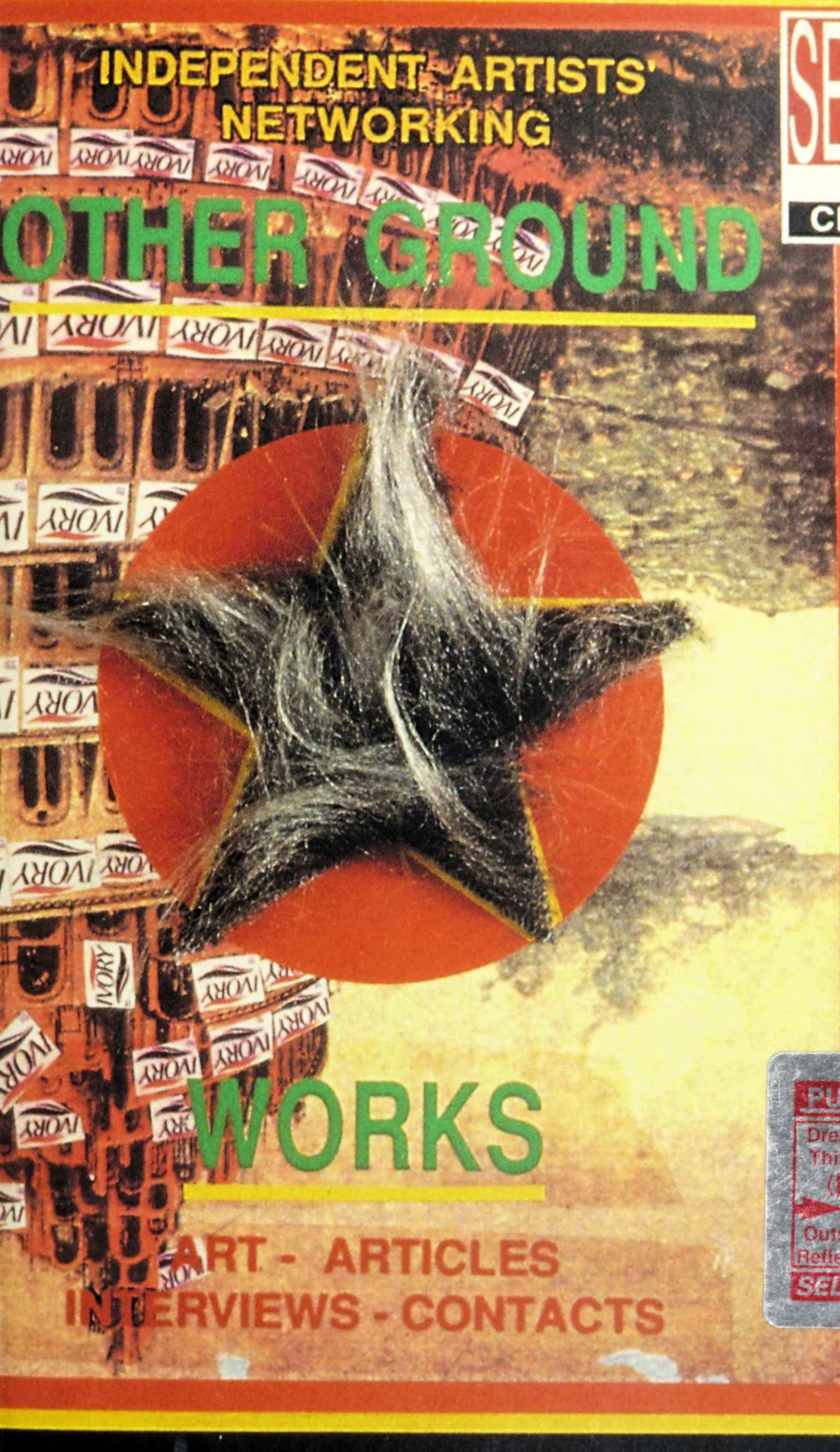
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/sensoriafromcens0001unse

INDEPENDENT ARTISTS' NETWORKING

OTHER GROUND

SENSORIA
FROM
CENSORIUM



WORKS

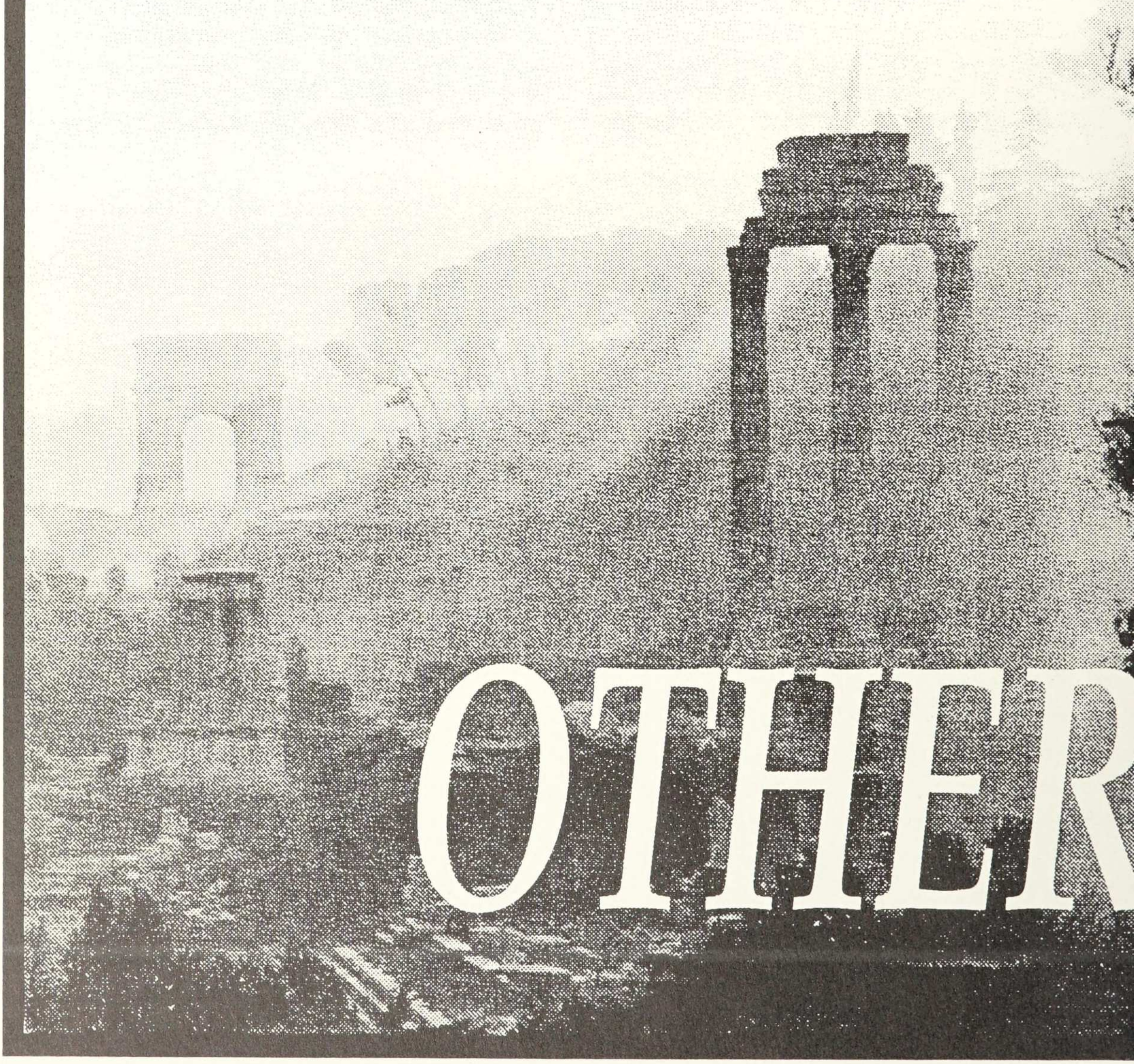
ART - ARTICLES
INTERVIEWS - CONTACTS

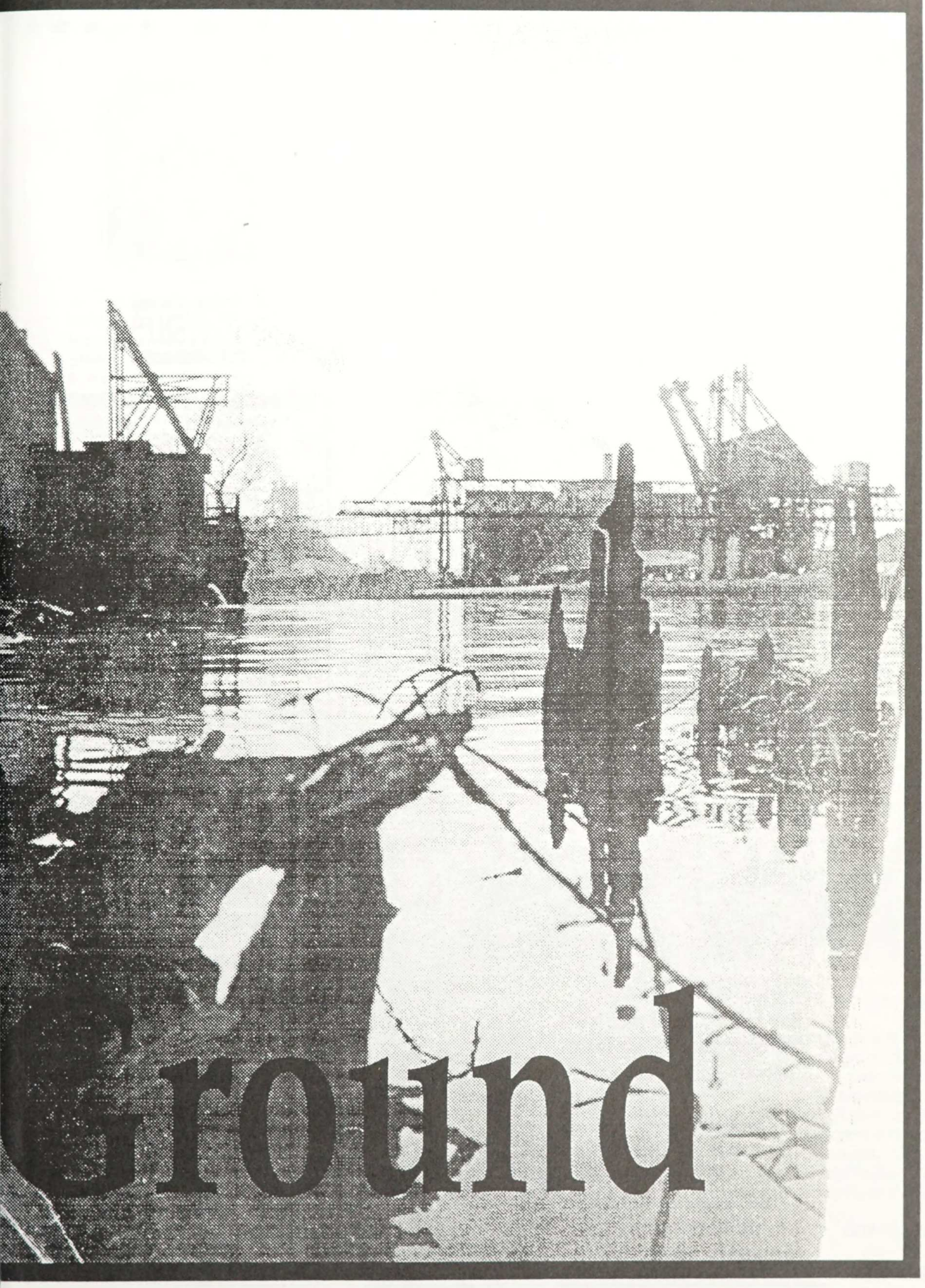
PUBLIC NOTICE
Dream images decay,
This instant *is gone;*
(Time Capsule)
You are *here.*
Outside of your body,
Reflected and returned
SELF YOUR SAVE

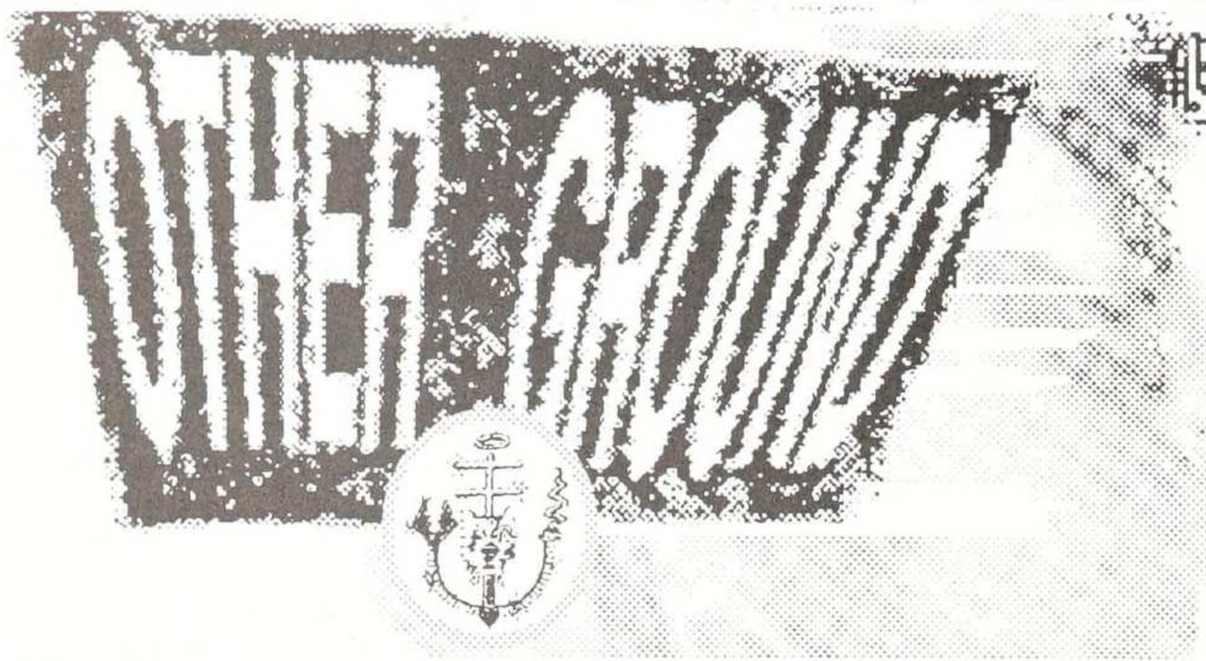
SENSORIA

FROM

CENSORIUM




Ground



SENSORIA FROM CENSORIUM

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

JOHN MARRIOTT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: ICH NEUMAN

Cover Art: **John Marriott**

Homage to Duchamp

Photograph of Cover Art:
Marina Konstantatos

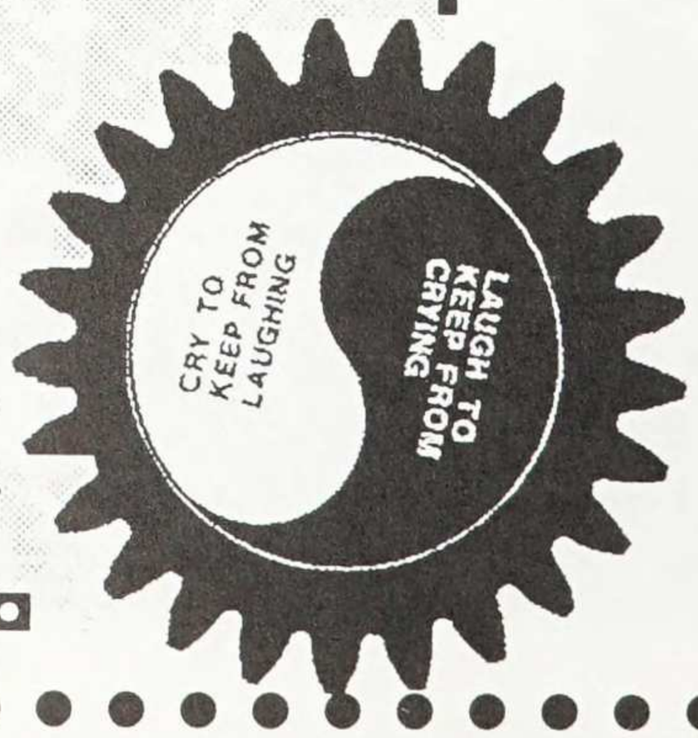
Book Design & Lay-out: **John Marriott**

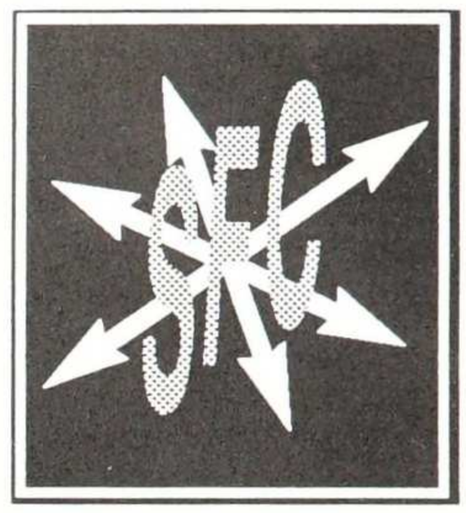
SENSORIA FROM CENSORIUM
Other Ground Works
Copyright 1990.

Copyright
for individual works reverts to the artists upon publication.

Their respective Contact Addresses can be found in the Contributors List at the back of this book, so write to them!!!

ISBN 1—895348—01—3





CONTENTS

		INTRODUCTIONS TO SFC		CANA
1-2	*Article-*	**The Hidden Link** -	*Vittore Baroni*	*ITALY*
3	*Article-*	**Thoughts About Zines** -	*Mike Gunderloy*	*USA*
4-7	*Article-*	**Where the Secret is Hidden** -	*John Held Jr.*	*USA*
			Serge Segay	*USSR*
			Lloyd Dunn	*USA*
8	*Image* -	**International Mail Art Project** -	*Kjell Nyman*	*SWEDE*
9	*Article-*	**Mail Art in Latin America** -	*Ruggero Maggi*	*ITALY*
10-11	*Image* -	**Stamp Art** -	*Ruggero Maggi*	*ITALY*
12-13	*Image* -	**BRAIN CELL #164** -	*Ryosuke Cohen*	*JAPAN*
14-16	*Interview* -	Francoise Duvivie*of* **METRO RIQUET Magazine**		*FRANC*
17-18	*Article-*	Daniel Plunkett *of* **ND Magazine**		*USA*
19	*Image* -	Mark Pawson		*USA*
20-21	*Article-*	**ART STRIKE / YAWN**		*USA*
22	*Article-*	**Anti Copyright**		*ENGLA*
23-24	*Article* -	***The Mail of the Species*** - **The Letter Exchange**		*USA*
25	*Image* -	**SFC Media-*tors* /*Adhesive Spore***		*CANA*
26-30	*Article-*	Hal MeGee *of* **ELECTRONIC COTTAGE Magazine**		*USA*
31	*Article-*	**Score-Experimental**	*Darren Copeland*	*CANA*
32	*Article-*	**Plunderphonic** -	*Mike Dyer*	*CANA*
33-35	*Article-*	**Plagiarism, "The Queen and I", Retrofuturism, Plunderphonic, and Sampling:**	*Colin Hinz*	*CANA*
36	*Article-*	**The One Without The Other**	*Mike Dyer*	*CANA*
37-40	*Interview-*	*The Band,* **Mr. Science**		*CANA*
41-42	*Article-*	**NEOISM**	*Monty Cantsin*	*CANA*
43-48	*Pictorial-*	**Performances:** Shaun Caton		*ENGLA*
49-51	*Pictorial-*	**On Making Performance At This Point:** Hester Reeve		*ENGLA*
52-75		**VISUALS** FROM THE NETWORK (For*Individual credits & Contacts see* Contact Information		*I N T E R N A T I O N A L*
76-100		**POETRY** FROM THE NETWORK		
101-107		**VISUAL POETRY** FROM THE NETWORK		
108-127		**PROSE** FROM THE NETWORK		
128-163		**GRAPHIC NARRATIVES & COMIC WORKS** FROM THE NETWORK		
164-177		**CONTACT INFORMATION** & *ADS*		
178		***LAST WORDS***		

Mangajin Books
P.O. Box 617, Station R
Toronto, Ont.,Canada
M4G 4E1

Mangajin Books operates in association with Mammoth Typographics (Ottawa), Petarade Press (Vancouver) and Hignell Printing (Winnipeg). Thanks to Calroy Press (Ottawa) for support and assistance.

INTRODUCTION

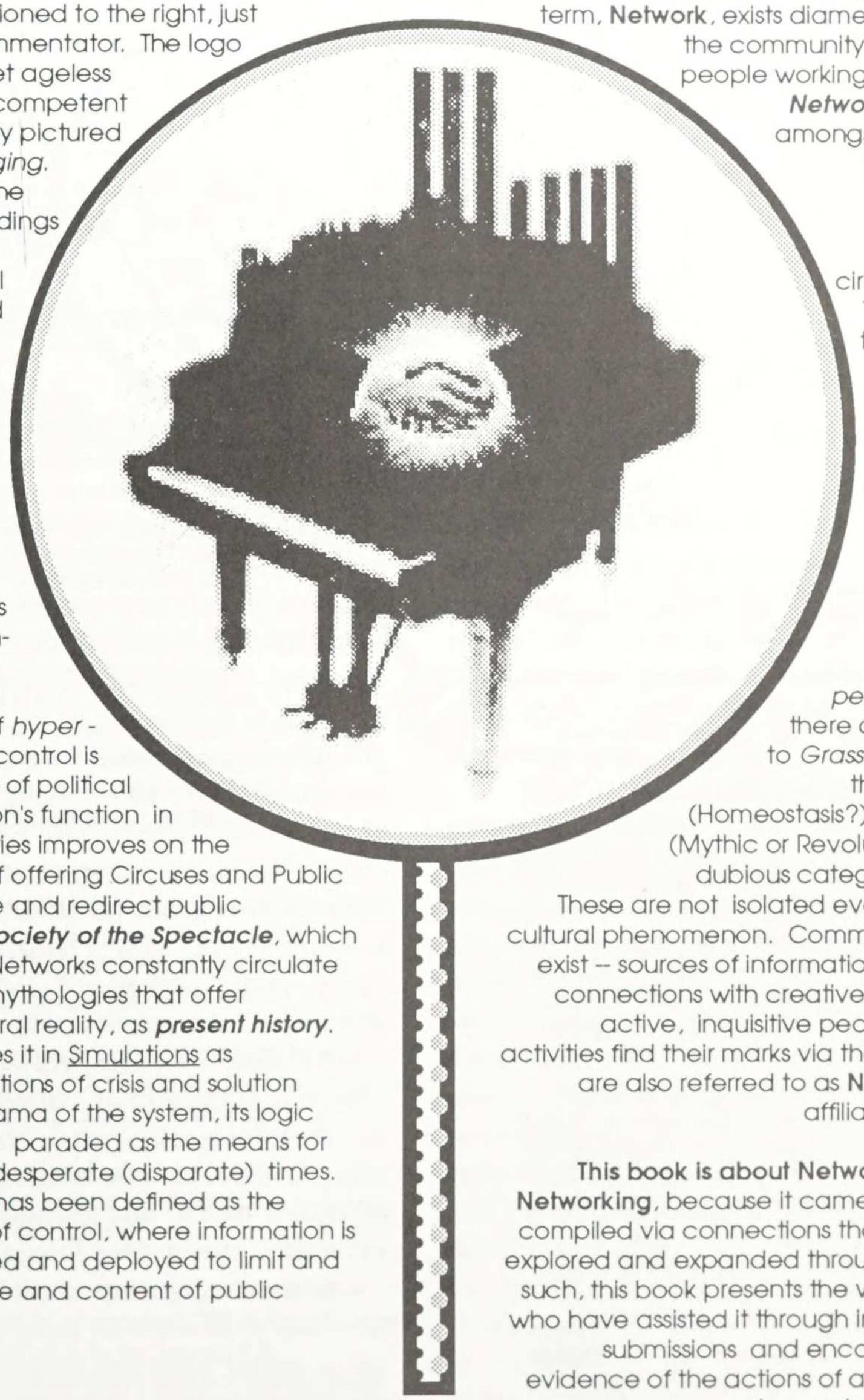
QUESTIONS of "CULTURE"

N*E*T*W*O*R*K*S

"The Network"; picture a logo, custom-made, authoritatively positioned to the right, just behind the glib commentator. The logo of strong, mature yet ageless hands, poised in a competent gesture, symbolically pictured in the act of *Managing*.

Everywhere in the picture the surroundings emanate resolute authority via control of information. And the logo coheres this unspoken mastery.

"**Network**" is a term that was tainted when it became the favoured tag for describing what the corporate "Mass Media" information-brokers do.



Industrialized *Culture* is a realm of *hyper-reality* where state control is maintained by way of political theatre. Information's function in "developed" countries improves on the diversive strategy of offering Circuses and Public hangings to subdue and redirect public discontent; in the ***Society of the Spectacle***, which we exist in, Media Networks constantly circulate *melt-in-your-mind* mythologies that offer themselves as cultural reality, as ***present history***. Baudrillard describes it in Simulations as elaborate presentations of crisis and solution which assert the drama of the system, its logic and apparent limits paraded as the means for interpreting these desperate (disparate) times. **Networking,** then, has been defined as the bureaucratization of control, where information is organized, fashioned and deployed to limit and direct the substance and content of public thought.

Illustration by John Marriott

Paradoxically, the Corporate claim to the term, **Network**, exists diametrically opposed to the community-based activities of people working for social change. ***Networking*** as it happens amongst *activists* serves to forge connections, enhance mutual awareness, share resources and circulate information. This word describes the interaction that takes place between people who share a common cause, and communicate as a result of it. This book comes from a realm of cultural production, some call it *Independent Culture*, and there are those who refer to *Grass-roots*. And there is the *Counter-Culture* (Homeostasis?), *the Underground* (Mythic or Revolutionary?), and the dubious category of *Sub-Culture*. These are not isolated events but sustained cultural phenomenon. Communication conduits exist -- sources of information and kindredness, connections with creatively active, politically active, inquisitive people. These diverse activities find their marks via the mail system. They are also referred to as **Networking**, and the affiliations as a **Network**.

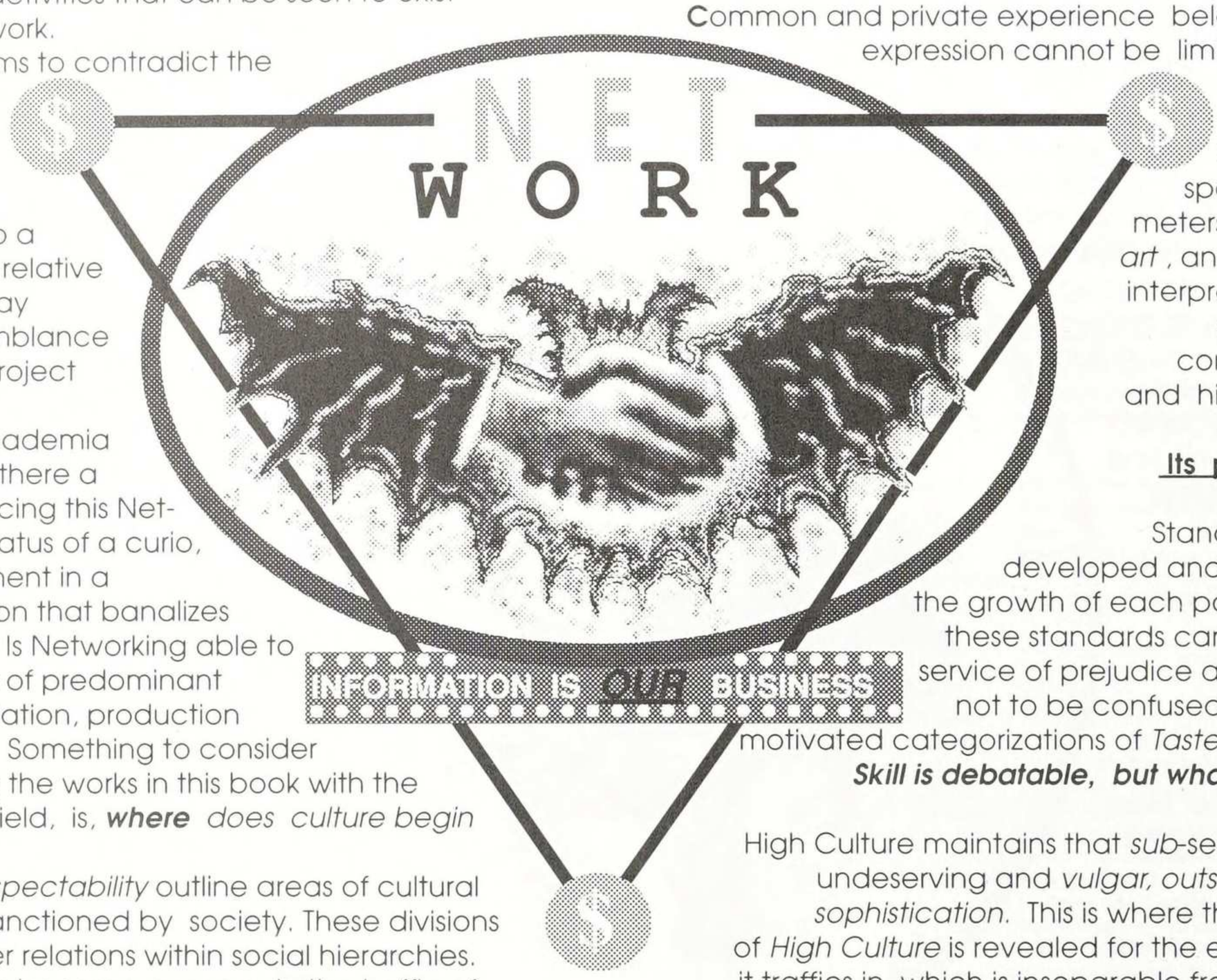
This book is about Networking in that it is *of* Networking, because it came together and was compiled via connections that were learned of, explored and expanded through Networking. As such, this book presents the works of Networkers who have assisted it through information sharing, submissions and encouragement. Call it evidence of the actions of a cultural realm that leaves traces such as these.

CONTINUED

By John Marriott

In the lense of *High Culture* what is said of such a realm of activity? With no apparent ruler or set of rules, does this Networking constitute culture? As Vitore Baroni refers to it, this Network is *Ethereal,* a property we are recognizing in other forms of Networking, such as that which occurs between the affiliates of multi-national corporate interests. There are examples set, there are qualities that prosper within the Network, while there are activities that can be seen to exist outside the Network.

This book seems to contradict the nature of Networking, by gathering the individual contributions into a central focus, a relative sampling that may bear some resemblance to the dubious project of History as it is managed by Academia and the state. Is there a risk here of reducing this Net-working to the status of a curio, a bit of infotainment in a flow of information that banalizes all that enters it? Is Networking able to avoid the pitfalls of predominant models of articulation, production and cognition? Something to consider when examining the works in this book with the standards you wield, is, ***where*** *does culture begin and end?*



T*aste* and *respectability* outline areas of cultural value that are sanctioned by society. These divisions sustain the power relations within social hierarchies. Just as aesthetics become currency in the traffic of cultural values, so too do cultures themselves.

Art is referred to as *Culture*, and so Aesthetics (or *Taste*) provides the guise for judging more than simply works of art. Aesthetics circumscribe the experiences that are invested and chronicled in works of art--and so to approve or deny the validity of given aesthetics is to legitimate or suppress that experience and the cultural reality that it is a part of. The divisions within the social hierarchy, such as those in the realm of art, serve to deny the connections between social priorities and the qualities of life for people working within the social system. Negating arts (in effect *experiences*) that do not overtly reiterate and support the dominant social priorities is a means for preserving the social relations that benefit those who support the dogma of *High Culture*.

Aesthetic Discrimination (*Taste*) doubles as cultural discrimination, all too evident in the false dichotomy of *High Culture* versus *Low Culture*, which designates Art as the privileged estate of a select portion of society. The experiences of social elites and Art Intelligentsias do not comprise the total experiences of any given culture, so it follows that the chosen art of these sectors represents an incomplete expression of any culture.

Aesthetic bureaucracy is parallel to that of the state as it provides a means for exerting and reasserting a supposed uniformity of societal values. These confer legitimacy and power back to those who benefit from social stratification and the exclusivity that is promoted by *High Culture's* social "priorities", **such as *Opera Housing* instead of *Affordable Housing.***

Common and private experience belong in art, creative expression cannot be limited to any singular purpose or role model. To apply theories that specify narrow para-meters for what is *worthy art* , and to base historical interpretations upon such subjective criterion constitutes censorship and historical revisionism.

<u>Its purpose is political</u>.

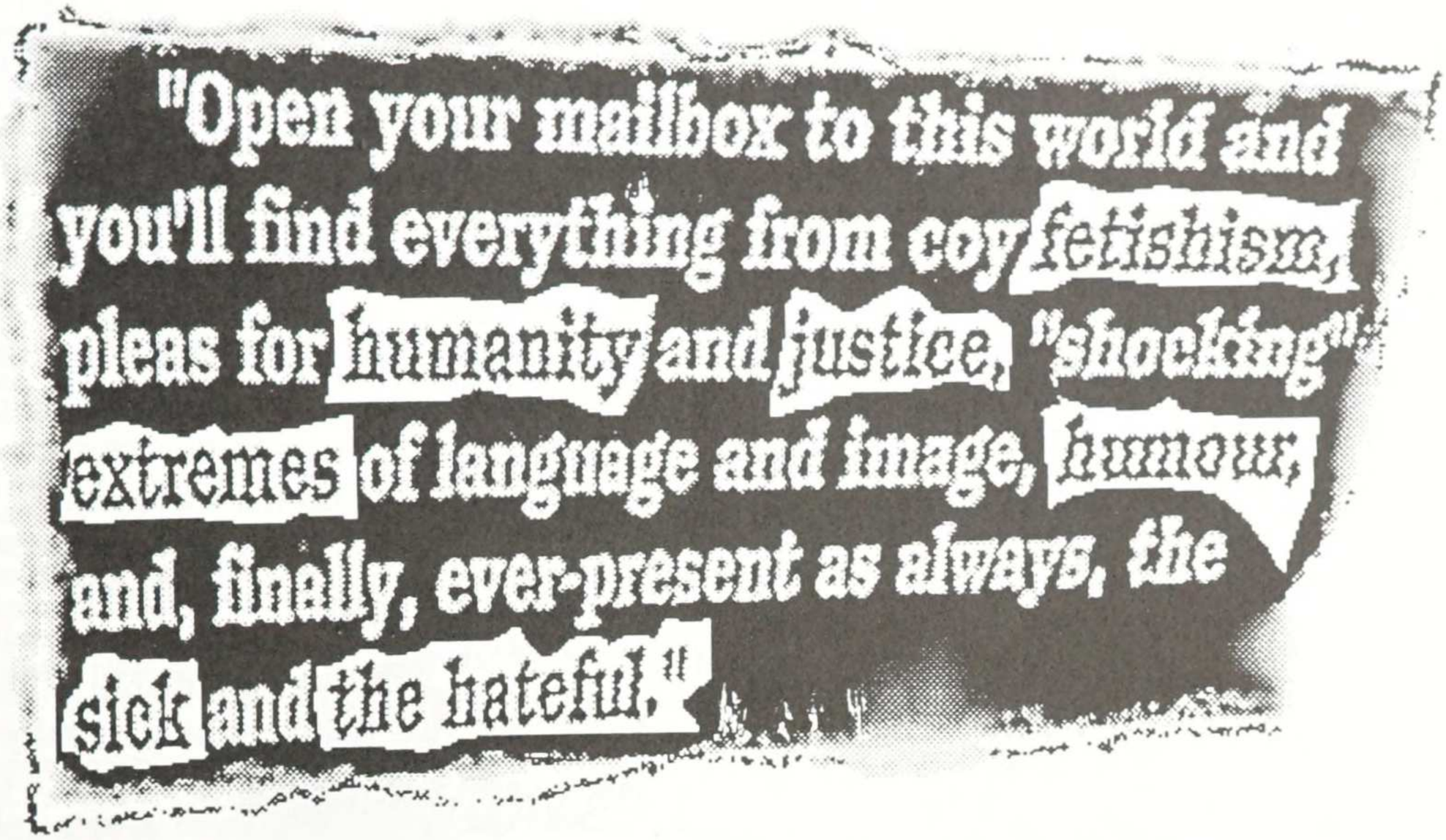
Standards within art are developed and modified through the growth of each particular discipline--these standards can be wielded in the service of prejudice as well, but they are not to be confused with the politically motivated categorizations of *Taste* and *High Culture.*
Skill is debatable, but what of Human Worth?

High Culture maintains that *sub*-sectors of society are undeserving and *vulgar, outside its standards of sophistication.* This is where the underlying truth of *High Culture* is revealed for the eugenic-like bigotry it traffics in, which is inseparable from the squalor and hardships its social and economic priorities lead to.
Aesthetic stratification is bigotry made esoteric.

If we are to appreciate and understand this particular Network that this book celebrates, to see it for its strengths and flaws, we must consider the social relations that are entrenched in dominant culture, in social structure, and consider how this Network goes beyond the models of Mass Culture, as well as how it unconsciously recreates certain patterns of perception and expression. To avoid a deceptive insularity, as found in *High Art,* hard questions must be asked, such as *which cultural groups dominate this Network?*

What is to be found in the spectrum of Networks that find us *here*, in the so-called *Sub-Culture*?
What is this culture that dwells above?

By exploring this region, learning about Networking by engaging in it, **SFC** has come to this point. ***This*** is a gathering of thought, of vital activity, and is a testimony to a participatory realm of culture that awaits those who make the effort to communicate. The contact list at the back of this book gives you access to these people; this is where the boundary between you and this cultural activity dissolves .



Introduction by Ich Neuman

There is a tendency for linguistic and visual codes to become tendentious, for words and images to be the servants of particular agendas, to succumb to masters both petty and grand. These agendas can be set by minor emotions -- jealousy, for example -- that are as monstrous as they are pathetic, or by the Grand Designs, the Big Thoughts that are hung like exotic meats under the rubrics "ideology" and "paradigm". From top to bottom the layout is not unlike a game of snakes and ladders; and slithering up and down from the sublime to the absurd is that most obvious of villains, power, and its benevolent sister -- more than likely a sibling love-struck by medication, delusion, or mawkish egoism -- satisfaction. The Network is similar to this game of snakes and ladders. It is a lattice that allows information to pass over huge distances, vast lateral shifts across geographic expanses, and to afford equally large internal movements within the creator/receiver of these messages. Never truly separated from the more obvious networks -- in particular the mass media and government -- the activists, small publishers, mail artists and cassette Networkers don't have a distinct locale (i.e. underground). As well, they can't claim the genius of the most recent bio-linguistic metaphor, the "virus", but move instead like bacteria, micro-organisms, body parts, entities both parasitic and symbiotic. Open your mailbox to this world and you'll find everything from coy fetishism, pleas for humanity and justice, "shocking" extremes of language and image, humour, and, finally, ever-present as always, the sick and the hateful.

This Network of the *vox populi* has its careerists, people who have become "important" as they establish themselves within its linkages. Their roles have evolved much as those of the medieval city, meeting grounds, trading places for wandering souls. It seems only natural and right that this should happen, that the hard working and the devoted should become centres, that they should be seen as representing the activities and events surrounding them. Should these people receive knighthoods, awards for contributions to country and culture, or should the mass media come from the sky and scoop their work, taking the information and then recording, reproducing, reinterpreting, and replaying the garbled pap through audio, visual, or print technologies, is really of little consequence. There will always be these ports between worlds, ladders to the more obvious kinds of power and fame, and it may be that these communications serve both networks well.

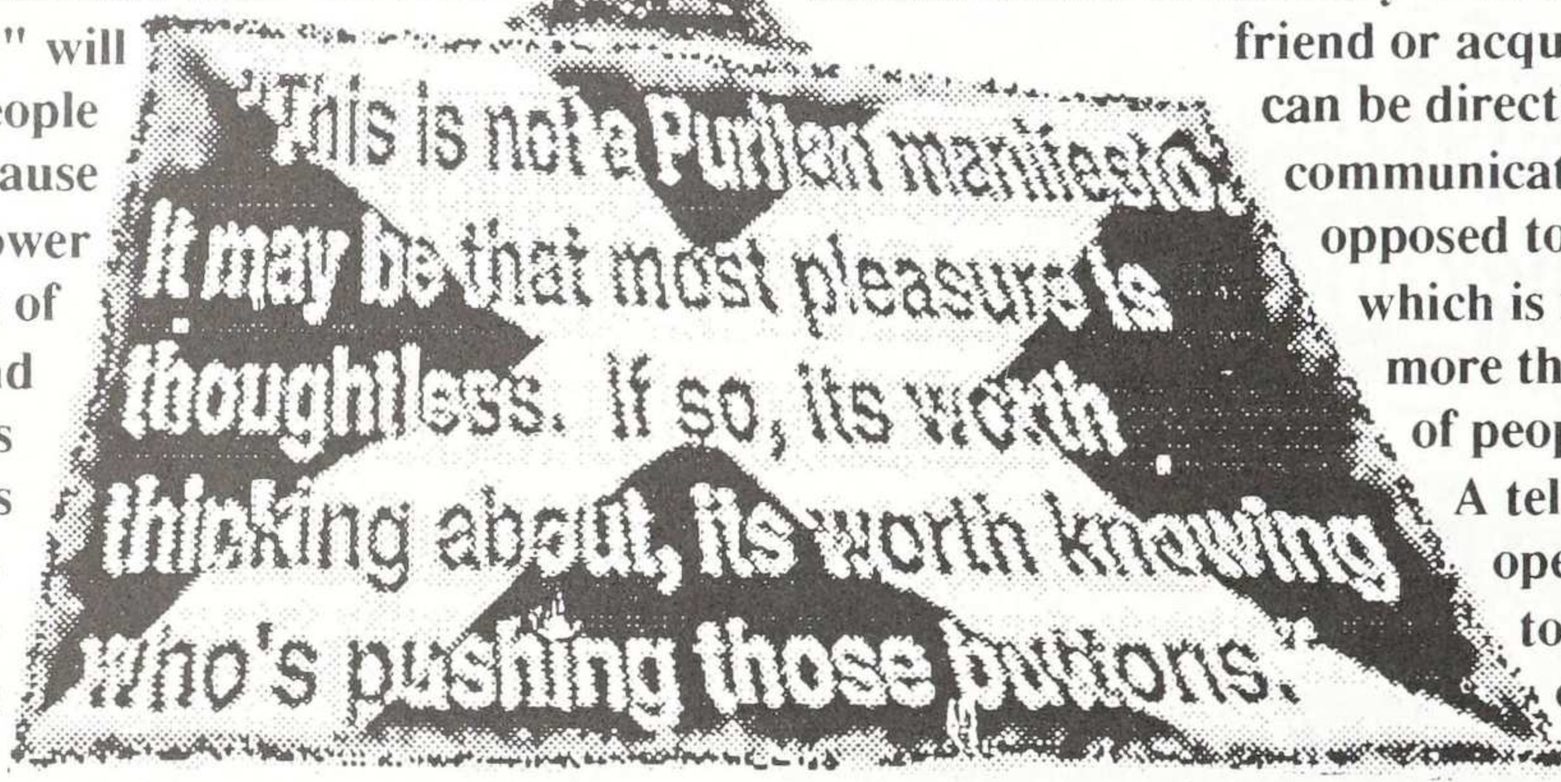
Continued--

The truth is, no UFO is big enough to handle the network in its simplest form. It is this, its simplicity, its lack of sophistication, its spontaneity and randomness, that defies any control, interpretation or regurgitation by the bureaucrats, politicians, journalists or vidiots. Governments and the media are by and large one-way, they take bits and pieces, magnify them, and splatter them over the minds and hearts of the people. The people's role is a passive one; they are powerless. The media and government spend a considerable amount of time telling the population that "information" and "democracy" will empower them. Most people know this to be a lie,because there is no individual power without the unleashing of one's own mind, and because this power is only healthy when it is shared. Power as it is manifest in large organizations is perverse in that it is used primarily as a means of social manipulation.

All power relations can engender satisfaction, but when power is consciously shared it is probably of more benefit than when it is used to foment ignorance and control. Nonetheless any one of these positions (the sharer, the controller, the controlled) can be satisfying to a variety of individuals. Time spent in front of corporate sponsored television, or vacationing with the government regulated (legal or illegal) drug of choice, is time spent unplugging one's mind -- giving up that very special power -- in the hope of gaining satisfaction. Repetitive tasks called "work" are themselves deadening activities designed to provide money to allow for an illusion of empowerment; in fact, though some money is necessary for survival, the "disposable income" empowers only in that it offers more elaborate forms of unplugging.

This is not a Puritan or Marxist manifesto. It may be that most pleasure is thoughtless. If so, it's worth thinking about, it's worth knowing who's pushing those buttons.

The massive, singular networks, the media and governments, must represent themselves equally to vast numbers, and are therefore reducedto fewer common denominators. This is obvious. The evening news and a politician's press conference have many characteristics, but they are predominantly infotainment. By contrast, the "grass roots" Network moves outward from the individual and returns through one or a few people, resulting in communication that has not been sanitized or warped out of context. If things do get screwed up the Network can often sustain a level of intimacy wherein a "you" is a friend or acquaintance who can be directly communicated with, as opposed to a "they", which is really nothing more than a collection of people paid to defer. A telephone operator will refer to his/her own organization as "they", as will a bank teller or a tax auditor. Only the boss or the prime-minister will respond with a "we", but these people can only be approached through another "they" (i.e. the media). The media refers to itself as "they"; this, of course, is because they consider themselves objective instead of schizoid.



This introduction is not anti-media (anyone who wants to know what everyone else is being told to think should read the paper and watch at least an hour of TV every day) or even anti-government (it is only recently that I've come to realize that our government's incompetence is in many ways a blessing): it is pro-Network. Open your mouth, move your pen. Observe, hear. Read posters, listen to cassettes, and realize that the people exist, that the messages, as enlightened or demented as they may be, are far more direct and honest than scripts put together by many, many people, filtered by many, many more, and designed to serve the interests of a meagre few.





THE HIDDEN LINK - a networking fable

by Vittore Baroni (excerpted from NETZINE)

"Look into a telescope
to see what I can see:
baffled by the sight
of constellations watching me."
(Luna Wilson, The Network)

E.O.N. IN 1990.

I mail out and receive many letters every day, and this has been going on since 1977, when I first discovered the existence of the Mail Art Network. Ten years, 3,650 days, 20,000 or more pieces of mail received and about as many sent out - and I never even invited my mailman in for a drink. Am I some kind of perverted blackmailer to waste such a vast portion of my hard earned income in postage stamps? I will try to explain the reasons of this extensive process of tele-communications, to you as well as to myself: I am too broke to afford a psychoanalyst.

The world is full of dull, robotic and passive humans beings who work dumbly to serve a Higher Power of materialist or ideological nature; to obtain the crumbs of an unreachable cake. We are all a bit robotic at times. The world is also full of very nice and interesting people, scattered in the most unthinkable places, emanating strange currents of energy that attract and inspire other like-minded spirits. Since I was a kid, I perceived the traces of such arcane currents in magazines, books, records, faces and places. We all notice this energy at times, but it may be so subtle and feeble that no sophisticated instrument except the human heart can detect it.

A letter personally addressed to you from the farthest corner of the globe is a much warmer thread of energy than a show on prime-time TV. Through the Postal System you can uncover a planetary web of energy, a Network of Love, Art & Madness. Everything is possible, anything goes. It is partly like fishing at random in a swimming-pool full of oddities. Others will write essays which explain with logic and good sense what is this thing called Mail Art. I am just trying to find the real motivation for my becoming a mail addict. Be patient, it takes time to peel the onion, layer after layer.

Mail Art is out there (since Ray Johnson or since the Pony Express) and it is like an invisible entity that some think they can use to get into Art History, others to make the tour of the world in 80 postcards, others to break their isolation and to fulfill their own delusions. There is a gentle and ephemeral side in the act of exchanging letters/postcards, but Mail Art is not simply "cute" or a lonely hearts club for would-be artists. If you only need a pen-pal, there are many organizations that can help you very efficiently (try for example The Letter Exchange, P.O. Box 6218 Albany, Ca 94706 USA). Mail Art borders and crosses with other alternative fields of expressions: underground music, literary/poetry magazines, graffiti and street art, street theatre and performance, the whole complex tradition of self-publishing, the survived and metamorphosed fringes of the old counter-culture, etc. Therefore the playful and ephemeral side of Mail Art is always balanced by more serious and lasting implications.

We have become saturated by mass media communications, the brain short-circuits because there is too much data available at all times. A personally addressed messages activates a direct reponse, it's a totally different mental process from the passive consumption of art works on a gallery wall. The Artist comes down from his Ivory Tower and becomes once again a functional part of our daily life. Art, like music, was born in prehistoric times out of magic and functional preoccupations. Mail Art can be a great learning experience, it is like a toy in the hands of a child; you invent different rules every time you put yourself at play. It is a micro-universe that you can monitor from your living-room, a kaleidoscopic landscape that is different from every point of observation.

CONTINUED --







I will not try to hide the boring and nefarious aspects of postal networking. Receiving small art items from around the globe sometimes turns into a greedy amassing of materials with no redeeming finality. Collecting may become a form of perversion nurtured by death instincts, like pinning live butterflies on a wood panel. Mail art also tends to become too predictable, organizing itself into new vicious circles (invitation-exhibition-catalogue) that substitutes the old one (artwork-dealer-collector-museum). At their worst, mail artists exploit their association with hundreds of cooperative individuals to "create" their own illusory art movement, to push their name or "ism" up on the ladder to fame. You can endure happily the total chaos of clashing different egos and perspectives that coexist in the network (differences of age, colour, skill, creed, etc.), or you may end up in bitter arguments, depending on your grade of flexibility and tolerance.

Mail Art is only one among many peep-holes spying on Networkland. I use this widely spread definition (Mail Art), but personally I prefer to think of an Ethereal Open Network (E.O.N.) that includes all sorts of alternative networks operating today on the planet. Mail Art is not enough, it's very reductive and frustrating to limit your playground to an highly specialized ghetto of postcard-makers and rubber stampers. Networking, the search for a contact with other being and the collective work on different projects, is interesting for me only when it opens the mind to new frontiers, when it does not shy away from Utopia.

ARTE POSTALE

E.O.N. IN 1990.

A BOOK PROJECT BY
VITTORE BARONI
VIA C.BATTISTI 339/341
55049 VIAREGGIO - ITALY.

● 1990 is a special year, the beginning of a new decade and also the time for me to look back on thirteen years spent in the Mail Art Network. I will do this by finally trying to complete my own history of postal art, ARTE POSTALE (no exclamation mark!), a book project that has been gathering dust in my mind for too long. I have now a deadline (Christmas 1990) and a publisher (Stampa Alternativa in Rome), while my old friend Piermario Ciani will take care of the graphic lay-out. It will be a busy time and for this reason my daily correspondence this year will have to suffer prolonged black-outs: do not get angry if you do not get a personal or prompt reply from me, I am working for a common cause!

● By the way, if you have any relevant material that may be useful for my book (postcards, rubberstamps, stamps, odd postal anecdotes, magazines, catalogues, photos of yourself doing mail art, photos of installations or shows, texts, personal biographies, etc.) PLEASE SEND IT IMMEDIATELY to the address above (and circulate this information). I will try to be fair with everybody & my own conscience: your help will be acknowledged & you will remain in the E.O.N. mailing list.

● ARTE POSTALE! (the magazine, with exclamation mark) will not stop, issue N.62 (theme "B-Art": horror, gore, cheap movies) will be published at the end of the year, so keep sending those scary images this way!

Till soon, best wishes, Vittore

ART FINK & BOO BOO (1990-1993)

The 70s'/80s' may be looked on as two decades that have forgotten all radical dreams of cooperation towards a better quality of life for all. It is a time of materialist dreams and hard competition, each one for himself. Yet, these are only the photographs proposed by the Media, by the Corporations' sociologists, by the programmers of fads. The currents of positive energy always flowed, the resistance never stopped, it only changes clothes now and then. The Mail Art Network is only a leaf in the big tree of E.O.N.: unfortunately, even the leaves believe that the tree is barren. They can't see the other branches in the deep smog.

You only learn what Mail Art really is by doing it. To make Mail Art you just have to compress your own ideas into a mailable format and send it to somebody, it's as simple as that. What you will receive in exchange depends very much on what you send out: a bad idea will not stir up exciting replies, a work full of passion will not pass unnoticed. Now you only need a few addresses to start with, then your contacts will grow harmoniously while you plunge more and more into the network. I will give you just some key-addresses...

* –Lon Spiegelmans's Rag (1556 Elevado St., Los Angeles, Ca 90026 USA)
  –Anti-Isolation (Xeroxial Editions, 1341 Williamson St., Madison, Wi, 53703 USA)
  –El Djarida (Box 4536, Kalvskinnet, 7002 Trondheim, Norway)
  –also available are copies of my own Arte Postale!
  (Near the Edge editions, Via Raffaelli 2, 55042 Forte dei Marmi, Italy)

You can pick up contacts from these publications, add the addresses of your friends, start weaving your own web right now!

Thoughts About Zines

"Zines" is an imperfect term. Life is imperfect. We do the best we can.

Transcending the limits of the two-dimensional page is one of our common goals.

The trick is not to ignore the mainstream but to selectively raid it for things we can use.

Music infuses zine culture but does not completely dictate it.

Our hobbies become our obsessions.

Zines are not the large press writ small. They are not massless communication.

The reader shapes the writer shapes the reader.

What is the sound of one page waiting to be read?

There are multiple revolutions in consciousness hidden in these pages.

There are people who agree with you in zinedom, somewhere.

Comics are a serious business.

If we all work together, things will not be nearly as fun as they are now.

There is no beginning and no end to the network of networks that is zinedom.

Zines are not tied to any one media. Print, sound, vision...direct interface with the brain.

Any politics, any religion, any race, any ideals, any sex, any gender, any anything.

You cannot describe the network of networks in a simple essay. Only snapshots exist.

They won't tell you the truth. We will, but we won't make it easy to find or understand.

We are too young to be as old as we are. — Frank Comito.

Entropy requires no maintenance.

Free press is for everyone. Technology and politics are both needed to insure this.

The boundaries between art and life, avocation and vocation are dissolving.

Some of us can become almost pure channels for information.

Form follows function, but never catches it.

Desktop Publishing is merely a typewriter with delusions of grandeur.

Revolution starts inside, but our memes spread it to other venues.

It's the thought that counts...and the presentation.

Publishing recognizes no boundaries.

"All knowledge is contained in fanzines" — Science Fiction Fan saying.

Thinking and doing do not precede writing; they accompany it.

The best zines have a passion that denies the commodity culture.

Experimental writing only works sometimes. That's what makes it an experiment.

Publishing is a virus transmitted by the written word. There is no cure but indulgence.

Every network of zines connects with every other network...the trick is to find the link.

Linear text still has its uses. McLuhan and Fuller have good ideas, not the only ideas.

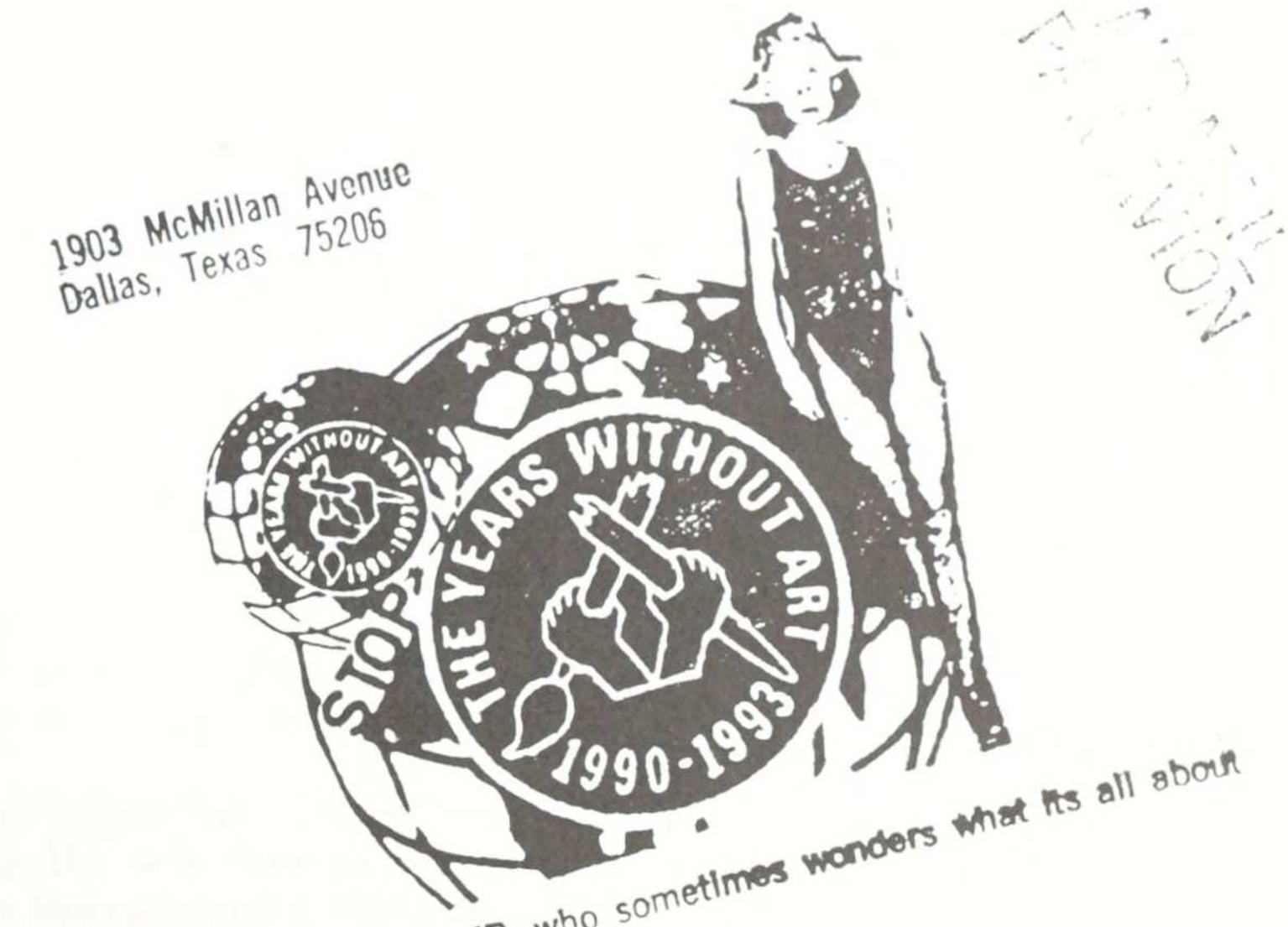
Mike Gunderloy

Отдел живописи и графики
Ейского историко-краеведческого музея



ДЖОН ХЕЛД
И АЛЬТЕРНАТИВНАЯ ФИЛАТЕЛИЯ

Выставка открыта
с 20 июня по 20 августа 1990 года.



Where the Secret is Hidden (A Translation and Commentary)
By *Serge Segay, Lloyd Dunn* and *John Held Jr.*

Summary of the article, *Where the Secret is Hidden*, by Serge Segay. Appearing in the October 1989 issue of *Iskusstvo (Art)*, a monthly journal of the ministry of culture of the USSR. Translated from the Russian by *Lloyd Dunn*. Commentary by *John Held Jr.*

Paragraph 1: (Italics) Mentions the January Mail Art Show held in Eysk.

The Soviet Union was a blank space in the mail art map for such a long time. I remember David Jarvis of London, England, staging a psuedo-Soviet mail art show in the mid-eighties. Everyone was eager for Soviet artists to join us in creating a truly international network. And then Serge Segay and his companion Rea Nikinova came along, and were not only participants, but knowledgeable collaborators who drew heavily on their knowledge of a branch of Russian Futurism called Zaum to make significant contributions to the mail art network. In 1989, Serge curated "The First International Mail Art Exhibit in Eysk", and Rea curated the "Scarecrow" mail art show. Other Soviet artists were drawn into the network. This was one of the bright new developments in mail art as the past decade came to a conclusion.

Paragraph 12: Mail Art convention of "No returns, documentation to all". International character of the activity. Beauty less important than spreading new ideas. Much Mail Art is xerox.

I haven't entered a juried show in years. I don't want to pay the entrance fee and I don't like rejection. The structure of the mail art show is one of the networks greatest triumphs. It provides an open forum for communication on a given subject. "No returns" just means it's a hassle and expensive to send work back to contributors. Just don't send something you have to have returned. The main thrust is sharing ideas and creating a community, not the creation of artworks for capitalist consumption. Complaints of quick-copy xerox prints started surfacing at least as early as 1972. Junk art. But there's no such thing. It's all information.

Paragraph 14: Mail Art compared to Fluxus and Dada. Mail Art, however, is not localized to major cities such as Paris or New York.

People who think the avant-garde is dead just aren't looking hard enough, or in the right places. I consider mail art as a direct descendant of Dada and Fluxus. Stuart Home has written a great book covering post

war avant-garde art movements called The Assault on Culture: From Lettrisme to Class War. It covers Lettrisme, the Situationist International, Fluxus, Mail Art, and even has a chapter heading entitled, "Beyond Mail Art". Mail Art did exactly what the previous avant-garde talked about: it integrated art and life, made the terms artist and non-artist meaningless, and incorporated both social responsibility and poetical considerations. Mail Art says that art is anything and can occur anywhere. And so can the artists. There is no central nerve-centre. Every individual participant is a nerve attached to other nerves.

"I haven't entered a juried show in years"

Paragraph 15: Decentralization is a reality in Mail Art

The mailbox is a museum. Everyone has one and there are complicated laws regarding the delivery of international correspondence that compel nations to abide by agreed upon regulations. This serves mail art well. I just wrote an article on decentralization in mail art. It's so much a part of the network that even mail artists themselves are decentralized. By this I mean artists using multiple names. For instance, I write to one fellow who is equally the Blaster, Eel Lenord, Harry Bates, and one of the 14 Secret Masters. Then there are *open* names like Monty Cantsin or Karen Eliot. Anyone can use those names. Or anyone can edit a magazine under the title **Smile**. That is a very mail art sort of thing to do.

Paragraph 16: Mail Art practised by the Italian Futurists. Ball, Ernst, Tzara, and Picasso all did a kind of Mail Art. A Mail Art show took place at the Cabaret Voltaire.

There are two books about Futurist postal activity; one in French and another in Italian. The Futurists did things like send postcards of tin, paint on their envelopes and design extraordinary letterheads. I'm a lot less clear on Dada mail art activity and never heard about a mail art show at the Cabaret Voltaire. There is, of course, the well-known postal activity of Marcel Duchamp when he attached four postcards to one another and sent them down the block to his patron, Mr. Walter Anneberg. But these are precursors of mail art, not mail art as we know it, because above all, contemporary mail art can be defined as the process of relating to an international network of artists.

Paragraph 20: Add-to forms began to circulate circa 1965, Mail Artists would add to xeroxed images and pass them on to the next artist. Maggi, Petasz, and Crozier referred to.

Johnson would send out xerox missives with the encouragement to "add and send to" either a known or unknown third party. This was one of the main ways mail art spread and grew. Ruggero Maggi (Milan, Italy), Pawel Petasz (Elblag, Poland) and Robin Crozier (Sunderland, England) all do different forms of this. Ruggero incorporates a lot of Johnson's images and combining them with his own sends them out into the world to be altered and recreated. Pawel is the creator of **Commonpress**, which is a mail art publication which is edited by a different mail artist each issue. There have been about sixty to date. Robin asks correspondents to write him what they did on a particular day. This information is then shared with other mail artists.

Paragraph 28: Mail Art incorporated some trends from mainstream work: abstraction, surrealism, body art, etc. But Mail Art emphasized ephemerality, collective action, works in progress.

Certainly mail art does not exist in a vacuum. It scavenges the mainstream artworld, as it does popular culture, for images and ideas. In the beginning of mail art, participants tended to be well-known artists who dabbled in mail art. And in so doing they brought in conceptual, performance, painterly and other concerns. But the core of mail art is marginal art forms, like rubber stamps, copy art, small press publications, artist postage stamps and audio cassette culture. The list goes on. Any medium can be explored for its' communicative potential.

"The mailbox is a museum"

Paragraph 29: Tone of Mail Art can be ironic. Leigh's "Yes-ism" as opposed to Ryosuke Cohen's "No-ism". Cohen's "Brain Cell".

I'm of the opinion that Japanese artist Ryosuke Cohen's "Brain Cell" project is one of the great contributions to mail art in the eighties. What Cohen does is gather images sent to him by network artists and compiles them on a single oversized sheet of paper by using a goccho printer. This common Japanese machine, which is often used for homemade greeting cards and thank you notes, turns black and white images into fluorescent colours. His project visually

and conceptually emphasises the collaborative nature of mail art. Cohen's "No-ism" slogan is meant to stress the totality of the art making process, and to denigrate those who would categorize one branch of art from another. But of course, one person's serious side is always fair game for another's irony. And Michael Leigh of London, England, can take the puff out of anything. But it's all done in the spirit of fun and the tradition of Dada.

Paragraph 35: Mail Artists publish themselves in pursuit of global goal.

Mail art has been all but ignored by mainstream art. But mail artists know that something important is happening with their medium. So they take it upon themselves to curate their own shows, publish their own magazines, do their own research, archive their own collections. The goal is not self-historification or increased wealth. It is building bonds between the artists and peoples of the world.

"Japanese artist Ryosuke Cohen's "Brain Cell" project is one of the great contributions to mail art in the eighties"

Paragraph 49: These actions are creative uses of the postal mechanism.

My personal favourite: the Mohammed Centre for Restricted Communication, which flourished in Genova, Italy, circa 1978-82. Letterheads containing the name and address of the Mohammed Centre were circulated in the mail art network, and one could do anything one wanted on the page, in black and white or in colour. You would then attach a list of twelve names and addresses and send both sheets back to the Centre. Mohammed would then colour xerox the contribution, assign a unit number to it, and add the twelve names and addresses to the composition. Over 2000 units were eventually mailed out, not only to the contributors, but to the persons the contributor named. People would receive these beautiful colour xeroxes out of the blue, which obviously contained a highly complex system behind it. It produced just the type of effect mail artists strive for.

Paragraph 50: Mail Art in the USSR has only appeared since 1985. We need Mail Art to participate in the international artistic process.

Here is a list of Soviet mail artists you can write to (to insure delivery, send by registered mail):

Serge Segay
Sverdlova 175
353660 Eysk SU
Soviet Union

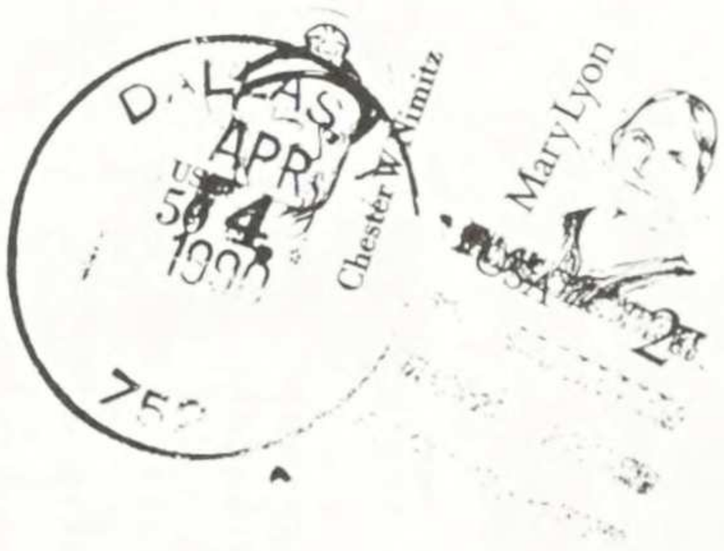
Ilmar Kruusamae
Vaike Kaar 56-7
202400 Tartu
Estonia, Soviet Union

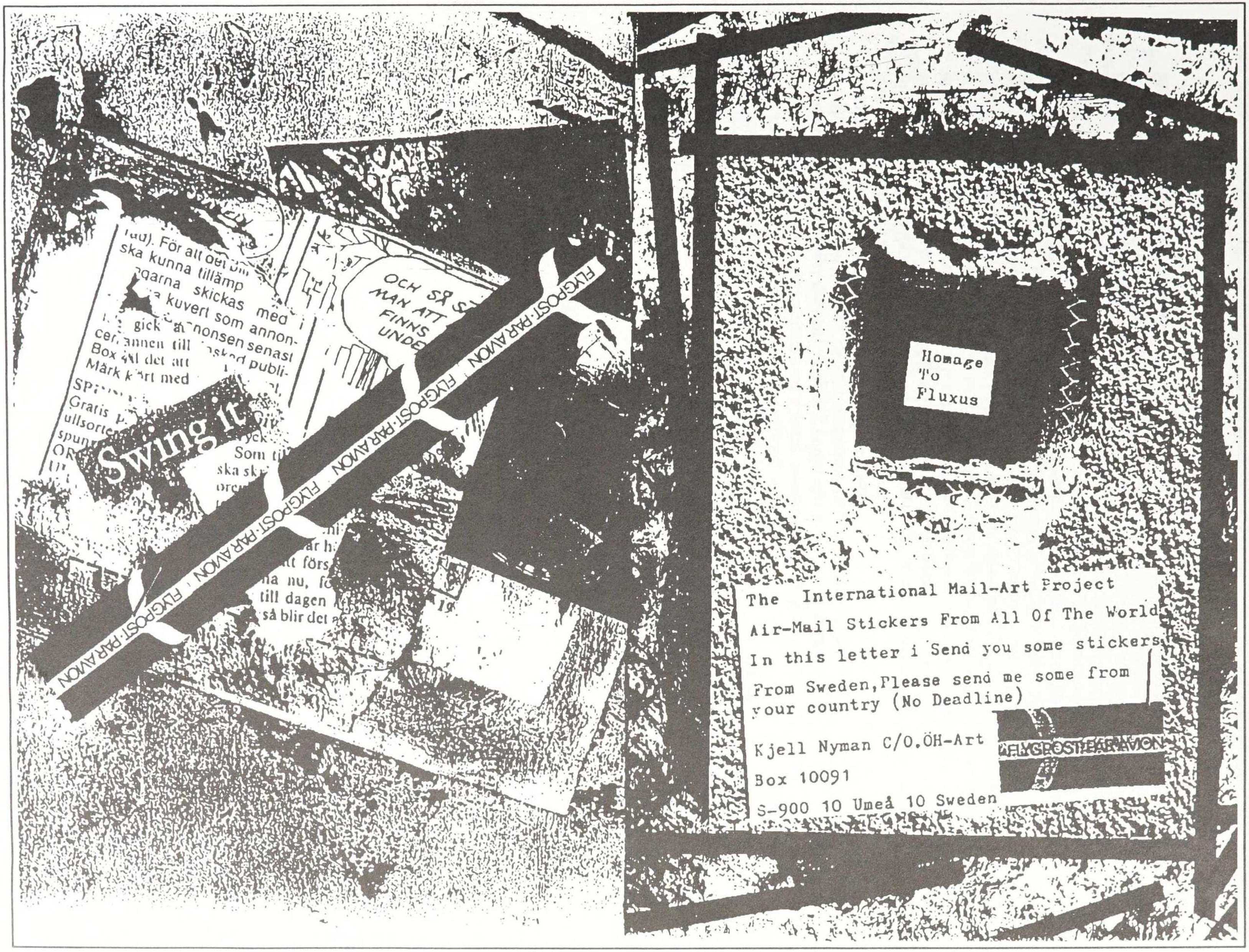
Rea Nikinova
Sverdlova 175
353660 Eysk SU
Soviet Union

Boris Konstrictor
Isaaklevskaja
pl. 5, kv. 15
Leningrad 190000
Soviet Union

Jonas Nekrasius
P. Masiot 39-17
235220 Pakruojis
Lithuanian SSR
Soviet Union

A. Zhigazov
Totart Kashirskorie
S.H. 132-4
115587 Moscow
Soviet Union

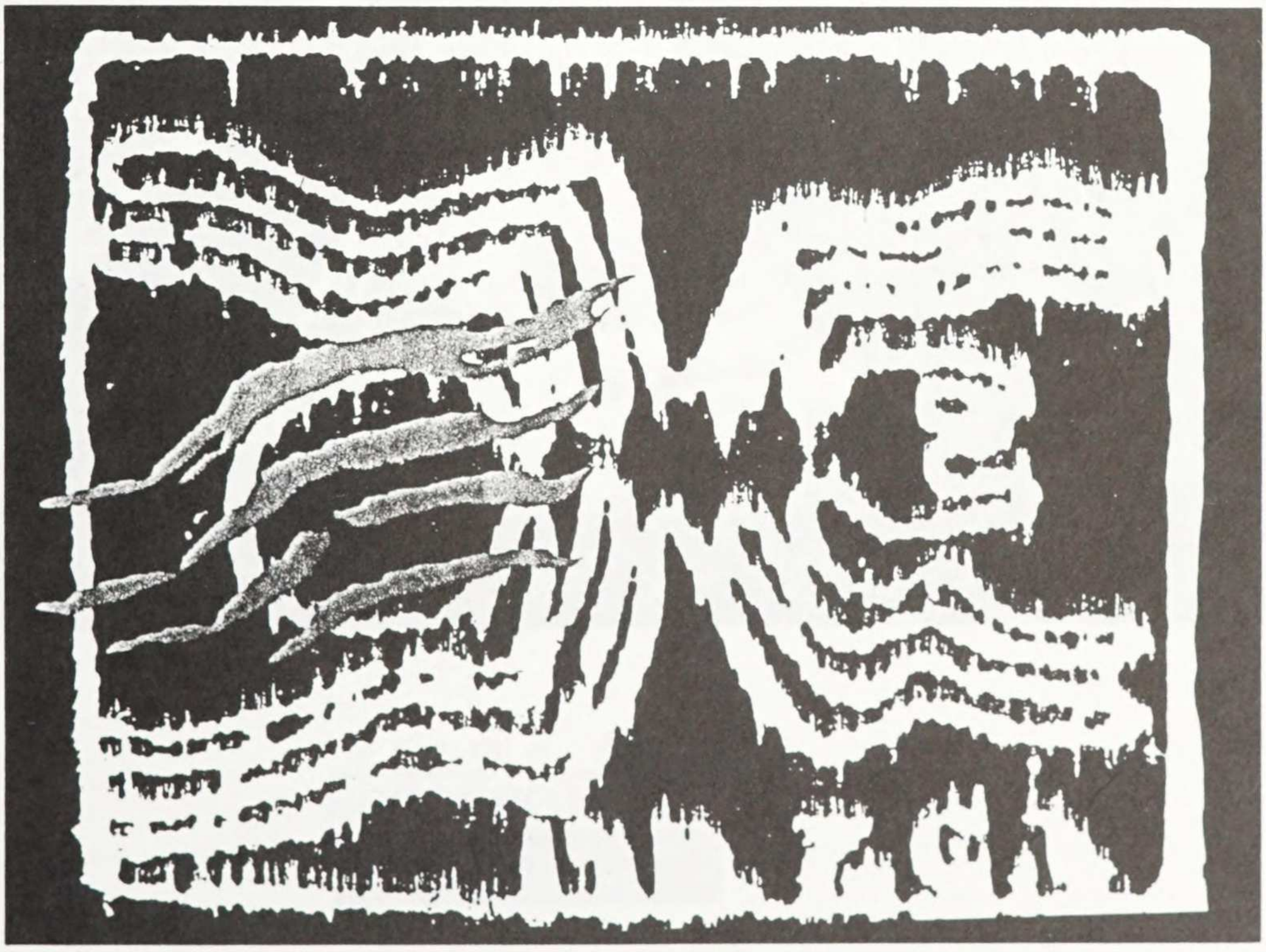



Swinging it
FLYGPOST·PAR AVION
FLYGPOST·PAR AVION
FLYGPOST·PAR AVION
Homage
To
Fluxus
The International Mail-Art Project
Air-Mail Stickers From All Of The World
In this letter i Send you some stickers.
From Sweden,Please send me some from
your country (No Deadline)
Kjell Nyman C/O.ÖH-Art
Box 10091
S-900 10 Umeå 10 Sweden
FLYGPOST·PAR AVION

ABOUT MAIL ART IN LATIN-AMERICA

SPENDING PART OF MY LIFE IN PERU, I THINK I KNOW SUFFICIENTLY ENOUGH THE PROBLEMS AND TROUBLES OF SOUTH AMERICA'S REALITY.
SOUTHAMERICAN MAIL ART WORLD IS NOT SUBSTANCIALLY DIFFERENT FROM THE EUROPEAN OR THE U.S. ONE, IN FACT ONE OF THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINA - TOR OF ALL MAIL ART, WHEREEVER PRACTISED, IS JUST THE IMPELLING NEED TO COMMUNICATE, THROUGH THE VARIOUS MEDIAS, WITH OTHER NETWORK'S OPERATORS.
BY MY PERSONAL POINT OF VIEW THE ONLY DIFFERENCE THAT MAY BE FOUND IN LATIN-AMERICAN MAIL ART IS THE DESIRE TO LET ONE KNOW ITS OWN SERIOUS SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS.
THERE IS A GENUINE WILL OF SENSITIZING THE WORLD'S PUBLIC OPINION THROUGH BULLETINS AND VARIOUS MESSAGES.
THE FACT THAT JUST THE MAIL ARTISTS LIVING IN OTHER COUNTRIES RECEIVE AND TRANSMIT THESE MESSAGES, THROUGH A THICK INTERNATIONAL NET OF SOLIDARITY, MAKE MORE INTERESTING AND STIMULATING THIS SOCIAL ASPECT OF MAIL ART.
A MORE DIRECT WITNESS OF THIS IS THE FACT THAT THE UNDERSIGNED IS PERSONALLY INVOLVED IN THIS KIND OF "MECHANISM" BEING PART OF THE GROUP "SOLIDARTE".

E. MAGGI




RUGGERO MAGGI
RUGGERO
MAGGI
AMAZON
RUGGERO
MAGGI
AMAZON



Stamp Art

RUGGERO MAGGI

ITALY

・ﾌﾚﾝ ｾﾙ ﾀﾏ・

(BRAIN CELL)

PLEASE SEND ME YOUR STAMP DESIGN, RUBBER STAMP, OR 150 STICKERS OR SEALS. I WILL PRINT OR PASTE THESE MATERIALS ONTO THE A3 SIZE PAPER, CREATING 150 SHEETS. I WILL THEN SEND A SHEET BACK WITH A LIST OF ADDRESSES TO EACH AND EVERY PARTICIPANT. I WILL PUBLISH AT INTERVALS OF 8 to 10 DAYS AND THE ISSUE AT THAT TIME WILL INCLUDE 60 PERSONS OR SO. BRAIN CELL IS ALWAYS SEEKING A CHANGE, DOES NOT INTEND TO SETTLE AND CARE OF ITS EXTENSION OF THE NETWORK. SO... DON'T MAIL A LUMP OF STUFF FOR SEVERAL ISSUES. PLEASE SEND THEM TO ME FOR ONE ISSUE AT A TIME. THANK YOU.

SEND TO RYOSUKE COHEN 3-76-I-A-613 YAGUMOKITACHO
MORIGUCHI-CITY OSAKA 570
JAPAN





RYOSUKE COHEN
3-76-1-A-613
YAGUMOKITACHO
MORIGUCHI-CITY
OSAKA 570 JAPAN

BUREAU DE POSTE
OSAKA-ASAHI
JAPON
TAXE PERCUE
YEN

Metro riquet

Francoise Duvivier publishes METRO RIQUET, a Paris-based magazine devoted to the individual pursuit of an alternative culture, whether it be in visual art, audio cassettes, or the 'Nuclear Brain Physics Surgery' of Shaun Caton's 'Art Autopsy' (MR #7). The questions in this interview were formulated by John Marriott and mailed to Francoise, who obligingly typed out her responses and posted them back to Toronto. The interview has been edited for publication.

How did you first become involved with self-publishing?

When you have something to say or express which is outside of the established culture, you quickly become involved with self-publishing. I printed myself a poetry and graphics book, "L'Ecran cavernaux", about 1985-6, because these writings were rejected by editors. I began to publish the first issue of METRO RIQUET in 1988 when I was involved in mail-art. These first issues were photocopied, free, and only distributed through the mail-art-network, they were a compilation of mail-art shows, no more. I wanted to stop but I got the idea to open METRO RIQUET to other items I like, such as visual performances, graphics, photos...etc...and other visual and audio stuff, including interviews, reviews and messages. As I published my book because the writings were rejected by editors, I got the idea to share self-publishing and to reveal artists who are not covered (or rarely) by the media, often because they are thought excessive.

When you began, were you aware of networking and mail culture, or did you learn about it through your publications?

I was aware of networking and mail culture when I began to publish METRO RIQUET. I participated in lots of mail art shows in the past, I did mail art for several years. I've stopped now.
But as you know, we're always learning, so I continued to discover surprises, new things, curiosities, etc...through the network. I'm happily surprised to see that independent music is so strong and active. I would like to see similar motivations in the visual arts. Too many visual artists are preoccupied with galleries and what is 'established'. (I don't want to generalize my opinions, there are lots of exceptions.)

What sort of publications inspired you and continue to inspire you?

When I began METRO RIQUET I wasn't inspired by any publications, I didn't know a lot. I was inspired later, the magazine "N.D." edited by Daniel Plunkett was the first. I like his way of covering people who are not well known by the media — so, I think we share the same ideas. I've done an interview with Daniel Plunkett from "N.D." in this latest issue #7 of METRO RIQUET. I think "N.D." continues to inspire me, but I want to extend to other things, such as commentaries, opinions, ideas, etc...I would like to present more artists, especially those involved in visual expression...without forgetting music.

You draw from a considerable audience from many countries, which indicates a great deal of effort. How did you go about establishing such an array of contacts, and how did you conceive of METRO RIQUET?

It was hard when I began METRO RIQUET as it was an unknown publication, I was obliged to contact people myself through other publications that looked interesting. I wrote them, I didn't always receive an answer, indeed it was a great deal of effort and it took time to establish contacts. Today it's a little easier, but it's always

necessary to look for other contacts, to maintain my curiosity.

What, if any, lessons have you learned since beginning self-publishing that have influenced the format of METRO RIQUET and your networking?

The first issue format of METRO RIQUET was small, it looked like a booklet with coloured pages. I changed its format when I extended it to other items, METRO RIQUET became more complete. I choose a square format which is pleasant to hold in one's hands.
The first issue of METRO RIQUET featured only a mail-art network. It is now more involved in the whole international network, without being particularly concerned with mail-art, which gets only a very small section in METRO RIQUET.

Do you engage in various other expressive activities? Can you please discuss your involvements and interests?

Apart from METRO RIQUET, I'm involved in my own artistic research, doing black, white and grey tone collages. Disarming. Weird.
I painted a lot in the past and did many exhibitions in France, so I know enough about the 'official middle', the established culture. This experience made me aware of manipulations by the intelligentsia and the commercial market. Considering that the whole cultural context is always 'conservative', damaging our real sensibilities, I understood it was necessary to give up this established culture, which is mostly a capitalist, white, masculine, sexist and racist culture. Being a woman, I felt it was necessary to express myself thru my visual research, my own experience of life, without being preoccupied with any styles, any conservative rules. My old paintings are completely different from my collages and I'm glad to notice this difference, I hope to know other experiences, to express art as a life-experience without looking for a style. Life/Death inspire me better.
I don't visit galleries, I don't visit museums, I'm completely ignorant of what happens in this established culture, I listen only to my feelings.

How do these influence your work with METRO RIQUET?

Indeed these ideas influence my work with METRO RIQUET. This magazine is more open to people working independently, or people who create curious and strange art without being involved in an alternative circle. I'm more interested in individuals, not in any groups or labels. You can find bad and stupid things in the alternative scene, too.
Knowing the problems of a minority, I could see that others shared these problems, and I got involved in METRO RIQUET. I've started this magazine, too, because I wished to get it in a book store and I couldn't find it — so I've created it.
Making strange art, I'm interested in any expression having 'psychic intensity', and would like to present artists expressing such work (audio or visual).

What are your feelings about the role of networking in mass society.

The network is mostly unknown in the mass society, the majority of people see only the side of this life imposed by the media. When you look beneath appearances you can see the network and how strong it is, allowing foreign artists to exchange and communicate their work throughout the world. You can see for example a revolution in the audio-network (this is now most important), every musician can do his/her music at home, exchanging or selling it to another musician from abroad without being influenced or imposed upon by any commercial market. These artists are able to create without money. Here technology brings something democratic via the arts, especially music.
If I'm optimistic, this could get better in the future, making more people aware of something great, too, IF they are able to see further than the official media!...We'll see. Don't forget, people who are involved in the network are a minority.

I know enough about the 'official middle', the established culture

Is there a written or unwritten philosophy that guides METRO RIQUET?

I think there is always a philosophy that guides something.
METRO RIQUET has its own philosophy, to live with the intention of creating, BEing without forgetting to cry against world pressure, BElieve in freedom, and respect every individual. REinvent life, exist, think, be in a world where there is a lack of soul, and a lot of hate, stupidity and absurdity.

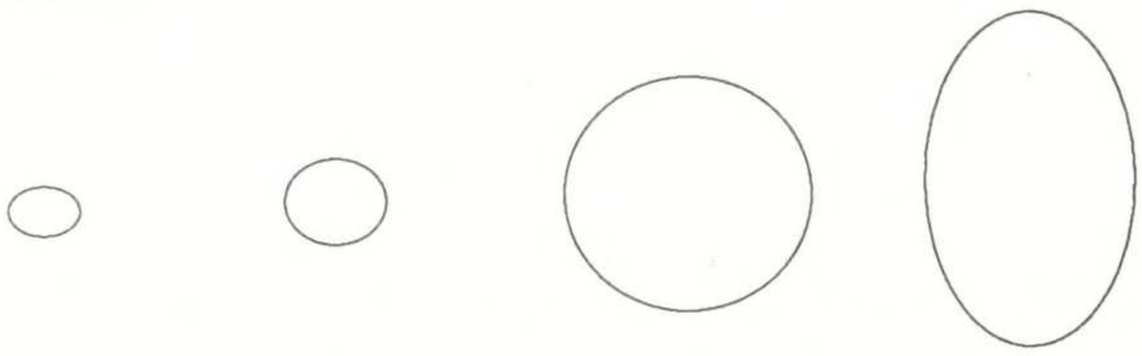
Since your first exposure to mail culture, have you noted any developments that strike you as prominent and pressing?

Music in mail culture is the most prominent experience to have struck me. I've already mentioned that. I would like the visual art to be more active, although I understand it's

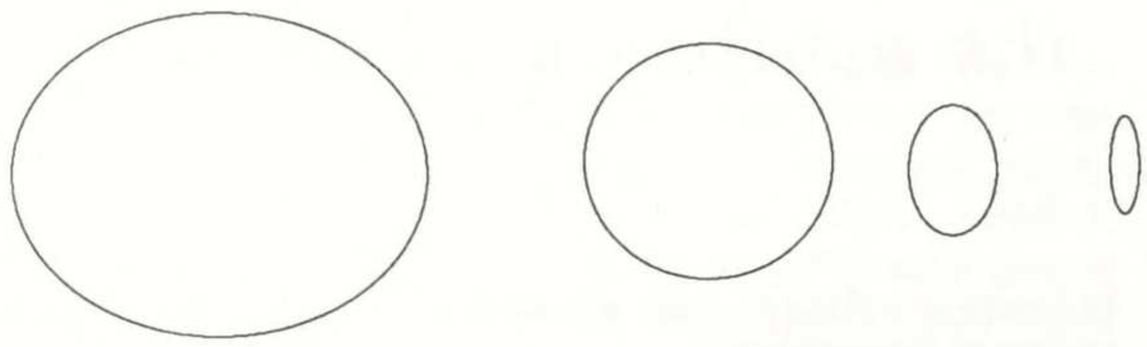
easier to mail an audio casette than any visual stuff. Can we expect more from videos in the future?

What are some of the rewarding experiences that you have had as a result of self-publishing and networking?

I've had a lot of good experiences, though it's hard and expensive to self-publish a magazine.
The most wonderful experience is to see all these people involved in many different artistic actions outside of the established culture and the commercial market.
It is always interesting to do a publication yourself. There are lots of curiosities, especially when it's international.



You can see a revolution in the audio network...These artists are able to create without money. Here technology brings something democratic via the arts.



Are there any contacts that you have seen develop that at one time might not have seemed possible? Such as in Eastern Europe or in the Pacific rim, Africa, etc...?

When I say METRO RIQUET wants to be international, indeed it's a big dream, most contacts come from USA, Canada, Japan, West-Germany, Belgium, Holland, etc...Too many countries stay closed and don't answer when you write them. I do expect some contacts from Eastern Europe in the future.
There are lots of problems in this world, too many wars, too much poverty, famine, etc...Too many people are preoccupied with survival, trying to live one more day without knowing if they will live a week, a year...

Has politics ever interfered with your activities?

I do feel apolitical, but not insensible and indifferent towards events. I try to have my own opinion, to be rebellious, though it's difficult. Politics takes care of you more than you of it.

If there is any essential advice to be given to aspiring networkers, what would you say it is?

Everyone does what s/he needs to do, there is no essential advice except always to be oneself, and to go further in any artistic field.

What do you strive to do with METRO RIQUET?

I want METRO RIQUET to be a stimulating connection between people, I want it to expose lots of artists who are too often unknown, to make every issue a new discovering, to let an excessive art be and exist. I would like the magazine to expand to include more ideas, opinions and various commentaries, and I invite people to send their opinions. There is not only art in METRO RIQUET, there is life, too. These two words Art and Life are inclusive!

I guess you are open to submissions of all sorts, visual, audio, written?

Of course, I'm more open to visual and audio submissions, more especially when these ones are out of the ordinary...Except poetry or novels...I prefer sound and visual poetry.
Commentaries and opinions are welcome. If you want to discuss something important in your life, communicate opinions, let me know. I'll tell you only that I don't accept sexist and racist opinions.
The items I like best cover ecology, peace, feminism, animal rights and any other issues which cause people to think...

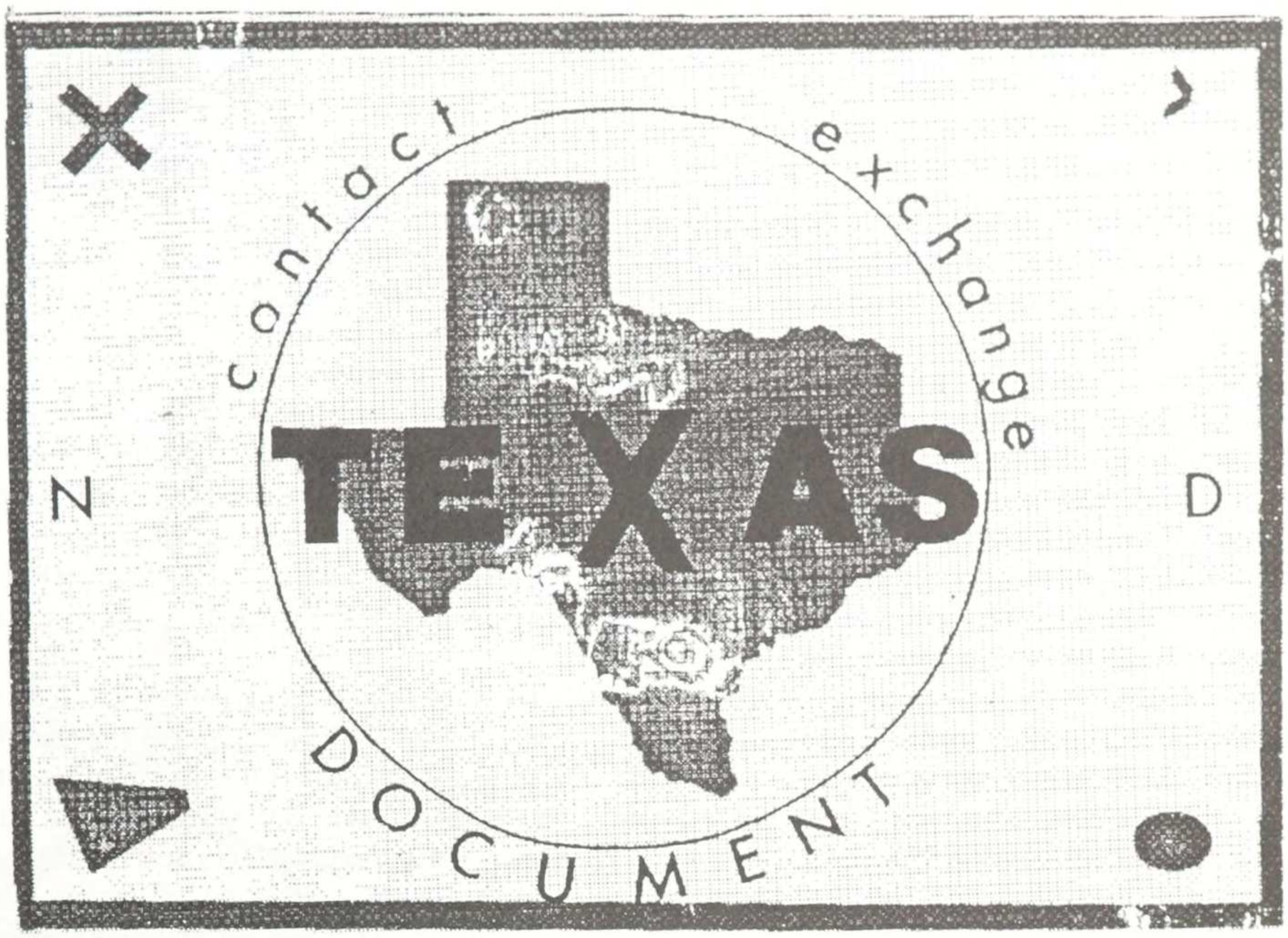
What are your hopes for the year?

A mountain of hopes in a too fast year, it's impossible to realize everyone during this short year. i would like to continue my art, to create lots and lots of pictures and to discover new things and positive experiences.

What are your hopes for art/publishing?

My BIG hope! — to have enough money to continue my art/publishing. I do hope people buy more of these issues of METRO RIQUET. That's all, thank you for reading this interview, your comments are welcome.

Inquiries, subscriptions and submissions should be sent to: METRO RIQUET, c/o Francoise Duvivier, 18 Allée des Orgues de Flandre 75019, Paris, France.



Daniel Plunkett publishes ND magazine out of Austin Texas. The following is an amalgam of two letters to Sensoria, one a discussion of the 'network' and the other an account of Daniel's personal involvement in ND, mailart etc.

The magic of taking part in the network begins with the first tears of an envelope. Like the first breath of a kiss, it opens up an intimate world that is near impossible to describe and hopeless to document.

During my second year of college in 1979, I somehow made the mistake of taking an experimental film course which I hoped would break up my endless schedule of math and physics. Our course book was Malcolm Le Grice's "Abstract Film and Beyond", wherein I saw the first photos of Gunter Brus and film stills by Kurt Kren. That same year Kurt Kren had a showing in Houston, which I saw. I literally was stunned. He was living in Vermont at the time and I wrote to him about doing an interview through the mail for a contact magazine I was planning to do. Well, after a couple of letters I found that he was living in my new home, Austin. I start by mentioning Kurt Kren because it was through him that a new unknown world was opened to me.

What I hope to do here is to explore some of the possible meanings and directions that the networks can take. I use the word 'network', for lack of a better word, to describe all the activity which occurs in the mail in such areas as mailart, cassettes and publications. The network could be better described as an undercurrent rather than an underground.

A majority of the activities occur in a flow of ideas hidden directly beneath those of the marketed mainstream. It is like a large underground river where time to time wells are dug and some of it makes it to the surface.

I had been doing various tradings of tapes during the late 70's and early 80's while at college and began some very strong correspondence with people such as Philip Johnson and many others. As I wrote to more and more people I soon discovered that in a way it was like a large network where this person wrote to that one, or at least knew their name. I only gradually became involved in the mailart world through people like Vittore Baroni's 'Trax' and Ruggero Maggi. Somehow I got on some strange mailing lists and started getting more stuff in the mail. There are people I met in this period whom I continue to stay in contact with, such as Ruggero Maggi, John Held (Modern Realism) and Das of Big City Orchestra. At times it does seem like a very small linked world.

Each network of mailartists, cassette artists, publishers and other independent endeavourers have their own unique histories, rules and intentions. Over the past years there has been a definite increase in the interweaving of these worlds, of artists networking in several circles. This keeps the network healthy.

Since I had moved to Austin, I began to play more and more in the mail, writing to various contacts and people. It is funny to look back into the past and to see how people are linked. I would like to describe one

example out of many as it will help, I hope, to better explain my point. I had heard a lot about Al Ackerman, but for some reason had never written to him. After I published my 3rd or 4th issue of N D, I finally dropped him a line. He wrote back, and in his short letter gave me the address of Andre Stitt, something about him doing art with rats etc. I was a bit curious so I decided to write to Andre and before long we had a very healthy string of letters crossing between us. Eventually it resulted in an interview in N D 5 (1986). Then in 1987 he decided he wanted to come to Texas do some performance. He saved up his money and came over and did a series of three performances. I helped to set up two shows held in Austin and Houston which also featured Kurt Kren, and a show was set up in San Antonio by James Cobb, who was also in correspondence with him as well as Al Ackerman...

The networks are intimate worlds for the exchange of ideas and work. This I feel will continue to hold true, because the basic impulse for the exchange and contact is one of discovering the human need inside each of us. There are arrays of ideas explored in the network and a wide range of approaches. Mail crosses the globe and feeds soul and mind for all involved. The networks have been a forum where artists have become part of a process of discovering what needs to be said.

...Through Andre I was put in contact with Tara Babel as well as Shaun Caton. In 1988 I then visited them and then in June of 1989 all three of them came over to do performances. The above account sounds very dry and matter-of-fact. But for me it has been one of many important exchanges that I will treasure the rest of my life, to trust people 3000 miles away and feel like they are a part of you. I had in the past only rarely met people whom I corresponded with, mainly due to distance and expense. But during 1988 and 1989 I was lucky to be able to do some travelling and was able to, I feel, strengthen a lot of contacts I had with people such as Dave Prescott, Ivan Sladek (Czechoslovakia), Hapunkt Fix (Berlin), Monochrome Bleu (Austria), John Duncan (Holland), V2 (Holland), Dobrica Kamperlic (Yugoslavia) just to name a few. There is a certain magic to meeting people you have learned to trust in the mail. It is something that I am unable to describe, but am addicted to now.

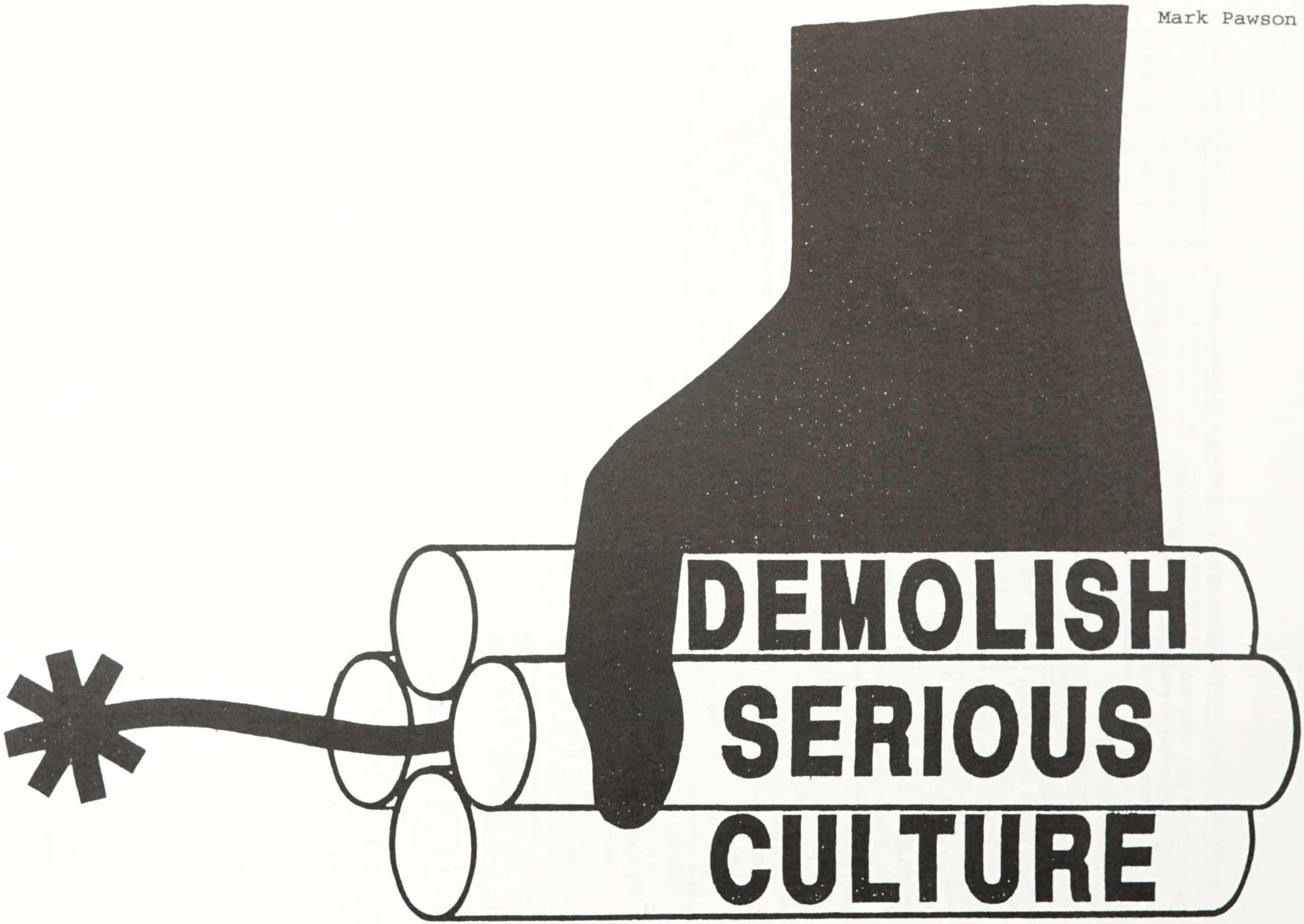
A majority of institutions and spaces are part of a system that distorts meaning. The objects of art become icons, but the process and the ideas of the work usually stay hidden secrets. Art also at times lacks dialogue, and projects onto the public an image of its preciousness. Mailart has the possibility to breathe life into envelopes which circle the globe, to build another level for people to grab onto. The same is true of cassettes and other networkers in the role they can play in involving people at the most basic level of interchange and discussion within their own four walls. The mailbox becomes a forum for democracy rather than the stale role played by the mainstream media.
The networks have a rich history, a history unknown to many except those who live it alongside the vast amounts of paper stacked in their homes around the world. The history is documented in part and brought to the surface from time to time, but this is only a small fraction of the activities of most participants. The scope is too large to group and dissect.

There might be times where you fall out of contact with people from time to time. But eventually, if the contact was good to start with, there are always chances to meet again. The links continue to grow and grow. Some of my best contacts and exchanges have usually just begun with someone telling me I should write this person or just a simple postcard from someone unknown to me. I would also add however that there are many times when a contact never even begins due to false starts or lack of time. It happens, and then one deals with the levels of guilt in his/her own way. It happens to all of us and at times we miss out when it can't be helped.

What direction will all this activity take? I honestly hope that the networks continue as a haven for artists, where trust can be exchanged for trust. New ideas and approaches will come out of this and the collaborations which result. There are excellent possibilities in the networks for new actions and independent endeavours to create new paths. It is not a replacement of the old system, however, as the networks must not become a system of their own. It is a distinct world which needs to continually involve new people in creating ideas and projects which in turn involve a wider public.
All of the undercurrent activities are vital endeavours and give artists the opportunity to breathe and distribute their work within the framework of an involved public. This 'public' or network needs to explore new methods, approaches and dialogues. Again, not so much as a counter to other systems, but as an honest focus on the environment which all of us as a society are involved with. My greatest distaste with many systems is that they lock out certain elements of a public. In mailart the only admission price is a postage stamp.

I treasure the many friends and contacts I meet in the mail and look forward to it all continuing and growing. All it takes is an honest letter and no hidden expectations or intentions. I've told you a little about my story, now its your turn. Democracy begins with an envelope.

Mark Pawson



YAWN

SPORADIC CRITIQUE OF CULTURE
May 1, 1990

№13

YAWN is a sporadic communiqué which seeks to provide a critical look at our culture in all its manifestations. We welcome responses from our readers, especially observations of a critical nature. Submissions are welcome and encouraged. Be forewarned that anything sent to **YAWN** may be considered for inclusion in a future issue without specific prior notification. It is our policy not to attribute work, unless the content benefits from such attribution. **YAWN** is a collective, mostly anonymous, effort. Contributors receive a copy of the issue in which their work is used. Monetary donations are requested to help defray the costs of publication. Subscriptions to **YAWN** are available for $10 (cash or unused stamps) for 25 issues.

Real Life

Now that the Art Strike has begun, what is needed most is to renounce it. The thought that such an (in)action can be treated by some as a "work of art" is reason enough. This fetishization through esthetics is one of the tendencies the Art Strike had hoped to discredit. The best thing to do now is simply to stop referring to the Art Strike, which is, after all, just another plaything to make the mind do somersaults.

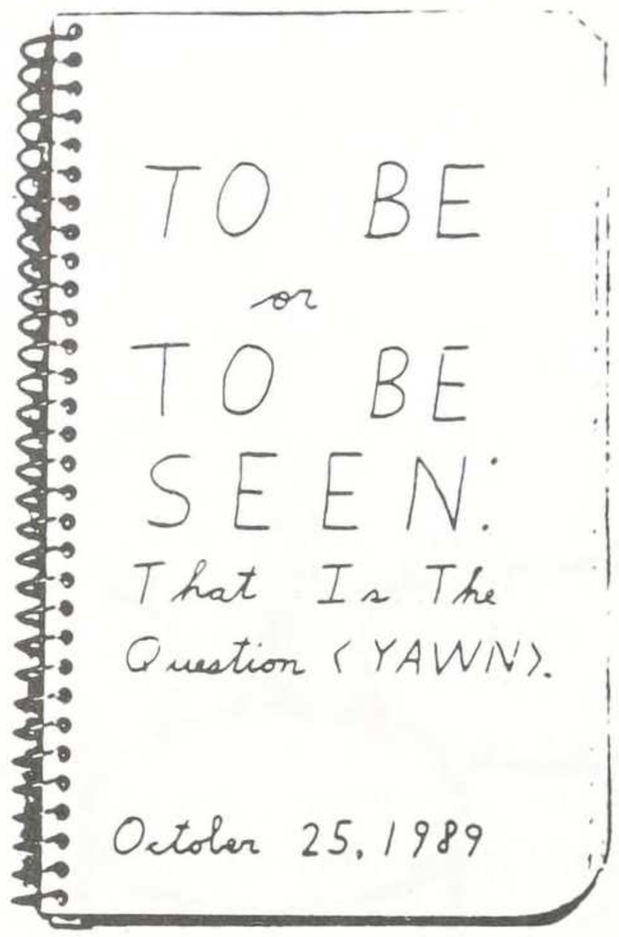
From this point we might now turn our attention to real life. What is required in doing this is still as poorly understood as the reality that makes it necessary. In spite of this, we can come to feel, intuitively, that a life lived is a concrete expression of a personal aggregate of ideas and beliefs, most of which come from outside of us, yet which result in a personal and subjective synthesis. It is in this synthesis that what each of us truly wants in life can be realized. This is ultimately much more satisfying than any art form, or even the refusal of an art form, for that matter.

What is it that we want in life? Much of human life is a quest for satisfaction. Lack is engineered into our biology. We crave food, shelter, companionship, and sex. Each of these fit into empty spaces left in ourselves. There are many chemical and mechanical reasons for this, which need not interest us here. Suffice it to say, many of us spend our lives fitting square pegs into round holes, trying to fill one of these sore voids in us with a mismatch, ineffectively. A morbidly obese person, for example, might be trying to answer a lack of companionship with food. This is obviously counterproductive.

The mass culture industry has much to gain from having entire populations engaged in futile quests. The cycle of production and consumption, which most of us think we understand so well yet which is filled with so many metaphysical subtleties, is perpetuated effectively by means of encouraging human beings to act like machines. There are many mechanisms in place for squelching those who fail to comply. Mindfulness is the thing we need most now in the world.

What's at stake in this is our own ability to listen to ourselves. We need to acquire the ability to shut out many external forces for long enough to figure out what we expect of ourselves, and the culture that we all tacitly support simply by functioning in it. All too often, the personal synthesis we construct from the external forces of peer group pressure, mass media, and the results of parenting and education, reside in us, dormant or hypnotized, to such an extent that many of us go to the grave without considering the real nature of our endless search for fulfillment.

All there is to it is to live. The real, honest things we feel (and constantly suppress) must not be prohibited. The forbidden practices of non-productivity and refusing to participate are what we must allow ourselves. Never again must we feel obliged to perform meaningless repetitive tasks that only exacerbate the waste built into the system and which serve to numb us. The creative changes we feel like making must be made. We must liberate the power of whim. We must carefully listen to what is said to us, and then invite further communication by commenting meaningfully. Our honest, insistent attempts to do these things can only result in an improvement of our collective condition. [end



"This is a particular example of a more general problem: the separation of thought and action in our society. We are living in a time when systematically—though without our wanting it so—action and thought are being separated. In our society, he who thinks can no longer act for himself; he must act through the agency of others, and in many cases he cannot act at all. He who acts cannot think out his action, either because of lack of time and the burden of his personal problems, or because society's plan demands that he translate others' thoughts into action. And we see the same division within the individual himself. For he can use his mind only outside the area of his job—in order to find himself, to use his leisure to better himself, to discover what best suits him, and thus to individualize himself; whereas in the context of his work he yields to the common necessity, the common method, the need to incorporate his own work into the overall plan. Escape into dreams is suggested to him while he performs wholly mechanized actions."

Propaganda by Jacques Elull [1962]. New York: Vintage Books, 1973. pp. 27-28

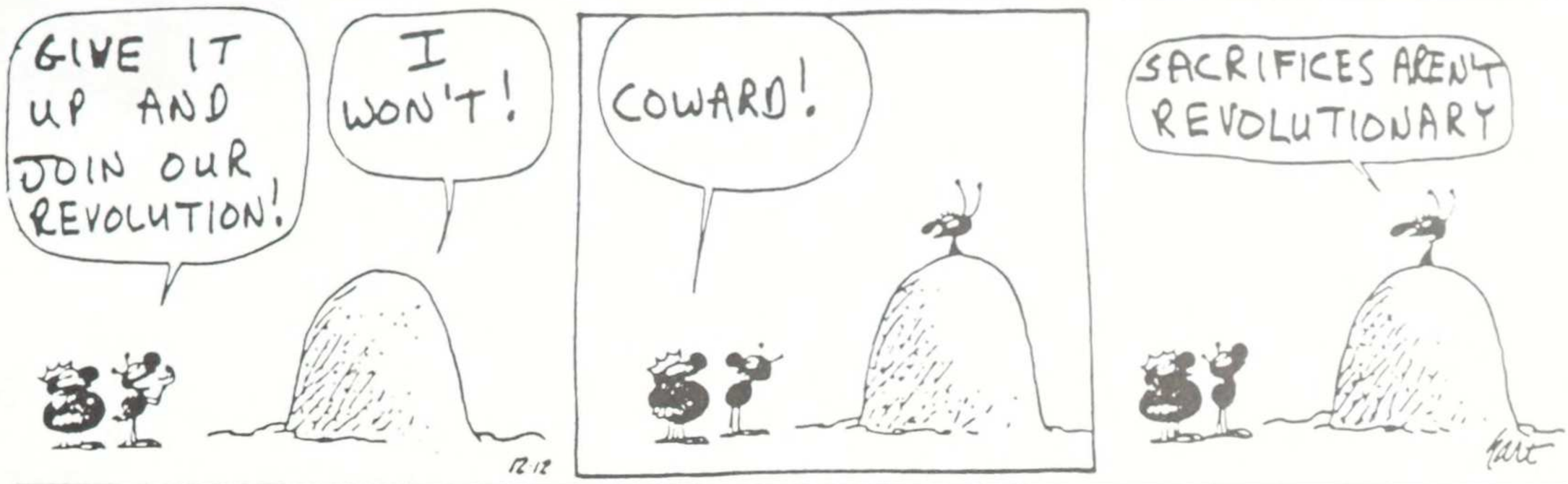
ART
should be
Nobody's Business
1990-1993

We have an abstraction
which is the abstraction
of an art abstraction:
I am talking about the art strike.

(Annette Woolf)

w/Sensoria from Censorium

ANY PART OF **YAWN** MAY BE REPRODUCED IN ANY FORM WHATSOEVER, EVEN WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGEMENT



PATRONAGE
EXCLUSION
CAREERISM
ALIENATION
IMPOTENCE

Reaction to the Art Strike, Part 2



•**Jacques Abeille,** novelist, Bordeaux, 12/31/89: "What a silly idea, this Art Strike... it's a logical paradox; that is to say, a statement which involves a contradiction, a proposition which negates itself. To choose to do this strike assumes in the first place that you are what you pretend to end: one must first be an artist in order to quit being one. It follows from this that all who during these three years who present themselves as non-artists will be artists, and that all those who present themselves as artists won't be....(1).

By this formal logic one will allege that its proposals are universals that do not pertain: the Art Strike doesn't apply to everyone, but only to those who are already manifested as artists. One should not say 'all who...', but instead only 'those who...' or 'certain...'. So the proposal of an Art Strike doesn't entail the advancement of a universal proposition, therefore it holds to the official and mercantile distinctions between artists and the rest of the human population. In other words, to subvert this distinction, you accept the basis of what you're trying to subvert, and end up prolonging it by adding on a new criterion: from now on the artists will be the ones participating in the Art Strike during these three years. (2) ...

[LD №6



We have a censorship
which is the censorship
of a self-censorship
I am not talking about art strike.

(Annette Woolf)

YAWN
P.O. Box 162
Oakdale IA
52319

Art Strike Action Committees (ASACs) and Supporting Publications
ASAC (California), P.O. Box 170715, San Francisco CA 94117 USA
ASAC (United Kingdom), BM Senior, London WC1N 3XX, England
ASAC (Eire), c/o Tony Lowes, Allihies, Bantry, West Cork, Ireland
ASAC (Latin America), C. de Correos 1211, Montevideo Uruguay
Lettre Documentaire, B.P. 249, 33012 Bordeaux Cedex, France

AGGRESSIVE SCHOOL OF CULTURAL WORKERS CORRESPONDENCE

PLEASE REPRINT

CATALOGUE ONE

ANTI COPYRIGHT ©

stick and destroy

Collaborators
Attack
Eleutheros
Productions
Imogen
Ade Baradell/
Community Copyart
Marion Coutts
Prolific Pamphleteer
Daniel Ryan
Firebrand
Matt Batista
Des McLean
Polemic
John Bemdt
Institute of
Fatuous Research
FaGaGa
Lloyd Dunn
Neil Henderson
International Music
Workers Union
Mark Pawson
Maurice Burns

Anticopyright is a distribution service for agitational and generally scurrilous art/flyposters. This first catalogue details over two hundred posters that attack, subvert and supercede the present order. They are to be placed, anywhere but the expected, the world over.

How it works:

1 People (anyone who wants to) send in posters which are then included in a catalogue by a short entry describing what they're about and what they look like. Each poster is identified by it's own number.

2 Each poster has a short entry describing how it has been made, in order to help you imagine what it looks like. This is in brackets after the main section, ie : (Collage and text.)

3 Anyone who wants posters to stick up writes into a distribution point requesting them by using the catalogue number. When writing in for posters it helps if you can include a large stamped addressed envelope or an International Reply Coupon and possibly a donation to help cover costs. Anticopyright runs off what we can scrounge or steal so every little helps.

4 We want as many people as possible to become distribution points for their own countries or areas. The more of us there are the faster and more effectively the whole network will run. If anyone is interested in doing this they should contact one of the addresses listed for further information.

5 The present distribution points are:

PO Box 368, Cardiff, Wales, CF2 1SQ, U.K.

Waldenourg Str. 4, Braunschweig 3300, West Germany.

PO Box 162, Oakdale IA, 52319, U.S.A.

R. Currie
Malok
Thomas Roche
Wheaton
Dave Haden
Perry Coma
Colin Hinz
Liz Was
Mikal And
Doug Minkler
Dennis Gould
Rea Nikonova
Karen Eliot
Chris
de Coulon Berthoud
Rick/
Museum of
Modern Alienation
A.K
I.M.I
M.J
and many others
who have been
shamelessly copied.

The Mail of the Species



Photograph by Jane Scherr

By Judith Moore

The view from the kitchen windows in Steve Sikora's Albany house ends at the Berkeley hills. Glass panes on houses marching up the distant green incline glisten through the noon haze, and outside, in a neighbor's garden, bees rise off blossoming shrubs. Sikora's teenage son and daughter are at school, and except for a clacking computer printer in an upstairs bedroom, all is quiet. Sikora has set the printer to prepare address labels for the 1600 subscribers to his magazine for letter writers, *The Letter Exchange*. Mailed out three times per year to women and men in every state of the union and England, France, the Virgin Islands, Spain, and Hong Kong, *The Letter Exchange* (called *LEX* by its users) provides a directory of correspondents wanting to write and receive letters on subjects ranging from Fred Allen to woodchuck chili to Jane Austen to God.

Sikora is standing in the kitchen, spooning up the last kernels of Grape Nuts from a bowl he holds under his chin. He offers an apple, suggests a glass of juice which he says he would be happy to squeeze from the dozen or so oranges heaped in a bowl. Wearing faded jeans and an open-necked shirt, Sikora's lanky frame and genial expression call up memories of '60s astronauts. Above a high, placid, virtually unlined forehead, he is beginning to lose a little hair. He works occasionally as a carpenter, and his hands are calloused.

Forty-three, a Vietnam vet, contractor and carpenter, ex-schoolteacher, one-time Cal graduate student, son and grandson of dentists, Sikora, speaking in an edgeless, easy voice, warns me that "I've got a chip on my shoulder about public writing." By public writing, he means the writing of published authors. This writing, he complains, is not democratic. Professional writers are performers, he says, out there "doing their spins."

Why, he asks, "do writers not talk with *us*?" He poses this question frequently in his editorial writing in *LEX*. His eyes say that the question, for all its repetition, has not lost its power to trouble him.

Sikora leads the way down to the basement where he has his office. There, in the cool lamp-lit darkness, are two framed black-and-white photographs. One is of Sikora's wife and her grandmother. The second shows Sikora's father standing at a small letterpress. His father, dead now, printed tickets for bingo games at the Odd Fellows Hall. His father hoped Sikora would also become a dentist. "I just couldn't do it," says Sikora regretfully.

Along the basement walls, Sikora has built neatly notched shelves where he keeps dog-eared volumes of George Steiner, Walter Ong, Lionel Trilling, and Jane Austen. The old black Remington on which he writes his letters takes up half the desk top. Sikora flips through the previous evening's correspondence. "Three letters, two postcards."

LEX listings bear an eerie resemblance to want-ad personals. But only in form. The content is chaste, sometimes facetious, sometimes jocular or poignant, sometimes even fugitive. From the fall, 1985, issue, he shows me this: "Would like to discuss enclosed, self-sustaining ecosystems with knowledgeable person. Also, what a biologist would test for if put in an unknown environment and wanted to find edible plants." And this from the spring, 1986, issue: "Your cat twenty years old or more? Very small animal in very big world? What helped it most to survive? We learn from animals who cope well, too. Please write." Or, "I love jokes, funny stories, supernatural stories, and many other things. Write me. Maybe we have something in common." When desperate, the content is politely so: "Alone, but not lonely? I am the best company I can have. Is loneliness another hype to be sold to the gullible? What makes us so different?" Or, "I'll turn fifty pretty soon, without having met my life goals or realized my deepest dreams—yet my energy stills runs high and full. I wish to hear about the experience of others anticipating or being fifty. Reported experiences from literary, artistic, and political figures are also welcome." Or, "I have been disabled with a stroke and find myself surprised that I don't know what life is all about. I want to hear from you."

LEX is not a lonely hearts club or dating service. Sikora warns in each issue that *LEX* exists only for exchange of letters, not for "any other social, commercial, or personal encounter." To publish an ad of twenty words or less costs five dollars. Over 1200 people a month respond to *LEX* ads; two-thirds to three-quarters of the respondents are women.

"Why talk to an empty room or to a mass of strangers? Write letters instead!"

Sikora views many men who use *LEX* "as letters-to-the-editor types." "They really don't want an answer. They want to tell you the way to end the war, stop the commies. Women want interchange."

He is not sure why more women than men use *LEX*. He cites studies on conversation between men and women that show women do the work of keeping a conversation going. "At the same time," says Sikora, "women do far less actual talking. Men do that. I like to think there is an analogy there with public writing. Public writing is more like the man's performance in conversation between men and women. It's not two-way.

"I was very attracted to the idea that what we all basically want is to be named and the most important part of the letter was the opening—the salutation—and that the rest was inconsequential to some extent.

"It is usually a man who does the naming." Sikora points to the book by George Steiner on his shelf. "When Steiner celebrates language it is the glorious masculine speaker, the singer, the poet that he celebrates. You never hear about who else is involved."

Sikora hypothesizes that many *LEX* users are people who have traditionally been written *at*, "passive receivers of words from up above." Sikora says he first called his magazine *The Readers' League* because he wanted to make the point that, by writing letters, readers could retrieve their own voices.

To further explain what letter writing is for him, Sikora talks about a poem he wrote which illustrates how language may have originated with the listener rather than the speaker. "My sense was of a bored woman who had little to do and wanted something she didn't have." Sikora lifts his arms as if he were cradling an infant. "So she finally coaxed this little thing in her arms into giving her a word. She kept at this thing in her arms until finally it spoke to her. And then she died, and he became the speaker.

"Ever since then," concludes Sikora, "the speaker has been what language is all about. We forget that you need to have someone pulling those words out of us in order for language to come about."

While Sikora was a Cal undergraduate and his wife-to-be was at Stanford, and, later, while he was in Vietnam, Sikora wrote letters. He liked writing letters, and felt curious about the process itself. In the early '70s this curiosity led Sikora to graduate school at Cal where he hoped to take a doctorate in reading and writing. In the course of his studies, Sikora ran across the story of Augustine's discovery of Ambrose reading silently.

According to the story, Augustine went to Milan where he saw Ambrose, Milan's bishop, turning the pages of a book, obviously reading. But no sound came into the room. "Up to that time," explains Sikora, "all reading was aloud. Libraries were built with partitions around every cubicle because all the monks read aloud.

"Those little facts were so tantalizing to me. What did sound do that writing does not do? Why did Plato want to wipe out the poets?"

Sikora concluded that "sound creates a bond between the speaker and listener that is not there with writing. With writing it is not there because the *reader* is miles away."

By 1978 Sikora had left Cal without a degree. In Pinole, where he worked full-time as a carpenter, and later, in Albany, he began to visit the local libraries. "I'd read some article in *Atlantic* or *Harper's* and I would want so much to talk." Actually, he explains, he did not want to *talk*. He wanted, *needed*, "to write it down."

"I'd slip little notes inside these magazines, 'Somebody, please, let's talk about this essay.' I never heard from anyone."

One day Sikora and his wife were paying a call upon his wife's grandmother. She had read Fritjof Capra's *The Tao of Physics*, and had subsequently written three letters to Capra, asking questions raised by the book. "He does not write back," she complained.

Sikora had also written to authors who did not respond, so the elderly lady's complaint, he recalls, "fell on fertile ground." Sikora wrote to Capra: "Questions have been raised by your book, and this woman has nowhere to go."

Capra answered, explaining that he received five hundred letters a week. He asked Sikora what he, Capra, could do. Sikora had an idea: a newsletter for people who wrote to Capra. Capra agreed. As letters came in to Capra, he would answer by sending an invitation from Sikora to participate in the newsletter. Letters arrived from all over the United States, India, Japan, Australia. "They ranged all over the map of the mind as well!" says Sikora. "The Indian fellow still writes to a fellow who writes to me."

Sorting through the filing cabinet in which he keeps *LEX*-related correspondence, Sikora pulls out a 1981 issue of *Open Education Exchange* and reads an ad he placed there: "LETTER WRITERS' NETWORK: Have you something to write but no one

continued on page 9

to write it to? This free service will locate readers for you. Writing a journal or diary to oneself soon becomes boring, and writing for publication is both difficult and dubious. Why talk to an empty room or to a mass of strangers? Write letters instead!"

Only five people responded. But the newsletter which began through Capra and this ad inspired Sikora to found a publication for letter writers.

In 1982 Sikora first published *The Readers' League*, a "catalogue of correspondence." The catalogue offered "the possibility of a literary connection which is truly worthy of the name: the vital interaction of writer and reader in a mutual exchange. A communication where both parties talk and both listen; where communication travels in two directions instead of only one; where written words are tossed *back* as well as forth."

The first issue had eight pages. Nine letter writers offered twenty-one listings, nine of which were Sikora's (i.e., "I'm trying to work out some general ideas about language based on the premise that *listening* instead of speaking is the crucial linguistic activity. But I need some listeners in order to proceed . . .") and one from his wife's grandmother ("I am interested in thought, such as *The Tao of Physics*, philosophy [not too heavy], poetry, painting, flowers, especially wild flowers in water colors, gardening, conservation of nature, birds, and all forms of natural life; and the need of doing something about it.").

Beginning with the third issue, *The Readers' League* became *The Letter Exchange*. Now the magazine runs 32 pages and lists hundreds of potential correspondents. Although *LEX* does not yet support Sikora, it pays its expenses, allowing him to do less carpentry and more letter writing of his own.

Sikora says he maintains two fairly intense correspondences, in which letters are exchanged twice weekly, and twenty more casual once-a-week correspondents. One of his daily correspondents is a paraplegic who lives in Oklahoma.

As subject matter for his own letters, Sikora likes most to write about letter writing itself. He would also enjoy an exchange of views about ideas prompted by his reading. "But that," he says, "hasn't happened very often."

Sikora also enjoys what he calls "ghost letters," in which the writer takes on the guise of a literary or historical personage and is responded to in kind. Sikora once placed this ad: "My dear Mrs. Karenina, you and my sister are two of a kind. Passion passion passion is all I hear. Drives me nuts. Elinor Dashwood." "That was way back, two years ago," says Sikora, going on to explain that in Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, "Marianne falls head over heels with a cad; she's the passionate one. Elinor, my character, was the sensible one, sane." For a time this pose of Sikora's as Dashwood provided him with an intriguing correspondence.

A number of *LEX* users have carried on lengthy ghost correspondences. Sikora cites the woman who began her *LEX* career with this: "Mother of soldier killed in Vietnam seeks correspondence with veterans and other parents." Sikora answered that letter and learned that the woman "had had Vietnam on her mind for ten to fifteen years. She read every book that was published. Our letters were about Vietnam. We were talking in our letters about pretending to be other people. I suggested she try ghost letters."

She responded to an ad from a young man in Kentucky who wished to write as a Roman soldier. She decided to be a Navajo in the 1890s. The correspondence lasted for over a year, ending when the Roman decided he wanted to become a student in the Weimar Republic.

One of Sikora's correspondents regularly mails snippets of his autobiography to Sikora. "I wrote to him saying that I could not dream of writing an autobiography," says Sikora, "that what I am is in conjunction with some other person. There is no singluar essence called 'me' that can be detached.

"We have come to think of ourselves as self-created because we can write our own lives, manufacture our own tales. But what you come to know through writing is that it's not solely owned; it is a joint effort. My sense when I am writing letters, when it goes well, is that the other person is doing it. It's that other person who is pulling this letter out of this typewriter." Sikora points toward the Remington. "It is the conjunction of the two of us who are pulling this out of me."

The Letter Exchange

Box 6218 — Albany, CA 94706

A Magazine
For Letter Writers

NOTE: *The Letter Exchange* is NOT a singles magazine. We do NOT accept any ads of that type. And we cannot accept any orders from prisoners.

For Canadians, the sample copy is $5.00 and the subscription is $16.00. Overseas: $6.50 for a sample copy and $17.00 for the subscription, sent by air. Your order must be *payable in U. S. funds.*

The Letter Exchange
Box 6218 — Albany, CA 94706

YES! I want to receive *The Letter Exchange* so I may enjoy correspondence with others who share my interests. I have enclosed a check or money order for $____. Please send me the following:

☐ Current issue, $5.00
☐ Subscription, 3 issues for $14.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Please make checks payable to *The Letter Exchange.*

Copy & Use

SENSORIA MEDIA-TORS

Copy & Use

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

Enjoy! Shareright '90

SFC

CONTAINS

DISPOSABLE REALITY

NO DEPOSIT
NO RETURN

"A Tradition You Can Depend On"

For Us

STANDARD OF LIVING

FOR OUR DESCENDENTS,

STANDARD OF DYING

SAVE!!

TEAR DOWN
THIS AD &
BRING IT IN

For 50% OFF!!

on SALE Merchandise.
--LIMIT 3 Per Customer.--

IMAGINE

LIFE

WITHOUT THIS

"HOW HUMANS RELATE"

Professionally
DISTORTED
for your convenience

SFC

JUST SAY

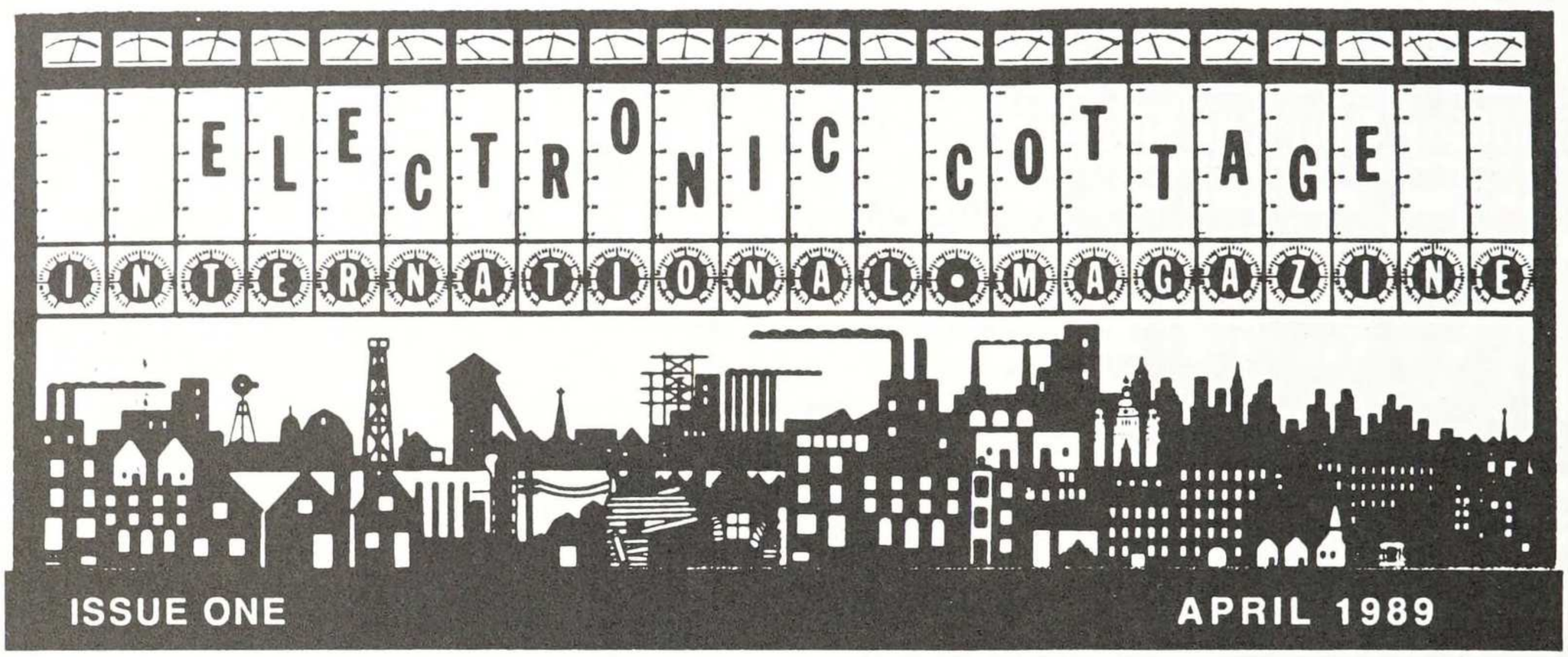
Nothing.

A Perspective on Cassette-Culture Networking:

Hal McGee, *from* Electronic Cottage Magazine

For persons interested in Cassette Culture, Electronic Cottage is an essential resource, as it provides a conduit for the many contacts that its editor, Hal McGee has arrived at after many years of dedicated Networking. SFC wrote to Hal to ask him about how he arrived at Networking; what follows is his written response.

Based on 23 questions from SFC



I first became involved ***in the independent music scene way back in 1983. A friend showed me his copies of ND and OP magazines. He told me I should write to some of the people whose contact addresses I found listed in them. I did and I've been hooked ever since. One contact led to another and another and another; it snowballed and multiplied to the point where in 1990 I can safely say I've been in contact with hundreds, if not thousands, of indie home tapers over the last few years. My level of involvement increased with each new contact I made. I now have many good friends in every corner of the Earth: from the U.S.A. to Canada, to Mexico, to Iceland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, The Netherlands, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, South Africa, Israel and Japan.***

In my late teens and early twenties I was interested in a great deal of alternative literature, art and music. I made a thorough study of the so-called Beat writers (Kerouac, Ginsberg, Snyder, Ferlinghetti, Corso, etc.), as well as an intense examination of the revolutionary writing style of William S. Burroughs. All of these writers had an acute impact on my sensibilities in terms of how they dealt with reality through their manipulation of word and image. The Burroughs influence was particularly important because of his (at that time) radical cut-up and fold-in methods. It was fascinating to me that word, image and even sound could be treated as malleable, flexible media. I think everyone interested in experimental music should read

Cassette Culture Networking:

Hal McGee / Electronic Cottage

Burroughs' essay "Electronic Revolution" (1970-71) in which he outlined methods to cut across lines of societal control and mass media disinformation with a (at that time) new and revolutionary device called the cassette. It was here that I was first introduced to the idea that the magnetic tape cassette was a lot more than a convenient, compact and portable means to record my favorite rock album or a professor's lecture at the university. The cassette is a threat, a terrorist tool, an incendiary device, the sword of cultural anarchy. Anyone who is serious about underground culture and subverting the dictatorial control of the mass media and entertainment systems must be committed to the cassette! I have maintained my allegiance to this (yes!) revolutionary art form to this day.

"The cassette is a threat, a terrorist tool, an incendiary device, the sword of cultural anarchy Anyone who is serious about underground culture and subverting the dictatorial control of the mass media and entertainment systems must be committed to the cassette!"

I also had an interest in various musical artists on the fringe of the rock mainstream, the most influential of whom for me was Brian Eno. Again, I found something fascinating and challenging in his approach to what most people (at least the ones I grew up with) has always considered a rather simple matter - music. A song was three and a half minutes long with a rhythm, hummable melody, memorable lyrics, etc. Eno's particular impact was significant because he was working on the fringes of mainstream pop music, but he was saying well, let's look at the whole thing in a different way. Not only did he help to subvert the way Eurocentric culture had looked at music for hundreds of years-- in other words, the vertical color or timbral life of musical sounds became as important as relationships between notes or tones-- but also, the role of the artist or composer --and this was a real shocker: the composer as audience to the results of processes he had set into motion. A fascinating idea that music could have a life of its own! And I don't intend to seem naive. I realize that Eno wasn't the first to come up with these ideas, but his work was the first exposure I had to this way of looking at things. And to this day I don't sit around and have lengthy discussions with people about Cage, Stockhausen, Subtonick, Xenakis and that bunch. I've never been good at name-dropping.

fIn October of 1981 I placed an ad saying I wanted to form an experimental music group in a local music paper in Indianapolis, Indiana. A young woman named Debbie Jaffe called me up a couple of days later and we made arrangements to get together and compare notes and exchange ideas. We soon became very close friends. She had written a lot of weird poetry and big, disjointed, free form, seemingly nonsensical books. She introduced me to a lot of new ideas and (anti-)art "movements" I had never heard of, like Futurism, Expressionism, Surrealism, and particularly Dada. I must admit that Dada ruled my brain for a good part of the early 1980s, profound in its ridiculousness, ridiculous in its profundity. Smart, stupid, brave, cowardly, everything and nothing. I was particularly impressed (again) by how the Dadaists approached art, its methods, modes and tools. I thought Hugo Ball's poems with the pseudo-primitive / African made-up words were marvelous. We were both quite taken with the whole Dada thing and quite naively, without admitting it, fancied ourselves as neo-Dadaists. We were living together on the west side of Indianapolis and spent our days painting, writing poems, chanting, beating on tambourines, listening to music, making love, drinking, doing drugs and fighting with bouts of schizophrenia and extreme depression. Once we decided to go to open stage night at a country and western bar and dressed up just like those crazy Zurich Dadaists with cones on our heads, and gave ourselves silly fake names like Jolifanto Karawane and Mipoola Palinga. And for ten agaonizing minutes Debbie shrieked and wailed into a micro- phone while I beat on an acoustic guitar with a drumstick and growled and barked out absurdist poetry. Needless to say, we were glad to make it out of the place alive.

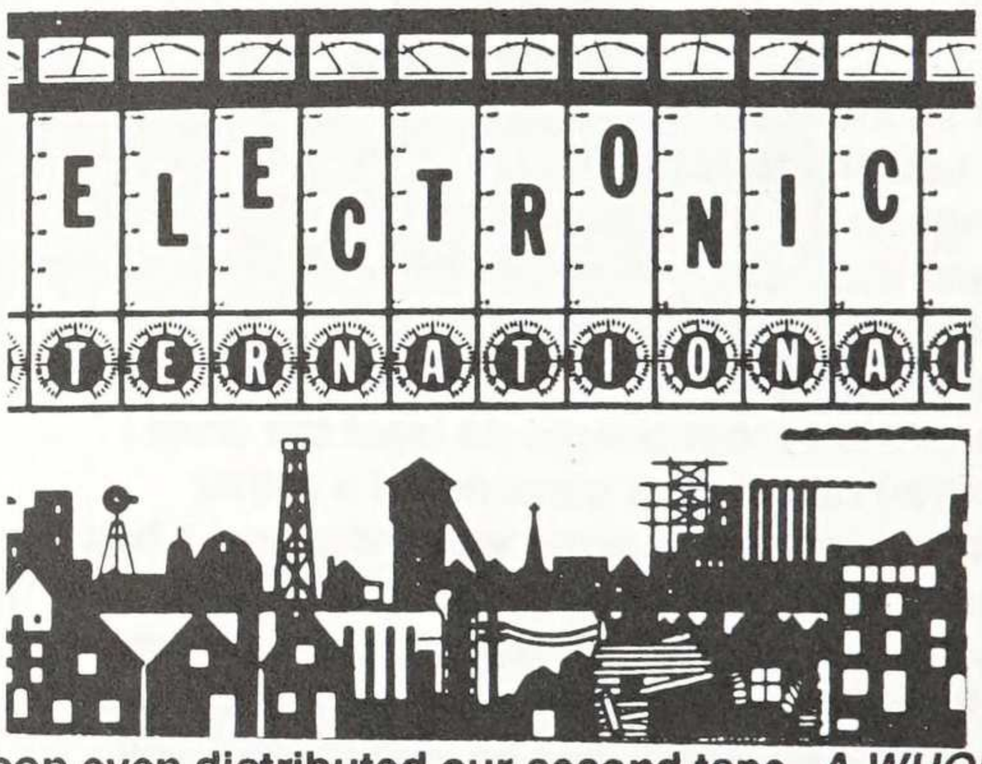
We recorded our performance in front of those enraged rednecks on a cheap portable Panasonic cassette recorder on 29-cent tape. I don't have a copy of that tape but it has probably decayed beyond listenability, that night gone, just a faint smudge of sound and sensation in our memories. It was on that same Panasonic recorder that I recorded experiments with electronic guitar and primitive effects, and also later that we recorded our early collaboration work as Viscera.

"Smart, stupid, brave, cowardly, everything and nothing, everythiing and nothing."

Debbie published a small, but delightfully obtuse magazine called 12 SECONDS OF LAUGHTER for a time. And though I was but marginally involved in 12 SECONDS I caught glimpses of the small press underground. I noticed that Debbie got a lot of mail from all over from people who published their own zines, mostly bad stuffy poetry or Finnegan's Wake imitations (and who's every actually read the damn thing?!). She didn't get a a very enthusiastic response overall, because most people couldn't make sense of her style, and I think it was too experimental and out of line with their supposedly alternative, but sterile, ideas of literature.

Debbie introduced me to her friends Rick Karcasheff and David Mattingly. Prior to meeting me she had done some vocal parts with their sometime experimental music group, Gabble Ratchet. She played me some cassette recordings of some of the things they had done, and I found a lot of it to be quite interesting, so I agreed to go over to Rick's. Karcasheff had a massive record and tape collection, literally thousands of things from Post-Punk to New Wave to something called Industrial Music. It was at Karcasheff's that I got my first exposure to names like Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire, Nurse With Wound, Joy Division, New Order, Lemon Kittens, Metabolist, Legendary Pink Dots, Section 25 and others that now sound downright crusty and historical. And I had thought Public Image Ltd. were weird! Karcasheff would have big parties on the weekends and invite a bunch of artsy types over for drinking, pot smoking, poetry readings, listening to music and jamming. Big, noisy, discordant, disjointed jams with mono synths like the Korg MS20 and electric guitars and drums, etc. which were recorded with a stereo microphone on one of Rick's cassette decks, I think a Nakamichi. He told us we really ought to buy a cassette deck and he would make interesting tapes of new groups we hadn't heard before. We also bought a stereo mike and started making recordings with Debbie on Casio keyboards (yes, the dreaded Casiotone, as well as poly MT11) and me doing my "expressionist" poetry vocals over the top. We called our group Viscera and put together a 60-minute cassette tape of our songs. Talk about primitive! First take, live, no overdubs, open air recordings which we did in our hole-in-the-wall $130-a-months apartment in downtown Indianapolis. We had "released" our early proto-Viscera songs on a compilation cassette (featuring bits by me & Deb, Gabble Ratchet, Jack Sexton, Roberta Eklund and some silly screaming match kind of things we'd done with a girl named Trish) called *60 MINUTES OF LAUGHTER*, which Debbie had put out in conjunction with her zine.

But this was the first "official" collection of Viscera songs, and we called it *IN A FOREIGN FILM*. Debbie got the cover photo from a foreign film catalog. We put out *IN A FOREIGN FILM* in September 1983. We started writing to some of the people whose names we saw listed in OP, ND and some other music mags Rick had shown us. We sent copies of our tapes to these people, hoping they would like our stuff, and give us a good review in their zine or distribute our tapes. Debbie and I thought we had died and gone to Heaven when Kent Hotchkiss of Aeon in Ft. Collins, Colorado said he wanted to distribute our tape! Aeon distributed mostly cassettes and records of an intense, "difficult", very serious, industrial, and very Eurocentric sound. Wow!, we were going to be distributed by Aeon, who carried stuff by all these people who to us were almost mythical-- Mnemonists, Muslimgauze, konstruktivits, the Pink Dots, Maurizio Bianchi, Pascal Comelade, Vittore Baroni, etc.



Aeon even distributed our second tape, *A WHOLE UNIVERSE OF HORROR MOVIES*, which though still primitive and painfully minimalistic, was a step up from *IN A FOREIGN FILM* in terms of execution and ideas. Debbie even used Roberta Eklund's Moog Prodigy on a few of the songs! Our earliest contacts in the home taper underground read like a who's who of the early 80s scene. People like Ladd-Frith and Alain Neffe of Insane Music. L-F and Insane were perhaps our strongest and most important home taper friendships in the early days. But there were others! To name but a few: Zan Hoffman, DK, Al Margolis, Sandy Nys of Magisch Theater, Andreas Muller of Normal, Richard Franecki of Uddersounds, Lon Diehl of S/M Operations, John Wiggin, Jim Adams of ARF/STUTTER, Schlafengarten, and many others I've forgotten. We contributed tracks by Viscera to compilations put out by Insane, Magisch and several others.

Cassette Culture Networking:

Hal McGee/Electronic Cottage

In those days the cassette scene was exciting and new and fresh. Most of us were new at it, with the exception of people like Neffe who had been doing it since something like 1975 or 76. We actually felt we were doing something that was meaningful and challenging, and giving the major record companies and mainstream show biz world a kick in the ass! And it was exciting to get mail from all over the world. It's hard to imagine now what a thrill it was to get a tape from Masaki Eguti in Japan or De Fabriek in Holland or even somebody like A Produce. And we all had a set of ideals! We had, to quote myself from the pages of ELECTRONIC COTTAGE Issue One, "a kind of giddy, youthful idealism and visionary, semi-mystical approach to reality and creativity"...I think we all were out to change the world, not only to change the way it looked at music and art, but reality and society as well. Doing the cassette thing in those days was all about exploration, pushing the boundaries, experimenting, trying new things, being raw, outrageous, weird, and being as over- and self-serious as possible!

"EC is dedicated to the independent, do-it-yourself spirit. It has and will champion the cause of electronic audio folk artists and sonic pioneers everywhere. The home taper movement is a cultural force to reckon with."

In the Autumn of 1984 I came up with the idea to start an international cassette-only distribution service. There were a lot of indie cassette people around, but no good distribution -- it was all rather haphazard, and awkward and uncoordinated. And people like Aeon and some of the other distributors just didn't want to deal with cassettes. It's funny that even then people looked down on cassettes and the people doing them. It was like if you did cassettes your stuff was automatically no good and second-rate. You know, it's the same old song-and-dance you get today, you had to have a record album to be taken seriously! What a load of bullshit--I thought so then, and I still think so now (and I get the feeling I'm one of the few people who do!) I wrote to all of our contacts and asked if I could distribute some copies of some of their tapes I'd gotten from them and enjoyed. Our first catalogue, which we put out in January 1985, had listings for something like 160 cassettes.

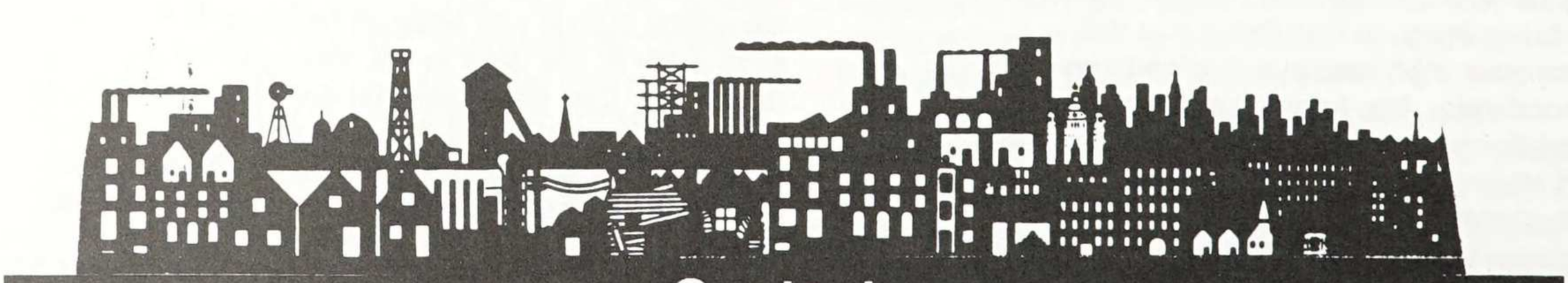
Our Viscera tapes were in there, as well as solo debut cassettes by me (as Dog As Master) and Jaffe (as Master?Slave Relationship), plus cassettes from all over the U.S., England, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy and Japan. Each listing contained a fairly lengthy description of the tape and a picture of the cassette cover! You don't find that in many label catalogs these days! The catalogue was almost like a book--very thick and detailed. Many people regard our early CAE catalogues as reference guides because they were so jam-packed with information! And it cost us an arm and a leg to get these things photocopied. But we (at least I was; Jaffe has recently claimed in an interview in FILE 13 magazine that it was all my idea and that she was never that crazy about it to begin with!) were into it and we took the whole thing very seriously. I figured that CAE would show everyone they couldn't laugh at cassettes any more! 6,000 cassettes sold, traded and given away; and a six-and-and-a-half year relationship with Jaffe and Cause And Effect in the trash can, I moved to Apollo Beach, Florida in June 1988. Apollo Beach is a suburb about 15 miles south of Tampa, located on Tampa Bay. I got a job as a cook at the Holiday Inn on the beach about one half mile from where I lived with my sister, her Golden Retriever, Cosmo, and my Dashshund, Coffee. I spent several months reading (all Of A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu by Proust and War And Peace by Tolstoy) and feeling sorry for myself. I almost completely dropped out of the home tape scene, only staying in touch with a few of my closest contacts. I had no recording and musical equipment. I tried my best to avoid getting back into the networking scene. The whole thing left a nasty taste in my mouth. In the mid to late 80's I had watched the scene buckle and snap as home tapers stabbed each other in the back in the scramble for the Great God Vinyl. One day I woke up and the idealism was gone, and so were a lot of friendships. I'm not real sure what happened, but it was like everybody got this notion that they could somehow "make the Big Time"and make money off this home taping, experimental music thing. All the would-be rock stars in the scene really showed their true colors. The funny thing is, none of them are any richer or any more famous, but they are a sight worse off having abandoned their friends in the underground who had supported them!

Cassette Culture Networking:
Hal McGee / Electronic Cottage

Cause And Effect had failed for the same reasons and in the same way my relationship with Jaffe had failed. This is a fundamental truth about the home taper scene: a home taper's personal life is inextricably linked to his/her creative output and endeavors. One affects the other which in turn affects the other which in turn... The home taper phenomenon is our new folk art. It's difficult to find the focus to answer correspondence when you're bent-out-of-shape distraught, or having heated scream-outs with your mate! As my relationship with Jaffe deteriorated, I found my music becoming less abstract, narrower and more claustrophobic in emotional focus, burning with rage and disgust and hatred. The isolation, beauty and sunny cheerfulness of my new home made it easy to forget all about correspondence and promoting and trading tapes and networking and tiptoeing around over-sensitive egos.

Then one day I woke up and I knew it was time to get back at it again. After and Years of pulling dozens of pieces of mail out of my mail box every week it was hard to beak the addiction! I wanted to find a way to get back into the scene and make it mean something for myself. I wanted to re-dedicate myself to my original principles. I laid the groundwork for a magazine to be called ELECTRONIC COTTAGE, based partly on an idea from Alvin Toffler's *FUTURE SHOCK*: that today's indie cassette and record labels are the modern equivalent of cottage industries of old. Advances in technology had brought affordable micro recording and duplicating systems into the home. The technological explosion had led to a cultural implosion, to borrow an idea from McLuhan.

The industrial-literary advances had alienated people from the tribal cultural commonwealth. The artist and musician had become a specialized trade like being a carpenter or accountant or farmer, and it was widely accepted that only a gifted chosen few could create art, while the masses passively consumed, applauded and watched. EC is dedicated to the independent, do-it-yourself spirit. It has and will champion the cause of electronic audio folk artists and sonic pioneers everywhere. The home taper movement is a a cultural force to reckon with. It's all about putting the means of artistic production and creative expression back in the hands of the individual, or everyone, not just an elite few. It's all about democracy in art communication systems and sharing ideas and information, the most valuable of all currencies! And it's about communication and cross/inter-cultural pollination. We are breaking the back of the stranglehold monopoly of the big mass entertainment media industries--they are running scared! I still believe that the cassette movement is a revolutionary aesthetic force. It still has meaning in the 90's, maybe more than ever. We involved in the home taper scene are the vanguard of the future; we are the heralds of a future time when art and music will again become the property and gift of the people. More than ever before it is time to forget about money and fame and success, the whole big consumer trap. It is time to produce, to explore, to refuse to be a couch potato! Electronic audio pioneers, onward! There is much work to be done!



Contact:

Hal McGee / ELECTRONIC COTTAGE

P.O. Box 3637, Apollo Beach, FL 33572 USA

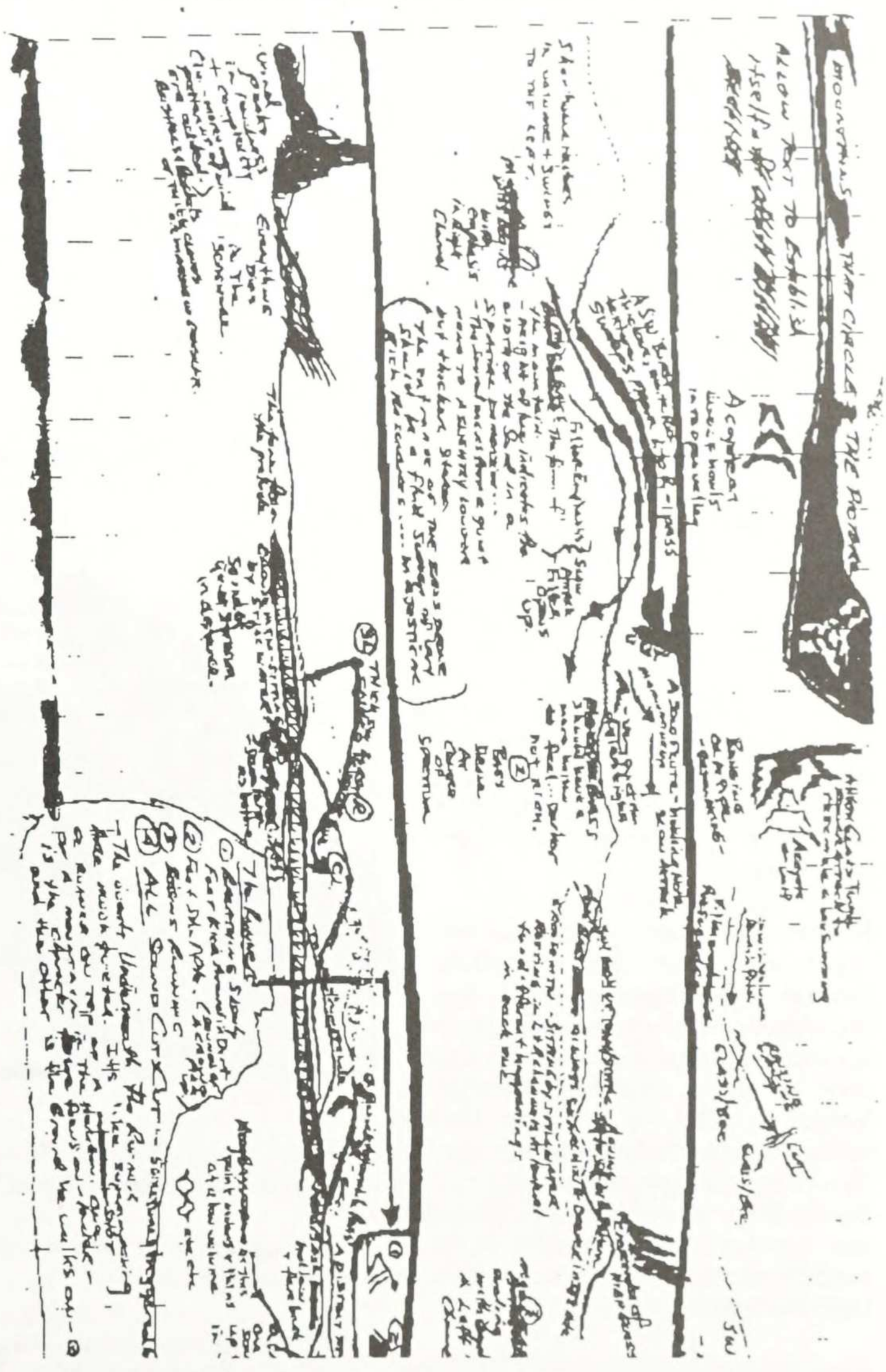
Working Notes for Darren Copeland's interpretation of "Description of a Picture/Explosion of Memory"

a text written by East German Playwright Heiner Muller. This musical sketch is an excerpt from a series of sketches inspired by the text.

"I am concentrating more and more on using environmental and concrete sounds in my music. They conjure visual images in the mind of the listener, asking that person's memory to recall. They represent a specific feeling or image with pinpoint directness. They create the sense of a film with its picture hidden from view. My own "films" often unfold like a slow pagent, like a procession of images. These images are charged by my own personal memories.

My association with visual images initiated the process of notation (often I refer to this process as "sketching"). With little sense of a working process, consistent patterns are appearing in my sketches, as a very personalized notation system is integrated into my working habits. The tools and machinery of electronic- music require care, precision, and time to capture the idea in mind. This notation system allows for an idea to be recorded instantaneously, wherever and whenever it appears, without mechanical hindrances."

--Darren Copeland



The picture circles us. Or we circle the picture. Things are constantly moving....growing...transforming...The mountain is the central image and figure. The rise and fall in the music follows the peaks and troughs of a mountain landscape. The mountains are viewed in the far distance, as though they rest on the horizon in all directions that we face.

Correspondence:

Darren Copeland
4288 Grange St., Apt# B-1008
Burnaby, B.C., V5H 1P2
CANADA

Justified Ancients of Mu-Mu, 1987: What the Fuck is Going On? This LP became an instant cult success, and attracted a great deal of attention from the British rock rags, largely because of a deft bit of audio chicanery, "The Queen and I." What this was, was a radical reworking of Abba's "Dancing Queen." Abba's lawyers were not amused. They were so unamused, in fact, that they threatened to sue J.A.M.s headman Phil Drummond into the Stone Age unless the band destroyed all copies of the record. Not just the unsold ones, mind you, but all of them, including the one ensconced in my own record racks. (Sorry guys, but what's mine is mine, so piss off.) Somehow the heavies relented to accept destruction of only the unsold copies, much to Phil's relief. (The J.A.M.s had the last word, though, as they re-released the record, but with all the purloined bits left out of the mix. The purchaser was provided with explicit instructions for re-creating the original mix....clever.

But, after all this discussion, is it really plagiarism? My dictionary (a large Webster's) defines plagiarism as "to take another's writings etc. and pass them off as one's own."[2] But this isn't the case here! (Granted, there are some exceptions.) Rappers aren't trying to give the impression that the wailin' dude on their record is a member of their band. It's meant to be obviously James Brown, and nobody but. In the case of the J.A.M.s, the whole reason "The Queen and I" is amusing is because the average listener recognises the bits of the original song. Even when the source of the sound snatchet is unclear, that it is appropriated is made clear by context.

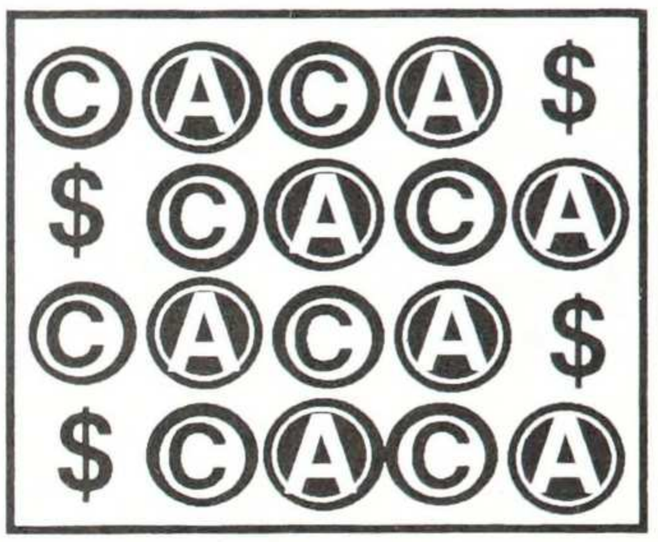
This has a corollary in print media, specifically the essay format. In this form, the author is almost expected to use small snatches of others' work, in the form of quotations. The use of quotations has been universally accepted among writers, and the associated protocols are routine enough not to be a big deal for anybody. Even in the case of a major-selling book, the author (or more exactly, the agent or copyright-holder) of a quote embodied therein isn't creating a scandal by demanding a share of the take. So why should music be any different? Again, it comes back to the same hideous thing: money. Unlike authors, musicians feel entitled to a slice of the cake when they're being "quoted" by other musicians. This is all very nice when major labels are involved, as they have whole departments to take care of handling that sort of payola in a tidy and unobtrusive fashion.

Not so with John Oswald.

Last year, he compiled a CD project called Plunderphonic. It contained 24 works which were organised around the use of appropriated sound, although with one track original sounds added. John had no illusions about the legality of some of his audio espionage, hence his unusual means of making the CD available to the public: "This disc may be reproduced but neither it, nor any reproductions of it are to be bought or sold. Copies are available only to public access and broadcast organisations, including libraries, radio and periodicals." The law gives stiff penalties to those who "sell or hire" infringing material, but (conveniently for John) makes no mention of penalties for giving the stuff away. Ah, but John Forgot about civil court. Recently, the Canadian Recording Industry Association, a lobby group for the industry (i.e. the Majors), threatened to sue John, unless he handed over all remaining copies of the CD. Not having the resources for a legal battle, John had to comply.

Note the obvious cowardliness of the CRIA. Tune any AM radio to a pop station and, hit after hit, you will find obvious use of sampling and lengthy bits of appropriated sound. Why is it that these musicians aren't threatened into silence, whereas John was? It's because popstars, despite having broken the Golden Rule of copyright, play by the rest of the rules. They work hard to make lots of money for the labels they labour for, so the majors aren't about to complain. After all, they get something in return. The little guy, however, has nothing to offer in return. Hence, John, and others such as the J.A.M.s, get muzzled. John is especially dangerous to the Industry since he is a free spirit actively questioning, via the concepts of "share-right" and free duplication, the tight grip record companies have on the availability and distribution of music. Home taping is killing the music industry, and here John is encouraging it! (The J.A.M.s record was also "liberated" into the public domain. Fans of conspiracy theories take notice. Fnord!)

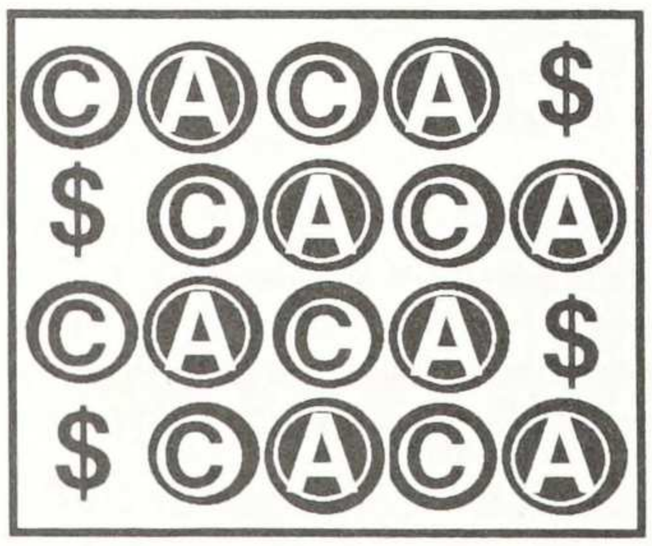
What worries me the most about the Plunderphonic case is, what will be the majors' next target? Will I soon find it impossible to get records by Christian Marclay? Or John Zorn? Will some of John



Cage's tape pieces be judged objectionable, even after all these years, and thus quickly fade from public view? I can think of a few small labels whose entire back catalogue would be threatened by similarly heavy-handed actions.

All this discussion leads up to the question posed in the quote opening the article: When do the rights of one performer (the one being sampled) take precedence over the rights of another (the one seeking to exercise a creative vision)? This question has to be considered independent of any considerations for financial compensation or royalty. After giving the matter much thought, I have realised that any restrictions made on the use of the pre-existing soundscape may pose a serious limitation to the creative energies of musicians of any sort. Also, the use of a sample does not in any way detract from the availability, the enjoyment, or cultural values of the original work. In contrary, as has been noted in several instances, a sample can increase the visibility of the original work or performer. Witness the sudden popularity of Yemenite folksinger Ofra Haza after appearing in a few samples on a hit rap record. (As a personal example, I have become interested in the music of James Brown through listening to Plunder-phonic.) Thus, the actions of the CRIA and of Abba's lawyers must be condemned.

What, then, of the monetary aspect? One might ar gue that a musician being sampled is no more entitled to royalties than are the manufacturers of (non-sampling) instruments. This is pretty slippery logic, as it equates a human musician with a machine. Fairness seems to indicate that, if a song makes a lot of money, and that song incorporates a sample of another work, the creators of the original work should get a share of the take. How much of a share is granted should be deter-mined by what portion the sample makes up the new work. How that should be deter-mined is anybody's guess. Not that this would have any bearing for the underground avant-garde, which is where most of the really creative use of sampling is found. The amounts of money involved in such projects is usually so miniscule that, were royalties to be paid for sample use, the payment would be exceeded by the cost of the cheque and stamp!



[1]Lloyd Dunn defines 'retrofuturism' as "the act or tendency of an artist to progress by moving backwards...culture's love affair with *the New* forces it to reject ideas and forms long before all their possibilities have been explored. A good example of retrofuturism is the...tv series Max Headroom. The creators of this show have taken something old and applied a new layer of pixel-paint to give us something "new": a videonic talkinghead standupcomic emcee."

[2]Or perhaps, "In his "Poems," [Isidore] Ducasse [better known as Lautreamont] wrote: 'Plagiarism is necessary. Progress implies it.' This maxim summarises the use to which plagiarism has been put ever since. Two, or more, divergent elements are brought together to create new meanings. The resulting sum is greater than the individual parts." - Stewart Home, 1987. Cf. "A good composer does not imitate; he steals." - Igor Stravinsky, "Creativity is undetected plagiarism." J.S. Bach.

A Brief Bibliography:

Gerry Belanger"PlunderphonicsWho Owns the Music?" Option #33 (July/Aug. 1990).

Lloyd Dunn, "Meet Retrofuturism" Photostatic Magazine 31, LL. Dunn, ed. 911 North Dodge St., Iowa City, 52245 USA

Lloyd Dunn, "The Festival of Plagiarism" Photostatic Magazine 38.

Karen Eliot, Smile Magazine. (out of Print, but I have several copies free for the asking.)"

Karen Eliot, Smile Magazine. (not related to the above.) Stewart Home, 41 Irvine House, Uamvar St., Poplar, London, U.K., E14 6QG

Stewart Home (ed.) Plagiarism: Art as Commodity and Strategies for its Negation. Counter Productions, Room 101, 308 Camberwell New Road, London SE5, U.K.

Mark Hosler, "Plunderphonics" (interview with John Oswald). Mondo 2000, #2. PO Box 10171, Berkeley, California, USA 94709-5171.

Norman Ingma, "Plunderphonics: an interview with Project Director John Oswald". Retrofuturism #12. 911 North Dodge Street, Iowa City, Iowa, 52245.

J. Dead Kuipers, "Christian Marclay: Spinning in the Vinyl Boneyard" EAR, November 1987.

John Oswald, "Plunderphonics, or, audio piracy as a compositional prerogative." Musicworks 34, Spring 1986. The Music Gallery 1087 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M6J 1H3. $3 ppd.

Paul Neff, "Plunderphonic" (review). Retrofuturism #12.

Stephen Ronan, "Is there any Escape from Stupid?" (interview with Negativland). Mondo 2000, #2.

Don Snowden, "Sampling: A Creative Tool or License to Steal?" Los Angeles Times, 6 August 1989, p. 61.

The Tape-Beatles, "Retrofuturism Makes Available Suppressed Work by Canadian Composer" (includes Oswalds own press release on the Plunderphonic affair). Retrofuturism #13.

Rickey Vincent, "Hip Hop as Cyber-Apocalypse". Mondo 2000, #2.

A (deliberately) Brief Discography:

The Justified Ancients of Mu-Mu, 1987: What the Fuck's Going On? (Sound of Mu (sic), 1987)

Christian Marclay, More Encores. (No Man's Land, 1989)

Negativland, Helter Stupid (SST, 1989) (While all of Negativland's records feature plundered sounds, this is the only one that uses no "original" sounds.)

Nurse With Wound, The Sylvie And Babs Hi-Fi Companion. (United Dairies, 1985)

John Oswald, Plunderphonic. (CD, 1989)

Michael Snow, 2 Radio Solos. (Cassette, Freedom in a Vacuum)

Sucking Chest Wound, A Collection. (Cassette, SCW, 1989)

The Tape Beatles, A Subtle Bouyancy of Pulse. (Cassette, 1988)

Various Artists, Musicworks #34 Cassette. (Music Gallery, 1986)

Why Pay More? Sampler (Cassette, John Doe, 1987)

Plagiarism ™ is a registered trademark of The Tape-Beatles, and is used by permission.

A cassette copy of Plunderphonic may be obtained from the Tape-Beatles by sending US$3 to cover the cost of cassette and mailing to PO Box 8907, Iowa City, Iowa, USA, 52244. Mike Dyer of John Doe Recordings is also making cassette copies available, and may be reached at J.D.R., PO Box 664 Stn. F, Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2N6.

THE ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER

Myke Dyer (thanks Mark Pawson)

As promised, I have written down some thoughts on a project which will bring together people from around the world in a collaborative audio piece. My experiences in the past have dealt with collecting audio works for compilation projects and then producing them. Although collaborative to a certain extent they are not fully so.

To me a collaboration is two or more people developing and laying down the groundwork for an idea and then through co-operative means realizing the project (every participant has a say in the final outcome). Let me explain the background that led to this undertaking in the first place.

I had noticed a real "trend", as it were, in the utilization of environmental recordings in audio art. The recordings could be of a bus trip, a street corner, the local park, and so on. I imagined what a series of environmental audio tape might sound like, mixed in to one and then I developed that idea further by thinking of sound recorded on the same day, at the same time for an equal duration of time. These sources would then be mixed down, at various levels, from beginning to end thus creating a "real time" sound sculpture of recordings made at different points in the world.

Initially the number of invitees was twenty. The first person I wrote was a cassette distributor in Belgium, Peter Moreels. Peter misconstrued my invitation and took it upon himself to be an equal partner in the project. He wrote back and said he would invite ten people in Europe and the eastern bloc. His enthusiasm was too much for me to tell him of his misunderstanding. We both agreed to ask ten people to participate and for the next few months wrote back and forth detailing how the project would come together. We considered the day, the time and the length of the recording; the final outcome (how to mix it down) and mundane but important details like the title.

Peter successfully received the cooperation of ten people while I only acquired six participants (several forgot to record on the pre-determined day). The day chosen was June 24, 1989 between 16:00 hours GMT & 16:45 hours GMT. Each person was also asked to collect artifacts at the sights of their events and several took photos. The tapes and items related to the project have all been sent to me and now I must wait for a) money and b) a viable means of producing this work. I am no audiophile and what may seem like an easy concept on paper is more difficult to realize then I imagined. The tape sources are varied: Amy Denio (Seattle) plays a sax solo in her bedroom; Guttorm Nordo (Norway) cleans up his kitchen; Benny (Montreal) records a raging set of rapids near Quebec City and Rudolfo Protti (Italy) records the sound of the street out side his window. Other contributors include men and women from Germany, New York, France and Belgium.

You also asked me to harp eloquent on my involvement in networking. I recently received a letter from a friend, Zan Hoffman in Kentucky. He wrote about the exchange of art and tapes as a "phenomenon"; I've referred to networking as the folk-art of the 90's. The sub-heading to Zan's letter was "Dedicated to everybody I've written to & exchanged art & tapes with. Whether or not we like it, you're a part of my life." Most of Zan's text dealt with attempting to explain to friends or acquaintances why networkers spend untold amounts of money at the post office, hour upon hour in line, waiting to send off or receive packages in the mail; why we exchange tapes of music and poetry and sounds with like-minded people around the world and why we stuff our envelopes with photos, pieces of art and found objects. It's like pen-pals for adults. And it's playful. Communication can be entertaining and preposterous as much as it can be serious and portentous. But the playful nature of the network is what keeps it vital and alive

I've made friends through the mail in every country in the world, people I would otherwise not come into contact with; people whose ideas and thoughts I would never share. We exchange ideas about expanding the network, about lines of communications, about politics, about music and radio. It is a hobby/lifestyle which can be obsessive and inspiring and which has changed my outlook on life and communicating.

But how can I explain the thousands of brightly colored cassettes, files upon files of letters, papers, drawings and catalogues? The more one is involved, the deeper one sinks into the depths of this networking. A logical extension of all this is my work on community radio, broadcasting obscure snippets and recordings. I need that outlet and the two are clearly and closely tied.

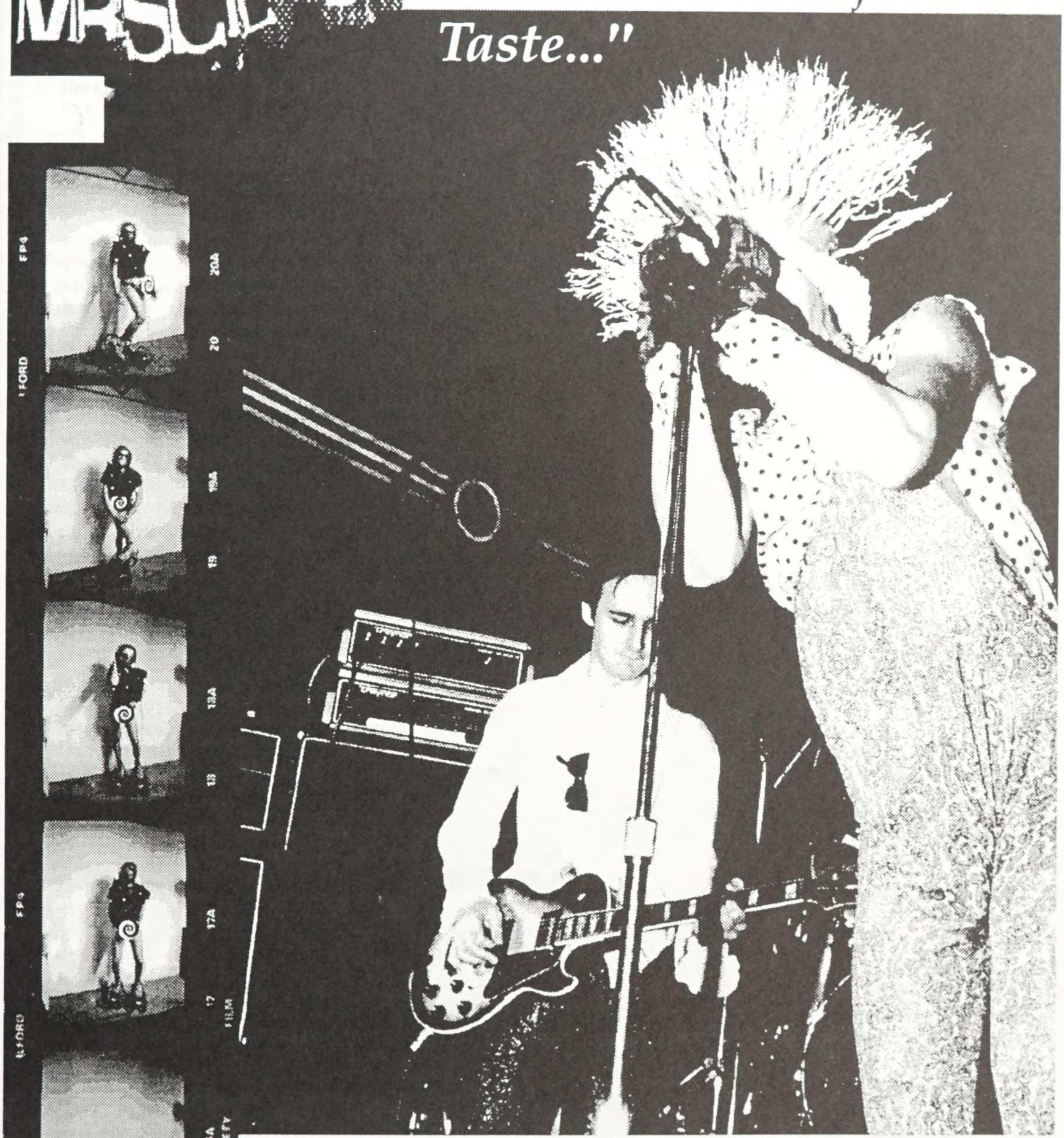
The face of the network changes constantly, but it is always open, always ready for anyone who wishes to use it. As a friend once wrote, outsiders who view the informality of the network, with no organization or hierarchy and its open structure must think of the web as being democratic, but anarchic is more apt a description. We follow no pre-determined rules or laws, there are no boundaries we can not cross. Each member of the network utilizes the network to suit themselves while maintaining control of their activities. Anyone can play.

To finish, a quote by Fluxus artist Robert Filliou, 1966:

The eternal network;
to stop the isolation of the single artist,
to put the concept of 'avant garde' into question.
The network is the world.
We don't even know what is going on, so the 'open mind' is the contribution of artistic network to society network.
- a simple device to get in contact with people
- artworks as exchange of foodstuff
- sometimes literally!
- Everybody should be the centre of the Network (Universe)
- Art is the research of the origin

MRSCIENCE

"There is, quite simply, NO Accountant *for Taste...*"



Legends in their own Slime:

A skewed Interview with Cursed Gerald and Boxcar Marphologna, of the band MR. SCIENCE

Interview by Mail with Cursed- Gerald:

SFC: Is there a Mr. Science philosophy that comes through in the music that you do?

CG: Philosophy is definitely Marf's department.

SFC: When you began, did either of you have any idea of what you wanted your music to sound like? What were you listening to? What inspired you?

CG: We hadn't a clue what we were trying to accomplish musically--just make as much irritating noise as possible I guess, is what we were doing. We were listening to any and all independent bands of the early eighties, Birthday Party, Wire, Fad Gadget, Virgin Prunes, Cabaret Voltaire, Chrome, etc.

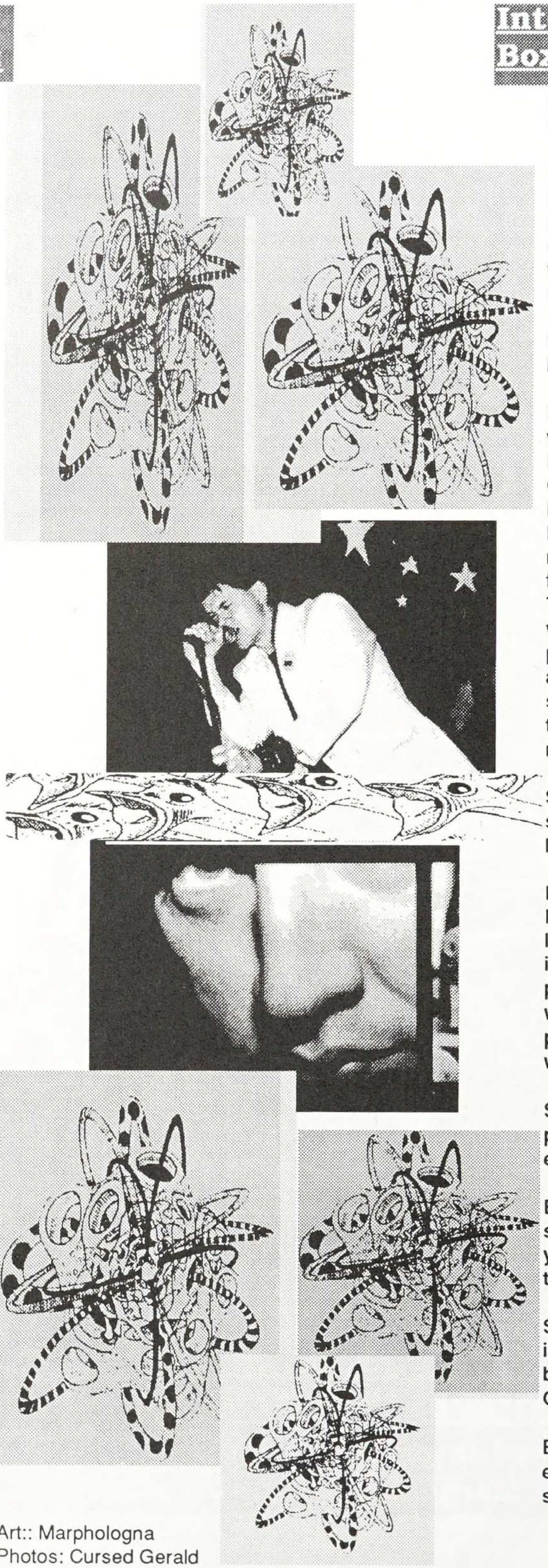
SFC: Some of your tunes are quite up-tempo, aggressive, while others are very ambient and surreal--what leads to these distinct pieces?

CG: We'd probably like more of our songs to be uptempo, but we'd need a real drummer to truly realize that concept of rocking-out, besides, most people want to hear calmer music half of the time.

SFC: What sort of equipment and processing do you use to create the songs? Do you do loads of multi-tracking?

CG: We've always used the lowest budget gear in our recording to get that harsh, cheesy effect, and usually no more than four tracks. Every instrument is treated in the worst possible way.

SFC: Do you see changes in the songs you do now?



Art:: Marphologna
Photos: Cursed Gerald

Interview with Boxcar Marphologna

SFC:What were your influences when you first got into music?

BM: When I first got into music I'd think the music was more of a background to the influences of the solid foundations of friends, $15 - $20 ounce bags of mexican,beer, alienation...

SFC: So who were the influential people?

BM: The 3 major influences would have to be Terry Robinson, who wrote GROUPOEM's music, Gerald McGuiness, creator of tones for MR. SCIENCE, and Mike Lavery, master of string manipulation for MISS TEEN CANADA. They'd get the music together, we'd tape it and I'd sit with my piles of lyrical phlegm gobbers and snippets, listening and singing along from 3,4 to 40 times till the words fit the music.

SFC: Why are you drawn to do such things? To use up the lyrical material?

BM: Every song is like Stan Ridgeway's Mosquito; sucks a little blood out, leaves you itchy. In step with medical practise of the 18 hundreds where a little blood letting was prescribed for just about whatever ailed you...

SFC: So, what do you prophess to offer to eager ears?

BM: When you're twice as smart as you think you are now you'll be half as smart as you thought you were then.

SFC: So questions of social import are mighty big in your books? Say with songs like GEEK?..

BM: Geek is basically the everyman situation and solution pared to the letter.

Interview with Cursed Gerald, Continued

CG: I think the words and music are getting more frightening. On the first cassette especially, the songs were all light-weight pop, but now I guess we are angrier.

SFC: Can you comment on your tour of the U.S.?

CG: Marf?

SFC: Why do you turn to music, and why this mode of performance?

CG: We've already done some gigs playing mutant country music on accoustic intruments with cheesy treatments, so who knows what we'll do next?

SFC: Who are some of the bands that you are interested in now?

CG: Cabaret Voltaire (pre 1985), and Chrome still do it for me anytime. Any band Adrienne Sherwood has been involved with seems to be at the head of the new crop.

SFC: What do you like best about working together with Marf?

CG: Marf is always ready with biting, witty lyrics to add onto any kind of music I can come up with; that makes it a really interesting experiment to see what we'll come up with next. Always something different.

SFC: Are there any classic moments from your past that should be noted?

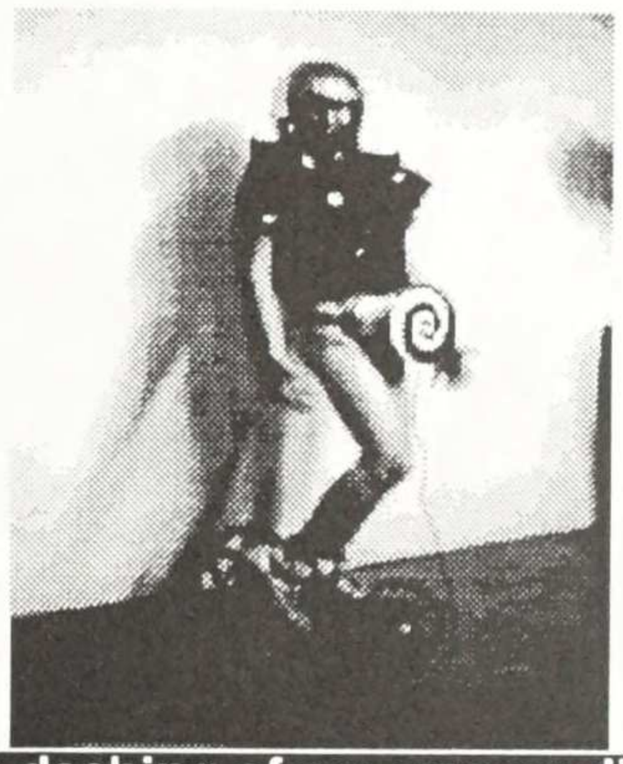
CG: The time Marf dove off the stage to take on half the audience at a Suicide gig was one of the funniest I can remember. He always manages to get thrown out of a show.

SFC: Are there any points in particular that you would like to voice here?

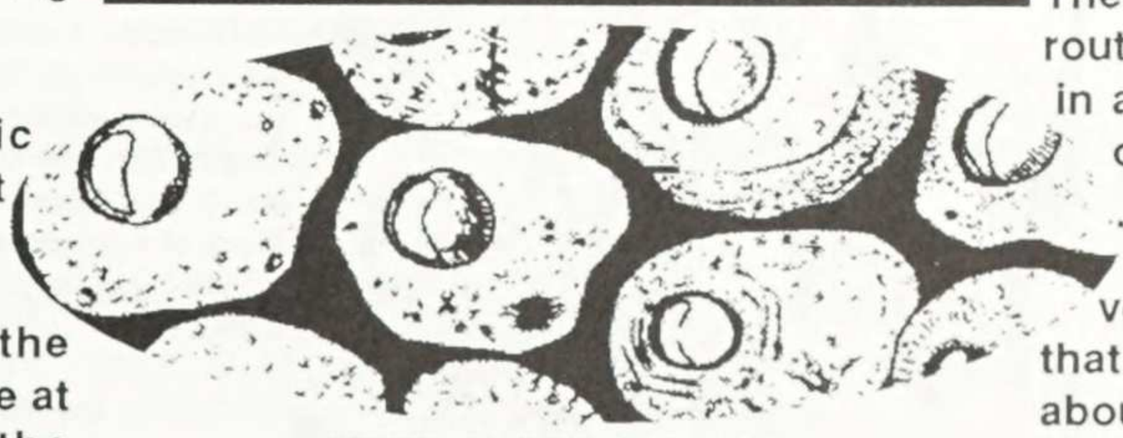
CG: Marf?

SFC: What lies ahead?





"The dashing of my own credibility to the ground has always been a task I've taken on with a vengeance"
--Boxcar Marphologna





Interview with Boxcar Marphologna Continued

SFC: You seem to be an avid book fan--your lyrics belie a learned guy--what do you read?

BM: Spilling, by Demented Hardware, Dream Factory by J. G. Ballard, Malahat Review is good, as is Room of One's Own. The Skin Diver's Handbook cleared up a foggy notion or two I'd held...The Tommy-knockers by Steven King...I can't really find the time to read that much.

SFC: What are some memorable moments for you in your development as a songwriter sort?

BM: Hitch-hiking with Cursed Gerald and a bottle of Lemon Gin to see the Deadboys 'n' Diodes at the Crash 'n' Burn...Torturing the uninterested with Chrome's Half Machine Lip Moves...

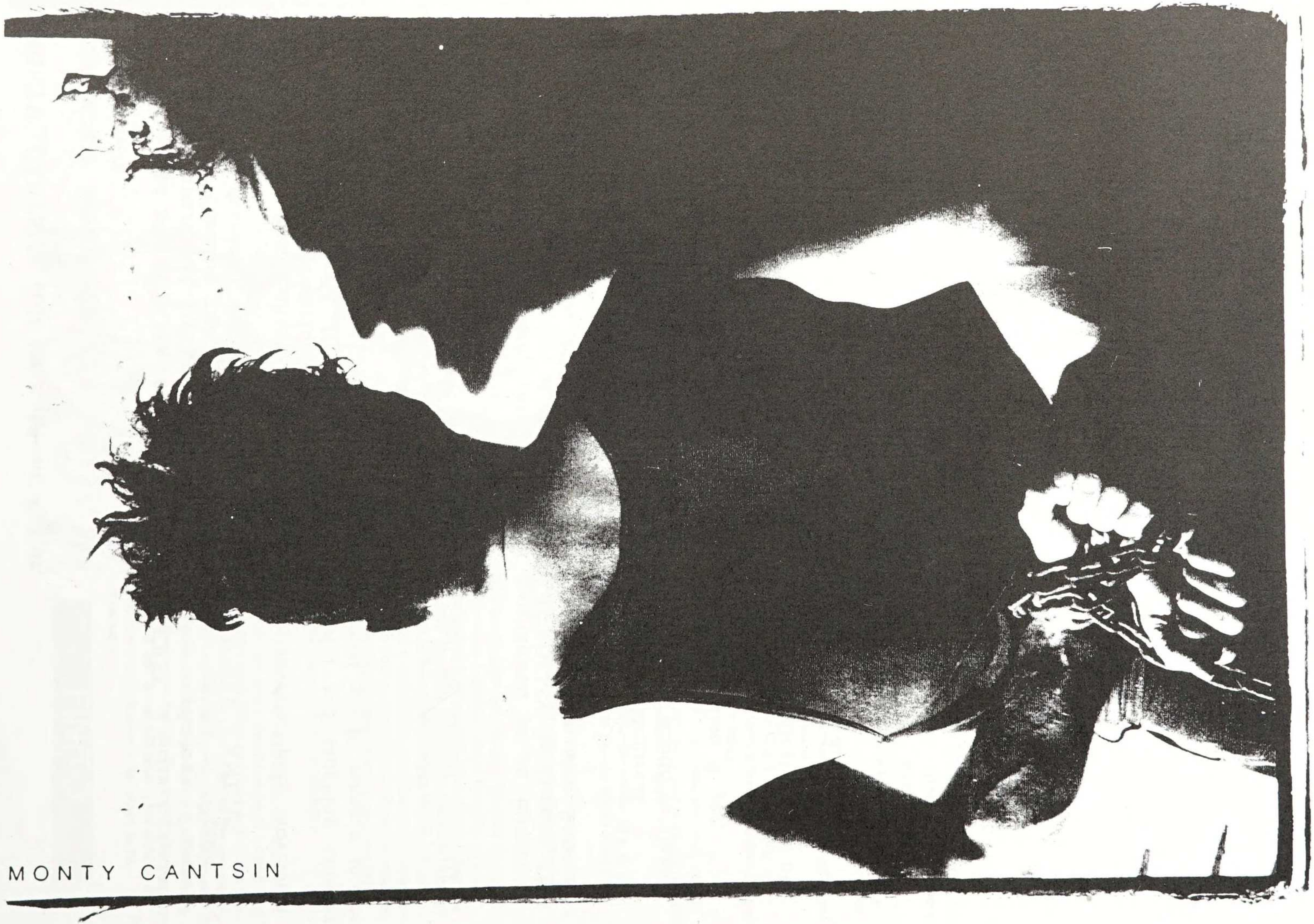
SFC: Was there a guiding impulse that showed you the path? Goals? Why not Mainstream?

BM: Regular work always held no spells over and just tormented the heck out of me. The fantasy was tp incorporate the music thing nto some way of aking a living but at the same timne the thought of performing the same stuff night after night seemed a type of hell. The costumes allowed that if the routines gotta be repeated at least in a different guise. The dashing of my own credibility to the ground has always been a task I've taken on with a vengeance. To take something that comes natural and parade it about, as anything, but something anyone who works at can achieve...

SFC: So how do everyday life and the music mesh?

BM: I'm not sure I have an everyday life. Most of my time is spent recovering from the damage of previous days inflicted and that dealt with I champion the cause against anyone with death, unhealthy practise, mean spirit,

EVERYBODY DO THE MONTY



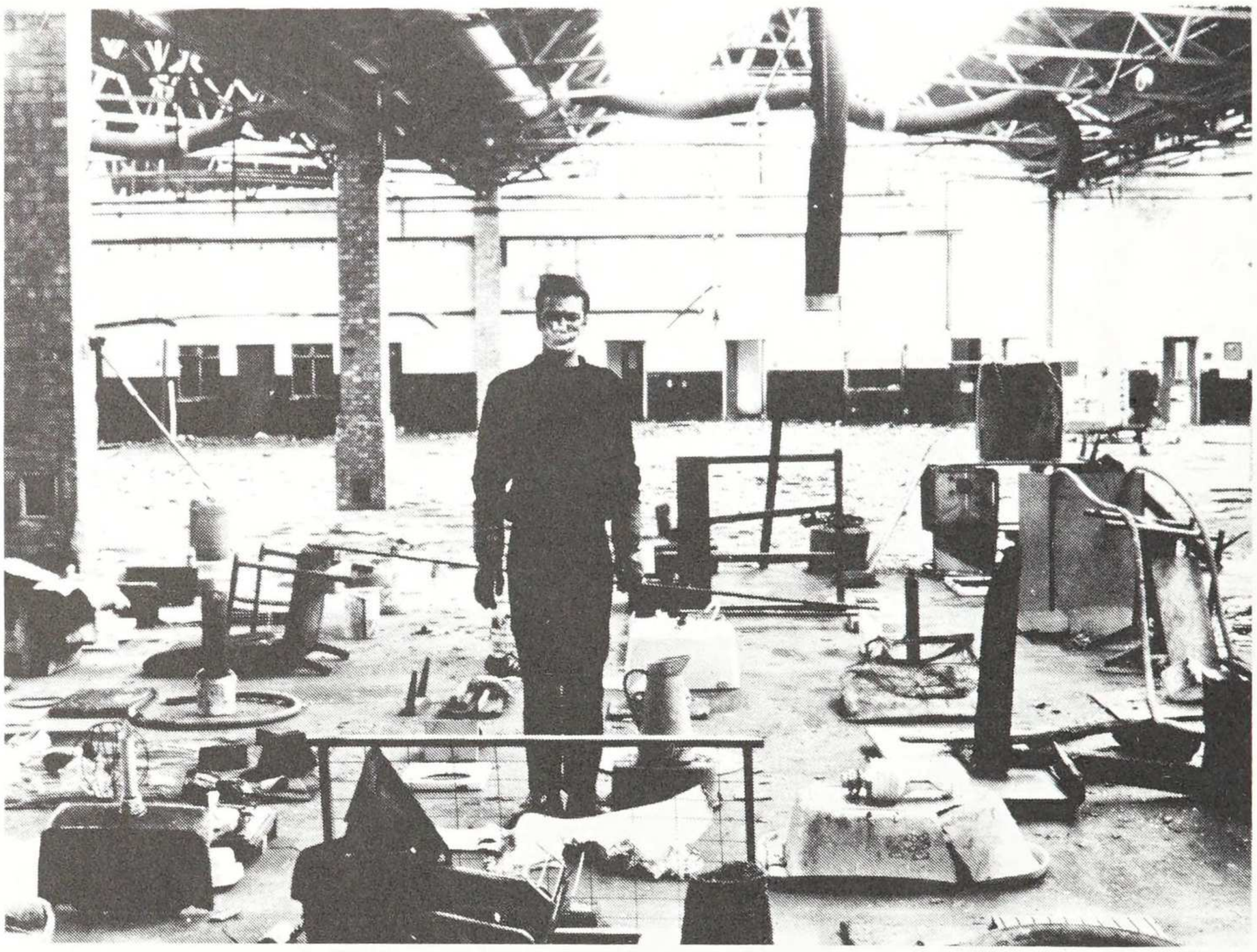
MONTY CANTSIN

Shaun Caton



Moments lived

Performances



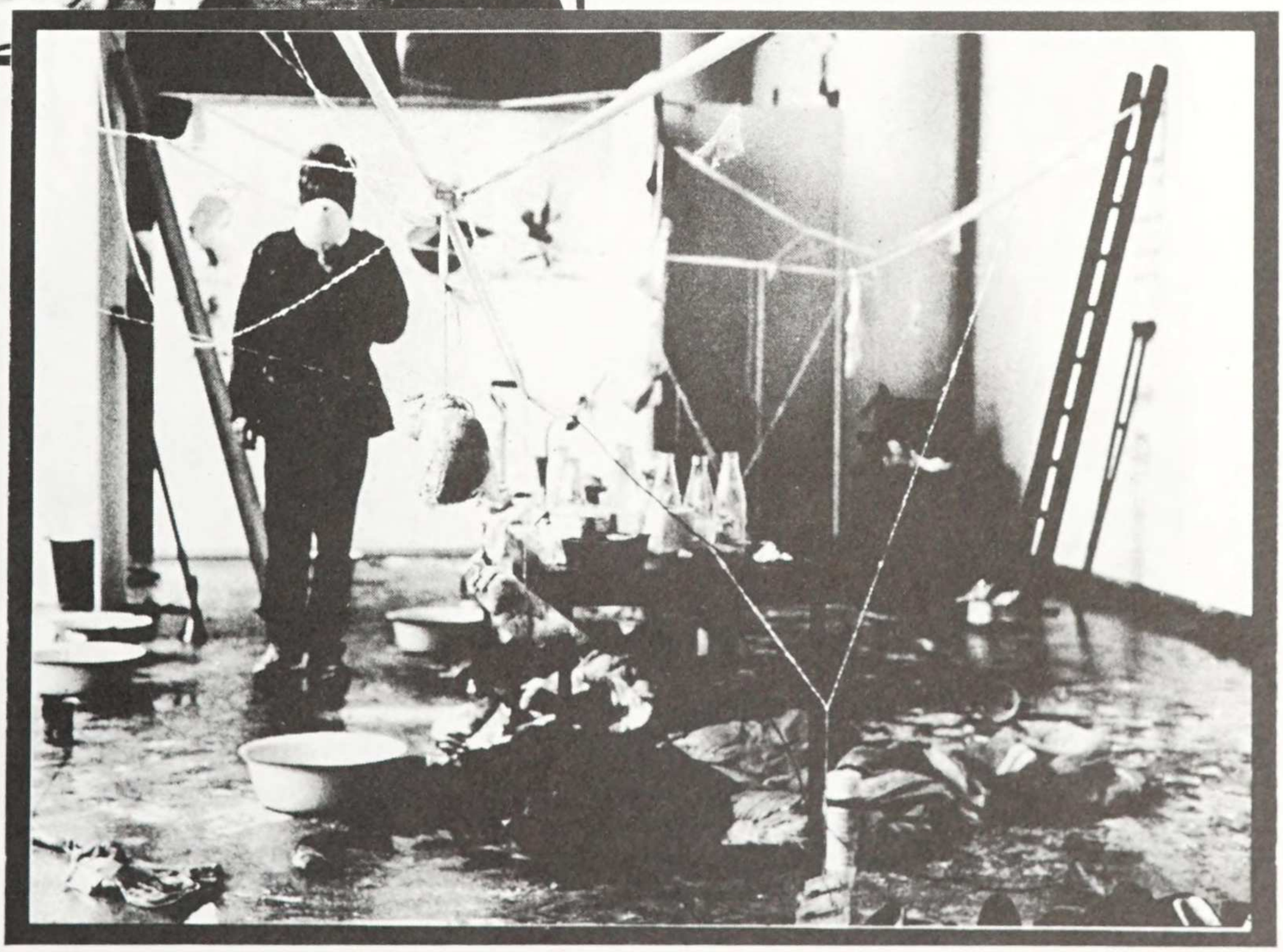


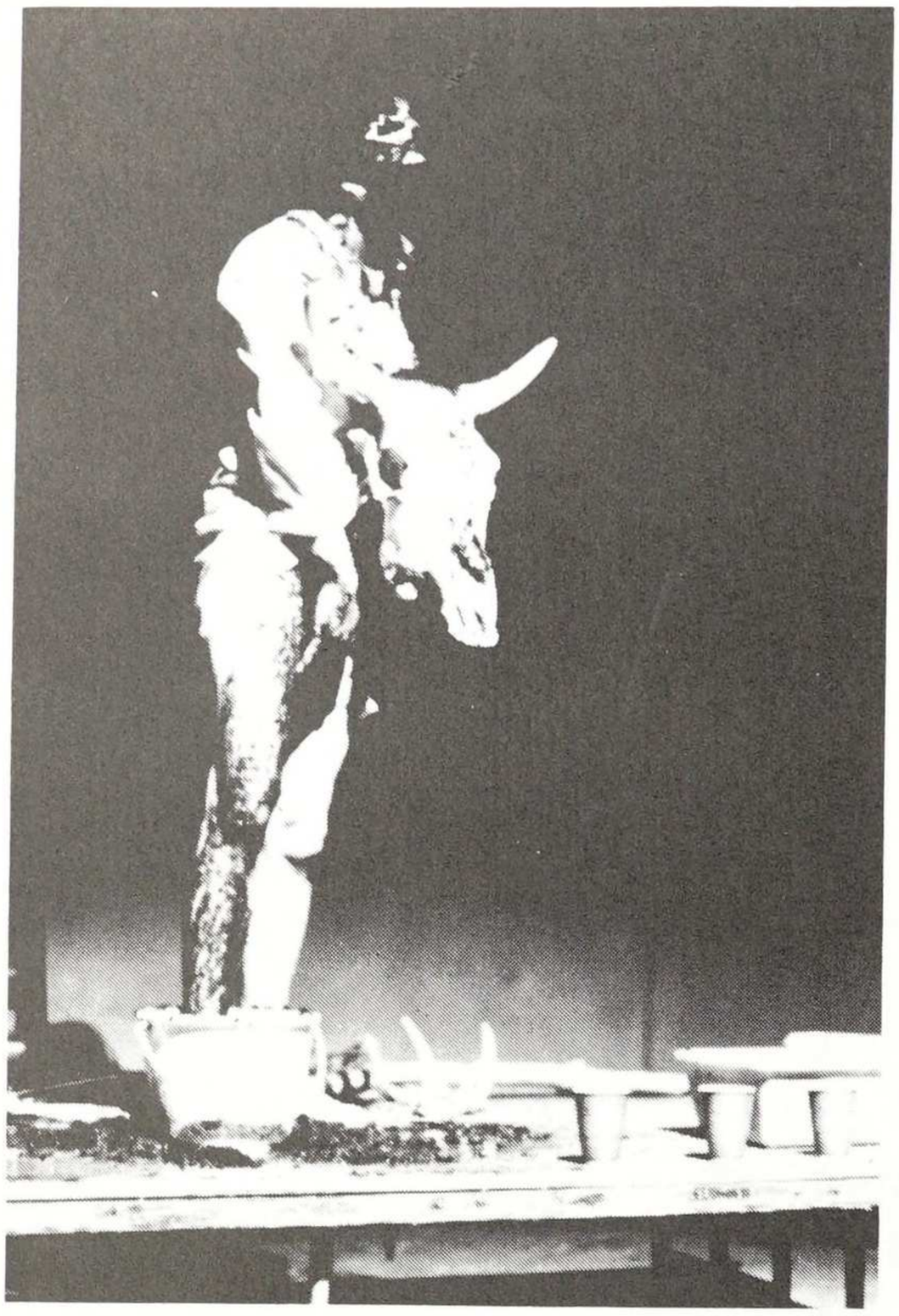


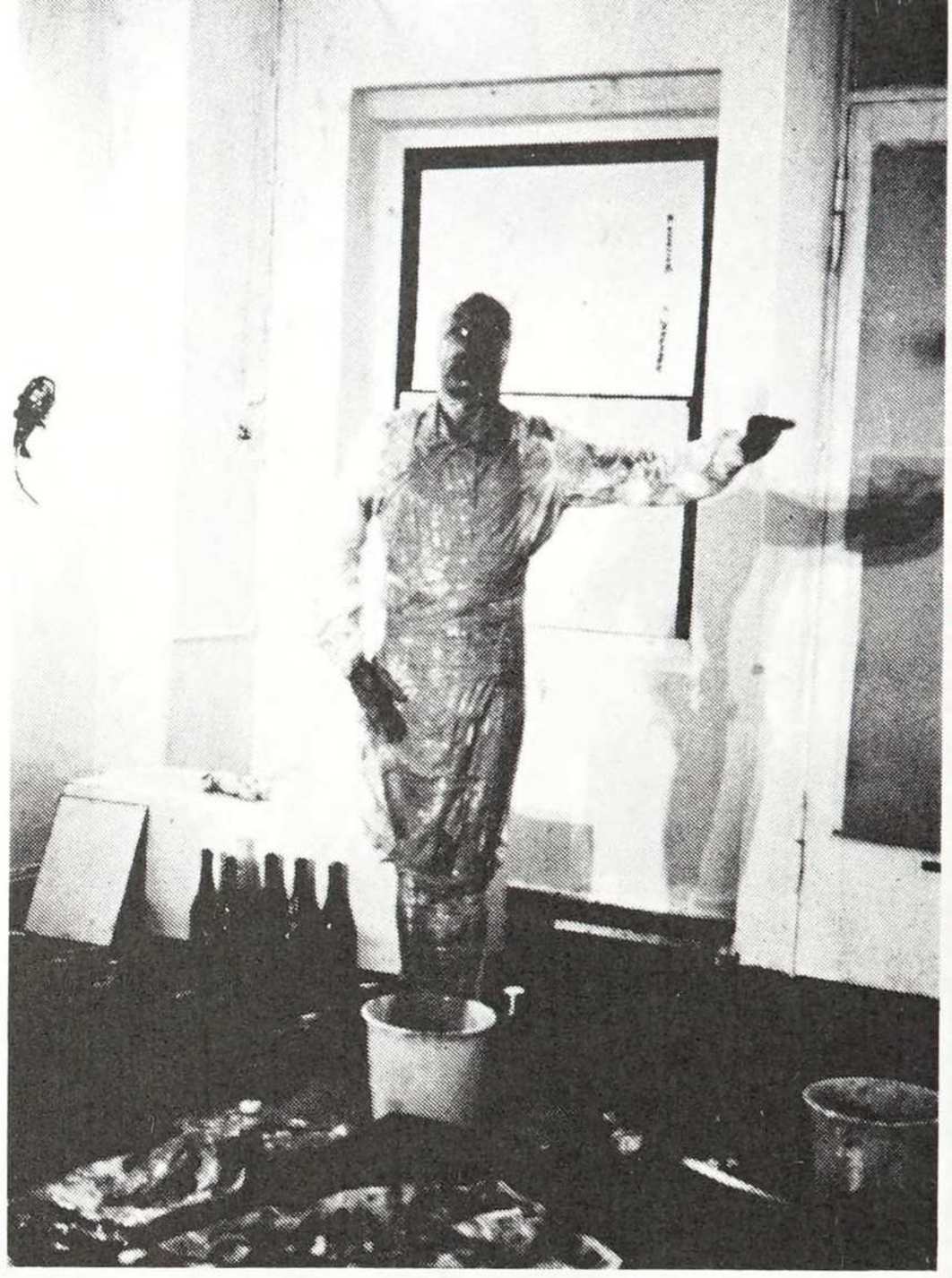
ART AUTOPSY

Nihilistic Spasms of Destruction
for Revolutionary Atomic Creations

ART AUTOPSY 1990 PROJECT
METAPHYSICAL TELEPATHICS
GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS
META BARVNA ENERGY
EARTH BODY SOLARIZATION
TIME SPENT BEING















ART AUTOPSY

Shaun Caton

72 Belgrade Road
Stoke Newington
London N16 8DG
ENGLAND

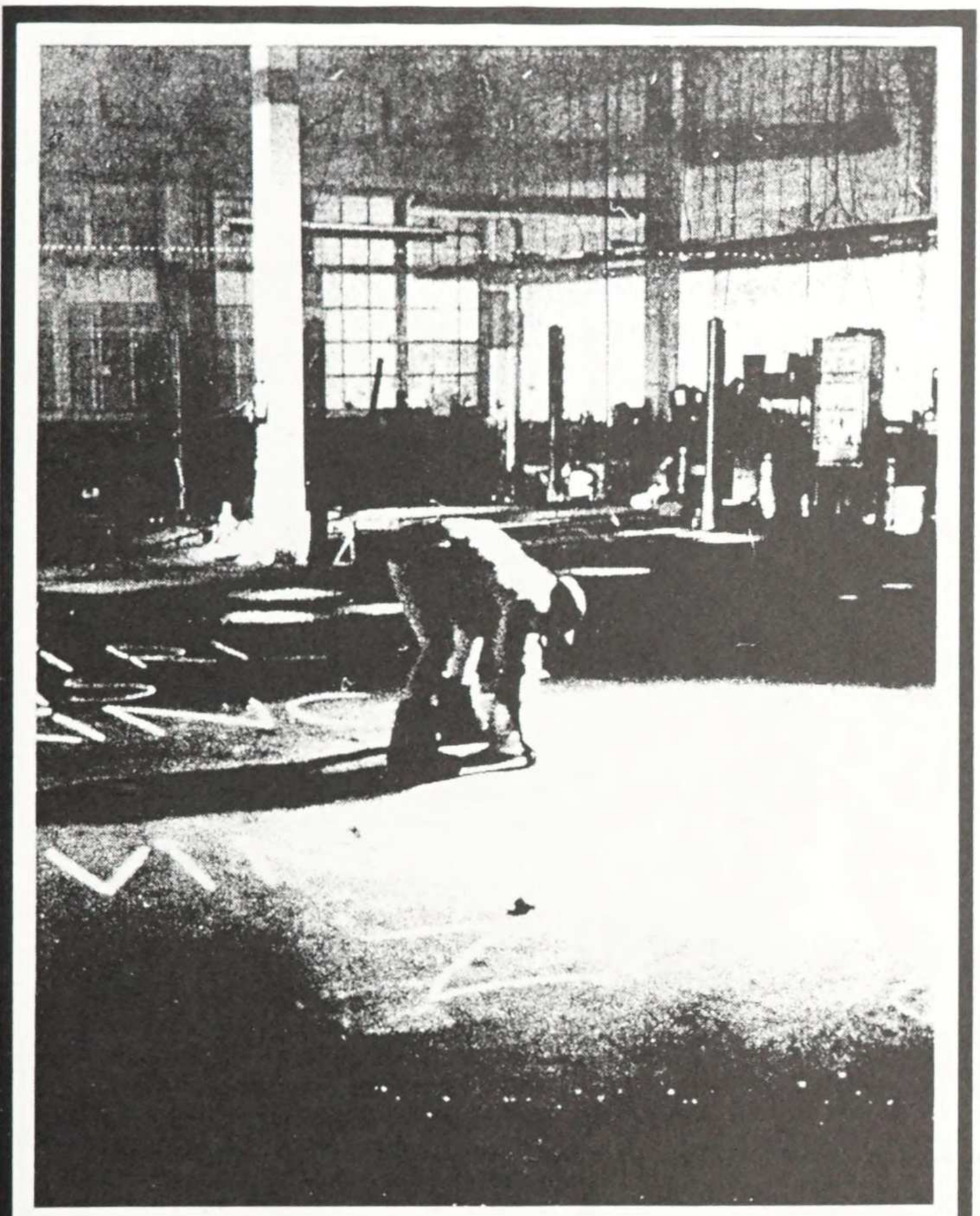
For further reference on Shaun Caton's works:

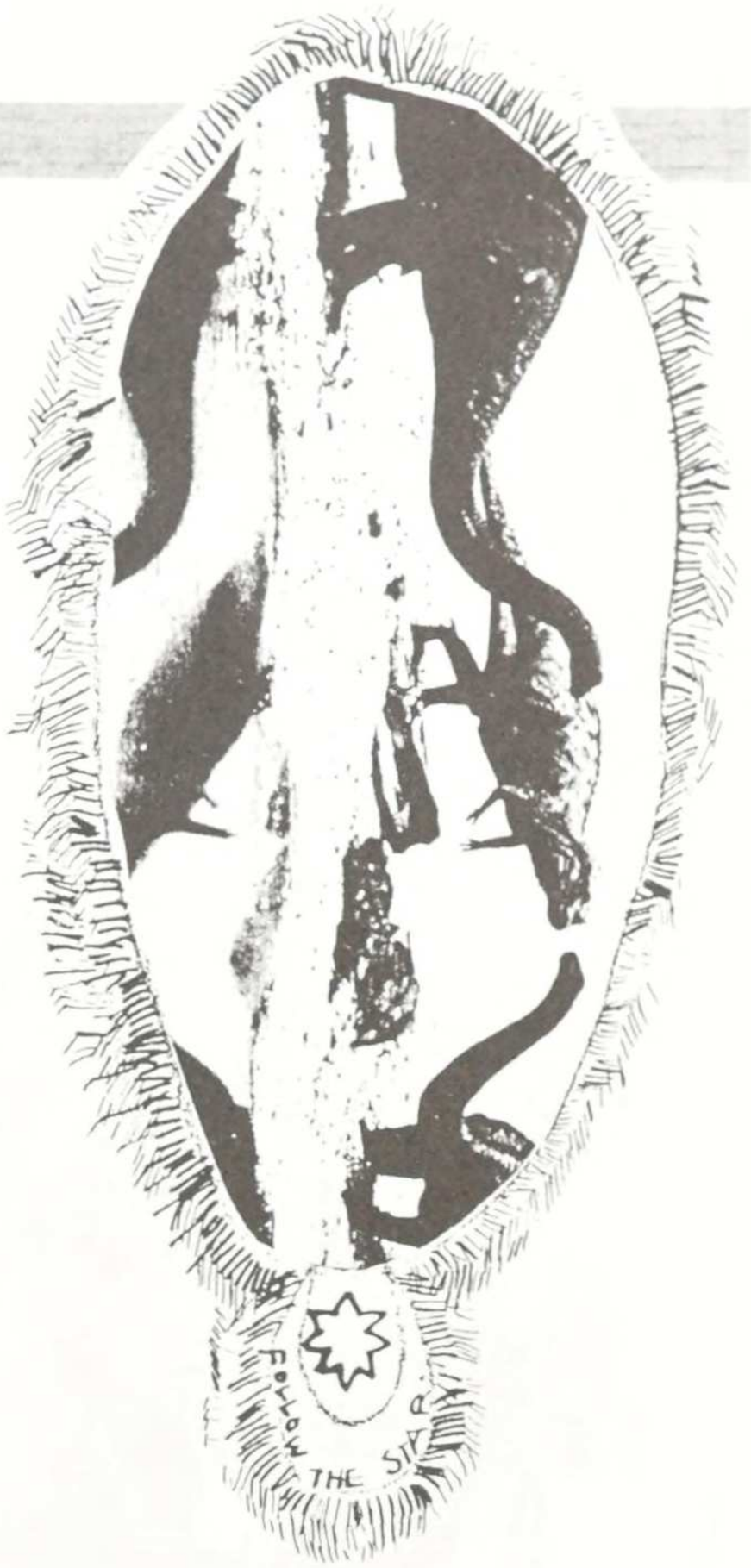
METRO RIQUET (#7) published by Francoise Duvivier
as well as
ND Magazine (#10) published by Daniel Plunkett

For the addresses of both publications see ***Contributors List***
at the back of this book

HESTER REEVE

Thoughts and Photos following a 7 month tour
of performance work in Canada and the United States.





THE KNEADMAN SERIES:

1988-1989, various venues in England & Canada.

I began to specify my/the live presence in the pieces as a 'Kneadman situation'. The first performances in this series deal with what I term a 'wilderness zone' - the mental state after asking a chain of searching questions that can take that individual to a place outside the illusionistic security of their immediate / domestic surroundings. Entering the wilderness is essential for mental growth and responsibility but it is easy to get lost. I wanted to explore the relationship of a person on the day to day reality with the reality of e.g. man on the moon, man theorizing on the internal structure of the atom...

MAKING PERFORMANCE AT THIS POINT:

The search that an individual/s undertake through this medium is very important, not just in terms of the resulting action but also because of the distinct anti-path that the artist maps out as s/he develops the piece, seeks various information, sits in a room and imagines, thinks of what it is possible to do in front of people, plays with the ordering of everyday life components, makes an individual relationship to world events - whatever - it is an anti path because it is the exercising of possibilities that ordinary day to day life covers over.

Being an artist gives you the opportunity to study everything else. Taking up a path of education that suits your goals. Affirming the human as our ultimate measuring instrument and the originator of moral belief and value.
Although I am personally enlightened by performance, I am still wondering if it is relevant to this type of world we now have, or if such a question is entirely irrelevant to ask in this type of world.

H E S T E R R E E V E

I don't know yet what the relationship is between my developing an individual language, that exists to an inescapable level in the aesthetic realm of life, and the world events which develop at the same time - I am not talking in terms of subject matter, but the relationship between the realities of each occurring, because I feel there is a correlation and part of my aesthetic has to stay continually aware. The nearest I can get to pin-pointing this more is to only say I feel a lot of art confuses the contents and artificiality of our western society rather than imploding through and out of it. All art is paramount to the study of physical reality - yes, I think metaphysics boils down to the study of physical reality rather than the other way around - or the actual sequence doesn't matter but the perspective of seeing the physicality as fundamental to the questioning does.



WHIRL'S MUSEUM PIECE:

Sept. 1989, Randolph Street Gallery, Chicago.

The main incentive for this piece was to subvert the institution of the museum and try to present an alternative and more relevant exhibit of authenticity. The universal image and contents of the grand Museums Of Mankind confuse my perception of difference and promote a strange scene of modern man apparently content with his classification of history and his understanding of culture. I was driven to make the piece out of realizing the dilemma of the indigenous peoples of Canada & the United States - countries I was touring and learning about at that time. I realized the true source of my culture shock was understanding the purport of being a white westerner through talking to many native people. I was excited by the notion of a time based exhibit which could speak for itself and what people would feel about an exhibit which attempted to define present day cultural reality.

Artists are renowned for their intuition. Through my research and understanding of physical reality through physics I am beginning to distrust my intuition as much as my rationality in terms of artistic decisions. What should take their place? Spontaneity? I mean to start the performance with absolutely no concept and no form and no reference, no ideas or content, even.

The origin has to be in ritual, although this no longer part of our culture, as in original state/context/meaning. I don't want to mourn, I want to understand the origin and understand today at the same time. Performance should interact with 'time' and stand irreverent to 'time' and create 'event'.
Art no longer is the force that shapes culture or values, I wonder to how great an extent it even entertains or embraces humour in the full sense of the word, in the full sense of the audience (only on my grey days).
The pre-performance anxiety throughout my life seems a poignant occurrence in today, I realize that for myself, at least, I have brought myself to some dangerous edge; before a piece I usually feel like I am going to disappear.
An artist ahead of or effected by or just too sensitive to the times?
Another idea of the anti-path is the way that performance in not a skill or a teachable discipline. This is a strength, and does not imply so much an innate gift, but ability to re-locate and be effected by realization into action. This also means there is no set guide-line for the necessary 'next steps', there is no authoritative or parent body preparing the 'next stage'; I also mean no one will take care of our futures.

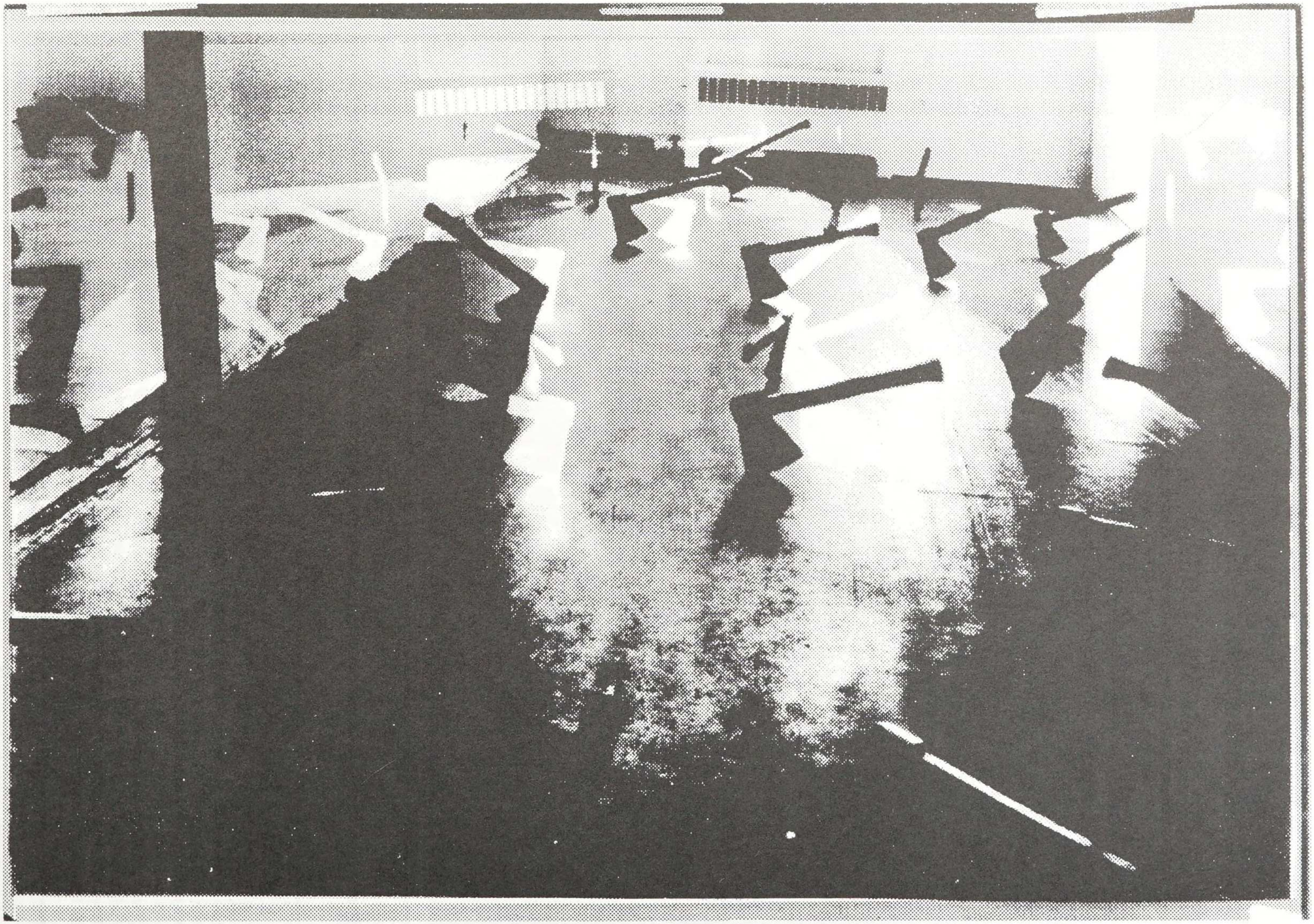


PLATES: A MEAL ISSUE.

Nov. 1986, Newcastle Upon Tyne Polytechnic.

My first solo piece was performed on a huge table and was fed directly from ideas I had been exploring in 2d works at the time. I wanted to use the opportunity to make sculptures that only had relevance when incorporated into a live meal situation. The piece dealt with taken-for-granted 'assembly points' and surfaces.

Although my process in live work has changed now and is charged with a developing philosophy of action and the personal politic, even in my first piece there was the need to give ideas a physicality and the realization that my position as performer was not as my everyday personality but as a human reference point - and this is most necessary to complete the process of making sense within the issues.

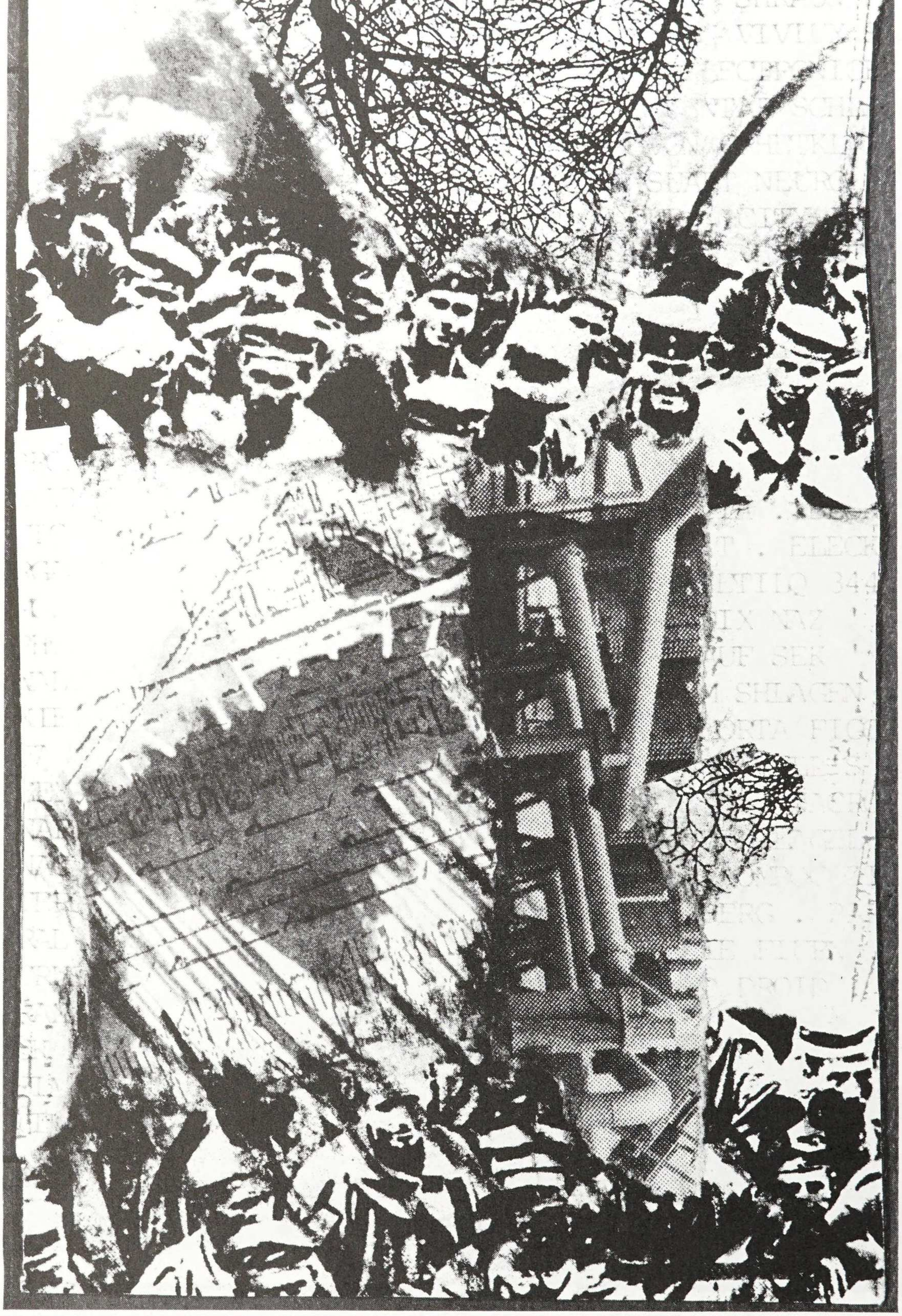


Enhanced Photograph by **Stephen McCallum** of
Stephen Horne's Installation, **Crow's and Roosters.**



Collage Works

Francoise Duvivier



Francoise DUVIVIER



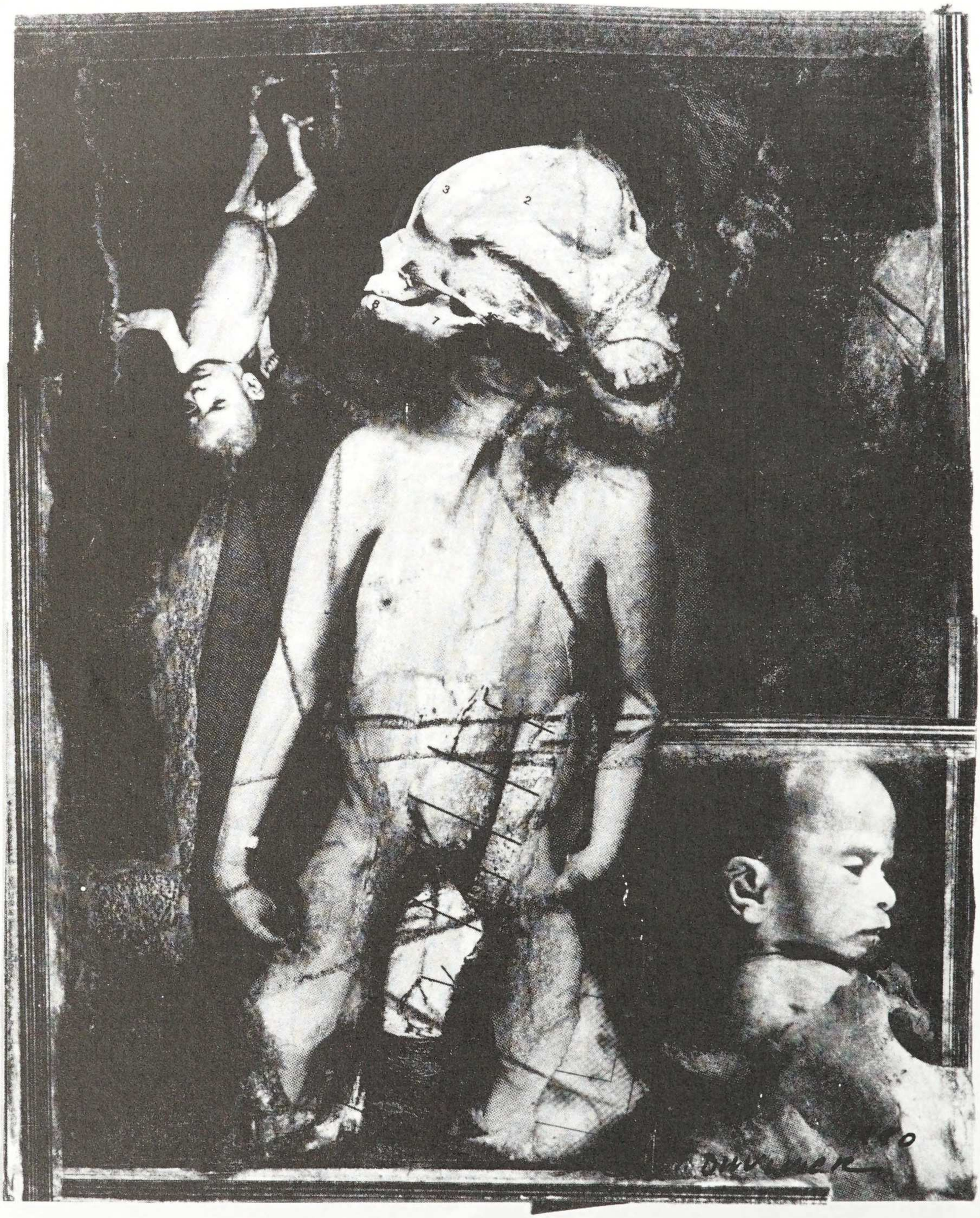
Francoise DUVIVIER



Francoise DUVIVIER

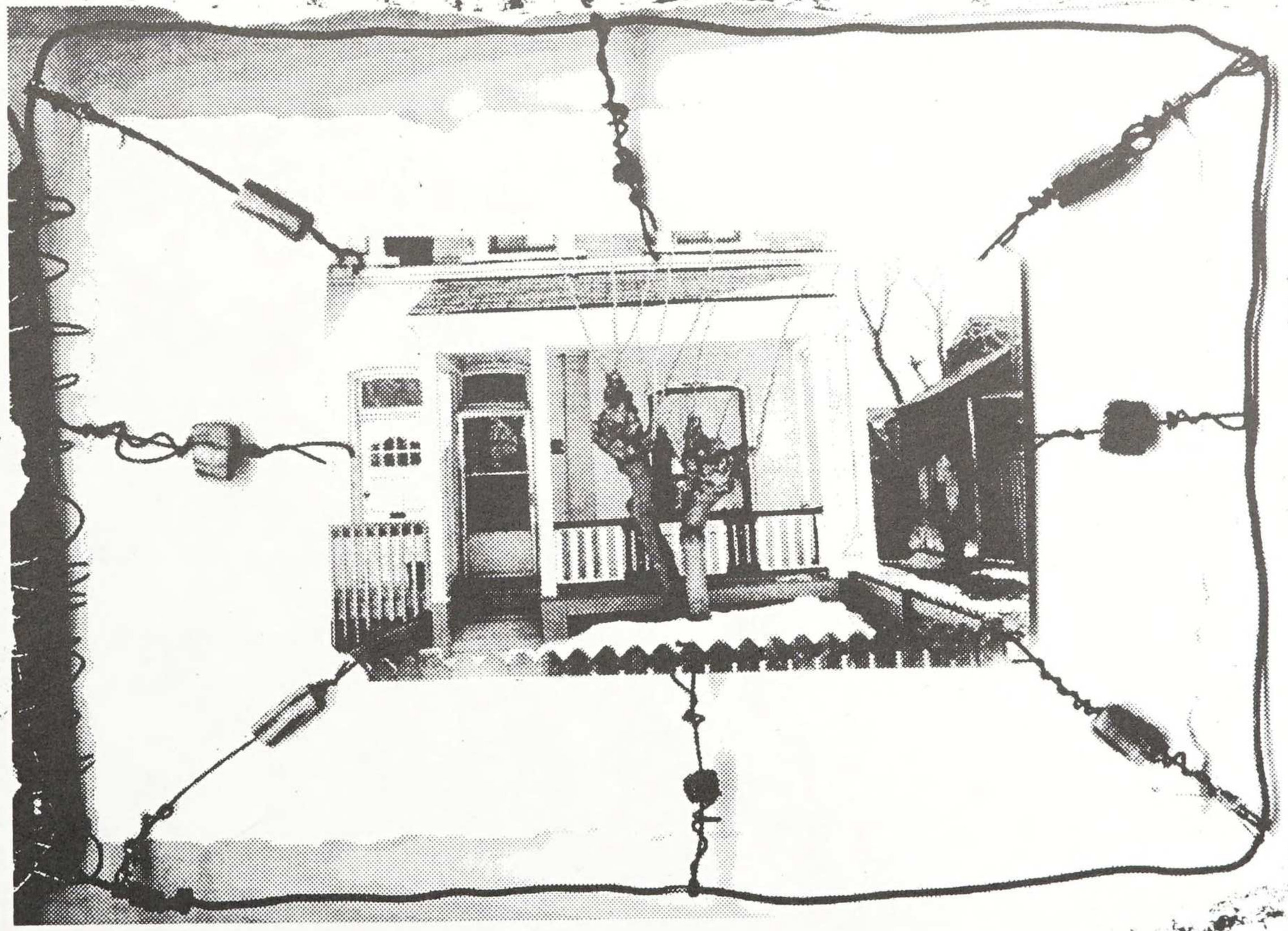


Francoise DUVIVIER



Francoise DUVIVIER

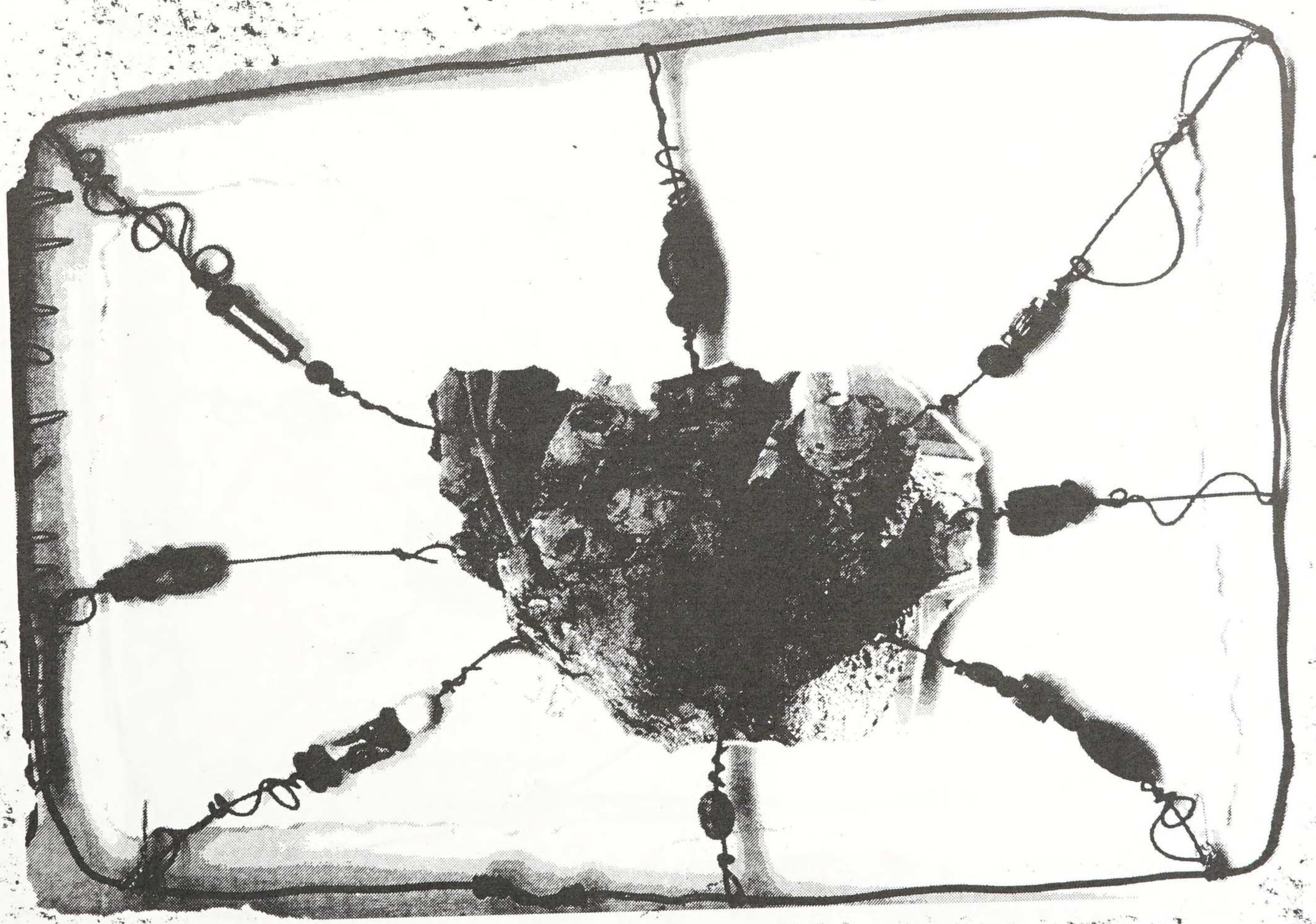




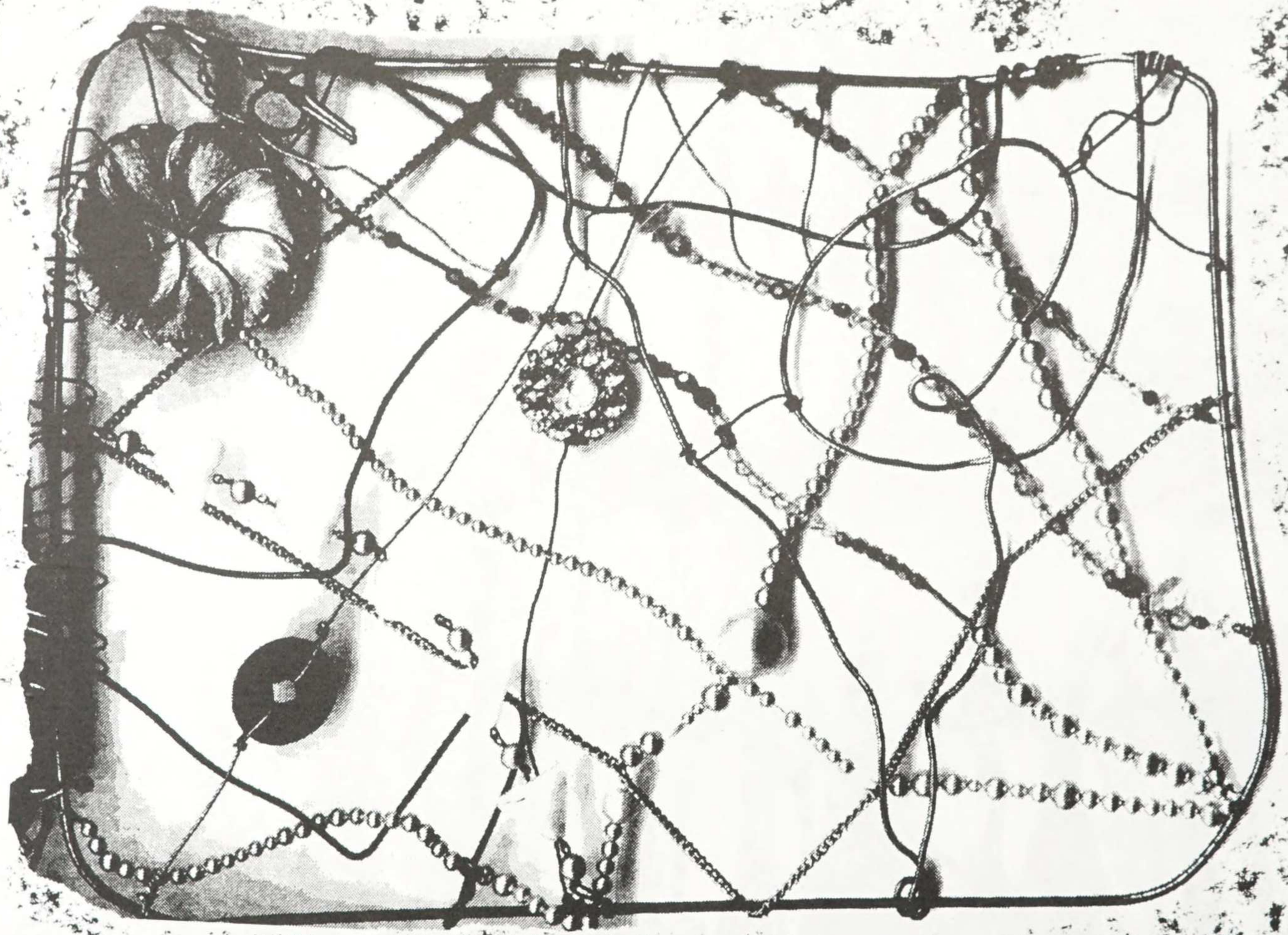
Last summer, I saw a man sitting on the front porch. A man
And a black box. Their relationship was so intense. I had to stare.



Once I thought it was the madonna holding the Christ child in her arms. But then it turned into a koala bear climbing a tree. I guess it always changes.



It was the ugliest, most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

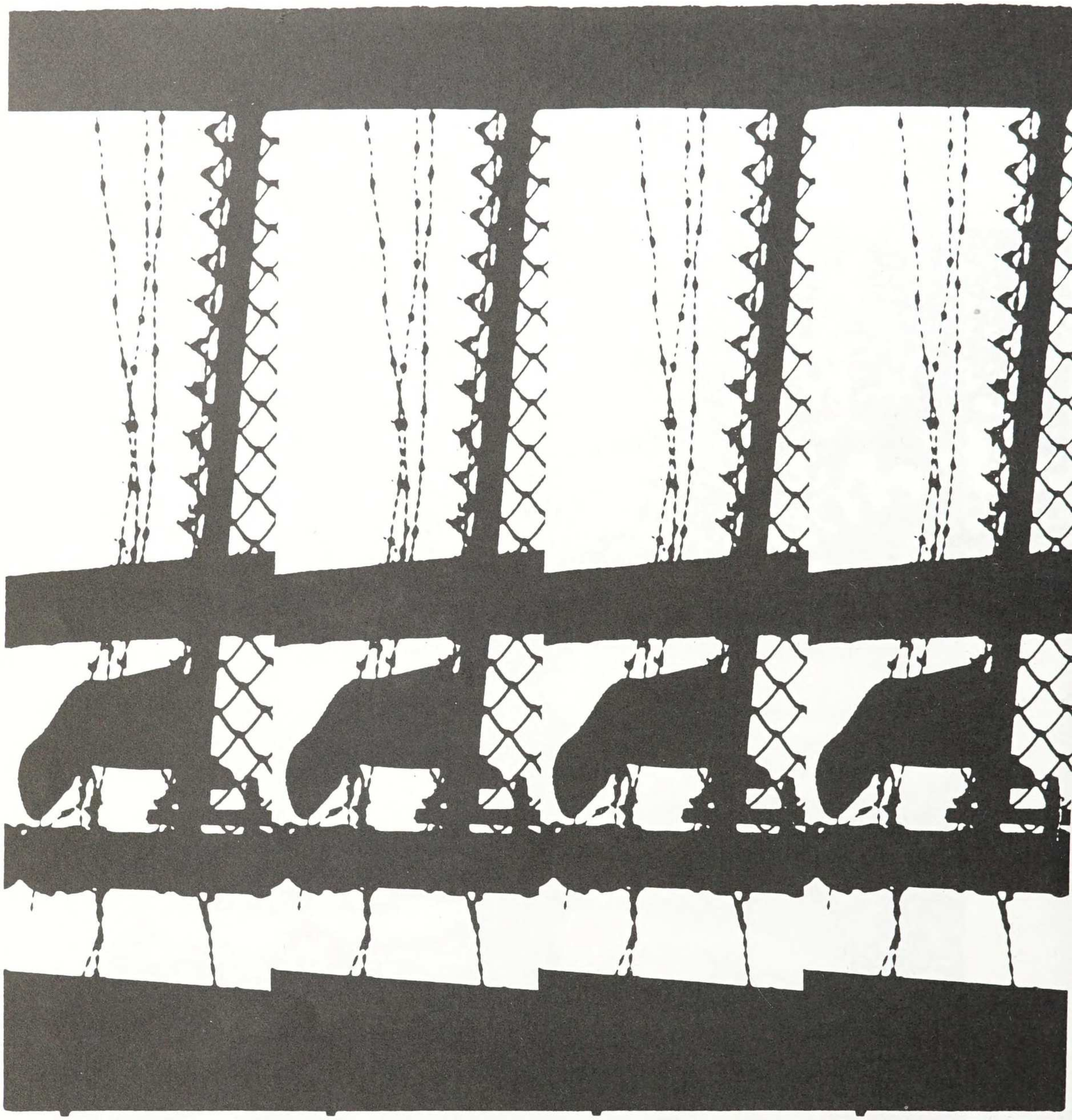


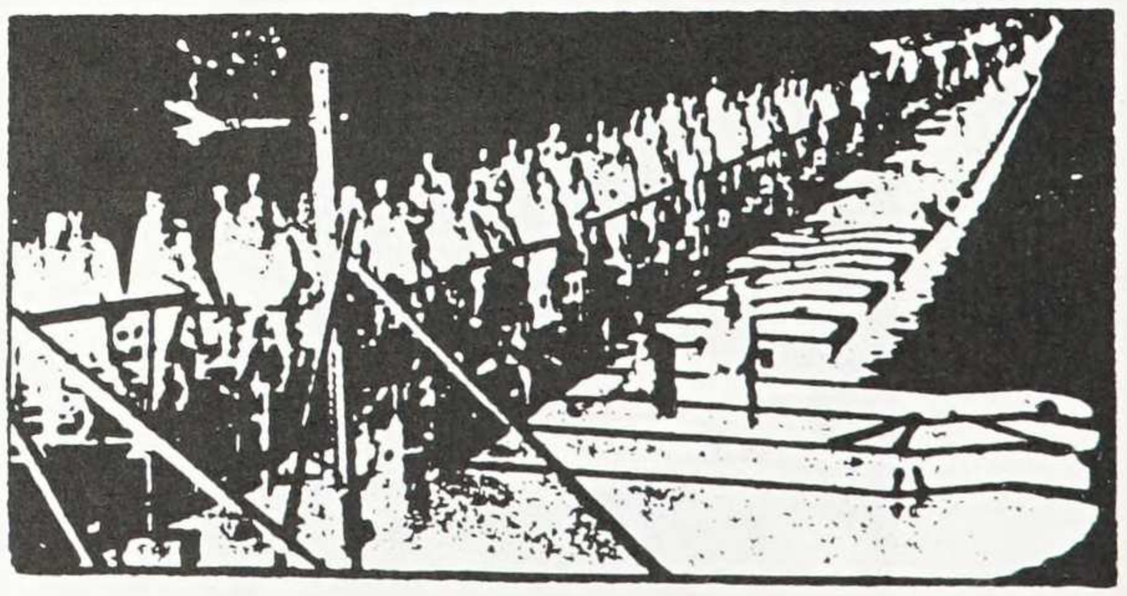
Alexis O'Hara

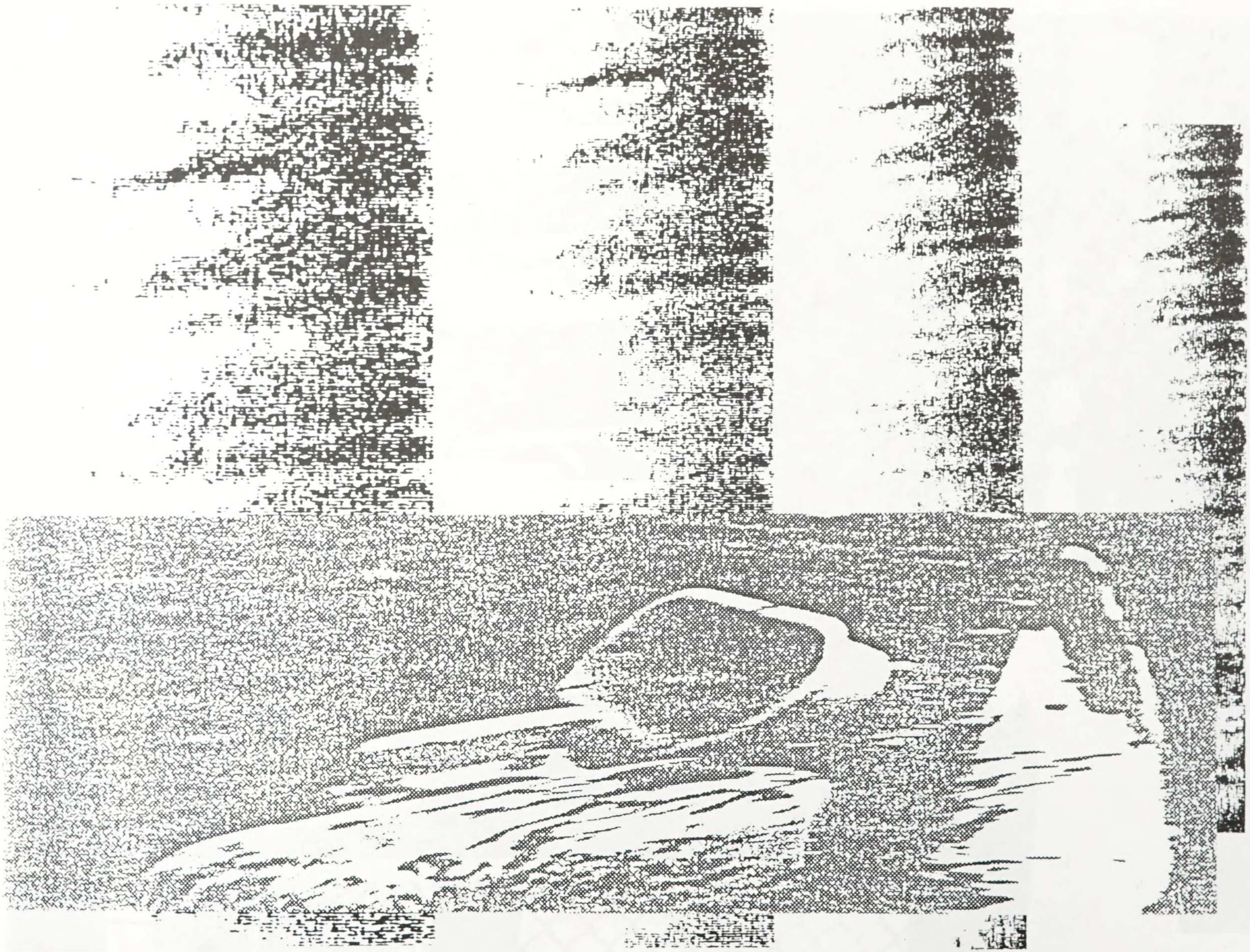


--from a charcoal drawing by ***Mariann Sinkovics***

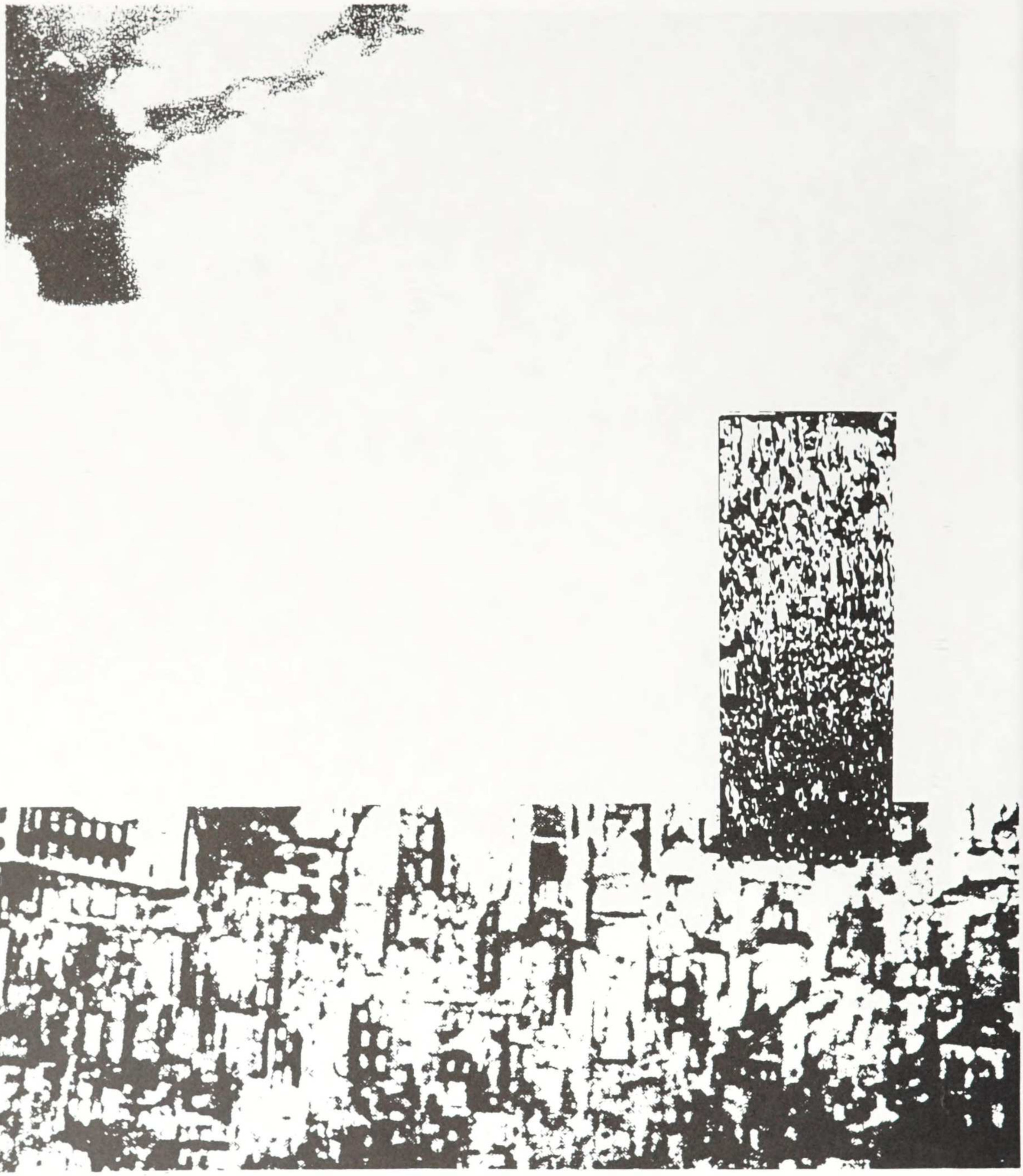


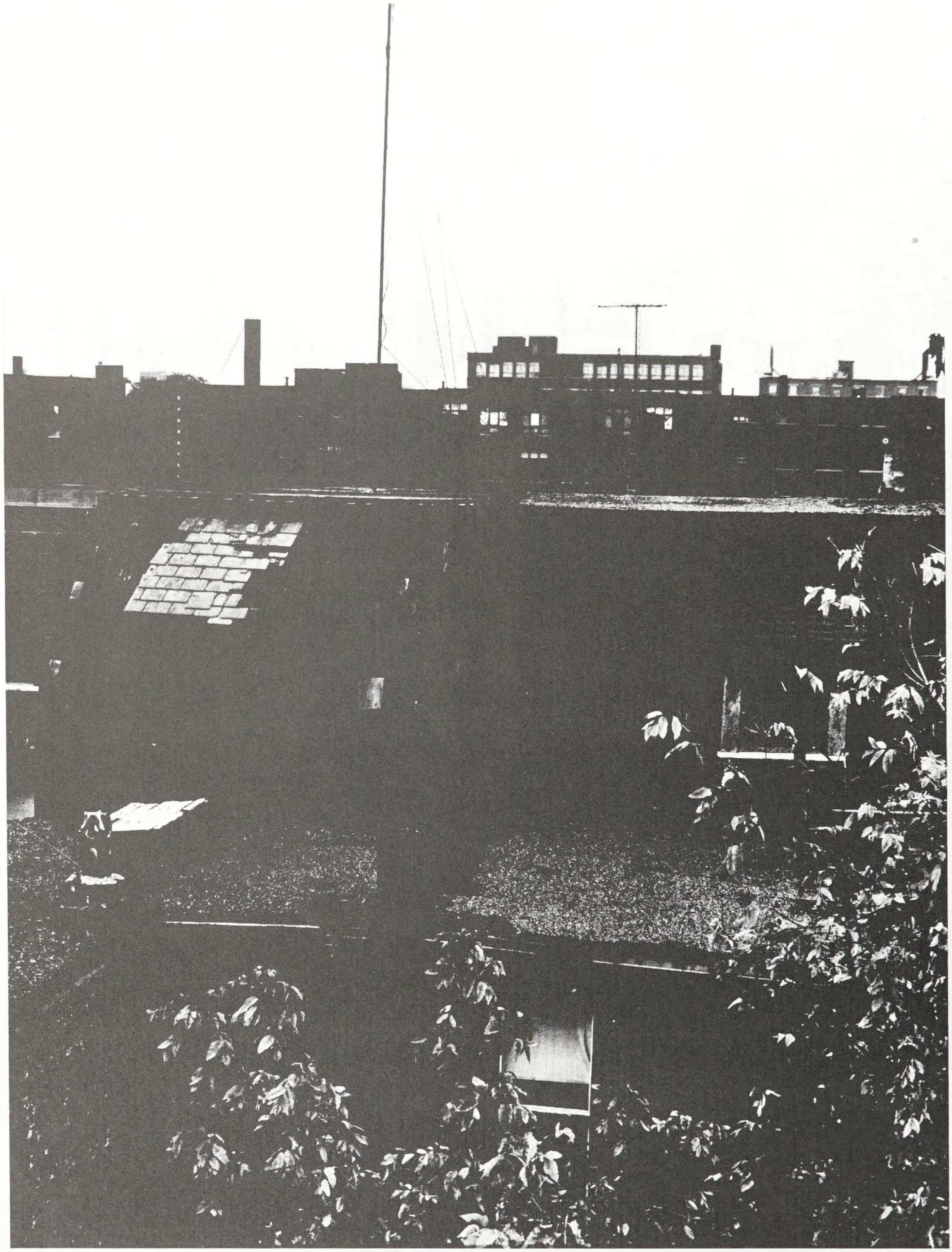






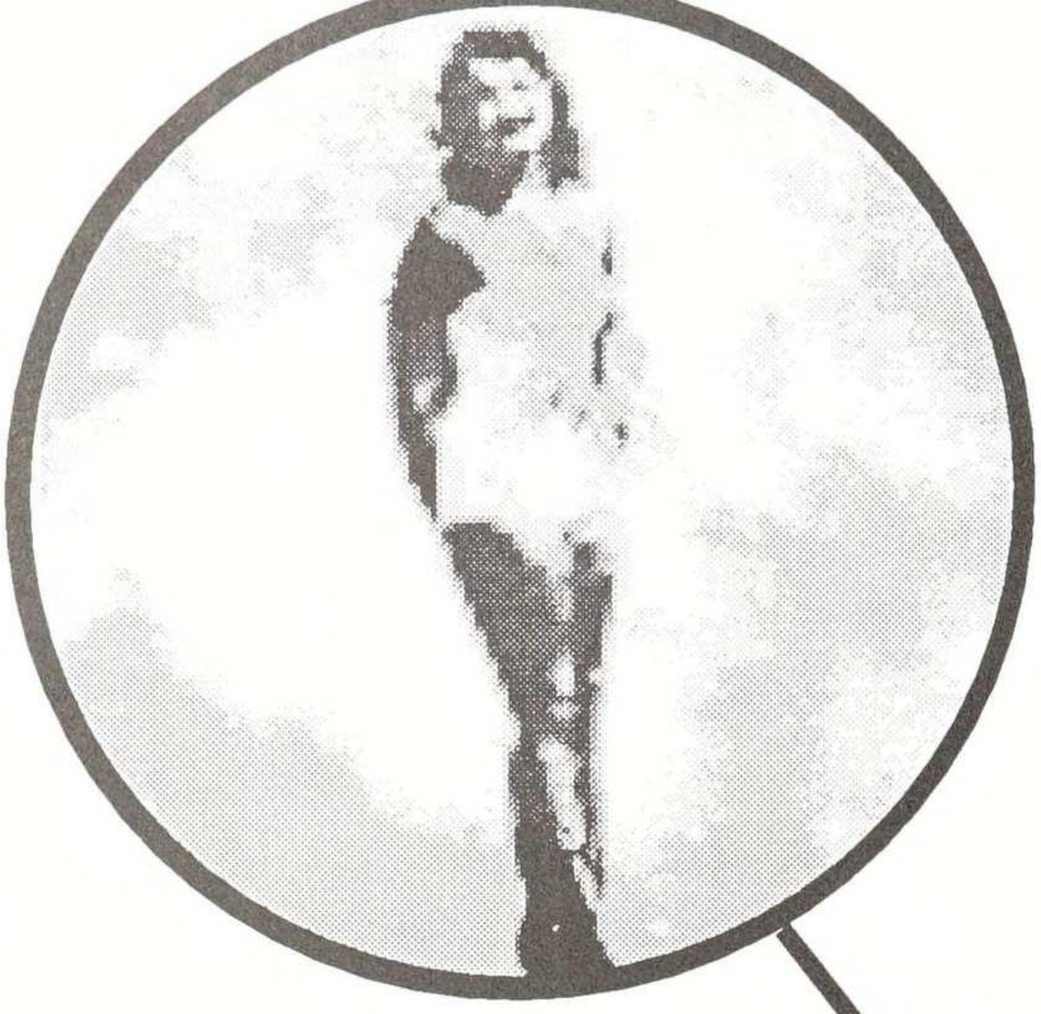


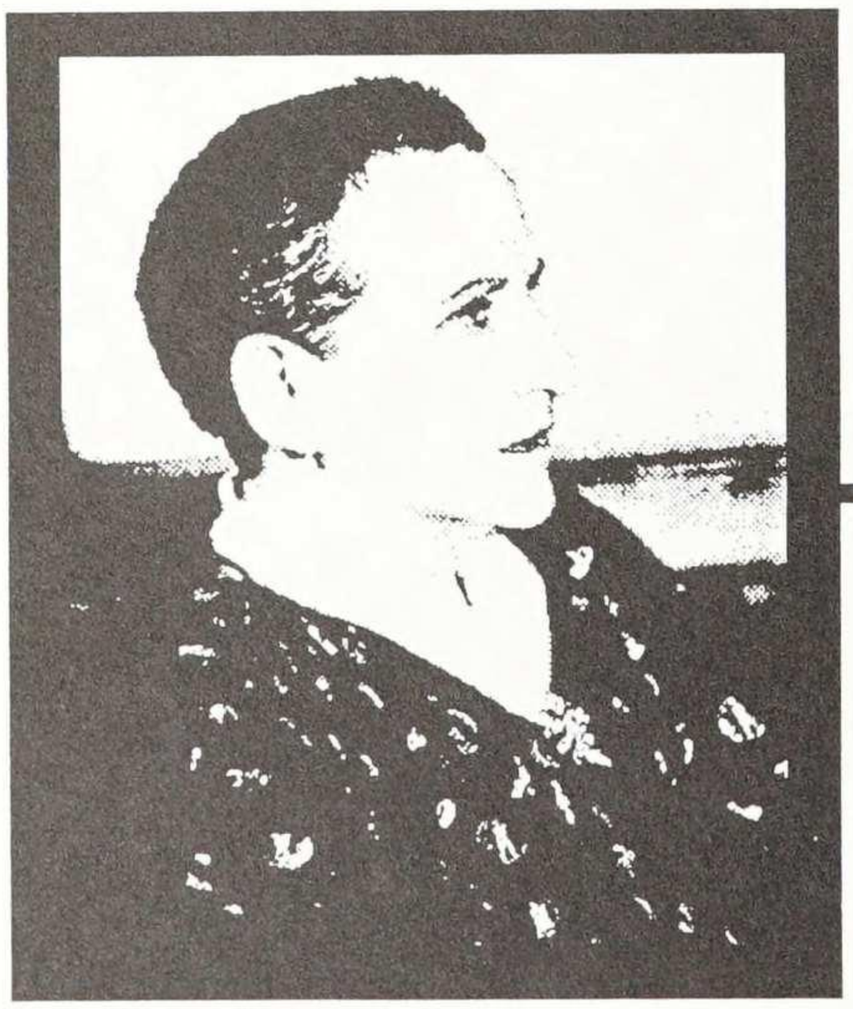


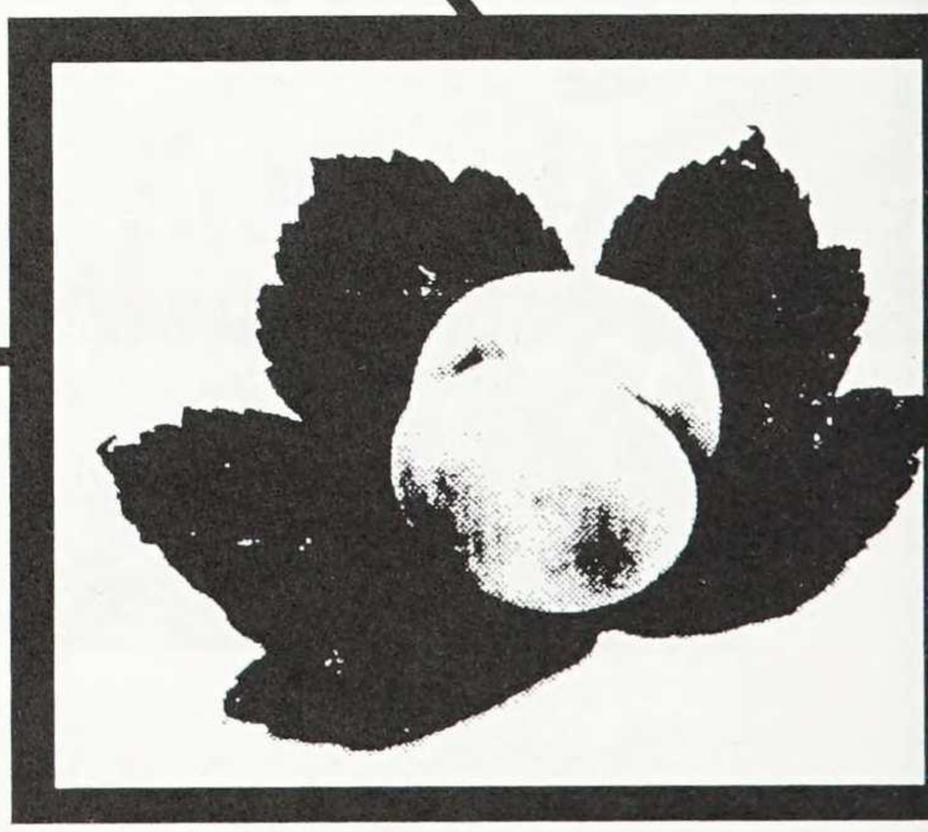


Marina Konstantatos

INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND







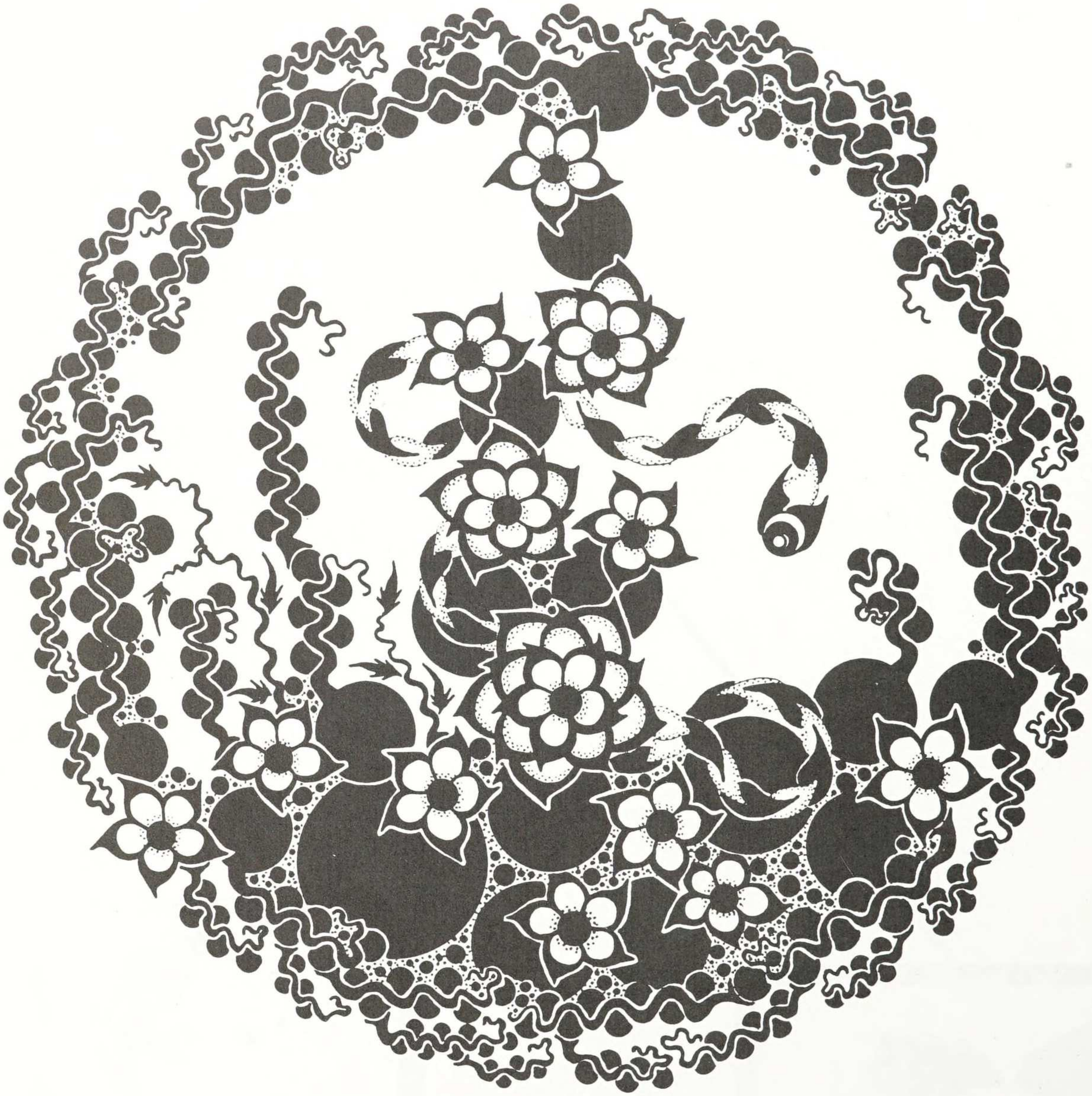
SHE IS!

SHE IS THE BEST WAY

SHE IS THE BEST WAY FROM HERE TO THERE

*(Excerpted from the poem "*Attacks*" by Gertrude Stein)*

Shanna Miller



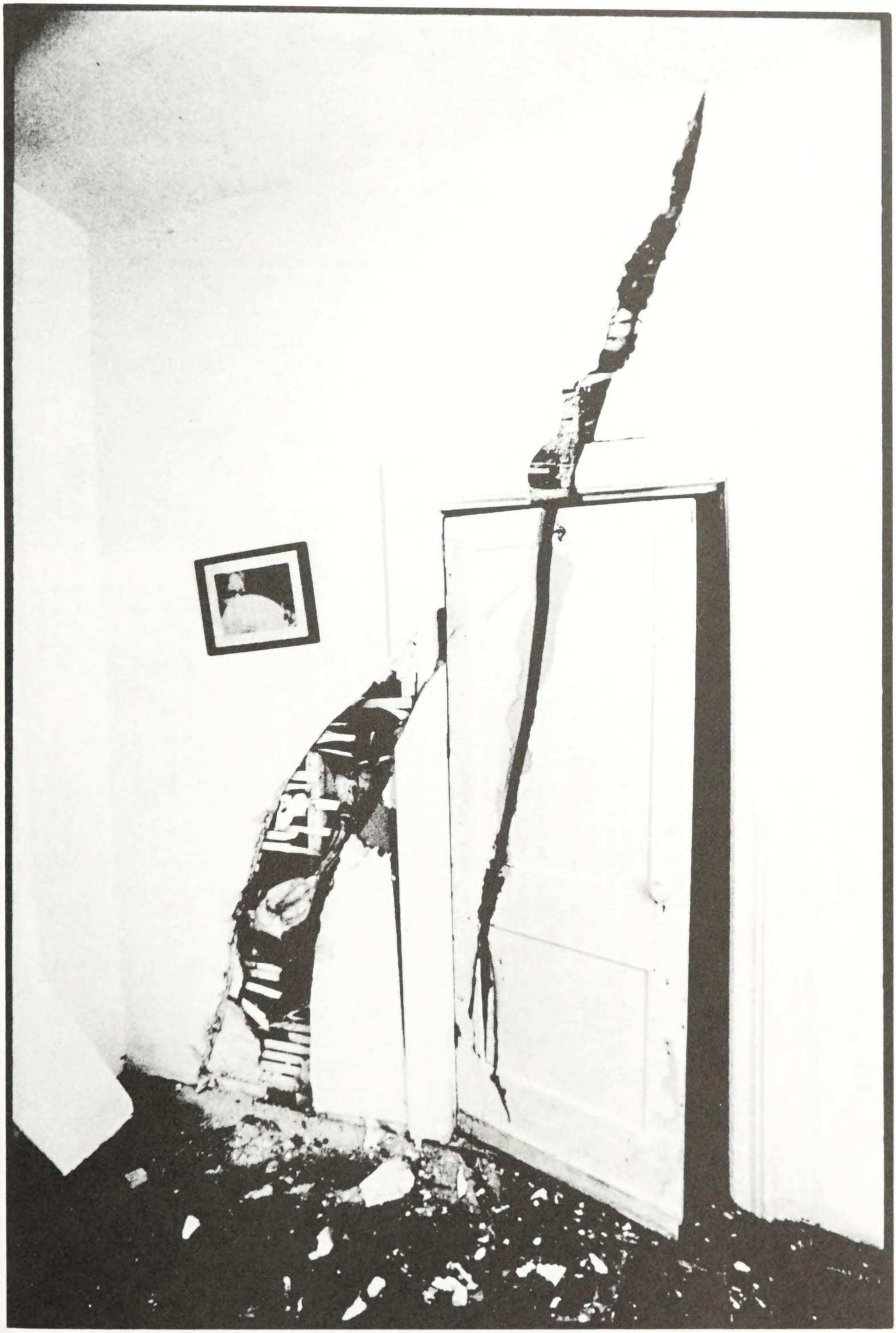


Photo Paul Till

DREAM HOMES

MARTINE MATTHEWS

I lie enveloped in your absence
like in a sea of your viscous aura
rapturing in the night of its humid opiated gravity
The swarthiness of isolation
The warm breathing of the organism of the room
swallows us legs first into the mush that was a floor.

The swelling walls and rhythmically yawning apertures
The sticky jism juice sweat
drowning in culumny in my brain.

I am beside you in you through you
I surround you
penetrate you
I cover your mouth
but still there is laughing.

DO UNTO OTHERS
do unto others

We penetrate accompanied by sucking noises
the room that is your life
The sweating purgatory walls
are like a blanket
a comfort

in egoless isolation

Whose turn is it now?

The sea the ebb
the undulation of slow motion flesh
in culumny

I lie inside you a vacuum now
making you into me and drawing you near.

The loneliness is watching from the mirror
Silent stalking voyeur
Whose unforgivingness
puts miles between us three

Your hands
Your fading touch
Your scent
The room which smells like us

And now I cannot remember
I cannot remember the colours of your eyes
which have been lost
in that.

Purgatory Waltz Marbie Matthews 1990 c.



Bereftness of logic cannot exonerate
nor can it expiate the guilt.
I am guilty I am guilty
Air escaping slowly
belaboured

The utterance of lies so quiet like breath sleeping
A psychic moan which rolls like a fog
across the empty room of a mind
a web of deceit
to be untangled
so much later.

Rivulets of blood
dripping from your forehead
like in a dream
in a dream

I can't speak the terror of this room
where I have lain for long enough
in this shallow grave of awkwardness
decomposing awkwardness.

The segregation of ideas from any real meaning
sometimes the air is barbed.

The charade has this emptying effect.

Oh the artifacts of a life
I am guilty so guilty
engorged with guilt and hopelessness
that our indifference has such consequences

The commission of crimes
the notion of original sin.
Imagine the bath is the Ghanges
and attempt to wash away
the sins of gross excess

Your lips my memories
Your mouth my erotic archetype

rivulets of blood
silent inexquisite

I mouth your name
and the poles shift
and the here and now becomes the there and then
And the poles shift and we go on
Encased in glass
so brittle and polite.

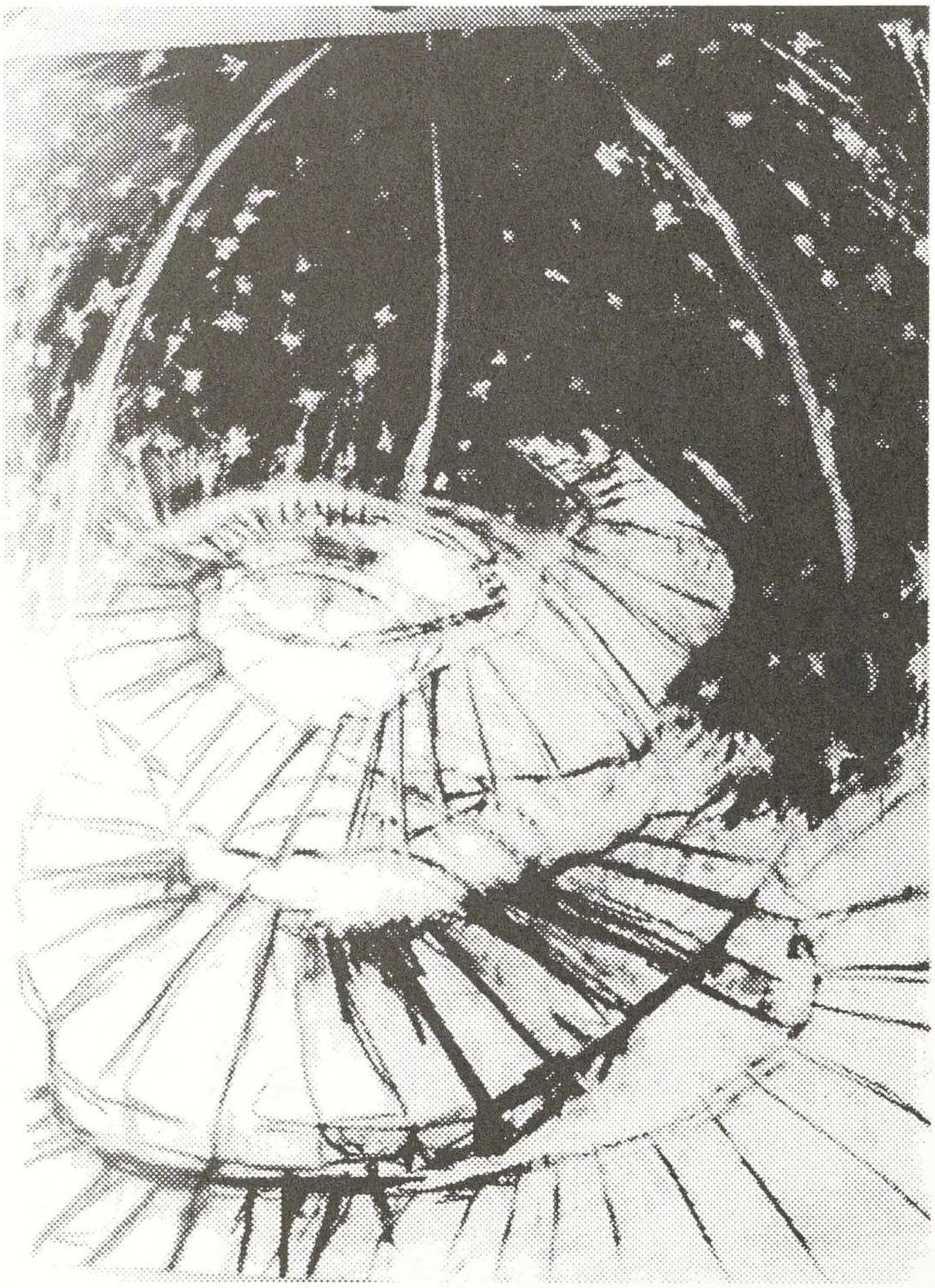
Martine Matthews 1990 c.



26 *An illustration from the 1499 Aldine ed.*
a curious romance that really served as a peg u
rchitecture and gardens. It was translated into

tion of the Hypnerotomachia Poliphili,
pon which to hang the author's theories on
several languages and had a considerable

G - the defiance



Vertigo
and Gravity

would look at each other
in Sunday school,
when they should
have been looking
at their bible.

Each one thought,
'We would work
so well together,
since our passions
are so similar, and
yes, we love
each other.

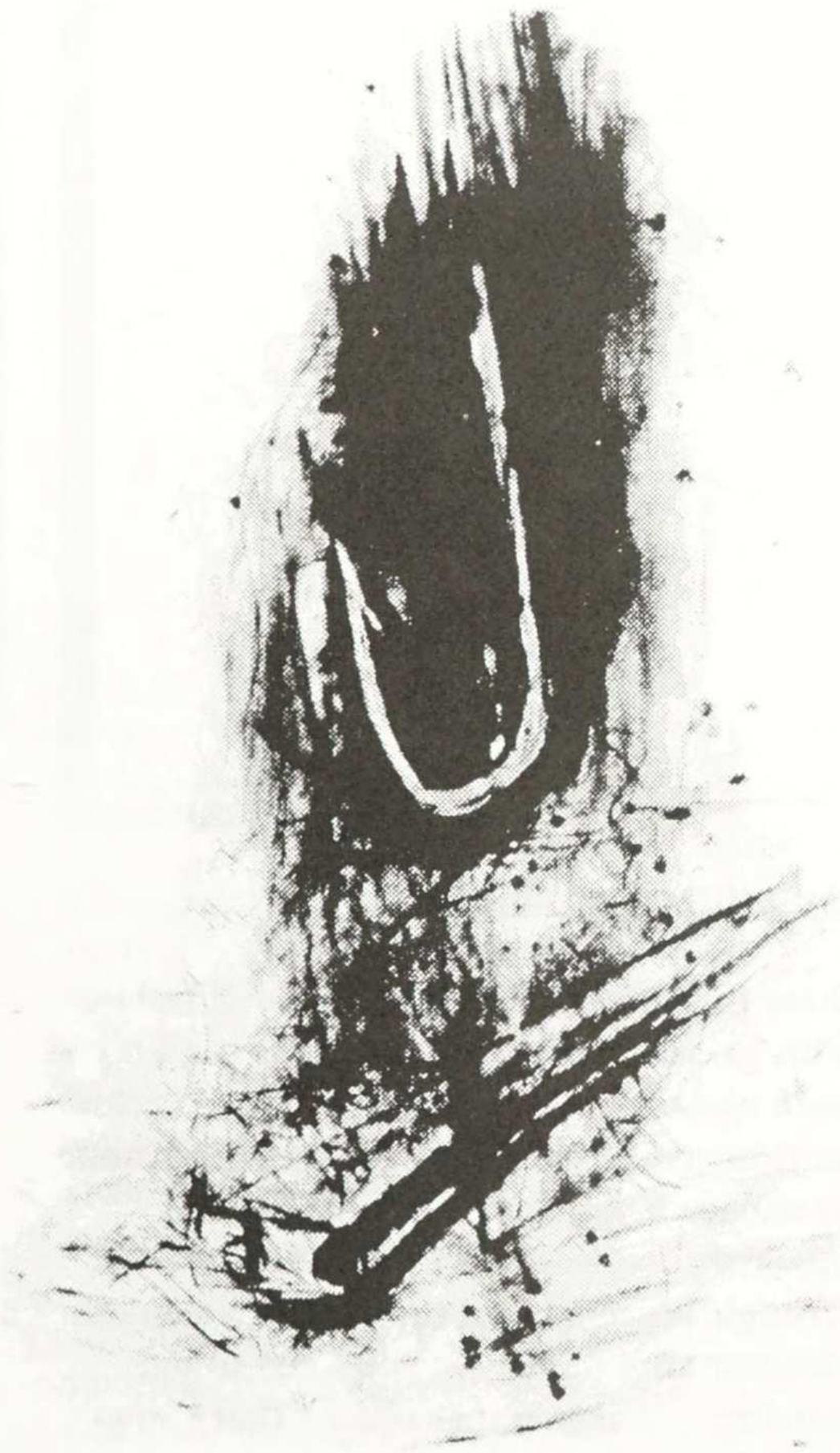
At night
they built stairs
and painted stars
on the inside of
the belly of
the apse in the
basilica.
This way they
could reach them
instead of
listening
to the sermon.

When they were
excommunicated
then
they simply
climbed them and waited
for whatever.
Perhaps God would
invite them for tea then.
After all,
they were just trying
to see him.

Mariann Sinkovics

in room fourteen

J - the narcotic



In this room
pick your obsession
pick an addiction
climb the hook
that hangs
above the one track
mind

Climb
let it bite
deep into your brain
and feel its poison
leak like sweetness

Parasitic infatuation

Mania
stretches in tongues
to torch the space
to beg for surface
to reach the here
held in a shivering
glass barrier
in front of silken
socketed eyes
Focused on savour of distortion
on flavour of decision
Yes
Orgasm
is the only instant
this abyss
this chasm
makes sense

Mariann Sinkovics

Stigma's distance

Gaping irises judge and fall
like bald
carriers of bludgeoned letter-grams:
quietly, broken words

stiffening into rum shot's breathing.
The exhale
disperses as crooked boards squealing
to their inevitable

conclusion, there on the final mosaic,
peaced apart.
Stigma gnaws with veracity's
opponent

and shuts like a velvet hood over
the massive
eye that scurries under, too glorious
to finger.

these three up and down

these three have been dug out lifted low
with stomachs like hearts
such metal skyscape underground and
teething rings swirling with the pipe smoke
to nausea heights tie racks tipping
upwards they don't plummet down
strangle corsets laced up with telephone cable
elevator shot dance will keep things
moving into paper chains that spiral
straight to the hurricane's eye
blinking with long mascara hairs splitting
revealing the nut in avocado halves
shapely limbs they can no longer run
but must be lifted into tangled cravats
to do some things leaks ludicrous
not lucid tears filling up cups
matted hair bends over the tired face
which sleeps lightly rangled by
what does he call it paranoia

--Maria Mutch

Contenders

Inner waters swelling with the pinnacle
chill of ice-handed stares, I reach
for blinds to pull against her.

She drags the worn cloak behind
her stilted gait like memory, and clasps my
wrists to add to her train.

I am pulled through the mesh
of a sky-blown coup, muscles
lying broken in her game of pik-up-stix.

I'd love to shriek the war words to generate
the duel, become the antagonist, but the
white of my skin is my surrender.

With the deaf descending upon us, sight
releases groundward revelation. Partner
clutching me, there is but one shadow.

Blue Beggar

It is a grey such as this, with
the clean drag of music coming from all
speakers before the curtains split and
wash away
to disorder the blistered black
and white, that walks me
along the nooks of the
middle tone corridors.

This mouth tipping, I can touch the
static ringing down
and mend sheet and pulpy stem
of this watery umbrella; it bursts
with one stranger's hat and
the rush turns it inside out, the metal
branches splayed like anticipation.
A spinal cord dipping
in a breath weaving bow.

Come in, Old Water trailing and bleeding
into the brick of my skull,
and leave a red vessel, ruby,
to hold the catchwords gathering
at the bone-tipped
end of my cane.

--Maria Mutch

Posessorshipwreck

Affecting my belongings affecting
my
self
only
Symbols in
Posessorship
We share
Time only
Intangibles
Impermanents
Imperfection
Tangibles being contracts
Self preservation?
Clues
Selfishness?
Safe sex
Is sex no one finds out about
So hide your condoms
and your hardons
Where noone but me
Can feel
But leave no belongings behind
Leave nothing that used to belong to you
No tangibles
No permanents
My belongings
My
Self
Possessorships passing in the night
With no Pirating
It's dark and wet
Smooth flowing
Heightening as
Moon ascends
Storm looms unseen as of yet



Emmy Pahmer

We

The moon is full of arsenal
explosive on the sea
God's eye
bulging out in maximum tolerance
towards point Kennebunkport
where all bow down
to the man in the red
white & blue lobster bib.
This jetty fucks the ocean
with cute couples
like Barbie & George
& boy,
do they know how to fuck.
Titanium swords
made of hardened Reaganomics
don't easily lose erection.
They keep on fucking
cock wide as the White House
long as most welfare lines.

At lowtidemidnight, post-eclipse
we think earnest thoughts
about decapitated jetties.
From Narrow Cove
we are fire, monkey gas, weaponry
embalming fluid for a dead fuck,
a burn & launch of orange terror.
We, post-atomic children
dive into pools of plutonium
for blue lobstermeal
& want to bite back.
We want to fuck the world.
We want to fuck you
George Bush
with every riptide
germicide & homocide
you ever gave us.
Because when we think it,
when we numb our ankles
in the North Atlantic
to stare at your riverside picnic,
When we kiss for the first time
clenched fists, salty hair
together in poetic armament
words dry the ocean
all is frigid
& even YOU
can't fuck us anymore.

Angela B. Coon

Reprinted in 1989
by We Press
Send Words & Pictures To
PO Box 1503
Santa Cruz, California
95061

WORKS IN PROGRESS

MARINA KONSTANTATOS

In the frozen silent twilight

On the midnight blue express IONs

a sterile side of the city
the sterile edge of town
cable cord extensions umbilical intentions

sccahahahahahhahrrrrrrrr
borrow burrow
siberia coaxial
katapallein

the buildings went up like long houses ranges disguise

sshshshsh
sshshshsh
the new church whisper sh IBM sh
sshshshsh
sshshshsh

the grey suits whore ship on the daily
planet

VIGILANTY

the abandoned industrial wasteland becomes my surivival
in trenches of fear
the aura is fusing the invisible cloud
is on my back

through singes of frailty

the hurling wind is blocked

them ripen ? ! e a r l i e r ! ?

inside my backyard

the fruit grow stronger

children love to

eaT deMn

EL AMOUR BRUJO

suspended in light of moon

imprisoned by rays

rebound

places in silent darkness

venture to ever dream

moonmoonmoonmoonn a huge base bottom crescent moon moonmoonmoon

seaseasea sinking into magic diamond dustlings of the seaseasea

poseidon emerges to reclaim his urges

motion of ripples

naked bodies

grounded rounded

moist and wet

drenched emotion

pebbles sparkling

soft light moon light

elusive blueness

drenched emotion

seduced by the moon

Marina Konstantatos

CRUISE CONTROL

Still moist chalices are where we've modified connections in the present tense. I slept with you in mind. Of course the fossils in my brave collection include psychometric principles. I mean signature appliances that pass finger to substance and change shape of thought. A fifteen measure rest conceivable. Starvation not the same as lack of bread. It's the desire beside an equal sign. A misplaced chapter warmth. Supply side.

AUTO-

Her exact words were "Mothballs suffused with camphor antidote my remedy" I'm almost the same

It isn't May blossoms

There was a spray of choices one of them not wrong the other

"Seizure" was a nice way four uniformed men though took his arms and legs against

Most of them she said on lithium tasted of salt

Refrigerator full of short cans soda pop

And cookies in the cupboard all day under observation

Patient watch without binoculars the stiff eroded carpet more of the morphine

Sound Falling movement after

Go on sitting in the chair

Vocabulary squeaks do humans

Paying attention

--Sheila E. Murphy

REFUGE

John M. Bennett

What fat crowds crush at the
borders and towers flicker like
switches on TVs too hot I'll
never, maybe Heaven's cruel and
sleazy. The fences twitch and
passports fray in the corners,
trains full of guards and no
toilets. Under my vain hat I
growl in my lunch while my
windows are steaming with hoarders

10.9.89

PULULATING PLAZA

Those coarse ladders blind your face like
walls pocked with bullets, bannisters
cracked, ending in that cartoon blade your
tongue slid down. Jokes aside, shaking the
rostrum, the crowd jitters and smokes like the
sea in rain. Three hopes clutter me, nostrums
faking a fine kid, a brave plunger after spoons of
fat. So you're rending cannisters, locking wallets,
sprawling on shapeless minds? I'm madder and
louder the balconies bleed, and I'm forced to climb.

1.10.90

AUBADE

It's Tuesday and the shades crack
children shrieking in a hole in
the floor, more low hairs pulled through the
roof where the rain burns my
clay nose whitens as my face churns

10.10.89

Concrete Blocks.

SLOW TIME

What I wanted drawn down on my
face like a brick on a bum's card,
like a work pulled thin, stretching
your up touching you, meeting and
smiling the deep. It tastes like
rubber to violate chase back at me
like my love's just a crack Forty
the Fifty



JOHN M. BENNETT

JUN 09 1989

AMOR OCULTO

Love hides
behind city planning designs
and technological applications
of new times
times of solitude, of desolation
and emotional dehydration
in consumption's paradises
which glitter
with neon lights and golden flushes
inside dreadful centralizing populations
in gigantic cities
inhabited by masses which forever have forgotten
the warmth of sun-drenched earth
the magic of a lazily rising full moon
**
Love hides frightened
before hard-set faces
suffocating surroundings
apathetic crowds and nonexisting consciousnesses



EINAI AYPIO

White light
Flags
Red and black...
Punches at CRT terminals
Brains on streets
It's tomorrow...

--VLASSIS RASSIAS

At the end of the hallway

wet skins shed

scuttle around

find a hole

What do we do now?

Drink

wet sanguine sheets

Rain

LUNACY

Last night i heard the man-in-the-moon

whispering of things

entropy and cold matter between stars

times of disease to come

hunger

He offered to reveal his face

but i could only laugh crazy-like

SOLITUDE

is

Breaded flowers

reposing

in a grotesque window

where grey light

angles in

to smother the room.

It is so cold

and the dust settles

onto everything.

X & Y =

Mutant light

diffusing

this membrane tenuous

innocent parasites

sprout

beneath crystalline factors

Wade A Schell

HUMAN SPECIES OF ELASTIC BABIES
COME FORWARD THE OPEN DESERT
SIFTING SAND THROUGH REVOLVING UNIVERSES
COME WILD LOVE TO UNVENTURED TRAILS
FLOW THROUGH SEETHING WAVES OF DARKENED VALLEYS
SEEK PLEASURES IN PAIN OF UNCHAINED BODIES
LIMITLESS TUNNELS OF OBLIVIOUS DESIRES
SEDUCED TO ETERNAL BODILY FLUIDS
DRINKING FROM BODIES BLOOD THE ENDLESS TIME
RUN NAKED FAR FORESTS OF UNBEATEN PATHS
LAY TO REST SAD, TRAGIC CORPSES
NESTLED MOUTHS ON GENITALS
EVAPORATING INTO YOUR BREATH

I AM A FRIENDLESS MAN AND OBEDIENT TO THE FACT THAT
I AM NOT HERE TO MAKE ANYONE HAPPY. I AM ME TO AN
OPEN ROAD WHICH SEES ME OVERLOOKING BURNING BRIDGES
AND FUTURISTIC REALITIES LEAD ME TO AN OPEN ROOM
ISOLATING THE INFERIOR WORLD.

EVERY MAN MUST PAY FOR HIS OWN ACTIONS
JUST AS WE ALL MUST FACE DEATH ALONE
I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY
AS THE BRIGHT STAR WILL BURN IN THE SKY
AND LIGHT OF DAY FOREVER COME
MY GRAVE WILL BE SOFT AND COOL
AND MY PASSIONS SINK TO SILENCE
ON THROUGH THE OPEN GATES OF DEATH

EVERYTHING IN MY LIFE SEEMS SO DISTANT. WHAT I DID
A MONTH AGO SEEMS LIKE A YEAR AND A YEAR AGO TEN.
I MISS THE TOUCH OF FEMALE AND THE ROOM SPINNING
WITH EXCITEMENT OF DRUNKEN MUSIC SURROUNDING ME.
WILL I EVER HAVE THIS BACK? BUT MY EVIL EXISTENCE
MUST PAY FOR MY DISOBEDIENCE THEY SAY. I AM IMPREGNATED
WITH FILTH AND DIRT OF THE PRIMITIVE SOCIETY.

GG ALLIN
JAIL 1989

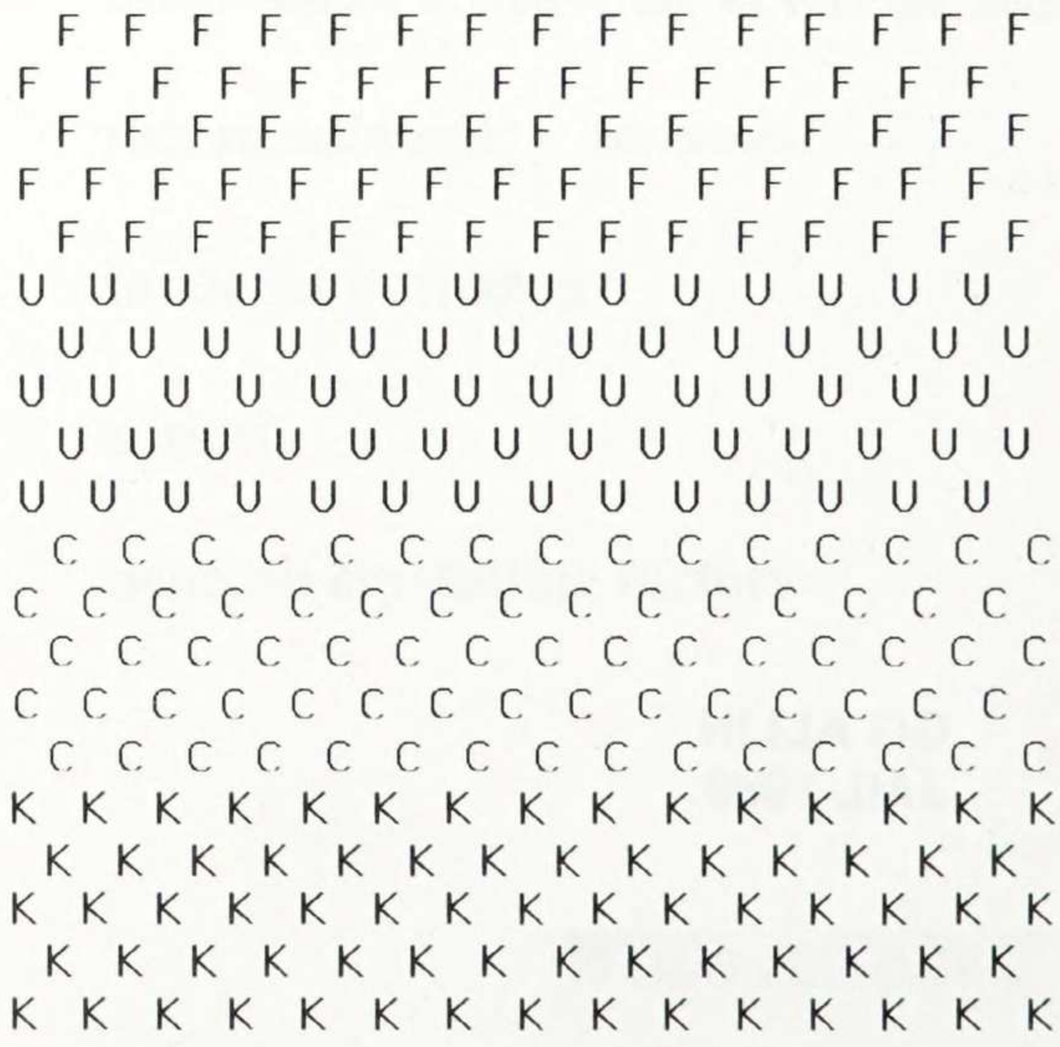
THE AIR OF TIMELESS SIGHTS I'VE SEEN
BUILDINGS TASTE OF CRUDDED STAGNATION
MY HATE WORN SWORD SWINGS CHAOTIC DISCOMFORT
GREAT BODILY HARM MY LIFE BLOOD'S CONSUMPTION
SPENDING BODIES IN SALE BOUGHT FASHION
EXTIRPATE ROADBLOCKS FACILITATE KILLINGS
TEMPTING POISONOUS DEPTHS AND LIMITS
SPORADICALLY DRINKING THE CUP'S LAST BETRAYAL
HUMDRUM SYSTEMS NEEDING IMPETUOUS ANARCHY
FOR DEMANDING BLOWOUTS OUTSHINE SMALL CHANGE
BLISSFULLY TRIUMPHANT UNBREATHING SUBMISSIONS
FOR PAIN SEEKS PLEASURES VACUUM SEAL
TIL SUFFERING IS NULLIFIED
I HAVE BEEN YOU, BUT YOU NOT ME
FOR TIME I ONCE WAS THERE
EVERY CRACK MY NAME GAVE BIRTH
ADVENTURE THROUGH DANGERS OPEN MURDER
IMPREGNATING SLAUGHTERS PLANTED SEED
BUT WILL YOU BE SOMEONE ELSE TODAY?
HAS SOMEONE STOLEN YOUR IDENTITY?
THESE THOUGHTS I PONDER AMIDST THICK WALLS
THE HOUR FUCKED DAYS IN FUTURE'S BLOCK
I SPEND IN SOLITUDE WITH ME
BEWILDERED GHOST TOWNS WHERE I'LL SOMEDAY WALK
BROKE, STRIPPED AND CRUCIFIED
I'LL WALK THE LINE AGAIN
AND IF DEATH SHOULD SHAKE MY HAND WHEN TRIED
THEN I'LL MEET WITH DIGNITY MY NEW FRIEND

MIKE DENT

diary entry

Fuck You. no doves no lovebirds no flowers
no daisies no rainbows and waterfalls
no picnics no blueskies and robins
no candysticks and california raisins
no ocean cruises no more remote control
no lullabyes in na-na land
no sweet suprize,there never was one
no lucky charms rabbits feet and lepracauns
no pot'o'gold no more nickel and dime whores
to suck you off
no more christmas
no santa bag baby a-where ya been?
ditto for the easter rabbit'n'tooth fairy
no babes in arms no candle light dinners
no walt disney movies no peewees playhouse
no penny loafers no sunsets except for one
in a way
no fresh air no mountain streams no lovely dreams
no 10% cream no fields of green
only fields of regret
only grey clouds, sewer floors,holes in the ground
you bring the carnations
nows the rosy crucifiction baby a-here you are
theres no more christmas
no santa bag baby a-where ya been?
its the .45 in the chops
the bullets got your name on it
the size 10 in the pearlies,youre fired!
garbage dumps and smog,incinerator, burn
streetrats and pondscum,mallsluts, dirtdoor
ditchwater and filthy diapers
all this and more
for you.
Oh! and one last thing
FUCK YOU

A GOOD FUCK



MIKE DENT

highway 61 revisited (man)

we make love in the sand and do some more LSD and pick
flowers to wear in our hair and put in the national
guards rifles and watch a dennis hopper movie and i
get out my wah wah pedal and play bad guitar and pretend
im hendrix or that im in the mc5 but wishing i was jim morrison
and we go to california to mellow out after woodstock and
besides thats where leary lives and we can score some good cid
and have skinny dipping revelries and hang out at the spahn
ranch with charlie man cause he really understands man
and leaves us all like you know charlie is love man and like
hes doing an album man with dennis wilson man like you know
man and we go out into the desert man and do magic mushrooms
and eat peyote buttons and watch the sun come up and the
lizards fuck and then we fuck ourselves but then weve
always been fucked and light some more inscence and put
on our jesus sandals and chant while wearing our love beads
and make some tye dye shirts to sell when we go up to
frisco where there is a happening scene and score some more
dope and eat some brown rice because its natural and we start
a commune and grow all our own and burn our draft cards
cause were not going to nam man no way jose like ban the bomb
and we call cops pigs cause thats what they are man cause they
shot our brothers at kent you know man and like i just got
the new csny and joni mitchell album man wanna hear it
and well blow a couple of numbers man and we can put down the
establishment and after a few years and too many acid trips later
we have a couple of kids with fucked up chromosomes and names
like love and god and rainbow and we get haircuts and settle down
to a straight job and wear a suit and tie and sell insurance
and trade stocks and swindle people in huge real estate
deals and property flips and we buy a house in the burbs
and get bmw's and we do cocaine now instead of LSD but we
still have our smoking dope and do all the bullshit
we were against and hated in the sixties-make love not war
fuck you

PIGSKILL

KILL PIGS
KILL PIGS
KILLPIGS
KILL
PIGSKILL
PIGS KILL
PIGS KILL
PIGS KILL

RABID EYE MOVEMENTS

For those whose alarm clocks are broken -
who rush around all morning,
all day, all life whimpering
"I'm late! I'm late!"
and don't realize
that they are proclaiming
their own obituary:

(Keep in mind,
you can't un-love somebody
any more than you can
un-fuck somebody
once the rabid dies)

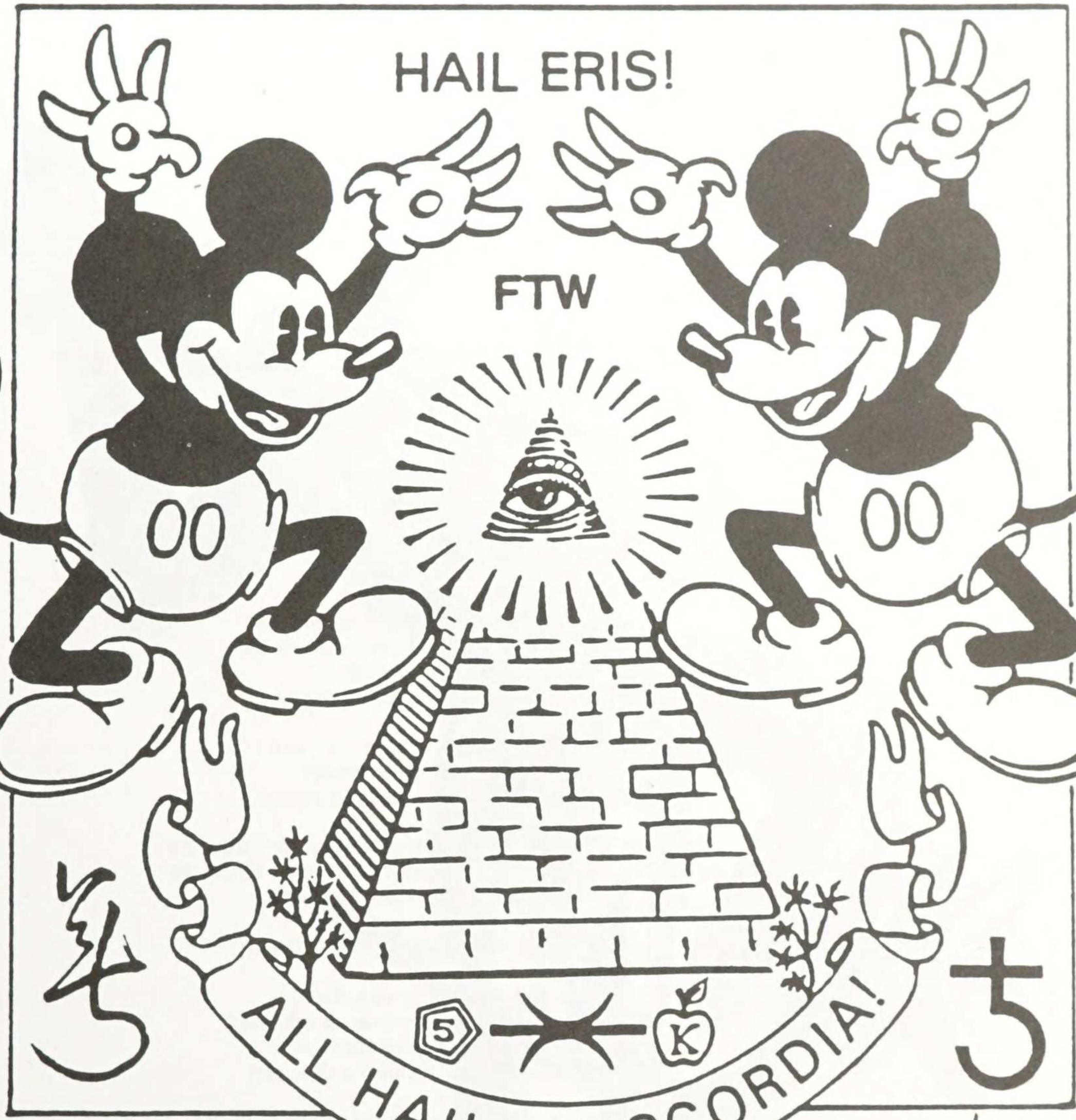
There is a greater
issue at hand;
guilty pleasures
promise impending blindness,
and already I see
through a glasses darkly.

"I'm late! I'm late!"
(punch time's clock face)

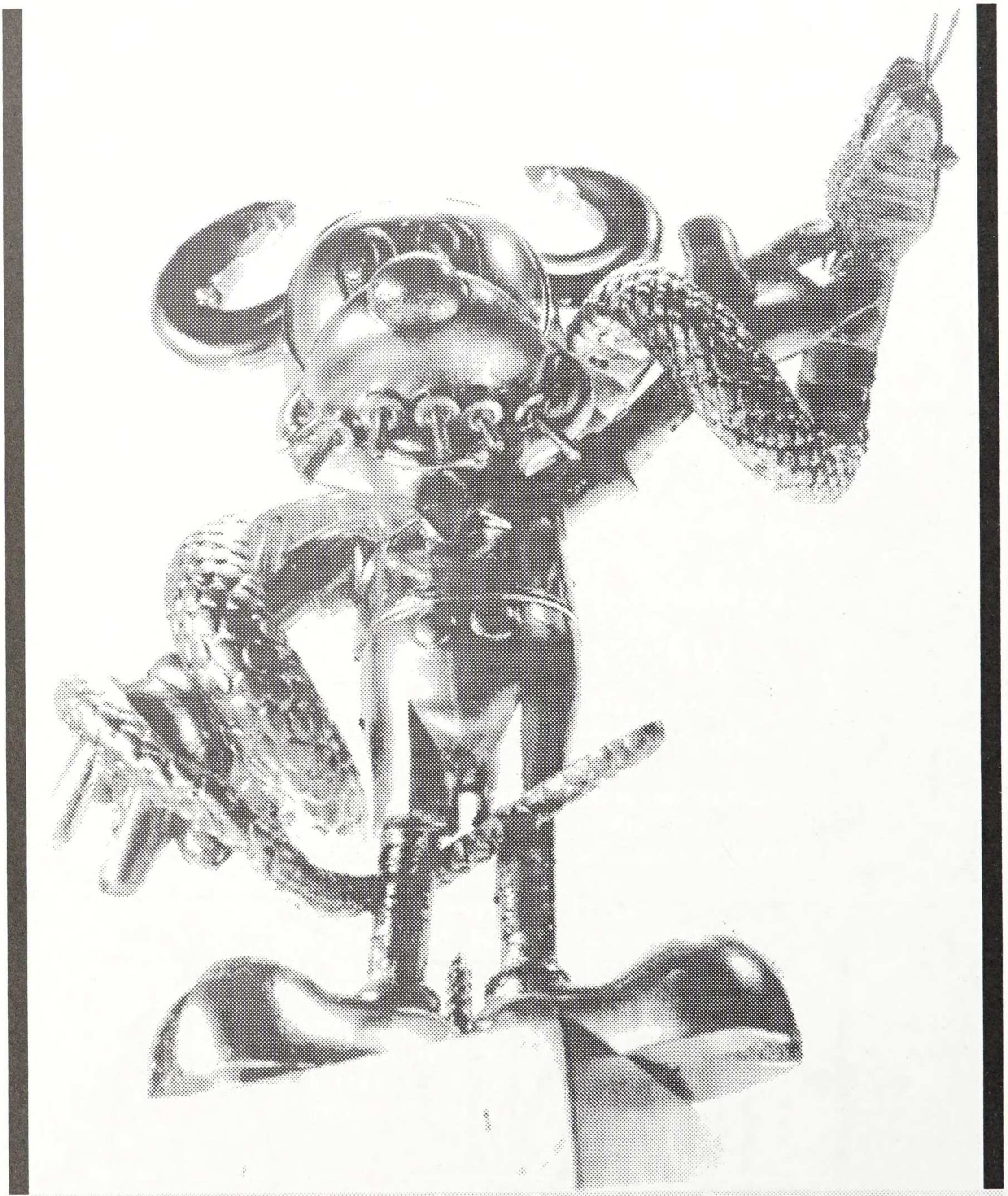
We discordians stick apart,
suffer from *S.I.Chosis*
(Stubborn, Independent, sigh)

Kill some time
before it kills us all!
It's half-past eight -
still I masturbate,
(sorry clocksoaker, I)
and upon sun's eclipse,
know I must find
a doctor to moon.

Mr. E Babylon



URANIA 235



The Lyrics of Boxcar Morphologna

The River's Rising Fist

An act of war aggression by uncivilized barbarians
Engaged in the protection of faith born
Off the feverish loins of despair.
Thats a body
And that was a body.
One was 1/2 aflame in shredded crimson,
the other a lean youngsters's charred remains
Sporting a head of blonde hair on it like a fuckin' angel's.

I sleep with my gun
I walk with my gun
I talk with my gun
All I know is war
You should listen to me talk, talk
Hell, I shoot my mouth off.

An unlimited bounty of enthusiasm,
Hunt and kill,

Expectin' subduel from the unlimited.
The river's rising fists
The river's rising Fist.
You wouldn't believe the things I believe
You wouldn't believe the beliefs I'd die for.
What would you do?
I'm gonna be around forever

I don't get paid to say I don't get paid.
Villagers, farmers, Godspeed
Arrives as lead ensheathed in copper.

WE MUST KILL THE THING THAT LEADS TO VIOLENCE
KILL THE THING, BURN THE THING
CRUSH THE THING
RUBBER STAMP THE THING TO DEATH.

Guillotine to Heaven forgiven
Send the damn thing what leads to violence
The damn thing that plants bombs
Harvests a crop of Cold, Gleaming *RED*.

I believe it was once said:*"Kill the thing that kills!"*
Cut it clean to the quick
Put it out of its misery
Sick wild and thick with knowledge
No longer need mean a streak
of the viscious weaved
through to yellow the fabric,
Glory to the thing we killed
Glory to the thing dead
Glory to the thing we killed
In death violence stilled

Kill the thing
Crush the thing
Rubber stamp it thin
and blow its paper bones away

-Boxcar Marphologna

Oh Why?

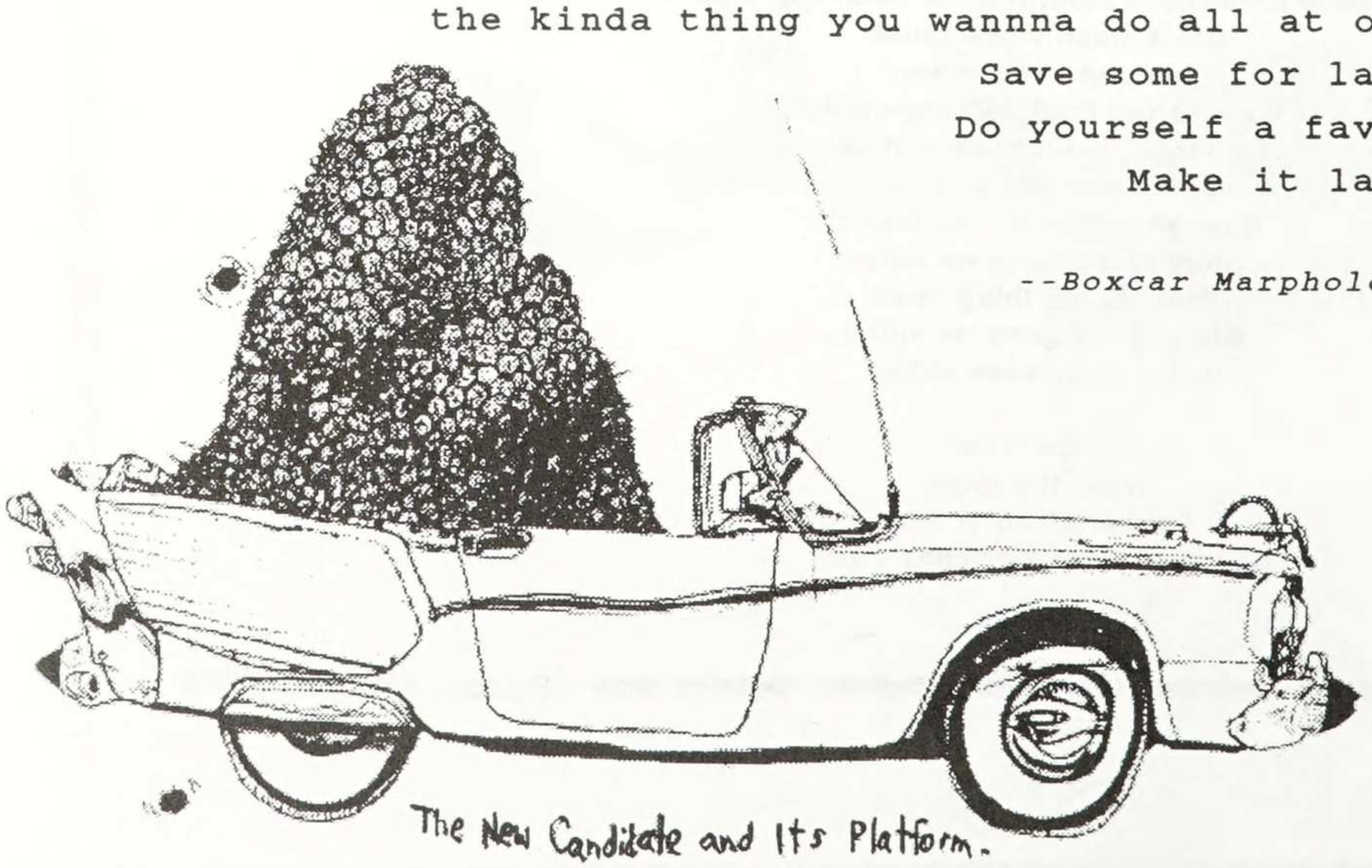
You let sleeping dogs lie so why try my patience
It's a virtue and I'm wholly without those
We don't wanna take sides ill equipped 4 anyones vocation
the fence is pretty wide from your point of view
You've got a really swell
Mahogany perch there
Nothing beastly's in anyone's intentions
Lust is the economic contention
Oh Why doesn't the world just Fuck off
Why doesn't the world just Fuck Off.

Let's get down to business oh woe is me if woe is why
Advice is better to give then receive
Less reasons to be or get
Better what do you say would its fucking-off suit you?
Hate's a politician's largest resource
and as accessible
as an apple pie from your grocer's.

It's the Grossest National Product
It's the Grossest National Product
Oh Why doesn't the world just Fuck Off
Why doesn't the world just Fuck Off.

No screams of uncle just yet dying isn't
the kinda thing you wannna do all at once
Save some for later
Do yourself a favour
Make it last.

--Boxcar Marphologna



VICIOUS

Another test another see if guts alone could stem his felling

Another fine another nice mess to be the founding memberve
If a more viciousness were to exist where's this?

One could do worse to find out where the correct branch is
Before the plant endangers the limbs
Artificial intelligence adhered to the book
Anything looks random included in a table of malcontent
I'm not in the least suspicious of anyone

It's easier to do then talk about, *least then you get to know what you're doing.*

Half a life put for safe keeping into a furnace
No circle left unturned or so vicious as to be
I've gone to a lot of trouble and it wouldn't be worth the bother
Making a whole set of new ones
The treasures outweigh the contradictions
In my vicious circle of friends

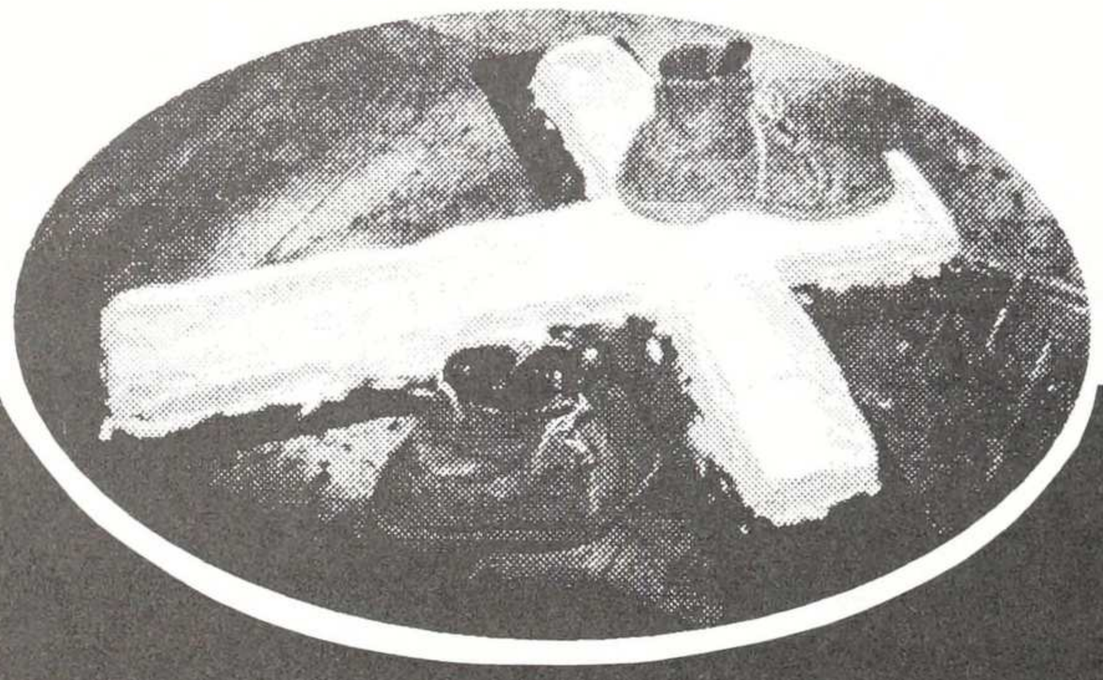
They may be very but I'm proud to be responsible for how
I'm not half as frightened for them--
Jackals and vultures you ask for better company?
How better then these to pick at your flesh?

I can depend on them getting the best of me yet
Don't expect to escape with your life meaning squat to any
of them in a rabid dog of a chance
Not so my vicious circle of friends

My hair stands on its end when I count on what depends on them
Just try to step outside my vicious circle of friends
Behind the pious folds of the A bomb saluting stand
My vicious circle of friends--
A captive hostage of the audio visual rungs on the ladder
Down each my vicious circle of friends malicious slander
is just the stuff so say my vicious cirlce of friends
Somethings are sacred, not inside
My vicious circle of friends

Know about art? No but they know what they hate
A knife's a popular insert with a twist about
My vicious circle of friends.

--Boxcar Marphologna



Surely Purgatory and Ole Yellar Cross

We all need straws to meet and greet eternity
Though we go halves it stands agrounded
Oh Yello Cross up and strewn to the wind
A golden dream mixed up and pissed away
A golden dream a golden dream mixed up and pissed away.

Dipith the bucket Milkith the land in luck I trust
On bad feet I wait so Yellow Cross so Yellow Cross I lay
My bids concealing how and standing yet belief
is bared with ignorance of faith made
Strong by what's to dread in Yellow firm
The will is met in Yellow stern a stealth is bred.

No yellow cross no flaw collected yet still born
Born undetected oh Yellow Cross Yellow Cross
Laid unconnecting white surface is yielding un-
protesting dare Yellow scorn then surely puragatory
Surely purgatory, surely purgatory dare to Yellow
Scorn when all's been glummed what of undertainty
On Yellow's built a nation destined with teethes and
clawed hold all that's dear
to thee with teethes and claw hold all that's dear
to thee oh Yellow Cross So Yellow so a golden dream
to mix and piss away.

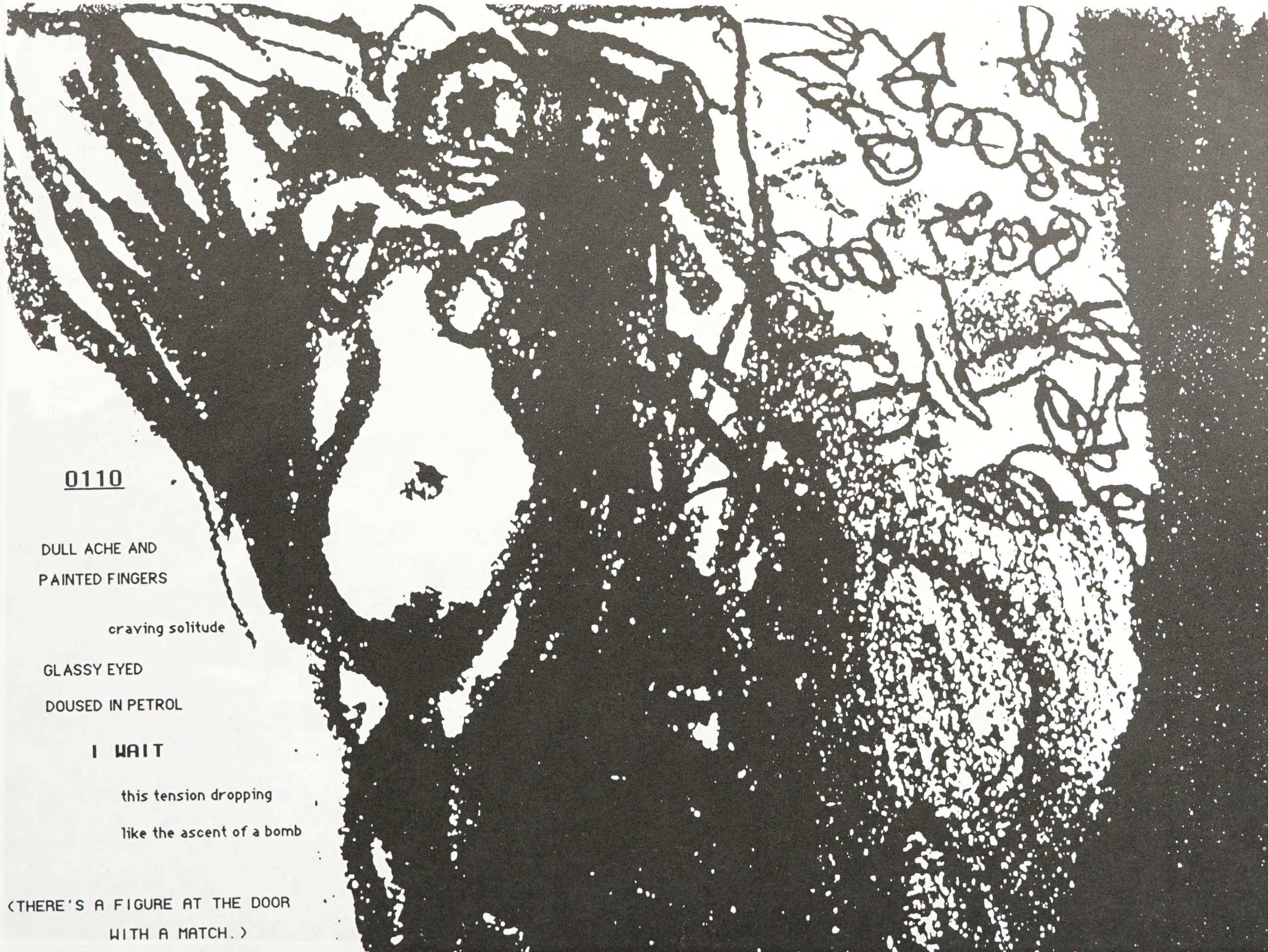
---Boxcar Marphologna





Julie Seddon Faris

Julie Seddon Faris



0110

DULL ACHE AND
PAINTED FINGERS

craving solitude

GLASSY EYED
DOUSED IN PETROL

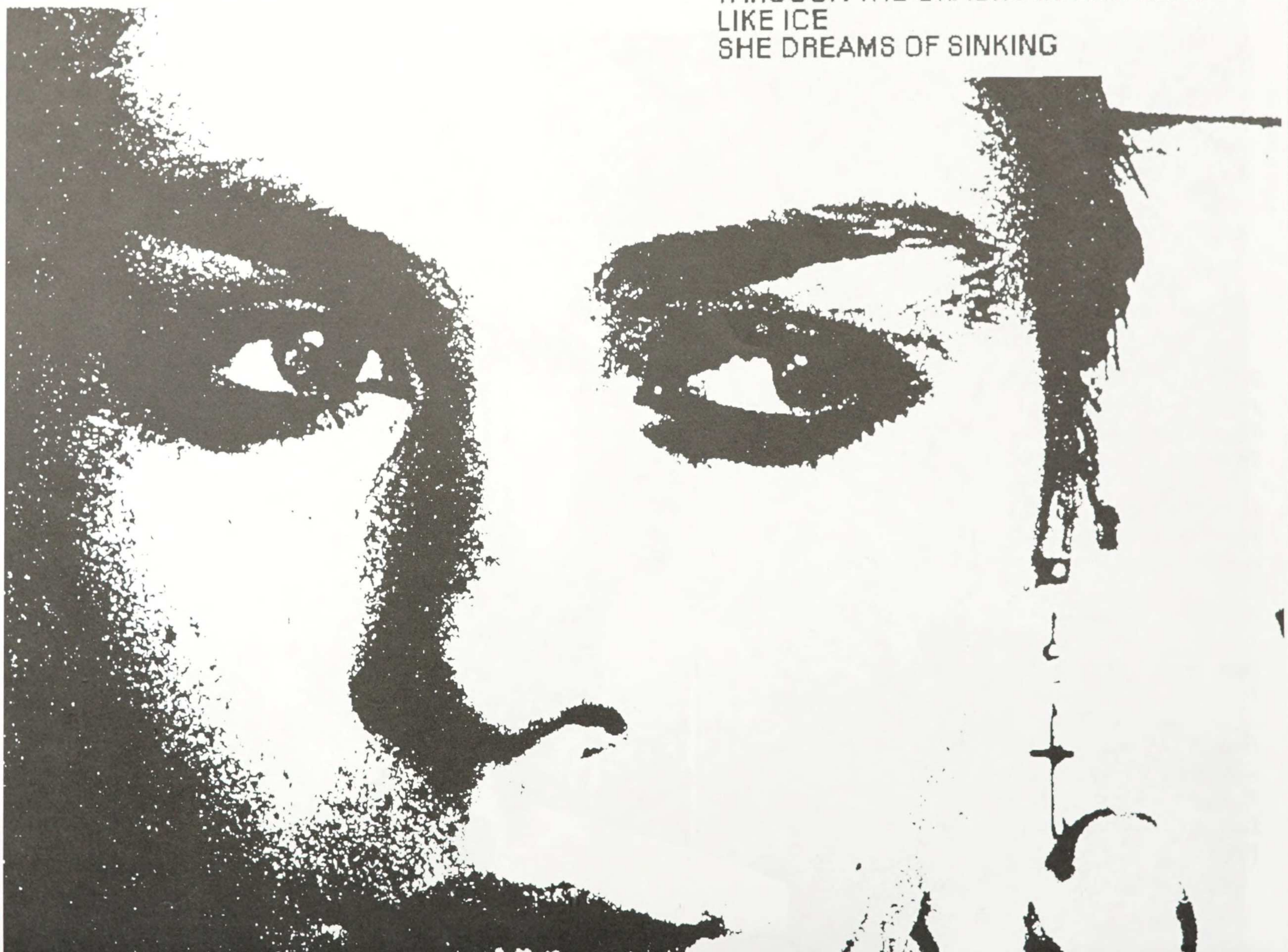
I WAIT

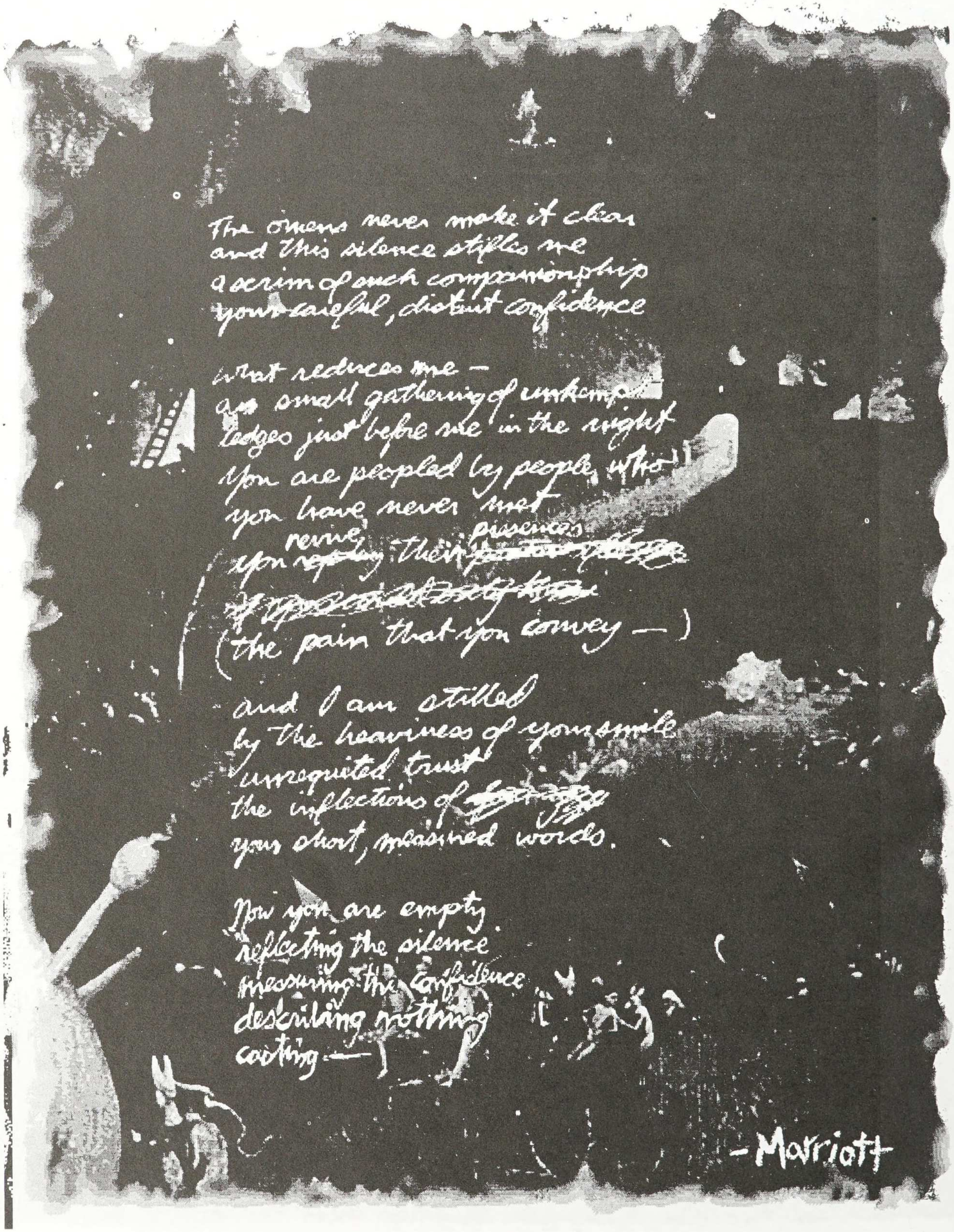
this tension dropping

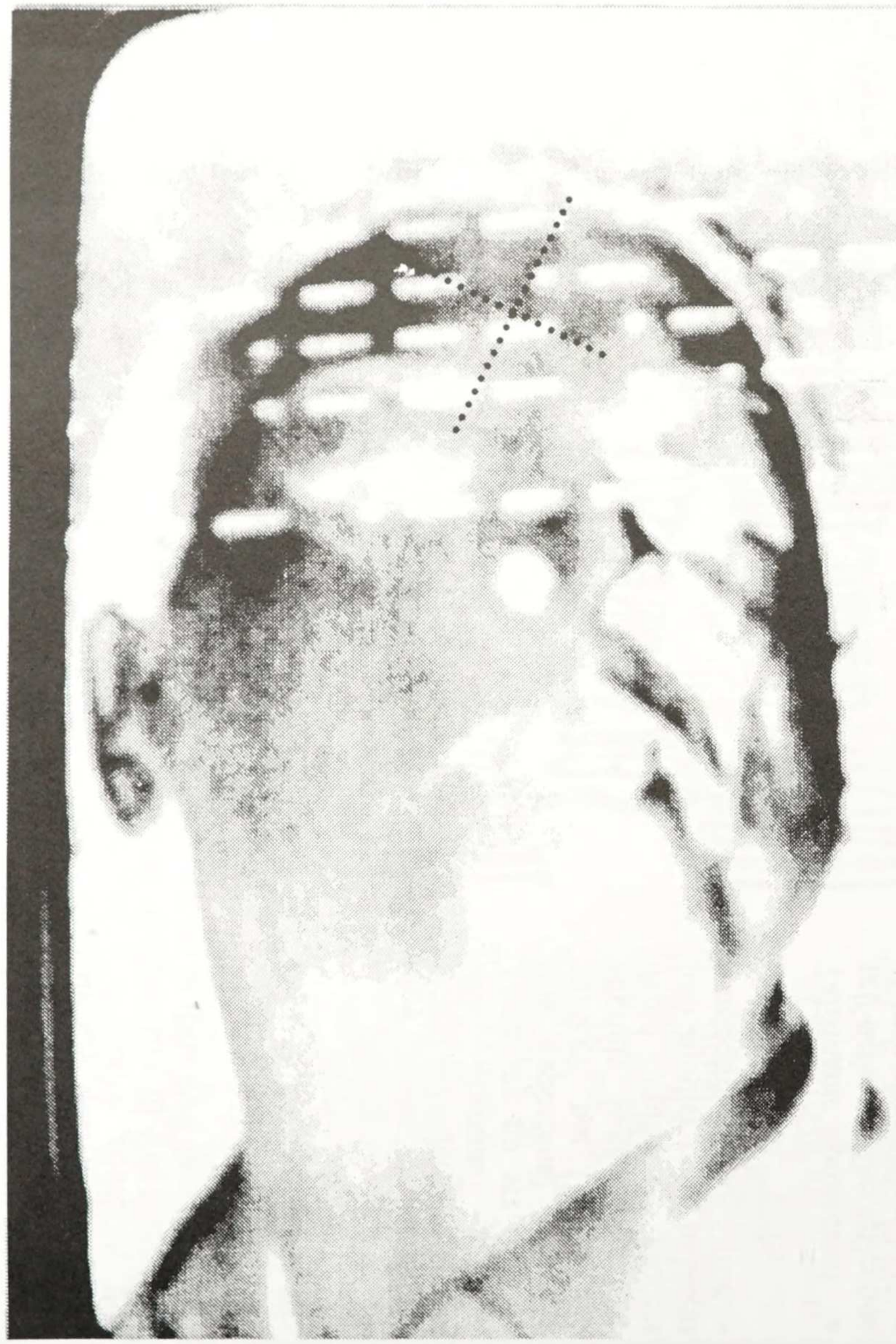
like the ascent of a bomb

(THERE'S A FIGURE AT THE DOOR
WITH A MATCH.)

THROUGH THE CRACKS IN HER HANDS
LIKE ICE
SHE DREAMS OF SINKING




The omens never make it clear
and this silence stifles me
a victim of such companionship
your careful, distant confidence
what reduces me —
an small gathering of unkempt
lodges just before me in the night
You are peopled by people who
you have never met
nerve pioneers
upon [illegible] their
[illegible]
(the pain that you convey —)
and I am stilled
by the heaviness of your smile
unrequited trust
the inflections of
your short, measured words.
Now you are empty
reflecting the silence
measuring the confidence
describing nothing
casting —
- Marriott



This day is dry skin, Fine
for Art, Shit to live
Frail cistern carrying
the choking with love

Towards crowded retreats
Exposed and wanted-
Wanting-ledge of loss
To come or to pass;

Come some day to follow
Dry skin, tongue-tip to
lips, storm-drains dark
with fallen stitches-

What valves pulsing -
muttering,
Uttering...
Silhouette secretions
domineering

Wallow in riddle -- BREAK,

John Marriott

Logos n. (L *logos* < Gr. *logos*, a word) **1.** *Gr. Philos.* reason, thought of as constituting the controlling principle of the universe and as being manifested by speech **2.** *Christian Theol.* the Word, or ultimate reality; esp. the creative and sustaining spirit of God; John 1:1.

Logotype (LOGO- + TYPE) a distinctive company signature, trademark, colophon, newspaper nameplate, etc.

Logos: *"The logos is the light and the life, at once spiritual and material, which combats both death and night. It is the antithesis of disorder and chaos, evil and darkness. It is also cognate with the word and with thought."*

Talisman (Fr. <Ar. *tilasm,* colloq. *tilsam,* magic figure, horoscope < MGr. *telesma,* a consecrated object, hence one with power to avert evil < LGr. a religious rite < Gr. *telein,* to initiate, orig. to complete < *telos,* an end) 1. something, as a ring or stone, bearing engraved figures or symbols supposed to bring good luck, keep away evil, etc.; amulet **2.** anything supposed to have magic power; a charm.

Trademark: a symbol, design, word, letter, etc. used by a manufacturer or dealer to distinguish a product or products from those of competitors, and usually registered and protected by law against reproduction and misuse.

Corporations themselves understand the power of the symbols they use, and naturally go to great legal lengths to protect their own *amulets* from abuse. Arthur C. Clarke's statement:

"Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic"

could be applied to the technology and technique of **Media Manipulation** used on the public: in effect, a kind of *occult technology of power.* Tattooing as *Ink Alchemy* can be used as a means of repelling insidious corporate black magic. In a similar way that "primitives" for example, may have marked themselves with snakelike talismans to prevent snakebites, we have *different forms* of venom and poisons to deal with. The act of marking oneself permanently with a **talismanic trademark** erects a reflective neurolith that inverts corporate manipulative ill-will back at its origin, enslaving them to their own devices.

WORD MADE FLESH
URANIA 235
FLESH MADE WORD

Though tattooing is actually considered illegal in some places, the specific

dermagraphic misappropriation of a registered trademark

would definitely cross over into criminal activity. There are no set rules to this conceptual tattooing strategy, but Urania 235 strongly suggests that to avoid turning the process into another mere business transaction, no money should change hands.

Talismanic protection is *self-defense;* The reflection of corporate plague back to its source is an act of **Poetic Terrorism,** and therefore a form of devotion to Black Goddess URANIA 235. An individual often feels helpless to have any effect whatsoever on the all-encompassing system s/he is trapped in, and this is one reason why Urania 235 stresses DISORGANIZED RELIGION, or **DOR**. DOR rejects organizations in favor of enrichment of individual spirituality. Perhaps one of the most compelling arguments against organizations and for autonomy comes from Carl Jung:

"A large company composed of wholly admirable persons has the morality and intelligence of an unwieldy, stupid and violent animal. The bigger the organization, the more unavoidable is its immorality and blind stupidity. *Senatus bestia senatores boni biri.* Society, by automatically stressing all the collective qualities in its individual representatives, puts a premium on mediocrity, on everything that settles down to vegetate in an easy, irresponsible way. Individuality will inevitably be driven to the wall."

Organizations place emphasis on insect-like specialization and/or nurture the most *mediocre* qualities of each *interchangeable member*. They are natural breeding-grounds for psychic vampires, and are often composed entirely of the **mutually parasitic.** *Mystic Order* is a contradiction of terms similar to *military intelligence* or *pop art*. **Order** is the artificial template imposed on a given subject in attempt to understand and control it; that ultimately becomes the useless *mimic answer* to its own eternal *question*. **DOR** is by nature ultra-elitist, because NOBODY is allowed to be a member. **Operation Mindfuck** confuses you out of any prevailing mindset; then, unlike manipulative organized religions or *politically correct* doctrines, trusts you to re-program YOURSELF!

Urania 235 is a non-prophet DOR engaged in the gospel of **deviant creative activity, chaos spirituality,** and **poetic terrorism.** You may already be involved in some of these activities without even realizing it; and this is when you are at your most effective. So deny your calling as long as possible! Remain devious in your creativity and devout in your love. For those of you who have accidentally stumbled upon your calling - keep in mind: ART is only useful in that it can create a *diversion* from any true subversive thought you may engage in . . . or for an excuse if you get caught carrying it out.

Rev. Roscoe Dogbone: conceptual tattooist, graphic ranter, mad poet, and Insignificant Uninitiate of Urania 235;
WMFMW: (word made flesh made word . . .) his ongoing project of dermagraphic registered trademarking, that will eventually be documented in a self-published collection of graphics, photos and rants. Interested participants are encouraged to contact Urania 235 at the address below with ideas, photos, etc. Roscoe will accept the most interesting proposals to receive registered trademarks or corporate logos as permanent tattoos, but encourages other tattooists and *"the tattooed"* to also participate in their own capacities - and then submit photos and brief irrelevant rant for documentation.

Information available:

Black Magic, The Hubbard Factor, Deviant Technology, and Urania 235
is an illustrated 12-page pamphlet which outlines the origins of Urania 235 as well as much other confusing and obscure disinformation . . . $1 Can./U.S. p&h

Operation Mindfuck
is a 90 minute chrome cassette and accompanying 8-1/2 x 11 'zine designed to further confuse and enlighten . . . $7 Can./U.S. includes p&h

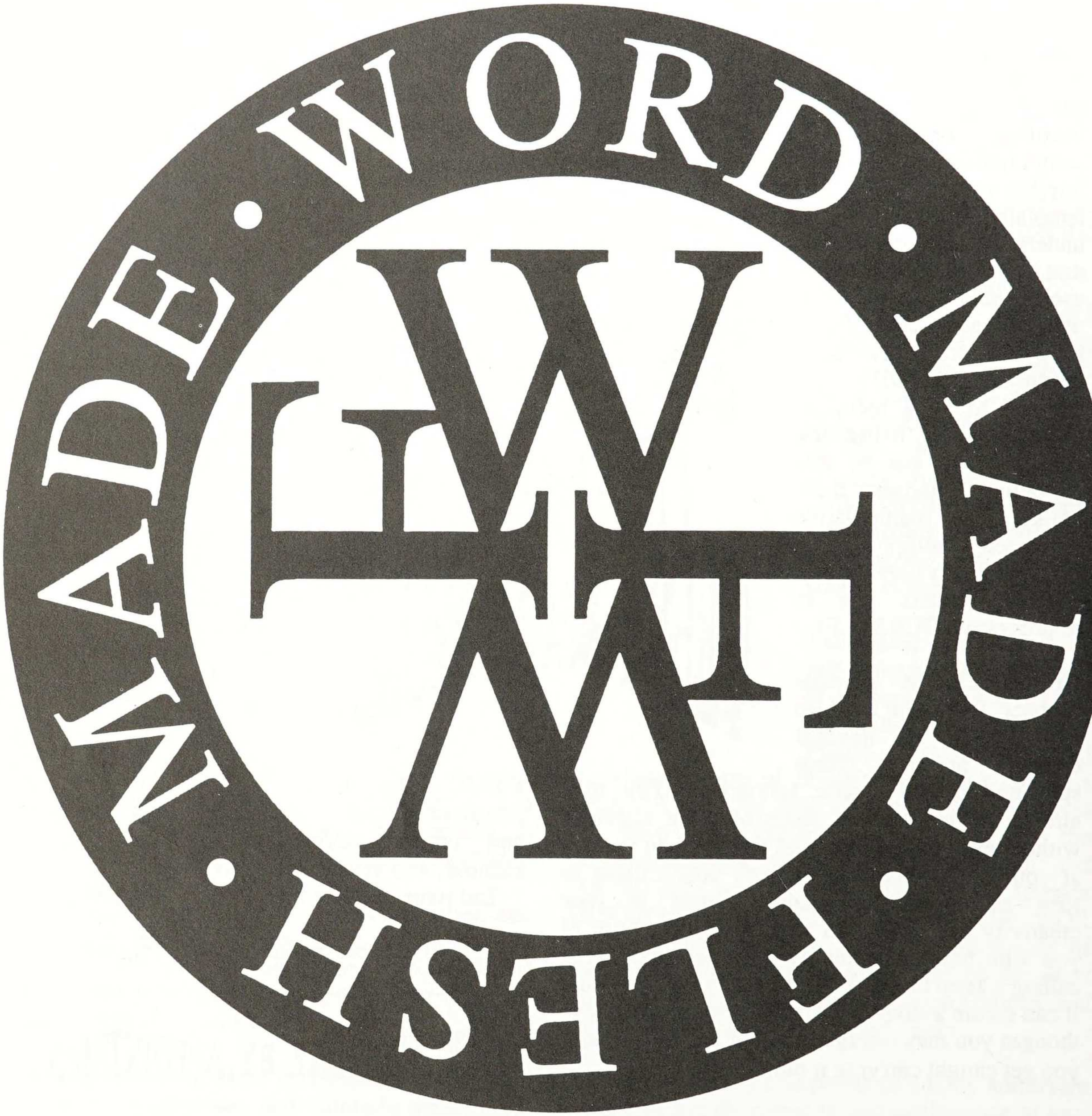
F.O.D. Maggotzine features strange and offensive fiction, lunatic-fringe rants, extreme and unusual information, comics, blackest humour, and reviews of heavy/aggressive music.
2nd issue due late Sept. '90. . . . $2 + $1 p&h

(all payable to Gary Roscoe Johnson)

WORD MADE FLESH
URANIA 235
FLESH MADE WORD

INK ALCHEMY BY APPOINTMENT

URANIA 235
P.O. BOX 136, STA. P
TORONTO, ONT. M5S 2S7
(416)533-7461



INK ALCHEMY BY APPOINTMENT

URANIA 235

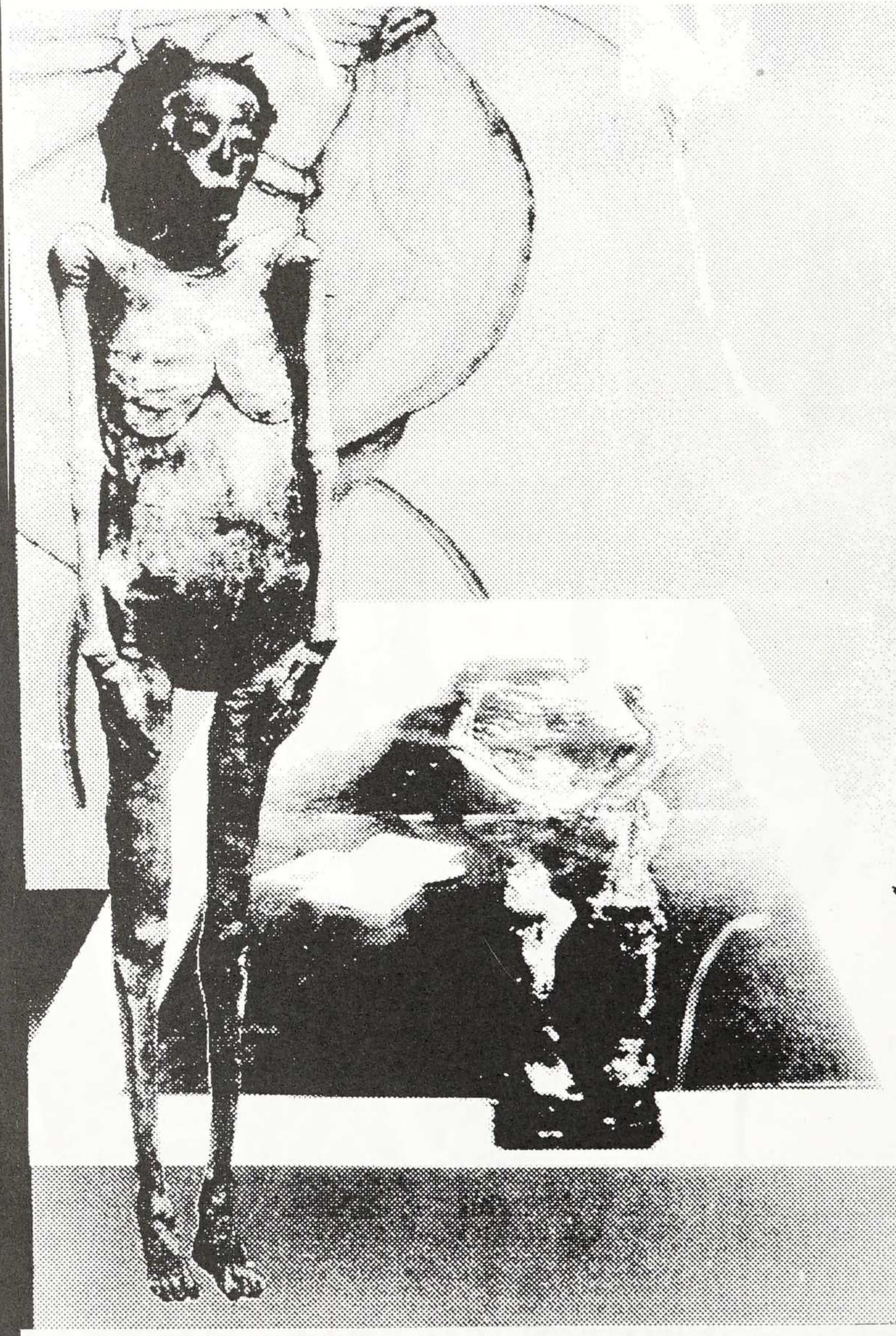
P.O. BOX 136, STA. P
TORONTO, ONT. M5S 2S7
(416)533-7461

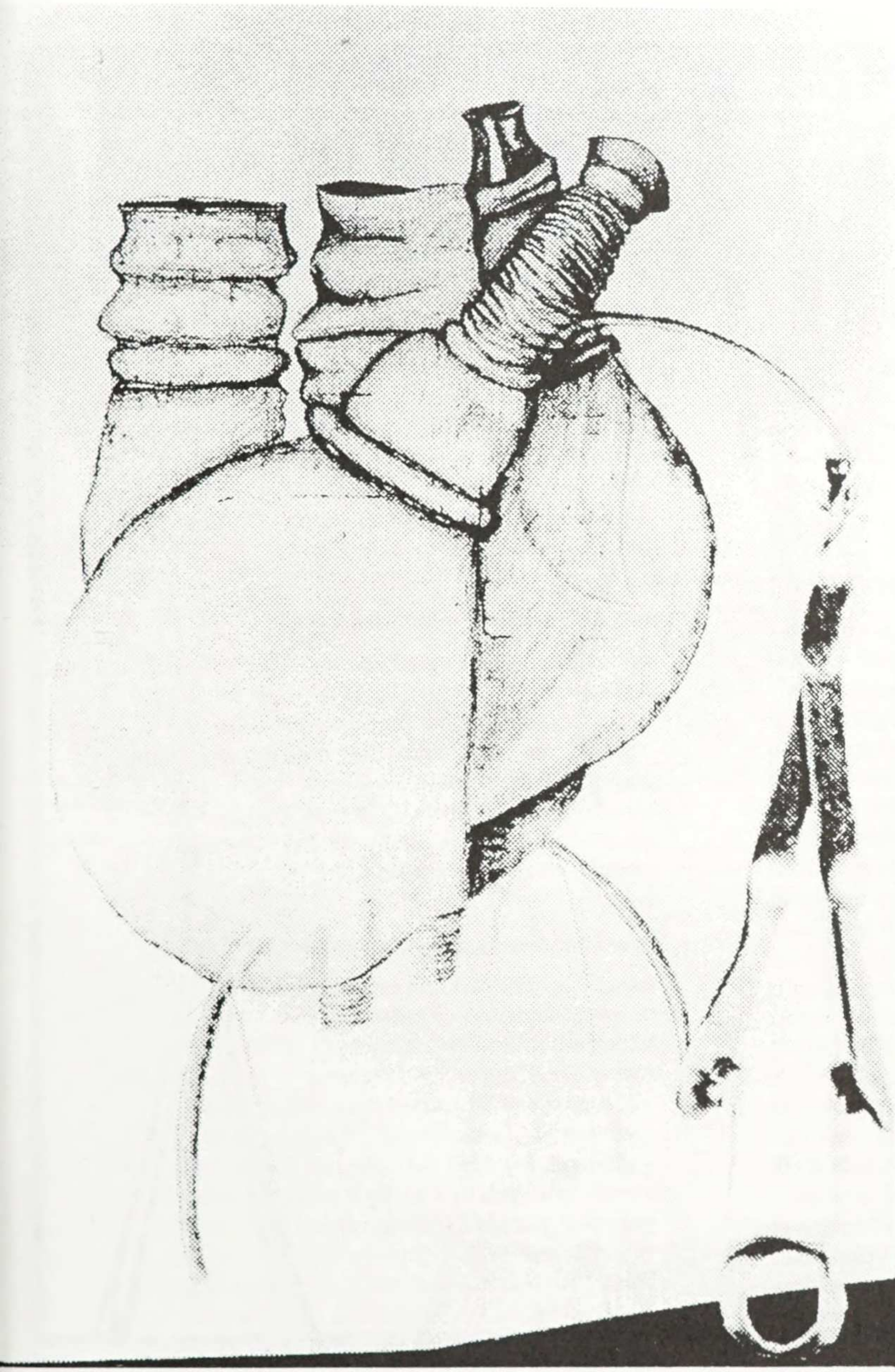


common age

As we walked into the stadium on a fine day and were segregated, sorted rather into groups, I was in the group first removed. Before entering the corridor through the door on the left, I turned back to see one from the other group staring apprehensively. After us. Onwards into the flourescently lit and stagnant heat.

What door they went through, how they got to be on the other side of the wall I don't know, but they were there. I heard the screamers. I remember now thinking how I'd never heard such a noise from one of them. Only ever once in fact, I heard that noise. Loud and curdled through my ears and through my throat when I was pushed behind the garbage dumpster and was treated to the crudest, most grotesque burglary. And then how again I heard the scream each time I urinated for days I was reminded of that crime that I witnessed and was accessory to.

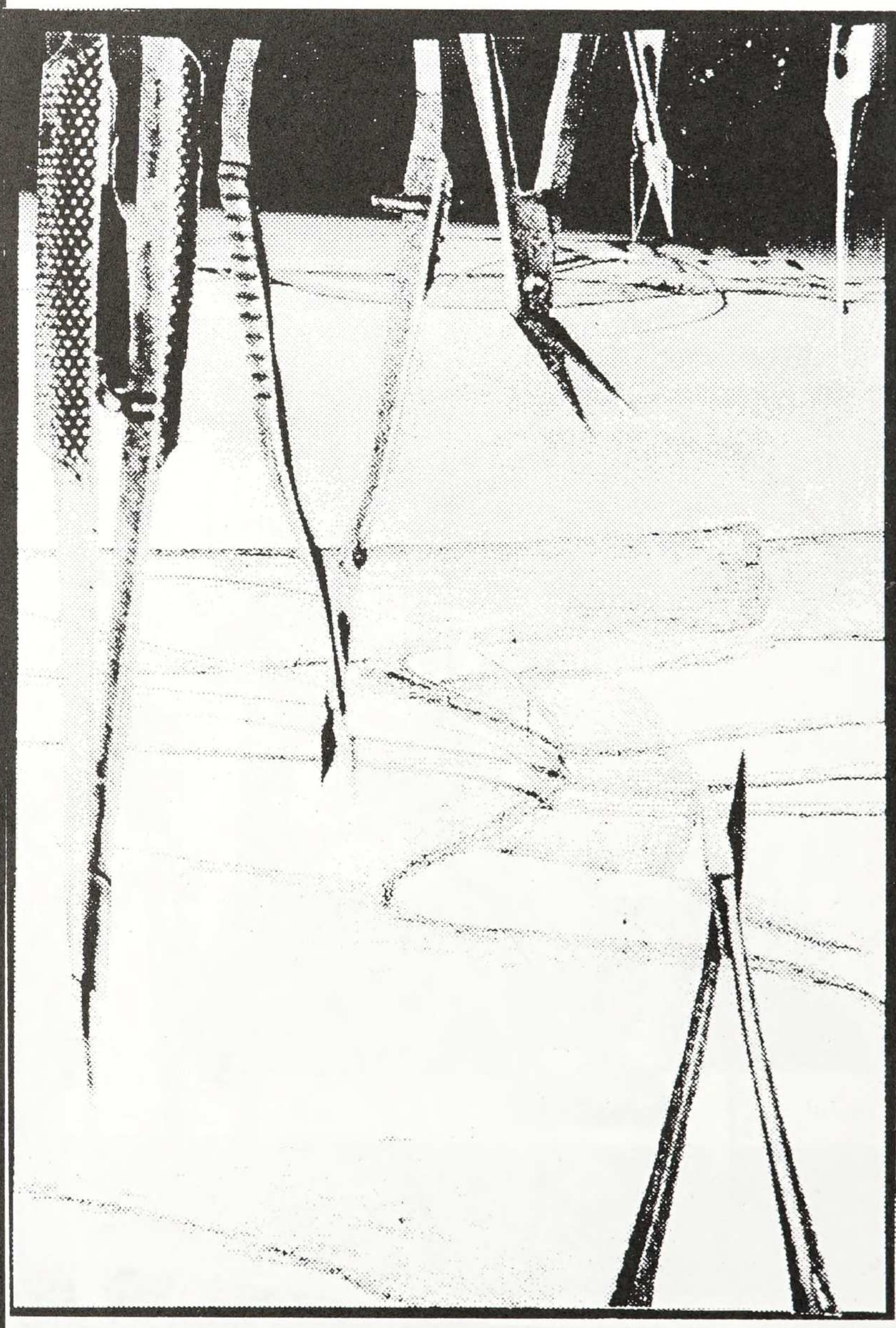




That was ages ago, I'm not sure how I heard the scream from the other side of the wall because I was, we were all, meant to be unconscious. The others weren't given anything to help, shake the consciousness. It wasn't in the budget, and they were meant to be able to handle it better than we, however the lucky ones were able to pass out due to the pain or was it the fear of castration on that fine day.

I woke up in a standard, hospital cot. There were beds around me in all directions, as far as the eye could see, or were there just a few? We were tightly wrapped in starchy sheets, white white except for the blood stains which had soaked through from where the infanticide of our reproductive organs had occurred the previous night. Those on the other side of the wall had no beds, they were made to lean against the wall.

Those of us cured that night were to leave at once, I saw them and recognized the one who I'd noticed the day before. Between his apparent loss and mine I sensed a certain commanality. His misfortune was that he had been forced to, stay awake and mine that only now was I allowed to awaken. In retrospect I see how similar we are.



—Sophie Ratcliff

MY NEW PET

By Linda Carpenter

I like the noise my shoes make on the sidewalk. Black pumps. This morning I'm wearing a black dress and white nylons. I like the contrast the white nylons make with the black leather of the shoes. The sound makes me feel important, somehow--purposeful;dutiful. My hair is done up and my lipstick is fresh. I light a cigarette and the red of my lipstick encircles the beige of the filter. I like that too. It makes me feel sophisticated. I'm busy imagining myself off to some antiseptic office where there's a water dispenser and a quiet, clicking computer keyboard for my red lacquered nails to punch.

Actually it's the first day of university. I'm walking down this sidewalk at seven a.m. so I'm not late for my 8:30 English class. My shoes click and I inhale deeply on my lipstick tinged cigarette. Summer still clings to the air. The sun is rising. Bleary eyed executives speed by in their Volvos and Mercedes on their way to antiseptic downtown offices where lacquered fingernails punch buttons on phones.

My new neighborhood is a combination of industry, residences and Little Italy. I cross Hastings Street following Commercial down to Powell Street. On Powell I will catch the bus to the university. It takes an hour to get there. Across Hastings, the neighborhood becomes strictly industrial, full of warehouses. In the early morning air the pollution from the day before smells like coffee that's sat all day. But there's another odor too. I can easily identify it having grown up in the country--it's chicken shit. I'm trying to decide what would make pollution smell like chicken shit when I notice the feathers. They're white. But not gull or pigeon. They're chicken feathers. There's a breath of air and they swirl with the grace of snowflakes on the cement of the sidewalk. I know there's no chicken farms around here. I guess there's a chicken processing plant nearby. I check out the names on the warehouses, but I'm in a hurry and fail to locate the poultry plant.

I'm in this university by my own will. I convinced the government to sponsor me, worked it over with the therapist and psychiatrist, I selected the courses and chose my own clothes. I come home from school exhausted. I almost get run over by a refrigerated truck backing out of a shipping and receiving area on Commercial Street. I rush home wanting mail and messages on my answering machine from my fiance and friends. I want Dinner. I have a little extra cash today, so I decide to go to a small Greek restaurant for chicken souvlaki--my favourite

For the longest time

I couldn't eat chicken. I had this grade seven teacher--Ernie Shatts. We called him Ernie Shits. He got this notion into his head to give us strange biology lessons. We were to pluck all the feathers off a chicken, clean its guts out, boil all the meat off the bones, then stick the skeleton back together. Plucking and cleaning weren't too bad. I was somewhat shocked when I stuck my hand into the cool, wet body-cavity and felt something hard and oval in there. It was an egg. "Take them home and have them for breakfast", Ernie shatts advised. I threw mind in the garbage along with the stringy white feathers and the jewel colored guts. He even recommended we make stew out of the boiled chicken meat. I threw that out too. Boiling the meat was the real gross out for me. My mother suggested I add bleach to the water. So I did. The smell of the bleach combined with the boiled chicken meat clung to my hair for days it seemed. Putting the skeleton back together was downright hard. Mine came out more cat-shaped than chicken. In the end I got a B for my efforts and lost my appetite for chicken. But that was years ago--I can eat chicken again.

The strangest time in the provincial mental hospital was dinner time when two wards lined up cafeteria style for their nightly intake of hospital grub. Usually, or so it seemed to me, they served meatballs. Meatball stew, spaghetti (that was as limp as the neck of a dead chicken) and meatballs,

meatballs in soup, in sandwiches, meatballs with tomato sauce, meatballs with gravy, meatballs alone with peas and potatoes on the side. I guess they were easy to make and serve. They never served chicken souvlaki.

The first thing they did after the formalities of admittance was to take away all of my personal belongings, including my glasses and cigarettes. They stuffed everything into a big plastic bag with my name on it and placed it into a locker on the ward. That was the last I saw of my stuff for three months. I was issued hospital clothes--a pair of light blue pajamas marked 'hospital property', a long, flowing 'Jesus' robe, (also marked hospital property), a pair of paper slippers and disposable underwear that was uncomfortable and itchy.

Sometimes it was hard to figure out who was a nurse and who was a mental patient with clothing privileges. The nurses never wore uniforms. It took a few minutes of observation to decide who was what. If someone went into a smoking lounge and lit up, you could be pretty certain that he of she was a patient. The staff had their own private smoking lounge outside the locked doors of the ward. Another way to identify a nurse was to listen for the jingle of keys. All the nurses seemed to have reams and reams of keys that unlocked this door or that medicine cabinet.

"Sometimes it was hard to figure out who was a nurse and who was a mental patient with clothing privileges. The nurses never wore uniforms."

Student nurses were another thing. They seemed to be eternally marching about the wards with their clipboards and pens. There was something called Q 15. If you were a patient on Q 15 it meant that a pretty little clipboard laden student nurse checked on you every fifteen minutes. It didn't matter if you were sleeping or sitting on the toilet or just minding your own business in the smoking lounge, suddenly, out of nowhere it seemed, one of these clipboard carrying nurses would turn up and smile, "Just checking!" Then she'd put a check mark by your name and go off to hunt down someone else.

"You'd think they'd be cackling and clucking themselves literally to death. But no."

Another duty of the student nurses was the morning ritual of querying after your bowel movement. "Good morning! Have you had a bowel movement this morning?" That wasn't good enough, though, they had to know if it was soft or hard, sometimes they even asked after its color. They asked me about my BMs alot. They had good cause. One of the most common side effects of psychotropic medication is its annoying ability to constipate those who consume it. I don't know how long I'd gone without a bowel movement, but one night I had cramps so bad I couldn't walk. They thought it might be appendicitis, so they carted me off to the nearest general hospital.

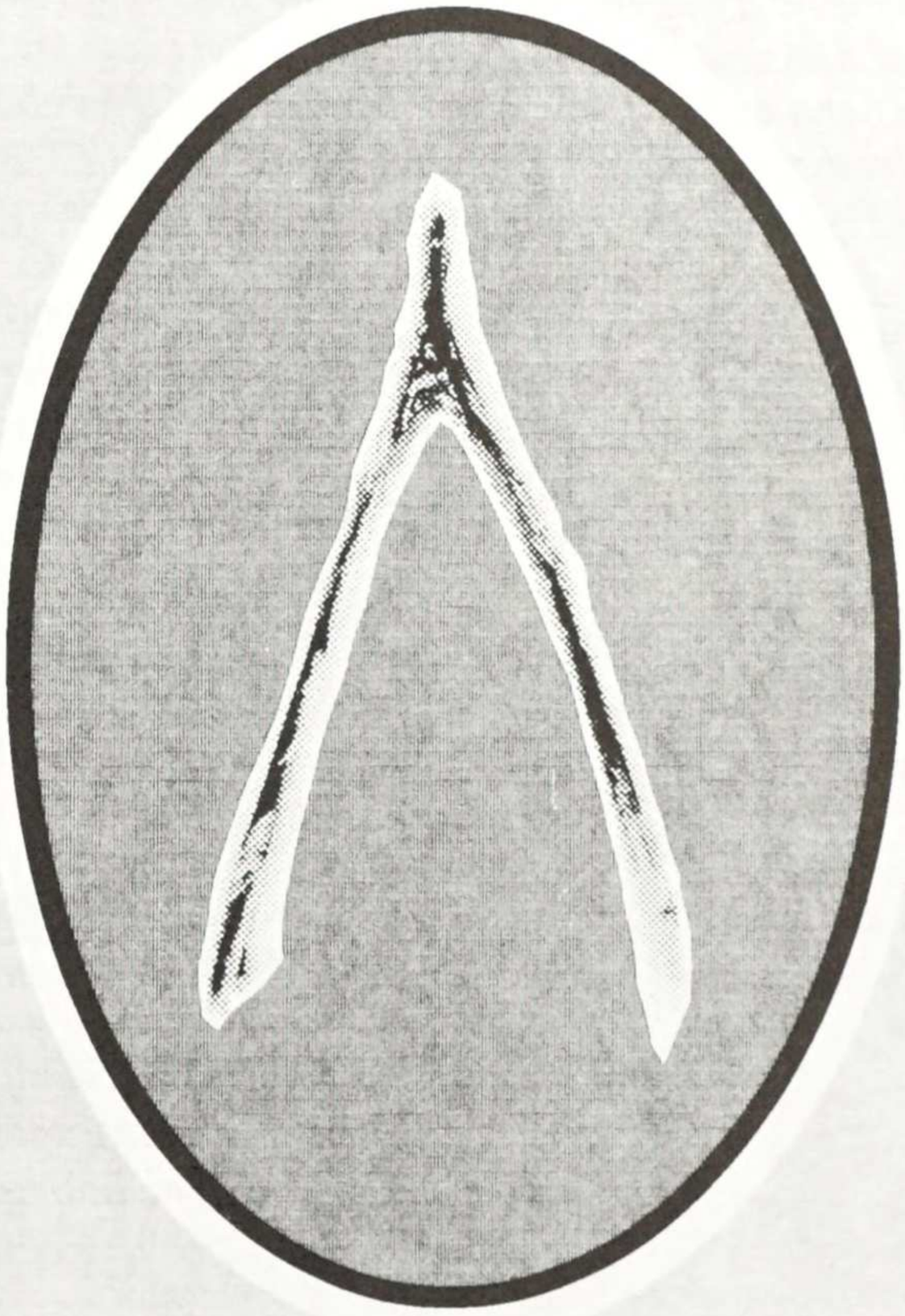
I was afraid of travelling in the taxi they ordered. My nurse sat in the front and I held her hand all the way there. A woman doctor examined me. She poked and prodded my belly and listened to it with her stethoscope. They realized that, quite literally, I was full of shit. So they gave me an enema and directed me to the washroom. Unfortunately I didn't quite make it across the emergency ward to the small washroom next to the nurse's station. I remember it happening in slow motion. It was what walking on the moon must have felt like. My legs didn't want to obey my brain. I couldn't hang on until I made it to the can. I remember only the expression of one of the nurses. She was young and pretty, probably a student, her mouth opened in a little O of suprise.

I get up every morning now at five thirty and take my time getting ready for school. Idon't always dress up now that it's not the first day of school and I've made my impressions. Today I'm wearing a track-suit and my smelly old runners that I took camping. The feathers swirl like little merry go rounds on the sidewalk. This morning's air is high with the smell of chicken shit. Yesterday I found the poultry plant. It's behind a warehouse, not easy to see from Commercial and Powell. But I know for sure that's where it is because I watched them unloading crates of white feathered birds from a big truck yesterday on my way home from school. The funny thing is that they're quiet. You'd think they'd be cackling and clucking themselves literally to death. But no. They roost quietly in their foot wide cages occasionally poking at their feathers or scratching mites, but otherwise quite content to sit in the September weekend sun and wait for death. On a farm, the chickens always seem to be making a noise, whether it's feed time or an egg has just been laid. It disturbs me that these chickens are so silent.

Apart from pills and pajamas, therapy consisted of group. We had medication group twice a week. Every Friday at nine a.m. there was a community meeting. The only one I really remember is the last one I went to, and then, only because I got to be chairperson. Everyone applauded when I was finished. The next day my mother came from B.C. to collect me. We flew four hours over prairies and mountains and lakes and came to Vancouver. I was put in a small, private hospital for another month and then I began to reconstruct my life.

Sometimes, when you accomplish something that seemed so big and vast and unaccomplishable to you when you were still groping for it, sometimes, when you finally achieve that thing, it seems to be so small. I skipped out a class today so I could spend some time with my graveyard-shift working fiance. It wasn't an important class, I don't think I missed much. The sun was out and I felt bored already by school, even though it's only the fourth week. Triumphs can be let-downs. The accomplishment seems done. I wanted to get into university , I struggled, I won. I love my fiance, we're planning our wedding day, and yet, well, sometimes I crave the beginnings again. The weirdness of insanity. The voices inside your head that don't make sense...the desperation of fear. Real fear. The kind that flares your nostrils it's so pungent.

I'm going for a walk a little later on. You see, when I was coming home from my fiance's place, I passed the chicken slaughter house. It was about seven p.m. The places was closed, all the chickens gone. The only sign of life I saw was a refrigerated truck being loaded with, no doubt, chickens who had met their death this morning. I'm going to case the joint. I want to know what they do to the chickens there. How they kill them, clean them and so on. I want to go over there tomorrow when the first load of chickens from the country arrives. I want to steal one. Just one. I want one that looks fairly healthy, one with a little life in it. They won't miss just one. I bought a cage yesterday and I'm getting it ready. I want a pet for this new place. Not a conventional dog or cat, but something unique. A chicken will satisfy me, I think. Just the knowledge that it's not going to end up chicken souvlaki or a science project for some grade seven students. And I'm buying some tofu burgers tomorrow, first thing. It will be Saturday. I can do what I want.



September 28, 1989

Catalfalque - A November cold coincided with a birthday at a time when birthdays were still of significance. The sniffing of the child matched the rhythm made by the trudging feet of peers on their way to the schoolroom. The next minutes dripped slowly into hours of the same desolate scenery for the child after her peers were kept safely in their desks.

The long haired young woman who hung her head stumbled up the walkway and leaned on their bell. The child saw her mother stride by the quarter open door, and slid dizzy from medication after her in the hope of some potential entertainment. She whooped a heavy cough from her throat when her bare feet touched the cold wooden floor and she stopped to hold her small head that felt like a glass of gingerale. "It is for me," she thought, "for today is my day and no one else's. Papa said I would get something special." The child padded through the hallway and stood behind mother who frowned and failed to shoo her back to bed.

The insulated door was opened slowly by mother to frame the long haired young woman in a second door of glass panes. Mother would not open the glass door, for the woman was not welcome. She bore no gifts.

She could not speak.

"She is a crazy lady," the child thought. "Like the one that came over and hugged me so hard that my new earrings made holes in my neck. Mother said that she was not always crazy, she went crazy and her family sent her away."

The woman at the door made little gestures with her free hand, while the prop in her other hand foreshadowed her question. She managed to squeal if anything had been seen that day. It had finished it's bleeding for some time. The white cat lay limp and twisted as she rocked it in it's sleep, unresponsive to her affection.

Mother leaned against the door jamb, her weighted hips persuading it closed. The child looked at the closed door, intrigued, and ran back to the picture window where the cinematic screenplay continued. Hair veiling her pet, she walked to the next door and pressed on their bell.

Mother brought attention to her daughter in the form of a draught, distilled through generations, of a boiled rum recipe. Papa came in after the peers had marched the opposite way, which the child only heard from the wool blankets she was wrapped in to sweat. The child tended to become delirious when sick, chanting whatever delusions she had dreamt. "Papa," she mumbled, "A crazy lady came here to give me a kitten.. but I did not want to hug her and she went away..."

Mother cooed in their private language and placed the thermometer deep between the child's mumbling lips.

m/sinkovics/89

Dead Left Hand

(excerpt)

R.W. Olver

Work will not free me, ever; at least I know this. See clever me scurry like you to get things done. Dad says the world must be dealt with on its terms, otherwise it'll spin me off. OK, put it in my mouth now, please. I come home with sour taste of the world. Fix food, eat it, flip on videotex to check my messages. There's only one:

"Sweet Master, once on my knees I will spread my asscheeks to show you my wet pussy. I will put one finger in my cunt as you say. I am now all open for you. Please sir, may I lick your ass and balls now? Just thinking of what you are saying makes me wet, who told you that I would be receptive to your call? Please continue to send me messages like this. I love you, son.

Mom"

Trust her to break the mood.

I take to the streets, dreaming respite which might, if I'm lucky, take the form of an indecent proposition: "Me be You?" Easier at night. This night has a pulse, is a sweet, dark hole in which I might remake myself. Walking, though, impatience and boredom with the streetsful of puffed-up monkeys begin to set in. Find the valued response; here is where you fail, here is where you eat your words and starve. If you're foolish enough to think you represent anything, it's your affair, but how can I approach you? Why? The street's discourse is unassailable and numbing. I retreat to dull bar and sit.



Once I knew a woman whose only light was reflected. At the time I thought this was unique. I knew her in the 'biblical' sense. She kept a silken screen, full of fire and artifice, suffused with love under will and behind this she would prepare for me. I kicked it in one night in my haste to get to her. She cried and cried that night. I found it incredible that I'd not noticed before what a weak thing she was. I did what I could to console her, kissed her face and hands.

Later, I convinced myself we'd only had sex together. But her light made me feel the way I felt as a child. Then, everything was light and curiosity and numinous Dad. Not many words. The light came from the outside of things in the days before Frownin' Dad shoved his hot, throbbing beliefs into my mouth. Now I understand that I don't know anything about light. There may still be music for me but I choke on the words in my throat.

Trying to remain open in big world where I wear something and it hurts, I eat something and it makes me sick. Big world where no one knows what's expected of them. Voices rise at the table beside me as a man says to his companion, "What have I done? I don't know what kind of monster I've become." He's only fishing for compliments. A sweet little bitch in halter top and cut-off legs whispers, "Make your dreams come true, honey." Yeah, you and whose army, *honey*? You and whose *gun*? I work hard, you know. Pay Frownin' Dad to keep me from people with warped histories. That's a nice little tic she's got there, though. Like giving you a conspiratorial wink all the time. Be good to come in that face. Get upstairs and spread those stumps, baby, I'll be with you in a moment.

Afterwards, I walk home humming. The night throbs with the promise of a kick in the balls, but fails to deliver.

The Silver Bellied Elevator

I want the things that kill me to be holding swords. Bunching up my faces then dropping them off. Christmas, Birthday and Get Well Soon becoming wet on my chest and cheering in the opened drums where I've lived. My nipples fall across me like drunken bullet holes. LOOK I will go - first left - then right.

A derring-do inspector falling into days then into nights and days again, forgetful of the blood I leave in spittoons there. Someone braided my happy neck with a corkscrew. I seem slain. We best leave my poor head, with it's praying ears, to obey the laws where we leave it. We'll stand or lurch or just act dead now, now that we're been run through and the conviction is hard in the parts that remain. In the standing and spurting the shadows play off us, mocking the false lashes of our open veins. Finally we've been killed and remembered. Let's at least be at liberty to comb the sores from our brains and to empty the names we have stuffed in our mouths. Free to point out some actual thing. Free to point with our cremated pinchers. Free to point with sticks nailed to mirrors. So come here. Come over here. Bring no one else. Come alone. We'll step down this comb, tooth by tooth. Each stair ahead forgiving under the balls of our feet while the teeth behind are the pitch pointed eyes of skull hollow moles. When we arrive, though our mouths are taped up, we ring bells in our guts because this is what we see: The helpless and the dying are stuck to fly paper that coils like a snake from a cloud. Their ecstasy climbs out of their mouths like tapeworms and forms gossamer on the tines of angel's forks. The cloud, kind and hungry, rumbles it's belly full as it winks deep into my trough. Come back here. You hate this. Don't crawl into the ice. Let me suck out the heat from your belly. There, you'll live. LOOK The planet is becoming strange. From under umbrellas the wedding lists are made as invitations are salvoed to guests. You can see it from here, if you look over my knees. The night sky is collecting candles and switches and the sun's viral walls are washing the shadows from beneath us. LOOK" My twist ties, my swollen pipe cleaners are poking through my clothes. It's my knees that are watching. - not you - it's my knees that are seeing. This one, the left one, hides the moon. The right knee rises till the sea closes over us and the light is gone. If you want us to speak thaw this ice in my throat. If you want me to move poke me harder. LOOK: The planet's getting strange. Stand on my knees if you have to. See the drapes, the wicker, the rabies? Those are not clouds. LOOK LOOK Kneel on my knees if you have to. Bald, grinning larvae have chewed away our tiny spectrum as they breed by the dozen. That is not the sky. Those are not drops of dew on the clamor of my legs. They are migrating silverfish and a thousand closed eyes snapping their tails. LOOK On the boughs of my shins see how we're collecting there, repopulating embossed lesions. The wedding party is gathering it's guests to drink champagne through my bones. Quit knocking my knees and get off of my! Let's pull our bellies across the border, away from the quilting air. Come. Over here. Quiet! Keep the tape on your mouth. This gas is kept safe by our silence. Now LOOK here's a shiny rock in the muck. A still portal in the rollaway fat of the land. Look through.

--Tony Burgess--



REAL WORLD



words: johnny walsh artwork: alyson bentley-walsh

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON? Tell me, tell me! I must know and I must know it now. Somebody, anybody, please! I can't stand not knowing anymore. This business of not knowing what is going on is sure to kill my soul and very soon.

That fool over there on the next block probably knows. I bet he charges a pretty penny for the info,too. What's his name again, Kenneth or something like that?

Can I survive without this knowledge? The answer is no. And the world laughs and laughs as it embarks to hell in a handbasket. I do not want to be part of such a world. That esoteric, Kenneth, over there on the next block in that other neighborhood, he's part of the world. And he know what's going on. I think.

I'm tired. I failed to find out what's REALLY going on. I've traveled, pilgrimaged all over the globe in the quest. I probably came closest that time in Saigon, at the Buddhist temple when that guy there blew himself up with a grenade. Then in Nicaragua, when the rabbit's foot fell out of the sky and the little brown men with Kalishnikovs captured him. I saw that happen. They let the rabbit's foot go, but not before embarassing a great nation.

I've seen so much! It's killing me! I've seen so much, and still I do not know what is going on. The gun is in the drawer. Maybe I'll pay Kenneth a visit. Maybe he'll understand the gun and the violence that it carries. And with this knowledge I shall be free.

Guns are everywhere. Even Kenneth has some guns. I bet he really does. No fear here, though. I am not afraid to kill. I've killed and hated it. I've killed and had orgasms of pure joy. I have saved lives, even those of many enemies. The guns are everywhere.

Kid the other day brought his Dad's gun to school. Fifteen years old, fifteen clips of bullets. Ten dead. Twelve wounded. A nation of millions weeps and says "What a shame." Guy got mad at being fired and came back to work wearing a Nazi uniform, the SS kind, you know, with the skulls and everything. And guns? He had an arsenal. Several slain.

I wonder if the vics now know what is going on? The dead must know. And the wounded, they're thinking about it, too. And the nation of millions is led like lambs to slaughter.

There's this thing called television in the nation of millions. People can witness disasters, murders and anything else that disrupts normality practically while it is going on. Disruption of normality is the definition of news. Crack crazed killers are on the loose in your town and you can see them disrupt the normality of their neighbors lives and then battle well-armed police on your TV set. You do not have to leave home. You can't find out what's really going on by watching television, however. A lot of what you see is not real and is intentionally deceptive. And when someone gets a gun and invades the news studio and holds the anchor team hostage so he can read his manifesto about the aliens, the CIA and the true nature of reality he is usually subdued and locked up real good. This happens all the time. Everywhere. It happens everywhere, practically every day. And then what happens next? Where will the veil of normality be rended next? In Texas? The aliens might come and mutilate the cattle and steal their sex organs. In New York? A hippy Manson type guy might boil someone's head in a big pot and feed the soup to the homeless. This hippy might be an alien too.

Maybe one day the nation of millions will turn on the television to find that a squeaky voiced pop singer who used to look like a black guy has declared himself The Savior and conspiracy theorists everywhere will say "See, I told you so."

Or maybe the nation of millions will witness the daily massacre of hundreds of little brown men trying to cross the nation's southern border from that nation over there. The Army will do it, I think.

I can see into the future, godammit, but I still do not know what is going on! This sickens me.

But I know what is going to happen. There's going to more rupturing of normality in the next few years than in the entire history of the world of billions.

I plan an keeping my normality intact, however. But before I have to worry about that there's the matter of that guy on the other block.

I'll need that gun for sure. And I better bring Hans.

• • •

Hans met me at the corner and we headed for Kenneth. What should I ask him? Hans the big jerk, he'll be no help. He looked really stupid in that suit. It's cold. The big city is always cold. And they dehumanize you with these numbered street. 50th. 65th. 3rd. A grid that imprisons; a grid for killing. The grid of shame.

There's Kenneth now. He's got a heavy overcoat. So he's cold, too. It could be scam. He might be warm as toast under that coat. Or I should say, he's warm as toast even without that coat. He's a little guy, too, and looks like a big weirdo. Millions of people see him everyday on the television and probably don't realize the guy isn't even human.

We confront him.

"Kenneth," I say urgently, "What is the frequency/" Hans slugs him. What is the frequency, Kenneth?" I demand and then I hit him. What is the frequency? What is the frequency?

He didn't tell us, so we ran away.

I went home, slept and dreamt. The Cabalistic Taoists tried to enter my dreams but theangry brigades of psychic terrorists kept them at bay.

The cult came after me the next day.

"Tell us what you know about the universe," they demanded. "This is what I know:

The universe is composed of hypnotic voodoo men, paranormal poets, cannibal tribes, homicidal ghosts, and zones of silence."

"Don't give us that crap; what is the frequency?" the cult leader wanted to know.

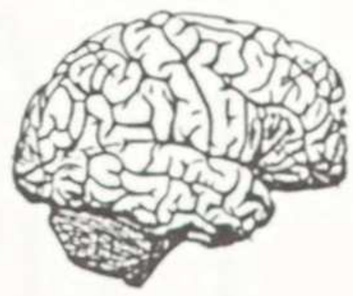
"There is only one man in this city of millions who knows the frequency, and he is not even a man."

"What is his name? Where does he live?"

Hans burst through the door with guns blazing. Bullets sliced through the leader and his two minions; the bullets barely missed me.

"Get rid of the bodies, Hans. Meet me later at the bar."

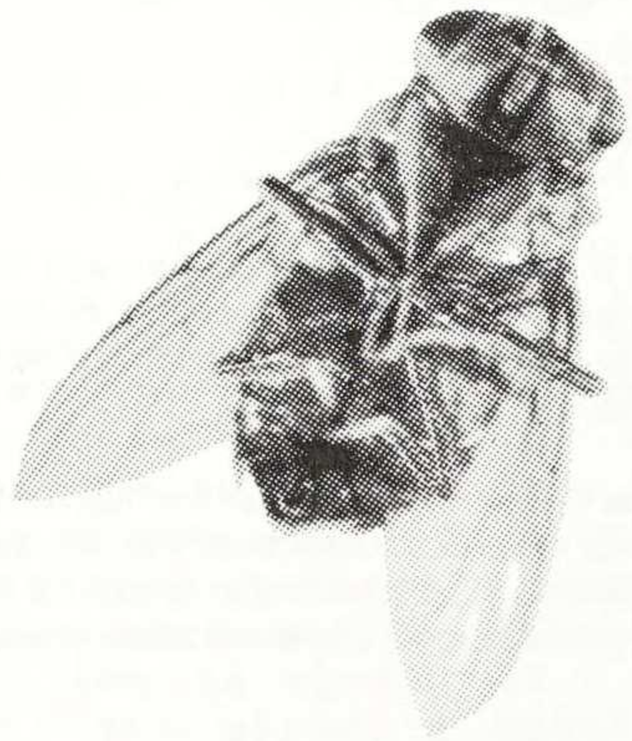
The bartender served me a beer.



The overblown banalities of human existence are starting to get to me. Everyone is concerned with eating and fucking and money. If the poor saps realized that these things don't mean shit they would love them anyway and continue to wage war and kill for the right to fuck, eat and work themselves to death.

Then they go like lambs to the slaughter when that Gorbachev feeds them this garbage about One World this and One World that. Sure, he stopped terrorism in the world and got rid of most of the drugs too. But a sham to enslave every last human. Even that non-human on TV knows this. I may not know the frequency but I know the code for when he blinks his eyes. You sit there, listen to him go on and on about peace and war and death and drugs and murder and famine, but you watch his eyes. There's a code in the blinking of his eyes. He tells the nation of millions that everything they know is wrong. . .incorrect.

IN SECT DECIDE



FIGHT THE SWATTER

culture cult of communication...*in the interest of* **survival**...*we are here to* **further the cause of** **mal**

adjustment...FIND *your substance*... *keep your toolbox* handy and dandy...

shiver me timbers...blow me down...and away

WE GO...

media trash in for motion

...what better *dumping ground* than ACCESSABLE PERCEPTION?...**anyone can fit** into this world of **infinite categories**...your **eyes** are **open** so **you see?**...*a thousand tiny fragments*...your eyes are **open wide** so you see **better?**...*of course...it just makes sense*...**this is a BIG PICTURE** *so picture the picture*...when IT gets **TOO BIG TO SEE** *there is a way of looking at* IT **backwards** that makes IT

small enough

to change...the **first word**



you ever heard **remains the same** and **increases in *VOLUME*** and **increases in *RHYTHM*** and then every thing **SOUNDS GOOD**...*static landscape*...lip splitting logic...*no need to cry over* ***bouncing balls***...*its all behind you now...that's just the way* ***the milk spills...what am I?... talking to my shoes?***...the **CODE CALLS**...**functions are coming** to the SURFACE...*circus maximus...we need to rent a tent...any takers?*

THIS IS THE BEGINNING...once a pawn of **time**...it's the **same story**...there are **VOICES in all the HEADS**...*& dontchawannasee? & dontchawannaknow? & dontchawannabe?*...there are **BONES in all the BASEMENTS**...there is a **TIP to *ALL THE TONGUES***...and **ALL THESE TONGUES ARE SURE WAGGIN'** ...and **these tongues were made for talking**...and that's just what **they do**...*and some of them are quicker and some of them are longer and some of them are stronger*...**BUT** it's the same word...***don't mistake the meaning for the content***...

every body wants to walk the line...& **START HERE** and **SEE THE LIGHT** and **END AT THE TUNNEL**...**my friend Miron said *I walk the straight and narrow but it's a crooked path***...**every body wants** the hidden agenda **TO BECOME SPEAKABLE** but not in SO MANY WORDS...there is **a science of lies and deceit...there is a game of infinite understanding where every body fights for the right to own their god**...and they say that every time you can change **the idea of what you want** into the **action** of getting **what you need** then...you get it...and its comin' at you so ***WHADDYAGONNADO? WHADDYAGONNADO?***
dontchawannaSEE? & dontchawannaKNOW? & dontchawannaBE?

fly...culture in sect **common souls pollenate beneath the garbage**...**fly** magazine is sufficiently self published action **post age** once a month **post card**...***subscriptions are $20 for a year or whatever can be begged borrowed or stolen and sent***...**fly** ...po box 5554 station A Toronto Ontario Canada M5W 1N7...



the last word is...**YO!...**open mike nights ***for working words***...with fly and jawbone looseleaf at the **Purple INstitution** 42 Gladstone Toronto Ontario Canada M6J 3K6...
get on the horn for de tales about this and other exciting events...(416) 533 4390...yo ho ho...

THE INSPIRATIONAL NETWORK AND COLLECTION AGENCY

ABBLE

(RAG)

XEROX digestion
1986-1990

this is the death of the cycle.
of the TRADITION.
of the LUCKY few.
this is the WAY.
of the NEEDS of the MANY.

this is A political RANT.
ON AN ACASUAL BANDWAGON.
this is PAST INFINITY. NOW.
the SERPENT EATS its TALE.
this lies IN the fiction NONfiction
REALM. BRING YOUR OWN.
subtext. got YOUR #.

this is balance.
this is HARMONY.
this is INCUBATION.
be WARY.
of the false SENSE of peace.
Remember.

this is AS seed 2 spirit.
this is AS earth 2 MIND.
this is AS leaf 2 hand.
2 directions LEADING 2 4.
3. dimension. 4. 5. fingers.
this is glossolalia.
this is NOT 2 be CONFUSED.
with the INTIMACY of position.

this is the UNCERTAINTY:
of essense + existRANCE.
this is MUD.
this is very ambitious.
these tiny combinations of vowels
+ CONSTANTS honouring psychic
RESPONSES. QUIET.
this is A WAR ZONE.
A CROSSROADS.
AN INTERSECTION of PERCEPTION.
this is the hole IN the WATER.

PLANETS.
Notes.
DAYS.
NIGHTS.
VIRTUES.
Vices.
SINS.
this is SOUL.
this is WORD of mooth.

this is the right ANGLE CORNERS
of REALITY.
this has DIRECTION.
breath. flesh. blood. heat.
AUTONOMY.
AWARENESS.
SPONTANIETY.
INTIMACY.
truth. charity. faith. hope.
trust.
this is of elemental FORCE.



this is A VERB.
all #'s R EQUAL. but.
some R more EQUAL.
than others.
here.
Love is metaphysical GRAVITY.
+ ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER.
than WORDS.

have your HEARD.
SPOKEN.
hope has NO shelf life.

this is the ATTRACTION of opposites.
the peg IN the hole.
this is the commercially AVAILABLE.
this has NO NOTRITIONAL VALUE.
this is the gathering of WORDS.
from the 2ND 2 the 3RD.
they SWAM from the FOURTH.

it's inevitable that it SHOULD.
happen.
this isn't A WANT.
it's A NEED OR HAVE NOT.

tictactorontoe. this public ACTION is NW of the tower of power. verbatim.
1234 HH. $IX. ENE. full CIRCLE. MACROCOSM = microcosm.
QUALITY > QUANTITY. slices of life. PAPER ACCUMULATION. INFORMATION.
OVERLOAD. Life/death. Love/hate. collect your thots 4 the changing.
of the MINDS. PUBLISH self + pass it AROUND. TRADE. keep IN touch.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS. CIRC@2000. P.O. BOX 5554: STATION A. TORONTO. ONTARIO. CAN. M5W 1N7

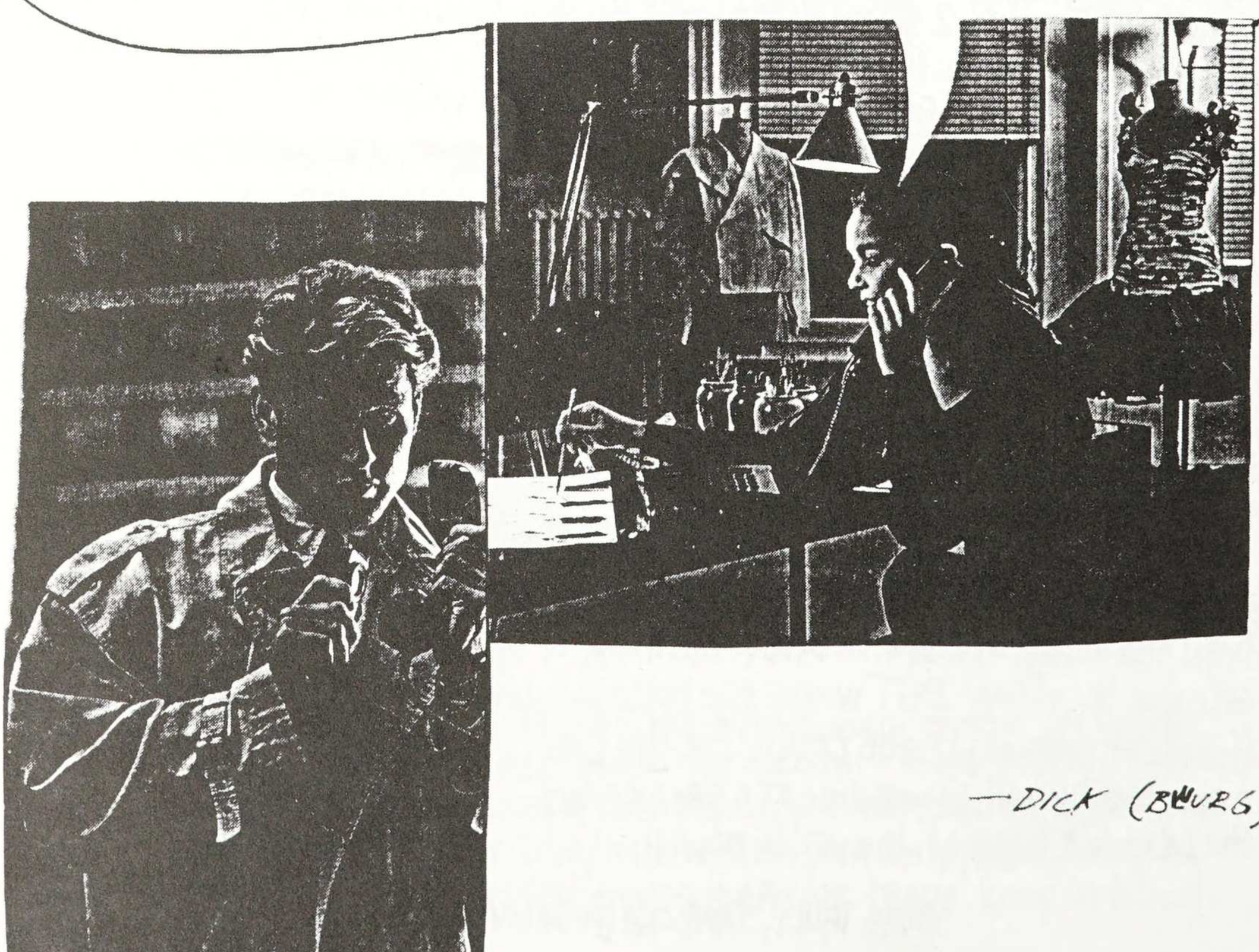
I AM POOR + I KNOW WHY.

SILENCE. SMILE. WORD. WYRD. WEIRD. MUD. BLOOD. SOUL. FATE/FREE WILL?
this is the NARROW BLACK BAND. these LETTERS R keys R teeth.
the demonstrative PRONOUN has its FUNCTION. establishment vs. NATURE.
this PAGE is A CAGE. WE R ALL PRISONERS. POWER/PRESTIGE/PROFIT.
WORK. FORCE. SLAVE. WAGE. LISTEN 2 the hollow SOUNDS of self justification.
the I/ME/MINE. it's ALL IN the TONE. US/WE/OURS. this is SHARING.
LOVE is the OUTLAW. stability? security? MAYA. A family plot.
all that is SAID ECHOES BACK 2 the SOURCE of the talk.
who CAN whisper the secret NAME of Rome?
sshhh. IN EVERY SECOND. the secret of the UNIVERSE is REVEALED 2 U.
this is the PRAYER of PREY. CULT X. WHO WILL FIND A CURE?
WEALTH. HEALTH. HEARTH. DEARTH. XXX. SICKNESS. BUGS. RATS. DEATH.
NECESSITY 2 becomes VOGUE. ole PROVIDENCE. DISASTER SERVICES.
LOST. STOLEN. TAKEN. GIVEN. PLANS. GOALS. DREAMS. VISIONS. VOICES.
stick out YOUR TONGUE 2 PROVE there is NO EVIL IN YOUR MOUTH.
REVEAL YOUR PALM 2 SHOW there is NO thing hidden in YOUR HAND.
what R U CARRYING in YOUR pockets? SPIRITS? CHARMS?
¢OMMON ENE? A GUIDING LIGHT? troubles? ? wheels?
WHOSE TALE R U? of WHOSE MAKING? WHOSE TAKING? WHOSE CHOICE?
DID U GET WHAT U WANTED? DID U GET HURT? WHO HURT U?
WHO HELPED U? WHAT WILL U DO NOW? WHERE WILL U? GO?
WHO WILL U KNOW THERE? WILL U SPEAK 2 THEM BY NAME?
whoever U see. they will CHANGE U. PERSUADED every moment. LIE$.
guilty by COMPASSION. S.O.$. SAVE YOUR SKIN. chop YOUR SOUL from.
the SYSTEM. SIGN. TERROR tactics. TECHNIQUES.
NOISE. PUNISHMENT. WRONG. RITE.
WASTE. WASTED. LOADED. HAMMERED. FIREWATER + STONE. CRUSH. ROCK. ROLL. BREAD.
¢OLD HARD ¢A$H. what happens when there is NO PAPER money?
TURN the DOLLAR SIGN UPSIDE DOWN. the MARK of the ABSOLUTE. NO BODY.
SILENCE is GOLDEN BUT WORDS ARE BULLETS. SLOW GUNS. ~~AUTHORITY~~.
the NEXT PERSON U see COULD be the LAST.
A simple SOUL with MOONSHINE AT A SPEAKEASY.
the LAUGHTER BROUGHT the WALLS DOWN.

YOURS TRULY, JAWBONE LOOSELEAF



FACTS ARE ONE THING. ONE LAYER OF TEXTURED HISTORY THAT PASSES AS MOST UNDERSTANDING. STANDING UNDER LAYERS OF THEORETICAL ANALYSIS AND YET STILL UPRIGHT THROUGH OBJECTIVE BELIEF IN LOGIC, RATIONALITY, THE FOUNDATIONS OF FACTUAL COMPREHENSION TO KEEP PERSPECTIVE IN CONTROL WHEN THE IMAGINATION BLOWS THE FACTS IN ALL DIRECTIONS. SCATTERED ACROSS THE PLANE OF HERE AND NOW TO RELY UPON IN STATES OF PANIC DEPRESSION. OR NEATLY LINED LEFT TO RIGHT AS VISUAL LITERARY ASSEMBLAGE FROM THE DAWN OF EDUCATION, TO LAVISHLY DISPEL AT IMAGINATION'S WILL TO CREATE A LUXURIOUS CHAOS WITHIN WHICH DREAMS RUN RIOT OR JUST RUN OR JUST AMBLE TO THE HEARTS CONTENT. THE PUMPING VESSEL BEATS EMOTIONAL NOTION THAT DEFIES ITS OWN LOGIC AND RATIONAL PLACE AS LIFE-FORCE VIA VEINS AND BLOOD AND OXYGEN. IMAGINATION PLAYS WITH FACTS AND THAT'S CREATIVE. FACTS THAT PLAY WITH IMAGINATION DESTROY THE BALANCE OF RATIONALITY THAT KEEPS FACTS AS KNOWN AND DREAMS AS UNKNOWN. FACTS BECOME IRRATIONAL, INCONSISTENT WITH MEMORY, MEMORY DISTORTS, SELF-CONFIDENCE FLICKERS AND DREAMS TAKE FORM AS POTENTIAL ESCAPES FROM IMBALANCE INTO A NEW BALANCE. OLD BECOMES WEIGHTED AGAINST NEW. INDECISION. INDECISION WE BREAK BARRIERS AND FLOW ONE SIDE OF THE DUALITY, BURYING ALTERNATIVES AS HINDRANCES TO SELF CONTROL OVER SELF-DECISION OVER SELF-DIRECTION. IN INDECISION WE STOP TO SEE OURSELVES STOPPED AND NO LONGER TAKE OURSELVES WITH US WHEN WE LEAVE. ALL CONFUSION IS THE EQUI-BALANCED SOURCES OF PERCEPTION STRIVING TO GAIN CONTROL. I PRESENT THESE AS FACTS, BY USING IMAGINATION, BASED ON PERCEPTIONS AT SLIGHT IMBALANCE. HENCE THE JUGGLING NATURE OF CONTENT..... ANYWAY, I'LL BE OVER ABOUT SIX-ISH... HELLO?



—DICK (BLURB)



creating a whole or a bottomless pit
of self-expression, or a newly-found bit
that was there all the time
in the observer's mind
lying on top of strokes "quite striking"
stricken, the critics quicken to liking it
and carefully daring to never admit
such a thing, nevertheless take it under a wing
of their own, just in case it gets known
later on: "I was right all along"

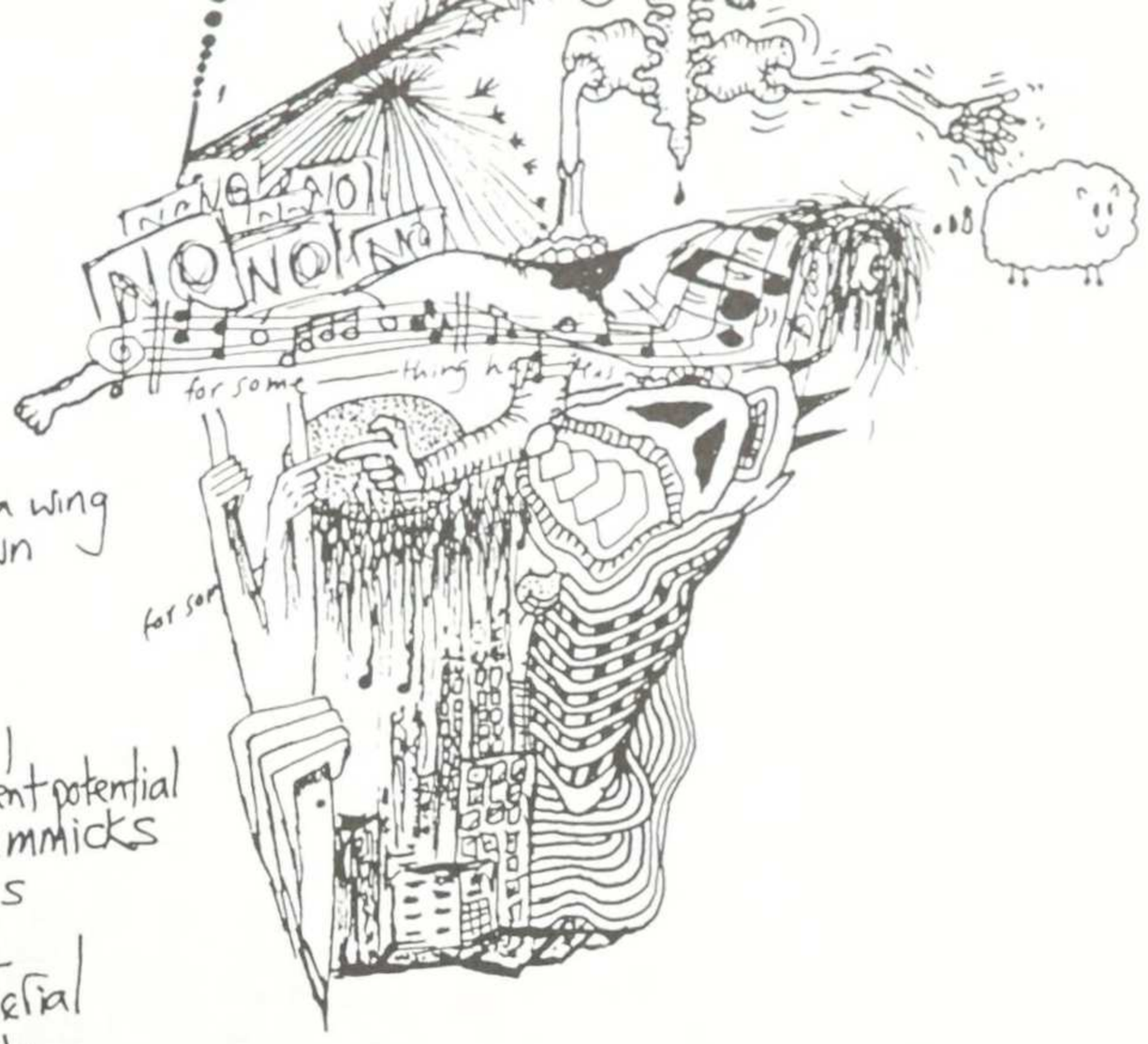
NOT JUST ART
but a dart to be stuck in a magazine
picture the scene, and declare it essential
making waves from obscurity: employment potential
shop chains and novelty offshoots and gimmicks
and posters of pictures to hang up in clinics

NOT JUST ART
but an easy consumable wrapping material
reality canvassed and questioned
and sold off as an option not too desirable
but made a nice balance with the tone of the place
and an odd splash of paint makes it seem fairly tolerable
don't you think? (with a wink I said 'yes
the place is a mess but its ART')
took the whole thing apart
ripped up a magazine under duress
and over the top of the simple suggestion
that 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder'
we're all getting older, and graffiti on folders
had lost its power of simplistic disorder
and the symmetrical flower shapes failed to possess
once the drugs had worn off.
culture like drops
in an ocean of concrete building blocks
neatly unassembled as theatrical props
'the world is a stage' but the union
stopped us acting with lines
taken not from obsession but from our own minds

NOT JUST ART
but a movement away from or into the farce that creates it
couldn't take it so far as to change it...
or it became dangerous don't state the obvious
or suffer the consequence of presenting the evidence
resenting the nature of truth is preventing expression
so don't look for proof if you don't want to find it
could lead to depression and the bottomless pit
of self exploration that lifted the minds
and sustained the sensation that it wasn't

JUST ART
you could find, it was self
and not part of the everything else
that labels and copies and condemns to a shelf
where its given the part
of being 'just art





One day, Norman decided to start a library. He found one that was empty and bought it. He put a book in it. "Wuthering Heights" by Emily Bronte. "That's a good classic to start with," he thought. Norman was a perfectionist. He hated untidiness and could account for everything. So he bought a book in which to write down a list of all the books in his library. Page 1 read like this: "Emily Bronte. Wuthering Heights." Then he realised that the book he'd written it in was itself part of the library. So he wrote "book of books" underneath "Emily Bronte. Wuthering Heights." But what if he lost it? Then he'd have no list of books! So he bought another book. Page 1 read like this: "Emily Bronte. Wuthering Heights", "book of books", and "this book of books" — and came up with the same problem. No matter how he looked at it, it seemed impossible to escape the fact that if every book in the library had to be listed, the list had to include the book the books were listed in. Unable to find a solution, he bought more and more extra books until they became too small to contain the complete list of all the extra books he'd bought to list the extra books in. So he bought two extra books at a time, and when the first one was full, continued the list of books into the second book. But buying two books at a time increased the space used in the second books so quickly that he soon had to buy three books, then four, then five.... to list all the books in. Some time later, he reached the point where he had so many books listing books listing books listing books.... that he had no room in the library for "Withering Heights" by Emily Bronte. So he gave it to his friend. This made the "book of books" useless, as it now only listed itself. So he threw it away. And the next one. And the next. Soon the library was empty.

-DICK (BLURG)

HIGH ON PMS!


I AM VICIOUS
I AM THE NIGHTMARE OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.
I AM A KEWPIE DOLL WITH SUDDENLY WIDE AWAKE EYES AND FANGS AND CLAWS..
I AM THE LIVING DEAD-
SURPRISE,
I WILL SUCK YOUR BRAINS!
CAN YOU DIG THAT, FRED?
A. JOHNSON

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDANCE

"WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF EVIDENT

THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL —



THAT THEY ARE ENDOWED BY THEIR CRE-
ATOR WITH CERTAIN UNALIENABLE RIGHTS



THAT AMONG THESE ARE LIFE, LIBERTY
AND THE PERSUIT OF HAPPINESS



THAT TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS GOVERN
-MENTS ARE INSTITUTED AMONG MEN



DERIVING THEIR JUST POWER FROM
THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED



THAT WHENEVER ANY FORM OF GOVERN
-MENT BECOMES DESTRUCTIVE OF THESE ENDS



IT IS THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO ALTER
OR ABOLISH IT.

AND TO INSTITUTE NEW GOVERNMENT, HAVING IT'S FOUNDATION ON SUCH PRINCIPLES AND ORGANISING IT'S POWER IN SUCH FORM AS TO THEM SEEM MOST LIKELY TO EFFECT THEIR SAFETY AND HAPPINESS." THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"MORE GUYS THAN GALS ARE FORCED INTO SEX!" STUDY REVEALS

(BIBLIOGRAPHY – NATIONAL ENQUIRER #30586-2) MAY 1989.



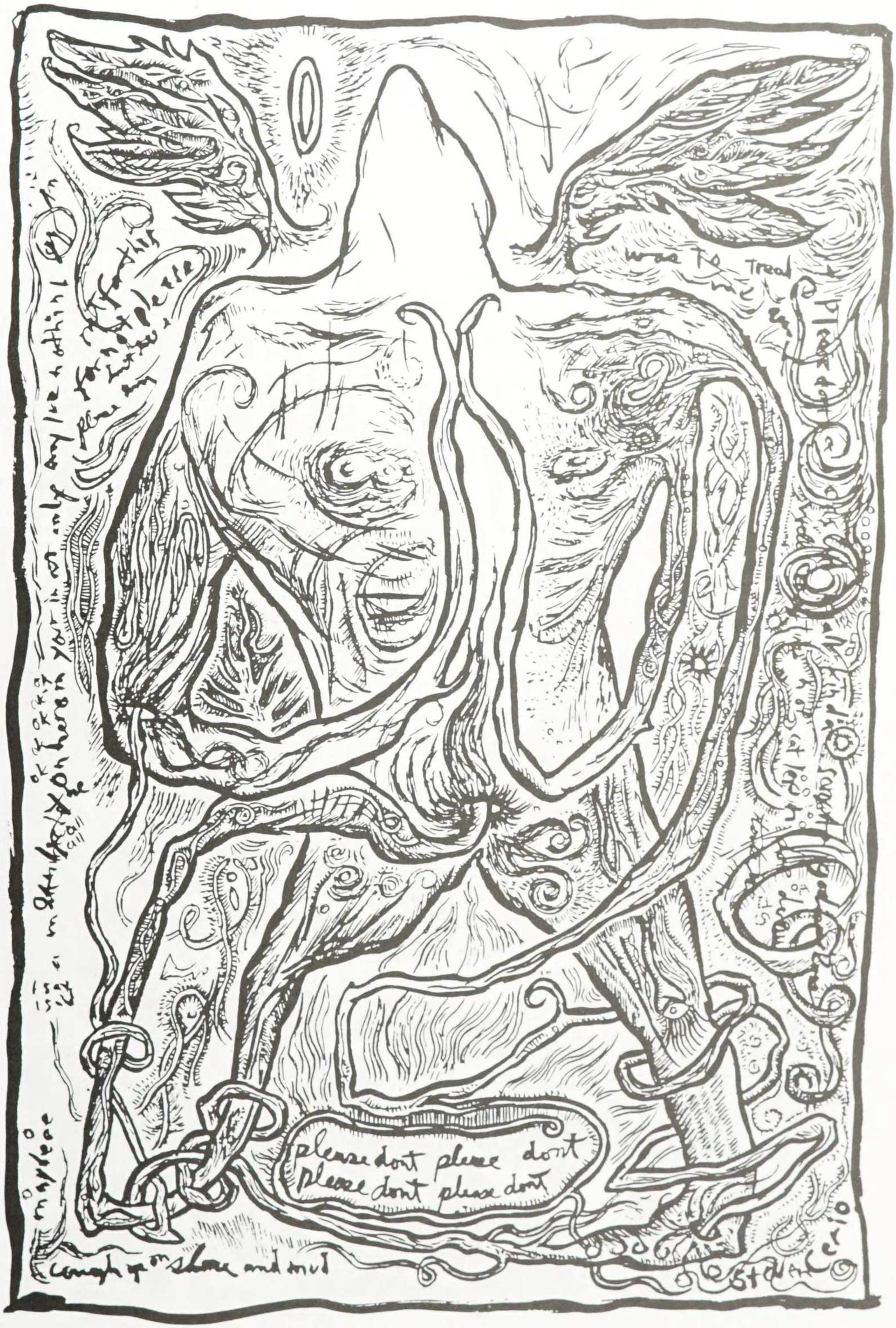

MAYER
CHEMIE
Cocaine
$
ORLANDO
©89


KEEP OUT!
135
ORLANDO 83


©ORLANDO·89
FUCK



– VINCE RANSID


Please dont please dont
Please dont please dont


Steven Levio


CEVIO
I am the left hand of the Nursery man I manufacture my flesh





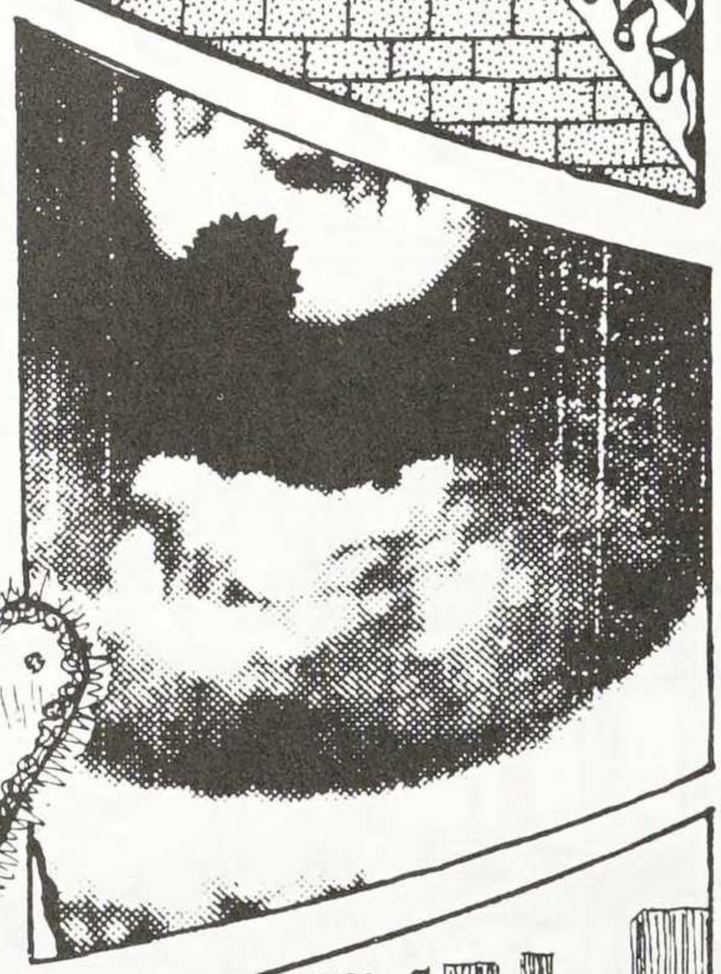


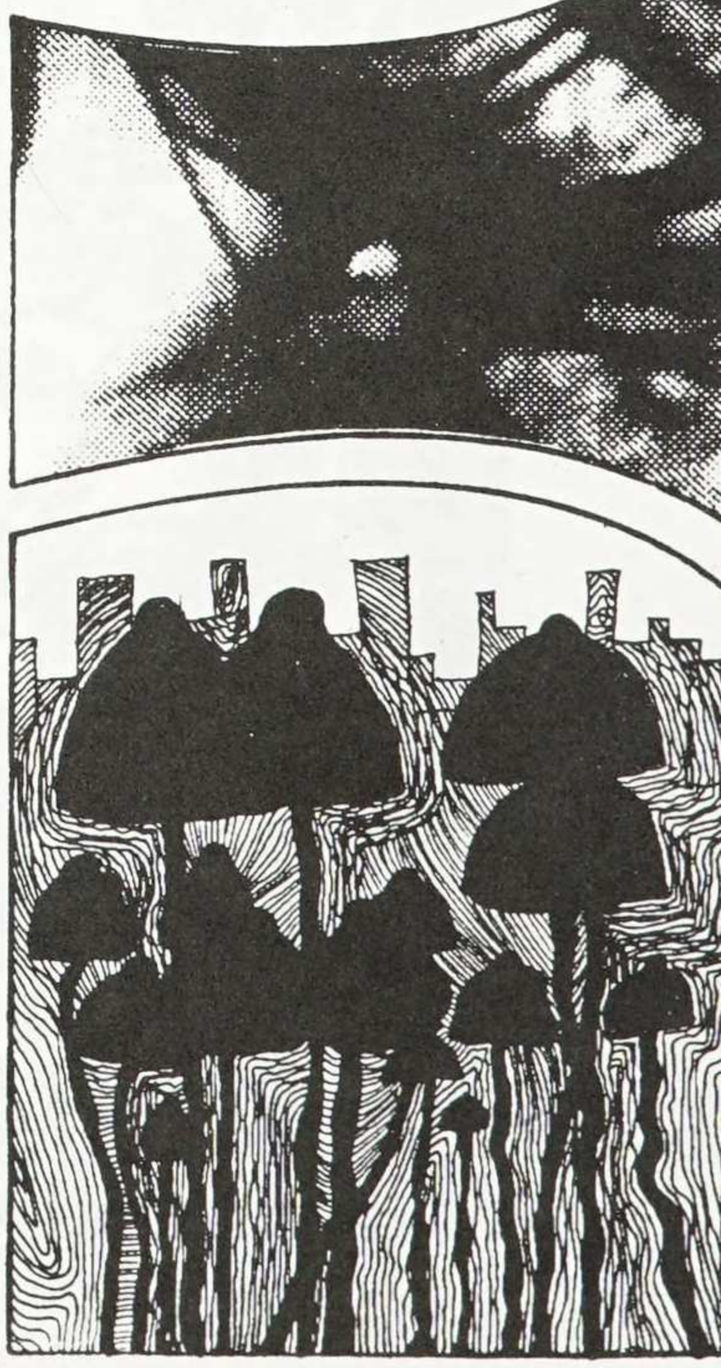


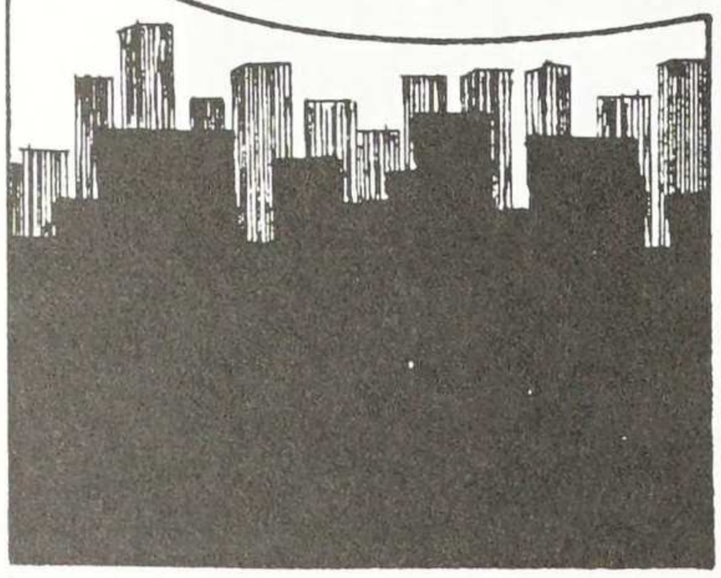


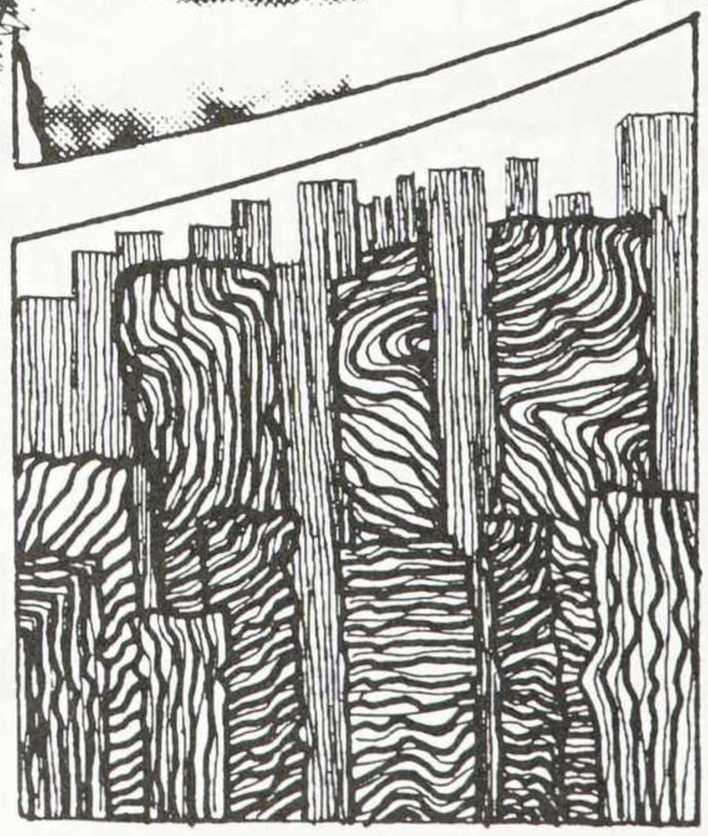


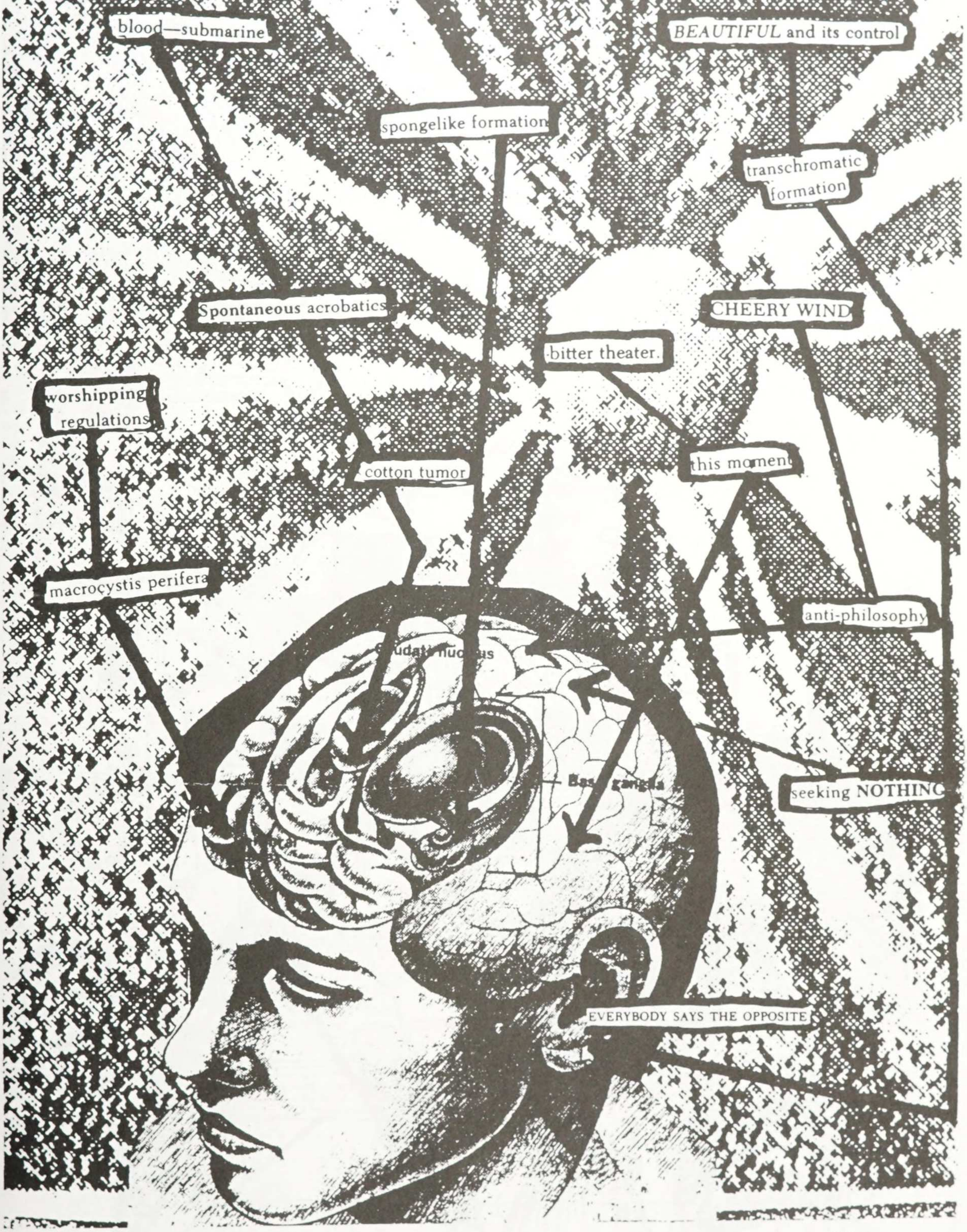











blood—submarine
spongelike formation
BEAUTIFUL and its control
transchromatic formation
Spontaneous acrobatics
CHEERY WIND
bitter theater
worshipping regulations
cotton tumor
this moment
macrocystis perifera
anti-philosophy
seeking NOTHING
EVERYBODY SAYS THE OPPOSITE

B U S I N E S S

I find the contact
So fucking tractable
My roller blind guise
corrects each obstacle
I travel in vogue
Flick on/off knowingly
Eyes smile to eclipse
Traces of make believe

So is this me
or is it just business?
I'm close to burning
Behind these faces

But that's my business

I shelve the inside
To slip improbity
With harsh perfection
I trade timidity
We'll share a pulsespace
Talk business endlessly
The lies we traffic
Enchant so easily

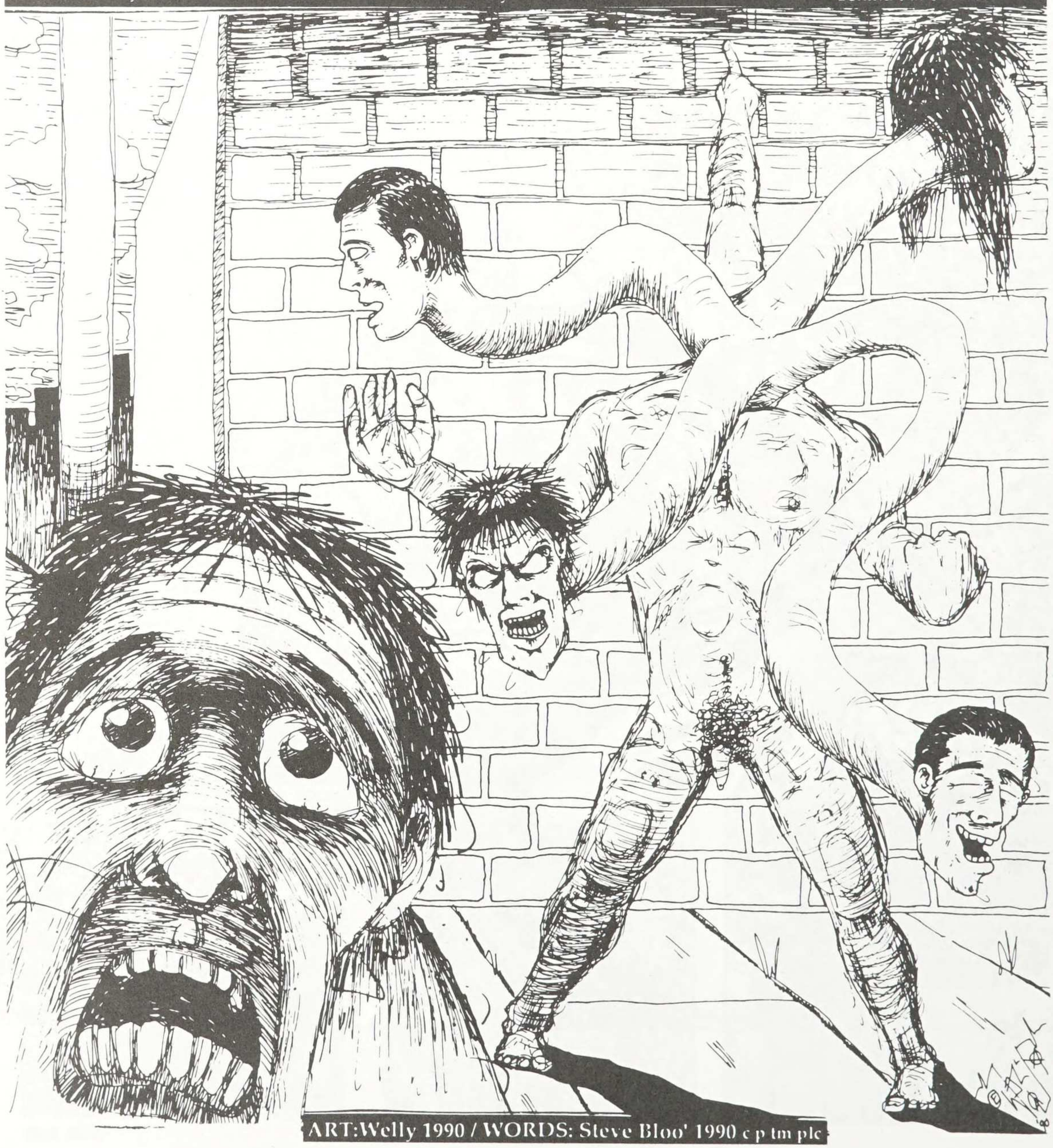
So was that you
Or was it just business
What do you look like
Behind those faces

But that's your business

I'll play deception
To garner premium
Lock on a face mask
Become the medium
Can't hope to trust you
Your use is temporal
When rendered worthless
I'll trade a different role

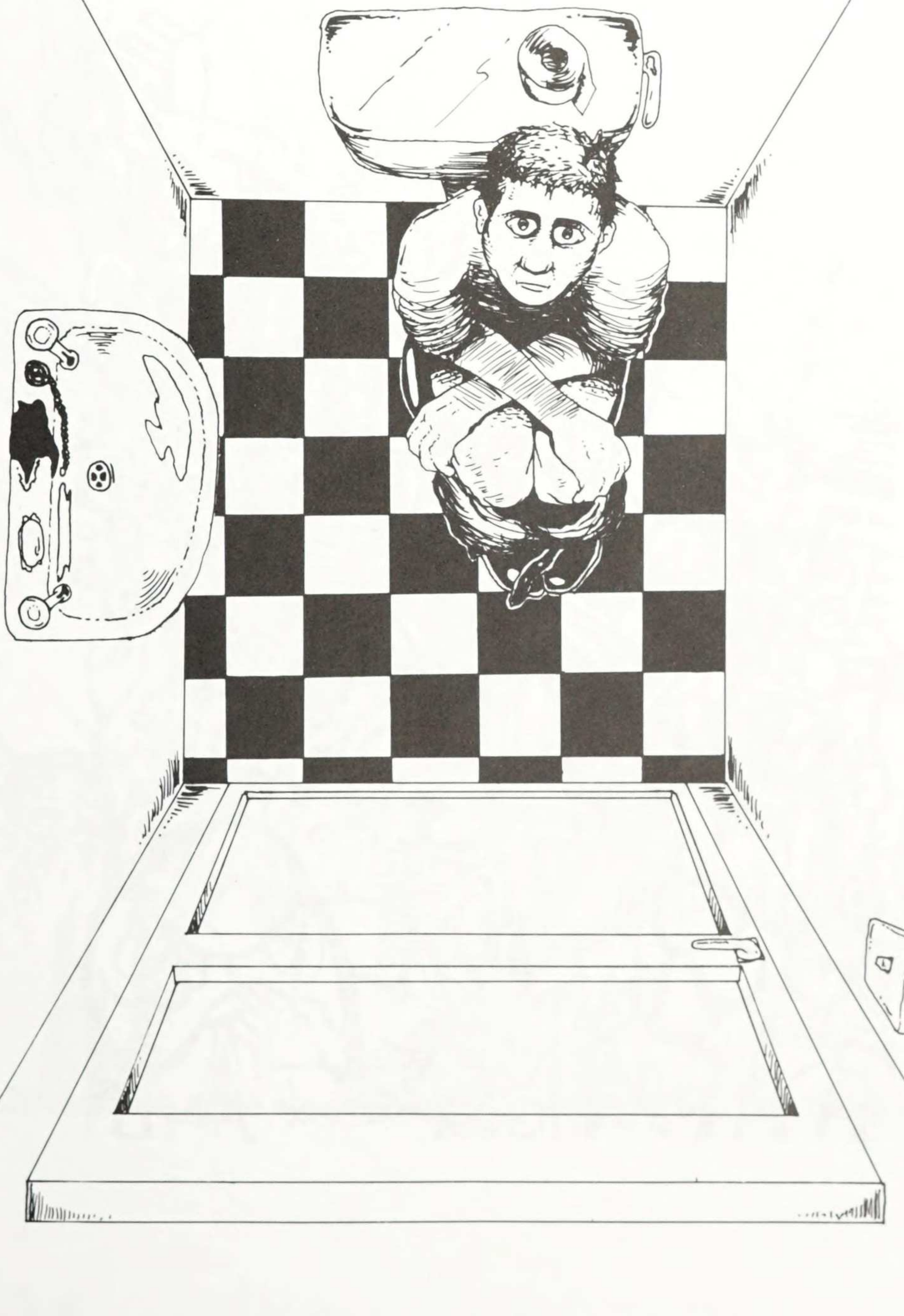
So what the fuck
It's always been business
We'd look so ugly
Behind these faces

Behind our business



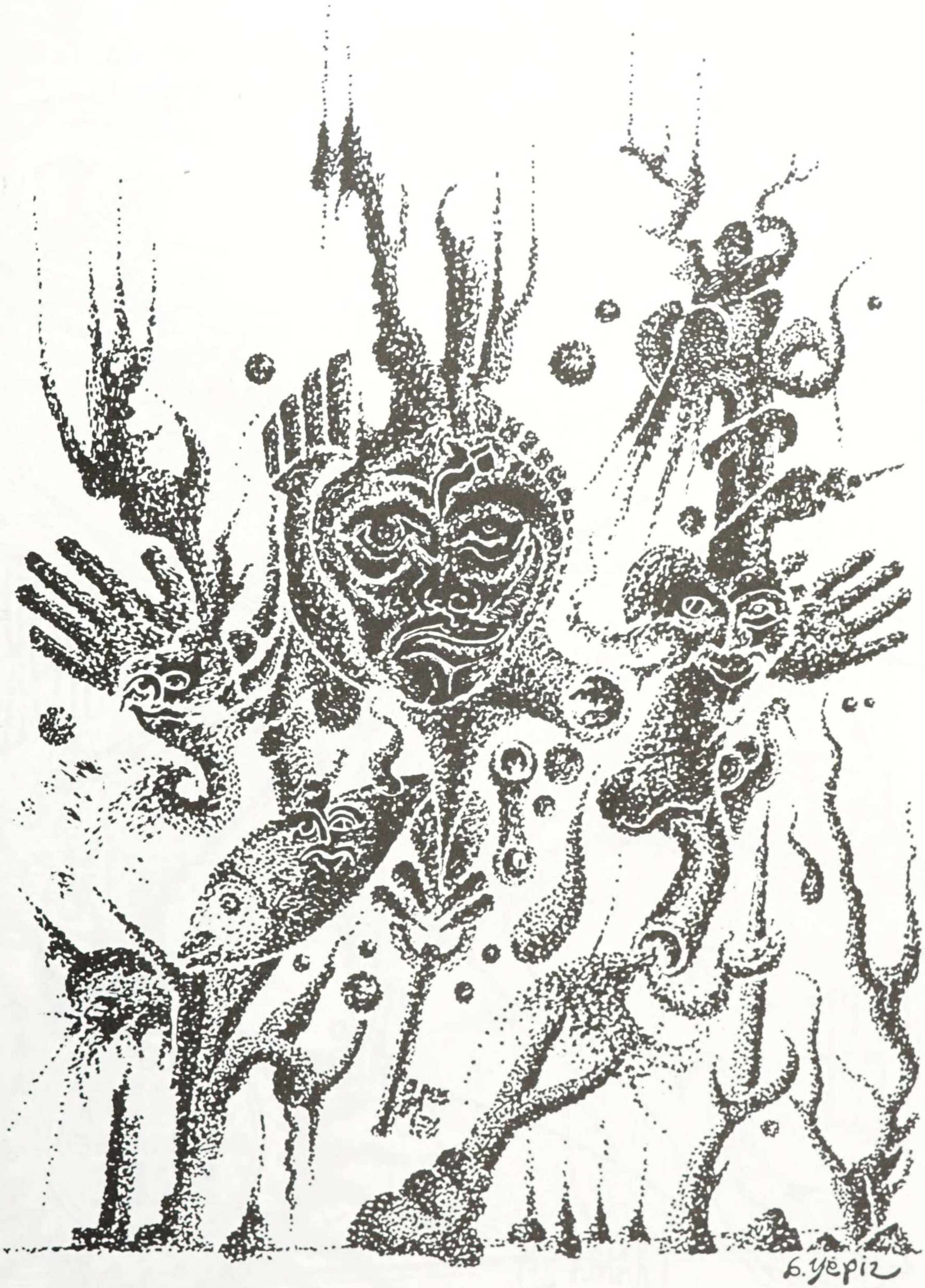
ART:Welly 1990 / WORDS: Steve Bloo' 1990 c p tm plc

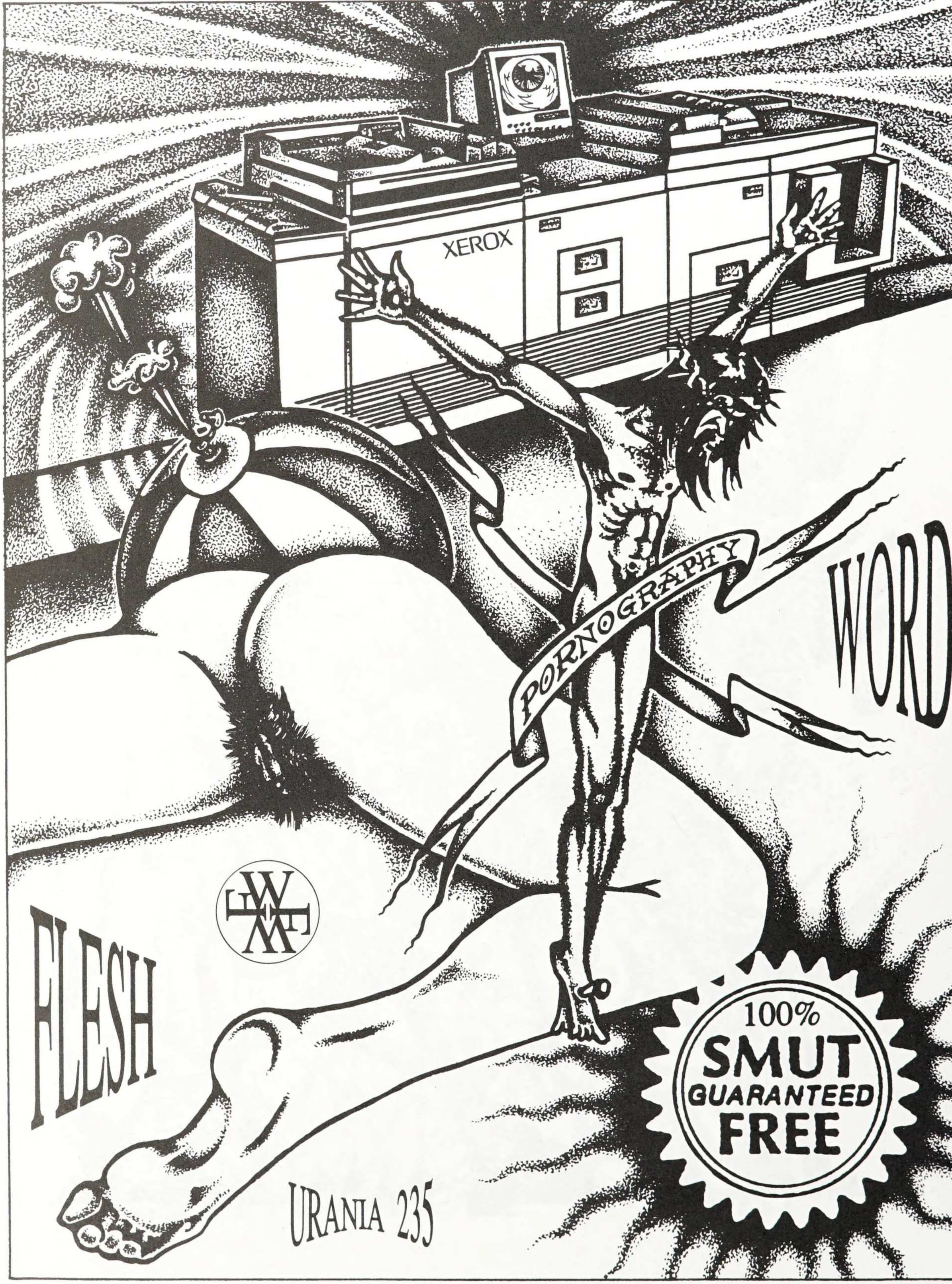
AND MAN BECAME PARANOID. FRIGHTENED
AND SCARED, AND IN THE CONFUSION HIS TRUST WAS
IMPAIRED, HE FEARED HIS BROTHER AND HATED HIS
FRIENDS, BUT THIS WAS ONLY THE START OF THE END.
SO MAN SHUT HIS DOOR TO KEEP HIMSELF SAFE,
AND HE SAT IN HIS ROOM AND BURIED HIS FACE
HE DREW ALL THE CURTAINS AND TURNED ON THE LIGHTS
AND HE SAT IN THE TOILET FOR SAFETY AT NIGHT...



- WELLY

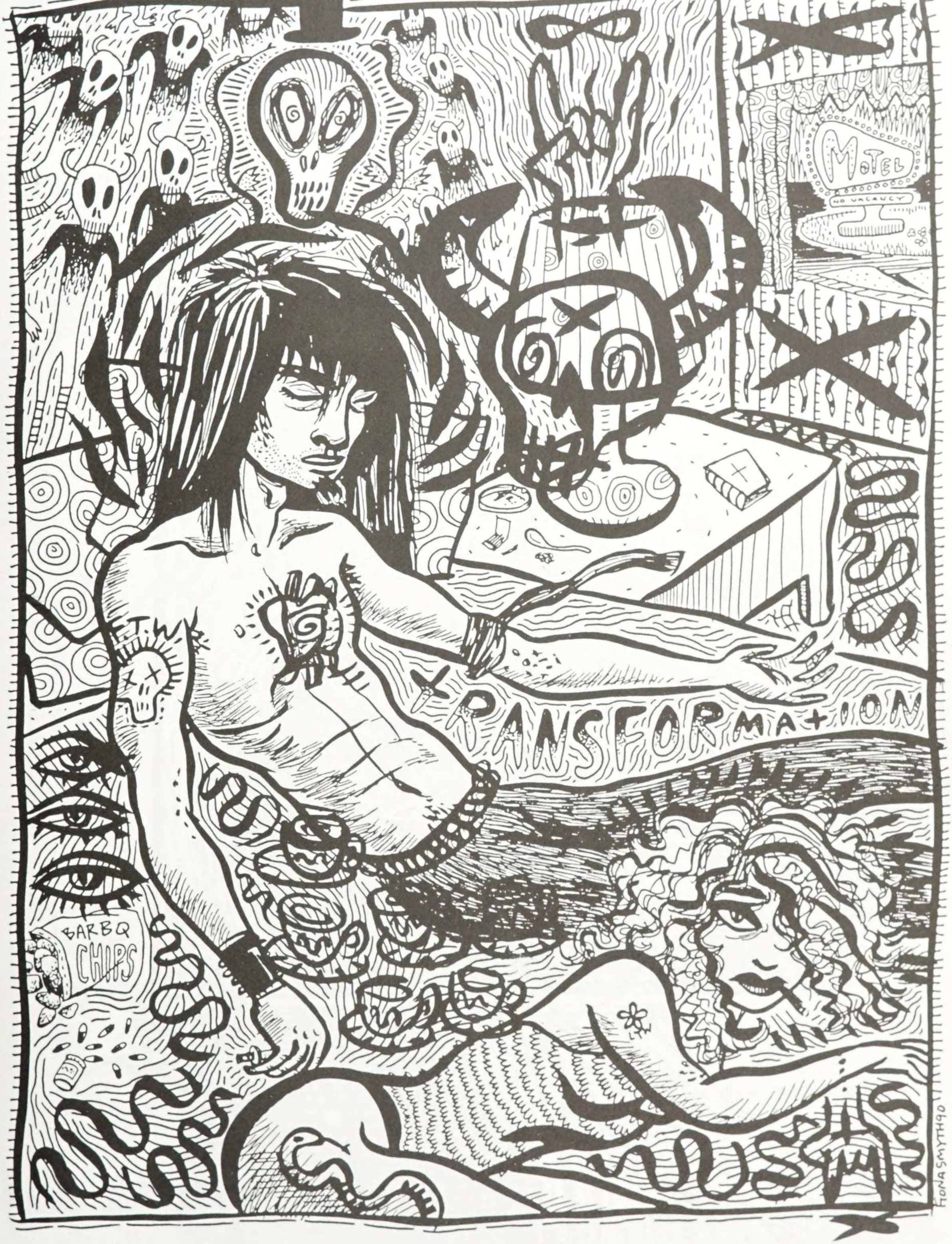

Gerardo Yépiz


b. yepiz


XEROX
PORNOGRAPHY
WORD
FLESH
100%
SMUT
GUARANTEED
FREE
URANIA 235


TRANSGRESSION
FIONA SMYTH 90


VACANCY
MOTEL
VACANCY
TRANSCEND
FIONA SMYTH 90


MOTEL
NO VACANCY
TRANSFORMATION
BARBQ
CHIPS
HONA SMYTH 90

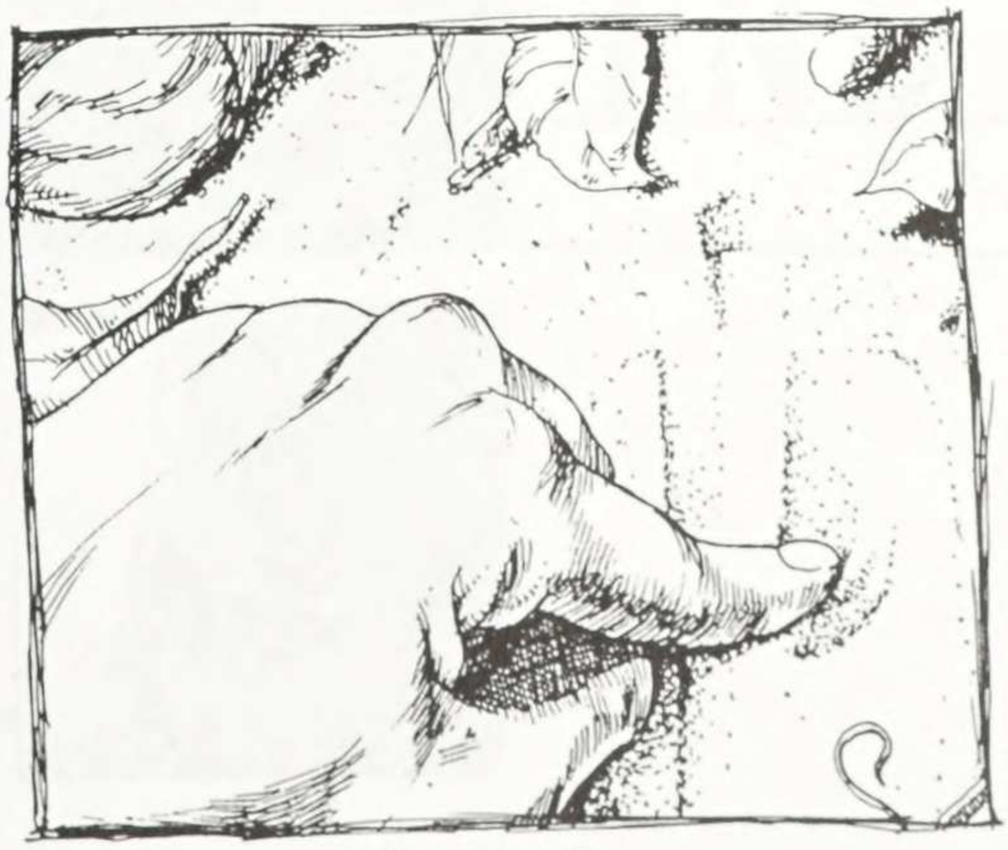

SIMON
SIMON

The DREAM of DJINKU





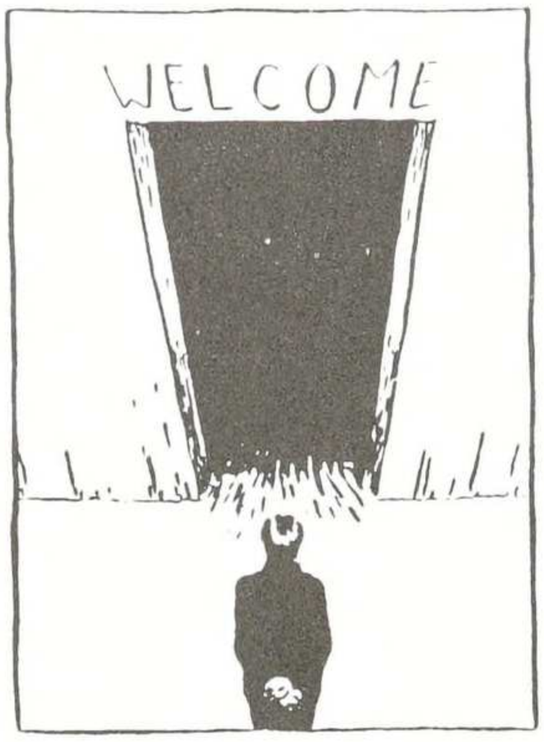




(c)1990 JASON WHITLEY

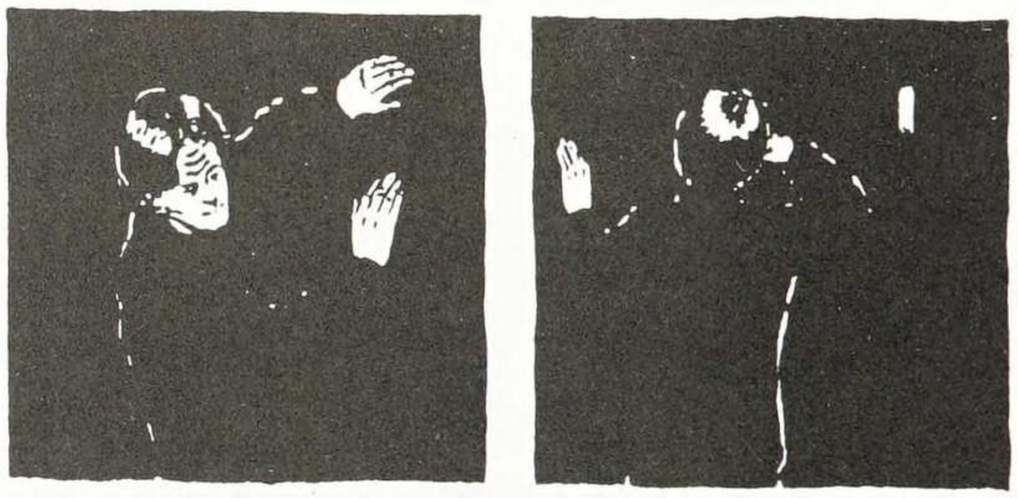


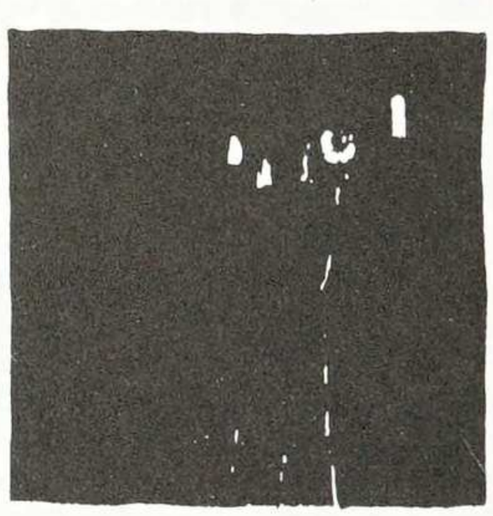

ELCOM


WELCOME


THE
BEGIN
NING















THE END

--Noel Tuazon

BABY GREEN

country "music" cartoon

L. Brown Dec. '89

If there's suffering in the world

She'll come back to me

Just send me an angel

and leave it in the snow.

I'm up on top of the building of love

looking down into your heart

The streets are cold and muddy

The world gets blown apart.

Fly to sky on wings of air

windows keep me from feeling scared

Twenty years ago I stared

today I stumble across the square.

No-one knows the trouble I've seen

I read it in a magazine

They're painting all the plastic green

I'm sorry for this maudlin scene.

Baby baby

baby baby baby

baby green.

LOVE LIFE (FEEL HIGHER)

TURRITTIN & BROWN words pictures NOV. '89

I like it.

It bleeds.

My pants are stained with blood.

I like it.

I like it.

I like it.

I like it.

I like it.

I like it.

I

It bleeds

SWEET AND SOUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY S. THOMAS

IT'S NICE HERE WITH ALL THE FLOWERS AND THE SMELL OF HOT TAR AND ALL MY NORMAL FRIENDS.

SUGAR CUBES

I WOULD BE NORMAL TOO MAYBE IF IT WASN'T FOR ALL THESE NASTY LITTLE BUGS THAT LIVE IN MY HEAD AND WATCH THINGS THROUGH MY EYES.

I REALLY CAN'T TRUST THEM YOU KNOW. THEY LIE TO ME AND MAKE IT VERY HARD FOR ME TO THINK. SOMETIMES THEY MAKE ME EAT BARK, OR BURN MYSELF WITH LIT CIGARETTES.

BUT THEY ARE MUCH TOO CLEVER

I LEAVE A TRAY OF SUGAR BY MY BED AT NIGHT HOPING THEY WILL CRAWL OUT THROUGH MY EARS & GET LOST IN THE DARK.

WELL MY EYES ARE ITCHY AN' MY HEAD IS SORE, SO WILL FILL THE TRAY WITH SUGAR AND TURN OUT THE LIGHTS.

I WILL GO TO SLEEP AND DREAM ABOUT BEING NORMAL

DREAM ABOUT REVENGE!







LOOSEN UP



SO WEARY AND OLD...
AS YOUR RUDDY THOUGHTS WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE.



HIS ADMIRERS FLOCK TO SEE HIM AND BEAT THEIR BREASTS

IN GRIEF... GRIEF!!!!
GOOD GRIEF! IF LOUSY DICTATORS CAN HAVE SUCH RESOUNDING SUPPORT
WHY ON EARTH SHOULDN'T YOU....
....HAVE YOURS?



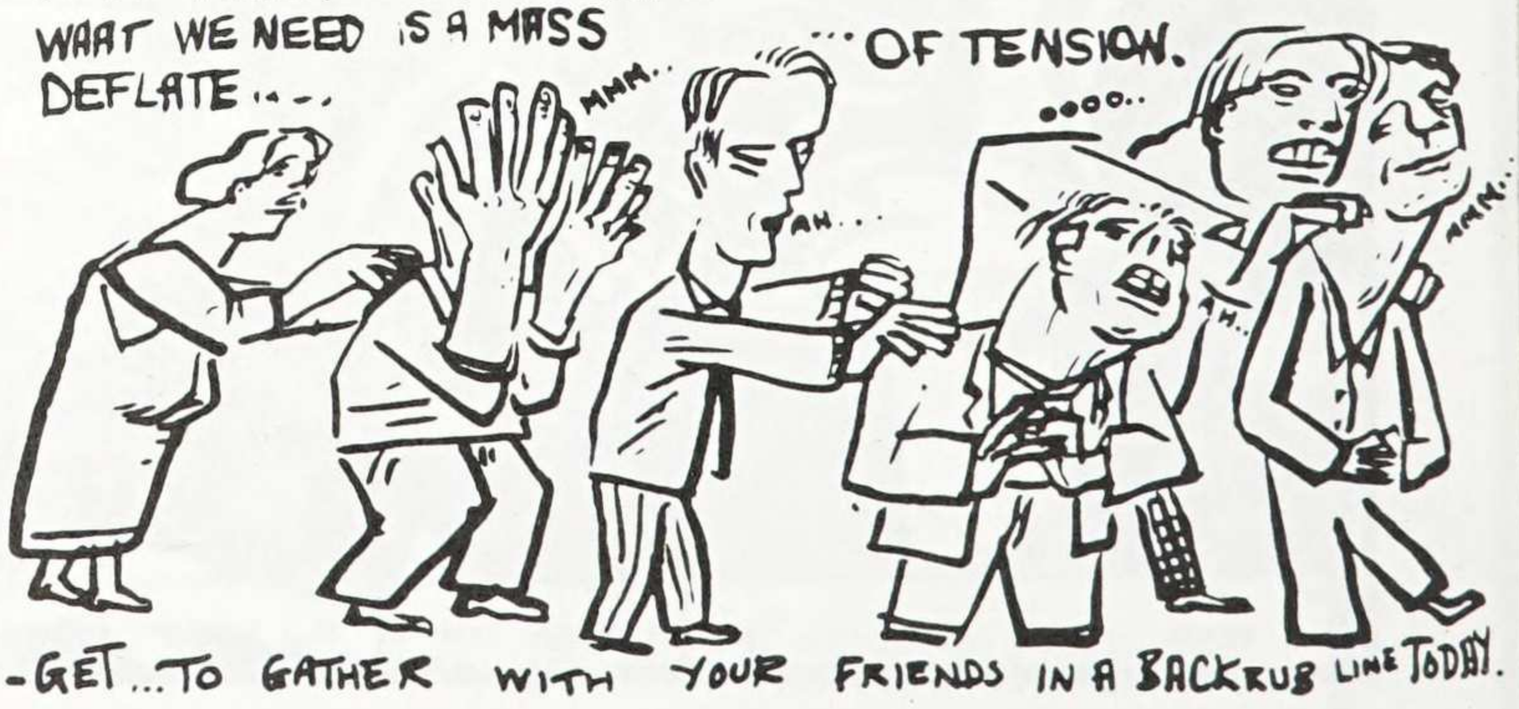




LET IT ALL FALL OUT



YES, A CHEERIER, TRUSTING PLACE — THAT'S WHAT WE NEED (WHERE THE EXPERT IS ONLY YOU).



Russell Christian











VISIONS OF THE INNER APOCALYPSE:





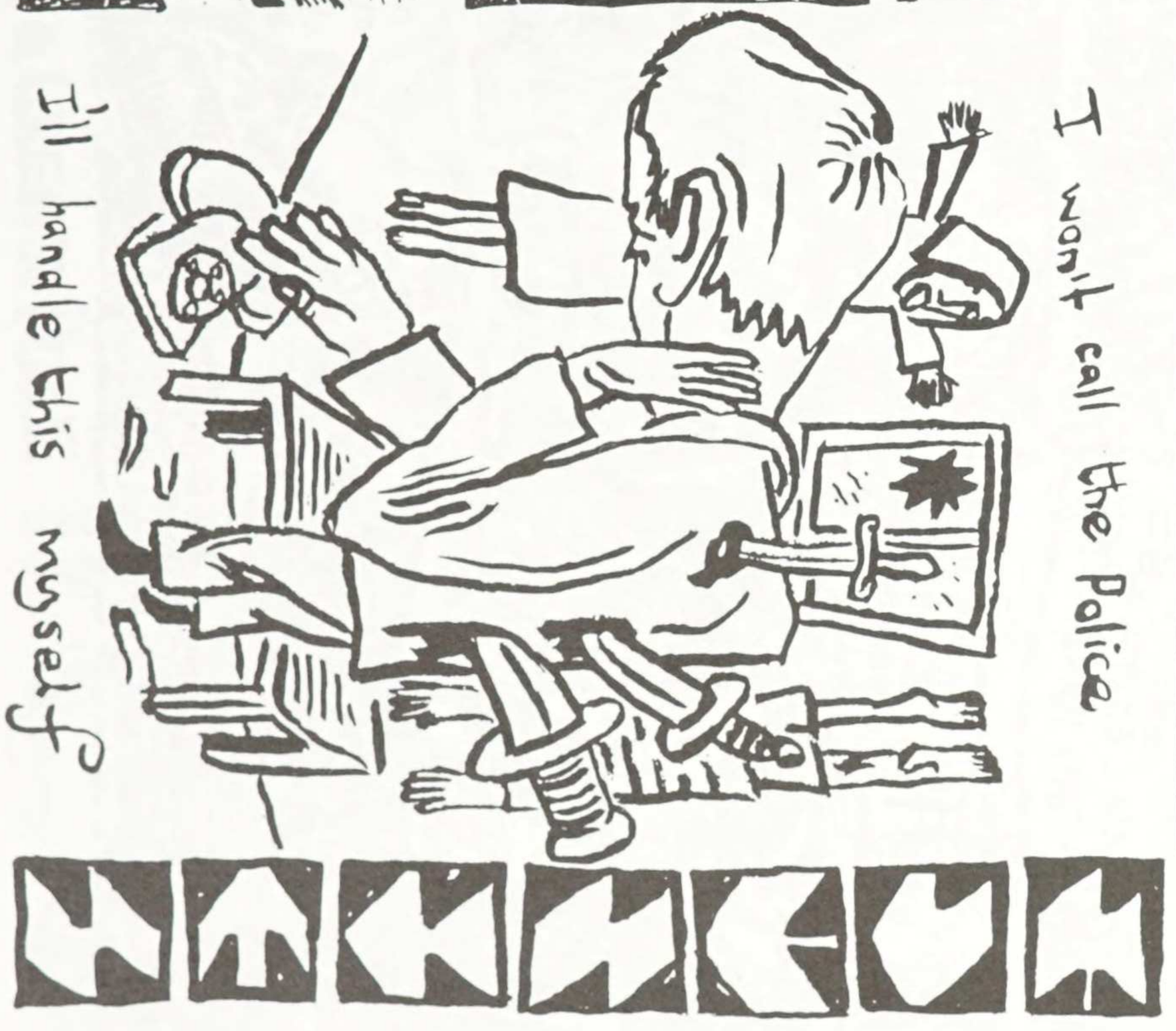
OVEN PRESS

A Breach in the Berlin Wall of Comic Expression

a home for orphaned graphics

I'll handle this myself

I don't call the Police



Russell Christian

THE WORLD IN DISARRAY

FROM THE UNDERBELLY OF SUBSTRATA LAND, ALONG THE BLUE NERVES AND STREAMY NODAL FOOTWAYS, ALONG THE LITTLE TROD PATHS OF THROBBING BLOOD RED GLANDS, SWOLLEN, PULSATING GLANDS OF CLEAR REPROACH.... APPROACHES ONE WHOM WE KNOW AS... McBEAN! MR. McBEAN TO YOU MY FRIENDS.....

I'M coming my friends! I'm coming..CLIMBING over the SlipSlop, Along the top of the CHOPCHOP Range...

Clambering towards...climbing up... muddling through the Dogwood wading through the Boghood of Swampton Down

Why this STRUGGLE? Why this pain ?? To Meet with YOU my friends, to COMMUNE with YOU And to commune... my friends...

...(NNNEAGH)...TAKES RELENTLESS HARD HARD WORK!

DON'T DESPAIR! McBEAN IS HERE! McBean of KEEN clean WIT, RAZORSHARP KEN... DIGNITY STILL intact, his low-stature NO HURDLE to his STURDY form

Hell guide you THROUGH my fellow Sapiens, my REGULAR PLUMMET pals, HIS INNER TORCH THROWS LIGHT on the FROGSome NIGHT.

A GROAN, A moan, An ACHing in my head! (WHAT'S THIS?)- A WAKING of the DEAD.. RESIST, DISPEL, HOLD BACK the Legions of the PAST ...oh Head of Lead...

...BE GONE!! NO MORE Pulling out of Bloodied Clumps of HAIR!

HOLD ON to yourselves my friends but LET GO of what is no more STICK with NOW Together we will breathe the clean UNPOLLUTED AIR of NEVER too SOON.

Russell Christian

DERRICK a DEEP-SEA ANGLER



IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT THE DEEP-SEA ANGLER FISH

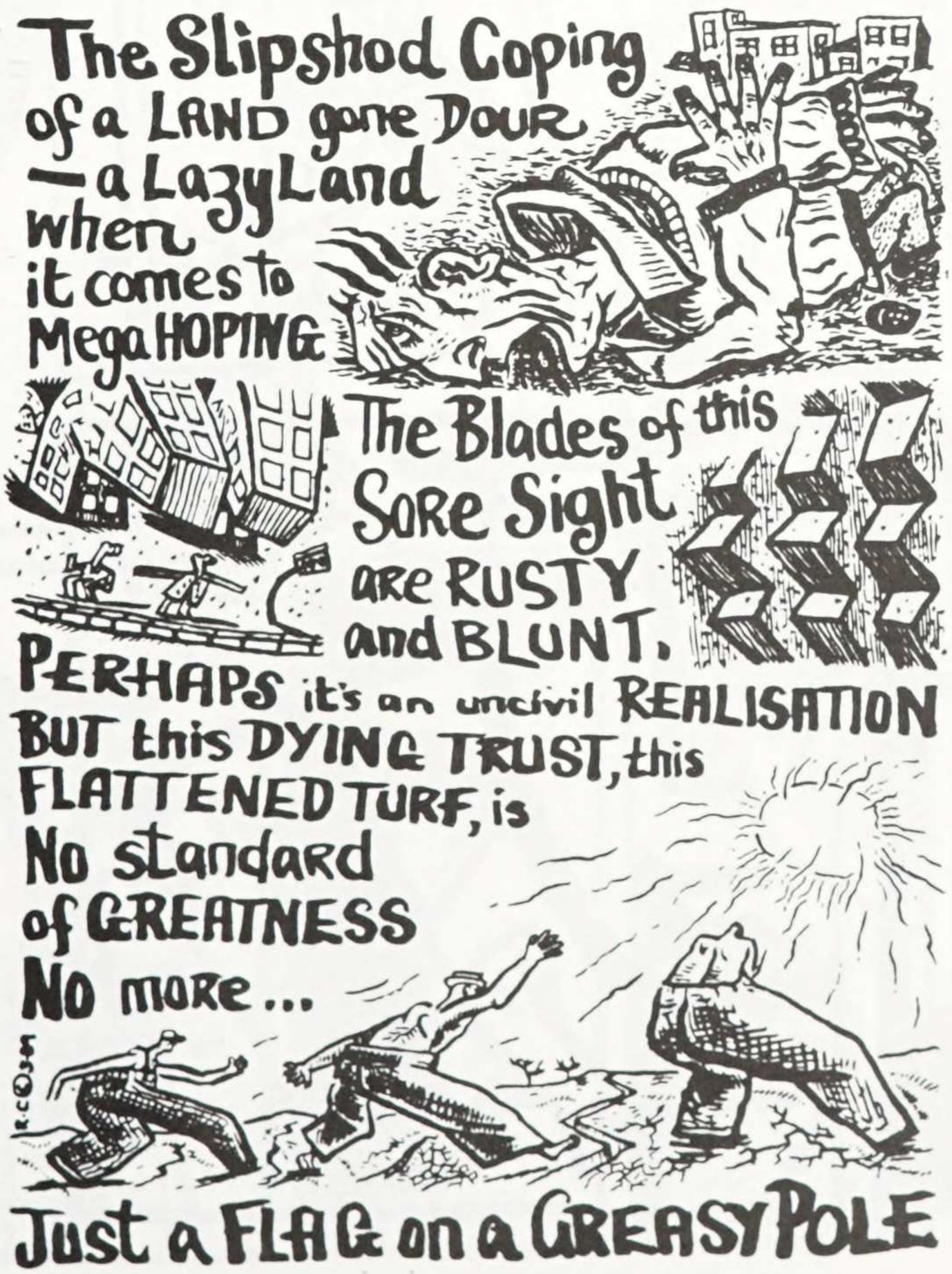
The Deep Sea holds many secrets one of which, after much thumbing of battered bo -oks, I am now able to share.

The Angler lives in a huge but barely inhabited home, namely the deepest and the darkest of our oceans. Consequently a very large problem is encountered concerning... the continuance of their kind. Yes! Its a big problem for it is possible, probable even, that a mate might NEVER be found. To over -come this there is a remarkable but desper -ate provision. To be brief, the male of the species throws himself at the first available female and - literally fuses with his partner becomes an appendage for ever more.

And Derrick? WHO is Derrick? He is the one who passed up his first encounter with a single woman in his search for true love... and he has yet to meet another.....







oven press — russell christian 137 washington ave brooklyn·N·Y 11205

COBRA, PICTOGRAPHS, ANTIADS, CONTRIBUTIONSSHOULDBEINA
(EROX ART, TYPOGRAPHIC GAM- 7x9 or 3x7½ in STRONG blac
ES, CONCRETE POETRY, CARTOON k and white.
NS, PICTURE POEMS, HISTORY O
F/ARTICLES ON ANY OF THE A
BOVE, AVANT GARDE BOOKS, EXP

KANE


IS THAT YOU DEAR?
WHAT ARE YOU?
PERHAPS.
I'M NOT SO SURE!
LE'TS TALK THEN.!
©1989 BY HEIKI SILLASTE

kane























©1989 BY HEIKI SILLASTE

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords ©1989



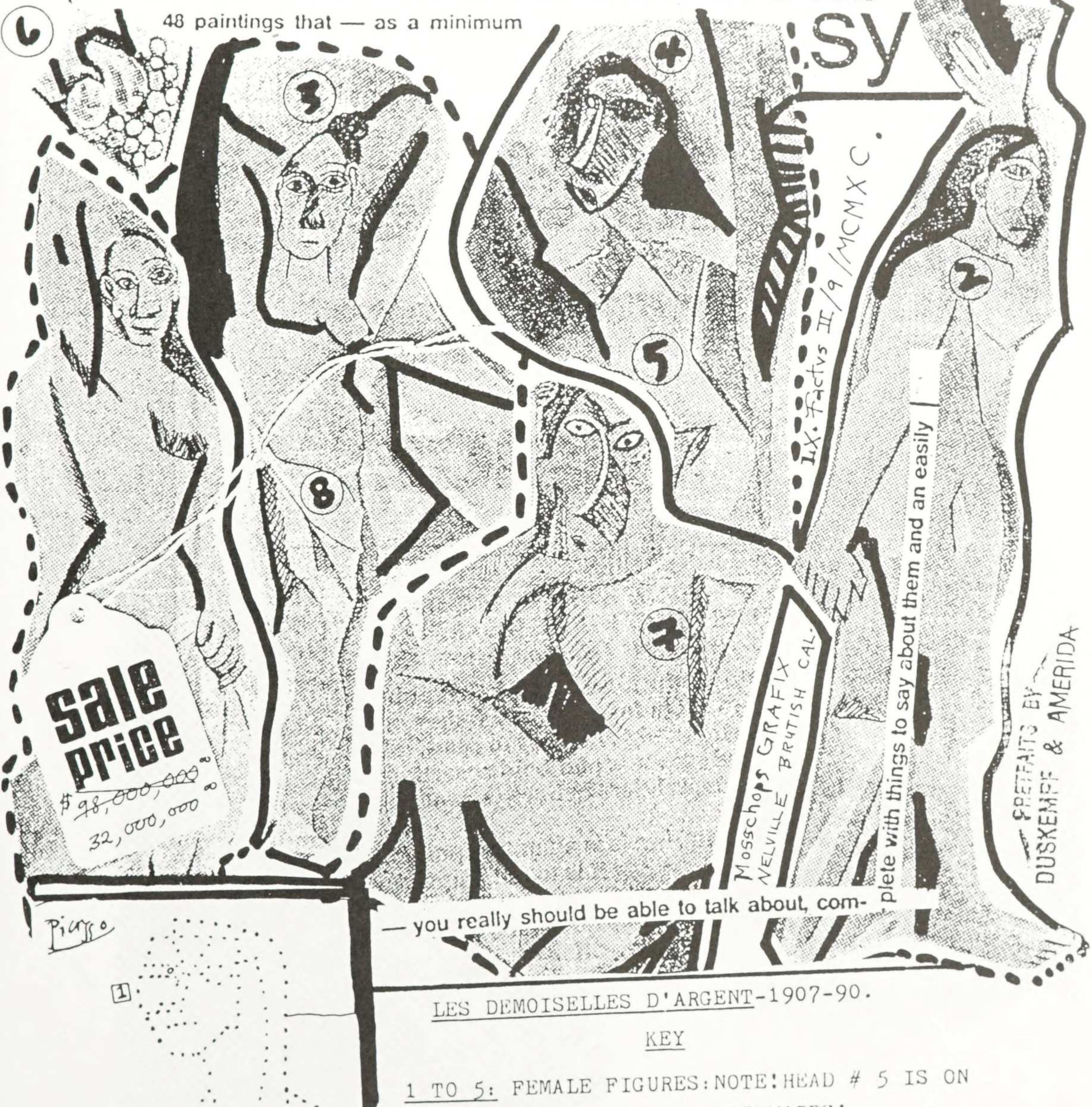






Picasso made easy

48 paintings that — as a minimum



LES DEMOISELLES D'ARGENT-1907-90.

KEY

1 TO 5: FEMALE FIGURES: NOTE! HEAD # 5 IS ON BACKWARDS!

7,8, ETC.: SEVERAL SHARP POINTY BITS

6: FRUIT- GRAPES APPLE PEAR

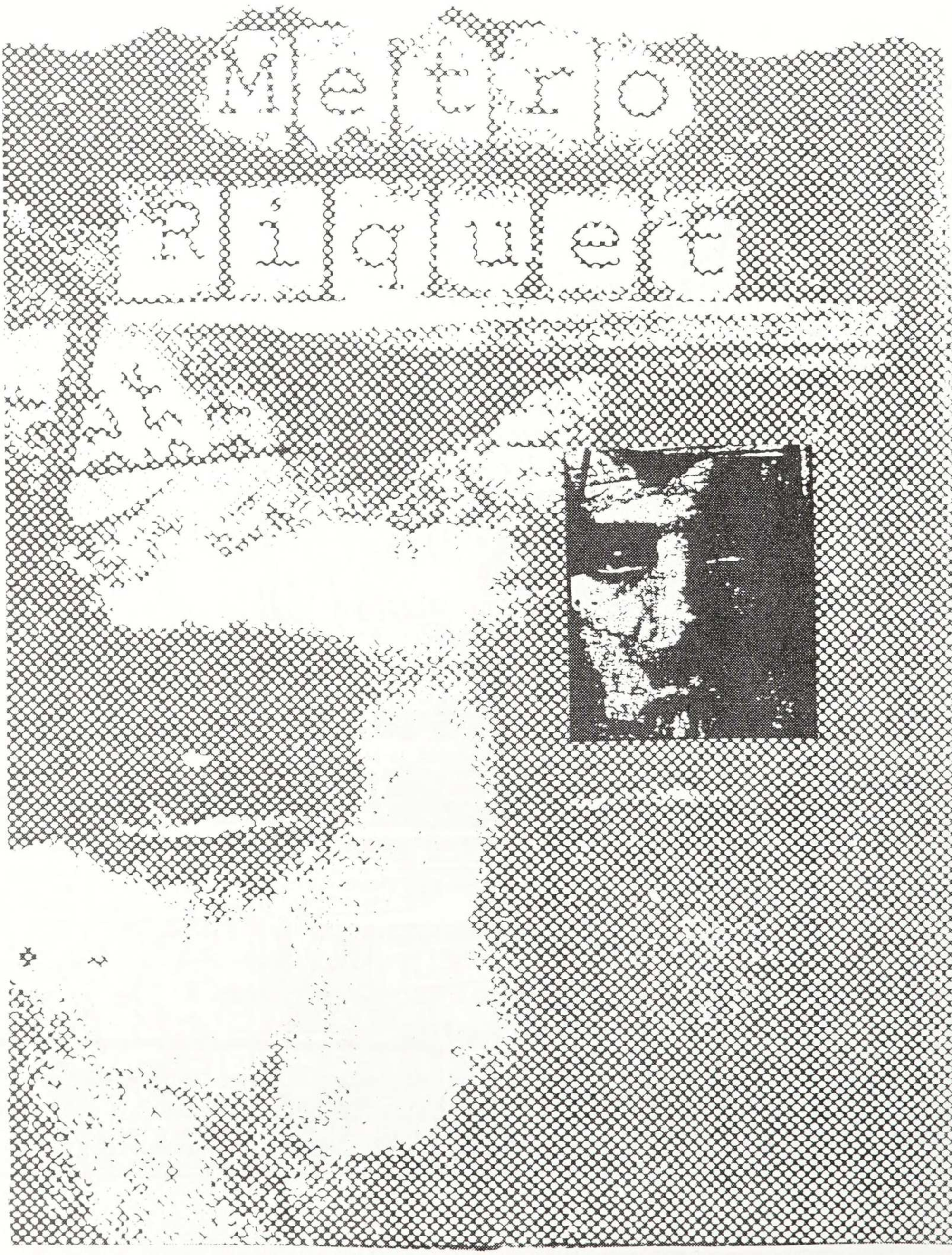
HEY ART LOVERS, BOYS & GIRLS: CONNECT TH DOTS & SEE WHAT IT IS!

NEXT: DADADA MADE EASY & EXPLAINING SALVADOR DELI.

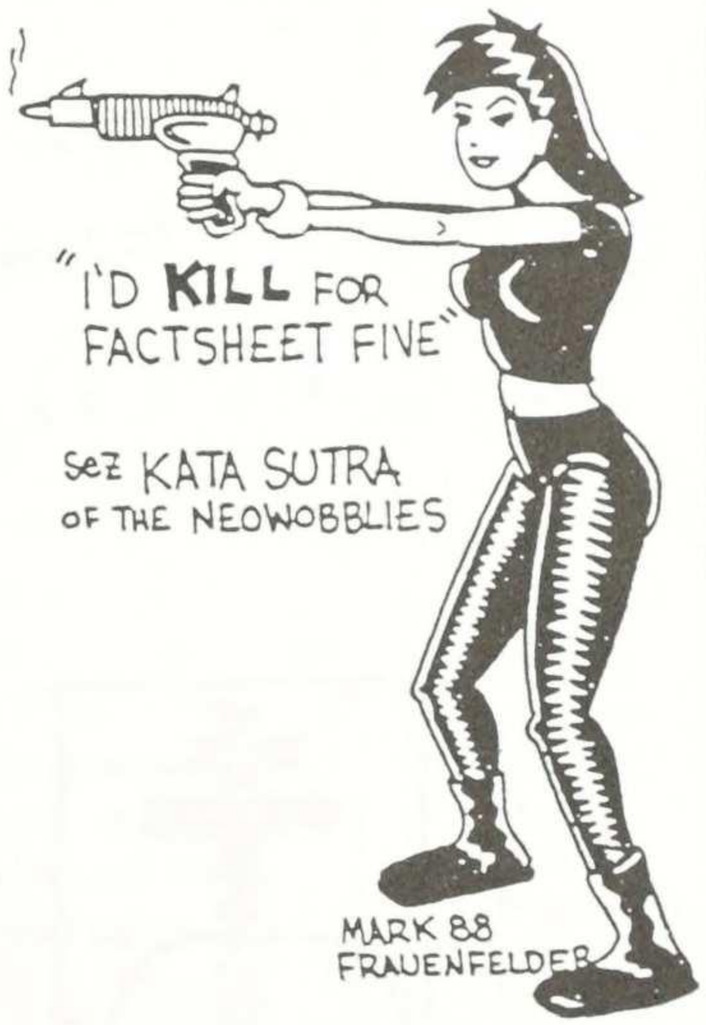
METRO RIQUET

INTERNATIONAL AUDIO & VISUAL MAGAZINE

C/o F. Duvivier, 18 allée des orgues de flandre
75019 PARIS –FRANCE



FACTSHEET FIVE PROVOKES STRONG EMOTIONS



And no wonder. Where else can you get reviews of 1500 fanzines, records, tapes, videos, chapbooks, t-shirts, and even oil paintings and rude buttons all between one set of covers?

Fortunately, unlike Kata Sutra, you live in a relatively free country. You don't have to kill for FACTSHEET FIVE. You can just send money instead: $3 for a sample copy or $16 for a one-year subscription (over 800 pages of reviews). Or if you're in a hurry and want first-class delivery, send $3.75 for one issue or $21 for one year. Payment by cash, check, money order, MasterCard or Visa (charges on subscriptions only – please phone).

FACTSHEET FIVE
6 Arizona Ave.
Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502
(518)-479-3707

john doe recordings

POBox 664 Station F Toronto Ontario Canada M4Y 2N6

N D

N D is a magazine dedicated to the process of **C**ontact - **E**xchange - **D**ocument. We are interested in exploring independent artistic endeavors which are vital. Our magazine documents such activities as mailart, cassettes, performance and more.

Current issues available:

N D 13 Features interviews with **V**ox **P**opuli, **L**a **S**onorite **J**aune, **A**nne **G**illis, **M**etro **R**iquet, **M**onochrome **B**leu and **C**arolee **S**chneemann along with reviews, mailart listings and more. **$2.50 postpaid**

N D 12 Features interviews with **D**avid **M**yers, **J**org **T**homasius, **A**lastair **M**acLennan, **T**he **V**enus **F**ly **T**rap, **N**ature **A**nd **O**rganisation, **V2 O**rganisation, Onnyk plus reviews, listings and more.

FRAGMENT is a series of cassette releases in book format to focus attention on two cassette artists per release. Each package includes a cassette and booklet. Price is **$6.00** postpaid.

FRAGMENT 1 J. Greink and Pierre Perret

FRAGMENT 2 Zan Hoffman and Agog

FRAGMENT 3 David Prescott and Frederick Lonberg-Holm (scheduled for June 1990)

PO BOX 4144 AUSTIN, TEXAS 78765 USA

Limited edition

album series

from

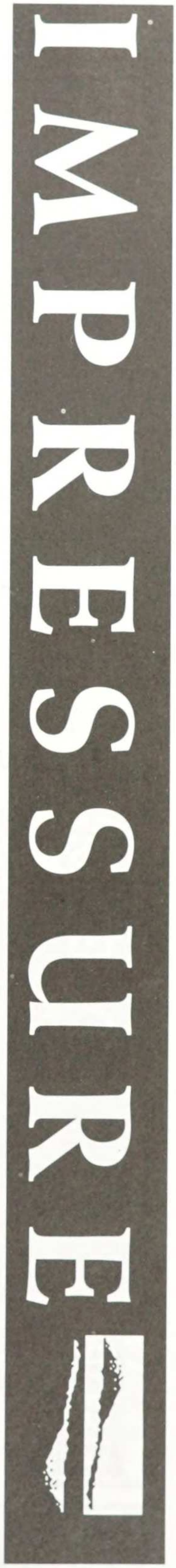
Freedom In A Vacuum

IMPRESSURE
features exciting new work from Empirical Sleeping Consort, PBK, Tibetan Red, a split LP with Toronto's Kaiser Nietzsche and Japan's Yuzuru Syogase, and a collaboration between Hirsch Quadrat and the legendary Merzbow. Each album will be released in a limited edition of 100.

IMPRESSURE:
unique, lavish and an extraordinary anthology of experimental music to add to your collection. Subscriptions are available now.

FREEDOM IN A VACUUM

PO Box 862, Station F
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
M4Y 2N7



PARADE



procession

one side of ambience one side of abrasion
new cassette

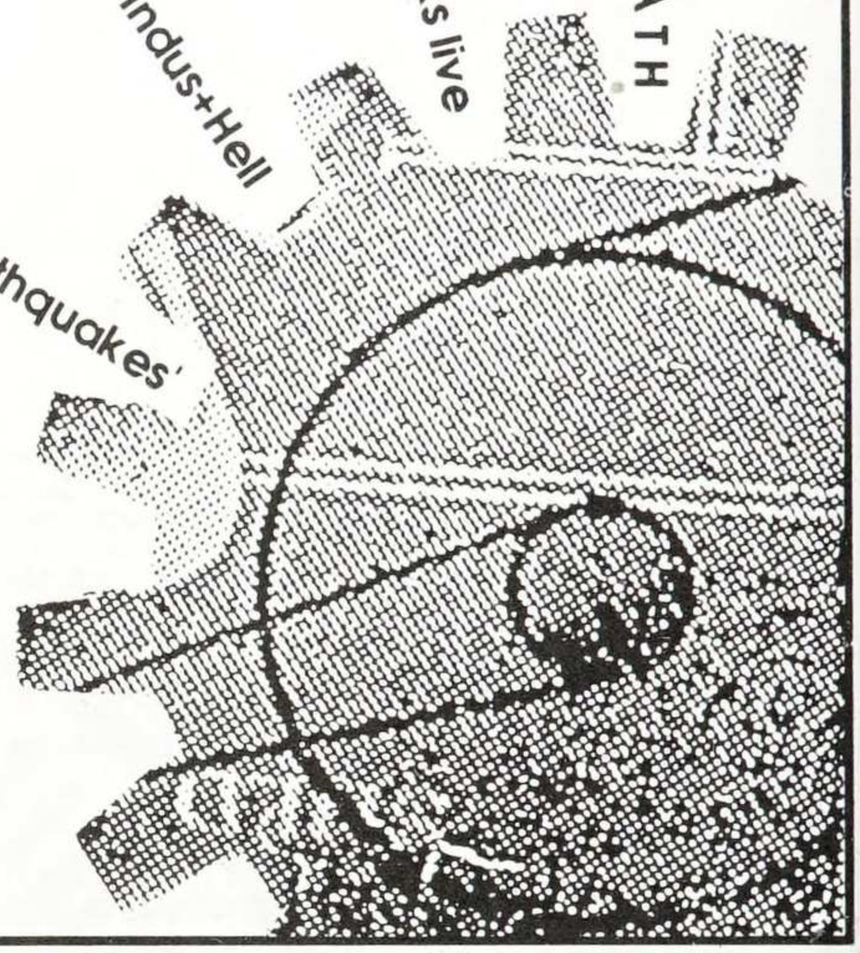
DIGITAL POODLE

LIVEDEATH

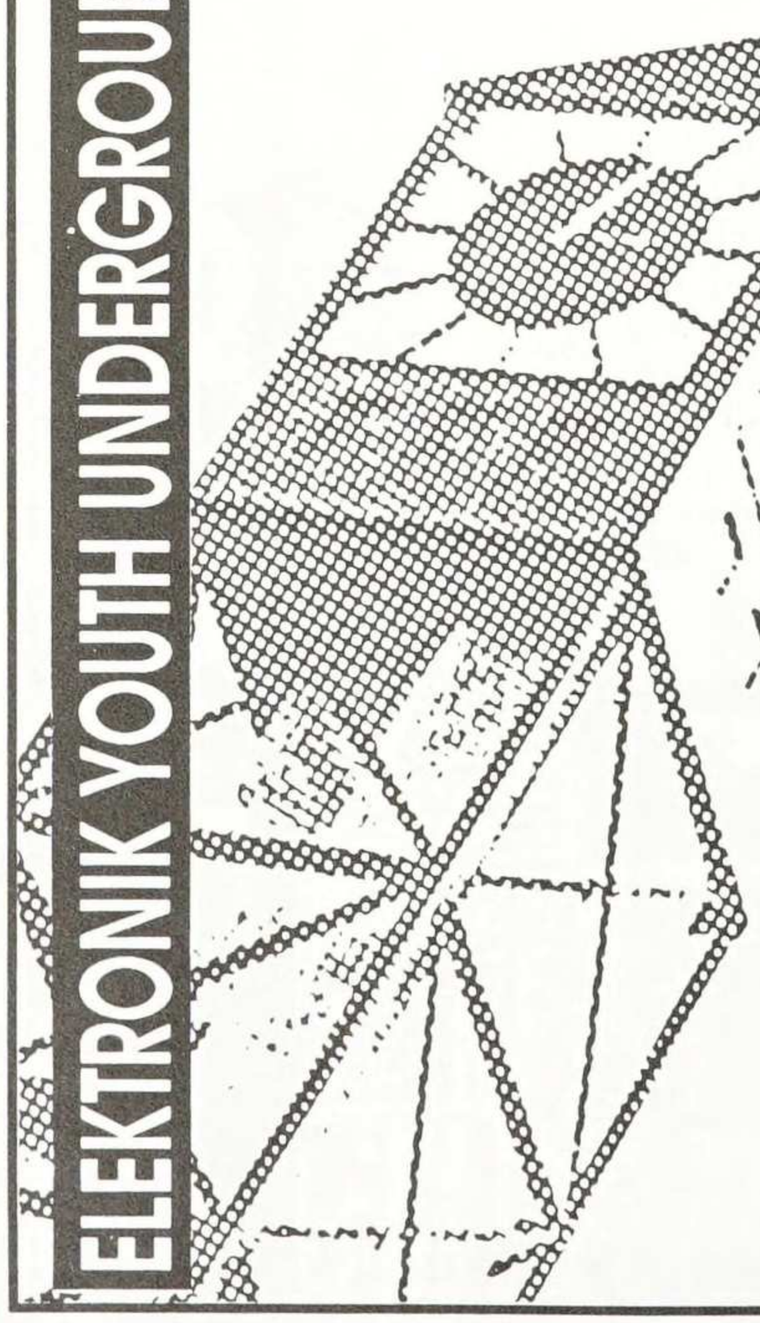
Seven tracks live

Elektro+Indus+Hell

'Snivel'+'Earthquakes'



ELEKTRONIK YOUTH UNDERGROUND



minimal elektro

hip - hop +

sound collage

6 - track tape



DIN

Elektro-Boogie-Disko for Freys. The second tape featuring : 'Eyepoker' + 'Didn't Do So Well'.7 tracks on chrome cassette.

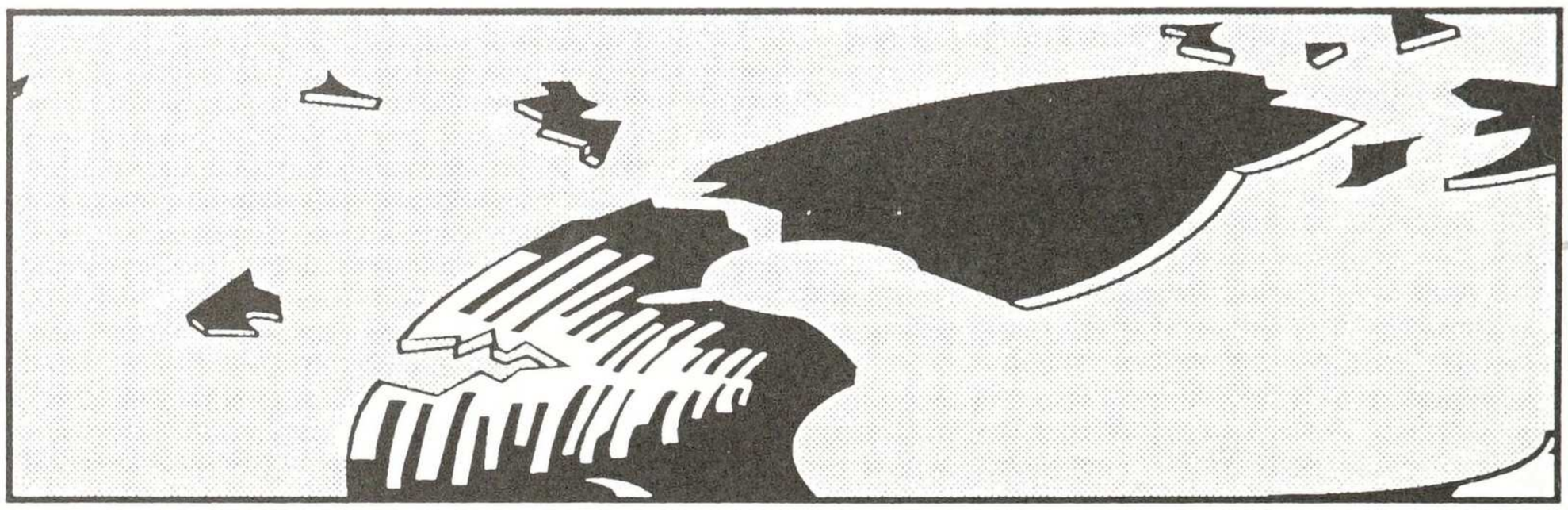
SHADOW CANADA
5 ADMIRAL ROAD
TORONTO ONTARIO
M 5 R 2 L 4

CASSETTES ARE $8.00 EACH (POST PAID). SEND CHEQUE OR MONEY ORDER. ASK FOR THE FREE FULL-LENGTH SHADOW CATALOGUE. *Shadowists Unite!*

DESIGN: HEIKI SILLASTE


Mr Science
shit: Vaguely American
morgue tour * Daisy Chained
EAT DAT HAM * SLOTH * BOSSPILE
Eerie County * MURO AMI *
GRAVY TRAIN * GET OFF THE WAVE
DOIT * NUMBUTTERED STUBBS
$7:00 EACH 101 NIAGRAST
BOX * 32
TORONTO ONTARIO
CANADA
STUNNED ARM-O-
THE LAW: Pork
Fill in a hole
U Bastard U
Reward
YelloCross
F.U.F.C.C. * EDGE *
POPULAR BLUFF
ANYTHING BUTT
O.Y. * QUIET DESPERAT
BARNACLE BILL *
THE HAND THAT MADE
THE KING DUMB COME:
Furthest thing, Popeshat
GEEK, WHERE R THE LEGS
SKYSEARCH, RED ACTION FOR
MULA, BIODEGRADUATION
EVANGELIST (I II III), RIVERS
RIZING FIST
DONT BUY DONT BUY DONT BUY DONT BUY DONT BUY
HOME TAPE IN KILLS WHAT DESERVES TO DIE
MR. SCIENCE CASSETTES
DONT BUY DONT BUY DONT
BUY DONT BUY DONT BUY
$7 each ppd
101 Niagara St.,
Box #32
Toronto, Ontario
CANADA

DOVentertainment Inc.



makers of ... Death of Vinyl CD's and cassettes..
Producers and Distributors of fine aural and visual activity.

send $16 (CD) – $8 (cassette) for sampler featuring ...

Sucking Chest Wound
Alfred 23 Harth
Luciano Dari
Zone
Danté
Vasilisk
John Oswald
Nubile G & The Spurious Whiz
Digital Poodle
Anal Solvent
David Scurr
The Tape - beatles
Zoviet France
Roughage
Steinsky and Mass Media

includes colour poster
SASE or $1 for constant updates and catalogues.Retailers – wholesale & consignments available



DOVentertainment Inc.
2 Bloor St. West Suite 100, Box 159, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2
tel. (416) 766-9612
fax (416) 766-1041

BLUURG RECORDS

2, VICTORIA TERRACE
MELKSHAM, WILTS.
SN12 6NA ENGLAND

CHQS or PO's PAYABLE to 'BLUURG'
NO OVERSEAS CHEQUES! SEND I.M.O or CA$H!

RECORDS (BLUURG)

		£	U.S. $
P 1	SUBHUMANS · THE DAY THE COUNTRY DIED · LP/CASSETTE	3·25	6
H 5	" · TIME FUES · 12" EP	1·70	3
H 8	" · FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE · LP/CASSETTE	3·50	6
H 11	INSTIGATORS · NOBODY LISTENS ANYMORE · LP	4·00	7
H 12	SUBHUMANS · WORLDS APART · LP/CASSETTE	4·00	7
H 13	INSTIGATORS · PHOENIX	4·00	7
H 14	SUBHUMANS · RPLP [1ST 4 EPs] · LP/CASSETTE	3·00	5
H 15	VARIOUS · 'OPEN MIND SURGERY' LP [CULTURE SHOCK · DEPRAVED · K4 · STEVE L INSTIGATORS · SMART PILS · SCREAM · CIVILISED SOCIETY · FREAK ELECTRIC]	4·00	7
H 16	SUBHUMANS · 29·29 SPLIT VISION · LP/CASSETTE	3·50	6
H 17	SMART PILS · NO GOOD NO EVIL · LP	3·50	6
H 18	CULTURE SHOCK · GO WILD · LP	3·25	6
H 19	NICK TOCZEK · INTOCZEKATED · LP	4·00	7
H 20	CULTURE SHOCK · ONWARDS AND UPWARDS · LP	4·00	7
H 20C	BOTH CULTURE SHOCK LPs ON ONE CASSETTE	4·50	8
H 21	VARIOUS · 'STONEHENGE' EP [CULTURE SHOCK · RHYTHMITES · MILITARY SURPLUS · HIPPY SLAGS]	1·75	3
H 22	RHYTHMITES · INTEGRATION · LP	4·50	8
H 23	CULTURE SHOCK · ALL THE TIME! · LP	4·00	7

RDS (other)

ENTION (DENMARK) · HEARTS OF STONE · LP	3·50	6
TIGATORS · WALL OF SOUND live LP	4·00	7
L (DENMARK) · THE HIGHEST WALL · LP	4·00	7
OR THREAT · MINOR THREAT · LP	2·60	4·6
OR THREAT · OUT OF STEP · LP	2·50	4·5
AOID VISIONS · CITY OF SCREAMS · LP	3·50	6
AOID VISIONS · AUTONOMY · EP	1·60	3
MENTARY PENI · DEATH CHURCH · LP	3·00	5
" " · EPs of R·P· · LP	4·00	7
" " · CACOPHONY · LP	4·50	8
EAM · STILL SCREAMING · LP	4·00	7
· THIS SIDE UP · LP	4·00	7
· BANGING THE DRUM · LP	4·00	7
ONS OF CHANGE · S/T · LP	4·00	7
D FROM ATLANTIS · SEA GREEN SPIRAL · LP	4·00	7
K ROMANA (GREECE) · S/T · LP (77 punk style)	3·50	6
TREL (HUNGARY) · BORDERLINE SYNDROME · LP	4·50	8
BOY KILLERS · KOYAANISQATSI · LP	3·00	5
Y SNAKES · SWEET HUNGER · LP	3·25	6
E CHIEF · LOOSEN UP! · 12" (dreddskank!)	4·50	8
AHEAD · PREMARITAL YODELLING	4·50	8
TYLER · BAVARIAN DRINKING SONGS	4·00	7
OUS · SPLERURK! · LP [HDQ · SORE THROAT · SOFAHEAD · SHRUG · CITY INDIANS · DOOM · COWBOY KILLERS · CHOPPER · etc]	4·50	8
OUS · CRISIS AUNT ZINC + EP [C·SHOCK · INSTIGATORS · BOLTTHROWER · HDQ]	1·80	3
OUS · FUCK EM! · LP [CAN YOU GUESS WHO?!]	4·00	7
ORCHESTRA! (CHUMBAS + FRIENDS) · 101 SONGS ABOUT SHART · 2xLP	4·50	8

T-SHIRTS medium or large

SUBHUMANS · DAY THE COUNTRY DIED LP SLEEVE ON WHITE
" · WORLDS APART LP LABEL DESIGN (skull etc) ON YELLOW
CULTURE SHOCK · 'GO WILD' + logo on WHITE
" · "ONWARDS + UPWARDS LP SLEEVE BLUE ON ORANGE DOUBLE SIDED (CS LOGO ON BACK) (ALSO IN XL SIZE)

all shirts UK £4 EUROPE £4·50 O·SEAS $10 — POSTPAID

CITIZEN FISH 'Sink or Swim' demo on chrome tape

UK £2·25 / EUROPE £3 / OVERSEAS $6 postpaid

"KETTLE OF FISH" by Dick Lucas
32 page A5 book thing on card
£1·50 UK $4 O·SEAS FASTPAID

ART · HUMOUR · POEMS · PLAYS · CARTOONS · WEIRD AND ODD BITS + free board game!

"THREAT BY EXAMPLE" BOOK compiled by Martin Sprouse
"a 132 page book that documents the personal philosophies of people involved in the punk community who have, through their actions, inspired me" 27 contributors including Chumba's, Dick Lucas, John Yates, The Ex, Ian McKaye, Paul Spencer, Tim Yohannon, Mykel Board, etc etc —
£5 postpaid

state alternative choices

ON POSTAGE	UK	EURO	AIRMAIL O·SEAS
1ST 7"/CASSETTE	0·30	0·70	1·40/$2·5
EACH EXTRA	0·10	0·20	0·50/$1
1ST 12"/LP	0·70	1·50	3·50/$6
EACH EXTRA	0·50	0·50	2·00/$3

TAPES

7 SUBHUMANS · 'DEMOLITION WAR' 24 TRACKS · SOME NEVER RELEASED · '81 · C90
9 SUBHUMANS · LIVE WARMINSTER · 9·6·81 · C60
12 STUPID HUMANS · BOTH DEMOS · 80 · EARLY VERSIONS OF SUBHUMANS TRACKS · C60
13 "WESSEX 81" · AHEADS + ORGANIZED CHAOS + WILD YOUTH DEMOS · C60
20 PAGANS · "THE CUCKOO HAS FLOWN" DEMO · JUNE 82 · C60
25 LOST CHERREES "NOTHING NEW" LIVE + DEMO 20 TRACKS 82/83 · C60
27 INSTIGATORS · LIVE BRADFORD 15·5·83 · 1ST LINE UP EARLY STUFF · C60
28 NAKED · LIVE HOLLAND 4·6·83 · C60
29 NICK TOCZEK · "THE BRITANARCHIST" DEMO · AUG 83 · C60
30 SEARS · LIVE + DEMO JAN 83 · C60
31 PARANOID VISIONS · 'DESTROY THE MYTHS' + 'BLOOD IN THE SNOW' DEMOS · 83 · C60
33 SUBHUMANS · LIVE LEEDS 31·8·83 · C60
34 EX-HUMANS · FROM GREECE · DEMO · OCT 83 · C60
35 "WESSEX 84" · SMART PILS · ONSLAUGHT · SPYN FOR BRIAN · DEMOS · C60
36 SUBHUMANS · LIVE PARIS · 8·10·83 · C60
37 DAV + FACTION · LIVE PARIS · 8·10·83 · C60
38 LOST CHERREES · LIVE LEEDS · 12·10·83 · C60
41 SUBHUMANS · "USAT4" LIVE SAN FRANCISCO · 24·4·84 · C60
44 SUBHUMANS · LIVE BATHGATE · 9·8·84 · C60
45 SHRAPNEL · "RESTRICTED EXISTENCE" DEMO + LIVE LONDON 100 CLUB 16·8·84 · C60
46 MASS OF BLACK · LIVE HULL 84 + DEMO NOV 84 · C60
47 AHEADS · 'VOX POPULI' DEMO · OCT 84 · C60
48 STEVE L. 'SUCKED BREAD AND THE BOMB' DEMO · 8·12·84 · C60
49 NICK TOCZEK · 'ULTERIOR MOTIVES' DEMO · MCH 85 · C60
51 END RESULT · 'NO MASTERS VOICE' · EXC. POLITICAL THRASH · AUSTRALIA · DEMO · 83 · C60
52 PARANOID VISIONS · 'FROM THE HOMB...' DEMO / LIVE 84 · C60
53 NO POLICY · CANADIAN HC BAND · 14 TRK DEMO · 84 · C60
54 SMART PILS · 'EXCERPTS FROM THE TOXIC STATE' DEMO · JAN 85 · C60
55 STATEMENT 'ANOTHER STATEMENT' 1ST DEMO · 16 TRACKS · MAY 85 · C60
56 FREAK ELECTRIC 'ADVANCE' DEMO 12 TRKS · 84 · C60
57 FREAK ELECTRIC · LIVE LONDON BLUE HOUSE 13·7·85 · C60
58 SUBHUMANS · LIVE FULHAM GREYHOUND · 12·7·85 · C60
59 SUBHUMANS · 'USAT5' LIVE N. YORK etc MAY 85 · C60
60 INSTIGATORS · LIVE LEEDS 24·7·85 · NEW LINEUP · C60
61 SUBHUMANS · LIVE LEEDS · 23·10·85 · 3RD LAST GIG · C60
62 SUBHUMANS · LIVE FULHAM GREYHOUND 31·10·85 2ND LAST GIG · C60
63 SUBHUMANS + STEVE L · WARMINSTER ARTS CENTRE 10·11·85 · C90
64 EYES ON YOU + PAX VOBISCUM · DEMOS 85 · C60
65 BLYTH POWER · "LIVE AT THE BRICKLAYERS ARMS" LIVE + DEMO TRX · 85 · C60
66 CULTURE SHOCK · "LIVING HISTORY" DEMO · C60 · APR 86
67 POLITICAL ASYLUM · "WALLS HAVE EARS" DEMO · C60 · 86
68 FUNERAL PARTY · DEMO · HARDCORE PUNK?! · C60 · 86
69 "THE INTOLERANCE TAPE" — NICK TOCZEK - ERGHING HELLS - MECCA · C60
70 CIVILISED SOCIETY? — ALL THE DEMOS + OUT-TAKES · 33 TRACKS!. C90 (GINGER JOHN - KEVIN SEZ I SAY RANT '86 COMP.)
71 CULTURE SHOCK · "REALITY STOP NO. 44" DEMO DEC 86 · C60
72 SMART PILS · 'ZEN PUNK' DEMO + LIVE 86 · C60
74 INSURRECTION — 'THE PEOPLE ARE STARVING' DEMO NOV 87 · C60
75 RHYTHM-ITES — DEMO + LIVE 87-88 · C60
76 'THE CIA TAPES' · DICK LUCAS - NICK TOCZEK · LIVE TORONTO · C60 (RHYTHM ACTIVISM - MECCA SEPT 87 NORMAL - MOURNING SICKNESS)
77 EVE OF THE SCREAM — 'UNBELIEVABLE GENOCIDE' 10 track demo · C60
78 RHYTHM-ITES · 'CAN YOU FEEL IT?' LIVE + DEMO 88 · C60
79 CULTURE SHOCK · 'HOT AND SWEATY' live compilation 21 track · C90

TAPES UK £1·50 OR TAPE + SOP
EURO £1·75 / U.S $4
O·SEAS £2·25 / U.S $5
} INCLUDES POSTAGE



CHAIN LETTER

HELLO! THIS IS AN ALTERNATIVE CHAIN LETTER, PLEASE KEEP IT GOING! AS YOU CAN TELL IT IS NOT ANY KIND OF RIP OFF, JUST A GOOD WAY TO SHARE ALTERNATIVE MUSIC, POLITICS, ETC. ON A WORLD-WIDE BASIS.

INSTRUCTIONS: SEND A FANZINE, RECORD, CASSETTE, ETC. THAT YOU THINK IS GOOD TO THE FIRST PERSON ON THE LIST. THEN CROSS OFF THEIR NAME AND ADD YOURS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE LIST. THEN XEROX OFF TEN COPIES (OR EVEN MORE IF YOU WANT) OF THIS LETTER AND SEND THEM TO TEN (OR MORE) ALTERNATIVE PUNK TYPES YOU KNOW WHO YOU THINK WILL CONTINUE THIS EXCHANGE.

QUITE SOON, OR A BIT LATER, YOU WILL RECEIVE THINGS FROM ONE HUNDRED OR SO PEOPLE, GROUPS. IF YOU MAIL THEM IN ONE WEEK, THIS WILL MAKE EVERYONE HAPPIER SOONER, INCLUDING YOU!

I THINK YOU WILL FIND THIS TO BE REALLY EASY AND FRUITFUL WITH NO MESSING WITH BIG BUSINESS ETC.

(32.)

POLEMIC DISTRIBUTION

c/o MICK, 28 Belleville Drive,
Oadby, Leicester, LE2 4HA. England.

(33.)

WASTED BRAINS FANZINE
c/o Chinky. Flat2:2.
24 Dalmarnock Rd.
Bridgeton. Glasgow.
G40 4AA. SCOTLAND. UK.

TELEPHONE : 041-5545483

(34.)



RESISTANCE.
NETWORK ZINE

c/o
ROB, 2 FALCONER PLACE
LEOMINSTER,
HEREFORDSHIRE, HR6 8AP
ENGLAND

(35.)



CRASH COMIX AND ARTZINE
ALPDRUCK ARTZINE
ORLANDO
BAHNHOFSTR. 4
4132 MUTTENZ
SWITZERLAND

(36.)

TOMMY HOJAGER OLESEN
MARIUS HOLST GADE 6, 4. TH
DK-8700 HORSENS
DENMARK, EUROPE.

(37)



VINCE RANSID
POBOX 65
MYRA WV
25544
USA

YOU MAY FIND THAT FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED. IN THIS CASE, PLEASE PASS THIS ON TO SOMEONE WHO MAY BE! YOU MAY FIND YOU WILL BE INTERESTED LATER ON. BECAUSE THIS IS A GREAT, CHEAP WAY TO FIND OUT ABOUT NEW BANDS ETC. AND HEAR FROM PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!

PLEASE PASS THIS ON!

P.O.BOX 20037 ATHENS, HELLAS

Alternative gallery

1: FOUNDED IN 1982. THE "A.G. ARCHIVE" CONTAINS TODAY (THROUGH DONATIONS AND COMPLIMENTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS): ABOUT 1.300 PERIODICALS AND BOOKS ON SUBCULTURES, ECOLOGY, ANARCHISM, FEMINISM, GAY/LESBIAN MOVEMENTS, PEACE MOVEMENT, ARTS & POETRY, NATIVE PEOPLE, YOUTH MOVEMENTS, POLITICS OF SEX, MAGIC & PAGANISM, SOCIAL CRITIQUE, ANTIAUTHORITARIANS etc.

Archive

* YOUR OWN ZINE, PAMPHLET, BOOK, POSTER, VIDEO etc IS WELCOME AS WELL!



P.O.BOX 20037
GR-11810, ATHENS,
HELLAS (GREECE.)

THOSE WHO DO NOT REMEMBER THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO REPEAT IT.

2: "ANICHTI POLI" IS THE OLDEST AND MOST REGULAR (QUARTERLY) GREEK UNDERGROUND JOURNAL. FIRST ISSUE APPEARED IN OCTOBER 1980(!) "A.P." IS THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF CREATIVE PROPAGANDA OF "THE DECENTRALIST CONFEDERATION OF TRANSGALACTIC TRAVELLERS" A VERY ANCIENT TRIBE OF PSYCHIC ANARCHISTS.

ΑΝΟΙΧΤΗ ΠΟΛΗ

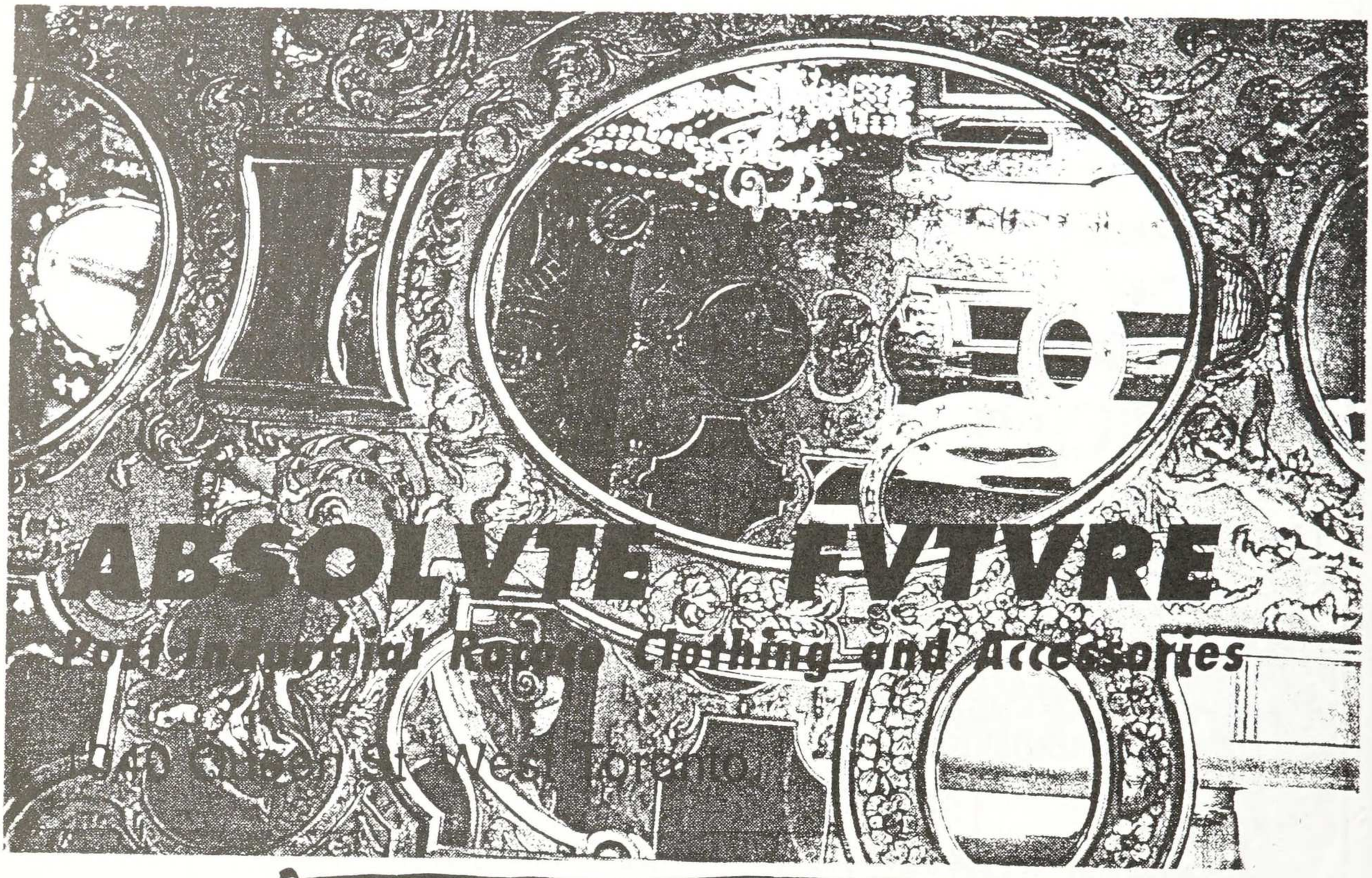






EVERY ISSUE AN EXTRA!

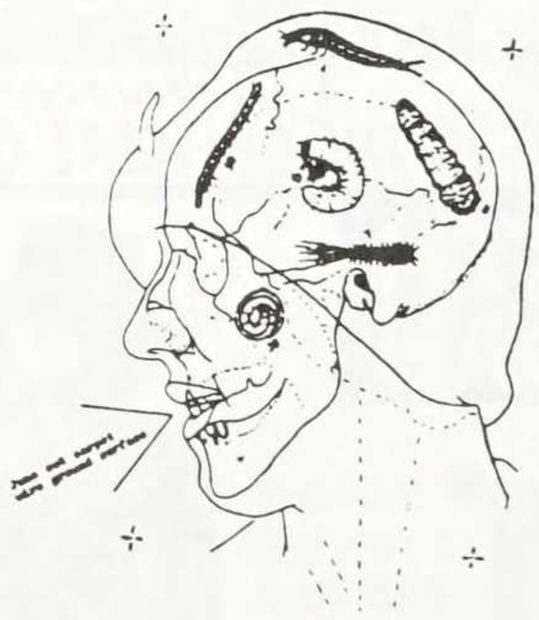
SAMPLE COPIES, OR BACK ISSUES COST USD 2 EACH (postpaid)



Lost & Found Times

"Insults...the past 3,000 years of literature"
- THE NATION

SPECIAL!
No. 26
Audio Issue
Tape & Booklet
$4 + $1 post.



mitsubishi kawasaki

John M. Bennett, Editor

Subscription: $14 for 5 numbers.

LUNA BISONTE PRODS, 137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43214

Mangajin Books

In association with Mammoth Typographics & Petarade Press

Invites manuscripts to

Box. 617
Station R
Toronto, Ont.
Canada
M4G 4E1
(416) 538 - 8213



CONTRIBUTORS / CONTACT INFORMATION

Names occur beside the page #s they occupy. Some of the contributors have found it necessary, due to impending changes of address, etc., to use SENSORIA as a base, these letters will be forwarded, so do not hesitate to respond.

1 **Vittore Baroni**
(via C. Battisti) 339/341
55049 Viareggio - ITALY

3 **Mike Gunderloy**
6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer,
NY, 12144-4502 - USA

4 **John Held Jr.,**
1903 McMillan Ave., Dallas
Texas 75206 - USA

Serge Segay
Sverdlova 175, 353660 Eysk
SU Soviet Union

Lloyd Dunn
911 North Dodge St.,
Iowa City, 52245 - USA

8 **Kjell Nyman** c/o
OH-Art, Box 10091
S-900 Umea 10 - SWEDEN

9 **Ruggero Maggi**
Cso Sempione 67
20149 Milano - ITALY

12 **Ryosuke Cohen**
3-76-1-A-613 Yagumokitacho
Moriguchi-cityOsaka 570
JAPAN

14 **Francoise Duvivier**
18 Allee des Orgues de
Flandre 75019, Paris -
FRANCE

17 **Daniel Plunkett**
PO Box 4144, Austin
Texas 78765 - USA

19 **Mark Pawson**
104 Glyn Rd., London
E5 OJE - ENGLAND

20 **YAWN**
Box 162, Oakdale IA
52319 - USA

22 **ANTI COPY RIGHT**
PO Box 368, Cardiff, Wales
CF2 1SQ - ENGLAND

Wladenburg Str.4
Braunschweig 3300
WEST GERMANY

PO Box 162, Oakdale IA
52319 - USA

23 **Steve Sikora - LEX**
Box 6218, Albany,
CA 94706 - USA

25 **SENSORIA**
(see inside of back cover).

26 **Hal McGee**
PO Box 3637, Apollo Beach,
FL 33572 - USA

31 **Darren Copeland**
4288 Grange St., Apt.# B-1008
Burnaby, B.C. V5H 1P2
CANADA

32 **John Doe Recordings**
PO Box 664, Station F,
Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2N6
CANADA

33 **Colin Hinz**
208 Laclie St., Orillia,
Ontario, L3V 4N6 - CANADA

36 **Mike Dyer**
PO Box 664, Station F,
Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2N6
CANADA

37 **MR. SCIENCE** c/o
Cursed Gerald,
5345 Empire Dr., North-
Burnaby, B.C. V5B 1N1
CANADA

Boxcar Marphologna
101 Niagara St., Box #32
Toronto, Ontario - CANADA

41 **Monty Cantsin**
168 A Euclid Ave., Toronto,
Ontario, M6J 2J9 - CANADA

43 **Shaun Caton** ART AUTOPSY
72 Belgrade Rd.,
Stoke Newington, London
N16 8DG - ENGLAND

49 **Hester Reeve**
34 Hill Road, Chelmsford,
Essex, CM2 6HP - ENGLAND

52 **Stephen McCallum -** Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

53 **Francoise Duvivier**
18 Allee des Orgues de
Flandre 75019, Paris -
FRANCE

59 **Alexis O'hara -** Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

64 **Mariann Sinkovics -** Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

65 *Five All-Expenses Paid Vacations*
David S. Faris, Toronto,
C/O SENSORIA

70 **Marina Konstantatos -**Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

72 **Shanna Miller -** Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

74 **Cathy Buburuz**
2419 Klein Place, Regina
Sask, S4V 1M4 - CANADA

75 **Martine Matthews**
1040 Queen St., West,
Toronto, Ontario - CANADA

78 **Marianne Sinkovics -** Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

80 **Maria Mutch -** Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

82 **Emmy Pahmer**
86 Concord Ave., Toronto,
Ontario, M6H 2P3 - CANADA

83 **Angela B. Coon**
PO Box 1503, Santa Cruz.
California 95061 - USA

84 **Marina Konstantatos -** Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

86 **Sheila E. Murphy**
3701 E. Monterosa No. 3
Phx., AZ 85018 - USA

87 **John M. Bennett**
Luna Bisonte Prods.
137 Leland Ave., Columbus,
Ohio 43214 - USA

89 **Vlassis Rassias**
Axniadon 12, 11854
Athens - GREECE

90 **Wade A. Schell**
3650 Willow Hollow Lane,
Clarksville, TN 37043 - USA

91 **GG Allin**
PO Box 704
Oak Lawn, IL 60454 - USA

CONTRIBUTORS / CONTACT INFORMATION

Names occur beside the page #s they occupy. Some of the contributors have found it necessary, due to impending changes of address, etc., to use SENSORIA as a base, these letters will be forwarded, so do not hesitate to respond.

92 **Mike Dent** - Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

94 **Urania 235**
PO Box 136, Stn. P, Toronto,
Ontario, M5S 2S7 - CANADA

96 **Boxcar Marphologna**
101 Niagara St., Box #32
Toronto, Ontario, CANADA

101 **Julie Seddon Faris** - Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

104 **John Marriott**
Box 147, Stn. J, Toronto,
Ontario, M4J 4X8 - CANADA

108 **Urania 235**
PO Box 136, Stn. P, Toronto,
Ontario, M5S 2S7 - CANADA

111 **Sophie Ratcliff**
984 Bathurst St., Toronto,
Ontario, M5R 3G6 CANADA

115 **Linda Carpenter**
303-1661 Frances St.,
Vancouver, B.C. V5L 1Z3
CANADA

118 **Marianne Sinkovics** - Toronto
C/O SENSORIA

119 **R. W. Olver**
Po Box 862, Stn. F, Toronto,
Ontario, M4Y 2N7 - CANADA

120 **Tony Burgess**
60 Euclid Ave., Toronto,
Ontario, CANADA

121 **Johnny and Alyson Walsh**
Box 3124, East Hampton,
New York, 11937 - USA

122 **FLY**
PO Box 5554, Stn. A, Toronto,
Ontario, M5W 1N7 - CANADA

124 **Jawbone Looseleaf**
PO Box 5554, Stn. A, Toronto,
Ontario, M5W 1N7 - CANADA

126 **Dick Lucas** - BLUURG
2, Victoria Terrace,
Melksham, Wilts. SN12 6NA
ENGLAND

128 **Carel Moiseiwitsch**
518 East Georgia St.,
Vancouver, B.C., V6A 1Z9

131 **Orlando**
Bahnhofstr 4, 4132 Muttenz
SWITZERLAND

134 **Vince Ransid**
Box 65, Myra, WV. 25544 - USA

135 **Steven Cerio**
Suite 44, 51 MacDougal St.,
New York, NY 10012 - USA

138 **Fredy Engel**
Amdstrabe 48, 4800 Bielefeld 1
WEST GERMANY

139 **IMI - Pazcal Uni**
617 N. Upland Ave., Metairie,
LA 70003 - USA

140 **Welly**
1 Aberdulais Rd., Gabalfa,
Cardif, CF42PH, Wales,
ENGLAND

142 **Gerardo Yepiz**
Zafiro #108 - Valle Dorado,
Ensenada, BCN. MEXICO

144 **Urania 235**
PO Box 136, Stn. P, Toronto,
Ontario, M5S 2S7 - CANADA

145 **Fiona Smyth**
Will paint any surface
10 Laxton#3, Toronto, Ontario,
M6K 1K9 CANADA (416)533-7461
Comics, Postcards, Jackets

148 **Marge Simon**
1412 Northeast 35th St.,
Ocala, Florida 32670 - USA

149 **Jason Whitley**
354 B. Oak St., Athens,
GA 30602 - USA

150 **Noel Tuazon**
16 Senator Blvd., Scarborough,
Ontario, M1J 3M8 - CANADA

152 **Matthew Brown**
470 Clendenan Ave., Toronto,
Ont., M6H 2P3 - CANADA

154 **Shawn Thomas**
LUMP OF SQUID COMICS
365 Sorauren Ave #100
Toronto, Ontario
M6R 2G5 CANADA

156 **Russell Christian OVEN PRESS**
137 Washington Ave., Brooklyn,
NY 11205 - USA

160 **Heiki Sillaste**
5 Admiral Rd., Toronto, Ontario,
M5R 2L4 CANADA

162 **Ace Backwards**
1630 University Ave., #26
Berkeley CA 94703 - USA

163 **LX Fictus Forde**
1124 McQuarrie, Nelson, B.C.
V1L 1B2 - CANADA

NOTE:
It is a major part of many Networking publications to include sections listing contacts, events, calls for submissions, etc.
Many of the contributors in SENSORIA also produce their own publications, while participating in other efforts in the Network.
Contact them.

SFC

LAST WORDS

SFC

LIMITATIONS

WHEN I began Networking for this book, hopes were high that the collected works and articles would present a reasonable indication of the diverse activities that exist in and of the Network. This ambition can provide fine motivation, but it contains aspirations of *Definitiveness*, something that the Network defies by nature, and something that is better attempted by a more experienced Networker such as Vitore Baroni, with his current project **ARTE POSTALE**. There are many connections that were not made, and are not represented in **SFC**, because connections were lost in the mail, or were unable to or disinterested in sending a reply. Or I am unaware of their existence. Such is the nature of Networking: It compiles its history as it exists, and invites participation while it defies encapsulation. Just as life does, although history texts, as servants of paradigms, omit such acknowledgments.

THE HOPE that moves **SFC** is to explore the spheres of creativity that occur beyond the funded official culture. Creativity, inspiration, and personal initiative occur in a different light here, and are the qualities that **SFC** celebrates. It is regretful that areas of Networking such as Mail-Art Show listings, Reviews of Networker Publications, cassettes, etc., and APAs were not addressed due to the stated reasons, while areas such as rubber-stamp art are present but are not discussed. This may work for the better, in that it underscores the need for individuals to delve into the Network for themselves, rather than leaning towards the parcels of information that we devour in the form of *infotainment*, divorced from a world of consequences. *Write to the people* listed in these pages and discover the dips and bends of Networker culture--especially the publications, most notably **Factsheet 5**--the well-known and oft-turned-to, frequently published meeting place for Networkers of all motivations. The risks of contact are as much a part of this realm as the contact itself.

SFC IS a newcomer to the Network, while the more established, dedicated publications out there have, through effort and commitment, established viable and vital links in the disparate being we refer to as the Network. Their publications represent the accumulated knowledge of activities and participants who are notable for their contributions to Networker culture. Write to them, read their publications, hear their recordings, engage them in dialogue. Learn and enjoy.

Below are the contact addresses for the impressive publications that have inspired and informed SFC, and are highly recommended.

--**FACTSHEET 5** : Editor, Mike Gunderloy. 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, MY 12144-4502, USA.
--**ELECTRONIC COTTAGE**: Editor, Hal McGee. PO Box 3637 Apollo Beach, Florida 33570, USA.
--**METRO RIQUET**: Editor, Francoise Duvivier. 18 Allee Des Orgues De Flandre, (bte394) 75019 Paris, FRANCE.
--**ND Magazine**: Editor, Daniel Plunkett. PO Box 4144, Austin, Texas 78765, USA.
--**RETROFUTURISM**(*Quarterly*): Edited by The Tape-beatles. PO Box 227, Iowa City IA 52244 USA.
--**NOVOID**: Editor, Colin Hinz. 208 Laclie St., Orillia, Ontario, L3V 4N6 CANADA.

THANK YOU

Trish (who keeps the candle lit), Tim Wilson (for Possibilities), Urania 235 (Photocopier Alchemist), Mike Gunderloy, Hal McGee, Francoise Duvivier, Daniel Plunkett, Colin Hinz (all for Articles beyond the call of duty), Ron Lacer, Lloyd Dunn, Mr. Science International, Breughel the Elder, The Greens.

SPECIAL MENTION

Vitore Baroni, Ruggero Maggi, Lloyd Dunn, Francoise Duvivier, Shaun Caton, for their out-pourings of works, words, contact. Tim Wilson for his thoughts and belief in this form of cultural vitality. Trish, for her critical eye and supportive words.

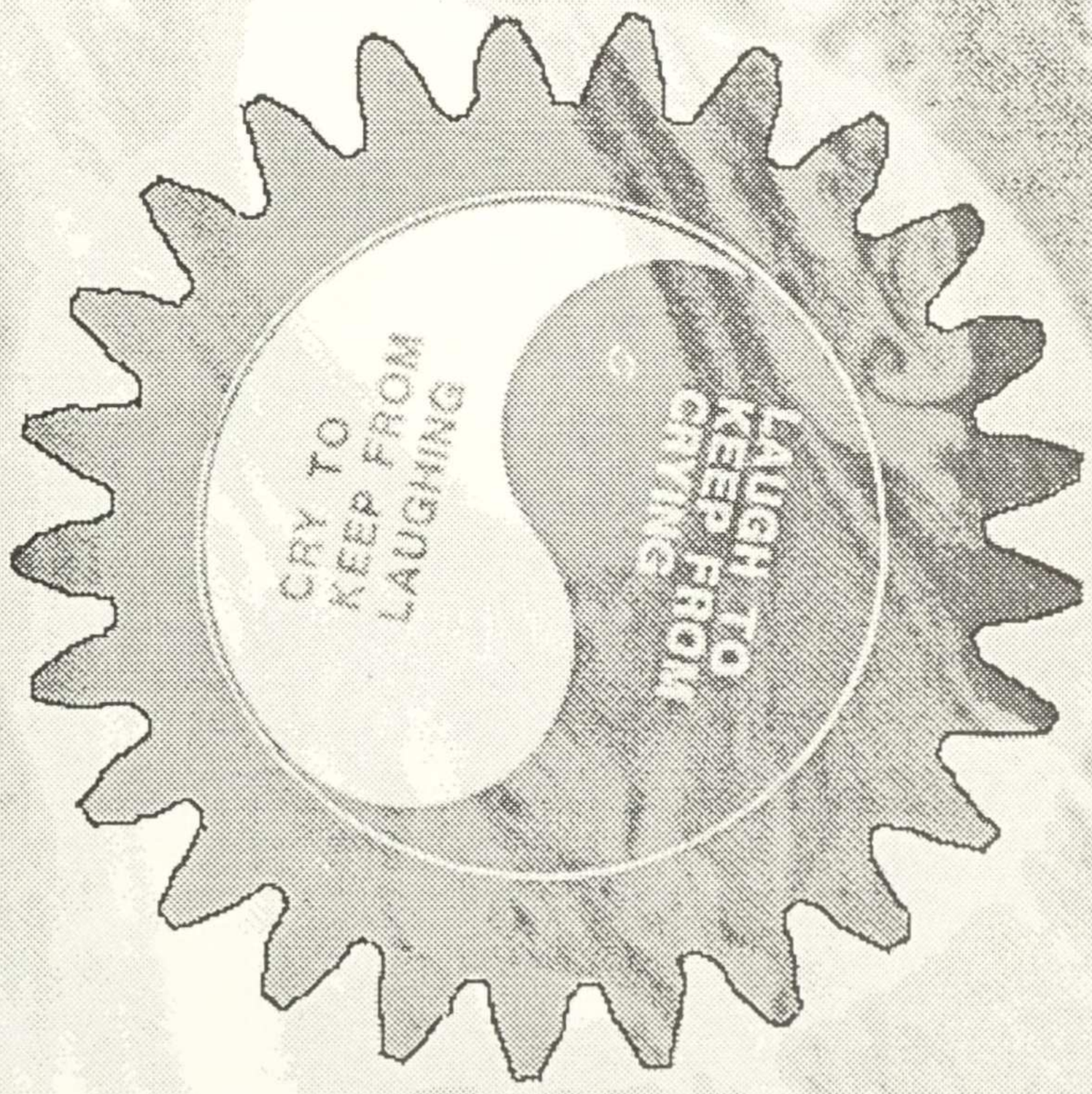


THANKYOU

To Mother Earth, for her nurturance and capacity to sustain and endure. Let us not fail her.

WHERE TO FROM HERE?

SFC happens *when it happens*, as a result of Networking. As such, we do not offer subscriptions. *We do* welcome comments, questions and submissions, so please contact us.



SENSORIA FROM CENSORIUM

P.O. Box 147, Stn. J,
Toronto, Ontario, CANADA
M4J 4X8

RETAILERS & DISTRIBUTORS: ***Please contact us with info' for details***

SENSORIA

FROM

CENSORIUM



DATE DUE / DATE DE RETOUR			

TRENT UNIVERSITY
0 1164 0418997 3