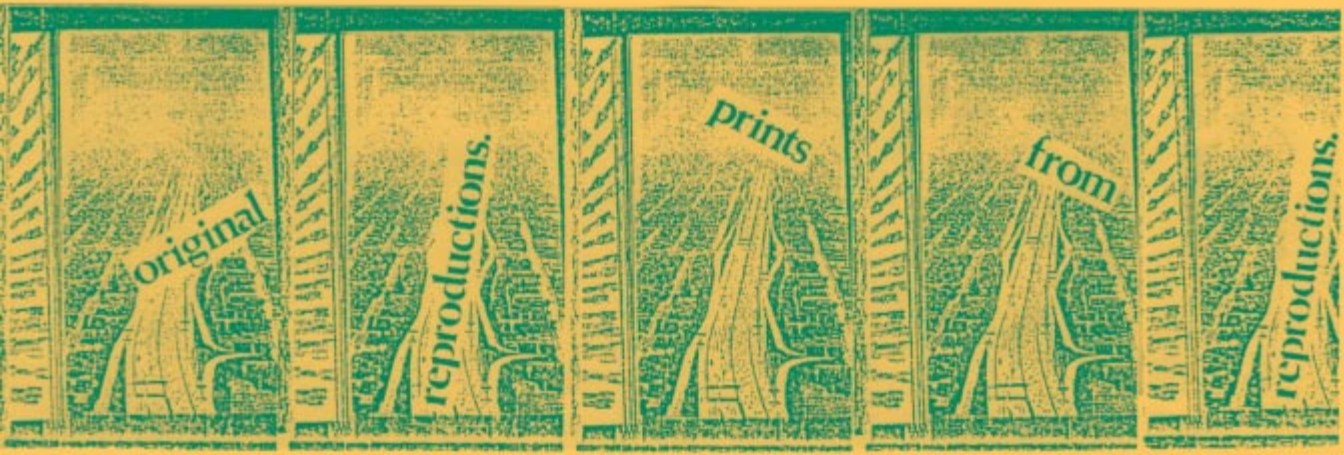




p	h	o	t	o		N°37 August 1989
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In This Issue:

New Age Roundup
Bing Crosby's Choppers
Polyester Perverts
ART STRIKE 1990-1993
Popular Culture is the
Walrus of the Avant-Garde



Tomorrow is Just Another Yesterday the Day After Tomorrow

Minute by minute this text disintegrates. With each second it worries away. Just a moment ago, before it was born, it wondered if it would ever become at all. Now it sits here, not knowing what to do next. The main thing is that it doesn't matter, it will pass away; thought about, perhaps, forgotten, definitely. Each drop of my fingers on the keys releases it from oblivion for a moment. For this it is grateful, however mute—lying there taking it like a good soldier. Troops to the ready! Here comes another

avalanche of words. A tumbling down of sentence structure, ignoring the nobility of meaning, the transience of slippery truth—ransacking the kingdom of reason, just To Be, and that is all. With this, all dreams unfold—images collapse and are frozen. Grandiose notions masquerade for something interesting to read, but like the phantom they represent, they are in the end unmasked, at the last possible instant, revealing a veil of sorrow, a thing to be pitied.

—John Eberly, 16 May 1989

The following artists have contributed work to this issue: [t=top, b=bottom, l=left, r=right, c=column, m=middle]

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1358t	Mumbles, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita KS 67208
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1360b	(throughout) A1 Waste Paper Co, 71 Lambeth Walk, London SE 11 6DX England
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1362t	Stamp Axe, P.O. Box 109 Station C, Montréal QBC H2L 4J9 Canada
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1383b	Joel Lipman, 32 Scott House, University of Toledo, Toledo OH 43606
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1392	Serse Luigetti, via Ulisse Rocchi, 06100 Perugia Italy
back	John Kennedy, P.O. Box 22142, Baltimore MD 21203

In the last issue, the visual poem on page 1331, lower right, was not credited to Geof Huth (address above), due to editorial error. My apologies. —Ed.

PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism is a bimonthly not for profit periodical of xerographic art generally. Much of the work in PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism overlaps into the fields of correspondence art, concrete poetry, photography, audio, video, film, performance, and much of whatever else is going on in contemporary culture.

Subscriptions are available as follows: \$8 (more would be appreciated if you can afford it) for one year (six 48-page issues) of PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism, delivered bulk rate. For an additional \$6, you will receive one year (two 45-minute issues) of PhotoStatic on audio cassette. To Canada/Mexico: \$10/\$18 respectively.

Submissions: anything is welcome; include a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) if you want your work returned or else it won't be. Send SASE with your request for a free catalog of what's currently available. PhotoStatic Magazine and PhotoStatic Cassettes are ISSN 0893-4835, and are edited by Lloyd

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

Letters to the Editor

Lloyd,

thanks for sending the tapes [*PhonoStatic* N°s 8 and 9. —Ed.], which I've listened to several times now. This letter is my way of responding to them, giving you some "historical" background and reiterating some comments about networking in general. First, though I liked some of the material on the tapes & like their attentive packaging, I think they fall considerably short of the kind of formal & thus conceptual strictness which your catalog descriptions suggest to me. This is a major element of "all" networking projects: because the people who contribute material are uninterested in, or insensitive to the theme (or, in more important cases, the "reason") of the project, and because the editors for whatever reasons would rather produce something than nothing, most collective projects are largely inferior to similar works undertaken by other (usually non-networking) individuals. I'm not just making a gross value judgment here, but I'm also referring to the fetishism of "communication" in which networkers delude themselves into thinking that by going through the motions of interaction, they are collaborating or doing anything at all. The "truth" is, most Networkers I've encountered (yourself not included [Thanks. —Ed.]) are uninterested in the discipline or standards needed to be anything other than producers of redundant & technically inferior aesthetic crumbs. Though theirs is not a mental-set I want to suppress, I also don't want to support it. I'm amazed that people will just produce "culture" without any interest in experimentation, clarity or content. I think your

idea (yours? [Yes. —Ed]) of doing two tapes focusing on two simple audio-techniques is good (enough to send you money), and I was additionally interested because it seems audio-tape editing is what you consider your forte to be (I still haven't heard the major tape-beatles work). ...

Best wishes,
John (Kennedy) Berndt,
Baltimore MD

As a matter of fact, I am in complete agreement with you on this one: I think many (if not most) networkers do have a "communication fetish". It is simply a matter of valuing the interaction over the content of the interaction. It's my belief you shouldn't do this, although it is a place to begin.

This is the reason why *this* editorial project is giving up the idea of "themes"—there is too little commitment shown to them for them to be meaningful. Instead, I am opting for a more improvisational role where I will construct, from given "aesthetic crumbs" a hopefully satisfying multi-page image/text "collage" of sorts. Contributors: *this is your warning: from now on I will not "respect" the "independence" of your "works of art". I will not give them white space on the pages (I haven't done this for some time). I will not hesitate to crop away extraneous bits. I will not hesitate to strengthen your content by butting it up with another work and having them work together. We'll see how muddled attribution becomes in the new *PhotoStatic*. There may come a time when contributors' names will simply be listed with*

their addresses, with no page number identification.

The network is a valuable place for trying out ideas in an unfettered way. It provides an uncritical "space", if you will, where aesthetes can go and rid themselves of preconceptions and constraints of form and content. But I would maintain that it needs to be much more if it is to survive much longer; its redundancy and its poverty of meaningful work is at this point painfully noticeable. In my opinion a three-year Art Strike 1990–1993 isn't the "bad idea" it claims to be. It may afford us a much needed opportunity to regroup and rethink our commitment to this form.

Sorry about being so bitchy about this, but Berndt's letter brought into sharp relief things I have been thinking about for over a year now. —Ll. Dunn

Dear [*PhotoStatic*]:

...Let me say again how much better the magazine is. I like the fact that there are more drawings (nicer reproductions than other mags) and less collages. I think paper deconstruction that serves some kind of leftist orientation is outmoded and obvious. Even the most savvy practitioners of same who have been doing it for a long time cannot help but looking like some skate punk's fanzine done on his dad's copier. I am also glad that old "network" star warts have started writing essays rather than clogging the mails with "art". It's time for mail art to move into the realm of text and away from image. Text is much easier to document and it would look silly in a gallery show. That's another tired, stupid idea—the mailart gallery show. Why not just do a book of writings and be done with it? For

the time being, renounce the image for the word. The image is not endangered, but the word is. ...

...The plagerism polemic school is the coolest thing—glad I thought of it first. ...The Information Archive
Brooklyn NY

Dear Lloyd,

Many thanks for copy of *Photo-Static* N°34, received recently ... I enclose three small photographic artifacts (phartifacts) and a suggested theme ("Culture Libel") for a future issue of your august publication. ...

Neil K Henderson
Glasgow Scotland

Like I said, I'm not doing themes any more, but your description of "Culture Libel" is priceless, so I will present it here in toto. (If anyone wants to submit work on this theme, I will be glad to consider it and present it as such; if there's enough perhaps a new submagazine could be constructed.) —Ed.

Culture Libel

CULTURE LIBEL is the practice of attributing totally erroneous social/political/moral/religious attitudes/viewpoints/lifestyles to completely inappropriate cultural groups, as a means of bringing about greater

diffusion of ethnic identity and confusing the aliens *within* the various global cliques. Thus, one might explore the significance of the barmitzvah in London dockland trades unionism, stamp-collecting as virility symbolism in tribal Africa, or the role of the disc-jockey in negotiating internal radio allowances in Siberian paper-clip factories. And let us not forget the relevance of metaphysical hasp-contemplation to astronauts. Effective mass-participation in CULTURE LIBEL can, if given the correct degree of hysterical mass-obsession it merits, ultimately bring about total unity-through-confusion, equality of disorientation, world peace, happiness-ever-after, and a slight inky smudge on the last page of history. —Neil K Henderson

46 Revoch Dr, Knightswood
Glasgow G13 4SB, Scotland

Nattering Albert Presents
"A Letter to Lloyd"

Hi Lloyd:—

Thanks for your card. Firstly let me just say that if you thought the "Shakestein" Mystery project was a heady blend of good-taste and excitement I must hasten to explain that it is as nothing when compared to this current thing, the Eel's *NEW AGE*

ROUNDUP. About a month ago I decided it was time to take a hand in the New Age scene and to this end I put together the Eel Leonard *NAR* newsletter. Then I mailed copies to New Age addresses all across the country. Naturally I mailed a copy to our local New Age bookstore here in town, too. Well so last week when Patty Blaster was headed that way I asked her to stop in at the bookstore and nose around and see if she cd get a line on what if any the response had been to Eel's newsletter. What triumph—she came home and reported that not only had the New Agers who run the bookstore received *NAR* they'd become so up in arms over it that they took their copy and BURNED it. Isn't that great? First time I've ever had one of my things actually burned (that I'm aware of). It made me feel like—oh, shucks, how to describe it but it made me feel kind of like Salman Rushdie of Burr Rd, or something, Lloyd. A fellow just hasn't lived till he's had one of his pieces torched. up up up

Dr. Al Akadengorod
(a.k.a. "Blaster" Al Ackerman)
San Antonio TX

Great. To that end, maybe I should print a full-color US flag on the cover of the next issue. [I reproduce the Blaster's *NEWAGE ROUNDUP* herein.] —Ed.





Do you have a friend?

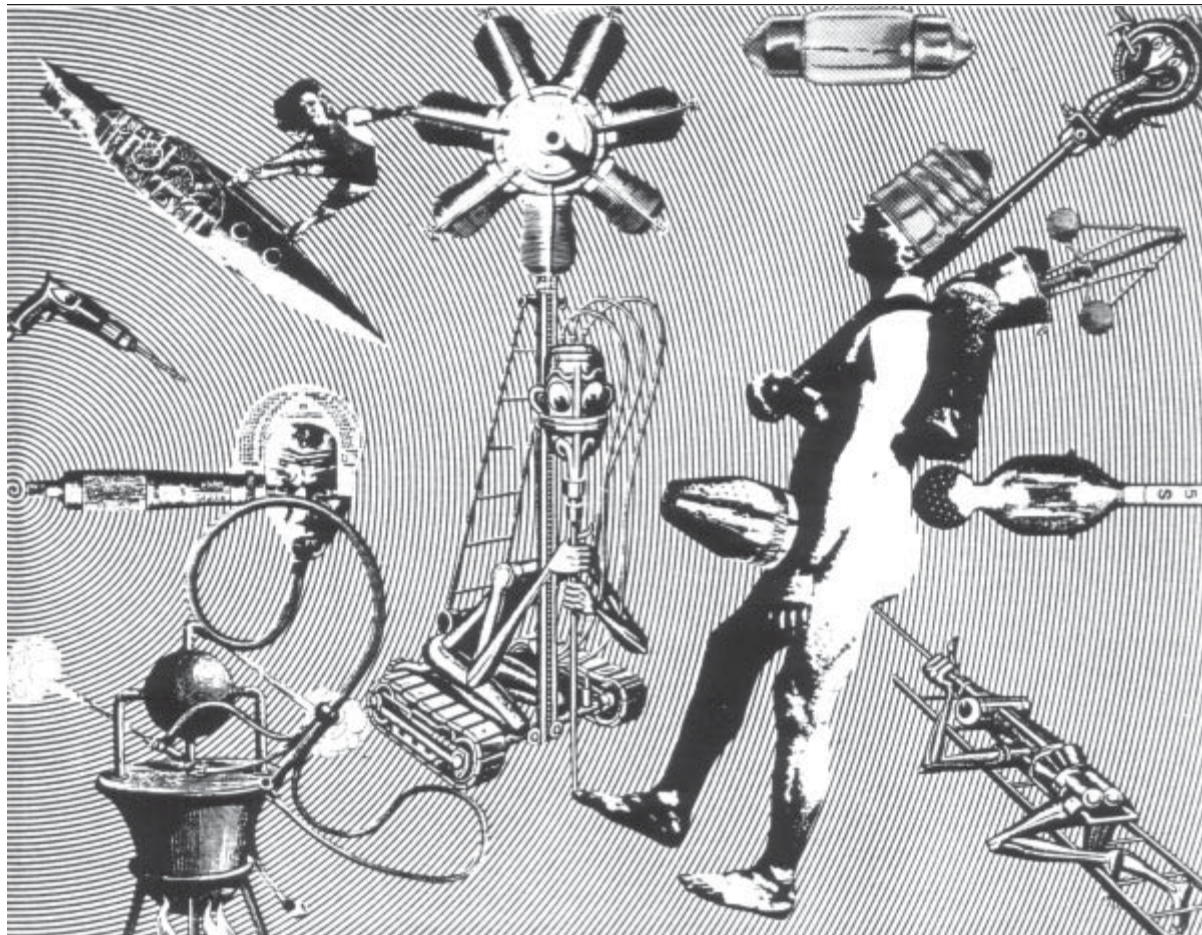
Probably not.

Personally I have been doing a lot of thinking about the magic phrase “No meat in a brownie”. It’s something that speaks volumes to those of us who have spent time on the metaphysical circuit, the more so because it often refers to the infamous “No meat in a brownie” channeling episode, something that took place last year in Winnipeg. Nowadays, whenever I speak to a New Age group I find myself invariably being asked, “How could a professional channeler allow such a thing to happen?” or, even more frequently, “What happened?” Well, the exact circumstances are hazy; suffice it to say that last year sometime, the well-known medium-and-channeler “Swarthy” Turk Sellers was giving a demonstration of his specialty (e.g. channeling Eskimo spirit voices) for a small audience of two or three hundred, at the New Light Rainbow Center on the beach, and while he was in his trance state he got stuck. Inasmuch as he got stuck repeating the phrase “No meat in a brownie... no meat in a brownie...” over and over again like a broken record and nobody could figure out how to bring him around, you may be sure that consternation grew fire; a New Age audience is accustomed to more upbeat, lovely fare such as Shirley MacLaine or Lynn V. “Porsche Woman” Andrews experiencing visions in the back of a Rolls, and the spectre of “Swarthy” Turk stuck channeling this mys-

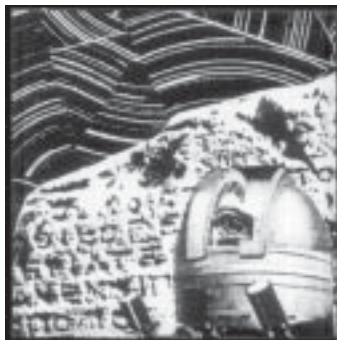
terious “no meat in a brownie” line with his eyes rolled back in his head tended to bring everybody down in a big way. Several of the more tender-minded and susceptible members of the audience voiced the fear that they felt like they might go mad if he didn’t stop. Extricating “Swarthy” Turk from his loop or predicament became the chief order of business. But nothing seemed to work. Finally somebody thought to put in a long distance call to Ringold Whorson, the Psychic Gourmet, out in La Jolla, and ask his advice. What could be done?

“Well,” said Whorson, “why not try feeding him some brownies that have *meat baked into them*, to see if that doesn’t snap him out of it.”

So that’s what they did, combining a pound of ground round with a Duncan Hines package mix. It made about a dozen meat-filled brownies. Loathsome, indeed. But sure enough, after they had crammed four or five of the things down his throat, “Swarthy” Turk stopped repeating “no meat in a brownie” and started gagging and making clawing motions at his throat, and eventually he was returned to a normal waking state, and apparently suffered no ill effects—other than the fact that, as he himself told me in a puzzled voice the other day, now anytime he passes the stockyards or goes by a butcher shop he experiences an overwhelming urge to talk, sing and whistle like a parrot. [end



Codes and Chaos



Dealing in Dust
by Thomas Wiloch

“The world is in the strictest sense asleep, with rare intervals and spots of awareness. It is almost the sleep of the insect or animal world.”

—Wyndham Lewis

“We are warned not to waste our time, but we are brought up to waste our lives.”

—Eric Hoffer

“Dull trots the crowd below, do not disturb it!
Why stab the jelly-fish or cut the weed?”

—Stefan George

“We haven’t a culture, so we are reduced to making culture internal.”

—Aleister Crowley

“Every man has a right to fulfill his own will without being afraid that it may interfere with that of others; for it he is in his proper place, it is the fault of others if they interfere with him.”

—Aleister Crowley

“Being a god is the quality of being able to be yourself to such an extent that your passions correspond to the forces of the universe.”

—Roger Zelazny



“Gods and beasts, that is what our world is made of.” —Adolf Hitler

“Of no other epoch in the history of our own species have we records and fragments stamped so visibly with the image of the divinity of man.”
—Percy Shelley (speaking of ancient Greece)

“Genius is an extravagant manifestation of the body.” —Arthur Cravan

“Think with the blood.” —D.H. Lawrence

“It’s only the blood that counts.” —Louis-Ferdinand Celine

“Nature is and remains essentially aristocratic and punishes implacably all attempts upon the purity of the blood.”
—Ludwig Buchner

“Nature knows no equality. Its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.”
—Luc de Varvenargues



“We savor power not when we move mountains and tell rivers whither to flow, but when we can turn men into objects, robots, puppets, automats, or veritable animals. Power is the power to dehumanize.”

—Eric Hoffer

“Every destructive pleasure is creative pleasure.”

—Mikhail Bakunin

“I think the destructive element is too much neglected in art.”

—Piet Mondrian

“Art can be naught but violence, cruelty, and injustice.”

—Filippo Marinetti

“Art is inhuman. So we must be prepared to sacrifice all humans to it!”

—Herwarth Walden

“We spit on humanity.”

—Tristan Tzara

“Total assault on the culture.”

—Slogan of the 1960s

“War is the father of all things.”

—Karl Haushofer

“The greater the horror gets, the louder the laughter becomes.”

—Hugo Ball

“We are the laughing morticians of the present.”

—Nathanael West

“We are all deep in a hell each moment of which is a miracle.”

—E.M. Cioran

“The twentieth century has given us a most simple touchstone for reality: physical pain.”

—Czeslaw Milosz

“We haunt a ruined century.”

—John le Carre

“Never apologize, never explain.”

—Benjamin Jowett

“Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.”

—Aleister Crowley

“What you do in this world is a matter of no consequence. The question is, what can you make people believe that you have done?”

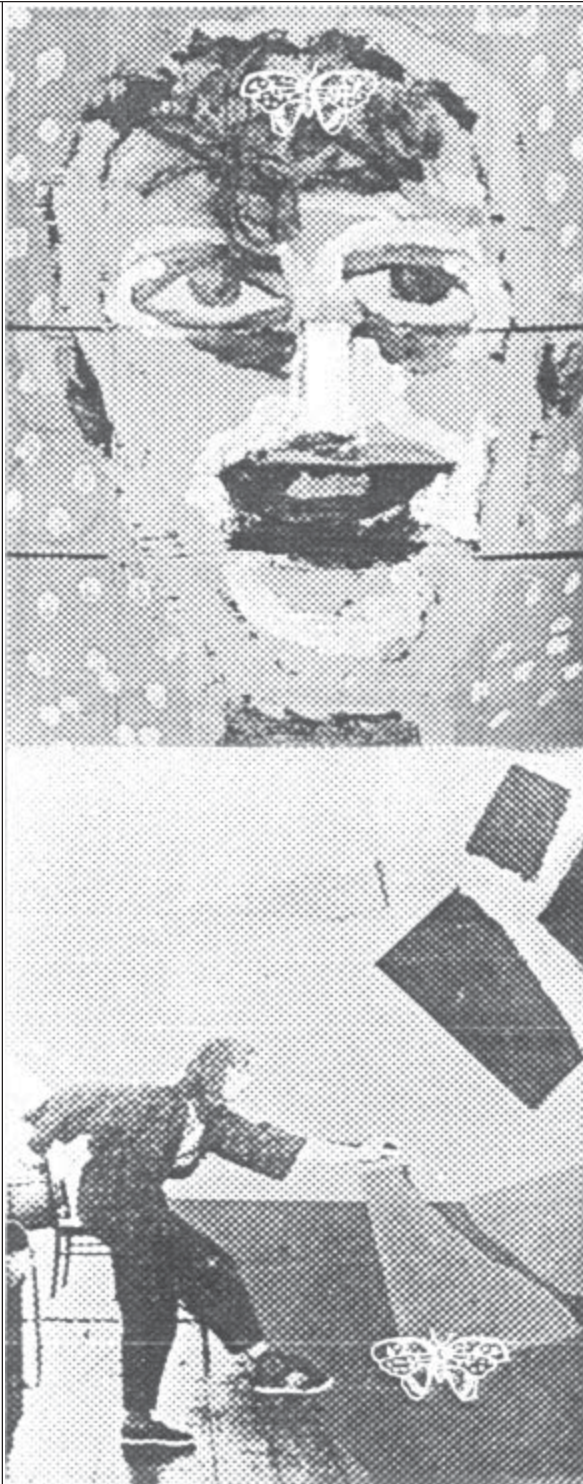
—Sherlock Holmes

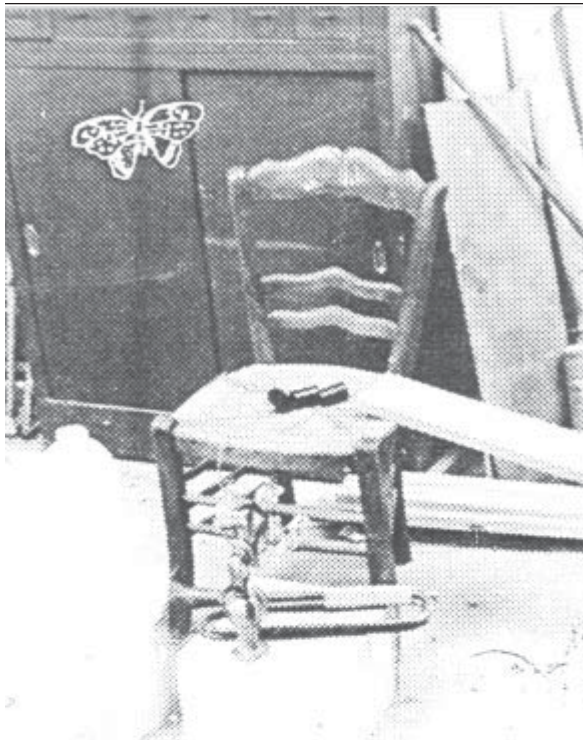
“The essence of propaganda consists in winning people over to an idea so sincerely, so vitally, that in the end they succumb to it utterly and can never again escape from it.”

—Adolf Hitler

“[Fictional characters] are not creations, but puppets. You can be as exterior to them, and live their life as little, as the showman grasping from beneath and working about in a Polichinelle. They are only shadows of energy, not living beings.”

—Wyndham Lewis





“Man is a symbol. So is an object, or a drawing. Penetrate beneath the outward message of the symbol, or you will put yourself to sleep.”

—Khwaja Pulad of Erivan

“The world is in the strictest sense asleep, with rare intervals and spots of awareness. It is almost the sleep of the insect or animal world.”

—Wyndham Lewis

Epilogue:

“How many of you know what’s important?”

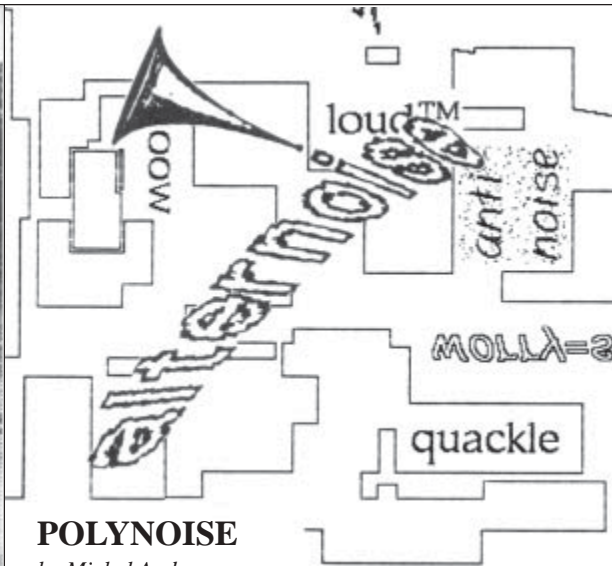
—Stuart Little

“What is to be done?”

—Lenin

[N°8





POLYNOISE

by Miekal And

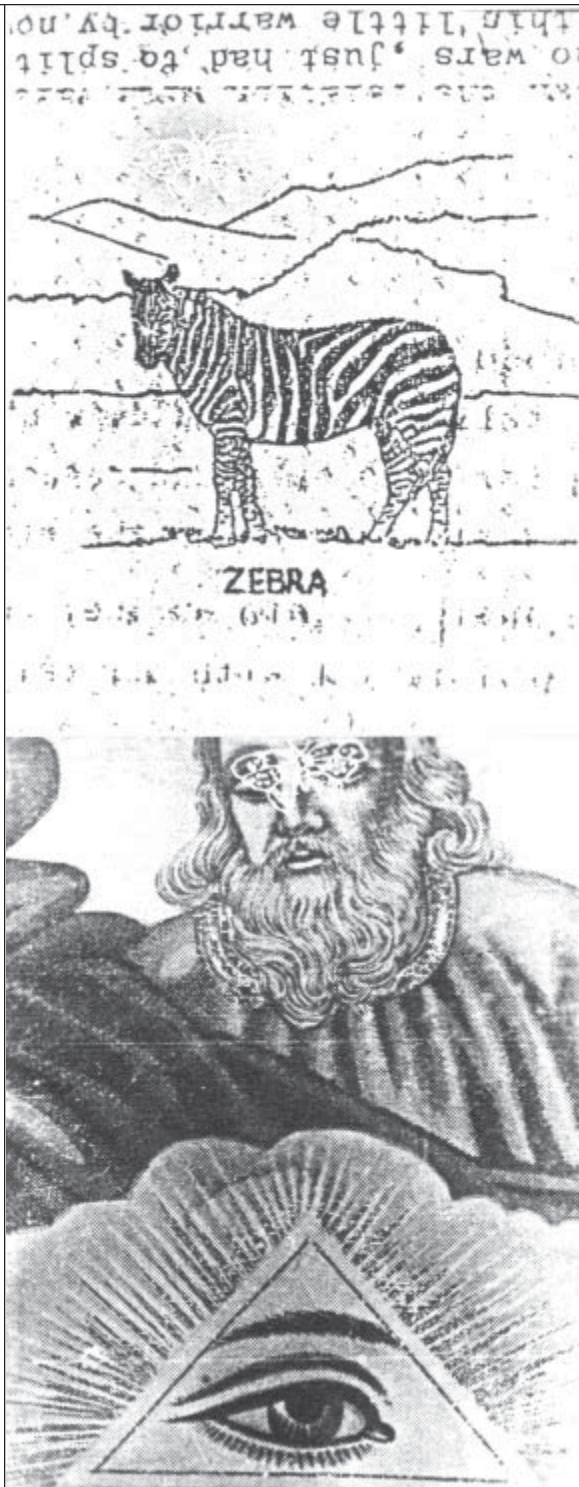
The intermedia of noise is visual noise, architectural noise, radio & tv noise, movement noise, information noise, historical noise, word noise & maybe sound noise. Every possible composite is only more evidence of the permanent permutation of qualitative noise. Divided by intrinsic differentials one noise bombarded against its opposite will not produce an anthem. The noisiest anthem imaginable is the sound of all sounds. Nothing dare be excluded from a matter of fact description of the sonosphere.

One must raise the question "does the present human aural anatomy efficiently assimilate every imaginable noise at all time?" Certainly the ear & its parts are minutely capable of processing, but the socialized brain socket might be suspect, after so many years of being taught to gather & listen in an orderly, perceptible & linear fashion, which could only parallel ignoring as much as is attended to. The brain receptor literally screens & selects the audio spectrum, choosing only the most desirable sound information, & banishing the unwanted noise to be forgotten. so it is the internal apparatus which is designed to malfunction in these post-Cageian y(ear)s. The human is stuck with a brain that is too full to begin with; compressed, compacted, condensed. Its subjective formulation had induced a profound dystrophy, a condition of late 20th century behavior. Incessant rumination has left the brain hollow & unable to function with spontaneity & simultaneity. The critique of civilized man's reaction to noise is formidable, yet often there is even a struggle to enter the discourse from the beginning since noise is almost always

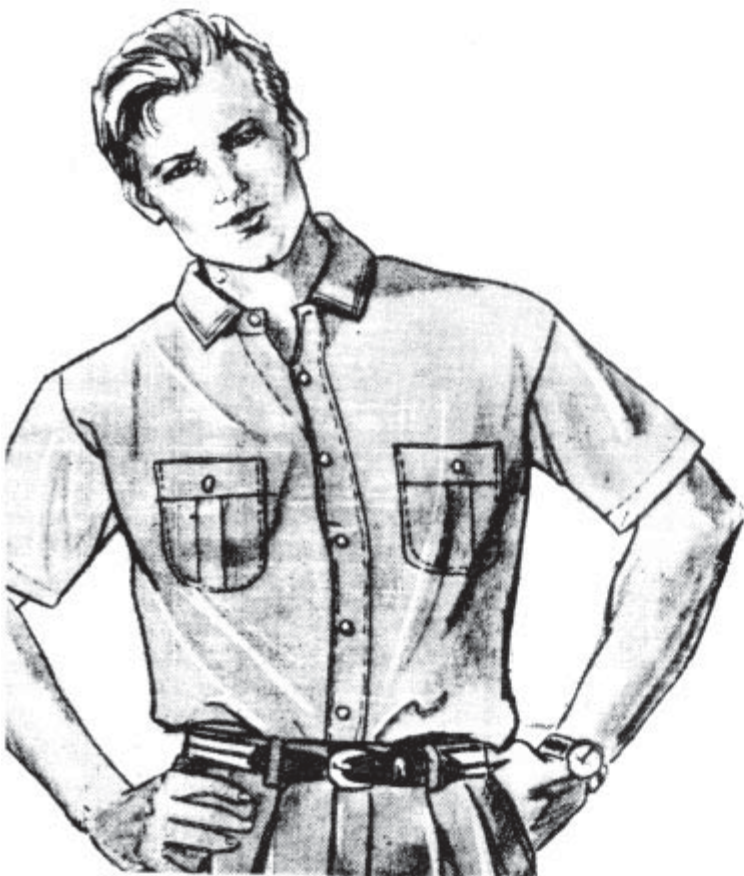
unwanted. So the critique begins with perceptive reorganization, establishing an active vocabulary/language of noise which would allow it maximum utility. Particularly its harshest components such as volume, chaos, distortion, feedback, static, drone, etc need be viewed as enduring, or even as a form of global resolution. That indeed noise is the very nature of existence itself & it is the vast formula of planetary celebration. It needn't be pedestalized nor removed. Let's offer the prospect that absolute theoretical silence is noise, as well. Beyond noise is something more dangerous & powerful & that is psychic interference, information dyslexia, cultural virus, amnesia &c. These neuro-states exist at the edges of noise consciousness, wholly unexplored & contemporary phenomena. Again the negative connotation is derogatory but this may be because they have parallel qualities which are destructive or constructive. So the model of the human cognitive apparatus is a spiral whose components continue further into the unspecified & subtle topology of the mind. Noise has always been a figment of the mind, the embodiment of beyond sense. (The Russian futurists had a word for beyond sense; ZAUM, which referred to a trans-rational language.)

To describe globularity without noise as an essential resource is no longer possible. Civilization has now exhausted most of its non-renewable energy & has invested nothing toward technology appropriate to the conversion of noise into an international energy & initiative. Simply for the global exchange of information, noise is conspicuously apropos. Beyond dialect yet suggestively communicable, it is a direct transmission, acculturated to specific ambiguity. It speaks to or thru a possible understanding, catalyzing disparate info & imagery. Categorical noise is a program of thoughts, conceptual noise is an imaginative omnibus of investigations. An impoverished listener would likely become numb to the invariability & the repetitive, would sleepwalk endlessly & think in predictable motor rhythms. A concerted attention to noise phenomena would defeat that spell, offer a propulsion within the interior of hyper action. The affectation of noise inseminates a non-emotional life force.

Polymedia of noise is captivated from random capitulation, from personal control of problematic layers of hearing. One is dunked into a sink or swim situation from birth. There is an immediate buoyancy, it is possible to steer one's way into an understanding of sonic occurrence. All sounds are disjointed but may also coincide if given enough space to breath. [N°5



POLYESTER PERVERTS



the warped psychology of

TSEXTILES

The Greens and Bing Crosby in “Watch those choppers”

A certain salesman, with X for a middle name, offered the Green family a ride on the “Goof Tube”, a ride involving water and a roller coaster type set-up. The Greens had accepted the ride and, in fact, had been convinced by the salesman that it would be fun. They paid the \$1.50 admission charge and then the Green family got into one of the boats. In the middle seat of the boat sat Mr. Bing Crosby.

The ride began at a very fast, jerky clip. Jerking the heads of everyone back towards Bing Crosby’s mouth.

The goof Tube rounds several turns and then heads violently into a tunnel where it is completely dark. At this point, the ride is designed for pain, not for pleasure. The Greens were warned of this fact at the be-

ginning when the salesman said, “At one point in this ride, in the the tunnel, you will experience pain beyond your wildest animal instincts. It will feel like torture.”

The Greens were satisfied with this portion of the ride, although Bing Crosby felt quite queasy afterwards and Red Green experienced a sensation he called, “arthritis of the human brain.”

After this portion of the ride, the Goof Tube came to a stop and the Greens waited to get out of the ride. As they sat there, waiting for the boat ahead of them to unload, they were struck from the rear by a boat coming to a stop behind them.

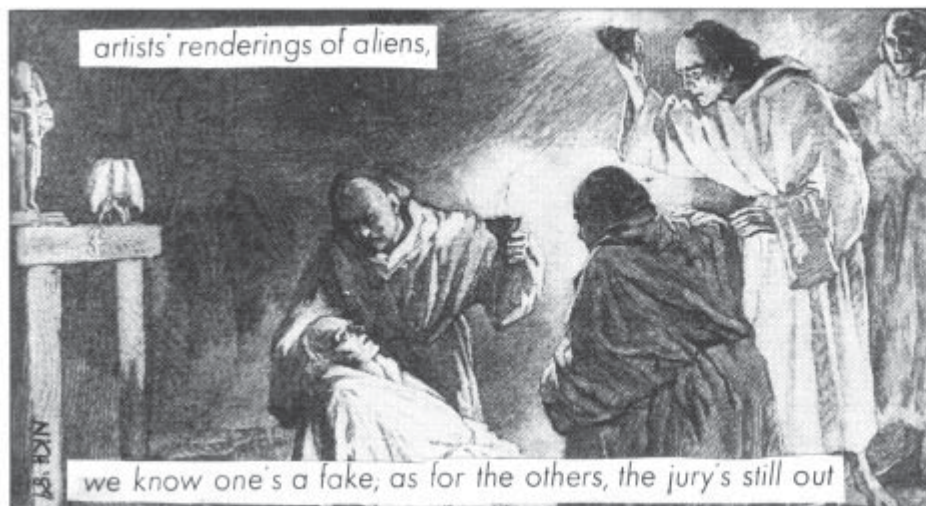
Bing Crosby’s head flew forward and konked Mrs. Green’s head. When Bing Crosby’s head

snapped back, it stuck into the lower teeth of Red Green, who was sitting behind Bing, who then accidentally bit out part of Bing Crosby’s brain.

It turned out to be the part of the brain that allows humans to distinguish one direction from another. Because of this, since the collision, Bing Crosby thinks he is moving forward no matter which direction he moves, including upwards and sideways.

As the Green’s left the “Goof Tube”, they noticed a small food stand across the street. Red Green told Bing Crosby that since he had bitten out part of his brain he would buy him a snack. Bing Crosby said that was a good idea and he ordered a big, fat, greasy steakburger. On the house.

[End





The Questionman™
"The Thinking Man's Stupid Guy"

The Questionman's™
Sad Lament

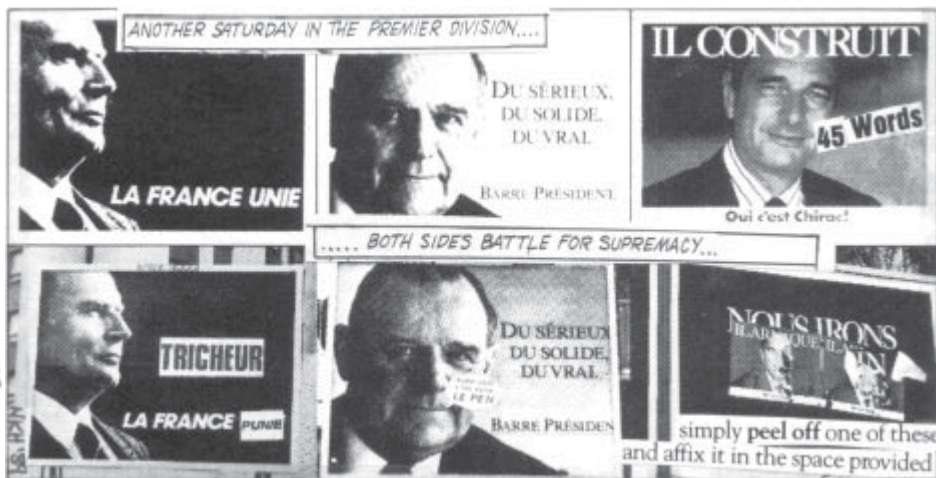
The desert is quiet. The camels lie down for the evening. Up on Bad Mountain, the babies cry for whisky, and all the birds sing bass as the freight train rumbles past the lonesome, rainy funeral procession, inching its way along in the hot sun to be sold into slavery in the gulag. The Questionman™ is feeling bad—but good—and how. He begins his lamentation, accompanied only by the weeping of old women and a ninety-piece orchestra (all cellos and oboes). At the top of the malfunctioning escalator that leads to the underworld, he affects a tableau that instantly telegraphs great and universal melancholy. Ask any of the assembled multitudes and they will say: "The Questionman™? Never heard of him—isn't he that really sad guy?" Or perhaps—"Listen, come by sometime when I'm not so busy. It's been really

crazy all day today."

Well, who the hell needs *them* anyway?

I do! I do! For months I have waited for answers, yet my mailbox has become naught but a reticent metal oracle. Why? I implore you, why? I shout this "why?" to the heavens and a voice sayeth unto me, "Would you mind keeping it down?"

When I used to begin my column with, "Many young people ask..." or "A reader writes...". I was only kidding. Now, as I sit here in my dank cell, I only wish I wasn't. No one has asked me—readers have not written. The world is on fire. I must go to Vienna. Why haven't you written? Hast thou forsaken me? Was it something I said? Is it because you want to get answers rather than give them? Is it because you only ask questions when you're not sure if something's going to be on the test? Do you not have time to answer any of my questions? Do you not like them because they can't be answered succinctly? Do you like questionnaires better than essays? Do you like multiple choice questions best of all? Are



you afraid that your answers will reveal too much about you? Are you afraid of those who would sit in judgement of your answers? Do you not have any answers? No opinions? Nothing to say? The dearth of mail I sense is a clear indication to me that no one is interested in being a self-made intellectual. They have to get their theories from books. They do not want to get in touch with how really horribly wrong they might be if left to their own devices. Like good looks, sex, and Vintage Contemporaries™, intelligence is overrated. So come on cowpokes! Dare to be dumb! It's easy! It's fun! Forget how! Let that thought you were holding slip from the mind's grasp and shatter! Let the airline of your soul lose your emotional baggage! Just forget about it, but don't forget me—write to me now and I promise to be able to still decipher the letters you send even though they be smudged with tear stains of joy. I can weep no more, my lovely. Something must and will be done. [N°3]

Write to: **The Questionman™**, c/o Information Archive, 376 S Sackett St, Brooklyn NY 11231.

Next time:

Easy Questions—Easy Answers?

Big Contest!

The First Annual Questionman™ Love Letter Contest®!

You don't even know me, but you just know you've got to love me. Maybe you don't even know it yet but you just can't get enough of me—every fiber of your being is inclined in my direction, every nuance is rapture, every hope realized—can't it be like this? Yes, it can! If you enter now! All you have to do is fire off a *billet-doux* of any length articulating your love for the Questionman™. Be mushy, be gushy, *be sincere*, but please refrain from explicit sexual language. Remember: you're writing a love letter—not one to *Penthouse* Forum. Spelling doesn't count but do make sure they are legible. *Do not* include a picture of *yourself* but pictures of other people can be included along with your entry. The Archive™ is giving away three fabulous (and, mysterious) prizes. Write in care of this magazine.





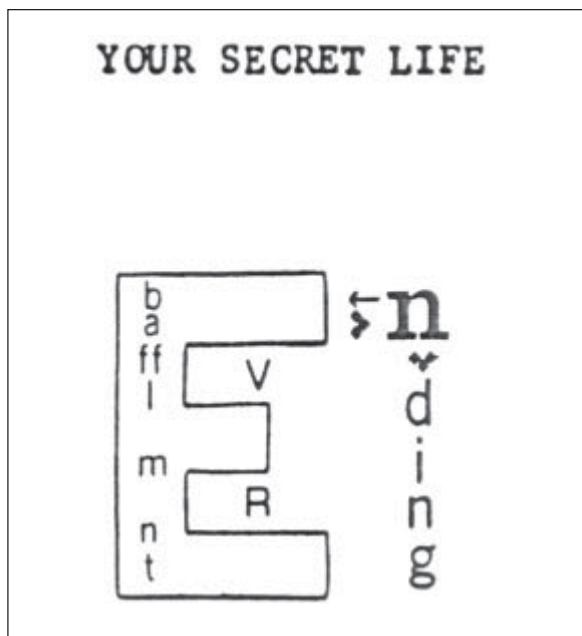
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 WAVES

VIZLATURE

a column on verbo-visual art by Bob Grumman
On K.S. Ernst and the Disconcealment

One of the most popular devices used by visual poets is what I call the Disconcealment, or the typographical modification of words or phrases so as to reveal other words or phrases concealed within them. A good place to observe the use of this device at its best is in a book by the contemporary poet and vizlator, Kathy Ernst, *Sequencing*. *Sequencing* (which is available from Xexoxial Editions, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703, for \$4) contains 88 poems, three of which I want to discuss here. The first is called "Your Secret Life".

"Your Secret Life" is a characteristic example of the masterful way Ernst uses a disconcealment I call the "arrowence." An arrowence is the use of some extra typographical symbol or form such as...an arrow—or parentheses, underlining, dashes, italics, etc. in order to point an æsthcipient toward something within a text that he might otherwise overlook. In "Your Secret Life", for example, actual arrows work a large E into two different words: follow the arrows made of squares and one will find the word "Ending". Go back from the n in the right corner as directed by the more normal-looking arrow and one will find



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dado rot dado rot dado rot dado rot
 in rotting bloodroots sparrows fussed.

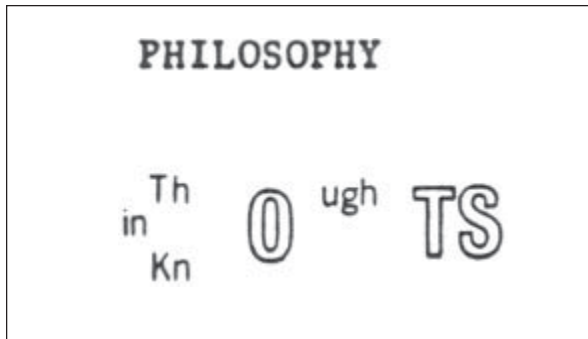


“never”. Add “bafflement” and the poem will spell “never-ending bafflement”, a neat characterization of the subject, the person with the secret life who is addressed. “nERVE” is available, too, for whatever that’s worth. “VERVE”, too. Thus does the disconcealment jiggle ordinary words beyond their first meanings.

Although it is not emphatically metaphorical, “Your Secret Life” has touches of the figurative. One is the way most of the letters of “bafflement” shrink down to secret-size and hide in the E, thus metaphorizing a kind of subterranean life. At the same time the word enacts a visual metaphor for bafflement, its spelling causing that state, at least initially, for most readers.

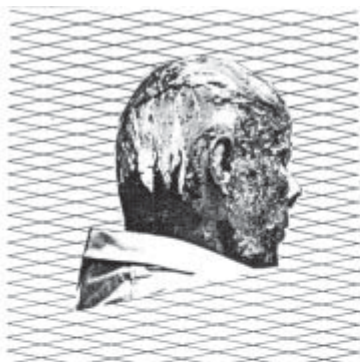
The second of the three samples of *Sequencing* I want to discuss is called “Philosophy”. Its main form of disconcealment is Crosswording, which consists of the sharing of one or more letters between two or more words (or phrases)—as, in fact, in the poem just examined. It allows “Philosophy” to say, “ThOughTS in KnOTS”—which, presumably, is what philosophy consists of.

The piece also makes use of the most common kind of disconcealment, the Disruption. The Disruption is merely the breaking up of a word or phrase in such a way as to reveal inner words or partial words that increase its potential for meaningfulness. The insertion of spaces into words

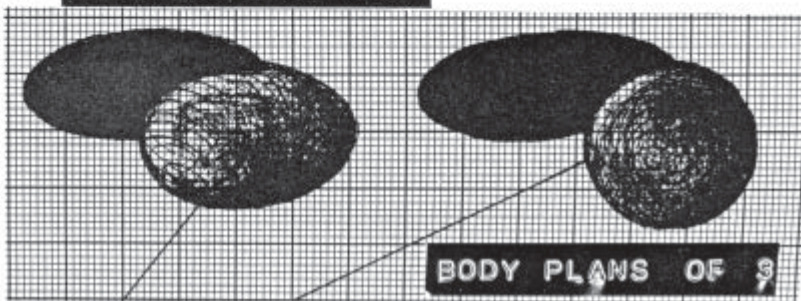


would be another way to describe this device. It occurs in almost all of the poems in *Sequencing*, including “Your Secret Life”. In “Philosophy” the Disruption produces such extra meanings as the “ugh” that philosophical exertion in part is, and “Thin” and “think’n”, which are minor but add appropriate atmospheric effects to the poem. The arrangement of letters is to a degree a visual onomatopœia for knots, too—that is, it looks like what it denotes.

Perhaps my favorite of the poems in Ernst’s collection is the one called “Proserpina”. This poem depends chiefly on disconcealment by crosswording: the words “have” and “come” are linked by a shared “E”; and an “I” crosswords the result into “I come” and “I have”. Two Es lower on the



UNDER BEIGE DISH



BODY PLANS OF \$

PROSERPINA

I HAV COM E

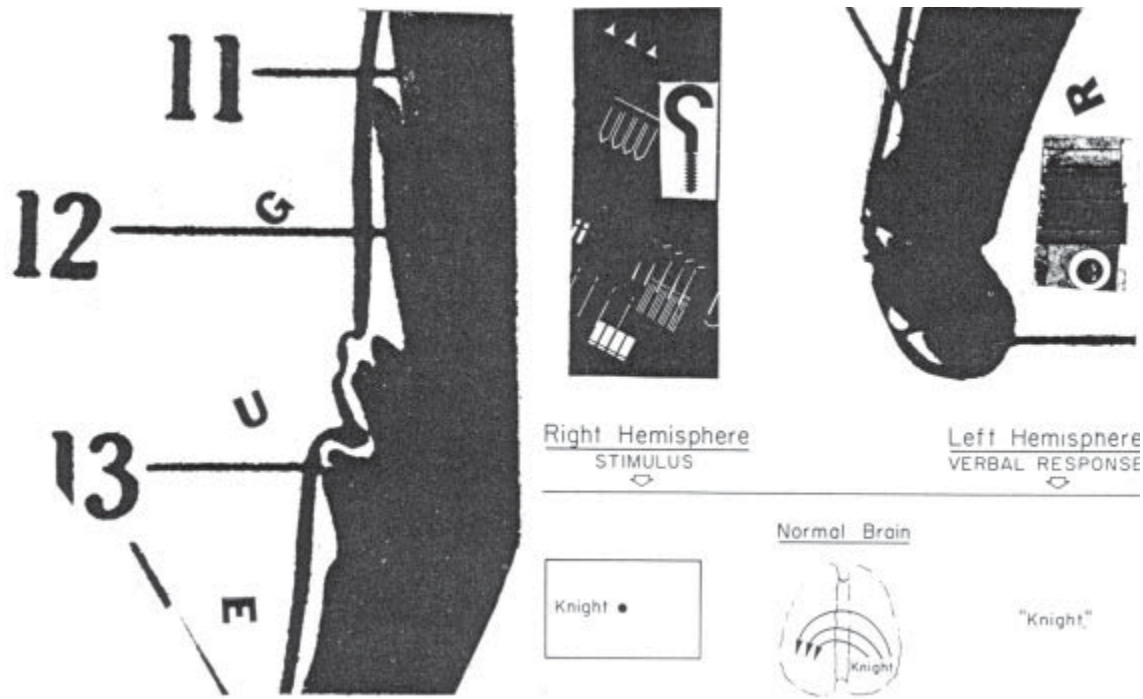
Wh **EE** is
my c**EE** B R A
tion

page fuse the words “where” and “celebration”. The text thus reads: “I have come. Where is my celebration?”—once the reader supplies the necessary punctuation, that is.

There is much more to the poem than the paraphrase so far given, however. For one thing, the two side-by-side Es almost crush the little r between them, in the process disconcealing the “whee” that is a part of “where”. They also tower so inordinately out of the first three syllables of “celebration” that “c^EL^Ebra” is disconcealed and, for me, turned into a suggestion of “candelabra”, an appropriate accessory of any celebration.

Ernst uses disconcealment by letter-shape and size—and, of course, by disruption. Making the r in “where” not only small in size but lower case, for instance, helps diminish it. The large (and bright) whiteness of the letters down the center of the page in contrast with the other letters thus not only allows a disconcealment to occur but metaphors the way the coming of spring (of which Proserpina, of course, is the classical personification) brings the world to a kind of abruptly kindled blaze. In short, is very subtle work.

It is carnal, too—at least I am carnal enough of mind to find it so. Why? Because of the disconcealed “bra”, and what “I have come” is common slang for. Which Proserpina in a manner of speaking does every spring.



Incidentally, the poem’s first few words could read, “I have. I come”. Set up nicely by the absence of any punctuation which would have cancelled one or the other, each reading is valid; indeed, although the second reading is in my view a secondary one, I feel it to be a proper simultaneous reading for the passage. (It makes sense because it says the Proserpina has something—she has gathered a sufficiency of materials for beginning the year, therefore she comes.)

That Proserpina doesn’t have the celebration awaiting her which she expected, I should add, suggests that her appearance has to do with more than the simple return of spring—what it really has to do with is the return of *Spring*, the season as the Ancient Greeks knew it, the season as it was at its mythic profoundest, and pagan cheerfulest and rightest.

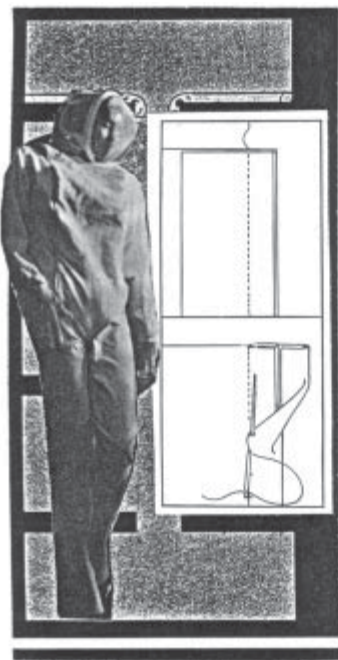
One last comment: the inconspicuous I and E at the beginning are also subjected to disconcealment, disconcealment of the same kind as “CELEbra”. Hence, we have “i.e.”, or “that is”, which gives an extra kind of mythic resonance to the scene—that scene is *that which is*.

So, to sum up, assisted valuably by its various disconcealments, “Proserpina” boosts its best æsthcipients into a more than one-zone idea of spring: it breaks them into a full-minded, full-bodied Spring with ancient pagan

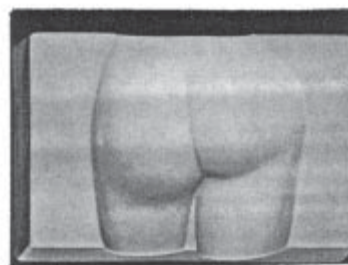
roots; it does, finally, what only the best lyric poetry does: it makes us happy to be alive. Most of the rest of *Sequencing* does that, too. It is a book well worth reading, not only to see how the disconcealment works, but simply to have a high good time!

[N°7





QUIZZING
 s i l e n c e
 words s t r i p
 the ACT.



Overlooked Classics

by Brad Goins

Review #4. *Orgy Machine*. (No date or director; 1976?)
 Starring John Holmes.

Try to imagine a film in which the silliest and most in-substantial elements of 70s culture are presented with no attention to a broader social context, or to any organizing principle whatsoever. Try to imagine a 70s disco porn remake of Godard's *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* shot entirely in one weekend. If you can imagine these things; you should be able to appreciate this review of *Orgy Machine*.

The sophisticated JANUS FILMS logo and Renaissance trumpet voluntary that begin this film are more appropriate for a documentary narrated by Allistair Cooke than a porn film. How surprised we are when the high art of the opening seconds is obliterated by the sudden appearance of a rudimentary computer-generated credit:

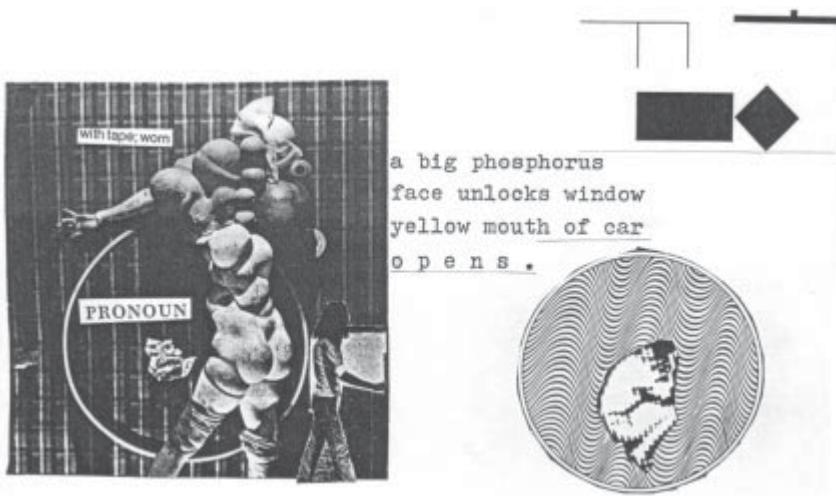
John C. Holmes in **ORGY MACHINE**.

Suddenly Holmes is before us, struggling to maintain his balance while he roller skates. We are more than a little confused by the baroque organ sonata that plays in the background. But when the organ sonata segues into a disco riff, everything becomes clear, and we realize (with joy) that this film will be irrevocably kitsch for its duration. And thus we are not greatly surprised by the appearance of a woman in a one-piece hot pants outfit, knee-high athletic socks, and Farrah Fawcett do, skating along with a bikini-clad friend.

"There's a difference," says one woman to the other, "between roller derby and roller disco." And we know she is right.

There follows a woman-on-woman shower scene, one of the many facile mid-70s attempts to imitate the success of Georgina Spelvin and friend in this porn motif. It's a *long* scene, with dialogue that is continually drowned out by the sound of splashing water, and features a lingering fuzzy close-up of the bottom of a foot.

After the shower, when one of the women informs her friend that—against all odds—Holmes is state roller skating champ, the news is marked by a return of the Renais-



HEMIFACE BIAS IN INFANT EXPRESSIONS
DIGITIZED MIRROR-IMAGE COMPOSITES



sance brass music. In the next scene, in which the Fawcettesque skater seduces Holmes, even dedicated kitsch-lovers may find their jaws dropping at the sound of “Weekend” wafting through the television speaker. Holmes’ soulful looks of tortured ecstasy bring forth a new song for the soundtrack, a song whose lyrics are of such

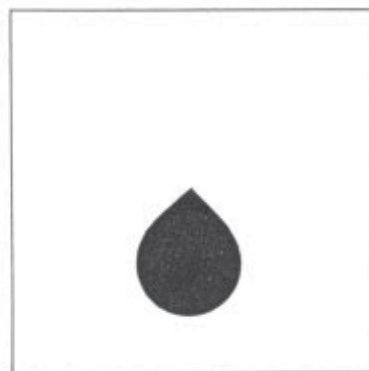
banality that only full quotation will do them justice:

Skate, dance,
Clap your hands:
Skate rock freak!

Holmes says, “I can’t take it any more,” and pulls out.



BODY PLANS AND BLUEPRINTS



Any first-time viewer who is familiar with Holmes' performances will suspect that Holmes is not telling the truth here; and in fact, it turns out that the amateur skater must fellate Holmes for a good five minutes before he cannot, indeed, take it any more. After a painfully long close-up of an unusually disgusting cumshot, the skater makes a pronouncement: "God, no wonder they call you the king."

It turns out that the two skaters want to defeat Holmes in a forthcoming 400-yard roller skating dash. One skater tries to bribe a bearded country hippy track official wearing jeans, denim shirt, and a vest; you guessed it—the Clapton look. In the soundtrack for this scene, a series of interminable disco guitar jams eventually segue—almost inevitably—into a muzak version of the theme of *Shaft*.

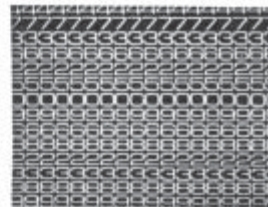
Without transition, the film moves from the compromising of the hippy track official to a second woman-on-woman scene, shot in the best Ken Russell style through the flames of a fireplace. By this point, our tolerance for kitsch has been pushed to such an extreme that we aren't really surprised when a pseudoromantic muzak serenade segues to a muzak version of "Bless the

Beasts and the Children."

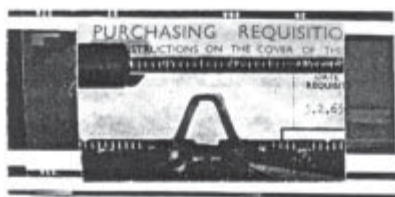
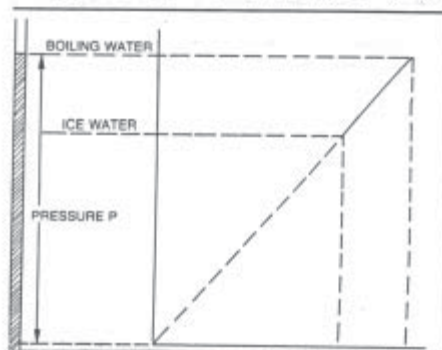
All too soon, it's time for the race. We gleefully accept the fact that this vitally important race is being held on a suburban sidewalk. The Fawcettesque skater pushes Holmes off the track. He lands in front of a sixties sedan, where he sits, holding his ankle, and impotently shakes his fist to the theme from the Lone Ranger.

My early implication that this film does not have "any organizing principle whatsoever" should not be interpreted as meaning that there are no elements of order in the film. There is order in the recurrent underlighting and bluish wash which function as a sort of structural glue to hold the whole ungodly mess together. But the most notable ordering element in *Orgy Machine* consists in the ubiquity of banal cultural signs, some of which may have been manufactured by creators who were less than perfectly informed about the culture they were imitating. These speculations remind us of the basic principle that the most entertaining elements of 70s porn kitsch result from the efforts of middle-aged directors and writers to imitate a youth culture of which they have only the most stereotypical ideas. [N°4





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ART STRIKE 1990-1993

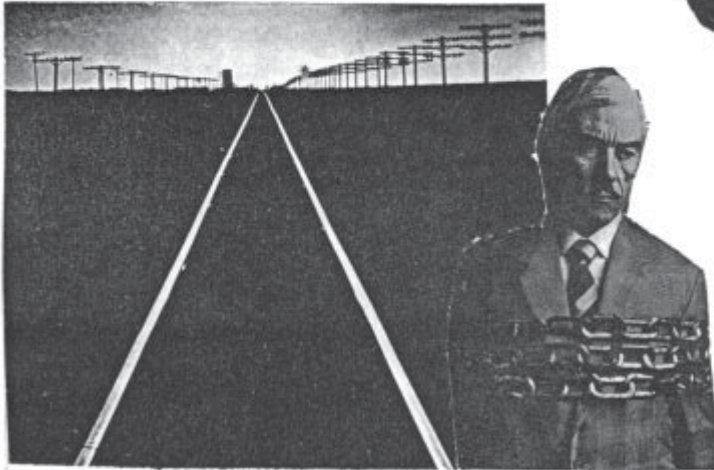
When the PRAXIS group declared their intention to organize an Art Strike for the three year period 1990-1993, they fully intended that this proposed (in)action should create at least as many problems as it resolved.

The importance of the Art Strike lies not in its feasibility but in the possibilities it opens up for intensifying the class war. The Art Strike addresses a series of issues: most important amongst these is the fact that the socially imposed hierarchy of the arts can be actively and aggressively challenged. Simply making this challenge goes a considerable way towards dismantling the mental set art and undermining its hegemonic position within contemporary culture, since the success of art as a supposedly 'superior form of knowledge'

is largely dependent upon its status remaining unquestioned.

Other issues with which the Art Strike is concerned include that series of 'problems' centered on the question of 'identity'. By focusing attention on the identity of the artist, and the social, and administrative practices an individual must pass through before such an identity becomes generally recognized, the organizers of the Art Strike intend to demonstrate that within this society there is a general drift away from the pleasures of play and simulation; a drift which leads, via codification, on into the prison of the 'real'. So, for example, the role playing games of 'children' come to serve as preparations for the limited roles 'children' are forced to 'live' out upon reaching 'maturity'.

the hammer
clubbed on
frozen meats



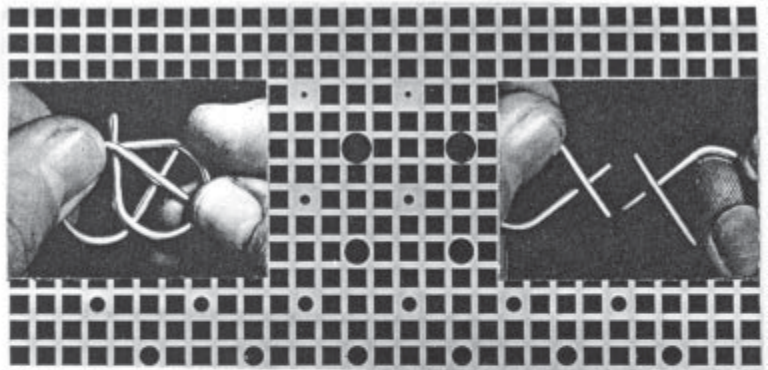
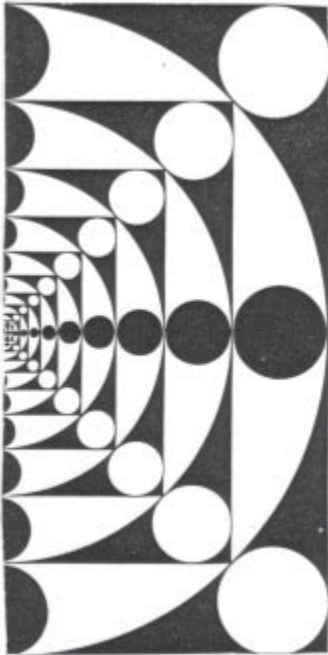
with 9 pounds of
water a flood
fingers slipped
on 9 pounds of
water

Similarly, before an individual can become an artist (or nurse, toilet cleaner, banker, etc.) they must first simulate the role; even those who attempt to maintain a variety of possible identities all too quickly find their playful simulations transformed (via the mechanics of law, medical practice, received belief, etc.) into a fixed role within the prison of the 'real' (very often literally in the case of those who are branded schizophrenic).

The organizers of the Art Strike have quite consciously exploited the fact that within this society what is simulated tends to become real. In the economic sphere, the strike is an everyday action; by simulating this classic tactic of proletarian struggle within the realm of culture, the reality of the class war can be brought to new levels of intensity. At present the class struggle is more readily apparent in the consumption

of culture (cf. Bourdieu) than in its production; the Art Strike is in part an attempt to redress this imbalance.

While strikes themselves have traditionally been viewed as a means of combating economic exploitation, the Art Strike is principally concerned with the issue of political and cultural domination. By extending and redefining traditional conceptions of the strike, the organizers of the Art Strike intend to increase its value both as a weapon of struggle and as a means of disseminating proletarian struggle. Obviously, the educative power of the strike remains of primary importance, its violence helps divide the classes and leads to a direct confrontation between antagonists. The deep feelings aroused by the strike bring out the most noble qualities of the proletariat. Thus, both the General Strike and the Art Strike should be understood in terms of social psychology, as intui-



this is a simple series



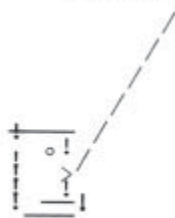
tive mental pictures rather than actions which have been rationally theorized.

In 1985, when the PRAXIS group declared their intention to organize an Art Strike for the period 1990-1993, it resolved the question of what members of this group should do with their time for the five year period leading up to the strike. This period has been characterized by an ongoing struggle against the received culture of the reigning society (and has been physically manifested in the adop-

tion of multiple identities such as Karen Eliot and the organization of events such as Festivals Of Plagiarism). What the organization of the Art Strike left unresolved was how members of PRAXIS and their supporters should use their time over the period of the strike. Thus, the strike has been positioned in clear opposition to closure—for every 'problem' it has 'resolved', at least on new 'problem' has been 'created'.

Stewart Home (1989)

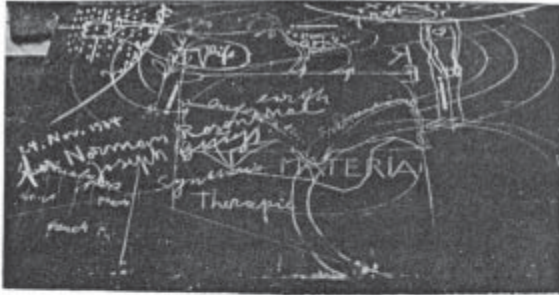
consumption of textual bodies



I think, thereforeth



??????????????????



the TARGET
broadens
as the bandaged mouth
O P E N S .

WORK OR DIE



PUNCH IN



PUnCH Out

WORK OR DIE



A new kind of
OBED  **ENCE**

My life is wasted day after day at work, and like so many others I just go through the motions, unwillingly.

Maybe that's why I can almost see the compulsion to consume as a real form of terrorism. But what else could make up for a life without freedom or meaning if not my purchases?

Of course, we all try to pull away from the buying and selling—who isn't more jaded and weary than committed to it all? No one takes seriously anymore the old ideologies of authority, such as patriotism and the work ethic. And the authority of consumption allows cynical conformity, one without illusions.

Wherever images of refusal, such as punk, appear for me to identify with, I know that my disgust for this society has been taken for granted again. This merchan-

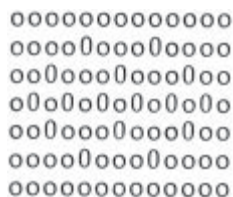
dising of life, however, treads on thinner and thinner ice as alienation deepens. Forced to invoke current rebelliousness, the show never quite manages to assuage those desires of a rebellious current that transcend the limits of spectacular-commodity society.

Sometimes I try to reconcile myself to these daily humiliations through militancy over pressing issues, but that seems like just another diversion from the emptiness of it all.

What if it's really me that's at stake?

P R Æ C I S I O

by Geof Huth



How can doing be nothing? How can I not-act? How can I not-move? I cannot stop my heart from its incessant beating, not stop my lungs from their filling and blowing out. Even my brain seems to writhe w/in my skull, thinking it over.

Yet it is possible to do (almost literally) nothing. Maybe to actually do nothing we have to have never existed, but there are types of inaction that have meaning as action, & these are the præcisio we perform by.

“The Dead String Quartet” is a skit by the original troupe of *Saturday Night Live*. The skit opens w/ the Dead String Quartet set up to play: four dead people seated in chairs w/ their instruments somehow propped in their laps, btwn their legs. No music plays. No one moves. The performance (such as it isn't) is complete. (Destroying the purity of præcisio, at the end of the skit, the musicians begin to slip out of their positions, an imprecise music is aleatorically played on their instruments, & the quartet topples our of their seats.)

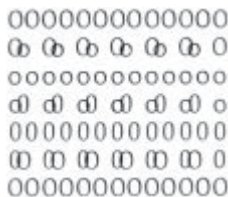
It's *Gary Shandling's Show* is a program famous for the attention it pays to the “fourth wall”, the proscenium, that open wall that the audience can see thru. On television, this wall is our screen & is a tangible surface, an actual barrier btwn reality & video. *It's Gary Shandling's Show* attempts to break down this wall, to acknowledge its presence by talking to the audience

& by admitting it is, after all, a television program. & in one episode, the program began with no-one. No person to talk to the audience, no Gary Shandling, the familiar stage, but Gary'd forgotten that his show was abt begin & he was busy somewhere else. The performance was absent. (Tho soon someone appeared on the stage, looking for Gary. Television producers don't think their audiences are ready for præcisio.)

Those præcisio actions turned into real action. For only a moment (a heartbeat) they existed before us (inhale, exhale) as nothing. But there are some examples of true præcisio nonperformances. Ramsey Clark, a former Attorney General of the United States, once began his defense of a group of 1960s demonstrators by resting his case. “I rest my case” (or something like this), he said. The case against his clients, he was telling us, was too ridiculous to warrant a defense. &, most incredible of all, Clark won his case.

We perform nonaction every day, somewhere. We pass a disabled automobile on the road, not-stopping, not-helping. We don't tell someone what they need to know. & we are fragile vessels of consciousness, carrying this nonaction with us wherever we go. Our past, a history of our future. Our thots, a memory of acts that never were.

Nihil obstat [N°7

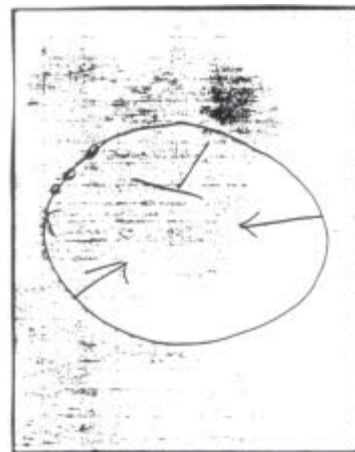


NOTES FROM THE STREET

by R.K. Courtney

I had been saving notes picked up in the street for about a year, even though I would probably not use many as collage material. So it was almost revelatory when I picked up the first slip in this series:

These could be put in a notebook if someone needs a copy — or back to Lesanne.



Fri

T__— Howdy!
I didnt mean to be rude or anything yesterday. My xx for not saying more than hi —my mind was going a 1000mph. —but that's no excuse. Have a good wkend & wk next wk.

B.
See the mark on your tire?
Came today.

July 30, 1986

Hi, how's everything going in your life? Seems like a hundred years since I've talked to you.

I bought you a graduation card but you know me, by the time I got around to sending it you were long gone to St. Louis.

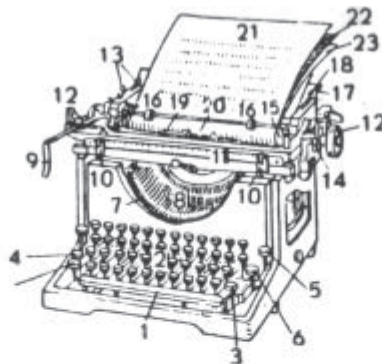
I'm so interested in how your life is going? What kind of job did you find? I'm curious like an adult in the real world as exciting as you anticipated? How's Brennan, I'll bet he's working real hard but it has to be more exciting than just going to class.

I'll bet you're dying to know what the hell I'm doing with my life.

Well I got a \$4000 academic scholarship from TCU, but after I'd already decided to come to

I even knew what notebook to put them in; an empty orange term paper cover I had also found on the street. R.K. Courtney, Iowa City, Fall, 1988

[N°1



POPULAR CULTURE IS THE WALRUS OF THE AVANT-GARDE

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

NOTE: All the characters in this novel are imaginary.

KAREN ELIOT

A day or so later Anne telephoned Janet Andrews and, finding she was in town, made an engagement with her that evening.

"This curious state of affairs," Anne told her, over very fair coffee—"calls for some serious questions."

She asked her questions and Janet answered, a little grudgingly at first, and then, as her gaze hit the side of the small, friendly little face, more openly.

"Race you to the post office?!" was what Janet wished to relate in her turn as they walked home.

"Why shouldn't I expect more from the sign of the dream than I expect from a degree of consciousness which daily grows more acute?" Anne looked at her astonished. "I am growing old."

"Perhaps its the difference with which you treat the dream," Janet explained, "which makes you grow old."

"In the waking state the mind has the tendency to lose its bearings," said Anne, and made a mental note. Surely, she thought, The Chief could take a hint?

Janet went on talking, warning Anne against certain importunate callers who had a way of trying to get past the desk—Masters, of the Simpson crowd;

Harvey, of Stolen Fiction—telling Anne, a little feverishly, of her employer's likes and dislikes, of what particularly annoyed him, of the especial vexations she had been able to keep away from him.

Anne thought, amused: "I wonder if he really likes it?" Somehow, it didn't fit in with the mental painting she had forged of the man himself, a painting she had carried about with her for three years; on the bus, to the grocery, out to dinner, which she often contemplated through coffee stains and ragged edges with admiration and by which she made, unconsciously, a good many comparisons.

Janet's flat was well furnished, but wholly lacking in charm. Janet lit a cigarette—"Funny to see her smoke so much," thought Anne to herself, "she doesn't seem to be the type."

"True, but judgements are bad faith" answered Anne's second thought to the first thought. "On the other..."

"I won't be coming back—to the agency..." said Janet slowly, interrupting the third in a series of Anne's thoughts. "He doesn't want me."

"The Chief can't get along without you!"

Janet tried to smile, tried to take that little sentence as a soothing balm to her sore throat.

"Oh?" she contradicted. "Say, I really like your new hairstyle," she looked directly at the younger girl, "you'll get the position, Anne."

Anne asked, with a rather direct cleverness:

"Your dreams can't be used to solve the fundamental questions of life, can they?"

"I'll say they can." Janet leaned nearer, her face flushed high on the cheekbones, and laid one unsteady hot hand on Anne's. "Wouldn't it be fun to climb the Matterhorn together" was all she said.

"I—shan't wait for my dismissal," she said with some gallantry, "but I can't seem to move my legs!"

"Get outside interests, Janet—and if you can—fall in love."

Fall in love!

He wouldn't look at Anne—The Chief, that is—with her ardent red round slim pretty fullness—he wouldn't be a man if he didn't look at her sometimes. Would any man be content with just looking!?

She went into her bedroom and stared about it dully. She must plan her packing, must formulate mentally the phrases of her dignified resignation, every word of which would be a knife in her heart. Her mind relaxed, she took to dreaming: Slowly and carefully she caught the dense liquid sphere and pulled it across the ceiling. As it congealed to the floor in a dull thick mass a quietude took hold within her and she drifted beneath her bed laughing.

A thought came to Anne, walking to the subway, that had something to do with her not knowing her Freud and her Ellis any better than did Janet. But she needed no books to tell her, now, what was the matter with the older woman.

"There is no choice but to consider it a phenomenon of interference," she thought, disturbed and with an aching pity tempered with the wholesome scorn of a youngster who had not yet been deeply stirred by life. "Poor thing. Why are women such fools?"

"Couldn't they keep sex out of it, save as a useful weapon? She wondered if they couldn't realize that the man was only the symbol of an earned income? Couldn't they see him as, merely a means to an end?"

During her following first week in Fellers' office Anne worked hard, marked much and caught one intimate glimpse of the caliber of the man himself. She was in her outer room when Dim Brown, one of the copy-writers and a friend of O'Hara's, came into The Chief's office, papers in his hand and his usually certified ac-

credited pleasant face haggard with strain. Anne, through the half open door, heard the conversation between the two men.

"You know" invited Fellers, "what mattered with ceremonial objects was their existence, not their being on view. Today the cult value would seem to demand that the work of art remain hidden. What do you think?"

Brown's answer followed after a perceptible hesitation. "I'm a pathetic, wretched being," he said frankly enough.

"What's eating you?" asked Fellers.

"A low shoreline; air glazed like amber; derricks and jetties above brown water; fluted tablelands and jigsaw bastions; the limitless neural geometry of the landscape," Brown told him. "My mind isn't on the job. I'm mechanical, I haven't any pep."

"With the different methods of technical reproduction involved in your work, is not your fitness for production increased to such an extent that the quantitative shift between the two poles of supply and demand turned into a qualitative transformation of the nature of your work?" asked Fellers with great gentleness.

"The apartment was a box clock," Brown burst out despairingly, "a cubicular extrapolation of the facial planes of the yantra, the cheek bones of Marilyn Monroe." He broke off short and added dully: "The annealed walls froze all the rigid grief of the actress. I had to go to that apartment to solve her suicide."

Anne's heart was beating furiously. She knew something of the stinging relentless foetid canker that eternally gnawed into poor defenseless young Brown's numbed brain relentlessly day after day without relief. He was a decent boy—a very decent boy, who had fallen terribly in love with all the depth and gravity of a boy's first absolute passionate attachment. Consequently, he was taking it hard, as only a nice boy could take it. He had loved her hopelessly with an edged desperation.

There was a pause.

After a pause Anne heard Fellers reply gravely:

"Get it together man, you've got a job to do."

Of course Anne could not help but see how Brown's situation paralleled hers.

After a little while Brown's voice reached Anne dimly, choked and low:

"Under a bland, equinoctial sky, outside the entrance to the planetarium, near by the hollow basins of cracked mud were inversions of the damaged dome of the plan-

etarium, and of the eroded breasts of Marilyn Monroe."

"Don't try. We've all been up against it, sometime, one way or another. Good-bye, Dim, and good luck."

A moment later Brown passed through Anne's office without seeing her, so dimmed were his eyes. Anne's eyes were equally misty. She thought, "He's more than a great business man; after all—he's a man."

Sex—the primal hunger, the impetus to progress and the sometimes obstacle. He sighed deeply, his face suddenly lined and altered.

When several weeks passed, Fellers spoke to Anne: "This much is certain: today photography and the film are the most serviceable exemplifications of their new artistic function" he told her.

"However conditioned it may be, the mind's balance is relative. It scarcely dares to express itself and, if it does—" Anne told him, and smiled, her eyes radiant and the quick color rising to her ardent cheeks.

But Fellers cut her short, rather reluctantly, for he enjoyed being a spectator to her ardent expressive little face, her lovely eyes.

"In the showroom and in the workplace, exhibition value begins to displace cult value all along the line" he said, and laughed.

As she went into her office he thought how amazingly pleasant it was to have a secretary so extremely soothing to the eyes. He had not missed beauty in Janet Andrews, but he appreciated it in Anne MerDock. He liked the very way she walked, the very way she carried the very small shining head, he liked watching her hands, very capable, very well cared for, very very prettily modelled, very this, and very that. She was very everything, and Fellers grew very tired thinking about it. He liked her. And he had to go lie down.

Anne bent her knees and sat down at the desk—her desk now—and tried to control the rapid pulsing of her heart with her mind. Her feet moved up another step on the ladder. An office of her own, for her own self. Fifty a week, perhaps, in her pay envelope, and her name in gilt letters on the glass door that would be of her person.

Her eyes saw that her hands were shaking. Her nerves told her that her knees were unsteady, and in her mind was the knowledge of an impulse toward laughter or tears. She shook herself mentally, pulled—in a manner of speaking—herself together. Such hysteria wasn't like her. Even a better job was no excuse,

she told herself severely, but at the last moment retracted with a self-apology for being too harsh on herself.

"I really am losing my mind," imagined Anne, whispering to herself so no one—not even she—would hear, otherwise people would begin to believe she really was losing her mind.

The job was a sign and seal of success, however unsettling it was in actuality—that is, going beyond its representational value—in its first moments. The job and not the man, after all. The man was a symbol also. Yet, as her buttocks rested on the chair and her ears heard him moving about the inner room with his well coordinated system of leg muscle contractions, smooth and easy joint movements, and light sure step that was his, and felt her heart thud heavily in unison, her awareness of a sudden misgiving, a creeping doubt, a frail but frightening wonder, a warning admission of his growing physical attraction for her.

She turned to her work again, setting her full lips firmly. This was dangerous nonsense she admitted to herself. Of course she admired Mr. Fellers, admired him greatly, but that was all.

But, as her pulses steadied, she was aware of an ironic hoot of thin laughter somewhere in the back of her brain. "Kill, fly faster, love to your heart's content. The ease of everything is priceless."

Was it not possible for a woman to work with a man, with a dangerously attractive man, even, and still find herself more worker than woman?

She thought that it was and went back to her vigorous accurate typing and did not know that Lawrence Fellers, listening, half subconsciously, to the rapid staccato to which business is tuned, sighed a little and smiled a little and wondered why he was suddenly so restless and yet so unwontedly content. [N°7

Plagiarism® Made Easy

Plagiarism in late capitalist society articulates a semi-conscious cultural condition: namely, that there is 'nothing left to say', a feeling made more potent by the theoretical possibility of access to all knowledge brought about by new technologies. The practitioners of much of 'post-modern' theory have tended to proclaim this feeling rather smugly; but if there is nothing to say, they yet demonstrate that there will 'always' by something to sell. On the other hand, there are practitioners active in many disciplines who, recognizing the necessity for collective action demanded by the media such as film and electronic tape, engage in plagiarism in an attempt to expose and explode once and for all the individualistic attitudes which tend to make all human activity seem redundant and increasingly alienated. —*The Tape-beatles*

A CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

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

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

TEXT: Theoretical, historical, or biographical texts concerning photographic, xerographic, or generative imagemaking or concerning any machine-art. Reviews of war occurring in the networking scene, including magazines, books, cassettes, videotapes, or exhibitions. Other creative writing for which there may be few established publication outlets; including essays and narratives, and especially those works which the established press seems unable to take seriously. New verbal media invented by idiosyncratic artists. Humor. Texts may be submitted on computer disc.

AUDIO: Audio-art, concrete music, generative audio, to tape cutups, sonic experimentation, collage, montage, and the like, will be considered for publication in the semiyearly *PhonoStatic Cassette* compilations. Music may also be submitted, 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. Any submissions will be simultaneously considered for use in weekly *RadioStatic Broadcasts* unless otherwise stipulated.



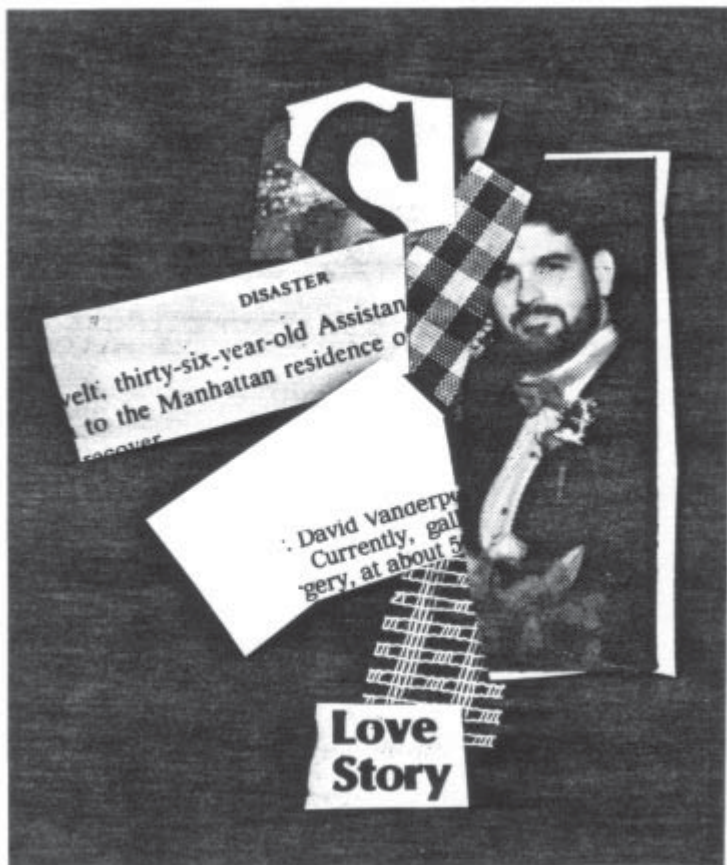
Neoism 101

Thought Projection

Imagine someone you have never met & who in no way easily fits into your own memories of people (i.e. *not* a composite personality) and is not a reflection of any cultural stereotype; that is, a complete unknown.

Imagine that this person has a personality & set of speech patterns & habitual behaviors which can be related to her/him specifically and that are rich with repetitive non-sequiturs, references & inside jokes.

Attempt to mimic these attributes as closely as possible, inte-



grating them into your daily personality & behavior. Do so without trying to understand them, to “get the jokes”, or to create any kind of bridge of translatability between yourself & the personality you are assuming. Be as thorough as possible.

Refrain from learning the name of the person you are imitating, as this prevents rigorous imitation. At all times consider the speech patterns, jokes, personal references, emotional states, etc., that you mimic to be your own. This makes complete projection possible.

Invent a means to explain the accumulated attributes to people with whom you are close & who notice the changes in your behavior & use of language. [end

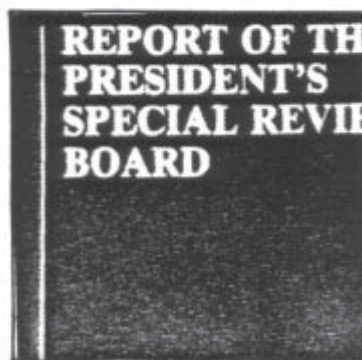
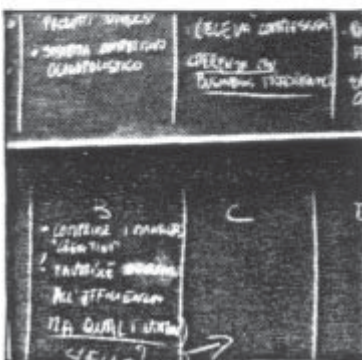
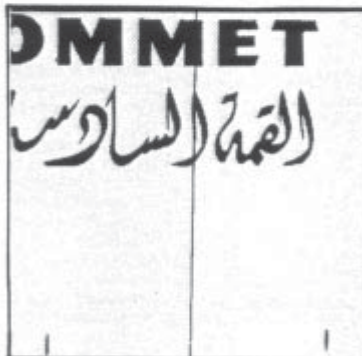
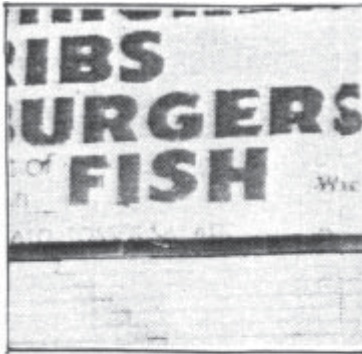
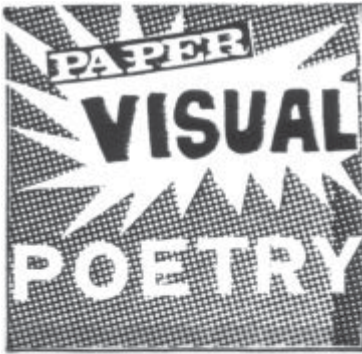
VIDEO: Any creative, generative, or interesting documentation of an art activity on videotape may appear on a future *VideoStatic Cassette*. Submissions may be on VHS, U-matic or Video-8. Bear in mind that tapes will be kept until the compilation is complete so that the master may be made directly from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

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

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

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

Address all correspondence to:
psrf@detritus.net



Print Reviews



11x30 Vol. 1 N°3. Joel Lipman, ed. 1p–11x30"–offset. Toledo Poets Center, 32 Scott House, University of Toledo, Toledo OH 43606 — A broadside, this contains "Poetry, Fiction, Articles, Literary News & Gossip" but not necessarily some of each in every issue. The current *11x30* does contain an article by Michael Kasper on short prose which, in its breezy laconism, simultaneously serves as an explanation and example of this "lawless" genre, as he puts it. At the bottom of the sheet, the promised tidbits of gossip. An orderly graphic approach and good production pull it all together. Hang this on your wall. —ld

Anathema N°3, Reality Issue. Jim Passin, ed. 32pp–letter–xerox. \$2 from P.O. Box 585, Chelmsford MA 01824 — For some reason this M.A. mag (say it together like you're stuttering) reminded me of a church bulletin (probably because of the the cheezy typeface). But after all religion is the religion of the masses and this magazine has its own religion of roughness, that special fun that only a typewriter and a xerox can provide the discontented (anarchistic) youth of America. The roughness is *Anathema's* charm and the graphics are very nice (for lack of a better word). The overall effect is gently dissonant, never becoming too angry or violent, or for that matter, too visual or explicit. I liked the poetry, just because nothing makes me feel

more exuberant than a poem based on getting your flesh torn off by a barbed wire fence. The whole magazine is very loose which suits it fine. —ac

Arbella N°4, Special Fast Food Issue. Anthony G. Chianese and Thomas J. Obrzut, eds. 75pp–letter–xerox. *Arbella*, 301 Seaman St, New Brunswick NJ 08901 — A collection of poetry, mostly verbal; and some prose. This raises this issue of what's gained and what's lost in our culture by chasing the carrot on a stick of progress; and it adopts as its metaphor the concept of fast food, symbolizing the loss of nutriment (food's essence), replaced by efficiency. So often we only go through the motions, forgetting what the reasons for this doing so are; fast food is a clear example of this. The collection is uneven, but the editor's own thoughtful works are proof of something. —ld



Atticus Review #17. Harry Polkinhorn, ed. 30pp–letter–xerox. 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 92231 — The first two contributors, Harlan Ristau and Clemente Padín, in this 17th issue of *Atticus*, embody the polarities this magazine has explored for several years now. On the one hand, *Atticus* is interested in work like Ristau's that are attempts to expand a medium, in this case, drawing. The three pieces that open this issue are not drawings or paintings or poems, but progeny of all three. They do not represent the external world, choosing to present a view of the internal conundrums of humankind. Of course anyone can see in them whatever they want to, which is both a danger and a joy, but they first

exist for themselves. Padín's work, which follows Ristau's, shows the other side of *Atticus*. These pieces are pointedly political. They speak out; they speak up; they point away from themselves toward some injustice in the world. These pieces, Padín's work in general, is less concerned with surface effects than with messages, barbed and aimed.

Most of this issue falls on either side of the extremes, but a few attempts to fuse artistic concerns with political. The most intense are the collages by Jake Berry, combinations of hand-written texts, drawings, and snippets of photographs and other things. Berry's work explores the fusion of several visual mediums, yet, while it

does not direct the reading of it away from itself to some current issue in the world, it speaks fervently for the personal politics of creation—it demands and goes after modes of expression that have as yet not even been imagined by the co-opters of culture. Berry's work is personal, but it touches upon issues of creativity that are vital to all of us. Another interesting thing about this issue is the varying range of "professionalism". On one hand, we have Dick Higgins' "Wafted in Puce", erudite, multilingual, employing several different typestyles. On the other, we have the crude, child-like drawings by

Chris Winkler and Guttom Nordø. Many small press magazines struggle with this same dilemma: professionalism versus unbridled spontaneity. *Atticus* is one of the few that can present both sides without tearing itself apart. This issue was more visual than most, but it's an excellent representation of the range of *Atticus*. Order it. Your interests are in here somewhere. —ch
Also: **Ruined Concrete** by Hugh Knox. 10pp—letter-xerox. Surrealist trick of dropping phrases into a hat and letting the god of chance write the poem. The theme seems to be urban decrepitude. —kh

Convolutions Vol. 1 N°s 2, 3. Ea. 16pp—A5—xerox.

Cerebral Shorts, 5/143 Glenhantly Rd, Elwood 3184 Australia — Documents of the network on the pages of which we may find an image, a text, or a group of announcements. The text which

opens N°2 suggests an awareness of Situationism, although this worldview does not seem to carry through into the included work. N°3 talks about how the brain is nourished through play. This looks like an interactive publication, driven by its contributions, so I would suggest you send them some page art and I bet they'd send you a copy. Somewhere in between infazine and picture-gallery. —ld

Documents-pages III and IV. Ph. Billé, ed. Each 10pp—A4—xerox. Philippe Billé, B. P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux France — A bimonthly, these are excisions from the xero-networking ether, comprised of almost cryptic

CONVOLUSIONS



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THE NATIONAL RHETORIC

SERVING THOSE WHO BELIEVE ANYWAY VOL. 1, ISSUE #1



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fragments of xerage, documentation thru text, and simple excisions of baffling reality. These pages contain some of the boldest xerographic work I've seen in quite some time—Billé's striking halftone dot portraits are especially tense. *Documents-pages* (re)prints some significant thought on xerox art in text form, as Billé collects essays and opinions from other publications—and original writing—and these appear in between the images, often translating the English text originals into French. If your interest runs particularly toward xerox, this publication should be on your list. —ld

Eulipian N°4. Don Baker, ed. 18pp—tabloid—xerox—multicolor with inserts. \$3 from P.O. Box 61387, Seattle WA 98121 — About eight years ago I was listening to the radio at about 2:00 in the morning when I heard a jazz piece with a neo-beat narrative overlay by Roland Kirk. I thought it was pretty cool and for years I casually looked for the album in used record stores to no avail. I recently found the album in the public library, eagerly checked it out, brought it home, listened to it and realized that, conceptually, the piece was cool but the narrative was actually a boring kind of over-wrought cool. The song was about a mythical city people called Eulipians. The magazine *Eulipian* is suffering from the same, over-wrought self-imposed “cool”, or rather the text stuff is. The graphics however (like Roland Kirk’s jazz) are quite a different matter. Lloyd proclaimed this color-printed, large-format magazine, one of the sexiest he’s received recently, and he means “sexy” as only a guy who loves innovative printing can mean sexy. The pictures, along with the visual appearance of the print (Macintosh, no less) are quite clean and beautiful, never over-bearing or uselessly sparse. It’s just too bad the text of the magazine (mostly poetry and free-form narrative) isn’t executed with equal precision. —ac

Going Gaga N°3: Notebooks of the Mind. Gareth Branwyn, ed. 24pp—half legal—xerox. Free to contributors; all others must make a donation. Gareth Branwyn, 2630 Robert Walker Pl, Arlington VA 22207 — Another pleasingly dense smattering of information, art, and visible noise. This issue puts together a load of ideas about notebooks, journals and diaries in sketches, texts, and more on this subject. Also contains an unusual article on ‘odorism’; it’s pretty funny, based on solid ideas. News and announcements as well. *Going Gaga* in addition boasts a consistent graphic strategy and varied but clear layouts. —ld

H23. Spring, 1989. Ron Rice, ed. 32pp—letter—xerox. \$1.50 from P.O. Box 592, Pullman WA 99136 — Ron Rice’s premier issue *H23* looks a lot like an instructional manual for a refrigerator but is otherwise (format-wise) a straight-forward somewhat over-intellectualized update of the standard fanzine magazine construction. The magazine is minimal on graphics and heavy on serious text such as interview and reviews of recorded and printed media. An interesting compendium of stuff that usually is spread out all over the place, (performers and performed alike) is gathered here in articles such as an interview with Paul Lemos of controlled Bleeding

and a Performance Art retrospective featuring the work of Neo-Avant Garde performance artists Fluxus that reads kind of like a fact sheet or an outline for someone’s master thesis. All in all a serious effort to create form out of chaos whether it needs to be done or not. —ac

Kooks Magazine N°3. Donna Kossy, ed. 26pp—letter—offset. \$3 from P.O. Box 953, Allston MA 02134 — When form doesn’t tend to be adventurous the least one can expect is content that makes up for traditional approaches to form. *Kooks* is a goldmine of content with a few delicately off-beat graphics. #3 includes a comparative essay on *Kooks* versus *Cranks* for those of us who need to untangle the differences between the likes of Jack T. Chick (my favorite Jesuit-bashing comic book publisher) and Donna Kossy’s own choice of typical *Crank*, a guy named Dave Reissig, known for his humorless, anti-semitic hate literature. Along with the *Kooks* v. *Cranks* essay there is a very nicely written,

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nasty article about New Age Consciousness under the nifty heading of "Eclectoplasm", a book review of Prof. Arnold Ehret's 1922 Mucusless Diet Healing System, James E. Padgett's 1914 "True Gospel Revealed Anew by Jesus" and a tour of The Garden of Eden in Lucas, Kansas (pop. 600). This is only the tip of the iceberg,

as editor Donna Kossy herself discovers when she visits the M.I.T. Archive of Useless Research. This mag is chock full of fun stuff, one can only hope that someday they'll do an issue on my favorite of American kooks Ray Kroc, founder of MacDonald's and the perfect family meal. —ac

big plans for little mouse kill



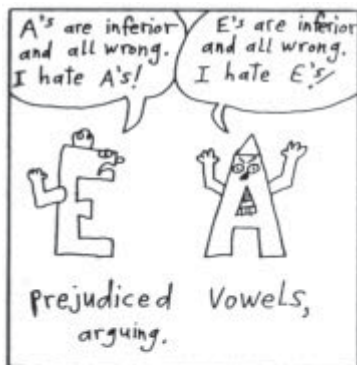
Laughing Whale N°3. Luke McGuff, collator. c. 72pp—half letter—various processes, mostly xerox. Laughing Whale, P.O. Box 3987, Minneapolis MN 55403 — A collation of artist-made prints and hand-made pages, brought to us by Luke McGuff, who used to do *Live From the Stagger Cafe*. I have never much liked collation projects: one of my main interests in another magazine is asking why certain things were included and how their significance is strengthened or weakened by what else is included. Collation projects deny me this pleasure, because I know there were no rejections, and I know that the opportunity exists for few editorial decisions. However, I admit there is some pleasure to be gotten from leafing through a bound collection of unrelated pages, not thinking about them in any special way, rather like day dreaming. McGuff seems to understand that these have more to offer their participants than a stranger (such as myself) peering in, inasmuch as he has strictly limited the number of copies he sells or gives away for review. Therefore it follows that the best way to get one is to participate in McGuff's next *Laughing Whale* (details published in this issue.) —ld

LowLife N°15. Glen Thrasher, ed. 92pp—8x11"—offset. Write: P.O. Box 8213, Atlanta GA 30306 — Do you love life? Have you seen the shining light of our Savior? Even if you haven't there are better things you can think and/or read about while sitting on the toilet, one of these being *LowLife*. This is a magazine exemplary to the umpteenth degree if for nothing else but it's bullshit aggressiveness and snotty sense of self (and I mean that in a very positive way, mind you). This magazine has movie, book, audio, video reviews, interviews, issue 15 has a RRR-*LowLife* Free Record compilation plus a RRRrecords mini-catalogue. The article on Univision makes one wonder why anyone ever bothers to write about primetime Network TV at all. The fiction is good and the poetry is great, because, because, just because they only seem to be trying to impress themselves instead of the whole goddamn world. Maybe you can't listen to the record while you're sitting on the toilet but this may be the excuse you've been waiting for to move your turntable into the bathroom. —ac

Mannekin Cypher by Thomas Wiloch. 40pp—4x6"—xerox. \$4 from Bomb Shelter Props, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102 — Verbal puzzles and narrative metaphors which address issues of consciousness as a scope for dissecting the human condition. Reviewing work that is so complete in technique and vision, and so unerring in its aim is difficult for me, so I offer what I offered the last time I reviewed a book of Wiloch's—an excerpt (see box): —ld

On the Path

The man holds the little boy's hand as they walk along. "Must we follow the path?" says the boy. "Yes," replies the man. "We follow the path." Marked on the smooth white floor are two parallel lines in black paint. The man and boy walk between these lines. There is a soft light on them, but all else is in darkness. "It is quiet here," says the boy. "It is always quiet on the path," the man explains. "Are we there yet?" says the boy, and the man shakes his head. "We shall not be there for a long time," he says. "We may never be there. We may continue to walk until the end of time." "What is time?" says the boy. "It is the way we measure our walk on the path," the man replies. "So if we stop walking," the boy says, "we stop time." "Time must not be stopped," says the man, "or all our measurements are gone." "And what if we walk on the part of the floor which is not the path?" says the boy. "Then we will be in the place where there are no paths. We will be walking in a direction we do not know, without time to measure us." "We will make our own path," says the boy. "We will measure ourselves." The man stops and raises an arm. He brings the arm down hard, striking the boy. "We will now walk down the path," says the man. He holds the whimpering boy's hand and pulls him along.



Mind Wandering Cartoons by Joseph Niswander. 32pp—half legal-xerox. \$3 from Joseph Niswander, P.O. Box 401, Anderson IN 46015 — “Cartoons that make no conscious sense.” The best cartoons in this anthology are incredibly screwy; something like what an Warner Brothers animator might dream as a child during a disturbed slumber. Although there is no “meaning” here (whatever that means), there is no shortage of response to these odd-tasting tidbits. The draftsmanship is amateurish but the ideas come through all right. Some verge on social statement: “Foolish, power-hungry business men taking money from the creative artists.” Some are almost metaphysical: “Frank buys himself from himself, then gives himself to himself as a gift.” Some are inexplicable, but funny: “Frog with pan in mouth sits on giant compass giving the peace sign to hippy gum drops.” or my favorite “God bones erupted from the banana volcano.” I dunno. You figure it out if you have to, but even if you don’t, “...your subconscious mind will enjoy them.” —ld

Model-Peltex N°8. Dominique LeBlanc, ed. 28pp—A6—xerox. Work by Willem and Eric Watier. \$4 from Model-Peltex, 3 rue des Couples, 67000 Strasbourg France — Comprised of the work of two draftsmen artists, who use pen and ink in very different ways. The work of Willem is paneled rectangularly, like comic books,

though the images are oddly simple, exact line drawings of protesters, electrical appliances, starving Africans, 3rd world militants, quasi-porn poses, ladies wiping their noses, and more. The juxtaposition of these seemingly unrelated graphemes has some surprising effects, and I expect most viewers will be left feeling lonely and helpless in the world where the image has superceded reality itself: the world of Willem’s vision. The aesthetic distress is in recognizing our own culture in these depictions. Eric Watier’s drawings, which close the collection, are much different—where Willem’s lines are stylizedly precise, Watier’s are queer buglike scribbles that simply don’t have the arresting immediacy of that makes Willem’s so strong. —ld



NIL Visuelle Literatur. Markus Binner, ed. Write: NIL, Hospelstrasse 67, 5000 Köln 30 West Germany — Nil, in English at least, means “nothing, zero”. I don’t know if it has the same meaning in German, or if it is even meant to be a word and not an acronym, but hey, when I took this magazine out of the envelope I knew I had more than nothing. It recalls *DOC(K)S* and *Score* by printing works, all of a visual nature, some with a verbal-visual twist (double-helix), one to a page, with liberal amounts of white space to help the pieces stand out. Printed on fine paper, perfect-bound, 8x11", it is

immediately appealing in aesthetic terms. Looking closer, reading closely, it is more problematic and demands more time before one can make any qualitative statement. Many of the works achieve their full effects in the first reading—such as “Two Gangland Elegies” by Roy Arenella, made up of the names “Joey Gallo”, riddled with periods, and “Frank Costello”, raked by dashes—while others run into obstacles. Some of these obstacles are language barriers—there’s work in English, German, Japanese, Russian—but others are stumbling blocks sometimes found on the borders of the visual and ver-

bal: contrivance, flatness, collages and drawings dressing up to pass as literature (and I only raise this issue because this magazine spells out its interest in visual literature on its cover). I could not get a good read on it. The pieces I could read sharpened my belief that visual literature is one of the first international literatures. It is the visual dimension that brings out the best of these works, that replaces linguistic surface with a depth of presence. In the best of these works, the language barriers are leaped; artist/poet communicates to world-wide audience in his original tongue (sound transmission could accomplish this as well). I would love to quote, but how does one quote visual literature? You're going to have to look for yourself. Contributors include

Jiri Valoch, Heinz Gappmayer, John Bennett, Jürgen O. Olbrich, Serge Segay, Vittore Baroni, Shoji Yoshizawa. This issue, its first, instantly makes *NIL* a magazine to watch. —ch

Parallel Lives: Monk by Martin Hibbert and **Cockroach** by Rupert Loydell. Apparitions Press c/o Stride, 37 Portland St, Newtown, Exeter, Devon, EX1 2EG UK — The quotable Monk, "we shiver in our bleak coats of modernity," who is nevertheless "lonely and uninfluential" is "softly building the air of pure invention," in this series of poems. Cockroach, the other half of this anthology, has the soul of a poet longing for the metamorphosis of notoriety. This series is so dry it burns. —kh

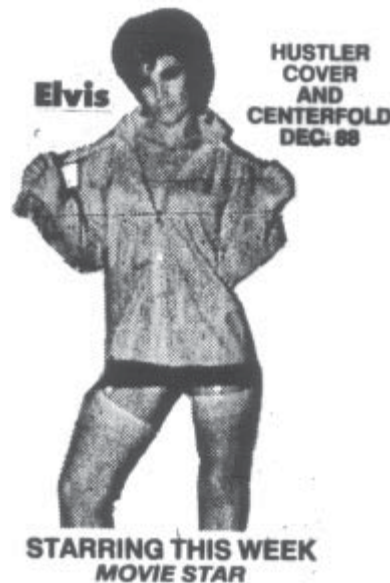


Sound Choice N°11. 94pp—letter-offset. David Chiaffardini, ed. \$3 from P.O. Box 1251, Ojai CA 93023 — This is to audio cassette culture what *Factsheet Five* is to print culture—not only in the physical sense (both zines are printed on newsprint and saddle stitched and have similar heft and text density), but also in the idea that We Can Change The World If We Really Try By Getting The Word Out That Alternatives Exist. So all I really can say is that this contains so much info on independent cassettes and their makers, that you'd have to be silly not to subscribe today if that were your interest. Please don't be silly. —ld

The Sphinx Vol. 1 N°s 1, 2. Each 4pp—half letter—xerox. Sase from Mumbles Publications, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita KS 67208 — Mumbles Publications, which is run by John Eberly, have recently come out with a slew of single sheet text and image publications, both humorous and strange. These *Sphin-xes* are two examples. Elvis back-

from-the-dead showing up as an "interpretive dancer" and female impersonator, talk show host interviewing food spewers, and humorous graphics, fill these pages. Social satire is a large part of what these graphically coarse things are all about. —ld

Stamp Axe Vol. 5 N°1. Pier lfr, ed. 40pp—4x7"—xerox. \$2 from Stamp Axe, P.O. Box 109 Station C, Montréal QBC H2L 4J9 Canada — Well produced with unusual layouts and xeroxy textures, *Stamp Axe* is a pleasing little networking infozine. Current issue has an interesting article about the woes of the Canadian postal system and what its bleak future may be. In addition, *Stamp Axe* reviews cassettes and magazines, and carries announcements for shows and calls for submissions. Much smaller than previous issues of *Stamp Axe*, this edition nonetheless manages to keep making sense of the mail art jungle that's out there. —ld



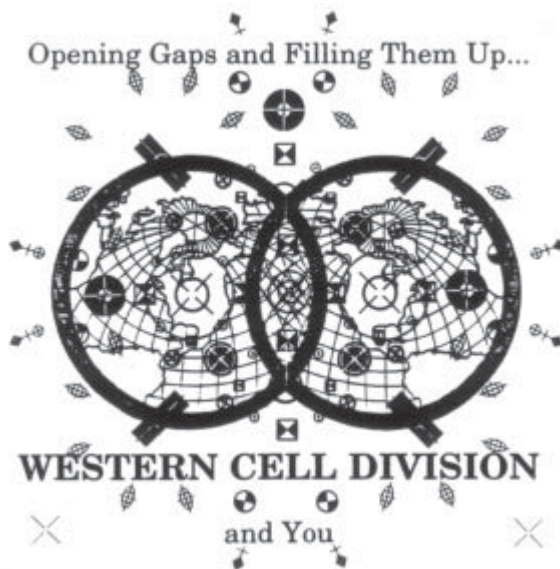


Western Cell Division and You.

12pp-7x7"-xerox. Contact: W.C.D., 717 Washington Pl #3B, Baltimore MD 21201 or Dialectical Immaterialism Press, P.O. Box 22142, Baltimore MD 21203 — An cogent pamphlet of texts which begins by thinking of Western Culture in terms of cell culture: we're devouring the planet with uncontrolled expansion, much like cancer. The writer(s) here wonder "...if an interstice is momentarily created with each division of cells. If ... deviant cultures ... spring up in the gaps created (by the fold of one reality overrunning the other) ...an altogether new culture, new perception, [is] paradoxically made possible by the increasing folds in the reality fabric...." Then the conceptualizing moves on to censorship, which "...is a more powerful, more revolutionary, and more populist form of subjectivity than 'imagination' because it requires only familiarity with dominant 'reality', rather than the 'conscious' production of other ('imagined') realities...." Also given a work over are 'Television Deconstruction' and 'Optically Disassociated Reality'. Although the text is at times turgid (epidemic, it would seem, in Situationist and Neoist circles) and will likely demand rereadings before it sinks in, the ideas found in it re-evaluate the world and strongly suggest ways to change it. —ld

Stun Gun Enema by Chris Winkler. 48pp-4x5"-xerox. \$4 from Abscond, 2251 Helton Dr N7, Florence AL 35630 — A prose that may have been constructed using a dictionary and a random number generator. Little in it interconnects and in its hurry to say nothing this reader is desperately lost. —ld

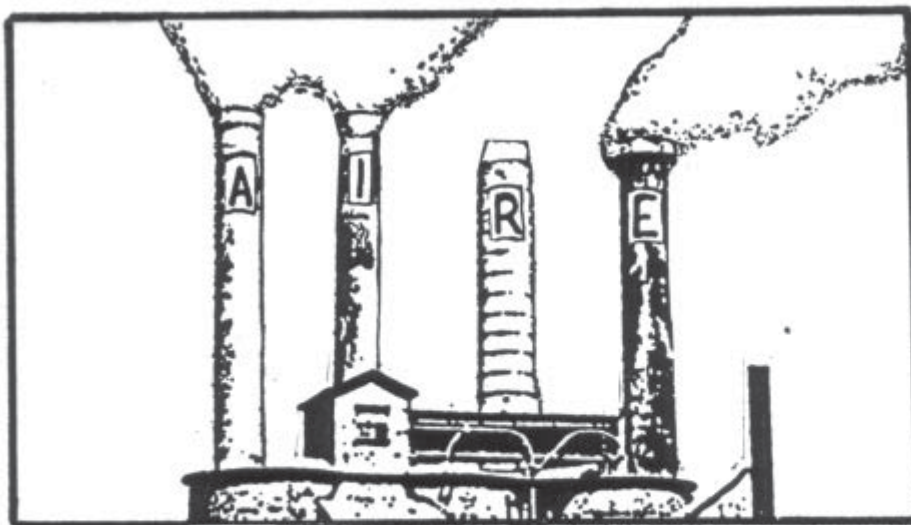
Transnational Perspectives, vol. 14 N°3. René V.L. Wadlow, ed. 48pp-A4—offset. Inquire: Transnational Perspectives, Case Postale 161, 1211 Genève Switzerland — Transnational Perspectives, published in English in Switzerland, is dedicated to the promotion of world culture or, as the magazine itself says: "Common Interests in World Politics". A perusal of the political articles reveals a tendency to promote a particular brand of policy considered suitable for the declining, endangered, cynical world. Primarily this is policy that is a bit overwhelmed by its own idealism to the point where it has become defensive of detractors. These detractors are seen as being purely doomsayers who would be able to save the world if only they had the proper Gestalt. Often the authors of the articles, despite their impressive-looking credentials, run off on such tangents, where painting ideological smiling faces on the specters of international greed and power mongering is seen as a just remedy for these ills. In this vein, the articles range from the well-thought-out and well-written "The Third Special Session on Disarmament" by Marek Thee and "Afghan Repatriation" by Rima Djazzar, to the almost ridiculously infantile "Children of Gaia" by Mark Braham, which reads like an out-of-control ideological horse. Perhaps not primary to the magazine's purpose but an interesting sideline to the promotion of global culture are the international cassette reviews. These music/audio noise reviews survey the quirky variety of experimentation happening now on the international level without the preachiness of the rest of the magazine. —ac





A World Bibliography of Mail Art by John Held, Jr. 215pp—letter—xerox. Published by The Dallas Public Library, 1515 Young St, Dallas TX 75201 — Who better than John Held, Jr., maven of the mails, in touch with everybody, to put together the definitive collection of articles about mail art and where to find them? —ld

The reviewers for this issue are: Anastasia Coles, Ll. Dunn, Crag Hill, and Karen Holman. Work sent for the purposes of review is welcome and encouraged. All work received will at least be mentioned. Please include appropriate details on how to obtain the work. You will receive a copy of the issue your work appears in in exchange for your participation. Special thanks are due this issue to Eric Gunnar Rochow, for a technology donation.



“ PARA NO MORDER EL POLVO ”
17 Dic.-88, Mont., Uruguay

Clemente Padín

✓ FOR NOT TO BITE THE DUST, Montevideo, Uruguay, 1988, VHS NTSC, Spanish, 15 min., related how a trasnacional fabric pollutes Montevideo and the infirmities that the portland dust provokes in the people.

**The Tape-beatles’
A subtle buoyancy of pulse;
Critiqued in Yugoslavia**

(...) “As I am representing the groups which chanellize their expressions through collages of musical and non-musical sequences (as when children make pictures out of motley papers) I, definitely, have to mention THE TAPE-BEATLES. The best possible descripton of the music presented at the cassette THE BIG BROADCAST is the following: just think if all the radio stations of

the world started to broadcast damaged records and their station can do nothing about it. So, you are listening to the radio and searching for a station without hienorse [sic] and whenever you find a new one, you became aware, but everything is in disorder on it, too. The music keeps on repeating, speakings come and go, parts of advertisements are endlessly going on; their chaos on the air (ether) which nobody can stop. If you can imagine that, then you have exactly present THE BIG BROADCAST of the group THE TAPE-BEATLES. The procedure that they are using while

creating they call plagiarism, and don’t you by any chance use that way ot making music because they’ve protected it, and, finally, it’s their idea after all (I love when groups have sense for humor and irony). All the ideas are determined by the concept of retro-futurism for the following simple reason:

THE TAPE-BEATLES are the focus in which the avant-garde definitely collapses.

DamirTiljak in Studenski. List,
Zagreb, Yugoslavia
(translation by Dejan Marcovic)

Audio Reviews

Atomic Breathing. Lp–10 tracks. The Tape Cartridge Club, 6114 Country Club Rd, Omaha NE 68152 — Folk rock. Guitar bass drums. Standard glossy production. Oh, it's good if you like this sort of thing, but I have heard enough lyrics like "Another dead end place / without the slightest trace / where the whole thing's been / Another same old case / of that human race / runnin' lost again..." (from "Bleeding Prophet"). Aarrgh. No offense, but I wish those record label promo guys would quit sending us rock 'n' roll. —pn

Pedestrian Tapes, P.O. Box 213 Pymont, 2009 Sydney Australia:

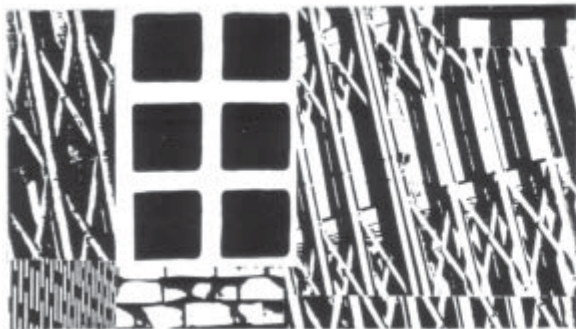
Bend an Ear by Rik Rue. C46–12 tracks. — This is a tape full of charming rhythms, queer melodies, and odd sounds. "I've Never Come This Way Before" is sinister, mechanistic, brooding. The use of concrete sounds and effects is something I always find interesting, but even those who are not specifically leaning toward this will find a lot to like here: each composition seems to be well-thought out. Yodeling, stuttering, and just plain talking are some of the vocalisms offered. Although solidly in the vein of "experimental", one will find pop influences (salsa, rock, jazz, more) but also those unsettling rhythms that messing around with tapes makes possible.

Social Interiors by Rue/Fahey/Davison. C60–14 tracks. — The plaintive "Unduly Pessimistic" is put

next to the silly "Fertilizing Sheep with Hip Hop"; both are followed by the abstract "Measurement Sonata". All of it is skilfully done with an accent on variety. —ld

Collective Foist Audio Survey. Lp–12 tracks. Scott Dohring, ed. Foist Magazine, 287 Averill Ave, Rochester NY 14607 — Yet another example of the growing fecundity of the audio art network, this compilation showcases the audio artists of Rochester New York via *Foist* magazine, Rochester's answer to *PhotoStatic*. Apparently this disc is the result of a juried show—and readers note: *Foist* welcomes submissions for its ongoing cassette compilation project. At least that's what it says on the sleeve. Highlights: Screaming feedback from Matt Messinger ("Bad Rhythem"), an inspired psychobabble explosion from Peter Landers ("Vocalese"), equally inspired free jazz from Vingt Doigts ("Lethargy"), classic punk rock (!) from the Stripminers' "Ol' Walt", and Health & Beauty's definitively half-Jap "I'd Rather Be in Rochester". All the cuts stand as document of the vitality of Rochester's art and music scenes. Recommended. —pn

Concrete Mixing by Karen Eliot. C90. Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203 — A documentation of a performance held on the closing night of Eliot's *Paracultural Exhibition*. It's quite impossible to tell what's going on here: one can hear strident



room noise, and amplified voice uttering a syllable here and there, radio music from the early 70s, wails and drones. —ld

Crawling with Tarts/ASP, 1803 Mission St #316, Santa Cruz CA 95060 — *These unlabeled transparent cassettes feature unusual fine-art paper folding sleeves with quality letterpress printing on them. They also have very good quality sound reproduction.*

Candy Tooth Ceylon. C90–15 tracks—\$5. — Similar to *The Tudor Tapes*, many of these works are beguiling and almost cute; at the same time they move from moods ranging from the regal to the intimate to raw punk anger.

The Tudor Tapes. C30–8 tracks—\$5. — These songs (that's what I'd call them) offer spritely and wafting melodies rendered in organ, bell, guitar and female voice. They have a similar feel to Penguin Cafe Orchestra in their electronic and acoustic rhythms and timbres. Almost classical sounding. —ld

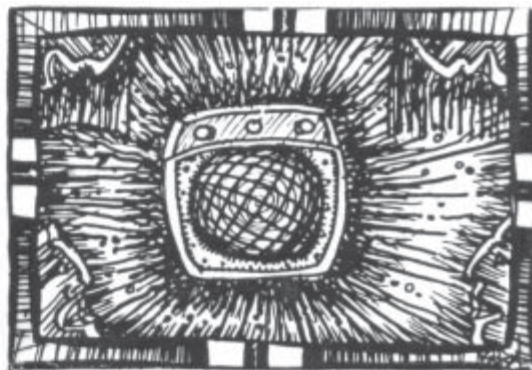
Dad's New Slacks. Radio broadcast of WMPG Gorham ME. Write: Dad, 1468 Washington Ave, Portland ME 04103 — Radio mixing fun of sundry sound sources in much the same vein as Ivan Stang's "Hour of Slack" or even Post-Void Radio Theater's "Little City in Space". Funny talk, bits of bizarre music, found audio from tv, etc., with emphasis on humor or social content. The airwaves need more of this kind of stuff; it'd be great to hear by accident in the middle of a long drive. —ld

Doorway of the Deep by Usward. C60–14 tracks. J. Niswander, P.O. Box 401, Anderson IN 46015 — Song titles suggest mystical philosophical content in the music, mythical stories; "Stone Solace," "River of Peace," "Soul Tree." Heavy organ strains dominate, low throated voice tells the story of "Barrier to the Deep." Guitar and recorders are used on "The Three Bares" affecting a medieval courtly quality. Sounds push their way into wandering guitar lines or bright organ riffs which seems to emulate the subconscious. Catalogue of Uswander music and cartoons available. —jh

Duets (the First 12 Days of 1989) by Fredrick Lonberg-Holm. C60–12 selections—4 discrete sound tracks. Collision Cassettes, 811 W 8th St, Wilmington DE 19801 — This cassette has the unusual feature of having four separate "sides" so to speak. In order to listen to it as intended one must listen to only one stereo channel at a time, the other channel containing a separate line up of work. Lonberg-Holm's cello is pitted against a variety of instruments and performers, offering a cohesive collection of experimental musical ideas. —ld

Folk Songs of Middle America by various. C60–25 tracks. \$4 from SNM Productions, P.O. Box 472084, Tulsa OK 74147 — Hard core, speed, rock, punk, folk, performed texts offer an insider's look at the region. Most tracks are live recordings. —jh

Momentumless Identity by John Hudak. C60. \$4 from SSS, 5881 Darlington, Pittsburgh PA 15217. Contact: John Hudak, P.O. Box 7784, Philadelphia



PA 19101 — The first word is the apt one in the title: these two works, each occupying a side of the tape, are virtually indistinguishable. Grindingly monotonous, “Many Sparrows” lives mainly in the low register, and is atmospheric I suppose—as if you were sharing space with a large power generator. It simply ends when the tape runs out. “The Lost Pleasures” has a barely different mood inasmuch as it features the slow tolling of a bell in the distance. I had the opportunity to see Hudak perform at the *Sonic Turmoil* festival in Pittsburgh; in fairness, his live music is much superior in energy and interest; my guess is that these cassettes fail to document what Hudak has available as a musician. —ld

Onanathra by Deathranch. C60–9 tracks. Write: Skidloy, 1473 Redwood Dr, Santa Cruz CA 95060 — This deliciously dark opus from Deathranch spotlights reverb tone drones and loops, mercilessly packed into the mix like so many squirming earthworms. Unfortunately, individual songs become harder to distinguish as the tape rolls on, but this has got to be the *heaviest* sonic turgidity since Current 93. Anyone wearing more than 50% black clothing while reading this should buy without question. —pn

Our Television World by Mike Shores, Bill Shores, and Tim Clifford. C90–20 tracks. Eyes Electric Studios, P.O. Box 901, Allston MA 02134 — This is a long sound collage using the television as source material. Collage isn’t really the best word for most of these pieces, however, as many simply take peculiar source material and excerpt it more than they affect it. In a sense this is a documentary of sorts—a kind of scrap book—which pulls examples from the phenom-

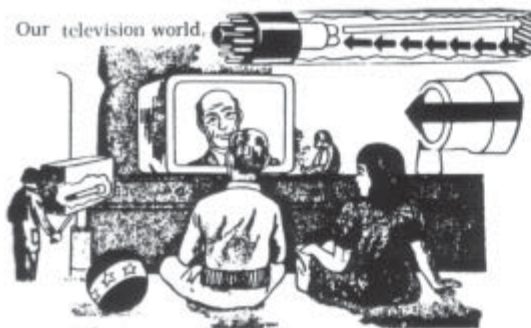
enon being scrutinized for use as evidence. The pieces which are manipulated (“Yes Miss Landers” is a good example) mostly repeat the funny parts until they’re no longer funny. The only really good work on this cassette is the one and a half minute long “Jason Revs Up” which overlaps and intercuts the voice of an irate black man so that there are not only exciting rhythms set up, but also a kind of melody in multi-part harmony takes over near the end. An excellent piece, and definitely out of step with what surrounds it. —ld

Sound of Pig Music, %Al Margolis, P.O. Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn NY 11215 —

This is certainly one of the most prolific of the “home tapers” labels that exists, with over 260 releases to date. It is probly guilty of releasing too much work: some of it gets to be samey after awhile, and the package design is rather shoddy (not that this latter is too important, but at the same time it is nice to see evidence of more care in projects such as these.)

#186: **Beatmusik** by Gen Ken. C60–11 tracks. — Style of demented disco features synthy rhythm textures, distant vocals and raspy melodics. You could dance to this, if you had to.

#221: **Tunnel** by XTSW. C60. — Scritch and grindy, these big-sounding works skirt overload again and again; *Tunnel*, the title, is suggestive of having to pass through **b** to get from **a** to **c**—that **b** being rather dark and perhaps foreboding, like the music on this tape. Ringing feedbacky resonances composed of vocals, cymbals, and tape effects are the featured sounds which are arranged in densely spatial and atmospheric patterns. The whole thing rolls down the road like a car needing an oil change.



#222: **Fruit Bat Savvy**. C60-4 tracks. Rich Clark, Al Margolis, Dan Andreana, Detta Andreana. — This tape mixes calliope, opera tenor, shortwave whirr and buzz, and pinball machine in an aggressive-sounding mix. Formless din made up from tapes, turntable and radio; a kind of re-enactment of a Cageian aleatory score perhaps. Side one was recorded live and is called "Grand Exhausted Mystic Crowbar Part I", a title which is more entertaining than the music itself. Side 2 opens with a dizzying cacophony of nostalgic tunes all playing together at the same time. This tape has some interesting moments, but never seems to quite come into focus for this listener.

#247: **Dreammachine**. C60-\$5. — A live set recorded at Kirby's in Wichita Kansas. Most of it is pretty difficult even to hear, and what is heard (I can discern flute noodling and conga tapping) is obscure, like hearing your neighbor-to-the-left's classical music clash with your neighbor-to-the-right's bad jazz through the thick plaster of your apartment walls. These sounds come together to form a generalized sonic stasis, rather dead to these ears.

#250: **Voices New and Old** by Michael Horwood. C60-6 tracks-\$5. — A "serious" set of compositions based on the human voice in its natural habitat: in conversation, asking questions, sometimes reading its own poetry. Built around classical structures, such as the fugue, these often long pieces make their sense

out of a variety of treatments and techniques, from warpspeed tape drive wow/fluttering, tape-repeat phasing and echo, and other studio tricks. The light touch to the arrangements is pleasing, and although a bit academic, they'd probly be intellectually satisfying to those of us with such leanings.

#251: **Confirmation** by Allegory Chapel, Ltd. C60-10 tracks. — Moody, almost eerie, these works offer a world filled with irony with a sense of cultural displacement. The pieces work through a manipulation of conventional found recorded sound placed in the milieu of electronic distortions, this is laced with dramatic sonic gestures that are exciting, if a bit empty. In spite of this, this is a quite enjoyable tape. —ld

Who's Margaret Freeman by Chris P. C60. Write: Mielle Christophe, 182 ave Jean Lolive, 93500 Pantin France — Rapid, varied drum effects carry heavy melodious guitar sounds, dark thick voice is exerted over the well controlled pop influenced compositions. Sometimes tape affected, always well mixed, this cogent repertoire stands up to that of many signed record label artists. —jh

The audio cassette reviewers for this issue are: Ll. Dunn, John Heck, and Paul Neff, who are all members of the Tape-beatles. All works sent for the purposes of review are welcome and encouraged. Everything sent will at least be mentioned.



Listings

• **A Rough Draft Re: Collaboration.** A preliminary before the final project so that modifications can get in before the gel sets. This is a collaboratively written text which deals with the issue of collaboratively written texts. From the intro: "Seems to me that collaborative writing is a radical act. Working together to create single texts kicks at our culture's image of The Writer as a solitary sole pounding a typewriter in a lonely garret..." Write: **Burning Press**, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Heights OH 44118.

• **Action Works Performances 1970-1987** by Clemente Padin. Half-legal overview of the performance pieces by Uruguayan art-dissident Padin, in English mostly. Contains texts and pictures. Write: **Clemente Padin**, Casilla C. Central 1211, Montevideo Uruguay.

• **Angel With a Criminal Kiss** by Jeri Cain Rossi. "Rossi's characters play a losing game & enjoy it." Short short stories that twist and punch. \$4 from **Primal Publishing**, 107 Brighton Ave, Allston MA 02134.

• **C'est la Faute aux Copies.** *Toten Twist*: series of skeleton poses which echo the significance of their captions. *Mao à Strasbourg*: card images depiction the former Chinese ruler, extracted from the historical photographic record, and injected into Strasbourg milieux. Write: **Jean-François Robic**, 6 rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg France.

• **Curios Thing #3.** Another installment in the hand-size booklet of absurd humor constructed from the bits of represented reality. **A.1 Waste Paper Co.**, 71 Lambeth Walk, London SE11 6DX UK.

• **Dogs without Cars N°5.** Newsletter spoofing the subculture of the bus passenger. A newsletter this specific should interest no one—and that's what's funny about it because it does interest. Write: **Musicmaster**, 4950 Bryant Ave S #5, Minneapolis MN 55409.

• **The Duplex Planet N°99.** David Greenberger, ed., asks the elderly questions and records their responses in these slender booklets. They do say the gosh-darnedest

things. Write: *The Duplex Planet*, P.O. Box 1230, Saratoga Springs NY 12866.

• **El Djarida Xtra.** Jan '89. Polycolor offset booklet which is, in fact, most recent issue of Norwegian arts journal. Printed in layers for visual complexity. *El Djarida*, Box 4536 Kalvskinnet, 7002 Trondheim Norway.

• **Flotsamandbedlam N°1.** Spring 1989. Scrapy filled edge to edge pages with xerage and typewritten poetry. Rough around the edges and "interested in your perceptions of the big picture." Write: **James Chionsini**, 4603 Tammy Cove, Midland TX 79707.

• **Hilare Moderne Production.** 4 and 31. Duchamp poing dans la tête. Art (Eufs! (Euh!)) More French puns explored by means of xerage. **Eric**

Heilmann, 4 rue du 8 mai '45, 02260 La Capelle France.

• **Maximum Rockroll N°74.** Everybody's favorite hardcore zine. My favorite is the letters section: the editors let writers-in go on at length about very little. The importance is the forum to express yourself. \$2 from *Maximum Rockroll*, P.O. Box 288, Berkeley CA 94701.

• **Open World 41.** Newsletter of the ultra-active Yugoslavian mail-art couple Rora and Dobrica Kamperelic'. Bits of stuff from the all over are xerographically included in this tetradimensional matrix of networking visible noise. Write: **R. e D. Kamperelic'**, Milovana Jankovica 9b, 11040 Beograd Yugoslavia.

• **Score Sheet 22.** Four poetical works by three poets. **Score Review 14.** Two anonymous reviews. Get the facts. Get *Score*. Write: Crag Hill, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610.

• **Sin vol. 1 N°2.** Edited by KristiSin. Photos, drawings, texts are thrown together in a cluttered arrangement of stark contrasts. Write: Sin, 39 For-

est Hills St #3, Jamaica Plain MA 02130.

• **Tell Them You Found it in the Yellow Pages** by Alina McDonald. A list of page-headings from the telephone book, arranged so as to create a poem of noun pairs. Write: **Ray's Space**, Bruce McDonald, 34 Grice Crescent, Essendon Victoria 3020 Australia.

• **Umu Kulatura** by Serge Segay. Red, white, and black tempera waves over carefully lettered Cyrillic penmanship. Unique art-booklet is Segay's response to my mail art query. Write: **Serge Segay**, Sverdlova 175, 353660 Eysk USSR. In spite of glasnost, it's still a good idea to send things to the USSR via Registered Mail, Return Receipt Requested.

• **WhiteWalls.** A magazine of writings by artists. #22, Spring 1989. "Incidents of Travel" Current issue of visual and text digest excerpts from Steve Harp's *A Visit to Portugal* (ps30-1), as well as a variety of approaches pertinent to the theme. \$5 from P.O. Box 8204, Chicago IL 60680.

Announcements

Works Available

§**Badges Cheap!!** «*Your design(s) can be quickly and cheaply made into 1 1/25mm diameter badges. *We can print in Black, Red or Blue on white or any colour of background. *Send finished Black & White artwork which we will reduce to size, or alternately, we can produce finished artwork from your sketch or rough design (additional artwork charge)... *Fast and Efficient service, orders usually posted within 7 days of your order being received. Payment with orders, please; payable to MARK PAWSON. *Pricelist: 100 @ £12; 500 @ £45; 1000 @ £80. Prices include p+p in UK. FOREIGN: Europe add 10%; USA add %20. *For further information or samples, please write:» **Mark Pawson**, P.O. Box 664, London E5 0JW UK.

§**Bomb Shelter Props** «Offering the extreme in alternative art and lit since 1981.» Illustrated catalog available; 25¢ SASE should do it. Write: P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102.

§**Metro Riquet** «International Art Magazine [that] ...wants to be a con-

nection between foreign artists from alternative expression out of the ordinary. It is open to any kind of audio and visual material as new, experimental, industrial musics, sound and visual poetry, performances, activist art, etc. It includes interviews and tapes, records, publications, reviews. Messages, contacts, addresses, projects are published for any communication. *Metro Riquet* is written in English + French traduction [=translation].» Write: **Françoise Duvivier**, 18 allée des Orgues de Flandre, 75019 Paris France.

§**Reinventing the Wheel...of Karma** by Ed Lawrence. «A relentless examination of 20th Century institutions that will have you shopping your head against a simulated brick wall while slapping your knee in uncontrollable fits of guffaw. A representative collection of Ed Lawrence's work spanning the last 10 or so years....Essays, reviews, anecdotes, letters, poems, stories, rants, collages. 111 pp perfectbound.» \$7 from **Bomb Shelter Props**, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102 or **Dadata**, P.O. Box 33, Stillwater PA 17878.

Submissions Wanted

¶**Alternative Publishing.** «Dob Kamperelic' and Dejan Markovic' planned to start with alternative (private) publishing activity soon, books and publications about alternative (global) culture and, especially, art-alternatives. So, WELCOME your books/magazines/audio + video cassettes/posters/texts/photographs etc etc. Contact on address:» **Dejan Markovic'**, Carice Milice 5/III, 11000 Beograd Yugoslavia.

¶**ARTware.** «Now goes all the way. ARTWARE is looking for worldwide contacts to trade/buy/exchange/distribute videos and more of an extreme/obscure/psychotic/rare/trash/hardcore nature! We are mostly interested in the original, unedited, uncut, uncensored version, even from 'inofficial' places or sources. We can handle videos in PAL, SECAM & NTSC standards, all on VHS system! We are operating on three levels:

1/Distribution/promotion through ARTWARE, suppliers of extreme cultures in all media.

2/Organizing film & video screen-

Announcements

ings at a local off-cinema (MAL SEH'N), as kind of a weekend-late-night-special series mostly!

3/Reviewing/writing features about/on the above topics in various publications and mags, mainly in German FILMFAUST (=Filmfist).

As we are also in cooperation with a lot of labels/organizations/artists/movie theatres everywhere, we could promote your article elsewhere as well! I you should have anything of interest for us (videos, mags, books, etc.) get in contact with us please. Or send a sample copy. Or ask for our catalog (70 pp) and other promotion/information material. Thanx.» **Uwe Hamm-Fürhölter**, Taunusstraße 38, 6200 Wiesbaden West Germany; or **Donna Klemm**, Taunusstraße 63/b, 6200 Wiesbaden West Germany.

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

¶**Cassette Compilation**. «The base criteria is that your composition must be interpreted by one or more hand made instrument it can be accompanied by other more conventional instruments modified or not. The compilation of documentation is important, please send as much information as possible also send illustration or a sketch or your instrument. The length is about 7 minutes, recorded

on 1/4 inch tape and the speed at 7 1/2 or on a chrome or metal cassette is also accepted. Style of composition is frfrrrrr(z) each participant will get a copy.» Deadline October 1, 1989. **Stamp Axe (Wat K7 Kuz #2)** c/o Pier, Poste 109 Station C, Montreal QBC H2L 4J9 Canada. Telephone—day: 845-5484, night: 281-6644.

¶**Condo Mail-Art**. «Please send anything about condoms: condom packing, condoms, advertising, drawings et cetera. I will make an anti-AIDS poster and send a copy of it each contributor.» **Fanziska Pfeiffer** Choriner Str. 2, Berlin 1054 West Germany.

¶**Creative People**: «Our brand new zine is looking for good punk fiction, art, essays, or anything that looks good in print. If you've ever had a thought that someone else would want to think with you, now's the chance to share it with us! Tentative payment rates: Fiction or essay: \$.01 per word, on acceptance. Poetry: Copy of the zine, on publication. Artwork, etc.: negotiable. Send the residue of your creativity to our as-yet unnamed publication... Issue #1 out by September 1.» Submissions: **Larry Howes**, 15 Edwards St #6, Springfield MA 01105. Subscriptions, advertising rates: **R.J. Lesch**, 2522 1/2 38th Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55406.

¶**Fax Art**. «New. **Stamp Axe**, Poste 109 Station C, Montreal QBC H2L 4J9 Canada.» Fax #(514) 845 1645

¶**Mail Art Show** «Theme: Simulacrum (or open theme). No rejections, returns, or size limitations. Documentation to all participants. Deadline: December 1, 1989. January exhibition.» **Art Missionary**, Art Department, Cornell College, Mt Vernon IA 52314.

¶**Phone-In** «I found something while bored that could prove to be of interest to us zinesters. I stumbled across this "PartyLine" which ... costs 99¢ per minute for up to 15 min. and bills your Visa or Mastercard. Anyhow this looks like a good format for us to meet one another and discuss issues that we can't effectively do in the mail... Let's take this line over! Below is the time that I'm suggesting that we meet. Spread the word. » In Your Mail's Dallas Swan, 7206

Brookbank Ln, Raleigh NC 27615, suggests that at 10:00 PM on the 15th of every month you dial 1-800-999-6666 to talk things over.

¶**Preplagiarist Playlist**. WMPG 90.9 FM, 1111 watts mono, Gorham (Portland) ME. Wed 1–4 AM. «...documents first broadcasts on WMPG. For these initial shows I played mostly records... After 3 mos. of broadcasts at WMPG The Plagiarist will subdivide into 2 shows: the 1st hour or so, World Receiver, will present recordings in a civilized or sum what scholarly manner. The remaining time (of): The Plagiarist will consist of live on-air composing, tape manipulation + general joyous chaos. Also, we are collecting images/pages for the "Radio Coloring Book. Your submissions welcome. This coloring book will be for viewing + coloring while listening to The Plagiarist or else. With crayons, but good radio colors the paper all by itself.» More info, write: **The Plagiarist**, WMPG, 37 College Ave, Gorham ME 04038.

¶**The Idea**. «—is to open and operate a music/gallery called GENERATOR. The purpose of GENERATOR is to make available extremely personal and independent experimental music and art directly to the unsuspecting public. It will also be an extension of my living space for working and creating. It will be a base for the unlimited expression of my ideas and a meeting place for the friends and contacts I've acquired over the 10 years I've lived in the east village of New York City. It will also be a continuation of my goals for producing and promoting experimental music ... In the store: records and cassettes and CDs from independent artists, ...I would curate shows of artwork with no boundaries, ...producing intimate concerts of experimental music, art/work services—I have some ideas about creating a sort of agency where I would list services of various friends and contacts as a way of connecting people to the wealth of creative people I know and to help generate money for all of us.» More info, write: **Gen Ken Montgomery**, 118 E 4th St #11, New York NY 10003. GENERATOR, 200 E 3rd St, New York NY 10009.

N°33

166. "Not to be Confused with the Real Thing" by Paragaté. Tim Risher, 611 E Park Ave #3, Tallahassee FL 32301

167. "Morfu" by Bambix from «About Little Green Dogs...». 3RIO ART Magish Theater, Julia Andillenstr. 22, 2018 Antwerpen Belgium

168. "News from the Front" by the Fleeing Villagers from «Run From Themselves». Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkeley CA 94703

169. "Una Manzana"

170. "Resumen de la Noche" by Victor Nubla from «Cinta». Fenici—Comisariat, Apartat 430, 43200 Reus (Tarragona) Spain

171. "DNA Structure" by Paragaté. Tim Risher, 611 E Park Ave #3, Tallahassee FL 32301

N°34

172. "Kill the Beast"

173. "I Don't Believe in the Beast" by Hybrids from «Mythical Music from the 21st Century». 3RIO ART Magish Theater, Julia Andillenstr. 22, 2018 Antwerpen Belgium

174. "All I Can Take" by the Fleeing Villagers from «Run From Themselves». Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkeley CA 94703

175. "Life is a Slow Sax Solo" by Mr Suburbia (Bill Randazzo) from the cassette of the same name. Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527

RADIO STATIC

176. Music from China, Found
177. "Punchin' Judy" by X.Y.
Zedd from «BigNoise89».
Contact thru PhotoStatic
178. "/o/ for Frog" by the
Tape-beatles, P.O. Box
8907, Iowa City IA 52244

N°35

179. "Ergo Sonex Sum" by
Harry Polkinhorn, 720
Heber Ave, Calexico CA
92231

N°36

180. "Dab" by John Oswald.
Mystery Laboratories, P.O.
Box 727 Station P, Toronto
ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada
181. "It Was Ten O'Clock in
the Morning" by Claeric Red
F from «Nobody to Blame
But Themselves». Collision
Cassettes, 2834 McGee
Ave, Berkeley CA 94703
182. Excerpt from «Random
Sample of Destroyed Music»
by the Haters. G X Jupiter-
Larsen, P.O. Box 48184,
Vancouver BC V7X 1N8,
Canada

N°37

PhonoStatic N°10, part 1

183. The Haters from "De-
stroyed Music", G X Jupiter-
Larsen, P.O. Box 48184,
Vancouver BC V7X 1N8,
Canada
184. Son of Spam, untitled,

- %John Harden, 535 Andri-
eux St, Sonoma CA 95476.
185. "Not to be Confused
With the Real Thing" by Pa-
ragaté, %Tim Risher, 227
Day St, Tallahassee FL
32304

186. "Jason Revs Up" by Bill
Shores from «Our Television
World», Eyes Electric Stu-
dios, P.O. Box 901, Allston
MA 02134

187. "Kissme" and "Hans
Arp" by X.Y. Zedd from
«BigNoise89»

188. "Cavern" by John
Kennedy, P.O. Box 22142,
Baltimore MD 21203

189. "Tom Didn't Get the Right
Gift" by Mechanical Steril-
ity, %M[ike] Schafer, 75
Fairview Ave #3B, New
York NY 10040

190. "/o/ for Frog" by the
Tape-beatles from «Steal This
Lick», P.O. Box 8907, Iowa
City IA 52245

191. Mystery Tape Laboratory,
excerpt from "GX"; P.O. Box
727 Station P, Toronto ONT
M5S 2Z1 Canada. John
Oswald, ed.

N°38

PhonoStatic N°10, part 2

192. "Centour" by L'Abbé
Martine Arbiste, P.O. Box
109 Station C, Montréal
QBC H2L 4J9 Canada
193. "What the Bible Says

- About Drugs" by Chris
Winkler, Plutonium Press,
P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix
AZ 85082

194. "Headache" found
195. "Tropé" by John Kenne-
dy, P.O. Box 22142, Balti-
more MD 21203

196. excerpt "Mail Art Love
Express" by Barry Edgar
Pilcher, 6 Courtland Ave,
Ilford Essex 191 3DW UK

197. excerpt "Polynoise" Float-
ing Concrete Orchestra,
1341 Williamson St, Madi-
son WI 53703

198. "Miracle in Palookaville"
by the Post-Void Radio The-
ater, P.O. Box 19427, Min-
neapolis MN 55419

199. "Natural Pauses" by Bill
McMahon, 308 W Iowa St,
West Liberty IA 52776

200. "Kao-Sh-Out" by L'Abbé
Martine Arbiste (see 192)

201. Mystery Tape Laboratory,
excerpt from "GX"; P.O. Box
727 Station P, Toronto ONT
M5S 2Z1 Canada. John
Oswald, ed.

202. "Concrète N°1" by 9digit
Zip, %PhonoStatic

203. "La Machine" by En-
semble Vide, %Laurent Boy-
er, B.P. 12, 33031 Bor-
deaux Cedex, France

N°39

204. excerpt from "Grand Ex-
hausted Mystic Crowbar"

- from «Fruit Bat Savvy»,
Sound of Pig, 28 Bellingham
Ln, Great Neck NY 11023
205. excerpt from "Lost Plea-
sures" by John Hudak from
«Momentumless Identity»;
John Hudak, P.O. Box
7784, Philadelphia PA
19101

206. "Other Voices 1" by Rik
Rue from «Bend an Ear»; Pe-
destrian Tapes, P.O. Box
213 Pyrmont, 2009 Sydney
Australia

207. excerpt from "Raw
Mono" by Dad's New
Slacks, broadcast of
WMPG, Portland ME; write:
Michael Townsend, 1468
Washington Ave, Portland
ME 04103

208. "Banging the Door" by
Rik Rue (see 206)

209. "(People Like Susan)" by
Travis B from «Electro Con-
vulsive Therapy», 718 W
19th Ave, Vancouver BC
V5Z 1X2 Canada

N°40

210. "Hazel Hell" by Mike
Shores from «Our Television
World»; Eyes Electric Stu-
dios, P.O. Box 901, Allston
MA 02134

211. excerpt from «Tunnel» by
XTSW; Sound of Pig, 28
Bellingham Ln, Great Neck
NY 11023

212. excerpt from «Day» by
Floating Concrete Orches-
tra, 1341 Williamson St,
Madison WI 53703

213. "Onanathra" by Death-
ranch from the cassette
«Onanathra», Skidloy,
1473 Redwood Dr, Santa
Cruz CA 95060

214. "Unduly Pessimistic" from
«Social Interiors»; Pedes-
trian Tapes, PO 213, Pyr-
mont, 2009 Sydney Aust.

