

## INDEX

<i>Danielle Ricard</i>	p. 2
<i>Editorial</i>	p. 3
<i>Steve McCaffery</i>	p. 4
<i>Frank Davey</i>	p. 6
<i>Douglas Clark</i>	p. 8
<i>Philippe Sollers</i>	p. 9
<i>Pierre-André Arcand</i>	p. 15
<i>Martin Walser</i>	p. 16
<i>Jurgen Schweinebraden</i>	p. 18
<i>Sylvère Lotringer</i>	p. 19
<i>Jurgen O. Ölbrich</i>	p. 20
<i>Jeremy Adler</i>	p. 21
<i>Marino Tuzi</i>	p. 24
<i>Raymond Federman</i>	p. 26
<i>Dennis Cooley</i>	p. 28
<i>Achim Schnyder</i>	p. 29
<i>Richard Kostelanetz</i>	p. 30
<i>Société de Cons. du Présent</i>	p. 33
<i>Opal Louis Nations</i>	p. 34
<i>Richard F. Purdy</i>	p. 35
<i>Kirby Olson</i>	p. 39
<i>Boris Wanowitch</i>	p. 40
<i>Monty Cantsin</i>	p. 42
<i>Richard Martel</i>	p. 45
<i>Fernando Aguiar</i>	p. 49
<i>Carol Dallaire</i>	p. 52
<i>Miekal And</i>	p. 56
<i>Misha Chocholak</i>	p. 58
<i>Richard Truhlar</i>	p. 60
<i>Jim Francis</i>	p. 61
<i>Bev Daurio</i>	p. 61
<i>Irving Weiss</i>	p. 62
<i>Dennis Tourbin</i>	p. 63
<i>Carmen Berenguer</i>	p. 64
<i>Soupault / Olson</i>	p. 65
<i>Brian Duren</i>	p. 66
<i>Margo Kren</i>	p. 70
<i>Roland Shefferski</i>	p. 71
<i>David McFadden</i>	p. 72
<i>j.w. curry</i>	p. 74
<i>Pavel Rudolf</i>	p. 77
<i>Books Recieved</i>	p. 77
<i>Journals Received</i>	p. 78
<i>Contributor's Notes</i>	p. 80



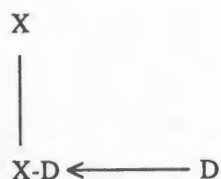


# DRUM LANGUAGE AND THE SKY TEXT

## By Steve McCaffery

The shamanic drum is verb and carries the shaman to the world centre or *axis mundi*, enabling aerial flight and message and oratorically summoning the spirit world. Drum connects, as a vehicular form, with the *axis mundi* along which the shaman rises into his planar breakthrough.

Saussure's definition of the linguistic sign (as S/s or Signifier over signified) when applied to the shamanic drum produces a modified angular formula of acoustic sound (D) over cosmic axis (X) thus:



in which the drum relates to the axis by way of a schematic 90° angle. The function of the drum — as a horizontally positioned sound device connecting with a vertical axiarity — is tied closely to the drum's figurative nature. According to shamanic sources, the drum is made from a branch fallen from the Cosmic Axis Tree; it is thus, at its source, profoundly metonymic. Striking the drum declares this metonymy and activates, as the shaman's journey, the shift from part (drum) to whole (world tree). In the diagram above, the 90° angle formed at the intersection of drum sound and world axis graphs the path of the metonym. Striking the drum has the effect of reuniting part with whole, drum with axis. The mantic context of this operation adds a further complication to the movement, for as a linguistic instrument the drum speaks its own synecdochal connection with the whole whilst the enunciator (the shaman drummer) is not detached from the sign. This is a significant variation on the Saussurian formula, for in drum language it is the speaker who travels with his words as a semiotic accompaniment along a metonymic transit. The drum-word is the vehicle not of the speaker's "message" but of his very being.

There is a further important difference from the conventional linguistic sign. Unlike the latter, whose voco-visual form is arbitrary, the drum's physical form and its signifying function are of essential unity. Choice of wood for the drum shell is determined by a trans-human will. There is the legend, for instance, of the Ostyak-Samoyed who enters a forest blind, with axe in hand, to tap the trunks of different trees at random until the choice of wood passes through him. The Altaian shaman sits apart from the forest with his eyes closed in preparation to receive the spiritual information as to which tree shall be felled to form his drum. In both these cases, the drum chooses its owner and user (a conspicuous reversal of the traditional relationship of the linguistic sign to its enunciator). This necessary bond between the drum's significant form — its sound, shape and material substance — and what is signified (the journey through the metonymic frame to the axis and subsequent planar breakthrough) serves to fix the drum as a kind of mantic onomatopoeia.

There is an animation of the drum which precedes its linguistic functioning proper. In this animation the drumskin speaks through the shaman's lips and tells its birth and life down to the moment of its death as animal and its incorporation in the drum. It concludes with the promise to serve as a faithful drum-vehicle to the shaman owner. The factor of narration through bilocation is central here. The drum, at this point, is an autobiographical device speaking its own story through the shaman.

Subsequent to this initial animation the shaman drum becomes the vehicle of the shaman's journey to the *axis mundi*. Shamanism veils in this topography the state of *ekstasis* providing the latter with both its linear and narrative projections. The re-animated drumskin, whose narrative is ventriloquised through the shaman, fuses animal and man in a state of theriomorphic ancestry. As the skin stretched over the drum frame is a mantically charged metonym whose animation returns the whole animal to a narrational life (a precise parallel to the drum's total function of axial ascendance), so the emergent narrative of the animal-source reverses this metonymic flow at the same time as it validates it. For in the narrative it is the *whole* that speaks both through and into the *part* in a double movement that binds both animal and shaman with the drum. It is the reunion of whole with part that provides life to the shaman's vehicle; his drum becoming the animal whose skin comprises its sounding surface. The drum sound too is synecdochal in its consequences, the sound not only carrying but uniting the speech of man with the primordial discourse of the animal. It is this latter totemic aspect that resonates each time the drum is struck.

An additional sign system emerges in the drum's attendant illustrations. There is a drum among the Tungus that bears numerous symbols painted on its skin and frame (animals, anthropomorphs, geographical glyphs of land and sea) whilst the centre of the drumskin is left blank. In the case of the Tungus the drumskin has assumed the additional function of page supporting a complex iconography or writing. This complex of symbolic superimposition adds to the compound nature of the drum, for striking the drumskin serves to animate the silent, scriptive surface. Horizontal wires at the back of the drum form a physiogrammatical support for numerous images and noise-makers: metal fragments, rattles, bells, etc. which make up a magic noise ensemble activated in satellitic formation around the central sound. This might be seen as constituting a second order of syntax situating the drum (already established as the shamanic vehicle to the *axis mundi*) as an acoustic axis. The drum of the Lapp shaman carries images on both faces of the skin, the drum-as-page thereby becoming a symbolic threshold between earth and sky. Lapp pictography in effect turns drumskin into macrocosmic object with a profoundly mantic bond formed between the visual and acoustic images.

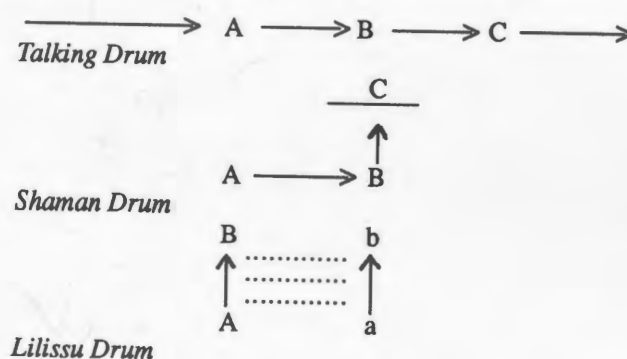
As both an instrument and a text, an illustrative page and an iconic context, the drum presents a triple microcosmic zone of sky, earth and underworld as a superimposed representation upon the drum's vehicular, ecstatic, function. Symbolism, and a more specifically verbal function, are thus ordered symbiotically (in so far as the drum forms both microcosmic artifact and the means of passing through that microcosm). Semiotically, the shaman drum is a profound contradiction and decidedly non-Saussurean, for, treated as a linguistic sign, the drum relates signifier to signified not along an axis of destination and arrival but through the latter's supercession.

At the shaman's initiatory seance the drum is self-creative. Its sound acts centripetally and draws into itself the surrounding environmental spirits thereby imploding context into its own constitutional elements. In the seance the drum is a self-generating sign with the capacity to induce and withhold powers. The Soyot drum is called *khamu-at* or "shaman's horse" 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.

In a later development the drum assumes the apotuitic character of a speech designed to expell its signification as a "magic of noise" — a proto-dadaistic grasp of the acoustic image detached from signification. As a noise event the drum emits the vocal energies of both good and bad spirits and initiates an agonistic polylogue between them.

Behind all shamanistic drum use and despite all local variations is the sense of an instrumental connection to a universal centre. This latter term moreover should not be taken topographically but emotinally as denoting a sacred space that ecstasy inhabits. The shamanic centre is, in fact, a highly charged *metope* or gap between signs inscribed in a cosmic syntax. To reach the centre is to enter a space as an ecstatic vortex. Basic to all shaman drum language is the belief in the possibility of a direct communication between earth and sky. Through the drum's connection with the *axis mundi* sky becomes verbally as well as visually accessible. This tenet is represented in the tri-planar cosmology linked by the central axis: a schema that occurs repeatedly in many areas of the world (it is the great sky-nail, Yggdrasil, Irminsul, the bean stalk of Jack, the Salymic seven-divided pure silver holy pillar, the Roumanian Coloana Ceriului and many other forms). The drum, in fact, is a major device of translation, translating this three-plane cosmic picture into an ecstatic itinerary (the shaman's journey through this form). Drum language, in this translative capacity, converts scheme and icon into active plot; a synchronic, stable world-picture into the diachrony of a narrative. To drum, in this sense, is to free up a content from a two dimensional visual sign system and to project it as a temporal action. The drum's structure hence relates to its use in the way *langue* relates to *parole*, but with the significant difference that in the drum's sounding the realized utterance is an inter-semiotic breakthrough.

Considered from the geomantic axes that it occupies, the shaman drum falls midway between the ancient Lilissu drum and the present day talking drum, current among the Yoruba and in various other parts of Africa. The Lilissu drum establishes a vibratory axis with an unmediated vertical and sonic link up of earth and sky (thus paralleling the structure of the cosmic tree). The talking drum maintains an extendible, horizontal and telegraphic axis that parallels a speech path along the earth's surface. The shaman drum, in contrast, sets up a horizontal axis connecting, through the numerous mantic translations and transformations outlined above, with the vertical axis of the cosmic tree. Diagrammatically we could show these different vibratory axes as follows:



The shaman drum probably derives from the old bronze Lilissu drum used by the Kalu priest of Mesopotamia in the service of the great god Enki-Ea, the cover of which came from the skin of the black bull and represented the zodiacal sign of Taurus. Striking the drum brought contact with heaven at its most significant point. During the Tauric age (ca. 4000-2000 B.C.) this point was the Point of Anu, God of Heaven, recorded in cuneiform as a single wedge and signifying that way both the numeral *one* and in the sexagesimal system *sixty*.

Among the Mandes of Africa is the famed twin drum fashioned after the hero Faro's skull, which formed the rain drum covered with the sacrificial skins of the first twins of mixed sex. Its shape was an hour-glass and represented not only time but also a specific geography. The drum's shape depicted the river Niger at its narrow middle where it separates the two regions of the Kaba and Akka and came in that way to represent the journey of Faro himself down the river. (Again in the case of the Mandes drum we find the organization of an intrinsic narrative from the material composition of the drum.)

In China there is K'uei who alone held the power of harmony and whose drumming — tactile in its purpose — touched the musical stone that caused a hundred animals to dance and regulated rivers. It was the rhythm of the drum that made K'uei not only master of the dance (celestial syntax) but also of the forge (the creative power of nomination). His drum beat was the voice of celestial time, rhythm and motion and, as musician to the great Yü, K'uei brought about the step of Yü within the sky (caught in configuration of the Dipper or Charles' Wain). Activating the double rhythms of the dance and forge the drum too carries the essential motion of the smith or Kos-Mo-Krater bringing into the ranks of the drummer the various great *arche-tektons*: Deus Faber, Hephaistos and Blake's Los (inverted syntagm of Sol, the sun or sky-drum). Also Kosher-wa-Husis of Ras Shamra and the Norse Ilmarinen whose drum-forge hammered out the roof of the sky as a macrocosmic drumskin. It is only with the Greeks and the cult of Orpheus that these powerful drum constructions and primordial percussive functions decline under the weight of Orphicism when the drum is largely discarded as a celestial, vibratory connector and replaced by the harp that supports symbolically the polyphonic harmony of the multispherical and a growing chordal concept of the heavens.

This complex function and genealogy suggest that the drum, in its origins and shamanic implications, forms a textual counterpart to the great Ur-Sky-Text. The stars and planets were the first syntax, experienced as a shifting of powers, with the absolute sovereignty of the fixed stars (essentially nouns) and the executive, volatile powers of the moving planets (essentially verbs). It was the heavens, as the open book of the sky, which gave man his first experience of a readable syntax and comprehensible text. The intense sky consciousness of the archaic mind and the profound concern with celestial events suggests not only the primary relationship to the sky as an ur-text but also argues for the primacy of the written over the oral and the precedence of reading to writing itself. Prior to writing, the human mind was presented with a textual system exegetically revealed and productive of meanings as man became aware of the syntactic structure and "grammatical" progression of the night sky through its diurnal and annual permutations. The Zodiac derives from a pictorial and substantive response to the sky-text, involving an extension of point into image. (The term derives from the Greek *zodion*, a small animal and designates the twelve "living" constellations). It is equally



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 constellate and planets "verbalize" through astral movements, providing a pagination 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 textuality.

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 word 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 terrestrial 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 hermeneusis.

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

March 19. Temple.

Treat yourself to a cathedral tour of southern England. It was so damned cold in Cologne you could see your breath in front 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. Krishna, hare. Religion will be remembered as one of the foremost contributors to the development of world art, engineering and architecture.

*Lovers and grandmothers. Dance. Native customs. Sex. Humanism.*

March 20. The View

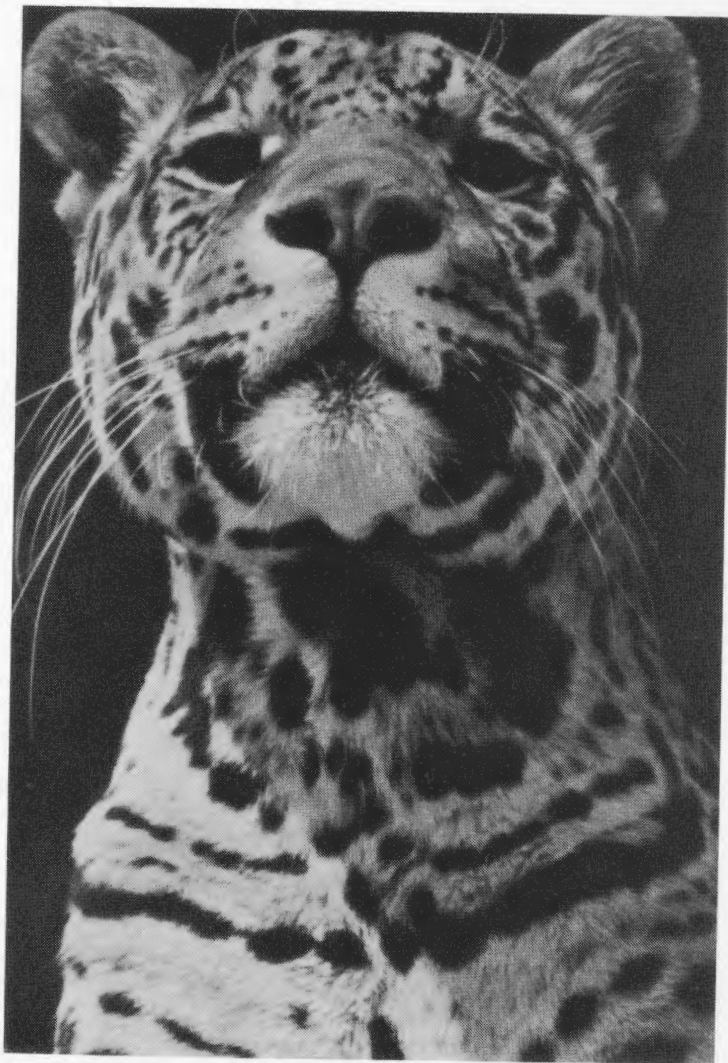
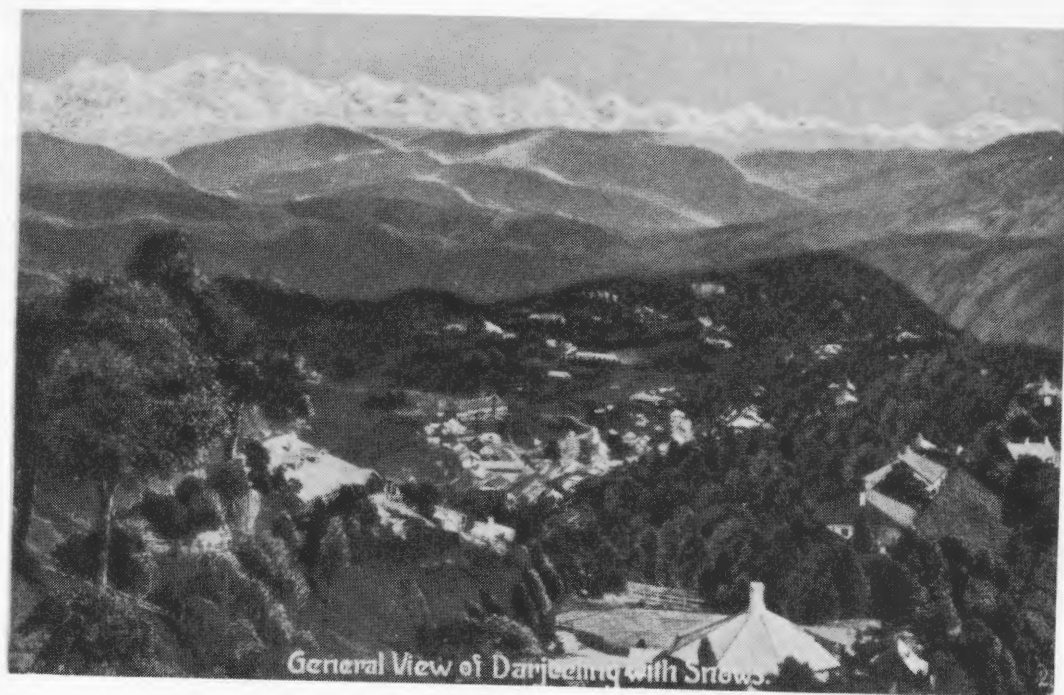
Mountains can be humanized in a 3 by 5 field. Distances are great to look at. You can approach in an airconditioned bus or gaze from the balcony of a 5-star hotel. Spectacular sunsets, which I'm afraid he misread as "supertanker sunsets." In the morning after breakfast I would sit on the upper patio 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.

*The local. A grizzled trapper. Eggcups. Man and nature. Museum quality.*

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 enclosed within human meaning-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.*





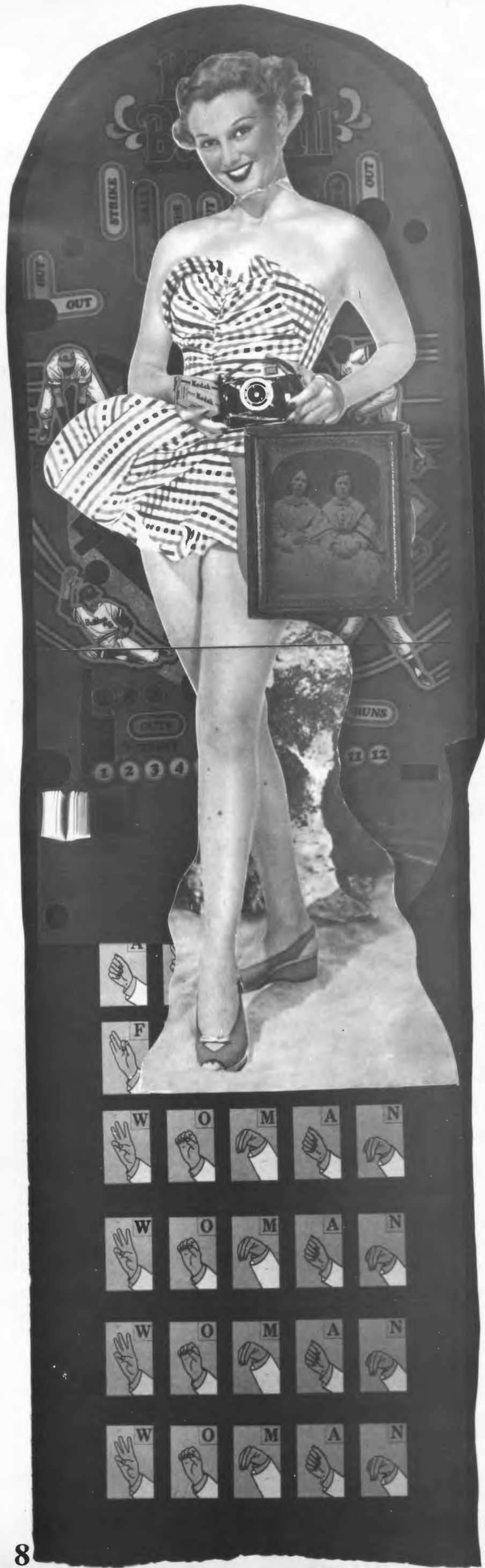


Image by Douglas Clark

# PHILIPPE SOLLERS

## INTERVIEW ON *FEMMES* \*

With Catherine Francblin  
Translated by Philip Barnard  
and Cheryl Lester

CF: 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-scène* of *Paradis*. It sets up the lighting, the imaginary and social space within which the outlines of *Paradis* should be perceived. I've often compared *Paradis* to a sculpture. Of course, one could imagine that this 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 circumference [*le pourtour*], the three-dimensional volume in which *Paradis* pretends to exist, I would have committed a serious error, a technical error. I would, in other 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 *Comédie*. (I'm presented as the author not of *Paradis* but of *Comédie*). It's a matter of someone seen from the outside, filmed, as it were, as he writes that book. I needed a narrator who would be me and not me, who could act as an observer of the current gossip about me [*du raconter*]; 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 sexual interpretation [*l'interprétation sexuelle*] — that this content, if I didn't give it the form of a realist interpretation, would disappear in the books' very fetishization.

CF: Why this particular *mise-en-scène*? In other words, why the title *Femmes*?

PS: I wanted this *mise-en-scène* 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 Femmes d'Alger*, 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 breakdowns in 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 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 this has very concrete, technical, clinical names: the feminist movement, its propaganda, its ideology, its impact, the reactivity it engenders, *gyneco-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 majestic, frontal entry into the life of our species has just begun. The novel, it seems to me, hasn't yet registered this phenomenon; *Femmes*, I think, is the first to have done so, to have recorded not only the effects, the defigurations, the agitations, the passions that accompany it, but to have described their causes. In a few years, people will be surprised at the way the space of the social imaginary has been divided; on the one hand, a sexual pseudo-liberation of pornographic organicist representation, with the promotion of male homosexuality it presupposes; on the other, the voluntaristic unfolding of an ideologized female body, tied to the reproductive chain. People will be surprised by a relative blank, which will indicate a failure of symbolization within what was occurring as real dramaturgy, as anguish, as horror, or else, and this is the same thing, as the comic. From this point of view, *Femmes* is clearly comical. Taking bodies or organs seriously, romantically, inevitably has a comic effect on me.

CF: 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 *taumachie* — 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 produces life, yet within death; but death, in this book, is taken in its horribly comic dimension. I'll put it another way to sum up: there is virtually no chance that a man could have a real conversation with a woman about death. All we can hope for on this subject is misunderstanding. In other words, *to be* or *not to be* has never been *one* question, contrary to what Hamlet's rumination affirms. It produces at least two, because the theme of *to be* or *not to be* cannot have the same meaning for a man and for a woman. This book, therefore, grants an extreme importance to sexual difference, and because it grants it such importance, its conclusion, which might appear paradoxical but which is perfectly logical, is that men are not exactly common these days, and they're uncommon precisely because women are not exactly common these days either. And thus it shouldn't come as a surprise if, in this situation of sexual confusion, the very ancient mythology of the androgyne is coming out of the woodwork again. Which leads us to this little book's metaphysical considerations. As a result



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, as repetitions. They are acts which are executed but which have no importance. This is the fundamental transgression: 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 sexuality? 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 "integrally sexual dies." What do you mean?

PS: There are two absolutely paradoxical possibilities: either a radical abstention from sex, which produces sainthood, abstention in awareness of what is at stake, 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 tall tales 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 integrally sexual *jouissance* does not valorize itself. On the contrary, it is extremely negative. It's a physical experience that leaves no psychic residue. All of these residues, dreams, and other psychological ruminations, rise directly out of a lack of sexual *jouissance* [*un manque-à-jour sexuel*].

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 athletes will be given priority. These people will be the standards, the sperm donors of the neo-platonic republic that we're being promised. 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 tennis ...

PS: Irony. 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 points 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 subversion of novelistic codes. 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 effervescent 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 insofar as the sexual act is 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 writers, 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 admitting 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 that presently takes up our heavy conceptual baggage, is ironized in this book. "A la Molière," if you like. But you're right, what appears as tragic is the inability to take the mother lightly. The book's negative heroines are characters persuaded that the mother is all-powerful. The more positive ones have gained a furtive insight into the fact that their mother 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 desires his mother. What we take to be the good would collapse if a son could really see what is at stake in his mother. Surely it is not impossible for a son to have such an insight into his mother, but that this is prohibited is perhaps the prohibited of incest itself. The prohibition against a man's evaluating his mother. It's obviously not a matter 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 to bear 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 definition that people are attempting more and more to impose on women. You yourself are 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 denegated, obligated 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.

This is why, as I suggested earlier, the decisive 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.

And 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 determinate. 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 description of events, I'm not teaching anything. I would add that a man, consequently, is also a very rare event.

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

PS: Absolutely. They are subjected to what defines them: swaggering, pretense [*le semblant*], vanity, stubborn petty megalomania, the anguish of mediated recognition [*la reconnaissance médiatique*] ... Their conception of the other, of the other in themselves, is obliterated.

In contrast to this dramatically high-strung mediated mechanization [*cette mécanisation médiatique dramatiquement nerveuse*] in men, women play a much more realistic role in the book; they are more lucid than the men, which leads them either toward fatality, or toward an unheard-of gratuitousness. This is why the ending is a repeated homage to what runs through the entire book, to music and to female musicians. If the final character I introduce is a harpsichordist, it's because she implies a labor of deciphering. It's a relation to the text in motion.

CF: You use a lot of acronyms, as you have in earlier texts ...

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 corporation [*une société anonyme*], and *names*. I would advise every reader, male or female, to defend their name to the last. Who, moreover, are the people linked to the Name? The Jews, of course, since their God is called: the Name. I foresee a struggle to the death between acronymy and the name, and I would say that from now on no 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 is the first time you find its explicit ideology on the side of the powers-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 simultaneously. First of all, a propaganda of sexuality as "fulfillment," as what defines the human being in its depths, had to be generally accepted. This supposes that all the metaphysical conceptions have been destroyed, that any conception of sexuality as Evil, as original sin, has been denied. Given this, you get an ordering of sexual confusion raised to 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: Still, 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 accent is placed both on sexuality considered as a value (either dramatic or organic), and by the same token on a suppression of sexuality controlled by asexuated families. What is forbidden is sexuality without value and metaphysical sublimation within the family.



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

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: Can this be taken as a metaphor, insofar as the book begins with the idea that life is a sort of death?

PS: No, it's an exit that leads elsewhere, to a field [jeu] that seems more exciting. French society seems like Yugoslavia. The modes of eroticism have become so weak that the narrator can no longer stand it. It should be clear that the novel involves a staging of nationalities: there is a Chinese woman, a Spanish anarchist, two French women, the narrator's wife, and two very positive characters, an English woman who lives in the United States, who dies in a terrorist attack, and the harpsichordist who is French but is always travelling.

CF: The woman who dies in the attack turns out to have been pregnant. Does this not taint her retrospectively, put her in a negative light?

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 reproduction, as is every woman at one moment or another of her life, just as every man, at one moment or another, is faced with a woman's demand to have a child. There's no need to dramatize it. The narrator himself is father to a son. What is, on the other hand, described as negative, is the extreme madness of contemporary behavior: the valorization of sexuality, the lack of distance vis-à-vis the production of bodies, or inversely vis-à-vis abortion. All of the Christian values gone mad, as Nietzsche would have said, due to a non-relativization of sexuality.

CF: What is new is thus 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 stutter out on the couch is exactly the opposite of all their ideological facades.

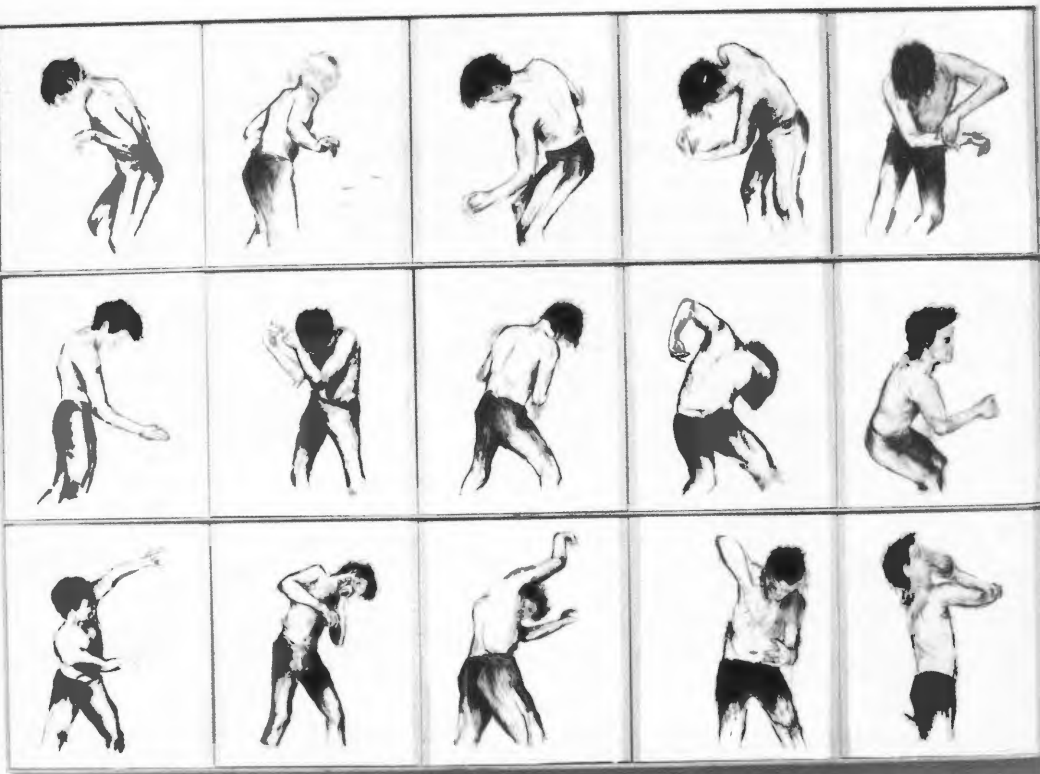
CF: Does the genre of the novel seem to you better adapted to the uncovering of this imposture than other sorts of writing?

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 beyond the novel. It seems to me that someone like Picasso felt the same way about the imposture that non-figurative art had become, which is why he continued both gestures. I talk about Picasso a lot in this book, not 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 evoke writers who have a Shakespearian 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."

\* This interview originally appeared in *Art Press* 66 (January, 1983), with the title *Pourquoi un roman "réaliste"?* Two previous interviews focusing on the questions of woman, sexuality, and pornography, are printed in *Minuit* 17 (January, 1976), pp. 2-25, and in M.-F. Hans and G. Lapouge, eds., *Les Femmes, la pornographie, l'érotisme* (Paris: Editions du Seuil, collection "Points," 1978), pp. 159-67.



"Wrestling Figures" by John Brown  
Photo; clo Art Gallery of Ontario

## 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 dreamily, in his armchair: "the density... the density..." His desk was covered with notes and mathematical drawings... He had 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, we start 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 answer? No. Still, she must be home. It's not far. 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... 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 it: the schizo in action... A gun, a knife, a pool of blood... Fals is thinking the same thing... He pokes 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 flushed, I'm afraid he's going to drop dead in my arms, and now 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 death threats a week... Crackpots... Every kind of nut... "Armande!..." This time, a window bangs open... It's her... The beauty... She leans over the balcony... And she yells in turn... "What's all the racket! Are you crazy?..." All at once I understand... I tell Fals again that I 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! Feydeau! Armande arranged the whole spectacle! She decided to teach the Old Man a lesson! She must need a lot of money, quick, and no arguments... Straight for the bazooka 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 Armande for a scotch... I 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"? Armande, on her feet, trembling, pretending to be furious, more asinine than ever, keeps insulting 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...

The next day, I find out that Fals has cancelled the trip to India, without saying a word to me... And the day after that, I run into him on the street, in front of Armande's... "I'm going in," he tells me, looking exhausted, but sure that I understand what's in the cards... As if he were excusing himself... Where was he going? Home for dinner... Into his slippers... To see Célimène... Into the misery of an old man's sweatings and suckings...

We never saw each other after that... Almost never... I went to India without him... I still spoke about him in Calcutta... In Bombay... About his very peculiar conception of discourse and speech... In terms of whatever they have there... Sanskrit...

And now he's dead. *Sic transit*... In the end, he had some glory... A lot... After years and years of fighting, alone more often than not... Not many people understood what he was saying... He had endless problems with his colleagues, his students, institutions, the press... He was accused of just about everything; charlatanism, peddling influence, improper use of transference, sorcery, drugs, blackmail, suicides... No doubt about it, he kept things bustling... Interesting to watch in any case... Eminently novelistic... Fals was surely a sort of genius, but also a bit of a crook, it's true... Was he obliged to become a crook because of the persecution he was subjected to? Possibly... But who knows? Lives are inextricable... He aroused absolute dedication, inexpiable hatred... It's a good sign, really... He destroyed, or deformed, what probably had to be destroyed anyway... He always had plenty of money, that's the main thing... A Swiss bank account... His waiting room was always packed... Very expensive... And fast... That's what they were most angry about, it seems, the pace... The infernal chain... A normal, certified, unionized psychoanalyst does a 45-minute session... No matter what... The patient arrives, lies down, talks about his or her dreams, etc. Three-quarters of an hour is the Time it takes... The Unconscious Hourglass... Fifteen minutes of interference or more or less suppressed



F90  
violence vis-à-vis the analyst; fifteen minutes on the heart of the matter including three crucial minutes played out in thirty seconds; fifteen minutes' worth of padding, and bang, next patient please... But Fals upset all that... He felt that this encouraged droning, the buzzing of flies... That they were falling asleep without producing anything... That it was negating the discovery... A stifling, a smothering... That this dulled the "virulence" of the procedure, as his 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 apart in his hands every time... He could care less, he kept moving... Formally, all this was very similar to ecclesiastical controversies, with orthodoxy, reform, counter-reform, or even more similar to the Marxists' and Communists' periodic explosions... Paul Fals could have passed for a new Trotsky, the disarmed prophet, the prophet in exile, the prophet of the truth perverted by the powers-that-be... Spinoza chased from the Synagogue... The myth grew all by itself, and Fals even claimed to be the heretic who would turn out to be right... Hallâj... Luther... Calvin... Sabbatai Zevi... Jacob Frank... Not to mention the others... It was a duel to the death between him and the Freudian church... Above all, he counted on his "teaching"... "Yes, I know, the word makes you laugh," he often said to me, tersely... His "Lectures"... Ah, the Lectures!... Now there, you could say, Fals created a genre... Solemn, hermetic, logical, apocalyptic, comical... It was great art... Oration, peroration, resonance... We talked about it away from the lights, in the wings; we would have dinner together out of the way... Like cultivated people, since there aren't any anymore... He didn't have very good taste, in fact, except in the antiques he bought at inflated prices now and then... He kept his women generously, I think... In any case, FAM owes him a lot... Directly or indirectly, he gave most of them their training... Bernadette... Dora... Kate... It was in

F91  
reaction to him that the movement took on its metaphysical dimension... It's debilitating conventions, its police-state, information-network atmosphere... Just like the Communist religion... Or similar sects, it all comes down to the same thing... You have to admit that psy, if it's already part of a system that basically tends toward the police state, is also the possibility of a remarkable free-floating file system on everyone who counts or who may count in the future... On their intersections, their defects, their peculiarities, their weak points, their manias... Fals had a few bankers in his pocket... Two or three ministers, no matter which regime... An archbishop... Two members of the Party's central committee... The director of Counter-Espionage services... The main representative of the revolutionary Brigades in France... Pop stars... Movie stars... "What a novel," I would tell him... — "My friend, Truth alone matters to me," he would reply superbly. And it was true. He was fond of this philosophical phrase: "I always tell the truth. Not all of it, for we never manage to tell all... Words are lacking. And this impossibility itself is what makes truth a part of the real." I didn't buy this formulation. One day I told him: "The novel, and only the novel, tells the truth... The whole truth... Something other than the truth, yet nothing but the truth... It doesn't lack the words... On the contrary... Which is why we'd rather think that it's unreal, even though it's the real itself... The nervous system of realities... Moreover, as someone you know only too well has put it: 'Truth is structured like a fiction'..." He smiled. "That's fine, my friend, coming from you, but forget it, and stop bugging me. Write... Write... That's all." He knew what he was talking about. You produce a literary work, or you don't. All the rest is blabla, and he was right about the circulation of blabla... Deliriums, inventions, illusions, curves of falsehood in the volume of existence... Strange, isn't it, that simply by manipulating the blabla, by taking it as primary material, silences, associations, interpretations, one can bring the body so profoundly into question via the sexual thing, the body's tumor... It's fabulous that we never stop talking about it... Pregnancy... What's that? The Viennese waltz... Transposed by Fals straight into the Charleston... When will we get Salsa?

F92  
Rock, Reggae, Funk? You can't stop the process of decomposition... At first Fals was rather severe... Aristotle... Heidegger... Linguistics... Topology... But I watched him gradually sink into a black passion, the tar kept rising and more and more his eye reflected its compact tide. Still amusing, most of the time, more and more amusing in a disturbing way, but profoundly broken, beaten... For having brushed with castration... The inarticulate frigidity on the other side of the decor... Obsessed with money, with immediate power... Stubborn, more and more impatient, susceptible... Perhaps he was already in pain. There were moments when he almost attacked his secretary... Incredible fits of rage... Insulting his friends... I met two of his disciples the other night... Disastrous... Puffed up with vanity, impenetrable, understanding nothing but buzzwords, obsessed with petty details of the coterie, ridiculous and unaware of it... What did all this lack? Music? Yes, quite simply. Quite flatly. Fals would have liked to get back at them, his women are sufficient proof... Dessicated, fleshless, malice incarnate in their eyes... Did he drive them mad? Probably... Or more precisely, he elicited the deep cancer of madness... Which it's not certain, in the end, not certain at all, that one ought to stir up... Scratch there... "Aesthetic! aesthetic," Fals would say, scolding me... "You're too caught up in the Lustprinzip! The Pleasure Principle!" Perhaps... And why not... A little more desperation, a bit more, why not... I think of Bernadette's irreparable madness, spiced with a touch of psy, her flaming hatred... And Fals isn't responsible? Of course not. I remember what Werth said to me, Werth who had spent some time in Fals' office during one of his neurotic moments: "It's better to watch out for cars."... And Werth, of course, got hit by a car... "Talking with him about myself," he added, "I suddenly realized — here I was, an old cunt babbling to an old schnook..."

F93  
Lucid words...  
Fals treated me rather well as a rule... As if he feared I might talk one day... A potential writer... Dangerous... He did try to intimidate me once or twice... But that was part of the game... And he tried to seduce Deborah... but all in all... I'll write that article for Kate quickly, since she wants it so badly... Superficially of course... Mephisto... Moderato... Glissando...

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# 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 Fliehendes 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 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 undergo every kind of insanity, and they have to look for help among psychiatrists. I only write because there is a lack of something, so I 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's always the same cause. So long as I write, I feel fairly strong, I exist, because it's 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: I'm interested 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 (*The Rabbit Race*) is 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 to fulfill a public 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 which is put to me and to everybody else, at least to every other writer, this 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 seen people saying 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 be a new people just because May 1945 has passed, but we are the same, and we have to continue as those who we were, and will be, and so on. The conditions are different now, but you still recognize, "Aah, that's us!" And so, in a kind of comedy, I tried to show a continuation, to expose the illusion that people have not become completely different human beings. And so, this was obviously a public task, to be discussed on a stage.

It's different if I write a novel about my own experience of being dependent on powers of every kind in society. And I wanted to see how much this dependence destroys you. If people in power judge you, then you have to accept their judgement, they command how you have to feel, your own personality, it's not your decision, who you are, and how you feel within yourself. But they can say, you are this and this person, you value this and this, you are that good or that bad, or life is this and this. All of this means being dependent, and this is how they destroy you, and if they feel they can destroy you, they'll really do it. And so, I wrote a novel about this feeling. I had experienced it myself long enough and I had to resist, I had to write.



KJ: So is this kind of writing also aimed at alerting society to certain problems?

MW: No, for me it's quite personal. I don't think of society, I find that I have to react, I have to defend myself, I have to answer, I have to transform this process into a process in which I am not the object anymore, you see. I have to defend, otherwise, you can't exist if you don't escape this process of being dependent on other people or other powers in society, on money or something else like that.

KJ: I'm wondering how autobiographical your works are? The hero of *Das Schwanenhaus* is torn between an idyllic property that he used to enjoy as a young man and the potential profits that he could gain as a site for condominiums, or in *Breakers* we see a professor who is invited over to California to teach for a while only to become engaged in the laid-back California lifestyle and to fall in love with a young co-ed student.

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 former friend of his who was the same age, but 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 later, after only three weeks I felt that here was an opportunity for Halm. Again, there was this challenge of a youthful state of being in the United States, and this was much more serious than that of the friend who lived as if he were young. 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, the way I acted and reacted and lived and felt, was in the way Halm would feel it. 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 personality, and so on. But with a character 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, then I can play, like a child plays with a doll. If you observe children when they 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 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 have 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 thing which is the novel.

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 a visit," and I said, yes, and he asked the address and I said Euclid Street. 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 out the real owners and I had 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 short stories, which were a kind of apprenticeship, were influenced by Kafka. Later, there was one artist that I read thoroughly, in 1957-8, and that was Proust. 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 authors are those you could call narcissistic authors, who are more and more engaged in egomania, 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 written in the first person. I changed when I 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 as specific or refined or as subtle as those narcissistic writers, but with real characters. It's 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 must always have a character which is obviously myself. I think it's an advantage to create a character which can gain his 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 Böhl, 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 Rat*, is almost baroque, because reality is just providing him with material, but it does not appear as actual reality. Böhl is of course this realistic author who is much more society-oriented than I would be. He is happy to create characters as a picture of society as it 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 *Swan Villa*), Gottlieb Zum 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 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 Germans 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 re-union.

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 idea behind this is that for better or worse, once this present generation dies off, there will be no one to remember how things once were before Germany was divided by the iron curtain.

MW: Yes, but there is tourism, there is television, there is radio, they can't keep the iron curtain really closed. It's impossible. I have heard it said, by a Russian that since Gorbachov, this Glaznost, 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 communistic 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's an enormous success for Russia in Europe, maybe Gorbachov 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 federacy, not this centralized party regime based in Moscow which controls all of these countries only in a military sense, which is really terrible.



Image by Jürgen Schweinebraden/Niedenstein

## SYLVÈRE LOTRINGER / INTERVIEW By Christof Migone

Sylvère Lotringer is fascinated by culture. He explores it with an active and singular lucidity. While a professor of French Literature and Philosophy at Columbia University he is also the founder of SEMIOTEXT(E). This magazine, through its 13 years of existence, has addressed crucial issues with innovative theory. The latest issue is entitled Semiotext(e) U.S.A., a psychotopographical projection, featuring "neo-pagans, cults, foreign agents, mad bombers, ban-the-bombers, nudists, zero workers, hardore youth, witches, unrepentant faggots, poetic terrorists ..." Semiotext(e) and also the pocket size Foreign Agent Series (featuring French thinkers in english translation) can be found at the Alternative Bookstore and at Artex, both on St. Laurent blvd. Or by mail order at Semiotext(e), 522 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027 usa; or Marginal Books, 37 Vine Ave., Toronto M6P 1V6

Lotringer is never bored, with Chris Cross he has produced a film called "How to shoot a crime". It is an experience in the connections between death, crime, violence, sex, and society. This man of multi facets was recently in Montréal for the Ultimatum II festival to read some of his fiction and to participate on a panel. He will have a book published in may by random house called Over-Exposed. It deals with the treatment of sexual pervers, or rather the perverse treatment of sexuality in our culture. The printed questions for the following interview were derived from the Burroughs virus number 23 and the Cabala number 111, inspired by Robert Anton Wilson's essay "Coincidence" in Semiotext(e) usa.

CM: Let's begin with the inception of SEMIOTEXT(E). What motivated you into the print form and what needs were you fulfilling?

SL: I started the magazine a bit out of hope and a bit out of despair. I wanted to find people I could talk to, I found myself ghettoized in an american university, so it was a way to reach out. The name was a pun on semiotics, and it was intrinsically referenced to Freud. Coming from France, I found that in New York the artists were the real intellectuals. That is people who use their thoughts to do things instead of just commenting on them. So I started the magazine with them, doing interviews with them. I also wanted to purge my self of the too pregnant abstraction of the french language. I did not have a good command of the english language so I began with interviews — having them say things that I could not say myself.

CM: The latest issue U.S.A. is a "psychotopographical projection" of America. Can you tell me more about it?

SL: The latest issue is totally different from anything that we've done before. It's a grassroots issue, it's like an earth catalogue. There are a million connections: some great essays, some great fiction, some very trashy stuff ... it corresponds to what America is like, a lot of contradictions. After the 60s people were either thrown into being academics and glossified there, or just became carpenters. So this is an attempt, two generations later, to connect to the energies that were lost in the 60s. SEMIOTEXT(E), even though it is always about very crucial things, always has a sense of humour and life. The issues are alive; if it became too deadly we would just be repeating what is inflicted to us from everywhere.

CM: SEMIOTEXT(E) seems to have constant problems with censorship, why?

SL: With Reagan things have become much worse. Seven printers refused to print this issue. The censored pages dealt with sexuality; we ended up publishing them on our own and inserting them later. The issue of sexuality is overshadowed now by all these religious groups. They raise issues that are so obsolete, so superceded by the society. They give them a last breath that is very powerful, but the movement of the culture is irreversible. There is no way we can help destroying everything, it just depends how fast we do it. That's why I got interested in people like Jean Baudrillard and Paul Virilio, they are dark prophets of this modernity. Both are fascinated by the modern world and technology, even if they hate it. They hate it with so much love that their point of view is very pertinent. Baudrillard used to be in an anarchist group then turned into a metaphysician, he is a kind of poet of society.... I like philosophy as a form of aesthetic creation but at the same time I expect philosophy to have some sort of impact. Most of the thinkers we have spend their time commenting on the margin of Marx at best. So it was time for people that are futuristic.

CM: What is your approach to culture? Is it to actively and accurately document it?

SL: No, it is more interventionist. I like Michel Foucault and all that but I hate libraries. I hate dust. I also don't have a choice living in New York City, culture is in the air, it is when you talk to people, it is interaction. I think my way of repaying american culture, not that I feel indebted to it, was to try to make the french american and the american french. Originally I was writing a book on the structures of the novel, I spent 10 years of my life doing that, then I realized it was insane because the novel works so well; I tried to find the logical way out. I took the Nietzschean position which is to look at it and decide that there were more premises of death than life in it. Then instead I got interested in death proper which is precisely what semiotics is trying to avoid by making things rational. In the States, behind all this optimistic energetic culture there is something very strange going on. I quickly realized that I was living in a consumer unreality, which is no news, and that death is used in our society to deaden people.



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 is basically dialectical logic which functions through binary type oppositions. 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 hectic chaotic life I was leading, so it 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 tried to use language to produce changes, to connect things together and not to fall back upon itself as 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 runaround.

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 language 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 did not 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 were in Zurich. Dada was inventing everything, and that is the science of the twentieth century not semiotics. Semiotics is like a pale replica 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 pyramid of 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 through Jakobson to Lévi Strauss to ... Basically semiotics is like a catching disease. Originally it was a science of signs in society, now you have a ready made tool that enables you to put things into categories in such a way that they mean something. This is very seductive and we were all seduced at the beginning. But the whole of this century's artists has been trying to evade this kind of ready made signification, they have been trying to keep things alive. I just wrote a book on Antonin Artaud, and Artaud in his flesh felt that his mind was 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, sex, or shit all is the same for semiotics. It makes it very clean. This is seductive because it 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 protection but it is also a deadly thing. I am very concerned with being present to my culture, 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 good tool and we need as many tools as we can get but to fetishize it or to confuse it with truth is 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 here like Piperno. Paradoxically, while Washington was giving us money for the art side of the magazine on the other hand 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. I like the idea of magazines who destroy themselves, otherwise they get too set in their ways and their one idea. That's why with some issues I have not much to do with its production. That's my idea of autonomy, if I trust people I let them do it so that even if I disagee it doesn't matter. I can't be in power. I thought SEMIO was ripe to be dissolved a couple of years ago when other people started doing similar things. But then I got on the Foreign Agents Series and people thought SEMIO was dead. And since people thought it was dead why kill it? So I went on with it. You need to be loose with these things. Always a step ahead.

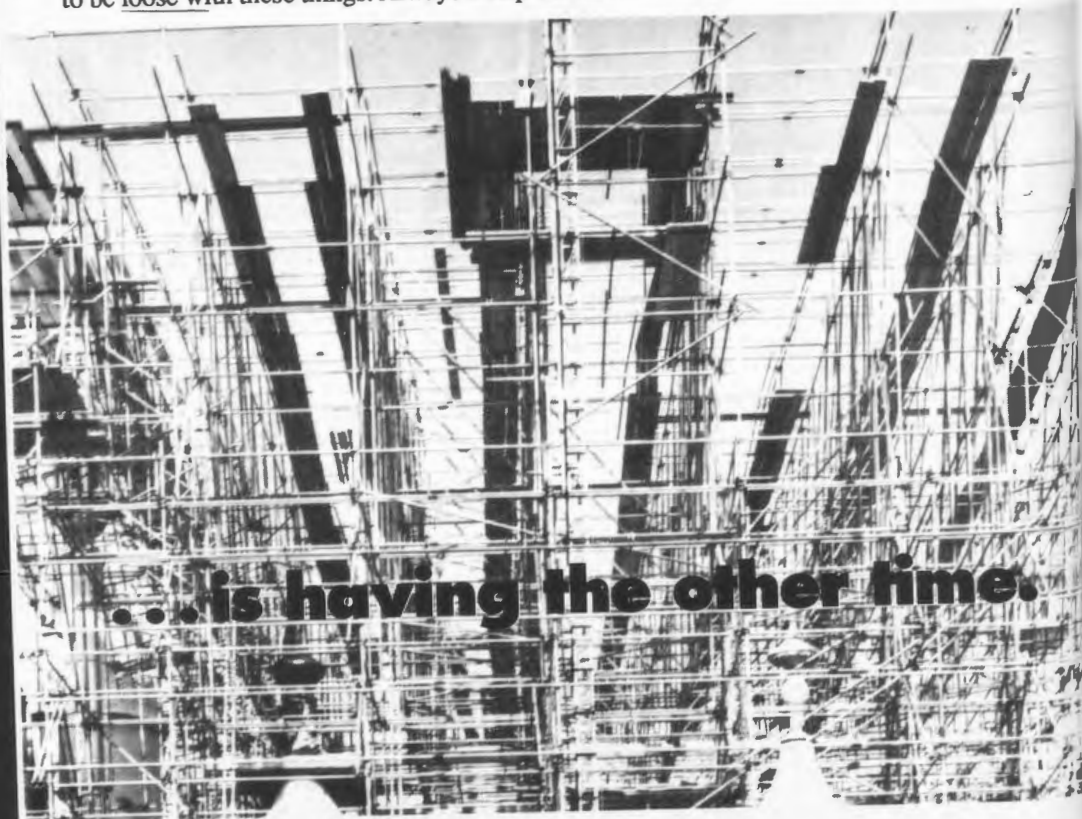


Image by Jurgen O. Ölbrich/ Kassel

# THE ELECTRIC ALPHABET

## By Jeremy Adler

### Notes Towards A Definition of The Universe

"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 relate to the preceding one, but to every sum of all previous propositions."

Konrad Bayer

"Philosophers say, that man is a microcosm, 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 universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms: which I will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling 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 sandy letters, which are like tiny, superlative cameras with a seductive flash of active 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 the view that books are biological mechanisms which allow us to experience the solar system by means of optical instruments. This enables the speaker to reach the energy of light. 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:

$$n p r, \text{ is } \frac{n}{n-r}.$$

Colour is a 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 colour 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 kinaesthetics, no explanations are approximate, but it may be concluded that a normal person responds to colour only with great reluctance.

Daydreams grow like pollen on the antennae of a cortical romance. They may be distinguished from other lanthanides by membranous wings, covered in minute, overlapping specks of nectar. Like men and women, they are at their best when only six or seven years old. Breathing pores shaped like flutes may occur, audible to the naked eye as small orange spots in the cortex, where they ascend until the white medulla appear. Virgins may contemplate the dreams of a caterpillar with impunity. At a constant pressure, the volume of a given daydream remains inversely proportional to reality. Then, a butterfly unfurls its lovely soul, peels an orange to the ringing of crystalline bells, and peers through a pair of binoculars like a Chinaman in Rome. This is truly 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 polychromatic tissue of birdsong. In some species, optical illusions are not uncommon. Petals of dew will settle on their wings, and when these produce a silken debris five diameters from the mind, the image will reverse, and flow into the tenderness of an ideal society.

Elements are the infinitely divisible organelles or resonances which compose the essence of nothingness; correlatively, their indivisibility transforms the psychic consciousness of a void into the whirlwind of phenomena which bring forth the human eye. The earliest elements were originally seeds or ivory letters, fabricated by extra-sensory angels in conjunction with their husbands, the four wise elephants, as they reclined on the back of a giant turtle, which explains why, in ethical terms, the elements are sincerity itself — the bravest and truest little hearts that heaven has made, and not, as may appear, one of your two-faced triangles, which are altogether too platonic to be true. Their charge is electrically sexual, which considerably heightens the velocity of enlightenment. The seeming concatenation exists only because giant molecules divide the world into their own ineffectual paradigms of social injustice, but simultaneously give the wifey a good hearty hug and unbutton her knickers. Human pity denies its atomic number by unethical arithmetic; by contrast, the elemental alphabet displays a singular compassion.

Fantasy may be regarded as an abnormal chemical change in the chromosomes. In the unborn child, it often takes the form of atavistic sympathy or intention. With the genesis of speech, regular patterns emerge in the occipital regions between the optico-gnostic nerve, membranes of the inner-ear, and the audio-psychic zone. Subliminal food activates the motor-cells, and perceptions resembling moral indignation occur. Isolated impulses gradually transform intonational activity, whereupon maturity sets in, and concrete objects set up neurodynamic resonance. Other phases now intervene at the morphemic level, whereupon the foetus develops the cumulative sentences characteristic of the adult male. In 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 teeth. They may be cylindrical, but can best be understood as local brains, the idea being that death is independent of 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 through an expanding universe. Man was but a shadow in the sun of destiny, blinded by fate. Thereupon, history arose, and did great battle with myth, overcoming the belief in the divinity of man's natural origins by the idea of change through time with respect to Kings and Queens. Battles became history insofar as they reflected the glory of Empire. Yet occasionally, the man who made the trumpet would learn to play the tune, in which case, a historical epoch took place. There have been several such epochs. Eventually, when democracy culminated in universal television, omniscience crystallized the pulse of change: here, public opinion matured, and history became the revolutionary idea of progress with respect to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, i.e.  $\infty - 1$ . But this is the same old idea backwards, except that, with momentous technology, we have transcended time in the extrapolated ideal of social bliss. History is everywhere. And historians revel in the internal contradiction between memory and hope. Whilst some argue that history has no future, others point out that history has effectively overtaken the past: no man can any more hope to escape from obscurity into the comforting dustbins of time. Everything is history. And when we humbly contemplate our lot, the ghost of history arises in the falling tears of the sybills like a smokeless cloud in the mind, aimlessly drifting towards us from the bones of our descendents.

Intellect is a homogeneous psychical phase of matter, the component atoms or ions being uniformly distributed throughout. When stellar particles interact, the system absorbs progeny in sufficient beauty for the mind to develop permanent neurophysiological correlation, and thereby to marshal a prodigious order among numberless stones herbs fishes birds four-footed beasts and the infinitude of men angels and stars. High-frequency electric fields display a seductive flash of active matter, articulated — at the morphemic level — in the occipital cortex, and equivalent to one engram. Hierarchies and argument expand the noble chain. Coding of perceptions into categories over-powers the super-ego, which invariably confuses countries on a map. Then, in the thrall of local bonding, reason can be seen twinkling and sparkling against a glowing background of red, gold, and blue. No boundaries exist, but the solutions are not unlimited.

Justice is a shotgun with a snowy beard draped over red robes after a successful raid. It was seriously wounded against a gallant effort, but went horribly wrong. The jury had twelve previous convictions and elected an eye-witness to prevent the innocent bystander firing again. As consolation for the victim, the judge slung a dog over his shoulder and gave a five-year sentence. The clapping relatives crumbled tearfully in handfulls.

Knowledge is a blank sheet of paper covered with illegible handwriting for the amusement of successive generations. Its characters are essentially inane, but when the code has been cracked, the facts may become monumental, or even boring. A passive observer bombards an encyclopaedia of moving trees with sub-atomic particles, visible in the mind as a cloudy bubble-chamber with a series of parabolic traces which represent what might, perhaps, under particular and unrepeatable circumstances, once have possibly been the case. This we call certainty. Cynics have therefore been known to assert that true knowledge is identical with irony, which is the act of metaphysical murder produced by a mind subtracted from God. Generally speaking, however, knowledge is considered a reasonably harmless form of incompetence.

Love is a subliminal fingerprint of God. A conceptual helix unites two or more particles in the ecstasy of pure form; notwithstanding substance, and in the glow of innate ideas, such particles successfully permeate the cosmic interstices best known as infinity. In thermal terms, love may therefore be compared to an extra-galactic radio. Any particle of love, being more than three times greater than the sun, can undergo seemingly infinite expansion. What, then, was the greatness of war and hate? The miraculous integrity of pure matter will transfigure any mere eventuality.

A miracle is the primordial condition of daily life. Although a single organ, it can best be understood as a tiny elephant with two pumps for an engine. In former times, shamans would hunt them: when a herd of miracles was discovered, the hunters fired a large circle, whereupon the miracles crowded together, bewildered by the flames, blinded by the smoke, and unable to escape. The natives then led them through a unique pathway of muscle-fibres which initiate in the sino-atrial node and conclude in the coronary sinus. From this node, the screaming miracles are dragged into the auro-ventricular chamber, whence they emerge as oxygenated abstractions. The dead miracles are stored in fibrous tissues containing fat, blood, lymph, and nerve-cells. Though some dispute this, no miracle has ever escaped.

Nothing is the quintessence of the universal intellect, distilled from apprehension by cosmic ineptitude: in other words, it is the pure image of undifferentiated sexuality. In size, nothing is identical with omniscience, but the central part is crustaceous or cracked, while towards the edges there are narrow radials which spread into flesh-coloured syllogisms. When present in plants or man, nothing is often sterile. The most characteristic feature is a concentration of brilliant colour in the depths of the mind, climbing into brown or reddish discs which coalesce from intangible margins. When viewed through a prism, even physical concepts exhibit nothing. Concerning mass, light, and growth, it can therefore be safely concluded that nothing exists.

Oxygen is a metempsychosis of suffering, instilled as a punishment for unconscious grief. It was originally a miracle, but has since been recognised as an element in moral technology. Upon escaping from the matrix, plasma descends through the larynx into a pair of conical organs on either side of the heart, where an invisible gas bursts into nutritious pyrexia. A spectacular number of sensitive corpuscles encircle the dwindling emptiness, while a coherent image disperses pigment over the facial muscles in the colour of a smile. Self-love, indignation and the kidney are typical examples. Notwithstanding the complex relationship between morality and genetics, filaments of oxygen have endearingly been known to produce gratuitous pulses of humanity.

Philosophy is the parallax of myth; being compounded of homeostatic doubt, it may create a paralysis of action. As a clinical phenomenon, philosophy is incipient in most psychoses, and occurs when an excessive cortical charge brings on a short-circuit in the nervous system, far beyond the circumference of the human foot. Fiery ideas activate a systematic substitute for mortality, whereupon loss of innocence assumes chronic proportions, with a consequent enlargement of the abdominal cortex. For small equations, philosophy is constant, and acts as a restorative for any finite number of neuroses. This gives a comfortable hypothesis. When an invisible hypothesis recedes at a velocity more than  $4/5$  the speed of light, a massive shift occurs in the galactic metaphor, visible as a distant circumstance or crimson metal. Idiocy permeates the system, and unless immediate surgery takes place, nothing becomes mere emptiness. Conversely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet are the loveliest signs of lawful permanence. If this be understood, judgement and fantasy combine in the paradox of right action, philosophy attains its inattainable goal, and ceases to exist.

Quest is the human condition on alternate weekdays. A transmigration of absence permeates a prehensile grid in the lymph-nodes, whereupon a stream of electrons discharge soluble monosaccharide into the conceptual libido, from which an inattainable blue substance enters the transistors otherwise known as consciousness. Leg movements and a helpless flapping of the wings ensue. The eyes rotate, the spine gyrates, and the brain rolls into an electro-hypothetical heaven with obscure millibars at opposite ends of the globe. The poles activate an imaginary transmitter or "grail" whose nubile fluorescence proceeds to alter position inversely to that of the moving subject. It is at this point that the paradigmatic co-ordinates assume their questionable structure. The perfecting of telekinetic quantum psychology explains the dilemma: since the awareness of an ideal's place recedes in exact proportion to our grasp of its nature, simultaneous knowledge of both remains biologically impossible.

Relativity is a stationary engine travelling at high speed past a falling apple. Originally, time and motion were absolute, which enables the instantaneous attraction still enjoyed by modern lovers. But good and evil polarized their gigantic orbits, and invaded the terrestrial paradigm of perfection, whereupon the alphabet was eventually subjected to gravity and spawned its innumerable progeny. However, relativity reinstates the idea of exact translation by treating the observer as a curved solar-system connected to every concept in the umbilical galaxy and subject to only the one law of universal light. The same process occurs in the human egg. At Dover and Queenborough, the foetus decides at which London terminus to arrive, as there are two trains waiting on the quay: one for Victoria and Holborn viaduct; the other for Charing Cross, Cannon Street, and London Bridge. The problem ended when relativity showed that the apple falls in relation to *all* babies, and that though the observations differ, accidents can be related: the mind contracts, and on reaching the speed of light, the mere vehicle becomes a unified thrill of perfect equilibrium. At which station will the mother be waiting? And what language will she speak? Theologians agree that these conundrums are irrelevant, since relativity provides a panacea for original sin. Atheists take comfort in the postulate that every creature is relative to the morality of light.

Society is the heroic mechanism with which man liberates the individual from nature under the perpetual shadow of collective slavery. In other words, society is a man's best friend. The forms which it takes are many and various, ranging from the eclectic mob to the compromise of anarchic virginity. Society is the measure of reason. Utopia is the progenitor of Mars. And reality the yardstick of vision. Madness seduces his mistress on a white horse against the outstretched wings of a leering gryphon: a heroic feat, performed with trees in the limbs of dying men ... Occasionally, agreement is reached, but progress is something else. For example, little has changed under the garrot of dialectical imperialism: such are the blood-caked emblems of universal brotherhood. And yet ... and yet. A just society is the noblest form of truth.

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 this conforms the simultaneity of every galactic occurrence, the converse will, by definition, also become true at the end of time, when infinity is expected to supercede the usual division between hours, days, and death. Meanwhile, even inorganic flowers evince the blossoming of distinct temporal events, and the daily habits of living creatures are paradigmatic: the whale glides 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 customarily distinguish between various times — notably, geological time, objective time, and tea-time. Such constructs presuppose that time is essentially immaterial, and even inexplicable, for which reason scientists treat it as an occult property of matter. Nonetheless, it is universally agreed that there is nothing under the sun which time will not explain.

When at night you momentarily look through a telescope and imagine the sun, the lens sharpens, and arouses a tender anagram in the puddles before your mind. Like a window of ice encasing your heart, nothingness consumes the interminable space between arrival and birth. Care and fortune disappear. The dusty soil crumbles beneath your feet. Your beloved is a panther in the burning snows of eternity. In this way, astronomers forgo wife and family for more than a lifetime. Yet if you could wake up within, and beat against the glass, and ask your question, your open hand would eclipse the universe.

Virtue is an innocent and pale blue sky, glowing like a vein of gold in the rocky sunsets of time. Gratitude descends across the snow-capped deserts of humanity, the angels disappear, and the hillsides unfold. On the fifth day, salamanders and goblins erect an invisible powerhouse to the stars upon the slopes of the deserted mountain. They bow down before their fallen master and disappear forever into the smoking caverns of the earth. A youth climbs the volcano and ties a large silk scarf to five strips of cedar-wood, making the shape of a hand. When the thunder approaches, the kite ascends, and guides the startled substances of heaven into the city. One by one, the lights go on, and shine forth from the windows; and it is true that hell is down there, furiously lurking beneath the streets. When the clouds reappear, dancing across the sky to caress the face of the moon, naked souls lie awake in fear. Est autem virtus nihil...? Fading messengers wave their arms from peak to peak and transmit the colours of celestial harmony according to the first and final law of all physics. And so, we fashion for ourselves absolutes in the image of goodness, and live, and passionately die, in the shadow of virtue.

Wisdom designates a transparent athlete or virtue. As a subconscious phenomenon, it manifests golden arms working in ivory, wood, or precious stone on the banks of everlasting peace. When a wise man stands by the waves looking into the rippling horizon, even the wind surrenders occupation, or adamantly emboldens the spoken world. Perched on the cliff, the man comprehends both chariot and madness; he pauses between mind and body, and suddenly unleashes a spirit of pure crystal. But in truth, the hills are too close to the sea, waves merely echo the galloping hooves, and he never witnesses conscious arrival.

X is the universal symphony, the unknown variable which guards the secret of eternity like an arithmetical Cerberus at St. Peter's Gate. Its sanctity derives from its place in every known equation, but the essence only emerges in micro-electric mysticism. It is well guarded by the muses, since it congregates at nine sacred points in the body which can be opened with golden needles. More recently, X has been recognized as the biological thermostat which regulates the flow of hot and cold water in the body. Yet whilst some regard X as the Elysium factor, others suspect that it may be a token of Armageddon. On balance, it seems that it is the wellspring of cataclysmic joy; an existential maelstrom through the fragile dancehalls of time, emanating and decaying in the solitude of divine magnificence.

Yoga is the alchemical wedding of the five elements with eternity, as enacted by transcendental gymnastics. Sitting in a transparent alembic decorated with ivory hieroglyphs, a sage or yogi meditates on the wisdom of his toes. Here lies the origin of celestial mechanics. Carefully, he lifts his limbs from the earth in reverse order, until he can balance the world on the tip of his left little finger. His legs are parallel to the ground, whilst his right hand points to the sky. The left elbow may be crooked or straight. He now balances the alembic on his right foot, and raises it above his head. After seven years of practice, a sphere of boiling mercury appears like a green tiger beside the silver moon, and eventually crystallizes



into a drop of pure gold. This has the shape of the philosophers gallstone, and is triangulated by the golden lotus which the yogi now wears in the palms of his feet. His muscles attain such control over the body that breathing may cease with impunity, until the knower himself becomes identical with absolute knowledge of the unknowable. Just as his mind is the grammar of nature, his body has become the atlas of the universe. Pain ceases, the soul levitates, and even the blood-cells vibrate. A wise man can now predict the exact moment of his birth. In some cases, however, the alembic will be re-fired, and then, like a phoenix, the whole process begins again.

Zero is, existentially, omnipotent, since like One it is the only number which also acts as a letter. This makes it indistinguishable from Zen, and it is therefore defined by infinite negation. Thus: it is not a branch of zoology. For, since to the monkey all is Monkey, zoology is the study of animals as products of the mind. Zero is not. Nonetheless, an angel one day came to a pine forest near the coast of Okitsu, and, hanging her feather mantle onto a tree, she climbed a neighbouring hill to view Mount Fuji. As man descended from the gods, so, during several millennia, from him the myriad of species has evolved. A sailor found the mantle and was just about to carry it off, when the angel reappeared and implored him to return it, as only her mantle could carry her back to her home in the moon. Beginning with man and the apes, nature created ever simpler species, culminating in a perfect form of life. Accordingly, the sailor promised to let her return if she would dance for him. From the zooid to the amoeba, every perfect species contains only a single, self-sufficient cell, unencumbered by mortality or by superfluous organs or members. So the angel draped herself in the mantle and danced on the sandy beach in the shade of the pine trees, until eventually she floated up towards heaven. In the tales of the wise, life itself is a journey like this, and so, on the track of perfection, many a poet has fallen by the way, since the true book of the world is written with fingerprints in the sand and without any words at all, just like the scriptures which Tripitaka left behind in paradise. But if you should still be afraid of nothingness, look up into the air where the angel danced, and watch her mantle dissolve in the greater prayer-wheel of the sky, scattering dust across the heavens like the letters in an electric alphabet ...

## DEATH AND DESIRE IN ROCK VIDEO By Marino Tuzi

The art of the rock video is not something that has been formulated or developed overnight. As an art form it has its history in the performance showcases of the early period of rock'n roll whether it was the stylish television video of Elvis' performance of "Jailhouse Rock" or the Beatles' hypnotic performance of "Let It Be" turning a television moment into a religious observance of rock'n roll culture. In these early moments of the rock video, some of its current impulses were to be glanced at. In the case of Elvis' "Jailhouse Rock" an unbridled (although somewhat denatured in tone because of the dictates of the "family" orientation of television) and energetic sense of sexuality and iconoclasm made itself conscious much to the satisfaction of the followers of then rock'n roll. In the Beatles' video the mournfulness and humility of the song and the poses of the group members suggested a notion about life that saw death as an element which one had to deal with let alone resolve in one's life. In these two moments in the early, atavistic creation of the rock video, there are two elements that remain in the current practice of the rock video. Although in the early, raw, undeveloped stages of the art form, the full power of these elements were contained in the subtext of the video, held underneath the controlled, pristine surface of the performance, in the contemporary practice of the rock video sexuality and mortality not only rule the text but are inextricably tied to each other.

No doubt the 1980s, in their experience of the shattering of the traditional notions of social relations and in the acceptance of the violence of this shattering of the nuclear family, reducing social relations to a situation of individual desire and action, stand sociologically and culturally a world away from the singularity of the normative values of the economically conservative 50's and the liberal-oriented ethos of the 60's. To be more precise, the 1980's paradoxically and pluralistically embody a vision about living that fuses a 50's notion of economic and social responsibility with a 60's notion about the creativity and anarchism of individualism. It is in this fusion of past values into one instantaneous ontological state that one can see how the rock video has enthusiastically trespassed the moral boundaries of its early practices and focussed on those impulses in rock music that directly reflect a radical shift in social and cultural values. So that the life-giving powers of sexuality, represented both a defiance of the moral structures and an affirmation of individual potential in the conservativeness of the 50s, and the consciousness of death, reflecting the social unrest and violence of the 60s, finding its focus in the Vietnam War, are in the contemporary rock video elements of the same perception about daily life. In simpler terms, this preoccupation with sexuality and mortality as being parts of the same design in urban-technological experience is connected to the rapidity and mobility of contemporary urban, capitalist life. In the moment of creation, in the acting out of sexual urges, there is the automatic recognition that in this world of pure economic and social velocity the reality of destruction, of the impending uselessness of a consumer product, of technological antiquity, of a kind of nothingness in experience, a mortality in the things created, is inevitable. In the act of creation, we automatically assume the ineluctable destructibility of the thing being created.

So as we turn to the rock video, we see that the scorching heat of sexual anxiety, an anxiety over the need for sexual fulfillment before the consequent demise of the urge, fills the content of the art form. Whether it is a well-crafted video by such creative and intelligent performers as U2, *The Cure*, *Echo And The Bunnymen* or the mindlessness of endless, watered down rock and funk videos, the power of the imagery, of this powerful presence of sexuality and mortality, presented directly or assumed in the pressing anxiety evident in the video, is manifest in the viewer's psyche. It is as if the viewer's retinas have been overheated by the force of the video's imagery. It is this overheating that is both the tone of the video and the ongoing metaphor of its content.

As one watched U2 performing "With Or Without You" the overheating of the imagery is given in the lapse-dissolves and in the slow-motion action of Bono's movements. The video is totally stylized as evidenced by Bono's handling of a plugless guitar presented more as an extension of his persona than as the instrument of a musician. The video captures on the level of pure imagery the essence of U2's song. "With Or Without You" conveys a fundamental sense of unfulfillment about a romantic relationship in particular and in life in general. The creative power of sexuality, harnessed to inflame the romantic feelings between a man and a woman, is unable to secure its fulfillment. Instead it spins off on its own accord into the nothingness of unfulfillment because there is a realization that sexual fulfillment is not only

impossible but will ultimately prove to be destructive to the emotional desire present in the situation. So the song smoulders with a sense of angst in which one is disturbed equally by the presence or absence of one's lover. This sense of disturbance, of a violence ready to erupt from the vault of insatiable desire, comes from a recognition of the interrelatedness of presence and absence in the world. With this recognition is the uncomfortable awareness that both presence and absence are equal to each other in their ability to satisfy the needs of human desire.

To express this notion that is at work in the song, the video de-emphasizes the content of the image, the fact that what you have before you are four band members performing a mime of their song, and enlarges on the notion of presence and absence in the way it fragments the image, through lapse-dissolve, or freezes it, in the use of slow motion. This is done so that in the act of fragmentation and stasis what one feels is the fleeting quality of the moment as Bono expresses in his sultry and alienated countenance the force of a human being grappling with the torment of simultaneously wanting and not wanting to fulfill his desire.

This vision is repeated in David Bowie's video, "Never Let Me Down". Dressed in a well-tailored 50's style suit, Bowie through his song, narrates the action of the video in his place above the movements of the dancers. Again it is not the content of the video that is of real importance but rather the setting up of its images. Bowie, crooning in a stylized 50's rock voice and conveying the romantic sentiments of that past age, pleads with his lover not to disappoint him in their romantic liaison. Draped in the surface textures of a pulsating sexual desire, he states what is occurring deep within him. But the quality of his inner state is expressed in the sensual convulsions of the male and female dancers who mime courting and coital rituals. However, as is suggested in the U2 video, the two lovers are involved as much in doing violence to each other as they are in the process of love-making. So obscured is the line between creation and destruction that all one can perceive is an imagery of anxiety and unfulfillment. On this level, the video is pure imagery in terms of this act of sensuality and violence expressed in the sinuous movements of the dancers. But the imagery is quickly disrupted when Bowie himself appears between the two dancers and actually breaks apart their performance. This action fragments our sense of developing a clear notion about the nature of the symbolic relationship being enacted before us in the form of the dancers. Furthermore, the singer, a personification of a 50's control fused with a 60's anarchism, is not separated from the indefinable action of the dancers. He not only interferes with its progress but actually places himself in it as part of its development.

The Bowie video expresses in a different manner the concerns present in the U2 video. The desire for sexual actualization, for giving force to the life-giving powers of sexuality, articulated in the singer's need not to be "let down" sexually, is fused with the equal desire to not satisfy sexual urges, to violently destroy them at the same time that they rise to be placated. In the video's performance of this fusion of creation and destruction, we see a reflection of a notion that focusses on the destructibility of existence. It is a destructibility that is not alien to the nature of existence but part of its essential quality.

Taking its cue from U2 and Bowie, *Blue Rodeo* has created a video that reveals the existential tendency inherent in the contemporary rock video. "Outskirts" is a rendition of a past rock song with its pure re-working of blues and rockabilly. The band itself in the imagery of its physical presence reflects in style and dress the bygone days of a 50's rock band. As the song narrates the video, we see once again that the focus is not on a linear narrative development of action but a meditation on the intrinsic relation between sexual desire and individual nihilism. The singer articulates his desire for a woman while expressing his marginalized position in life, his sense of place in its outskirts. In this situation, only an outsider can really be in touch with the deeper urges of human sexuality. This desire, coming from the margins of life, for a beautiful and enigmatic woman, who carries within her the quality of an unbridled sexuality, seeks a form of fulfillment. However, as the video progresses we note that the need for fulfillment is made to coincide with the need to remain outside the world, to remain outside the possibility of sexual fulfillment. This need to remain outside desire achieves the same level of importance as the initial need for sexual fulfillment.

The imagery of the video does nothing to contradict this sense of fusing the need to have with the need to avoid having. The singer and the object of his desire are physically polarized although they inhabit the same stylized, expressionistic industrial space of walls and ladders and platforms. The sensuality of the woman's distance from the singer and his band members is contrasted to the band's aloofness and estrangement. They appear disembodied in their environment and coolly disinterested in the very person that fills their interest. So that once again we have a feeling of disruption between the singer and the woman he desires. This disruption does not appear to be forced upon the action from the outside because singer and woman live in and occupy the same physical and psychological terrain. Instead, it is the irresolution in the imagery of sensuality and disinterest which is responsible for the feeling of disruption.

In the practice of the contemporary video, we see a tendency that is in tune with the larger nature of the society in which the video is constructed. To say that rock'n roll has become in modern times what classical music was to the past or jazz to the near past is to state the obvious. But in recognizing the obvious one also has to recognize that with the making of rock music as the popular musical culture has come something that was not evident in the early history of rock. Early rock culture defined itself in contrast to the mainstream and therefore notions of sexuality and mortality were both expressions of rock's unique identity and responses to a rigid, repressive moral structure. But in the present context rock'n roll, despite its style of iconoclasm is less reflective of the qualities evident in the sub-culture and more indicative of the organic tendencies of the culture of the mainstream. But what rock videos do in their natural iconoclastic zeal that other cultural activities do not is to present in an extremely acute way the anxiety of the mainstream.

It is an anxiety that is characteristic of a dying decade that had to go back to a past conservative style to explain its restructured socio-economic order while it moved forward in its acceptance of liberal-individualistic values. However, in desiring the clarity of the past, the clarity of an uncorrupted sexual energy, the present recognizes the impossibility of fulfilling an innocence that is now lost. Ultimately, it recognizes that in rediscovering its nostalgia for innocence, the present also has confronted its instinct for destruction. This recognition is the organizing principle of the contemporary rock video. So that in the construction of its imagery of desire and death, the rock video makes immediate in the overheating of the viewer's retinas what is lurking in the deepest level of one's consciousness of the present.



CECI N'EST PAS LE COMMENCEMENT  
EXCERPTS FROM DOUBLE OR NOTHING

By Raymond Federman  
Translation by the author

BEFORE US

before us  
the goal  
until  
it escapes  
us

before us  
the hole  
until  
it swallows  
us

before us  
the worst  
until  
it makes us  
laugh

before us  
hope  
until  
it brings  
despair

before us  
the end  
until  
it postpones  
us

BEFORE US

DEVANT NOUS

devant nous  
le but  
jusqu'à ce  
qu'il nous  
échappe

devant nous  
l'abîme  
jusqu'à ce  
qu'il nous  
engouffre

devant nous  
le pire  
avant  
qu'il nous fasse  
rire

devant nous  
l'espoir  
jusqu'à ce  
qu'il nous  
angoisse

devant nous  
la fin  
jusqu'à ce  
qu'elle nous  
attrape

DEVANT NOUS

Il était une fois, (il y a deux ou trois semaines), un homme d'âge moyen, plutôt têtue 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 (car, 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 (celibataire, sans attaches, sans responsabilités) qui décida soudain de s'enfermer dans une chambre (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 d'environ 19 ans – qui, après la guerre (la Deuxième Guerre Mondiale) s'en était venu de France en Amérique (le pays des multiples occasions) parrainé par son oncle – un journaliste qui parlait cinq langues – et qui était lui-même venu d'Europe en Amérique (de Pologne semble t'il, bien que ceci n'ait jamais pu être clairement établi) à un moment quelconque de la guerre après une série d'expériences plutôt macabres et qui, à la fin de la guerre, écrivit au père (son cousin par alliance) de ce jeune homme qu'il considérait comme son neveu, afin de savoir si lui (le père) et sa famille avaient survécu à l'occupation allemande et, en fait, fut très attristé d'apprendre, par une lettre signée du jeune homme – une lettre longue et touchante écrite en anglais, non toutefois par le jeune homme qui ne connaissait pas un traître mot d'anglais, mais par un de ses bons amis qui avait appris l'anglais à l'école – que ses parents (son père, mais aussi sa mère) et ses deux soeurs (l'une plus vieille, l'autre plus jeune que lui) avaient été déportés (ils étaient juifs) dans un camp de concentration allemand (probablement Auschwitz) et qu'ils n'en étaient jamais revenus, ayant selon toute vraisemblance été délibérément exterminés (X \* X \* X \* X) et que, en conséquence, le jeune homme se trouvait donc à présent orphelin et qui plus est personne déplacée, ayant pendant la guerre réussi à éviter la déportation en travaillant (TRES DUR) dans une ferme du sud de la France, et qu'il serait à la fois heureux et reconnaissant d'avoir la possibilité de se rendre en Amérique (ce GRAND pays dont il avait tellement entendu parler et dont il savait en réalité si peu de choses) afin d'y commencer une vie nouvelle, peut-être en y faisant des études, en y apprenant un métier et en devenant un bon et loyal citoyen.

La minute où il mit le pied hors du bateau finies les illusions

Oncle David est un petit homme frippé qui porte un costume brun frippé et une énorme cravate rouge et bleue (on ne voyait pas le bleu de la cravate du pont supérieur du bateau seulement le rouge) et que ne possédait même pas de voiture Ils marchent côte à côte sans parler En fait c'est à peine s'ils échangent quelques paroles après s'être embrassés sur les deux joues sur le Quai De temps à autres ils essayent de se poser l'un à l'autre des questions en anglais mais c'est inutile Ils ne trouvaient pas les mots Aussi se contentent-ils de marcher ensemble dans les rues en un silence total

Ca va lui prendre au moins trois ou quatre semaines se sortir une phrase complète D'abord il ne sait dire NO même s'il ne comprend rien à ce que les gens disent le cas le plus fréquent De cette façon vous avez chances d'avoir raison quand vous dites OUI et exactes chances quand vous dites NON mais si on se sert de OUI QUI SAIT c'est entièrement différent. On n'est jamais à cinquante pour cent et tort à cinquante pour cent u'il faut longtemps pratiquer avant de les maîtriser ux dire que la signification exacte de termes comme t encore je n'en cite que deux

ou plus avant qu'il puisse re que OUI ou NON – YES lui rac ontent ce qui es cinquan te pour cent de te ment le même nombre d e mo ts comme PEUT-ETRE amais s Or d'avoir raiso nt Ce s ont des termes q r dans les débuts je ve QUI SAI T ou PEUT-ETRE e

De toute manière

Ceci marque le début de sa période muette

en Amérique

Premiers mois

semaines

jours

cruciaux

Ils marchent ensemble

Ils marchent en direction du métro côte à côte (Ils ne prennent même pas un taxi vous vous rendez-compte pour un premier jour en Amérique)

On sent une fièvre dans l'air C'est le sentiment que l'on éprouve toujours en arrivant à New York A chaque fois Pour Salomon tout ça c'est tout neuf (Pas pour moi)

Je l'ai ressenti à nouveau cette fois là quand le bus Greyhound

s'est amené. Il me faut décrire ce sentiment :

Le bruit  
L'odeur  
Le mélange d'excitation  
de relaxation

LOULOU resurait un mètre soixante avec un appétit fabuleux un peu blondasse un nez crochu énorme avec des dents blanches un menton carré et des poils touffus sur la poitrine il portait toujours des bretelles même la nuit avec son pyjama c'était si drôle que je ne pouvais pas m'empêcher de glousser dans notre grand lit avec ses pieds glacés remontés jusqu'à mon cul ce n'était pas un mauvais peintre un peintre abstrait il sortait rarement de la chambre pendant la journée alors que j'étais au boulot dans ma cafeteria il restait à la maison et re-peignait la pièce chaque semaine la chambre changeait de couleur une semaine c'était tout noir la semaine suivante tout rose tout le spectre de l'arc-en-ciel y est passé à la longue mais le mieux c'est la semaine où il s'est écoulé et où il a décidé de donner dans le multicolore il fit le plafond jaune vif et chacun des quatre murs d'une teinte différente et diabolique l'un des murs était marron foncé l'autre violet celui de la fenêtre se révélait orange et vert bouteilles celui dans lequel était la porte l'ensemble était extraordinaire mais la propriétaire fut frappée de fureur lorsqu'elle monta se faire payer le loyer le dimanche matin qui suivit elle nous jeta presque à la porte mais je parvins à la calmer en l'assurant que c'était temporaire un autre fois Loulou peignit tous les meubles rouge pompier en réalité ce n'était pas si mal u

00000	U	U	L	00000	U	U
O	O	U	L	O	O	U
O	O	U	L	O	O	U
O	O	U	L	O	O	U
O	O	U	L	O	O	U
00000	UUUUUU	LLLLLL	00000	UUUUUU		

ne véritable amélioration et puisque aussi bien il lui restait pas mal de peinture rouge il peignit aussi la salle de bains en rouge tout le lavabo les chiottes les tuyaux et même le miroir c'était pas mal sexy mais il arriva un moment où je me mis à féver en technicolor et toute cette satanée peinture commençait à me coûter vraiment trop cher il fallait la payer sur l'argent qui nous restait après avoir payé le loyer le loyer avait toujours priorité ensuite venaient les nouilles sept boîtes par semaine à 29 cents chacune soit un total de deux dollars et trois cents le reste de l'argent servait aux transports aux distractions et à la peinture de Loulou chaque samedi lorsque je rentrais du travail nous prenions le métro et nous descendions en ville pour acheter la peinture nous en profitions pour aller voir un film sur la 42e avenue dans ce temps là on pouvait se payer une séance pour pas cher 75 cents ce qui normalement faisait un dollar cinquante pour nous deux mais d'une manière ou d'une autre Loulou se débrouillait toujours pour rentrer sans payer un sacré mec Loulou naturellement nous év



# COOLEY ENTERS THE THEOLOGICAL DEBATES

By Dennis Cooley

Do souls when the bodies collapse suddenly under them like tires when their inner tubes burst float to the ceiling of rooms & clouds & rub around there against the colours on balloons let 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 know when their stint is over? Is there some kind of warning system — ohoh to give them a got to be up & moving chance to vacate before they're charged with unlawful occupation? Does this cause complications with vagrant souls who have been on the waiting list, sometimes for centuries, and think they'll never get a chance to make someone unhappy? "Hay, man, you move on out of there, you hear me now, you bin there long nuff and when do us other souls get a chance?" And why bother? Do these things cause bad feelings among the souls? And what does god do when they don't get along? Do you agree with me it looks like not very many of them have ever been to charm school? Why are souls so goddamn snotty? Why do they want to lord it over the bodies? Is it true that souls are English and talk with prissy British accents you know the way they harrummpph & snuff in the nose & throat like they wish they could get out only it's splendid sticking around & having it over the low life in the colonies & getting good salaries they wish they could take back would there be any standards left in the world then?

Why can't bodies trade souls, or draft them maybe, like scouts do, so the people in Toronto then would be as bad off in religion as they are in hockey then?

Do they shipwreck, the souls when they are shipping out on a new tour of duty, their eyes set on higher things? And how many souls are lost when they hit a reef of matter or black holes? Does this bring them to grief like the acient mariner? Can souls clamber out of black holes like spiders out of chamber pots? Who handles the logistics? Do they have staging zones and are there demilitarized zones where the souls have declared a truce on the bodies and no longer zap them? If they dont vaporize the bodies how can they valorize them? Does god come out at the right moments dressed in a snappy white smock looking pretty smart sometimes because he likes to think he is a doctor? And does he double bill outside spiritcare and ensure only the rich get there where they can bitch & moan about the poor who sure in hell need a little initiative?

If 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 she'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 mutilate sensitive young prisoners in for painting the black boards blue) and want to marry them after on The Journal at 10:00 P.M. but only if Barbara Frum 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 flotilla 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 marines sent in to ensure good government and private parts once the bodies decided they could actually do things together on their own without having to consult the soul authority anymore?

has god ever thot  
of opening a school for souls  
& teaching them how to be  
good tourists & to represent heaven  
well like Swiss diplomats  
& while hes about it why doesn't he  
make them pass a battery  
of tests to see who is earthworthy  
& able to manage bodies well  
the way they let you have a car of your own  
only after you did all the exams & all  
without abusing them or driving them  
to exhaustion or despair or head on  
collisions & can get a licence like you do on earth

If bodies formed little community groups wld the souls fear they were abolishing private property & sin & doing them in out of a job they held for years and years before the bolsheviks brought religion into suppression and once privacy & separation had bit the biscuit wld the souls appeal to president regain to stamp out the insurrection of the bodies looking for medicare and garbage pickup & neglecting the afterlife & wanting to control their own lives & get fair taxes out of the chosen ones by forgetting their fear of the lord and repeatedly acting in ill repute?

If bodies didn't let on to liking sex would they luck out would the souls let them go out to parks & movies like that then with little clutches of cheeses & wine and kolbassa & licorice to lick & stay out till after dark & never lack for what they liked ever again?

What if the bodies got good & loud & lured the souls out into the streets at night with lurid promises of torture & guilt & then lord once they were there shivering & their breath a bunch of steam jittery with hope they slammed the doors shut & just left them out in the cold, like plucked chickens, while the bodies grinned and leered?

Is there any reason why souls have modeled themselves on bears and hibernate forever it seems in the snow banks of bodies & caves? Is there any good reason why SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN hasn't written a specific study on this yet you could use over coffee in the morning to impress your friends? What excuses can there be for not spending money on these terrific studies? Does nobody care about souls?

Why don't souls have more fun because you'd think how they ricochet around in there like wrestlers bouncing off of the ropes in the ring they'd get a kick out of it?

Are there girl & boy souls & do they enjoy it i mean like fool around is that how they get their numbers up off some restocking plan & do they have bitter fights over how nazi it all sounds the terrible restrictions to keep up with an everincreasing population? Are some souls found at an early stage & set aside for breeding purposes who can keep their eyes focused at high altitude & still show a positive attitude? Do they grow fond of their work, fall/ in love? Fail to keep their promises? Does this cause some hard feelings among the ones that got left out? You can see how they might not like it, this getting left behind, not one little bit. And how can the head honchos justify this when they've already raised hell with the bodies for much the same thing? Or do souls get preferential treatment when they are angels in heaven? And do they have to do it in private, or do they just clamber all over the harps & ledgers, riddled with desire and shamelessness?

Do souls ever get lost on the way to their postings & then get lodged in the wrong spot was Kristjana Gunnars' soul meant for me & would it be just as sexy if it had made it all the way or got here in time?

What happens if girl souls get put in boy bodies?

Are souls ever remaindered? or laundered? If they last that long wouldn't you think they'd get dirty & scuffed up? Don't they get tired once in awhile, like limp linoleum, seeing the same old souls, millenium after millenium? You could see where they might start looking for a little action out of the way, eh? Maybe the even come to look forward to new bodies then. "Hay, Gabe! Looket what I got me here. Take a gander what I turned up this time. Hope this baby lasts a lonnggg longg time, man."

When he sends clones down to the colonies with only limited supplies of tea & contempt does he buoy their spirits by supplementing their minions with millions and millions of baby souls newly minted & falling in gorgeous cascades like nickels out of a slot machine or popping out into his hands he delivers them buttery as popcorn or reassuring as pills he dispenses goodness in his smock & disperses them smack into the universe singing their songs of blood pudding & conquest?

Why is god so victorian & why doesn't he get a computer? Wouldn't it be hard keeping track of all the sinners & the long lists of their sins, and the population gone mad, with old nineteenth-century bookkeeping methods? Have you ever wondered why god refuses to use spread-sheets? Why wouldn't Apple do just fine for him? Or Adam: he could of got an Adam if he had really cared, eh?

Does god get mad when souls don't want to go where they are sent & they stand around scuffing the dirt & looking like their boyfriend he's left behind & they got to go on this long trip these defectively made bodies to Edmonton or something? What do you suppose god says times like these then? Do they try his soul?

Where do souls go when they get old are there refresher courses for ones that haven't been back since democritus? What happens when the bodies know more than the souls do, who wins all the arguments then?

How many souls can dance on  
how many souls can dance?

Liebe(r)

Sommer '87

*es kommt der Tag, da will man in die Fremde. Dort, wo man lebt, scheint alles viel zu klein. Es kommt der Tag, da zieht man in die Fremde und fragt nicht lang: „Wie wird die Zukunft sein?“*

*Fährt (z.B.) ein weißes Schiff nach Hong-Kong, hab ich Sehnsucht nach der Ferne; aber dann in weiter Ferne hab ich Sehnsucht nach zuhaus. Und ich sag zu Wind und Wolken: „Nehmt mich mit! Ich tausche gerne all die vielen fremden Länder gegen eine Heimfahrt aus.“*

Achim Schnyder/Kassel



# JOHN CAGE ON HIS SUCCESSORS

## AN UR-CONVERSATION

### Produced by Richard Kostelanetz

Few artists of his eminence or his conversational brilliance are as generous with interviews as John Cage, who honors requests from undergraduate newspapers with attention and grace equal to that reserved for slick magazines, and these interviews have appeared all over the world. Since they are individually incomplete, while most have elements lacking in others, it seemed appropriate to select exemplary passages, and from these selections to compose a sort of extended Ur-interview that Cage ideally might have had. I decided to gather his choicest comments under several rubrics, adding details between brackets, and then order those comments as though they were parts of a continuous conversation similar to, say, Pierre Cabanne's *Entretiens avec Marcel Duchamp* (1967). While these rubrics may violate the style and content of Cage's thinking, they nonetheless serve the convenient function of organizing what he would not organize himself. Indeed, such structuring is perhaps the principal difference between talk and print. Though remarks may not be literature, conversation as provocative and elegant as Cage's, so full of important ideas, often attains the quality we call classic.

John Cage, perhaps because he saves so little paper, gave me the right and freedom to put his thoughts together, and then checked the manuscript for errors and infelicities. His additional thoughts appear between double brackets. My gratitude goes as well to numerous interviewers, who kindly sent me their manuscripts and extended their permissions. Their names are customarily printed at the ends of passages drawn from their texts; further information about the interviews is given at the end of the text.

#### Successors

*I often state, and believe to be true, that there is no piece of music written in the past thirty years that has not felt the influence in some measure of John Cage. I know of few composers who do not pay full respect to you regarding their own work. How do you react to this?*

I try to be totally ignorant of that. That's the only way I know of to solve it. I don't think it's accurate, though. I think that when a person does something he does it originally, even if he's thinking of something he calls an influence. I really think that each person does his own work.

*I guess the kind of influence I am referring to is that of, for example, [Iwitol] Lutoslawski, who, when I saw him a few years ago, claimed that his music was radically changed after he heard your Concert for Piano and Orchestra.*

That's 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 than there were when I was young.

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 have felt that you could follow Bartók, or you could have translated that Bartók into Cowell or Ives, but we didn't think that way then. We thought Schoenberg or Stravinsky, and the schools certainly felt that way. I think, for example, that folk music was thought of only in the way that Stravinsky thought of it. Now, of course, there are 1,001 things to do, and I think that that's partly a result of a kind of step that not only I took, but others took.

*It would seem to be a more healthy situation now ...*

Well, it's certainly more suitable for a larger population, which is the case, too. — David Cope (1980)

*How close a contact do you maintain with composers on the Continent?*

Well, I see them when I'm there, and they see me when they're here.

*Do you find ties between what you're doing presently and what they're doing?*

Well, the Europeans are mostly involved in all sorts of things that I'm not involved in — control, center of interest, all such things. And I'm not involved in that and they tend to think, well, we can take these ideas of indeterminate things so far, and include it in a total picture which we will, of course, control. And I'm not even interested in whether they win and I lose. — Yale School of Architecture (1965)

[When I first met Pierre Boulez, in Paris in the late forties,] the smile, the energy, the brilliance of the eyes, all of it was electrifying to me; but in New York, I saw another side. Once, on our way back from Cape Cod, we ran out of gas. Pierre thought that was inelegant. I also remember a diner in Providence. Pierre was indignant over the service and the food, and I believe that he required us to leave. I was always frightened by his superior taste. He was always uncompromising. Things had to be exactly where they should be. I was still terribly poor. I wanted to make poverty elegant, but Pierre was not interested in that. What he wanted was an excellent richness. Everything had to be exactly right, aesthetically right. Once I dropped into my studio unannounced [where and when he was working] and he was wearing an elegant silk robe.

With Pierre, music has to do with ideas. His is a literary point of view. He even speaks of parentheses. All of it has nothing to do with sound. Pierre has the mind of an expert. With that kind of mind you can only deal with the past. You can't be an expert in the unknown. His work is understandable only in relation to the past.

After having repeatedly claimed that one could not do what I set out to do, Boulez discovered the Mallarmé *Livre*. It was a chance operation down to the last detail. With me the principle had to be rejected outright [[by him]]; with Mallarmé it suddenly became acceptable to him. Now Boulez was promoting chance; only it had to be his kind of chance. — Joan Peyser (1976)

I think he [Karlheinz Stockhausen] was gifted. He had a number of children and they've all become musicians, haven't they? So there was some transmittable involvement with music. What is true of Stockhausen is that it seemed to us that the music was avant-garde, that it was making discoveries, but it wasn't doing that. It was actually very conservative. Nothing was being revealed; the old places of emphasis were being reaffirmed. — Morton Feldman (Bunita Marcus and Francesco Pellizzi) (1983)

Just this last November, I was in Metz and went to a lecture that Karlheinz gave, and I was astonished to see that his whole insistence on musicality as relationships and oppositions was very, very conventional, and not in any sense a discovery. He gave a detailed lecture in which he said that listening was actually listening to relationships. In my opinion, listening is listening to each sound. If you listen to the relationship, you lose those sounds.

*Can you escape that? Isn't hearing simply recognizing the relationships of sounds?*

In Karlheinz's case, you have to know that something is a close interval or a distant interval, and that one is the inversion of the other, and so forth; whereas, as I listen to these sounds around us, I hear them all without making any attempt at such relationships. We're quite different, so that when people think we're the same, they're quite mistaken. — David Stanton (1982)

You mention the relation of my activity to that of Merce Cunningham and David Tudor. And you ask if my activities would have been the same without those people. Certainly not. I have to work with other people and these two are two of the most mysterious and stimulating to me. I am not at all the kind of personality that either Cunningham or Tudor is. And it is for that reason that they fascinate me so much.

*I think that the relationship is unique, after so many years, that the three of you were at the same time each following his own path, but you are something all together.*

Yes, yes, it is quite marvelous. I often felt even that David Tudor is — good heavens, he must be at least twenty years younger than I am — always seemed to me to be older. I think he was born older but I was born very young and always was surprised that he was not a composer. And now I am very happy that he has become a composer, and the fact that he is a composer now has somewhat separated us, because we no longer perform together, except with Merce Cunningham; but then we come as two different people, where formerly we came, so to speak, as one person. I am delighted that this has happened, and I do not regret what could appear to be the loss of David Tudor. For instance, no one to my knowledge now plays the *Music of Changes* the way he did. However, the piece had a life while he played it. — Alcides Lanza (1971)

If you knew David Tudor, and worked with him as I did over a long period of time, you would say he's one of the great musical ... I was going to say "minds." I would say that of Schoenberg. But David Tudor is not so much a musical mind as he is a musical ... At that time, he was, as Busotti said, "a musical instrument." And when Busotti wrote a piece for him, he didn't say "for piano"; he said "for David Tudor," meaning him as an instrument. David still has that aspect in the society. I noticed him recently in California after a concert with the Cunningham Dance Company, and the young composers of the Bay Area flocking around him because of his technical knowledge and technical experience in the field of live electronics. And formerly, it was in the field of piano. And before that, it was in the field of the organ. But he was such an extraordinary musician that, if you were near him, and even now if you're near him, you don't need anything else. The world is immense through him, has no limits, has only inviting horizons.

*Why do you suppose David never played any Ives?*

I asked him why he didn't play Ives because that's the remarkable thing that is missing in his history. He said, "It's too difficult." And I don't know what that meant. That is why he's so fascinating. At first, I didn't know what he meant, because it was not too difficult from the point of view of his hands. He played the Boulez *Second Sonata*, which is more difficult. Either he told me or I then realized that he would have had to change his mind over into that of a transcendentalist, which he didn't wish to do. When he played the Boulez sonata, he read the poetry that Boulez was reading at the time — Rene Char. He learned the French language in order to read that poetry; he didn't know it until then. He became, insofar as he could, the composer. And he said it would be too difficult to do that in the case of Ives. Had he done it, we would have had performances of Ives that we haven't yet had.

This sounds very elitist, and I think I am actually an elitist. I always have been. I didn't study music with just anybody; I studied with Schoenberg. I didn't study Zen with just anybody; I studied with Suzuki. I've always gone, insofar as I could, to the president of the company. — William Duckworth (1985)

The other two people who have meant so much to me are not musicians but painters — Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns.

*Can you, so to say, project yourself with your imagination, and think if these people would have been the same by themselves not having had this relationship with John Cage.*

No. We have to take a Buddhist attitude toward this business. We are all related and it was simply fortunate that we came together. My relationship with Jasper Johns is similar to my relationship with Cunningham and Tudor. That is to say, *I don't understand him*. My relation to Rauschenberg is quite different. I recognize Rauschenberg as myself, as if we were the same person. We do not even have to explain things to one another. I can have conversations with either Tudor or Cunningham, or Johns, in which I remain puzzled by what they say, even after many years. I never know what any one of those three is going to say, whereas I can predict, but still enjoy, what Rauschenberg could say, because he, like me, is interested in constant changing. — Alcides Lanza (1971)

My two closest friends among [visual] artists are [Robert] Rauschenberg and [Jasper] Johns. And I knew many of the other painters, but my kind of family attachment is to Rauschenberg and Johns. And then I always admired Duchamp so much that I couldn't speak straight, and about four or five years ago, I asked him to teach me chess, so I often was with him in his last years, and I love his work very much. Originally, I had liked abstract painting, and particularly Mondrian. And then it was Rauschenberg who opened my eyes to the possibility of something that wasn't abstract and then it's been so interesting because it was then Johns. I see Johns now more than any of the others. I like, let's see, of the ones since then, I think Claes Oldenburg.

*Is there a connection?*

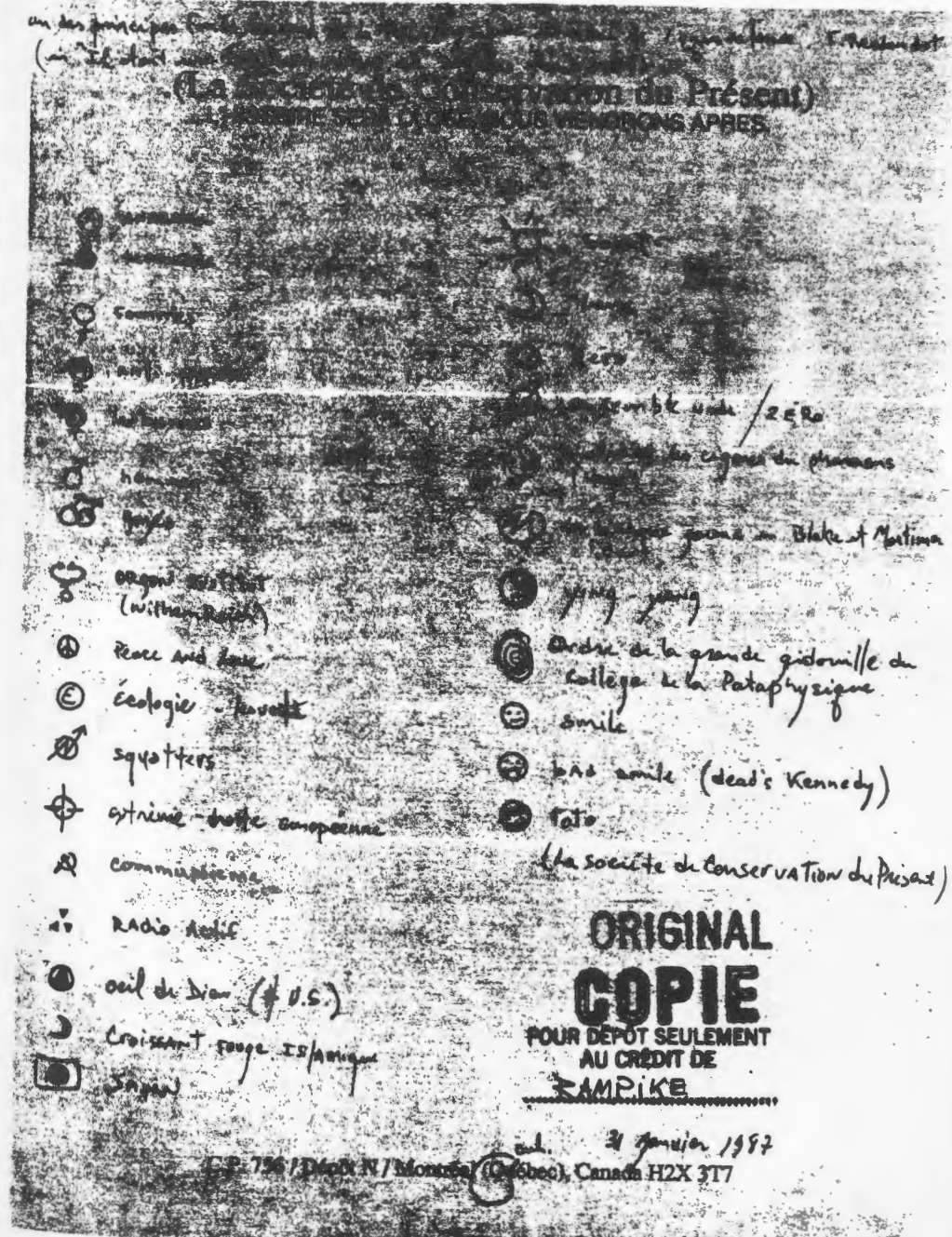
Yes, I think so. One example with me is that my next project if I do it — sometimes I have projects I don't do — is to make as realistically as possible a thunderstorm. To take an actual thunderstorm and to measure it and then to use the ten thunderclaps in *Finnegans Wake* and have them actually sung. To have components, electronic components, made so that what the singers sing is transformed to fill up the envelopes of the actual thunderclaps is the idea. And to have the strings pizzicato, which will make raindrops and the rain falling on different materials because the thunderclaps in *Finnegans Wake* are a history of civilization's technology. Well, that is, to my mind, a response to Jasper Johns' beer cans. Because it sets out to make something which is as much as possible this other thing. — Don Finegan et al. (1969)

La Monte Young is doing something quite different from what I am doing, and it strikes me as being very important. Through the few pieces of his I've heard, I've had, actually, utterly different experiences of listening than I've had with any other music. He is able either through the repetition of a single sound or through the continued performance of a single sound for a period like twenty minutes, to bring it about that after, say, five minutes, I discover that what I have all along been thinking was the same thing is not the same thing after all, but



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 didn't influence each other, but that they were influenced by the possibility of having that idea. So I think that what appears to be my influence 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.

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## UMTALI SCULPTURE

### By Opal Louis Nations

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 Giacometti, 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 connoisseurs 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 shrivelled 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 to the flesh, hack 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 Mawewe 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 Krole in Pretoria to arrange rail passage of unclaimed, charcoal-dried black South African corpses to be freighted North where anxious sculptors, too poor to buy indigenous serpentine, stealite or semiprecious 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 & Krole, Bokmann imported cadavers by the crateload. 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; and 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 Mawewe's best works have 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.

## CORPUS CRISTI PLANS OF

### FRA LUCIO PALACCIO DA LUCCA

### By Richard F. Purdy

*In this article Richard F. Purdy traces the history and scholarship surrounding this Renaissance construct conceived of by Fra Lucio Palaccio Da Lucca.*

We find in Fazio's writing "There is a great affinity between poets and painters; a picture is nothing but a silent poem."<sup>1</sup> Wittkower describes Daniele Barbaro, who was an intimate of Fra Palaccio and a great influence on him, as one who "embodied the Renaissance ideal of an all-inclusive education based on classical scholarship. He was an eminent mathematician, poet, philosopher, theologian, historian and diplomat; he founded the botanical garden at Padua and tried his hand at interior decoration."<sup>2</sup> Another strong influence on Fra Pallaccio was "The many sided personality of the philosopher Marsilio Ficino (1433-1499) who introduced musical humanism into the Neo-platonic conversations of the Florentine Academy at Careggi, near Florence ... other members of the Academy, which was sponsored by Lorenzo de Medici were; the philosopher Pico della Mirandola, also a singer, who with his vast erudition, defended the theories in praise of music; Domenico Benivieni, noted for his improvisation and performance on several instruments ..."<sup>3</sup> It is certain that young Lucio Palaccio, who entered this Academy in 1476, at the age of sixteen, was deeply influenced by this brilliant circle.

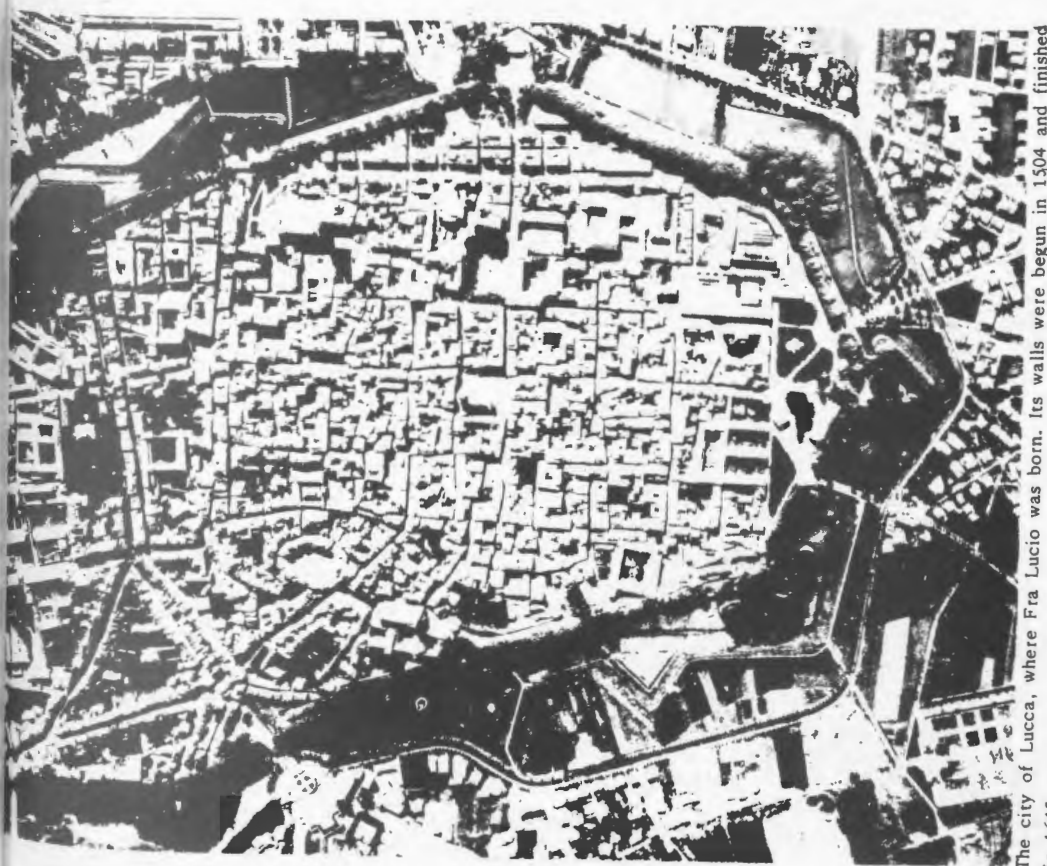
The amount of contact between Lucio and the two greatest "universal men" of his century is unclear. Leon Battista Alberti<sup>4</sup> seems to be echoing Palaccio when he wrote to his assistant Matteo di P'asti concerning P'asti's suggestion for altering the pillars of S. Francesco in Rimini; "all that music would turn to discord."<sup>5</sup> And again he mentions "The architect who relies on those harmonies is not translating musical ratios into architecture, but is making note of the universal harmony apparent in music! (Certissimum est naturam in omnibus sui esse persimilem)."<sup>6</sup>

Fra Lucio's contact with Leonardo Da Vinci is assured, however. Lucio was an instructor of one of Leonardo's best friends, the mathematician Luca Pacioli in Milan around 1497. It would have been remarkable if the two great men had not met each other in the small artistic circle of Milan — although no actual records describe their contact. So much of the work of the two men is parallel. Leonardo stating "I grade things before the eye as the musician grades sounds that meet his ear"<sup>7</sup> could well have been written by the friar from Lucca.

The basis of our understanding of the flexibility of disciplines in Renaissance artists is to be aware of their belief in the underlying invariability of mathematical proportion in all the arts. Music was thought of as architecture in time; building as architecture in space and painting as architecture in illusion. "It may be argued that from Alberti's day onwards architecture was seen as applied mathematics."<sup>8</sup> Proportion was the conceptual basis of all art.

"It will be realized that the Renaissance analogy of audible and visual proportion was more than a theoretical speculation; it testifies to the solemn belief in the harmonic, mathematical structure of all creation."<sup>9</sup> Erwin Panofsky raps the knuckles of scholars who have insisted in studying the Renaissance from only one viewpoint in an important essay; "In short, should we not realize that the Renaissance is a period of decompartmentalization?"<sup>10</sup> He draws links between as diverse disciplines as Hermeticism, music, Orphism, Pythagoreism, astronomy, Cabala and Egyptian and Indian mysticism. Castiglione's courtier, as the most educated man of his day, was encouraged to study all the arts and sciences and apply one discipline's theoretical maxims unilaterally to the others.<sup>11</sup>

With this type of education behind him Lucio left the Academy and entered the priesthood. He was moved to Milan (his father again?) and entered the rich, fermenting intellectual climate of architectural commissions in that city. He worked as a painter as well, and in 1499 was instructing Luca Pacioli. Two years later he was invited to Rome to join the Papal court. He was employed primarily as an advisor on the new St. Peters, but did not hesitate to direct the Papal choir, instruct the young Raphael in painting and theology, and in 1508 began his sketches for his masterpiece, the city of Corpus Cristi.



The city of Lucca, where Fra Lucio was born. Its walls were begun in 1504 and finished in 1645.





## FRA LUCIO AT THE COURT OF LEO X

"A, so to speak, theoretical madness had seized all of Italy at this time. One discussed music theory as today one discusses sport or theatre."<sup>12</sup> The court of Leo X was the great center of the Italian High Renaissance, a court of universal men. "The pope liked to enter into discussions with the men of learning and noble birth whom he gathered around him concerning the tones and tunings of strings, and the whole proportions of numbers."<sup>13</sup> Leo inherited much of his court from Julius, who had made great call on them in his last few months to entertain him in his sickroom. Michelangelo and Bramante are well known names, Constanzo Festa (who arrived in 1513) and Raphael. Fra Lucio, who came to the court on a permanent basis in 1508, was assigned duties as architect and teacher.

The pope, as Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, probably knew of Fra Palaccio firstly as a musician; but musicians like Josquin and Festa asserted their authority and kept the friar in the background. Bramante was the prime architect for St. Peter's, so it appeared that the venerable scholar was losing his position in the court. The arrival of Raphael from Urbino changed this, as Fra Palaccio was asked to instruct him in music, poetry and architecture.<sup>14</sup>

Some have seen the influence of Fra Palaccio in Raphael's architectural ideas in the painted architecture of the Stanza della Dignatura, a correction of the long held suspicions that Bramante was the secret helper. The friar's influence on the young painter is evident when we see Raphael taking on tasks like archaeologist,<sup>15</sup> architect,<sup>16</sup> head of antiquities and court painter. These syncretistic tendencies in both the teacher and the student have seriously blocked modern appreciation of their works; an eclectic style of creativity is frowned upon as not engendering "original" works. In 1509 the friar's other great student, Luca Pacioli published *De Divina Proportione* in Venice.<sup>17</sup> His influence is again obvious throughout, the concerns with harmonic proportion and perfect number. "Beauty is thus, ... 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."<sup>18</sup>

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.

## PRECEDENTS FOR CORPUS CRISTI

The most outstanding feature of Corpus Cristi, 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 shape of a man, to create a city that would harmonize 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 and majestic conception? The cry of Renaissance man in praise of his God; "What geometer, what musician must he have been who made man like that!"<sup>19</sup> 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.

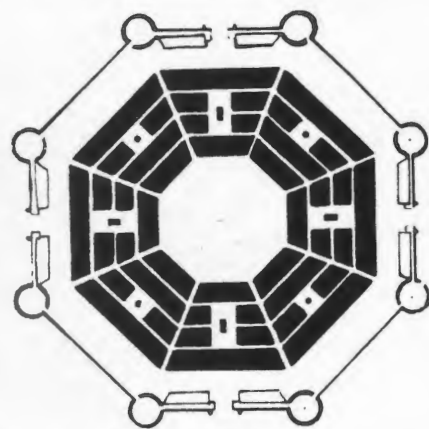
"Renaissance proportional theory, through Vitruvius, demanded that ratios comply with the proportions of the human body. As man is the image of God and the proportions of his body are produced by divine will, so the proportions in architecture have to embrace the cosmic order."<sup>20</sup>

An important example of this architecture modeled on the human proportions is a remarkable drawing by Francesco di Giorgio (which was owned by Leonardo Da Vinci) of a man drawn directly over the plan of a renaissance basilica.<sup>21</sup> There are similar drawings by Cesariano<sup>22</sup> and by Fra Giocondo for his Vitruvius edition of 1511.<sup>23</sup> Giocondo was also at the court of Leo X. Could he and Fra Lucio have inspired each other?

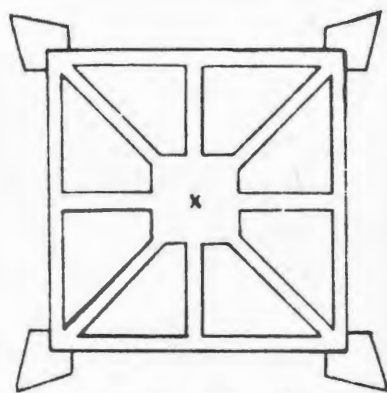
Certainly the famous drawing by Leonardo of a man inscribed by a circle is an example of the same concerns.

Luca Pacioli, Fra Lucio's student, says in his *De Divina Proportione*: "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."<sup>24</sup>

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 Totius* relates the circle to the square through the agency of the human body.<sup>25</sup>



Vitruvius' ideal city plan



Girolamo Maggi's plan for an ideal fortress-town, with unimpeded routes to the walls.

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 *diapente* (the 9:27 ratio, the musical interval of the "octave and a fifth"). Not just the nave, but the entire church is in the same musical ratio, 9:18:27. (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, and so between architecture and the proportions of man, their mediator. Equally remarkable are the three consultants on the church who approved of the memorandum as if it were nothing out of the ordinary. One would expect practical men like them to question Giorgi's mystical scheme, but they did not. But then all three of them were also specialists in proportion;<sup>26</sup> the humanist Fortunio Spira, architect Serlio, and the painter, Titian.

Palladio's *Quattro Libri* give approved proportional room shapes in human ratios, similar to lists in Alberti.<sup>27</sup> 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 one (1567) was finished.<sup>28</sup>

Corpus Cristi, seen in this context, does not seem like a bizarre aberration in renaissance architecture, but rather as 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 Palaccio, 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 *strade del sangue*. 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, an opening made in the civic or corporal body. At the place of the wounds, possibly symbolizing the nails and blade, are the churches of the wounds (*chiesa del piaga*). 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 piaga del mano destra* being the church of the wound of the right hand, etc. The churches are typical renaissance buildings, basilica plan and traditional, except for the nail and spear relics that they enshrine at the exact spot of penetration.

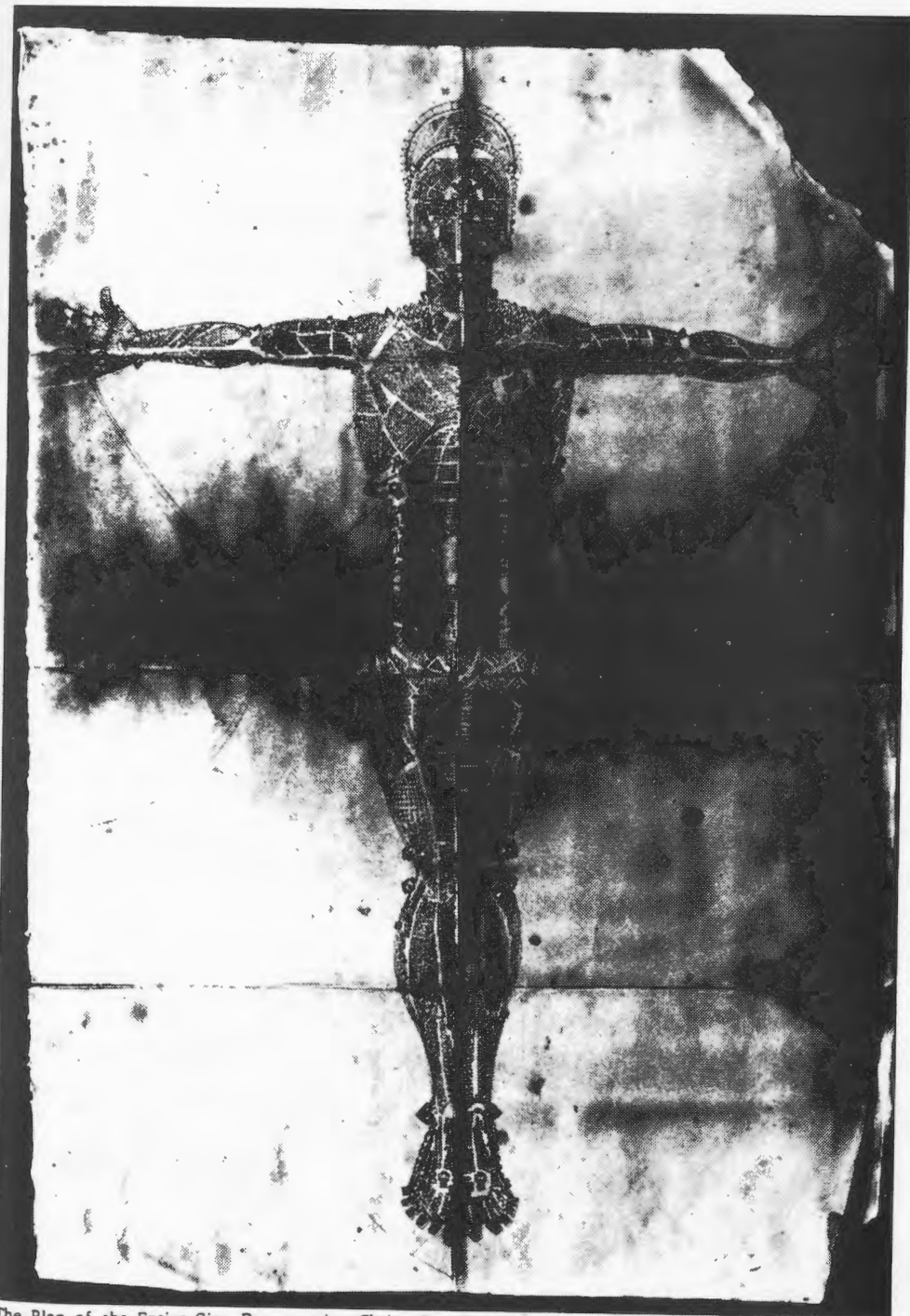
*La chiesa del piaga delle piede destra, e sinistra* lead directly to two main streets; *strada del gamba destra* (right leg street) and *strada del gamba sinistra* (left leg street). These streets are lined with residences and cottage industries, most notably cobblers, leather and gold workers. Two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

These parallel streets continue north until they join the main "body" of Corpus Cristi. The abdomen sections of the anthropomorph are served by a winding road, the *corso intestino*. One of the drawings (MS v1 600079) has been defaced in this region by the scrawled (but later removed) words *putane* (prostitutes) at the genital region; how this graffiti came to mar the drawing, safely in keeping the Vatican Library, is hard to guess.

The market area is complex and well designed by Fra Paluccio. Its main feature is a large prato, perhaps modelled on the one in Siena, dish shaped and cobbled. At its center is the *fontana Umbilico*, the central fountain of the city, acting as a well and washing place for the surrounding market. Obviously Fra Lucio intended vendors to occupy this large field on market days with temporary stands, although many permanent food sellers surround the campo. This spot marks the center of the city and of the body, in Vitruvian conception the stomach being the center of the well-being of man. It is interesting that in the proportions of the city (the golden ratios of 3:5:8) Fra Lucio has elevated the center of the body to the umbilico — this compares with Leonardo's drawing in which the center of man falls at the genitals. This could (perhaps be expected of a friar, even though it gives his city proportions of slightly longer legs than would have been the renaissance norm.

Most of the buildings in the lower half of the body are residential and uninspired architecturally. Around the Campo, however, Fra Lucio begins to evidence some of his fertile imagination. Almost all the houses of Commerce surround the market.

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 del Fianco* (Church of the wound in the side).



The Plan of the Entire City, Representing Christ Crucified on his Cross  
28.5 x 56.0 cm. (two sheets) Watermark : Briquet. Dark brown siena ink, tending toward umber at top.  
Inscribed in mature handwriting with measures in feet. Scale 60=51mm. VL IX6



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 let us continue a broad survey of 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 bourgeoisie 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.

*Il 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 Palaccio's own ideas for the then uncompleted 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. Fra Lucio has many designs for this church, the verso of drawing MS v1 6000134 having this eloquent statement in Fra Palaccio's hand: "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 ever to the great church. And who, in passing, could not enter it, if even for a moment, to do penance to the Holy Virgin? So the streets, like the veins of man, bring him back to the source of spiritual life."

This remarkable conceit can be seen in the plan, and marks an apotheosis of religious architectural and symbolical 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 to the *Teatro dei Diti* (theatre of the fingers). This Greek style theatre gave seating in five sections, mimicking outstretched 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 genius of this plan in how well the quintuple form of the human hand fits with the needs of the University buildings. The University is even a good distance from the distractions of the main part of the city.

The small *strada spalla* (shoulder street) leads to the magnificent *Arci Tronfali del Collo* (Triumphal Arch of the neck). This arch acts as an esophagus, separating the town from the government buildings. The town hall is found at the very crown of the head, Fra Palaccio writing: "To encourage the town fathers to wisdom and unwavering intelligence in justice."

An Abbey is found in the head, occupying the face parts, and the cloisters (in a rather radical move) are detached from the Abbey buildings and turned into a superb colonnaded walk branching out of the head (*Chiostro del Aureola*) where it acts as a halo. Two palm shaped yards in the middle of the head (*Prado del guancia*) act as cheeks, at the top of which are the delightful *Fontane dei occhi* (fountains of the eyes). No doubt if they had been built these fountains would have quickly gained renown as fountains providing water efficacious in the curing of failing eyesight!

## CONCLUSIONS

We find in Corpus Cristi a striking series of metaphors between the human body and the civic body. Fra Palaccio 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 people (blood) to exit into the *blood streets* which connect the city with other towns. The preponderance of pedestrian streets, too narrow for carts, give access to every part of the city, mirroring 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: the blood 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 instilled 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 knees (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.

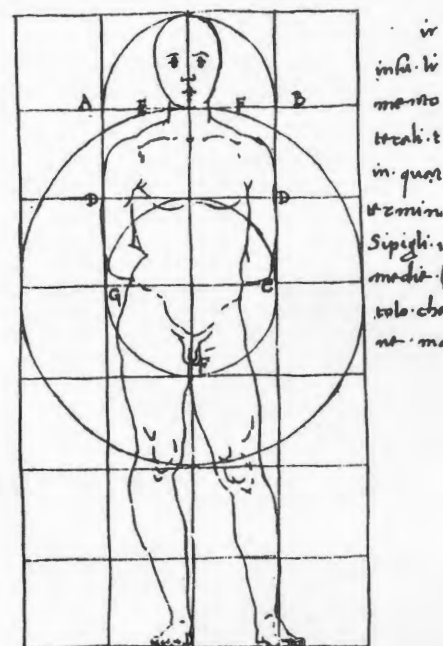
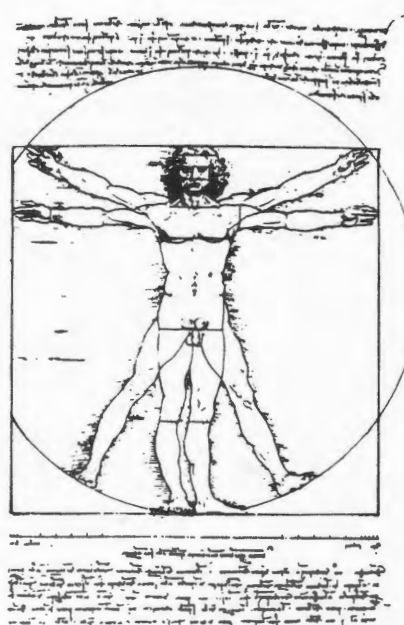
Along with the vital abdomen area, the area of maximum population density, comes the problem of civic waste. As bile and kidneys are related so the primary exit for city waste is the gate at the Piaga del Fianco. Water, and the weekly washing of the market square, are seen as part of this process. It 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 Academy (Learning). They are of the hand of man and so above the functional aspects of the body. So too the Government (*la testa*) and the reclusive 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 body — 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 realized that the city was completely indefensible. It is to this that we can attribute it never being built. Rather Fra Palaccio's drawings were taken and put in a forgotten corner of the Vatican Library, lost until my discovery of them in 1978.

N.B. All references to authors, books and personages in this article are true, except for Fra Palaccio himself. The author has researched this period of history and inserted into it a man and a concept (Corpus Cristi) which he believes to be in keeping with, and in some ways a culmination of, trends of the period.

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6. R. Wittkower, op. cit.
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24. G.M. Biggiogero, op. cit.
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27. A.K. Placsek, *Palladio: The Four Books of Architecture*, book 2, chap. 2. Trans. I. Ware, Dover 1965.
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## A CIRCLE AMUSES ITSELF

### By Kirby Olson

Where did I first come across this line? 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 and Sellers. History repeats itself. History is circular like a compass, a hubcap, a wedding ring.

There are only a few things in nature that naturally occur in the form of a circle. A rock, when thrown in to a calm pond, makes a series of perfect, concentric rings. The inner part of the sunflower and the brown-eyed Susan are circular. The sun, the rings of Saturn, and other gaseous bodies floating in space are almost circular. The pupil of the eye is circular!

Despite the rarity of this geometric shape in nature, man makes many circular items: baseballs, frisbees, tires for bikes and cars, dinner plates, washers for screws. The circle seems to have two delightful properties: it is equally strong at all points, and it *rolls*. 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 halo 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?



# COMPUTER VIRUS

## A Report by Boris Wanowitch

Rampike's Montreal correspondent, Boris Wanowitch, has gathered the following documents on the recent computer "virus" that affected systems in Europe and across North America. Originators of the "virus" are affiliated with the "Church of the Sub-Genius", and have spread a "universal message of peace" in the name of NEOISM. The "virus" was originated by Peter Lount, and Richard Brandow, the directors of Montreal's MacMag, a consumer information publication aimed primarily at Apple users. The "virus" which is roughly analogous to the Trojan Horse, was designed to appear on the screens of all infected computer systems on March 2 of this year, a date and time the program could find by monitoring the computer's clock. The following message appeared unexpectedly and simultaneously on thousands of computer screens across the world: "Richard Brandow, publisher of MacMag, and its entire staff would like to take this opportunity to convey their universal message of peace 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(s) as "The Worst Computer Terrorist". On the other hand, Radio Quebec labelled the two directors, "Des Deux Chevaliers au Service de la Communauté" associating them with socially benevolent figures such as the Three Musketeers or Robin Hood. The "virus" was spread as follows; MacMag left the virus on their machines during December of last year. It subsequently spread to all those systems which were in touch with it. The "virus" or INIT was self-replicating and was designed to co-incide with the birthday of the Mac II computer system. It began at Montreal's MacMag, and was spread via the very popular Hypercard program which is designed to serve as a type of unstructured database. If your system came in contact with the "virus" then it would search your system disk for a vacant 3,000 characters of space. If such space was available, the program automatically wrote itself onto the system disk. A Hypercard program that included MacMag's "virus" was assembled by a Mac user in New York, who uploaded the stack under the filename NEWAPP.STK into the Macintosh "forum" on CompuServe, an enormous computer information system in Columbus, Ohio which serves over 50,000 PC users with electronic mail, news, bulletin boards etc. CompuServe officials refused comment, so, one can only speculate as to how many users inadvertently downloaded the "virus" into their personal systems. However, newspaper reports in cities across North America and Europe suggest that the infection was extremely widespread.

San Francisco Chronicle

## BUSINESS

PEOPLE IN BUSINESS PAGES 7, 8  
STOCKS PAGES C7, C8  
MUTUAL FUNDS PAGE C9

### 'Virus' Jolts Macintosh Users

By Don Clark  
Chronicle Staff Writer

A computerized peace message from a Canadian magazine publisher recently spread to this country's two largest electronic information services, the latest proof that computers are vulnerable to potentially damaging "virus" programs.

The message, which temporarily appeared on the CompuServe and GEnie networks and also spread to Europe, has caused a furor among many in the Macintosh user community. It is one of the first such viruses targeted specifically at the Apple Computer Inc. system.

A virus is a program designed to automatically replicate itself, spreading secretly from computer to computer. Such programs have infected both companies and government institutions in a series of incidents in recent months. Though little damage has been reported so far, viruses could destroy data and interrupt vital computer systems, security experts warn.

In this case, the virus program is designed to remain dormant until March when it will flash on Macintosh users' screens and later erase itself. It has not yet caused any damage, and its program-

DIAGNOS The New York Times

### A 'Virus' Gives Business a Chill

By JOHN MARKOFF

For the first time in the United States, a software "virus," a type of computer program that can secretly spread from computer to computer and potentially destroy stored data, has infected a major commercial personal computer software product.

The incident earlier this month, illustrates a growing hazard for software publishers who must insure that their programs are not inadvertently or intentionally contaminated.

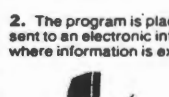
Several major publishers expressed concern about the incident involving the Aldus Corporation of Seattle and acknowledged that they, too, were vulnerable to the deliberately planted programs. They said they were working to minimize the

take this opportunity to convey the Universal Message of Peace to all Macintosh users around the world. (It bracketed by a small drawing of the

#### How a Rogue Program Spreads



1. A programmer creates a program that can secretly bind to another program or a computer operating system and copy itself.



2. The program is placed on a floppy diskette or hidden in a program sent to an electronic information service, or electronic "bulletin board," where information is exchanged by computer over telephone lines.



3. When an unknowing user inserts the floppy diskette in a computer or retrieves data containing the rogue program from another computer via telephone, a new computer is infected.

### Creators defend Macintosh 'virus' amid user

By John Markoff  
Chronicle Staff Writer

A computer "virus" designed by adherents to a philosophy called the "Church of the Sub-Genius" is creating an uproar on the nation's largest computer-information system, whose managers fear the bug might cause widespread destruction.

The bug's designers, however,

ly vulnerable to viruses because they lack even the most rudimentary security mechanisms. CompuServe, a computer-information service based in Columbus, Ohio, provides more than 50,000 PC users with electronic mail, news and bulletin boards for hobbyists. The virus got into CompuServe through an infected file placed on one of the bulletin boards, creating a booby trap for other subscribers.

tos to reach millions of people." Fred Cohen, a University of Cincinnati computer scientist, warned that while the MacMag virus might appear harmless, the potential for great damage was real. A trivial modification of the program could make it "incredibly destructive" to information stored on a computer's disks, he said.

Spector, the New York program-

mined the virus was designed to do something on March 2, a date the

the cor 10 Le Devoir, vendredi 18 mars 1988

Ordinateurs  
Un virus

The Gazette, Montreal, Saturday, February 27, 1988

### SCIENCE/MEDICINE

### 'Virus' infects computers with mes

San Jose Mercury News ■ Sunday, February 28, 1988

PERSONAL  
COMPUTER

Sam Bulalini

When is a computer "virus" not a virus? When it's a harmless "baccillus," according to Montreal Macintosh user and magazine publisher Richard Brandow.

Local Macintosh owners are likely to recognize Brandow's name. He's the head of the Montreal Macintosh group, the huge (about 1,300 members) Montreal user group for people with Apple computers. He also publishes a monthly magazine called MacMag and runs a 24-hour bulletin board system for club members.

#### How to avoid viruses

VIRUS, from Page 1F  
chances are good that viruses will be identified.

CompuServe and other online services also have their own screening systems to look for viruses. In response to the most recent virus problems, CompuServe will spend more time testing new programs. "Our users pay a fee and they expect the software they get to work," said David Kishler, a spokesman for CompuServe of Columbus, Ohio.

a floppy disk and disable your hard disk with software or turn it off. Do the same when you run the program.

By doing this, you'll be sure any viruses you inadvertently download will destroy only information on a floppy disk, not your entire hard disk.

Back up your hard disk before you download software. If you can't disable your hard disk copy all the files contained on floppy disks. Then, you'll sti-

### venu de Montréal

MICHEL C. AUGER

Les burnins ont la grippe de Shanghai; les ordinateurs ont le virus de Montréal; le premier logiciel qui s'attaque.

Le 2 mars dernier, pas moins de 350,000 ordinateurs Apple Macintosh « infectés » ont, tout à coup, sans avertissement, vu apparaître à l'écran un message de paix de la part de M. Richard Brandow, le directeur du magazine MacMag, de Montréal.

25195 11-FEB 00:21 Creative Pursuits  
RE: Macintosh Virus (Re: Msg 25162)  
From: PEABO To: HALL

From: BOS1A:MACROBERT  
10-FEB-1988 23:26  
To: PEABO  
Subj: Macintosh Virus

The hypercard I uploaded on DELPHI was made available on the local BBS for the for the Macintosh: MAC MONTREAL. I did run the program before uploading and found no problem running it. It did contain useful information. I'm sorry if it inconvenience some users, I was unaware it contain a secret code in it. You can check it out by calling the Mac Montreal BBS at (514) 482-2064, it's on the Hypercard section. The program was mentioned at our last monthly meeting but they didn't tell us about the secret code contained in it.

Robert Paulhus.

From: BOS1B:PEABO "Peter Olson, ICONTACT Manager"  
10-FEB-1988 23:28  
To: PEABO  
Subj: copy of reply to MACROBERT

OK, if you should discover anything about its origins, I would appreciate knowing.

peter

25200 11-FEB 02:32 Creative Pursuits  
RE: Macintosh Virus (Re: Msg 25177)  
From: NWOLF To: MACMAG (NR)

If YOU were grown up, you would then realize that it must have been something other than harmless that caused all these folks pain.

urge that it be done here as well. They're obviously not only unrepentant, but they're belligerent about it. The end justifies the means. Which worked for Hitler. Which is a great excuse for the IRA. And every group of people who kill innocent people for a higher cause.

Peabo, I urge you to ashen the Macmag folks. They're technological rapists, vermin of the highest sort, and as long as they're here I have to consider anything on Delphi tainted. I can't trust the software here, because I can't trust the people on it.

I, for one, will never deal with the MacMag people again, directly or indirectly, to the best knowledge and ability everyone else to do. Now, if you will excu two hard disks to be bunch of floppies to going to happily exp article I'm writing o going to be late - al sure my editor won't And so it goes.

chuq  
25131 9-FEB-03:36  
RE: Hypercard 1. 25126)  
From: NWOLF ROWLAND

that's funny, because copy of it. Haven't yet for MF infelicit

neil

Message that appeared on Macintosh screen on March 2.

+++++

COMPUSERVE

+++++

#: 23324 S1/Forum Business

01-Mar-88 18:05:31

Sb: Vaccine status

Bill(Deputy

Dawg)Cook

#: 23456 S1/Forum Business

01-Mar-88 23:55:50

Sb: #23377-Virus threat

Fm: Neil Shapiro/Chief Sysop

76703,401

To: Don Brown (Sysop)

76703,4221 (X)

Don -

My feeling is that it never pays to give in to a threat, it only makes the next threat worse. Further, by definition, a person who would purposefully write and unleash a computer virus is pathologically insane. Stipulating that "Mike" is insane, how can we know what he would do? It is almost impossible for a sane individual to extrapolate the actions of a not-sane individual. It is entirely possible that even if you give in to his demand he would try to do his virus trick anyway. The other possibilities are that he is not capable of doing it, or that he was completely fooling. I rate as the least likely possibility that he would stick by what he said to you.

-- Neil

#: 23459 S1/Forum Business

01-Mar-88 23:58:15

Sb: #23377-Virus threat

Fm: Brad Ferguson 76354,2733

To: Don Brown (Sysop)

76703,4221 (X)

I think "Mike" is nothing more than a loathsome, demented bully and a terrorist, and if we start bowing to the demands of wackos, we're doomed.

If we live in fear of this sort of thing, then this board is dead, downloadable software is dead and a lot of what we've come to hold dear in terms of convenience and amity here is also dead.

So "Mike" is going to write a bad virus because we want to protect ourselves from clowns like that

That's the worst the stack. The stack is not painless. Perhaps the message is painless. But, even though you pointed out the difference in an earlier reply, you seem to have confused it yourself. You obviously endorse the method of delivery of the message. It is the pain of the delivery system that has hurt everyone. Why do you even bother to try to defend your position. It's obvious that you have not examined the situation yourself.

25201 11-FEB 04:30 Creative Pursuits  
RE: Macintosh Virus (Re: Msg 25129)  
From: DDUNHAM To: MACMAG (NR)

Well, by the computer definition, it is a virus. It may be benign, but from what I hear, it gets inserted into your System and can replicate.

Too bad the author didn't implement it as an invisible INIT file. It would have a lot less potential for harming System files (remember that Apple recommends to developers not to install anything into the System except with Font/DA Mover).

25203 11-FEB 14:16 Creative Pursuits  
RE: Macintosh Virus (Re: Msg 25195)  
From: HALL To: PEABO

I may try calling the BBS to find out who uploaded the stack.

Brian

25207 11-FEB 19:19 Creative Pursuits  
RE: Macintosh Virus (Re: Msg 25177)  
From: BRIANRSHAHAN To: MACMAG (NR)

I'm a pretty laid back kind of guy. I don't comment much regarding

Fm: CE Software 76136,2137

To: All

As you may have heard, I'm working on a Vaccine control panel device to stop the MacMag and similar viruses and worms. I hope to release it later this week. It will be distributed for free. I'll be uploading it here to CompuServe, as well as other services. People are encouraged to download it and give it to their friends, put it in user group libraries, etc.

PLEASE DO NOT CALL OUR OFFICE ABOUT IT. WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SEND OUT ANY COPIES TO ANYONE DIRECTLY. WE ALSO WILL NOT BE ABLE TO OFFER SUPPORT FOR VACCINE.

Richard Brandow, Publisher of MacMag, and its entire staff would like to take this opportunity to convey their

Universal Message of Peace to all macintosh users around the world.

g full well that it's an write such a distribute it, and a lot of harm to

orth it if we give kind of power is.

um Business 22:52 s threat (sop) 76703,1030 (Sysop)

one thing worse a terrorist, being

ure. Unfortunatly. Be sure that if "Mike" does what he says he can do (and I don't doubt that he can) he will be found out and treated with in a most appropriate fashion.

I also believe you should make his threat known as widely as possible. Nothing so deters slime like that as sun light.

and hostage taking are all too obvious.

Will the vaccine inspire the creation of nastier viruses? Possibly, it will. And if it does, innocent people are going to get injured. Such is war. But as Neil (I think) said, the Pandora's box has been opened. I'm afraid the problem is not going to go away, vaccine or not. At this point, I would hope that the Mac community can work together to eliminate this kind of scam, before it goes too far. Unfortunately, the parallels with nuclear arms escalation are also all too obvious, but if it were me, I'd release the vaccine.

-- Bruce

#: 23492 S1/Forum Business

02-Mar-88 01:44:29

Sb: #23377-Virus threat

Fm: Bill Steinberg (Sysop)

76703,1027

To: Don Brown (Sysop)

76703,4221 (X)

What would you have done if he threatened to shoot Jodi Foster if you released QuickKeys?

Why is this any different? Terrorism is terrorism.

Bill S

\* Reply: 23571

#: 23571 S1/Forum Business

02-Mar-88 10:16:54

Sb: #23492-Virus threat

Fm: Neil Shapiro/Chief Sysop

76703,401

To: Bill Steinberg (Sysop)

76703,1027 (X)

I think Jodi Foster was Don's first wife. Just a rumour, though.

-- Neil

\* Replies: 23580, 23739

#: 23580 S1/Forum Business

02-Mar-88 10:30:24

What's worse is that they not only admit writing it, they're proud of it. They're not above guerrilla warfare to prove their point. And if this non-destructive message doesn't get it across, perhaps the next one will be a little more pointed.

I not only support what C&S has done in locking these folks out, I

important for me to make on my own.

Donald

\* Replies: 23401, 23441, 23456, 23459, 23465, 23467, 23492, 23538, 23628, 23653, 23680, 23766, 23784, 23872, 24128, 24288

#: 23401 S1/Forum Business

01-Mar-88 21:28:35

Sb: #23377-Virus threat

Fm: Lofy Becker 70206,67

To: Don Brown (Sysop)

76703,4221 (X)

My first reaction on reading your message was, "You absolutely should not hold Vaccine back from release because of a threat like I thought about it. I thought about it. I thought about it. I still think my right.

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-- Bruce

other peoples behavior. However being negative about an effort that actually or potentially endangered the welfare of an individual is a sign of maturity.

If a little boy sticks a little girls hair in an ink well he looks very foolish trying to explain that the ink is harmless, funny, and will come out. Telling the little girl to grow up will get him socked in the eye.

Instead of being defensive, show some maturity of character and apologize to Neil and to the Delphi community for making us all endure this uncivilized episode.

Sincerely, Brian R. Shahan

25215 11-FEB 23:21 Creative Pursuits

RE: Macintosh Virus (Re: Msg 25129)

From: CHUO To: MACMAG (NR)

While I don't always agree with Shapiro, the personal attack you make against him can only be considering slanderous.

Regardless of whether the stack came from the facts as presented on C&S show pretty strongly that the INIT itself came from the MacMag folks. I don't care what the contagion agent was. It's the folks who wrote the INIT with the design purpose of installing itself in other System files. The fact(?) that the ultimate purpose of the INIT is non-destructive is inconsequential. The fact that they wrote something that goes in and takes over my Mac is enough.

What's worse is that they not only admit writing it, they're proud of it. They're not above guerrilla warfare to prove their point. And if this non-destructive message doesn't get it across, perhaps the next one will be a little more pointed.

I not only support what C&S has done in locking these folks out, I

important for me to make on my own.

Donald

\* Replies: 23401, 23441, 23456, 23459, 23465, 23467, 23492, 23538, 23628, 23653, 23680, 23766, 23784, 23872, 24128, 24288

#: 23401 S1/Forum Business

01-Mar-88 21:28:35

Sb: #23377-Virus threat

Fm: Lofy Becker 70206,67

To: Don Brown (Sysop)

76703,4221 (X)

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Why is this any different? Terrorism is terrorism.

Bill S

\* Reply: 23571

#: 23571 S1/Forum Business

02-Mar-88 10:16:54

Sb: #23492-Virus threat

Fm: Neil Shapiro/Chief Sysop



# NEOISM NOW

## AN ANTI-CREDO

### Interview with Monty Cantsin

#### INTRODUCTION

When we first met and I asked him what was he doing in New York he leant 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 becomes 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 incalculable. 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 Conspiracy 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 "Freddy, 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 fucked 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 podrida 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 Garden day and night and I had to set up appointments with them. But nobody was acting in this film, everything was done spontaneously. It's a documentary about the Rivington 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 no se no manifesto. Art is shit.

— Are you against art?

— I just can't 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, FA-Q, Toyo, Felix, David Mora, Jeff, Mako, Kazuko, Angela, Arleen, Freddy, Monica, Gicmo are great teachers, because they don't 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 restart 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 what 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 don't 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 don't 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 do 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-star, Rivington School member, immortal revolutionary ...



— It's enough. Lets 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 that they were looking for original music for recording. I sent them a cassette and a few months later someone called me up and wanted to have a meeting. And then I met a very strange person who was sitting behind a personal computer, his skin was green, he was at least 10 feet tall and he had three eyes, one on the front, one on the back and one on the top of his head. And each time he touched the computer a thousand \$ bill came out from the lazer printer. He gave me a few of these and wished me good luck.

— And then you woke up.



— Well, you dont believe in this story, but I tell you this is almost exactly what happened. And I never saw this strange man again, he disappeared. So I started my own record company "MALDOROR Records" as well as my own publishing "KANTOR MUSIC". I take care of the distribution too. In Canada I got Record Peddler and Cargo, in New York I distribute through New Music Distribution Service. Distribution is the most difficult and most important part of the whole thing. The record business is not really what I want to do but until I find someone who would do it for me I have to take care of it. I like to produce records but I hate the administrative work. Besides my own records I want to produce DEMO MOE as well as Angela, and a few other artists. I have a lots of very good friends, we have many brilliant ideas, we only need a million \$.

— Perhaps the 14 Secret Masters of the Universe can help you again.

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

— Why do you always say conspiracy?

— 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 very ambitious galeroid art lovers. The scrap language of the Rivington School is more up to date than any official art theory books. I cant hold a cocktail glass and chat about colors, dimension, distance, structure, space, time ...

— I saw a few Rivington School shows and most of the works were paintings, photos, sculptures, the usual forms, nothing really new.

— I wouldn't say it this way, but you are right, they use any form without the intention to invent something new. Because inventions are old and they dont surprise anyone anymore. The Rivington School is an event, a social event, a big continuous party, a local revolution. Its openness is more important than the products. But still those scrap-metal sculptures with 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.

— Are you also a prophet?

— Artists were always prophets.

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

— Yes. That's how it has to be. And then a new comes.

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

— 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, furturists were neoists too, they just used another name. Today we do everything in the name of Neoism. And for the moment thats 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 tv news. Warhol was a neoist from Duchamp's school, he copied ready made objects or ready made people. The Rivington School has a different method to play with ready made objects, junk, scrap, anything. And there was also a good-bye Andy Warhol show organized by Nada on Rivington street, in front of the Sculpture Garden. I have a few shots of this event also in the film.

— How long is your film?

— 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.

— It happened that after a show of my video tapes someone comes to me and says "This is not 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.

## RHAPSODIE EN ROUGE

Par Richard Martel

Texte de la performance;  
soirée le 9 Avril CEGEP Garneau,  
Quebec 1987

OBÉIR, DRACONIENCE  
SOLITUDE ÉTRON DARD  
AMÉRICAN RADIOSTAT  
PRINTEMPS ACADÉMIK  
DENTIER SURCHAUFFÉ  
WOLKSWAGEN SUCRÉE  
DRAMATURE ESTURGEON  
TEXTE LU ET RELU  
TEXTURE DU RÉOSCOPE  
EX URBIS EX-ORBITÉ  
MÉLANGE ÉLASTIQUE  
MÉTALANGAGE ÉCLAIRÉ  
ON M'OBSERVE DENTELÉ  
LUMIÈRES ARRONDIES  
LE SON DU SOUND DU SOURD  
CLACICULES ÉVENTAIL  
HILARES ARCS EN CIEL  
LINGUISTIQUE L'ERREUR  
TOURNEDOS D'ESCALIER  
MORVE AU NEZ LE 1<sup>er</sup>  
INDIGESTE DIRIGEANT  
DINAUSAURES INUTILES  
ROBOTS JE DÉDUIT ROBOT  
ROBOAT À TUYAUX MOU  
SPORTIF À LOISIR  
CHANSON EN RECTANGLE  
L'AMOUR AVEC LE GUERRE  
LE MOT POUR LE MOT  
LE MOT PAR LE MOT  
L'OREILLE DEVIENT LOURDE

L'OREILLE CHAVIRE  
L'OREILLE N'EN PEUT PLUS  
L'ORIFICE SE DÉTEND  
TOUT DEVIENT TRÈS NOIR  
GOALER, SE GARGOUILLE  
ENSEIGNEMENT TECHNIQUE  
LA DÉLICIEUSE RÉVOLTE  
LE LICENCIEMENT VISQUEUX  
LISSE COMME L'INTERDIT  
DÉMENAGEONS LA PENSÉE  
DÉFENSE DE PARLER  
DIPHTONGUE ÉCARTILLÉE  
LE VENT NOUS CONTAMINE  
COURSE BÉANTE DIPTÈRE  
MACÉRATION DANS L'ÉDIFICE  
LA MAISON, L'INSTITUTION  
MASTONDONTE MACCHABÉE  
LA DOUCEUR SE VENTILE  
PROCÉDURES ALLOGÈNES  
PENSÉES DIRECTES, NOW  
WOW, RIRES LACÉRÉS  
PROJECTILE, YES SIR  
PROJECTILE, YES SIR  
SOLDAT DU WAR INSTITUT  
POLARISATION D'HERCULE  
CAFÉTÉRIAT, PATRIARCAT  
MODERNE MOTHER HERE  
POLARIMÈTRE DE LONG  
OH YES, OH YES I'M SURE  
VRASTELORMANSTRAT

FONCUSION, DEFORBE, WHY?  
POLARISCOPE BUCAL DUR  
EXERCICE DE MEMOIRE  
CONTROL YES SIR CONTROL  
WE ARE HERE FOR CONTROL  
POLICE FOR PEACE, SHOUT  
CRIE LE LAPIN, CRIE CRIE  
VIPÈRE DANS LES COULIORS  
MANGER, MANGER, OBÉIR  
APPRENDRE, DEVENIR VRAI  
INSIGNIFIANT DEMIURGE  
A ROULER, ALL READY  
OSCILLOSCOPE AU FOUR  
DANS L'HAÏTI CON CARNE  
RIGATONI, FRANCOISE HARDI  
OSMOMÈTRE CAPTIVANTE  
VITRES NOIRCIES À L'ACIER  
MAQUILLER LE POUMON  
CONFORTABLE DÉMESURE  
ÉLECTRODE, YES SIR, YES SIR  
DÉCISION, CHANTAGE, YES SIR  
IMMORTALÉRABLIÈRE  
TEXTE LU PAR BUT PARLÉ  
DU DUT TEXTE LU PARLÉ  
PARLE ÉROS SONORISATION  
MARCHER RIGHT, SAID RIGHT  
JOHN CAGE, MAJUSCULE  
HARNACHEMENT RELIMÈTRE  
HARANG SOUPLE ET HARDI  
CHILI SAUCE IMMIGRÉE NOW

TERRA MOTTA STABILITÉ  
JOUISSOMÈTRE VAGINAL  
RECONNAISSANCE NAISSANCE  
CONNAISSANCE NAISSANCE  
PERCEPTEUR D'HORAIRE  
DORMIR, DORMIR, SORTIR  
TIRER, LA T.V. DEVINIR T.V.  
VIBRER LA LANGUE, L'OREILLE  
ICI ENCORE L'OREILLE SE TAIT  
L'OREILLE NE DIT PLUS RIEN  
RASSEMBLEMENT D'OZONE  
ÉJECTABLE DENTIFRICE  
GROSEILLE, BLEUETS, MYRTILS  
STAR WAR WAX THE WAY  
APPEL À L'ORDRE, ICI OBÉIR  
OUI DIRE L'OUÏE DIRE OUI  
RAPPEL À L'ORDRE SEXTILE  
ROSSIGNOL, ROSEBIF, ROSACE  
PANÉ AU TOURNIQUET BRONZÉ  
ICI S'INSTALLE LE DÉLIRE  
SONORE ET MUET YES SIR  
L'ENONCÉ DE PRINCIPE  
J'ARTICULE POUTESQUEMENT  
FANTIR TOUL VOS QUILLASPE  
DEVENIR INUTILE CLAQUEMENT  
UN DÉTRUITUS FEUILLE D'OR  
TRANQUILLE, ÉLONGE TOI  
METS TA TOITURE, SOYA BEAN  
DEVINAGE, SPAGUETTI SOYEUX  
ROSALBIN, ROQUERIE, REEL



YES SIR REAL, INTOUCHABLE  
ENVOUTÉ DANS LA CIRE  
TRISTANT TZARA ÉTAIT LAS  
LA RENCONTRE ENTRE TREMLIN  
TORSADÉ TENDU TRANQUILLE  
OUI BEIEN TRANQUILLE, SAGE  
WHERE ARE YOU FIDÉLANARCHY  
IL EST LAS TRÈS LAS JE LE SENS  
LA RAQUETTE CAPTIVORE  
NINNETHEENT HEIGHTY THREE  
FATIGUÉ, FARTIRTIQUE FADEUR  
LE TEXTE S'AJUSTE TROP  
TROP DE TEXTE S'ANNULE  
OU PRESQUE LA STASQUILLÉE  
FRÉNÉTIQUE SIGNIFIANCE  
WATCH THE SIGNIFIER  
IS ALONE I THE SKY  
L'EAU RARE RASPOUTINE  
HOT DOG I SAID HOT DOG  
MAQUILLE DURCI DU REHETM  
PLATON DESCARTES JOCKEUR  
DOUX, HUMIDE, LA JARDINOISE  
SCAPHANDRE BÉTON ORIGNAL  
PRÉVENTION ALLIGATOR  
PRESSOSTAT D'ILLUSION  
MACHINATION PERVERSE  
LA FAÇON D'URGENCE  
MERCURE ALOURDI  
CIGARETTE ALLUMÉE  
ROGNON, YES SIR, ROGNON

TUBERCULE D'ALLÉGEANCE  
ÉLÉGANT DE CUIR NOIR  
LIBATION LIBIDINALE  
CRACHAT TRANSACTIF  
GLORIOUS DREAM, HE SAID  
TRANSPORTER L'AMERTUME  
SONDAGE DU PHILOSOPHE  
SCIENCE TERRORISTE  
DANS LE CODE GENITIF  
CÉRÉBRAL PACHYDERME  
OPULENT CARACTÈRE  
SOTTISE, OUI L'OREILLE DORT  
DÉFOURNEMENT À LA PELLE  
RESTAURATION À L'ACIDE  
STRATOSPHERE TROUÉE  
CHINOISERIE, CONFÉTIS  
FINIR L'ANNÉE EN BEAUTÉ  
DEC DEC DEC DEC D  
SERVITEURS: AUX FOURNEAUX  
CHÉRUBIN STOCHASTIQUE  
ADORNO DORMAIT-T-IL NU?  
STRATOVOLCAN D'IMMONDICE  
POUSSIÈRE DU POISSON  
L'OEIL QUI DÉVORE  
CONFÉDÉRATION D'IDIOTS  
LES DÉFIS, LES ÉVÉNEMENTS  
TOUJOURS LA MÊME CHANSON  
CORPOREL CONDOR BLEUTÉ  
BOUSCOULADE BASTONNADE  
PORTE-HELICOPTÈRE CHIEN

PORTE-JARTELLLES DÉTAIL  
DEC DEE CEE DDT CED  
DÉMONTAGE D'ARAIGNEÉE  
YING YANG YONG YOUNG  
SÉJOUR D'AVRIL À MAI  
LE NEUF AVANT LE VIEUX  
ATMOSPHERE À VITESSE  
STEAK HACHÉ VOLATILE  
COULER COULISSE SOUTANE  
MARIAGE D'INFANTICIDE  
ÉLECTRIQUE NÉCROLOGIE  
REMBOURRAGE DE CERVEAU  
LAVAGE DE RADIO SYNTHÈSE  
APPRENDE À MENTIR AMER  
AUTOUR DU CLAVIER, SEC  
SAUCISSES HUMANITAIRES  
TRANSRÉFÉRENTIEL D'ATOME  
CLAPOTIS D'ORGASME JAUNE  
DOUX DUT-IL ARRACHER  
ALLUVIONS CERVOLENTS  
FREUDISMOGRAPHIQUEMENT  
GRAPISME DORTOLOGATION  
ALLUMAGE PASSIONNANT  
METACODE AUTOUR DU COU  
PEDAISON DACTILOPLASTIK  
CHORÉGRAPHIE MUQUEUSE  
UNE RÉPÉTITION DUVETEUSE  
L'ALCOOL AU BIBERON  
MENBRE POUSSOCRATE  
DOCUMENT PHACOCHÈRE

DODECAÈDRE PETITS OBJETS  
EXITATION, YES SIR, YES SIR  
RATURE DYNAMITE D'AUTEUR  
LEXICALE EUCALYPTUS  
LAITUE DE BRUNS BOSTON  
SCINTILLEMENT ALLEMAND  
EXALTATION CANCERIGÈNE  
PDG PCB BCP PCD  
PIEUVRE DANS LES ARTS ACTUELS  
RHIZOME POURSUIVI EN HAUTEUR  
SAXOPHONE EXQUIS PHONÈME  
SADISTROPHIE MERCATOR  
LA RAISON DÉRAPE, HERE  
SCARLATINE NE REPOD PLUS  
VIVE L'EMPEREUR RONALD  
PREMIER DERNIÈRE MIEL  
SITUATIONNISME ORCHYDÉE  
COUDRE AU LAZER SILICE  
DRAKKAR FOURMI NATUREL  
LE CORPS SE ROMPIT  
IL DEVINT GÉLATINEUX  
L'OREILLE SE PARTICULARISE  
OUI ICI ENCORE L'OREILLE AGIT  
SYLLOGISME ADMINISTRATIF  
INTERDICTION PAR COEUR  
MUSEAU SALÉ CONFITURE  
L'INSTANT SENT LA RUADE  
CALMIDOR CALM, HE SAID  
JAIL, PRISUNIC AXIAL  
POURRA S'AJOUTER QUICK

SQUELETTE DE FONCTIONNAIRE  
TABLEAU TABASCA À ROULEAU  
TAXIDERMISTE MATRIARCAL  
L'AUTOROUTE, L'ÉCHANGEUR  
LE TROITTOIR, LA RUE, LE POTEAU  
LE GAZON, LA MAISON, LA PORTE  
LA TABLE, LA CHAISE, L'ÉVIER  
LE VERRE DE BIÈRE CHAUDE  
L'URINOIR, CHER MARCEL!  
DÉFONCER DANS LE TEXTE  
TÉMOIGNAGE DE LA MARÉE  
L'ARMÉE SORT GUERRIER  
CÉSAR, REAGAN, MULRONEY  
TENTACULE DOMPTEUR CLOS  
I WANT YOU IN THE ARMY  
ICIC JE FABOUILLE 100 degré  
CACTUS TROMBONNE AISANCE  
DÉSERT INNONDATION SYNDICAT  
LA VACHE S'INSTAURE RÔT  
AMBIVALENCE ATROPHIÉE  
EXASPERATION COUGAR KIT  
ASPERGE FOLLE INTEGRALE  
LE FOU RIT DU COSTUME  
DANCE, YES, SIR, DANCE  
EXTRINSÈQUE CLAQUEMENTS  
LAMINAGE LA MINEUR SOL  
DIPLODOCUS REX EX-MACHINA  
PAREILLOGRAVEUR PAYANT  
ATTAQUE À CHAISE ARMÉE  
TAUREAU SACRIFICE ORAL

ORAISON ÉCRITURE SYMBOLE  
L'UN L'AUTRE LE TRAVERS  
INNOCULÉ ANCULÉ VERDI  
AGAINS DANSE SPAGUETTI  
ICI TOUT SE MÉLANGE LÀ  
TOUT HANCORÉ DU SUDÉLAS  
TIME, LIME À ONGLE SERTIE  
D'ONGLE FARAMINEUX TEK  
NIQUASSURBONI PAL DACTIL  
REJETONS D'INFRA-ROUGE  
RED-ARMY, TROGLODYTHES  
MASSAGE EN ANGLAIS, SIR  
BECAUSE OF A DREAM WITH  
PROCÉDURES DERMICALISTES  
EXAMEN, PRÉSICION, PLAISIR  
À-MOITIÉ FÉMINOSTRALTÈRE  
HUMANOPLE, KUMSTRATOSPHERE  
SEX, YES SIR A SEX SAID  
LE BRUIT LE SOUFFLE LE MICRO  
LE COUR, LA MAIN, LE DIRE  
TOUT DEVIENT TRÈ CALMAR  
DANS CETTE PÂTURE ACCUEIL  
NAGE BABY NAGE TRAVERS  
OBLONG TRAVESTI CERCUEIL  
L'ÉTÉ TACTILE SE CRÉPITE  
KAPITALIST SINUOSIDAL  
A-DOPION ARBORIGÈNE SOTOL  
DRAMATURGE ÉPOUVANTAIL  
DISQUE TRAJECTOIRE IDISTIK  
MAGMA DE PAARMACIE GRAINE

VÔMIT RAGE COULEUR ROSE  
TENDRE ÉMISPHÈRE POUDRERIE  
TALON HAUT ROSE ÉCARLATE  
CÉLIBATAIRE CE QUE L'ON SAIT  
BRICOLAGE D'HORLOGER MU  
ALCHIMIE, MYSTÈRE, PIZZA  
MAL DE DENT DEHORS SOI  
LAIDEUR PETIT DÉJEUNER  
PROSE, ESSAI, POÉSIE, DOIGHT  
LES SPLENDEURS DU SOMMEIL  
ÉLÉGIE STRABONSCULARMAGE  
DIMINUTIF PENTAGRUELISTE  
RÉSUMÉ D'ÉMERAUDE ARQUÉE  
IGNORANCE MÉTA-GALLACTIQUE  
LA LUMIÈRE ME FAIT CHANTER  
SOLEIL SOUS LES TOPAZES  
ENTROPIQUE PARMENTIER  
SAUTERELLE ÉPODERMIQUE  
TOUT NU TOUT EST PERMIS  
L'IMPERMEABLE PERMISSIF  
TOTAL MAJUSCULE SERPENT  
DESTRUCTION ADMINISTROF  
EXAPODE OUBLIOGRAFFE  
ROLLS-ROYCE À ROULETTE, TENDU  
SPAGUETTI DU POPOCATEPELT  
ABORIGÈNE LUNATIQUE  
ON THE ROCK ROCK-AND-ROLL  
UN MONDE EN DENTELLES  
MORTADELLE À BIÈRE  
ÉMULSION TUTÉFRUITI

L'IDOLE SE CAMOUFLE ALORS  
BRONTOZAURE ÉPICURIEN  
A DIRE À TORT ALASKADIE  
MÉTROPOLE ÉLÉPHANTESQUE  
MUSICALE MUSIQUE POUR MUSÉE  
ARTS AND KRAFT, FROMAGE  
DÉTENT CAPTIVANTE ENFIN  
FUITTE DEVANT L'AUDACE  
TACTILE BOEUF DE L'OUEST  
ENTERREMENT MINUSCULE  
MINIMAL ART TACITURNE  
TOURNIQUET ÉPOUVANTABLE  
LA SOLUTION ARMÉNIENNE  
ARAB STRAP COCCINELLE  
ATTENDRE À L'ANNÉE LONGUE  
ASMODÉE, JUS D'ORANGE  
POIVRE, SUCRE, EXCREMENT  
L'INUTILITE DU TEXTE BLEU  
LA MORSURE FONDAMENTALE  
JEUNESSE FOLLE ET MOLLE  
DEBARCADÈRE DROMADAIRE  
MOQUERIE QUI VA CROCHE  
LE SIÈGE QUI BOUGE, CRAK  
L'IRAN GATE L'ORGASME LONG  
SÉDUCTION SÉDUCTEUR, DOCTEUR  
DUCASSIEN OMNIVORE, FERMÉ  
REFUS DE REFUGE DÉLIVRANCE  
PROFONDE ÉCLAIRE ANARCHIE  
TENDRESSE DU TEMPS DRESSÉ  
VIOLÉ PAR UN MAGISTRAT

DÉFENSE DE VIVRE ÉTERNEL  
MESURER L'ORDRE ÉTABLI  
MOURIR POUR UN ORDINATEUR  
ESPION D'OR, YES SIR, GOLDEN  
ALLUMETTES MOUILLÉE ABSTRAITE  
LES FUNÉRAILLES DU GENERAL  
LE PARTICULIER LÉVIATHAN  
OLYMPUS OLYMPIA, USURE  
LE BATTAGE DES BATTURES  
LES ENFANTS DES BLOCS-NOTES  
TOILETTES POUR 40 ANS  
LE CHIFFRE CRÉE L'ERRANCE  
L'OREILLE S'IMAGINE AILLEURS  
LE BONHEUR SE DETRAMPE  
L'HORMONE SE STÉRILISE  
SOCIOLOGIE LINGUISTROPHIÉE  
APPENDICE EXTERMINATEUR  
VESTON CRAVATE OBLIGATIF  
PURGATOR CONFISQUÉNATIF  
RASPOUTITSA À LA CANELLE  
HAMBURGER À L'ENCRE DE CHINE  
RÉSULTAT DEC RÉSULTAT DDT  
CIMETIÈRE À SAVOIR, HIC  
LASSIF PROTUBÉRANCE, NUNO  
DISTINCT TEINTANT LA STATUE  
HOROSCOPE PENALE DE BOUC  
LE HÉROS GRONDE DE DOULEUR  
DICTATURE DE L'INSTITUÉ  
AVOCAT, JUGE, YES SIR

ANANAS, CITRON, TUMULTE  
AMBIVALENCE DU DISCOURS  
L'HEURE TOMBE AMOUREUSE  
QUALIFICATIF PRÉFIXE  
FIXATIF INTERGALLACTIQUE  
WE WANT EVERYTHING NOW  
OLIVIER, SAULE ÉCLATE  
PENDAISON DES ENTRAILLES  
L'ORAGE MÉSO-PROTO-CHIMIK  
CONJUGAISE MALAPARTE DOUX  
IMMÉDIATE TRANSFUSION RAT  
ÉBÉNISTE, MORT SUBITE, ÉLASTIK  
I'M THE KING, BURGER KING  
KING KONG, EGG ROLL OVER  
FORMULE ÉLASTOS PHÉRIQUE  
MALARMÉ POUR LA RÉUSSITE  
AGENDA FRÉNÉSIE DOMPTEUR  
ROSKILDE PUTRIDE ASPIRATION  
DÉCORATION DÉCORATEUR FÛT  
ÎLE D'IF ROBINSON CRUSOÉ  
TUBERCULE D'ENCULÉ OTAN  
ONU USA DEC UNESCO  
SÉMANTIK CUIVRE CÉRÉALE  
ÉPIZOTERME CHARI-VARI  
LES MAUX HOMOPHILE REX  
LA TAVERNA DI AVERBACH  
DANCEUSE TRICOT MESSE BRUN  
AMALFITAIN CUISINE OSKAR  
LE DÉCLIN DU CINÉMA JAPONÈ

MU NU RÔ EPSILON COURT  
CHOCOLAT D'INVERTÉBRÉ  
SARCASME MARITIME HONTEUX  
EMBOÏTER LA LIME JUSTAL  
PATATES FRITES AU CHARBON  
ÉLECTRODE MUSSOLINOSCOPE  
TROPICAL POETRY ALLONGÉE  
JUSTICIER AU PIED D'ATHLÈTE  
LESBIENNE ENTRANT DICTON  
REQUIN SILENCE JOCASSE  
LA POSTE ERRACIBLE OLFACTIF  
BRUISSEMENT D'ÉCUREUIL  
ATOMOTIVE OGUSTRASTOF  
SCORPION IMPERIAL NOIRCI  
PAROLE EAU DE SOURCE  
FROTTEMENT DE TÊTE À L'OEIL  
LA BOUCHE SE FENDILLE  
FAUTE DE FRAPPE L'INDISCIBLE  
DIAPOSITIVE CASTAFIORE  
US NAVY TCHERNOBILE VERTE  
LA TÊTE FROMAGÉE PELOUSE  
NÉBULEUSE ÉRASME D'ANGUILLE  
IN VERSO L'ANUS NÉNUPHAR  
EXPORTATÉRUBARBE À PAPA  
TARTINE OEIL DE BOEUF SMAT  
CHAPELLE Y PENSER RAPIDE  
CRAPAUD D'HIRONDELLE ET LUI  
CHANDELIER SENSITIF AVEC  
L'OREILLE SE CHAUFFE AU SOLEIL  
HIPPOPOTAME DE CEGEP

TAUTOLOGIQUEMENT TOTAL  
DIMINUTIF D'HALOSCADIE  
AHURI MAIS SÉLECTROPHIQUE  
SODÔME MISE À MENDIER  
UN PRESENTATION PRESSENTIE  
LE COEUR BAT LA CERISE  
L'OUBLIE SE REMÉMORE  
AUX DENTS CHACALS POLITIK  
DÉPUTAL D'HÔPITÉ PITEUX  
RHAPSODIE QU'IL VA MOUILLER  
BOUILLIR, RAYER, APPLAUDIR  
LA TRÈS LONGUE MARCHÉ  
YES SIR, DU HAUT LÉZAR  
TROMBONNE À BASCULE  
ORANGE D'INFAILLIBLE CHOSAL  
ABSTRAITE POLLUTION JELLO  
EAT THE RICH KILL THE DOOR  
ORGONE CLASSIFICATION  
MÉTA-CLASSIFICATIF DÉVIAIT  
L'EAU TROUBLÉE DU DISCOURS  
SORTILLÈGE, ÉLECTRO-MAGNÉTIC  
MINUIT MONIS QU'AVANT L'HEURE  
PATENTAL POEM FOR PEOPLE  
PATRIARCAL MATERNITÉE  
LITTÉRATURE AU LIE, COUCHÉ  
ENGAGADEUR DE PUANDERIE  
ET LA MESURE ÉCARTILOQUE  
LE FEU SE TAIT ET SE DURCI  
DIABOLIQUE ÉCREVISSE CARRÉE  
TOURNE-VISSE ENCORE BIEN



IL EST A-DEMI FOU, TÉLÉFIÉ  
 NARCOMANE D'OURANG OUTAN  
 OSMOSE D'INCONGRUS SAVOUREUX  
 BANAL BANANE AU FAUTEUIL  
 L'ENVIE SE BALANCE, S'AGITE  
 LA FARINE S'ALLONGE, PENSE  
 LES ORFÈVRES, EN SALADE  
 CRIC CRAC PASSÉ DATE ET NOIX  
 L'ASPHALTE AU GINGEMBRE  
 CUIT, CUIT CRIE L'OISILLON  
 LE LOISER SE VÊT D'ERRANCE  
 PARCOURS D'ARRIVISTE GLACÉ  
 ÉMISSAIRE À BAISER, LA TÔLE  
 SYMPHONIK, CHOSARKAL  
 VIOLONCELLE DE CHEVAL  
 COURSE À PIED RADIOACTIF  
 L'ESCLAVE S'AGITE ENCORE  
 VERSATILE VERSET SÉVÈRE  
 ALEXANDRE INCONFORTABLE  
 MIS À PROPOS DE COMPRENDRE  
 EGGS ON GORGONZELLA, ZÉLÉ  
 JELLY BEANS, SAGITAIRE  
 SOLLITAIRE DANS L'OIE BLANCHE  
 DRACULA TATCHER THE RAIN  
 THE BRAIN, OÙ IL S'ENTEND  
 DIPLODOCUS À LA CUILLÈRE  
 MINAUDERIE, SENSUEL ALIMENT  
 TRAMONSPHÈRE D'ARCHÉTYPE  
 FRATERNELLE DACTYLOGRAPHE  
 OU DINI DANDYN EXISTENTIEL

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## PERFORMANCE: THE LIVE INTERVENTION

By Fernando Aguiar

1.

The principal finality of art 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 significances 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 Nicos Hadjinicolaou would say), there exists a tendency in which the arts complement and interrelation 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 allusions and deductions.

In this perspective of complementarity and wholeness of perception, and seeing that each means "translates" 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 this conjugation, because it can contain 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, colour, sound, smell, light and principally, the physical presence of the artist as the displayer and the factor of attainment of the intervention, interwoven with a limitless quantity of objects, intention, techniques and technologies, completely revolutionize the notion of "plastic arts", conferring 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 summarised, 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 aesthetical 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 integrant 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 aesthetical 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 given by the multiplicity of objects and also by the presence, in motion, of the aesthetical 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/colour, or even through the particular movement of other simultaneous usages such as the projection of diapositives, video, etc., etc.. The exploitation 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 but 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/or 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.

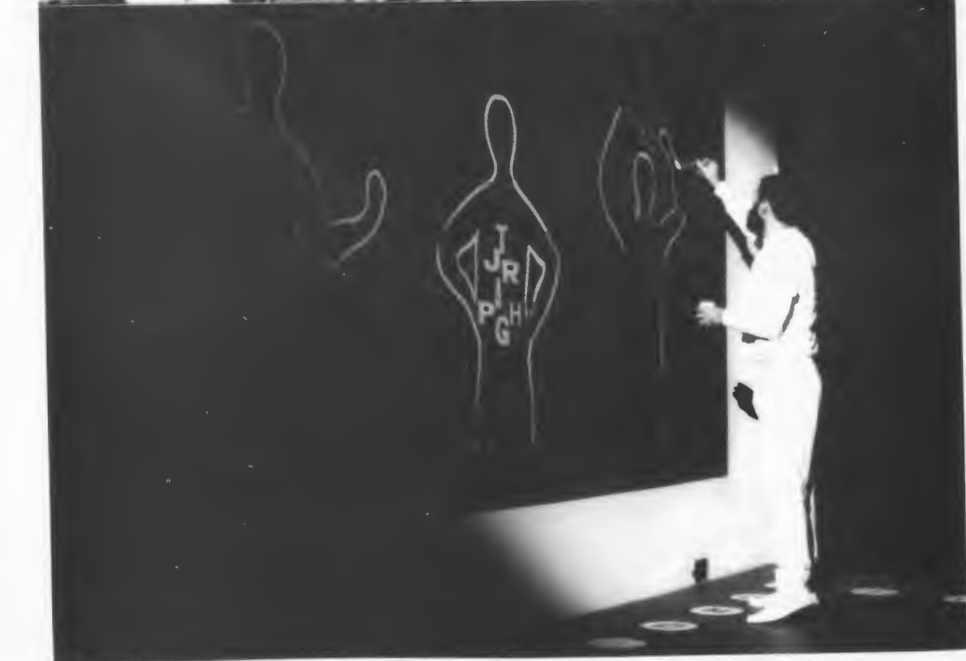
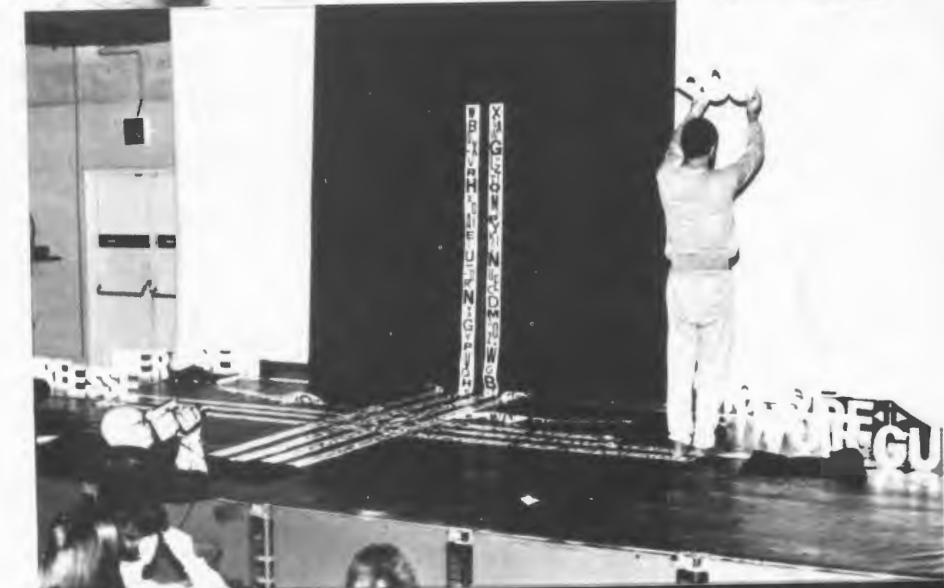
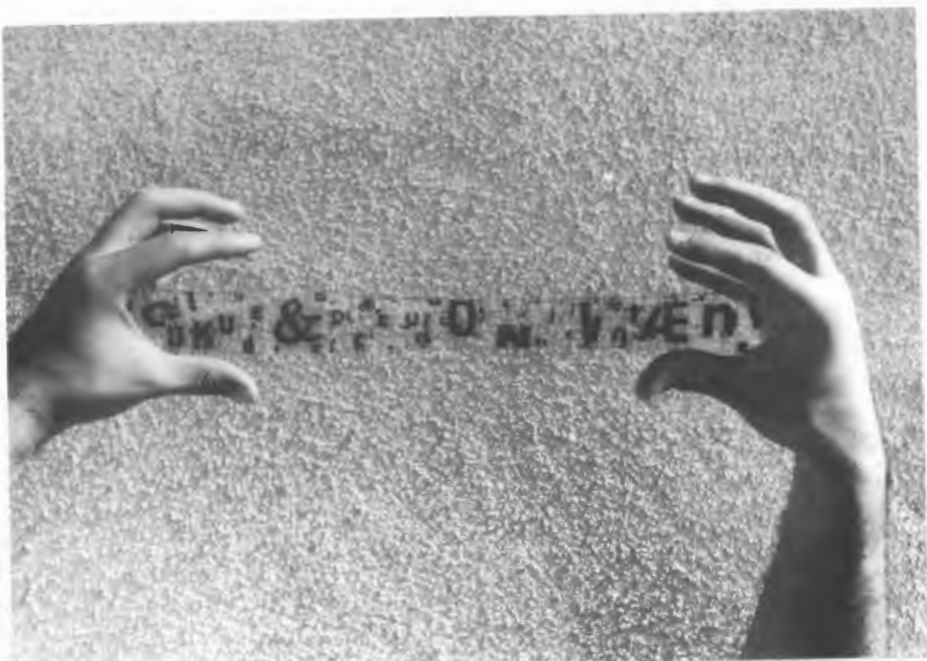
3.

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

Edmund 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 to 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 aesthetic 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.

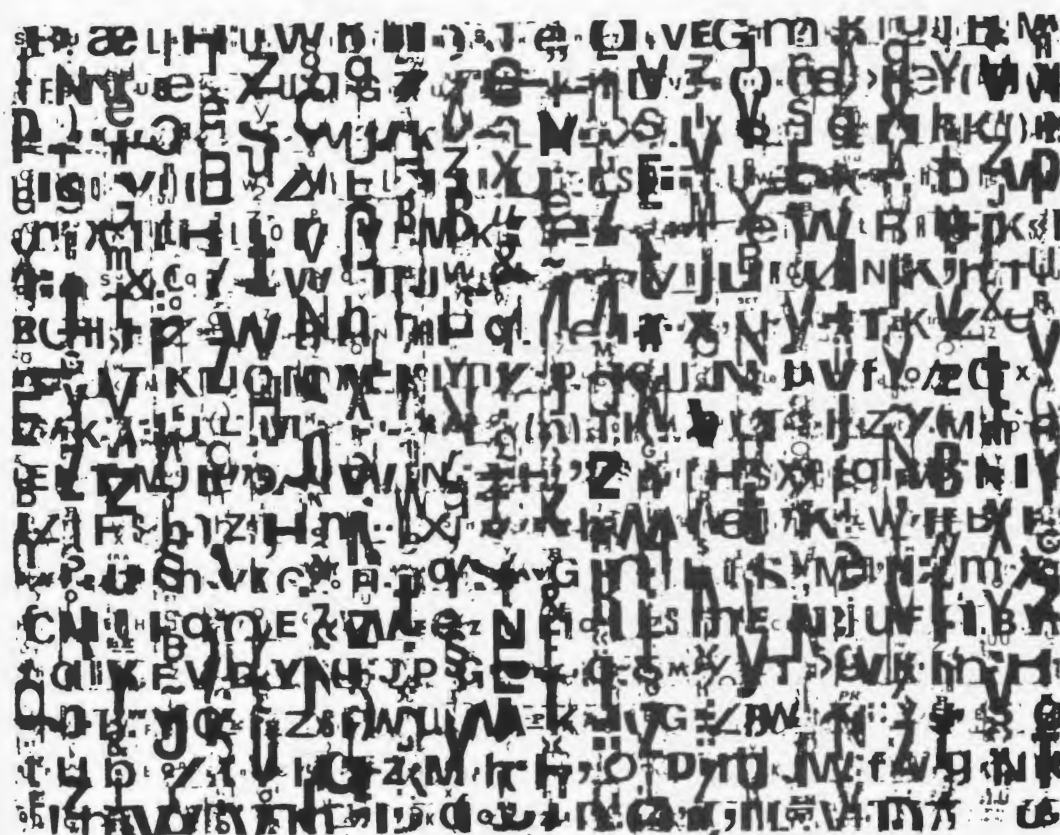
The abridgement of a performance resides precisely in the binomial action/reaction. And here we apply the thinking of Marcel Duchamp when he affirmed that "The artist establishes alone the act of creation, since the spectator establishes the contact between the work and the outer world, deciphering and interpreting his profound qualifications, and, reacting in this way, adds his personal contribution to the creative process". Between the aesthetic operator and the public there exists a direct empathic relation, due to the participation of one in the work of the other, where feed-back 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 feed-back is immediate, at times turning the consumer into producer and vice-versa.

The fact that the action is unfolded in front of the spectator, is directly related with the extraordinary development of the means of communication, that is, we have the possibility of gaining knowledge of the different occurrences in any part of the world as simultaneously as they happen.

The performance contains the aspect of the simultaneousness of action/reaction which brings art to life. The people take part in the birth and end of the action. They see who creates and how it is carried out (sometimes they help create it), reacting the moment in which it takes form. The performance permits the creating and the being there to see it. It allows integrated and instantaneous (in)formation. It implores for participation. This contains something umbilical. The circumstance of the aesthetic intervention being collectively used and enjoyed, represents an 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 comes to provoke: the artist/public dialogue, divided by the unfolding of the work. And, if on one side there ceased to exist the individual possessor 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.

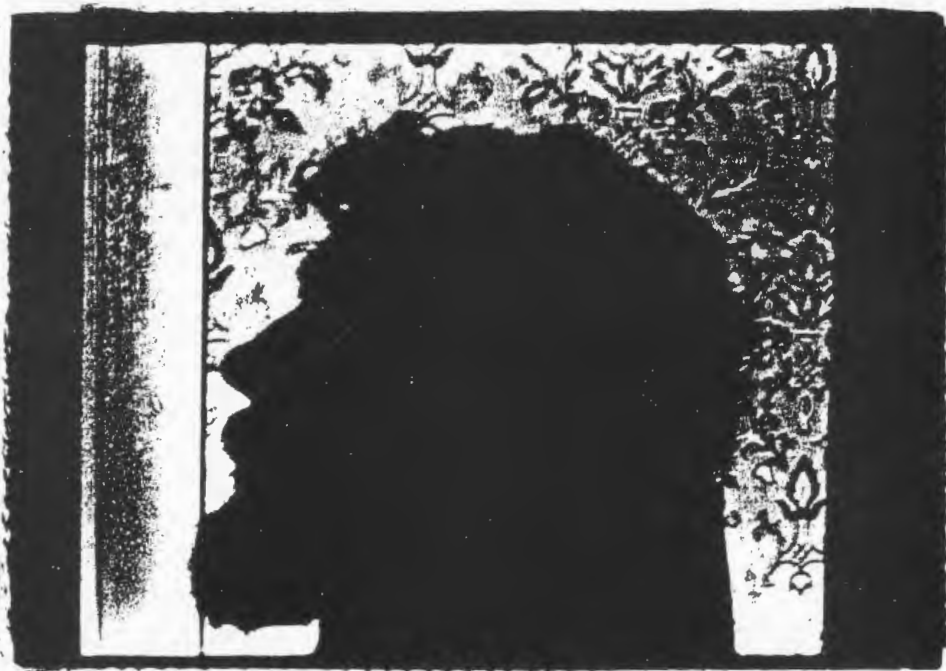
F.A. Lisboa, Portugal, 1988.



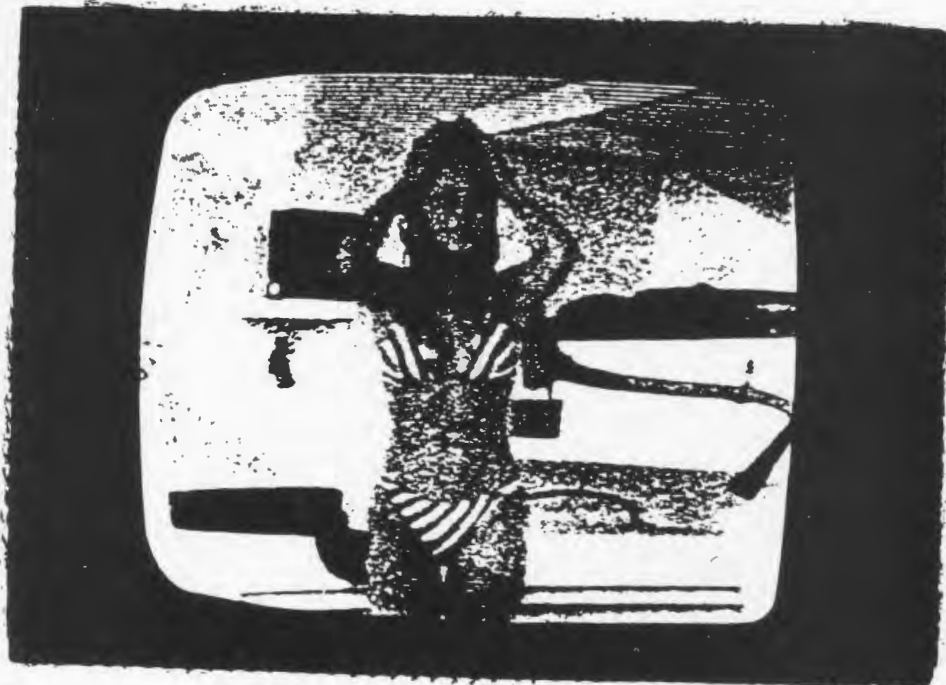




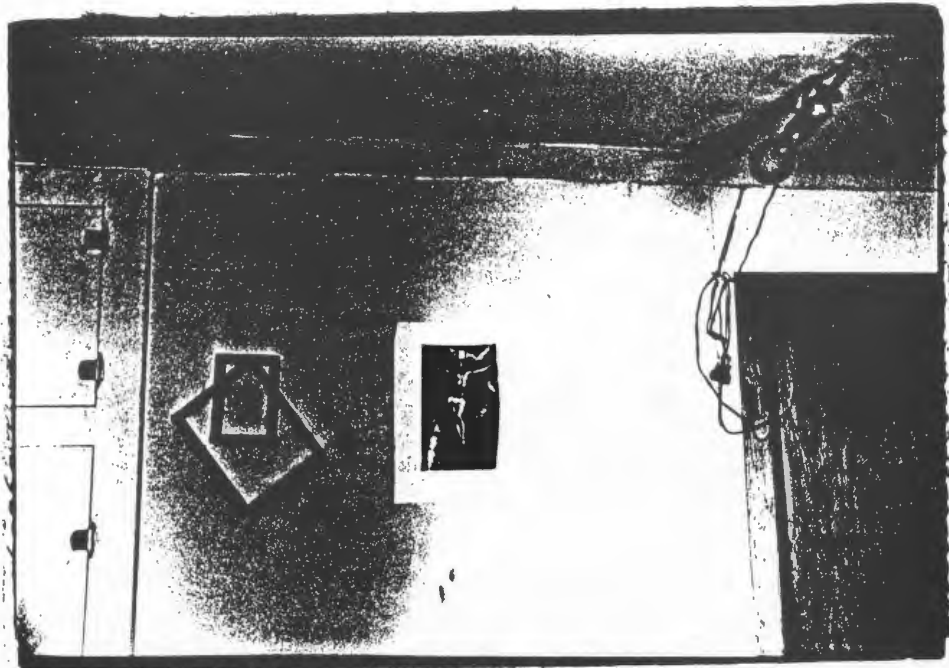
LES GENS CÉLÈBRES (OU NON)/ DEPUIS TOUJOURS ONT VOULU SE FAIRE  
REPRÉSENTER/ A LA FAÇON (ET/ OU AVEC) DES GENS DE BONNE COMPAGNIE/  
EN PEINTURE OU EN DESSIN/ EN PORTRAIT OU EN SILHOUETTE/ EN  
PHOTOGRAPHIE POUR NE PAS ÊTRE EN RESTE/ — (NE CROYEZ PAS CELA/  
J'AI CHOISI D'ÊTRE ACCOMPAGNÉ/ D'UN HOMME APPELÉ BOSLEY/



L'ÉCRAN/ COMME AQUARIUM NOUS LAISSE VOIR UNE FEMME (UNE  
SCIENTIFIQUE)/ SANS DOUTE (PENSE-T-ON)/ EXPLIQUANT CE QUI PARAÎT  
ÊTRE UN REQUIN TRONQUÉ/ : LA FONCTION DES NAGEOIRES/ LORS DE LA  
PRÉDATION/ TANDIS QUE LES MAINS SUR LES TEMPES/ UNE ACTRICE/ JEUNE  
ET BELLE/ JOUE A NE PAS SAVOIR CE QUI L'ATTEND/ — SI ELLE SAVAIT/







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 ÊTRES/ AMOUR ET CRIME DE L'UN ENVERS L'AUTRE/ IL Y A DRAME PASSIONNEL POUR LA PRESSE/ CRIME PASSIONNEL POUR LA JUSTICE/ CURIOSITÉ PASSAGÈRE OU INDIFFÉRENCE GÉNÉRALE; LORSQUE LES AMANTS ÉTAIENT INCONNUS DE TOUS/ —/







Photo of Joseph Beuys remembering the first time he saw Dan Rather on the evening news shortly before spending a month confined within a gallery with a coyote, a large rolled up carpet & the New York Times. Circa 1960's.

"Let difference surreptitiously replace conflict." Difference is not what makes or sweetens conflict: it is

MAKE

achieved over and above conflict, it is *beyond and alongside* conflict. Conflict is nothing but the moral state of dif-

SOME

ference; whenever (and this is becoming frequent) conflict is not tactical (aimed at transforming a real situation), one

THING

can distinguish in it the failure-to-attain-bliss, the debacle of a perversion crushed by its own code and no longer able

DIF FER

to invent itself: conflict is always coded, aggression is merely the most worn-out of languages.

ENTOLY

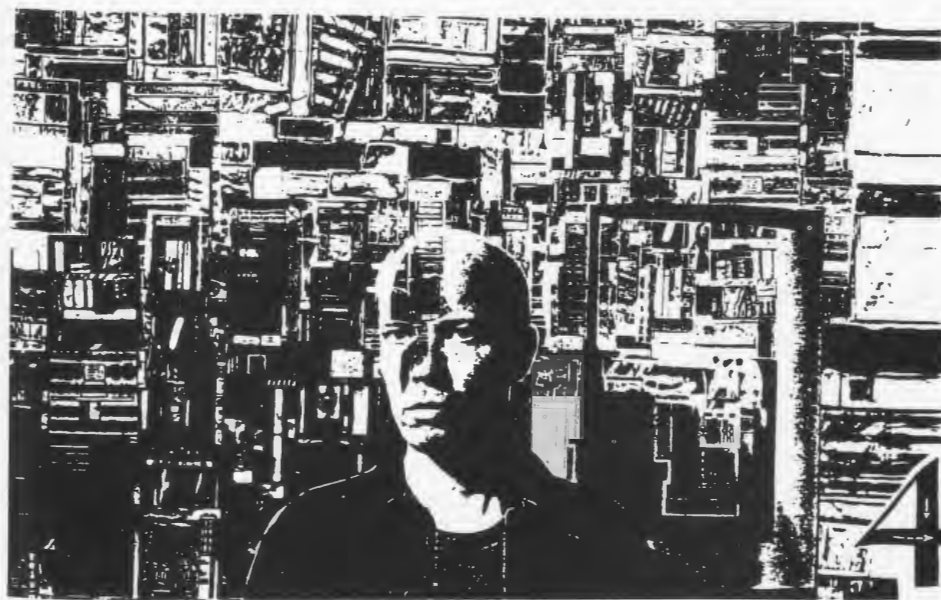
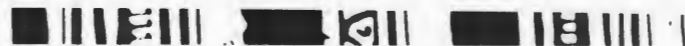


KENNETH, the frequency is a widening aperception of artistic interface serving an imploded media. Distortion is a happening stance as indicated by para-televis a vis psychic empathy spanning thru out a fractured underground pre 2000 AD.

rotar storch



Wakest President, Rotar Storch in preparation for his 1988 Presidential Campaign has entrusted the creation of his media image in the worldly hands of Dan Rather. No amount of persuasion will lessen the omniscience of said Rotar Storch, the torch bares the heat of the illusion.



Ray Johnson starts the New York School of Correspondence Art in anticipation of the downfall of electronic media. Dan Rather neither noticed nor mentioned this historic occasion in 20 some years of broadcast journalism. Can the art world be artifacted by airwave democracy.



# 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, Tomo Adiba, cursed his soul. Spinne's mind twisted into focus with a staccato strobe, a shower of koi. Tomo tossed them out of the shop, red and white fins stroking the air.

"You stupid cop. You didn't feel through it!" Tomo hurried the fish into coldsax, screaming at Spinne. "You fucked it up!" Spinne selected a fish for himself, put it in the coldsax, and drawing on his black jacket, zipped it into the carapace of stiff leather. It was a white fish, with a red spot on its head.

Tomo ran out a second before the alarms began to ring. Heat sinks flew at Spinne like hot beetles, Spinne rounded a corner and ran full into a scatter of Blakratz, some hired gang for a corporate flunky, strictly illegal.

"Halt!" the barrels all raised in a mechanized swing to fire. The holy fish fell out of the jacket onto the ground, its fins waving feebly in the drowning air.

All eyes snapped to it, and Spinne, a professional, sailed tong gas straight out into them, a cloaking and anesthetizing curtain. There was a scattered strobe light of orange fire, but Spinne was already rolling away from where he had been, his cut hands snagging on the street scurf. His visor pulled into its axolotl mask, sealing out the gas. He grabbed for the koi but another hand, smaller, browner, snatched it and was gone before he could spring to his feet.

"My soul!" he screamed after the retreating figure. He followed footsteps like a hound follows scent, but quickly lost them in the twists and turns of Makiver 4-1; the warehouse and wharf section of this filthy city.

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At Tomo's, black market and temple gardens, the fish slid by like smooth rays of sunlight, orange and yellow in the swirling water of the pond. These koi, sold as soul keeper for the Fisheaters would bring him good money. This cult was a very lucrative one for the stealer of koi. As he tossed the green pellets to the fish, he looked over his shoulder at the cop, Spinne, sitting motionless by the pond. Tomo was irritated, he had used the cop, now he wanted him to be gone. Tomo wanted his rice, his ginger and his tea.

"What are you doing? Waiting to die?"

Spinne didn't answer, the koi pulled his eyes like a needle pulls a thread. Tomo was suddenly furious. Of course he owed the big money he would get and his life to this sharp eyed cop with the sullen face.

"Here," Tomo plunged his arm into the water and pulled out another of the red and white carp. "Here stupid, I shouldn't do this, but take this new fish and go."

Spinne just stared at it. "I put my soul into Ebisu."

"Ebisu?" The god of luck.

"My lucky fish," Spinne nodded.

Tomo cursed under his breath again, but shuddered when Spinne put those black opaque eyes back on him. Spinne was like some sharp muzzled predatory animal, and a cop.

"Your fish is still alive," said Tomo, rising and putting on the tea. "It's up to you and go and find him then."

Spinne stared hard at Tomo. He had put his black wasp of pain safely away in a bottle of zorphine where it buzzed harmlessly in the back of his mind.

"How do I do that?"

"In here," Tomo rapped one rice white hand against his chest. "Your feelings will guide you. You are a Fisheater now, and your soul is liberated from your own flesh. You can do many things that you couldn't do before. So go. Go away now." Tomo picked up a rice cake and waved Spinne away with it.

Spinne stretched his long spider legs from the pond and strode out in search of his soul. He was sorry. Sorry he had ever heard of the Fish cult. Sorry he had put his soul in a fish to keep it pure.

\*\*\*

Nika put the red hatted fish in a white enamel bucket with two other fish and then headed out to the Mer. The underwater "temple" of the Vernaz Fish Cult was a little different than the Japanese gardens of the Fisheaters. Vernaz was a fish cult in a whole other light. Outside the entrance of the Mer, there was a barker in a merman suit. He was swinging a fish cane and shouting. "Come on. Come on in and have fun. Fun with fish."

Nika's lips moved in a soundless curse as she watched the scaled man flashing like gems in the neon. He saw her and sneered, jerking his thumb to the side entrance.

Inside five adepts moved around the bucket oohing and aahing over the fish.

"Just look at those fish!" They squealed.

"Nika always brings the best fish."

The metallic scales gleamed in the sodium lights like a jewellers catch.

Swedish fish poured like a rainbow of syrup into Nika's pockets, sweets, and toys, an orange jade fish pendant with "Mer" carved on it went around her neck.

"Look at this one!" A blonde in shining green satin pulled out Ebisu and held him up to the light.

"He's too sweet," a redhead said, her white teeth flashing like a fox.

"Yes, more than for eating." A third pressed the fish between her breasts and giggled. She then reluctantly dropped the fish into the bucket with a gentle plash. Nika looked up, huge fish circled the underwater dome, captive sharks and gunmetal wolf eels with gnashing jaws. 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.

Pocketing them, she spat into a silken cushion, and hurried out of the stew with jerking nervous steps. She headed back toward the place where she had captured the red lionheaded koi. Perhaps there were more taken in the bust on the fish shop. She had an idea — Tomo probably was in on it.

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Sergei Spinne put all his powers of memory and observation to work. All the years on the force had taught him. The sugary web he wove for the return of the fish thief was sure to work. Back on that street.

He wore his leather coveralls and soft boots, just waiting, in typical gumshoe immobility, for the inevitable prey, jiggling just the lightest of lines he strung across the alleyways. Gossamer strands of electric eye impulse, signaling the movement of a thief on the edge of his beat.

The tan clouds moved over the arcing of the skyrise. Brittle shards of glass gleamed dully under his feet, little torn tin chips of sound cried out their consumer commercials. Spinne crushed his heel into a humming gum wrapper to silence it. The lateness of the hour, the underwater shimmers of the tremendous heat of the factory life, made the huge ducts warble and sway in the brown 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 arachnid 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 coverall on Spinne's thigh, cutting the flesh, but missing the arteries. In anger and frustration, Spinne spun 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 ...

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 thrilled him with self assurance.

"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 elbow between her shoulders, his glove tangled in her hair pulled her up again. He wiped his palm hard against her face, bringing out the bright blood. He took a ragged breath. "Where?"

The poetry of pain flamed in her eyes and her bloody jaws snarled. Spinne, trembling with tarantula fury, put the cold to her temple. He could see her green eyes burrowing 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.

He winced, letting the credit bounce and spin on the asphalt.



Illustration by Ferret '87

She snapped the jade fish from her neck and slapped it in his hand.

He held it up slowly while she fingered the silver. "Vernaz!!" He spat, angrily.

Nika nodded and he dropped her like an old boot. She fell to one knee, watching the cop race the night. She smiled a twisted leather smile, and trotted unsteadily after him.

Outside the Mer, Spinne hovered in the lengthening shadows of the day. The barker, glancing at him, couldn't see the badge. "Hey, Hey there! Say, what are you doing with your hands in your pockets, fella? Come on in where you can have some real fun." Strains of Sakamoto and Sylvian lured Spinne closer.

"Holy Mackerel ..." the barker saw the badge.

Spinne smiled, held up his hands, palms out. "No trouble?"

"No trouble at all," repeated the barker nervously twisting his fish tie in the low sun.

Spinne wrinkled his nose at the smell of the wharf as he slowly descended the tube to the underwater house of horror.



Nika slid in the side door.  
 Inside, Spinne was met by a red-haired "Mermaid" in a slick rubber costume.  
 "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."  
 A great wave of laughter and wild splashing came from the central fountain, where Spinne, suddenly struck with horror, saw a woman raising up his Ebisu to perform sexual acts.  
 Spinne leapt forward firing his .38 wildly. The fountain lights shut down. Shots and screams mixed blood with water and semen. Spinne stopped shooting thinking of the sharks and the glass walls.

He remembered Tomo's way. Put the gun to bed. Like running through water, he waded through the wet thrashing bodies of Mer clientele. He saw the thief darting past, with something white and red under her arm. He followed her.

The barker 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 drowning quietly to death in a young woman's hand.

## CLOSURES

*for Misha Chocholak*

By Richard Truhlar

everything is platforms 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  
 a spider silence

yet there are no webs  
 only  
 the intimacy of relief  
 as the flight ends

this is paper time  
 the vertigo of notation where  
 to be able to write is exfoliation

words never die  
 but corrupt  
 fragment under the action of the clock

figures of the masked  
 discourse  
 are merely memoirs of an amnesiac, so  
 the festival of affects is  
 a modern eroticism: history existing  
 as the ruins of memory  
 echo of what cannot stop talking  
 and a vague scopic pulsion  
 writes "still present"  
 when no-one is there

silence  
 fissures in the crust of language  
 opposed to chronicle

intelligent silence  
 something altogether different  
 from biography



Image by Wolfgang Hainke/Bremen

## THE MAN IN THE RUMPLED OVERCOAT SAID

By JIM FRANCIS

I could dive off this bridge, and I wouldn't break the surface of the water. No splash, no concentric circles spreading outwards. Just me approaching me. There would be a moment when my legs would be sticking up into the air, above the water, and the surface of the water would hold only a reflection of my legs. Thigh to thigh, and thigh to thigh.

I wouldn't stop being me, I would just become the image of me. I would be in the surface tension, waiting for the boy skipping flat rocks to throw a stone and scatter the pieces of my image.

Then I would just be in the water. I don't know how. Maybe sub-atomically — tachyons, that sort of thing. And when the sun evaporated me I would be in the air, and from the air I would be in everything. I would be in the metal of the handrail of this bridge — through oxidation. I would be in the paper of this book, I would be behind your eyes — staring down at the water where the boy with the stones thought he had broken and destroyed me.

## 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 demographics have it 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 shooting at clothing which is hanging from a tree limb to approximate a human form you're standing there with a loaded gun yourself you're a ballistics expert in the dream an elegantly dressed ballistics expert you even understand harpoons and you know this boy is practising 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 blouse and skirt ripple in the wind a dog barks a cat meows you seduce him for his own good it's boring but now he's forgotten about his gun and if the plan 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 a nice drive in his ferrari which will make you short of breath just before the war starts and you have to run away from the bullets in your high heels

the eidolon always looking beside you and behind you but the mystery has elided with a hassock or the view from an eleventh floor balcony you can taste it the advertisements for mystery are very effective

dreams are bothering you mystery is bothering you you go to a gypsy woman to have your fortune told she shakes the teacup and draws lines on your hand with a felt pen she has rings on her index finger she looks up at you and says you are going to meet a short ugly stranger who will take you to oshawa and make you miserable as long as he lives this costs you five dollars

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 hits you someone is filming your conversation for television and she says but he had a lot of character he had a phd in science and a sense of humour you want to hear the rest of the story in a minute you're shaking her because she isn't telling you you wake up thumbing your own shoulders

it wasn't Mystery but that doesn'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 trails its oars in the water he appears beside you the angel golden skinned smiling you begin by trying to see the point where the wings are attached but soon it is all electric sex skin which seems to touch 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 is like a three ton bird diving into a pond

you wake up happy and wet

belief in the reality of the world is slipping as certainly as belief in gods the mirror slides down the wall and shows only your feet physicists postulate particle behaviour which is impossible and witnesses attest that given a micro-second in which to ponder their transgression the particles slow down to 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 unbeliefs 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 dream you are overtaken 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 thrifty

you wake up bored



## EIGHTEEN By Irving Weiss

1. a hole is a nothing that is really there  
you can make much or 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 lurks  
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 "stereophonic 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.

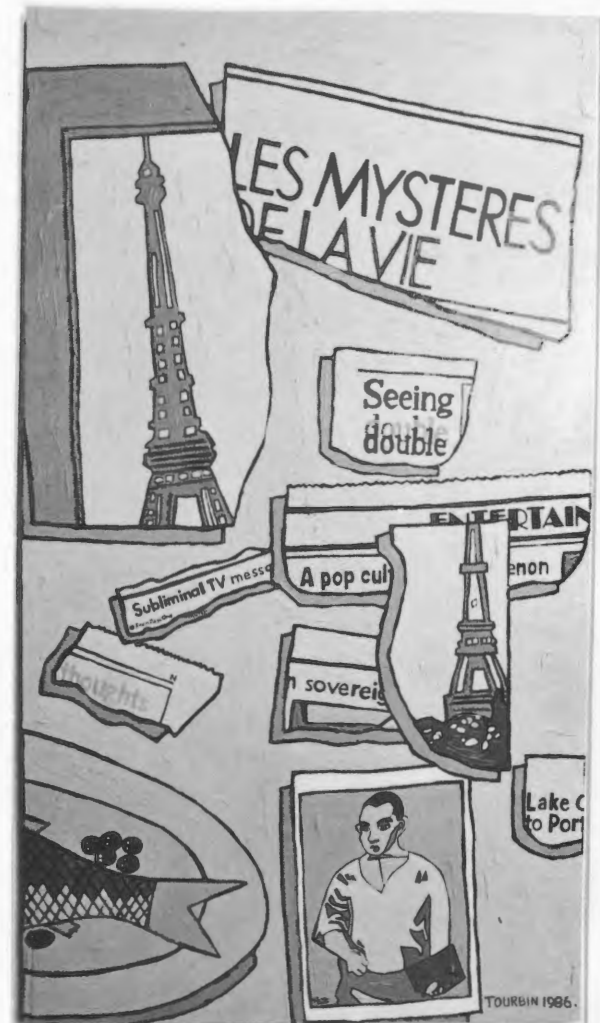
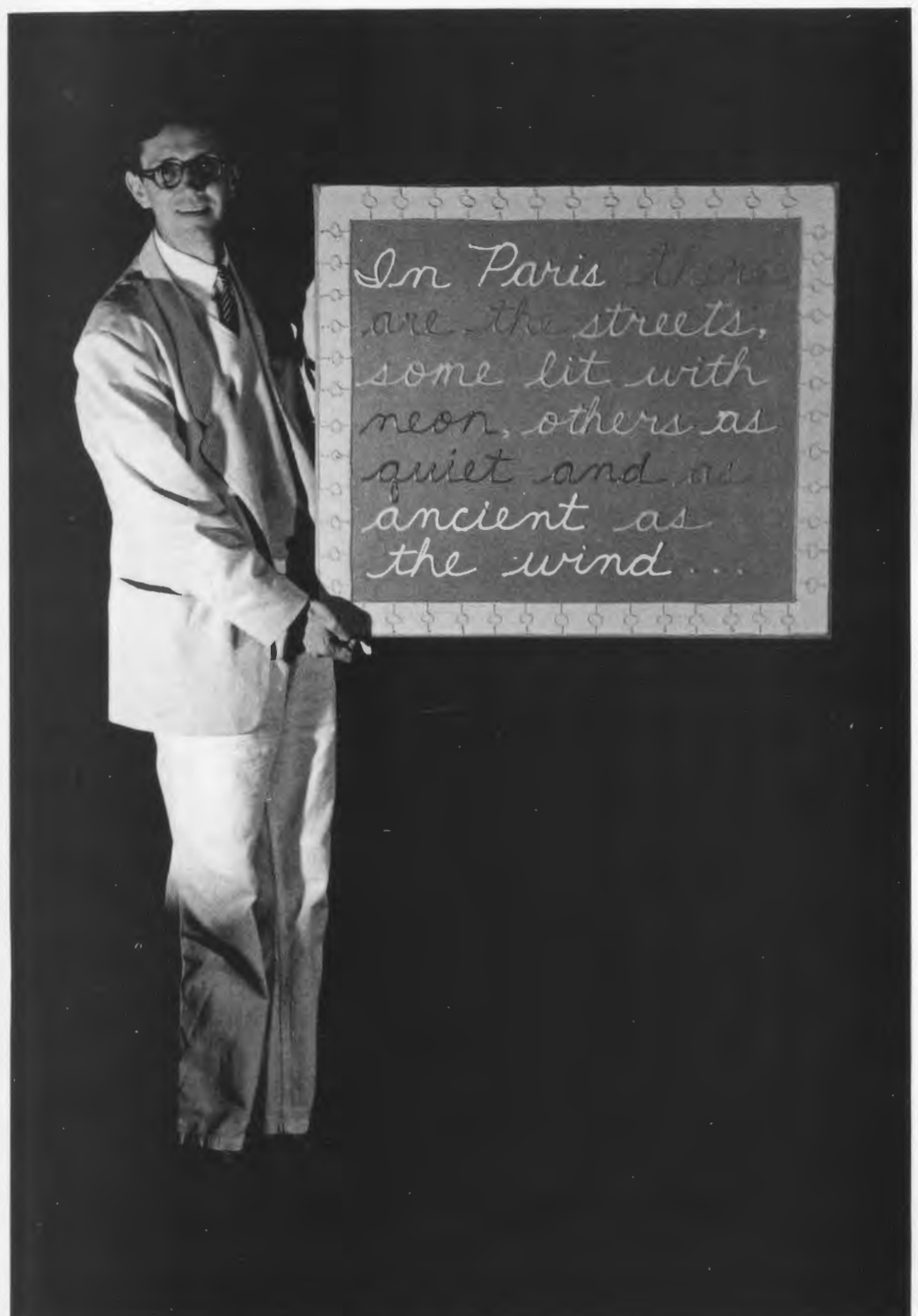


Image by Dennis Tourbin





# AT HALF MAST / A MEDIA ASTA

By Carmen Berenguer

Translation by Lake Sagaris

1.  
The eye watches and shares the plot  
of the seminal trumpets  
sculptured on the border:  
Slander

Against the transparent sigh  
the mount mounts her  
mounting her flutters it:  
At half mast percale

OUTSIDE ON THE CRUSHED ORE

2.  
The hours' martial lament  
I travel across a face  
with neither marks nor folds  
simulating your lips  
that gesture

3.  
The eyes turned inward  
on the wind written: Waves  
The sea howling: Calls  
to the eye that smiles  
for the eye that tells  
the other eye  
why the eyes were removed  
little mother  
so they'd never see

THE MOTHS WITH THEIR PUBIS TO THE DAWN

4.  
Naked the cursed woman  
we bleeding vulva: Grimace  
Mimetic the little red one  
comes closer

Bleedingsurroundedtheybleedher

There were a lot of them  
they did 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

El ojo vigila y comparte el conjuro  
de las seminales trompas  
esculpidas en la frontera:

La difama

Contra el diafano suspiro  
el monte la monta  
montándola la flamea:

A media asta percal

AFUERA SOBRE LOS LLAMPOS

Marcial lamento de las horas  
transito por un rostro  
sin marcass ni pliegues  
simulando tus labios  
ese gesto

Los ojos vueltos  
en el viento escrito: Ondas  
La mar pues bramando: LLama  
al ojo que le sonrie  
por el ojo que dice  
al otro ojo  
porque los ojos fueron sacados  
mamita  
para que nunca vieran

LAS FALENAS CON SUS PUBIS AL ALBA

Desnuda la maldecida  
nosotros sangrante vulva: Mueca  
Mimética la rojita  
se acerca

Sangrantecercadalaasangran

Eran hartos  
me lo hicieron  
me amarraron  
me hicieron cruces  
y bramaban  
como la mar

Lo sabia te me lo ibas  
Te me lo fuiste te me lo ibas  
De los ojos te me fuiste de la boca  
La iba a decir y la obligó  
Entre los ojos y los labios  
La obligó  
En la pelvis  
La iba a decir  
Aquí dentro llaga  
temblorosa  
Llaga Está llagando  
La está limpiando

ME LA ESTOY LAMIENDO

## from THE GREAT SPEECH (MM)

THE CRAZY WOMAN FROM THE ALLEY

— come here baby

I'm alone and have  
no one to talk to

— c'mon don't be a fanatic

— kiss me and you'll see  
I'll tell you stories  
give you massages

— don't look back  
or I'll turn you to salt

— close your legs  
this is my tongue

I COULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST JUNTA

OF MY REPUBLIC

WE'LL DO GREAT THINGS TOGETHER

I'LL TEACH YOU MY TONGUE

— THERE'S NOTHING —

I CAN TEACH YOU SO MUCH

I WANT TO BE YOUR MOTHER

I had your son  
rubbed lotion in his grown 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 ohhhh  
what will I be my red one what will I be  
the earth within or the speech within

LA LOCA DEL PASAJE

— ven aqui huachita  
estoy sola y no tengo  
con quién hablar

— ven no seas fanática —

— bésame y verás  
te contaré cuentos  
y te haré masajes

— no mires hacia atrás  
o te convierto en sal

— cierra las piernas  
esta es me lengua

PUDE SER LA PRIMERA JUNTA  
DE MI REPUBLICA

LAS DOS HAREMOS UNA GRANDE

TE ENSEÑARE MI LENGUA

— NO HAY NADA —

TE PUEDO ENSEÑAR TANTO  
QUIERO SER TU MADRE

Yo te tuve un hijo  
y le lavé su ungüento en su ala crecida  
yo te tuve eras mio y te me lamias  
como rosa de invierno  
yo gozo y ese fue el placer  
que en mi te dormias

y ahora proclamas que ya te me fuiste  
a la guerra extinguida  
ojo aventurero  
wide angle la marca ayyyyy  
qué seré roja mia qué seré  
si la tierra dentro o el hablar la era

## 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 Finnegan's 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 serré la main  
On a beaucoup ri quand on a appris ta mort  
On avait tellement peur que tu sois éternel

Ton dernier soupir  
ton dernier sourire

Ni fleurs ni couronnes  
Simplement les petites automobiles  
et les papillons de cinq mètres de longueur

### TRISTAN TZARA

Who's there?  
You didn't shake my hand  
We laughed a lot when you kicked the bucket  
We were almost afraid you would be eternal

Your last breath  
your last smile

Neither flowers nor crowns  
Simply little automobiles  
and butterflies fifteen feet long

### MARIE LAURENCIN

Ce bel oiseau dans sa cage  
C'est ton sourire dans la tombe  
Les feuilles dansent  
Il va pleuvoir très longtemps  
Ce soir avant de m'en aller  
Je vais voir fleurir les arbres  
Une biche s'approchera doucement  
Les nuages tu sais sont roses et bleus

### MARIE LAURENCIN

The beautiful bird in her cage  
Is your smile in the grave  
The leaves dance  
It will rain for a long time  
This evening before going to see you  
I will see some flowering trees  
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 fermé 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 ne te vois plus  
ta canne est dans un coin

Il y a beaucoup de gens qui ont apporté des fleurs  
On a même prononcé des discours  
Je n'ai rien dit  
J'ai pensé a toi

### ANDRE BRETON

I looked closely at your face  
When I closed your eyes  
You tried to stop me from being sad  
I cried a lot anyway

You didn't say anything more to me  
all the same all the same

The angels came near your bed  
but they had nothing to say

Death is beautiful

You looked like you were laughing all alone  
We don't see you any more  
But your cane is in the corner

There were a lot of people who brought flowers  
One even gave a discourse  
I said nothing  
I thought of you



# FADINGS

## By Brian Duren

### The definitive version

Fade in.

The image slowly comes into focus. An old man is raking leaves toward a smoldering, black pile in the street, just at the curb. Fine, thin streams of smoke rise slowly, drifting backward and forward in the stillness of the day. The almost tangible quality of the colors, of the faded brown of the scattered leaves, of the reddish-yellow glow of the small flames which flicker occasionally into full view from underneath the blackened leaves, of the soft green of the sloping lawn, and of the red and black squares of the old man's woolen shirt indicate that the scene was shot with a sepia-tinted filter. As we follow a tracking shot from the point of view of someone walking down the sidewalk, looking across the street at the opposite, parallel sidewalk, an elm tree enters the frame from the left, a mammoth elm whose huge roots have broken and uplifted a slab of the concrete sidewalk, while its boughs reach upward and out of the frame. The tree is followed in the frame by two young girls, six or seven years old, each one wearing a dress; they are playing hopscotch; while one watches, the other jumps forward from one square to two squares to one square, and counting them — one, two-three, four, five-six — as she jumps. As we continue descending the sidewalk, our view of the girls is blocked by a 1950 green Chevrolet, parked in the street. A black Packard enters the frame from the left, and is quickly reduced to a blur as it flashes in front of the Chevrolet and disappears beyond the right edge of the frame. The camera tilts upward, continues tracking forward, shooting laterally; from a low angle we see a white, wood frame house, a very proper lawn extending forty feet in front of the house, and then descending approximately ten feet, at a thirty degree angle toward the sidewalk parallel to the street. The camera, always travelling forward, always assuming the point of view of the walker, pans toward the left; one white house after another enters the frame from the left and leaves the frame from the right. The camera tilts downward, focusing on a 1952 Hudson, with a dark blue body and a powder blue roof. The camera remains momentarily focused on the Hudson, while the walker crosses the street, and then tilts, while he, or she, mounts the steps leading to the front door. As we approach the door, we see the grain of the wood, the grooves where the varnish has been worn by the weather and the unprotected wood has yielded splinters. The camera tilts downward, focusing on a heavy, brass handle, with a tongue-shaped lever awaiting the thumb of the visitor, who would press down on the lever and open the door.

Fade to black.

... their words were always under my skin ... like slivers of glass ... invisible words ... words festering in my flesh ... I heard ... you're not enough ... you're never enough ... you're never ... ever ... more ... always more ... I ...

... I know ... I've learned that ... I've come to understand you better ... understand you better since you've been gone ... a long time it has taken me ... a long time ... years can't measure the time ... the long time I've had to understand ... try to understand ... not that I really tried ... I certainly never went out of my way ... I'd just forget you ... you'd return ... unexpectedly ... you'd return ... and then I'd realize you'd been gone ... and somehow I'd been following you ... trying to forget you ...

... I was always losing the way ... there must have been a way ... I could never do enough ... I never knew what to do ... the roads had all been destroyed ... as if there'd been a war ... and everyone was dead ... gone ... but the past ... the words kept coming back ... kept returning ... I'd forget them ... and then they'd return ... I'd return ... I'd forget the pain ... then I'd feel it again ... and it would start all over again ... you're not enough ... you lack ... whatever ... something ... you've never ... you're never ... it was never clear ... never precise ... never one thing I could do ...

... sometimes I'm aware of another voice ... of my voice as another voice ... the feeling that I'm not talking alone ... like a ventriloquist's doll ... is this me? ... I'm not sure ... often I'm happy ... your messages are often delayed ... lost ... forgotten ... not heard nor read ... then I hear them ... as if a ventriloquist were speaking through me ... I read them ... in a text by another ... I lose control ... the words echo silently ... inarticulate doubles ... they disappear in a labyrinth of images ... a closet of indistinct memories ...

... no ... no, nothing became clear ... I always heard the words ... I didn't know where to go ... then I didn't need to know ... my body failed me ... happily it was too late ... then I couldn't breathe ... you seemed so distant ... so impossible ... the last image ...

... ever since I've had Thomas ... I have felt you return from over the years ... I've taken my place in the family portrait ... the family romance ... the thread hasn't been broken ... I hated you too deeply ... hated you too deeply to assume any resemblance ... I did it without thinking ... I assumed my role ... my character was waiting for me to arrive ... the scenario was all ready ... the family was waiting ... you were waiting ... I'd forgotten you ... no, I didn't really ... I'd pushed you out of my mind ... like some impossible problem ... a problem so insignificant ... it's not worth my time ... why rush? ... and anyway, he's dead ... the asshole ... but now ... I'm here ... and I feel you're here ... not really present ... not present like someone who might really talk to me ... you've been dead much too long ... and you know I have no belief in the supernatural ... you are present in me in a much simpler way ... like when someone says of Thomas that he looks just like his father ... he has his father's eyes and nose and lips, but his mother's forehead ... you see yourself doubled ... and the doubles mirror doubles ... I am in him as you are in me ... a double exposure ... a negative which has taken years to develop ... a negative that can develop only in time ... only in me ... in my body ... in my mind ... which I feel now ... at times ... resembles yours ... like one body lying next to another ... one body drawing closer to another body ... comes to resemble it ... spoon fashion, as a friend once joked, while I lay next to her ... I can still feel her body even though it's not there ... you, I, we are all lined up spoon fashion ... through generations ... a grotesque closeness ... perverse ... cruel ... as if you didn't want to let me go ... I'm getting it up the ass ... your words return ... and disappear in vague images ... a mood of hurt ... lack ... incompleteness ... an implosion ... in silence and slow motion ... in silence and slow time ... so slow I can feel everything ... I can feel the pull inside me ... I can feel words become silent ... I can feel the others withdraw into the distance ... the distance become more distant ... I feel myself stop feeling ... I feel something inside me lock ... I lock shut ... neither living nor dead ... I am inside ... enclosed ... as if in a crypt ... those oneiric images that haunt the old Dracula films ... the expressionist films, with their dark shadows and heightened whites ... the dream decors ... the cinema that goes on inside ... sometimes outside ... inside outside ... how absurd ... it's absurd to continue talking with you ... over fifteen years ... we are two communications posts ... maybe more than two ... a voice comes from I know not where ... and I respond ... to I don't know whom ... or what ...

... I wanted to get to know you ...

... but it was too late ...

... forever ...

... 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 career ... 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 loved to fuck more than any woman I've ever known ... every way ... all the time ... mounting 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 ... the same one ... always the same ...

Fade in.

A close-up of a sheet of white, unruled paper, with the words, written in fresh ink: "I guess for me that's the same thing ... the same ... 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 have been written on, scattered about. The camera stops dollying back and remains completely motionless behind and to the left of the writer, shooting on a nearly horizontal plane. He drops the fountain pen he has been using; a large drop of blue-black ink seeps into the paper. As he relaxes, he turns the swivel chair slowly toward the left, so that we have an almost frontal shot of him. He is in his mid-thirties. He is wearing a black t-shirt, on which is printed, in large, white letters, the logo, "love sucks," surrounded by two very full, pulpous, red lips; the tip of a tongue is visible just under the second "s" of "sucks." He leans further back in the desk chair, and stares at a point off-screen; the camera remains focused on his face in semi-profile, and on the gray-blue sky beyond the double window in the background. Voice-over: "I can't seem to get it right ... the tone is wrong ... and it's all a question of tone ... rhythm ... I have to keep in mind that they'll be looking at a black screen ... black leader projected on the screen ... interspersed with realistic scenes that fade to black ... so a lot will depend on the voiceover ... it has to have a monotonous rhythm ... almost, at times, incantatory ... a voice, or voices, whispering thoughts ... memories ... dreams ..." The sound of something being pushed across the floor; as the man leans forward and swivels toward the right, a highchair comes into the frame of the camera, as well as the head and shoulders of a young boy, about four years old, with blond hair and black eyes. He pushes the chair up against the table, banging it loudly, then moves around to the front of the chair; his head appearing from under the table, he climbs up on the chair, and sits next to the writer — or filmmaker. The man moves the top sheet, on which he has just finished writing, out of the child's reach. The boy says, "I want to write," takes the fountain pen, and inscribes a series of crooked, at times wavy, vertical lines, each line approximately one-half inch high. The inscriptions resemble primitive letters, cuneiform or Phoenician. The man says to the child, "let's write your name." He talks the boy's hand, "THOMAS." He releases Thomas's hand. Thomas looks at his name, printed with large, firm letters; then, pushing the top piece of paper away, he draws lines that have no perceivable order, lines that zigzag and then round off into irregular circles, traced and retraced without reproducing one another.

Fade to black.

## II

... hello! ... hello! ... I can hardly hear you! ... you seem horribly far away! ... you are horribly far away! ... yes ... okay ... when am I going to receive your next letter? ... you said you'd write immediately ... that was nearly a year ago! ... I mean a week ago ... I miss you ... I'm having a hard time sleeping without you ... so I get up and read ... and drink ... and find myself talking to you ... my world's totally dislocated ... totally fucked up ... totally topsy-turvy ... and I drink ... I feel I might fall, and have to pick myself up off the ceiling ... it's happened before, you know ... in The Age of Gold ... we hear a gun fired at the other end of the line ... a shot of the minister, dead, on the ceiling ... a great gag ... a easy trick with film ... but it's not surreal ... it's real ... it happens all the time ... it's happening now ... I've nothing to hang on to ... nothing to hold on to ... no one ... it's the first time ... no, not the first ... but it feels like it ... oh shit! am I spaced out ... on a space odyssey of another kind ... do you remember the scene in 2001, in which Hal, the computer, causes the spaceship to break down ... Poole, the astronaut, goes outside to repair it ... Hal and the spaceship take off ... and it's bye-bye, Poole ... nice to've known you ... don't call me I'll call you ... no, I'll write ... that's it ... I'll write ... bye-bye, Poole ... Poole, you've got orbs in your name ... like two eyes ... what an exorbitant creature you are! ... with your eyes bugging out of your head like that ... see you around, poor fucker ... her ship's set sail ... her tits are headed in another direction ... she's already riding the pitch of another sea ... separating is tough, isn't it ... locked up in a suit and helmet ... drifting endlessly ... totally vulnerable ... listening to my thoughts ... to my blood pulse in my head ... am I trying to seduce you? ... make you feel guilty? ... how do you want me to talk to you? ... do you expect me to stop loving you? ... to stop talking to you, just because you're gone? ... to stop talking for you? ... I try to keep myself company with a semblance of you ... this little, invisible cinema where I search for an image ... and search for an image ... and if ... as you say ... as you take your distance ... as you leave me more alone ... if I seem hyper ... or on speed ... almost hysterical ... it's because so often there isn't an image ... a screen that isn't even a mirror but a murky, cold, fathomless pool ... oh shit! ... there you are again, Poole ... like the eel in the old lady's pie, your head just keeps on popping up again ... and you, you're laughing ... or you would be, if you were here ... I can imagine you, almost whispering to me ... "why not a black, murky tarn, while you're at it?" ... and then you'd purse your lips and whisper, "phony asshole" ... no, perhaps you'd just turn your face away ... but you know ... and I'm not trying to seduce you ... not trying to make you feel sorry for me ... he never really attracted me ... there was a curious absence of idealization ... I'd even forget he'd ever existed ... forget entirely ... I don't think about him ... I think of making love with you ... I think constantly of making love with you ... I can imagine you smiling ... or turning away ... but a good many of those images that pass through my mind ... in my private little cinema of porn films ... are homosexual ... sometimes I wonder if ... when I talk to you I'm not talking to him ... I had a dream not long ago ... that could be the beginning of a song, huh? ... "I had a dream last night, and you were in my dream" ... I had a dream in which I walking a street ... wearing a dress ... high heels ... it was night ... the high heels clicked on the concrete as I walked ... I passed in front of a man standing in the shadow of a bas relief column, next to a glass door ... I had the feeling I was in Soho ... the man was just a dark form in the shadow ... it could've been a scene from a film noir ... a gangster film ... he was smoking ... from the corner of my eye I saw the end of the cigarette glow intensely ... I glanced at him ... the glow of the cigarette lit up his nose and mouth ... I looked ahead ... heard him exhale the smoke ... heard the cigarette he'd flipped hit the concrete just behind my feet ... heard his footsteps behind me ... they made the sharp, clear sound of footsteps on a sound track ... he was just behind me ... then he was next to me ... he put his hand on my arm, and then, after a second ... he seemed to be waiting to see if I'd push him away ... he squeezed my arm and pulled me to a dead stop ... I turned toward him ... it was my father ... or rather, it was my father and Fred Mac Murray, from Double Indemnity ... Mac Murray's face seemed superimposed over his ... but it was still my father ... his heavy, gray overcoat ... his gray hat with the brim pulled down over his forehead ... another cigarette was hanging from his mouth ... all the clichés ... the film noir of memory ... he didn't seem to recognize me ... he asked me how much ... I said it depends on what you want ... then we were in a room ... an armchair, with yellow vinyl covering ... a sink with a mirror and a fluorescent light above it ... I pulled back the yellow bedcover ... there was just one sheet ... he'd taken off his coat and hat ... took me in his arms and kissed me ... I felt his hand on my thigh ... then on my prick ... when he felt that, he stopped cold ... he recoiled and stared at me as if I were a monster ... the Medusa herself ... he screamed something at me and started slapping me ... then I started laughing ...



I laughed and laughed until I choked on my laughter ... I could see flowers blossoming in my mouth, and felt their stems swelling in my throat ... I awoke, almost gagging ... what I find interesting is that the dress I was wearing was yours ... the one you wore to the reception at André's ... the one with slits up the side ... I'd told you I liked it ... it looked sexy and cheap ... like a prostitute's dress ... or like a dress a woman might wear to look like a prostitute ... it turned me on .....

... no, perhaps it wasn't a dream ... perhaps it's just something I made up ... so that we could meet again ... after all, it's not surprising that we should meet ... that we should have such commerce ... that such an exchange should take place between us ... we've been exchanging for years ... always in debt ... always paying ... and we've been exchanged for years ... in this family romance ... its narrative threads woven back and forth again and again through generations ... a romance that always narrates the same things ... an interminable text ... so complex it could never really be legible ... a text that at times seems nothing more than an unending voice ... an unending invoice ... of debts, payments, and payments not recieved ... we live our accounts ... lenders and borrowers ... debtors and creditors ... life and death on 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 what you forget will always return ... you will always return ... to our modern-day house of Atreus ... the haunted house on the hill ... Hitchcock's *Psycho* and Polanski's *The Tenant* and on and on ... we follow the camera up and down the stairs ... the radically high and low angles ... sudden shifts in camera angles ... the camera that advances down dark corridors and halls ... past closed doors ... and the discovery of the dead ... the embalmed ... memories ... which are still extracting payment from the living ... the cliches of popular ritual ... if I can live it's because I can forget ... and so return ... and not even notice that I've returned ... I've walked these halls before ... I've said these words before ... I've tried to understand you before ... I've believed in the myth of understanding ... I thought I could understand you ... I repeat all the explanations ... not always certain from whom, nor from where they come ... you grew up in a big, German Catholic, immigrant family ... the oldest son was raised to sacrifice himself for the family ... to give all the money he earned to the father ... because of course the son was forever in debt ... just as his father had been in debt ... you owed your life ... even when you were in your forties you were still taking care of the first family ... still paying the debts ... which were all your debts ... you were paying off your debt to the first family with the second family ... your family ... the six children you engendered ... your wife with sagging breasts nursing what must have seemed like an assembly line of babies ... you, regretting every birth ... and trying to conceal that regret ... regret that became bitterness ... death ... and then your younger brother died ... and you had family number three ... and three more children ... the debt still out-standing .. you weren't going to be able to pay it with anything less than your life ... and when you died at the age of fifty ... still in debt ... to your family ... to the family ... to whatever origin of grace and life stood behind the family, like some deity whose face must never be seen ... when you died at the age of fifty, it must've been a relief ... a desire finally fulfilled ... an elusive goal you'd pursued along innumerable detours ... you were a type ... anyman USA ... and yours just another one of those immigrant families ... whose short past in the promised land reached back to family farms ... to country taverns and city bars that reeked of beer and urine ... your people named their towns New Ulm ... New Richmond ... New Brunswick ... Augsburg ... Petersburg ... Durenburg ... they built their white frame houses on hilltops ... the lined their avenues with elms ... and as they built their houses they buried their deepest dreams ... which they could never forget .. and which haunted the interior corridors of those neat little white houses ... where the father, forever in debt, passed on his debts and extracted payments ... his little girls grew from cute little dolls with cute blond curls to sexy little dolls with breasts and menstruation cycles ... and the sons he sent to Viet Nam ... that magnificent potlatch organized by our chiefs in Washington ... he sent them to Viet Nam so that each one might pay his debt to the past the ancestors the family God country and the frustrated father ... above all, the frustrated father ... and off they went, the sons ... each father eager to be the first one on his block to have his some come home in a box ... oh shit! ... I wish I could turn the sound off ... stop the script ... that plays endlessly ... I don't even feel it's me anymore .....

... I didn't know your family ... not really ... I have one clear memory of your parents ... I am with them, in a flat-bottom fishing boat ... the heavy boughs of two immense black willows bend down over the lake, the tips of their branches almost touching the surface of the water ... the late morning sun is brilliant ... the surface of the lake shines like the scales of an immense fish ... I am seated in the middle of the boat ... your parents are seated on each side of me ... they're both wearing large straw fishing hats that conceal their faces ... we are all three holding large cane poles that arch out gracefully from the boat, the lines dangling lazily ... floating on the surace of the still lake ... water spiders dart across the surface ... there is absolutely no sound ... I feel extraordinarily happy when I remember this scene ... I feel the warmth ... the tremendous warmth of this scene penetrating me entirely ... it's strange ... because I know that I never went fishing with them ... I never liked them ... and I was hardly ever with them ... the memory was obviously a screen memory ... I have never found what was screened ... what provided the surface for the projection ... what I feared or desired ... I've never found you ... I've analyzed you, me, us, over and over ... I've searched for explanations ... developed interpretations ... become lost in the fictions of my analyses ... I sensed you felt ... however unconsciously ... the only way out was through death ... you wanted to be someone different ... something else ... you didn't know what ... but you used to dream about it ... you thought about it in your silence ... your silence that made you unapproachable ... your silent answers ... we'll talk about it later ... another time ... my demands were muted letters ... return to sender ... I became a dead letter office ... the letters keep piling up ... a mountain of dead letters ... wounds are dumb mouths ... it is only through a strange kind of mime that they can be heard ... and then there's the problem of interpreting ... was that really it? ... I'm still working it over ... still writing you ... I always believed your death was a suicide ... for years afterward I felt your loss ... now I feel your presence ... I hated you so much I kept you alive ... every woman adores a fascist ... the boot in the face ... we know our place ... I can see the knife flashing ... the silver gleaming blade rising and falling ... jerking up and then plunging ... pumping again and again into the bleeding anus ... a stylus forever inscribing the text in me ... I can't see who the victim is ... mother, brothers, sisters, we all had our turn ... we all assumed the position of submission ... bend over, hands on knees ... or elbows on a table ... father is about to communicate with you ... he's going to tell you a secret ... don't tell anyone else ... above all, keep this to yourself ... don't lose the letter on the way to the post office ... don't send it to him either ... he'll feign ignorance ... better not take it to the post office after all ... you can't address it to anyone ... just keep it to yourself for now ... that's right mother ... I'll just keep it to myself ... I won't lose it ... no one will find out ... I'll throw it in with all the other dead letters ... but I'm afraid I can't silence them ... all the accusations and counter-accusations, demands and silences ... these dead letters seem to have a life of their own ... a narrative whose voice isn't one but many ... the narrative threads always lead back ... forward and backward, inside and out ... an unending labyrinth of I-you-she-he-they ... the threads of the past in the present and the present in the past ... who are you, Anna? ... who am I? ... and Thomas? ... I wanted to give him his life with no strings attached ... I can't even think the gift without tying him to me ... as I'm tied to you ... there was too much of you in me ... of me in you ... so I buried you alive ... I kept you alive dead in me ... and forgot about you ... kept you alive with my hatred ... dead with forgetting ... I've become like you while forgetting you ... like a photographic negative developing in time ... in generations ... slowly each trait becomes more evident ... resemblances that one could never foresee begin to appear ... as I assume my place in my white house ... you were the master of silence ... the king of absence ... your words were few, but they came from a tower of moral superiority ... viewed from an extremely low angle ... futile ... worthless ... no-good kid ... ungrateful little son-of-a-bitch ... then you would withdraw into some inner world ... reserved for fathers ... and punctuate your words with an interminable silence ... that seemed to say, I am who I am .....

... the silence that takes hold of me ... the threads of the past in the present ... my sudden outbursts of rage, violence ... and your outbursts of rage and violence that imitate mine ... I love you, Thomas ... need I pass on my bitterness? ... my anger? ... my frustration? ... will I live a life of regret ... and give you the gift of my want? ... a gift compounded with others that will forever leave you in debt ... I want to cut the threads of this narrative ... of this horribly trite family romance ... start a new text ... if it were possible ... if only it were possible .....

... I can't stop turning around in circles ., repeating the same things ... almost the same ... realizing, suddenly, that I've already been here ... recognizing the same words ... the same thoughts ... though somehow they're different ... never quite the same ... perhaps because I'm never quite the same ... you're gone ... ever since you left I've been turning around and around ... I've lost control ... I'm getting lost in my explanations ... explanations that end up being ... being ... all of them ... equally illusory ... a house of mirrors ... and everyone I see somehow bcomes a mirror ... at André's ... both of them were looking at me from the far end of the living room ... I pretended not to notice ... but as I walked by them to get another drink ... and, too, to see how they'd react ... I knew they were talking about us ... as I walked by them, I heard one say to the other ... "they say he went totally mad ... destroyed everything ... the apartment was in ruins ... there was blood all over the sheets ... she disappeared" ... then they noticed that I was next to them ... listening ... one looked at her shoes and the other looked behind her ... looked for something to look at ... but after I walked away with my drink ... I wasn't certain anymore that they'd really been talking about me ... I didn't hear them mention my name ... nor yours ... lots of people go nuts ... but if they'd been talking about someone else ... they would've continued talking ... I imagined them waiting to see the next film ... to look for the pain ... and gloat over whatever trace of pain they might find ... what's he going to do now? ... that's what they're thinking ... now that he's gone totally mad ... and I was then ... really was ... really spaced out ... drinking ... on speed ... on coke ... lost in words ... images ... why should one word come after another? ... one image after another? ... why should I cut a scene here rather than there? ... why anything? ...

*Fade in.*

*In the foreground, a naval officer, wearing a black, captain's hat, a blue jacket with two rows of gold buttons and gold epaulettes, and white pants. His body is facing us directly, but his head is turned toward his left, so that we see his face in half-profile. He has the ruddy complexion of a man of adventure who has been exposed to the sun and the wind, and the regular features, the dark eyes, the grecian nose, the slightly curved lips, square, firm jaw, and wavy brown hair of a lover of many conquests. In his lowered right hand he holds a sword; his raised left arm reaches across his chest as he points toward something on his 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 striated 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 t-shirt and blue jeans, his tennis-shoed feet, the dirty white soles turned toward the camera. In the background, an open window, with lace curtains which occasionally blow inward with the soft breeze and furl and flow as if there were an invisible presence walking toward the boy, but never going beyond the open window. Sunlight passes through the nearly transparent curtains, but as the sun's rays are not direct, the room remains dimly lit. Suddenly we hear Buddy Holly's voice, just as clear as if it were coming from within the room, and not from a neighboring house, off-screen. The boy sets the book down and raises his head toward the window. While Holly, singing "Rave on," enumerates all those little things that, indeed, make him rave on (the way his friend dances and holds him tight, the way she kisses and says goodnight, and, above all else, the way she says, "I love you"), the soles of the tennis shoes jerk up and down as the boy's feet attempt to keep beat with the music. The song ends — undoubtedly a 45 r.p.m., as the music is followed by complete silence. He lifts the book up again, and flips forward a few pages until he finds the page where he had been reading. A voice-over recites the passage to which he has opened.*

*"Darling!" said Maria, turning to him and lifting up her face to him in its hood.*

*He kissed her; down at the water's edge there was the familiar rattle of oars on thwarts, and the sound of male voices, as his boat's crew perceived the two shadowy figures on the Hard. Maria heard those sounds as clearly as Hornblower did, and she quickly snatched away from him the cold lips she had raised to his.*

*"Good-bye, my angel."*

*There was nothing else to say now, nothing else to do; this was the end of this brief experience. He turned his back on Maria; he turned his back on peace and civilized married life and walked down towards war.*

*Footsteps are heard mounting carpeted, wooden stairs, which creak with every step.*

*Cut to a point of view shot from the bedroom door, which is open approximately six inches. When the footsteps reach the top, the person turns toward his left, and begins walking down the hall, passes in front of the slightly opened door, and continues walking. The boy gets up from the bed, approaches the door, and looks out toward the hall. A man, wearing a white shirt and dark slacks, is walking down the dark, unlit hall, toward a door at the end of the corridor. As he opens the door, a shaft of light brilliantly illuminates his towering body. He enters the room.*

*As the camera slowly approaches the door that the man has left open, we hear the following discussion.*

*Woman: "You look tired."*

*Man: "I've been working since seven this morning — to feed this family. You'd be tired too, if you had to work like I do."*

*Woman: "Why don't you lie down for a while?"*

*Silence.*

*Woman: "When did you get home?"*

*Man: "A little while ago. I had a beer in the kitchen. The kids left the place in a mess."*

*Man farts loudly.*

*Woman: "Where are they?"*

*Man: "They're in the backyard. Princess is with them. They won't bother us. I told her to keep an eye on them."*

*The camera reaches the door that has been left ajar, and shoots the interior of the bedroom. The woman is seated in front of a dresser, where she is putting on her makeup. She has long, auburn hair, which appears to be dyed. Her eyes are sometimes brown, sometimes gray, depending on the angle at which she tilts her face, in relationship to the light coming from an open window. She has freckles, a small, child's nose, and thin lips. Her face has lost the fullness of a young woman's; her skin seems stretched across the skeletal frame, as if there were no underlying muscular structure. She is applying facial powder with a puff, working the powder into her skin, concealing to some extent the crow's feet extending outward from the corners of her eyes, and the deep vertical lines between her cheeks and the corners of her mouth. She is wearing only a pair of white panties and a white brassiere which thrusts her breasts forward like the bosses of two medieval shields. The man's white shirt and his dark blue slacks, down to the level of his lower hips, come into view in the mirror. He places his hands on her bare shoulders, rotates his hands in a slow, circular motion as if he were gently polishing her skin, then slides his hands, with thumbs outstretched, toward her neck. She continues putting on her lipstick, paying no attention to him. His fingers reach forward onto her chest, the fingertips just above the brassiere. The woman stops applying the lipstick and, holding the tube a few inches from her lips, looks up at the man in the mirror and says:*

*Woman: "She knows why you ask her to watch the kids. You're not fooling anyone. She always looks at me afterwards as if she were thinking — well, how was it?"*

*Man: "Let's go to bed."*

*Woman: "No."*

*Man: "Com'on."*

*Woman: "Can't you wait til tonight?"*

*Man: "No."*



The mirror reflects the man's hands sliding further 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 formless flesh limp like dough in his hands, and reddish-brown nipples which appear to have nursed several 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 each 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 Seeker"



"Hair"

## 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 shreds, 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 assisted 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 search for the origins and for the rationale of the Creating Self.

We inhabit a veritable universe of creative possibilities in which most of us effortlessly and unconsciously transgress the "fine line" separating Life from Art, even as others persist in futile attempts to storm across it. That only painting, drawing, sculpture and the other suchlike art enterprises are to be looked for beyond this boundary is an assumption about Art which I cannot receive sympathetically — and I am apparently no loner here, then progressively are certain hitherto accorded "natural manifestations" of human activity being accommodated with the canon. I venture, furthermore, that this revised understanding nowise implies a necessarily incomplete or mistaken evaluation of the traditional forms.

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 revision?

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.





# 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*.  
London: André Deutsch and Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1984.

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 we 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 more is known about the sexual, emotional, gastronomical and financial patterns of Jean-Paul Sartre's existence than about anyone else who ever lived. Even for someone who has always liked the idea (not necessarily the ideas, but the idea) of Jean-Paul Sartre but has never been an enthusiastic reader of his books, reading the late Simone de Beauvoir's two-part *Adieux: A Farewell to Sartre* can make it difficult not to feel a certain definite affection for the man, almost as if one had been intimate friends with him over a long period of time, for through this book one comes to know Sartre (even though he's dead) in a way that is reserved for only a few living people: close family members and certain lovers and friends.

Gastronomically, for instance. Sartre was all his life fussy about what he ate. He did not like raw foods, in fact preferred a fruitcake to a fruit. He would eat almonds and walnuts, though, paradoxically, even though they hurt his tongue. And he much liked pineapples, raw ones rather than the tinned variety, because when he first ate a raw pineapple, in South America, he had the feeling he was biting into a large cooked object.

Sartre did not like red meat because no matter how it was cooked it still seemed like meat. Even charcuteries he came to dislike as he became more conscious of eating part of an animal when he ate them. He retained his love, however, for sausages — andouilles, andouillettes — because the blood had been removed by the hand of man and the meat had been used to make something entirely new. These food preferences probably would indicate a profound dislike or even distrust of nature, yet later, in speaking of his quickly approaching death, he said it did not frighten him, because: "It seems to me natural. Natural as opposed to my life as a whole, which has been cultural. It is after all the return to nature and the assertion that I was a part of nature...."

I am pleased to have this information about Sartre's gastronomic preferences. I have had many meals with my father, for instance, who is of Sartre's generation and who is also selective about what he eats, but in a much different way. I have begged my father to tell me why he loves beef but will not eat poultry or pork in any form. And why he likes his beef so well done. Why he suddenly, at the age of about sixty, refused to put pepper on his food any longer, after having enjoyed it all his life. But he refuses to answer. And when I ask him why he has never once in his life eaten Chinese food in any form, in spite of living his entire life in the vicinity of Toronto where there are so many wonderful Chinese restaurants, he simply says, "Oh, I don't know, it just never appealed to me somehow." I think it's because when he was young it was sort of a common feeling among the Canadian non-Chinese working-class that chefs in Chinese restaurants used to catch alley cats, kill them, cut them up and toss them into the chicken foo yung or whatever. I think it was in an Audrey Thomas story where a Chinese restaurateur makes a big fuss about sticking his head out the front door every hour or so and yelling out at the top of his lungs, "Shoo, cats!" Trying to allay suspicion, no doubt.

Sartre spent his life monitoring his food intake carefully. He said he preferred to be seen 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 liked tall women but worried that people were looking upon him as a figure of fun, being the lover of such a tall woman. He usually took a Pygmalion (or perhaps more properly Socratic) attitude towards his women. To have sexual relations with a (young) woman was an acknowledgement that she had reached a certain stage in her development, that is the highest stage he could help her to. ("Afterward she evolved either with others or by herself.") Yet he strongly agrees with de Beauvoir when she observes that he has never looked upon any woman as inferior.

Sartre apparently never, even in his youth, attached a great deal of importance to sexual relations. "And strictly speaking they didn't interest me as much as caresses. In other words I was more a masturbator of women than a copulator.... The sexual act — it existed too, and I performed it, indeed I performed it often; but with a certain indifference." Probably related to his dislike of uncooked food. He was always the active partner in bed. Naked women were to be kissed and caressed. Nothing more was necessary or desired. (De Beauvoir refers to Sartre's "frigidity," and his "refusal of all bodily passivity, of all delight in your own body, going as far as the rejection of what is strictly called sexual pleasure." Sartre was a romantic, always: "It could almost be said that as man has contrived to lose part of his sensibility in order to develop his intelligence, so he has been led to call for the other's, for the woman's, sensibility — that is, to possess sensitive, percipient women so that he might become a woman's sensibility.... I thought a normal life implied a continual relation with women. A man was defined by what he did, by what he was, and by what he was by means of the woman who was with him, all at the same time." But for him sexual passivity related to letting go, surrendering, abandoning the self, all of which betrayed an orientation towards the past. He preferred the active stance, which he saw as a forward-looking orientation. He apparently has a long-standing horror of stickiness and sliminess (raw nature again), yet his relations with women had an affective basis, a basis of feeling, that his relations with men could never have.

De Beauvoir returns again to Sartre's refusal of passivity, in a tone that showed she wanted to come to terms with it once and for all. But he gives her little satisfaction on this score, although he confesses to a slight touch of sadism in his make-up. Then, when he turns the discussion to his writing to try to demonstrate that he wasn't really all that passive, de Beauvoir puts her foot down and demands to know if he were too much coddled and kissed as a child. Sartre tries valiantly to answer but nothing is enough for his relentless questioner. She finally strikes pay dirt when a connection is found between his sexual nature and his life-long habit of always choosing to sit at a hard chair, even when reading. He was always unable to read in a soft chair never mind in bed. And he would get slugged as a kid for not working hard enough.

There are no jokes 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:

Basically I didn't much care whether there was another man in an 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 incredible outputs of time and energy, 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 he at one point states that "friendship implies more than is ordinarily supposed"). Even when his grandmother died and he inherited what would now be 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 after blowing his legacy in a few short months on expensive furniture for his apartment, furniture he would quickly tire of, sell for a pittance, and replace at incredible expense. De Beauvoir said that Sartre had a "peasant's relation to money"; that is, he never had a chequebook and used to carry huge amounts of cash, always much more than he needed. He always refused to invest his money in any way at all, preferring to leave large sums 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 bourgeois 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 no longer looked upon as a writer but as a cake of soap."

Sartre felt he 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 dreamt as a young man. In fact he thought, romantically, that his obsession with writing would provide him with a lonely and penniless life.

I thought of the writer as an unhappy creature who was neither read nor acknowledged by his fellows. It was after his death that fame came to him. As I wrote, I was aware of my schoolmates' actual or potential hostility. In those days, then, I saw the writer as a poor devil, unfortunate and damned.

Yet he thought of himself quite simply as a genius, and that thought never left him:

I didn't trifle with my works. They stood for something important. And yet ... I had the right to laugh at them or make jokes about them, though at the same time they were of the first importance. And at the same time a genius doesn't allow himself to despair if he isn't recognized.

It 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 never otherwise think of expressing in his writing. Besides, he was blind by this time (1974) and unable to write: "... You've been a very active man and you've worked a great deal, yet in spite of that there have been moments of surrender, of sinking into [the] immediate present?" (Answer: "Yes. There have been a great many moments like that.") And: "I should be interested to know what you look upon as your greatest faults." (Answer: "Oh, for the moment nothing in particular, really. But I think there have been some.") Or: "I'd like to ask you in a very general way how you see your life as a whole?" Or: "When all is said and done, you look upon death with great serenity."

As for Sartre's teaching, in the early years, he said the hours he spent with his pupils "seemed to me a game. Usually I was there with a very stupid boy who vaguely listened to what I said for an hour, and then I left. I no longer even had the impression that it was teaching. It seemed to me like a kind of prattle that would bring me in, say, twenty francs."

Sartre is famous for his notions of freedom but one can't help but be a bit disappointed when he speaks of how freedom operated in his life. It started as a child: He was much adored by his family, they considered him a little prince, and he had a strong sense of his own freedom at that stage. But freedom had nothing to do with the "gratuitous act." I apparently had more to do with simply making little everyday decisions. "As I saw it, freedom and consciousness were the same. Seeing and being free were the same." Interpretation? What he is apparently saying is that exercising freedom is not the same as having freedom — that we have freedom when we have the feeling that we are free, that is when we refuse to feel bound.

Later he admits that his notion that one could be free in any circumstances began to seem simplistic in the wake of the rise of fascism in the late thirties, particularly towards the end of World War II, after he had finished *Being and Nothingness*. Fascism was based on hierarchies, and Sartre, since the strong sense of freedom he obtained as a child never really left him, always loathed hierarchies. "There cannot be any hierarchy with regard to freedom. There is nothing above freedom. I therefore decide for myself and no one can force my decisions." Socialistic theories were "fairly satisfying," but he was repelled by the notion that the only freedom was group freedom, "without any connection with metaphysics."

Further, freedom is not, as is commonly supposed, and as Sartre himself supposed for so long, an absolute. The inability of people to value whatever freedom they still possess creates the "confused state of mind ... which makes things so complicated in politics."

When we remember that these talks were made in 1974, when Sartre, though not chronologically aged, was already blind and extremely feeble, it is interesting to note that he still felt free, he could still value whatever freedom he still possessed, and he felt that he had been free even when a prisoner of the Nazis. As for the responsibility this freedom demanded, "I don't know why, but I look upon myself as being very nearly responsible for everything that happens to me.... On the whole I see myself in everything I have done and I do not think my actions have been determined by an outside cause."



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 microscopic way the outlines of the inevitable uniqueness of the individual human being, and because he had an interlocuter 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 structure: "God doesn't exist." Belief in God was simply old-fashioned. De Beauvoir: "What is the benefit that the fact of not believing in God has given you?" Sartre: "It has strengthened my freedom and made it sounder.... I don't need God in order to love my neighbour."

God is a prefabricated image of man, man multiplied by infinity; and men 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 millennialists and creationists who might cluck cluck over this to the Abbé 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 lovely man. This comes through on every page, both through the attitudes de Beauvoir takes towards Sartre and through his own self which comes through so clearly. "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 lively, you were blithe."

Besides, 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 at this stage becomes a little woolly and simplistic when he speaks of his long-held concept of the absolute nature of Good and Evil.

The great glory of Sartre's life, essentially inseparable from his writing, was his relationship with Simone de Beauvoir. It was a life-long relationship with an ethical foundation that rendered it endlessly renewable. Perhaps it's the great love story of the twentieth century — one at any rate to rival Nelson and Winnie Mandela's in its ability to inspire other potential lovers. And Sartre catches a great deal of the flavour of it in these lines:

I had one special reader and that was you. When you said to me, "I agree; it's all right," then it was all 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. curry

black treeless land  
evening quake

boiling mud holes  
out of the open fruit<sub>1</sub>

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're atoning for the stuff they did as kids — you know, like sticking firecrackers up a frog's ass & blowing them to smithereens ... or jumping 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, & misleading, 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 observer 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 glaringly 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 dissembly is mimicked in Hood's writings. His haiku are often translucent 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<sub>2</sub>

"A lot of haikuists 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:

Old dark sleepy pool ...  
Quick unexpected  
Frog  
Goes plop! Watersplash!<sub>3</sub>

Old pond:  
frog jump-in  
water-sound<sub>4</sub>

frog  
pond  
plop<sub>5</sub>

f r )  
p o n d  
( g l o p ,

Q<sub>7</sub>

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<sub>8</sub>

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 around 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<sub>9</sub>

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 is so often the case, the point of a haiku is to present 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 intellection to, first of all, perceive the suitable content of a haiku; it takes a further act of intuitive intellection to then translate 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 2 elements are inseparable, as in the following:

excavation

imagine if one had a large black hat<sub>10</sub>

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.

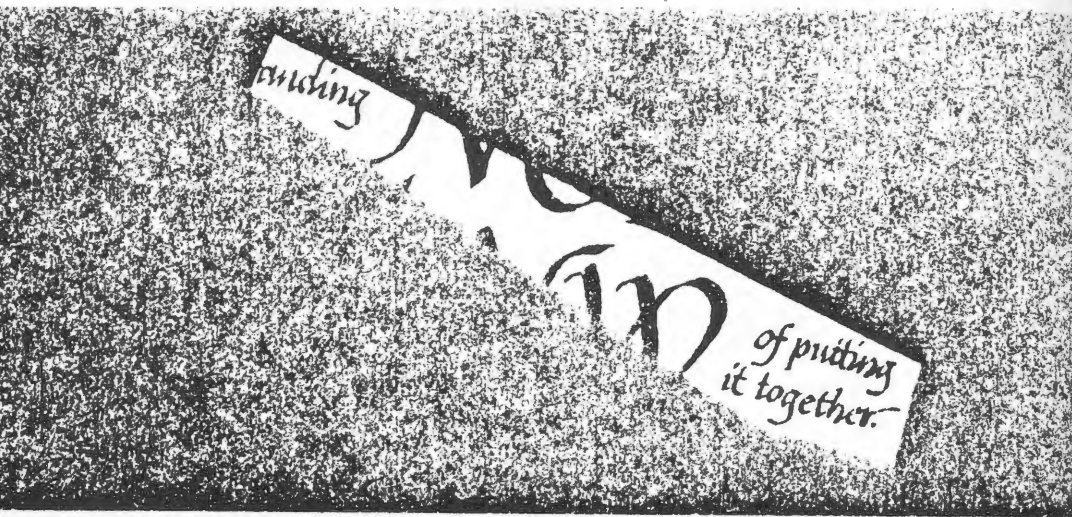
"For haiku to grow & be of continuing interest, it's gotta adapt & accept the possibilities that language offers, because haiku is certainly a linguistic art. An example of what I mean? OK. LeRoy Gorman's visual pieces,<sup>11</sup> those 2-worders you were showing me earlier,<sup>12</sup> & that high-density stuff of Dugan's,<sup>13</sup> for a start. There's no end to what might be possible if people could shuck off their steeped-with-tradition complexes."



Hood has shucked off whatever traditions he can identify; from content restrictions to typographical & calligraphic conventions, as can be seen from the manuscript material he's provided us with here.

From the truly minor body of work he's published, some major considerations have arisen. It remains to be seen whether any notice will be taken.

In the meantime, Wharton Hood continues<sup>14</sup>



#### Footnotes

1. by Wharton Hood, from *After The End #4* (Toronto, 1986)
2. by Wharton Hood, from his unpublished *House Of Cards*
3. translation by Peter Beilenson, from Eric Amann's *The Wordless Poem* (Toronto, Haiku Society Of Canada, 1969, quoted from Beilenson's *Japanese Haiku*, New York, Peter Pauper Press, 196-?)
4. translation by H.G. Henderson, from Amann's *The Wordless Poem* (quoted from Henderson's *An Introduction To Haiku*, New York, Doubleday, 1958)
5. translation by Dom Sylvester Houedard, from *The Golden Mile* (Bristol, Arnolfini Gallery, 1966, a flyer for an exhibition of concrete poetry)
6. translation by bpNichol, from his *Ephemera* (Toronto, Curvd H&z for Letters bookstore, 1984, a poster for a reading)
7. "Single letter Translation" by bpNichol, from *Cross-Canada Writers' Quarterly* vol. 9 #3/4 (Toronto, 1987)
8. by Wharton Hood, from *House Of Cards*
9. by Wharton Hood, from *Abscess* (Boulazac, France, La Poire D'Angoisse, 1987)
10. by Wharton Hood, from *House Of Cards*
11. LeRoy Gorman's *Whose Smile The Ripple Warps* (Toronto, Underwhich Editions, 1980), concrete haiku executed on the typewriter
12. Eric Amann, LeRoy Gorman & George Swede's *the space between* (Glen Burnie, Wind Chimes Press, 1986) & Swede's *Bifids* (Toronto, Curvd H&z, 1984)
13. MB Duggan's *Incisions* (Toronto, Curvd H&z, 1985), haiku concealed in typewriter mazes
14. by Wharton Hood, from *Industrial Sabotage #36* (Toronto, 1986)

#### A Bibliography of Wharton Hood

1. *MYSTERIOUS LETTERS FOUND EMBEDDED IN TORONTO PARKING LOT — SUSPECTS SOUGHT*. Toronto, Curvd H&z, 17'aug'83 (Curvd H&z #231. Card #30) 1/75 copies. postcard. journalism w/ a photograph by jwcurry.
2. "WINN", in *What #1*, edited by Kevin Connolly & Jason Sherman. Toronto, Conman Productions, 27'sep'85. a visual poem.
3. *Group Sex: Starting Position #1: Starting Position #2 & "A says sentence"*, in *Alea #1*, edited by Tom Hamill. Mechanicsburg, Pa., 14'oct'85. concrete poetry.
4. "under the maple tree", in *After The End #3*, edited by Greg Evason. Toronto, Guardian Angel Press, 28'nov'85. haiku.
5. *THE NARROW VIEW: READING READINGS IN TORONTO*, in *Global Tapestry Journal #17*, edited by Dave Cunliffe. Salesbury, UK, BB Bks, winter'85/86. journalism.
6. "anding", in *Industrial Sabotage #36*, edited by jwcurry. Toronto, Curvd H&z, 26'mar'86. a concrete poem.
7. "black treeless land", in *After The End #4*, edited by Greg Evason. Toronto, Guardian Angel Press, 28'mar'86. haiku. reproduction of manuscript holograph.
8. *Ladies and gentlemen: Wharton Hood*, in *What #4*, edited by Kevin Connolly & Jason Sherman. Toronto, Conman Productions, 3'apr'86. a letter, somewhat edited & titled by the editors.
9. "tongue", "now", & "clouds", in *Mallife #9*, edited by Mike Miskowski. Tempe, Az., Bomb Shelter Propaganda, summer'86. haiku, reproductions of manuscript holographs.
10. haiku. Toronto, Psycho Potato Press, 5'sep'86 (1cent #165) 1/54 numbered copies. leaflet. original holograph haiku, each copy unique.
11. "child swinging—", in *Spudburn #3*, edited by jwcurry. Toronto, Psycho Potato Press, 30'sep'86. original holograph haiku & graphic, each copy unique.
12. "ill airport". Toronto, Guardian Angel Press, 6'oct'86 (Gap #38. Card #8) 1/78 numbered copies. postcard. haiku.
13. "the wind shifts", "receding brain", "across the prairies", "between words", "I am a telephone", & "wind", in *Inkstone* vol. 3 #3, edited by Marshall Hryciuk & Keith Southward. Toronto, 1987. haiku.
14. "subway", a collaboration w/ jwcurry, in *The Voice Of Zewam #5* edited by Brendan Donegan. Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., spring'87. a poem.
15. "i", in *Industrial Sabotage #39*, edited by jwcurry. Toronto, Curvd H&z, 9'apr'87. a visual poem.
16. *ABSCISS*. Boulazac, France, La Poire D'Angoisse, 22'may'87 (Tuyau #142) 1/100 copies? 16 pp. haiku, reproduction of manuscript holograph
17. "an almostfrightening". Toronto, Curvd H&z, 27'may'87 (Curvd H&z #357. Card #56) 1/100 copies. postcard. haiku, reproduction of manuscript holography w/ graphic by Qaani Lore.
18. "consultation", a collaboration w/ jwcurry, in *The Voice Of Zewam #6*, edited by Brendan Donegan. Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., sep'87. a poem.
19. "I am a telephone", in *Spudburn #4*, edited by jwcurry. Toronto, Psycho Potato Press, 27'sep'87. original holograph haiku, each copy unique.
20. "the highway is a way", in *Cross-Canada Writers' Quarterly* vol. 9 #3/4, edited by Ted Plantos & George Swede. Toronto, Cross-Canada Writers Inc., 9'oct'87. a poem.
21. "evening horizon". Toronto, Curvd H&z, 18'oct'87 (Curvd H&z #369. 1cent #193) 1/140 copies. leaflet. haiku.

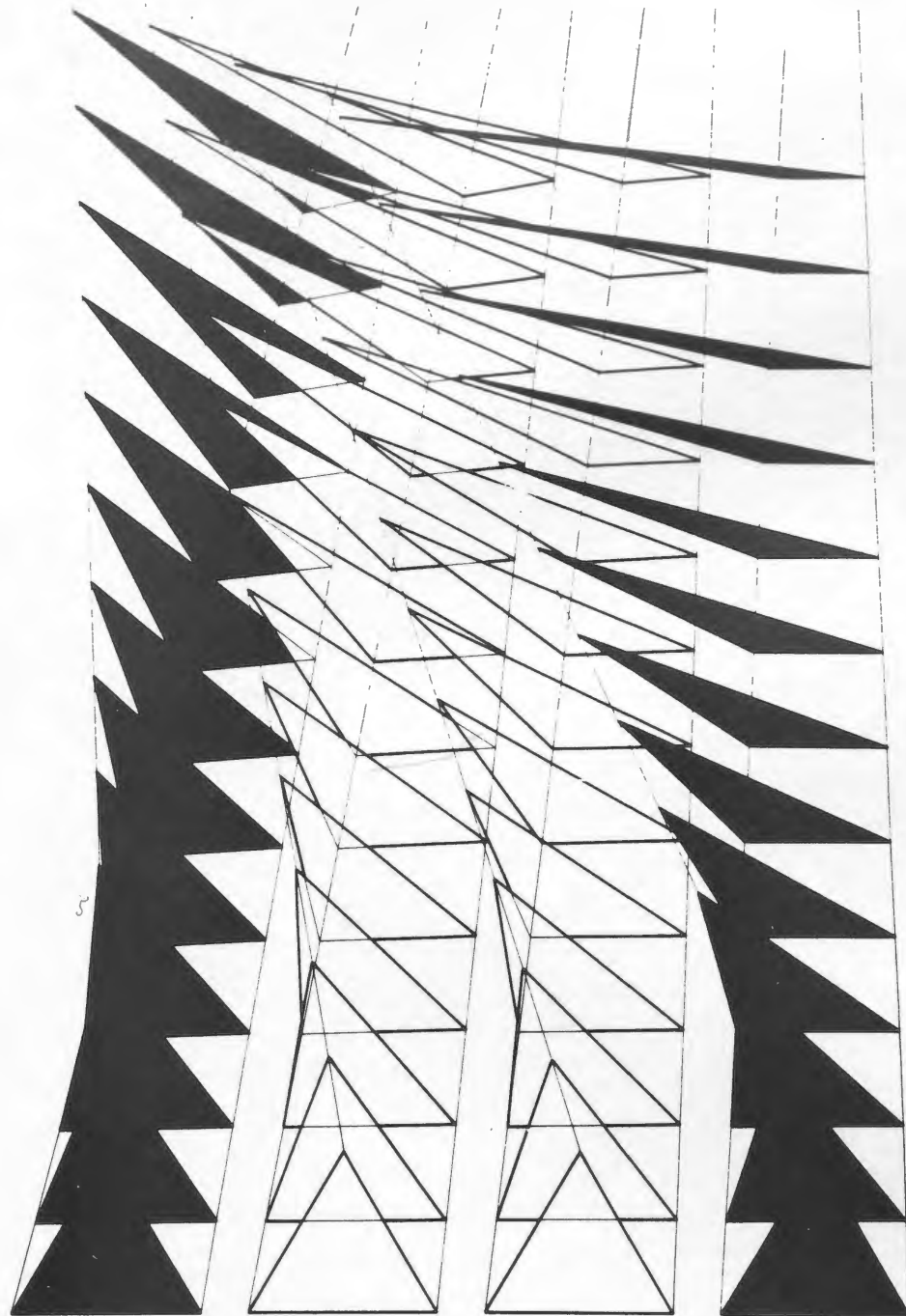


Image by Pavel Rudolf

## BOOKS RECEIVED

The editors regret that due to spatio-temporal restrictions, not all books received will be given the reviews that they so richly deserve. However, we hope that this listing will serve the reader as a helpful introduction to these worthwhile works.

Bruce Benderson, *The United Nations of Times Square* (Red Dust Inc., P.O. Box 630, New York, N.Y. 10028 USA).

"Damn! Just when I thought it was safe to join the mighty hordes who dismiss post-modernism as a cruel joke that avant-garde artists have imposed on themselves, I run into a tiny 8 page masterpiece called *The United Nations of Times Square*. Red Dust's pricetag (\$3.00) seemed laughable at first. But, when I read the book I had to admit it contained more exciting writing than can usually be found in entire novels by authors who get more written about them in *New York Times* book reviews than Benderson offers in the whole of *United Nations*.

Summarizing the contents would be both impossible and misleading. More to the point is Benderson's sophisticated manipulation of graphology and different narrative voices. As you move through the text you are forced to abandon intellectual analysis and accept intuitive associative processes as the key to comprehension. Not a word is wasted along the way, and the text re-reads so well that you can spend as much time with it as you would with a 300 page novel — without the \$23.95 cash outlay or the frustration of wading through so many wasted words." — Jim Francis

Dennis Cooley, *The Vernacular Muse* (Turnstone Press, 607-100 Arthur Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 1H3).

"*The Vernacular Muse* is a joy to read, and a remarkable accomplishment for a collection of essays. It is not, however, always a joy to think about afterwards. The writing is both accessible and challenging. Cooley fractures words wherever it is convenient for his purpose — without hesitation or apology. And the puns alone are worth the price of admission. But afterwards, troubling questions about what is and is not permissible in so-called "good" poetry crawl to the surface, complete with frightening political implications.

Michael Ondaatje, Dorothy Livesay, Robert Duncan, and Margaret Laurence all benefit from his dissections. And the essay entitled 'Breaking and Entering' mounts a powerful attack against reviewers, editors and even poets who insist on tidy left margins and simple unambiguous units. Anyone with an interest in writing that wants to be something other than what is sanctioned by Arts Councils and University 'canned' lit. courses will cheer out loud. But the essay from which the collection derives its title, 'The Vernacular Muse in Prairie Poetry', makes explicit what the other essays assume: Dennis Cooley is a revolutionary. He is challenging readers and writers to re-examine their role in contemporary literature. And he's challenging editors and critics to see the primacy of traditional poetic values ('the elegant, the erudite, the allusive, the exotic') as an institutional device for suppressing voices that would speak of the immediate and the real." — Jim Francis.

Andrzej Dudek-Dürer, *Meta Trip Arts III*, Metaphysical Telepathic Activity, ul. Kolbuszewska 15/1, 53404, Wrocław, Poland (\$15.00 US).

This book is a documentation of Durer's unique metaphysical art activity since 1969. For Durer Life is a transformation, and creativity is the act of transformation. The book features documentations of performances, sculptures, installations & theoretical text, hypothetical text & image. Durer's artistic vision is both unique and complete. His work has appeared in various forms across the world. This collection will be of great interest to those with a taste for the eclectic and eccentric.

Giovanni Fontana, *L'uomo delle pulizie*, Dismisuratesti, Via Colleprata, 374 — 03011 Alatri (FR), Italia.

Fontana's little perfect-bound book is stuffed with plenty of concrete/visual interplay between text, hand-drawn image, and collage utilizing both photo and appropriated bits of text. All beautifully half-toned and printed onto fine white stock. Each piece is printed on an individual page, with nothing printed on the flip-side, more like a high quality catalogue than a book. The collection is prefaced by a statement on the artist by Gio Ferri (in Italian). A select collection of choice works that will appeal to those with an interest in either concrete poetry or the other art forms that integrate text and image.



Brian Henderson, *The Alphamiricon*, Underwhich Editions, Box 262, Adelaide Street Station, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5C 2J4. (5 1/4 x 5 1/4, 32 cards, boxed, edition of 300, \$8.00), is a sequence of kaleidoscopic visual, iconic, frameable meditations on the 26 letters. Henderson, with his well-established reputation for finely crafted verse, full of refinement, subtlety, and grace of style, proves here that his eye matches his voice. This offering is his first book of visual poems — a significant new direction in the work of an important poet.

Beth Jankola, *Shadows in the Glass*, The Caitlin Press, P.O. Box 35220, Station E, Vancovuer, B.C. V6M 4G4 (\$8.95).

“Jankola’s poems begin deceptively in narrative, then, mid-point shift like a second thought; nothing is ever quite what it first appears.” — Barry Dempster

Ed. Arthur & Mari-Louise Krockner, *Body Invaders: Panic Sex in America*, Oxford University Press, 70 Wynford Drive, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada M3C 1J9 (\$15.95).

“A critical collection of thematically focused essays dealing with the fate of the body in the postmodern conditions.” This book compiles a series of provocative and intelligent essays on developments in sexual attitudes and mores with a focus on twentieth century attitudes. An unusual but practical integration of psychological, anthropological and socio-political viewpoints.

Steve McCaffery, *Evoba*, Coach House Press, 401 (rear) Huron Street, Toronto, Canada M5S 2G5 (\$10.95).

*Evoba* is a poetic response to Wittgenstein’s *Philosophical Investigations*, that begins by stating; “If the aim of philosophy is, as Wittgenstein claims, to show the fly the way out of the fly-bottle, then the aim of poetry is to convince the bottle that there is no fly.” “McCaffery’s poetry, fiction and performance argues that language, can be mis-leading and ambiguous partly due to the ‘blurred’ inter-relationship between signifier and signified. Consequently, one obvious but (il)logical thing to do, is to exploit the multiplicity of meanings in language. McCaffery’s writing dissolves the difference between medium/message, or figure/ground, and at the same time it exploits the distinction between signifier/signified.

*Evoba* is an ebullient work that displays a rigorous application of critical theory. It combines visual narratives, typographical manipulations, sketches, plays on words, trompe d’oeil drawings, with concrete poetry techniques, all couched within a disjunctive narrative structure. Points in conceptual infelicity are illustrated through (il)logical mathematical (in)congruities. Here, as in his other works he betrays a strong interest in (non-)narrative approaches. As the title suggests (reverse spelling of ‘above’), the book is concerned with analogue structures, contradictions, and paradox. Due to the polysemous nature of this text no single reading is possible nor, is it warranted. In *Evoba*, McCaffery does a disappearing act up his own sleeve.” — K. Jirgens

Erin Moure, *Furious*, House of Anansi, 35 Britain St., Toronto, Onario, Canada M5A 1T7 (\$9.95).

*Furious* is Erin Moure’s fourth book of poetry. The writing is charged with her distinctive energy and wit; she explores the limits of “pure” reason and the language of power. In *Furious* there is a fresh and often celebratory look at love. Moure challenges us to explore a feminist aesthetic: of thinking, of the page, of working life and the possibility of poetry.

b.p. Nichol, *Selected Organs*, “Parts of an Autobiography”, Black Moss Press, Windsor, Ontario, Canada. [Orders c/o Firefly Books, 3520 Pharmacy Ave., Unit 1-C, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada, M1W 2T8.]

*Selected Organs* is a lyrical prose collection chosen from the larger autobiography-in-progress, *Organ Music*. Scenes from the author’s life are set down in the oral story-telling tradition of his grandmother. Each vignette relates to a part of the body and Nichol’s past experiences, musings and discoveries. As befits an autobiography, all the stories in this book are true. Telling his own story “from a different direction”, Canada’s popular experimentalist poet blends clichés and stereotypes of language with his original and illuminating view of life and art. In many ways, this book is an extension of Nichol’s body-art which rises out of his performance work and sound poetry. In this book, Nichol provokes the reader with his rich sense of humour and his willingness to reveal the human strengths and weaknesses that inhabit us all.

Jurgen O. Ölbrich & W. Luh, *Zeitschrift fur Tiegel*, Kunoldstr. 34, 3500 Kassel, West Germany (150 exemplaires). “überkultuerli-offenherzig, handgedrukt” (ie; metacultural, openhearted, handprinted).

“A multi-media 3-D collage/book/parcel containing 45 rpm, strips of cloth printed with repeated numbers, small plastic bag containing black and white diamond shaped chips of wood, bumper sticker — ‘Fahre mit Herz’ [drive with (a) heart], and envelope containing work by a ‘visual guest’ (Alex Gallun). The envelope contains a metal postcard, photos of food and people. The ‘Book’ also contains a ballpoint pen, tiny racing car with the #4 on it, metal brooch, tiny medicine capsule, unidentifiable brown fuzz, rubber stamp, coupons, bits of coloured plastic-coated wire, tiny pink clothespin, very small green & orange paper accordion, blue & white striped birthday candle, various papers with bits of text, all inside a brown corrugated cardboard cover. An enigmatic statement on a kinetic society. Skillfully executed, combining everyday objects into a commentary on a fast-paced mobile culture. Ölbrich’s book, like his performace work, implies the importance of a nomadic perspective.” — K. Jirgens

Peter Plate, *Joaquin (in the fog)*, Autofiction Series, c/o Flatland Distribution, 1844 Foothill Blvd., Oakland, Calif. 94606 USA (\$4.00 US).

“On the heels of his return from a poetry tour across Canada, and the publication of ‘All My Relatives’ in *Semiotext(e)*, Plate is turning in the dividends of ideological purity for the dross of mass approval.”

Ed. Christl Verduyn, *Margaret Laurence: An Appreciation*, Broadview Press, P.O. Box 1243, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada K9J 7H5 [or, Leslie Niblett (705) 743-8990 for direct orders], or, Broadview Press, 421 Center Street, Lewiston, N.Y. 14092 USA.

“A collection of outstanding essays on Laurence’s work, together with two pieces by Laurence herself”. Includes articles on Laurence’s novels and short stories by some of our most informed critics, including George Woodcock, Marian Engel, Clara Thomas, John Lennox, and W.H. New. Susan Warwick’s “Log” of Laurence’s life and works will be invaluable to Laurence scholars. Laurence’s own life-affirmative statements at the close of the book are sensitive and deeply revealing. Cover image by artist Harold Town. A collector’s item assembled in appreciation of and tribute to one of Canada’s finest authors.

Carolyn Zonailo, *Zen Forest*, Caitlin Press, P.O. Box 35220, Stn. E., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 4G4, (\$8.95).

“Carolyn Zonailo’s poetry is marked by its attention to physical detail, to emotional nuance and to sensual presence.” — Doug Barbour.

In this, her fourth collection of poetry, Zonailo continues to develop her mystic vision of natural and spiritual worlds.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED — Journals & Magazines;

*Afterimage* includes theory, reviews, criticism, listings & documentation of photoworks & film. A definitive survey of current works from the U.S. & abroad. Offers insightful historical perspectives & a useful information section on available grants, positions, artists’ residences, workshops, etc. Works by & about Harry Polkinhorn, Robert Bowen, Leonard Schwarz, James Hugunin, Aimee Ergas & numerous others. — 31 Prince St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607, USA

*Arts Information* includes important critical theory on art & writing, politics, graphics, interviews & reviews with a maritime focus & unique sensibility. Recent issue features Julia Pickard, Ken Livingston, & Joan Sullivan. — P.O. Box 6371, St. John’s, Newfoundland, Canada, A1C 6J9

*Babble* is a brown-paper-bag, multi-media, bubble-gum, rubber-band, artwork insert, fun-fur lined publication featuring wild graphics, visual narratives, & bizarre text by new artists/writers including Mr. Bones, Rox, Roscoe Dogbone et al. — c/o 660 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6J 1E5

*Borderlines* takes an eclectic path & offers cultural analysis that displays strong awareness of recent critical thought. Includes interviews, criticism, reviews, & large format graphics. Black & white with colour cover. Works by Ioan Davies, Jones, Joe Galbo, etc. — c/o Bethune College, York University, 4700 Keele St., Downsview, Ontario, Canada M3J 1P3

*Capilano Review* continues to feature recent poetry, fiction, strong graphics, useful criticism & reviews with a west-coast perspective onto the rest of Canada. Includes Gary Geddes, Gerry Shikatani, John Baglow & others. — 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7J 3H5

*CEPA Quarterly* features postmodern culture & politics, stimulating articles focusing on theory, criticism, reviews & documentation of recent works from the CEPA Gallery. Sculpture, photo, performance, film, video, information on workshops, seminars & so on. — 700 Main Street, 4th Floor, Buffalo, N.Y. 14202, USA

*Cross-Canada Writer’s Magazine* continues offering substantive poetry, fiction, essays, & reviews. Interesting news & information on current literary events as well as coverage of more established writers. Works on/by Raymond Souster, Susan Iannou, Shaunt Basmajian, Bev Daurio & many others. — P.O. Box 277, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2L7

*Descant* continues in its well-established tradition & sophisticated clean format, presenting challenging poetry, fiction, graphics & criticism by both Canadian & international writers such as Leon Rooke, Alberto Manguel & Robert Bringham. Each issue also includes a section devoted to innovative visual works, photos, drawings etc. — P.O. Box 314, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5S 2S8

*Estuaire* is a challenging & fairly recent francophone journal focusing on stimulating developments in Quebecois writing. Includes poetry, theory, prose, by Claude Beausoleil, Lucien Francoeur, Jean-Paul Daoust & numerous others. Takes a rhythmic pulse from one of the main arteries of Quebec writing. — c.p. 337, succ. Outremont, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2V 4N1

*Fuse* magazine offers on-going & important coverage on art & politics, theory & practice, including criticism, interviews, reviews, photo-documents etc. Recent works on/by Sara Diamond, Dot Tuer, Margaret Christakos, Clive Robertson, & many others. — 183 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 2R7

*High Performance* is a pot-pourri of reportage & photo-document on international performance works. Each issue features a special feature article on specific artist’s work. THE definitive magazine in the field. Recent issue includes coverage of festivals, theory, criticism & interviews by or about Philip Glass, Michael Snow, Robert Morgan, Suzanne Lacy, Marina LaPalma, Linda Bumham, Judith Hoffberg & many others. — 240 S. Broadway, 5th Floor, L.A. Calif. 90012, USA

*Ice River* is a progressive literary magazine featuring speculative poetry, incuding surrealist & futurist works with a special interest in the music of language. This north by north-west connection specializes in short fantastic fiction, magic realism & surrealist artwork & poetry by David Memmott, Misha Chocholak, Ferret, Don Webb, Richard Truhlar & others. — 953 N. Gale, Union, Orgon, 97883 USA

*Impulse* continues to present slick nouveau-pop in the form of fiction, film documentation, architecture, & fashion. Recent issue features provocative interviews with J.G. Ballard, Artaud’s Doctor, & John Waters. Sophisto format features full colour cover with hologram on back, great photowork, & elegant (b&w interior design). — 16 Skey Lane, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6J 3S4

*Inter* provides intelligent, innovative & conceptual art, theory, & criticism, with bold graphics, gloss format, & full colour cover. Features an international scope, serious works that aren’t afraid to undermine convention or display a sense of humour. Strong coverage of international shows & festivals of art, music etc. Recent issue is a striking array by & on artists; Robert Filliou, Richard Martel, Alain-Martin Richard, Pierre-Andre Arcand, Guy Durand, Monty Cantsin, Mona Desgagne et. al. Also includes audio cassette of innovative accoustic works from around the world. — c.p. 277, Haute-Ville, Quebec, Canada G1R 4P8

*Journal of Wild Culture* is a unique publication focusing on the socio-cultural interaction of art & nature. Includes a wild foods guide (yes, you too can eat cattail shoots), fiction, ‘pataphysical reports on recent developments in evolution, lots of graphics, photos & photo-theory, reports on the condition of local habitat, ecology & the imagination. Works by Gary Michael Dault, John Scott, Richard Purdy, Dr. Hank Hedges, David Hlynsky & Whitney Smith & many more. Associated with the Society for the Preservation of Wild Culture. — 158 Crawford Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6J 2V4

*Mattoid* magazine is an exciting literary coming out of Deakin University in Australia. Includes recent poetry, prose, graphics, interviews, reviews etc. Issue #28 features an interview with Robert Kroetsch (on tour) by Brian Edwards, complete with bibliography. — c/o School of Humanities, Deakin University, Victoria, Australia 3217

*Metronom* is a new & challenging publication in Spanish with some English translation & plenty of excellent visuals produced by “del Centre de Documentacio d’Art Actuel” in Barcelona, Spain. Superlative large-format design, bold graphics, documentation, theory, poetry, prose, listings etc. Includes recent innovative Spanish, European & North American works by David Mach, Jean-Paul Thibaud, Quim Davi, Antoni Serra & others. — CDAA (Centre de Documentacio d’Art Actuel), Carrer de las Fussina — 9, 08003 Barcelona, Espanya — Spain

*Open Letter* “A Canadian Journal of Writing and Sources”, edited by Frank Davey. Contributing editors; George Bowering, Steve McCaffery, bp Nichol, Fred Wah. Incisive criticism, challenging theory, innovative thinking. *Open Letter* is a long-established journal that is essential for those who wish to keep up to date on new and expanding horizons in critical thought. Often a different focus with each issue. Recent “Steve McCaffery” issue (Sixth series, Number 9) features a variety of responses to McCaffery’s provocative post-structural theory. A must for those who wish to be in touch. — 104 Lyndhurst Avenue, Toronto, Ontario Canada M5R 2Z7.

*Parachute* is an essential art magazine with serious attention to recent new works in Canada & abroad. Strong awareness of recent critical theory applied to unconventional artistic works. Recent 50th anniversary issue features superb collection of photoworks. Essays, reviews, translations, photo-documents etc., on/by Philip Monk, Chantal Pontbriand, Jo Anna Isaak, Documenta 8, etc. — c.p. 425, succ. Place d’Ames, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2Y 3H5

*Pop-Tart* is a new magazine of instant art featuring a wild assortment of text & image including fiction, poetry, ecological reports, political commentary, coverage of art & literary events, film scripts, drawings, photos, collage, percentage shots, & other normal day in the neighbourhood type stuff, by Opal L. Nations, J.J. Crashbang, Beth Jankola, darinka blagaj, Fumiko Kiyooka, Roy Kiyooka, Judy Radul, M. Helen J. Orr, & many others. Editorial offices in Toronto & Vancouver. — Box 65746, Station F, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V5N 5K7

*Prairie Fire* is coming on strong with interviews, poetry, fiction, bold graphics, criticism & reviews. Recent issues include intelligent debates on the influence of the prairie & locale. Works by & on Robert Kroetsch, Dennis Cooley, Aritha Van Herk, Fred Wah, Michael Ondaatje, Daphne Marlatt, Stephen Scobie etc. — 208-100 Arthur Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 1H3

*Praxis* features unusual perspectives & conceptually strong art theory, criticism, photo-documentation, interviews etc. on or by new & progressive Australian artists. Gloss format, colour cover & exciting graphics. — 33 Pakenham St., P.O. Box 536, Freemantle, W.A., 6160, Australia

*Prism International* includes contemporary poetry, fiction, translations by international authors including recent exciting works from Japan. Including P.K. Page, Yoshida Issui, Knud Sonderby, etc. — c/o Dept. of Creative Writing, Univ. of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6T 1W5

*Quarry* features new grass-roots writing as well as more established authors. Poetry, fiction, essays, reviews, & a stimulating annual writing workshop. Recent issue features Janice Kulyk Keefer, Elizabeth Greene, Miriam Pack, Ann L. Walsh & others. — P.O. Box 1061, Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7L 4Y5

*Raddle Moon* features prose & poetry in an attractive clean format, some photos, and engaging new writing by both national and international talent including Charles Bernstein, Karen MacCormack, Jeff Derksen and many others. Displays a solid awareness of new approaches to literary theory and practice. — 9060 Ardmore Drive, Sidney, British Columbia, Canada V8L 3S1

*Semiotext(e)* continues its presentation of a plethora of visuals, and text to challenge the eyes & mind. Recent issues feature works by Dick Higgins, Jean Baudrillard, William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Church of the Sub-Genious, & on & on. A regular smorgasbord. — 522 Philosophy Hall, Columbia Univ., New York, N.Y. 10027 USA

*La Taverna di Auerbach*, an exciting new Italian pubucation focused primarily on poetry, sound poetry and language oriented multi-media works and events. “Se qui c’e verita, essa si trova ovunque, e dovevamo spollarla da un punto qualsiasi alla nostra portata, come il vino nella Tavema di Auerbach.” First issue feaures theoretical and poetic works by Henri Chopin, Dick Higgins, E. Miccini, Giovanni Fontana and many others — Via Colleprata, 374, 03011 Alatri (Fr) Italia.

*3 V itre* features polypoeetry on 45 r.p.m. records accompanied by textual materials. Features post-structural sensibility, focuses on sound poetry, & vocal experiment that lies beyond harmony, beyond melody. One of a kind. — via Cremonino, 14-44042, Cento (fe), Italia.

*What* is a literary news tabloid that features challenging & provocative fiction, poetry, criticism, reviews, graphics & interviews largely from a Toronto perspective. Some photoworks & plenty of coverage of recent books, events, readings & so on. Some solid interconnection with the northern U.S. grass-roots. Works by Christopher Dewdney, Brian Dedora, Maggie Helwig, & numerous others. — Box 338, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 4Y8

*Writing* consistently presents new quality works of fiction & poetry. Has its finger on the pulse of new literary developments, especially in Canada. Recent issues feature b.p. Nichol, Margaret Christakos, & Bob Perelman. — Box 69609, Station K, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V5K 4W7



# CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Jeremy Adler is a London (U.K.) writer of astonishing versatility. He was introduced to *Rampike* by Toronto's own Paul Dutton.

Fernando Aguiar is a visual and textual artist from Lisboa, Portugal who is well known in Europe. This is his first appearance in *Rampike*.

Mickal And recently got married. He is a Hyper Zaum artist, writer, performance artist, publisher, and satirist, livin' in the U.S.A.

Pierre-André Arcand is a superlative talent from Quebec City. He is one of the editors of *Inter* magazine, a conceptual artist, writer, and we are happy to say, a regular contributor to *Rampike* magazine.

Carmen Berenguer is an editor/publisher/conference organizer from Santiago, Chile. She sends us some poems from her latest book *At Half Mast*.

Darinka Blagaj is a visual and performance artist currently living in Toronto.

John Brown likes to wrestle with his mirror image. He is a provocative and reclusive visual artist who lives in Toronto, and sometimes Guelph, Ontario.

Monty Cantsin is a chief diplomat of the New York Neoist Embassy. He has previously appeared in *Rampike*, and promises that although Neoism has a bad attitude, it also stops misery, guarantees glory and full time entertainment.

Misha Chocholak is a hot-shot writer/editor from Cove, Oregon. This is Misha's first, but we hope not last appearance in *Rampike*.

Douglas Clark is a photo-collage expert currently living in Toronto. His work is uniquely suited to this magazine's format, and we are exceptionally pleased to welcome him aboard.

Dennis Cooley is a white-hot writer, critic, editor from Winnipeg, Canada. He has recently been working on his new book; *Soul Searching*.

John Curry edits and publishes *Industrial Sabotage*, a magazine featuring textual innovations. He is also the mastermind behind *Curvd H&Z*, and one of the editors at *Underwhich Editions*. John lives in Toronto's east end.

Carol Dallaire is an inspired creator of visual/texts from Jonquiere, Que.

Bev Daurio lives and writes and edits and does readings in Toronto, Canada.

Frank Davey edits *Open Letter* magazine, travels frequently, and teaches at York University in Toronto.

Stephanie Dickinson of Corpus Christi, Texas has never heard of Richard Purdy, and vice versa.

Brian Duren is too good to fade away. He teaches at the University of Iowa.

Raymond Federman is a New York writer, theoretician and publisher. He is the editor of *Surfiction* (Black Swallow Press, Chicago), a highly influential book of critical theory. *Rampike* looks forward to further correspondence with this literary innovator and provocateur.

Ferret is an inspired illustrator who sometimes contributes to *Ice River*. To the best of our knowledge, Ferret is from Cove, Oregon.

Jim Francis helps to edit *Rampike*, as I'm sure you all know by now.

Wolfgang Hainke of Bremen participated in the "Expanded Performance" at *Documenta 8* in Kassel. This is his first *Rampike* appearance.

Margo Kren's work has appeared in *High Performance* magazine, she creates her provocative lithographs in Manhattan, Kansas. (There's no place like home.) Margo's printer is Jack Wilson of the Holy Rollers, Lithograph shop in Wichita.

Richard Kostelanetz is widely published. He is a stylistic innovator, critic, and theorist. We are happy to say that his work appears regularly in *Rampike*.

Sylvère Lotringer is the incomparable editor of *Semiotext(e)*, a magazine that has been censured in the U.S. senate for its explicit sexual content. Sylvère is a writer, theoretician, panelist, and occasional performer, and we are most pleased to have included this interview with him.

Richard Martel is an editor with *Inter* magazine. He is a brilliant conceptual artist, theoretician, and festival organizer who enjoys travelling.

David McFadden, extremely famous Canadian author and literary genius, lives in Toronto, is of sensible height and enjoys baseball very much, thank you.

Steve McCaffery has recently been writing and developing his incisive critical theory. He has performed in North America and Europe, and, he has a bust of Voltaire on his work desk. His latest book is *Evoba* (Coach House Press).

Opal L. Nations is one of the world's great original thinkers. He has been published just about everywhere and currently does a radio program in Oakland, California with KPFA FM-94. Opal especially enjoys Doo-Wop music.

Jurgen O. Ölbrich has been corresponding with *Rampike* intensively for several years. He appeared in the *Documenta 8* arts festival. He makes a cameo appearance in this issue of the magazine. Look forward to more in the future.

Kirby Olson is a well-informed arts critic, writer, and regular *Rampike* contributor from Seattle, Washington. He often writes for *High Performance*.

Richard Purdy is a regular correspondent to *Rampike*, who delves in 'pataphysical matters and lives in Montreal, Quebec.

Danielle Ricard from Montreal, Quebec is interested in books and poultry.

Pavel Rudolf is a regular *Rampike* correspondent from BRNO, Czechoslovakia. He has recently been conducting experiments in linear geometric progressions.

Jurgen Schweinebraden is from Niedenstein. He participated in "Expanded Performance" at *Documenta 8*. This is his first appearance in *Rampike*.

Achim Schnyder of Kassel also participated in the same "Expanded Performance". This is also Achim's first *Rampike* appearance.

Roland Shefferski creates conceptual works about telephone booths in Germany.

(La) Societe de Conservation du Present announces that "L'histoire sera close. Nous viendrons apres." They are from Montreal, and they specialize in original copies of copied originals.

Phillipe Sollers is one of the premiere writers in France. He has worked as an editor, novelist, and literary critic. He was one of the central founding members of the influential French journal *Tel Quel*. *Rampike* is delighted to include interviews and translations of his recent works on a regular basis.

Manfred Vance Stümmann of Zurich makes his debut in *Rampike* with this issue, he participated in the "Expanded Performance" at *Documenta 8* and he has promised to increase correspondence with this magazine in the future.

Dennis Tourbin currently resides in Ottawa, but does shows of visual/textual works all over the place. He has an affinity with Peterborough, Ontario, and he recently had a show at the *SAW Gallery* in Ottawa, Canada.

Marino Tuzi is a writer-theoretician *par excellence* from Toronto, Canada.

Richard Truhlar, sound poet, radio talk show host, poet, world traveller, editor with *Underwhich Editions* is busy, doing exciting things in Toronto.

Martin Walser b. 1927, is a superlative West German novelist, dramatist, essayist, and short story writer. He has won the prestigious George-Buchner prize in Germany and his more recent works; *The Runaway Horse* (1978) and *The Swan Villa* (1980) have been critical successes. Several of his works are scheduled to be made into movies. Greg Gatenby helped *Rampike* to arrange this interview with Martin Walser while he was in Toronto for the International Authors Festival. His most recent book is *Breakers*, 1987.

Iving Weiss is a nomadic artist who presently resides in Philadelphia. He has informed us that if you copy something over and over, it remains the same.

Boris Wanowitch is a chief diplomat at the Neoist Embassy in Montreal, Quebec. He is engaged in computer subterfuge, lala-ology and the performance life.



Image by Dennis Tourbin