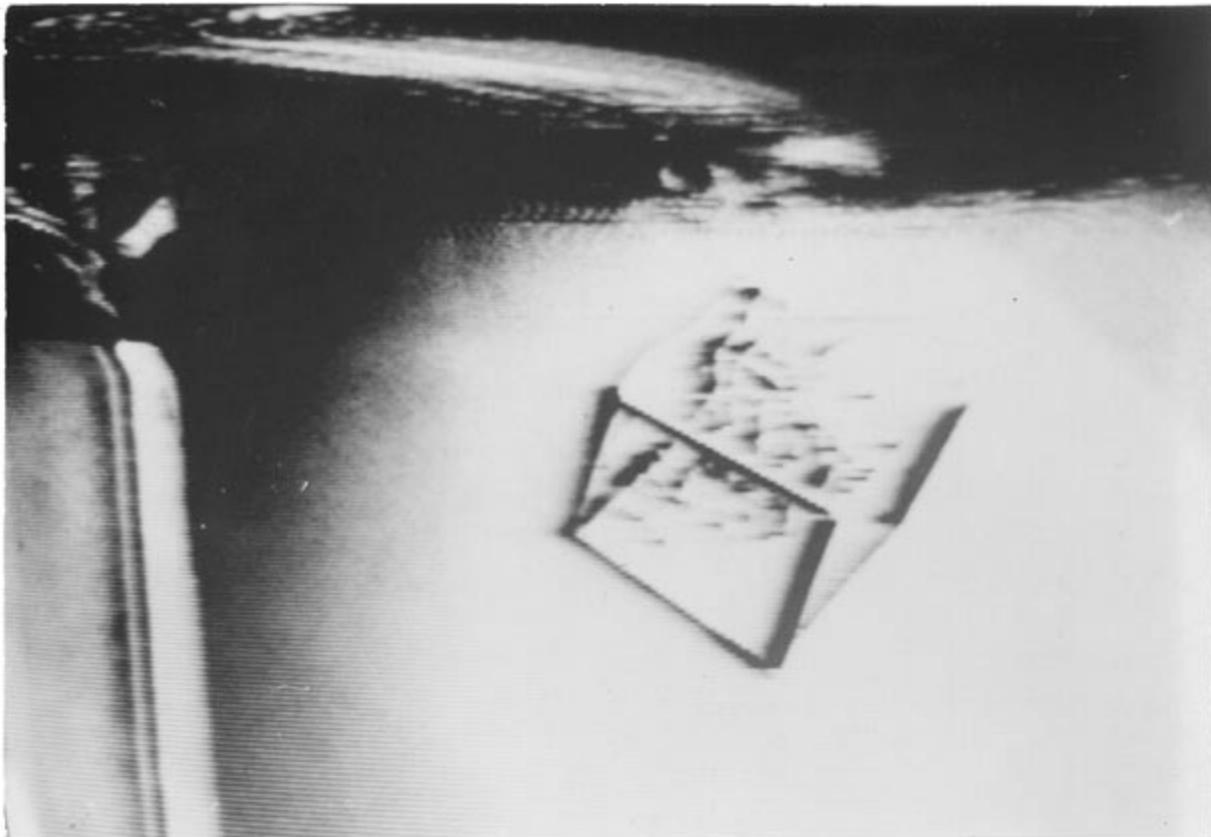




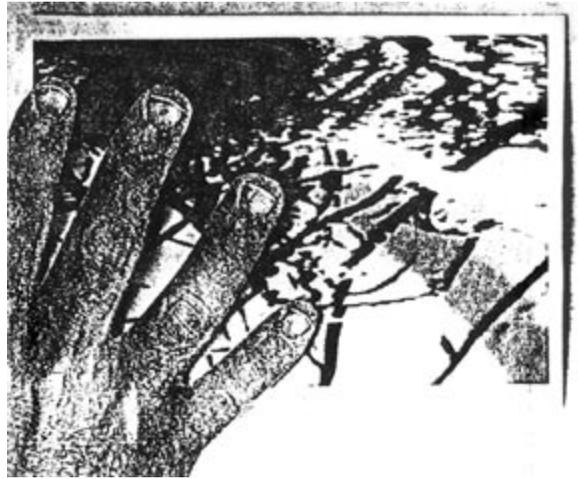
photoSTATIC is a nonprofit bimonthly periodical edited by Lloyd Dunn in Iowa City. I would like to extend thanks to all the contributors who made this, our fifth, issue possible. I would also like to encourage any interested person/s to contribute artwork reproducible (or producible) xerographically. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your piece/s returned after use. Otherwise they become property of photoSTATIC. We hold no copyright on any of the works herein reproduced (or produced). Xerox production not reproduction. Address correspondence to: 108 S Linn #32, Iowa City, IA, 52240. Thanks for reading.

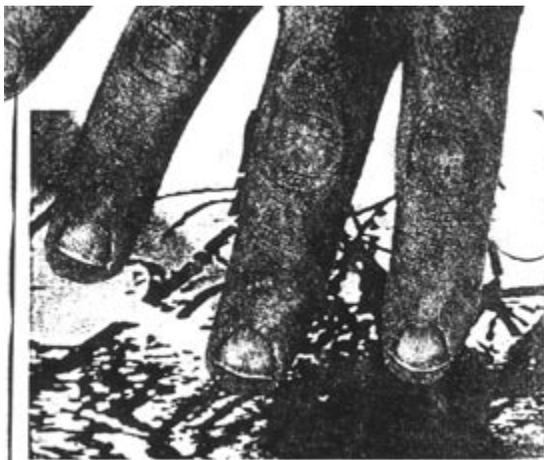
Coming in June: PhonoSTATIC, on cassette, at a reasonable price. Guest editor for that will be Paul Neff.





DEGENERATION was a multimedia presentation created by Ll. Dunn in the Spring of 1983. It incorporated video, photography, xerography and performance based on a sculptural object consisting of a wood-frame cube with a mass of interlacing colored wires in the center. This object suspended from the ceiling by a thin wire, and videotaped while the Dunn turned it slowly. The video was then photographed with the artist's hand in front of the screen. Then the printed photographs were xeroxed with the artist's hand on the glass of the photocopier.







Miekal And
(see p. 149)



M. Monear *

Part One of "Entropy and the New Novel" appeared in PhotoStatic 4, The Random Issue.

Entropy and the New Novel

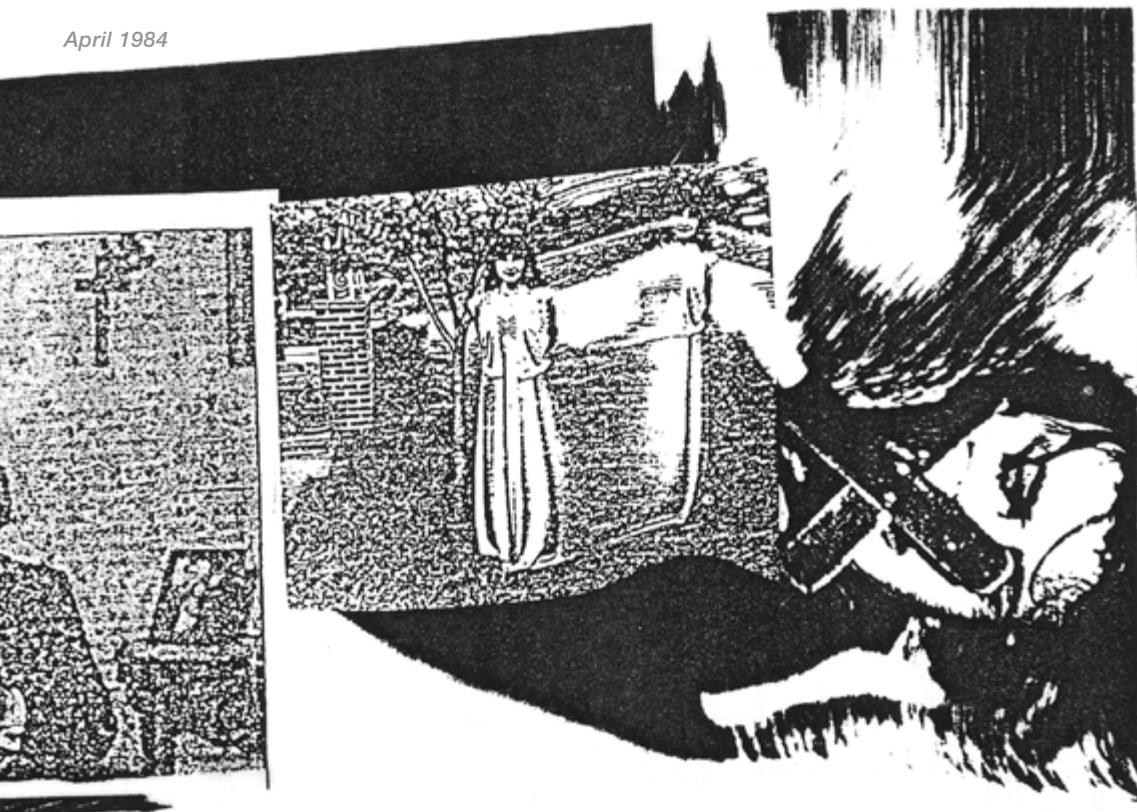
(Part Two) by Mike Viall

In a manner not totally unlike Kerouac's bop prosody, William Faulkner's Absalom, Absalom unquestionably deviates from the "accepted form" of fiction. With its run-on sentences, haphazard punctuation and madly convoluted story line, Absalom is at once simple and disintegrative. Again convention and form have been done away with — much of the narrative is enclosed within parentheses — but there is a cubist simpleness in that the same subject, Thomas Sutpen, is examined again and again from different viewpoints. The Thomas Sutpen story (or more generally, the story of the South) is not "complete" until nearly every side of it has been told. I say "nearly" because there is more than a hint that the story is infinite, that the Sutpen family will go on forever and ever and that all the stories will never be told. The story is like a computer loop in that it seems to back up on itself, darting this way and that way, with any single part defying coherence by itself. The Freitag triangle is completely gone — if one were to sketch the "action" of the book, s/he might end up with an infinidating icosahedron instead of a triangle. Entropic disintegration seems apparent, as does the psychic disintegration and encroaching schizophrenia of the twentieth century. I think that the fragmented, shattered twentieth-century mind — there is no "one true answer" or story anymore, every story is reflected through the memories of many people, a sort of "multiple-personalities" discourse that seems to maximize entropy by denying the possibility of a single explanation or answer.

Again, accepted form and punctuation "devolve" in Natalie Sarraute's Do You Hear Them? There is negligible rising action, no real denouement, an absolute inundation of ellipses, and a



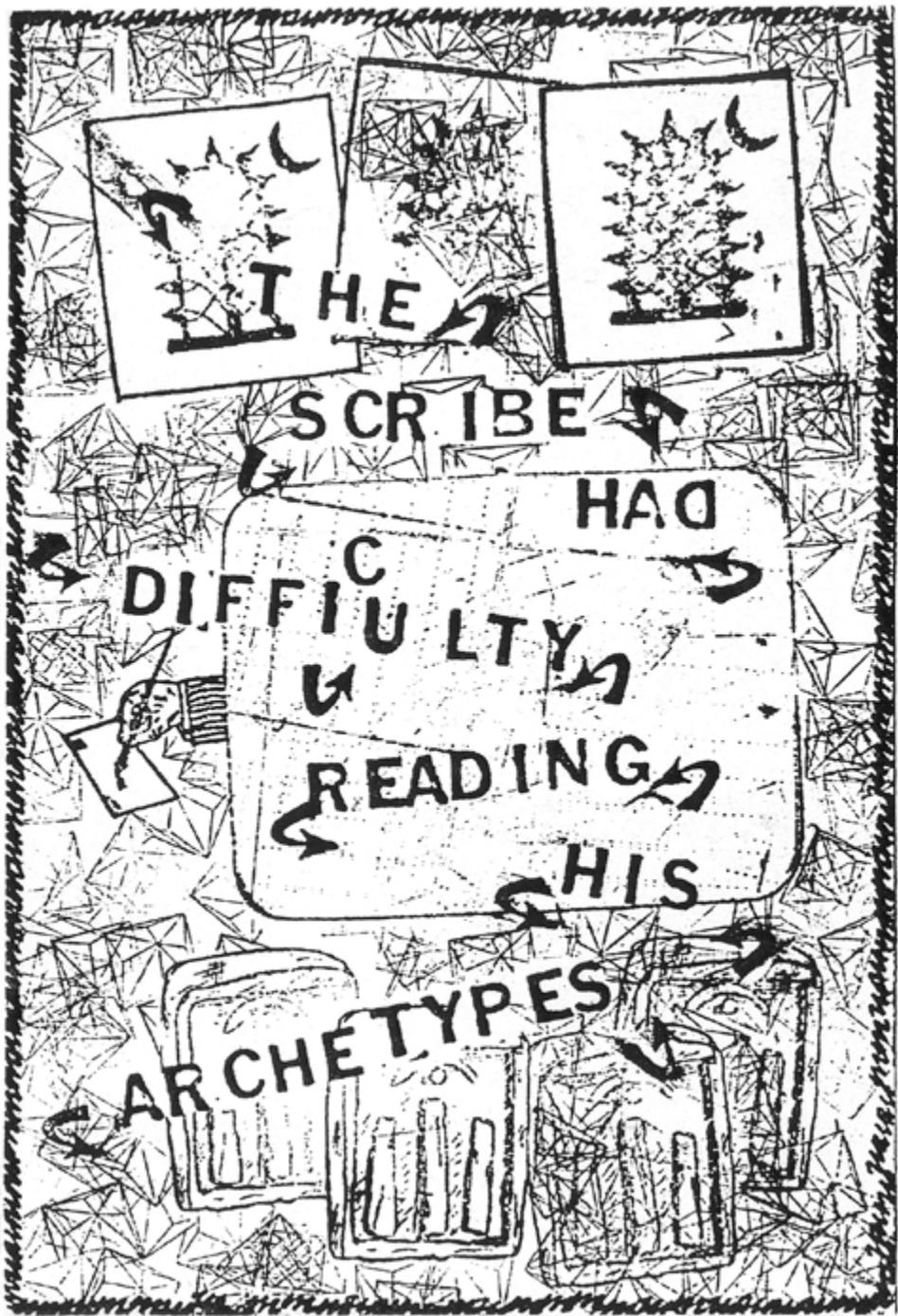
decidedly "elliptical" narrative, at least when compared with the conventional novel. The chatter of children (Do you hear them?) is the point here, it being the ineffable thing that rises above the talk of the older people with their crass labels and tired outlook on things. "It is impossible to imagine such piffle, such empty twaddle," but still the laughter is a greater thing than the effete naming of artifacts. Do You Hear Them? is simplified, again, in that one theme is introduced and then continually restated for maximum effect, the idea becoming clearer through each retelling. Here the "sophisticated simplicity" idea is again very apparent — while there are many different ways to make the "same" point (read: "entropic increase"), the retellings serve to sharpen and define



DiMichele

the salient, more sophisticated theme of the book, i.e. the value of children's laughter. Their kinetic background noise is what is important, while the static physical labels are almost worthless.

Framed with a "Frame-Tale" of infinite proportions (a Möbius strip), John Barth's Lost in the Funhouse contains many references to the infinite as well as to the entropic, the simple, the disintegrative, and very prominently, the binary. The infinite life/love chain of "Frame Tale" and "Night Sea Journey" appears to be opposed by some finite, entropic forms in following stories. "Two Meditations," for example, with its "fault that creeps," and "cancer that ticks in your bones," recalls the incessant entropic



increase "Glossolalia", with its six stories written to the precise meter of the "Our Father", suggests that knowledge is perhaps to be found in the rhythms of language rather than in the words. In "Author 's Note" Barth says that "... the insufferability of (Glossolalia), once this correspondence to the "Our Father" is recognized, makes its double point: that language may be a compound code, and that the discovery of an enormous complexity beneath a simple surface may well be more dismaying than delightful." Again, this is complexity within the veneer of simplicity, I think, and resonates with Stein in that the more complex system is introduced through the simplifying of the story. What is important is not the story specifically, but the telling of the story — the beginning of the narrative, the rhythm of the narrative, the ending of the narrative. This possible "compound code" is very much a binary-type construct in that computer-based binary code relies only upon whether information is or is not being sent. There are no qualifiers, no verbs, no nouns — it is completely a "yes-no" language.

Robert Coover also deals with this idea of the "telling" being more important than the specific story in several stories in Pricksongs and Descants. Certainly the "frame-tale", "The Door", which giddily mixes fairy tales until they are almost inseparable, projects this idea. The mythic admixture seems to devalue the particular stories while at the same time emphasizing that the "overstory" is nevertheless very important. Also, Coover plays like Robbe-Grillet in stories like "The Magic Poker", "Elevator", and "The Baby-Sitter", as he gives us scenes that may or may not have occurred, but then goes a step further by laughing at us as conventional readers for trying to find a particular (accepted) theme in any single story. There is a cubist sort of treatment in the stories, but the different "sides" of each story appear to exist in parallel universes — certainly they cannot all be occurring at the same time. Again, a "logical" story appears much less the point than the telling of the story.

Before discussing the idea of universal binary code in detail, I would like to offer an additional possible entropic evaluation of today's experimental literature, using one of



Carl

AT 11 55 AM MOTHER
AND SALLY ARE SEEN
PUTTING BOBBY INTO
AN OVEN PREHEATED
TO 375 DEGREES F,
UNDER THE DIRECT
SUPERVISION OF, MR
KURT UZO

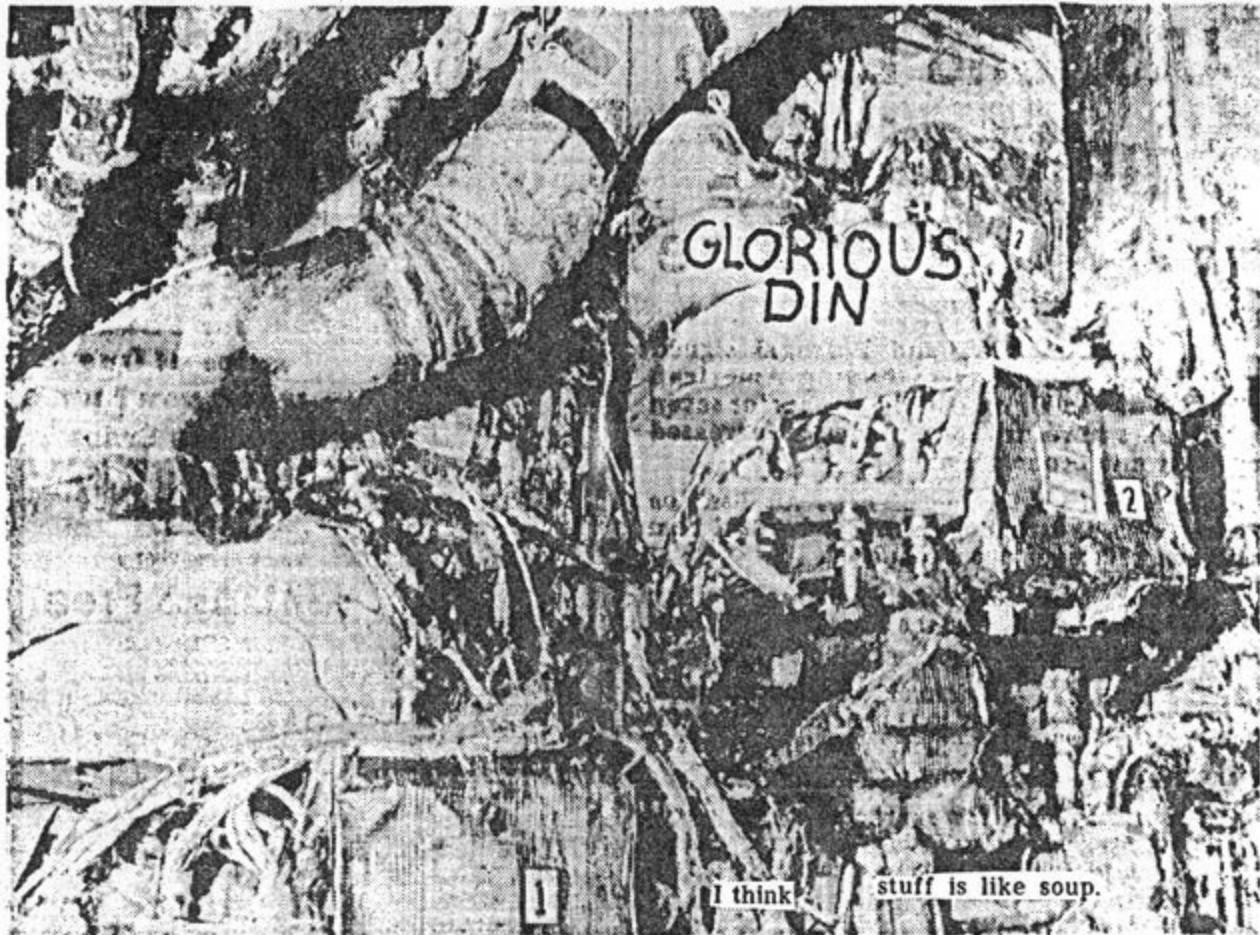
FUN WITH ANAGRAMS





M. Monear

Rifkin's ideas to illustrate my point. When Rifkin speaks of the entropic nature of our everyday food chain, he cites facts and figures that clearly show that by consuming cattle at the head of the food chain, the consumer is aiding entropy by abetting the loss of a great amount of potential energy. We have a more concentrated (ordered) form of protein in the cow; but, as Rifkin notes, a lessening of entropy (maximizing of order) in a specific area inevitably results in a maximizing of entropy (increased disorder) in the system as a whole. Now, whether the idea of binary code is a justifiable one or not — whether there is a grand order behind all of this — I think that the experimental fiction we have considered does mime, in a food-chain sort of way, the entropic phenomenon (bear with this slightly negative conjecture, if possible). The experimentalists have transubstantiated the contemporary novel into something richer, something more obscene, something perhaps greater, but the cost, when the average reader is considered, has



GLORIOUS
DIN

1

2

I think stuff is like soup.

I wish I knew it

I think

I don't believe

there's no way we can be satisfied

I just knew

I could

I think some I can't me

soft underbelly

I told the general manager,

I think they

I just don't

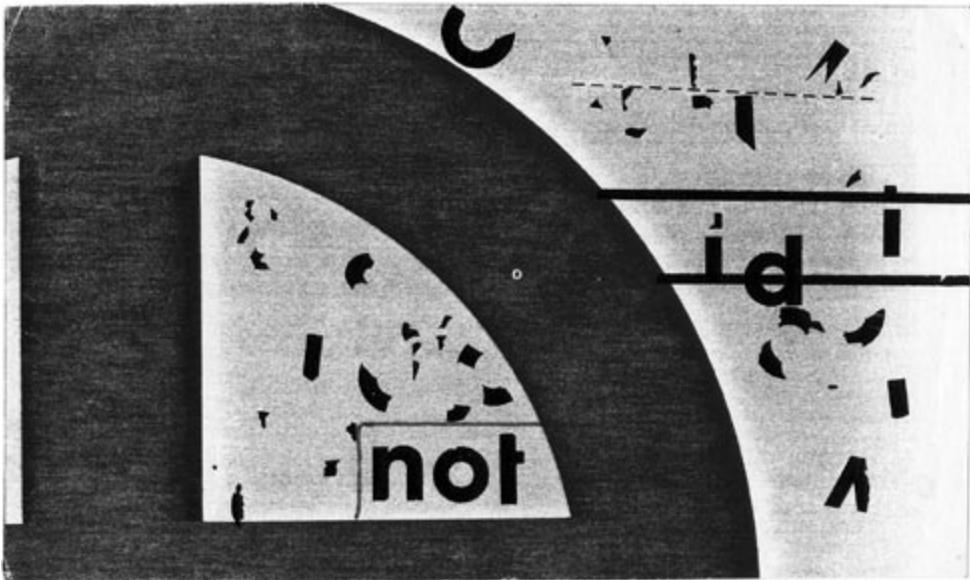
I think he's





been much. The more “palatable” more easily understood contemporary notions of literature have been sacrificed to feed a more “epicurean” caste. Put simply, the old way “feeds” more people more efficiently. Possibly this is an unwieldy equation, but I think that the experimental novel sits at the top of its literary food-chain as the cow rests at the top of his. I think “accessability” is the key word here — who, at first blush, has not been swamped by Lost in the Funhouse and books of its ilk? Does anyone really understand Finnegans Wake? I hope this point is not too sourly anti-academic, but I think this idea of food-chain entropy follows naturally from the argument of efficiency that Rifkin proposes again and again.

Ok — what, then, can be said about this relationship between the idea of binary code and all this entropic simplifying and disintegrating? Arnheim warns that this disorder may very well only signal a new order, a higher order that is just not immediately distinguishable to us. Barth’s “Glossolalia” infers the same thing, and in reading Coover one hopes desperately that there is indeed method to the man’s madness. Higher order, it seems, is just not



Crag Hill

always immediately perceivable, as Mr. Arnheim makes abundantly clear —

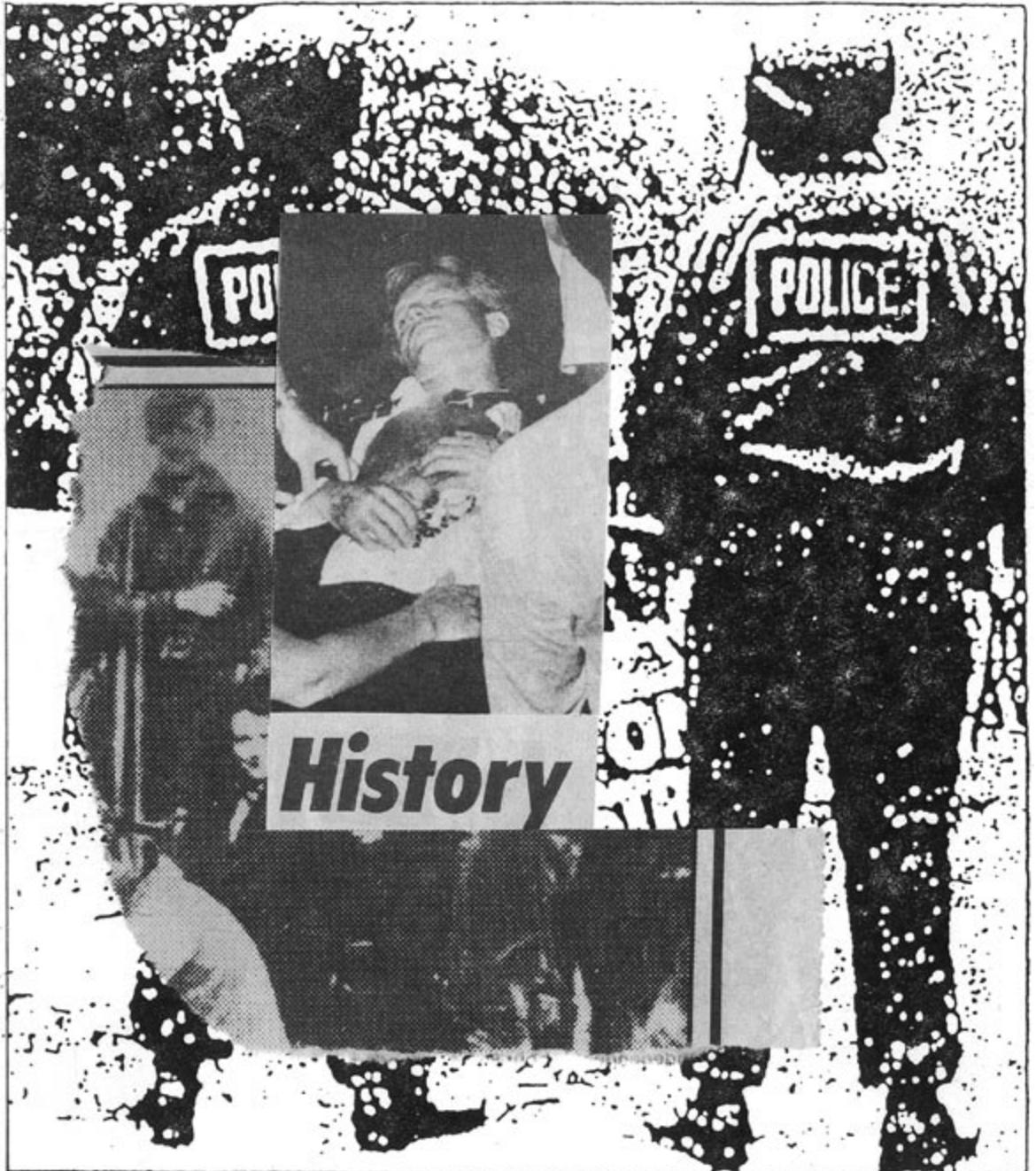
the tension of high anabolic order may be called forth by, but will not be a property of, the object or event acting as a catalyst. (p. 46, *Entropy and Art.*)

The “tension of high anabolic order” seems to be missing from most of the catalysts of our reading list, at least on first glance, but there may be a theme behind them anyway. Robbe-Grillet tells us that his story may not have happened; Faulkner gives us a many-sided story with no real answers; Sarraute gives us an actionless tale highlighted by the rustle of children’s laughter; Barth impresses us with the possible meaning of rhythm; Coover hints that all fairy stories are the same story. There is a universal here — sound. The stopping and starting of it seems to be an ordered structural theme behind the apparent chaos of the texts. Is this Arnheim’s order behind disorder?

Possibly. In a similar fashion the presence or absence of sound, or more precisely, information, is the major property of binary code. There are only two "words" in binary language - 1 and 0; "information" and "no information". Operating in base two, this language is the tool by which the computer is able to mimic the workings of the human mind, a mimicry which starts by expressing all things through the commonality of a 0/1, no input/ input, no/yes. The "alphabet" is numbers or a universal scale; a binary analog for this alphabet - for the commonality which must exist for communication to take place - is the 2.1 cm wavelength of hydrogen which is present through all of creation. If we are ever to communicate with beings different from us, we are going to have to "speak" along this universal alphabet, in a binary fashion; the common ground must be in the physical world, for we can assume nothing else in common. Obviously we cannot communicate the word "green" to a being that does not have eyes, or that has eyes which do not function in the wavelengths of our visible spectrum. (That is, unless we express "green" in physical terms, perhaps by expressing its wavelength in terms of the wavelength of hydrogen.) Moral ideas will not wash in this schema, for we will express ourselves, we will have to express ourselves totally in terms of our physical world. The ultimate precision of the mathematics of the binary code makes it the only real alternative. Various deep-space probes, like Voyager, have messages in binary code; Close Encounters of the Third Kind used this same idea with its 5-tone mathematically-based musical scale to establish contact with the aliens. Indeed, mathematics is the "music of the spheres", often referred to by the ancient philosophers and mathematicians. It is the most precise relay of information there is, and precision will be an absolute necessity when "talking" with some alien race that could either be our destruction or our salvation. Perhaps our "story" will be alien to them in the beginning, but who is to say that the rhythms and patterns of our discourse will not immediately make themselves known and recognized? Who is to say that extraterrestrials will not recognize the rumble of the Intergalactic Big Beat? I think that this will have to be the starting place for any two totally dissimilar organisms.

We can give them The Sun Also Rises later.





LI. Dunn

On the back of
218 REX BORDER SLYDE

if Lee's foot caught his wrist, and the gun went spinning to the wall.

Fitzpatrick got to his feet, to be met with a straight smash that knocked him down once more. As he got up, he put one hand on the back of a chair as if to help himself. Without

warning, he swung the chair, quickly

and Lee's neck as he reared back. If

it a real line across one side of his face

it would have been a chance by the time of

his wing, and Lee rushed in with a vicious

two-handed night attack that he could

strike with the

it was unaimed, the only thing that kept

He had seen the

the moment when he had seen the

grip had swung away toward

he had seen Rex had landed a dozen blows

on Fitzpatrick's chest with all the

force of his superb body, and yet the outlaw

kept

He

seemed to have a stomach full of

Fitzpatrick

ate he

fought nobly, weathering a storm of blows to

ROOTS IS WRIST & THE GUN



th of opium

chair to her

blet. I took some money from the bank, to speculate with. I lost, as usual, and was facing sure conviction as an embezzler immediately after Ruth died, when the court made good the shortage, but forced me to sign a confession which is still valid. The details

HELD ME IN IRON BARS AND SAID I AM A LIAR

are too long and varied to be summarized here. I have written a book about this period of my life. I have been interviewed with that book in mind. They try to make me out as a liar. He stood in some far-away location. I know of a man who was the one who had me in his hands until I am a broken thing that has no right to be called a man. I have now begun to write a book about this period of my life.

Line by line, a pen traveled over the paper. The pen traveled over the paper for either... had been... of Mr. Weston... Dave F... ally owned by him—most of the original inhabitants had been

hero in

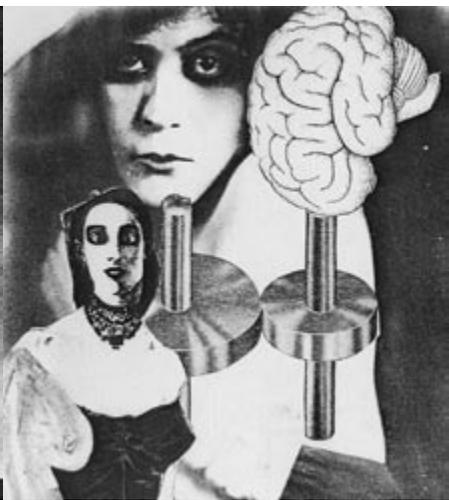
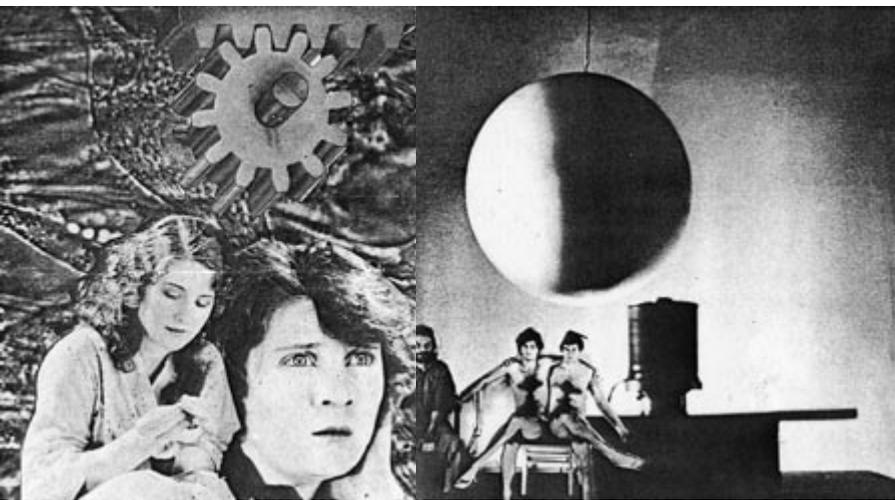
Lipman 84



Warren Ong

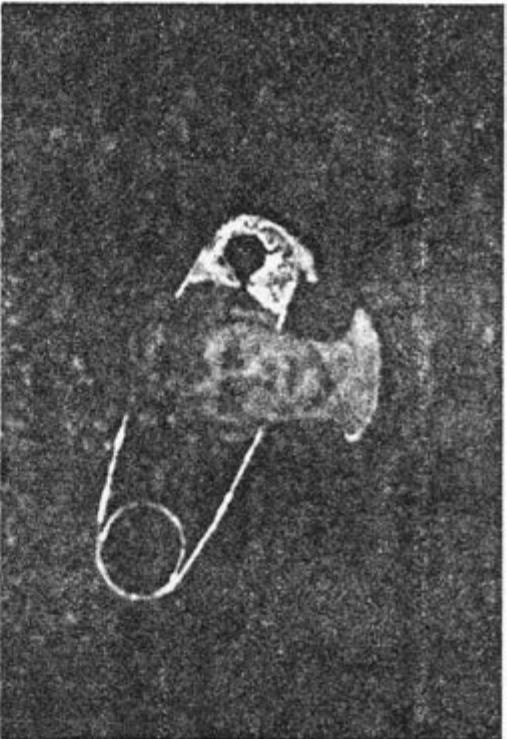
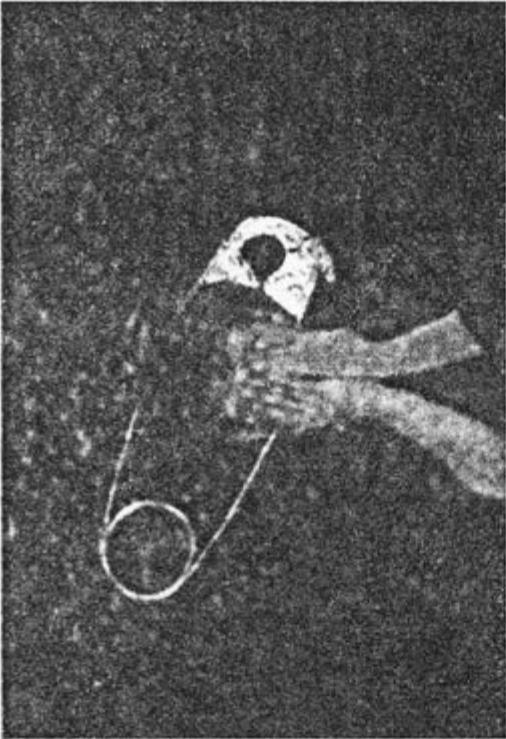
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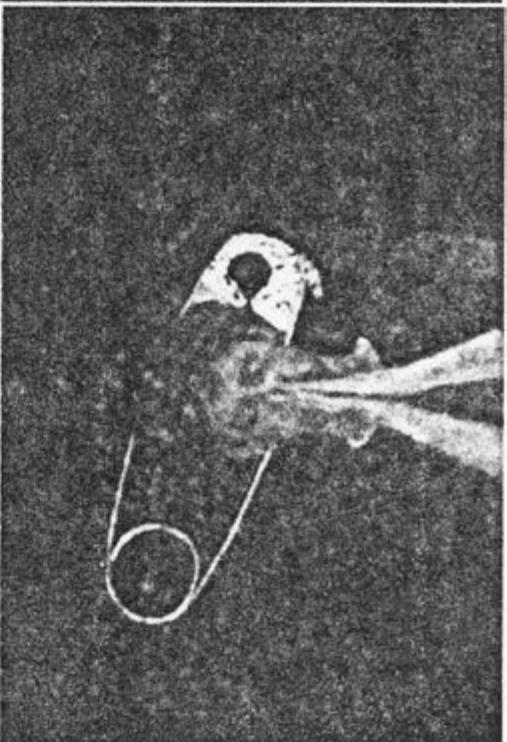


(above and p. 130) excerpted from VOYAGE 1984 GRETA GARBO BOX by Miekal And

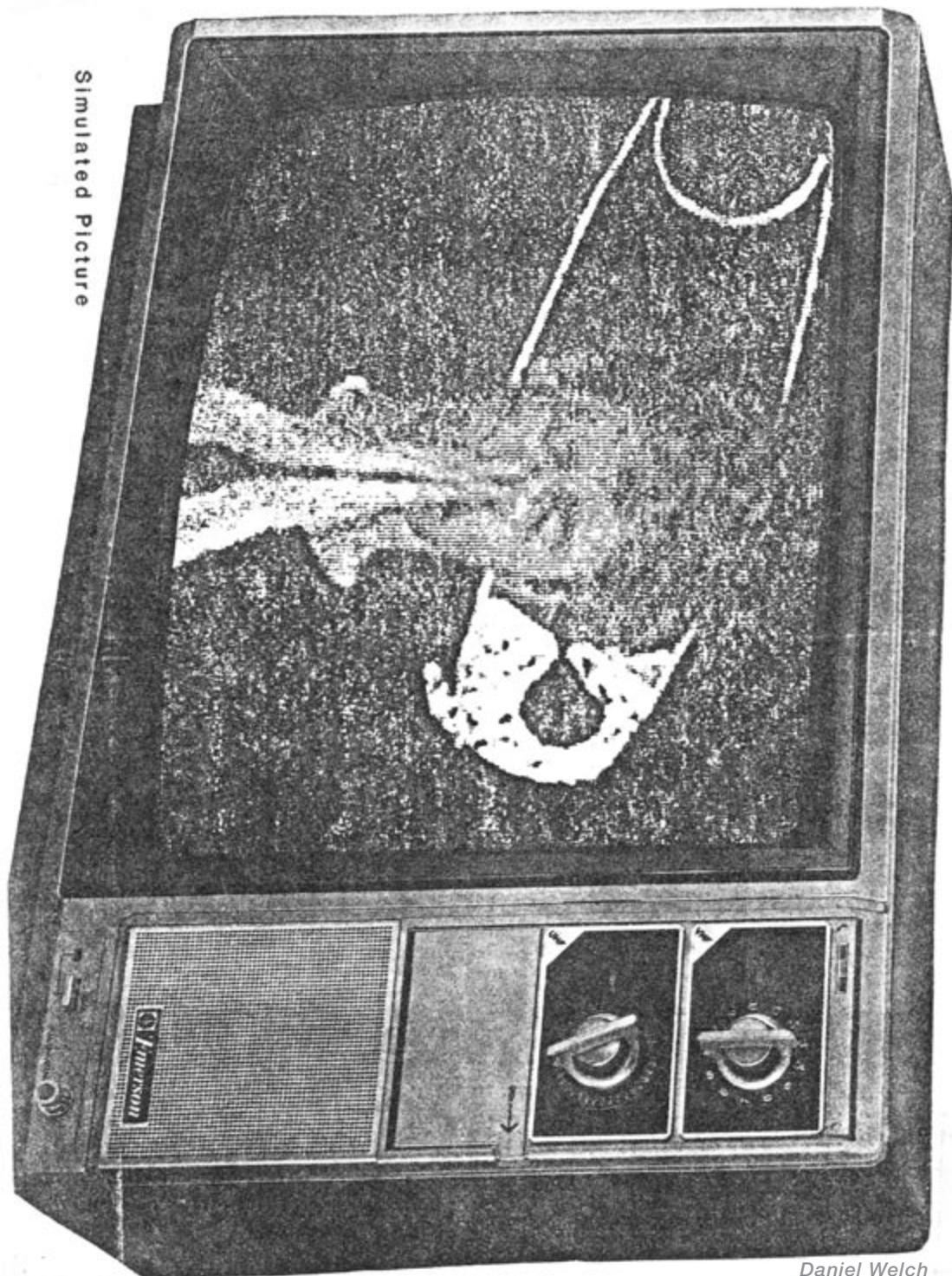
Pictures



Simulated



Simulated Picture



Daniel Welch

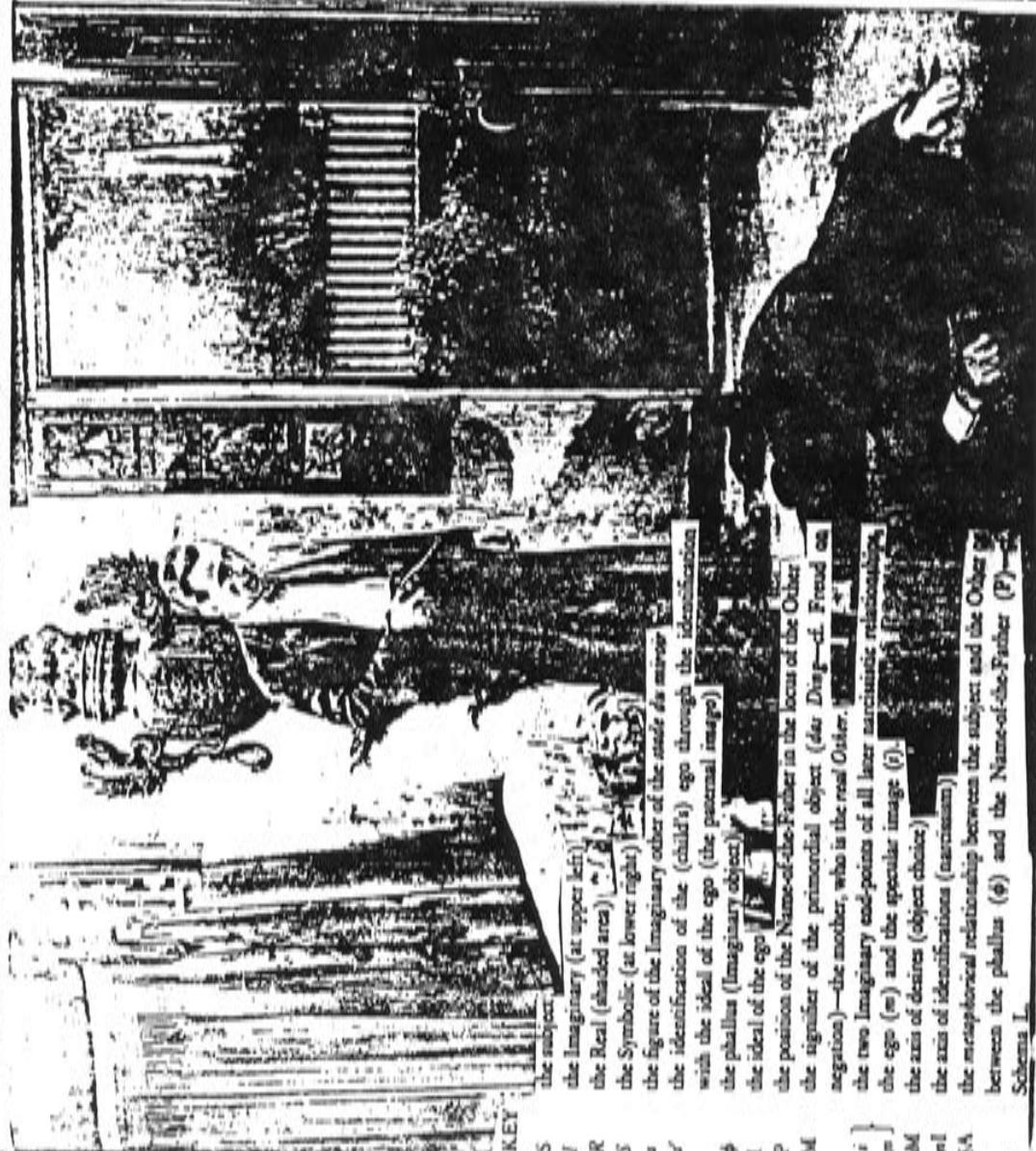


Despair
Spring
Tall

ing intellectual (Dr. Faustus)

Break

-Boy



KEY

- S the subject;
- I the Imaginary (at upper left);
- R the Real (shaded area);
- S the Symbolic (at lower right);
- a the figure of the Imaginary other of the *moiété de moiété*
- I the ideal of the ego (the paternal *imago*)
- φ the phallus (Imaginary object);
- I the ideal of the ego;
- P the position of the Name-of-the-Father in the locus of the Other;
- M the signifier of the primordial object (*das Ding*—cf. Freud on negation)—the mother, who is the real Other;
- I the two Imaginary cod-points of all linear narcissistic relationships;
- m the ego (m) and the specular image (j);
- AM the axis of desires (object choice);
- mI the axis of identifications (narcissism);
- SA the metaphorical relationship between the subject and the Other between the phallus (φ) and the Name-of-the-Father (P)—cf. Schema I.

The Big Deep (I-146): Guilty *moiété*, like any "name of the crime," is a piece of obsessive return.

The broken line delimits the Imaginary.

HONORABLE EMPLOYMENT.

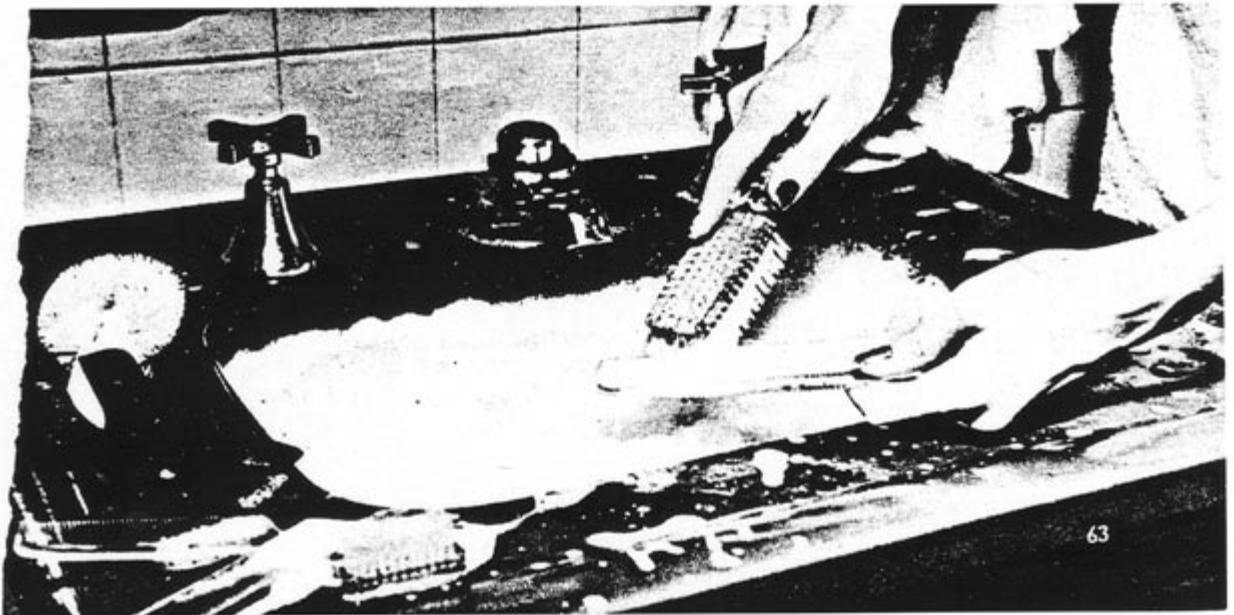


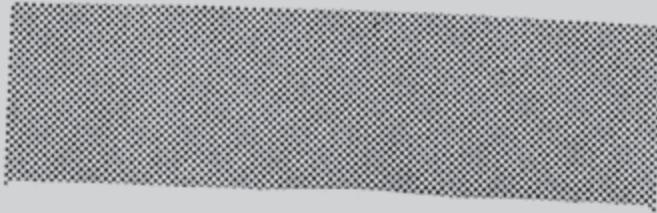
MY lord, lie not idle:
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action. We should think;
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.

Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
In the trenches for the soldier: in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession: of all which
Arise and spring up honor.

JOHN WEBSTER.

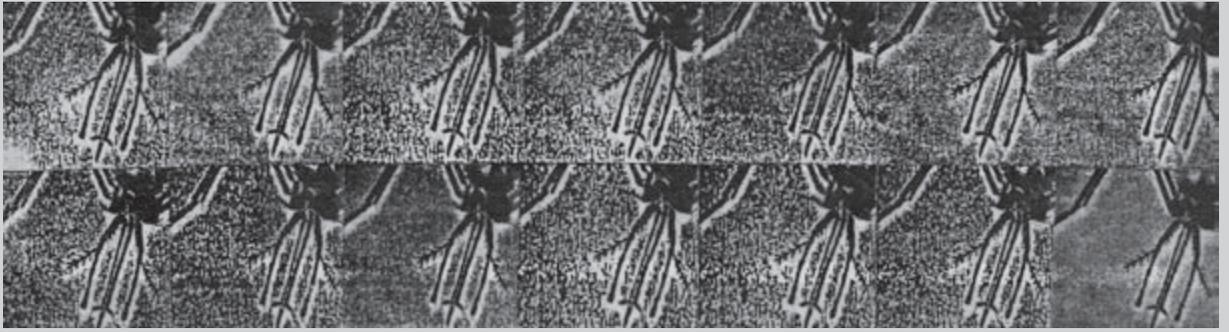
Dandruff is self-perpetuating, so everything that touches your hair must be scrupulously clean.





The self is degenerate ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ;
ALL MY CREDIT
goes to PSEUDONYM.
1984

CHOOSE ONE



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