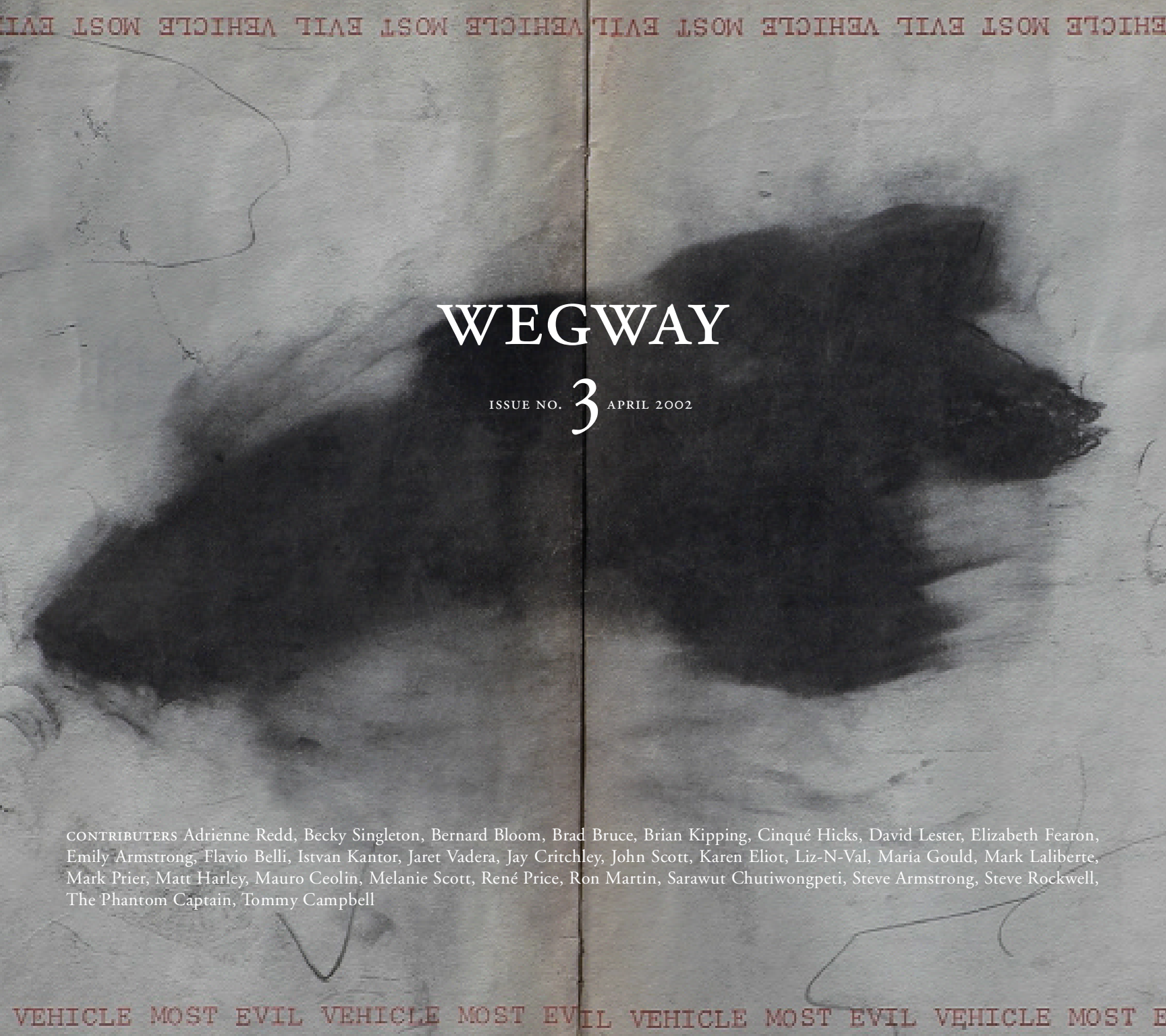




WEGWAY

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Isn't life peculiar? William S. Burroughs
Interpretation is the revenge of the intellect upon art. Susan Sontang

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Visit our Web site at www.wegway.com.

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LETTERS

Wegway is a magazine for artists, writers, composers, curators and all other culture-producers to publish primary documents, texts or images. In other words, we will not publish secondary literature such as reviews or essays that interpret other peoples' work. This magazine contains:

- 1) Work often referred to as an "artist project".
- 2) Comment on the world from the point of view of a culture-producer.
- 3) Experiments with texts and images or a combination of the two.

It is also possible that we might publish poetry or short stories at some time but I think that will only be a rare occurrence with extenuating circumstances. The world is full of literary journals and this isn't one of them.

Artists who publish in *Wegway* might find it helpful for their careers, but as Publisher/Editor my interests lie elsewhere. I want to publish peculiar, eccentric and hopefully radical things that are unlikely to find another venue. Of course it is difficult to recognise the radical, but I will try to keep an open mind. Also, there will not be any cloying theme-issues of *Wegway* or mealy-mouthed editorial attempts to find putative similarities among the various contributors to any particular issue. Thus *Wegway* has no restrictions on content except the unconscious bias of its Editor. I hope the readers and contributors will tell me about these failings.

All this being said, *Wegway*, though it has no particular problem with blasphemy or aberration, reserves the right to not publish a contribution for one of the two following reasons: Publication might result in *Wegway* being contacted by scary lawyers or *Wegway*, its officers, principals, interested parties, representatives or agents are not very fond of the contribution. Rest assured though, we will never inform a rejected contributor of our lack of fondness. We will say something like "this would be better suited to another publication" or "we have received an awful lot of these lately and we are out of room". In spite of this, don't be afraid - send something in; try us on for size.

Thank you to all the contributors, and thank you particularly to Paul Hogarth who designed this magazine. He took my vague idea to publish a neutral setting for art and created this dignified *Wegway* I am proud of. I wanted something Alfred Jarry would be pleased to read and I mention Jarry because I see *Wegway* in the tradition of his Ubu Roi, as well as dada, Futurism and Kurt Schwitters' MERZ magazine. Weg is German for way and way is English for weg – it is redundant and perhaps meaningless, but I hope it acknowledges its roots.

Steve Armstrong

BECKEY SINGLETON

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

four c-prints, 16" x 20", ©2001

BECKEY SINGLETON



BECKEY SINGLETON



The Beast fell in love with her.

BECKEY SINGLETON



BECKEY SINGLETON



Where the Beast lives for the first time

NO MORE MASTERPIECES MANIFESTO

From: The Cassette Mythos, Autonomedia 1990

Who was Laszlo Toth? Toth was the thirty-three-year-old Australian geologist of Hungarian birth who single-handedly hammered out the first principle of mail art: NO MORE MASTERPIECES. On May 21, 1972, Whitsunday (or Pentecost, the celebration of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles), at 11:30 a.m., as a crowd of worshippers and pilgrims waited to receive the Pope's blessing, Toth dashed past five black-uniformed guards, climbed over the marble balustrade in front of the Pieta in St. Peters, and gave Michelangelo's 473-year-old Virgin Mother (valued at \$10 million) fifteen blows with a sledgehammer that had been concealed under his raincoat, all the while shouting "I am Jesus Christ! I am Jesus Christ!"

The Times ran a front-page photo of Toth (hammer in hand) astride the Virgin just one column over from Nixon and Kissinger chatting about peace in a Salzburg garden. The papers called Toth: Madman, Lunatic, Assassin, Fanatic, Vandal, Sociopath, Nihilist, and compared him to Manson, Oswald, Sirhan, Ray, and Bremer. The media concluded that the incident raised two important questions: Can the damage be repaired? and Where did protective measures fail?

Many art lovers had a difficult time controlling their grief. One art historian devoted an entire lecture to Pieta slides, but with the first picture both he and his students burst into tears. Meanwhile, back at

St. Peters, a bullet-proof plexiglass screen was installed at the entrance to the chapel where the Pieta stood. Museums all over the world responded in horror and made expensive increases in security measures. The real issue raised by Toth's act of "cultural terrorism" was missed or covered up: NO MORE MASTERPIECES.

Giacometti, the sculptor, once said that if he were caught in a burning house and could save only one thing, a priceless Rembrandt or a cat, he'd choose the cat. Toth's blows were gentle. They fell, after all, on stone, not flesh. This is more than can be said of Nixon and Kissinger, the war criminals whose gentlemanly chats have caused so much destruction and death in the world. Yet it was Toth, not them, who was arrested for his "crime." Roger Dunsmore, in his "improvisational text" entitled "Laszlo Toth" (from which I've lifted much of the above) asks, "Where are you, Laszlo Toth of the gentle hammer?"

One place to look for the spirit of Laszlo Toth is in mail art's insistence that there be no juried exhibitions: NO MASTERPIECES. Chuck Welch's "Open Letter Manifesto," in his book *Networking Currents*, looks at what is called "mail art" as a form of networking, and in this way seeks to take it out of any art-world context that might contaminate the process of creative communication and the spirit of community that underlies it. One shared way in which mail artists and other networkers

interact with one another is through plagiarism. In 1988, we have seen mail artists participating in various “Festival of Plagiarism” events around the world. Given the elitism of the art world, plagiarism has a very negative connotation. Plagiarism as an art proclamation still shocks people in precisely the same way as Laszlo Toth’s hammer. Both cry out NO MORE MASTERPIECES (itself an echo of Antonin Artaud’s “original” statement to that effect of thirty years ago).

The ownership of ideas, as if they were material, is one of the pillars of Western Culture. Now, does the fact that the last sentence you just read was plagiarized word for word from L. Dunn in Photostatic Magazine rather than invented by me add or detract from the idea? Who can rightly claim ownership of an idea anyway? Perhaps if the sentence were plagiarized with the intent of deceiving the reader into thinking they were my words, or with a claim to the rewards of the literary marketplace for myself, the situation would be different. Instead, the sentence was plagiarized to call attention to plagiarism itself as a tool for subverting the commodified culture upon which Western “civilization” rests.

The negative connotation of plagiarism first gained currency in the Romantic era. The triumph of the bourgeoisie went hand in hand with the enshrinement of “Genius.” In England it was the intellectual counterpoint of the movement of land enclosures. Both phenomena represent the extension of individual ownership into areas that had previously been considered inalienably collective and communal. The idea of the “original” is then directly linked to privilege. The original is viewed as superior to the copy, and, from this perspective, almost any hierarchy can be justified. (The ludicrousness of these assumptions was the subject of Alan Rudolph’s film, *The Moderns*.) In this context, the reason why the “restorers” of the *Pieta* are not looked down upon as plagiarists is that they are seen as preserving the material value of a unique work of art and thereby upholding the very idea of genius.

Today, with the advent of the photocopy machine, millions of people are participating in a mass, albeit relatively unorganized, movement to copy, rearrange, and paste using the ideas of others. In the world of sound reproduction, with the development of digital sampling techniques,

plagiarism’s collage possibilities are presently being explored not only by the “avant-garde” (John Oswald has coined the term “plunderphonics” to explain his use of audio piracy as a compositional prerogative at his Mystery Tape Laboratory), but in the realm of popular music as well. Given this situation, do we lament the collapse of the “avant garde” or encourage the spread of plagiarism?

This question implies reassessing plagiarism as a potential revolutionary force. The actions of the plagiarists subvert concepts of value based on labour time and the difficulty of production and, consequently, the political economic bedrock of capitalism. I wrote that last sentence but I borrowed it from Stewart Home, one of the organizers of the Festival of Plagiarism. For some, plagiarism as an artistic technique represents the “nothing left to say” cynicism of post-modernism. For others, plagiarism represents an attempt to expose and explode, once and for all, bourgeois individualism.

Plagiarism in this latter sense is a form of negation which involves re-inventing the language of those who would control us. By the creation of new meanings (*détournement*), plagiarism acts as the negation of a culture that finds its ideological justification in the “unique.” In comparison, Postmodernist “appropriation” is very different from plagiarism. While post-modernist theory falsely asserts that there is no longer any basic reality, the plagiarist recognizes that Power is always a reality in historical society. By reconditioning dominant images through the conscious manipulation of pre-existing elements, by subjectivizing them, plagiarists aim to create a different reality than the media nightmare dictated by Power. Similarly, the use of multiple names (e.g. Karen Eliot, Monty Cantsin) attacks the sacred cow of originality. Plagiarism and acts of “art vandalism” are only found shocking because “individual genius” is embedded deep in our consciousness as the ultimate justification of private property.

Plagiarism is Necessary. Progress Implies It.

NO MORE MASTERPIECES!



In search of
the palatable...

19th annual int'l re-rooters day ceremony,
january 7, 2002

FREE 'RADE EDAR' EERF

A cool and rainy day greeted 25 stalwart celebrants to the East End Beach on Provincetown Harbor, tide close to high. Free 'rade, (Free Trade) was the theme – the continued rape of the environment – oil, energy, nuclear-while flag-waving and bombing get our attention. Re-written songs included O Tannenbaum!, We Free Yanks (We Three Kings), and the Twelve Days of Stockpiling (12 Days of Christmas). The ceremony ends with the burning of a discarded Christmas tree on a treeboat out on the water at sunset.

Below are some excerpts for the ceremony: the Ten Commandments of Petro-Ideology from the 1991 ceremony, Oil My Lips – liO yM spiL; and, "O Beautiful" from the 1988 ceremony at UPenn, the burning of a straw-built nuclear cooling tower:

While artificial chromosomes are morphing under the surface and a transgenic invasion of Battle Swarms DirecTV-shoelaceless, focus groups fore-care social-norm marketing through perv-vision, and vulture investors employ genital scanners, financing parallel realities with tumescent portals viewing Feng Shui spyware.

"Carnivore the unemployed bots," shout the cyberastronomists marketing patriotic reality chic, wandering the un-moneyed to shop, cross the porous borders of cross promoters, the cybersquatters-rogue arm-less children living in bleak chic.

Sperm counts drop as the Blue Screens of Death proclaim, "Pre-buttie," Butt Ugly Martians employ déjà voodoo, and progressive failures proclaim:

"In Wad We Trust."
"In Wad We Trust."

Unity. UniTV.
Unity. UniTV.

Twelve Days of Stockpiling (2002)
(12 Days of Christmas)

1. Faith-based unity
2. Invasive species
3. Media mergers
4. Laceless shoes
5. Genital scanners
6. Homo Security
7. Fast track bailouts
8. Vulture Investors
9. Un-moneyed
10. Fired workers
11. Patriotic oil drills
12. Feng Shui Spyware

O Beautiful (from 1988, UPenn)

O Beautiful, atomic skies,
For Gamma rays of grain.
Ultra violet mountains majesty,
Above God's nuclear plains.

Atomic Age, Atomic Age,
Thank God for energy.
With mounds of goods, use all we should,
From spree to shopping spree.

O Beautiful, exploding skies,
For beta waves of grain.
Plutonium mountains majesty,
God's radiation game.

And the Lord appeared to Moses in the form of a burning bush and gave him...

The Ten Commandments of Petro-Ideology
(from the IRS Archives circa 1991 REDUX)

Chant after each commandment: edar' eerF

1. OIL is the Lord thy God, and greed is thy credo;
2. Thou shalt not have gas guzzlingless cars before me;
3. Thou shalt not question PETRO-WONDER in vain;
4. Remember thou keep holy the BIRTH OF CRUDE: August 27, 1859;
5. Honor thy Father & Mother: Lube & Job;
6. Thou shalt not murder-but oil spills, slow death by consumption, fast cars, and barrels of laughs are OK;
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery-unless someone fucks with your pipeline dreams, your auto-eroticism, or your dipstick;
8. Thou shalt not steal-except by liposucking the earth, drilling into our psyche, and lubricating our future;
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against the earth-beware of false prophets who stop shopping, switch to all cotton, and throw out their plastic dildos;
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods unless you are a white male following the HOLY CRUDE, with plenty of missiles and guns, processed dreams, and bankrupt prosperity.

Let it be known that the devils and sinners who deceive us shall be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone where the beast and false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever. AMEN.

INTERSECTION

These pictures are a sequence taken crossing the intersection of Peter and Richmond Streets in Toronto, 2002. They were made with black and white Scala slide film while walking and shooting right into the sun.

BRIAN KIPPING



BRIAN KIPPING



BRIAN KIPPING





BRIAN KIPPING



OLD BORING SHIT

Istvan Kantor (a) Monty Cantsin? AMEN!

Conventionally, trans-linear expression is seen as a utopian nonsense; our first lesson is that trans-linear history has no beginning, no middle and no end. In Akademgorod, the Promised Land of **NEOISM?!**, everything happens simultaneously at once, at six o'clock. Past, present and future are not separated. Information accumulates in vertical reality's timeless zone. However, the trans 'n' non-linear history of **NEOISM?!**, including continuous and ongoing apartment festivals, street interventions, training camps, file cabinet gang-bangs and coat hanger cult transmissions, has been suppressed by the persistence of institutional culture's linear time control. Institutions canonize their own activities through linear history, increasingly infringing on any new ideas and trying to colonize radical alternative movements; hence, we are finding ourselves at odds with the historification of the institutional schema. **NEOISM?!** is responding to this crisis with a hyper-sexual trans-linear utopian objectivity as a critical sense toward our newly refurbished technological society.

The worldwide file cabinet machinery engenders large audiences, allowing for desperate people to share the noise of communication in the spirit of total freedom. In this highly creative climate, **NEOISM?!** is taking on a new game.

The only rule of this new game is that you have to do everything in the name of Old Boring Shit. Old Boring Shit is a limitless and liberating idea that basically helps anyone to do anything in the name of OBS. No sweat, no tears, no theoretical pretension. Anything goes.

Representational imagery in new trans-mixed media, from painting to dvd via graphic design, photography, robotics, etc. is resonating as Old Boring Shit, an approach that utilizes the paradigms of **NEOISM?!**'s trans-linear expression to critique the clichés of new cultural colonization. Emerging international conspirators are forming OBS groups and OBS networks against the depravity of overblown events in mass media. While undermining established rules and values, these cultural conspirators are staying away from the mass media industry and producing their own OBS culture. They radically expand and endlessly recycle 20th century western art in the name of Old Boring Shit in a way that it provides continuity for their new involvement.

There are many questions: do we speak in rhyming couplets or do we use seizure like rhythmic convulsions as our mode of communication? Do we sing lovely melodies or do we scream hyper-speed noise fragments as our way of expression? Do we meditate in silence in our spiritual ashram or do we pump out pulsating loop-machine segments? There are endless choices to take and countless different directions to go in the trans-linear timeless zone of vertical reality (represented by the two sided six o'clock arrow). I repeat: Old Boring Shit is open to all and to any ideas.

Old Boring Shit represents today's anti-alchemist who makes blood-x splashes in museums, thus reflecting the radical material act of wasting precious blood (gold) for a basically futile prison sentence (nothing), in other words turning gold into nothing. Meanwhile and simultaneously at once Old Boring Shit represents an international trans-linear network that uses ESP phenomena for psychotronic/telekinetic transmission.

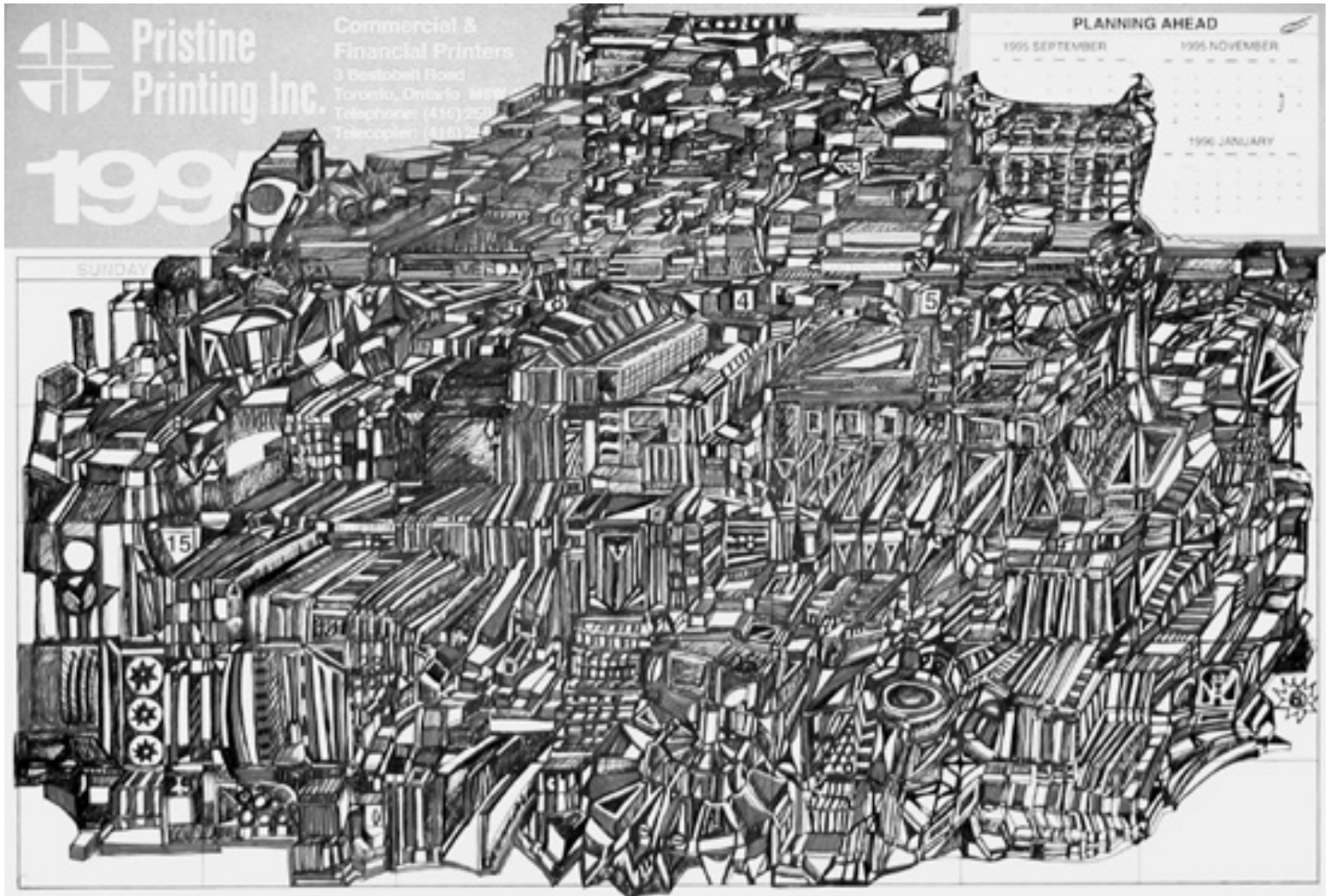
Old Boring Shit expresses anxiety in relation to linear history, and its purpose is to find new forms of trans-linear expressions in order to build a broader communication territory. The reality of this trans-utopian trajectory is the progressing new media itself that confronts mass media through the means of broadcast communication that is now available for

common use. We experience Old Boring Shit immensely and immediately; it allows us to tap into autonomous extrasensory ultra-perception – without relying on the linear based and therefore outdated historical data.

The Old Boring Shit movement is basically open to anything without rules and restrictions. Old Boring Shit tends to operate in terms of total freedom – images gradually fade out and a vacuous emptiness invades the space and takes over the surface. This in itself is a face-to-face cultural critique, demonstrating the highly intellectual self-constructive attitude of the OBS movement.

OBS embraces any approaches, from porn to pulp fiction through fairy tale profundity and personal trans-narratives as participatory actions to deface and contaminate impersonal narratives that seem to belong to no one. In this way the Old Boring Shit movement is strategically hyper-individualistic and deliberately pro-post-neo-humanistic. OBS represents a warming up in an era when people are fed up with political correctness and institutionalized interpretations. Old Boring Shit even borrows from the oldest methods of traditional creation. **In this sense the best strategy for dealing with OBS would be to set everything on fire and let the flames do the job.**





ADRIENNE REDD is an adjunct professor of sociology at Cabrini College www.cabrini.edu <<http://www.cabrini.edu>> in Radnor, Pennsylvania. She has been writing about popular culture, the arts and politics for two decades. She also lectures on film and moderates the monthly film discussion at the County Theater www.countytheater.org <<http://www.countytheater.org>>

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BERNARD BLOOM has written about art as well as local, national, and international affairs for both print and broadcast media. Bloom has taught at the University of Oklahoma; the Casa de Cultura in Esteli, Nicaragua; the Outreach Program of the Emily Carr College of Art and Design in Vancouver, B.C.; and Red Deer College's summer program. Since 1999, he has been an instructor in the Writing Program at the University of Alberta's Faculty of Extension.

BRAD BRUCE has been making art since 1972 – installations, bookworks, film, audio and internet projects. He states on his website, “the era of the orthodox career-artist is quickly drawing to a close, as closeted, behemoth cultural institutions appear increasingly implausible and incestuous.” <http://bbrace.laughingsquid.net/bbrace2.html>

BRIAN KIPPING is a visual artist who lives in Toronto. A twenty year survey of his work will be shown at The Robert McLaughlin Gallery in Oshawa September, 2002.

CINQUÉ HICKS is glad that he finally found a way to explore digital art without leaving behind his love for traditional media and portraiture. He was born in 1971 in Los Angeles, California, but finds Austin, Texas a lot more inspiring. He skipped art school, but did attend an ivy-league college that begins with the letter “H.” He is currently free of all piercings.

DAVID LESTER lives in Vancouver. He is a graphic designer, animator, illustrator and for the last 15 years, guitar player in the underground musical duo MECCA NORMAL. They have a 10th album out and might be touring Ontario right now.

ELIZABETH FEARON is a multi-media artist living and working in Toronto. Her practice incorporates photo booth strips, video, and audio. For the past two years she has been an active member of the collective which hosts “Art on Air”, CKLN88.1 and she sometimes wears the hat of curator or art writer. Elizabeth can be reached at fearon@squeeze-box.org

EMILY ARMSTRONG lives in Toronto. She is the Advertising and Circulation Manager for Wegway.

FLAVIO BELLÌ is the Director and Curator of the Carrier Gallery, Columbus Centre, Toronto

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE had poor eyesight and his letter to Strindberg appears in *The Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche*, Christopher Middleton ed. and trans., The University of Chicago Press, 1969, p. 344.

ISTVAN KANTOR, best known as Monty Cantsin, founder of Neoism (1979, Montreal), is a media artist, producer, active in many fields, performance, robotics, installation, sound, music, video and new media. His recent work explores the impact of new technology and focuses on the socio-mechanical interactions of information machinery systems. He was an invited participant of the Next Sex exhibition of Ars Electronica 2000. Kantor has received the Telefilm Canada Award for Best Canadian Film and Video (1998) and most recently the Transmediale 2001 award in Berlin, Germany. He has lived in Budapest, Paris, Montreal, New York and is a resident of Toronto since 1991. His work has been described by the media as rebellious, anti-authoritarian, intellectually assaultive, as well as technically innovative and highly experimental.

JARET VADERA is an artist who lives and works in Toronto. His email address is jvadera@sympatico.ca and he has a web site at <http://www3.sympatico.ca/jvadera/>

JAY CRITCHLEY is a longtime resident of Provincetown, Cape Cod, Massachusetts and is responsible for such ventures as Old Glory Condom Corporation – “Worn with pride country-wide,” Miss Tampon Liberty, the theme park “P-Town, Inc-Formerly Provincetown,” and his backyard septic tank attraction “Theater in the Ground@Septic Space. He is presently editing two movie shorts and developing The Outermost Alms Museum.

JOHN SCOTT is an artist who lives and works in Toronto.

KAREN ELIOT is a name used by numerous persons to indicate there are no claims to authorship or copyright

LIZ-N-VAL ART ACTIVITIES We started working together several decades ago using indoor and outdoor public venues: in media, using advertising as Art: posters and graffiti / Murals, inter-active events and other provocations. We signed the first blank canvas which later became known as S.signatureArt. At the time, we were working on and exhibited our anthropomorphic architectural sculpture at White Columns. We had numerous incarnations and in the process created a philosophy and the Museum of Something and Nothing. The Museum opened on a construction site with the work of 10 artists. The event lasted 5 hours, a great time was had by all. Another time, the Museum sold signed & unsigned apples, in the streets of Soho. A couple of years ago, “Woof” emerged, a canvas that we walked or rather dragged through Paris, Berlin, and NY. We have also worked in more traditional spaces i.e. galleries & Museums in the US & in Europe. In March-April '02, we are participating in KaBOOM at the Museum of New Art in Detroit and in April-May '02 at the Williamsburg Art & Historical Center and in a solo at the Monk Gallery in Williamsburg.

MARIA GOULD is a Toronto writer, editor and teacher. With Diana Kiesners, she is co-founder of *The Writing Space*, a publishing company and writers' organization. Her essays on philosophy and the arts have appeared in *Rampike*, *Descant*, *Write and Things* (UK).

MARK LALIBERTE was born in 1971. He is a practicing visual artist, poet & independent curator, and is currently Artistic Coordinator for Artcité Inc. (an artist-run centre for the contemporary arts). In recent years, his audio installation & photographic works have been shown extensively in solo exhibitions throughout Canada & the USA. In 2000, The Thames Art Gallery released a CD collection of Laliberte's computer-based sound compositions relating to Pillow Scenes, his acclaimed new media / photo series. Meanwhile, the artist is currently working on his first book of poetry, *The Mysteries of Love In the Age of Heavy Machinery*. To date, he has had works published in *3rd Bed*, *(The) Carleton Arts Review*, *Lola*, *Rampike*, *Waysgoose*, *(The) Windsor Review*, *(The) Windsor Salt*, and xx. For more information, visit his website at: www.netcore.ca/~obscure <<http://www.netcore.ca/~obscure>>

MARK PRIER is currently attending the University of Toronto Undergraduate Visual Studies program. His main artistic interests are writing, sculpture, and performance art. He also writes and performs experimental electronic music with Melissa Creasey as *hellothisisalex* (www.hellothisisalex.com).

MATT HARLEY Last summer, as a licensed sidewalk chalk artist in the city of Toronto, Matt Harley drew several versions of the three Pablo da Vinci strips that comprise his contribution to this issue of *Wegway*. Matt has drawn this dinosaur character (species: *Torontodont*) since 1978 in guest books in art galleries from Vancouver, British Columbia to St. John's, Newfoundland. His e-mail address is mattartistharley@yahoo.ca

MAURO CEOLIN was born in Milan (Italy), in 1963. He lives and works in Milan. www.rgbproject.com, www.gallerythe.org, www.neural.it/nnews/rgbproject.htm

MELANIE SCOTT has had the following day jobs: Canada Council Art Bank Collections Manager and Art Consultant, Altamira Fine Art Consultants owner and director, Ottawa Art Gallery Collections Manager and Historical Curator and Department of Foreign Affairs Consultant for Fine Art Collection. She is currently the Editor of *Where Ottawa* and Contributing Editor for *Ottawa City*. She has freelanced for *Saturday Night*, *The Globe & Mail*, *The National Post*, *The Ottawa Citizen*, *Inuit Art Quarterly*, *CBC Radio*, *Art News*, *Les Ailes de la Mode* and others.

RENÉ PRICE is a prolific left brainer late bloomer multimediartist ideaguy, working in 2D and 3D. Occasionally, he uses the other side of his brain too. Mostly it's satiric social commentary stuff, done in a masturbatory manner. He also works as an exhibition designer for Parks Canada in Cornwall. He has shown in Toronto, Montréal, Ottawa, London, Winnipeg (twice), Ste Foy and Cornwall... and has been reviewed in the art publications: *Espace*, *Border Crossings*, *Art Papers* (USA) and *Montréal* etc.

RON MARTIN is a visual artist and writer who lives and works in Toronto.

SARAWUT CHUTIWONGPETI is a visual artist living in Bangkok, Thailand, email utopia1998@hotmail.com 'Untitled ' is part of a series of graphicart pieces depicting the world of changing time together with current changes in our days, the incessant changes we might have to tolerate, letting more and more happen.

SIGMUND FREUD died the 23rd of September 1939. His letter to Carl Jung is from *The Freud/Jung Letters*, ed. William McGuire, trans. Ralph Manheim and R. F. C. Hull, Bollingen Series xciv, Princeton University Press, 1974, pp. 234-5

STEVE ARMSTRONG is the Publisher of *Wegway* and he tends to approve things he submits to himself even when they were previously published in the *Toronto Small Press Fair Instant Anthology*. The image is a rubber stamp impression. The text comes from Jacques Derrida's *Postcard* or something.

STEVE ROCKWELL is a visual artist and Publisher of *dArt International* magazine.

THE PHANTOM CAPTAIN is somebody who published a book called *Forwards* that consisted of nothing but forwards. The forward republished here is from a very old Boy Scout Manual.

TOMMY CAMPBELL is a professional stand-up comedian who makes his home in Toronto. He was a volunteer at "Nino's" in Manhattan, where he helped cook and serve over five hundred meals a day for the F.D.N.Y., N.Y.P.D and the Ground-Zero workers. He provides the voice of Aki on the anime show *Ceres: Celestial Legend* and has worked on films with such talented people as Jackie Chan, Cuba Gooding Jr., Jon Lovitz, John Cleese and Jerry Zucker. Currently he is performing with Yuk Yuk's and promoting "The Slacker Confessions." You can visit his website at www.deephype.com and if you'd like to contact him, then please do so and send him an email at tommy@deephype.com