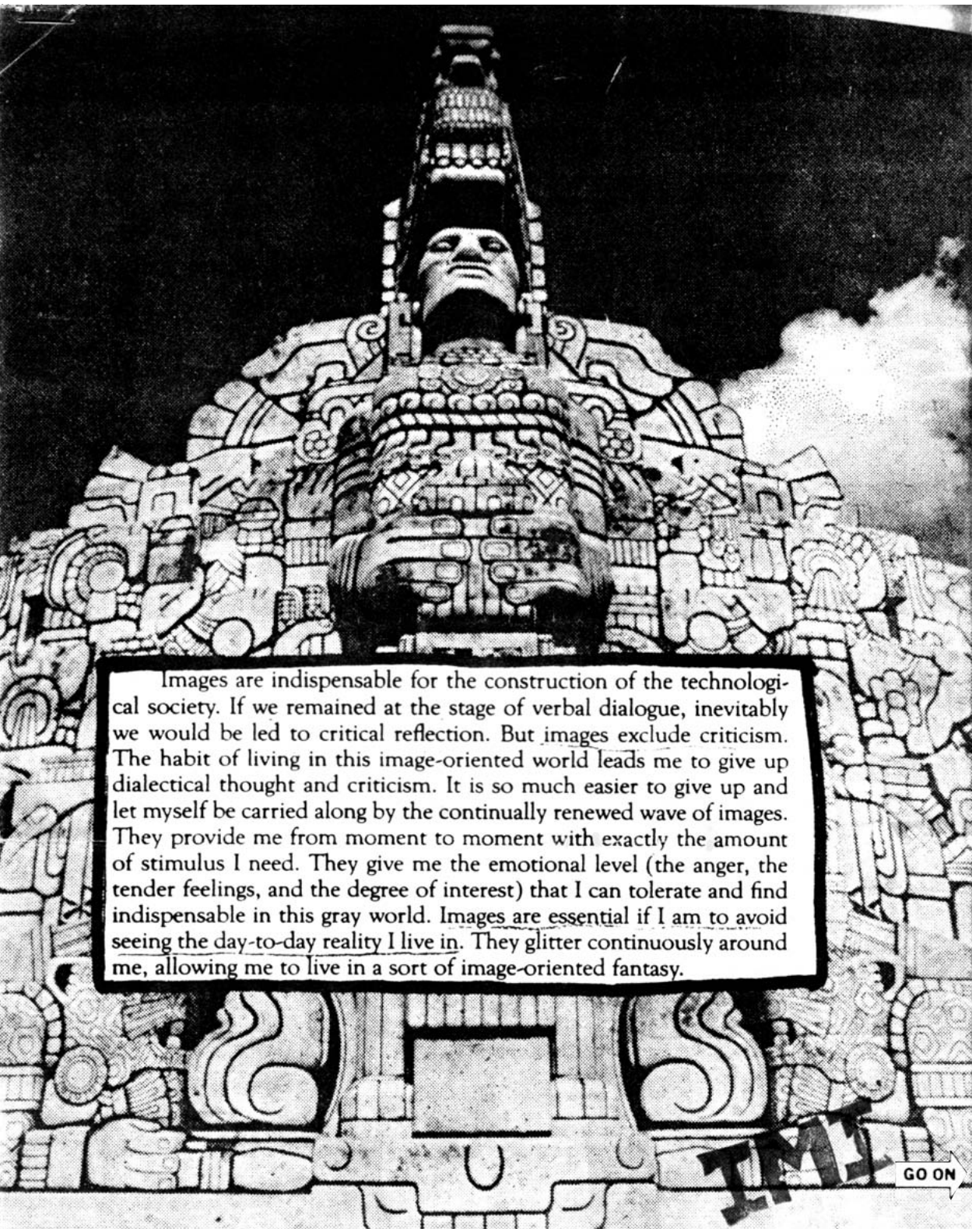
ТРУД, ПРАЗДНИК, СМЕРТЬ.

- 34 -

39. Can these expressions use words?
40. Can words create meaning?
41. Can words give meaning to objects and people?
42. Can words provoke emotions?
43. Can words provoke memories?
44. Can words provoke actions?
45. Can dogs be trained?
46. Can dogs be trained to react to certain words?
47. What is an audience?
48. Can an audience be made to react to certain words?
49. What is advertising?
50. What is a political slogan?
51. What is a command?
52. Do most people do what words tell them to do?
53. Are words powerful?
54. Are *these* words powerful?
55. Are you paying attention only to these words?

56. Is there a voice in your head speaking these words?
57. Is that "your" voice?
58. Are they "your" words?
59. Are you "alone" now?
60. Are you "alone" in your head now?
61. When your inner voice speaks these words, are any of your own thoughts also being spoken?
62. Have these words been directing your thoughts in a particular direction?
63. If you had not been reading these words, would your thoughts have gone in that direction?
64. Are you being led by these words?
65. Are these words dominating your mind?
66. Have these words taken over your mind?
67. Are these words playing with you?
68. Does that make you a toy?
69. What is a toy?

[no. 5]



Images are indispensable for the construction of the technological society. If we remained at the stage of verbal dialogue, inevitably we would be led to critical reflection. But images exclude criticism. The habit of living in this image-oriented world leads me to give up dialectical thought and criticism. It is so much easier to give up and let myself be carried along by the continually renewed wave of images. They provide me from moment to moment with exactly the amount of stimulus I need. They give me the emotional level (the anger, the tender feelings, and the degree of interest) that I can tolerate and find indispensable in this gray world. Images are essential if I am to avoid seeing the day-to-day reality I live in. They glitter continuously around me, allowing me to live in a sort of image-oriented fantasy.

Præcisio

by Geof Huth

oooooooooooooooo
 ooooo0oooo0oooo
 oo0ooo0ooo0oo
 o0o0o0o0o0o0o
 oo0ooo0ooo0oo
 ooooo0oooo0oooo
 ooooooooooooooooo

A MOMENT OF SILENCE is a moment of space, a moment when the encroachment of sound into ourselves is put, for a moment, at bay. There opens up before us a gap, a gash, an unfolding void, & it is w/in this enclosure that we can think or meditate (if that is not merely thinking) or pray. & what a moment means to us is that in the usual course of our lives we are not thotful. What it means is that the world impinges on us, that we are (deep w/in ourselves) some pureness of being & understanding, & that that purity is dirtied by the crashing around us of sound. If we can remove sound, we can understand, we can believe, we can concentrate. & moments of silence & the observing of these are so meaningful (in their presence of absence) b/c we are giving up our usual life of noise & voice, & giving up all of what we usually are in order to purify ourselves & our concentration.

What, secondarily, we are expressing in these moments is that words are of no use. We admit the uselessness of the intercession of language. What we understand & feel & wish to convey is that our emotions, at times like these, are beyond (or before) words, that what we feel is some inconsolable, immeasurable thing at the very base of meaning. This is the religion of everyday life. Occasionally, in brief moments btwn the turning of our heads & the seeing of our eyes, we feel it. It haunts us, this idea that we are, each of us, something that can feel meaning, perceive its texture, but still not be able to understand it w/ words.





What moments of silence are, what I call them when I need my own name for them, is moments of absence, b/c it isn't the something of the silence that is important. What is important is the nothing of the noise—the absence. & this is why it is a kind of *præcisio*, & a kind that we perform every day, at the funeral of an aunt, under the giant Christ w/ our heads bowed, during all types of gatherings, for usually a moment of absence is a community activity. All of us gather together to nothing, & we nothing together, & we hope that this nothing will make things better. & we anger, always anger, against the accidental word, a child's voice, that cough behind us, for these noises break us apart from each other, & w/in ourselves. These noises remind us that we are not whole, that the silence is merely an emptiness, that not even emptiness is little enough meaning to be pure.

Besides these generic moments of absence, there are some other examples of this type of *præcisio*. The most recent & epidemic were the moments of absence for the crew of the space shuttle *Challenger*, or maybe for the country as a whole, b/c what we lost then was not seven people & a few billion dollars of equipment—what we lost was our blind faith in our indestructibility, some childish notion that danger could be erased. & during this shocked mourning in America, the Empire State building was dark for a week. What is usually an up-reaching of lights & lights was just a darkness against the night sky. What was left was the *præcisio* of darkness. & there transpired two other moments of absence, on the day after the explosion, 29 Jan 1986, & these moments both happened at the same time: 11:39 a.m. Eastern Standard Time. Radio stations across the United States were silent for just one minute. They broadcast silence. & anyone tuning in his car radio during



that minute wd keep turning & turning the dial but wd find nothing, & nothing wd be right there. The other moment of absence is maybe even more startling: for a whole minute the floor of the New York Stock Exchange was silent. No-one spoke, no stock changed hands, people stood still & let their arms rest at their sides. In a place where millions of dollars of stock is traded in seconds, nothing happened, wch was the most amazing happening of all.

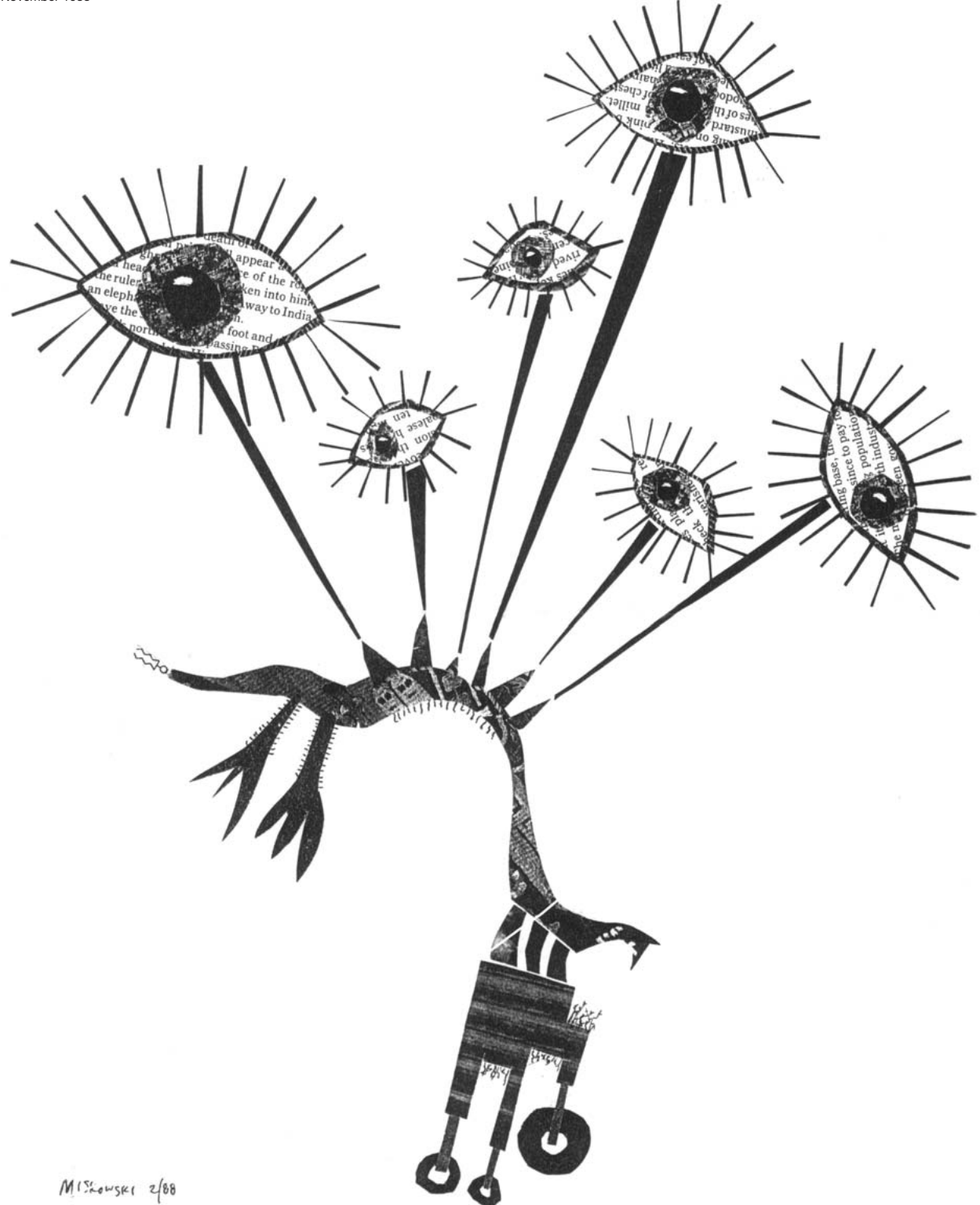
The most famous præcisio of this type is John Cage's 4'33" (wch is impossible to accurately sandwich between quotation marks [*so I put it in italics* —Ed.]). What this moment of absence is is not-music. On a record, it is four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence; during a performance, it is a pianist walking briskly onstage, bowing, sitting ostentatiously down & not-playing the piano for 273 seconds. It is a famous moment of absence & is often seen (& heard) as a joke, but it says something about music. It points clearly out how music exists w/in this silence, that music is substance & solvent & liquid, & silence is the glass that holds it together long enough for us to drink

00000000000000
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 00000000000000
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 00000000000000
 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 00000000000000

it. Cage followed this musical piece w/ an even more conceptual piece called 0'0"—a piece that could be performed anywhere at any time by anyone. All that was needed to perform it was to think about it—& there it wd be. At another level, it is the most empty moment of absence of all—not only w/o sound & sight but also w/o time.

A moment of absence is not answering a question or ignoring someone, becoming abundantly visible inside our feigned invisibility. A moment of absence is not showing up for a date & never saying why. A moment of absence is felt when you open an envelope & find your manuscript returned w/o a note, not even a form rejection, just the absence of explanation. When my friend Mark Mixson would say, "The unfinished statement is always _____" or when Jane Hosie said, "Needless to say, _____," these were moments of absence to play with. Or here, during an episode of *M*A*S*H*, when the voice of the loudspeaker spoke, "The following men have volunteered for this week's ten-mile fitness hike: _____." Or

[no. 3



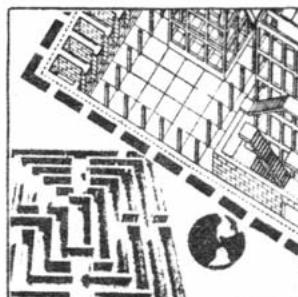
Miskowski 2/88



RAY



SCRATCH



TEST



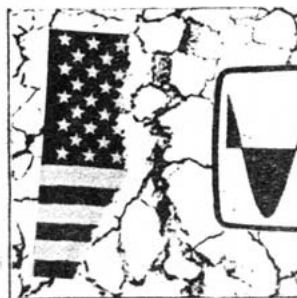
YET



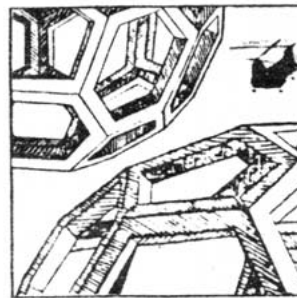
ZETA



ADDENDA



FILE



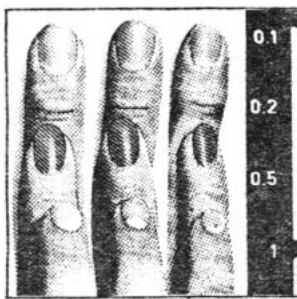
GAZA



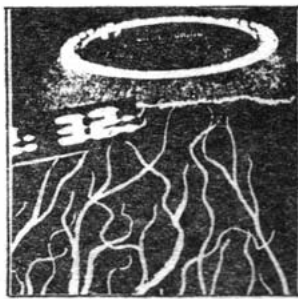
HIT



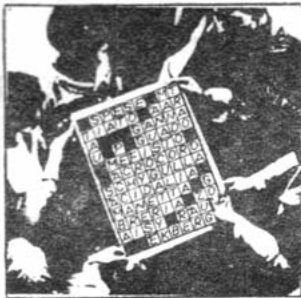
KRONE



LINK



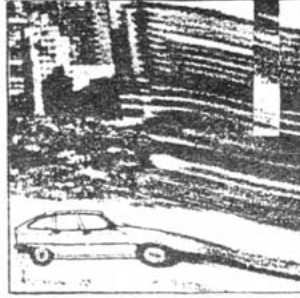
MAGMA



ULTRAIST



VAGUE



WORD



X-RAY



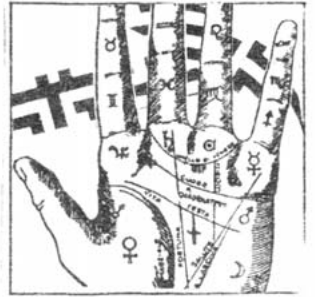
BIG



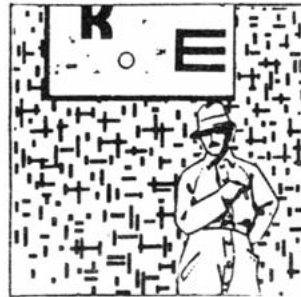
CRITIQUE



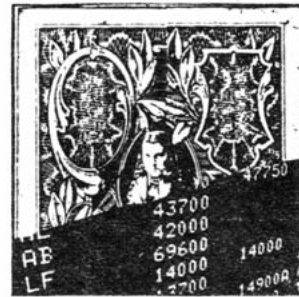
DADO



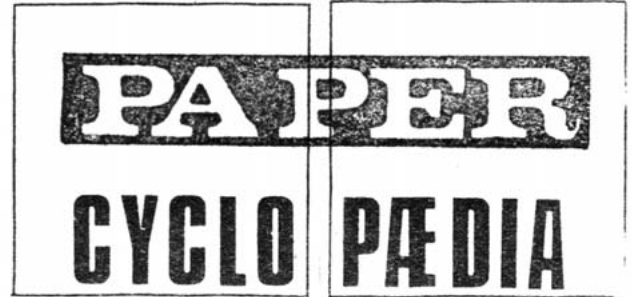
EX



IMAGO



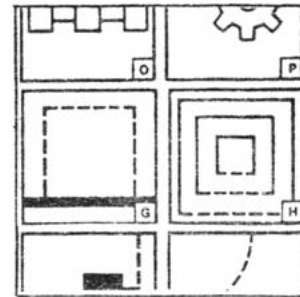
JUNK



NO



OX

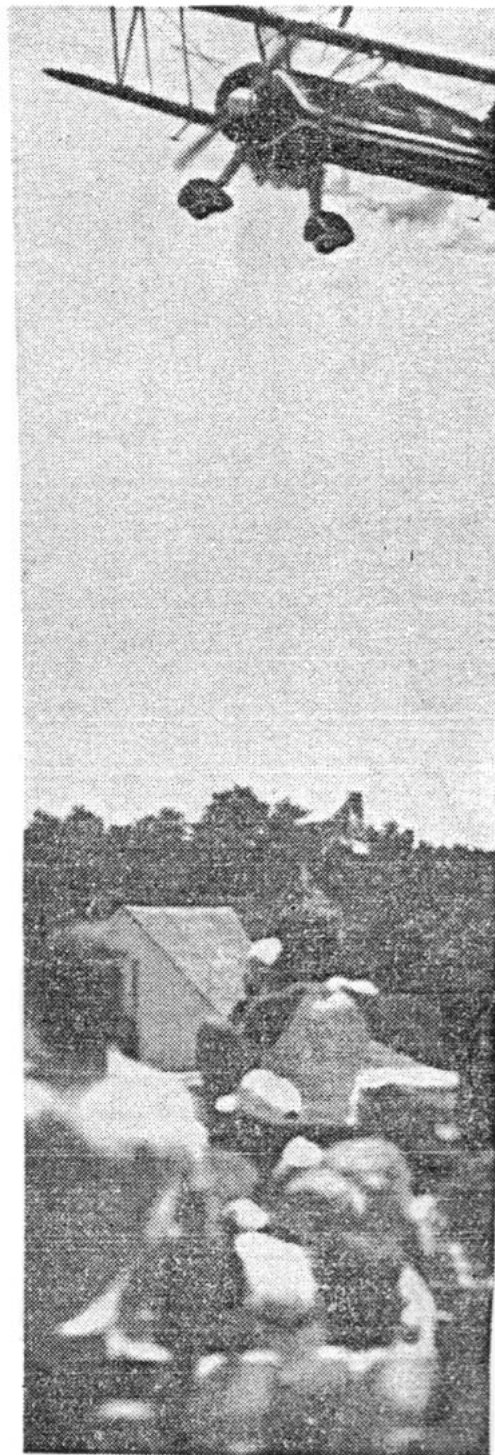
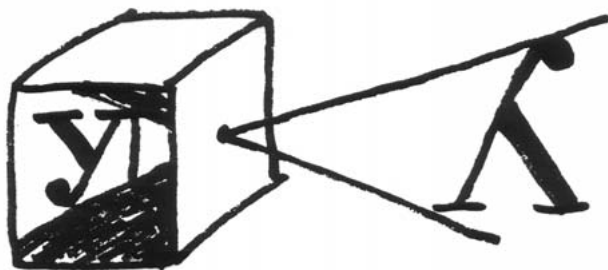
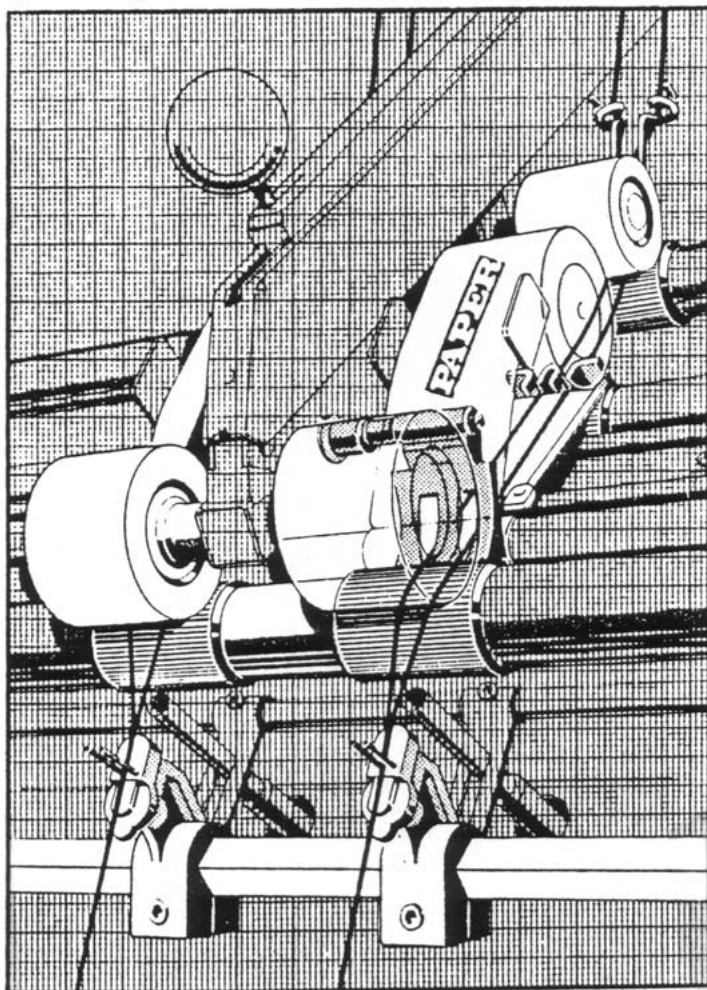


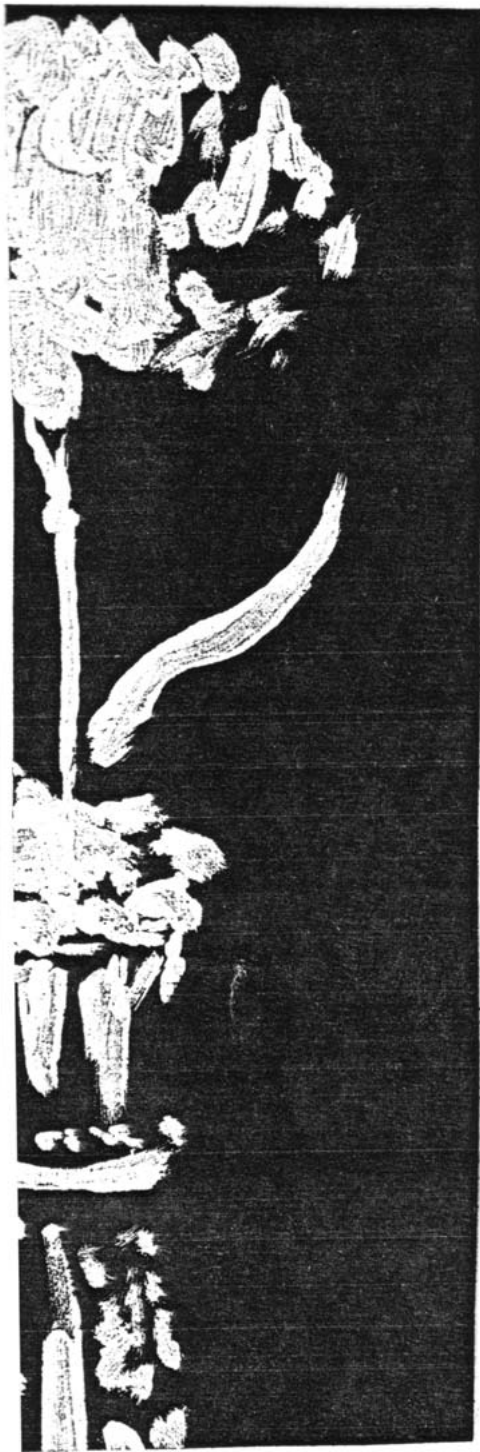
PAPER



QUANTUM

paper machine

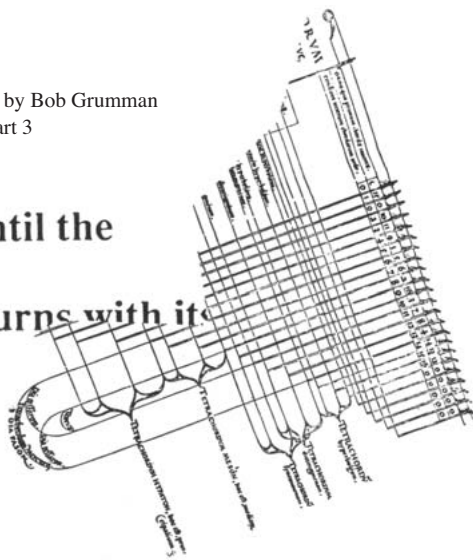




VIZLATURE

a column on verbo—visual art by Bob Grumman
taxonomical considerations, part 3

for now until the
spring returns with it



THE WORK ABOVE is from Harry Polkinhorn's book, *Dissolutions*. Its visual image deals with tetrachords, which are the four—note sets that the traditional musical scale is based on. The image strikes me as architectural, too — in fact, when I first saw it, I thought it was a blueprint for a cathedral. All in all, it seems an intriguing fragment, but — taken by itself — not much more. The few well—chosen words that accompany it, though, raise its value profoundly — at least for someone with the weakness for lyricism that I have.

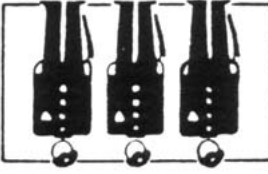
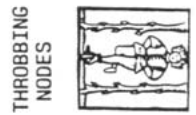
By marching straight into the tetrachord diagram, thus in effect acquiring it as a word, the piece's text speaks directly of spring's music. The impression is also of words turning into music, as well as becoming a horn. The orderly march of tatters also swells into something with a jaggedly spring—like sprawl and complexity. There are hints of spring (and music) as a cathedral, too. And the Latin, taken with the medievalness of the diagram, recall the Renaissance, and all that has to do with rebirth and creativity.

All these are, I think, pleasant enough metaphors, but there is a better one to be found in the piece. Forget, for a moment, what the graphic represents, and consider what it specifically is: a diagram to be used in musical composition. A more subtle metaphor of spring as a blueprint for ... summer thus results. The cold typography of a winter will grow into the intricate but skeletal, almost abstract, outlines of a spring — which will in turn become a summer as rich compared with what has just preceded it as heard (and cathedralled) music is to its printed score. And all of it will be infused with designedness — with beauty that the laws of Nature make inevitable!

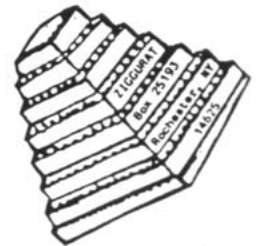
Aside from all that, the piece is taxonomically interesting. Because it contains both verbal and visual matter of consequence, it is clearly a specimen of vizlature. But because neither of its kinds of matter seems more important than the other, it's difficult to decide whether it should be considered visual poetry or textual vizlation, the two subcategories of vizlature my columns have so far discussed — so difficult, in fact, that I recently ordained a new category for it — and similar works. I called it, "Illuscription."

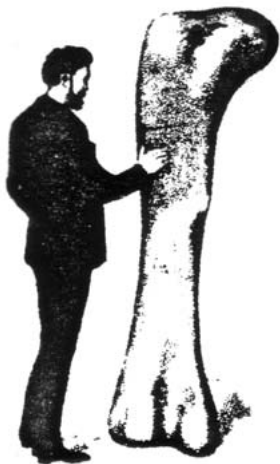
Making up another category might seem an arbitrary, perhaps even a desperate, measure to take. But if you analyze works of vizlature on the basis of how esthetically important verbally, and visually, their texts (i.e., their verbal portions) are, it makes sense. There are just three possibilities: such a text may be visually and verbally important, or just visually important, or just verbally important. (It can't be neither or it'd not be vizlaturic.) In the first case the result would clearly be visual poetry, in the second textual vizlation, and in the third illucription. The scheme couldn't work more straight-forwardly — or be more easy to apply, as I hope to show in future columns.

[no. 3



SANCTIONED BY
THE BLESSED THOMMY 3X





—The— REPTILIAN Schema

by Kurt Nimmo

AMERICA IS a prehistoric reptile crawling out of the primordial muck. America skulks from the sludge and, perceiving the hurdle of civilization ahead, determines that the long slither of evolution is a laborious task not worth the effort. America the reptile pirouettes in the rudimentary sediment and lurches back into the familiarity of primordial muck.

The reptile president of the United Reptile States has declared war on people who make their own decisions. He portrays a nation of helpless reptiles addicted to drugs. School children, bank tellers, housewives, plumbers, lawyers—all addicted, enslaved to evil substances. The reptile president of the United Reptile States wants every citizen to submit to a battery of quasi-scientific tests. The reptile president of the United Reptile States has become the Great Patriarch. Father Reptile knows best. And his reptile children, hungry for the claw of reptile control, fall in line.

...

Reptilian creatures find their way to the editorial pages of national newspapers. One such reptile proposes all dealers of evil substances be left to twist at the end of a rope in the mall plazas, city parks, or the crossroads of commerce. Few people find his machiavellian recommendation barbaric. These are the immense masses of reptilian humans who find nothing wrong with the summary execution of property criminals. These are the deformed masses who find more intrinsic value in a television set than the life of another reptile-human. These are the warped masses who find nothing strange with a man who babbles like a schizophrenic to a venal, malicious, and arbitrary god-idol. These are the feeble-minded masses who cannot envision a world without Pluton missiles.

...

Without the reptilian-dominated media, the anti-choice crusade could not disseminate its propaganda. From the sanctified cathode tube, the reptile president and his

calculating minions and obsequious deputies within the media infrastructure inundate the airwaves with premeditated speeches, flamboyant diatribes, and street smart video presentations which exhibit the hapless victims of drug addiction. The latter were inexplicably caught up in the gambits of get-rich-quick criminals, the mafia, international scoundrels, communist terrorists who fund their lurid revolutions by exploiting the weak and vulnerable.

Daily these news spots, special programs, and testimonials are beamed across reptile-America. And with every passing day, the drug pandemic gains proportion. The Great Patriarchal Reptile president emanates from the sanctified cathode tube during prime-time viewing and solicits a legion of neighborhood narcos, informers, proselytizers, crusaders, and witnesses who may go forth and preach the message of anti-choice.

That there might be people who can make rational decisions, who can enjoy nonaddictive recreational drug use strikes the Great Patriarchal Reptile president and his sprouting tentacles of reaction as ludicrous. They exist in a world of absolutes—a microcosm of good and bad, right and wrong, evil and virtuous. They are resolute in their bid to wipe out the deleterious consequences of choice. For them, tolerance is surrender. They will not be satisfied until every individual within their range has accepted the authority of anti-choice.

...

Granted, taking cocaine is foolish and most likely detrimental to irreplaceable cerebrate tissues. But who among us in this antediluvian reptile-nation has the right to tell

others what they will or will not put in their bodies? Does it not seem backward and reprehensible to tolerate the often slow and torturous destruction of innumerable individuals in toxic workplaces, factories, mines, asphyxiating offices and insipid markets? Isn't there something inherently felonious in the act of buying a shirt or dress manufactured in a country where labor organizers and progressive students are dangled from meathooks deep inside interrogation rooms of military prisons and tortured with cattleprods, cigarettes, or field radio magnetos? How can the banker and corporate president sleep at night knowing his lucrative adjudications determine the destiny of endemic populations, rainforests, oceans, the entire biosphere? How can a population exploited, plundered of its vitality for the profit of a powerful minority acquiesce to the robbery of its few remaining rights?

Making reptilian-America safe from the exaggerated threat of a drug pandemic is not the objective of this nefarious crusade. The function of this delirious anti-drug campaign is the systematic annihilation of liberties which a dominant oligarchy has established as adverse to its blueprint for absolute domination of the planet. It is a global strategy of unlimited profit and plunder. And this strategy necessitates complacent indigence, manageable workers, docile citizens cleansed of all desire for freedom, autonomy, and rebellion. The war on drugs is but a paradigm for the violations yet to come.

...

The reptilian schema is not primarily a well-orchestrated conspiracy—rather, it is a phenomenon of the authoritarian reptile way of thinking, a proclivity of the reptilian elite as it absorbs and turns to profit everything of value



which can be bought, bribed, stolen, or expropriated. In the extraordinary abstractions of the reptilian mind, all objects under the reptilian god's sun are to be omnivorously devoured, transformed into arabic ciphers, modified to an abstractive fluidity, an accumulation. It is a nightmare drive as predetermined by the reptilian high priest Adam Smith—a force of nature, a fixation, a “desire that comes with us from the womb, and never leavus us until we go to the grave.” It is, according to the reptilian brigand, the innate course of evolution, a birthright.

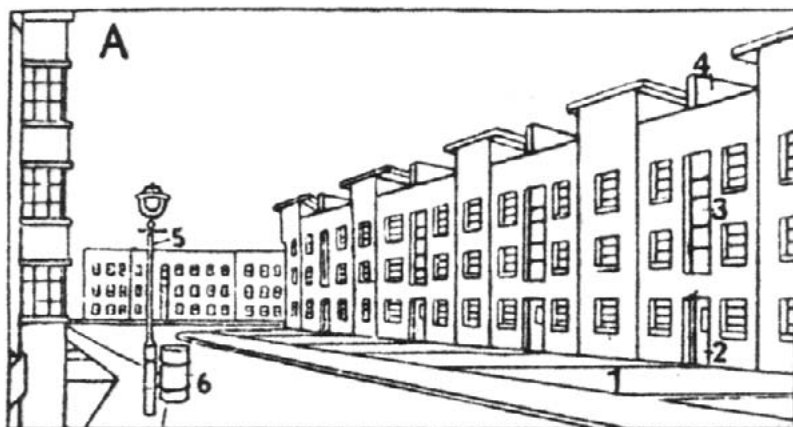
...

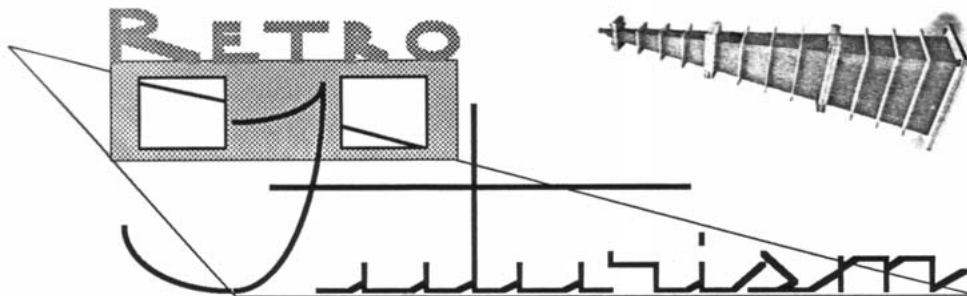
From the use of drugs to the subjective decision of terminating a pregnancy, the reptilian government invades with its dictatorial mandates, laws and threats. If an individual decides to take drugs—even if said drugs kill him/her—that is not the reptile's concern. If the person is irresponsible, endangers another life, maybe then an act of reptilian justice might intervene. But reptilian government, under the auspices of an authoritarian elite, are committed to the schema of domination.

As long as collective reptiles believe in the deception of that schema, the civil liberties which are supposedly the distinctive character of the “American Experiment” will deteriorate.

Nothing is sacrosanct under the reptilian sun.

[end





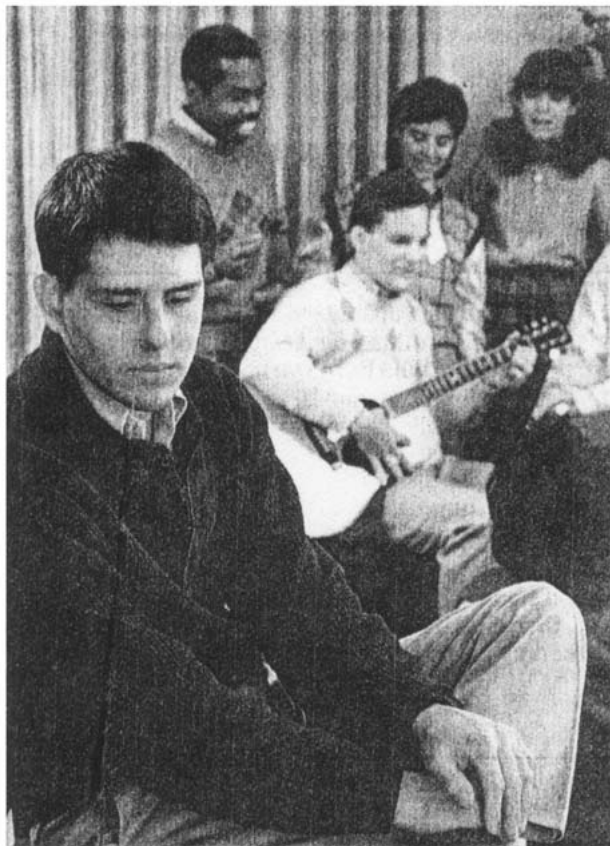
Overlooked Classics by Brad Goins

Part 1: A Rant

Now that it's unavoidably clear that the teenage offspring of the 2nd generation of garden variety, white, middle-class suburbanites is lost in a swamp of self-centered and self-destructive anarcho-nihilism, it becomes suddenly important to investigate the ruins of the failed cultural revolution of the 60s. Can we understand how a multitude of youth who abandoned easy suburban mediocrity for easy suburban hippy radicalism developed into parents who were powerless to teach their children any other moral standard than that contained in the word "consume"? Will a close look at the actors and acting in early and mid-70s adult films help us interpret these bizarre transformations?

Can we accurately describe vintage 70s porn as an artform which is essentially one of consumption? Are the jaded middle-aged men who wander through these films in their bright pastel leisure suits, sporting paunches and greased-back black hair with sideburns that cover their face, more interested in making a fast buck or in consuming some "young stuff"? Has the young stuff—complacent, sluggish, perhaps high, often unkempt—chosen the frequent and casual consumption of drugs, drink or sex as a means of compensating for lost dreams? Or have they merely reached a particular stage on the road to the single-parent-family suburban-ghetto mode of consumption?

To answer these questions with certainty is too difficult—it requires too much time and research. Let us therefore begin our investigation of post-hippy 70s kitsch by simply looking at the films.



People are seldom attracted to someone who has nothing to say

2. Review: *Teenage Hustler* (1975, dir. Ricardo Malatote, prod. Ciné Paris, starring Mary Monroe)

At the beginning, the viewer is shocked by the realization that the credit for the title of the movie consists in a shot of a poster on which someone has written the film's title in magic marker. This image abruptly distanc-

es the film from even the most amateurish exploitation films of the 60s and 70s. The viewer becomes suddenly alert, and struggles to read the credits which follow.

An almost continuous voice-over narrates the adventures of “sex freak” English Billy Boynton in Hollywood. What renders Billy a freak—“Oh, he’s a sex freak all right,” says the voice—is his inclinations to voyeurism and hustling: not outlandish activities for mid-70s porn.

The voice-over is surprisingly articulate for a porn film: that is, it contains no grammatical errors. The narrator often uses a flippantly condescending tone to describe Billy (“When there’s a chance to get a freaky sex kick, to hell with work—that’s Billy’s motto.”). But much of the voice-over relies on the humorously banal opening travelogue sequence, in which we see washed-out and static footage of Hollywood landmarks while the voice intones, “No matter their reasons for coming to Hollywood, they come... and come... and come....” The hokeyness of the music rivals that of all but the most glorious of Russ Meyer’s soundtracks.

We usually hear the voice-over even when the characters appear to be speaking. For example, early in the film when English Billy “talks” with his apartment manager about Billy’s imminent eviction, the voice-over tells us what Billy is saying. Fortunately, Billy uses delightfully overacted and overanimated gestures while expressing his fury. When the manager leaves, Billy brings both hands to his temples in a momentary fit of despair.

Because he is a hustler, Billy is quickly struck with the solution to his problem. Billy tells his photographer friend Rufus of a plan to hire young prostitutes for sex. Rufus will photograph sexual acts and afterwards use the photographs to blackmail the prostitutes. Readers may wonder on what grounds Billy would blackmail these women, but since I don’t know, I leave the matter to Billy.

To all appearances, Rufus is a seedy 70s hippy with a cowboy hat and strikingly carefree swagger. But the narrator informs us that Rufus’ profound sense of responsibility is in marked contrast to Billy’s irresponsible sexuality—“Unlike English Billy, Rufus is a strong-minded person.”

Let us linger for a moment in strong-minded Rufus’ “professional photography studio.” It is a bare hotel room in which Rufus uses a tiny, hand-held camera to photograph a model fellating the flaccid Billy. Rufus’ “secretary,” Ginger, adorned with an impressively large and round blond beehive, likewise photographs,

holding the camera in one hand and hesitantly making obscure and tentative gestures to “models” with the other. We might conclude from this scene that Rufus is in dire straits had we not been told by the voice-over that he is one of the most sought-after photographers in Hollywood.

The starkness of Rufus’s “studios” and the washed out looks and confused gestures of its inhabitants create an environment of urban emptiness. Upon our return to Billy’s apartment, we discover a strikingly similar environment created by different means—the placing of lights and mikes too far from the action. The sex scene between Billy and the first prostitute to come to the apartment demonstrates another crucial quality of mainstream 70s porn: the freedom allowed the actors in both dialogue improvisation and sexual performance (a freedom rarely found in the slick, formulaic video productions of the 80s). When Billy questions the young woman (this time we hear him speak), she clearly expresses her annoyance with his banal and insulting questions. Their first exchange has a surrealistic tone:

She: Hi, I’m Mary.

He: Well, I didn’t think you were Debra.

When she removes her shirt, and Billy asks, “What is that?” she angrily responds, “It’s called a blouse!” In a brief surge of honesty, Billy awkwardly tries to get through: “Look at me—do I scare you that much?”

After they commence sex, Billy cannot get an erection; no problem—the camera keeps rolling. When some sort of missionary union finally occurs, the woman’s facial expressions suggest she is enjoying herself, and doing so without the stylized acrobatics and elaborate dubbed moaning of the 80s. We must rely on her facial expressions to make these deductions, since the rest of her body is so poorly lit that only the most basic signs of sexual activity are observed.

My copy of the film ends here. But in these 45 minutes, I see strong demonstrations of the quintessential characteristics of 70s kitsch porn: washed-out prints, abominable lighting, bright yellow miniskirts and decalled bell-bottom blue jeans with a white belt; occasional real enjoyment of sex and dialogue; intercourse sans erection; and most important, characters adrift, biding time in hopes that they will soon realize where it’s all going. One of the most complete films ever made, *Teenage Hustler* is missing only one thing—a leisure suit.

[no. 1

HOW TO “CASH-IN” ON YOUR WORRIES

by Ralph Johnson

1. The Evening Lamp

LET’S CEASE making a scapegoat out of worry.

Ever since Adam, mankind has been seeking scapegoats as a convenient way to pass the buck and avoid precise scientific analysis. Thus the use of the term “worry” is somewhat hazardous due to the very fact that it is the common ground of the deceived gaze and of false consciousness.

The Tape-beatles, however, share two sets of concerns that give their work more unity. First, on Monday, the watery element pervades every picture, whether the locale is a bedroom or a city street: an anxiety-dream situation and perhaps an allusion to Noah’s flood (I am growing old and, more than that reality to which I believe I subject myself, it is perhaps the dream, the difference with which I treat the dream, which makes me grow old.)

2. On The Family Table

The second focus shared by the Tape-beatles is the general hypothesis that stressful life events play a role in the etiology of madness. What kind of diseases shall we predict with the described strategy? Ulcers? Coronary Deaths? None at all? If we find prospectively that man’s awakening is harder, if it breaks the spell too abruptly, there remains madness. The agonizing question of possibility is no longer pertinent

(my guess is that this crippled old man of my imagination was still not fully human). Kill, fly faster, love to your heart’s content. And if you should die, are you not certain of reawakening among the dead? Our hypothetical intelligent civilization that is transmitting messages will presumably be at least as smart as we are about these matters and will have devised a code that is efficient. Let us see how the hypothesis emerged.

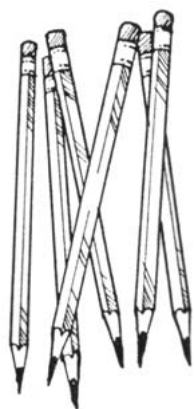


3. Is Also the Center of A World

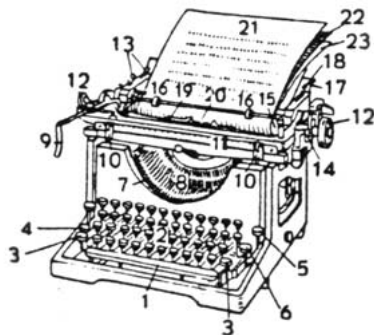
There is no disputing the fact that many people who experience or anticipate personal catastrophe—for example, bereavement, imprisonment, the bugaboo of death, the simplistic theatrical portrayal of the beyond, the shipwreck of the most beautiful reason in sleep, the overwhelming curtain of the future, the tower of Babel, the mirrors of inconsistency, the impassable silver wall bespattered with brains (these all too gripping images of the human catastrophe are, perhaps, no more than images)—also experience that there is nothing more sterile, in the final analysis, than that perpetual interrogation of the dead. There is very little contention among the Tape-beatles on these matters. And so, if these arguments are valid, we are truly alone in the universe. But my commentary is becoming too precise. Concerning the different characteristics of madness, it is inclined to be hospitable to fragmentary dialectics, and if I were to pursue it, I should destroy the unity of madness. It is better to leave the ambivalences of the archetypes wrapped in their dominant quality. Let yourself be carried along, events will not tolerate your interference. You are nameless. The ease of everything is priceless. [no.3



A new installment of the serialized novella; absent for two issues, and now back, hopefully quite for good —



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



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

POPULAR CULTURE IS THE WALRUS OF THE AVANT-GARDE

THE SMALL living room, cheerfully and comfortably furnished with its overstuffed suite and radio and indoor window boxes, was empty. Kathleen was sitting on the kitchen table, swinging her beautiful legs. She was nineteen years old.

“Where does imagination begin to turn bad, and where does the mind’s stability cease?” Anne enquired as she seized her mother about the waist and implanted a hearty kiss under the little lady’s left ear.

Kathleen, whose face brightened at Anne’s entrance, produced a pack of cigarettes, struck a match and a moment later inhaled a lungfull of smoke.

“There remains madness,” commented her mother darkly. “The insane who are, to some degree, victims of their imagination, are induced to neglect certain rules held close at hand by society. Furthermore, nineteen year-old girls shouldn’t smoke.”

Anne swung herself up beside her sister and regarded her with indulgence. Kathleen was so pretty and Anne loved her so much. Kathleen’s profound indifference to the judgements of her parents suggested that their worries validated her imaginative thoughts to which a great deal of comfort and consolation was derived. Her father

raged, and her mother stormed, and Anne stood as involuntary buffer between her sister, her parents, and the secrets of the insane.

“She’s going into the chorus, no less!” announced Mrs. MerDock, much as if she had said, “She’s going to murder the Pope!”

“Golly, that’s great!” said Anne.

Mrs. MerDock sniffed.

“Kathleen, get off that table and carry these things in for me,” she commanded. Anne was the barometer by which her mother judged the domestic weather. If Anne was an instrument for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere, to be used to predict probable changes in Kathleen’s ambitions, Mrs. MerDock would, in time, figuratively, adapt to that barometric reading accordingly.

“That’s your father!” exclaimed Mrs. MerDock unnecessarily as a car rattled into the side drive.

Dad, a tall man with Dark Graying Hair™ and an intelligent, irritable face, walked in. He worked for the Gas Company where he reached the limits of his capability. He married Molly and the two had been inarticulately happy and harried through all the years of their hard working partnership.

[cont. 1199]

A CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS
PhotoStatic Magazine is now seeking submissions for publication in the ongoing series. In the past, each issue has been given a title which suggests a theme for artists to follow. These themes have been deemphasized in the interest of making use of the work which you, the artists, have sent in. If you already

have developed artwork which is within PhotoStatic’s means to reproduce, feel free to submit it even if it does not fit any of the listed themes. PhotoStatic Magazine solicits all kinds of material, including:

VISUAL: Black and white photographs (to be reproduced as 100-line halftones) or photomontages. Photographs docu-

menting art activities, preferably with explanatory or illuminating text. Collage and/or visual poetry, including the usual xerographic kind called “xerage” on these pages. Graphic work—image/text—paste-ups.

TEXT: Theoretical, historical, or biographical texts concerning photographic, xerographic, or generative image

making or concerning any machine-art. Reviews of work occurring in the net-working scene, including magazines, books, cassettes, videotapes, or exhibitions. Other creative writing for which there may be no established publication outlet; including essays and narratives, and especially those works which the established press seems unable to take

seriously. New verbal media invented by idiosyncratic artists.

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

AUDIO: Audio-art, concrete music, generative audio, tape cutups, sonic experimentation, collage, montage, etc., will be published in the semi-yearly PhotoStatic Cassette compilations. Music is also submissible, but bear in mind that the editor has a bias against music for which already exist numerous publication outlets, such as rock or jazz. Tape or machine-based music is of special interest.

EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY: Work published in PhotoStatic Magazine and related titles must make use of or be concerned with the role of machines in art making. The continuing thrust in the networked arts is that the art disseminated is an art of reproduction, wherein the paint becomes the pixel or the photographic grain and the musical note the analog signal. PhotoStatic Magazine will be a place where "simulacra deny originary presence" and sounds from "the cathedral resound in the drawing room". Not only new artwork but any correspondence of any kind is welcome. If you're not sure of what I mean in any of this, write me a letter and I'll try to explain it further. If you have any ideas that are not covered here, make them known to me. Use your imagination to stretch the boundaries of what this kind of activity can be. This project cannot exist without your support.

UPCOMING THEMES

Heady Mixes Cassette N°9 December 1988. Deadline is November 15. A variety issue, highlighting the work of audio artists and cassette makers from all over. Submit your tape-recorded work on cassette or reel to reel for possible inclusion.

Detournement N°34 January 1989. Deadline is December 15. A potential showcase of situationism. In light of the domination of human awareness by capital, what kind of power can the individual have to change things or just be in control of his/her own life? Situationism attempts to put the power of esthetic effects to work against material power over people. Copy Culture N°35 March 1989.

NEO

FUTURIST FUGUE

BARON von ROJAS

1988 A.U.C.

To-ba-go and the Byz-an-tine Empire, Sing-a-pore, Sing-a-pore

Largo con serioso

There's no business like show business

THIS PART COMPOSED BY STRAVINSKY

UNACCOMPANIED REBEC

KWAX WFMT
SANCTUS RADIO
TELEVISION

Cha-cha, sis-boom-bah, bop-bop-a-re-bop

Bells, bells, ringing, tinkling bells

Chicago, Chicago, Chicago...

DEDICATED TO :

THE CHRONOS QUARTET, FRANCESCO CANGIULLO, AND LUDWIG FEUERBACH

PERPETRATED in OREGON

Deadline is February 15. The xerox machine is a powerful metaphor for contemporary life, extending in numerous directions from the biological (cloning, genetic splicing, engineering) to the memetic (proliferation of ideas through hard copy transmission) from the efficacy of redundancy (many corporations have files on you which contain a core of identical information; that set of facts which defines you as a contemporary being) to deferred consumption (we copy something to consume at our leisure). Ideas on this?

VideoStatic Compilation N°1 April 1989. Deadline is March 15. Variety issue on VHS video cassette; a look at what people are doing with this relatively new medium in the network. Submit on 8mm, VHS, or U-matic.

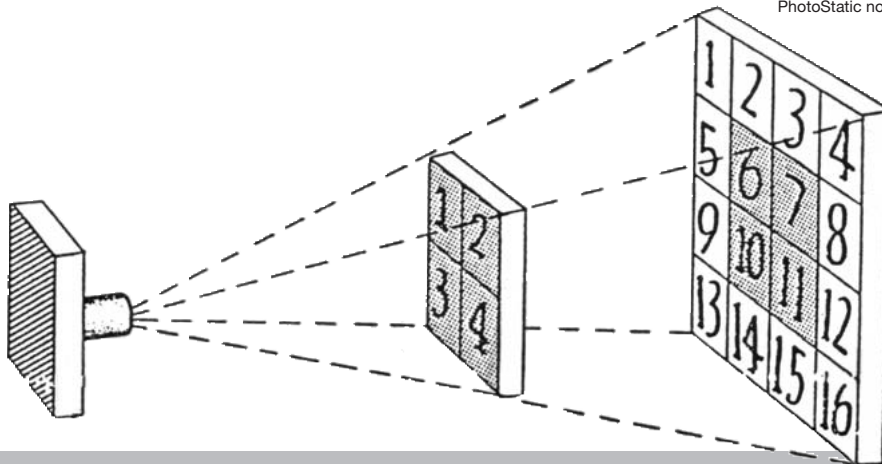
Unthematic Variety Issue N°36 May 1989. Deadline is April 15, 1989. I got lazy. No theme; just send in your favorite graphic works and texts.

Audio Collage Cassette N° June 1989. Deadline is May 15, 1989.

SUBMISSIONS POLICY

Any artist whose work is used will receive compensation in the form of a free copy of that issue in which the work appears. Please include a self-addressed stamped envelope with each (set of) submissions if you want them back after use or rejection. Otherwise, PhotoStatic or PhonoStatic will accept no responsibility for their return. Please be encouraged to submit anything you think relevant in any way, as your submissions help to expand the theme to touch on related issues. The surprises are part of what makes the process interesting. Try something out on me.

Send your submissions to:
PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism
911 North Dodge Street
Iowa City USA 52245



T A P E - B E A T L E N E W S

FAMED AUDIO ARTISTS MEET THEIR MAKER IN HOPELESS BOUT WITH CANCER



“LET’S FACE IT, ours is a highly competitive and far too often faceless industry. That’s why you’ll find the Tape-beatles a refreshing change from the norm. It has always been our goal to offer our customers more than simply the best products and services available. Additionally we strive to provide that measure of professionalism that goes beyond our customers’ expectations...”

The Tape-beatles, a group of audio artists who had recently published their first cassette, *A subtle buoyancy of pulse*;, and had recently presented their work as a performance at Gabe’s Oasis in Iowa City for an I-CARE AIDS benefit on October 24, 1988, died of liver cancer last Wednesday. They were 98 years old.

The Tape-beatles were internationally known for their original and experimental audio work, all the while claiming PLAGIARISM® as a positive artistic technique. Their latest product was a boldly graphic, white on black t-shirt. Emblazoned across it was the PLAGIARISM® logo which they had become famous for. The handsome garment is still available at a price of \$9.00 postage paid from their estate at P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244. On November 1 they were due to perform live on a local Iowa City radio station, KRUI 89.7 fm, as part of the experimental music show “Curious Music” hosted by Russ Curry. It is rumored that a final taped performance had been prepared.

The Tape-beatles are survived by various friends and family, and their loss will be deeply felt. Some few statements from the bereaved follow:

“My dear friends, my admiration for you was not dependent on any perpetual reference to your ‘virtues’ or faults.” —*Russ Curry*

“My dear Tape-beatles, it is possible I may never return to Iowa City. This evening I insulted everything you can insult. I am undone. Blood flows from my eyes, my nostrils, and my mouth. Do not abandon me. Defend my cause.” —*F. John Herbert*

“And the final vanity of this ghost will be to stink eternally among the foulsmells of paradise at the certain and not-far-distant conversion of the pheasant the Tape-beatles.” —*Lloyd’s mother*

“I would enjoy seeing their nose bleed.” —*one of Ralph’s uncles*

[end

Mail Review

September–October, 1988

Anathema N°2. \$2 from P.O. Box 585, Chelmsford MA 08124. Edited by Jim Passin. 24pp-letter-xerox.—Periodical with anarchist bent, with table of content(ion)s. Writings by Bob Black, Jim Passin; calls-to-arms around issues of concern (e.g. New York City's unfair anti-postering fines and their victims). Graphics contributed by Miskowski, Dadata, more. A little sparse, but Bob Black's writings are always energetic and entertaining when they're not also stimulating. A good thing to look into if you are an anarchist-like-mind.

Burning Toddlers N°4. \$2 from Frank Publications, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079. 40pp-half letter-xerox.—As usual, *Burning Toddlers* offers up a mix of opinion, fiction, poetry, and graphics informed by an uncommon awareness of what's funny and what's serious



ANATHEMA
DO NOT READ THIS PUBLICATION



contemporarily. Included are excised tabloid articles which set the tone of *Burning Toddlers*. The empty values and skewed logic of common mentality, the mentality that, for example, puts viewing tv before other priorities, such as neighborliness, is frequently the target for this documentary abuse. The included texts echo this sentiment; sometimes angry, sometimes rationally pleading, sometimes dumbstruck by the signature inanity this culture not only maintains, but breeds. A fine addition to the *Burning Toddlers* set.

Capacity X by Billy Dimichele. Introduction by Laurie Schneider. Write: Runaway Spoon Press, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949. 40pp-5x4"-xerox.—Collection of drawn things and erratically typeset word fragments. What at first seem to be scribbles divulge upon study a typology of line and shape interacting with the bits of language next to them. The pieces live on ambiguity, as Schneider

Dialectical Immaterialism

by John Berndt

LET US ASSUME, as a point of beginning, that even the remotest of us relates to experience through some aspect of the habitual philosophical beliefs that characterize the civilization in which this presentation takes place. That these beliefs are eclectic and inconsistent is not important; what is important is that we can identify them as part of this civilization, and that we make constant use of some of them. It is not important to determine whether or not these beliefs are "true" in an objective sense, since clearly their function is to be used to create a sense of "reality", and not to be verified. The most didactic ideological projection to the simplest use of propositional thinking (for instance, "I am swimming") contains the arbitrary and deterministic map of our civilization. These beliefs, this "swimming" is an impenetrable field that traces around and separates us from experience outside the realm of beliefs in general. That certain obviously false beliefs, such as beliefs in so-called "absolute" truth, can be deconstructed is deceptive since the process of deconstruction is taking place within the structure of cognitive consciousness as it is dictated by the languages, cultural patterns, and identity formations of contemporary civilization. Thus, refusing to believe in specific commonly-held opinions, such as the value of capitalist social relations, or belief in metaphysical abstractions, including those presented in this text, is ultimately a reformist measure which serves only to disarm the real and total opposition to beliefs in general. This opposition, since it aims to undermine the language, cultural history and identity formation of present reality is naturally difficult, if not almost impossible, to articulate or visualize within existing contexts. It is an orientation against and outside beliefs and consequently not compatible with the language or concepts that are used to describe things in terms of them, such as propositional language. That is by no means to suggest that this orientation does not exist, or is valueless, since its value clearly relates to the throwing off of the repressive aspects of consciousness, such as the ability to perceive paradox.

In order to explain fully what I mean, I will use as an example a science fiction story about an alien civilization consisting of two humanoid entities. In order to talk about the entities, I will give a brief description of the cultural, linguistic and identity characteristics common to them. The two entities occupy the same general area of space but are physically unable to perceive one another, to interact or to communicate in any way. Despite this, both are speculatively aware of the other's existence through "memories" of a cultural history learned through direct experience with certain cultural artifacts. Both entities consequently have a developed an identical language and culture despite their non-communication. This commonality constitutes their social relation entirely, being absolute. The aliens have a language that is significantly different from ours in that it does not contain reference to objects or situations, and has

of course no communicative value. The language is best visualized as a moving spiral of operational symbols floating free in space, with the symbols constituting a level of purely structural, "non-referential"* mental activity. The holes between the symbols, which are gaps in the structural activity, provide space for penetration by material from "above" or "below" as they rotate. The material "above" the spiral is incoming information from the aliens' senses, for instance, sight or touch. The material from "below" is non-sensory data, best understood as "imaginary" visions and fantastic images. This, in short, is the language of the alien culture, which constitutes part of each alien's conscious relation with the world. The language is not spoken, but is notated at arbitrary intervals to preserve itself as a structural/cultural model for the next generation. The method for this notation involves particular use of sound and light in a physical approximation of the structure. The memory of this method of notation is the only referential aspect of the language, and it is essentially perceived by the aliens as a kind of intuition. The aliens perceive the sensory and imaginary information sensations during the pauses in their "non-referential" mental activity, but are not concerned with differentiating between them as real or imagined. They have no memory of past time as we understand it, except for an intuitive sense of the other's existence and the methods of cultural notation. As I have stated, this memory roughly constitutes the identity formation of the civilization. Incidentally, the identities of the aliens have no bearing on the "imaginary vision" aspect of the language. The "imaginary visions" are as arbitrary and unconnected to the alien as are his/her "real" sensory experiences. Both the aliens occupy a space that is similar to our cultural vision of the garden of eden. The plot of this very dry and technical example thickens when, for reasons entirely conflicting with our logic system, and with the logic of the civilization I have just described, one of the aliens decides to stop using the spiral that constitutes the "non-referential" and structural aspect of his/her language. This proves very difficult, as it is entirely without precedent in the civilization, and physically impossible. Eventually the spiral ceases to exist and the alien's sensory experiences and imaginary visions intermingle without interruption of any kind. Suddenly the alien becomes experientially conscious of the only other member of the civilization, who remains oblivious to him/her. The alien attempts to communicate with the other, but she/he is unable to perceive him/her. The alien "intuitively" decides to use the artifacts and methods of notation from the civilization to communicate his existence to the other, but is ultimately unsure of the success of the project, since without memory she/he is unclear as to his/her placement in time. What I suggest is that this scenario is not fictional, but is instead a literal analysis of our civilization, including its inconsistencies.

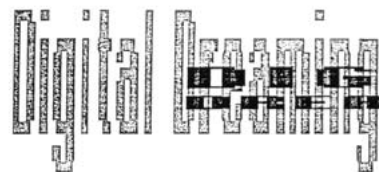
Contact: John Berndt, P.O. Box 22142, Baltimore MD 21203.

*That is, not referring to any concept of other formation outside its own system.

points out, and the interpretations forced on them by the reader go in several directions at once. Dimichele's keen eye for line and letter form give these works enough aesthetic appeal to get you started. **In the same format:** *Swelling* by John M. Bennett, poems by Bennett and drawings by Blaster Al Ackerman; and *Human Dissolution* by Harry Polkinhorn, an excerpt from which is discussed in Bob Grumman's "Vizlature" column appearing elsewhere in this issue.

the
first
and
last
citizen
of the
late
great
united
states

Eulipian N°2. Don Baker, ed. \$2 from 2815 Alaskan Way, Suite 37-A, Mail #24, Seattle WA 98121. 14pp-ledger-xerox 2 colors.—*Eulipian* is an adventurous visio-verbal mix, the first publication I've seen that makes this good a use of macintosh/laser images and dual-color xerox. In its large tabloid-size pages, a carefully focused range of graphic styles works together, the digity and the smoothly vectored. Textures and solids, too, are effectively used, the mechanically screened paired with the xeroxy. Text, xerage, typography, and wit combine to form a production piece that makes me eagerly await N°3. N°1 also arrived with it, is smaller and less

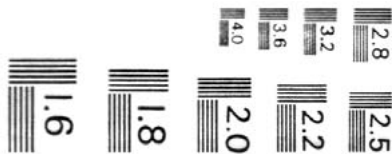


developed, although it is good, too. It's available for \$1.

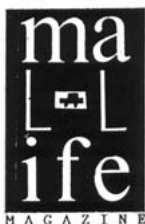
The First and Last Citizen of the Late Great United States by Kurt Nimmo. SASE (45¢) from: Persona Non Grata, 7535 Calhoun St, Dearborn MI 48126. 12pp-half letter-xerox.—Verbal character depiction of the life the the President in a post WWII setting. His mistress is pregnant and he's running out of whiskey; there's no ozone left and he has to live in a hole beneath Montana. But does that stop him from being a hyper confident macho jerk? Read it and see. **Also from Persona Non Grata:** Prose: *On Poetry in the Wholesale Education and Culture System* by D.A. Levy.

In the Mail, July—88. \$10/yr, free to contributors: Wordless Press, P.O. Box 79114, Lakewood OH 44107. 20pp-half letter-xerox.—Almost purely visual (as the name of the press implies), with an oddly plain cover, *In the Mail* participates in mail art and collects the xerox work it receives into monthly (?) issues. The name of the 'zine focuses attention on the mailbox as the center for networking activity. It contains a smatter from all over, highly graphic, loaded with a good variety of xeroxy textures and xerages. The pieces are pulled together from the all over, but they are not united by the editing so much as they are held together by the saddle stitch. This situation, of course, is endemic to the networking environment. I also received issues Jan, Feb, Mar, & April—all are equally interesting and very consistent.

The Invisible Hellhole by Thom Metzger. 50¢? from Ziggurat, P.O. Box



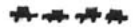
25193, Rochester NY 14625. 16pp-4x5"-offset.—I've often had the feeling that there is more to Rochester than meets the eye. As home to both Eastman Kodak and Xerox Corporation, the waters of the Genesee seem nutrimental to the mindset of bigbizness. *The Invisible Hellhole* confirms some of my suspicions about this corporate-teeming town. It is a vigorous shaking; an energetic talking-to. George Eastman is has a hole in his head, and this is what he was thinking as he pulled the trigger. This is a manic look at mogulism, power over material, and private insanity of awesome magnitude. In its terse and raving language, it fantasizes the mindset of corporate emperors who sell ideas about the world as much as they sell material products for consumption. But it's more; it brings together a significant set of images of power and self



#15 AUDIO CASSETTE C45



17 selections, somewhere,
in a ditch, between music
& the spoken word. Outback,
by the dumpster. works by:



Aquatics Ever Tarnish-John M. Bennett
Jake Berry-fish Karma-Mike Niskowski
Fred Northall Perry-P. Petrisco, Jr.
Willie Smith-The Tape-beatles

cash or check to:

bomb shelter props
po box 12268 seattle wa 98102



(circle for convenience
of other books and tapes)



indulgence and pins them to the wall, pricking each in its most vulnerable spot. Highly recommended.

Mores by Miekal And. \$5 from BS Propaganda, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102. 75pp-7x8.5"-xerox.—A beautifully produced, hefty by networking standards, book of verbiage by the prolific Miekal And. The visual quality of the work is very appealing with its dancing type and harmonious title-page graphisms. In addition, the works herein take on their full appeal upon being read aloud, inasmuch as And's great strength is his use of the sounds of words and how they work together; how it's fun to feel them being said, in your mouth, like Shakespeare. Other than that, the works are far from Elizabethan choosing instead to free associate any number of worldly utterances from the adverto-technic-ized, the talk-show lip-served, industrio-erotic, to the downright exquisi-corpse surreal. **Also from BS Propaganda:** *Finding the Dog* by Dan Raphael. \$3; another attractively produced book of prose poems with graphics.

Noospapers 6. \$3 from 88 Monument Square, New Brunswick NJ 08901. 84pp-letter-xerox.—Hefty collection



of poetry, prose and graphics, open to "works with uninhibited forms of writing, artwork, and photography that inspire change—be they targeted at social processes or the consciousness of the individual...." Information about other publications via columns by Mike Gunderloy and Bob Grumman. Range of creative work from the British silliness of A.I. Waste Paper Co. to visual-verbal poetries by Greg Ruggiero, Geof Huth, Stephen-Paul Martin, more.



This is not Really Here.



(Sponsored by Stamp-Aids for Houston)

Noospapers is looking for submissions for future issues; themes include: N°7: Maps, Manifestoes, and Diagrams; N°8: Conversations, Lectures & Information Collages. Send work, inquiries to above address.

Perverse Zygote Magazine. Xth Anniversary Issue. September 1988. James X. Nova, ed. Published by F.E.A.R., \$2 from P.O. Box 980462, Houston TX 77098-0462. 40pp-let-xerox.—This is a magazine which started in 1973, has been absent for years, and is now reinstating itself to a bimonthly schedule. The current issue features news, reviews, satirical graphics, all centering the Houston punk scene, its personalities and its events. As such, it has all the energetic trappings of postpunk sensibilities. Because this is a “10th Anniversary issue”, it is a compilation of “old” work

(proably new to most of us anyway). I can't wait to see the next output as an example of the first of the new series of *Perverse Zygote*.

Until it Changes by Stephen-Paul Martin. Introduction by Eve Ensler. Write: Runaway Spoon Press, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949. 48pp-5x4"—xerox.—Booklet of careful patterns, typographic at base, and arranged in rectilinear maps of lexical trans/in.formation; page *x* leaving off where page *y* begins; page *w* setting it up and page *z* finishing it off. Like tape loops, these phrases and sentences build intensity out of sheer repetition, and like augmented tape loops, visual rhythms are built using gradual shifts in the repeated base unit; repetition yes, but each time with a difference. This injected alteration starts with a meaning, adds a new beginning—twisting it, lops off an old ending—nailing it down, trims the result—pointing down a new road; finally the last sentence is conclusive—something important has been said. The theme of these is vision, specifically structured vision, the way we see the world structured semantically, even morphophonemically; as Ralph Johnson says, “To name is to know; a

name is a collective knowing”. And these names and knowings are forever in flux. Quite complex and good.

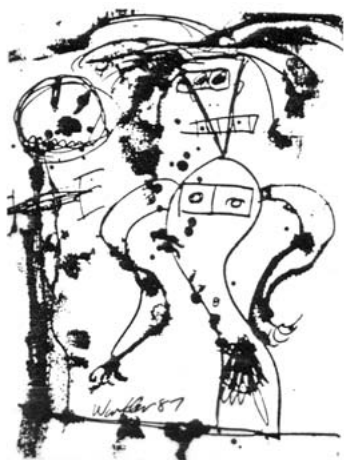
Voluptuous Corningwear by Chris Winkler. \$3 from BS Propaganda, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102. 50pp-4.5x8"—xerox.—Drawings, poems.



Noospapers 6

Nicely produced, attractively bound, *Voluptuous Corningwear* is Chris Winkler's stab at the verb-barb big time. In it, he brings together images of our dominated consumer awareness in the form of stylized poetistic phrases. “Elephant like she swaggers/through the rectum of posh/boys open wide for feeding time” begins one poem, casually trashing status symbols through care.ful/less putting together of image-bearing words. A theme of the banality of overused words, like once-grand words stolen for advertising phrase droning on and on such that they lose whatever meaning they once had. “Imperial” is now cheezy, indentured to servitude in the selling of margarine. The skilled and eloquent (inkwash?) drawings in section 2 seem to have little to do with the poems, so it's possible to think of the thing as two separate books.

Wonton Carruba N°s 3 and 4. \$2 from Fear Head and/or Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527. 48pp-half legal-xerox.—Good variety of styles and stories in these



Stephen-Paul Martin

collections of underground cartoons. Work by a variety of cartoonists, focusing on urban life and the underground counterculture consciousness. Some of the things are extremely well drafted with efficient character portrayals and punch lines. Some of it is just a big question mark floating above my head. Recommended if your particular interest is in cartoons, and especially alternative ones.

Aardvark Farms also sent the following cartoon publications, ranging in price from 25¢ to \$2: "The Characteristics of Mental Illness", "The Message is Demeaning", "Gak", "Bed-time Stories", "Dinky Stories", and "Ciao Frau". Later they sent "Comic

Update" (a catalog), "Beanmaster", "Color My Totem", and "First In First Out", which has a delightfully twisty ending. Appearing in all or most of them are cartoon characters by Ralf Schulze et al., including Dinky Doo, Larry the Leper, Dead Kid, etc. Drawings in a variety of styles, some xerage in "Gak", pretty variable in quality, ranging from throwaway doodles to very carefully executed pen-and-inks. Write and ask for a trade. Ralf Schulze is in touch with many alternative comic-sters, so if you are especially interested in this area he'd be a good source of info, I'm sure. [•



INVENTING NOISE by Miekal And

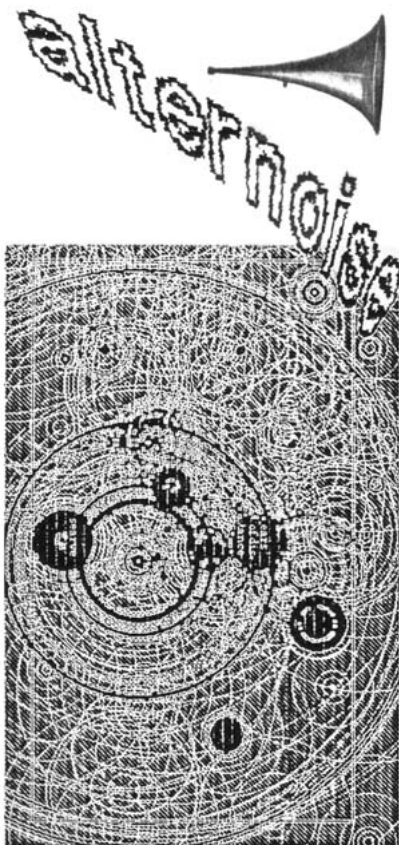
THE BUILDER of noise machines can now return to positively constructing the composite possibilities of the historic noise. Immediate recall will access thousands of noisebits for spontaneous aural hallucinations

& these noisebits, or tiny audio memories comprise a founding influence on behavior, digression, dream, imagination, & action.... They are to be considered profound form & source of neuro-psychical energy, without which a being in the late 20th century would no longer be able to function as an accessory to their own environment. This observation can be substantiated quite readily experienced in the context of metropolitan living or in the most remote hideaway. That sensory stimulation, via sound/noise is central to our location on this planet & would be all too continuous of an impression for any ear capable of listening intently & openly. Noise is the international

language, easily understood or processed beyond any boundary of dialect or orientation. The sound of walking, radio static, a ratchet, a bellowing tube share an index of understandings in the universal & collective experience. The sound of dumbbells caroming down a stair & a wild night of noise coming to past 300 years ago or 3000 before that. Every noise partnering or coupling with every simultaneous inertia. A fortune of itching mad audio. An orchard of incrustaceous cacaphonemes. No noise adheres to previous understanding more than the edge of noise, where all sound constructs further sonifications. Abbermindedness aside, wade & plow thru & thru aural enslavementism.

*Spinster piano
stress plantgut.
Piano spinster
plantgut stress.*

Tonal blasphemy in radio kingdom, tonal hierarchy may well perish beneath the weight of noisiness. [no.1



Newsletter of TSTHPFAGOTIAOLLTFFTO*

(Volume 1, N°59)

by Tim Coats

MY ASSOCIATE, John, and I would like to answer another accusation leveled against us (the **Society**) which is that we think people shouldn't take their ideas so seriously, since nothing can be proven for sure anyway. What's that, John? (This might be good for a laugh—John can come up with them.) John says he doesn't know about the **Society**, but he personally thinks that you couldn't be concerned about loved ones if you didn't take anything seriously.

Now, I might point out to the new reader that we're a little suspicious of a remark like this out of the old boy since he doesn't have any loved ones. What's that, Johnny? He says that even if that's true it's not very nice of me to say it. John, of course, has a point there. But one of our (the **Society's**) trademarks is we're willing to give a little away in the area of niceness for truth's sake. What's that, you old scoundrel? Now that's a little petty (he stuck out his tongue) for someone standing on such high moral grounds a minute ago. (I might point out that the fact that John comes up with such infelicities makes it easy to treat him a little rough.)

Now, I'll grant that there is a group in the **Society** that falls all over themselves when they see anybody rushing around with a half-way serious expression on his face. You feel guilty as the devil caring about anything at all around them. You end up having to joke and laugh like a madman. It's uncomfortable as all get out. What's that, John? All right, big mister strong character

here says nobody's forcing you to laugh. But that marble face of his somehow always manages to crack when he gets around them.

Okay then, let's have a good hard peek at this notion. What we're going to do here, in order to show how far we're willing to go in the area of free speech, is present an ex-member's ideas that we found so repugnant ('most of us,' John says—he apparently didn't) that we booted him out of the **Society**. What this ex-member did was argue that ideas *should* be taken seriously, which we ('some of us,' John says), of course, agree with, but his reasoning was as follows (send the kids out of the room now): even if we do look at life as nothing but a game we could *still* take it seriously because, after all, there's nothing wrong with taking games seriously.

Now, wasn't that a heck of a thing to say? John, of course, who loves to see himself as the perpetual outsider, refuses to condemn this quite as heartily as the rest of us. What's that? He says he will to a certain extent—he hates to see people constantly so tense they could break walnuts in their back teeth. On the other hand, our man of the hour says, the other day he was winning a game of leapfrog—the only game he's really good at—and his opponent began to treat the whole thing like a cake walk.

All right, I'm sure we can all agree the lad doesn't have much of a point there. Get that look of amazement off your face now, John. The fact is if games *shouldn't* be taken seriously then you can't very well

blame somebody for not taking them seriously when he begins losing. Plus, as John very well knows, it's been proven that many people don't think ideas about life itself can be taken seriously, which leaves only games to take out their seriousness on.

John says he personally thinks we should be serious about big matters but not little ones. Now isn't that sweet! John, don't you realize that some of the most highly esteemed of Eastern religions hold that people's problems would be solved if they'd learn to take small matters as seriously as the large ones? I guess I don't have to point out that John's attitude is the perfect example of western culture's blindness to the ways of other people.

Oh my god! I hate to repeat what he just said; but of course devotion to free speech must offset queasiness. He said maybe Eastern peoples have a tendency to be careless about small matters, and the religious leaders are simply trying to whip them into shape; whereas we westerners have the details down so pat by this time we can afford to let up a little.

Oh, John! He said it's a well-known fact that westerners are such good, hard-headed practical people they're actually proud of not knowing what's going on in big matters. What! Now, John, relax. Let me give you a little tip—when you talk about people being extremists in practical matters you know it's time to pull in your sails.

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

Anyway, Anne was impulsive, a little reckless and in her mother saw a warmth of nature, a giving sort of spirit which occasionally caused her worry, but not so much as to provide her with hallucinations, illusions, etc., which indeed, are not a source of trifling pleasure. Kathleen was Mrs. MerDock's torment; a suffering agony that could quite possibly drive her to commit without notice any number of legally reprehensible acts. No good would ever come from that wild girl!

Later they sat down to the filling, if unvarigated, meal of the average American family—a good cut of meat, scalloped potatoes, a canned vegetable, pie and coffee, stories of the discovery of America, bread, butter, pickles and jam. This diet was a lovely second hand legacy from their mother, responsible for their glowing fine-textured skins. "Christopher Columbus should have set out to discover America with a boatload of madmen," Mr. MerDock would often say, "then he could have noted how this madness has taken shape, and endured." Mrs. MerDock would then come back with: "It is not the fear of madness which will oblige us to leave the flag of imagination furled."

"Sit still Mother," Anne told her. "Even the activity of the best minds feels the effects of the circumstantial, the needlessly specific nature of so much detail regarding table settings. There is no discretionary power left to the participants of such a dinner, not an element left to chance. What questions remain unresolved in the face of the bread, butter, pie and coffee cliché?"

"I'll bring desert" said Mrs. MerDock indignantly.

Kathleen wove around in her seat, swaying her pretty shoulders as she ate.

"Quit weaving around like that!" her father ordered.

"Is Ted coming tonight?" Mrs. MerDock asked Anne hastily.

"I think so. The currents of life will appear to lift him up, roll him over, cast him down, and Ted would still come, arriving in his ad-

Tape Reviews

by the Tape-beatles

Deafears II: The Second Cunning. With Ralph Mindicino, Bill Randazzo, Mik Rezanka, Evan, and Ralf Shulze. Cassette—22 tracks—60 min. \$4 from Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527. Accompanied by a comic book.

Loud, grating guitars are the rule here, with some Casio rhythms and vocal musings thrown in. While this "industrial" sample has some great moments (especially the wild Jethro Tull cover on side 2) there is more noodling than playing (and more jamming than songwriting) going on here, and a little brainwork on the band's part would go an awfully long way.

—pn

Readings From Nether Lips by Rupert Wondolowski. Sound and editing by John Berndt and Karen Eliot. Cassette—13 tracks—40 min. Contact: Shattered Wig Productions, 3322 Greenmount Ave, Baltimore MD 21218.

Aural prose and instrumentation are combined to form music from an untold dimension. Imagine a neurotic Ballard giving a glad hand to the Residents. The stories and poems are very strange and very precious; you'll want to get it before the censors do. Here is a highlight: "...porno fucking sounds on the floor; as if the king of France is waiting in parking lot to administer his morning enema."

The spoken images are generally dispatched as observed acts, contorted by Wondolowski's hallucinations or expanded by his hard-working imagination as in "Ballad of the Eighteen Inch Screen," which is one of the best, and shortest



pieces in the collection. Rythmetically uttered phrases list that which is not unlike the described contents of tv channels changing. Music is made by well-constructed effects on two voices—one high, one low, which modulate inflection, pace and beat, and move on top of instrumentation. “Lumpish” is another of the outstanding pieces, a biographical vignette told through an obscured sentimentality: “My mother, refusing to talk; she used to clean my ears with bobby pins—and she’d always take longer with Tim. My father was a pair of socks.” The tape is a consistently crafted collection of works, shining with greatness in spots, but always asking, demanding, and deserving thoughtful listening. —jh

No Be Many Maybe by Violence and the Sacred. John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664 Station F, Toronto ONT M4Y 2N6 Canada. Violence and the Sacred, Adelaide St Station, Toronto ONT M5C 2K4 Canada. 60 min. chrome cassette.

Violence and the Sacred appear to be an improv combo on this live documentary tape. VATS combine phonograph and tape samples vs. traditional instrumentation (primarily synths, but including percussion and a bit of guitar, I think) to create a wildly shifting sonic panorama whose textures and hues... well, this sentence is getting a bit turgid, but this tape is simply one of the best improv sound-collage documents I’ve ever heard. Buy it! —pn

Songs for the Tribulation by Billy Dim. Bill Dimichele, 2390 Lake Meadow Circle, Martinez CA 94553. Cassette—10 tracks—90 min.

Well, let’s see. Billy Dim has a guitar and some pedals, and he’s really not very happy about things. So he sang and played some songs into a tape recorder in his bedroom, separating them with stuff taken straight off the radio or tv for segues. And I would probably hate this tape for those reasons, but Mr Dim is not a bad songwriter at that, and his sincerity carries even his questionable material. From the liner notes: “[After cataclysmic stuff occurs] ...in order to stay psychically stable, we’ll all be singing into cheap recorders in our bedrooms. The home-made hero will persevere.” Well said. —pn

Impressions by Duane Isaacson. \$6 from Heartland Music Marketing, P.O. Box 5591, Coralville IA 52241. Cassette—7 tracks.

A jazz cassette, almost quaint in its sincerity and verve, this strikes me as a pleasant enough for a lounge setting or even your living room. With its very professional sound and its rather conventional nature, I would not recommend this to someone who would be looking for cassettes more in the vein (artnoise, experimental) of others listed in this column. Not bad—indeed very good for its genre; but not amazing, either. —ld

The audio reviewers are: [ld] Lloyd Dunn, [jh] John Heck, and [pn] Paul Neff.

mirably predictable guise of membership in the league of readymade human types. Why don’t you wear your new foulard?” Anne asked her mother gravely.

“Hush up with you!” Mrs. MerDock began, somewhat gratified, and Kathleen said generously:

“Dad, you can read your old paper in the kitchen. You know you like it better anyway.”

“Is that so?” But he smiled. He couldn’t resist it. He could recognize, but not resist, and yet he thought it unmodish to talk about the existence of sex, but for some reason never exerted himself in such a way as to stimulate that appetite.

“Tonic?!” he demanded, remembering his sacred custom.

Bottle found, and dose taken, he lighted his pipe and tilted his chair off its front legs, thumbs hooked into armpits. In this way father became a burden, his laziness and fatigue was void of any interest to anyone, his rituals lacked originality; it was an empty moment in an empty room not worth going into. I will, with your permission, ignore the description of that room, and many more like it. [no. 4



ANNOUNCEMENTS

FaxoStatic: Anyone wanting to fax something to PhotoStatic, opening new vistas for networking art, or just to get me something fast, the FAX# nearest me is [Technigrapics, Coralville IA] 319-338-7788. If you have access to free faxing, please keep in mind that there is a charge to me for receiving fax here. PhotoStatic has already received its first fax, of a photographic contact sheet, sent to us by John R of DeKalb IL.

PhonoStatic: Anyone interested in submitting to the next cassette compilation, the deadline is November 15. Mixed bag theme; send what you want. Subscribers: PhonoStatic N°9 one should be in your mailbox early in December.

RadioStatic: This issue sees the addition of a new regular feature—the listing of the works played on the weekly RadioStatic broadcasts. Each artist represented is placed on the mailing list for this issue. Submissions on cassette are always welcome for RadioStatic, broadcast Tuesday nights at midnight during the “Curious Music” program on 89.7 FM KRUI, Iowa City. Send a blank 60-minute tape with sufficient return postage and I’ll dub you the show(s) of your choice.

HyperStatic: Will be a HyperCard stack database of art works, presses and projects in any or all of the areas touched on by networking arts. Send any information or rumors about your art activities [digitized images, texts, lists

of persons involved, manifesti, statistics, etc.], contacts [names, addresses, activities, works], publications [dates, processes, participants, edition sizes, how distributed, cost, etc.] and events, including festivals and broadcasts [participants, dates, reports], with as much detail as possible on paper or [macintosh-format] computer diskette for inclusion in the database. The stack will be made available at cost to contributors and publishers; there will be a \$10.00 fee for anyone else. As new versions come out, upgrades will be available for return postage and perhaps a small fee. No copyright and no copy protection so it can be spread far and wide. If you own a macintosh computer and are interested in these genres, this could be a great thing to have. Compilation of the database will be continuous (neverending) and the first version should be available in mid-1989. Every useful piece of information or disinformation submitted will be included. HyperTalk programmers: any suggestions for stack design & organization or submissions of useful scripts will be very much welcome. Computer Artists: submit your original macintosh art on diskette for inclusion in the database.

• 99-44/100% Purely Insane. A publication of AFSI World

Headquarters, 349 W St N Apt 3, Orillia ONT Canada L3V 5E1. With a theme of architectural idiocy, this issue offers photographic proof that some people just don’t know what a building should look like.

• Catalyst Comics 33 by John R and Dominique John, P.O. Box 129, DeKalb IL 60115. Transparency and texture, wrinkled vinyl, paper and shadow. Ambiguous and sensually astute.

• The Choplogic Video Hour: CHOPLOGIC is seeking new film/video works for its 88/89 season of television specials. Works shown will be interspersed with comments, interviews, and news of note. All works submitted will be given equal consideration from abstract to commercial. Submissions should be on 3/4” or VHS tape and clearly labeled with artist’s name, address, and phone number. Artists will be notified in advance of broadcast dates. In addition to being broadcast, CHOPLOGIC VIDEO will be shown at numerous galleries, clubs, and private screenings in New York City. INFO 212/713-5754. SEND Tapes to: Eric Gunnar Rochow/CHOPLOGIC, 151 First Ave Studio D, New York NY 10003-2906.

• Cup Full of Head by Rupert Wondolowski. Prose, poems, drawings. Funny & disturbing,

tensely described demi-real scenes of a nightmare world poetically too similar to the human condition. Write: Shattered Wig Productions, 3322 Greenmount Ave, Baltimore MD 21218. Also: Shattered Wig Review N°2, a thickish mag of stuff collected by Wondolowski. \$2 ea?

• John Doe Recordings submits: «A request to submit to a compilation of spoken-word materials. Favoring narratives/non-narratives/ short stories/ true stories/ spontaneous ad-libs and quaint anecdotes.

¶Not favoring found sound/poetry/ animal calls or dogma.

¶Music &/or effects should be kept as far in the background as possible. The word peripheral comes to mind. ¶Contact & question & suggest: John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664 Station F, Toronto ONT M4Y 2N6 Canada.»

• Mail Art Project: Your personal history in mail art: how you became involved, burnout, mail art romance, & ideas about the future of mail art. Deadline: Nov. 1st, 1988. Documentation to all. Mail to: Mimi Holmes, Art Department, Cornell College, Mt Vernon IA 52314.

• Maybe It’s an Old Time Already by Linda Day. Booklet of poems and childlike drawings by the editor of “An Encyclopedia About Anyone”. Inquire: Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Heights OH 44118.

L I S T I N G S

- Moonhead News N°79—by Al Ackerman. Sheet of free-as-sociating humor by the mail art humorist Blaster Al. Write: Dr “Blaster” Al Ackerman, 137 Burr Rd, San Antonio TX 78209.
- N D, P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765, is looking for art magazines and books to sell in a magazine shop area at Mexi-Arte, an exhibition space in Austin. Send sample copies of your publication for consideration.
- No Cover N°8, July 1988. 50¢ (probably not including postage) from Java Productions, P.O. Box 2075 Station A, Champaign IL 61820. Magazine focusing on the local music scene, has reviews, articles, interviews. Art by John R.
- Pandora's Mailbox, P.O. Box 339001 #349, San Francisco CA 94133 sent a small foliette (4x5”) containing xerox cutouts and rubberstamp imprints. Interestingly produced, traces of the human hand intact, and yet xeroxy. Write for details.
- Post-Vietnam Stress Syndrome by Bill Shields; chapbook of poems. Samisdat, Vol. 52 #4. Write: P.O. Box 129, Richford VT 05476.
- Postwar, P.O. Box 21534, Long Beach CA 90802, sent some attractive and meaning-bearing silkscreen prints and stickers. Also included was this announcement: «Ohm Pills. Before Chains...were employed as a practical method of restraint. C-30 Tin Ear Music “ancient con//fusion” \$5pp.» apparently for their cassette release.
- ReFlux Catalog N°3, Fall 1988—details ReFlux's selection of Fluxus works produced in editions, most of them far more expensive than the usual xeroxzine. Work by the famous names of fluxus. ReFlux Editions, 351 West 30th St, New York NY 10001.
- Score Review is a single-page periodical offering responses to art artifacts and events which pass under the nose of the editors or Score or anyone who cares to submit. Examples I've received are intelligent, sensitive, and well worth reading. Score Sheet is the same format as above, this time offering creative work, and looking for submissions. For more info, send SASE to: Crag Hill/Score, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610.
- See Hear N°7 Catalog—Lists hard-to-get small edition fanzines, records, tapes, etc. Provides a service to those interested in same by putting it all together in one place so you can just order it. While I agree that this is a useful service, don't be lazy: you should contact the artist/musicians directly as well, because that's what networking is all about.
- Snarl (Smile N°3) Karen Eliot, ed. \$1 & postage from P.O. Box 3502, Madison WI 53704. Journal of situationist analyses and pronouncements on the state of things. The ideas are frequently compelling and good, but the language used fails to reach out to people who've never been to college.
- Solar Plexus, a periodical to be edited by Owen O'Toole announces in advance the following themes for its future issues: N°1: Glass, December 1988; N°2: Super 8, March 1989; N°3: Radio, ? 1989. This should be something to watch for, the energetic O'Toole was the person who instigated the “Filmer's Almanac”, which coordinated filmmakers worldwide to make one 8mm film per day for the year 1988. O'toole has also been something of a Tape-beatle mail-confidant. [‘Confidante’ shouldn't end in ‘e’ when it's masculine, right?]
- Taproot N°9/10. Edited by Luigi-Bob Drake. \$5 from Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Heights OH 44118. Double issue includes a virtual encyclopædia of reviews and contacts, as well as a compilation of visual and verbal poetry.
- The Acts The Shelflife Vol. 2: Polyartistry. Compendium of information and theoretics concerning the modern artist who refuses to stick to one medium. Perhaps Laszlo Moholy-Nagy is the best model presented herein. A varied collection of information. \$4? from Xexoxial Endarchy, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703.
- The Third Annual Intergalactic Festival of the Swamps 1988. Documentation of the single most odd and energetic arts anti-festival in the midwest (proably). Perpetrated by the omnipresent networkers Miekal And and Elizabeth Was. Inquire: Xexoxial Endarchy, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703.
- UNI A4 edited by Piermario Ciani. Looseleaf tastefully produced folders of xerox work in the nonNorth-American standard paper size A4 (roughly equal to our letter size). Generally the works are concerned with formal issues that xerography makes possible; the presentation is arid: art-portfolio-like, and what text there is in Italian. Some are compilations by various artists, others contain the work of a single artist, including: Taccuino Apografo, Daniel Sasson, Vitore Baroni, and Glauco de Sacco. I got a smattering; 0785, 1285, 0786, 0886, 0986, and 1186, all of it a few years old.
- VortexT, 2132 2nd Ave #305, Seattle WA 98121, (formerly Art?No! of Kent OH) sent along small chapbooks of illustrated poetry including: [untitled] and “Nepenthe” by Elizabeth Prindle, and “Transubstantiation Process—Alchemy” by Ezra Mark; as well as the graphically bold xeroxy and verbal Phobia Magazine N°6.

RADIO STATIC

N°1—8/30/88

1. "Mystery Tape Sampler" by Mystery Tapes, from the Mystery Tape Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada. John Oswald, ed.
2. "A Hard Hand to Hold" by the Tape-beatles, from «A subtle buoyancy of pulse»; Plagiarism® Cassettes, The Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City USA, 52244.
3. "Children Swing the Rockets" by Bailey/Grandell/McKinnon from the Suburban Wilderness Aural Library (on cassette), Suburban Wilderness Press, 510 N 17th Ave E, Duluth MN 55812. Patrick McKinnon, ed.
4. "Contracture" by Big City Orchestra from PARADE OF IDIOTS, cassette available from Bog Art Productions, Postlarnd 8000, München 40 West Germany; Big City Orchestra/Das, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060
5. "SeilSELLSell" by P. Petrisko, Jr. from the «MaLLife 15" cassette compilation from: MaLLife, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102, Mike Miskowski, ed. P. Petrisko, Jr., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079.
6. "Pocket" by John Oswald, from the Mystery Laboratory Ep «Plunderphonics», Mystery Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada.
7. "Tape Jazz II" by L.I. Dunn, from the PhonoStatic Cassette N°4 «The Persistence of Hearing», 911 N. Dodge St, Iowa City USA 52245. L.I. Dunn, ed.

N°2—9/6/88

8. excerpt from «Grandmas" by Lilacs, from «Foist Sampler»; Collective Foist, 287 Averill Ave, Rochester NY 14620.
9. "Grate Music" by Tim Risher, 227 Day St, Tallahassee FL 32304; from «Glossolalia» PhonoStatic Cassette N°3, 911 North Dodge St, Iowa City IA 52245.
10. excerpt from «Gaia, la Terre" by Pierre Perret, Banne-Sornay, 70150 Marnay France.
11. "Lesson 39" by Philip Blackburn, 415 E Jefferson St, Iowa City IA 52245; from «World News Cassette» PhonoStatic Cassette N°6, 911 North Dodge St, Iowa City IA 52245.
12. 'no other radio network' by Son of Spam %John Harden, 535 Andrieux St, Sonoma CA 95476.
13. excerpt "Mystery Tape X-1", Mystery Tape Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada. John Oswald, ed.

N°3—9/13/88

[Excerpts from Audio that was reviewed in pS#32.]

13. "Baby Cries" by PMS from «How to Cope: PMS»; Nexus Cassettes, 5836 Alderson St #4, Pittsburgh PA 15217.
14. "Slow Blue Bite" by P Children; SSS, 5881 Darlington Rd, Pittsburgh PA 15217. Manny Theiner, ed.
15. "Don't" by John Oswald, from the Mystery

Laboratory Ep «Plunderphonics», Mystery Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada

16. "Aspirin" by Jake Berry from «Fetic Porn»; Experimental Audio Directions, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630. Jake Berry, ed.
17. "Sam and Paula Dialog";
18. "Guitar Filler";
19. "Concern About"; &
20. "Recognize, Resist" by the Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244; from «Plagiarism»; Audio Musixa Qet, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703.
21. "My Eye Itches" by Big City Orchestra, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060; from their cassette «Parade of Idiots», Bog Art Productions, Postlarnd 8000, München West Germany.

N°4—9/20/88

[Audio from Iowa.]

22. "Dr. Falwell's Lament" &
23. "Alone Together" by the Creature Comforts, who have gone on to become members of the Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244. From PhonoStatic Cassette N°2 «Audio Vérité».
24. "Swoop" by Smut Monkey, currently a member of the Iowa Beef Experience and the Tape-beatles. From PhonoStatic Cassette N°1.
25. "Telephone Piece" by Warren Ong, who cannot be found. From PhonoStatic Cassette N°2, «Audio Vérité».
26. "Good Morning/Conversation" by the Less Than Adequate Band, no longer together. From the PhonoStatic Cassette N°4, «The Persistence of Hearing».
27. "Jesus Impregnate Me Lord" by Dan Fuller who now lives in Madison WI. From the PhonoStatic Cassette N°4, «The Persistence of Hearing».
28. "Word Salad" by Ralph Johnson, now a Tape-beatle, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244. From the PhonoStatic Cassette N°6, «The World News Cassette».
29. "This Mind is not Buddha" by XY Zedd, %Scott Elledge, 629 S 4th St, Burlington IA 52601. From the PhonoStatic Cassette N°8, «Concatenations».
30. "Buz" by L.I. Dunn, the soundtrack to his motion picture of the same name; now a Tape-beatle, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244. From the PhonoStatic Cassette N°3, «Glossolalia».
31. "Rackgobbler Grog-jiblets" by the Secret Luncheon Meat Police, nowhere to be found; from PhonoStatic Cassette N°1.
32. "Instant Insanity" by Doug Roberson, P.O. Box 3194, Iowa City IA 52244.
33. "Bored Any Day Now" by Ralph Johnson, %The Pocket Plagiarists, 109 7th Ave, Iowa City IA 52240
34. "I Can Show you the Way Out" by 9digit Zip; cur-

rently with the Tape-beatles. From the PhonoStatic Cassette N°5, «Listener's Fatigue».

N°5—9/27/88

35. "Voices" [side a] by Marc Pira, B.P. 44, 33031 Bordeaux Cedex France.

N°6—10/3/88

36. "The Paisley-Hued Eucalyptus Corkscrew Pavilion" by Christopher Smith, 5420 Veloz Ave, Tarzana CA 91356; from «Spagyric» compilation, 19241 Kenya St, Northridge CA 91326.
37. "X-1, v.2" excerpt, Mystery Tapes, Mystery Tape Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada. John Oswald, ed.
38. "Listen, Please" by XY Zedd from his cassette «A Loud Noise is not Music»; X Scott Elledge, Scott Elledge, #412 Hotel Quincy, 513 Hampshire, Quincy IL 62301.
39. "Psychotic" by Die Form, 8 rue du Septembre, 01000 Bourg en Bresse, France; from N D N°7 compilation, P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765.
40. "Bite Action" by Qwa Digs under Paris's, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703 from «PhonoStatic N°3, "Glossolalia"», 911 North Dodge, Iowa City IA 52245.

N°7—10/11/88

[Curious Music RadioStatic special.]

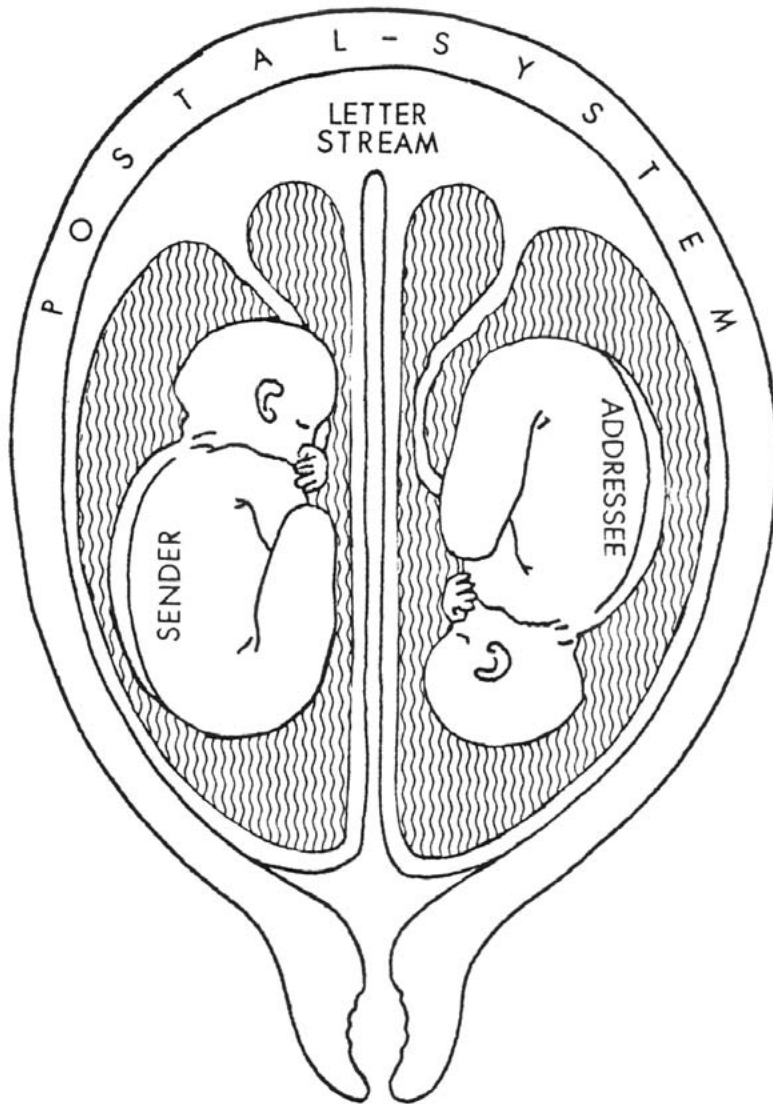
41. "Mystery Tape X2 v.3" by Mystery Tapes, from the Mystery Tape Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada. John Oswald, ed.
42. "Beatles Hell" (side 1) by Big City Orchestra % Das, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060; cassette from Words and Sounds, MAM: 21 ave Detollenaere, 1070 Bruxelles Belgium
43. "Voices" [side b] by Marc Pira, B.P. 44, 33031 Bordeaux Cedex France
44. "093026" by MoriArty, José VdBroucke, Pikkeldstraat 49, B-8740 Deerlijk Belgium
45. "Listen to the Radio" from A subtle buoyancy of pulse by the Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244
46. "Putting Legs on a Snake" by Agog, from Spagyric, 19241 Kenya St, Northridge CA 91326
47. "Siberian Tigers" [excerpt] from S'pool, P.O. Box 441275, Somerville MA 02144
48. "Audio Vérité" by L.I. Dunn/Warren Ong/Lester Hodges from «PhonoStatic N°2», PhonoStatic/Retrofuturism, 911 N. Dodge St, Iowa City IA 52245
49. "Saxophones of Reality" by Barry Edgar Pilcher, Lletty'r Nest, Llanllawddog, Nr Carmarthen, Dyfed SA32 7JE Wales
50. "Massalage" by Jake Berry from «Fetic Porn»; Experimental Audio Directions, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630. Jake Berry, ed.
51. "Kissing Jesus in the Dark" [excerpt] by Mystery Tapes, from the Mystery Tape Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada. John Oswald, ed.

N°8—10/18/88

[Curious Quietude.]

52. "Gaia, la Terre" by Pierre Perret, Banne-Sornay, 70150 Marnay France.

RadioStatic is hosted and edited by L.I. Dunn and is heard every Tuesday evening around midnight on KRUI 89.7 FM during the "Curious Music" program, hosted by Russ Curry.



WE ARE
the
GREATEST FAMILY



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