



everything Editorial:

Luci Eyers
Steve Rushton
John Timberlake

everything Publications:

267 Mayall Road
London SE24 0PQ

Email: artapes@hotmail.com
<http://www.bak.spc.org/everything>

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Ruth Blacksell

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4	The Invisible Bond The Icelandic Love Corporation & Francis McKee
20	Lucy McKenzie
21	My Granny Died Ming Wong
24+93	Brigid Lowe
25	Probing the Beginnings of Digital Art Practice Charlie Gere
44	Victor Mount
46	Five Colour Posters Ryan Gander
52	Guilhem Alandry & Anna Kåri
64	Empire Within Oscar Tuazon
73	Sally Barker
76	Mark Hosking
84	John Russell
85	Graham Parker
88	Raj Kahlon
	Paul Elliman
	Batia Suter

side

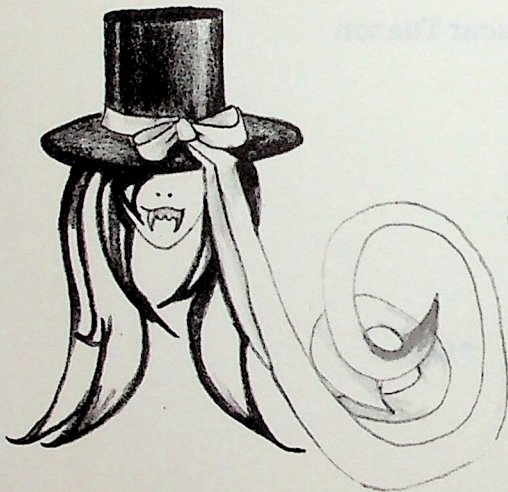
Front cover

Back/Inside covers

The Invisible Bond

Text: Francis McKee

Drawings: The Icelandic Love Corporation



Sigrun was knitting in the kitchen by the open window. Out of the corner of her eye she could see a small dark figure creeping from the shed across the yard and heading for the woods. Slowly she put down her needles and reached back for the shotgun. When the figure drew level with the window she swung the weapon into view and cried 'stop there!'

The fox froze in his tracks, astonished. Feathers poked from his mouth and, despite his dilemma, he licked his lips. 'I know you too well, Sigrun. I don't think you'll really pull that trigger', he said quietly. Turning to go, he heard a loud, metallic click and found himself facing Joni, her pistol cocked and ready to fire. The barrel of the gun wavered slightly between his eyes but Joni's face betrayed no indecision.

'That's a Smith + Wesson, isn't it?', asked the fox.

'Might be', said Joni.

'Might not be', said Eirun who had crept up behind the fox and pressed a stick into his furry back, 'hands up!'. The fox spat out the last of the feathers and thought fast.

How come he hadn't heard them sneaking up on him? Maybe he shouldn't have that walkman at high volume so often but how else could you listen to 'Highway to Hell'? And what were these women doing sneaking around like this? He was the foxy one.

Still, this wasn't the time to worry about such things. He raised his hands.

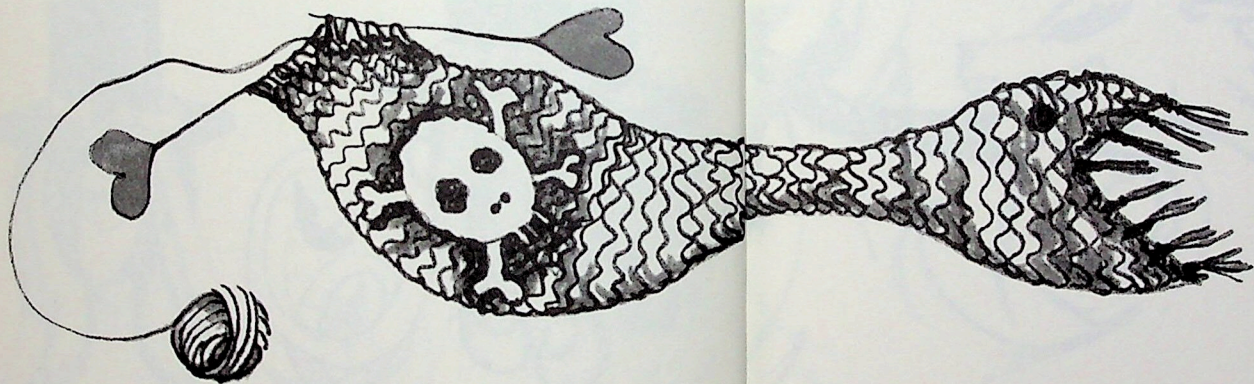
'Let's be reasonable', he said. 'I was starving and too far from home. It was just a snack to sustain me.'

'Your snack had a name - Gunnella - my second favourite chicken', snarled Eirun, poking him again with the stick.

'Gunnella was a mean thing. You know I would never touch Svana though!' said the fox pleadingly, 'and I did come to see you. To tell you about an exciting discovery...'

'What discovery?', asked Sigrun, curious despite herself.

'I can't really describe it - I'll have to show it to you', the fox replied. It was time to take a chance. 'Follow me' he said confidently and moved off towards the forest.



They all stood around a large tree in the middle of the wood. The fox had regained his composure now that Joni had put away her pistol and the shotgun had been left behind in the house. Eirun had kept the stick but there was nothing to fear as the girls had forgotten all about Gunnella once they saw the discovery. It was a very simple thing though impossible at the same time. Eirun later remembered thinking at this moment that simplicity did not necessarily rule out the impossible.

They were staring at a small white doorbell embedded in the trunk of the tree. The fox smiled. Joni dug her elbow in his side.

'What happens if you press it then?' she asked. The fox shrugged, 'I haven't actually tried it yet. Thought I'd wait for you lot.'

Sigrun stepped forward impatiently and pushed the bell button. Immediately, the tree bark divided smoothly and a door swung open before her. Without hesitation, she entered, followed quickly by the others.

They found themselves in a small vestibule with a checkerboard floor. To one side, there was an old-fashioned cage elevator with elaborately wrought-iron doors. On the opposite side, there was a set of two intertwining staircases coiling down into limitless depths. The stairs looked forbidding. The elevator, however, had obvious charms. The girls piled in but found there was just enough room for the three of them. The fox sighed and, as the elevator doors shut, he made his way towards the gloomy depths of the stairwell.

Almost in a twinkling, the doors reopened and Eirun, Joni and Sigrun rushed out only to see they were in the same vestibule. Nothing seemed different except night had fallen. They stepped out of the tree and found the forest quilted in deep white snow. A road curved past the spot they had been in only moments before and it was illuminated by orange sodium lamps. There was a stillness in the woods that was broken occasionally by the scratchiness of a crow in a nearby branch, shifting restlessly against the silence.

'Where's the fox?' asked Joni as the others looked around.

'Been and gone', volunteered the crow.

'Gone where?'

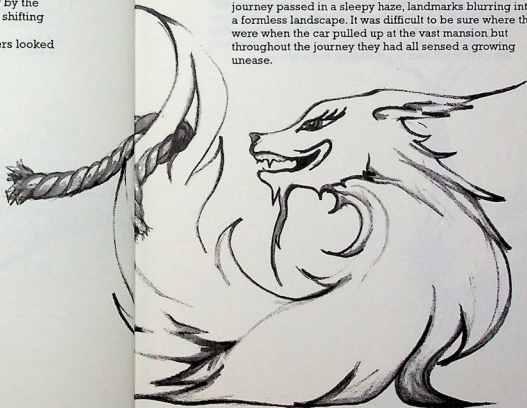
'To the mansion... secret mission... danger fox... endangered creature, I believe -'

The crow stopped short as a sleek, black limousine pulled up quietly at the side of the road.

'Best to take it', said the crow. 'It's a long walk to the mansion. I'll meet you there.'

He flew off, causing a small avalanche in his tree as he launched into the night air. The girls looked at one another and silently agreed. They got into the car and their small driver stared ahead, barely visible through his smoked glass partition. Without any acknowledgement of their presence, he revved the engine and they moved off.

Perhaps it was the heat of the car after the cold outside, or the luxuriousness of the warm, enveloping seats but the journey passed in a sleepy haze, landmarks blurring into a formless landscape. It was difficult to be sure where they were when the car pulled up at the vast mansion but throughout the journey they had all sensed a growing unease.



The rush of cold air outside the car woke Sigrun sharply and she went straight to the front door of the mansion and pushed it open before Eirun and Joni could stop her.

As soon as they entered, they were assailed by a booming voice that filled the wood-panelled hallways and corridors that branched out from the foyer like the strands of a web. The voice alternated between a loud, hectoring style uttering slogans like 'The ice palace is a false eternity, a duration outside time, to be escaped from' and a quieter, confessional mode, almost a whisper - 'I think I knew, even then, that there was something secretly good, illicitly desirable, about the ice-hills and glass barriers'. Sigrun was running down the draughty wooden hallways as the voice rolled through the space. She threw open every door and quickly scanned each room, desperately searching for the fox. By now, she knew in her heart that he was in danger. Eirun and Joni caught up with her at the bottom of a carved staircase. Strange coiled monsters were sculpted into the banisters leading to the upper floors and the voice soared even higher - the girls could hear it echoing up to the attics.

Joni held Sigrun back for a moment. Eirun stood on the first step of the stairs and turned to face them both. 'We need a plan. We can't run...'

Just as she spoke, the crow swooped down the stairs and landed on Eirun's shoulder.

'Sorry. I came through a skylight and worked my way down. More natural. Crow-like. Plan?'

The crow paused for a breath and then continued.

'That voice. Drone. Boombox mansion for the little ones. Follow me...'

Eirun led the pursuit as the bird shot off up the stairs. It wasn't far. The crow landed outside the entrance to a particularly grand doorway. Joni got there first and kept going, kicking the doors wide open. What they saw made them all halt in their tracks. In the centre of a grand ballroom a tiny man in black stood lecturing an audience composed of field mice, small bats and grey squirrels. The little man did not seem in the least ruffled by Joni's entrance and continued his lecture, leaning forward conspiratorially, virtually hissing his words into the microphone:



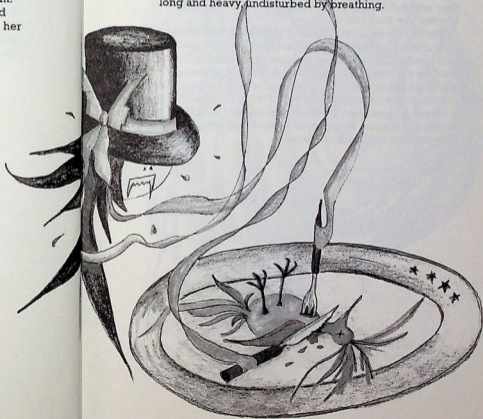
'Andersen even cheats by making the beautiful, mathematically perfect snowflakes into nasty gnomes and demons, snakes, hedgehogs, bears, the things that torment the lazy daughter who makes snow by shaking out her featherbed. Science and reason are bad, kindness is good. It is a frequent, but not a necessary opposition. And I found in it... a figure of what was beginning to bother me, the conflict between a female destiny, the kiss, the marriage, the childbearing, the death, and the frightening loneliness of cleverness, the cold distance of seeing the world through art, or putting a frame round things.'

Instinctively, Sigrun knew this strange little person had hurt the fox and was simply taunting them now with his nonchalant academic pose. When she sprang forward though to seize him, he dropped through a trapdoor in the floor before she even came close to centre of the room. Sigrun spun around and gave Joni a look. Joni reached into her pocket and withdrew the pistol, handing it to her friend. Behind them the small audience of animals scattered in a flurry of cries and squeals.

'This way!' screamed the crow and led the girls out of the room and down the stairs. Following the bird through a labyrinth of corridors, they came to the entrance for a crypt – a colder, stone space underneath the mansion. They moved slowly now and only occasional shafts of light through the floorboards above illuminated their path as they negotiated the darkness.

Eirun reached it first and tried to turn the others back, gripping Sigrun firmly by the arm to lead her away. It was useless though as she wrestled free and, like Joni, was drawn inevitably to the gleaming object at the end of the room.

They saw a small glass coffin, shining in the reflected light of flickering candles. The glass cradle was lined with dark velvet and the fox lay unseeing in its centre. His fur was stiff and ragged, and his body seemed unnaturally long and heavy, undisturbed by breathing.



'Who was that little man we saw?' asked Eirun. The crow looked around the car. Sigrun and Joni sat in the back, the coffin with the inert fox lay across their laps. The girls were pale and silent, unable to take their eyes off the small body before them. Up front, Eirun was driving, racing the car through its gears as she roared the vehicle through the forest towards the field hospital he had suggested. As a long shot.

Hopeless.

'That was Lord Mortimer Greaves. But mostly we call him 'little Mort'. Enemy of the people - 'pests' he calls them.' The crow glanced at the body of the fox and then had to cling tightly to the headrest as Eirun screeched around another corner. Interesting, he thought, the way they enjoyed building these corners into their roads. Curved like their minds.

The field hospital was a sea of khaki tents emblazoned with crosses and crescents, a makeshift town of canvas and scraps of wood. Sigrun and Joni carried the coffin past the curious and the ill, through the field of moans and cries. Eirun went ahead, asking for help, and the crow circled above, directing their path. Finally they found a nurse - a large, weary woman who seemed stranded amidst the injured, helping where she could without support from any medical teams.



She examined the fox, searching for a pulse and shaking her head.

She looked at Sigrun who was stroking the fox's back and then started to fill in a patient's record form.

'Are you related to the deceased?' she asked. 'Yes,' she decided as she wrote something down.

'No,' replied Sigrun quietly.

'Yes,' insisted the nurse. 'Invisible bond...'

'Are you sure he's dead?' asked Joni.

'Near as.'

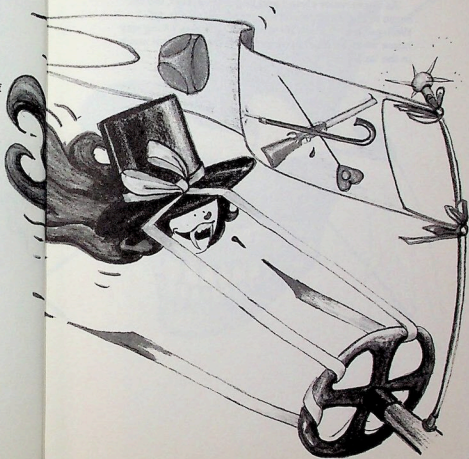
'But not dead then?'

'Near as,' repeated the nurse as she moved towards the next patient.

'But isn't there anything we can do for him,' asked Eirun.

'I R. Infinite resuscitation - that might work,' said the nurse over her shoulder. 'But you would need to construct an infinite loop. And soon.'

Eirun took out her Icelandic Needlewomen's Guild Diary and turned to the useful tips and hints at the back of the book. The crow stayed close to the body of the fox while the three girls debated the best way to compile a remedy.



When they finally made it to the elevator there was one last problem. There was still not enough room for all four in the cage and the stairs looked as forbidding as ever. The fox declared he was extremely weary and hadn't fared well on the stairs the last time.

That much was obvious. Sigrun, Eirun and Joni volunteered to try them - Little Mort was on the run, they were armed and there were three of them after all. Safety in numbers. The crow would remain on guard at the entrance and bade them farewell.

As the elevator closed and began its ascent, the fox came to realise he wasn't so much tired as hungry. Well, peckish at least. He worried that it was a long way home when he reached the top and there was not much in the larder.





From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs

Each According to the Dictates of His Own Conscience



My Granny Died

Ming Wong

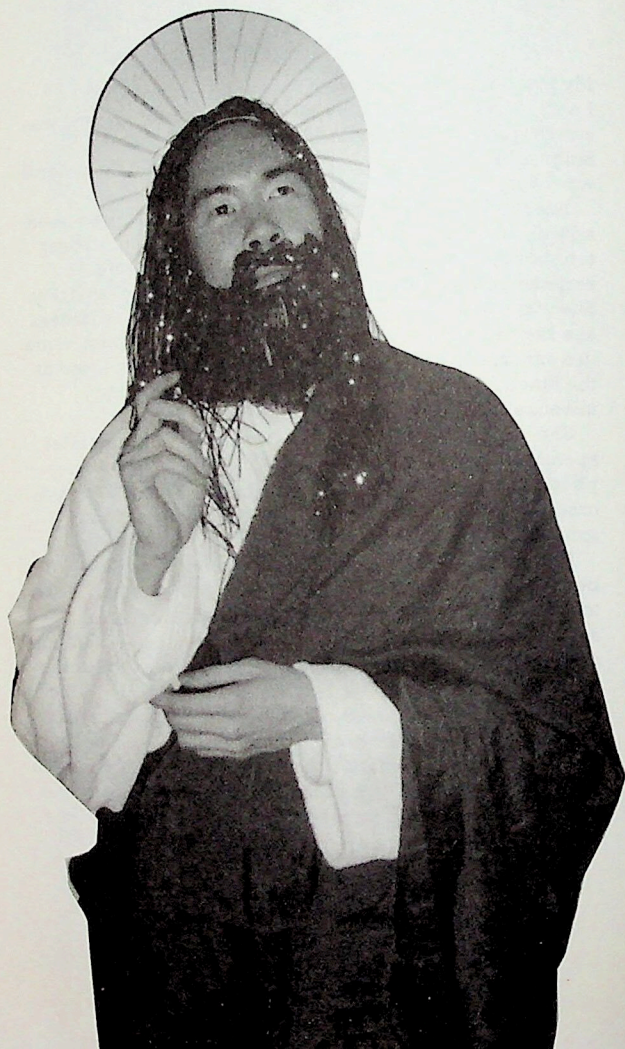
My granny died on new year's day. She was ninety. I only found out about it by email as my mobile phone was stolen while I was in Spain. By the time I arrived in Singapore she had already been cremated and the funeral was over.

She died a Christian. This was unusual, as she had been a Taoist Buddhist all her life. After my grandad died over ten years ago, she started taking her religion more seriously, chanting with beads and all several times a day. She was preparing herself for her dying day; in readiness she kept a portrait I had done of her wrapped up for years in a suitcase in her cupboard. It was proudly displayed at the funeral next to her coffin, which only made my absence more conspicuous.

She was baptised at home in November last year after spending a month in the hospital. My cousin showed me photos of the party they held for her. She was clutching a cross, but her face was thin and drawn and she wasn't smiling.

My cousin is an officer of the Salvation Army. He has a beautiful 2 year-old daughter who he took along on visits to granny. My brother and sister and their spouses are also Christians, along with several other cousins and aunts and uncles. They rallied round my granny throughout the last few months she battled with her cancer.

On my last visit home, I saw that the goddess of mercy idol that sat on an altar in my granny's room had been replaced by a wooden plaque engraved with a verse from the Bible in Chinese. The goddess and the beads and the rest of the paraphernalia had been given to the Buddhist temple that my granny used to go to.



I didn't question her decision; she just explained that my cousins and aunt wanted to do what they thought was best for her. She had sought the advice of the head priestess or Abbot or nun or whatever she's called at the temple and was told that, because she needed the love and support of those nearest and dearest to her in her time of need, she should allow herself to be converted – if so, she would have to do so truthfully and wholeheartedly. All I could say in my childish Cantonese was that it didn't matter, it was all the same in the end.

On the tenth day after her cremation, I followed my mother to the temple, where the priestess performed a simple ceremony to see my granny's spirit to the next realm after ten days of roaming the earth. The red paper covering my granny's photo on the tablet she shared with my grandad was finally removed to reveal her modestly smiling face.

They would join the rows of hundreds of other devotees' tablets in the temple.

My grandad's and my youngest aunt's ashes, which were also kept in the temple, were to be removed and taken along with my granny's ashes to a Christian memorial home once their new tombstones were engraved.

Probing the Beginnings of Digital Art Practice

Charlie Gere

Context:

From the end of the Second World War until the mid-70s the post war avant-garde and the development of Information Theory seemed to be travelling on the same trajectory. By the end of the 60s the divergence of these two spheres became increasingly evident. Charlie Gere charts the history of their marriage and divorce and investigates the degree to which current art practice reflects the legacy of this division.

The Second World War was the catalyst for the development of modern electronic digital binary computing, owing to the unprecedented demands for complex calculation at very great speed in areas such as ballistics, cryptoanalysis and atomic weaponry research. The War also oversaw the emergence of a number of related discourses and theories, including Cybernetics, Information Theory and the theory of and Artificial Intelligence among others. Though emerging out of different contexts these discourses are all concerned with developing abstract and formalised systems, in order to understand the phenomena with which they are concerned. Information Theory, as proposed by Claude Shannon and Warren Weaver, was concerned with the efficient transmission of communication signals, Cybernetics, developed by Norbert Wiener, looked at the relationship between organism and environment in terms of information and feedback, Artificial Intelligence



STOP

modelled mental processes in terms of abstract and disembodied algorithms. In their different fields and contexts these systems, and others such as General Systems Theory, Molecular Biology and Structuralism were highly influential. Indeed to a large extent they represent, collectively, the paradigm of post-war technological and scientific thinking. Though neither determining nor determined by the invention of the computer, they were part of the same intellectual environment, and presented a powerful paradigm for understanding and operating upon the world. The development of technologies such as computers, the spread and increasing complexity of systems of communication, and the more general context of a world locked in the potentially fatal systemic stalemate of the Cold War all contributed to the widespread interest in, and adoption of, cybernetic thinking. The combination of an increasingly ubiquitous and clamorous media and the threat of nuclear holocaust did much to promote a pressing sense of the interconnected nature of things, and a concomitant sense of fragility.

After the War a number of artists and composers made work and developed ideas that dealt with similar concerns, albeit expressed through very different means. The work involved questions of interactivity, multimedia, networking, telecommunication, and the use of combinatorial and generative techniques. Such work has crucially determined not only the shape of current artistic practice in relation to digital technology, but also the more general development of digital media. But it is important to emphasise that much of this work was often not primarily about technology in itself, either as a means or a subject. At first, little, if any, of such work was made using computers and it was not until the late 1950s that computers began to be used to make images or music. Even then this work was mostly undertaken in the spirit of technical research rather than artistic creativity. It was in the middle to late 1960s artists started to use technical objects such as televisions in their work and, by the end of the decade, to exploit the possibilities of video cameras and computers. Perhaps the best way to think about the relationship between the work of artists in this period and digital technology is that both were part of the cybernetic paradigm in which questions of interactivity, feedback, the relationship of organisms with their environment and the transmission and reception of information were of paramount concern.

The pressures of the post-war era presented the context in which digital technology was shaped and developed. International political tensions presented a set of problems for which computing and cognate ideas such as Cybernetics offered potential solutions. Indeed the Cold War was largely responsible for how the computer developed into the kind of machine it has become. The way in which we use and think about computers, as media and communications devices, rather than simply complex calculators, is a result of these Cold War developments. Cybernetics was of great interest to the American military not just in terms of modelling scenarios, but also in looking at ways of automating warfare. In particular they were interested in the integration of humans and machines as a way of making the operations of war more efficient and foolproof. Among the projects that were funded by the American Defence establishment were SAGE, the Semi-Automatic Ground Environment nuclear early warning system, which determined the technological and conceptual of modern interactive computing, including networking, graphical interfaces, programming languages, time-sharing and real-time computing. Douglas Engelbart's Knowledge Augmentation Project, which developed windows, word processing and the mouse, Ivan Sutherland's *Sketchpad* computer graphics software, from which much of modern graphics computing emerged, and the ARPANet, predecessor of the Internet.

Before such developments could be exploited for cultural and artistic ends, it was necessary to engender a receptive environment. The artist who most concretely enabled the emergence of such an environment, and thus has had the most profound influence on current digital practice, is the composer John Cage. Through his pioneering practice in the fifties and sixties he fostered interest in a set of concerns that would later become central to the development of digital media and art practice. He directly inspired musical movements such as Minimalism, which in its turn had a crucial influence on digital music, as well as art movements such as Fluxus, whose interest in media and telecommunications presaged many current digital art concerns. Cage also opened up space for the development of ideas about interactivity and multimedia, that would not only have repercussions in the art world, but would greatly influence those who, later, came to think about the computer as a medium. This is not, of course, to suggest that Cage was,

in any sense, a computer artist and it is not until the 1960s that he started to use them as tools for composition and performance. But in the 1950s he was responding to a similar set of issues and ideas to those that were beginning to be rehearsed in relation to computers.

Though there is no sense that Cage was explicitly interested in the same technical problems as the theorists Wiener or Shannon, it is plausible that he was reacting to some of the same concerns about communication. When he came into contact with their work he evidently found it congenial in relation to his own practice. The publisher John Brockman recalls Cage discussing the ideas of Wiener, Shannon and in the mid-1960s, and it is possible that he came into contact with them earlier [1]. In the context of the War and of the increased importance and availability of telecommunications such concerns were ubiquitous. Cage himself was fascinated by communications technology as shown by his use of radios and record players in compositions during the forties. Cage's exploitation of these technologies coincided with the emergence in the late forties of *Musique Concrète*, which used tape recordings to produce montages of sound. In the early fifties the German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen started experimenting with tape and electronically generated sound. Later in that decade Max Mathews produced the first digitally generated music.

The influence of this musical experimentation was profound and extended across both highbrow and popular forms, including more radical forms of pop music, exemplified by groups such as the Velvet Underground and Kraftwerk. These groups in turn influenced developments such as Techno and other electronic dance music forms. Although the widespread practice of in much contemporary pop music may be greatly facilitated by digital technology, its roots are in the cybernetic culture of the 1950s.

Cage's work often engaged with the relation between the visual and the aural. This was true of the work he started to develop in the late 1940s and early 1950s. Most famous among these is his so-called 'silent piece', *4'33"*, which was first performed on August 29th, 1952, at the Maverick Concert Hall in Woodstock, in upper New York State, by the pianist David Tudor. Consisting of three short movements of silence this work is one of the canonical moments of the post-war avant-garde. What Cage was attempting in the work was not just a

provocation, nor simply an expression of transcendent emptiness, but also an attempt to show that any noise could constitute a musical experience. The non-playing of the instrument allowed and made a space for other incidental noises to be listened to, and the distinction between noise and music thus dispensed with [2].

4'33" was partly inspired by the all-white paintings of Robert Rauschenberg. Cage realised that far from being empty the paintings, through being a surface on which dust or shadows may settle, act as environmental surfaces, or fields of focus [3]. These paintings gave Cage 'permission' to compose a silent piece of music [4]. As Simon Shaw-Miller has pointed out this roots the work in the visual field, as well as making it theatrical [5]. But the importance of *4'33"* was how it involved the audience in an unprecedented manner as producers of the music themselves.

In a 1960s essay Umberto Eco talked about what he called 'open work', one in which the performer and the audience both help to complete, through different kinds of engagement [6]. 'Open works' are indeterminate and open to different kinds of interpretation. In another essay of the same period Eco explicitly connects the issues of communication and indeterminacy in the music of Boulez, Stockhausen and Berio with the Information Theories of Wiener and Shannon [7].

But Cage, by stripping out all the other elements normally associated with a work of art, such as content, foregrounded the very question of interactivity itself. This was particularly resonant in relation to other events of the time. Two months after the premiere of *4'33"* the United States exploded the first hydrogen bomb. Issues of nuclear defence and deterrence were not only determining the development of interactive technologies, such as those associated with SAGE, but also fostering a climate in which questions of time and attention were of great importance, as well as those of emptiness and the possibility or otherwise of hope. This was made explicit in Rauschenberg's painting *Mother of God*. In this work a white circle is painted over a number of city maps, constituting a grim commentary on the possibilities of nuclear destruction. Cage's piece, in contrast, would seem to deny the nihilism of Rauschenberg's use of white, by suggesting that empty spaces can become the loci of engagement, interactivity and hope. If the practical beginnings of modern interactive digital technology can be traced in practical terms back to the needs of nuclear

defence, then the reconfiguring of that technology as a creative medium owes at least part of its impetus to the work of Cage.

Paradoxically 4'33" also presaged another aspect of digital media upon which Cage can claim an influence, that later became known as multimedia. The degree to which Cage articulated an artistic strategy for the post-war era was demonstrated in his *untitled event*, a collaboration with Merce Cunningham and others, performed at Black Mountain College in Colorado in 1952 (the same year as 4'33" was performed). *Untitled event* involved an installation incorporating music, poetry and the all-white paintings by Robert Rauschenberg. During the performance Cage gave read texts and performed a 'composition with a radio'. While simultaneously Rauschenberg played old records on a wind-up gramophone and David Tudor played a prepared piano. Cunningham and others danced through the aisles, while Rauschenberg projected slides of coloured gelatin and films.

Four years later, in 1956, the performance was a focus of intense discussion on the course Cage taught at the New School for Social Research in New York. The course was attended by Allan Kaprow (amongst others who would later become luminaries of the post-war avant-garde). Kaprow was one of the first to take the possibilities of performance into the public arena with his *18 Happenings in 6 Parts* (1959). The work of Cage, Kaprow, the Japanese Gutai Group, and European artists such as Piero Manzoni, Yves Klein, Georges Mathieu, inspired many artists to engage in these issues and to explore the possibilities of an art practice which would develop into the genre of performance art.

The emergence and consolidation of Performance as an artistic practice took place between the late 50s to the late 60s and its history encompasses numerous disparate individuals and artists' groups. To suggest any unifying tendency, beyond an interest in performance itself, in the broadest sense, would be misleading.

Whatever their individual content or treatments performance works are nevertheless united by a shared consideration of context and methods. In this sense they can be considered as meditations on mediation. It is no coincidence that modern performance art emerges at a time when electronic media were initiating what the Italian philosopher Gianni Vattimo describes as an 'society of generalised communication' [8]. To some

extent performance can be understood as a pre-emptive defensive reaction, emphasising the corporeal and embodied as well as the ephemeral, as a form of resistance to the immateriality, ubiquity and virtuality of mass media and communications, which had taken over so much of art's role as the provider of aesthetic solace and meaning. But performance art can also be seen as rehearsing many issues that later become relevant to electronic and, in particular, digital media. These included questions of interaction, response, feedback, the relationship between the audience and the performance and methods for combining different media elements. Artists working in these areas were among the first to explore the possibilities offered by electronic media, such as video and, latterly, digital technology, and many of those involved in developing performance as an artistic practice are currently involved in media art practice. But, even before the widespread use of technology these practices offered a framework for thinking about multimedia, interactivity and other issues, as well as offering an artistic and poetic matrix through which to think about their use.

The poetic engagement with issues of communication can be seen in the use of the postal system as an artistic strategy. This was developed by a number of individuals and groups, including the Fluxus collective, whose founders were among the attendees at Cage's sessions at the New School for Social Research. Along with performances of various kinds, either involving music or everyday activities, Fluxus were involved in the production of printed material and multiples, such as the Fluxus newspaper *V TRE*, and the *Fluxkit* multiples [9]. Perhaps more than any other art movement of the time Fluxus were engaged with interactive communication and process. The work done in its name almost always required the active participation a receiver as well as a sender - reflecting a world linked by increasingly complex systems of communication.

The international nature of the group required them to use the postal system in order to exchange material and ideas; this was inevitably extended into a process of making art in its own right. The Fluxus poet Robert Filliou invented the term 'Eternal Network' to refer to the long-term inseparability of art and life [10]. This became synonymous with Fluxus' use of the post as a vehicle for art. Filliou used postcards and other correspondence material from the late fifties. This paralleled projects undertaken by the group *Nouveau Réalistes* in France,

which had many affinities with Fluxus, and, indeed shared some members. *Nouveau Realisme* member Yves Klein sent letters and cards franked with a plain (Klein) blue stamp. Until recently such activity has been largely ignored by critical and art-historical fashion, but with the advent of the internet it is currently being reassessed as an important episode in the history of the post-war avant-garde and many of those whose artistic practice involves digital networks have acknowledged the influence of these movements.

Most of the work discussed above neither used computers, other than, at most, as a tool, or refer explicitly to computing technology or its associated ideas. Their importance for digital culture is the degree to which the ways of thinking and doing they often anticipated the more general issues of a culture mediated by such technologies. But, at the same time, some artists began to show an active interest in computing, Cybernetics and Information Theory, as sources of inspiration for both subject matter and method, as well as actual means. Curiously perhaps this was, at first at least, a largely European phenomenon. In Britain, for example, Cybernetics had a marked effect. In the fifties the Independent Group looked to the United States for alternatives to the parochialism of England and seriousness of the European avant-garde. America offered glamorous images of prosperity, as well as of the benefits of advanced technology and science that contrasted starkly with the austerities of a post-war Britain. Cybernetics and Information Theory were among the ideas the Independent Group imported from across the Atlantic [11], which enabled them to develop a new critical approach to culture. Throughout the Group's history such ideas were discussed, both informally and formally in the context of public seminars at the ICA in London, with which they had formed a close relationship.

A little later, in the early sixties, after encountering the work of Wiener and others, the artist Roy Ascott wholeheartedly embraced the possibilities of Cybernetics, producing paintings, such as his *Change Paintings* of 1960, manifestos, such as *Behaviourables* and *Futuribles* of 1967 which emphasised the importance of interaction and participation between artist, artwork and audience, as well as of process, behaviour and system [12]. As important as Ascott's own work was his role as head of Foundation at Ealing College of Art in London.

There he was able to put many of his cybernetic ideas into practice in a pedagogical context. Ascott has continued to explore the possibilities of Cybernetics, telecommunications and interactive media, and in particular what he describes as 'telematics' and 'technotics', the latter concerning 'the practice and theory of emerging from the convergence of art, technology and consciousness research'.

Other important contributions to the field of Cybernetics and art were made by the London based, Filipino-born artist David Medalla. In the 1960s Medalla built a number of cybernetic art pieces, involving mud, bubbles or sand. In 1967 he founded the Exploding Galaxy, which he described as 'a kinetic confluence of transmedia explorers', and which aimed to encourage participation and interaction between people and nature. Gordon Pask became interested in the work of Wiener and others in the fifties and in 1953 co-founded System Research which carried out research on skill acquisition, styles and strategies of learning, knowledge and task analysis, design processes and other systemic issues. System Research attracted funding from, among others the Ministry of Defence, the Ministry of Employment, and the United States Air Force. At the same time he worked as a theatrical producer and built a number of special purpose, electro-mechanical, chemical and biological computers, including 'Musicolour', which drove an array of different coloured lights that were lit in accordance to a musician's performance, and the 'Self-Adaptive Keyboard Instructor' or SAKI, an adaptive teaching tool for typing. His chemical computers from 1958 were self-organising systems that grew their own sensors. Later in 1970 he built a cybernetic sculpture, 'Colloquy of Mobiles', in which automata 'conversed' and which allowed a human spectator to join in. This was followed by the 'Course Assembly System and Tutorial Environment' or CASTE (1972), which enabled the user to work through complex bodies of information, and the 'Thoughtsticker', which mapped the user's ideas and suggested novel combinations.

By the end of the fifties and beginning of the sixties a number of European treatises on that subject of cybernetics relationship to aesthetics had appeared, including Abraham Moles' *Theorie de l'Information et Perception Esthétique* (1958) and Max Bense's *Programmierung des Schönen* (1960). Even earlier,

in the mid fifties, the Hungarian/French sculptor Nicolas Schöffer had produced the explicitly 'cybernetic' sculpture, starting with his sound equipped art structure built in 1954 for the Philips Corporation. These were followed by his two dynamic responsive works *CYSP I* and *CYSP II* (both 1956). Schöffer's work, whilst reflecting the concerns of earlier Kinetic art, was capable of autonomous and complex movements, apparently of its own volition.

This dual interest in kinetic and cybernetic art was shared by a number of artists, many of whom were connected with the various groups corralled under the banner of the 'New Tendency'. These included the original participants who exhibited at the *Nove Tendenije* show in Zagreb in 1961, Group Zero in Germany and the Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel (GRAV) from France. Uniting these groups was an interest in making 'objective', 'rational' and 'scientific' art that eschewed 'lyricism' and 'subjectivity'. Cybernetics was important in these endeavours as both the basis for practical work, and as the basis for a scientific theory of aesthetics.

In parallel to the investigation of the possibilities of the computer as an artistic medium, defence-funded research was making headway into the possibilities of real-time computing which led to the first uses of computer imaging. Projects such as SAGE necessitated the development of graphical interfaces and by the late fifties the possibilities of the computer as a visual medium was beginning to be exploited in disparate areas. In 1957 the first image-processed photo was produced at the National Bureau of Standards, and in 1958 John Whitney Sr. started to use an analogue computer to make animations. In the late fifties and early sixties at Bell Labs Edward Zajac was experimenting with computer generated film to visualise data and A. Michael Noll was starting his *Gaussian Quadratic* series of artwork, which used algorithmic methods to produce images, while elsewhere Charles Csuri was making his first computer generated artworks, using similar techniques.

Over the next few years computer imaging flourished. At the end of the fifties Ivan Sutherland produced his *Sketchpad* software. In 1960 William Fetter of Boeing invented the term 'computer graphics' for his human factors cockpit drawings. In the early sixties, *Spacewars*, the first video game, was being developed by Steve Russell at MIT and the aeronautics and car industries

quickly saw the potential of computers as design tools. In 1963 DAC 1 the first commercial CAD (computer aided design) system, built for General Motors by IBM, was shown publicly. In the same year Lockheed Georgia started using computer graphics. This was also the year of the first computer art competition, sponsored by the trade periodical Computers and Automation. Both first and second place in the first competition were won by entrants from the U.S. Army Ballistic Missile Research Laboratories. The first computer art exhibition was held in 1965, at Technische Hochschule in Stuttgart, organised by A. Michael Noll, Frieder Nake and George Nees, while in the same year a similar exhibition was held at the Howard Wise Gallery in New York. In 1966, an annus mirabilis of computer imaging, two scientists at Bell Labs, Ken Knowlton and Leon Harmon produced their Studies in Perception I which greatly furthered the burgeoning field of computer imaging, IBM awarded the newly created post of Artist-in-Residence to John Whitney, Sr, while Charles Csuri's Hummingbird was purchased for the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

In 1967, a movement, Experiments in Art and Technology (EAT) was started in New York by the artist Robert Rauschenberg and the engineer Billy Kliver. This was less concerned with technology as a medium and more as a subject, as was the case in Ed Kienholz's construction *The Friendly Grey Computer*, and Lowell Nesbitt's painting of an IBM 794. In England Eduardo Paolozzi was expressing a similar fascination with computers through the medium of screenprinting, with his *Universal Electronic Vacuum* Series and others. In 1968 a number of artists, including Paolozzi, Hans Haacke, and Victor Vasarely, a founder member of GRAV, were commissioned by Maurice Tuchman of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art to produce works as part of his Art and Technology programme. Many of the artists, including those named above, proposed projects involving computers. None except that of the poet and Fluxus associates Jackson Mac Low were successfully achieved. More successful, however were the works shown *Cybernetic Serendipity: The Computer and the Arts* at the ICA in London, and *The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age* at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. *Cybernetic Serendipity* might be considered the high-point of early computer-aided art, considered as a

mainstream art form. It consisted of all forms of computer-influenced and aided art, including work in music, interactivity, cybernetic art, computer generated film and computer graphics, and involved an eclectic mixture of contributors, including Cage, and scientists from university laboratories.

The late 1960s was both the apogee and the beginning of the end for both the widespread application of Cybernetics in contemporary art, and for the attempts to use the computer as an artistic medium. This period marked a division which lasted until the 1990s, when the Internet and the World Wide Web offered new possibilities for digital art. This is not, of course, to suggest that art influenced by Cybernetics, or using computers ceased to be made. Throughout the seventies and eighties a number of artists continued to work on those lines.

But, on the whole, cybernetic and computer art, was, rightly or wrongly, regarded as marginal in relation to either the traditional art establishments or to avant-garde art practice. To some extent this was a result of the more general decline in Cybernetics' fortunes, which, in turn reflected the sense that it was more problematic than useful as a science. An attempt to address the issues raised by this perception resulted in the development of 'second-order Cybernetics' and autopoiesis in the late sixties and seventies, which offered comparatively little purchase for art practice. It also reflected a more critical response to the ideas of control and feedback that animated both cybernetic and computer-based art. In light of both the use of Cybernetics and information technology for military strategy and the increasing computerisation of society for the purposes of capital the utopian belief in their potential was hard for many to sustain.

Perhaps the main issue was that cybernetic systems and technologies were part of the means by which language was used 'operationally' in Herbert Marcuse's terms, to achieve results, regardless of truth or belief. As such they exemplified the spirit of instrumental rationality that, according to Marcuse, characterised modern scientific thought, and thereby the logic of domination which acted against the achievement of personal and political freedom [13]. Some artists started to explore the relation between power and such systems

of domination, including language. This change in emphasis can be charted in the career of Hans Haacke who in the 1960s was concerned with an investigation into living systems and their relationship to the environment, sometimes on the simplest level. By the late sixties his work had taken a marked polemical turn and the artist's ideological engagement with issues of social organisation and social responsibility were more apparent.

In 1968 Jack Burnham's *Beyond Modern Sculpture* defined Haacke as an artist engaged with what he calls an 'environmental systems philosophy' [14]. Haacke also exhibited in many of the 'New Tendency' exhibitions in the sixties and considered himself an associate of the German Zero group. For these reasons perhaps Haacke was one of those commissioned to produce work for the Art and Technology programme.

By the late sixties Haacke's work began to investigate human social systems, with a particular concern for questions of power and property. In 1971 a proposed retrospective exhibition of his work at the Solomon R Guggenheim Museum in New York was cancelled because of a work he proposed exhibiting which showed the real estate holdings of the trustees of the museum. Haacke's new direction was part of a larger movement, which saw artists explore the use of language to ask questions about the nature of art, of communication, and of power.

The new emphasis on an analysis of language systems resulted in the re-evaluation of many assumptions about the political economy of the art world which led a critique of the institutions of the gallery and museum and a questioning role of the artists and the audiences within those institutions. The term Conceptual Art is in itself perhaps too broad a brush to refer to the disparate activities of numerous individuals and groups from all over the world, many of which could as well be corralled under other labels: Land Art, Arte Povera, Performance Art etc. Nevertheless the period around the end of the sixties did see many artists look to language for the basis of their practice and away from a concern with the materiality of the artwork. In this context the instrumental nature of the utopian promises of technology were seen as naive.

The pretensions of Cybernetics to enable the ordering and understanding of the world were specifically addressed by a number of artists. In the early sixties Robert Morris had produced works which, deliberately or not, parodied the self-reflexive nature of cybernetic thinking. These included *Box with the Sound of Its Own Making* (1962), a square box which contained a tape recorder playing a tape of its being made, and *Card File* (1962), which is a card file listing on the plastic index tabs the operations involved in its construction. Later in the sixties Sol LeWitt began to produce works whose primary existence was simply a set of instructions to be carried out by somebody else, for example *[t]en thousand random straight lines drawn by one draughtsman, 1,000 lines a day, for ten days, within a 120' square*. This can be seen as, among other things, a parodic invocation of the algorithmic means by which computers are programmed.

Perhaps members of the English conceptual art group Art & Language produced the most explicit critique of Cybernetics (though such work constituted a small part of their output and represented concerns that were marginal to their main interests [15]). Harold Hurrell for example constructed an interactive work *The Cybernetic Art Work that Nobody Broke* (1969), which precisely parodied the kind of cybernetic systems produced in the sixties by Pask and others. It allowed the user to input choices but refused all but 1 and 0. Any other choice produced aggressive messages from the system. In a different vein Terry Atkinson and Michael Baldwin's *Key to 22 Predicates: The French Army* (1967), was apparently a kind of systematisation of the French Army, which proposed absurd abbreviations, for the French Army (FA), the Collection of Men and Machines (CMM), and the Group of Regiments (GR), and then used them in series of absurd systemisations, as in this example: 'The FA is regarded as the same CMM as the GR and the GR is the same CMM as (eg) 'a new order' FA (eg morphologically a member of another class of objects): by transitivity the FA is the same CMM as the 'new shape/order one.'

At first there was difficulty in distinguishing conceptual art and cybernetic art, as was demonstrated by the inclusion of examples of both in the 1970 show *Software, Information Technology: Its New Meaning for Art*, held at the Jewish Museum in New York. The show was curated by Jack Burnham whose book *The End of Sculpture* was a key

text for those interested in bringing together of art and technology. *Software* featured work by Haacke and Joseph Kosuth, as well as by Ted Nelson and Nicholas Negroponte, who are now thought of as pioneers of multimedia computing. Negroponte's contribution was a paradigmatic cybernetic art work in which gerbils were placed in a box filled with metal cubes. A robotic arm attempted to rearrange the cubes as quickly as the gerbils disrupted the arrangement. Negroponte was later to become head of the Media Lab, and is now one of the most vocal and articulate advocates of the positive aspects of new technology. Nelson, whose contribution was a prototype hypertext system, was already known as one of the most vocal proponents of the potential of computers as systems for arranging and giving access to large amounts of knowledge.

By contrast the works by Kosuth and Haacke were far more critical of technology. Haacke made two works for the show, 'Visitor's Profile' and 'News'. The former was a parodic computerised questionnaire system, which tabulated the responses of visitors to the show to questions such as 'Should the use of Marijuana be legalized, lightly or severely punished?'. The latter consisted of teletype machines that spewed out continuous reels of information about local, national and international news. Kosuth did not use technology as such in his contribution (a wise decision considering that many works there, including 'Visitor's Profile', did not actually work, owing to technical difficulties, which was a contributory cause for Haacke giving up using technology in his work). Instead it explored how language changes in different contexts by placing the same text, consisting of six propositions, into a variety of situations. Edward Shanken suggests that, though Kosuth eschewed the use of technology, his work does explore the issues of art as software and thus the correlations between art and technology intended by Burnham as the theme of the show [16]. Be that as it may *Software* represented the point of departure between Cybernetics and conceptual art. Later in the same year the Museum of Modern Art in New York put on *Information*, a show of conceptual art featuring seventy artists. Both the works by Kosuth and Haacke were featured; work by Nelson and Negroponte, or any other cybernetic or technologically oriented artists, was not. The show attracted nearly 300,000 visitors

over six weeks. At one level this would seem to be consonant with show titles such as *Software* and *Cybernetic Serendipity* in alluding to the possibilities of technology. But the absence of cybernetic or systems work suggested that, for the mainstream art world at least, the cybernetic era was over. Through the 1970s and 1980s, out of those practices that combined art and technology, only video art continued to sustain interest from the art world. Kinetic, robotic, cybernetic and computer art practices were largely marginalised and ignored.

The marginalisation of work of this sort can be seen as a response to some of the problematic issues discussed above. But it can also be seen as a reaction to the success of the thinking behind such work. As the 1970s and 1980s progressed extraordinary advances were made in extending the capabilities of digital technology. The technical developments necessitated by the Cold War were harnessed for the reconstruction of capitalism into a more flexible and responsive mode. In that period networking, interactivity, multimedia and miniaturisation were all developed to a high degree and much of this work was directly influenced by artistic practice. By these means the cybernetic thinking and practice described here entered the mainstream, and became part of everyday life, through video games, computer multimedia, the internet, and, eventually the World Wide Web. As such it offered little for those who required that art remain in its own autonomous sphere, and not be subsumed by the mass media. Video art managed to remain autonomous by developing practices such as site specific installation, which kept it from being consumed by television, and thus retain the critic's and curator's interest.

But this does not mean that other kinds of art involving technology did not continue to be practiced. There has been a particular resonance between performance art and new media, a concern for engaging with its audience outside of the traditional gallery space. A useful index of this is the number of performance artists and video artists who have been involved with the *Ars Electronica Festival*, held in Linz in Austria since 1979. These include Nam June Paik and his long-time collaborator Charlotte Moorman, Valie Export, Dan Graham, Woody and Steina Vasulka, Diamanda Galas, Glenn Branca, Cabaret Voltaire, John Sanborn and Peter Weibel. Indeed Weibel,

well known in the 1960s for his performances and interventions, was festival director from 1986 to 1995, and is now director of the *Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie (ZKM)*, in Karlsruhe, which is a highly funded research centre and museum dedicated to new media arts.

The German government's decision, taken during the 1980s, to fund ZKM was timely. The development of the World Wide Web in the 1990s has led to an efflorescence of art using and engaging with new media and technology. The ease with which web sites can be constructed combined with the enormous reach of the Web has made it extraordinarily attractive for artists. Though art on the Web can be traced back to precedents such as work done using bulletin board systems in the 1980s and early 1990s, as well as earlier work with free radio, it really took off in the mid 1990s when new browsers made the Web easier to use. One of the most influential movements working with such technology is 'net.art'. Artists such as Vuk Cosic, Olialiana, Jodi, Alexei Shulgin, Heath Bunting, Rachel Baker and the Irrational Organisation and many others. A measure of the degree to which this kind of work has been accepted by the art establishment is the inclusion of a number of net.artists in the *Documenta X* Festival in Kassel in 1998. Though much of this work is innovative, especially in exploring the possibilities of a new medium, it is also oddly familiar. Practically every trope or strategy of the post-war avant-garde has found new expression through net.art, including Lettriste-style hypergraphology, Oulipian combinatorial and algorithmic games, Situationist pranks, Fluxian or Johnsonian postal strategies, stages technological breakdowns such as previously rehearsed in video art, virtual cybernetic and robotic systems, parodies and political interventions.

There are a number of reasons for this fast-forward reprise of the post-war avant-garde. The nature of the Web as a medium makes it easy to run through different possibilities. Furthermore the particular concerns of the post-war avant-garde, in particular in relation to language, codes, signification and gesture, and the deliberate economy of means by which many practitioners achieved their aims, made such work an appropriate model for work on the computer. It also constituted an acknowledgment of the degree to which

such work not only anticipated but also helped determine the form that interactive digital media would take. But the work that was most prescient about the future shape of digital media is Cage's 4'33". Cage intended this silent piece to be a space in which anything and everything could happen. This is perhaps the perfect model for modern electronic media, from television to multimedia through to the Internet and the World Wide Web.

This article is an edited extract from Charlie Gere's forthcoming book *Digital Culture*, to be published by Reaktion this year.

Notes

- [1] Brockman, John, *Digerati: Encounters with the Cyber Elite* (San Francisco, 1996), p.xix
 [2] Revill, David, *The Roaring Silence* (New York, 1989), pp.165-166
 [3] *Ibid.*, p.164
 [4] John Cage
 [5] Shaw-Miller, Simon, 'Concerts of everyday living: Cage, Barthes and Fluxus: interdisciplinary and inter-media events', *Art History*, Vol. 19, No.1 (March, 1996), pp.4-5
 [6] Eco, Umberto, *The Open Work* (London, 1989), pp.1-23
 [7] Revill, *The Roaring Silence* (1992), pp.44-83
 [8] Vattimo, Gianni, *The Transparent Society* (Cambridge, 1992), p.1 and passim
 [9] Armstrong, Elizabeth and Rothaus, Joan, *In the Spirit of Fluxus* (Minneapolis, 1993), p.24
 [10] Flihu, Robert, *Teaching and Learning as Performance Arts* (Cologne, 1970)
 [11] Massey, Anne, *The Independent Group: Modernism and Mass Culture in Britain 1945-59* (Manchester, 1995)
 [12] Shanken, Edward A., 'From Cybernetics to Telematics: the Art, Pedagogy, and Theory of Roy Ascott', in Henderson, Linda Dalrymple and Clarke, Bruce, eds., *From Energy to Information* (Stanford, 2000)

[13] Marcuse, Herbert, *One-Dimensional Man* (London, New York, 1991), pp.153-155

[14] Burnham, Jack, *Beyond Modern Sculpture*, pp.346-349

[15] The idea of a close relationship between Cybernetics and conceptual art has been suggested by Edward A. Shanken, in his essay 'Art in the Information Age: Technology and Conceptual Art', in Corris, Michael, ed., *Invisible College: Reconsidering Conceptual Art* (Cambridge, forthcoming), though in a telephone conversation Art & Language member and art historian Charles Harrison suggested that Shanken had overrated the relationship

[16] Shanken, Edward A., 'The House that Jack Built: Jack Burnham's Concept of "Software" as Art', in Ascott, Roy, ed., *Reframing Consciousness: Art and Consciousness in the Post-Biological Era* (Exeter, 1999)



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Figure 1. ALPHANUMERIC DISPLAY

ELECTRICAL SPECIFICATIONS

ABSOLUTE RATINGS

CONDITION	STANDARD B-5971	MEDIUM B-8971	LARGE B-7971
Supply Voltage (Ebb) (Vdc min)	170	170	170
Cathode Current (MA Max)			
IK (Total all cathodes)	12.0	14.0	21.0
IK (Individual cathodes) B-5971			
K1 through K12 (except K8 and K10)	1.7	—	—
K10, K13	1.5	—	—
K8	3.0	—	—
IK (Individual cathodes) B-8971 / B-7971			
K1, K4, K15	—	6.0	6.0
K7, K9, K11, K13	—	5.0	5.5
K10, K14	—	3.5	4.0
K2, K3, K5, K6, K8, K12	—	4.5	5.0

TEST CONDITIONS

Supply Voltage (Ebb) (Vdc)	170	170	170
Series Anode Resistor (Rp) (Ohms) (+1%)	6.8K	4.3K	1.8K



N

Noisejunk The bits discarded by musicians and songwriters whilst finely honing their craft which are then reassembled by the naive and inept
see also KEN ARDLEY PLAYBOYS



Ninth Anniversary Gala Evening A cabaret extravaganza featuring Martin Creed's Owadda and a solo performance from Matthew Collings amongst others struggling to make themselves heard over the braying hordes of pseudo-bohemian gate-crashers.

O

Opening A crack big enough to get your head through *see also* NEUROTIC INTROVERT

P

Paint 'I mix mine in a bucket with a big stick' A.A. Hancock

Pets Disease carrying shit machines for the emotionally insecure

Paddling Pool A metaphor for something else

Publishing Empire A carrier bag full of photocopied pamphlets.

R

Reverse Audio Transcription The act of listening to a drawing being made, and having the ability to recognise and duplicate the marks from the sounds heard *see also* MULTI-TALENTED

Radical Adverse Solutionism The practical application of logical irrationality

S

Sorry Ironic statement as in:
'Sorry I missed your opening'
'Sorry I've got no money'
'Sorry you got wet'
'Sorry the therapy backfired'

Sculpture Any three dimensional object not formed by nature 'you came into this world without a sculpture, but you can still go home with one'

Strawberry Bovril Only attempt at own-brand booze or 'liquid multiples' (apart from Winsor and Newton Artists Whisky) *see also* CHATEAU DING DONG

Skips Artists Suppliers

Surrealism Brass bands are for people who don't understand music, science fiction is for people who don't understand literature and surrealism is for people who don't understand art, to paraphrase A.A. Gill. In other words, surrealism is for everyone *see also* MEANING OF DREAMS.



Glossary N-z

ILLUSTRATED



T

Thunderbird A fortified wine drunk at club meetings and supplied at openings to induce acts of cathartic stupidity *see also* OPENING

Travelling Exhibition A small caravan stripped out and lined on three sides with white painted chipboard and hung with artwork; a bar running across the remaining side provides free refreshments. The caravan is towed by a flat-bed truck carpeted with astroturf which provides a platform for free-standing sculptures and an additional drinking area. Attends all major openings stealing the show and hijacking publicity.

U

Utterances The deliberate misuse and corruption of newspeak *e.g.* 'The cult busting multi-gym empowers the inner child and the saddo helpdesk wormholes the tree hugging trophy wife' *see also* PADDLING POOL

V

Vinyl Sculpting material used to make recordings and sometimes used in millinery. Can be shaped in front of an ordinary gas fire and cut with scissors whilst still pliable. Add additional appendages. Care should be taken not to burn the scalp *see also* HOT-MELT GLUE GUN, FORTY FIVE



Venue Hazel

Dean. Eighties disco dirger and name of house on Acre Lane, Brixton. Club HQ and gallery for seven years.



Outside toilet with the roof fallen in and foxes under the floor but no one cared; it was a poor-man's Factory and London's 'Salon Des Refuses'. Venues

much improved in America and Europe with flushing toilets at Tate Modern.

see also Derbyshire Street Arts

W

Web Negativity Pose modern shuffling or the futile act of trying to redress the balance whilst spoiling for others man-kinds new dawn *see* www.dingdongtwist.org.uk

World of Ding A parallel state of mind where instead of wishing that the world was otherwise one accepts it as it is. This is achieved through the **Philosophies Of Consolation** (Cynicism, Hedonism and Stoicism) which originally formed the basis of all religious thought. Unfortunately the attempt has so far resulted in a state of confusion and self induced mild autism; it may be necessary to abandon the experiment.

XYZero *see also* ART

BROWN BROWN
 CORDU- CORDU-
 ROY ROY
 LOUNGE LOUNGE
 BROWN BROWN
 CORDU- CORDU-
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 LOUNGE LOUNGE

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Nathaniel Evans

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Elizabeth Dunn, Joshua Roberts
 and introducing
Etienne Nys

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 Conkurey Cashion Home Entertainment
 Channel 4 films

"A bit like a Smiths song"

Pressure magazine

Super Loop

I WALK TEAL HOME

didn't even remember I'd been hit until the next day when I saw my face in the mirror at St. Pancras. Of course those bastards made me sit in a different carriage. By the time we got to Wales it was swollen yellow and blue, later it turned black, and after a couple of weeks there I found myself with a beautiful matching pair.

Dow Jones Pictures presents Eugene Menard production of Nathaniel Evans
 "I Walk Teal Home" starring Joshua Roberts, Elizabeth Dunn and Etienne Nys
 Original score composed by Tazio Bazakbal
 Co-Producers Ukko Ahti and Eetu Vorts Viljandi
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 Produced by Calixto Bandera Screenplay by Anatoly Anatolin Directed by Nathaniel Evans

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With Coyote Eyes Track 2
Halfords from behind
B-side Track 3 But my
chain fell off Track 4
And one with a Citrus
Cigar

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ALITHOIS



SIGHTHILL

Asylum seekers in Glasgow

Anna Kári and Guilhem Alandry / www.documentography.com

From Flag. Letter Ghen wa. 14, 9, 0

How are you Chenwa, how are you, you are fine, I miss you very very much, my friend. Are you happy or sad? I Kiss you pou, pou, pou. I'm so happy happy in school. I have 3 good friends, Balquis, she from Somalia, Zeinab she from Iraq, and Chinow she from Kurdistan. The name of my school is Drum chapel High school. I have a Lovely teachers and Lovely pupils.

Than Kyou.

R K → G.

٢٠١٩/٩/١٤

مكتوب غنوة

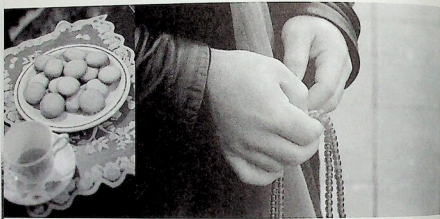
روى صحى

كيف حالك يا غنوة، صحتك جيدة، أنا متأكد لك كثيرًا كثيرًا أنت فخرانة أو زعلانة؟ أنا بوسك مجربو بو. أنا كثير كثير صبوحة بالمدرسة. أنا عندي ٣ رفقة مناع كثير زينب جايين من العراق، بالقين جايين من الصومال، وحنو جايين من كردستان. إسم المدرسة درام وشافيل بيت وكيول. أنا عندي صغرين وطلد ب صغرين وصغرين.

شكرًا

R K → G

ARABIC







GED 4000

Anti Nazi League

STOP THE

This
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st

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PUBLIC MEET
West

Anti-Nazi

22 year-old Firsah
murdered by racist

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Empire Within

Oscar Tuazon

Ideas don't die, they get killed off.

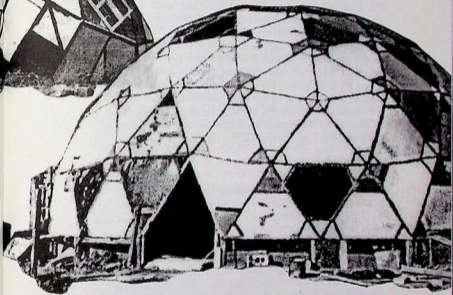
It's hard to imagine a more unlikely location to foment a cultural revolution. In many ways, Colorado's high desert, a sparsely populated former coal-mining region, might as well be the moon. But in 1965, a small group of art students from Colorado and Kansas moved to a piece of land outside the small town of Trinidad and started building 'a large environmental sculpture'. Conceived by Clark Richert, Gene Bernofsky and Richard Kallweit, the project, which came to be known as *Drop City*, plunged any distinction between producer and audience into a state of total collapse. According to Richert, the project came about as the result of a collaborative design process. What began as an attempt to create a new kind of house quickly became a collective effort to create a new kind of life. Bill Boyd, who lived at Drop City in the late 60s, describes the group process as ultimately more important than the objects they produced: 'The identity of the artist becomes irrelevant in relation to the scale of values employed, because the communal context of the work of art removes it from the market-place; we seek to work within a system that allows the broadest possible participation of the community.' What Drop City did produce was domes. By 1967, the group had built eleven domes, many of them built entirely from recycled station wagons. Many of the structures were based on Steve Baer's system of zonohedra, in which segments of the dome can be 'stretched' along parallel faces to produce wildly irregular geometries. Baer's design for the fused triple rhombicosadodecahedra remains the only structure of its kind ever built. As awesome as the structures were, they remained in the minds of most of Drop City's participants just that - structures. The more important work, like planning parties and figuring out how to fit fifty people into a small cluster of buildings, overwhelmed even the most dramatic buildings. 'All activity is creative activity,' Boyd insists, 'it is the social context in which the work communicates, lives.'

In 1971, Lloyd Kahn borrowed a printing press for the weekend and published *Domebook 2*, a book that was equal parts manifesto for a lifestyle revolution and instruction manual for its realisation. Inspired by projects like Drop City and his own experience building domes for an alternative high school in California, Kahn supplied the first widely available plans and technical information for the do-it-yourself dome-builder. Filled with untested building ideas and pictures of hippies building funny-looking houses, the book still somehow manages to deliver on the promise of documentary art: the pictures simultaneously describe their subjects and provide the capacity for immediate action. Resolutely practical in its presentation of the wildly utopian, the *Domebook* sparked literally thousands of domes. In the process, Kahn became a pioneer of West Coast publishing. By the time Kahn stopped printing the *Domebook* a few years later, it had sold nearly 200,000 copies.

By the time the *Domebook* had brought Drop City to a wider audience, it was already established as a destination for visitors from across the country. Timothy Leary, who flew in for a visit in his helicopter, famously pissed off the Droppers by insisting that there is no collective culture, only the ideas of a dynamic leader and his followers. Their disagreement points to what distinguishes Drop City - a steadfast belief in the first-hand experience of their project by a local audience. Unlike later Land Artists, who treated the site of their works as uninhabited desert, ripe for (re)colonisation by a remote art industry, the Droppers never felt the need to document their project, to reinsert it into an existing art economy. There were, in fact, very few pictures of Drop City ever published. They weren't doing fieldwork, they lived there. In a place where visitors were integrated into daily work (and more commonly, leisure), the idea of an audience would have seemed absurd. With a belief in radical inclusion, however, one sacrifices the possibility of a consistent conceptual rigour. Buckminster Fuller, an engineer best known today for designing Disney's Epcot Center, was reputedly inspired by Drop City's zonohedra to propose the East Saint Louis dome, an unrealised project that would have essentially replaced the predominantly black neighbourhood with the ultimate housing project: a gleaming white dome.



**DROP
CITY!**



At the height of the *Domebook's* popularity, Kahn was invited to speak at 'Housing for Mankind', a conference in Los Angeles. In addition to the various architects and planning luminaries in attendance was a community group, the Barrio Planners, that for Kahn came to represent an irresolvable crisis at the heart of the dome movement's ideals. 'The absurdity of the controlling interests of the country; a school and its patrons, industry sponsoring a conference on sheltering mankind in the heart of LA and inferring that we must depend on new technologies, new materials, new one-man design for shelter. No one listened to the Barrio Planners, who knew more about housing than any of the conference speakers.' For Kahn, the realisation was almost too much to bear, and certainly beyond his capacity to describe. It wasn't that the industrialists were in the process of ripping off the hippies, co-opting the liberatory potential of the dome in the name of commerce. It was much worse than that. From its inception, the utopia of the dome movement had been all too compatible with what it thought it had been fighting: the utopia of the state. Developed in rural 'laboratories' across the country by idealistic amateur builders, the dome was an urban refugee with plans to return to the city. But what if the city didn't want the dome?

City Without a Ghetto

Two years later, the dome would come to play a role in the management of a much larger crisis. In July of 1973, six months after the American surrender in Vietnam and with Congressional hearings on the Watergate scandal just beginning, the Nixon administration was in desperate need of positive news. On top of all that, the nation was faced with a looming energy crisis. Nixon wanted a visible sign of American independence from middle-eastern fuel reserves. Rogers Morton, Nixon's recently installed Secretary of the Interior, devised a symbolic energy conservation measure with the requisite combination of national sacrifice and progressive activism: a city of domes.

Within weeks, a coalition of western congressional members had passed one of the largest (and one of the last) land reclamation acts, a bill with the power to override federal protections on National Forest lands in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. In exchange for the right to log huge swaths of old-growth forest in the western

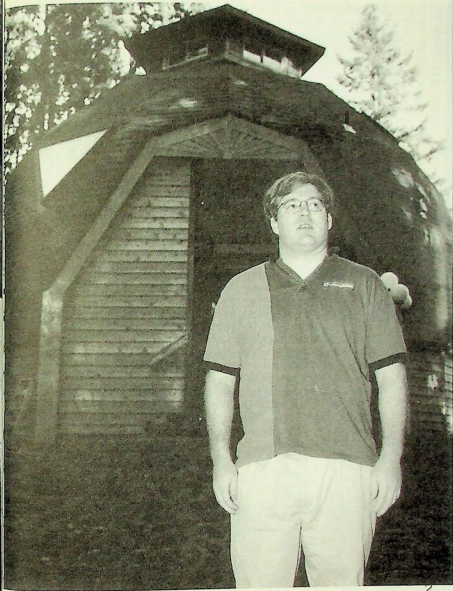
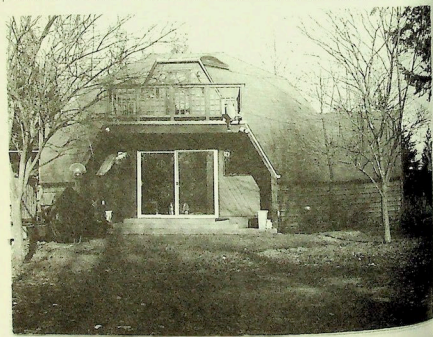
states, the Weyerhaeuser Corporation would develop 76,000 units of low-cost, energy-efficient dome housing. It was to be an orgy of conservation, job creation, and space-age technology.

By the spring of 1975, thousands of acres of forest had been clearcut. On hand to lay the foundation of the first model domes, Rogers Morton proclaimed the dome project 'a blueprint for the future of mass housing, and more importantly, a significant step toward our larger goal of independence from the OPEC states.' Based on Henry Hughes' dome, the largest every built, the domes were inspiring in their efficiency. Designed for rapid assembly, the precut triangle sections were shipped flat. Henry Kaiser, lead developer of the project, described the ambitions of the Dome City best: 'A dome a day'.

But according to Lloyd Kahn, who visited the model domes, the project was beset with problems from its inception. 'People were looking at these things thinking, 'Wait a second, how am I going to fit a conventional washer-dryer in a curved space?''

Despite increasingly desperate attempts to inspire the buying public, Weyerhaeuser found that orders for the domes never materialised on the scale they anticipated. According to Norton Klapp, Weyerhaeuser CEO, the massive capital investment required to clear the land had been financed on the prospect of steadily rising demand for lumber spurred by the developments. With housing demand stagnant, Weyerhaeuser's inventory was increasingly devalued. The dome-building plan, as it turned out, would do little to alleviate that problem; the efficient dome, which required a fraction of the lumber required in conventional homes, would do very little to drive lumber prices up. Faced with a complex of problems, Klapp saw little incentive to promote domes. Weyerhaeuser needed to build bigger homes, homes they could sell. Facing bankruptcy, the company withdrew support of the programme only two years after its inception, effectively killing the plans for a dome city.

On a recent visit to the site of the former city, the true explanation of the dome city's collapse was less clear, however. I spoke with Duane Peterson, who purchased a Weyerhaeuser dome in 1975. His home sits in the midst of a Seattle exurb, obtrusive amongst the vast development of luxury homes that surrounds it. The current development, Weyerhaeuser's eventual solution to the



dome city problem, has become a model for premier tract housing throughout North America. According to Peterson, Weyerhaeuser's subcontractors left his house unfinished, leaving him to complete the work himself. Peterson, however, remains sanguine, predicting that the house will be finished 'sometime this summer'.

Refried Domes

By the end of the 70s, the dome movement was over, its history mostly erased by those who helped create it. Lloyd Kahn was one of the first to recant. *Refried Domes*, a follow-up to the *Domebook*, was published in 1982, and it is difficult to envision a more virulent retraction of the ideals of the movement. I called him recently, hoping to hear what had spurred such a violent reversal. Kahn, today the president of Shelter Publications, a press well-known for its popular line of aerobics manuals, was terse. 'I really don't have time to talk with you about domes,' he said before hanging up, 'I'm busy with other things.'

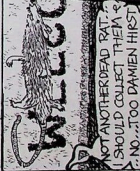
The largest of the Drop City domes was torn down in 1998, apparently having outlived its recent use as a goat barn. The Droppers themselves moved out for good in 1971. It had always been a drop off point for a constantly circulating population, and its history, told in John Curl's *Memories of Drop City*, is a history of love affairs and breakups, drug experiments and fights. Arrivals and departures. Though he doesn't live in one today, Clark Richert remains sanguine about the dome. Richert, a painter, continues to be inspired by the vast interior space of the dome, its roundness and openness. 'Critics said that the domes leak,' he told me. 'Well, okay, but conventional structures leak, too. So that isn't really an argument against domes, is it? My studio has leaks, and it isn't a dome.'

DEIRDRE'S PILE OF RUBBISH...

DEIRDRE MOPES AROUND HER FLAT, UNINSPIRED; SHE'S BEEN LIKE THIS FOR WEEKS NOW...



SOMEONE MUCH MORE SUCCESSFUL...



WILLCO
NOT ANOTHER DEAD RAT - I SHOULD COLLECT THEM - NO... TOO DAMIEN HIRST

EVERY TIME SHE THINKS OF A GOOD IDEA, SHE REALISES SOMEONE HAS DONE IT BEFORE...

GOD I SPEND SO MUCH TIME ON THIS LOO, I SHOULD USE IT IN SOME WAY...?



NO - TOO DUCHAMP AND SARAH LUGAS.

MMM... WHAT ABOUT MY BOO THOUGH??

NO - PAUL NOBLE'S DONE BOO AND THAT DUTCH BLOKE AND GILBERT & GEORGE!

MMM... THESE STARS...



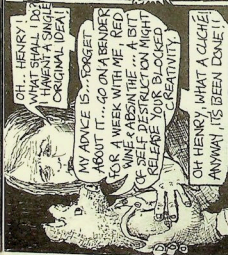
HEY I - LIGHT SWITCHES?

NOPE!

NO NO. NO. NO. I CAN'T DO STARS - THAT'S RACHEL WHITEREAFF - GOD IS THERE ANY THING LEFT!



MMM... MABIE I COULD SHOW MY DOODLES - NAH! RAYMOND PETHIBAN'S JUST HAD THAT SHOW AT THE WHITECHAPEL



OH... HENRY!
WHAT SHALL I DO?
HAVEN'T A SINGLE
ORIGINAL IDEA!

MY ADVICE IS... FORGET
ABOUT IT... GO ON A BENDER
FOR A WEEK WITH ME, RED
WINE & ABSIN THE... A BIT
OF SELF DESTRUCTION MIGHT
RELEASE YOUR BLOCKED
CREATIVITY.

OH HENRY, WHAT A CLICHE!
ANYWAY, IT'S BEEN DONE!!

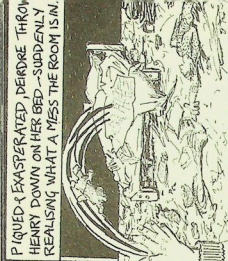


PUT ME IN
A SHOW THEN

NO... MIKE
KELLY'S DONE
CUDDLY TOYS

WELL THEN, PAINT ME!
CLOSE UP, LOOKING MEAN,
I'M GOOD MEAN.

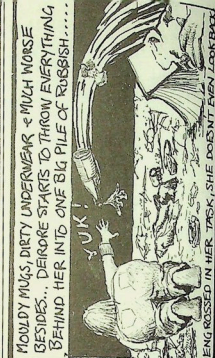
NO... SHEILA WHITAKERS
DONE MEAN TERRY



P IQUED & EXASPERATED, DEIRDRE THROWS
HENRY DOWN ON HER BED - SUDDENLY
REALISING WHAT A MESS THE ROOM IS IN.



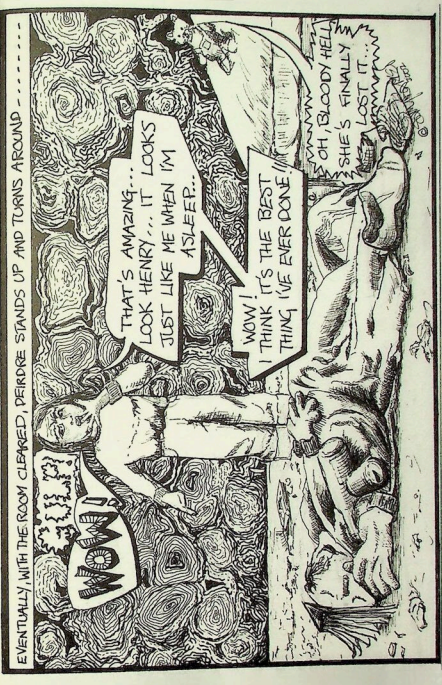
THE WHOLE ROOM IS LITTERED WITH HALF EATEN
TAKEAWAYS, SMELLY CLOTHES, EMPTY GANS...



MOULDY MUGS, DIRTY UNDERWEAR & MUCH WORSE
BESIDES... DEIRDRE STARTS TO THROW EVERYTHING
BEHIND HER INTO ONE BIG PILE OF RUBBISH....

YUK!

ENGROSSSED IN HER TASK, SHE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK BACK



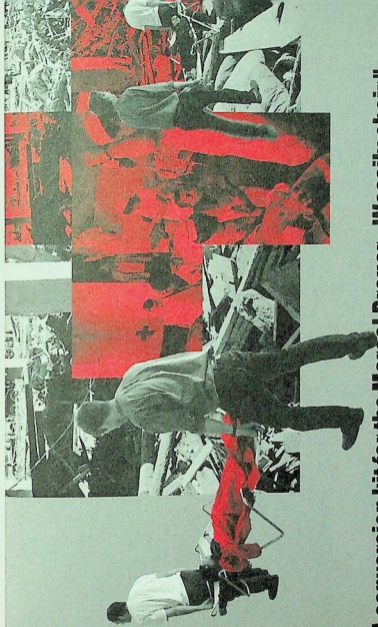
EVENTUALLY, WITH THE ROOM CLEARED, DEIRDRE STANDS UP AND TURNS AROUND - - - - -

WOW!

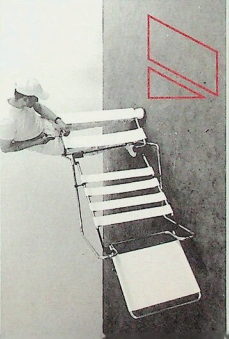
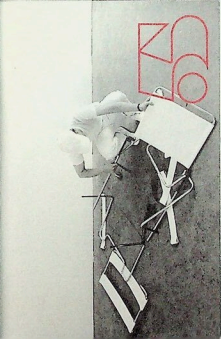
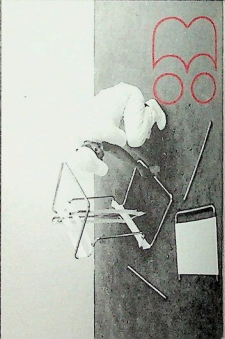
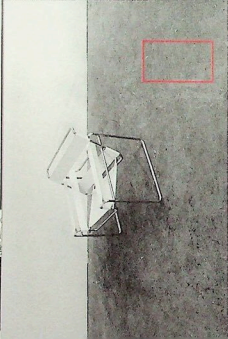
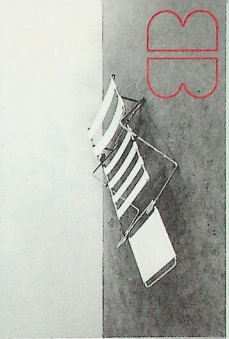
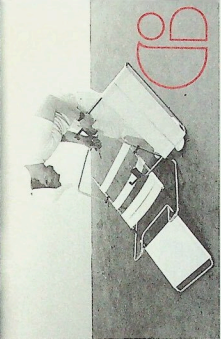
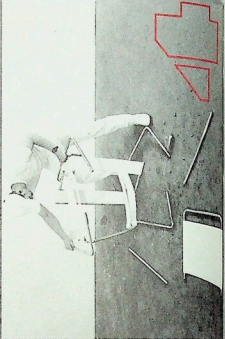
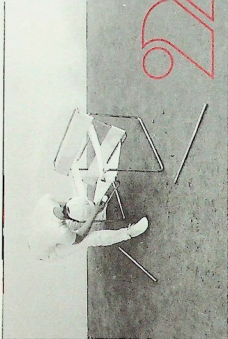
THAT'S AMAZING...
LOOK HENRY... IT LOOKS
JUST LIKE ME WHEN I'M
ASLEEP..

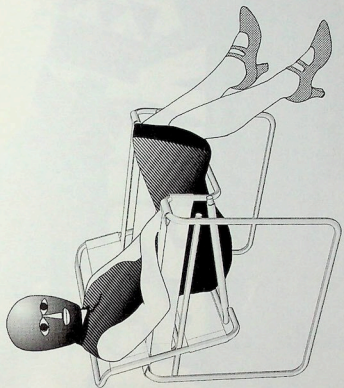
WOW!
I THINK IT'S THE BEST
THING I'VE EVER DONE!

OH, BLOODY HELL!
SHE'S FINALLY
LOST IT...



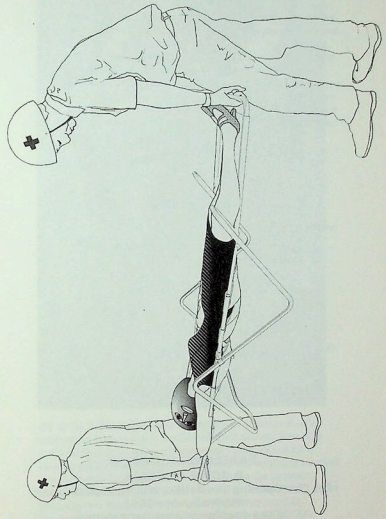
**"A conversion kit for the Marcel Breuer - Wassily chair."
"Classic furniture becomes emergency stretcher."**





HOSKING

WAS SILENT



Graham Parker



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& JOHN RUSSELL**

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aguis b.

Talking about sex 'n' booze superstars reminds me of the famous, supposedly true, story involving George Best and an Irish hotel waiter.

George had just completed a speaking engagement at a society dinner in London and had been paid a great deal of money in cash. At the time, he was going out with a beautiful blonde who was a former Miss World and, when they both got back to their hotel suite, she stripped to her sexy underwear and stretched out luxuriously on the bed while George counted the money.

Content that all was as it should be, the former Manchester United idol rang room service, asked for a bottle of Champagne and some smoked salmon sandwiches and sat back to enjoy a fine cigar as they waited for their late night snack. Within a short time, the waiter arrived with the Champagne and salmon but, as he entered the room, his jaw dropped when he saw the former Miss World and the huge stack of money on the bed. He turned to Georgie and, in a sorrowful voice, asked:

'Ah Jasus, Mr. Best, where did it all go wrong?'

As one bit of apocrypha has it, a bellhop wandered into Best's Spanish resort hotel suite, where the erstwhile genius was cavorting on the bed with two lovely young admirers, champagne at the ready and a night's winnings from the casino strewn across the room. The bellhop, it is said, asked Best, 'But Georgie, where did it all go wrong?' Best is reputed to have gestured around the room and replied ironically, 'You tell me, son.'

Or of the hotel waiter who turned up at George Best's suite door bearing two bottles of Moët on ice: Best was back in Belfast to open a supermarket, for which he'd been paid £20,000 in cash, which now lay scattered across the king-size bed; his latest squeeze was the current Miss World, Mary Stavin, who was sat at the dressing table wearing two wisps of oyster silk and fixing her hair. The waiter took it all in – the Miss World, the £20,000, the champagne – and uttered the heartfelt cry, 'Oh, George, where did it all go wrong?'

Of all the tales I've read and heard, my favourite has to be the one he tells himself. As a 'washed-up' talent in his early thirties, he was staying at a hotel one night with the current Miss World. Having scooped quite a fortune at the hotel's casino, he whisked Miss World up to his bedroom, threw both her and the money on the bed, and phoned down for some champagne. The waiter brought the champagne up, knocked and entered, and surveying the scene uttered to George 'Eh, Mr Best. Where did it all go wrong?!!'

The version I heard was one night, George Best had a big night on the town, pulled a Miss World, went to the Casino and won some money.

When he got back to the hotel, he called to room service for champagne, and the bell boy who brought it asked him 'Where did it all go wrong?' George looked round the room, there was £25,000 in cash on the bed, and one of the most beautiful women in the world was about to have a champagne bath with him.

George said, 'how can you say I've gone wrong!'

The best known story concerns a night porter at Belfast's Europa Hotel who, having delivered a bottle of champagne to the suite where George is spending the night with the reigning Miss World, reflects on the scene (there's a £15,000 appearance fee resting on the bed) and asks 'George where has it all gone wrong?'

Maybe it's the tale of how he was accosted by room service in a hotel suite with £15,000 and a naked Miss World on his bed and asked: 'George - where did it all go wrong?'

Where did it all go wrong? That was the question a bell boy asked George Best as he delivered a bottle of Champagne into his hotel suite while twenty-five Grand and Miss World lay on the bed next to him!

...the one in which he won £15,000 in one night out with Mary at a casino. On returning to their hotel, celebrations were in order, and George rang room service for a bottle of Dom Perignon. A wizened little porter from Belfast appeared with the magnum just as Mary came out of the bathroom in a negligée which left little to the imagination. Paddy (it had to be) looked at the 1977 Miss World, panned to the £15,000 George had thrown on the bed, shook his head sadly and said:

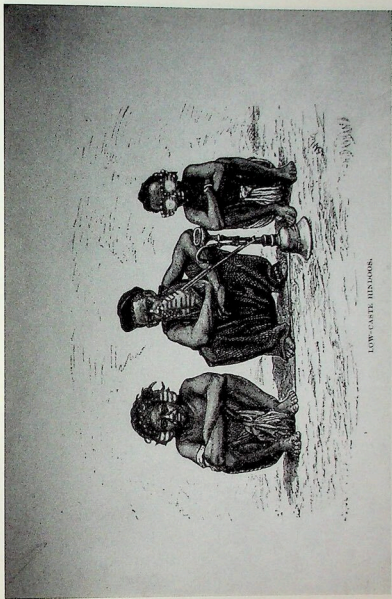
'Tell me, Mr Best, where did it all go wrong!'

At the time he was still escorting a former Miss World. On a rare weekend off, the couple went to Las Vegas where George had a big win at the tables - small recompense for all the money he'd previously lost, but anyway. Back in his room he ordered a nightcap of French champagne and some caviar. The room-service waiter, a fellow native of Belfast, arrived to see George was sitting on the bed counting a huge pile of \$100 and \$1,000 notes as his partner emerged from the bathroom in a slinky negligée. The waiter looked at the money, the girl, the champagne and caviar and said: 'Tell me this, George, just where exactly did it all start to go wrong for you?'

A famous George Best story goes something like this: He was in Las Vegas and, having had a good night on the roulette wheel, went back to his room. He spread his winnings out on the bed while his girlfriend, a former Miss World, lay sprawled out in saucy underwear, on top of the money strewn sheets. A bellboy arrived delivering bottles of champagne. Taking one look at the scene in the room he turned to Best and said 'George, where did it all go wrong?'

There is a story told that, some time in the early 70s, George Best ordered champagne to his room, which he was sharing at the time with the current Miss World in a leading 5-star London hotel. As the waiter was putting the ice bucket on a table and arranging the glasses, he looked over at a very happy looking George and Miss World and said 'George, where did it all go wrong?'

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LOW-CASTE. HIS TOOLS.

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leg.

they
other

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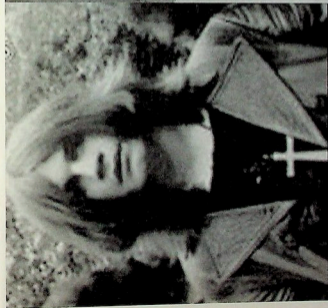
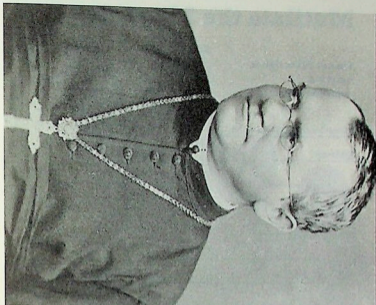
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