<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X-Change</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mussolini’s Gift to Toronto</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Terrance McCubbin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dennis Oppenheim: On Audience</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interview with Ihor Holobitsky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Electric Gallery Curator</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazer Distortions by Doug J. Back</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Review of The Amazing X: Dana Atchley</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Review of V. Teder’s Cinema by S. Younger</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photo by S. Younger</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems by A. Enright</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems by T. Plantos</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem by T. McNeely</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photos by G. Whiteside</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Arteau: Tattoo Messiah</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Review of Mark Prent by The President</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Rampike is a quarterly magazine featuring the various arts. Edited by Karl Edward Jirgens. Submissions are encouraged. Please accompany all pieces with S.A.S.E. (Material will be returned only upon request.) For further information call or write: 95 Rivercrest Rd. Toronto, Ontario M6S 4H7. Canada (area code 416) 769-7977. Rampike is funded partly by private sources and partly by students at the Ontario College of Art. All material printed is protected under law by copyright. The Editor would like to thank the Ontario Arts Council for past assistance to him. This helped create the opportunity of time to plan and develop Rampike magazine.

The theme for the next issue of Rampike will be 'Wood' (and any of its manifestations). The theme following that will be 'Electricity'.

plants
utilize
sun
earth
water
photosynthesize
evolution
would be denied
without death
decay
would reign
lodgepole pinecones
do not release seeds
till temperatures exceed
120 degrees fahrenheit
the forest
is cool
green
fire
sparks spontaneously
kills
dies
rising
from the fertile ash
hidden
in the shadows of the rampikes
seedlings
sprout

k. jirgens
work on my art. no more commercial hand to mouth garbage. too much wetness. i lit a marlboro. i can't be honest anymore. there are too many vacation since they arrived here in the land of the brave and the home of people who would get hurt. i smile. make silly jokes. call people i don't paint. paintings are driving me crazy. my main object now is merely to finish the window casings at gale force. i wrap a blanket around my knees. my father took the scotch with him to the plane. they were drinking it in the drinking scotch while writing you this letter. more cognac. (there was a pressure. deadlines have always made me rebel. it must be some layed)

pavlovian response to the only young and potent male surrounded by a tank. blitzkrieging the steps, we attack jfk airport with suitcases and them. then no more commissions for a while. its all too inhibiting. i'll just give a damn about

terry, i know you stole my socks. you left your stinking stiff mismatched thin and holey hose for me. for me? you shouldn't have. when i returned to manhattan i found that the bathroom ceiling had collapsed, ripping the sink off the wall, the towel rack, busting the globe around the light. wet stains and orange drops. i'm drinking gin and tonic. the old man took the scotch when he left for puerto rico. for some reason i'd rather be drinking scotch while writing you this letter. more cognac. (there was a bar of soap in the sink. the water dripped on it slowly leaving deltas of soft fatty effluvium along the porcelain to the drain). i thought it would be warmer here. in my apartment on west 82 st. near Riverside dr. the wind swoops across the hudson whistles up the street and streams in around the window casings at gale force. i wrap a blanket around my knees. my paintings are driving me crazy. my main object now is merely to finish them. then no more commissions for a while. its all too inhibiting. i'll just work on my art. no more commercial hand to mouth garbage. too much pressure. deadlines have always made me rebel. it must be some layed over adolescent anti-authoritarian syndrome. i never seem to be able to get to work on time. perhaps this all needs more eroticism. hard and soft. wet ness. i lit a marlboro. i can't be honest anymore. there are too many people who would get hurt. i smile. make silly jokes. call people i don't give a damn about 'honey'. and on and on. so happy i'm not starving. her father took the scotch with him to the plane. they were drinking it in the car. leonid even had to stop and check at the shop. the women chattered beside me in the front seat of the old cadillac. the machine rides like a tank. blitzkriegering the steps, we attack jfk airport with suitcases and hilarity. i am caught up in the spirit though i can't understand what they're saying to each other. i find my hand shaking merry christmas, happy hanukah, leonid etta marina archion, have a happy new year, have a happy new year, have a good time, don't burn. going for their first vacation since they arrived here in the land of the brave and the home of the free. refugees, dissident writers from the ussr. off to the tropical sun. i drive out of the airport to get lost on the dull parkway. going by way of brooklyn to get back to queen's where masha and her friends are drinking gin and tonics and eating cheesecake. hard girls speaking in secret code. putting on make-up and trading clothes. going out for excitement. usually i would fantasize them all being taken over by female heat, the wetness in their panties veering in on me, masha discarding her possessiveness, flinging off her clothes, all of them coming at me. tonight i'm not even in the mood for this little dream. it just comes to mind as a pavlovian response to the only young and potent male surrounded by a bunch of young women heading out on a friday night. i'm glad when they are gone. they left behind the gin. i reach for my cigarette. score the match across the back. inhale. open my book. science fiction. einstein and irrationality.

monodicotyledenous leaves rustle beside me on the path down the hill. moonlight. the silver girdling of the stream. at different steps, echoes sound across the wooden bridge. dew darkens the leather of my boots in the climb up over the side of the valley. the leaves don't have to be mono-dicotyledenous. but she, she was there. there is no guarantee. the river. the flow. the smile. the caress. the success. there is no guarantee. i nail a peg into the great god of law. i shall burn/i am burning.

(criptyledenous) (mono)

the girl screaming at the old lady, the noise in the pipes. the culp of the big scar. forsake it all. go. find freedom. so soft and flaccid. the fat rolling in from beer after beer. weeks. years of sedentary labour. i need to be strong. the necessity of one's own nihilism. man of strength. rising in vengeful wrath to topple the throne. the clack of the typing machine far-aways the meaning. put down. the paper curls out unnoticed. unreed. unimportant. pain which i choose to have at times. accidents. random. errors, must be anachronistically INSTIGATED oh, you know; pictures from outer space and those glass fibres that they slide into the body they take pictures with?

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Mussolini’s Gift To Toronto

**MESSAGE TO THE CITY OF TORONTO**

"ROMULUS AND REMUS, FIRST KING OF ROME, AND HIS TWIN BROTHER REMUS, WHO, SO THE LEGEND RELATES, WERE PLACED IN A TROUGH AND CAST INTO THE TIBER, BUT WERE MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED, BEING GROUNDED IN THE MARSHES WHERE ROME AFTERWARDS STOOD, UNDER THE WILD FIG TREE WHICH WAS STILL HOLY IN LATER DAYS.

MAY THIS SYMBOL WHICH ORIGINATED FROM THE FAMOUS LEGEND OF ROMULUS AND REMUS, SERVE AS A REMINISCENCE TO THE CITIZENS OF TORONTO THAT THE SPIRIT OF ROME IS FOREVER PRESENT AMONG THEM AND THAT SHE IS ASKINGLY AND SYMPATHETICALLY WATCHING THEIR CONTINUED EFFORTS TOWARDS THE ATTAINMENT OF THEIR FULLEST INDUSTRIAL AND CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT."

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF ROME

PRINCE FRANCESCO BONCOMPAGNI LUDOVISI

Remus Where Are You?

Last summer my father mentioned to me that Benito Mussolini once gave a statue of Romulus and Remus to the city of Toronto. He knew of this gift because he had worked thirty years for the city of Toronto. According to him, the legendary twins had been quietly banished to some dark corner.

How or why the subject arose I can’t remember. This item of conversation stood like a non-sequitur inviting me to tie it into a system as exhaustive as my father’s labyrinthine memory. It seemed that the symbolic gift of the mythical founders of Rome must have some profound significance, so I decided to hunt up Romulus and Remus, if they were still around.

I hoped that my vague obsession with the image of the famous foundlings would reveal itself against the silhouette of twentieth century Toronto.

I went to the Old City Hall because it seemed likely that that would be where the city storage space would be. No doubt the statue was in a dusty attic covered with a tarpaulin and marked with an old practically illegible yellow tag. I told an old man in a uniform of what I was looking for. He looked like a veteran, ‘all we have here is courtrooms’ he said, I should have known. He suggested that I try New City Hall.

A receptionist with a superb red beehive hairdo told me to try the archives department in the basement. Downstairs it wasn’t nearly as cramped or dimly lit as I wanted. No arcane wanderings. No cobwebs. To one end of the basement stood a heavy fire door that looked like it led nowhere. If it wasn’t for the plastic black and white lettered sign ‘Archives’ you’d think boiler room or cleaning supplies. I walked in.

A few people were sitting around heavy tables perusing mammoth catalogues of maps, surveys, by-laws, ordinances, files of all kinds, either huge or numerous. I wondered if any of them were looking for forgotten art treasures. A thin young man with a corona of red hair and excessively gentle manners asked me what I was looking for, so I told him. He registered interest.

‘I’ll see what there is in the city minutes, Tony Reese is who you want to see, he’ll be back shortly ... you said about 1935 didn’t you?’

‘Yes, I think it would be around then.’

Moved by...

"That this Council desire to gratefully accept, and to extend its formal thanks and appreciation for, the magnificent bronze statue of the Capitoline She-Wolf presented by Prince Francesco Boncompagni Ludovisi, Governor of Rome, to the City of Toronto upon the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of this City as a symbol of the spirit of Rome, as an international gesture of good-will and of the lasting affection which the citizens of Rome have towards the citizens of Toronto.

This splendid example of the fine arts, vividly portrays the legendary history of the divine founders of Rome, Romulus, First King of Rome, and his twin brother Remus, who, so the legend relates, were placed in a trough and cast into the Tiber, but were miraculously preserved, being grounded in the marshes where Rome afterwards stood, under the wild fig tree which was still holy in later days.

The babes were saved from imminent death by a she-wolf who suckled them and they were fostered by the wife of a shepherd of the hills. They followed in quick succession their acknowledgment, the restoration of the ancient Alban King and the founding of the square City of the Palatine, and that the notice required by the 32nd Rule of this Council be dispensed with so far as relates to this motion."
That night I went over to a friend's place and reported everything that had happened.

Toronto by II Duce in 1934—what of it? But it was too late to stop. The search had to be completed.

Tony and tell him when I'd be back for the photographs. In the weeks that followed I was reading forty-five year old Toronto City Council Minutes. Red-hair asked if I was interested in the statue's artistic merit or lack of it. I didn't know what to tell him, but I felt better keeping the whole thing mysterious. Tony Reese walked in carrying some files. His arms and legs were amazingly long. It must have been five feet from his knee-cap to his hip. Red-hair had already explained to Tony what it was I was looking for. 'I see that it was Toronto's centennial in 1934. That's the reason .. .'

When I suggested to Tony that the bestial aspect of the statue had promoted its disappearance; as far as this sculpture is concerned, any sexual union between man and beast is pretty oblique. If that's sex, then so is eating Hamburbers.'

'You mean this thing was actually on display in public for a while?'

I replied. A lame explanation, cryptic to say the least. I nearly said, I'm writing for an art magazine,' but I felt better keeping the whole thing mysterious. Tony Reese walked in carrying some files. His arms and legs were amazingly long. It must have been five feet from his knee-cap to his hip. Red-hair had already explained to Tony what it was I was looking for. Tony wandered over to the table and glanced at the minutes.

'The Mayor in the chair .. .'

I was reading forty-five year old Toronto City Council Minutes. Red-hair asked if I was interested in the statue's artistic merit or lack of it. I didn't know what to tell him, 'I thought it might be interesting to try to find the thing;'

I replied. A lame explanation, cryptic to say the least. I nearly said, 'I'm writing for an art magazine,' but I felt better keeping the whole thing mysterious. Tony Reese walked in carrying some files. His arms and legs were amazingly long. It must have been five feet from his knee-cap to his hip. Red-hair had already explained to Tony what it was I was looking for. Tony wandered over to the table and glanced at the minutes.

'I see that it was Toronto's centennial in 1934. That's the reason .. .'

When I suggested to Tony that the bestial aspect of the statue had promoted its banishment from public view, Tony disagreed, 'I think that the political overtones of the thing are a more likely reason for its disappearance; as far as this sculpture is concerned, any sexual union between man and beast is pretty oblique. If that's sex, then so is eating Hamburbers.'

'You mean this thing was actually on display in public for a while?'

'Yes, for a few years anyway, it was in the council chambers. Did you know that Romulus and Remus were guilty of rape? They raped the Sabine women.'

I hadn't heard. When did Italy invade Ethiopia?'

'It must have been around nineteen thirty-six?'

'About thirty-six sounds right. Those oil sanctions didn't do a damn thing did they?'

'No.'

'I might be able to get you some more material, I doubt it though.'

He turned and left. Minutes later he returned and flopped a file on the table in front of me. Inside was a communique from the Governor of Rome, Francesco Compagni Ludovisi. It was typed in Italian. In the left hand corner the figure of Romulus and Remus with the She-wolf was embossed in gold leaf. The letter was signed with a flourish by the Governor himself. He must have worn incredibly expensive suits.

Tony told me to call him before I came over to photograph the famous foundlings. He left me his card.

That night I went over to a friend's place and reported everything that had happened. As I talked he made little darting movements, predatory at the typewriter. Together we recorded the events of the search. The only thing that remained to do was to phone Tony and tell him when I'd be back for the photographs. In the weeks that followed I lost interest in the whole hair-brained idea. So, I find some busted up statue given to Toronto by Il Duce in 1934 — what of it? But it was too late to stop. The search had to be completed.
Dennis Oppenheim:

On Audience

I think it's a game of mental gymnastics. The aspirations are that, any range of work that seems to be initiated towards art as an esoteric kind of indulgence, should have the ability to address itself to larger (social) questions and issues. The hope is that by tuning myself even closer to how the artist functions within his particular methods of thinking; and knowing more about that, will actually serve this other need.

I think the problems occur when you alleviate the focus on probing these underlying aspects that make you work and give it to outside problems, for example, you aren't going to probe what you are doing today because you want to do a piece in a public park and they really don't have anything to do with each other, but, you're going to do that thing in the park, THEN you're going to come home and start thinking about the real problem, 'why are you doing this thing at all? what's the motive?' I think that the work that is trying to probe these questions is going to become richer because its going to find out what's below the surface and then it will be fully equipped to deal with the public park.

Our system is built up to where you make a minor kind of breakthrough, and, then, everyone is selling your work and you're travelling around, and, its very unnatural to suggest that you can do anything anywhere and at any time. It's ludicrous that art could be treated that way, I think we become very professional, almost like 'commercial' artists. It is a very seeking kind of engagement. It would seem to me that the best areas to really penetrate are those questions that we don't really understand, those that deal with the motive.

There's a paradox here, one is not unaware that these works do get exhibited, but, you don't really have to think about it while you're making them. I almost forgot about the camera when I was doing the earhpieces. Its just a hierarchy of where the energy goes. When the input is in one direction sometimes there's inflexibility. You just don't want to think about how its going to be communicated because you aren't doing it for the exhibition, you're doing it for some other reason.

This whole thing about audience ... I've never done a work and thought of the audience, once in the process its never thought of, never been impetus, its never been a condition to try to address. The act has a certain life of its own and if somebody sees it fine. Its in defiance to communication, because I realize that any body that's exhibited as much as I have, has to be into communicating, but its never been a lever in precipitating the work.

Then you get into those disparities between audience and what they're viewing because there is that admission that it (the work) is not totally internalised, its somewhat between me and you, its a little bit outside. I think that the abilities of an individual to use an art form didactically or inspirationally, intelligently delivering it to an audience in terms of credible input, translatable information, digestable substance, is really no big deal. I don't think that that would be a thing to work on. Its always commendable but I would say that it seems obvious to me that that kind of objective method of working, is limited between your kind of virtual furnace of energy and the limits at which it can be perceived. I would think that it would be more strenuous to consider a form of energy that probably is going to 'find its own point of delivery, in other words, don't condition it to a viewer, don't make it labour under those conditions, just see where it goes.

I remember in '69 when Acconci called me and said 'there's a performance at NYU in a theatre,' and we sat around trying to come to grips with the fact that we didn't want to do it in a theatre. That's too much focus, what if he feels like biting himself right now is he going to carry that inspiration to the theatre and then do it? There was something wrong about that, I finally said that I can't even deal with that focus with the stage and all of that and so he said 'I think there's something I can do' so what he did was he had a phone strung out onto the stage and he started walking towards the theatre, and every mile he'd phone the theatre and say 'I'm here on 115th Street' and then he'd walk and make another call and finally he'd get to the theatre. At that time it was ludicrous to try to condition this art that was really on compromise with those limits. Then it was just very difficult, now its an issue. I think this work is catalystic, about being a catalyst to other things, I don't think its about trying to put all the energy into one kind of station point and asking that that be the total indication of what (i'm) doing.

There were numerous performances that were done in that period someone would call up and say 'i'm going to do a performance it involves closing a window a thousand times, do you want to come over and see it.' One has to be suspicious of that too, the artist is closing the range / proximity in which his work is viewed, he's giving up a potential of delivering it to many individuals. Yet most of these performance works that I was involved with came from a period in which those limits did not want to be affected and that's why I say its a catalyst. I think this work is basically about influencing work.
Interview: Ihor Holobitsky

RP: I was interested in your customs problems in terms of moving kinetic sculptures across borders...

IH: Well, there was always a problem, but, one particular case involving Gunter Wesler's kinetic lions was particularly demanding, can I give you some background?

RP: By all means,

IH: The background information might give you an idea of how casually the whole exhibition was organized... we met Gunter in Basel, in June 1977, we had been representing him for years. He was in Germany visiting some of the art fairs, he mentioned he was having an exhibition in Germany with breathing lions. So over dinner we thought it would be nice to have a show, it would be his second show at the Gallery in Toronto. We arranged to meet in Cologne at the art fair, there we made arrangements for the exhibition in Toronto. We sent correspondence during the spring of 1978, everything looked normal, he even packed his sculptures off ahead of time.

RP: Things sound like they were running smoothly.

IH: Ah, but then, the first problem we encounter involves timing. Gunter believed the lions were to travel by sea to Montreal, in fact they arrived in Halifax and had to be transferred by rail. The transfer company told us they would arrive two days after the show was scheduled to open. We told them that this was not acceptable. Gunter arrives in Toronto and wants to know where his lions are. We say we don't know where they are. We get a call from the customs office telling us the lions have arrived in Toronto harbour. We said fine, could we have them expedited through customs and have them delivered to the Electric Gallery? They said ok it'll take about a day. A couple of days pass, we give them a call, they were being held. A minor official had opened up the crate saw one of the lions inside, and marked down 'stuffed animal'. The opening was Friday, it was now Tuesday, we spent all Wednesday phoning our customs brokers and Canada customs, finally late Wednesday afternoon I went down with an armful of documentation indicating that these were sculptures that had in fact been exhibited in Holland and Germany. After being shuffled around from department to department, I finally got sent upstairs to this big fat man who looks at it and says 'I remember this stuff, yak, yak, you call this art?'

RP: Couldn't you just pay for it?

IH: It's the principle of the thing, so I go back downstairs to the first man I spoke to, ok there is a way of getting them through, a conditional release called a sight entry, where we have six days to prove its art. Finally, late Thursday a huge Maple Leaf cartage truck pulls up onto Hazelton a very narrow one-way street. A forty-foot long trailer, he parks and creates a traffic jam. We get the crates unloaded, they're too heavy to carry, too big to get into the gallery, so we unwrap them on the sidewalk. Immediately a crowd of people, and there's Gunter checking to see if the tail's broken, if the legs are all right. Something about the daylight, the light that was falling on them, those things looked like real animals, they smelled like real animals. Well, we set them up, the tapes purred the lions breathed. Things went well after than. People were amused, horrified, shocked, a few were indignant, 'how can you do this to an animal?'

RP: Didn't somebody buy one of the lions?

IH: Yes, a collector from NY flies into Toronto, sees the show, and falls in love and agrees to buy one of the lions. At that point we make arrangements to ship it via our fine-art transport company. After a week or two I get word that its been held up at the US border not only by the customs officials who can't make up their minds as to whether or not it's art, but by the Games and Fisheries Dept. who decide that they are going to impound it on grounds that it is a member of an endangered species.

RP: I heard that these particular lions were born, raised, and had died in captivity.
IH: Yes, that's right, Gunter had bought them from a taxidermist who had in turn bought them from a Holland zoo.

RP: This made no difference?

IH: No, they were impounded, put in jail in Buffalo, phone calls didn't help. The fisheries people couldn't be convinced that this was a work of art, they couldn't understand why we had bothered to use fine-art transport. Unfortunately this was in August when all of the higher officials are off on holiday, hunting and fishing in Canada I assume. So the fellow in charge was just going to sit on it while we were accumulating storage charges, and, there was the owner calling every day wondering where his lion is. We tried to side-step it by arguing that the endangered species act was revised in '75-'76 and that this lion was born before then, but you can't argue with them on those lines, and the only recourse was an act of Congress. So we can't get it across and we can't get it back either.

RP: Does it matter at all what the origin of the animal is in terms of geography?

IH: I'm getting to that, on the ESA Asian and Indian lions are endangered, but African lions are not, so the next thing we did was to trace the parentage of the beast, ironically, African lions are in every bit as much trouble as their Asian counterparts. Two months after the whole thing started we get a letter from Gunter with the necessary information / documentation, we send it down and, reluctantly, they release it, but, as soon as they do they send it over to the customs people who say 'it's not a work of art its a stuffed animal', back to square one. Meanwhile we have another lion, one of the two in our exhibition. Well, the show and the border trouble were publicized in the local newspapers. After a few days the RCMP come knocking on the gallery director's door 'we understand you have another lion' he says 'yes' (apparently there's an Endangered Species Act in Canada too). Nothing to do with customs, the RCMP place the Canadian lion under house arrest, we can't move it without their permission, and, we have to get documentation for this one too. By this time however, we have already lent our lion to the Art Gallery of Windsor, so the RCMP go scurrying down to check it out, but having seen the lion, the director and the gallery they decide that the AGW is a legitimate gallery, and it is ok to show it there so long as the lion does not leave town without telling them. The funny part about all this is that Canada actually has a game farm just outside of Hamilton that exports lions all over the world.

RP: What was happening at the border with the other lion which was purchased by the NY dealer?

IH: After a lot of pleading and begging they finally accept our word that the lion is a work of art. Rauschenberg did a thing with a stuffed Poat and a stuffed eagle, but customs officials don't seem to know much about art, if they can't comprehend lions how are they going to understand Rauschenberg, I can just imagine them going down to Washington or wherever and impounding his goat, or especially his eagle. Anyway, they said they would let it go but if there was any change they would come back and claim it, but they haven't done that yet. Technically they could've held it up forever. I guess they felt sorry for us. They got their publicity out of it and there was little money in it. Sometimes you get an official that says 'let it go'.

RP: Were you ever able to trace the parentage of the lions?

IH: Yeah, the parents were African, they moved to Italy after the war for a stay on the Riviera, and then on to Holland for their retirement. Funny thing about Fish & Games department, they thought that Gunter Weisler was single-handedly trying to destroy the remaining population of world lions so as to turn them into sculptures. They worked out that he was personally responsible for the elimination of something like 20 to 30 per cent of the world lion population. He's done seven lion sculptures in fact.
The Amazing X:

Dana Atchley

November 23, 1978 a thirty foot long mobile motor home pulls into Toronto, Ontario. It's a couple of degrees above freezing. The fog is thick and it's been raining quietly for hours. The sixteen hundred pound 'Superior' pulls up to the parking lot behind the Ontario College of Art. The Four Fifty-Four chev engine is due for a rest as is the pilot and co-pilot.

Toronto is the last stop in a cross-continental tour. The show has been on the road, off and on, for seven years, and has covered over a quarter of a million miles. But, the work only begins after the mobile-home arrives. Parking is always a problem for the 'Amazing X' mobile which contains a wide assortment of video, audio, still-projection, and microwave equipment. Accompanying this is a light-table, desk complete with electric typewriter and electric pencil sharpener, a library of postcards and an antique metal toy ray-gun. In the archives is an astounding collection of rare and unusual sights, sounds, performances and finds that have been carefully collected and prepared into a multi-media extravaganza by the Spaceman himself. He finally convinces the parking lot attendant that he has reserved a spot ahead of time. The rain won't let up but the Ace is optimistic. He plugs his mobile into the nearest A.C. outlet and settles into his self-contained haven. He has brought with him one of the only medicine shows, and surely the only travelling electro-performance of its kind in the world.

After resting up from his last haul, the Ace puts on a unique video-microwave performance/demonstration. Suddenly coaxial cables are obsolete. Microwaves will transmit a flawless, clean signal for miles through almost any obstruction including huge apartment buildings. In a moment of outlaw reflection the Ace of Space mentions that if 'shit ever hit the fan' there is a group of microwave raiders in Crested Butte and all over the continent who would know exactly how to affect television transmissions all across North America. I am reminded that the television in Atchley's home was accused of crimes against humanity, found guilty, and executed with a .357 magnum and a twelve gauge shotgun by the local Deputy Sherrif in Crested Butte. Yet, somehow I feel re-assured that the man with the quick microwave draw practises his aim with nothing more deadly than a toy science-fiction pop-gun.

November 24, 1978. The weather has cleared up considerably, true to Dana's expectations. The Spaceman wastes no time and puts on a video demonstration/show. A tape about a one-man phenomenon who started a cable station on the UHF band, then got other cable companies interested in satellite to earth-station broadcasting. His satellite 'footprint' stretches
almost coast to coast. One man and one earth-station. After the video tapes, Dana invites a few people back to his mobile. There we relax while the Ace unwinds a few songs accompanying himself on a six-string acoustic guitar. All original, all about the road. His co-pilot and technical assistant Tapley Dawson goes out to Chinatown returning after a while with some ‘toast-ables’. Microwave fast-food for micro-wave fast-living. All of the electrical appliances on board are powered by the Space-Van’s heavy duty generator system. After a while the guests are politely asked to leave. Dana is charming as ever but he has a Road Show to prepare.

November 24, 7:00 P.M. The event everyone is waiting for. The Amazing X Road Show; ‘ladies and gentlemen, I’m Dana Atchley the Colorado Spaceman. I see my role chiefly as an organizer of space ...’ So it begins, taking hundreds of images and sounds from hundreds of thousands of miles of travelling, he capsulizes and orchestrates experiences into bite-size pieces. Beautifully co-ordinated images melt and re-appear on the screen, constantly accompanied by sound. The podium’s switches are flipped in rapid-fire succession. Behind the podium which is custom-built with running lights, Peterson-truck rear-view mirrors, and an extravagant control panel, stands Dana. He is in control of the banks of tiny buttons switches and lights. The panel throws an eerie glow on his face. Behind him and the podium, to his left on a screen are layers of images melting into one another. The illusion of movement is carefully sustained through calculated shifts in time and space. We see: Mr. Peanut visiting New York City, tap dancing his way down the Avenue; Dr. Brut playing his swan song on his leopard spotted kazaxaphone, ‘I’m through with spots’; Pat Oleska, (checker out!) struts her stuff on parade. Then, ‘Roadside Trash’, a collection of images of places that look like their names: The Hat and Boots Texaco, big enough to fit Paul Bunyan, the Java Jive restaurant, a two story high coffee pot, and to go with the coffee, from the world’s Biggest sculpture show a giant inflatable vinyl do-nut. Images molding, sliding past your eyes, you’re on the road while Dana orchestrates. Micro-fiche slides, slides of a slide collection (over one thousand), slides within slides, Dana uses his construction-type projector hat drops to one knee cowboy-fashion and rapid fires a series of images into a blank spot on the screen. After a while he returns to the podium only to have rainbow patterns leak out onto the stage, the screen and himself. Suddenly, we are in Kansas flying in the basket of an aerial balloon. In mere minutes we are transported all over continental North America to the strangest sights and sounds that have ever been. Finally, a video representation of ‘white-line fever’. Forty-eight hours on the road and the brain starts revolting. Using a slide-dissolve system we are taken on an electronically colourized psychological interpretation of long distance driving. Dana Atchley takes us for the ride of our lives right in our own backyard. He brings the world to us while we sit in the comfort of our chairs. He rolls up that endless ribbon of highway, orchestrates the space it represents and then personally introduces us to it. The one and only Space Age Travelling Real Life Medicine Show brought to you exclusively by the Ace of Space, (accept no substitutes). Then, back on the road again. The huge 454 engine fires up, the ‘Superior’ mobile home pulls away and moves on to bring the world to the next town it visits. We are left with music in our ears and highway on our minds.

Fausto Bedoya
Film No. 1 'More Moire'
moray grids layer red green blue confused
shifts back and forth seeking something
solid solidity is soothing but you aren't given
solidity no stability white noise rushes across
your eardrums confused striving straining
inward and outward for something familiar
something to hold but the floor
drops you are carried away by your
senses give in give in is the focus
softening are you eyes watering

Film No. 2 'Untitled'
a single white frame flashes a slow strobe the
afterimage burns your retina it will flash
again visual decay blink blink again the
flashes increase in speed flutter vision blink and
blink blink blink there is no longer enough time to
see the afterimage the flashes are fast enough
to stop action strobe flickers as you feel part of
an old time movie

Film No. 8 'Untitled'
images similar geometric mazes on the screen
and on the back of your eyelids busy
movements that eyes can't follow brain
splitting sensor closing shocks
discoveries pencilled labyrinths you are drawn
out there is no exit until the end

Film No. 9 'Untitled'
cracks in a clay base starlike dance on the
screen choreographed by eye focus
concentrate on a star ride the flux lose
ground and sense of balance fall back to your
seat when the darkness returns

Film No. 11 'Untitled'
Ground and Foreground flip indistinguishable
indistinct black on white or white on
black brushlike streaks perceptions tumble

Sarah Younger
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ONE NIGHT STAND

teet outside his window moved
dblack water
splash1ng drunks onto the sidewalk
his room was a bed
a white water harbour, sails like bird’s wings
on the glass

ROOM FOR RENT

she stood outside the Warwick Hotel
drunk dizzy
her face a moonless bloody sky,
her arms hung at her sides
like dead birds

she took one crazy step towards the car
waiting at the curb
fell hard to hands and knees
and vomited,
the trick drove off wild.

she lifted her head, eyes
through strands of damp and stinking hair
looked to dry riverbed faces
to hands like dead tree branches reaching
down to her

and consciousness rolled away like blood,
in a gutter.

by Blaise Enright
THE UNIVERSE ENDS AT SHERBOURNE & QUEEN

This is one of those ragged winters when the old men cluster together inside mission walls, listening to their bodies groan with the wind that flies like an ax through stone and snow.

...one of those rheumatic winters when all old warriors who left their medals behind in pawnshops gather at the torn edges of parks, and pass the bottle from mouth to mouth.

This is one of those winters when the frost settles on their bones, and each face betrays the war they could not fight.

And the wolves at their feet have ceased howling, their fangs rotting one by one like the desolate row on row of beds that stink from the loss of dreams.

This is one of those old Niagara winters when some of the old men and some of their bottles, stuffed between pillows and mattress, won’t make it past the morning.

THESE MOMENTS ARE BLACK INK

These moments are black ink spilling over the face he holds in his hands.

The self that was him before he became everyone else is like the space around each blotch that stains his face with reasons for everything but his own sanity.

Unfolding each finger from his smeared mask, he loads the gun that will lift his head from the shoulders he has burdened with the world.

In the space between his eyes, he remembers how it felt to be squeezed until what you were feeling became some thing you were afraid to touch;

and his breath can almost squeeze the trigger.

by Ted Plantos

Gallery Review

art objects approaching the sculptural inspired by whatever scrap paper are often embellished by a new board of directors and a promise of $62,194.

Bonnard used to smuggle oils

Tom McNeely
I work with a variety of coloured pigments each one of which can be intermixed for different tones. I work with skin. The colours are needled into the skin. I get blood on my hands: My art is alive. My canvasses talk back. I have to deal with them emotionally. If one of my canvasses has a disagreeable air about it, it affects my work.

Many people have an artistic talent being able to successfully render an interesting drawing or painting. Locked up in their studio, they can possibly achieve excellence with time and patience. But being a tattoo artist is not the same thing. Good tattooing depends too, on an artistic talent and patience, but it demands an additional psychology. Your canvasses might be like human beings, they usually return the favour, but then to pull head trips on you. If you show no fear and treat them again, there are ass-holes in every crowd. The ladies are always there may be even some who may have knocked some people off somewhere along the line. There may be junkies and some homosexuals amongst the crowd, or just outright weirdies who like to have their ‘cock’ tattooed. Your canvasses might also be bikers that come storming in in groups. They have a tendency to pull head trips on you. If you show no fear and treat them like human beings, they usually return the favour, but then again, there are ass-holes in every crowd. The ladies are always a treat to tattoo. They usually pick areas like the hips, thighs, rear end or breasts to wear their designs. But then again they can be pretty obnoxious whores, repulsive looking sluts or just of an obvious criminal nature. Finally, your canvasses might seem to be on the verge of death itself. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to tattoo the dead? I have no such curiosity for I have practically done this rather distasteful job, your canvasses start to sweat and the skin changes to a deathly yellowish hue and becomes cold and clammy. There is such curiosity for I have practically done this rather distasteful job, your canvasses start to sweat and the skin changes to a deathly yellowish hue and becomes cold and clammy. There is even a deathly odour about the tissue and all from the result of subconscious fear of the needles. And its usually men that this happens to. My work lasts as long as the skin holds out. People die, so does my work. Yet what other artist has so much of the world walking into his studio? What other artist has so much of his work constantly shifting around the planet? And of course being a tattoo artist means being tattooed. That part you’ll love. But have it carved in the chest. Being tattooed is an emotional experience. The best way to describe it is to compare it with something very similar. Like making love. That some moment you reach down to remove that garment that conceals that erotic region called paradise, you feel an overwhelming sensation that reels the senses. Being tattooed is a milder version of that experience. Sometimes its even better. You don’t have to worry about getting the clap.

Sometimes tattooing a piece on someone can be an erotic experience. When it is on an attractive woman’s body. There was one girl who had to pull her panties right down in order for me to properly work on her. My god ... did she have a beautiful pussy. As I was needling away at her ... trying to keep my flow of concentration ... my eyes kept looking elsewhere. It made my mouth water ... it was downright distracting. I take my time on those ones.

Some of my customers ask me if I tattoo pussys or it must be fun to tattoo a woman’s ass ... I usually tell them that on the ass, its a pain in the arse. The skin has a tendency to welt down there which makes it more difficult to drive in colour. But you do get the occasional treat.

I refuse to grab you by the arm to tell you how wonderful tattooing is, tattooing can be pure junk. It can also be fantastic illustration with qualities that equal illustrations done on more receptive surfaces. But it possesses its own form of enchantment, being on quivering, live surfaces.

Tattooing is not great art — it just is ... a mark from an impulse, a mark that the wearer identifies with in his own way, marks that can be quite addictive. My own body is a good example of that, supporting hundreds of designs. Many people ask me if I will regret it one day, if I would ever like to have them removed. I don’t ever invite anyone to be tattooed, or ask them to join my circus. Why are they asking me to join theirs?

I seem to be an explorer of many worlds, always shifting from good to evil, from evil to good, playing the role of the saint as well as the sinner. I may one day be christ-vibing in the skies as man of eternal freedom, insanely in love with women, with the air of a sexual schizophrenic, magically blending in fantasies of love-making and christmas snowflakes, or, ego-phasing out into the world of the underground, thinking like a criminal and respecting whores, playing the role of a bohemian madman; or it could be a hundred other fantasies. I’m always on the move, always phasing out somewhere.

The tattoo artist is just within the shadow of recognition which gives the art an even more seductive nature. And being the man that’s doing it is like being in the centre of a strange new world. But though I have allowed myself to plunge into the quagmire of ‘underground’ art, I am happier than most. I am sexually high. I am one within worlds .... My name will be scratched away in fear ... for I am Messiah!
MARK PRENT:

A REVIEW BY

The President

Prent dwells on the macabre thoughts that lurk in the back of minds, he takes these thoughts / flashes and sparks life into them, they become tangible forms ... living nightmares, head-on confrontations. The fact that he chooses to follow through on these lurking flashes seems to put people more on edge than the actual sculptures.

He shows us heads in jars, crucifixions, bloated and rotting bodies. I remember as a child, peeling half-healed scabs off of cuts or abrasions to see the healing pink skin underneath. I never understood my fascination with those sores, but now I feel it has something to do with shedding a social 'norm' in order to satisfy a perverse but harmless curiosity. Satisfaction, strange, but there, I felt it stir inside me mixing with with a foreboding sense of accusation, the showing of this kind of material brings out emotion not reason ... Prent says of his work;

I would like to be very clear about one thing, there is no intentional message - social, political, religious, or otherwise underlying my work.
Once again I am told that the subject matter is for the artistically unborn ... that technique is the real value. Is this a facade? An elaborate environmental installation, a well-known public gallery, and no statement? The chapel piece evokes the idea of the dead corpse, the worship of meat, dead meat, the background sound; a TV test pattern / Gregorian chant, sounds of a neo-Canadian funeral / church / pizza parlour.

Easy associations grab at stray memories, formaldehyde and jars: science class, the wrinkled old woman: your dying grandmother, the strapped brat: your child in its harness ... the mind sinks into free associations, latent ideas begin to emerge. Prent maintains that it will be the older mind that will attempt to find direct meaning and rational content in order to settle its dis-ease ... the young mind will be receptive, open, free without demanding any interpretation. Didact versus lyrical evokings of the imagined. Are these works hair-triggers custom built for already booby-trapped minds? The mind-field, the arbitrary thinking process versus emotive suggestions.

If Prent isn’t making statements with his work, then at least he allows me to make statements about it. Subject matter: superficially disgusting, but, the treatment gentle, tender, almost motherly. The elaborate Stage: Hollywood warehouse, or, Boris Karloff presents the Great American Wax Museum, inaccessible, except by peeking, peering, stretching your neck. Realism: skin appears as though it could be peeled off, sometimes it has, eyes bug out from the head, the penis bound on the brat. Lifeless dead matter is presented as though alive. In the ‘aquarium’ one man, bound, underwater, choked, by another man, submerged; the strangler and the victim, the aggressor and attacked, both on the verge of death, about to drown, bubbles float lazily to the surface, a mad, inherent contradiction. A painful paradox.