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EDITORIAL:

The dynamic evolution of language is analogous to the discontinuity theory put forth by Heisenberg, insofar as the interaction of observer (consciousness) and object (notation system) is concerned. Our awareness of “knowledge” of the world is intrinsically linked to the language with which it is communicated. Our paradigm of knowledge is under constant revision. The evolution of language is a reflection of the evolution of human thought and understanding.
The shamanic drum is the vehicle of the shaman's journey to the axis mundi. Shamanism involves this topos-the geometry of the axis providing the drum with both its linear and narrative projections. The re-animated drumskin, whose animation returns the whole animal to a narrational life (a precise parallel to the drum's function in the reanimation of the drum itself). The drum, in this sense, is a double connectivity, with the drum's sounding the realized utterance of an intersemiotic break. The drum's structure hence relates to the axis in a way that language relates to parole, but with the significant difference that in the drum's sounding the realized utterance is an intersemiotic break.

Subsequent to this initial animation the shaman drum becomes the vehicle of the shaman's journey to the axis mundi. Shamanism involves this topos-the geometry of the axis providing the drum with both its linear and narrative projections. The re-animated drumskin, whose animation returns the whole animal to a narrational life (a precise parallel to the drum's total function of axial extension), so the emergent narrative of the animal-source reverses this motion of the drum and the narrative is irred in the way that the naturalistic interface between the part and the whole is a naturalistic interface, with the drum's sounding the life of the whole animal and its incorporation in the drum. It concludes with the promise to be a faithful symbol of the shaman's possession.

At the shaman's initiatory trance the drum is self-creative. Its sound acts counterpoles and draws into action the surrounding environmental spirits thereby imposing context in its own constituent elements. In the sequence the drum is the axis mundi, the shamanic conduit called the shaman's tripod. The drum of the Buryat shaman, however, is actually made of horse hide and carries a pictorial representation of the animal on its drumskin. In a later development the drum assumes a stylistic character of a design expressed to expel its significance as a "magic of noise" —a proto-dadaistic grasp of the acoustic image detached from significance. As a noise event the drum emits the vocal energies of both good and bad spirits and is a significant change in the semantic exchange between the drumskin and the drumstick called the "shaman's whip." The drum of the Buryat shaman, however, is actually made of horse hide and carries a pictorial representation of the animal on its drumskin. 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possible to read the sky-text in a lexical manner by the extension of point into letter and word. This latter practice of reading derives from the Kabbalistic methods of a calligraphic projection onto the night sky and involves less a reading of a pre-existent text than a writing superinscribed upon a former reading, thus rendering the sky a vast palimpsest rather than a uniform textual surface.

To read is to experience a text, in part at least, as a physically distanced kinetic process of moving signifiers, themselves composed of relatively stable particles that articulate as compound signs. Whilst words articulate in texts, so stars constitute and planets "verbalize" through astral movements, providing a paginisation effect in their rhythms of sequentiality, alternation and recurrence. In this hypothesized precedence of a tradition of reading over one of orality drum assumes a significant role as a compound instrument of writing and speech; connecting terrestrial rituals to an aboriginal texuality.

In summary we might state the drum’s linguistic relationship to the sky text is along metonymic grounds, as part to whole and along the lines of sympathetic magic productive of a reading by rules of drawn similitudes. The shaman shares with the ancient drum a dependence on the archaic powers of rhyme and metonymy, these dictating the drum’s substantial form and language. With the Renaissance comes a shift in this textual ontology. Sky and earth implode and form the text of Nature or God’s words as revealed in the signatures of God’s creations. Nature, like the archaic sky, is a concrete vocabulary, but the former becomes incorporated into the terrestriale evidence for God’s purposive intention. The great ur-text becomes deictic and evidential, pointing beyond itself to an authorial presence and reading transforms from ritual to hermeneutics.

1976 (revised 1987)

Note: This piece was first published in Alcheringa: Journal of Ethnopoetics, III, 1, Boston University, 1977. It appears here in a revised form.

POSTCARD POEMS
By Frank Davey

Treat yourself to a cathedral tour of southern England. It was so darned cold in Cologne you could see your breath in fog of the altar. Here is found the summit of medieval Hindu sculpture, sensuous, twisting, voluptuous. Templo del Adivino en Uxmal. A fortress would be equally attractive to tourists were it as elaborately carved. I am overwhelmed by the magnificence of the ruins, have been in awe ever since I arrived. The temple, he said, comes out of the heart of cruelty. Cambridge Street Methodist Church, Lindsay. You may not share the beliefs these marvelous buildings proclaim, but nevertheless delight in their expressions of the limitless human spirit. How about a miniature pagoda? Church bells, temple bells. It’s not polite to take photographs of local people who have come here to pray. Kulte, here. Religion will be remembered as one of the foremost contributors to the development of world art, engineering and architecture.


March 20. The View
Mountains can be humanized in a 3 by 5 field. Distances are great to look at. You can approach in an airconditioned bus or gaze from the balcony of a 5-star hotel. Spectacular sunsets, which I’m afraid he misread as “supertanker sunsets.” In the morning after breakfast I would sit on the upper patio and let the spirit of the Eibsee rise toward me. Some rooms overlook the gardens. The picture postcard has nothing to do with communications and nothing to do with art; it is merely an inexpensive way to allow the traveller a large role in the packaging of nature.


March 18. Buffalo
For this buffalo may be substituted an elephant, kangaroo, hedgehog, black bear, crocodile or panda. Jaguar — symbol of Belizean natural heritage. Even though you are safe in your car or tour bus, the natural wilderness frolics around you. A very old photo, Buffalo may be understood as cape, water, or bison. See your travel agent! Animals now have been totally en-based within human meting-systems. For this buffalo may be substituted a warm coat, a fierce warrior, the true test of man, a cute little thing.

Educational software, Big Macs. Wireless telegraphy. Shop-at-home catalogues.
Philippe Sollers
Interview on Femmes *
With Catherine Francblin
Translated by Philip Barnard
and Cheryl Lester

CP: Why this particular novel, Femmes, after Paradis? Why a novel with punctuation, chapters, plot, "characters"...? What’s the relation, if any, between these two books?

PS: This book is part of my work on the mise-en-scene of Paradis. It sets up the lighting, the imaginary and social spaces within which the outlines of Paradis should be perceived. I’ve often compared Paradis to a sculpture. Of course, one could imagine that the sculpture exists in itself, but nevertheless it exists concretely, here and now, in a socio-historical setting. It seemed to me — and this is an architectural problem — that if I failed to treat the circumstances (le pousoir), the three-dimensional volume in which Paradis pretends to exist, I would have failed, in a serious error, a technical error. I went on to add some words, have overlooked the situation of Paradis’ spectator, which is also why the point of view in this book, although it may be somewhat indirect, consists in a doubling of the narrator, who, in a dimension other than that of Paradis, considers me, me who’s speaking here, as the author of Comedie. It is presented as the author of Paradis but of Comedie. It’s a matter of someone seen from the outside, filmed, as it were, as he writes that book. I needed a narrator who could be me and not me, who could act as an observer of the current gossip about me (du racontar); the social gossip, the sexual gossip...

Moreover, I realized that the reception of Paradis could be fetishized and that the book’s content — an extremely insistent content in terms of meaning, for it’s not at all an articulation of the unspoken or the unspeakable, but an expanding book, full of clear, incisive theses, on the sexual interpretation [l’interprétation sexuelle] — that this content, if it didn’t give it the form of a realist interpretation, would disappear in the books’ very fetishization.

CP: Why this particular mise-en-scene? In other words, why the title Femmes?

PS: I wanted this mise-en-scene to deal with the new configurations developing in the wake of the mutation of the feminine. There is no turning in literature or in art that does not imply the eruption of a new conception of the feminine. Look at Baudelaire and Flaubert, in the last century, Madame Bovary and Les Fleurs du Mal. These are major events, sanctioned, in fact, by the courts. These books’ revolutionary gestures concern the feminine image. In painting — I speak about this in Femmes — I see something of the same order in Manet’s Olympia. Bataille, in a well-known statement, said: “The Olympia is the destruction of Olympus.” He emphasized the degree to which this painting had altered the entire problematic of the classical Venus. It’s the first treatment of the feminine idol in terms of its mortal and limited aspects. The other example, which I also discuss in Femmes, is Les Demoiselles d’Avignon, and it’s no accident that this painting remained in bizarre suspension for sixteen years. The fundamental mutation occurs in the representation, or in the break, or even if the representation, of the feminine image. The same goes for the novel. That’s why I chose a non-French narrator (an American). What does this allow me to show? That France today can be seen in concrete, technical, clinical names: the feminist movement, its propaganda, its ideology, its most interior aspects — in other words in its sexuality, of which the French are very jealous, very jingoistically proud — by a foreigner, better informed on the question than any French person. The narrator defines himself by the sort of selection he makes within French culture, not only of sexual customs as he observes them, not only of the evolution of feminine mores, but of the entirety of what is occurring in the wings of French society. All that has very concrete, technical, clinical names: the feminist movement, its propaganda, its ideology, its impact, the reactivity it engenders, gyneco-logica logical operations, with all of the increasingly scientific regulation of production they involve, i.e., abortions, contraception, and experimentation with artificial insemination... Or in other words the possibility of the human body as artifact, which is altogether new. A grasp of the origin of bodies is something whose content — an extremely insistent content in terms of meaning, for it’s not at all an articulation of the unspoken or the unspeakable, but an expanding book, full of clear, incisive theses, on the sexual interpretation — that this content, if it didn’t give it the form of a realist interpretation, would disappear in the books’ very fetishization.

CP: The book is entitled Femmes, but it is also very much about men... Who obviously don’t appear as positive heroes either.

PS: I had the choice of beginning with the narration or with a straightforward presentation of the thesis. I preferred — in this tauromachie — the frontal attack. The fundamental thesis of the book is presented at the outset: “The world belongs to women, in other words to death, and everyone lies about it.” The narrative demonstration follows. In a certain sense, this is the tradition of the eighteenth-century philosophical novel. I take up the tradition of the Enlightenment. Therefore the thesis is present: if there are men, it’s because they come from women. It’s the chicken and the egg, if you like, the evacuation of bodies, an evacuation that is itself, but nevertheless it exists concretely, here and now, in a socio-historical setting. It’s a matter of something seen from the outside, filmed, as it were, as he writes that book. I needed a narrator who could be me and not me, who could act as an observer of the current gossip about me (du racontar); the social gossip, the sexual gossip...

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of his sexual inquiry, the eighteenth-century libertine narrator, twentieth-century model, who
is American and carries a Bible, is the locus of a new dialogue between the tradition of the
critical, philosophical novel and the Bible. We’re at the antipodes of the nineteenth- and
twentieth-century novel.

What will no doubt strike the reader, male or female, and provoke resistances, is the banal,
mechanical, repetitive, self-evident aspect of its sexual acts, of its hetero-sexual acts, which
lead neither to any particular psychologization, nor to any state of love. They simply
accumulate, are repetitious. They are acts which are executed but which have no importance.
This is the fundamental transcendence: the sexual act is considered as non-profitable, not
accounted-for and thus not subject to accounting. One does it for nothing.

CF: What do you mean by non-profitable sexualities? How could it be profitable?

PS: By children, for example. That’s a consequence women almost always imagine, unconsciously or not, when they have sexual relations.

CF: You say that a man incapable of being “integiially sexual dies.” What do you mean?

PS: There are two absolutely paradoxical possibilities: either a radical abstention from sex, which produces saclusihood, abstention in awareness of what it is at sake, or sexual practice without any ideologization, without any value attached to its execution. I’m describing two limits that we don’t generally encounter. One is mystical, the other is related to aesthetic experience in general. I think people circulate a lot of talk about the sexuality of the artist. For the artist, Mozart included, the sexual act is fundamentally a non-value. Between these two possibilities, you have everything that’s manufactured as conceptions of the world.

CF: Isn’t sexual jouissance, which you often speak of in the book, a value?

PS: Precisely not. The integiially sexual jouissance does not valorize it. On the contrary, it is extremely negative. It’s a physical experience that leaves no psychic residue. All of these resolutions, dreams, and other psychological reminiscences, rise directly out of a lack of sexual jouissance [un manque-d-joir sexual].

CF: Is that why you often use athletic metaphors in sports, the body has its full importance ...

PS: Unfortunately, sports is experienced as value. When I make references to sports, they’re always ironic. I propose, for example, to become the Pindar of a huge center for artificial insemination, where athletics will be the key priority. These people will be the sperm donors of the neo-platonic republic that we’re promising on. On the other hand, the reference which is not ironized, and which can also be considered as a sport, is music.

CF: You say that writing ought to be undertaken like a game of tennins ...

PS: Icy, it’s a way of criticizing the simpering of writers, subjective notions about the difficulty of writing, about how a writer always misses the essential, as the current philosophism has it, etc., in other words all the romantic attitudes.

CF: Why does the book have nine parts?

PS: As its title suggests ... It’s the nine of pregnancy, but also the nine of the Vita Nuova.

CF: Does the pregnancy of women have something to do with symbolic pregnancy?

PS: Freud himself says that the analytical cure is comparable to a pregnancy, and thereby poises to the fact that it is a two-sided phenomenon, which gives you the palpability of physical processes in female pregnancy, and the impalpability of symbolic production.

CF: Isn’t there something shocking and subversive in the fact that your narrator is both a libertine and a Catholic?

PS: A subdivision of novelists. I employ the libertine style of the eighteenth century, which is contradictory because the narrator is a Catholic and, in consequence, I can avoid the eighteenth-century novel’s anti-catholic ideology. Thus, in the same movement, I can develop a reading of Sade and an apology for the Papacy. The two codes are subverted by each other. They mutually destroy each other and thus produce no ideological propositions.

CF: There’s a lot of dialogue in your novel. The only real “scenes” are sexual scenes ...

PS: True enough. All the rest is given in philosophical or ironic dialogues, or sometimes in effervescing meditations on various symptoms of contemporary life which are, another contradiction, immediately compared to very ancient ones. There’s also the scene of the terrorist attack with its victims, which sums up all the sexual scenes, which acts as a counterpart to them incarar the sexual act as also an act of death. These, in fact, are the only scenes worth describing, and briefly. This seems right to me, since the primal scene is the only one with the fundamental right to be called a scene.

CF: The narrator has a multiple personality ...

PS: He’s a journalist. That means that he is immersed in a permanent reflection on information. His women friends, too, are always at the frontiers of information, politics, publicity, television. This allows me to make some very critical observations on a fundamental problem of our period, which is the manipulation of information. I think that today, for example, the person most profoundly in touch with contemporary thought is a good (male or female) specialist in advertising.

CF: Femmes is also a roman a clef ...

PS: I’m following the eighteenth-century tradition. You know that writes, in a time when one could enjoy oneself, did not hesitate to put their contemporaries on stage. Proust as well, all writers do it. Whereas from the moment when everything becomes anonymous, indistinct, archetypal, it is all too easy to fall into a spiritualism which is not to my taste.

CF: There are “bad” women in your book, but also several “good” ones ...

PS: I think that they’re divided equitably enough. Negative or positive heroines ...

CF: You say that most women despise “man as such” ...

PS: No, it’s more subtle than that. Women, I believe, have a very difficult time imagining what a man might be, because they have a very difficult time admiring the freedom of women.

CF: Then it’s a question of their relation to their mother ...

PS: Let’s not limit ourselves to psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis, like philosophy, like everything else nowadays, is taken at face value. It’s an ironized book this lightly. The book’s negative heroines are characterized persuaded that the mother is all was not all that important.

CF: In sum, you’re questioning the well-known desire for incest ...

PS: One ought to ask who has an interest in ... and a novelist is precisely someone who asks who has an interest in ... who has an interest in saying that a son is his mother. What I’m against is perhaps the prohibition of incest itself. The prohibition against a man’s evaluating his mother. It’s obviously not a master of making love with her, which, I was going to say, is the least of things in the period we’re now entering. To have brought the prohibition on the sexual act is entirely false. I would add that it is women who interest me, and not mothers.

CF: But are there women ...

PS: Yes ... I’ve met some ... thanks. They exist, from time to time, with interruptions. A woman is not always a woman, it happens to her now and then. I’m against the biological not a woman 24 hours a day. More likely, for 23 of them, and I’m being optimistic, you, like me, are a body being d waged, obliged to come and go for pure and simple survival. I would say that when a woman is really a woman, this is in fact an event.

PS: As I said earlier, the devious turnings in human representation in painting or literature are attempts to concretize this event. If women were women 24 hours a day there would be no more events would mean that we would be living in the perfect totalitarian society.

CF: Are you suggesting something like Lacan’s statement: “Woman does not exist?”

PS: No I think that this formulation is too determinist. I prefer to say that a woman exists from time to time, as a woman. Lacan’s formulations aim at a teaching, whereas I aim at a very rare event.

CF: Actually, the men in your book are no more graffted than the women.

PS: Absolutely. They are subjected to what defines them: swaggering, pretense [le semblant], vanity, stubbornness [stora], melody [mélodie], obstinacy [l’obstination], violent and unsubordinated [l’obsession], etc. Their conception of the other of the other in themselves, is obliterated. In contrast to this dramatically high-strung mediated mechanization [mechanisation médiatale] ... Their conception of the other of the other in themselves, is obliterated. In contrast to this dramatically high-strung mediated mechanization [mechanisation médiatale] ... Their conception of the other of the other in themselves, is obliterated. In contrast to this dramatically high-strung mediated mechanization [mechanisation médiatale] ... Their conception of the other of the other in themselves, is obliterated. In contrast to this dramatically high-strung mediated mechanization [mechanisation médiatale] ... Their conception of the other of the other in themselves, is obliterated.

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PS: I believe it is necessary to describe the fierce, growing struggle which is a fact of the twentieth century — between acronyms, the kind of organization exemplified by a corporate their name to the last. Who, moreover, are the people linked to the Name? The Jews, of course, in which the case is called: the Name. I refuse a salvage to the death between acronyms and the name, and I would say that from now on one will have to choose between one and the other.

CF: You speak of “masculine” [le] woman and “feminine” [la] man. Hasn’t this always been the case? What is new about it?

PS: Things have always been like this, no doubt, but this in the first time you find its explicit ideology on one side of the power-that-be. What is new is that today this conception of the world constitutes the law. For this to have happened, certain conditions had to be fulfilled, among them the human being in its deeds, had to be generalized. This supposes that all the metaphysical conceptions have been destroyed, that any conception of sexuality as evil is a thing, the status of law, and no longer considered as abnormal. Today, all the values of the past have become clandestine. I catalogue them: being Catholic, for example, or being heterosexual. It’s an extraordinarily comic reversal.

CF: In fact, everyone lives in families, in generally heterosexual couples ...

PS: Remove the word sexual from your observation and you have a snapshot of society. In fact, the accident is placed both of sexuality considered as a value (either dramatic or organic), and by the same token on suppression of sexuality controlled by accustomed families. That is forbidden is sexuality without value and metaphorical sublimation within the family.
PS: Yes, he realizes, since he travels a lot — to the USA, to Italy, to Spain, to Israel — that the horizon in France is becoming more and more closed.

CF: The novel ends with a departure. The narrator returns to the United States...

PS: Not at all. The narrator, wounded in the attack and prey to delirium, half-asleep in Venice sometime after her death, imagines reaching into this woman’s belly to touch this potentiality of a child. No, Cyd remains a positive character; she’s simply faced with the question of one moment or another is faced with a woman’s demand to have a child. There’s no need to reproduce, as is every woman at one moment or another of her life., just as every man, at sometime after her death, imagines reaching into this woman’s belly to touch this potentiality of a child. No, Cyd remains a positive character; she’s simply faced with the question of one moment or another is faced with a woman’s demand to have a child. There’s no need to reproduce, as is every woman at one moment or another of her life.

CF: What is new is that the contradiction between women’s very old attitude toward reproduction and the attitude they claim to have.

PS: Clearly. Any psychoanalyst can tell you that what women and men suffer on the couch is exactly the opposite of all their ideological facades.

CF: Does the genre of the novel seem to you better adapted to the uncovering of this imposture than other sorts of writing?

PS: I believe so. I write in urgence. I’m intensely fed up with all the impostures, including the impostures of those who think they’ve gotten by the novel. It seems to me that someone like Picasso felt the same way about the imposture that non-figurative art had only because he was an eminent specialist in women, but also because he was a sort of adventurer who traveled through a number of secretly violent straights that I have the impression of passing through again.

CF: You also make frequent references to Melville.

PS: I invoke writers who have a Shakespearean and Biblical conception of adventure. That’s why I took Faulkner’s lines as the epigraph: “Born male and single at an early age. Own and operate own typewriter.”


FEMMES: AN EXCERPT
By Philippe Sollers
Trans. by Philip Barnard and Cheryl Lester

Yes, one night in November... I had gone to see Fals about a trip we were planning, to India this time. I’d taken care of some more or less clandestine contacts... He insisted on taking Armande along... OK, let’s take Armande... We talk a little... Once more about the beginning of Genesis, I recall... “I would like,” Fals tells me, “to make the density of lack manifest.”... He repeated it dramatically, in his armchair: “the density... the density...” His desk was covered with notes and mathematical drawings. Isn’t he the look of an aged doge, very tired, and wise, and crimson, caught in his ruin, painted by a Titian seen through Rembrandt’s gold and brown pessimism... With an absent look that could still sharpen and burn beneath his glasses... Armande was supposed to meet us at the restaurant... We’re making plans for receptions at embassies and universities, contacts with the press, who know almost nothing about his work... We go out for dinner... An hour goes by... No Armande... I can see Fals is worrying... Twice he goes to telephone... Comes back... Goes away again... Comes back... Each time a little heavier, wearier, more shrunken... And all the time he’s getting more and more upset... He goes back to the telephone... “No! Still not? No. Still not? No.” He pays the check. We’re off. Fals takes out his bunch of keys, about ten of them... He liked to set women up in apartments near his own hotel... How many? Three? Four? At any rate, by this time, Armande was the leading lady, and had a monopoly on his evenings... She would have him to dinner after his afternoon sessions... He goes up the stairs with surprising energy, four at a time, all at once, a third wind... She may have gotten sick, or even been attacked by one of his patients who had really gone crazy... Because she’s ‘certainly there’; because she doesn’t answer the phone; because her lights aren’t on... I can already imagine: in the schlitz in action... A gun, a knife, a pool of blood... Fals is thinking the same thing... He poles around in the keyhole... Right, it’s locked from the inside... What drama... We go back down... I go to telephone, I let it ring, no answer... Her floor is totally black... In the courtyard we both start shouting... Fals is getting flustered... I’m afraid I see it coming, a huge scandal, I tell him I ought to go... “No Wait!”... He’s seventy-three... “Armande!” he shouts... “Armande!... Armande!”... I’ve got an idea, I shout, very loudly: “We’ve got to get the police!...” The word POLICE echoes wonderfully... POLICE!... Like magic... Armande’s windows light up... A man in shirt-sleeves hurries past the picture window, up there... The murderer? Someone’s there I say to Fals, who seems not to have seen him... “Armande!” he bellows... “Armande!”... It must be a horrible sight, he must have slashed her throat... Or ripped her open perhaps... To get back at Fals, who gets at least ten times stronger... Crackpots... Every kind of nut... “Armande!”... This time, a window bangs open... It’s her... The beauty... She leans leanos over the balcony... And she yells in turn... What’s all the racket!... Armande!... “Yes, you’re crazy!”... “All at once I understand,” I tell Fals again that should leave... “No, no, come up with me!”... He runs! He flies! Devilish old man! We’re on the landing, Armande opens the door. She’s very calm. One of Fals’ followers is sitting on the couch, with a black suitcase in his lap, perfectly relaxed. Labiche! Feyeaud! Armande arranged the whole spectacle! She had to see the Old Man a lesson! She must not have a lot of money, quick, and no arguments... Straight for the baxooza then! Right in front of me! And she doesn’t lose a minute, she attacks... She makes a scene... An unbeatable ruse... The best defense is offense... She’s shouting too... That she telephoned another restaurant... That she looked for us everywhere... That in any case all this noise in her courtyard is inexcusable... That even if she’d been dead, we couldn’t have resuscitated her with a din like that... That we’re acting like children... Fals has collapsed in a rocking chair, brick red, puffing, apoplectic... The guy looks like a hot Brazilian stud, he plays his role and talks about having to catch a train... I try a diversion, I ask don’t know what to do... They may roll the Old Man for his money as soon as I leave... Force him to sign a check?... But then I get suspicious... What if he likes this? If it’s all part of their erotic circus? Maybe the Brazilian is there to arouse the Old Man’s voyeurism? Is this the way she gives him “surprises”? Labiche, on her feet, trembling, pretending to be furious, more scandalizing than ever, keeper of the Fals... Who finally gets up painfully, takes me by the arm, leads me to the door... Just the same, I wait and listen a moment on the landing... Nothing... They’re all quiet... Strange theatrics...
discovery ... A stifling, a smothering ... That this dulled the "virulence of the procedure, as his crucial minutes played out in thirty seconds; fifteen minutes' worth of padding, and bang, of flies ... That they were falling asleep without producing anything ... That it was negating the violence vis-a-vis the analyst; fifteen minutes on the heart of the matter including three next patient please ... But Fals upset all that... He felt that this encouraged droning, the buzzing disciples were wont to say ... Virulence, virulence ... Life as virus ... Nevertheless, he dared ... Three minutes ... Hello-goodbye ... Pay me ... When do I see you again? The International held an inquiry ... There was gossip, the unspoken underside of the affair ... He was kicked out. .. He made it into an epic ... He founded schools ... Movements ... Cartels ... Associations ... That fell more similar to the Marxists' and Communists' periodic explosions ... Paul Fals could have very similar to ecclesiastical controversies, with orthodoxy, reform, counter-reform, or even by itself, and Fals even claimed he was the heretic who would turn out to be right... Hallaj ... perverted by the powers-that-be ... Spinoza chased from the Synagogue ... The myth grew all of them their training ... Bernadette ... Dora ... Kate ... It was in generously, I think ... In any case, FAM owes him a lot... Directly or indirectly, he gave most of them the training... Bernadette... Dora... Kate... It was in generously, I think ... In any case, FAM owes him a lot... Directly or indirectly, he gave most of them the training... Bernadette... Dora... Kate... It was in generously, I think ... In any case, FAM owes him a lot... Directly or indirectly, he gave most of them the training... Bernadette... Dora... Kate... It was in generously, I think ... In any case, FAM owes him a lot... Directly or indirectly, he gave most of them the training...
INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN WALSER
By Karl Jirgens

Martin Walser, West German novelist, dramatist, essayist and short story writer was in Toronto for the annual Authors’ Festival at Harbourfront. Walser’s works analyse post-WW2 German society. His novella Ein Fluchen des Pferd(The Runaway Horse) is considered by many to be a gem of modern writing, and his Das Schwanenhaus(The Swan Villa) has been called a work of intricate sophistication (New York Times Book Review). In this interview, he speaks of his approach to writing and his latest novel Breakers (Henry Holt & Co., New York).

KJ: It seems to me that your works often focus on a dialectic of greed and fear and that your heroes are often caught in a tension between these two forces.

MW: It’s a very human experience, who is not torn between greed and fear? But I don’t start from general concept. I only write in reaction to experience. I did it in this way right from the beginning. There was always a cause, a negative cause, something you have to suffer, something by which you are humiliated or offended, and you have to gather whatever is left over after this damaging influence of reality, and so you have to react in order to rescue yourself, and this made you write, you had to do something, otherwise you would have become ill. A lot of people become ill and unto every kind of insanity, and they have to look for help among psychiatrists. I only write because there is a lack of something, so never think of being talented or having something that another person might not have. I always see myself as having something less than other people, and so I have to help myself by writing. It always the same reason, I have to feel fairly strong, I exist, because its a kind of fight, I feel much more alive so long as I write, because otherwise I am the loser with reality, I am the object, with writing I try to become the subject of the process. You try to switch from suffering to acting.

KJ: Is there an interest in the autobiographical level in your work. Your play “The Rabbit Race” is about a soldier who’s reaction to the horrors of war was to raise Angora rabbits. Is your writing in a kind of parallel to the Angora rabbits, that is, a reaction to world violence?

MW: That’s a political play. I spoke earlier about prose writing, but there is a great difference between starting to write a play or a novel. The cause in reality might be the same, but the reaction of writing a play is quite different than the reaction that leads you to write a novel. If you write a play, you know when you sit in your room and you are working on it, then you always have in your mind the public purpose of what you are doing. If you write prose, you are completely by yourself, and you don’t think of public effects and public obligations or belonging to a certain society, you just react to your own problems and sickness. To write a play is a full task, and there is a difference between public stage language and prose writing. So, I would say that play-writing for me, is much less personal. I at once think that I have to fulfill a task, I have to do something, it is a political issue, politically caused, there is a political purpose, you have to try to speak out something publicly which has not up to now been spoken or published. That play, when I wrote it, I had experienced the fifties, had some experience living yes, the war was a tragedy, whatever, and they reached this zero point in ’45 and then everything was new, and you are quite different, and so on. They made it into a kind of opera, the thing that had happened before. I at first thought that there was a lot of comic tragedy in this, a lot of absurdity in this, in the idea that it is possible that a whole people can lose a new house, I had much use for that house, but (in my mind) I had thrown out the real owners and I had given those people in the novel. And the characters in the novel are quite different because I’m not interested in reacting privately, from a purely personal point of view, I wouldn’t like that, it would be embarrassing, maybe I’m a kind of coward, I want to hide in a character. The character allows me to say much more about myself than I could or would as long as I speak from my real ego, this bourgeois split between my real ego and my puppet ego, like Halm, I can go very far, and at the same time I am not enticed to write about my private ego. There wouldn’t be a phrase or sentence, there wouldn’t be a metaphor, there would be nothing, it’s not interesting for me, there would be no telling, no tale, no novel. If I have a character to play, like a child playing with a doll, I will believe my character. If I have a doll in their hands, and they let the doll speak, then you can see that they let the doll speak out things that the children would never speak on their own account. So, it’s the same thing, I always say, it’s a kind of machine. With a machine you can produce things that you cannot produce without a machine. And a novel is a kind of machine, the whole setting, the arrangement, the plot, the language, everything, it condenses, it makes things tighter, more, more essential, more colourful. The reality which makes me suffer, which I transform into this novel, with my puppet doll Halm, this harmful offending reality doesn’t exist anymore because I had transformed it in my fiction, and so I have overcome it. I can no longer remember the real happenings because I replaced it with my version. And so, everything which was unbearable, I transformed into something bearable, and now I have the bearable things which I write about.

MW: Do you have any new projects that you’re working on right now?

MW: Yes, let us take Breakers, the character Helmut Halm, I already wrote a novel about him in 1977 called The Runaway Horse. The issue then was that he was on holidays, and he met a friend, a man who was the same age, to be discussed among other things, was this a soldier who had developed differently, was very youthful, unlike a fifty year old, on his second wife and so on. Leading quite another life than the character Halm, and meeting this friend is an enormous challenge for him. And there is a struggle concerning which one is leading a better life. Who’s way is wrong, who’s right, it’s like a chess play. And Halm is a character who likes to shut windows and doors and blinds and be alone, he prefers not being addressed, and not being looked through. So, when I came to California six or seven years after, only three weeks I felt that there was an opportunity for Film. Again, there was this challenge of a youthful state of being in the United States, and there was much more serious than that of the friend who lived as if he were voting. But California is really much younger (in attitude) than Helmut Halm, and so I was provoked to use this character again. Then, everything I experienced in California, in the way I acted and reacted and lived and felt, was in the way Halm would feel. I need characters such as Halm because I’m not interested in reacting privately, from a purely personal point of view, I wouldn’t like that, it would be embarrassing, maybe I’m a kind of coward, I want to hide in a character. The character allows me to say much more about myself than I could or would as long as I speak from my real ego, this bourgeois split between my real ego and my puppet ego, like Halm, I can go very far, and at the same time I am not enticed to write about my private ego. There wouldn’t be a phrase or sentence, there wouldn’t be a metaphor, there would be nothing, it’s not interesting for me, there would be no telling, no tale, no novel. If I have a character to play, like a child playing with a doll, I will believe my character. If I have a doll in their hands, and they let the doll speak, then you can see that they let the doll speak out things that the children would never speak on their own account. So, it’s the same thing, I always say, it’s a kind of machine. With a machine you can produce things that you cannot produce without a machine. And a novel is a kind of machine, the whole setting, the arrangement, the plot, the language, everything, it condenses, it makes things tighter, more, more essential, more colourful. The reality which makes me suffer, which I transform into this novel, with my puppet doll Halm, this harmful offending reality doesn’t exist anymore because I had transformed it in my fiction, and so I have overcome it. I can no longer remember the real happenings because I replaced it with my version. And so, everything which was unbearable, I transformed into something bearable, and now I have the bearable things which I write about.

Last year I had a visit from a Boston film director who wanted to make a film out of Breakers. He went to California to look at the places, and he said, “these places must exist”. And I said “yes, of course”. And he said, “does this house exist where Halm sometimes went for walks, I see you, yes, and I said Helmut Halm, and he said ‘what is the name of the people who live there’, and suddenly I realized I only had the name that I had given those people in the novel. And the characters in the novel are quite different people than those that live in that house. The house impressed me very much, and in the novel I had much use for that house, but (in my mind) I had thrown the real owners and I have moved in the people I had created. And I could remember the real names.

KJ: In your structuring of novel as machine, do you have any previous influences? I know that early in your career you did some work on Kafka.

MW: Yes, that was in the very beginning. Some of my first stories, which were a kind of autobiography, were influenced by Kafka using one artificat that I read thoroughly, in 1957-8 and that was Preusl. That was my last important reading experience. After that, I had to try my own way. In contemporary German literature there is a development from more realistic novel writing, as it has been up to the 50s or maybe 60s. The mainstream or the most important, Grass fitted in? A few, even those yes, you can call it. I mixed the authors, who are more and more engaged in esonarism, who are interesting, good writers like Peter Handke. They don’t care very much about the novel as an artistic form, they just write about their own minds. I was in this stage of development myself from the end of the 50s through to 1975. Then, my novels were just about the last people don’t want to be, that established these characters that I am still dealing with, and I’ve written in the third person since 75. My delusion is that one can try to be specific or refined or as subtle as those narcissistic writers, but with real characters. Its paradoxical, but that’s what I’d like to do. There’s no need to experience a loss in fineness or subtlety. I don’t see why I mean always have a character which is obviously myself. I think it’s an advantage to create a character which can gain its own existence, and then there’s a certain tension between him and me. “that’s the machine once again. And I don’t feel that I get less artistic by doing this. But this is just my illusion, and my way, we’ll see.”

KJ: Within this scheme where would you see other writers like Heinrich Böll, or Günter Grass fitting in?

MW: They are the realists of the 50s. Grass has an expressionistic way of writing realism. He has chosen a very special way which leads almost to allegory, his last book The Kat, is almost baroque, because reality is just providing him with material, but it does not appear as actual reality. Böll became his realistic author, and I think that I would be. He is happy to create characters as a picture of society as is in this year, it’s very reliable, the whole setting and everything, it’s like a photograph.

KJ: Do you have any new projects that you’re working on right now?

MW: I’m working on a second book dealing with the character (that originally appeared in Swin Villa) Gottleib Zurn as he is called, I finished the first version and I shall work on it over the winter. So, maybe it will come out next year.
KJ: Your works deal a lot with economic conditions especially the post-war boom in Germany. What do you think of the recent stock market crash?

MW: Oh, I like it, I think it’s wonderful, the only problem is that the market might recover too soon. I read it in the newspaper the other day, and it was like a fairy tale. Companies were buying their own shares in order to protect their value. I think that would be an ideal state, if all of the companies owned their own shares, I read the financial pages in the newspapers every day, and so I saw over all these months how the shares were going up and up, and at the same time I was seeing the real conditions of the economy, and I asked myself, "what is going on?!" I was expecting this kind of crash every day, and finally it came. So, now I can relax, it’s good for me, I can get rid of this tension. The fact that the Dow Jones index could climb so many points in such a short time was ridiculous and didn’t correspond to a real development.

KJ: How do you think American Culture has influenced Germany since the second world war?

MW: We learned a lot and we had to learn a lot since the 50s to try to overcome what came before. Then it was called “re-education”, and so we were “re-educated”, and this was necessary, because as it was, our tradition was not a democratic one. We are not the inventors of democracy, and we are not the inventors of public opinion, or of the press as a real instrument of democracy. The western part of Germany developed in an agreeable way, but there’s a lot that went wrong too. There are still unsolved things, very serious problems, for example a divided country which I think is an impossible state which must not last for ever. It’s a big problem for Germany because those in the western part, who are well off, tend to forget about it, while the eastern Germans don’t forget it, and look forward to a reunification.

KJ: I have heard it said that a lot of information is being spread in East Germany aimed at convincing people that the West is not a utopia, that people are quite well off in the east. The fact that the Dow Jones index could climb so many points in such a short time was ridiculous and didn’t correspond to a real development.

MW: Yes, but there is tourism, there is television, there is radio, they can’t keep the iron curtain tightly closed. It’s impossible. I have heard it said, by a Russian that since Gorbachev, this Glasnost, which is a word for open public opinion, people, even in Russia, get a more realistic picture about Western countries. They are really getting involved more, which is quite natural, because you can’t keep such a big part of the world undercover, that’s impossible. Eastern Germany, when compared with other eastern countries, is a fairly successful communist or socialistic country, but as far as democratic processes are concerned, it’s behind, say, Hungary or Poland. I really hope that with this “Perestroika” or process of change, that there can be changes which really would establish a new situation for both parts of Germany. If there wouldn’t be any development of this kind at all, then there would be more fear and hatred like with the cold war mentality, so, prospects are better now than ten years ago. It’s an enormous process, it can’t be stopped, not even by, let us say conservative Russian generals, or military personalities. At the same time, it seems that the eastern Germans are getting more involved, which is the real danger. Because they are not afraid to invest in the west, and the west is more afraid of them than vice versa. Gorbachev will be the most important personality in the second half of this century, if he can manage to bring Russia closer to Europe again. It’s just great, you can imagine, for the Baltic states Poland, East Germany, etc., there would be a real federation, not this centralized party regime based in Moscow which controls all of these countries only in a military sense, which is really terrible.
CM: You come from an academic background, how is semiotics related to SEMIOTEXT(E)?

SL: Semiotics is nothing new. It just gives us some kind of lingo, a logical tool that we’ve used for centuries. It’s basically dialectical logic which functions through binary systems.

CM: I’ve been interested in semiotics since 1966, with people like Roland Barthes and Lucien Goldman. They were exciting people who used semiotics but were not used by it. When I came to America semiotics was so disconnected to the kind of basic chaotic life I was leading, so I seemed more like a straightjacket. Semiotics is very good for people who need some sort of structure; and it is perfect for academia but I could not deal with it anymore. The only part I found of interest was the area that is deviant and perverse - which semiotics often does. Even though the magazine is called SEMIOTEXT(E) and started as an epistemological reflection on the foundations of semiotics all these were just too much of an intellectual rutaround.

CM: How do you define semiotics? Is it an abused tool as much as it is an abused word?

SL: Originally semiotics was produced involuntarily by Saussure. He was a specialist in Indo-European languages and he was asked to replace a colleague and give a course in general linguistics. Soon he realized that it was total chaos. They had some historical notions but basically they didn’t know what they were talking about. So he cleaned up the field. I always liked the fact that Saussure was doing that in Switzerland in the middle of the First World War, and at the same time Lenin was playing chess and the dada was in Zurich. Dada was inventing everything, and that is the science of the twentieth century not semiotics. Semiotics is like a tale replic of Hegel’s attempt to encompass the world. Hegel did it in a very circular way, trying to build something that would resist any sort of shock, like an ultimate pyramidal science. Semiotics then came to give it some sense of scientificity, so that people who were not really thinkers could use it as a tool to provide organization and make sense out of everything. Saussure was unaware of this effect, it happened after half a century of change building categories in such a way that they mean something. This is very seductive because the culture is made up of concepts that did not belong to anyone. With semiotics nothing belongs to anyone, they all speak the same language because they have no specificity.

CM: Could you delve deeper on how this theory is a dangerous seduction?

SL: Once you get to the first level of abstraction you are dealing with pure logic which is totally independent of the substance you started from. So it does not matter if it’s stylistics, art, or shit all is the same for semiotics. It makes it very clean. This is seductive because it is an easy escape. So the funds were quickly cut off. I like the idea of magazines who do similar things. But then I got on the Foreign Agents Series and people thought SEMIOTEXT(E) was a total idiocy.

CM: Getting back to the reality of the magazine: with your censorship problems what is your financial situation?

SL: We had funds for only one year. We got a grant for the Italian issue on the Autonomia movement there. Most of those people were in jail or in exile like Piperno. Paradoxically, the FBI was after us. When the Polysexuality issue came out some indignant people wrote to their congressman and asked how come we received government money for something where we advocate animal sex. So the funds were quickly cut off. That’s my idea of autonomy, if the culture is fucked up I want to have theories that are as fucked up so that they are at least connected to it. Semiotics is not fucked up enough, it deals with essences and universals. Nietzsche said: “It is only semiotic and not reality.” Semiotics, like anything else, can be a total idiocy.

SL: I just wrote a book on Antonin Artaud, and Artaud in his flesh felt that his mind is like paranoia it protects. You can crouch in it and feel safe; but what it brings out is only in your mind. You have to find other ways that allow you to breathe. A straightjacket is a total idiocy.

CM: I have not much to do with its production. That’s my idea of autonomy, if the culture is fucked up I want to have theories that are at least connected to it. Semiotics is not fucked up enough, it deals with essences and universals. Nietzsche said: “It is only semiotic and not reality.” Semiotics, like anything else, can be a total idiocy.

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CM: You come from an academic background, how is semiotics related to SEMIOTEXT(E)?

Notes Towards A Definition

By Jeremy Adler

"The sun is no bigger than the human head"

Anon.

"In the electric hierarchy of propositions there are not only positive and negative charges, but a finite number of further ones, since the following sentence does not only refer to the preceding one, but to every sum of all previous propositions."

Konrad Bayer

"Philosophers say that man is an animal, or little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great; and, in my opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politic; and if this be so, how can the opinion be true, that the universal was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms: which I will no more believe, than that the accidental junctures of the letters of the alphabet, could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy."

Swift

The Alphabet will reveal an amazing store of high-frequency electric fields oscillating between finite electrodes. It consists of living telepathy, dead ideas, and sappy letters, which are lit tidy, superstitious cameras with a seductive flash of scopic matter. A freshly picked alphabet shows pliable fingerprints. Its position can be measured, but sunlight should be avoided.

There are few problems more fascinating than those that are bound up with the bold question: What is a book? With insatiable curiosity, men have been trying for thousands of years to penetrate that closely guarded secret. Today, we tend to believe that books are biological mechanisms which allow us to experience the solar system by means of optical instruments. This enables the speaker to read the meaning of life. The intelligent layman, will, of course, find books helpful when confronted with death or loss of innocence. In our daily lives, books frequently explode, but the problem can be overcome in most closed systems. The standard formula for a book made from the alphabet is:

$$n_p = \pi - \frac{\alpha}{n - \pi}$$

Colour is constantly changing environment, like native goldwork in a Spanish melting-pot, depending on intense electro-magnetic radiation. The primary zones of each colour contain a large number of neutrons with differentiated, modally specific attributes. In the Valley of Mexico, almost every village has its own particular colour. A village containing all colours will appear white. However, some absorb only pigment colour. Subjects exposed to colours become intolerable, develop hallucinations, or fall asleep; others may go into corridors, turn right instead of left, or wear their dressing-gowns by the position of the clock. In kinesthetics, no explanations are appropriate, but it may be concluded that a normal person responds to colour only with great reluctance.

Daydreams grow like pollen on the anusmen of a cortical existence. They may be distinguished from other lambsyndrome by membranous wings, covered in mimes, overlapping escape of necr. Like men and women, they are at their best when only six or seven years old. Breathing pots shaped like blunes may occur. audible to the naked eye is small orange spots in the corner, where they sound on the white media appear. Virgins may contemlate the dream of a caterpillar with impunity. At a constant pressure of the eye, a given year remains inversely proportional to reality. Thus, a butterfly unfurls its lovely soul, peels an orange to the ringing of crystalline bells, and peers through a pair of binoculars like a Christian in Rome. This is only amazing. But even more enchanting daydreams can be seen walking arm in arm across fiery rivers like the three graces in a trance. Under experimental conditions, daydreams produce a tender heart, like the polyspecific tissue of bido-long. In some species, optical illusions are unconformable. Metamorphs give birth to metamorphs, and when these produce a slyden fibres five dimensions from the mind, the image will reverse, and flow into the tenderness of an ideal society.

Elements are the infinitely divisible organelle of existence, the brick and mortar of the psychi. wherewithal of phenomena which brings the conscious consciousness of a void into the mind. The chromosomes. In the unborn child, it depends on the environment. whe: upon maturity transform into national activity, whereupon maturity transforms into national activity. This may occur, audible to the naked eye is small orange spots in the corner, where they sound on the white media appear. Virgins may contemlate the dream of a caterpillar with impunity. At a constant pressure of the eye, a given year remains inversely proportional to reality. Thus, a butterfly unfurls its lovely soul, peels an orange to the ringing of crystalline bells, and peers through a pair of binoculars like a Christian in Rome. This is only amazing. But even more enchanting daydreams can be seen walking arm in arm across fiery rivers like the three graces in a trance. Under experimental conditions, daydreams produce a tender heart, like the polyspecific tissue of bido-long. In some species, optical illusions are unconformable. Metamorphs give birth to metamorphs, and when these produce a slyden fibres five dimensions from the mind, the image will reverse, and flow into the tenderness of an ideal society.

Fantasy may be regarded as an abnormal chemical change in the chromosomes. In the unborn child, it often takes the form of astric sympathy or intention. With the genesis of speech, regular patterns emerge in the-occipital regions between the optico-gnostic nerve, membranous of the inner-eye, and the audio-pyscic zone. Sublimated food activates the motor-cells, and perceptions resembling moral indignation occur. Isolated impulses gradually transform international activity, whereupon maturity sets in, and concrete objects set up cerebral-dynamic resonance. Other phases now intervene at the morphic level, whereupon the focus develops the cumulative sentences characteristic of the adult male. It most serious cases, fantasy remains indistinguishable from fact.

Ghosts are a constantly changing telepathy inversely proportional to the naked eye. Sometimes they appear as small white spots in ornaments cut after the manner of a hand. They may be cylindrical, but can best be understood as local brains, the identity of which is dependent on the body. Today, most authorities hold that ghosts are a result of natural selection, being intelligent mammals best suited to a modern environment.
History is a glamorous footnote to infinity, a tiny comet tracing its path between the black holes of time history arose, and did great battle with myth, overcoming the belief in the divinity of man’s natural social bliss. History is everywhere. And historians revel in the internal contradiction between memory and the miraculous integrity of pure matter will transfigure any mere eventuality. Traces which represent what might, perhaps, under particular and unrepeatable circumstances, once with sub-atomic particles, visible in the mind as a cloudy bubble-chamber with a series of parabolic coronary sinus. From this node, the screaming miracles are dragged into the auro-ventricular chamber, containing fat, blood, lymph, and nerve-cells. Though some dispute this, no miracle has ever escaped. Through a unique pathway of muscle-fibres which initiate in the sino-atrial node and conclude in the coronary sinus. In this way, one can imagine the war, hate, and the body. Yet whilst some regard X as the Elysium factor, others suspect that it may be a token of paradise according to the first and final law of all physics. And so, we fashion for ourselves a conscious arrival.

The body is a transcendental timepiece, although, in the absence of a reliable eschatology of perception, we cannot accurately determine the simultaneous events, temporal and daily habits of living creatures are paradigmatic: the white glebes to the bed of the sea at dusk, whilst the giant sunfish (mola mola) floats to the surface like a benevolent disc. Such phenomena indicate that nature itself may best be understood as a transcendental timepiece, although, in the absence of a reliable eschatology of perception, we can acceptably determine which times—both cosmically significant—are comprehensively significant. We must choose between two styles: the merely galloping hooves, and we never witness another. In this way, we fashion for ourselves a conscious arrival.

Quest is the human condition on alternate weekdays. A transmission of absentmindedness a prehistoric grid in the lymph-nodes, whereupon a stream of electrons discharge soluble monosaccharide into the conduit of hyper-permeability, thus reanimating the Retrofit syndrome, which reanimates the myelin sheath of reorganizing nerve fibres with the speed of light. The mere vehicle becomes a unified sentient essence, nothing is identical with the original sin. Atheists take comfort in the postulate that every creature is relative to the morality of light. Time is the analytic parabola of movement precipitated by the identity of energy with space. In essence, therefore, it is a tautology of consciousness. Although his/her the simultaneity of every galactic occurrence, the converse will, by definition, also become true at the end of time, in infinity is expected to return to its source; this, however, has never been proven. Occasional instances of human consciousness have evidence the blossoming of distinct temporal events, and the daily habits of living creatures are paradigmatic: the white glebes to the bed of the sea at dusk, whilst the giant sunfish (mola mola) floats to the surface like a benevolent disc. Such phenomena indicate that nature itself may best be understood as a transcendental timepiece, although, in the absence of a reliable eschatology of perception, we can acceptably determine which times—both cosmically significant—are comprehensively significant. We must choose between two styles: the merely galloping hooves, and we never witness another.
DEATH AND DESIRE IN ROCK VIDEO
By Marino Tuzi

Death and Desire in Rock Video is a study on the nature of rock video and its relationship to the社会 and cultural context of the time. The book explores how rock videos can be seen as an extension of the band's personas and how they can be used to express the values and themes of the society in which they were created.

The book also discusses the nature of the video as a medium for expressing social and cultural ideas, and how it can be used to challenge the status quo and to express the desire for change. It examines the relationship between the video and the audience, and how the video can be used to create a sense of community and shared experience.

The book is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the study of rock video, and it provides a unique perspective on the role of rock video in society.
Il était une fois, (il y a deux ou trois semaines), un homme d'âge moyen, plutôt têtu et volontaire qui décida de consigner (pour la postérité), exactement comme ça s'est produit, mot pour mot, geste pour geste, l'histoire d'un autre homme (cir, en fait, ce qui est GRAND dans l'homme, c'est qu'il est un moyen et non une fin), un type un peu parano (célibataire, sans attaches, sans famille) - un journaliste qui parlait cinq langues - et qui était lui-même venu de France en Amérique (le pays des multiples occasions) par l'intermédiaire d'un oncle - un journaliste qui parlait cinq langues - et que ses parents (son père, mais aussi sa mère) et ses deux soeurs (l'une plus âgée, l'autre plus jeune - ils avaient étudié dans une chambre meublée avec salle de bains, un coin cuisine, un lit, une table, et au moins une chaise) en plein New-York et pour toute une année (365 jours pour être plus précis), afin d'écrire l'histoire d'une autre personne - un jeune homme timide et très dépendant de l'éducation et de l'influence de ses parents, mais qui travaillait à la maison et qui, à la fin de ses études, serait capable de devenir un bon et loyal citoyen. Il était à la maison et reprenait ses études, tandis que c'était temporaire un week-end, pour se faire payer le loyer le dimanche, pour se faire payer le loyer, pour se faire payer...
COOLEY ENTERS THE THEOLOGICAL DEBATES
By Dennis Cooley

Do souls when the bodies collapse suddenly under them like tires when their inner tubes burst flush to the ceiling of rooms, or do they leave behind against the coloured backgrounds lust loose trailing strings of glory at one of those old 1950's parties full of hubbahubba baboon space?

Is there a traffic division in heaven with these terrific zealous cops who give tickets to souls for wicked things like over parking in bodies after their time is up on the meters? How do souls ever get on the list? And where does the ticket go? Does anybody have any idea if the bodies have contingency plans and could they govern themselves in an emergency? Or would they have to have some time they don't vaporize the bodies how can they valorize them? Does god put the spirits in the body, kind of like a butcher stuffing skins with blood sausage, wouldn't he want us to drink so we could get more & more spiritual?

What happens if souls fall in love with their captors (this must happen sometimes like they do on the supper news and they're in the vault and the woman she says he's going to marry the shooter once he gets he's so super out in 25 years from some chain gang brutal jail in memphis where they like to extavilate sensitive young prisoners for is painting the black boarded blue) and want to marry them after on The Journal at 10:00 P.M. but only if Barbara Prum is going to be there for sure or if she isn't then PETER GZOWSKI if they can get him because he is on the radio in the mornings & might be too tired to come unless he has been working on PARTICIPATION and is more fit than the AVERAGE SWEDE 10:30 in Nfld.?

Is there soul music in heaven?

What if god in a fit of pique recalled all his souls the whole flostitute like Washington pulling all its ambassadors out of Moscow does anybody have any idea if the bodies have contingency plans and could they govern themselves in an emergency? Or would they have to have some time they don't vaporize the bodies how can they valorize them? Does god put the spirits in the body, kind of like a butcher stuffing skins with blood sausage, wouldn't he want us to drink so we could get more & more spiritual?

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JOHN CAGE: ON HIS SUCCESSORS
AN UN-CONVERSATION
Produced by Richard Kostelanetz

Few artists of his eminence or his conversational brilliance are as generous individually incomplete, while most have elements lacking in other... it's accurate, though. I think that when a person does something he does it originally, even... what he did, of course, was original to him and exactly what I'm saying, so I don't feel any problem there at all and I enjoy his work when I hear it, and I enjoy it as... When I was young, you had either to follow Stravinsky or Schoenberg. There was no alternative. There was nothing else to do. You could perhaps feel that you could follow Bartók, or you could have translated that Bartók intoowell or Ives, but we didn't think that... things had to be exactly where they should be. And I think that's partly a result of a kind of step that not only I took, but others took... that was a very good example. He does say that he made certain changes in his work after hearing mine. What he did, of course, was original to him and exactly what I'm saying, so I don't feel any problem there at all and I enjoy his work when I hear it, and I enjoy it as his rather than as mine. I think that's what is good about my influence, if there is one, that there are more possibilities open to people there than were when I was young. When I was young, you had to follow Stravinsky or Schoenberg. There was no alternative. There was nothing else to do. You could perhaps feel that you could follow Bartók, or you could have translated that Bartók intoowell or Ives, but we didn't think that... things had to be exactly where they should be. And I think that's partly a result of a kind of step that not only I took, but others took... that was a very good example. He does say that he made certain changes in his work after hearing mine. 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In 1956, Jackson faithfully sent me things as they appeared; he had been in my class at the New School. For example, take the repetition of a tone cluster or a single sound at a seemingly constant rate. Pauline Oliveros and, just as that same concern for place arises in artists who deal with the environment, so too does it arise in composers and, for example, in a hallway in the basement of Wesleyan University, Middletown, and there was a concert of Jackson's music. And I've noticed too that an audience, for instance, the audience listening to Jackson read his own work that evening, whose considered thoughts were less entertaining than Jackson's offhand ones. No, I think so, because it was really rather his least thoughts that were in the poem. And I think that's what it is with Jackson. In order to enter the same field Jackson was in without stepping on his toes. And that's why I continued to do it.

Jackson's also very esoteric in his aesthetics, as you know. He has expressionistic poems as well as those we've spoken about. I first encountered this among artists, the people who painted oil paintings and who refresh themselves by painting watercolors. And I think that's what it is with Jackson. In order to refresh himself from the one, he does the other. And I first encountered this among artists, the people who painted oil paintings and who refresh themselves by painting watercolors. The trick is that somewhere you must impose taste — you must decide that one procedure is not going to work any longer or that another device is a more inventive way of doing something else.

That may occur in Jackson's work because, if he's using chance operations, he works with a rather limited reservoir of material, like a page from a particular book or something. And you immediately get the notion of repetition. Or if he's using the words that appear from a single person's name, as he often does, words naturally got repeated: repetition becomes the dominant characteristic of his work. I thought for a while that, since he was involved, as I am, with chance operations, I ought not to bother using chance operations with language; but then when I saw that I was interested in nonrepetition, it was as though I could enter the same field Jackson was in without stepping on his toes. And that's why I continued to do it.

To say there's even more experimentation going on, so to speak, generally, there was in those decades. And "reading" has also become more problematic, in a fundamental sense. And I've noticed too that an audience — for instance, the audience listening to Jackson read his own work that evening, whose considered thoughts were less entertaining than Jackson's offhand ones.

I don't agree with that notion. I think that we are all together and that ideas are also equally available to us. For instance, two inventors invent the same thing at the same time. This must be that they have been influenced by the possibility of having that idea. So I think that what appears to be noninfluence is merely that I fell into a situation that other people are also falling into. And what is so nice about the situation is that it admits a great deal of variety. I would say that it admits more variety than if you fell into the twelve-tone system.
Mabuna Tangali was sitting under a stand of acacia trees on his Zimbabwe farm, deftly etching ripples onto a five-foot smoke-dried black corpse from the South African Townships. Dead bodies from the Transvaal are rail freighted to Krugersdorp where they are smoked over beds of charcoal to make them dry and brittle. “There is a spiritual communion between the cadaver and myself,” said Tangali as he teased life into a work called “The Survivor”. “The sculpture is already inside the stone-hardened flesh — my job is to remove what has been hiding it.”

The 46-year-old, whose work resembles the life-forms of sculptor Giocometti, is a master of Umtali sculpture, named after the north-western city that first recognized the whittled-down figures as important works of art. Tangali’s work, along with that of a small group of Zimbabwean artists, is rapidly developing an international reputation. Rockefellers & Rothschilds were early connosseurs of Umtali sculpture. Prince Charles has become a collector. In fact, it was Britain’s heir to the throne who insisted his base materials be chosen from those who fell victim at the hands of police in recent street demonstrations.

Not long ago Richard Attenborough came to Zimbabwe to film the story of South African dissident Steven Biko; before leaving, the director shipped 29 hermetically sealed crates of Umtali figures home to England. Umtali sculpture is perhaps the most important new art form to emerge from Africa in this century. Unlike West African terracotta figures, Benin bronzes from Nigeria or tribal statues and masks — all deeply rooted in custom and worship — Umtali sculpture is only as old as the Black Nationalist Party in South Africa. Artists may be inspired by the inherent spiritual qualities of the raw materials themselves or taken by the shivered appearance of form, but their work isn’t linked to ancient culture or ritual.

Even the secret embalming method used to laminate and preserve their works of art was developed and put to use in Ian Smith’s time. “This is an extremely spontaneous, contemporary movement which has its roots in the present rather than the past,” says Myrtle Roberts, director of Zimbabwe’s National Gallery. The sculptors draw freely on the interplay between the spirit world and nightmarish servitude of oppressed black humanity for forms of creation. Without bothering to sketch, they go straight from the flesh, back and chisel and cut away bone. Henry Mutabali, who creates sleek, polished emaciated forms, such as his Arisen from the Dead series, says, “God gives me the idea because he created the original life form.” Tangali’s powerful semi-mutilated heads have an echo of Picasso; the aggressively stuffed, bloated figures of another sculptor Bernard Maweewee have a hint of Miro. But, remarkably, these artists, isolated by geography and politics, have not even seen the art of West Africa. The Umtali movement had two important patrons. As the British colony of Rhodesia, Zimbabwe was an artistic wasteland until the late 1950s, at a time when black unrest and public demonstration was just getting off the ground in its neighbor to the South. Then, Frank Stevens, a businessman in Bulawayo, got together with his friend Helmut Krost in Pretoria to arrange rail passage of unclaimed, charcoal-dried black South African corpses to be freighted North to his tobacco farm where amateurs sculptors, too poor to buy indigenous serpentine, steal or scapulate green verdite, awaited arrival.

Shortly thereafter, Bill McEwen, director of Zimbabwe’s National Museum, began providing tools, waxes and varnishes to a few untutored artists. A decade later, Tom Bokmann founded an art school for poor unemployed laborers when his 4,500 acre tobacco farm collapsed under the economic sanctions against Rhodesia. “We were world exiles,” recalls Bokmann, a jolly man of ruddy complexion. “We needed something to hold on to, to retain our identity.” With the little money he had saved, he turned his Umtali farm into a sculptor’s paradise. Striking up a deal with Stevens & Krost, Bokmann imported cadavers by the crate-load. These works were impressive; in Paris, the Rodin Museum exhibited Umtali sculpture as early as 1971. But the movement almost disappeared during the long civil war; the Umtali art colony was forced to close.

“The few buyers at the time took advantage of us,” Tangali says. “They gave us pennies and worthless subway tokens for our work.” Though Zimbabwe gained independence in 1980, the Umtali art scene is only now undergoing a renaissance. Bokmann’s Umtali farm is flourishing again with nearly 70 sculptors living there. In a decade prices for Tangali and Maweewee’s best works shot up several thousand percent, up to about $10,000. God may well be in the flesh, but these remarkable artists are in the details.
A, so to speak, theoretical madness had seized all of Italy at this time. One discussed music changed this, as Fra Palaccio was asked to instruct him in music, poetry and architecture. 14

FRA LUCIO AT THE COURT OF LEO X

remarkable drawing by Francesco di Giorgio (which was owned by Leonardo DaVinci) of permanent basis in 1508, was assigned duties as architect and teacher. Constanzo Festa (who arrived in 1513) and Raphael. Fra Lucio, who came to the court on a months to entertain him in his sickroom. Michelangelo and Bramante are well known names, we see Raphael taking on tasks like archaeologist, architect, head of antiquities and court painter. These synecdochic tendencies in both the teacher and the student have seemingly blocked modern appreciation of their works; an eclectic style of creativity is frowned upon as not engendering "original" works. In 1509 the Fray’s other great student, Luca Pacioli published De Divina Proposizione in Venice. 27 His influence is again obvious throughout, the concresc with harmonic proportion and perfect number. "Beauty is that... a harmony inherent in the building... its chief characteristic is the classical idea of maintaining a uniform system of proportion throughout all parts of the building. 14 Fra Lucio’s definition of perfection is then seen in terms of proportion, an idea that he introduced and engendered at the court of Leo X.

PRECURSOR FOR CORPUS CRISTI

The most outstanding feature of Corpus Christi, if it had been built, would have been that from the summit of the surrounding Tuscan hills the city would have appeared in the shape of a man, specifically Christ on his cross. Fra Lucio attempted to summarize all human knowledge in the slavish image of the human body, to create a city that harmonized with man in a way that no previous city had ever done. What could have inspired the retiring friar from Lucca to such an awesome conception of Renaissance man in praise of his God: "What geometrical, what musician must he have been who made man like that!"21 is expressed by Fra Lucio in his city, a bringing together of his humanist training and spiritual devotion in a consummate statement of human reason and religious love.

"Renaissance proportional theory, through Vitruvius, demanded that ratios comply with the proportions of the human body. As man is the image of God and the proportions of his body are produced by divine will, so the proportions in architecture have to embrace the cosmic order."20

An important example of this architecture modeled on the human proportions is a remarkable drawing by Francesco di Giorgio (which was owned by Leonardo DaVinci) of a man drawn directly over the plan of a renaissance basilica. 11 There are similar drawings by Cesariano 22 and by Fra Giocondo for his Vitruvius edition of 1511. 23 Gioconda was also at the court of Leo X. Could he and Fra Lucio have inspired each other?

Certain famous drawings by Leonardo of a man inscribed by a circle is an example of the same concerns.

Luca Pacioli, Fra Lucio’s student, says in his De Divina Propositione: “First we shall talk of the proportions of man, because from the human body derive all measures and their denominations, and in it is to be found all and every ratio by which God reveals the innermost secrets of nature.”24

There is something intensely majestic in seeing Alberti’s dictum “Man is the measure of all things” given such a concrete form, something archetypal in building a city for men in the proportions of men. Francesco Giorgi seems to be the closest Renaissance architect to Fra Lucio in this respect; his De Harmonia Mundi Tota relates the circle to the square through the agency of the human body. 25

In a famous memorandum for the construction of S. Francesco della Vigna in Venice, Giorgi demands a nave of twenty-seven paces, so that it may be divided diapason and diaprosis, the intervals of the octave and a fifth. Not just the nave, but the entire church is in the same musical ratio, 8:18:27. (9:18 is the octave and the fifth, and 18:27 a fifth.) It almost seems as if Giorgi makes no differentiation between architecture and music, but rather architecture and the proportions of man, their mediator. Equally remarkable are the three censators on the chosen memorandum as if it were nothing out of the ordinary. One would expect practical men like them to question Geometry’s mystical scheme, but they did not. But then all three of them were also specialists in proportions, that Romanic Fra Berlinghieri, architect Serlio, and the painter, Titian. Palladio’s Quattro Libri give approved proportions, such as the proportions of the body as similar to lists in Alberti. 26 Musical/architectural/human proportional relationships permeate the work of Daniele Barbaro, and even the German Albrecht Dürer produces a work on this subject.

Lomazzo’s Trattato dell’ Arte della Pittura relates man to mathematics, and Vincenzo Danti planned a vast fifteen book project on proportion, of which none (1567) was finished. 27

Corpus Cristi, seen in this context, does not seem like a bizarre aberration in Renaissance architecture, but rather the culmination of a long and complex dialogue running through the period. This makes it doubly strange that these great designs have been forgotten for so long.

THE CITY, AS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN

Some of the other ideal cities which were being designed at this time, and which were inspiration for Fra Palacico, are reproduced with this paper. All show the fortifications which were the primary consideration for renaissance town-planners. In this respect Fra Lucio’s designs are seriously flawed; the anthropomorphic (man-like) form of his city has dictated a weak defensive wall, which may be the reason that his plan was never carried out. Fra Lucio was obviously not a military man, designing an almost indefensible city.

The city is entered through the traditional four gates, the roads leading to them called strada del sacro. These roads symbolize the rivers of blood which flowed from Christ’s wounds — the feet, hands, and side. This is a direct metaphor of the city gates to the pierced wounds, the opening made in the civic or corporeal body. At the place of the wounds, possibly symbolizing the nails and blade, are the churches of the wounds (chiesa del piagio). These churches purify persons entering the city and are places to offer prayer upon returning from a journey. Each church is named according to the wound it symbolized, la chiesa del piago del mano destra being the church of the right hand, etc. The churches are typical renaissance buildings, basilica plan and traditional, except for the navel and apse reliefs that they enshrine at the exact spot of penetration.

La chiesa del piaggio delle pietre destre, e sinistra lead directly to two main streets; strada del gamba destra (right leg street) and strada del gamba sinistra (left leg street). These streets are lined with residences and cottage industries, most notably cobblers, leather and gold workers. Two beautiful cupolaed banks grace the middle of these streets, the Banco di San Giovanni di Francesco.

These parallel streets continue north until they join the city’s main “body” of Corpus Cristi. The abdomen sections of the anthropomorphic are served by a winding road, the corso intestino. One of the drawings (MS vil60079) has been defaced in this region by the scrawled (but later removed) words_ "THE CITY, AS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN"

In the area designated il fegato (the liver) the wine merchants make and sell their wares. Cloth merchants and craftsmen live and work on the streets leading up to the imposing Chiesa di San Giovanni di Francesco (Church of the wound in the side).
This spectacular church will be analysed in a soon to be published article on the architectural building designs of Corpus Cristi and their proportional relationships. Here we cannot enter into a broad survey of the group in the plan and set it in the context of its age. Many broad avenues, most notably the central avenue, which is flanked by graceful cypress trees (the wind trees) lead from the Mercato del stomaco to the head. This central avenue, Corso polmone, has laid out on each side the great buildings of the main body of the city. This area, the lungs of the city, is where the bourgeois conduct business and live. It is marked by large houses, broad avenues and great internal symmetry of plan. These grand streets begin to radiate towards the most important feature of the city, located at the heart. The main facade faces south-west and a high cupola (the bud of the heart) rises over the transept. As the blood of man passes always through his heart, where it is purified for the benefit of his body, so all the citizens of my city will pass on every task past the cathedral, to be sanctified. So I have arranged the streets, that they lead to the heart, where it is purified for the benefit of his body, so all the citizens of my city will pass on this most important feature of the city, located at the heart.

II Catedrale del Sacro Cuore (Cathedral of the Sacred Heart) is the largest single structure in the city, and the focus of the entire conception. It embodies the most current ideas of church construction and design, and may well be a realization of Paciolo's own ideas for the then unfinished St. Peters. The church has a short nave and describes an almost Greek cross. The main facade faces south-west and a high cupola (the bud of the heart) rises over the transept. As the blood of man passes always through his heart, where it is purified for the benefit of his body, so all the citizens of my city will pass on every task past the cathedral, to be sanctified. So I have arranged the streets, that they lead to the heart, where it is purified for the benefit of his body, so all the citizens of my city will pass on this most important feature of the city, located at the heart.

The remarkable conceit can be seen in the plan, and marks an apotheosis of religious and symmetrical inter-relationships unparalleled in any other renaissance building. Interestingly enough the anthropomorphic form of Corpus Cristi afforded Fra Lucio with the very modern idea of suburbs, nestled among the outstretched arms of the crucified form. The Strada della braccia destra (street of the right arm) housed the city's most illustrious citizens, out towards the Teatro dei Ditt (theater of the fingers). This Greek style theater gave seating in five sections, mimicking outstanding fingers, the palm or palm being the stage. Theatre is a product of the hand of man, as is knowledge, so the opposite left hand contains the University. Thus a symbolic triangle is formed, the human (or manual) arts outside the body, with the spiritual center, the cathedral, in the body.

Il Academia del Mano is a large University built in five blocks radiating around a central campo. Fra Lucio, so well educated himself, put great store in education. The Academy is one of the most meticulously planned sections of the city. It is a true reflection of the gemus of University buildings. The University is even a good distance from the distractions of the main campo. The small strada spalla (shoulder street) leads to the magnificent Arco Triumfale del Collo (Triumphal Arch of the neck). This arch acts as an esophagus, separating the town from the countryside. This remarkable conceit can be seen in the plan, and marks an apotheosis of religious and symmetrical inter-relationships unparalleled in any other renaissance building. It is strong at every point. When someone hogs, or lags, it becomes oval, the shape of a bomb, or a turd. It seems that Jean Arp wrote it, or that I dreamed that he did, as I can't find it in his works. Jean Arp and I share the same birthday with Peters Falk - 26th of January.

CONCLUSIONS

We find in Corpus Cristi a striking series of metaphors between the human body and the civic body. Fra Paciolo seems to draw a parallel between the function of the population of the city and that of blood. The Gates pierce the city walls acting metaphorically as Christ's wounds, permitting the passage of the blood to exit into the blood streets which connect the city with other towns. The preponderance of pedestrains, too narrow for carts, give access to every part of the city, muffering the capillary branching of arteries. And the cathedral acts as the great processor of spiritual purity, as the heart purifies the blood.

Renaissance medicine recognized the functions of various elements and their processing humors in the body and their circulation in the body and the heart, air and the lungs, water and intestines, bile and kidneys. A second metaphor is to compare air with wealth in the city. The area of upper classes and merchant businesses is the lungs of the anthropomorph. Breath (pneum) is intilled in the city and promotes wealth and well-being, although materialism is tempered by the nearby heart. An economic map of the city would show wealth collected in the chest, trickling down into the market and body areas and pooling in the kidneys (where reserves were kept in the City Bank). The grand Avenue through the lungs, Corso Polmone reinforces the "breath" metaphor.

Water, a necessary element for life, finds its center in the "navel fountain", which supplies the market area. Water is in the abdomen, processing food (the market goods), and a reflection of Fra Lucio's concern for the cleanliness and well-being of the poor, who are located in this area. Along with the vital abdomen area, the area of maximum population density, comes the problem of civic waste. As bile and kidneys are related so the primary exit for city waste is the gate at the Piazza del Fianco. Water, and the weekly washing of the market square, are seen as part of this process. It is interesting to note that butchers and other "unclean" professions are located along this road between the market and the gate - the physical position of the kidneys.

Outside of this dynamic interplay of functions in the central body are placed the Theater (arts) and the focus of the city (Leono). These two separate organs are related to the functional aspects of the body. So too the Government (la testa) and the reproductive life of the Abbey are cut off from the city by a narrow arch. This places them above the corporal. It is a true insight into Fra Lucio's idea of the role of the church when he places the Cathedral in the center of the city, that he is in the center of the processes of living. It is obvious that Leo X, no matter how impressed he was with the friar's vision, would have cut off the city by a narrow arch. This places them above the corporal. It is a true insight into Fra Lucio's idea of the role of the church when he places the Cathedral in the center of the city.

There are only a few things in nature that naturally occur in the form of a circle. A rock, when thrown into water, is of whatever form, because of the force of gravity. It seems that Jean Arp wrote it, or that I dreamed that he did, as I can't find it in his works. Jean Arp and I share the same birthday with Peters Falk - 26th of January.

Despite the rarity of this geometric shape in nature, man makes many circular terms: baseballs, frisbees, tires for babs and cars, dinner plates, washers for screws. The circle seems to have a delightful property: it is equally strong at all points, and it is a ring. Because of these two features, it is infinitely amusing, and all kinds of recreation are based on it: bicycling, bowling, roller-skating, cartwheels, smoke rings. The hula hoop and the hoa provide eternal amusement and suggest eternal grace.

A good conversation is an unbroken circle. It is strong at every point. When someone hogs, or lags, it becomes oval, the shape of a bomb, or a turd.

When every piece of the pie is there, the pie is whole. Perfect means whole in Latin. When the pupil gazes at the circles spreading from around a rock thrown into a pond, perhaps the pleasure received is a self-referential one - two circles responding in sympathetic vibration. For whatever reason, throwing rocks into water is one of the ten perfect pleasures. Can you name the other nine?

A CIRCLE AMUSES ITSELF BY Kirby Olson
A Virus" Gives Business a Chill

By Joe Clark

A computertized virus message that spread recently is the latest in a string of viruses that have infected personal computers, some of which are now being marketed as "anti-virus" programs.

The message, which appears on the CompuServe and Online Newsline systems and elsewhere, is from a virus developed by a person known to the user base as "Jodi Foster." The message is designed to spread across the country.

A virus is a program designed to spread itself rapidly through computer networks and systems. It is often used by computer users as a way to share information with each other.

In this case, the virus is designed to spread through the CompuServe system. It is described as a "universal message of peace" in the name of "NEOSIM." The "virus" program was originated in December of 1987 and is designed to appear on the screen of all infected Macintosh users around the world. It was spread from computer to computer.

The "virus" is analogous to the Trojan Horse, was designed to appear on the screens of all infected Mac users, and its entire staff would like to take this opportunity to convex our readers of this virus's message to all Macintosh users around the world. The "virus" program was designed to self-destruct the following day. Reactions were widespread and mixed, but the vast majority of computer users were extremely critical of the action. The CBC identified the perpetrator as "John Brandow," who set up a special hotline to answer questions.

In this case, the virus program is spread from computer to computer.

In the case of "NEOSIM," the program was originated in December of 1987 and is designed to appear on the screen of all infected Macintosh users around the world. It was spread from computer to computer.

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Interview with Monty Cantsin

INTRODUCTION

When we first met and I asked him what he was doing in New York he leaned over to me and breathed his answer to my ear in a very low voice:

"I'm organizing a revolution"

I laughed and asked if I can participate in the revolution.

"You are already a part of it"

And you too, dear reader, and most of the population of this planet. Everybody is a neoist. This is the fundamental idea of NEOISM, Monty Cantsin's revolution.

The idea became more complicated when Monty Cantsin tells us that he is not the only Monty Cantsin, but there are millions of Monty Cantsins, conscious and unconscious Monty Cantsins, people who know and don't know they are Monty Cantsins. The process to become conscious of our Monty Cantsin self is slow and in calculable. Today, in reality, there are only a few conscious Monty Cantsins.

But remember that only 12 apostles assisted the Last Supper and 5 members launched the Bolshevik Party.

And don't think for a second that Neoism is only a joke.

A Neoist Conspicacy Network has been set up all around the world already years ago with centers in North and South America, Eastern and Western Europe, Japan, Australia. Recently the Neoist Headquarters moved to New York's Lower East Side. It happened to be a very fertile moment.

A group of people began their subversive activities under the name of Rivington School. They built that junk sculpture barricade at the corner of Forsyth and Rivington street. Their exhibitions were organized by NO SE NO, a revolutionary center camouflaged as a social club/art gallery.

And there were also "Freda", the dreamer" and "Nada", two other "undercover" galleries right beside No Se No.

The Rivington School and Neoism met in June/1986...

Their most recent event, the launching of Monty Cantsin's new record "Born Again In Flames" took place on Nov 10, 1987 at Space 2B. Besides Cantsin the program included Angela Idealism, DEMO MOE, and a film about the Rivington School entitled ANTI-CREDO, made by Monty Cantsin.

INTERVIEW

- You perform often at Space 2B, is it one of your headquarters?
- No. Not anymore. I performed there from the beginning because I liked that corner with the junk sculptures and those people who were making them, and it seemed to become another barricade such as the Rivington School's Sculpture Garden.

But now it's faked up. Those two guys in the bar just want to sell drinks and take half of the door money. They are kind of new age pro-juppies, they want people be quired, sit down and listen to their boring, snotty music. I know that they hate my performances but they let me perform there because I always bring a lot of people. But this was the last time I performed there. They tried to interrupt the show by plugging out the spot light and cutting electricity. It's not anymore a revolutionary center, just one stop for the club goers towards the World.

- The Lower East Side is getting smaller and smaller.
- That's right. The only barricade which is still alive is the Sculpture Garden at the corner of Rivington/Forsyth. But this winter it might be destroyed because the owner of that land wants to build a house there. The bulldozers will come soon. I can't wait for that. Only at that moment will people realize the importance of that junk art sculpture.

- And what will happen to the Rivington School?
- The School will survive. We have lots of ideas. We might move to somewhere else, to another country. America is boring.

- Yes. Europe es podrldia y America es aburrida, you sing this in that tango.

- Alles Klar, it's entitled Alles Klar, it means OK in German. But for me OK means "all confusing".

- Why this german title?
- We had a neoist training camp even in Germany a few years ago and I wrote this poem there. Actually it wasn't a poem, just a postcard.

- All right. Let's talk about your film, ANTI-CREDO.
- It's a film in progress. I started it 2 years ago. I met these junk sculpture making hooligans in the street. They were always dirty, holding blowpipes, soldering irons. They seemed to have a lot of fun. They didn't care that I was filming them. And I wasn't really making a film, I was just there and sometimes I pushed the button on my camera. Except maybe for Angela Idealism and Arleen Schloss. They are Rivington School girls but they don't hang around the school. The way I filmed it and edited it makes it more poetical, funny and rough. That Sculpture Garden is only a piece of shit, and that's something I try to glorify.

- Sounds like a manifesto.
- Oh, yes, a neoist manifesto. Art is shit.

- Are you against art?
- I just cant respect anything what has been said or written about art. The worst thing to do to art is to be very serious about it. You can't learn art in school.

- Except for the Rivington School.
- Cowboy Ray, Tovey, Jack Vengrow, Parker, Ed Higgins, PA-Q, Toyo, Felix, David Mora, Jeff, Mako, Kazuko, Angela, Arleen, Freddy, Monica, Gicmo are great teachers, because they dont want to teach you. You learn when you want to learn and it happens by experience, practice. But I don't want to mystify the Rivington School. We are just a gang of crazy ma­niacs, a bunch of idiots.

- Who did the soundtrack for your film?

- Myself. I mean, I asked Demo Moe, Angela and a few other people to give me tapes and I put it together, using also my own songs, but I'm not satisfied with it at all and I want to remast­er it. We are waiting for Andy, Demo Moe's guitar player to come back from a trip and then we will work together on a new soundtrack soon. I want Demo Moe to improvise while looking at the film. They play noise and scrap metal in a way that is very similar to the basic idea of Rivington School/Sculpture Garden. They are up to date artists, they are from here, from this reality. And they don't try to escape from it like those snotty new age music lovers or those gum chewing disco kings.

- You usually start your shows by holding up a flaming steam iron. Is this a Rivington School symbol?

- The symbol of the Rivington School is the six o'clock sign, a circle with a two ways arrow. The flaming steam iron is the symbol of Neoism. But the Rivington School boys and girls are also neoists just as the neoists are in the Rivington School. Anyone can flame a steam iron. The 16th point in the Rivington Rules is "Hold the hammer right", this can be changed to "Hold the iron right".

- But what is the signification of the flaming iron?
- Revolution. Imagine your mother holding up a flaming iron.

- But this image of holding up the flaming torch of liberty is very old and used.
- Neoism is very old also, but it was never realized. The hand that should rule the world is the hand holding a flaming steam iron. And then we could really laugh.

- Revolutions usually are not very humorous events.
- The Neoist Revolution is a continuous musical comedy.

- But you always do those bloody actions.
- I have blood under my skin and I dont try to hide it.

- Are you selling your blood paintings?
- Only conceptually. I started the Blood Campaign in 1979 and its aim is to finance the Neoist Conspiracy by selling my blood as an art object. I began to make blood paintings only in 1983, until that I made blood soups, or simply kept my blood in the tubes, signed them and tried to sell them. I dont think that I am an artist. That's why I started neoism. I'm an adventurer.

- In the show at 2B you had Angela Idealism. Is she also a neoist?
- I think so. And she is a Rivington School performer. But I think it's very hard for her to perform in front of the School people because they don't respect anybody and they often disturb you. Of course Angela has guts and she can confront them. Her screams are beautiful, she is screaming from joy. She is a stage addicted anti-vampire, she couldn't live without being exposed to the light. And she doesn't like black clothes.

- You are always in black. Do you like any colours?
- Yes. Gold, silver, red. The neoist tricolour is Red, Gold, Black. But a neoist like Angela has no respect to our tricolour and she loves blue, yellow, green, pink ...

- How did you meet her?
- I met her under the Williamsburg Bridge. I was screaming exercises there every morning. Angela walked by there with her dog and she asked me if I needed any help. I think you should talk to her. She would tell you more about this.

- But now I want to talk to you. And it's difficult because you do too many things, you work with too many people and there are too many ideas to talk about. What do you think you really are?
- As I told you before I am an adventurer. For the moment I am the self-appointed leader of the people of the Lower East Side and the lower east sides, with an s. I am also a neoist agitator, hard-art singer, open-pop-saar, Rivington School member, immortal revolutionary
And you produced it yourself!

— It's enough. Let's go by your products. There was that film, your performance, and there is also your new record, 'Born Again In Flames'. It's not your first album.

— No. I had a few before. But this is the first one I produced in New York. Actually I did part of the recordings in Montreal.

— And you produced it yourself?

— Well, it is the first time that I did almost all the work from the recording to the cover art work. Of course I work with many people. Tristan Renaud and Gaetan Gravel were my collaborators in the creation of the pieces, composition, arrangements, studio work, mixing. Matty Jankowski, another Rivington School artist and founder of Circle Arts helped to do the art work. And I got the money by some miraculous way from the 14 Secret Masters of the Universe.

— Who are they?

— I don't know exactly but they are responsible for my life, and I'm working for them. They are just as real as fictive. In the case of my record what happened is that I saw an ad in a paper artwork. And I got the money by some miraculous way from the 14 Secret Masters of the Universe.

— And then you woke up.

— Are you also a prophet?

— I wish them the best. I'll be perhaps one of them. Neoism Now and Then. Neoism always has been and always will be. Dadaists, surrealists, futurists were neoists too, just used another name. Today we do everything in the name of Neoism. And for the moment that's the best name or what?

— In your film there are a few images of Andy Warhol. What's his connection with the Rivington School?

— His connection is that he died when the Rivington School was just born. I shot those images from the Warhol School film. I saw a few Rivington School shows and most of the works were paintings, photos, graffiti and painting on them thrown at street corners, in parks, are very significant objects of a new type of thinking, creation, life style. And this is only the beginning. By the '90s it will be developed into an international movement.

— And they will say that all you did was boring, dogmatic, and they will negate the whole idea.

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— It happened that after a show of my video tapes someone comes to me and says "This is art, this is only propaganda". Propaganda is our medium, our art. Best examples of that is graffiti. We use also posters, stickers, flyers, you know, all the everyday publicity forms, but usually we are not making propaganda for something else, for a product. Our product is our propaganda.

— For the moment it's only 25 minutes. I cut it down a lot. The first montage I made was much longer, more than 40 minutes. This means that I shot at least an hour of film. I will put together another version with the unused cuts. I always do this. I want this film to be a Rivington School propaganda film.

— Propaganda. This is another word you like to use a lot.

— I like this word. I like to use military and state language. I'm bored with artistic terms. I hate to tell people that I am a performance artist, I like to say neoist conspirator, agitator, revolutionary, spy, messenger, operator. All the art terms were overused by critics, and the use of the word "propaganda" is new. I invented it and I use it in my film.

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— But you know, all movements die after a while.

— Yes, but I want other organizations too to get involved with our conspiracy.

— Well, one thing is that they are looking for original music for recording. I sent them a cassette and a few songs and they said that they needed a cover for their卡车, and they said that they had already bought some of the songs I sent them and they were looking for other original music.

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IL EST DEMI-FOU, TÉLÉPHIE
NARCOMANIE D’OURANG OUTAN
OSMOSÉ D’INCONGRUS SAVOUREUX
BANAL BAISSE AU FAUTEUIL
L’ENVIE SE BALANCE, S’AGITE
LA FARINE S’ALLONGE, PENSE
LES ORPÉVÈRE EN SALADE
CRIC CRAC PASSÉ DATE ET NOIX
L’ASPHALTE AU ZINGEMBRE
CUT, CUIT CRIE L’OISILLON
LE LOISER SE VÉT D’ERRANCE
PARCOURS D’ARRIVISTE GLACE
ÉMISSEUR À BAGNER LA TÔLE
SYMPHONIK, CHOSARKAL
VIOLONCELLE DE CHEVAL.
COURS É À PIED RADIOACTIF
L’ESCLAVE S’AGITE ENCORE
VERSATILE VERSES SÈVÈRE
ALEXANDRE INCONFORTABLE
MIS À PROPOS DE COMPRENDRE
ÉGOS ON QOOG-JONGELLA, ZÉLÉ
JELLY BEANS, SAGITTAIRE
SOLLITAIRE DANS L’OIE BLANCHE
DRAULILA TATCHER THE RAIN
LE BRAIN, ÔL’IL S’ENTEND
DIPLODOCUS À LA CUILLÈRE
MINAUDERIE, SENSUEL ALIMENT
TRAMONSPHERE D’ARCHETYPE
FRATERNELLE DACTYLOGRAPHE
OU DINIT DANDYN EXISTENTIEL

PERFORMANCE:
THE LIVE INTERVENTION
By Fernando Aguiar

1. The principal finality of an act is to provoke in order to obtain a reaction. And it does so through a communicative process, of which, information is an essential part. Any object or artistic action only intervenes when it contains in itself something new. This aspect is precisely the informative component of the whole which communication represents.

Information, in art, can be given at various levels. On a technical and technological level, on an aesthetic level, on a level of the different significatures and their meanings, and principally, on the level of the methods of expression. Containing but one informative load in one, or in all of these sectors, an artistic object can intervene in a critical form and be creatively actuating.

Presently, and under the pressure of a series of conjunctural factors and external experiences of life on the “producer of images” (as Niccolò Machiavelli would say), there exists a tendency in which the arts complement and interaction each other.

In the same form, and beyond the individual capabilities of each means of expression, the possibilities of exchange and of consequences see themselves infinitely extended, when of associated or integrated use of those means (painting, photography, slides, installation, performance, video, or even the computer, for example), from which result works full of affusions and deductions.

In this perspective of complementarity and wholeness of perception, and seeing that each means “transmit” a message according to its technical and technological characteristics (M. McLuhan), a fixed artistic intention transmitted by a set of means, will allow a more differentiated and diversified vision of itself and may be more easily understood in its globalness.

2. In this way, the direct intervention of the artist, or the so-called performance, is probably the means that best adapts itself to the conjunctural multiplicity of the act. It contains and easily relate itself with all of the other expressive means of transmission, and present itself with a maximum of elements for its comprehension.

The performance contains a series of components that may be explored aesthetically. Concepts such as time, space, movement/action, tri-dimensionality, color, sound, smell, light and principally, the physical presence of the artist as the display and the factor of attention of the intervention, interwoven with a limitless quantity of objects, invention, techniques and technologies, completely revolutionize the notion of “plastic arts”. Confering them another dimension, and offering the public in its communicational and informational fullness, that which could be considered “live art”. Two basic concepts are commonly connected to all of these performances: the space where it happens, and the time in which it unfolds.

Time and space, here, are eliminated as separate concepts and make up the “screen” where everything can/will happen. These two concepts define the space-temporal limit in which the action will be summarized, and are important for a reading and a comprehension of the performance as an independent means of expression.

Taking up on Decio Pignatari’s opinion about happenings, the performance can also be considered the “Art of action, versus the art of contemplation”. The physical presence of the aesthetic operator is one of the essential factors of “live art”. Live because it contains precisely the living form of its creator. Live because the (propulsion) pulsation/the movement/the breathing of the body makes up a insegrant part of the artistic intervention as an instigator of the development and formulation of the same.

The performer is the transmitter of action, and all of his gestures, all of his mimical expressiveness sends forth informations, paraphrasing a language rich in signs and meanings. The performer’s circumstance, as an aesthetic agent, being in the center of the action, bestows this action a sensation of tangibility that represents, in a certain way, a liaison between him and the person who enjoys the performance. To this “tangible” facet of the performance, arises immediately the tri-dimensionality. The volume in the multiplicity of objects and also by the presence, in motion, of the aesthetic operator.

Although movement is not always explicit in the different objects that integrate the action, it exists in the animation given to the manipulated objects, in the audible rhythm/balance, in the light/color, or even through the particular movement of other simultaneous usages such as the projection of diapositives, video, etc., everything that is happening in this expression of colour is a direct reference to the integration of painting in the performance, as well as tri-dimensionality is an inclusion in this concept of sculpture. The different types of art converge, in the performance, so that in a group they result in an expressive interaction, as well as on the technological level the different media that were conjugated originate an inter-expression of communication means. “...the resources, as extensions of our senses, establish new relational indices, not only between our individual feelings, but also between themselves, as they gradually inter-relate to one another”, writes M. McLuhan.

Sound, another element of reading of the performance, can present itself through various forms. The rhythm, the melody, or simply the noise represent sound structures that are not always simple accessories, but could be a group of signs to be decoded. In this area are englobed, apart from the voice, sounds produced by proper instruments, and those considered “improper”, such as environmental sounds or those resultant from industrial activities.

Natural or artificial, we also have light as a transmitter of reading. Artificial may be a source of effects, through the possibility of chromatic transformation and transmutation of the different elements.

3. The performance, as an interventive process should give, against the exploitation of the diverse communication fields, the perception of simultaneousness which, in a practical sense, we already live.

Edward Carpenter and Marshall McLuhan wrote in the introduction to their book entitled “Revolution in Communications”, that “The electronic communication resources of post-learned man contract the world, reducing it so the proportions of a village or a tribe where everything happens to everyone at the same time: everyone is aware of — and, therefore, participates in — everything that is happening, the minute it happens.”

The performance furnishes and also reclaims a simultaneous reading of all the aspects which compose it, the moment it happens.
The person who enjoys the representation should conduct an integral reading of the aesthetical intervention, as the whole which in reality he is, and should not be content just to simply catch the significance of what he sees, as this is but one of the components of the artistic act. For this there has to be a synchronism in the use of meanings, to result in a good deciphering and comprehension of the performance and, consequently, a critical participation.

The abridgement of a performance resides precisely in the binomial action/reaction. And here we apply the thinking of Marcel Duchamp when he affirmed that "The artist establishes alone the act of creation, since the spectator establishes the contact between the work and the outer world, deciphering and interpreting his profound qualifications and, reacting in this way, adds his personal contribution to the creative process". Between the aesthetical operator and the public there exists a direct empathic relation, due to the participative nature of the work of the other, where feedback may, inclusively, modify the particular course of action, always altering its meaning. As the reading of the performance is done so simultaneously with its unfolding, and because the reaction is given in synchronously with the reading, the feedback is immediate, at times turning the consumer into producer and vice-versa.

The fact that the action is unfolded in front of the spectator, its direct relation with the extraordinary development of the means of communication, is directly related with the extraordinary advance in the social sense of art. In this mode, the transmission of the "message" results in a common experience. At a time when the communication methods suffered an astonishing evolution, but where, paradoxically, there does not exist communication between people, the direct contact between the audience and the work/artist gains another intensity, (re)establishing dialogue between beings themselves and between beings and artistic objects/acts.

The interaction in this type of art is done so not only between different materials and technologies, as between the creator/action, action/spectator and spectator/creation. It is precisely these relations that the performance aims to provoke: the artist/public dialogue, divided by the unfolding of the work. And, if on one side there existed to create the individual possess of a single work (painting/sculpture), of which he is the only user and person who takes enjoyment of this, to come into being an artistic creation that would benefit the collective, on the other hand the unique character is, still, maintained, because on a general basis these interventions are not repeated or at least they never are totally. Regarding the aspect of the performance being, in a certain way, "the art of the ephemeral", links itself to the fact of its rapid presentation and assimilation. Which in a consumer society seems to be in my opinion perfectly natural and integrated in the social context.

LES GENS CÉLÈBRES (OU NON) DEPUIS TOUJOURS ONT VOUlu SE FAIRE REPRÉSENTER À LA FAÇON (ET/OU AVEC) DES GENS DE BONNE COMPAGNIE/EN PEINTURE OU EN DESSIN/EN PORTRAIT OU EN SILHOUETTE/EN PHOTOGRAPHIE POUR NE PAS ÊTRE EN RESTE/-(NE CROYez PAS CE LA/ J'AI CHOISI D'ÊTRE ACCOMPAGNÉ/ D'UN HOMME APPElé BOSLÉY/)

L'ÉCRAN COMME AQUARIUM NOUS LAISSE VOIR UNE FEMME (UNE SCIENTIFIQUE) SANS DOUTE (PENSE-T-ON) EXPLIQUANT CE QUI PARAÎT ÊTRE UN RÉquin TRONquÉ/ LA FONCTION DES NAGEOIRS/ LORS DE LA PRÉDATION/ TANDIS QUE LES MAINS SUR LES TEMPS/ UNE ACTRICE/ JEUNE ET BELLE/ JUVE A ÊTRE SAVOIR CE QUI L'ATTEND/— SI ELLE SAVAÎT/
LE RÔLE DU PRÉDATEUR/ CELUI QU’IL S’OCTROIE QUAND UN DÉSIR VIOLENT OU UNE FAIM S’INSTALLE/ EST DE Tuer POUR SE NOURRIR/ DE SA PROIE MORTE/ — IL LUI FAUT CEpendant D’APRÈS LE RITUEL/ EXPOSER SA PROIE (VAINcue) À LA VUE/ DES AUTRES PRÉDATEURS/ ET DES PROIES EN ATTENTE/ 

ON DIT D’UN CRIME/: UN INFRACTION PUNIE PAR LA (UNE) LOI/ D’UNE PEINE AFFLICTive OU INFAMANTE/ — LORSQU’IL Y A ENTRE DEUX ÉTRES/ AMOUR ET CRIME DE L’UN ENVERS L’AUTRE/ IL Y A DRAME PASSIONNéL POUR LA PRESSE/ CRIME PASSIONNEL POUR LA JUSTICE/ CURiosITé PASSAGÈRE OU INDIFFÉREnCE GÉnéRALE; LORSQUE LES AMANTS ÉTAIENT INCONNUIS DE TOUS/ —/
"Let difference surreptitiously replace conflict." Difference is not what makes or sweetens conflict: it is achieved over and above conflict, it is beyond and alongside conflict. Conflict is nothing but the moral state of difference; whenever (and this is becoming frequent) conflict is not tactical (aimed at transforming a real situation), one can distinguish in it the failure-to-attain-bliss, the debacle of a perversion crushed by its own code and no longer able to invent itself: conflict is always coded, aggression is merely the most worn-out of languages.
The Koi
By Misha Chocholak

Spinne pressed his palm flat against the greased glass. He pressed, no result, pressed again, nothing. This time the force of his shove was like a birth contraction, glass falling soundlessly around him, icicle gashes flowing his arms, new orifices springing out in a flash of water and light. Chips of tourmaline carved the static air in the back of his brain. His teacher, Torno Adiba, cursed his soul. Spinne’s mind twisted into focus with a staccato stroke, a shower of koi. Torno tossed them out of the shop, red and white fins stroking the air around him, icicle gashes flowing his arms, new offices springing out in a flash of water and light. Chips of tourmaline carved the static air in the back of his brain. His teacher, Torno Adiba, a corporate flunky, strictly illegal.

The floors were full of “Mermaids” with fish dildos and clientele slimy with sweat and fish oil. Nika poured the bucket into the alabaster fountain in the center of the room, and held out her hand for the three credits.

Spinne sneered and spat. Sticky with blood, he finished dragging the bodies to the spot for pickup, and reset his electronic grid, hoping that the prey would arrive before the flies did. He hadn’t long. Looking up through the bottom of the grey length of staircase, the metallic pinging of a stealthy descent met his ear. Cat curious of shots perhaps? The sound of metal on tubular metal ran a chill down his back. Something steadied itself on the handrail. Spinne edged back further into the darkness.

Nika hopped down the last step, and turned in a nervous flash to meet Spinne’s black gloved hand clamping onto her shoulder. The brown hands coming up to hold his thrived with self assured anger.

“Where is the fish?” he hissed.

Nika bricked red. Some half strangled snarl escaped from her lips.

Spinne relaxed a bit, then slammed her head hard three times against the metal rail. He put his palm hard against her face, bringing out the bright blood. He took a ragged breath.

“The poetry of pain flamed in her eyes and her bloody jaws snarled. Spinne, trembling with tantamount fury, put the cold to her temple. He could see her green eyes buzzing away like a flurry of badgers into her pain. No wait. He closed his eyes in concentration. That wasn’t the right question for the street ferret.

“How much?”

“30!” A triumphant snap.

She wised, letting the credit bounce and spin on the asphalt.

The tan clouds moved over the arcing of the skyrise. Brittle shards of glass gleamed dully under his feet, little torn chipsc of sound cried out their consumer commercials. Spinne crushed his heel into a humming gum wrapper to silence it. The lastness of the hour, the underwater shimmering of the tremendous heat of the factory life, made the huge ducts warble and sway in the bright sunlight. Pigeons, swimming through the air like schools of small silver fish, mesmerized Spinne’s eyes, black and insectlike behind the gleaming shades.

The shrill whine of the broken circuit made Spinne leap forward on his arched legs, two Blakratz caught in the electric web sparking with pops and sweat of fear.

“It’s a fucking cop!” the tall one shouted.

The other one, fast, fast as a small coiled snake, struck out with a 12-inch steel spike. The point of it sliced away part of the connival on Spinne’s thigh, cutting the flesh, but missing the arteries. In anger and frustration, Spinne span around and down, his chrome barrel reflecting the sky, and the double flash of powder and sunlight signaling the red flowing of the Blakratz death. He knew the thief would follow, where there’s smoke...

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eyes grow hard as she caught sight of his badge. "We don't want any trouble," she grimaced. "No, no trouble." Spinne waved his dark head agreeably. "Consider me a — a customer."

A great wave of laughter and wild splashing came from the central fountain where Spinne, suddenly struck with horror, saw a woman raising up her Elbow to perform sexual acts.

"I'm looking for a fish," he said.

"Oh?" The red-haired maid smiled and pursed her lips. "A particular fish," Spinne leaned his face close to her thick red lips. He saw her orange eyes grow hard as she caught sight of his badge. "We don't want any trouble," she grimaced. "No, no trouble." Spinne wagged his dark head agreeably. "Consider me a — a customer."

The bartender had gone. Nika stood in the fading orange rays of sun, holding Spinne's soul between her thumb and forefinger. Spinne, remembering the words of his teacher Tomo, moved slowly through the safety glass reality. Toward his soul dwelling quietly to death in a young woman's hand.

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**CLOSURES for Misha Chocholak**
By Richard Truhlar

everything is platform and lost luggage
the graceful futility of description
imposed on speech
appetite becomes hallucination: food crossing the intersection
of need and desire
so the inoccupation of bodies
aboard a plane at 35,000 feet is
yet there are no webs
only the intimacy of relief
as the flight ends
this is paper time
the vertigo of notation where
you be able to write is evisceration
words never die
but corrupt
fragment under the action of the clock
figures of the masked
discourse are merely memoirs of an annihilation,
so the festival of affects is
a modern eroticism: history existing
in the ruins of memory
echo of what cannot stop talking
and vague scopic pulsion
writes "still present"
when no-one is there
silence
flissures in the crust of language
opposed to chronicle
intelligent silence
something altogether different
from biography

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**THE BREAKING DOWN DREAM**
By Bev Daurio

say you are living in a masculinized society
you don't have to admit anything about politics
or anything like that but for theory's sake
say you are and say you are a woman chances
are demographically it is that chances are you are and say you begin to have dreams
one of those dreams might be that there is a farm boy twenty or so in blue overalls standing
at a clothes line which is hanging from a tree limb to approximate a human form
you're standing there with a loaded gun yourself you're a ballistic expert you even understand harpoons
and you know it is being because he intends to kill someone you've seen him before playing hockey in a red sweater on
the pond with white breath wisping from the side of his mouth the tree points to your responsibility
the blue and skirt ripple in the wind a dog barks a cat moves you seduce him for his own good it's boring but now he's forgotten about his gun and if the plane has worked he's forgotten about murder too
it's your dream maybe you shoot him instead
it if was derrida's dream he'd shoot you both
you dream you are in a story by Mailer Hemingway you and all the other women in the story are always thinking about men how strong they are and you're not thinking about shooting them either you're thinking pink you're thinking cock not in so many words you want hands in your brassiere and a nice dinner probably champagne and filet and then the story are always thinking about men how strong they are and you're not thinking about shooting them either you're thinking pink you're thinking cock not in so many words you want hands in your brassiere and a nice dinner probably champagne and filet and then a definite tuesday dream you and a friend are talking about sex she says i was so disappointed it was so small and you think something along the lines of that's not terribly charitable she says no i mean it was so small you could hardly see it but we she says and then a harsh light his you someone is filming your conversation for television and she says but he had a lot of character he had a plot to science and a sort of franchise you can hear to the rest of the story in a minute you're shaking her because she isn't telling you you wake up breathing your own shoulders
it wasn't the mystery but that didn't mean you weren't curious you are sleeping but your mind is enjoying itself without you bullying it or perhaps more scientifically without having to process several thousand extremely complex sensory impulses you are lying on a white cotton blanket beside a stream an abandoned boat tails its course in the water he appears beside you the angel golden skinned skating you begin by trying to see the point where the wings are attached but soon it is all electric sex skin which seems to reach for two hundred miles all coloured feathers and waves which explode from the point of contact and end touching the limits of the water your orgasm it is like a three ton tailed diving into a pond you wake up happy and wet belief in the reality of the world is slipping as certainty in belief in the minor slips down the wall and shows only your feet physicists postulate particle behaviour which is impossible and witnesses attest that given a microsecond in which to ponder their transgression the particles slow down the speed of light perhaps that is our fortune perhaps that is the same as our sleep
dream five is that you are killing Martin Buber and Herbert Marcuse with poisoned food you have never seen death its violence surprises you this problem makes you tremble as the two unbelievers grow closer to one another and meet something about parallel lines you will disappear one day and perhaps think in the moment you are allowed of consciousness of annihilation that this is atomic war that finally indeed the maniacs have succumbed totally to morbid curiosity you might think that in the next day you are taken over by a powerful feeling of sincerity and kindness you revel in expansiveness giving away all of your worldly goods to charity and to surprised strangers you work harder than you ever have painting hostels answering volunteer lines you get dirty working and enjoy well deserved hot baths your small apartment is painted white and is green with plants you are like an icon of yourself chaste vegetarian thifty you wake up bored
EIGHTEEN
By Irving Weiss

1. a hole is a nothing that is really there
   you can make much of too much of a hole
   you can make a despairing contradiction of it
   the logic is elastic

2. the only holes are round holes
   their edges wearing away evenly
   a jagged hole is an insult to the intelligence
   so why do they keep appearing

3. space doesn't exist the way holes do
   but there are holes in space
   everyone invents his own

4. an animal has nine holes count them including its timeless eyes
   which can look out from their depths as well as snare looks into
   their depths only man's eye can contemplate can at the same
   time look into as well as out of the hole at the bottom of the
   well of the eyes
   the animals are disappearing
   into the hole of time
   but their eyes endure

5. if holes were private property
   guilt would be the load
   you dump
   into someone else's hole

6. whoever disappears into a hole
   his invisibility looms up around the blackness
   we forget him in our minds
   and remember him in our bones

7. hard as a stone
   whose only reason for being is to obtrude
   to occur publicly for millions of years
   not privately soft like a hole

8. a hole being an outside-in

9. holes are rhetorical hiding places
   a hole says, "I've got a secret."
   an open face is the only perfect hole
   its sincerity, its candor, its innocence

10. little hole, little hole, one pore

11. i am awed, undone,
    by the emptiness and the fullness of the hole
    the epitome of fear, of cowardice,
    is to expect something soft and slimy deep down inside
    as you insert your hand
    will it bite or only lick and kiss

12. the hole in space is where you keep colliding with your double
    two floating selves bumping up against each other never being
    able to see "his" face clearly

13. (the guilt is getting worse as you catch yourself aching to fill in
    ALL the holes there are)

14. matter without form

15. the hole in the word "who"

16. pain would fill the hole to completion then level off the fullness
    so deftly that the spot where the hole was becomes an unmarked
    grave

17. television was made in the image of man all nine holes in one in
    continuous orgasm lighting up the world
    when the hole is dark and empty
    the icon burks
    and the world is bored

18. if there is nothing in the hole now
    what about later
    if it is itself a nothing
    there is no later

PARIS PERFECT
By Dennis Tourbin

He sits in his small atelier
overlooking the Seine on a hot
July afternoon and his mind is
filled with wonder. The noise
of traffic on the busy Paris
street below does not bother
him now, not the way it once
did, the way it did when he
first arrived. Now the noise
has become... well let's just
say that the noise is always
there and now he has come to
accept it. He even adds to the
noise by turning the radio on
at full volume. Sound versus
sound. He exists in the middle.
He jokingly refers to his life
in his atelier as his "stereo-
phonic existence". Obviously
this is not a very clever
description. But now small
things amuse him...

2.
He has been in Paris for seven
months now and only recently has
he realised that the way he thinks
is beginning to change. He discovered
this while walking over to rue de Rivoli
one day. He left his studio and cut
through Square Albert Schweitzer as he
usually did. But instead of walking
across the grass, he found himself
following the gravel path that framed
the small park, very methodically
following the ordered direction
leading from one end of the Square
to the other. This surprised him.
AT HALF MAST / A MEDIA ASTA
By Carmen Berenguer
Translation by Lake Sagaris

The eye watches and shares the plot
of the seminal trumpets
sculptured on the border:

Against the transparent sigh
Slander

At half mast percale

OUTSIDE ON THE CRUSHED ORE

The hours' martial lament
I travel across a face
with neither marks nor folds
simulating your lips

The eyes turned inward
that gesture

3.

The sea howling:
Calls

on the wind written:
Waves

for the eye that tells
little mother

the other eye
so they'd never see

4.

Naked the cursed woman
Mimetic the little red one
comes closer
we bleeding vulva: Grimace
Bleedingsurroundedtheybleedher

Between eyes and lips
You made it leave me you made it leaving
She was going to say it and she forced it
In the pelvis

Was going to say it
She forced it

They're cleaning it
Trembling
Here within wounds
Wounds Wounding

- don't look back
- come here baby
- c'mon don't be a fanatic
- close your legs

There were a lot of them
do they it to me
they tied me up
they made crosses over me and roared
like the sea

I knew it you were slipping away with it
You made it leave me you made it leaving
From the eyes you slipped from my mouth
She was going to say it and she forced it
Between eyes and lips
She forced it
In the pelvis
Was going to say it
Here within wounds
Trembling
Wounds Wounding
They're cleaning it

I'M LICKING IT
from THE GREAT SPEECH (MM)

THE CRAZY WOMAN FROM THE ALLEY

I COULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST JUNTA
OF MY REPUBLIC
WELL'LL DO GREAT THINGS TOGETHER
I'LL TEACH YOU MY TONGUE
- THERE'S NOTHING —
I CAN'T TEACH YOU SO MUCH
I WANT TO BE YOUR MOTHER

I had your son
rubbed lotion in his growning wing
I had you were mine and licked me
like a winter rose
I enjoy and that was the pleasure
your sleeping within me
and now you proclaim that you've gone from me
to the extinguished war
adventurous eye
wide angle the mark
ohh
what will be my red one
what will I be
the earth within or the speech within

From EPITAPHS
By Philippe Soupault
Translated by Kirby Olson

Philippe Soupault was born in 1897 in Paris where he still lives. He is best known for his surrealist poetry. Breton said that his contribution to the group lay in his "acute sense of the modern." He translated Joyce's Finnegans Wake at Ezra Pound's and Joyce's request. He has also written major essays on Labiche, Henri Rousseau, and others; travel journalism which took him all over the world; a two-part autobiography; sixteen novels; and eighteen books of poetry.

Soupault wrote his Epitaphs in 1919, when he and most of the other young poets and painters in the book were in their early twenties.

TRISTAN TZARA
Qui est là
Tu ne m'as pas serre la main
On a beaucoup ri quand on a appelé ta mort
On avait tenté pour que tu nees éternel
Ton dernier sourire
Ni fleurs ni couronnes
Finalement
Las petites automobiles et les papillons de cinq mètres de longueur

MARIE LAURENCIN
Ce bel oiseau dans sa cage
C'est ton sourire dans la tombe
Les feuilles dansent
It will rain for a long time
A woman will approach sweetly
The clouds, you know, are roses and blues

ANDRÉ BRETON
J'ai bien aperçu ton regard
Quand je t'ai formé les yeux
Tu m'avais défendu d'être triste
et j'ai quand même beaucoup pleuré
Tu ne me diras plus
tout de même tout de même
Les anges sont venus près de ton lit
Mais ils n'ont rien dit
C'est beau la mort
Comme tu dois rire tout seul
Maintenant qu'on te ne voit plus
on ne sait pas
Les genoux tu ais sont roses et bleus
... I talk to myself as you might talk to me ... I talk to myself as you might talk to me ... if you used my words ...
... you're totally fucked up ... you're worthless ... you're futile ...
... I've a son ... a cancer ... I'm respected ... I ...
... you aren't ... you will never be anything ... you don't have it ...
... I'm loved ... I have been loved ... Anna ... Anna, with her long, heavy black hair ... her gray-blue-green eyes ... she was my coke ... my speed ... everything ... and she was crazy about me ... she loved to fuck me ... she asked me to fuck her right there in that chair ... she sent me away ... every minute ... I never knew what was happening on her and pumping away ... like animals ... our bodies covered with sweat ... sperm ... saliva ... she loved me ... or at least she loved to fuck with me ... and I guess for me that's the same thing ... the same one ... always the same ...

Fade in.

A close-up of a sheet of white, unraveled paper, with the words, written in ink: "I guess for me that's the same thing ... the same one ... always the same ... The camera dollies back slowly to reveal a large, heavy table, perhaps of oak, some papers piled neatly on the table, and other papers, which appear to be some form of thesis or dissertation, are scattered around the table. The camera then focuses on the text, which seems to be some kind of formula or equation, and then fades to white ...
... to I don't know whom ... or what ...
I laughed and laughed until I choked on my laughter... I could see flowers blossoming in my mouth, up the side... I'd told you I liked it... it looked sexy and cheap... like a prostitute's dress... or like a... no, perhaps it wasn't a dream... perhaps it's just something I made up... so that we could meet again... follow the camera up and down the stairs... the radically high and low angles... sudden shifts in camera... always paying... and we've been exchanged for years... in this family romance... its narrative threads... the installment plan... and with very high interest... I give you life and you pay for life with life... and if you refuse payment... well, the strings are attached... the threads have been woven... you may forget... but I won't forget... I saw the face that advances... of the last family of still paying the debts... which were all your debts... you were still taking care of the first family... still paying the debts... which were all your debts... buried their deepest dreams... which they could never forget... and which haunted the interior corridors... white frame houses on hilltops... the lined their avenues with elms... and as they built their houses they... when you died at the age of fifty, it must've been a relief... a desire finally fulfilled... an elusive goal... off they went, the sons... each father eager to be the first one on his block to have his some come home... memory was obviously a screen memory... I have never found what was screened... what provided the warmth... the tremendous warmth of this scene penetrating me entirely... it's strange... because I know... the surf ace of the lake shines like the scales of an immense fish... I am seated in the middle of the fictions of my analyses... I sensed you felt... however unconsciously... the only way out was through... there is absolutely no sound... I feel extraordinarily happy when I remember this scene... I feel the... the boss of two medieval shields. The man's white shirt and his dark blue suit. The man's face is turned slightly to the right. In the background, clouds of smoke; the kerchiefed heads and bare shoulders of two gunners on the right, one of them holding a ramrod, both of them peering through the smoke at the invisible, opposing ship; in the far background, the gray sails of a distant ship and the blue-gray arched sky. The camera dollies back slowly, revealing the title of the book on the page opposing the illustration. Hornblower and the Hotspur, by C.S. Forester. As the camera continues to dolly back, we see the back of the head of a young boy, his white shirt and blue jeans, his tennis-shoed feet, the dirty white frame of the bed. The boy looks back toward the window. The music begins to crescendo, then blows out like a whistle as the scene fades to black... The song ends—undoubtedly a 45 r.p.m., as the music is followed by complete silence. He kicks the door shut; we see the back of the head of a young boy, his white t-shirt and blue jeans, his tennis-shoed feet, the dirty white frame of the bed. The man frowns, then sets off down the corridor, then turns to the window.
The mirror reflects the man's hands sliding farther down the woman's chest until his fingers slip beneath each cup of the brassiere, forcing the cups to bulge outward; then he pushes each cup to the side while scooping the breasts out of their armor, revealing the formidable flesh lump like dough in his hand, and reddish-brown nipples which appear to have nursed seven at children. The huge hands hold the breasts as if they were small sparrows, while the man rolls the head of each sparrow between the thumb and index finger. His pants have bulged on the right side of the fly, the shaft and head of the tumescent penis extending upward within two inches of the black belt. The woman, still holding the lipstick tube, lowers her arms to the surface of the dresser and watched the man's hands in the mirror. Suddenly the muscular forearms tense and bulge, and the woman screams as the sharp pain shoots from the nipple into her chest, her ribs, her stomach, her lungs, like two jolts of electricity. The lipstick tube falls to the floor. The forearms relax; the hands withdraw from the cups. The woman's arms remain crossed over her diaphragm, each hand covering one of her breasts; her head bowed, she rocks slowly backward and forward. Her voice trembles with pain as she repeats, softly, "you hurt me...you hurt me." The man squats on his heels, and takes her in his arms. She attempts to push him away; he resists; she pushes against his shoulders with her forearms; he resists, tightening his hold; she allows herself to be held. He reaches behind her back, undoes the hook of her brassiere, and pulls the straps off her shoulders.

Fade to black.

**LITHOGRAPHS**

By Margo Kren

(Printer: Jack Wilson, The Holy Rollers, Lithograph Workshop, Wichita, Kansas.)

I portray myself in the lower right hand corner as an eighty year old woman. I pull my hair aside to see more clearly. The figure above my head hides in a child's game of hide and seek. The girl at the top writes or draws to understand. The crumbling structure on the top left hand corner with the cross represents my disenchantment with the church. A woman emerges in the bottom half to find her bird which has escaped to the bushes. Below a man escapes.

**THE TELEPHONE BOOTH**

By Roland Shefferski

In Poland, spring of 1981, I made the following observations. I noticed that the users of a telephone booth had stuffed various pieces of rubbish: paper shards, cigarette butts, garbage, etc. between its broken double glass panes. Though some must have done this unconsciously, most probably had not. The question preoccupied me up until my surveillance ceased with the winter of 1983: Which "quanta" of the constantly metamorphosing "object's" continuous growth were the "conscious" ones? Which the "unconscious"? Numberless telephone calls had left behind palpable residues in my object — the period of my observations had seen it assume proportions almost recommending it as an artistic composition, one that might prove amenable even to the Aesthetic Categories. Greatest attention is here devoted to the fact that in contributing to its formation the anonymous co-authors of this "work" embedded within it evidence of their telephone calls, their foremost conscious intentions. This means that the "work's" observers are invited, as it were, to engage in acts of mental reconstruction, "screenplay", by its amalgam of "data-components".

It is of course the product of no single author and moreover the unconscious element has assiated the conscious one in the piece's making. The question is begged: May we nonetheless view that creation as an artistic activity? Whether or not so, I believe that we can let stand as an example of Creativity. The contemporary notion of Creativity has won for itself an independent existence. And with time the distinction between artistic creation and creative activity in general is being lost. Beyond this issue lies however the all-important one: The activity in general is being lost. Beyond this issue lies however the all-important one: The certain hitherto accorded "natural manifestations" of human activity being accommodated as the "unconscious" and "quanta" of the constantly metamorphosing "object's" continuous growth were the "conscious" ones? Which the "unconscious"? Numberless telephone calls had left behind palpable residues in my object — the period of my observations had seen it assume proportions almost recommending it as an artistic composition, one that might prove amenable even to the Aesthetic Categories. Greatest attention is here devoted to the fact that in contributing to its formation the anonymous co-authors of this "work" embedded within it evidence of their telephone calls, their foremost conscious intentions. This means that the "work's" observers are invited, as it were, to engage in acts of mental reconstruction, "screenplay", by its amalgam of "data-components".

Instead I maintain that our Art must not be so handily bounded, restricted to participating merely in the received aesthetic categories. Are not these themselves subject to evermore rapid revival?

Let us understand by Art merely Creativity, allowing this epistemological stroke in spite of its doubtful consort (Are not then all artists, the workaday offering as it does nothing but creative opportunities?) to deliver us from the Procrustean formulations. And let us preserve this Creativity uncontaminated from the latent restrictiveness and artificiality of the older Art, though that Art now be found amid it. I am, with many others, convinced that creativity is a most natural and universal capacity even if, as is equally natural, its potential is not always realised. Essential to Art, without any doubt, is the individual's conscious participation.

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JEAN-PAUL SARTRE: The Intimate Visceral Details Of His Being
By David McFadden

A critical response to Simone de Beauvoir's Adieux: A Farewell to Sartre.

It has been said that fame is when people you do not know know you. In that case Jean-Paul Sartre is intensely famous. For not only do they know his books (we can know anyone’s books) but we also know a great deal about the intimate visceral details of his life. It is possible that many of you do not know about the sexual functioning of his book Giono, or about his sexual preferences as a thin little man than as a fat little man. He was five-foot-three. Sexually, he used his own physical ugliness to justify his preference for physically attractive women. Sensually, he must have been wonderfully gratifying, at the end of his life, as it would be at the end of practically anyone’s life, to be genuinely asked such tender and yet strangely intelligent and somehow important questions as de Beauvoir’s, questions based on an intimate understanding of Sartre the man (occasionally she seems not to know Sartre’s oeuvre as well as he might like) and designed to get him talking about things that were important to him and yet that he would not have otherwise said. Even for someone who has always liked the idea (not necessarily the ideas, but the idea) of Jean-Paul Sartre but has never been interested in his book, it is possible to be interested in this book because it is about his physical nature and how that nature is related to his writing. This book is about the physical nature of Jean-Paul Sartre, his unmentionable self.

There are no yokes in this book. Sartre seems relaxed and comfortable throughout, and doesn’t crack a smile even when asked about jealousy, that most perplexing of human emotions:

Basicall,y I didn’t much care whether there was another man in any affair with any given women. The essential was that I should come first. But the idea of a triangle in which there was me and another better-established man — that was a situation I couldn’t bear.

As for money, Sartre professes never to have been able to understand it except in a highly abstract way. He worked and he got paid, though he never saw these two events as being in a cause-and-effect relationship. Often a piece of work he dashed off in an evening, such as certain plays, would bring in a fortune, while work that demanded considerable preparation and research, such as the Critique of Dialectical Reason, brought him next to nothing. He was notoriously generous (an absurdly large tipper all his life: towards the end of his life he was supporting six or seven people entirely, mostly women, and in reference to this at one point states that “friendship implies more than is ordinary supposed”). Even when his grandchildren would be, he would write, “as if he were the equivalent of a million francs, he blew it rapidly in travelling with his young friend Simone. One can’t help being reminded of Baudelaire, in whom Sartre of course was highly interested for a while. Baudelaire spent his life agonizing over money and how to support his art, and the short furniture and small sums for his furniture he had to pay for, but he would have been much better off if he had spent more and lived a large life lying around until it could all be spent. And he had a life-long feeling that his work was reaching the wrong people, the international bourgeoisie rather than “a public of proletarians and those on the lowest edge of the lower middle class.” He resented being fashionable, being read by those who always read what is new. “In a certain sense one is never looked upon as a writer but as a cake of soap.”

Sartre felt it was a successful man though. “I accept myself entirely,” he said, “and I see that I feel that I am exactly what I wanted to be. (Will you be able to say that when you’re old, McFadden?) He lived to write and his writing brought him much more fame than he had dreamed of as a young man. In fact, it was not until he was thirty-five that he first heard anyone say his name. He was always interested in writing, and he is always interested in writing, but he has always been interested in writing about what he sees. He has always been interested in writing about life, in writing about what he runs into every day, in writing about what is in front of him, in writing about what he sees. He has always been interested in writing about what he sees, in writing about what he sees, in writing about what he sees.

It must have been wonderfully flattering, at the end of his life, as it would be at the end of practically anyone’s life, to be genuinely asked such tender and yet strangely intelligent and somehow important questions as de Beauvoir’s, questions based on an intimate understanding of Sartre the man (occasionally she seems not to know Sartre’s oeuvre as well as he might like) and designed to get him talking about things that were important to him and yet that he would not have otherwise said. Even for someone who has always liked the idea (not necessarily the ideas, but the idea) of Jean-Paul Sartre but has never been interested in his book, it is possible to be interested in this book because it is about his physical nature and how that nature is related to his writing. This book is about the physical nature of Jean-Paul Sartre, his unmentionable self.
So now we know Sartre better. Both because Sartre had the sort of intelligence that allowed him to talk with glee about these intimate details of his life, details which accented in a microcosmic way the outlines of the inevitable uniqueness of the individual human being, and because he had an interlocutor in the form of his life-long intimate friend, Simone de Beauvoir, who loved to hear him talk this way about himself and wanted these things to be on permanent record.

In a somewhat Jungian sense, a powerful and unbidden thought struck Sartre when he was a child of eleven, a thought that became the cornerstone of his life-long philosophical system. "God is a prefabricated image of man, multiplied by infinity; and man stand before this image, obliged to labour to satisfy it. So it is always a question of a relation with oneself, a relation that is absurd, but that is also enormous and demanding. It is that relation that must be suppressed, because it is not the true relation with oneself. The true relation with oneself is with that which we really are, and not with that self we have formed roughly in our own shape.

One must refer Christian millenarists and creationists who might cluck cluck over this to the Abbe Leroy, a Jesuit priest who was in a German prison camp with Sartre and who said that he would not accept a place in Heaven if Sartre were turned away. For Sartre really was a child of eleven, a thought that became the cornerstone of his life-long philosophical system. "You were always cheerful. You have always had a cheerful temper. It could be seen in your movements and in the way you walked. You were visibly, you were bright."

Beside, metaphysical thought is so riddled with paradox that one can be an atheist and a believer at the same time, though Sartre doesn't express any notions of that sort. In fact he has one special reader and that was you. When you said to me, "I agree; it's all right," I was right. I published the book and I didn't give a damn for the critics. You did me a great service. You gave me a confidence in myself that I shouldn't have had alone... If you thought something was good, then it was fine as far as I was concerned.

As those lines perhaps sum up the essence of Sartre's reliance on de Beauvoir, so this book sums up and expresses for the ages the nature of de Beauvoir's love for Sartre.

### WHARTON HOOD: STRIP-MINING TRADITIONAL HAiku

By j.w curty

**black treeless land**

**evening quake**

**boiling mud holes**

**out of the open fruit**

Wharton Hood is a man stirring up the mud, a man currently in the process of challenging the traditional nature-path approach to the writing of haiku.

"It's like most haiku poets' are atomizing for the stuff they did as kids—you know, like sticking firecrackers up a frog's ass & blowing them to smithereens... or jumpping around in ant swarms! Instead of getting in there & playing with the remains, they're whipping out the crazy glue & trying to stick the frogs back together.

To Hood, contemporary haiku is this glue, a lumpy substance that fails to mask the cracks in most haiku poets' approaches to both their craft & the substance of that craft.

"Haiku records: it does not interpret or moralize. It's sort of like a photographic journalism."

An intriguingly simplistic, & mistaking, statement, especially coming from a man whose background consists, in part, of some training in journalism & graphic design. A non-graduate of Ryerson College's journalism program & an "utter failure" at George Brown College's graphic design courses, Hood turned instead to the only alternative educational system he could conceive of as being realistically instructive: the no-fixed-address addressor curriculum.

"Living on the street is not always a particularly pleasant occupation, not in a city anyway. You're subjected to an endless array of ridicule. But this part of human nature is one of the important ones. How people try to see themselves on a higher rung of the ladder than anyone, or anything, else. It's something you don't see so gloriously elsewhere. It's really bizarre to watch the zoo interacting, throwing gestures & expressions all over the place &., more often than not, this all happens without a lot of them really even being aware of it."

This penchant for registering behavioural disarray is mimicked in Hood's writings. His haiku are often transparent surface gestures that allow one to see the mechanisms beneath that make this surface seem what it is, as in the following, a piece referring to a slightly more involved version of the interaction described above:

**dialogue in transit**

**a voice offered**

"One of haikists see human nature as The Haiku Tabu, as though human nature is something other than natural, so we end up with distinctions between haiku, theoretically objective, & what they call senryu, where human nature is the subject. What seems to be missing here is the realization that it's only in the nature of the human to even be bothered with producing any kind of art in the first place, so all haiku becomes personal to a certain extent."

A simplistic view, perhaps, but one that's a good base to work from. The ideal of objectivity is just that, an ideal, or stance. It is the subjectivity (in the form of chosen vocabulary, grammatical preference & visual arrangement) that the writer brings into play in order to make that objectivity function as it should. Evidence of this can be found in the hundreds of translations of Matsuo Basho's famous "frog" poem, a few examples of which follow:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Old dark sleepy pool...</th>
<th>Old pond: frog jump-in</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quick unexpected frog</td>
<td>water-sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goes plop! Watersplash!</td>
<td>frog, pond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>frog</td>
<td>pond, gloop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q</td>
<td>gloop</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

One could argue that this is a problem peculiar to translation but what is haiku itself if not a translation of event into language?

Subjectivity, then, is a necessary adjunct to recreating the objectivity desired, as in this piece of Hood's, which could possibly be read as a prelude to any of the above translations:

**talking about fireflies**

**the frog**

**faintly meeting**

**the old man's eye**

Subjectivity is then further layered by subsequent readers, who all will bring to the text their own specific interpretations (again, as evidenced by the wide variety of approaches to the Basho piece preceding).

"If I say house, we'll both have completely different images come to mind, probably because of either the houses we were brought up in or spent the most time in, or some idealized house we'd like to live in. How do you control a reader's mind so they can see the same house as you do? Well, it's simple: you can't. So you try to work with the generics rather than through them."

Thus, we have the haiku itself serving as the "generic" & the content of the work relaying the "specific", always subject to a controlled range of reader interpretation.

It is in working with this wide range of possible interpretations that Hood composes his most successful works, pieces that declare themselves as "open fields" rather than taking the "this lot is full" approach. In a work such as:

**the wind shifts**

**barn swallows**,

the reader is as much as instructed to dissect the poem in order to extract the conflation of built-in contents. "These are found poems in every sense of the word: I start out with a jumbled batch of chosen words & phrases & build content out of context. I hope that the reader will take 'em back apart."

In this way, the reader gains a fuller conception of both the poem & the processes involved in the author's arrival at that poem. This layering of meaning is very much against the grain of traditional haiku practice, which calls for singular clarity & a lack of ornamentation. This becomes something of a paradox when, as so often the case, the point of a haiku is to render to the reader a glimpse of insight into the interconnectedness of things, a flash of awe that is the result of a confluence of simple realities.

"There's no reason why the intellect should be shunned in haiku. It takes an intuitive intetention to first, of all, perceive the suitable content of a haiku; it takes a further act of intuitive intetention to then translase it into words. When we read haiku, we do the same thing, only in reverse. So let's acknowledge this & open up some room for play here!"

Indeed, play is another important factor in Hood's work, as equally important as his predilection toward layering techniques. Often, the two elements are inseparable, as in the following:

**excavation**

**imagine if one had a large black hat**

Hood's approach is a sophisticated attack on the transparency of haiku, playing by the basic rules but consistently chipping away at the stately granite of tradition.

"For haiku to grow & be of continuing interest, it's gotta adapt & accept the possibilities that language offers, because haiku is certainly a linguistic art. An example of what I mean? OK. LeRoy Gorman's visual pieces, those 2-words you were showing me earlier; & that high-density stuff of Dugas; & so on. There's no end to what might be possible if people could chuck off their steeped-with-tradition complexes."
Footnotes

1. by Wharton Hood, from After The End #4 (Toronto, 1986)
2. by Wharton Hood, from his unpublished House Of Cards
5. translation by Dom Sylvester Houédard, from The Golden Mile (Bristol, Arnolfini Gallery, 1966, a flyer for an exhibition of concrete poetry)
6. translation by bpNichol, from his Ephemeris (Toronto, Curvd H&z for Letters bookstore, 1984, a poster for a reading)
8. by Wharton Hood, from House Of Cards
9. by Wharton Hood, from ABCcess (Boulauc, France, La Poire D'Angoisse, 1987)
10. by Wharton Hood, from House Of Cards
12. Eric Amann, LeRoy Gorman & George Swede's the space between (Glen Burnie, Wind Chimes Press, 1986) & Swede's Bifds (Toronto, Curvd H&z, 1984)
13. MB Duggan's Incisions (Toronto, Curvd H&z, 1985), haiku concealed in typewriter maze
14. by Wharton Hood, from Industrial Sabotage #36 (Toronto, 1986)

A Bibliography of Wharton Hood

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18. "evening horizon", Toronto, Curvd H&z, 18/"oct'. (Curvd H&z #369. Icent #193) 1/140 copies. leaflet. haiku.
CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

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