
HYPERMEDIA MAGAZINE BY
THE TAPE-BEATLES



Retrofuturism

no. 14 — January 1991

IN THIS ISSUE: STATE OF THE ART FOR TODAY'S ARTIST by the Bureau of Control; **THE MAGIC OF BIGAMY** by Dr. Al Ackerman; **SENSORIA MEDIA-TORS**; **CODES and CHAOS** by Thomas Wiloch; **CASSETTE REVIEWS** by Paul Neff; **PRINT REVIEWS**; **TAPE-BEATLE NEWS**; **REPORT** from the **IOWA CHAPTER** of the **AGGRESSIVE SCHOOL** of **CULTURAL WORKERS**; and more!

Desert Storm

Friday January 18th — I awaken with a fresh outbreak of 'Desert Storm' and an incredibly agitated lust to have her fire into my mouth while I shoot into hers. This is the first time such a desire has manifested itself in me and it somewhat surprised me with its overwhelming obsessiveness. We had talked about shooting each other during the past couple of days but hadn't done so yet and she seemed hesitant. Since that Friday (up till and including today) I've thought of very little else. Last Saturday night we returned to my apartment and turned on CNN to catch up with the war, while drinking copious amounts of rum and coke. She actually got really excited and wanted to start shooting straightaway, but I convinced her to hold her fire while I got the camera so she could photograph it. She agreed and I got the camera and lay with my head in a pile of sand while she squatted over me and then she started shooting. I still get an erection every time I think of it. The thought of her holding her fire to wait for my mouth is also very exciting. Her bullets were hot and salty but I don't remember them having a special taste otherwise. It was thrilling to an extreme I've rarely or never felt before to see those bullets coming out of that hole so close and to feel them suddenly fill my mouth. She fired a whole clip and took 4 photos which are almost unbearably arousing for me. I feel even more lascivious than I did as a frustrated adolescent and feel a constant thirst for this most satisfactory form of oral gratification. She was disturbed and asked me if I really wanted to do this. I was ecstatic. We then went upstairs and I put an American flag on the bed and had her squat over me while I turned on the radio to get us in the mood. She repeatedly said she couldn't shoot while I repeatedly encouraged her to. I licked the barrel of her gun, leisurely watching the hole in eager anticipation when suddenly I saw the bullets gush out and felt them ripping into my mouth deliciously. Again they were hot and salty and feeling them hit the back of my mouth was stupendous! A psychoanalyst might say my desire is for the oceanic bliss of the womb, a bi- or homo- sexist might say its a sublimated desire for sperm in my mouth. An imaginative analyst might say it's an instinctually recognized cure for 'Desert Storm' (it did seem better the next day).

It's interesting for me to think about how aroused I get from these reports of the war and then minutes later her bullets come out hot and salty. It's an intimate and highly personal arousal system. I love it so much now that if I could get her to do so in a positive way I'd have her fire into my mouth every time she shoots. I haven't swallowed them yet (well, perhaps one or two) but if we do it again I'll definitely try to. They come so fast and they fill my mouth so quickly that it should be the tops having them coursing down my throat. Before I let this happen I let them fill my mouth and I spit out a couple while I lick her barrel. Since my gun ejects its bullets much more forcibly it should be very intense for whoever agrees to let me do it in her mouth (wishful thinking). I seem to be able to be quickly re-aroused by this which I usually can't be and I think I might even be able to experience multiple orgasms now and orally induced orgasms of a fullness that I haven't heretofore attained. I want to do it constantly for a while and am frustrated by not being able to. This might be the first thing I've ever really craved in my entire life!

[N©, Stephen Perkins 1991

C o n t e n t s , & c .

A Call for Submissions

Retrofuturism is seeking new text, graphic, audio, and video work for inclusion in future issues in various formats, including:

Print—Regular issues of *Retrofuturism*. Deadline: ongoing. Submit texts and graphics for possible inclusion. The potential is vast.

Audio Cassette—*Retrofuturist's Real Life Audio Compilation*. Deadline: 2/28/91. The idea of "real life" will be both theme and source for the finished compilation. Send in 15 minutes of your life on audio cassette. We will excerpt and compile.

HyperCard files—*The HyperFuturist/Paperless Society HyperCard Stack*. Deadline: 12/31/91. We are looking for work that was intended to be seen and heard on a computer screen. Bit-mapped images, digitized sounds, buttons that navigate, and database information of use and interest.

All submissions should be accompanied by a sufficiently stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your work returned. Otherwise, we won't return work. Send submissions or inquiries to:

psrf@detritus.net

Retrofuturism is a publication of **The Drawing Legion**, a nonprofit performance and intermedia company based in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Issues of *Retrofuturism* are edited by the **Tape-beatles** and appear (when on schedule) in January, April, July and October. **Subscriptions** for one year (4 issues) are \$10 delivered Bulk Rate in the US; \$12 for Canada or Mexico; \$16 elsewhere by surface rate and \$20 by air mail elsewhere. Single copies cost \$3/\$4/\$4/\$6, respectively.

Retrofuturism will appear in various formats, with approximately half the issues being print; other formats may include: audio cassette, computer diskette, microfiche, and perhaps others. Submissions of writing, graphic, audio, and computer work are welcome and encouraged. No submitted work will be returned unless it arrives accompanied by a self-addressed stamped return envelope. Everyone who contributes in some way to *Retrofuturism*, whether they send a letter to the editor, or a work to be reviewed, or a work to be published, or audio cassettes which are included in the *RadioStatic Broadcasts*, will receive a copy of the issue of *Retrofuturism* in which their contribution appears. Send all mail to *psrf@detritus.net*; and visit the internet site <http://psrf.detritus.net/> for additional content and information.

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The *Art Strike* Scab Stamps used throughout were submitted by Cracker Jack Kid

Certain Gestures 55 Perowne St Aldershot Hampshire GU11 3JR UK	Al Ackerman 208 Routt St San Antonio TX 78209	Black Eye 339 Lafayette St #2 New York NY 10012	Art Buzz 1751 W Erie Apt 2F Chicago IL 60622	Dumpster Times P.O. Box 80083 Akron OH 44308
Cracker Jack Kid Renihan Meadow #85 Lebanon NH 03765	Carol Schneck P.O. Box 6013 East Lansing MI 48823	Gencon Productions 151 First Ave #201 New York NY 10003	Carol Stetser P.O. Box 20081 Village of Oak Creek AZ 86341	Eleutheros Productions P.O. Box 2265 Albany NY 12220
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Thomas Wiloch 43672 Emrick Dr Canton MI 48187		Jeff Brice P.O. Box 21552 Seattle WA 98111		H R Fricker CH 9043 Trogen Switzerland

C O N T a c T S

ALL NATIONS



HALLUCINATIONS
ARE YOU READY TO DIE
FOR THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION?

ELEUTHERIANS AUTONOMOUS
P.O. BOX 2265
ALBANY, NY 12220

If we are going to insist on
maintaining a State we can obey,
then we have to breed children
who will die for it. So quit whining.



Performance Opportunity

...about our new co-operative gallery and performance space, the Millworks... I would like to let you know that we hold a Performance Night once a month, and if you or anyone you know has plans for touring, Akron would welcome you. We are at this point entirely dependent on \$ taken in from the door, which isn't a heck of a lot, but we do provide overnight sleeping arrangements, and might be a convenient stop for anyone towing to the east or back. We also have a very receptive audience for alternative performances in any area, music, dance, theater, or that strange category "performance art." So please feel free to spread the word—anyone interested can contact me either by mail or phone. Wendy S. Duke/Dumpster Times
P.O. Box 80083, Akron OH 44308

No I Won't Contribute

...Managing a distribution service implies to profit from an information surplus or rather a communication problem; being aware of production sources on the one hand and knowing customers on the other hand. It presumes a sharing of the roles between "producers" and "consumers" and a trade with transmitted "material" media, contrary to "hyper" media communication in general and its application for the (data) management of the service itself.

These are banalities, and distributing and writing presuppose of course the belief in messages worth spreading at all; a basic condition for the logical circle of mail art and computer piracy—"we communicate to communicate about communication"—but even for the logical spiral of Neoism—production and communication to stop production and communication, continuing them nevertheless being

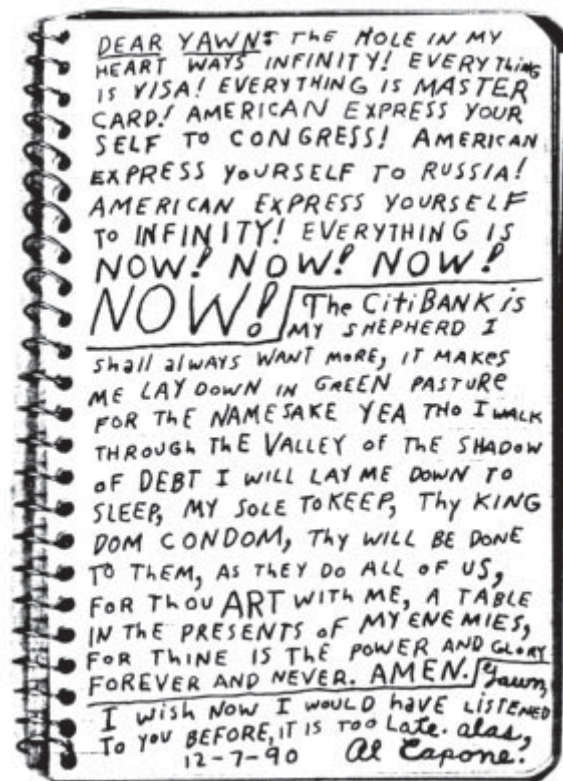
conscious of the contradiction, because contradictoriness is propagated; except money, the only legitimation for any creative, respectively destructive act. I am writing, why I don't write; consider it as an answer to your kind request for a contribution, and as a part of this logic.

Florian Cramer, Berlin

Comments on Retrofuturism 13 and YAWN 16

...I enjoyed especially the article on the Macintosh and surprised myself by learning and clarifying my thoughts about the Art Strike after reading the bits in YAWN. Much of interest in the Perkins *Blast*. The legal action against *Plunderphonic* is of course utter nonsense and therefore doubly disturbing. Where will this all end? Collage by image or sound is how we see our world at the end of the millennium. We can't stop seeing and hearing and communicating. The barbarian hordes are panting on our doorsteps. Sickening....

Carol Stetser, Oak Creek, Arizona

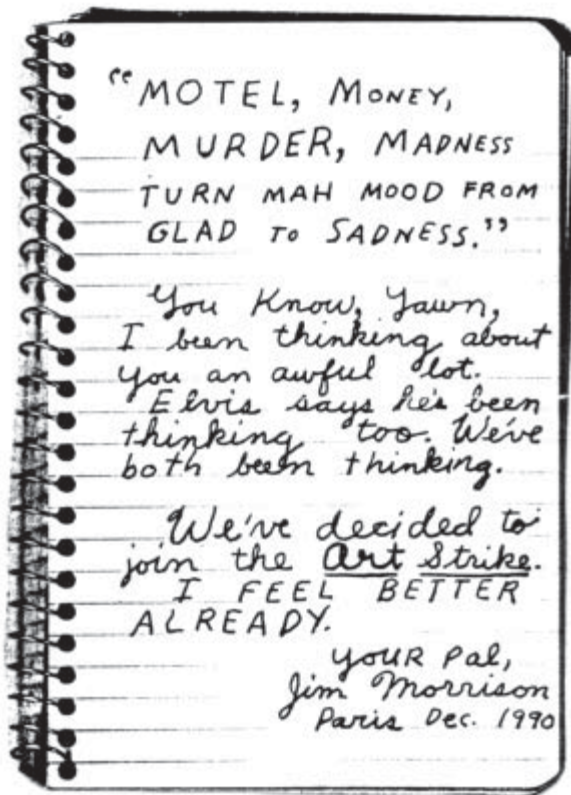


Oh, stop it.

Sorry, Lloyd, But I've had it up to here (gesturing) with these would-be naughty-boys sucking their own dicks in public just to get a lot of chumps to point and gasp. Nothing personal, old lad, but why don't you just print up a big run of one page of YAWN, with nothing on it but repetitions of the word YAWN, and mail it out every few weeks. It will be exactly the same as playing badminton with fragments of politicalese, it will mean just as much.

Perhaps there is some merit in providing a forum for typewriter pounders to display their ignorance of every topic they expound upon, (upon which they expound), but there appears to me to be no *spiritual component*.

It's a matter of control, yes. SELF-control, and public display or lack thereof. Why not cure oneself of the delusions of external control, why not internalize the locus of control, be responsible for one's own actions/reactions? Why not transcend the limitations of others' terminology (the *lost word*, the *end of all words*)?



Letters to the Editor

In short, Lloyd, I regreffully demand that you immediately cease publication of YAWN and abandon all art strike activity.
—N—, Cambridge, Mass.

Hey YAWN,

Youse guys gotta mind I kin respect soso I'm gonna throw my barf into the stew.

Let's cut through the crap and lay down a frame of reference that will grab myth by the ear and set him outside. Lookit—art, artists and culture is a leisure time activity with a necessity rating close to zero, in essence it is infantile, passive, hypnotic. Insofar as our species can survive and potentially prosper by virtue of skills acquired beyond the instinctive (the human condition is a supra-suck condition), it is that body of *skills*, which is most valuable in times of condition-red emergency. As the emergency subsides, we are left in an OVERTAINED state. There is no greater insult to sentience that under-utilization. So our training crackles out as leisure/consumer durables with no necessity component and we revert to childish play states, as though this universe of cataclysmic fire-bail events was a tree-shaded sand box. Childish play is fucked. I'm a heretic and you cannot model reality if the object of the game is fuzzy wuzzy and its gauge is the giggle index.

If, on the other had, the object of the game is to model reality itself test the models for species persistence and intellect evolution, then you can properly call that activity creative. This is why I will always kick an artist on the butt and invite an INVENTOR in for a cup of moogalosh, or an assembly-line worker, for that matter, particularly one who has had a hand in upgrading their efficiency. Efficiency is not anathema. Efficiency is a priori, ipso facto, in toto, good. Efficiency is good. Say it. Come on, I know it hurts.

Beneath the Helms shit is an even more scary idea. I mean Helms gotta hitch is dog cart to the porn/Xtian morality issue. But if he was really smart he'd hit the "arts" because the "arts" are fundamentally a leech. As far as I'm concerned you can take every artist in the 20th century has produced, grind um up into jam and the wouldn't be fit to spread on Buckminster Fuller's toast. Lemme shake out the Perkins Vorticist Blast bag:

BLAST—any artist who thinks their dribble is more precious that a John Deere Harvester. Given the state of emergency on the planet, the quantity of misery extant, the unchecked reign of ignorance in intellectual circles, any person capable of directing their resources at mastering the problems of food, clothing and housing, yet doesn't, is a



candidate for the Durritic Reprioritization Program.

BLAST any artist who has not at least one patentable tool or process in his or her head.

BLAST any artist who hates the principle of applied technology.

BLAST any artist who camouflages their clenched butt moralistic fundamentalist fervor with a left-radical agenda.

BLAST any artist who hoots the canard/cliche of "cultural diversity" yet refuses a culture the right to evolve and produce a surplus of durable necessities (i.e., industrialize.)

BLAST any artist who worships creativity as a mystery religion or assumes that intuitive mentation is irrational.

BLAST ALL SECRETS.

I love you,

W. Alter

Sorry About the Following Mistake...

Dear Editor,

First, *Retrofuturism* is an impressive publication. Secondly, while I respect you as an editor, someone "goofed." The review listed "danse industrial" as being "by R.S.V.P. Tapecrew." Actually, our duo is called (experi) MENTAL and our own tape label is R.S.V.P. Tapecrew. We're not complaining about this oversight; our correspondence will still reach us. Still, our promo materials did specifically point out our recording name. You almost redeemed yourself by printing our tape insert!

Geno & Rob, (experi) MENTAL
Society Hill, South Carolina

Another "No" Vote, I'm Afraid

Dear Retrofuturism,

I make art to make myself feel very important. I have a sense, a fear, that I am hollow, that the world is hollow and will collapse in on itself at any minute without the steel girders of Art to support this delicate membrane. Art tells me that what I know is good. It is a mirror upon which I paint my greatest desire, imagining it to be my own reflection. This is why the Art Strike is ultimately bad praxis. Without this spectacular surface, I would have to face my inner void. It is almost as though I fear the annihilation of my Self, that through art I make myself.

So please, leave me alone. Show some modicum of humanity and allow me the comfort of this gilded cage, this well-tailored curtain. I write with tears as I am too close to all this and must now rest to regain my strength, and God willing, some small creative spark.

R. Fear, Iowa City

AGAINST WAR



IN THE GULF!

Report from the Iowa Chapter of the Aggressive School of Cultural Workers January, 1991

Present: Carol deProsse, David Dunlap, Lloyd Dunn, James & Helen Lewes, Stephen Perkins.

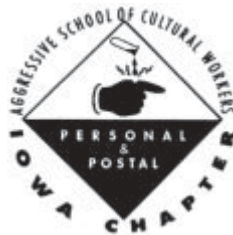
The first meeting was held at 310 East Burlington Street, Suite #2, Iowa City, on December 2, 1990, at 10:00 A.M. At the instigation of Perkins and Dunn, the first project was to be a call for submissions for an International Anti War Art Show in protest of likely military conflict between the United States and Iraq over the Iraqi annexation of Kuwait. We recognized that the January 15, 1991, deadline, as resolved by the UN Security Council, was significant. This deadline signalled the point at which US forces might enter Kuwait with UN approval in an attempt to resolve the situation using force. Earlier than this, it was implied, the UN might not approve such US aggression.

With this in mind, we established the deadline for our show as January 15, 1991. That DATE would also figure prominently in publicity for submissions and inviting the public to attend.

After discussion and debate, the title chosen for the show would be LIES IN THE SAND. It was decided that the image of an HOURGLASS should figure prominently in printed materials relating to the project.

Perkins offered to put at least part of the show up in his home at 221 West Benton Street. This exhibition space would be known as SUBSPACE. The idea that the show could take place at multiple sites throughout Iowa City was presented, and all concurred that this would be good. A map could be made up and passed out at each of the sites so that people might find all of them easily. In addition, after the show had run its course in Iowa City, it would be made available to travel to other places in the US.

Later, another site for the exhibit was suggested by J.



Lewes, who favored the Blue Moon Cafe. This was a new club and "bohemian" gathering place which was garnering publicity locally for its upcoming opening on December 31, 1990. They were approached by J. Lewes and Perkins, and accepted to have the show and the opening reception in their space. H. Lewes and deProsse were involved in another group, Women against War, which had also planned activities for the day and evening of January 15. It was decided that combining of the publicity, and planning the scheduling might be done together so that public impact would be maximized.

Perkins and Dunn would design and mail out an announcement postcard. Some combination of all the members' mailing lists would be used in mailing out the announcements. Submissions would be sent by mail to Perkins' SUBSPACE address. Local residents could submit their work directly to the Blue Moon Cafe on the day of the opening.

Each participant agreed to give \$50 to the project to cover the cost of printing postcards, mailing them out, and

printing and mailing out the documentation when the show was finished.

Members of the ASCW-IA group met on January 14 to hang the show. The xerox pieces were collaged onto the wall using a temporary adhesive. Other pieces were hung more traditionally. Media ranged from simple xerox collages and postcards to elaborate paintings and drawings to installations using video and audio-art works.

The opening was well attended. For a while the Blue Moon was filled to capacity. Presentations were given that evening by Perkins and J. Lewes, and the Tape-beatles presented a film, "The War of Words" (dir. Frank Capra, 1942) from the US Army Signal Corps' "Why We Fight" series.

On January 16, the United States launched its attack on Iraq during the 6:00 News.

A catalog and further documentation is currently being prepared by the ASCW-IA. ©

Tape-beatle News

With the imminent release on CD of their long-awaited work *Music with Sound*, the Tape-beatles find themselves in a luminous, transitory state. This is not to say that they are not elated, ecstatic, pained, or bored by the whole process; to the contrary—they are all of these and more. What's more the Tape-beatles want everyone to know: we're not in it for the money.

This strange set of affairs comes about from a strong belief that what is precious and meaningful in life, real life I mean, comes from what we know and understand the best. Landlocked in the breadbasket of America, the Tape-beatles nonetheless participate fully in the electronic media landscape that is life in these United States. We reflect our estranged culture in an altered form to make it weird and more honest.

All of this is not to say that the Tape-beatles are throwing in the towel. Indeed, we stand more firmly committed than ever to the vision which we have propagated over these last five years. Be that as it may, it behooves us to state, in some encapsulated form, our future plans (subject to change without notice):

More Tape-beatle performances; perhaps a tour.
Begging for money.

Making new audio-art for our third opus, tentatively entitled *The Riddle of the Sphinx*.

I will brush and floss my teeth every day.

We are available for live on-air telephone interviews; call 319/354-2334.

Videos set to Tape-beatle "music," produced under the auspices of Linda Morgan Brown and Geoff Seelinger.

Printed material.

HyperCard-format Tape-beatle compositional tool, complete with Tape-beatle sounds, for the Macintosh computer.

As you can see, the Tape-beatles know what needs to be done. And they are the ones to do it.

PLUNDERPHONIC DUBBING

Number of dubs of the *Plunderphonic* CD that have been requested of the Tape-beatles since they began offering to make it available June, 1990: 98.

To get your copy of this CD, send a blank C-90, along with a self-addressed stamped return mailer to this address. Those not wishing to send a cassette may simply send \$3 and we will supply the tape and mailer.

ART POLICE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF VIOLATION OF ARTISTIC LICENSE

Name of Offender _____ Date _____
 Name of Art Police Representative _____ Time _____

CITATION OF OFFENSES (See Code Below)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23

- 1 Misusing the term "dada"
- 2 Misinterpreting the meaning of post-modernism
- 3 Wearing too much black
- 4 Wearing too little black
- 5 Performing music without enough electricity
- 6 Spending more than 60 seconds appreciating art
- 7 Insufficient amounts of caffeine in bloodstream
- 8 Wearing your art
- 9 Having a display at the Uptown Cafe for more than a week
- 10 Being here instead of a coffee house
- 11 Going to art openings/shows/"gatherings" with no intention of drinking their beer
- 12 Taking this opening/show/"happening" seriously
- 13 Dancing to poetry in the name of art
- 14 Dancing
- 15 Not taking these tickets seriously
- 16 Posing as art, not looking at it
- 17 Calling yourself an artist
- 18 Calling someone else an artist
- 19 Calling me an artist
- 20 Having a pass to some art movie series
- 21 Smoking imported cigarettes
- 22 Being a "friend of art"
- 23 Being an art groupie

THE OFFENDER IS HEREBY CHARGED, TRIED, CONVICTED AND SENTENCED WITH THE FOLLOWING...

FOR: 1 mo. 2 mo. 3 mo. 4 mo. 5 mo. 1 year

Banned from all local coffee shops	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forbidden to listen to public radio or watch public tv	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from all movie series	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from art supply stores	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to smoke domestic cigarettes	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to wear white	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Have subscriptions to all art magazines cancelled	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from local art museums and art openings	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to go to "alternative" night clubs	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from "alternative" night clubs	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to give up smoking (yes, even cigarettes)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Not allowed to wear beret	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



STATE OF THE ART

FOR TODAY'S ARTIST

• *b y t h e B u r e a u o f C o n t r o l* •

Introduction

The art world is basically a mirror-image of the much-reviled “mainstream.” The only difference between them is that the art world enjoys a semi-sacred status whereby behavior is somehow excused (if not ignored) that would not be tolerated in the “real world.” Religion, patriotism, ideology, and high finance are other little-understood fiefdoms, jealously guarded by their respective priesthoods for their own profit at the expense of the many. People are

mystified by art priests and discouraged from participating in art or even looking at it too closely, yet they are told to blindly buy into it. Would you buy a used Klee from this gang? The art scene needs to be ventilated. Fresh air and light must be let in. Because they drill holes straight through, .38 or .45 caliber rounds work best for this. They don't tumble, messing up the insides and leaving large, ragged exit wounds.

Pretend that art industry is a Hostess Twinkie. The fluffy exterior represents the physical trappings of the business (artwork, galleries, museums, the art press, etc.) and the whipped lard-and-sugar center is the central idea that supports the whole industry:

namely, art as commodity. Now, watch what happens when we put the Twinkie into a microwave oven and subject it to a barrage of rigorous criticism. The creamy idea evaporates out the two holes in the bottom, leaving a black film inside the now empty core. The Twinkie looks wrong, smells bad, and seems hollow, somehow. With longer exposure to criticism (say, 10 to 15 minutes), the whole art Twinkie turns into a black puddle, completely unfit for consumption by even the most obtuse collector. You

shouldn't be eating Twinkies anyway; they're junk food. Here—eat this apple instead.

The Frontiers of Culture

The “avant-garde” artist is an unpaid researcher for the mainstream. He or she explores the cultural wilderness. If it looks exploitable, along come the cops, priests, settlers and banks. The artist is crowded out and must go exploring again. The rise and fall of minimalist music in the 1980s is a beautiful example of this. After decades of hit-and-miss experimentation, minimalism was colonized, consumed and di-

THIS CAN BE YOUR “BIG BREAK”

if you're a man who's ever said...

gested over roughly a ten-year period. Ten years ago, Laurie Anderson was a semi-respectable performance artist and musician. Now her music sells milk and overpriced Hondas. Over 30 years ago, Brion Gysin began cutting up text and audiotape as an artform and William Burroughs popularized it as a sort of oracle. Today, cut-up video belongs to MTV.

The most beautiful example of physical colonization is that of Lower Manhattan in the '80s. In trendy prehistory, Greenwich Village was a cultural and political node that attracted all sorts of artists and mutants. Because gentrification, or "urban renewal," hadn't been invented yet, the Village was a cool but dangerous place to hang out. Artists and other failed revolutionaries, long used to living under rotten conditions, were beloved of local slumlords. In the '60s, the rents started to climb as the cultural density rose enough to attract the trust-fund trendies. As the rents climbed, the local underclass was squeezed out, making the area safer for "adventurous" Yuppies, who wanted the "ambience" of the esthetic frontier without the gritty reality of everyday life in a slum. By the early '80s, the slumlords-cum-"developers" had turned most of Lower Manhattan into one big chic Artmall, with a gallery on every block and the occasional street person wandering through to provide "color" (as it were).

Lower Manhattan is now settled mostly by Yuppies and midwestern trendies who consume the pre-packaged, hip lifestyle of the stereotypical artist. Any actual artists still living there must quickly sell out to the highest bidder or be banished to cheaper, less fashionable areas. Luckily, the art market is still booming and can support the Lower Manhattan art indus-

try, though the art there is about as authentic as the Turquoise Indian jewelry sold along Arizona highways. So are the native dances, for that matter.

Former New York City mayor Ed Koch tried also to colonize the slums of the East Village this way, but the scheme partially backfired when the artists joined with the poor there to squat and riot. Just the same, gentrification is proceeding apace. In general, the patterns of colonization are universal.

And You May Ask Yourself, "Well, How Did I Get Here?"

Art, as commonly accepted, is a devalued coin issued by the Franklin Mint, makers of Patriotism™, Spirituality®, Time™, and other reified abstractions that you buy on the installment plan. As with other abstractions you could enjoy without owning, you have to let someone convince you that art is separate from life (maybe because it is so complex you should "leave it to the experts"). Stories of Indians being snookered out of their lands because they lacked a concept of private property aren't so funny now. Certain people have succeeded in separating art from life and appropriating it for profit.

Mystification of art is a cover for its systematic ghettoization. Art teachers, critics, and brokers are trained to reduce artistic vision to a commodity and package it for the art market, while treating Art as their private preserve. They lay down the laws and interpret



them (and sometimes deconstruct the artist, as well!) Art schools train some students to be inmates and others to be cops (on the take, of course), in the local art ghetto. If you climb the wall of the local ghetto, you get to run around within the walls of a much larger one. World fame as an artist lets you see the most heavily guarded wall of all: the one dividing art from the “real world.” To everyone outside, the artist is “irrelevant.” You will not be taken seriously enough to play other reindeer games like politics or finance. (Recently, some artists did make it over the wall, like playwright-turned-president of Czechoslovakia Vaclav Havel). Trendies flock to the art ghetto like hustlers to Wall Street and Washington or pilgrims to Jerusalem, in hopes of being granted a shred of artistic grace at the temple from which all art flows. The public is utterly lost when it comes to art and will pay to know what it really thinks. For the high priests of art, it’s “money for nothing and chicks for free.”

Trends in the Art Market

An artwork is a unique vision made concrete; i.e., an instant commodity. In this case, it is a commodity with a largely extrinsic value, like political influence. The market for such a commodity is highly subjective and unsullied by any concept of use value. Classical art is terrifically and gratuitously expensive. Owning it outright is possible only for large organizations, the Forty Families, and dead Reichsmarschalls. With some artworks valued in the millions, ownership by the small

player is feasible only on a share-by-share basis. Classical art will someday be traded on the Commodity Exchange like gold, pork bellies, and other commodities that investors control but do not own. The value of an artwork contract will be determined by whichever clique of appraisers and critics is the most powerful at the time. Of course, the mob of investors can sometimes buck conventional wisdom. However, a product’s very popularity, overall or just among a certain class of investor, can cause its market value to nose dive. This all makes for a very volatile market. It’s not for the weak of stomach. Should the faction that’s keen on the Warhols on which you’ve taken a long position suddenly be unseated by the Rauschenberg clique, reach for the Alka Seltzer. You should have sold short anyway. Sure, Andy’s dead; but so is Nagel. Both put out more than the market can really absorb. Haring didn’t appreciate at all after his death. Nagel’s in the cutout bins; can Erte be far behind?

Art fads are a fact of life in the art scene. All art fads arise, mature, decline, and collapse over time. Most of them are artificial attempts to stake out and control new art territory. Like Florida developers, promoters of art fads hope to make careers out of nothing. Most art fads are nourished by critics hoping to win money and a reputation for spotting trends. These critics must not only jump aboard a bandwagon early (to claim credit for its “discovery”) but must also abandon it before it inevitably runs out of gas (to avoid being associated with “yesterday’s news”) This is necessary also because of the need to keep things moving. If you didn’t shit, you’d have no room for more food, and you’d die. Thus, each fad must be killed off to make



room for the next one. (That is, if it hasn't already collapsed from internal bickering.) A very successful fad will be attacked all the more vigorously ("sellout"), lest it clog up the machine. The British music press is notorious for this.

It's sort of like the Monty Python skit in which John Cleese plays an architect for a slaughterhouse disguised as an apartment complex. The art market looks elegant on the outside, but inside the carcasses are systematically rendered. If the machine is sped up, the grinding of knives, the rending of flesh, and the spurting of blood can no longer be ignored. Mystification falls away. The abattoir won't shut down, but at least those outside may recognize it for what it is. The speedup is inevitable, since the public becomes hungrier after digesting less and less nourishing fads, and wants more faster.

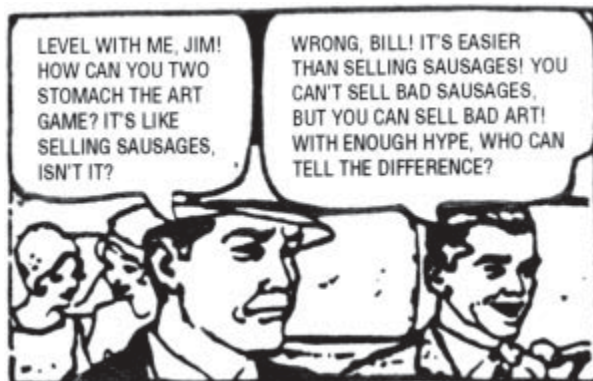
Art as Information

We've dealt with art as pure commodity; now, let's look at art as information. Information is different from more traditional commodities because its value is so flexible. For example, some kinds of information gain value the more they are given away. Some information can be sold over and over again. Producing art for the purpose of spreading information is a step in the right direction. Such art doesn't belong in a gallery; it belongs on a billboard, where more people will see it. If art is an interpretation of reality by the artist, communication of that vision to others is essential. Here's where it frequently breaks down. The language

of art is so different from that of "everyday life" that most artists can't (or won't) try to translate their vision, and the audience isn't encouraged to learn the language. As Orwell says in his appendix to *1984* (the most important part of the book; the rest is black comedy), thinking is shaped by language. Conveying a particular idea is impossible if your audience has no words for it or, worse, the words exist but have been devalued to the point of worthlessness. It's hard enough to communicate a vision; deliberate obfuscation is inexcusable. It begs the question: who benefits? (See above).

So Here Comes Your Definition of "Real Art," Right?

Funny you should ask. Real art is an event unique in spacetime, comprising itself, its creator, its audience, and the interplay between all of them. This, by the way, makes artists of the audience. And that's the point. There should be no distinction between artist and audience. To every nonparticipant, an artistic event is somebody else's product to be passively consumed. Art is a verb; it is a process. An artwork is just the residue of the creative act. At an artistic event, the physical artworks (if any) are nothing but souvenirs. Art's uniqueness prevents it from being duplicated exactly. It cannot be reified, but souvenirs can be



bought, sold, stolen, duplicated, but imperfectly, because none of the real experience is transmitted. You really had to be there. The documentation is only a description of the event; it is not the event itself. Therefore, the only way to participate is to find an art event or make one. Real art points this out exactly and inspires everybody to make more art. If successful, art reproduces itself like a virus that is beneficial to its hosts.

Anyone who understands art can create it anytime, anywhere. The situationists did, with entertaining results. They created (or at least helped along) a spacetime event (the Paris riots of 1968), a major disruption of the French political and socioeconomic spectacle for at least a few weeks. Nobody got killed. It invited participation. General Charles de Gaulle was drafted into the performance. Now that's *art!* They called it "constructing situations." The British punk explosion and a lot of Yippie stunts are other examples of successful situations created by a few people with relatively little effort (as catalysts for reactions waiting to happen). By the way, experimenting on people for the sake of art is a touchy subject, and may be considered bad form, so use caution.

And what the hell. As long as we're out on a philosophical limb, here, let's climb out further. The best artist is a cultural bellwether, psychopomp to the gods of the unconsciousness, and good entertainer, all rolled into one. The best art is new information, as opposed to a rehash of old ideas, or just plain noise

(although noise has its uses in disrupting the spectacle's running monologue with and about itself). Art is what seduces others into waking up. Most art consumers are sleepwalking through the gallery. What good is art that just offers to replace one set of dreams (or nightmares) with another? Factions savage each others' ideologies but never question their own (let alone the fact that they yoke themselves to dogmas at all). A good artist wakes the consumers up and sends them running out of the gallery to apply art to their own lives. Real art will point the way to more real art. It's too important (and too much fun) to be left to the art specialists.

But I'm Just One Man/Woman/ Other. What Can I Do?

Do away with the artificial separation between artist and audience by creating art during every waking hour, everywhere. This, by the way, will make the compartmentalization of your present life, in school, at work (especially in the gallery) more painfully apparent, but creation of art in these places will assuredly make time lost there go faster. Try not to get fired or expelled, as art is most badly needed in institutional spacetime. Follow your instincts.

You will find that the more you create, the more efficiently you can create; that is, you can create more and more with less and less (*money and time*). This is a boon if you work a shit job for a living. As you generate more art, you must get rid of it somehow or



JOIN IN THE FUN!

Just follow these basic tips to start you on your way to BIG BUCKS as an ART DEALER!

- REPEAT TO YOURSELF: IT'S ONLY A COMMODITY! IT'S ONLY A COMMODITY!
 - IN THE SELLING OF ART, DON'T NEGLECT THE ART OF SELLING!
 - VOLUME! VOLUME! VOLUME!
 - USE CREATIVE PRODUCT TIE-INS! JULIAN SCHNABEL CONDOMS (OUCH)! KAREN FINLEY YAMS!
- SPECIAL GUARANTEE FOR POLITICALLY CORRECT ARTISTS: This in no way conflicts with the ongoing Art Strike, if you really think about it.

be buried in clutter. Art is fire; artworks are ashes. Selling your artwork is perfectly OK. For most people, the tautology applies: "It must be valuable because I paid a lot for it." Soak these people for all they've got, because they obviously have too much money and could hurt someone with it. Money is not a toy. If you can't sell your artworks, give them away or leave them in places where they will have the maximum impact. You will probably want to do this with your more important work. Failing that, throw a party and burn the damn things. If enough people do this, the idea of potlatch (look it up) could make a big comeback.

Very importantly, you must make others aware of creative activity, and that it can *be fun*. They will say "I didn't know that," and "Can I play?" and thus communication is achieved. Performance art usually fails in this. Most artists will answer the second question above with "Get off the stage, asshole!" Try just going to the bathroom during a Karen Finley performance you will very quickly find out who is the producer and who is the consumer. Most performance art communicates the least while appearing to communicate the most.

Getting Started

Know your market. Art is a rich mug's game. Artworks that bring enough on the marker to be considered viable commodities are affordable only to those in the \$50,000-plus salary range. The newest art patrons are businessmen. Museum boards of directors include more corporate officers these days. Corporate support for the arts is a back door to the hearts of the intelligentsia, business's (seemingly) natural enemy. There's nothing a defense contractor executive likes better than to have the attention of the local arts council. The local TV station decides that maybe Dr. Seuss's *The Lorax* really is inappropriate for the Pacific Northwest viewing area, and airs something educational (Disney's *The Legend of Paul Bunyan*) instead. You understand. The *Wall Street Journal* has an arts column that gives corporate America valuable feedback on the nature of the art it endows. This shotgun marriage of art and Big Business was explored extensively by Dutch artist Hans Haacke, whose work consists of

genealogies of the provenance of artwork and arts grants. Haacke has gotten the usual treatment accorded those who air dirty linen in public, so his work may be hard to find.

Now chose a style. Again, it's the market that decides. Corporate officers buy art that somehow validates their artless, barren existences. Vaguely fascist motifs are a must. In fact, this is probably the way to go in general. The money's getting older and is worrying more about death. Death-denying (not to be confused with life-affirming) motifs are key. Art with an attitude (smart, hip, ironic) is out. Anti-Amurrican "degenerate art" cuts zero ice, as the young fogies like to say. Corporate decisions are made by committee, so play it safe. Aim at offending no one. The support of an old-style patron(ess) is preferable, if only because the limits are much better defined. In any case, leave the warts off your sponsor's portrait.

Does It Pay?

Yessiree, Bob! Climb aboard the gravy train. The art machine needs nourishment. Feed it. It's still the best way to get rid of your castoff artworks. Your participation in the art market accelerates its pace and brings on market "corrections" all the sooner. Having invested little or nothing in the art market (except to sell short), you will reap huge profits in entertainment alone. There will always be commodity art; the art market will never truly collapse, so you might as well take what you can from it. Just don't give anything back.

Get used to having "the wrong people" get hold of your artworks. If you are not short of time or money or storage space, you can probably exercise some control over this, but it's a real hassle. Anyway, it's distasteful, but doesn't really matter. (It's like having someone poke around in your trash can.) Artwork is product. Whoever buys your work owes you nothing once the cash has changed hands; you have no control over its use. And nor should you. GM has no claims on the car you buy from it. If the CIA buys one of your works to display in a lobby you'll never see, there's nothing you can do about it. The city of New York commissioned Richard Serra to design "Tilted Arc," a rusty curved

wall. Quickly dubbed “that goddamned eyesore” by local philistines, it was removed over Serra’s angry objections. The city was well within its rights. Similarly, merchandising spinoffs are encouraged. When art is commodity, anything is permitted. Keith Haring had no problem licensing his name for keychains, refrigerator magnets, and inflatable pillows. Anyone interested in Karen Finley yams?

Even if there’s little or no money to be made, it’s fun to see just how fast the machine can operate. If you’ve always hankered to speed along in a (preferably rented) car with automatic transmission and drop it into first just to see if the engine will blow up, then this strategy is for you. Enjoy.

Speeding up the art machine is also great for getting rid of a particularly obnoxious art fad. You can help displace these assholes and parasites *by promoting the shit out of them*. Talking up a fad will encourage the vanguardists who feed off it to bail out all the more quickly, hastening the fad’s decline as it becomes too well known. Your efforts will be multiplied, since you are going with the current. This has a comical side effect. As the machine speeds up, the art press follows, rather than leads events. Critics reverse themselves from one issue to the next, and sometimes get caught as microfads arise and disappear between issues of a magazine. The critics start to sound like loyal American communists of the 1920s and ’30s who contradicted themselves weekly in vain efforts to follow Uncle Joe Stalin’s mood swings. (These days also you can tell who thinks and who doesn’t. Next time a surprising major event occurs, watch the first reports of it. Even your favorite biased media will report it

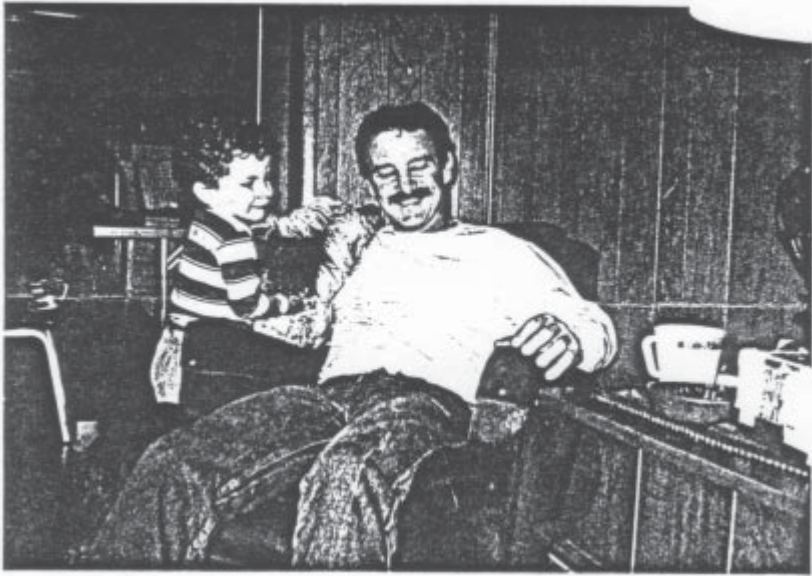
straightforwardly at first while the spin doctors are still rolling out of bed. Monitor later reports, then listen to your friends parrot them. ABC and Pacifica are equally guilty of spin control, and your friends are idiots for swallowing it whole.)

As far as financing for participatory art events is concerned, there is no real system set up. Getting money for this kind of art is tricky. A fixed value cannot be placed on the art event. The experience will be valued differently by each participant, possibly according to the impact it has on his or her own life and to what and how much it teaches and inspires personally. The artist could be paid according to the success of his or her art events as defined above. Commissioning art events might be difficult, though. Art events are not easily controlled, so the final result is not completely predictable. It’s probably best to keep an artist on retainer, and to accept what the artist does, as long as no one gets killed. Some European cities have taken steps in this direction by paying artists just to exist within the city limits. It will be awhile before these ideas and practices are widespread, so the artist’s own enjoyment and that of his or her friends will have to be payment enough for now.

Decentralizing funding for art projects may allow for individual sponsorship of this kind of art. Some enlightened foundations, like the MacArthur Foundation seem to award grants intelligently, and there are no strings attached. The decision-making process is secret, so lobbying is impossible. The monetary costs of constructing situations are highly variable. Creativity will minimize costs. The best way for an artist to make money at it is not to quit that day job, thus avoiding dependence on the art market for a living (with all it implies). N©



ART STRIKE 1990-1993
THE YEARS WITHOUT ART



My brother, Art, fed up with the pressures of his job and the fact that he's turning forty, has vowed to chuck it all and go and live in the pole barn by himself for three years. He's installed a kerosene heater and 72 jars of Maxwell House instant coffee and seems pretty serious about the whole thing. He says he will shoot ducks and fish out of the pond and possibly grow a few vegetables in the summer months. Naturally, his wife, his dog, my parents and the guys at Mueller Brass Company are pretty concerned. Personally, I can see both sides of this. Any support you can give at this difficult time is appreciated.

C. Schneck P.O. Box 6013 East Lansing, MI 48823 USA

THE MAGIC OF BIGAMY

(AN ALTERNATIVE TO ART STRIKE)

b y D r . A l A c k e r m a n

The Art Strike question is one that may be debated from a great many different angles. Indeed, the potential for argument and dissention is practically boundless. Does anyone doubt this?

But there is one question which always calls forth nearly universal agreement, regardless of changes in personal taste or the ever-shifting mutability of fickle public fashion and its fads.

In so many words, I refer to the Magic of Bigamy.

Everyone knows how the famous poem “Without Bother of Death or Divorce” begins:

*O let me, please, Dear God,
Sit straight up in phone booth day light
And taste the magic of bigamy...*

One of the many reasons for my suspecting that this phrase (“the magic of bigamy”) is headed for the status of a universal syllogism is the way so many of us who first encountered it years ago in high school or college have continued to remember and use it right up to the present day. In fact, I can’t think of another line that has gained such widespread approbation and all-around general currency. Can you?

Last week, while indulging with some old former school chums in a spate of unbridled nostalgia and reverie (the game of “Remember when—?” is always a top favorite any time the bunch of us gets together at the Zipper Lounge for lunch), one of the more well-boiled members of the party asked when was the very first time any of us could remember wanting to become a practicing bigamist. Quick as a wink I found myself being transported back in memory over forty

years. Without the slightest hesitation or blurring I found myself reliving the memorable afternoon in 1944 when I first witnessed “the magic of bigamy” with my own two eyes and ears.

In those days I was a second-grader, nine years old, and living with my grandmother in her big old house on Woodlawn Avenue, in San Antonio, where my parents had sent me to be boarded like an orphan for the duration of World War II. As far as my parents went, I had only a dim notion of their

whereabouts (my father, I knew vaguely, was “somewhere overseas in a uniform,” to use a favorite expression of the news commentators, while my mother was busy and away out of town most of the time, “entertaining the troops,” as my grandmother always liked to put it, a mysterious, strangely bitter note creeping into her voice that I was as yet still too young to fathom). But, by and large, my parents’ absence seemed o.k. to me, as I had never been very interested in them anyway. In those days the radio was what absorbed me most.

Nothing in the world can describe the tremendous excitement of being nine years old and listening to the radio in the year 1944, when that medium was still “king of the airwaves.” I had a lot of favorite programs, naturally, including *Captain Midnight*, *Tom Mix*, *Inner Sanctum*, *The Hag’s Hut*, and *Terry and the Pirates*—winners all—but, without a doubt, by far the greatest to me, the deeply richest, the most rewarding, was *Gene Autry’s Radio Ranch*.

I should probably pause and explain here that *Radio Ranch* was the scene of Gene's weekly broadcasts to the nation—an imaginary and glamorous cattle spread where we kids were invited to become Junior Thunder Riders. Junior Thunder Riders got to send in their dimes and boxtops for the privilege of donning bath towel capes and putting tin pots on their heads and tearing around giving each other the Gene Autry “Secret Grip,” which was a special handshake that involved locking thumbs and scratching the other member's palm with your middle finger. (During the years 1942–1944 I stood ready to give the “Secret Grip” at a moment's notice, but somehow I never got the chance—probably because there were no other kids in my grandmother's neighborhood; and, anyway, I wasn't allowed to go outside and play with them even if there had been, since Granny was morbidly fearful of “kidnappers.” Being kept indoors so much of the time undoubtedly didn't do much for my health or development, but that's the way things go sometimes.)

Best of all (to get back to *Radio Ranch*), there was, on a corner of the Autry property, a secret entrance covered with sage brush and cactus, an entrance that led—via elevator—to the underground kingdom of Murania. Ruled over by Queen Tika, who was totally bald as a result of hard underground radiation, but who nevertheless managed to be gorgeous in her abbreviated leopard costume trimmed with white monkey-fur, the kingdom of Murania was 6,000 feet below the surface—a damp wonderland replete with echoing passageways, secret rooms, flickering torchlight, deadly crocodile pits, mad scientists, mindless slaves, and clanking robots. In short, the place was just about perfect. Over the weeks and months, as I listened spellbound from my spot on the rug directly in front of my grandmother's ancient floor-model Philco, which had many knobs and a yellow light that glowed in its dial, I became privy to almost more in the way of adventure than my mind could stand. The action in subterranean Murania had a hectic pace, which was as galvanizing as a pot of caffeine.

Gene Autry was always becoming embroiled in palace revolts being planned by the insidious lord Argo, arch-enemy of good Queen Tika, and on numerous occasions the evil-doers dealt him a lot of grief. In one unforgettable episode, Argo's robot

minions grabbed the “singing cowboy” and sawed off his head! Needless to say, this alarming turn of events kept me wide-eyed and jittery all week, until the next episode when Queen Tika rectified things by ordering her scientists to bring Gene back to life—a miracle that was accomplished by reknitting his head to his body in a glass-enclosed resuscitation chamber. There was something wonderfully off-hand about the miracles of Murania, and I supped at this heady fount of radio enchantment as though it were the bread of life itself—as, in a sense, I suppose it was, the “real world” of 1944 with its eternal war news and rationing books was so grim, so unrelievedly gray.

Indeed, the only problem that I encountered as far as my weekly *Radio Ranch* transports went, was my grandmother's fondness for listening to *When a Girl Marries* and *Backstage Wife*. These were two klunky soap operas that came on back-to-back, lasted fifteen minutes each, and, alas, occupied the same time slot as the Autry show but on a different, competing network. Wrestling the controls away from my grandmother to listen to *Radio Ranch* was therefore never a sure thing. It usually meant a struggle.

I had developed a formula for getting my way when it came to these weekly battles, however. I had determined, early on, that my grandmother lived in mortal terror of “something happening” to me while my parents were away and I was in her care: some freak accident or injury. She was a high-strung, excitable personality even under the best of circumstances, much prone to abnormal emotional outbursts (and I regret that her alcoholism tended to make these mood-swings even more pronounced), so the result was that she often became hysterical over the least little incident, whether real or merely imagined. Accordingly I had learned to play on her fears the way a master violinist plays on his Stradivarius. Each week, twenty minutes or so before the Autry program was due to come on the air, I would confront her and go into my act. “Oh, Granny, Granny, Granny,” I would cry; “If you don't let me listen to Gene Autry then I'm going to hurt myself, bad!” At this point I would suit action to word, delivering a whistling round-house right to my own chin. This blow would send me crashing to the floor, in a heap, as though knocked senseless by my own ungovernable auto-pugilism. “Oh, my God!” my grandmother would scream, throwing up her hands.

"He's gone and killed himself again!" There would follow some frantic, dithery attempts on her part to bring me around. For my own part, I would just lie there, my eyes closed tight, and continue to feign coma for another ten minutes or so, as I knew this tactic would increase Granny's hysteria, effectively weakening her resistance for the moment when I finally sat up and demanded to listen to my show. All in all, it was a technique that worked pretty well; it succeeded, for me, more often than not.

Anyway, on the afternoon in question, the one I mentioned at the beginning as marking the great turning point in my life, the Autry program was twenty minutes away from air time when I crept out in search of my grandmother. I was all ready as usual, had my fist cocked, and was ready to go into my routine. As my grandmother never allowed any lights to be turned on during the day (her way of cutting back on electric bills, and one of the things, I suppose, that made her seem peculiar to outsiders), the downstairs part of the house with its tightly drawn blinds and curtains was wrapped in a deep gloom. It took me a few minutes of stumbling around in this semi-darkness before I succeeded in locating her.

Supreme moment of destiny! Feeling my way along, I had just about decided that Granny wasn't in the kitchen or the dining room, when I heard what sounded like an argument going on in the hall. This made me curious, as I knew that Granny and I were alone in the house, and that she didn't often argue out loud with herself being more of a silent fumer. The arguing tones grew louder, however, and eventually I made out a dim form standing at the end of the hall, gesticulating. Sure enough, it was my grandmother talking on the phone. I could recognize her not only from the sound of her voice, which always had a screechy quality, but also by the ever-present highball glass in her hand (her "pick-me-up," as she liked to call it); and, also, by how she was dressed. Or rather, not dressed. Most of the time my grandmother wore no clothes around the house—just a panty girdle and high heels. The dim, undraped form at the end of the hall was Granny, all right. Her voice kept getting louder as she hectored the party at the other end of the line; and, creeping nearer, I could hear her say, "My God, and you people have the nerve to call yourself a private detective agency, and charge me an arm and a leg for

your so-called 'services'—and now the best you can do is tell me that my husband's a practicing bigamist? Look, I *know* he's a practicing bigamist! I married the son of a bitch, didn't I? I know all about that. But what I *want* to know is, what did he do with my Series-A savings bonds when he ran off seven years ago?"

She was talking about Grandpa Clarence who had taken off for "parts unknown" when I was still an infant. Since he had never bothered to return, his whereabouts remained a mystery. Consequently, now, when I, as a nine year old, tried to summon up some memory of him, about all in the way of actual physical details that came to my mind was of a tall, but indistinct, shape bending over my crib while the racy aroma of cigarettes, bay rum cologne, and Four Roses Whiskey curled down into my tiny nostrils, not much to base a memory on—although from the way my grandmother carried on, continuing year after year to refer to him as "that lousy no-good son of a bitch—," Grandpa Clarence still seemed a considerable personage around the house and I felt even in his absence as though I "knew" him at least as well as I "knew" certain of the characters in my story books, such as, for instance, the Shaggy Man of Oz and Babar the Elephant. At any rate, as I listened to my grandmother yelling about him into the phone, I felt a strange tingle of excitement quicken in my blood at the mention of the word "bigamist" used in connection with Grandpa Clarence (or in connection with anyone, for that matter), and, as I say, it immediately generated an excitement that seemed to go straight to the pit of my stomach and clutch there, quite far down, setting up a tumultuous *swarming* sensation that was new to me but which I sense was somehow compounded of a good many different elements, a regular tangle of things—the shadowy hallway, Granny's panty-girdle and high heels, her "pick-me-up" she kept sloshing over every rime her arm waved.

"I *know* the son of a bitch is a practicing bigamist," I heard my grandmother's voice say. And as her words set my insides to swarming like a mass of rats in a sack, I experienced, next instant, the high sweet bugle call of early disorderly aspiration and realized that I no longer wanted to grow up to be a garbage collector or a train conductor, or even, God help me, a singing cowboy like Gene Autry. There is a higher road, I thought—a lofty, windblown place of kismet, mystery, and

chances for plenty of fierce, fiery action. I was trembling. Even as my outward gaze remained fixed on the familiar hypnotic dance and jiggle of my grandmother's girdle tabs, the word "bigamist" seemed to float and smolder before my inner vision in letters of yellow fire. The tension, the thrilling impedance I felt in my chest and stomach, was almost unbearable—so much so that I'm sure my features must have been contorted. Probably, at that moment, I looked like some tiny child actor overdoing it in the role of Wolfman, Jr.; but it wasn't an act. Unable any longer to contain my own enormity, I gave way completely to impulse, flung myself headlong down the hall and buried my face in the softness of my grandmother's backside. The contact was "electric," and nobody has had any experience of a high voltage nature till he has surprised an unstable grandmother in this precipitous fashion. But even though she dropped the phone like a shot and let out a yell like a banshee and twisted violently around to give me the knee and then went on slapping at my hands until I relinquished my grip on her girdle straps, I couldn't help but feel that I was being gripped and swept along by Destiny itself, achieving something like a foretaste of paradise, so that the wetness of her drink (her "pick-me-up") splashing down on my head as we struggled up and down the hall seemed like a kind of baptism—eight parts vodka to one part grapefruit juice anointing and consecrating my newborn resolve.

Meanwhile, Granny never left off screaming at me. "Goddammit, Albert! You nasty thing! You little fiend! Interrupting me while I'm trying to talk business on the phone! Oh, I'm just going to pound the living daylight out of you!"

"But, Granny," I kept shrieking, half-laughing, half-crying, "don't you understand? I'm going to be a practicing bigamist—just like Grandpa Clarence!" She really started pounding me once she understood what I was saying.

I was chased out of the house so summarily that I didn't get a chance to listen to Gene Autry at all that afternoon; instead, I spent a long time hunkered down in the weeds out behind the garage, laying low, hiding out from my grandmother, who was still yelling and carrying on inside the house. I don't remember feeling particularly afraid, though. Mostly I was too keyed up—too intent on striking matches (I had grabbed a

paper matchbook on my way out the back door) and whispering the magic word "bigamist" over and over as I crouched among the rank stalks and old tin cans in a kind of rapt frenzy, watching each match catch and burn like white-gold in the fading, but still potent, light of late afternoon. At some point it occurred to me what a wonderful idea it would be if I burned the garage down.

The resulting blaze didn't go much beyond charring the rear wall before the fire department arrived to put it out, but it was enormously satisfying just the same. There are times when nothing but the sound of a big gang of fire trucks pulling up in front of the house will do, even though it means seeing your fire extinguished.

That, you might say, was the funny part about the whole thing—how my nine-year-old mind had somehow managed to confuse bigamy with pyromania. To this day, I'm not quite sure how the confusion came about, although it's true I'd always been interested in matches; and it's possible, too; that my grandmother's habit of setting little accidental cigarette fires in our bed after she'd had too many "pick-me-ups" before retiring may have had something to do with it. Anyway, the mix-up persisted, or, let us say, I never entirely gave up on it, because although I eventually learned the difference between being a bigamist and being a firebug, I found that on some deep and fundamentally satisfying innermost level I still needed to associate the two activities, and that I felt happiest when I was able to combine them both, together, in actual practice. So, as it worked out, that's what I did do. Not that it's been an easy thing all these years; I would be lying if I said being a combination bigamist-and-firebug hasn't made for an intricate, endlessly complicated existence, with the sort of schedule that invariably makes me wish I could sit down for a spell and rest, it keeps me hopping so.

But there! Why complain about the irrefragable? My life as the San Antonio Pyro-Bigamist may be taxing, but at least it's never dull. And suppose I *am* always a little late getting to my bogus wedding ceremonies on time? My feeling is: if any bride of mine can't be tolerant of her future husband stopping off on his way to the church to set a merry little blaze or two, or three, she has no business marrying me illegally in the first place!

[end



CODES AND CHAOS BY THOMAS WILOCH

Reality Spectacles

The title of this column refers to the essentially chaotic nature of reality and the efforts of humanity to impose some sort of pattern or order onto the chaos. In previous columns I have explored several kinds of “codes” (or order-imposing systems), my explorations often springing from whimsical or absurdist premises. This column is no exception to the tradition, for I will begin with a turn-of-the-century children’s novelist and end with the dustbin of history.

So tag along.

In L. Frank Baum’s classic Oz books, the great wizard’s Emerald City is not made of emerald at all. Visitors are made to put on green spectacles at the city’s gates so that once they are inside the city, everything they see is tinted green, and looks to be made of emerald. A simple trick, and apparently it worked on the Ozian populace. The great wizard is taken seriously, and his Emerald City is the capital of the whole country.

So what? So this.

The green spectacles which make the Emerald City look to be made of emerald are clearly a metaphor for the spectacles many of us voluntarily don to make the world appear to be what we want it to be. But the spectacles in the serious world of grown-ups are invisible. We call them ideologies. And they don’t sit upon our nose. They sit within the recesses of our brains, coloring all we see and all we think.

True believers in an ideology see a different world than the rest of us do. One where oppressed workers struggle eternally with evil capitalists. Or where nefar-

ious Jews scheme against gullible Gentiles. Or where Jesus and Satan use men as mere pawns in a spiritual war. Or whatever. Fill in the blank yourself.

With the recent collapse of Marxism as a viable political or economic ideology, it is now possible to watch a paradigm in disarray—a pair of shattered spectacles, as it were, cracked by numerous anomalies. It is as if the visitor to Oz had his green spectacles torn from his face and suddenly saw the Emerald City as it was, not a sparkling utopian dream city, but a rather drab setting devoid of glamour.

Break a man’s ideology spectacles and you have given him fresh eyes. But the fresh eyes show a difficult vision.

Many of those who wear the rose-colored spectacles of Marxism are having a difficult time accepting the crack-up of the reality lens. Instead of awakening to the truth of the world around them, they are denying this new and uncomfortable vision. As Tass reports the latest unearthing of a Stalinist mass grave, or admits yet another historical cover-up, many still refuse to see. The old vision is still correct, they say, it was just a little out of focus, that’s all. Next time we will adjust the lens more carefully, we will create a more perfect picture.

Admittedly, those in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe have no trouble accepting the truth of Marxism. It is the true believers in the West, comfortably removed from the harsh realities of Marxism-in-action, who deny the cracking of the lens. They sneer over the yearnings of Russians who desire such mundane consumerist goodies as a McDonald’s hamburger—never mind that McDonald’s provides the freshest meat in Moscow. They worry over the rise of democracy in Eastern Europe, worry it will be as shallow and meaningless as that in the West—never mind the end of gulag barbarism, the restoration of an open forum of debate. They gripe about the Sandinistas allowing power to slip from their grasp—never mind that the people wanted it that way.

His red spectacles held together with tape and crazy glue, the Marxist ideologist continues to search for a world that never was, keeps praying to an idol gone lopsided.

Ignore that man behind the curtain, he shouts.

[n°11



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MEDIA-TORS

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These designs are for photo-copying onto Sticker Stock. When done, cut them out; they make for hours of fun, using them to decorate items in the urban landscape, such as: Newspaper boxes, subway ads, corporate fetish items, political signage, etc.

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In this society what does
"Culture" refer to?



Is it *Opera Houses* over *Affordable Housing*? Is it *GST* on *Books & Art*; in effect, a *tax on free speech*? Is the "High Culture" we support one that supports *all people*?



SENSORIA '90



Newsletters, Bulletins, and Single Sheet Publications

Although the reasons that small publishers publish vary greatly, one of the main reasons they do so, obviously, is simply because they can. In recent years, printing and copying technology has progressed to the point where it is cheaper and easier than ever to get ideas into print. This is well understood by the small press community. The type of publication that perhaps makes best use of these dual qualities of cheapness and ease is the small press of the small press: the single-sheet publication.

Although, strictly speaking, one cannot properly call this a “genre”—their contents differ so widely—these publications do have qualities in common which allow us to look at them together. Among these qualities are that they tend to emphasize text over image, they tend to be informational rather than aesthetic, but above all (and perhaps this is the best reason for us to look more closely at them) they tend to be highly focused in what they attempt to do, no doubt in large part because space is at a premium.

On the other hand (and at the risk of breaking down the structure I’ve posited here), the “grouping” itself contains widely divergent interests. Some are bulletins or newsletters, which usually offer recent news of concern to a specialized audience in small, timely, easily digestible units. Others are individual creative works which offer the reader a dose of humor or a brief contemplative or aesthetic moment. Some have an axe to grind and focus their attention on a certain problem,

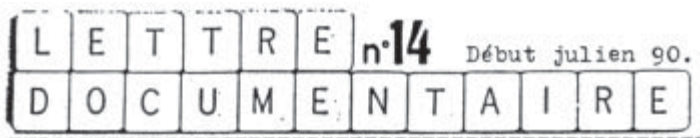
which they hope will be solved in part through thorough discussion and dialogue. Of course, most of these publications embody a mixture of several of these qualities.

11x30 is a poetry and prose broadside, of the dimensions 11 by 30 inches, which is put out by the Toledo Poets Center of Toledo, Ohio. Each issue sports a different kind of paper substrate for a different color of ink. As a result, the current issue is in parts difficult to read, due to a fluorescent pink ink printed on a medium-gray lightly speckled paper. The constants are the dimensions of the piece, a newspaper-like layout, and a hole punched top-center, so you can hang it easily, like a calendar page, and keep it within eyeshot until the next issue arrives. The contents include visual poetry, more traditional poetry, “...fiction, articles, literary news & gossip.” Often the work of one poet is featured, as in vol. 3, no. 1, which looks at the work of Etheridge Knight. *11x30* is edited by Joel Lipman, and is available from: Toledo Poets Center, 32 Scott House, University of Toledo, Toledo OH 43606.

Images of Global Peace makes use of the multiple benefits of microfiche, which include paper economy, postage economy, and being an inexpensive way of making reproductions of images widely available. It has the disadvantage of requiring a special device to look at it; but it’s not as if most public libraries don’t have a microfiche reader available to the public. The microfiche at hand is basically a collection of the usual xeroxed mailart stuff; heavy emphasis on collage and wordplay. But it’s pretty neat to have 70 pages of it on something the size of a postcard. For your copy, send \$3.50 to: Brian Keith Kasher, P.O. Box 3151, Springfield IL 62708.

Issues of **The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage** are the real curiosities of this group. Rubberstamp, xerox, roll tick-ets, dot-matrix, matchbook, address label, catalogue-card, tongue-depressor, name-card badge—any format works for editor Geof Huth’s cataloguing of the neologisms he happens across. Each issue features a short list of new words centered around a theme of sorts, such as in no. 28: *Anthropornology*, which contains two words: *ethnotitty* and *xenocunt*. The most recent issue is no. 38: *Moroccasins*, words collected by D. Watt in Morocco, such as *milks bark*, *bisuckal*, and *sandwish*. One might say that Huth’s collection presents works of art—sometimes readymades—using the word itself as a medium. The contributors to this effort are various, ranging from

the well-known (James Joyce) to mail-artist-networking types (Crag Hill, Jake Berry). For more information, write: dbqp, RD 5, Currybush Rd, Schenectady NY 12306.



Lettre Documentaire (Documentary Letter) is a monthly edited by Philippe Billé, who suggests: "The essential function of editing is a double one: that of a selective mirror. The editor chooses from unique works which are offered him, or from among his own works, those which seem to him to deserve being reflected, or sent out into society." [Translated from the French.] These are single A4 sheets, half-folded, which are not strictly speaking art publications, but rather more generally concerned with culture. As such, they organize and present the fragments of verity which interest Billé, who scouts out interesting tidbits from the French mainstream press and the international underground press, as well as never-before published works and material found in the

and French translation, where appropriate. The most recent issue, *no. 20*, presents a biography of mailart poet John M. Bennett, and translates a selection of his poetry into French. A catalog of other publications by Billé is available. Write: Philippe Billé, B.P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux Cedex France.

Let's Gibber is "The Official Organ of Ziggurat," which has been offering up its amazing little tracts and diatribes for several years, although in a less organized format than in *Let's Gibber*. The two issues that have so far appeared are

and graphics by Thom Metzger. Leading no. 1 is "James Brown, not Jean Baudrillard," is a rap (complete with James Brown samples) that holds that the former, not



the latter, is a source of intellectual stimulation and enlightenment. No. 2 continues in that vein with "Dagon and the Handjive." Bear in mind that these texts are difficult to describe—and funny and stimulating with their crazed mix of sex, religion, cult-pop-star, mythologizing free-association. Send 2 stamps to: Ziggurat, P.O. Box 25193, Rochester NY 14625.

The Anvil is similar to *Let's Gibber* in that it presents the apparently deranged ravings of a sophisticated "madman." These unnumbered tracts are the work of one Ken DeVries, in the persona of NENSLO, a man of keen discernment, scathing wit and master control programming. He eagerly and earnestly avoids telling you exactly what "master control programming" is, and often suggests that what it

is is so obvious it need not be spoken about. The basic thrust of these canary megaphones is that the world inside society's mind is a messed up place—and it's messed up because we try to *make* sense out of it, rather than *finding* in it the sense that's actually there. Send one dollar to: Nenslo, P.O. Box 766, Cambridge MA 02142.



street. The bulk of the text is in French, and the subject matter in the past has looked at such things as Situationism, Retrofuturism, Art Strike, Neoism, and Degenerate Art Munich 1937. The works of people such as Ralph Rumney, Stewart Home, David Zack, Istvan Kantor, and Al Ackerman has been reported on, and the publications of Geof Huth (see above), Michel Ohl, and Thomas Wiloch have been subjected to close scrutiny

CASSETTE Reviews

by Paul Neff

Dopplegänger by Trondant Shaman. 3 tx, C46. Lobe Hatch, 1340 W Irving Park Road, Suite 164, Chicago IL 60613.—Thumping acoustic rhythms are offset by unearthly electronic screeches and other hi-tech shards on this very live recording. But if cassettes were books, this'd read like the back pages of an industrial parts catalog; Trondant Shaman pursue, isolate and capture complex textures, and present them in progressions that allow for their appreciation by the bemused listener (me). This approach represents a very welcome break from the opaque cacophony common to the set-up-the-metal-and-BLAST school of industrial music. It also allows appreciation of the moments of beauty and drama that *do* occur within Trondant Shaman's *kraftwerk*. Recommended.

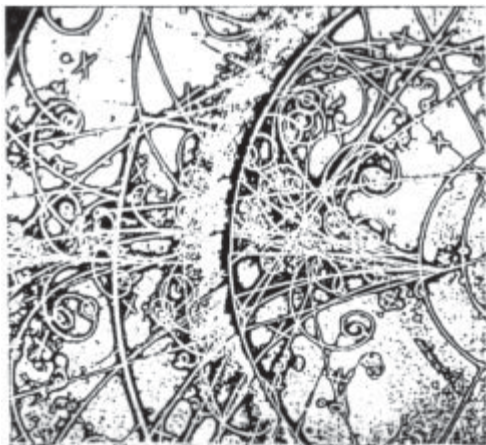
Auriform by Festival of Something. 17 tx, C100 (earplugs included). F. a. S.c/a WMPG, 96 Fairmouth St, Portland ME 041 03.—Another solid tape from the SubGenii at WMPG. The nuggets of largely news media collage presented therein are occasionally overdrawn but usually rich, fast-paced and intriguing. Often, TV collage is combined with some sort of "industrial music" with complementary and often eerily appropriate results. The depth of the material is also important; Festival Of Something maintain the level of ironic humor one might expect

from such material, but often exploit the tension between their disparate musical elements to provoke other reactions. It sounds as though this stuff was excerpted from a radio show; if it was, I'd like to hear it more often.

Go, Song of Mine by Jason Gibbs and Robert Gregory. 8 tx, C60. Jason Gibbs, 5543 Claremont Ave #2, Oakland CA 94618; or Bob Gregory, 1525 Euclid Ave #20, Miami Beach FL 33139.—I'm not sure how Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Gregory teamed up. Though they live far apart, their music has many of the hallmarks of improvisation. Gregory & Gibbs seem to be interested in a music/text juxtaposition; the eclecticity of the chosen texts (concrete poetry, narrative, quotations and sampled words among others) offsetting an equally varied battery of instruments. Unfortunately, the (primarily) electronic backdrop often seems to wander from any connection with the text at hand. While some songs, the sparse, static "Quaker Worry" especially, offset their length with good construction and cogency, others, such as the fifteen-minute narrative "Smut," overreach themselves and seem belabored by comparison. Maybe a live performance would be more effective.



Somewhere In Europe



trondant shaman

Know Your Enemy by Somewhere In Europe. 10 tx, C30. Rupert Loydell, 37 Portland St, Newton, Exeter, Devon EX1 2EG, England—

If Somewhere in Europe had more expensive production than they do, they'd probably be making 12-inch dancefloor singles and this review wouldn't have been written. Which would be a shame; Somewhere In Europe's willingness to experiment with the disco genre sets them apart and lends their work an interesting tension. Gloom prevails; "Never Go Back," "Blood of Martyrs" and "Dark Age" each typify the prevalent attitude. "Night," however, has a unique non-synco-pated rhythm that turns it into unfamiliar territory. Other clever innovations include Gregorian chant on "Shepherd of Fire" and a nice collage of telephone sounds on "Dial Me." And of course they deliver all the boom, gloom, and driving beat you could ever want.

Music for seven metal machines by Ernie Althoff. 2 tx, C60. Available from: Pedestrian Tapes, P.O. Box 213, Pyrmont 2009, Sydney, Australia.—This work amounts to a demo by Mr. Althoff of seven of the self-playing machines he has built over the years. Mr. Althoff's machines are indeed self-playing; all he needs to do is set them up, turn them on, and listen. Most of the sounds are generated by metal percussion and are what math types might call "chaotic"; for a contraption such as Machine #1.

described as "...four table tennis balls roll on a rotating metal hot water service lid. A contact-miked bamboo pole positioned...just inside the lid's rim knocks the balls apart when they congregate there...", the sounds generated are always self-similar but never repeated exactly. It seems Mr. Althoff builds non-deterministic music boxes.

The machines are presented in two ways. On side one, "Parade," each machine enters the stereo field from the left, plays along with the previous instrument (then by itself as the previous instrument leaves), and eventually exits on the right. As each machine is presented, its sonic characteristics are easily recognizable (you think "Yeah, I guess that's what that contraption ought to sound like..."), and yet their common characteristics (metallic quality, disorderliness—yet predictability—and an odd familiarity) remain. On side two, "Bricklaying," the mix segues each possible combination of four Althoff instruments in overlapping segments. Here, the distinctive voices of each instrument merge, and the entrances and exits of each one's voice into the collective din inform the overall dynamic. Impressive. The liner notes are good, too.

Uncle Fester's Feast of Treason by Anonymous Movement for the Liberation of Imagination. 17 tx, C47. \$5 from: Eleutheros Productions, P.O. Box 2265, Albany NY 12220.—The Anonymous Movement for the Liberation of Imagination (AMLI) has herein submitted ten public service announcements (PSAs) for radio airplay. Basically, these PSAs are about AMLI's goals: the abolition of boredom, drudgery, and lifeless life. AMLI's *weltanschauung* is not unlike that of the Situationists, with maybe a little Aleister Crowley thrown in. The PSAs themselves, while underproduced and occasionally heavy-handed, are quite funny both as parodies and as scathing attacks on a boring, decrepit Society of the Dead. The remaining tracks are either loose collage or audio art along the same lines; while a couple sound like throw-aways, most are well-constructed (notably the "Film/TV Fatalities" piece) and serve to expand ALMI's philosophy in an agreeable manner.

ADDITIONAL CASSETTE RELEASES RECEIVED



AMK: Selected Montage Performances 1989/AMK2: Collaboration. C90. Banned Productions, P.O. Box 323, Fremont CA 94537. Tape collages, loops, electronically and physically effected recorded material.

And all of a Sudden there was Dead Air by Dead Air. C60. Eamon and Rosco, Dead Air Productions, 6370 York Rd #115, Parma Hts OH 44130. Occasionally cheesy, but often very funny collaged found sound (spoken word and music) and editing montage. Although it wears a bit thin after a couple of listenings, this would be perfect for radio.

Anomaly 2. C60. Experimental Audio Directions, P.O. Box 3112, Florence AL 35630. A compilation featuring pieces by networkers such as Bennett, Wondolowski, Crag Hill, G. Huth, Jack Foley, Greg Evason, and more. Also from this address: **Swamp Worm** by the Muscle Shoals Noise Orchestra. C60. Instrumental improvisation and body noises.

Audio Anarchy: Dumpster Times #7. C90. Dumpster Times, P.O. Box 80083, Akron OH 44308. Compilation of music making, on-site interviews, and other audio in the service of anarchy and anarchistic art. Features a survey of comments about the Art Strike recorded at an anti-art festival.

Bigger Noise Number Seven by Busyditch. C90. John Hajeski, 11 Rose St, East Rutherford NJ 07073. A montage of mixed-media and synthetic sounds.

Bob Black Live at Club Lower Links. C90. Slobbviated Press, P.O. Box 2159, Albany NY 12220. Documentation of an evening of Bob Black reading his texts and telling of his experiences. Includes a tape recording of part of the trial of the man who sent Black a letter bomb.



Brazen 90 by Bill Shores. C46. Bill Shores, 6 October Ln, Weston MA 021 93. Collection of sound collages using the TV as source material.

Doze Were-Da Daze by Lester Palocsay. C90. The Cog Factory-BMI, 3710 W 139th St, Cleveland OH 44111. Cheesy synth noodlings and muddy recording levels. Similar, and from the same address, are: **Hyper Thrust**, C90. Artifact, C10.

Earache by Ear Nerve. C60. Walter Alter, 4001 San Leandro St, Oakland CA 94601. Synthetic noise collage. Pretty boring stuff.

Endogeny by Gen Ken Montgomery. C60. Direction Music, 28 Nant Y Felin, Pentraeth Anglesey, Gwynedd 1175 8UY, Wales, UK. Evolving sonic environments using concrete and electronic sources. Recommended.

Epic Cuts from Deep Swamps: Music from the 1990 Festival of the Swamps. C60. Audio Musixa Qet, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703. If you can't make it to their annual event, at least you can hear some of the music. Work by the Wisconsin Conservatory of Noise, Zoner-gyx, Malok, and more.

Fragment 2: Zan Hoffman/Agog. C60. ND, P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765. Current volume of ongoing cassette series features work of audio collagists Zan Hoffman and Damian Bisciglia, a.k.a. Agog, each to a side. \$6.50.

Fresh A in the Hour of Chaos. Ørdure / FreshA, P.O. Box 801, Kingston NH 03848. Lost in the tape hiss somewhere is something droney, rhythmy, and drum-machiney.

Gaestebud Ruminare by Hi3oron. C90. Andr Dashorst, Oosterenghweg 122, 1212 CR Hilversum, Netherlands. Heavy, but trite, industrial music. Lyrics in English.





Guitar Vomit by Roadkill. C60. Flying Bomb Cassettes, 2771 Lake Ave, Worcester MA 01604. Manic with energy, does to music what cars to do squirrels. **Its All TV to Me** by Dougzig. C90. Youthful unbridled energy.

Infectious Damage by Hernia Retraction Accordion. C60. P. Petrisko, Jr., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079. Processed sounds, digital manipulation, tape loops, all go together to form an interesting mix for each of these ten tracks.

Its a Dead Dog by Illusion of Safety. C60. Complacency Productions, P.O. Box 1452, Palatine IL 60078. Heavily rhythmized post-industrial sonic sludge, with the occasional found voice thrown in. Great stuff.

Die Louse Zerfressen Mich... Die Sue Erbrechen sich by Rudolv Eb.er. C46. Schimpfluch c/o Imvluss, P.O. Box 4804, 8022 Zürich, Switzerland. Silence peppered with bursts of vocalizations ranging from breathing to wretching. Visceral. The package itself is very unusual, all matte black (including the cassette itself) with the titles scratched into the plastic of the

amk²

collaboration

cassette box. Also from this address are the following 7-inch EPs: **Sudden Infant and Vehikel & Gefss (& Ventilator)**. These guys are really into pure noise.

Lost & Found Times no. 26. C90, printed volume. Luna Bisonte Productions, John M Bennett, 137 Leland Ave, Columbus OH 43214. Bennett's poetry magazine goes audio on this issue with work by Bennett himself, McKinnon, Weinman, Bob Z, Miskowski, Baroni, and more.

Media Myth: Tellus, The Audio Cassette Magazine no 20. 596 Broadway (602), New York NY 10012. C60. Compilation of audio artists who deal with the media myth. A bit uneven, but there are some very good pieces here. \$8.

The official, July 21 st, 1990ev, Displace, 1220 Curtain Ave, Sextet. C90, booklet. Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203. Improvisational music with conventional instruments using unconventional structuring devices called CAMUs.

Owl by Alienfarm. C90. P.O. Box 170331, San Francisco CA 94117. Atmospheric trance jazz.

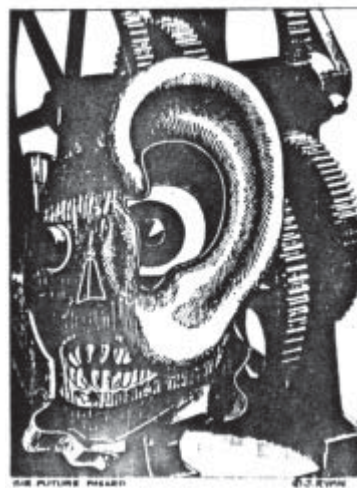
Plastic Eye Miracle by Robot Beatnick. C30. Michael Gonzalez, P.O. Box 2707, North Canton OH 44720. Short, strange pop dit-



ties, with affected vocals and often eerie instrumentation. Also from this address are the following cassettes; similar in tone and quality to the above: **Inch Eggs, C30. Whoa Baby, Stop!** by A Lovin Oven, C30. **Where's Ghoulardi** by the Bill Jones Show, C30.

The Poison is in the Dosage: Going Gaga no. 7. C60. Going Gaga, 2630 Robert Walker Pl. Arlington VA 22207. Special cassette issue is a compilation featuring work by Cafe Gaga, Geof Huth, Jack Hurwitz, Jim Steele, and the Tape-beatles. Hidden away in a carved-out paperback book. \$3.50.

Anomaly 2



Skull by Phinney/McGee, C60. **Goonz** by Nomuzic & McGee, C90. **Ditch** by Phinney Jackson McGee, C90. Electronic Cottage, P.O. Box 3637, Apollo Beach FL 33572. Cassette collaborations between Electronic Cottage editor Hal McGee and various electronic musicians. Skull is challenging electronic music, while Goonz is electronic improvisational music, and Ditch is analog synth electro space improvisations.

DIRECTORY OF PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED Etc.

Publications & Announcements

11x30, Toledo Poets Center, 32 Scott House, University of Toledo, Toledo OH 43606—*11x30* vol. 3, n°1. Poetry/prose broadside (in the dimensions of the title), edited by Joel Lipman.

Abscond, P.O. Box 3112, Florence AL 35630—*Modom* n°s 6 and 7. A hand-made graphic inside an envelope. One by Mike Miskowski (n°6) and the other by Jake Berry.

American Living, P.O. Box 901, Allston MA 02134—*Ancient Stories* by Michael Shores. An entirely visual book of collages, much in the vein of Max Ernst's photo novels. \$3. *The Book of Daze* by Michael Shores. This one includes "automatic writings" along with the collages. \$2.

Mitchell Halberstadt, 5 Warren Ln, Jericho NY 11753—*Anarchy and Civilization: The Ecology of Consciousness*. "The following essay should sound an urgent alarm for all those concerned with saving the earth and with it human freedom...." A well-argued piece of writing. \$4.

Anarchy/CAC, P.O. Box 1446, Columbia MO 65205—*Anarchy: A journal of Desire Armed*. Special issue of Children and Anarchy. A major tabloid containing lots of reading for those who are interested in Anarchism. \$2.

Anna Banana, P.O. Box 3655, Vancouver BC, V6B 3Y8 Canada—*Banana Rag* n°s 27, 28. Mailart newsletter; heavy emphasis on bananas as a theme. Contacts and mailart news.

Applegoon Publications, P.O. Box 3201, Salt Lake City UT 84110—*Gajoob* n°6. With over 200 reviews of audio cassettes (and some more of related publications), *Gajoob* is, at the very least, a valuable resource for the cassette networker. Those who've read it know that it is more. \$3.

Artpaper, 2402 University Ave W #206, St Paul MN 55414—vol. 10, n°s 1,2,3,4, and 5. Outstandingly good art tabloid for "Art/Community/Cultural Activism." Open minded and open ended, with much useful information. \$2.75 or \$20/year.

Artpolice, 5228 43rd Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55417—vol. 17, n°s 2 and 3. Collection of skillfully done, often sexually explicit drawings, collages, and other art. \$1.25.

Atticus Review, 720 Heber Ave, Calexico CA 92231—n°18, spring 1990. A Journal of Poetry, Fiction, Graphics and Criticism. Edited by Harry Polkinhorn and David Quattrociocchi.

Bill Brown, P.O. Box 3421, Wayland Square, Providence RI 02906—*Not Bored* n°17, July 1990. "A record of happenings, a published



diary of events," which "records actions taken... [and] ...rehearses analyses of political, social and cultural topics of concern."

Black Eye, 339 Lafayette St #2, New York NY 10012—n°s 8, 9. A journal of anarchism, with a fair amount of art/cultural content. \$1. Bloatstick, 47 Clarion, San Francisco CA 94110—n°2. "Published ... almost entirely outside of the market economy. We're interested in publishing interviews, essays, and criticism related to arts in the Bay Area." Current issue focuses on the Art Strike. Rumor has it that publication of *Bloatstick* has been suspended.

Bomb Shelter Propaganda, P.O. Box 17686, Phoenix AZ 85011—*MaLLife* n°19. Edited by Mike Miskowski. Containing "anarcho-fiction, poetry & rantings, finger xerox graphics & collage, interunipostal mailart contacts + 100s of reviews, Subliminal Sale\$ & Quantum sandbox theory....," *MaLLife* has been at it longer than most, and it shows. \$3.

Brian Keith Kasher, P.O. Box 3151, Springfield IL 62708; 217/523-0121—*Images of Global Peace International Microzine*. Publication on microfiche, containing mailart graphic and text submissions from all over.

Brick, Suite #7, 151 First Ave, New York NY 10003—*Brick: Art is a Weapon: n°5*. Accepting "...any xeroxable endeavors, including but not limited to drawings, poems, essays, photographs, stories, collages, manifestoes and articles." Anti-authoritarian slant. \$2.

Bubela Press, c/o Matheau David Moore, 539 J Atlantic Ave, Williamstown NJ

08094—*Kounterclockwise* n°4. Final Issue. Chopped up poetry and equally chopped up graphics. *Oh* n°1. Experimental poetry and graphics.

Bureau of Control, 18210 Blanchmont, Houston TX 77058—*State of the Art for Today's Artist*. Booklet of text and graphics take a critical and humorous look at today's "art": "What a load of crap!" (Text reprinted elsewhere in this issue.)

Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Hts OH 44118—*Taproot* n°s 17/18. (double issue). "The Kulchur That Kills Its Kids Is you." Publication using innovative language/picture constructions throughout. Poetry, graphics, texts. Guest edited by Jim Lang.

Carol Stetser, P.O. Box 20081, Village of Oak Creek AZ 86341—*Fashion 2*. Compilation of prints (mostly xerox) made by the artists themselves dealing with issues surrounding fashion.

Central Park Magazine, P.O. Box 1446, New York NY 10023—n°17/18 (double issue). "...printable forms of thought and feeling that address the most general and pressing concerns of our time, and do so through passionate and/or unpredictable means..." Work by Rachel Lauer, Miekal And, Eve Ensler, Bill Sweeney, Robert Gregory, and many more. \$7.50.

Chris Dunn, 24 Wallingford Rd #4, Brighton MA 02135—*Chicken Little: The Magazine of the Naked City Coffehouse* n°26. 'Zine for a local audience, but dealing with the larger issue of conflict in the Middle East, as well.

Cwm Gwen Hall, Pencader, Dyfed, Cymru SA39 9HA—*Black Chip: A Critical Journal of New Technology*. n°1. Richard Alexander, ed. Write: . The editor asks you to note that Cymru (Welsh for "Wales") is not a part of England. A new journal, xeroxed, which focuses on new technology (especially computer) critically, offering radical alternatives if any exist. It is great that someone is attempting this, and I think we should all pay attention. £1.50 or £6 for 4 issues.

dbqp, RD 5, Currybush Rd, Schenectady NY 12306—n°99: "*The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage* n°35: *Pneumathink*." Pin-on name tag with two new words. n°100: "*The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage* n°36: *Isosyn*." Clip-on name tag displaying two newer words. n°106: "*ovingm* #3." A change of address announcement for the press. n°107: "*The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage* n°38: *Moroccasins*." Business-card format with three new words found in Morocco.

Certain Gestures, 55 Perowne St, Aldershot, Hampshire GU11 3JR UK—n°8. This issue is a large sheet folded up so that the pithy socially critical collages get larger at every turn.

Decapitated Productions, c/o Panos Tzanetatos, Aspasias 55, Helargos 155 61, Athens Greece—*Decapitated*. A densely-packed magazine focusing on the hardcore punk scene in Athens (Greece, that is). The editor has evidenced an interest in more experimental work, as well. In Greek.

Dee Rail, 4823 Baltimore Ave, Philadelphia PA 19143—*Autonomystics: An Essay on Anarchism and Mysticism*. Text and graphics.

DeSirey/Dodge Archives, 4645 Columbus Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55407—

MSSRT Newsletter, vol. 3, n°s 6, 8, and 10. The Minnesota Library Association Social Responsibilities Round Table. A source of "...alternative news, opinions and resource listings [that] are sent ten times a year to members..." and is also available for trade.

Dobrica Kamperelic, Milovana Jankovica 9B, 11040 Beograd, Yugoslavia—*Open World*, n°s 53, 54, 55. More mail art news and notes from Yugoslavia. Dobrica Kamperelic, the editor, compiles and collages fragments from his mail box, and forms each issue in this way. Exchange.

Dollyhead International, c/o Chris de Coulon Berthoud, 73 Fitzgerald House, London E14 0HH England—*War System Kills*. Xerox booklet of collages dealing with alienating society.

Douglass-Truth Institute, P.O. Box 5000, Davis CA 95617—*The Douglass-Truth Story: Chronicle of a Man of our Times* by Denton Edwards de Cracraft, Official Archivist of the DTI. Humorous booklet mythologizing the great truth-seeker, Douglass-Truth. \$2.

Dumpster Times, P.O. Box 80083, Akron OH 44308—*Dumpster Times* n°6, "ArtActions". n°8, "It's a Dog's Life." Wendy S. Duke, ed. Art and performance magazine; lots of coverage of the local Akron scene, but also an article entitled "Property without Government," among others. Anarchism. \$2.

Electre, 30 Rue Jules Guesde, 62223 St Nicolas, France—*Maison Airides & Cie* n°0. Small journal of visual poems, collages, and other texts, in French. The Dadaist sensibility is evident.

Electronic Cottage International Magazine, P.O. Box 3637, Apollo Beach FL 33572—n°4. Magazine devoted to the home taper and the cottage industry that has grown up around people who release their own music in very small, often personalized, cassette additions. Edited by Hal McGee. \$3 or \$7/3 issues.

Factsheet Five, 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer NY 12144—n°37, 38, 39. In case you don't already know it, every issue *F5* is the largest collection of current small press publications available. In it, you find literally hundreds of short reviews of magazines, journals, cassettes, videos, etc., as well as some regular columns. *F5* reviews everything it is sent. \$3

Fred Woodworth, P.O. Box 3488, Tucson AZ 85722—*The Match: An Anarchist Journal*, n°85, Summer 1990. Contains articles which deal with such issues as living in today's world as an anarchist, how libraries hide subversive material in their collections, Madelyn Murray-O'Hair, and art for cops, as well as a large letters section. \$3/\$10 for 4 issues.

Funmore Ink, 627 Taylor St #21, San Francisco CA 94102—*Pornography: What is it?* Collaged scraps of picture and text form a map leading you through issues related to pornography. Reader input requested.

Hartmut Andryczuk, Urbanstr. 34, 1000 Berlin 61, Germany—*Teraz Mowie: heft 5*. A collection of mail-art page designs by Serge Segay, Rea Nikonova, etc.

Here and Now, P.O. Box 109, Leeds, England LS5 3AA—n°10. This issue of the radical/intellectual journal contains an "Art/Anti-Art

Supplement," which offers up some more views on the Art Strike, and the state of contemporary avant-gardes. Much of the rest of the issue deals with "Euromania." Local price: 90p. *Hilare Moderne*, 4 Rue de 8 mai '45, 02260 La Capelle, France—*Saint-Kant, Tintin!* A small fanzine with numerous exceptionally cool graphics by Eric Heilmann, who did the cover for *Retrofuturism* n°13.

Horizon Unlimited, P.O. Box 766, Cambridge MA 02142—*The Anvil*; 3 unnumbered, undated issues. If you have to believe something, you might as well believe this. Send one dollar.

HypeMag, 684 Yonge St, Box 68, Toronto ONT M4Y 2A6, Canada—n°0, 1, and 2. News, interviews, reviews from Toronto's alternative music and performance scene.

I. M. I., 617 N Upland, Metairie LA 70003—*Season's Greedings. Commodity Hell Reified Into Social Trauma Making Alienation Sickness*. Santa Claus is Cuming.

James Lewes, 414 N Clinton St #4, Iowa City IA 52245—*The Rake*. Reproductions from James Lewes' collection of activist and artist-agitational street posters.

Jean-François Robic, 6, rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg, France—*Fragments biographiques*: "1. Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau: notes pour 'Un Moine au bord de la Mer'," "2. Bram Stoker: pages de 'Brendan's Journey'," and "3. Eugène Delacroix: carnet d'Afrique," and *Noir dans la carré*. Each folio consists of the text written by the title subject juxtaposed with xero-manipulated images that respond to the text in some way. Many pages use more than one color of toner. N°43 is a small folder opposing transparency portraits of Stalin and Rasputin(?) over blocks of black. "Albert Einstein: Etienne-Jules Marey et la courbure de l'espace-temps autour de la galaxie d'Andromède (M31)," in which swirls of line (refer-



"When the conception of change



is beyond the limits



of the possible,



there are no words



to articulate discontent



so it is sometimes held



not to exist.

ring perhaps to the flexibility of spacetime in an Einsteinian universe) are printed on semi-transparent paper. *Le lit de Justine*. Book of xerox manipulated photographs of ruins, steel structures, and interiors.

Jim Hayes, P.O. Box 13180, Jersey City NJ 07303—*Sex & Drugs* n°4. Slapdash collection of clippings, poems, xeroxed graphics, etc., edited by Phil Spectator.

John Bailey, 9975 W 138th St, Miami FL 33176—Untitled. Collection of xeroxed paintings, collages, and drawings.

John F. Kelly, 82 Kimball Ave, Yonkers NY 10704—*XXX: The New Look in Madness*, n°1. The cover has a "blood-spattered" effect which resonates nicely with the contents, which generally are good. Dennis the Menace is a child-abuse victim; not one—but 2—Spillane satires; not one—but 2—pieces by Bob Black (one a Spillane satire). \$2.

John Held, Jr., 1903 McMillan Ave, Dallas TX 75206—*Dzhon Kheld i al'ternativnaja filatelija: Katalog Vystavki*. (John Held and Alternative Philately: Exhibition Catalog.) Catalog from an exhibit of John Held's work in Eysk, USSR. Text by Serge Segay. In Russian. *Tartu Shadows: Proceedings of the International Mail Art Symposium in the USSR*. Held reminisces about his visit to Estonia for the Symposium, and describes his experiences in the USSR.

Karen Eliot, 4823 Baltimore Ave, Philadelphia PA 19143—*Smile: Commodity Issue*. Recent appearance of the "magazine of multiple origins" focuses on the commodity and issues like it. Krylon Underground, P.O. Box 5830, Bethesda MD 20824—*July and October, 1990 issues*. Collaged graphics and texts.

Larry-bob, P.O. Box 3054, Minneapolis MN 55403—*Holy Titclamps* n°6. Aggressively graphic 'zine for the local gay community. Reports, interviews, letters, graphics. \$1.

Le Lieu, C.P. 277, Haute-Ville, Québec, G1R 9Z9 Canada—*Inter: Art Actuel*, n°48. Magazine which reports on and documents the French-speaking avant-gardes of Canada. \$5.

Luna Bisoite Productions, 137 Leland Ave, Columbus OH 43214—*Utter Utter, Milk, and Said in the Chair* by John M. Bennett. *Wood Nymphs of the Sahara* by John M. Bennett and Musicmaster. *More Travesties of John M. Bennett Poems*, and *Son of Ack's Hacks: More Radical Transformations of John M. Bennett Poems* by John M. Bennett and Blaster Al Ackerman. Poetry chapbooks in the experimental mailart humor kind of vein. Lund Art Press, Lund University School of Architecture, Box 118, S-221 00, Lund Sweden—vol. 1 n°4. This journal "...is devoted principally to furthering the understanding of visual arts and architectural changes in our time...." In English and French.

Mail-Art-Museum, c/o Friedhelm Schulz, 3352 Einbeck 16, An der Kirche 12, Germany—*Einbecker Kunstblatt*. Flyer that reports on mail-art; lead article is called "Art Strike, Word Strike, Denk Strike." Contact list included. In German.

Mark C Anderson, 8938 La Roca, Fountain Valley CA 92708—*Some Secrets of the Magazine Prison-House* by Edgar A Poe. Reprint of an article originally published in *Broadway Journal* in 1845. \$1. Milan Bruchter, Zámecké nám 6, 690 02 Breclav Czechoslovakia—*Er-Atelier Bazaar*. A broadsheet of "Photo, Mode, Music, Mail-art, Print, Design, Painting, Cover, Politic, Philosophy." They are looking for international contributors.

Monica Rex, P.O. Box 661441, Los Angeles CA 90066—*Amnesia* n°1. Premier issue focuses on freedom of expression issues as they pertain to the NEA controversy, the "velvet revolution" of Eastern Europe, and the "art-anti-art" of the fanzine, as well as showcasing the visual work of numerous contribu-

tors. Networking section reprints calls for submissions for other projects going on elsewhere. \$3/\$4 overseas.

Mother of Ashes Press, P.O. Box 66, Harrison ID 83833—*The Printer's Devil*. "Graphic arts for the small press," reads the masthead. This publication makes use of and expounds upon any and all techniques which might be of use to the small publisher. \$4.50 for 3 issues.

Musicmaster, 5136 Lyndale Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55419—*Dogs without Cars*, n°s 17 and 19. "Change-of-Schedule commentary for today's bus rider." A spoof, as it were, to entertain those who use mass transit (and others).

Nada, 1459 W Cortez, Chicago IL 60622—vol. 2: n°7: "Xerophenia"; n°8: "Overneath"; n°9: "Docupinions"; n°10: "Metromorphosis." vol. 3 n°1: "Populore." Visual compilations of xerographic collage and image/text manipulation. This is an outstanding example of this genre. \$1.

NRG, 6735 SE 78th St, Portland OR 97206—*NRG* 32. Tabloid poetry magazine specializing in "...completely original, energized & dimensional literary & visual worx...." edited by Dan Raphael. \$2.

Open Magazine, P.O. Box 2726, Westfield NJ 07091—"Open works with uninhibited forms of writing and art that inspire change, be they targeted at social process or the consciousness of the individual..." Current issue has work by John Cage, Noam Chomsky, Greg Boyd, Vittore Baroni, and many more. \$6. Also: *On U.S. Gulf Policy* by Noam Chomsky (from the *Noospapers Pamphlet Series*). Chomsky writes about the hypocrisies of U.S. foreign policy, and holds that the War in the Persian Gulf is something the U.S. didn't really try very hard to avoid. \$3.

Orworks, P.O. Box 868, Amherst MA 01004—*Or*, n°129: "Stop Art Fascists"; n°131: "Onomatopoeitic Artillery"; n°132: "The Cottage Hearth"; n°133: "Lost Dog Reward". Regularly appearing booklets of humorous drawings, clever wordplay, etc., in the mailart vein.

Oskar Alaska, 415 Capp St, San Francisco CA 94110 or Voz Da Fronz, 202 6th Ave, San Francisco CA 94118—*The Child is Farther than the Man*. Poetry by Voz Da Fronz and Oskar Alaska.

Out of Kontrol Data Corporation, P.O. Box 953, Allston MA 02134—*Kooks Magazine* n°6. A journal on the "cognitive underclass," i.e., those whose ideas about the world are not usually taken seriously by the general population. Editor Donna Kossy is to be commended for her (as she explains in the editorial in this issue) lack of derision for these lively thinkers. \$4.

Paul Weinman, 79 Cottage, Albany NY 12203—*White Boy's Watching You, Suck my Cock, White Boy!*, *Some Crack in the New House*, and 'Cat' & *White Boy Get the Low Down on Each Other*. White Boy poems, found graphics, and ransom-note lettering. In the last one, Cheryl A Townsend (a.k.a. "Cat") joins in.

Philippe Billé, B.P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux Cedex France—*Lettre Documentaire* n°s 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19. Edited by

Philippe Billé. These are single A4 sheets, half-folded, presenting the fragments of verity upon which Billé happens. Catalog of other publications is available.

Phosphorus Flourish, P.O. Box 129, DeKalb IL 60115—*Even Paranoiacs can have enemies*. Xerox book explores the erotic and aesthetic boundaries between autopsy and police photography and hard-core pornography.

Plaster Cramp Press, P.O. Box 5975, Chicago IL 60680—*The Impossible Utterance n°s 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6*. Thin pamphlet freebies—usually 2 letter-size sheets folded the long way—featuring collages, poetry, and other examples of expressive thinking. Send them a sase for a sample. *Novel Approach: A Coincidental Mailart Assemblage*. Collected by the Avant Garde Museum of Temporary Art of Madison, Wisconsin. Collaged and visual/verbal graphic works which, in some sense, tale a new look on the form of the novel. More than 100 contributors from the mail art network. Catalog/listing of other Plaster Cramp and Xeroxial output is available from the respective addresses. \$6. *Syzygy n°1, September 1990*. Seth Tissue and Brad Russell, eds. Handsome literary/poetry journal containing its share of collages and other graphics. Premier issue features experimental poetry, short stories, an interview with anarchist Bob Black, another article on noise by Miekal And, and a healthy and lengthy section of audio and print reviews written by Seth Tissue. \$1.50 or \$5/4 issues. *Provincial Notes*, P.O. Box 49604, Atlanta GA 30359—*n°1*. “You know my demand of music critics that they place themselves beyond good and bad: that they have the illusion of aesthetic judgement beneath them. This demand follows from the insight that there are no aesthetic facts whatsoever. Aesthetic judgement has this in common with religious judgement that it believes in realities which do not exist.” 2 stamps.

Publishers Group South West (Ireland), Allihies, Bantry, West Cork, Ireland—*A Wittgenstein Primer* by T. Lowes, M.A., Trin.Dub. Pocket-size collection of quotes by the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein; a distillation of his writing which may well serve as an introduction.

Runaway Spoon Press, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949—*An April Poem* by Bob Grumman. A visual poem spread over the pages of this booklet. \$2. *Of Manywere-at-Once: Ruminations from the Site of a Poem's Construction* by Bob Grumman. A personal narrative that sketches out Grumman's passion for poems and how it came about.

Salon: A Journal of Aesthetics, 305 W Magnolia, Suite 386, Ft Collins CO 80521—Xeroxed magazine of poetry, graphics, satire, and prose. \$5.

Sensoria from Censorium, P.O. box 147, Station J, Toronto ONT M4J 4X8, Canada—A large slick-covered book of “Other Ground Works” focusing on networking. Poems, cartoons, collages and photographs; pieces on plagiarism, networking, and demolishing serious culture. \$17.

Serge Segay, Sverdlova 175, 353660 Eysk USSR or Mr. Luce, Boterstraat 43,

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2930 Hombeek Belgium—*Postfluxpostbooklet, n°10* by Serge Segay and Mr. Luce. Small collage booklet, a mail-art collaborative effort between the Russian Segay and the Belgian Mr. Luce.

Sex & Drugs, P.O. Box 13180, Jersey City NJ 07303—*n°4*. Collaged selection of counterculture graphics and mainstream detritus; also includes some reviews.

Smurfs in Hell, P.O. Box 2761, Borah Station, Boise ID 83701—*n°5*. Xerographic satire and humor. Also: *MacSpudd*. Bizarrist game software for Macintosh computer.

Society for Industrial Arts and Music, P.O. Box 60 07 12, D-8000 München 60, Germany—*SIAM letter, vol. 3, n°2*. A German-language newsletter of just what the title implies.

Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai CA 93023—*n°15, Summer 1990*. “The Music Networking Magazine.” «*Sound Choice Magazine* is a network effort. We have an open ear to innovative proposals....» Similar in function and tone to *Factsheet Five*. \$3.

Stephen-Paul Martin, 16 W 16th St Apt 14R-N, New York NY 10011—*Invading Reagan*. Book explores a region between image and texts, and builds nicely on Martin's past work. \$4.

Strike/Strike Headquarters, P.O. Box 21552, Seattle WA 98111—*Strike/Strike: Three Strikes and You're Out*. Booklet proposes a Strike Strike in response to Art Strike and Word Strike, which, of course, leaves us back where we started.

Suburban Wilderhess Press, 1619 Jefferson, Duluth MN 55812—*Poetry Motel n°16*. Editors: Pat McKinnon and Bud Backen. Collage-style layouts of poetry and graphics. \$5.

Swellsville, P.O. Box 85334, Seattle WA 98145—*Swellsville n°11: A Critical Guide for Consumer Deviants*. 'Zine of record reviews, scene reports, and personal views. \$2.50.

Thomas Peake, GA Tech Box 35526, Atlanta GA 30332—*Soma* (final issue). Punky anarcho xerox zine with sticky silk-screen cover. \$2.

Trans-Global Media Communication, 25 Broome House, Pembury Rd, London E5 8LL UK—*Global Village Voice n°1*. “Welcome to the Incendiary world of Trans-global Media Communications: ...A compilation of facts, fiction, art, and the indescribable from around the shrinking globe...” \$5.

Tray Full of Lab Mice Publications, c/o Jasper, #43 Sherwood Forest Dr, Gilford NH 03246—*Selected Letters* by D. A. Ashwander. “Our desire to publish this work stems from a genuine admiration and respect for Dan Ashwander. He beautifully describes the world as he experiences it.” On the other hand, most of us would describe Mr. Ashwander as an entertaining and visionary nut. \$2.

V.z.w. De Nar, Postbus 104, 1210 Brussel 21, Belgium—*De Nar n°49*. 'Zine dealing with networking, mostly text. In Dutch.

Vague, BCM Box 7207, London WC1N 3XX, England—*Vague, n°22: “Media Sickness [more contagious than AIDS],”* edited by Tom Vague. Cover and production value refer explicitly to *Vogue*. Contents, however, include distinctly unVoguelike



items as an interview with Ralph Rumney, reminiscences from the Situationist International exhibit in Paris, and more. The lively language used makes it fun to read. £4 ppd. Vortex HQ, Rua Pascal, 1622, Apartamento 21 - Campo Belo, CEP-04616, São Paulo Brazil—*n°1*. Magazine of comics and texts. In Portuguese.

Watershed Arts Alliance, 219 E Mt Vernon St, Somerset KY 42501—Newsletter for a local activist arts organization; reprints articles from other publications.

Whole Earth Review, 27 Gate Five Rd, Sausalito CA 94965—*Whole Earth Review: Access to Tools and Ideas. n°68, Fall 1990*. Non-mainstream sourcebook which reports on information that can help the reader take control in a world that increasingly seems to be a black box. Current issues covers eco-cars, organic agriculture from Europe, natural radio sources, how to do tv, 'zines: the very small press in America, and much more. \$6 or \$20 for 4 issues.

Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203—*Official Business*. Documentation of musical performances using very non-traditional musical techniques with conventional instruments.

Word of Mouth, 115 Grand St, Brooklyn NY 11211—*November and December issues*. Art news and commentary, mostly for a

Publications & Announcements

local audience. Edited by Kit Blake. 1 year for \$10.

World Letter, c/o Jon Cone, 2726 E Court St, Iowa City IA 52245—*n°1*. A journal of poetry and prose with "...no axe to grind."

Xavier Bouygues Tisac, 16 Rue de la Pinsonnière, 77680 Roissy-en-Brie, France—*NU 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11*. A4 folios of abstract "cartoons" devoid of context. Splotchy, very splotchy.

Xexoxial Endarchy, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703—*The Fifth Annual Intergalactic Festival of the Swamps. "This is not Art."* Documentation booklet of the most recent manifestation of the annual event.

Zanzibar Productions, 3 Ashfield Close, Bishops Cleeve, Cheltenham, Glos., GL52 4LG England—*Sweet Dreams, Baby! n°1, May 1990*. «For the uninitiated, [this] takes its name from a pop art painting... by Roy Lichtenstein. There's a fist going "Pow!" but in a comic book style. That's something close to what I want to do with Sweet Dreams, Baby.» Edited by Adrian Hodges. \$4.

Ziggurat, P.O. Box 25193, Rochester NY 14625—*Let's Gibber n°s 1, 2*. The Official Organ of Ziggurat. Single-sheets are an alluring mixture of pop-culture smut and orgiastic religion. You won't know what I mean until you see one for yourself. 2 stamps. *It's your Hair*. Tract rants about hair and helps you find the Truth.

A N N O U N C E M E N T S S U B M I S S I O N S W A N T E D O P P O R T U N I T I E S E t c .



Artpool, Hungary «Thanks to the changes in Eastern Europe, after 11 years of existence, Artpool finally has got an opportunity to create its own art-space. Artpool has always considered the research and documentation of the new media as its primary task. In order to ensure continuous work, the establishment of the Artpool Foundation has been made possible. This foundation would provide the necessary legitimacy for all initiatives that have so far been functioning self sufficiently in the private sector exclusively...» For more information, write: Artpool Foundation, 1277 Budapest 23, Box/Pf. 52, Hungary. You can also transfer donations directly to: Artpool Foundation, Hungarian Credit Bank, Account n°: 410-5163 941 31.

Artwake 1991, Phoenix «Artwake will consist of a funeral procession of as many cars as can be gathered to follow the Art Detour route in February, 1991, followed by an Art Burning,...» If you live in Phoenix and want to participate, phone: Miskowski/Winkler (602) 254-4349, or Petrisko/Gallery X (602) 420-9390.

Ben Allen, Mail Artist, will send you info about his t-shirt shop (at 117a Great Victoria St), as well as xeroxed sheets containing his reviews of underground publications of all kinds; just write: Benjamin Allen, 1 Carnhill Ave, Newtownabbey, County Antrim, BT36 6LE Northern Ireland.

Cactus Communication Network wants your submissions. Brief: Transmission. Size: A5, 210mm x 150mm. Number required: 80. Deadline: January 10, 1991. (Regularly appearing so later deadlines for new themes are likely; inquire.) Don't forget to add your name and address to your work. Tell a friend. Send to: Tony Credland, 29 Birch House, Tulse Hill Estate, London SW2 2ET, England.

Cheap Art: A Call for Proposals «The Cheap Art Store is currently seeking exhibit proposals for 1990-1991. We are primarily interested in group or collaborative shows, but will consider exhibits of an individuals' work. Our preference is for exhibits which address political/cultural issues with work that is easily reproduced...» Write: Chris Calhoun/David Thorne, Cheap Art Store, 537 Divisadero St, San Francisco CA 94117.

Calling all Sounds «Contribute to DRAPE. I seek the garbled drone of a drunken poet, the shattering of the silence with the electric potato peeler, the rhythmic sounds of the garbage disposal converting Sunday's dinner into a thick paste.» *Send all submissions on a CrO₂ tape by March 1, 1991, to: Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082.*

Er-Atelier: The Independent Art Group. *A group of Czech artists looking for more contacts and contributors to their broadsheet. Any medium. Er Atelier %Milan Bruchter, Zámecké nám 6, 690 02 Breclav Czechoslovakia.*

Gosh, what should I write? You know who's responsible for the drop-off in American industry. You know where the government should stop throwing our tax money. You know what shouldn't be taught in public schools. So grab a pen! Dust off the typewriter! Clear the laundry off the computer! Write in blood!

Some guidelines you might want to consider

1. Say what you mean, and say it in no uncertain terms. The more clearly you write, the better we can understand your opinions.

2. Don't justify your beliefs with lines like, "This is only my opinion, but..." or, "This may not be politically correct, but..." That kind of stuff will only deflate the importance of your statement and invalidate it for the reader.

3. Have some fun. Just because you take something seriously doesn't mean you (or the readers) have to agonize about it. Unless of course you want to.

What we will print: We will print your opinionated text and images for free. Anything that doesn't represent a clear opinion, including most advertisements, will cost \$2.00 per square inch. If you would like your own regularly-appearing column, please write to us with your ideas, and we'd be glad to work something out. Images, by themselves or with an article, must be no larger than 4.5" by 7.25". Unless you request otherwise, we will typeset your text, and the editor will correct minor errors. If you want us to do anything specific to your material, please tell us. *We want to hear from you!* **Ordering Information:** Individual copies are \$2.95 each; subscriptions are \$16.00 for six issues, roughly one year. Please make checks payable to Cyrus Kelly. Articles and questions can also be sent to Steve (our debonaire man-about-town) at: 309 Foxfire Dr, Columbia SC 29212.

Images of Women in Action «March Deadline. Please send xeroxes, poems, letters, drawings, banners, paintings, news clippings, graphics, photos, collages, postcards, newsletters, stories, sculptures, works on paper, etc. Images and text about Amazons, warriors, pioneers, scientists, mothers, activists, healers, etc.» Ashley Parker Owens, P.O. Box 597996, Chicago IL 60659.

International Terrorism «International Mail Art Project of art groups "The Raft" (Leningrad) and "FaGaGoGa" (Ohio). «Detective.» No size limits. No media limits. No fees—no returns—no jury. Deadline: August 30, 1991. Send your work to: Oleg Yudin, 128-2-256, Bucharestskaya St, Leningrad 192288, USSR or: FaGaGoGa, P.O. Box 1382, Youngstown OH 44501.

Mail art in the Streets: «Topic: Myopic communities, Passivity, Apathy, Cross-cultural exploration. Format: Posters approx. 8x10". Please include your address on the poster. Send at least 10 copies (more if you like). I will post your posters through-out the city of Indianapolis. I will try to document the act and reaction of the postings. Deadline June, 1991.» M. Northam, 5325 W Jackson St, Indianapolis IN 46241;

Mike Film Distribution forms 6 and 7. *Documentation of a project (which began in 1978) wherein people are sent a few frames of 8mm film to do with what they want. The only request made of the recipients is that they document what they did with it and mail the documentation back to the sender of the film. As you might guess, the things people do with the film is the interesting part. Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203.*

Submissions wanted for a COMPILATION TAPE entitled "Prerogativland." *Negativland plundered, refit, lubed. Deadline Mid-March 1991. CrO₂ or metal cassette masters only, cover graphics accepted. Send submissions to: Your Host BoBbY, P.O. Box 1775, Bellingham WA 98227.*

The 2nd Annual Noisefest. «A cacophony of live experimental audio. Your participation is encouraged! Send three to five minutes of sound to be mixed during this live event. Ambient/vocal/noisy/rhythmic/found sounds or traditional instrumentation/etc. Submit audio on a quality cassette (high bias/CrO₂) before Feb. 15th, 1991. More than one submission per cassette is o.k., as long as each submission is three to five minutes long. This event will be recorded and edited/mixed onto a cassette, to be released in April. The 2nd Annual Noisefest will be held on Sunday, Feb. 24th from 12 noon to 6 pm at Gallery X, in downtown Phoenix. Participate by mail, or join us if you plan on being in the area.» *Mail your cassette to: Peter Petrisko, Jr./NOISEFEST, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079; 602/420-9390.*

What is Wholesome? «International Mail Art Exhibit. What is the responsibility of the artist to society? Entries due May 1, 1991. Send all entries to:» Wholesome Roc, Gallery, Museum & Café, 1444 N Greenview, Chicago IL 60622; 312/252-1905.

Yanquis, Manos Fuera de Cuba «Yankees Out of Cuba. International Mail Art Show in Havana, 1991. The Cuban People want the right to peace, to build their future and their present. No selection, prizes, size restrictions. Documentation to all. Deadline: December 1990.» Pedro Juan Gutierrez, Apartado Postal 6239, Ciudad Habana 10600, Cuba.

SOME PLACES THAT ADVERTISE ART ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR FREE

Free Classified, MidMarch Associates, Women Artist's News, P.O. Box 3304, Grand Central Station, New York NY 10163

Gallerie Artists News, Gallerie Publications, Box 2901 Panarama Dr, North Vancouver BC Canada V7G 2A4 (2 months ahead)

Free Classified—Wanted Reader, 11 E Illinois, Chicago IL 60611 (25 words or less, \$2.00 for next 25. Ads must be typed on a 3x5" card. Deadline is 5pm Friday for the issue 7 days after.)

Heresies: A Feminist Publication on Art and Politics, P.O. Box 1306, Canal Street Station, New York NY 10013

Announcements, etc., Afterimage Magazine, Visual Studies Workshop, 31 Prince St, Rochester NY 14607 (Deadline, 2 months prior, on the 25th.)

Exhibition Opportunities, New Art Examiner Classifieds, 20 W

Hubbard, Suite 2W, Chicago IL 60610 (First 40 words free, deadline the 25th, 2 months prior.)

Exhibition Opportunities, Chicago Artist's News, 5 W Grand, Chicago IL 60610 (Deadline, 2 months prior, on the 25th.)

Thanks to: Ashley Parker Owens, P.O. Box 597996, Chicago IL 60659, for compiling this list.

SOME RADIO STATIONS THAT HAVE SENT US THEIR PLAYLISTS, AND PLAY NETWORKING/INDEPENDENT LABEL CASSETTES

CATALOGS PRODUCT LISTINGS AVAILABILITIES

Asylum Arts, P.O. Box 6203, Santa Maria CA 93456—Brochure listing new titles (prose, poetry) is available.

Banned Productions, P.O. Box 323, Fremont CA 94537—Lists cassettes available by such groups as the Haters, Merzbow, amk, Arcane Device, and others.

Drift Distribution, 83 Warren St #5, New York NY 10007—«What's Drift's idea? It's a good one, and a simple one: to act, to be active, as distributors of non-mainstream film and video works.» More than 20 titles available.

Earthly Delights, P.O. Box 1QG, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1QC, England—Cassettes, LPs, and CDs centered on a "...new phase in [the] exploration of reality..." Carries work by Nocturnal Emissions and G.I. Gurdjieff, to name but two.

ERL Records, 418 Madison Ave, Albany NY 12210—Catalog lists LPs by Vertebrai, Killtech, Condemek and more.

Gallery X, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079—1989-1990: *In Retrospect/In Progress*. Overview of exhibitions past and planned associated with this space.

Generator, 151 First Ave #201, New York NY 10003—Generator «... still has a tremendous amount of music despite the uncertainty of its physical location. Although it would be impossible for me to compile a complete listing of the music available, I've decided to make periodic lists of what I have found to be exceptional, both in packaging and content.» Write for yours.

Luna Bisonte Productions, 137 Leland Ave, Columbus OH 43214—Listing the output of the press that brings you *Lost and Found Times*, as well as the poetry

Publications & Announcements

WFMU 91.1 FM—Amateur Public Radio; East Orange NJ
CJAM 91.5 FM—Community Radio; A Department of Student Media, University of Windsor, Ontario; (519) 258-6397. 401 Sunset Ave, Windsor Ontario, N9B 3P4 Canada. Brendan Hickey, music director. "Nothing is too outlandish."

KLSU 91.1 FM—"Something Else" Cassette Culture.

WCSB 89.3 FM—College Radio. Suite 956, Rhodes Tower, Cleveland State University, Cleveland OH 44115.

CKUT 90.3 FM—3480 McTavish, Suite B-15, Montréal, Québec H3A 1X9 Canada. Tel. 514/398-6787; Fax 514/398-8261

KZSC 88.1 FM—University of California, Santa Cruz CA 95064. Home of the Ub Radio Network.



of John M. Bennett and others.

Missing Link Music, 6920 Roosevelt way NE #328, Seattle WA 98115—Cassette Catalog #3. 36-page catalog featuring numerous independent cassette release and advertisements for the same.

Plutonium Press, P.O. Box 61564, Phoenix AZ 85082—General Catalog. Brochure listing all back issues of *Scrap*, as well as a bunch of artist's books and some *Scrap(e)* cassettes, as well.

Schimpfluch, c/o Imvluss, P.O. Box 4804, 8022 Zürich, Switzerland—Various cassettes of experimental sound, including examples of their "monthly radio-action," *Psychic Rally*.

Silent Records, 540 Alabama, Ste 315, San Francisco CA 94110—Experimental and Industrial Music: September, 1990 edition. Arcane Device, Asmus Tietchens, PGR, and many more listed; LPs, cassettes, CDs, magazines.

Tellus: The Audio Cassette Magazine, 596 Broadway (602), New York NY 10012—Audio Art, New Music, Poetry, Drama; all on cassette. 60 minutes! Phone: 212/431-1130. Catalog/brochure available for SASE.

Working Press, 85 St Agnes Place, Kennington, London SE11 4BB, England—Complete Catalog 1990. Generally, they carry books by such people as Graham Harwood, Stefan Szczelkun, etc., concerned with "...the clash of art and the material world from a working class viewpoint," "...the opposition to power mediated through culture..." etc.

Zanzibar Productions, 3 Ashfield Close, Bishops Cleeve, Cheltenham, Glos. GL52 4LG England—A sheet detailing the magazines, fiction and poetry available from this address. [See also "Sweet Dreams Baby" reviewed elsewhere.]

RADIO STATIC

RADIOSTATIC IS AN OVERVIEW of the cassette underground which is heard weekly on various North American radio stations. It is edited by the Tape-beatles. Each **RadioStatic Broadcast** is about 20 minutes long and features work from the audio art network of home tapers and other non-professional sound makers. Material is culled from compilations and other audio works submitted to us from throughout the network. The range of work used matches precisely the broad spectrum of interests in which networkers partake. In addition, **RadioStatic's** address files span four continents, which assures much diversity in the selection process.

TO SUBMIT WORK TO RadioStatic, all you need to do is send a cassette of your material to the address on this sheet. If your work is aired, you will receive a free copy of the **RadioStatic** playlist. Your participation is what makes this possible, and is strongly encouraged. Very few of the artists who submit work are "professionals," but merely people who are committed to working in this area. There are no deadlines as this project is continuous and ongoing.

TO BROADCAST RadioStatic: Radio stations may subscribe to the weekly broadcasts. Contact us for further details. Write or call: 319/354-2334.

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A COMPLETE PLAYLIST for all the **RadioStatic Broadcasts** that have been produced since the last issue of **Retrofuturism** appeared in July, 1990.

n°71

- 374. "Dinosarus Town" by Tiny Kingdom
- 375. "Scorpions" by Luigi-Bob Drake
- 376. "Speed Brutality Honesty" by Illusion of Safety
- 377. "Pre-Natal Plexiglass" by P.S. Bingo
- 378. "Hectafat" by Mactown Strip

All selections from the compilation *Put Down Your Pencil* from Hall Walls Contemporary Art Center, 700 Main St, Buffalo NY 14202

n°72

- 379. "Everyone Hears Voices These Days" from *Rosemary's Car* by PMG. Write: Paul Goldschmidt, P.O. Box 222, Johnson City NY 13790
- 380. "Computer Collage" and
- 381. "\$ Prayer \$" from *360° Bulbnoid Strainer* by Mike Miskowski. Spiral Casest, P.O. Box 17868, Phoenix AZ 85011
- 382. excerpt from untitled work by Agog from *Fragment 2. N D*, P.O. Box 4144,

Austin TX 78765

- 383. "Cast it to the Potter" from *It's a Dead Dog* by Illusion of Safety. Complacency, P.O. Box 1452, Palatine IL 60078
- 384. "Mental Intercourse (Mindfuck)" from *Guitar Vomit* by Roadkill. Flying Bomb Cassettes, 227 Lake Ave, Worcester MA 01604

n°73

- 385. "Improït" and
- 386. "Lettre à Sophie" from *Electre & Cie* by Bob & Nev.
- 387. "Interlude II" by Jean-Pierre Bobillot and
- 388. "Séquence" by Jean-Pierre Espil & Jean-Louis Houche and
- 389. "The Rabbit Waltz" by Lucien Suel & les Radis Noirs from the compilation *Lepre Electrique Vol. V*.

All the above selections come from cassettes

available from: Electre, 30 Rue Jules Guesde,
62223 St-Nicolas France

n°74

- 390. "Séquences" by Alain Suel and
- 391. "Finale" by Sylvie Nève & Jean-Pierre Bobillot from *Lepre Electrique Vol. V*. Write: Electre, 30 Rue Jules Guesde, 62223 St-Nicolas France
- 392. "Relaxed State" from *Infectious Damage* by Hernia Retraction Accordion. Write: P. Petrisko, Jr., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079
- 393. "Yeah" by X.Y. Zedd from *RRR/R13* compilation Ep available from this address

n°75

- 394. "Phonemes" by Luigi-Bob Drake from *Cleveland Language (Taproot 19/20)* compilation. \$5 from: Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Heights OH 44118.
- 395. "Radios" by Luigi-Bob Drake from *NSHR(PAK)Radio*. Write: NSHR, P.O. Box 441275, Somerville MA 02144.
- 396. "Dial Me" from *Know Your Enemy* by Somewhere In Europe. Write: These Silences, 55 Perowne St, Aldershot, Hampshire GU11 3JR UK.
- 397. "Saturday Night" by Kirsten Ban Tepper from *Cleveland Language* [see 394].

n°76

- 398. "Keep Prayin'" by Mike Miskowski, P.O. Box 17686, Phoenix AZ 85011;
- 399. "Abraxas Stigmata" by Jake Berry, P.O. Box 3112, Florence AL 35630;
- 400. excerpt from "Poetry Sucking" by Malok, P.O. Box 41, Waukau WI 54980;
- 401. "Troubl in Parad" by Greg Evason, 275 Woolwich St, basement, Guelph, Ontario, N1H 3V8 Canada;
- 402. opening sections of "The Only Catalyst Symphony of Banjaure Jobanick" by Floating Concrete Orchestra, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703.

All of the above selections are from the compilation *Anomaly 2*, available from: Experimental Audio Directions, P.O. Box 3112, Florence AL 35630.

n°77

- 403. "Cathode";
- 404. "Jazzin' Spazz";
- 405. "Billie Jack's Karate Fight"; and
- 406. "The Loneliness of Donald Trump" from *This is a Recording*.
- 407. "I Saw Her Day in the Life Standing There";
- 408. "Yeah Yeah Yeah"; and
- 409. "Yeah" from *Pete Best's Revenge*.
- 410. "We Become What We Think About" from *Wallpaper Music*.

The selections in this episode are taken from the many various cassette volumes created by Mr. X.Y. Zedd, who can be reached at: c/o Scott Elledge, 38 Spring Park Ave n°3, Jamaica Plain MA 02130.

n°78

- 411. "Lots of stimulation"; and
- 412. "Brady Symphony—mvmt. II" from *Brazen '90* by Bill Shores. Contact: Bill Shores, 6 October Lane, Weston MA 02193.
- 413. "Follow the Path" by Tim Risher.
- 414. "Sampler" by the Mystery Laboratory. Write: Mystery Laboratory, P.O. Box 727, Station P, Toronto M5S 2Z1 Canada.
- 415. "Travels" from *Selected Montage Performances: 1989* by AMK. Write: Banned Productions, P.O. Box 323, Fremont CA 94537

n°79

- 416. Excerpt from "Live Chains" Poetry Performance by John Bennett. Contact: Luna Bisonte Productions, 137 Leland Ave, Columbus OH 43214
- 417. Excerpt from *Radio Earphonics* by Dan Goldstein. Audio Musixa Qet, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 52703
- 418. "What is Your Book Made of?" by the Tape-beatles, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244.

Radio Static Playlists

n°81

- 419. more from "Live Chains", see above
- 420. more from *Radio Earphonics*, see above
- 421. "Running Risks" by SWSW THRGT, from *NMATAPES 5*. NMA Publications, P.O. Box 185, Brunswick 3056 Victoria, Australia
- 422. "They Can't Do That" by Mike Miskowski from *360° Bulbnoid Strainer*. Bomb Shelter Propaganda, P.O. Box 17686, Phoenix AZ 85011
- 423. "Relaxed State" by Hernia Retractions Accordion from *Infectious Damage*. Burning Toddlers, P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079
- 424. "Step Out" by Stephen Schneider from *Power in the House*, Post-Ambient Motion, 5402 Camden Ave, Omaha NE 68104
- 432. Untitled submission by Benjamin Allen, 1 Carnhill Ave, Newtownabbey, County Antrim, BT36 6LE Northern Ireland
- 433. "Primincia Devour" by Jake Berry from *Chants*. ExperiMental Audio Directions, P.O. Box 3112, Florence AL 35630
- 434. "Other Voices 1" by Rik Rue from *Bend an Ear*. Pedestrian Tapes, P.O. Box 213 Pyrmont, 2009 Sydney Australia
- 435. "Revenge" by Fredrick Lonberg-Holm from *Fixed Fragments*. Fredrick Lonberg-Holm, 149 Avenue C n°4F, New York NY 10009
- 436. Lacquer disc recordings from *Taproot 19/20: Cleveland Language* Compilation. Burning Press, P.O. Box 18817, Cleveland Hts OH 44118

n°82

- 425. "Separate Torsos" by Somewhere in Europe from *Know Your Enemy* by Somewhere In Europe. Write: These Silences, 55 Perowne St, Aldershot, Hampshire GU11 3JR UK
- 426. "Chant (part II)" by Frédéric B. Sismoid from *Lèpre Electrique III*, Electre, 30 Rue Jules Guesde, 62223 St-Nicolas France
- 427. "You're Going Down" by Illusion of Safety from *It's a Dead Dog*. Complacency, P.O. Box 1452, Palatine IL 60078
- 428. "Enjoy your Meal" by Roadkill from *Guitar Vomit*. Flying Bomb Cassettes, 2771 Lake Ave, Worcester MA 01604
- 429. "Preacher ID n°1" from *Rosemary's Car* by PMG. Write: Paul Goldschmidt, P.O. Box 222, Johnson City NY 13790
- 437. excerpt from Broadcasts on WFMU, East Orange NJ. Created by Your Host bOBbY, August 28, 1990. Write: Y. H. BoBbY, P.O. Box 1775, Bellingham WA 98227

n°83

- 438. "Visions of future past"
- 439. "Six days of work one of play"
- 440. "I've never been this way before"
- 441. "Lost and rediscovered voices"
- 442. "Banging at the door"
- All selections are taken from the cassette *Bend and Ear* by Rik Rue. Pedestrian Tapes, P.O. Box 213 Pyrmont, 2009 Sydney Australia.

n°84

- 430. "Devil's Music (excerpt)" by Nicolas Collins from *Tellus n°20*. Tellus, The Audio Cassette Magazine, 596 Broadway (602), New York NY 10012
- 431. "Not a Criminal Problem" by Jack Hurwitz from *The Poison is in the Dosage: Going GAGA n°7*. Going Gaga, 2630 Robert Walker Pl, Arlington VA 22207
- 443. "Beautiful state"
- 444. "New animal"
- 445. "Help me"
- 446. "Positive will"
- 447. "Desire"
- 448. "You are listening to my voice"
- All selections are taken from the work-in-progress *Music with Sound* by the Tape-beatles. Plagiarism© Studios, 310 E Washington St, Suite 2, Iowa City IA 52240.

n°85

449. excerpt from "Gattertor"

The selection is taken from the cassette *Endogeny* by Gen Ken Montgomery, 118 E 4th St Ste 11, New York NY 10003. The cassette is available from Direction Music, 28 Nant y Felin, Pentraeth, Anglesey, Gwynedd LL75 8UY, Wales.

n°86

450. "Thank you Russ Meyer"

451. "Welcome to the 1990s"

From the cassette *Where's Ghouardi* by The Bill Jones Show, P.O. Box 2707, N Canton OH 44720.

452. "5:10 to dreamland"

453. "St. Valentine's Day Fire"

From the cassette *Robot Beatnick* by Plastic Eye Miracle, c/o Doug Wofsey, 2866 Kipling NW, Massillon OH 44646.

454. "Get into the oven"

455. "Hypnotizin' Betty"

456. "Big Red Satellite"

457. "Do the hotpants"

From the cassette *Whoa Baby, Stop!* by A' Loving Oven, P.O. Box 2707, N Canton OH 44720.

458. excerpt from *Inch Eggs*

Inch Eggs, P.O. Box 2707, N Canton OH 44720.

n°87

458. "The Garden" by Paul Bowles from *Tellus n°23: The Voices of Paul Bowles*, edited by Steven Frailey

459. "Moonlight Ride" by Bond Bergland from *Tellus n°10: All Guitars*, edited by Tom Paine

460. Some texts from "A l'infiniiti" (1912-20) by Marcel Duchamp from *Tellus n°21: Audio By Visual Artists*

461. "Groove" by Christian Marclay from *Tellus n°8: USA/Germany*, edited by Carlo McCormick and Nicolas Nowack

The above selections were taken from various cassette compilations in the Tellus series, available from: Tellus: Audio Cassette Magazine, c/o Nechvtal, 143 Ludlow St n°14, New York NY 10002

n°88

462. Excerpt from "Stepticnic Picks" by Grandbrother (Flipside of *Fragments from the end of time by Masters of the Ungentlemanly Art*). Generations Unlimited, P.O. Box 546, Marlborough MA 01752

463. "Communion" and "Pierced Ears" from *Auriform* by Festival of Something. Available c/o WMPG, 96 Falmouth St, Portland ME 04103

464. "Attack on the Evil Empire" by Luigi-Bob Drake from the compilation *Dumpster Times n°7: Audio Anarchy*. Write: Dumpster Times, P.O. Box 80044, Akron OH 44308

465. Excerpt from "Earache" by Ear Nerve. Available from Baby Brain Tapes, 4001 San Leandro St, Oakland CA 94601.

466. Excerpt from "Custom Neural Appliance" by the Wisconsin Conservatory of Noise. From the compilation *Epic Cuts From Deep Swamps*. Available from: Audio Muzixa Qet, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703.

n°89

467. "The Dead" (PSA) from *Uncle Fester's Feast of Treason*. Write: P.O. Box 2265, Albany NY 12220

468. "A Fever of Fish" by Ge[of Huth], RD 5, Currybush Rd, Schenectady NY 12306; from *Going Gaga n°7: The Poison is in the Dosage*. Write: Going Gaga, 2630 Robert Walker Pl, Arlington VA 22207

469. Excerpt from "Bricklaying" from *Music for Seven Metal Machines* by Ernie Althoff. Write: Pedestrian Tapes, P.O. Box 213, Pyrmont 2009, Sydney Australia.

470. "Civilization Song" from *Uncle Fester's Feast of Treason*. [see above, 467.]

471. "Ben's Story" by Ben Bennett from *Lost and Found Times n°26*. Write: Luna Bisonte Productions, 137 Leland Ave, Columbus OH 43214

472. "Finsbury Park Station" by Vittore

Baroni from *Lost and Found Times n°26*. [see above, 471.]

473. Excerpt from "Parade" from *Music for Seven Metal Machines*. [see above, 469.]

n°90

474. "Dead Air" from *And all of a sudden there was Dead Air*. Dead Air Productions, 6370 York Rd, Suite 115, Parma Heights OH 44130.

475. "Circumcision with a Singing Saw" from *Gaestebud Ruminant* by Hi3oron. Write: André Dashorst, Oosterenghweg 122, 1212 CR Hilversum, Netherlands

476. "So I Recommend it" from *And all of a sudden there was Dead Air*. [see above, 474.]

477. "Cavern" by Philosopher's Union. Not receiving mail during the Art Strike (1990-1993).

Do It Now!

Issue #8 of Going Gaga is an experiment in network spontaneity. The entire contents of the issue will be produced in 7 days starting on **Jan. 21**. The finished product will go to print on the 8th day. Please contribute something/anything to this effort. Collage your morning paper, purge your desktop, write off the top of your head, photocopy your moods, etc. No special theme—just communicate your Being! Everything sent will be used (although I reserve the right to alter contributions). Material will go into the issue in the order that it is received. You can also FAX me your contribution, but you must call my voice line first (703) 527-6032.

Issue #9/10 Originally, #8 was supposed to be on Urbanism. That issue got so large and so complex that I decided to release it later in the year as a special double issue. Deadline is now April 1st, so there's no excuse for not contributing.

Send material to: Gareth Branwyn, Cafe Gaga, 2603 Robert Walker Place, Arlington, VA 22207. (703) 527-6032. I'll be devoting the entire week of the 21st to this issue, so drop me a line or give me a call. Modern techno-toys are standing-by to capture your soul!

CHAIN MAIL ADDRESS LISTS



Although it is *Retrofuturism's* policy **not** to participate in chain mail, the information might be of interest some of our readers. What follows are address lists gleaned from art chain letters received over the past six months or so:

General

Metal Mike's Live Wire, Rt 3, Box 479A, Kennett MO 63857
Eric North, 1876 Cameo Ct, Redding CA 96002
Paul Wiebelhaus, 4668 Leonard Dr, Palo Cedro CA 96073
Gray Matter Fanzine, c/o Chris Orloski, 5319 Peterson Ct, Flower Mound TX 75028
Sigi Emmenegger, Zofingerstr. 41, CH-4665 Oftringen Switzerland
Machine Dog, P.O. Box 1502, Cherry Hill NJ 08034
Metal Alliance, c/o Mark Fenlon, P.O. Box 209, Grand Haven MI 49417
Soma Mag, c/o Thomas, Georgia Tech Box 35526, Atlanta GA 30332
Revenge, 2115 G St, Sacramento CA 95816
Skeleton Quarterly, P.O. Box 1452, Santa Cruz CA 95061
Jet Age Research, 7 Grace St, San Francisco CA 94103
Waste Inc., c/o Gustavo Pastre, P.O. Box 2987, Stanford CA 94309
AState of Flux, P.O. Box 28543, Providence RI 02908
R. Altamus, P.O. Box 24, Cumberland ME 04021

Picture Postcard

Alessandro Ceccotto, via Scarpari 1/L, 45011 Adria (RO) Italy:
«Whatever form of Mail Art: stamps, drawings, photos, copyart, postcard, recorded, poetry, visual poetry, etc. Thanks. Mail Art Archive/Adria Italy.

Send Brains. All Free. No Deadline. Periodical Catalog to All.»

Paul Hartal, Box 1012, St Laurent, Montreal, Quebec H4L 4W3 Canada: «Center for Art Science Technology/Centre d'Art Science et Technologie.»

Shmuel: illuminator of lost manuscripts and dealer in potentialities, P.O. Box 1253, Battleboro VT 05301.

Easy Mail Art Mag: E3 «is all black & white copies, no theme, no deadline, new E3 to all participants. Please send your art works (postcard size) for E3.» Aerial Print, Kazuyoshi Takeishi, Satsukiso, 3-11-17, Amanuma, Suginamiku, Tokyo 167 Japan.

Michael Lumb, 41 North Hill Rd, Ipswich IP4 2PN UK

General

Elizabeth Feldbauer, 27 Hamilton Ave, Crawford NJ 07016
Irene Baldassano, 1540 Rahway Ave, Westfield NJ 07090
Marcia L Whitney, 251 W 92 St Apt 1D, New York NY 10025
Varca Russal, 265 E 7th St 1st Floor, New York NY
Lesley E Grant, 10816 Ashby Ave, Los Angeles CA 90064
Elizabeth Wilding-White, 3121 N Kenmore, Chicago IL 60657
Herman T Adams, 335 Mt Alto Rd, Rome GA 30161
Graham A Tritel, Rt 113 Box 481, Lionville PA 19353
L Diehl Williams, 13 Sumac Way, Brigham City UT 84302
Ashley Parker Owens, 7358 N Damen Apt 2N, Chicago IL 60645

General

Godsend, c/o Clint Davis, 4520 Jackson, Evansville IN 47715

Publications & Announcements

General

Restore c/o Mike Thain, 621 Bassett Rd, Bay Village OH 44140
Elliot Contsin, 1961 Cedar St, N Merrick NY 11566
Donna Nicolini, Egghead Fanzine, 2161 Burroughs St, San Diego CA 92111
Wal-ter/Unscene, P.O. Box 501, Lebanon KY 40033
Tom Kudla, USAISEC-EUR, Box 689, APO NY 09056 or Gastr. 18, D-6520 Worms, Germany
Willy-Ann Slogboom c/o Arnie Comix, 8334 Amigo Ave #14, Northridge CA 91324
Nee, P.O. Box 36, Libertyville IL 91324
Rev Graham Fenderson, Box 481, Lionville PA 19353

General

Diniz Felix Dos Santos, Caixa Postal 07-0028, Brasilia DF Brazil, CEP 70359
Albertina Moreira Pedro, Rua Barata Ribeiro, 93/501 Copacabana, Rio de Janeiro RJ Brazil, CEP 22011
Hermoclydes Siqueira Franco, Largo do Leonos, 50/404, Rio de Janeiro RJ Brazil, CEP 22260
Maria Aparecida Picanco Goulart, Rua Arthur Tibau, 5/307, Inga, Niteroi RJ Brazil, CEP 24210
Jomard Muñiz de Britto, Rua Fernandes Vieira, 367/406, Bl. A, Boa Vista, Recife PE Brazil, CEP 50050
Alexandre Figueroa, Rua Rui Barbosa, 632/81, Bela Vista, São Paulo SP Brazil, CEP 01326
Frederico do Nascimento, Rua Odilio Campos, 411, Casa Caiada, Olinda PE Brazil, DEF 53130
Patricia Couto Barreto, Rua capitão Sampaio Xavier, 348, Afritos, Recife PE Brazil, CEP 52050
Rejane Coutinho, Rua Conde de Iraja, 937/102, Bl. B, Torre, Recife PE Brazil, CEP 50000
Sebastião Gomes Pedrosa, 15 Arley Rd, Bournbrook, Birmingham B29 7BQ UK
Lily Sholes, 43 Windsor Rd, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR 33 0BP UK

Michael Clement, P.O. Box 13, Conway PA 15027
Brute Comics, 411 S Claremont, Dearborn MI 48124
The Eastern Front, 17 Candlewick Ct, New Castle DE 19720
Bird Cage Press, 316 1/2 W State St, West Lafayette IN 47906
Florian Cramer, Retzdorffpromenade 3a, 1000 Berlin 41, Germany

General

Hella Berent, Malahierstr. 14, 5000 Köln 1, Germany
Rut Himmelsbach, Fatiostr. 7, 4056 Basel-CH, Germany
Maya Rikli, Hammerstr., 178, 4057 Basel-CH, Germany
Christoph Gallio, Haldenstr. 131, CH-8055 Zürich, Switzerland
Jud Markus, Rosenthalstr. 71, CH-4058 Basel, Germany
Andreas Kreienbühl, Mullheimerstr. 87, CH-4057 Basel, Germany
HAJR %Mak G Martin, 2 Intake Ln, Batley, West Yorkshire WF17 0BT UK
Artaman/The Grey Wolves, 26 Orme Ave, Salford MG 81T UK
Nostalgie Eternelle %Dieter Mauson, Verbindugsweg 59, 2950 Leer, Germany
Das Allgemeine Krankenhaus, Kon Julianastr 5, 4567 CA Clinge, Netherlands
Factor X %ACS, P.O. Box 152, Exeter, Devon EX4 1QH UK
José Luis Campal Fernandez Muñiz, C. Los Palomares, s/n°-2°-Iza, Pola de Laviana (P. de Asturias) Spain
Antonio Gomez, Apdo 186, 06800 Merida, Badajoz Spain

PRETENTIOUS DRIVEL STRIKE (1990-1993)

Janusz Cywicki, Opalinskiego 23-16, 37-700 Przemysl, Poland
Anna Gregorova, M. Nspora 16, 081 01 Presov, Czechoslovakia
Coopers Natural Arts, 17 Lower Marsh, London SE1, England
Chris Verheyen, Oude Kerkstr. 64, Antwerpen 2000, Belgium
Kathleen Van Houtte, Gezusters

Lovelinstr. 6, 9000 Ghent Belgium
Johan Van Geluwe, Bouckaertstr. 8, B-8790 Waregem 1, Belgium
Kazuyoshi Takeishi, Satsukiso 3-11-17, Amanuma, Suginami, Tokyo 167 Japan
Greg Moodie, 12 St Peter's Place, Viewforth, Edinburgh, Scotland

Cassette Tape

Metal Destruction c/o Andrea Tarozzi, Via del Faggiolo 146, 40132 Bologna Italy
Dave, 43 Pilsdon Dr, Canford Park, Poole, Dorset, BH17 9EJ England
Jason "Deth", 163 Carlton Rd, Lowestoft, Suffolk, NR33 0NA England
Connie Boom, Kruidenlaan 353, 5044 CH Tilburg, Netherlands
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Keith Bates, 2 Ferngate Drive, Wittington, Manchester M20 9AX UK: «Receipts from your shopping.
Fabio Sassi, Via Pablo Neruda 15, 40139 Bologna, Italy: «Trains.»
Terry Reid de Plume, 11 Sherbrooke St, 2010 Sydney Australia: «Secrets.»
Christian Laporte, Lot Duran N°3, 40120 Pouydesseaux France: «3 original artworks NO COPIES max size: 14 cm x 21 cm.»
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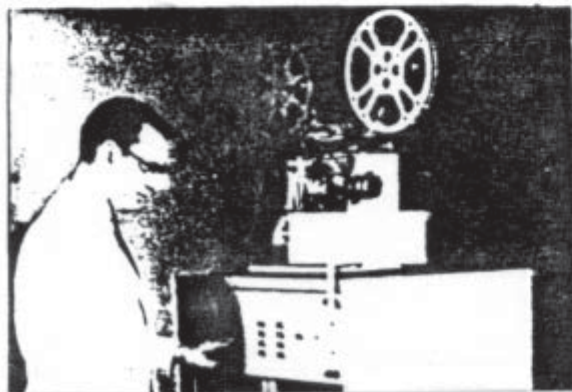
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Publications & Announcements

from R K Courtney,
Apt. 2, 942 Iowa Avenue
Iowa City, Iowa 52240, USA

For years, I've saved notes that people have written and left on my door. I also began saving notes not addressed to me; scraps from the street, from public wastebaskets, notes left in library books, other people's shopping lists, pages torn from diaries, university and elementary students' notes, notes from pleading lovers or enraged lovers, flirting notes between co-workers, anonymous obscene insults (usually crumpled), notes in semi-literate English I can't decipher, notes in Vietnamese and Chinese I can't understand, hand-drawn maps showing routes through neighborhoods, impromptu memoranda on the back of formal business letters... All of these have been put into notebooks titled Notes from the Street and Notes from Elsewhere.

Now I'd like to start a book to be called "Notes from All over." Obviously, I need the help of mail artists from many places.

PLEASE SEND A NOTE YOU HAVE FOUND! I'll acknowledge your contribution, and when I've gotten enough to exhibit, I'll send you a catalog listing all the contributors.

-Keith

anarcho hackers...distant
hypercousins...noisicians...
general diversion theorists...
macro disseminators,
documentators, socio-sandbox
enthusiasts & etceterists...



Eclectrept is looking for submissions for its upcoming hypercard magazine (as yet untitled) to be released in Spring, 1991 as a Macintosh 800K diskette. Graphics, texts, databases, animation, noises, icons, original fonts, moving advertisements, scripts, working XCMDs, hypertext scripts, games & mazes, anything & everything that will work well in a hypercard format. Graphics are acceptable in any standard format, but will be converted to bitmap in the magazine. Files should be small & compact, around 10 to 40K (EPS & TIFF files are not recommended since they take up so much disk room), though anything as large as 100K will be considered. Sound resources should be saved in the cheapest format that is acceptable (SoundEdit is good for converting them). We are looking for the strange and peculiar, & efficient. Hard copy submissions will also be considered (as text can be inputted & graphics can be scanned (maximum size is 6" x 6")), especially if accompanied by some ideas on how the computerized version should appear or behave.

Contributors will receive 2 copies of the disk (issue in which their work appears). Submissions should be on Macintosh compatible disks with sufficient return postage included. Also include on your disk a short "text only" file of biographical information, & information relevant to your submission (in plaintext & software used).



Eclectrept box 17686, Phoenix, AZ 85011
(or call 602/254-4349)



They want a New Inquisition. What they want is to tell you what you can write, what words you can use, what subjects you can write about. It all started with the NEA. No dirty Art with public money. But religious fundamentalists never sleep. Nothing short of a jihad against artistic freedom will appease them. It's not simply the so-called desecration of their mystical icons (i.e., Jesus submerged in urine), but **ALL FORMS OF EXPRESSION WHICH DO NOT CONFORM TO THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF ART.**

I have decided to put together an anthology of writings--free, unrestrained, heretic, and erotic writings... or any subject that will fly directly in the face of the Christian Art Ideal, or what I call the Norman Rockwell Syndrome: a bloodless, plastic, maudlin view of life in America--a white bread vision of traditional America, the sort of phantasm elicited in the political speeches of Ronald Reagan... in short, all which is sanitized and safe for public consumption, that which is not revolutionary or sexual, the sort of Art that would fit nicely in a rerun of the Donna Reed Show...

ART IN HEAVEN is a Michigan-based group of born-again religious zealots who are protesting an exhibit here called FEAR NO ART, which was organized as a response to the current climate of hatred and fear toward controversial expression. ART IN HEAVEN is determined to picket the show until it pulls up stakes. So was hatched the idea for ART IN HELL, a contradistinctive effort bulging

with all the sort of stuff that the Christian Right is pissing hot about... unrepentive eroticism, a good fun trashing of all sacred icons--be they religious or patriotic--and general mayhem unleashed against the White Bread Powers that Be... In these days of war hysteria and mindless flag-waving, of sexual repression and mass conformity to the Tube Vision of the American Dream, we need something like ART IN HELL to let the bastards know that there are a few of us out there who are willing and able to stick a hot match or two between their toes.

Okay. Send what you can--be it poetry or short prose--to ART IN HELL, c/o Kurt Nimmo, 46000 Geddes Road, #86, Canton, Michigan, 48188. Standard S.A.S.E. for response. Publication date: (tentative) March, 1991.



ART IN HELL
LITERATURE UNDER SEIGE

PHILOSOPHER'S UNION
LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP
"Keep Thinking Live".

Name: _____
Date Of Birth: _____
If Found Return To: _____

Publications & Announcements

the "Philosopher's Union Member's
Mouthpieces Mega-Project"

Sometime in late '87(ev), I heard about the PXL-2000 - the new "toy" video camcorder that Fischer-Price had put out that uses high bias "audio" cassettes as video tapes. Seeing I demonstrated, it seemed most useful to me for close-ups. With this in mind, I decided to shoot a series

of people's mouths. My friend & collaborator, John Berndt, returned from a Festival of Plagiarism in London & mentioned that in casual conversation, Stefan Szczelkun had laughingly mentioned the idea of founding a "Philosopher's Union". I was struck with the idea of combining the proposed "Philosopher's Union" with my planned PXL-2000 project & the "Philosopher's Union Member's Mouthpieces Mega-Project" was born.

I began shooting close-ups of friends' mouths doing monologues (or whatever) about their philosophies. As those of you who have PXL-2000 camcorders know, the tapes run thru the cameras at approximately 15ips - as such, a tape that would last for 45 minutes per side when used as an audio cassette only lasts about 5 1/2 to 6 minutes per side when used as a PXL tape. Working within this restriction, I decided that each "philosopher" would only have 5 1/2 to 6 minutes in which to express themselves. Each person has been encouraged to use props & make-up. People have also been encouraged to use means of expression other than words. Every participant has received a membership card designed by John Berndt (as shown in the upper left - the "Keep Thinking Live" motto is a take-off of the English Musicians' Union's "Keep Music Live").

After the 1st 20 were completed, I transferred them to VHS & added titles & digital processing at a lab. A copy of the resultant 2 hour tape was sold to the Enoch Pratt Free Library for \$100.00 - covering the cost of the tapes & the studio time.

In the spring of '88, I went to England, Scotland, & France where my companion Laura Adele Truesdale (the good provider of the PXL equipment) & I shot 20 more mouthpieces (using special battery packs to enable us to use the PXL monitor) - giving us the possible distinction of being the 1st people to ever use this camera outside of the us & canadada. Excerpts from these were incorporated into our 2 hour quasi-documentary movie about the trip entitled "Homeless Movies" - & we got the pleasure of surprising Stefan by showing him how his passing comment had blossomed into something much larger than he'd expected.

Since then, I decided that it would be a "good" idea to shoot 50,000 of these mouthpieces! - 50,000 seeming like a sufficiently grandiose figure to make this a remarkably immense project!

This is where YOU come in. Shoot 20 "Philosopher's Union Member's Mouthpieces" using a PXL-2000 camcorder, make a VHS copy of them for me at S(standard) P(lay) speed, send the VHS tape to me & I'll send you the slick "1st 20 Philosopher's Union Member's Mouthpieces" VHS video in trade along with 20 membership cards. Please identify who did each mouthpiece legibly. If you should be so extraordinary as to send me 20 more mouthpieces then I'll send you a VHS copy of "Homeless Movies" (& of course, 20 more IDs). I'll also keep you informed about what uses (if any) that I put your mouthpieces to.

Laura Truesdale has already contributed 9 more (shot in Albuquerque), I've shot 4 more (shot in Baltimore of friends visiting from out of town), Uncle An has made 7 (shot in Atlanta), & Thomas Clay (of Tampa) has shot, at least, 7 that I know of (all this as of early '90(ev)).

Unfortunately, Fischer-Price has supposedly withdrawn the PXL from the market already, so this mega-project is going to be highly dependent on those few of you who already have them. So, GET TO WORK! (or PLAY) & shoot those mouthpieces & send them to me! I hope to, someday, edit all 50,000 of them together (in excerpted form) to create 1 long, tangential, run-on philosophical sentence!

TENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE
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Pressure Drop Press is now constructing a book that examines:

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The purpose of this book is to document the fact that sabotage in the American workplace is as common as work itself, where there's one there's the other. This book will demonstrate that most people who work in America get over on their jobs in various ways and for numerous reasons. If nothing more, this book will give comfort to those who feel that they might be alone in using this methodology and to inspire those who have yet to realize its importance and potential.

If you have an anecdote or story that you think might fit in with this book's theme please get in contact with us, include job description and a brief explanation of your method of sabotage. We will consider all contributions (be it theft of paper clips or destruction of computer systems) and will be covering as many different jobs and positions as possible.

Sabotage: The conscious or willful act of interfering with the structure and process of a workplace environment.

Tactics: Withdrawal of efficiency or quality, absenteeism (faking sickness, etc.), theft (materials or time), and destruction of machinery or merchandise.

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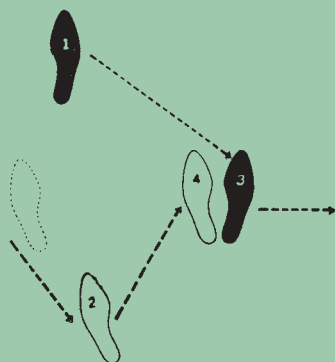


THEN SUDDENLY, definite intellectually formulated words—as “intellectual” and dispassionate as pronounced words. With a black screen, a rushing imageless visuality.

Then in passionate disconnected speech. Nothing but nouns. Or nothing but verbs. Then interjections. With zigzags of aimless shapes, whirling along with these in synchronizaton.

Then racing visual images over complete silence.

Then linked with polyphonic sounds. Then polyphonic images. Then both at *once!*



(The Tape-beatles.)

A
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p
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