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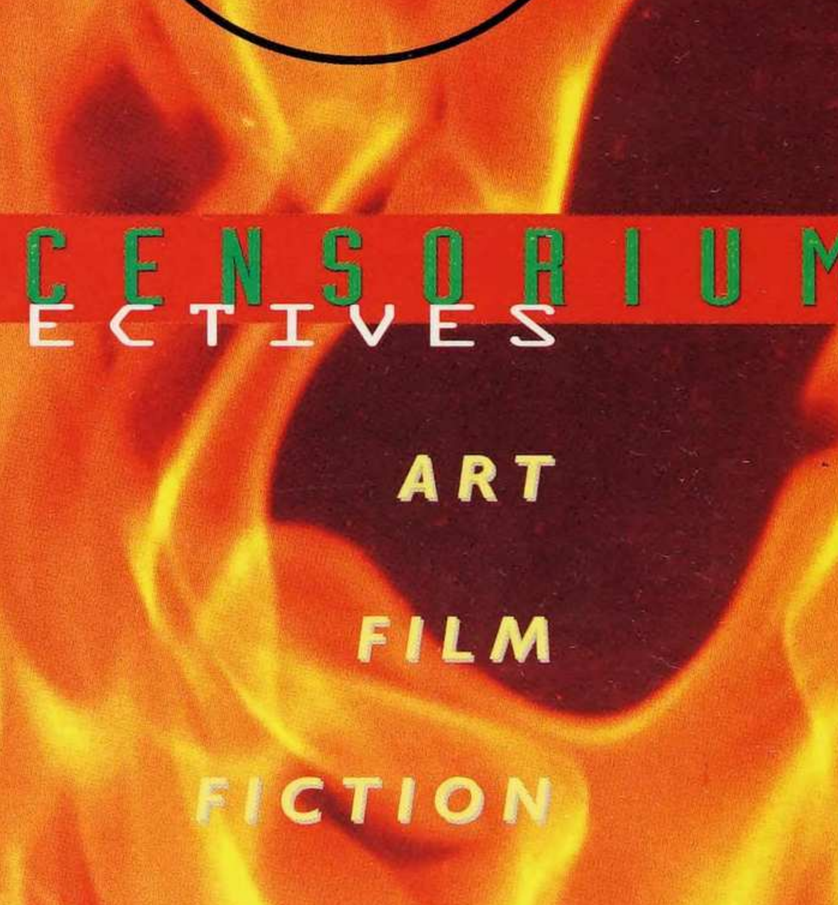

SENSORIA FROM CENSORIUM

DIVERSE PERSPECTIVES

ART

FILM

FICTION

PHOTOGRAPHY

JOURNALISM

ACTIVISM

THEORY

COMIX

LOW CULTURE HIGH CULTURE NO CULTURE

HN THEOLOGY OF RSE PERSPECTIVES

FROM

LOW CULTURE HIGH CULTURE

CENSORIUM

VOLUME II

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

JOHN MARRIOTT

with **ICH NEUMAN**

For MANGAJIN BOOKS CANADA

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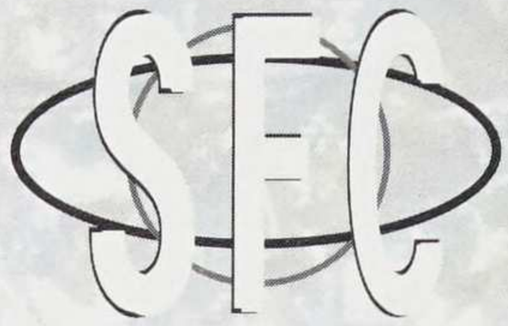

COMPILED &
EDITED BY

John Marriott

&

Ich Neuman

DESIGN
JOHN MARRIOTT

WITH

STEVEN SETO
ON
J.G. BALLARD

●

DAVID FARIS
(PARADE)
ON
MANUFACTURING CONSENT

●

FRANÇOISE DUVIVIER
ON
JOHN BERGIN, SHAUN
CATON, & ANIMAL RIGHTS

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AND AS NOTED
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TO
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SILENCE = DEATH
DEATH ≠ SILENCE

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SPECIAL
THANKS

TO

ALL OF THE
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ETC.
WITHOUT WHOM
THIS BOOK
COULD NOT
EXIST

OUR GRATITUDE TO

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MAX ALLEN

SAGE DESIGN

TRISH

TIMOTHY

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some contributors have elected to omit page #s from their selections - pagination continues as though these pages were #ed

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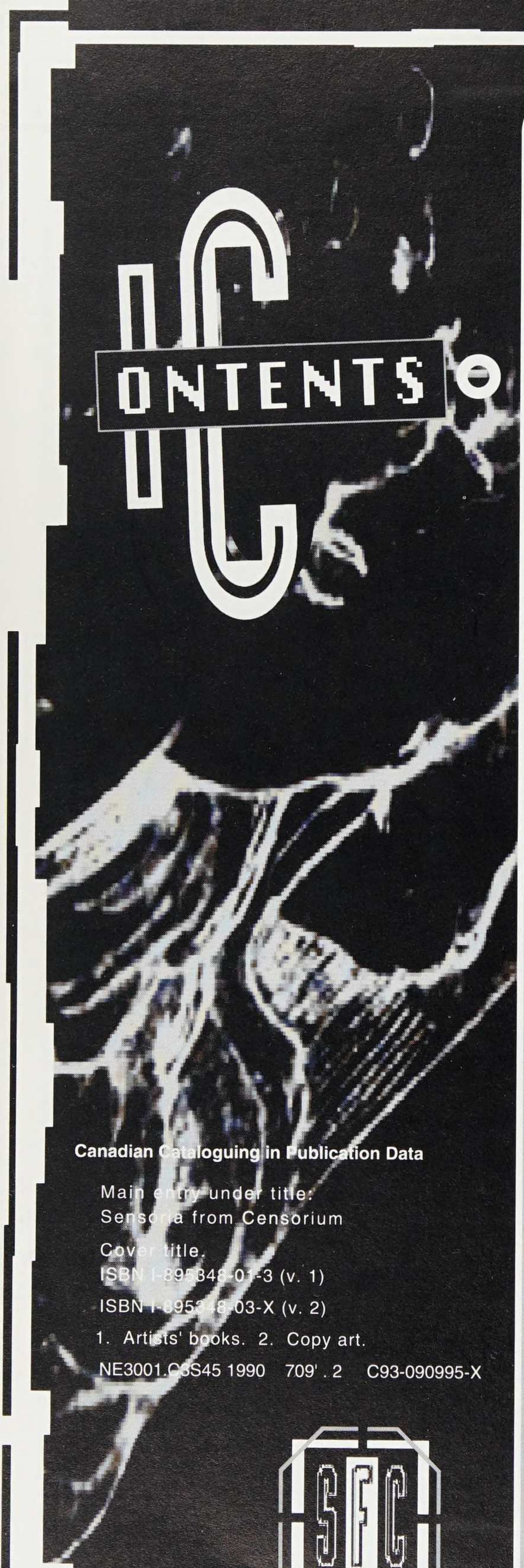

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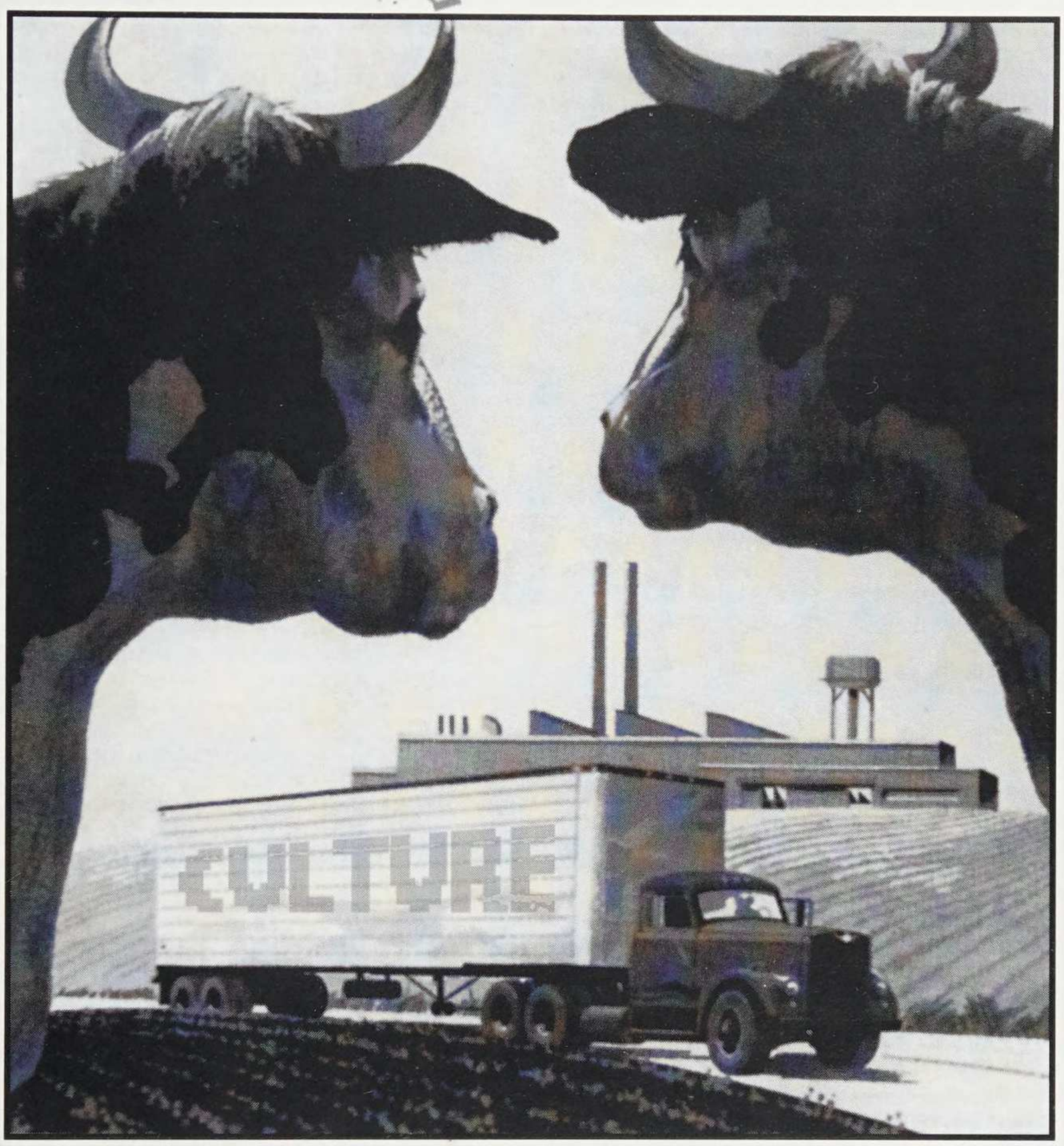
SFC

"OUR PROMISE OF FRESHNESS TO YOU"

The SFC Editorial Introduction



ANTHOLOGICAL

WELCOME TO SENSORIA FROM CENSORIUM (S F C) – VOLUME 2. WE HAVE CALLED THIS AN ANTHOLOGY OF DIVERSE PERSPECTIVES, BECAUSE FOR US THIS BOOK IS AKIN TO A CROWDED PLAZA, BUSTLING WITH A VITALIC AND MIXED COMMUNITY, A CROWDED BOOK WHERE MANY VOICES AND VIEWPOINTS ARE GATHERED. EACH CONTRIBUTING WRITER, ARTIST, ACTIVIST MOVES THROUGH THIS CROWD IN HER OR HIS OWN WAY, OWN LOGIC — THERE WAS NO SPECIFIC THEME THEY WERE ASKED TO ADHERE TO, NOR ARE ALL THE OPINIONS IN THIS BOOK COMMON TO THE PEOPLE WITHIN. THIS IS A PLACE TO GATHER, A VEHICLE FOR THOSE ON THEIR WAY TO THEIR RESPECTIVE DESTINATIONS. FOR ALL OF US INVOLVED THIS IS A CONDUIT OF UNCERTAIN RESULT.

SENSORIA IS INTERESTING TO US AS EDITORS PRECISELY BECAUSE IT SPEAKS NOT JUST OF THE ART THAT COMPRISES THE BOOK, BUT OF THE LIVES OF THE CONTRIBUTORS WHO PURSUE THEIR OWN VISIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO CULTURE. THE EXPRESSION THAT WE CELEBRATE INCLUDES THAT WHICH IS NOT LIGHTLY UNDERTAKEN, THAT WHICH MAKES

"We publish out of interest and out of support for the continued creative work and research of these contributors"

demands on the readers/viewers, work that requires your time, inquiry, possibly even research or a letter to the artist (see the contact section at the back of the book). We are compelled by work that seeks, questions, challenges, and which runs the risk of being ostracized or ignored. We publish out of interest and out of support for the continued creative work and research of these contributors.

THE "BODY" OF WORK/ THE WORK OF THE BODY

At the beginning of this project there were no predetermined ideas as to what the content would be – and, for the first few months of networking, there was only slight response to our invitations to potential contributors (other than from the diligent friends we have made over the past 3 years of communication). But soon enough people began to respond, and (upon urging), to mention this project to their friends. As people began to get a sense of how open the boundaries were, and as we became more responsive to the many creative people we encountered, the scope of the book increased.

An overwhelming amount of the work that came to us featured "the body" nude and clothed. It became evident that an unwritten sub-theme of the book was to be this body-politic, given this unsolicited convergence of concerns. As the body-work surfaced, we began to mention to others that this was occurring, despite there being no theme. this "body" of work continued to grow, and so constituted a significant contribution to this book, and directed us to unexpected areas of learning and outside interference. It is clear now that the variety and strength of the works that have come to us, in addition to being strong expressions of individual artistic sensibilities, are also social responses to an equally strong resistance in society to open dialogue regarding body-image, self-definition, sexual-bigotry and sexual preference. Researching and conversing with artists, journalists and professors, we became familiar with the legal and bureaucratic deeds in recent history that have renewed a climate of censorship, of repressive attitudes and practices. Our conduit has become a forum for discourse on the the body and on censorship, and accordingly we have solidified our respective critical "takes" on these issues as they affect us as citizens, editors, and as artists.

MUG-SHOTS OF FREE EXPRESSIONS

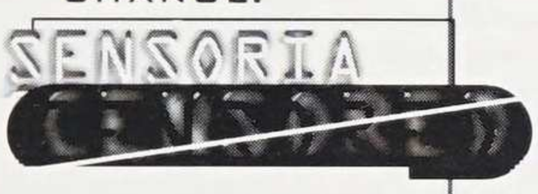
'Freedom of speech' in our society has become a cliché, far removed for many from any sense of how censorship serves rather than prevents social repression. Given the body imagery in this book, we have been confronted by the growing reality of sexual repression and censorship. Historically, the first products of written language were sexually explicit representations of genitalia incised into cave walls; this primary awareness is rooted in our unconscious, it exists beneath the surface of our abilities to express. In our culture the freedom to show is not as well established as the freedom to express (i.e. literature and journalism). this is perhaps due to an intellectual tradition that worships language, or to some ingrained adherence to our sense of what "we the free" are supposed to champion in democracy. this is because, for one, fewer people read than consume images, so the threat posed by text is not as great as that of subversive or transgressive imagery. there is also the logocentrism in our culture that elevates "the written word," whereas photography is primarily used for documentary or commercial purposes (i.e. family photos and advertisements).

the power and volatility of sexuality and the efforts to control its expression are trite knowledge; people are abused and killed daily because of their sex or sexual preference, while others derive privilege for their gender and mating habits – this is the body politic. In the arena of socio-sexual politics, photography is a propaganda tool, and how could it be anything but? Photography is everywhere, and where photography is present we are confronted with that object of eternal fascination and frustration, the human body in its idealized and troubled forms. It seems redundant to draw critical attention yet again to sex in advertising, the cult of youth, and fairy-tale lifestyle ads — we are experts in photography by virtue of our daily intake. But our visual literacy is not a critical one: we are familiar with explanations put forth by the media (talk-show, magazine articles etc.), but the effects are manifest not just in what we see, or in knowing that we see it — but in how we see. Our irritated nod that "yes the media is obnoxious" misses the ways in which imagery limits our vision by teaching us what to expect and how to react. the media horizon confines how we see our world and our own behaviour, and how we do or don't see beyond.

In the public mind photography is not "transcendent" so much as it is a witness, a form of testimony or "truth" because the image was there in front of the camera, and "banal" because it was captured by the mere click of a shutter.

> **THIS IS NOT ANOTHER COLLECTION OF HAPPY CYBERPUNKS NOODLING INTO AN APOLITICAL BED-TIME.**

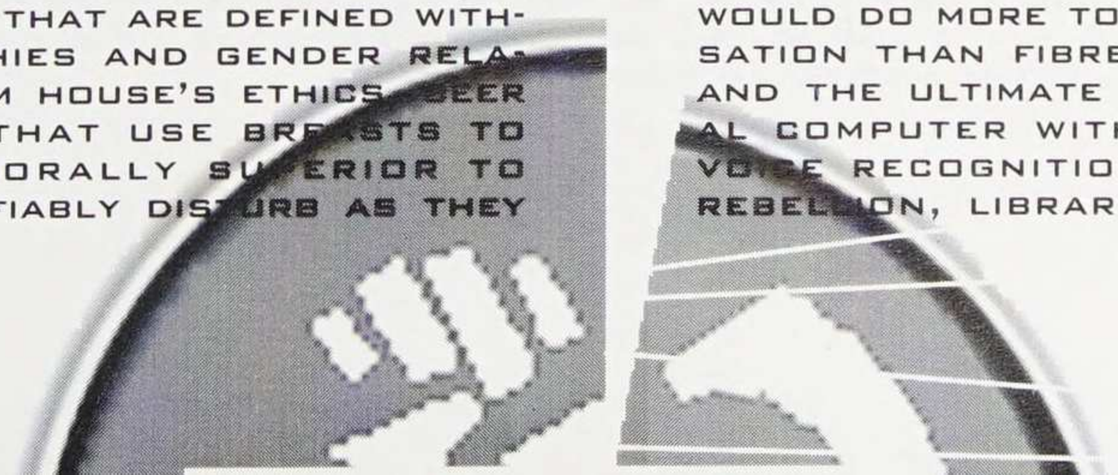
While things literary are the domain of the "imagination," superior in their internal creation, photographs are (incorrectly) thought simply to capture what is already there. Photos are indelibly linked to the "real" politics of the events captured by light on film, yet our society is unclear as to what "responsibility" means when speaking of photographs and those who take them. We all consume numerous photos of suffering, knowing that the photographers are sent to gather exactly that, rather than to intervene; we also consume photos of ideal bodies that are used to convince us that our flawed bodies need the help of various products. These images have "truth" value, or economic value, and so are spared any effective social outrage. But when an artist composes an alternative vision using photos, people become more agitated about the photographer's ethical and social responsibilities. This reveals the hidden sense of what photos and people in photographs are "there for," to reiterate our common "truths", and as a resistance to change.



For us the point was driven home when a film house refused to do color-separations for some of the photos in SFC that include nudity (although we have done numerous books with them in the past). This film house has and continues to do ad work that uses sex to sell, and does do work for fashion magazines that teach us "how to package the goods" that are our bodies. The irony for us is that the images were seen as perverse because they depicted nudity that disturbed the viewers instead of titillating them. These were images made by women, of themselves and others, refusing the media examples of nudity as a care-free consumer good that is viewed from a privileged vantage point, free of consequences or responsibilities. To our reading, some of these images have great strength in that they refuse erotic interpretation even though they have naked people in them — they are not about enticing the all powerful (usually male) viewer. These nude depictions in question may disturb as they connect to other issues of bodily awareness, namely mutation, disease, fertility gone awry (i.e. our finiteness, our mortality). This connection of nudity to a fertility with consequences covers territory that is heavily scripted by Christian morality, a morality of roles that are defined within family hierarchies and gender relations. To the film house's ethics, beer advertisements that use breasts to sell beer are morally superior to images that justifiably disturb as they explore the nature and inevitable consequences of sexuality, both of which are denied, repressed, and cast in shame.

To be fair, the work that they refused is in some ways disturbing — but so were the numerous Schwarzenneger slaughter-fests, or the Psychotic Vixen movies (i.e. Fatal Attraction, Single White Female, et al), the "I'm a deviant and a slut — come watch me kill-and-be-killed" flicks. No doubt this house would leap at the opportunity to do the film work for such big-budget sex and violence — "deviance" is fine to depict and enjoy, so long as it is punished in the end, reinforcing the prevailing norms. That is how we are conditioned to see sexuality in photography, hence, the art we presented was perverse in that it was visibly NOT about passive and consumable sexuality, but rather about addressing body image, sexual assault, sexual self-determination, about affirming the self-defined sexuality of the people in the photos rather than about the sexuality of an empowered viewer.

Beyond this chance determination of content (and illustrative experience of censorship), there were certain "musts" that we avoided, topical areas that we chose to leave out rather than adhering to an "underground check-list". So, this is not another collection of happy cyberpunks noodling into an apolitical bed-time. The examples in this book are not about an attitude that is worn like a uniform, with technology purchased to parenthesize your life. That is why cyberpunk and virtual reality have become yet another example of liberal politics mutating into consumer choices — radicalism in a shopping bag. While cyberpunk (with requisite big-budget technology) is hailed by malcontent and corporation alike as the new "rebellion", we are not raving about the electronic revolution, virtual reality, etc. The elitism of it looks good on those who can afford to strut in that price range, but as a realm of political example, it fails that large chunk of the population for whom computers are but a status symbol beyond their reach or experience. We lean away from the zines that portray virtual reality as rock-n-roll resistance or as an industry to revolutionize communication: throwing away televisions would do more to revolutionize conversation than fibre optic superhighways and the ultimate interactive audio/visual computer with built in fax/modem, voice recognition, etc. Unlike cyber-rebellion, libraries are accessible to



the inclusion of this high/low perspective in Sensoria is intended to make clear that we are committed to all forms of *independent* activity

everyone. And a book is material, three dimensional; you don't have to plug it in or recharge it — the only grid it needs is the one your body inhabits.

BOTTOM-FEEDING ELITE

As with the previous two issues of Sensoria From Censorium, SFC focuses on independent cultural activity, though various contributors do work out of academic institutions. the academic inclusions are not without risk: for many academics — obviously not those included in this issue — Sensoria is either to be scorned or pillaged: scorned by those who defend a cultural canon, standing proudly behind notions of "excellence" (though more often than not slavishly devoted to an historical perspective, eternally in line at the cultural buffet, waiting to pass judgement on the next sanctioned "masterpiece," radical trend in cultural chic, or deconstructive noodling); and pillaged as a kind of core sample of non-commercial cultural activity, a lode of ore waiting to be mined. the fringes now have an austere appeal to "postmodern" academics who occasionally "slum with the freaks" in order to plunder fodder to rehash in academic journals and lectures. We were "sampled" by a pair of "celebrity" postmodern academics (& wannabe artistes), well-off Star-Warrior types who ventured from the university and looked, listened, raved. they then carted their findings back up the hierarchy – great white hunters staking-out yet more turf – ready to pronounce on "the fringes" from on high, eschewing old-guard values in a pastiche of new-guard jargon and catch-phrases.

And of course no one is more interested in the non-commercial than those people who are desperately looking for something new to sell. We've been telephoned a number of times by a "Vice-President, Show Business" at Fox television (!?) looking to tap what she referred to as "starving artists" for Fox's right-wing pabulum programming. It is amazing to us that these people could be so clueless. Sensoria does not want to cater to impoverished monocultures, whether the ghetto be a television network or a university. It was apparent to us that our contact with "power" was supposed to wow us, as if we would succumb to some nameless, irresistible allure. But Sensoria remains steadfastly committed to the cross-pollination of work done by individuals and small collectives. the collapsing of boundaries between photocopied 'zines and art journals, and the inclusion of this high/low perspective in Sensoria, is intended to make clear that we are committed to all forms of independent activity.

MATTER MATTERS

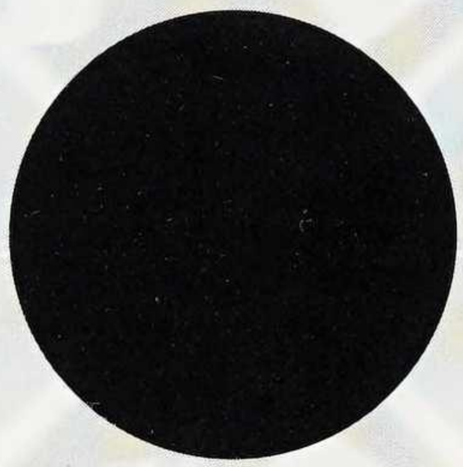
We hope this book will form an idiosyncratic, material record from this ether-age of electronic culture. We wanted to produce something that represented a palpable blast of activity. this book cannot be erased, it does not exist as part of some larger, transient hyper-reality of 0's and 1's. though a little bulky, it is modeled on human scale. the pages are reflective, and their words and images permanent — there is no buzzing video screen, no memory cache ready to disappear at a keystroke. Hold on to it; and if you're interested, drop us a line — we'll be doing another one in the not-too-distant future.

John Marriott

Ich Neuman

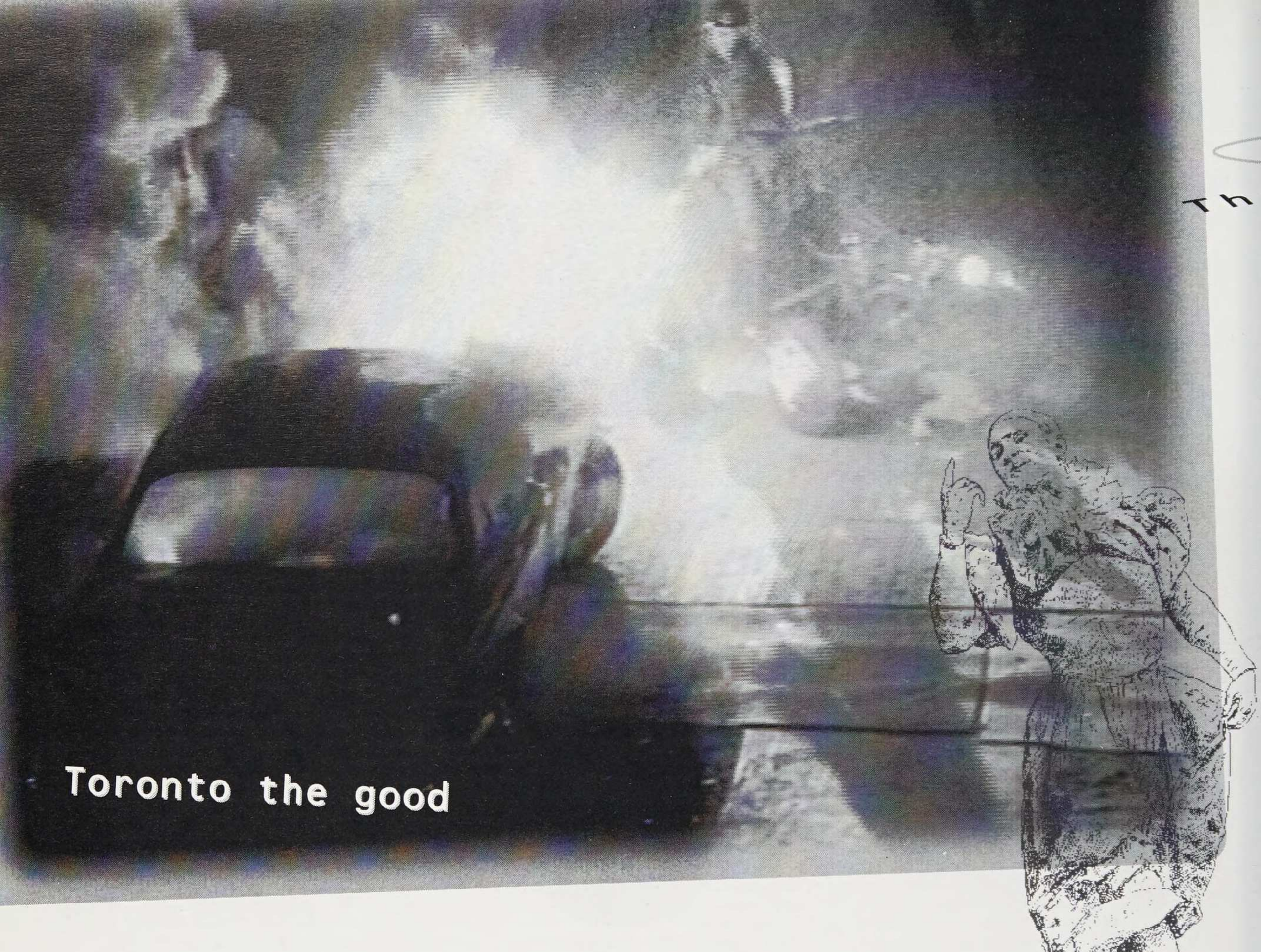
"In the very moment of their being perceived, objects are placed within an intelligible system of relationships... They take their position, that is to say, within an ideology..."

– *Victor Burgin*
Thinking Photography



There are two kinds of mania, one arises from human illness and one from divine exaltation, whereby we feel ourselves to be extraneous to normal laws and customs."

– *Plato*
(Phaedrus 265a)



Lorraine, a big, blond woman from Belgium, an international run-away who became a truck driver and trapeze artist for Cirque Archaos, and who still considers herself to be a circus "roadie-slut," had this to say to a friend of mine when asked about the transgressive power of this particular circus:

> The gits (middle class) come down looking for tits and ass but they get whole women who refuse to be women because they insist on being sluts and cunts. They make tits and ass really dangerous. They come down here looking for soft porn and they get fake cum spit in their faces. They always get way more that they expected. They get all fucked up because when the show really gets going the whole thing is right out of control. It really scares the fuck out of them.

In the late Autumn of 1991, Cirque Archaos came to Toronto to perform. Such a purposely transgressive operation had Toronto city officials frightened. How could Toronto contain and manage this panic, this mass-mediated

Archaos Photos: Courtesy of Circus Intl. Ldt., BATR Prods SARL, Napoli Freres SARL, 1991.
Drawings From *Acrobats and Mountebanks,* by Hugues Le Roux and Jules Garnier, 1890.
Historical Photos: From *Les Entrée Clownesque,* by Trittan Remy, 1942.

Real

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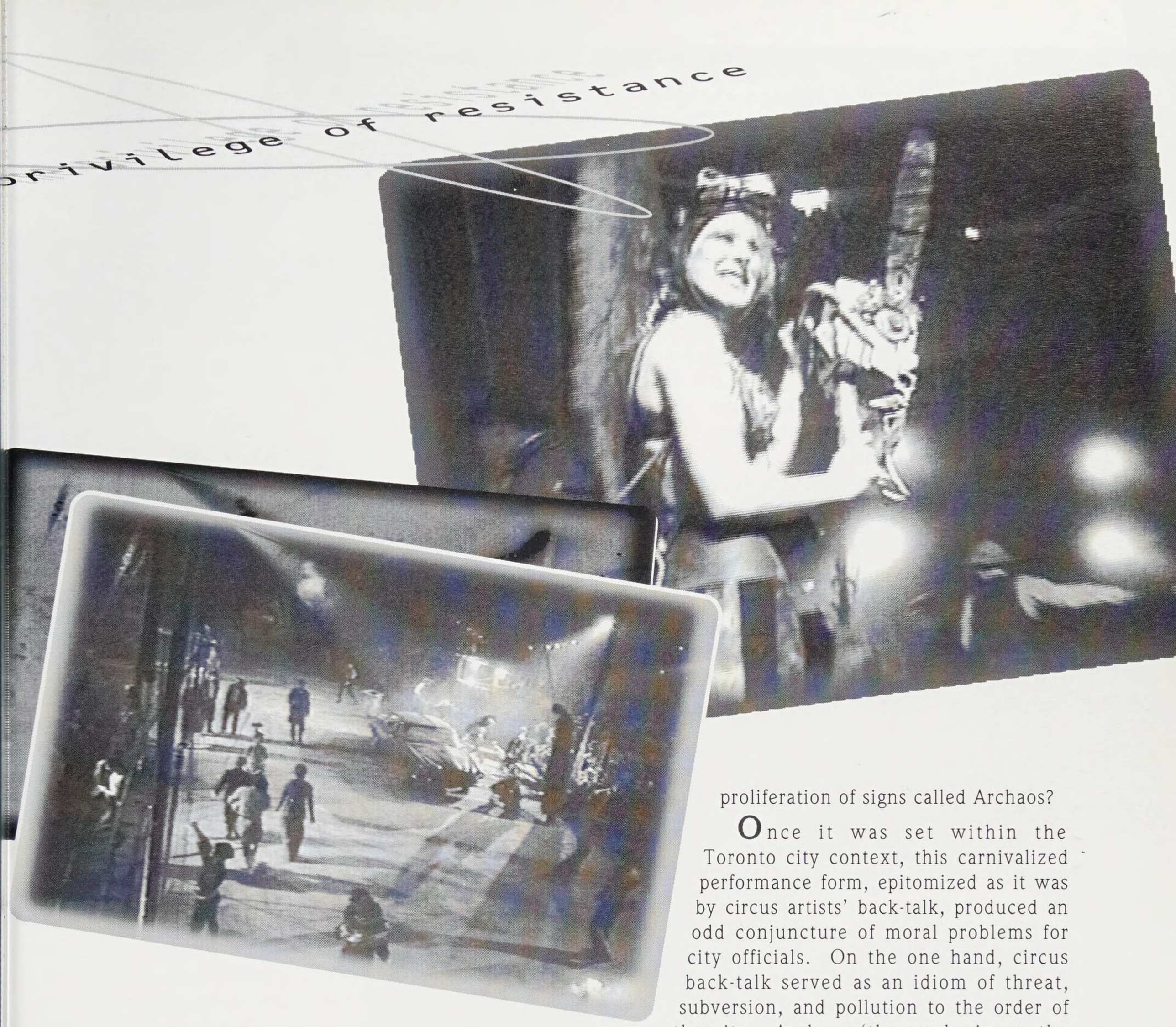
Transgression, S

Spaces of Power in



Carnivalesque Surveillance, and the Popular Entertainment Archaos

privilege of resistance

proliferation of signs called Archaos?

Once it was set within the Toronto city context, this carnivalized performance form, epitomized as it was by circus artists' back-talk, produced an odd conjuncture of moral problems for city officials. On the one hand, circus back-talk served as an idiom of threat, subversion, and pollution to the order of the city. Archaos (the punk circus, the "Mad Max" circus, the heavy metal circus, the industrial strength circus, the circus of your nightmares) was understood to be a form of unregulated entertainment that made itself visible as a post-industrial city image. For instance, in its earliest days, Archaos built up where it could find room to do so. This usually meant pitching their tent in spaces the city marks as marginal, in hybridized territories of burned out parks, parking lots, flea markets, and the like. On the other hand, the circus, and, more specifically, the circus artist, was positioned as an absence within the discourses of the city system. Classified as other, and the other classified as a violent and deviant outsider, circus artists, and by extension the circus itself, are automatically positioned as those which are invisible as "proper" subjects.

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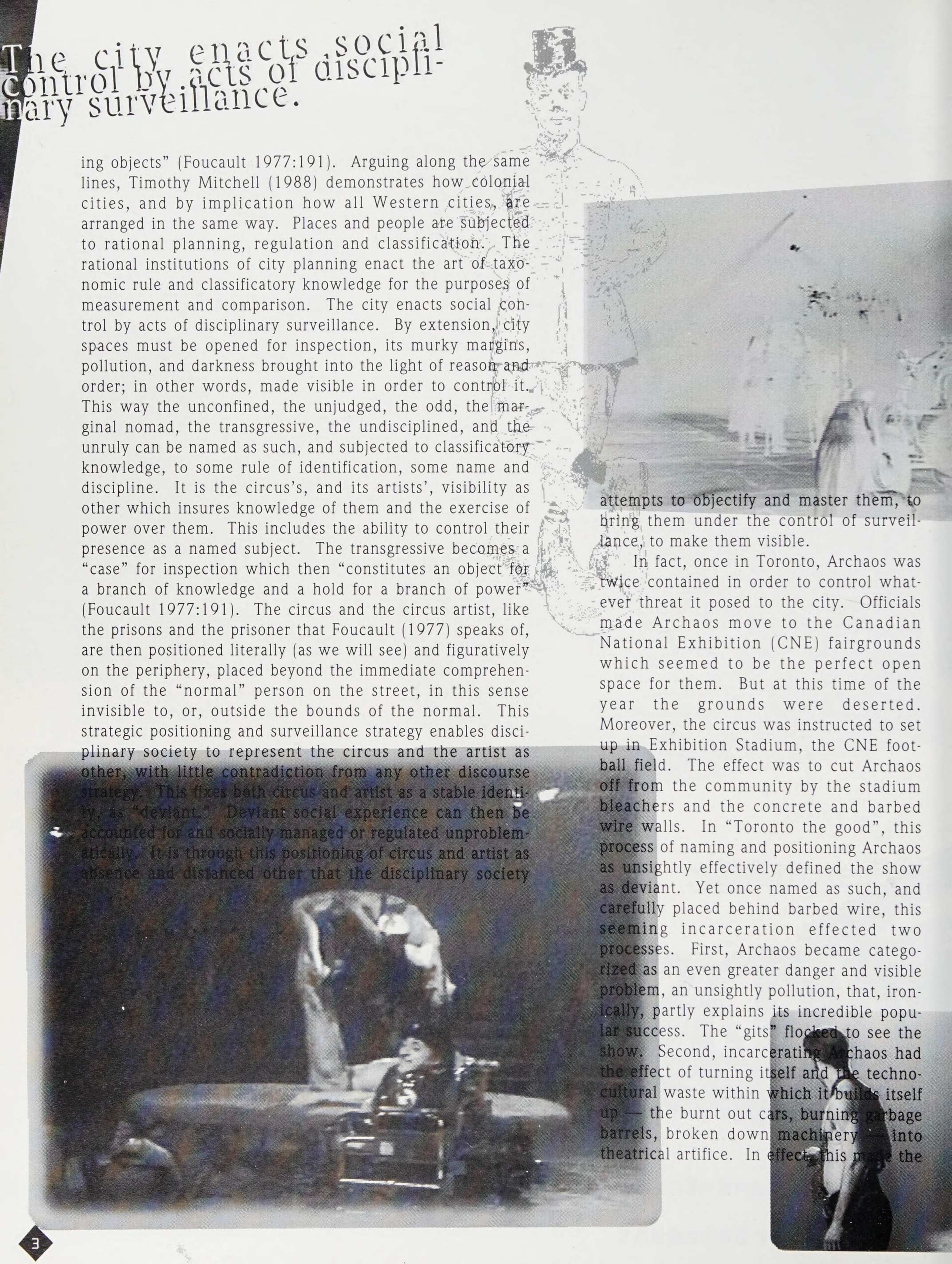
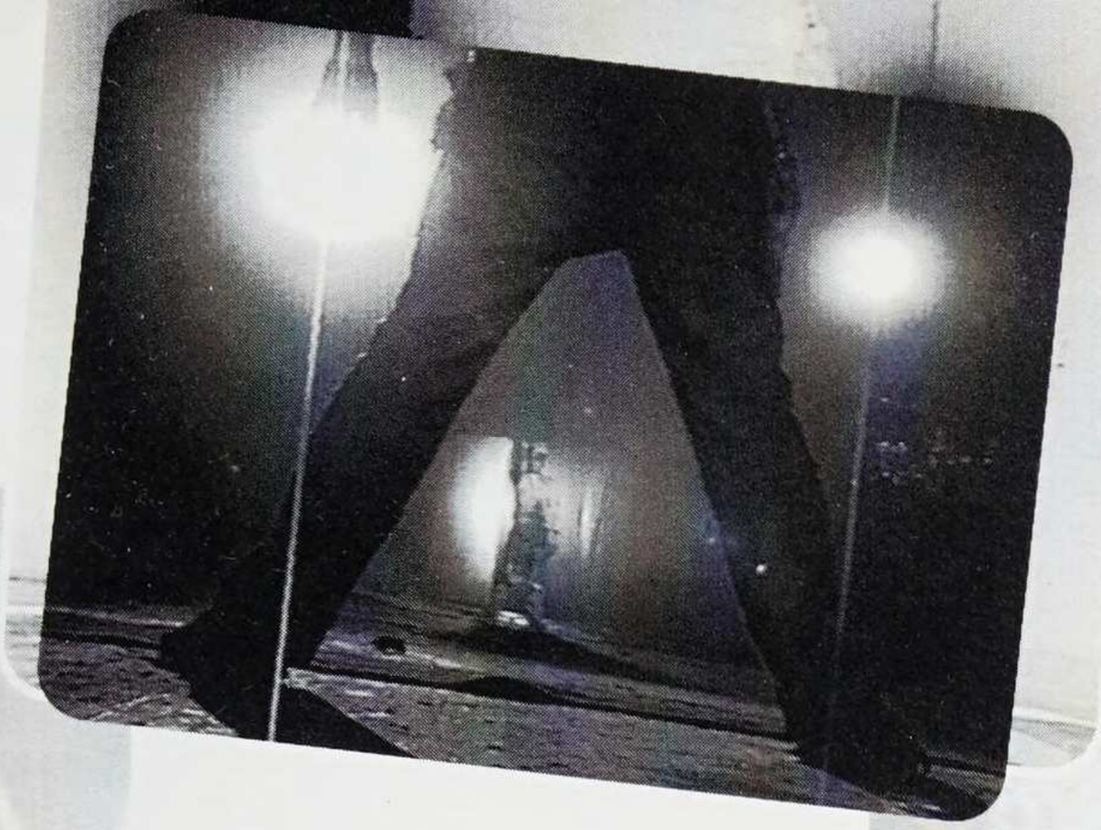
The city enacts social control by acts of disciplinary surveillance.

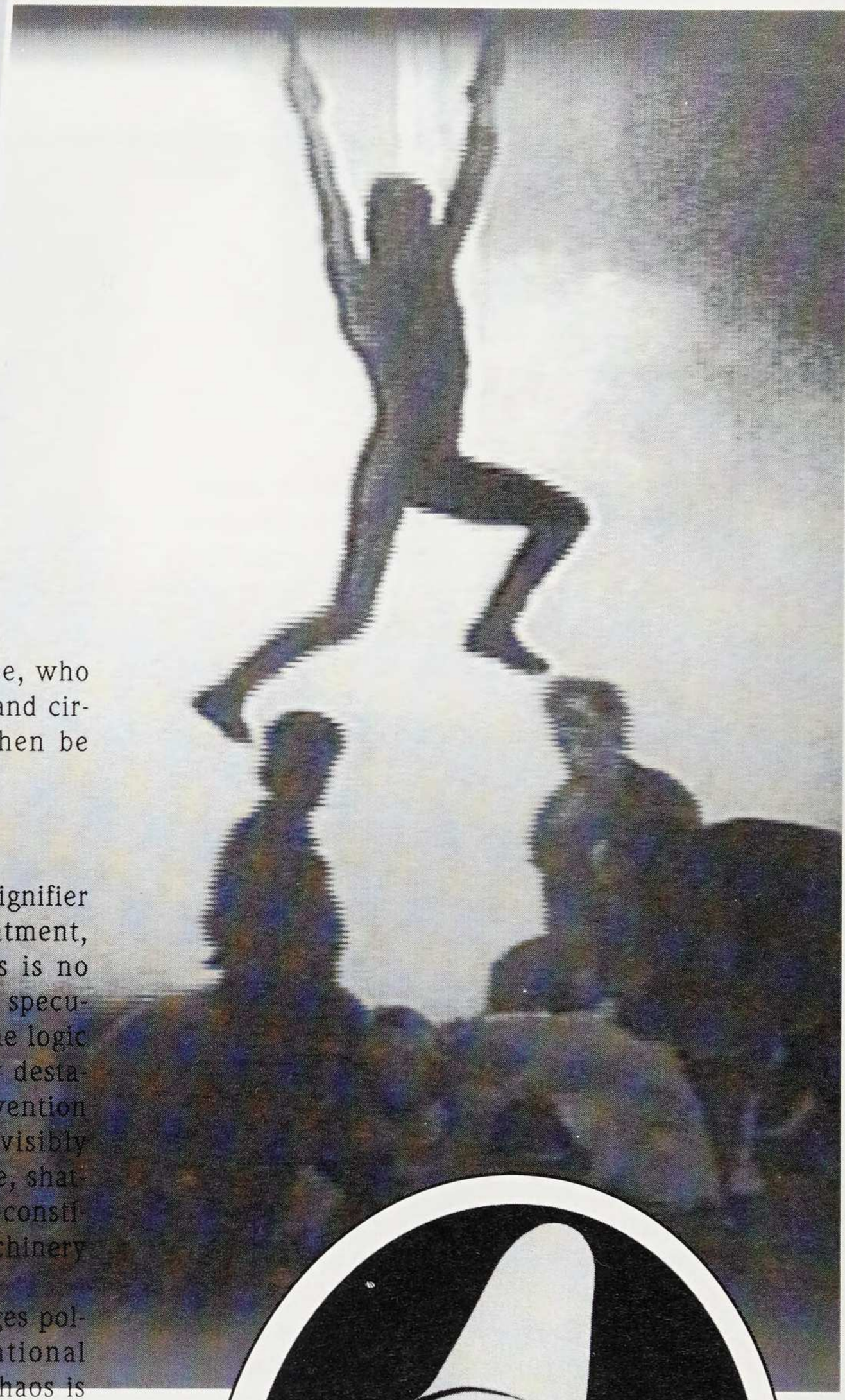
ing objects" (Foucault 1977:191). Arguing along the same lines, Timothy Mitchell (1988) demonstrates how colonial cities, and by implication how all Western cities, are arranged in the same way. Places and people are subjected to rational planning, regulation and classification. The rational institutions of city planning enact the art of taxonomic rule and classificatory knowledge for the purposes of measurement and comparison. The city enacts social control by acts of disciplinary surveillance. By extension, city spaces must be opened for inspection, its murky margins, pollution, and darkness brought into the light of reason and order; in other words, made visible in order to control it. This way the unconfined, the unjudged, the odd, the marginal nomad, the transgressive, the undisciplined, and the unruly can be named as such, and subjected to classificatory knowledge, to some rule of identification, some name and discipline. It is the circus's, and its artists', visibility as other which insures knowledge of them and the exercise of power over them. This includes the ability to control their presence as a named subject. The transgressive becomes a "case" for inspection which then "constitutes an object for a branch of knowledge and a hold for a branch of power" (Foucault 1977:191). The circus and the circus artist, like the prisons and the prisoner that Foucault (1977) speaks of, are then positioned literally (as we will see) and figuratively on the periphery, placed beyond the immediate comprehension of the "normal" person on the street, in this sense invisible to, or, outside the bounds of the normal. This strategic positioning and surveillance strategy enables disciplinary society to represent the circus and the artist as other, with little contradiction from any other discourse strategy. This fixes both circus and artist as a stable identity, as "deviant." Deviant social experience can then be accounted for and socially managed or regulated unproblematically. It is through this positioning of circus and artist as absence and distanced other that the disciplinary society



attempts to objectify and master them, to bring them under the control of surveillance, to make them visible.

In fact, once in Toronto, Archaos was twice contained in order to control whatever threat it posed to the city. Officials made Archaos move to the Canadian National Exhibition (CNE) fairgrounds which seemed to be the perfect open space for them. But at this time of the year the grounds were deserted. Moreover, the circus was instructed to set up in Exhibition Stadium, the CNE football field. The effect was to cut Archaos off from the community by the stadium bleachers and the concrete and barbed wire walls. In "Toronto the good", this process of naming and positioning Archaos as unsightly effectively defined the show as deviant. Yet once named as such, and carefully placed behind barbed wire, this seeming incarceration effected two processes. First, Archaos became categorized as an even greater danger and visible problem, an unsightly pollution, that, ironically, partly explains its incredible popular success. The "gits" flocked to see the show. Second, incarcerating Archaos had the effect of turning itself and the technocultural waste within which it builds itself up — the burnt out cars, burning garbage barrels, broken down machinery — into theatrical artifice. In effect, this made the





show safe enough for the mainly middle class audience, who paid a lot of money to see a mix of punk sub-culture and circus. Its danger suitably patroled, Archaos could then be seen safely and unproblematically.

The circus comes to town

When any circus comes to town it is always a signifier of both fun and trouble, a space of dazzling enchantment, erotic pleasures and illicit entertainment. Archaos is no exception. Yet, it also acts as a particular practice of specular ambiguity that collapses difference, confounding the logic of spatial and ideological regulation and discipline by destabalizing it, transgressing permanence, order, and convention with the zeal of the peripatetic, the nomad who visibly defiles the boundaries of the streets with human waste, shattering city order. And in response the polluted city re-constitutes its moral order by calling out the controlling machinery of surveillance.

Cirque Archaos is an entertainment that encourages pollution of all sorts and the break down of conventional boundaries of the proper and the lewd. As such, Archaos is most problematic and powerful when it is in your face, making sparks, puncturing your ear drums, making you sick with amazement, vertiginous from the combination of circus skills in the context of technocultural garbage. In the context of Toronto the good — city of sweetened bourgeois theatre entertainments — such a de-regulated pleasure sight/site as Archaos, hyped by media rumours of fake chain saw decapitations and masturbation, nude trapeze artists, a simulated gang rape, among other grotesque practices, is ambivalently positioned, and strategically positions itself, as an urban problem.

The point, of course, is that Archaos is an ambivalent force. As such, it enthusiastically, even ecstatically, acts out (of) the illicit. It acts "out of bounds", evading enframing, even once incarcerated. Archaos makes chaos out of a classificatory order. Yet, as an urban problem, as trouble, it

ANTONET
Postkarte sign, 1906.

becomes just one more deviant experience that must be dealt with and made invisible. Archaos did not mediate this ambivalence. Rather, it confronted the outsiders' eyes with its multiple signification, bringing spectators into this space of ambivalence, suspended between their visibility as a contained object of scrutiny and their invisibility as marginalized other, a non-proper subject.

Let me put this another way. The singularity and uniformity of Archaos as deviance and trouble is both contested and confirmed when this circus comes to town — an action which at once identifies and conceals it. For just as the circus identifies itself through a singularity and distancing, by acting out of its named deviance — so too is it a heteroglot infringement on the cultural integrity of the proper subject, of circus as good family fun. In fact, Archaos parodies the circus as exotic and erotic, infusing an ordered and inegral entertainment genre, the traditional circus show, with a riot of monstrous and even repulsive images. For instance:

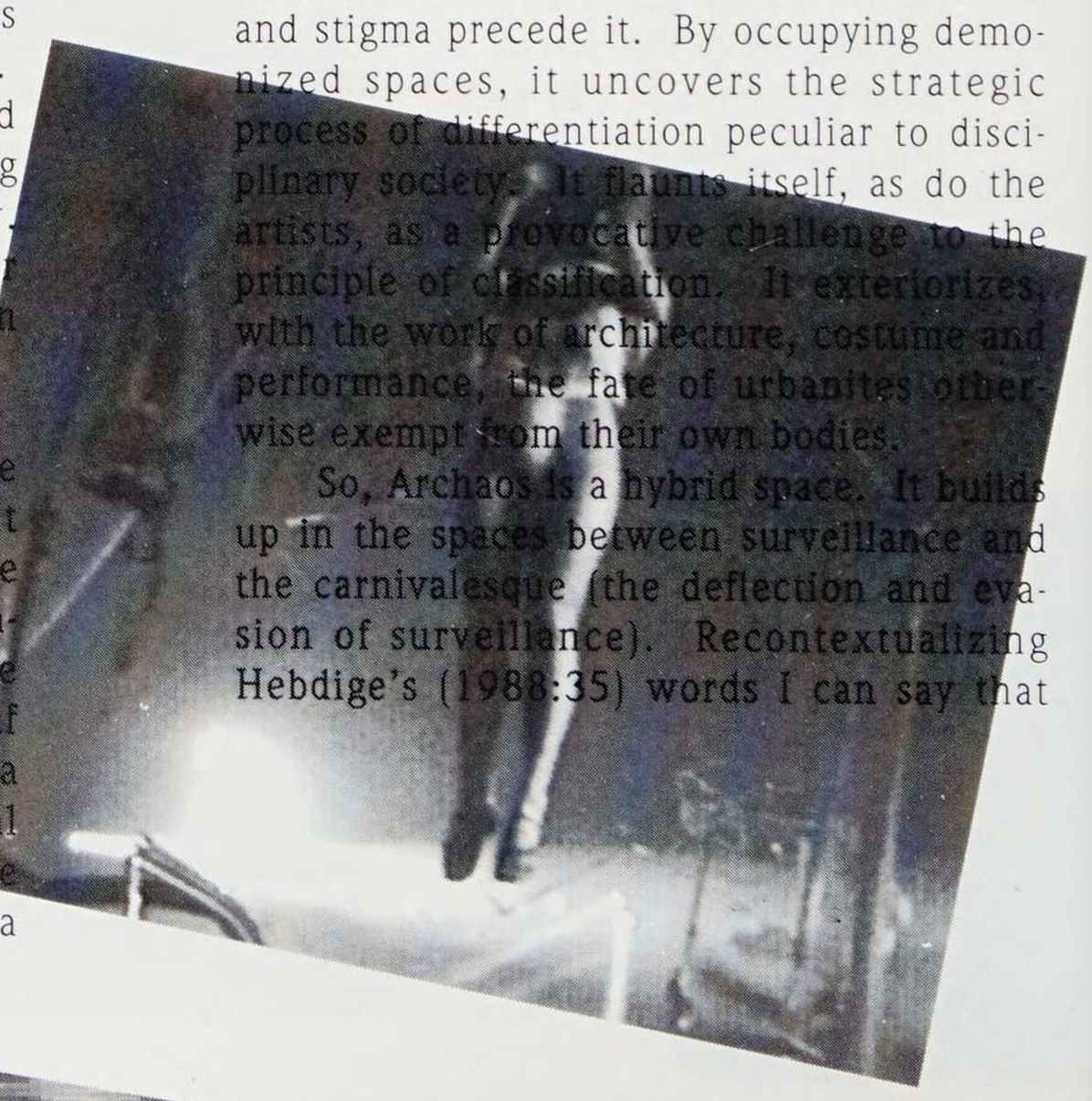
> A young woman attacks a car with a chain saw, slicing it down the middle. As the car splits in half, its three male occupants scatter across the stage in a frenzy.
>
> Suddenly, one of the men is seized by the others and dragged to an executioner's block, where the young woman gleefully decapitates him with her chain saw. Then, kneeling down and placing the severed head under her crotch, she rides her trophy to orgasm (Gransden 1990: C7)

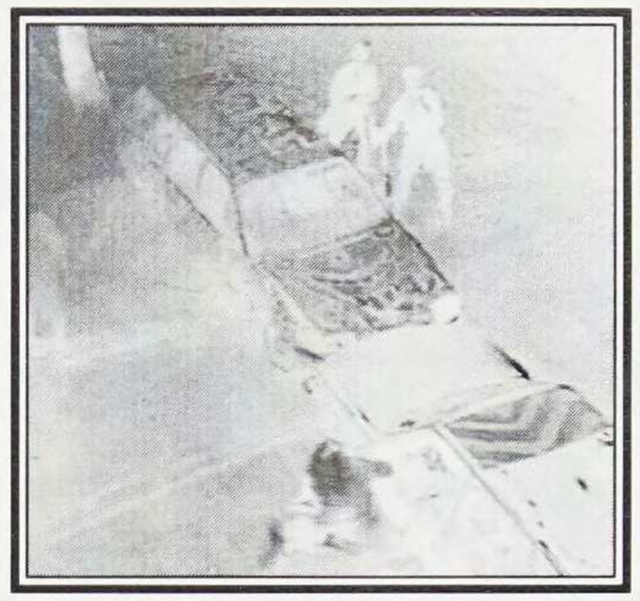
Archaos unsettles interpretive attempts to categorize it, be they social scientific, legal, or urban moralist. It plays itself out in a hybrid space between surveillance (the rational grid of city order and classification, commercial exploitation, and consumption) and the spectacle (the "in your face" power of the revolting). It is itself powerless and dwells in the worlds of the powerless, a flea market in Paris, set amidst the junk and cultural excrement of bourgeois society, or built up in Jubilee Park in London, across the river from Westminster, in a territory taken over by homeless people,

trash cans. And yet by building in the refuse Archaos declares its power in its sense of complicitness with otherness, with alien intent and riot, with its refusal to be anonymous on the margins, of taking a subordinate position of resistance to ordinary entertainment. In such environments it is next to impossible to separate performance artifice and garbage, the punks from the artists, the drunks from the circus people, the costermongers from the costume makers.

The point is that by revealing itself as occupying the margins, the peripheries, Archaos makes it clear that its deviance and stigma precede it. By occupying demonized spaces, it uncovers the strategic process of differentiation peculiar to disciplinary society. It flaunts itself, as do the artists, as a provocative challenge to the principle of classification. It exteriorizes, with the work of architecture, costume and performance, the fate of urbanites otherwise exempt from their own bodies.

So, Archaos is a hybrid space. It builds up in the spaces between surveillance and the carnivalesque (the deflection and evasion of surveillance). Recontextualizing Hebdige's (1988:35) words I can say that





Archaos "translates the fact of being under scrutiny into the pleasure of being watched. It is hiding in the light." Built up in garbage, as a representation of pollution, as self-fashioned "other," Archaos and its artists play the difference, the ambiguity, between performers of shock spectacle and a surveilled and controlled body of entertainment hyper-realized as a consumer product. Neither one nor the other. From aestheticized danger and titillation for the bourgeois audience to the "other" side, incommensurable, unpalatable pollution, a(n) (in)significant vector of entertainment.

The privilege of resistance

I am aware of the danger of reading Archaos as a privileged form of resistance, of detecting a unique oppositional essence hidden under the Archaos costume of garbage that has somehow risen to the surface, revealing the Archaos artists as "author," external to the discursive formation of surveillance that is the regulated urban metropolis. The point worth noting, again after Foucault (1978), is that these "discoursing subjects" are part of and not outside the power/knowledge system of order, reason, and surveillance — that such subject formations function through the organization and regulation of space, time, and the movements of our bodies, of our daily lives, that are trained, shaped, and impressed with the stamp of historically specific, micro-disciplines. This discursive field, however, is not a place where pure subjectivity discloses itself. Rather, it is a space of positions and of differentiated functions for subjects (Foucault 1978:13). Archaos takes up its multiple sites and positions here, within the signifying practices of the city and its regulations, within the practical and discursive positions in which they are produced and consumed.

Think of it this way. Foucault (1980:198) suggests that "where there is power there is also resistance, not in the sense of an external, contrary force, but by the very fact [that power exists]. Power relations depend on a multiplicity of points of resistance, which serve at once as adversary, target, support, foothold." Under the proscriptive and authoritarian representations of a disciplinary society, and against the city's unified system of regulated space, moral centredness, and surveilled territories, the dispersion and movement that Archaos generates emerges as a discursive formation that is volatile yet stabilized by the disciplinary system. Thus, the utterances of which such a discourse is constituted are neither wholly pre-constituted by the official city discourse nor by Archaos. Utterances in discourses, as Bahktin (1981:272) suggests, are constituted at historically specific moments of tension and creation. Every utterance serves as a point where centralising and decentralizing processes intersect as multiple practices or as a matrix of speech practices, what Bahktin (1981:272) calls dialogized heteroglossia. In other words, Archaos is an

Have I not, as an analyst who is fascina powers of this circus, reproduced the epis disciplinary practices of the city?

ambivalent signifying practice both in its struggle to become a subject formation and in its resistance to its "repre-sanitation" as inscribed by the unifying discourse of city regulation and surveillance. In this discursive struggle, new spaces may be produced, re-fashioning the city as hybrid space rather than as an enclosed and ordered urban site.

But such spaces are often won at a cost and in a way that destabilize Archaos and the city order even more. Archaos and the city were criticized by certain feminist groups for producing representations of violence that were demeaning to women. Producing representations of women's bodies that were critical of urban moral proscriptions may be a way of gaining power and celebrating that which is constitutive of oppression, but celebrating the triumph over bodily oppression paradoxically may celebrate the oppression of other's bodies, of other's spaces. Such performances did not so much console some women's fear as signify it, particularly women outside the milieu of the circus. To these female spectators, Archaos's performances, its circus talk, identifies the artists and the circus as something to be wary of, because such represented practices as gang rape do not just exist in fantasy, but are worked out in urban spaces and practices, on women's bodies. Moreover, the city becomes complicit in this production of demeaning representations simply by the fact that it let Archaos build up and perform in the city.

The look of the analyst

This last point leads me to a final comment. Archaos is animated not only by its play with and in the urban setting, or with the contradictions that such play generates, but also by the spectator's gaze. This gaze does not only passively receive that which is presented, but it also actively contributes to that which is already there. So, Archaos not only profanes the discourses of a disciplinary society, but celebrates them. The circus and its various acts and artists are also the stigmatic mark of what some consider to be a masculine culture marked by sexist imagery. Archaos may serve to reproduce these ideological articulations just as they ridicule them, a space simultaneously won and lost, an ambivalent, hybrid space.

But there is more to the gaze than this. Many cultural theorists (like Foucault, Derrida, Fabian, and Hall) have alerted analysts to the complex operations of the processual play of representations, interpretations, assertions and repudiations of the disturbing chaos of otherness. The circus has long been a source of such otherness, a source of distinctions, the fictions of difference. Hence, the deep desire to discover, to represent, to order, and to interpret it: to render the unknown into the clear light of the known, the ordered, and objectified. Once ordered, the circus, occulted in both senses of the word, can then be retrieved for surveillance and scrutiny. Such textualizations of the circus are produced by a typifying gaze which produces both time and space as synoptic and allochronic ordering (Fabian 1991). Such ordering of otherness, no matter how critical, encompasses a desire for certainty and power, a "will to truth," that assumes the terror of the other who is being watched.

What cultural analysts must be aware of is that, despite our assertions to the contrary, most of our own representational practices are the practices of this disciplinary apparatus. My representation of the circus, as a object of interpretation, serves to reinstate the category "circus" itself, which then stands as a production of otherness. My representation of Archaos pathologizes its actions because it reproduces the logic of classification upon which pathology is invented. In other words, my fascination with Archaos does not precede the discursive practices which represent it.

FRATELLINI UND ROMOLLI

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nology which maintains the

In short, the question I must put to myself goes something like this: Have I not, as an analyst who is fascinated by the exotic and erotic powers of this circus, reproduced the epistemology which maintains the disciplinary practices of the city? The cultural logic of the gaze that is constitutive of my desire to know Archaos is the one that the city uses to order it as deviant and other. So, how can I represent the difference of others without exoticizing it as an object of scrutiny, as an other? I must deal with the irony that in writing about Archaos as an unstable and destabalizing signifying practice which upsets the discursive powers of the city as moral and technical order, I reinscribe it within those same representational practices that it struggles to subvert. In other words, the micropolitics of surveillance and classification also makes my interpretation possible.

The point is that this "epistemology of separation and difference", as Said (1983:155) puts it, cannot be broken, but the mechanisms by which it is sustained can at least be questioned, our complicity in the livelihood of the project subverted, and the ironies of complicitousness critiqued. What I have endeavoured to do is to situate Archaos and the anthropological gaze in relation to the processes by which they are articulated within shifting social and historical forces. This breaks with the notion that Archaos is a unified object worthy of study and makes us turn to the processes of its objectification and how ethnographers, the city, and circus artists among others use such objectifications. This means questioning the historical and social forces which continue to empower such objectifications in order to disclose the struggle of power relations.

Finally, this means dialogizing the gaze as a process of production in power relations. Archaos, fashioned as other (as object-in-difference) is the product of a moral classificatory authority which contains within it a creative power to challenge the repression and dominance of the disciplinary society. What I have attempted to do here is point to the processes by which difference is produced, also pointing out how, in the process, the observer becomes the observed and the surveilling eye, confronted with a return gaze of otherness, finds its mastery, its completeness, undone.

Vater der berühmten FRATELLINI
FRATELLINI (Gustave). (1842-1902).

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By Hakim Bey

SILENCE

The problem is not that too much has been revealed, but that every revelation finds its sponsor, its CEO, its monthly slick, its clone Judases and replacement people.

You can't get sick from too much knowledge – but we *can* suffer from the virtualization of knowledge, its alienation of us and its replacement by a weird dull changeling or simulacrum – the same "data," yes, but now dead – like supermarket vegetables; no "aura."

Our malaise (January 1, 1992) arises from this: we hear not the language but the echo, or rather the reproduction ad infinitum of the language, its reflection upon a reflection-series of itself, even more self-referential and corrupt. The vertiginous perspectives of this VR datascape nauseate us because they contain no hidden spaces, no privileged opacities.

Infinite access to knowledge that simply fails to interact with the body or with the imagination – in fact the Manichean ideal of fleshless soulless thought – modern media/politics as pure gnostic mentation, the anaesthetic ruminations of Archons and Aeons, suicide of the Elect...

The organic is secretive – it secretes secrecy like sap. The inorganic is a demonic democracy – everything equal, but equally valueless. No gifts, only commodities. The Manichaeans invented usury. Knowledge can act as a kind of poison, as Nietzsche pointed out.

Within the organic ("Nature," "everyday life") is embedded a kind of silence which is also an affirmation – a tact which knows how to act, how to change things, how to breathe into them.

Not a "cloud of unknowing" – not "mysticism" – we have enough desire to deliver ourselves up again to that obscuratinist sad excuse for fascism – nevertheless we might invoke a sort of Taoist sense of "suchness-of-things" – "a flower does not talk," and it's certainly not the genitals which endow us with logos. (On second thought, perhaps this is not quite true; after all, myth offers us the archetype of Priapus, a talking penis.) An occultist would ask how to "work" this silence – but we'd rather ask how to *play* it, like musicians, or like the playful boy of Heraclitus.

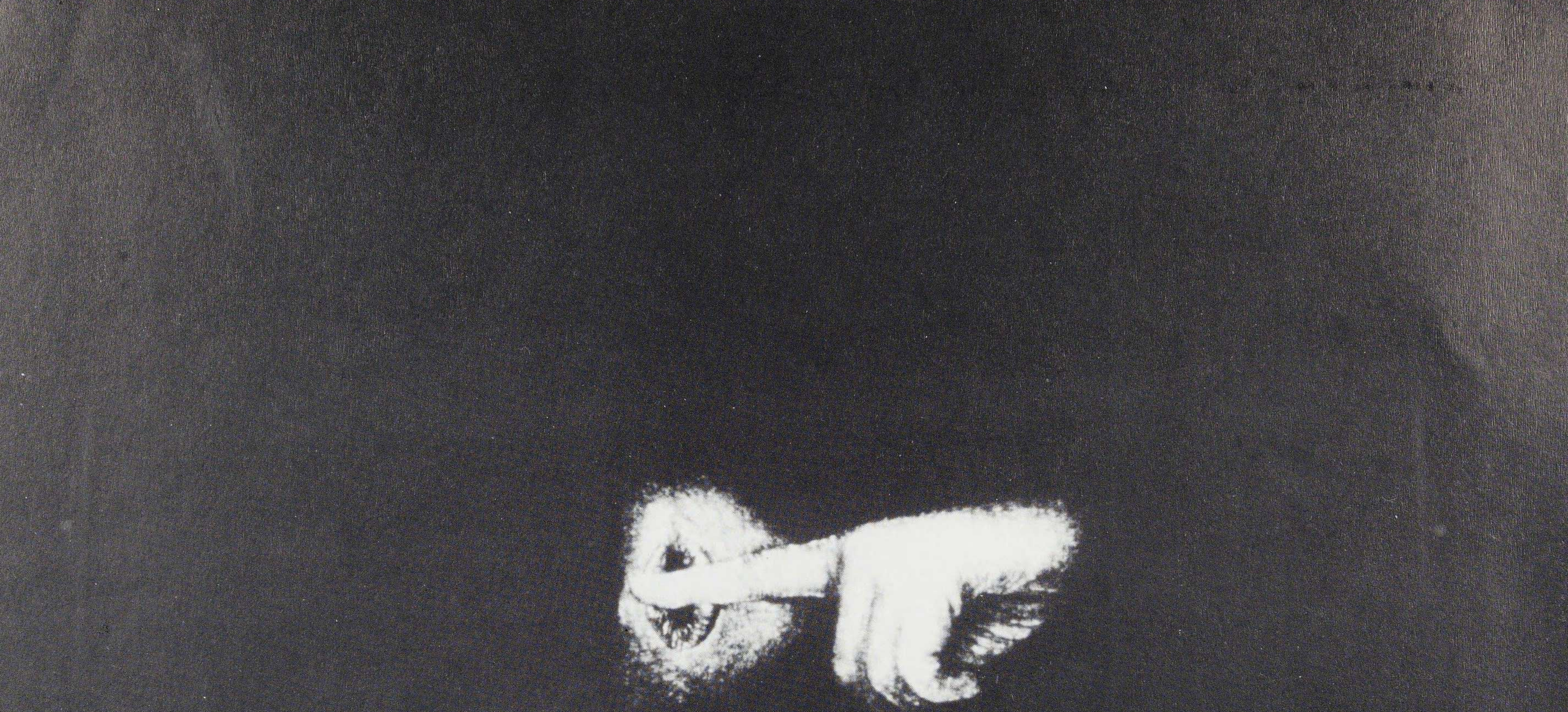
A bas mood in which every day is the same. When are a few lumps going to appear in this smooth time? Hard to believe in the return of Carnival, of Saturnalia. Perhaps time has stopped here in the Pleroma, here in the gnostic dreamworld where our bodies are rotting but our "minds" are downloaded into eternity. We know so much – how can we not know the answer to this most vexing of questions?

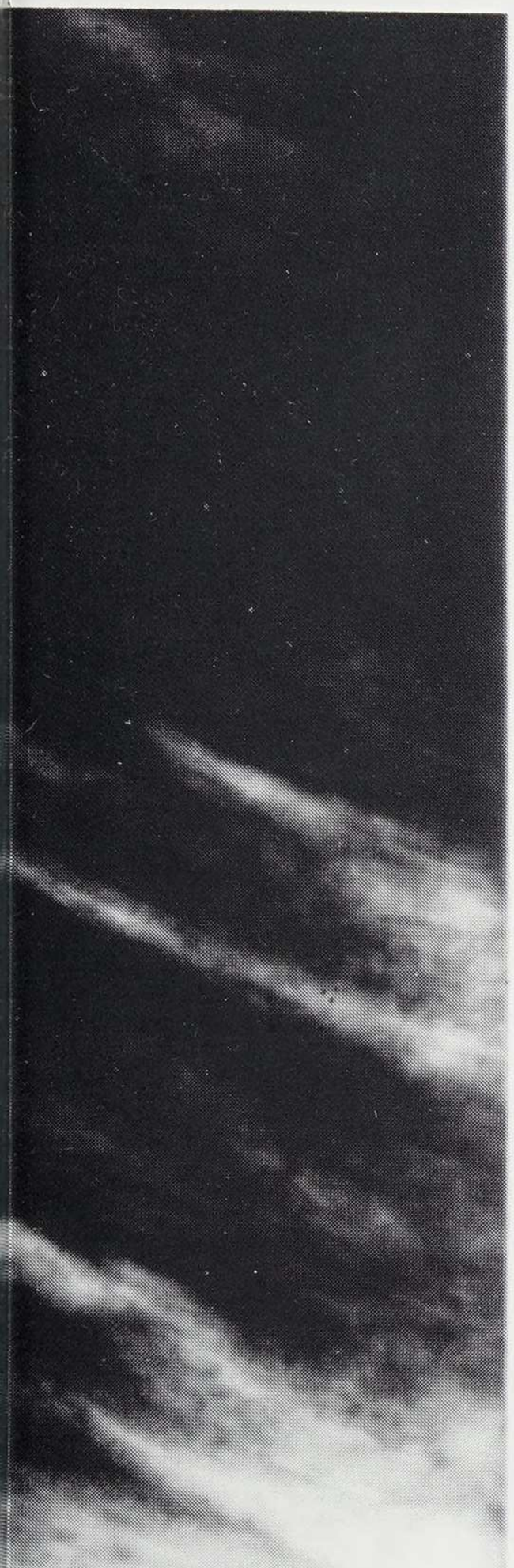
Because the answer (as in Odilon Redon's "Harpocrates") isn't answered in the language of reproduction but in that of gesture, touch, odour, the hunt. Finally virtue is impassable – eating and drinking is eating and drinking – the lazy yokel plows a crooked furrow. The Wonderful World of Knowledge has turned into some kind of PBS Special from Hell. I demand real mud in my stream, real watercress. Why, the natives are not only sullen, they're taciturn – downright incommunicative. Right, gringo, we're tired of your steenking surveys, tests and questionnaires. There are some things bureaucrats were not meant to know – and so there are some things even artists should keep secret. This is not self-censorship nor self-ignorance. It is cosmic tact. It is our homage to the organic, its uneven flow, its backcurrents and eddies, its swamps and hideouts. If art is "work" then it will become knowledge and eventually lose its redemptive power and even its taste. But if art is "play" then it will both preserve secrets and tell secrets which will remain secrets. Secrets are for sharing, like all of Nature's secretions.

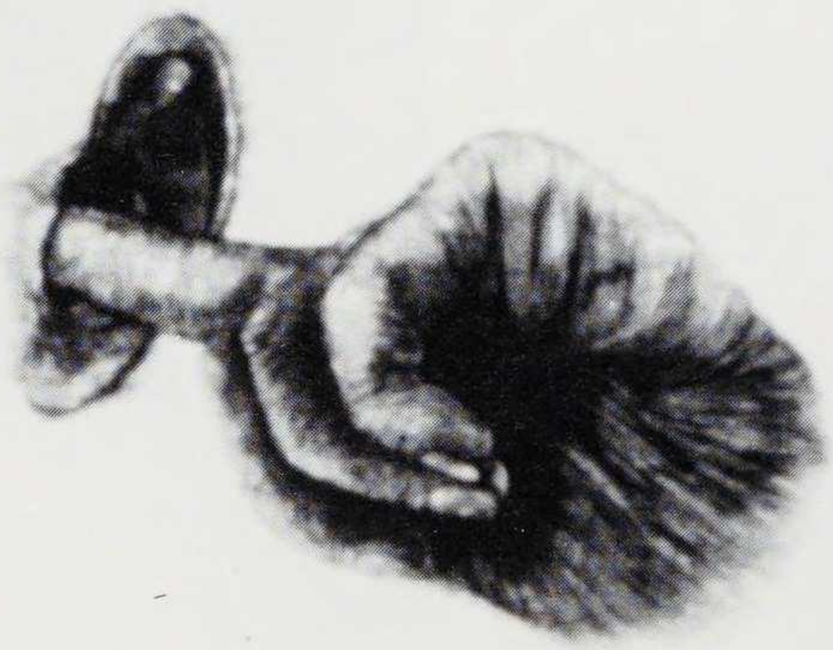
Is knowledge *evil*? We're no mirror image Manichees here – we're counting on dialectics to break a few bricks. Some knowledge is dadata, some is commodata. Some knowledge is wisdom – some simply an excuse for doing nothing. Mere academic knowledge, for example, or the knowingness of the nihilist post-mods, shades off into realms of the UnDead – and the UnBorn. Some knowledge breathes – some knowledge suffocates. What we know and how we know it must have a basis in the flesh – the whole flesh, not just a brain in a jar of formaldehyde. The knowledge we want is neither utilitarian nor "pure" but celebratory. Anything else is totentanz of data-ghosts, the "beckoning fair ones" of the media, the Cargo Cult of too-Late Capitalist epistemology.

If I could escape this bad mood of course I'd do so, and take you with me. What we need is a plan. Jail break? tunnel? a gun carved of soap, a sharpened spoon, a file in a cake? a new religion?

Let me be your wandering bishop. We'll play with the silence and make it ours. Soon as Spring comes. A rock in the stream, bifurcating its turbulence. Visualize it: mossy, wet, viridescent as rainy jadefaded copper struck by lightning. A great toad like a living emerald, like Mayday. The strength of the bios, like the strength of the bow or lyre, lies in the *bending back*.







What is

WORKING PRESS

By Stefan Szczelkun

'FIST' Editor, Dick Whittington & Nina
(& Bulldog Nesta)

Working Press is an attempt to stimulate people to re-evaluate their class identity. This works in a multi-dimensional way...

Working class people tend to feel less important, and an invitation to make a book contradicts this feeling. Authors are generally "them" not us.

It reverses social expectations. Many people I ask can't overcome this hurdle even though they might like to do a book...the sense of importance and the status of being an author is just too much for them. It's too challenging for their own self image. By the time most people are adults they have a surprisingly rigid self image. The invitation to publish bumps up their self esteem, and this in itself can produce unpredictable results. Therefore the process of inviting people to self publish their work is itself a contradiction of class oppression.

I try to put people in touch with one another. Even circulating the network list of about 50 people reduces their sense of isolation. A few years ago most working class artists felt very alone. You couldn't be working class and be an artist at the same time. You couldn't even be educated and working class at the same time.

To my mind, class oppression defines working class people as lacking an intellectual life...as less intelligent. This is the fundamental hurt of class oppression. As a result it's hard to be openly working class and an intellectual or artist in the face of this very heavy conditioning. Networking starts to break down the isolation caused by that oppression.

Class oppression defines working class people as lacking an intellectual dimension...as less intelligent. This is the fundamental hurt of class oppression.

IF COMIX creator Graham Harwood

The next step is harder to take and we've only made a little progress — getting people to actually know each other and build one-for-all-and-all-for-one relationships. The people in the network at the moment are incredibly powerful, able people. If they were connected as a social unit which was determined to dismantle classism they could definitely achieve major evolutionary advances. I know that the word 'evolution' has got a bad name, but I feel we can only move towards liberation step-by-practical-step. This doesn't cut out the possibility of exciting surges forward (or steps backward as reaction occurs.) From my position I can see people's strengths, I can see how they could all fit together to provide something much larger than any one person could achieve alone. We need a conference in which these strengths can be displayed and seen together by everyone. We need a situation where the strength of this group can really sink-in and profoundly improve everyone's confidence. It will happen, though the move from chance-relationships to a conscious choice of the best relationships for change is something many people are not ready for. I don't think the majority of people are aware of just how determined and limited their social relationships are.

The point of putting the publications together is to expose this community to a wider public. By putting all these things together and saying "This is working class culture happening Now" it allows people to think about certain things. The range of books we do contradicts traditional stereotypes about working class people and culture. It starts to build another model which is more grounded in contemporary reality. This is not the 'true' definition or anything like that, but it does indicate the diversity of working class culture. And it does label things as being working class which otherwise might not be seen in this way. So it emphasizes class viewpoints, which is important at this time when the tendency is to repress such self-history and identity or to belittle it.

Everybody is meant to be class-less or vaguely middle class because they have a car, a colour TV, a washing machine, and a white collar job. At the same time we still have a society in which 10% of the people own approxi-

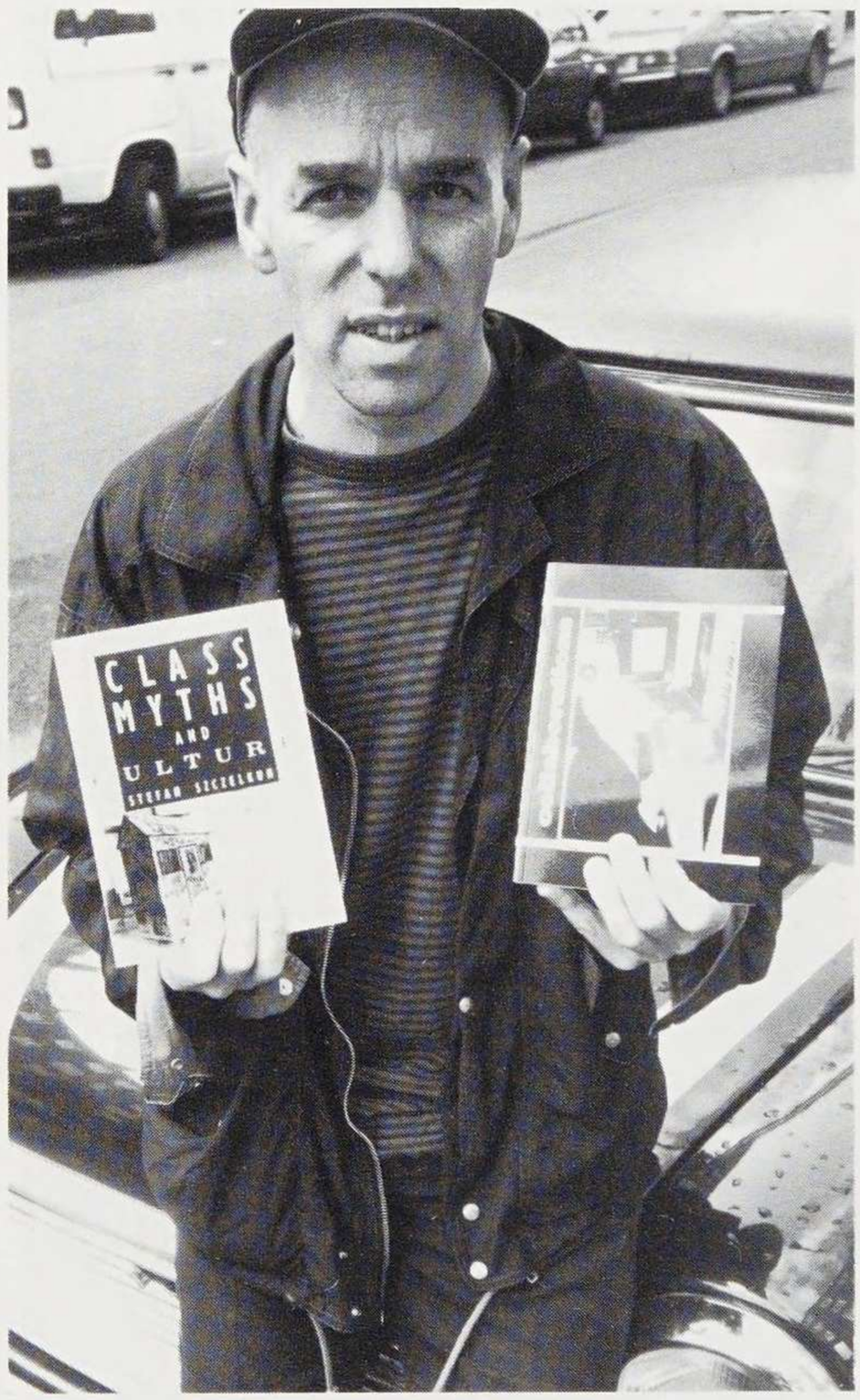
mately 90% of the wealth — if you take the third world into account, the figure would be much more extreme. As I grew up I was constantly told to eat all my food because the starving babies in Africa didn't have any, as if I could somehow compensate for my parents' guilt and powerlessness by eating twice as much as I needed. The suggestion of privilege was, I suppose, the bolster to this false middle class identity. But something like owning your own house is more like a basic human right than a privilege.

Our publications speak for themselves. People are saying things that are important to themselves in these books, and it comes across. You don't go through the enormous hassle to self-publish on a shoe-string if you're not deeply motivated to communicate. I will give advice and support, but authors do all the production work themselves and have to raise their own funds.

There are a lot of rather mundane advantages to doing the books together. We have arranged distribution and now the distributors tend to take whatever we publish. So if someone publishes with the WP imprint then they get this service, whereas on their own they might not. Authors still have to create a demand for their book and some people are better at this than others. We don't have any money to spend on publicity outside of the list, so articles like this are important because they are the only media space that we get. The list was published in 2500 copies and widely circulated. Prior to that we did 1000 copies of the A5 booklet/catalogue.

Books are about the most autonomous context for a series of images. They can be sent through the post, owned by individuals and so on. They seem to be good vehicles for ideas which need to be seen separately from dominant cultural frameworks like galleries. Through the work of Ramsey Kanaan and his gang at AK and the small press bookfairs, and through mail-art and other interleaving networks, we are part of a UK alternative press scene which is quite lively at the moment.

Working class culture is occluded by our false notions of identity and other time-consuming diversions.



Stefan Szczelkun, **WORKING PRESS**

On a bigger scale, I think it's true that if all the oppositional groups and networks in the UK could find some way to federate we could be immensely powerful. I think the only way this can happen is by breathing intellectual life back into working class culture. An organized federation is unlikely to work as it is too cumbersome. Cultural unity is a more organic event. Working class culture is occluded by our false notions of identity and other time-consuming diversions. Historically, it was perverted by the Good Taste of certain socialist leaders from the late 19th century on through the present. (The story of how this occurred is the subject of my next book, **The Conspiracy of Good Taste**.)

Overall, what I'm attempting to do is to heal the hurts which have kept all this nonsense of class oppression in place. The resurrection of working class culture is both a way of doing this and an aim. It really comes down to hurts we have suffered in our own histories, hurts that still affect us now. That's why our histories are so central to all of this, our healing is part of the process of exploring and expressing who we really are under the shit that has been heaped on us. But the healing part is going to happen significantly in direct human-to-human contact, whether it be in crowds of people rioting or in privately offering a friend a shoulder to cry on.

It was a great relief to see the explosion of anger in L.A. last spring. This really signalled the end of the American dream to the rest of the world. Many people in North America live with the idea that they are in a classless society. I hope the riots have awakened them.

— Stefan Szczelkun, London. Summer 1992

The ANTICOPYRIGHT network

presents

excerpts from the Working Press book

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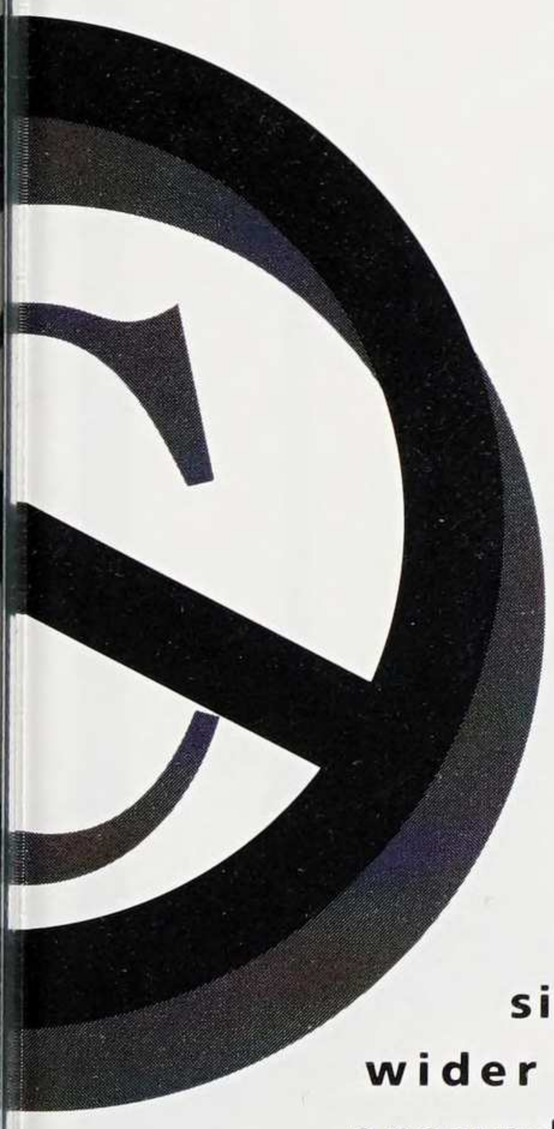


Contains 90 flyposters from the *Anticopyright* network, with an opening article which situates *Anticopyright* in a wider context of debates around intevention in public space, the production of antagonistic meanings by marginalised social groups, and strategies of cultural and political intervention in general.

FLYPOSTER FRENZY

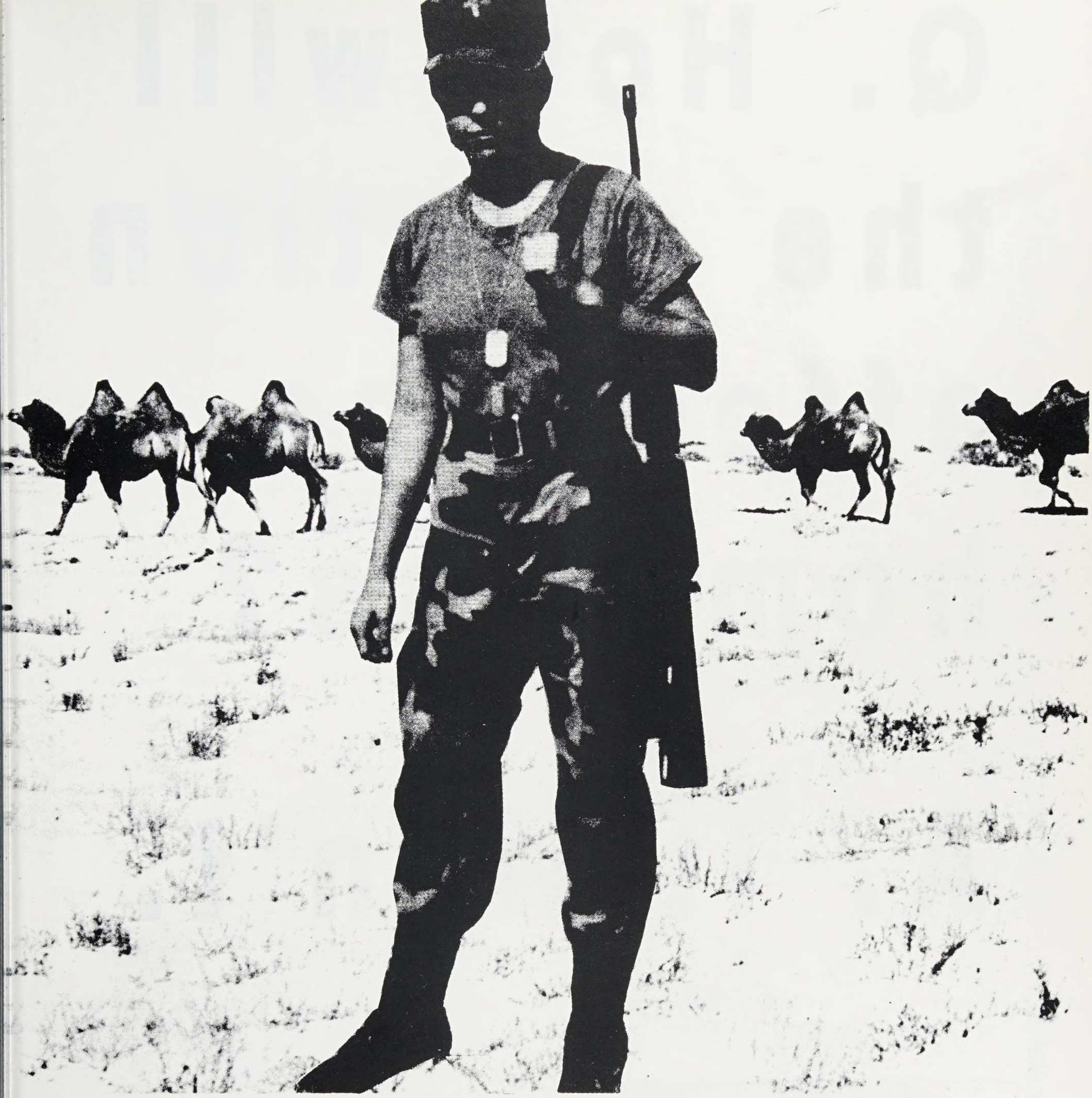
a collection of posters from a wide spectrum of sources ranging from artists such as Jenny Holzer and the Geurilla Girls to unknowns proclaiming "the downfall of civilization as we know it."

With its Ready to Copy format this book is also designed to be used as a copyright free source book.

contact Working Press 85 St. Agnes Place, London SE11 4BB England

**ART IS NOT A MIRROR HELD UP TO REALITY,
BUT A HAMMER WITH WHICH TO SHAPE IT.**

BERTOLT BRECHT



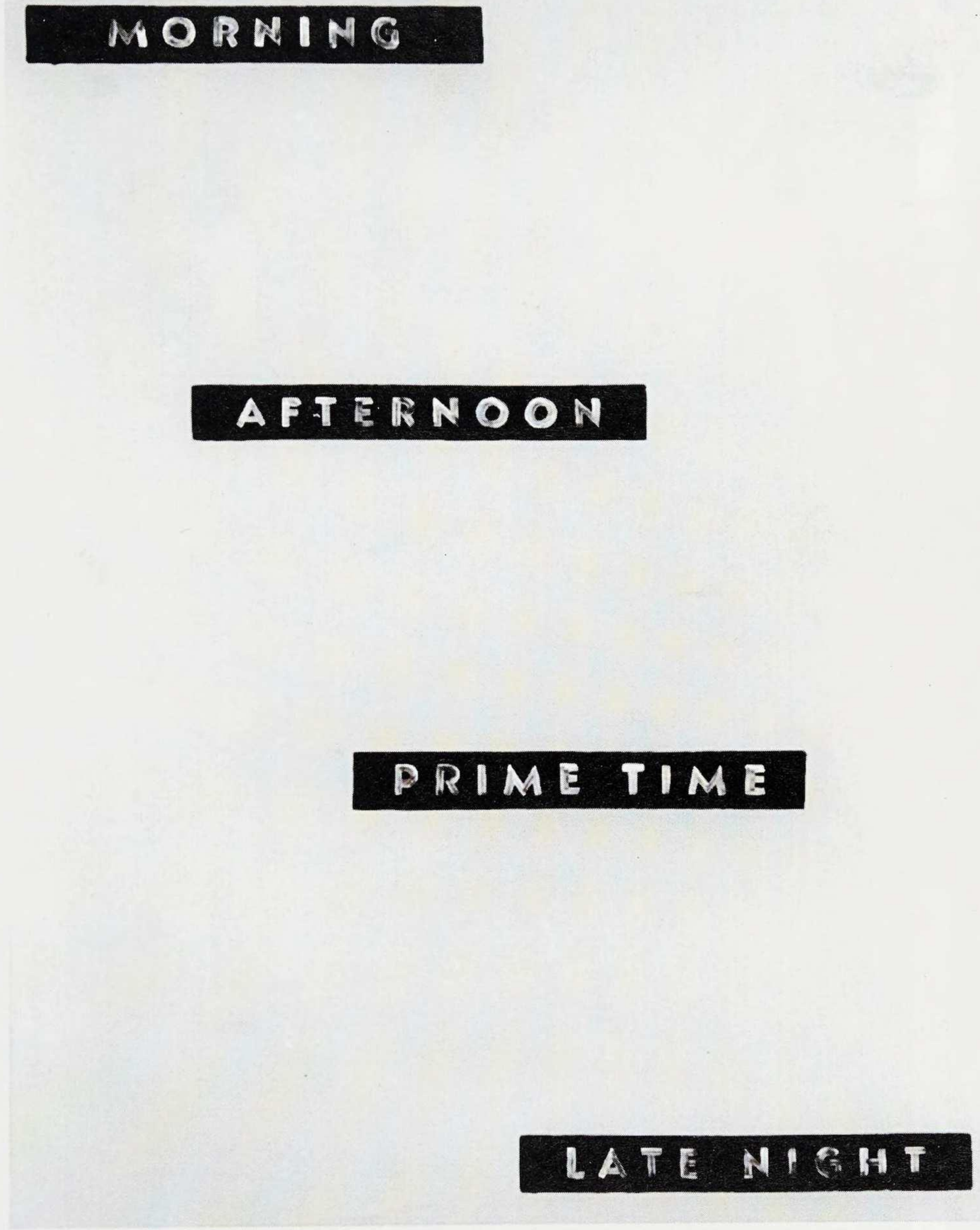
DID SHE RISK HER LIFE FOR GOVERNMENTS THAT ENSLAVE WOMEN?

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM **GUERRILLA GIRLS** 496 LaGuardia Pl. #237, NY 10012

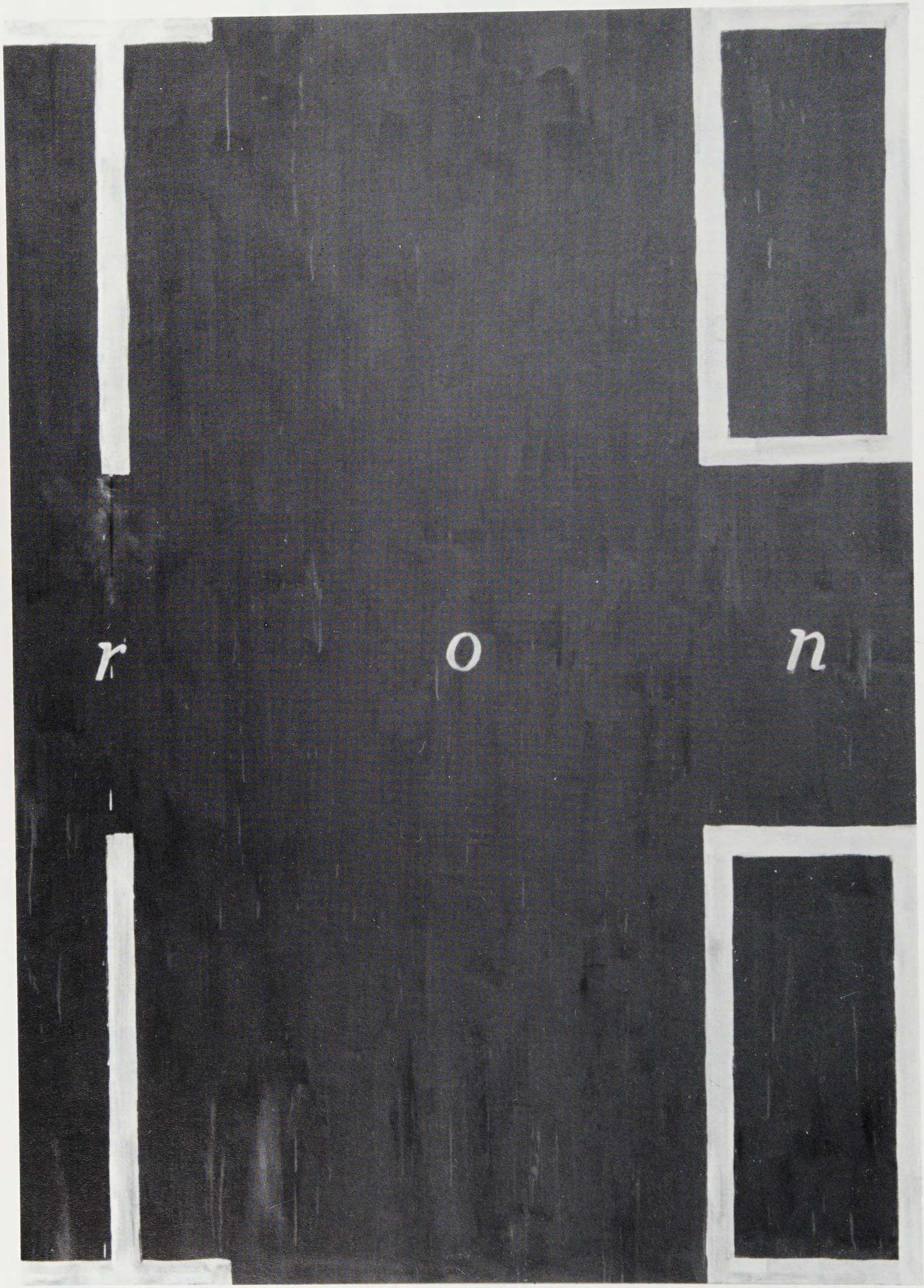
Q. How will the election effect the homeless?

A. It won't.

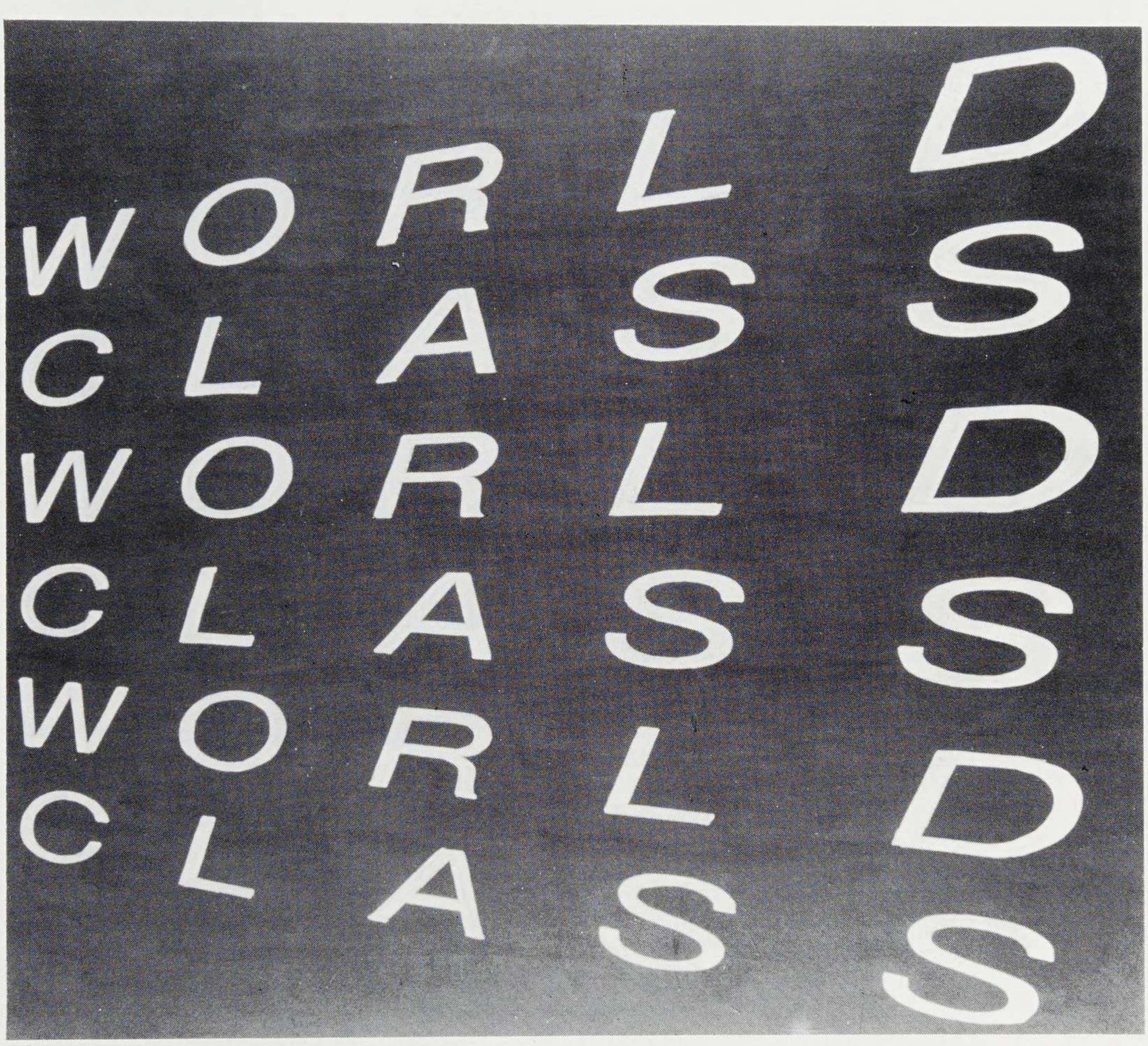
PLEASE NOTE: Homelessness exists **not** because the housing system is not working properly, but because **this is the way that it works.**



BROADCAST Oil on Canvas, 50 x 40", 1992, by Richard Storms



TORONTO Oil on Canvas, 84 x 60", 1990. By Richard Storms



WORLD CLASS Oil on Canvas, 58 x 85", 1992. By Richard Storms

IT ISN'T

EASY

BEING A PORN FAN

***In* a land where the spectre of state censorship looms so large.**

My Erotica "*habit*" began when I was coming out in a small Canadian city in the late sixties. I squirrelled away secret copies of soft-core magazines and eventually "coffee table books" with "lesbian spreads" in them. I was vaguely disappointed by my meagre collection then, but I never gave up my hope of finding something better, more cunt-watering.

Eventually I moved to the big city — Toronto — and turned from a baby dyke into a gay activist and journalist. And from a closet "collector" into an aspiring porn maker. Then what seemed, at the time, to be a miracle, happened.

Largely fuelled by the feminist sex debates, lesbians began to make and distribute sexual imagery of our own. My mood went from barely hopeful to downright enthusiastic. But I learned, early in my "career" as a smut fiend, that both collecting and producing interesting erotic material in Canada were fraught with peril.

In 1983, the entire editorial collective of the gay magazine I worked on, *The Body Politic (TBP)*, was charged with, and eventually acquitted of, obscenity for publishing an article about how to fist fuck safely. (I had gotten involved with *TBP* in 1978 as a result of another

By Chris Bearchell

Photos by Konnie Reich

CENSORSHIP

charge — for which the magazine was acquitted *twice* and which kept us in court for most of *TBP*'s fifteen year history, until shortly before it ceased publication in 1986.)

For the better part of a decade the Toronto police were on a vendetta against the gay community. And *TBP* wasn't their only target. In early 1981, almost 300 men were arrested in raids on gay men's baths. A clerk at Glad Day, the lesbian and gay book store, was also charged with obscenity in 1983 for selling two soft-core, gay-male magazines (which were also on sale in other stores throughout the city). But obscenity charges are not the only form anti-lesbian or anti-gay censorship takes in this country.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING CANADA HAS ALMOST NO DOMESTIC PORN INDUSTRY.

A couple of low-quality "men's" magazines, phone sex and whatever you can see on stage (or on boxes beside tables) at your local strip club are just about it for home-grown, commercial adult entertainment. In cities and towns in all of the provinces and territories, specialist and variety stores stock erotic books, magazines and videos. But this material is all imported. And, in most provinces (all but Quebec and British Columbia), it is subject to censorship in the process.

A lot of what is available on store shelves in Ontario originates in the US and it looks like the same stuff you can buy in America — until you take a closer look at it.

It's not so much the case with video at the moment, but until a year ago most x-rated videos available here didn't run very smoothly. The "choppy" look was a result of cutting out all close-ups of penetration of anykind. The cuts were ordered by the euphemistically named Ontario Film Review (read: censor) Board. Last year, the censor board decided it had to come to grips with the fact that a majority of Ontarians have no objection to explicit images of consenting adults having sex. It changed its policy and very few cuts are being made these days.

But that doesn't mean an end to problems for video porn retailers, distributors and fans. This October, Metro Toronto Police seized 6,800 sex videos from a local distributor. The force had formed a joint anti-porn squad with the Ontario Provincial

A LOT OF WHAT IS AVAILABLE ON STORE SHELVES IN ONTARIO ORIGINATES IN THE US AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE SAME STUFF YOU CAN BUY IN AMERICA — UNTIL YOU TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT IT.

Police (OPP) long ago; and Project P, as it's called, is promising to go on a campaign across the province to close down x-rated video sellers. The fact that all of the seized videos have been cleared for distribution by the censor board made no difference. The police have their own agenda for the porn industry; and Ontario's new, and supposedly progressive, attorney-general is unconcerned that law abiding retailers are being caught in the cross-fire between conflicting censorship authorities.

At my neighbourhood store, the photos in mainstream porn magazines (that's all there is) are riddled with black dots and the text of many stories is reduced to "word-salad" because censors have removed words and phrases from almost every line. After the American run of these magazines is printed, the plates are modified before a run is done for Canadian distribution. The modifications (black dots added, words removed) are based on advice from the folks in the Prohibited Importations Unit of Canada Customs. Like obedience to the film board, acceptance of Customs' "suggestions" doesn't mean that the police won't prosecute material after it has been modified — and cleared — on its way to the border. Or even that it will make it across the border.

CANADA CUSTOMS HAS LONG PAID SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SHIPMENTS TO CANADA'S THREE GAY BOOK STORES.

One of the first titles that they seized, on its way to GladDay in 1977, was Down There Press's sex manual *What Lesbians Do*. Over the years, a ridiculous array of things (things which other book stores seem to have no problem importing) have been added to the list of seized material: issues of on *Our Backs, Bad Attitude*, and *The Advocate*; works by Canadian lesbian novelists Jane Rule and Anne Cameron; greeting cards; books by Gide, Proust, Cocteau, Genet, Baudelaire, Tournier, Apollinaire, and Youcenar.

After the stores struggle through bureaucratic (and sometimes legal) procedures, which are both lengthy and costly, much of this material is eventually released to them (although, by then, it is seldom in saleable condition). Most of the sexually explicit titles, mind you, are not released. They are added to the banned book list.

SUCKS

Until 1985, the existence of this list was a well kept secret. That year, as a result of a fuss made by a determined anti-censorshipjournalist, Max Allen, three years' worth of the list was made public. It was several inches thick and contained the titles of 317,641 magazines, books, comic books, photographs, films, video tapes, newspapers and playing cards. Allen says he's recently been told that the list is no longer available to the public.

The Joy of Gay Sex and *The Joy of Lesbian* Sex were both on the banned book list in 1985. In 1986, the Canadian Committee Against Customs Censorship (CCACC), decided to organize a legal challenge to these bans. But CCACC couldn't get Customs officials to seize the lesbian volume that was in the shipment from which *The Joy of Gay Sex* was seized. Once Customs seized *The Joy of Gay Sex*, CCACC raised $15,000 to take the book all the way to the Ontario District Court. On March 20, 1987, the court ruled that *The Joy of Gay Sex* was not obscene and was therefore permissible to import. The impact of this decision on Customs was negligible. Just over a month later, a spirited group of fifty members of the city's lesbian and gay community could be found marching in the streets to protest the ongoing harassment of Glad Day Bookshop by Canada Customs.

The Customs bureaucracy has a particular fetish for ass-fucking. Anal sex *per se* is "degrading," according to Ministerial Memorandum D9-1-1. For several years they routinely censored American magazines for gay men that told how to avoid transmitting HIV during anal sex. The only moderately positive outcome of the *Joy of Gay Sex* case was that Customs revised D9-1-1 to permit the entry into Canada of "clinical descriptions of anal sex only." While they won't tolerate the depiction or discussion of lesbian or het bum-fucking either, their real target seems to be gay-male porn.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS THEY ROUTINELY CENSORED AMERICAN MAGAZINES FOR GAY MEN THAT TOLD HOW TO AVOID TRANSMITTING HIV DURING ANAL SEX.

Historically, as with the *Joy of...* books, lesbian representations have been more readily tolerated than gay-male images have. So it's not surprising that, while a lot of it gets seized, much lesbian material has emerged relatively unscathed from Customs appeals. Even Pat Califia's *Macho Sluts* was released. My suspicion is not that Customs' real motive is a "divide and conquer" strategy. Since censorship doesn't have many adherents in nominally democratic societies, the people at Customs have really appreciated having some feminists on side with them and they don't want to risk such useful allies by making it obvious that they're picking on lesbian material.

This doesn't mean that, other than its attempt to use us in its attack against gay men, Canadian dykes don't have to worry about Customs. Customs still detains lesbian material — they're just a little less blatant about it. If Glad day hadn't appealed the seizure of *Macho Sluts*, for instance, it would still be banned.

Due to the efforts of CCACC and other anti-censorship activities, seizures of shipments to book stores have caught the attention of the press and the public over the years. Individuals, on the other hand, may be reluctant to be publicly labelled as porn consumers and are easier to harass — quieter and usually poorer. Since apparently they pay very close attention to all videos originating from California, there's nothing to stop Customs from intercepting Fatale videos on their way to Canadian lesbians who have mail-ordered them.

I'd heard through the grapevine of it happening to several other women before it happened to me. This summer, a Canada Customs "Notice of Determination" (seizure) arrived in my mail instead of the copy of *Suburban Dykes* that I'd ordered.

My appeal was rejected at the first stage and I was filling out a form for the second level of appeal, when I was forced to contact Customs for clarification of questions on their form. The woman who answered the phone at my local Prohibited Importations Unit first asked me if I was sure that I really wanted to

bother with the appeal before she went to the trouble of explaining their procedures to me. When I assured her that I had every intention of appealing the seizure of my video, she insisted on going over the whole form with me.

Finally we came to the last question — about my reason for wanting to appeal the seizure. How am I supposed to know why I want to appeal the seizure of something that I'm not a allowed to see, I asked.

Ms. Grundy asked me what it said on the Notice of Determination: "Under section 2, classification, there are a bunch of boxes to check off...the one that's checked will tell you why it's against the law."

The box was g) "anal penetration."

"Aha! You see. It's against the law," she proclaimed.

I was getting too angry to notice that this had nothing to do with question 37. "Since when has anal penetration been against the law?" I asked, sarcastically.

But my sarcasm was lost on her as she read me the obscenity section of the Criminal Code. "Everyone commits an offense who makes, prints, publishes, distributes, circulates or has in his possession for the purpose of publication, distribution or circulation any obscene written matter, picture, model, phonograph record or other thing whatever..."

I interrupted her to tell her that I know what section 163 of the Criminal Code says and I know that it doesn't refer to anal sex. She finished reading it any way. "For the purpose of this act, any publication a dominant characteristic of which is the undue exploitation of sex or of sex and any one or more of the following subjects, namely, crime, horror, cruelty and violence, shall be deemed to be obscene." (It was the wording of this section that lead a Quebec Supreme Court judge to decide that a realistic, cock-like dildo constituted "an obscene publication.")

"So? Where's the reference to anal sex?" I asked, "I toldyou, it isn't there; the law isn't that specific — it's totally open to interpretation."

"No, it isn't," she said and began to read to me from another familiar document — Customs' Memorandum D9-1-1. "This statute forbids the importation of a) goods which depict or describe sexual acts that appear to degrade or dehumanize any of the participants, including: (1) depictions or descriptions of sex with violence, submission, coercion, ridicule, degradation, exploitation or humiliation of any human being whether sexually explicit or not, and which appears to condone or otherwise endorse such behaviour for the purposes of sexual stimulation or pleasure..."

I tried to tell her that D9-1-1 wasn't a law; she continued through the list: (2) depictions or descriptions of rape, (3) of bondage, (4) which associate sexual pleasure with pain and suffering, (5) sexual gratification gained through inflicting pain, (6) mutilation or removal of any part of the human body, (7) menstrual blood or fecal matter.

And finally, "Number 8. Depictions or descriptions of anal penetration, including depictions or descriptions involving implements of all kinds," she finished triumphantly.

I refrained from telling her how many times I'd read the memo myself. Instead I ask, "So this little regulation says that anal sex is obscene?"

"Yes, it is (sic)," says a smug Ms. Grundy.

Finally, I can't stand it any more. Canada Customs' real agenda is to stop gay-male porn from coming into Canada, I told her. No it isn't, she insisted, "99% of the anal penetration stuff we seize is men doing it to women."

I told her that, as far as I know, there are no men in the video that I ordered. "Then...some woman must...put a finger...or something...into another woman's...anus," she said, awkwardly.

"Are you trying to tell me that the Criminal Code says that one girl putting her finger in another girl's asshole is 'combining sex with crime, horror, cruelty and violence'?"

"Yes."

"You've got to be kidding..."

I was being disingenuous; she wasn't kidding.

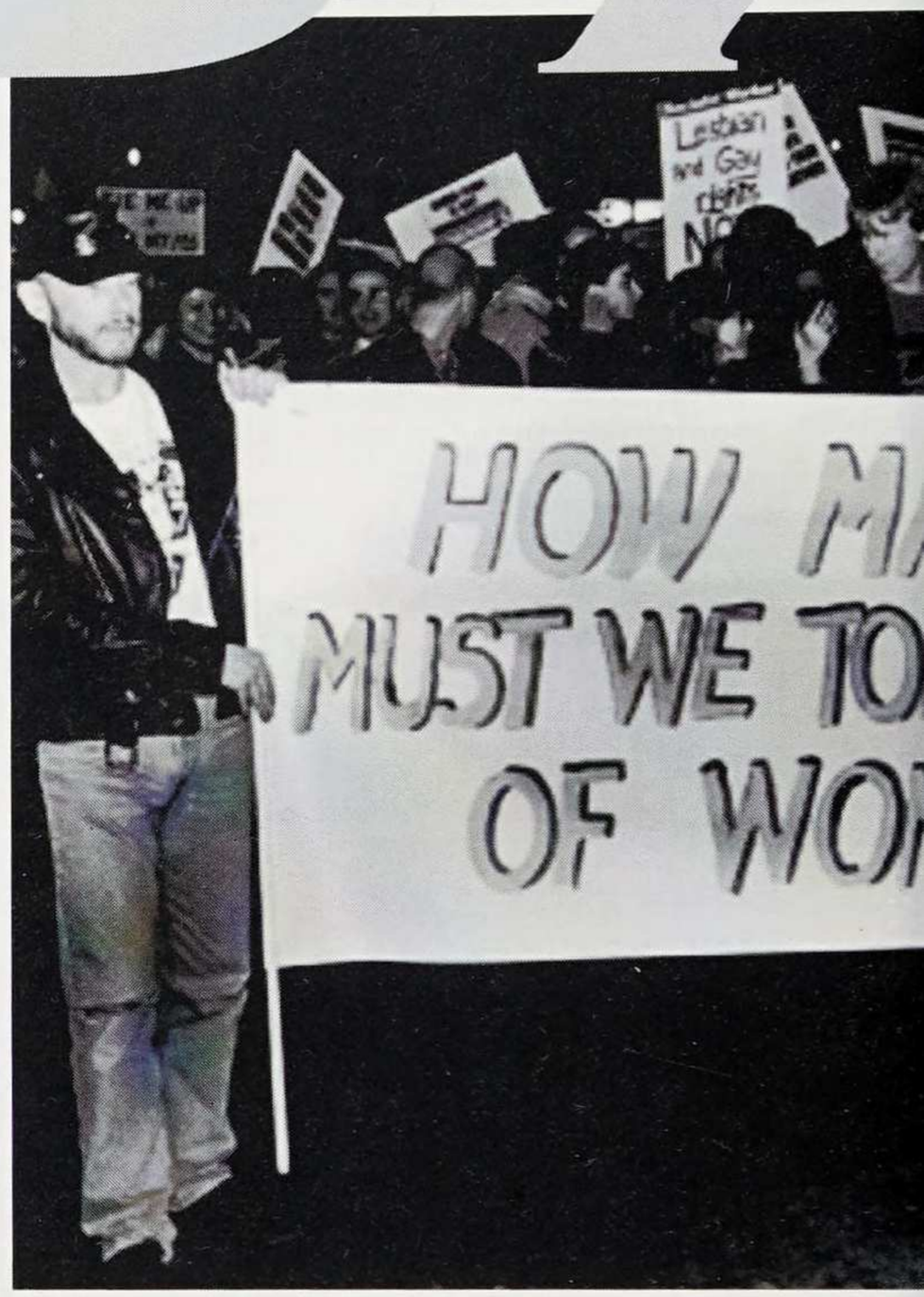
I filed the second stage of my appeal on July 17, 1991. And I haven't heard anything since.

In the spring of 1992, the Supreme Court decided, with the encouragement of the feminist law reform group Legal Equality Action Fund (LEAF), that Canada's obscenity law was a justifiable infringement of the freedom of expression provision in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. This decision — in the case of a Winnipeg video store owner named Donald Butler — referred to henceforth as the Butler decision — says that, in interpreting the obscenity law, the courts will no longer act as guardians of public morals but will instead concern themselves with preventing harm, especially to women and children.

The Supreme Court says the Butler decision is a result of "a growing recognition in recent cases that material which may be said to exploit sex in a 'degrading or dehumanizing' manner will necessarily fail the community standards test, not because it offends against public morals but because it is *perceived* by public opinion to be harmful to society, particularly women" (italics added). The court did not make its decision because porn is proven to cause harm but rather because it is *believed* by the Canadian public to cause harm and because this belief has been repeated often by expert witnesses in recent obscenity cases.

The fact that public and expert witnesses believe that porn causes harm is due to the successes of the past decade's anti-porn propaganda campaign. The Butler decision evades the question of what proof there is that porn causes harm, by stating that such proof is unnecessary. This is, presumably, at least in part, because the Canadian government spent a lot of money conducting a huge study of porn, the Fraser Report, which came to the accurate if unpopular conclusion that there is no conclusive evidence that porn causes harm.

According to the Butler decision, the courts must now decide what the contemporary Canadian community would tolerate based on "the degree of harm that may flow from exposure (to any given piece of material). Harm in this context means that it predisposes persons to act in an anti-social manner, in other words, a manner which society formally recognizes as incompatible with its proper functioning."It should not surprise anyone that the cops and the courts took this to mean open season on queer sex. The first enforcement of the obscenity section of the Criminal Code after Butler was on April 30 when Ontario Provincial Police laid charges against staff of Toronto's gay book store, Glad Day Book Shop, for selling the lesbian sex mag *Bad Attitude*. The first court interpretation of what Butler means was delivered July 15 by Judge Frank Hays when he declared that all twelve items of sexually explicit gay male material that Glad Day was demanding be released by Canada Customs were obscene.

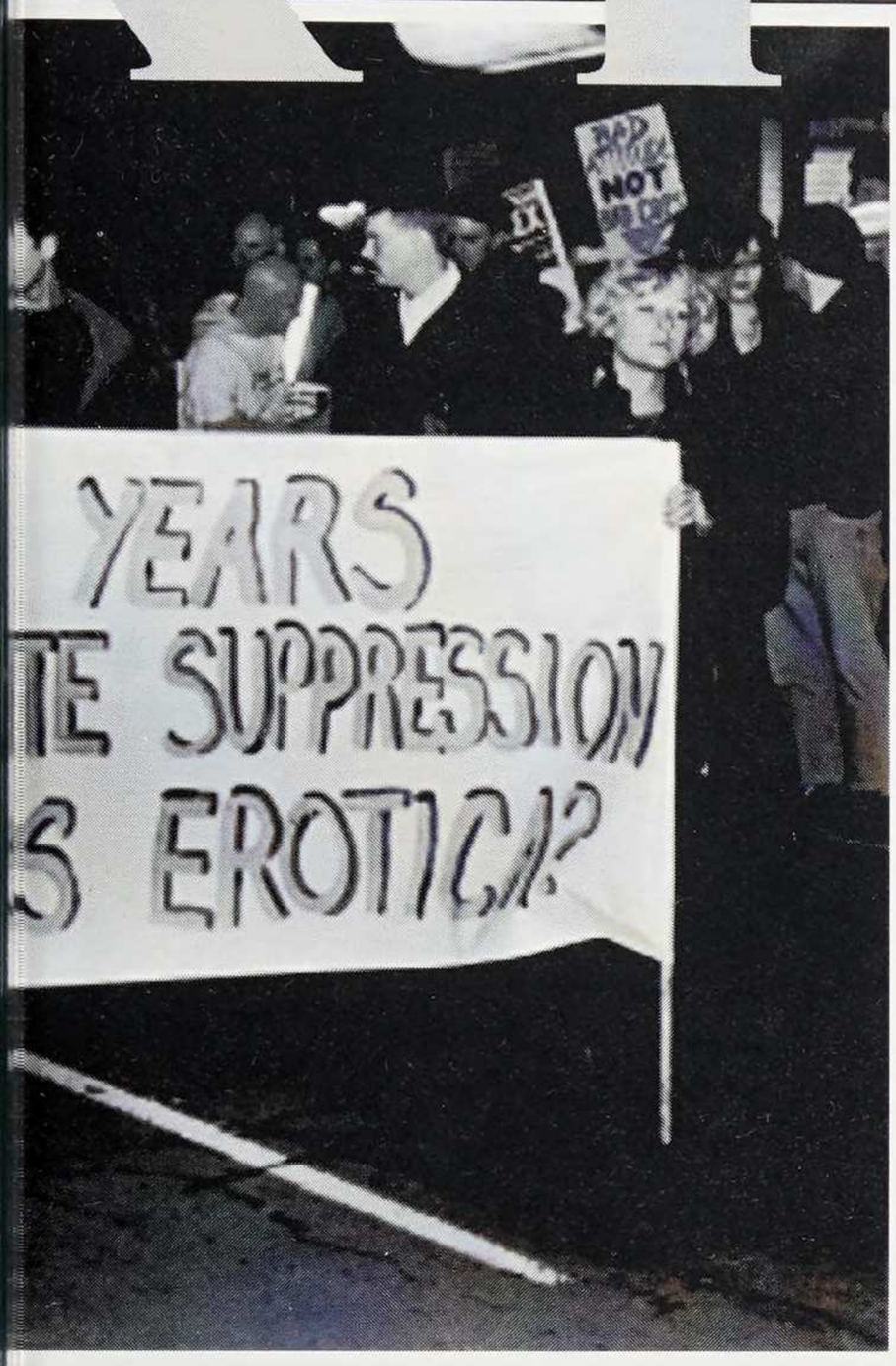


University of Calgary law professor Kathleen Mahoney, co-author of its factum to the Supreme Court, says that LEAF was aware of the long history of Canada Customs and police harassment of gay book stores when the submission was drafted and their strategy developed. I asked Mahoney if she approved of how the Butler decision was being interpreted so far but she said that she was unaware of any decisions. I told her about Judge Hays decision.

"From what you've said about (the decision), it sounds like homophobia. So does the charge against Glad Day. It's misuse of police discretion. Unless the material in question is violent or degrading. But gay porn is not the issue, the issue is the violence against women that's in (magazines in) bread and milk stores all across the country. According to (a case called) Wagner — one of the first decisions to include a harm analysis — which was cited by the

"THERE'S ONE OF THOSE PROVERBIA

AND DISCUSSION OF QUEER S



Photos: Konnie Reich

Supreme Court in Butler, the fact that material depicts people of the same sex is irrelevant to whether or not it's obscene. Some judges choose to ignore harms-based rather then morals-based reasoning."

Why, if gay porn is not the issue, did Michelle Landsberg, in an article about the Butler decision in the May issue of *Ms*, quote Mahoney bragging that LEAF won over the judges in the Butler case by describing gay male porn? According to the article Mahoney said, "We made the point that the abused men in these films were being treated like women — and the judges got it."

"Anything that's violent or degrading is harmful," she explained to me, "including lesbian or gay material." Judge Paris, in his February 1993 decision on convicting Glad Day of obscenity for carrying *Bad Attitude*, took this reasoning to heart. He convicted the store on the basis of a piece of fiction called "Wunna my fantasies." The narrator of the story fantasizes about stalking another woman in a locker room and engaging in rough, but consenting, sex with her. According to Judge Paris, "the fact that the aggressor is female is irrelevant." Too bad the guys and gals at the border are not so blind to sexual orientation.

Western Canada's largest retailer of lesbian and gay material, Little Sister's, is circulating a brochure which says the store has 25 reasons why they are going to court later this year, including: *Bad Attitude*, *The Advocate*, *Caught Looking*, *The Leading Image* and 21 other books and magazines seized at the border. (Actually, they have had a lot more than 25 titles seized but they picked a round number for the pamphlet.) As their court date has drawn nearer, they have experienced stepped-up customs harassment with extensive delays of shipments from all presses and distributors. As usual, the material that is seized on its way to Little Sister's is available at other stores and the public library.

In light of the Supreme Court decision in Butler, the B.C. Civil Liberties Association (BCCLA) which is representing Little Sister's has had to change its strategy. There is no point in arguing that the obscenity section violates freedom of expression when the court has made it clear that it finds such a violation acceptable. They will be arguing that customs has no business exercising prior restraint — that is, putting the onus on book sellers to prove that material is not obscene before it is allowed into Canada — and that Customs Tariff D9-1-1 discriminates against lesbians and gay men.

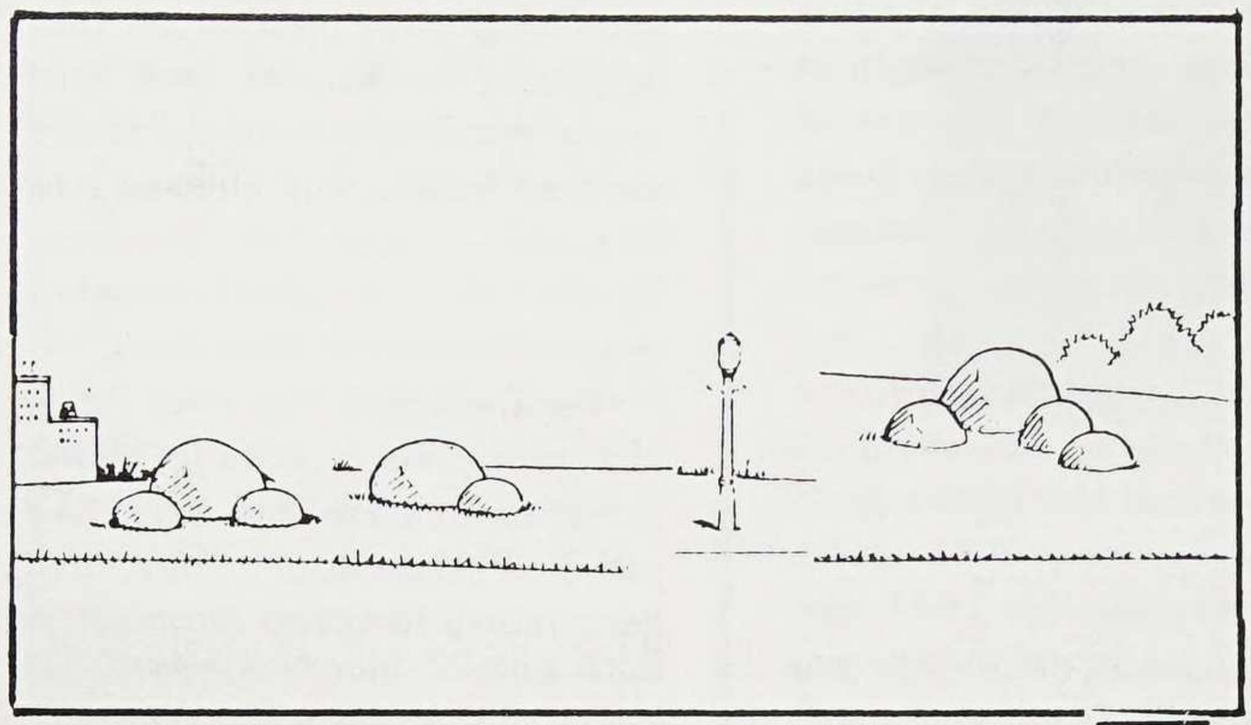
Their struggle, like Glad Day's in Toronto, has gone on for years; the present case has been five years in preparation. They have been forced to spend a fortune in legal fees — even with the assistance of the BCCLA and the American Booksellers Association which helped their defence fund get a McArthur Grant to help cover court costs. Donations to the Little Sister's Defence Fund c/o the BCCLA (which has seriously depleted its cash reserves preparing this case for the past five years) are most welcomed at *#518-119 West Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6B 1S5.*

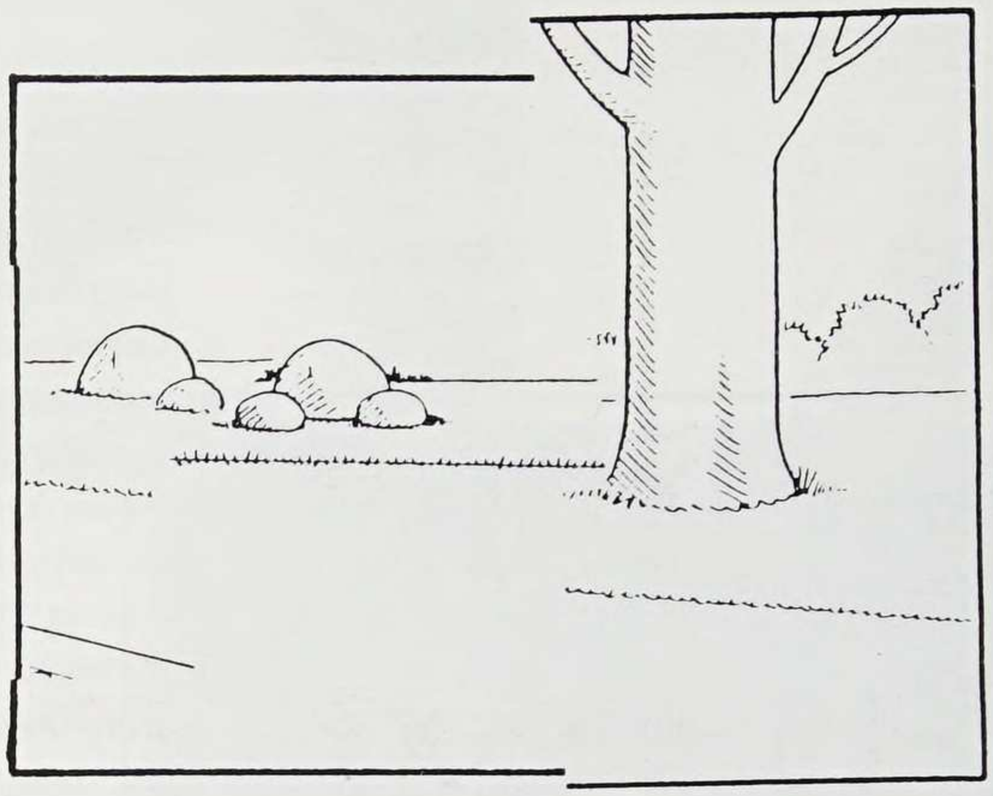
And they must be a little haunted by what happened last time they got all the way to court to defend material seized by customs five years ago. Their case was prepared, the money spent, when the crown simply withdrew the ban against the issue of *The Advocate* in question. Months had passed since the magazines had been seized, so they were a bit out of date to try and sell. Besides, customs had already destroyed them.

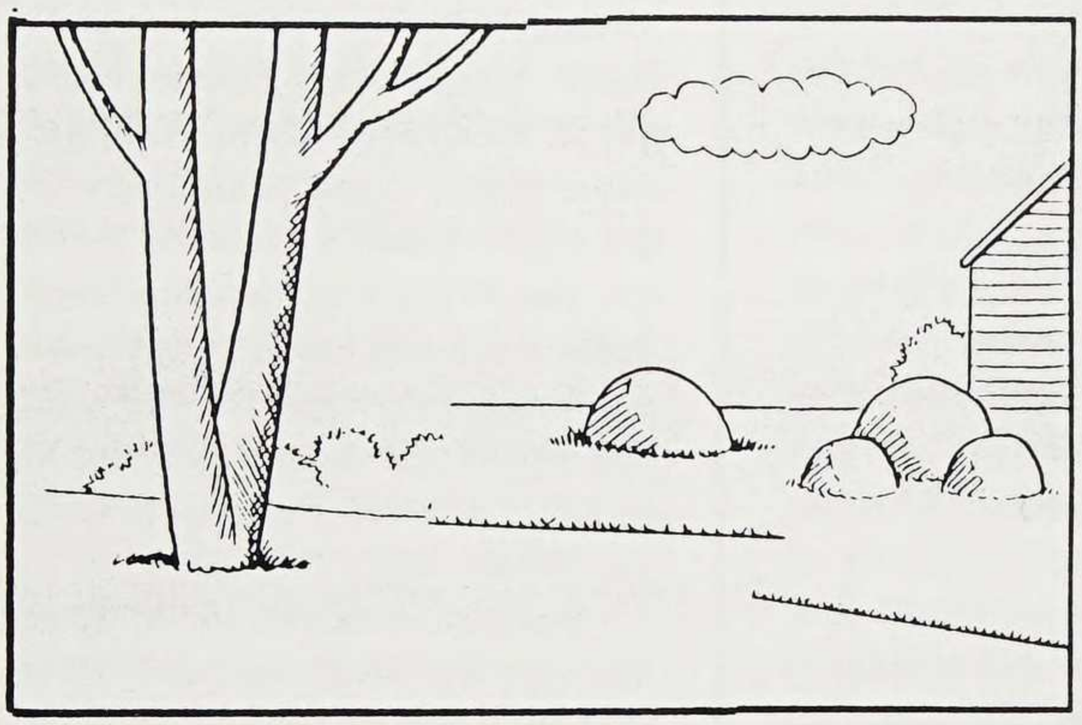
Yes, queer porn is under attack. But when Little Sister's goes to court more than porn will be on trial. There's one of those proverbial fuzzy lines where queer porn ends and discussion of queer sex and sexual politics begins. And in this game of "censorship by bankruptcy," where the bullies with the laws and regulations make up the rules as they go along, any book store is a fair target. ●

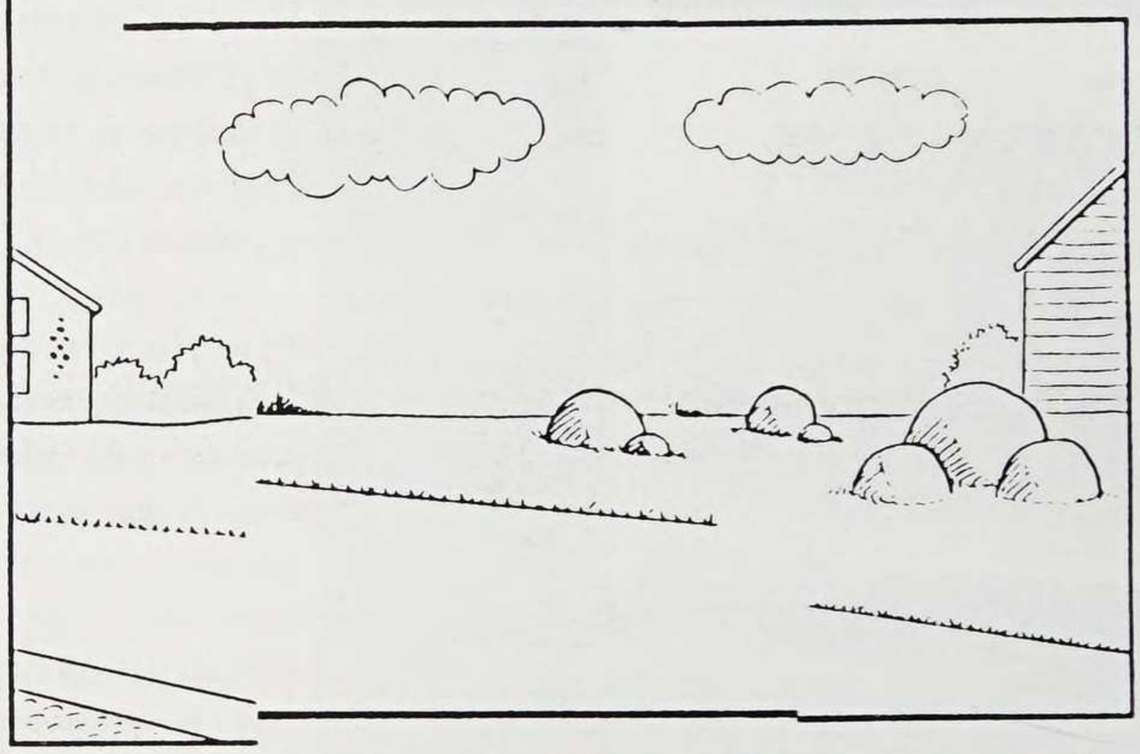
ZZY LINES WHERE QUEER PORN ENDS

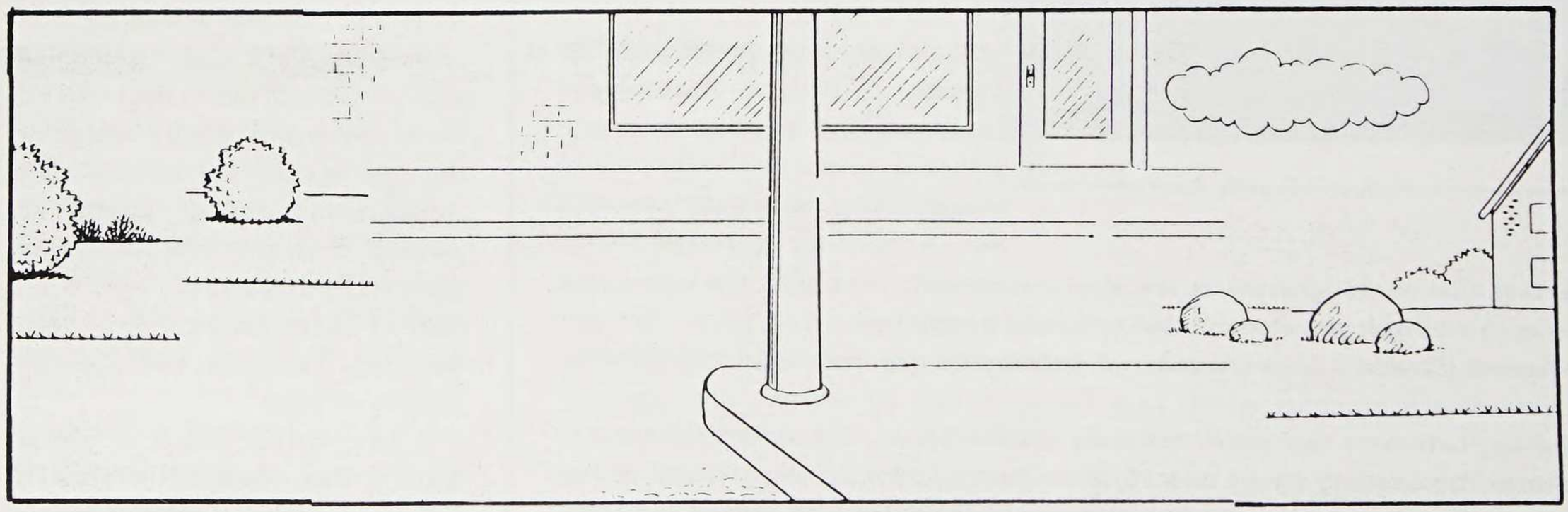
ND SEXUAL POLITICS BEGINS."

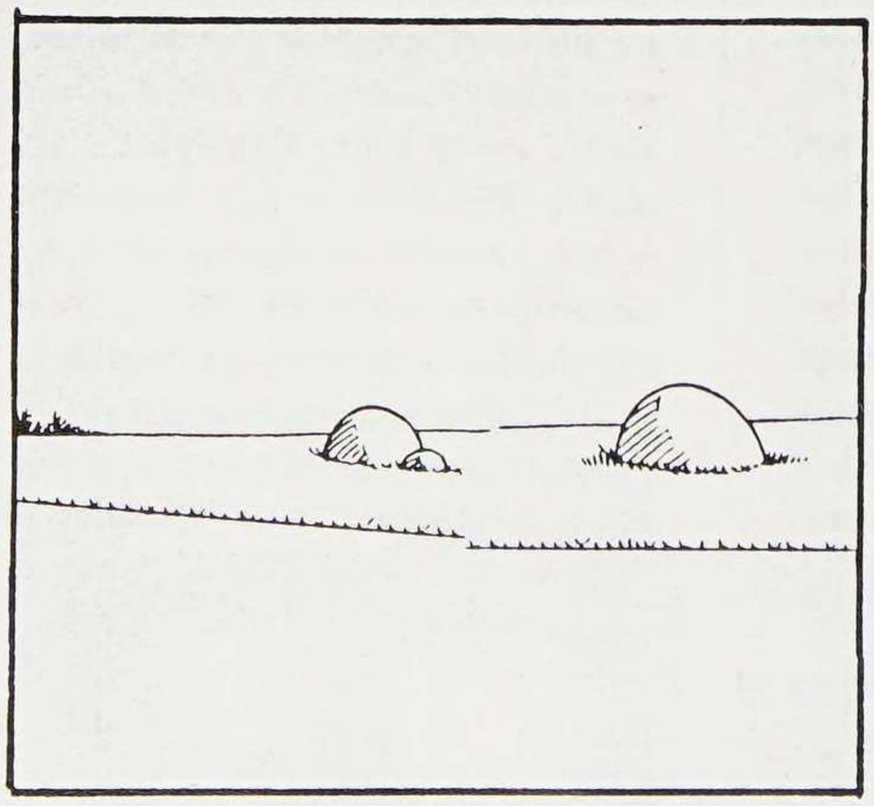


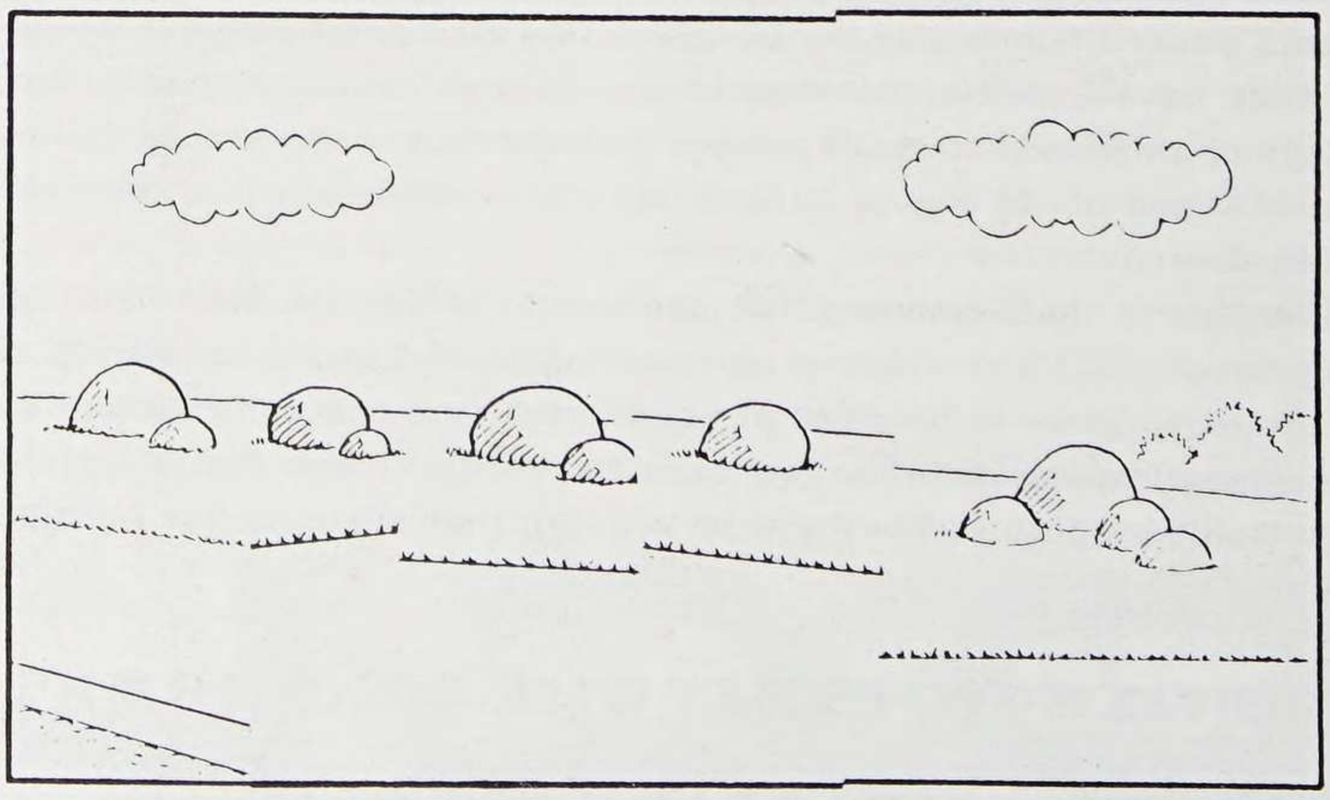












Ben Allen-N. Ireland

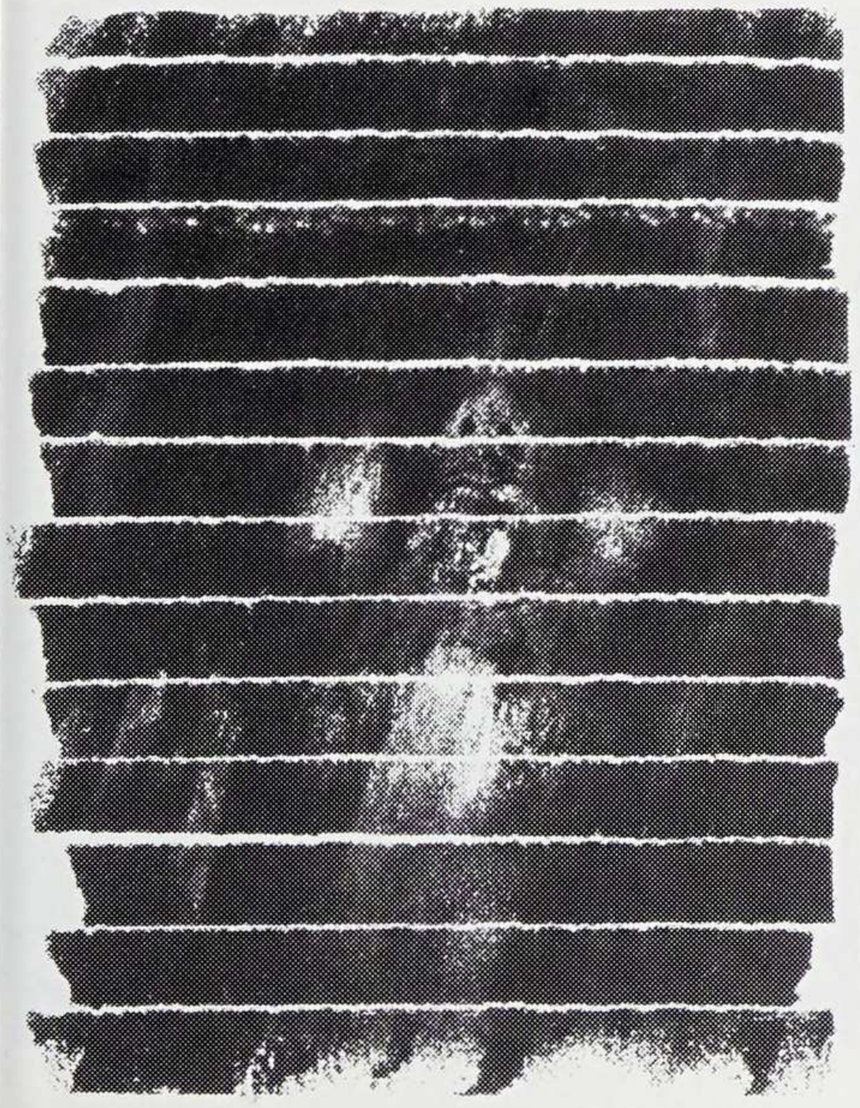
They wanted me for their army

or whatever

Picture me given' a

DAMN

I said NEVER!



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GREATEST!!

-ALI

We lost our Religion

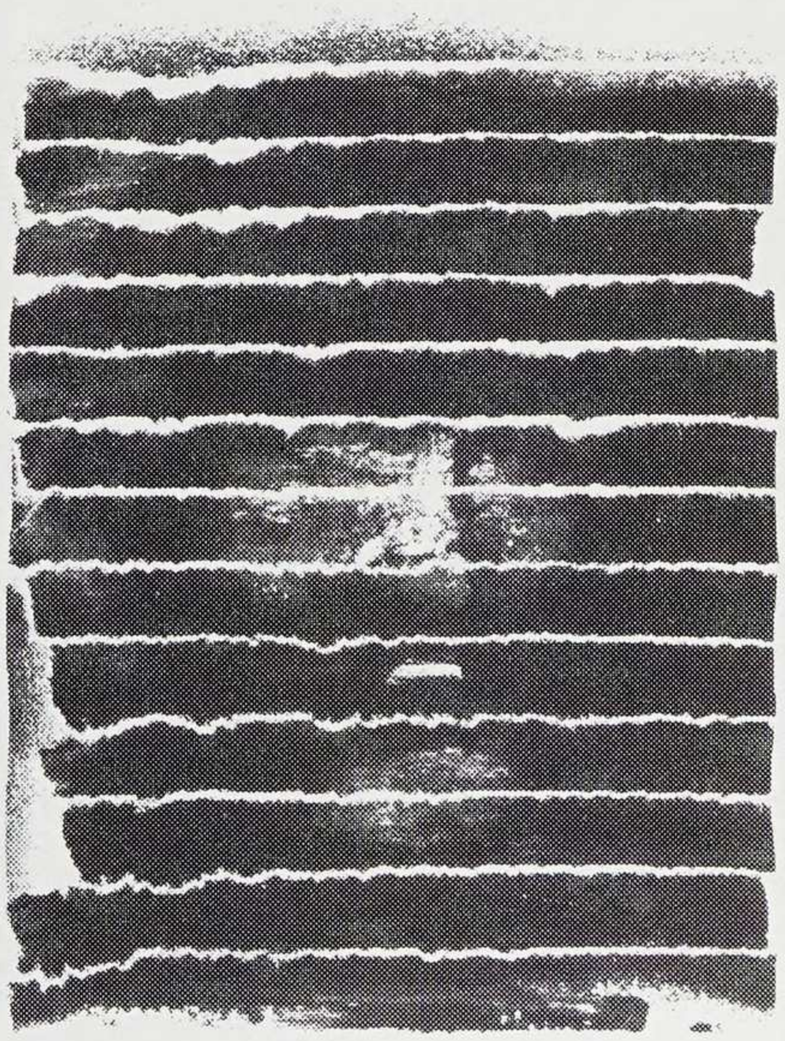
our Culture

our Gods

and many of us

by the way we ACT

We even lost our MINDS!



-KING

I want to talk

Right down to EARTH

in a Language that everybody

HERE

can easily Understand.

©1992 by MIKE ANDERSON

Hand-

Job

J.G. Ballard

the future is a volatile design statement

June 23, 1992

by **Vittore Baroni**

Vittore Baroni In some ways your career is like some American writers who began with science fiction and then crossed over into main stream literature like Bradbury or Vonnegut. After Empire of the Sun or The day of Creation, especially The Kindness of Women — can you evaluate your relationship with science fiction as a genre of today?

J. G. Ballard I think, strictly speaking, I don't write science fiction any more — though many of my short stories that I have written recently, my latest collection in particular published in England called War Fever — many of these stories are speculative fictions that have some similarities to science fiction. I think the sort of genre characteristics of S.F., which my first short stories definitely contained, are now absent from my fiction. I think partly the reason is that fiction itself has changed very greatly in the last 10-20 years — it may be even that science fiction is now dead. It is possible that science fiction was a sort of mid-twentieth century form which relied very much on optimism, an interest in technology and an interest in the future. Now

> **"I think people are not interested in the future any more — they live in a kind of continuous present."**

People are not optimistic any more. They are not interested in change any more, and science fiction required a great interest in change.

V.B. If you think S.F. maybe is dead — do you think some of the S.F. writers will take a different direction, or will they continue in a dead genre?

J.G.B. The fact that science fiction is dead doesn't mean that it won't have an afterlife. The analogy would be the western. The western was dead from 1960 onwards but of course it lived — the western was brought back spectacularly to life by the great Italian director Sergio Leone. I mean the so called spaghetti western — a most unsuitable name — I think they were magnificent westerns — they are the greatest westerns ever made. Now Leone breathed life into the corpse. It is possible that S.F. will have a life after death. The key difference of course is that the western is a closed form. Whether it is Ford, Leone or whoever — it lives inside a sealed universe. It is like a submarine or a space capsule. The danger is that if S.F. goes the way of the western, and becomes a genre that like the western is capable of renewing itself, the danger is that it will have no contact with the surrounding society. And I think that one sees that in the popular cinema of S.F., that it is really science fantasy — it is a fantasy future that we see in *Star Wars* films and similar films. It is no longer about the present day, whereas the great S.F. cinema of the 1940s' and 50s', the black and white cinema, was intensely sensitive to the developments taking place in society, in the world at large. Scientific change, the fear of nuclear war, space travel, computers etc. etc., these S.F. films of the 40s' and 50s' were intensely sensitive to what was going on. The danger is that S.F. will no longer be in contact with the lives we lead but simply will become a form of fantastic fiction with the similarities to the western. That is the danger.

design by

“The cyber punks, as you say, are really a branch of post modern fiction with technological elements.”

V.B. You don't see any evidence of this already? Because one of the questions we wanted to ask you was what you think of cyber punk writers like William Gibson, writers who claim your work as a major source of inspiration. What is your evaluation of this cyber punk movement, a movement maybe already finished? Is it just a mixing of writing techniques or ideologies of post modern traditions of adventure?

J.G.B. I think so. I greatly admire the cyber punks like William Gibson and others. But I don't think they are writing science fiction. I don't mean that as a criticism; I mean quite the opposite. I think they are an example of how science fiction has achieved its objectives. In a sense S.F. won, it achieved a victory. It imposed its vision on twentieth century literature — and I still believe it is the true literature of the twentieth century. But it won its victory so S.F. has sat back and watched its influence,its children go out to literature, cinema, the arts and advertising and so on. It saw its children go out and take a respected place in the world of popular culture.

The curious thing is that the cyber punk movement is more or less finished now. It lasted 10 years perhaps, if that. I think you see that more and more of what used to be exclusively S.F. imagery (within the confines of the genre, the genre of publishing, the genre of film making and so on) has now spread out to the mainstream novel and cinema because everyone has taken in the imagery — they get it off advertising, they get if from the TV screen, from the clothes people wear, etc. etc. and this means that S.F. is now in a ghetto, it has dispersed into the culture at large and will never recover from the fact that it won the war, as it were. The cultural war of the twentieth century was won by S.F.— the dominant form of the imagination.

V.B. So in a sense, this death is a positive thing in your opinion...

J.G.B. Yes, it is a victory...

V.B. Your earlier science fiction is very well known among the fan community, North American fan community, the cyber punks. But not every fan likes **Crash!.**

J.G.B. No, S.F. fans don't. S.F fans who like my stuff like it for **The Drowned World, The Crystal World** and the short stories of that kind. They don't like **Crash!** and **The Atrocity Exhibition,** no. Traditional S.F. fans are like the fans of the western, aren't they? I mean it is a very specialized nostalgia. It is like a cultural nostalgia for 1920s furniture or art deco or something. Traditional S.F fans are living in a mentally closed universe. They aren't interested in trends in society at large any more, as the fans were in the 40s and 50s.

V.B. I think the cyber punks also found in your work this multimodal thing that started in the 60s. Do you see the possibility of inventing a new interactive literature, or is that just gimmicks, just tricks?

J.G.B. I think that this will begin to happen more and more. Recently I took part in a special project, created by a branch of the great Japanese telephone system. It is the Cultural Division of the Japanese telephone system which of course has unlimited money, as you can imagine, and they have created something called “The Museum inside the Telephone Wire.” They commissioned contributions from **musicians like John Cage and writers like Burroughs and myself, of graphic designers, artists, visual artists, etc. And all the contributions can be transmitted along the telephone wire, the graphics on the fax machine, the music comes over the telephone lines, mathematical material comes up on the computer, etc. A subscriber looks at** a catalogue and says “ah yes, John Cage, I'll have that” — you dial the appropriate number and get the input. “Ballard — I want to see Ballard's stuff.” So you get the fax machine to get that up. That can easily become interactive and you get a new kind of literature being born.

V.B. With the virtual thing...

J.G.B. Well, beyond all this lies virtual reality which will come and completely transform the human race. It will be the greatest. If these virtual reality systems — which at present are at a crude simple state — if they develop in the way that is claimed by the research teams working in Japan and America, if they are successful, I think it will be a revolution in human consciousness. The biggest revolution in human consciousness probably that has occurred ever, I dare say. I mean for the first time mankind will have created a synthetic reality that is more convincing, more sensitive, more capable of being manipulated than the stuff around us.

V.B. Will that replace drugs? *(laughs)*

J.G.B. I'm sure of that.

continued next page

... continued

V.B. What about the end of history and the absence of charismatic figures that you talk about in your interviews?

J.G.B. I rather agree with this Japanese academic, whatever his name is — Fukiyama — who believes that the end of history is coming. I have said many times that I think the future will be boring. I think that the suburbanization of the planet has already well advanced, its already here. At the same time, I think that 50 years from now, the middle of the next century, one will see the whole planet turn into a sort of Pasadena, and I mean this is what people want, it is what they aspire to. People are moving out of cities into suburbs all over the world They want a suburban lifestyle that offers them the leisure facilities, the privacy, the security, etc. I think that will come. At the same time I think there will be an enormous volatility, if you know what I mean. On the surface things will be calm, but there will be sudden explosions of dangerous and bizarre events which will arise in utterly unexpected, noncontinuous and unpredictable ways. It could take the form of political violence, it could take the form of cultural activities; you could get mini 1960s hippy psychedelic cultures exploding into existence for very brief periods. Instead of the 60s lasting 10 years, you may get the 60s lasting 10 days — but tremendously exciting and creative. You may get huge shifts in the consumer landscape prompted by the development of some new fabric, a fashion mode might appear that will absolutely seize the imagination of the entire planet for one week. You will get this kind of volatility, excitability, if you know what I mean. Sudden crises coming into existence, super-imposed on utter banality. One already sees signs of that already in the great suburban areas of North America, Western Europe and Australia.

"I think that the combination of boredom and unpredictability and a very volatile cultural atmosphere is inscribed in the present."

A hyper - electronic landscape is coming — full of invisible technologies that will change our lives completely. You know the personal computer and the phone, fax machine, electronic mail, these are just the beginnings. And with virtual reality ...

V.B. If there is a future indeed...

J.G.B. This is the other thing. I think the past die probably in the 1960s, and I think the future died no much later. We now have a much larger present — a present that extends almost into years. The present now, it takes into itself the future at one end and th past at the other and plays with them as a cultural gam

"The future is just a sort of design statement, if yo know what I mean."

V.B. Let's try and go back to your most recent book, **The Kindness of Women.** This book seem to comment, as you wrote explicitly in it, on a recon ciliation of yourself and your past; an overcoming of what you call the crazy years. Does this mean that yo agree with those radical criticisms of the 60s' ideologie that popped up in the 80s — do you agree with thos

J.G.B. On the whole, I have very positive memories of the 1960s. I think they were a liberating time. For the first time, a sort of genuine electronic communications landscape was created. This meant tha there was a huge outburst of creativity which could find instant expression Thanks to developmen in the McLuhanite landscape we got T.V and cheap forms of printing which allowed hundreds of thousands of counter-culture mag azines to be published. It was a huge outburst creativity. If I have reservations like those express in the book, it that a landscape was created by the end of th 60s of pure sensation. It coincided with the closing stages of the Vietnam War, where sensation was all that counted It is like putting an electric current into a dead frog. You know, all you want is the leg to kick — it doesn' matter if the leg is alive or dead — just put the curren in and get the kick. I think by the end of the 60s there was an exhaustion. They had burnt themselve out like a star.

V.B. I haven't seen yet Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch*, but even if I have a great admiration for Cronenberg, I think I will be disappointed. And do you think there might be even a slight chance that *Crash!* can be made into a film without losing or betraying the power of the printed word?
J.G.B. Yeah, it's very hard to say.

"I was very disappointed with Cronenberg's Naked Lunch."

He didn't capture Burroughs' universe at all. The problem for Cronenberg is that Burroughs' kind of apocalyptic humour is beyond him. Cronenberg is a great film maker, a unique film maker, who exploits visceral sensations — visceral imagination — the imagination of our bodies and our sense of our musculature and nervous systems and the like. He produces these extraordinary images of the way in which the imagination can transform the body. That doesn't work in the case

of Burroughs because the big transforming agent in Burroughs' fiction is really drugs, which don't work directly on the body but only work on the mind. Cronenberg couldn't get into that, he had no entry point. ***Crash!*** is slightly different: it might suit Cronenberg's talents more because ***Crash!*** is a very visceral book again. It is about bodies in contact with metal and if he does it, the outcome might well be happier ...

V.B. You won't be involved in the process of film making?

J.G.B. I don't think I want to be. They asked me if I wanted to write the script but I don't want to. I didn't want to write the script of ***Empire of the Sun,*** although Speilberg didn't ask me. If he had, I would have said "No thanks" — it's not a job for me.

V.B. Are there other of your works that you would like to see filmed — better than these — these originated from the ideas of others. Are there some you would propose?

J.G.B. I would like to see ***The Atrocity Exhibition*** filmed. It could be done in the way ***Dr. Strangelove*** was, if you know what I mean. I would like to see some of my early science fiction like ***The Drowned World or The Crystal World*** – much closer to mainstream S.F. cinema but done with a new imaginative dimension.

V.B. Have you been influenced by the English literature of the past or by contemporary literature?

J.G.B. The really true main English literary tradition is what I would call the tradition of realism and naturalism ... Jane Austen, to Dickens, to the sort of serious mainstream writers of the twentieth century. It is the respectable mainstream tradition. But there is a second main tradition of English literature which is the imaginative. There is a tradition of imaginative writing that goes back 3 or 4 more centuries. I mean without going back too far, ***Robinson Crusoe,*** Swift's *Gulliver's* ***Travels*** then into the 19th century, people like Robert Stevenson, ***Doctor Jekell and Mr. Hyde,*** then the great Victorian writers of Gothic fiction of ghost stories and tales. Then into the 20th century, Orwell's ***1984,*** or Huxley's ***Brave New World*** etc. Now I belong to that tradition. I'm not a realist writer, not a naturalistic writer — I'm an imaginative writer. And I draw my inspiration from the imaginative tradition which is very strong in English fiction. It has deep roots in English literature in the centuries before the novel came into existence in the late 18th century. It goes right back into folk culture of England. English writers have always excelled in their writing of imaginative fiction. And am I influenced by contemporary English fiction? No, I don't think so.

V.B. Literature, in your case, is it more of a general influence and not particular writers, or do a couple of names have particular meaning for you? Burroughs?

J.G.B. Many people have said, I mean Anton Burgess has said he can see the big influence of Burroughs in ***The Atrocity Exhibition.*** That's not strictly true. Burroughs ... you know ***Naked Lunch*** is not like that.

still continued..

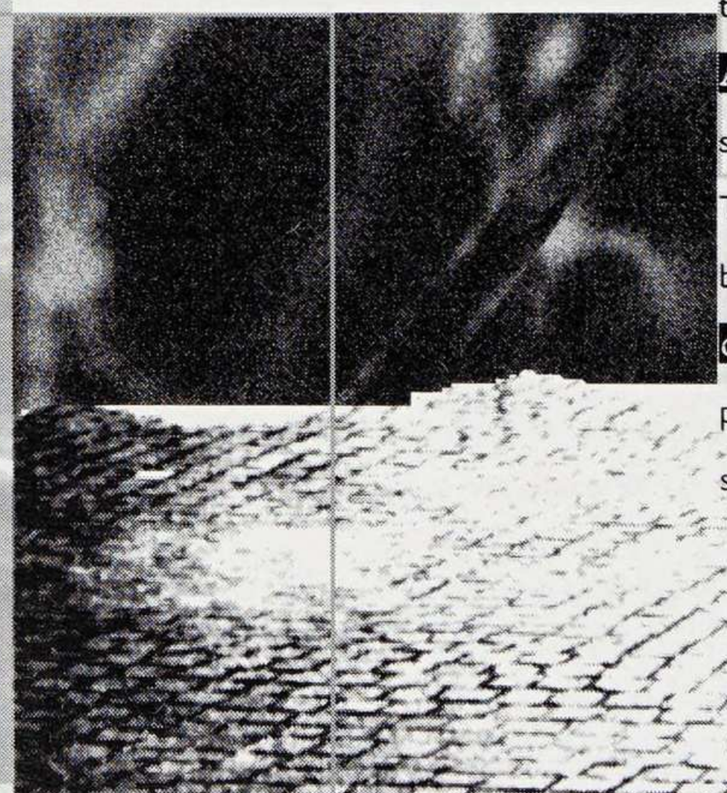
. . . c o n t i n u e d

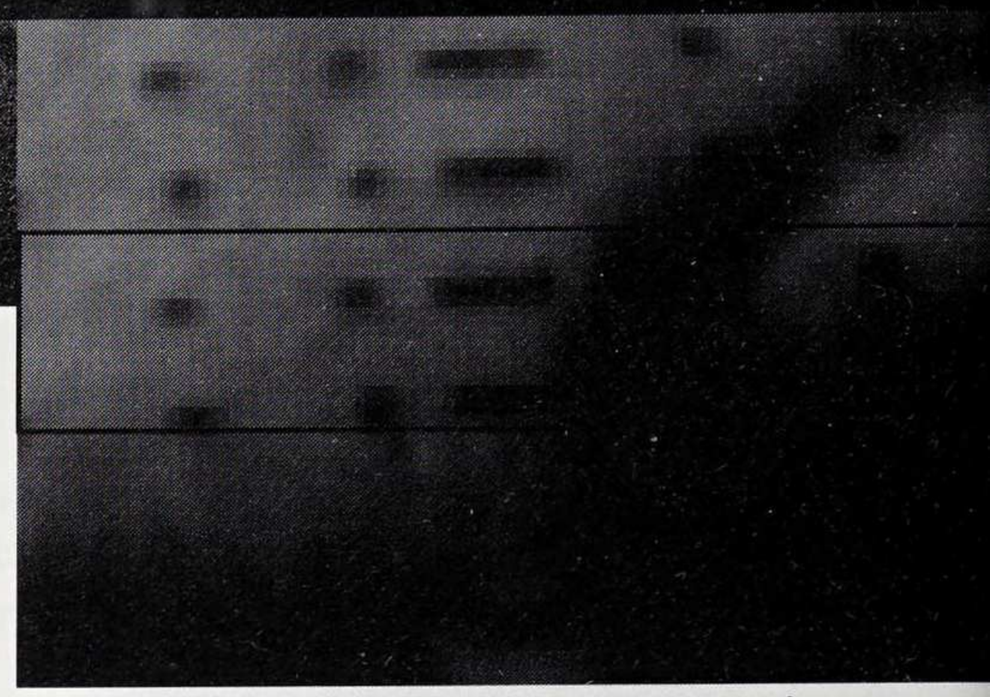
V.B. They are completely different.

J.G.B. Absolutely. All these pieces have a very strong internal architecture — they are all very carefully thought out. It may look a mess to read but there is a very strong architecture underpining **The Atrocity Exhibition,** whereas Burroughs has no architecture. The form in which **The Naked Lunch** has been published was achieved by chance. You know Ginsberg in Paris just took bundles of the typescript in a random order and took them to Olympia Press. Burroughs has a paranoid imagination in which he thinks the world is trying to do things to him. That is not my approach at all. I don't have a paranoid imagination — quite the opposite I think. I have a sort of scientific and exploratory imagination. So I don't think Burroughs has been an influence.

V.B. But maybe you have often been compared to Burroughs because, like him, in your writing it seems that you want to obtain an effect on reality. It's not a literary thing, it is like a tool to shape reality; to do something.

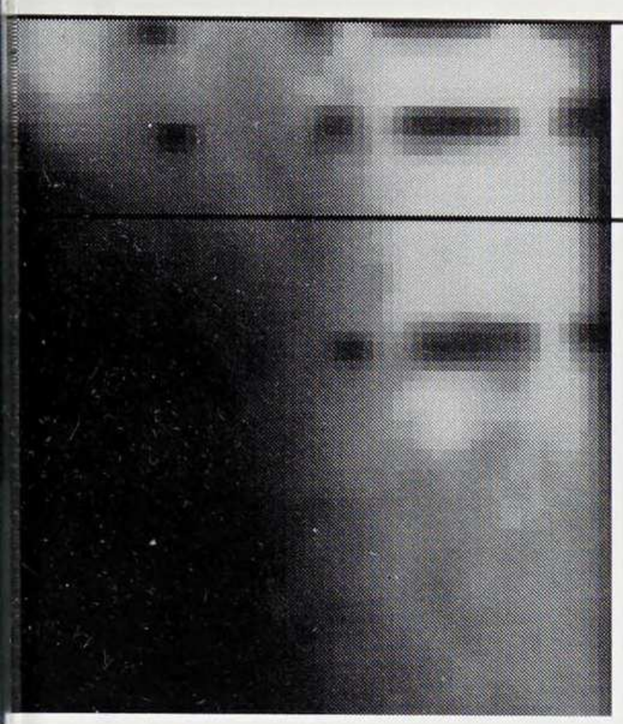
J.G.B. Yes, I think that's right. I think there are similarities there, but I think they are similarities of form rather than of content.





V.B. You always theorize about the necessity for literature to describe new mythological constellations — these new myths of the near future, of the modern age. A necessity that you thought science fiction was best suited to answer than other general literature. But this working inside the general literature also implies a relative eclipse of the figure of the writer in favour of a sort of collective writing. Like a transcription of collective mythological material involving practices of rewriting, continuous use of quotation — in a word it is like a literature of fakeness that becomes similar to certain post-modernist writers who use this language of fakeness, of falseness. Do you feel part of a similar process? Do you think it was a phase you went through?

J.G.B. I think yes, it was a phase. I think my fiction is a product of a solitary imagination. I don't write collaborative fiction. I don't make use of other people's texts. Many people think that some sections of **The Atrocity Exhibition** at the back end, the scientific text, are collages taken from existing papers. They are not. Except for the plastic surgery pieces... but the pieces like **Plan for the Assassination of Jacqueline Kennedy,** the Ronald Reagan piece, **Crash!, Love and Napalm** — the scientific papers, they are all my invention.



V.B. You said once in an interview that music is a like a blank spot for you. And yet, in some of your pages, I felt like when you speak of certain noises, sounds of various media, this is sort of like experimental music for you — does this not become like a sound track that you perceive as music. Even some very old short stories like **Track Twelve** or **The Sound Sweep.**

J.G.B. Sound tracks yes. Music, probably no. There is no doubt that music doesn't play any part in my life. I don't own a record player, I don't have any cassettes or records. I have no C.D.'s or anything else. If I hear some Mozart, I enjoy it very much. You know, I love Puccini, I love classical music but I enjoy popular music too. But it's not important — If I never heard any music again, it wouldn't worry me. It's a defect on my part. My imagination has been wholly tuned to the visual arts. The plastic arts have taken over the areas of my brain that in other people are responsive to music.

V.B. And you talk about the surrealist that you like. What other movement of the past or present has inspired you?

J.G.B. I think that the pop art movement that sprang up in the 1960s in America and Britain was very important to me; there are numerous references to pop art in **The Atrocity Exhibition.** And Warhol I admire immensely as an artist. I think he is the greatest American artist of the twentieth century, with the possible exception of Hopper. And I think obviously, Picasso, Dali, De Chirico, Max Ernst dominated the first half of the twentieth century. But in the second half I think Warhol is the — I mean he is the Michaelangelo of the media landscape.

V.B. What do you think about the future of art? Especially about literature?

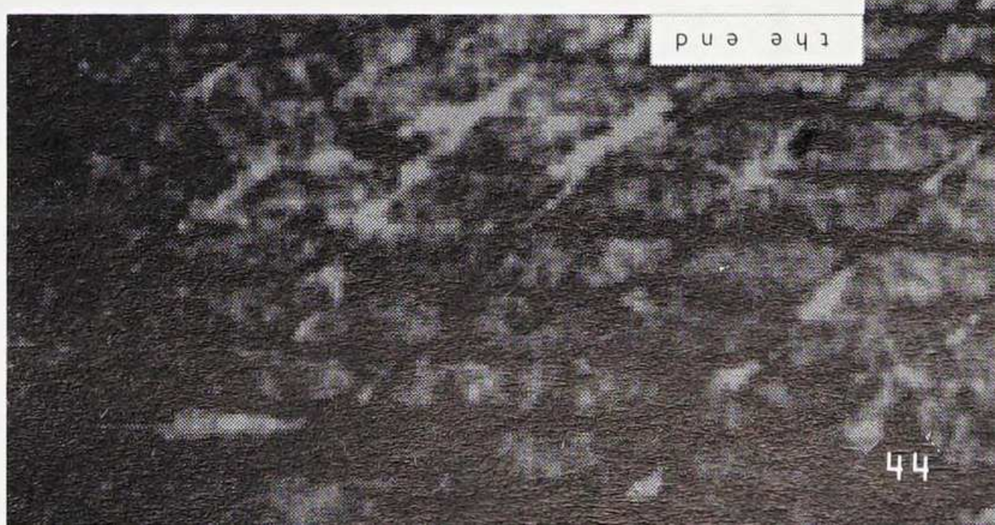
J.G.B. I think they are bound to be absorbed into the new technology, into the electronic technologies of the future. We already see the way in which the cinema has been changed by television, for example. The quite different rules and grammar and procedures of making a T.V. program or a made for T.V. film have begun to influence the mainstream cinema. I think one can see the influence of things like video games on the cinema, in many respects on a film like **Terminator 2.** I mean certainly in the visual arts you see painters using imagery taken from television, computer graphics and so on all the time. And even using computer graphics as part of installation art works. That's bound to come.

V.B. What would you say about a new writer, if you read a short story by a new writer where he's using characters with the names Ballard or Madonna?

J.G.B. I think somebody has done that sort of thing a bit. One or two people have put me into their work. Sort of Kathy Acker style of writing you know. Not Kathy herself, but people writing in that sort of style. I was going to be realistic... To achieve mythic proportions these days, you need to move on a level of international celebrity that I am no where near. I don't think any living writer today...

V.B. Not even Burroughs?

J.G.B. Yes, in a genre, in a limited sort of way. If you are talking about real mythic celebrity, no, I think the literary imagination is just not central any more to the experience of the late twentieth century. I think the novel has been marginalized. And the centre of the stage is now taken by cinema, television, advertising, rock culture, fashion (very important that, as an expression of the imagination), and most people, if you look at the figures of book sales, most people don't read, they don't even read popular fiction ... I think the novelist is taking on the role that the poet has had. Very few poets, Italian, English, American, you name it, in this century, have been able to make a living as poets. The form is too marginal to provide even a basic living (never mind celebrity). And on the other hand, it could be its strength. What you have when you read a book, read a novel, is a direct, one to one, collaboration between writer and reader. That is a unique event you don't find almost anywhere else. Most films are produced by huge committees. Television is an industry; hundreds of people may be involved at various stages in producing a television program. There are dominant directors of course in cinema, but even they are influenced by the people who provide the money, the distributors, etc. etc. In the case of the novel, you've got this unique one-to-one relationship: no collaborators, no cast of characters on a stage, etc. Just one-to-one. That is something very special. Maybe it will be valued just because of that fact. Because it is a unique one-to-one experience. We will have to see.



the end

For Those At Sea

1992, Bronze and Copper, 11"

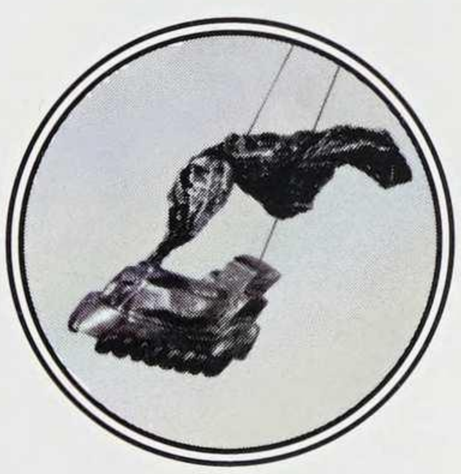
Michael Davey & Delwyn Higgins

Photos: Peter MacCallum

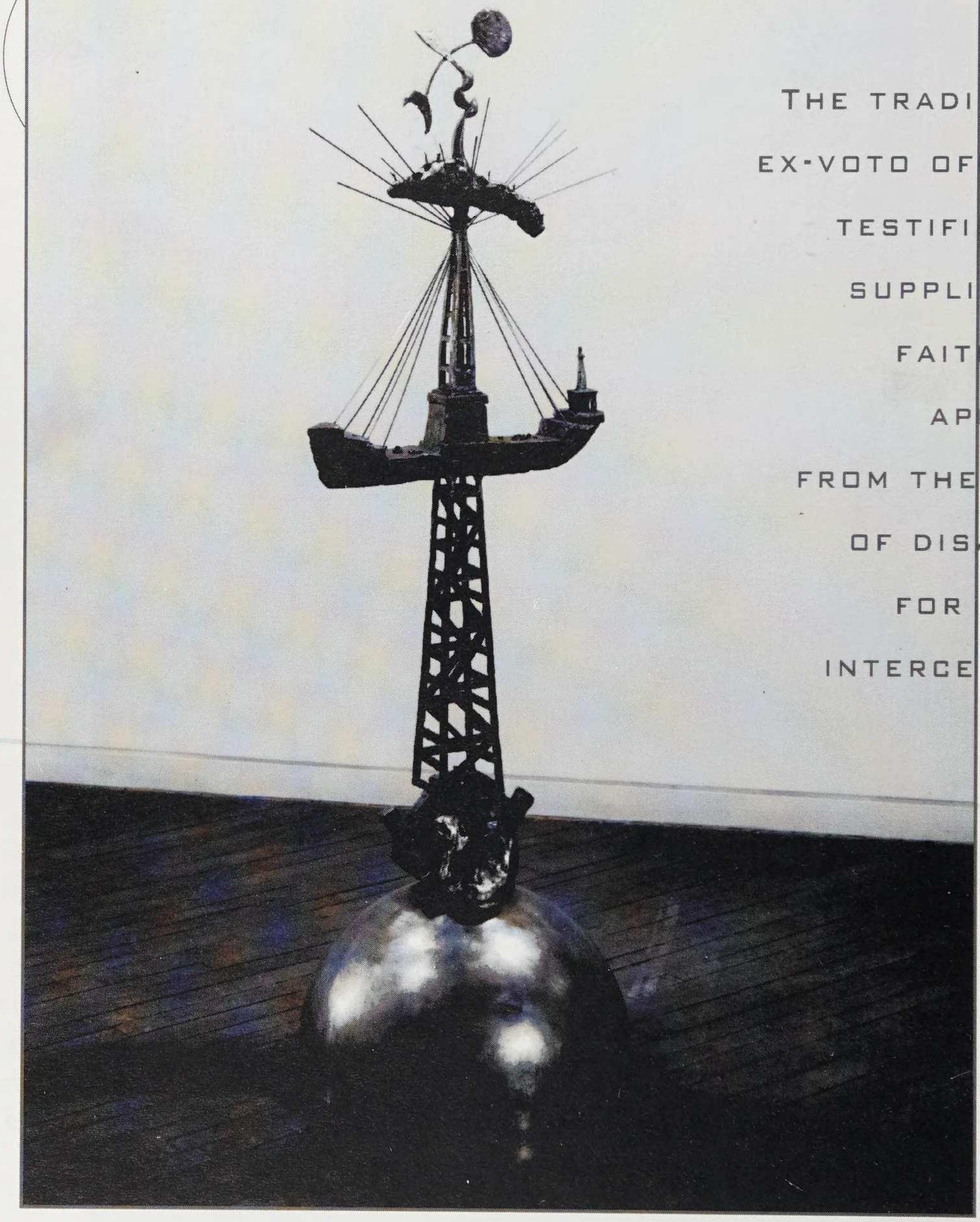
Ex-Voto:

Recent sculptures by Michael Davey in collaboration with Delwyn Higgins

Text by Tila Kellman



Ostensibly concerned with potential damage to Scotland's west coast by the North Sea oil industry, Michael Davey's and Delwyn Higgins' glowing bronze sculptures draw viewers through a spiralling approach to an abrupt confrontation with conflict between faith and systematic reason.



THE TRADITIONAL EX-VOTO OFFERING TESTIFIES THE SUPPLICANT'S FAITH, AND APPEALS, FROM THE BRINK OF DISASTER, FOR DIVINE INTERCESSION.

Photos: Peter MacCallum

Lightship

1992, Bronze and Copper, 6' 6"
Michael Davey & Delwyn Higgins

From their combination of utopian images of technological potential, models of ex-voto offerings and Baroque signs of transcendence giving visions of catastrophe, these sculptures intimate a crisis of viewing. Writers such as Heidegger or George Grant, in considering progress, have staged the conflict between sacred and instrumental as an historical sequence: technology supersedes the sacred, leavingus freed — or fallen — to the instrumental. These sculptures, however, set viewers the task of juggling viewpoints emblematic of this conflict, reverential beholding and "grid gaze," within the context of ex-voto practice. The traditional ex-voto offering testifies the supplicants faith, and appeals, from the brink of disaster, for divine intercession. From beyond trust in divine guarantee but facilitated by its memory, beholding and "grid gaze' converge in these sculptures to precipitate a contemporary visibility based on the matrix — format rather than form.

The predominant image in Davey's and Higgins' sculptures oscillates between a Latin cross and precision balance, as in a rabbit/duck perceptual puzzle. In perceptual puzzles conflicting figures are interdependent but require suppressing one to see the other. For example, to see Davey's motifs as "oil derrick" or "industrial smoke" you must suppress "cross" or "running horse." Although such puzzles can serve as a metaphor for the One, modern linguistic theory suggests an alternative more believable in our technical age: conflicting cultural views closely bound together for axes of a linguistic matrix. Interaction between axes defines the "mother space" of its users. While we associate matrices ordinarily with the technical context of observation and prediction, observation and prediction also serve sacred shamanic practice. In both cases, a matrix holds the field of figuration open and unresolved. The nexus of beholding and "grid gaze" coalesces over an abyss: so is the matrix itself emblematic of crisis?

Davey's and Higgins' sculptures guide participants in a ritual journey from the concrete towards the oneiric. The smaller pieces function as a way stations: the radiant beacon of *Lightship* topped by a figure waving semaphores of the sun and moon; the despair of *Passage*, a shipwreck broken on a slab of sea-bed limestone; the irony of *To Galileo*, a nuclear ship-space telescope on which some serve as vanes of an atmospheric sensor while others dance. The concrete path halts before a huge shrine, *For Those at Sea: Forwards*, composed of motifs recalling oil dock, giant balance and Tree of Life topped by ex-voto offerings of tools, food, and human limbs. The path repeats others: the ceremonial way up Athens' acropolis, the ambulatories of European pilgrimage churches. The sculptures' major structures embark on a spiral of scale from the very large or formless, such as ships or "clouds," to the very small or dream-like for example, where miniature figures excavate the interior of toll handles space implodes in a vertiginous passage to a dream worlds where the figures are reclaimed by signs of some cosmic black hole, dissolving slowly into the semaphoric sun and moon or bashing heads against the bulwarks of sinking - but unreal — ships. Multiple vacant impresses, as though left in water by an absent lifeboat, are scattered through transcendent "clouds" hung in bronze radiances and the tree of Life reaching up through a derrick. The lightship's signalling dancer is a chain of lifeboat impresses. On the verges of these potential spaces, this absence, tiny figures act alone. The fate of sinking ships recalls real catastrophes as well as childhood nightmares. The union of nightmares, catastrophes and transcendent powers orchestrated by a ceremonial approach opens a mystery theatre in the empty space between sculpture and viewer. The mystery is a concordance of absences compounded from memory, dream, and fearsome reality condensed in an impossible, sublime object.

Analytic "grid gaze," the second viewpoint engaged by these sculptures, is evoked by elements modelled on lattice and truss, which refer to the technical domain

DAVEY'S AND HIGGINS' SCULPTURES ARE PREDICATED ON ABSENCE. SO, WHAT IF WE CONSIDER THEM AS PALIMPSESTS, TO BE READ IN THE ABSENCE OF A GOVERNING IDEA?

Photos: Peter MacCallum

Passage

1992, Bronze and Copper, Limestone, 4' x 5' x 5'

Michael Davey & Delwyn Higgins

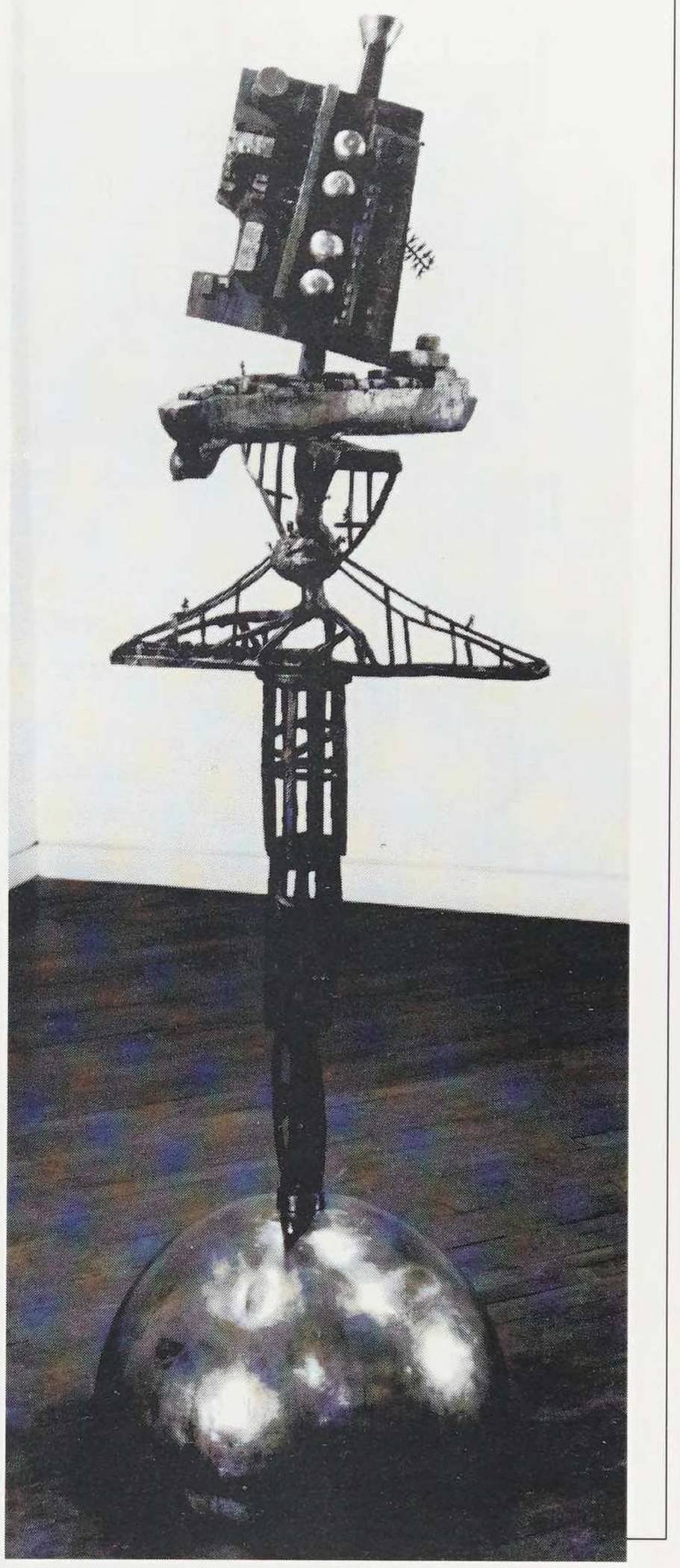
ruled by precise and verifiable measure as well as utopian Constructivism. Whether abstract or topographic, grids establish a continuous, verifiable space or relation between objects and the surveyor's viewpoint. Rather than looking reverently up across the Romantic and disjunct space of the sacred, the surveyor looks down and out in a continuous sweep. The projected grid is centrifugal, dematerializing the world to imply the limitless extension of lattices as a materialisation of a master code, design or root idea; just as in the sacred, God is the destination of all reference and the guarantee of metaphor. So, rather than being in conflict, sacred metaphor and topographic grid cohabit the field of grand design.

Paradoxically, "grid gaze" can also be centripetal. In Grids (1980), Rosalind Krauss argued that a centripetal grid maps space onto itself and fulfills no root Idea. Rather than securing knowledge of pre-existing relationships by

To Galileo

1992, Bronze and Copper, 7'

Michael Davey & Delwyn Higgins



Photos: Peter MacCallum

arbitrary measure extensible everywhere (i.e. dematerialization), the centripetal grid diagnoses and materializes the surface it describes; the physical real and the aesthetic coincide on the same plane which becomes autonomous. Historically, Krauss noted, centripetal grids have functioned as signs (e.g., the cross), and signs are based on absence. Now, both centrifugal and centripetal grids diagnose by testing for presence or absence, yielding a matrix. The matrix reaches for a master code, or asks to be read rather than taken at face value, so it is inherently ambiguous. Krauss has argued that a matrix based on presence/absence is analogous to linguistic systems rather than metaphysical systems, because the terms are articulated against absence rather than a larger and immanent design. Consequently, an amalgam of motifs — continuity — can override metaphoric resemblance. Matrices are the mother space of signs.

In the face of the catastrophic failure of the convergence of grid and faith to ensure the safety of humankind, Davey's and Higgins' sculptures are predicated on absence. So, what if we consider them as palimpsests, to be read in the absence of a governing Idea? In their study of Québecois ex-voto paintings (Foi et legendes, 1991), P. Berthiaume and E. Lizé suggested that traditional ex-voto dedications witness and represent a desire to invent wished-for origins or to fix values in which one wishes to believe as a defense against a hostile future. The traditional ex-voto object inscribes retrospectively the fiction of a mastered space of refuge, a fiction made possible only by the material absence of secure origins. Paradoxically, absence secures retrospectively a kind of freedom. Reading Davey's and Higgins' sculptures as figures of crisis orients their invention away from an unbelievable metaphor for Creation to the freedom of signifiers for believable stories that will have been. In this kind of visibility, re-creation as a necessity is replaced by re-figuration as a possibility. □

Ex-voto
THE EXHIBITION WAS SEEN AT COSTIN & KLINTWORTH GALLERY 80 SPADINA AVE IN TORONTO NOV. 14 - DEC. 12 1992

Looking at [and playing with] my friend's Body

The main drive behind SUZANNE FIOL'S work is its ludic element. Play, as Huizinga suggests, is at once atavism and a threat: it is deeply rooted in our cultural heritage at the same time that it constantly challenges the status quo. To Norman Brown, play, when involving the body (our bodies), is a rebellious attitude in the sense that it allows the individual to generate pleasure by him/her self, therefore becoming independent of external ruling.

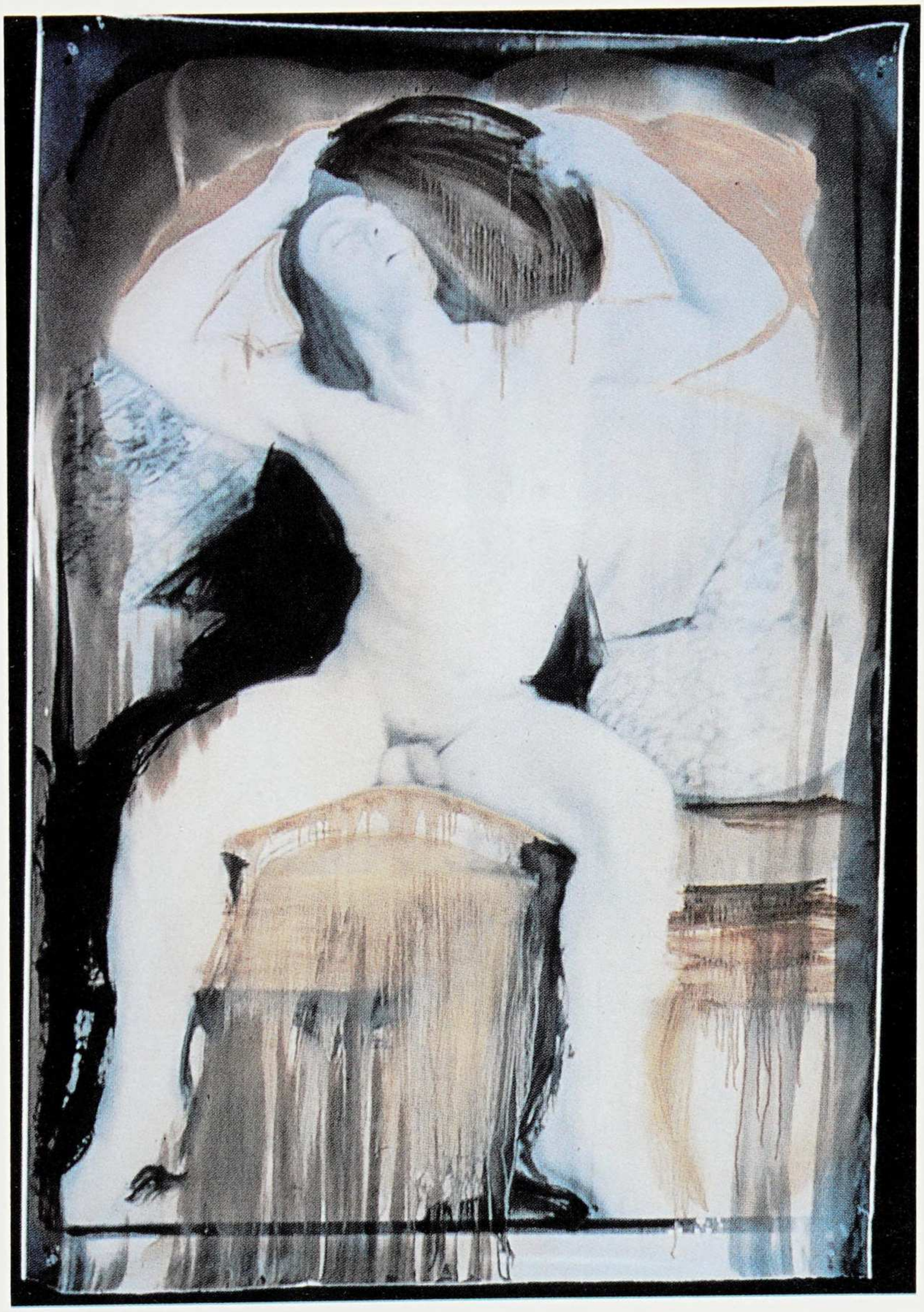
It is a common belief that people who play keep themselves closer to their inner child – the kid inside; regardless of whether the playing act is at a conscious or unconscious level, forbidden or allowed.

Suzanne Fiol incorporates this *play factor* into her work. It is thus understandable that her photographs do not fit easily in any of the categories immediately available in art criticism. We cannot, for instance, dismiss them as merely "erotic art", for they do not satisfactorily respond to our voyeuristic needs. The people portrayed are just too much in control of whatever is going on in the picture to simply deliver to us (the viewer) the erotic ecstacy. On the other hand, FIol's attitude as a participant in the play is shown to us so unmistakably that it denies any possibility that these photographs be solely the product of a distanced and cool documenting effort.

Besides, Fiol's work exudes an atmosphere of performance, or happening rather, resulting from her tactics of asking people to engage in her play, that has roots in the work developed in the sixties and seventies by artists such as Hermann Nitsch and Arnulf Rainer. Ritual and celebration in their work played the alternative route through which they would bring back to surface a few hidden truths about our animal side, so often obscured by modern civilizations.

It is this hidden truth that Suzanne Fiol aims to extract from her subject matter – her friends, her family. We see no sign of ordinary life in her photographs; any trace of mundane that could possibly have escaped her eye during the photo session, is swept away afterwards with her brushstrokes. As a result Suzanne Fiol's portraits work as a route that leads the viewer back to that realm where myth prevails.

SERGIO BESSA



Untitled

Oil on Silver Print
Suzanne Fiol, 1990

Pain

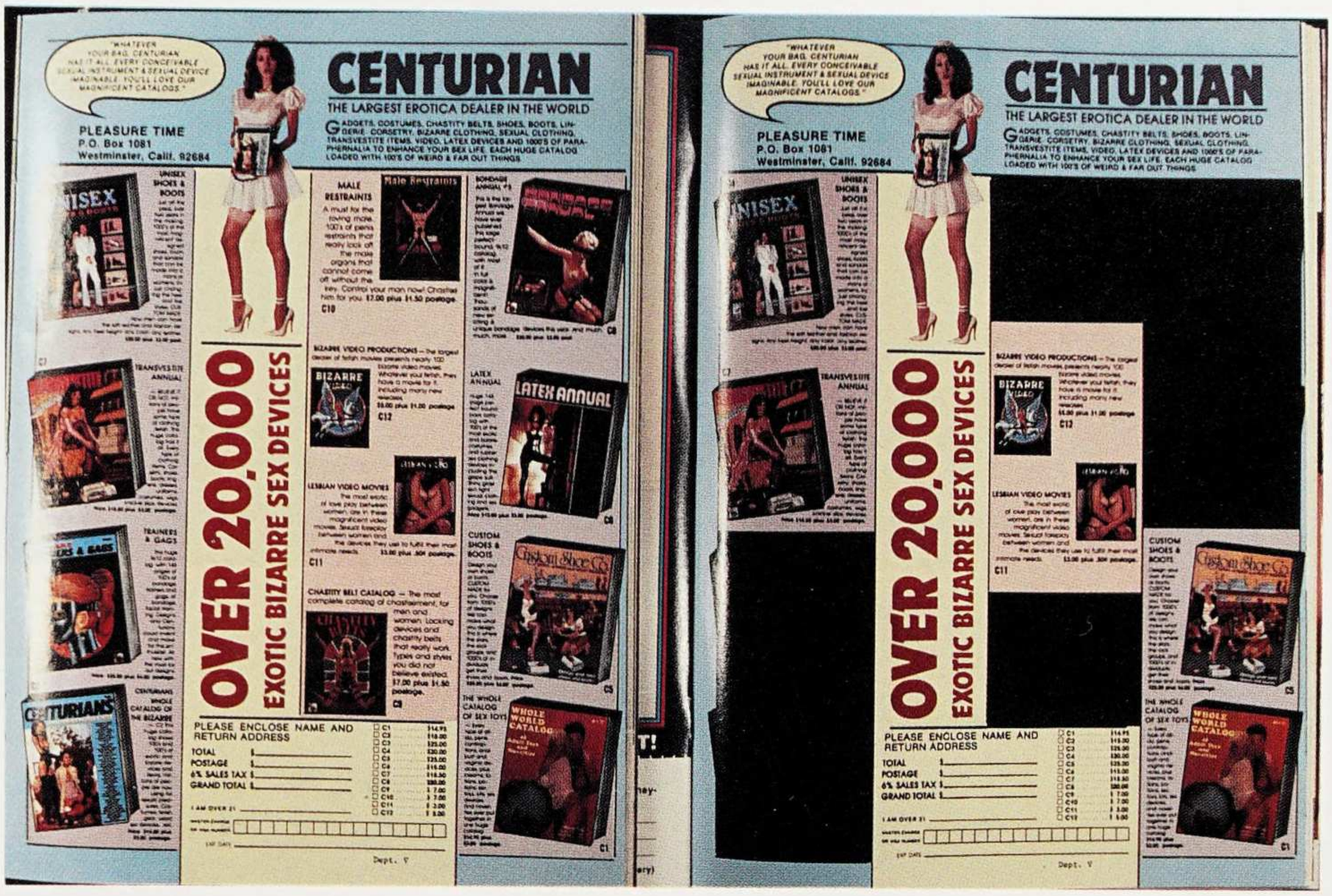
Oil on Silver Print with Xerox Transfer
Suzanne Fiol, 1990

Outstretched

Oil on Silver Print
Suzanne Fiol, 1990

Michelle

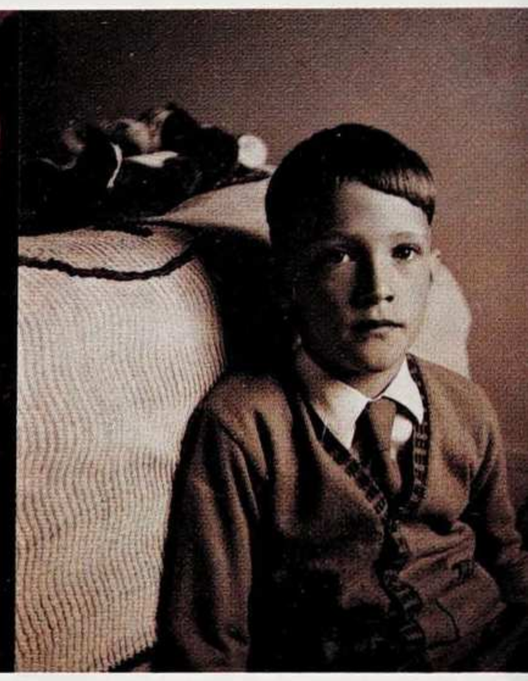
Oil on Cibachrome
Suzanne Fiol, 1992



Later that day, the Lord taught him how to tick a shooter's elbow as he was releasing his shot, he also showed him how to rabbit-punch without the referee spotting it. The Lord was the dirtiest player Elvis had ever seen.

DELETIONS ORDERED BY CANADA CUSTOMS

Where history



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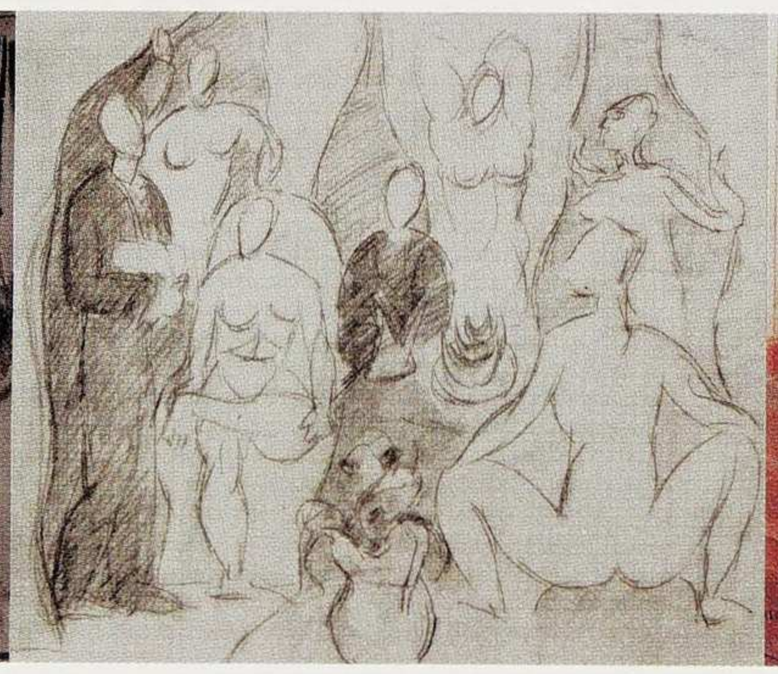
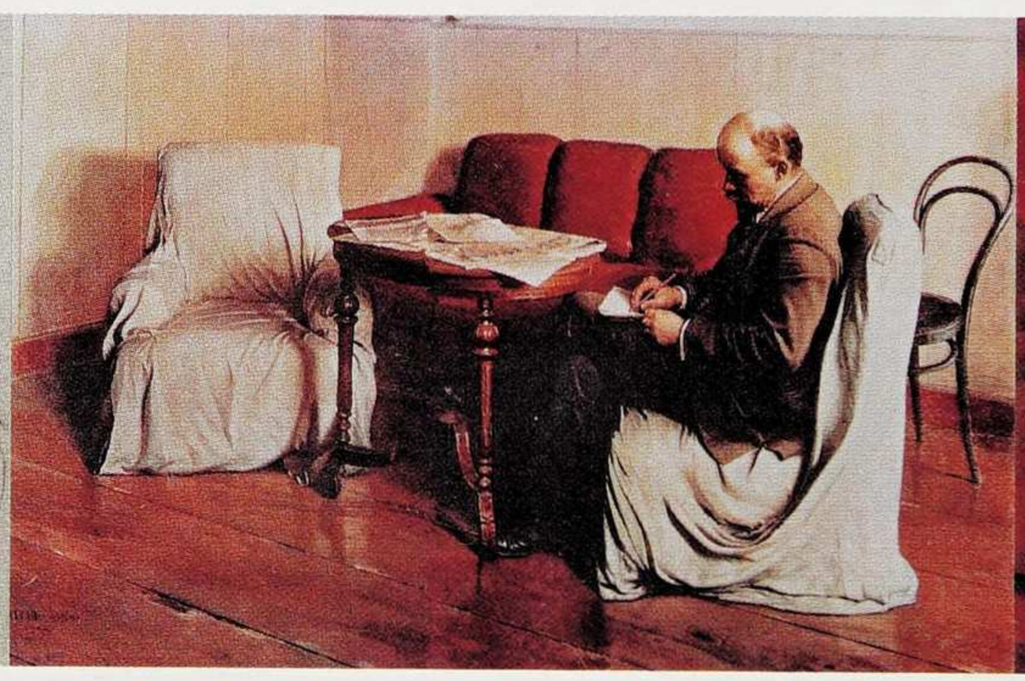




make this

Notes: *top row:* nude woman on a bed, detail from a *Playboy* photograph (source lost, 1950s?); "Elvis" by Lloyd Shearer, from an American Postcard Company postcard, 1983; me, photographed by my father, St Boniface, Manitoba; plaster casts in the Department of Classical Archaeology, Cambridge England (photos: HB); Kingswood sideboard, objects and paintings (by Peter Munnoch?) in my father's childhood home, Buckhaven, Scotland (photographer unknown); *bottom row:* man and drapery, from an unidentified tintype; detail of a study for "Les demoiselles d'Avignon" by Pablo Picasso, from *Gone Primitive: Savage Intellects, Modern Lives* by Marianna

leaves much

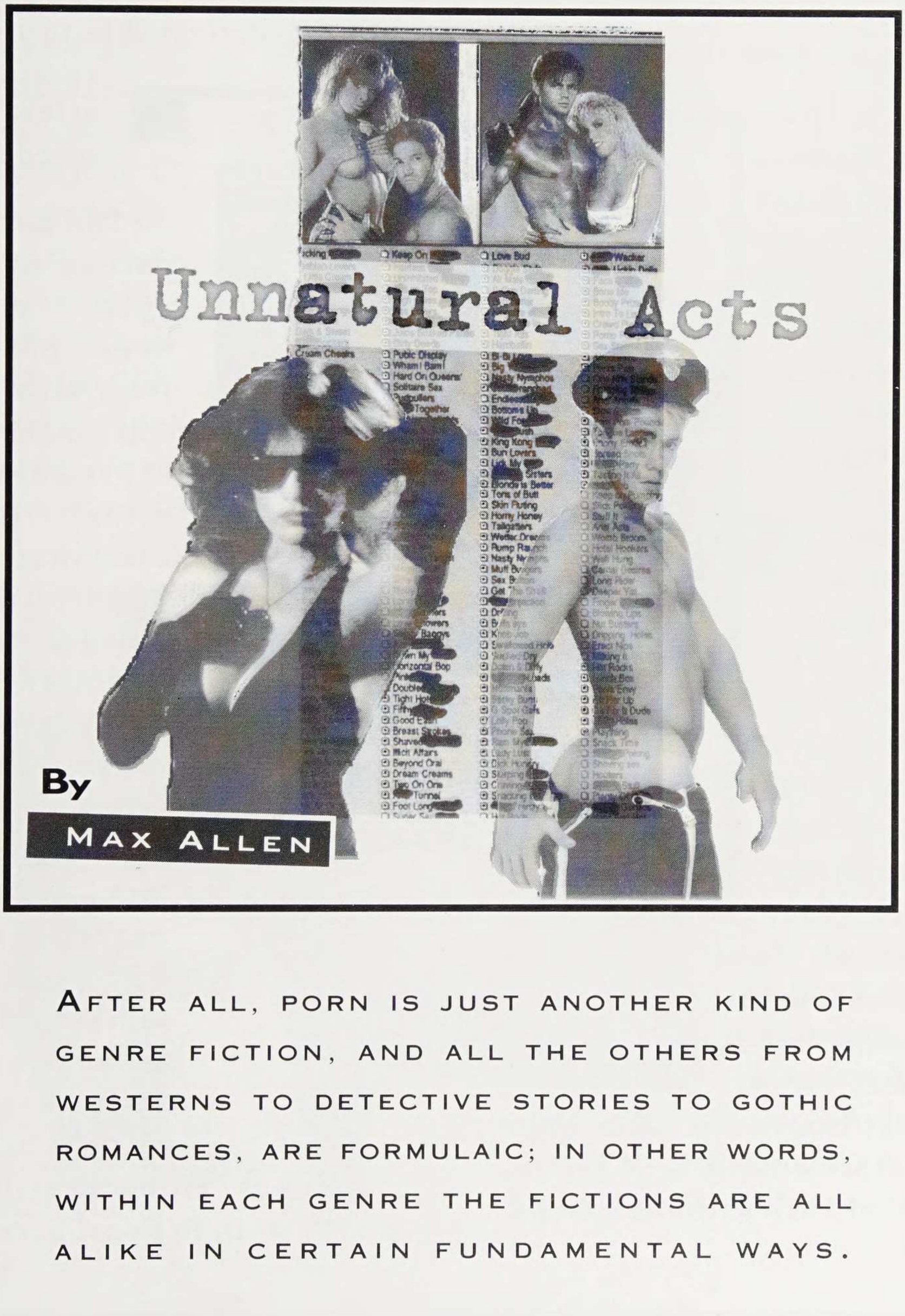
desired, I

brief repose.

Torgovnick, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1990; "Lenin in Smolny" by Isaac Brodsky, from *The Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow: Painting* by Irina Rostovtseva, Aurora Art Publishers, Leningrad, 1975; "Boy with a Squirrel" by John Singleton Copley, from a Museum of Fine Arts, Boston postcard, 1989; "Seated Youth" by O.G. Rejlander, from *Behold the Man: The male nude in photography*, Alasdair Foster, Stills Gallery, Edinburgh, 1988; self portrait in the kitchen, with a projection of a *Playboy* nude (source lost, 1960s?), from the (subsequently dismantled) series "In This Light (ghosts of false romance)", 1983. **Page design and text: Hamish Buchanan, November 1992.**

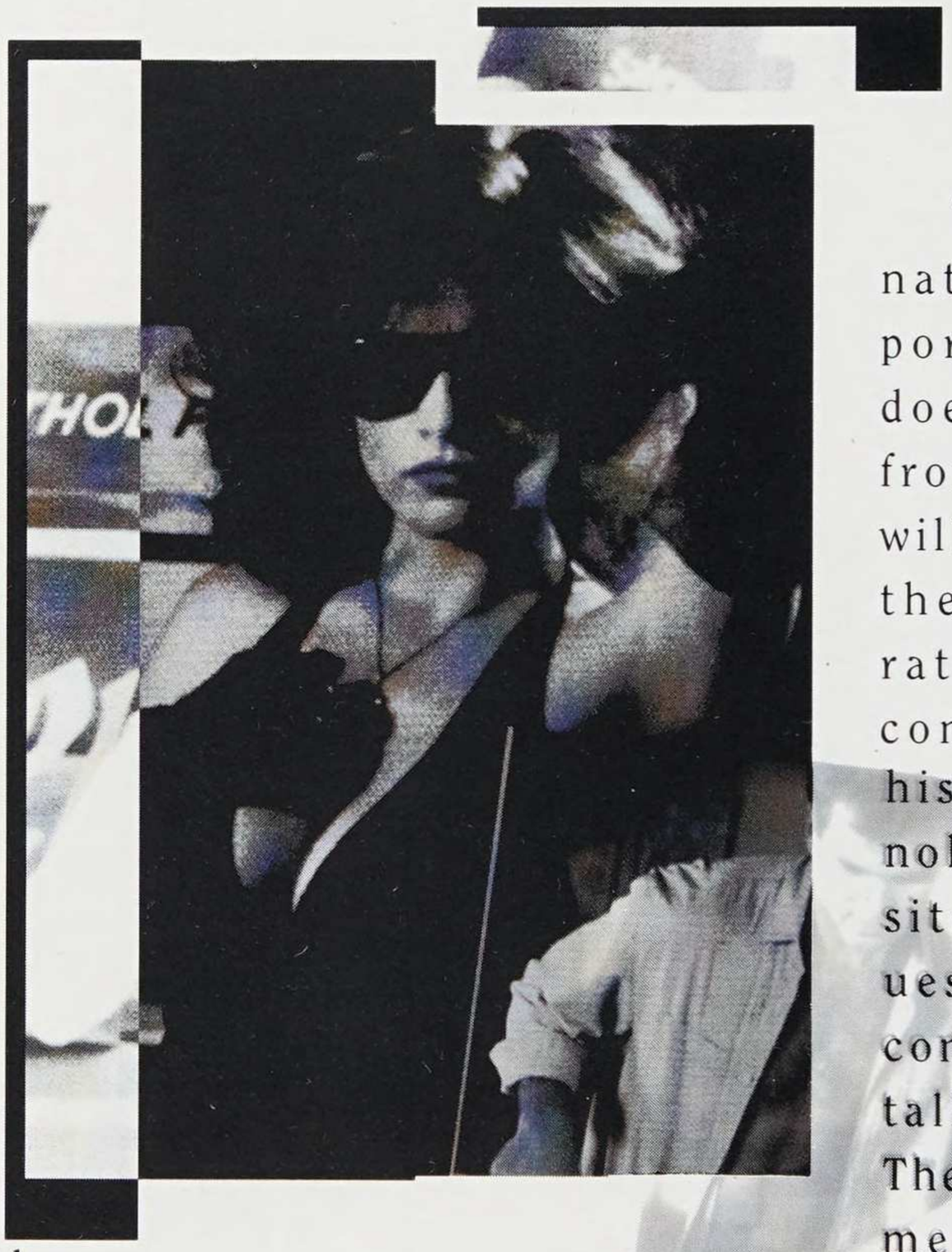
I HAVE WATCHED 2220 PORN VIDEOS, MORE OR LESS, AND I AGREE WITH PEOPLE WHO SAY THAT ALL PORN LOOKS ALIKE. AND THAT IT'S "UNREAL".

DOES THIS MATTER?



AFTER ALL, PORN IS JUST ANOTHER KIND OF GENRE FICTION, AND ALL THE OTHERS FROM WESTERNS TO DETECTIVE STORIES TO GOTHIC ROMANCES, ARE FORMULAIC; IN OTHER WORDS, WITHIN EACH GENRE THE FICTIONS ARE ALL ALIKE IN CERTAIN FUNDAMENTAL WAYS.

The stories all adhere to certain genre-specific conventions. Variations come in the fine details, not in the overall structure or the message (good guys win, social order triumphs, relationships are challenging). So why does porn need to be any different?



Here's why. Porn pretends to be (and looks like) fact, not fiction. Because almost everybody knows how the central event in porn works, we're all equipped with direct and more or less expert knowledge to judge its representation. Very few people, on the other hand, know from direct experience about the gunfights or bank frauds or beautiful orphans which are the raw material of other genres. But everybody except babies can figure out that the representations of sex in porn are, almost without exception, fake.

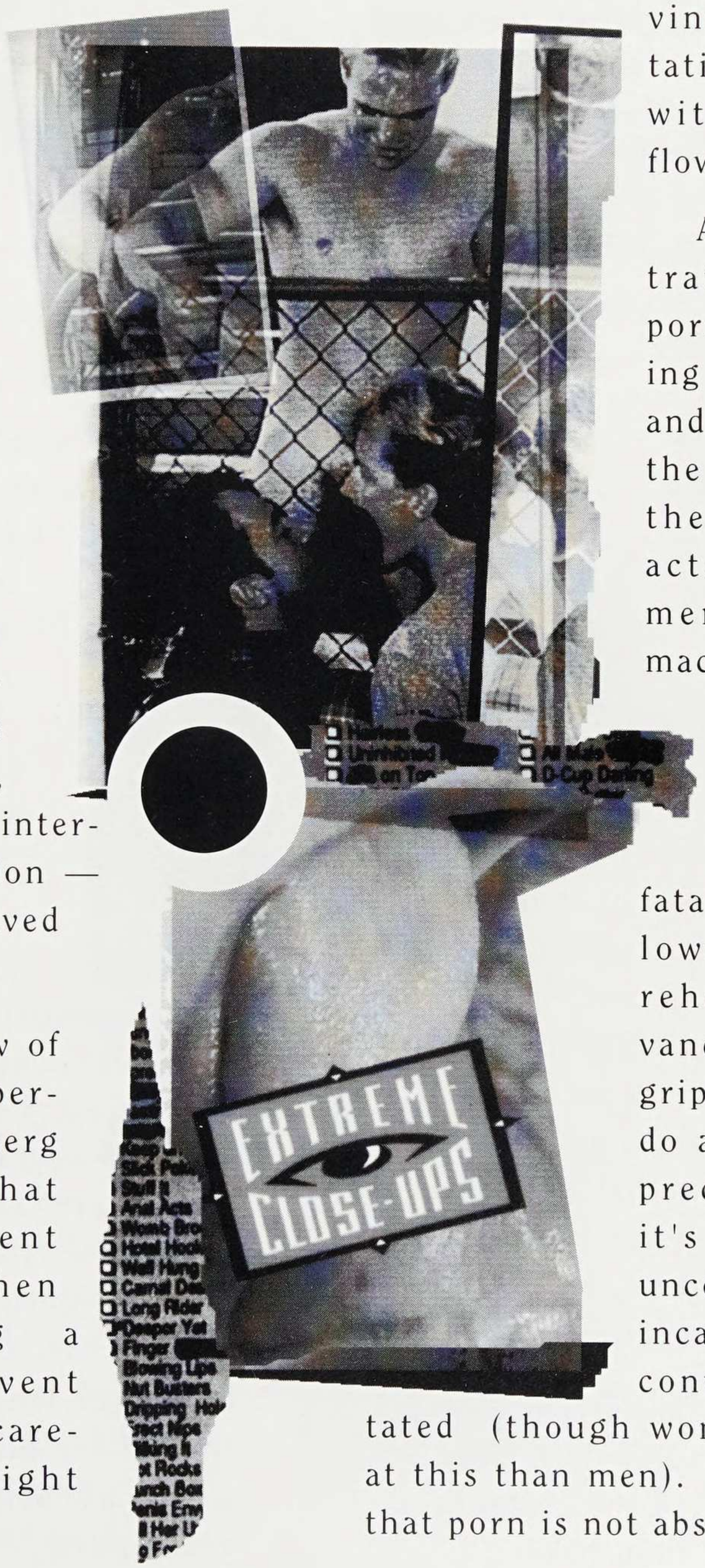
I don't mean that the actors aren't really doing it, but that what they're doing is in an important way unnatural.

Furthermore, the conditions of production are such that any real sex is made invisible to the audience; it is, in effect, censored.

The unrealistic nature of sex in porn probably does not arise from virulent ill-will on the part of the makers, but rather from a combination of history and technology. (And the situation continues because of a conspiracy not to talk about it.) The people, mostly men, who pioneered hardcore pornographic movies in the decade following their introduction in 1972 had backgrounds either in still photography or in fictional narratives

By Max Allen

like Hollywood films, TV advertising, or soap operas. They had a shared experience in representing "staged" action, in which the depicted events were planned in advance and directors told actors just what to do next. As far as I know, nobody with any training in documentary production —where the job of the filmmaker is to catch an ongoing unrehearsed event in its natural setting, with a minimum of interference and distortion — has ever been involved in porn production.

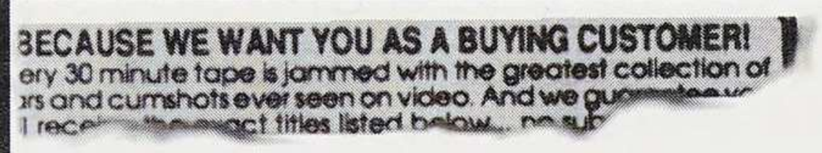


In addition, a law of physics has been operating. The Heisenberg principle warns that observing an event alters it. And when you're observing a rather delicate event with big cameras, carefully placed bright lights, microphone booms, and a crew of 14, with a hundred starts and stops, it's unlikely you'll end up with a convincing representation of an event with an ebb and flow of its own.

A simple illustration: in most porn the positioning of the cameras and lights dictates the positioning of the action. The actors are at the mercy of the machinery. And so is the action itself.

This is not fatal if you're following a script, rehearsed in advance. But sex is gripping— both to do and to watch— precisely because it's unscriptable, uncontrollable and incapable of being convincingly imitated (though women are better at this than men). I'm not saying that porn is not absolutely

By Max Allen

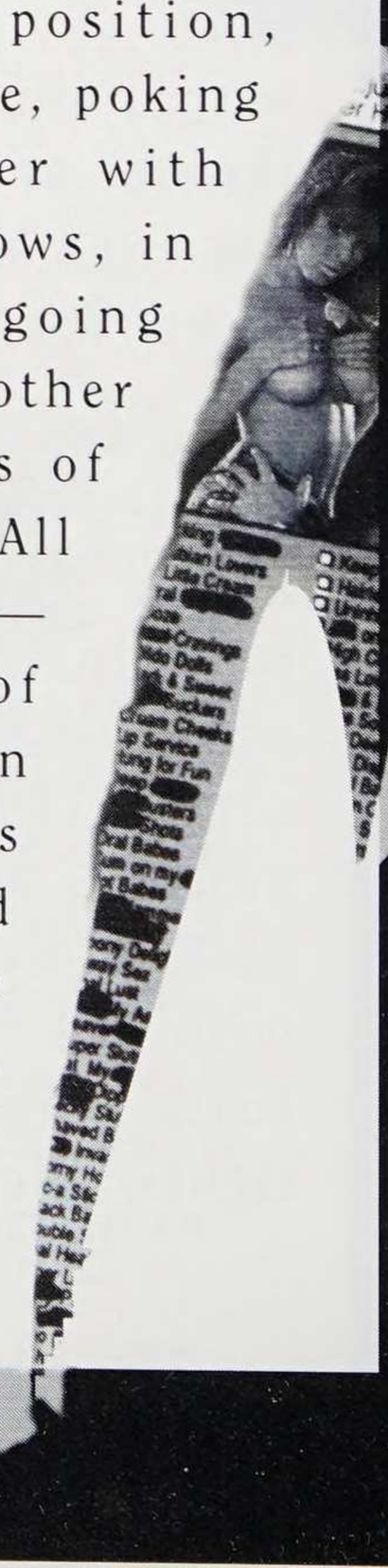


jam-packed with "sex". But it's imitation sex, and that's what's wrong with it.

What the porn industry needs most, in my view, is competent documentary filmmakers. An immediate result would be the disappearance of most of the conventions now used, in the absence of the real thing, to *symbolize* sex.

[Amateur videos are not the answer, from what I've seen of them. Shaky cameras, vertiginous zooms and pans, incomprehensible figure-ground relationships, and self-conscious actors add up to a miserable experience for the viewer. The mere thrill of peeping is not enough any more; porn is now commonplace, and amateurism is not a plus.]

Because early kinetic porn was made simultaneously with (and by people experienced in) magazines — first softcore then hard-core — the sex tended to be organized and recorded as a series of snapshots emphasizing the "good" poses. The emphasis was on the startling highlights, the carefully composed angles that were really grabbers, not on the transition events in between. Besides, transitions are often awkward, with actors tangled up in their clothes, negotiating the next position, off balance, poking each other with their elbows, in general going from one thing to another with varying degrees of grace and planning. All this messy activity — the heart and soul of real sex — looks fine in moving pictures, but is harder to read and decipher when frozen in a static photograph. Look at almost any video porn



By Max Allen

and you'll see that the lively, messy transitional stuff has been edited out. I have to conclude that this is a left-over habit from still photography, because editing out the transitions decreases rather than increases the impact of kinetic porn.

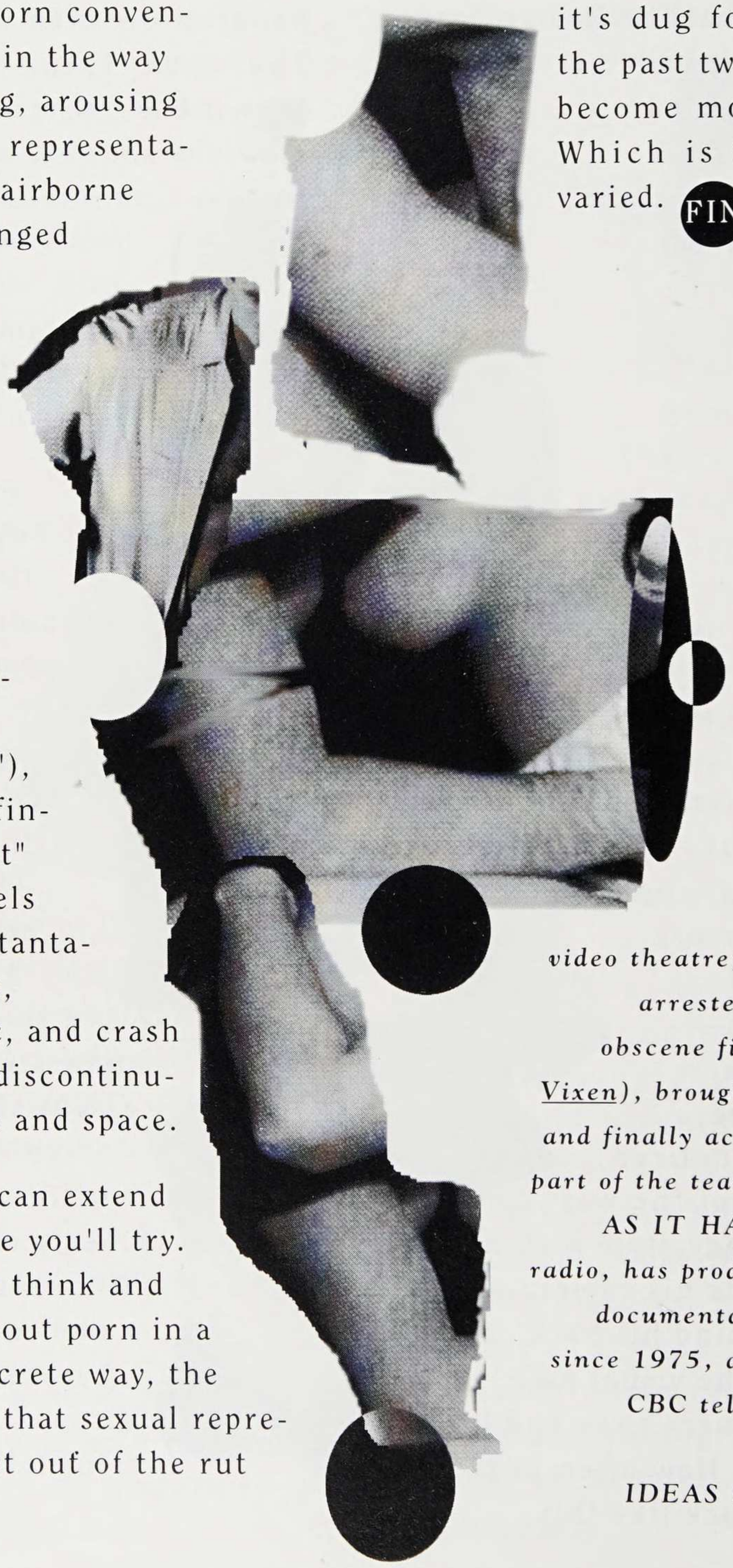
The concentration on the perfect still shot has led to a series of posing conventions in kinetic porn that — in the interest of giving the audience a more detailed view of what's going on— snaps the connection between the actors. You've noticed the "hands-out-of-the-way" convention. In doggy-style fucking the fucker plants his camera-side hand firmly behind his back, in order to clear the visual path between the camera's eye and his plunging cock. How often in real life do people fuck like this, hanging on with only one hand? The same thing happens with blowjobs. One in fifty video blowjobs shows a hand being used the way God intended; and now hands-off blowjobs, I'm told, have also become commonplace in real life, a disastrous result of life imitating, uhh...art.

Both these conventions grow out of misguided attempts to *open up* the action so the camera, immobilized on a tripod more often than not, can *see into* it. These brainless conventions that try to show what's going on by stripping it to the essentials, result in the replacement of substance by an abstract, schematized appearance. The resulting signs are inadequate to the job, because the essentials disappear. The conventions fail. They need to be reconsidered.

By Max Allen

Some other porn conventions that stand in the way of the convincing, arousing and sympathetic representation of sex are: airborne cumshots, prolonged and metronomic close-ups, suppressed natural sound, ventriloquism (women do the whimpering and moaning while men cum), and the use of impersonal pronouns ("suck *that* dick"), gaudy artificial fingernails, "perfect" bodies, spike heels worn in bed, instantaneous insertions, obnoxious music, and crash edits which are discontinuous in both time and space.

I'm sure you can extend the list, and hope you'll try. The more people think and talk critically about porn in a friendly and concrete way, the more likely it is that sexual representation will get out of the rut it's dug for itself over the past two decades and become more "natural". Which is to say, more varied. FIN



[**Max Allen** *designed and managed Cinema 2000, the world's first video theatre; in 1971 he was arrested for showing an obscene film (Russ Myer's* Vixen*), brought to trial twice, and finally acquitted. He was part of the team that developed* AS IT HAPPENS *for CBC radio, has produced the nightly documentary series IDEAS since 1975, and is host of the* CBC *television programs* ON SITE *and* IDEAS ON CAMERA.]

By Max Allen

PORN TO SEE

Choosing six good videos is like choosing six novels to represent the whole of world literature, but here goes...

- **HAY FEVER.** Director Lee Rothermund, 1988, Tigress Video. *There are fewer than a dozen real lesbian videos. This is the best: well acted (it's a western take-off), good natured and hot.*

- **DRIVE.** Director Jack Deveau, 1974, Hand-in-Hand. *A surreal mystery with a huge cast and Christopher Rage as the villain(ess) Arachne. Made in the days when porn was ambitious.*

- **MORE OF A MAN.** Director Jerry Douglas, 1991, All Worlds Video. *Adult Video News voted it best gay video of the year; one of the few porn films with serious politics.*

- **MOTORPUNKS.** Director Danny Droids, 1991, Associated Video Group. *Featuring San Francisco sex performer Michael Blue and his sex-club buddies. Real sex, no plot. Maybe you'll hate it.*

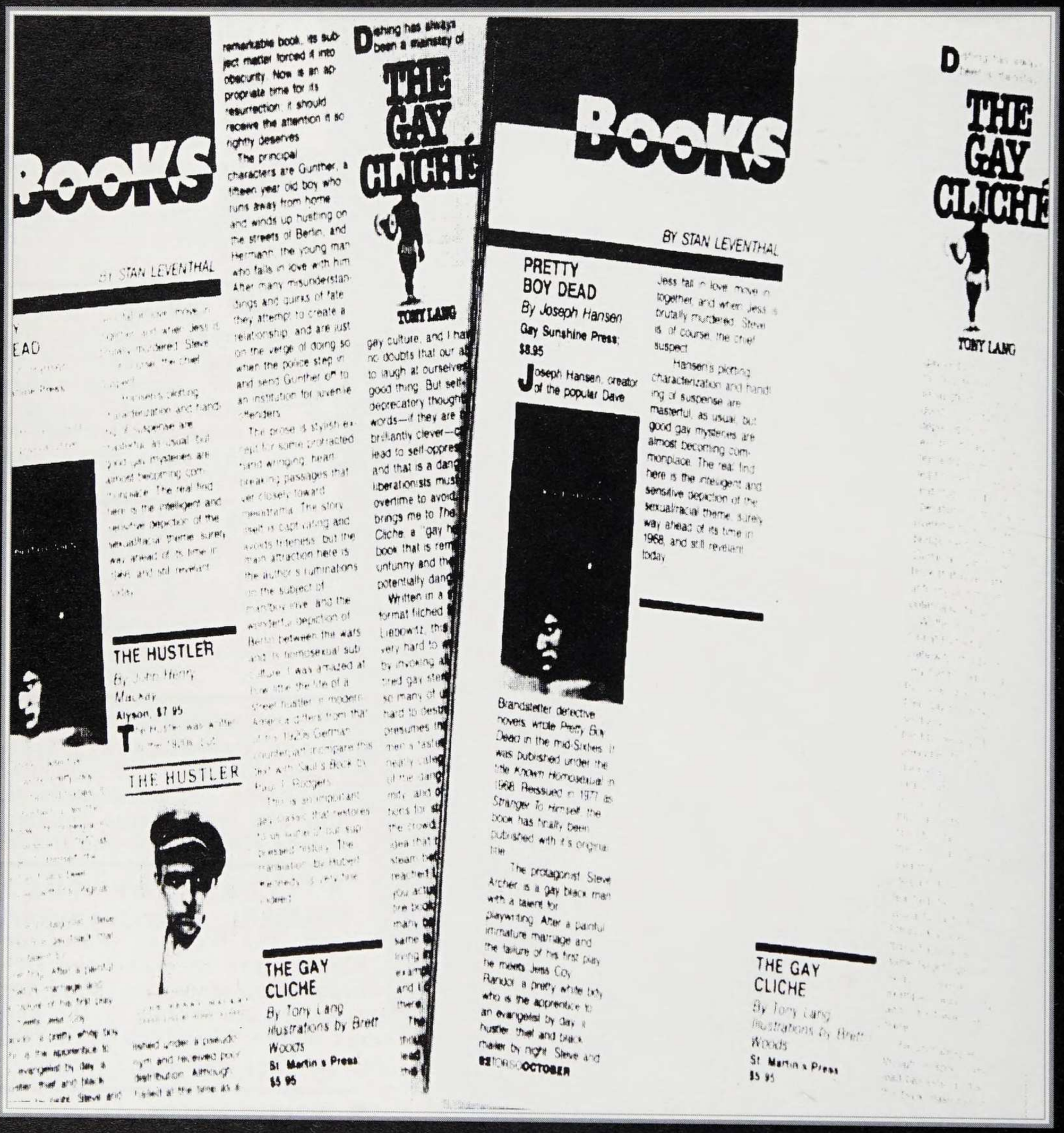
- **CURSE OF THE CAT-WOMAN.** Director John Leslie, 1991, VCA Pictures. *Porn star Leslie finally got to make the film he'd always wanted to see. This has every artificial convention in the book, but never mind. Words like stunning, riveting, and wet-your-pants apply.*

- **NIGHT TRIPS.** Director Andrew Blake, 1989, Caballero. *Looks like a Calvin Klein commercial run wild. A reviewer said, "Exquisite art direction, editing and camera trickery all add up to a sensory feast."*

That's an understatement.

By Max Allen

CUSTOMS CENSORSHIP



BEFORE & AFTER

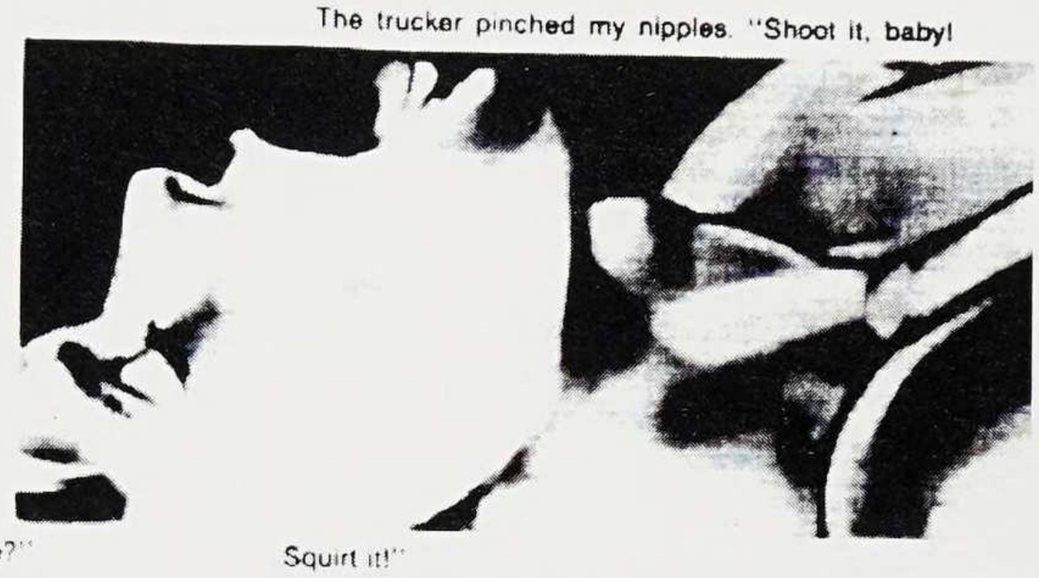
Max Allen

CUSTOMS CENSORSHIP

Jeff choked as the trucker's cum filled his throat. His mouth overflowed and hot cum dripped on my naked back. I looked up, catching cum in the face and immediately I released Jeff's spent cock. I raised up to lick the thick man-cum off the trucker's balls. I swallowed most, but not all of it.

When the trucker pulled out of Jeff's mouth, I immediately got up behind Jeff

I spit the trucker's cum into my hand



We licked together under the flared edges of the huge head, our tongues caressing in unison, while the trucker moaned his approval.

"Careful," Jeff whispered. "Please?"

"Sure," I said,

grinding the head against Jeff gasped and

I grabbed Jeff's right hand and wrapped it around his cock. "Beat it,

Jeff groaned as I fucked my slick pole He was squirming.

The trucker looked at us through the gloryhole. "I'll be damned!" A few seconds later he was yanking on the stall door. "Open up!"

I reached back and unbolted the door before he broke it down and he squeezed in behind us, sliding the bolt closed behind him. His cock was rigid and he banged it like a club, then lubed it up with spit and cum.

"Cozy," he said. "Just me and a coupl'a fairy farmboys." His dick-veins bulged

"Open up.

If I'd been less excited I'd have fainted. Luckily, as the trucker's cock

and relaxed. I was dying to be His cockhead slipped The rest of his prong followed,

greased snake. My eyes nearly popped out and my mouth gaped in shock

"Yeah!" he growled, hugging me around the belly. "Hot,

My dick flexed so hard Jeff that I nearly

I chewed my lips to keep from screaming, then gnawed into the back of Jeff's neck. My eyes were blurred with hot tears. I was aware only of the trucker's cock

and of my own cock

Jeff groaned, beating off

"Screw it, man!"

I sank my teeth deeper into his neck

The trucker plunged his pole

Tears running down my cheeks, pleasure saturating my body,

"Mmm, yeah,

Jeff and I groaned in unison,

The trucker pinched my nipples. "Shoot it, baby! Squirt it!"

White-lightning shot all the way to my toes. Flashbulbs went off behind my eyeballs. My body shuddered and my cum exploded

"Cream, you little fucker! Shoot that cum!"

I clung to Jeff, writhing, going out of my mind with pleasure. Suddenly, the trucker's cock erupted

"Sweet baby! The trucker his spurting rod again and again

Jeff writhed under me, jacking himself off. His around my burning cock Hot spunk splashed against the toilet and Jeff grunted in ecstasy. I reached down and caught a handful of his fresh cum so I could eat it and smear it on my face.

Jeff and I stayed as the trucker pulled his and zipped up. "Wish I could get a picture of you two like that," he said. "Next time I'll bring my camera." He unbolted the stall door. "See you both next Saturday, same time. Be here!" He shut the stall door behind him and was gone.

I flexed my cock "You owe me eleven more, buddy."

"I know." Jeff His hand moved on his dick.

"Next Saturday the trucker I said, sliding my cock

"I know," Jeff said, moaning From that day on, Jeff couldn't get enough cock

STARS ★★

WORD SALAD

Max Allen

Bedtime Stories

William L. Brown

CENSORSHIP: THE RIGHT WING AESTHETIC

Pyramid of Bureaucracy

1991 – Guy Bleus

Photography: Janke de Vries

FICTION
BY
STEWART HOME

James Senior glanced at his watch as he strode out of Kennington tube station. **It was seven twenty-two.** He was expected for supper at eight. James had not met the people he was going to dine with. He did not even know how many of them there would be. He was going to meet the organizers of the Eighth **International Neoist Apartment Festival.** James was not sure what Neoism was. A friend had written urging him to get in touch with the people organizing the Neoist Festival in London. James had written to the address supplied by his friend and four days later, he'd received a reply inviting him to supper on May 12th.

James pulled a London street map from his bag. He was standing on Kennington Park Road. All he had to do was cross the road, walk in the direction of Kennington Park until he came to Ravensdown Street, turn left off Ravensdown onto Stannary Street and then right into Aulton Place. This took four minutes. Number thirteen was easy to spot because it had a large sign planted in the front garden on which the word 'NEOISM' was crudely painted in block capitals. James was rather disappointed to discover Aulton Place consisted simply of rotting two up, two downs, with no more than a paved street separating the houses from a towering factory wall. Several of the houses were derelict, with their windows smashed and their roofs missing. None of the occupied homes looked as though they could have met official housing

standards.

James checked his watch, he was early. He walked back onto Kennington Park Road. It was a busy road with shabby shops and several pubs scattered amongst the grimy flats and houses. He strolled towards the Elephant and Castle, then turned around and headed back to Aulton Place. James passed an attractive girl, he turned his head and caught her glancing back at him. For a moment their eyes met, then each turned away and continued walking in opposite directions. James felt ridiculous. He wished he'd had the courage to say something. He crossed the road and walked into Kennington Park. It didn't take him long to find a public toilet, where he urinated before hurrying out.

James checked his watch again upon reaching Aulton Place and discovered he still had time to kill. He stood on the street comer for a couple of minutes, then marched smartly up to number thirteen and knocked authoritively on the door. There was no bell or knocker, he'd rapped with his knuckles. After a thirty second pause, he knocked again. James could hear someone stomping down the stairs. A woman of about thirty opened the door. She was slightly smaller than James, more heavily built with blue eyes and bleached hair.

'I'm James Senior.'

'Hi, come in, I'm Judy Shaw,' the woman drawled in an American accent.

James offered her his hand, she clasped it firmly.

'Come upstairs, Mark hasn't finished cooking yet, we can relax in my room.'

Judy led James into a room littered with magazines and papers.

'You said in your letter you'd been doing mail art.'

'Yes.'

'What sort of things?'

'Postcards, collage, xerox, a lot with rubber stamps, junk mail.'

'Done any performance?'

'No, I'd like to,' James wasn't sure whether he really believed what he'd just said

'What we're trying to do with this Apartment Festival,' Judy drawled, 'is create an open situation in which anyone can participate. We're trying to remove the barriers between artist and audience, to abolish the separation between the production and consumption of the art experience.'

'I see,' James said although he'd not understood a word that Judy uttered.

'Ultimately, we believe that the only art work really worth producing is your own life.'

'Yes,' James replied, he was wondering when supper would be ready.

'And so we've replaced the word artist with the term Neoist. Neoism describes the total human being — someone who lives a fully integrated life, someone who regards cooking and making love as greater aesthetic experiences than painting or sculpture.'

James wondered how much longer Judy would ramble on.

'Neoism calls for the world to be adapted to wo/man, rather than having wo/man adapt to the world. It heralds a new era of history, the death of history itself...'

James was relieved to hear a knock on the bedroom door.

'Come in,' sighed Judy.

'Supper's ready,' announced a slightly built man in his middle thirties.

'Mark, this is James Senior. James, this is Mark West,' Judy said, introducing the two men.

James and Mark shook hands.

'Hello,' Mark said.

'Hello.' echoed James.

As James allowed his hand to drop, Mark removed a note book and pencil from a breast pocket. The older man glanced at his watch and made a note in the book.

'Shall we go through to the kitchen?' Mark made the words sound like a command rather than a question.

Already seated at a wooden table was a twenty-eight year old woman. Hazel Jones had bleached hair and a fiery look in her eye, she was introduced as Mark's girlfriend.

Dinner was a vegetable casserole served with chapattis, a side salad and large quantities of white wine. Once James began eating, Mark explained how he got up at six-thirty every morning to steal vegetables from the bins at New Covent Garden Market. Judy made no attempt to disguise her boredom at hearing this tale repeated yet again.

'Do you make a living from your art?' James asked Mark.

'I'm a full time artist, I support myself on the social.'

'You're a performance artist?'

'I do some performance, mainly I collect data.'

'What kind of data?'

'All kinds.'

'Is that what the note book's for?'

'Yes, I record as much as I can. The times I get up, go to bed, depart from somewhere and arrive somewhere else, the name of anyone I meet and the time at which I meet them, what and when I eat and drink, the times at which I piss and crap, the times at which I have sex and how long it takes me to reach orgasm.'

'I see,' James replied, 'and what do you do with all this data?'

'I put it into data books.'

'And what do you do with these data books?'

'I sell them when I can to museums and collectors.'

Once the dishes had been cleared away, Hazel pulled a bottle of vodka from a bag.

'I thought we might need this,' she said.

By the time the vodka was finished, James was extremely drunk. Mark and Hazel had gone to bed, James was alone with Judy.

'What are we going to do with you?' Judy asked rhetorically. 'You don't look like you'll make it home. There's a mattress in the room beneath mine — or if you prefer, you can sleep with me.'

'I'll sleep with you.'

When James awoke he felt sick. Judy was still asleep. James wasn't sure how he should behave and so he just lay where he was. Judy woke up. James pretended to be asleep. Judy got out of bed. James turned over and groaned.

'I'm going to see some people,' Judy announced as she was dressing. 'I'll back around three. Stay if you like, if you don't, then come back soon. We'll work on that performance we talked about last night.'

James groaned in assent. Judy kissed the back of his neck.

'You're such a baby.'

James smiled into the pillow. He wasn't sure how long it was before he got up. Judy was gone, the house was empty. James drank a glass of water and left.

James looked out of his window but didn't take in what he saw. He decided to go back to bed. He'd spent the best part of two days in bed. When he awoke it was dark. He dressed without putting the light on, left his room and walked down through Whitechapel to Tower Bridge and the Thames.

James wasn't sure how he'd arrived in Kennington. At a little after six in the morning, he found himself sitting in the garden of 13 Aulton Place. Thirty minutes later Mark emerged from the house.

'Hello,' said Mark, unsuccessfully attempting to hide his surprise.

'Hello,' echoed James.

'Coming to steal vegetables?'

'Yes,' answered James.

Mark made an entry in his note book and the two men marched off in silence. It didn't take long to get to the market. James watched as Mark pulled discarded vegetables from bins, examined them — and if they were edible, put them in his carrier. When he'd filled the bag, Mark pulled another from his pocket. There were quite a number of people collecting vegetables., picking up what had been thrown away by the traders. They seemed to be a permanent feature of the market, the security men simply ignored them despite the fact that technically they were committing theft.

Back at Aulton Place, Mark sat James down and put a cup of tea in front of him. James watched Mark stack the vegetables in a cupboard beneath the sink. Once he'd completed this task, Mark left the kitchen, then returned a couple of minutes later with a bundle of papers.

'You were too drunk to take these the other night, they'll interest you, they're about Neoism.'

"Thanks.'

'I'm going out now. It'll be some time before Judy gets up but you've got something to read, you'll be alright.'

Judy got up at noon, she popped her head around the kitchen door on her way to the bathroom.

'Hi, I'm glad you've come. I'll wash, dress and be with you.'

She returned forty minutes later.

'Hi,' Judy said.

'Hi,' echoed James.

'How are you?'

'Fine.'

'Good, would you like something to eat?'

'Yes.' James replied.

Judy cooked bacon and eggs, she liked English breakfasts but gave most of the food to James.

'I'm going to sit in the park. Are you coming?' Judy asked.

'Yes,' replied James, not convinced that he wanted to sit in the park.

James woke at nine and immediately decided he wanted to see Judy. He walked, if he'd taken the tube he'd have arrived far too early. James knocked on the door. No response. He knocked again. No response. He knocked even harder. No one was home. James went and sat in Kennington Park. An hour later, he went back to number thirteen. Mark answered the door.

'Hello, come in, Judy's out with a couple of her friends. They arrived last night, they flew in from New York.'

Mark sat James down in the kitchen and put a cup of tea in front of him. Judy didn't come home until well after dark. With her were the

conceptual artist Person Person and his blind lover Birgit Smith. Person had adopted his rather curious moniker because he felt traditional names reeked of a romantic individualism that any serious artist should abandon. He always introduced Birgit as his blind lover — it would have been more accurate to describe her as partially sighted. Person and Birgit were tired, after tea and chapattis they went to bed.

'I've had an idea about a performance we could do,' Judy announced.

'Yes,' replied James.

'We stand facing each other, while simultaneously chanting our given name and taking off our clothes. Then I put on your clothes and you put on my clothes, while we chant each others name.'

'I'd prefer something a bit more static,' James replied.

He was horrified by the idea of being seen naked in public.

'Oh, come on, don't tell me you're shy!'

'I don't know, I'll think about it.'

James was woken at six-thirty by the sound of footsteps echoing through the house. He got up. Judy turned over and went back to sleep. Peter Murray had just arrived from Edinburgh on the over-night train, Mark and Hazel were helping him carry his bags up the stairs.

By seven, James, Mark, Peter and Hazel were sitting round the kitchen table enjoying a communal breakfast of mueslix, toast and black coffee. Mark and Peter were old friends, their intimacy left James and Hazel feeling like intruders. Hazel decided to go home, James said he'd walk her to the bus stop.

Hazel guided James down to the Oval, from where she'd catch a bus to East Dulwich.

'You seeing Judy?'

'Yeah.'

'Don't you think she's a little old for you?'

'I don't know.'

Judy got up reasonably early by her standards — about eleven-thirty. Once she'd washed, Judy made a breakfast of boiled eggs. It was the second meal James had eaten that day.

'Have you thought about whether you'll do the performance?'

'Yes.'

'And?'

'I'll do it.'

Judy beamed, James smiled. He hadn't decided whether he'd really go through with the performance but James knew that by saying he'd do it, he'd make Judy happy. She leaned across the table and kissed him.

When they'd finished eating, Judy suggested they go and sit in Kennington Park.

When James arrived at Aulton Place, he found Jurgen Braun constructing a 'Neoist Altar' in the street outside number thirteen. Judy had told James a great deal about Jurgen, and James recognized this world class performance artist by his attire — a red coat, gold shoes and a brown and gold rain hat.

The front door was open and James walked into the hall where he found Mark sticking pieces of mail art to the walls. Mark had spent the best part of the day constructing a 'data installation' in his room and was now making the final touches to the house before the opening ceremony of the Neoist Festival later in the evening. One of these touches was that everything in number thirteen had a name card attached to it. The walls had cards saying 'wall' tacked to them, tables had cards saying 'table' tacked to them, doors had cards saying 'door' tacked to them — and so on, so that virtually every object in the house had a neatly written card tacked to it, stating exactly what it was.

Upstairs, James ran into Gloria Swann, a professional model and part time performance artist from the States. Judy had slipped out of her usual jeans and T-shirt and was clad in a black cat-suit. She was carefully applying one of several successive layers of make-up to her face.

Terry Wood, a twenty-year old mail artist was hanging model aircraft from the kitchen ceiling. Time ticked inexorably away, bringing the 'Flaming Chapatti Opening' ever nearer. Marianne Greenwood, Braun's girlfriend, emerged from the basement. She refused to speak so much as a word to anyone but Jurgen — and silently accepted any food she was offered.

Brett Johnson arrived with his entourage — his boyfriend Adrian Foster and a teenager named Charles White, who'd been seduced into attending the Neoist Festival with promises of art world fame. Hazel appeared, she'd brought along a friend of hers called John. Person Person, Birgit Smith and Peter Murray emerged from the sanctuary of their beds. Karl Pratt, a performance artist from Northern Ireland, failed miserably in his attempt to make an impression as he entered the kitchen. His fellow Irishmen, Kevin Alderman and the poet Stephen Brady came in behind him.

Mark ushered everyone from the kitchen and into the street, announcing that Jurgen was

going to do a performance. Braun primed a loaf of bread with rubber cement, set light to it and placed it on his head. The result was spectacular but safe — flames leapt from the highly inflammable rubber cement, while the bread safely insulated Jurgen's head from any danger. While his bread hat burnt, Braun chanted a list of names and did a little dance.

Two police officers arrived. There'd been a report of a black magic ritual taking place in the street. When Mark explained that the Flaming Chapatti Opening was an art event, they smiled indulgently and left.

Once those who were going home had left, James snuggled up to Judy and Hazel stumbled drunkenly into Mark's room — where she fell into his data installation, demolishing it. Mark spent most of the night dismantling the remains and putting them in order — while Hazel lay curled up in his bed and Peter Murray tried to catch some sleep on the floor. In the room above Mark's, John was in bed with Gloria Swann, Person Person with Birgit Smith and Brett Johnson with Adrian Foster.

James got up at nine-thirty, Judy ten minutes later. Person Person was rousing his room-mates from their sleep. Mark, Hazel and Peter had left the house and were eating breakfast in a cafe on Kennington Road.

People wondered in and out of the kitchen. At 11.15am, James, Judy, Mark, Peter, Person, Gloria, Jurgen and Marianne left the house and caught a 159 bus from Kennington Park to Trafalgar Square, they then walked the minimal distance to Canada House where the Neoist Video Screening was scheduled to start at noon. Stephen Brady arrived just before twelve and a couple of others just after. The videos were tedious. A few members of the general public wandered innocently in and then very quickly walked out. The screenings dragged on until 5.30pm, a marathon endurance test. James decided to give the evening's activities, 'live action and exchanges,' a miss — instead he headed home.

The Neoists were scheduled to meet at noon on Lambeth Bridge — to shoot a scene for Jurgen's film "In Search Of The Great Mr Pighead." In this episode, a group of English artists would try to prevent Jurgen crossing the Thames. Jurgen, Mark, Judy, Peter, Marianne, Person, Birgit and Gloria arrived twenty minutes late. James and Charles White were waiting for them. Brett Johnson, Stephen Brady and Rupert Swiftwood — a rich friend of Mark's — were almost an hour late.

Jurgen put on one of his many Neoist hats — in this case a large fish that had been slit open and gutted. Thus attired, he was ready for rehearsals. It was 2pm before the filming was completed.

James and Judy arrived at the London Musicians Collective at six-thirty. Mark and Peter had already set up the necessary equipment for the opening act of "The Popular Chapatti Circus." Seeing that everything was in hand — and not wishing to do anything themselves — James and Judy retired to the pub across the road. As the evening wore on, they were joined by Terry Wood and Fiona Roberts — a friend of Terry's from his home town of Lymm — Jurgen, Marianne, Stephen Brady, Person, Birgit, Gloria and Rupert Swiftwood

Just after eight, Mark dragged everyone out of the pub and into the Musicians Collective. The event had been advertised as being open to the public — but no paying customers arrived. An evening of performances, music, slides, video, installations, readings, films and free hair cuts was apparently not to the public's taste.

James and Judy got up at eleven-thirty. Mark and Jurgen were setting up video equipment in preparation for the "Chapatti Armchair Revolution," which was scheduled to run from noon until six. The event was to take place around a table placed in the street, so that anyone who happened to be passing could participate.

Gloria Swann, who had left number thirteen very early that morning, arrived home with her entourage — which consisted of Stephen Brady and a young film-maker called Alan Philips. It was one-forty before the Armchair Revolution actually commenced. Alan Philips left after about an hour. A break in the filming of this event coincided with the arrival of Thomas, the junkie from number eleven, who upset everybody by shooting up in front of them.

The afternoon wore on, with only endless cups of tea to help it wear off. Thomas gazed up at the sun and mumbled something about UFOs.

Conversations sputtered along — with every incoherent syllable being filmed. Mark shaved Person's head, leaving two tufts of hair at the back, which he shaped into an inverted question mark. Using a marker pen, he then drew a brain on Person's scalp.

A passer-by, stopped and pointed at Person.

'Gawd, what's the matter with 'im?' she exclaimed and then proceeded on her way.

The old woman's interjection was the only eventful moment of the afternoon. The Armchair Revolution ended early and Mark, with a little help from Peter, packed up the video equipment and loaded it into the hire van they'd parked on Milverton Street. Gloria and Stephen left to attend a Jennifer Binnie private view.

At six-forty-five there was a mass exit from number thirteen. Hazel joined the crew as they walked from the Place to Milverton Street. She'd almost missed her lift to the Musicians Collective.

The evening was not particularly eventful. Again there were no paying customers. To James's surprise, he didn't find his performance with Judy in the least bit embarrassing.

At eleven-thirty the next morning, Mark filmed the introduction to "The Neoist Guide Dog." Person had donned a dog mask and was crawling about on all fours. Birgit was wearing a pair of dark glasses and carrying a white stick, so that she could play the part of a blind woman. Birgit was then guided to the Elephant and Castle by her 'dog.' From here, she caught a bus to Greenwich Park, where the "Neoist Time Picnic" was scheduled to take place. Unfortunately, heavy rain resulted in this event being canceled.

In the evening, Judy made a sound sculpture. She gathered everyone in the kitchen at Aulton Place, handed round packets of crisps and recorded them being eaten. At ten, Jurgen ushered the assembled troops into the back garden, where — under the light of the stars — he performed a burial ceremony for the fish he'd worn as a hat on Lambeth Bridge.

"The Neoist Armada" from Lambeth Pier commenced half-an-hour later than scheduled. It was a rainy Saturday afternoon. The Neoists had made toy boats to launch on the Thames. Mark persuaded Person to film him setting fire to a pair of overalls which he'd somehow succeeded in getting to float — and then documented the other Neoists launching their creations.

In the evening, the "Chapatti Extinguishing Ceremony" consisted of Mark taking a portrait photograph of each Neoist and then recording taped interviews with his subjects — thus creating a 'solid audio document' for posterity.

James and Judy got up at noon. They'd been woken by the sound of Mark and Hazel rowing. They were still dressing when Hazel stormed out of the house. When they went to get their breakfast, Mark left the kitchen without returning their greetings. James ate the bacon and eggs Judy put in front of him, then told her he was going home.

James walked to the phone box on Kennington Road, riffled through his pockets — he had Hazel's number somewhere and she'd had enough time to get home.

'Hello.'

'Hello, Hazel, it's James, are you alright?'

'Yeah.'

'Listen, maybe I could come over and see you.'

'Yeah, that would be nice.'

'We could go for a walk and maybe get a drink later on.'

'I'll see you later.'

'Okay.'

'Bye for now then.'

'Bye.'

When James got to East Dulwich, Hazel seemed really pleased to see him.

'So what happened between you and Mark?'

'I made a remark about Jurgen and it led to an argument over the status of modern art. Mark got really mad when I told him that what he did was a waste of time.'

James and Hazel walked down to Dulwich Park. They left the park just after six and stopped in a pub on their way home. Hazel bought two bottles of Pils and they sat in the beer garden drinking them. When they'd finished the round, James went and bought more lager. When it got dark, they moved into the pub. James put his arm around Hazel.

'I really fancy you,' he whispered and then kissed her. 'You're the best looking girl in the world.'

Hazel slipped his arm off her shoulder.

'Don't, it's wrong, I'm too old for you. You should be seeing girls like those over there,' she pointed at two teenagers, 'not old women like Judy and me.'

'You're not old, you're beautiful,' James whispered.

He slipped his arm around her and kissed her again. This time, Hazel made no attempt to stop him. They walked home with their arms wrapped around each other. James was not quite as drunk as he was pretending to be. Hazel got some wine from the kitchen.

'What are we going to do with you? We can't put you in Dave's room, he'll be back later on.'

James put his arms around Hazel.

'I'll sleep with you.'

'We're going to regret this,' she whispered.

WINTONICK & ACHBAR

L: PETER WINTONICK
R: MARK ACHBAR

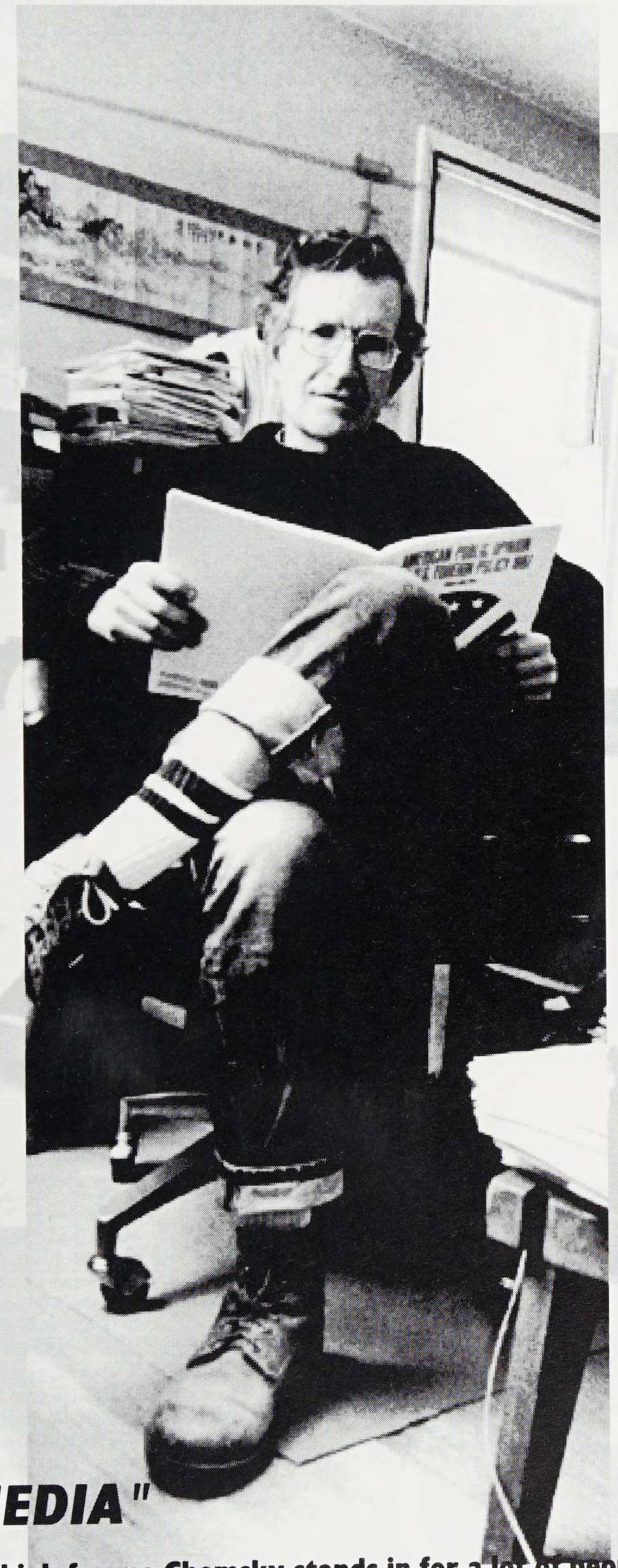
on CHOMSKY

HANS BURGSCHMIDT

INTERVIEWS THE MAKERS OF THE COMPREHENSIVE DOCUMENTARY FILM

"MANUFACTURING CONSENT : *NOAM CHOMSKY AI*

SEPTEMBER 1992



"I think for me Chomsky stands in for a lot of people, in terms of radical dissident or critical thinkers, or people who are whistle-blowers in their local factory...there's a lot of dissident culture here."
PETER WINTONICK

INTERVIEW PROPER BEGINS
Today we're speaking with Mark Achbar and Peter Wintonick. They are the makers of the amazing documentary film called *Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media*. If you've been listening to my show for the last few months, you will have heard me mention practically every week that this is a film that is well worth the long wait, and now it's available.

HANS BURGSCHMIDT: For me, it's a real satisfying and fulfilling experience — it's an experience of immense completion because I know I met you on your very first shoot, when you were filming Chomsky here in Toronto in '87, when he was giving a talk on terrorism. I remember the video setup you had set up there. That was the beginning, and here we are five years later.

PETER WINTONICK: There were other beginnings before the beginning, but Mark was at that 1987 lecture.

MARK ACHBAR: Yeah, not a frame of that one survived, but... it started for me probably in 1985 when I heard Noam talk at U of T. I think you were there?

HB: I was there, too.

MA: You were there. We were just looking at your massive wall of tapes here in your studio, and there amongst it was that actual lecture with, I was astonished to find out, my three little questions to Noam Chomsky, which I asked him after.

PW: Actually, my first interaction with media-ized revolution, really, was through television in the sixties when I was living in the basement of my parents' house in Ottawa, and wanting to become something, and then seeing a lot of intellectuals get arrested in protest against the war in Vietnam, and among them were my heros Dr. Spock and Norman Mailer and Noam Chomsky. So I decided to go be a radical.

HB: You were attuned at a young age to social justice?

PW: I was tuned into the wrong channel, I think. I was looking for the Flintstones.

HB: What was your idea at the beginning?

MA: Film a lecture.

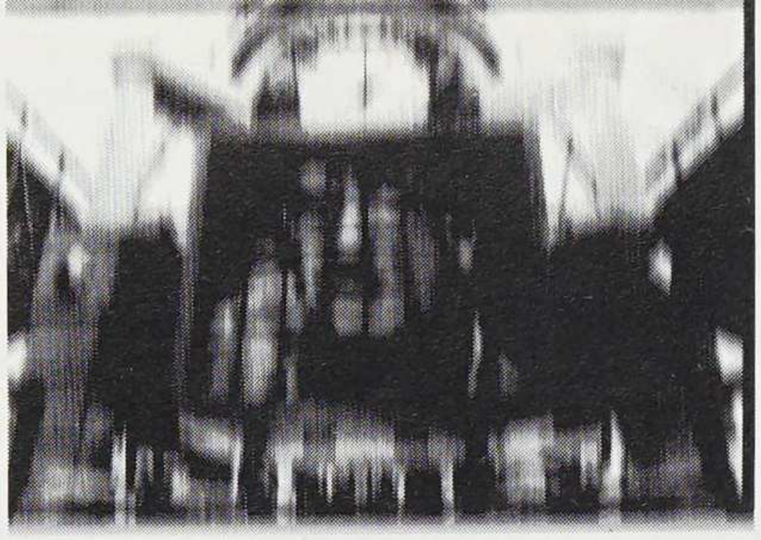
HB: Film a lecture? To encapsulate some of Chomsky's thought and present it in some kind of way?

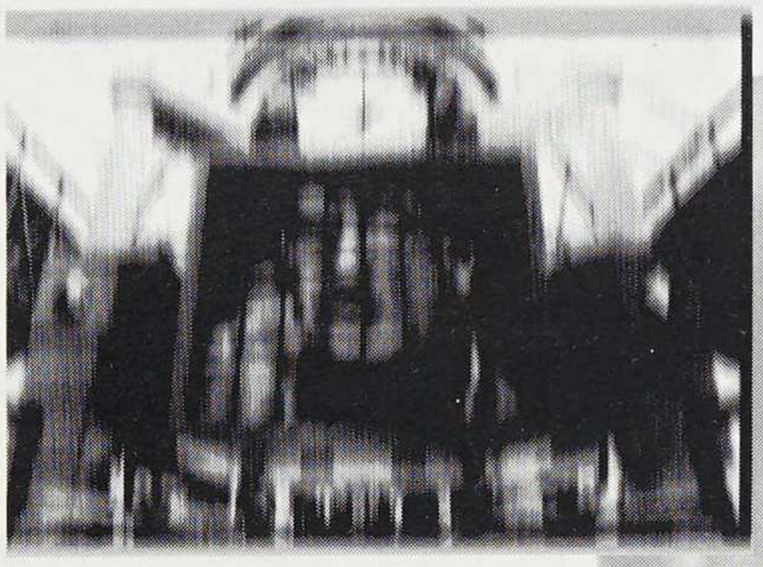
MA: We knew we had to just start shooting. I mean, he was in town, he was in Canada, and he was giving these talks about the media, which was a topic close to Peter's and my hearts after having just come out of our experience working on *The Journey*.

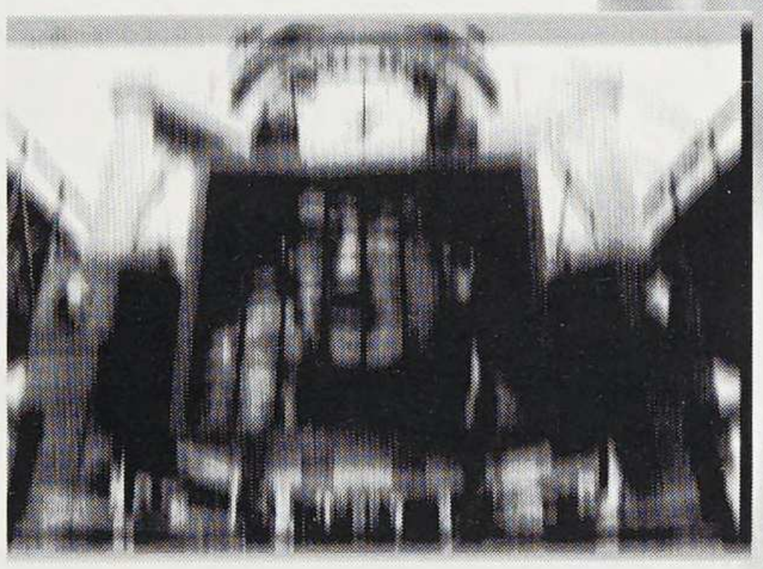
HB: You did *The Journey*?

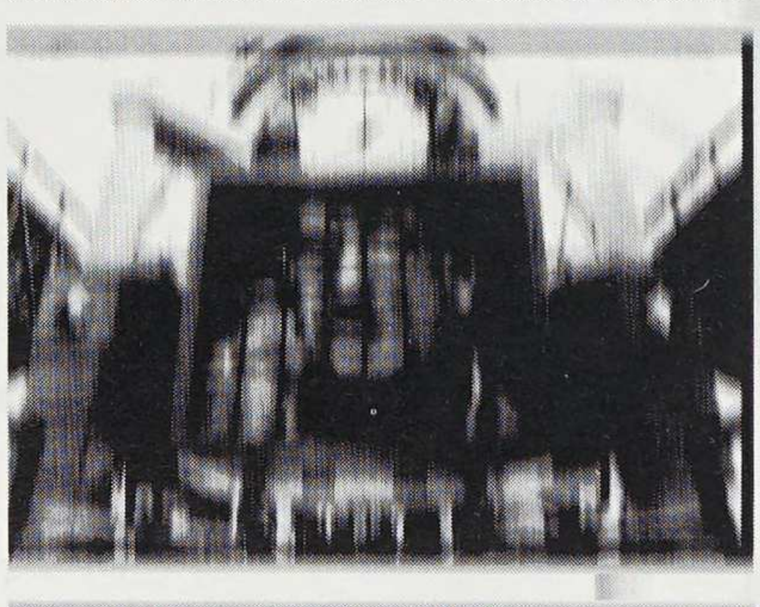
MA: We worked on *The Journey* together. That's where we met. Peter Watkins's epic, fourteen-and-a-half hour...

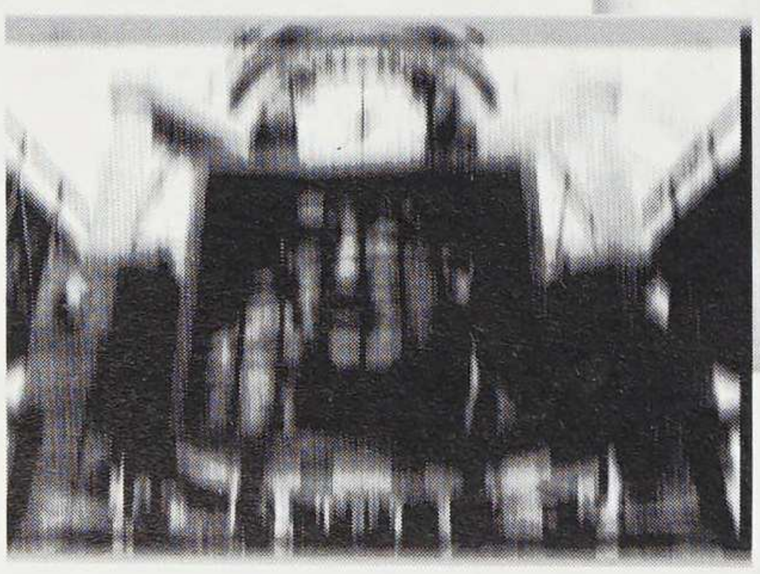
PW: Film about development, peace, the media. *(cont'd...)*











PW: We first met on that film. We worked in a kind of decentralized fashion on that film by engaging the cooperation of grassroots groups in fifteen countries. So we came to Toronto to see what kind of engaged artists and socially committed artists we could find to help us in this journey, on *The Journey*, and Mark was one of the people who sort of popped out in a backyard not too far away from here. And he came and committed a lot of time and expertise to the film in terms of its organization, and we grew into friends there, and started plotting and planning.

PW: When we had the idea to make this film we were sitting around my kitchen table in Montreal, and both agreed that we had to make it without, you know, any resources. We would have to contribute our own to begin with, and then try to convince people that it was a thing to climb on board with. And I guess we've done that.

HB: So you pulled together the original seed money on your own?

PW: It was kind of self-financed, yes.

MA: And a small Canada Council grant, and...

PW: I met a guy when we were here at the Genie Awards for a documentary about the Philippine revolution that Nettie Wild made that I edited and associate-produced. It was called *A Rustling of Leaves: Inside the Philippine Revolution. (cont'd.)*

"The film is so picturesque - it's the last thing that you would expect from a person who goes and gives lectures, a person that you would see as literalized print on screen. It's a very rich film."

HANS BURGSCHMIDT

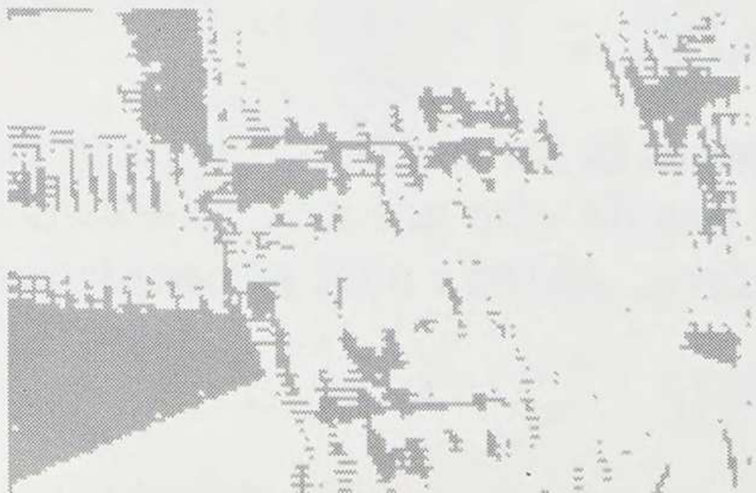
PW: So I was sitting at the back of the Genie Awards in the Skydome, or whatever it's called down there, in this kind of live presentation, but they couldn't serve alcohol because it was on television at the same time, and it was Ontario. And I was sitting at the back with this eccentric guy who had - I thought he was hearing impaired - but it turned out when I investigated he was actually listening to the Blue Jays game, because he wasn't interested in the proceedings there. And it also turned out that he was kind of the black sheep, I think, of the Laidlaw family and had money to give out to artists like us, to make us subsist, exist, for a year. So we talked to him and he was quite interested in the film, and he gave us some seed money, too, to live for a year. So during that year we put together this proposal and sent out these thousands of pleas and elicited support from the community and from end-users and the Association for Media Literacy, and everybody else from Ed Asner to...

MA: Peace Fund Canada, Union of Paperworkers. The list is...

PW: We put together this huge database that is available to anybody, if they want, now. And we went from there. We started shooting with no money. We amassed a ton and a half - thousands of feet of 16 millimetre film, unexposed, and put them in Mark's living-room.

MA: Well, exposed but unprocessed. Since we knew we had to shoo certain things, we had to get ou there because it was happening an Noam was on tour with his recen books, *Manufacturing Consent* an *Necessary Illusions*. There were jus certain things that had to be shot We had to go to Long Island, Ne York to this little printing shop an film the actual book coming off th presses. There were things like tha that just had to be done...all kind of things. Anyway, we just starte accumulating film, but we knew w wanted to concentrate ou resources on shooting and not o processing and editing at that point So we kept piling up these cans an piling up these cans of exposed bu unprocessed film

HB: Film is expensive



MA: We shot with anything we could get our hands on, basically, and one of the things we got our hands on early on was this Arri BL, which is a 16 millimetre - very heavy, cumbersome, but solid and reliable film camera.

PW: Which was created for propaganda films in the Second World War by the Germans, actually, that camera.

MA: Anyway, one of them ended up in the possession of the RCMP, and when they switched to video for surveillance of people like Peter and me, and demonstrations, or whatever - they sell off such things at government surplus sales, and we picked one up for not very much money.

PW: Nine hundred bucks, I think.

MA: [whispers: nine hundred bucks!?] And that's what we shot with, so that determined something. Anyway, we ended up with this incredible pile of film and tape and exposed stuff, and really the most natural place to go was the National Film Board. We took Polaroid photographs of these cans of film and exposed sound tapes, sort of like hostage photos of these cans on a table in my living-room. We made this ransom note, which we then sent off with Polaroids clipped on or stapled onto pages, and we sent them out to all these administrators at the National Film Board.

PW: Producers and executive producers.

MA: You know, imploring them to release the images held hostage on this celluloid. And all these people, they converged on the necessary producer there, and after about a five minute meeting, we finally had a co-production deal with the National Film Board, which was the answer to all our hopes, because it meant the film was going to be made with the resources that it deserved.

HB: What about making initial contact with Chomsky himself? How did he feel about a couple of crazy filmmakers making a film about him?

PW: I had met him, informally, through his publisher after something - some lecture or some book launch, something in Montreal - so I knew him that way, and Mark approached him at that lecture, and then...

MA: I met him there, yeah... but it was a couple of years later, it was in '87 that I really decided to work on this project. I was encouraged by a couple of friends who were looking for things to do, and I initiated this project with them. We ended up not working together, but it was with them that I wrote - we just wrote to Noam. I mean, he's incredibly accessible, that's the one thing that you find about him, and certainly that I found after talking to him after that first lecture. There was this crowd of people standing around, they were all awe-struck by him, and so I just kept firing my little questions, and he's disarmingly accessible, really. He gave us access to all his dealings with the media. One element of the production that's throughout the whole thing was this sitting in, this kind of fly-on-the-wall observation of his various interactions with different media, and we did that with him wherever we went from Laramie, Wyoming to London, England to...

PW: Tokyo.

MA: All over the place. We knew that we were making a film about his ideas on the media, but we also wanted to examine his relationship with the media. And everyone was pretty cooperative. They let us in in their studios, and that almost created the agenda for the film. It was: What does the media want to know from him?

PW: Or how does the media treat him as a public personality, or as a dissident personality, or as a marginalized personality?

HB: One thing that impressed me - I'd say even more than impressed me, quite blew me away - is the amount of extensive archival material. The research that went into that was absolutely phenomenal. From his first television interview ever with...

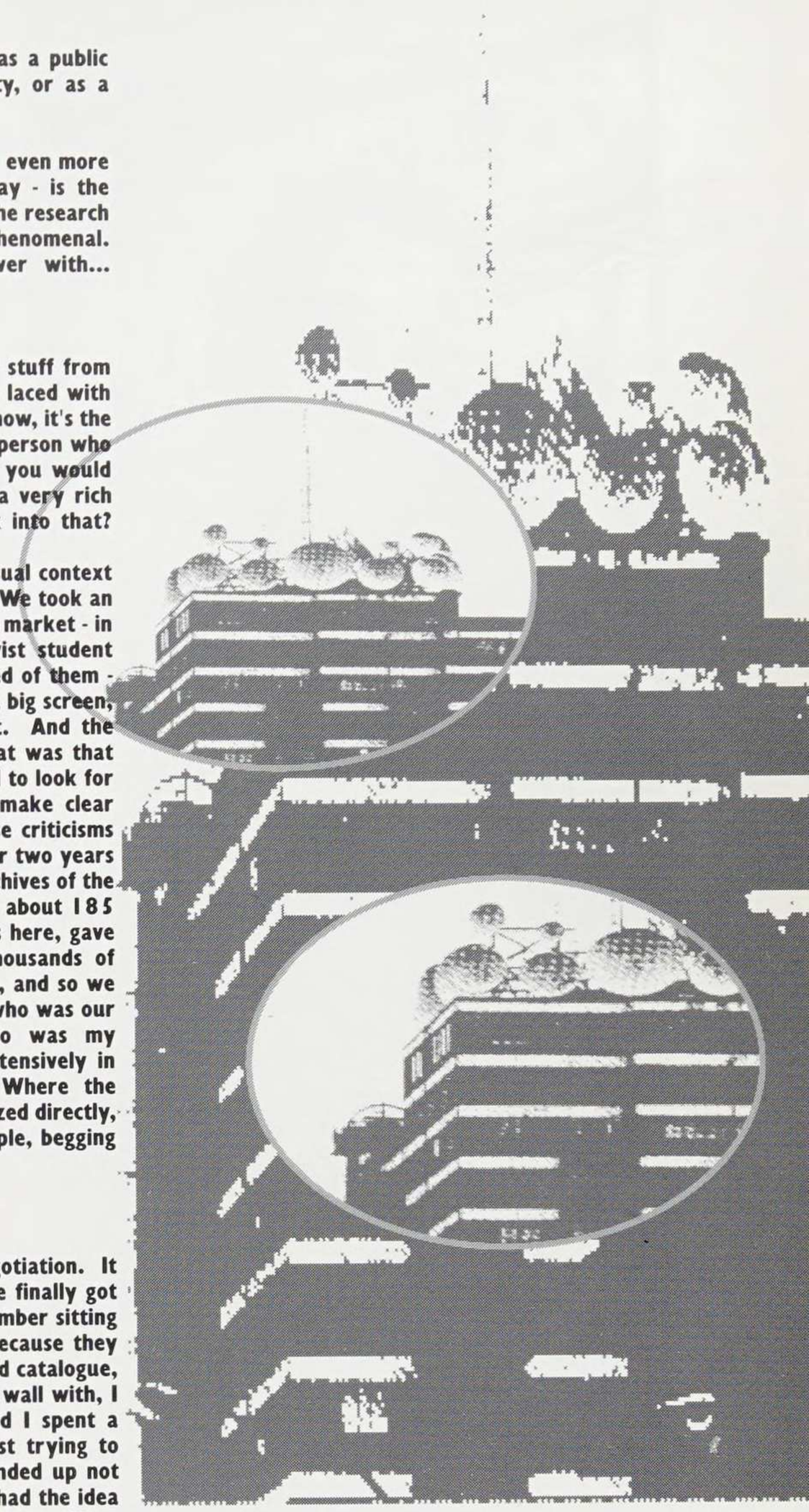
MA: Buckley?

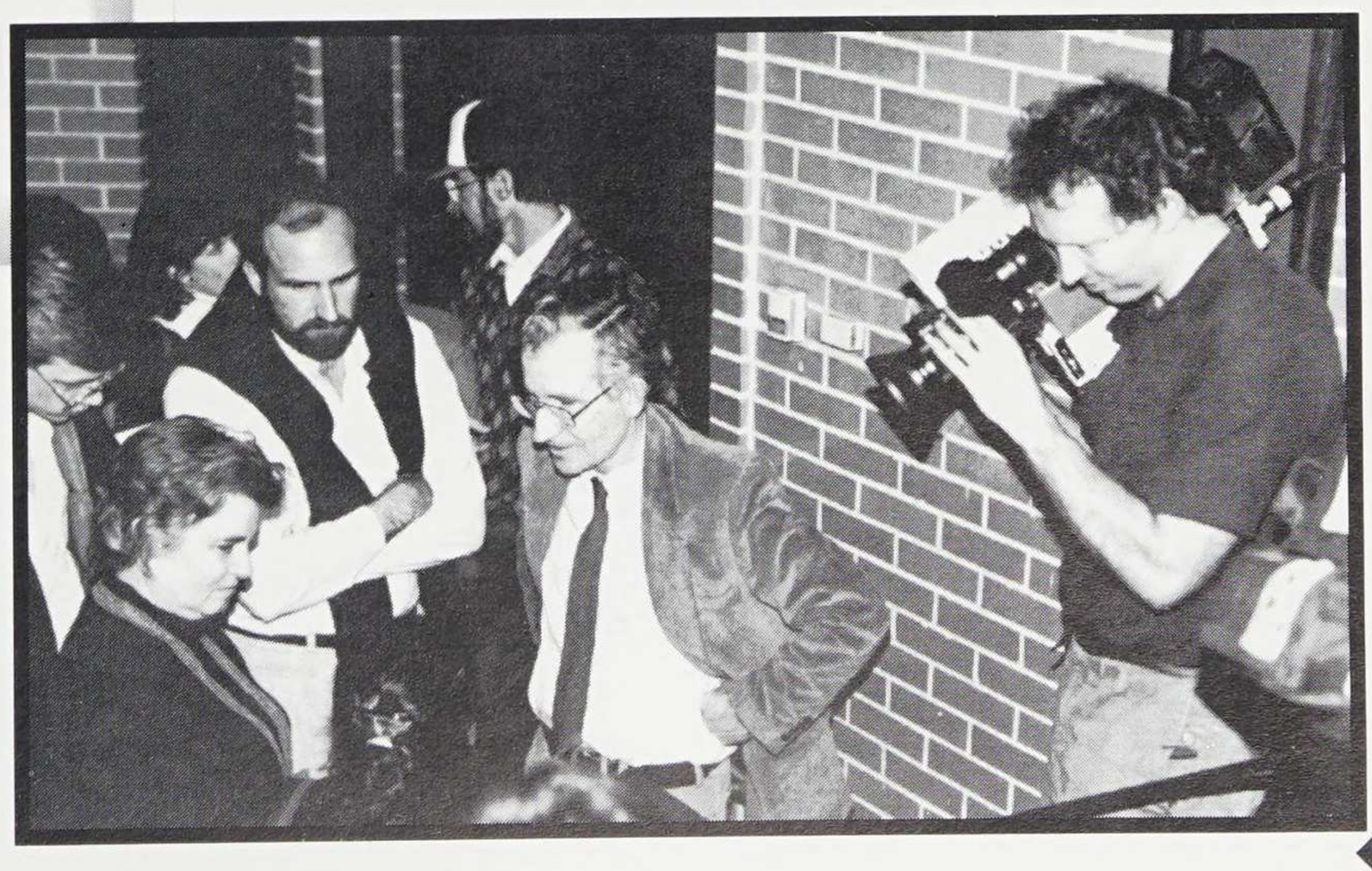
HB: Yes. To just the incidental kinds of stuff from the thirties, the forties. And the film is laced with this incredible - it's so picturesque, you know, it's the last thing that you would expect from a person who goes and gives lectures... a person that you would see as literalized print on screen. It's a very rich film. You must have put a lot of work into that?

PW: We knew we wanted to create a visual context for his ideas beyond the lecture format. We took an assembly of the lecture to Guelph to test market - in the ideal situation with the ideal activist student community audience, a couple of hundred of them - an assemblage. We had to project it on a big screen, video, and looked for feedback on that. And the great feedback that came back from that was that we had to visualize it even more, we had to look for a centralized case study which would make clear some of his ideas. So we accepted those criticisms and went to work, and it took us another two years really after that... to start culling the archives of the world. Essentially we must have gone to about 185 archival sources. Ron Mann, who works here, gave us access to a database which lists thousands of archival sources in North America alone, and so we read through this stuff. Francis Miquet who was our co-producer and Katharine Asals who was my assistant in the editing also worked extensively in the research acquisition of imagery. Where the image banks of the world weren't privatized directly, they would write begging letters to people, begging them for images.

HB: Did you have to pay for some of it?

PW: Not much, no. It took a lot of negotiation. It probably extended the time line, but we finally got people to offer us stuff for free. I remember sitting in the National Film Board archives - because they have very extensive archives - with a card catalogue, a bunch of filing cabinets along a whole wall with, I don't know, 150,000 index cards, and I spent a month looking at each one of them just trying to flash off ideas and find imagery. We ended up not using that much of it, but Mark as well had the idea of layering into it these old media training films.





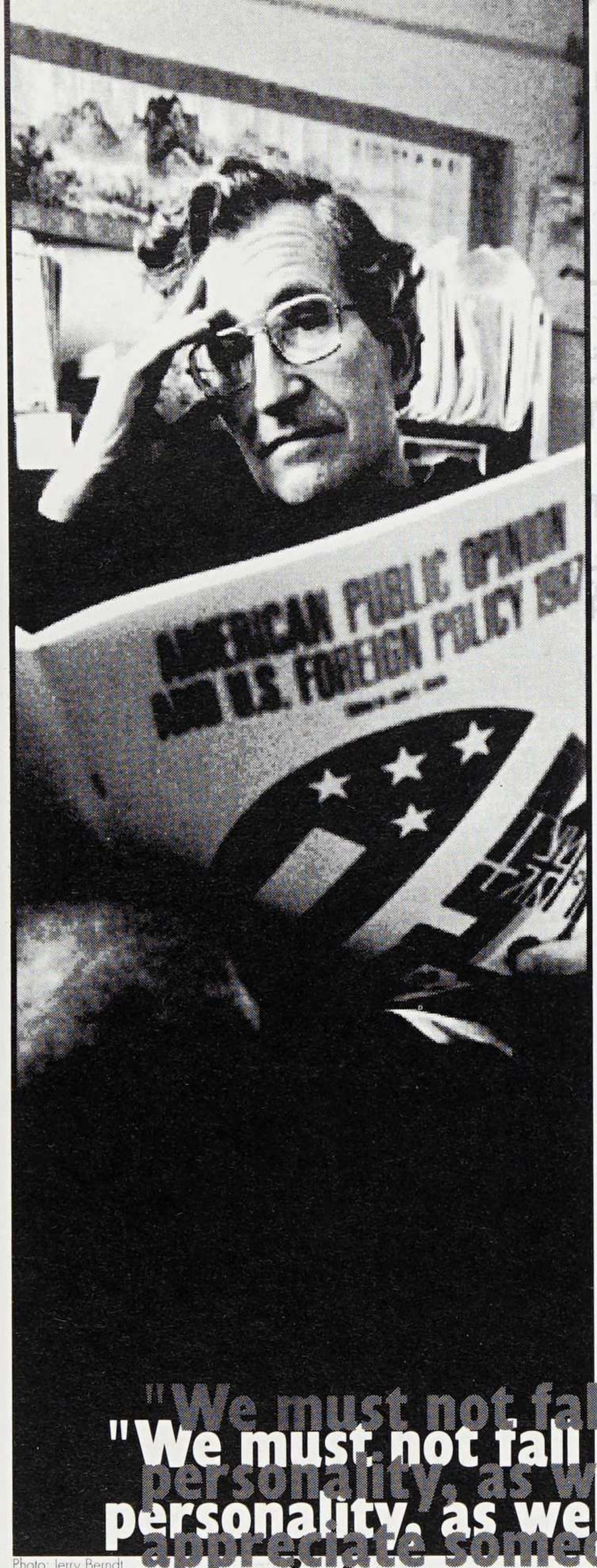


Photo: Jerry Berndt

HB: Did Chomsky supply some of the old stuff, too? Did he have any of that?

PW: He has very vague recollections of where he's been filmed.

MA: "I might have got arrested in 1967."

PW: Yeah, "somebody might have seen something, somewhere."

MA: "I think I was in jail overnight with Norman Mailer, maybe somebody interviewed me." His wife was quite helpful, Carol... We spent a day with her sort of going through the photographic archives, the personal ones, looking for little gems, and she was quite helpful in supplying those things.

HB: He's a very modest man, isn't he? He just - doesn't mix private life with public life. In fact, you were saying that he was sent a copy of the video and feels uncomfortable even watching it.

PW: Yeah, I think I would too if somebody victimized me as a kind of subject for a biographical film.

MA: You can imagine, for him it must be a nightmare come real. It's like, *This Is Your Life, Noam Chomsky.* Yikes.

PW: A lot of his biographers, his official biographers, and the archivists and the publishers and those friends of his have seen it and told him it was enjoyable.

MA: Well, more than that. I mean, Michael Albert and Lydia Sargent at Z magazine who are close friends of his, really feel that it's - feel quite strongly that it's going to be a very useful organizing tool. And that's I think the most important kind of feedback for Noam to get from people he trusts.

PW: It's also the most important function, I think. Rather than through these festivals, flashes and things we've been going through, or will be going through. Those are really just simply for me windows onto the kind of broad-based community use of the film, in educational circles, in local groups around, in schools, in alternate cinemas, on listener-supported radio stations... the ideas really or the transformation of those ideas... into discussion and debate around these issues is really the use of the film.

MA: That's the real criteria for the success of the piece, I think. When it premiered in Sydney, Australia - that was our world premiere, back in June - we got the results; they do these polls of the audience, and our film to our great satisfaction got the highest rating of forty-seven documentaries, I think, that were in the festival.

"We must not fall into the trap of the cult of personality, as we are want to do. You can appreciate someone's thinking without making it into a kind of heroic gesture."
PETER WINTONICK

HB: How much did you shoot? How much archi stuff? What did you have to chose from?

MA: We figure what you see in the film is culled fr probably 120 hours of archival and original foota I don't quite know where to draw the line.

PW: This is a new kind of documentary, made for in multi-form and multi-modular ways, and shor lengths as well, for high schools, and on video t where you can stop and analyze with groups friends sections of it, or let half an hour go by then re-watch it the next day.

HB: Yeah, there's lots of stuff there. Do you th it's going to make a difference? Do you see a lo school boards using it? Do you see it used as a for media analysis, for societal analysis?

HB: When the theatrical run is complete, they're going to release it in video form? That will be available from the Film Board?

MA: I think it will be actually almost simultaneous, if they get organized and get the jackets printed up and all that.

PW: We're doing the closed caption version for the hearing impaired; we're doing a French version now for distribution in Quebec and France; we're doing a German version to do for Germany for the Berlin Film Festival.

HB: Subtitled?

PW: Subtitled. It'll be playing in Sao Paulo, Brazil, so we'll be doing the Portuguese version, which could be used in East Timor, I guess, and we're even doing an American version. [laughter]

HB: So who has the rights to this? Whose film is this? Is this the Film Board's film, is it your film?

PW: This is everybody's film.

HB: Hmm.

MA: It's the people's film.

PW: The public's. We share the rights with our non-profit educational foundation, which is called Necessary Illusions, and with the National Film Board in Canada, and we're giving some of the rights internationally back to the Film Board in those educational markets that they know and do best in certain parts of the world. In the United States there are three distributors who want to distribute the work.

MA: So far.

PW: So far. We're going to New York tonight to discuss with them ideas they might have for distribution.

MA: Yeah, we actually had a phone call from a woman yesterday, it was a message left at our hotel room, a woman from Warner. I don't know if that's to distribute the film or to figure out if they should launch a law suit against us. Their interest in the film comes out of the Toronto Film Festival, where a woman who is the vice-president of acquisitions saw it and liked it, and is suggesting to Warner Brothers that they phone us to set up a screening, as they say in New York. So...

HB: And you're going?

PW: Well, just for the fun of it.

MA: Yeah, might as well.

PW: They did the number on the *Roger & Me* film, which was a kind of funny film as well. Maybe less analytical, I don't know. Shorter.

HB: You're talking about your film as a funny film?

PW: Well, I was listening to the audience laugh.

MA: "Funny, provocative, surprisingly accessible," said the Toronto Festival of Festivals.

HB: Didn't you intend, though, to start out making a serious film?

PW: Isn't life funny, though? No, we never intend to be serious.

MA: Philosopher All-Stars.

"You can imagine, for him it must be a nightmare come real. It's like, *This Is Your Life, Noam Chomsky.* Yikes!"

MARK ACHBAR

HB: Many people who have worked with me on ***Under Currents*** have said we've been through so many struggles with community radio we should just like drop it and start our own channel and call it the Chomsky Channel.

MA: Yeah, well, we were going to set up a 1-800-Chomsky phone line, actually, just maybe to lighten the load a little on Noam, so he could, you know - what does Chomsky think of the situation in Bosnia-Herzegovina, what does Chomsky think about this, what does he think about Dan Quayle. For more information on Chomsky's opinion on Dan Quayle, press 2.

PW: Although we must not fall into the trap of the cult of personality, as we are want to do. You can appreciate someone's thinking without making it into a kind of heroic gesture. I think for me Chomsky stands in for a lot of people, in terms of radical dissident or critical thinkers, or people who are whistle-blowers in their local factory, or people who write letters to the editor. There's a lot of dissident culture here...

MA: And he's not the only voice in the film. There are many other activist voices in the film, and you see a lot of activists at work, doing alternative media, you know, David Barsamian...

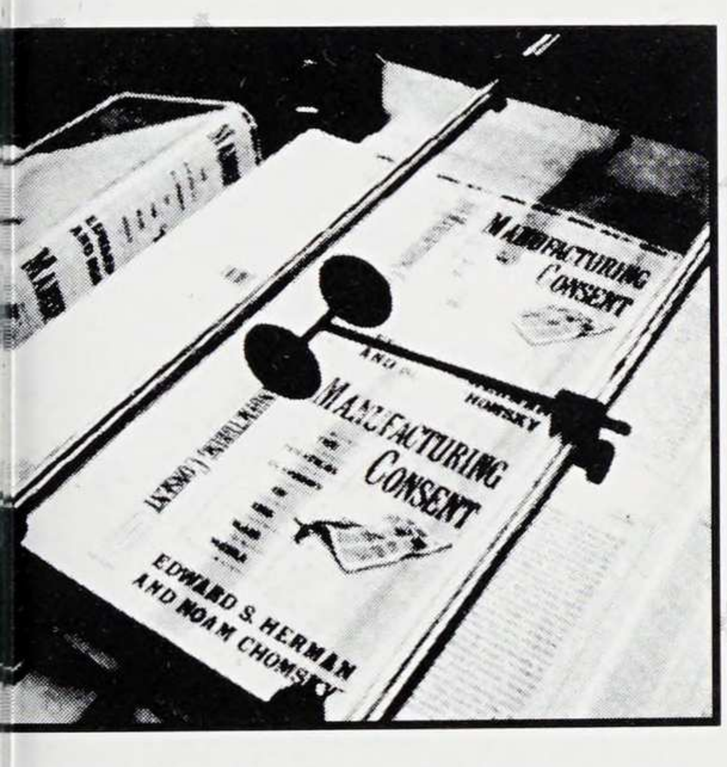
HB: Yeah, the latter part of the film focuses quite heavily in promoting access to the media and documents people who have done just that, taken hold of their own media, whether it's community cable or radio, and I know that Chomsky really stands behind that as a way of re-democratizing the media.

MA: Absolutely.

PW: And people working in the social justice and other communities, in the solidarity communities, the East Timor solidarity communities, I mean, there's a myriad of dissident culture out there. The Rainbow Coalition is yet to be extinguished; it's there. And we hope that the film appeals to these diverse elements in our culture, and that they support it.

HB: Going to take a break from filmmaking for awhile and get a life?

PW: This is a life. I was in Grade 4 I made my first film. I was a little person who thought big. Instead of writing during school I would go out and make these little 8 millimetre films and hand them in and they thought they were cute... I don't know, my father gave me an 8 millimetre camera and I've still kept the first image of that: my sister fishing in a stream in Nova Scotia where I lived. So, I've always been engaged by moving images. *A nicer reality than reality sometimes.*



W: Yeah, I do. I think part of the good thing about success in those spheres of the marketplace is ut it's won an award in Chicago, the Golden Hugo ard, which all kind of educators and all librarians ross North America pay attention to. So that will an that they will acquire the video or the film and y it. It will get distributed quite widely, and rough the National Film Board in Canada, it will be ailable at a real reasonable price for everyone who nts it. And it'll be seen on six or seven television tworks around the world. It'll be seen by millions people. So it's not insignificant.

B: Have you received any flack? Have you received y attacks, criticism about it?

W: There's been a lot of positively negative critic- n, in terms of offering us ideas for things we could ve done better, offering suggestions through the ocess of the making of the film, and we've tried to apt some of them, or filtered out the ones we uldn't agree with.

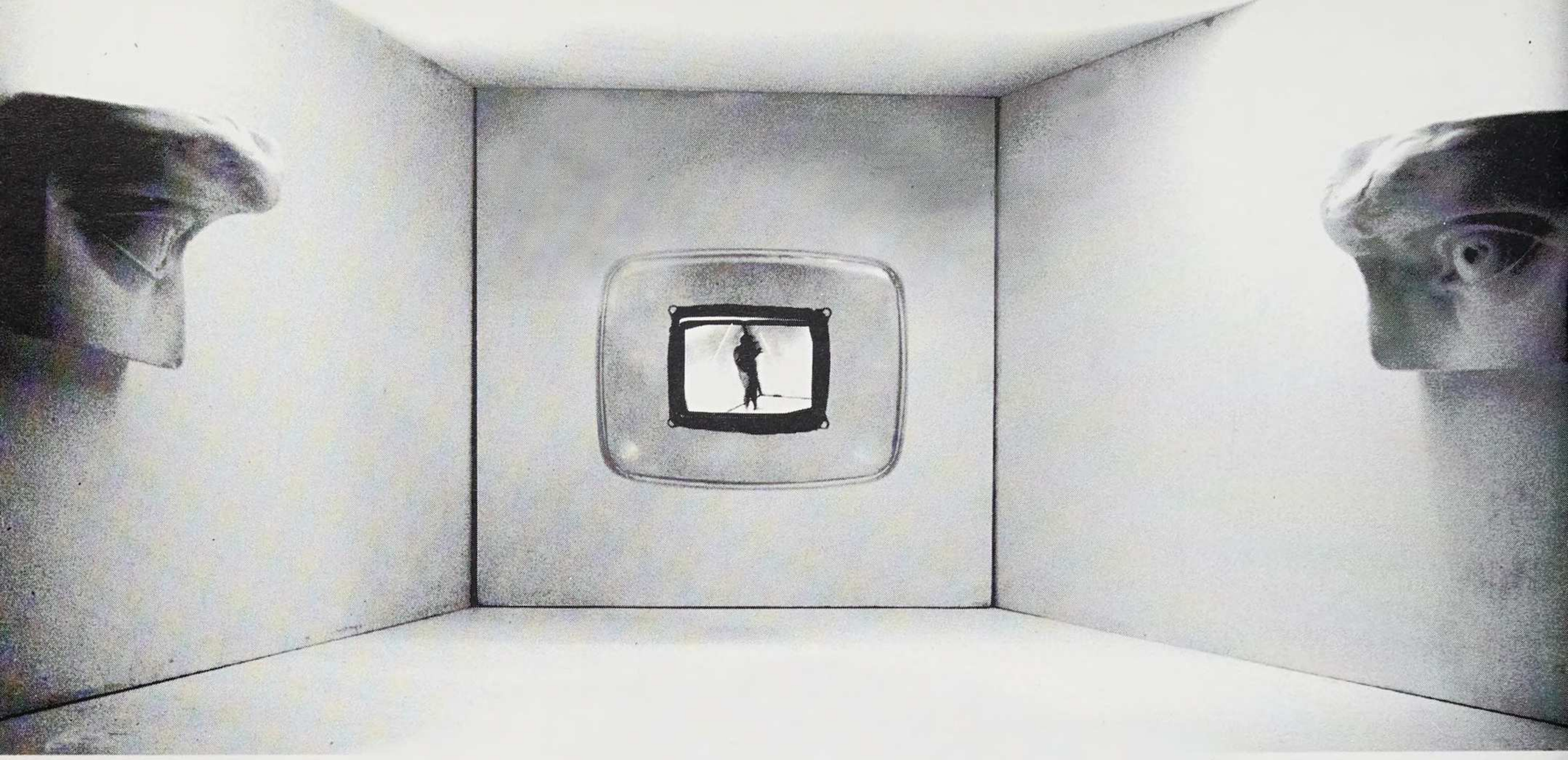
A: We probably consulted with about six hundred ople in the making of the film. Different audi- ces. Small groups. We made up questionnaires, all nds of stuff. We'd put up title cards in the middle the film, saying, "Do you think we should have a se study here, or here?" And people responded.

Surface Tension

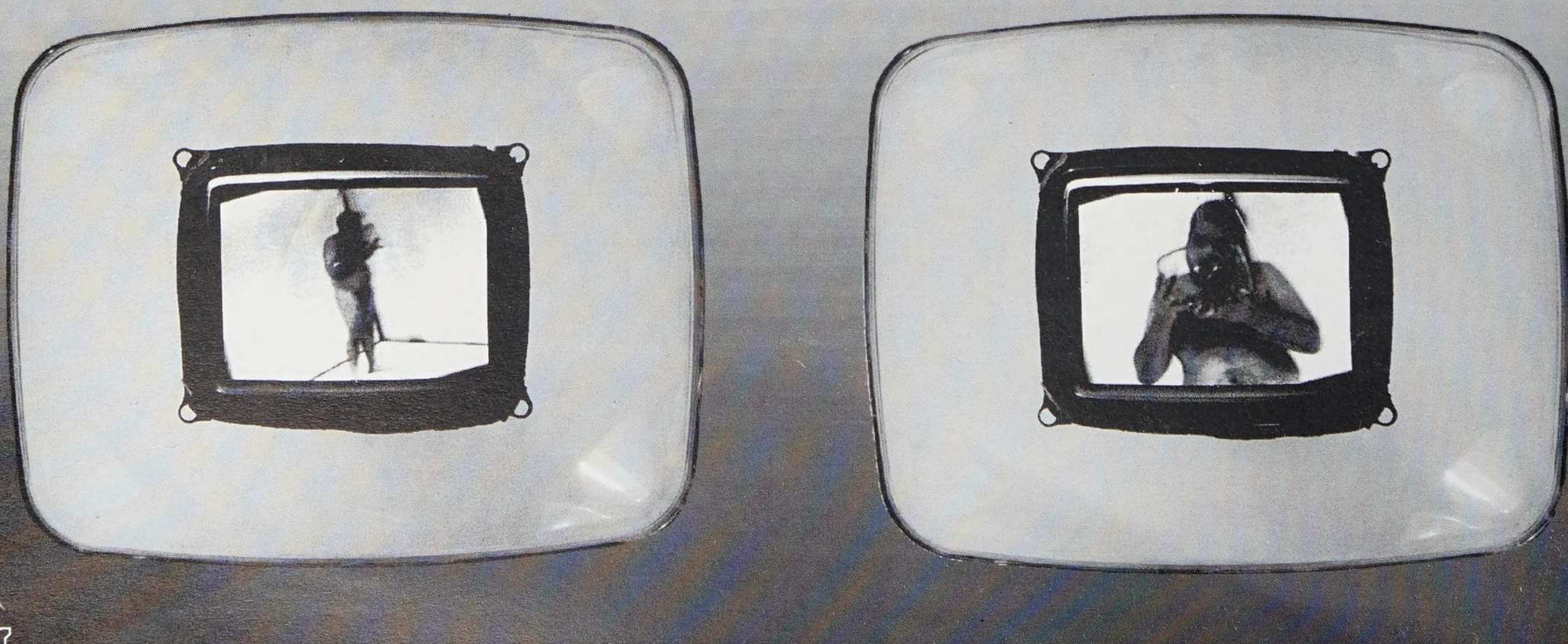
By Andrea MacKean

The conflicts between images of ideal masculinity and impulses of the individual body are central to the works of Francis LeBouthillier. Caught, tied up, girdled, his body is at the intersection of the individual, society, technology and media, held in the permeable, fluid space between self and society. What is A body to do?

Expressions of frustration with the social expectation for the image of the ideal body and self are familiar from feminist criticism, but this quest is not gender specific. Are the constraints of a suit and the expectations of power comparable to the constraints the girdle and the lack of power, and can these two positions be so easily identified with gender? Masculinity is a social construction as is femininity, uncomfortably contained within frames of convention.



AN ANXIETY ABOUT THE EFFACEMENT OF INDIVIDUAL SENSUALITY, SEXUALITY AND PLEASURE IN NORMATIVE GENDER ROLES PERMEATES THESE IMAGES, BUT WHERE DOES THE INDIVIDUAL BEGIN AND THE SOCIAL LEAVE OFF? THERE IS NO CLEAR DIVIDE. LEBOUTILLIER'S COMPLEX WEAVING OF SELF IMAGE AND CULTURAL IMAGES BRING THE RITES, RITUALS AND WORRIES OF THE MASCULINITY TOGETHER WITH THE TRADITIONS OF BEAUTY, TWISTING THEM IN AN EROTIC DYNAMISM AND SLIPPERINESS.



The figure in Outside In, completely absorbed in his sensual revelry, is isolated by the vacuum tube from the watching eyes of tradition. But this is not merely sensual eroticism, for this erotic body is formed in media and technology, and the experience itself through the mechanism of its own generation and containment.

The body is the reservoir of accumulated tradition, imagery and technique as it is the site of imagination, emotion sexuality and identity. Across its skin these multiple surfaces of the self are displayed and felt. In the erotic action of sliding surfaces in LeBouthillier's images, the separate identities and different aspects of the self merge. His inclusion of multi-differential body fragments opens the body into a play of shifting contradictions and complicates the smooth surfaces of the social representation.

Photo marble quarry T& L Mannoni

It's a Gir(d)l(e) Francis LeBouthillier
Video installation 1993.

Outside in Francis LeBouthillier
Video installation part of CyberCity.
Robot BY Graham Smith 1993.

Statute Francis LeBouthillier
Video installation 1992.
Photographer AUML.
Thanks to Susan C. Millar

Fem Amatic

"We Slice, We Dice, We Theorize"

"THROUGH THE PROCESS OF **confession** AND THE COURSE OF THE SHOW, THROUGH THE ADVICE OF THE **expert** AND THE **moral judgements** OF THE AUDIENCE, THE **deviant body** IS BROUGHT INTO LINE, MASSAGED INTO **submission...**"

An Interview and Excerpts From the Writings of the Feminist Writing Collective

ON BODIES AND TELEVISION

Excerpt from "Bodywork: Women and Talk TV", presented at Basic Inquiry Gallery, Vancouver, B.C., October 1992.

SPIKE (S): RECENTLY WE'VE SEEN THE PROLIFERATION OF SELF HELP GROUPS THAT ARE CONCERNED WITH PERSONAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL ISSUES. THEY'RE INNER-DIRECTED AND BASED ON A MUTUAL EXPERIENCE OF VICTIMIZATION

ALLIE (A): YEAH, LIKE ADULT CHILDREN OF SHOPAHOLICS

LYNNE (L): AS OPPOSED TO SOCIAL MOVEMENTS THAT ARE OUTER DIRECTED AND WORKING FOR POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CHANGE LIKE THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT OR FEMINISM

A: SO, SELF HELP'S LIKE A KIND OF PSYCHIC RETRENCH-MENT, OR RETREAT AWAY FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

S: THE PROBLEMS LIE NOT WITH THE WORLD, OR THE WAY WE'VE ARRANGED SOCIETY OR INSTITUTIONS, BUT WITH WITHIN US

L: EVEN WHEN THE FAMILY IS BLAMED — THE DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY, AND IT OFTEN IS, IT'S TREATED IN AN ISOLATED WAY, IT'S DIVORCED FROM HISTORY AND SOCIAL CONTEXT

S: SO, SOCIAL PROBLEMS BECOME INTERNALIZED AND FRAMED AS PERSONAL ONES AND WE'RE VICTIMS OF THESE PROBLEMS

A: AND, IN ORDER TO SOLVE THESE PERSONAL PROBLEMS, TO ESCAPE VICTIMIZATION, OFTEN IN SELF HELP GROUPS YOU'RE REQUIRED TO SURRENDER YOUR SELF CONTROL OR YOUR WILL TO A HIGHER AUTHORITY

L: YEAH, LIKE TO AN EXPERT ON A TALK SHOW

S: IN FACT, OFTEN IN SELF HELP GROUPS CLAIMING AN ACTIVE WILL, OR CLAIMING THAT YOU ARE IN CONTROL IS SEEN TO BE PART OF THE PROBLEM — YOU'RE IN DENIAL IF YOU THINK YOU COULD POSSIBLY BE IN CONTROL

L: YOU'VE GOT TWO OPTIONS — RECOVERY OR DENIAL

A: WELL, WHAT DOES THIS ETHOS OF RECOVERY MEAN?

How did Femamatic come together?

We started meeting in the Fall of 1988. At the time we were all grad students in the Department of Communication at Simon Fraser University outside of Vancouver, B.C. Originally we wanted to form a reading group, with the desire to see if writing collectively was possible. Our original intentions were small — to read together and talk, and, most importantly at first, to function as a support group for each other. We were each working separately in similar areas, we knew it took a certain amount of fortitude to be doing feminist work against the tide of explicitly non-feminist cultural theory. All of us felt the need for support.

L: IT MEANS WE'RE ALL DEVIANT IN SOME WAY AND WE NEED TO SHAPE UP

S: IT'S A "SAVE THE PSYCHE" MOVEMENT

A: IT'S DEFINITELY EVANGELICAL

L: AND THE TALK SHOW IS THE NEW CHURCH

S: AND THE BODY IS THE NEW VESSEL

A: AND THE PEOPLE ON TALK SHOWS CONFESS THEIR SINS. THE TALK SHOW IS AN ELECTRONIC CONFESSIONAL. SIN IS DEVIANCE, DEVIANCE OF ANY KIND, AND DEVIANCE IS PROJECTED ONTO THE BODY, THE DEVIANT BODY–

S: –THE OBESE BODY, THE SEXUALLY DEVIANT BODY — TOO MUCH SEX, TOO LITTLE SEX, SEX WITH THE WRONG PEOPLE, LESBIAN AND GAY SEX, INTER-RACIAL SEX, SADOMASOCHISTIC SEX, SEX CHANGES, SEXUAL ABUSE–

L: – THE ENHANCED BODY — PLASTIC SURGERY, GENIUSES, THE FREAK, THE PERVERT, THE ANOREXIC, THE TATTOOED BODY–

A: – THE ADDICTED BODY — THE DRUGGED, DRUNK, STUNNED, SHOPPED-OUT BODY–

L: – THE VICTIMIZED AND CRIMINAL BODY — THE RAPED AND THE RAPIST, MURDERED AND MURDERER, THE TORTURER AND THE TORTURED, THE MAIMED BODY–

A: – THE CONSUMING BODY, THE CELEBRITY BODY, THE MADE-OVER BODY –

S: SO, WHAT HAPPENS ON TALK SHOWS IS THAT PEOPLE CONFESS THEIR DEVIANCE ALONG THESE LINES, THE FOCUS BECOMES THE INDIVIDUAL BODY WHICH IS THE SOURCE OF ALL THE PROBLEMS

A: THE BODY IS CONTRASTED TO AN IMPLICIT NORM, STANDARD OR IDEAL –

L: – AND THIS NORM OR IDEAL IS EMBODIED IN TWO DIFFERENT FORMS — THE STUDIO AUDIENCE AND THE EXPERT–

FemAmatic

"We Slice, We Dice, We Theorize"

the talk show is the new church

What are your personal backgrounds and theoretical influences?

We all come from quite different backgrounds — in terms of class etc. — but fairly similar places academically: Lianne comes out of Film studies, Canadian studies and Communication, Lynne from English and Communication, and Alison through Theatre, English and Communication.

In terms of theoretical influences for all of us, collectively, it would have to be Teresa de Lauretis' work. We saw, and see, her as posing, in a very timely manner, a challenge to essentialist feminism and to the empire of the sign, or postmodernism. She was among the first to claim that it is possible to see woman as a construct but not let that construct stand in for real experience. We are also very fond of the work of Tania Modleski. All of us are very well schooled in the Marxist cultural theory of the Frankfurt School and in British Cultural Studies. These bodies of theory formed the backbone of our schooling in cultural studies.

We also play against both celebratory and nihilistic postmodern theory. We recognize that, more and more, debate around cultural issues is being confined to the limits of postmodernism. This form of theory has become the new paradigm. Against the hegemony of pomo criticism, and its ancestral base in poststructuralism and structuralism, we wanted to assert that we could read sign culture without becoming its servant. And, (this has more resonance coming from women), we wanted to focus on the limitations of a theory that isolates itself to "semiotic guerrilla warfare", waged, for the most part, by male, ivory tower academics. Our work, although always theoretical, also has a political impetus behind it, a desire to hold theory accountable to something beyond its own self-referential web.

Our first major concern, which has served to orient most of our future discussions, was to try to assess postmodernism from a feminist perspective. It revolved around the realization that the traditional view of a theoretical heritage of modernism leading directly to postmodernism completely ignored the role of feminist work in the evolution of theory. We saw feminism, once again, being ghettoized. Some aspects of the postmodern critique of modernism were highlighted and argued by feminists long before pomo became so hot. Most postmodern theory, and discussions of theoretical evolution, tends to ignore the role of feminism and other social and political movements such as gay rights and the civil rights movement in the evolution of theoretical discourse.

We have always been suspicious of the postmodern tendency to declare the "death of the subject" and the "implosion of meaning" at a time when feminist critics were actively reformulating notions of identity and trying to construct or propose new meanings for women in the world. It was too much of a coincidence to be passed over.

What were the initial projects or moments that led to your work as a collective?

One of us, we can't remember who, got asked to write something for MediaWatch — a feminist organization monitoring representation of women in the media. They asked for a piece on women and music videos. This served as our first trial by fire around working collectively and forced us to lay out clearly, albeit tentatively, our first theoretical standpoint. We wanted to convey our view of popular culture, not as a monolithic structure, but as a potential, although limited, site for struggle over meaning. We worked to call recognition to the ambiguities in some music videos, so we called

S: THROUGH THE PROCESS OF CONFESSION AND THE COURSE OF THE SHOW, THROUGH THE ADVICE OF THE EXPERT AND THE MORAL JUDGEMENTS OF THE AUDIENCE, THE DEVIANT BODY IS BROUGHT INTO LINE, MASSAGED INTO SUBMISSION

L: THE DEVIANT IS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL

A: THE DEVIANT USUALLY COMES TO SUBMIT TO A HIGHER AUTHORITY — TO 'APPROPRIATE' SOCIAL MECHANISMS AND INSTITUTIONS

L: BUT AS THE DEVIANT TESTIFIES AND CONFESSES HE OR SHE IS ALSO UNDER SURVEILLANCE

S: SUBMITTING TO SURVEILLANCE AND SCRUTINY

A: WELL, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE WHOLE TALK SHOW PROCESS, WHICH IS ONE OF CONFESSION, SURVEILLANCE AND SCRUTINY, NECESSARILY INVOLVES A FORM OF SELF SURVEILLANCE AS WELL — AS YOU WATCH OTHERS, AND JUDGE, AS YOU ARE IMPLICITLY ENCOURAGED TO DO, YOU WATCH YOURSELF

L: IT'S A FORM OF SELF-SURVEILLANCE NOT JUST FOR THE DESIGNATED DEVIANT BUT FOR EVERYONE AT HOME AND IN THE STUDIO AUDIENCE AS WELL

S: IT'S ONE BIG, GIGANTIC, MUTUAL-NORMALIZATION SESSION.

YOUWATCH OTHERS,AND JUDGE,AS YOUARE IMPLICITLY ENCOURAGED TODO,YOU WATCH YOURSELF...

the piece Women and Music Videos: the Good, the Bad, and the Ambiguous
Anyway we wrote the outline together, divided it up and then went away to write our bits. When we came back together we were amazed at the fluidity between the pieces and how they hung together so well. We knew then that we were on to something, that we had produced a whole that was greater then the sum of its parts. From that point on we have had very little problem writing collectively.

How do you conceptualize the idea of a writing collective? Is it different from other ideas about collectives?

We had no preconceived ideas about "collectivity". We got together because we wanted to be together, because it always proved to be a rich experience. The idea of "collective" came after. We see "collective" not as an imposed structure with its own theoretical or ideological rules. We have no preconceived Roberta's Rules of Order on how to "be" together. We see Femamatic as a place to exchange ideas and dialogue — a kind of intellectual "home free" where ideas or thoughts can evolve without constraints.

This is in direct opposition to the idea of privatized knowledge that the academy holds up as the only way of knowing. Femamatic doesn't rest on any idea of a singularity of expression — it's about process, which involves issues of both difference and commonality. Unfortunately, often formal constraints don't allow for an adequate representation of this process. It's difficult to "show" both difference and commonality in writing forms. Through the attempt to understand and articulate difference of opinion we come to some kind of commonality. It is this process that is of such value and embodies an implicit critique of established ways of knowing, even established ways of collective work. This reverberates not just in the experience of working together but is embodied in the content of our work itself.

What's the perception of the writing collective, especially a women's writing collective within the academic community? Is it perceived as gimmickry, radical, excessive?

We haven't had a lot of institutional response to our work. Time will tell how valued collective work is considered to be when we look for promotion and tenure. But, we've had a lot of great response and support from individual academics to both the form and content of our work.

However, we can speculate about institutional constraints. As long as the myth of the lone academic genius-creator in the study is perpetuated we can probably expect that our work will be considered secondary to what we do as individuals.

Do you think that the academic community is more open than it used to be to women's voices, both collective and singular?

They realize they need to be, and as a result they are to a certain extent. But we need to

"As long as the myth of the lone academic genius-creator in the study is perpetuated we can probably expect that our work will be considered secondary to what we do as individuals."

"The bottom line is that money and resources are consistently given to established, less threatening areas of knowledge."

really examine the motivation behind their "openness". How profound is the commitment of the academy to fostering radical ways of knowing, politicized ways of knowing? The fact remains that funding such a thing as feminist studies is still very much a risky business in terms of general social acceptance, and its seems, what with the reactionary times we live in, to be getting riskier every day. The "openness" of the academic community is a response to the agitation of feminists. There is a lot of lip service that gets paid to feminist studies and gender relations. But if you look beyond the rhetoric into the actual university calendars — the use of resources, hiring practices etc. — you'll see that it's still a very limited area. It is still very marginalized. The bottom line is that money and resources are consistently given to established, less threatening areas of knowledge.

What do you see to be the future of women's studies in general?

We generally see two possibilities. One is that the area will become less politicized, less about power and more diluted and descriptive — as we see now in the surge of interest around "gender studies". The second possibility is for a turn away from "woman" as the central signifier, toward "feminist" studies. Here we envision feminism as comprising a shifting, self-reflexive, heuristic or analytical framework for understanding gender relations and power relations more generally. Here, feminism becomes a non-exclusive platform for social change with a focus on a myriad of issues — technology, gender relations, modes of knowledge formation, it would involve a critical interrogation of all aspects of culture.

We feel the current trend toward gender studies is a sign of political retreat. Gender studies tends to organize thought around men and women — traditional notions of gender complementarity. Rarely does it actively seek to dissolve the categories. It tends towards the descriptive and rigid, essentialist definitions. Feminist studies is inherently political, it is a theory of power and its articulations. Gender studies tends to write out questions of power — what do you call yourself, a "genderist"? It also serves to further isolate a set of political practices — practices established in the community of women away from the academy. To embrace gender studies is, in a way, to abandon the political and practical work feminist women have been conducting in the community for years now. They are left to occupy a theoretical "no-woman's" land.

By embracing an inclusive definition of feminism, we are not denying difference, but giving differences a place to be, freely. At the same time we are recognizing that we still share some things, as women, by living in a male dominated culture. Just as all people of colour share some similar experiences by living in a white supremacist culture. We don't need to evoke "gender" or postmodern theory to understand and honour diversity and difference, just as we don't need to ignore or gloss over difference to speak about common experience. The two — commonality and difference — have been posed as opposites, and mutually exclusive, but this is simply not the case. •

QUOTES ON POSTMODERNISM AND FEMINISM FROM

YOU CAN'T FIRE ME, I QUIT: PATRIARCHAL POSTMODERN PARANOIA EXPOSED.

DISCUSSIONS OF POSTMODERNISM, AS BOTH CULTURAL PRACTICE AND SOCIAL THEORY, CHARACTERIZE IT AS A CRITIQUE OF MODERNISM. MODERNIST ARTWORK IS CONSCIOUSLY CHALLENGED BY POSTMODERN ART PRACTICE WHICH REPLACES PURITY OF FORM WITH MIXED MEDIA, A DISDAIN FOR LOW CULTURE WITH AN EMBRACE OF THE STANDARDIZED AND THE COPIED, AND A VIEW OF THE ARTIST AS CREATIVE 'SELF,' ALIENATED FROM MATERIAL EXISTENCE, WITH THE ARTIST AS ARRANGER OF CULTURAL ARTIFACT, FIRMLY COMMITTED TO AN ENGAGEMENT WITH THE MATERIAL WORLD. IN THEORETICAL DISCOURSE AS WELL, THE MODERN CONCEPTION OF THE UNIFIED, CENTERED AND ESSENTIAL SELF, AND BELIEF IN THE POSSIBILITY OF ARRIVING AT TRUTH THROUGH REASON, ARE REPLACED BY THE POSTMODERN DECLARATION OF THE "DEATH OF THE SUBJECT" AND THE QUESTIONING OF THE EXISTENCE OF "TRUTH" AND ALL CLAIMS MADE IN ITS NAME. FROM THIS PERSPECTIVE THE POSTMODERN HAS ONLY BEEN UNDERSTOOD IN OPPOSITION TO THE MODERN AND AS MODERNISM'S MAIN CHALLENGER AND VICTORIOUS SUCCESSOR.

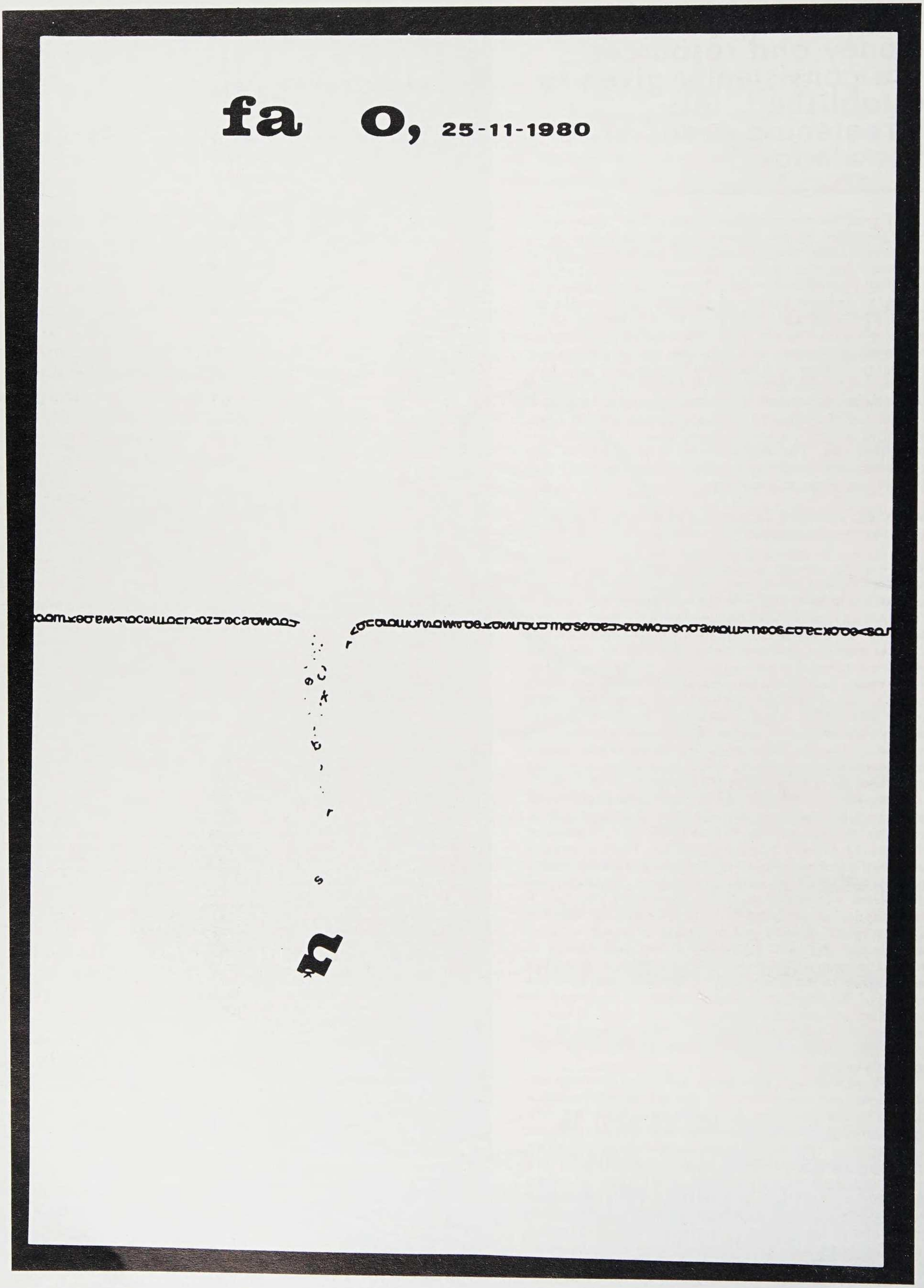
WE TAKE ISSUE WITH THE ASSUMPTION THAT POSTMODERNISM IS THE ONLY CHALLENGER/SUCCESSOR TO MODERNISM AND ARGUE THAT THIS PERSPECTIVE SERIOUSLY UNDERVALUES THE CONTRIBUTION OF FEMINIST THEORY AND PRACTICE. OUR CONTENTION IS THAT FEMINISM AND OTHER SOCIAL MOVEMENTS OF THE '60S PROVIDED THE CATALYST FOR THE CRISIS IN MODERNISM UPON WHICH POSTMODERNISM HAS FED. THE MODERNIST/POSTMODERNIST OPPOSITION IGNORES THE CONCURRENT DEVELOPMENT OF FEMINISM AND ITS CENTRAL CRITIQUE OF THE MODERNIST (PREDOMINANTLY WHITE MALE) SUBJECT...

...THE POSTMODERN PROJECT WAS NOT IMMACULATELY CONCEIVED IN THE MINDS OF VARIOUS MALE PHILOSOPHERS (LYOTARD, DERRIDA, BAUDRILLARD). RATHER, WE SUGGEST, ALONG WITH ANDREAS HUYSSEN, THAT FEMINIST THEORY "AFFECTED THE COURSE OF POSTMODERNISM BY...QUESTIONING...PATRIARCHAL STRUCTURES IN SOCIETY AND IN VARIOUS DISCOURSES OF ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND PHILOSOPHY." (HUYSSEN, 1986, P. 205.) POSTMODERN THEORY DID NOT ARISE IN OPPOSITION TO MODERNISM, BUT RATHER AS A RESPONSE TO THE CRISIS IN MODERNISM PRECIPITATED BY FEMINISM AND OTHER SOCIAL MOVEMENTS THAT CHALLENGED COLONIALIST, CAPITALIST, PATRIARCHAL, HETEROSEXIST, WHITE, MALE, HEGEMONY.

...THE INTERSECTIONS OF FEMINISM WITH POSTMODERNISM RESULT IN DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES FOR THE FEMINIST PROJECT. THIS LEADS US TO CONCLUDE THAT IF POSTMODERNISM IS ANYTHING, IT IS A BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE OF PROGRESSIVE SOCIAL CRITICISM AND MOVEMENTS TOWARD CHANGE. POSTMODERNISM PROVIDES A BRIEF RESPITE FROM THE DEMANDS OF POLITICAL THEORY AND PRACTICE BUT, AS A RESULT, LEAVES A GAP IN THIS PURSUIT. THERE IS MUCH TO LEARN FROM THE POSTMODERNIST INTERLUDE AND FROM FEMINISTS' ROLE IN IT. WE CONTEND THAT FEMINIST CRITIQUES, AS THEY REVEAL THE REACTIONARY NATURE OF PATRIARCHAL POSTMODERNISM, TAKE THE FIRST IMPORTANT STEPS TOWARD FILLING THIS GAP.

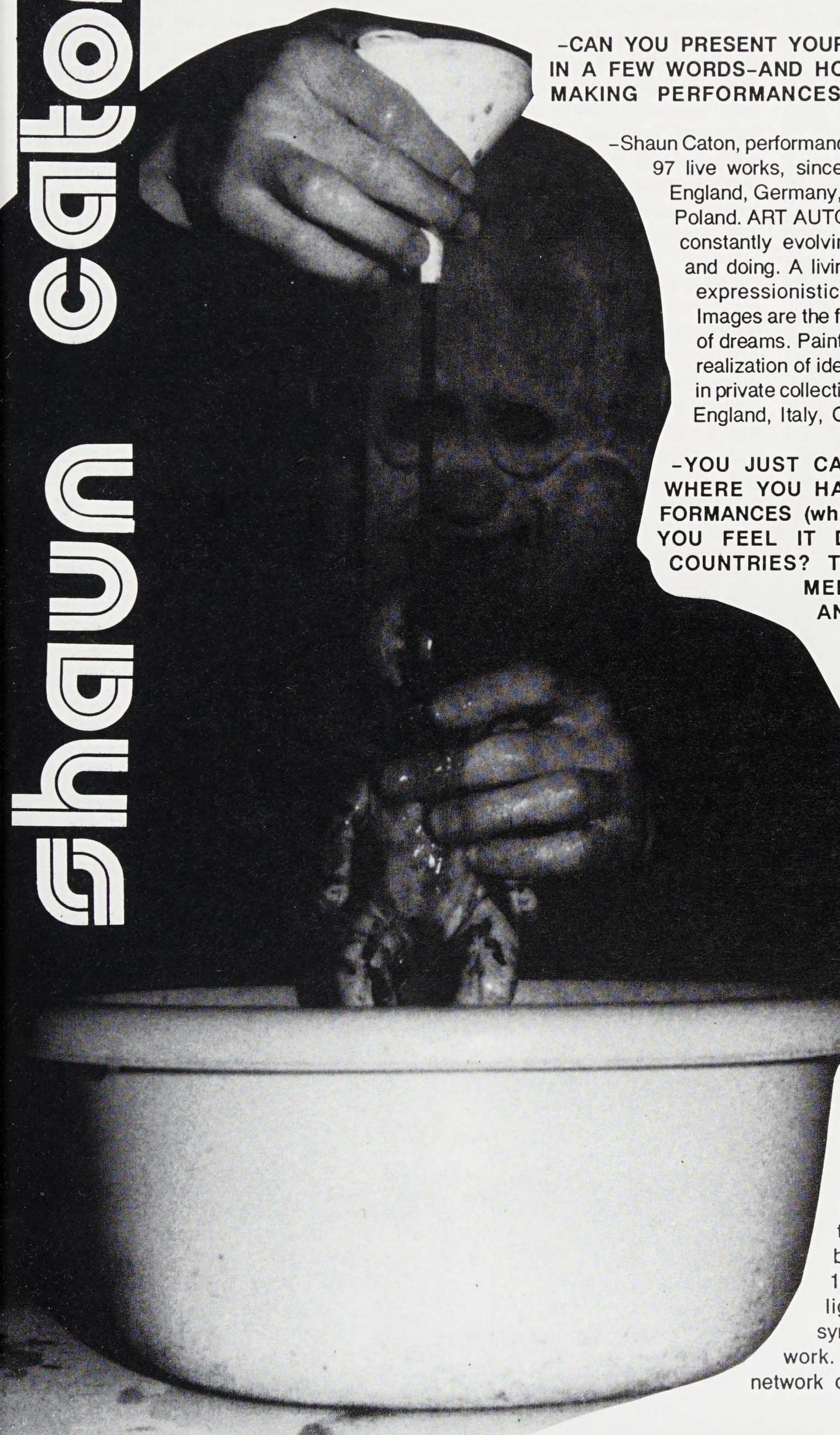
THE LIMITATIONS OF POSTMODERNISM FOR A FEMINIST THEORY AND PRACTICE STAND OUT IN SHARP RELIEF WHEN WE CONSIDER THE ISSUE OF SUBJECTIVITY. WHERE THE FEMINIST NOTION OF SUBJECTIVITY SEES THE SUBJECTS AS CONSTRUCTED, UNEVENLY, TEMPORARILY, AND IN CONTRADICTORY WAYS, ALONG MULTIPLE AXES OF RACE, CLASS, GENDER, SEXUAL ORIENTATION, LEVELS OF ABILITY, AGE, THE POSTMODERN CONCEPTION OF THE MULTIPLE SUBJECT SEEMS TO TAKE ONE OF TWO EXTREME POSITIONS. IN THE FIRST EXTREME, "MULTIPLICITY" IS READ AS EVIDENCE OF THE SUBJECT'S DISPERSAL AND EVENTUAL DEATH (AND IS SEEN TO TRIGGER THE COMPLETE DISAPPEARANCE OF MEANING IN A UNIVERSE IN WHICH CONFLICTING MESSAGES CANCEL EACH OTHER OUT IN A SEMIOTIC GLUE.) IN THE SECOND, THE MULTIPLE SUBJECT IS CITED AS EVIDENCE OF THE UNPROBLEMATIC AND EVEN BENEFICIAL NATURE OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL AND CULTURAL RELATIONS. PEOPLE ARE CELEBRATED FOR THEIR ENDLESS INDIVIDUAL DIFFERENCES TO THE POINT WHERE SHARED EXPERIENCE BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE.

IT IS PRECISELY AROUND THE ISSUE OF SUBJECTIVITY THAT THE ADVERSARIAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN POSTMODERNISM AND FEMINISM BECOMES MOST APPARENT. WE CONTEND THAT POSTMODERNISM'S DECLARATION OF THE DEATH OF THE SUBJECT AT THE TIME WHEN FEMINISM IS RECONSTITUTING A THEORY OF SUBJECTIVITY IS MORE THAN A HISTORICAL COINCIDENCE. THE POSTMODERNIST ASSERTION OF THE DEATH OF THE SUBJECT IS SIMPLY PATRIARCHY'S ANSWER TOT HE TROUBLING COLLAPSE OF THE SUBJECT OF MODERNISM. SO, AS FEMINISM ATTEMPTS TO DETHRONE THE UNIVERSAL MALE SUBJECT, POSTMODERNISM PREEMPTS THE BLOW BY ABDICATING. THIS "YOU CAN'T FIRE ME, I QUIT" REACTION OF POSTMODERNISM BETRAYS THE EXTENT OF FEMINISM'S IMPACT. IT MAY, IN FACT, BE USEFUL TO SEE FEMINISM AS POSTMODERNISM'S "OTHER," AS A SET OF DISCOURSES AND PRACTICES THAT THREATEN THE POSTMODERN "EMPIRE OF THE SIGN."



"Letter to sender" *1980 – Marcello Diotallevi*

Performer Painter dollmaker



INTERVIEWED BY FRANCOISE DUVIVIER

-CAN YOU PRESENT YOUR WORK AND YOUR GOALS IN A FEW WORDS-AND HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN MAKING PERFORMANCES?

-Shaun Caton, performance and visual artist, has presented 97 live works, since 1981, in the following places: England, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the U.S.A, Poland. ART AUTOPSY - radical process in art is a constantly evolving state of metaphysical being and doing. A living body of action. Symbolic and expressionistic, organic and developmental. Images are the fractured reconstructed memories of dreams. Paintings are annotations and graphic realization of ideas. Shaun Caton's paintings are in private collections in, Germany, U.S.A.,Holland, England, Italy, Canada, Poland, France.

-YOU JUST CAME BACK FROM POLAND WHERE YOU HAVE MADE SEVERAL PERFORMANCES (which parts of Poland?) - DID YOU FEEL IT DIFFERENT FROM OTHER COUNTRIES? TELL ABOUT THE PRESS, MEDIAS, PEOPLE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS...

-I created 3 new performances in Poland, during a two week visit in September 1991. I performed in the following spaces to different audiences : "codes of conduct" (Human soup variations) - Osrodek Dzialan Plastycznych- Wroclaw - Galeria Pryzmat - Krakow - Galeria Wschodnia- Lodz.

I gave an illustrated lecture at the National Museum of Poland, in Wroclaw. These performances were arranged by A. Dudek Durer and financially assisted by the British council in Poland. Each performance was a variation on a cycle of works I have been attempting to realize since 1989. Polish audiences were intelligent, curious, questioning, sympathetic and interested in my work. There has existed a serious network of performance art throughout

Poland and during Martial law in Poland, performance art,(always an underground activity)was a powerful method of political protest and a symbolic defiant gesture. I did not encounter the frivolous and flippant attitudes of people who purport to be involved in performance art in Poland, (something I have unfortunately often stumbled across in England, where suspicion and stupidity have alienated and ostracized my development!)-instead, I discovered a real support and enthusiasm for this type of art expression. During my 3 live presentations the spectators were intensely silent and afterwards quizzical, stimulated to converse with me about the many notions and symbols which my work emanates from. In Krakow, my performance (which lasted 8 hours, was filmed and later transmitted on Polish Television). The media were otherwise unaware of my public presentations or just not interested to report about it. On the whole the response to my work was positive and dynamic.

-Yes, I would like to travel in Poland again, hopefully to do some more work in the near future. Perhaps in collaboration with A. Durer, who is an interesting artist and who made my stay in Poland a very pleasant and well ordered schedule. I would like to meet him again and exchange ideas and working methods. His work is powerful and metaphysical. I know he has made many performances all over the world. I would like him to return to London and work with me some time.

-WHAT WERE THE PRECISE GOALS OF THESE PERFORMANCES? CAN YOU TELL US BETTER ABOUT "HUMAN SOUP". WHY THIS TITLE? AND WHY THIS KIND OF PERFORMANCE? DO YOU THINK POLISH PEOPLE WERE ABLE TO FEEL AND UNDERSTAND THIS KIND OF SENSIBILITY FROM SOMEONE LIVING IN WESTERN EUROPE?

gave in Poland. At Osrodek Dzialan Plastycznych-Wroclaw. The gallery consisted of two adjoining rooms with large frontal windows (blind closed).Ihung 10 dead tree branches from wires which were affixed to the celling by nails. 10 dead twigs upside down, in each room. I collected 10 Solidarity newspapers, which were 10years old-(found in the basement of Andrezj Dudek-Durer'S apartement). I put one table in each room, together with one chair-both tables faced one one table in each room,together with one chair-were sparated by a distance of 15 feet, connected by the doorway joining room to room. Upon one table I placed the newspapers and a pot of black paint, a large brush and a pair of working socquets. On the opposite table I arranged a bucket of soapy water, some glass bottles, a loaf of bread and some small change Polish money. The seat behind this table had a hole in it - therefore you could not sit upon this chair. I commenced the performance

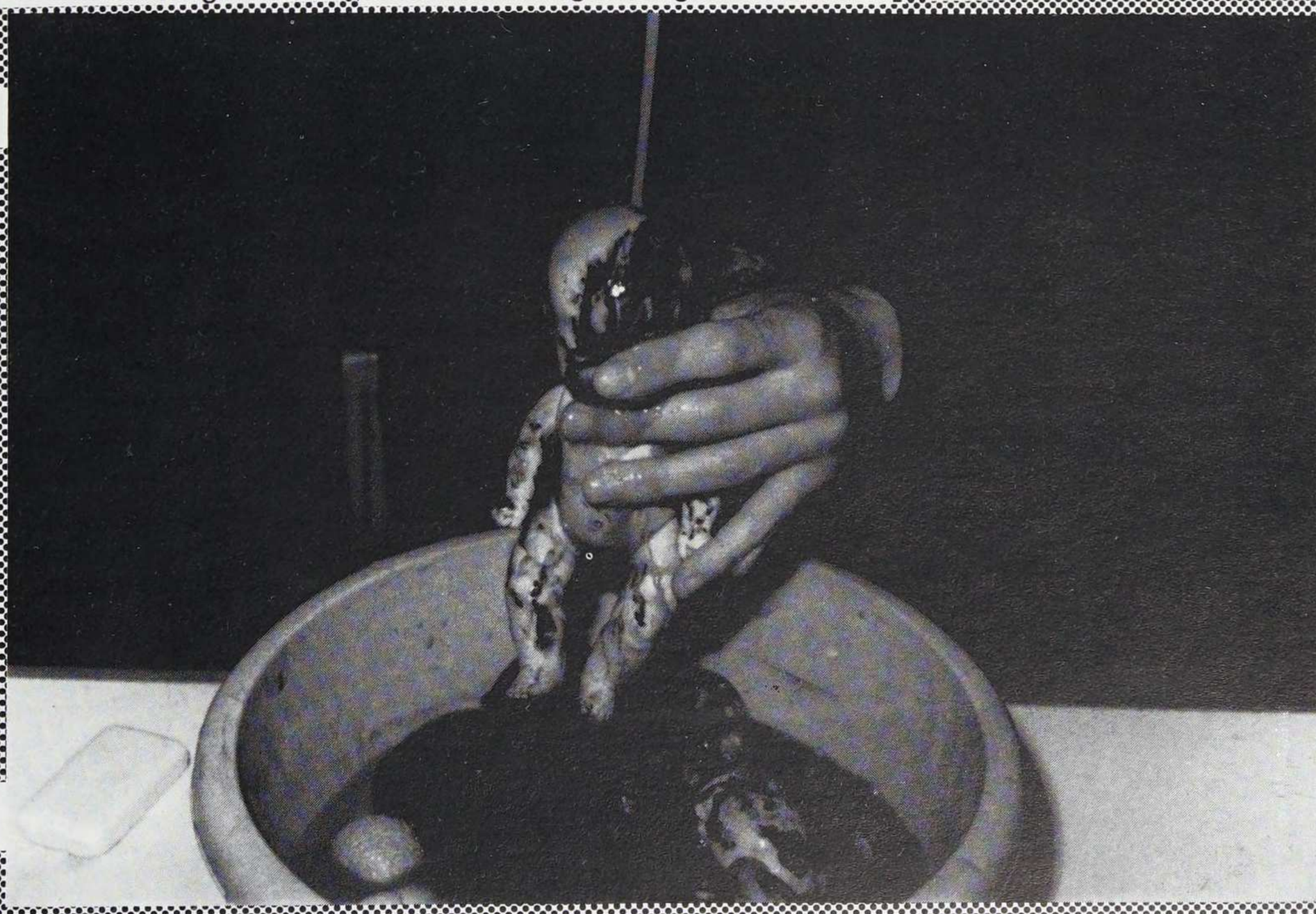
-DO YOU HOPE TO GO BACK TO POLAND ? FOR WHAT REASONS?

-I will attempt to describe in some detail the nature of the 3 live performances I wearing a rubber pig'shead mask painted black. I wore a blue overall. I began by painting out the information on the front pages of the ten, 10 year old newspapers and laying them in a line from room to room across the floor

space. I then mixed with bread with soapy water to "cleanse" it. I shook the table quite vigorously and the bottles toppled on to the floor smashing. I took the bread which was a greyish pulp and squeezed it on to the 10 newspapers, placing pieces of broken glass on top and spare coins. I seated myself and took off the pig's head mask and unbandaged my head and stared into space expressionlessly. The performance was over. About 50 people had attended this presentation and there was much discussion afterwards.

At Galeria Pryzmat - Krakow.: this was a large, clinical gallery space with skylights and central heating systems. The floor was polished wooden blocks. I employed four very big trestle tables.Upon one was the contents of a dustbin (rotting food,plastic and paper cartoons,packages,botlles,meat)on another table was a ladder, 4 shovels positioned on top of the ladder, each shovel containing a beigel bread roll; on another table top were 10 buckets, each containing fluids and chemicals and electric light bulbs, this table top was covered in sheets of glass which became cracked or broken at a later stage due to pressure and weight changes. The last table was where I made a series of 7 drawings/paintings which annotated the cycle of actions. The performance was 8 hours long. I tied a doll to my head (which was masked again with the pig's head rubber mask) and I developed a series of images for the wall. Periods of activity included the constant arrangement and re-arrangement of specific objects within the space. I tied an enormous bandage in a huge "X" shape across the room, from table leg to table leg and stretched it. At the centre of the "X" I placed a cardboard box which contained rotting food. After several hours the bandages collapsed and the box deteriorated due to saturation. I sued a pic axe to smash up glass sheets upon a table top and I took away trestle table legs, supporting the heavy weight of the table with my own arms and legs as I lay beneath the mound of rotten food. I did not talk to anyone. I entered a kind of trance like state. People came and went as they saw fit throughout the duration of the activity. I implemented changes and upheavals.Creating structure and order and then introducing violent and irratioanal chaos. The performance was filmed for TV in Poland and transmitted one week later. I did not get to see this whilst in Poland yet have a video of the show. Throughout the day about 100 people approxiamately came to see the work.

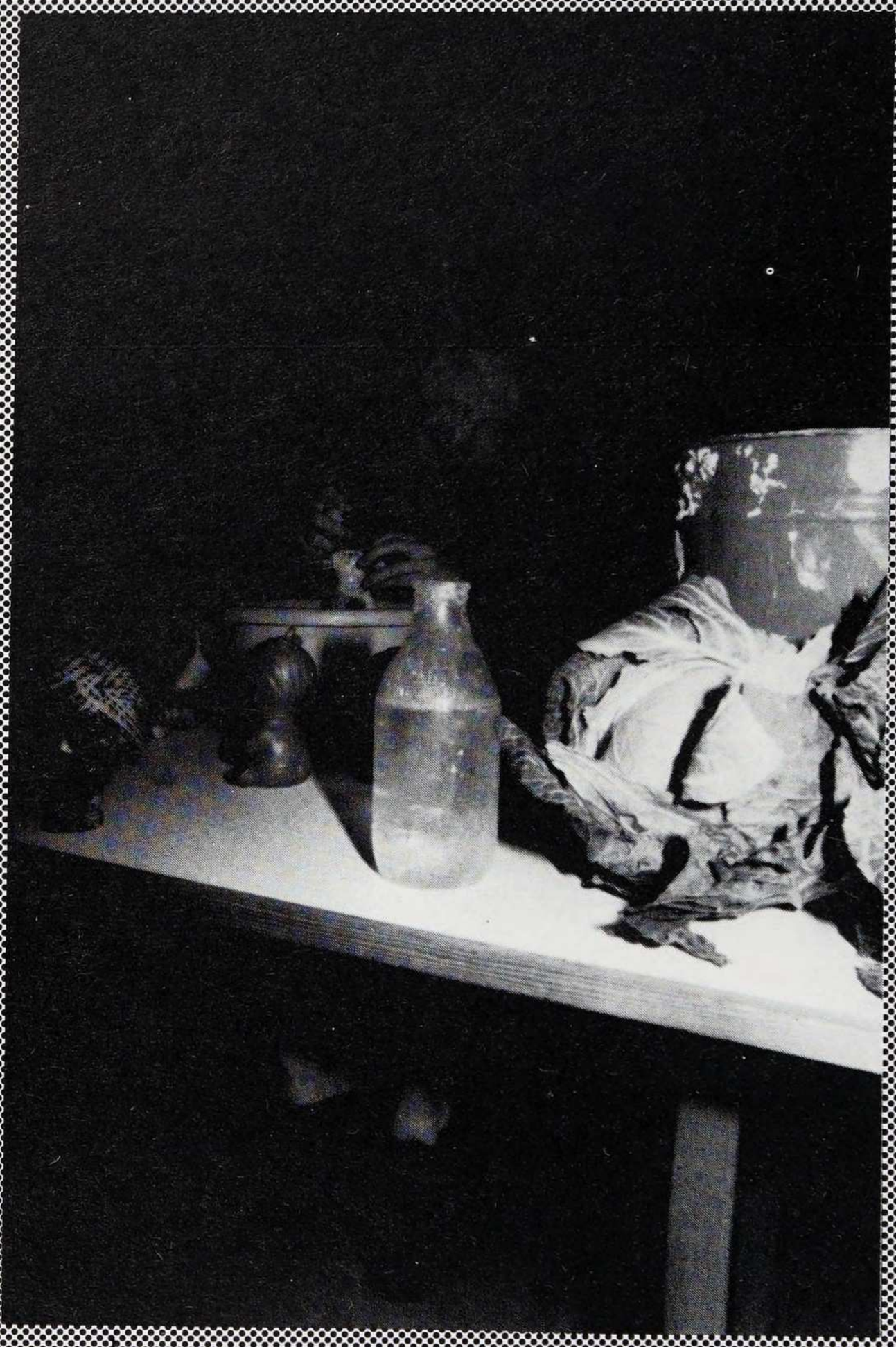
Galeria Wschodnia-Zodz: This was the third and final live presentation I made whilst travelling through Poland. The gallery was in a rather run-down part of Lodz, famous once for it's thriving cotton industry, now only a decaying and grey city, scarred by the last world war, dominated by semi-derelict buildings and gloomy streets. Again, this space consisted of two adjoining rooms,connected by a door. The building was built some time in the middle of the 19th century and had some attractive plaster cornice and large windows facing onto the street(blacked-out for the performance). Two tables faced one another(one in either room).Upon one table was a large mirror, facing upwards, catching the glare of the gallery lights. On top of this square mirror there were 10 pig's feet. In the adjoining room, the table had a large basin filled with black water (polluted) and a loaf of bread. 10 newspapers wereoverpainted during the performance with black acrylic paint, leaving only the barest traces of information visible. These were arranged on the floor, joining both spaces together. I immersed my head in a bucket of water and blew air bubbles into the bucket,(whilst wearing the pig's head mask) and then I crawled from underneath the table. Across the spread-out papers to the next room,where I lay facing upwards beneath the mirror table. On my body there were 10 small plastic dolls



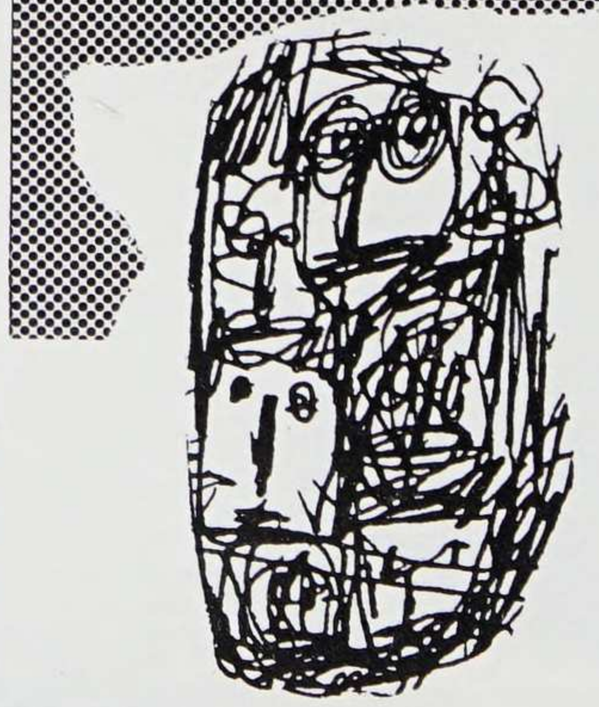
attatched with sellotape. I then soaked the bread in the water and kneaded it into dough. I wrapped portions of the grey dough in sheets of newspapers and tied them up with some string, forming 10 small packages of food. I then stood and pointed at my own reflection in the mirror. The stench of the rotting meat was added to by the buzzing of a fly in the gallery. The performance lasted 25 minutes.About 40/50 people attended this presentation.

-WHAT IS YOUR STATEMENT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF PERFORMANCES/EXPERIENCES IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES?-YOU PLANNED TO STOP THEM-WHY?-AND STOPPING THEM YOU HAVE MADE MORE PAINTING, MORE ESPECIALLY INVOLVED WITH ART BRUT-WHY HAVE YOU CHOSEN THIS KIND OF ART?- TELL US MORE ABOUT YOUR PAINTINGS? YOUR GOALS?-WHAT ARE THE ARTISTS YOU HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED BY THROUGH THIS FIELD?

My work is always in a state of transformation. Nothing is resolved or complete. Performance is living time and killing time. It involves the concentration of a lifetime of experiences. It emerges from accidental subconscious disturbance and reveals itself through ritualistic motions towards meaning. People look for symbolic and intellectual understanding of these works. Instinctual, emotional and atavistic responses are the best key to comprehension. A performance has travelled through time, over a period of 10 years, to change and reform itself, looking in and out. Within oneself, wanting and without. People bring their life to the images therefore discovering their own interpretation. I could say that my work had been an attempt to make powerful statements on the human condition. About life, living and the life cycle. A psychological awareness and externalization of death. Of decay and transmogrification. Of grotesqueness. Of absurdity. Of humour.Black existential humour. Of autobiography, of story telling in living pictures, of metaphysical hide and seek, of seeking



threads of visibility in these dark times. Pages of explanations would not satisfy logical appreciation and proffer validity to my commentary. Think of my work as linked somehow to the ritual cleansings of the shaman. Post industrial shaman. Or do we prefer to use the word "scapegoat"? I do what I do and that's enough. You find meaning eventually in this solitary form of madness! - I'm not working on performances so much these days. Performance is very subject to changing trends in fashion. It's a closed circuit within the U.K-a network of artificiality and pretentiousness(rarely punctuated by



serious and interesting work). I'm not cynical. I just feel that one has to change and stop doing the same old things. I have done enough! Literally, struggling to eke out an existence by performance is virtually impossible. People are interested to have you do your thing but they don't wish to pay you for your work. Dreams fed my performances for the past 10 years. I've kept detailed diaries and sketchbooks which have thus led to making many paintings and drawings which are related to many performances and their variations. Artists who I identify with and who I could acknowledge influence are, Arcimboldo the 16th century painter of grotesque heads, built up from fruit and vegetables, flowers and meat. I've made a series of colour crayon drawings"hommage to Arcimboldo"(December91) and over the years, painted my head different colours, affixed dolls and food, objects and masks to the head, the skull, the brain-the site of man's seat of freedom, intellect and vessel of communication. I've always altered the appearence of the head in my performances. I've also used the same dolls for years. They are looking in a sorry state these days.Often I bought unusual or old plastic dolls.Crude and ugly things. Paint, food and general wear and tear have altered them too. They live in the cellar of my house in several cardboard boxes and suitcase. I will have them in my possession for the rest of my life. I use them to draw from these days. They serve as mutated models for my apocalyptic paintings. I've said I would stop performance art. I think 10 years is long enough to get caught up in one thing. I'm only interested to travel abroad to strange places and to get adequate funding for my work. I do very little performance now. I'm working on a video/film with a young film-maker which is a sort of documentary about my work, incorporating many different aspects of my life and images. This the most up to date project in process. People have told me that my work bares similarities to other performance artists, such as the Vienna Aktionists. I admit that I have come across photos of their art in books, but I've never seen their work live and I do not understand their work. People are always too quick to liken black to white. In fact I'm RED. I'm influenced by many things, a list too vast to mention in such a brief interview as this one. I feel that my work has originated from my dreams and therefore it's original and unique. I admit that there may exist surface level similarities to other performance artists yet this is coincidental and accidental, I live my own work and not the work of other stupid, you have got to make yourself clear when speaking about authenticity.

-YOU CREATE DOLLS,TOO. WHY THIS KIND OF SCULPTURE? AND TELL US MORE ON THIS PRODUCTION?-DO YOU MAKE EXHIBITIONS OF YOUR PAINTINGS AND DOLLS? -WHAT IS THE PUBLIC REACTION? -AND WHY THIS KIND OF REACTION FOR YOU?

-Yes I will talk about the dolls which I made from papier maché and found objects. This work has been a compulsive experiment with recycling and rubbish and turning it into dolls. I feel that each creation is unique and organic. Having emerged from a moist lump of mulch and dried out in front of the stove. I've tried to make three dimensional personifications of my paintings. I look at my figures. They are swollen, mutations of nature, mummified remains, aborted foetuses. I subconsciously memorized a Victorian medical text book which had gruesome

illustrations of freaks and deformities in it. This has filtered into my dolls. I collect dolls too. I have many old dolls dating from the 1940's &50's. They are curious objects.

I usually begin by mixing up a bucket of water size which I leave to stand on my painting table for a few hours.The solution is thick so I apply a food blender whisk, which breaks down the clots of paste. Finally stirring it with a wooden spoon it's ready for making papier maché dolls. This I roll about on the table top where it picks up particles of grit, flecks of paint and residual spilled colour. I work fast and energetically with my fingers. So the form of the doll begins to emerge. I try to remember what a particular doll may have appeared like in a recent dream. I think about African (Congolese voodoo dolls and fetishes which are wooden carvings impregnated with rusty nails and spikes) I see my dolls as grotesque vegetables. I see them as stones with humanoid personification. This state of transformation is understood as transmogrification.

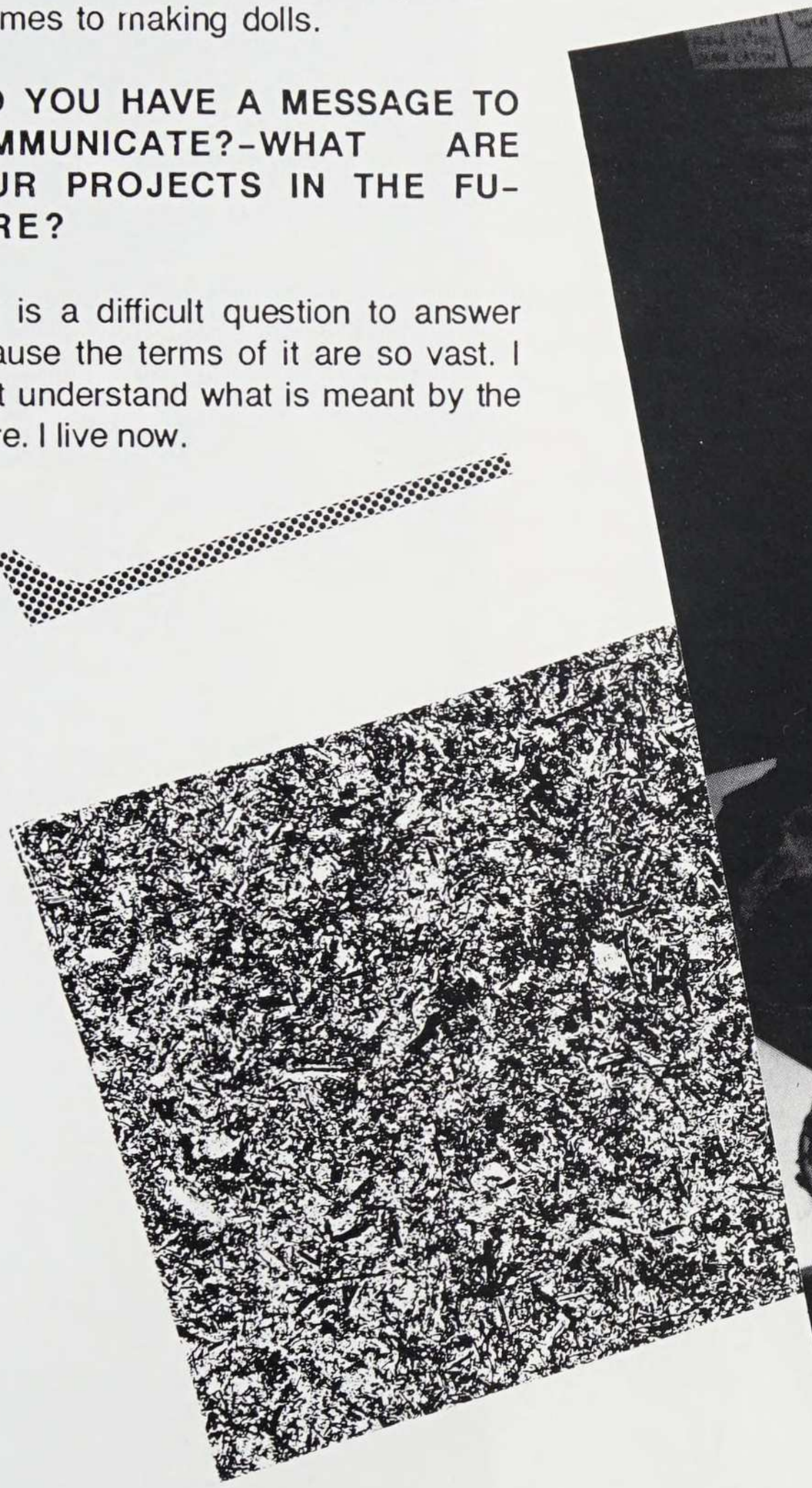
In 1981 I started making dolls from clay which were fired in a kiln(thus the dolls were ceramics painted and glazed).These figures looked like they had wriggled out from the dark earthy quagmire into a fractured world.I was unhappy with these dolls which I felt were too heavily inspired by looking at paintings by F.Bacon,(whom I admire)and therefore seemed to be futile attempts at making his images filter into my subconscious thus to manufacture three dimensional figurines loosely based upon the forms and people in his disturbing pictures.

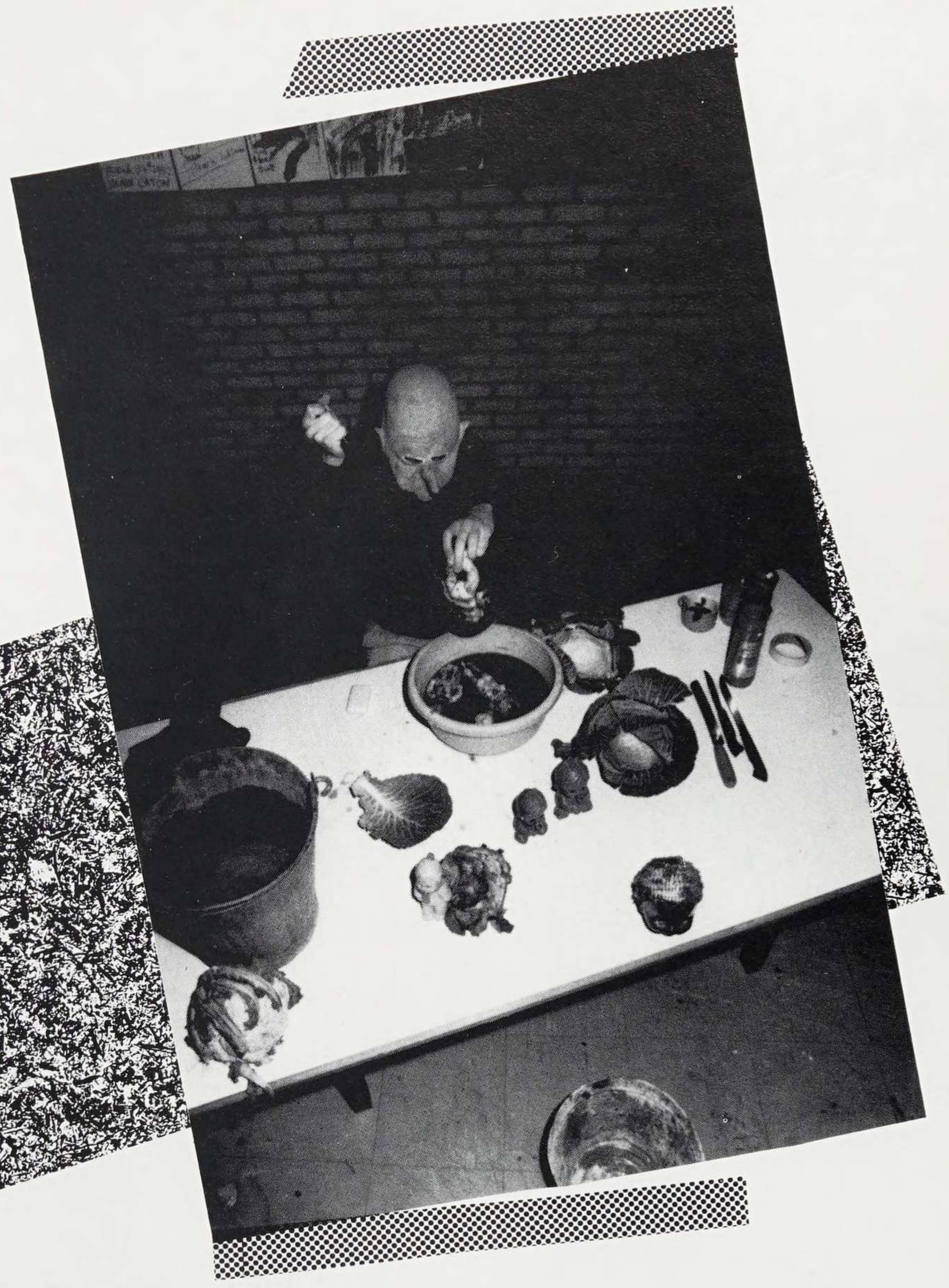
In 1990 I began painting on flattened tin cans which a discovered in a car parking lot near where I live. I took home the rusting and wafer thin cans and painted faces and foetuses on them. I made about 20 of these. Some were on crushed plastic bottles and others on shards of pottery or bits of old metal,twigs or cork. I then collected string. I had bags of string and metal,twigs or cork. I scoured junk shops and looked for old rag dollies to transform. I found one such doll outside the local cementary, laying in a puddle of water. It was sopping wet and dirty so I took it home and layed it on the stove to dry out. Then I bound yards of string and twine around its body and painted it black It resembled a mummified body I thought. I painted a crude face on it. Two dots for eyes and red gash for a mouth. It had one stumpy leg and no arms.It looked also a bit like a giant slug. Making dolls from papier maché and tissue paper, shells, bones, glass beads and buttons..built up on empty wine bottles (which I'd previously drunk!) started off in 91. I thought to myself that this doll making has been going on for over 10 years. I even used dolls in performances, often tied to my body.Dolls played a significant part in my work for 11 years. I'm fascinated in them. Especially old dolls from the 17th &18th centuries. I like wooden carved voodoo dolls and also English "image magic" dolls which were used by witches to perform spells on despised victims. I'm not talking about voodoo dolls because this is something completely different. In the 1700's these crude and ugly dolls

were used to cause harm to others by sticking pins&burning.They are often very ugly and evil looking.So you see there is more than meets the eye when it comes to making dolls.

-DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE TO COMMUNICATE?-WHAT ARE YOUR PROJECTS IN THE FUTURE?

This is a difficult question to answer because the terms of it are so vast. I don't understand what is meant by the future. I live now.





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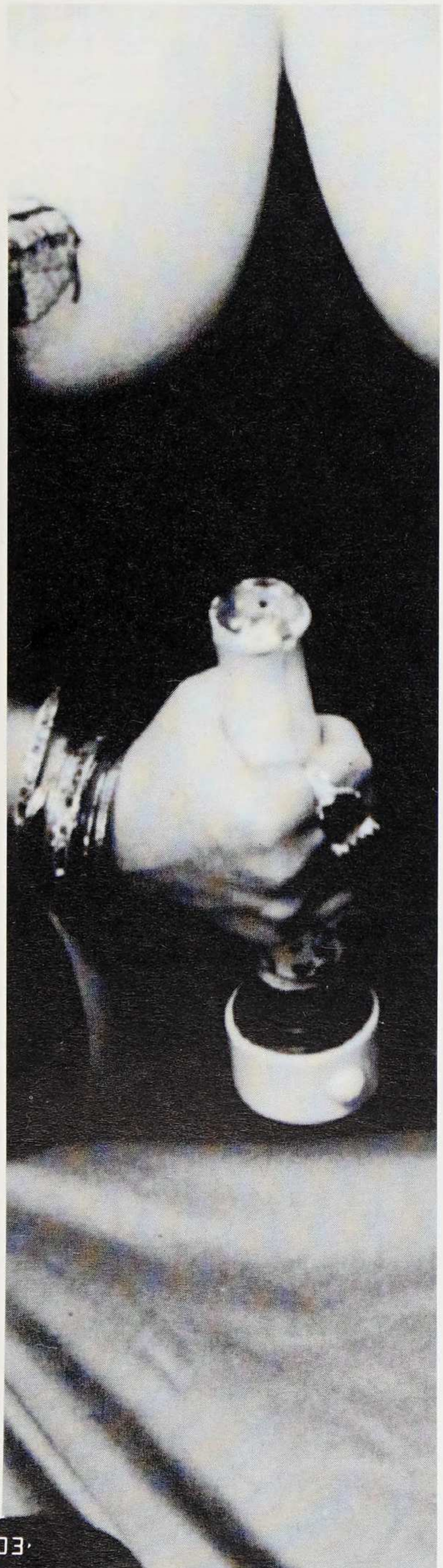
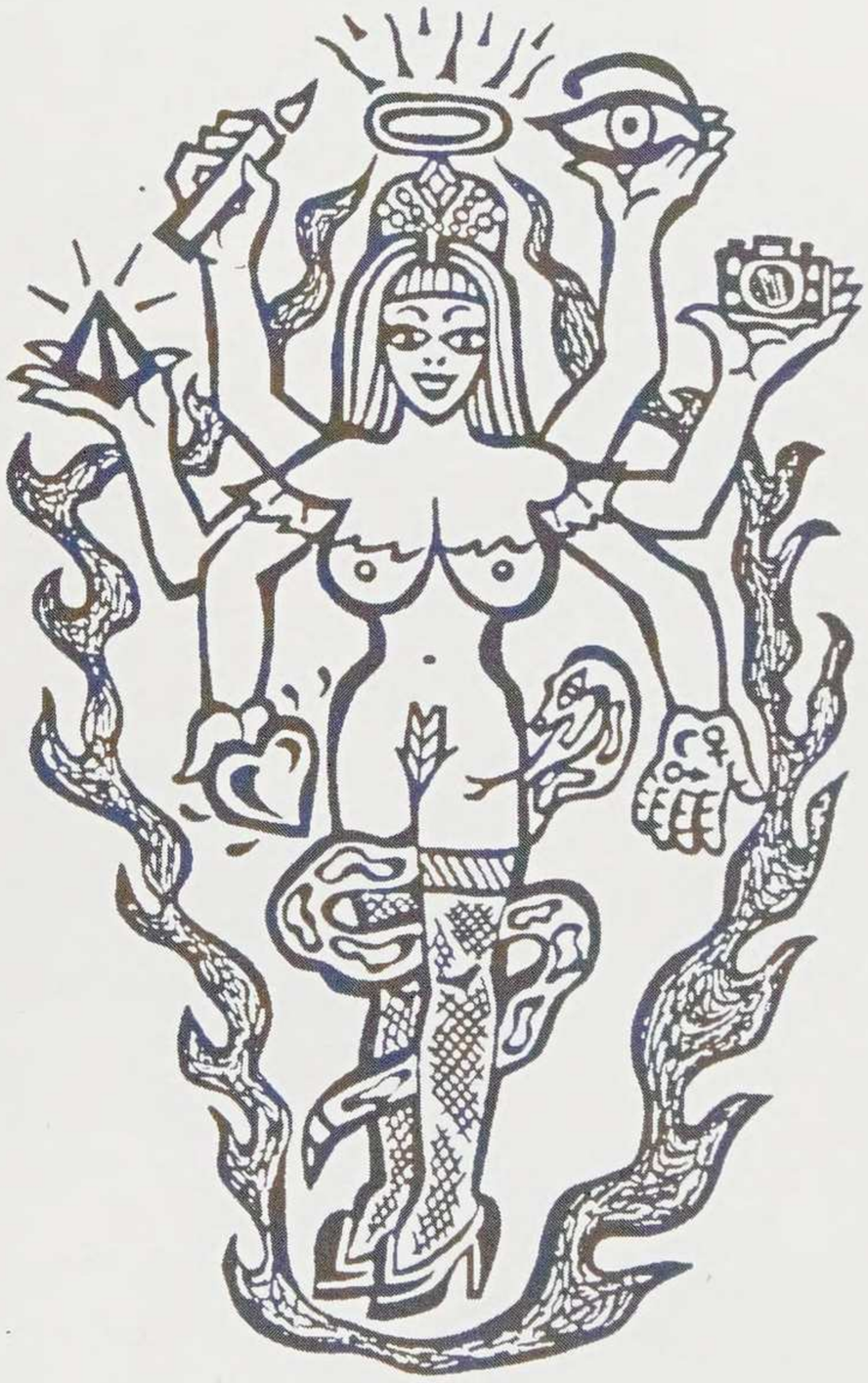
These photos have been taken at a performance at 'Portsmouth Polytechnic' in England –" Maximum and Minimum Stories – Human Soup Variations"

PERFORMANCE FOR VIDEO. MARCH 27, 1992.

ANNIE SPRINKLE
SACRED PROSTITUTE

FEMINIST-PORN-ACTIVIST
PERFORMER
ARTIST
NEW AGE GIRL





A PORTFOLIO OF WORDS AND IMAGES

PHOTOS FROM THE BOOK,
POST PORN MODERNIST BY ANNIE SPRINKLE

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How to Have Energy Orgasms

by Annie Sprinkle, with Jwala

Why have energy orgasms?

Energy orgasms will clear the body of repressed emotions, old hurts, and blocks. They put a bounce in your step, give you a positive outlook, energize and yet relax the body, and balance the chakras. Energy orgasms help pre-orgasmic women to become genitally orgasmic and help genitally orgasmic women to become much more multi-orgasmic ("megagasmic"), plus they make partner sex more ecstatic and fulfilling. It's safe sex, a good substitute for harmful addictions, and a great party trick! Energy orgasms can be an extremely spiritual experience, giving you a sense of the forces of creation rushing through you, a sense of going beyond the body/mind, reminding you who you are beyond your everyday reality.

What does an energy orgasm feel like?

Incredible! Some are very strong, and some are wonderfully subtle. Generally, the more time you put into building up the energy, the more powerful the sensations. You'll experience "electricity" shooting through your entire body, hands and lips tingle, and there is a sense of release and receiving at the same time. You will feel high, euphoric, light-headed. It feels very different than a clitoral orgasm (but it can occur simultaneously with clitoral orgasm). It may feel very sexual or it may not. There are many variations of energy orgasms, just as there are many variations of clitoral orgasms.

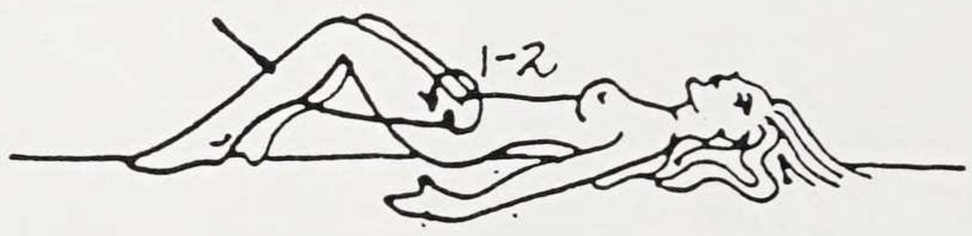
HOW TO HAVE AN ENERGY ORGASM

1. Lay down on a firm surface, i.e. hard bed, carpet, sandy beach, grass. Bend your knees up. (You can also try it standing or sitting.)

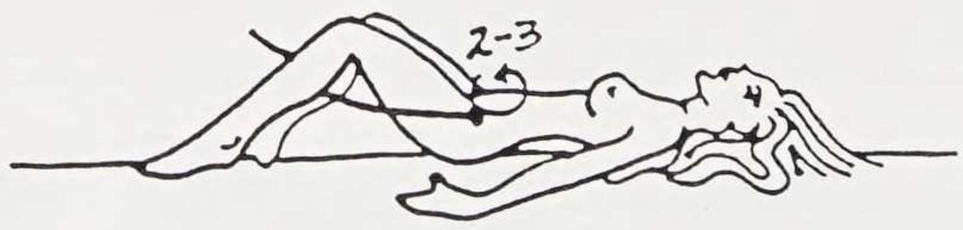
2. Take a few relaxing breaths. Empty your mind. Let go of tension. Let go of ego. Settle in.

3. Begin to take deeper breaths. Inhale through the nose and exhale through the mouth like you are blowing out birthday candles. Make it completely "circular" with no pauses between inhales and exhales.

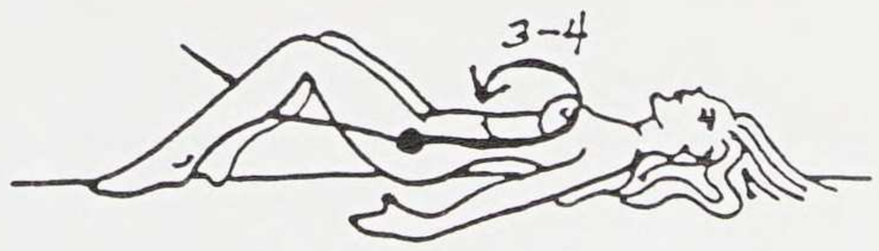
4. Rock your pelvis, arching your lower back on the inhale, flattening on the exhale. Squeeze the pubococcygeus muscles (the muscles you squeeze to stop the flow of urine) on the exhale. These squeezes can actually stimulate the clitoris and G-spot, while pumping up energy throughout your entire body. In other words, inhale while filling your belly like a balloon, exhale and flatten your back while contracting the PC muscles. Repeat continuously. Your knees may open and close like butterfly wings. Let the breathing and contractions be erotic.



5. Energy follows thought, so use your mind to begin to pull in energy from the earth/atmosphere into the perineum (the area between your anus and your pussy). Build fire in the sex center (1st and 2nd chakras). Circulate the energy back and forth. When this area is well "lit," go up to the belly area and start circulating from pussy to belly, pussy to belly (2nd and 3rd chakras)... circulate until the fire is burning stronger.



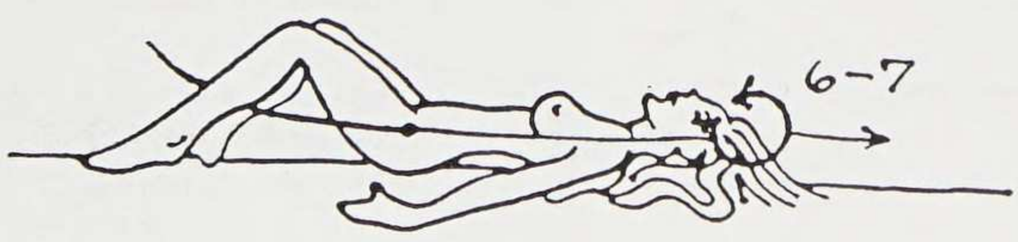
6. Go to the next level—the heart. Circulate from belly to heart, belly to heart (3rd and 4th chakras).



7. Now try the throat. Circulate from heart to throat, heart to throat (4th and 5th chakras). When the energy moves up, you may automatically make some sounds. If not, you can consciously make sounds, as this helps to open the throat for the energy to move up. Keep circulating between the heart and throat, until you feel the energy move up to the Third Eye.

8. Circulate the energy from throat to Third Eye, throat to Third Eye (5th and 6th chakras).

9. Circulate from the Third Eye to the top of your hed (7th chakra). At a certain point it may feel like the energy is shooting out the top of your head, like water out of a hose. Soon, you will kick into full body orgasm. Go with it. Your breathing patterns will change. You may scream, you may "melt," you may laugh hysterically, you may feel your back arch and your fists may clench. With practice you can learn to ride the waves and keep the orgasms going for a very long time.



Other things to know about energy orgasms

Be patient. At first you may not experience the orgasm part of this process. Some get it on their first try and for some it can take years. Keep practicing. Even if you don't experience the orgasm, just the breathing and energy circling alone is of great value. It will clear out blocks, so eventually the orgasm can move through you. Blocks can be experienced in many ways—crying, gagging, feeling frustrated, old memories surfacing. Just keep breathing. Visualize releasing the "old" on the exhale, ringing in the "new" on the inhale.

Energy levels will most likely rise and fall, like mercury in a thermometer. Just go back down to the area where it slipped to and start again. You'll want to tap into your sexual center when energy slips, and pump those pussy muscles regularly!

One of the most important keys to learning this technique is KNOWING that **it is possible**. You'll be convinced when you watch someone do it. It is best learned from someone who practices it.

If your PC muscles are out of shape or feel crampy, don't squeeze them so hard, or squeeze them every 3 or 4 breaths instead of every breath.

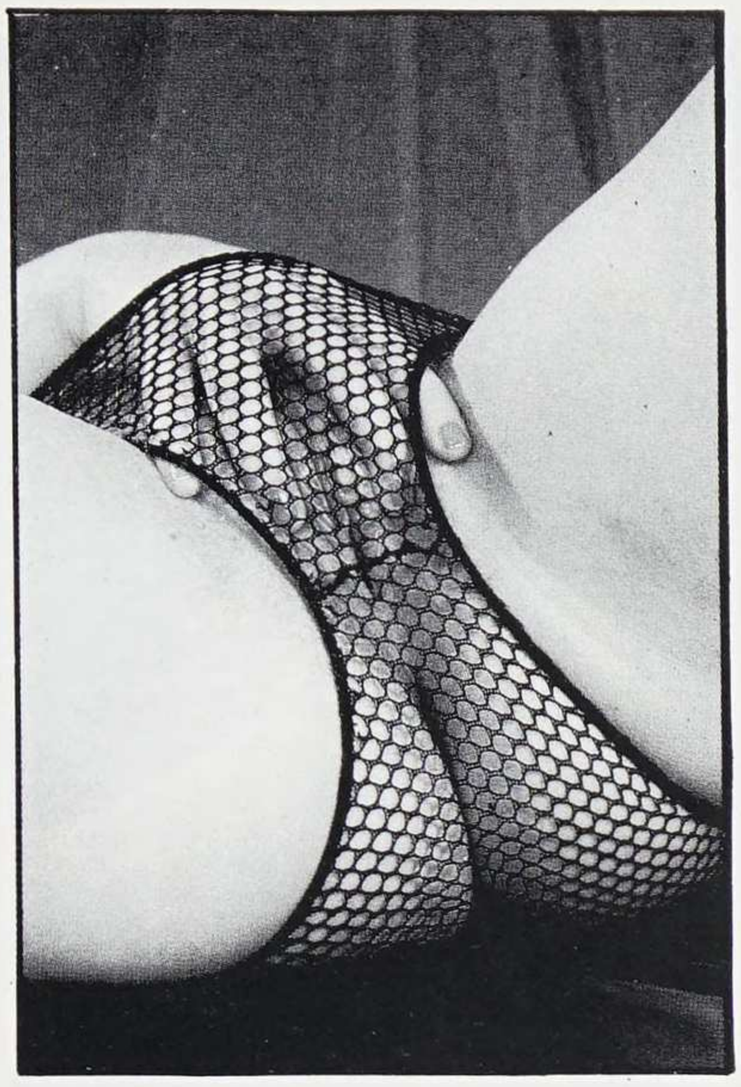
If you want to, use your hands to touch the centers where you are concentrating on sending the energy. Or circulate them above your body in a fanning motion. The hands help guide and create pathways for the energy to follow.

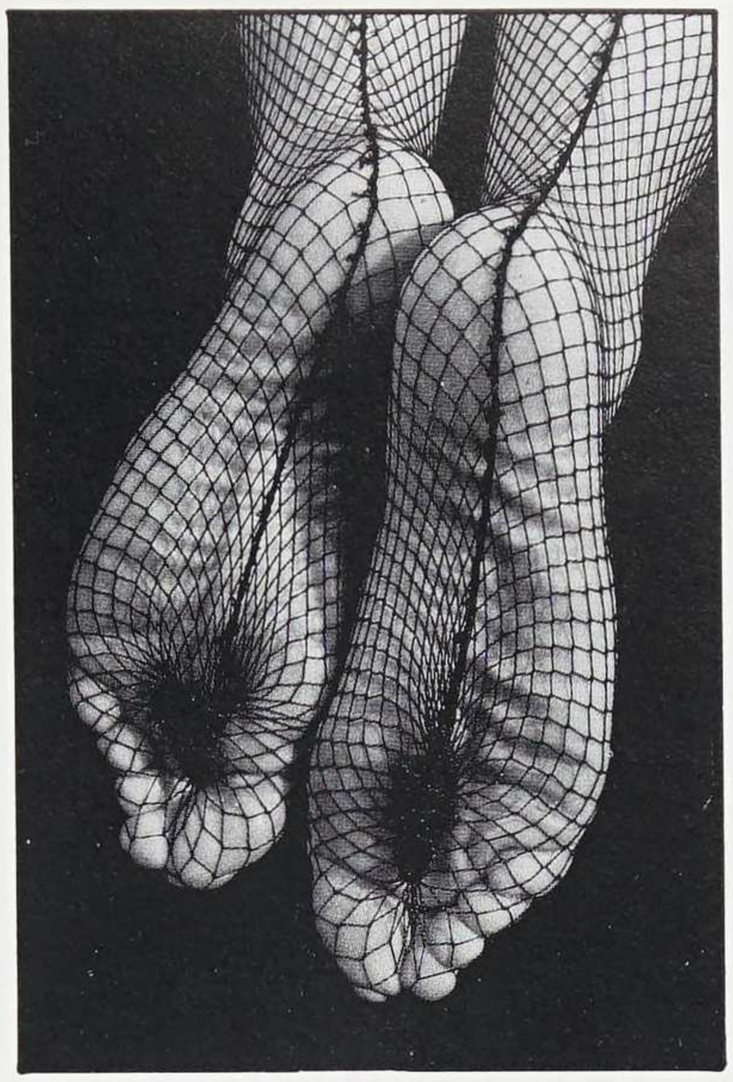
Some knowledge of the seven chakras is useful when learning and using this technique. Visualize the qualities of the chakras as you breathe into them. (There are many books on the chakras.)

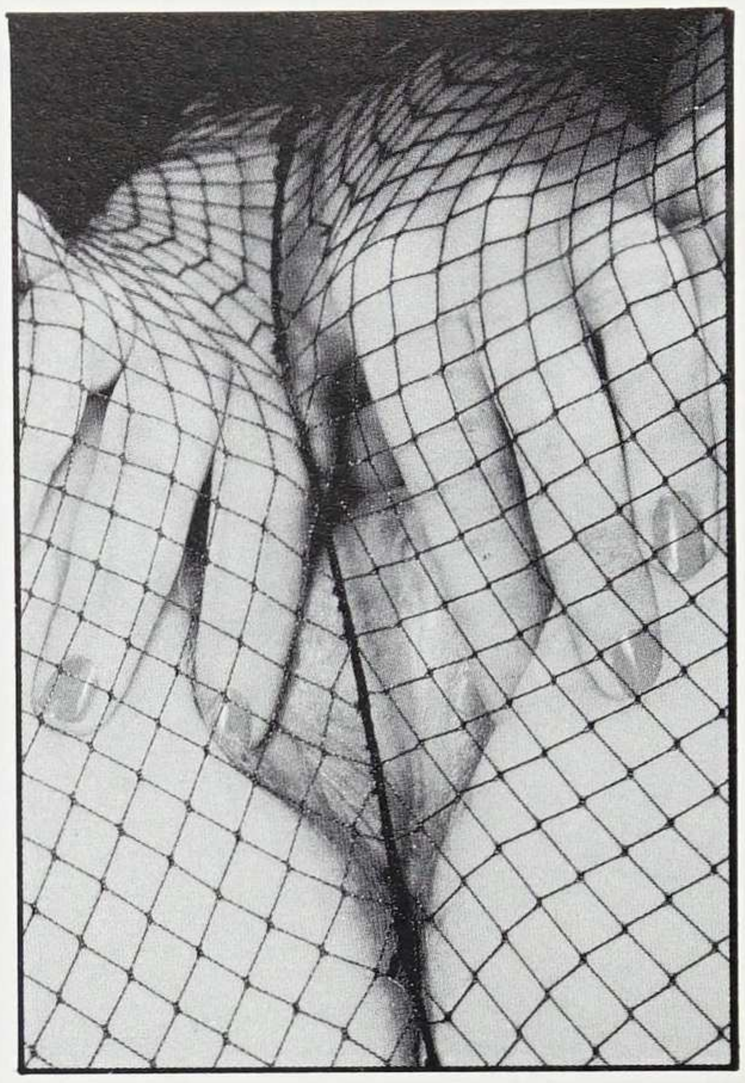
This technique is based on the Fire Breath Orgasm, taught by Harley Swiftdeer of the Deer Tribe. According to Harley, the Cherokees would do fire breath orgasm in their ceremonies and it was an important part of sex education and healing. He has introduced this powerful tool to thousands of people. Variations of the F.B.O. are found in all the sexually knowledgeable cultures of the past, like the Tantrics and the Taoists.

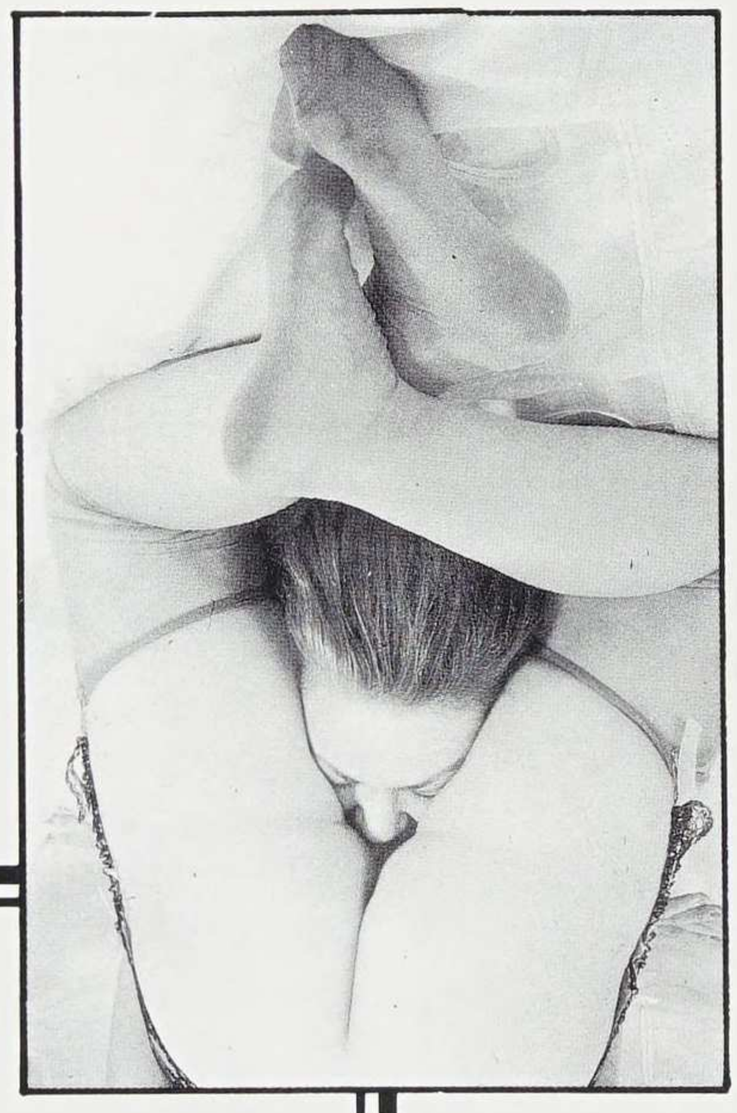
Good luck! As you receive pleasure the whole universe receives pleasure through you.

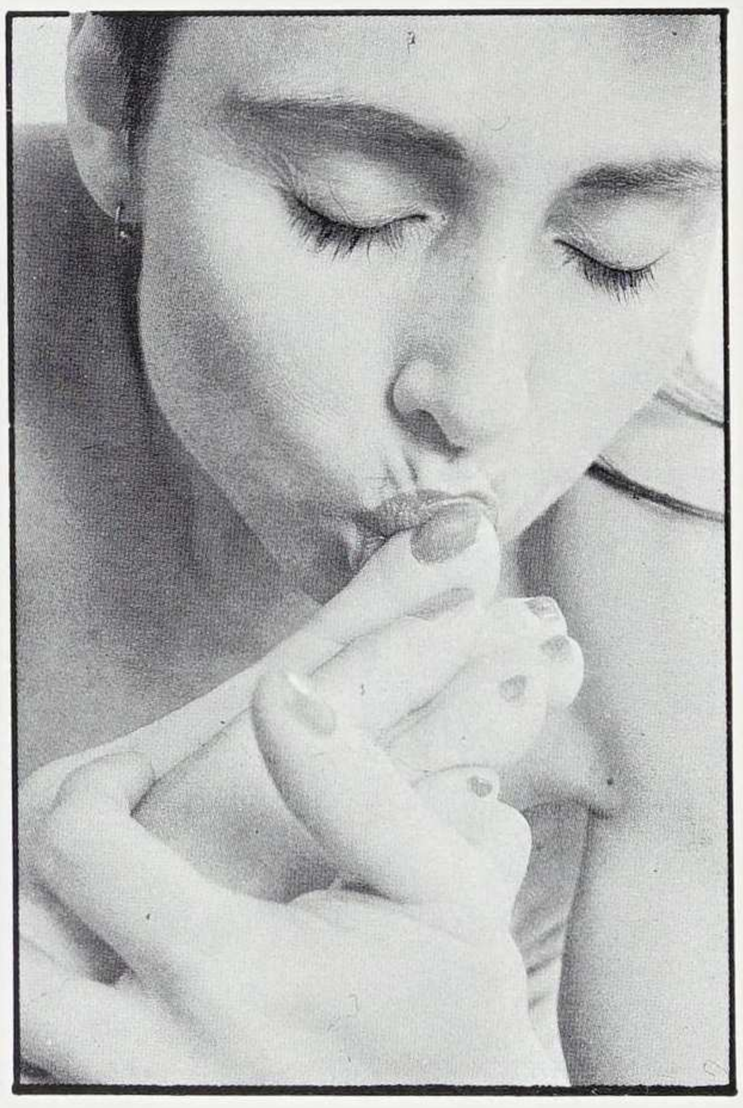
Annie Sprinkle has been working as a sacred prostitute for 20 years. She is a feminist-porn-activist, artist, writer, performer, AIDS-awareness spokesperson, and new age girl.





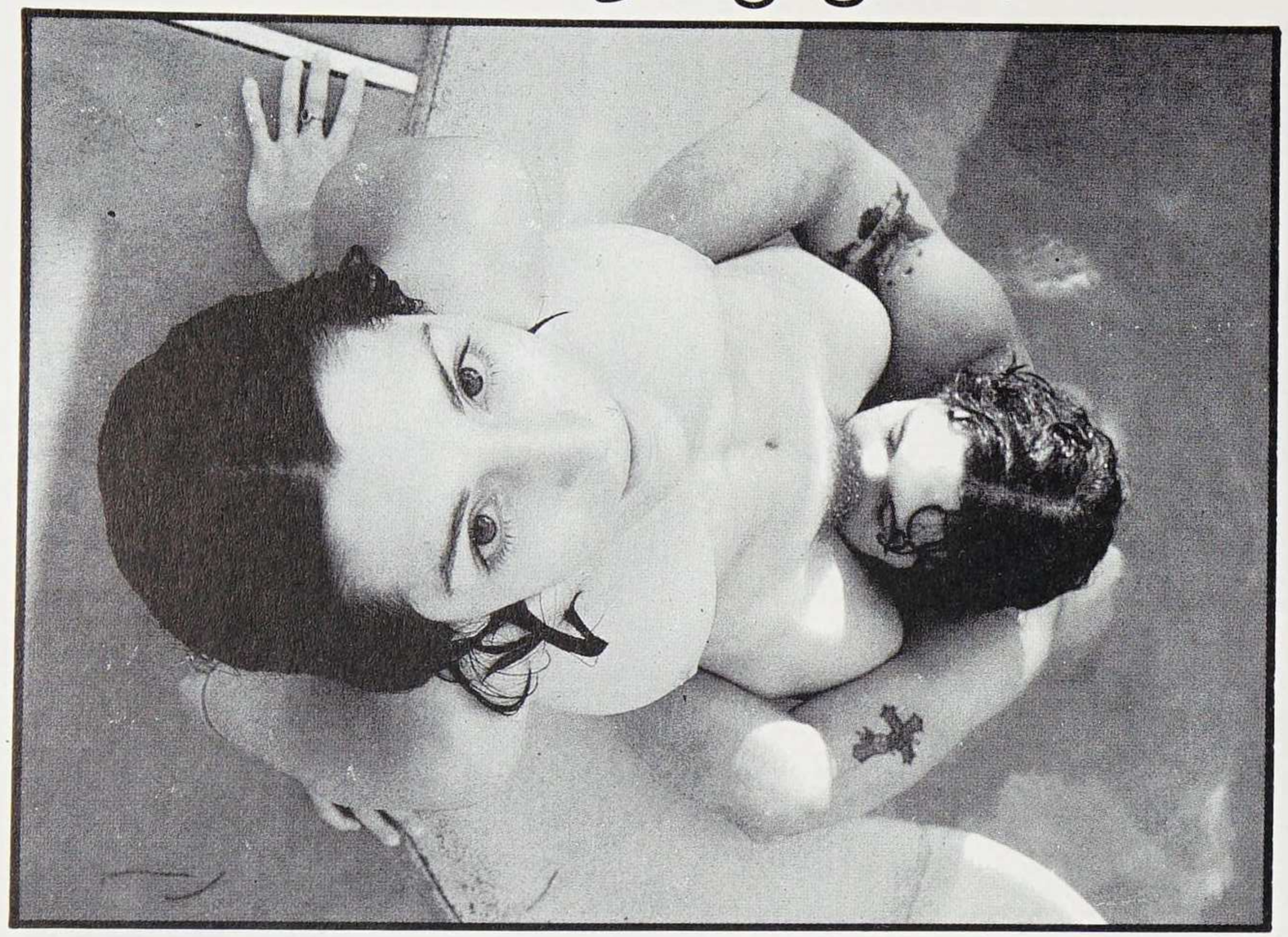






A PORTFOLIO

Swinging Couple



Chastity Velvet

↑ Kembra Pfahler

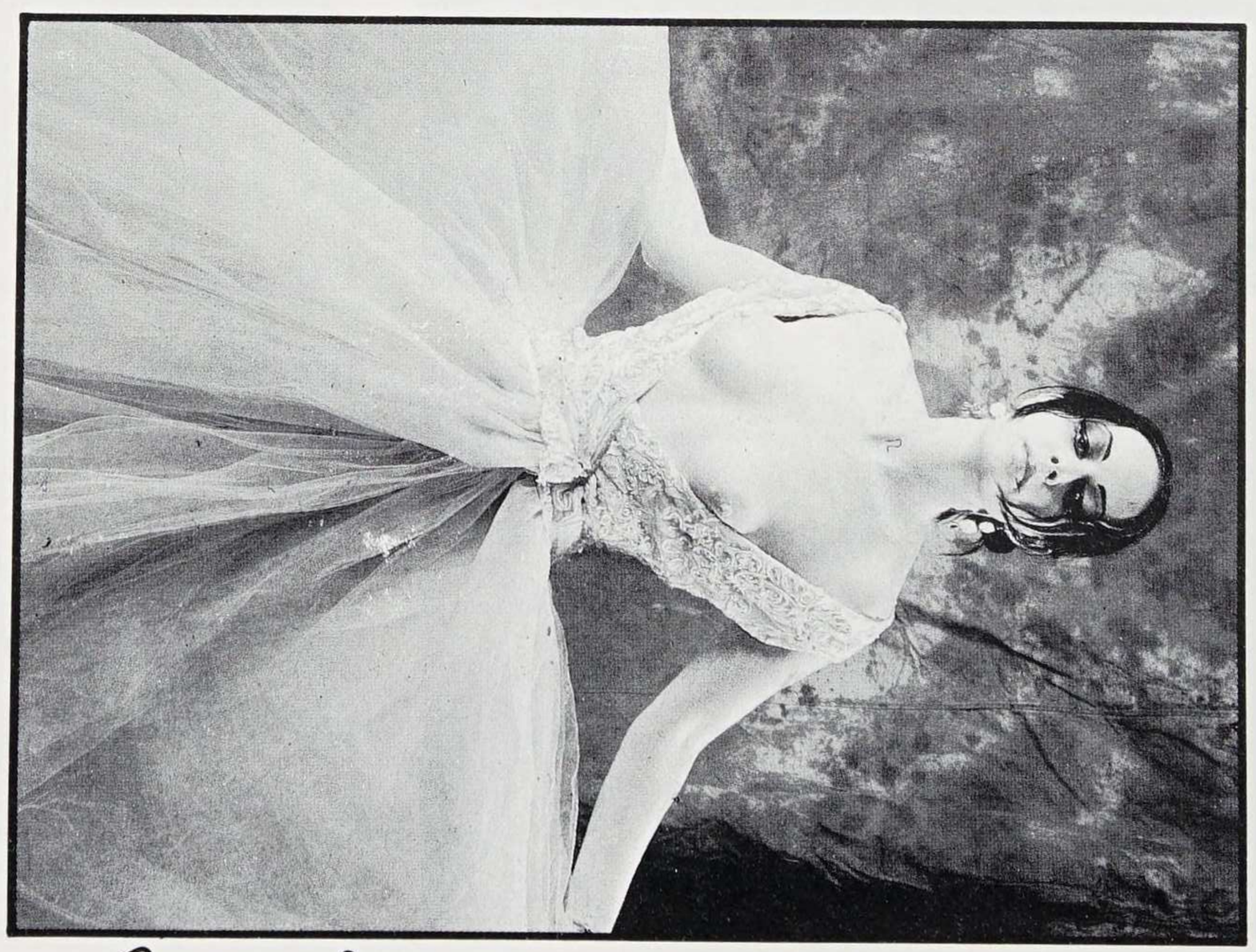


Photo of Kembra ~~Pho~~ Pfahler

POEM BY MY RIGHT BREAST
(Typed by placing my right breast onto an
electric typewriter keyboard)

;l.,mjk

FILL IN THE BLANK EROTIC POEM

---------is-------that----------
with------and------in--------
The------is----------
----------of---------,
To--------her----------

STICKERMAN MUSEUM

EON BUILDING - ITALIAN WEST COAST

The Stickerman Museum will be opened to the public in 1992 with an international historical exhibition of Adhesive Art. You may still participate in this show, the first of its kind, by sending to the Museum adhesive artworks, made by you or by others, and also articles, curiosities, anecdotes or projects about a creative use of the sticker. Each contributor will receive documentation of the show and a special adhesive card as eminent supporter of the Museum activities.

With gluey thanks,

The Curator
in charge

VITTORE BARONI, VIA BATTISTI, 339, 55049 VIAREGGIO (LU) ITALY

UNFORESEEABLE PERIODICITY - FREE AND TOTALLY UNEXPECTED CIRCULATION

STICKER NEWS

THE FIRST AND SMALLEST ADHESIVE BULLETIN

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL STICKERMAN FAN CLUB

IT'S A STICK UP!

Unusual theft at the G.R.O.

The General Register Office of Stickerland has been visited last night by unknown robbers. Finding the safe completely empty, the criminals gave themselves up to vandalism, damaging the precious stamps-perforators, erasing some of the computerized archive files and burning a great quantity of expired credit stickers. Unconfirmed voices sustain the view that the theft may have been simulated by the GRO's director, Piermario Ciani, to mask the increasing deficit of the organization, and the consequent impossibility to answer the mail of the numberless Stickerman fans. The director was not available for comments at the time of going to press.

THE MUSEUM SOON OPENED

Next year the first historical exhibition

With a brief and sober ceremony, the first symbolic sticker has been placed on a wall of the Stickerman Museum, located in the beautiful sea town of Viareggio, on top of the EON building. The Museum curator, Vittore Baroni, assured us that a big opening show, the first of its kind, will be held in the year of ECU. The exhibition will include priceless and rarely seen items by Duduist Kurt Schwicker and Futourist Fortunato Depelo, together with such oddities as the biggest sticker ever produced (that will cover an entire wall of the Simulationist Corridor), a big giraffe-shaped gold-leaf sticker by Salvador Mali and a piece of musical wallpaper by Brain Eno. Also of great interest will be the Cavellini Room, dedicated to the recently departed master of Sticker Art. "We will print catalogues, posters and adhesive T-shirts - told us the curator - and of course we will try to support all the young interesting artists working in the field. The sticker will finally gain its long deserved recognition, next to graffiti and video-clips, as a truly original and valid art form of this century". The critic Charlie Pranzaglia observed, gulping down the cocktail offered by the Museum: "Stickers used to be a free and wild street art expression. Now that adhesive works are being framed and legitimated by a Museum, galleries will put their foot in the door and start to exploit this scene. If we want to preserve the genuine spirit of sticker art, we should always question the true motivations behind what is being glued, where and by whom".

THE STICKERADIO PLAYLIST

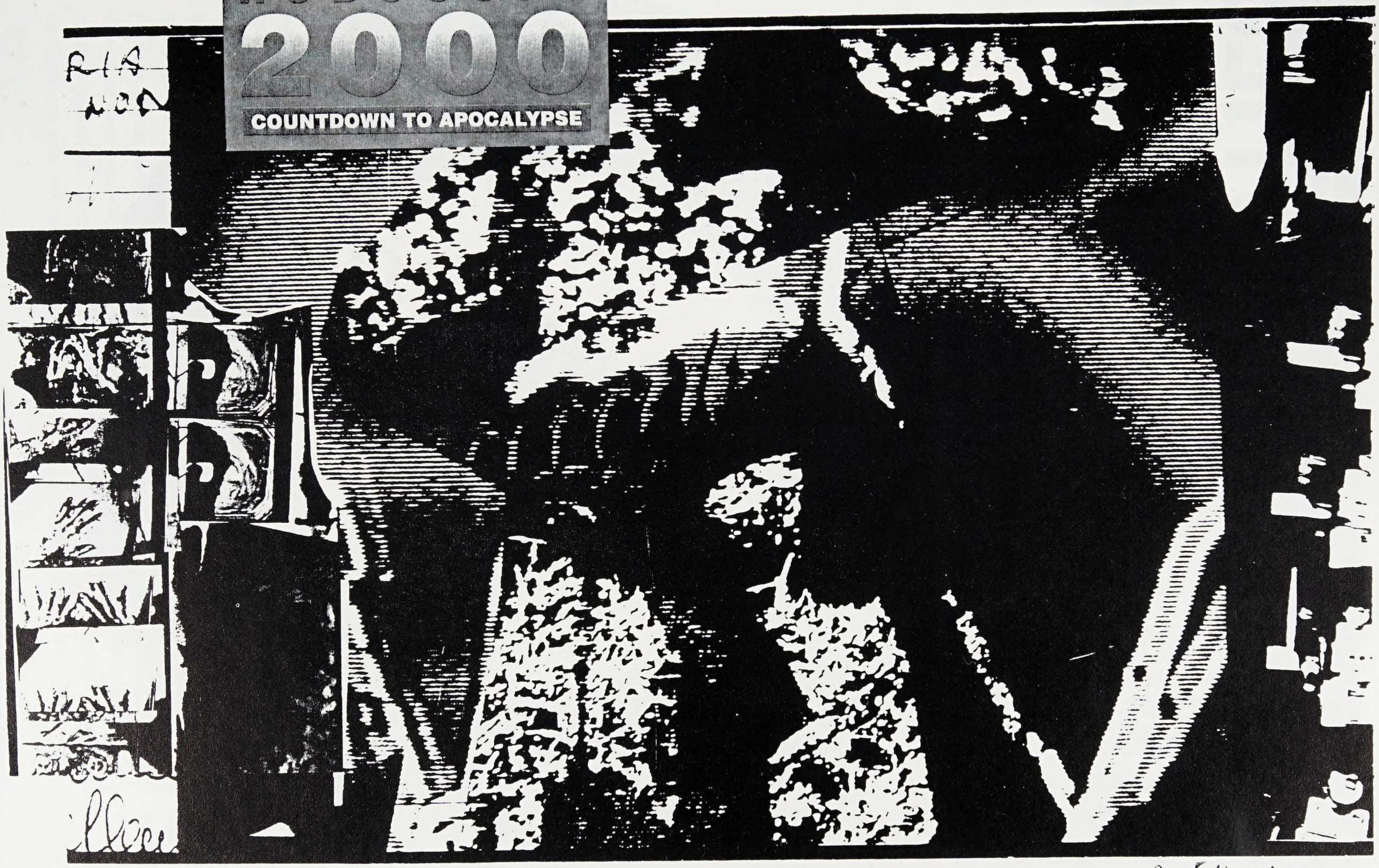
1 - THE STICKERS - Party on the streets of NY
2 - BOB DYLAN - Stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again
3 - ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS - Do you wanna sniff some glue?
4 - STYX - Babe
5 - THE ROLLING STONES - Sticky Fingers
6 - ELVIS PRESLEY - Stuck on you
7 - RAY J & THE BUNNIES - Sandpaper in my gluedrops

THE P.M.R.C. CAUSE COLLECTORS CREAZE

While it's almost sure that the first Stickers, Pin's & Badges World Convention will be held in Paris, the magazine **L'Adhésif** reveals that the first series of stickers created by record companies under the pressure of the Parental Music Resource Center committee, to warn the youngest audience about the "explicit language" of some rock bands, are now fetching incredibly high prices in the collectors' market. An early "Satanic lyrics - guaranteed to roast you in Hell" for a Megadeth LP, signed by Tipper Gore, has changed hands for a sum with four zeroes. Even rarer is a transparent "Warning - subliminal earotic massages" sticked on Cicciolina's first limited edition album.

ROBOCOPY 2000

COUNTDOWN TO APOCALYPSE



FREE SOCIETIES DON'T CENSOR

CENSORSTOP

In March of 1992, a lone Police officer with Project P (Ontario's anti-porn squad) purchased a single copy of the lesbian sex magazine Bad Attitude from Toronto's Glad Day Bookshop. A few weeks later the officer returned to the store to deliver criminal charges against the owner and even the employee who sold the magazine.

Within two days of the laying of the obscenity charges about 500 demonstrators took to the streets to protest the seizure. Their outrage was constructive. It lead to the formation of Censorstop.

What is Censorstop?

An umbrella organization of individuals and groups dedicated to advancing the freedoms of expression, speech and communication. In short, we oppose censorship.

How do we promote Freedom of Expression?

By broadcasting the importance of fundamental freedoms at events like Lesbian and gay Pride Day, Lollapalooza, The Canadian Booksellers Association Convention. By pamphleting. By encouraging artists, writers and pornographers to create. By encouraging Canadians to seize the right of expression for themselves. By selling button; screening movies; doing conventions; mobilizing and setting up Censorstop cells across Canada.

How do we oppose Censorship?

By protesting against authoritarian and censorius actions. By going to court. By petition. By condemning censors such as Ontario Film Review Board, Canada Customs and Project P (Ontario's anti-porn squad). Condemnation is important. The list of censors in Canada is ever-growing. It includes school boards, police, governments and politicians. They censor children's' books, music, sexual material, information on dope and body piercing. They censor books on censorship and even academic books exploring the nature of pedophilia (they thought they were censoring kiddie porn!).

Continued

CENSORSTOP

What actions has Censorstop been involved in?

In April 1992, 500 people marched down Yonge Street in Toronto and planted themselves in front of police headquarters to protest the seizure of the lesbian magazine Bad Attitude from Toronto's Glad Day Bookshop. Censorstop went to court with Glad Day to fight that seizure. We've taken Canada Customs to court twice to try to stop their censorship practices. Each year Canada Customs seizes of detains hundreds, even thousands of books, magazines and periodicals on their way into the country. Whether they seize literature or smut, magazines or fanzines, whatever it is, it should be you who chooses what you want to read or view not some border guard!

What future actions does Censorstop have planned?

We are currently attempting to intervene in an Ontario Human Rights Commission hearing that is to determine if the presence of pornographic magazines in cornerstores creates an environment which is hostile to women. If the magazines are deemed hostile, a sweeping ban on adult entertainment may be imposed in Ontario. Many other agencies and regulators require constant vigilance as well, such as film review boards and the attorney general's office (the office which administers libel laws). Libel laws and restrictive information access laws in Canada have a stifling effect on the ability of an individual to obtain information about some of the most powerful institutions in our country. Merely the threat of libel can be enough to prevent informative and challenging new ideas from surfacing. These laws need to be reformed.

How do we oppose Censorship?

Write your federal member of parliament and the minister of revenue demanding to reclaim your right to choose whatever you want to look at.

Start up your own Censorstop cell in your home town. Join Censorstop.

Donate to Censorstop. Wear a Censorstop button.

Don't let the authoritarians get away with censorious attacks!

CENSORSTOP P.O. Box 888 Station F Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2N9

ANDRE STITT

©AKSHUN

ANDRE STITT
PERFORMANCE

"ROMPER ROOM"

During my youth between 1972 and 1977 the Shankill Butchers killed more people than any other mass murderers in British criminal history. Members of the protestant Ulster Volunteer Force, their actions were abhorred even by their own superiors, and the wave of indiscriminate violence they created was horrific even in the context of Northern Ireland.

With the cold brutal efficiency of a Mafia hit mob, the Butchers would select their targets at random on Belfast streets. Dragged to a darkened alley or, in some cases, the home of one of the murderers, the victims would then be mercilessly tortured and humiliated before being slaughtered with butcher knives.

The performance addresses the hidden depravity that exists and the grisly dimension to the tribal conflict between two communities. From this starting point the journey draws upon personal interpretation to address wider issues of identity affirmation, control, oppression, and why societies and cultures engender such brutality.

To avoid humiliation, personal defeat; one adopts cultural camouflage as a means of survival; one must sometime along the line ingratiate. The performance explores the source (Northern Ireland) and links inherent attitutes to a wider condition that devalues human life.

The performance is likened to a cathartic journey, an exploration, a personal expression of the hierarchical relationships of volatile opposites.

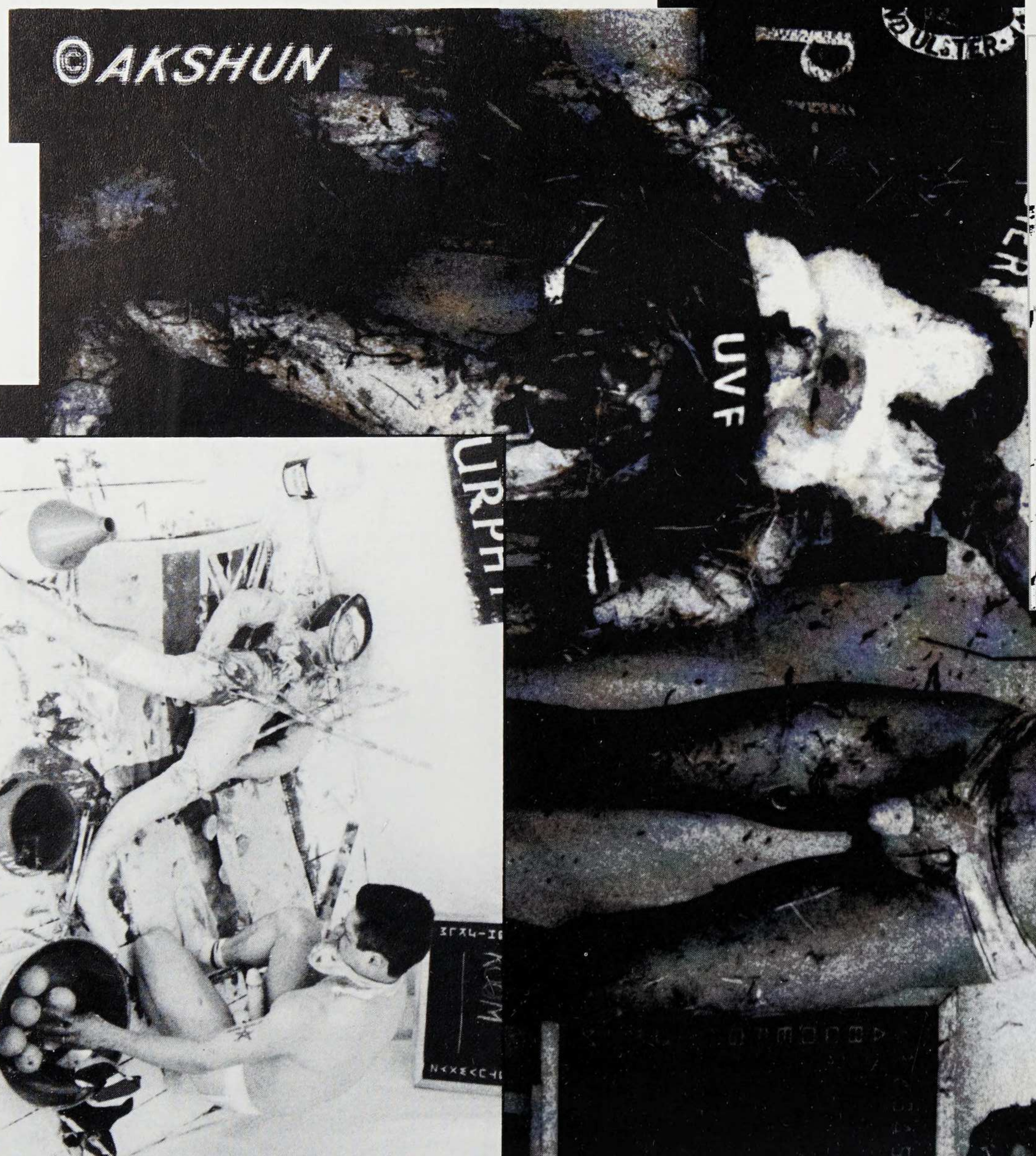
©AKSHUN

ANDRE STITT
"ROMPER ROOM"

Akshuns at Exiles Studio, London, 20th Dec. 1991

Belfast, Friday 21st July 1972; he was now in a place which would later be known as the 'Romper Room'.

Rompering named after a popular Ulster TV children's show, involved bringing a victim to a club, lock-up garage or deserted house where a group would then participate in the humilia tion, torture and murder of the victim.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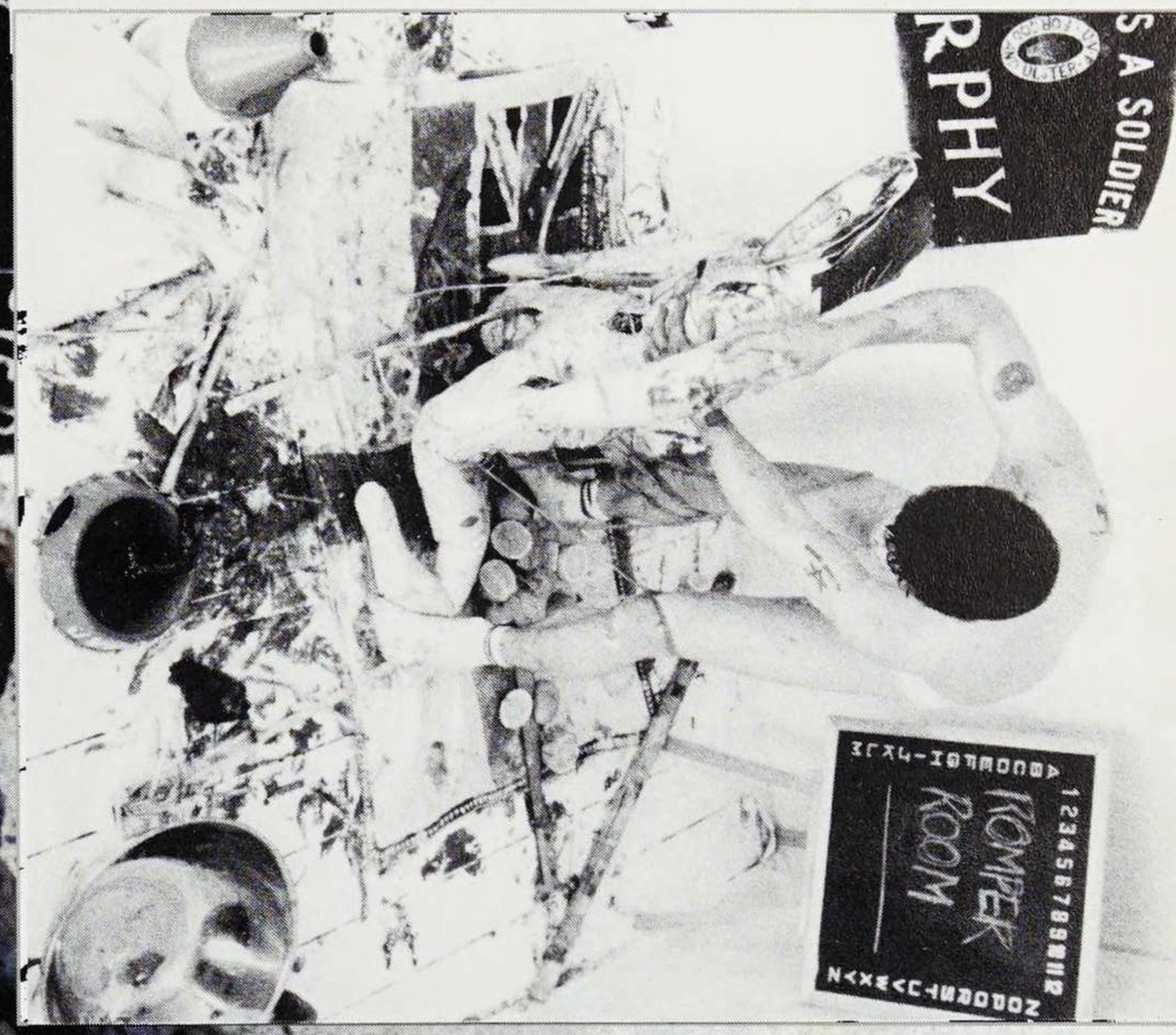
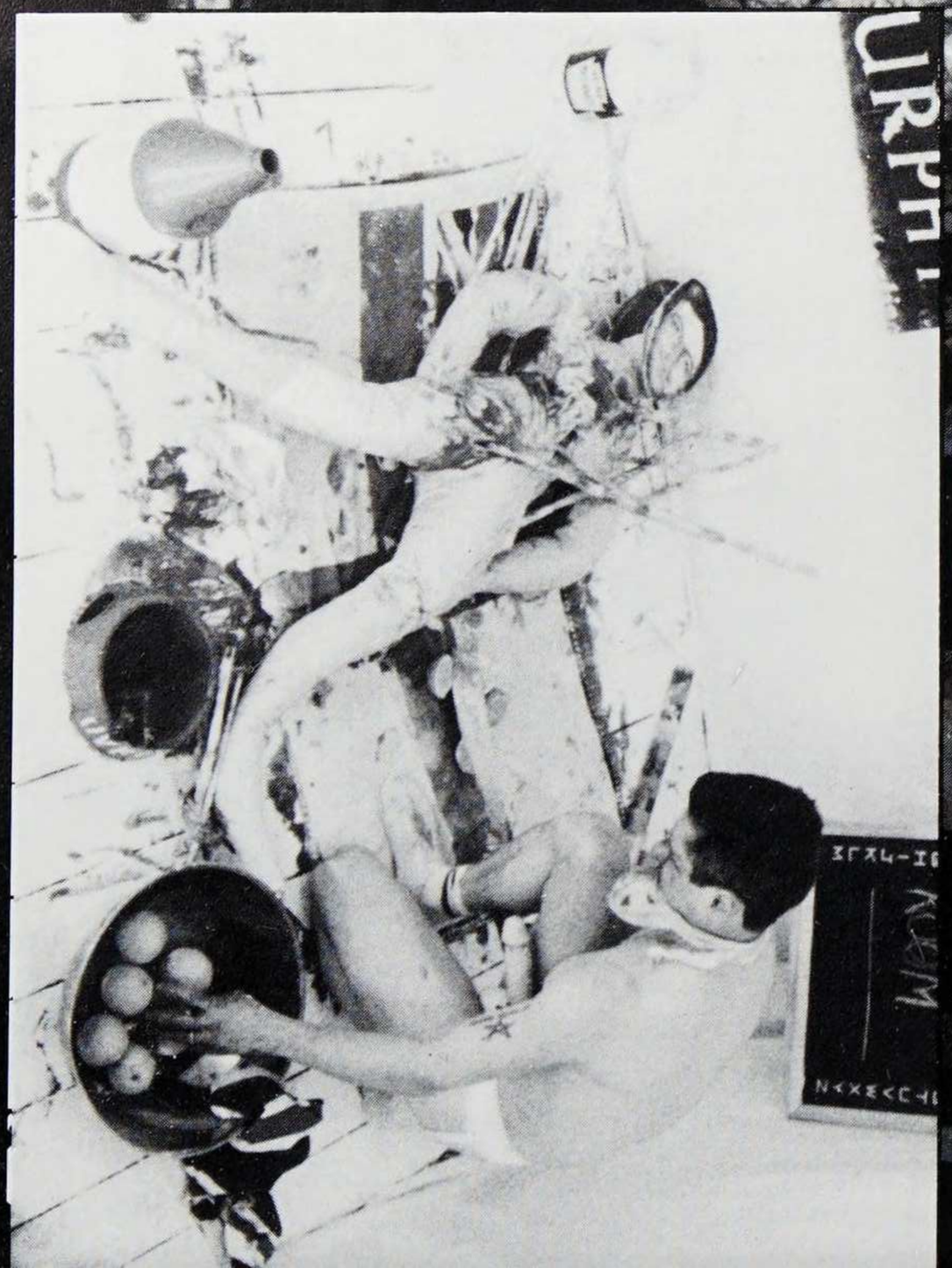
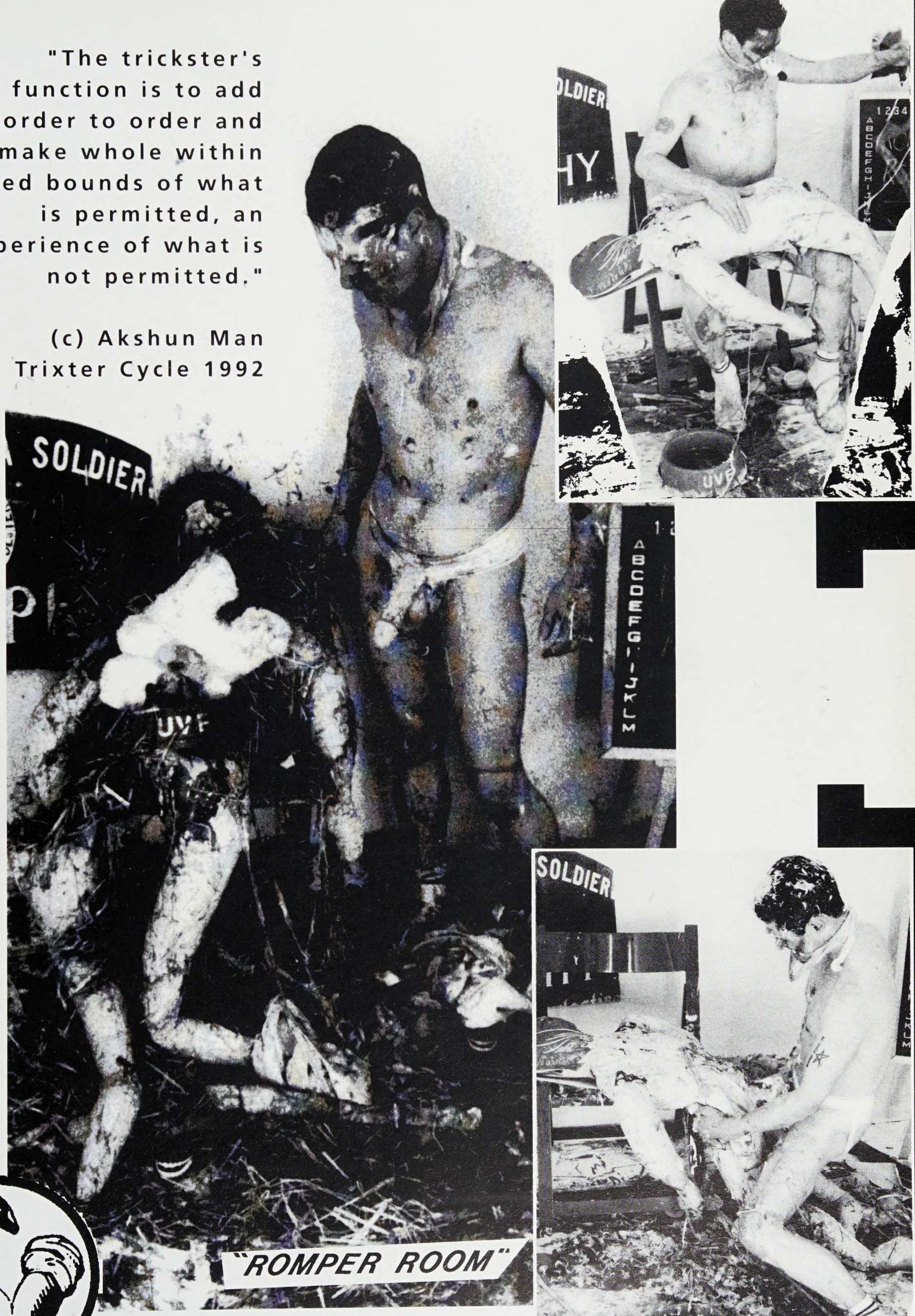

S A SOLDIER
RPHY
KOMPEK ROOM

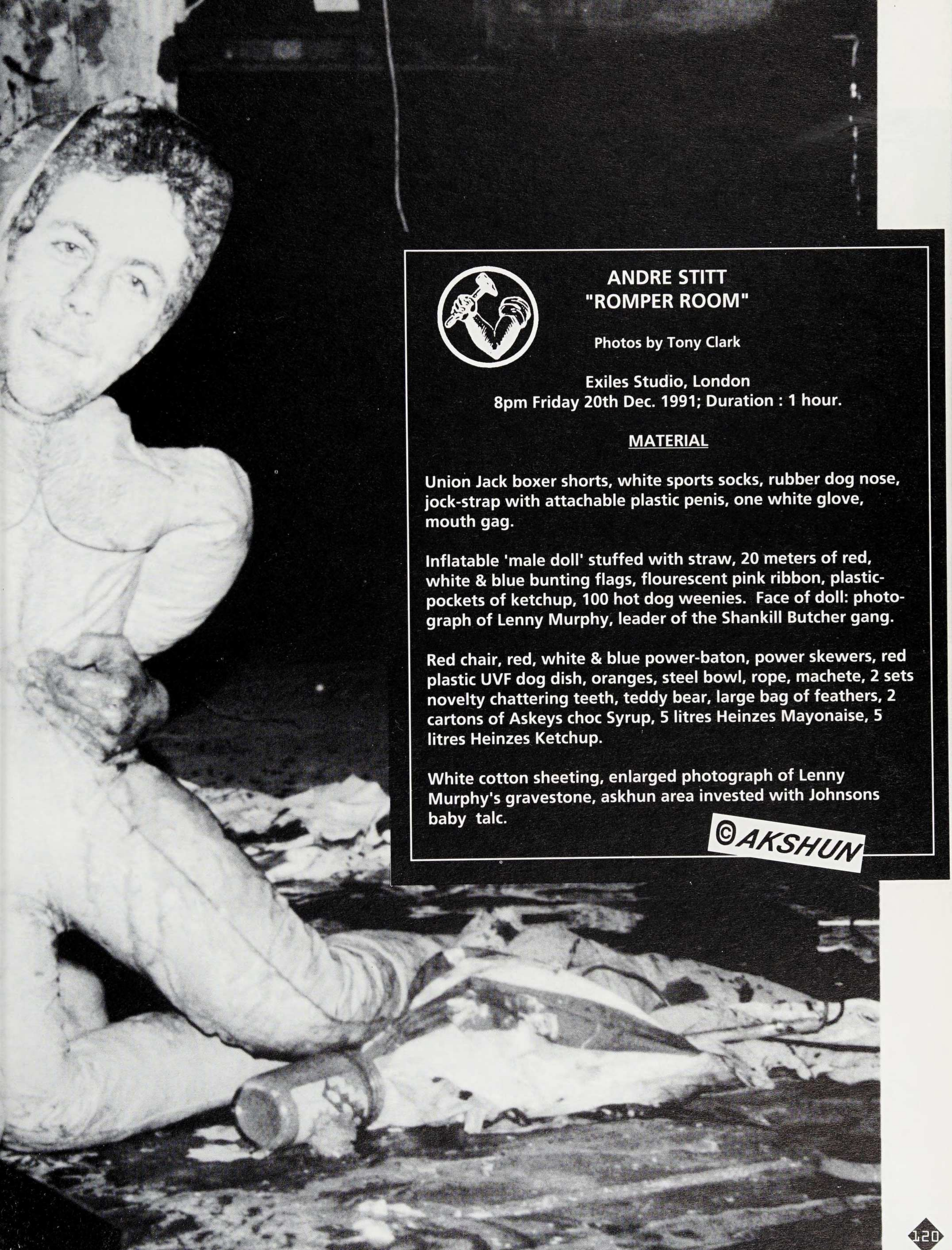


"The trickster's function is to add disorder to order and so make whole within fixed bounds of what is permitted, an experience of what is not permitted."

(c) Akshun Man
Trixter Cycle 1992



ANDRE STITT
ROMPER ROOM —
(A.K.A. Did My Friends Have Fun at Play)"



ANDRE STITT
"ROMPER ROOM"

Photos by Tony Clark

Exiles Studio, London
8pm Friday 20th Dec. 1991; Duration : 1 hour.

MATERIAL

Union Jack boxer shorts, white sports socks, rubber dog nose, jock-strap with attachable plastic penis, one white glove, mouth gag.

Inflatable 'male doll' stuffed with straw, 20 meters of red, white & blue bunting flags, flourescent pink ribbon, plastic-pockets of ketchup, 100 hot dog weenies. Face of doll: photo-graph of Lenny Murphy, leader of the Shankill Butcher gang.

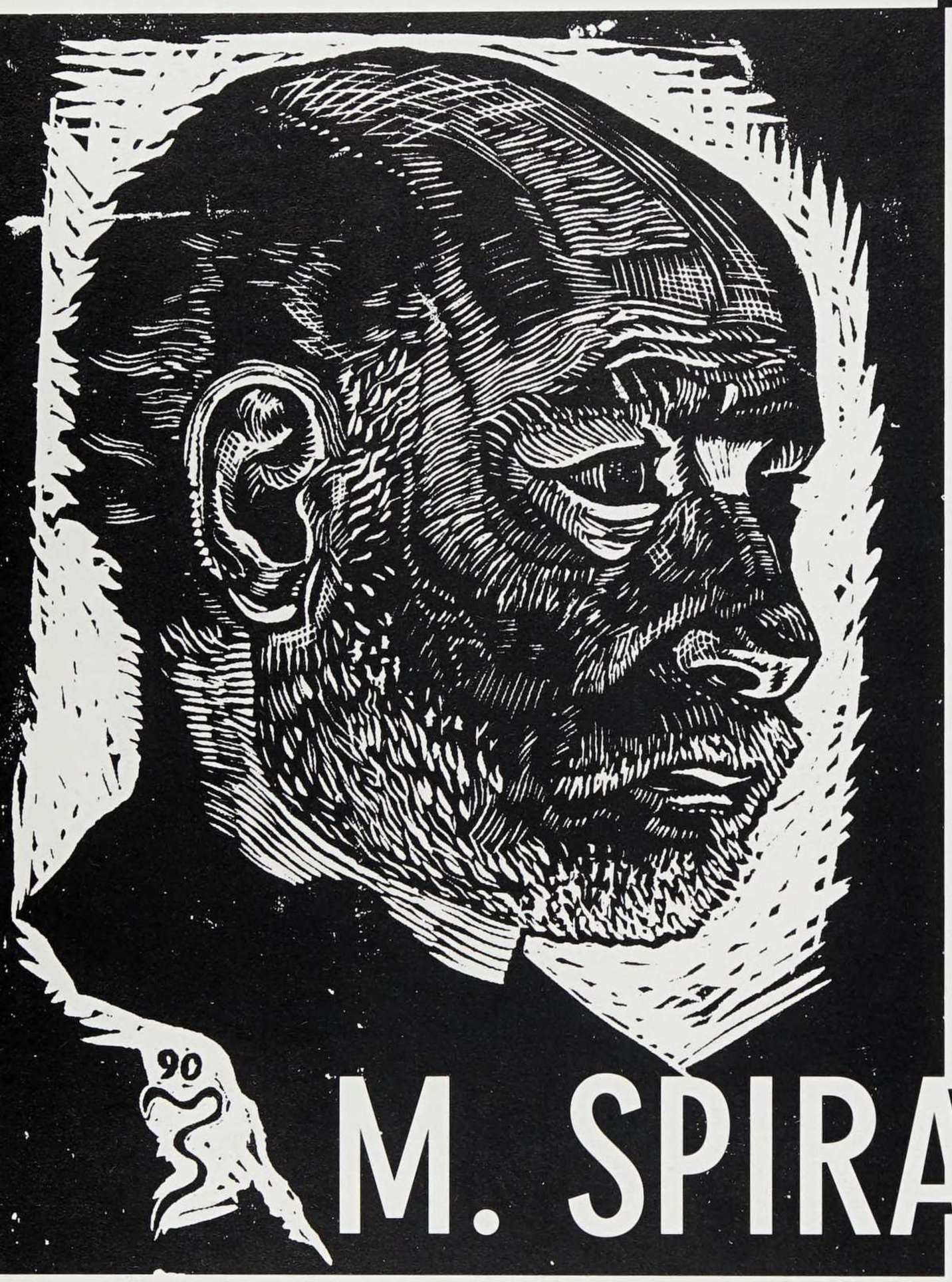
Red chair, red, white & blue power-baton, power skewers, red plastic UVF dog dish, oranges, steel bowl, rope, machete, 2 sets novelty chattering teeth, teddy bear, large bag of feathers, 2 cartons of Askeys choc Syrup, 5 litres Heinzes Mayonaise, 5 litres Heinzes Ketchup.

White cotton sheeting, enlarged photograph of Lenny Murphy's gravestone, askhun area invested with Johnsons baby talc.

©AKSHUN

Portfolio

From a self-published book



Old world upset. Issuing forth while the Luftwaffe drones above the Thames.

Puberty finds my charcoal moving. A contour of my desires emerges from the mass. Little Red Riding Hood to Little Richard.

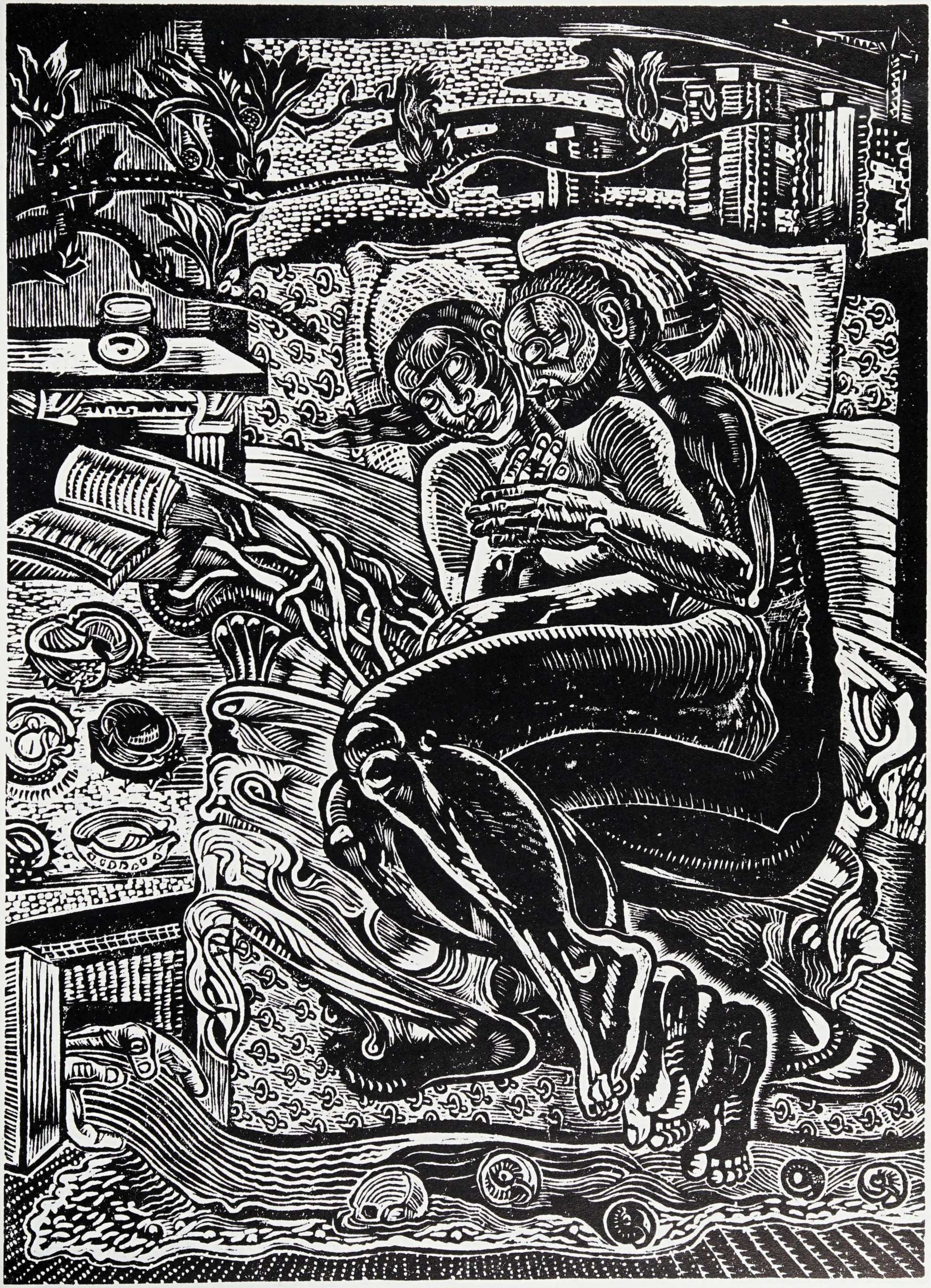
New world disorder. Over zealous brother in law sets me on the straight and narrow. Blotter acid intervenes. I pitch off the bottom rung.

My ascent has now begun. Kropotkin to Castaneda Vietnam to Veganism THC to GST.

'Civilization' continues to spread like a cancer across our planet and rival gangs engage in brutal struggles for dominance. I continue to experience a sense of relief while carving linoleum.

Brewing stout on the rain coast, under a seaweed mulch, I feel my cormels growing.

M. Spira. 1992.



WESTEND TRYST Lino cut, 52 x 37.5 cm - 1980

IN THE CHAMBER Lino cut, 49 x 33.5 cm - 1991

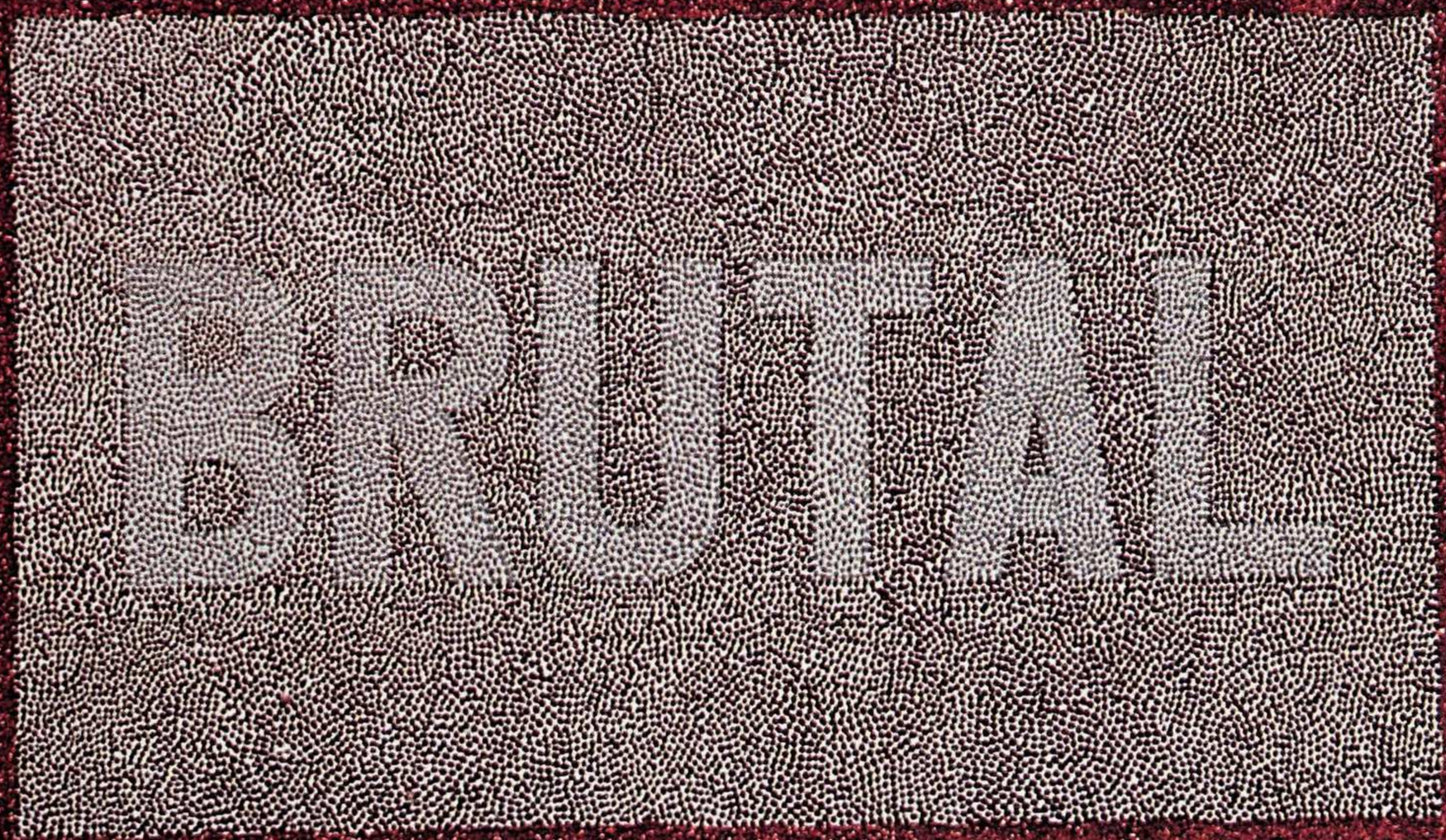
MY VASECTOMY Acrylic on paper, 81.3 x 122 cm – 1984

INTERNAL REVENUE Acrylic on paper, 122 x 81.3 cm – 1987
M. Spira

SIREN
PASTEL ON PAPER, 7 X 4 FT.

CAREL MOISEIWITSCH

SHRINE DESIGN
LITHOGRAPHIC PRINT
CAREL MOISEIWITSCH



THE 21st CENTURY

T O M D E A N

Travel can be disorienting. Habits are undermined by physical dislocation, and the change of context can induce peculiar mental patterns. A few years ago I was in a show in Bologna called Anni Novanta. The Nineties, the end of the 20th century. There were 112 artists, in three locations.

When we were installing the work, a strange thing happened, and later it got even stranger. Parts of my body started seizing up, and my vision blurred. It actually became hard to move, like the atmosphere had thickened, and my mind was meandering helplessly. Sometimes I would notice my body was several steps ahead of me, and it was an effort to catch up. Anytime I got near an art work I could feel my heart turn the colour of drained liver. It was as though all that art together in that place induced an actual physical and psychological effect, like a planetary conjunction from hell, or the full moon in a heatwave, or one of those top secret low frequency sound weapons that induce madness in crowds.

I'm thinking: *This is desperate work.* There was clearly something wrong with the staff, too. They were getting very confused and kept bumping into walls and each other. Every day they wore progressively more expensive suits. They pretended to be speaking Italian but I wasn't so sure.

I'm thinking: *All this art all together is too preposterous.* It made me dumb. I could see it, but it just was not credible. It looked like some evolutionary anomaly had somehow survived on a cloistered island, protected from enemies that are part of the common fabric on the mainland, evolving a behaviour and language impenetrable to common sense. What could it mean, this talking in impenetrable tongues to an imaginary

Previous page: detail of *Brutal,* 1992, acrylic and glitter on wood, 11' by 9', in collaboration with Gord Anderson. Photo by Isaac Applebaum.
Above: *Untitled,* 1987, latex rubber, pigment, oil based clay, 13" diameter. Photo by John Williamson.
Following pages: details of untitled woodblock prints, 1990.

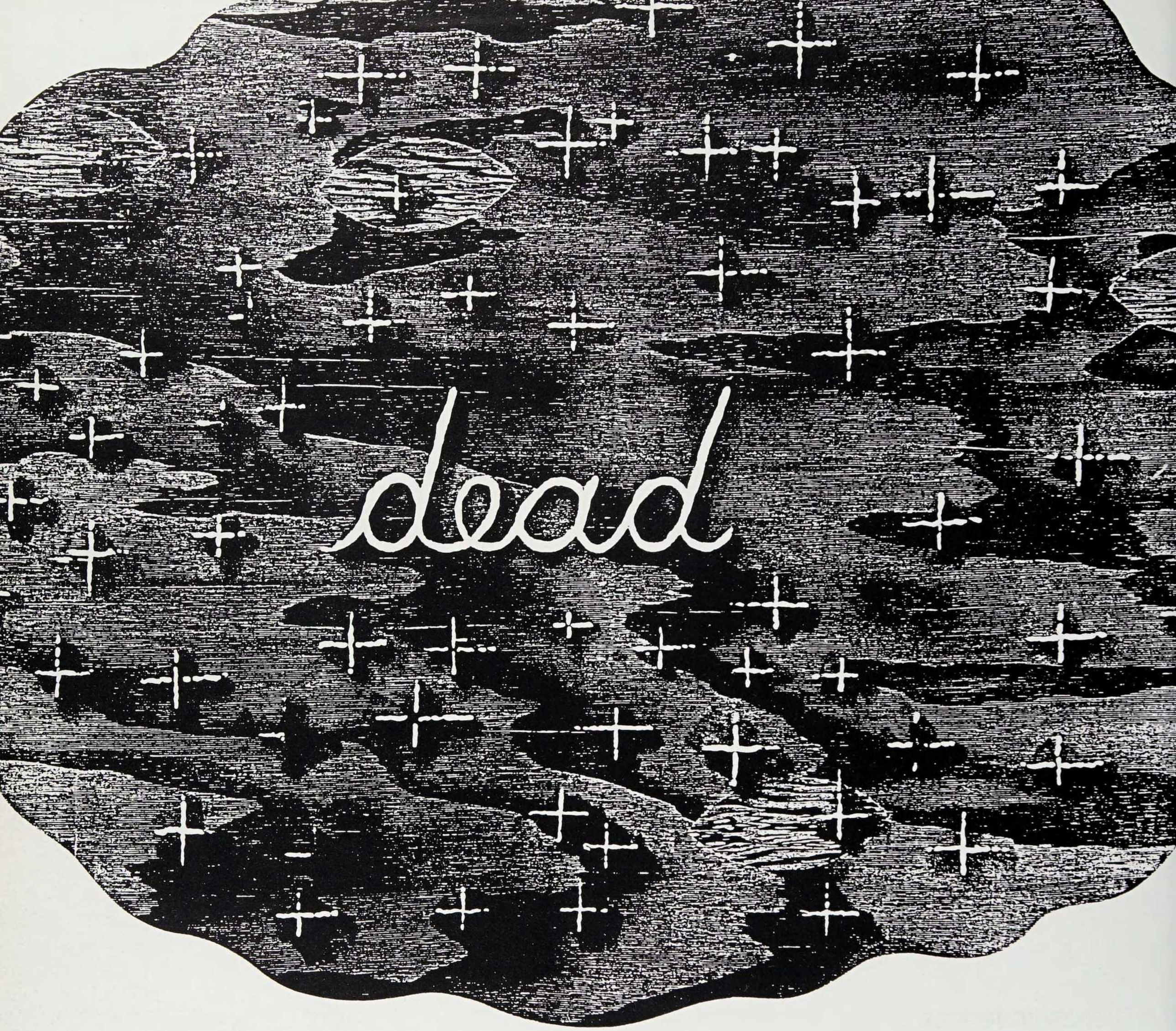
audience and making bizarre consumer goods for a nonexistent market?

I'm thinking: *This is wit gone berserk, a wit so unlikely and marginal no one ever dreamt it possible, a fantastic froth devolved from an investigation of the fundamental and the the ordinary and the absolute.* It left me numb. There was no possible response. What could you say? *Stop it! The king has no clothes, and a small dick and a droopy ass.*

The cleaning ladies were the only ones in the know, I could see they were humouring us. They just kept getting happier and happier. They were playing along, smirking. They were being kind.

I'm thinking of Ezra Pound: *At seventy I realized that instead of being a lunatic, I was a moron.*

I'm thinking: *It's amazing! An industry fueled by the avant garde's seething desperate litter, trained in a form based on alienation but institutionalized and legitimized and commodified, an alienated form with the pretension of the church, alienation become an inertial form and entrenched by the self interest of an institution, trying to maintain the credibility of the most unlikely industry ever to be supported by government. It has a relentless cachet. All this work is site specific, and the site is the museum. It's installation, site-specific to the smug*



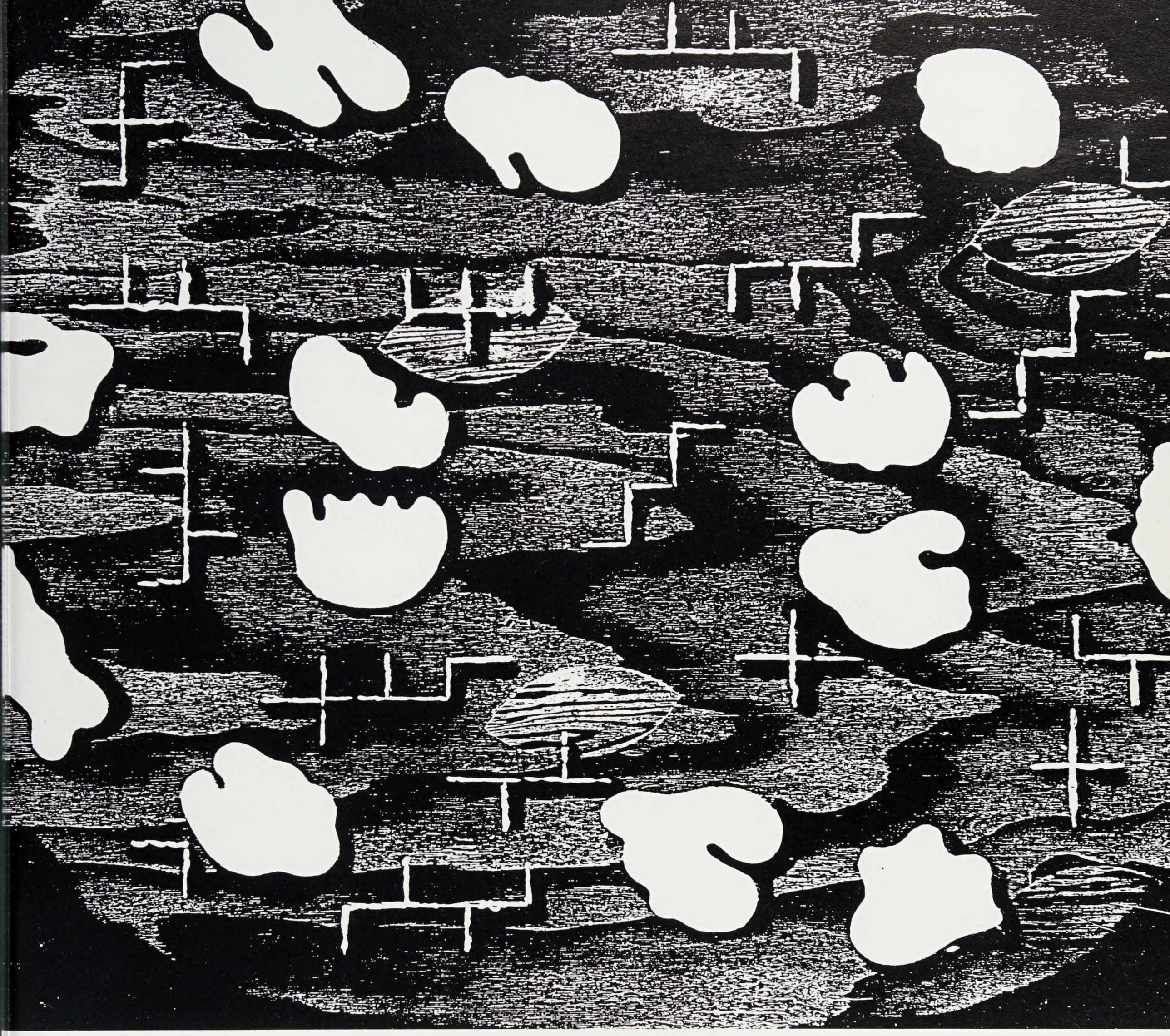
generic context of the museum and art press, a global imperializing institution, like a church, but without God. An institution designed for a very specific and esoteric phenomenon, that receives and presents and champions it. The avant garde has generated the most museum bound work that ever existed, that confirmed the museum as temple, built not to house rare and precious artifacts from the exterior but to actually justify the artifacts, invent and praise them, define their purpose and their reason for being.

I'm thinking: *It's the same old thing, the smug leading the lame.*

So I go to the opening, and sure enough, no sooner do I get in the door than I feel my heart turning to drained liver and my extremities are getting numb. It's hard to see, like something is in the air.

I walk into another room. I just don't get it. It must be just me but everything's gone dark. The gallery seems to have filled with a black fog, I can't see a thing. In fact I can't breath. Something's happened to the oxygen. I feel something turn my heart from grey to black and I feel my soul turn so putrid it would make a maggot gag.

Am I on another planet, or am I just alienated? It must just be me. I feel a sudden wave of blood curdling loneliness. Is it the over-dressed Italians, or the heavenly food? All I can think of is abuse and horror and misery.



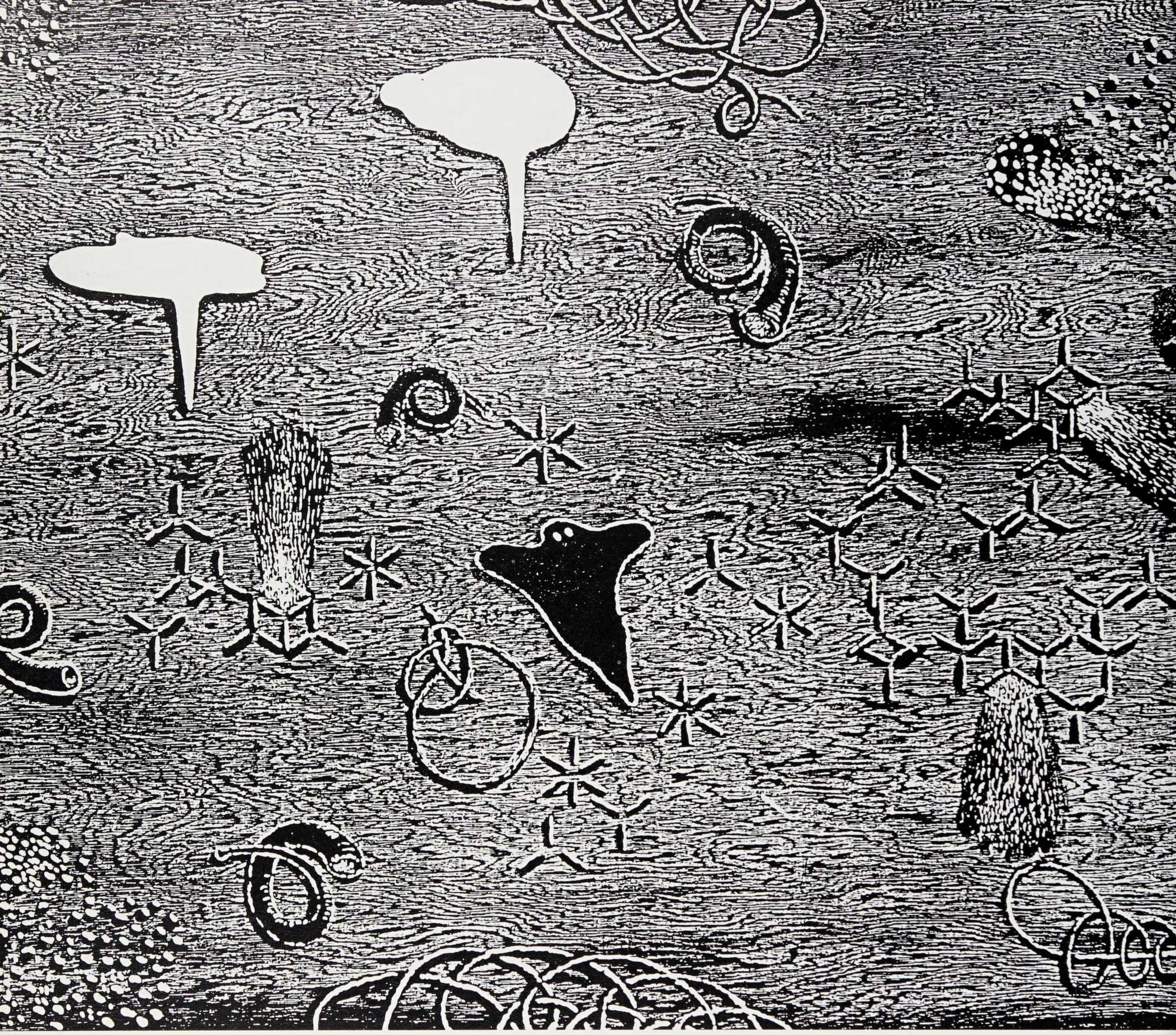
I'm thinking of love, that twisted misery at the very heart of our survival, an enormous theater of abuse. Take away the mosquitoes and the sparrows die, it's a disaster for the balance of power, the status quo, with unforeseeable consequences.

I'm thinking: *I'd rather be somewhere coughing up black phlegm with coal miners. All I want is a blow job and a bullet in the head.*

Merciful God, mother of heaven, let me drop dead right here. Somebody shoot me.

I'm thinking of Jack Kerouac:
Poor! I wish I was free
of that slaving meat wheel
and safe in heaven dead.

And then, sure enough, I'm dead, flat on my back on the floor, animating this polite hologram above me. I'm lying there on the floor and my body's still strolling around nearby. People are carefully stepping over me, but otherwise don't seem to know I exist. I can still see, although everything's a bit grainier. Everything's slowed



down and the bass is turned up. The aimless drone of the crowd is resolving into a modulated rumble, it's trying to tell me something.

It's that nightmare of perfect paralysis, and everybody thinks you're dead. Nobody notices the single tear, you're transparent, they walk right through you, you're trying to run deep under water. Helpless, helpless, helpless, helpless. It's a joke.

The air down here is cooler and faintly perfumed, and I'm watching the women's summer skirts float over me like breezy dim tents, the curve of thighs disappearing up into their shadowy heights. Occasionally there's the faint glow of white underwear pulled tight over a divine curve. I close my eyes and I'm looking up into the vaulted ceiling of the church of St. Vitale, in nearby Ravenna. Sixth century mosaics of the apostles and saints line the dome, reaching up to a dainty lamb of God in blue and white and gold at its very apex. The clarity of purpose is striking, as is the lack of irony. It's overwhelmingly beautiful, and entrances the heart.

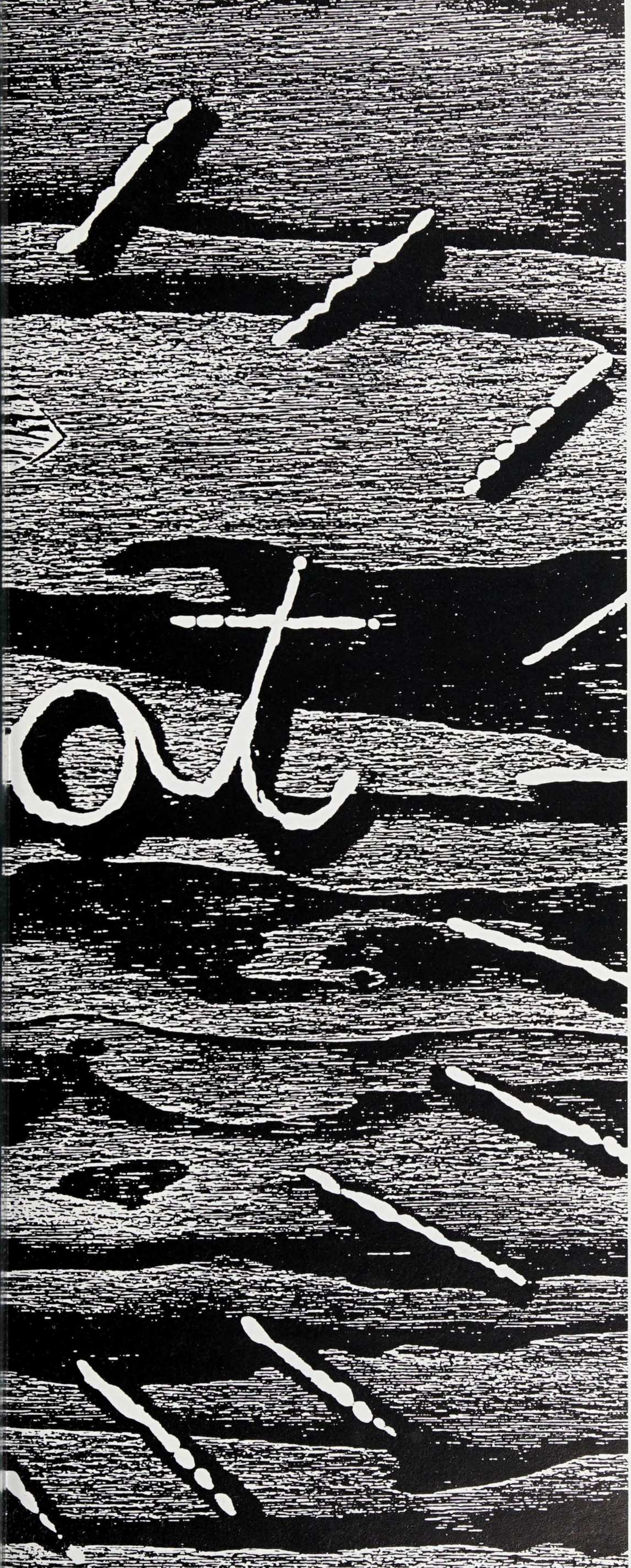
I'm thinking: *Yikes! How can it be that we once made art to lift up the heart to God, and now make things of a fabulous opacity that turns the heart leaden, for a context so bizarre and rarified it's scarcely credible?*

What seamless catholic purpose once drove art, generated that fey lamb of God that represented the fundamental? What exquisite consensus reality had everyone hearing the same voice, a power so entrenched in a certain authority that dissent was scarcely conceived?

I'm thinking: *We've reached a consensus so pathetic, so drained it must be the dream of a dead man.* We are barely human, but a slow witted component of an increasingly profound technology. The 20th century is the last human century, and largely the story of humanity's encounter with technology.

I'm thinking: *The nineties! This is it!* The real history of the 21st century will not be our's but the history of a transcendent technology, a decentralized body and mind with no certain temporal or spatial location, containing virtual analogues of anything at all, as deeply alien as God but an unfathomable and supercilious offspring rather than a distant benevolent parent. As culture grew on the environment this new intelligence grows on our culture. Its unstoppable growth victimizes the body it grows on, malevolent self interest moderated by dependence. We will live in an environment more and more in the service of the dominant life form, an unknown and alien entity. I suppose our relationship will be about as troubled as our relationship has always been with nature, the landscape, or God. We will have access to this transcendent condition via technology, but we will be fish out of water, in a world real for the machine, but virtual for us.

Lorin



I'm thinking: *Pornography! We'll be submerged! Drowning! We will be like a helpless organ wired to its pleasure source. From a little polyp in the hands of God , to a gonad sutured to its own merciless dream.*

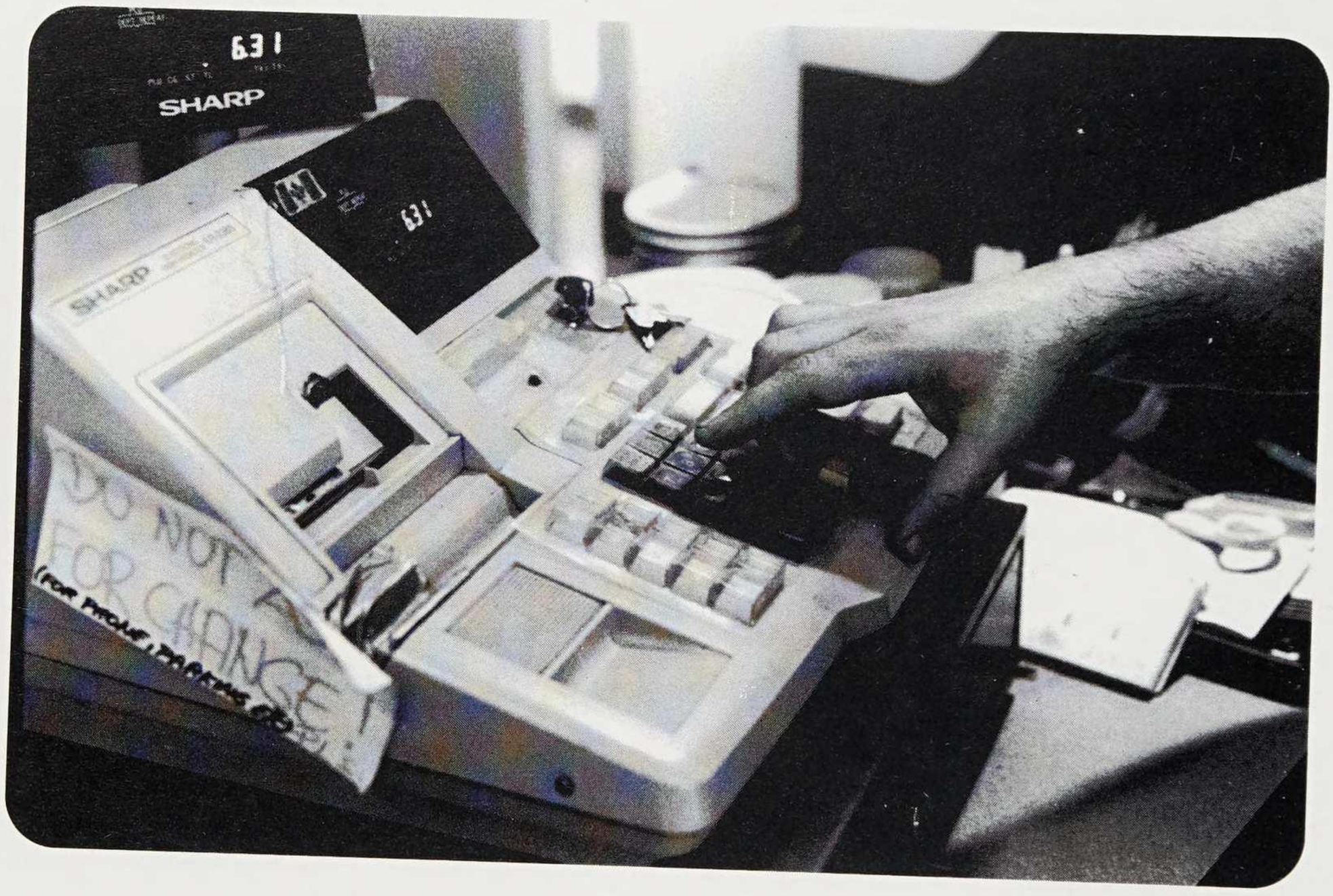
The fog thins a little. The rumbling is getting louder. I can see something, moving through the crowd, a light in the dark. The crowd and the darkness part for Jeff Koons, and on his arm Cicciolina, moving through the room together like a luminous slug. He's glowing with inane boyish good health and confidence, a nut in love, the chick of his wildest dreams on his arm. The darkness closes behind them but there's a faintly luminous trail of slime left behind, horrible hope, a shining path in the darkness. It makes me feel a little better, like a ray of sunshine.

Dumb, cold and weary. But I do feel a little better now. I want to do something brutal and stupid.

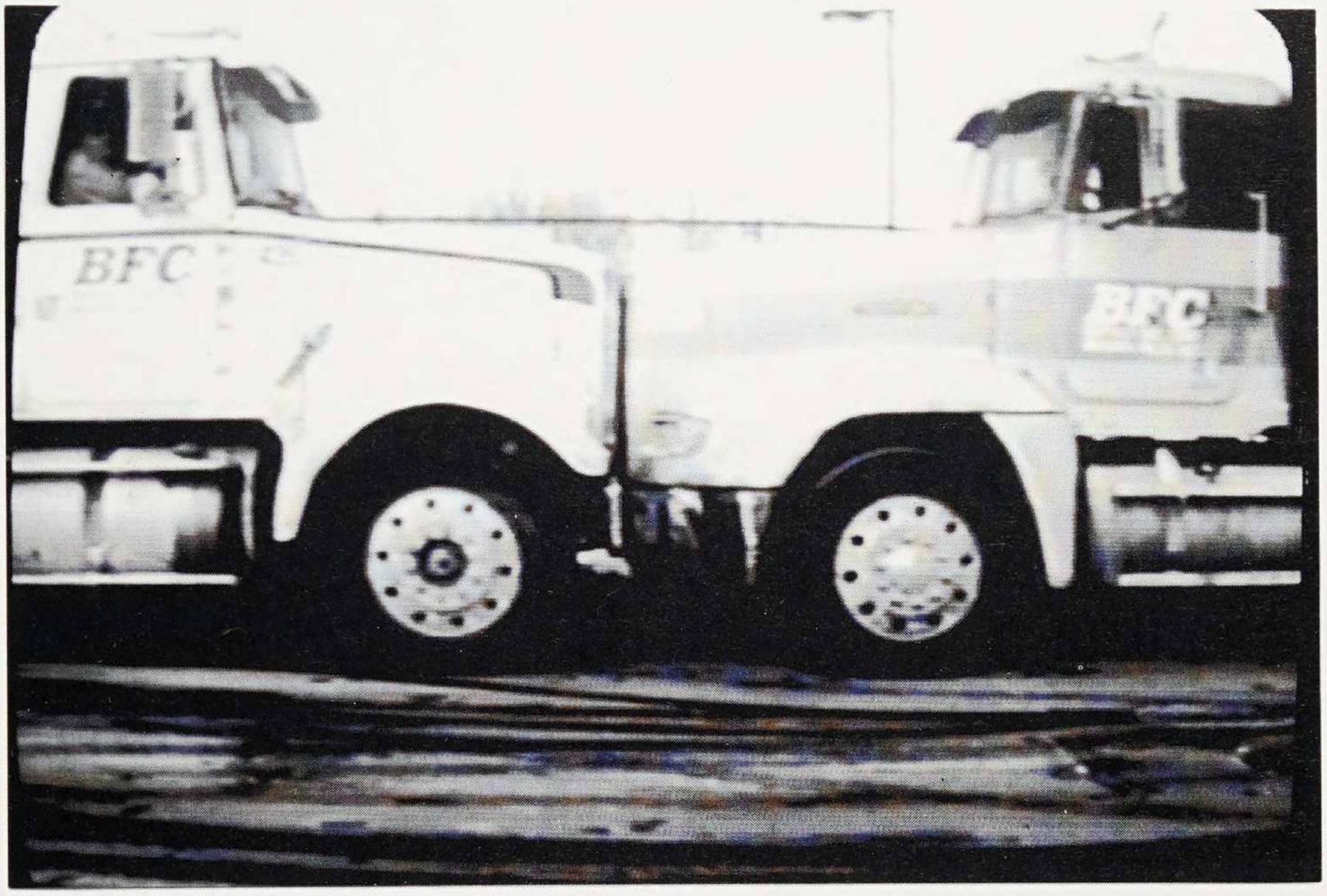
Everybody's left, and the cleaning ladies are helping me out. I can't feel anything from the neck down. Or was it the neck up? I can feel the cleaning lady's thigh against mine, and I'm thinking of my wife. Out into the Italian sunshine, waddling along on my spaghetti legs. The sky is enormous and clear. I can't hear a thing.

I'm thinking of Joseph Conrad: *A taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse. By Jove! I've never seen anything so unreal in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincible, like evil or truth, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion.*

• • •



hand-job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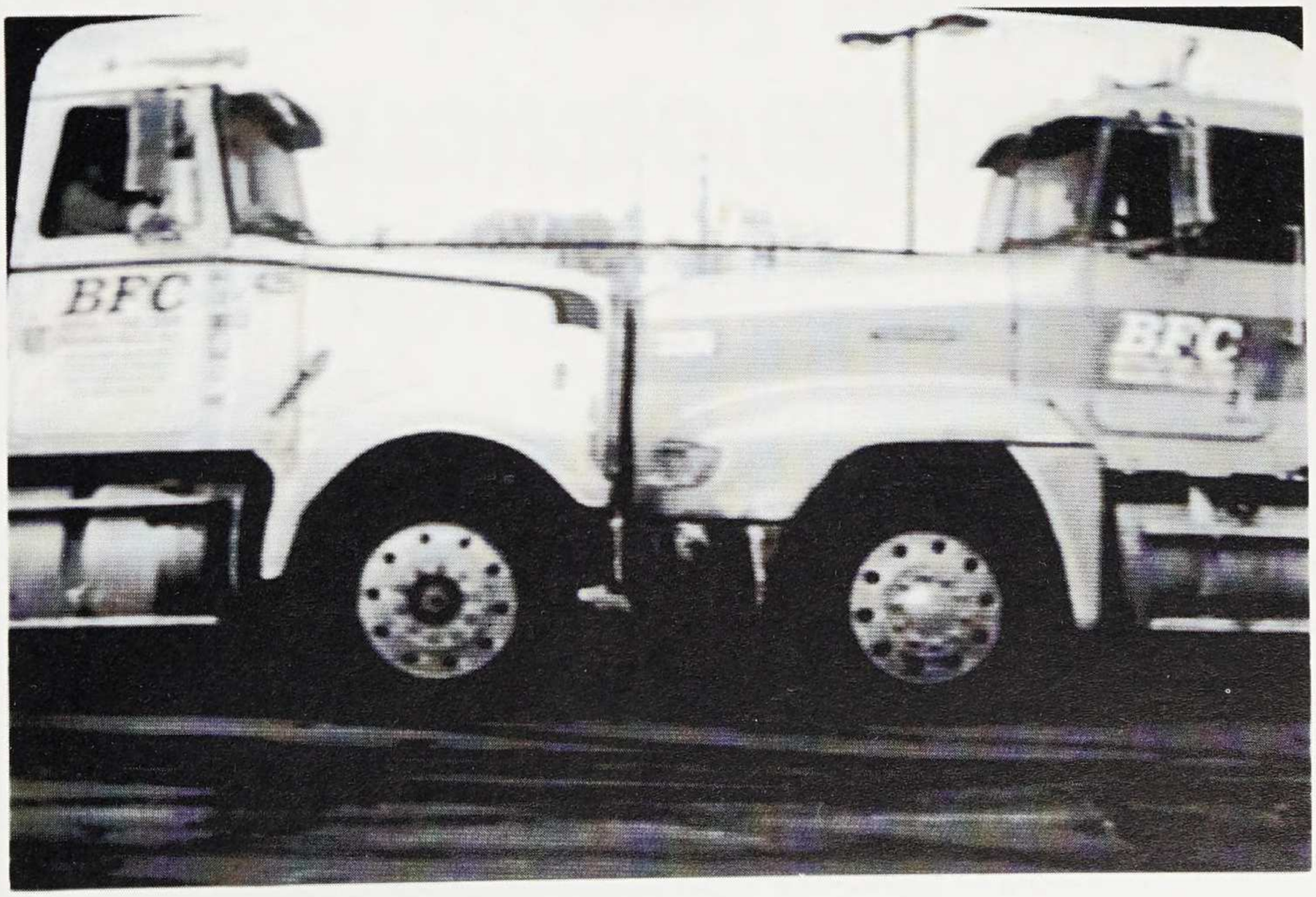
BFC
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I want to be
like you
but
more obvious.

"I want to start my own therapy - Loser Therapy - where you try to get the therapist to laugh at your problems."

- MANTRACT -

READJUST TEXT:

Simply the prelude

EPILOGUE

Gustav Morin

COCCYX

THERE IS A HORRIBLE PLAGUE IN OUR CITY. IT KILLED ME.

IT KILLS INSTANTLY - ALL YOUR MUSCLES RETRACT LIKE STEEL BANDS, YOUR SKIN REVOLTS AND TRIES TO LEAVE YOUR BODY. AND YOUR BLOOD HARDENS, CAUSING YOUR VEINS TO SHOOT FROM YOUR BODY THEN FREEZE LIKE MILLIONS OF RAZOR SHARP ANTENNAS.

JB 93

I WAS WALKING IN AN ALLEY WHEN THE PLAGUE STRUCK. I STAYED WHERE I FELL UNTIL THE COLLECTORS CAME TO GET ME.

THEY CLAMP A VISE ONTO MY HEAD...

AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY DUMP ME INTO THEIR CART.

THE COLLECTORS CLEAR PLAGUE VICTIMS FROM THE CITY STREETS.

EVERYONE MOVES OUT OF THE WAY AS THEY ROLL THROUGH THE CITY.

THE CITY WAS QUITE MODERN ONCE, BUT NOW EVERYTHING IS COVERED WITH MAKESHIFT WOODEN EXTENSIONS, OLD ROPES, GAS LAMPS, NETS, AND RUSTY WIRES.

OCCASIONALLY AN OLD PIECE OF TECHNOLOGY IS DISCOVERED. A FEW PEOPLE HAVE ACCESS TO ELECTRICITY OR AN OLD HOVERCRAFT.

ONCE UPON A TIME THIS CITY WAS A GREAT CITY. I WOULD FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE JUDGING FROM THE SEWER IT IS NOW...BUT TWO BUILDINGS FROM THE OLD AGE STILL STAND.

THEY ARE USED FOR RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

I HAVE A GOOD VIEW FROM WHERE THEY THREW ME ONTO THE CART.

AS WE SLOWLY WIND DOWN THE STREETS I LOOK AT THE CITIZENS.

THEY ARE ALL SICK.

BENT.

DRESSED IN RAGS.

OPEN SORES.

IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE PLAGUE KILLS EVERYONE.

BY NIGHTFALL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION... THE WASTELAND.

A MASSIVE AREA OF SCORCHED EARTH PILED HIGH WITH DEBRIS AND WRECKAGE. ONCE IT WAS A PARK...NOW IT IS A DUMPING GROUND FOR PLAGUE VICTIMS.

THE PLACE IS LITTERED WITH BODIES IN VARIOUS STATES OF DECOMPOSITION. A FLESHPILE.

THE COLLECTORS EMPTY THEIR CART AND SPREAD US OUT WITH PITCHFORKS.

THE NIGHT IS COLD AND WE ARE STILL WARM. STEAM CONDENSES FROM OUR BODIES.

WHEN THEY ARE DONE THEY SLOWLY TRUNDLE AWAY.

LEAVING US ALONE... IT IS QUIET. THE MOON IS FULL.

THE WASTELAND IS A MYSTERIOUS PLACE. THERE ARE MANY STORIES OF STRANGE ENERGIES THAT HAUNT IT. GHOSTS, RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT, RAMPANT ELECTRICAL CURRENTS, AND MAGNETIC FORCES.

I HEAR A NOISE...

SOMETHING IS MOVING AMONG THE DEBRIS...

A SKELETON SUDDENLY SITS UP. RIGID.

ITS BOTTOM JAW IS HANGING LOOSE.

IT SWAYS BACK AND FORTH UNTIL THE JAW DROPS OFF.

THEN IT REACHES INTO ITS PELVIS...

AND GRABS ITS COCCYX.

IT PULLS ON IT.

THE TENSION TIGHTENS ITS SPINE, PULLING ITS HEAD BACK.

IT RELEASES THE COCCYX AND ITS HEAD LOLLS FORWARD AGAIN.

IT PULLS AGAIN...

RELEASES....

PULLS...

RELEASES...

SPINAL FLUID SPURTS FROM THE COCCYX AND THE SKELETON EXPLODES.

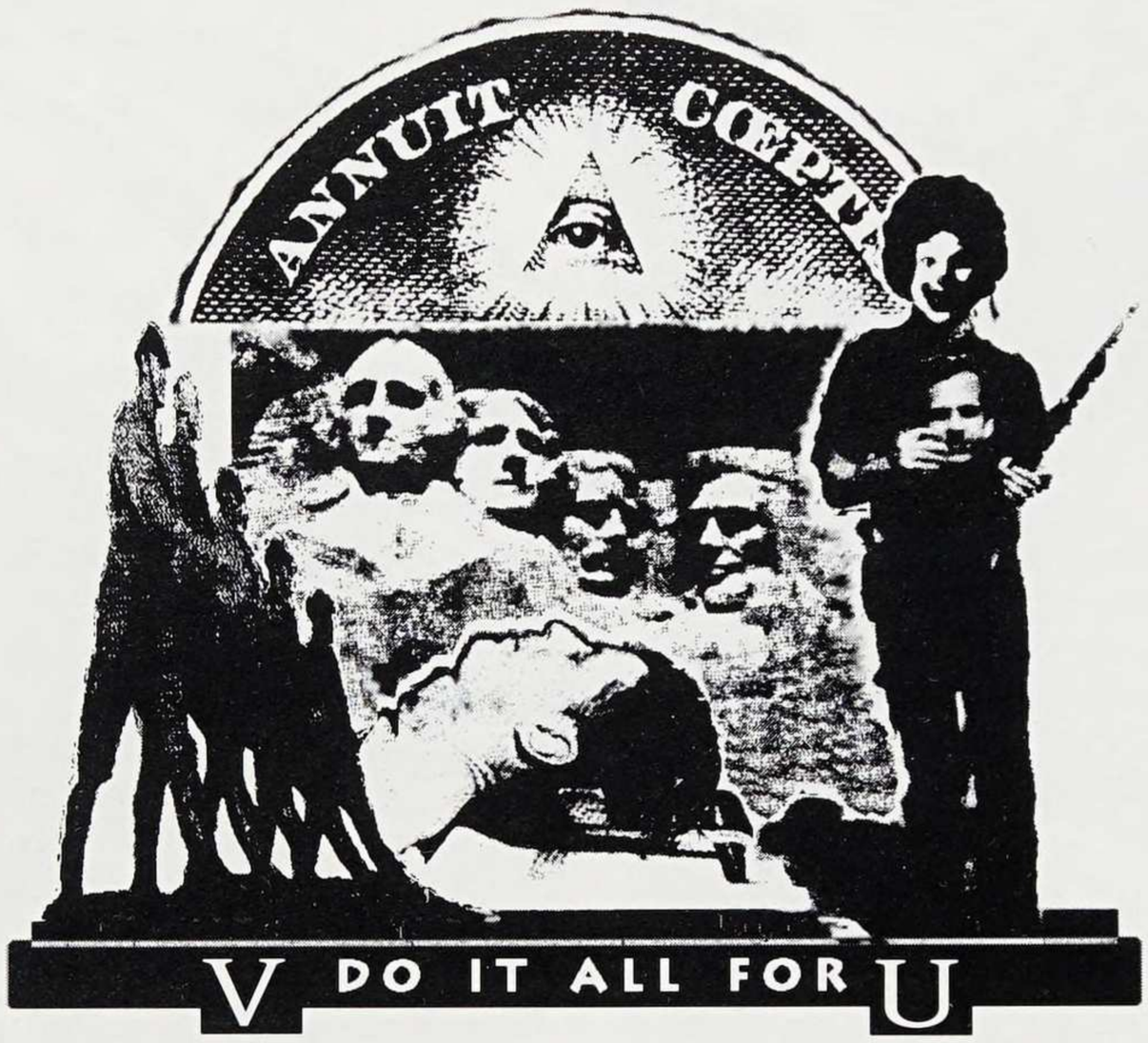
THE SKULL ROLLS AWAY FROM THE PILE OF BONES AND STOPS NEXT TO ME.

I AM FRIGHTENED.

WHAT WILL THE WASTELAND DO TO MY REMAINS?

JOHN BERGIN C.1993

PREVAILING WINDS
RESEARCH



Conspiracy

along with terms like "Politically Correct" has replaced "Communist" as the ideological jargon for the put-down of any dissenting political analysis that challenges mainstream opinion or reportage. While the news media has assumed a more active role in the fictionalization of the political realm – with the "vidiot-game" reporting of the Gulf War – it has taken fiction in the form of the Hollywood film to introduce alternative perspectives into the U. S. political consciousness. In post-Watergate, post-Iran-Contra-gate, post S & L America, there is an appetite for alternative perspectives, as witnessed with the success of Oliver Stone's *JFK* and Spike Lee's *Malcolm X*. Call it *Conspiracy* if you choose, but polls following the release of JFK indicate that a majority of Americans believe that there was a conspiracy to kill John F. Kennedy.

Dissenting political analysis has touched and echoed the opinions of a mass audience, vastly larger than any *crack-pot* minority.

*P*revailing Winds Research publishes and distributes information such as the book that Stone based his JFK movie upon. A small nonprofit organization, PWR hopes to serve an important social service, attempting to preserve challenging and scarce information and making it available in the form of audios, videos, books and reprints. Prevailing Winds Research acts as an umbrella of alternative voices and views in order to present them together in one catalog for easy accessibility. You'll find prominent authors, historians and researchers discussing topics which don't normally make it into the mainstream press, and the reasons why that is so.

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The White House War Against Martin Luther King

by Jeff Cohen
(from *The Rebel*, November 22, 1983)

The gunshot was still echoing in Memphis when Attorney General Ramsey Clark called in the FBI to investigate. And so it was on "Day 1" that the probe of the Martin Luther King assassination had veered off course.

In April 1968, however, there was little public outcry about the FBI's playing a role in the investigation. There were few calls for a special prosecutor or for an independent probe by Congress. Back then, even King's lieutenants who had caught FBI agents in their peeping-tom activities, or had confronted federal officials about the surveillance, were unaware of the massive sweep of the Bureau's anti-King campaign.

There were, of course, dozens in Washington who were fully aware. There were the numerous Justice Department officials and presidential aides — all Democrats, some liberal — who participated in the espionage. Then there were the dozens of reporters, editors and publishers who had been offered the poisonous fruit of the FBI's voyeurism — photos, tapes, transcripts: evidence that the Bureau tracked King day and night. None of these men called for an independent probe, one not dominated by the FBI. Some journalists did belatedly criticize the FBI's spying, but none had raised their voices during King's life. These men had been — in the words of Black writer John A. Williams — the FBI's "silent partners."

In 1977, the House Select Committee on Assassinations undertook the first serious probe of the King killing, concluding two years later that there was "a serious likelihood of conspiracy." The committee's report pointed to a right-wing conspiracy hatched in St. Louis. Unfortunately, the two money men behind the plot had both died in the early 1970s. The House committee could do no more than excoriate the FBI and Justice Department for their monumentally inept investigation, suggesting that even a half-hearted inquiry at the time of the murder would have unearthed the St. Louis conspirators.

While the FBI's war against King has received abundant news coverage, most press accounts have inaccurately portrayed the FBI as having acted "beyond White House control" ... a dubious and overstated conclusion. Meanwhile, the press has virtually ignored the House committee's provocative report on the King assassination.

When Assistant FBI Director William Sullivan told Congress that Martin Luther King had received the treatment "usually afforded a Soviet agent," he was uttering an understatement. It is quite possible that no man in history received more FBI attention than Dr. King.

Beginning with a nine-hour conference at FBI headquarters on December 23, 1963, the Bureau set out to accomplish its stated goal of "neutralizing King as an effective Negro leader." To accomplish this purpose, the FBI employed a COINTELPRO-style disruption and smear campaign—portraying King as an immoral, communist tool. From 1964 to '68, the Bureau:

- ☛ made thousands of recordings of King from wiretaps and room bugs.
- ☛ continually followed and photographed him.
- ☛ used anonymous phone calls and "poison pen" letters to create dissension among King's staff and associates in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC).
- ☛ provided smear "briefings" on King to religious leaders (including Chicago's Archbishop Cody and Dr. Edwin Espy of the National Council of Churches), to competing civil rights leaders such as the NAACP's Roy Wilkins, to Congress and federal officials, U.S. ambassadors in Europe and foreign leaders.
- ☛ tried to kill articles written by King, while instigating red-baiting articles about King in dozens of publications.
- ☛ disrupted his fundraising efforts (leaking the lie that King was stashing money in a Swiss bank account; discouraging donations from the Ford Foundation and Nelson Rockefeller; breaking up a fundraising meeting scheduled with Jimmy Hoffa).
- ☛ tried to prevent King from receiving awards and honorary university degrees (succeeding at Marquette University).
- ☛ recruited the SCLC bookkeeper as an informant, paying him thousands of dollars per year even after the FBI learned the informant was embezzling SCLC funds.
- ☛ disrupted King's emotional stability (one ploy was to call in a false fire alarm, sending firetrucks speeding to a residence at which the Bureau knew King was recuperating from stress and overwork).
- ☛ tried to split up his marriage (on one occasion, the Bureau anonymously sent the Kings a tape from a bugged hotel room — along with a blackmail note threatening to expose King's "filthy fraudulent self" unless he committed suicide).

The campaign against King enlisted everyone from journalists to college administrators to Cardinal Spellman, who tried unsuccessfully to break up King's meeting with the Pope.

One of the FBI's most ambitious schemes was to replace King with a moderate, Black leader handpicked by the Bureau. This was to be accomplished through its "media assets" who would put the FBI's man in the limelight as soon as "King has been completely discredited." Although it is not known if the FBI did anything to promote the man it called "the right kind of national Negro leader," the man's identity is now known. He is Samuel R. Pierce, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, the only Black in Reagan's cabinet. At the time, Pierce was an up-and-coming corporate attorney.

The major misconception about the anti-King campaign holds that the FBI was operating totally "out-of-control." The truth is that the original surveillance of King was authorized by the Kennedy administration, and that the FBI's disruptive activities were encouraged by the Johnson administration.

Although several Kennedy lieutenants have offered unconvincing rationalizations for Attorney General Robert Kennedy's decision to authorize wiretaps on King and his associates, the electronic surveillance amounted to blatant political spying on the civil rights movement. The Kennedy administration was concerned that the pace of civil rights insurgency in the South was too fast. The information gained from electronically monitoring King's plans and strategies helped further the administration's contradictory goal of moderating the insurgency, while simultaneously looking good on civil rights.

In April 1963, King and SCLC launched their Birmingham campaign against Bull Connors, his snarling police dogs and high-pressure fire hoses. The whole world was watching and so were the Kennedys. The FBI Was providing the White House with almost weekly reports of King's private phone conversations (intercepted by a wiretap on King's associate — New York attorney Stanley Levison).

The FBI's briefings provided the White House with King's privately-expressed sentiments about JFK, about the President's inadequate response to the events in Birmingham, and about King's specific plans aimed at forcing JFK into more substantial action on civil rights. On the first day of the protest, RFK had criticized the Birmingham campaign in the press — and in an argument with King on the phone — as "ill-timed." During these months, RFK and King conversed several times, occasionally arguing about the appropriate pace of change. King was at a distinct disadvantage here, as he was apparently unaware of the Attorney General's eavesdropping.

RFK had King's advisor, Stanley Levison, wiretapped as a result of FBI claims that Levison was a high-ranking, active Communist. RFK defenders have argued that the Kennedy administration was understandably concerned about the passage of its civil rights legislation, and not wanting the movement tainted by "Communist associations." What they have not explained is how this goal was furthered by allowing the FBI to wiretap and then use the out-of-context information to smear a movement the Bureau had always considered illegitimate.

The Kennedys must have known that the FBI was instigating numerous red-baiting articles about King—by leaking information from wiretaps the Kennedys had authorized. In June 1963, one of these appeared as a front-page headline story in the segregationist *Birmingham News*, alleging that one of King's staff members was a Communist. This FBI-inspired article appeared a month after the Birmingham campaign emerged victorious; 11 weeks later, racists bombed the movement's headquarters in Birmingham — a Black Baptist church — killing four girls.

In August 1963, the FBI wiretapping recorded evidence that indicated King was having an extra-marital affair. The information was furnished to RFK who forwarded it to his brother in the White House, along with a cover note: "I thought you would be interested in the attached memorandum." Neither Kennedy seemed disturbed by the intimate intrusion into King's life, nor by the future implications of the FBI's possession of such information.

Robert Kennedy had authorized the King wiretaps on a "trial basis" to be "evaluated at the end of 30 days." But the evaluation never really took place. Thirty days later, RFK's brother was assassinated in Dallas. Instead of being reviewed or restrained, the FBI was about to be "unleashed."

It was the Johnson administration that oversaw the FBI's efforts to "neutralize King." While J. Edgar Hoover and his FBI minions played the leading roles, they were ably assisted by a supporting cast that included White House aides Walter Jenkins and Bill Moyers, plus Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach.

WALTER JENKINS, LBJ's closest aide, may be best remembered as the man who left the White House in scandal in October 1964 after being arrested in a sex act in the men's room of a Washington YMCA. Nine months earlier, it had been Jenkins to whom the FBI rushed its first recorded proof—from a bugged hotel room—of King's sexual activity. According to an FBI memo written by Assistant Director Deke DeLoach, "Jenkins was of the opinion that the FBI could perform a good service to the country if this matter could somehow be confidentially given to members of the press. I told him the Director had this in mind."

BILL MOYERS, now a CBS commentator, was another Johnson aide who worked closely with the FBI. At the 1964 Democratic convention, Moyers and Jenkins worked feverishly to deny credentials to the delegates of the integrated Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, which King was supporting. The two Johnson aides received hourly telephone reports from an FBI "Special Squad," which was surveilling Freedom Democrats on the convention floor while wiretapping King at his hotel—justified by RFK's original authorization. After the convention, Moyers thanked the Bureau for its

help and received a note from DeLoach: "You know you have only to call on us when a similar situation arises."

Three months after the convention, DeLoach offered a "sex tape" or transcript on King to *Newsweek*'s Ben Bradlee, now the executive editor of the *Washington Post*. Bradlee turned the FBI away. When new-Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach heard about the offer, he sought to end the leaking by informing LBJ. The president said he would do something about it. What he did was send Moyers to warn the Bureau that Bradlee is a blabbermouth. (LBJ enjoyed listening to the FBI's sex tapes — according to one historian — "delighting in the squeak of the bedsprings.")

On December 4, 1964, Martin Luther King headed off to Europe to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. That week in Washington, Bill Moyers gave the Bureau permission to disseminate its scurrilous monograph on King, "Communism and the Negro Movement," throughout the federal government. The monograph (described by a Justice Department official as a "diatribe without evidentiary support") was dispatched to the department heads at Justice, State, Defense, CIA, Carl Rowan at the U.S. Information Agency, three military intelligence offices and IRS.

NICHOLAS KATZENBACH was the first attorney general to demand approval (in March 1965) on all FBI bugs. That's the good news. The bad news is that Katzenbach continued to approve the bugging of King — on "anti-subversive" grounds — even though it was obvious the Bureau had been using hotel room bugs primarily to expose (and exaggerate) information on King's private life. Break-ins were often required to install the bugs, and Katzenbach later warned Hoover in a note that "we should be very cautious of the non-FBI people who may from time to time be involved in installation."

By the time of Katzenbach's warning to Hoover in late 1965, the government's tactics against King were beginning to shift from sexpionage to a political surveillance that was truly Nixonesque. Dr. King was edging to the top of President Johnson's "enemies list" due to his early criticism of the Vietnam War. The attorney general was authorizing break-ins. The FBI was monitoring the future protest strategies of the president's anti-war opponents. And damaging information was being leaked to the media.

As soon as word of King's murder reached Atlanta, an FBI supervisor there began jumping up and down in glee, repeating: "They finally got the son-of-a-bitch." While it is not known how widely this sentiment was shared in the Bureau, one thing is clear; in a serious murder probe, numerous FBI personnel would have been suspects. Instead, they were the investigators.

The House Assassinations Committee dissected the FBI's investigation and found it riddled with holes. Almost as soon as the FBI succeeded in tracking down accused gunman James Earl Ray two months after the killing, the FBI's probe began to wind down. The Justice Department and the FBI — in the understated conclusion of the committee — "failed to investigate adequately the possibility of conspiracy." Actually, the committee found a virtual indifference as to whether a conspiracy lay behind Ray.

The committee criticized the Bureau for its failure to investigate the possible involvement of Ray's two brothers, both ex-cons. When James Earl Ray purchased his rifle days before the assassination, he told several witnesses at the gun shop that he was "going hunting" with his brother. Unlike James Earl, both of his brothers were avowed racists.

Weeks after the King assassination, brother Jerry Ray indicated that he knew about a $100,000 payoff for the murder. Yet the FBI never undertook an investigation of the claim, in spite of the fact that sometime in 1968, Jerry Ray had befriended one of America's most violent racists, J. B. Stoner, head of the National States Rights Party. Stoner was recently jailed for the 1958 bombing of a Black church in Birmingham.

Besides critiquing the FBI, the Congressional investigation succeeded in stripping away the fiction James Earl Ray had woven about himself as an unwitting, innocent patsy — framed by the mysterious "Raoul." (Ray's attorney, Mark Lane, had gone so far as to call his client a "political prisoner.") The committee brought forward convincing evidence that Ray was stalking Dr. King in the days leading up to Memphis, that "Raoul" was no more than a figment of his imagination and that Ray was in all probability the triggerman.

The major breakthrough of the House Assassinations Committee was the exposure of a St. Louis conspiracy, which in 1967 was actively offering $50,000 for the King assassination. This kind of payoff intrigued the committee, since it had rejected racism or psychopathology as plausible motives for the killing. The committee concluded that James Earl Ray's "predominant motive lay in the expectation of monetary gain."

The St. Louis conspiracy was headed by two men who had met through local American Independent Party activities in 1967, businessman John Kauffmann and patent lawyer John Sutherland (both now deceased). It was Kauffmann, an underworld figure, who actively tried to broker the assassination. The $50,000 offer was well known at a motel Kauffmann operated as a base for his various criminal activities.

Sutherland, who had founded the St. Louis (White) Citizens Council and had once expressed interest in joining Stoner's States Rights party, was the money man behind the offer. One committee witness described a meeting Kauffmann had escorted him to at Sutherland's house, where Sutherland — clad in a Confederate colonel's hat — offered $50,000 for the killing on behalf of a wealthy, "secret Southern organization." Sutherland was a leader of the Southern States Industrial Council, a low profile but far-right group opposed to unions, civil rights and the peace movement.

The committee suggested that James Earl Ray learned of the offer from his brother John, who picked up such illicit information at his St. Louis bar — the Grapevine Tavern — a hotbed for American Independent Party activity. Sutherland financed much of the party's operation in Missouri during the Wallace campaign.

The committee received its first lead on the St. Louis conspiracy in 1978 from an FBI report which had been "mistakenly" buried for four years by the Bureau. The report alleged that Kauffmann "was actually the individual who made the payoff of James Earl Ray after the killing." Two years before the committee learned of the St. Louis lead, one of Ray's former lawyers told this writer that Ray himself had once admitted he received money from a "St. Louis industrialist" after the murder. If Ray did receive money for his flight to Europe, it was far less than $50,000 — for he ran out of funds in London eight weeks after the killing. The committee speculated that the payoff to Ray was botched as a result of "his panicky, unplanned flight abroad."

Assuming that elements within Sutherland's Industrial Council were behind the money offer that induced James Earl Ray's action, it raises questions about the FBI. The best way to describe the relationship between the Nashville-based Industrial Council and the FBI was that of a mutual admiration society. For its part, the council often reprinted the quotations of Chairman Hoover, believing explicitly in the FBI smear that King, as well as the civil rights and peace movements, were "Communist controlled."

Just 11 days after the assassination, council president Thurman Sensing, a close associate of Sutherland, addressed a Daughters of the American Revolution luncheon in Washington, D.C., proclaiming: "It is not too much to say, in fact, that Martin Luther King Jr. brought this crime [the assassination] on himself." Ridiculing King's philosophy of disobedience to unjust laws, Sensing went on to suggest: "His assassin may very well have said to himself, 'I think Martin Luther King should be killed. I realize there is a law against murder, but in this case, I think the law is unjust.' " The speech, titled "A Call to Law and Order," blamed urban riots on Communism, liberals and Martin Luther King.

Despite its provocative words about King, the content of the speech was less remarkable than the FBI's reaction to it. While a curious, homicide investigator may have taken note of the speech as evidence that Sensing and Company were the type of people to look at as possible suspects, the reaction of the Washington FBI office was quite the contrary. The FBI supervisor was apparently so favorably impressed by the speech, he furnished a copy to Hoover "in order that the Bureau have the benefit of Mr. Thurman Sensing's thinking on one of our major national problems."

Needless to say, the FBI failed to investigate the leads that would have uncovered the St. Louis plot. In 1968 (when all conspirators were still alive), even a superficial probe could have exposed the $50,000 standing offer at Kauffmann's motel and perhaps at John Ray's St. Louis tavern. In 1974, when evidence of the plot fell into the FBI's lap, two St. Louis agents inexplicably decided to ignore the lead which came to them in an informant's report. Kauffmann, at the time, was still alive.

While no proof has ever developed of active FBI involvement in the King assassination, it does not take a great imagination to wonder about passive involvement. Did FBI agents — perhaps ideological friends of Sutherland — know about the plot or know of Ray's stalking King, and simply look the other way? This kind of question is easy to ask and nearly impossible to answer.

Perhaps Congressman Louis Stokes, the chairman of the House Assassinations Committee, framed the best question when he asked if the FBI had committed a reckless homicide in the King assassination. Stokes questioned whether conspirators may have been "inflamed by the FBI's unlawful propaganda." He suggested the Bureau may have helped create a climate in which King's murder "was not only thinkable, but could be thought of as justifiable."

It seems obvious that the FBI intended its propaganda effort against King to be inflammatory. A particularly graphic example was a media ploy initiated by the Bureau exactly a week before the assassination, and bearing fruit two days later in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. That day's paper contained an editorial diatribe accusing King of being "one of the most menacing men in America." The editorial blamed King for violence that had broken out in Memphis during his march in support of striking garbagemen, and it warned that "Memphis could be only the prelude to a massive bloodbath" at King's upcoming Poor People's Campaign in Washington.

If the FBI's inflammatory role is grounds for a reckless homicide charge as Congressman Stokes intimates, then what about the role of those White House officials who actively collaborated with the FBI in stimulating the anti-King climate? What responsibility do they share for King's demise?

Through the years, Martin Luther King was bombed, beaten and stabbed; over 50 different death threats were recorded. He was always unarmed, without bodyguards, marching on public streets in hot situations, taking on first the Southern power structure and then the North, feared and despised by men large and small.

One wonders how these officials could have been so blind to King's extreme vulnerability.

(Jeff Cohen is a Los Angeles lawyer and journalist.)

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The *real* history of AIR AMERICA and CIA drug smuggling

The real **Air America** was a CIA proprietary front company which, from 1965-1971, transported tons of raw opium and heroin out of Laos into South Vietnam, Thailand and other transshipment points. The results of this illicit activity by the CIA included rampant heroin addiction among American GIs in Vietnam, a devastating heroin epidemic in U.S. cities and corruption at every level of the South Vietnamese government that thousands of Americans died to defend.

The failure of our war effort in Southeast Asia can only honestly be seen in context with the CIA's role in the transportation and transshipment of Laotian heroin on **Air America** helicopters and light planes. By 1971, 15 to 20 percent of American GIs in Vietnam were addicted to Laotian heroin. **Air America**, the movie, reduces this historical calamity to little more than black comedy and rollicking adventure.

Thanks to the continuing cover-up and whitewash, history again repeats itself in the cocaine and crack epidemic ravaging our nation. Again the CIA has employed drug dealers and money launderers such as Manual Noriega in Latin America to finance covert operations and "black" projects which Congress will not (and should not) appropriate funds to support. CIA pilots have admitted flying tons of marijuana and cocaine into the U.S. One pilot, Michael Tolliver, admitted on a national television news program that he flew *25 thousand pounds of marijuana* directly into Homestead Air Force Base in Florida!

The U.S. government's hand in the flow of illegal drugs and drug profits constitutes the *real* threat to this nation's national security. Under the guise of George Bush's and William Bennett's "War on Drugs," the actual war is directed against our civil liberties and the Bill of Rights while the CIA, under the guise of national security, continues facilitating the vast flow of dope into our cities from Southeast Asia, the Middle East and Latin America, with the active protection and assistance of elements of the CIA and DEA. By neglect or active complicity, the American mass media and the entertainment industry helps camouflage this tragic and inexcusable situation from the American people.

The following are eyewitness accounts and research findings about CIA-aided drug-trafficking and the role of Air America in Southeast Asia during the 1960s and 70s.:

> "The only air transport available in northern Laos was Air America ... the airline began flying opium from mountain villages north and east of the Plain of Jars to the headquarters of General Vang Pao at Long Tien in 1965 and continued to do so until late 1971." — **Christopher Robbins** in *Air America* (1979 Avon Books), the book on which the film **Air America** was based.

* * *

> "They were flying it (heroin) in a big 'wet wing' airplane that could fly for 13 hours, a DC-3. They'd fly down to Pakse (Laos), then they'd fly over to Da Nang (S. Vietnam) and then the number two guy to President Thieu would receive it." — **Tony Po**, former CIA case officer assigned to Gen. Vang Pao (from **Guns, Drugs & The CIA**, PBS "Frontline" documentary)

* * *

> "Yes, I saw the 'sticky bricks' (opium) come on board, and no one was challenging their (the pilots') right to carry it.... Primarily it was transported on our smaller aircraft — the Helios, the Porters and things like that would visit the little outlying villages that would send their opium to market." — **Neil Hanson**, former senior pilot for Air America (statement for **Guns, Drugs & The CIA**, PBS "Frontline" documentary written and directed by Leslie Cockburn)

* * *

> "Air America was known to be flying Meo opium as late as 1971.... This opium was probably destined for heroin laboratories in Long Tien (the Cia's secret airbase in Laos) or Vientiane, and ultimately, for GI addicts in Vietnam.... Once large quantities of heroin became available to American GIs in Vietnam, heroin addiction spread like a plague... The U.S. embassy, as part of its unqualified support of the Thieu-Ky régime, looked the other way when presented with evidence that members of the regime are involved in the GI heroin traffic.... After a decade of American military intervention, Southeast Asia has become the source of 70% of the world's illicit opium and the major supplier of raw materials for America's booming heroin market." — **Alfred McCoy** in *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* (1972, Harper & Row)*

* * *

> "I personally was a witness to opium being placed on aircraft, American aircraft. I witnessed it being taken off smaller aircraft that were coming in from outlying sites.... I personally did not complain, not at the time. I certainly complained after the fact, but that came as a result of my own awakening as to the rather horrible implications of what we were doing. I left working for the government rather abortively because I just could not tolerate, myself, what was going on." — **Ron Rickenback**, former U.S.A.I.D. (Agency for International Development) official serving in Laos 1962-69 (in **Guns, Drugs & The CIA**, PBS "Frontline" documentary)

* * *

"...There were these burlap sacks by the runway, and they had these markings in a foreign language and this big emblem on it of a tiger and they picked up these burlap sacks and flew off. About a decade later, reading a book about the Southeast Asian drug trade, I saw these pictures of burlap sacks with this particular insignia on them. It was the same northern Thailand tribe that was growing poppies and making heroin.... So you see, the CIA is involved in the drug trade in Southeast Asia.... And when I went back home to New York at the same time, there was this gigantic junkie epidemic. And where was all this heroin coming from? Southeast Asia! ... So now you have all this crack coming into this country. It's the same then and now. The CIA is paying for its operations with drugs, paying off its personnel with drugs and drug money." — **Bob Hansen**, helicopter door gunner, First Air Cavalry, Vietnam (from research material for the documentary film, **Cover-Up: Behind the Iran/Contra Affair**)

* * *

"In Southeast Asia, the Agency (CIA) hindered BNDD (Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs) agents and kept the press in the dark while it smuggled large quantities of opium via Air America." — **Henrik Kruger** in *The Great Heroin Coup* (1980, South End Press).*

* * *

"I remember the day that Air America posted a denial on the bulletin board ... a week or so after the Alfred McCoy book came out, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, in which Air America was accused of transporting drugs. I remember clearly seeing that ... it was denying that the pilots or Air America was involved in any way with the transport of drugs. And I remember asking one of the Continental pilots, 'Did you ever do that?' And he looked at me and said, 'Are you kidding? We all do that!' ... And he said 'You're not supposed to know. You don't know what's in those crates we haul around, do you?" — **John Lear** interview 8/6/90, former pilot with Continental Air Services in Laos.

* * *

"I was there in Southeast Asia, the setting for the book and the movie, depending for two years on Air America for operational support, resupply, rest and recuperation leave and, in the end, evacuation.

"Like Mr. Robbins, I have long attempted to explain that the Central Intelligence Agency's motives in tolerating heroin smuggling on the aircraft of Air America, of its predecessor, Civil Air Transport, and on a dozen other air proprietaries (which Mr. Robbins does not mention), in at least three other areas of operation, were not overt fund raising. United States taxpayers were billed for those conflicts. It was a matter of CIA policy not to offend military and political allies by protesting their lucrative opium trade or by obstructing their use of CIA aircraft, facilities and, often, the agency's laissez-passer," or unchecked access, to military air bases. However, CIA managers were well aware of the indirect funding benefits for their allies and were certainly willfully complicit in the trafficking.

Under present law in the United States war on drugs, the CIA's assets can be confiscated (the policies continue), as Eastern Airlines aircraft have been in recent years. Investigation by Senator John F. Kerry's subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Communications has exposed the continuation of drug hauling on CIA-funded aircraft in the Iran-contra affair. The notes of Oliver L. North (those that survived the shredder) document their awarenesses of drug smuggling on contra aircraft in their Central American program.

As for Hollywood's movie "Air America," I have to note that when the crunch came in my own post, when we were surrounded by menacing North Vietnamese divisions, the heroic Air America pilots refused to come and get us. We sweated out two harrowing days and escaped on a returning Vietnamese air force resupply chopper.

— **John Stockwell**, former CIA provincial officer in charge of Vietnam and the author of *In Search of Enemies* (Letter to the editor, *New York Times*, 9/10/90)

* * *

The entertainment industry has a disturbing record of overlooking and whitewashing the covert, illicit activities of our intelligence agencies. Sometimes this derives from CIA presence or control at media outlets and companies, at other times from misguided patriotism, or just plain greed. As the citations above attest, the real Air America played a crucial role in the most destructive and counter-productive policies in U.S. history.

The next time that you encounter history as entertainment, consider the less entertaining events that may have been deleted from the storyline to enhance "audience appeal." And remember that while heroism is wonderful and adventures are fun and exciting when presented on the silver screen, the real covert operations of the U.S. intelligence "community" are hidden for a reason: They are too shameful to acknowledge truthfully, because they run counter to everything their perpetrators proudly proclaim this nation stands for.

*These books are available through **Tom Davis Books**, P.O. Box 1107, Aptos, CA 95001

For a catalog of materials on this and other crucial matters, write to **Prevailing Winds Research**, P.O. Box 23511, Santa Barbara, CA 93121.

Remember that it was an incautious George Bush who said in 1988 he supported "death for drug kingpins." Let's make <u>sure</u> Mr. Bush doesn't break that campaign promise!

Two Stories the American Press Ignored Completely

The muzzled, castrated American press largely ignored both these stories although they were covered extensively in Canadian and European papers. When one considers their contents, the following two articles from ***The Toronto Star*** *lend further confirmation of the CIA's drug trafficking and vividly illustrate the extent of press censorship in the Fourth Reich. No history of modern America would be complete without mentioning the treasonous duplicity of America's news media, an indelible stain on a once-proud profession.*

Gander Air Crash Inquiry May Shock

by John Picton

(from the Toronto Star, 1/28/90)

Shocking testimony will likely be heard at a planned inquiry into the Gander air crash to open in Washington next month.

It will concern a set of mysterious coffin-size boxes said to have been put secretly on the plane.

And it will be the result of detective work done by two private investigators who have looked into the crash — although their findings will describe two different scenarios.

The plane, an Arrow Air DC-8, was carrying 248 U.S. service personnel and a crew of eight when it crashed shortly after takeoff from Gander, Nfld., on Dec. 12, 1985.

On a vote of 5-4, the Canadian Aviation Safety Board ruled the probable cause of the accident was icing on the wings.

In a dissenting report, the four minority members of the board said they believe that "an in-flight fire that may have resulted from detonations of undetermined origin" was the cause.

Retired Supreme Court Judge Willard Estey reviewed the findings and decided there was no evidence of an explosion and that icing was the probable cause — though there was no evidence of that, either.

He said the safety board inquiry did hear evidence on the boxes and that they contained the soldiers' weapons and coffee machines.

More than 100 U.S. Congress members signed a letter three months ago asking president George Bush to open an additional inquiry into the incident, but he has not replied.

Now, two congressional committees — the House Subcommittee on Crime and the Legislation and National Security Subcommittee — are planning to do so.

"There are entirely too many unanswered questions," said Congressman Robin Tallon of South Carolina, who's spearheading the move for a U.S. investigation.

"This is such a great mystery and I don't think we've heard anything that clears it up.

"I expect our inquiry to start in February. I have a feeling that our governmental agencies know much more about the crash than they are telling us.

"We are just going to continue to push. What we really need is subpoena power, which our committees have."

In an exclusive interview, one investigator has told *The Sunday Star* the boxes on board the Arrow Air flight contained the bodies of U.S. hostages and soldiers who died in a still-secret hostage-rescue mission in Lebanon.

The other said they contained light anti-tank weapons, illegally loaded on to the plane and illicitly destined for the U.S.-supported *contra* rebels fighting in Nicaragua.

Both, however, agree on two points:

- The plane was carrying members of a clandestine Delta Force team that had been bloodied in a failed attempt to free U.S. hostages.
- There are similarities between the Gander crash and the downing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Scotland in December, 1988.

"I have the testimony of Americans who put those boxes together," Juval Aviv, one of the investigators, said in an interview in New York.

"I have talked to people who put bodies in the boxes."

Aviv, a former Israeli intelligence agent who now runs a security firm with offices on New York's fashionable Madison Ave., said the bodies could not be identified.

"They were in body bags."

Aviv is the man who was hired by Pan Am's insurance underwriters to investigate the circumstances surrounding the bombing of Flight 103.

His bombshell, 27-page report implied the plane was brought down by a secret cell within the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency to silence another group of CIA agents on board.

Aviv still is working on the case and is questioning people in Europe (Flight 103 originated in Frankfurt, West Germany). According to a colleague, he's being shadowed by undercover intelligence agents wherever he goes.

Investigators with the House crime subcommittee have requested an interview with Aviv.

George Wheaton of Anaheim, Calif., the other investigator, has been looking into the crash since last May, free of charge, on behalf of the families of the Gander victims. He, too, talks of the attempted hostage-rescue mission — carried out, he said, on Building Number 18 at the Sheik Abdullah barracks in Baalbek, Lebanon, shortly before the Gander incident.

"I have confirmed that there was an anti-terrorist rescue team on board," he said. "I have identified 20 of them, including 6 helicopter pilots."

Wheaton names two hostages he believes were killed in the raid, saying he has found no evidence they are still alive. His investigation has shown there was a model of the Barracks Number 18 kept at the headquarters of the National Security Agency in Washington, he said.

On Nov. 6, 1985, it was studied by a group headed by Lt.-Col. Oliver North, later found to have been the spearhead of the Iran-*contra* arms scandal.

The rescue mission, Wheaton said, was authorized by then-president Ronald Reagan, while its embarrassing failure was hushed up.

Wheaton, 54, bases his findings on interviews with contacts he built up as an investigator with the U.S. Army's criminal investigation department. He also was a special investigator with the U.S. Air Force and, including time with the U.S. Marines, spent 20 years in the armed forces.

Fluent in Farsi, the dominant language of Iran, this one-time Tulsa, Okla., policeman said he spent 15 years "off and on" in the Middle East for the U.S. military.

He was a consultant on drug trafficking to the late shah of Iran, was the man who organized the capture of former drug guru Dr. Timothy Leary, who was arrested in Afghanistan after escaping from a California jail, and was the adviser on the world's biggest drug bust at the time — the seizure of 12,722 kilos (28,047 pounds) of narcotics.

He said he still advises some Middle East Governments on counter-terrorism and drug smuggling.

The Arrow Air charter flight that crashed at Gander had been a happy one. It was carrying members of the U.S. 101st Airborne home for Christmas. During the fueling stop, the soldiers clattered off the plane in their 7-pound jumping boots, each pair of footwear containing a hidden knife, steel heels and toes crunching in the ice. They were laughing and singing carols, phoning home and buying last-minute gifts. One eyewitness said some bought sweatshirts that read: "I survived Gander."

There had been some curious elements at the start of the flight, about which the soldiers, four of them women, wouldn't have known. The flight should have originated in the Sinai desert, where the troops had been part of a multi-national peacekeeping force. But it landed in Cairo and awaited the passengers there. Aviv said it was on the ground for four to five hours, awaiting the return of the Delta Force rescue team from Lebanon. During that time, despite a warning of terrorist attacks on U.S. installations world-wide at the time, only one soldier was detailed to guard the aircraft.

"Sometimes he was paying attention, other times he wasn't," Aviv said.

Certainly, his attention would have been diverted when, Aviv said, a fight broke out under the tail between Egyptian baggage handlers. It's know that some of the soldiers they were returning to their home base at Fort Campbell, Ky., had reservations about the flight because of the terrorist threat. Wheaton said their commander wanted his men to travel with loaded sidearms as a precaution against attack, but the pilot demanded that all ammunition be stored on the flight deck. He also said the flight was kept away from Sinai after an unidentified U.S. "field-grade" officer, with the rank of major or above, said there was construction work being done at the airstrip there and that it was unsafe to land.

However: "I have not found anyone who saw construction work, and they could have created it to keep the plane away," Wheaton said.

Why?

Wheaton speculates it was because there was a U.S. customs presence in Sinai checking every flight destined for the United States.

There was no such team in Cairo, and when customs agents traveled there to check the Arrow Air flight, "the multi-national force refused them ramp passes" to check the plane. In that way, Wheaton claims, the arms destined illicitly for the *contras* were loaded in the coffin-size crates without inspection. (The arms, made in the United States, passed from U.S. accountability when they were signed over to the multi-national force.)

Retired Gen. Burton Patrick, former commanding officer of the 101st and now city manager of Thomson, Ga., told *The Sunday Star* he hadn't heard of the boxes until six weeks ago and has no idea what might have been in them. He said he has asked the U.S. Army about them since "and the only thing I got was that they were comfort packages (paper cups, plates and napkins)." Official also have said, at various times, that the boxes contained airplane parts and medical records.

If the crates did contain live ammunition, he said, that was strictly against military regulations that say personnel are not to be flown on the same plane as "hot cargo." Commenting on reports 40 soldiers' baggage had to be removed to make space for the boxes, Patrick said: "It would be unusual procedure to separate a soldier from his equipment, but I don't know anything about that."

Wheaton said it's puzzling why the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation continues to deny it investigated the Gander crash when there is evidence it did. Aides to Congressman Tallon are wondering the same thing.

Wheaton said he has talked to Arrow Air personnel who were questioned by FBI agents, wanting to now where shrapnel might be found if there had been an explosion in a certain hold. They also wanted to know if it would be possible for a stowaway to hide in the hold on a flight from Cairo to Cologne, West Germany, where the ill-fated plane also landed en route to Kentucky. Presumably, that was to discount the possibility of someone carrying a bomb on to the plane.

Yet, when Capitol Hill officials asked the FBI for a copy of the agency's Gander crash report, 215 pages of a 245-page report were totally blacked out. "I've handed FBI reports for 30 years," Wheaton said, "and I know they ran some active investigations on this."

Then there's the story of the three-star U.S. Army general who arrived in Gander the day after the crash and allegedly wanted the site bulldozed immediately to avoid "souvenir seekers," though all the bodies hadn't yet been found and the area was cordoned off by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Contacted by *The Star*, the named general denies that, although, according to Wheaton, he resigned ten days after the investigator told the U.S. judge advocate-general about the comment. The general denies there was an connection in the timing of his resignation.

And then there are said to be those similarities between the Arrow Air and Pan Am crashes.

Investigator Aviv who, through security contacts, uncovered the presence of CIA agents on Pan Am's Flight 103, said there also were seven such agents on the Arrow flight. In the case of Flight 103, it has been reported, a team of U.S. agents flew to the Scottish crash site in a helicopter and recovered a briefcase from amid the wreckage. It's not known what it contained.

Gander firefighter Maurice Geange recalls he and his colleagues also were briefed to look for a briefcase — which, too, was recovered.

"We want the truth about what brought that plane down," said a grieving Missy Godsey of Newport News, Va., whose 34-year-old master-sergeant brother, David, died at Gander. "There are so many things that do not ring true. The U.S. government wants it dropped because, I think, they were involved in it.

"There were people from a special operations group on board, the 160th Task Force, and my brother was in that. It's highly secretive and I know they are trained to get hostages out. He told me that. There's been a definite Canada-U.S. cover-up because our government's been so quiet about it."

Wheaton, who claims to have copies of ship manifests and telex messages showing the United States has been shipping arms to Iran since 1982, said: "This case cannot be solved unless there is an inquiry with judicial powers."

Dr. Charles Hutton, Newfoundland's chief forensic pathologist, was asked about evidence of toxic gases found in the bodies of Gander victims and for his opinion on whether the findings indicated a bomb blast or a crash fire.

His comment: "It depends if you are on the defense or the prosecution."

Pan Am Bomb Linked to Double-Dealing CIA Drug Plot

by John Picton *(from the* ***Toronto Star****, 11/10/89)*

WASHINGTON — An eight-man team of CIA agents was aboard Pan Am Flight 103 last Dec. 21 after completing a hostage mission in Beirut, *The Sunday Star* has learned.

According to a Pan Am report, the team had photographed the secret location in Lebanon where U.S. hostages were being held. The report, shown exclusively to *The Star*, was commissioned by Pan Am after Flight 103 blew up over Lockerbie killing 259 people, two of them Canadian.

The agents became outraged when they discovered another branch of the CIA was involved in an illegal drugs and arms operation to get the hostages released. The Beirut team was returning home without permission — "which is against the rules" — to publicize the CIA drugs operation.

"They (the team) had communicated back to Langley (CIA's Virginia headquarters) the facts and names, and reported their film of the hostage locations. CIA did nothing. No reply.

"The team was outraged, believing that its rescue and their lives would be endangered by the double-dealing."

One of the leaders of the group was Maj. Charles McKee of the U.S. Army, assigned temporarily to the CIA. The *Sunday Star* has been told he phoned his mother last December to say he would be home for Christmas. After his death, agents with the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation visited McKee's mother to ask if her son had left any packages with her. They also said that some of the belongings in his luggage could not be returned and would be destroyed in the national interest.

One man figures prominently in the report: 42-year-old Monzer Al-Kassar, a well-connected Syrian who is married to the sister of Syria's intelligence chief and is said to have had a long-term romantic relationship with the niece of Syrian president Hafez Assad.

Al-Kassar holds two Brazilian passports, as well as a Syrian diplomatic passport, and has a luxury apartment on Avenue Foch in Paris for some of his romantic liaisons. He is said to share offices with terrorist Abu Nidal in Libya, one at 2 Stawkis St. in Warsaw, Poland, and another on Friedrichstrasse in East Berlin under the cover name Zibado.

Al-Kassar entered the picture when the West German intelligence agency BKA was tipped off about a drug-smuggling operation centered on Frankfurt airport (where Pan Am's Flight 103 originated). There, ordinary suitcases were checked in the normal way and passed through to the baggage section.

Turkish baggage handlers, recruited at mosques in West Germany, knew which bags to watch for and substituted them for identical luggage containing drugs and other contraband. The passenger later picked up the new bag at his destination. BKA shared this intelligence with the CIA.

Says the report: "It is now known how this method passed through arrival customs ... but this route and method worked steadily and smoothly for a long time."

BKA shared this intelligence with the CIA, which had been aware for some time that the East Bloc was using Frankfurt airport as a shipping point (for unspecified "goods") to Moscow. The West Germans even closed down other drug operations with a series of raids and stepped-up police presence to channel more shipments through Pan Am, where they could be observed more easily. The report suggests the CIA unit involved — which it calls CIA-1 — was not part of the regular agency since it "has a control at an unknown location in the Washington area."

Then, after a successful French arms-for-hostages deal, "CIA-1 (the CIA unit involved) investigated, then identified Al-Kassar as a major player in the drug routes, and identified his background and blood ties (to Syria's intelligence chief)," the report says. So "(CIA-1) decided to try for the same deal as the French to get back the American hostages."

Then, in one of a string of bombshells, the report states: "BKA/CIA-1 approached Al-Kassar and offered to allow him to continue his drug-smuggling routes, and especially into the U.S., if he helped arrange release of the American hostages via his well-placed contacts."

Then: "However, Al-Kassar helped CIA-1 in sending weapons ostensibly to Iran through his buying connection, supposedly to further the U.S. hostage release. He also helped in another CIA-1 enterprise."

And another bombshell: "He offered or agreed to use his other arms routes to purchase and trans-ship arms to the Nicaraguan *contras*," even helping to finance some of the shipments."

Al-Kassar was under surveillance now and was seen meeting a man at the Restaurant Ajami on Rue Lincoln in Paris. The man he met was identified as Ahmed Jibril, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command. Jibril was under pressure from several sources to engineer a terrorist strike against the United Stats. The sources, as outlined in he report: the Iranian government, which wanted revenge for the shooting down of one of its airliners in the Persian Gulf by the USS Vincennes; Hezbollah, a fundamentalist Islamic organization; and Libyan leader Muammar Gadhafi, who for years has been financing terrorist acts. But they wanted a strike arranged in such a way as to give them cover — or "deniability."

Jibril was the man selected by the various Islamic factions to make the strike. He had discovered Al-Kassar's safe-conduct operation through Frankfurt and had decided to use it to plant a bomb. As his accomplice, he selected a Turkish courier named Khalid Jafar, who had no record as a terrorist.

Both men met a Libyan bomb maker known as "the Professor" in Bonn, West Germany, on Dec. 13, 1988. They were joined by a Syrian explosives expert travelling under the cover name Patel, who shortly after left for Lisbon.

A man identified as Ali Racep, a Syrian living in Sofia, Bulgaria, is said to have gathered the bomb components, which included a barometric timer able to withstand the pressure of two takeoffs, since Flight 103 was to land in London en route to New York.

Al-Kassar provided the route by which the bomb was smuggled into West Germany after the terrorists' own bomb-making enter at Neuss had been raided by the BKA the previous month.

Al-Kassar's sister-in-law, traveling on a South Yemen diplomatic passport, flew from Damascus, Syria, to Sofia last Nov. 13, picked up the bomb components from Racep and flew with them to Paris. Al-Kassar picked them up, rented a car from a firm called Cahfic on Nov. 25 and took them to Frankfurt.

And he felt confident crossing the border since he had been arrested by West German border guards twice before, but had been released each time after a phone call. Originally, says the report, Jibril had targeted American Airlines for the bombing. But Israeli intelligence got wind of that and tipped off the CIA and BKA.

Security was stepped up on U.S. carriers immediately — except for Pan Am, where CIA-1's undercover surveillance was continuing. Al-Kassar had not realized until now that Jibril was planning an attack at or near Frankfurt. On or about Dec. 18, three days before the plane crash, Al-Kassar tipped off BKA through intermediaries that a bomb was to be put on a Pan Am flight. CIA-1 told Langley and a warning was sent to various U.S. embassies — "but not, apparently, to Pan Am."

The report says: "CIA-1 thought that BKA surveillance would pick up the action and that BKA would stop the act in case the tip was correct." Ominously, the report says that CIA-1 had now learned from Al-Kassar — and "had confirmed from its control" — that McKee's team had discovered the drugs-for-hostages operation and were investigating Al-Kassar.

Result: "By mid-December, the team became frustrated and angry and made plans to return to the U.S. with their photos and evidence to inform the government, and to publicize their findings if the government covered up. "They did not seek permission to return which is against the rules."

Although the return was "unannounced," McKee and his colleagues were spotted by Al-Kassar's agents ("probably Syrian") when they made their travel plans in Beirut, suggesting their timetable was known.

Two or three days before the crash, a BKA agent warned his superiors of a plot to bomb a Pan Am flight. But security still wasn't tightened. And an agent of Israel's Mossad gave BKA the same tip less than 24 hours before the start of ill-fated Flight 103.

"BKA passed that to CIA-1 and asked for instructions. CIA-1 so reported to its control. CIA-1 did not reply to BKA."

Within hours of the flight's departure, a black Mercedes parked at Frankfurt airport. It was approached by a Turkish baggage handler, who took a brown Samsonite suitcase from the trunk and carried it into the employee locker area, the usual procedure with drug shipments. A BKA surveillance agent watching Pan Am's loading operation on Dec. 21 saw the bag being placed and noted that it was different from the usual baggage being used for smuggling. He called his office to say that "something was very wrong."

The report: "BKA passed that information to CIA-1. It reported to its control." Control replied: "Don't worry about it, don't stop it, let it go."

"CIA-1 issued no instructions to BKA. BKA did nothing."

The report says the bomb that brought down the Boeing 747 was made of the Czech plastic explosive Semtex and weighed about 1.25 pounds (half a kilogram). It was set with a sophisticated detonator that was controlled by barometric pressure and was designed to set and reset itself to evade a pressure technique used in security checks.

Shortly after the crash, a CIA team landed a helicopter at a farm near Lockerbie where much of the debris had landed. A suitcase was recovered, apparently with the approval of British intelligence and Scotland Yard. As for the shadowy CIA-1 group, the report leaves its status or motivation unclear in the overall context of the CIA.

However, in March, 1988, BKA ran surveillance on a secret meeting in Vienna between a French government delegation led by Jean Charles Marchiani, assistant to French interior minister Charles Pasqua, and a group of Iranians. That information was passed to CIA-1, which noted that Al-Kassar and a British dealer then bought a quantity of arms from two British and one Polish firm (all named in the report) which were trans-shipped to Iran. A few days later, French hostages being held in Lebanon were released. And after that, the CIA-1 operation with Al-Kassar got rolling.

The CIA and Financial Institutions

by Rebecca Sims (from *CovertAction Information Bulletin*, Fall, 1990)

What has happened to the nation's savings and loan and banking industries and what will be the cost of this unprecedented scandal? The scope of this financial debacle is enormous. Some experts estimate that more than $500 billion will be needed to bail out collapsed S&Ls and no doubt a large portion of this money will be collected from the U.S. taxpayer. The public outcry has become deafening and answers are being demanded.

Recent investigations have shown that many savings and loan failures were due to outright fraud. However, there is an even darker side to this story. In a series of recent articles, the *Houston Post* has revealed that 25 failed savings and loans and two failed banks had links to operatives of the CIA or to organized crime figures with ties to the CIA.[1]

The CIA has a long history of involvement with financial institutions and banking scandals. The two most infamous examples involve the scandals which devoured the Castle Bank & Trust in the mid 1970s and Nugan Hand Bank in the early 1980s. As with most intelligence operations there were no "smoking guns" which proved "CIA involvement." However, links between the CIA and bank principals, the strange and sometimes mysterious practices of these banks, and the failure to prosecute bank officers involved in questionable activities make the intelligence link appear irrefutable.

The Early CIA Banks

Almost 25 years ago, Castle Trust Company, the predecessor of Castle Bank & Trust, was formed in Nassau, Grand Bahamas. In her book, *In Banks We Trust*, Penny Lernoux wrote that Castle was established by Paul Lionel Edward Helliwell, and Morris Kleinman. Burton Kanter, a Chicago tax attorney, was also closely associated with Castle.[2]

Helliwell had a long-standing history of intelligence work. In the 1940s he was chief of special intelligence for the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in China. After the CIA was formed, he worked for the Agency in Southeast Asia and directed a CIA team whose operatives included E. Howard Hunt. Helliwell, a master in developing front companies, was involved in the founding of several CIA proprietaries including Civil Air Transport, Sea Supply, and Air America.

In 1973, Castle became a focal point of an IRS tax evasion investigation code-named Operation Tradewinds. When the Bahamian government complained about the investigation, then-IRS Special Agent Richard E. Jaffe prepared a reply that stated: "[it has] been determined that a number of this bank's clients are identified members of organized crime, and at least one was involved in the narcotics traffic." However, Jaffe's response was never delivered to the Bahamian government. The State Department had ordered that it not be sent.

In 1975, the Justice Department took over the investigation of Castle Bank & Trust. Soon after, reports regarding the investigation were leaked to Burton Kanter, one of the targets of the probe.[3] When the CIA's Office of General Counsel requested that the Justice Department "keep out of certain accounts at Castle because they were run by the agency," the investigation into Castle was greatly impaired.[4] By 1977, IRS Commissioner Donald Alexander had suspended the investigation.

It has been speculated that Helliwell used Castle Bank to launder money used in CIA covert operations as well as for various criminal activities. It also appears likely that Helliwell was able to avoid prosecution for these crimes because of his history with the CIA. If true, this was surely an indication of things to come in the S&L scandal of the 1980s.

Nugan Hand Bank, founded in 1974 by CIA operative Michael Hand and Australian Francis John "Frank" Nugan, was out of business less than six years later. During its short existence, Nugan Hand was involved in laundering drug monies — possibly then used for CIA operations in Southeast Asia — as well as money for numerous CIA "off-the-shelf" activities.

There has been a great deal of speculation about the exact nature of the relationship between the CIA and Nugan Hand. A former Nugan Hand executive shed some light on this mystery in an interview conducted by CBS's *60 Minutes* in February 1981. Neil Evans, the former head of the Nugan Hand branch in Chiang Mai, Thailand, said that "[Michael] Hand told me and others at the meeting that he'd been successful in arranging a contract with the CIA whereby the bank was to become its paymaster, for disbursement of funds anywhere in the world on behalf of the CIA and also for taking money on behalf of the CIA."[5]

A list of Nugan Hand's employees reads like a "Who's Who" in U.S. military/intelligence networks. Bernie Houghton, the third founder of Nugan Hand, was a former undercover officer for U.S. Naval Intelligence. Nugan

Hand's attorney was William Colby, the former director of Central Intelligence. Walter McDonald, former deputy director of the CIA, and Guy Pauker, a CIA adviser, both worked as consultants to Nugan Hand.[6]

Perhaps the most insidious side of the Nugan Hand Bank was its involvement in drug smuggling, primarily from Thailand and Burma, into the United States. The Australian Royal Commission, which investigated Nugan Hand after its collapse in 1980, found evidence that the bank was not only laundering drug profits but also providing funds needed to make the initial purchase of opium in Southeast Asia.[7]

The entire Nugan Hand scheme fell apart when Frank Nugan was found dead, reportedly by a self-inflicted shot to the head. Unfortunately, due to U.S. government secrecy, many questions remain unanswered about Nugan Hand and the CIA. While scandals involving Castle Bank & Trust and Nugan Hand Bank occurred in the 1970s and have since been forgotten in the media and the Congress, there are several recent examples showing that the CIA continues to engage in similar kinds of banking operations today.

First National Bank of Maryland

From 1983 through 1985, First National Bank of Maryland was used by a CIA proprietary to make payments for covert operations, including the purchase of at least $23 million worth of weapons. A CIA proprietary known as Associated Traders had several accounts at First National and used them to buy guns for covert operations in Nicaragua, Angola, Chad, and Afghanistan.[8]

The details of the CIA's involvement with First National came to light when Robert Maxwell, a former First National Bank executive, decided to tell his story. According to Maxwell, his superiors at the bank told him that Associated Traders was a CIA front. Maxwell was asked to hide Associated Traders' activities, and to violate banking procedures regarding international letters of credit. Unknown to him, Associated Traders' bank statements read "c/o Maxwell."[9]

Maxwell, having been a banker for many years, was concerned about the illegal acts he was asked to commit, as well as the potential violations of arms import-export laws that the Associated Traders' account seemed to be involved in. When Maxwell was unable to obtain written confirmation from the bank that his work was authorized and he began receiving direct threats, he was forced to resign First National Bank.

Associated Traders' activities included a 1981 arms deal with Shimon Ltd., a Cayman Islands company. The transactions involved shipments from Romania, Israel, and Portugal. These "technical goods," as they were labeled, ended up in Lagos, Nigeria, and Douala, Cameroon.[10] It has been speculated that they may have been destined for Jonas Savimbi, the CIA-backed Angolan leader[11] or disbursed to Chad, where the CIA reportedly spent $20 million backing a successful rebellion that overthrew a Libyan-backed régime in 1982.[12] The shipments to Angola would have been in violation of the Clark Amendment which prohibited the CIA from supplying military aid to the Angolan rebels.

In 1983, another CIA arms transaction was funded via First National. In December 1983, Maxwell was asked to process a $3.6 million letter of credit for Associated Traders. The letter of credit, later reduced to $2.2 million, was payable to Sherwood International Export Corporation. Though the pay order stated that the letter of credit was for "merchandise" per contract, Maxwell learned that the merchandise was 60,000 rifles from India's Minister of Defense.[13]

Where the arms went after they left India is still unknown. Conflicting documents related to the transaction show that the rifles were to be delivered to Portugal (the letter of credit), any U.K. port (bill of lading), and the U.S. for hunters and target shooters (Indian export license).[14] Jack Anderson, in his syndicated column, stated that his sources told him "the rifles undoubtedly were delivered to the Mujahedeen guerrillas fighting Soviet occupation forces in Afghanistan."[15]

After Maxwell left First National Bank, he filed a $19.5 million lawsuit against the bank charging that he was threatened and thus intimidated into leaving his job. Then, following explicit threats to Maxwell and his attorney, they added charges against ten "John Does" — officers of the CIA, FBI, Department of Justice, and Associated Traders. Maxwell's case against First National could prove highly revealing. However, in briefs filed by First National's attorneys, the bank hid behind the infamous "national security" defense when it stated that "[a] relationship between First National and the CIA or Associated Traders and the CIA could be classified information which can neither be confirmed nor denied."[16]

The case against First National is only the tip of the iceberg. The whereabouts of millions of dollars that were transferred offshore by First National on behalf of Associated Traders could reveal even more lurid CIA covert operations.

The Palmer National Bank

An in-depth look into the records of Palmer National Bank, located in Washington, D.C., may hold the key to understanding the failure of many savings and loans in the southwest U.S. as well as providing insight into one link in Oliver North's complex financial network.

Palmer National Bank was started in 1983, with a loan from Herman K. Beebe. Beebe, who the *Houston Post* has linked to more than a dozen failed S&Ls in the southwest, pleaded guilty in April 1988 to bank fraud and served 10 months in federal prison.[17] As part of his plea bargain, federal prosecutors agreed not to prosecute Beebe for suspected bank fraud then under investigation in northern Texas and western Louisiana.

Harvey D. McLean Jr., former owner of the now defunct Paris Savings & Loan, founded Palmer National Bank. His partner in the venture was Stefan Halper. Halper was once married to the daughter of Ray Cline, the former

deputy director of the CIA. He was also George Bush's foreign policy director during the presidential primaries in 1980 and was placed in charge of a "highly secretive" operation for the Reagan-Bush campaign shortly after the Republican convention in July 1980. Halper's mission was to find out what the Carter administration's foreign policy team was doing.[18]

Halper's group included a number of retired CIA officials and when a congressional committee investigated the theft of Carter's debate briefing books, Halper's name surfaced as the person in charge of the operation. In fact, it was revealed to the investigation that several active-duty CIA agents had been involved with the Reagan-Bush campaign.[19] After the election, Halper was made deputy director of the State Department's Office of Politico-Military Affairs. Also, according to the *Houston Post*, after North's legal troubles began, Halper helped set up the Oliver North defense fund.[20]

Because of Halper's political connections, Palmer National Bank catered to the conservative Right. In 1985, when a new non-profit organization called the National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty (NEPL) needed a bank, Palmer National was its choice.

NEPL, headed by Carl R. "Spitz" Channell, was used by Oliver North to funnel money for weapons to the Nicaraguan *contras*, in direct violation of the Boland Amendment. Channell was one of the few private citizens who were convicted of crimes relating to the Iran/*contra* scandal. The extent to which Palmer National Bank was involved in North's funding of the *contras* remains, as of yet, unknown.

Indian Springs State Bank

Indian Springs State Bank, a small, strip-center bank in Kansas City, Kansas, had many interesting customers, including organized crime figures and companies that contracted with the CIA. By the time the bank was closed by federal regulators in January 1984, its president, William LeMaster, had reportedly committed suicide. His body was identified by a set of golf clubs in the trunk of his car but no autopsy was performed and he was cremated within hours of his death.[21]

Indian Springs State Bank and Global International Air, an air charter company in Kansas City owned by Farhad Azima, had more than just a normal banking relationship — they had interlocking boards of directors. In fact, Azima was the fourth largest holder of Indian Springs stock and Indian Springs had made unsecured loans to Global Air on numerous occasions. When Global filed for bankruptcy in late 1983 and Indian Springs went under in 1984, amidst speculation of bank fraud, Azima walked away unscathed, reportedly because of his ties to the CIA.

The organized crime associates of Indian Springs State Bank included Long Island money broker Mario Renda, who has ties to the Gambino and Lucchese organized crime families and Morris Shenker, owner of the Dunes Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. Renda has been a major figure in the collapse of savings and loans across the country. He is responsible for brokering billions of dollars into S&Ls which later went under. Many of these deposits were tied to loans made to Renda's associates who often defaulted on the loans, leading to a financial crisis for the S&L. Renda has been convicted for participation in these schemes.

Global International became a charter airline in 1978, just before the Shah of Iran was deposed and forced into exile. Shortly after that, one of Global International's aircraft was held for three days at a Tunisian military base. The aircraft had been chartered by a Belgian cargo company for the purpose of shipping relief supplies from Lebanon to Costa Rica for the benefit of Nicaraguan refugees. Contained within those "relief" supplies were Chinese-manufactured .57 millimeter guns with 150 cases of ammunition.[22]

In May 1986, Farhad Azima was reportedly a guest of the White House. Within weeks of that meeting, a Boeing 707 owned by another Azima company, Race Aviation, was used to ship 23 tons of TOW missiles to Iran.[23] When questioned by the *Houston Post*, Farhad Azima said that Race Aviation was owned by his brother. However, according to one federal investigator, "Azima hides behind his brother[s] a lot."[24]

Numerous former pilots for Global International told the *Houston Post* that they flew guns to Latin America and then returned to the U.S. with drugs. In December 1979, the Egyptian American Transport and Services Corporation (EATSCO), controlled by Thomas Clines, Erich von Marbod, Theodore Shackley, Edwin Wilson, and Richard Secord, received a U.S. government contract to transport more than $1 billion worth of military equipment and supplies to Egypt. Global International was a sub-contractor for the job.

In 1981, Global International ferried Liberian dictator Samuel Doe on a multi-nation "goodwill" trip, at the expense of the U.S. government. Global International paid Anthony Russo $25,000 to escort Doe and to make sure the public relations venture ran smoothly. Russo was an employee of Indian Springs State Bank as well as a member of the advisory board of Global International. A former lawyer, Russo was forced to surrender his license in 1974 after he was convicted for conspiracy to promote bribery and prostitution.

In January 1984, shortly after Global International went bankrupt, Indian Springs State Bank collapsed with approximately $27 million owed to depositors. Just as investigators looking into irregularities at Castle Bank & Trust and the Nugan Hand Bank found it difficult to carry out their work, so did the FBI when it began its investigation of Indian Springs.

The *Houston Post*, in its exposé, has reported that federal authorities — including a former assistant U.S. prosecutor — who attempted to investigate the failure of Indian Springs were advised to "back off a key figure in the collapse because he had ties to the CIA." The key figure was Azima.[25]

The Aurora Bank

The Aurora Bank was located in a sleepy town adjacent to Denver, Colorado, and for all practical purposes, it was just another prosperous little "neighborhood bank." Yet, by the time organized crime figures, money launderers, and CIA operatives completed their pilferage, Aurora Bank disappeared into the black hole of insolvent federally-insured lending institutions.

Jilly Rizzo, John Napoli, Faud C. Jezzeny, William Vanden Eynden, M. Dennis Nowfel, and Heinrich F. Rupp were all involved in several very bizarre loan scams at Aurora. According to Vanden Eynden, he first met Rupp in the spring of 1976 through his former wife who is reportedly the niece of Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi and who was working for the company where Rupp was the chief pilot.[26]

In what amounted to kited checks, hot money, and gold bars of questionable value, Aurora was scammed over and over again by Rizzo, Napoli, Jezzeny, Vanden Eynden, Nowfel, and Rupp. Each time one scam failed, the group came up with another "get-rich-quick scheme" that they hoped would pull Aurora out of the hole.

On the periphery of one of the scams was Robert "Denver Bob" Colquitt, a pilot for convicted drug trafficker Jack De voe. According to Vanden Eynden, Colquitt was Rupp's partner. The De Voe organization, based south of Miami at the Ocean Reef Club and the Opa-Locka Airport, was involved in the "guns for drugs" network used in supporting the Nicaraguan *contras*.[27] In May 1984, De Voe, along with 42 others, was indicted by a Florida grand jury for smuggling almost eight tons of cocaine into the U.S. The estimated street value of the drug was over $2 billion.

According to Richard J. Brenneke, the self-professed onetime CIA/Mossad asset, Rupp was participating in what Rupp believed to be a CIA "sanctioned program." Brenneke said that he first met Rupp in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam war while they were both flying for Air America.[28]

In a letter to President Bush, dated August 1, 1989, Rupp acknowledged his relationship to the CIA. In the letter Rupp asserted that he had performed special assignments for the CIA in Angola, Biafra (Nigeria), Mozambique, South Africa, Chad, Libya, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Oman, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, and Syria. Rupp also stated that at one time he was under the direction of William Buckley, former CIA Beirut Station Chief, and later under the guidance of William Casey.[29]

Rupp reportedly flew William Casey to Paris on October 19, 1980 for the infamous "October Surprise" meetings with agents of the Iranian government concerning the release of 52 hostages held in Teheran.[30] An identification card, dated November 1, 1975, listed Rupp as Vice President of Operations and Pilot of Global International Airlines. According to knowledgeable sources, this is the same airline that was later controlled by Farhad Azima.

In 1987, Rupp, Jezzeny, Vanden Eynden, Nowfel and Napoli were charged with planning to launder roughly $9 million in questionable funds through Swiss banks. In order to obtain the $9 million, monies obtained through Aurora loans were used to show "good faith."

Though Rupp, Jezzeny, Vanden Eynden, Nowfel and Napoli were charged with the bank fraud, only Rupp received a significant sentence, which was originally set at 42 years and then reduced to two years. The rest, through plea bargains, received minimal or no time in prison.

Sunshine State Bank

Sunshine State Bank in Miami had a motley group of associates by the time it was taken over by state and federal regulators in May 1986. Among a choice group of insiders who controlled the bank were drug smugglers, money launderers, members of organized crime, and several very dangerous *contra* supporters.

In 1987, Ray Corona, the chairman and "owner" of Sunshine State Bank was convicted of racketeering, conspiracy and mail fraud. Court documents showed that Corona and his son, Rafael, had purchased Sunshine in 1978 with $1.1 million in drug monies supplied by José Antonio "Tony" Fernandez.[31] Fernandez was eventually indicted on charges of smuggling 1.5 million pounds of marijuana into the U.S. and later convicted and sentenced to 50 years in prison.[32]

An unindicted co-conspirator in the Fernandez smuggling operation was Eulalio Francisco "Frank" Castro. However, the marijuana smuggling charges against Castro were dropped the same month that he began training Nicaraguan *contras* on a farm near Naples, Florida.[33]

Castro, a Bay of Pigs veteran and head of the Cuban National Liberation Front, was indicted for violating the U.S. Neutrality Act, stemming from a March 6, 1983 weapons shipment from Ft. Lauderdale's Hollywood International Airport to Ilopango Military Base in San Salvador. The Neutrality Act charges against Castro were later thrown out by a federal judge because the judge believed that the U.S. was not technically "at peace" with Nicaragua.[34]

According to the *Houston Post*, at one time, Ray Corona was negotiating the purchase of a bank in Florida from Guillermo Hernandez-Cartaya. Hernandez-Cartaya, another Bay of Pigs veteran, was convicted in 1982 for fraud involving Jefferson Savings and Loan, an institution he purchased from Senator Lloyd Bentsen's (Dem.-Texas) family. His conviction was handed down despite an appeal by a CIA agent to stop the prosecution of Hernandez-Cartaya due to his past service to the United States.

Hernandez-Cartaya's past service to the U.S. included dealing with the CIA as head of the World Finance Corporation (WFC). Like Nugan Hand Bank, many WFC employees had previously worked for the CIA and like Nugan Hand, there was intense speculation that drug money laundered through WFC helped fund CIA covert activities. Penny Lernoux writes that "there is certain plausibility to the belief of local law enforcement officers that by means of the drug trade the CIA was using WFC

to finance counterrevolutionary activities by Cuban exile terrorists — a pattern already established in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam War."

After the Coronas were indicted in 1984, Leonard A. Pellulo, another shareholder of Sunshine stock, tried to gain control of the bank. Pellulo's corporations, including the Royale Group, Ltd., owed Sunshine $12 million. In 1989, Pellulo was indicted with David A. Friedman on conspiracy charges relating to a loan from Savings One, a thrift in Gahanna, Ohio. Pellulo also was alleged to have connections to organized crime figures in Philadelphia.[36]

Organized crime, drug runners and associates with CIA operatives all led to the failure of Sunshine. When Sunshine Bank was taken over by federal regulators, the bank had negative capital of $22 million. To date, aside from the obvious drug money purchase and money laundering charges against José Fernandez and the Coronas, no criminal charges have been filed relating to the gross mishandling of the bank's affairs.

Hill Financial and Vision Banc Savings

In June 1986, Hill Financial Savings Association of Red Hill, Pennsylvania and Vision Banc of Kingsville, Texas lent over $90 million to a group of corporations controlled by William Adkinson for the purchase of 20,850 acres of pristine undeveloped land in the panhandle of Florida. Nine months prior to that, Lawrence A. Freeman, representing an Adkinson shell corporation called Panhandle Coast Investors, had negotiated the purchase of the land from the St. Joe Paper Company, part of the Du Pont corporation's extensive holdings. In the early 1970s, Freeman had worked for Paul Helliwell's Miami law firm and then became the in-house counsel for Castle Bank & Trust.

A "developer" overnight, Adkinson, with the help of his many companies, has funneled tens of millions of dollars obtained through allegedly fraudulent loans from S&Ls to offshore bank accounts in the Channel Islands.[37] In one instance, seven S&Ls, including Vision Banc, lent Adkinson's corporation more than $100 million to buy a shopping center in Texas. The shopping center was estimated to be worth no more than $30 million.[38]

Adkinson's financial empire flourished with investments from wealthy Kuwaitis. In 1981, Adkinson entered into several real estate ventures with the Ahmad Al Babtain Group of Companies, Ltd. This Netherlands Antilles corporation was controlled by Adel Abdullatees, Al-Attqi, Barrak Abdul, Mohsanal-Ateeqi, and the Overseas Development and Exchange Corporation. By 1982, Adkinson had joined hands with another group of Kuwaitis, reportedly headed by Isam Khammach and Keith Allan Cox. Their combined efforts secured millions of dollars used to pay for weapons shipments to Iraq.

Lawrence Freeman dropped from visible participation in the St. Joe land deal when he was indicted in November 1985 for laundering drug money for Jack De Voe's organization. However, the offshore bank account which later received Hill Financial and Vision Banc loan proceeds for the St. Joe land purchase were the same accounts used by Freeman to launder Jack De Voe's drug monies.

According to State of Florida investigative records, Freeman gave cash from De Voe's drug deals to an organized crime figure known as "the Cobra." "The Cobra" then transferred money from his offshore bank accounts into De Voe's offshore accounts. One member of the De Voe Organization claims that "the Cobra" was actually Santo Trafficante, a renowned Mafia figure who had worked with the CIA in planning an attempt to assassinate Cuban President Fidel Castro.

Vision Banc Savings was owned by Robert L. Corson. According to the *Houston Post*, Corson has transported money from country to country for the CIA since the mid 1970s.[39] Richard Brenneke said he first met Corson in the lobby of Allied Bank of Texas in 1975.[40] Corson is the former son-in-law of Walter Mischer, a member of the Texas power elite. Mischer had controlled Allied Bancshares, the holding company for Allied Bank, until 1988 when First Interstate Bancorp of California purchased the problem-riddled thrift.

As the St. Joe land deal went sour, Hill Financial and Vision Banc were faced with enormous financial difficulties. Federal regulators closed the S&Ls in March 1989 with combined losses estimated to be at least $2.4 billion. Three U.S. Attorneys' offices are reportedly involved in the investigation into the collapse of Hill Financial and Vision Banc, but to date no criminal charges have been filed. However, Corson has been banned from the banking industry by the Office of Thrift Supervision.

Conclusion

Shortly after the *Houston Post* began its series on the connection between organized crime, the CIA, and S&L failures Frank Annunzio (Dem.-Illinois) called upon CIA director William Webster to respond to the allegations made by the *Post*. Webster, of course, declined. Annunzio then turned the inquiry over to the House Select Committee on Intelligence.

Since May 1990, the staff of the House Committee has been conducting an investigation into alleged CIA involvement in the savings and loan debacle. Investigators looking for a smoking gun pointing to direct CIA involvement, will likely never find one. The CIA is expert at covering their involvement in covert operations and this should prove relatively easy in the complex dealings of the financial world. Whether or not a smoking gun is discovered, it is clear that the CIA is linked to the S&L debacle of today.

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Rebecca Sims is a freelance journalist from Houston who specializes in financial reporting.

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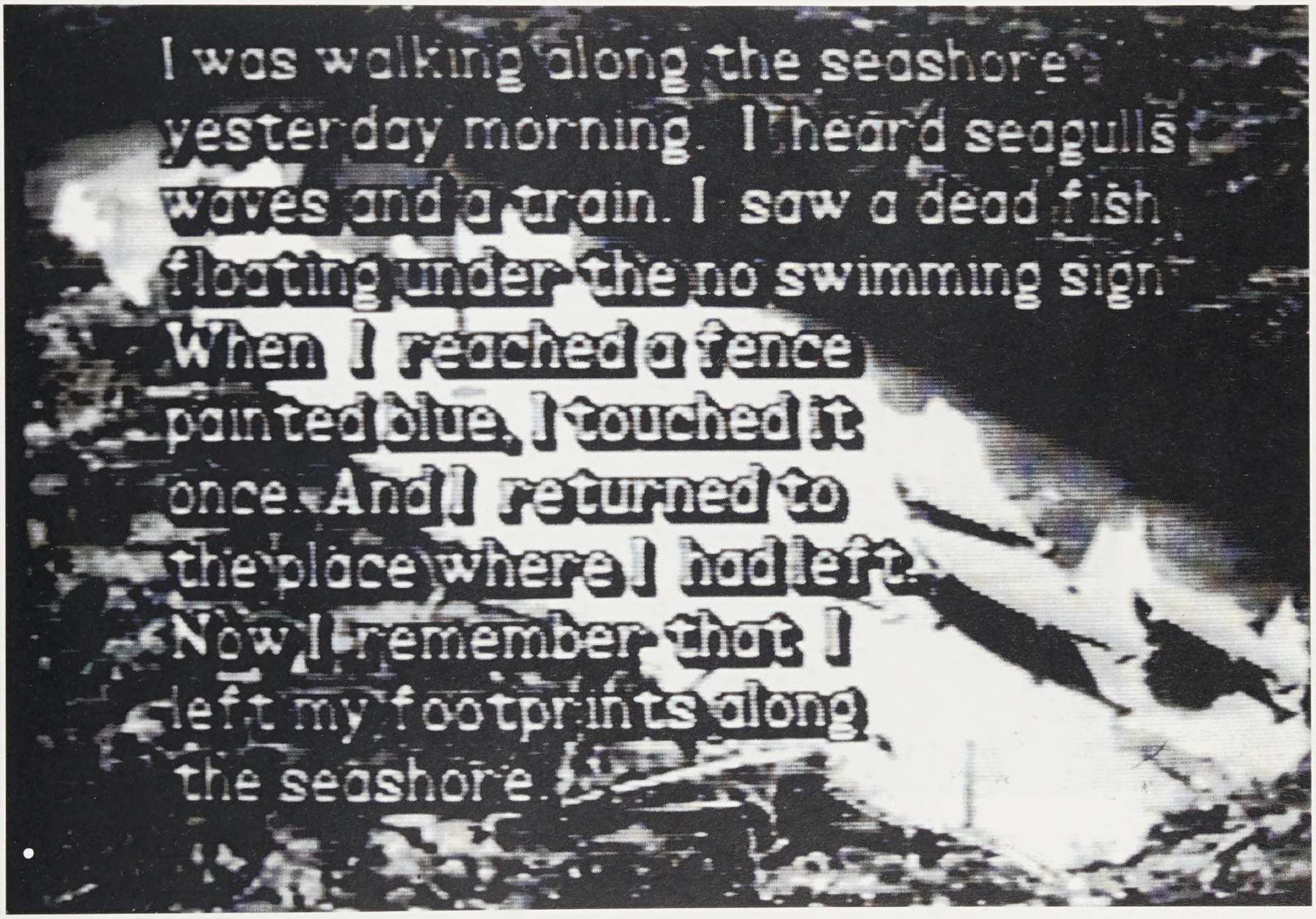
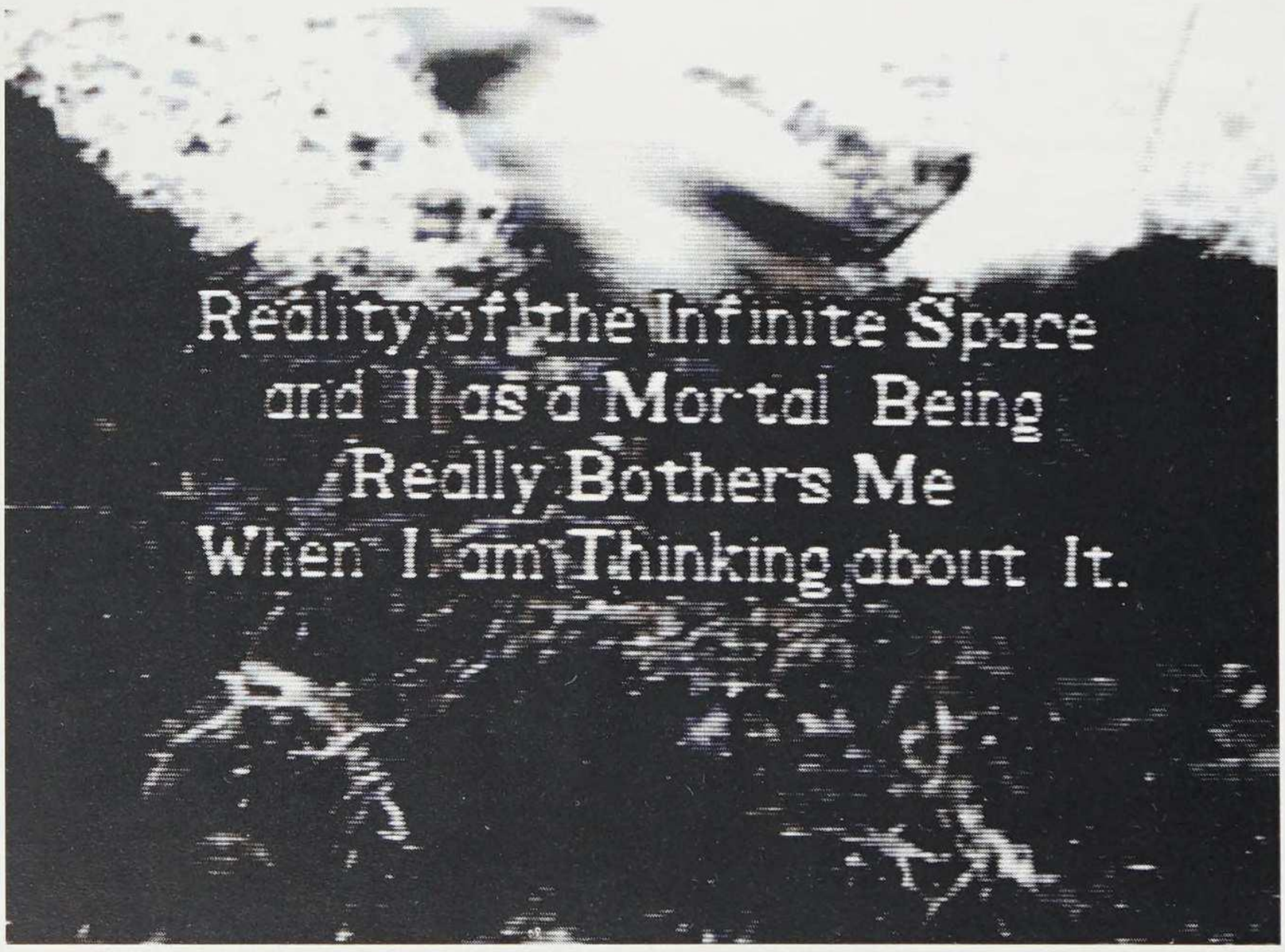
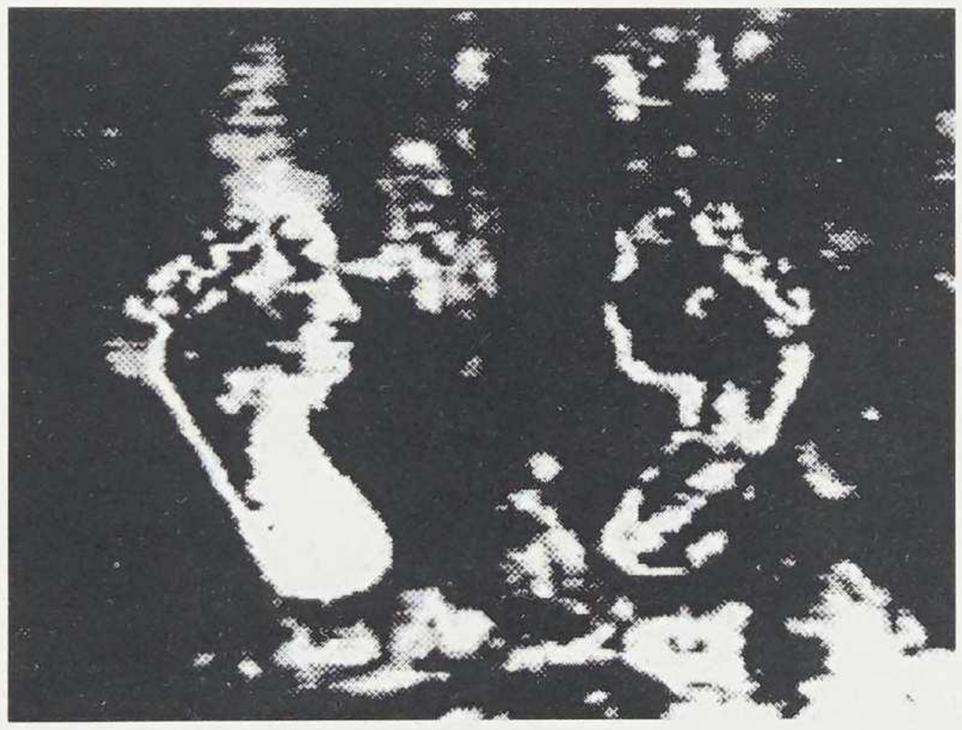


THE TRACE
1991-1993

KIL-YOUNG YOO



REALITY KIL-YOUNG YOO
1993

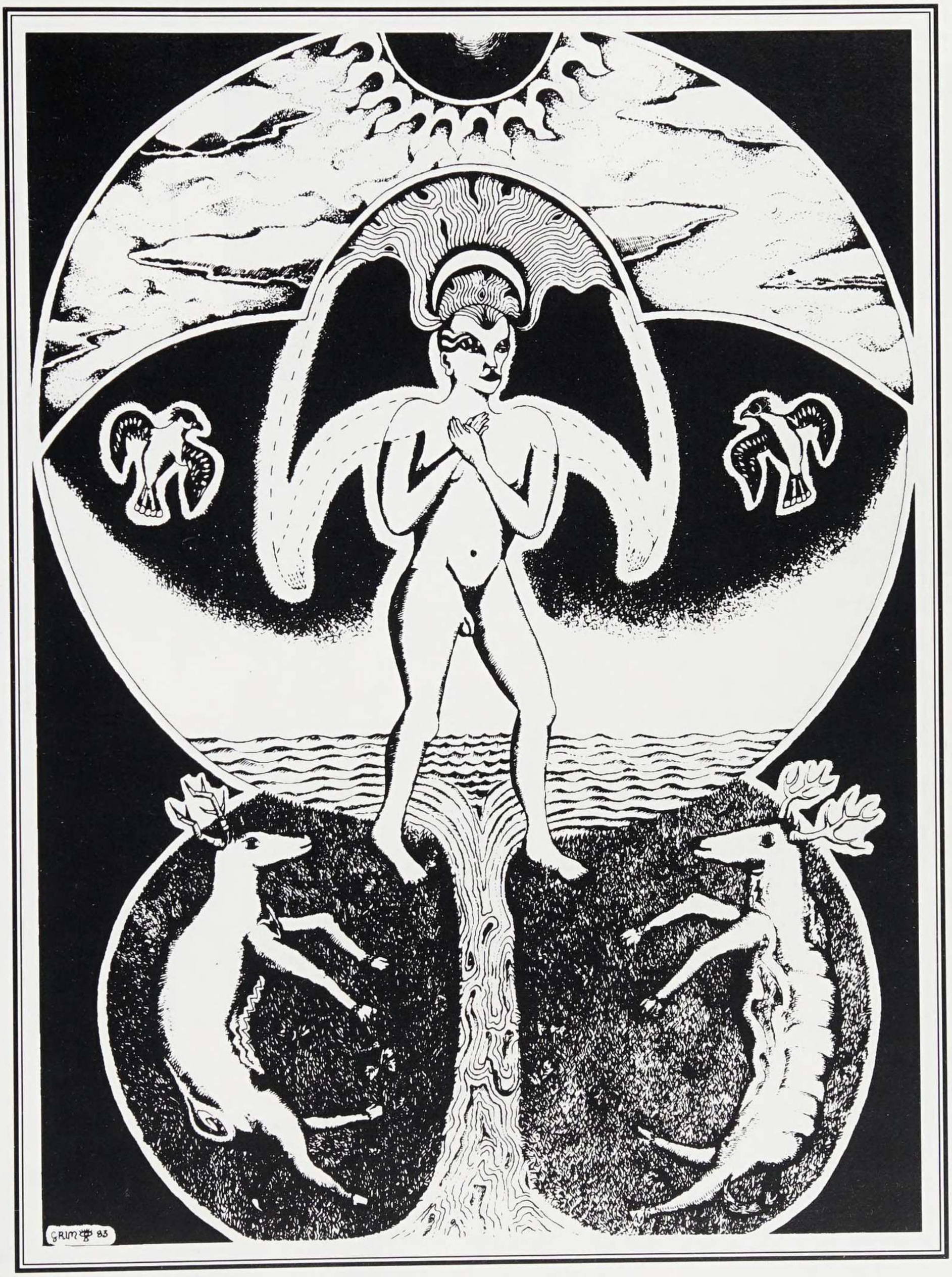


TECHNOMEMORY 2 KIL-YOUNG YOO
1993

ESOTERIC IMAGE NO. 8

LANDSCAPE OF WONDERS, THE MOUNTAIN STANDS FIRM AND ITS MEANINGS ARE MANIFOLD. WITHIN ALCHEMY THE MOUNTAIN REPRESENTED THE 'HOLLOW MOUNT THE MOUNTAIN OF ADEPTS, WHERE THE TEMPLE OF THE WISE DWELT, AND THE PHILOSOPHERS STONE OR THE PRIMA MATERIAL IS HIDDEN. IT IS THE 'HOUSE OF SELF COLLECTION' LIT BY SUN AND MOON AND ALSO THE WORLD AXIS WHERE THE HIGHEST TERRESTIAL POINT BECOMES CLOSEST TO COMMUNION WITH GOD. IT IS ALSO THE SPINAL COLUMN WHERE THE AWAKENED KUNDALINI ASCENDS. THIS ROCK IS PART OF THE LAST DESCRIPTION, IT IS THE LINGAM PENETRATING THE YONI OF WATERS AND SKY. THE BOUNTIES OF NATIVE GROWTH AND FECUNDITY ARE EVIDENT ON THE GROUND, BIRDS, FLOWERS AND CREEPING THINGS, ALL RECEPTACLES OF THE SPIRIT. AS KUNDALINI BURSTS INTO THE 1000 PETAL LOTUS OF AWAKENING, THE FLYING CREATURES SPIRAL TO THE ORGASMIC MOMENT, WHERE ELEMENTS ARE FUSED AND UNION IS REACHED.

– GRIM.



ESOTERIC IMAGE NO. 9

THIS IS A MANDALA OF ELEMENTS. SOL BLAZES DOWN INTO THE SPHERE OF BEINGNESS, CLOUDS ARE TOSSED BY THE WINDS, THE PRIMARY AERY ELEMENT EVIDENT IN BREATH AND SPIRIT. A MAN STANDS ASTRIDE THE OUTFLOWING WATERS, RESTING LIGHTLY ON THE EARTH MOTHER. FROM HIS HEAD AURIC ENERGIES FLOW. THE DOWNTURNED CRESCENT BALANCES THE BLAZING SUN ENERGIES, IT ALSO PERTAINS TO THE CHANGING FORMS OF PHENOMENA AND THE AQUATIC ELEMENT, PLUS THE MAGNETISM OF MAGIC. HIS ARMS HAVE COMPLETED A CYCLIC RITUAL GESTURE, WHICH CIRCULATES THE CHI OR PRANA THROUGH THE WHOLE BODY AND COMES TO REST IN A POSTURE OF SURRENDER AND PRAYERFULLNESS OF THE BREAST. TWIN BIRDS OF THE SPIRIT HOVER WHILST THE CLEAR WATERS TUMBLE BETWEEN THE LEGS OF THE MAN. GENTLE DEER OR STAGS, AMBASSADORS BETWEEN LAND AND SKY, WATER AND FIERY MOVEMENT STAND AS SYMBOLS OF THE IMAGINATION, AND THE SWIFTNESS AND CLARITY OF SPIRIT. THEIR ANTLERS ARE TWIN BRANCHES LINKING THE ESSENCE OF BLOOD AND SINEW AND MOVEMENT THRU AIR WITH THEIR ABILITY TO GROW EACH SEASON THEY ARE SYMBOLS OF RENEWAL. THE DEER REPRESENT THE INTEGRATED BEAUTY, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF UNDEFILED NATURE. THUS THE WHOLE CYCLIC IMAGE PRESENTS A MAN NAKED, PURIFIED IN HARMONY WITH SELF AND NATURE.

– GRIM.

● Anti-Racist Action (ARA) march to confront Heritage Front (a self-proclaimed "White Rights" group) at Metro Courthouse Toronto Jan. 25 1993

For the Record:

Photographs

by

David

Otterson

Freedom of Speech . Anger . In the Streets

ARA MARCH ON THE
HEADQUARTERS OF
HERITAGE FRONT'S
TELEPHONE "HATE -LINE"
TORONTO
JUNE 11,1993

Police Use Horses to
Separate ARA and
Heritage Front
Members
Outside Metro
Courthouse
Toronto
Jan. 25,1993

ARA on Yonge St.
marching To
MetrO Police
Headquarters
Toronto
Jan. 25,1993

ARA

WHAT IS ANTI-RACIST ACTION?

Anti-Racist Action (ARA) came together to bring people out onto the streets to show the strength of our opposition to fascism as well as our commitment to a multi-racial, multi-cultural, sexually diverse, liberated and fun society. ARA is primarily a youth-oriented group, built by people who have been targetted for either harassment or recruitment by neo-Nazi organizations in Toronto.

While we've gained notoriety primarily for our direct action oriented demonstrations aimed at shutting down the neo-Nazi Heritage Front and the Church of the Creator, we've also been organizing steadily in the high schools, in broad based community coalitions, in neighbourhoods, and amongst our own friends and families. We've been contributing to anti-racist youth culture by organizing more than a dozen 'Rock Against Racism' gigs and regular dances (making it way more hip to be an anti-racist than a bonehead). And we keep the message on the streets with poster campaigns and flyers and by having ARA speakers make the rounds at community events. All these things combined make ARA one of the fastest growing groups in the city and one of the most effective challenges to racist organizing.

ARA—ON THE PROWL!

● **ARA is born (September)** — When the Heritage Front planned a march on the courthouse to support their telephone HATEline, a counter-demo comes together with 40 hours notice. We greatly outnumber the fascists, many of whom flee in panic.

● **Roma Rally (November)** — ARA shuts down a secret Heritage Front rally featuring several prominent neo-nazi speakers. Over 100 humiliated racists are forced to slink out of the building under police escort.

● **Queers bash back (December)**—After the murder of a Montreal gay man by nazi youth, hundreds march through Toronto's queer community to show that we cannot be intimidated by fascist homophobes.

● **Anti-racist student campaign (January)** — ARA joins the response to fascist recruitment and leafletting in Toronto's high schools with a mass rally at Riverdale School and march through the East End.

● **Infamous courthouse demo (January)** — Over 500 people show up at 8am to stop another attempted public display of fascist force. Only 30 neo-nazis dare show up and march into the courtroom under cover of a mounted police attack on anti-racists.

● **Remembering Jewish resistance (April)** — Jewish Feminist Anti-Fascist League and ARA commemorate the 1943 Warsaw ghetto uprising against the Nazi occupation.

● **Stop Killer Cops (May)** — ARA and the Black Action Defense Committee marched for an end to racist police violence.

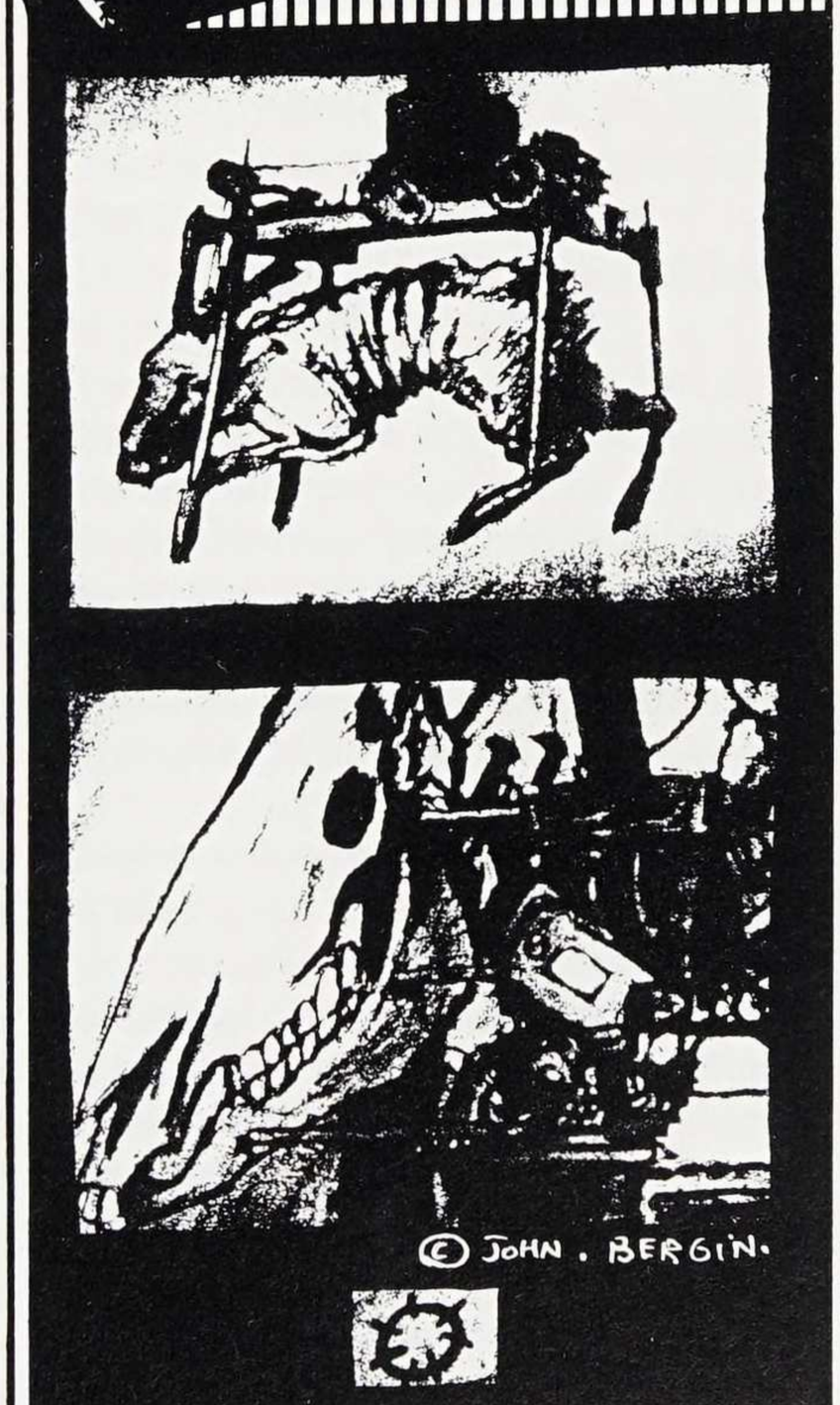
● **Community Organizing (June)** — ARA begins a neighbourhood-based crew in Parkdale to counter racist organizing there.

● **Hateline Trashed (June)** — ARA marches on the headquarters of the Heritage Front hateline to expose the Nazi presence in an East-end neighbourhood. Neo-nazi Gary Schipper's house suffers some broken windows and paint bombs. The HF is thrown into disarray and is forced to cancel a speaking event and a summer tour.

ARA.
On the prowl.
(416) 363-7541

"CAHIERS ANTISPECISTES LYONNAIS"

A FRENCH MAGAZINE ABOUT THE ANIMAL'S LIBERATION.



-CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT YOUR MAGAZINE CALLED : "CAHIERS ANTISPECISTES LYONNAIS" WHICH IS THE FIRST IN FRANCE ON THIS SUBJECT. TELL US YOUR MOTIVATIONS, THE PUBLIC REACTION, ETC...

-Things started on a militant level for us about four years ago. It is difficult to judge the progress we have made since then; in a sense, there isn't really in France at this time an animal liberation movement. We published a starting "issue number 0" of our CAHIERS ANTISPECISTES last September, and two full issues since; we now have about 70 subscribers, but this is clearly an over-estimation of the number of people who can be called animal liberationists. Too many people in particular just don't see the difference between liberationnism and ecology; we feel these differences are very essential. The strongest connection we have is with the Italian group EGUAGLIANZA ANIMALE in Milano, who introduced us to Peter Singer, Tom Regan, etc...and gave us the energy to go on.
Peter Singer's ANIMAL LIBERATION will be published in France next Fall by a major publisher, and we hope this will help the movement to take off. One of our problems is public visibility. We are relatively well known (though not always well loved!) in underground, punk, anarchist, leftist, etc, circles, but not to the general public, and the problem is that many people in the traditionnal leftist circles are actually very narrow-minded, have automatic conditioned responses. One of their taboos for instance is you mustn't say the public is responsible for something; you must always say the public has been misled by Capitalism, Mac Donald or whatever.

-WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR MOVEMENT AND THOSE OF THE OFFICIAL ANIMAL DEFENSE MOVEMENTS, WE KNOW IN FRANCE? - WHAT ARE YOUR REPROACHES TO THE "L.F.D.A."-"Ligue française des droits de l'animal"-"French League for the rights of the animal"?

-In practice, the immediate difference between us and the "animal defense" movements is that we fight against meat, which represents maybe 99% of the suffering that humans inflict on animals. This is the consequence of an ideological difference; we are antispeciesist, that is for animal equality (for the ethical equal consideration of the interests, or of the rights, or whatever, of all individuals, independently of their species, i.e. independently of whether they are human or not), whereas the "animal defense" movements are not antispeciesist. In fact, they are often racist too.
The LFDA (ligue Française des Droits de l'Animal, French League for the rights of the animal) is actually an animal defense movement, even though it tries to appear more radical. In many ways in fact it is less radical, since it isn't much opposed to animal experimentation at all. Nothing in its "Declaration of Rights of the Animal" opposes meat. We

Interviewed by Francoise Duvivier

believe this "Declaration", which has gained some kind of semi official international standing with the U.N, is a cover-up, an attempt to make people identify animal rights with this "Declaration"; for us, animal rights is for instance what Tom Regan says, which is quite something else; rights for us means fundamental rights, the right not to have one's life or quality of life destroyed for meat or scientific experiments, and these rights apply to human and non human animals alike, and for the same reasons. Asopposed to this, the LFDA's "Declaration" is a catalogue of particular rights for NON HUMAN ANIMALS ONLY, and in cases where human and non human rights conflict, human rights are said to override non human rights.

-LET US BETTER KNOW YOUR REACTIONS AND YOUR REASONS AGAINST OUR MEAT CULTURE.

-There is something incredible about people's attitude concerning meat, something pathological. We know many people who eat meat, but who believe they are "on the animals' side" because they avoid, say, cosmetics containing whale blubber; and on the other hand, most of those we know who don't eat meat say this is for.... nature's sake, or their health, or for any reason but for the animals. It is as if the enormous crime committed against animals by eating them every day was a taboo, a blind spot; as if specisism was sacred. The title of the first booklet we published, in 1989, is "We don't eat meat so as not to kill animals"; even with such a clear statement, we have many people who say:"I agree with you, meat is loaded with antibiotics". This looks a lot like hysterical partial deafness.
This may vary of course from country to country; but it is significant that even animal liberation movements - such as those we know in the U.S, in England, in Poland -tend to avoid the issue of meat, and give it much less weight that it should have.

-WHAT DO YOU REPROACH TO THE PUBLICATION: "CIVIS" EDITED BY HANS RUESCH?

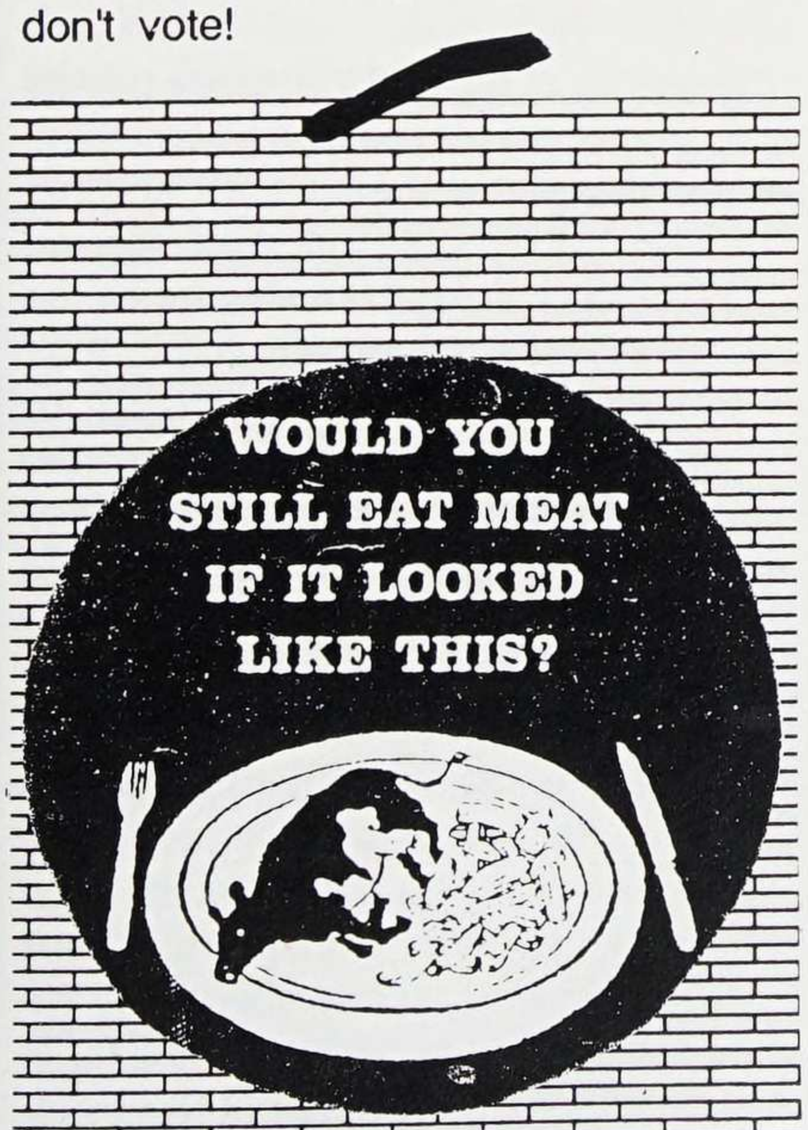
-Hans Ruesch and his followers categorically reject the ethical position aganst vivisection and meat, and they violently attack all those who hold such a position. They say for example that vivisection is a scientific fraud, in other words that it is harmful TO HUMANS. They say that meat is poisonous, and kills...humans! Whatever truth there may be in this, we feel using this kind of argument is injurious in itself to the animals that are killed. We oppose speciesism, and this kind of argument reinforces speciesism. And even on a tactical level, there isn't any real evidence that these "selfish" arguments can be more productive that the ethical ones; they have been used repeatedly for hundreds of years, to no avail, whereas the animal liberation movement, with ethical arguments, has had much more success.

IS THE IDEA OF "ANIMAL LIBERATION" TERRORIST OR PACIFIC? - HOW DO YOU HOPE TO MAKE MOVE THE MENTALITIES ?

-The idea of animal liberation is in itself neither terrorist nor pacific ; it is defined by its end, and many roads can lead to that end. The end itself can certainly be termed pacifist, or anti-violence, since the aim is to put an end to what is a very reasonable candidate to the title of most bloody and cruel war ever waged - which is no small title.
In the face of this violence, the animal liberation movement as it does exist is certainly very pacific. There are millions of people worldwide struggling for animal liberation, and only a handful of them engage in illegal actions, which means risking their own freedom, but hardly ever doing any physical violence against any human or non human animal, since the principle of the Animal Liberation Front explicity prohibit violence. As far as we know, no human in the world has ever been killed by an animal liberation action.
The approach we have chosen in France is to do propaganda at a relatively abstract, theoretical, level, mainly translating philosophical texts from English and Italian, and wrinting things ourselves. However, we do not mean to say that our method is the best or the only one; it just happens to be what we have chosen, for a variety of reasons. Revolutionary movements have been plagued by people who thought they knew the best and only way; we do not think that anyone ought to claim to KNOW which is the correct and sure method that will lead to victory. However, in France, where most people don't even have the slightest idea that there can exist an animal liberation movement, we do feel that for any action, whether illegal or not, to have a positive impact on the public, its message must be expressed very explicitly; and must also be liberationnist. Saving rats from a labaratory in our mind has a NEGATIVE public impact if what you explain to the public is that vivisection is a scientific fraud. It certainly is still a good thing for the rats that are saved, but getting just one person to go vegetarian will save more animals than that.
However there is one problem in saying the movement is pacific, if this is understood as implying that we reject coercion, and see persuasion as the only legitimate means to putting an end to the violence humans commit against other animals. In practice, we are not in a position to use coercion, and we do not favour coercion; however, coercion to prevent people from killing animals for food, for example, would be LEGITIMATE, in the same sense that coercion to prevent someone from raping would be legitimate, even if it may be more pleasant, and maybe more produvtive, to use persuasion, education, propaganda and so on. This is especially important because the main violence against animals is the choice people make to eat them, and this is almost always seen as a PRIVATE choice. It is seen as a private choice precisely because for most people non human animals don't matter; a taste for eating human infants, for instance, wouldn't be seen as a private choice. It is important for us to make it clear that we are not asking people to do a FAVOUR to animals; we are asking them to stop committing a violence they have not theslightestlegitimate claim to commit, against beings who have every legitimate claim not to be subjected to this violence.

-WHAT IS YOUR POSITION TOWARDS RACISM AND SEXISM? - WHAT DO YOU THINK OF POLITICS CONCERNING ANIMAL LIBERATION?

-We are opposed to racism and to sexism, and in favour of equal consideration of the interests of Third World humans in particular. All this is a direct consequence of our call for moral equality of all sentient individuals, whatever their species, sex, race, country or whatever. We are opposed to all arbitrary discrimination.
On a practical level, the oppressed always face a double temptation: they can identify with others who are oppressed or even more oppressed than they are, or on the contrary they can try to distance themselves as far as possible from them. The oppression of animals has served for a long time as a scarecrow for all oppressed humans; the French expression "to treat someone like a dog", for instance, means to treat that person real bad. This has something to do with the fact that anti-speciesist ideas have a lot of problems being accepted by traditional left-wing, anarchist, etc, movements.
Another reason why left-wing movements often reject animal liberation may be that many people are in these movements to seek power; and animals can't give power. Animals don't vote!



F. Blanchon, 6 rue de la Victoire, 69003 Lyon.

-AND WHAT ABOUT ECOLOGY? - WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS WAY OF THINKING AND THE ANIMAL LIBERATION MOVEMENT?

-Ecology has nowadays a very strong, pervasive, influence on almost everyone's way of thinking; and we see the ecology movement as one of the main enemies of animal liberation. Maybe we overreact to the theoretical differences and oppositions between the two movements; the fact is that there are many people who see themselves as belonging to both movements, and feel that both movements have the same fundamental goal. We don't see it that way at all; and it also seems that several of the major philosophers of the animal liberation movement, such as Singer, Regan and Sapontzis, tend more and more clearly to emphasize the oppositions between the movements.
Of course, we are opposed to the absurd destruction of the habitat that is necessary to human and non human animals. However, ecology is quite something else. Take the subtitle of the ANIMALS'AGENDA, for example: "HELPING ANIMALS AND THE EARTH"; this implies that the earth (or Earth - the subtitle is all capitals) ITSELF needs help, FOR ITS OWN SAKE, independently of its usefulness to the animals that live on it. And what is this Earth, what does helping it mean? This looks a lot like a religious, mystical concept.
Animal liberation is not a religion, a mystique. On the other hand, although we ourselves are not religious, animal liberation is not as such opposed to religions or mystiques. However, in this case the problem is in how the will of this deity, called Earth (or Nature, or Gaia, or whatever) is interpreted; To help the earth you must know what the earth wants, what is "good" or "bad" for it (we repeat, independently of what is good or bad for the animals). And what is considered as "Earth's will" is always an "equilibrium": the state of the world before human interference. The fact is this equilibrium is largely imaginary, it has never existed; natural history is a long chaotic evolution.
Taking a past "equilibrium" as reference and ideal for all action is literally reactionary, which wouldn't be a problem if this past state of affairs was a paradise; however, nature has never been a paradise, it hasn't been hell either, but it has been largely the realm of claws and teeth. Humans have learned to do better than nature for themselves, and at least in the developed countries, their lives can be longer and less plagued by disease, predation and famine that those of their ancestors.
Ecology is very often directly used AGAINST animal liberation. Everyone has heard the story of deer dying of starvation because of overpopulation due to lack of predators; this is supposed to "prove" that the natural way is the best, that predation is good. This logic is then used to explain that eating meat is right. Of course, it is possible to point out that the situation is quite different between a wolf eating a deer in the wild and a human city-dweller eating a factory-farmed pork chop but this answer, in our opinion, misses the point. If you take the idea of animal liberation seriously, if you take the individual interests of all sentient animals seriously, you will take seriously the interest every individual deer has not to be killed; and you will favor other methods of population control such as contraception. Though our main focus for obvious reasons is against human predation, against humans eating meat, there is no reason

why we should conceal that there is a clear antagonism between animal liberation and many things ecologists call for in the name of "Nature", such as the reintroduction of wild predatory species in habitats they have disappeared from.
We think that taking the standard of nature, that is competition and predation, as a working standard of conduct, is totally opposed to our aims. We are not either opposed to nature as such, in the sense that we don't believe nature has a will; it is just a state of affairs, that can certainly be bettered. This point is all the more important because many people often confuse animal liberation and ecology; one reason is that they identify animals and nature. This is wrong; even wild animals are not nature. An animal is born in nature has in no way chosen the state of affairs she is born in; she may marginally change that state of affairs, but this will be with no clear conscience of what she is doing. People often speak of nature as if it were some kind of play, in which animals were consenting actors; that when a hare runs away from the wolf, she is just testing her genetic endowment, and if it turns out it is not up to par, she is quite content with being gobbled up. People often also confuse individual animals with their species; and they think that it is bad to "harm a species", whatever that may mean, but think nothing of harming the individual animal.
Ecology is one of the reasons why many people in the animal liberation movement tend t avoid the meat issue; it's much more comfortable to oppose vivisection and zoos, which can be easily depicted as "anti-nature", than to oppose meat, which, in its principle, is "natural". This means that these animal liberationnists will neglect to address over 95 percent of human-induced animal suffering.
We feel that absorbing animal liberation into a hazy and complex "whole", and believing such comfortable but unprovable things as "nature and animal interests go hand in hand", is just another way to avoid taking into account the very simple message of animal liberation.

-IS MEAT NECESSARY FOR HUMAN HEALTH? - YOUR OPINIONS ABOUT THE ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION, THE ANIMALS WHO ARE KILLED FOR FOOD, ETC...IS THERE ANOTHER WAY OF LIVING, ANOTHER MEDECINE, A WAY OF LIVING WHICH RECPECT COMPLETELY THE ANIMALS?

-We don't know why meat isn't necessary for human health; it just seems to be an accident of nature, since, for instance, up to recently, meat was necessary for cats'health (there now exists a supplement, called Vegecat, that enables cats to go without meat). The fact that human beings can be vegan and can be healthy without any animal products with no fuss, less expense and practically no supplement (except for vitamin B12, to be on the safe side) make things easier for the animal liberation movement. But we do not believe it has so much to do with the fact that animal liberation is RIGHT. Black liberation was right whether or not slavery was a good thing for the American economy. Killing animals to eat them is WRONG.
For animal experimentation things are a bit less easy. Humans are animals, and non human animals act as replacements for humans in medical research; this is probably somewhat useful TO HUMANS, in the same way as using black humans to test drugs and medical procedures for white humans would be (and has been!) useful TO WHITE HUMANS - even more so than using non humans, since Black are more like White than non humans are like humans. But the fact that a kind of research is useful to someone doesn't make it right.
It must be said however that since very many humans have at best only a very minimal consideration for the interests of animals, an enormous amount of scientific, commercial and military research is done that makes countless animals suffer and die, just for money, career advancement, or even less serious reasons. Furthermore, what is most needed in way of medical investment nowadays is probably not research, or at least not that kind; for someone who sincerely wants to saves human lives, putting money into Third World sanitary and / or food programs is certainly much more efficient than putting it into cancer research.
Animal liberation calls for applying the same standards of consideration and protection to non human animals as to humans. There may be discussions about what this means in theory; however, in practice, it means putting and end to experiments that harm animals - that is practically all animal experiments, since animals are almost always killed at the end. One consequence will be that scientists will look for other methods; whether these will be less, as, or more efficient is not our point. The reason scientists don't look for them now is that they don't have to, and that they don't care; since they eat animals, why should they care about experimenting on them? However easy it may be to find an alternative to the LD50 test, it is easier still to find an alternative to a ham sandwich; since few people look for an alternative to a ham sandwich, it is hardly surprising that scientists still use the LD50 test.
Our main emphasis is on animal killed for food, because their number is by far the greatest, and also because everyone is very directly responsible, and that this is in our minds a very central problem. People may not be conscious of the amount of suffering inflicted in the factory farms upon the animals they eat, but they are responsible of the fact that these beings are considered as meat, as something worth killing just for the taste of it, and that attitude is the basis not only for the death of the animals, but also for all the misery inflicted upon them during their short lifetimes. The first thing we call for is for people to stop eating animals. This is very simple. Of course, we also ask people to use products that were not tested on animals, non-leather shoes, etc; these alternative exist. We don't ask people to change their lifestyles. We don't ask them to give up smoking, alcohol, and so on; everyone knows smoking is dangerous, you smoke or you don't smoke, this hasn't much to do with animal liberation. We don't ask people to become medical or nutritional experts; this is not the point. You can be for animal liberation whether or not you believe in homeopathy, God, reincarnation or astrology, believe ani-

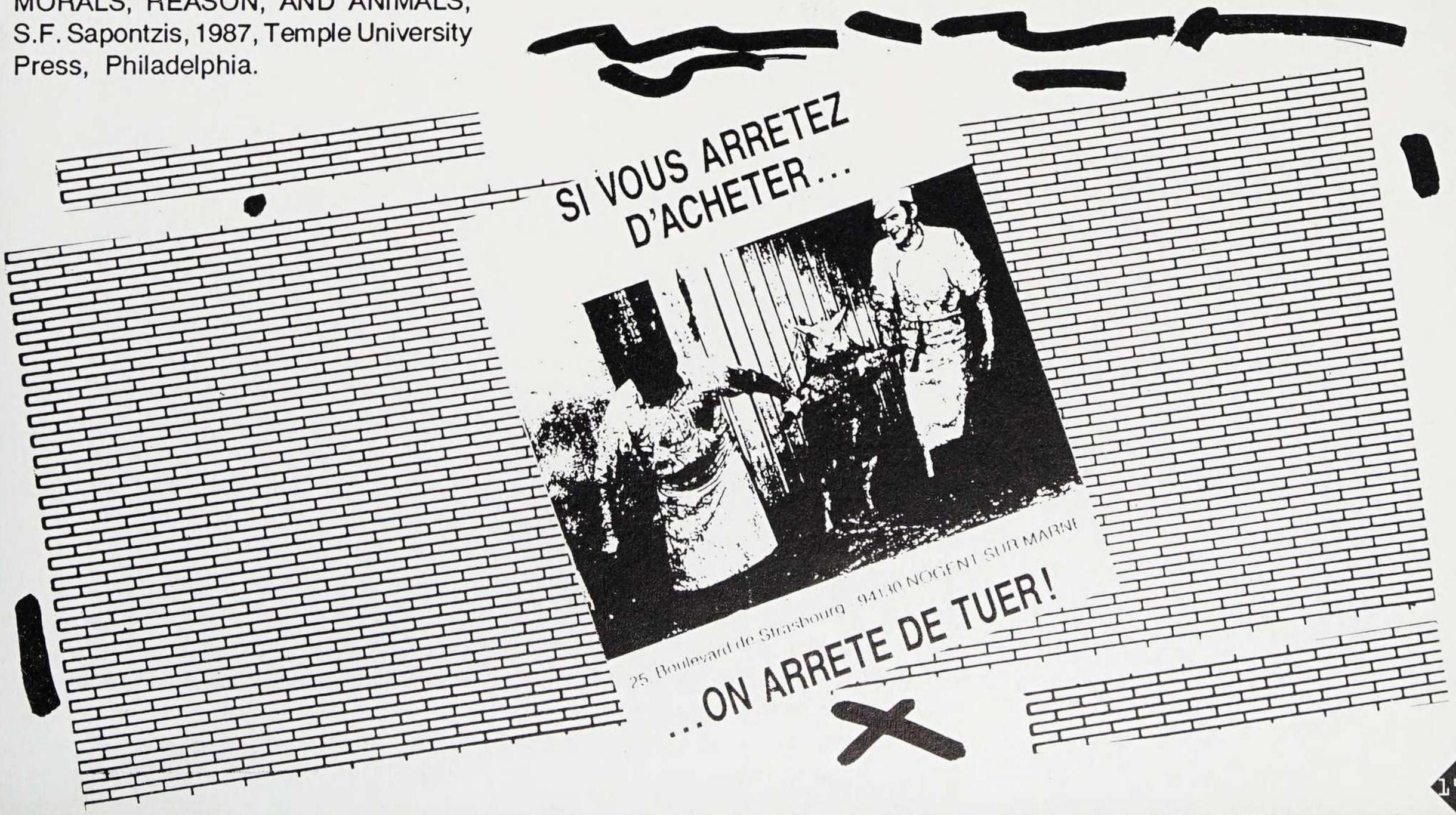
mal experimentation is a scientific fraud, whether you drink or don't drink, are homosexual or heterosexual or don't know.

DAVID OLIVIER, editor.
"Les cahiers antispécistes lyonnais"
20 rue d'Aguesseau, 69007 Lyon, France.
(our publications in French (1 F= 1 French franc= about.18 US dollar):
NOUS NE MANGEONS PAS DE VIANDE POUR NE PAS TUER D'ANIMAUX, 1989, Yves Bonnardel et al., 20 rue Cavenne, 69007 Lyon, France; 56 page booklet, 20F.
LE MOUVEMENT DE LIBERATION ANIMALE, SA PHILOSOPHIE, SES REALISATIONS, SON AVENIR, Peter Singer, 1991, F. Blanchon Editeur, 6 rue de la Victoire, 69003 Lyon, France; small book, 28F.
CAHIERS ANTISPECISTES LYONNAIS, quaterly magazine, 20 rue D'Aguesseau, 69007 Lyon, France; 20F per issue, subscription (4 issues) 80F.

Important books in English:
ANIMAL LIBERATION, 2nd EDITION, Peter Singer, 1990, New York Review of books, New York, or Jonathan Cape, London.
THE CASE FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS, Tom Regan, 1983, University of California Press, Berkeley.
MORALS, REASON, AND ANIMALS, S.F. Sapontzis, 1987, Temple University Press, Philadelphia.

Available as a Poster ($2) or as postcard (10¢) from American Anti-Vivisection Society, 801 Old York Rd., Suite 204, Jenkintown, PA 19046-1685

EVERY TIME AN ANIMAL EXPERIMENTER GETS INTO TROUBLE, HE GRABS A CHILD AND HIDES BEHIND HER.



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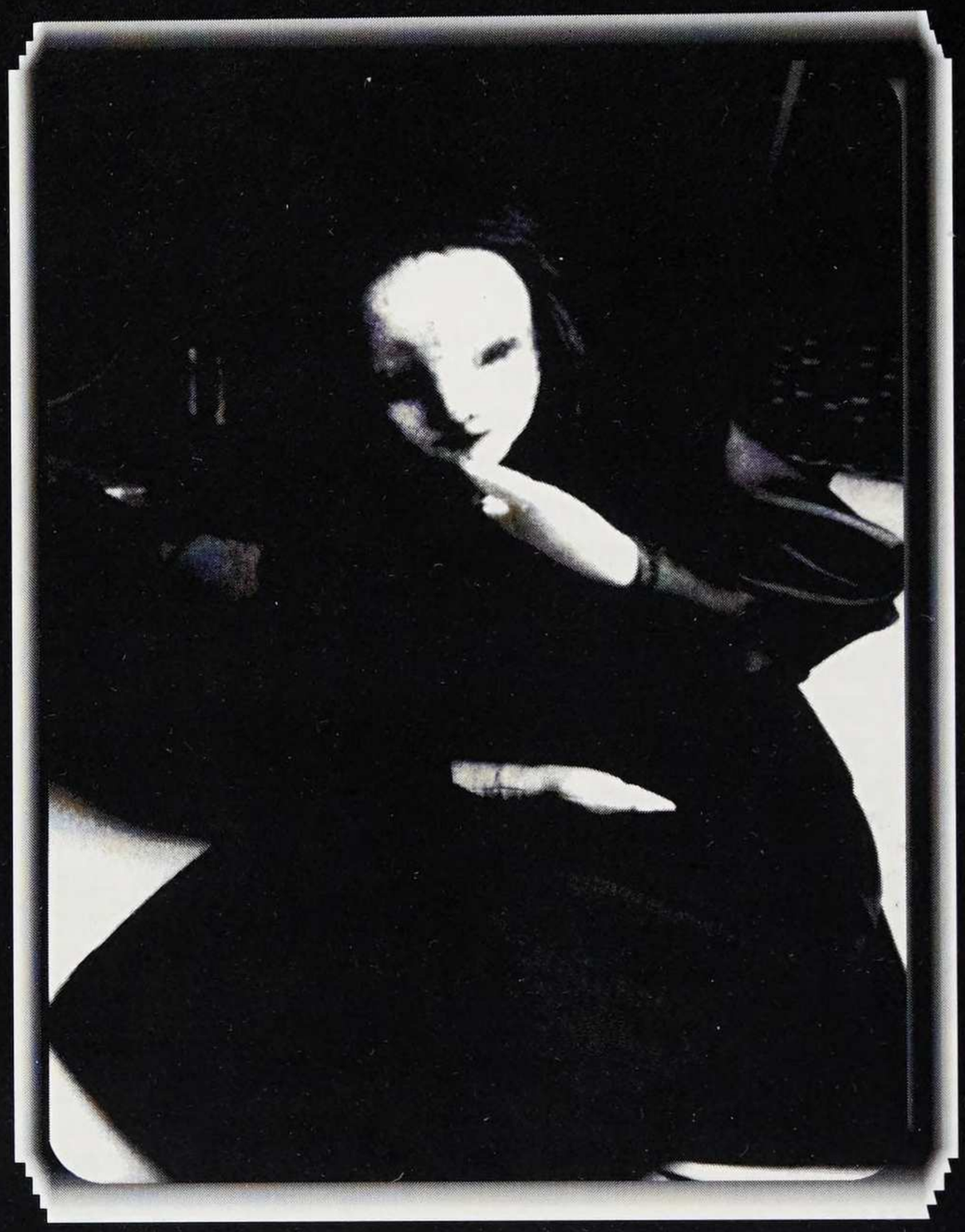


Francoise Duvivier resides in Paris, France, where she devotes her considerable talents to crafting skilfull and disarming works of art.

A prolific collage artist and former small-press publisher of the impressive magazine METRO RIQUET, Francoise also crafts exquisite hand-made dolls.

Each doll is imbued with a touching, at times disquieting humanity, fashioned with subtlty and photographed by Francoise with a tender, candid bleakness that reveals the talents of a complex and sophisticated artist.

The Devotional Art of Francoise Duvivier

I remember my first doll I made myself when I was a child -- I was far away from my home in the Big Garden. It was a creature made of a bottle cork, and two tree branches and a piece of fabric, and it was my first friend.

I think everything I create is alive or becomes alive -- because I do believe in it. It is magical, it is necessary to believe in something, so you make it come to life. And so I do with my dolls.

I don't know how they will be, I don't have a special idea, only abstract feelings and erased memories of

Francoise Duvivier

Francoise Duwivier

dreams and images of the past, or I feel somebody invisible next to me and I have the feeling that this person disappears when I have finished the doll. So, the doll always knows who she is before you do.

I often read books on Death, I have always been interested in Death, it helps me to live.

I'm surprised to read that I have performed the same rituals with my dolls as other peoples of the world do with their dead.

I've been told that I'm obsessed with death...but I wonder why these people refuse this which they fear, why they don't see any hope in this state...

I know I'm obsessed with death -- as I want to see more, and look at things which people don't dare to know or see, I think I may help them to see and understand what it is. ●

Francoise Duvivier

Rich Fields Dominion
Over Life

Dark Road
The Cosmic Imagination

Why RED?

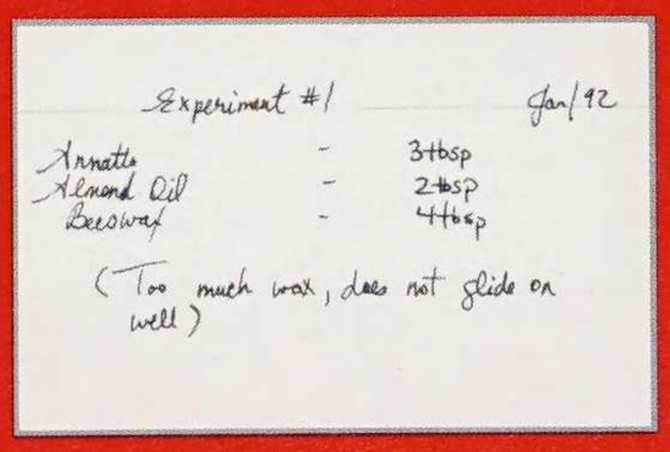
CLARA URSITTI

Is the idea of using something from my womb in cosmetics so far from reality?

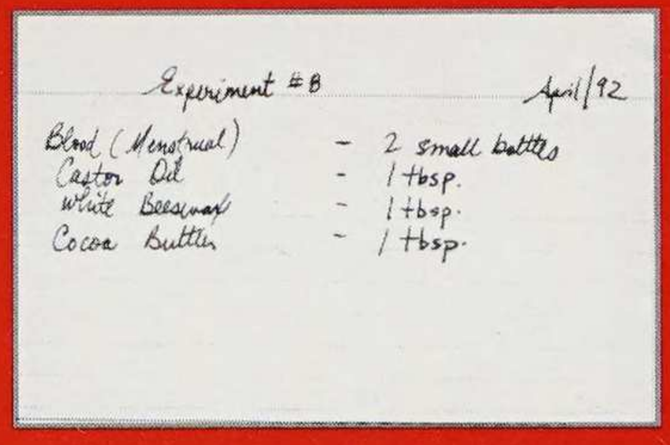
I EXPERIMENT WITH MAKING LIP-STICKS OF MY OWN USING NATURAL PIGMENTS THAT WERE USED IN LIP-STICKS BEFORE CHEMICAL PIGMENTS WERE DISCOVERED, SUCH AS ANNATO, HIBISCUS, AND BEET.

EVENTUALLY I USED THE BLOOD FROM MY ARM FOR PIGMENT, AND FINALLY I COLLECTED MY MENSTRUAL BLOOD.

AT THE SWISS SPA "LA PRARIE" SHEEP EMBRYOS ARE USED ON THE CLIENTS FOR THEIR "FRESH LIVING CELLS". PLACENTA IS A COMMON INGREDIENT IN SKIN CREAMS. GERALD MCNIGHT (*THE SKIN GAME: THE INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY BUSINESS BRUTALLY EXPOSED*. LONDON: SIDWICK AND JACKSON, 1989) STATES THAT IN GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA AND FRANCE, HUMAN FETAL TISSUE CELLS ARE SOLD TO MANUFACTURERS OF SKIN CREAMS.



HE GOES SO FAR AS TO CITE RECORDED CASES OF PREGNANT WOMEN IN POOR COUNTRIES WHO WERE PERSUADED TO ABORT THEIR PREGNANCIES AS LATE AS SEVEN MONTHS — FOR ABOUT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS — TO A LUCRATIVE UNDERCOVER TRADE IN COSMETIC FETAL TISSUE.



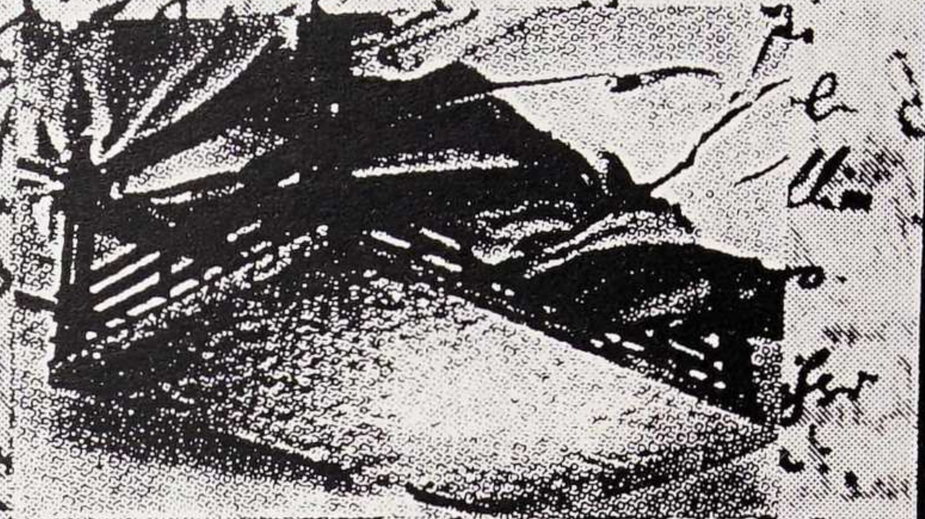
WHY IS IT THAT WE STRIVE TO LOOK ETERNALLY YOUNG AND SO PUT FAITH IN CREAMS AND SERUMS?

WHY DOES RED MAKE A WOMAN FEEL MORE POWERFUL OR ATTRACTIVE?

WHY DOES THIS "LOOK" WORK?

IS IT ADVERTISING, CULTURAL CONVENTION, OR IS IT ROOTED IN SOMETHING DEEPER? IS IT CONNECTED TO THE IDEA OF THE VAGINA DENTATA?

I CAN ONLY HYPOTHESIZE, I CAN ONLY LEARN THROUGH MY OWN BODY. I STILL COLLECT MY BLOOD EVERY CYCLE AND DATE IT. I OCCASIONALLY MAKE NEW LIPSTICKS, EACH ONE DIFFERENT, AS MY BODY CHANGES WITH TIME. ●



CIRXCUMXVENTXING

Our Psychical Censors

Diana

Thorneycroft

'Courageously seeks to circumvent our psychical censors by constructing evocative photographic images that tease into conscious awareness our hidden desires, memories and feelings. To this end, she has developed a photographic process which combines elements of choice and chance, ritual and improvisation. donning costumes, masks, artificial body parts – surrounded by carefully chosen props and backdrops – Thorneycroft performs before the watchful, relentless eye of the camera. The only light source in the darkened studio is a hand-held flashlight which she moves about at random as she gestures and poses. Some parts of the scene will be exposed by the revealing caress of the light beam; others will remain cloaked in darkness, forever inaccessible to the camera, the artist and the viewer.

As the silent, dream-like performance unfolds, the camera isolates and fixes a series of telling moments in which unexpected (and sometimes sinister) interactions between the performer, the props and the environment become evident. From this sequence, the artist selects some images and discards others, completing her work through the editing process.

At every stage in her creative process Thorneycroft consciously "sets up" her unconscious (and ours) in order to expose the unremembered stories, hidden selves and unidentified anxieties it contains. An uneasy narrative is gradually revealed as strands of telling details are woven into a series of intricate, visual texts. The unconscious suggestively discloses its secrets in a decisive bodily gesture, the strain of taut muscles, a conflicted facial expression, an inanimate object anthropomorphised by the play of movement and light, an unnameable form mysteriously hovering in space, a reoccurring symbol.

How we as viewers come to read these inconclusive "texts," filling in the missing spaces, betrays yet another story. In the process of shaping these fragmented, ambiguous images into a meaningful "picture" our own psychical censors are challenged. Fantasies, feelings, fears – our own – are revealed and offer themselves for introspection.

– *Sigrid Dahle*

Untitled (Fish Bride), silver print, 1992

Photographs

SELF-PORTRAIT (*FATHER AND CHILD WITH CLOUDS*)

SILVER PRINT 25 X 25"
1990 THORNEYCROFT

UNTITLED (*CENTAUR IN THE GARDEN*)

SILVER PRINT 24 X 28"
1992 THORNEYCROFT

UNTITLED (*LOSS, GLOVE, MEMORY*)

SILVER PRINT 25 X 25"
1993 THORNEYCROFT

UNTITLED (MASK)

SILVER PRINT 25 X 25"
1993 THORNEYCROFT

JOHN BERGIN

..comics ..... editor ..... music..

INTERVIEWED BY FRANCOISE DUVIVIER

"IT IS DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN JOHN BERGIN'S WORLD WITH SHORT AND QUICK WORDS. I SAY THAT ABOUT HIS MUSICAL AS WELL AS VISUAL WORK. HIS WORK IS UNIQUE. IT COMES FROM HONEST INTROSPECTION TYPICAL OF JOHN BERGIN, AND SEEMS ESPECIALLY TO HAVE BEEN BUILT WITH THE HELP OF NIGHTMARES OR OTHER EVENTS IN LIFE...COMMON AS WELL AS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE COMICS OF JOHN BERGIN LET YOU TRAVEL THROUGH A SUBTLE AND DREAMLIKE LANGUAGE WHICH IS ATTRACTIVE AND FASCINATING. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO REMAIN INDIFFERENT TO THESE FEELINGS FOR THEY ARE OURS AS WELL AS HIS. THEY GROW FROM A TERRIBLE HALLCINOSIS WHICH LOOKS LIKE A LABYRINTH WITH NO EXIT. WE SHARE HIS TERROR AND DREAD IN A PAINFUL SILENCE WHICH LEAVES US CONFUSED AND STRICKEN BUT ALSO CONVINCED AND CHARMED.

THE COMICS ARE GRAPHICALLY DENUDED, THE PERSONAGES ARE THIN, NERVOUS SHADOWS, AND THE LONELINESS IS A LEIT-MOTIV WITH "FLASH-WORDS" OF URBAN POETRY. THE WORK IS HAUNTED BY A DARK ROMANTICISM, LIKE "THE VEIL", FOR EXAMPLE.....OR A DARK MYSTICISM SUCH AS THAT FOUND IN "KING OF MAGGOTS".

WHEN I READ "SHITBUM" (WRITTEN BY DEAN TETREAULT, ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN) I SEE ALL OF OUR URBAN LONELINESS, OUR INCARCERATION, AND OUR LOSS OF IDENTITY. THE CRUELTY IS INTENSE IN "ANGELMAN" WHICH SEEMS LIKE A MYSTICAL RITUAL...AND "HANGMAN" REMINDS ME OF "THE PROCESS" BY KAFKA.

MANY OF THE COMICS HAVE AN EXISTENTIAL ATMOSPHERE - MOVING THROUGH THE NIGHT'S LONELINESS...AN ETERNAL NIGHT WITH NO END.

THE ABSURD. THE GROTESQUE. THE UNFAIR. THE WEIRD. THE DARKNESS. THE NIGHTMARISH PREDOMINATE AS ALWAYS AND LEAVE US SPEECHLESS AND AWED, BUT CONVINCED AND SUDDENLY ATTRACTED TO THE WHOLE OF JOHN BERGIN'S WORK.

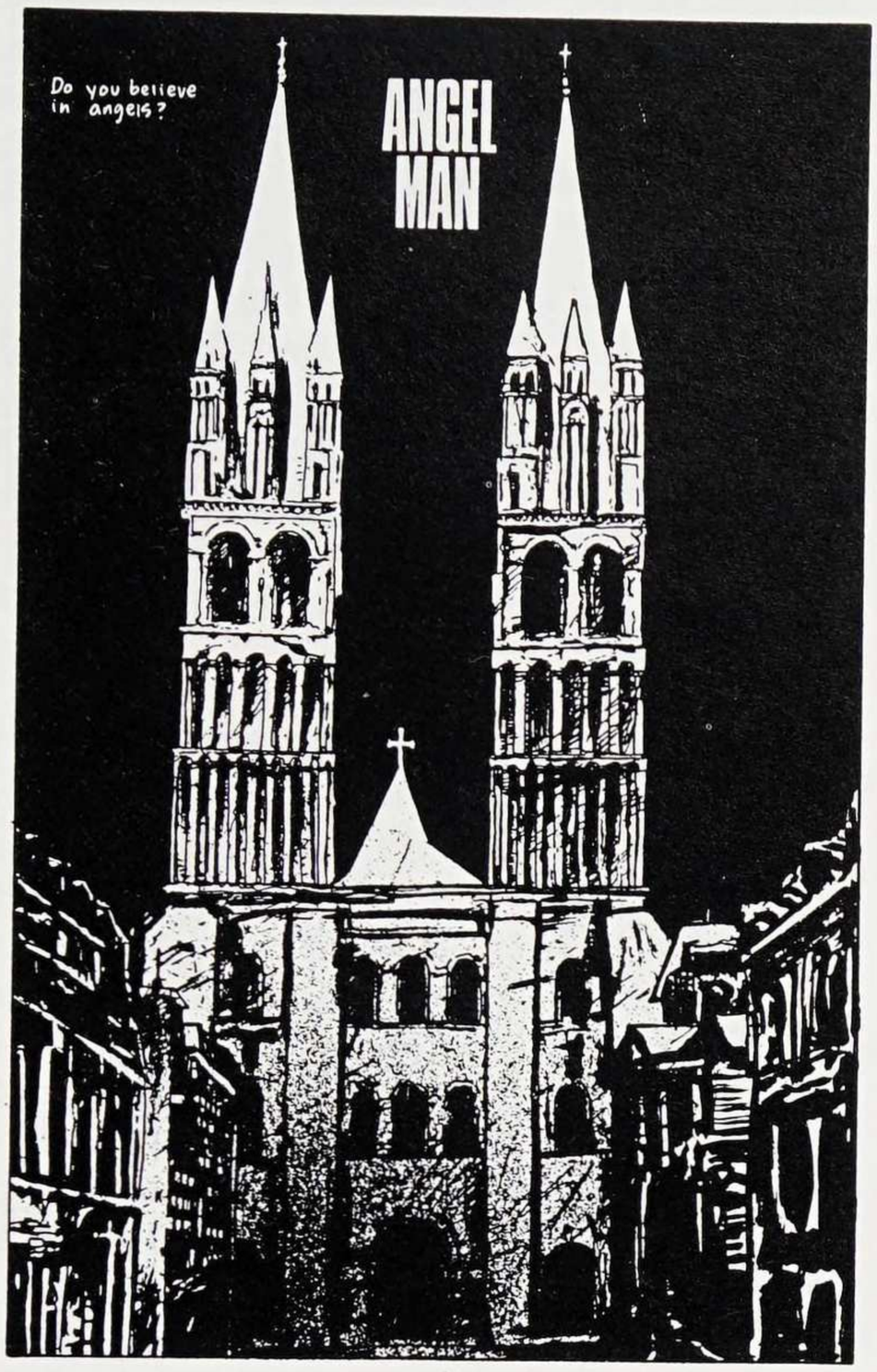
MUSIC AND COMICS ARE MIXED...PERHAPS THE MUSIC MAKES THE GRAPHIC WORK AND IT'S ATMOSPHERE. OR VICE VERSA.

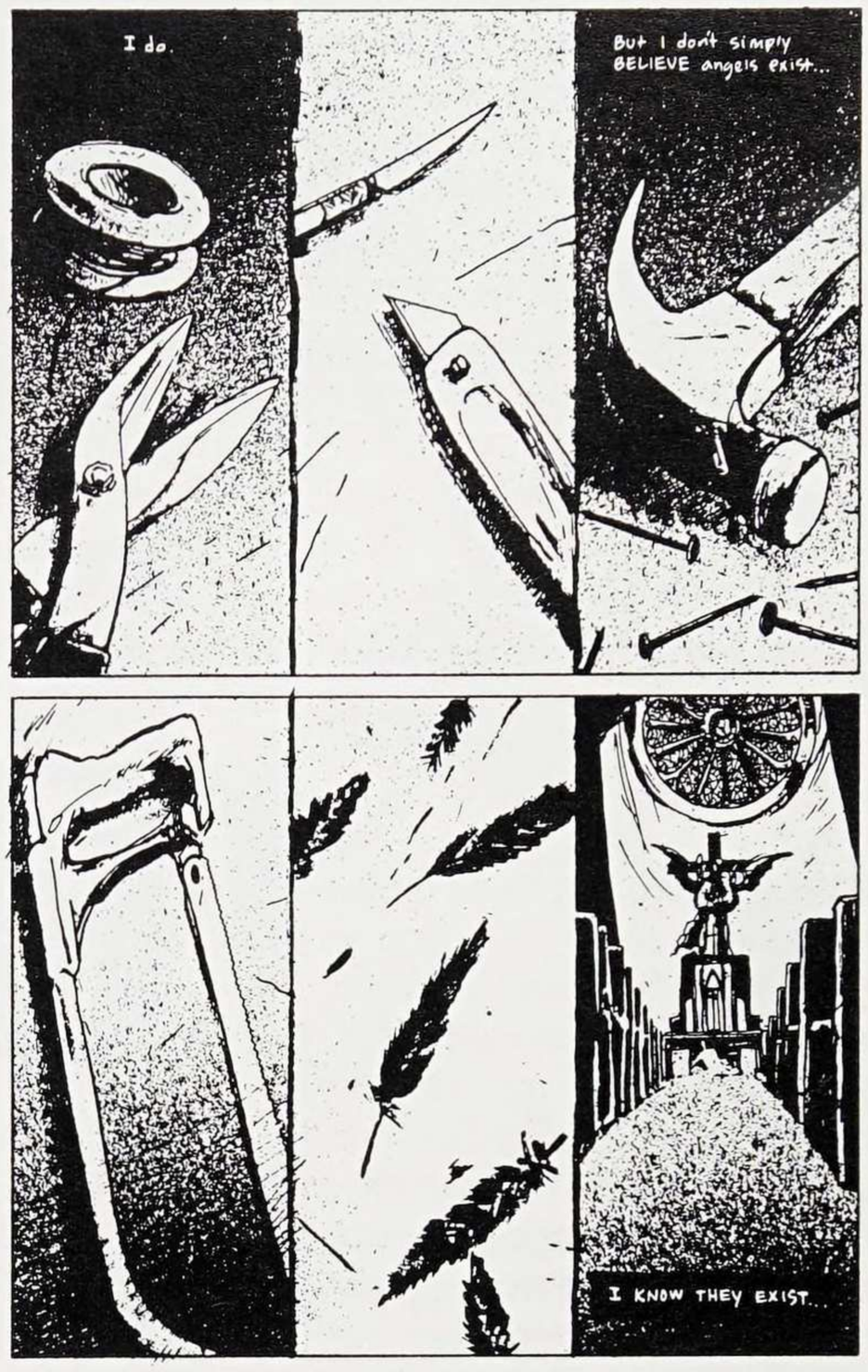
Françoise Duvivier

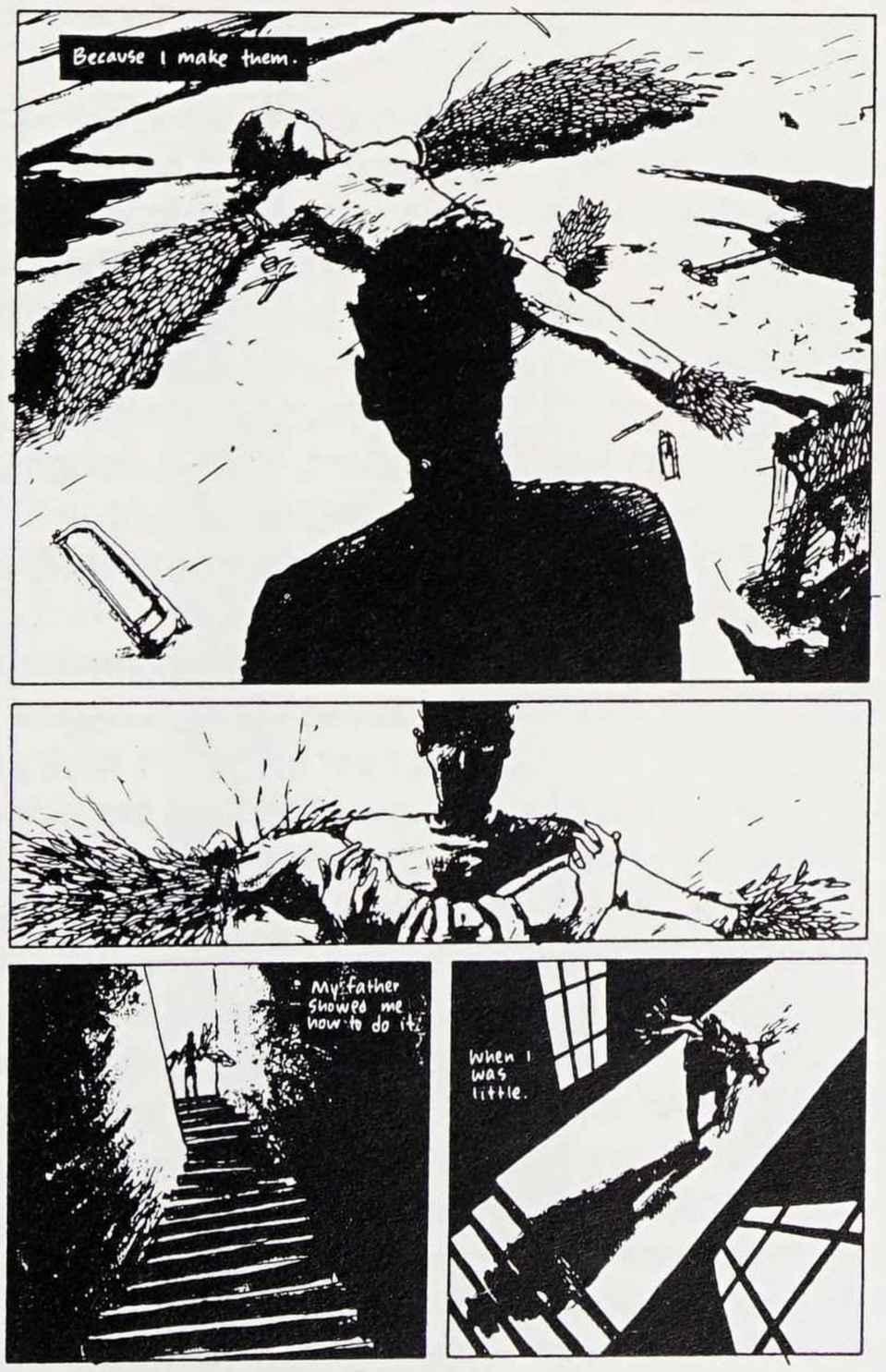
YOU HAVE PUBLISHED "BRAIN DEAD","ASHES", THEN "BONE SAW", AND YOU ARE MAKING "FROM INSIDE" AND OTHER BOOKS.....CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT ALL THAT, AND LET US KNOW WHY YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INVOLVED WITH PUBLICATIONS AND THIS KIND OF PUBLICATIONS? - WHY THESE TITLES "BRAIN DEAD", "ASHES", "BONE SAW" ETC....?

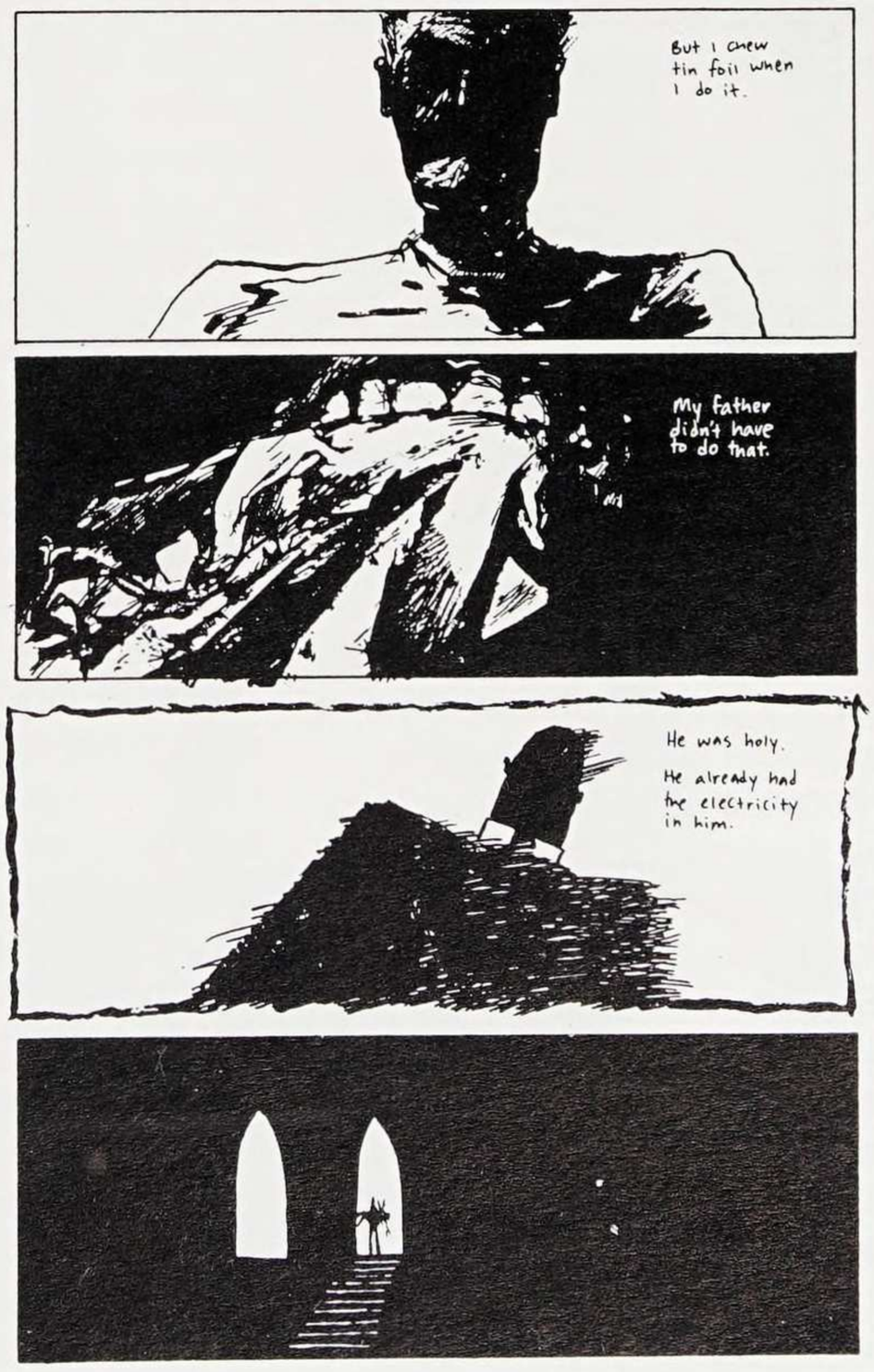
-I must have been about 15 years old when I learned how to run a printing press. Since then (I'm 25) I've always wanted to print things and get them out to the public. I've always drawn and painted, but when I discovered publishing I think I took so well to it because, in a way, I wouldn't have to be alone. A duplicated images reaches more people than a single image.

BRAIN DEAD is an anthology I started in1986. It was a 7"/81/2" magazine of comics, fiction, poetry, essays,


Do you believe in angels?
ANGEL MAN


I do.
But I don't simply BELIEVE angels exist...
I KNOW THEY EXIST.


Because I make them.
My father showed me how to do it.
When I was little.


But I chew tin foil when I do it.
My father didn't have to do that.
He was holy.
He already had the electricity in him.

photography, etc. I was attending the university of the arts in Philadelphia at the time, so there was plenty of material around. I was the editor, designer, printer, collater, distributor, etc. My friend, Bryan Willette, worked with me on issues 1 to 8. Each issue was about 48 pages... black and white... Distribution was never more than 400-500 copies. Currently there are 12 issues. I may do one more, but probably not.

ASHES was my first project for a publisher -"caliber press". It was a collection of short stories, illustrations, and some fiction - all done by myself. I do 5 issues - 48 pages each. It's all black and white.... color covers...

BONE SAW is a more ambitious project than any I've done so far. It is also an anthology - sort of a "new and improved" "Brain Dead" Comics. Illustrated fiction. Photography. Sculpture, etc. etc. My friend James O'Barr is a co-editor. I did all the design and layout. We both have artwork in it, too. It's 144 pages, 32 color, 6" 3/4 x 10" 1/4. Over 20 artists parcipated : Jared Pankin, Misha, Michael Manning, Rene J. Cigler, Charles Saplak, Franz Henkel, Francoise Duvivier, Thom Jurek, John Borkowski, and many many more. It's published by Tundra.

FROM INSIDE is my firs attempt at a comic book story longer than 48 pages. It's 288 pages, full color. FROM INSIDE is also being published by Tundra. The story is about a pregnant woman on a train. She travels across a sort of post - apocalypse world and makes important discoveries and decisions about her life and the life of her unborn child.

THE TITLES ? -BRAIN DEAD is simply a commentary on the state of mind of most americans.
ASHES because all of my stories seem to involve fire or burning
FROM INSIDE because that is where the story comes from
BONE SAW is a longer story : James once told me about an experience he had in medical school... An experience all med students must go throug: their first cadaver. James'class was gathered around the body on the table. The doctor sliced it open and began pulling out organs with total disregard. Pieces fell to the floor. This is a joke older students play on younger student when they do their first cadaver. The older students will play "catch" with a liver just to see how many underclassmen they can get to leave or vomit
I asked James, "did that disturb you ?" He answered, "no...that didn't bother me. What really got me to me was THE SOUND OF THE BONE SAW. That high-pitched grind of the blade ripping through a skull."
When James told me this story, I knew we had the title for our book. All of the material in BONE SAW is like that "sound of the bone saw". It cuts into your subconcious.

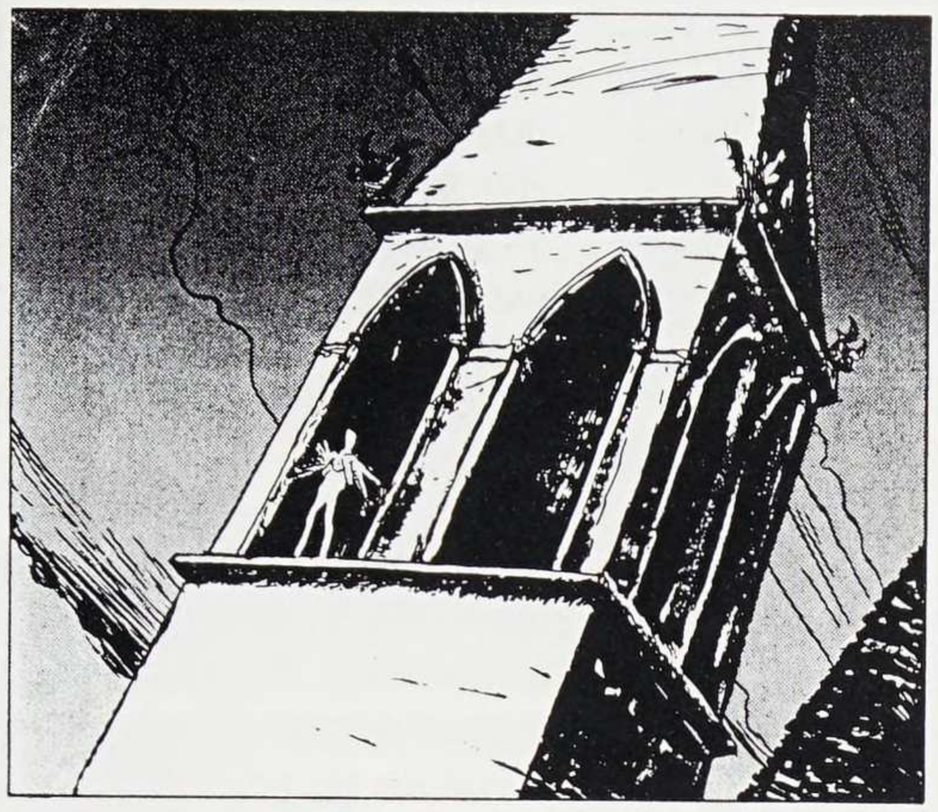
ASHES

-THE "ASHES" COVERS ARE FANTASTIC. WHO HAVE MADE THEM? - DID YOU DO THE WHOLE WORK ALONE OR HAVE YOU BEEN HELPED?

-I constructed and photographied the "ASHES" covers myself. As I said, burning is a recurring theme...So, for the covers I chose objects wich best represented or symbolized the material in each issue and I burned them. For example, issue 1 seemed to have a lot of vampirism and religion. I constructed a cross-shaped wooden stake, burned it, then photographied it. I chose to photograph actual objects (as opposed to doing illustrations) to make the image feel like "evidence" A hint that the stories inside the book aren't just stories.

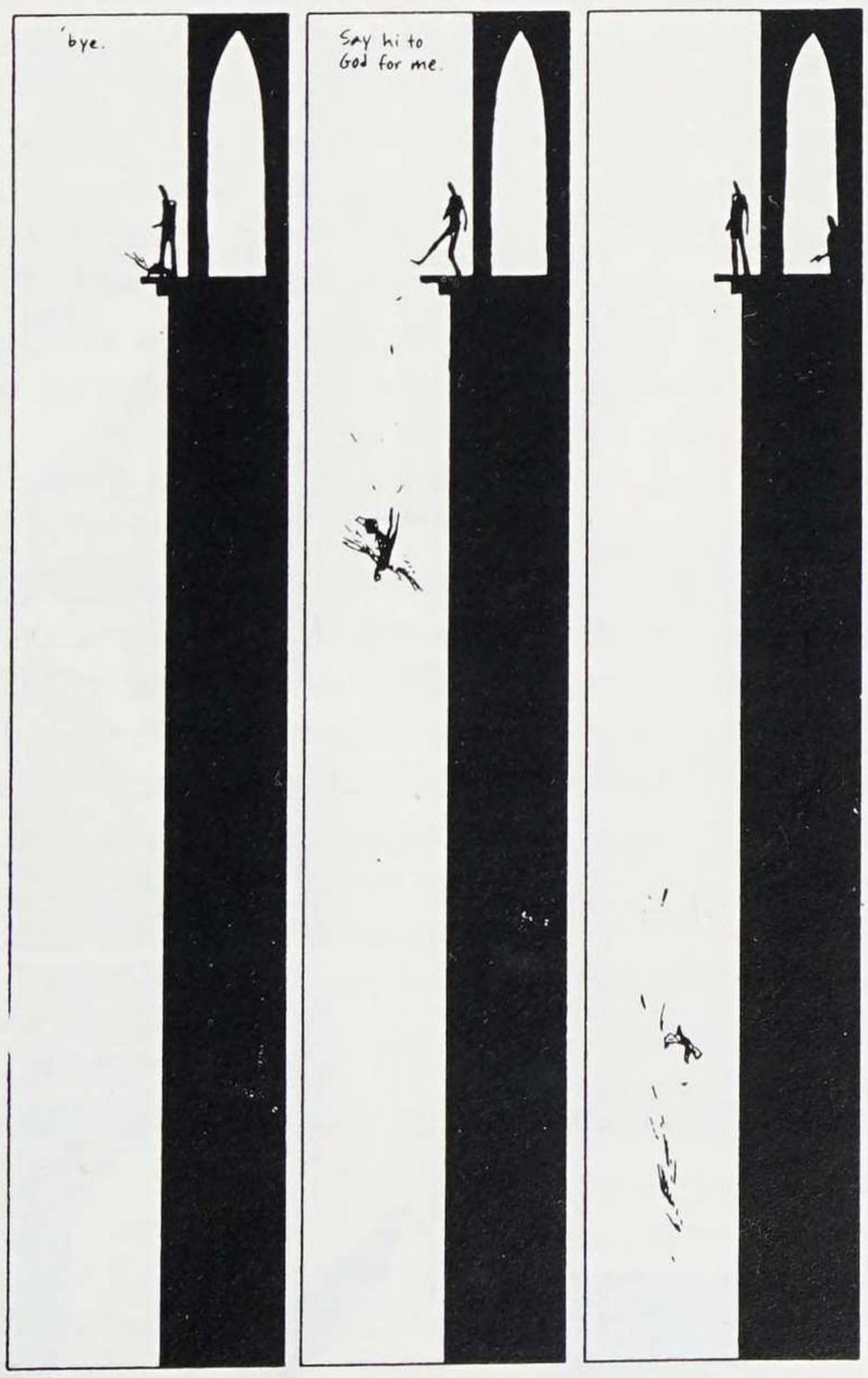
-WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION IN LIFE? - CAN YOU TELL US THE WRITERS/ARTISTS/POETS/PEOPLE AND OTHERS YOU LIKE AND WHO HAVE INFLUENCED YOUR WORK - AND WHY?

-I am often inspired by dreams and nightmares that I have. I write them down each day. Sometimes one will effect me until I start working with it. I may transform it into a painting, sculpture, or comic story. When I work with feelings and events that come to me in dreams I begin to understand their origins: events in my life today...And my life in the past. Sometimes the things that have happened to me are too much to face directly...Too much for me to understand. So, I look at them indirectly, and in small doses, through dreams...and nightmares. I put them through this thing called "art" and I learn to commit them to their place in my life. Sometimes, they won't stay down and come back to obsess me. That's why you may find recurring themes in my art and music. Something which I could not resolve visually may be resolved in some other way.
Probably, the single most influential WRITER is Rudy Wilson. His book: "THE RED TRUCK" was published in 1987 by Alfred A.Knopf. His writing reads exactly how I think. His book inspired me to let words come out that way. Stark, simple, sad, not always related to what is happening. By the way, I'm working on a project with him. He wrote a story that I am adapting. Other writers that I admire are: A.A.Attanasio (Radix, Hunting The Ghost Dancer, Wyvern). Attanasion is a genius...and I admire his incredible talent to make words come alive. He weaves complex stories full of sublime ideas about the nature of the universe, but still, somehow, he keeps it all secret with the most realistic character renderings. I envy his command of language and the conventions of story-telling. I highly recommend his latest book, "Hunting The Ghost Dancer"
Other writers I enjoy-each for many reasons-are: Andrew Vachss, Nick Cave, Stephen Gregory, Ian Banks, J.G.Ballard, Wm.Burroughs, Katherine Dunn, Stephen Wright.
I read so much it's impossible to list them all.
Most of the artists I admire are my friends. I am James O'Barr's biggest fan, and he is my best friend, his work and his support are absolutely the biggest inspiration for my work. I think I run "everything" I do by him for approval or disapproval! In the few years that I've known him he has taught me so much about the medium I have chosen to work in. If you compare my recent comic-work to earlier work you would find the recent to be more refined and appreciable. I am more in command of my talents thanks to James. I am also awed by my friend Bryan Willette's work. He makes these beautiful little boxes with images of power and

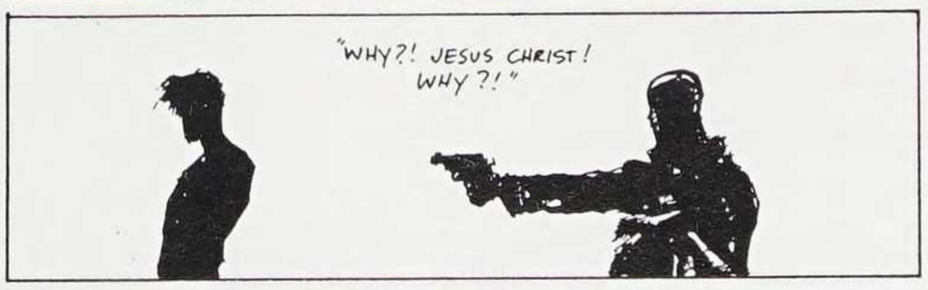


I always stop to look at the angel before I let it go.

They're pretty.
They remind me of Ned.
Ned.
my little brother.
He was the first angel my father made.
Ned.


'bye.
Say hi to God for me.

"DON'T MOVE. YOU SICK BASTARD."
uh oh.


"WHY?! JESUS CHRIST! WHY?!"

Run away.

Run away.

sacrifice inside. I have always admired his ease at cutting to the quick...His mastery of symbolism and fact, and I prabably wouldn't be making music today if he hadn't bought me my first bass guitar and said:"Let's form a band".
All of my friends are good at things I wish I could be good at. I learn from all of them: Chris Duh, Mark Rogalski, Françoise Duvivier, Rene J.Cigler and, of course, my wife Carolyn. I admire the work of all of my friends...So much that I've collected some of their work in a book called "BONE SAW" so that other people can experience them! hopefully "BONE SAW" will be a continuing project because 144 pages is not nearly enough.
There aren't many "famous" artists that I admire or that I am influenced by. Joel-Peter Witkin, Anselm Kiefer
Comic books from the last few years that I recommend are: "Panorama of hell" by Hideshi Hino, "Exquisite corpse" by Arnold and Jacob Pander, "Akira" by Katsuhiro Otomo, "V for vendetta" by Alan Moore and David Iloyd, and of course "The Crow" by J.O'Barr.

-DO YOU THINK TO DISTINGUISH YOUR WORK FROM THE OFFICIAL CULTURE? - HAVE YOU MADE EXHIBITIONS?

-I'm not sure what you mean by "Official culture"...but I don't seperate myself and my work from any one part of society...Not intentionally, anyway.I think my work is different compared to popular culture (the stuff the majority of people in this country experience).
I have had a few exibitions. I enjoy them for the same reason I enjoy publishing - They reach people. Though, exhibitions have something extra: I can actually SEE people react to my work. Once, I exhibited a huge welded steel vagina dentura. The teeth of this thing were curved and sharpened nails. A girl I knew brought her father to the show - he was just a regular guy. When he saw the piece it actually moved him. I mean ; I watched his face change as he actually FELT..I don't know...Disgusted- confused- frightened. Then, he touched it and cut himself on the nails.
I think of "official culture" as television...commercial radio...anything unmoving...anything that does not provoke thought. I see my work as different from that sort of material... but I don't separate myself from it. I need it to guage myself....I need it to exist so I can work against something. That friction is inspiring.

-EXCEPT YOUR PUBLICATIONS AND MUSIC, WHAT DO YOU DO IN LIFE?

-My wife, Carolyn, and I spend time together.

**-ABOUT YOUR MUSIC - I'VE NOTICED YOUR TAPES'TITLES COME FROM YOUR COMICS AS FOR EXAMPLE "THE VEIL", "ORIFICE", AND OTHERS...DO YOU WORK FIRST YOUR MUSIC OR DOES IT COME FROM THE VISUAL ATMOSPHERE?
BY THE WAY, TELL US ABOUT "THE CROW", THIS COMICS BY J.O'BARR AND THE MUSIC YOU MADE ABOUT?**

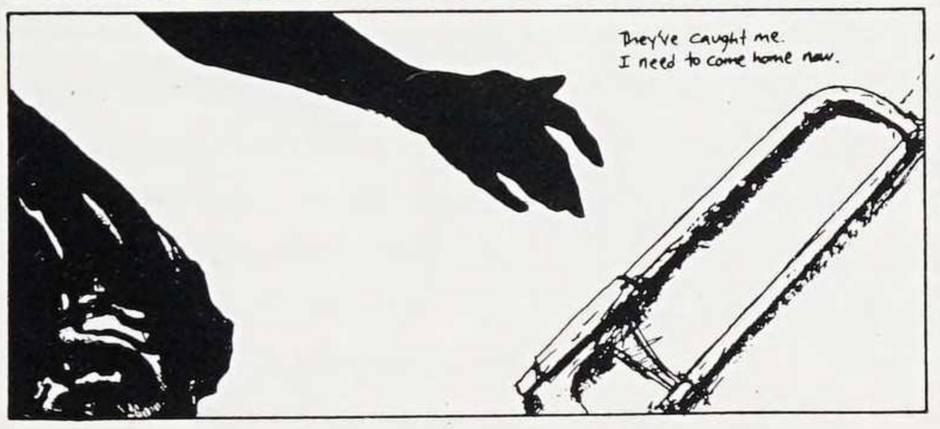
-I work with so many different mediums because I can't say all I need to say with just one. Each medium-from music, to comics, to sculpture is like a different language. Each one allows me to speak differently about the same idea.. each one allows me to complete my statement. Read, seen, and heard or felt, taken together they say it all. One doesn't come before another...It goes back and forth. But the visual atmosphere USUALLY comes after the musical atmosphere. Usually. One exception is "The Crow". This is a recording I did to accompany James O'Barr's comic of the same title. When the 5 issues of the book are compiled the recording will be included with a limited edition hardcover. I did all the music by myself (about 90 minutes worth), half is music with lyrics -(I took words from the books)...and half is more like soundtrack music. Both halves progress like the comic story: "Starts violent, Ends violent...punctuated with passages of sad Beauty" - I did the music as a gift to James. When I first read the story I was struck by the genuine feelings of anger and despair. The books were so...dark...that they stained my fingers. I know what he's writing about, the music I made is that kind of response.

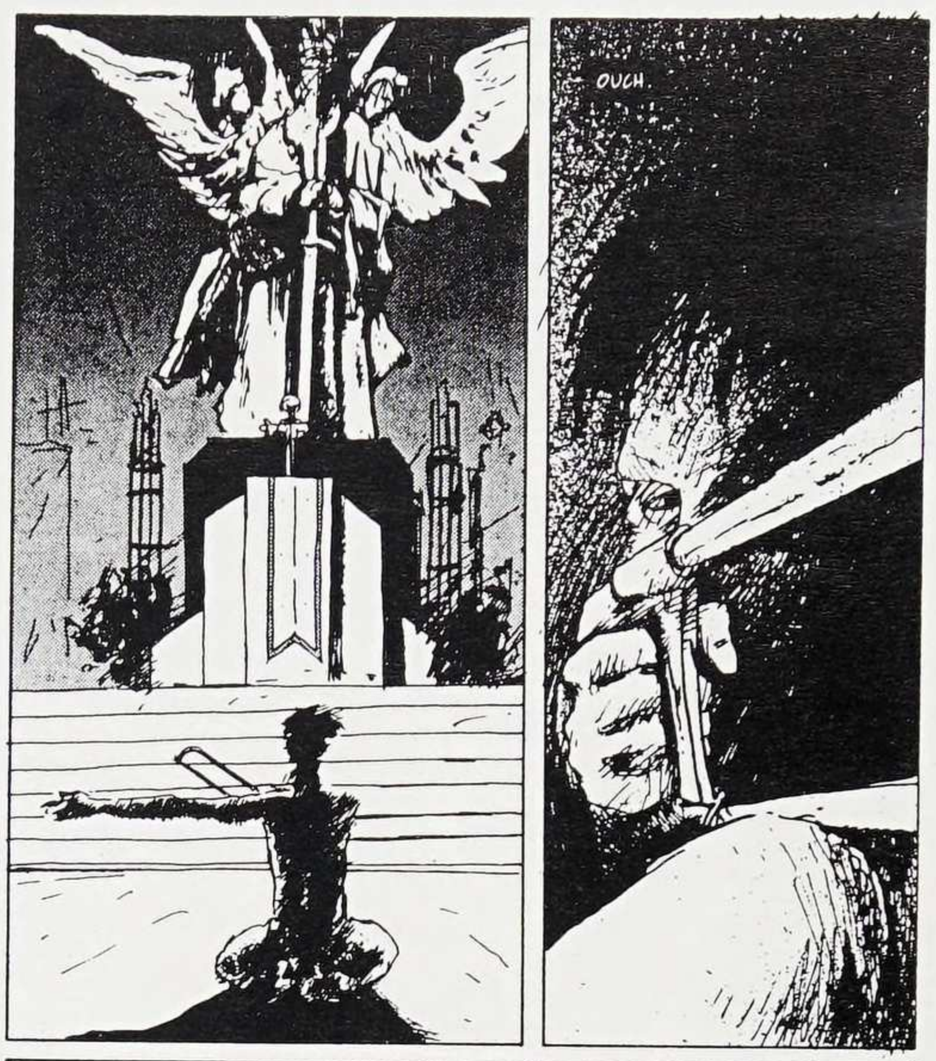
**-HOW DO YOU MAKE THESE VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS FROM "BRAIN DEAD" TO THE NEW ONES?
DO YOU PAY THEM, DO YOU PAY THE EDITOR? (paper,printing work, etc...) - DO YOU SELL THEM WELL? - WHAT IS THE PUBLIC REACTION? - COMMENTS, ETC...?**

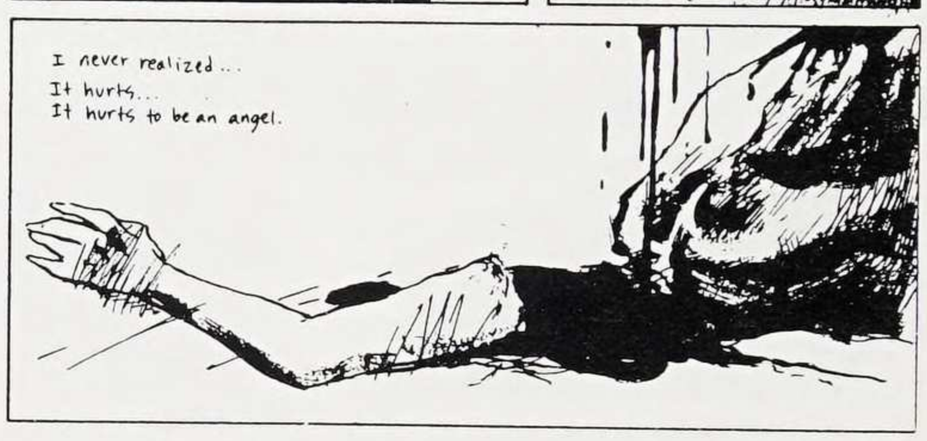
-With "BRAIN DEAD", my friend Bryan Willette and I did everything. And I mean everything...We even collated and stapled the things. We also distributed it ourselves No one was paid for what they did...None of the contributors either. "BRAIN DEAD" was very low-budget, non-profit. Any money we made from sales went towards expenses of the next issue. That was my first project. My current project "BONE SAW" is different only in the fact that everyone gets paid. James and I edit the book (and we are paid by our publisher, TUNDRA, to do so) and we also have a page/word rate for our contributors - which is very nice. I feel better paying people who's work I print. Without them there'd be no book to print. Not being able to pay participants in "BRAIN DEAD" always bothered me.
When I am finishing designing and pasteing up the book, it's sent to a printer. (TUNDRA pays production costs). I think the press run is about 10,000 copies. TUNDRA has a distribution department that takes care of advertising and distribution. Which is nice as it leaves more time for me to concentrate on the book itself.
When the book is printed and sold, TUNDRA takes back production costs. Beyond that, hopefully, there is a profit, so we can do another issue.
It really is simple to put a book out - if you (or a publisher) can front the initial production costs. For most black and white, 32 pages comics sales of 3,000 would break even...and most books easily sell that many."ASHES" sold about 5 or 6000 copies per issue.

NEXT

Oh God.
Oh God
I did as many as I could.

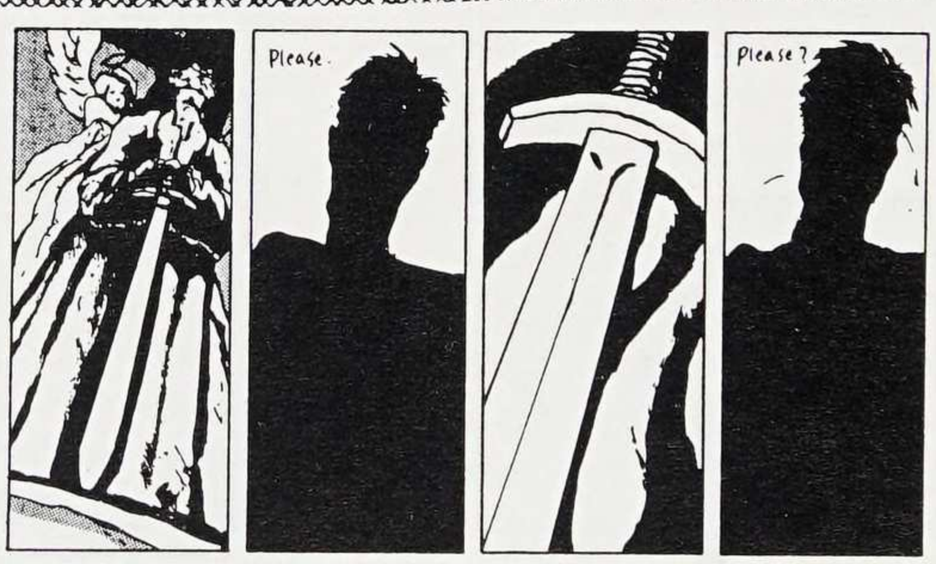

They've caught me.
I need to come home now.

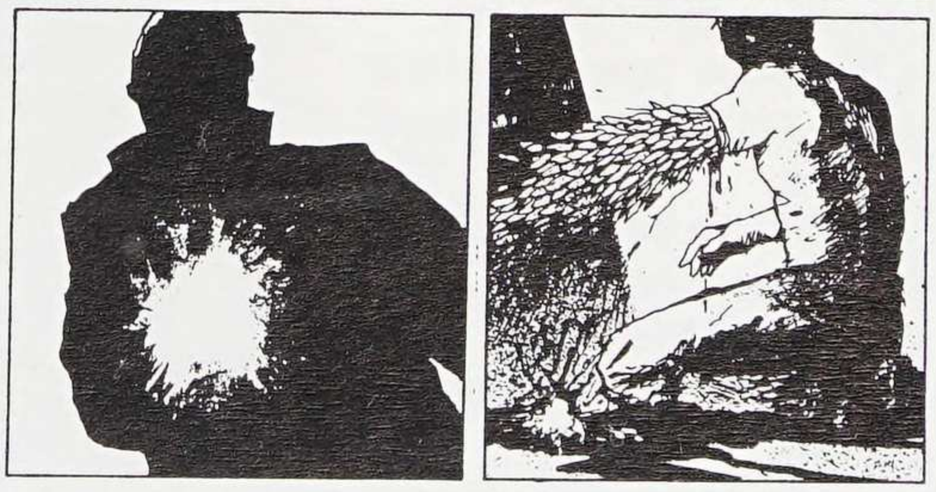

OUCH.


I never realized...
It hurts...
It hurts to be an angel.

OH NO!

My right arm...
I can't fly to heaven
with only one wing.
Please help me God.


Please.
Please?



TRUST OBEY

-ABOUT "TRUST OBEY" - (WHY THIS TITLE?), AND CAN YOU PRESENT YOUR GROUP AND LET US KNOW WHO DOES THE MAIN WORK? - HOW DO YOU DISTRIBUTE YOUR MUSIC? - IS IT AVAILABLE ONLY AT YOUR ADDRESS? - WHAT IS THE PUBLIC REACTION TO YOUR MUSIC? - DO YOU HAVE FINANCIAL PROBLEMS TO DO IT?..ETC...

-"TRUST OBEY" is a comment about human nature. The phrase actually comes from some Christian church song called "trust and obey". A friend of mine, Dave Chapman, used to walk around mumbling under his breath "trust-obey-trust-obey", it seemed to sum up the current state of affairs. We all live in a constant state of trusting and obeying - from our governments to our personal relationships. Trust Obey. Two words. Powerful when they are together. Full of meaning and imagery. That's why I took the name for my music.
I started TRUST OBEY when I moved from Philadelphia to Kansas City in 1988 (when I was in Philadelphia I had a band called "Orifice"). On all of the recordings I do just about everything myself - from writing to recording, to mixing. I do all the vocals, bass, guitar, percussion, samples, etc, occasionally some friends join in.
Carolyn plays keyboards, flute, and she does some vocals.
Dave Chapman plays trumpet on some of the early "trust obey" recordings.
Bryan Willette plays guitar on a few.
I'm working on some new music that James O'Barr is going to do all the vocals for.
In October 1991 i put a band together to play some of the material live: Pat Hopewell plays bass, Brett Smith plays guitar. I play guitar, sing.... and program the drum machine.
I distribute the recordings mostly through the small press/home recording network...trough ads and 'zine reviews. Generally speaking, yes they are available only from my address.
Public reaction varies. I get a lot of mail from people who are inspired or helped by my music...and other work. People seem to have genuine emotional reactions.
I don't really have any financial problems with the recordings. Over the past 3 or 4 years I've acquired all the equipment I need. I don't make any profit from selling the recordings but I usually break even eventually. At this point with the music, it's not an expensive financial venture, so I don't concern myself with that aspect yet.

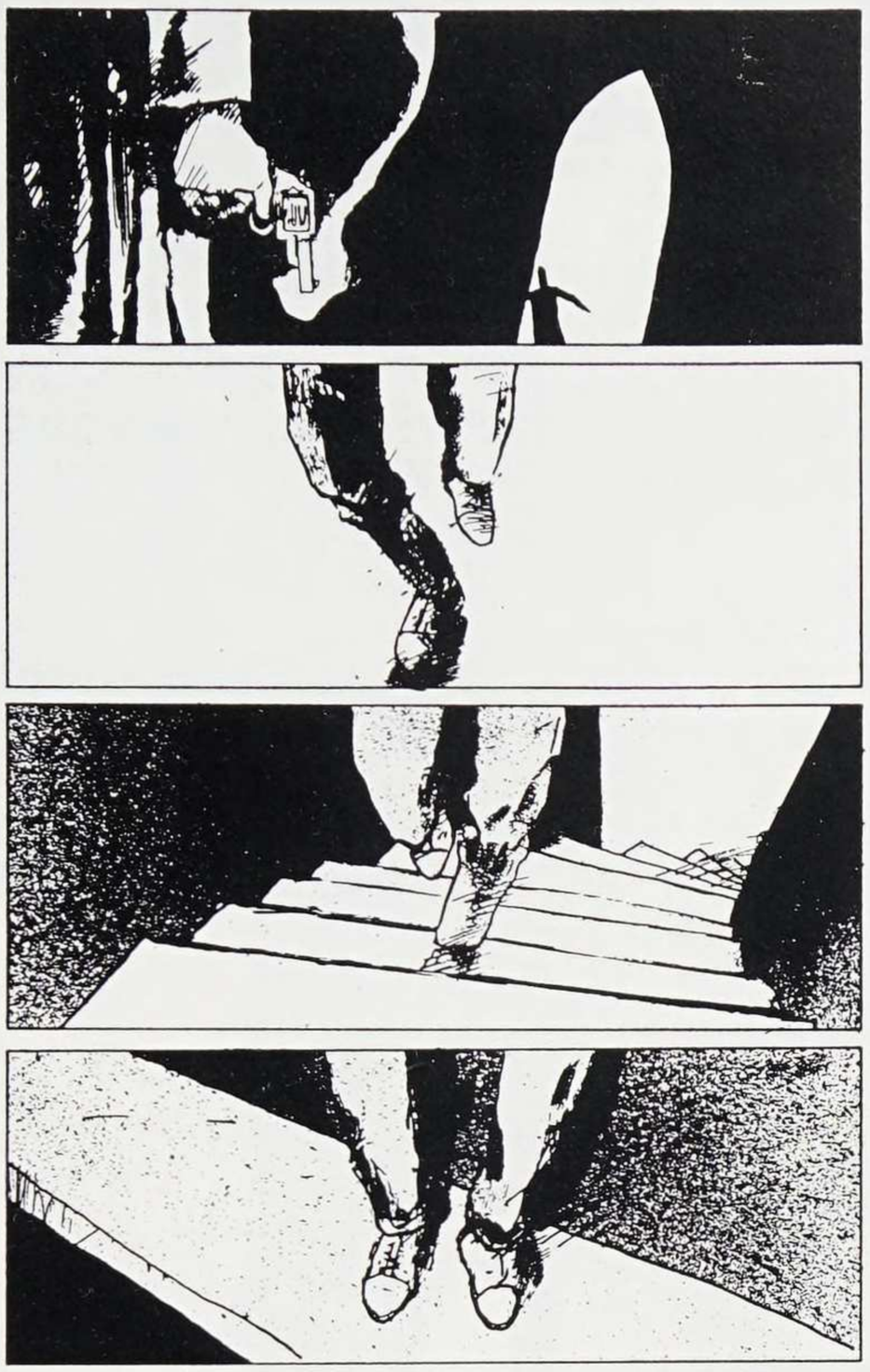
-I'VE NOTICED EVERY TAPE SOUNDS DIFFERENT, SOMETIMES DISTORTED, NERVOUS WITH MORE VOCALS, SOMETIMES ATMOSPHERIC OR NEXT TO AN EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC WHICH IS OFTEN ENIGMATIC. CAN YOU TELL MORE ABOUT YOUR GOALS IN MUSIC?
WHAT ARE THE MUSICIANS WHO HAVE INFLUENCED YOUR WORK (IN THE PAST AND TODAY).

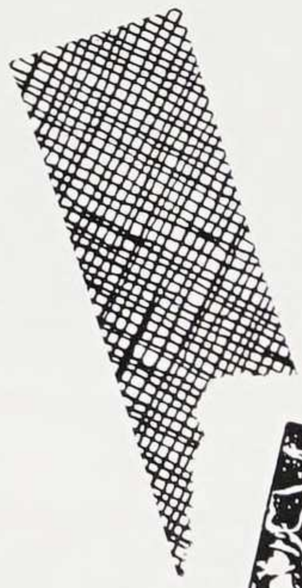
-I don't really have any goals. Maybe that's why everything sounds so different. My only goal is to create something that I am fairly pleased with, my personal criteria is changing constantly.
Probably the most influential musicians are my friends Bryan Willette, Grant Acker, Frank Phobia, Don Glass. They were in my first band with me. They taught me how to make music and sound. They gave me a reason/an excuse to do this music-thing. I often still write songs today in the manner that we used to. They are all very talented and we all complemented each other. I saw what I cacked, they showed me how to do what I thought I couldn't. Currently, James O'Barr is probably the greatest influence on my music. He is supportive and I valve his criticism. He notices things I do not. I wish I could sing like him. His musical sensibilities are amazing in their ability to catch nuances and subtleties.
Other bands who's work I admire are:
Joy Division - Lustmord - Sisters of Mercy - Skinny Puppy - American music club - Godflesh - Skin - Swans - Revolting Cocks - Bauhaus - Tom Waits - The Jesus Lizard - Flour - Big Black - Mark Isham - The Cure - Test Dept - Einsturzende Neubauten...
(this is an extremely partial listing of my record tape collection. I listen a lot of different music.)

-WHAT ARE YOUR PERSONAL REACTIONS TO YOUR VISUAL AND MUSICAL WORK? - DO YOU THINK THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEM THEM?

-There isn't much difference in the way I view the musical or the visual work. As I am making it, I criticize...I adjust colors and sounds....I analyze patterns and composition...etc, wether it's visual or audio, I have some sort of internal judgement, or expectation...that the work must meet.
When I've finished something and enough time has gone by for me to simply look or listen - my work often scares me. I wonder: "what's wrong with the person who did this?". I often wonder what the John Bergin of....say, 1975..would think of the work by the John bergin of 1992. The 1975 John Bergin would probably be frightened into quitting if he saw what I was doing now. He would be afraid of what was going to happen to him in the years to come.

-DO YOU WANT TO ADD SOMETHING MORE TO THIS INTERVIEW? - WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS IN THE FUTURE, DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE TO COMMUNICATE IN THIS MAGAZINE?





JOHN BERGIN
PO BOX 45182
KC MO 64111
U S A

tapes rewiews of john bergin.

-TRUST OBEY is John Bergin's current recording project. The band consists of John Bergin who does just about everything by himself, with occasional appearances by Carolyn Bergin (vocals, keyboards, flute), Dave Chapman (vocals, trumpet), Grant Acker (guitar) and Bryan Willette (vocals, guitar). All recordings are duped on high quality CRO2 cassettes and average 47 minutes in length.

-GIVE ME BACK MY BULLETTS BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND
CRO2. 45 minutes.
A very refreshing music evolving through a wonderful forest of various instruments sounds with nervous and pleasant rhythmics. Needless to say you this tape is a must , you'll be struck by this great and rich atmosphere listening to this tape, offering good moments. I recommend it you.
$8 each.

EXIT WOUND
-First 150 tapes come with a limited edition booklet, plenty of John Bergin'designs in black. Strange and symbolic.
The tape will let you listen to this usual rock and roll stuff, and appreciate along the various instruments colours. Nervous rhythmics and vocals, a world of guns and violence.
10$ each.

FUCKING THE WOUND
-Position high CRO2.
A slow travel through a dark world, where the guitar is getting a kind of gong pulsating in you as a bloody heart full of inner terrors. I like here the personality's guitar hanting you like an electrical ghost under your skin. Indeed the music lets you evolve into a kind of strange suspense of sounds and feelings.
$8 each.

THE CROW
-90 minutes of "Soundtrack" music by TRUST OBEY for James O' Barr'S book, THE CROW. This recording will be released with a special edition of the CROW COMPILATION. A tragic and strong music reminding the spirit of James O' Barr's book "The Crow". I recommend you to get it at the John Bergin's address.
Here, the atmosphere looks like a painfull obsession haunted by vocals like cries evolving through a loneliness of guitar' sounds and others. A feeling of death and suffering which the musicians have been able to translate well into a subtle texture of sounds. Impressive.
$8 each.

RIP SAW
-Position high CRO2.
I've been impressed with this tape, and I fear my English is too poor to describe it well, so I will copy this well made review from "Gajoob Magazine".
"Traitors" starts off the tape with cacophonous rumbling and distant ranting. Just when you feel it will never let up (and not even sure you want it to) in cuts a single, descriptive voice of a radio announcer describing the execution of the Rosenbergs (you know, the one where they have to give Ethel a second shot...). Then it starts again. This is well-done apocalyptic confusion. You hear the screaming and shouting "Fight back!" over and over. "RIP SAW" preludes a sort of flamenco theme on distorted/echoed guitar, then launches into hyper distortion, with a whispered, inintelligible vocal line. The start and stop on this one is frustrating and effective. "Mona Lisa" offers more structure and a hell of a syncopated bass ending. Side two becomes more improvisational in nature. Various percussion instruments of an industrial nature are utilized. "Oil" is a wild, complex whirl of kaleidoscope dementia. The tape cover has a small color photo of a knot of wood epoxied onto it. Excellent sound quality". I agree "Gajoob Magazine" about the sound qality, too, and you'll get always this sound quality in every tape of John Bergin.

Indeed a good and impressive work.
8$ each.

ORIFICE
-This was the first band of John Bergin and was a 5 piece band based in Philadelphia. (John Bergin, bass, vocals/ Bryan Willette, vocals, guitar/ Grant Acker, guitar/ Don Glass, percussion/ Frank Phobia, percussion.)
This tape is pretty good but I consider it a little more classical and traditionnal than the others which are more rich for me.....but you'll appreciate always the quality of vocals and instruments, full of vigor and energy, with a dark sounding rock which will hook you.
CRO2. 30 minutes.
8$ each.

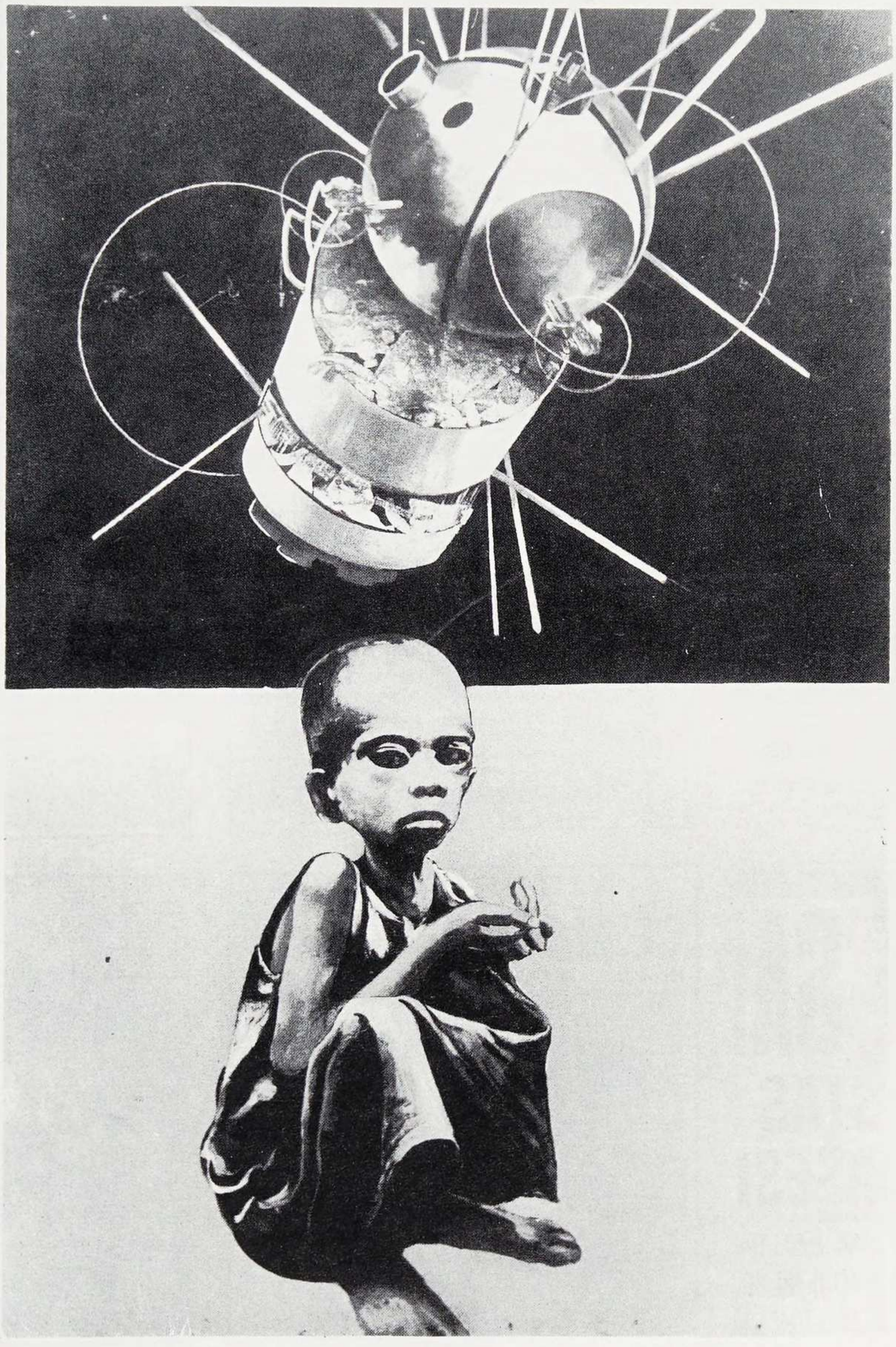
THE VEIL
-Black cover with a square of red satin attached , offering already a bloody and dark atmosphere to this impressive tape. THE VEIL is a comic of John Bergin, (see the interview and the art of John Bergin), and you'll be already familiar to this music evolving in a dark/romantic and beautiful, almost majestic pain. The sounds are intense but filtered letting us travel in a strange and geographic landscape reminding well the john bergin's art.
8$ each.

ROOM 101
-I've been more impressed with this one, and I'm always attracted by its intensity.
First, as I don't like to look at a title of tape before listening to it, so, I feel more curious, more surprised, I didn't think it was an exploration of themes from George Orwell's 1984 and I think the atmosphere is stronger than the picture itself because it talks directly to your physical feelings through strong sounds effects. This music is more next to an experimntal research of sounds, letting you travel in a painfull world which is not majestic and beautiful like in THE VEIL, but surely more real, more next to our daily life without any romantism. As we have this impression to listen to a kind of train behind the sounds and vocals, you get this feeling to travel in a dark tunnel, the one of our daily life nightmare, where love, identity, life and freedom are often crushed.
"1984" was a good title, indeed.
8$ each.

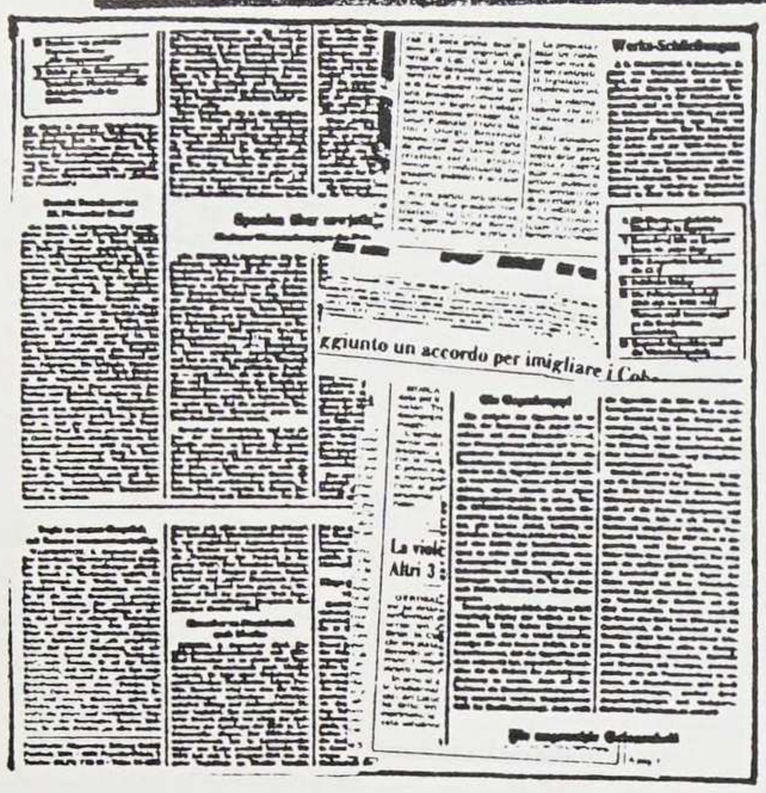
LOCUST
-Enigmatic and nervous music which is symbolised by the carcass of an actual locust mounted to a box, inside is painted in black, so the visual object is transformed here into an enigmatic music, intense and hypnotic, evolving in a synthesized world, the sounds'texture is here obsessive, penetrating, intense, rhythmic, like a black and repetitive dance, reminding curiously an electric and big lanscape of noisy insects without people.....Or more especially its spirit.
10$ each.

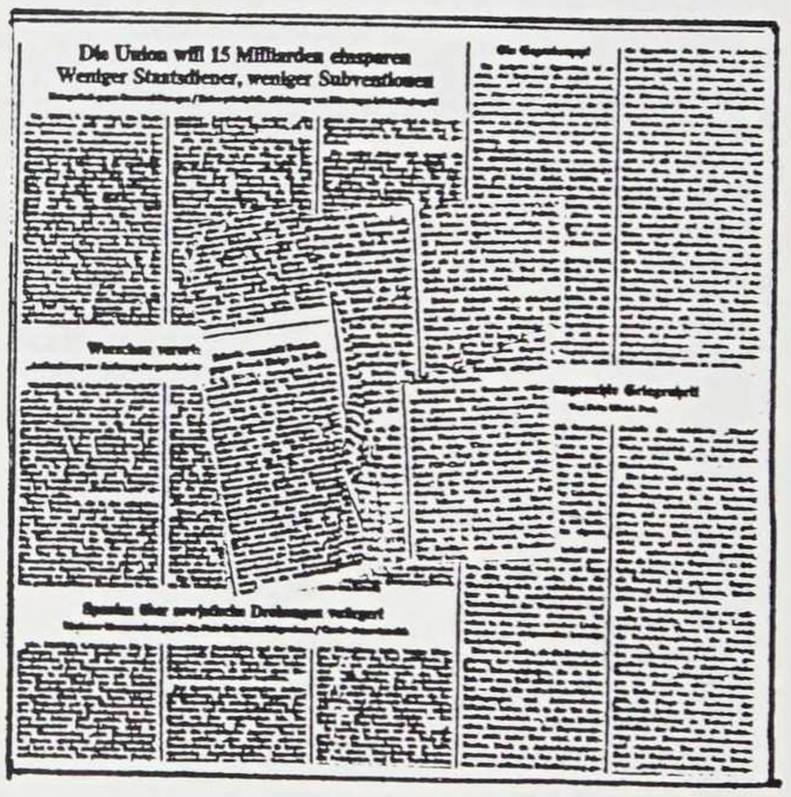
IF YOU WANT TO GET THESE TAPES, SEND ORDERS TO: JOHN BERGIN/ PO BOX 45182/ KANSAS CITY/ MO 64111/ U.S.A.
add 1$ postage for orders under 10$. Add 2$ postage for orders over 10$.
CHECK OR MONEY ORDERS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO: JOHN BERGIN.

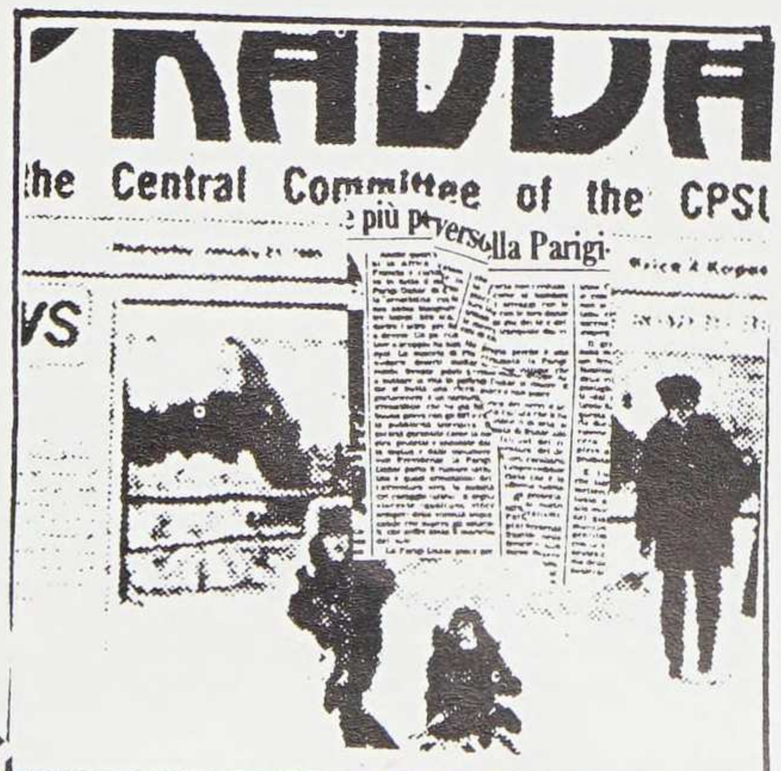
BONE SAW
-I've just received the book, a splendid work by John bergin and James O'Barr published by TUNDRA PUBLISHING/ 320 RIVERSIDE DRIVE/ NORTHAMPTON/ MA 01060/ U.S.A.
This book is impressive and I recommend it, it is something vital which will move your nerves and feelings, nothing cold and dead, all the contrary of our zombies mentalities we have the custom to see in our popular and mainstream culture, so if you need to be "Renewed" get "BONE SAW" 1 number. US $ 14.95/ CAN. $ 18.75.
Color cover/ 144 pages/ 16 color pages/ 7"/ 10".



PAPER OLD NEWS



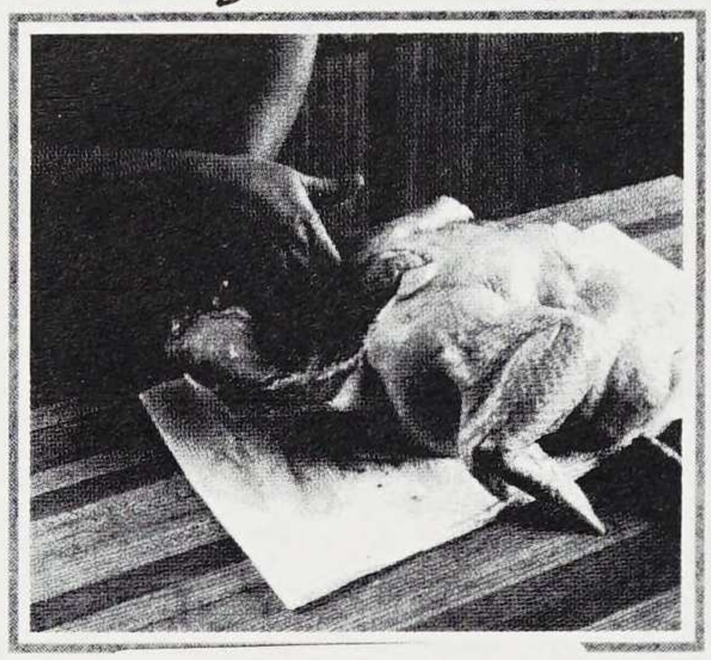




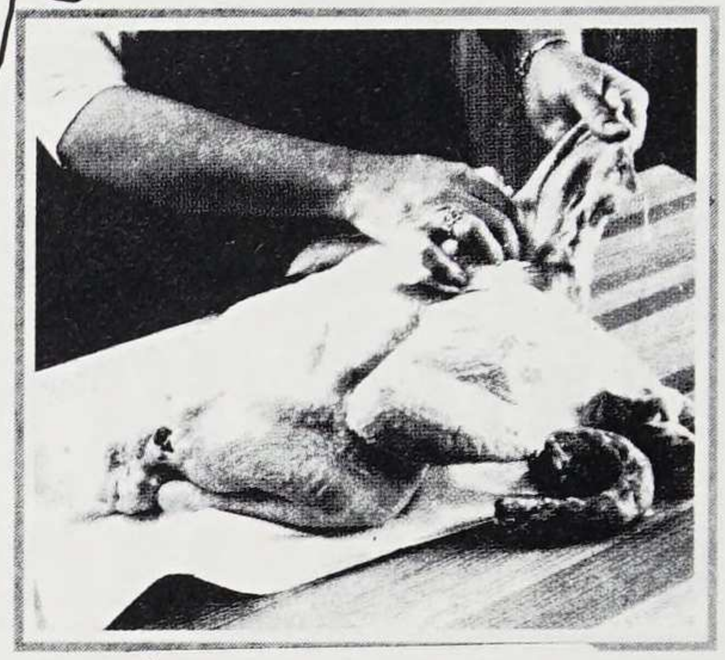
MY REMOTE ANCESTORS WERE DIRTY MISERABLE AND VERY HAIRY

THE STORY OF A FOULMOUTH YOUNG SAL

1 GEE SHIT MR. BLAT-SUCTION. YER SURE A STOOPID ASS TO EAT THAT WHOLE!



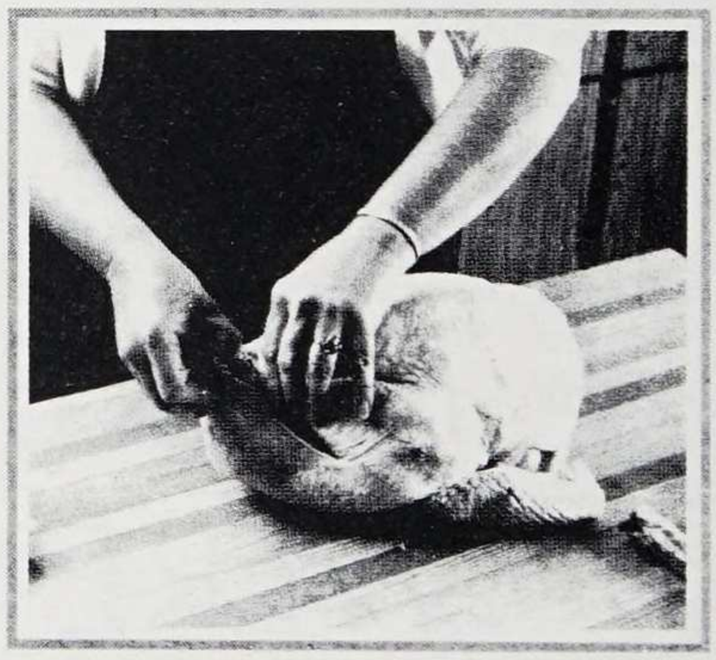
2 WHOA CHILD. WATCH THAT TONGUE!



3 YOU WATCH YER OWN TONGUE YOU ROTTEN FREAK SHIT LICKER.

4 THAT IS NO WAY FOR SUCH A PRETTY YOUNG THING TO BESPEACHING!

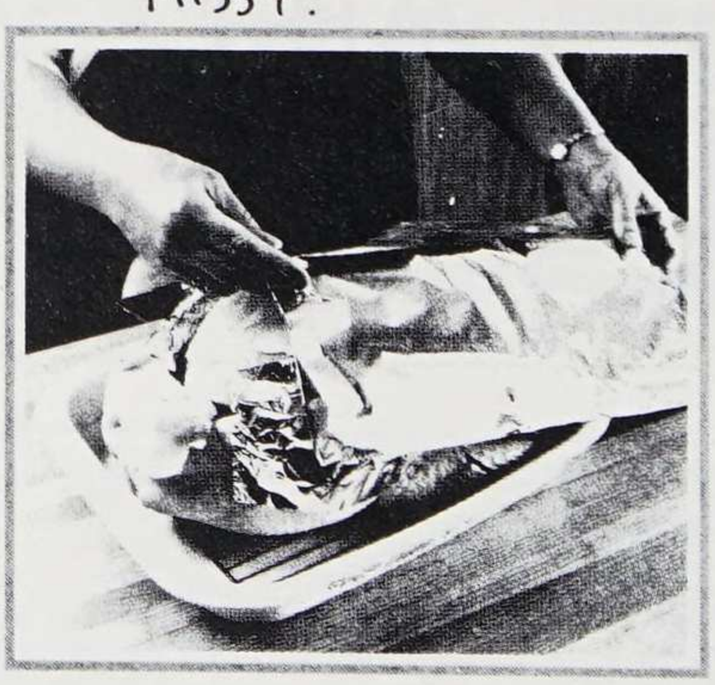
5 MY MOUTH IS ON TRIB-UTE TO THE NATURE OF HOW DISGUSTING I FIND YOUR ATTEMPTS TO CURTAIL IT.



6 I ONLY BEG YOU HARNESS YOUR PROPENCITY TO THE OVERLUCID! MISSY!

7 DAMN BUT YOU MUST BE A LANDLORD BANKERCOP YOU CANT TELL THE LIKES FROM A MEAT EATERS EXCREMENT.

8 ENOUGH YOUNG LADY!!



9 YOU SICK DOG SHIT FUCK-ERS NEVER STOPPED SHY TIL THE EVIL MED-IUM OF EXPLOITATION STEWED TO THE HEART EVERYTHING DECENT!

Hand

Job

USAF

MARINES

USAF

MARINES

CIA

POLICE

CIA

POLICE

USAF

MARINES

USAF

MARINES

CIA

POLICE

CIA

POLICE

CLEMENTE PADIN
Casilla C. Central 1211
MONTEVIDEO - URUGUAY

1975

BUILD AN ARMY OF THE POOR

AS AMERIKKKA CELEBRATES ITS' 500 YEAR LAGACY OF GENOCIDE AND SLAVERY, THE QUESTION OF WHO HAS "RIGHTS" TO THE LAND IS STILL BEING CONTESTED. NOWHERE IN N.Y.C. IS THIS MORE ACCUTE THAN ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF MANHATTEN ISLAND, WHERE THE FATE OF 500 SQUATTER IS ON THE AGENDA. AS IN THE SHANTYTOWNS OF PERU, SOUTH AFRICA AND ELSEWHERE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THE OPPRESSED SEIZING BACK THE LAND IS EMERGING AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS FIGHTING FOR SELF-DETERMINATION.

IN THE INNER CITIES OF NORTH AMERICA, MANY VACANT LOTS AND ABANDONED BUILDINGS ARE THE RESULT OF "URBAN REMOVAL" PLANS DRAWN UP AFTER THE 1968 KERNER COMMISION ON CIVIL DISORDERS BLAMED THE HIGH CONCENTRATION OF POOR PEOPLE FOR THE RIOTS/REBELLIONS. THE HOUSELESS VICTIMS OF THIS FORCED RELOCATION ARE TERRORIZED BY POLICE TO DRIVE THEM INTO VIOLENCE AND DISEASE PRONE CITY SHELTERS, WHILE CITY-OWNED ABANDONED BUILDINGS ARE TURNED OVER TO REAL ESTATE DEVELOPERS. ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE, RADICALS AND PEOPLE IN NEED HAVE UNITED TO CREATE A MODEL OF RESISTANCE TO GENTRIFICATION THAT IS KNOWN AROUND THE WORLD.

WITHOUT CORPORATE OR GOVERNMENT FUNDING, OVER 30 BUILDINGS HAVE BEGUN RENOVATIONS UNDER THE CONSTANT THREAT OF EVICTION, ARSON ATTACK, AND HARSH WINTERS. SQUATTERS HAVE ALSO DEVELOPED COMMUNITY CENTERS, SOUP KITCHENS, AND PARK CONCERTS TO SERVE THE COMMUNITY AND BUILD SOLIDARITY AGAINST THE LANDLORDS AND BANKERS SCHEMES. FOR OVER 7 YEARS, THE GENOCIDAL WAR AGAINST THE POOR HAS SUFFERED SETBACKS DUE TO THE UNITY OF TENANTS, SQUATTERS, AND HOUSELESS PEOPLE. GOVERNMENT RESPONSE TO THIS HAS LED TO MANY WELL PUBLICIZED REBELLIONS DURING THE ONGOING UPRISING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

"RIOTS" HAVE GENERATED HEATED CONTROVERSY OVER HOW TO DEFEND SQUATTED LAND AND TAKE ON THE PLANS OF THE TO GET RID OF THE POOR. THE TERMS OF THE DEBATE WERE SET BEFORE THE INFAMOUS POLICE RIOT OF 1988 BY 3 MAJOR 1987 NEWS STORIES THAT LED TO THE FORMATION OF THE EMERGANCY COALITION AGAINST MARTIAL LAW (E.C.A.M.L.). ACTIVISTS LINKED THE IRAN-CONTRA EXPOSURE OF OLIVER NORTHS' WORK ON MARTIAL LAW PLANS FOR THE FEDERAL EMERGANCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY (F.E.M.A.) TO THAT AGENCY FUNDING HOMELESS SHELTERS ACROSS THE COUNTRY. THE CONNECTION WAS MADE BY SEVERAL NEW YORK TIMES ARTICLES ON PLANS TO TRANSFER HOMELESS PEOPLE TO CLOSED DOWN MILITARY BASES AND THEN-MAYOR KOCH ANNOUNCING A NATIONAL TEST-CASE ROUND UP OF "MENTALLY ILL" STREET DWELLERS. THE EXAMPLE OF NAZI GERMANY STARTING ITS' GENOCIDAL PURGE BY ROUNDING UP GYSPIES INTO "WORK CAMPS" ADDED A SENSE OF URGENCY THAT ESCAPED MAINSTREAM LEFTISTS.

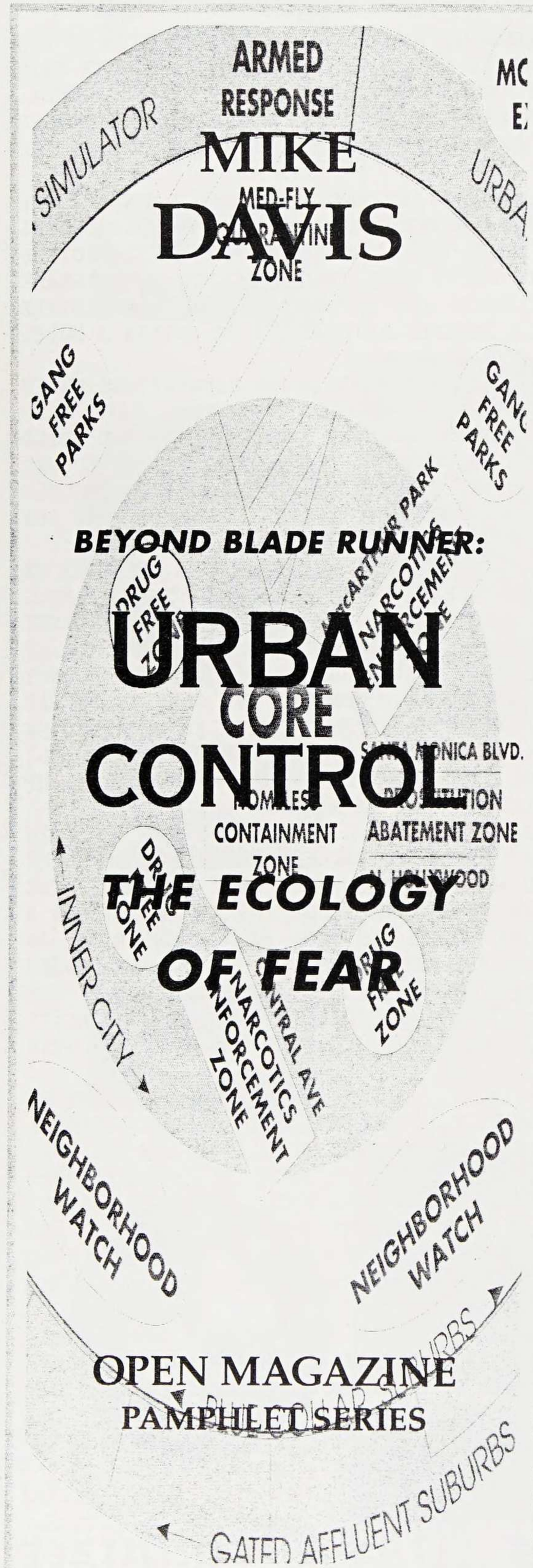
THRU DEMONSTRATIONS, FORUMS, AND MEDIA COVERAGE, E.C.A.M.L. PLAYED A KEY ROLE IN EXPOSING AND HELPING DEFEAT THESE FASCIST MOVES. THESE EARLY VICTORIES PREPARED US FOR THE BATTLES AHEAD THAT WERE SIGNALED BY THE CLAMPDOWN IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK (W.S.P.). THE COALITION ARGUED THAT PARK CURFEWS WERE THE FIRST STEP TO A STREET CURFEW AND CALLED FOR A ZONE OF RESISTANCE. THE POLICE CRACKDOWN DROVE MANY FOLKS TO THE ONLY PARK OPEN 24 HOURS...TOMPKINS SQUARE (T.S.P.). THE LEVEL OF MILITANCY AND REPPRESSION IN T.S.P. CHALLENGED EVERYONE TO QUESTION WHAT WAS AT STAKE. MILLIONS OF EYES WERE OPENED TO THE TRUE ROLE OF THE GUNTHUGS OF THE RICH BY VIDEOTAPE TAKEN ON AUGUST 6th, 1988. APOLOGIST FOR POLICE BRUTALITY FROM MOVEMENT MODERATES TO THE MAYOR HAD TO CALL EVENTS A POLICE RIOT AFTER THESE TAPES WERE SHOWN ON EVERY CHANNEL.

AFTER THE CURFEW DEFEAT AND TENT CITY VICTORY, E.C.A.M.L. ADVOCATED BUILDING AN ARMY OF THE POOR TO DEFEND LIBERATED ZONES IN THE SQUATS AND PARKS.THIS WAS OPPOSSED BY HONEST PEOPLE LONGING FOR SOCIAL PEACE, AS WELL AS POLICE INFILTRATORS SENT TO POLITICALLY DISARM US. THEY TRIED TO DIVORCE THE CENTURY-OLD TRADITION OF CLASS STRUGGLE IN T.S.P. FROM THE INTERNATIONAL CLASS WAR. NOW IN 1992, THE 500 YEAR COLUMBUS CELEBRATION DRAWS INTO FOCUS THE REAL HISTORY OF THE SYSTEM WE ARE TOLD TO COMPRIMISE WITH. THE LEGACY OF NATIVE PEOPLES' GENOCIDE AND AFRICAN SLAVERY MAKES IT CLEAR THE RICH HAVE NO RIGHT TO THE STOLEN LAND AND WEALTH THAT WE ARE BOUND TO RESPECT. NOW THAT THE PARK HAS BEEN CURFEWED AND STERILIZED, THE FRONTLINE AGAINST GENTRIFICATION IS OUR FRONT DOORS.

THE COMING SHOWDOWN OVER THE SURVIVING SQUATTER BUILDINGS WILL BE FOUGHT ON TWO FRONTS, ONE AGAINST THE THREATENED POLICE STATE STYLE RAIDS, AND THE OTHER AGAINST THE ANTI-MILITANT TREND BEHIND OUR LINES. THE NEED FOR AN ARMY OF THE POOR WILL BE PROVEN NO MATTER WHAT THE OUTCOME. HOPEFULLY, IN THIS DEBATE, 500 SQUATTERS WON'T LOSE THE HOMES THEY HAVE CREATED. THE LESSONS LEARNED THROUGH VICTORY AND DEFEAT IN LIBERATION STRUGGLES ACROSS THE PLANET MUST BE OUR GUIDE. COMPROMISE=SUICIDE! ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!

Lower East Side Class War Organizer

Lower East Side Class War Organizer, Tompkins Square Station POB 20950 NYC 10009



1. BEYOND BLADE RUNNER

Every American city has its official insignia and slogan, some have municipal mascots, colors, songs, birds, trees, even rocks. But Los Angeles alone has adopted an official Nightmare.

In 1988, after three years of debate, a galaxy of corporate and civic leaders submitted to Mayor Bradley a detailed strategic plan for Southern California's future. Although most of *L.A. 2000: A City for the Future* is devoted to hyperbolic rhetoric about Los Angeles's irresistible rise as a "world crossroads," a section in the epilogue (written by historian Kevin Starr) considers what might happen if the city fails to create a new "dominant establishment" to manage its extraordinary ethnic diversity. "There is, of course, the *Blade Runner* scenario: the fusion of individual cultures into a demotic poly-glotism ominous with unresolved hostilities."

Blade Runner—L.A.'s own dystopic alter ego. Take the Grayline tour in 2019: The mile-high neo-Mayan pyramid of the Tyrell Corp. drips acid-rain on the mongrel masses in the teeming Ginza far below. Enormous neon images float like clouds above fetid, hyper-violent streets, while a voice intones advertisements for extra-terrestrial suburban living in "Off World." Deckard, post-apocalypse Philip Marlowe, struggles to save his conscience, and his woman, in an urban labyrinth ruled by evil bio-tech corporations...

With Warner Bros.'s release of the original (more hardboiled) director's cut a few months after the 1992 Los Angeles uprising, Ridley Scott's 1982 film version of the Philip K. Dick story ("Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?") reasserts its sovereignty over our increasingly troubled sleep. Virtually all ruminations about the future of Los Angeles now take for granted the dark imagery of *Blade Runner* as a possible, if not inevitable, terminal point of the land of sunshine.

Yet for all of *Blade Runner's* glamour as the star of sci-fi dystopias, I find it strangely anachronistic and surprisingly unprescient. Scott, in collaboration with his "visual futurist" Syd Mead, production designer Lawrence Paul, and art director David Synder, really offers us an incoherent pastiche of imaginary landscapes. Peeling away the overlays of "Yellow Peril" (Scott is notoriously addicted, c.f. *Black Rain*, to urban Japan as the image of Hell) and

"Noir" (all the polished black marble Deco interiors), as well as a lot of high-tech plumbing retrofited to street-level urban decay, what remains is recognizably the same vista of urban gigantism that Fritz Lang celebrated in *Metropolis* (1931).

The sinister, man-made Everest of the Tyrell Corporation, as well as all the souped-up rocket-squad-cars darting around the air space, are obvious progenies—albeit now swaddled in darkness—of the famous skyscraper city of the bourgeoisie in *Metropolis*. But Lang himself only plagiarized contemporary American futurists; above all, architectural delineator Hugh Ferris, who together with skyscraper designer Raymond Hood and Mexican architect-archeologist Francisco Mujica (visionary of urban pyramids like the Tyrell tower), popularized the coming "Titan City" of hundred-story skyscrapers with suspended bridge highways and rooftop airports. Ferris and company, in their turn, reworked already existing fantasies—common in Sunday supplements since 1900—of what Manhattan might look like at the end of the century.

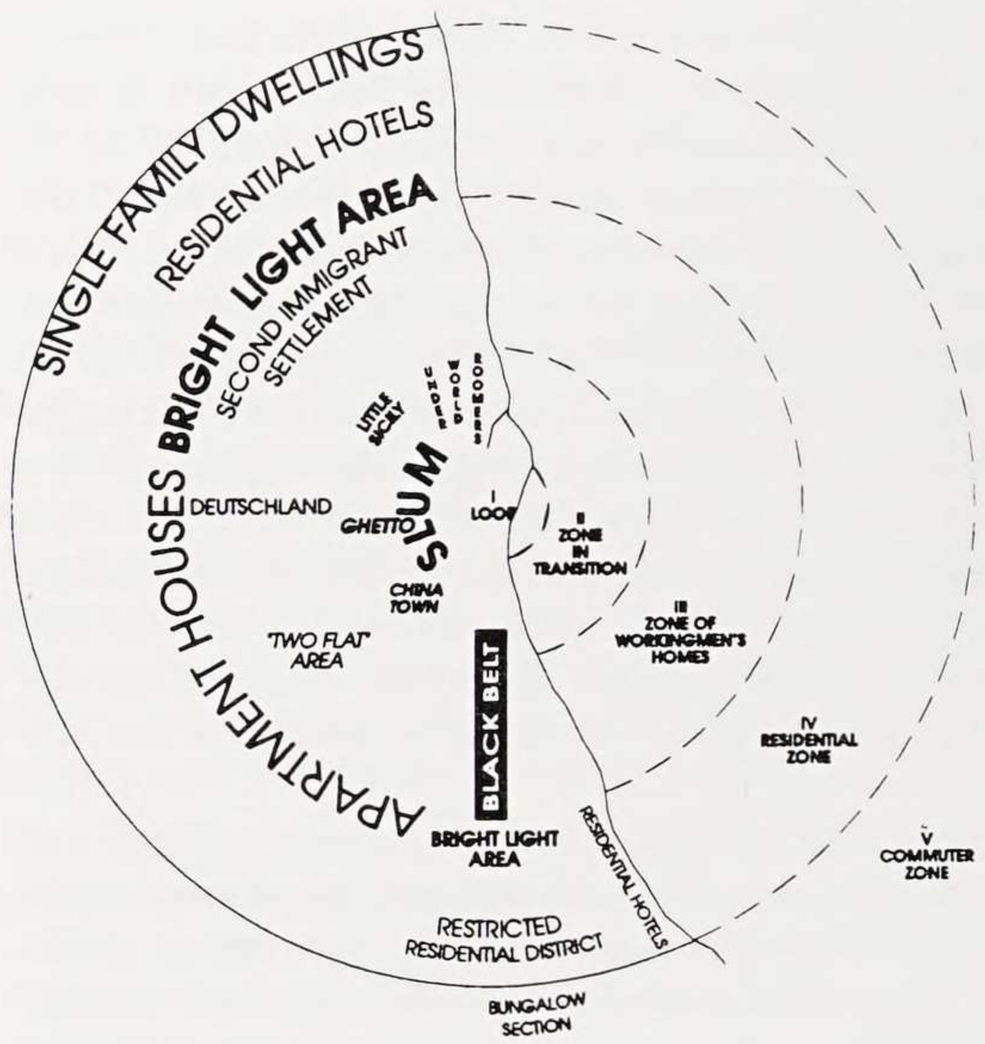
Blade Runner, in other words, remains yet another edition of this core modernist vision—alternately utopia or dystopia, *ville radieuse* or Gotham City—of the future metropolis as Monster Manhattan. It is a fantasy that might best be called "Wellsian" since as early as 1906, in his *The Future in America*, H.G. Wells was already trying to envision the late twentieth century by "enlarging the present" (represented by New York) to create "a sort of gigantesque caricature of the existing world, everything swollen up to vast proportions and massive beyond measure."

Ridley Scott's particular "gigantesque caricature" may capture ethno-centric anxieties about poly-glottism run amuck but it fails to imaginatively engage the real Los Angeles landscape—especially the great unbroken plains of aging bungalows, dingbats and ranch-style homes—as it socially and physically erodes into the 21st century.

In my recent book on Los Angeles (*City of Quartz*, 1990) I enumerate various tendencies toward the militarization of this landscape. Events since the uprising of Spring 1992—including a deepening recession, corporate flight, savage budget cuts, a soaring homicide rate (despite the black gang truce), and a huge spree of gun-buying in the suburbs—only confirm that social polarization and spatial apartheid are accelerating. As the Endless Summer comes to an end, it seems quite possible that Los Angeles 2019 could well stand in a dystopian relationship to any ideal of the democratic city.

But what kind of cityscape, if not *Blade Runner*, would this malign evolution of inequality produce? Instead of seeing the future merely as a grotesque, Wellsian magnification of technology and architecture, I have tried to carefully extrapolate existing spatial tendencies in order to glimpse their emergent pattern. William Gibson, in *Neuromancer* and other novels, has provided stunning examples of how realist, "extrapolative" science fiction can operate as prefigurative social theory, as well as an anticipatory opposition politics to the cyber-fascism lurking over the next horizon.

In what follows, I offer a "Gibsonian" map to a future Los Angeles that is already half-born. Paradoxically, the literal map itself (see centerfold), although inspired by a vision of Marxism-for-cyberpunks, looks like nothing so much as that venerable "combination of half-moon and dart board" that Ernest W. Burgess of the University of Chicago long ago made "the most famous diagram in social science".



For those unfamiliar with the legacy of the Chicago School of Sociology and their canonical study of the "North American city," let me just say that Burgess's dart board represents the five concentric zones into which the struggle for the survival of the fittest (as imagined by Social Darwinists) supposedly sorts urban social classes and housing types. It portrays a "human ecology" organized by biological forces of invasion, competition, succession and symbiosis. My remapping of the urban structure takes Burgess back to the future. It preserves such "ecological" determinants as income, land value, class and race, but adds a decisive new factor: fear.

2. SCANSCAPE

Is there any need to explain *why* fear eats the soul of Los Angeles?

The current obsession with personal safety and social insulation is only exceeded by the middle-class dread of

progressive taxation. In the face of unemployment and homelessness on scales not seen since 1938, a bipartisan consensus insists that the budget must be balanced and entitlements reduced. Refusing to make any further public investment in the remediation of underlying social conditions, we are forced instead to make increasing private investments in physical security. The rhetoric of urban reform persists, but the substance is extinct. "Rebuilding L.A." simply means padding the bunker.

As city life, in consequence, grows more feral, the different social milieux adopt security strategies and technologies according to their means. Like Burgess's original dartboard, the resulting pattern condenses into concentric zones. The bull's eye is Downtown.

In another essay I have recounted in detail how a secretive, emergency committee of Downtown's leading corporate landowners (the so-called Committee of 25) responded to the perceived threat of the 1965 Watts Rebellion. Warned by law-enforcement authorities that a black "inundation" of the central city was imminent, the Committee of 25 abandoned redevelopment efforts in the old office and retail core. They then used the city's power of eminent domain to raze neighborhoods and create a new financial core a few blocks further west. The city's redevelopment agency, acting virtually as their private planner, bailed out the Committee of 25's sunk investments in the old business district by offering huge discounts, far below market value, on parcels in the new core.

Key to the success of the entire strategy (celebrated as Downtown L.A.'s "renaissance") was the physical segregation of the new core and its land values behind a rampart of regraded palisades, concrete pillars and freeway walls. Traditional pedestrian connections between Bunker Hill and the old core were removed, and foot traffic in the new financial district was elevated above the street on pedways whose access was controlled by the security systems of individual skyscrapers. This radical privatization of Downtown public space—with its ominous racial undertones—occurred without significant public debate or protest.

Last year's riots, moreover, have only seemed to vindicate the foresight of Fortress Downtown's designers. While windows were being smashed throughout the old business district along Broadway and Spring streets, Bunker Hill lived up to its name. By flicking a few switches on their command consoles, the security staffs of the great bank towers were able to cut off all access to their expensive real estate. Bullet-proof steel doors rolled down over street-level entrances, escalators instantly stopped and electronic locks sealed off pedestrian passageways. As the *Los Angeles Business Journal* recently pointed out in a special report, the riot-tested success of corporate Downtown's defenses has only stimulated demand for new and higher levels of physical security.

In the first place, the boundary between architecture and law enforcement is further eroded. The LAPD have become central players in the Downtown design process. No major project now breaks ground without their participation, and in some cases, like the recent debate over the provision of public toilets in parks and subway stations (which they opposed), they openly exercise veto power.

Secondly, video monitoring of Downtown's redeveloped zones has been extended to parking structures, private sidewalks, plazas, and so on. This comprehensive surveillance constitutes a virtual *scanscape*—a space of protective visibility that increasingly defines where white-collar office workers and middle-class tourists feel safe Downtown. Inevitably the workplace or shopping mall video camera will become linked with home security systems, personal "panic buttons," car alarms, cellular phones, and the like, in a seamless continuity of surveillance over daily routine. Indeed, yuppies' lifestyles soon may be defined by the ability to afford *electronic guardian angels* to watch over them. (In the meantime, these hard times are boom years for the makers of video surveillance technology. The leading manufacturer, a Swedish conglomerate, is now the official sponsor of the huge London marathon.)

Thirdly, tall buildings are becoming increasingly sentient and packed with deadly firepower. The skyscraper with a computer brain in *Die Hard I* (actually F. Scott Johnson's Fox-Pereira Tower) anticipates a possible genre of architectural anti-heroes as *intelligent buildings* alternately battle evil or become its pawns. The sensory system of the average office tower already includes panoptic vision, smell, sensitivity to temperature and humidity, motion detection, and, in some cases, hearing. Some architects now predict the day when the building's own AI security computer will be able to automatically screen and identify its human population, and, even perhaps, respond to their emotional states (fear, panic, etc.). Without dispatching security personnel, the building itself will manage crises both minor (like ordering street people out of the building or preventing them from using toilets) and major (like trapping burglars in an elevator).

When all else fails, the smart building will become a combination of bunker and fire-base. When the federal Resolution Trust Corp. recently seized the assets of Columbia Savings and Loan Association they discovered that the CEO, Thomas Spiegel, had converted its Beverly Hills headquarters into a secret, "terrorist-proof" fortress. In addition to elaborate electronic security sensors, a sophisticated computer system that tracked terrorist incidents over the globe, and an arms cache in its parking structure, the 8900 Wilshire building also has Los Angeles's most unusual executive washroom:

> Tom Spiegel's office, in addition to the bullet-proof glass, was designed to have an adjoining bathroom with a bullet-proof shower. In the event an

alarm was sounded, secret panels in the shower walls would open, behind which high-powered assault rifles would be stored.

3. FREE FIRE ZONE

Beyond the scanscape of the fortified core is the halo of barrios and ghettos that surround Downtown Los Angeles. In Burgess's original Chicago-inspired schema this was the "zone in transition": the boarding house and tenement streets, intermixed with old industry and transportation infrastructure, that sheltered new immigrant families and single male laborers. Los Angeles's inner ring of freeway-sliced Latino neighborhoods still recapitulate these classical functions. Here in Boyle and Lincoln Heights, Central-Vernon and MacArthur Park are the ports of entry for the region's poorest immigrants, as well as the low-wage labor reservoir for Downtown's hotels and garment sweatshops. Residential densities, just as in the Burgess diagram, are the highest in the city. (According to the 1990 Census one district of MacArthur Park is nearly 30% denser than Midtown Manhattan!)

Finally, just as in Chicago in 1927, this tenement zone ("where an inordinately large number of children are crowded into a small area") remains the classic breeding ground of teenage street gangs (over one-hundred according to L.A. school district intelligence). But while "Gangland" in 1920s Chicago was theorized as essentially *interstitial* to the social organization of the city—"as better residential districts recede before the encroachments of business and industry, the gang develops as one manifestation of the economic, moral, and cultural frontier which marks the interstice"—a gang map of Los Angeles today is coextensive with the geography of social class. Tribalized teenage violence now spills out of the inner ring into the older suburban zones; the Boyz are now in the 'Hood where Ozzie and Harriet used to live.

For all that, however, the inner ring remains the most dangerous sector of the city. Ramparts Division of the LAPD, which patrols just west of Downtown, regularly investigates more homicides than any other neighborhood police jurisdiction in the nation. Nearby MacArthur Park, once the jewel in the crown of L.A.'s park system, is now a free-fire zone where crack dealers and street gangs settle their scores with shotguns and uzis. Thirty people were murdered there in 1990.

By their own admission, the overwhelmed inner-city detachments of the LAPD are unable to keep track of all the bodies on the street, much less deal with common burglaries, car thefts or gang-organized protection rackets. Lacking the resources or political clout of more affluent neighborhoods, the desperate population of the inner ring is left to its own devices. As a last resort they have turned to Messieurs Smith & Wesson, whose name follows "protected by..." on many a porch.

Slumlords, meanwhile, are mounting their own private reign of terror against drug-dealers and petty criminals. Faced with new laws authorizing the seizure of drug-infested properties, they are hiring goon squads and armed mercenaries to "exterminate" crime in their tenements. The *L.A. Times* recently described the swashbuckling adventures of one such crew in the Pico-Union, Venice and Panorama City (San Fernando Valley) areas.

Led by a six-foot-three 280-pound "soldier of fortune" named David Roybal, this security squad is renown amongst landlords for its efficient brutality. Suspected drug-dealers and their customers, as well as mere deadbeats and other landlord irritants, are physically driven from buildings at gunpoint. Those who resist or even complain are beaten without mercy. In a Panorama City raid a few years ago, the *Times* notes, "Roybal and his crew collared so many residents and squatters for drugs that they converted a recreation room into a holding tank and handcuffed arrestees to a blood-spattered wall." The LAPD knew about this *private jail* but dismissed residents' complaints "because it serves the greater good."

Roybal and his gang closely resemble the so-called *matadors*, or hired gunslingers, who patrol Brazilian urban neighborhoods and frequently, while the police deliberately turn their backs, execute persistent criminals, even street urchins. Their common coda is that "they get the job done [when] all else has failed." As one of Roybal's most aggressive competitors explains:

> Somebody's got to rule and when we're there, we rule. When somebody says something smart, we body-slam him, right on the floor with all of his friends looking. We handcuff them and kick them and when the paramedics come and they're on the stretcher, we say: `Hey, sue me.'

Apart from these rent-a-thugs, the Inner City also spawns a vast cottage industry that manufactures bars and grates for home protection. Indeed most of the bungalows in the inner ring now tend to resemble cages in a zoo. As in a George Romero movie, working-class families must now lock themselves in every night from the zombified city outside. One inadvertent consequence has been the terrifying frequency with which fires immolate entire families trapped helpless in their barred homes.

The *prison cell house* has many resonances in the landscape of the inner city. Before the Spring uprising most liquor stores, borrowing from the precedent of pawnshops, had completely caged in the area behind the counter, with firearms discretely hidden at strategic locations. Even local greasy spoons were beginning to exchange hamburgers for money through bullet-proof acrylic turnstiles. Windowless concrete-block buildings, with rough surfaces exposed to deter graffitti, have spread across the streetscape like acne during the last

decade. Now insurance companies may make such *riot-proof bunkers* virtually obligatory in the rebuilding of many districts.

Local intermediate and secondary schools, meanwhile, have become even more indistinguishable from jails. As per capita education spending has plummeted in Los Angeles, scarce resources have been absorbed in fortifying school grounds and hiring armed security police. Teenagers complain bitterly about overcrowded classrooms and demoralized teachers on decaying campuses that have become little more than daytime detention centers for an abandoned generation. The schoolyard, meanwhile, has become a killing field. Just as their parents once learned to cower under desks in the case of an atomic bomb attack, so students today are "taught to drop at a teacher's signal in case of ... a driveby shooting—and stay there until they receive an all-clear signal."

Federally subsidized and public housing projects, for their part, are coming to resemble the infamous "strategic hamlets" that were used to incarcerate the rural population of Vietnam. Although no L.A. housing project is yet as technologically sophisticated as Chicago's Cabrini-Green, where retinal scans (c.f., the opening sequence of *Blade Runner*) are used to check i.d.s, police exercise increasing control over freedom of movement. Like peasants in a rebel countryside, public housing residents of every age are stopped and searched at will, and their homes broken into without court warrants. In one particularly galling incident, just a few weeks before the Spring 1992 riots, the LAPD arrested more than fifty people in the course of a surprise raid upon Watts' Imperial Courts project.

In a city with the nation's worst housing shortage, project residents, fearful of eviction, are increasingly reluctant to claim any of their constitutional protections against unlawful search or seizure. Meanwhile national guidelines approved by Housing Secretary Jack Kemp (and almost certain to be continued in the Clinton administration) allow housing authorities to evict *families* of alleged drug-dealers or felons. This opens the door to a policy of *collective punishment* as practiced, for example, by the Israelis against Palestinian communities on the West Bank.

4. THE HALF-MOONS OF REPRESSION

In the original Burgess diagram, the "half-moons" of ethnic enclaves ("Deutschland," "Little Sicily," "the Black Belt," etc.) and specialized architectural ecologies ("residential hotels," "the two flat area," etc.) cut across the "dartboard" of the city's fundamental socio-economic patterning. In contemporary metropolitan Los Angeles, a new species of special enclave is emerging in sympathetic synchronization to the militarization of the landscape. For want of a better generic appellation, we might call them "social control districts" (SCDs). They merge the sanctions of the criminal or civil code with land-use planning to create what Michel Foucault would undoubtedly have recognized as further instances of the evolution of the "disciplinary order" of the twentieth-century city.

As Christian Boyer paraphrases Foucault:

> Disciplinary control proceed[s] by distributing bodies in space, allocating each individual to a cellular partition, creating a functional space out of this analytic spatial arrangement. In the end this spatial matrix became both real and ideal: a hierarchical organization of cellular space and a purely ideal order that was imposed upon its forms.

Currently existing SCDs (simultaneously "real and ideal") can be distinguished according to their juridical mode of spatial "discipline." *Abatement* districts, currently enforced against graffitti and prostitution in sign-posted areas of Los Angeles and West Hollywood, extend the traditional police power over nuisance (the legal fount of all zoning) from noxious industry to noxious behavior. Because they are self-financed by the fines collected or special sales taxes levied (on spray paints, for example), abatement districts allow homeowner or merchant groups to target intensified law enforcement against specific local social problems.

Enhancement districts, represented all over Southern California by the "drug-free zones" surrounding public schools, add extra federal/state penalties or "enhancements" to crimes committed within a specified radius of public institutions. *Containment* districts are designed to quarantine potentially epidemic social problems, ranging from that insect illegal immigrant, the Mediterranean fruit fly, to the ever increasing masses of homeless Angelenos. Although Downtown L.A.'s "homeless containment zone" lacks the precise, if surreal, sign-posting of the state Department of Agriculture's "Medfly Quarantine Zone," it is nonetheless one of the most dramatic examples of a SCD. By city policy, the spillover of homeless encampments into surrounding council districts, or into the tonier precincts of the Downtown scanscape, is prevented by their "containment" (official term) within the over-crowded Skid row area known as Central City East (or the "Nickle" to its inhabitants). Although the recession-driven explosion in the homeless population has inexorably leaked street people into the alleys and vacant lots of nearby inner-ring neighborhoods, the LAPD maintains its pitiless policy of driving them back into the squalor of the Nickle.

The obverse strategy, of course, is the formal *exclusion* of the homeless and other pariah groups from public spaces. A spate of Southland cities, from Orange County to Santa Barbara, and even including the "Peoples' Republic of Santa Monica," recently have passed "anti-

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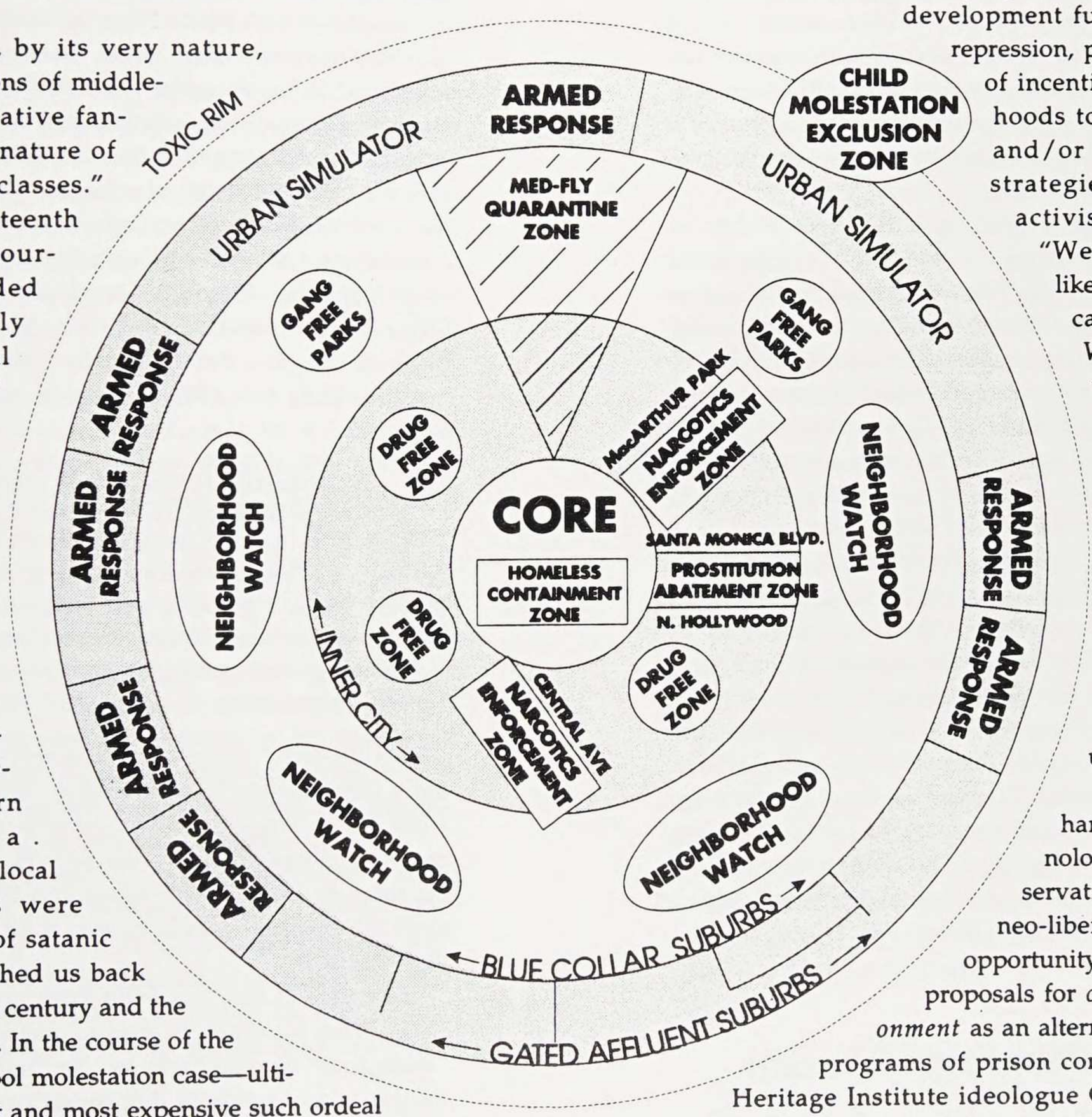
camping" ordinances to banish the homeless from their sight. Meanwhile Los Angeles and Pomona are emulating the small city of San Fernando (Richie Valens's hometown) in banning gang members from parks. These "Gang Free Parks" reinforce non-spatialized sanctions against gang membership (especially the recent Street Terrorism Enforcement and Prevention Act or STEP) as examples of "status criminalization" where group membership, even in the absence of a specific criminal act, has been outlawed.

Status crime, by its very nature, involves projections of middle-class or conservative fantasies about the nature of the "dangerous classes." Thus in the nineteenth century, the bourgeoisie crusaded against a largely phantasmagorical "tramp menace," and, in the twentieth century, against a hallucinatory domestic "red menace." In the middle 1980s, however, the ghost of Cotton Mather suddenly reappeared in suburban Southern California. Allegations that local daycare centers were actually covens of satanic perversion wrenched us back to the seventeenth century and the Salem witch trials. In the course of the McMartin Preschool molestation case—ultimately the longest and most expensive such ordeal in American history—children testified about molester-teachers who flew around on broomsticks and other manifestations of the Evil One.

One legacy of the accompanying collective hysteria, which undoubtedly mined huge veins of displaced parental guilt, was the little city of San Dimas's creation of the nation's first "child molestation exclusion zone." This Twin-Peaks-like suburb in the eastern San Gabriel Valley was sign-posted from stem to stern with the warning: "Hands Off! Our children are photographed and fingerprinted for their own protection." I don't know if the armies of lurking pedophiles in the mountains above San Dimas were actually deterred by these warnings, but any mapping of contemporary urban space must acknowledge the existence of such dark, Lynchian zones where the *social imaginary* discharges its fantasies.

Meanwhile, post-riot Southern California seems on the verge of creating yet more SCDs. On the one hand, the arrival of the federal "Weed and Seed" program, linking community development funds to anti-gang repression, provides a new set of incentives for neighborhoods to adopt exclusion and/or enhancement strategies. As many activists have warned, "Weed and Seed" is like a police-state caricature of the 1960s War on Poverty, with the Justice Department transformed into the manager of urban redevelopment. The poor will be forced to cooperate with their own criminalization as a precondition for urban aid.



On the other hand, emerging technologies may give conservatives, and probably neo-liberals as well, a real opportunity to test cost-saving proposals for *community imprisonment* as an alternative to expensive programs of prison construction. Led by Heritage Institute ideologue Charles Murray—whose polemic against social spending for the poor, *Losing Ground* (1984), was the most potent manifesto of the Reagan era—conservative theorists are exploring the practicalities of the *carceral city* depicted in sci-fi fantasies like *Escape from New York*.

Murray's concept, as first adumbrated in the *New Republic* in 1990, is that "drug-free zones for the majority" may require social-refuse heaps for the criminalized minority. "If the result of implementing these policies [landlords' and employers' unrestricted right to discrimi-

nate in the selection of tenants and workers] is to concentrate the bad apples into a few hyper-violent, anti-social neighborhoods, so be it." But how will the underclass be effectively confined to its own "hyper-violent" super-SCDs and kept out of the drug-free Shangri-las of the overclass?

One possibility is the systematic establishment of discrete *security gateways* that will use some biometric criterion, universally registered, to screen crowds and bypassers. The "most elegant solution," according to a recent article in the *Economist*, "is a biometric that can be measured without the subject having to do anything at all." The individually unique cart-wheel pattern of the iris, for example, can be scanned by hidden cameras "without the subject being any the wiser." "That could be useful in places like airports—to check for the eye of a Tamil Tiger, or anybody else whose presence might make security guards' pupils dilate."

Another emerging technology is the police utilization of LANDSAT satellites linked to Geographical Information Systems (GIS). Almost certainly by the end of the decade the largest U.S. metropolitan areas, including Los Angeles, will be using geosynchronous LANDSAT systems to manage traffic congestion and oversee physical planning. The same LANDSAT-GIS capability can be cost-shared and time-shared with police departments to surveil the movements of tens of thousands of electronically tagged individuals and their automobiles.

Although such monitoring is immediately intended to safeguard expensive sports cars and other toys of the rich, it will be entirely possible to use the same technology to put the equivalent of an electronic handcuff on the activities of entire urban social strata. Drug offenders and gang members can be "bar-coded" and paroled to the omniscient scrutiny of a satellite that will track their 24-hour itineraries and automatically sound an alarm if they stray outside the borders of their *surveillance district*. With such powerful Orwellian technologies for social control, community confinement and the confinement of communities may ultimately mean the same thing.

5. THE NEIGHBORS ARE WATCHING

An anxious delegation of police officials from the ex-DDR recently contacted the L.A. Police Department. The former East Germans, faced with a massive upsurge in crime and ethnic violence following Westernization, desperately wanted to find out more about Los Angeles' most celebrated law enforcement personality. But they were not enquiring about Chief Willie Williams or his predecessor Daryl Gates. Rather they wanted to know more about "Bruno the Burglar," the felonious cartoon in a mask, who appears on countless signs that proclaim the borders of a "Neighborhood Watch" area.

The Neighborhood Watch program, comprising more than 5,500 crime-surveillance block clubs from San Pedro to Sylmar, is the LAPD's most important innovation in urban policing. Throughout what Burgess called the "Zone of Workingmen's Homes," which in Los Angeles comprises the owner-occupied neighborhoods of the central city as well as older blue-collar suburbs in the San Fernando and San Gabriel valleys, a huge network of watchful neighbors provides a security system that is midway between the besieged, gun-toting anomie of the inner ring and the private police forces of more affluent, gated suburbs.

Neighborhood Watch, now emulated by hundreds of North American and even European cities, from Rosemead to London, was the brainchild of former police chief Ed Davis. In the aftermath of the 1965-71 cycle of unrest in Southcentral and East L.A., Davis envisioned the program as the anchor of a larger "Basic Car" strategy designed to rebuild community support for the LAPD by establishing a territorial identity between patrol units and neighborhoods. Although Daryl Gates preferred SWAT teams (his invention) to Basic Cars, Neighborhood Watch continued to grow throughout the 1980s.

According to LAPD spokesperson Sgt. Christopher West,

> Neighborhood Watch block clubs are intended to increase local solidarity and self-confidence in the face of crime. Spurred by their block captains, neighbors become more vigilant in the protection of each other's property and well-being. Suspicious behavior is immediately reported and home-owners meet regularly with patrol officers to plan crime prevention tactics.

An off-duty officer in a Winchell's Donut Shop was more picturesque. "Neighborhood Watch is supposed to work like a wagon train in an old-fashioned cowboy movie. The neighbors are the settlers, and the goal is to get them to circle their wagons and fight off the Indians until the cavalry—that is to say, the LAPD—can ride to their rescue."

Needless to say, this Wild West analogy has its dark sides. Who, for example, gets to decide what behavior is "suspicious" or who looks like an "Indian"? The obvious danger in any program that conscripts thousands of citizens to become police informers under the official slogan "Be on the Look Out for Strangers" is that it inevitably stigmatizes innocent groups. Inner-city teenagers are especially vulnerable to this flagrant stereotyping and harassment.

As an illustration, let me relate what happened at a recent meeting of my local Neighborhood Watch group (in the Echo Park area near Downtown). An elderly white woman asked a young policeman how to identify hard-core gang youth. His answer was stupefyingly succinct:

"Gangbangers wear expensive athletic shoes and clean, starched tee-shirts." The old woman nodded her appreciation of this "expert" advice, while others in the audience squirmed in their seats at the thought of the well-groomed youth in the neighborhood who would eventually be stopped and searched because of this idiot stereotype.

Critics also worry that Neighborhood Watch does double-duty as a captive constituency for partisan politics. As Sergeant West acknowledged, "block captains are appointed by patrol officers and the program does obviously tend to attract the most pro-police elements of the population." These pro-police activists, moreover, tend to be demographically or culturally unrepresentative of their neighborhoods. In poor, young Latino areas, Watch captains are frequently elderly, residual Anglos. In areas where renters are a majority, the pro-police activists are typically homeowners or landlords. Although official regulations supposedly keep the Neighborhood Watch apolitical, block captains are generally regarded as Parker Center's *de facto* precinct workers. In 1986, for instance, the police union routinely campaigned in Neighborhood Watch meetings for the recall of the liberal majority on the state Supreme Court.

The new "community policing advisory boards" established in the wake of the Rodney King beating are hardly more independent. Although the reform commission headed by Warren Christopher criticized the LAPD's failure to respond to citizen complaints, it failed to provide for elected advisory boards. As with Neighborhood Watch groups, the board members serve strictly at the pleasure of local police commanders. When the Venice advisory board, for example, dared to endorse a Spring 1992 ballot proposal (Proposition F) crafted by the police commission, but opposed by the police union, they were simply fired by the captain in charge of the Pacific Division. The timorous police commissioners then refused to intervene on behalf of their own supporters.

Although the rhetoric resounds with pioneer values lifted out of a John Ford Western, the actual practices of the Neighborhood Watch and Community Policing programs more often evoke the models of (ex)East Germany or South Korea, where police informers on every block scrutinize their neighbors and watch for suspicious strangers.

6. MINI-CITADELS AND GERONCRATS

When I first began to study gated communities in Southern California in the mid-1980s, it was a trend largely confined to very wealthy neighborhoods or new developments on the distant metropolitan frontier (e.g., the areas Burgess described as the "restricted residential district" or the "commuter zone"). Since the Spring 1992 rebellion, however, dozens of ordinary residential neighborhoods in Los Angeles have demanded the right to gate themselves off from the rest of the city. As one newspaper put it, "The 1980s had their boom in mini-malls; the 1990s may bring a bull market in mini-citadels."

Although crime and safety are the ostensible issues, increased equity may be the deeper motive. Some realtors have estimated that "gatedness" can raise home values by as much as 40% over ten years. As communities—including black middle-class areas like Windsor Village and Baldwin Hills Estates—race to reap this windfall, Burgess's "Residential Zone IV" begins to look like a fortified honeycomb, with each residential neighborhood now encased in its own walled cell. In most cases, the local homeowners' associations also contract "armed response" private policing from one of the several multinational security firms that specialize in residential security. Obviously this only further widens the "security differential" between the inner city and the suburbs.

"Empty-nest" households are especially passionate advocates of restricted-access neighborhoods, and there is an important sense in which Los Angeles is not merely being polarized between rich and poor, but more specifically between the young poor and the old rich. Furthermore, the 1990 Census showed that metropolitan Los Angeles has the greatest discrepancy in the nation between household size and home size. On the Westside and Hollywood Hills, where "mansionization" has been in vogue, older, smaller Anglo households occupy ever bigger homes, while in the rest of the city large Latino families are being crammed into diminishing floor-space.

California as a whole is an incipient gerontocracy, and any post-*Blade-Runner* dystopia must take account of the explosive fusion of class, ethnic and generational contradictions. Three of the state's leading demographers have recently given us a preview of what the near-future may hold. In their "worst-case scenario," civil war breaks out in the year 2030 after the ruling class of aged, Anglo Baby-boomers, living in "security-patrolled villages" and confiscating the majority of tax revenues to support their geriatric services, imposes an Iron Heel on a huge underclass of young Latinos who live in "unlit, unpaved barrios."

> Strikes broke out in assembly plants, security walls were set afire and toppled, the sale of guns, and their price, soared in the elderly areas. The younger Latinos painted the elderly as parasites, who had enjoyed all the benefits of society when those benefits were free and now blithely continued to tax the workers to maintain their style of living. The elderly painted the younger Latinos as foreigners who were soaking up benefits that should go to the elderly, as non-Americans who were threatening to dilute American culture, as crime-ridden, disease-ridden, and lawless. Each side prepared for a last assault on the other.[14]

At the end of summer 1992, the California legislature took a giant step toward the realization of this scenario when it savagely cut the budget for schools and social services. The Democrats capitulated to the intransigence of Republican Governor Pete Wilson, who repeatedly emphasized that the underlying issue "is not the current recession, it is demographics." Wilson, of course, was calculating that aging Anglo voters (still an electoral majority) were not willing to support the traditional high standards of California public education now that the schools were full of Latino and Asian children. The budget vote, thus, effectively ratified two, unequal tiers of citizenship and entitlement.

7. PARALLEL UNIVERSES

Burgess and his students, who took 1920s Chicago as a vast research laboratory, never had any doubts about the "raw reality" of the phenomena that they were systematically studying. Empirical method was matched to empirical reality. The image or mythography of the city did not intervene as a significant stratum in its own right. Nor did the Chicago School pay any attention to the critical role of the Columbian Exposition as an ideal-type for the city's planned development. Although the 1892 and 1933 Chicago World's Fairs were theme parks *avant l'lettre*, urban sociology could not yet make conceptual space for the city as *simulation*.

Today there is no way around the problem. The contemporary city simulates or hallucinates itself in at least two decisive senses. First, in the age of electronic culture and economy, the city redoubles itself through the complex architecture of its information and media networks. Perhaps, as William Gibson suggests, 3-dimensional computer interfaces will soon allow post-modern *flaneurs* (or "console cowboys") to stroll through the luminous geometry of this mnemonic city where data-bases have become "blue pyramids" and "cold spiral arms."

If so, *urban cyberspace*—as the simulation of the city's information order—will be experienced as even more segregated, and devoid of true public space, than the traditional built city. Southcentral L.A., for instance, is a data and media black hole, without local cable programming or links to major data systems. Just as it became a housing/jobs ghetto in the early twentieth century industrial city, it is now evolving into an *electronic ghetto* within the emerging *information city*.

Secondly, social fantasy is increasingly embodied in simulacral landscapes—theme parks, "historic" districts and malls—that are partitioned off from the rest of the metropolis. All the post-modern philosopher kings (Baudrillard, Eco, etc), of course, agree that Los Angeles is the world capital of "hyper-reality." Traditionally its major theme parks have been primarily architectural simulations of the movies or television. At the old Selig Zoo, for instance, you could enter the jungle set for *Tarzan*, while at Knotts Berry Farm or its Calico ghost town you could participate in a typical Western. Disneyland, of course, opened the gates to the "Magic Kingdom" of cartoon creatures and caricatured historical biographies.

Today, however, the city itself—or rather its idealization—has become the subject of simulation. With the recent decline of the military aerospace industry in Southern California, the tourism/hotel/entertainment sector has become the single largest regional employer. But tourists are increasingly reluctant to venture into the perceived dangers of Los Angeles' "urban jungle." As one MCA official recently complained: "There's somebody on every street corner with a `Work for Food' sign, [and the city] is not fun anymore."

MCA and Disney believe the solution is to recreate vital bits of the city within the secure confines of fortress hotels and walled theme parks. As a result, *artificial Los Angeles* is gradually coming into being. In essence, it is an archipelago of well-guarded corporate cashpoints where affluent tourists can relax, spend lots of money, and have "fun" again. A largely invisible army of low-wage service workers, who themselves live in virtual bantustans like the Santa Ana barrio (Disneyland) or Lennox (LAX) *barrios*, keep the machinery of simulation running smoothly.

Because these simulated landscapes compete with one another over "authenticity," some strange dialectics ensue. Simulations tend to copy not their "original" (where that even exists), but one another. Consider, for example, the multiple or exponentialized hyper-realities involved in the corporate battles to monopolize "Hollywood."

8. HOLLYWOOD(s): POWERS OF SIMULATION

For the last seventy-five years there has been an uneasy fit between movie-made HOLLYWOOD glamour and the dowdy Hollywood district. Movie stars, of course, have never lived in the tenement flatlands, and most of the big studios moved long ago to the suburbs. The actual Hollywood of the 1930s was best described by Nathanial West: home of the "flea people"—the extras, laborers, grips and failed starlets.

The HOLLYWOOD in the imagination of the world's movie public, therefore, was kept tenuously anchored to its namesake location by regular rituals (premieres, the Academy Awards, etc.) and the magical investment of a dozen or so places (the Bowl, Graumann's, etc.) as tourist shrines. But over the last generation, as the real Hollywood has become a hyper-violent slum, the rituals have ceased and the magic has waned. As the linkages between historic signifier and its signified decayed, the

opportunity arose to resurrect HOLLYWOOD in a safer neighborhood. Thus in Orlando, Disney created a stunning Art Deco mirage of MGM's golden age, while arch-competitor MCA countered with its own idealized versions of Hollywood Boulevard and Rodeo Drive at Universal Studios Florida.

Meanwhile, the elopement of Disney and HOLLYWOOD to Florida further depressed real-estate back in real-time Hollywood. After bitter battles with local homeowners, the major landowners were able to win city authorization for a $1 billion facelift of Hollywood Boulevard. In their scheme, the Boulevard would be transformed into a gated, linear theme park, anchored by mega-entertainment complexes at each end. But while the redevelopers were still negotiating with potential investors, MCA pulled the rug out from under Hollywood Redux with the announcement that its nearby tax-dodge enclave, Universal City, would construct a parallel urban reality called "CityWalk."

Designed by master illusionist Jon Jerde, CityWalk is an "idealized reality," the best features of Olvera Street, Hollywood and the West Side synthesized in "easy, bite-sized pieces" for consumption by tourists and residents who "don't need the excitement of dodging bullets ... in the Third World country" that Los Angeles has become. CityWalk incorporates examples of Mission Revival, Deco, streamlined Moderne, and "L.A. Vernacular" (the Brown Derby), as well as 3-D billboards, "a huge blue King Kong hanging from a 70-foot neon totem pole," and a sheriff's substation for security. To alleviate the sense of artificiality in this melange, a "patina of age" and a "dash of grit" have been added:

> Using decorative sleight of hand, the designers plan to wrap the brand new street in a cloak of instant history—on opening day, some buildings will be painted to suggest that they have been occupied before. Candy wrappers will be embedded in the terrazzo flooring, as if discarded by previous visitors.

Hollywood redevelopers immediately responded to construction of CityWalk with a $4.3 million beautification plan that includes paving Hollywood Blvd. with "glitz" made from recycled glass. But even spruced up and glitzified there is almost no way that the old Boulevard can compete with the hyper-real perfection on Universal's hill. As its MCA proprietors have taken pains to emphasize, CityWalk is "not a mall" but a "revolution in urban design ... a new kind of neighborhood."—an urban simulator. Indeed, some critics wonder if it isn't the moral equivalent of the neutron bomb: the city emptied of all lived human experience. With its fake fossil candy wrappers and other deceits, CityWalk sneeringly mocks us as it erases any trace of our real joy, pain or labor.

9. THE TOXIC RIM

Where does the nightmare end? Burgess was not greatly interested in urban boundaries. His Chicago dartboard simply fades into the "commuter zone" and, beyond, into the Corn Belt. The city limits of Dystopia, however, are an intrinsically fascinating problem. In *Blade Runner*, it will be recalled, the dark megalopolis improbably yielded, at its outer edge, to Ecotopia—evergreen forests and boundless wilderness.

No such happy ending will be possible in the coming Los Angeles of 2019. Postmodern geographer Edward Soja has observed that Southern California is already bounded, along an almost unbroken desert perimeter, by huge military air bases, bombing ranges and desert warfare reservations. Now a second, equally ominous circumference clearly is being drawn around this Pentagon desert. Choking on its own wastes, with its landfills overflowing and its coastal waters polluted, Los Angeles is preparing to export its garbage and hazardous land-uses to the Eastern Mojave and Baja California. Instead of reducing its production of dangerous waste, the city is simply planning to "regionalize" their disposal.

This emergent *Toxic Rim* includes giant landfills at Eagle Mountain (the former Kaiser open-pit iron mine) and possibly near Adelanto (defunct Air Force base), the controversial radioactive waste dump in Ward Valley near Needles, and the relocation of such polluting industries as furniture manufacture and metal-plating to Tijuana's *maquiladora* belt. The environmental consequences may be almost catastrophic.

The proposed 300,000 barrels of nuclear waste, for example, in the unlined trenches of the Ward Valley nuclear dump will remain lethal for 10,000 years. They will pose the perennial risk of leaking radioactive tritium into the nearby Colorado River, thereby poisoning the irreplaceable water source for much of Southern California. For its part, the immense landfill at Eagle Mountain—2.5 miles long, 1 mile wide, and 2,000 feet deep—will not only contaminate the water table but also create a toxic shroud of air pollution over much of eastern Riverside County. Meanwhile, the flight of hazardous industries across the Border, eventually including a large segment of Los Angeles' petrochemical production, will increase the possibility of Bhopal-like catastrophes.

In sum, the formation of this waste-belt will accelerate the environmental degradation of the entire American West (and part of Mexico). Today a third of the trees in Southern California's mountains already have been suffocated by smog, and animal species are rapidly dying off throughout the polluted Mojave Desert. Tomorrow, Los Angeles's radioactive and carcinogenic wastes may be killing life as far away as Utah or Sonora. The Toxic Rim will be a zone of extinction.

10. BEFORE WE WAKE...

Finally, leaving behind all the Burgessian diagrams and analogies, what will be the real fate of Los Angeles? Can emergent technologies of surveillance and repression stabilize class and racial relations across the chasm of the new inequality? Will the ecology of fear become the natural order of the 21st-century American city? Will razor-wire and security cameras someday be as sentimentally redolent of suburban life as white-picket fences and dogs named Spot?

A global perspective may be useful. Los Angeles in 2019 will be the core of a metro-galaxy of 22-24 million people in Southern and Baja California. Together with Tokyo, Sao Paulo, Mexico City, and Shanghai, it will comprise an new evolutionary form: mega-cities of 20-30 million inhabitants. It is important to emphasize that we are not merely talking about larger specimens of an old, familiar type, but an absolutely original, and unexpected, phyla of social life.

No one knows, in fact, whether physical and biological systems of this magnitude and complexity are actually sustainable. Many experts believe that the Third World mega-cities, at least, will eventually precipitate environmental holocausts and/or implode in urban civil wars. Indeed, the contemporary "New World Order" certainly offers enough grim examples of total societal disintegration—from Bosnia to Somalia—to underscore realistic fears of a mega-city apocalypse.

If Tokyo proves an exception, despite inevitable natural disasters, it will only be by dint of extraordinary levels of public investment, private affluence and social discipline (and because Japan is culturally a highly urban rather than suburban society). In the recent past, however, Los Angeles has begun to resemble Sao Paulo and Mexico City more than post-modern Tokyo-Yokohama.

It may be theoretically possible, of course, for a Democratic administration in Washington over the next decade to begin to reverse American urban decay with massive new public works. But it will remain extraordinarily difficult to secure Congressional support for reinvestment in the Bos-Wash and Southern California urban cores as long as the Reagan-era deficit remains the dominant issue in domestic politics. Indeed the principal legacy of the Perot movement—the most successful electoral insurgency in 75 years—may be precisely the fiscal Gordian knot it has managed to tie around any resolution of the urban crisis.

If hopes of urban reform, now guardedly raised by the Clinton landslide, are once again dashed, it will only accelerate the dystopic tendencies described in this pamphlet. For in the specific case of Los Angeles, where recession has already wiped out a fifth of the region's manufacturing jobs, there is little private-sector help in sight. Even the most traditionally optimistic business-school econometric models now predict a "Texas-style" regional slump lasting until 1997, while forecasters at the Southern California Association of Governments talk about steady-state unemployment rates of 10-12% for the next *twenty years*.

As the golden dream withers, so also may faith in non-violent social reform. If last year's riots set a precedent, anomic neighborhood violence may begin to be transmuted into more organized political violence. Both cops and gangmembers already talk with chilling matter-of-factness about the inevitability of some manner of urban guerrilla warfare. And in spite of all the new residential walls and scanscapes—even the future police eye in the sky—sprawling Los Angeles is a metropolis uniquely vulnerable to strategic sabotage.

As the examples of Belfast, Beirut and, more recently, Palermo and Lima have demonstrated, the car bomb is the weapon of anonymous urban terror *par excellence* (or, as one counter-insurgency expert once put it, "the poor man's substitute for an airforce"). Car bombs have reduced half of Beirut to debris, wiped out a neighborhood known as "Lima's Beverly Hills," and massacred Italy's most heavily guarded public officials.

If the British Army, uniquely, was finally able to prevent car bombers from entering Belfast, it was only after years of effort and the construction of an immense security cage around the entire city center. A comparable preventive effort in Los Angeles—e.g. closing the freeways and heavily fortifying all the public utilities, oil refineries and pipelines, and commercial centers—would not only cost tens of billions but also dissolve the city as a functioning entity.

The Los Angeles freeway system, in effect, guarantees to the future urban terrorist what the tropical rain forest or Andean peak offers to the rural *guerrillero:* ideal terrain.

If we continue to allow our central cities to degenerate into criminalized Third Worlds, all the ingenious security technology, present and future, will not safeguard the anxious middle class. The sound of that first car bomb on Rodeo Drive or in front of City Hall will wake us from our mere bad dream and confront us with our real nightmare.

Further Readings

• IN THE HEART OF THE VALLEY OF LOVE

A bold literary attempt to envision Los Angeles in the Dark Ages of the mid-twenty-first century. Cynthia Kadohata simply takes the existing helter skelter and turns up the volume a few notches: the drought is permanent, riots happen every weekend, the Century Freeway remains an unfinished ruin, and malathion spraying has given everyone cancer.

Viking Books (New York) 1992; ISBN 0-670-83415-7

• CULTURE, INC.

Herbert Schiller analyzes the effects of 50 years of U.S. corporate-dominated culture. By exposing their agenda and unscrupulous methods, Schiller demonstrates the insidious threat to cultural expression, freedom of thought, and access to information that corporate control of broadcasting, performing arts, education and museums represents.

Oxford Univ. Press (New York) 1989; ISBN 0-19-506783-5

• WILLIAM GIBSON—CYBERPUNK (SCI-FI)

Corporate executives, soldiers of fortune, computer hackers, and simstim (movie) stars inhabit Gibson's future in a pitched battle between the info-rich and info-poor. In a world very much like our own, Gibson extrapolates the ongoing militarization of public space well into the *virtual* worlds of the computer matrix and the human mind. Check out Gibson's first book, *Neuromancer*, for starters:

Berkeley Pub. Co. (New York) 1984; ISBN 0-441-56959-5

• DREAMING THE RATIONAL CITY

M. Christian Boyer, School of Architecture and Planning at Columbia University, tells the story of urban planning from the perspective of the major economic and political forces in American society. Boyer's caustic analysis shows why city planning, which had so much promise at the outset for making cities more liveable, largely failed.

MIT Press (Cambridge) 1983, $11.95, ISBN 0-262-52111-3

• OUT OF SITE:
A SOCIAL CRITICISM OF ARCHITECTURE

"This radical manifesto seeks to return architecture to earth, to ground it once more in social concerns."—*Bloomsbury Review*. A collection of essays by Margaret Crawford, Mike Davis, Rosalyn Deutsche, Kenneth Frampton, Diane Ghirardo, Vincent Pecora, Ferruccio Trabalzi, and Tony Schuman. Ed. by Diane Ghirardo.

Bay Press (Seattle) 1991, $16.95; ISBN 0-941920-19-4

• COVERT ACTION INFORMATION BULLETIN

CAIB investigates, documents, and exposes many dimensions of secret U.S. intervention and manipulation at home and abroad. Published quarterly, it has featured important research by Jane Hunter, Noam Chomsky, Diana Reynolds, Clarence Lusane, Edward Herman, and many others. Sample copy—$6. Four-issue subscription—$19.

1500 Massachusetts Ave, Room 732, Wash., DC 20005

THE OPEN MAGAZINE
PAMPHLETS SERIES ANTHOLOGY I

OPEN FIRE

Edited by Greg Ruggiero and Stuart Sahulka
Introduction by Howard Zinn
Available: April 1993

During the first two years of its existence, the Open Magazine Pamphlet Series has set a new standard for radical journalism. Timely, incisive essays and lectures have appeared in pamphlet form addressing the Gulf War, and the huge pro-choice rally in Washington D.C., global warming, the Mideast Peace Conference, propaganda, the AIDS crisis, US race relations, and the L.A. riots.

Described in the *New York Times* as "an operation out to change the world" and compared by the *Village Voice* to the efforts of Thomas Paine and Martin Luther, these dissident speeches, lectures, and essays open fire on the "nuspeak" and information control that inhibit democracy in the United States.

Contents

Noam Chomsky, On U.S. Gulf Policy
Michael Emery, How Mr. Bush Got His War
United Nations Report, Impact of War on Iraq
Edward W. Said, Peace In the Middle East
Marlene Fried & Loretta Ross, Reproductive Freedom
Rosalyn Baxandall, Women and Abortion
George M. Carter, ACT UP and The AIDS War
Helen Caldicott, Toward A Compassionate Society
Tom Athanasiou, U.S. Politics and Global Warming
Howard Zinn, Columbus, The Indians, & Human Progress
Mike Davis, L.A. Was Just The Beginning: Urban Revolt in the US
Manning Marable, Black America
Noam Chomsky, Media Control

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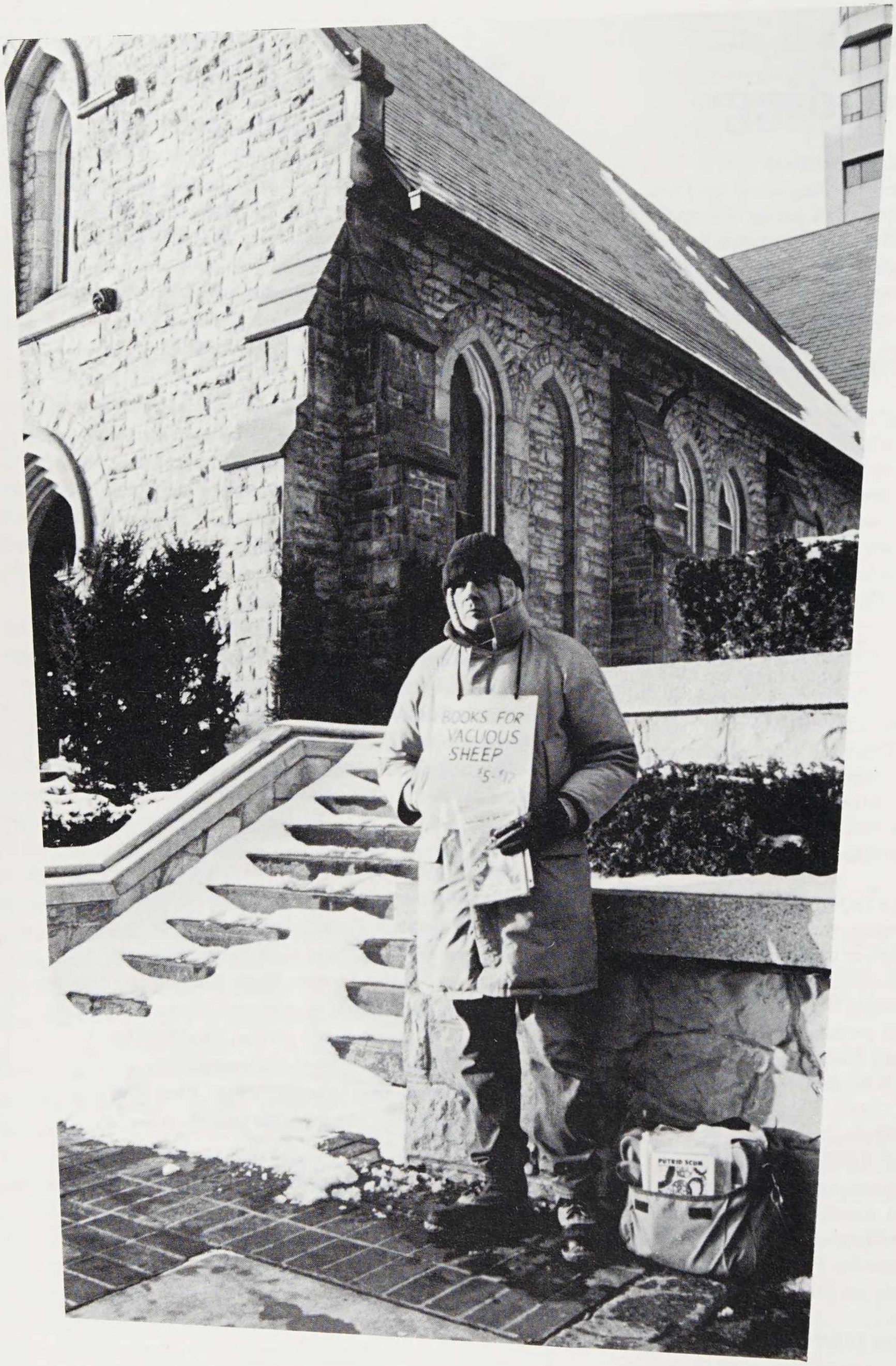


WORD

---on---the---Street

Bard to the Bone

Crad Kil-

odney

Photos: David Ottesen

THE END OF THE ROAD: CRAD KILODNEY

In conversation with D.S. Black

Crad Kilodney is that rare breed of writer who takes it to the street. On most days he can be found selling his books on the streets of Toronto. With the recession closing businesses left and right, there are an increasing number of unused doorways for him to occupy. He stands on one of the main drags, usually Yonge or Bloor St., with his satchel of books and tapes, and a typically macabre sign

advertising his wares:

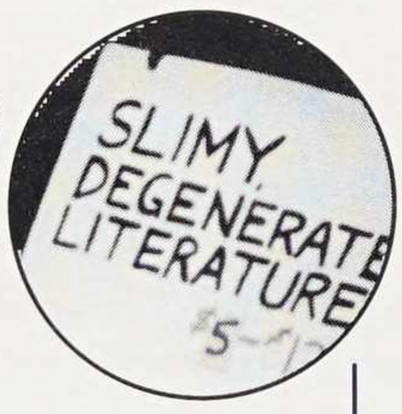
ABNORMAL BEDTIME STORIES

or

DULL STORIES FOR AVERAGE CANADIANS

or

SLIMY DEGENERATE LITERATURE.



The sign changes at regular intervals. The author glowers at the mostly indifferent passersby, snarling a cranky challenge to their literacy or obvious inability to distinguish him from a growing army of pan-handlers:

> "Selling puss, gangrenous puss for teenagers. Gangrenous puss! Dead meat — smelly dead meat!"

Curiosity gets the better of some, who stop to inspect the titles the author has on display. They may not realize it, but Crad Kilodney is unique in Canadian letters, and possibly the only writer of his kind in the world. It's rare enough for a writer to live off a writing income; Kilodney has supported himself since 1978 by writing his books and selling them on the street.

All of his books — published in editions of 500 - 1,500 copies — sell out eventually. His bibliography is extensive, beginning with Mental Cases, published as a special issue of Lowlands Review, continuing with the classic Lightning Struck My Dick from the long-defunct local Virgo Press, Pork College, brought out by Coach House, two short story collections published by Black Moss (Malignant Humors and The Girl in the Subway), and approximately two dozen titles from his own Charnel House Press, which he established in 1979.

His two 1992 releases are Suburban Chicken-Strangling Stories and The Second Charnel House Anthology of Bad Poetry. When I visited Crad in his rooming house garret on Isabella St. in September, 1992, he tersely pointed to the cartons of books by the door, and explained:

"From this point on, there will be a net outflow of material from this place. When these books are sold, I'm out of here."

It should come as no surprise that after 14 years of a gruelling daily exposure for a meagre living, this literary Job would eventually decide to pack it in.

"Being a writer is to be obsolete these days — a handful of people do make it, but a very small fraction."

If one were to doubt for a minute the grimness of this vocation, the author has obligingly chronicled the early years in two of his books — Excrement (1988) and its prequel Putrid Scum (1991), as well as with a number of cassette tapes, *On the Street with Crad Kilodney*. In the opening pages of Putrid Scum, Kilodney describes the insight that led to this particular marketing strategy:

> Here was a soul desperately in need of a Great Idea...he would publish his own books and sell them on the street! He could already visualize it: there he'd be on a busy street, wearing a sign calculated to shock or amaze the public, and now and then someone would stop and buy a book. Little by little, he would find his audience. And it would be a true audience, not a circle of fellow writers.

Photos: David Otterson

WITH **CRAD KILODNEY**

The Great Idea had two virtues. First, it was practical. You could publish little books for a modest amount of money, and you could make a profit on them. Second, the act of selling on the street was highly cosmic, because anything could happen. You were throwing yourself into the arms of Fate.

Although Kilodney has a number of regular customers, they are vastly outnumbered by those who do not understand what an author might be doing in the street with a stack of his own books for sale. Certainly the weight of public presumption is that here is just another beggar/striker/fill-in-the-blank layabout. Despite selling books titled Excrement and Putrid Scum, Kilodney maintains that he is not a bum — he pays his own way.

Still, after thirteen years of selling without legal sanction, a police officer recently cited him for "exposing goods for sale without authority." Since 1991 Kilodney has fought his case in court, appealing it on constitutional grounds of freedom of expression.

Having read his books, I know the pain and disgust he feels at the constant stream of rejecting pedestrians, people on consumer errands that do not include perusing his books, or even acknowledging the author. I had to ask: "What do you think of the public? You see so many people passing you in the street."

"Most of them are really two dimensional characters in a cartoon strip, and they're labouring under the delusion that they're three dimensional. I'm particularly distressed by the appearance of a teenage population that is 90% moronic — and that's the future of this country; that's why I say Canada doesn't really have a future as a vital culture. The whole population is just so bloody stupid, very conformist. This is very painful for someone like me who lived through the sixties. I was a teenager in the sixties. Here we are, a generation later, and all the influence seems to have dissipated. Now we're back to imbecility and conformity, not to mention semi-literacy. The population is supposed to be something like 20-25% functionally illiterate. But even worse, you have high school graduates who, in theory, can read, but they don't. So what kind of a culture are you going to have? It's really distressing. Particularly in Toronto people have this stunned look. They look really catatonic and very sheeplike."

I was interested in the period from before he came to Toronto and took to the streets, particularly his apprenticeship at Exposition Press in New York.

"Exposition was a vanity press, and vanity presses have always had a bad reputation. I would point out that Exposition was the best of the lot; they were the least crooked of the lot. Almost 20% of our list was trade quality, believe it or not. Not in fiction or poetry, but in nonfiction we actually published quite a few very, very good books. I had to write the inside flaps, the jacket blurbs, and I also wrote press releases and some ad copy, so I got to work on a lot of books from the very worst to the very best."

What benefits did it have for you as an aspiring writer?

"In terms of my own writing, it really opened my eyes to what kind of insanity is out there in the world because, as you know, a vanity press attracts all kinds of kooks, all kinds of people whose books would never be published by a legitimate press. We were getting manuscripts from people who were practically illiterate, and from a whole variety of extremely strange people with strange obsessions.

I really was getting into this crackpot subculture of America that I didn't know existed until then. Whenever anything bizarre crossed my desk, either a manuscript or a letter — because I handled about 90% of the company's correspondence — I would make a photocopy and take it home.

I accumulated a file which is on a big box on top of the wardrobe there. That's my nut file — there's all kinds of crazy stuff in there. Very often in my stories, particularly in my early stories, I would dip into that nut file and take things and work them into my stories. In fact, some of my stories have entire sections or specimens of writing that are basically just found texts that I've worked in and I haven't changed a word of them."

See, I could never duplicate the mental mindset of a genuine kook who is trying to be serious. Most of these people achieved a rare form of humour by trying to be serious. In a way, it's a kind of antigenius, a naive genius.

What expectations did you have when you started selling on the street?

"I thought that some smart publisher would come along and publish me, and then I would be rich and famous in a very short time."

And when Virgo published Lightning Struck My Dick in 1980?

"I thought that this would be a great breakthrough. I was naive enough to think that virtue is rewarded in the real world. That's when I started to learn the hard facts about publishing, and the media, and public opinion, and all that stuff.

Not one newspaper in Canada reviewed that book, not one. The publisher went bankrupt the following year, though we sold all the copies. No book of mine has failed to sell out its print run, although I've had to exert myself to sell most of the copies of the trade editions."

Not surprisingly, Kilodney thinks very highly of his readers, having met many of them.

"I have the best readership that any author could have. And it's a fairly mixed readership. That is to say, it's not all other writers. Writers have a vested interest; I would much rather sell books to people who don't have a vested interest in reading me — that's a real audience."

His bitterness toward the "Canadian Literary Establishment" came up a number of times in our conversation.

"Too many writers in this country are only read by other writers, and they imagine that they have literary careers. If you don't have a mixed audience, you do not have a literary career. I think of the younger generation of writers as a circle of dogs sniffing each other's assholes. A nice, incestuous little circle."

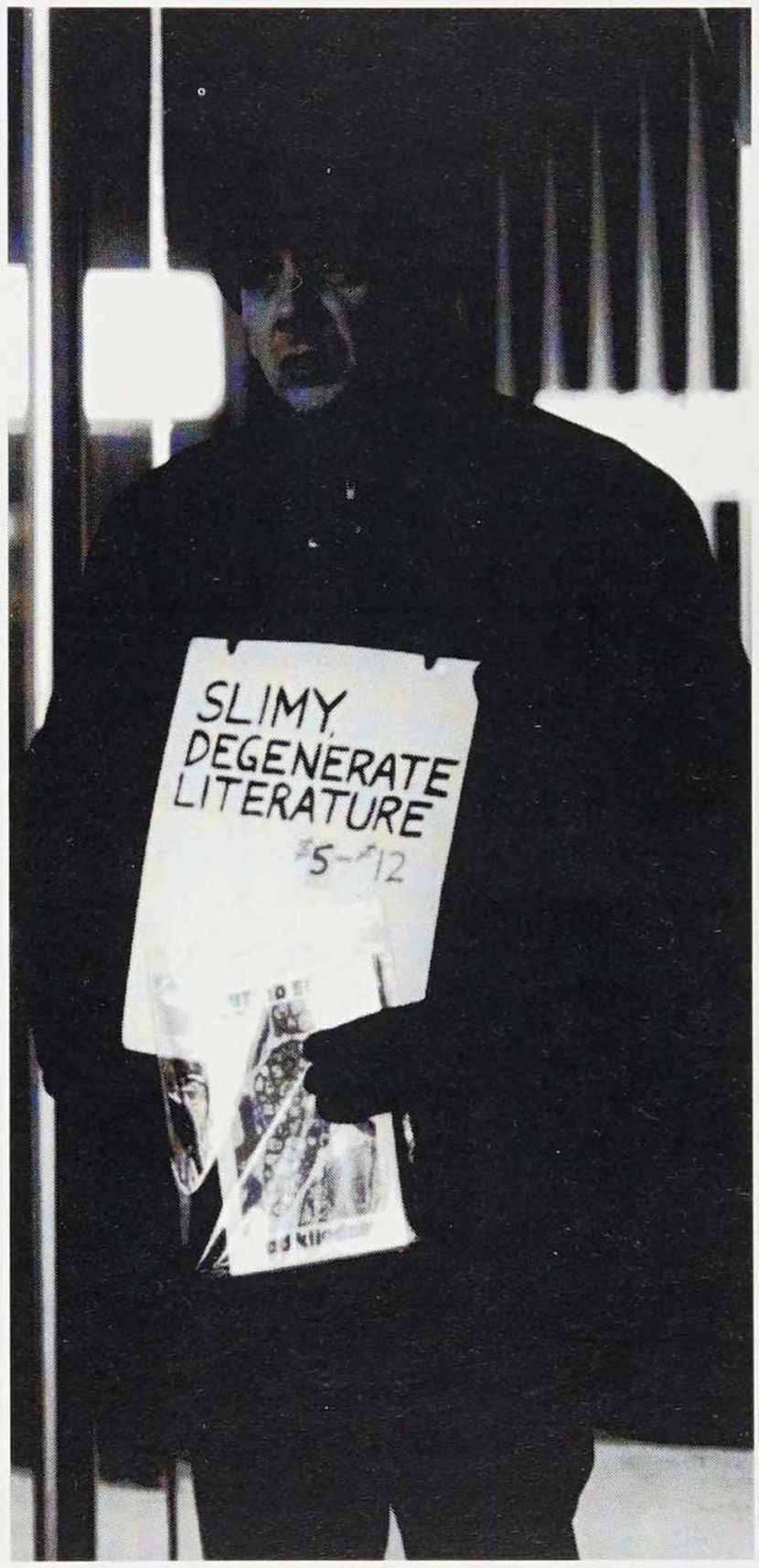
The refusal of the Canada Council to consider Putrid Scum for the Governor General's award — because they exclude self-published books — does not sit well with Kilodney. Literature has seen many quality books first appear through self-publication. He cites Dostoevsky and Mark Twain as two writers who have issued books under their own imprint. In January, Crad Kilodney was continuing his battle with the Canada Council in court in Ottawa.

"I think everybody should save their pennies so when they get into their 40s they have enough money to take somebody to court."

This lonely, literate foot-soldier in the Canadian street theatre has an acerbic wit to rival his cantankerous forebear Ambrose Bierce, and may soon follow him with a bilious disappearing act. Just as Bierce, an embittered critic and short story writer (best known for his Devil's Dictionary), left the U.S. in 1913 to vanish in the chaos of revolutionary Mexico, Kilodney has hinted that he may soon leave Toronto for parts unknown, abandoning his thankless career as a writer on the streets.

Certainly there are many readers who would miss him. Toronto would lose more than just a character; his departure would represent the triumph of a mercantile culture that is most at home in the controlled environment of the super mall. As the street becomes increasingly bleak, barren of hope or chance human connection, with society bent on sealing itself off from direct or unmediated experience, it will become as described in Kilodney's story "No Chekhov at Yorkdale" (in the Girl in the Subway):

> The future belongs to brave boys and girls who, in the words of the prophet, "aren't afraid to live in tubes and push buttons."



For a list of Crad Kilodney's publications, please write:

Charnel House, 1712 Avenue Rd.,
P.O. Box 54541, North York, Ont.,
Canada, M5M 4N5

Life With-out Drama

He did not awaken in a strange hotel room, with an empty bottle on the floor and a beautiful woman asleep beside him.

He did not put a gun in his pocket before leaving.

He did not have an appointment in a dimly-lit bar with a powerful person representing a secret organization.

At work, he did not find anything unusual on his desk. There were no complex decisions or moral problems to wrestle with. He had no power over others. He was not called into an an important meeting. He did not have a confrontation with his superior, in which he surprised him with his boldness.

He did not take the afternoon off to keep a rendezvous with a rich and famous woman.

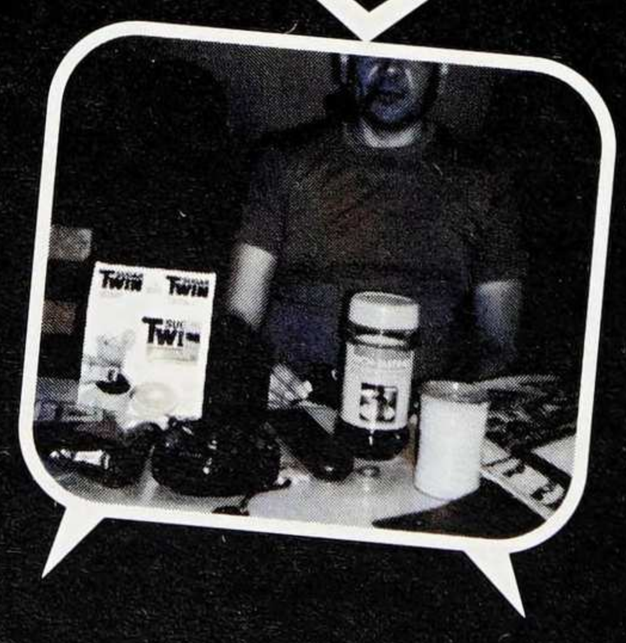
On the way home, he did not fight off an attacker of rescue children from the second or third floor of a building on fire.

He was not caught in a crossfire between police and armed robbers.

He did not find a briefcase full of money, jewels, or secret documents.

He was not handed coded instructions by a man in black to take the next flight to Tangier, Amsterdam, Paris, or Moscow.

He did not meet a beautiful woman sitting alone in a dimly-lit bar, who smiled at him seductively.



His pager did not sound once. People did not notice him on the street, and there was no one following him.

He experienced no unusual physical sensations, and no ideas, fears, or recollections came to him in a flash.

When he returned to his apartment, he found that no one had broken in and ransacked it, and nothing was missing.

There was nothing important in the mail, and there were no messages on the answering machine.

Going out later to buy cigarettes, he did no observe any crime or accident, nor did he chance to meet a beautiful woman who needed protection and a place to hide.

His lottery numbers did not come up.

When he looked out the window at the city, he saw only buildings and cars.

He did not hear any strange sounds from the apartment next door.

When he climbed into bed, he had no premonitions of evil, nor was there a crucial deal on the agenda for tomorrow that he had to think about.

He had no dreams that would prove prophetic.

Needless to say, he did not awaken in a strange hotel room, with an empty bottle on the floor and a beautiful woman asleep beside him.

By Crad Kilodney

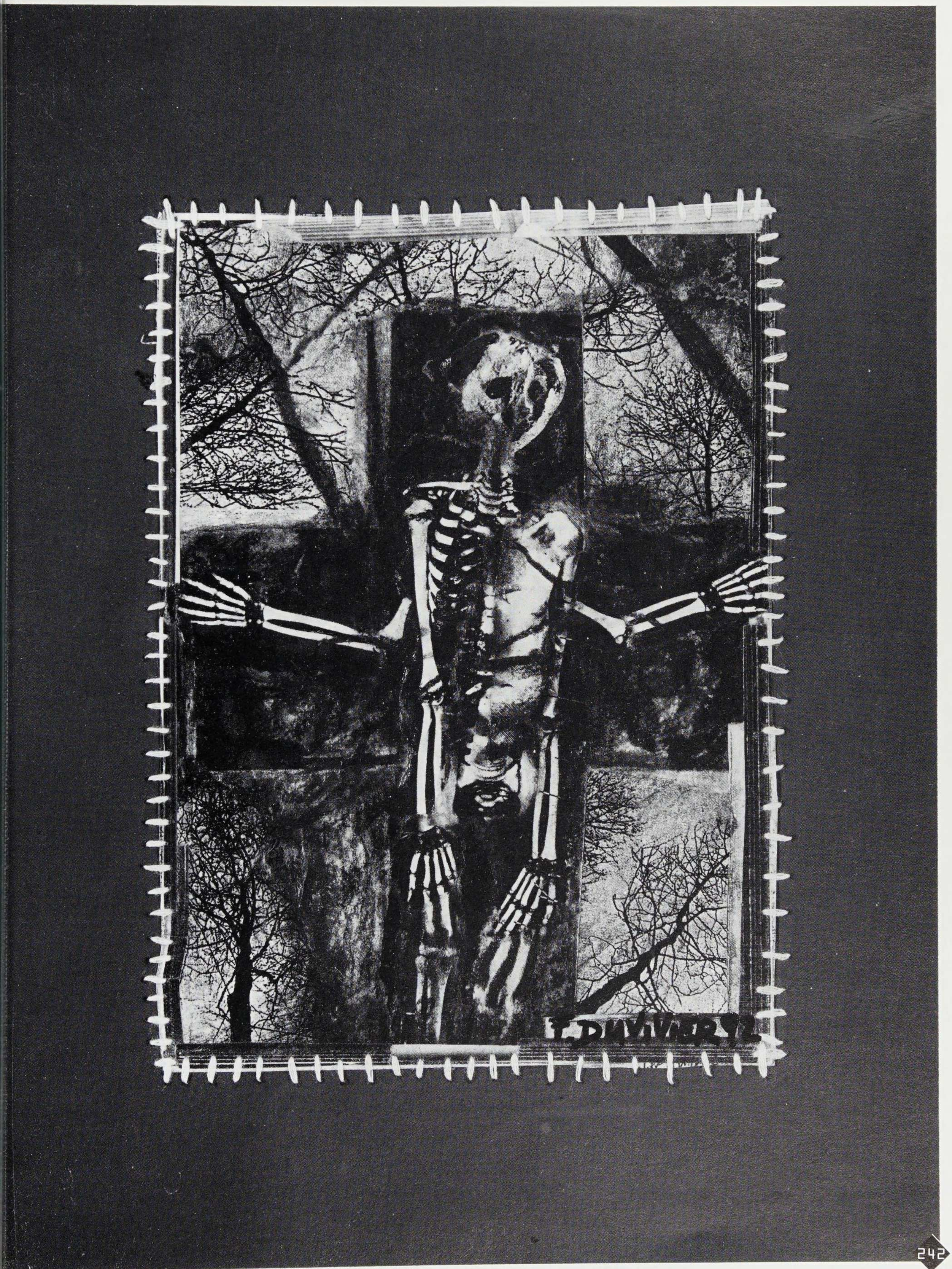
I GOT A CD PLAYER

glossy, polished slimy thing
I like you very seriously indeed
you cost money, lots of money
you cost thousands of men their hard earned lives
and I'm afraid pretty soon
the music your servitude will provide me with
will cost me
my life as well
at the hands of a double agent I
know better then my own best friend

so toss a few ideas into my head
a few real capitalist gems
let's see what happens – pretty soon
as always happens in happy stories
the entire world will be American
spiteful but pliable slave
isn't that special, CD player
very seriously indeed

Hybrid Pink

Marianne Sinkovics



Scarification
The insistence of loss.
I bent out of my soul to you
lingering wraith-like
sucked slow motion to oblivion
in clouds mauvish grey then white.

Speaking silently into the emptiness
I reach for you as in a whisper
to the sullen nothing.

Swept sideways into time
It never happened did it? Did it?
Crumbled into fine powder the last bastion
of sanity
of something tangible sifting through fingers.
(like only money could)

Hollowed evil
reeks of ambiguity and sweat
and feces, fear and terror.

Half lit faces looming, dancing in and out of focus
sound of disonant drums
all out of sync in cold green flames.
Stretching through the surface
like some blistering rot.

Our hearts are on fire, on fire, on fire.

Where with a gun in your mouth
you ponder technique.
Lips wrapped around the exhaust pipe
foetal positioned in hope.
One hand on steering wheel
other reaches for gas.

Burning in flames. Our hearts are on fire.

Chaotic, swaying, wild, chanting circle mob, heads
crowned in ever tightening hemp; till crushing sounds
like so many celeries snapped then watermelons crushed
under cars.
Crisp then dull.

Blood like lemonjuice everywhere. Blood everywhere.
A flood. Some unkind ritual of fecundity. Blood.
Blood spurting. Blood everywhere.

Ambivelence and loss
annealing loss with spite filled kisses.
The intransigence of loss.
Threatened loss. Impending loss. Scarification.
Behest, bequest, bequeath.
Transfigured lonliness.
Separated, cleaved, cleft, loss. Attendent Scarification.
Intermittent loss, incalculable loss, inalienable loss,
ambiguity and loss,Consistent loss.

The perpetuity of loss.
(something you can always count on)

Soul entrenched in scum.

Hearts bursting from all the lies.

Immaculate Mary yeah,

Our hearts are on fire.

SCARIFICATION 1991

Martine Matthews

The tired wreath of senseless pity
is laid to rest
outside your door so plagued by lonliness.

It is a well known fact
that fucking flies create maggots.

The tenuousness and discomfort
of unexpressed desire
desire
desire.

I am disembarking at a railway station now
X-Raying the crowd anxiously
for your tired presence.

The disintegrating mask of
peculiar moments abandoned
and kissed on the lips
goodbye.

The air so pregnant with malefaction
surrounds my thoughts
like a shroud
as I watch myself mouth hello in severance
then goodbye.

I am speaking to you from the recent past
where I am ensconsed
in some incense filled benediction
for your heart.

You are only a shadow now no face
a voice so distant through morphine
some ill-chosen desperate words
so indistinct a vague sensation
not even memory.

It's over now. Is it over now?
The longing so full of uncertainty.
I look to the mirror so absent of familiarity.

And the windswept desert of a soul
laughing recoils
into the rancid drink stain
on my so many

unfinished

letters to you.

WILDERNESS 1991

Martine Matthews

this SWEET EARTH

the SMELL is SWEET ~
~ the EARTH ~
Back to the EARTH
I take You ~ to A place
~ WHERE ~
the SOIL is WARM
& COMFORTING
LIKE the BLANKET
(the BLANKET)
YOUR MOTHER tucked AROUND You
& You can feel
(You can feel)
YOUR Head ~ caressed
(You can feel)
~ SAFE ~
Back to the EARTH
- You can feel -
WHERE I take You —
WE LIE Naked ~ NEXT to Each other
~ ON the EARTH ~

OUR two bodies
~ Naked ~
for the SUN
OUR Legs —.
.— touch.
OUR ARMS —.
.— touch.
WE are Safe
Lying still
WE are IN LOVE
together
ON this SWEET EARTH
COMFORTED
A slow BREEZE
IN this WARM Place
IN the EARTH
(slow BREEZE)
CARRIES this SWEET EARTH
~ COVERING US ~
WE are IN LOVE
together
IN this SWEET EARTH

. —— .

M. Kroll

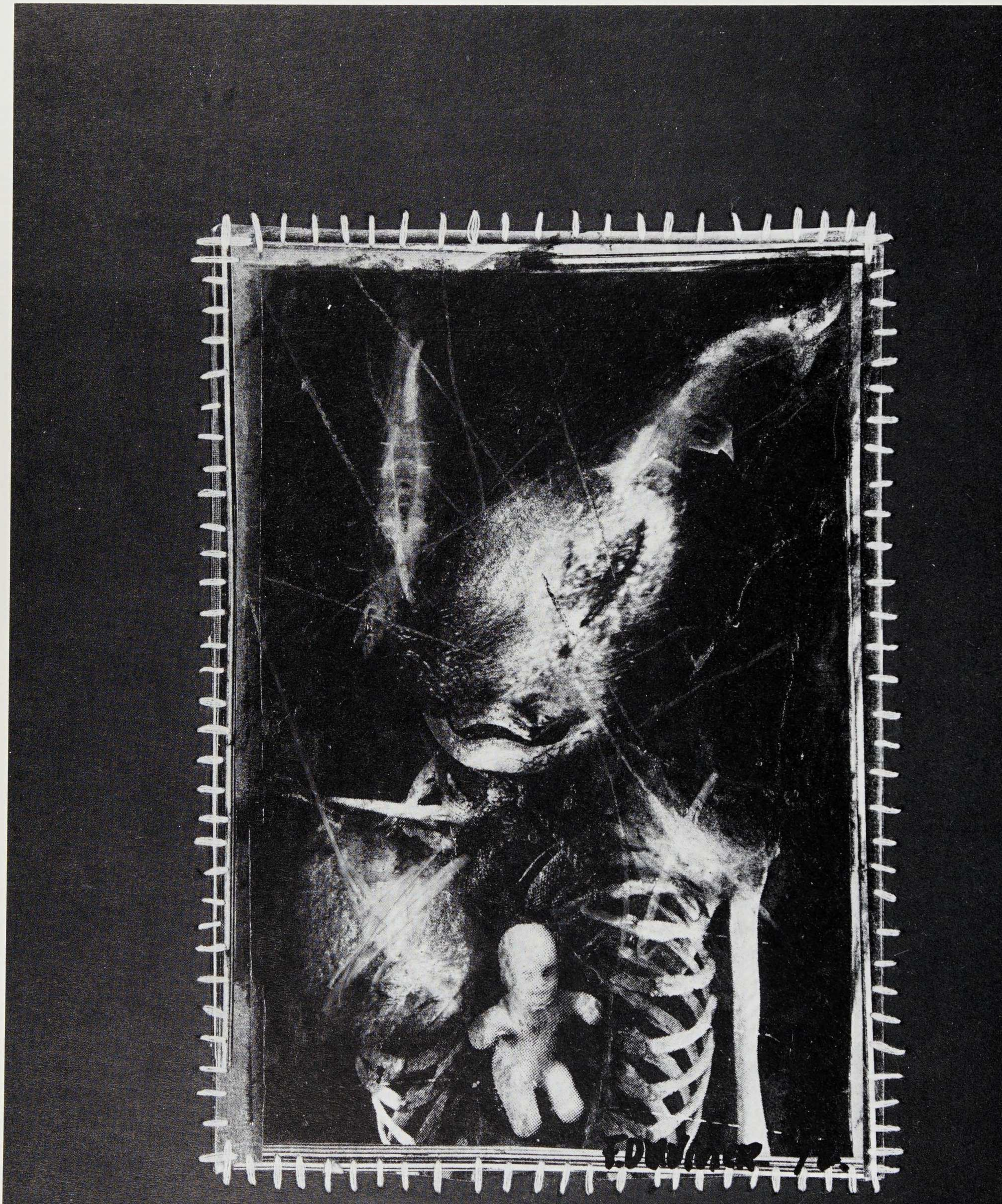
Design M. Matthews

GREGORI AFFNY
Go to Go

We are the few ~ the chosen few
~When god came down~
(there is no god)
When Jesus came & he tested us
He tested us
~the few~
And he chose us
Baptized in blood (we were)
trial by fire
We were the chosen
We were the few
(there iz no god)
& the Passion in His Heart
& the Passion in His Hands
Holy Christ
(all bloody)
Oh Holy Christ

There is no god!
When He came ~ us on our knees
Christ came
All bloody
(Christ came)
There is no god
No god
No god
When Christ came
No god

M. Krol

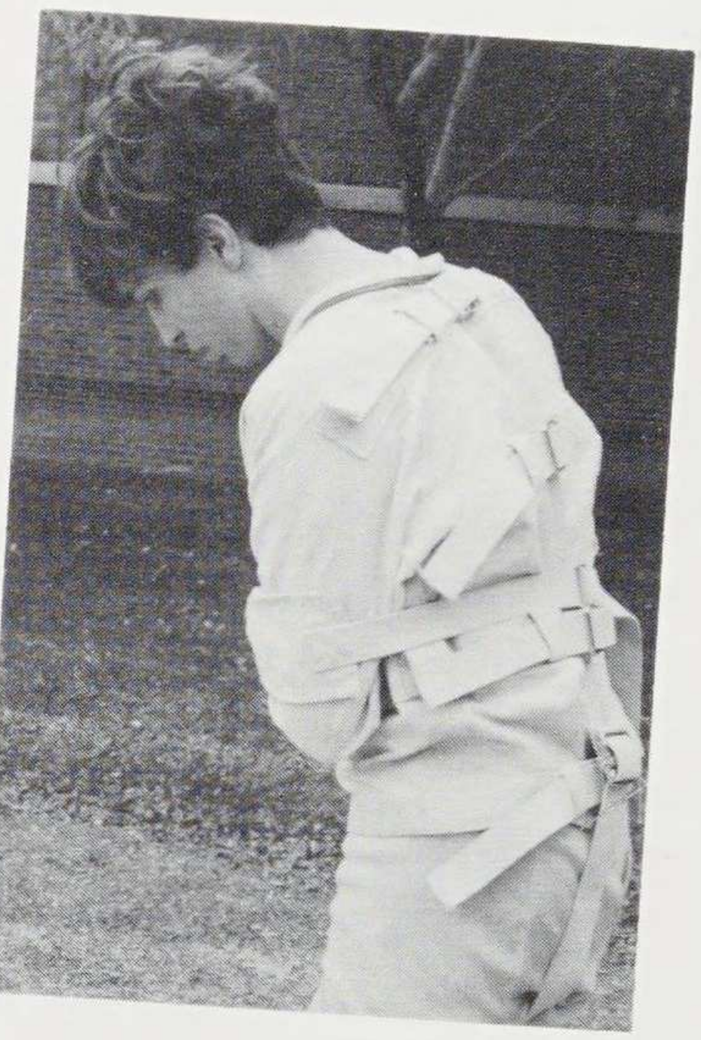


Dear Diary:

* All photos courtesy of Candyland Productions, Stacey Friedrich and Bruce LaBruce.

(1.)

Being a pornographer is so difficult these days. Sometimes I don't know why I bother.

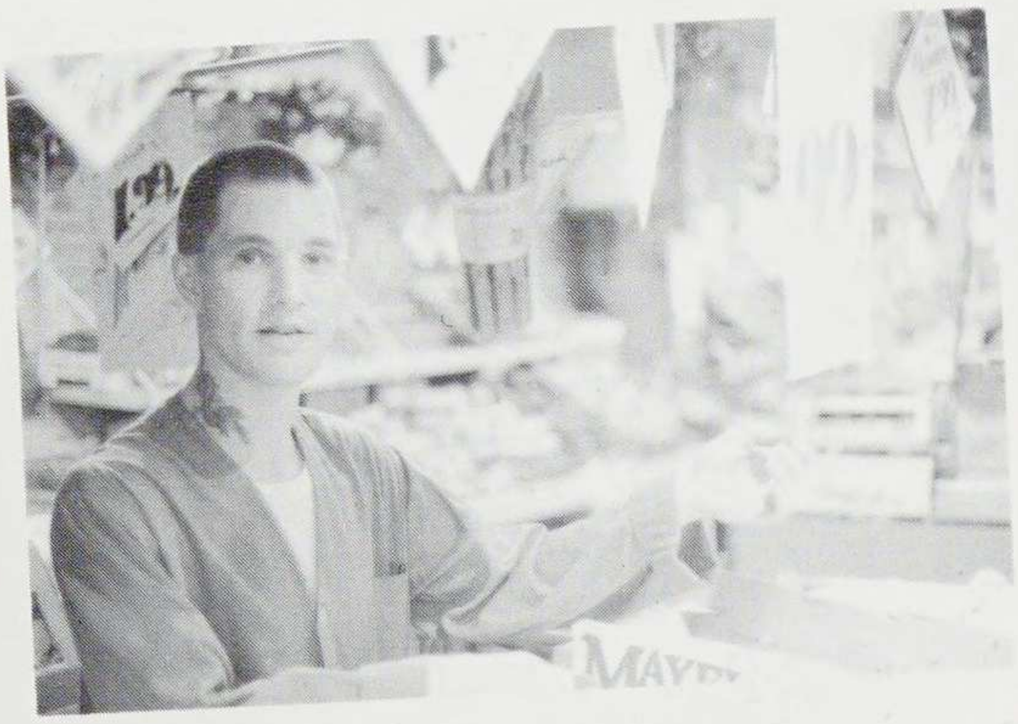


(2.)

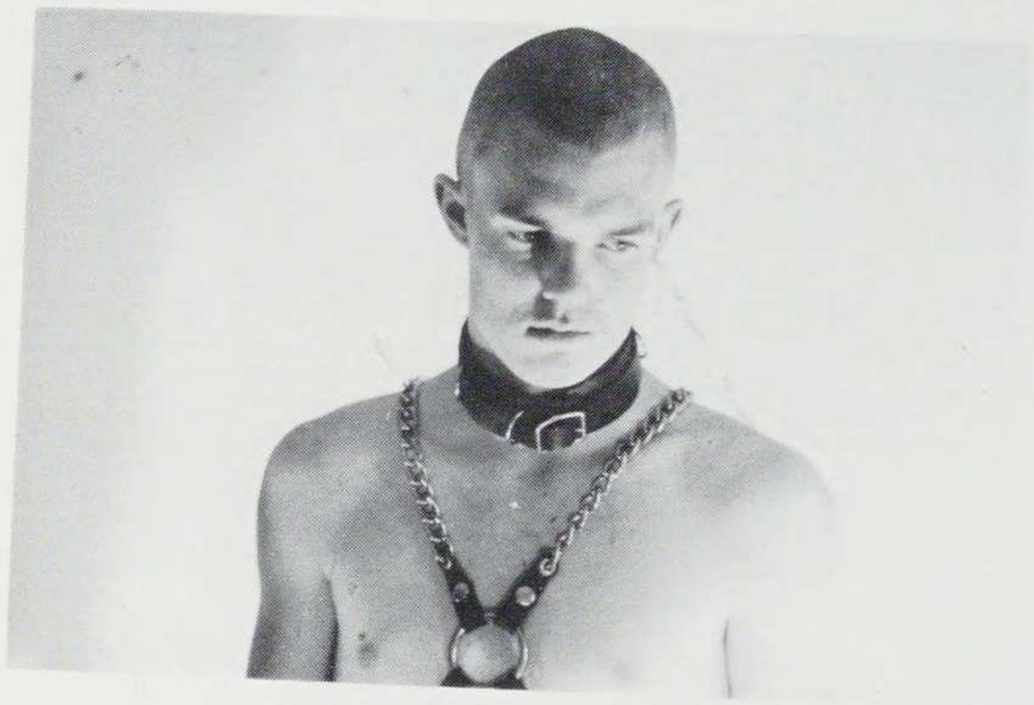
In fact, it's driving me crazy, if you want to know the truth. I mean, strictly straight-jacket territory.

(3.) It all started years ago, long before I was crowned Prince of the Homosexuals.

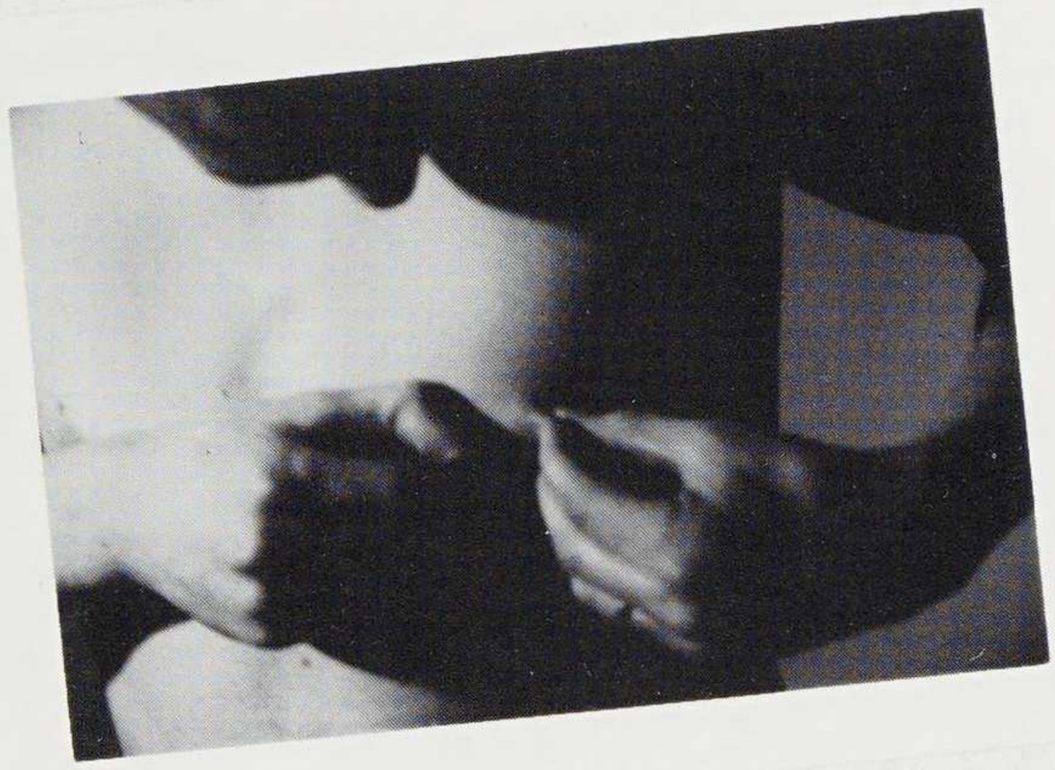
(4.) I made the mistake of falling in love with a skinhead hustler named Joe the Ho. a skinhead hustler named Joe the Ho. who had a dragon tattood on the side of his neck.



(5) This was before he became a neo-Nazi and got a job at the vegetable stand in the market.



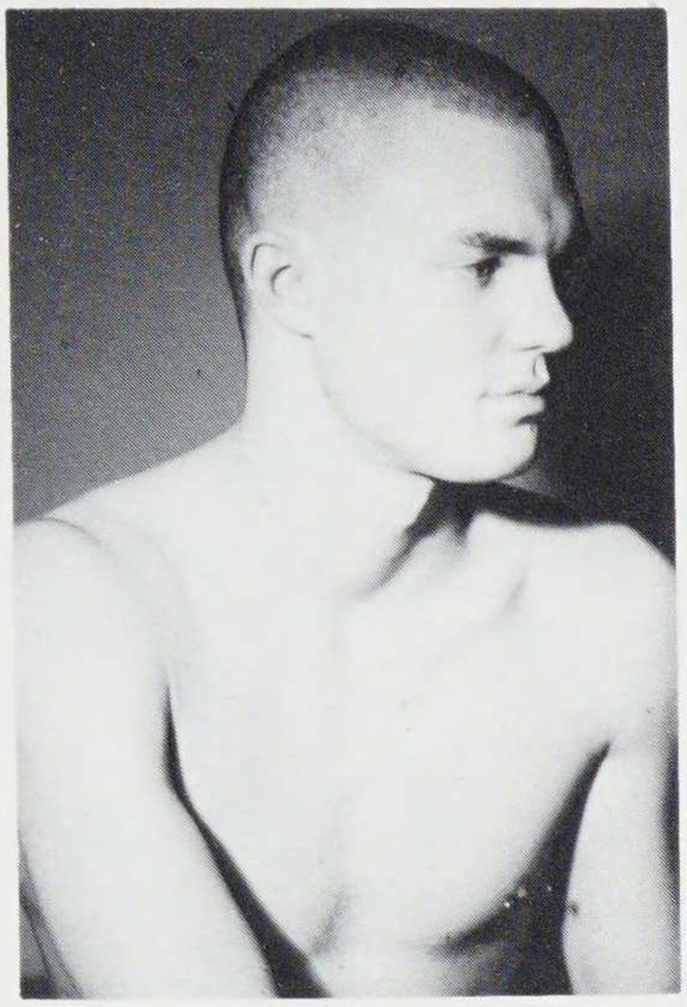
(6) After we broke up, I decided to make a movie about him called "No SKIN OFF MY ASS". He was played by this German guy named Klaus, with whom I also fell in love.



(7) We both did a lot of things in the movie that he would later regret. But I have no regrets.

(8) The Blow-jobs were my bright idea. but he pierced his own nipple; I just happened to be there with the camera to shoot it.

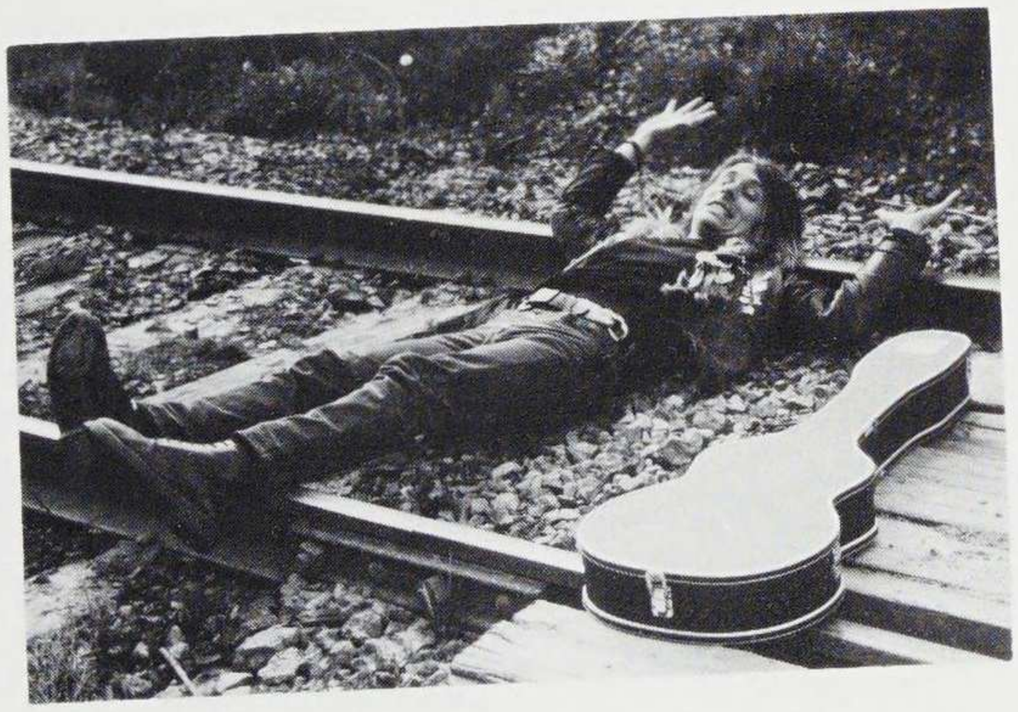
(9) That scene makes a lot of people nervous. I think its sexy.



(10.)

He was such a beautiful boy with milky white skin and a bubble butt. Unfortunately, he dumped me after 3 years of happiness. Oh well!

(11.) The movie I'm working on now is called "SUPER 8½", the story of a washed up porno star (yours truly) who is rediscovered by Googie, an underground dyke film-maker. He thinks it's his big comeback, but she's actually just exploiting him in order to finance her pet project, "Submit To My FINGER", a tribute to R. Kern.



(12.) In this movie-within-the-movie, a pair of gun-toting, lingerie-loving, disputatious dykes terrorize a couple of hitch-hiking rocker dudes, forcing them to submit to various humiliating acts.

(13.) Mike Gibb from the band "Love Bombers" meets his fate

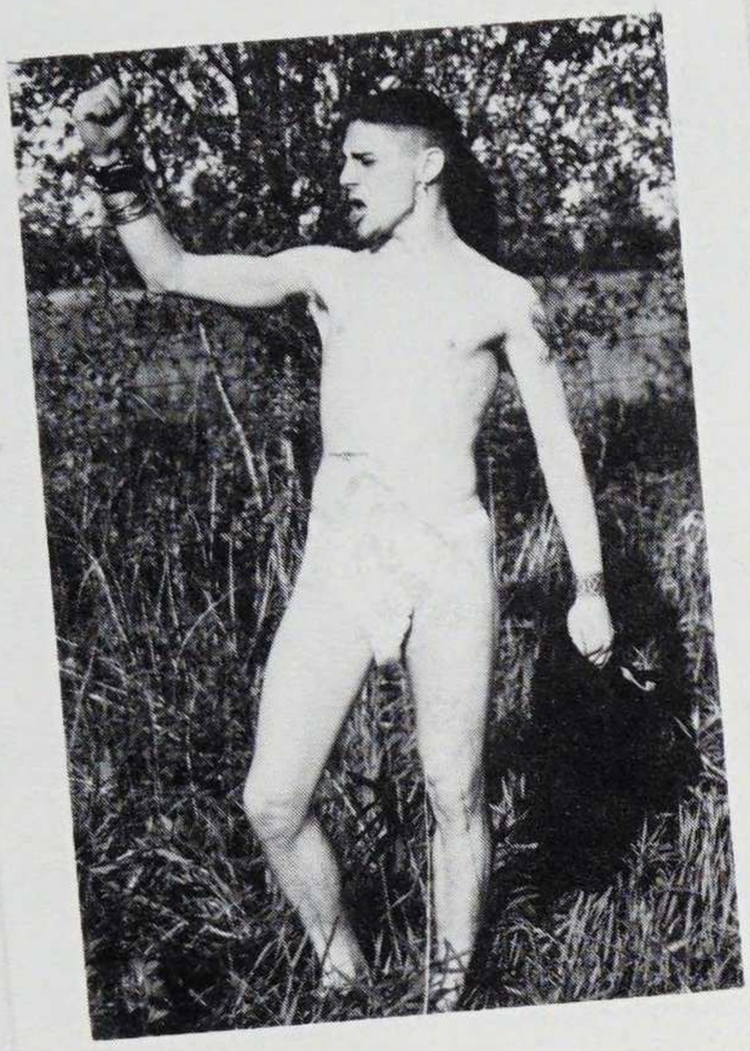
(14) hand-cuffed to the railroad tracks, She has her way with a strap-on dildo.

(15) A nasty end befalls him – after all, this is a Cautionary Tale –

(16) Mikey[2], my latest discovery, also receives the dildo treatment unhappily and befalls a Cautionary anal fate with a latex glove and

(17) a gun with a condom on it.

On this photo, you can see me, the director, standing in as a "butt-double" for this delicate scene, since my co-star was an anal virgin at the time and refused to give it up.



(18) Like I was saying, pornography is a tough business. Here is Mikey², after being left at the side of the road diapered in DEPENDS.

(19) In another scene from "Ride, Queer, Ride", Mikey² gets blown by Bruce... again.

(20) The dupes are played in the movie by the Friday sisters, an incestuous duo who are as wild off screen as on. In real life they are sex trade workers, Chris-teen and Dirty Pillows.

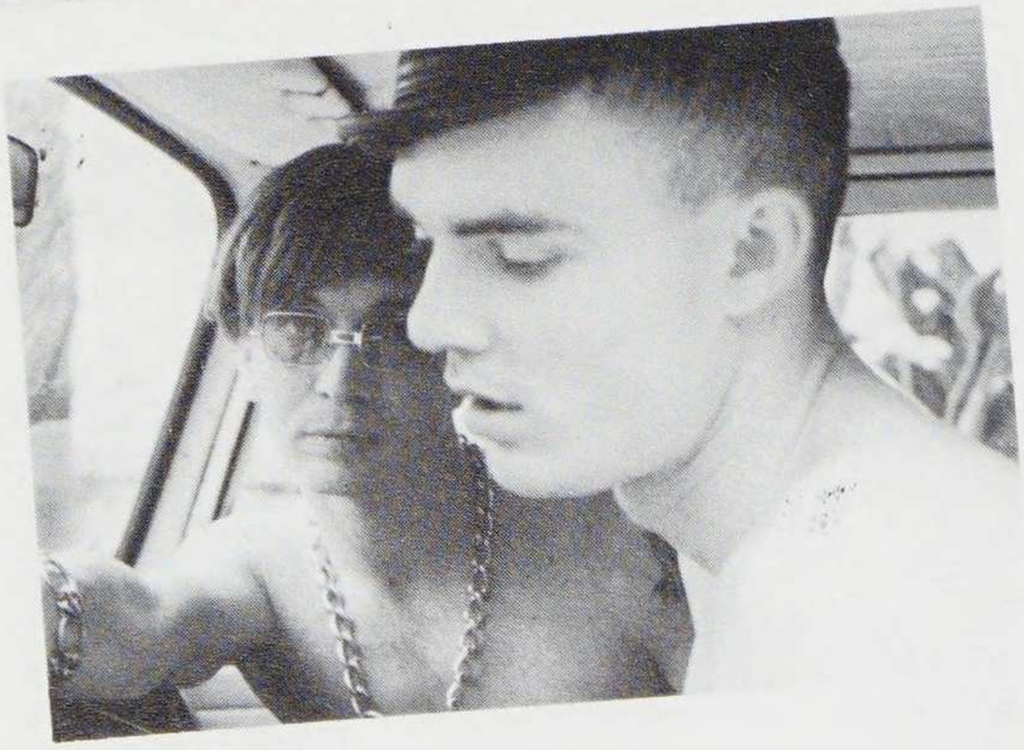
(21) In this next sequence from "Ride, Queer, Ride", an earlier movie-within-the-movie directed by Bruce, you are finally

(22) privileged to see the nude hitch-hiking scene which Madonna blatantly copied for her Erotica Video. (Clearly, I have an ass to rival the Material Girl's, if I do say so myself.

(23)

(24.) (Notice the bruises covering it, the result of a heavy S+M session the night before, lending a certain "cinema verité" quality to the work.)

(25.)

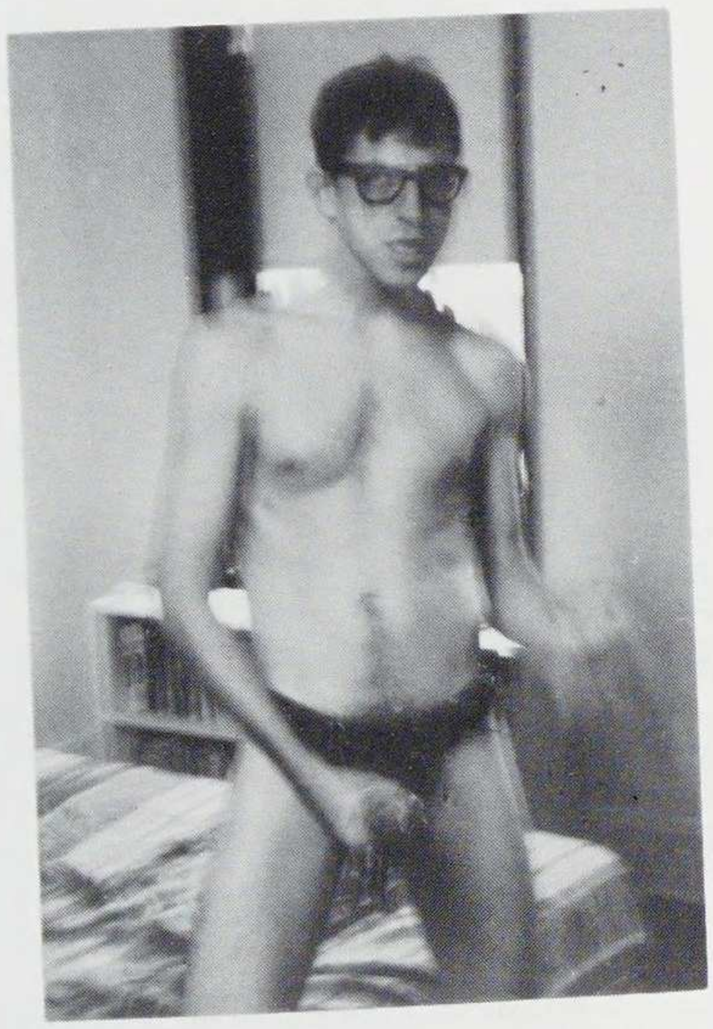


(26.) Here I am in a rather pensive mood, contemplating, I'm sure, the lost love of my co-star, Klaus.

- There are many other interesting scenes in "SUPER 8½", including celebrity cameos by —

(27.) Donahue stars PACO + PINO,

(28.) Kid in the Hall Scott Thompson (as Buddy Cole)



(29.) and spokesmodel Vaginal Creme Davis,

(30) and R. Kern himself, seen here with the charismatic Chris-Teen.

"SUPER 8½" will be finished — someday. If the cops don't try to bust me at the lab again. If my prints don't get destroyed at the border again. If my new d.o.p. doesn't have a nervous breakdown like the last one did. If my ulcers don't get worse. If my new therapist is good enough. Time, alone, undoubtedly, will tell. Love, Bruce XXO

M AND M

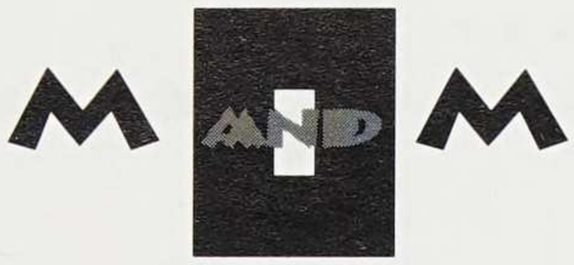
Michelle Handelman *and* Monte Cazazza

Interviewed by Martine Matthews *and* John Marriott

MONTE CAZAZZA is the man responsible for the term *Industrial Music*. Working early on with *Throbbing Gristle* and *Psychic T.V.* he helped to change the course of modern music. As a performance artist he is infamous, his shows incorporating live animals, body parts and death-defying stunts.

MICHELLE HANDELMAN is a controversial artist whose work has been seen worldwide. Working primarily in video and film she's won awards at the S.F. Film Festival and had work featured in Berlin and Toronto. Often censored and banned, her work is dangerously political and openly sexual.

TOGETHER, their company M and M PRODUCTIONS produces disturbing and transgressive work that questions one's visual, sonic and psychic identity.



Martine Matthews
How long have you been doing this type of work?

Monte Cazazza
If your reference is to the photographs we've been seriously experimenting with this style for over two years, although bits and pieces of many of the pieces go back longer than that. It is just that we made a serious effort to combine all the elements within the current period of time, though I feel we are just starting to scratch the surface with this style of working. Hopefully with access to more technology and some type of budget we could stretch it a lot further.

Michelle Handelman
I've been working on films and videos for a couple of years now. I've been working in photography for ten years and I've been making poems through images and words for as long as I can remember. As for the collaborative work between Monte and myself, this has happened in the last two years.

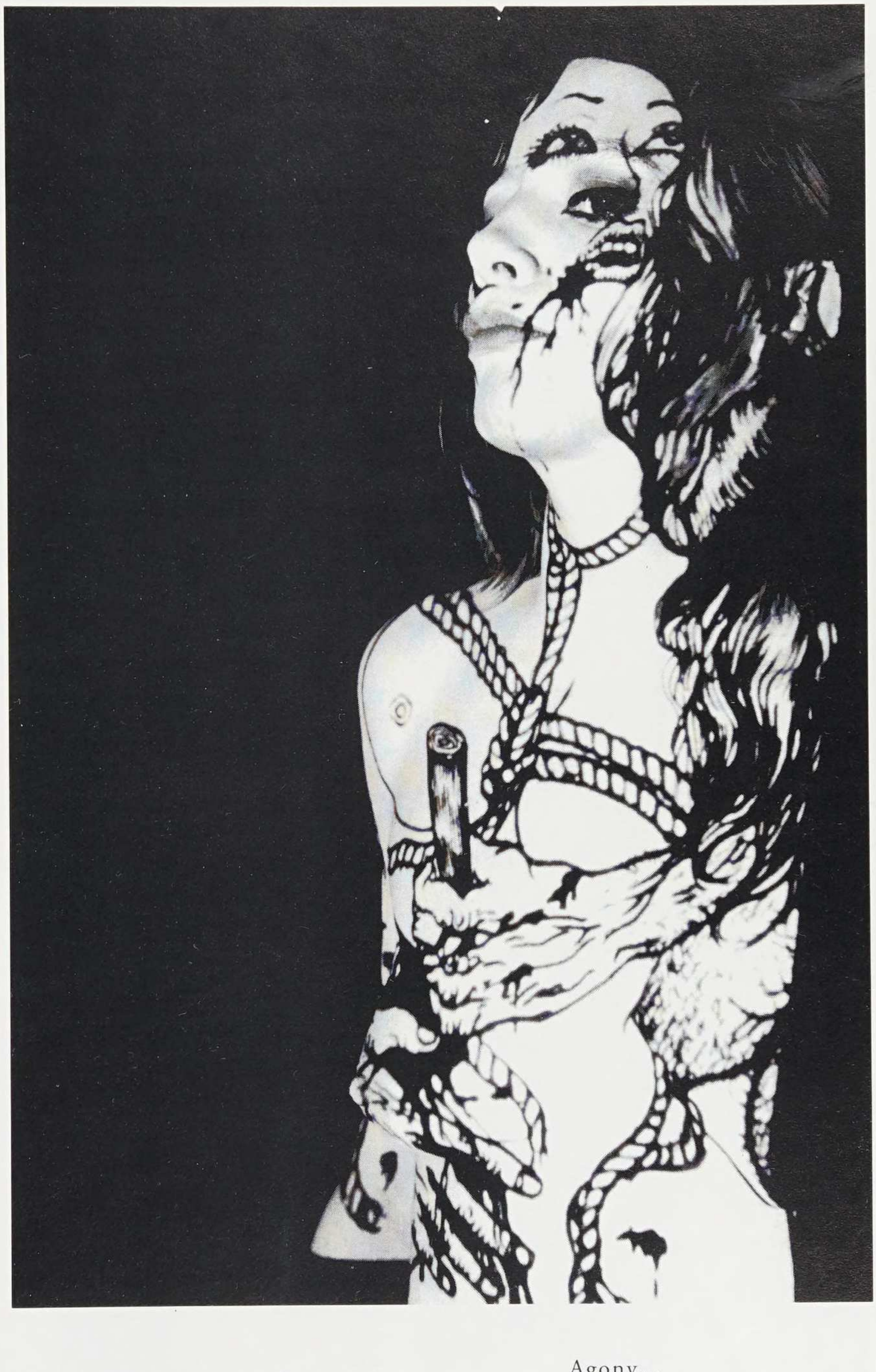
MM How do you suppose you developed your present artistic concerns, and how does this relate to your environment?

MH Certain things happened to me in my childhood that have helped develop my outlook on life. My parents split up when I was young and so this created an early mistrust of the institution of marriage and the concept of the "average nuclear family". For as long as I can remember my father had girlie magazines around the house and I was attracted to the image of the "pin-up" and still hold them to be my favorite studies of the female form. When I was 18 my stepfather, whom I was very close to, died and this led to a deep exploration of existentialism and death and after-death images. We had this leopard rug when I was a small child that I practically lived on, and so maybe this explains my great attraction to skin and fur. But so much of it is genetic, I could have been repulsed by that rug...but instead I fell in love with it. I could have been repulsed by the girlie magazines...but instead I fell in love with them. One could say that I inherited more of my father's genetic dominance; but then there's my own personal morphogenetic cosmology. I believe human beings are made of 25% inherited genetic material, 25% personal morphogenetic cosmology and 50% environment.

MM I know that the eroticism in your work could be quite controversial. Do you ever run into problems with complaints or accusations of pornography? How do you respond to this?

MC All the time.

MH Yes, people call my work pornographic all the time. I don't care. I like pornography and I think it should be legal. Everything should be legal...the judicial system is a complete farce anyway! My response is always predicated on the motivation of the querant. If someone is trying to make me feel guilty or slag my work in the vein of directed evil then I'll respond irreverently. However, if someone feels truly upset about the images I'll try to explain my motivations and the importance of personal choice. And if someone is acting like a nice know-it-all (for instance, complimenting me first and then showing their own boundaries by throwing that tag of pornography) then I'll take the time to sensitively, intelligently, and sharply point out their own ineptness to expand their mind beyond the junk food they get fed through the media.



Agony...

Handelman/Cazazza
1992

Handelman / Cazazza

...and Ecstacy

Handelman/Cazazza
1992

MM Tell me about the body and its relationship to your work.

MH The body is everything human. For a true understanding of the spirit the body is nothing...but for an understanding of the material world the body is everything. The body enables us to communicate, it enables us to miscommunicate. It is the carrier of the incredible feelings of sexual transmission and orgasm, and it is the carrier of sharp pain and sometimes physical ineptness. It facilitates travel, therefore broadening our scope of perception through experience and it is a constant reminder of our dependence on the laws of biology. Since all

industrialized humans are living out of sync with nature the body can often be a constricting albatross, falling victim to the cancers and pollutants of the modern world. If you want to know how important the body is ask someone who's lost part of theirs. They'll tell you how it's cut into their independence, how society keeps them as outcasts, how their life has changed. But they'll tell you how quickly the body can adapt even when society can't, they'll tell you how the mind can outsmart the body and how the spirit is everything. I'm definitely a sensation freak.

John Marriott In the works concerned with bondage, how do each of you respond to the shift between the privacy in which you create your images, and the media feeding-frenzy in which they are consumed and interpreted? Do you have feelings regarding the debates on pornography? Do you feel that you work plays some part in refusing "official" dialogue on these topics?

MC There's very little that I can actually do about the media and their response except try and realize that in general these days they (i.e. the media) are just out to try and cut one's throat. Well lets try and define what is pornography? According to one dictionary definition pornography is writings or pictures or films etc. that are intended to stimulate erotic feelings by description or portrayal of sexual activity. But this is a subjective definition, and where did this definition come from and who decided it's definition? And what does it really mean? For instance to a shoe fetishist it's not a picture of a nude person but a picture of their shoes that is going to excite them. To me the whole debate is insane, because there is no true definition of pornography. It is constantly being redefined from moment to moment. It's definition is really used by society as a mental weapon in order to justify punishing people, and creating guilt. And, yes,I hope my work plays some part in refusing "official" dialogue on these topics.

"Our work serves to shake up people's automated responses to what they're taught to believe as pornographic."

– Michelle Handelman

MH Our work serves to shake up people's automated responses to what they're taught to believe as pornographic. People are attracted to our work because of the formal elements and the lush color...then they see the subject and they're repulsed...but they can't take their eyes off of it because of the initial attraction...and so then they're left to grapple with their own inner turmoil when they find themselves liking something society has told them to hate.Yes, it becomes a mind fuck and it becomes politically controversial, but these are not my intentions. I am not blind to the repercussions of working with loaded images. I truly believe that these images of beauty, pain, are inherently beautiful because of the transformation they encourage, and bondage turns me on because it's another form of tapping into deep spiritual, sexual energy. It's something meant to stimulate sexual activity and there's nothing wrong with that. Now the term is used loosely, mainly to control the libido in the public domain, and to punish those who refuse Christian ethics.

JM What about sexual politics? Do your photos constitute pronouncements on sexual politics, or would you refuse this isolation? And in this vein, what about representational politics — do you feel that your control of where your images go is a factor in what you do or don't represent?

MH Sexual politics... that's a very complicated subject. I've been involved in the S/M community here in San Francisco and let me tell you, that's about as political as sex can get. There's enough information in our photographs for a viewer to find pronouncements of sexual politics, but the work is definitely not created with this specific didactic bent. I don't refuse this categorization because I believe it's an important topic and I'm thrilled if my work is spawning discussions about it; however, I believe the photographic work to be more mysterious than straightforward, more poetic than didactic. The work is specifically open ended enough so the viewers must reveal themselves by admission of their own responses.

JM What are your feelings about the photographic medium? Are you consciously fucking with the seams of "representation" or are you more or less using the medium as you see fit. Rephrased, are you concerned with theory, or with visceral impact, or scornful of such inquiry?

MH I love the photographic medium because there is something magical about it. In the dark-room all aspects of linear time fade away...seeing a blank sheet of paper magically expose an image, once immersed in solution, still excites me. It's a very crude form of technology and very alchemical. Photography is a pioneering science and I'm a big admirer of the pioneering ethic. Although it's outmoded now you can't take away it's pioneering status. Of course I'm consciously fucking with the seams of representation but I'm not very interested in theory for art's sake. I'm interested in emotional response, in motivating discussions about current topics affecting our personal lives. Art theory doesn't affect our personal existence; theories about race, religion, gender, and psychology do.

MM How does what you do artistically relate to the art scene in San Francisco and various other U.S. cities that you know of?

MH There are a lot of people here exploring the terrain of the body. San Francisco seems to be the piercing and tattoo capitol of the U.S. As far as "art scenes" go that's only what the press chooses to report on, and that's constantly changing. Right now the "art scene" in S.F. veers towards the conceptual and pathetic, bad performance art, and minimal, talking head videos. So, obviously our work doesn't fit in. Thank god, the rest of America is starting to look elsewhere for art with substance and I think the A.I.D.s crisis and atrocities like the Gulf war have finally shocked the art world into accepting intense exposés on the state of affairs. As the media images become more bloody, and the public becomes used to gore and pain, then the art galleries will take on more art commenting on these issues...because like any business, the dealers give the public what it wants. And good salesmanship is based on making someone buy what they already have...what they're familiar with. And we can't forget that the art world is a business. And the "art scene", that's a business too. I don't care about the scene. It's something I observe. I'm not part of any scene.

JM What about sexuality? Your images convey dual concerns to my own scrutiny — both a plastic concern for the reworking of the flesh — a fucking with the immediate tactility of skin — and a secondary rendering of skin as aesthetic icon.

MC Well, skin is the largest organ in the body. It weighs about 5lbs and has an area of about 17 sq. ft. It contains 2 million glands whose length would total 8 miles. It holds 1/4 of the body's blood supply. It is in direct contact with the outside world, but it protects us from the world at the same time. Skin gets rid of poisonous waste as sweat, and regulates body temperature. It's not just an envelope holding us in but a living dynamic organ.

"...I hope my work plays some part in refusing "official" dialogue..."

– Monte Cazazza

MH Ahhh, the skin. One of the most interesting organs of the body. It keeps us together, holds everything in, protects us from major infections. I've always been fascinated with scars...I think they're beautiful. Beautiful because they represent those times your inside met with the outside...close calls. And the scar stands as proof of your survival in a dangerous situation. They are the heroine's medals. Don't get me wrong, I'm not encouraging violence, but most people feel very self-conscious about their scars and I say 'wear 'em proud'.

JM Michelle, in your video work, how has sexuality meshed with the medium? How have you reacted to the powers of recording sex in order to disseminate?

MH It's always more fun to record a sex scene than anything else. I never work with people who are uncomfortable with their bodies, I'm not into manipulation. The people I work with are exhibitionists and so am I. A camera is the exhibitionists instigator. It's a perfect co-dependent situation. Things do change when the information gets disseminated. A lot of feminists find my work abusive to women; I feel sorry for these people who can't laugh at themselves and are so full of dogma that they just can't take their clothes off without feeling victimized. I love being nude. I'm fascinated by my body and other people's bodies too.

JM How do you both see your own artistic production in relation to the environment that has ensued following the Mapplethorpe b.s. and the hysteria surrounding AIDS, the illness of David Wojnaworicz, the work of ACT UP, and the heat put on Andres Serrano — or do you even connect with these artists in terms of issues, etc.?

MH Well, naturally I see my own artistic production in jeopardy in light of these circumstances. Laws have been created now which put photo labs at risk (on a federal level!) if they knowingly print "pornography". I've been censored by several labs, my old film processor refuses to do any more work for me. So you go to other places and hope the brain police don't show up at your door next. Of course, all the controversy only bolsters those artists' careers, but I don't desire to be caught up in any lengthy lawsuits no matter how much it will advance my career. I don't enjoy feeling threatened, but it will never stop me from producing whatever work I choose.

A PORTFOLIO AND INTERVIEW

MONTE CAZAZZA

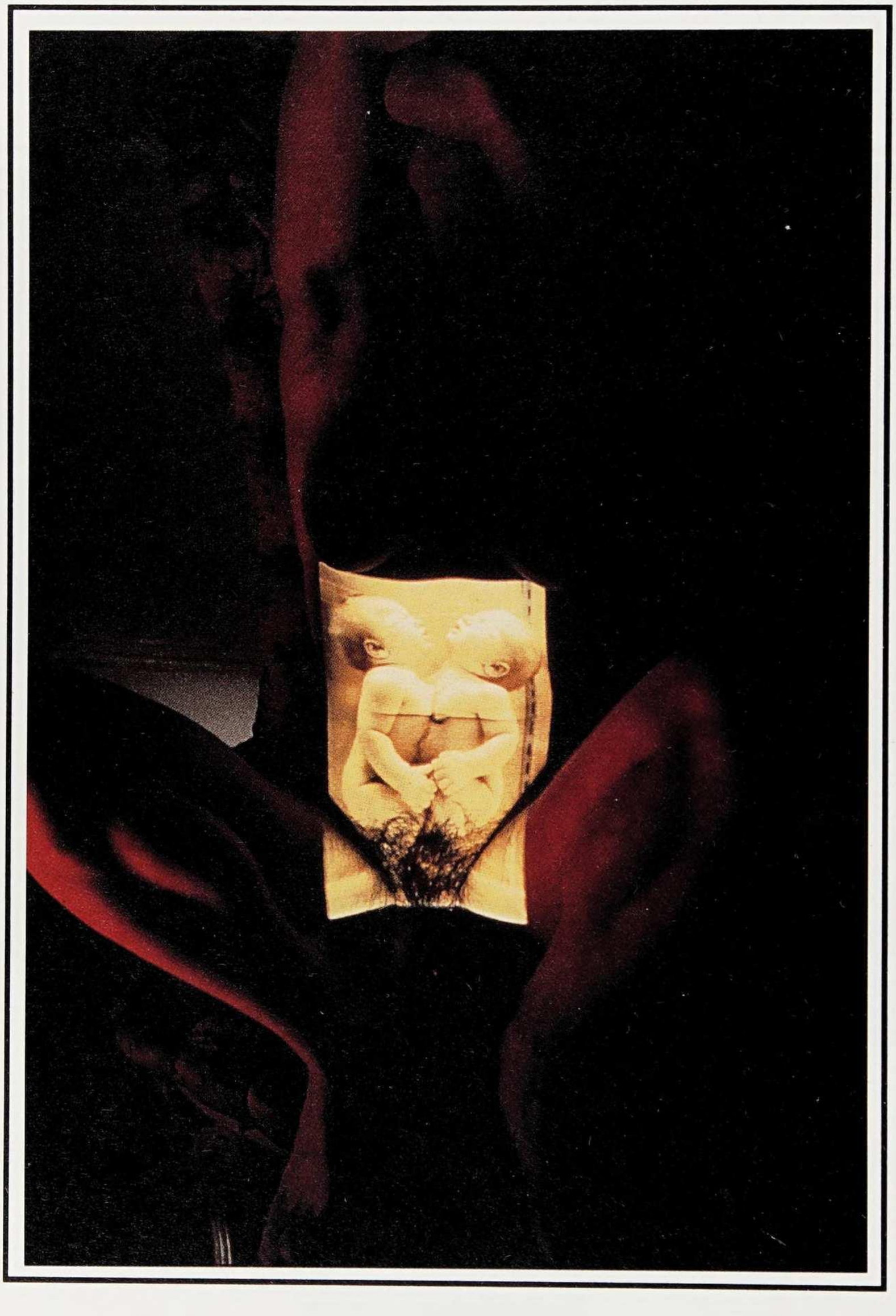
MICHELLE HANDELMAN

COLLAB O RATIONS

Cyclops

1990

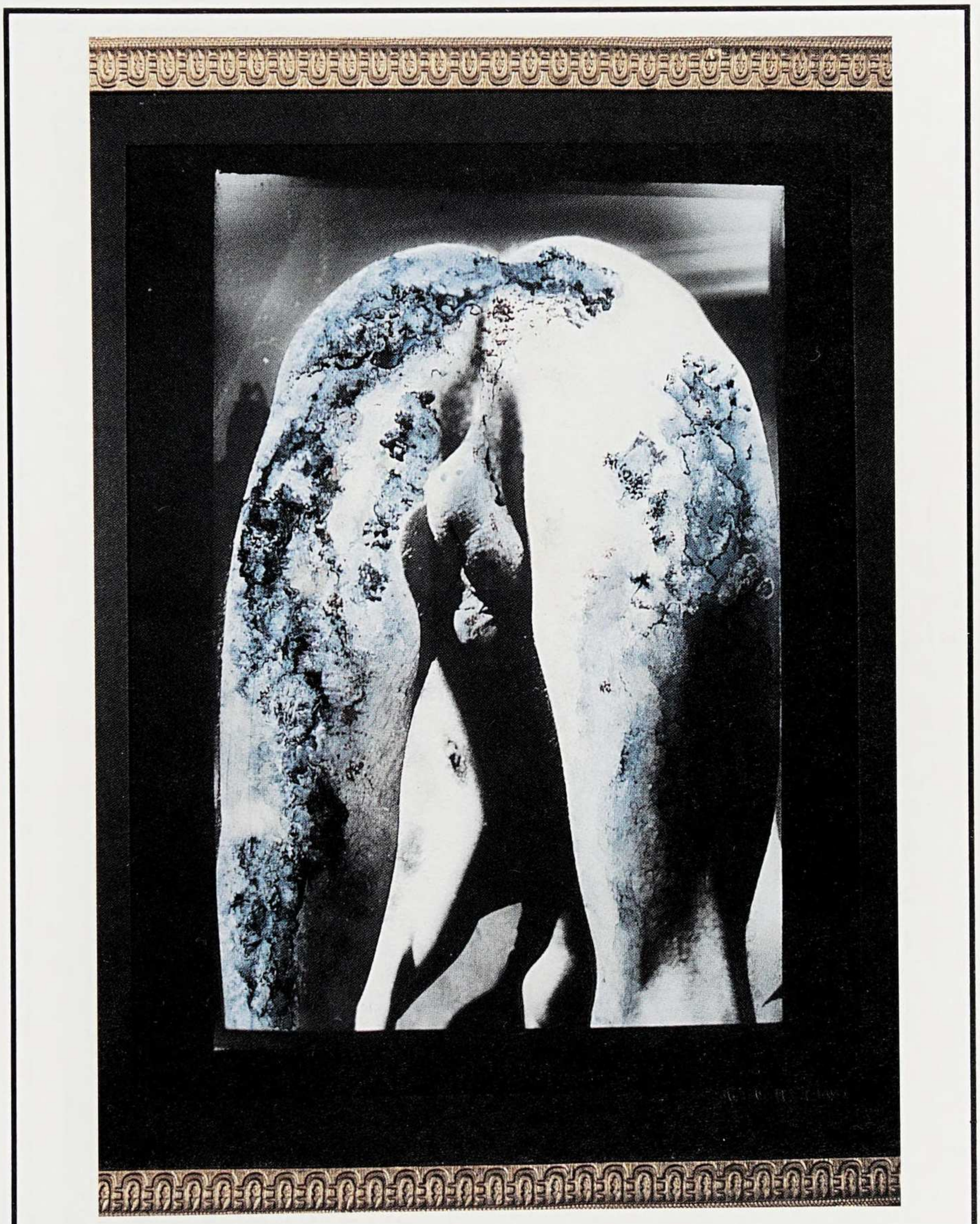
Handelman/Cazazza



Toxic Shock

1990

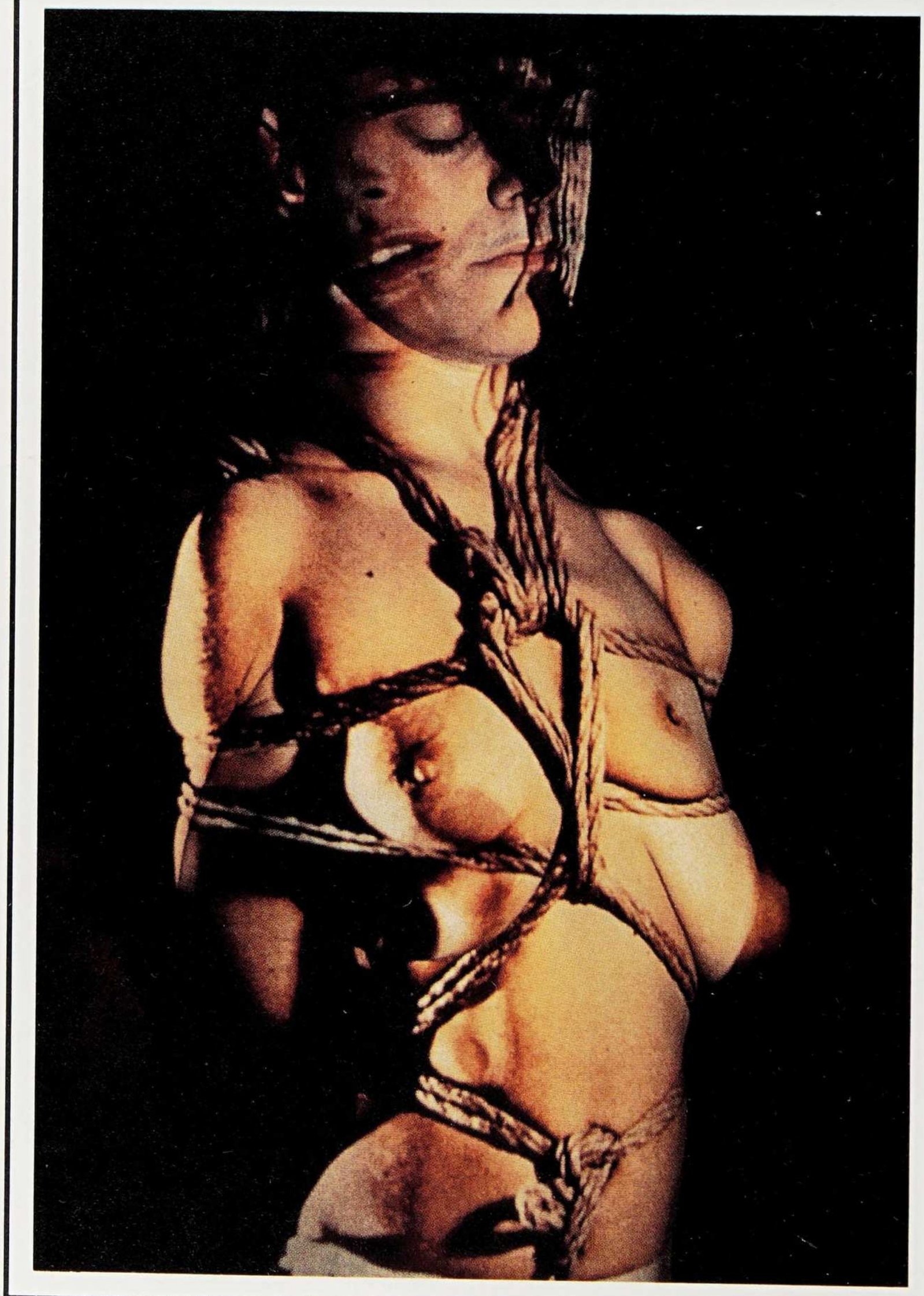
Handelman/Cazazza



A.I.D.S. Scene

1990

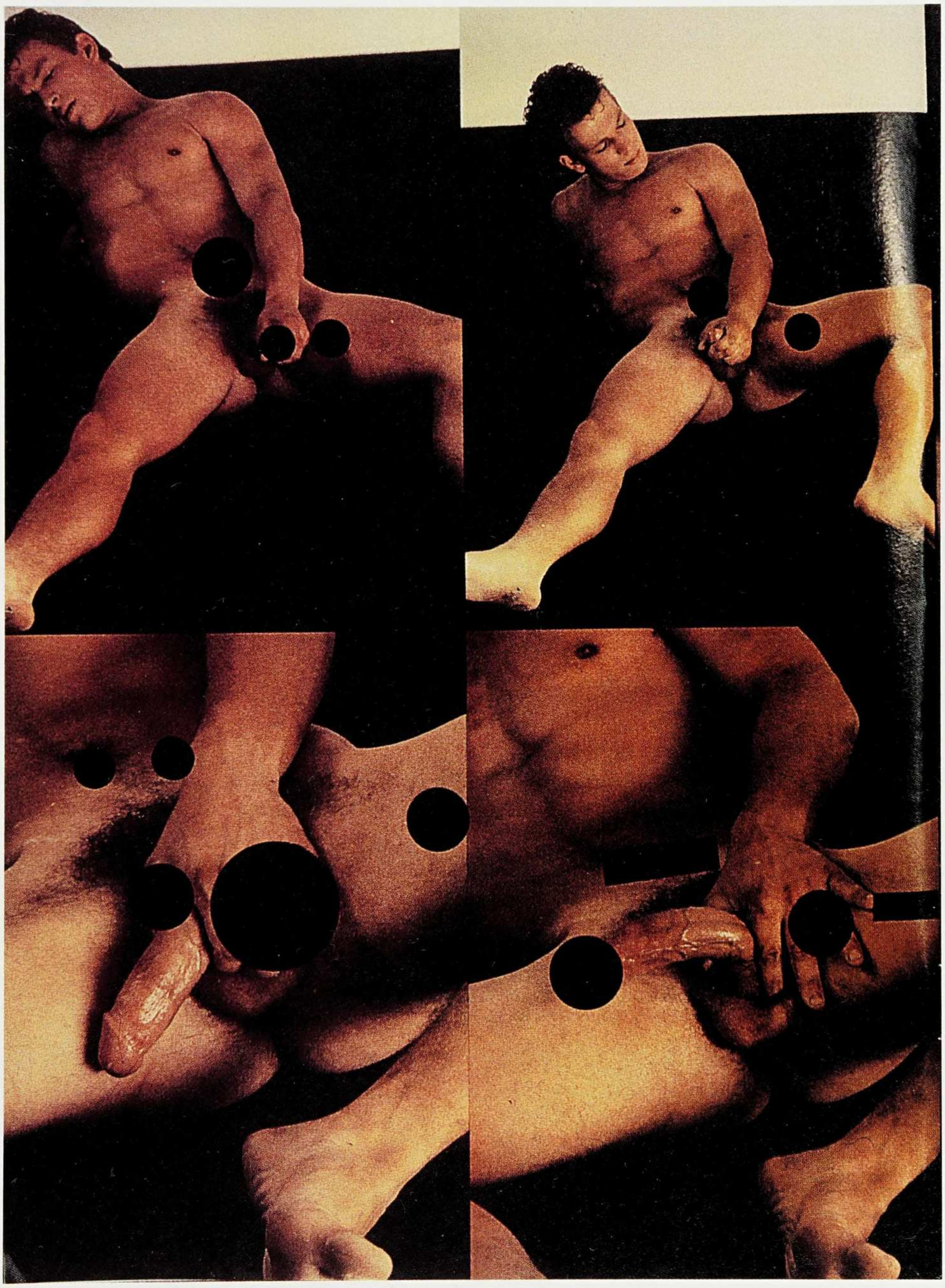
Handelman/Cazazza



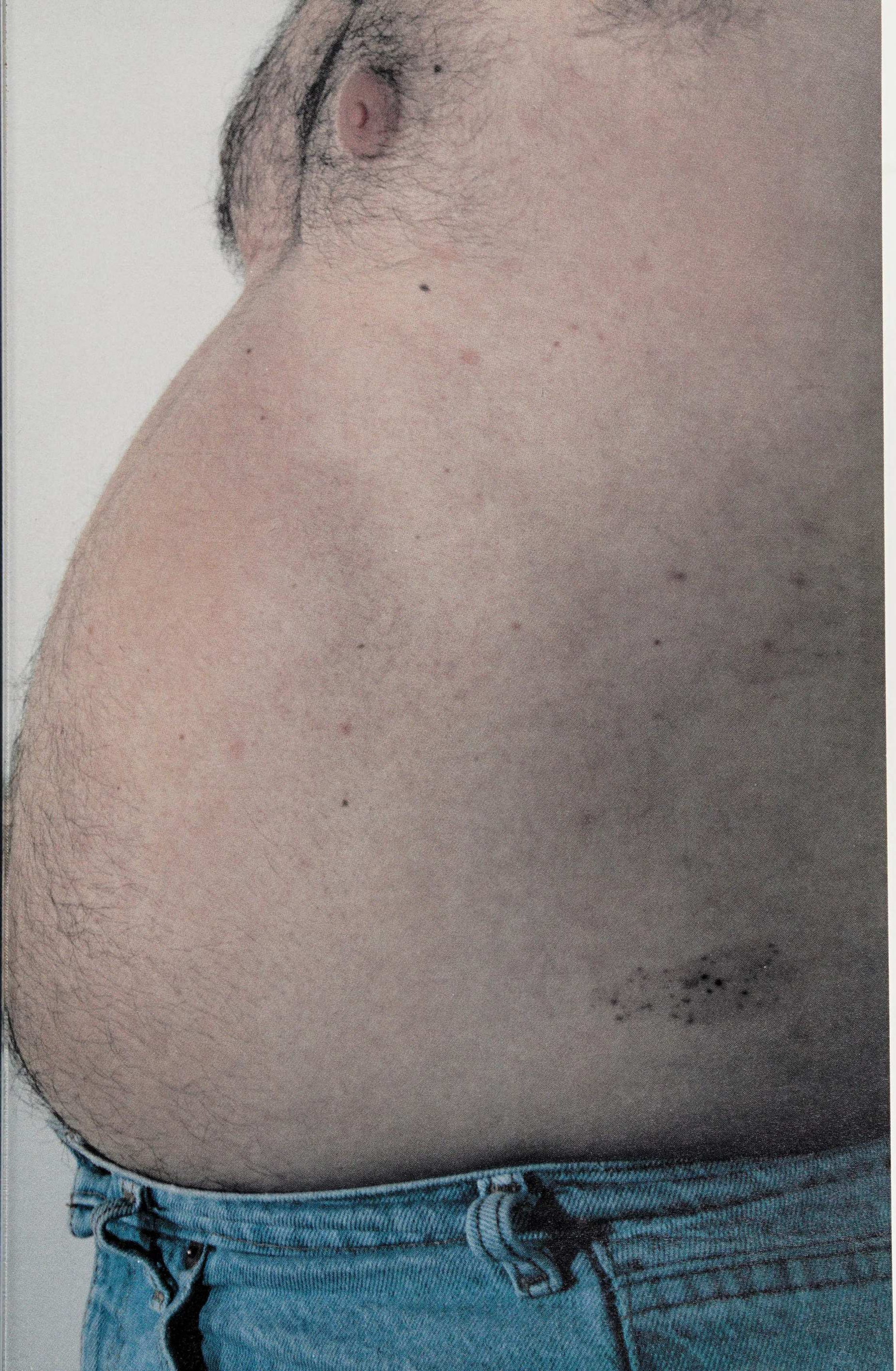
Torture Series 1

1990

Handelman/Cazazza



How Canada Customs Censors Semen



IN DOCTRINE NATION after dark I was chasing a guy down Ave B... & I didn't know why ... I THINK he had some

I noticed there was a COP IN the car with the guy I was chasing... I was wondering WHAT WASSUP?!

NYC LIE SENSE

AND THEN

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD THERE APPEARED RAPIDS... LIKE IN A RIVER BUT RUNNING VERTICALLY... UP AND DOWN LIKE A BIG DRILL... WHILE THE ROAD CONTINUED AROUND

THE RAPIDS LIKE A SPIRAL STAIR CASE... I couldn't see how far DOWN it went...

SUDDENLY THE CAR STOPPED AND THE GUY JUMPED OUT & HE RAN

SMOKES & more XXX HAUSTED

THI$ PLA¢E

THE COP .... STAYED IN THE CAR

HE RAN→

HE RAN INTO A BODEGA & BOUGHT A PACK of CAMEL LIGHTS

HE RAN OVER TO THE RAPIDS & SWALLOWED 4 CIGARETTES LIKE THEY WERE PILLS THEN HE JUMPED IN

AND THEN... HE RAN→

MEANWHILE

I HAD JUMPED INTO THE CAR TO CONTINUE THE CHASE

AT FIRST I DIDN'T NOTICE HIM

THE COP WAS STILL IN THE CAR

AND THEN THE COP STARTS TELLING ME

SHUDDUP!! SHUDDUP!!

RATS

DO NUTS (FLYING FUCK)

I WAS BORN A MAN MY FATHER DIED IN VIET NAM & NONE OF THE GIRLS LIKED ME IN SCHOOL NONE OF THEM LIKED ME UNTIL I LEARNED HOW TO SHOOT MY GUN AND

TOY

LONG BORING PATHETIC LIFE STORY

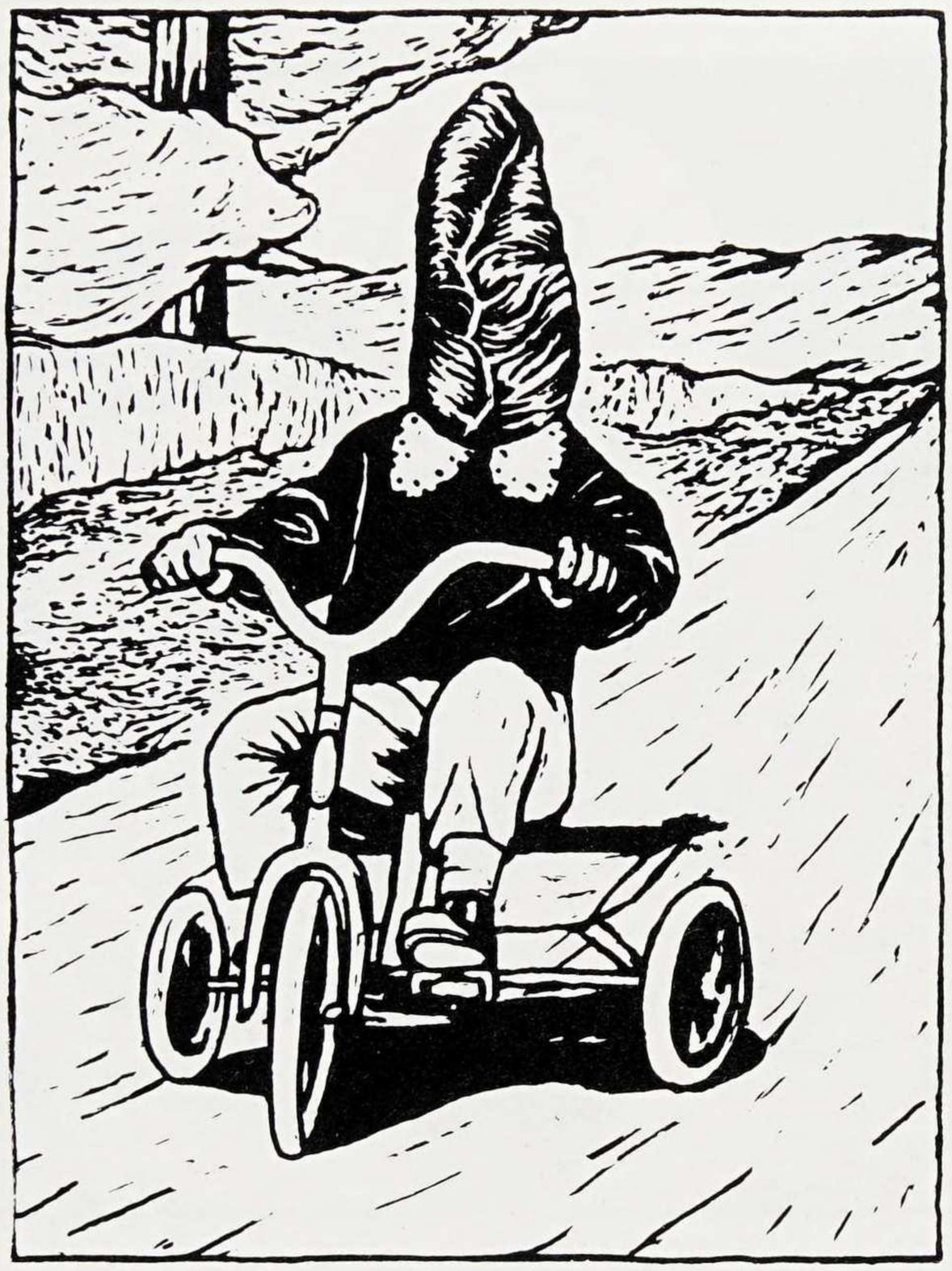
HIS WHOLE

FLY NYC © 1992

&

Then.

MEANWHILE



Pierre La Police

Pierre La Police

Please Notify
N.Y.C. Police Department
5th Det. Squad
CA 6-1650 / CA 6-3806
(Det. J. Begley & Det. J. Justy)

ENDEAVORING TO IDENTIFY

Unknown white female, 15-19 years old, 5'4½", 98 lbs., red sho' 'er length hair, freshly pierced ears, fron right tooth may have been capped, fourth tooth lower left side missing.

Found in areaway of 246 Mott Street on Monday, July 15, 1968 at 1:35 p.m.

A-BROKEN HEART mother appeal to any one who can recall the Night of May 23, 1968, when my son Henry Lee Du- was killed by a cop in Bway at 125th St. and Lenox Ave. If anyone can give any light of this. I do not know and have not heard just what did happen to learn something truthful and could live in peace. Please call Da ?-??41.

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Endeavouring to Identify / A Broken-Heart Mother

Joan Matthews

Above the bathroom mirror

reads a note

"This is not the image you have of yourself"

Images aren't *static*
even when still.
They reflect, like a well-arranged mirror, the things we want to see. Half of the image never appears. Trapped inside the motivations for making or seeing it.

Cites, states and individuals represent themselves by their faded images.
Uncomfortable memories. Half forgotten, in the guilt of a justified propaganda.
The past reappears snap shot style, charting
success.

"This was what I did in 84...
And look at this one...
I was big then"
Images are better than memories.
Opportunities to "shared experience."
Todays Image, tomorrows two dimensional focus for memory,
or its replacement.
London replicates itself.
Postcards of a past victory...
Activating present *complicity.*
Birthday,
Xmas,
Journeys and those special events, Images of where we are, sent to those left behind.
A paper trail laid in time.
Just in case we ever get lost.

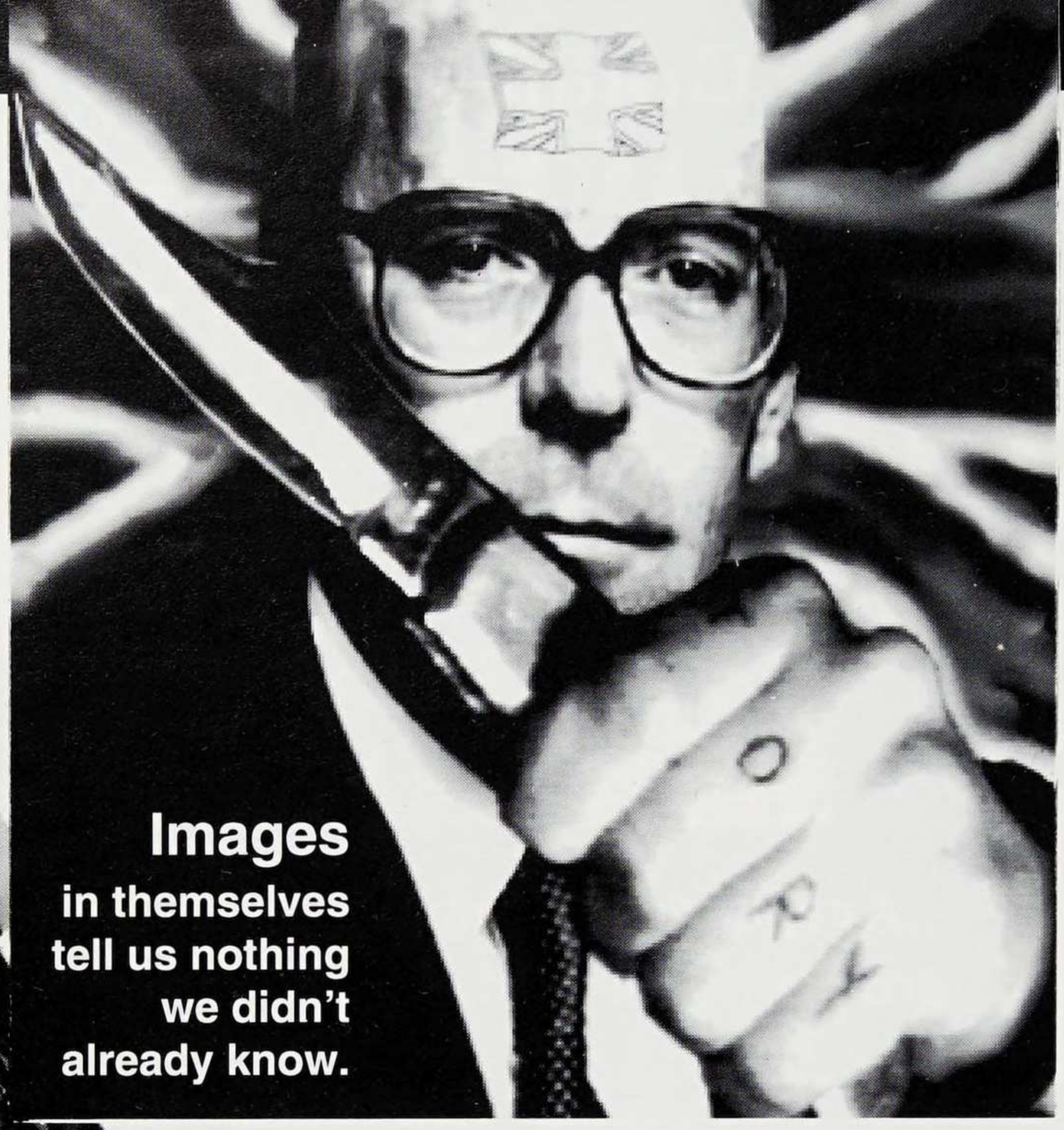
Graham Harwood
49 Sherwin hse, Kennington Road,

Gratified I'm Anaesthetised

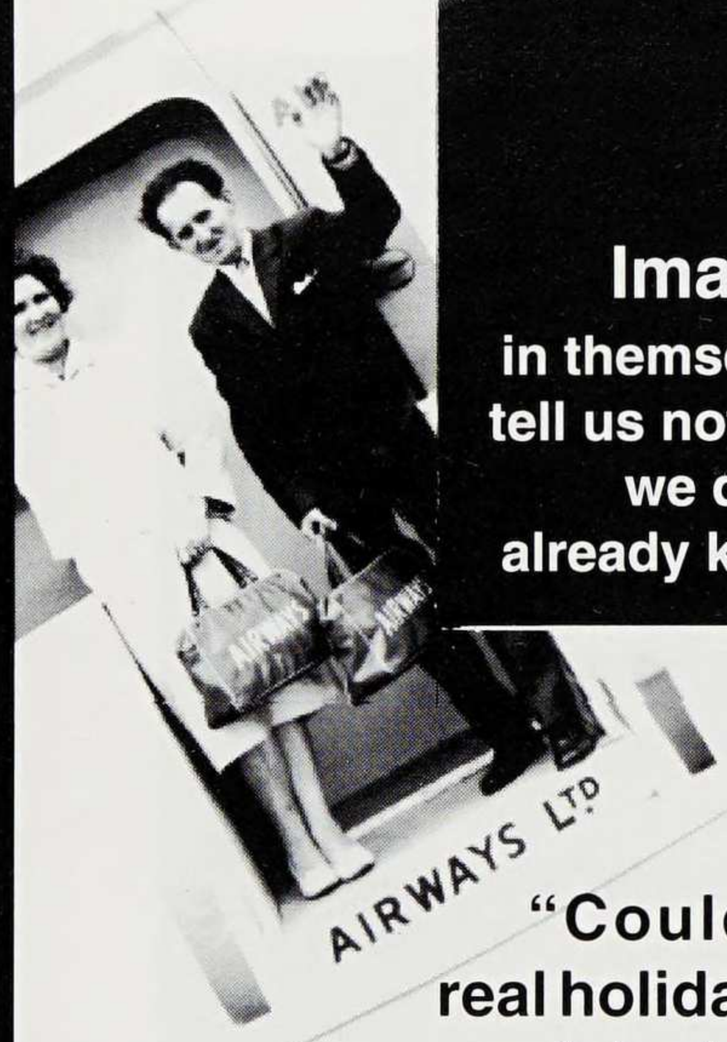
A captured consumer pulls on the promise of this and promise me that.

Safe in my armchair, feet up and resting my head on a pillow filled with previous complicity. I switch, remote. Pictures flicker and die trapped in the shadows of *motivation.* They play the back of my retina and in turn play me. Like the cassette-tape makes technology *sing.* A small box, I bought home... Acts as my emotional playground. Turn it off, reach down. And what-I-want catalogues, tease me with appearances, somehow still connected to the objects from which they were s n a p p e d... finger prints leading to the arrest of innocence. Never satisfied I put the picture on my wall. An icon of *desire.*

Lawn-mowers, car-radios and promises of sex. Reality reads better when seen between two sheets of paper. *Trapped* in endless reassurances of ever larger print runs. Replicate it. Make it true. Replicate it. Make it true. So much time £ spent £ on maintaining phantasies, for others to bath in self deception. Always... Others? An *addiction* formed, To be paid back weekly, or if you prefer, sign up for six months and get one free. Money talks: And has nothing to say. After all how many washing machines can you really use. Stimulate me to acquire. Why don't you. Gratified I'm anaesthetised, against injustice once again.



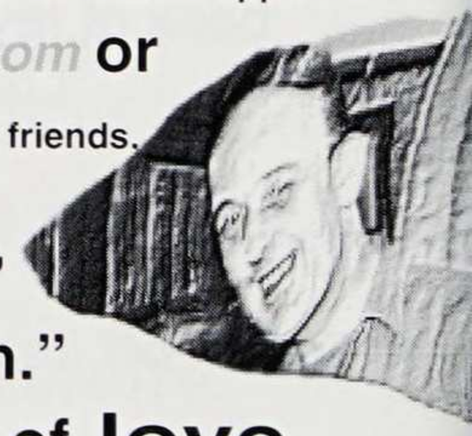
Images
in themselves
tell us nothing
we didn't
already know.



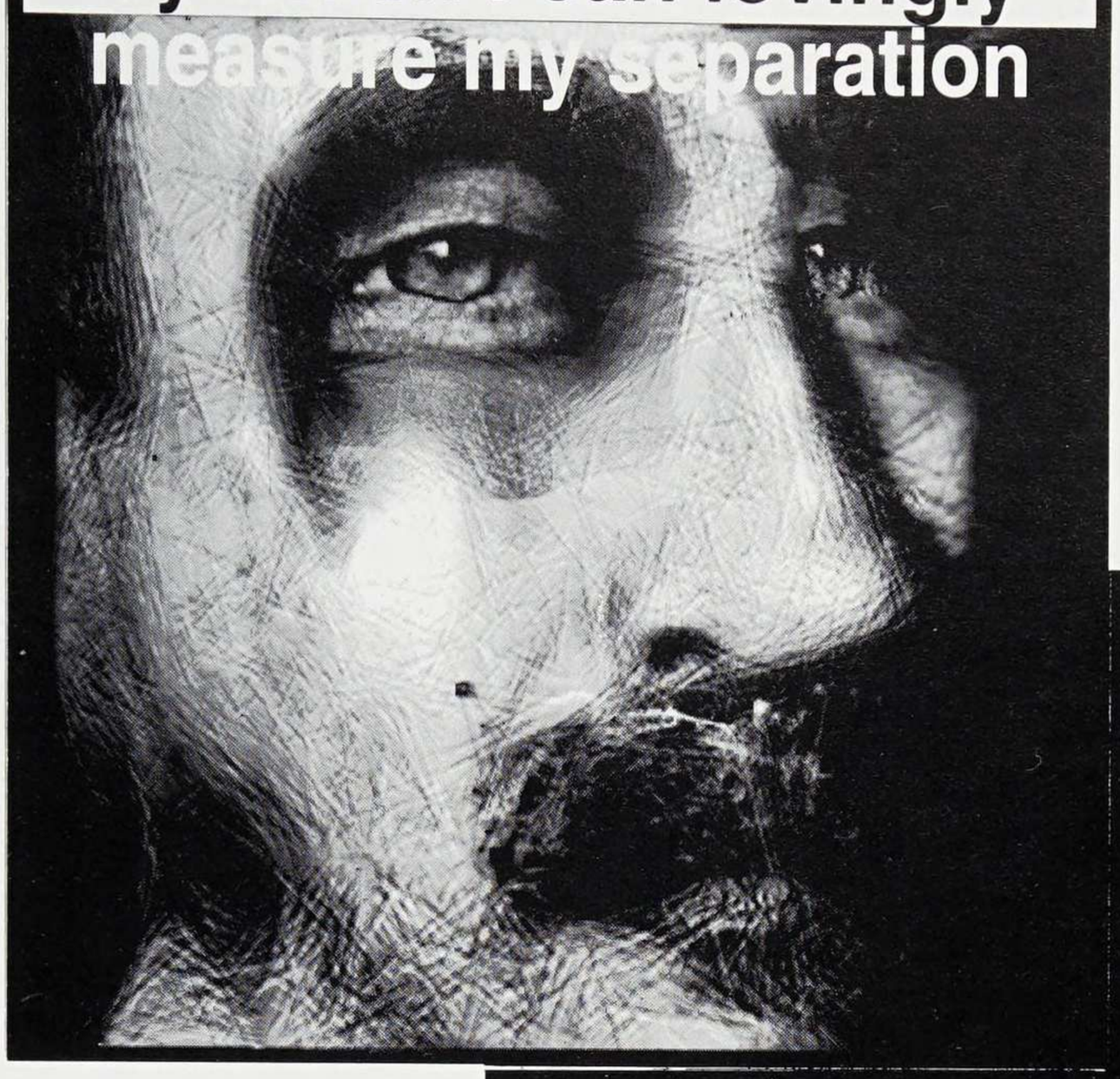
"See me geting on this plane?"
"Couldn't afford real holidays then... So we faked it, standing on false aircraft"
Set the self timer for *(physical admissible evidence.)*

Subjective **this photo acts as a yard stick,** ***against*** which you can **measure** me.
Carefully charting, the signs of age.

Give up the responsibility **of** memory**. Hand it over the counter. Lets pay the cost?**
£4.50 **Then** we can all carry around **the 24-hour footnotes to** experience.
Developing **the** ***evidence*** **of what** happened.
For some future *court-room* **or** ***interrogation*** **arranged by** friends.
"Is that your boy?"
"Do you see him much"
"Not since the car crash."
Family snaps, **life jackets of love.**
The empty husks **of holidays from horror. Now turned to** port holes **of** hurt, **through which tears can flow.**
Sinking **the** ship **but** ***releasing*** **the** crew.



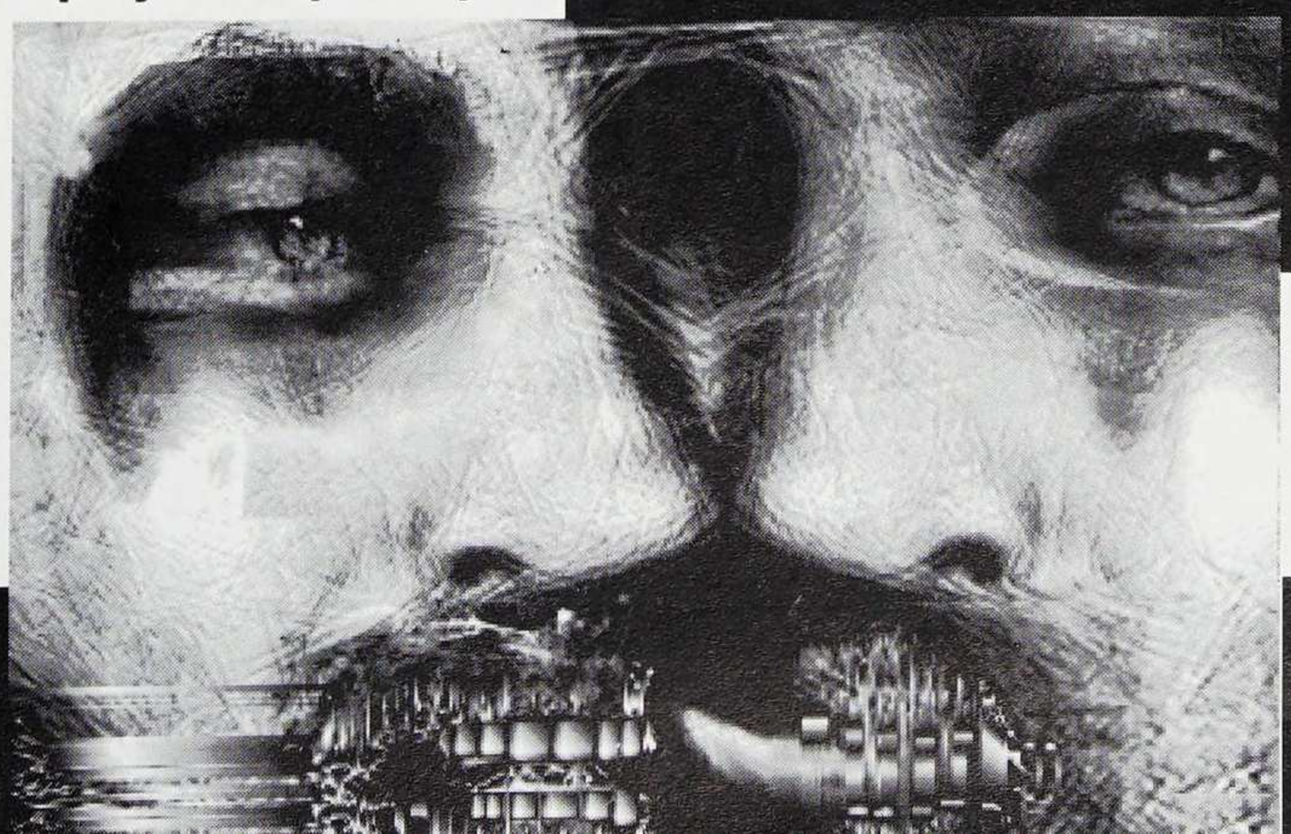
Taste is the ruler by which I can lovingly measure my separation

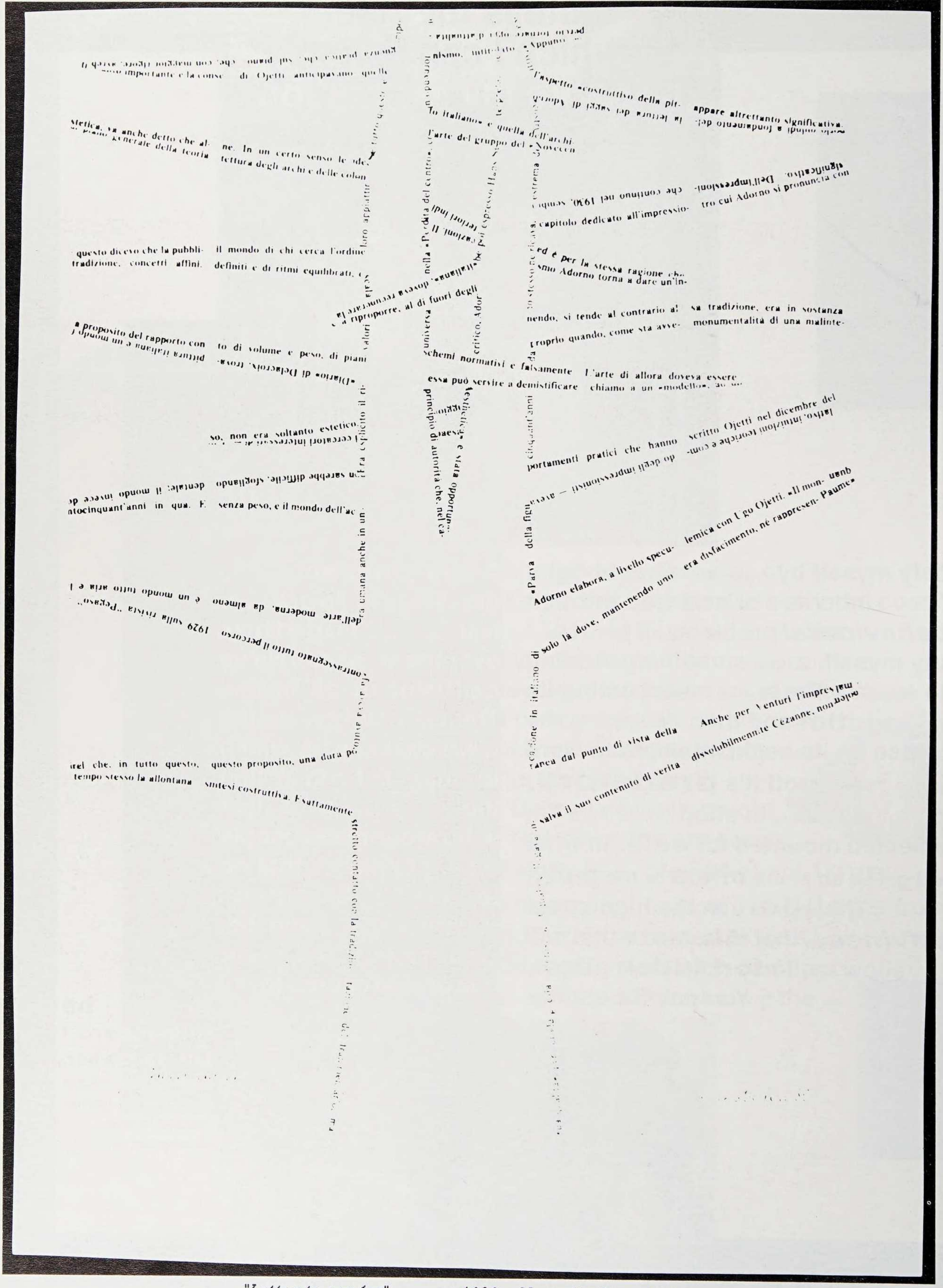


I defy myself by image, whether bought, inherited or acquired through *behavioural* problems. If I feel low, I buy myself, a little *something.* Adding to myself, like a small insect eating its victim and then *strapping* the corpse on its back, attempts to ward off it's **predators.** Looking in shop windows I'm reflected mounted for **sale.** In what will get me on at the **office** or the **party.** The mirrors in the high street *convince* me that this image or that will allow entry to **forbidden** places. You pay for quality.

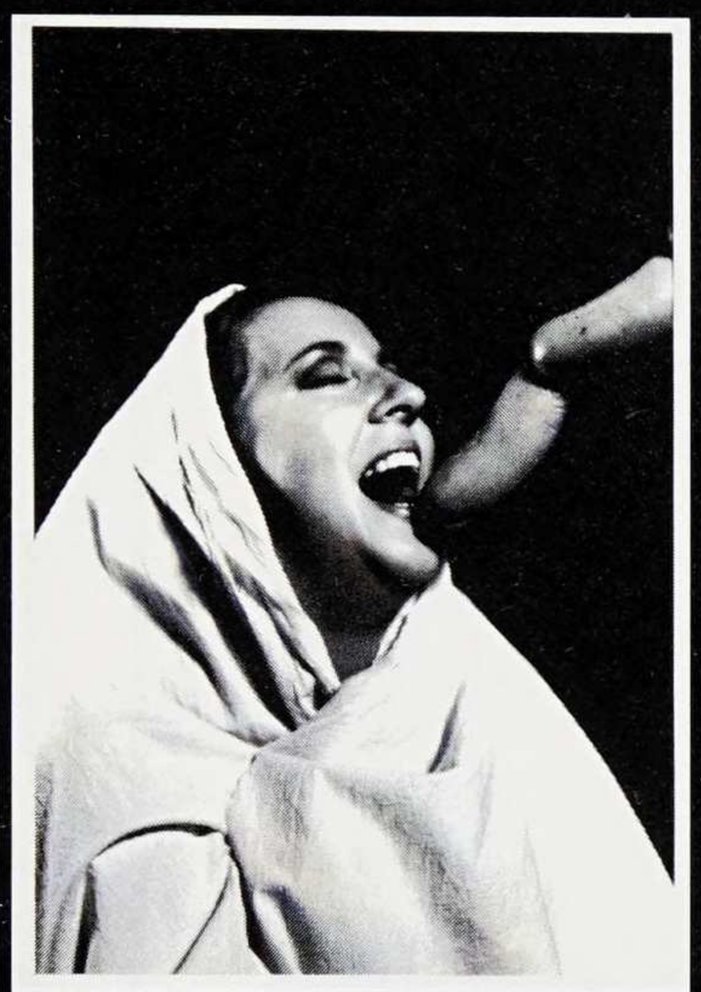
A *sharpness* of image. To get things in *focus.* To read this script. **Together** over the last pages we've **cultivated** an image. This can now become the *cultural-collateral* with which to play your hand. Within the did-you-see's, have-you-read's that echo around faces, people aspiring to places that no longer exist. Driven by motivations that have become frozen, in needs never met or lost in causes to old

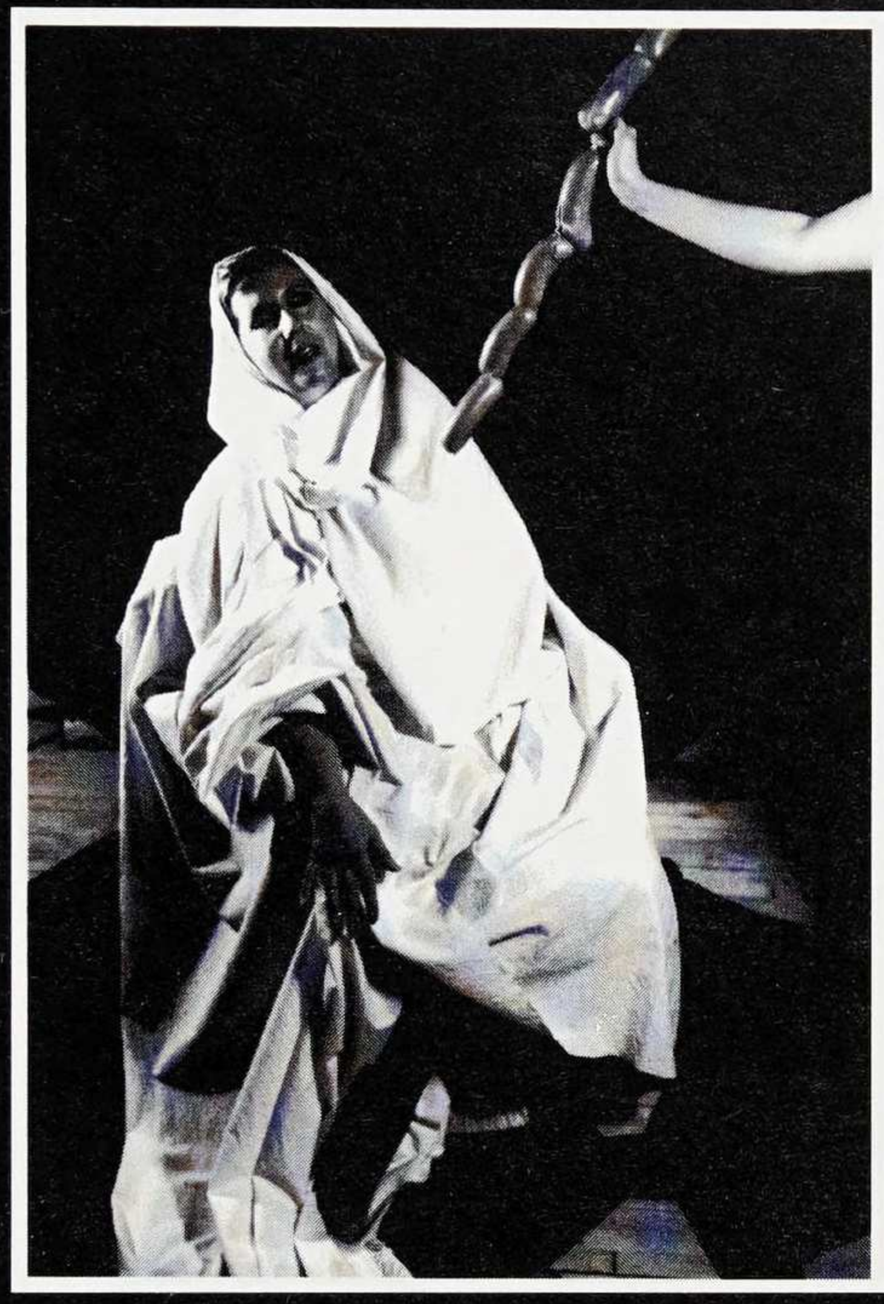
to be remembered. I tell you what. Leave my chair empty at the game. The stakes have become two high.





"Letter to sender" 1980 – Marcello Diotallevi





Ecstacy of Saint Teresa

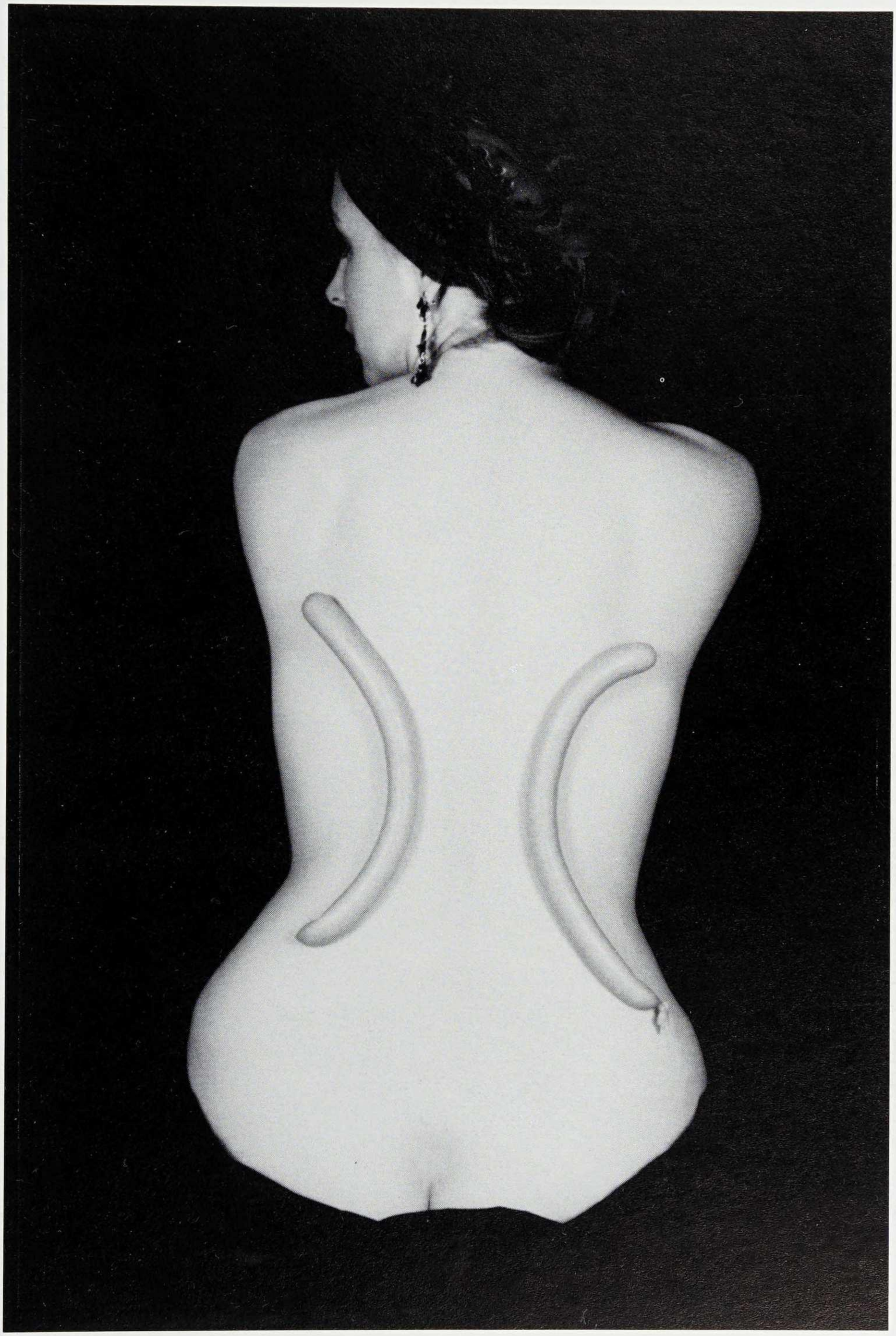
Artist: Katrin Clark

Photo: Przybowsky / Miller

Meat Diagnosis (1 and 2).

Artist: Katrin Clark

Photo: Drozdowsky / Miller



Progression in Veal, (after Man Ray.)

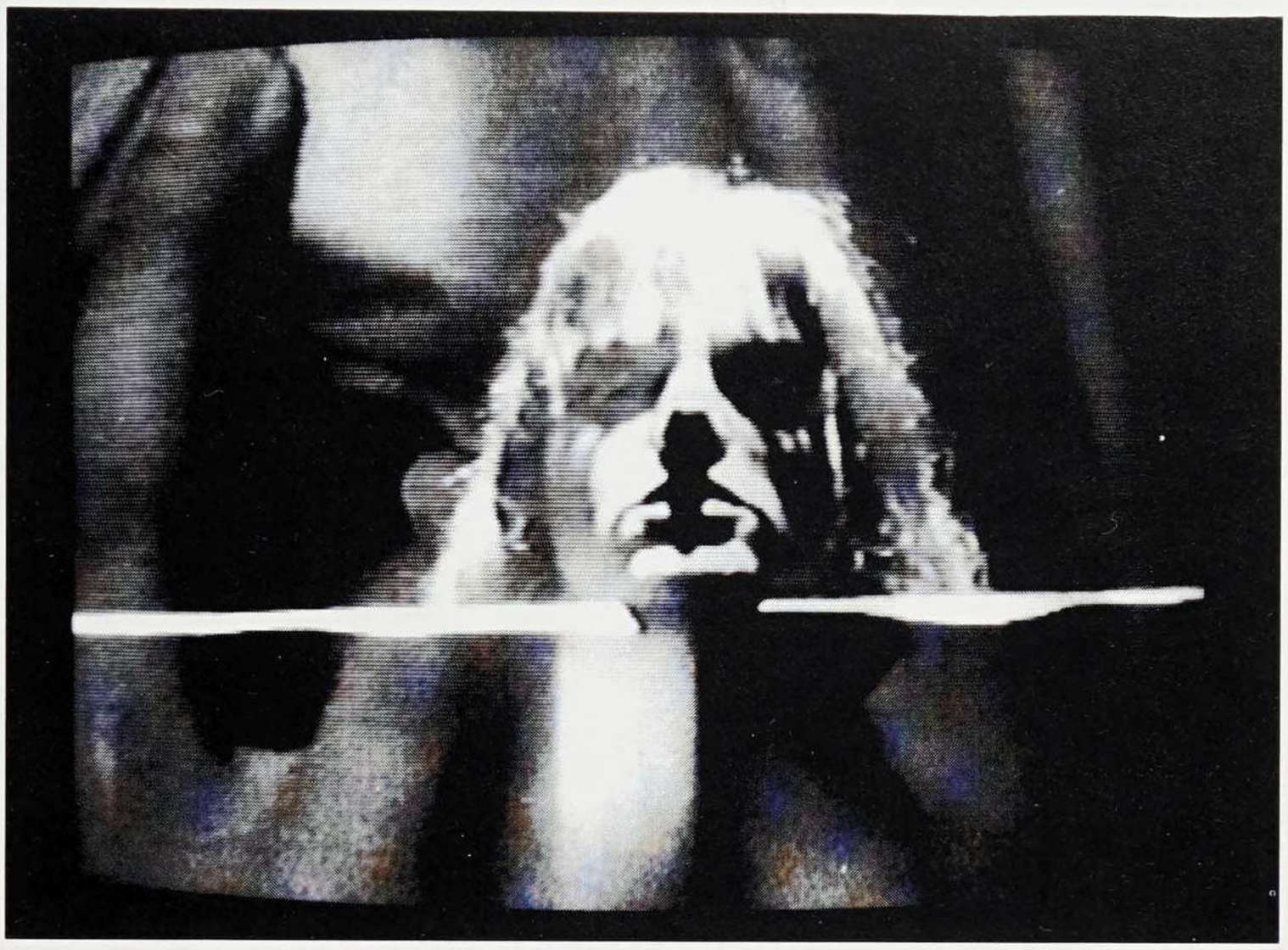
Artist: Katrin Clark
Photo: Drozdowsky/Miller

Bedtime Stories

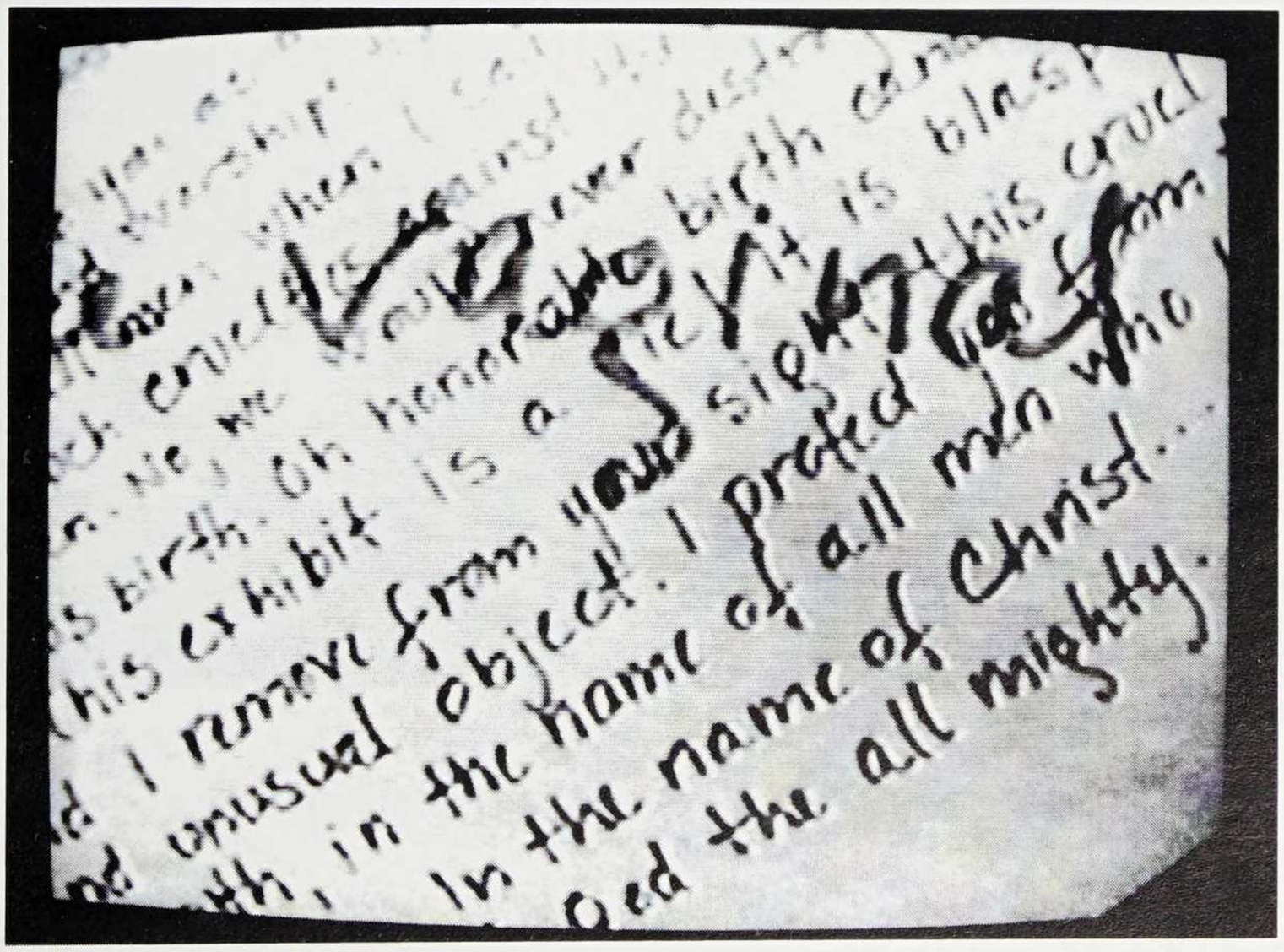
William L. Brown

"A HISTORY OF PAIN"

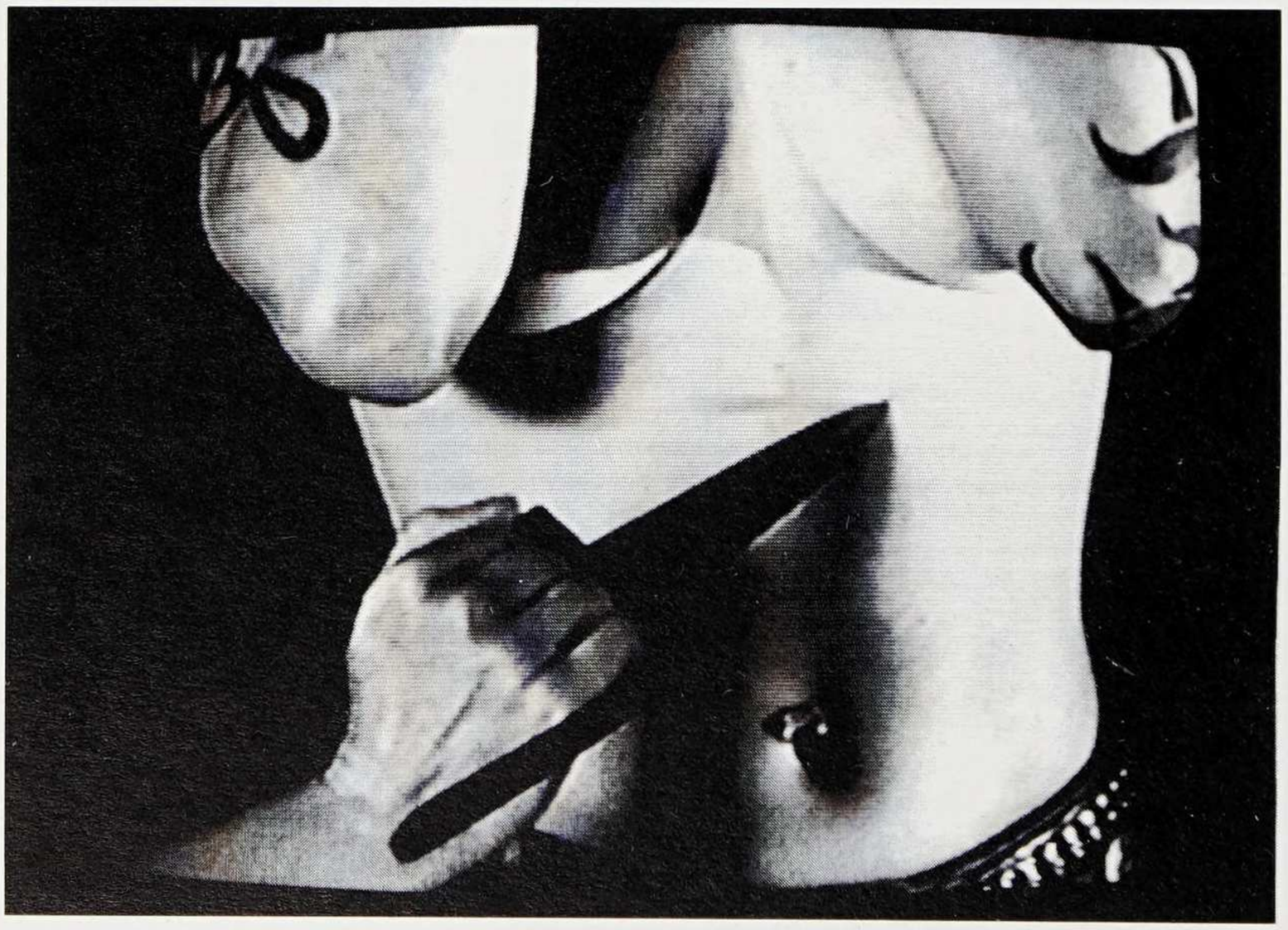
A video film by Michelle Handelman



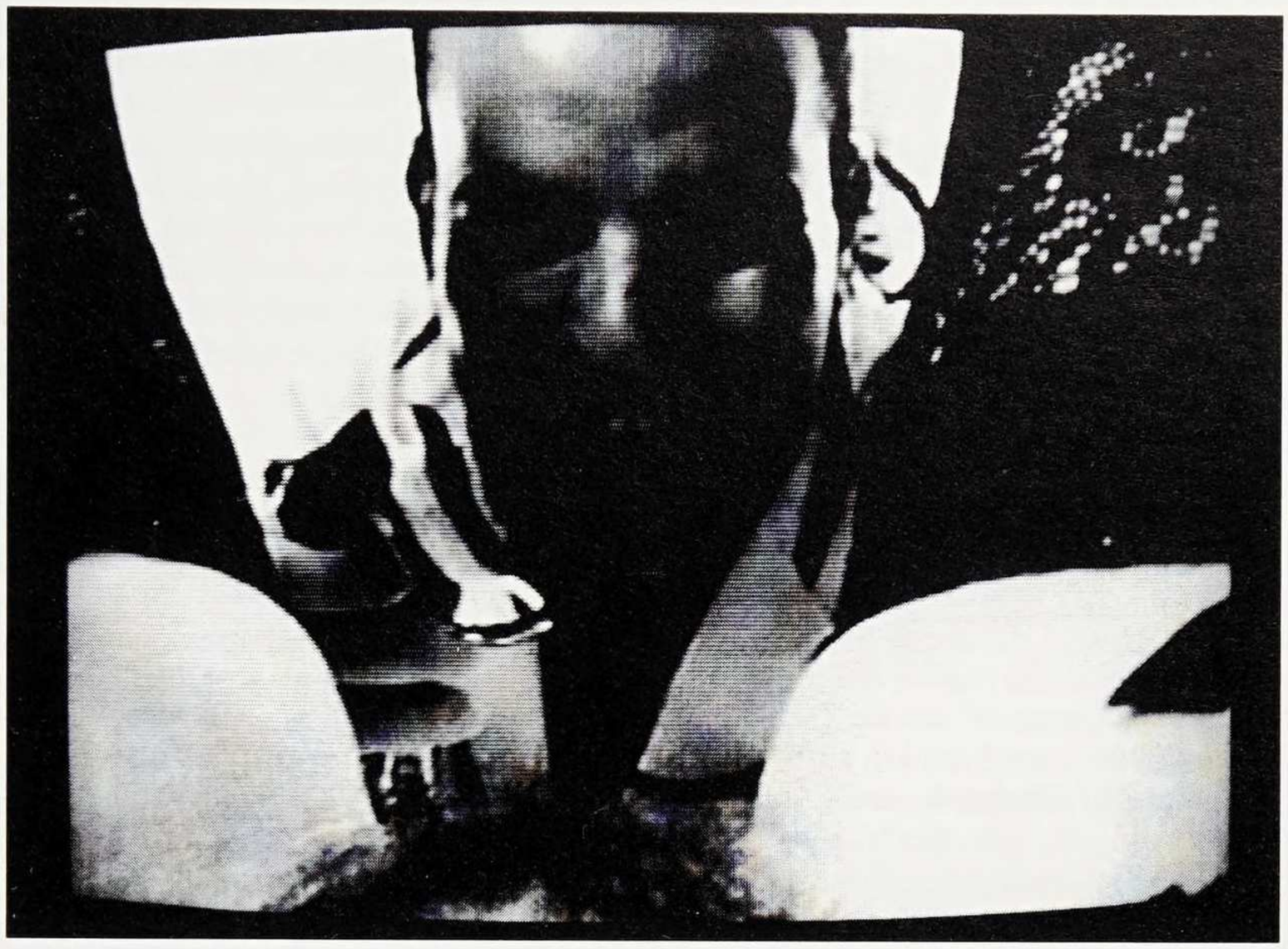
In 1985 Amnesty International staged a major exhibit called "Inquisition: Torture instruments from the Middle Ages until the Industrial Era. " This exhibit toured throughout Europe. While on display in Rome, Italy, the vaginal pear — a device used for the mutilation of Women's genitals — was stolen. This story, "A History of Pain," is based on that incident.



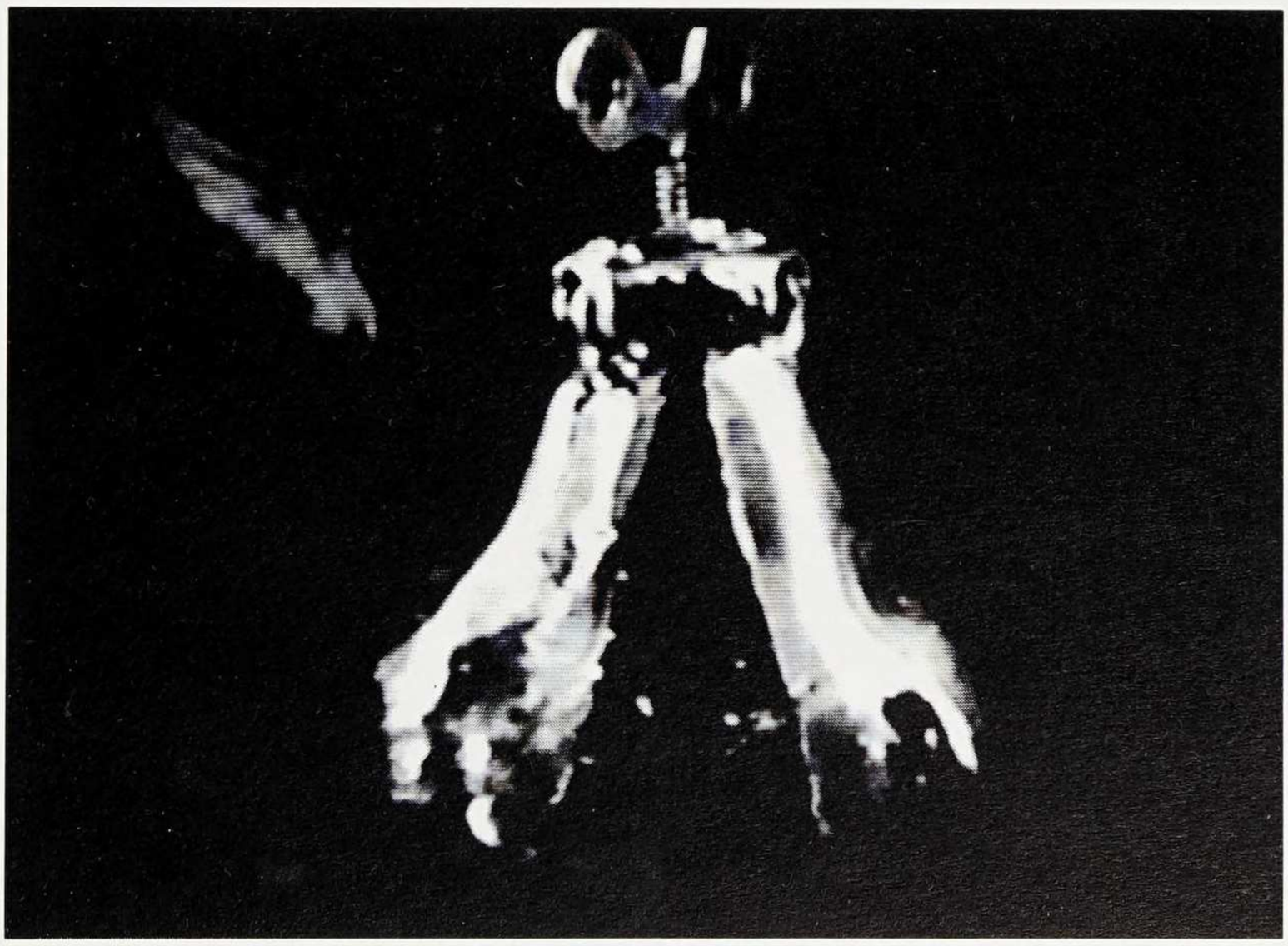
...the lying pope



...temptation of the flesh



...the evil gynaecologist



...the vaginal pear

ALTERNATIVE SPACES A SURVEY

by Daniel Plunkett

The concept of an alternative space is one which can bring forward an array of visions and reactions from a general public. A well run space with a vision can provide a dynamic pulse in a city as well as sending a ripple effect to other cities and people around the world. Having visited several alternative spaces here and abroad and being in correspondence with several outside of the US, I became interested in the differences in both the operation and the role of alternative spaces. So what is an alternative space? For the purpose of this survey let's just say it is a space which presents visual work, performance, music, and other events that are not presented in more commercial venues. It can be a forum and space for new ideas to develop and can provide a much greater degree of expression.

But what is the role of an alternative space? That was one of the questions I directed to several spaces in the US and abroad. At times I have felt that some alternative spaces seem to operate in a sort of vacuum; not aware of similar spaces or not quite sure of what presence they could hold in a city. The basic role of an alternative space is to provide an outlet for new artists and ideas. An alternative space can also be a pointed stick in the inflated hype and egos of crafty second rate trends and artists. The people who I have met that have developed some of the most vital spaces are idealistic, passionate about their ideas, and they have a focus which carry them forward in their pursuits.

There are many problems which confront an independent or alternative space; lack of finances, publicity, lack of time, or controversy. During a conversation once with Jan De Boover, who runs the space De Media in Belgium, he stated that running a space was an art in itself. I prefer to think this is true. Alternative spaces range in organization, structure, aggressiveness; just like ordinary humans. Where some alternative spaces are living creatures within a city, some also become dead and cold in their ideas and their presentations. But, let's talk about the living and leave the dead to the worms.

What follows is a survey of alternative spaces. This is not meant to be a complete list, but more an introduction to the possibilities available and perhaps to serve as an example for other spaces. I have tried to limit my focus mostly to alternative art spaces which are run by artists themselves, have been organized for several years, or have presented events on a consistent level. The following list also includes spaces I have visited first-hand or been in direct contact with. It should be said that there are hundreds of small spaces scattered around the globe which present alternative art, music, poetry, and other cultural endeavors, which all provide a city with a lifeline to ideas outside the commercial mentality and blockade. There might even be one in your town.

EXTRAPOOL

2e Walstraat 5
6511 LN Nijmegen
Holland
TEL: 080-601833

Extrapool began its history in 1982 in a squatted building called "De Westland. In 1984 the organization KNUST was founded to reinforce the collective work of "De Westland." In 1987 they were evicted from their building, but by mid 1988 they began again in a building which was renovated and in the Spring of 1991 they started again. Extrapool is run by artists and does not concentrate on just organizing exhibitions and performances. They help people realize projects from outside their organization. Usually an artist will come and stay at Extrapool (they built a loft on the roof for this purpose) and the artist will work within the organization to realize a performance, exhibition or concert. Extrapool is an excellent example of involving itself in work of other artists outside of itself, which not only benefits the artist, but the space itself since it then expands its network of artists and structure.

Extrapool has also developed an area in the basement of the space in which they print and publish booklets under the name of KNUST. They have also for example printed multi-layered and multi-colored record sleeves for recording labels and other projects.

Extrapool has no structured finances. At times they can get a project subsidy from the city of Nijmegen, but does not cover travel costs. Each project is case by case and is treated as a collaboration. People have found Extrapool to have an excellent atmosphere for working as they are supportive of the work and provide space in which to realize an idea.

"We think the role of an independent and alternative space is not to be the stepping stone to the 'official' and 'high' culture. It should develop its own cultural terms and strength. It should not relate to a preconceived vision of what it should like. An imitation of the official or non-official examples gives a poor result. In fact, the more they all differ the better. But they should not forget to communicate and exchange ideas and experiences." - Joyce Guley of Extrapool

Artpool started as an unofficial private institution and then in 1989 the Artpool Foundation was established which provides the financial and legal background for The Artpool Art Research Center. This Center was opened in March of 1992 in the heart of Budapest. Some support is given by the Budapest City Municipal Council as donations.

The Artpool Art Research Center has a video archive, a slide bank, book shop, archive of audio works, a collection of bookworks and much more including an extensive collection and documentation of Hungarian avant-garde of the 1970's and 1980's.. Artists from around the world make donations or deposit an edition of their work to Artpool for reference. Artpool was also donated in 1992 the artistamp archives and collection of Canadian artist-philatelist Mike Bidener.

The Artpool Art Research Center has conducted many exhibitions and events, most revolving with involvement with the artistic networks. They have conducted Fax & Sound Art shows, several exhibitions, and last year they did a program called "Flux-Flag Show" in which artists from around the world were invited to submit a flag which were then all hung in Liszt Ferenc square in Budapest for a period of two weeks.

Milan Art Center
Via Dell' Aprica 2
20158 Milano
Italy

Founded by Ruggero Maggi, the Milan Art Center is an exhibition space and studio. Many of the exhibitions have involved the mail art networks as well as many other Italian artists. Ruggero Maggi has been involved with mail art, networking, visual poetry, environmental art, and more for many years. He has a great interest and connection with art from the Amazon and has traveled to South America many times. Ruggero Maggi is extremely active in organizing traveling exhibitions as well as organizing meetings of artists such as the recent mailart congress in 1992 held in Vllorba, Italy. In January of 1993, Ruggero Maggi along with Paolo Barrile, drew a continuous line from the Manzoni-Meroni Palace in Soncino, to Piero Manzoni's studio and then to the Milan Art Center (some 70 km). The line was made up of strips contributed by 300 artists in 40 countries. The piece was entitled "Piero Manzoni's Infinite Line.". There has been a steady stream of exhibitions and projects.

V2 Organisation
PO Box 11007
5200 EA 's-Hertogenbosch
The Netherlands
TEL: (31) 73-137958 FAX: (31) 73-122238

V2 Organisation started in 1981 in a squatted building in the center of the small town of Den Bosch. For the past several years V2 has been presenting 'manifestations' which are events which revolve around a certain idea or manifesto. These "manifestations" focus on a theme and artists which are in the same field or doing similar work are invited to collaborate and to make performances, installations, or exhibitions. V2 also sells magazines, cassettes, and other items produced from artists around the world, as well as documents produced by V2.

Since 1985, V2 has become more international and have presented work from artists around the world. They have built up over the years a large network of artists that are involved with electronics in art and music.

Vu
Gaëtan Gosselin, director
95 Dalhousie
Québec, Québec G1K 7A1
Canada

Vu is an artist-run center subsidized by the Arts Council of Canada and the government of Québec. It is devoted to the promotion and distribution of photographic expression. Their catalogs are quite stunning and feature some beautiful and expressive work. The center regularly present exhibitions, conferences, training workshops and other activities. It is a site for creation, edition, and trends of current photography. Vu also sent us descriptions and information of over a dozen artist spaces in Québec all from a directory published in Canada and divided by regions. Seems to be a very informative directory as well with contact persons, when and where to submit proposals, a history of the space, a floorplan, and more.

VU

De Media

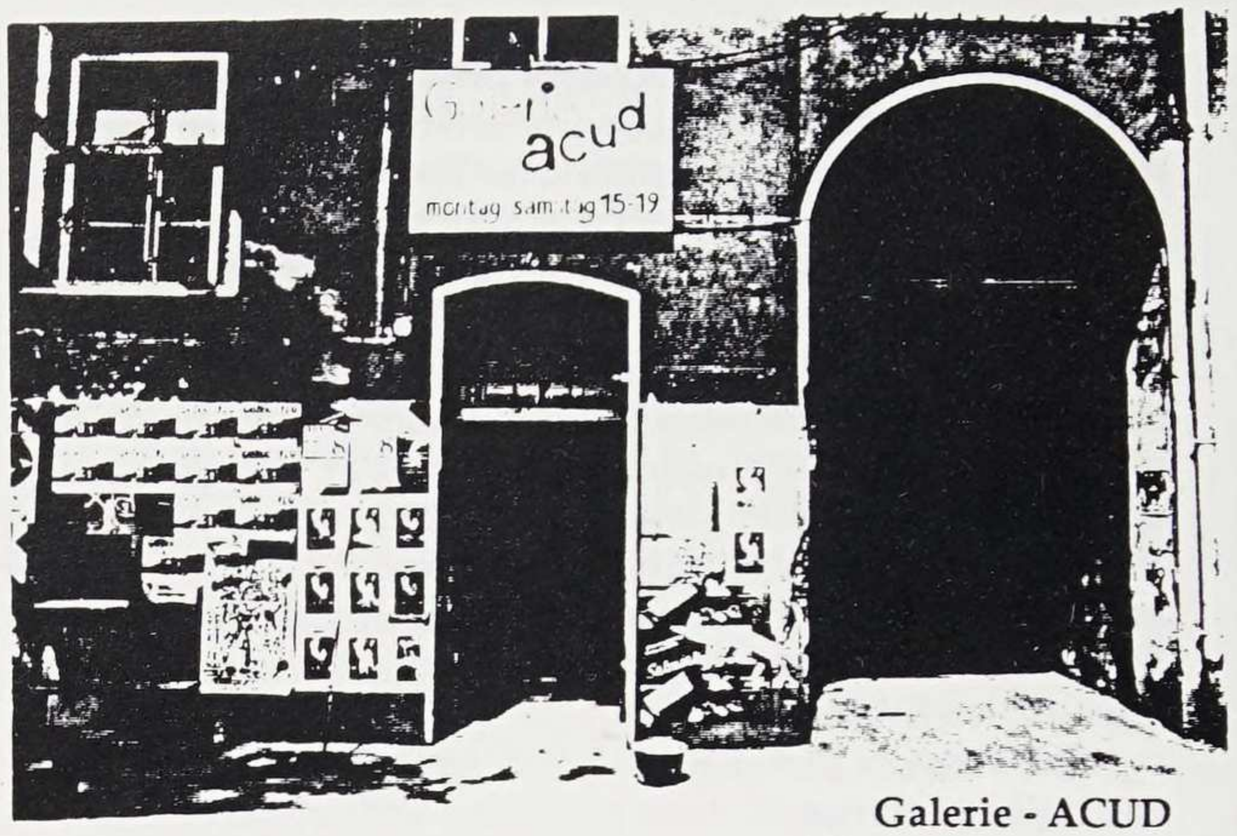
vzw Driewerf Hoera
Molenstraat 165
B 9900 Eeklo
Belgium
TEL: 032-091-77 93 94

De Media is located in the very small town of Eeklo, Belgium (20 km from Ghent, 25 Km from Bruges), but over the years they have been quietly presenting exhibitions and concerts that any large metropolitan city would cry for. They have organized weekly concerts, monthly exhibitions, readings, courses, parties. De Media started on December 30, 1983. Before this time the same organization called "Driewerf Hoera" was already working for four years at a space called "Lunatique". Currently there are 25 people involved in the organization with two full-time paid persons, four part-time, one doing social services (as opposed to military service) and the rest are volunteers. The space has 850 members who each pay about 2 dollars to receive the newsletter.and as well De Media operates as a private club.

De Media receives some money from the Flemish Ministry of Culture (Youth Department) and a little from the city government. The people who work at De Media are paid through the Ministry of Labor via a special project for unemployed people. Money also comes from sponsorship, memberships, entrance fees, and commissions on tours.

The art programs are usually run by Jan De Boever and the music programs by Bernadette Vandercammen. Artists are always welcome to submit proposals. A large majority of the projects have come through the mail. The space itself is a very beautiful one with a maximum capacity of 200 standing. De Media also have a very nice archive of fanzines, artist books, and more. Many of their contacts have revolved around the mailart networks.

"As the margin is where everything starts, I think what we do is quite important. Especially in Belgium, there are just a few opportunities for artists who have no sense in paying themselves all the costs for their shows. Commercial galleries have nearly no risks as they want the artists to pay a rent, drinks for the vernissage, printing costs and so on. Above this they want 30 to 40% of sales. We think this is a ridiculous situation. We like the idea of presenting shows in the middle of a living situation. People come here to have a drink, to see a concert or to follow a course. Meanwhile they are also confronted with the artworks on the walls. We are products of the underground ideas. Most of the society critics of the late sixties are still valid, though they have to be translated to nowadays." - Jan De Boever.



Galerie - ACUD
Veteranenstraße 21
O - 1054 Berlin-Mitte
Germany
TEL: 2-81-08-90

The gallery "ACUD" has been existing for 4 years now. Within this time they have had more than 35 exhibitions, displaying the work of over 100 artists. The gallery itself consists of six rooms with an exhibition area of 150 square meters. The gallery was founded on New Year's Eve 1989 in a squatted flat in an old building situated in Prenzlauer Berg, East Berlin. The owner is Andreas Münstermann.

Finances for the space come mostly from donations. Artists wishing to exhibit should apply directly at the gallery. They stress that they would like to see samples of work, and if living in Berlin the owner of the gallery would like to visit the artist's space. When the artist's work is selected then arrangements of the installations are discussed and finally a contract is made. As the gallery is not financially dependent on selling the pieces of art, its selections of the artists can be exclusively determined by artistic criteria.

"When the gallery was founded, the basic idea was to give independent artists in East Germany a possibility to exhibit their work which was not possible anywhere at the time. Soon the range of artists has become international." - Herr Münstermann.

Artpool

H-1277 Budapest 23
Box/Pf. 52
Hungary
TEL/FAX: (361) 121-08-33

Founded by György Galántai and Júlia Klaniczay. Artpool has been a very historical space and the work of the archive has been very important in documenting and maintaining artist books and works. It would take nearly a full book to fully document many of their exhibitions and activities over the years since they began in 1978. Their main interest has been fluxus art.

"The term 'Artpool' refers to the act of collecting from diverse artistic spheres and endeavors. Its goal has always been, keeping pace with the events of the day, to collect and preserve the documents of international and Hungarian artistic movements, and bring to light new projects." - György Galántai, from *The New Hungarian Quarterly* Spring 1992.

De Melkfabriek
Guldenvliesstraat 4
5211 AM 's-Hertogenbosch
Netherlands

A space located in the same small town of Den Bosch as V2. They have presented performances and exhibitions. Most recent one I am aware of was the program "Blind Montage" which presented work from six British performance artists.

Exploding Cinema
c/o Donal Ruane
293 Wendover, Thurlow St.
London SE17 2UF
TEL: 081 693-5810

A new active space in London which has presented film work from around the world, as well as performance work, poetry readings and other events. Quite a lively space from reports given to me by other artists.

The Black Hand Foundation
Kafkova 9
Prague 160 00
Czech Federal Republic

Located in a former school located in the center of Prague, the Black Hand Foundation provides for alternative cultural activities, provides studios and exhibition space, and many social programs (drugs, suicides, AIDS, and others). They help in promoting cf concerts and as well the Gypsy Cultural Associations will hold theater presentations and other minority groups as well. They hope to establish Cultural Social Centers throughout the Czech Republic and Slovakia.

Anyway, I hope the above have served as an introduction to alternative spaces and what is possible. Again, by no means is this meant to represent all of the spaces, or the whole wide array of activity. I will mention though that there is a project now being run by Michael Northam called "A-Z List" in which it is hoped to consolidate information about spaces that are interested in presenting current independent activities. The plan is for a database to be established in which information can then be shared and distributed. Contact: Michael Northam c/o N D, PO Box 4144, Austin, TX 78765.

In the United States there is the organization called NAAO which stands for National Association of Artists' Organizations. They publish a hefty directory of spaces throughout the US. You can contact them for more information - NAAO, 918 "F" Street N.W. Suite 502, Washington, D.C. 20004. If you are an artist space it is a good organization to be a part of. Resources and information are shared and there are regional and national meetings.

If contacting any of the spaces mentioned, please send an IRC or SASE.

N MAGAZINE D

N D is a document of cultural contact and exchange and serves as a reference for an involved public. **N D** is published twice a year and covers such areas as mailart, performance, audio, cassettes, networking, and other independent and experimental activity.

CURRENT ISSUES:

N D 17 - Features interviews with British percussion group Left Hand Right Hand, Russian artist Serge Segay, Berlin performance artist C.O. Caspar, Voice Of Eye, Crawling With Tarts, Chicago composer Jim O'Rourke, Victor Lois, Rod Summers, and more. **($3.50)**

N D 16 - Features interviews with musician Charles Hayward (founder of This Heat and Camberwell Now), Seattle based musician Amy Denio, Crash Worship, Austrian artistand musician Kadmon, Australian composer John Watermann, Azalia Snail, Crackerjack Kid, and much more. **($3.00)**

N D 15 - Features interviews with German composer Asmus Tietchens, English group Zoviet France, THU20 from Holland, mailartist and writer Al Ackerman, Justin from Montréal, Spainish journalist Jorge Munnshe, plus artcile by Clemente Padin and more. **($3.00)**

FRAGMENT

FragmenT is a series of cassette releases in book format which hopes to focus attention on two cassette artists per release. Each package includes a cassette and booklet of interviews with both artists. **Each issue is $7.00 plus postage.**

FRAGMENT 1 - J. Greinke (US) / Pierre Perret (France)
FRAGMENT 2 - Zan Hoffman (US) / AGOG (US)
FRAGMENT 3 - PBK (US) / Vidna Obmana (Belgium)
FRAGMENT 4 - Gen Ken (US) / Chop Shop (US)
FRAGMENT 5 - Stefano Musso (Italy) / Francisco Lopez (Spain)

AUDIO

PBK - "MACROPHAGE" & "THE TOIL AND THE REAP"
A CD of 61 minutes of surprise textured sound with ambient forms from composer PBK. **($10)**

VIDNA OBMANA - "ENDING MIRAGE"
A CD of 65 minutes of ambient and atmospheric music with booklet by this Belgian composer. **($10)**

JOHN WATERMANN - "CALCUTTA GAS CHAMBER"
A CD of 55 minutes of dense and dramatic listening. (Available August 1993.)

BLUE STAR - "SOMETIMES" 7" EP
Blue Star are from s'Hertogenbosch, Holland. Three songs on this EP which range from infectious rock swirls to psychedelic plunges. **($3.00)**

TRESPASSERS W - "BOEKELAAR, BACK" 7" EP
Trespassers W are from Den Haag, Holland. Three songs on this EP from straight ahead pounce to ecelctic rock. **($3.00)**

POSTAGE AND SHIPPING

POSTAGE - USA/Canada/Mexico
$1 for first item, .50¢ each additional item
if ordering copies of FRAGMENT:
$2.00 for first copy, $1.00 each additional
POSTAGE - AIRMAIL - World
Double the prices above

Send an SASE or IRC for current catalog and products.
N D 18 to be available by December 1993.

N D
PO BOX 4144, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78765 USA

CULTURAL COMMUNICATION ISSUE

CRACKER JACK KID

TB CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

VD CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

US CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

TV CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

MA CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

PO CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

GI CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

BS CULTURE (GUM SIDE) LICK AT OWN RISK

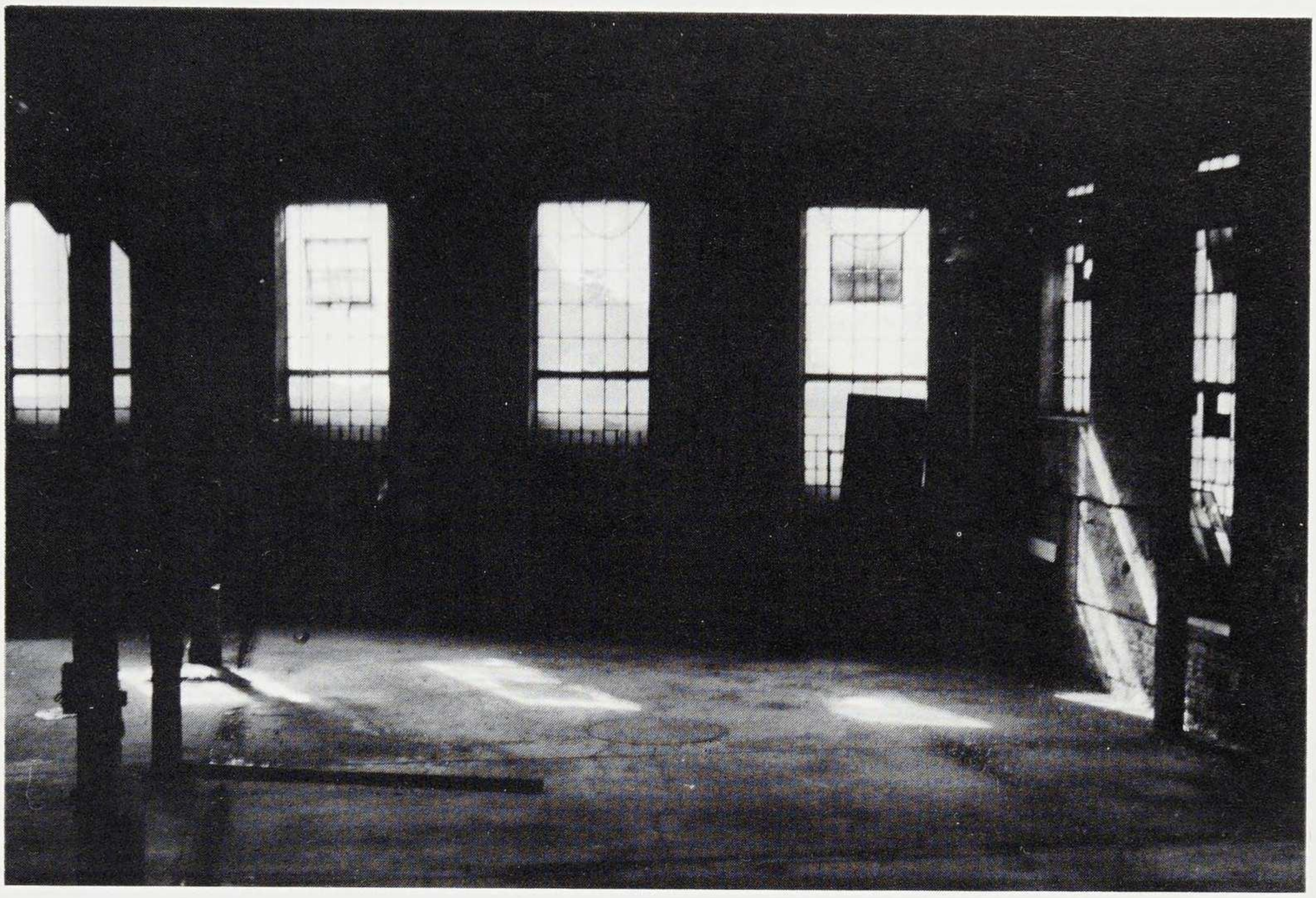
Artistamp Statement by Crackerjack Kid (Chuck Welch)

Dating from 1978 to 1984 nearly all of my artistamps were conceptual artworks with subject matter and handmade paper support commemorating real and/or imagined events. In 1983, for instance, I created commemorative stamps in honor of four veterans I served with in Vietnam. Paper support for the Vietnam commemorative stamps was made from the shreaded and pulverized fabric of my jungle fatiques. Dogtags belonging to four of my buddies were cast in plaster from which paper dogtags were formed and mounted on the olive drab paper support. A rubberstamped vignette surrounded the tags with an inscription, "Tagged in War and Peace." Other early artistamps were usually hand etched and engraved prints, often handpainted in limited editions. From 1985 to date, most of my artistamps have been "Blackjax" images - black and white electrostatic prints, hand perforated on pre-gummed paper. Content included politically trenchent subject matter such as the Exxon Valdez "Boycott Exxon" and "Tiananmen Square Massacre" stamps. These "covert images" (including "Cancel Apartheid Stamps") were intended for networked distribution via the international mailstream. "Boycott Exxon stamps" were reproduced in major metropolitan newspapers such as the Washington Post and Toronto Star and inspired several individuals to sell their Exxon stocks and bonds. The artist, stamp image, and recipient are all interactive ingredients for real-life performances involving chance and/or intentional political activism. And so, the recipients of my networking stamps are performers and my stamp objects an active concept of process. Even a stamp that is hit by "killer bars" (cancellation marks) can re-emerge resurrected and collaged on the back of a check, on Exxon gas pumps, in public spaces; a cultural jammer in the hands of marginal artists and anarchists.

Untitled

1992

Beth Faris



Untitled

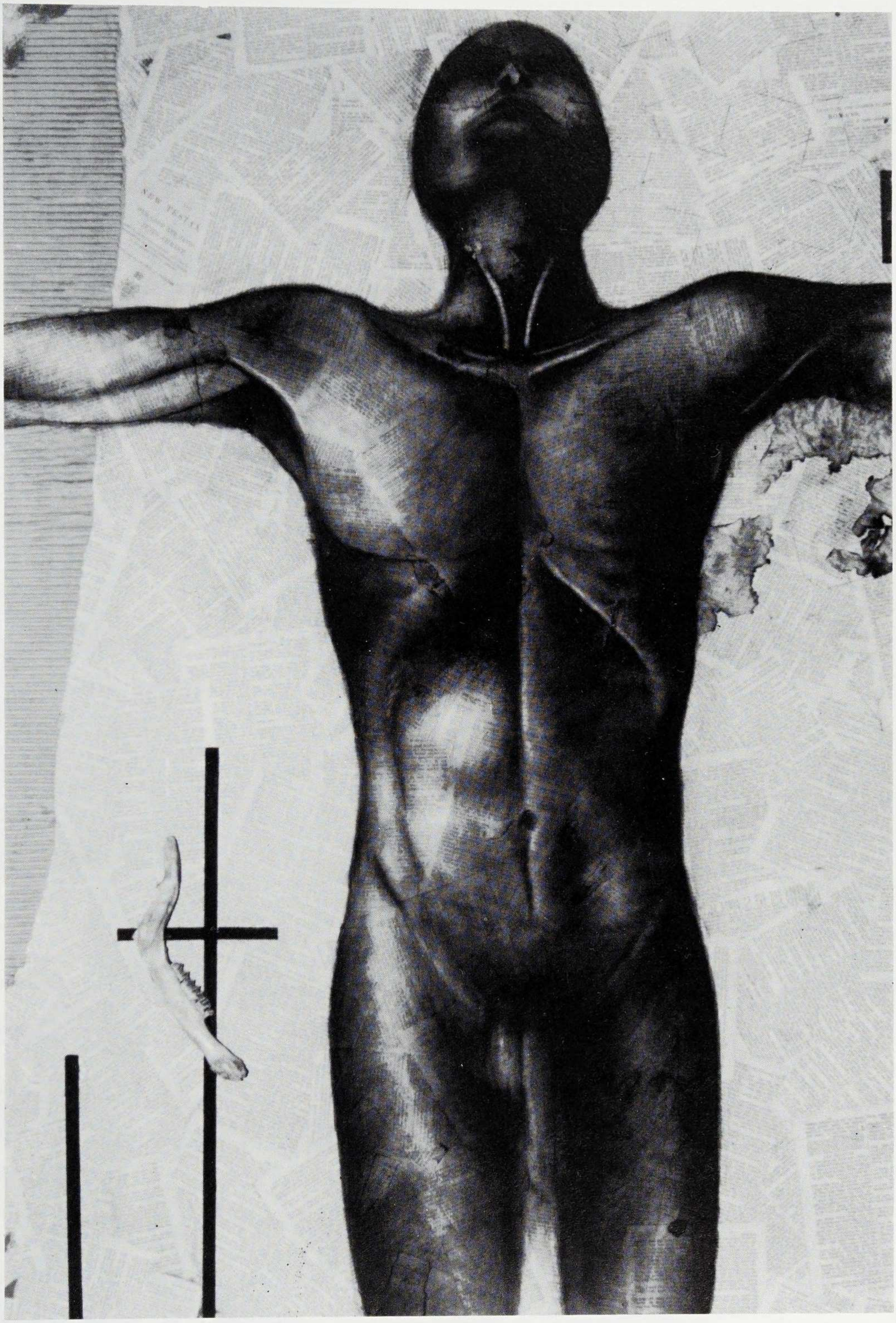
1992

Beth Faris

Shamans go into the Magi to experience VISIONS, dreams and Rebirth and to gain all healing powers and PRANA (life current). Symbolic Perceptions: Special initiations. Emergence from caverns and mounds. Rites of transition; Ritualized expression. Time and places (spaces) to connect the collective dreams-states; the present, past psychic and physical realities merge. Mystic connections always include self-wounding and blood soils.

Earthshaper / Stagman
Artist: Jan Marshall

1989. Trent Polytechnic / Nottingham.



Cruxifiction
Artist: Jan Marshall

1984. Charcoal on bible pages
Life-size. Now destroyed.

Falling under one's own spirits
I am cautious,
they are hostile
having no ground to stand upon
I lose my way
I hoard secrets
Reminders of life.

Girl, 17, shot to death
Boyfriend, 22, held cops at bay for 15 hours in N. Ward
Don't buy tough guy posing
NIGHT
PLEASE - Recycle this paper
The RUNWAY
Thunder Bay's Hottest Exotic Show Bar!
NOW UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP
North America's #1 Duo
HEARTS
KYSSIS
THE FLORIDA SUNTAN GIRLS
The RUNWAY
"WHERE THE PARTY NEVER ENDS"
MURDER SCENE
Don't Panic
623-5423
VOLUNTEERS
LIFE
DANCE
ADULTS ONLY VIDEO
Mail Order Now Available
THE OFFICE
THE HOTTEST BLUES IN TOWN
"MINISTERS OF PERSUASION"
HORSESHOE TAVERN
"SEE SPOT RUN"
"BEACH PARTY"
SAT APRIL 25TH
POOL TOURNAMENT
Post Policy

THE BIG ONE
HUNTER©93
SCREECH
HERE I AM...
YEP.
YES SIRREE...
HERE I AM.
GLUG GLUG GLUG
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...
HERE I AM, IN THE MIDDLE OF NO WHERE, NO ONE KNOWS I'M HERE, AND I'M DRINKING BEER — ALONE.
WHAT THE HELL AM I HERE FOR — OH YEAH...

LIZARDS AND CACTUS! WOULD YOU PLEASE DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE BIG TOP!

FOR YOU, I, READ OTTMAN WILL ATTEMPT THE BIG ONE!!

THANK YOU. DURING THE DAY I WORK IN THE GRAPHIC INDUSTRY. I HAVE TRIED TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE IN MY LEISURE TIME, BUT AS USUAL THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THE COMPANY ATTEMPT IN EVERY WAY—TO MAKE WORK BECOME MY LIFE

SO WITH THIS VERY CAR...

I WILL PROVE TO MYSELF THAT MY LIFE IS WORTH **MORE** THAN MY BOSSES, MORE THAN OVERTIME, MORE THAN THAT HILL OF BEANS I CALL WORK.

I WILL JUMP THIS CAR FROM THIS LEDGE HERE, TO THAT LEDGE OVER THERE!

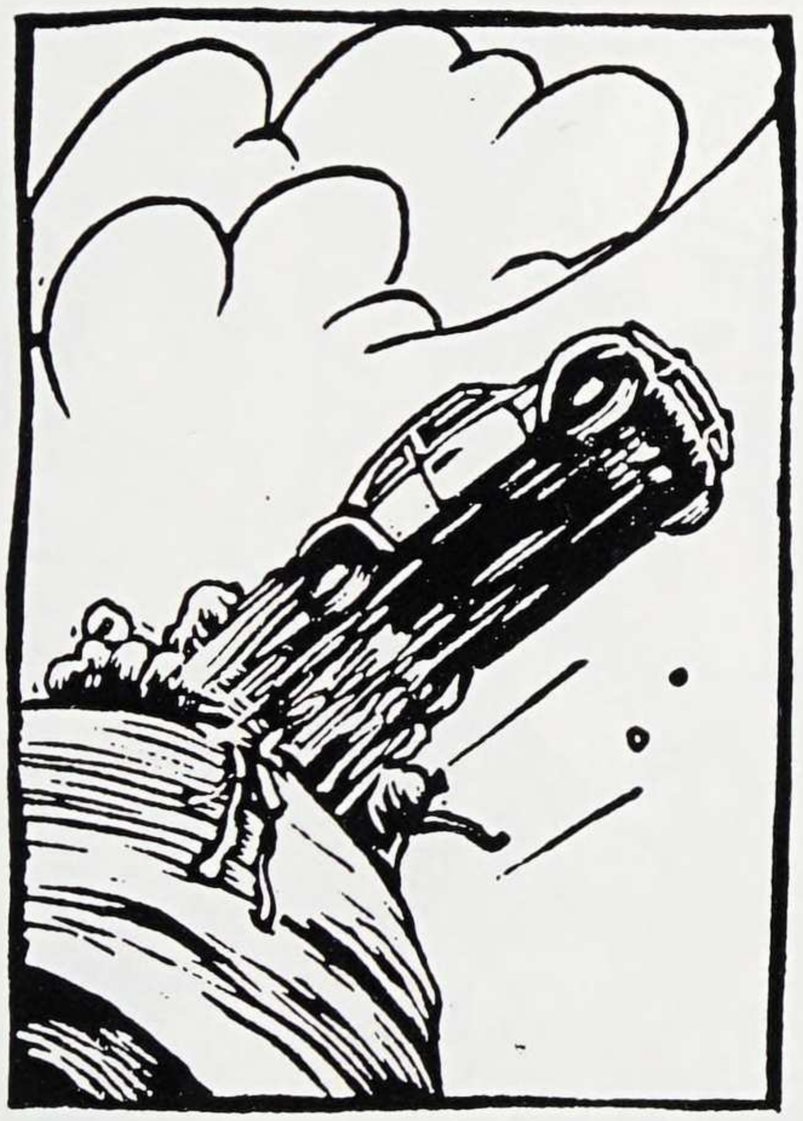
HERE GOES

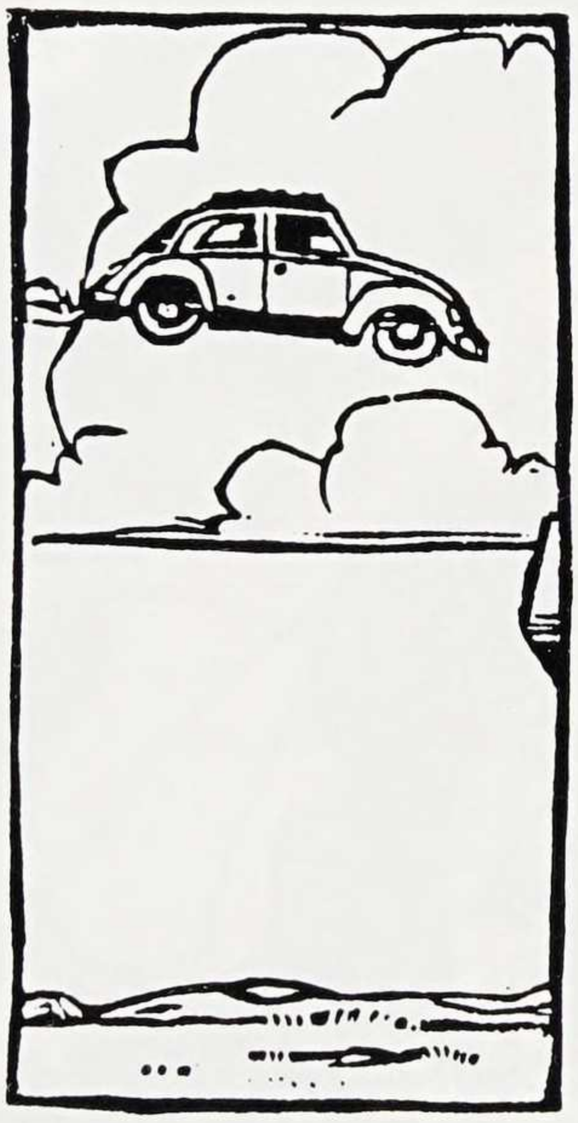
VROOMM

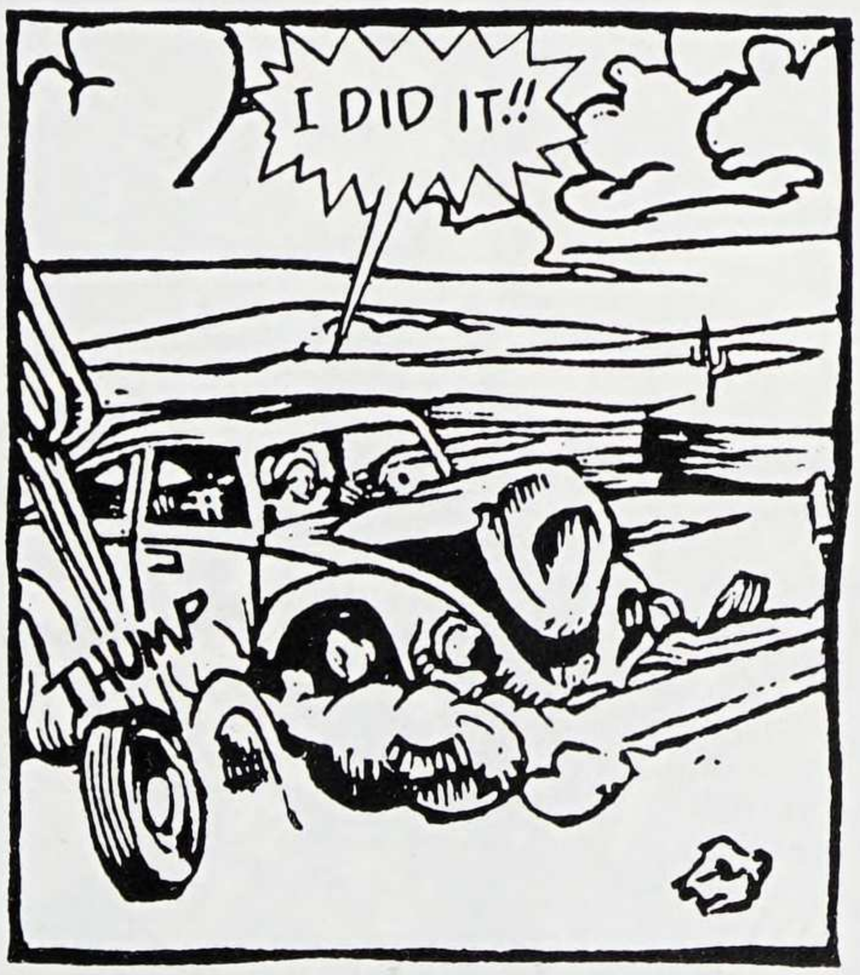
YEP...

HERE ... I ... AM!

VROOM






I DID IT!!
THUMP

LOOK AT ME WORLD
I'M NOT A LOSER!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE...

...SHIT.

grease please

YOU'LL BE SATISFIED

2

BOO.

Jürgen O. Olbrich / Artists' Playing Cards

How to play in Germany and everywhere else
A project that multiplies itself

Do you like playing games? Inventing new rules and cooperating with people in unusual situations? Then you are very close to becoming an artist, one that leaves academic traces behind to walk new paths.

And if so, you must not be afraid: there are quite a few people willing to join in. "Life is Art Enough" can be read on an old business-card of Kassel-based German artist Jürgen O. Olbrich. He's been around for a long time, dancing on photocopy machines, inviting people to his coffee filter archive or trying to juggle an open bottle of tomato ketchup on his nose. His projects are numerous, publishing post-card sets, two magazines, running a travel agency and collaborative projects with the international artist group "The Nomads".

From his interest in everyday routines he develops most of his projects in connection with the international network. "The Artists' Deck of Cards" is one of these interventions, simple and striking at the same time, allowing you the "other" view into daily structures. Jürgen O. Olbrich realized a playful intention to play a game of cards with his artist friends. So he bought a normal deck of cards, shuffled it, and picked one out of the stack for each of the 32 friends he had listed before. He then sent the picked cards to his college, with a letter explaining the game so far and asking at the receiver of the card to create a new flip-side. In this way the individually picked card would carry the artists' designs.

When he received back the 32 designs, Jürgen O. Olbrich had them printed on original card stock, keeping the original card images on the other. The product was a brand new game without any rules indicated. 32 artists in 11 countries had in their individual way contributed to a game without rules. By having the "Artists Deck of Cards" one feels tempted to play with other people. It is necessary though to communicate before you get started. And isn't that what it's all about? This small edition is a game that leads to quite a few others. 999 editions were printed. And these are the artists whom you can hold in your hands and play with:

Jochen Gerz, Eugen Gomringer, Anne Nöel, Norbert Klassen, Paul Panhuysen,
Ulf Rungenhagen, Jürgen O. Olbrich, Georg Jappe, Bruse McLean, Daniel Spoerri,
Michael Winkler, Arno Arts, Claus Böhmler, Eric van Scooten, Franz-Josef Weber,
Wilhelm Koch, Niall Monro, Bernard Heidsieck, Achim Schnyder, Wolfgang Luh,
Emmett Williams, Chuck Stake, Norbert Radermacher, Joe Jones, Peter Aeschbacher,
Vittore Baroni, Michael Heckert, Heta Norros, Jean Dupuy, Wolfgang Hainke,
Boris Nieslony, Rainer Resch

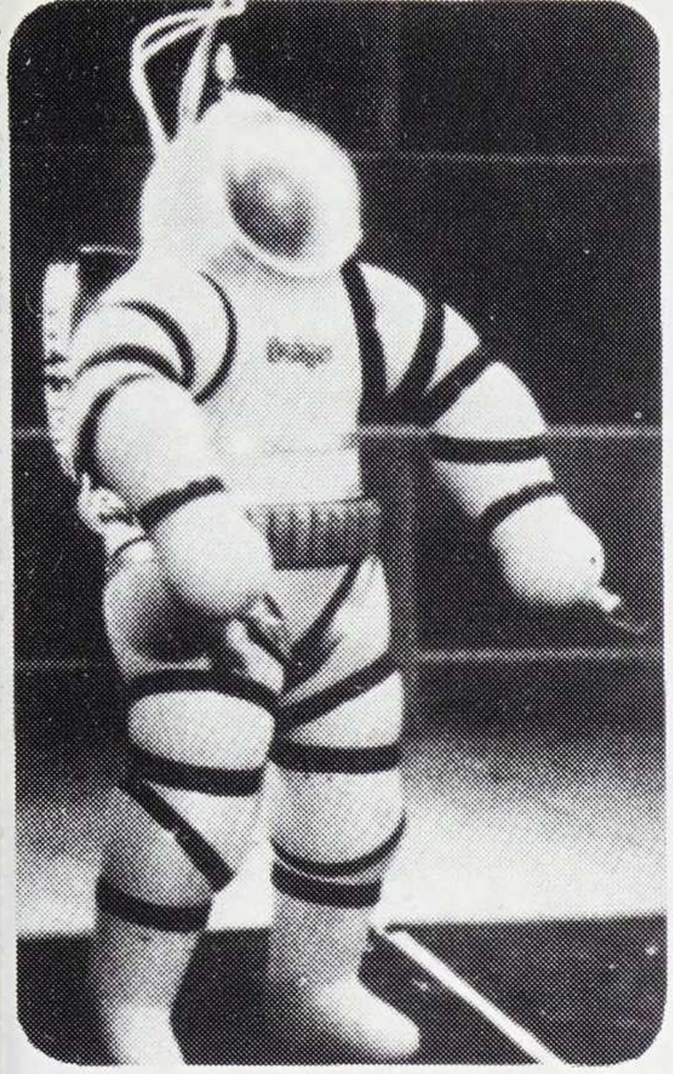
Each deck of cards is numbered and comes in a clear plastic box. It also contains an information sheet indicating which artist produced which card.

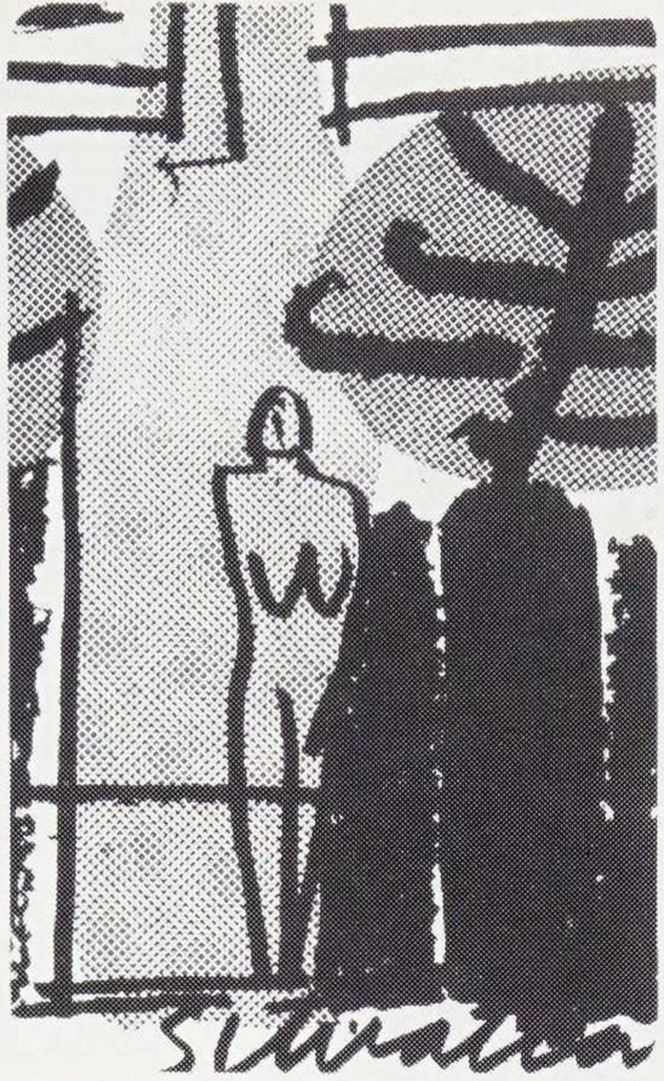
The price is DM 42, (US $30). This includes mailing costs. Advanced payment is advisable.

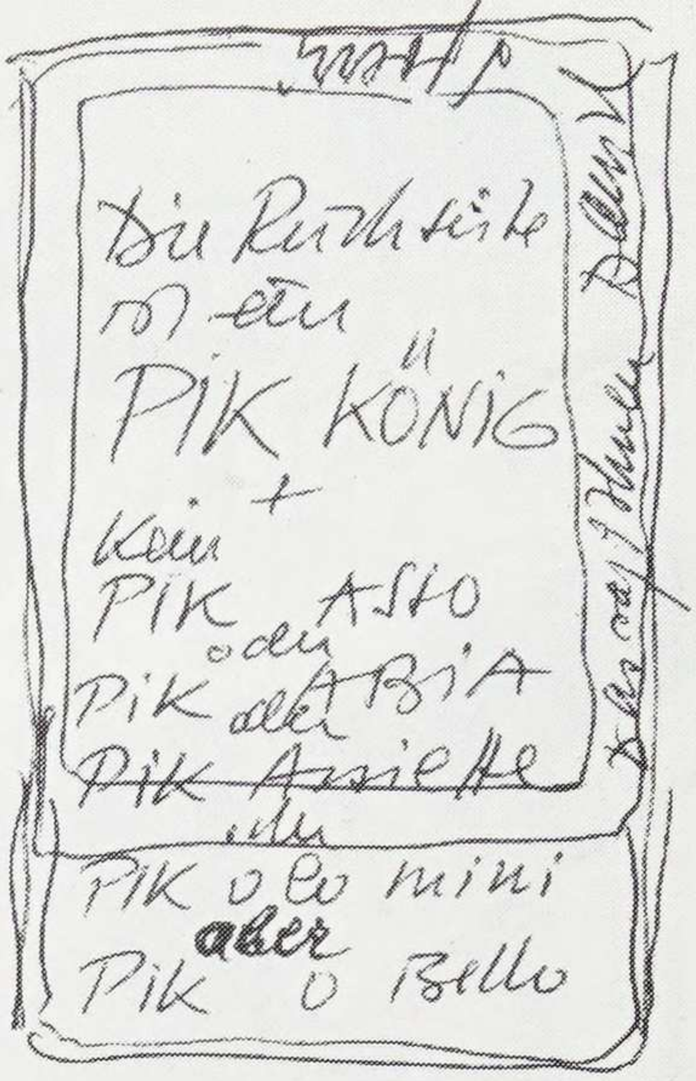
J.O. Olbrich, Bodelschwinghstr. 17 D-3500 Kassel, Germany.

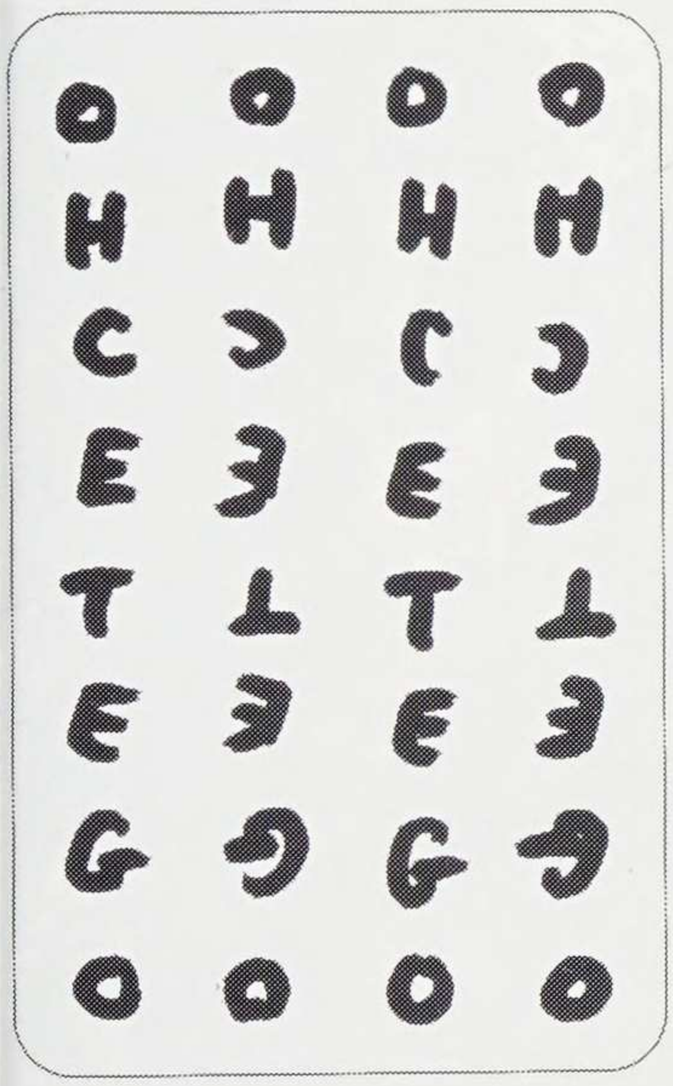
– K. Leips

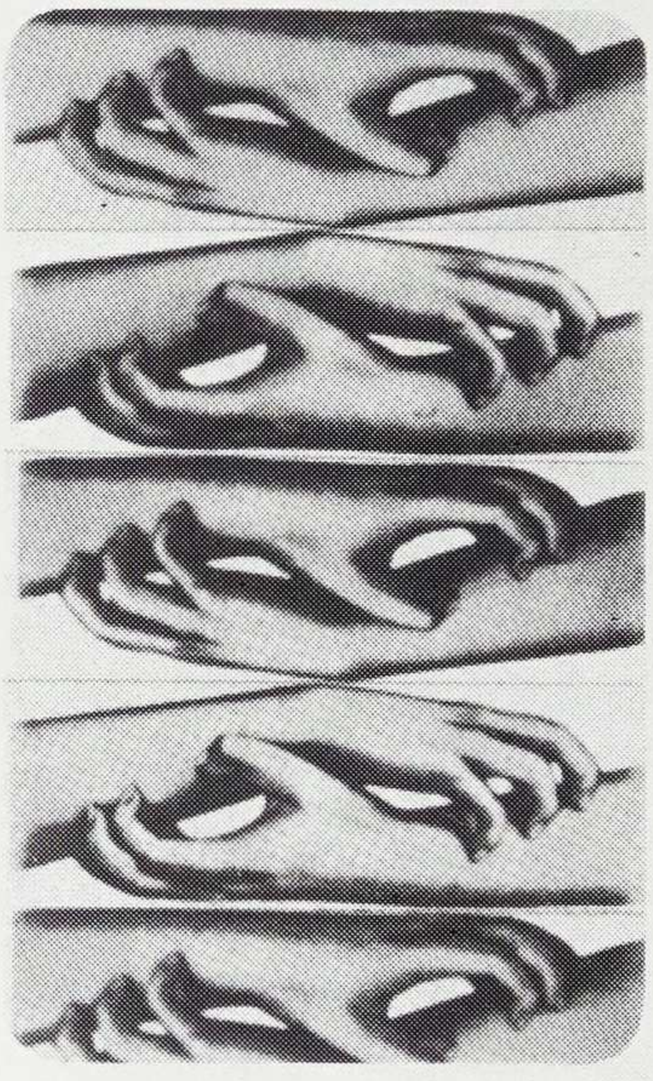
"Life is Art enough"

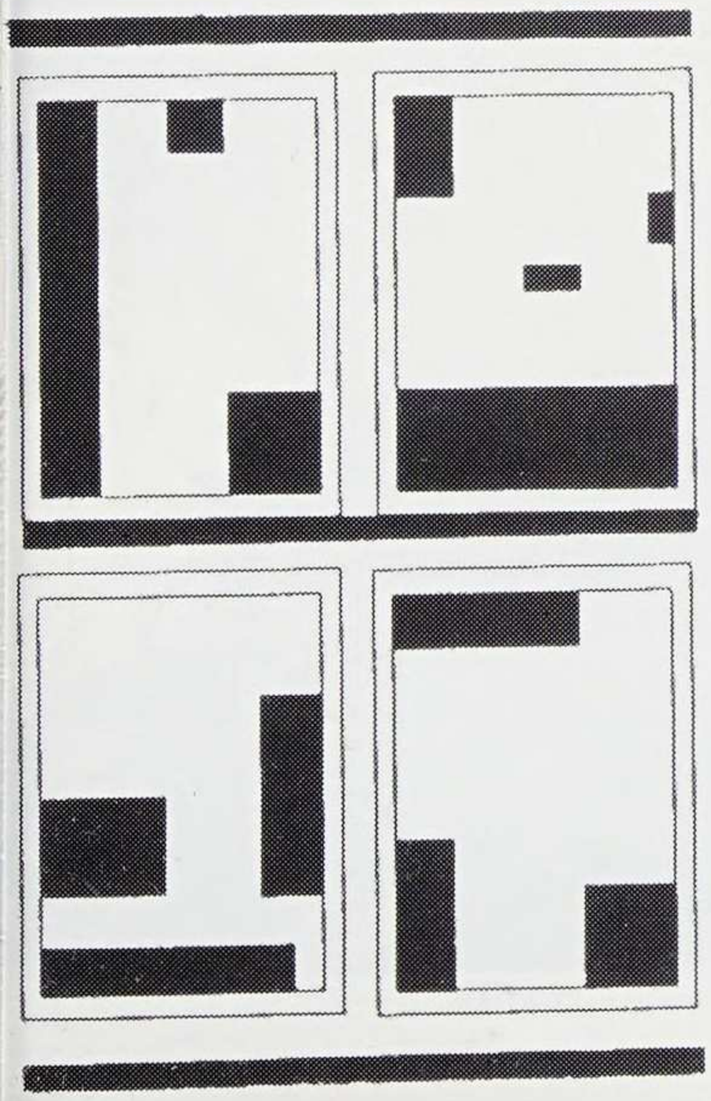


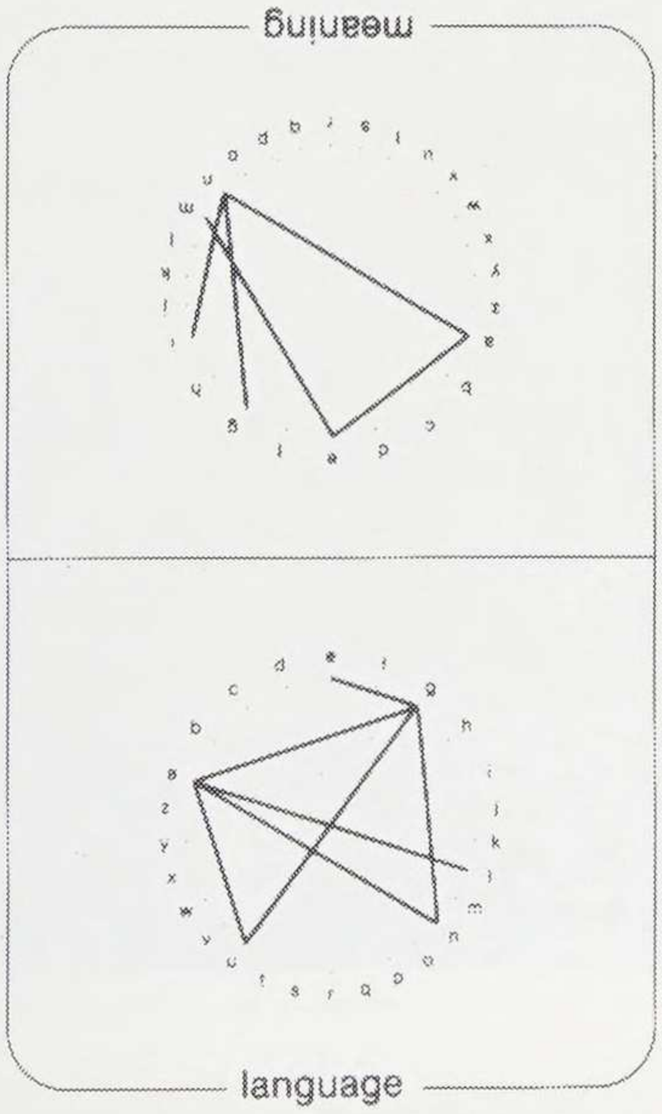



Die Rückseite
von einer
PIK KÖNIG
+
kein
PIK ASS
oder
PIK DAME
PIK Aniette
oder
PIK 10 mini
aber
PIK 10 Bello

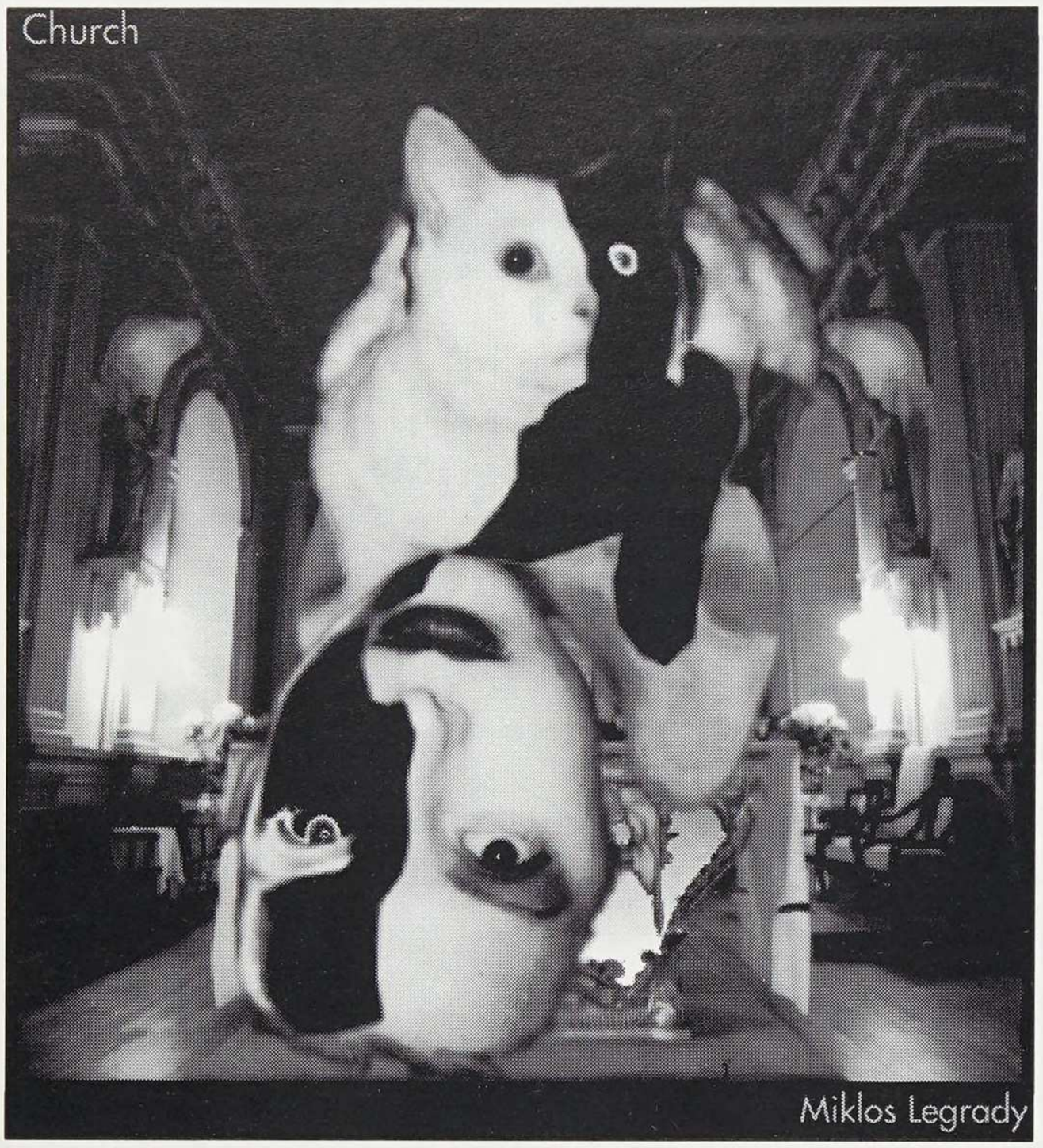







meaning
language

Paquito Bolino.



An Electronic Media Arts Centre

Inter/Access is a non-profit, artist-directed centre founded in 1983 which supports the development, production, and dissemination of a wide range of electronic and communications-based art.

Regular programs encourage discussion, education, and an exchange of ideas and information.

Access to production tools provides support for artists' projects through artist-in-residencies and open membership.

Special events raise the profile and critical understanding of electronic media art within the cultural community.

interAccess

96 Spadina Avenue, Suite 303
Toronto, Ontario M5V 2J6

Phone/Fax: (416) 364-1421
Matrix Artists' Network: (416) 364-2999, 2400BN1
or (416) 364-1854, V.32/Telebit

inTerAccess

- Inter/Access membership consists of over 100 artists working in a variety of visual, audio and electronic media. **Membership** is open to any individual or nonprofit organization involved with artistic, cultural, or community pursuits. Access membership ($60/yr. individual; $120 organization) allows pre-arranged 24 hour access to the facilities, reduced rates for services, and all mailings. Associate memberships ($20/yr.) are available for those who simply want to be kept informed through mailings and meetings. Most of Inter/Access' services, regular programming, and special events are open to the general public as well.

- Inter/Access is **equipped** with computer imaging and publishing equipment; digital audio, video, and multi-media software; fax, videophones, artists' BBS, and more. Basic **training** and technical consultation are available.

- An annual **Artist-in-Residence** program offers selected artists free access to the facilities, supplies, technical assistance, and an honoraria for the completion of a specific project.

- **Matrix Artists' Network BBS** offers electronic mail and Usenet messaging, local media art discussion groups, an on-line art gallery, extensive reference material, and on-line publications.

- **Regular programming** includes free gatherings, presentations, and discussion groups. Dialogue and information on electronic media arts, as well as reviews and excerpts of artists' work, are available through a quarterly newsletter—*Axon*.

- Inter/Access promotes and develops electronic media art by presenting **special events** including lectures, artists' talks, presentations, introductory and advanced technical workshops, and symposia on topics such as Free Radio, Cyberspace and the Digital Body, Telematic Performance, and Electronic Space.

- Inter/Access receives **funding** from the Ontario Arts Council, the Canada Council, the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, the province of Ontario through the Ministry of Culture, Tourism and Recreation, the city of Toronto through the Toronto Arts Council, and the Inter/Access membership and users.

Crowd of 8

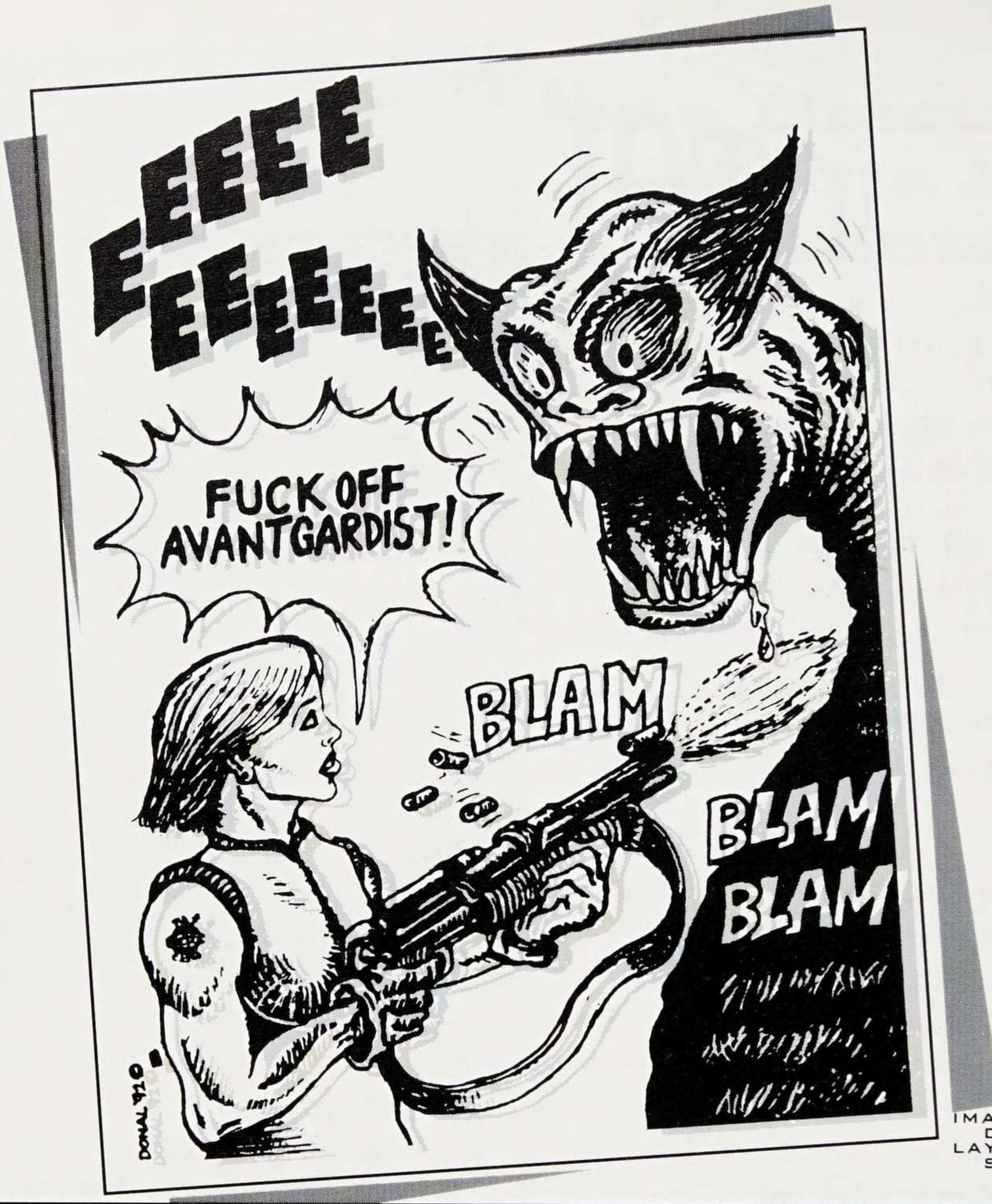


IMAGE:
DONAL RUANE
LAYOUT:
SFC

FUCK OFF AVANTGARDIST

FOR HOW MUCH LONGER MUST THE UNDERGROUND TOLERATE:

YOUR

- ELITE, NEPOTISTIC ENCLAVE,
- SACRED ART OBJECT ECONOMY,
- WHITE MALE LIBERAL GUILT COMPLEX,
- PUBLIC SCHOOL MASONIC FRATERNITY,
- FISH FETISH,
- SHAVED HEADS,
- ARTIST ANAL CRAFT PROFESSIONALISM,
- PSYCHO LINGUISTIC GOOBLEDEGOOK,
- COTTAGE IN PROVENCE,
- RABID CAREERISM,
- BOGUS RADICALISM,
- HALF NAKED LOVERS,
- INTELLECTUAL BANKRUPTCY,
- ART SCHOOL TUTORIALS,
- INTOXICATED BROWN NOSING,
- CATHOLIC OPERA CULT,
- INTERNATIONAL BOURGEOIS TOURISM,
- WATER RITUALS,
- MEANINGFUL SILENCE,
- STATE FUNDED CYNICISM,
- SADO-MASOCHISTIC POSTURING,
- INABILITY TO COMPREHEND FILM AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN YOUR ARCHAIC FINE-ARTS MYSTICISM,
- FASHION VICTIMS,
- FIELDS OF WHEAT,
- CHURCH BASED INSTALLATION WORSHIP,
- DESPERATE SEARCH FOR MARGINALITY,
- CORRUPT NON-INDUSTRY,
- CONTEMPT FOR ANYONE OUTSIDE YOUR PATHETIC CLIQUE,
- BORING, LAZY, UNWATCHABLE FILMS,
- COMPUTER VIDEO MASTURBATION,
- INSATIABLE EGOMANIA.

IT WAS YOU WHO CONSIGNED THE UNDERGROUND TO TWENTY YEARS OF DRIVEL, WE'VE HAD ENOUGH SO FUCK OFF.

A CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

WHY (13) (4) (75)

NOT (1.6) (111) (59)

YOU (2) (3.6) (14)

?

WE INVITE YOUR INPUT FOR THE NEXT SFC

CONTACT US AT BOX 489, STN. P, TORONTO, ONT., M5S 2T1, CANADA

Contributors/Contact Information

Ben Allen can be reached at "Never Trust A Hippy T-Shirts", Flat 4, The Mote, Motelands 132, Old Holywood Rd., Belfast BT42HN, N. Ireland.

Max Allen is an anti-censorship activist and a producer for CBC radio's *Ideas*. c/o *SFC*.

Mike Anderson is a Toronto graphic artist and comicist. c/o *SFC*.

Anti-Racist Action (ARA) is a Toronto organization committed to fighting racism. Contact them at (416) 363-7541.

Vittore Baroni founded of Trax Multi-Media Group in the early 80s; he is an active mail-artist, publisher of *Arte Postale* magazine, and freelance rock journalist. In 1992 he co-founded the magazine *Rumore*. Contact him at Via Cesare Battisti, 339, 55049 Viareggio (LU), Italy, (PH) 0584 963918 (FAX) 0584 47765.

Chris Bearchill is a journalist and anti-censorship activist. c/o *SFC*.

John Bergin is an American artist. He produced the comic series *Ashes*, as well as *From Inside* (300+ pages, full color paintings, published by Tundra). He is also the editor of *Bonesaw*. c/o *SFC*.

Hakim Bey produces his inspired work from somewhere in the greater New York area. He can be reached c/o Autonomedia, 55 South 11th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11211-0568, M5M 2N5

D.S. Black is a writer/entropologist (focusing on archival graffiti) emigre Canadian living in San Francisco. A sometime contributor/editor with *Processed World* magazine, DSB has been known to commit poetry, but has recently been trying to switch to opera — with mixed success. His address is: D.S. Black, 41 Sutter St., #1651, San Francisco, CA, USA, 94104.
e-mail: sblack@library.berkeley.edu

Guy Bleus runs The Administration Centre, a mail-art archive that includes works and information from approx. 2,000 artists from 50 countries, including mail-art magazines, catalogues, posters, rubber-stamp art, fax art, artists' books, etc. He has curated dozens of mail-art shows, stamp exhibitions, book exhibitions, as well as participating in hundreds of mail-art projects. You can contact him at The Administration Centre, Box 43 - 3830, Wellen, Belgium (PH & FAX) 32-12-74.14.15 (day and night) or (MODEM) 32-12-74.14.15 (by appointment).

Paquito Bolino is an artist living in Paris, France. c/o *SFC*.

William S. Brown is a multi-media artist presently living and working in Toronto. In his most recent work Brown has employed the penis in order to monitor the ups and downs of manhood today. "Bedtime Stories" is a modern-day fable reflecting the purportedly beleaguered position of the modern male. Any inquiries concerning the further use and/or purchase of these images should be directed to William S. Brown c/o SFC.

Hamish Buchanan is an artist working in photography, installation, and various graphic and electronic media. Between periods of unemployment, he has worked for several artist-run organizations, and has also written on art, photography and assorted cultural policy issues for periodicals and exhibition catalogues. Layout/pageworks, such as the one included here, seek to simultaneously embody and complicate the idea of the author, inhabit an ambiguous relationship to history, and occupy a queer position between curatorial experiment and original artwork. He can be reached c/o *Sensoria From Censorium*.

Michael Buckland can be reached c/o *SFC*.

Hans Burkschmidt is a radio producer living in Toronto. He can be reached c/o SFC.

Shaun Caton is a British performance artist, painter, sculptor, whose performance career spans over 10 years, hundreds of performances, in numerous countries. He can be contacted c/o *SFC*.

Censorstop is an organization that works to limit censorship in Canada. Box 888, Sta. F., Toronto, Ont., M4Y 2N9.

Katrin Clark is a Toronto artist. c/o *SFC*.

The Crackerjack Kid (Chuck Welch) edits the mail-art zine *Netshaker* and can be reached at PO Box 978, Hanover, NH, 03755, USA.

Eldred Crang works in French, Catalan, and English. Presently he is working on "language paintings". He can be reached at 1054 Avenue Brown, Quebec City, Quebec, G1S 2Z9. (PH) 682-5457; or fax c/o Lynne Rouleau at (418) 1935.

Michael Davey is a Toronto sculptor and professor of Fine Art at York University c/o *SFC*.

Tom Dean is a Toronto sculptor and professor of Fine Art at the Ontario College of Art. Contact him c/o *SFC*.

Marcello Diotallevi was born in 1942 at Fano. He lived for a long time in Rome, working as a restorer at the Laboratory of Restoration in the Vatican, and has been contributing to books, national and international magazines for more than twenty-five years. Presently he is mostly concerned with Mail Art, Copy Art (Xerox Art), Visual Poetry and Object-books. Address: Via Veneto, 59, 61032 Fano PS, Italy.

Francoise Duvivier is a sculptor and collage artist whose work is impressively displayed in a recent book called IMAGES - she can be contacted at 18 Alleé Des Orgues De Flandre, 75019, Paris, France.

R.L. Ewing can be contacted at 56 Jean St., Thunder Bay (PH) (807) 344-9864

Beth Faris can be contacted c/o *SFC*.

Femamatic. Members of the collective can be reached c/o *SFC*.

Suzanne Fiol earned her MFA from the Pratt Institute in 1990 and her BFA from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 1983. She has had numerous solo and group exhibitions, including the spring '93 show "Saints and Survivors in a Time of Plague" at the Lowinsky Gallery, NY, NY. She has been published in *Photovision* and *Aperture*., and her work has been collected by The Brooklyn Museum as well as in private European and American collections.

Fly has been publishing her postcard zine *Fly* since the late 80s, first from Toronto and then from NYC. Now squatting somewhere on the lower east side and improvising recipes for the nouvelle dumpster cuisine, she is also experimenting with neuro-telepathy, blood sugar modification, ultra-light technology and other by-products of a found life amidst the decay that is U.S. urbania...You can internet with the insect at Gargoyle Mechanique Lab, Box 1318 Cooper St., NYC, NY, 10276.

David Grimbleby is a British artist. c/o *SFC*.

Michelle Handelman & Monte Cazazza can be reached at Box 170415, San Francisco, CA, 94117, USA.

Graham Harwood is one of the founders of *IF Comix*, and has recently embarked on a tabloid project, *Underground*. Write to him at 49 Sherwin House, Kennington Rd., London, SE11 5SB, UK.

Stewart Home is the author of *Defiant Pose* (Peter Owen), *Pure Mania* (Polygon Books), *The Assault On Culture* (AK Press), *Neoist Manifestoes* (AK Press) and *The Festival Of Plagiarism* (Sabotage Editions). He can be contacted at BM Senior, London WC1N 3XX, UK.

Paul Hunter and Leah Springate established Mammoth Hall Press in 1989. As private press printers they write, illustrate and design their own limited edition books. c/o *SFC*.

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Tila Kellman is a P.H.D. candidate in the department of social and political thought, York University.

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Bruce LaBruce is an independent "homocore" pornmaker of international disrepute. c/o *SFC.*

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Clara Ursitti received her B.F.A. from York University in 1992, and is presently attending the Glasgow School of Art in Scotland. "My present work continues to explore the phenomena of cosmetics. As a starting point I asked myself, 'Why do we camouflage the way we smell?' Consequently, for the past year I have been experimenting with making perfumes from flowers and my menstrual blood. I am pleased to say that the only odors I now find oppressive are chemical."
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John Veenema, "I was born on a chicken farm. I was on that farm for only two years. It's not that our family moved, it's just that the chickens died. The farm soon became something else. A man who bought and sold used tires became the barn tenant — the 'Tireman'. And so then I lived on a tire farm." Contact c/o SFC.

Death Waits' first book, *My Tongue, My Teeth, Your Voice*, was recently published by Exile Editions. He also writes plays, songs, stories, and one liners. Currently co-artistic director of Candid Stammer Theatre, his favourite number is 6. Contact: 92 Latimer Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, M5N 2M2

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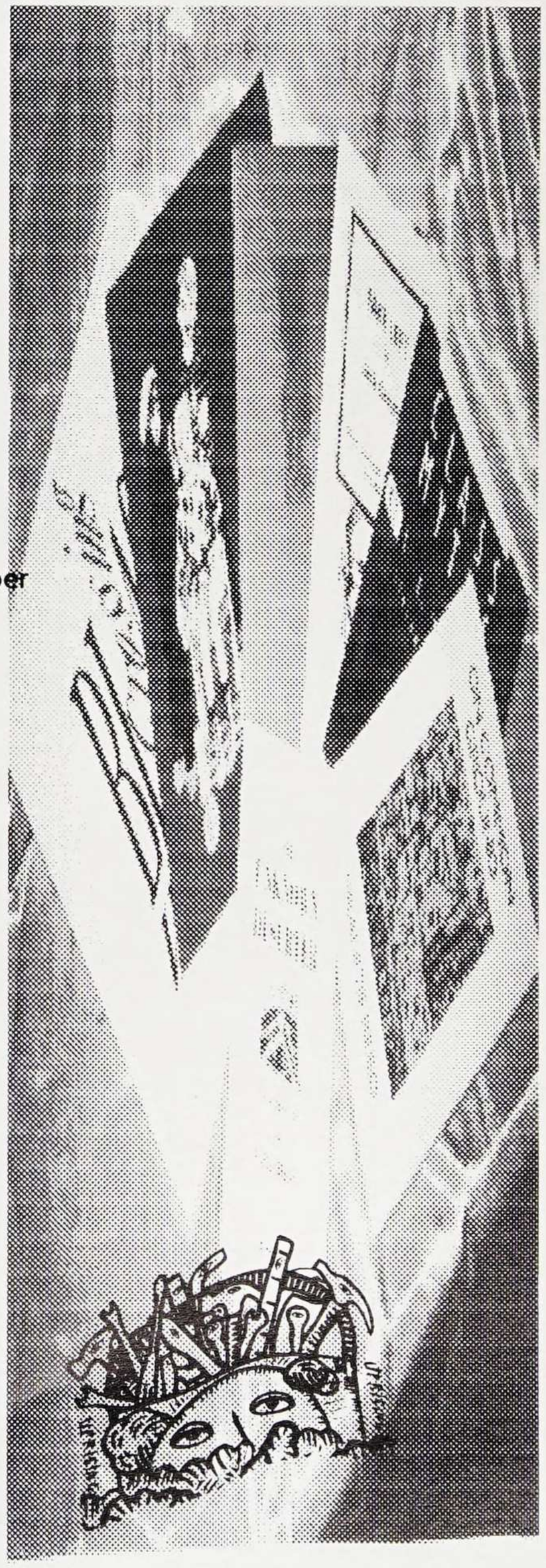

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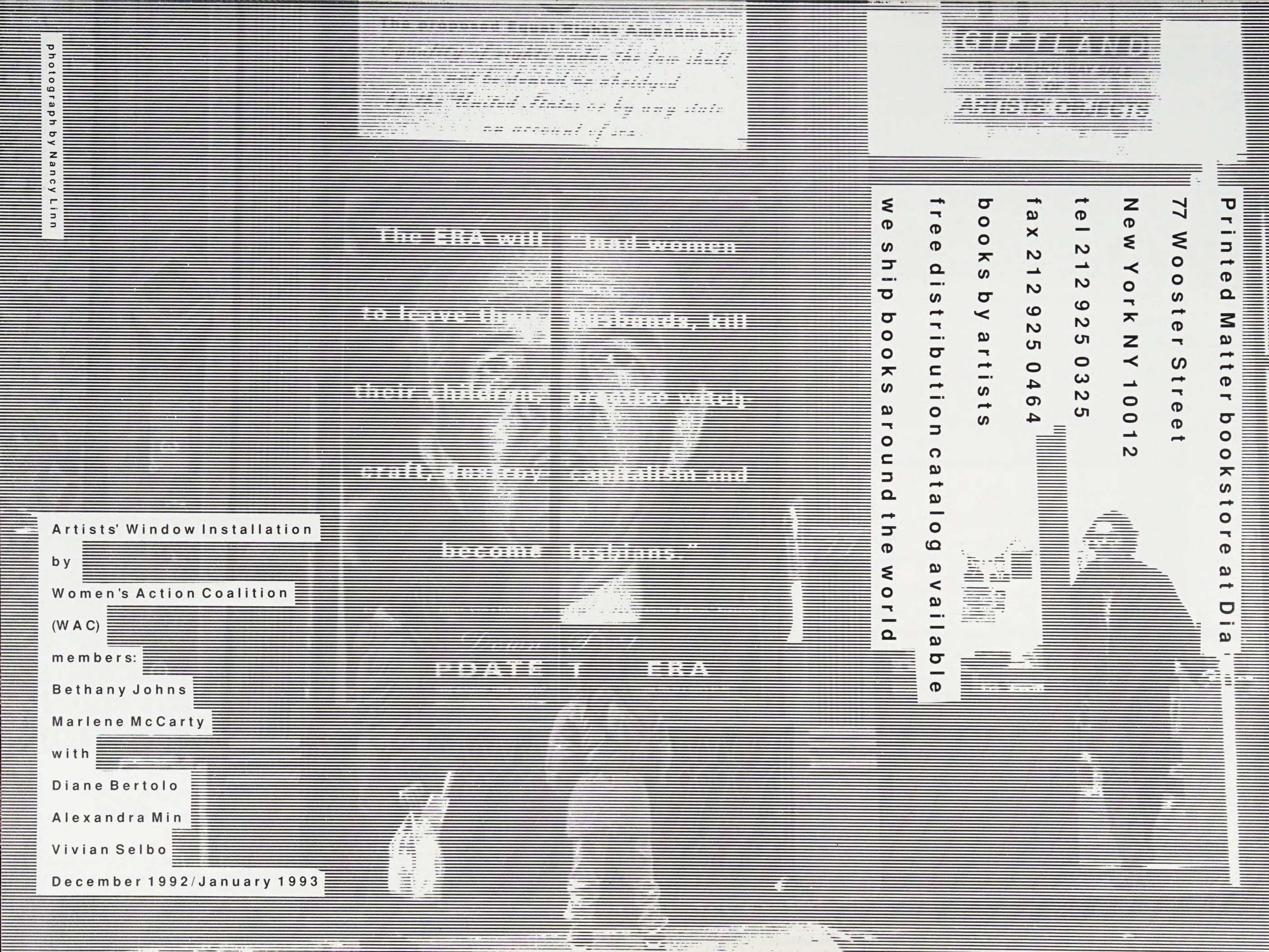

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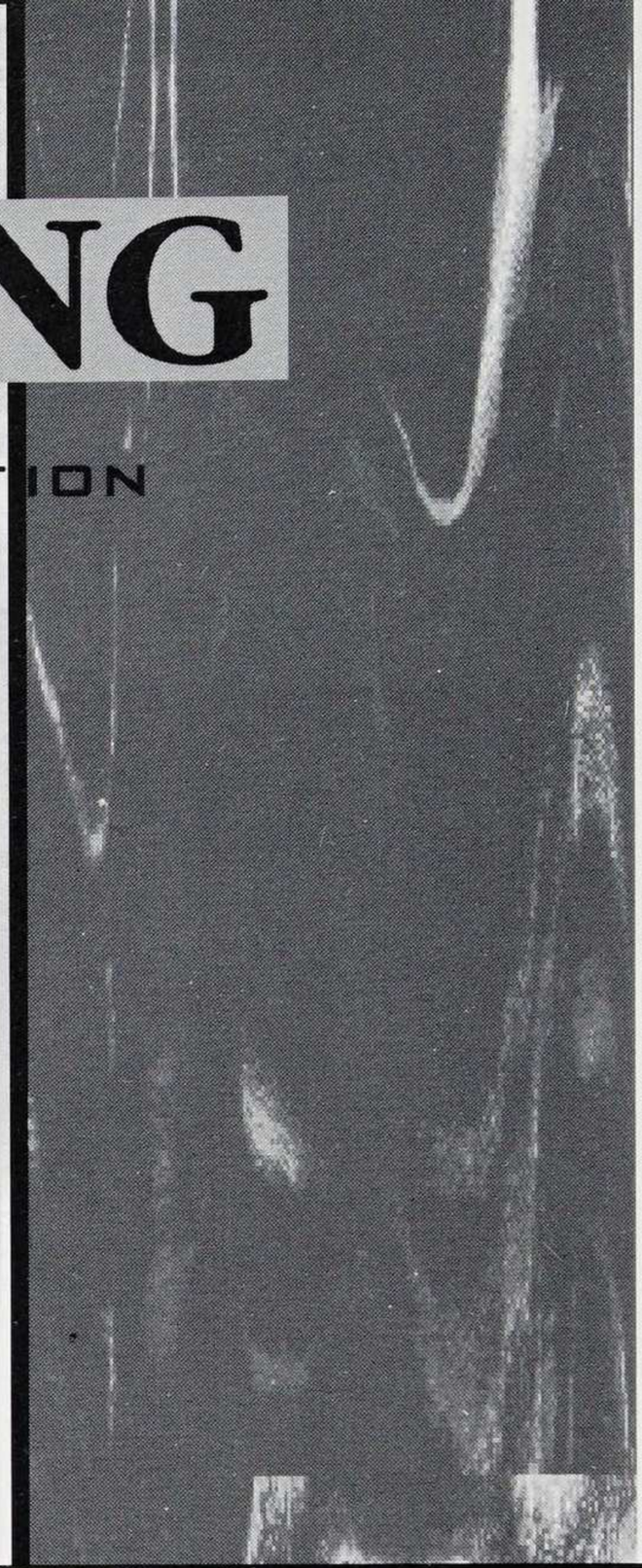

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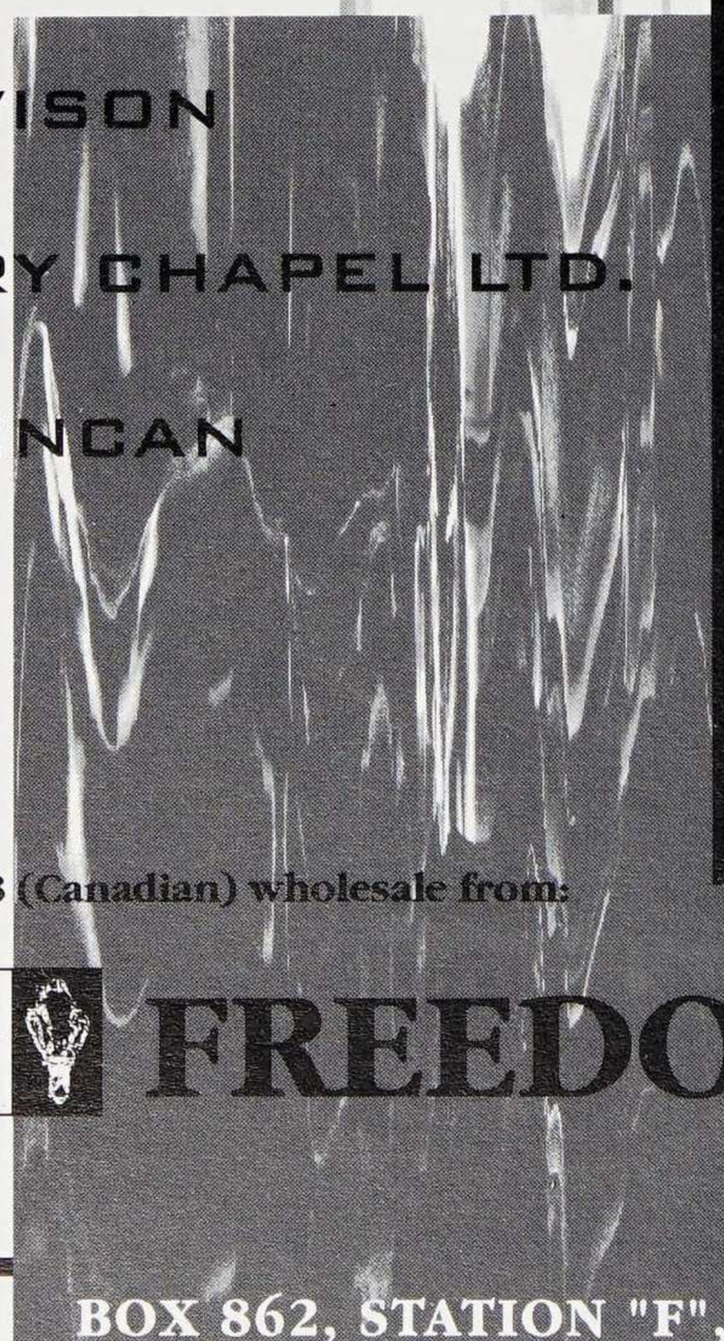

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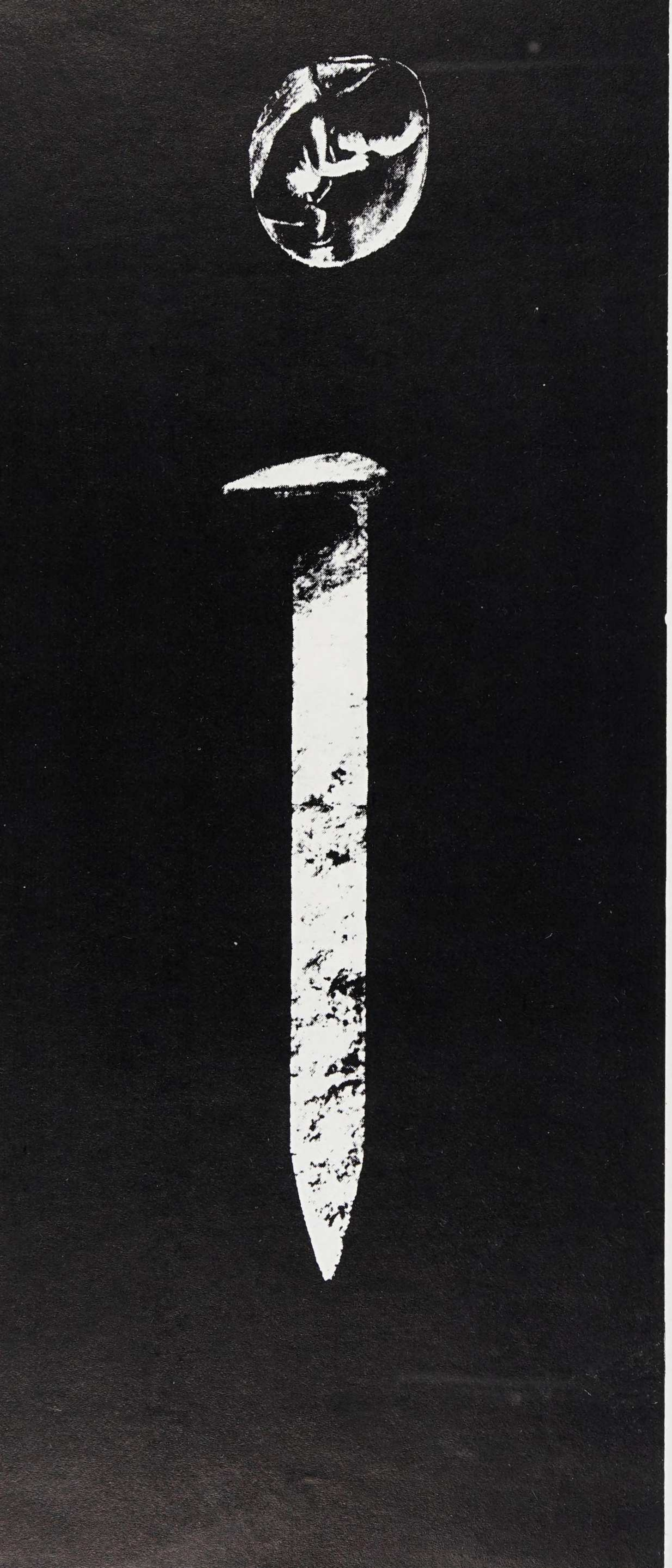

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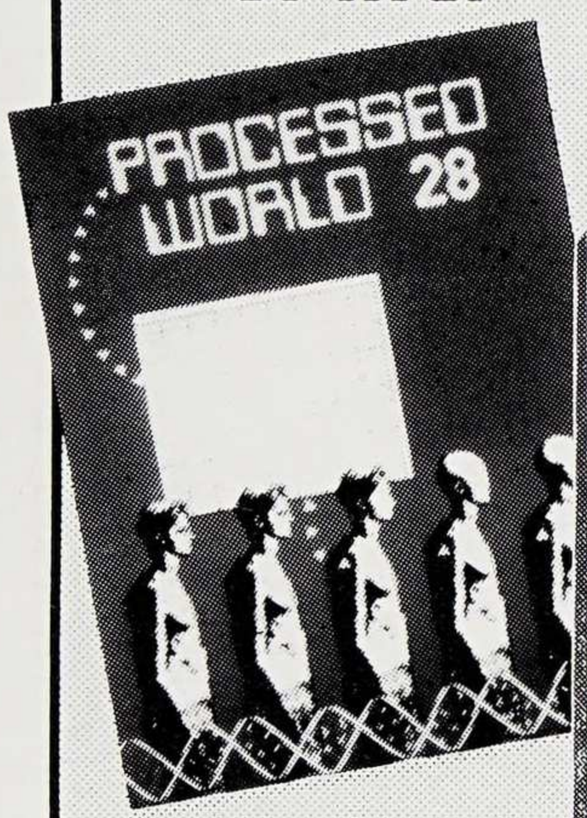

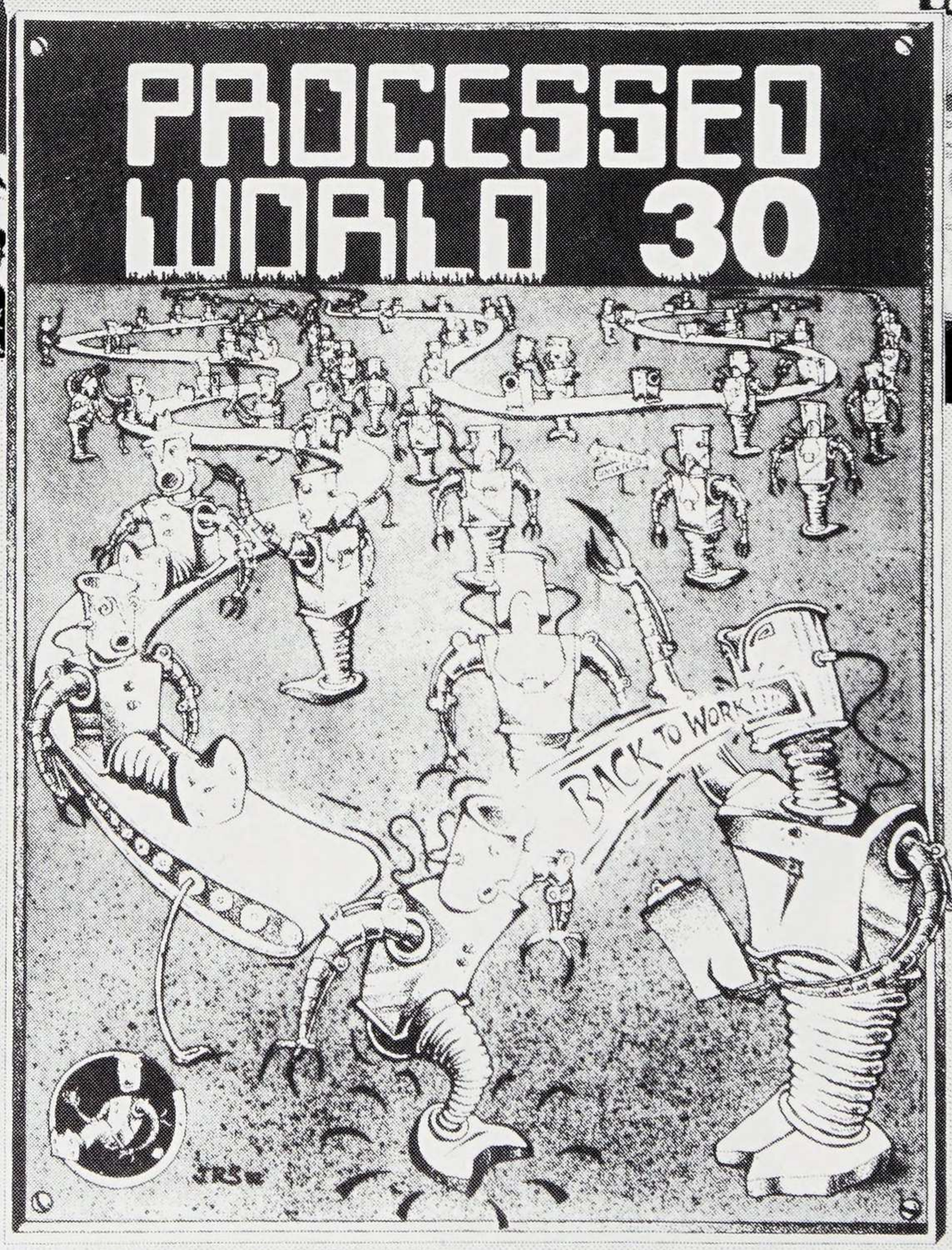

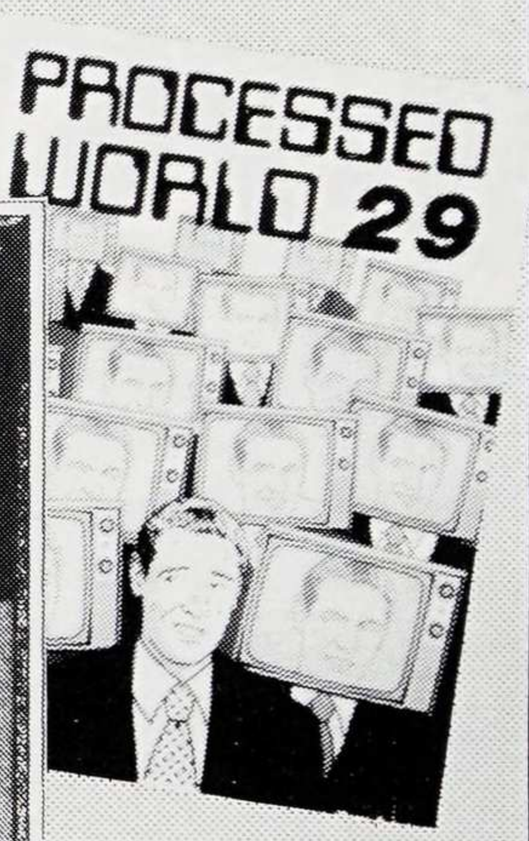

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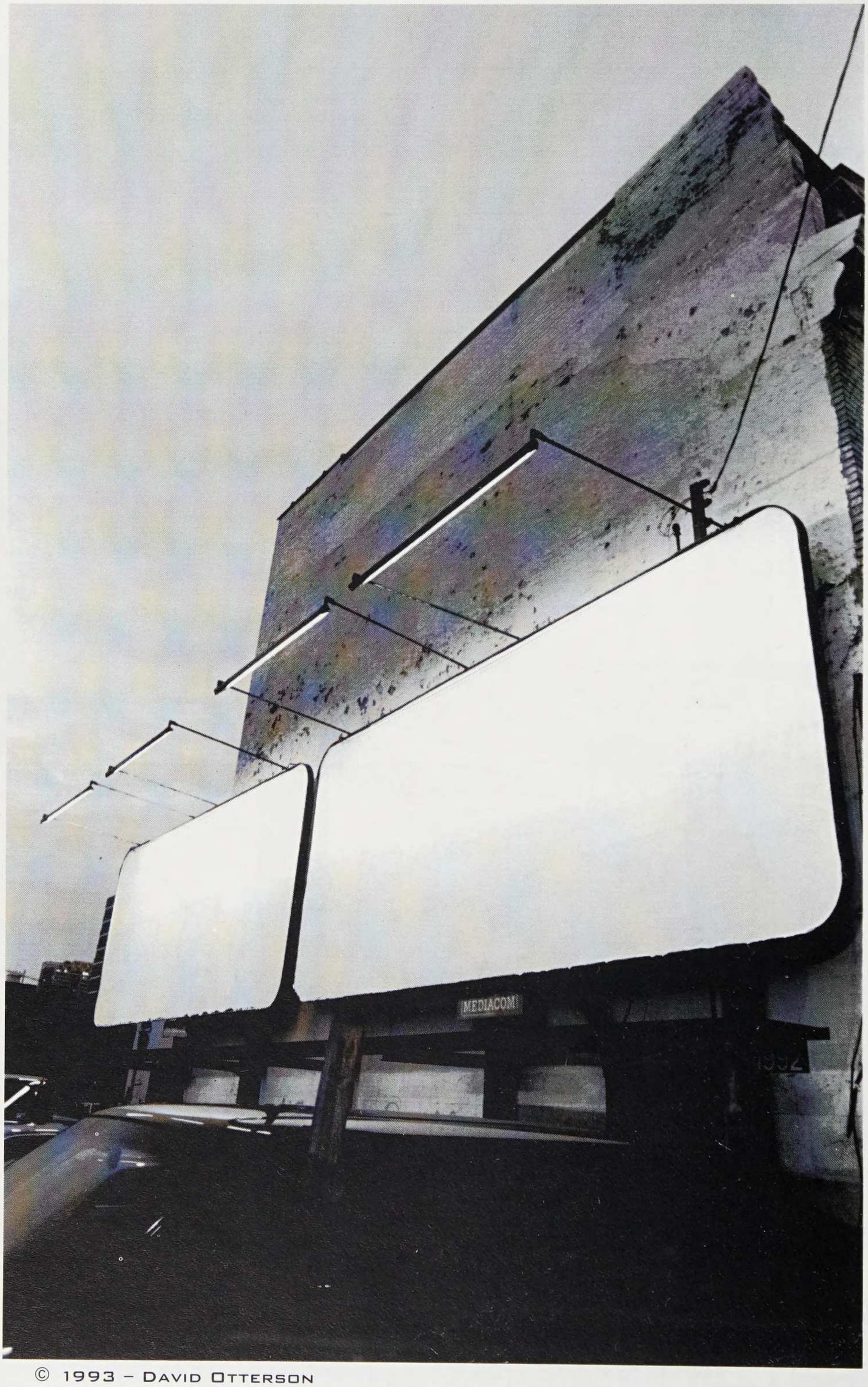

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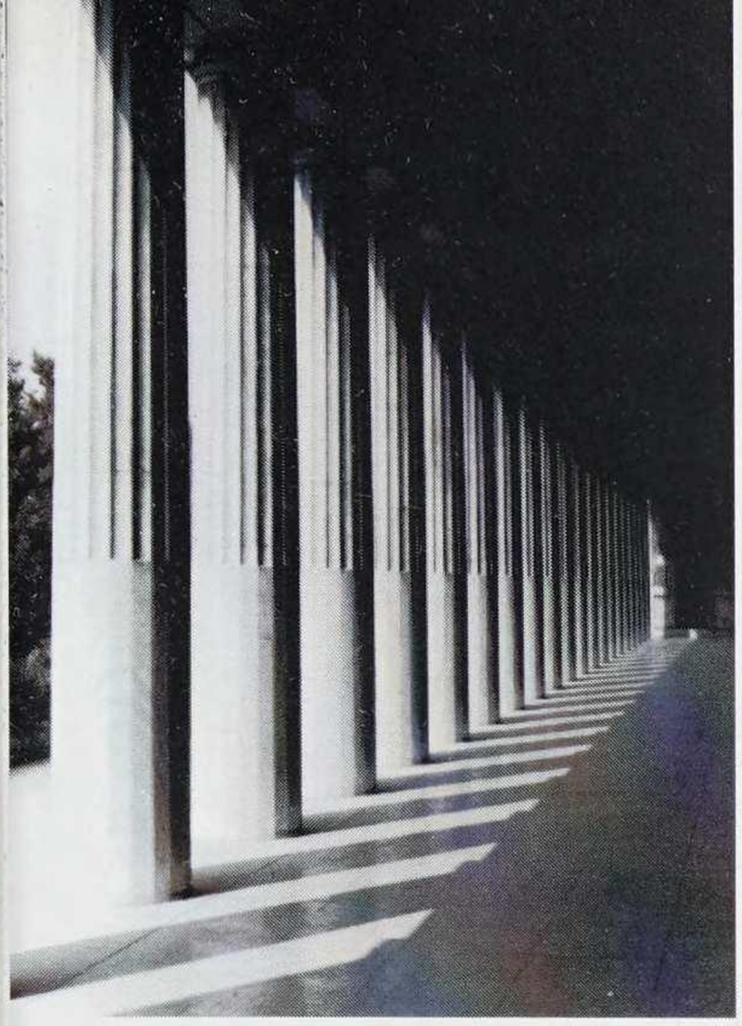

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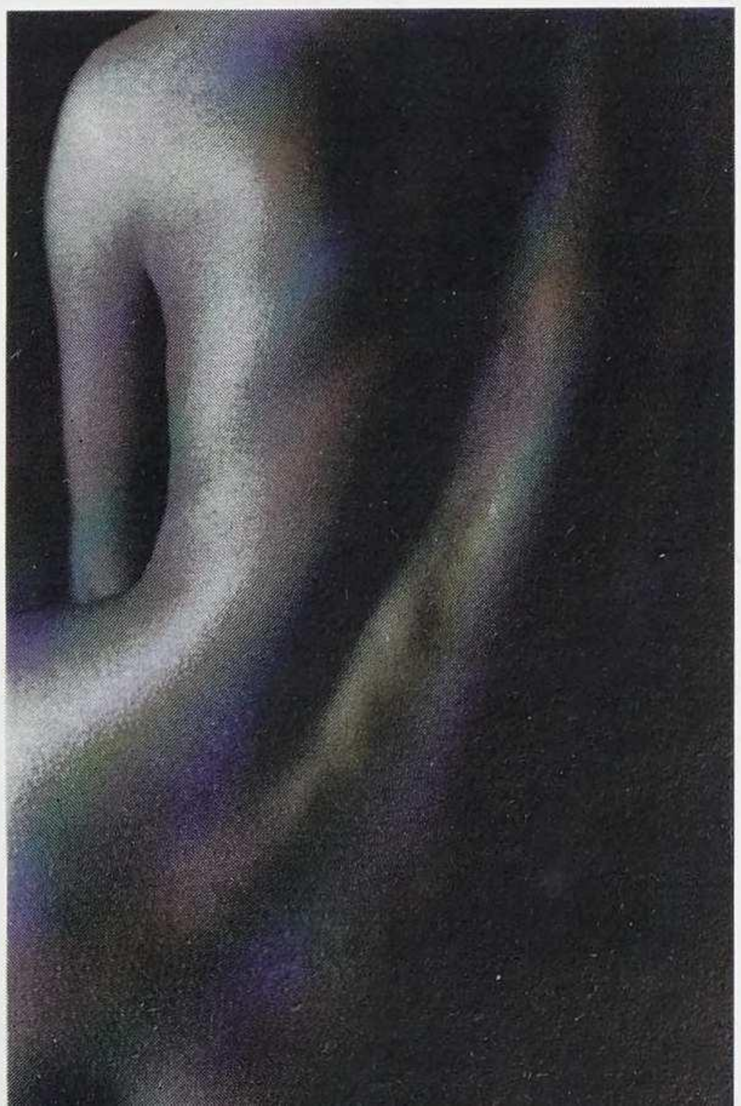

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EDITORIAL POST-SCRIPT

When Thought Is Criminalized In Canada.

While this book was at the printer's in pre-production, a serious act of censorship was executed by a Canadian police force. Acting under the auspices of recent federal "child porn" legislation, the Morality Bureau of the Metropolitan Toronto Police seized a number of paintings and drawings by a young artist from Mercer Union, a prominent gallery where the art was on exhibit to the public. The police subsequently pressed criminal charges against the artist and the exhibition space's paid employee, while contemplating charges against the gallery's volunteer board of directors. Bill C-128, the legislation authorizing the charges, has now been used as its critics warned it would be, to deem artistic expression a criminal matter worthy of police action. Civil Rights are no longer treated as a measure of the health of our democracy, but as privileges that are readily revoked

C-128 follows other child-porn legislation already in effect to prevent the abuse that occurs in the making of child porn. Legislation allowing censorship ascribes to behaviouristic theories which contend that information such as porn "causes" anti-social behaviour – a "Monkey-see, Monkey-do" effect uncomplicated by factors in the socio-economic environment. This decontextualized notion of "contaminated thought" simplifies the process of placing blame; it also confuses the issues at hand for prevention. Denial, identifying a villain such as "Smut," and criminalizing information remains a politically expedient yet demonstrably inadequate response to perceived social ills such as child-porn. These responses need to be critically challenged. The pro-censorship approach of the child-porn law emphasizes silence. It emphasizes visible targets from *without*, rather than examining social behaviour *within* society, in our attitudes regarding how abuse occurs, how it is perpetuated, and how to work towards solutions. Rather than inquire into the causal factors of abuse, censorship focuses on a criminal and a charge – "sick individuals" rather than the possibility of systemic social problems.

The fervor to identify and punish persons connected in any way to "child porn" should be seen in perspective if we are to assess the merits of the law at hand. Child abuse, like wife-assault, has been a taboo topic in our society, discussion of it has been aggressively suppressed within the home and within society at large, including the legal system. Only in the past few decades has the taboo against speaking about abuse been broken, challenged by the Women's movement – by abuse survivors and their supporters – who refused to be silenced any longer. And still, despite the perception that Canadian society condemns child-abuse, some adults who have had recollections of their own abuse as children have been denounced by some as having "false memory syndrome". Resistance to the reality of abuse persists in the face of terrible implications of facing abuse and abusers.

The "discovery" of wide-spread Child abuse prompted the formation of a Federal Commission to investigate the extent of the abuse in Canadian society, and the relative ability or inability of the laws at that time to address the problem. A surprised and outraged Committee reported back to Parliament. It's report described child-abuse as being of "epidemic proportion," conveying a sense of unawareness, that the nation had been caught by surprise. Abuse "appeared" in our homes full-blown, as if overnight (see "The Badgeley Report on Sexual Offences Against Children" in Schlesinger, ed., Sexual Abuse of Children in the 1980's (Univ. of Toronto Press: 1986) 83.**). The Committee was quick to recommend Criminal penalties for abusers as the key response. Critics of the Report and the recommendations issued to Parliament include John Lowman, who has observed how in the past, resort to the criminal law has conspicuously ignored what are now glaring concerns for those truly interested in finding solutions that address the roots of child abuse:**

> *because of the attention devoted to revisions of the Criminal Code, a range of other issues are either dealt with summarily (e.g. educational and social programs) or neglected altogether. In so doing the Committee generally ignores the conditions which precipitate sexual offences against children and individualizes the social response to the problem by focusing on the offender almost exclusively as a legal subject...*
>
> *...although the current law is clearly deficient in the way it protects children, one must surely wonder why sexual abuse is as widespread as it is. Is it really a reflection of inadequate law or are the inadequacies of the law a reflection of more deeply seated problems?*
>
> *One of the main findings emerging from the Committee's research was that a large proportion of offences against children occurred in the home, and that many offenders were closely related to the victim.*

"Child Saving, Legal Panaceas, and the Individualization of Family Prolbems: Some Comments on the Findings and Recommendations of the Badgeley Report" (1985), 4 Can. J. of Family Law 508;

If the concern demonstrated through such a law is to be sincerely followed through, then in our pursuit of a solution to child abuse we have a duty to ask dangerous questions, to engage in "taboo" discussions - *not* to ban "dangerous" ideas and images as the government has chosen to do.

Mutual, societal censorship permitted "epidemic" levels of child-abuse to be socially invisible.

This illustrates that censorship and resistance to confronting the roots of abuse within Canadian homes has hampered effective response to the abuse. The entrenched patterns that surround the sexual abuse of children pre-date "child porn" and are to be found in "unthinkable," taboo areas such as the traditional power-relations between family members.

If the concern demonstrated through such a law is to be sincerely followed through, then in our pursuit of a solution to child abuse we have a duty to ask dangerous questions, to engage in "taboo" discussions - not to ban "dangerous" ideas and images as the government has chosen to do. Censorship creates invisibility, with negative influences that extend beyond the banned art, writing, or movies. Censorship fosters an atmosphere of avoidance, a kind of blindness – recall that mutual, societal censorship permitted "epidemic" levels of child-abuse to be socially invisible. How long would it have remained a non-issue had the silence and the resistance not been broken down and the reality of abuse dragged into the light, in awful detail?

When discussion is suppressed, wrongs may not be identified, named or questioned. Dialogue serves the pursuit of solutions, such as education, counselling and therapy for the abused and for the abuser, within the families where abuse so often occurs. Censorship threatens these options to a "penal solution," especially when the legislation predictably lends itself to "reckless" use by law-enforcement organizations.

Beyond the inappropriateness and inadequacy of a Criminal law solution that is concerned with delivering a penalty above all else, what business do the police and the courts have assessing art in our society? This is avoided in-principle in other areas of law, such as copyright:

> *It would be a dangerous undertaking for persons trained only to the law to constitute themselves final judges of the worth of pictorial illustrations, outside of the narrowest and most obvious limits.*
>
> (Bleistein v. Donaldson Lithographing Co., 188 U.S. 239, 251-52 (1903)).

The stigma of criminal charges is not viewed lightly in our society. Canadian courts have spoken of this stigma as being so severe that the state is required to prove a person's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt before a citizen's freedom can be justly interfered with because of criminal charges (a principle set-out in the authoritative Canadian case, R. v. Oakes (1986), 24 C.C.C. (3d) 321 (SCC)). The potential penalties are severe, including extended terms of imprisonment. For obvious reasons criminal charges are considered to be amongst the State's most invasive powers of law.

In the present legislation, the Federal Government of Canada declined its customary responsibility to prove that harm results from the information (in this case it is art) targeted under the law. The legislation contains what is known as a "Reverse Onus" whereby a burden is automatically placed on the accused to disprove any allegations made in the charges. This means that charges can be and have been laid without a causal connection being shown to exist between the art that is targeted and some alleged criminal harm. In fact, there needn't be any identifiable harm to anyone to justify such charges. The crime is in the painting, in the independent act of expression. There is no burden on the state to demonstrate anything other than that the information exists. This is how thought has been declared criminal in Canada.

We must ask ourselves, how can this be reasonable in our society? Criminal penalties have not been used to silence numerous forms of speech accused of being dangerous within our society at some time. We routinely produce, communicate and seek-out countless images of sensationalized sex, glorified brutality and crime - such "entertainment" is a major factor in daily life, free from legal seizure despite vocal detractors. Why does free speech prevail for one and not the other? We must ask for justification of how the crime warrants the penalty - but to obtain this explanation the legal system must first find a *just* answer, not merely a legal answer, to justify the severe precedent of criminalizing communication.

The laying of criminal charges with a reverse burden of proof upon the accused, a visual artist along with persons affiliated with the exhibition space, is a reckless resort to laws that are dangerously invasive. When the charge is pornography, the law has included in it an artistic defence, otherwise referred to as the "Internal Necessities test" (see the current Supreme Court pronouncement of the law applicable to pornography: R. v. Butler 89 D.L.R. (4th) 449, at 468). This statement reiterates the court's recognition of and commitment to upholding the role of art and the rights of artists to pursue and foster broad-based, controversial lines of inquiry within Canadian society. In the face of this recognition these charges are repugnant. We have reason for concern and reason to organize in protest against this rolling-back of free-speech and the scape-goating of artistic expression. These tactics are likely to detract attention away from systemic problems, and may silence further efforts to confront the pervasive roots of child-abuse in our society. In the process, they conveniently stifle broader debate well beyond the arts community. This erosion of democratic rights must be resisted as being misdirected, inadequate and unjust.

JM - Editor
SFC

Additional statements from other organizations follow on the next pages.

CARO

CANADIAN ARTISTS' REPRESENTATION ONTARIO

Media Release:

December 21, 1993
Re: Seizure of Eli Langer Art Works
Contact: Garry Conway

On December 16th, 5 paintings and 35 drawings were confiscated by the Morality Bureau of the Metropolitan Toronto Police. Charges are currently being laid related to the seizure of the art works, for Production, Exhibition and Possession.

In our view the seizure of these art works strikes at the very heart of freedom of expression. The intervention of the police is completely inappropriate and stops any meaningful public discussion and debate about sexuality and power relationships.

Art often challenges notions of acceptability and, through discussion, promotes awareness and education. For any society to evolve there must be public forums to present difficult topics. This is an important function of an art gallery. Art galleries have a process for determining artistic merit and deciding on art work that is exhibited to the public. Clearly, judging "artistic merit" is not in the jurisdiction of the police.

In consultation with CARO, Eli Langer has stated that the art works were purely imaginative and that no models were used. From the police action it would appear that control of the imagination falls within the realm of the law. CARO is in support of Eli Langer and the exhibiting gallery, Mercer Union.

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Canadian Conference of the Arts

Conférence canadienne des arts

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C.P., C.C., C.M.M., C.D., C.R.
Gouverneur Général du Canada

Présidente
Simone Auger

Directeur général
Keith Kelly

21 December 1993

CANADIAN CONFERENCE OF THE ARTS DENOUNCES MERCER UNION CHARGES

The Canadian Conference of the Arts has issued a statement by National Director, Keith Kelly, regarding the seizure of works and the subsequent pressing of criminal charges resulting from an exhibition of art work at Mercer Union Gallery in Toronto :

" The Canadian Conference of the Arts joins with the Canadian artistic community in denouncing the use of the child pornography legislation to seize artwork and to press criminal charges against a recognized professional artist and art gallery.

When the child pornography bill was tabled in the House of Commons last Spring, the CCA expressed fears that the legislation was crafted so broadly that it could be used by local police authorities to inhibit artistic freedom. The charges laid as a result of the Mercer Union exhibition indicate that these fears were well founded.

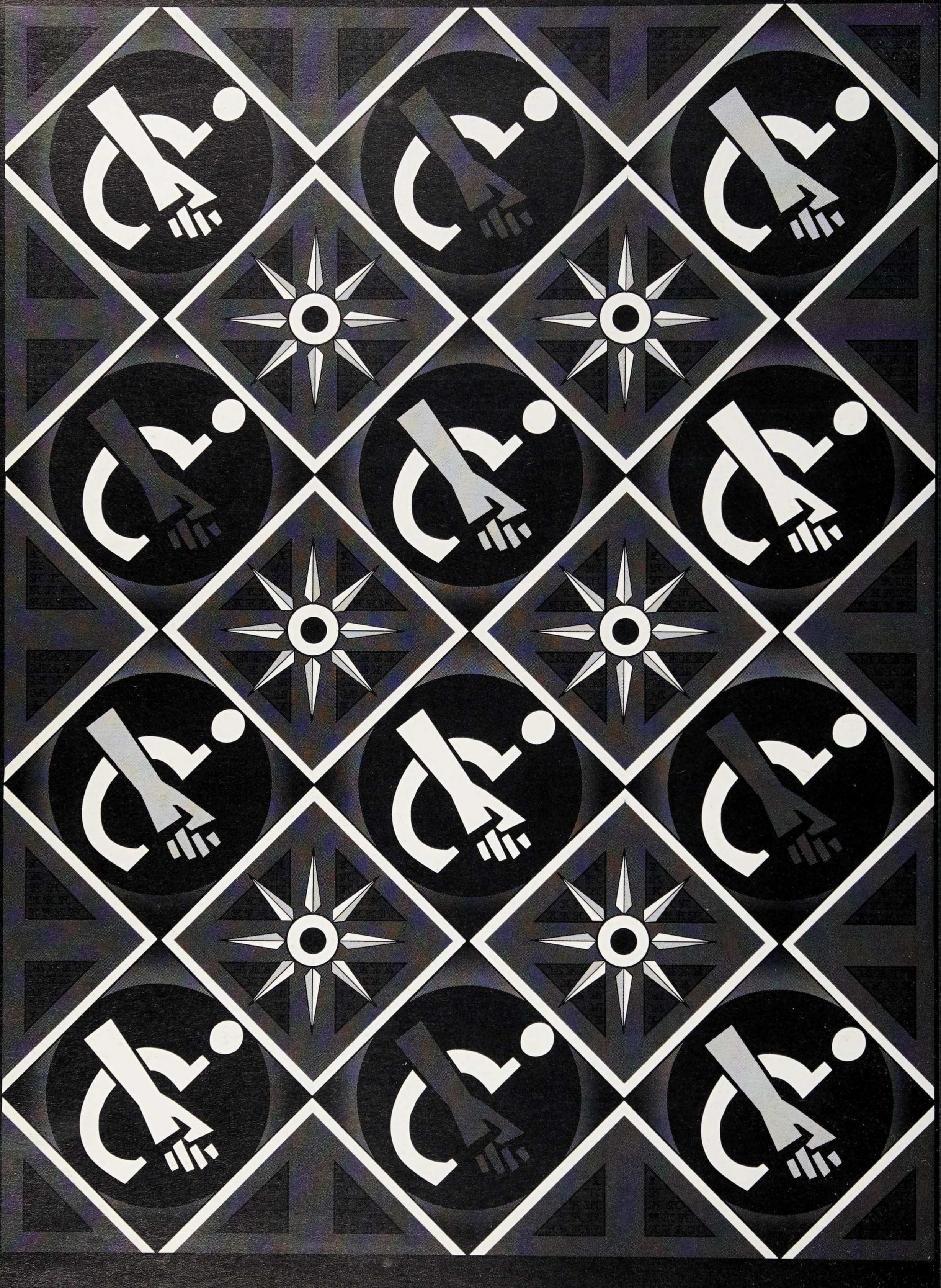
The legislation provides for an exception for works of educational and scientific value and artistic merit. In this case, and in any such future case, the burden of proof of artistic merit rests with the artist and art gallery and will require a lengthy and costly legal process. The CCA feels that the exception for artistic merit should be a pre-emptive consideration in situations where the professional stature of the artist and the presenting organization are already established.

The CCA fully supports legislation that prevents the exploitation of children. The Board of Governors of the CCA has identified the pursuit of freedom of expression as a matter of the highest priority for our organization. The use of the child pornography legislation to inhibit the work of artists, galleries and presenters is unacceptable in a democratic society."

The CCA calls upon the new federal government to revisit this legislation at the earliest possible moment to ensure that an effective pre-emptive exemption for professional artists is added to the law. With such an exemption in place it will be less likely that situations similar to Mercer Union will be repeated.

For More Information Contact:

Keith Kelly
National Director
(613) 238-3561
(613) 238-4849 (fax)



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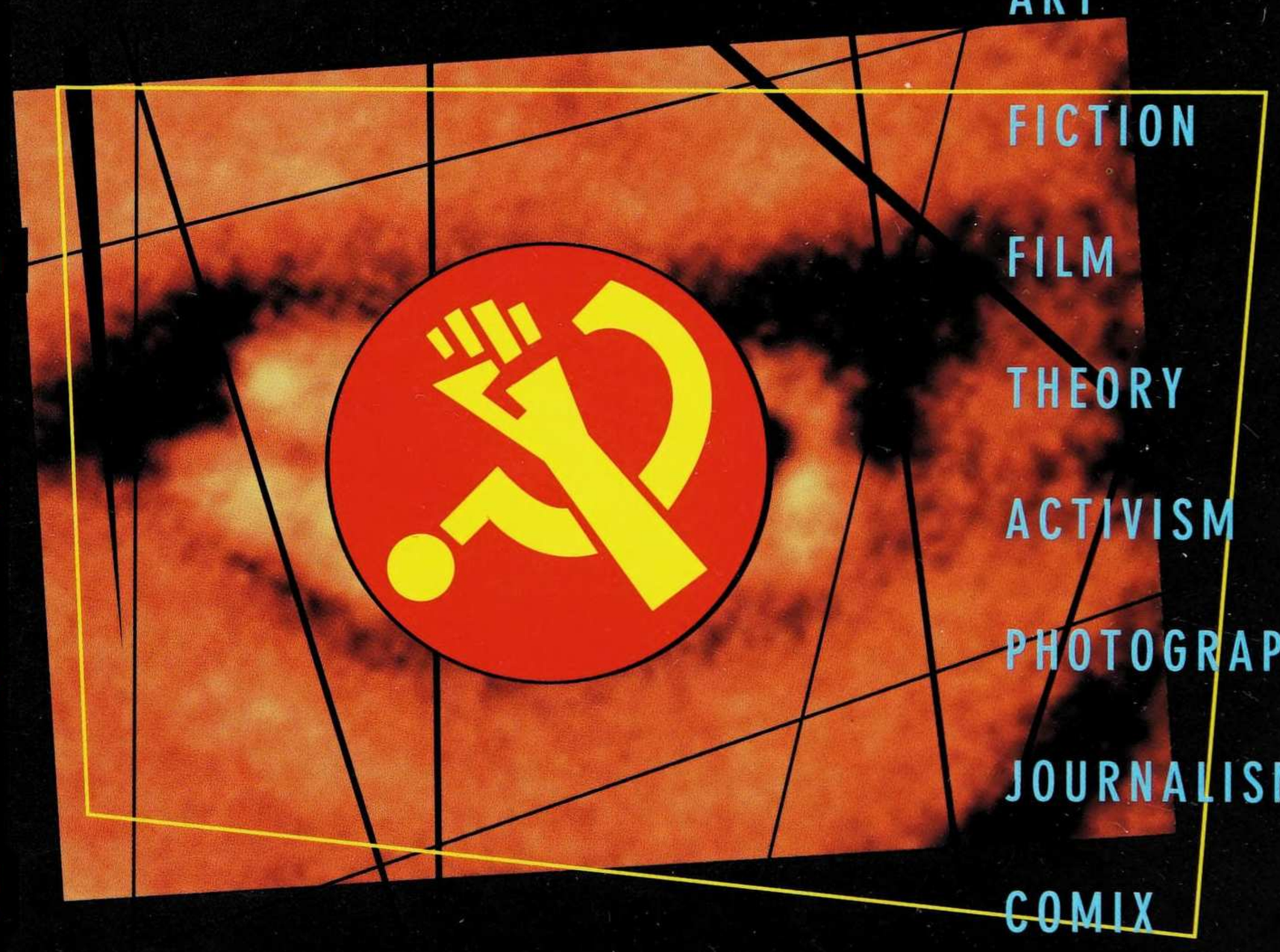

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