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An Apology from the Editor of *PhotoStatic Magazine*

When I announced my intention of joining the Art Strike during the years of 1990-1993, it was my honest wish to communicate my interest in doing something more in the cultural sphere than simply put out a "little magazine". This was not an effort on my part to devalue the contribution that small publications make: indeed I stand more committed than ever to that vision.

Make no mistake: I still intend, through *PhotoStatic*, to participate in this (in)action; this writing is simply an attempt to clarify my position on the Art Strike and *PhotoStatic's* participation in it.

As the Art Strike literature makes abundantly clear, the Art Strike is not so much a call for doing nothing as it is a call for *doing something else*. Now, it is quite plausible, according to my interpretation of the *intent* of the Art Strike, for a person (whether they think they are doing "art" or not) to participate in the Art Strike and yet continue to do what they were doing before! As far as I can tell, the Art Strike lashes out at a *set of attitudes* about art; not "art" as such.

To clarify my position on this, it is perhaps necessary for us to have two definitions for the word "art". 1) **art**: virtually any creative activity, definable by the user of the term themselves; and 2) **Art**: a class and gender-specific activity devoted to the creation of marketable objects that serve capitalism by providing a justification for their worldview through "mysterious" means and which simultaneously provide an investment op-

portunity while enhancing the social prestige of its owner. For the duration of this writing, these two definitions will be distinguished by the presence of the lower or upper case **a** in their orthography.

The Art Strike simultaneously calls for a rejection of Art, and a re-evaluation of art. To be effective, the Art Strike must demoralize Artists, and encourage artists. In essence, it must make everyone think twice before going on with what they were doing.

Therefore, if a person honestly feels that they do not participate in Art, there is no need for them to join the Art Strike. *PhotoStatic* has not been strongly guilty of participating in Art (in the past 2 years, at least). But for me, the Art Strike, and the new decade, call for a shift in emphasis, and a change in the way I handle my participation in the sphere of culture.

The Tape-beatles have collectively decided not to strike. Therefore I will continue to make art with them. It is likely that *Retrofuturism*, edited by the Tape-beatles will continue to come out. I have also undertaken to publish the (until now) anonymous newsletter YAWN, which will work inbetween the spheres of culture and politics, and hopefully provide a cogent critique of culture.

I welcome your ongoing participation in my projects. My output may be more sporadic in the future than it has been. But keep that communication coming. My mailbox is still open for business.

—Lloyd Dunn, editor

If you'd like another magazine to look at while *PhotoStatic* is gone, I cannot strongly enough recommend the following publications:

Burning Toddlers	P. Petrisko, Jr.	P.O. Box 56942	Phoenix AZ 85079	\$2 a copy, sporadic
Central Park	S. P. Martin, et al.	P.O. Box 1446	New York NY 10023	\$5 a copy, twice yearly
Factsheet Five	Mike Gunderloy	6 Arizona Ave	Rensselaer NY 12144	\$3 a copy, 6 times yearly
Going Gaga	Gareth Branwyn	2630 Robert Walker Pl	Arlington VA 22207	\$2 a copy, 4 times yearly
Lettre Documentaire	Philippe Billé	B.P. 249	33012 Bordeaux France	IRC, monthly
MaLLife	Mike Miskowski	P.O. Box 12268	Seattle WA 98102	\$3 a copy, 3 times yearly
Nada	John McCarthy	1459 W Cortez St	Chicago IL 60622	75¢ a copy, 10 times yearly
Scrap	Chris Winkler	P.O. Box 61564	Phoenix AZ 85082	\$3 a copy, sporadic
Xerolage	Miekal And/Liz Was	1341 Williamson St	Madison WI 53703	\$4 a copy, sporadic
YAWN	Anon.	P.O. Box 162	Oakdale IA 52319	SASE, almost biweekly

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PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism is a bimonthly not for profit periodical of xerographic art and by extension, machine-based 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: \$8.00 (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 \$6.00, you will receive one year (two 45-minute issues) of *PhonoStatic* on audio cassette. To Canada/Mexico: \$10.00/\$18.00, 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 *PhonoStatic Cassettes* are ISSN 0893-4835, and are edited by Lloyd Dunn. *Retrofuturism* is edited by the Tape-beatles. Send them an SASE with your request for a free press kit. *PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism* is sponsored by The Drawing Legion, a nonprofit intermedia art and performance company based in Iowa City. Address all correspondence to psrf@detrinus.net or visit <http://psrf.detrinus.net>.

Letters to the Editor

Us vs. Them

... just finished reading letters in 38 regarding letter in 37. i agree w/huth. you shouldn't implement your idea of forcing someone's art to conform to your ideas and content etc. but i also agree w/berndt. this vast, multi-armed octopus we call "the network" is in a dire state. it is up to individual editors, bookstore owners, and everyone else who somehow put themselves in a position of power to exercise that power. esthetics are important in all fields of creativity.

we should all be as professional as possible, as disciplined as possible. this doesn't mean we have to sell out. it doesn't mean we have to put up with crap either. there is a strange current of thought i've been reading in a few magazines that is setting up an almost us vs. them feeling. you are "us" if you don't knuckle under to standards. "them" if you try to be too slick, too commercial. this is bullshit. mediocrity is running amok in this network and it is being perpetuated by certain editors and taste makers and networkers. to be mediocre is to be one of the crowd, an "in" person. mediocrity implies a form of socialism, a community of average people struggling to overcome an average and mediocre mainstream. christ, the mainstream is so pathetically mediocre we should all be able to subvert it with no effort. yet we all cling to our little ideas of what that subversion should be and how far we should let it go. i say all the fucking way. and it should subvert in the most insidious way—from the belly of the beast. malcolm mclaren knew what he was doing. the sex pistols would have been wet farts crawling up our asses if they hadn't been on warner bros or virgin or emi or whoever sucked up to their stink holes. mclaren knew that if rough trade or some other indie got them then the great rock and roll swindle would have been shit. we have to think the same way. the small press has the ability to clog up the works, to muck up the wheels. look at small presses like city lights and black sparrow. they re-

main small presses, cling to the ideal of what a small press should be, yet play big league ball. is there anything wrong with that all you sloppy, badly xeroxed "zines"?

i've come to the point at the primal plunge [book store] where i have to turn things away. i've reached the saturation point on sloppy "welcome to our first issue, thanx mom, susie, who did the copies on the sly and sorry it's so late" xerox mags. i respect magazines and publishers like *pS*, *bomb shelter prop*, *abscond*, *plutonium*, and a few others out there pushing the limits back on the medium of xerox. some people push too far, use it as an excuse for their own laziness and mediocrity, the folks in madison with the funny last names are two people of many i refer to. i'm not trying to slag off anyone. but it is time people took responsibility for their actions. the network is not the medium. the xerox machine is not the artist. the magazine as an artifact, the xerox machine as a tool is what we're after. responsible editors need to be more discriminating in their reviews. we have to can listings a la *factsheet five*. gunderloy's "reviews" exemplify the mediocrity of the network. *sound choice's* review of *f5* was dead on. every bird cage liner magazine loves him. he can turn crap into the sweetest rose you plucked the petals from. we all have to learn. if colin hinz doesn't want policemen in his network, then colin hinz better police himself, push himself to new limits and not limit himself like so many other peas in the network pod.

this (publishing and bookstore) is not just a phase in my life. i think next year i'll be a painter, last year i was a punk rocker, this year i'm a publisher. no, it's not a phase. it is my life.

interesting anecdote to all this is ackerman's recollection of neoist founding [*pS* #38]. if cantsin (kantor) is any guiding light then it is to show that one can turn a little xerox obsession into a force to be reckoned with.

p.s. as a sidebar let me relate a story. when i first started the primal plunge i had it in my head to carry all sorts of great alternative underground zines etc. i was going to

be the one place in boston that would give shelf space to the needy (so to speak). i did. it worked out fine for the most part.

my rent is unbelievably low for this area. after a year i started working for the landlady as janitor of the building i am in. so now my overhead is pathetic. all monies i get from sales goes back into the store and the publishing venture. i try to pay the publishers fairly regularly. sometimes i space out, miss an issue or two, but not on purpose. i set out to be an honest person whose reputation would grow because of it.

after a while i noticed an alarming trend. the less pro-xerox type mags were sitting on the shelves undisturbed by human curiosity. but the slicker, more pro looking and hence more expensive magazines were going so fast i had trouble keeping things in stock. i couldn't figure it out. after talking to a few people, peter plate and jim martin of flatland to name two, i came to the

astounding conclusion that even "alternative lifestyle" people were swayed by esthetics and professionalism. it didn't matter that the \$15 RE/search publications had little useful information. it looked better, felt better, smelled better and sold better. i couldn't believe that someone would buy crap that looked like a rose over a rose that looked like crap. i felt we were all trying to transcend that. just as the early days american punk was trying to transcend the esthetics of the product in the music industry. as a businessman you quickly realize your survival depends upon presenting an attractive "product". we all must realize that for the most part we are creating products to be consumed. what we must do is input subversive messages in that product.

Mike McInnis
The Primal Plunge
107 Brighton Ave
Allston MA 02134

Quibbles & Errata

...Thanks for sending along *PhonoStatic* #10. Always exciting to hear my work pop up on one of your tapes. All in all #10 is superior to #9 (*Concurrencies*). Better work and it really flows—I like your back-to-back MOREMUSICMOREMUSICMOREMUSICMOREMUSIC approach, particularly on side one which is a nearly perfect listening experience (made more so by the presence of Son o' Spam, of course). I have two quibbles—the contact address listed on the cassette insert for Son of Spam is very out of date!...

Also, it seems you've lost the insert for the Son of Spam cassette I sent—hence the listing of my piece as "untitled"? For the record the piece is called "Happy Collapse."

John Harden/Son of Spam
2604 3rd St
San Francisco CA 94107

Thanx for printing my article. The rest of the issue is also interesting. However there are two typos I wish you would mention in the subsequent issue, all the more vex-

ing in that they are the sort which still make sense, therefore undetectable by the reader. The title should be: "Rosicrucian Acid". The next to last paragraph, next to last sentence: "...or shed light." (not: of). Small details may be, but significant.

Michael Helsem
1031 Dewitt St
Dallas TX 75224

Thankyou for your copy of the magazine and it was quite interesting to read the review of the F.O. Plagiarism. I can't say I agree on all the points you raised in criticism. Thanks also for completely omitting to mention that I was one of the organizers of the festival (or did I just imagine that). No doubt Stewart has prolifically written about the subject but we had actually planned it together, I also thought the other committee members of the gallery should have been credited—they did actually make the thing happen....

Billy Clark/ Transmission Gallery
28 King Street
Trongate, Glasgow G1 5QP Scotland

On difficulty in Verbal Visual Art

by Harry Polkinhorn

Art and society

Since art is theoretically inconceivable apart from the social world which gives rise to it and, according to a view once popular, which it "mirrors", once would expect art to efface itself with all the transparency which the social formation so carefully and hypocritically cultivates. We step forth in the morning under a generally clear and brilliant sky, and if clouds appear, we piously understand their genesis and their passing away; nothing but occasional fashionable cynicism obstructs our vision, in which whatever is obscure may sooner or later be explained. This comforts us.

Indeed, our expectations of art in this connection are rarely frustrated. It bears the stamp of the time, which becomes its ticket of entry into the increasingly impoverished theater of our inner world. It does not threaten; it reassures. Even the less familiar forms of art are drawn into the circle of safe interpretation. Given the rich multiplicity of art practices which have characterized the modern period, practically any art work may be conveniently categorized and used, that is, its particular value drained off for drive-through esthetic consumption. If the canvas is all blue, then Yves Klein may be recalled for legitimation; one may even daringly summon up Malevich. If a Barthelme or Borges story has the classical Aristotelian structure but for a violation of one of its elements, there are any number of precedents which the cultivated spectator can now marshal for backup. The same is true with other areas of endeavor: music frankly narcotizes through electronic repetition, and if it once disturbs, this itself is immediately locked into an iron pattern of predictability; graffiti has moved boldly onto the sales floors of the Soho galleries. Nothing is easier to come by these days than one more tradition in the postmodern eclectic deluge. Simply hunt long enough through the storehouses of older European or even non-European artifacts. Look with diligence, and you will find the perfect object; blow off the dust and hold it up to catch the rays of electronic light which enable it to be "seen". Everything has its tradition,

even that which rejects tradition, and all the objects, as we know, are marked down for quick turnover.

This situation would seem to dictate against a genuine esthetics of difficulty, since as such this quality would itself be subjected to analysis, reformulation, processing. In fact this has been the case. One may call the Russian Formalist critics as witnesses. Shklovsky's *ostranenie* articulates the notion of defamiliarization in language, playing upon the principle of contrast just as Count Trubetzkoy and the Prague Circle of linguists, heirs to Saussure, sought to understand language from the point of view of phonemic contrasts. What becomes important in such a scheme is not the so-called thing itself but a relationship among entities, themselves abandoned as beyond definition. These researches were conceptually paralleled by the Freudian unconscious as the repository of the not knowable, by Marxian commodity fetishism, in which a glamor or mystique factor concealing labor time represents a similar dimension of experience, however cynically formulated, and by principles of "uncertainty" in quantum mechanics. Logos and enlightenment have witnessed a period of rapid growth; their attendant hierarchies seem to have reached final limits. As the dynamic proceeds, in spite of the holding patterns of tradition, all industrial codes move towards liquidation.

History, however, is not so easily shocked from its grip and persists, congealed in its multiform manifestations. In one view of history, accordingly, repression has given it a seamless surface. Art in this context becomes primarily a matter of *techné*. The artist replicates God the divine watchmaker. The writing machine of minimalism results, in which preset cogs generate as if impersonally a series of "versions" all of which receive equivalent valuation. Parodically, the imitation of "nature" is however unwillingly smuggled back into the formula; art as machine imitates nature as technology. Since nature is a man-made category whose contents vary with time, the illusion of the art work has passed over into the critical enterprise, set up specifically to reduce illusion. "The aim

of art must therefore lie in something still other than the purely mechanical imitation of what is there, which in every case can bring to birth only technical tricks, not works of art." (Hegel). In a discussion of style, our philosopher concludes that the best works seem to be styleless. "To have not manner has from time immemorial been the one grand manner." It is not that the art has no manner, but that from the point of view of fashion the deeper styles seem styleless. History has an infinity of ways of purging itself of those elements it abhors, including radical art, and the illusoriness of the impersonality of machine-generated art may be seen as recent history's most deceptive attempt to defuse criticism.

Difficulty of obscurity in a context of the social hysteria of the commodity system becomes the obverse of the qualities of ease and effortless motion characteristic of power. Nothing will be difficult; life will be graceful and free from the troubles of work and exploitation, the admitted tragedy of our historical experience until only yesterday (and still very much the case for the majority of the world's peoples). We now inhabit the promised land where ripe fruit falls from the trees, and everyone is happy.

Synthetic and analytic images

Or are they? The problem with experimental art is that one can never know where the artist/protagonist/spectator stands. In the lacunæ which the artist strews through the work, one frequently suspects that something is wrong, an impression which is conveyed either through formal means of graphic or semantic distortion, or through qualities of intellectual play which philistines so despise. If verbal language is the origin of history, then *mutatis mutandis* it must be coupled intrinsically with guilt, since history itself is the story of frozen and denied violence. Concurrent with the invention of verbal consciousness comes the "Spaltungen" of reflexivity, and although it would be theoretically indefensible causally to attribute either of these factors' genesis to the other, their simultaneous appearance both in the individual and the race remains unquestioned. History, that is, such as we know it, is inscribed within the very discourse by which it is understood. To achieve this of course necessitates repression, since the admirable clarities of a clean syntax cost precisely what

is driven into hiding, i.e., the flesh's dirt, violence, desire, death. Language which has vainly tried to excise its connections to the filth, murder, and suffering of experience (while hypocritically and pointlessly attempting to apotheosize joy,) through a repression of these elements has in effect committed suicide. The result, as with all suicides, has been the cancellation of the dialectic, the putrefaction of the physical body. Denatured language floats free in the same way that the *idea* of life is a mockery of that which it structurally denies. The analytic images of enlightenment syntax, with their decipherable codes which can be interchanged like currency, perfectly complement a social formation based on death. Hence the perfection of Socrates killing himself, not to mention the general undoing of contemporary analytical philosophy.

By contrast, the visual image, especially that which in our time is *bound* to a verbal construct, has become the opposing category. Through a process whereby analytic structures are detonated, there emerge series of proliferating meanings, unfixable, mercurial, powered by unknown and unknowable energies. This process feeds on the stuff of analytic consciousness, i.e., words as signs, verbally referential images, the various linguistic registers, letters both printed and calligraphic, shading over into general signs and other forms of visually presented, nonverbal information. With the demise of the referential social world propped up by a manufacturing economy and justified in idealist philosophy, the counters are still on the board; however, there is no longer a winning move possible, since one of the players has quietly bowed out. Social utility has become the production of repeatable and identical sign systems multiplying like cancer drawing its life from within us, its mere hosts. Signifier is now signified and its own matrix for re-production.

The visually perceptible still image, by contrast, with its concretized charge of human labor, that is, of real time or life energy, affronts analysis and the disguised entropy of repetition, narcosis, consumption; despite the reifying syntax of commercial television's moving visual imagery, which complements the rictus of literacy as a parody of the flow of enlightenment time, radical verbal/visual art acknowledges real time as measured in desire and death. Graphic space in art is the always

filled space of the body's finality. The analytic time of neoclassical syntax will always regard the presence of the multiplying body as obscene.

Difficulty and labor

Obscene is when the private is abruptly revealed in a public space. The codes of interpretation reflect those of the articulation of power, so that public and private realms for experience are made to reinforce the false notion that the body has an inside and an outside, to propagate the illusion of an objective value structure which ascribes class difference to genetic or intellectual superiority of one group over another. Art as usual plays along. Whereas ease of interpretation today is an indication of retrograde art, difficulty of interpretation signifies nothing in and of itself. Associational syntax (sic), cut-up imageries, non-discursive or a-rational structures, composition by field, spontaneous or aleatory texts, nonsense art, free-form Dadaism, and so on, have been with us for many decades now. One may draw reliable if loose conclusions about the nature of a society which has given rise to such art, and many have. Of greater interest here, however, is a focus on difficulty itself, as subsumed under the general heading of verbal/visual art.

This art, so long as it resists representation (reification), will remain difficult, in the same way that all mural art in our time resists personalization and is politically radical. As with psychosis or schizophrenia, the verbal/visual art of Max Ernst, Duchamp, Guy Beining, Richard Kostelanetz, Karl Kempton, the concrete poets, book artists, and letrists poses an insuperable challenge to analytic criticism. Verbal and visual elements in the

same piece oftentimes undermine each other in the cancellations of meaning by which pure negation undoes everything. The obscurity cannot be explained, just as madness defies reason, even as they are bound together. There is no speaker, no hypostatized spectator, no vanishing-point perspective to underwrite archaic forms of social order. More generally, representation has given way to repetition, and the field of verbal/visual art enacts both a conscious rejection of the false-time syntaxes of power through subversion and mockery, and the exacerbation of the tensions inherent in repetition in order symbolically explode.

The work which accompanies art of difficulty is not denied but is overtly inscribed within the discourse of the flesh. Whereas easy art stifles hearing and blinds the eye, difficult art uses labor to return the body to itself; violence, which society formally rejects and which consequently obliquely structures it, can be found most obviously of all the arts in so-called difficult art. Through the revelation of this violence society is not thereby renovated and reified, since the distribution/marketing mechanism has effectively blocked access to such art. As meaning is simultaneously being created and abolished by the uncontrolled proliferation of sign systems, art's role has become analogous to that of any other sign system, i.e., to keep the show on the road. Only in the case of extreme forms of verbal/visual experimentation, however, have word and image been seized from their appropriators and exploiters; these artists have adopted a political stance in that they are strategically using words and images to wage guerilla warfare. Book=bomb. But this bomb does not destroy: it creates—you. [end

Evolution

Kill Time.

End the rule of The Word.

The first step toward revolution—the elimination of Language! Eliminate the hierarchy of spoken form & structure in favor of a free & open nonverbal physiorganic simultaneity

of cooperation & community.

If Confucius, reflecting his time, wrote that the principal task of government was to standardize language, to insure a uniform & organized society; then the first step toward restoring natural order will be the removal of language.

Have animals evolved a greater sense of intuition because they haven't

developed a codified language?

The only redemptive use of language, as such, is the rejection of its rules...

Away! —from the sexist/racist/ist/ist/ futilist reductionism of formal institutionalizationism! And forward! —to the intuitive psychophysiometry of every being as equal!

—Ezra Mark, *VortexT*

AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DISEASE SERVICE

"SOCIAL CONTROL AT THE CELLULAR LEVEL"



After years of inscrutable study, after decades of peering into tax funded test tubes, after hopeless hours spent worrying about our lack of social control, we're the first company to literally "have you by the balls". Many call us the "NAZIs of the Nervous System" because we know that by attacking the Immune system we could reach our goal of there being no Immunity from "THE SYSTEM". Welcome to our NEW AGE of DESIGNER DISEASES, specially contrived for the finest in infectious social planning. You see, the current etiquette of etiology makes it much easier for us to create DIS-EASEs than to cure them. The truth is that the "Health Care" Industry just doesn't CARE at all, as long as its hefty paychecks roll in. Our Quiet Genocide is the state-of-the-Art Chemical Warfare of Population Demarcation. We're the inverters of Sexual Procreation into a Transmitter of Doom. Our New DIScourse throws INTERcourse OFF course! Almost as bad as the disease... is the level of PUBLIC FEAR which automatically Reproduces just the right level of Isolation necessary to Quell Human Freedom. OUR Chemistry is in the service of the Puritan Ideal! Our preventative Medicine is Abstinence and Conformity! Our Biologics DIE OF LOGIC!

THE BIOSYSTEM USED TO BE LOCKED, BUT NOW...WE HAVE THE KEYS!

A.I.D.S. Inc.

Newsletter of TSTHPFAGOTIAOLLTFFTO*

(Volume 1, #25, 25th release)

by Tim Coats

We have had to deal lately with proponents of the following piece of philosophy: a person shouldn't accept the belief that everybody's equal unless he'd also be willing to accept the belief, if it could be proven, that people are not equal—especially that he personally is not as good as other people.

I don't mind admitting that we here at THE SOCIETY spent many a sleepless night pondering this matter before we called Mac, the friendly philosopher who lives just up the street in a (we didn't believe it until we saw it ourselves) barrel. In Mac's own words then:

"Okay, let's go ahead and get a good hold on this here question, which (here's a secret for you now) is always the way to begin in philosophy. You grab ahold of the question by both ends and put it up to the light, just like you would an old chicken gizzard.

"Now it was right smart of you people out of this here SOCIETY to come to me first off; it don't take much of a bad piece of philosophy to throw folks into a real tizzy, especially today when even the hot shots are spinning their wheels about what the heck kind of a world this is we live in, what with even the big-brain boys in the scientific labs not so all-fired sure they got a real world out there to dig their foul-smellin' little fingers into.

"As decent, hard-workin' folks you figure you got a right to a nice solid world that don't start blurrin' and fizzlin' like soda pop every time you turn your back. Now with that I couldn't agree more. After a hard day's work you don't want to come home to no barrel full of flickerin' shadows. You deserve a little better than that. And I don't blame you if you don't want to stand around hearin' people tell you you been a-kiddin' yourself all this time. And some'll do it. There's folks that'll look you right in the eye and tell you that everything you see and hear—not to speak of tastin', touchin', and

a-sniffin'—is made up right in your noggin, like a dream, in collusion with some unknown substance outside of you. It's hard for decent folks not to look at this as just another con job. They figure people that haven't held up their end in the hard-work and responsibility department are try'n'a take away their hard-earned gains. If they can't get your money, the suckers are gonna get the *meaning* of your money. I say this out of experience because they got me on both counts."

Here we took the liberty of asking if that's why he made his abode in a barrel—obviously, by this point, we were beginning to take him a bit less seriously. He said that no, he'd lived in a barrel before too, but it had been a much larger one. Then we pointed out that he wasn't answering the question we hired him for. We said that if we liked the answers he gave us then we might throw some more business his way by asking him questions similar to the ones he seemed to be currently answering. In fact we do have several members whose grip on reality is shakier than we like to see.

To which he replied: "You boys's just showing your ignorance of philosophy. Anybody what gives you an answer without layin' the groundwork might be a decent chap, but a philosopher he ain't. Why, philosophy is little else *but* groundwork. Now I was goin' to get around to answerin' you boys's question, but I got a certain responsibility to the philosopher's union. I get caught breakin' the work rules—that is, layin' less than the minimum amount of groundwork—one more time and I'm out on my bazooka. And you don't work in this berg what you don't belong to the union."

Okay, that was it. We told him to cut the baloney. You simply have to get to the point around us. We're in love with the bottom line. We can live with any answer we get; the only thing we ask is you spit it out.

"Okay, boys, okay. Careful or you're

gonna lose them hairpieces. All right then, we'll get ya your answer. Now you was askin' about people bein' equal. It just so happens that's my specialty. Okay, so these yahoos been filling your heads with this notion that you got no right to think everybody's equal less'n you'd be a-willin' to accept the belief, if it could be proved, that people was unequal.

"Now let's get this here question up there into the light o' day. First of all—don't you go *tellin'* me what conditions have to hold before I can believe something. Nobody but *nobody* tells this dude what conditions have to hold. You got that? Now, you see what these jokers are doin'?"—and this gets us back to the groundwork I was a-layin'. They're sayin' that the world's all set up out there, and we're all set up in here, and everything's all reasonable and nice. What I'm sayin' to you people out of this here SOCIETY is don't let nobody fool you with this 'reasonable' bit. Sure it'd be nice to be all fancy and fairminded. You'd feel like a million bucks runnin' around with your snoot a mile in the air, makin' your little judgments about everything you can get your grimy mitts on. But that ain't the way it's meant to be, baby. Hell, those big boys in their fancy designer levis and high-class bicycles don't even know what makes us believe things in the first place, but they're all ready to tell you the right way and the wrong way to do it. Now, fellas, I'd pass on this little piece of philosophy."

Mac was so fired up by this point that he turned around and began marching up the street, back toward his barrel. We had a devil of a time catching him. And then we couldn't get him to take his pay.

"Naw, this one's on the barrel, boys."

[end

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

VIZLATURE

a column on verbo-visual art by Bob Grumman

At the Blackboard

i

Among the top visual poets around is *PhotoStatic* reviewer Crag Hill. One of the things I like best about his work is that it so often seem dismissably simple—but soon proves undismissably the contrary. A few years ago, for instance, he did a group of 4 pieces for the first issue of *Score* that struck me at first as simple to the point of nullity. They consisted of words written in white chalk on a blackboard...no, *typed* in white chalk on a blackboard. None of them made much sense semantically, but the second intrigued me. So I gave it, at least, more than one scan. After a while I begin to see its blackboard as a kind of cerebral field; a concept afloat on it—with a few small white flecks in the background looking like static. An what concept did I think I saw? The word, or pseudo-word, “gok”—which suggested “guck”, glup, muck, goop... But

the first letter of the “word” under discussion also looked like an eight, or an infinity sign on its side. So I still couldn’t wrench a very satisfactory meaning of the thing.

Then I recalled the first blackboard poem had contained the word “books”; at once I realized that I could read the “g” of “gok” as a “b” which has slid into an “o”. I therefore decided that what I was looking at was the word “book” with its “b” swelling or bloating or blooming—or daz-zling fuller and fuller against the sight until it overflowed,

and enlarged away. Hill had photographed it neatly where it could suggest both the nonsense that words and other symbols can turn into and the infinity they can lead to. But the main thing metaphored, for me, was the process of creativity, here shown as a book which has burned itself into a mind (like stars opening into the night sky—which the white and black of the poem also appropriately represent), and then begun slowly to separate into new potentialities, which are bordered by infinity and incomprehensibility.

Not surprisingly, my success at unraveling the second blackboard poem—to my satisfaction, at any rate—prompted me quickly to return to the first, which I had accepted without much emotion one way or the other as...I’m not sure what. Some teacher’s instruction on a blackboard to read books? A sort of sarcastic piece of advice from an artist, perhaps, telling the reader to read *still* books—since, apparently, *moving* books would be too much for him?

But no, tuned into the nature of the piece’s typography by “gok”, I now saw it a mimicking stillness—because fast objects do not have time to seep out into their surround by the way its letters did. The letters also started to look hot—not seeping, after all, but slowly burning larger through their black surround—burning, in fact (if one considers certain of its letters, particularly the “a”), beyond mere verbal significance into pure light. The Power of Literature to surrender to reading and (like stars opening into a night sky) it will burn something pure, still and essential into the center of your awareness.

But darkness will return, or so the blackness spreading out of the text’s period implies. Existence in other words is a eternal cycle of knowledge to nullidge to knowledge to nullidge...



The blackboard of the final poem of the collection (a detail of which is shown below) comes off pretty straightforwardly as a block of nocturnal sky, with stars, as seen through a three-dimensionally delineated window. The result, particularly after the two-dimensionality of Hill's other blackboard poems, is a vivid impression of depth—distance, too, because the black area here is much smaller than it was in the previous poems.

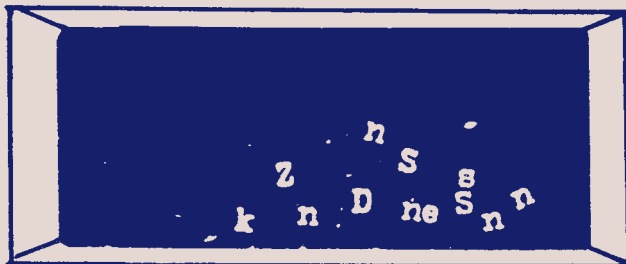
Because of its history in Hill's poems, the blackboard continues also to seem connected to the mind, so here where that blackboard is so obviously outside, the analogy of the universe, or night sky, as someone's mental field occurs. All this kind of thinking kicks the poem complex, into something having to do with the letters of a cosmos/consciousness waiting to come together the way star-materials even-

tually coil into solar systems...and life (according to science). Close scanning supports this reading, for among the 12 letters on the "blackboard", in close proximity to one another, are all but the "i" of the word "Design".

Extra n's and an extra S are nearby, too, which could be used to construct "DeSigns", "designing", and "designings". "Signs" would also be possible, and appropriate. "Sends" and "enDs", too.

Available as well are a not-very-useful z and k; they are off to the edge of the field's cluster of let-

ters, suggesting the cosmos/consciousness's drawing together that which is needed to construct something while that which is not needed drifts away. In the meantime, the window, which readily symbolizes the eye of philosophy or science, opens into a perspective on the creative process which Existence is.



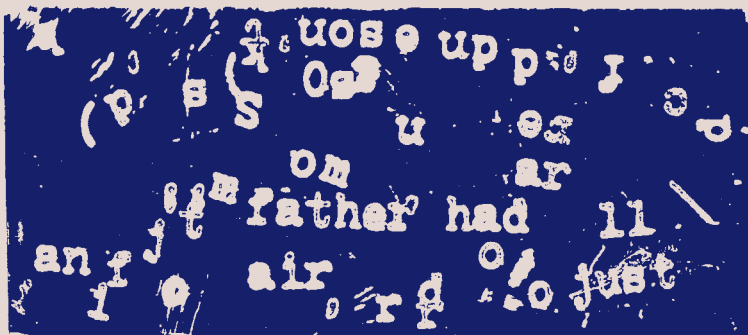
ii

A fourth poem by Crag Hill appears here in severely reduced form. There are many provocative words and discrete letters floating around in it, chief among them "father" and, upside-down with respect to "father", "son". Unlike much of Hill's work, this poem presents no danger of being taken as overly simple.

Indeed, it is almost to complex to analyze. I can't let that stop me, though, so here goes: as in the previous blackboard poems, the letters bleed large and bloated and therefore seem to be burning hotly into the consciousness they inhabit, and/or out of it. The whirl of accompa-

nying smears and splatters gives the process the poem images a feel of full-scale unself-conscious activity.

The word "father" is the center of the poem's focus not only because of its fairly central position (on the page) but because of the archetypal size of the word. Its letters seem each with a unique pressure, or density of black/white. Moreover, two of them, the "f" and the "r", are



slurred with blobs of white and a linear splatter stabs into or out of the top of the "r". The implication is that the thing symbolized, the real-life father, fades/blaes unevenly through the thought.

Only now, my fourth or fifth time through the poem, I see an "om" just above the "father", permitting a reading of "om

ther". Another m is near the f of "father". The mother, then as a diffused "mom" as well as a slightly scrambled "mother", is backgrounded but present—and, once picked up, curves into being—at least the word represented her does—instead of conventionally marching linearly forward like the word representing her husband.

The large "O" which is an inch or so above the "o" of "mom" (and "omther") and which has an "s" next to it subtly links the mother of the piece, and through her the father, to the son above them. The letters of the word standing for the latter seem more evenly hued than those of "father", so the impression is of unemotionality, greater stability of response—being a son does not agitate, or render uneven, the way being a father does?

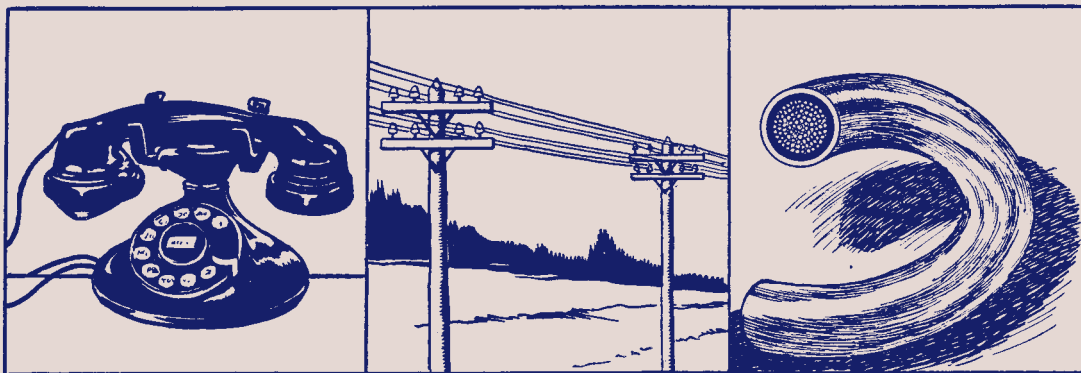
A little in front of "son" is an "f". One of the faintest of the letters in the poem, it seems more like a memory or a word for a word than something primary. It is also the only backwards character in the composition—all the others face the reader, although many are upside-down or on their sides. The "f" is upside-down with respect to "son", too. How opposed it therefore makes the son and father seem! Not only is one upside-down with respect to the other, but the son is headed into a reminder, or some kind of "print" of his father—which is headed in a direc-

tion even more jarringly different to the one in which the son is going.

Other words in the composition are "had", which comes right after "father" and combines with the latter to almost form the sentence, "father had"; "air", "an", "just", and "up". The last of these is indeed up and is thus a visual onomatopœia, but it also accentuates the son's upness (and I think of Icarus) and his being much farther a seeming ideal than the pragmatic father, but possibly out of control.

A sentence, "father had an air (of) just(ice)", is somewhat suggested. Otherwise I can't rationalize the words, or the many swirling isolated letters, and the two parenthesis marks. All the smudges and scratches and similar flaws suggest as before the tentative consciousness-at-work quality of the scene.

I just noticed something else: "up" spells "dn" when turned upside-down, as the "up" in this piece would be when the aesthiciant reads "son". It would, as "down" abbreviated, therefore still be correct, and another idea emerges—that of two worlds merged but equally correct, a father's and a son's. Meander through the piece for long enough and one, I'm sure, will flush many other equally appropriate ideas; indeed, the main function of the poem seems to be to fumble one through someone's deepest father/mother/son consciousness to the archetypal core of social feelings where all is a slur of uncertainties. [Nº9





Rotational Situationism

“Levi-Strauss” Style

by Al Ackerman

My Uncle Benny, who was known around our family as “The White Ape”, always had a theory that if he went to answer the door wearing his wife’s negligee, it gave him a certain edge or advantage over his enemies.

All his adult life he had simply taken it for granted that anybody who rang his front doorbell was up to no good. “Have you ever gone to the door and found Santa Claus standing there?” he would say; “—or the Easter Bunny? Shit no. Nine times out of ten it’s either the landlord looking for last month’s rent or some skip-tracer. And if it isn’t a skip-tracer or a bill collector or the landlord—you can count on it being some goober selling Gideon Bibles, or a Jehova’s Witness. Well, then, the best defense you have toward the scum is a good offense—get ‘em off balance at the start and then don’t let up on ‘em till they lose their nerve and blow.”

It seems that after various altercations, most of them involving some form of aggressive or pugilistic behavior, my uncle, who was a rather burly man, given to cigars and not shaving, had, around 1957, hit at last on his great idea of going to the door in his wife’s floor-length, see-through negligee and felt that this routine gave him the clearest edge in any situation he was likely to encounter. Sometimes he would vary it slightly by appearing at the door in his wife’s pink rayon slip. He claimed the slip worked almost as well as the negligee, except that his wife, who was a former show girl and fussy about her clothes, tended to raise a stink and throw dishes whenever he split a seam in her slip (try holding your tongue and saying that one real fast twenty or thirty times in polite company). So mostly Uncle Benny stuck to the negligee.

My uncle also felt it helped in any conversation with a doorbell pest if you took care to conduct yourself in a manner not often encountered in the ordinary course of human affairs. The idea being that after you had gained the initial edge by appearing in your negligee it was important to follow through and maintain your advan-

tage by saying things like: “Sorry it too me so long to answer, but I been hemorrhaging like a bastard from both lungs all morning. It’s either Plague or T.B. (Cough.) The Board of Health hasn’t been able to decide which, yet. (Cough, cough.)”

And, in addition, if you could follow up on this with a good laugh, something high-pitched and wavering, and sustain it in the face of your opponent for five or ten minutes at a stretch—so much the better.

Barking like a dog helped to keep them guessing, too, as did ending each sentence with the word, “tooth”.

But—(and here was the point) no matter what technique or combination of techniques you used, the important thing was to arrive at what my uncle always liked to call a “reconstituted situation”. A “reconstituted situation”, according to my uncle, was any favorable and unexpected situation you could create that would serve to spring you free from a “no-win” or “dead-end” embrangement. (If anybody is unclear as to what constitutes an embrangement, I can’t think of much that goes on these days that doesn’t constitute one. Though, as I say, in my uncle’s world, an embrangement usually meant landlords, skip-tracers, bill collectors, Bible salesmen and the like.)

So the negligee routine was my Uncle Benny’s system for creating a “reconstituted situation” and confounding those who would prey on his wallet. In later years, while I was busy evading the draft by pretending to study for the priesthood, I ran into what struck me as a similar system, this one being put forward by certain Catholic existential theologians, whose works I was having to pretend to read for class assignments. They called their version “Rotation”.

Here, as near as I can remember it, was the nub of the matter: If you found yourself in an embrangement, or simply wished to revitalize your stale everyday mode of existence, you were supposed to existentially “rotate” yourself out of your rut and into a new life-situation,

something that, according to the Catholic existential thinkers, could be accomplished in any number of ways, most of them pretty entertaining. For example, if you wanted to achieve “rotation” you might do so by:

- (1) Dashing suddenly off to Brazil on the train with nothing but a string bag full of oranges and popcorn;
- (2) quitting your job as a bookkeeper to take up a career as a professional circus aerialist under the name of “The Flying Ballywash”;
- (3) shaving your head, growing a beard, and speaking only Chinese;
- (4) going unexpectedly into the downstairs hall closet for a few weeks;
- (5) coming unexpectedly out of the downstairs hall closet for a few weeks;
- (6) etc., etc.

In other words, any deliberate life-maneuver that allowed you to radically alter your habitual mode of existence was considered a legitimate form of “rotation”. (As a matter of fact, about the only maneuvers that were not criminal acts, sexual perversion, suicide and/or self-mutilation, and in theology class we were frequently given the cautionary example of the “sad fellow” [literally, *triste individu*—it was a French Jesuit seminary in Des Moines that I was attending], a former seminarian names “Gerald S.”, who, in a tragically misguided attempt at “rotation”, had removed his own testicles with a saw, ostensibly for purposes of gluing them on under his chin and beginning life anew as a bullfrog. To make matters worse, “Gerald S.” had even written a bad check to pay for the saw. He later became a top Presidential advisor.)

I realize I probably haven’t made the concept of “Rotation” very clear. I never understood it very well myself. But it always reminded me of my uncle’s “reconstituted situationism” theory. At least it did when I was younger. Now, I’m not so sure.

But the point is that when I entered the Correspondence Network in the early 70s I decided to try and apply “Rotational Situationism”, as I had come to think of it, to my own mail activities. (Don’t ask me why. I guess I just had it in my mind that, since I’d gone to the trouble of linking “Rotation” and “reconstituted situationism” [which I had gotten by linking “reconstituted situation” with “jism”] to make “Rotational Situationism”, I might as well

try it out on something, and at that point, the mail network seemed handiest. I wonder why I didn’t call it “Reconstituted Rotation”, or just plain “Rot”? Oh, well.)

Let me skim over, as briefly as possible, a few of the “Rotational Situationisms” that I tried in my mailings:

(A) **The “IN-OUT” Rotation.** The idea here was that, by reversing the customary order of things, I would send mail “in” rather than “out”, or, if you like, address and mail stuff only to myself. But although I did this faithfully I found it held very little feeling of anticipation or surprise. That is, unless I mailed something to myself using a clever alias (“The Lonely One”, “I.P. Freely”, “David Zack”, “Gerald S.”, “Hiney-Eyes Martin”, etc. were a few of the cleverer aliases I used to fool myself), and then all that I noticed was that I spend a lot of time sensing a trick and scrutinizing the mail I received, trying to figure out who might be masquerading behind such palatable phony names as “The Lonely One”, “I.P. Freely”, “David Zack”, etc. In any case, I never could decide whether “mailing in” constituted true “Rotational Situationism”, or whether it perhaps fell more under the heading of “narcism” or “hermetic inspectionism”. The whole routine got pretty boring after the first year.

(B) **POSTAGE Rotation.** This involved writing a letter on the outside of the envelope and then gluing the stamp on inside. Even less satisfying than (A), as I remember it, since only about half the stuff I mailed this way made it through.

(C) **“B.M.” Rotation.** I can’t remember what this involved. (Probably just as well.)

(D) **The “LING” Rotations.** Now this, in my estimation, was the purest, most successful form of “Rotational Situationism” I achieved. The idea was that since The Ling Master wears a mystic pillowcase hood with a single eye-hole cut in the center through which his blood-shot orb mysteriously glares and darts—I would do all my Ling mailings while similarly attired, that is, with a pillowcase over my head. And since Ling also slurps a lot of Mogen David wine—well, it’s hard to explain, but there’s something about doing mail while you’re slurping Mogen David wine through a pillowcase and trying to peer out of that single little eyehole that almost instantly shifts, or rotates, things into a whole different realm. Not only different, but fantastically different. It’s something that’s

impossible to put into words. As the saying goes, you really have to experience it to do it. Nuff said.

(The only hitch is likely to occur if you happen to become so preoccupied that you forget and wander outside with your Ling pillowcase still on and are confronted by one of your snoopy neighbors. Or if your pillowcase happens to get twisted or turned around, so that the eyehole is in the back, resulting in what pillowcase-wearers call “snowblindness” or “mole-eye”. Especially you have to be careful that you don’t wander outside with your pillowcase on backwards and get killed by a car. Otherwise, the “LING” Rotations are something I definitely recommend.)

(E) **The “TAPING” Rotations.** I don’t remember how I got started with this one, but the concept seemed to be that I would do a piece of mail, put a stamp on it, and then, before I mailed it, carry it around for a few days taped under my arm. (Technical hint: I tried Scotch tape but soon found that adhesive or medical tape worked best for underarm taping.)

For some reason, probably having to do with particle physics, these “taping” rotations seemed immediately to strike a special chord of response. Nor was this just my imagination—for, from the very outset, confirmation began to arrive in the form of letters from my correspondents, all of whom had received these “taped” mailings and were now saying things like: “What is it about your envelopes these days?” (or more simply: “What is that smell—?). So I sensed, from this feedback, a breakthrough into true “Rotational Situationism”, or Mennen’s Disorder, made manifest by how many correspondents lost no time in dropping me from their mailing lists. (About 75%.)

The most interesting part of “taping”, to me, was the effect it had on my own outlook and disposition. Now, normally, I am inclined to be a rather taciturn, if not downright severe, individual. But whenever I had a piece of mail taped under my arm I found that my mood became significantly altered. I would be shuffling around town on my various errands with, for example, a letter to Eerie Billy Haddock taped under my left pit, and the longer I carried it there, and thought about it, the more I found myself inclined to chuckle. At first I chuckled intermittently, sporadically—but by the time I had carried the taped

envelope around for a few days, I would be chuckling practically non-stop. Of course, I was aware of the curious (and, in some instances, frankly distasteful) glances that were being directed my way as I stood chuckling incessantly at the bus stop or in line at the E-Z Mart or 7-11. But somehow this knowledge only caused me to chuckle the more incessantly. I remember this went on for several months.

Things eventually came to a head one evening while I was sitting at home with “Sweetie-Pie”, my wife. I was chuckling over a “taping” to my correspondence pal John “Maurice” Bennett.

Finally my wife put her hookah down in exasperation. “There you go again, Albert”, she said; “—more of that damned incessant chuckling. I wish you’d get a grip on yourself.”

Naturally I explained that I was only chuckling over my latest “taping” to Bennett. I said: “Heh, heh—you know how it is, Sweetie-Pie. Carrying an envelope taped under my arm always makes me feel like chuckling.”

“Yes, I know”, my wife retorted acidly, “but tonight there’s nothing taped under your arm. You told me yourself that you mailed that nasty envelope away to Bennett two days ago. Remember?”

I sat stunned. She was right. My pits were vacant. God help me, I’d been sitting there the whole evening chuckling incessantly over nothing!

Needless to say, it was a deeply sobering realization—one that ultimately caused me to rethink my whole position *viz-à-viz* “taping”, “Rotational Situationism”, and, indeed, the entire mail scene in general. Was “Rotational Situationism” turning me into a big old chucklehead? Did it mean I was headed for one of those canvas sport jackets, the kind with the wrap-around sleeves? Why are you staring at my feet?

(F) I remained in a semi-funk for several days, pondering it all.

(G) Thus, in the end, did I decide to give up my correspondence activities altogether and become (for such was my new dream) either a singing cowboy or a merry, sexually precocious Indian lad.

(H) Which is why, today, most of you know me as Red Ryder and Little Beaver.

—Dr. Al “Sit-on-it-and-Rotate” Ackerman’s
B-Bar-B Ranch, Tucson, Arizona

		"Elite Art" Limited open system, periodical	PUBLICITY	SECOND
Economical sphere	1.	information →	start concentration of events & names	artists in g distance / a a
	2.	capital →	institutionalize production legitimation by intellectual & material values	self- (small prin legitimation fidians of an to communicat
	3.	← advertising	collect & pass on of privileged informations	homogeneous right infor (mailing &
	4.	← exempt profit invested profit →	economic growth (contraction of activities, discipline of artists)	non-profit setting up o art genres
Artistical sphere	5.	← credibility investment →	guarantee of quality	rejection o ("equ
	6.	← advertising investment →	creation of styles and names erecting of larger theoretical bases	style-plura of any styl ("li
Social sphere	7.		urge to fix the artistical & social hierarchy, elite art	meta-commun contacts ("inde
	8.		structur of power (the manifestation of intellectual & material values) ("culture")	structu (the homogen confidence o ("de
	9.		complexity in the concentration & growth of the dynamic, expanded capital	expansion of pluralism, s for the (an

and its Relation with the Elite Art and the Anti-Publicity

PUBLICITY closed system, static	ANTIPUBLICITY "Avantgarde" Unlimited open system, semi-periodical	
geographical & mental anonym, antihistorical	ideological concentration	← information
publication (t & ephemera...) by the self-con- tists & the claim ion	culture-criticism legitimation by the principle of human emarcipation	← philosophy
& free, noncopy- mation-exchange archival activity)	propaganda, publication of manifests	radical ideology →
economy of new (small) & "popular art"	non-profit economy setting up of new propaganda genres	art genres →
of the quality ality")	quality = radicalism rejection of the art-quality ("progression")	
lism or rejection e problems berty")	creation of new styles & norms, intensification of the theoretical base ("art revolution")	Utopia →
ication, open pendence")	ideological hierarchy artistical conspiracy ("revolutionary discipline")	
r of contacts eity of the self- f the artists) mocracy")	structure of a movement (the manifestation of revolutionary values) ("combat")	advertising →
the cultural ource material ti) publicity	organisation of the cultural & social employment, source material for publicity	

A N A S T A T I C

It is admitted by every one that of late there has been a rather singular invention, called Anastatic Printing, and that this invention may possibly lead, in the course of time, to some rather remarkable results — among which the one chiefly insisted upon, is the abolition of the ordinary stereotyping process : — but this seems to be the amount, in America at least, of distinct understanding on this subject.

“There is no exquisite beauty,” says Bacon, “without some strangeness in the proportions.” The philosopher had reference, here to beauty in its common acceptance ; but the remark is equally applicable to all the forms of beauty — that is to say, to everything which arouses profound interest in the heart or intellect of man. In every such thing, strangeness — in other words *novelty* — will be found a principal element ; and so universal is this law that it has no exception even in the case of this principal element itself. Nothing, unless it be novel — *not even novelty itself* — will be the source of very intense excitement among men. Thus the *ennuyé* who travels in the hope of dissipating his *ennui* by the perpetual succession of novelties, will invariably be disappointed in the end. He receives the impression of novelty so continuously that it is at length no novelty to receive it. And the man, in general, of the nineteenth century — more especially of our own particular epoch of it — is very much in the predicament of the traveller in question. We are so habituated to new inventions, that we no longer get from newness the vivid interest which should appertain to the new — and no example could be adduced more distinctly showing that the *mere* importance of a novelty will not suffice to gain for it universal attention, that we find in the invention of *Anastatic Printing*. It excited not one fiftieth part of the

comment which was excited by the comparatively frivolous invention of Sennefelder ; — but he lived in the good old days when a novelty was novel. Nevertheless, while Lithography opened the way for a very agreeable pastime, it is the province of Anastatic Printing to revolutionize the world.

By means of this discovery anything written, drawn, or printed, can be made to stereotype itself, with absolute accuracy, in five minutes.

Let us take, for example, a page of this Journal ; supposing only one side of the leaf to have printing on it. We dampen the leaf with a certain acid diluted, and then place it between two leaves of blotting-paper to absorb superfluous moisture. We then place the printed side in contact with a zinc plate that lies on the table. The acid in the interspaces between the letters, immediately corrodes the zinc, but the acid on the letters themselves, has no such effect, having been neutralized by the ink. Removing the leaf at the end of five minutes, we find a reversed copy, in slight relief, of the printing on the page ; — in other words, we have a stereotype-plate, from which we can print a vast number of absolute facsimiles of the original printed page — which latter has not been at all injured in the process — that is to say, we can still produce from it (or from any impression of the stereotype-plate) new stereotype-plates *ad libitum*. Any engraving, or any pen-and-ink drawing, or any MS. can be stereotyped in precisely the same manner.

The *facts* of the invention are established. The process is in successful operation both in London and Paris. We have seen several specimens of printing done from the plates described, and have now lying before us a leaf (from the London ‘Art-Union’) covered with drawing, MS., letter-press, and impressions from wood-cuts, — the whole printed from the

Anastatic stereotypes, and warranted by the ‘Art-Union’ to be absolute *facsimiles* of the originals.

The process can scarcely be regarded as a *new* invention, — and appears to be rather the modification and successful application of two or three previously ascertained principles — those of etching, electrography, lithography, etc. It follows from this that there will be much difficulty in establishing or maintaining the right of patent, and the probability is that the benefits of the process will soon be thrown open to the world. As to the secret — it can only be a secret in name.

That the discovery (if we may so call it) has been made can excite no surprise in any thinking person — the only matter for surprise is, that it has not been made many years ago. The obviousness of the process, however, in no degree lessens its importance. Indeed its inevitable results enkindle the imagination, and embarrass the understanding.

Every one will perceive, at once, that the ordinary process of stereotyping will be abolished. Through this ordinary process, a publisher, to be sure, is enabled to keep on hand the means of producing edition after edition of any work the certainty of whose sale will justify the cost of stereotyping — which is trifling *in comparison* with that of re-setting the matter. But still, *positively*, this cost (of stereotyping) is great. Moreover, there cannot always be certainty about sales. Publishers frequently are forced to re-set works which they have neglected to stereotype, thinking them unworthy the expense; and many excellent works are not published at all, because small editions do not pay, and the anticipated sales will not warrant the cost of stereotype. *Some* of these difficulties will be at once remedied by the Anastatic Printing, and *all* will be remedied in a brief

P R I N T I N G .

time. A publisher has only to print as many copies as are immediately demanded. He need print no more than a dozen, indeed, unless he feels perfectly confident of success. Preserving *one* copy, he can from this, at no other cost than that of the zinc, produce with any desirable rapidity, as many impressions as he may think proper. Some idea of the advantages thus accruing may be gleaned from the fact that in several of the London publishing warehouses there is deposited in stereotype plates alone, property to the amount of a million sterling.

The next view of the case, in point of obviousness, is, that, if necessary, a hundred thousand impressions per hour, or even infinitely more, can be taken of any newspaper, or similar publication. As many presses can be put in operation as the occasion may require : — indeed there can be no limit to the number of copies producible, provided we have no limit on the number of presses.

The tendency of all this to cheapen information, to diffuse knowledge and amusement, and to bring before the public the very class of works which are most valuable, but least in circulation on account of unsaleability — is what need scarcely be suggested to any one. But benefits such as these are merely the immediate and most obvious — by no means the most important.

For some years, perhaps, the strong spirit of conventionality — of conservatism — will induce authors in general to have recourse, as usual, to the setting of type. A printed book, *new*, is more sightly, and more legible, than any MS. and for some years the idea will not be overthrown that this state of things is one of necessity. But by degrees it will be remembered that, while MS. was a *necessity*, men wrote after such fashion that no books printed in modern times have surpassed their MSS. either in accuracy

or in beauty. This consideration will lead to the cultivation of a neat and distinct style of handwriting — for authors will receive the immense advantage of giving their own manuscripts directly to the public without the expensive interference of the type-setter, and the often ruinous intervention of the publisher. All that a man of letters need do will be to pay some attention to legibility of MS., arrange his pages to suit himself, and stereotype them instantaneously, as arranged. He may intersperse them with his own drawings, or with anything to please his own fancy, in the certainty of being fairly brought before his readers, with all the freshness of his original conception about him.

And at this point we are arrested by a consideration of infinite moment, although of a seemingly shadowy character. The cultivation of accuracy in MS., thus enforced, will tend with an inevitable impetus to every species of improvement in *style* — more especially in the points of concision and distinctness — and this again, in a degree even more noticeable, to precision of thought, and luminous arrangement of matter. There is a very peculiar and easily intelligible reciprocal influence between the thing written and the manner of writing — but the latter has the predominant influence of the two. The more remote effect on philosophy at large, which will inevitably result from improvement of style and thought in the points of concision, distinctness, and accuracy, need only be suggested to be conceived.

As a consequence of attention being directed to neatness and beauty of MS., the antique profession of the scribe will be revived, affording abundant employment to women — their delicacy of organization fitting them peculiarly for such tasks. The female amanuensis, indeed, will occupy very nearly the posi-

tion of the present male type-setter, whose industry will be diverted perforce into other channels.

These considerations are of vital importance — but there is yet one beyond them all. The value of every book is a compound of its literary value and its physical or mechanical value as the product of physical labor applied to the physical material. But at present the latter value immensely predominates, even in the works of the most esteemed authors. It will be seen, however, that the new condition of things will at once give the ascendancy to the literary value, and thus by their literary values will books come to be estimated among men. The wealthy gentleman of elegant leisure will lose the vantage-ground now afforded him, and will be forced to tilt on terms of equality with the poordevil author. At present the literary world is a species of anomalous Congress, in which the majority of the members are constrained to listen in silence while all the eloquence proceeds from a privileged few. In the new *régime*, the humblest will speak as often and as freely as the most exalted, and will be sure of receiving just that amount of attention which the intrinsic merit of their speeches may deserve.

From what we have said it will be evident that the discovery of Anastatic Printing will not only not obviate the necessity of copy-right laws, and of international law in especial, but will render this necessity more imperative and more apparent. It has been shown that in depressing the value of the *physique* of a book, the invention will proportionately elevate the value of its *morale*, and since it is the latter value alone which the copy-right laws are needed to protect, the necessity of the protection will be only the more urgent and more obvious than ever.

—E.A. Poe

[Text : *Broadway Journal*, I., 15.]

Præcisio

by Ge(of Huth)

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Nihil Obstat [Nº9
 This column, as well as the
 "pwoermds" to be found at the
 bottom of each page, are provided
 by Ge(of Huth), 225 State St #451,
 Schenectady NY 12305.

Notes from the Street

by R.K. Courtney

METER IS STUCK



Sun—	9 +	9 =	18
Mon 11 +	9 =	17	
Tues	11 +	6 =	17
Wen	14 +	5 =	19
Thu	15 +	2 =	17
Fri_	18 +	1 =	19
Sat	19 -	1 =	18
Sun-	1 +	13 =	14
Mon-	7 +7	+4 =	18
Tues-	13 +	6 =	
19			
Wen	14 +	4 =	18
Thurs			16

Deodorant (2)
 perfume (incl concentrate)
 contact soln.
 slip
 u-pants
 socks

thought it would be better to settle down in the house a bit first & then think of the boat. We hope to find a nice Marina on the Medway somewhere. Uncle D_____ has been busy fitting on a new roller reefing gear & we have both been cleaning her up ready for the new season she is looking really lovely now. That's all we need now is fair winds & sunshine & we are away. There's a lot of work to be done on the house but we intend to go sailing every other weekend. Uncle D_____ will have a lot more time off in his new post. It will be less money, but we don't mind that.

Oh, Well I shall close now.
 Lots of love
 Aunty L_____ xx

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

TO _____

DATE _____ TIME _____ A.M. P.M.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

M _____

OF _____

Area Code & Exchange _____

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL	
CALLED TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN	
WANTS TO SEE YOU	URGENT	
RETURNED YOUR CALL		

Message _____

335-8633 Cambus

356-5151 City Bus

Operator at West (Sunset Koser)

16-46 before meter

16 after

7 8 9 10

Madison across west

Call N_____ 'bout Pych experiment phone # _____ . If she's not there, leave a message & she'll try to call you.

SHUT DOWN

circulation as best possible - Free Press.

The overall effects of the reasonable projections as transmitted since 1964 and 1968 a...
 The...
 Many...
 Copyright, 1987, by Harry Charles Samps.

DEFENDING YOURSELF AGAINST INJURY AS BEST YOU CAN.

AFTERWORD

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 slip on the first installment of this column:

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

I even knew what notebook to put them in; an empty orange term paper cover I had also found on the street.

Things went fine until I realized that the collection was about as big as I wanted it to be. But I needed an equally impromptu reason to stop. Fortunately, the final note soon came to hand, with its order to

"shut down".

Bing Crosby's Yard! No Trespassing!

by Eric Harold Belgium

Mrs. Bright Brown had driven three other women, Fade Bright, Violent Brown and Normal Brown, to an allgirlgettogether at the house of Mrs. Green. They had an allgirlgettogether about once a month. Each time it was at a different person's house. This time it was at Mrs. Green's house.

The four arrived and Mrs. Bright Brown parked the car in Mrs. Green's rather steep driveway. The driveway was specially designed by an architect and built at an eighty-degree angle to the street. The women arrived at about 11:00 am. Mrs. Green lived across the street from Bing Crosby.

The five played cards and had some little poisonous meat sandwiches that Mrs. Green had prepared much earlier that day. Mrs. Green also served punch and champagne throughout the afternoon.

The afternoon went pleasantly, except for one moment when Violent Brown made an insensitive remark about Bing Crosby to Fade Bright. After this remark, Fade Bright went into the kitchen and then emerged, poking at Violent Brown with a \$400 butcher knife.

When it came time for the women to leave, Mrs. Bright Brown stood up and thanked the hostess and then realized that she could not drive. She asked Normal Brown if she would do the driving, at least until the women who lived the farthest away were dropped off. Normal Brown agreed to do the driving and the four left the house for the car.

Normal Brown started the car and began letting the engine warm up. Mrs. Bright Brown sat right next to her in front and Fade Bright and Violent Brown sat in the back. At this point, Normal Brown tried to back the car down the driveway, but was unable to do so.

Mrs. Bright Brown suggested that perhaps the emergency brake was still engaged. Normal Brown looked for the brake release and could not find it. At this point, Normal Brown left the vehicle to try and disengage the brake from outside by reaching in through the open driver's window.

She was able to disengage the brake. However, the car was in reverse and began rolling down the specially designed eighty-degree angle driveway, dragging Normal Brown along with it. Mrs. Bright Brown then reached her foot over to step on the brake. She managed to step on the accelerator instead and the four women rocketed down the driveway and across the street into Bing Crosby's yard.

All three women got out of the car and began yelling obscenities at Normal Brown. Things like "wiener" and "bitch" and "not-of-this-world". Normal Brown told them that she was thinking about driving back and forth over their bodies with the car. Then Bing Crosby came out of his house and hollered at them and told them to get their car off his lawn.

[end

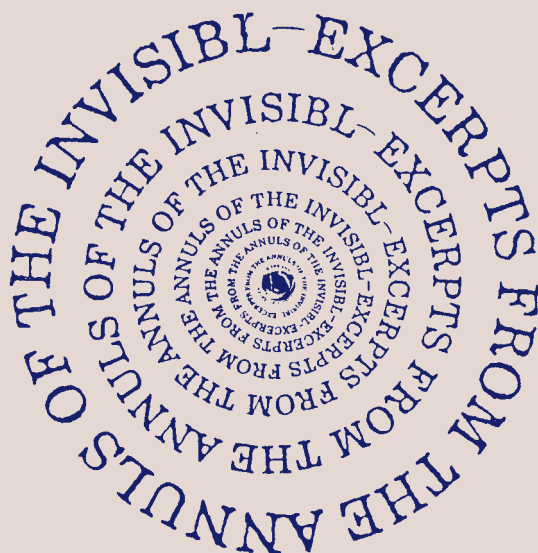
REVIEWS

Asylum Magazine, vol. 5, #s 1 and 2. 44pp-half letter-offset. \$2.50 from Greg Boyd, P.O. Box 6203, Santa Maria CA 93456 — Asylum #1 is a smorgasbord of dreams.

I'm not convinced that the dreamers are *certifiable*. However, #2 is a clear case of bi-polar linguaphrenia in which the patients exhibit extreme approach/avoidance behavior, swinging wildly between logophobia and logophilia. Such cases find themselves slaves to the word, involved in a compulsive love/hate relationship which they are powerless to abandon. Language is a fetish. They punish the very words to which they are addicted by tormenting them into a gibberish which resembles nothing so much as a symbolic orgy exploding in mindless orgasm. Yet after this release, words begin to take on their habitual quality of *representation* and the poor devils are doomed once more to twist and tease meaning from them, culminating in an attempt to annihilate the language which they cannot live without in a post-modern version of *Sisyphus Meet Tantalus*. —kh

Excerpts From The Annals Of The Invisibl, August 1989. Published by the Ethical Society of Arkansas. 56pp-letter-xerox. Margent Common Wheel, 1305 N Calvert St #3, Baltimore MD 21202 — The *real* underground literature of America is only to be found handed out on street-corners by wild-eyed prophets wearing sandwich-board signs proclaiming the plot revealed. *Excerpts from the Annals of the Invisibl* is largely comprised of such sublime, poorly-typed material. The amazing details of the conspiracy to suck Frederick Walton Peeler's blood or one man's account of the wholesale decimation of Aryans in downtown Baltimore are here documented. Along with these testaments to the ultimately bendable nature of the human psyche there is a beautiful spread on Vermont Ruberoid Asbestos floor tiles interspersed with grainy xeroxes of brain and lung scan photographs. In fact the entire publication is beautifully cohesive, allowing the xerox art to provide the narrative structure

weaving from rantings of lunatics to textbook diagrams of ICBM deployment and on to an autopsy report and advice (with pictures) on how to make homemade detonators. The entire publication is thoughtfully compiled without having to explicitly spell it out for the reader (which makes it a rare pleasure). —ac
Gajoob Magazine #4, Autumn 1989. 48pp-half legal-xerox. \$2 from Bryan Baker, P.O. Box 3201, Salt Lake City UT 84110 — This Salt Lake City publication (that's right, straight from the heart of the great state of Deseret) is a self-described documenter of "cassette culture". The format is ambitious in that the guy who puts it out, Bryan Baker, manages not only to answer his letters in full and print them, but in this issue (#4) also manages a stunning 100+ cassette reviews and an impressive number of print reviews to boot and it seems that he has done most of this by himself. None of the cassette reviews seem to have been slighted as



MORE
WORTHWHILE COMIX



a result of their sheer numbers, all are well-written and he seems to be trying to give each a fair shake. Issue #4 also includes interviews with Dino DiMuro, local Salt Lake performer Mike Carlson and another interview with a Michigan tape band, Nihilistic Order. Although editorial statements often tend toward the overly-serious, one of the amazing and refreshing things about this magazine is that, barring typos, it is intelligently written, never clogging itself with language it doesn't understand and never being uselessly colloquial. Also notable are address listings and a list of

radio stations and shows that accept cassettes for broadcast. —ac

Get Smart! #6, Summer 1989. 32pp-half letter-xerox. #1 from John F. Kelly, 30 Cottage Pl, Tarrytown NY 10591
 — John F. Kelly's *Get Smart!*, if #6 is any indication, is more impressed with itself and what it's trying to do than it really should be. I think, and I may be wrong but I think this magazine is supposed to be funny. But at best it comes off as mildly obnoxious (and I don't mean a good kind of obnoxious) and at worst it is simply boring. The contributing articles likewise seem flat and as uninteresting as Kelly's own and they don't even have the excuse of being in-jokes because they are apparently directed to a general audience. However, Kelly's "Worthwhile Comix" aren't bad nor is his piece on "Dogs I Have Known". Most of this magazine seems to meander through its "comic" pieces without much humor. —ac



Losing Faith #s 7 and 10. 32pp, 40pp-half legal-offset. "Some cash" from Losing Faith, P.O. Box 10533, Minneapolis MN 55458 — I don't know what happened to issues 8 and 9 but this is what I got, a very nicely produced, tight and dark little publication. Issue 7 features a spread of "True Vomit Stories" (one of which gives me a certain sense of déjà-vu about a personal trip to Moscow), but other than that the magazine is entirely graphic art. The styles range from neo-German Expressionism to adolescent male doodle-art and everything in between. In both 7 and 10 the subject matter is decidedly raunchy and pornographic (in the non-erotic sense, I'd say). Judging by the editorial disclaimers, i.e., "the magazine that doesn't have one fucking good thing to say about the world" and "we need people like you to continue down that warm bumpy road to eternal depravity." It seems that "depravity" is the *theme*. But it would really be too simple to stop there, because what would be overlooked is just how beautiful the art work is, even at its raunchiest. The work makes ART art look stuffy (no surprise) but at the same time outshines bathroom art by a mile. —ac

No Poetry, Summer 1989. 20pp-half legal-xerox. \$1 from Dyslexic Comic Publications, P.O. Box 17863, Denver CO 80217 — When is xerox art, Art? When it looks like the stuff in No Poetry; so dense and full of texture that running off one copy of the magazine should warrant a toner change on the machine. The technique seems to be one wherein white backgrounds for xeroxed cutouts are avoided at all costs. Most of the artwork appears on patterned backgrounds, giving the pages a very dense and not unpleasant look. This issue is primarily graphics on the subject of animal coitus from snakes to pigs. The cover says that this issue includes: Farm Animal Centerfold, Cyclopiantype Deformity, Kentucky Country Hams, Reptiles & Amphibians and Mutants and that is exactly what you find inside, plus nicely conceived advertisements for local Denver interests. —ac

Xerolage 15 by Ben Allen. 20pp-letter-xerox. \$4 from Xexoxial Endarchy, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703 — This is a collection of photocopier art by Ben Allen, a mail artist from Northern Ireland. In it,

we see page after page of edge to edge xerox patterns and textures composed of scraps of paper, photobooth portraits chopped up and imaginatively reassembled, fields of geometric stars and crosses and other symbols and so on. The overall gestalt is busy but a studied look offers a small prize: the centerfold hides a map of Ireland, while many of the rest of the pages conceal (some more than others), the crosses and saltires of the Union Jack. Or are they just Xs and +s? There are stars of David as well. It's hard to tell what the intent, if any, is in this symbolism; but it's there in case you want to pull it out. Otherwise, this is an attractive-looking collection of xerox images, which not only offers a recycling of Allen's previous work (the books *Photobooth Portraits* and *Particles from Space*) but also offers new fodder for future work, no doubt. —ld

The reviewers are: Anastasia Coles, Karen Holman, and Lloyd Dunn.



LISTINGS

• **11x30 Vol. 2 No. 1**, edited by Joel Lipman. Current issue of literary broadside is devoted to Jack Kerouac. Toledo Poets Center, 32 Scott House, University of Toledo, Toledo OH 43606.

• **Applianoidal Grphicus Birthday Elaps 4/89** by Mike Miskowski. Booklet of *MaLLife* editor's computer-generated graphics. Miskowski's style is playful and easily recognized in these bit-maps; the subject matter is urban banalities such as wall outlets, skyscrapers, and wallpaper. Write: Abscond, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630.

• **Art Dah Jilt Magazine #2**. This "magazine" amounts to little more than a promotional press kit on behalf of a group of young artists. The color xeroxes of black and white photographs are noteworthy. Save your money. \$2 from Terrence Brannon, P.O. Box 87128, Atlanta GA 30337. Phone 404/892-1451.

• **Arte Postale! 59**. "Alternative Philately". Current issue of Vitto Baroni's mail art 'zine is devoted to artist stamp sheets. Sealed bag also contains xerox sheet-art, announcements, addresses, and text on artist stamp "theory". Vitto Baroni, via C. Battisti 339, 55049 Viareggio Italy.

• **Atticus Review 17**. Collection of contemporary visual poetry and graphics; many from the network represented, in a rather dry presentation. Also: Ruined Concrete by Hugh Knox. Brief collection of poems. \$3 from Atticus Review, 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 92231.

• **Central Park #16, Fall 1989**. Also: Before Creation. Poems by Joseph Donahue. Each issue of *Central Park* brings a pile of reading to my schedule, and it is always reading well worth the time it takes to do it. Cogent comment with a concerned orientation. \$5 from Central Park Magazine, P.O. Box 1446, New York NY 10023.

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Chinese Cheese by Jean-François Robic. 6 A4 pages, separated by red translucent paper, oriental binding. The pages are printed each with a green grid and, superimposed in sync with the grid in red are numerous Chinese people, all smiling. When the red cover sheet drops in

place, the pictures disappear, and the green grid is all that can be seen.

Geroj Sovjetskovo Sojuza. 12 A4 pages, red/black xerox. Title is Russian for "Hero of the Soviet Union", a formal honor given to military men, much like the Congressional Medal of Honor. Each page puts side by side a portrait of a Soviet military figure with an image of war; tanks, suffering civilians, marching soldiers, barbed wire. The serene calm in the faces of the military heroes is in stark contrast to the violence they wrought to be in that position.

Souvenir Atlantes. Strange xero-manipulated photographs of landscapes and scenes from travels in Ireland.

Inquire at: C'est la Faute aux Copies, 6 rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg, France.

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Christmas Catalogue 1989. A nonsense recombinant wishbook forms the latest annual installment. Funny and full of surprises.

Curios Thing 5. Periodical collection of treated photographic ephemera with humorous, recombinant captions. Imaginative.

A1 Waste Paper Co, 71 Lambeth Walk, London SE 11 6DX UK.

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Confession en Faveur de la Grève de l'Art (1990-1993). French translation of the comic "Confession in Support of the 1990-1993 Art Strike" generated at the Glasgow Festival Of Plagiarism, 1989.

Documents Pages 5. Final issue. The now-discontinued xerox series features graphics and short notes about Ph. Billé's various cultural interests, which include poetry, crossword puzzles, and brief found quotations concerning documentation generally.

Lettre Documentaire 1. Features a French translation of "A Conversation with Ralph Rumney" translated from *Smile #11*.

Lettre Documentaire 2. Four page newsletter briefly covering works and workers in xerox art and related fields. *PhotoStatic* and the Tape-beatles are covered in this one,

but there's other stuff as well.

Lettre Documentaire 3. Reportage and "Le Mariage du Chateau Fort" by Michel Ohl.

(20 prints) by Piotr Szyhalski. Woodcut prints of iconic arms, each holding an object, or perhaps dressed in a certain way, and each becoming an emotional sign of sorts, symbolic of a relationship perhaps interpersonal, or socio-political. There's much here to be considered in spite of, indeed because of, the fact that the images are almost typographically reduced to their essence.

Texts mostly in French. Catalog available. 50¢ per year from: Philippe Billé, B.P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux France.

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• **Convolutions Vol. 1 No. 5**, September 1989. Of the Irregular Brain Post. Collection of page art, addresses and announcements for art you can participate in through the mail. Write: Cerebral Shorts, 5/143 Glenhuntsly Road, Elwood 3184 Australia.

• **Crocs 'n' Cairns** and **The Kiwi Factor** by Carol Stetser. Tourist report from Carol's travels in New Zealand and Queensland, Australia. Write: P.O. Box 20081, Village of Oak Creek AZ 66341.

• **Das Müll Buch** by Colin Hinz. Tiny booklet of xerox textures and scraps of found paper. ASFI, 349 W St N #3, Orillia Ontario L3V 5E1 Canada.

• **Dumb Artists Collective** sent some pseudo-tracts: "Jesus Loves You. Everyone Else Thinks You're an Asshole"; "Don't Vote. Shoot"; etc. A SASE would probly get you a few samples. Dumb Artists Collective, Rm 209, 172 Chestnut St, Springfield MA 01103.

• **Factsheet Five 32.** The reference manual of small magazines; the reviews are short but usually give you a good idea of what the thing being reviewed is like. They review everything they are sent. \$2 from Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer NY 12144.

• **Going Gaga N°5**, November 1989. "Self-Destructing Manifestoes". This is a fine issue of *Going Gaga*, bringing together a variety of manifestoes and metamantifestoes together under one cover. Idea-rich. Highly recommended. \$2/issue, \$8/year from Gareth Branwyn, 2630 Robert Walker Pl, Arlington VA 22207. Phone: 703/527-6032.

• **The Imperfect Pitch.** June 1, 1989. "Words that don't stay words." A dossier of quotations and poetry that bring

together a variety of figures such as Gertrude Stein, Friedrich Nietzsche, Jack Kerouac, etc. in passing, connected glimpses. Free from Greg Evason, 912 Broadview Ave, Toronto Ont M4K 2R1 Canada.

• **Inter: Art Actuel 44.** Magazine of contemporary art originating in Quebec. Current issue reprints "Rapport sur la construction des situations et sur les conditions de l'organisation et de l'action de la tendance situationniste international" by Guy-Ernest Debord. And much more. Can\$5 from: Inter, C. P. 77, Haute-Ville, Quebec G1R 9Z9 Canada.

• **Juan y Maria: Acontecimiento Artístico-social** by Clemente Padín. Documentation of a street happening which took place in Montevideo which attempted to call attention to the problems of youth. Clemente Padín, Casilla C. Central 1211, Montevideo Uruguay.

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L'étang Moderne #1, by Hilaré Moderne, Troupe Folklorique. Bulletin d'informations aléatoire. A probably exhaustive documentation of the mail-art interactions of Eric Heilmann, who plays Hilaré Moderne in the network.

"Addresses" is a list of addresses that Eric has collected, most of them in France.

L'étang Moderne #30 is three small volumes, once subtitled "L'émotion", another "Les motions", and the other "Les mots 'si on'". Each features various stylized portraits of Duchamp.

En Corps. Notes about things received in the mail and strange graphics. Paragraphs collected from various mail art publications. Loads of addresses.

In French, all heavily decorated with intricate graphics, a strong penchant for puns. Catalog available. Write: Eric Heilmann, 4 rue du 8 mai '45, 02260 La Capelle, France.

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• **Lactuca #11** and **#12.** Rather standard literary/poetry journal. \$3.50 the copy from Mike Selender, P.O. Box 621, Suffern NY 10901.

• **Magaphone 3.** 40pp-4x5"-xerox. The little magazine that shouts downtown at people through a megaphone about the human condition. *Magaphone* is a thoughtful person, able to see life with that odd clarity that comes from being continually astounded and perplexed. Imagi-

native illustrations. \$1/trade from Lee Markosian, 415 Capp St, San Francisco CA 94110.

• **The Minnesota Library Association Social Responsibilities Round Table Newsletter**, December 1989. Vol. 2 No. 10. Brief reviews of publications and calls for submissions with an eye toward the socially responsible. Review copies of publications solicited. Chris Dodge/Jan DeSirey, 4645 Columbus Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55407. Phone: 612/823-1214.

• **Nada Vol. 2 No. 4**, "UhmERICUH", October-November 1989. Small magazine densely packed with energetic xerox collages. Some of these graphics are so tightly coiled they threaten to go "sproing!" Recommended. 50¢ from John McCarthy, 1459 W Cortez St, Chicago IL 60622.

• **Nu 1**. Large-format (A3) collection of minimalist scribbles. Accompanied by "Nu, Tract Publicitaire d'Avant Publication" which attempts to explain the dang thing as "cartoons" of some sort. Write: Xavier Bouygues, 16 rue do la Pinsonnière, 77680 Roissy en Brie, France.

• **Open World 45**. Latest in the collection of mail art news, notes, contacts and graphics. Densely packed. Write for a copy. Rora & Dobrica Kamperelic, Milovana Jankovica 9B, 11041 Beograd Yugoslavia.

• **Parallel Lives** by Martin A. Hibbert and Rupert M. Loydell. An anthology of poetry and graphics. Actually the cover was the best part for me. £1.50 from Apparitions Press, c/o Stride, 37 Portland St, Newtown, Exeter, Devon EX1 2EG England.

• **Ready Made Exotic World**. Handsome digest of fiction, poetry, nonfiction, and graphics from Luke McGuff, who does *Laughing Whale* and *Live from the Stagger Cafe*. The world as it is a "ready made exotic world" as the title suggests. \$2 from RMXW, P.O. Box 3978, Minneapolis MN 55403.

• **The Rubber Stamp Folio**, Fall 1989, N°2. Slick four-color offset production featuring the work of rubberstamp artists. Rather boring, actually. \$6.95 from Blake, 4040 Grand View #67, Los Angeles CA 90066. Phone: 213/397-0724.

• **Sans Titre N°0.4**. Novembre 1989. 10pp-A4-xerox-looseleaf. An interesting collection of collages and texts that have feeling and something to say: among them a kind of defense of "Montisme" ("collagism"?) as well as

one about the new possibilities opened up for artistic exchange among the nations of Europe, now that democratization is underway in the Warsaw Pact. It also includes a questionnaire asking for specific responses to the thing. In French. Free from Gasma, 135 Avenue Jean Jaurès, 93320 Pavillos sous Bois, France.

• **Schmaga Vol. 1 No. 1**, September 1989. Most noteworthy is a long letter by a "Dead Head" complaining about harassment for trying to sell stuff at Grateful Dead concerts. \$1 from J. Kern, 436 Indiana St, Vallejo CA 94590.

• **Score Sheet 30**. Harry Polkinhorn and Christopher Franke featured on this single sheet; visual poetry on display. SASE from: Score, Crag Hill, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610.

• **Senza Titolo** by Marcello Diotallevi. (English: "Untitled"). The title is an interesting twist for this collection of concrete poems (I suppose) in that the works themselves are made of letters of the alphabet, which normally spell something, and would under those circumstances become the titles of these pieces. But, as the title of the book proclaims, there is no title, because these letters don't "spell" anything; instead they draw. Beautifully made images composed entirely of presstype. Marcello Diotallevi, via Veneto 59, 61032 Fano PS, Italy.

• **St. Vibrissa: Virgin, Martyr, & Stigmatrix**. The moving story of St. Vibrissa, whose virginity could not be penetrated. (St. Vibrissa's emblem is the bent corkscrew.) Funny stuff. SASE from: Ziggurat, P.O. B 25193, Rochester NY 14625.

• **Sound Choice**: A Publication for the Independent Minded. N°13, Winter 1989. The option to *Option*, *Sound Choice* is a very good, *Factsheet* 5-sized magazine devoted to "The Audio Evolution Network". I find this to be a very useful source for my audio interests. In addition, it has real news in it, too, about characters in the scene, technological developments, legal issues, what have you. (For what it's worth, this is the first place I know of to report on Sony's new read/write CD player.) Also contains reviews and interviews. David Chiaffardini, ed. \$3 from Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai CA 93923.

• **Swellsville #9**. A Critical Guide for Consumer Deviants. Review and commentary magazine focusing on

Art Strike 1990–1993 Information

All words and images stolen... by the Semiotic Liberation Front. 44 pp-4x5"-xerox. Deconstructed xerox collage and situationist-inspired railings come together in this booklet "from beneath the underground." Not very pretty, but oh so resonant with what I'm feeling today. \$1 from SLF/Resident, 2062 E 115th St, Cleveland OH 44106.

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Artpaper Vol. 9 No. 3: November 1989. Tabloid-size and graphically striking, this one offers up news, art opportunities, art reporting and political discussions. It is engaging reading with critical content. Contains information about the Art Strike 1990-1993. "Radical Environmentalism", "sex, lies, and videotape", "Spirituality and Rock and Roll" and more.

Artpaper Vol. 9 No. 4: December 1989. "Race and Postmodernism", "Bob Black on the Art Strike", "New Music Videos", "How to Correct the Western Visual Arts Canon", etc. Real meaty issues!

Monthly, edited by Lane Relyea. \$2.75 from Artpaper, 119 N 4th St #303, Textile Building, Minneapolis MN 55401. (In case you're interested, the January, 1990 issue will feature on a back cover an issue of **YAWN: Sporadic Critique of Culture**. See below.)

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Burning Toddlers #6: Alternative Arts & Media. Political, satirical, and reporterly, the latest BT disseminates

more propaganda concerning the Art Strike, as well as fiction, poetry, and graphics. This is one of the better xerox-zines available. P. Petrisko, Jr., ed. \$2 from FRANK Publications, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079.

Confesion en Apoyo a la Huelga de Arte (1990-1993). Spanish translation (by Bruno Ceron) of "Confession in Support of the 1990-1993 Art Strike" comic is available for 50¢ ppd from YAWN, P.O. Box 162, Oakdal IA 52319.

Festival of Plagiarism. 40pp-4x11"-xerox. Edited by Stephen Perkins to sum up that version of the Festival of Plagiarism held in San Francisco in 1988. Its more general that that, however, containing reports and graphics from other such Festivals held in London, Braunschweig, Glasgow, and Madison. Snappy theoretics plus whiplash graphics make for an exciting and well put-together booklet. \$3 (\$4 outside US/Canada/Mexico) from: Plagiarist Press, 1031 York St, San Francisco CA 94110.

Geständnis Zugunsten des Kunststreiks 1990-1993. German translation of "Confession in Support of the 1990-1993 Art Strike" comic. Unsere Kultur ist ein sinkendes Schiff. Bei Gott, ich gehe von Bord! Catalog of other products available. 60p from: CASH versand, PLK 133 177 C, 1000 Berlin 12, West Germany.

SCUM Manifesto by Valerie Solonas «...was written in 1967 and published in 1968, the year [the author] shot and wounded Andy Warhol.» Inflammatory text about what's wrong with males. Pretty great reading and, although most of it is incredibly overstated (this has entertainment value), a lot of what it says has a painful amount of truth to it. More Art Strike stuff available from this address. \$1? from Art Strike Action Committee of 100, P.O. Box 22142, Baltimore MD 21203.

The Years Without Art 1990-1993. «"a DIY guide to dismantling the cultural apparatus" 24 page xerox booklet of textual and visual propaganda in support of the Art Strike 1990-1993. Price \$1 (cash only) (\$2 outside USA/Canada/Mexico). Available from: Art Strike Action Committee (CA), P.O. Box 170715, San Francisco CA 94117.

YAWN «...is a sporadic critique of culture. The current undertaken critique is Art Strike 1990-1993. Recent issues of YAWN have printed calls and responses to the Art Strike. After 1990, YAWN will seek short articles/essays/slogans/quotes that offer succinct arguments in favor of dismantling the mental set "culture" and all that stands in the way of daily life lived unmediated by hierarchically imposed collective illusions.» Subscribe: \$10/25 issues from YAWN, P.O. Box 162, Oakdale IA 52319.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Artists for Cultural Terrorism.

«...is a new xerox publication on alternative art. Artists supporting a positive message of social, political, ecological, or revolutionary nature can make the changes. Art is, and always has been, a powerful means of communication. Artistic talent is not a necessity! Revolutionaries unite! Those who want their work to be seen and acknowledged in the first issue of A.C.T. can send all material to me. All work will be used unless of course it is racist, sexist, fascist, or irrelevant. All contributors receive free copies. Please state if you want your work to be anti-copyright. If you call yourself a true artist, your role is to express and convince your feelings to the rest of the world. Let's do it! Send all input in the form of works and info to:» A.C.T., 276 Sandowne Dr, Waterloo Ontario, N2K 2C2 Canada.

Cool the Clap! «Applause is Noise Pollution.

Think before you clap: Do you beat your hands from habit or peer pressure? Why must every music performance have a manual finale? Wouldn't it be fine to enjoy the quiet after-resonance of music? Doesn't quiet music deserve the respect of quiet appreciation? Is there a better way of showing gratitude? aahhhh, hummmmm, throw money, ? ? ?.» Send your suggestions to: Committee to Limit APplause, 326 Spring St, New York NY 10013. Phone 212/966-0791.

Dinn International

«We must take another look at rationalism.» This is a poster calling for artists to take responsibility for their message getting across to their audience, among other issues. Also available is a cassette tape called "It's a Cony". They encourage trades and correspondence exchange. Write to among three ad-

resses: Dinn Records of Canada, #204-1019 Bute St, Vancouver BC V6E 1Y9 Canada; Dinn Building 22nd Floor, P.O. Box 9, Hozumi Gifu 501-91 Japan; and Dinn International Corp, P.O. Box 86, Gifu Central 500-91 Japan.

Neoist News Agency.

«We are soliciting NEWS from around the world for the Neoist News Agency Six O'Clock Report. 1/2" NTSC video please.» Cathode Ray TV, Neoist News Agency, 1439 Ocean Ave #2F, Brooklyn NY 11230.

Poetry Motel is back online, after its perpetrators having spent a long sojourn in Belize (so I hear). Sample issue: \$5. 3-issue sub: \$14. Forever: \$50. Patrick & Andrea McKinnon, eds. Write: Poetry Motel, 1619 Jefferson St, Duluth MN 55812.

Pure Mania by Stewart Home. «...is set in an almost fictional anarcho-

punk milieu around the squats and council estates of East London. This trashy adventure story takes the form of a blatantly falsified tour of eighties youth trends. It's a pastiche of the fiction published by New English Library during the 1970s. It's a fearless exploration of the sexual underground. It's the best read since NEL published Richard Allen's Skinhead twenty years ago.» Price, postage paid: UK £8.50, Europe £9.50, USA \$15 from: Polygon Books, 22 George Square, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Situationist International Anthology

edited and translated by Ken Knabb. «Over 80 texts—articles, leaflets, filmscripts and internal documents. With notes bibliography and index. 406 pp, large-size paperback.» \$15.00 from the Bureau of Public Secrets, P.O. Box 1044, Berkeley CA 94701.

continued from p. 1524] dependent records and artists. If you're fond of *Sound Choice* or even *Option*, this might be worth a try, although it doesn't seem very deviant to me. \$2 from Swellsville, P.O. Box 85334, Seattle WA 98145.

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Tmo Poews by Geof Huth. Rubberstamp cyclic typography are brief ideas in visual verse.

The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage #24 "bleumoon", #25 ghohshthshss", and #26 "gramedical". Periodical collection of poetic neologisms. Also: **Alabama Dogshoe Moustache #5**. Anthology of verbals and visuals.

dbqp specializes in small-scale, low-tech productions of which the creative use of the word is the central idea. Catalog available. Write: dbqp c/o Ge[of Huth], 225 State St #451, Schenectady NY 12305.

N°51—10/22/89

From *MaLife #18* audio cassette, B.S. Props, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102

265. "Primincia Devour" by Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr #N7, Florence AL 35630

266. "3 Rs" by Mike Miskowski, B.S. Props, address above
267. "Hell" by Rupert Wondolowski, 523 E 38th St, Baltimore MD 21218

268. "The Qwa of No Other Planet" by Floating Concrete Orchestra, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703

269. "Pot Aux Foux/The Lobster's Testimony" by Jack Foley, 2569 Maxwell Ave, Oakland CA 94601

N°52—10/29/89

270. excerpt from "No-risk Brain Tape" by Deathranch. Skidloy, 1473 Redwood Dr, Santa Cruz CA 95060

271. excerpt from "Home Taping is Killing the Music Industry" by Chemical Toybox from *MaLife #18*, B.S. Props, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102

272. excerpt from "Future Cheers" by the Haters, P.O. Box 48184, Vancouver BC V7X 1N8 Canada

273. "Art Strike Mantra" Cracker Jack Kid, Renihan Meadow #85, Lebanon NH 03765

N°53—10/5/89

From the *«Little Plastic Box»* series by WUWA; Matthew Burn ett, 851 O'Farrell #205, San Francisco CA 94109

274. from "Wichita, Kansas"

275. and "Four Guitars" from *«Little Plastic Box #1»*.

276. from "Rock Music Mystery"



277. and "Music You Know—News You Need" from *«Little Plastic Box #2»*

278. excerpt from "At the Present Time with Timothy Leary" from *«Little Plastic Box #3»*

N°54—11/12/89

279. "Una Manzana" and

280. "Resumen de la Noche" by Victor Nubla

281. excerpt from "Muestras sin Valor" by CB+A&P

282. "Perturbaciones Solares" by Felix Menkar

The above are from the compilation «Cinta», c/o 4 Sellos, Apartado 2886, 08080 Barcelona Spain

283. excerpt from *«Aesthetic Crumple Tractor»* by DSMNTR. Revenge, 2115 G Street, Sacramento CA 95816

284. "Dab" from the forthcoming CD *«Plunderphonic»* by John Oswald. Mystery Laboratories, P.O. Box 727 Station P, Toronto ONT M5S 2Z1 Canada

N°55—1/9/90

285. "No No X Red Auction" from *«Meet Lieutenant Murnau»*. Vittore Baroni, via C. Battisti 339, 55049 Viareggio Italy.

286. excerpt from "Uh Oh, Dad's Home" by Dad's New Slacks. Michael Townsend, 1468 Washington Ave, Portland ME 04103

287. excerpt from "Future Cheers" by the Haters, P.O. Box 481 84, Vancouver BC V7X 1N8 Canada.

288. "Je Tue les Oxyures pour Manger" and

289. "Le Professeur et ses Élèves Mangent des Oxyures" by Costes from *«Les Oxyures»*. Write: Costes, 13 Ouai du Square, 93200 St.-Denis France
290. "The Pee-Lice" from "Commercials" by Brain Rot Rawhide Radio Theater, c/o WCSB-CSU, 956 Rhodes Tower, Cleveland OH 44113

N°56—1/16/90

291. "Designer Fade" by Shelf Life and

292. "Last One Out Turns Off the Lights Part II" by A-Soma and Eve Libertine from *«The Unseen Collection»*. Write: Billy Clark, Transmission Gallery, 28 King Street, Trongate, Glasgow G1 5QP Scotland

293. excerpt from "02 ZKR 510" from *«Undercurrent»* by Trig P. Toma. Write: Bill Jaeger, 506W Johnson Dr, Payson AZ 85541

294. "Melt Down Diner" from *«Commercials»* by Brain Rot Rawhide Radio Theater, address above at 290.

295. "Unconscious" by Liminal Stimulus from the compilation *«Lapse from Virtue»*. Sound of Pig Music, P.O. Box 150022 Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn NY 11215

N°57—1/23/90

296. "Acid Minnie House" by Thug System from the compilation *«Lapse from Virtue»*. Sound

of Pig Music, address above
297. "The Mercy Bit" from *«Meet Lieutenant Murnau»*. Vittore Baroni, via C. Battisti 339, 55049 Viareggio Italy.

298. "Miami-Miam Les Oxyures" by Costes from *«Les Oxyures»*. Write: Costes, 13 Quai du Square, 93200 St.-Denis France
299. "Desire" by the Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244. From *«The Unseen Collection»*. Address above at 292.

300. excerpt from *«No Risk Brain Tape»* by Deathranch. Write: Skidloy, 1473 Redwood Dr, Santa Cruz CA 95060

N°58—1/30/90

301. "Furman the Furrrier" from *«Commercials»* by Brain Rot Rawhide Radio Theater. Address above at 290.

302. excerpt from "Uh Oh, Dad's Home" by Dad's New Slacks. Michael Townsend, 1468 Washington Ave, Portland ME 04103

303. excerpt from "Living with 'That' Sound" by Mechanical Sterility. From M. Schafer, 75 Fairview Ave #3B, New York NY 10040

304. "I'm Waiting/Monkey on the Mind" (unreleased) by the Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244

305. "Maldoror" by Mark Bloch, P.O. Box 1500, New York NY 10009, from *«The Unseen Collection»*. Address above at 292.

RadioStatic is hosted and edited by Paul Neff. Send tapes for broadcast to him at P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244. RadioStatic can be heard on KRUI Iowa City, WCSB Cleveland, WFSU Tallahassee, and KALX Berkeley.

A Call for Submissions

In 1993, the editor of *PhotoStatic Magazine* intends to resume its bimonthly schedule of publishing graphic art work and critical texts tailored for the reprographic page. To that end, we will continue to accept submissions to be considered for inclusion in #41. We will also continue to answer correspondence from anyone who wishes to write for any reason. We welcome the chance to continue the dialog begun in these pages, completely free of the constraints imposed by looking upon such dialog as "art".

Retrofuturism will separate from *PhotoStatic*, beginning with #12. Since it is edited by the Tape-beatles, who are not participating in the Art Strike, it will continue as a sporadic during the years of the strike. Submissions of graphics and texts are welcome for the continuing output of *Retrofuturism*, which is largely concerned with electronic media such as audio, video, film, computer. Tape and performance reviews, interviews of persons active in these fields, and theoretical essays are welcome as submissions.

The playlists for the ongoing *RadioStatic* broadcasts will be published in *Retrofuturism*. Paul Neff (of the Tape-beatles) will host and edit *RadioStatic*. Audio cassette submissions of electronic, tape-effect, concrete or otherwise "experimental" music are welcome at our editorial mailing address.

Video submissions are also welcome for inclusion in *VideoStatic 1990*, which will be edited by Tape-beatle John Heck. Video tape and information of any kind is sought and encouraged. Send your VHS or 3/4" video submissions to our editorial mailing address. Please include a self-addressed stamped padded mailer with sufficient return postage if you want your tape back.

The editor remains philosophically committed to the idea of the small scale, non-commercial press in not only disseminating, but also stimulating dialog between parties which might otherwise remain insular and local. To that end, the activity must continue. It is the specialization of "art" that must be rejected. We welcome correspondence of any kind.



PhotoStatic / Retrofuturism

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