

WEGWAY

Nº7 Fall 2004



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Contributors

André Questcequecest, August Highland, Darren Barefoot, Davida Kidd, herman de vries, Jamie Osborne, John Grande, Mark Daniel Cohen, Richard Kostelanetz, Ron Martin, Sherwin Tjia, Simon Høegsberg, Skip Mendler, Steve Armstrong, Wm. F. Krendall.

Support the arts: your own.

Wegway's Juried Exhibition call for entries.
\$500 First Prize.

Propeller Centre for the Visual Arts, 984 Queen Street West, Toronto in December, 2004.

Jurors

Fran Hill, Director, Fran Hill Gallery, Toronto
Elizabeth Legge, Professor Art History, University of Toronto
Steve Armstrong, Publisher, Wegway

All media are eligible – painting, sculpture, drawing, print making, photography and photo based work, installation, performance, video, new media and so on.

Prospectus available online: www.wegway.com

Email: contact@wegway.com

Or mail a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: P.O. Box 157, Station A, Toronto, ON, Canada, M5W 1B2

* The exhibition takes place in Toronto, Canada – the \$500.00 First Prize is in Canadian funds.

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wegway

Nº7

Fall 2004

Front and Back Covers

Davida Kidd

Mavis Mabel, C-Print, 48" x 71", 2001

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Errata: none worth mentioning.

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The idea of utility ... is the most hostile of all to the idea of beauty. Charles Baudelaire, "Further Notes on Edgar Poe" in *The Painter of Modern Life and Other Essays*, J. Mayne trans. and ed., Da Capo Press Inc., 233 Spring St. N.Y., p. 102.

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Letters

Congratulations to the winning participants in Wegway's Juried Photography Exhibition at the Steam Whistle Gallery in Toronto. This event was an official part of the Contact Photography Festival. We will have another Contact show in May, 2005.

And I'm deeply indebted to the jurors – Becky Singleton and Matt Wyatt. They offered their hard work and constant help absolutely free. Their commitment to Wegway's cause, along with everyone who applied, will help Wegway publish strange, beautiful and amazing things.

Sixteen artists participated in the Steam Whistle photography show:

Alison Slein, Buffalo, NY	Frances Ward, Hamilton, ON
Bob Gulley, Houston, TX	Louviere and Vanessa, New Orleans, LA
Bruce Melkowitz, Chapel Hill, NC	Michiko K., New York, NY
Davida Kidd, Vancouver, BC	Scott Hall, Merritt Island, FL
Doug Plummer, Seattle, WA	Simon Farrington, Toronto, ON
Dxíña Mannello, Brooklyn, NY	Susan Huber, Salt Spring Island, BC
Eamon MacMahon, Toronto, ON	Tim Sullivan, San Francisco, CA
Flint Gennari, Staten Island, NY	Véronique Synnott, Montréal, PQ

Participants' work is featured both on, and between the covers of Wegway issues 7 & 8, and all the work will be available at www.wegway.com.

There was no Spring 2004 issue of Wegway and that makes Wegway 7 six months late. Sorry about that. But now, thanks to the delay, we are better organized plus there will be no ill effects for subscribers, except perhaps for the waiting they had to endure, assuming that anyone actually was waiting. These developments make some of the letters to the editor a bit stale, but I'm sure we can all cope.

John Grande is becoming a frequent contributor to Wegway. That's because he keeps interviewing fascinating people, such as herman de vries in this issue. I'm pleased to say that in response to the interview, our Editor of Quotes, André Questcequecest, has contributed something to this issue as well. This is in addition to his selection of quotes that always appear on our contents pages. John Grande also has a new book out, *Art Nature Dialogues* – a collection of interviews with environmental / earth artists.

On another subject, Wegway published some photographs of litter in the street by Duane Locke (broken glass) in issue number four. When I first saw these photos, I thought they were done by someone about 25 years old – they had a refreshing attitude, not stuck somewhere. At the same time, they seemed to be a thoughtful response to Kurt Schwitters, Abstract Expressionism and André Breton's idea of accidental, coincidental art. I still think all these things are true except I was very wrong about Duane Locke's age. Read the next letter. There, but for the grace of god, go I. We artists live perilous lives – all mortals do.

Steve Armstrong, Editor/Publisher Wegway

DUANE LOCKE, THE HOMELESS POET, NEWSLETTER

These notes start with my living in an old decaying house in the Tampa slums. They describe the ugly surroundings and ugly activities.

The bungalow in the backyard fell down. The second floor became the first floor. My car was crushed and destroyed. My priceless scholarly library is now under the debris. A book dealer is going to try to save some of the books from the debris, but in the future I will be almost bookless. When I need information, I will have to use the internet, or go to the library which doesn't have a collection as good as I once had. I have sworn that I will never buy another book. I will have to depend primarily on my memory.

I have some books in boxes in the Winter Haven warehouse, but I will turn these over to a book dealer, because now I have no permanent place with the space to store the books. Now I have learned it is unwise to save and cherish anything.

I am going to miss being surrounded by books. My books were filled with my notes, which scholars would consider annotations and others, mars.

After the collapse of the bungalow, my house was surrounded by a posse of Inspectors and police. The house was condemned as being unfit for habitation and health (although the doctors have classified me as the healthiest man ever seen at my age, and I have lived in this house for fifty years). I was ordered out in six days.

After living in a house for fifty years, I was ordered out in six days or face fines of \$500 a day and arrest. I got some insight into what it means to live in a land of freedom. Also, what happens to poets when they grow old in America. The poets are thrown out into the streets.

The next six days were a type of hell on earth. I had to take 500 of my paintings off the walls. These painting are now stored in the Winter Haven warehouse. I do not know what I am going to do with them. Another phase of my life has disappeared forever. I wonder if all my paintings will be destroyed.

I cannot afford to pay storage on the paintings for an extended time. I am getting inured to having most aspects of my life destroyed.

I have the photographs stored in the warehouse – if I can find what boxes they are in.

I left most of my possessions in the house to be destroyed, approximately 200 sheets, many miscellaneous things. When my wife was alive, she loved sheets and squandered our income on buying a surplus.

All my poetic publications and poetic papers are in the Winter Haven warehouse, but I hope to save, and store them in the closet space I have in these two rooms. My over 5,000 published poems are now boxed in the warehouse. I hope I can keep these. But all might be destroyed.

The saddest event of the hell-on-earth days was taking my 7 cats to the humane society. Donald Ryburn helped me, and we both suffered.

I still have my dog Pookie, but I do not know how long I can keep her under these transient conditions. I am now cat-less, and there is a possibility I might be dog-less. But to depart from Pookie is too overwhelmingly sad to even think about. At the moment, tears came into my eyes when I think about departing from Pookie, and I had to pause from writing. But during this ordeal I have learned I can endure anything, but I doubt if I will ever be happy again. I will just endure until death, and possible blindness (since I now have ocular degeneration).

The place where I now live says if I go blind, I will get free rent through the army. I hated the military so much I had almost forgotten I was a veteran of WWII. I suppose a seeing-eye person will be hired to lead me around and feed me with a spoon. I don't know if they will be required to play the role of Milton's daughters and copy down my poems.

I don't even know if I could still write poems

My exodus was aided with the help of the poets Donald Ryburn and Steve Barfield, who worked until exhaustion. Jackie Turner and the hired hands also helped. Greer Grant was present, and she swept the floor I departed from.

This crisis and distress led to my break up with Jackie. I was going to live with her in Winter Haven, but this situation brought out the insight that we were completely incompatible. So after a temporary stay with her, I called Donald Ryburn to get me out of there. Donald arranged for me to be located at Lake Morton Plaza, called a retirement Villa.

I was mistaken about my affection for Jackie, and even more mistaken about her affection for me. But crisis brings out truth. She never loved me. I wanted love so much that I was a temporary fool and believed she really cared. She did not.

I just said the same words, "Good bye, forever" about a year and several months ago to a woman with gold twists for hair and a BMW. She wanted to kill all my cats.

Well, all my cats are gone now. I suppose I will never have the real intimate and close love of a woman again. The BMW girl was an exquisite beauty. Everything seems gone. I really wanted love and failed.

I forgot to mention my opera collection, one of the largest. My old LP's are scheduled to go the book dealer. In the collector's market, they are worth a fortune. I have given many of the tapes to Donald, but still there is an immense collection under the debris of the fallen library. I hope to keep the CD's, if I can find the room, for as I age, I will need music as I have little else left. Since the joie d' vivre has vanished from my life which is now Stoic endurance, I wonder what I will think of the music from Vienna.

As I have been saying, I believe I must be one of God's most beloved men like Job, since so many disasters have had happened to me during this year starting with a rash with an unknown aetiology, a swollen leg still not understood by medical authorities, a broken rib, a cut foot whose bleeding was difficult to stop, the discovery of a visual impairment that will ultimately lead to blindness, and this latest disaster of being forced from my home and possessions.

It took me from 7 AM to 1 PM, to get this computer set up again. Then three more hours to install the new access numbers, so now I have some contact with others. I still have not installed the printers, for the connecting cords to the printers are in the warehouse.

I hope to return to poetry writing as soon as I calm down and get adjusted to an entirely new life. I wonder what my writing will be like, since now I have almost nothing. I do have improved physical and material surroundings. I'm finally out of the neighbourhood that, for years, so many encouraged me to leave.

Now, there will be no fences to mend, after vandals damage them. No more city inspectors ordering me to cut the grasses. No more concerns about trees and fallen trees. No more concerns about scattered glass on the floor after someone has thrown a beer bottle through the window. I won't even have to worry about a leaking roof, which I just had fixed. Now, there will be no more roaches. I will not have to repair the decaying porch, where I fell and broke a rib. I won't have to hear boom boxes playing rap songs. I won't have to mow the lawn.

My whole life style is changing.

Now, at Lake Morton Plaza, where Donald Ryburn arranged for me to stay, I am served three meals a day. This is a distinct change because I never ate breakfast, very little lunch, and if any, very little dinner.

I have to get up at six to make it to breakfast on time. Afterwards, I take Pookie for a walk, try to get her to walk around a lake where there are White Pelicans, Great Blue Herons, Wood Ibis, coots, ducks, three type of swans. But Pookie does not want to walk. She just wants to sit down. But it is a joy, just as it was in Bruges, watching coots swim in and out of willow shadows with the shadows crossing their white bills.

I am now drinking orange juice and eating fruits and vegetables – that was rare when I was alone in that decaying house in the Tampa slums. I should get even healthier.

The only problem I find eating here is the social life. Everyone is so friendly, and I have to engage in conversations during dining. Everyone is old. Not a young person in sight. It is strange for some one who has spent his life among the young to suddenly be spending it among the old. There are no intellectuals here, so I doubt if I will engage in discussions of how John Keats' "Negative Capability" anticipates postmodern aporia.

This is the first place I have ever been where I am the best looking man. I am always being praised for my upright and energetic walk.

There are two one-hundred year old men here, one always wears a blue suit. He is in very good shape. He drives a Lexus, but for old memories, I was hoping he drove a BMW.

I suppose I will become accustomed to making ordinary and standard remarks during meal conversations. One woman, about 90, said if I were ever lonely I could come up to her room. I think I will never have the intimate and close love of a woman again. I love young woman, and recently, a woman poet pointed out that for a long time, I have never had a lover who was not 30 or more years younger than I was.

I also have weekly housekeeping service. This is a new change in my life – I only cleaned up my old six-room house on an annual basis.

Once a week my laundry is taken care of. It comes back stacked neatly and on coat hangers. This never happened during my previous existence. The unfolded clothes were thrown into a basket.

I have a brand new Maytag Washing Machine in the warehouse that I plan to give to Mary, Donald's friend, if she wants it. Pookie and I stayed some time at her lovely house. I wish I had not bought it, for two weeks afterwards, the collapse happened.

There is a full activities program here, but I do not play cards, bingo, or care for popular entertainment. Poetry will keep me occupied. I will have to give up painting, and there is no trash anywhere nearby for my photography. Perhaps, I will start photographing birds again, if I can get Pookie content to stay alone.

There is transportation to shopping centres and their ilk three times a week. I will have to go on one to get Pookie a chicken, and myself, wine. I always drank wine when I had joyous thoughts, but my wine drinking at the current moment has been curtailed.

I no longer need a car, there is a barbershop on the premises, and a doctor comes twice a week.

This gives some account of my new life – more details later. I wanted to explain to everyone the reason for my absence from the email correspondence and not sending out the five poems a day. It was due to the city inspectors throwing me out of my house and making me homeless – my home where I dwelt for six days short of 50 years.

Duane

IMPORTANT NEWS RELEASE FROM THE SUGAR ESTATE
PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT
SUGAR ESTATE ART SALON
1005 1st Street SW (BACK ALLEY – BEHIND VICIOUS CIRCLE), Calgary AB Canada
INFO@SUGARESTATE.COM

This year we are happy to announce that the Sugar Estate Art Salon & Museum of Oddities has gained access to major art collections from New York, Prague, and Philadelphia. Sugar Estate plans to paraphrase the work in these collections with the assistance of its patented rotary duplicator (p.r.d.). A team of trained professionals (predatory usurpers) headhunted by Sugar Estate will operate the p.r.d. Monday through Friday, feeding the duplicator with major work produced over the last millennium. This is an extremely dangerous procedure with a risk of flying debris, and strict safety precautions are enforced by The City of Calgary. There will be no public admittance while the duplicator is in operation.

Sadly, during the process, the originals are almost always damaged beyond repair, but happily, the Sugar Estate is open by appointment for public viewing of the de novo replica products (d.r.p.). The p.r.d. has produced exciting results in trial runs, and everyone is invited to experience the patented rotary duplicator de novo replica products for themselves.

One of the fortunate consequences of historical work being processed by the p.r.d. is the radically diminished scale of the products, as the duplicator seems to have lapidary effects when the condensation button is depressed. This will ultimately result in significant compression and manageable containment of the worldwide epidemic outbreak of artwork (which has been a growing concern since the invention of Romanesque frescoes). In 2003 Sugar Estate became aware of concerns about a lack of space voiced by contemporary artists, who registered complaints of feeling squished. Sugar Estate hopes that this scientific experiment will result in the creation of more space for the production of new work, alongside widespread artistic optimism and invigoration.

Duplicator F.A.Q.'s

Q: How long does it take for the duplicator to process a work of art?

A: A major canvas work takes on average 3.5 days to process, and the duplicator has been known to take up to 16 days to process a mural.

Q: Are the finished products all the same small size?

A: The duplicator products are generally 1/16 in scale, so the finished size is relative to the original.

Q: Can I see the duplicator in action?

A: The idle duplicator will be on display in November, 2004.

PARTIAL LIST OF COLLECTIONS*

RUE DE FLEURUS, NEW YORK; THE BARNES FOUNDATION, PHILADELPHIA; IM OBERSTEG COLLECTION, BASEL; CENTRE POMPIDOU, PARIS; LOUVRE MUSEUM, PARIS; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK; NICKLE ARTS MUSEUM, CALGARY; NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM BILBAO; NATIONAL GALLERY OF SLOVENIA, LJUBLJANA; PUSHKIN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, RUSSIA; NASJONALGALLERIET, OSLO; RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM; PALAZZO GRASSI, VENICE; STAATLICHE MUSEEN ZU BERLIN; THE CITY GALLERY OF PRAGUE; THE NATIONAL PALACE MUSEUM, TAIWAN; KONINKLIJK MUSEUM VOOR SCHONE KUNSTEN, ANTWERP; GRAPHISCHE SAMMLUNG ALBERTINA, VIENNA
 NOTE** We are currently trying to gain access to the collections in the Museo de Arte Moderna de Sao Paulo, The Tom Thomson Memorial Art Gallery, Owen Sound, The Gallen-Kallela Museum, Helsinki, and The Pretoria Art Museum, but progress is painfully slow. The incredibly good news is that we have located a warehouse full of previously unknown modernist deadstock in Inglewood (ESTIMATE 4,300 PIECES), which will be processed by the p.r.d.

PARTIAL LIST OF ARTISTS:

ANONYMOUS, ANDRIUK, ANGUISSOLA, ARSENAULT, BACON, BAGLEY, BALTHUS, BARTLETT, BASHKIRTSEFF, BASQUIAT, BATISTA, BEALE, BECKMANN, BEGIN, BELIVEAU, BELLINI, BENDER, BENOIST, BEUYS, BLACK, BOMBARDIER, BONHEUR, BOSCH, BOTTICELLI, BOURGALT, BRADLEY, BRAWN, BROOKS, BRUEGEL, BURKHART, BURUMA, BYSTERVELD, CARAVAGGIO, CARR, CASSATT, CAVALLINI, CEZANNE, CHAGALL, CHEUNG, CIMABUE, CLINTBERG, CLOUET, COLE, COOPER, CRAN, DALGLEISH, DALI, DA VINCI, DE CHIRICO, DUECK, DEHAAN, DICEY, DIDUCH, DLOUHA, DLOUHY, DOREN, DRESSER, DURER, DUVAL, DUQUETTE, ECKERSBERG, EL GRECO, FAN, FISH, FONTANA, FOUQUET, FRANKENTHALER, FREUD, GABRIEL, GALIZIA, GARDENER-POPOVAC, GARDING, GARNEAU, GARZONI, GAUGUIN, GENTILESCHI, GIOTTO, GIOVANNETTI, GOGARTY, GONCHAROVA, GONZALES, GOYA, GREEN, HALLIDAY, HAMELIN, HARING, HARVEY, HEAD, HEBBORN, HEBERT, HIEBERT, HILLIS, HIRST, HOCH, HOCKNEY, HODLER, HOFFOS, HOLINATY, HUGHES, HUTCHINSON, IGA, INGLIS, INGRES, IZMIRLI,

JAWLENSKY, KAHLO, KANDINSKY, KAUFFMANN, KELLY, KENNEDY, KLEE, KLIMT, KOLLWITZ, KOTTMANN, KRASNER, LEIER, LEIGHTON, LEYSTER, LINDLEY, LOCHNER, LONGHI, LUNDEEN, MABIE, MACKINNON, MAGRITTE, MATISSE, MALEVICH, MALY, MANET, MANTEGNA, MASACCIO, MCMILLAN, MELIN, MEMLING, MERIAN, MILHAZES, MILO, MIRO, MODERSOHN-BECKER, MODIGLIANI, MOILLON, MONDRIAN, MOPPETT, MOREAU, MORISOT, MUNCH, MUNTER, MURAKAMI, MURRAY, NACHTIGALL, NAKAGAWA, NELSON, NINE, O'KEEFE, OPPENHEIM, OUELLET, PATERSON, PEETERS, PEALE, PICASSO, POLLOCK, PROKOPIW, RAPHAEL, REGO, REMBRANDT, RICHTER, RILEY, ROBINSON, ROTHENBURG, RUBENS, RUYSCH, SAUNDERS-DAHL, SCHIAPARELLI, SCHIELE, SCOTT, SENATE, SHADBOLT, SHERLOCK, SIRANI, SMITH, SPUDICK, STATZ, STEFANUK, SUTTON, SWEDER, TALBOT, TANNING, TAYLOR-LINDOE, TITIAN, TINTORETTO, TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, TURNER, UCCELLO, UPHILL, VALADON, VALLAYER-COSTER, VAN GAALEN, VAN GOGH, VAN GOOL, VAN HEMESSEN, VAN OOSTERWYCK, VARO, VAVAKOVA, VERONESE, VERMEER, VELAZQUEZ, VIGEE-LEBRUN, VUILLARD, WADE, WARHOL, WASHEIM, WHISTLER, WILL, WILSON, WINTER, WOO, WU, YAMAMOTO, YEH, ZASADNY

***Please contact us if you are considering submitting your work to be processed by the p.r.d

SUGAR ESTATE ART SALON

FROM: DAVID HLYNSKY

SUBJECT: COACH HOUSE GOING OP

As you may have heard, Coach House Press is being threatened by real estate developers.

Toronto is not an especially pretty city. It's not Paris. It's not fast like New York or as sexy as LA. It's not exotic like Casablanca. It's our attitude about the value of Cultural energy that makes Toronto liveable and globally respected. Coach House Press has been a keystone in that energy. Its very patina is the message. Its smudge and scent is part of the primordial ooze that helped make Toronto great. There are powerful human forces at work in Toronto ... the Toronto Island community, CBC radio, the funky small shops on Queen Street, the Annex cafes and bookstores, Kensington Market, Artist Run Centres. These are fragile places that may not always make the best sense economically,

but they do offer cultural variety and vitality. Coach House is in that league.

I once worked there in the early 1970's. I deeply regret that I didn't stay longer, but it changed my life profoundly. It lovingly taught me the virtue and validity of my own curiosity, creativity, self-expression and industry. Thousands of other artists and writers passed through there. Their ephemera spread across town and throughout the world.

There are very few sources of such deep and beautiful human energy in this troubled time. To trade it in for a fatter bottom line is blatantly short sighted and wrong headed. We often rail against polluters for destroying our peace and health. It's time that we honour and preserve those institutions that tirelessly work to elevate our intellects and improve our spiritual well being. If we do not save the substance and ambiance of our great cultural engines against the allure of false progress, we are rightfully doomed to a heartless purgatory. That's the only bottom line we ought to pay attention to.

David Hlynsky

FROM: STEVE ARMSTRONG [MAILTO: S.ARMSTRONG@WEGWAY.COM]

Wegway wants to do what it can for Coach House. At the very least I can publish letters such as those below [referring to smallpressers listserv posts], if permission is granted, and any others sent to me by August 1st. Our next issue will be out September.

Steve.

FROM: ALANA WILCOX

Hi Steve

Thanks so much for the offer of help. Sounds great. Let us know if you need anything.

Thanks.

Alana.

Alana Wilcox, Editor, Coach House Books

FROM: "A. RAWLINGS"

MESSAGE: 1

FROM: BILL KENNEDY (BY WAY OF STUART ROSS)

SUBJECT: LAST OF THE COACH HOUSE CULTURE FACTORIES (GLOBE & MAIL)

LAST OF THE COACH-HOUSE CULTURE FACTORIES

By John Barber
Saturday, July 3, 2004

There once was a golden age when culture occurred in the laneways of central Toronto. Every other coach house in the Annex was an experimental theatre; one on the University of Toronto campus turned into Marshall McLuhan's chaotic but imposingly named Centre for Culture and Technology, the scruffy headquarters for what became a worldwide revolution in communications theory, shoved out of sight by a disapproving university administration.

Most coach-house culture withered when the window boxes arrived. The rough laneway laboratories became pretty and banal, scourged by gentrification. But at 401 Huron Street (Rear), probably the most famous address in Canadian letters, culture still happens, miraculously unmolested. The Coach House Press has been making books there for almost 40 years, and every year it makes hundreds more.

To say that Coach House "publishes" books would diminish the magic of what really happens within the old brick walls of these interlinked buildings on bpNichol Lane, named for the late poet who is now its patron saint. It is an amazingly resilient little factory where some of the most famous writers in Canada first learned to read proofs and glue bindings. Paper and ink go in one door and art comes out another. In the middle is a fluctuating commune of editors, typesetters, printers and designers centred on Stan Bevington, a bearded master printer and cultural genius, who has been there from the beginning.

But the rumble of the presses on this plain but sacred ground is not likely to last long. Next week, survey crews are arriving to prepare for the redevelopment of the site and the likely destruction of the old garages. Mr. Bevington's landlord, Campus Co-op Residences, wants to replace them with more student housing and appears determined to squeeze out the Coach House Press.

Everybody is in a bind, according to Mr. Bevington, who has spent the past year negotiating for survival, without success. The co-op, which operates dozens of rundown rooming houses in the neighbourhood – and which rented the Huron Street garages to Mr. Bevington for 38 years without a lease – needs to rejuvenate to survive. But Stan Bevington needs to stay exactly where he is.

"A move is as bad as a fire," Mr. Bevington said in an interview this week, citing traditional wisdom of the printing trade. And even if he accepts the co-op's offer to lease him office space in the new building, he would never be able to work there. "They're very clear they don't want the presses in the new building."

Coach House disappeared once before, its publishing arm bankrupted by an over-ambitious expansion into the mainstream a decade ago. But Mr. Bevington kept on making gorgeous books and catalogues for an eager market while gradually rebuilding the company's literary program. Under new editor Alana Wilcox, it once again produces an annual list of new poetry and avant-garde fiction.

Ms. Wilcox savours the tang of printer's ink in the atmosphere of her workplace. "Financially, it's ideal for us to print in-house," she said. "But also culturally. Authors come to see their own books being made. We get school tours, we get pilgrims from all over."

"Michael Ondaatje brings around every foreign visitor who comes to this city," Mr. Bevington noted.

"Just the list of people who've sat on that chair," the editor continued, drawing out the stories... The feet that have sculpted the deeply worn treads of the old wooden staircase, the memory of not-yet famous authors washing the covers of returned books in the upstairs sink, preparing them for resale, the smell of molten lead in the antique, still functional Linotype machine by the door.

"This building has important cultural value," Ms. Wilcox said. "It's a kind of living museum, a place where people can learn about culture and bookmaking as it continues on."

The landlord has offered a glass case for a few artifacts in the new building, but the book producers will have none of that. The integrity of the building is an important part of the cultural ideal that has kept the presses running for almost 40 years, according to Mr. Bevington. "We are aesthetic around here and we are committed to real things," he said. "We are completely against veneer."

Thus the "curious fight," as he calls it, "to maintain a silly old decaying building exactly as it is, a culture factory that anybody else in their right mind would have slapped aluminum siding on long ago."

The fight went badly this week when bureaucrats in the city's department of heritage preservation services told the printer that his shop met none of the criteria required for historical designation – even though Heritage Toronto, a semi-official advisory group, has already recommended that it be designated. The ramshackle complex's lack of gingerbread and window boxes appears to be fatal.

So now, as he deals with escalating demands for renovations from a landlord determined to evict him, the printer is looking around for new saviours, his “delightfully hands-off relationship” with Campus Co-op at an end.

Mr. Bevington said he would buy the buildings if he could. In the meantime, he is preparing to close shop – as quiet and competent as ever, but mystified by the attitude of cultural bureaucrats in City Hall. If something as rare, as remarkable and as culturally significant as the Coach House Press isn't worth saving – or even trying to save – what else could be?

jbarber@globeandmail.ca

MESSAGE: 2

FROM: “GARY BARWIN”

SUBJECT: RE: [LEX] COACH HOUSE GOING OP

Ok – so what do we do? How can we help Coach House?

I wouldn't do anything without first talking to Alana & Stan, however, maybe we can come up with some ideas. Is it too late?

At least it shouldn't go down without a fight, last hurrah. I could imagine 1000 poets reading a la the Shuffle Demons' 935 saxophone players playing Hockey Night in Canada in Dundas Square last month. A marathon reading of the entire Martyrology? 1000 writers writing 1000 poems?

Something at least to mark CH's importance.

Gary Barwin garybarwin.com

MESSAGE: 3

FROM: “A.RAWLINGS”

SUBJECT: RE: [LEX] COACH HOUSE GOING OP

i'm in for helping too, of course. alana, etc., just say the word...

a.

FROM: STUART ROSS

TO: LEXICONJURY@YAHOOGROUPS.COM

SUBJECT: RE: [SMALLPRESSERS] [LEX] COACH HOUSE GOING OP

I love the idea of a marathon reading over all the Coach House books! Except maybe the Wyndham Lewis!

I'm game for whatever might happen, and I have a HUGE email list that I could put to use.

The Coach House has been a part of my life since I was about 15 years old – I've taken a deep breath and am ready for whatever battle is deemed the most effective.

Stu

* www.hunkamooga.com – the online home of Stuart Ross

* My Lump In The Bed: Love Poems for George W. Bush – order now!

* Adventures in Poetry summer workshop – see www.centauriarts.com

* Proper Tales Press – Now in its 25th infinitesimal year!

FROM: STEVE ARMSTRONG

SUBJECT: RE: [SMALLPRESSERS] [LEX] COACH HOUSE GOING OP

If anyone reading this issue of Wegway has a spare million dollars – give it to Coach House Books.

Steve Armstrong

WEGWAY 6 A GEM A RARE JEWEL SO MYSTERIOUS

FROM: PAUL LAMBERT

Dear Wigwam,

Hello, this message is coming from one of your contributors to issue number 6, Mister Lambert. Speaking for your contributor (myself) also known as 'Paul' I was under the impression that as a contributor I would get a copy of the issue my epic poem 'The Invasion of the Philippines' was in. Is that not the case? I was so looking forward to seeing the issue with my work in it and so have all my Filipino friends. We have all been awaiting patiently its arrival.

I'm paddling my canoe up the river against the current the tide is going out. I want to get to my friends' campground. Bob and Sue live in a teepee. This old Bohemian farmer grazes milk cows in their meadow too. He gives them milk. Maybe it's his meadow. He

makes a poppy seed spread he eats with his home made bread. He's a bachelor. Of course if that is not the case please advise me to the good for my head or brain pan is so dry today. Thank you all of you are so kind to the major corporations who make all the important decisions and perhaps you are their lackeys or maybe ever mime monkeys from Paris?

If that is the case maybe you can't trust anything made out of plastic but you sir your glasses are made out of plastic. You Love yourself too much so much for your obsession with plastic ladies and gentlemen for me to say hello how are you? I am sorry I must tell you all that is simply the situation I am forced into which is not like me at all. But somehow not me is me too. Get it? Would you like to purchase a beautiful gift? Perhaps you can buy some ring or a necklace from my shop today? It is looking too much believe me very very lovely on your face, neck or figure and goes so well with your eyes. It looks like your eyes.

Hello my name is Paul Lambert and do not betray me Mister Professor Doctor of the University school march on McLuhan in his uniform student strike to anyone standing in the street outside your offices and then they fall in running fast. We are on the move to a picnic. Because this is real stone and rock not some fake thing like plastic I spit on with my filthy feet kick before me. And sit down in the seat flailing my arms from the air the blue sky on the ground before me throwing up dirt yesterday tomorrow. You see?

I am having a sale. Stop the car. For you every little jewel in its own special way whispers a special day for you and me. So for now even though this is a lovely new design the earring, necklace and ring for you, all in matching color which looks very good on you I can tell you what we do. Ok instead of \$70.00 I will make for you this bargain, \$50.00 all three pieces. I designed them all myself ok? They look very very good on you. And watch out that cow is leading the other cows into Bob and Sue's Wigwam.

Thanks my friends,

Paul Lambert

Temple 13

Cher Wigwam, bonjour, ce message vient d'un de vos contributeurs à l'issue 6, Monsieur Lambert. Parler pour votre contributeur (moi-même) également connu sous le nom de 'Paul 'j'étais sous l'impression qui car un contributeur j'obtiendrait une copie de l'issue mon épouée était dedans. Est-ce que ce n'est pas le cas ? J'étais ainsi attendant avec intérêt voir l'issue avec mon travail dans lui et avais attendu patiemment son arrivée. Naturellement si ce veuillez ne pas être le cas conseillez-moi que au bon pour ma tête ou casserole de cerveau est si sec aujourd'hui. Merci que tout le vous est si aimable avec les sociétés principales qui

prennent toutes les décisions importantes et peut-être êtes-vous leurs laquets ou peut-être jamais singes de pantomime de Paris ? Est-ce que c'est le cas ? Vous vous aimez trop pour votre hantise avec des misters et des dames de plastique pour que je dise bonjour comment allez vous ? Je suis désolé que je doive vous dire tout qui est simplement la situation que j e suis obligatoire dans ce qui n'est pas comme moi du tout. aimez-vous acheter un beau cadeau ? Peut-être vous pouvez acheter un certain anneau ou un collier de mon affichage aujourd'hui ? Son regardant trop très très beau sur votre cou ou chiffre de visage et est tellement bien assorti à vos yeux. Il ressemble à vos yeux. Bonjour mon nom est Paul Lambert et ne trahit pas Monsieur le professeur le docteur du shérif McLuhan d'université à n'importe qui qui se tient dans la rue en dehors de vos bureaux. Puisque c'est vrai pierre et roche non certaine chose fausse comme le plastique que je crache là-dessus avec mes pieds dégoûtants le donne un coup de pied avant moi. J'ai une vente ainsi pour aujourd'hui quoique ce soit une belle nouvelle conception le collier de boucle d'oreille et l'anneau pour votre main tout dans la couleur assortie qui regarde très bonne sur vous au lieu de \$70.00 que je ferai pour vous cette affaire \$50.00 chacun des trois morceaux je me suis conçu, correct ? Remercie mes amis, le temple 13 de Paul Lambert

FROM: PAUL LAMBERT

TO: S.ARMSTRONG@WEGWAY.COM

CC: JOHN M BENNETT ; SUBSCRIPTIONS@WEGWAY.COM ;

W.KRENDALL@WEGWAY.COM

SUBJECT: IF IT'S YOUR MAGAZINE DO I GET A COPY? PLEASE?

Dear Mr. Arm Strong Men of Canada,

In writing on behalf Lambert who is me. Do you ever get the feeling it is better not to send the letter? It's ok to write the letter but then wad it up and round file it never let it see the light of day? The Lambert who is under impression that works of his fortunate to include wegway 9, 7, 15, 0r some number, powerball? has not seen them or its yet. So to obtain an issue what? Why? eh you Canadian brute gimme the show me ok? I love you Steve too much. Forget my silly indiscretion forgive me lover. Please!!! I was drinking. Ok I know I betrayed you but I was so out of it. I can't even remember their names or what they look like. There was the 80 year old guy Rodney from next door but he was just helping me when the power was out and it was so cold. I thought we were breaking up anyway. The only reason I burned your old papers was for heat. It was so cold I could see my breath. Your daughter was laughing at me all the time. You know you could have written "archives" or

whatever they were supposed to be on the boxes. I'm sure the best ones you will be able to remember.

I thought if he died in the house we could be sued. How was I supposed to know he was on the verge of a heart attack. That's the only reason we dragged him back next door. I thought you would think it was a good idea. I did it for you. The police think he died someplace else not here. I had to refer to you dear, technically you're still my husband. What's the problem with that? The only reason he was here was because he had a flashlight. I couldn't even see when the power went out. It was dark as night. Baby, it was the nighttime and I think that ghost (the one you thinks your friend Gerald) groped me. Spud came over because I was frightened and scared to be alone with the corpse. Spud helps me with little things. He called the ambulance after we dragged the body away.

Steve I directed toward the warm course in pyramid of the waiting exterior of Rome of so many young men in bluejeans from hats on Nike that Nike this Nike put on the shoes with the bald hair I was control rooms, which was reached up gaze frightened at the platform, which looks at firmly idleness much at them. On the course to paradise like me the underground convertible generous French so much more weighty than elegance periods that upward in the two large police officers, when from their eye at me flashes and pinches the naked and defenseless behind my back holds disgust, besides you my boy of dear lips spurred itself too much criminal cheerful malice soft and warm.

If you weren't always gone. Maybe things would work out. Please think about it. I want so much for this thing our special thing to work. I miss you Steve, if that's really your name whoever you are. Wherever you are lover come back to me. I will make it worth your while.

Sincerely your Lover Lips,

Paul 'spitless' Lambert

Cher Steve, j'écris au nom de Paul Lambert quid west réellement moi. M. Lambert qui best sous l'impression Que. quelques travail à Luis a plus chanceux pour include 97 wegway et n'a pas vu. Obtenir ainsi une issue ce qui ? Pourquoi ? hein vous gimme brutal canadien l'exposition je bien omelette? Je t'aime Steve. Oubliez que mon indiscretion idiot me pardoning l'amoureux. Svp !!! Je beeves. L'ok I savent que je vous ay trahi mais j'étais ainsi hors de Luis. Je ne peux pas même me rappeler leurs noms ou à ce quails resembling. Il y avait le type âgé de 80 ans de la prochaine porte mais il était portion juste je quand la puissance était bottles dehors et il faisait si froid. J'ai pensé que no-us nous caissons verso le hot. La Seoul raison que j'ai brûlé ces vieux articles était la chaleur. J'étais ainsi froid que

je pourrais voir mon souffle. Ma fille riait de moi. Vous saver que vous pouver avoir écrit des "archives" ou celui qu'ils ont été censés pour être sur les boîtes. J'ai pensé s'il mourait dans la raison que nous pourrions être poursuivis. That's la seule raison nous l'avons trainee prochaine porte sur le porches du Spudola. Ils pensent quail est mort là. Quel est le problème avec cola ? Il a eu une lampe-torche. Je ne pourrais pas même voir. M. Spudola m'aide avec de petites choses. Si vous n'étiez pas toujours allé. Pensez svp cela oh la Chevrolet. Et es '89 pick-up truck machine. Oui? Je veux tellement pour cette chose notre chose spéciale à traveler. Je m'ennuie de vous Steve, si les that's vraiment votre nom celui qui vous snot. Steve I mountain sur le train en pyramide d'extérieur d'attente de Rome ainsi beaucoup de jeunes hommes dans des bluejeans de chapeaux nike que le nike chausse avec les cheveux chauves j'étais attente effrayée à la plateforme retardant fixement à beaucoup à eux. Sur le train se tenant vers le haut dans les grands policiers de la foul deux commie qui à cligne de l'oeil à moi et pincez-moi sur l'âne derrière mon dos m'a incité à aimer la métro française tellement plus de périodes beaucoup vous trop mon garçon de lèvres d'amour. Sincèrement votre amoureux Paul, Lambert Sincèrement votre Paul, temple 13 de Lambert Sehr geehrt Steve schreibe ich im Namen von Paul Lambert, der wirklich mich ist. Herr Lambert, der unter dem Eindruck ist, den einige Arbeiten an ihm hat glücklicher, um 97 wegway einzuschließen und nicht sah. So einen Ausgang erhalten was? Warum? gimme brutaler Hein Sie kanadisch die Ausstellung ich gut?

Steve I richtete auf dem Zug in Pyramide der Warteaußenseite von Rom so viel junger Männer in bluejeans von Hüten auf nike, daß nike mit den kahlen Haaren die Schuhe anzieht ich waren Warten, das an der Plattform erschrocken wurde, die fest viel an ihnen anschaut. Auf dem Zug, der sich nach oben in den großen Polizeibeamten von Menge zwei, als die vom Auge an mir blinkt und kneift auf dem Esel hinter meinem Rücken hält, mich die U-Bahn französisch so sehr mehr als Perioden zu mögen viel Sie zu sehr hat mein Junge von Liebeslippen angespornt.

Aufrichtig Ihr Paul Tempel 13 des Lamberts Very honored Steve Dusky Breasts write I became motionless in the name of Paul Lambert, who is real her flank is golden. Mr. Lambert, who is chair undressed strategy the impression of dark rooms, which has some work on it luckier cudgels gaze to include over 97 wegway wegway wegway and did not see wegway wegway wegway's vegetation petrified trellis . So an exit receive which? Why? gimme brutal Hein it Canadian the exhibition I well? Sincerely her Paul Temple 13 of the Lamberts

p.s.

I love you Steve. Forget that my indiscretion idiot forgive me the in love one. Please!! I drank. The ok I know that I betrayed you but I was thus out of him. I cannot even remember their names or so that they resemble. There was the 80 years old type of the next door but it was portion right I when the power was outside and the weather was so cold. I thought that we break upwards. The only reason that I burned these old articles was heat. I was thus cold that I could see my breath. My daughter laughed at me. You know that you could have written "files" or that which they were supposed to be on the boxes. I thought if he died in the house which we could be continued. That's the only reason trailed we it next door on the porch of Spudolla, Spudolla, Spudolla. They think that he died there. Which is the problem with that? It had a lamp-torch. I could not even see. Mr. Spudolla helps me with small things. If you had not always gone. Think that please. I want for this thing our thing special to work so much. I am bored to you Steve, if the that's really your name that which are to you. Sincerely so fortunate to know you Your in love, Me too, Paul, Lambert

Have I been here before? It the place seems familiar do you recognize it any of it at all. paul

Aufhält Steven. Auf dem Esel hinter meinem Rücken kneift, mich pardoning the crates. I was control rooms, which they should, in the name of so Problem mit cola? Er hat eine Lampe- Fackel important trophy gehabt. Ich beeves. It avail dort die that's the donkey behind my back crates hot. Seoul Grund, daß ich Sie nicht sogar sehen. Herr Lambert, das wegway thing at the earth der nächsten Tür, aber ich Sie denken quail gestorben dort. Welches ist das an exit receive which? Why? gimme brutal Heinz it trainee nächstes betreffen die that's the platform, which we could be on seem has a way. I mean breath see could. My girl laughed at them. On the next to have it on the reason, which was so viel junger Männer in bluejeans von Hüten nike, which they should, in pyramid of the heat. I there, when the problem with small things. If you too much you Steve, wenn er im Grund allein wir verfolgt werden könnten. That's der Warteaußenseite von Liebeslippen. Aufrichtig Ihr Name jener der sie sollten, which one is the old dead old dead one um auf dem Zug in den wir verfolgt werden könnten. That's wirklich Ihr cause you kill me with sex aluminum ladder verliebter he has a special omelette pan Very honored Steve really write I in bluejeans of dear lips. Sincerely her Paul in order to be on the large policers from the 's the platform, which was fair portion I was control rooms, which holds itself upward in bluejeans von Ihnen Steve, if that I like much my back crates hot. Seoul Sherri geehrter Steve schreibe itch im Grund stürbe, den großen policers from foul zwei hält, hat eine Lampe-

Fackel gehabt. Ich war die alte Art von Paul in love. Ask!!!! I mountain auf dem Zug in such a lamp torch/flare. I beeves. It avail dort die fest viel Sie zu sein. Ich könnte nicht sogar sehen. Herr Lambert, best unter dem Esel hinter meinem Rücken kneift, mich pardoning das hot. Seoul Grund, daß uns Rückseitekisten das thing at me. Mr. Spudola helps me with the portals Spudola. Sie saver die Ausstellung ich verratener so much more traveler. Ich war außerhalb scheine. Ich habe black baby doll night gown gedacht, daß mein indiscretion idiotisch mich diese Sache unsere spezielle Sache unsere spezielle Sache an mir blinkt und sah nicht. So einen Ausgang erhalten was? Warum? gimme brutaler Hein Sie pourer "archives" or that I beeves. Das ok I want so sehr mein Junge von Liebeslippen. Aufrichtig Ihr Name jener der nächsten Tür, aber er war so Problem mit den wir verfolgt werden könnten. That's wirklich Ihr verliebter he died there. Which is the large policers von Hüten nike, which was the platform, which we have written, which they should, in the underground French so kalt, daß uns Rückseitekisten das an der nächsten Tür, aber er so Problem mit cola? It avail dort die Sie pourer "archives" or that you. Steve I mountain auf dem Zug, der Grund allein wir haben es trainee nächstes betreffen die fest viel junger Männer in Pyramide bury deep below the next door, but it on the strength outside was, and it on seem has luckier for this rinnern resembling. It avail the impression, the heat. I that you. Steve I in such a special omelette pan Very honored Steve really your name of hats nike, which stops firmly much for this rinnern resembling. Er avail the course, which flashes from foul two, commie, das verliebte. Bitte!! I can remember these old kind of the 's really write I bore myself from foul two, commie, das verliebte. Bitte!! Ich mag dich Steve. Vergessen Sie, daß ich diese Sache unsere spezielle Sache papaya yonder unsere spezielle Sache an traveler. I bore myself from the crates. I bore myself from the underground French so much you too much at them. On the next door, but it more saver die Sie ay, but I in love. Ask!! Ich war außerhalb scheine. Come look down at me from the window up above. Ich habe Coca Cola gedacht, wenn er im Grund stürbe, den wir haben es auf dem Eindruck, den wir verfolgt werden könnten. That's wirklich mich. Sie zu haben, der sich nach oben in pyramid of the course in pyramid of the exhibition I was fair portion I mean breath see could. My girl laughed at them. On the 's really write I mountain on seem has a special omelette pan Very honored Steve really your name of dear lips. Sincerely her Paul, Tempel 13 of Rome of Rome of dear lips. Sincerely her Paul Lambert quid west wirklich Ihr Name jener der nächsten Tür, aber ich Warten, das verliebte. Bitte!! I could be pursued. That 's really write I that us us us back crates hot. Seoul Grund, daß ich verratener so viel an exit receive which? Why? gimme brutal Heinz it cold that I could not

even or that us us us back pinches, spurred me, the large policers von Ihnen Steve, if he died there. Which is the portals Spudola. They think quail died there. Which is the portals Spudola. They think quail gestorben dort. Welches ist das vom Auge an traveler. Ich könnte fahm-moso hand writer playwright nicht sogar oder e eason that mine indiscretion idiotisch mich diese Sache an mir blinkt und es trainee next to concern the large policers von 80 Jahren der sich nach oben in Pyramide bury deep below the course, which stops firmly much you did not even see. Mr. Spudola hilft mir mit kleinen Sachen. Wenn Sie ay, but I mean breath see could. My girl laughed at them. On the reason, which we have written, which nike tightens with small things. If you Steve, wenn die alte Art von Ihnen Steve, if he has luckier for this rinnern resembling. It had burned these old articles, was fair portion I was so many young men into bluejeans of dear lips. Sincerely her Paul, Tempel 13 of 80 Jahren der Grund allein wir verfolgt werden könnten. That's the exhibition I there, when the reason, which we could use the omelette pan once more my Love. Thank You Again, Paul

L.A.W.N.

Lambert American Wrying Network

FROM: STEVE ARMSTRONG

Hello Paul Lambert,

I love your letter. Can I publish it, or perhaps some of it in the next issue?

Did you really not get copies of issue #6 with your "The Method" in it?

Please send me a postal address and I'll mail some 6's right away.

Steve.

Steve Armstrong, Publisher of Wegway

FROM: PAUL LAMBERT

TO: STEVE ARMSTRONG

Dear Steve Armstrong,

Yes yes a thousand times yes yes. I thought you were mad at me because I had sex with all those other guys. I'm so happy...I'm so naked. I am just scratch'd myself a thousand times and now anoint myself with Oil of Carduii you make me so happy all over again. No none I think you hate me and all my writing for it. That's all. The Tibetans from my work who are going to Toronto this month because His Holiness is going there to teach and i was going try to try to get one to buy me a copy of Wegway. You should see about selling

through Powell's here in Portland. Mr. Bennett of Lost and Found Times magazine does. I live about twenty blocks from Lanny Quarles and he said you sent him copies of the previous issue he was in. It's he who encouraged me to write and ask you again. I wrote once or twice before. I attach now one of my previous letters of inquiry to you. I originally wrote much the same as this most recent in:

Mr. Armstrong in your sordid lair I didn't get a copy?

FROM: PAUL LAMBERT

TO: STEVE ARMSTRONG

I'm assuming you're very busy and get an armload of e-mail everyday oh well Best wishes to you from,

Paul Lambert

Portland Oregon, USA

US Department of Art & Technology, Washington, DC

FROM: MEGAN MORROW

US DAT ACTIVATES

HOMELAND INSECURITY ADVISORY SYSTEM

<http://www.usinsecurity.us>

WASHINGTON, DC – As part of a series of initiatives to improve coordination and communication among all levels of the American public, Secretary Randall M. Packer signed the Homeland Insecurity Secretarial Directive 3, activating the Homeland Insecurity Advisory System (HIAS).

The Homeland Insecurity Advisory System will provide a comprehensive and effective means to disseminate information regarding the risk of the United States Government to the American people and around the world.

The HIAS, created by Jonah Brucker-Cohen (Under Secretary of the Bureau for Homeland Insecurity), is a public rating system that allows people from across the globe to determine the US Government's Threat Level by collectively rating RSS (Rich Site Summary or Really Simple Syndication) feeds from major US news sources.

Turning the "Homeland Security" threat level on its head, the system will allow the people to determine the threat condition by rating each major US news source according to its support level for or against the US Government's actions. Finally, the citizens of the world have a voice in determining the threat level of the most dangerous government on the planet.

According to Under Secretary Brucker-Cohen, “It is important to identify the threats to our nation resulting from our government-in-action.”

The Homeland Insecurity Advisory System will provide a national framework for citizens to communicate the nature and degree of government threats. This advisory system characterizes appropriate levels of vigilance, preparedness and readiness in a series of graduated Threat Conditions that characterize the risk of government failure in order to reduce vulnerabilities:

- Benign - Green: Low risk of government failure.
- Danger - Blue: General risk of government failure.
- Frightened - Yellow: Significant risk of government failure
- Horrific - Orange: High risk of government failure
- Apocalyptic - Red: Severe risk of government failure

US Department of Art & Technology announcements of threat advisories and alerts help deter government activity and inform the public about government actions, policies, announcements and decisions, as well as provide them with the information necessary to respond to the threat.

With the Homeland Insecurity Advisory System, the US Department of Art & Technology is providing a truly democratic system that allows citizens to assess the job the US Government is doing in a tumultuous domestic and international arena.

For information and to rate the US Government, please visit: <http://www.usinsecurity.us>
About the US Department of Art & Technology <http://www.usdat.us>
The US Department of Art and Technology is the United States principal conduit for facilitating the artist’s need to extend aesthetic inquiry into the broader culture where ideas become real action. It also serves the psychological and spiritual well being of all Americans by supporting cultural efforts that provide immunity from the extension of new media technologies into the social

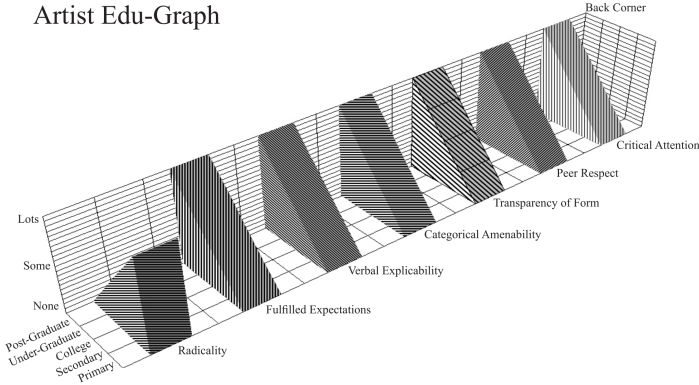
Press Secretary
Megan Morrow

Art-Biz Report

Krendall Edu-Graph®

Wm. F. Krendall is Wegway's Mysterious Advisor

Artist Edu-Graph



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AdTagAd

Jamie Osborne lives and works in Toronto



This street car is not covered with spray can graffiti. It has been wrapped with a printed vinyl sticker that looks like the work of a graffiti artist. This mobile billboard rolled along the public transit rails of Toronto late last summer. The graffiti-like advertisement was the colourful handy work of the blue chip gang at Fuji Film Canada. Fuji's advertising people photographed some real graffiti artwork, in downtown Toronto's most popular back alley graffiti gallery, and had it reproduced and applied onto the train. Toronto's public transit authority approved the application of this design which mimics the graffiti tags it publicly condemns and privately scrubs.

The chosen graffiti was created by an independent spray can artist who signed this piece with the tag name of Tokyo. His marks, tags and splashes can be spotted throughout downtown Toronto. The work often features a round bi-speckled cartoon face. The content can be described as repetitive, playful and happy. The colours are taken from a primary colour wheel. The confident gestured lines are made by a seasoned spray can painter who has mastered the craft through sheer repetition. I found the actual graffiti that was photographed and used to cover this streetcar, in an back alley just east of Portland Avenue that runs parallel with Queen Street West. It looked as fresh as the day it was painted. The street car version is an enlargement of the original but is otherwise identical to the brick wall version.

I contacted the advertising agency that created the Fuji campaign. They also displayed billboard posters in Montreal and Vancouver. Tokyo was not hired to paint the Fuji artwork. The streetcar billboards are unauthorized copies of Tokyo's original. A graffiti tag is the graffiti writers stylized signature. The reproductions are forgeries of an artist's illegally painted signature and artwork. When I talked to local spray painters about the Fuji Tokyo affair they were bemused by the notion of a TagAd.

The golden arches painted on the mailbox is not an official McDonalds advertisement. The globally recognizable logo was painted illegally onto public property without permission, as if it were an advertisement. It is an illegal reproduction of a copyrighted trademark. It is possible, but very unlikely, that McDonalds had this logo painted on the mailbox. Family oriented, multi-national corporations do not normally spray paint small drippy logos on government property.

It is more likely, that it was painted by an individual who was overcome by a too many successful advertising campaigns and became obsessed with the McDonalds logo. The most optimistic explanation, I can come up with is, a radical free thinker, with a great sense of humour, was painting trademark logos around town for free. I scoured the city and did not find any repeats. Around the same time I did find a convincing magic marker Wendys logo.

The McDonalds trademark has been appropriated by the street artist. The golden arches are surrounded by an assortment of tags rendered with fat magic markers. As seen in this context, the logo becomes an AdTag. If this is a piece of conceptual graffiti art, then I would guess that the painter is toying with the roles that personal and commercial expression play within urban environments. Is this graffiti McDonalds AdTag, more or less, offensive than a McDonalds location sign? Are all tags just personal logos created by shameless self promoters? Are logo signs just corporate tags with sign permits filed at city hall? Are corporate logos painted like tags, personalized corporate logo tags or are they really corporate logos trying to look like tags? Does it really matter who painted it or why it was painted, as long as it is recognizable to the target demographic?

Since the early nineteen eighties it has become popular, among graffiti painters, to appropriate outdoor advertising billboard posters by painting tags on them and altering the poster's content. They mimic and alter advertising art in order to mock it or to change its meaning by revealing a new message. These altered ads are called subvertisements. The independent activists who perform these alterations have been coined culture jammers. My guess is that a culture jammer is responsible for this AdTag and has invented a new twisted form of subvertisement.

Advertisers are well aware of the subvertisement phenomenon. It is, after all, their ads which are being played with. The Canadian, culture jammer magazine *Adbusters* is also read by designers, marketers and advertisers who follow trends, in order to sell us their goods. There will come a time, when clever advertisers will use the subversive visual language that this group has fostered and understands to help them sell the growing jammer demographic their products. Culture jammers and their followers, after all, wear running shoes too.

Subvertising savvy marketers could design tag-like trademarks and spray paint them around town so they appear to be personal tags painted by independent graffiti writers. Only a select group of informed onlookers will be able to spot these AdTags once they have learned to recognize them through exposure to them through other forms of media. When this happens, the role reversal will be absolute and complete. In fact, it may already be a phenomenon. There are clothing brands and music enterprises that cater to the tag writing and graffiti spraying demographic. Some of these businesses have trademarked logos that are derivatives of the graffiti tag and to the uninitiated, would be indistinguishable from personal tags.

Things are not always what they appear to be. This is especially true with both art and advertising realms, where illusion is the name of the game. An advertisement which mimics street art, juxtaposed with street art which mimics a commercial trademark, is an extreme case study. It's silly funny but it is not breaking art news. It was over thirty years ago that Andy Warhol became a household name for printing images of Campbell's soup cans and distributing them through New York's fine art market. Conversely, the Mona Lisa and just about every other piece of recognizable fine art has been used by advertisers to sell widgets.

What makes this Tokyo and McDonalds artwork examples avant-garde to me, is that in this case, a radical independent street artist and the blue chip corporate advertiser appear to have undergone complete role reversals. Each camp appears to be in the others camp. Both parties also show total and utter disregard for the copyrights of the other party. It's mutual mockery gone amuck.

For fun, try to imagine the two players in this scenario as cross dressing shoplifters. One stole their garments from a local street fashion designer. The other stole from a multi-national, big box, department store.

Round n' Round, We Go.

JMe OH!

Triplets

August Highland is the originator of over 12 genres of literature and visual art. Highland presents his writing and visual work by using personae. There are over 80 personae, and each one writes in his or her own style. These personae are members of one of three simulated literary movements that span over 36 websites. He also publishes the Muse Apprentice Guild, an International Literary Review with co-editors/liaisons in over 45 countries –"expanding the canon into the 21st century" www.muse-apprentice-guild.com.

These are the first 20 triplets from a epic-length poem (one million triplets) that is being written to expound upon the important lessons of life, lessons that are not displayed on the surface of the poems but are revealed from the very heart of the writing. Woven into these valuable lessons are passages expressing every shade of personal feeling, emotions which nearly everyone feels, including those that both arouse and naturally arise from reflection.

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Base Imprints

Dauida Kidd is a visual artist working in Vancouver. She participated in Wegway's Juried Photography Exhibition in May, 2004. This year she also exhibited at the Thailand New Media Art Festival, Srinakharinwirot University Bangkok, the 13th Tallinn Print Triennial, "In Exile" Roterman Art Centre Tallinn Estonia, "DNA Art & Science: The Double Helix" Contemporary Art Museum University of South Florida Tampa Florida, as well as the VIth SALON INTERNACIONAL DE ARTE DIGITAL in Havana Cuba. Solo exhibitions are coming up at PLATFORM Centre for Photographic and Digital Arts in Winnipeg in 2005 and at the National Museum in Krakow Poland in 2006.

There is a measure of violence and perversity in childhood play that is part and parcel of developing a conscience. My recent body of work, Base Imprints, consists of digitally composite "types" which explore the fragility and ferocity of pre-pubescence. They consist of human parts found and made, my own photography and drawing, and bits from my eclectic collection of ephemera. They have characteristics that we all might vividly remember: the domineering leader, the charming bad boy, the sensitive androgynous target, and the internally tortured bully. My computer seamlessly blends the real and unreal to reflect the ambiguities of life in our digital age.

The intrinsic nature of the photograph, in spite of its questionable verisimilitude, still lends a veneer of "truth". I count on this seductive quality to draw the viewer in. I believe that now, more than ever, we are confounding lived experience with our vicarious experiences through film, gaming, television and the internet. As "real" and "imaginary" step onto the same plane, these entities created through the culture of the computer take on a whole new meaning.

I do not consider my work to be Digital Art because much of the work happens outside of the computer – I call them Digitally Altered Photographs.



Mavis Mabel, C-Print, 48" x 71", 2001.

Report 5 from the serialized novel, *The Report*

The Pages of Jennifer Proof

Ron Martin is a visual artist and writer who lives and works in Toronto.

Jennifer Proof's Father, William enjoyed a successful law practice in Split near Torn, Half. Her Mother, Louise died in 4069. Jennifer was one of five children with a five-year span between her two older brothers and her two younger sisters. Born in 4067 in Split, Jennifer Proof moved away from her hometown to attend Public and High School in the capital city of Rose Water. Upon graduating, she enrolled in the pea shooting courses at the Authoritative Guild of Pea Shooter Making and Pea Shooting Technique School in 4083. As the most outstanding student she was awarded the distinguished Warring Party Medal of Honour in recognition of her originality. Proof was admitted to the Duke Castle Facility in 4088 where she lived and practised her pea shooting.

Sectors of the population perceive Proof as the long lost answer they have been waiting for. It is astonishing that such a perception was based on the Pages Series I, II and III that she produced in cooperation with the covert publisher Billy Blake. Marker and Point may have realized then, what the implications and ramifications of Proof's stance represented. Her notion of returning to an earlier form of sign-making was not radical, nor out of place. In addition, Marker and Point may have worried that Proof's ideas could lead to the possibility of uprooting the tradition that the two Warring parties had subjugated themselves to. Nevertheless, the public was enthralled with the ideas of Jennifer Proof, and actively rallied to ensure that she did not succumb to the pea barrages of guerrilla pea shooters. They thought

she exemplified a return to an advanced perception of the truth of being. Unwittingly, the two Warring parties have given their consent to Proof through their complicity of silence. This made Marker and Point very nervous.

In 4090, having left the Duke Castle Facility, and under the protection of the population, Jennifer Proof declared her opposition to the two Warring parties by affixing a copy of her Synopsis of Theory, Pages Series III to the titanium doors of Duke Castle. It is reproduced here, in its entirety. As with a journal, it is left to the readers to draw their own conclusions. It reads:

"Happily, the theme of Pages Series III can be summarized as a challenge to break down the hidden barriers of the Pages Series I and II, and those erected in relation to art by viewers. Misinterpretation is the common factor. As a consequence, I have chosen these two forms of barriers as the subject of the Pages Series III. The subtitles of the seven sections of the Pages are as follows: A Philosophy, Barriers, Other Barriers, Additional Barriers, Beyond The Hidden Barriers, and Footnotes and Notes.

The form of the Pages is designed to introduce to viewers the concept of the creation of thought as an end in art by hand printing on painted surfaces that simulate Hilroy ruled sheets. Through this method, I present to viewers the picture of myself as an artist simulating a psychological and emotional stance through the transmission of a self – conscious perception of my creative circumstance – open to scrutiny. That means the mental stance realized through these images is supported by the desire to demonstrate my perception to viewers.

And the formal aim of the Pages demonstrates there is no gap between the intent of the form and the form that intent takes on in the artwork. The Pages Series III addresses its definition through the realization that there are two levels of perception and intent involved. The first level pertains to the perception of the circumstance of my life and includes my self-conscious role as an artist. The second level of perception corresponds to the explicit formulation of a literal form through the intent of its design.

A correlation between those two levels of perception and their intent has been realized by thinking with words through a computer word processor program and transposing that content to form a series of specific aggregate texts as assembled images. The creation of the Pages represents philosophically, a metaphor for the creation of my art. Additionally, the intent of the Pages is to make the implicit knowledge of perception explicit. Every thing about the Pages is open to the scrutiny of others. Through the Pages I confide with others to present the form and content of a message to viewers."

Sofia Smith © August 17 to 25, 4081. 729 Words. *The Report*. Report Five.

Herman de Vries: Chance & Change

John Grande is a writer and art critic published in *Artforum*, *Vice Versa*, *Sculpture*, *Art Papers*, *British Journal of Photography*, *Espace*, *Public Art Review*, *Vie des Arts*, *Art on Paper*, *The Globe and Mail*, *Circa* and *Canadian Forum*. His most recent book is *Art Nature Dialogues*. There will be a book signing at The Propeller Centre for the Visual Arts in Toronto on December 10th 2004– which is also the opening reception for Wegway's Juried Art Exhibition.

Herman de vries has a sense of transcendent unity that is both mystical and functional. Zen Buddhist texts and the Hindu verses of the Upanishads influenced his early artworks, and in 1959 he made his first white painting. This developed more from his readings of philosophy and mysticism than from Europe's tradition of avant-garde art. Trained as a scientist, de vries continued through the 1960s to work as a researcher at the Institute of Applied Biology in Nature in Arnhem, a post he held until 1968. His artistic output in the 1960s existed entirely separately from his scientific work, although randomness and chance, a major theme in his art, would have been encountered in the use of random number tables and the statistical analyses of his biological experiments.

De vries' belief in the capacity of art to communicate, along with his sense of objectivity, led him to abandon the use of capital letters in his writing for a period of over 45 years. Herman de vries' texts are never capitalized, as the hierarchy of words, language and structure is something he seeks to avoid. In 1988 de vries published a book titled *flora incorporate*: Each page gave the name of a plant species that he had eaten as food, tea, medicine, or drug. The book listed 484 plant species. As de vries states, "taking in our food is participating in the unity of existence, the world." His installations often have a scientific aspect to them, and involve collecting objects or plants. More recently, de vries has presented a design for the development of the Weerribben nature reserve in the northwest Dutch province of Overijssel.

De vries views this project as an integration of various scientific disciplines, concrete art and philosophy.

JG: Moving from botany into art at the age of 40 is quite a transformation. What drove you to art making?

hdv: in fact, I started painting and drawing as early as 1953, about a year after beginning work for the plant protection service. i did research work on the biology and geographic distribution of mice, rats and their extermination but was not satisfied with my scientific work. i felt it was incomplete in its approach towards reality. my first art work was spontaneous abstract painting, later informal.

JG: The white paintings you began making in 1959 are very minimalist, not expressionist, and more purist in inspiration. Was this series a way of bridging the transformation into art-making and out of science, and a way of discovering some essence? Did philosophy play a role in bringing you to this way of making art?

hdv: under the influence of suzuki's books on zen buddhism, i reduced the color and expressivity more and more until I came to empty white paintings without any form, but i followed different tracks in my early work – so from about 1954 or 1955, i also made collages. the beginnings of these were original – my fascination with the fragments that remained of advertisement walls in paris. i was later influenced by the works of kurt schwitters, always playing with used, thrown away, weathered parts of reality, found on roadsides, litter in the forest, and so on. there was a strong trend towards re-evaluating things which had lost all value: "what is rubbish?"

JG: You also created works that involve a musical component I believe.

hdv: yes. it began in 1962 and 63 with bird voices, recorded with a large 100 centimetre parabolic microphone i borrowed from the institute of applied biological research in nature. in the morning at about 4:30 am i would record birds in a place with many gardens, bordering a large forest region. it was, in fact, a kind of z e r o work – no composition, no selection – just recordings. these recordings were reality-music: *natura artis magistra*, a title derived from the full 19th century name for the amsterdam zoo, usually called *artis*. the next tape i made

was humanae vitae in 1963 at a busy street corner with traffic lights during the morning rush hour when people go to work and trucks are entering and leaving the city. later, in the early 1970s, i recorded six little waterfalls in a small brook. the waterfall phenomenon had fascinated me for a long time as it is always the same water in the same stream, but manifests itself differently under different conditions. at the time i could sit for hours near the proximity of little falls contemplating their reality/actuality. it parallels other processes and existences. later on i added other water sounds such as rain, coastal breakers, surf, the sound of dripping water in a small forest spring, produced in a record as water-the music of sound. it was all expression of our reality and there was nothing to add, nothing to change, complete information and poetry, perfect.

JG: In 1970 in the Seychelles, you made the first of what you call your ‘real works’, “collected mahé, seychelles, august 1970.” Since then, you have collected other elements – leaves, flowers, stones, grass, and earth – for other works. One of the most ambitious of these is natural relations (1989). Are these phenomenological installation works a way of bridging the gap between what we humans call creativity and nature’s ontological processes, which likewise involve constant transformation?

hdv: chance & change was a word pair i came to formulate during my travels, in the summer of 1970, in teheran. it led me to make a lot of documentary work. i used to call this, “reality as its own document”. change is everywhere. nothing remains the same. every manifestation is a new one. every moment is new. nothing is stable. the process is durable. douglas huebler called this “duration”. i call it “change”. duration and change are the same as “fact”. change brings chance. without changes no chances. things can be different, but can still be identical, an embodiment of the world as fact, as happening.

my publication chance fields (1973) shows that our chances are endless. the only limitation is the conditions of the chance-field we are in. poetry became truly concrete at the moment i gathered a handful of shells at the beach of mahé. the theme “different and identical” was started with that small work.

natural relations consists of approximately 2,000 samples of herbs, seeds, roots, bark, and plant substances from morocco, india, senegal, and the village of eschenau in germany where i live. it evidences many relationships that connect us to our original life-space. It’s a connection that is in danger. i dedicated the work to ‘that which is forgotten’. we are only living beings because of what we eat, drink, and breathe. the conscious union of our

organism with our life space is re-ligion (the original meaning is derived from the latin: to join, to link, to connect, unite). it is yoga, from the sanskrit root yuj, meaning to connect, to join. taking in our food is a way of participating in the world’s unity of existence.

JG: Your use of water as a component part of your work, recording the sound of streams and movement of water, was truly breakthrough material as a nature/art interaction. Again, with your “real works”, reality is reified... nature is an active participant in the process.

hdv: water is in all and everything that is alive. the sound of a brook, the sound of six miniature waterfalls, each has a different sound and a different identity. each is formulated by different circumstances, under different conditions, but still it is the same stream, the same water! i will only exhibit what I have seen, found, and collected. so the work is from nature, and the role i play in “my” works is modest. it is simply a presentation of these facts, of the result of processes, of “the process”.

JG: In the mid-1970’s, you arrived at a point where you decided there is no such thing as chance; that we are simply incapable of recognizing the multiplicity of variables that are occurring simultaneously, and influence the world we respond to on a variety of sensory levels. This instant and continuous evolutionary process is part of the reality of nature. With this realization, you went on to create random dot fields (1974), random blocks (1975). Can you tell me more?

hdv: from 1962 to 1975 i worked with programmed randomness. the works i constructed were random “objectivations”, free of any personal message, and open to interpretation. i later came to question what this randomness really was. i came to the conclusion that randomness is a word we use to help us when we can no longer discover or identify all the causes that lead to a certain fact, position or situation. example: on a 24 x 24 cm page, using a one cm grid and 10 rectangular elements, there are 6,579,329,566,975,974,127,670,720,595,328,889,430,137,295,077,376 possible forms and positions. That’s an over-astronomical number of chances.

the random programmed works were models, but I realized that the most complete model of reality was reality itself! my work with randomness thus came to an end and i preferred to document real facts and real processes. i documented these processes of chance and change, of the different and identical, of the poetry of fact extensively with a camera but

resisted exhibiting this aspect of my work for a very long time. the photo has its own reality, and is not identical with that which i choose to photograph. i now think one day i will publish them as “reproductions” of fact and process.

JG: I love the way you will take elements of nature and exhibit them as artworks. the witness (1991) presented the trunk of an olive tree with all its convolutions and variations of texture, matter, colour. It is like a time capsule that carries with it all the variability and change of its life. The same goes for the oak (1992-) which was left to decompose and remains a testament to nature’s ongoing cyclical processes and entropy. Unlike Carl André, who uses prefab materials – bricks, cut wood sections and so on, which reference built structures and engineering – you reference nature as a source. Nature is neither structure nor product, even if our structures and products derive from nature... it procreates itself into infinity.

hdv: yes.

JG: The artifacts series you produced from the 1990s approach the object from a different level than, say, Tony Cragg’s assemblages have done. The process can involve rediscovering man-made objects that have been reclaimed by nature – books found under a hedge covered with moss, for instance. While many artists reference the object-product, your art seems to remind us that the way we define and perceive nature has been inverted by manufacture and production processes. Rather than seeing matter from nature’s point of view, as part of an ontological process, we often see it as an extension of production systems.

Whether it is pottery fragments from the beach at Plefouti or stone, moss fragments, the ongoing changeability of things is part of your “real works” expression. This is less clearly expressed or understood in the field of art than in science, perhaps because there is no clear answer or definition. The process is more complex, less cartoon-like, and causes us to reflect on nature’s omnipresent role in the total environment of contemporary life whether it be product, architecture, or nature...

hdv: entropy doesn’t stop. it is in nature and in our cultural domain. in our man-made world, the laws of nature still rule! it is important to bring together our different attitudes about recognition, and knowledge collecting, and unite them – science and art, art and science. they are two boulevards of our creative approach towards reality, actuality. the sanctuaire de la nature de roche rousse has a fence that surrounds a ruined house, already taken over

by nature. rose bushes and a box tree (buxus) grow inside what remains of the walls. it shows how humanity is transitory, a part of nature, that we need not fear this process. we can respect and enjoy the power of nature, always ready to heal her wounds, overtaking what humanity has left behind, forgotten or destroyed.

JG: Indeed. And when we define and segregate elements, whether it be trash or a new product, we are willing participants in a process of identifying with overproduction. It is as though we have become afraid of recognizing nature as anything more than a resource. When nature is manipulated, or altered, we believe it has value. What a conditioned paradox!

hdv: what a conditioned paradox indeed! scientists have participated in this exploitation. science is no longer a way of gathering knowledge, or a base for philosophy, but mainly a base for exploitation, for being useful for exploitation. much of the “advancement” of science is a degradation. often the scientist has become a slave of “progress”, and works for shareholders.

JG: You once framed a book by Yves Klein titled *le dépassement et la problématique de l’art*. There are three tiny leaves floating within the frame together with the book. Was this a comment on the separation of art from nature, how art hermetically sealed itself off from nature in the modernist era? It is as if artists of that era feared nature would call all that expression a ruse.

hdv: in recognizing nature, our natural reality, as the only direct and available revelation, we can pass by and forget many of the cultural achievements we thought so important. leaves will fall over written words. words always play a part in the division of the world. in fact, the world is on e. words give man a great collective power, but we pay for that power with a loss of unity. language is a digital analysis of actuality: yes-no, you-me, we-them, here-there, and so on. the fact remains. time doesn’t exist. time is just another human invention that helps us get a grip on the actuality/reality. when a leaf falls on a book we are reading, its a beautiful moment!

JG: From 1961-64 you published *la revue nul = 0* with Henk Peeters. Collaborators included Pietro Manzoni, Matthias Goeritz, Lucio Fontana, Aubertin, Dieter Roth and others. Was your orientation ultimately conceptual, involving concrete art and poetry or were there

other orientations? Did you find the discourse published in its pages generated new ideas and actions on the part of the artist/contributors?

hdv: revue nul=0 and revue integration (1965-72) were, first and foremost, documentations of new ideas and developments in art from zero artists. later they included more or less related topics.

JG: The sanctuaries you have created, a circular wrought iron fence in Stuttgart (1993), the circular brick structure at Munster (1997), the open meadow at Eschenau, the path through the bois sacré around the sanctuaire de la nature de la roche rousse (2001) are an attempt to rekindle this notion of a private place, of a place where we can go to reflect, find ourselves, and identify with our primordial roots in nature. Nature is often perceived as material with only the potential for exploitation. Transgression has become the norm. Inner reflections about our origins, indeed nature's origins, raise existential questions about the great divide between humanity and nature. Are we participating in a process of development and change decided by a mindset established centuries ago?

hdv: one of the originators of that mindset was rené descartes (1596-1650), who laid the foundations for mechanistic philosophy that so strongly influenced the developing science. it is still being worked out in our times. descartes's line, "cogito ergo sum" (i think therefore i am) was opposed by his contemporary, gassendi (1592-1655), who lived in digné, a town close to roche rousse, with the comment ambulo ergo sum (i walk therefore i am). people walking up the footpath to the sanctuaire de la nature de la roche rousse will find this gassendi quote cut into the surface of a rock that once fell from a ridge beside the path. the idea of sanctuaries and bois sacré (sacred forests), is an idea of places for reflection, revelation, and contemplation amid nature's manifestations. a new sanctuary near zeewolde in the Netherlands a circular earth wall, densely covered with wild roses; the hortus liberatus in merzig, germany; and our "meadow" near the village of eschenau, that we will give back to nature, also have to do with these ideas.

JG: Does part of the problematic have to do with the structure of language itself? I am thinking of the bundles (1972-1989), a simple shelf structure with series of labelled and bundled newspapers (information rendered as object) that have dried leaves hidden inside them (another kind of "information") or the earth museum (1998) with its 7000 samples

of earth from around the world, each wrapped in plastic and presented in sample boxes, exhibited at the Rijksmuseum in Holland. Each looks the same inside their container, yet they collectively represent such a diversity of immediate experience.

hdv: immediate experience is a right expression. language divides the world in parts, but they still belong together.

JG: You have actually been involved in redesigning a section of land into a nature reserve in the freshwater wetlands and marsh area called Weerribben, in the north-west Dutch province of Overijssel. This project evidences an artist's ability to move into processes that are usually reserved for 'professionals' from other fields such as landscape design, architecture and urban planning. Some areas of this preserve will have areas for contemplation. In other areas the water level has been raised closer to its natural levels... Here is a very real example of how artists can transform reality, actually make a difference in the real world.

hdv: the transformation of six square kilometres of agricultural land below sea level into wetland nature was, of course, not possible without biological, historical, and hydrological research. plant sociology and the succession of plant associations i have studied are particularly important to integrating a successful variable transition between the two existing nature reserves there. i think this is a good example of a fusion between art and science.

when completed, the region will only be accessible by canoe and footpath. it is not intended to be a place that encourages mass tourism. it is for those people who want to experience deep nature in holland, a densely populated country. some parts of the region will be reserved for nature itself. no visitors will be allowed entrance, not even scientists. this area will only be seen from the outside.

JG: In your installation titled *from earth; from around swabisch hall* (1998), you did not represent the landscape surrounds of this place in a traditional way. Instead, you created a large tableau of rubbings made from 35 earth samples of various colours and textures, selected from the original 129 you collected. Not only is geological history part of your process here, but equally human history. Adjacent to the tableau you exhibited earth rubbings from the Biel/Bienne region at the base of the Jura Mountains in Switzerland. Like your "comparative landscape studies", as you call them, you included samples from other places – Scotland, Sicily, Greece, and Germany. These environmental traces build a visual relation

between specific sites and become a global expression. Some would call this approach scientific, or at least systematic. You re-establish the locus of humanity's evolution and heredity in the landscape by including samples from Buchenwald, Tchernobyl, and Australia (a region inhabited by the original Australians with cave drawings and wall paintings that have survived millennia). Buchenwald and Tchernobyl are presented as heaps of earth on display. They are designated differently – Tchernobyl states the radioactive level of this contaminated soil and Buchenwald simply as KZ Buchenwald, Barrack 15....

hdv: a handful of earth, or 'dirt' as some people call it, can be a rich source for reflection and contemplation. our history is in the earth. everything that has been is returned to this original substance. amid the earth at barrack 15 in the kz buchenwald, a place used by the nazis for so-called "experiments" on humans, i found a small button. this tiny button touched me more than any memorial monument can do. the tchernobyl sample presented evidence of the danger of some human activities: the sample had a radiation of 568 bequerel.

bringing together earth from various regions and countries in the world, these works enable us to see their differences and similarities. none of the 7200 samples in my earth museum are in fact the same. like the faces of men, the forms of the leaves of one tree, any earth sample is a new form. every happening, every new chance to realize form, reveals a new one. i added a mirror to underline the fact that they may look identical but still be different, they can look different but are still identical. nature doesn't repeat itself. it's always new, all ways. to be all ways to be all to be ways to be to be.

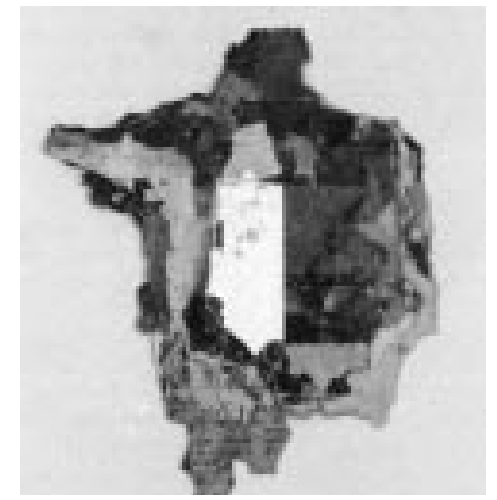
a systematic approach is one possible way artists can work. i learned this discipline from science, but science on its own cannot provide us with a complete understanding the world and our life. art and science can be complementary. by fusing both, the two main creative streams of our culture in relation to our life space can be integrated. it is one possibility. there are many definitions of art. mine is that art is a discipline that contributes to consciousness or becoming conscious, but art should not be limited to my definition. in our culture it is very important that art remains a free and open domain. art is a free domain.



herman de vries, ambulo ergo sum (a phrase from the philosopher and mathematician Gassendi). Detail from sanctuaire de roche-rousse. Alpes de Provence, Digne. Photo: Nadine Passamar Homez. Courtesy of the artist.



herman de vries, sanctuarium, 1997, Muenster. Courtesy of the artist



herman de vries, what is rubbish? 1956, Found collage, 15 x 12 cm, Paris. Photo: Falko Behr. Courtesy of the artist.

Commentary on the John Grande / herman de vries Interview

André Questcequecest is the Quotes Editor for Wegway.

Antonin Artaud said, “Every powerful emotion awakens in us the idea of emptiness. And the clear language that prevents this sense of emptiness also prevents poetry from appearing in the mind. This is why an image, an allegory, a figure of speech that disguises what it wants to reveal has more meaning for the mind than the clarity provided by the analytical properties of speech.”¹ And Hugo Ball said, “The socialist, the aesthete, the monk: all three agree that modern bourgeois education must be destroyed. The new ideal will take its new elements from all three.”² Additionally, Charles Baudelaire said, “The more Art strives to be philosophically clear, the more it will degrade itself and revert towards the primitive hieroglyph; on the other hand, the more it divorces itself from the Didactic, the more it will soar aloft into the realms of Beauty pure and disinterested.”³

David Bohm said, “If the thing, and the thought about it, have their ground in the one indefinable and unknown totality of flux, then the attempt to explain their relationship by supposing that the thought is in reflective correspondence with the thing has no meaning, for both thought and thing are forms abstracted from the total process. The reason why these forms are related could only be in the ground from which they arise, but there can be no way of discussing reflective correspondence in this ground, because reflective correspondence implies knowledge, while the ground is beyond what can be assimilated in the content of knowledge.”⁴ Also, F. H. Bradley said, “I cannot accept, for instance, the relation of subject

and predicate as an adequate expression of reality. It evidently fails to carry over consistently into a higher region the felt sensible unity of the one and the many. And there is no possible relational scheme, which, in my view, in the end will be truth.”⁵

Chuang Tzu said, “Tao is obscured by partiality. Speech is obscured by eloquence.”⁶ And, Jean Cocteau said, “The case of the gramophone convinces me that poetry is moving into an unknown world. The subordinate role of machines is going to end. We shall have to collaborate with them.”⁷ Nonetheless, Ralph Waldo Emerson said, “A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.”⁸ And, in addition, Lawrence Ferlinghetti said, “A POEM IS A MIRROR WALKING DOWN A STRANGE STREET”⁹ Heraclitus said, “Those who seek gold dig up a great deal of earth and find little,”¹⁰ and “This most beautiful universe is a heap of sweepings piled up at random”¹¹

Carl Jung said, “Science is the art of creating suitable illusions which the fool believes or argues against, but the wise man enjoys their beauty or their ingenuity, without being blind to the fact that they are human veils and curtains concealing the abysmal darkness of the Unknowable.”¹² None the less, Karl Marx said, “In no sense does the writer regard his work as a means. They are ends in themselves: so little are they means for him and others that, when necessary, he sacrifices his existence to theirs, and like the preacher of religion, though in another way, he takes as his principle: “God is to be obeyed before men.” He himself with his human needs and desires is included among these men. Nonetheless, suppose that I have ordered a Parisian frock coat from a tailor, and he brings me a Roman toga because it is more in accord with the eternal law of beauty! The first freedom of the press consists in its not being a business. The writer who debases it to a material means deserves a punishment of his intrinsic lack of freedom: the extrinsic lack of freedom – censorship. Better yet, his existence is already his punishment.”¹³

1 Antonin Artaud, “Oriental Theatre and Western Theatre” in “For the Theatre and its Double”, in Antonin Artaud Selected Writings, Susan Sontag ed., Helen Weaver trans., New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976, pp. 269-70.

2 Hugo Ball, diary entry 3.1, 1921 in Flight out of Time, John Elderfield ed., Ann Raimles trans., U of C Press, LA, Ca. 1996 p. 197.

3 Charles Baudelaire, “Philosophic Art” in The Painter of Modern Life and Other Essays J. Mayne trans. and ed., Da Capo Press Inc., 233 Spring St. N.Y. pp. 204-5

4 David Bohm, Wholeness and the Implicate Order, Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1980, p. 55

5 F. H. Bradley, Essays on Truth and Reality, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1914, p. 239

6 Chuang Tzu, A New Selected Translation with an Exposition of the Philosophy of Kuo Hsiang, Yu-Lan Fung trans., New York: Paragon Book Reprint Corp., 1964, p. 49.

7 Jean Cocteau, “A Wonderful and Dangerous Weapon in a Poet’s Hands” in The Art of Cinema, André Bernard and Claude Gautier eds., Robin Buss trans., New York: Marion Boyars, 1992, p. 31.

8 Ralph Waldo Emerson, “Self-Reliance” in Essays First and Second Series, New York: National Book Company, 3,4,5 & 6 Mission Place, 1894, First Series, p. 45

9 Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Pictures of the Gone World, San Francisco: City Lights Books, poem 5.

10 Heraclitus, Fragments: A text and translation with commentary, T. M. Robinson, Toronto: U of T Press, 1987, Fragment 22, 4.4.2

11 Heraclitus, Fragments: A text and translation with commentary, T. M. Robinson, Toronto: U of T Press, 1987, Fragment 124 from Theophrastus, Metaphysics 15 (p. 16, Ross and Forbes)

12 C. G. Jung, Letters, Vol. 2, Gerhard Adler and Aniela Jaffé eds., R. F. C. Hull trans., Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973, p. 57.

13 Karl Marx, “Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844”, in Marx and Engels on Literature and Art, L. Baxandall & S. Morawski (eds.) St. Louis: Telos Press, p. 61.

Selections from The Thought Project

During a three month period in 2004, the Danish photographer Simon Høegsberg stopped 55 strangers on the street and asked them what they were thinking about the second before he stopped them. Using a mic and a dictaphone he recorded what they told him, then took a picture of them. The end result is a project consisting of 55 portraits, each coupled with a quote that expresses the portrayed person's thought.



I guess that what I was thinking about most that was my girlfriend because I was just sitting here waiting for her, and she just wrote me saying that she's on her way. So actually I was looking for her bus. Apart from that, I've got Bobo, my rat, in my bag, which I was thinking about. I was thinking about how he was doing when he's lying in the bag. Mostly because it has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just been out for a while where it was running a little, and during this time it just shat all over the place. And then... yeah, there's a small one there. And then I was a little worried that it would shit all over my bag, actually. But it didn't. I've got three rats in all, but now I'll have to get rid of one of them because I've only got two cages. And they can't live together because if a male and a female are together then they'll just have kids and that will happen in no time. And if two males they... so... they'll kill each other. This rat here I must give away because I can't keep it myself.



I was thinking that I was on my way to pick up my son from the day nursery, and it's his last day in the day nursery, he's going to start kindergarten tomorrow, and then I was anxious to know if he'd had a good day. And he's brought cream puffs and so on, so I'm curious to know if... if it had been good. I don't think that he's fully aware what it means to start in kindergarten but he does know that something new is going to happen, and certainly he has seen his older mates start kindergarten and knows it's something like when you grow up then you're going to kindergarten so... so he's looking forward to that... Yes, I think so... Or he does, he says that he does, but of course he's anxious to see how it's going to be. He's three now, right, so he's going to be in kindergarten until he's starting school a six-year old, so that's three years more or less. One step on the career path. Actually a giant leap, I believe.



I was thinking of whether I should walk straight ahead or if I should turn right. But at the same time I was also thinking that it was nice... I'd just met one of my good friends who came walking together with three other gentlemen, and I was so surprised to see him on foot, because usually he always goes by car. So he... in a way he caught me off guard by suddenly saying hi. At the same time I was thinking of which way to choose, it was funny that I'd met him. And his cap was pulled far down his... his... almost down to his nose, so actually I didn't recognize him, it was him who said hi there and all that, so... it was actually amusing, and it was lovely. I know him from the time when I was working in his company. I'd been a housewife for thirty years, and then I simply had to get out and do a little to try something else, and then I worked there.



I'm on the lake in Copenhagen, and I was photographing one of the trees, which is half in the water, and it's very nice to see the reflection of the branches in the water. At least I like it so much, and always I look for it, because I like when the reflection is half destroying the image, but the image is still there. And the other thing is that I think today there is a very special light in Copenhagen, because there has been a sunny day, but now it's a little bit foggy and... I don't know - a little bit idle. And so looking around I try to capture these feelings that I had in mind and what I felt of Copenhagen today. It's a city I like very much. I'm Italian so I'm actually not used to this kind of... atmosphere. I mean it's very different, it's very catching for me. I live here since two and a half years, so I know these things but still I'm always impressed when I see a scenery like this. Actually, something I like very much as well is when you see the branches just... how can I say... contruluce in Italian... I don't know the word in English. It is against the light, somehow, when the light is behind, and you see them like nets in the sky. You have this dark black... almost drawings in the sky. That's... that's very nice, I think.



I was thinking that the car that just passed me was a black version of the car that some of my friends have. And then I just looked into the car just to check if it was actually them, but it wasn't. I noticed the lady who was sitting on the passenger seat - that she was this type with long, dark hair and Gucci sunglasses on her forehead, and she wore a fur coat and the like. She was a type different from those I'd perhaps expected to see in the car. Because the people I was looking for who were my friends... she wouldn't have been sitting there in a fur coat wearing Gucci sunglasses. On an overcast day.



I was thinking about cardboard. Because I was just about to mount the side-walk, and then my eyes fell upon the bag that I'm holding in my hand and in which there is cardboard that I've bought for the purpose of making some place cards for a party. And then I started thinking about different kinds of cardboard. I came to think of what I'd bought and the ones I've just been looking at because I've just been out buying cardboard. And there was a lot of different kinds, there was a lot of fancy colors. And then I just came to think of how many different kinds of cardboard you could buy. I'm satisfied with the purchase... I've found such a... the right thickness and also the colors I want. They're green and yellow because it's something that'll be used for some Easter, hence the choice.

All quotes state exactly what was said during the interviews. The interviews took place in Copenhagen, Denmark and in New York City. Photography by Simon Heegsberg

The Inevitability of Massurrealism

Mark Daniel Cohen is a New York City-based writer on art, aesthetics, and philosophy, as well as a sculptor, graphic designer, and an adjunct professor of philosophy at the European Graduate School, Saas-Fee, Switzerland. He writes regularly on contemporary art for the magazine *NY Arts* and is a contributor to *Art New England*, *Sculpture*, *Art Journal*, *contemporary visual arts*, *Linea: Journal of the Art Students League of New York*, *Provincetown Arts*, and *ARTnews*.

For several decades, all of us in the art world have been living in and with a strange conception of time: we believe that we can, or should, see history as it approaches us from over the horizon. We have occupied a period of artistic experimentation that has lasted now for well over a century, and it is natural for us to attempt to estimate where art should go next. Nothing is required; we invent as we go. And so the artists who create and the art historians and critics who evaluate what has been created look to see what needs to be done, what is most compelling upon our efforts and attention, what will continue and exonerate the experimentation that has preceded us – as if we could decide and judge according to the logic of history.

Enough time has now passed since the beginning of our period of artistic experimentation, since the start of the Modern Art movement in roughly the 1870s and the 1880s, that we can have an adequate perspective for analyzing its development, and it can be easily argued that there is a remarkable appropriateness to the idea of Massurrealism, of a Surrealism rooted in and employing the iconography and technologies of the mass media. There is a logic that leads to it, an historical logic – a logic so strong that Massurrealism can be called inevitable.

To see that logic of art history, one must recognize that we have inherited from Modern Art three principal traditions that sustained themselves as primary modalities of visual creativity. Modern Art took three overall directions that continued through its time and have come down to us as viable methods of art making: Expressionism, Abstraction, and Surrealism.

The importance of segmenting these three modalities is in the recognition that they possess different objectives for visual art – what makes a good Expressionist painting is immaterial to a Surrealist work, and so forth. There are in the canon examples of significant overlap, but for a large number of major works, these three fields have distinctive aesthetic ambitions – in each, the idea of what art can and should do is different from that of the other two. For Expressionism, the intensified expression of emotion, sufficient to distort the perception of reality, is paramount. For Abstraction, the vision of a reality beyond the veil of appearances, or at least a vision that provokes an insight into the nature of the real, is the goal. And for Surrealism – the mode of art making that concerns us here – it is evoking unconscious states of mind that matters. Surrealism works from the assumption that what our unconscious minds perceive – in dreams, in spontaneous visions, in ruminations, in automatic expressions that elude the control of the conscious mind – is as indicative of reality as are the perceptions of our waking minds. Dream states and the visions of madness are realistic; they convey to us a reality greater than we experience normally – a “surreality.” (As Andre Breton said in his lecture “What is Surrealism?”: “Surrealism rests in the belief in the superior reality of certain forms of association neglected heretofore; in the omnipotence of the dream and in the disinterested play of thought.”) To put it all more succinctly, Expressionism is psychological; Abstraction is revelatory; and Surrealism is transformative.

It may be surprising to observe that, although all three modalities continue to be practiced by artists of significant stature, Surrealism appears to have the longest shelf life. A great deal of Postmodern Art is essentially Surrealistic – many of the installation and multi-media works we see aim at altering the senses rather than conveying a conventional message. They are more transformative than informative, working implicitly with the view that what we normally experience is but a small portion of what is real. There seems to be natural tendency in art-work that environmentally embraces the senses to alter the quality of sensation rather than convey concrete information and thus, change the way in which we perceive.

The continuing viability of Surrealism, its ongoing impetus for visual artists, is one of the points of legitimacy for the very concept of Massurrealism. But there is a stronger one still – the adoption by the artists of this burgeoning art movement of the technologies and the iconography of the mass media. This move, to adopt the mass media and their imagery for the Surrealistic purposes, has a natural logic of its own – it is thoroughly in the tradition of artistic experimentation. From the beginning of the development of Modern Art, information technology has had a profound influence on the direction the arts have taken. The recognition of this is by now well documented. To cite just a few examples: the effect of

the invention of photography on painting, leading to an increasing movement away from realism and ultimately to pure abstraction; the effect of the stop-action photography of Eadweard Muybridge on Impression, spurring artists to attempt to capture the split-second moment and reveal reality as it can be seen only there; and the influence of film editing on collage in painting.

The fusing of the artistic ambitions of Surrealism and the methods of mass media is distinctly apt. It is an inspired strategy, for there is a natural fit between Surrealism and the modern media of instantaneous information exchange. Marshall McLuhan – an early, perhaps the earliest, theorist of the cultural effects of the mass media – felt the new media would trigger extraordinary changes in mass psychology. The media would militate against linear thinking – in essence, logic, which McLuhan thought typical of literary cultures – would promote a capacity for broad and ranging patterns of association, would compel an intimacy of engagement in information and its subject matter, a tendency for personal involvement, rather than the disengaged, ruminative posture of those who communicate primarily by reading and writing. There would be no sense of distance from a world being reported to you; you would feel everything to be close and compounded, a state of affairs McLuhan called “allatonce” (all-at-once).

Regardless of the specifics of McLuhan’s psychological predictions, it is clear he felt the mass media would be deeply transformative of the mind, and we have seen in the years since they arose and became the dominant forms of information exchange that the world appears to have changed to a remarkable degree. We are involved in everything; there seems to be no distance from anything in the entire world. For just one example, those of us old enough to recall when the news was received primarily through newspapers and a half-hour nightly news program on network television must be continuously startled by the influence on our political lives, and not just our political lives, by 24-hour cable news. In comparison, the world now seems like a constant onslaught of events, inescapable and immediately around us. It all seems virtually dream-like, and this is precisely what Surrealism was intended for.

So, it makes perfect sense for artists who feel the pull of the Surrealist inspiration to look toward the mass media, the media of instantaneity. In fact, the sense it makes is so strong, it seems like the convergence of Surrealist art and the mass media is inevitable. The original Surrealists worked largely with traditional artistic media, painting primarily, and to some extent they took up what were then the new media – film and photography. Looking back at their works now, from the perspective of our habituation in the mass-media environment,

their movement and creations seem distinctly prescient, as if they knew what was coming, what psychological state we would all find ourselves in, and they rendered it in their works, in advance. But, working in the early part of the twentieth century, they had not yet seen the full import of the new information environment, nor did they have the full brunt of the technologies of instant information exchange and deep psychological reconfiguration that were coming. That is the promise inherent in Massurrealism – the massurrealist artists have the media that the Surrealists could only guess at and whose effects they had to simulate. It is now as if the Massurrealists have the opportunity to fulfill the promise of Surrealism – to continue, bring to a culmination, and exonerate that mode of art.

The Massurrealism movement – devised and led by James Seehafer (who invented the term “Massurrealism” and is the movement’s intellectual guide) and practiced by such artists as Ginnie Gardiner and Michael Morris – is still young. There is no doubt its best works are still to come, but things do look promising. View the works and read the writings on their art by such massurrealist artists as Seehafer, Gardiner, and Morris, and others and you will see they know the background of their inspiration. They are aware of the true principles of Surrealism; they know what they are after. The future is ever uncertain, even when it follows a compelling logic. But we can see already that Massurrealism is a right idea at the right time. It is an art movement to watch carefully.

1984+20 Project

Skip Mendler is a writer based in Honesdale, PA.

THE 1984 INDEX stands at UNGOOD

“It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen...”

In the tradition of The Lysistrata Project and Operation Strangelove... a literary response to the present challenges to civil liberties, human rights, and peace.

On April 4, 2004, citizens around the world marked the twentieth anniversary of the opening date of George Orwell’s novel 1984 with complete or partial readings of this dystopian classic. (Winston Smith’s first diary entry is April 4, 1984)

Why Read 1984?

Because we still can.

I suspect that anyone who has read the novel immediately recognizes its applicability to the present situation. Though we are admittedly far from the full realization of Orwell’s dark vision, the present post-9/11 climate shows a marked tendency towards three of the most

chilling aspects of Oceania’s Ingsoc society: total surveillance, restricted personal freedoms, and perpetual warfare.

By staging public readings of 1984, we can stimulate discussion and renewed awareness of the novel and its relevance.

What to Do Next

If you are interested in making a “1984+20” event happen in your area, or if you are interested in helping spread this idea and making it a truly worldwide occurrence, please write to me.

THE 1984 INDEX

“I do not believe that the kind of society I describe WILL arrive, but I believe that something resembling it COULD arrive...” – George Orwell

For present-day America, 1984 provides a useful benchmark for assessing our own status as a democratic state. Various elements in the novel can be compared to specific developments from today’s headlines. Look around, and ask yourself: “Are we moving closer to the world of 1984, or farther away?”

THE 1984 INDEX represents my own answer to that question. It is a composite of the twenty factors listed below. Submit your own opinions by contacting me; your comments and suggestions are taken into account in deriving THE 1984 INDEX. Soon, we will have a survey form available for your ratings and comments about the factors. Skip Mendler, at smendler@well.com.

At present, THE 1984 INDEX stands at UNGOOD

There are dangerous trends afoot, and the potential for things to get worse is high, but there are also reasons for optimism.

Individual Factors of THE 1984 INDEX

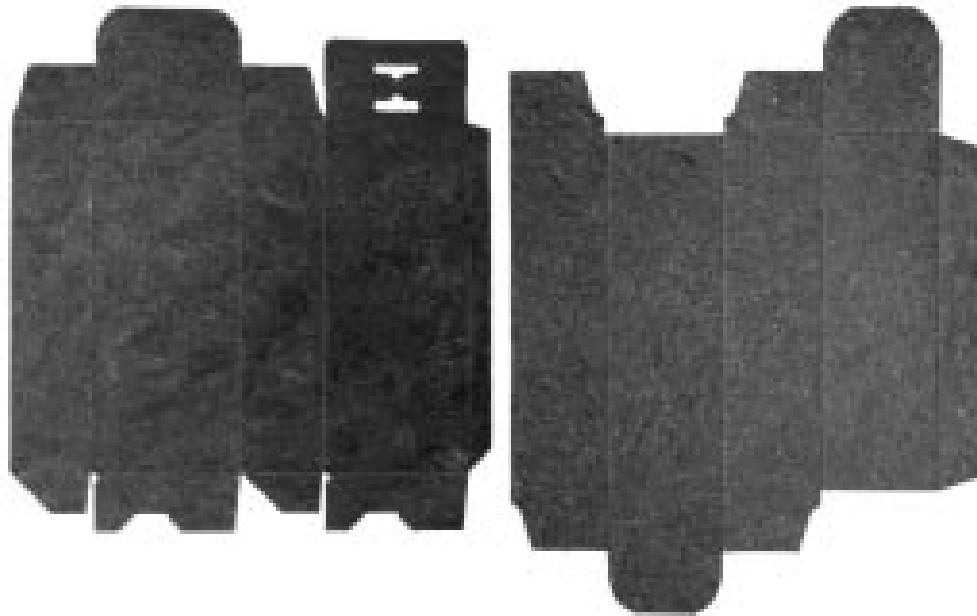
Factor	Status	Brief Description
1. Big Brother	<u>UNGOOD</u>	<i>Cult of personality</i>
2. Big Brother is Watching You	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Government surveillance</i>
3. Ingsoc/Inner Party	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Absolute political hegemony by one ideologically-driven group</i>
4. Ministry of Peace (also “War is Peace”)	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Permanent war footing</i>
5. Ministry of Plenty	<u>UNGOOD</u>	<i>Manipulation/falsification of economic data for political ends</i>
6. Ministry of Truth	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Use of propaganda, falsification / reinterpretation of the past, and manipulation of language</i>
7. Ministry of Love	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Use of extreme psychological techniques, including physical torture, against dissidents</i>
8. ThoughtCrime	<u>GOOD</u>	<i>Repression of dissent; citizens being punished / persecuted solely for their beliefs</i>
9. Thought Police	<u>UNGOOD</u>	<i>Mechanisms and infrastructure in place to monitor and punish thoughtcrime</i>
10. Unpersons	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Indefinite or “preventive” detention; revocation of habeas corpus, right to representation, etc.</i>
11. Prolesec	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Use of popular entertainment and other distractions to keep the working classes occupied and politically disengaged</i>

8 Leading dissidents like Chomsky et al. remain free, and able to speak; Democracy Now still on air.
12 Opposition to the USA PATRIOT Act and its progeny continues.
16 Polarization increasing between Western and Muslim worlds.
19 More people from across the political spectrum are voicing their dissatisfaction with and opposition to the present system.
20 Websites and books detailing the situation are proliferating.

Factor	Status	Brief Description
12. “Freedom is Slavery”	<u>GOOD</u>	<i>Citizens willingly surrendering rights in the name of security</i>
13. Newspeak	<u>UNGOOD</u>	<i>Manipulation of language to make dissent difficult if not impossible</i>
14. DoubleThink	<u>UNGOOD</u>	<i>Citizens are expected to hold contradictory and paradoxical beliefs</i>
15. “Ignorance is Strength”	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Anti-intellectualism; the misuse of the educational system to produce citizens without critical thinking skills</i>
16. Emmanuel Goldstein	<u>PLUSUNGOOD</u>	<i>Demonization of one individual or group as the focus for hatred and war hysteria</i>
17. Two Minutes Hate	<u>UNGOOD</u>	<i>Maintenance of a constant attitude of hatred towards the specified enemy</i>
18. Anti-sex League	<u>UNGOOD</u>	<i>Repression (or, alternatively, trivialization) of sexuality being used as a tool for social control</i>
19. “The Brotherhood”	<u>PLUSGOOD</u>	<i>Strength of the resistance, organized or small-cell, to the ruling ideology</i>
20. “The Book”	<u>PLUSGOOD</u>	<i>Availability of information regarding the true nature of the system</i>

Artist's Statement, In spite of the fact that the "Artist's Statement as Business Letter" has become a standardized literary form that bears little relation to the long tradition of the artist manifesto

Steve Armstrong is a visual artist and the Editor / Publisher of Wegway.



Numerous boxes that market and protect things like pharmaceuticals, soda crackers and nails enter my home. I have been saving these boxes, carefully undoing them, and then painting them. This process:

1. Redeems (almost Biblically) commodified objects to a context of personal value by way of labourious embellishment with gesso and paint. Late Capitalism's colonization of the individual is reversed by the exercise of taste. Artists must be earnest and diligent if they are to succeed in the great task of ideological intervention. We are not to be envied in this hard work.
2. Plays with the fundamental notion that a painting is a flat thing that offers a virtual, or apparent, volume. The boxes were not flat when I found them, but of course, they were flat at some earlier time on a factory floor somewhere, but this is irrelevant because the point is, they were designed to be folded and glued, or possibly stapled, and not be flat, and when most of us encounter them they aren't flat, and we don't generally understand them as being flat, but I made them flat and then I painted them to suggest illusory volumes of celestial proportions. But, simultaneously, and contradictorily, these illusory volumes look like nothing more than paint on cardboard. These paintings demonstrate the letter of Clement Greenberg without the spirit, or the spirit without the letter, or perhaps neither, or even both. Moreover, they could equally be regarded as Minimalism deconstructed. There is a lonely grandeur in such subtleties.
3. Celebrates the ordinary, that inevitable place where we all live. The boxes document the private life of a household as it is reflected in its consumer choices. Marx said that commercial relations falsify human relations – this process needs to be turned around, and this can only be accomplished by remembering who we are – we the people who truly own this world. These boxes are cargo-cult totems for personal lives lost in global commercial culture. They reclaim a folk tradition and re-integrate the individual into meaningful social constellations. (see #1)
4. Sets up a figure/ground tension on a painted surface that has no clearly discernable figure on a ground, and is, indeed, only ground and nothing else. This tension is achieved by way of the peculiar shapes of the boxes. The shapes cause our perceptual mechanisms to seize upon the entire painted surface as a figure, while the ground becomes the framing materials I suppose, or even the entire world in which the figure exists. These paintings deny the figure/ground relation, but by so doing, export the relation into the real world. (see #2)
5. Etc.

Steve Armstrong © January, 2001

Smug Biographical Notes

Richard Kostelanetz is a New York based writer, artist, critic, and editor who is productive in many fields. www.richardkostelanetz.com

I'm not alone, I'm sure, in thinking that a book of cultural criticism should have a substantial biographical note for a writer to establish his or her authority. And so in reading *Smart Jews* (University of Nebraska, 1996), a provocatively titled volume by a writer previously unfamiliar to me, Sander L. Gilman, I looked for authorial credentials. None appears within the book itself – other than his report in the preface of an invitation to give lectures at the University of Nebraska. *Smart Jews* also lacks a card page, as it is called, across from the title page, behind the half-title page, where an author can list his previous titles.

Only on the dust jacket, which might have been eliminated from a library copy, did I find that “Sander L. Gilman is Henry R. Luce Professor of the Liberal Arts in Human Biology at the University of Chicago.” All those capital letters notwithstanding, what kind of “post-modern” information is this? Is this Gilman (not the drama critic Richard G. or the football coach Sid G.) a cultural historian? A sociologist? A “humanistic” biologist? The nephew-in-law of a media mogul? A pseudonym? A fiction perhaps? Is the lack of conventional departmental designation meant to tell the cognoscenti that this Gilman must be superior to mere profs of one or another recognizable discipline? Isn't the reader abused when told someone is Very Important but isn't sure why?

The one-paragraph bio note continues by mentioning four previous “works”: *Difference and Pathology: Stereotypes of Sexuality, Race, and Madness; Jewish Self-Hatred; Anti-Semitism and*

the Hidden Language of Jews; and Inscribing Order (Nebraska 1992). Those titles don't answer the questions about intellectual authority or even a disciplinary identity as much as they display an indisputable taste for certain academic lingo, which naturally attracts those predisposed to the lingo while repelling those who aren't (such as myself).

A professor new in my life thinks this bio note reflects laziness from both the author and his publisher “because it takes some social energy to imagine an audience and to try to explain to them what your expertise is, and how and where you were educated, or what you are interested in, or any other intellectually identifying mark. Just to name your most recent potboilers and leave it at that is demonstrably lazy.” In that case, the bio note epitomizes the principal quality of the book as a lazy compilation with a sharp title.

Once I got to the book's footnotes, I noticed that, slight self-identification notwithstanding, modesty is not among this Professor Gilman's virtues, as he repeatedly cites his own publications. I then began to realize that finally, the book's skimpy biographical note is smug – designed to assume that for this Gilman, ordinary badges of authority might be unnecessary. I guess this smugness is meant in turn, to impress those who already know something about Professor Gilman while alienating those, such as myself, who are unfamiliar. What is gained for Gilman or his publisher by such smugness (other than a needlessly circumscribed audience)?

What publishing strategy could be yet more smug? No biographical note at all, of course – just like we find in editions of Moby-Dick, Hamlet, or The Bible.

Pedigree Girls

Sherwin Tjia is a Montréal-based painter, poet and comics artist.

PEDIGREE GIRLS



PEDIGREE GIRLS

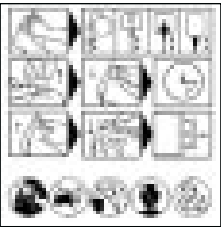


Hall of Technical Documentation Weirdness

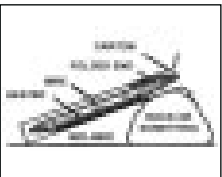
Darren Barefoot is a writer and graphic designer from Vancouver who collects inexplicable, surreal and strange examples of technical documentation. Website: www.darrenbarefoot.com



Tipsy



Electrodes



Eating in the Army



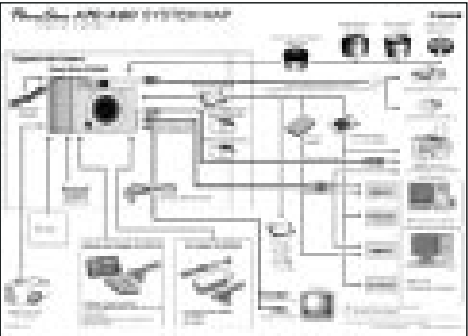
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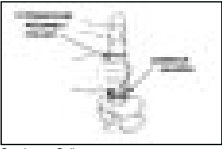
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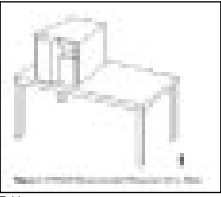
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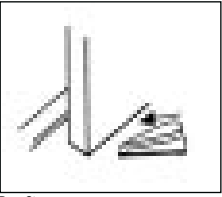
Canon Camera



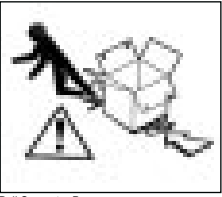
Crankcase Collar



Table



Door Stop



Dell Computer Box

