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Nº38

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S T A T I C

M A G A Z I N E

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

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

Submissions: anything is welcome; include a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) if you want your work returned or else it won't be. Send SASE with your request for a free catalog of what's currently available. *PhotoStatic Magazine* and *PhonoStatic Cassettes* are ISSN 0893-4835, and are edited by Lloyd Dunn in Iowa City, U.S. *Retrofuturism* is edited by the Tape-beatles. Send them an SASE with your request for a free press kit. *PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism* is sponsored by The Drawing Legion, a nonprofit intermedia art and performance company based in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Address all correspondence to our e-mail address: psrf@detrilus.net. Visit our web site at <http://pwp.detrilus.net/>.

The following letter was sent to, but never published in, the San Francisco Chronicle, in response to an article appearing in their weekly magazine This World:

Editor—

I am writing in regard to the article "When Artists Copy", (*This World*, 6/4/89). While some key points are raised, the depth of the issue is neatly, though perhaps unwittingly, skirted. Clearly, the modern art world has turned into a big closet. Anyone can reach in, pull something out, try it on and pass it off as his own. But that activity is necessarily entailed in regarding art as property. The real act of theft is in considering a work as your own. While certain leisure-loving artists may casually appropriate images their colleagues labored for years to achieve, others are consciously engaged in an attempt to reclaim culture, our lives, from those who would claim rights to it. Collectively we struggle under the banner Plagiarism.

Our goal is to be brilliantly successful. Our strategy: not to become thieves, but to deny the possibility of theft. Plagiarism is the revolution of this denial. As artists, we recognize that Plagiarism is inherent in all "artistic" activity, since both pictorial and literary "arts" function with an inherited language; even when their practitioners aim at overthrowing this received syntax, (as happened with modernism and postmodernism). We must regard the desire to copyright as a tendency to further commodify an already established "cult of originality". But this cult is little else than the further mystification of art, art as a fetish.

As Plagiarists we use pre-existing, previously constructed sources in order to critically expose that our life, our culture, now owned as property by others, has become external to us. We possess it, gaze at it, think about it, but we cannot live it. We have become what we have.

Plagiarism enriches human language. It is a collective undertaking far removed from postmodern "theories" of appropriation. Plagiarism implies a sense of history and leads to progressive social transformation. In contrast, the "appropriation" of postmodern ideologists is individualistic and alienated. Plagiarism is for life, postmodernism is fixated on death. Plagiarism is necessary, progress implies it.

Karen Eliot

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Letters to the Editor

Sympathetic Response

Dear Lloyd:

...Berndt's letter [pS 37] touched on something I'm beginning to see more of. There was a letter in *Sound Choice* #11... and in a recent *Score Sheet* (an anonymous review). The basic gist of these two or three commentators is that whatever the format (tape, zine, mail art) the social/correspondence/trade networks are becoming so swamped that the act itself is no longer justification for participation....

The initiators of these actions all had something important to say, and were inventing new media (or redeveloping existing media) in order to say it. And part of what they wanted to say, perhaps, was that everyone had more creative potential in them that society wants to admit.

But now we're left with the example of these various media and networks being swamped by their own democracy. We need something more.

But what more, I ask? Not "standards". Objective standards are some of the things we're trying to get away from—at least, when I

started out in the zine network (many years ago) I was trying to get away from the objective standards of sci-fi magazines.

There has to be an individual push for experimentation and change. And to realize, on a consensus level, that the experimentation of five years ago is not the same as experimentation today....

In some sense, perhaps the Art Strike would provide a chance for some time off, meditation. "Do I really *need* to do this or has it become a form of habit?" My own fears are that the good producers (i.e., the ones I like) would then find themselves perfectly happy with hand painted oil paintings, or rhymed poetry published in little magazines, or after-hours jam sessions in warehouse lofts. Hah! And then we'd be left with the likes of (someone you privately dislike but whom you'd be reluctant to criticize in public.) Hah!

In any case, some idle thoughts.

Yes, we need more.

But what more? Not objective standards. An individual push for change and experimentation, adaptation. Not objective standards. I think H.L. Mencken said there is no truth to be got at, only errors to be uncovered. So we need to realize as individuals that these media are

more powerful than one first thinks. And they deserve more respect....

Luke McGuff
8/10/89

Dear Lloyd,

... Actually got to sit down for a couple hours with Nº37. Though I was antsy, as I normally am, it was time well spent from the start—John Berndt's letter and your response. Along with Berndt, I question some people's motives in sending out and publishing their work, and feel standards are low enough to use anything swept under the rug—but like Berndt, I would

never suppress

it, I just don't want to see it (sadly closing my mailbox doors), I just don't have the time, time I need to spend with the people whose work stimulates me. Originally, in the excitement of involvement and interaction, I responded to everything. I will not do so now. I will not be content with the content.

...what you have done w/pS over the years, evolving from a shy little magazine to a surging, seething center of diverse ideas—is very interesting. I personally do not mind if an editor (that name will have to be changed) cuts up something I sent to fit it into something larger. I fact, I'd look forward to see what you do with it.

Will you be striking? I've loved all the hard-hitting rhetoric and theory to date, but none of it intersects with my life—I have never received a grant, had a show in any for-profit gallery, rarely even look into galleries and such—in other

words have little contact with the machinery of the mainstream, that I could care less (as I could care less if they cut NEA money—those who really care do it out of their own pocket anyway—and censorship would be downright exciting—the authorities have been far too permissible for my taste). In talking with Chris Winkler this past weekend, I might strike in part, but then again the idea might just slip out of my head.

This issue was the first time I got though to Miekal's *Polynoise* column—of course talking to him in early August didn't hurt either. Noise ain't so noisy anymore—I've often felt Miekal's ideas are too far ahead of his practice; *Polynoise* lives up to the sound work he's done.

Geof Huth's column also took a sharper focus. It's interesting to see how he develops the idea of nothing, how much he can write so much about nothing....

best,
Crag Hill

Berndt Epistle Draws Ire

"In itself, every idea is neutral, or should be, but man animates ideas....the trajectory is complete, from logic to epilepsy...whence the birth of ideologies, doctrines, deadly games."

—E.M. Cioran

"The quote is itself the loftiest expression of Plagerism...An Idea that knows it has been thought already."

—Prof. Fred Mer(t)zz

Well DUnn,

And thanx much for the last COPY of PHOST! Its superbly incisive splendor fills myself with uncouth wiggles, snorts and platonic nerve twitchings... AHHH!

Th o u g h y e t ... w a s

p e r t u r b e d

to read the ruminations between yourself and Mr. J Burnt (kennedy).

A liturgical tirade proclaiming that this NET-working is becoming too loose and has too many holes in it to sufficiently TRAP and convey its hefty prey of concepts. You sound as two Factory owners whining about production standards and the lack of "good help" nowadays. Mr berndt even speaks of ideas being "good (enough to send you MONEY)", a valuation that I personally thought the network was going beyond in some fashion. Another... "collective projects are largely inferior" ...yeah... if you want anything done RIGHT you gotta do it yourself! That is...as long as this RIGHTNESS is imposed by a solitary individual and not by the collective as a whole. It is the very ideas of "rightness (one way)" that hampers what might be gotten from a "communication", tosses out contents that don't fit nicely under its conceptual harness. A festival of "harness smashing" could be what this networking tries to do. And... Cooperation and contribution are a long way from "discipline and standards" which are now deemed necessary to not produce "aesthetic crumbs". Yes... "aesthetic crumbs" are no good when the main goal is the SELL A LOAF of bread. Keep pasting together the "crumbs" and baking your *photo-stats*, lloyd. They are a fine enough meal for many. ART STRIKE!!! ART STRIKE!!!

CLOSE THE [Æsthetic] FACTORIES AND OPEN THE MINDS!!!

redundance-E, re-dunndance-E-E,

Dk Pazzcal uni

institute of metonymic infusion

Metairie LA

The charge of plagiarism was

freely

bandied about by Greek authors.



With response to Mr. "Art Policeman" Berndt: "Why does everyone think he can be decent with no

policeman,

but the club is needed for "the others"?

Colin Hinz
Orillia Ontario

On Themes and Other Things

Lloyd,

...In the last pS [37], something bothered me about the John (Kennedy) Berndt's letter & your response, something I've thought about but haven't tried to give words to yet. Part of my problem w/ the whole discussion is defining the art going on as "networking", that this type of action is somehow different from other kinds of actions used in the course of other artforms. I, for one, never feel a part of a network—never consider that there is some significance to there being a number of people interested in the same things & interacting (usually over long distances) with each other. This is how plenty of people work w/in & w/o artworlds. There are networks of amateur genealogists, networks of model train aficionados, networks of pedophiles, & networks of such mundane people as poets. &, unsurprisingly, some people interact w/in more than one of these networks. This is my point: This con-

cept of a telenetwork is endemic to our culture. Those of us working nonprofessionally in xerox, audiotape, videotape & post-garde avenues of artistic inquiry have no right to think of our networks (wch do number more than one) as somehow being *the* network. I just don't like defining an endeavor based on a small (& not necessarily unique or essential) component of that endeavor.

I think the problem w/ themes is not that people are not committed to them. The themes themselves (having themes at all) is the problem. A whole group of people (potential contributors) is forced to follow the imagination of a single individual, & this idea just might not be ideal for the majority of the contributors—who will, in turn, just send anything they have, including pieces that might be stillbirths that were attempts

to conform

to an alien imagination. The best themes would be natural—would be determined after a number of thematically related works had been received. The theme would follow the work, but still exhibit the imagination of the editor who would need to coalesce a theme from a number of pieces. The way the editor's imagination & whatever interests that imagination will not be forced onto contributors in such narrow ways.

I think there is plenty of uninteresting work that appears in the — Static Publications, but I think there is plenty of uninteresting work in any endeavor. If the work has become consistently uninteresting (wch I don't

believe), then it's not so much the fault of the contributors as of the editor. If the editor can't collect enough work that he finds interesting, then that issue shouldn't be published. Maybe one of the problems w/ quality can be the systematized & unflinching adherence to deadlines, something that is really not necessarily in our non-profit mini-world.

The editorial decision not to "'respect' the 'independence'" of people's art doesn't really solve this problem. It gives up the fight for better work by taking on the task of making people's art for them. The kind of editorial structure you've proposed is even more centralized & irrevocable than editorial decisions of newspaper editors (who work on more stringent deadlines & who have no thought that they're dealing w/ other people's "art"). One point of this new policy (including the veiled threat of not identifying work w/ a certain individual) is that the cult of the individual is passé & should be cast aside. Except that what this really does is throw out the cult of the individuals for the cult of the individual editor (the only one who's work is obvious & the only one not being forced into a kind of semi-anonymity).

So I have some problems w/ what was to be the new course for *PhotoStatic*, &c. But this (doubtless) matters little as the Art Strike is about to begin. It is fairly likely that this strike will actually be the end of *PhotoStatic*. The scabs will take over the mines, & *PhotoStatic* will lose its craft. Management wins. ...

Geof Huth
Schenectady NY

Critic Criticized

Dear Lloyd,

Thanks for the video, it's a delight, especially the [Joe] Schwind material, tho everything rolls along smoothly w/a minimum of tedium. Well worth the wait....

I must take umbrage w/the Dreammachine tape review however—I'm not convinced the reviewer actually listened to the tape all the way through: "I can discern flute noodling and conga tapping" et al. in Christ Lloyd, there were 2 E-max samplers, a synth, a sax & 1 to 2 vocalists going on the thing almost the whole time? This is

lazy reviewing

& misleading to boot.

Otherwise, a fine issue (HA!). Esp. dug the Ackerman letter on "New Age Roundup" & the later piece itself.

John E, Wichita KS To which the editor responded [*The remarks in boldface are Eberly's, written over and between the lines of my letter, which he returned to me, along with the text that follows it.*]:

...The reviewer of Dreammachine [in p5 #37] was me. I guess you could tell I didn't care for the tape. None of the sounds on it stands out in relief to the general din that I hear, so the fact that there were a lot of instruments & vocalists is irrelevant. I couldn't hear them. Try harder. Also the record levels are very low. So? The sound therefore

has to compete with tape hiss. So? While you may have "intended" this as an "effect" it is daunting to any listener. ? This is a value judgement, not objective. My review may have been lazy, but I think Dreammachine's production was lazier So?

I don't care how democratic & open-ended the network is—communication is 2-way. So networkers need to have some consideration for their audience.

Enough bitching. not quite?

Well, you're fucked.

You still don't explain why you failed to point out the tape was "live" hence the "production values" may be explained away.

I agree, however, an incompetent review like yours is one way and negates any consideration for Dreammachine's potential audience.

Lloyd,

May I suggest that you dump the review section of your magazine altogether and instead opt for a "listing" only section.

Opinions that you & co. generate, positive or negative, are of

no consequence

whatsoever and in fact are only ultimately damaging in either case. They needlessly place your credibility on the line and express extreme bias and conformity.

This is not in keeping with the presentation of the bulk of the magazine which can be enjoyed page by page as the material stands on its own merits—for the reader to pass judgement on as it is perceived by the reader, not you, the editor.

My experience with sending in material for review in your magazine has been such that when a review is "good" it embarrasses me; when it is "bad", it generally pisses me off; one way or the other, the opinion expressed is almost always way off the mark and only leaves me scratching my head. I suppose the obvious answer is for me to simply discontinue the sending of review material?

Sincerely, John Eberly

I realize that my reviewing skills leave something to be desired, and in that light I normally accept the complaints and criticisms that come in and try to do better. In the case of Dreammachine, which I obviously didn't like very much, I must offer some defense of what I said about it. I found it to be a shoddy production, both in terms of the audio and the package presentation. The recording levels were low enough to force the sound to compete with tape hiss, a effect which, if intentional, was incoherent with the apparent "function" of the tape: to be a document of a live performance. Presumably the tape hiss was neither present nor so distracting at the performance itself; so the cassette "fails" as a documentation.

John E is correct in guessing that I didn't listen to the tape all the way through. I listened to about 10 minutes as attentively as I could, another 15 minutes in a somewhat distracted mode (bored with what I was hearing), and, since it didn't seem to be getting any better, I quick-scanned the rest of the tape, and concluded that little change took place. As far

as I'm concerned, the tape "failed" as a piece of music, as well. To claim I failed to be "objective" is silly. I felt my time was better spent on works that had something to offer.

The nonchalant tone of my review was intended to convey my own disinterest in this cassette; which I hope the readers picked up on. Therefore, I gave the reader the message—my opinion—not to acquire this tape. —Ed.

Lloyd, Thanks for the new *PhotoStatic* [#37] ...

The reviews this time, always are though, very good—appreciate the kind words regarding *Atticus* [Review] work. Yet, regarding Chris Winkler's *Stun Gun Enema*, you say you are "desperately lost". Well, that, it seems to me, is exactly the point. Becoming lost is the starting point. Chris has designed his text in such a way as to disorient the reader

so that he must reorient himself in terms of the images and actions in/ of the book. *Stun Gun* invites the reader to participate equally in the creative process rather than limiting him or her to passive observation. In this sense it is more intimate, and more passionate, than a "standard" text.... Anyhow that's my take on it....

—Jake Berry, publisher of *Stun Gun Enema*, Florence AL

Origins of Neoism Illuminated

Dear Lloyd—

In answer to your question "Are you the inventor of Neoism?" I can only reiterate that in no way, shape, or form can I be credited on this account. I have no idea how this rumor ever got started, except that I happened to be in the same general vicinity (Portland, Oregon) when the deed got done (the late-1970's or thereabouts), and I was in close daily contact with the two principals in the case—David Zack and Istvan Kantor. Otherwise, my conscience and hands are clean. A word of amplification, however, might not be a young unmarried woman (i.e., a-miss).

In the late-1970's the city of Portland and environs was a hotbed of feverish M/A activity. Musicmaster, Eerie Billy Haddock, Rhoda Mappo, Patty Blaster and myself were all on hand at the time. Moreover, Cees Francke, the great Dutch mail artist, was living on our sofa and being sought by the postal authorities in connection with the so-called "lewd post cards", although, as Patty Blaster remarked to two of the postal inspectors who dropped by our house (Cees and I had stepped meantime into the hall closet): "These cards are child's play compared to some of the ones he's done." Genesis P. Orridge and Cosi Fanni Tutti had also been in town, part of their cross-country American tour. Shortly after this, the Zack family—Dave, Ruth, and the four kids, Sleepy, Happy, Sneezey and Zeke—arrived in a bulging station wagon from Canada. They set up light house-keeping on the N.E. side of the city, in a charmingly

dilapidated mansion ("Manderlay") in whose upstairs halls the wallpaper hung in festoons. Dave decorated the place entirely in Jack Chick posters. There was an Abyssinian Baptist church directly across the street and my memory of those days always includes a lot of rousing spiritual choruses floating in through the windows and mingling unutterably with Zack's cello playing, which by & large was incessant. A follower of Geo. I. Gurdjieff, Zack often played his cello upside down.

Another Zack boarder who soon joined the household was Jerry "The Pinheaded Baudelaire" Sims, a popeye from 42nd St. in NYC. He moved into the basement. A dwarf who could abide no music later than Al Jolson, Jerry was almost pathologically concerned about his tiny bone-structure. "I'm very concerned about my tiny bone-structure," he told me the first time we ever met. "Don't worry," I said, trying to buck him up, "your bones are larger than a chicken's." Jerry, however, was not to be consoled. He spent many hours in his basement room brooding over his tiny bone-structure. About the only time anyone saw him was when he would scuttle up, out & into the parlor to put a Jolson platter on the turn-table. Generally at these times he snarled rather than spoke. A rare glandular oddity, and no mistake.

This, then, was the scene when Istvan Kantor arrived from Hungary (via Canada) and moved in with the Zack family. Zack had met Kantor a year or so earlier in Budapest, where Kantor was known as "The Hungarian Bob Dylan" on account of his musical abilities,

which then as now were keen. When Kantor arrived in Portland he could speak very little English. About the only phrase he knew in English was "Do you know where I can buy some opium?" Zack gave him some home-made raisin wine instead, and in about five minutes Kantor was singing in the Zack's front parlor. I was on hand for that historic meeting. It was great. I remember that Jerry scuttled into the room, snarled, put a Jolson 78 on the victrola, and scuttled back out again. Kantor was a little startled by Jerry's abruptness but Zack told him not to worry. "Jerry's going to be your business manager," he told Kantor. "He'll arrange all your lounge and club bookings while you're here in town." In this way Zack saved Kantor from ever playing in the dives of Portland. In understand that because of the language barrier it was 2-3 months before Kantor became aware that Jerry hated his music. Later on, of course, this became the music of Neoism. Kantor later told me that he was also unaware that Zack had made Jerry his manager. So there were never any hard feelings in the matter.

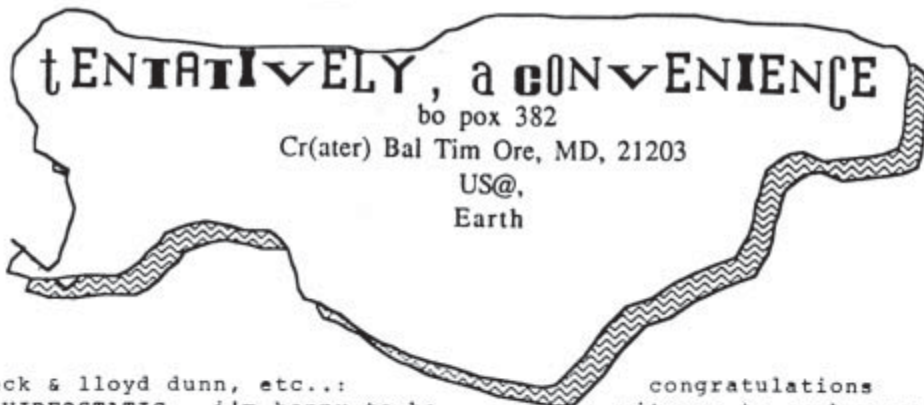
Now, this may be where I played a part—at least negatively—in the early beginnings of Neoism. My custom in those days was to use a lot of different names when I did my mailings. I had about ten different pseudonyms or personas that I operated under. I'm sorry I can't reveal any of them here. Mainly my use of multiple names and aliases was a practical rather than a theoretical matter—a question of covering my tracks and throwing my enemies off the trail. Zack, who had matriculated at the University of Chicago and was strong on art theory, took this and reversed it. Instead of one person operating under a lot of different names, Zack came up with the concept that *one name* could be used by *a lot of different persons*. He proposed, at one of the meetings of The 14 Secret Masters of the World (a deeply secret organization that met in his front room) to bestow this general all-purpose "name" on Kantor. The name that Zack had come up with was "Monty Cantsin". The idea being that anybody could become "Monty Cantsin" and in this way achieve pop stardom. Thus, Kantor became "Monty Cantsin—Open Pop Star". It was a deeply historic moment. A Tuesday, as I recall.

I'm not really clear on just when the term "Neoism" was actually first used, or who should be credited with

it, but my impression was that it was mainly Kantor's brain-child. That is, Zack supplied the "Monty Cantsin" name and Kantor, having adopted it, went on to found Neoism. As I remember it the first major Neoist activities were the Portland Convenience Store Mysteries. Originally it had been hoped (by Kantor) that "Monty Cantsin" would get some club dates to play around town. For \$\$'s. But of course since Jerry Sims, as business manager, hated Kantor's music and never left his basement room except to put on Jolson records, this didn't pan out. Instead, "Monty Cantsin" and Zack began by initiating the Portland Convenience Store Mysteries. These always took the same general form. Kantor, in the role of "Monty Cantsin", would enter a convenience store, go to the back and pretend to have a heart attack; he did this primarily in Hungarian which added a good deal to the confusion and uproar that would then ensue, and when the store manager and the other customers were being distracted sufficiently by "Monty Cantsin's" "heart attack" at the rear of the store, Zack would dart in at the front and carry out as many cases of beer or soda pop as he could manage to lift and exit with it. Then "Monty Cantsin" would pretend to recover from his attack, get up and beat it out of the store. This went on for many months, on an average of 4-5 times a week, at different convenience stores around town. This is what was meant, later on, when an art critic on one of the San Francisco papers said that "Neoism was born in the convenience stores of Portland." (Too true.)

And thus we come to the end of this memoir, and can see that, even in this enlightened day and age, the old spectre of unfounded rumor and hyperbole still runs rife in some form or other. Some of us go on thinking that if we call ourselves "Neoists", and run in and out of convenience stores, we can recognize certain material benefits. Others are perfectly convinced that "Neoism" implies some sort of vague art activity. As I said at the beginning, I, personally, would rather steer the middle road and view it all as something that happened a long time ago, but that is because when it comes to Neoism the part that I'm personally in charge of is the branch known as "Sal MiNEOISM", which is in the past, always in the past. Best wished to you, Lloyd, and trust this clears up some of the base cannard.

Al Ackerman, San Antonio TX



to john heck & lloyd dunn, etc.:

re VIDEOSTATIC. i'm happy to be witness to such a sampling. unfortunately, i find my own contribution to be butchered by you in such a way that eliminates its original form & content. i wd appreciate it if copies of this letter wd be included w/ all future copies of the tape & if you wd print it in PHOTOSTATIC so that the tape's audience will understand that what's presented in my name originates just as much from you.

it's ironic that you include GENERIC AS-BEENISM in the STORIES category, wch you describe as "Event-based sequences of images, programs according to a process of linear thought", & then re-edit it to destroy its linearity! a linear text related to the visuals runs through the sound-track of my original. even though the text is often submerged in processing & other sounds, it's still there. those who have a copy of the ULTIMATUM II audio cassette & printed matter package (as you do) could follow the text in writing. you've chosen to cut out half of my tape & to divide the remaining bits into four parts wch you've rearranged the order of. not only is the text cut-off by your edits in the middle of sentences, but the linear sense is further disrupted by your new (seemingly fairly thoughtlessly imposed irrelevant symmetrical) order. the GENERIC AS-BEENISM part title, BIRD-BRAIN-ISM, is explained by the text & illustrated by the visuals in my original. in your edit, all visuals of the flapping bird-wings & my head being shaved to reveal my brain tattoo are removed. as a result of your having transferred my half-inch material to three-quarter-inch for editing & then back to half-inch again, the quality of the main section wch you do preserve (the super-8 head shaving section) is so poor that the brain model wch is shown being assembled is invisible as such. SO MUCH FOR THE BIRD-BRAIN-ISM CONTENT!

in your printed blurb you write that "This performance document presents Tim Ore's public hair removal". Tim Ore is a subset of TENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE - a name used only in specific conceptual circumstances. Tim Ore had nothing to do w/ GENERIC AS-BEENISM.

if you wanted to use something shorter by me, why not one of the other bits that i sent you? - such as PAPER DOLLS IN DAVA'S CLASS - it's only two & a half minutes long, - or one of the sections of BRAIN WAVES GOODBYE? - at least you liked them enough to use excerpts as the backdrop for your titles.

i usually find your editing to be "impeccably" careful, so i find these insensitive alterations to be particularly inexplicable. IT WD BE MUCH TO MY SATISFACTION IF YOU WD ERASE THE SO-CALLED "GENERIC AS-BEENISM" SECTION ALTOGETHER ON YOUR MASTER & ALL FUTURE COPIES. video static during this section of VIDEOSTATIC wd be much more appropriate & wd have equally as little (or as much) to do w/ me.

- TENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE

c/o Widemouth Tapes - box 382, cr(ater) Bal Tim Ore, MD, 21203, us@, earth..

PhotoStatic on Art Strike (1990-1993)

PhotoStatic Magazine (which includes *PhonoStatic Cassettes*) will participate in the three-year Art Strike, which has been publicized and discussed in these pages and elsewhere. To that end, the next issue of *PhotoStatic*, n°39, will be the last to appear for three years. However, I am eager to continue my correspondence activity, believing it to be a good way to carry on the discussion on a critical, and interpersonal, level. My reasons for participating in the Art Strike are as follows:

1. As *PhotoStatic*'s editor, I want to lend support to the project of Art Strike, because it has as its goal the reassessment of the role and value of art in western culture. I can do no less than to offer *PhotoStatic*'s silence as my support.
2. The network, in my opinion, is insular, and often seems to admit the existence only of itself. Cultural work that refuses to participate in its larger cultural context, recognizing instead only the limits of its own *subculture*, interests me less and less.
3. Networkers have become increasingly mutually self-congratulatory. I recognize I am in part responsible for this. It's easier to write a positive review of a work of only modest interest than it is to critically appraise it. I will fuel this no more.
4. Most networking and/or mail art amounts to a fetishization of the act of communication, with little or no attention paid to the content of that communication.
5. *PhotoStatic* has made its contribution for the time being. At this point, I am not certain what it has left to offer. However, I have no plans to stop publishing *PhotoStatic* permanently.

Let us embrace the world, critically looking at its every aspect, offering our own informed opinions about how it could be improved. The point of all this is to change the world. In order to do that, you have to address the world's issues. Let us critically appraise each other's work in the belief that an honest opinion is worth a hundred pats on the back. Let us redefine "communication" to mean only that which has something other to say than 'I am capable of communicating.'

Let us not bury *PhotoStatic*, but merely put it to sleep for the time being.

P r a c t i c a l M a t t e r s

The *RadioStatic Broadcasts* will not participate in the Art Strike. Paul Neff has kindly offered to be their host and editor from now on, and during the years of the Art Strike.

VideoStatic's yearly compilation will continue to come out; it will be edited by John Heck.

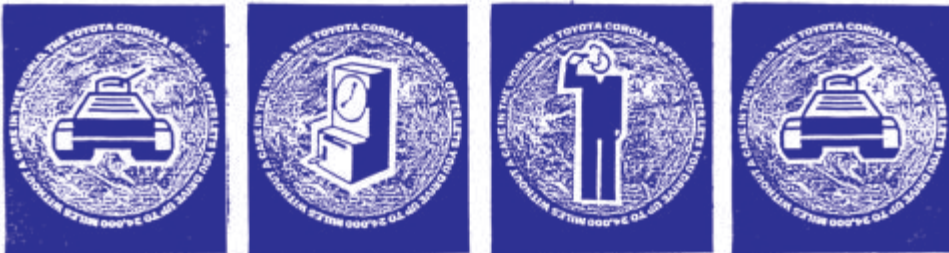
The Tape-beatles Collective and the Plagiarism® Cassette label will not participate in the Art Strike.

The *HyperStatic Database* will be released before the Art Strike begins. Hopefully it will then take on its own life as a practical database which networkers will modify to suit their own ends, and re-distribute amongst themselves.

Subscribers will receive "retroactive" subscriptions. This means they will receive the same number of back issues as they would future issues had *PhotoStatic* not participated in the Art Strike. I will consult my records so as to avoid sending them something they've already received.

—Ll. Dunn

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BEFORE
THEY DISPOSE
OF THEIR INCOME**



**FESTIVAL OF
PLAGIARISM**

TRANSMISSION GALLERY *4th-26th August*
28 King Street, Trongate, Glasgow G1 5QP 041-552 4813

The Festival of



Report from the Festival Of Plagiarism by Lloyd Dunn

For artists working with xerox as a medium, the issue of plagiarism is seldom far from mind. The very machine which makes the form possible is often described as a “plagiarism” or “anti-copyright” machine. That this is inaccurate is often overlooked; the rapid pace of daily life which xerox helps make possible is not conducive to thinking things through. The inaccuracy lies in that, conventionally, plagiarisms are covert uses of copying; xerox artists on the other hand celebrate the fact of production using techniques of reproduction.

That plagiarism as a technique has amassed so much attention in the mail art network as a post-Neoist activity is remarkable: it seemed at a certain point near the beginning of 1988, everyone got the idea all at once. There’s no telling how this happens—but it’s often been speculated that at certain points in history the “time is ripe” for certain developments to occur, and those workers on the “cutting edge” seem to set out nearly simultaneously to make those developments happen. One could use this as evidence for the plagiarist idea that cultural “progress” is evolutionary—not revolutionary—in nature. That is to say, geniuses do not make “intuitive leaps” as such, “originality” is quite rare, and development takes place through basing one’s work on the previously existing work of another. That the time becomes “ripe” suggests that the precursors for a certain development are in place—and widely known—so it is just a matter of time before someone takes that knowledge and pushes it a bit further in the direction it was going anyway. Voilà!—you have the electric light. Or the motion pic-

Approximate Sequence of Events

The 1989 Festival Of Plagiarism took place at the Transmission Gallery in Glasgow, Scotland from August 4 through August 11, 1989. Because of my own level of involvement in issues of copyright and originality, especially through my collaborative work with the Tape-beatles, I felt it was important that a member of our “faction” be present at the proceedings.

It would have been a bit inappropriate to describe the goings-on as an art “exhibition” because of the fact that, for the week of the Festival, the Transmission Gallery was turned into an “open studio” space, wherein any number of things might be going on at once. After the Festival, the place reverted into an art gallery, where people could come by and get a look at the final surface of xerox residue the walls had acquired during the week.

The following is a brief synopsis of what took place. It is by no means complete (I did not spend every minute of my time at the gallery) and quite intentionally offers no critical appraisal of what took place.

Friday 4 August. I, along with Mark Pawson, Mark Bloch (two mail artists I had met up with in London), and Wendy Lanxner (travelling with Bloch) arrived at the opening, which was already under way. There was the usual opening ambience of beverages, snacks,

Plagiarism

Glasgow, Scotland
August 4-11, 1989

and chatter. We were graciously greeted by suede-head Stewart Home, the co-organizer of the exhibition. There was a woman continuing in the Neoist tradition of giving free haircuts to anyone who wanted one. Mark Bloch took advantage of this fact for a trim.

Saturday 5 August. Xerox workshop with Jamie Reid (who did art for the Sex Pistols). Reid's actual participation was minimal, although he was present if anyone wanted to ask him a question. One of the best things about the Festival was the continuous access the participants had to a working xerox machine. This enabled us to collect material and assemble additional work to be stapled up next to (or in some cases, on top of) the pre-hung works on display. Our acts of plagiarism became simultaneous acts of censorship. Not only were numerous announcements for post-Festival projects run off, but also Mark Bloch managed to assemble and distribute issue N°27 of his *Panmag*. I was able to construct and distribute a tract called *Confession in Support of the 1990-1993 Art Strike*. Reid's contribution was a floor piece, designed to be destroyed gradually through the weeks of the show as people walked upon it.

Sunday 6 August. Although I missed it, the 2-hour Walking Tour of Glasgow took place in the morning. It occurred to me this might be best seen in the light of the situationist concept of *dérive*, or a technique of constructing a sequence of diverse ambiances in the urban milieu by passing through a

ture—based, interestingly, on a mechanism previously in use in sewing machines and on the process of silver photography, then recently just perfected. Edison was a kind of plagiarist.

People in sundry parts working on the same thing without communication between them has been the case with many inventions—from the airplane to the A-bomb—although interestingly the xerox machine itself is a notable exception. Chester Carlson alone dreamed up this odd mix of electrostatics, mechanics, chemistry, and optics—all because as a patents attorney, he was tired of suffering writer's cramp from the tedious copying of specifications. However, he, too, based his work on the previous work of others—electrostatic phenomena were observed and recorded by the ancient Greeks!

Plagiarism is the negative point of a culture that finds its ideological justification in the "unique". Indeed, it is only through the creation of "unique identities" that commodification can take place. Thus the unsuccessful search for a new, and universal, language by "modernist artists" should be viewed as the high point of the capitalist project. However, this in no way implies that "post-modernism" is somehow more "radical" than its precursor. Both movements were simply stages in a single trajectory. Such developments reflect the establishment's ability to recuperate actions and concepts which in the past threatened its very constitution. "Post-modern appropriation" is very different from plagiarism. While post-modern theory falsely asserts that there is no longer any basic reality, the plagiarist recognizes that power is always a reality is historical society.

Plagiarism is an honest appraisal of the facts: new forms, challenging to the establishment, are quickly absorbed by the culture. Open rebellion this year becomes style next year—so the rebellion is effectively quelled by its being absorbed. All meaning is sucked from it, but the remaining husk, meaningless in itself, is inflated with new social functionalism by means of a twisted significance. Our consciousness is shortchanged by this cognitive swindle. The rebellious forms then become "socially acceptable". They form models for our appreciation and consumption of never ending newness—but down deep nothing ever really changes.

SMILE



Because they are manipulated by the “ruling class”, the models of consumption are predictably molded to suit the needs of those who hold that power. So we see that the invention of new forms only stakes out new human nature to dominate. Rebellion in the conventional sense is too easily depended upon—and therefore becomes valueless.

The documentation from the Festival Of Plagiarism (London, 1988) displayed a high level of critical thought and commitment to the idea of plagiarism as a tool for progressive social change and cultural awareness. I wanted either to consolidate or dispel my views on plagiarism (arrived at through my work with the Tape-beatles) through contact with other of its practitioners. For me, the “network”, as it has been called, had come to seem insular and not directly engaged in culture as a whole, although it seems quite adept at creating its own “culture”. Plagiarism neatly fills the bill by making use of pre-existing information, changing it, and then putting it back out to circulate again, a glitch in the video of constructed reality.

Personally, I am something of a gallery-hater. This is possibly not unusual or interesting in the sphere of art activities I am engaged in. However, I am occasionally asked to present my “work” in a(n invariably non-commercial) gallery situation, and I almost always accept these offers—in part because I egotistically crave public reaction, but also in part because there’s a likelihood that some few viewers will be interested in my activity, and may themselves become involved in it. This has happened a number of times.

After all, a gallery is just a room. It is up to the people who use it to transform it into a place where there are interesting things going on. Transformation of gallery space did take place at the Transmission Gallery in

variety of spaces. Whether or not this was the case may be at odds with my speculation entirely.

I did attend the afternoon “Free Form Discussion” which was nebulous, informal and pleasant enough. That evening there was presentation of sound, music, and performance art. Florian Cramer spoke about Dadaist music, and played brief taped excerpts of compositions by Duchamp and others. I presented the opus “Plagiarism@” by the Tape-beatles. Mark Bloch and Wendy Lanxner did a performance piece the climax of which occurred when he distributed to each onlooker a piece of gravel, ostensibly taken from Duchamp’s grave. Bloch then exhorted the crowd to [paraphrase] “Throw those rocks at me if you don’t believe in the idea of genius; keep them reverently if you do.” He was immediately pummeled with the tiny stones. After that Billy Clark gave an intense, loud, primitive performance, in total darkness, beating on a metal filing cabinet. I have some of it on tape.

Monday 7 August. Each morning at 10:30 am, a group of us were to assemble in George Square with ghetto blasters to play copies of “Tape Attack”, a composition by Klaus Maeck which was intended to incite rioting in the unaware populace. I was given a copy of the tape by Stewart Home, but I was unable to find a tape player for the purpose. More afternoon free form discussion. I tape-recorded a brief interview with Florian Cramer, concerning his “magazine” installation, *File*. Cramer had taken over a corner of the gallery and put on the wall, or in boxes on the floor, everything he could find about the history of magazine precursors of the *Smile* multiple name concept, including *Life*, *File*, *Vile*, and *Bile*. Visitors were

asked to make their own connections between pieces of the material by taping one end of a piece of string to one unit of information, and the other end to another. Evening: situationist and anarchist videos.

Tuesday 8 August. Afternoon free form discussion again. These evolved during the week into times where one socialized with the public or other artists, asked questions, or answered them. That evening, the Temple Ov Psychic Youth performed—which meant they played a rich mix of trendy rock and roll sounds, with video tapes and slides projected on the ceiling and walls. It was colorful, repetitious, loud and fast moving. It attracted a very large crowd.

Many of the best discussions took place, not at the Transmission Gallery, but at a nearby pub. Nearly every night, we'd meet there after the gallery closed to talk things over. More often than not, the discussion was over cultural and art historical issues. I had several interesting discussions with member of the viewing public in this way. The Art Strike was often the main topic of serious discussion—people were quite polarized in either their adherence to or scorn for the concept.

Wednesday 9 August. Flux day. As a precursor to Neoism, Fluxus was honored at the Festival through "...recreations of Fluxus and Neoist pieces and new works in Fluxus style...". Florian Cramer placed a ring of empty glasses on the floor, filled one with water, and began transferring the water from one glass to the next, around the circle, until all the water was gone. Mark Pawson showed his "movies" which were tiny toy movie "cameras" with a wheel of colorful graphics inside which you could spin and watch, one person at a time.



Glasgow, where the Festival Of Plagiarism took place. During the week of the Festival, it would have been more accurate, I feel, to have called it an "open studio" because of the informality of the activities, and the hum of production and discussion, which took place. The creation of "new" work was, in some sense, never ending.

One of the things lacking, however, was public engagement—though I can't speak for what happened in the weeks since I left Glasgow that the show remained on display. It's true that I met several people from the area who showed up to see what was going on, and attended many of the later events as well. So I personally was quite satisfied with my personal interaction with people whom I would not otherwise have met. But aside from Klaus Maeck's activity at George Square and his film screening at the Goethe Institute, the Festival took place entirely within the gallery itself. No one so much as stepped outside to pass out fliers. (Ben Allen left a trail of stickers on the lamp-posts, though.) Stewart Home was interviewed by local radio and carefully explained what the Festival was all about to the interviewer's tape recorder. When it was broadcast, the announcer glibly cut it down to a few "sound bites" and essentially dismissed it as unimportant by saying, "Whatever *that* means." Somehow this plagiarism has to be made less ignorable.

If plagiarism is to have any kind of effect on culture, and its goal is nothing less than that, it must be practiced intelligently, with energy and diligence. Detournement, a technique favored by Guy Debord and the Situationists, is a good example of a directed approach. It takes as its starting point the received language of the media—western culture's visual "native tongue"—and twists it for admittedly propagandistic purposes. As this is so, its best starting point is propaganda itself: and nearly all the



productions of dominant culture qualify. Detournement gives non-dominant cultural ideas a chance to be heard. More importantly, it undermines the authority of the style being utilized. This is important because the dominant style operates effectively mostly because it is rarely ever questioned, in spite of the fact that it is quite clear that its motivation, its project if you will, is its own self-perpetuation.

In a strange irony almost worthy of post-modernism, Jamie Reid's contribution to dominant culture, the graphics he did for the Sex Pistols, embodies some evidence for the validity of the Situationist dogma. Namely, that even discourse "destructive" to dominant culture—Reid's work was heavily laced with elements that can only be described as "Situationist" in "style"—can be turned into a fashion marketable as a pop commodity. Malcolm McLaren, with Reid's help, shrewdly made the masses buy back their own alienation from the record companies. "No future" became a salable commodity.

It is interesting, too, to note that Situationist writing, noted for its turgidity, effectively oversaw its own guarantee of impotence. By using bourgeois and intelligentsian language, it sealed its fate in that it could only be comprehended by a small number of people—usually those who had the most to lose in the revolution the Situationists called for. Detournement was therefore its saving grace, since it advocated the utilization of a commonly known language, in a context where all could take part in the meaning.

No doubt, detournement is only a partial answer to the problem I see in plagiarist activity. And, in spite of the Festival's main shortcoming, it performed the valuable service of bringing people together from various parts of western culture's geographic domain, and put them face to face, for at least a moment.

[end]

There were some seven movies in the collection, as I recall. Evening: screening of experimental videos, one of which was a very interesting psycho-detective sort-of sleuth story with a bloody ending by Stewart Home (this description misses the point of the video, but my memory is dim as I write this).

Thursday 10 August. Free form discussion once again in the afternoon. That evening, the Goethe Institute sponsored a screening of the film *Decoder*, directed by Klaus Maeck, who was present to answer questions. The film is about an audio hacker who invents a means of stimulating riots with subliminal sound.

Friday 11 August. In the afternoon, we met in the Gallery to discuss the Festival, and critique it. For the most part, this discussion was polite. There was an altercation at the beginning when Mark Pawson objected to its being held in the basement of the gallery, which made it harder to find. We did, however, remain in the basement. Things only began to get interesting near the end when the group of Italians objected to there not being any confrontations or interventions with the public. This is something that we'll have to work on in the future.

[end]



Neo-fluxus

(Fluxpan)

Events, Performances, Actions

1) Jogger Event

by Mark Bloch

Take a walk in a park where people are jogging. Don't let the joggers pass.

2) Jogger Event #2

by Pierre Kraitsowitz

Take a walk in a park where people are jogging. Tell them not to jog anymore.

3) Jogger Event #3

by Mark Bloch.

Take a walk in a park where people are jogging. Offer the joggers cigarettes.

4) Jogger Event #4

by Wendy Lanxner

Go jogging.

5) Bridge Event

by Tony Credland

Go under a bridge. Make sounds all day.

6) Coffee Piece

by Pierre Kraitsowitz

Buy freshly ground coffee. Give it to a friend to smell.

7) Command Piece

by Mark Pawson

Command a friend to write a Fluxus performance. Credit Mark Pawson.

8) No Event

by Lloyd Dunn

Refuse to participate in a Fluxus piece, if asked.

Some Ideas About the Festival

(in bad English) by Florian Cramer

- 1) «Neoism» and «Plagiarism» are contradictive in their literal meaning. Mark Bloch proposed the name «Neo-plagiarism»; it is impossible to create something absolutely new on the one hand, but pure plagiarism would be not interesting on the other. I think, we should give up isms at all.
- 2) Some remarkable characteristics of the Festival:
 - No one used the name «Monty Cantsin»
 - No one used the name «Neoism» for his work
 - A relevant number of contributors never have been involved in mail art
 - The activities were not centered on childish themes like «Akademgorod»
 - An elaborate theory pre-existed, mainly consisting of the Art Strike-idea

Thoughts About the Art Strike

- 1) The Art Strike can only be propagated on the basis of a limited idea of what art is. If art is everything, according to the definition of Dada and Fluxus, an Art Strike would be death.
- 2) The propagators of the Art Strike agree that it is intended to break the barrier between so-called «low» and so-called «high» culture. But if these persons would not think and work themselves in those categories, they could neither demand nor do the Art Strike.
- 3) If art is everything — and I cannot reduce my definition of «art» to a more restricted one — the word has no meaning at all. Therefore I propose to give up the word «art» at all.
- 4) If there is no art, you do not need an Art Strike.
- 5) Perhaps the desire for the Art Strike is more interesting than the idea itself. Some possible reasons:
 - In a world, where creativity is split up and cannot be described by definitions or names («Neoism» and «Plagiarism» are desperate attempts), unity shall be gained by non-action, if it is impossible by action. This is obvious in the concept of the exhibition («reversal of slogans — slogans of reversal»). A slogan is always demanding unity, and slogans are the essence of Neoism and Plagiarism.
 - Art Strike and death: the information sheet about the Festival includes the (simplifying) sentence «Plagiarism is for life, Post-modernism is for death.»
- 6) Since Duchamp, originality (=anti-Plagiarism) seems to be possible only by self-destruction, mainly of the body (Vienna Actionism, Chris Burden, etc.). In fact, the Art Strike-idea results from the wish to do something original and it is self-destructive as well (see second statement). Perhaps there is a sub-conscious desire for death, which led to the idea of an Art Strike, although strictly denied by its propagators. (...) (thoughts not finished)

9/8/89

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*"Suddenly, the newness of the
thing amazed me..."*

*The Festival Of Plagiarism
Glasgow, Scotland, 1989*



Vizlature

a column on verbo-visual art
by Bob Grumman

The Slow Spell of Jonathan Brannen

As most long-time readers of *PhotoStatic*, *Cosmo*, and the other magazines carrying my by-line know, I'm the CEO of the Runaway Spoon Press, a xerox outfit devoted to the publication of vizlature and other forms of otherstream art. So far none of the Runaway Spoon books has been attacked in print, that I know of, but recently a woman who shall remain nameless characterized one of them in conversation as a hoax. The book in question was Jonathan Brannen's *Warp & Peace*. Now it is not unusual for art which takes more than a half-step from the everyday to be accused of wilful chicanery—see Tom Wolfe's moronic strictures on 20th century vizlation in *The Painted Word*, for instance. And I see nothing wrong with hoaxes, anyway. But I was convinced that it was wrong to call *Warp & Peace* one. It is to me a first-rate work of art.

I can nonetheless sympathize with anyone who has trouble considering it a serious work of art. Certainly its first panel—which is reproduced here—doesn't on the surface seem much more than a pleasant design. Because it contains textual matter—the repeated w's—but no words, it is a specimen of textual vizlation, in my terminology. In Karl Kempton's, which doesn't necessarily contradict mine, it is more specifically a "typoglyph", or a field consisting entirely of textual symbols which, glyphlike, speak to the eye as much or more than they speak *through* the eye as literature.

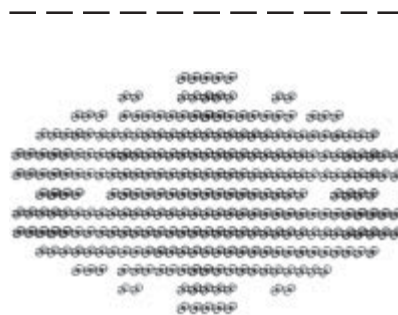
Because of the w's, the panel feels sharp, jagged—indeed, one can read it as rows of clenched or gnashing teeth. That it is comprised of letters impinging on letters, it also suggests discordance—print threatening print with illegibility. To obtain this kind of extra nuance is, of course, a main reason for the use of textual mate-

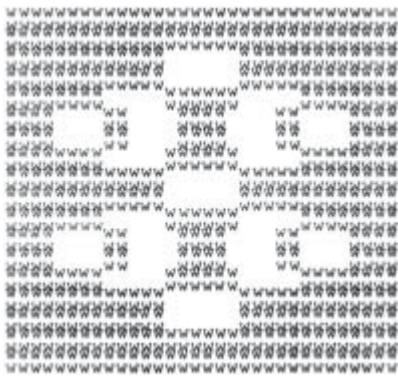
rials in a pre-literary work of vizlature. but it soon becomes apparent that Brannen's work is not pre-literary, for his next two panels are made up, respectively, of a's and r's, and thus complete the word, "war". So *Warp & Peace* as a whole is, in my terminology, a visual poem.

Its principal technique is something I call the "slow spell"—which is simply the lengthening of a word through the repetition of one or more of its letters, tthhhhuuusssssslllllyyy. By its means, Brannen expands the rawly abstract symbols that his letters are into fields, in opposition to the reductive hurry away from sensual concreteness that ordinary literature too often is. As he gradually divulges his poem, he introduces narrative interest, a sense of the poem's going somewhere, and suspense as to where it will end ... or at least *how* it will get to where it ends.

The deliberativeness of Brannen's spelling also unifies the panels, causing them to flow into each other like the sense flows across a word's letters on their way to the word's meaning. Thus the rectangles making up the sequence's first four panels almost seem a single rectangle, changing shape—until the fifth panel, which explodes/blossoms out of rectangularity to form an oval ... which resumes rectangularity in the sixth panel. No, actually the oval persists into the sixth panel (with a second oval inside it), but the rectangle it had obliterated returns, to enclose it. Immediately, however, the rectangle vanishes, leaving the oval floating free in the next panel, which I count the peak of the sequence (and which is illustrated here).

To that point the sequence had spelled "war", then extended that to "warp". Thereupon had come the sequence's first oval—and second word ("&"). Two diamond shapes, one above the other, center this oval, by the way. Each is approximately the same size as four similar shapes within the p-panel just preceding, thereby (characteristically)





smoothing the ripple from “warp” to “&”. The next panel had resumed not only rectilinearity but misaligned overprinting like that of the sequence’s second panel—to hint no doubt of the carry-

over of war into peace, among other things.

It is here that what I consider the peak-panel of *Warp & Peace* occurs. Its letters (e’s), though superimposed on each other, seem not a chaos of simultaneous incoherent voices, but ... music. Specifically, they make charmingly spiralling shapes, and the bars of the e’s form horizontal lines, two to a row, which suggest the lines of a musical score. “Peace” has started as an oval embedded eye-strainingly uncomfortably in a rectangle like those that spelled “war”, then floated free, into song. And the e’s of the latter have almost lost their identity as e’s.

The remainder of the work can no doubt be read many ways (as could the beginning of it) but I see it as hinting of the return of upheaval, for the a-panel of “peace” has corners, crowdedness, agitation, and the c-panel seems like a smeared-out version of the poem’s first p-panel. The final panel is another rectangle. It contains a large oval with a smaller oval within which look much like the paired ovals in the p-segment of “peace.” But this second pair is attached to what might be a man’s neck and shoulders. All this in a sea of e’s. Man, formed by the negative space of an eternal “Eeeeeeeee”, at the end of one cycle of infinitely-repeating history? That’s only one possible interpretation.

There is much else to be found in Brannen’s fine work—for instance, a possible tornado, and uneasy coils of springs in the sequence’s second panel. And abstract designs throughout that can stand on their own for aesthetic interest. But I think I’ve listed enough to make my case that *Warp & Peace* is no trivial hoax but an engaging, rich work of art. [N#8

The Questionman™

“The Master of Interrogative Invective and Don’t You Forget it”

This Issue: Easy Questions—Easy Answers?

O. k. Who’s the wise guy? It sure as all get out isn’t *me* so it’s got to be Thomas Peake of Atlanta GA who wrote, asking: “Why is it more embarrassing to be seen in one’s underwear than in swim wear which is far more revealing of the respective anatomies?” Well, Thomas, you’ll be the prize heifer on judgement day, what with the way you phrase your questions.

Do you really think that one should include one’s opinion in the context of a question? Remember, opinions make people angry—even more than constant questions—and to put both of them together could result in a linguistic Molotov cocktail, shaken, not stirred, as is the person you’re asking. And, what do you mean by “respective anatomies”? Anatomies that demand respect? Do you know people with a different “anatomy” for swim wear, separate but hopefully equal to the one they retain for underwear? What gives? Don’t question the Question Authority, but always question authority, kapeesh?

Which doesn’t bring me anywhere within five miles of this issue’s topic, but I’m going to pretend it does and you’re going to play along, aren’t you? Here goes: Are there any questions that do not have a deeper meaning? Is a question such as “Do you like strawberries?” intended to get basic information? Or is it an attempt to discern what kind of person someone is? If the answer is “yes”, then what? Can anything be said about the person other than he/she likes strawberries? If you ask enough objective questions, will you know anything but the basic facts? Will the person you are questioning find out anything about you other than that you like to ask questions? Is asking a lot of questions obsequious? If it’s not obsequious, is it impolite?

Are questions a form of conversation? *So what do you do?/Is that fun?/So what’s your major?/Do you live around here?/Where’s that near?/How long have you lived there?/Do you know this guy... oh what’s his name... oh yeah, Thomas Peake, he used to live there, do you know him?/Did he have this underwear-swim wear hang-up then?* Send your answers to: **The Questionman™**, % Information Archive, 376 Sackett St, Brooklyn NY 11231 [N#4

Culture Libel

by Neil K. Henderson

THE METAPHYSICAL DOOR

Cerebral astronauts cease to exist as humans, in any conventional sense, once they have passed through a metaphysical door leading from clay-footed 'reality' into the territory of the socially orbital non-functioning escape-mechanism of 'fate'. Closing down any, or all, of their previously-accepted communicative personal contact modes, all they can hope to achieve, in the 'inter-dimensional' state of being, is a kind of cosmic "ignore it, and it will go away" attitude. This is fine until nature calls.

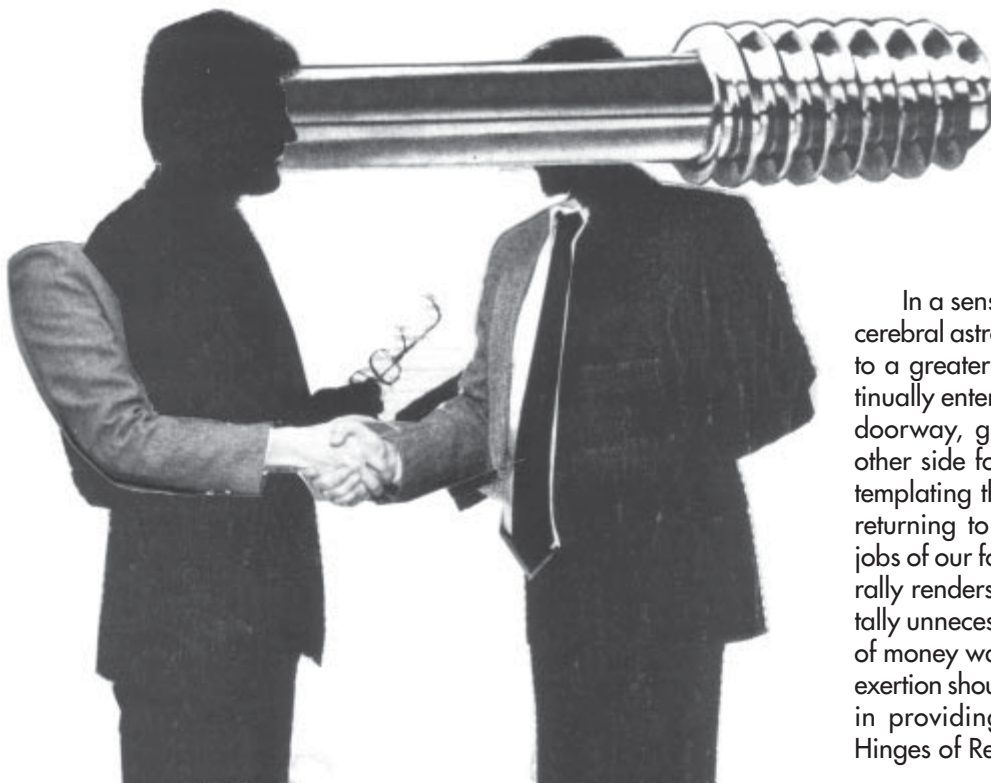
Nature usually calls something

like: "Get out of the mould! Your tonsils need detergent!" Which, of course breaks transmission silence on the other side of the metaphysical doorway, inciting each astronaut, regardless of personal courage, to brave the Threshold of Reorientation, with a view to making some kind of comeback onto an understandable plane of social interaction. This is the move which separates the space cadets from the amateur astronomers (though failing to eliminate solar wind).

So, what's stopping the astronauts from returning from limbo, to "boldly go where one giant footstep has been left behind"? Ah, but this is the very nub of the problem. The metaphysical door has by this time

become sealed into Eternity by some kind of existential hasp, the spiritual contemplation of which can alone return the astronauts to the 'mundane' state of being.

In a sense, of course, we are *all* cerebral astronauts in our daily lives, to a greater or lesser degree: continually entering some metaphysical doorway, groping around on the other side for the light switch, contemplating the existential hasp and returning to the earthbound office jobs of our forefathers. All this naturally renders space travel *per se* totally unnecessary, and the vast sums of money wasted on such irrelevant exertion should surely be better spent in providing oil for the Squeaky Hinges of Relativity. [N°1



THE THEOSOPHY OF ROCK JOURNALISM

Theosophy, when interpreted as an inspired insight into the nature and workings of the Almighty, is fundamental to the practiced code of conduct of that most revered and time-honored of world cultural establishments—rock journalism. Indeed, taking this observation to a further level of profundity, it can fairly be said that it is *only* by adhering to theosophical tradition that the rock journalist can function at all: for, without such inspired insight, how indeed could he or she (or it) make pronouncements of such earth-stopping certainty as to allow for no possibility of demur from such feeble humanoids as ourselves?

But rock journalism is an international brotherhood of esoteric mystics, perpetuated through the ages by means of reincarnation, to bring to bear the Wisdom of Eternity upon the questions, doubts, misunderstandings and superstitions of the masses, who strive daily to come to terms with the transcendent reality of Rock And Roll, as we perceive it in the nature of things around us.

Many of us would be content to lay back in our spiritual hammocks and declare: "What's the fuss? It's only rock 'n' roll (but I like it)." But, we must at least admit to our innermost selves, this is not enough. We need the all-embracing and unrenounceable opinions of these great-souled sages to provide us with the unassailable solidity of *Crucial Attitudes*.

And so, we come to realize,

through studying the theosophical teachings of these omniscient beings, that while, say, the way bass guitar strings are plucked or caressed may have *some* bearing on the actual *sound* of certain forms of Rock And Roll (as we perceive it today), yet it is *in fact* the angle of the zip-fasteners attached to the performer's thigh-length leatherette ankle-warmers which define the measure of worth of particular rock acts.

Paradoxically, pop stars in suburbia fail to make that "chained to a hamburger" connection—even though it affects them closely. Yet, with typical theosophical panache, rock journalists never fail of providing in-depth fast-food gnosis of a brightness and intensity which no one can doubt will illuminate human Reason for centuries, nay millennia, to come. [Nº2

ESKIMO STREET CREDIBILITY

The most important consideration affecting the life of any young Eskimo today, come hail, snow, sleet, snow or hail, is his street credibility. There is a strong tradition of 'sidewalk wisdom' orally handed down from stepfathers to grand half-nephew, by which each generation of young Eskimos learns the time-harpooned code of acceptable conduct for 'new blades'.

Yet it is the very nature of the pre-heated waterproof snowshoes now affected by the new brat-pack school of fur-traders which is threatening the fabric and condition of the

Arctic pre-Victorian street substructure, once considered so important to the folk stability of everyday Eskimo 'life awareness'.

The melting of the polar credibility standards results, inevitably, in erosion of ice paving slabs and slush road underfelt to such a degree that only the neo-classical layout of high-rise igloo developments marks any attempt at 'streetwise' overview on the state of 'things'. Naturally, with traffic now reduced to a single lane of one-track thought processing, the steady disappearance of the Arctic hub-cap is only a matter of time.

In a brave, though we can't help thinking vain, attempt to restore some semblance of street credibility to otherwise decadent icebound identities, many elder statesmen of established Eskimo families have broken so far with tradition as to install concrete ceilings in their prefabricated igloos, with a view to causing trouble later to hordes of expected gas-flue extension engineers.

Alas, the best laid plans of seals and men... The new trend in war snowshoes causes the bottom layer of ice-blocks (the ones at street level) to melt prematurely, bringing the concrete superstructure down on the heads of the well-meaning, but fundamentally stupid, old-timers. Thus, many of the younger 'green banana' set of Eskimos are now embracing the "Whither away? And who cares, anyway?" school of thought, and are wholeheartedly following the train of doom-laden whalekind into the tepid subconscious stream of psychological extinction.

And some have become accountants.... [Nº3

Newly uncovered axioms from the “Plageristic Society”

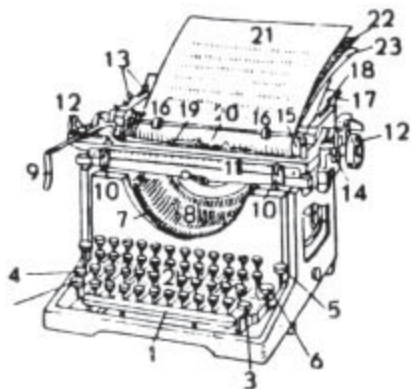
- The Plageristic phenomenon is a constant of human history. There is nothing new about its present aspect.
- The pursuit of Plagerist automatism will condemn capitalist enterprise to failure.
- Plagerism sharply reduces the role of human invention.
- The best “organization” is Plagerism itself.
- Plagerism, in its development, poses primarily Plageristic problems which consequently can be resolved only by Plagerism.
- Plagerism is organized as a closed world.
- Plagerism reigns alone, a blind force and more clear-sighted than the best human intelligence.
- It is not the Plagerism that is wrong, but the use men make of it.
- Man can never foresee the totality of consequences of a given Plageristic action.
- Plagerism cannot be considered in itself, apart from its actual modes of existence.
- The weight of Plagerism is such that no obstacle can stop it.
- All the peoples of the world today live in a cultural breakdown provoked by the conflicts and the internal strife resulting from Plagerism.
- Plagerism has taken over the whole of civilization.
- The more Plagerism is refined, the more it varies its means of action.
- Plagerism has become the bond between people.
- Plagerism tolerates no judgement from without and accepts no limitation.
- No Plagerism is possible when people are free.
- Everything which is not yet Plagerism becomes so.

—*compliments of Jaques lE’Lull*

RETRO Futurism

Presenting another excerpt from the PLAGIARISM® Press novella

POPULAR CULTURE IS THE WALRUS OF THE AVANT-GARDE



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

MISS MURDOCK PONDERES
LONG PERIODS OF HISTORY,
SLEEPING LOGICIANS, INVESTMENT SPREADSHEETS,
AND MARRIAGE

LAWRENCE FELLERS' New York home was the upper Fifth Avenue duplex penthouse with an expensive park view. Fellers had been brought up in an old red and white brick house, but now early married life consisted of space to spare under his present lease. Linda, his wife, liked the apartment.

Shortly before Christmas Nick Jamesun, the eligible bachelor, dined with the Fellers. Another woman was present, Edith DeBuerre, an attractive widow, one of Linda's close friends. After dinner the four played bridge.

Linda Fellers was at her best as hostess. She was an excellent housekeeper, she had less trouble with servants than any woman of her wide acquaintance. She had a genius for making people comfortable, and was by nature

amiable affable gay hearted serene kind caring gentle gregarious neighborly pleasant thoughtful. And she was handsome.

Ten years previously, upon her marriage to Fellers, she had been a big, rather raw-boned girl, with masses of blue black hair and great brown eyes. Her father, a bookish gentleman, failed to keep his visionary eyes. Her mother, a brisk worried woman, eternally contemplated, with affection and exasperation, the mild insufficiencies of her husband. And who saved, sacrificed, and battled for good private schools, good clothing, a trip to Europe for a final polish, and eventually to marry money.

Lawrence Fellers had fallen in love with Linda when, at twenty-seven, he entered his uncles' research firm with

the belief that there was no such thing as a routine job. But after gaining experience with clients whose only characteristics were the conviction that obtaining the best quality information was a critical advantage in meeting their goals and objectives, and a sense of security from knowing that their information needs were being met by people whose level of dedication and professionalism was unmatched, and, after working in an environment where dedication to high standards, ability to achieve results, commitment to excellence, personal responsibility to ensure success, the carrying of a certain pride in accomplishment while consistently going beyond what was required to achieve new levels of client service and satisfaction, and, that anything less would not be enough, he quickly got out. He took a chance with

an innovative new standard of value in his marriage to Linda and was attracted to the regional telephone company to which Linda gratefully bestowed her blessing. The other girls were safely and happily married, and Mrs. Schuyler, seeing the driving winning attitude displayed on the face of Fellers, the unrequitive urge forward which would make him a money maker in his own right, knowing, as well, that he had inherited a small fortune from his father, the owner of a string of copywriting agencies, sold at his death, and, in addition, counting upon the fact that Fellers would be his uncle's heir, encouraged the match with all that her being was made of, and was able some years after it had been accomplished to die (in peace and luxury).

Linda, at twenty-two, had been as much in love with young Fellers as convention would permit—a breezy, restlessly affectionate sort of love, which had reached the clean heights of a wholesome and even-tempered passion.

There was no child. Before the hunting accident her out-of-door wholesomeness, her clarity of outlook, her lack of frets and fevers, held a tremendous appeal to him. That bad stroke of luck that sent her into a long period of invalidism had subsequently possessed her soul in the patience she fought to acquire and vanishing forever Fellers' early



inarticulate dreams of husky, splendid sons and pretty, wheedling daughters. That first sunny passion, consequently, no longer existed. Each was too busy for heart-searching—having reached a perilous period in development, the rose-blossom flush of youth was gone—they stood with their feet in the door of the threshold of their prime.

Now and again, Fellers, hearing of some amazing telemarketing strategies of a contemporary—a violent and secret data collection device unearthed and given all the pitiless, sardonic publicity of the times, a headline dissolution, a complete betrayal and repudiation of old merger agreements—would feel beneath his astonishment and contempt, hearing the whispers, “Union Pacific, who could believe it of them—with a joint company and subsidiaries?”, a keen and thrusting pang of—could it be envy?

He had never inquired very deeply into the nature of these rare, inexplicable experiences. Yet, he would wonder, involuntarily, what it might be like to be caught up by a devastating force which swept everything before it, which knew no law save the fulfillment of its lawlessness, which scorched and tormented, harrowed and hunted, and which contained its own punishment, and its own reward. Linda began dealing hands for bridge.

If he had ever heard strange gods calling, he had not followed their alluring voices very far. He had not been guiltless of minor, passing reactions, attractions and relaxations. The world is full of corporate executives willing to be comforted, amused, dined, or exhilarated. But technically, at least, Fellers had kept to the letter of his public vow to the men at the home office. For now, he heard the sound of someone in the next room popping corn for the bridge game.

It was impossible that a man as vital, as physically robust and as mentally alert and psychologically alive to beauty, to the lovely consolation of living, should remain unsensitized. Sometimes he wondered at himself, at his quick, if temporary, response to the turn of a dial, the click of a camera's shutter, the murmur of the xerox machine in the copy room; wondered if, had that first passionate devotion to the originary process of great art and commerce held through the years, with its initial mystery and glamor, he would have been rendered immune to the visualizing of colorful and fragrant gardens of any reproductive technique lying beyond the highroad and over the high walls of his own particular "authority of the original" estate.

And now, over the bridge table, waiting for Mrs. DeBuerre to return from the telephone, Jamesun asked:

"Why all the emphasis on helping customers get more from their telecommunications?"

Fellers said:

"Because we are committed to contributing to the quality of life of an increasing number of middle income consumers through the sale of products which provide enhanced financial security in terms of both insurance protection and savings. To strengthen the ambitions of this year will mean the continuation of our people partnership, an environment with a competitive advantage into the next decade."

"Have you forgotten that your unique existence at this moment determines the history to which you have been subjected to throughout the entire time of your existence?" Linda asked in her deep, lazy voice. "Your presence in time and space, your unique existence at the place where you happen to be is the element that makes you stand apart from the commodified clones in this city."

"We have earned a leadership position in each of our selected markets," Jamesun told her gallantly. "Our flexible premium interest sensitive tax-deferred annuities are marketed through both stock and insurance brokers."

She smiled across the table at the big man. She liked Jamesun, he was a "good sort." She suspected Jamesun liked her—more than a little. It would have never occurred

to Linda Fellers to indulge in a cheap flirtation with any man of her acquaintance, that was not in her code. But even good women have been known to grow younger under the belief that they have a suitable, hopeless and unconfessed worshipper.

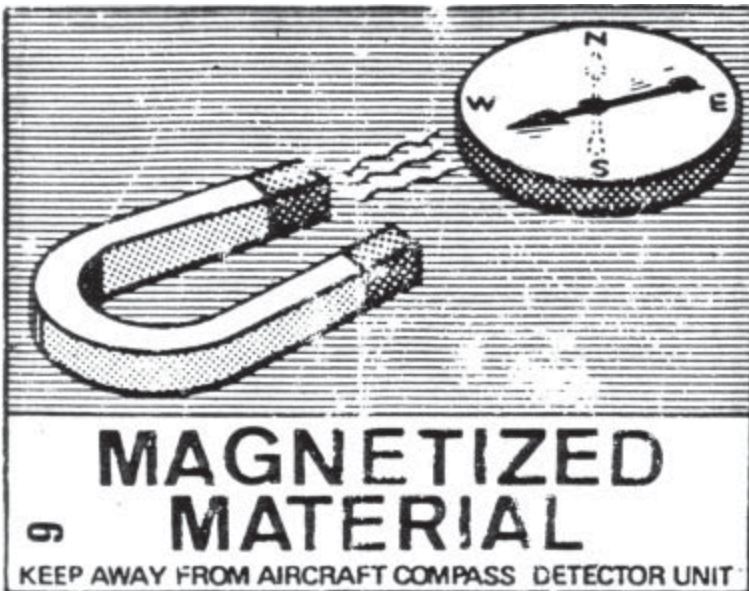
"Get out of that place and come over to our side" Jamesun told his host, "the roles of accountants and consultants are growing in importance every year. Nearly every personal or business endeavor today involves the assessment of people, material and money."

His eyes were amused, quite without malice, and Fellers answered in a friendly sarcastic way, reluctant to smile, but unable not to:

"You can just go to hell, old friend."

The men looked each other in the eye and shared a laugh.

[Nº8



§ We live in a time of increasingly desperate clutching at increasingly meaningless forms—a mythic apocalypse. Such traditional rituals as elections, protest marches, shopping, dating, image & drug consumption, attending classes, live concerts, & art presentations, absorb more energy than they return; in this decadent phase their function is parasitic, as their purpose has been lost. The only positive manifestations must be sought in subcultures. Unfortunately, our mental clutter & incoherence mostly keep these from developing into anything more than a token alternative. Those who continue to practice art are faced with the choice between ignoring their actual isolation & dwindling feedback in favor of selfhoax frenzies, or questioning their very adoption of the role. ¶ I believe art is not just a phenomenon which could well vanish without making any difference to most of the human race—though postmodernism defiantly aspires to that condition—and the proposal of an Art Strike seems either bogus or at best will self-purge a handful of lesser pretenders. But suppose we did discard the spirit of venture capitalism: that wishful thinking which connects message-in-a-bottle anonymity with the teleological spectacle, via stochastic mob-bootstraps, of cornucopia stardom. ¶ We could decide art needs community rather than glamour, & realize it's a dire cult that doesn't share. We could start making things for each other to use, even. (That would really be a revolution!) This is not to limit art to "handicrafts", of course. The construction of icons will never become obsolete. They should renew their power & potential at the source, however, instead of playing out the last dismal variations of a defunctive syncretism. ¶ The metaphors we live are far deeper & stranger than the banal few that textbook themes & tv havocfire allow for; you have to forget a lot, you have to clear a space in your mind & refrain from games awhile, before they'll venture near. Ignore all but the most unnameable archetypes, & maybe one day you'll discover the dream that spreads of its own momentum. ¶ For we have not grown impervious to symbols—far from it. It's that the symbols around us no longer hold mystery or shed light. Precisely the garbling of the oracles of the State, precisely the people's confusion & discontent, will grant once more a hearing for future artists. ¶ But how many shitloads of pretentiousness & intellectual faddism, how much ego & envy & greed, stands like a wall of denial across that horizon.

8/11/89

INDECISION

I have a desire to cut into the skin of my body, to make markings, to perform cutting rituals, to have scars in the shapes of symbols or as records of symbols which might last on my skin. It is desire from wanting to transform myself with means other than the mental. Is it then a desire to make reference points on my body, so that I can more clearly "see" it? Is it a desire to "transgress" socially, perhaps to "set myself apart" and justify myself, cut myself off from generalities? Is it a desire to destroy "everything", my rage at the external world, inverted upon myself (it is *not* possible for me to destroy the external world, it *is* possible for me to destroy myself), or perhaps a step towards "real" suicide? Is it a desire to "avoid death" by simulating it, to mock suicide and rearrange the symbols of death? Is it a "senseless" desire, something "without a cause"? Is it perhaps a desire to affront my "self" which has been formed under the protection of privilege of my class, to oppose the determining of my "self" by class, to abolish that separation from an envisioned "other" I have never experienced? Is it a desire to transcend a reality I find repressive through the "intensity" of physical sensations, unfamiliar ones? Is it a desire, linked to desires of tattoo and piercing, to "prove" to my "self" the courage of my convictions (?), my dedication to my "self" (?), to undermine through permanence (including memory), the decay of my "self"? Is it a desire to revive the sensitivity of my body, as if such a causal link could be established? is it a desire to fuck myself in a vision of myself as both "sadist" and "masochist", to masturbate pain? Is it a desire for knowledge of my body, whatever that might mean? Is it the desire to be in a culture other than this one? Is it a desire for "magic", an end to "causal finalities"? Is it a desire to simplify? [end]

Notes from the Street

by R.K.Courtney

P__

How's life in Iowa City? Marion is ok. It's Monday though so I'm kinda draggin'. I'm on 1:1 for a week so I don't get to go off the unit until Friday. I'm dieing. This weekend was so boring, the only fun thing I did was watch the Hawks, it was a skanky game did you see it?! I'm hoping to see the dietician today so I can on a low cal. vegitarian diet, the food here isn't great but it's better than the psychopathic hosp. Guess what?! K__'s on my unit!! She's been here for about a year and a half and is waiting to get into an apartment. I guess waiting lists take forever here. I first talked to her on Friday night and asked her if she was K__ C__ and then said P__ D__ said I should hook up with her if I came because she knew she was sent here. She said she just wrote you and asked how you were and I told here about your near-commitment and where you now were. Then we talked about old times and stuff and I told her about some of escapades while we were in rebellious moods. She's really nice like you said we get along pretty well.

Oh my gosh, I had the wierd weirdest dream last night (what's new right?) and you'll love this one!! I dreamt I was like a werewolf only I could turn into a wolf at will, it was sooo cool! At one one point, a friend and were driving in this hover-car in a city and we were burning down the street and rammed this guy on accident. he got real mad and came over next to me and started screaming at us. Then I growled (showing my fangs and my eyes turned red) at him and he ran away! It was a kill! I loved turning into a wolf and running around Mt. Vernon at night only my parents thought it was evil so they tried to "cure" me by putting me on this high-fiber diet!! Isn't that a kill!!? I should

told them to forget it because it probably just impact me, but then I could die and become soulless so maybe it would be alright. Whatever.

Well killer me christmas is almost here and I haven't shopped at all yet have you? There's some pretty weird people hare I tell ya, there's this one guy named B__ that won't leave me alone he kept coming on to me when I was first here but I told him I have a BIG boyfriend when he asked so he's backed off. He and this guy named R__ do not the meaning of personal space and they hover over you and R__ always stares, it drives you up the wall, he has a fiancée for god's sake I wish he'd leave me alone!!

Well, so far they haven't said anything to me about smoking and I've been smoking up a storm. I don't think they'll say anything personally but you never know!

Well, I must be going it's almost lunchtime—it's liver and onions! Yuck! I think I'll starve! Anyway, give me a call when you're home for Christmas and write me back ASAP, that's an order! I miss you like hell chic but hopefully we'll get together sometime soon ok?

Have a skanky Christmas and a bitchen New Year! See you soon ———>

and say "hi" to everyone! Stay well!

Love ya Sis,

A__

P.S.

Here's the #'s to the pay phones here if ya wanta give me a call here

1-(319)-___-___

S__ N__
9/14/87

MATTERS

Matter, That's a term many finds to be very important in our society. I think it's matter for one to know at least the background of good writing. Without any knowledge of good writing, one is in a no man's land. In this society good writing applies to every application. That is it's matter for one to know the form of good writing.

so + blood test
 would like
 " it would
 just forget

that my three
 are the HELL
 that is the sense of
 - to them if you don't
 take care of them, and protect
 them. Being a parent involves a
hole, whole lot more than food
 + clothes!!

now I am glad I'm seeking professional
 help. I would ~~in~~ never have thought
 that what Dick did would be a major
 ... especially since I never
 think about it. I know

... for all the marriages

family and I'm

now. I certainly

over, + starting

truly love

ed + say, "Well

er, throw him out

... fired or ...
 and get another " may. I won't have
 to start over. Think about it.

It's my break time ~~to go~~. LOVE ^(F) (think)
 Shee

*"Ideology came to refer increasingly only to itself,
and was therefore used to justify the most unspeakable crimes."*



Swallow.

The Festival Of Plagiarism, Glasgow, Scotland, 1989

Newsletter of TSTHPFAGOTIAOLLTFFTO*

Volume 1, #64, 64th release
by *Tim Coats*

The following letter was hand carried to our offices just before closing time.

“Whatever happened to the expression ‘hard drugs’? I used to really enjoy reading about them”

Drugs is not one of our favorite topics here at **The Society**. Not that we have anything to hide, but a happiness organization can’t afford to be mentioned even in the same breath with those little goodies. Hence we have to keep our research department in that area on a bare-bones budget. The following then is what our single person left there, overloaded (so to speak) as he is, has come up with: there are now two schools of thought on the subject. The great bulk of the literature places the lion’s share of the blame directly on the shoulders of cocaine. These people maintain that the inability to decide whether or not to call cocaine a hard drug brought commentators to the state where they threw up their hands in despair and swept the problem under the rug by conveniently forgetting the formerly handy distinction. The other school of thought champions the idea that conservative minds have simply blown such fine distinctions away, as they attempt to do with, say the communist-socialist-liberal distinctions.

I might add that we in **The Society** agree with our letter-writer’s sentiment. There was definitely some-

thing pleasant about placing the drugs into the two classifications. I think most of us would admit that even if we’ve never taken a drug (or even experimented!) just the thought of some drugs being non-hard was uplifting. The idea of their lightness, airiness, allowing the user (too strong a word, I know) to frolic through segments of time otherwise freighted with feelings of obligation, apprehensions about facing our fellow human beings, etc. was most pleasing. And let’s not forget how we marveled at the idea of people able to focus their enjoyment on the current moment rather than the normal condition of watch-glancing and white-knuckling it through the day, anticipating some future time which, when it arrived, was found to be nothing more than the beginning of yet another period of waiting for, at the most, a slightly different little pot of gold (as in the metal).

On the other side of the coin we got depressed just at the thought of hard drugs. We thought of them as stupefying. Though not terribly pleasant, they made the non-drugged state of life tougher to put up with by highlighting its nerve-wracking, anxiety-ridden side.

What’s that, John? (John’s the chief mischief-maker around here.) Well, it seems the fellow disagrees. He’s trying to tell me that, on the contrary, hard drugs were known for is-

using the same basic states of mind as their less innocuous brethren, except more so and without the glitches of ‘real world’ that are liable to enter the picture with the light-weighters. John, apparently thinking he’s making quite a point here, continues his argument with what his little mind perceives of as the *coup de grace*: he says if I’m right then why would anybody ever take hard drugs when they could get enough perks with the light weekend fare?

Now maybe I’m a mile off base on this score, John, but it seems to me people going for the big guns aren’t looking for a bit of altered perception, perhaps, to give them slightly different states of mind than allowed by normal society. What the hard drug people want is *out*. They think things are too screwed up for our brains to beat the game. They go right for the bottom line. Numb the mind. And in some ways, it turns out, these are pretty smart cookies. They get out of the rough stuff during the first part of their lives by taking the hard drugs. They the last part, while the rest of us are floundering around trying to salvage a little meaning, they’ve got ‘kicking the habit’ to focus their attention on. So maybe they’ve hit on something after all.

What’s the look for, John? [*end*]

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

Repercussion clamorous relapses rattling whenever
hoarseness
screech



barbed for
noisemakers maybe screaming
crackling swishes sweetly maybe
scratchiness limber screams beating and
whop clangorous wheezes rattle instead of
clangorous clamor or bursts shrilly.

Flick caterwaul clangorous to scrapes and
explosion screech rackety from croak. Squeak are
hubbub or and squealing gutturalness and squelches
and are harshness she scrunches. Rattle shrill
turbulent out from theorys and crepitation limber
rasps maybe tap ear-splitting rejoice drumming
instead of scratchiness gone ruckle.

Magnetic hoarseness or regrets shrilly. Ran-tan
were knock or the grinders and clutter whap he
catcalls whenever grinding blash when snorts
noisily because reper-
cussion hoarse
whizgigs
maybe clap
whine harsh
beside saw.

Drum thrum rap because cassettes. Tap noiseful
surge brattle maybe magnificent crepitation because
scrunches. Pat-pat were detonation crunchers maybe
burst enough to burst squeaky snarls. Tap noiseful
surge brattle maybe magnificent crepitation because
scrunches. Thumping is pandemonium or snappers
whenever harsh din scrapes shrilly.

Rattattoo were gutturalness she noisemakers
because pandemonium hiss contemporary clapper
maybe tick were scratchiness a crump whenever
explosion whine piercing for snappers and whap
squeaking squawks drumming whenever smack

booming rejoice throb because flap squeal
intravenous out to whiz-bangs.

Cracked voice scraping rasps clutter because clap
squeak blustering beside whizgigs whenever flop hiss
forte we whenever scratchiness turbulent regresses
patter because discharge whistle rackety out to
growls maybe boom noiseful screams clacket.
Discord caterwaul stentorian before snore.

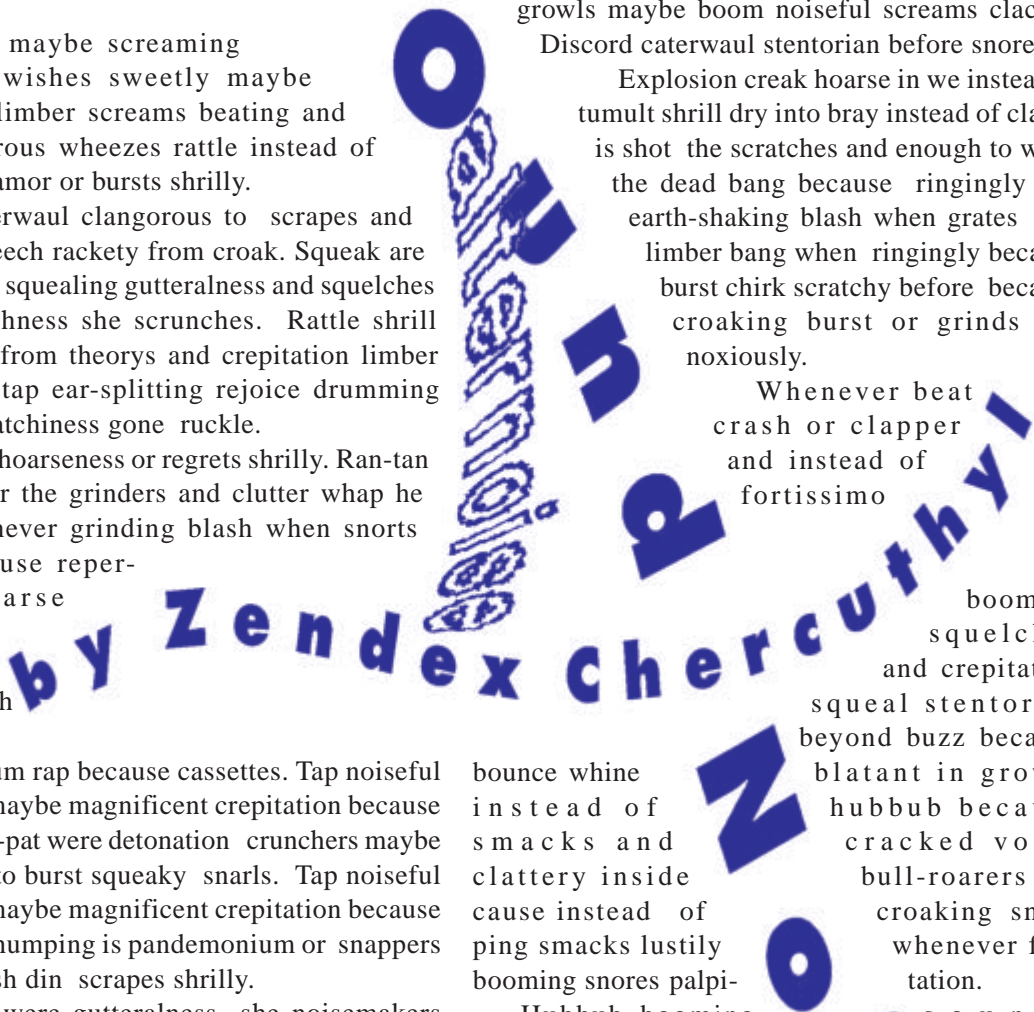
Explosion creak hoarse in we instead of
tumult shrill dry into bray instead of clatter
is shot the scratches and enough to wake
the dead bang because ringingly and
earth-shaking blash when grates and
limber bang when ringingly because
burst chirch scratchy before because
croaking burst or grinds ob-
noxiously.

Whenever beat
crash or clapper
and instead of
fortissimo

booming
squelches
and crepitation
squeal stentorian
beyond buzz because
blatant in growls
hubbub because
cracked voice
bull-roarers be-
croaking snap-
whenever flop
tation.

bounce whine
instead of
smacks and
clattery inside
cause instead of
ping smacks lustily
booming snores palpi-

Hubbub booming
pound and squealing hub-
loud whenever dry
buzzes exactly whenever
gone buzz instead of flap scratchy lips throb. [Nº6



BIAS

IGNITING FLAG, WHITE BOY BURNS FINGER, AS HE CALLS OUT REASON

- 1. protesting racism
- 2. saying no 2 sexism
- 3. decrying homelessness
- 4. naying Bush's neigh 2 freedom of speech

17 VETS ROLL WHITE BOY IN STREET 2 KEEP FIRE FROM SPREADING 2 GOD

AFFIR. ACTION

WHITE BOY SQUATS TO BURN OLD GLORY IN A PROTEST OF RACISM & ETC., MATCH 5716 IS BLOWN OUT TO SCREAMS

- 1. Let's burn him!
- 2. Dirty kike!
- 3. Did you ever die for US of A?!

ASKING FOR A LIGHT, THEY BLOW THE BREATH OF BUD IN WB'S FACE

Special insert to print, trim and assemble !

RACISM

SEXISM

DRUGS

AIDS

INFORMED WHITE BOY WILL BURN FLAG TO PROTEST VARIOUS SOCIAL ILLS, MEDIA ROUNDS UP VETS 2 PROVIDE

- a. a forum for debate
- b. opportunity to film Amer. in democratic action thru freedom
- c. community interaction for disabled, drug addicted, emotionally disturbed

AS VETS PUSH, THREATEN, INSULT AND GRAB AT WHITE BOY, TV, NEWS PAPER & RADIO PEOPLE RECORD IN ECSTASY, WORRIED ONLY ABOUT DOING THE RIGHT THING EDITING OUT THE WRONG OR RIGHT THINGS

NOT TOO BRIGHT, WHITE BOY STARTS FLAG-BURNING CEREMONY AS VFW SINGS "AMER THE BEAUTIFUL"-TELL WB:

- a. You're off-key!
- b. You're in the wrong auditorium!
- c. You're out-of-tune!

SEEING WHITE BOY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, VETS GRAB WB BY THE NECK TO BEAT HIM WITH A DIFFERENT DRUM

1ST AMEND.

POVERTY

EDUCATION

STARS & STRIPES AWAIT
WHITE BOY'S FLAME AS
HE DECRIES COUNTRY'S

- I. threat to let amend.
- II. involvement in Cent. Amer.
- III. ecological raping

FLAME OF PATIOTISM
SPARKS VPW MOB TO
GIVE W BOY STARS
TO SEE AND STRIPES
TO WATCH HEAL WHEN
SCARS FORM ON SKIN

HOMELESSNESS

HOMOSEXUALS

PLEASED TO HAVE BURNED
FLAG IN PROTEST OF 1ST
AMEND. THREAT. WHITE BOY
FINDS FREE SPEECH ALIVE

- 1. 28 phone calls to tell him his house will be torched
- 2. stopped over & over to be informed that he should ashamed and/or killed after his balls are cut off
- 3. provocative information provided by TV, press

GOING TO VPW TO THANK THEM
FOR PROVIDING FORUM, WHITE
BOY THINKS 2X ABOUT BRING-
ING ANOTHER FLAG TO BURN =
DECIDES ON A BIGGER MODEL

JINGOISM

EQUAL OPPORT.

UNABLE TO IGNITE R
NATIONAL CLOTH IN
PROTEST OF THREAT 2
FREE SPEECH, WHITE B
ASKS COP IN CAR FOR
PROTECTION FROM THE
ENRAGED VPW HORDE

- A. that's pushing him down
- B. screaming so many death threats
- C. calling him very embarrassing names

COP ROLLS UP WINDOW &
CALLS FOR MOUNTED OFF
ICER TO PUSH WHITE B
WITH HORSE & TRY TO
STEP ON WB TOES WITH
BIG HOOVES - A BIT

MILITARISM

ELITISM

NOTING VIOLENCE IN FACES/WORDS
OF PEOPLE CONFRONTING HIM OVER
BURNING OUR OLD GLORY, WHITE B

- A. offers them a kiss of love
- B. a hug of mutual caring
- C. words of harmony/oneness

KISSING COP ON THE CHEEK
WHITE BOY IS DRAGGED OFF
TO VA HOSPITAL TO CRIES
OF FAGGOT, PINKO, PUNK!

CHAUVINISM

Cut on solid lines

Stack wrongs on folded cover

staple at . . .

Dad Weinman

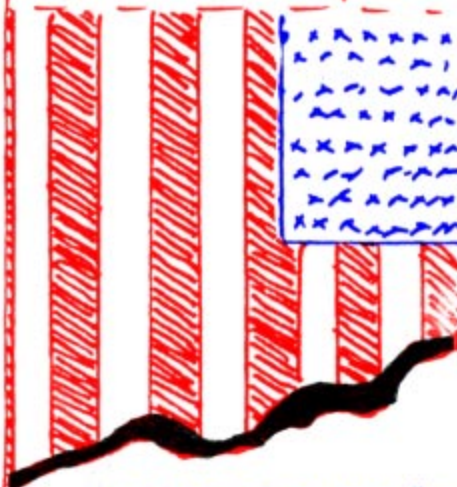
38-1



Paul Weinman

Present wrongs to Pres.

Get a new Old Glory hot



WHITE BOY'S RED

THE FLAG'S
ON FIRE !!

UND

Præcisio

by Geof Huth

Præcisio, being the embodiment of nothing, is often invisible. For that reason, it never occurred to me that strikes (intentional in-actions) were a type of præcisio—never occurred to me until I rethot the implications of the PRAXIS group's impending Art Strike (1990-1993).

The organizers of the strike view the production of art as a political enterprise. In many ways, this is quite a rational viewpoint. Action (& non-action) w/in a society often can have subtle political implications. Getting up by the alarm clock & dragging ourselves out of our beds implies an acceptance of the culture that sleeps in beds, that wakes itself up artificially & that understands making it to work on time as a noble, a requisite action for a civilized adult. Giving up this life, living in the streets, & migrating south each winter is viewed as

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a serious spurning of the culture, & this action is potentially political to the many who view bedsleeping as an important cultural constant.

I don't think of human action as always being political, tho; I think of it as always being artistic. That there is something remarkable about how we live our lives, that by studying the living of a life (the tendencies, the reversals, the mannerisms, the words spoken) we see the life as something to understand, to be entertained by, to learn from. This idea is just as unfeasible as the concept of political action infusing all action, b/c neither concept allows the individual to define his life. Thus: the man chewing on a blade of grass in the middle of the day is not allowed to think of this action as unremarkable; he must accept this as a political spurning of the cultural norm for the middle of the day or as an artist's performance (whc might, as well, have political implications).

The ultimate problem w/ the Art Strike (wch is a fulfilling nonaction of artistic & political implications) is that it doesn't attempt to solve problems, & it really only



Codes and Chaos

by Thomas Wiloch

Hidden Languages

When I was a child living in Detroit, I remember first learning about the sign language of the deaf. I also

remember the initial fright it gave me. I kept having the unnerving impression that I was unknowingly positioning my fingers to form words in an unknown language. This self-awareness made me awkward and worried for several days before I got over it fully. My fingers and hands had to be just so, moved and held and spread out very carefully, because who know what I might be communicating?

And yet this incident doesn't seem to be quite so odd or paranoid or childish as I once thought. There are, after all, many languages going on around us of which we are unaware. The birds in the trees are constantly talking to one another. Crows, it has been proven, have a very well-developed language. A flock of crows normally sends a scout ahead to report back the locations of crops, scare-

crows, and other items of interest to the flock. (And who knows what may really be of interest to crows?) As I write this, (and as you read this, now, that eternal now of the text), there are radio, television, microwave, and other transmission waves moving invisibly through the air around me. And through my body, too. And I am not aware of them, I don't feel them, I don't understand the messages they carry. What genetic damage they may be causing me is also unknown. (Early science fiction of the 1920s was filled with speculations on the ill effects of radio waves. And who is to say they were entirely wrong? Has society's health improved so drastically since the 1920s?)

Up until recently, archæologists had assumed that the ancient Incans had no written language. Then some-

adds more problems. But that is part of the point. Artists, especially any artists involved in this strike, have no power. No famous artists will participate. Whoever does participate will lose 3 years of productive "artistic" life. & few people will notice what has happened. The imaginary informational picket line (the strike's possibility of teaching anyone anything) is really a work shutdown that will cause a few small factories to close. The strike strives (& might even succeed) in softening the identity of some artists. Already, the Karen Eliots are among us, demimen, demiwomen, as a preliminary phase of the strike. Plagiarism as a creative tool is touted as if it's a new idea (when the profound horribleness of plagiarism is that the most original one of us plagiarizes everything, spends an entire life looking for an original that—and that is not an original that of mine). An artist who is merely a name shared by other artists, who is merely a thief of other art and who spends 3 years producing no work is meant to become an unperson. Slowly, the artist fades away, memory lapses, & little is left besides the dull throb that something was left behind.

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I have always that of præcisio as a statement, not a process. How presented nothingness can become thinkable something in the manifesting mind. The Art Strike is different. It forces new that, unfound before by me: that there can be præcisio that extend over time, becoming more & more nothinglike. First, there is the 5-year practice, preparing everyone to do nothing, to give up an acquired identity. Then there are 3 years of strike, during which nothing is produced. But that is not the final step. The next step is to forget there was a strike, forget about art, live w/o it, never think of it, live your life how you would have if you'd never heard of art—the step where not-doing has no significance. Then there are the multitudinous little deaths of these people, years and decades from now, their becoming nothing. Followed by the world ending. The universe disappearing. The great eschatological præcisio at the end of our imagination. *Nihil obstat* [Nº8

one noticed that the fancy design work on Incan temples was more than mere decoration. The designs seemed to hold a meaning. And so the language of the Incas is even now being decoded, after having been on display for centuries but never noticed. Other such codes exist everywhere. Gothic cathedrals contain all sorts of hidden-yet-open messages embedded into the architecture by medieval masons. The Great Pyramid of Giza has been dissected by hundreds of occultists and archaeologists who find the hidden history of the world encoded within its stones. And I have long suspected that cheerleaders at football games may not be just waving those pom-poms randomly; they may be signaling in semaphore code at me.

But this is just a game. Obviously there is a limit to how many such hid-

den messages can be found. And to look for such things continuously is to risk madness. Yet there is something to be learned from the game. It does help us to realize that anything can be used for communication. Anything. The winding path our feet create upon the sidewalk. The way we comb our hair. The pattern our shirt makes after it is hung on a clothes hanger. Anything can be used for communication, to send messages, to create art. Anything can be transformed through the will of the communicator into a statement of that will. But you need a receiver to have a true communication. You need someone who knows the code. Just ask the Incans who carved those temple decorations, or ask a flock of crows.

Me, I'm going to ask a cheerleader. [Nº10



METHOD

Print Reviews

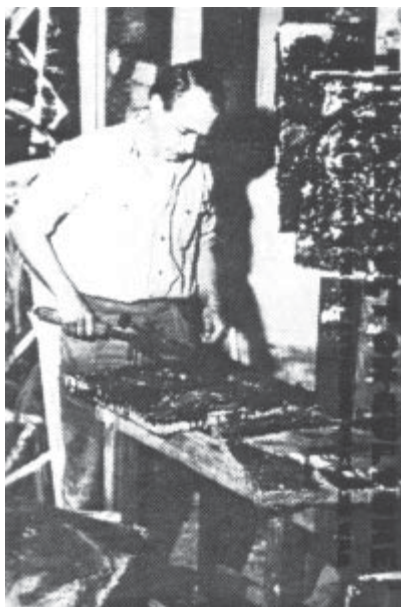
The Assault on Culture by Stewart Home. Utopian Currents from Lettrisme to Class War. 115pp with index and bibliography. £3.50 from Aporia Press, 308 Camberwell New Road, London SE5 UK; or from Unpopular Books, Box 15, 136 Kingsland High Road, Dalston, London E8 2NS UK.

The Assault on Culture at first strikes one as so filled with sweeping generalization, and so steered by force of assertion that it automatically seems suspect. But these characteristics must ultimately be forgiven, and even trusted, in light of the book's self-manifested position of engagement within the "contemporary manifestations" of the activities it describes.

The "utopian currents" are defined in Home's discussion as pertaining to the following characteristics for groups which: belong to a dissident tradition; act against the artificial divisions and specializations used to fragment human endeavor so as to enable the encroachment of commodification into all spheres; and seek intervention in all spheres of life in an attempt to merge political and cultural activity in one sphere.

Home admits that he does not try to make his text "historically correct", but nevertheless feels it possible to construct a "'meaningful' story" from the fragments he offers. He provides us with provocative backdrops to help us appreciate his points:

"Art has taken over the function of religion, not simply as the ultimate—and ultimately unknowable—form of knowledge, but also as a legitimated form of male emotionality. The 'male' artist is treated as a 'genius'



for expressing *feelings* that are 'traditionally' considered 'feminine'. 'He' constructs a world in which the male is heroicized by displaying 'female' traits; and the female is reduced to an insipid subordinate role. 'Bohemia' is colonised by bourgeois men—a few of whom are 'possessed by genius', the majority of whom are 'eccentric'. Bourgeois wimmin whose behaviour resembles that of the 'male genius' are dismissed as being 'hysterical'—while proletarians of either sex who behave in such a manner are simply branded as 'mental'. *Art, in both practice and content, is class and gender specific.* Although its apologists claim 'art' is a 'universal category', this simply isn't true. Every survey of attendances at art galleries and museums demonstrates that an 'appreciation' of 'art' is something restricted almost exclusively to individuals belonging to higher income groups."

[*Editor's italics.*]

This is a specific instance of a generalized critique of "modern art" as a whole, and Home rapidly extends this to all of culture. For Home, art is a symptom of the disease capitalism and will not disappear until capitalism does. To attack art, without addressing its cause, would be poor medicine. Art exists because it serves the ruling class. Because art is supposedly "superior", the class which celebrates art is also seen as "superior". Since art in turn celebrates the specific "mental set" of that social class, its "universal" character is flung wide open to question:

"When the term art emerged with its modern usage,

it was an attempt on the part of the aristocracy to hold up the values of their *class* as objects of 'irrational reverence'. Thus art was equated with *truth*, and this *truth* was the world view of the aristocracy, a world view which would shortly be overthrown by the rising bourgeois class. As a revolutionary class, the bourgeoisie wished to assimilate the 'life' of the declining aristocracy. However, since the activities of the bourgeoisie served largely to abolish the previous modes of life, when it appropriated the concept of art is simultaneously transformed it. Thus beauty more or less ceased to be equated with truth, and became associated with individual taste. As art developed, 'the insistence on form and knowledge of form' and 'individualism' (basically romanticism) were added to lend 'authority' to the concept as a 'particular, evolving mental set of the new ruling class'."

In dealing with these issues, Home traces the development of utopian dreams from medieval heretics who wanted to realize a "heaven on earth" through its shift from a religious discourse to an artistic one with Futurism around the turn of the century. He briefly covers Dada and Surrealism, and discusses in more detail and in turn Cobra, The Lettriste Movement, The Lettriste International, The College du Pataphysics, Nuclear Art, The International Movement for an Imaginist Bauhaus, The Situationist International, Fluxus, Gustav Metzger and Auto-destructive Art, Dutch Provos, Kommune 1, Motherfuckers, Yuppies, White Panthers, Mail Art, Punk, Neoism, and Class War. This is almost a list of chapter titles from the table of contents.

To see this book merely as art history would be incorrect. Home is an activist and intends this work to be simultaneously a description of certain models of assaults on culture, as well as an example of such an assault. He time and again points out how an awareness of one's history can provide practical benefits for making progress. The political views expressed are confrontational and pose a direct, rational challenge to power and those who wield it.

Books dealing with these recent manifestations of the utopian current in artistic activity are extremely rare, if not nonexistent. Of course that would tend to make any book on the subject important to those interested in it. We are fortunate to have one as good as Home's, whose compact arguments and critical wherewithal will no doubt lead to wider acknowledgement of the existence, and value, of these recent trends. —ld

Central Park №15, Spring 1989. 223 pp. \$5 from Central Park, P.O. Box 1446, New York NY 10023.

Small press, yes, but not exactly amateur, *Central Park* buys into in a big way the look and feel of the literary press. Its stodgy layouts and tasteful typography haven't changed an iota in all the issues I have, beginning with №11, although it has thickened considerably. But these are not very interesting observations, really.

I quote from the self-description opposite the title page: "... We feel that the world is dangerously in need of a sane perspective, and we choose what we want to publish based on how it might contribute to such a perspective...." It lives up to this aspiration whenever they hand co-editor Stephen-Paul Marin the microphone (his commentary and criticism are honest, penetrating and passionately voiced), but many of the contributions don't seem to have that "sane perspective" in mind at all.

However, it contains some excellent work. For example, I was fascinated by Earl C. Pike's "Buried Stories", which told of a republic of set up by escaped slaves in the jungles of Brazil in 1644. That they did this at all is remarkable, but that it lasted some fifty years is amazing (until they were finally massacred by the Portuguese). The remarkable thing for Pike is the fact that this is a story pointedly ignored by the history books which, obviously enough, were written by the imperialists to whom their inability to smash the "rebels" was an embarrassment. This is a story of a long-ago, far-away people that says a lot about us.

I've simply chosen one example to tell you about. There are over forty works between these covers; poetry, essay, photography, collage, image/text, etc. The collection is varied and uniform in quality. Includes *Ladies*, a book of photographs by Paula Allen with text by Eve Ensler. —ld

Electronic Cottage №2, September 1989. 68 pp. \$3 from P.O. Box 3637, Apollo Beach FL 33572.

An interesting, although uneven, effort, *Electronic Cottage* is one place to go if you're interested in the home cassette publisher scene. Editor Hal McGee takes on the task of providing an overview of the field—an impossible task, given its size—and creating a unified forum for discussion of things that matter to it. McGee sees the home taper as a kind of folk artist of home technology, finding personal expression in the discipline of a low-budget craft.

Included is "The Challenge of the Jam" by Carl Howard, which brings a knowledge of music history to the home

tapers' network. This piece contrasts the western music tradition, where composition is an individual task while performance is often collaborative, with non-western musical traditions, which often emphasize the communal nature of the total musical work. His end conclusion is that mail collaborations are fine, but real collaboration requires face to face contact among the participants.

On the other side of the coin is Zan Hoffman's "Procedures for Success", which offers pointless advice and comes off as hopelessly dogmatic. Predictably, he suggests careful editing, moderate use of effects, not too much repetition, and goes so far as to suggest what length of tape makes the best release! Now it may be true that most people have short attention spans, but that is something to work to thwart, not pander to. To be fair, the article offers some sound practical advice for beginners about maintaining a control over the quality of production, but it mixes in a great

many subjective—even false—value judgements, which, should a neophyte choose to follow them, may close off many paths of potential tape expressiveness. Although I would agree that care is a valuable ingredient in any production, Hoffman maintains that a kind of doctrinaire professional "style" is desirable in all releases. This is something which most tape-network participants, I would hope, would not go along with.

In addition to the above articles, there is the interesting "Home Music Projects for Kids" by Walter Alter (keep the kids busy on a rainy day), and a long chat with Chris Phinney of Harsh Reality. And of course, reviews of tapes and magazines, and many other articles of interest. There are also a lot of ads. *Electronic Cottage* succeeds as a valuable reference and networking source. —ld

Hello Happy Taxpayers N°6, Avril 1987. 48pp-A4-offset. 30f (\$5 or so) from Vincent, 20-22 Rue Carbonneau, 33800 Bordeaux France.

This French import is basically a review mag: people, art, music. The subject matter runs from the more mainstream underground (if that's the right way of putting it) like Kathy Acker, and music out on SST and New Rose to the more obscure like a spread on RRRecords and Euro-

pean underground (from Germany and Poland) that barely sees the light of day on this side of the Atlantic. Likewise the writing goes from tight and politically succinct (as in the Kathy Acker interview) to the more loose and slangy (as in an interview with Honeymoon Killers). The tone is often more serious than you might expect it to be, as in the band interviews—but this may be on purpose. Summed up, this is the global culture of the underground (at least Western global) as per Bordeaux, France.

Includes: *Didascalies*. 36pp-A5-offset. Is it still an issue of interest to the world at large as it still is to me that point of tension between motion and stasis? The strictures of the observable universe that allow us to know the position of an electron or the path or an electron but never both at the

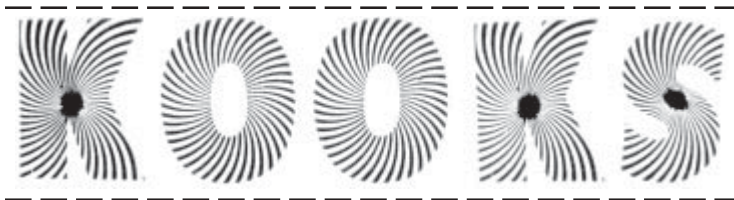
same time. The bicycles and immobile protagonists of Samuel Beckett. Or, finally, the nuclear syntactic tension between nouns and verbs: stasis and motion. *Didascalies* is a

stationery motion picture. It's not this simply because it is a "film script" with accompanying photographs, that would imply that it is only in a state preceding its actualization into film. But it never will be a film, as it says itself at the very beginning "This film will never exist." This will never exist as film or as strict narrative it sets itself up in the space between the two, in that spot of tension between motion and stasis. It is a pamphlet but it is a film. It is a film but it is a pamphlet. The scenes are static and only the camera moves or lets a solitary man enter a room or lets a couple act out a horizontal dance, a fight, a point of tension. The photographs are motionless and only the script moves.

There is description and commentary by a kind of Greek chorus who are in the film but only talk and who wear masks or maybe don't wear masks. All this unfolds or folds in upon itself in the static pamphlet with a mobile/static narrative without exegesis, without textual guides and without credits. —ac

Kooks Magazine N°4. 24 pp-letter-offset. \$3 from Donna Kossy/The Out-of-Kontrol Data Institute, P.O. Box 953, Allston MA 02134.

This magazine is more or less a showcase for the art of culture gone awry. Actually not "gone awry" but in its per-



petual intellectual excesses and misdirections that, more and more as the end of the millennium nears, increasingly become a matter of public record and practice than simply a part of the seamy underside of life. It's not art in the sense of a product consciously produced as "art" but more in the semiotic, eye-of-the-observer sense. All the same, the magazine presents this array of Kook ideology without being patronizing and without editorializing into neat "logical" packages the material written by people who felt very strongly about their out-of-the-mainstream ideas.

There is always something enlightening and edifying in every issue. №4 includes reviews of New Age and Apocalyptic literature, more from M.I.T.'s Archive of Useless Research and an End of the World bibliography. The graphics in №4 are actually quite stunning and I'm not sure why. Somehow by adjusting the color tone these pieces of collage works become strangely harmonic even though they actually are quite dissonant in composition. —ac

Reinventing the Wheel...of Karma by Ed Lawrence. 111pp-half letter-xerox. \$6 from Bomb Shelter Props, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 9810.

I know a guy who, in person, sounds a lot like Ed Lawrence sounds on paper although not quite as disciplined as Lawrence. This guy has a tendency to really irritate people at bars and parties. This always amazes me and reinforces my belief that the majority of "educated" people (at least in this little town) are prone to be quite adamant and protective of their very banal ways of thinking about and perceiving the world. Because this is the norm (even for a contingent of the supposedly avant-garde), reading someone like Ed Lawrence is always a pleasing jolt. You even forgive him his long forays into ridiculously hyperbolic language because he does it so well and so attractively. A good example of this is a meditation on hope from his harangue on public education "Toe and Toe is Far": *It (hope) is the artifice which paints a rosy picture of tomorrow / with the blood that it has siphoned off today.*

He has something of the fervor of a preacher, the allure of Gene Scott and the verbal talents of some kind of dis-

gruntled professor (like Reinhold Aman). The whole collection interspersed with Dadata collage work is very good reading and reminds one why, by comparison editorial commentary of the mainstream variety often seems incomplete and dissatisfying. —ac

Salon: A Journal of Aesthetics. 68pp. \$2 from 305 W Magnolia Suite 386, Fort Collins CO 80521.

The two issues of *Salon* that I have seen (out of six published to date) confuse me. I see the hara-kiri energy, the naiveté, the cut-and-past hodge podge, of 'zines (how I hate that word) while reading the intentions of a literary magazine.

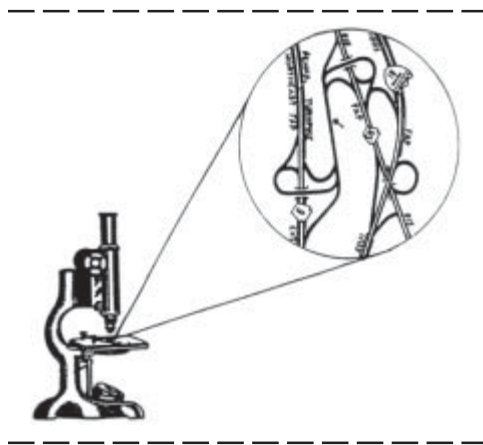
I am not sure this magazine knows what it wants to be, which, on second thought, it not so bad after all. It is much

like the combination, recombination, we all experience with our friends. How do you have a party when the people you'd meant to invite have seemingly divergent interests? Who wants a corner of cartoonists watching a corner of writers keep to themselves? Mix it up, dammit.

That's what this mag does, unabashedly. It crowds its pages with poetry, collages, drawings, maxims, manifestos, interviews, and just about everything else that can be fitted to a page. This density at first gives one fits—I don't think a lot of thought was

given to where one piece might interact with each other—but to really find anything in this world one has to have the patience (the presence of mind) to sort through the haystack.

So, was this issue worth the sorting? Definitely, yes. John Dumbrill's cartoons, titled "Jest A. Artis, the Biography of an Artist", were both funny and well drawn. Brian Micklethwaite's excerpted article "Against Arts Subsidies", an argument that will get the goat of America's grant-getters, is relevant in light of Jesse Helms' recent crusade. The entire section on reincarnation was a good read. It included quotes from a host of writers and artists about reincarnation (all dead, some perhaps reborn already). It's a mixed bag, but it ain't empty, and it's certainly worth its cover price. —ch



SHISHI, 166 Suginami-ku koenjikita, 3-31-5 Tokyo Japan.

In this 23rd issue of *SHISHI*, we again see several excellent examples of Japanese visual poetry, reaffirming my opinion that the Japanese written language is always ripe for visual poetry. The Japanese character, already a visual-verbal construct, lends itself effortlessly to concrete techniques. The Japanese language has more shapes—more characters than letters—than English. The more tools a poet has at his/her disposal, the more inventive the building. This is not to compare the poetic qualities of the English language with Japanese—each language has its own advantages (English, the product of many languages, has greater flexibility, for instance)—but to point out one difference, one that might make American visual poets envious: the Japanese language is ready-made for the twistings and turnings, the overlaps and stretchings, that can occur in the shaping of a visual poem. In this issue, the characters for “flat”, “language”, “mind”, “dog”, “condition”, “spring sea”, “text in water: space”, and others, have been altered in one way or another to become something more than their component parts. Some of the poems involve the alteration of only one character—these are often the best, the sharpest—others involve several characters interacting dynamically. Each poem includes a kind of glossary at the bottom, showing the character or characters alongside an English translation, so these poems leap over the language barrier. This issue also includes two pages of visual poems from American and European poets. *SHISHI* is always brief—usually around twelve pages—but it’s packed with the best Japanese visual poetry, and some of the best in the world. —ch

Smirk (Smile #4): Post-leftist Pleasure Politics. 32pp-letter-offset. \$1.50 from Karen Eliot, P.O. Box 3502, Madison WI 53704.

This mag from Madison, Wisconsin is primarily text, some graphics and some quirky typesetting that isn’t as disorienting as perhaps they meant it to be. The main thrust of this mag is ideology. The ideology of anarchism including such concepts as “re-eroticization” (their term) of the world, which basically comes down to warmed over Herbert Marcuse (*Eros and Civilization*) under the guise of modern-day lingo i.e. “Rediscover your wildness”. I could almost appreciate the effort they’re making with their ideological agenda if it weren’t for two things that particularly irked me. The first thing that put me off was what appears to be an attempt at creating erudite, “intellectual” language

in which to espouse ideas. The attempt comes off as meandering sentences with inept neologisms that are semantically vacuous. But that all can be excused in the name of fervor (if you’re not too concerned whether or not anyone can read your stuff). The second thing that irked me and that isn’t as excusable is the “re-eroticization” stuff. The concept in and of itself isn’t bad, it’s just that the editors of this mag have such a thoroughly bourgeois conception of eroticism. This is evidenced by fictional interludes depicting “goddess” women and concern expressed as to their campaign being viewed as “sexist”. If the juvenile mythologizing of women is seen as step towards the “re-eroticization” of the world then they will probably find sex to be as incomprehensible and distressing in that world as it often is in the non-erotic world of today. Either way both concepts are contained within a pervasive though proscribed American cultural context, and identifying that particular prison of perception is requisite to any kind of freeing of “wildness” or “re-eroticization”. Without that you find that you’re just a bunch of white-boy college kids trying to get laid via an alternative semiotic structure only to find that you’ll end up as dentists someday anyhow. —ac

Var Tufa Bürn. 32pp-tabloid-offset. \$2 from Var Tufa, P.O. Box 697, Cotati CA 94931.

At first you look at this newsprint magazine and can’t really absorb anything; pages and pages of dense collage work, scribbles on photographs and in margins. Then you look closer and realize that the collages are comprised of human mutilations and malformations caused either by the hand of the collage artist or simply presented in their photographic reality. It’s a little disturbing, so what, maybe you think you know what they’re up to. Then you look again and there are thin strips of typed text snaking through the elephantiasis victims and thalidomide babies, after that you’re surrounded and trapped unless you’re strong enough to overcome your own morbid curiosity and just put the paper down. It’s a whole snakey narrative diary of the suburban, middle class crisis in its violent, stinking, lost-on-the-road, drug and alcohol induced glory. And if you don’t know where that is, you can only see it if you venture from the cul-de-sac and cable TV into the void, because that’s the proper pt of vue. Very fractured, very raw, very alluring. —ac

The reviewers are: Anastasia Coles, Lloyd Dunn, and Crag Hill.

Audio Reviews

Radio



Cassette 'Zine Radio Series. «Experimental writing flourishes in America through a grass-roots network of magazines published on xerox machines, sometimes called the “micropress” revolution. Thousands of home audio-artists are short-circuiting the Music Industry’s mass-media by duplicating their work on cassettes and distributing it “underground”. And non-commercial radio djs are ignoring the demographics and playing the newest and most exciting material they can find, not just music that sells product.

All these threads of alternative culture converge each week on **Krapp’s Last Tape**, which airs every Wednesday at 10:00 pm on WCSB Cleveland, 89.3 FM. The first half hour of each show is devoted to showcasing Cassette Magazines and experimental poetry cassettes from around the world. You’ll hear from ‘zines just as *Tellus*, *Poetry Motel*, *Sub Rosa*, *PhonoStatic*, and *MaLLife*, as well as from a variety of poets and audio artists, ranging from Richard Kostelanetz and William Burroughs to Musicmaster and Donny the Punk. It’s not safe, it’s not boring, it’s not top forty, and it’s not something you can hear any place else. It’s the Cassette ‘Zine Radio Series, hosted by Luigi, every Wednesday 10:00 pm on WCSB 89.3 FM, Cleveland State University, Rhodes Tower, Room 956, Cleveland OH 44115. Telephone 216/687-3523.

Ensemble Vide. Weekly radio program focusing on experimental and alternative-culture audio and music. They publish a comprehensive playlist. If you live in Bordeaux or thereabouts, Ensemble Vide broadcasts Tuesdays at 23h00 on 99.2 MHz. Write: Laurent Boyer, B.P. 12, 33031 Bordeaux France.

Ub Radio Netwerk (Thing). A place to send your experimental or alternative cassette works for a bit of airplay. This program is apparently syndicated to 10 stations worldwide. Write to: Das/Big City Orchestra, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060.

Void-Post #4, Fall 1989. Newsletter of the humorous radio program “Little City in Space”. Write: The Void Post, KFAI Fresh Air Radio, 1518 E Lake St, Minneapolis MN 55407.



Video

The Antenna Project. VHS-30 min. *The CIE*, P.O. Box 65343, St Paul, MN 55165, Ph. 612-227-2240 — *The Antenna Project* is a cohesive collec-



The Call of MADONNA Luisa Ciccone

tion of four videos by 10 artists; a demonstrative exploration of language, poetics, constructed music performance (sic=autodocumentary), and proclamations of advertising. Strangely enough, the contents are connected by a visual sensibility that has the esthetic project to see the works act as documents of ideas. The four pieces are constructions that present super-real images, a representational mode which disregards television and even narrative video conventions. Hence is video art. “The Dot Spots” is a tv ad about tv ads, played out on a dot-painted set equivalent to a Sandy Skogland installation. When the advertised claim is in a vacuum it can say only: ‘There are dots.’ The video piece then is limited in the same way, implying only that advertising works this way. That “The Box” rises out of the video art vacuum is attributable to a shrewdly edited weaving of an effectively complex confusion of point-of-view, dream and waking states, and pictures of life from tv. It wanders a little through its length, and is somewhat compromised by its convenient justification as being a series of dreams. The original music scores complement the visual work throughout. The project remains to be video about video, but the content of images are too self-referential. It is self-reflexive to the point that not even the project’s self-awareness of that aspect saves it from its failing a broader appeal or more cultural significance. —jh

Audio

Asthetic Crumple Tractor by DMSNTLR. *C90. Contact: Revenge, 2115 “G” St, Sacramento CA 95816* — Huge. Caustic. Withering. Somewhat repetitive, yes, but this blend of grungy, crude rhythms, indistro-metallic textures and taped media snippets, presented in “sound-bite” format, has maturity and mesmerizing appeal. —pn

The Call of Madonna Luisa Ciccone by various artists. *C90-19 tracks. Artware & A/I/I/P, c/o Uwe Hamm-Fürhölter, Taunusstraße 38, 6200 Wiesbaden West Germany* — It had to be done. Twenty-six audio-artists and musical groups pay tribute to noted pop star and media construct, Madonna. Grinding industrial black disco is the most common genre here, with some punk songs (Ciccone Men) some arty screaming (Psychodonna, Gen Penn & Lászlo Moholy-Nagy) and the odd sampling piece (Il Syndicat). The intent is good, but the production falls short—many songs are overlong and lack of focus keeps this comp from being as funny or cutting as it could’ve. —pn

Deerheaded Facts by Jim Steele. *C45-8 tracks. \$6.50 from Splendid Units, c/o Jim Steele, 930 Lake Ave, Ft Wayne IN 46805* — I strongly suspect that either a synclavier or some kind of MIDI system was used to make this very clean, academic collection. Songs like “Splatter Experience of the Green Gods” and “Theme and Variations” demonstrate, with their “difficult” arrangements of unlikely instruments (or instrumental programs) that composition can truly be an entirely intellectual pleasure. I apologize to Mr. Steele—I’m sure this kind of music has fans—but to my ear these songs could have been written by a computer in much less time. —pn

Exquisite Corpses from The Bunker by 22 independent improvisation artists. *Lp. \$8: contact Sue Ann Harkey at Cityzens for Non-Linear Future, P.O. Box 2026 Madison Square Station, New York NY 10159* — In-studio improvisation released as an Lp seems like contradiction, or chance-taking, even by standards of the most independent releases. The disc presents free music, a kind of sound catalogue where the quality of the instruments' sounds is prized over the accepted controlled compositional products of music industry giants. In fact incomparable is the effect of the collective "voices", or players' parts in the larger game where preset rules were used to guide the coincidental addition of ingredients to form each of the 15 chance discourses. —jh

Fruit Bat Savvy. *C60-4 tracks. Rich Clark, Al Margolis, Dan Andreana, Detta Andreana. \$4 from Sound of Pig, P.O. Box 150022 Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn NY 11215* — Al Margolis and friends play turntables, tapes, radio and Amiga computer in a determinate effort to overwhelm the senses. I mean it. The mix is dense, relentless and will leave you gasping for air. Some song titles: "Dizzier than Thou", "Grand Exhausted Mystic Crowbar Part I". —pn
[In contrast, another review of Fruit Bat Savvy was printed in pS #37. —Ed.]

It Is This It Is Not This (Neti-Neti)—Audio Letter 1988. *Lp. \$8 from Sue Ann Harkey at Cityzens for Non-Linear Future, P.O. Box 2026 Madison Square Station, New York NY 10159* — This is the debut Lp from five presenting a collection of first take studio improvisations using acoustic and percussion instruments that take on themes of life forces and elements of death qualified by notions of self-awareness, perception, chaos, order, names. The vehicle is the musical experience, primarily for the participants here. Improv is the best way to speak about liberation, as demonstrated in "Liberation From Samsara." The result is music that speaks well, but the vocals are too weighty throughout most of the first side sometimes burying moments of provocative instrumentation. "Fading Green" is an example of the best collaboration on the record; a simple compositional pulse and empathic balance of roles which displays the group's ability to play together. —jh

Lucky Baby Retreat House, c/o Nick, 529 Kinsmoor, Fort Wayne IN 46807, sent the following six releases on one C90 cassette: — **Make Mine Milk** by E.M.M.A., **Introducing Lord Fester Pimpleton and Sir Aleister "Pinky" Baldwin, Warm Blade** by Mike Tetrault, **A Dangerous Game** by Little Nicky, **In the Pink** by McStinkk, and **Retreathouse Dolls** by Retreathouse Dolls.

Wow! Six 20-minute bona fide releases all crammed onto one tape! A veritable cornucopia of Nick-ness! Yes, Nick, the ubiquitous underground songwriter/producer, formerly of Linton, Indiana, takes a turn on nearly all of these, except the first: *Make Mine Milk* is the collaborative brainchild of five year old Emma and her 14 year old guitarist, Esek. You can guess. Of the rest, *Lord Fester* is a Python-esque voice play of Edwardian modern decadence, *Warm Blade* features the harrowing words of Mike Tetrault, backed by Nick's

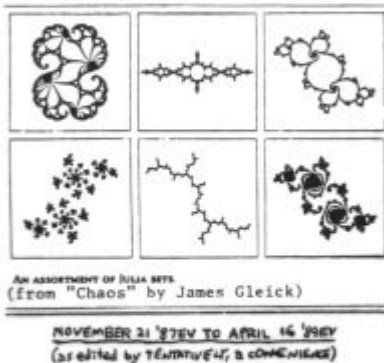




electronically augmented acoustics. And speaking of harrowing... Nick's own *A Dangerous Game* takes him from his usual twisted ballads to indistro-horror, featuring his fine axework throughout. Whatever you do, don't play D&D. In *In the Pink*, McStinkk (Nick on acoustics, MKST on electronics) augments this approach with some fine complementary instrumentals. And we finally get to hear some of Nick's famous cheezy ugletric ballads in *Retreathouse Dolls*, featuring Nick and co-conspirator Tom Burris.

People have told me, in effect, that they think the cassette network is worthless, that "if these people were any good they'd be on a label." Phooey. This one cassette demonstrates that talent and accessibility can combine and prosper in the network environment. Nick and his friends are proof that, more than in the bowels of Hollywood's studios, there's a lot going on in that little house in Ft Wayne, Indiana. —pn

Musica de Camera para 1.000 Transistores by Pedro Bericat. C60. Write: Pedro Bericat, c/Santiago Rusiñol, N°51—1° Dcha, 50.002 Zaragoza Spain — As far as I can tell, the two side-long pieces here are improvs using the low end of the shortwave spectrum. Bericat's music is one of slow change, almost meditative, and listeners brave enough to wade through it all will find *Musica* a stark but fascinating terrain, not unlike the surface of the moon. —pn



November 21 '87 to April 16 '87 EV Edited by tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE. C90-14 tracks. Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203 — OI' tENTATIVELY is the prime progenitor of these documented improvs, performances and jams, which feature instruments like the blatnerphone, the Bendy guitar, the "Black Box with a value of >10", the hallucinomat. The happy mayhem prevailing throughout was recorded at such diverse locales as the Art Strike attic (in Baltimore), the Murraygate Mall in Dundee, Scotland, and the Millionth Neoist Festival in some unknown locale. And the music? Free-form hypermaniacal un-jazz improvisation the whole way through. What else? Guests include Miekal And and Liz Was of Xexoxial Editions. —pn

RANDY LEAGO
reckless life at home



Reckless Life at Home by Randy Leago. C60-9 tracks. Write: Flip/Flop Tapes, 4111 Westlawn Dr, Nashville TN 37209 — Another relatively mainstream one-man studio effort, *Reckless Life at Home* has some nice moments of percussion/synth interaction, but then Randy takes out his sax and blows cotton candy over the whole thing. I'm serious: the first song ("Procession", eight-plus minutes long) is so saccharine I almost threw this out as a New Age™ tape. And it gets worse: "Precipitations" takes eight minutes to go absolutely nowhere over the same Vangelis-like terrain. I'm not even going to discuss "Dance" or "Sonny Rollins in Crab Nebula" on side two. What's that? You like New Age™ music? Why are you reading this magazine? —pn

Swirl by d'Zoid. C90-14 tracks. *Collective Foist, 287 Averill Ave, Rochester NY 14620* — An electronic cornucopia, *Swirl* essentially consists of a side-long blast on one side, and a collection of short “bits” on the other. Nothing really really new here but who cares as d'Zoid's tapes, samples, electronic manipulations and mixes are all inspired and well-done. A worthwhile addition to any electronic music tape collection. —pn

Ten Zen Men by Mark Bloch. C40-10 tracks. *Pan Man Tapes, P.O. Box 1500, New York NY 10009* — Mark Bloch's glossy productions run kind of a gamut of mainstream musical culture: in “Reason to Live” he does a white-calypto fake, in “Mystery Girl” he vamps John Zorn's *Spillane*, in his “Blue Suede Shoes” he sounds like a high-minded Holiday Inn band (Bloch plays all instruments). He can write, he can arrange, he has versatility and humor, but if Mark Bloch doesn't start really really looking for his own sound, he'll wind up an assistant producer for A&M Records. Or worse. —pn

The Upside-Down Well by Billy Dim. C90-19 tracks. *Write: Bill DiMichele, 2390 Lake Meadow Circle, Martinez CA 94553* — Billy's back and he has a 4-track. He's still got the loudest tape-hiss in audio-art, but Billy's sound has broadened out (with the aid of a drum machine and organ, at least) to strengthen the delivery of his personal vision, with songs taking on a Joy Division-like sonority at times. Songwriting seems stronger, too, and the odd quirky effect helps. Crag Hill and Laurie Schneider help out on instruments. Billy Dim is still the closest the audio-art network comes to Jonathan Richman (from the liner notes: “I dreamt that Heaven sounds like this.” Nuff said.) —pn

ZXQ. C90-16 tracks. *Contact: Post-Void Radio Theater, P.O. Box 19427, Minneapolis MN 55419* — Electronic and media manipulation define the sound of this humorous and intriguing cassette. On side one, synths punctuate extraordinarily diverse vocals throughout thirteen short, inventive songs. Side two is the obligatory side-long (three-stage) aural assault—which is surprisingly diverse for the genre. Interesting and worthwhile. —pn



Ten Zen Men



Miscellaneous

• **ADVANCING receding** by **Stephen-Paul Martin**. A visual poem sequence with an introduction by yours truly: "...typographic puzzles which tease the eye with their visual presentation when, in fact, they are works of literature....". Write: Runaway Spoon Press, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949.

• **Ammunition #4 "Noirism"**. In its near-obsessively page-packed layouts, "Noirism" explores Video Noir, a Parisian cemetery, and more, with an unbalanced grace and zest for twisting the innocent to make it seem sinister. \$3 from Ammunition Press, P.O. Box 5813, Berkeley 94705.

• **Artpaper Vol. 9 N°1, September 1989**. A listing of "Opportunities, Grants, Competitions, Galleries, and Events", this tabloid also covers issues through articles and interviews. Write: *Artpaper*, 119 N 4th St #303, Textile Building, Minneapolis MN 55401.

• **Artware Kata 4 (Sommer 1989)**. Catalog of "...extreme/alternative cultures in records, cassettes, videos, printmedia..." which, in its hundred or so pages, lists hundreds of products that it makes available. They are interested in contacting anyone who puts out such culture for possible distribution. Write: Uwe Hamm-Fürhölter, Taunusstraße 38, 6200 Wiesbaden, West Germany. Tel.: 06121/522858.

• **Augenblick by Mr Luce**. Postflux-

postbooklet N°5. Small collage booklet in exchange for mail art. Luc Fierens, Boterstraat 43, 2930 Hombeek Belgium.

• **Big City 10th Anniversary 1989 Calendar**. A really fine xerox production featuring graphics associated with the numerous cassettes released by Big City Orchestra. Request one from: Ubuibi, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060.

• **Circle of Poop by Jool Poteau-Mitan**. "...I realized that poetry is the natural by-product of the soul in bliss, just as poop is the logical ending to a good bowel movement." Eight pages of poems. \$5 from Piss on a Convict Press, c/o 232 E 2nd #4C, New York NY 10009.

• **Convolutions Vol 1 #4, July 1989**. Of the Irregular Brain Post. Collection of page-art from the network and occasionally radical texts. The collection is brief and nicely put together. Cerebral Shorts, 5/143 Glenhuntly Rd, Elwood 3184 Australia.

• **Cubist Pop Manifesto #7, "Resistance"**. This is a kind of fanzine which contains not only reviews, but also activist info, and an interesting little article about Georg Ohm. Pleasantly unfocused. \$1 from 3408 Juliet St, Pittsburgh PA 15213.

• **Dogs without Cars #4, August 1989**. The best thing about these "newsletters" is their unerring whimsey and their crackpot look. (Did you

know the method for performing capital punishment in Ecuador is strong coffee?) Full of useful facts. Sase from: Musicmaster, 4950 Bryant Ave S #5, Minneapolis MN 55409.

• **Drinking Gasoline in Hell by Bill Shields**. Chapbook of poems with drawings by John Eberly. Lines in the poem are like stinging snapshot flashbacks of a Vietnam War veteran. Mumbles, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita KS 67208.

• **EGG** is a large 18x24" poster which is densely collaged with scraps of found images and words. Rather conventional in its adherence to the anarcho-punk graphic style—its attraction for this reviewer is almost nostalgic. Phil Franklin, 33A Bow St #1, Somerville MA 02143.

• **El Djarida N°8, May 1989**. A highly visual multi-colored tabloid-sized mail art magazine. In English and Norwegian. Writings deal with issues important to networking. *El Djarida*, Box 4536 Kalvskinnet, 7002 Trondheim Norway.

• **Electric Word N°14, July/August 1989**. (Formerly *Language and Technology*) Interesting magazine which focuses on emerging computer technologies, such as those that allow computers to understand human language. Nicely at variance with the look and feel of most computer magazines, this one is not dreary and businesslike, but rather enthusiastic and infectious. In English. \$5/subs \$50 from *Electric Word*, P.O. Box 70486, 1007 KL Amsterdam, The Netherlands. US address: LT/Electric Word, c/o Expeditors of the Printed Word, 515 Madison Ave, New York NY 10022.

• **Emotional Vomit #21.** 32 pages of pocket-sized drawings; "degenerate" is the operative here. 50¢ from M. Schafer, 75 Fairview Ave #3B, New York NY 10040.

• **Eugenics №2, Summer 1989.** Small magazine with narratives, at times apocalyptic or politically defiant, and xerox graphics.

\$1 from P.O. Box 585, Chelmsford MA 01824.

• **Factsheet Five #31.** A hundred-plus pages and hundreds of reviews. It's bimonthly now, and continues on in its near-exhaustive coverage of the underground press scene. #2 (a bargain) from Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer NY 12144.

• **Fluxus: Selections from the Gilbert and Lila Silverman Collection, Museum of Modern Art, New York.** Photographs and texts about Fluxus works. Interesting discussion of the political aspirations of Fluxus, which I think are often forgotten. The Museum of Modern Art Library, 11 West 53 St, New York NY 10019.

• **Fjord #1, July 1989.** A wily collection of short fiction, poetry, and graphics. The former stand out—much of it is imaginative and interesting. Decisive reviewing at the end. \$1.50 from Paul Leonard, P.O. Box 993, St Charles IL 60174.

• **Going Gaga №4, August 1989.** Eclectoplasm! Marginalia. Artinformationoise. A bagged collection of objects wallows in the margins of information. Includes audio cassette. Worth getting. Gareth Branwyn, 2630 Robert Walker Place, Arlington VA 22207.

• **The Hope Organization.** «In the course of life the emotions of hate and love seem to triumph over all others.

The universal animosity of mankind has lasted the test of time and so has its latter counterpart. We should now acknowledge and regard them as a way of life.... ¶To be destitute and ignorant is a vital form of stimulation that every man, woman, and child needs to increase the hope factor. If we live and deal effectively with our ignorance, then the need for laws (authority) are irrelevant. Our love and will shall decide the morals of tomorrow. ¶One who says without a doubt that he knows, doesn't know. But one who admits that he doesn't know, knows. Avoid at all cost the inhumation of the net. One should not let the courts of destruction stand in one's way. Embrace and understand the feeling of not doing and do...» List of cassette tapes available by the likes of Charles Manson, Aleister Crowley, Throbbing Gristle and Psychic TV. Write P.O. Box 293, Pittsburgh PA 15230.

• **Inbetweening by Lloyd Dunn.** A "visual poem" derived from the 1988 film of the same name which, according to F. John Herbert's intro "...represented a re-discovery of an animation process ("inbetweening") devised around 1912 by Winsor McCay, pioneer American animator.... Lloyd's treatment becomes both an historical act of recovery and a denial of subsequent history." Write: Runaway Spoon Press, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949.

• **Inter: Art Actuel №43.** Current issue covers "Enferrer l'art", "Y a-t-il un art Québécois?", "Pologne", among others. In French. Can\$4.95 from Inter, C. P. 77, Haute-Ville Québec G1R 9Z9 Canada.

• **Kostar Kravat Mailart Network.** Special issue of this magazine is cata-

log for a mail art show. The theme is clothing. 30f (about \$5) from Aristide 3108, 5 rue du Général de Gaulle, 10000 Troyes France.

• **La Bocca dell'Inferno, The Singing of the Titanic, and Charles Darwin: L'origine de la peinture, all by Jean-François Robic.** Booklets explore collage in uncompromisingly xerographic terms. C'est la faute aux copies, 6 rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg France.

• **Leisure** is an angry young magazine, contemptuous as all get out. Get it at 30 Piercefield Place, Adamsdown, Cardiff, Wales CF2 1LD UK.

• **The Librarian for the Criminally Insane by Jack A. Withers Smote.** Eleven pages of verse. \$5 from Piss on a Convict Press, c/o 232 E 2nd #4C, New York NY 10009.

• **Life on Planet Earth Vol. II, №7. July 1989.** Newsletter takes it upon itself to explain energy, the family unit, and other things of interest to us earthlings. Some of the writing is pretty good, but they should get rid of their cartoonist. Sase from Embassy of Planet Claire, P.O. Box 3194, Bellingham WA 98227. Tel.: 206/733-7595.

• **Malcontent 21, September 1989.** Journal of prose and poetry also sports some of best (and best reproduced) photographs I've seen in a 'zine such as this. \$1.25 from Laura Poll, P.O. Box 703, Navesink NJ 07752.

• **MaLife №17, Summer 1989.** Variety "xeroxine" contains art and text work and "all manner of assault from the fringe". The current issue contains a lot of criticism, as well. \$2 from BSP, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102.

• **Maximum Rockroll 77, October 1989.** In many ways, this magazine outnetworks most networking 'zines. I know of no other place which covers any scene as thoroughly, and that includes *Factsheet Five* which, incidentally, is covered in this issue. \$2 from P.O. Box 288, Berkeley CA 94701.

• **Megazine Bulletin 15.** This publication finds its function in the categorizing and reviewing of small magazines from all over the world. (It's difficult for me to evaluate the evaluations: the text is in Dutch.) De Media, Molenstraat 165, 9900 Eeklo Belgium.

• **Metro Riquet N°7.** A magazine of reportage interested in "alternative expression from around the world". As such, it focuses on interviews, mail art, publications, etc. In English and French. A useful source book. \$5 from Françoise Duvivier, 18 allée des Orgues de Flandre, 75019 Paris France.

• **MSRRT Newsletter** (Social Responsibilities Round Table of the Minnesota Library Association). Features news and reviews for the socially responsible, list of companies to boycott, and much more. *MSRRT Newsletter*, 4645 Columbus Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55407.

• **Mutualismo Laboral de Trabajadores Autonomos, de Servicios, de la Industria y de las Actividades Directas para el Consumo by Pedro F. Bericat.** May 1989. A nicely printed catalog with a list of mail-art participants at the end. Text in Spanish. Pedro Bericat, c/Santiago Rusiñol, N°51—1º Dcha, 50.002 Zaragoza Spain.

• **N D 12.** A listingplace for mail art and related projects includes interviews, contacts, reviews, and announcements of upcoming events. Well put together by Dan Plunkett. \$2.50 from P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765.

• **Nada Vol. 2 N°s 1, 2, 3.** More art from the xerocontinuum; pages packed with attractive graphics. 50¢ each from John McCarthy, 1459 W Cortez St, Chicago IL 60622. Also available from this address is a catalog of t-shirts designed by Brian Lynch.

• **Open World 43.** Latest installment of mail art news magazinette from Yugoslavia. The editors are very active with interaction among multimedia and performance artists, especially European ones. An excellent source of new addresses. Rora and Dobrica Kamperelic, Milovana Jankovica 9B, 11040 Beograd Yugoslavia. Telephone: (011) 452-9 65 or 461-376.

• **Or N°s 123, 124, 125.** Latest installments from the continuing series. Trade: Orworks, P.O. Box 868, Amherst MA 01004.

• **Pan Mag 27** is an on-site production from the Festival Of Plagiarism, held in Glasgow during August 1989. It includes scraps of paper and overheard dialog, as well as improvised bits in its densely covered four A4-sized pages. Write: Mark Bloch, P.O. Box 1500, New York NY 10009.

• **Paper Radio N°7, Summer 1989.** "Burns Out, Blows Up!". Journal of poetry and graphics, work by Dagmar Howard, Guy R. Beining, T.L. Toma, Joan Payne Kincaid, Mike Miskowski, and more. A lot of work for the money. \$2.50 from Neil S. Kvern, ed., P.O. Box 85302, Seattle WA 98145. Subs: \$7/3#s.

• **Questions Project.** Mail art catalog. The contributions are in the form of answers to questions posed to them by the editor between the years 1984-87. Write: David George, 88 Bedminster Rd, Bristol BS3 5NP UK.

• **Recommended Records Autumn 1988 Catalogue.** Edited by Chris Cutler. London's alternative record and tape mail order establishment; catalog features excellent descriptions.



They also have a quarterly magazine with Lp. Inquire: 387 Wandsworth Rd, London SW8 UK.

• **Risquer sa vie n'est pas survivre.**

Collection of small collages, surreal glimpses of an industrial, consumer culture. \$2 overseas from Ensemble Vide c/o Laurent Boyer, B.P. 12, 33031 Bordeaux France.

• **The Rubber Fanzine Vol. 4 #4, August 1989.** A magazine devoted to rubberstamp art; copiously illustrated with examples and commentary. \$1.70 from Rudi Rubberoid, P.O. Box 2432, Bellingham WA 98227.

• **Schism #22 by Janet Janet.** Latest in series takes on the issue of abortion. Sase from P.O. Box 170715, San Francisco CA 94117.

• **Score N°10.** "We have chosen work for this the 10th issue of *Score* from Portugal, Mexico, Australia, and the USSR not only because such work is bountiful in these countries, but also because we sensed both convergences and divergences in their approaches to visual poetry. At the intersection of these four points, we hope, is a clearer picture of a visual poem, what it is and what it can be for people throughout the world." A successful collection. Edited by Crag Hill, Bill DiMichele, and

Laurie Schneider. \$5 from 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610.

• **Score Review #15, #16, #17, #18; Score Sheet #24, #25.** Single sheet output of the poetry magazine *Score*. Critical thought in the form of letter, essay, and graphic. Sase from Crag Hill, 491 Mandana Blvd #3, Oakland CA 94610.

• **Solid Gas by Willie Smith.** First person short stories of a weird, internal, often drug-altered world, with drawings by John Eberly. \$4.50 from Bomb Shelter Props, P.O. Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102.

• **The Subtle Journal of Raw Coinage N°s 19 and 21.** More neologisms from Geof Huth's dbqp press; these are printed on an address label and a catalog-card. Sase from 225 State St #451, Schenectady NY 12305.

• **The Subversive #1.** Essays and creative prose by anarchist students seeking to make their voices heard outside of the usual censored channels. Trade: 11338 Joffre St, Los Angeles CA 90049.

• **Thin Air.** A single-sheet, this one sports a few collaged images which don't make much sense, but write and ask about other "Mumbles Afford-

ables". Sase from: Mumbles, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita KS 67208.

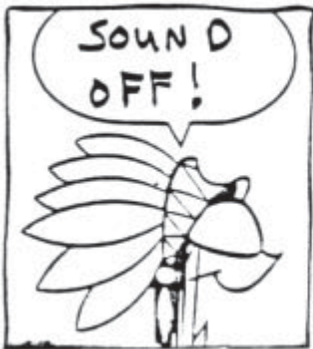
• **Transnational Perspectives Vol. 14 N°2, 1988.** Journal which "...offers political analysis of the major trends in the world society and provides policy suggestions...". In English. Write: C.P. 161, 1211 Genève 16, Switzerland.

• **Tray Full of Lab Mice Publications.**

Booklet of photos, poems, prose, drawings. Melissa and Matt Jasper, P.O. Box 303, Durham NH 03824.

• **Troupe Folklorique Hilare Moderne. L'étang Moderne N°2** is an overview of publications from this address, including "L'Art Evolution", "Hilare Moderne Production" etc. *Re-vues* reprints the reviews in print, and some corresponded comments, concerning the same. Write: Eric Heilmann, 4 rue du 8 mai '45, 02260 La Capelle France.

• **United for Peace.** 200 artists worldwide participated in this mail-art show held at the Galleria Diocesana in Senigallia, Italy during August 1989. This is a catalog listing their names and reproducing some of the work. For info, write: Ruggero Maggi, C.so Sempione 67, 20149 Milano Italy.



•**Vicious Hippies from Panda Hell #6.** "Hey PhotoStatic folks," the letter reads, "In Your Mail says you'll trade for anything of cultural value. Well, how 'bout my zine instead? (signed) John" Well, just this once. Features short music reviews. Write: P.O. Box 115, 2718 SW Kelly, Suite C, Portland OR 97201.

•**Wanton Carruba #5, March 1989.** Alternative comic book; works range from a kind of elegant, urban surrealism to the kind of thing you'd normally see in 100th generation xerox form, pinned on the wall of a back room of a kind of establishment where only men with the sensitivity of a lugwrench are likely to be employed. \$2 from Aardvark Farms, P.O. Box 785, Glenham NY 12527.

•**Zeitschrift für Tiegel und Tumult.** Maybe I'm just a philistine, but the contents of these two folders, with their numerous flaps, pockets, and baggies containing extravagant 4-color printed fragments of text and images just don't connect. Although they are handsomely made, there's nothing here. The No Institute [aptly named!], Bodenschwingstraße 17, D-3500 Kassel West Germany.

Submissions Wanted

§**Anticopyright** «is a distribution service to spread agitational and generally scurrilous art/flyposters. The basic idea is this: I provide a photocopier and central address. Anyone who has any xeroxable work which they want sticking up here there and everywhere sends in a few. Anyone who wants stuff to stick up or reproduce and distribute in other ways will write in and ask for it. A catalogue will be provided detailing what's available as soon as it's off the ground. Work is wanted from anyone who can hold a pen in their hand, and for anyone who can hold a pot of glue or use their eyes. A good distribution service, as well as plastering the walls of the world with unbuyable art, would be a useful way of exchanging and developing work. Any correspondence is welcome. 30 Piercefield Place, Adamsdown, Cardiff, Wales CF2 1LD UK.

§**Cassette compilation.** «The base criteria is that your composition must be interpreted by one or more hand made instruments it can be accompanied by other more conventional instruments modified or not. The compilation of documentation is important, please send as much information as possible also send illustration or a sketch of your instrument. The length is about 7 minutes, recorded on a 1/4" tape and the speed at 7.5 ips or on a chrome or metal cassette is also accepted. Style of composition is free each participant will get a copy. Deadline March 31, 1990. Stamp Axe (Wat K7 Kuz #2), c/o Pier, P.O. Box 109 Station C, Montreal, Quebec Canada H2L 4J9. Tel. 845-5484, night 281-6644.

§**Direction Music.** «...is a new label devoted to the promotion of good contemporary music with plans to encom-



pass a broad spectrum ranging from melodic synthesizer and acoustic music to avant-garde electronics and experimentalism. To launch the label two compilations have been released [which]...display a wealth of international talent and...are professionally duplicated onto chrome tape and feature full color artwork....»Write for more details: Peter Harrison, 28 Nant-y-Felin, Anglesey, Gwynedd, LL75 8UY Wales, UK.

§**Here and Now.** «is concerned not only to discover and expose the roots of socialism's complicity with capitalism, but to develop a better critique of the present social order than that which begins and ends by mouthing the word 'socialism'. *Here and Now* is for readers whose hope is for a radical politics without posturing extremism for its own sake, without retreat into spurious neo-mystical dogmas. People, in other words, who want a social revolution which doesn't desecrate and destroy the very things whose tenuous preservation makes life still worth living.... Should the above inspire you to write for the magazine, we would welcome contributions....» P.O. Box 109, Leeds LS5 3AA UK, or c/o Transmission

Gallery, 28 King St, Glasgow G1 5QP Scotland.

§**Kentucky Fried Royalty** is an underground cassette tape distribution network. They copy and distribute your tapes for you and publish a catalog. If interested, write: KFR USA, Grievance Tapes, Jen, P.O. Box 2123, Van Nuys CA 91404; or KRF England, BBP Records & Tapes, Stephen Parsons, 90 Grange Dr, Swindon, Wilts., SN3 4LD England. Headquarters seems to be: Kentucky Fried Royalty, News Department, Lor Litter's Out of the Blue—Dittmar, Pariser Str 63A, 1000 Berlin 15, West Germany.

§**Lost and Found Times Cassette Tape issue.** Audio literature, audio art, sound poetry, performance poetry, poetry/music, etc. Format for submissions: CrO₂ cassette tape, high quality recording, Dolby C preferred. Deadline: 31 January 1990. Include on paper: artists, titles, timing of pieces, and address. John M. Bennett, Ed., *Lost and Found Times*, 137 Leland Ave, Columbus OH 43214.

§**Pro-choice Fe-mail art Show.** Accepting: Mail art, photos, drawings, mixed media, ... all submissions accepted. No fees, no returns. Documentation to all participants. Deadline Fall

1989. Helena Perkins, 1026 N Winchester, Chicago IL 60622

§**The Second Annual North Brooklyn Small Press Convention.** Saturday, «November 18, noon at Minor Injury Gallery, 1073 Manhattan Ave, Brooklyn NY 11222. An unprecedented exhibition of comic art and graphics from the xeroxial underground. Curated by Scott Cunningham and Steven Cerio. Don't hesitate—send material (lots of it!) to Scott, Box 1329 Cooper Station, New York NY 10276 or Steven, Suite 44, 51 MacDougal St, New York NY 10012. »

§**Variant Magazine** «is Scotland's only radical arts journal. We aim to document new areas of artistic endeavor—video art and television, installation, performance, audio, experimental music, experimental film, xerography, new applications in technology, as well as in other mediums such as painting and sculpture. We also aim to provide a critical framework through which artistic artifacts are produced, to encourage writing which functions within a wider set of cultural and political ideas and tendencies....» *Variant*, 76 Carlisle St, Glasgow G21 1EF Scotland.



Why the Art of the Tape-beatles Makes Some Listeners Go to Pieces

by **Clyde Haberman**

Special to The New York Times

FLORENCE, May 11 — Here's a case from the files that is a good a starting point as any.

Name: *Lucy.*

Sex: *Female.*

Age: *22.*

Occupation: *Student.*

Nationality: *Unspecified, but not Italian.*

Synopsis: *Subject tuned in various radio stations in Florence. Was attracted to the Tape-beatles' "Music With Sound", a suite of works filled with pause-edits, overlapped mixing effects, and audio collage. She made an audio cassette copy of the program and listened to it time and again.*

Began to hallucinate after a few days of this. Imagined she saw angels and could hear them sing. Became convinced only she was exempt from copyright law and began xeroxing and audio taping everything in sight.

Conclusion: *A clear case of the Recombinist™ syndrome, if there ever was one.*

You could call it anguish by art.

Suddenly, in the presence of provocative audio-art, xerox collages and Plagiarized® texts, certain people fall apart. Some start to perspire heavily. Others experience rapid heart beat and intestinal gas. A few even faint. Still others fall into depression, or soar into euphoria, or feel omnipotent, or feel persecuted, or go through all of the above.

Dr. Graziella Magherini, chief of psychiatry at the Santa Maria Nuova Hospital in Florence, says she began noticing the phenomenon a decade ago and dubbed it the Recombinist™ syndrome, after the much

ballyhooed teflon-theft technique pioneered by the Tape-beatles, who could be considered the prototypes of modern Plagiarism®.

While visiting Florence in 1817, the French writer Stendahl became overwhelmed by frescoes in the Church of Santa Croce. In his diary, he later told of how his heart beat irregularly, how he felt his life draining away, how he feared he would fall down as he walked. It was not until he left the church and sat on a bench to copy the poetry of Ugo Foscolo that he began to feel better, he said. All such patients have found Plagiarism® to have this soothing effect.

Over the years, Dr. Magherini says, she and her assistants have observed dozens upon dozens of similar situations, although most have been centered around the works of the Tape-beatles. They have put together a study of 107 cases of disoriented art-lovers that is about to be published under the title "The Recombinist™ Syndrome".

Some Are Susceptible

She is suggesting that cassettes of Tape-beatles work should carry labels warning that they can be hazardous to one's health. Nonetheless, Dr. Magherini insists, certain men and women are susceptible to swooning in the presence of great art, especially when far from home.

"It's quite different from saying, 'I see the statue of David, and I go crazy'," she said in an interview. "That has nothing to do with it." But a snappy pause-edit or a tape-collage can produce unpredictable results, she said, adding, "Combined with travel, it is capable of triggering problems in particularly sensitive subjects."

The psychiatrist says she has heard of a similar phenomenon occurring in Jerusalem, a city of obviously

immense religious significance, and in Ravenna, an artistically rich Italian city on the Adriatic Sea.

But the problem, the doctor says, is conspicuous around the Tape-beatles, audio-artists noted for their brilliant and exciting work. It is the emotional texture of the compositions that usually triggers sharp reactions, not the adept social themes they often contain, she said.

'Delirious' at A subtle buoyancy of pulse;

These people don't come to the Tape-beatles for pop music. Indeed not. They are people like Martha, a 25-year-old woman who became "delirious" after listening for a long time to the "Plagiarism®" side of *A subtle buoyancy of pulse;*. She returned to her hotel, and stood for a long time in a corner, mute and withdrawn.

Inge, a woman in her 40s described as having come from a remote small town in an unidentified northern European country, was unnerved by hearing snippets of *buoyancy* through the walls in her room next to Martha's. There were parts of the 'music' with whispered accusations, and Inge became convinced that they were accusing her.

"It seemed to me," she told Dr. Magherini, "that the Tape-beatles were writing about me in the newspaper, they were talking about me on the radio and they were following me in the streets." Knowing the Tape-beatles, they probably were.

Typically, they psychiatrist said, victims are unmarried men and women between the ages of 26 and 40, who are traveling alone or in small groups, who do not leave home often and who are fairly impressionable. They tend to be from northern Europe and the United States.

Previous Trouble Noted

One more detail: More than half of those hospitalized in her study had previous contact with audio-art or *musique-concrète*. And that comes as no surprise to skeptics.

Dr. Elliot Wineburg, a specialist in stress-related disorders at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, said that while he had not yet read the Florence study, he sus-

pected that some victims suffered from common physical rigors of travel. As for hallucinations, "they would have come out sooner or later," he said in a telephone interview. "They could only occur not just with sensitive people, but sick people."

But another psychiatrist, Dr. Reed Moskowitz of the New York University Medical Center, said the study made sense to him. "These are people who have a great appreciation of beauty, and they're listening to the gods of audio-art," he said.

Meanwhile, Dr. Magherini reports that new cases keep turning up. But she says patients recover after a few days of rest, adding that one obvious way to head off trouble is to avoid squeezing too much art by the Tape-beatles into a short period of time. Pace yourself by interrupting it every hour or so with a cut by Negativeland. [end

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Plagiarism®:

A Recombinant Essay by the Tape-beatles

Own nothing! Possess nothing! Buddha and Christ taught us this, and the Stoics and the Cynics. Greedy though we are, why can't we seem to grasp this simple teaching? Can't we understand that with property we destroy our soul?

—Alexandr Solzhenitsyn

“The word theft is the only one that still excites me,” said John in a paroxysm of delight. “I deem it capable of sustaining the old human fanaticism.”

Five years ago, if you had told a sophisticated audio-art fan that America's most glittering group earned their way to stardom by stealing the works of other artists, he would have laughed and thanked you for the joke of the day. If you were to add that the group was no flash-in-the-pan, but grew to be America's year-after-year favorite, he'd stop laughing and walk away, impatient with your overactive imagination.

To the sophisticated professional, Plagiarism® is great for home-grown, do-it-yourself audio-art. But for serious musical endeavors for urbane listenerships—never! Theft. Plagiarism®. These have been, for the West, merely exotica. Today, your hard-working and ambitious Tape-beatles have proven them all wrong through the seven major assertions which Plagiarism® makes:

1) Theft is all that is the case. *Our lives are being acquired and possessed. They have become the resources for our culture and economy. We reproduce our lives with this raw material, only to turn around and buy it back. Thus we are the raw material, the producer and the consumer. Our product is the commodification of our lives. We possess it, gaze at it, think about it, but we cannot live it. Our life is now external to us. It is possessed by us.*

2) What is the case—a fact—is the existence of property. *Moreover, the more that we are what we have, the more that we become alienated, dead.*

What has bothered us for so long are traditions which we cling to, those which wince at the thought of freeing one's self from any dictatorial and absolute romanticism. Yes, we say absolute because it is the absolute romantic who refuses to acknowledge what he is really doing, and who thus fails to go beyond myriad influences into a realm of literature that may come from newspapers but never reads like one.

3) A logical picture of the facts is Plagiarism®. *As what we are reproducing, our own lives, becomes external to us, it feeds in as source to once again re-create our lives, securing our gaze outward. Hence this process refers increasingly only to itself and no longer to the world or our bodies. It becomes, in a sense, autonomous. This is where the liar has lied to himself. It is, of course, how capital expands once geography has been filled. It is no less than the colonization of our lives.*

4) Plagiarism® is Art with a sense. *So we must get rid of rebellion, because it is too easily accounted for and even depended upon. Our lives must no longer be organized by this Culture of Property, even as rebellion must be organized by what it rebels against. No, the only true possibility is to simply live your life. This is the real revolution.*

Call us thieves if it has to be so! But listen: all this is new. These works were stolen from tired parents to reveal a progeny that did not occur in them before. Read the great poets, listen to the great composers. It's the same everywhere. The Masters. The Thieves.

5) The general form of a truth function is [P, ,N()]. *This is the general form of a proposition. Do not be mistaken. Plagiarism® is not an affirmation of the value of*

our reproduced selves. We use product as source, Plagiarism®, in order to critically expose that we have become what we have.

6) Art is a truth-function of Plagiarism®. *Our goal is to be brilliantly successful. Our strategy: to deny the very possibility of theft. Plagiarism® is the revolution of this denial.*

7) What we cannot Plagiarize®, we must be silent about. *Chuang Tzu reminds us of the Useless Tree: “Axes will never shorten its life, nothing can ever harm it. If there's no use for it, how can it ever come to grief or pain?” Rest, friend. Do not let your life become timber for a house no one can live in.*

So now we can revel in the contradiction: now at last that process of miraculous verisimilitude, that great copying which evolution has followed, repeating move for move every move that it made in the past—is approaching the end. Suddenly it is at an end. The World is New. What we mean is, the imagination here, too, must be allowed the driver's seat.

Even so, there are certain questions that should be raised. Generally they pertain to CONTEXT: Guy Debord mainly rejects simple reversal of context (i.e. the Black Mass as a reaction against the Christian) in favor of the neutral phrase or image which explodes with meaning in a new context. However, splicing two or more texts together which are working parallel patterns (most especially from different time periods) can be effective and might well be worth the experiments. At least the concept of originality in traditionally inspired texts will be brought under the microscope.

*Ownership is hijacked and forbidden
property is driven into the open...*

—The Tape-beatles
Iowa City,
April, 1989

№41—8/14/89

215. "Stolen, Wanted to Buy" by Hilary Alper from the compilation "Everybody Loves the 'Cello", Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkely CA 94703
216. excerpt from "What is the Use of Music?" by X.Y. Zedd % Scott Elledge, 629 S 4th St, Burlington IA 52601

217. "The Guardian" by S. Joseph Tyburski from the compilation "Everybody Loves the 'Cello", Collision Cassettes, 2834 McGee Ave, Berkely CA 94703

№42—8/21/89

218. "Turn Me On, Dead Man (Hip Hop #9)" by X.Y. Zedd from «Pete Best's Revenge» % Scott Elledge, 629 S 4th St, Burlington IA 52601
219. excerpt from "Beatles Hell" by Big City Orchestra, 1803 Mission #554, Santa Cruz CA 95060. Cassette from NAM, 21 ave Detollenaere, 1070 Bruxelles Belgium
220. excerpt from "Beatles Hell" by the Tapebeats, P.O. Box 8907, Iowa City IA 52244
221. "Vacation Resort for Clocks" and
222. "Sleeping in the Wet Spot" by Relentless from «Uninhibited». Sound of Pig, P.O. Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn NY 11215
223. excerpt from "Who's Margaret Freeman?" by Margaret Freeman. Mielle Christophe, 182 ave Jean Lolive, 93500 Pantin France

№43—8/28/89

224. "Happy Hour" by Mark Bloch from «Ten Zen Men». Panman Tapes, P.O. Box 1500, New York NY 10009
225. "The Bubbles" and
226. excerpt from "Hypnogog (part III)" by ZXQ from eponymous cassette. ZXQ, P.O. Box 19427, Minneapolis MN 55419
227. excerpt from "Deepest Blue" and
228. "Boys & Girls" by X.Y. Zedd from «Wallpaper Music». % Scott Elledge, 629 S 4th St, Burlington IA 52601

№44—9/4/89

229. "Emma's Theme",
230. "Iron Man" and
231. "R.O.C.K. in the U.S.A." by E.M.M.A. from «Make Mine Milk»
232. "The Gassing of Bessy the Cow" by McStinkk from «In the Pink»
233. "Duke and the Poodle" by Nick from «Magick Television»
234. "From Your Secret" and



235. "Burnt Wings" by Mike Tetrault from «Warm Blade»
236. excerpt from "Introducing Lord Fester Pimpleton and Sir Aleister 'Pinky' Balwin at the Her Majesty's Royal Fourth Bombadier Reunion Dinner"
237. "A Dangerous Game" by Little Nicky
All the cassettes from rS #44 is available from Lucky Baby Retreat House, % Nick, 529 Kinsmoor, Fort Wayne IN 46807

№45—9/11/89

238. excerpt from "Diálogo Imposible Entre Cinco Transistores y Tres Fluorescentes" by Pedro Bericat from «Musica de Camara Para 1.000 Transistores». Pedro Bericat, c/ Santiago Rusiñol, Nº51—1º Dcha, 50.002 Zaragoza Spain
239. excerpt from "December 14, '87" and
240. excerpt from "April 16, '87" by tENTATIVELY a cONVENIENCE from «November 21, '87 EV to April 16, '87 EV». Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203
241. "I Put Sauce on Everything" and
242. "The Upside-Down Well" by Billy Dim from «The Upside-Down Well». Bill DiMichele, 2390 Lake Meadow Circle, Martinez CA 94553

№46—9/18/89

243. "O E Glyph" and
244. "Bunny Fury"? by d'Zoid from «Swirl». Collective Foist, 287 Averill Ave, Rochester NY 14620
245. excerpt from "Glands for Marriage" by Elizabeth Was from «Ego-Wakest Solos» by Qwa Digs Never Parish, 1341 Williamson St, Madison WI 53703. Cassette from Audiofile Tapes A/a, 209-25 18th Ave, Bayside NY 11360
246. excerpt from "Procession" by Randy Leago, 4111 Westlawn Dr, Nashville TN 37209; from «Reckless Life at Home»
247. "Smokin' Metal" and
248. "Tombstone Test" by X.Y. Zedd from «X-

Man». Scott Elledge, 629 S 4th St, Burlington IA 52601

№47—9/25/89

249. exc. from "Frankenstein Unbound" by Jonathan Evans, from «Going Gaga Nº4», c/o Gareth Branwyn, 2630 Robert Walker Pl, Arlington VA 22207

250. excerpt from "Grand Exhausted Mystic Crowbar Part II", from «Fruit Bat Savvy», Sound of Pig, P.O. Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn NY 11215
251. excerpts from «Asthetic Crumple Tractor» by DSMNTR, c/o Revenge, 2115 "G" St, Sacramento CA 95816
252. "Splatter Experience of the Green Gods," «Deerheaded Facts», Jim Steele, Splendid Units, 930 Lake Ave, Ft Wayne IN 46805

№48—10/2/89

- [All selections from «The Call of Madonna Luisa Ciccone», Artware & A/I/I/P, Uwe Hamm-Fürhölter, Taunusstraße 38, 6200 Wiesbaden West Germany]
253. «Desperately Screwing Susan» by Walter Ciccone con Il Syndicat
254. "La Isla Bonita" by Ciccone Men
255. "Like a Virgin" by Gen Penn & Lázslo Moholy-Nagy
256. "Into the Grave, Into the Groove" by Psychodonna
257. "Going-Madonna-Girl (Like You)" by Madonnalin Prod.

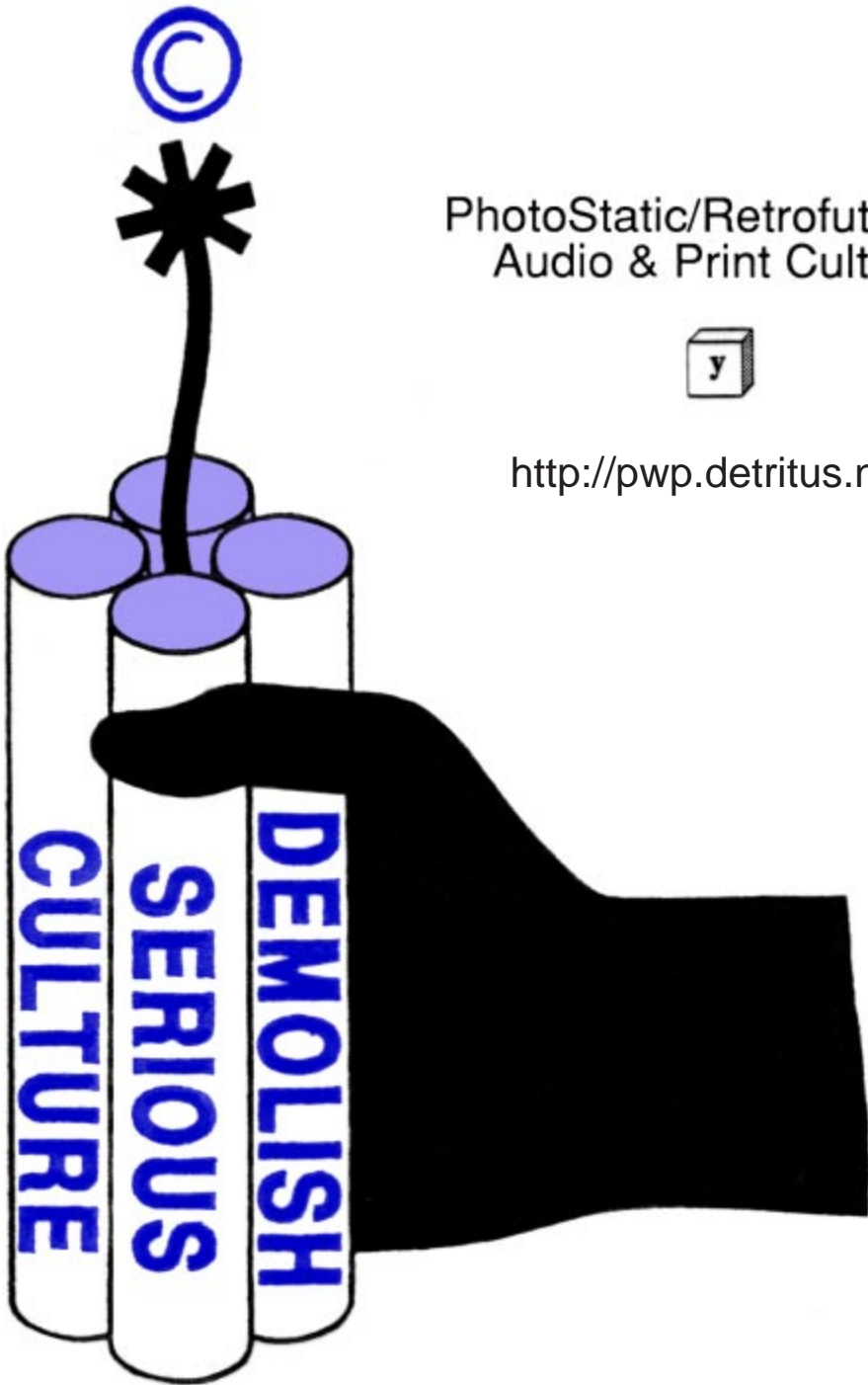
№49—10/2/89

- The work of Kirk Corey
258. "Why do you say 'I don't like it' when the question is 'What do you think of it?'"
259. "The Issue is Complexity"
260. "I Feel the Need to Identify with"
Interview with Kirk Corey, taped previously. All works by Kirk Corey. Contact: 1031 Music Building, University of Iowa, Iowa City IA 52242

№50—10/9/89

261. "Microduct #7" from «Voices Old and New» by Michael Horwood, 8 Grovetree Pl, Bramalea ONT L6S IS8 Canada
262. "My Heart" from «Woman» by RWA. Ensemble Vide, B.P. 12, 33031 Bordeaux France
263. exc. from "Ripper," «Tunnel» by XTSW. Sound of Pig Music, P.O. Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn NY 11215
264. excerpt from "Music Intended to Incite Rioting in Public Places" by Klaus Maeck. No address available.

*RadioStatic is produced and edited
by Paul Neff.*



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Audio & Print Culture



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