

GENERICs +++

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Es fing an mit Brigitte und seinem Herzinfarkt (er da kleinen gelben Plakat) ist
mein ich war dabei Probst zu lesen und Ruth war zu Klaus und wir unterhielten uns
über Probst und Probst's Liebe zu Verena also ich konnte Verena, liest kein
Bild hatte nur eine unbestimmte Vorstellung und dann war das Wiederholende
Vossi und Ruth fuhr wieder nach Köln und ich mußte wieder absteigen, als Ruth
kam dann „Verena das Gesamtwerk“ in diesem kleinen Kiosk am Rheinufer
an dem ich mich beim letzten Besuch in Köln eine Tageszeitung sie kaufte
das Magazin und zwei Tage später hatte ich das Bild von dem Mädchen mit
dem Palmengehänge und sollte einen Film machen das heißt Anne Marie fragte
mich ob ich Lust hätte sie zitierte mit den Händen und ich dachte sie geht
gleich um vielleicht jedenfalls gab sie mir ein Konzept und dann, machten
wir einen Termin wie man immer einen Termin macht und ich lernte Siane
und K. und Anne K. zeigte mir sein Bild. Jump es gefiel mir und dann
hatte ich auch schon beide kopiert auf Folie übereinander gelegt das eine
durch das andere sehen lassen und das Mädchen fing an ich, wie
ich habe das dann K. gezeigt weil ich dachte es ist seltsam wie die
Kunst in die Kunst und das Leben also K. hatte seinen Teil auf wir
hatten gearbeitet geschrieben an seinen Tapes wir fanden Jump das Mädchen
beides zusammen wir fanden es beruhigend und Anne Marie kam wieder ihre
Stiefmutter war gestorben man hatte sie also beerdigt und wir unterhielten
mein ich zeigte ihr Verena sie konnte das Original sie und Markus waren
in den Haas davon resunken also das gibt es nicht das mit der Ring
oder das mit dem Herzinfarkt und dann war natürlich auch wieder die
Rede von Probst aber wir hatten schon vorher es ging um die Kunststücke
über die Gabriele jeden Mittwoch immer schafft sie es für mich also beim Essen
Nach der hat's sie fast umgehauen als sie die Frau sah und ich, mir und
dann die sieht genauso aus wie das Mädchen und ich mein also wir hatten
und wieder Termin kammer besorgen Mary fuhr weiter, geht nicht. Performance
und wieder K. Anne wir drehen die ersten Bilder bei ihr Anne Marie und ich sind
geschafft werden morgen das Mädchen Film aus heute sie steht einfach
da und dann es funktioniert wir sehen Verena's Plakat auf
dem Plakat.



- PLAN: To change a one-man show in a Berlin institution, Neuer Berliner Kunstverein, Opening May 20, 1983, to a:
1. Multi-media program, including individual work of other artists and combined group efforts
 2. One or two events will occur in additional rooms other than those of NBK, such as music, video, performance, etc --- a general experiencing of the content idea of this show.
 3. Alternative to a traditional catalogue will be a kind of newspaper --- introduction of the concepts for future (now), documentation, theory, drawings, and so on.
 4. Advertisement program to help infiltrate the general conscious: billboard activities, posters, T-Shirts (with wounds), buttons (Ich Bins), etc.
- MONEY: Presently, approx. 20,000 DM has been raised. But megamarks-megabucks are still needed!
- CREW: The individual activities of the crew so far include: painting, fashion, theory, sculpture, video, music
- P.S. Simultaneously, there will be an exhibition of Ter Hell's paintings at Galerie Fahnenmann. The design of this show is not definite, but 'art as product' will be reflected on. The show will relate to the other activities as the 'normal' painting exhibition.

CONTENT:

Although the formalistic avant-garde came to an end five or six years ago, that which still continues becomes progressively meaningless. In the realm of pictures and painting, a formal alphabet has been worked out which can be used. Alleged possibilities of expression (dripping, shaped canvas, etc.) are going to be used to mediate the 'New Content' (phenomenon: Subjectivity). This content should, above all, be discussed as such, and at least politically.

This 'New Content' is based on a changed form of identity: identity not thought of as entity, but as a mobile, constantly changing, multifaceted structure.

Linear thinking in society, so in art too, leads to isolation and more specialization -- deadend street. Recognition of the linear aspects of society's organizations and an attempt to change them into more structural forms -- organization/thinking. One direction: more communication. Recognition can lead to the desire to break down isolation, thought, communication. This communication has to be learned. Only out of new communication can come new art. Art production through direct action, eg. the integration of the technical medias, due to their communicational potential in production and presentation.

The activities planned shall show this idea -- a new status quo: structural thinking.

Today the work of individual artists and groups should reflect the REAL SITUATION. At the moment it is quite a tough situation because the communication has been disturbed for so long.

SITUATION IN BERLIN

Various groups (1/61, Moritzplatz, Situation Lützowstraße, Büro Berlin) have concluded particular results over the last years. From the present point of view, the group development predominately shows specific formal common interest.

This was necessary in order to make sure of art relations and personal connections, and also to stabilize specific expression modes (New Content). The building of the groups was adequate for that time, but the linear aspect prevailed. This means, their art production was coming out of an isolated studio situation (the artists struggling with the developing object and himself). This studio situation corresponds to the art-life balance in our society -- the better the art, the worse the life. Man is a lacking animal, art production is the expression of this lack.

Now the results of the individuals can be reflected in the concrete real conditions and the dreams of a better life. Investigations will be made in between the individuals to find where the content is common and where real possibilities for communication exist (not only in conventional modes such as exhibition openings), and where the possibilities for common actions are.

Ideas are needed and are expected. Photos, texts, and other materials for the newspaper, as well as ideas for the exhibition contribution/actions will be discussed by the crew, and possibilities of realization will be checked.

The contributions should be conceived with communication in the sense of 'New Content' and as far as possible to try to find ideas of "better" ways of living (difficult!) Beyond the status quo: no future. Develop ideas of future (now)!

... Grenzen sehe, wenn ich im Medium Malerei bleibe. Und ich habe schon immer mit meinen Bildern so hingearbeitet auf neue Inhalte, Future. Jetzt habe ich also einen Termin im Kunstverein am 20. Mai und ich würde gerne. ... Die Einzelausstellung, die ich gemacht habe, die hier in Berlin war, zweimal, da habe ich auch schon verschiedene Sachen gemacht, wesentlich schwierigere, und jetzt fände ich es also angebracht, zu versuchen eine gemeinsame Ausstellung zu machen, was im Sinne eines neuen Inhalts thematisiert wird. Die Endbegründung liegt, also im Grunde ein eigener politischer Ansatz oder, wie man auch sagen kann, weltverbessernder Ansatz, den ich schon immer hatte, in meinen Bildern auch, der aber zeitweilig in meiner Entwicklung sich nach innen gewandt hat. Ich bin durch die Reflexion der Reflexionsgeschichten dann zu diesen Hirngeschichten gekommen, wo ich also die Reflexion der Reflexion, das war also Ausdruck von den Bedingungen des gelebten Lebens, also auch bei den neuen Identitätsbegriffen, praktisch für mich erst einmal formuliert, weg von Summeneinheit, und wenn man jeden Menschen auch so begreift und auch die verschiedenen Äußerungen, die Menschen tun, als facettenartige Struktur, dann gibt es verschiedene Anknüpfungspunkte, auch inhaltlich sich ergebende, das ist interessant, also formal ist es dem immer untergeordnet bei mir. Aber jedenfalls, das Ding ist, daß ich eigentlich gerne irgendwas machen würde, was 'nen Inhalt hat über meinen Inhalt hinaus, von verschiedenen Leuten Diskussionsbeiträge, auch im Sinne von Zukunft, aber der Status quo müßte schon mit bedacht sein, es müßte weitergehen. Der Versuch also, eine positivere Verbindung herzustellen. Zueinander. Es geht im Grunde um einen Umdenkungsprozeß in der Gesellschaft sowieso, meiner Meinung nach. Ich denke also weg von einem linearen Denken hin zu einem strukturellen Denken.

Ja, was ja auch in der Wissenschaft passiert ist. Sowohl in der Kunst als auch in der Wissenschaft, hat sich das Strukturelle stärker durchgesetzt.

Da gibt es halt dann die verschiedensten Wege, wie man das verbindet; also erst mal formal, ob man dann sich Freunde sucht, mehr als im Kunstverein, weil der Kunstverein als solcher nichts hergibt. Wesentliches Moment ist noch, ich will keinen Katalog, sondern ich will 'ne Zeitung. Eine Zeitung, die offen ist den verschiedensten Beiträgen.

Also eine einmalige Zeitung. ...

Im Sinne von. ... raus aus der Isolation, um das auch nochmal zu konzeptieren, jetzt in diesem Zeitraum. Im Grunde so'n kleines Ding zwischen Tu wat und Zeitgeist.

Ja, und dieses 'raus aus der Isolation' betrifft eigentlich Isolation der Kommunikation und auch der Medienbeschränkung, das ist wichtig, daß Malerei es eben nicht allein weiterträgt.

Ja, das stellt alles in Frage.

Und auch heute den Fahnenmann gefragt, ich wollte meinen Freund Bernd heiraten, wie das geht. Wußte der auch keinen Rat.

Du hast ihn gefragt, wo du deinen Freund Bernd heiraten kannst?

Ja, er hat bei mir angerufen. Die Spedition kam gerade als er anrief. Aber ich habe gefragt.

Über welche politische Einheit das. ... das muß über das Standesamt laufen.

Ja, wie man das in Berlin machen kann. Der war am routieren. Er könnte mir höchstens einen Rechtsanwalt empfehlen; ich müßte mir erst einmal 'ne Rechtsberatung holen. Da waren wir gerade so mitten drin, da klopft's und schreit und brüllt einer „Spedition“. War witzig, war unheimlich gut so 'ne Situation.

Der hat sich sicherlich beraten lassen in der Zwischenzeit.

Ja, der überlegt jetzt, der denkt jetzt darüber nach.

Es kommt aus meiner Arbeit; ich habe erkannt, daß die Hirnserie, die ich gemacht habe, lediglich einen Status-quo-Charakter hat. Also völlig abstrakt und auch keine Ideen für ne Entwicklung nach vorn festzustellen war. Als ich dann Distanz dazu genommen habe, habe ich dann gesehen, daß ich in diesen Strukturen gefangen war, und das ich gefordert war zum Handeln über dies System hinaus. An dem Punkt wo ich dachte, es soll konkreter werden in der Malerei, wird es für meine Kunst weniger allgemein verbindlich. Weil, ich habe diese extreme Abstraktionsart genommen, um möglichst verbindlich zu sein. Ich möchte jetzt aus dem Abstrakten ins Konkrete, wenn ich aber da bei der Malerei bleibe, dann bleibe ich immer in diesem Zirkel drin, daß es nicht direkte Aktion wäre. Es geht mir eigentlich um direkte Aktion und dadurch vielleicht um andere Kunst oder neue Kunstformen. Und das war ne Vergewisserung von Zusammenhängen auf möglichst abstrakter Ebene und eine Selbstvergewisserung in eben diesen Zusammenhängen. Und die Notwendigkeit für diese Selbstvergewisserung ist nicht mehr so vordringlich, ich habe sozusagen Beziehung zu dem Zeugs gefunden. Das erlaubt mir, Schritte zu unternehmen und zwar nach vorne. Bisher war diese Kunst von der Kritik und von den ganzen älteren Stellen, wird diese Kunst als Leben-Geschichte linear gesehen, also die Kunst-Leben-Zusammenhänge. D.h., wenn ich Kunst auch in Bezug auf Psychologie und solche Sachen sehe, daß also je besser und je härter die Kunst auf der einen Seite, desto weniger komplex und rund ist Leben auf der anderen Seite. Weil ich davon ausgehe, daß. ...

Je härter die Kunst auf der einen Seite, ...

Ja, ich gehe davon aus, daß der Mensch ein Mangelwesen ist; er braucht zum Überleben gewisse Dinge wie Nahrung, die er sich besorgen muß, und Wärme, für die er sorgen muß, und Behausung und hat irgendwo auch geistige Notwendigkeiten, die dann eine Möglichkeit sind zur Kunstproduktion. Wenn man diesen Zusammenhang so sieht, ist es also, je mehr du dich in die Kunst rein. ..., je mehr Kunst du machst auf einem Sektor, desto mehr mußt du andere Dinge auch vernachlässigen. Das ist schon wieder strukturell. Aber ich sehe das so, daß man ein gewisses Potential hat, wenn man sich auf die eine Sache konzentriert; und wenn ich auch davon ausgehe, daß Kunst also auch Produkt von Mangel ist, ist dann auf der anderen Seite das Leben weniger rund oder hat Einschränkungen, weil es da in die Kunst geht. Und das ist son lineares Ding. Also, je besser, je härter die Kunst, desto weniger rund und komplex das konkrete Leben. D.h. Mensch als Mangelwesen, Kunst auch als Ausdruck von Mangel, aber nicht dabei bleibend, sondern in ideellen Aspekten darüber hinausgehend, sonst wäre es nur reine schizophrene Kunst letzten Endes. Ja, da gibt es also - Kunst hat für mich die Aufgabe, auf avanciertem,

intellektuellen, für mich sehr wichtig, auf avanciertem Level unter Berücksichtigung möglichst vieler historischer Formen aus verschiedensten Kulturen in Verbindung mit Selbstreflexion und Reflexion der bestehenden Verhältnisse und in Verbindung mit einer Suche nach eventuell vorhandenen Naturfaktoren in einem selbst und deren Reflexion und deren Beurteilung auch versuchen, zu einer Utopie zu kommen. Und das ist eigentlich nicht nur Aufgabe der Kunst, sondern eigentlich ist es meiner Meinung nach Aufgabe jedes Menschen. Und diese Inversion zu den Bezügeideen, Beziehungsideen heißt für mich erkennen, daß die einzelnen relativ in sich geschlossene Systeme oder. ... Strukturen nur die Möglichkeit haben, wenn sie aus der Situation der Isolation herauswollen, aber dabei auch die Vermitteltheit erkennen und daraus Konsequenzen ziehen in Richtung, also den Versuch Bezug zu sich selbst zu finden. ... und dann also mit diesem Bezug zu sich selbst Bezug zu anderen System aufzunehmen, wo es an speziellen Punkten spezielle Kommunikationsmöglichkeiten gibt und Berührungspunkte und Gemeinsamkeiten und diese Gemeinsamkeiten auch nach außen bringen. ... aus Kunst, was. ... Freiraum ist für so neue Ideen in dieser Gesellschaftsordnung, heraus konkretes, gemeinsames Leben oder auch gemeinsame Produktion, was also dann mehr direkte Aktion ist so im Sinne von Zusammenleben usw. als es wie für mich jetzt in der Malerei. ... D.h. auch inhaltlich, das ist halt das wesentliche, daß es nicht bei formalen Geschichten bleibt, sondern daß an dem Punkt, wo die Formalarbeit gerade abgeschlossen ist und das formale ABC vorliegt, sind wir dabei, dieses ABC zu benutzen, was von den Formalkünstlern vorgegeben wurde, das benutzen wir jetzt und da wird es ganz inhaltlich. Auf dieser Ebene kann man also dann Begriffe wie, Bestimmungen wie reaktionär oder progressiv anwenden auf Kunst. Das hat Konsequenzen für die Kunstbetrachtung, für die Kunstkritik und für, ich bin der Meinung, wir müssen da jetzt noch einmal ein Statement abgeben.

Ich war sehr inhaltlich, aber nur. ... also meine Bilder haben diese Inhaltlichkeit transportiert. Aber die waren in diesem Wechselspiel Künstler und Bildobjekt entstanden. Und ich habe dann da einen Sprung drüber hinaus gemacht. Ich habe gedacht, o.k., ich kann das auch in der Malerei ausdrücken, diesen Sprung darüber hinaus. Habe aber gesehen, daß ich immer wieder praktisch vor dem Bild stehe und damit andere Dinge ausschließe. Jetzt ergibt sich für mich daraus der Wunsch, projektartig auch gemeinsam. ... Ja, ich steige jetzt auch in die Systeme. Ich sehe das ganze auch gesellschaftskritisch unter Berücksichtigung dieser Situation mit der atomaren Bedrohung und der Entwicklung der Technik, dem Einsatz der Technik gegen den Menschen, und ich denke also für mich, jetzt die Technik einzusetzen für den Menschen, d.h. in diesem Falle, technische Medien mit ihren positiven, kommunikativen Produktionsbedingungen Potential, wie z.B. Video, zu nutzen, um darüber also auch neue Erfahrungen zu machen, konkretes Leben zu machen und da auch wieder output zu haben. Daß dann auch wohl die verschiedensten Dinge nebeneinander stehen können, die verschiedensten Äußerungen, wo es vielleicht Bezüge gibt, die dann; z.B. so eine Zeitung, es könnten die verschiedensten Sachen sein. Es ist auch nicht nötig, daß man da etliche Bezüge selber formuliert. Vielleicht in der Diskussion wird sich das schon zeigen. Nun greifen die überwiegend formalen Kriterien, die aus linearem Denken für linear gedachte formale Avantgarde noch greifen konnten, für eine neue Inhaltlichkeit in der Kunst nicht mehr. Neue Inhaltlichkeit fordert neue Formen, neue formale Kriterien, und

zusätzlich wird die Inhaltlichkeit diskutierbar. D.h. neue Kriterien zu entwickeln, das ist wichtig, für die Beurteilung der speziellen Inhalte von Kunst gemessen an gesellschaftlichen Realitäten und Vorstellungen von Organisationen und Inhalten menschlichen Lebens. Hier wird das ganze nun wieder politisch, und es lassen sich je nach Perspektive Bestimmungen wie reaktionär und/oder progressiv in die Kunstkritik einführen. Es sollte aber auch strukturell gedacht werden über den Zukunftsmensch überhaupt. Da habe ich diese Gedanken, über die Todes ... in dieser Gesellschaft, über diese Auseinandersetzung zwischen Sterben und Tod. Was da so abläuft. Brock hat gesagt, der Tod, diese verdammte Schweinerei muß aufhören. Es ist aber so, daß diese verdammte Schweinerei nicht aufhört, also heißt es, eine Beziehung dazu zu finden, um aus dem Reaktiven dann ... Also die Kunst der 80er wird konkreter, d.h. inhaltlicher, d.h. die internationale Zusammenarbeit im Sinne von formaler Innovation hat ein Ende. Die neue Inhaltlichkeit äußert sich vorerst mehr auf regionale, spezifische Zusammenhänge bezogen, trotzdem mit der Perspektive auf Internationalität wegen der prinzipiell gleichen Situationsmenschen. Jetzt muß ich ganz kurz auf diese beiden Bilder eingehen. Bezüge eins, das waren, ... Kann ich mal die Kataloge haben? Vielleicht wird es da auch ganz deutlich.

Das hier war die, Hirn-Serie. ..., die Strukturen wurden immer enger, genau wie Kapital und Psyche immer enger werden in der Gesellschaft durch die bestehenden Verhältnisse, die Luft zum Atmen wird genommen. Das alles verdichtet die Handlungsstruktur, die Handlungsstruktur wird verdichtet in einzelne Punkte, in Bezüge I und die haben jetzt die Möglichkeit, tendenziell Verbindung aufzunehmen. Die sind hier noch nicht strukturiert diese Punkte, aber das ist eben dieser Identitätsverfall. Und wenn diese Punkte jetzt platzen, wirds konkreter. Und dann habe ich praktisch dieses hier gemacht, die Einheit II, was noch einmal eine Nahaufnahme ist von diesem, Bezüge I und was für mich ein Bild über die Trennung als solche ist. Also hier sind zwei Sachen getrennt, Dualismus, Körper, Geist oder Leben, Sterben, was hier in unserer Gesellschaft ja auch als Dualismus erscheint, aber kein Dualismus sein muß. Wenn also höchste ...

Wie war das, mystische ...

Das ist aber ein Bild über die Trennung als solche, das aber Bewegungsmoment hat. D.h., wenn die Trennung rausgeht aus dem Bild, ist ein näher zusammenkommendes des Getrennten möglich, das heißt letztendlich Aufhebung des Dualismus.

Wie kommst du überhaupt dazu, das so zu sehen?

Also, ich sehe das so, ich sage ja nur von mir.

Das hängt von einem selber ab, ob man das so sieht.

Es ist schlicht und einfach. Hier in Europa liest man die Zeitung von links nach rechts, in andern Ländern von rechts nach links und von oben nach unten usw. Ich kann das einfach so jetzt, das unterbricht ein bißchen deinen Vortrag. ...

Das macht nichts.

Da ist wirklich ein Bewegungsvorgang enthalten.

... Hier ist Oberkante, hinten ist ein Ding. ..., Oberkante ist Unter-
kante, unten ist schwarz. Ein Sterbezimmer hat meistens nur eine

Tür. Kannst dir ausrechnen, wie die Richtung geht, entweder rechts oder links, je nachdem wie die Tür aufgeht. Ich denke da an ein Sterbezimmer, das ist gemeint. Wenn jemand was vom Sterben erzählt, dann sehe ich das Bild fürn Sterbezimmer.

Dieses Bewegungsmoment des Trennenden rechts aus dem Bild, d.h. also potentieller Abbau des Trennenden. ... Für dieses Zusammenkommen erscheint mir das Medium Bild allein zu einsam, zu isoliert. Wenn es bei dem Medium Malerei allein verbleibt, entsteht eine neue Immanenzwirksamkeit, die vorher nicht vom Malen war, es entsteht jetzt irgendwo inhaltlich.

Aber, du reflektierst ja auch noch auf deine Umwelt. So einsam ist das ja wohl gar nicht.

Ja, das ist richtig. Es ist einsam im Produktionsprozess. Und Einsamkeit wird immer bleiben im Produktionsprozess. Aber es gibt auch die Möglichkeit, gemeinsam zu produzieren und da auch zusammenzukommen mit den einzeln produzierten Dingen.

Die Einsamkeit wird durchsichtig auf was anderes; auf Zusammenhänge. Es ist nicht so eine abgeschlossene Sache, so ein Kasten. Außerdem, bei dem Bild, so wie du das erklärst, ist die Frage auch wichtig, das du die Dinge selber auch als Objekt begreifst, d.h., daß sie in dieser Bewegung auch in einem Umraum zu begreifen sind, sagen wir mal an der Wand hängen, der auch als Realraum, als vorgefundener Raum funktioniert. Daraus ergibt sich eigentlich auch erst die Bewegung. Wenn man das so auf dem Foto sieht, kommt das, glaube ich, gar nicht unmittelbar rüber. Am stärksten ist mir das aufgefallen, als es oben in der Böckstraße am Boden lag. Daß da so eine ganz, ganz leichte Bewegung, die da so, die vor allem über den Rand des Bildes hinausführt, so eine ganz merkwürdige Verschiebung, ein ganz zäher Fluß.

Ich glaube, wir brauchen vielleicht auch gar nicht so konkret auf das Bewegungsmoment, ... jeder empfindet, glaube ich, auch trennende Dinge zwischen untereinander und in Kommunikation usw., die möglicherweise abzubauen sind. Und dadurch auch ein näher Zusammenkommen möglich ist. Und über die Malerei hinaus unter Zuhilfenahme der technischen Medien und den darin enthaltenen Kommunikationsmöglichkeiten, sowohl in Produktion als auch in Vermittlung. Die Anwendung von Technik letztlich gegen den status quo, Menschen, führt zu einem neuen Bewußtsein und zu einer Umwertung und dann zu einer positiv bewerteten neuen Anwendung der Technik für den Menschen. Und dann, ich habe Bilder für mich immer als Chips gesehen, als Chips, die ich in Ausstellungsbetriebe und in funktionale Zusammenhänge der Vermittlung einschiebe. Und jetzt ist es nicht mehr ein linear gedachter, ein objekthaft gedachter Chip, sondern ein strukturell gedachtes Molekül, was vielleicht eingreift in eben diese funktionalen Zusammenhänge. Dann ist die Frage, ob man sich da Spielplätze sucht, wo man dieses Spiel spielt, die also tendenziell. ... Und vielleicht kann man das machen und zusätzlich auch in die bestehenden Organisationen noch näher reinbringen, und das jetzt auch formulieren, das ist, glaube ich, das wichtige. Weil wir damals in 1/61, Genaueres kann ich jetzt über die Lützowstraße nicht sagen, aber da gibt es sicherlich Gemeinsamkeiten, weil wir versucht haben. ..., die neue Inhaltlichkeit war noch nicht zu formulieren. Damals haben wir auch keine. ..., da haben wir das Programm verfaßt, das wir quasi kein Programm haben. Daß es da um etwas geht, was wir noch nicht genau benennen können. Jetzt

ist aber durch die Arbeit bei einigen Leuten etwas eingetreten, was benennbar wird, wenn es auf der anderen Seite in meinen Augen auch Stagnationen gibt, wir kämpfen immer in denselben Strukturen, ohne daß ein entscheidender Schritt getan wird, nämlich eine Distanznahme dadurch, daß eine neue Perspektive zu dem ganzen Tun, was man hatte, zu dem Apparat, der einem gegenüber steht, und darüber hinaus, dann also auch Konsequenzen zu ziehen. Das wars im Grunde.

Und da habe ich gedacht, man könnte erst einmal eine Ausstellung machen, die als Environment gilt, dann auch das ganze noch per Zeitung, per Fotos, per Medien und in deren Dingen formulieren, und dann vielleicht ne Art Aktion oder ne Art Happening oder Veranstaltung daneben.

Es gibt ja zwei Sachen zu diskutieren. Die erste wäre sozusagen das konkrete Objekt und die zweite Sache wäre, was du jetzt hier vorgetragen hast. Vielleicht, das Projekt finde ich sowieso gut. Aber das Statement, da empfinde ich große inhaltliche Differenzen.

Ich meine, jeder hat einen anderen Ansatz.

Ich finde, daß man erst mal drüber reden soll. Das, was du schreibst und sagst, das finde ich gut. Ich kann zurückschauen auf viele Erfahrungen, die ich schon gemacht habe. Ich habe vor allem auch Sprachformulierungen bis fast an die Decke. ... Und der Punkt, den ich mir auch vorstellen kann, weil er nicht so programmatisch ist, ist der, wie du sagst, es gibt viele Moleküle, es gibt chemische Reaktionen, man kann das und das zusammenbringen und da wird schon irgendwas passieren, also in der Chemie weiß man das ungefähr. Da kann man mit Bildern arbeiten und man kann zitieren, man kann also jetzt von hier ausgehen. Man kann verschiedene Leute zitieren und verschiedene Vorschläge machen im Sinne von „sie sollen einen Platz ausfüllen“, man kann auch offerner sagen, daß man es zusammenmacht. Und mit dem Schritt nach vorne habe ich, ... ich meine, das sind Fragen, die mich sehr beschäftigten, aber ich kann mich mit dem, was da so gesagt wird, nicht sonderlich identifizieren. Es gibt da einerseits so einen Punkt, wenn ich dich nicht kennen würde und würde das einfach hören, dann würde ich sagen „Was soll dieser Schwachsinn“, ... Da ich dich nun kenne weiß ich also, Sprache ist sowieso immer nur ein Vehikel, also muß man erst mal rauskriegen, was dahintersteckt. Und das ist wahrscheinlich auch das wichtigere. Aber es gibt einfach in den letzten Jahren auch Veranstaltungen, an denen ich teilgenommen habe, wo auch solche Sachen Gegenstand der Debatte waren. Und das waren eigentlich Sachen, die, aus denen ich persönlich, gerade auch mit dem Anspruch der Gemeinsamkeit, nie zufrieden war. Das, was ich erfahren habe ist, daß wenn Sachen so nebeneinanderlaufen, sich überkreuzen oder so, daß da auch ein Gefühl da ist, daß man auch weiß, was es ist. Ich habe die Schwierigkeiten, das auch mit Worten zu benennen aber ich weiß, daß es da ist. Und das ist ja ein bißchen so ein Projekt, und wenn du sagst die Ausstellung da auch so zu machen, daß einfach als Erscheinungsbild inhaltliches ... ist, finde ich das sehr interessant. Nur ich kann einfach nicht, wenn du sagst „neue zwischenmenschliche Lebensformen usw.“, ich meine, da habe ich vorhin einfach böseartig gedacht, da kann ich dir mal eine Adresse geben, wo du mal hinfahren kannst, die machen das im Moment auch so ganz konkret in Düsseldorf mit einem Container-Projekt, wo einige Leute, ich weiß nicht sehr viel drüber, weil der Kontakt etwas abgebrochen ist, ...

... es wär linear gedacht. ...

wo also Leute sich Container gemietet haben und in Containern leben, die sie als Arbeitscontainer benutzen und auch als Ausstellungsräume

... Straßenromantik, die darinsteckt ...

... ja, da ist auch drin: Wir machen aus Hühnerscheiße Energie und dies und jenes. ... Das klingt da einfach, das ist mit drin.

Also, ne Alternativveranstaltung will er ja nicht. Das ist vielleicht ne Sache mit der Sprache, daß das so komisch klingt. Sagen wir mal, es klingt halt naiv. Aber ich glaube, was eher doch gemeint ist, man muß dann einfach die Kunst mit reinnehmen.

Also, das ist unsere Sprache.

Ja, und die ist, aus der Differenz der einzelnen Kunstformen, die jetzt vom Einzelnen her da sind, irgendwie so etwas wie der Versuch, auf die Gemeinsamkeiten zu reflektieren, also als Erfahrungsmöglichkeit. Und zwar als Gemeinsamkeit denke ich, jetzt ist es ja von der Malerei her definiert bei ihm, ganz stark. Aber eben dieses mit dem Medium allein sein, als etwas Ungenügendes empfinden und eben jetzt eine Möglichkeit drüber hinaus suchen. Und dieses Verständnis von einem Bild, sagen wir mal als Chip, das ist eine anorganische Form und Molekül ist eine organische Form, man kann das eigentlich nehmen, wie man das will. Wahrscheinlich muß man die beiden Dinger sogar zusammendenken. Aber das bedeutet so etwas wie ein abstrakter, vorgegebener, kleinster, gemeinsamer Nenner. Es ist ja eigentlich ein Denken, was von der Tatsache ausgeht, daß wir vernetzt sind. Also bis in die künstlerischen Medien hinein. Und daß die Reflexion darauf auf eine ganz bestimmte Weise die letzten Jahre eigentlich stattgefunden hat. Also auf eine Weise, die über die ganzen abstrakten Formen hinausgeht, in den 60iger Jahren entwickelt worden sind, also auf mehr subjektiver Ebene. Und der nächste Schritt, der dabei angestrebt ist, gewissermaßen auf diesem Stand so etwas wie konkreter. ...

Jetzt ist die Malerei angesagt. Und jetzt wird alles, was irgendwie mit dem Quast, also auch allein, sich ausdrücken kann, zu einem internationalen Stil vereinheitlicht, wobei man eben eher davon ausgehen muß, daß das, was interessant ist an dieser Malerei, eigentlich auch mehr von dem ausdrückt, worüber ter Hell gesprochen hat. Nur das ist eigentlich das, was unterschlagen wird. Es wird in der Vermittlung eigentlich mehr eine rückwärts gerichtete Beziehung hergestellt, zu irgendwelchen nationalen oder sonstwas für Traditionen, die als solche gar nicht so interessant sind.

Das Inhaltliche wurde immer unter den Tisch gekehrt, selbst auf geringstem Level, wie es meine Erfahrung ist, wenn ich in einer Ausstellung zwei verschiedene Dinge hänge, dann hat das ein inhaltliches und ein formales Moment, und das wurde immer ignoriert, beides, es wurde völlig ignoriert oder es wurde negativ aufgefaßt wie ... Es wurde also nicht ernst genommen.

Und wenn ich mir jetzt gerade überlege, wie ist das in der Lützowstraße zu verstehen?

Da wurde, da war für den Einzelkünstler wieder die isolierte Beschäftigung mit sich und dem Raum und die Verbindung, die er hat

versucht herzustellen, oder ihr habt ja auch dann diese Tendenz der Öffnung gehabt, und die Verbindungen wurden dann auf so einem Seitenweg geschaffen, indem der Künstler die aktuelle Ausstellung aufbauend auf die vorhergegangene oder gegen oder wie auch immer darauf bezogen machen mußte. Das ist praktisch schon ein Bezug, der da war. Und es gibt, letztendlich geht es um Beziehungen, aber Beziehungen sind noch gar nicht möglich.

Beziehungsweise es ist schwer, etwaige Beziehungen abzubilden innerhalb einer Ausstellung. Es gibt da einige Leute, mit denen ich seit längerer Zeit regelmäßig zusammenarbeite, d.h. nicht, daß wir ständig gemeinsame Sache machen aber mit denen ich immer wieder zu tun habe. ...

Aber es ist schon richtig, man wird das in Ausstellungen nicht darstellen können, weil Ausstellungen eben für sich eine statische Geschichte sind.

Aber dann gibt es die Möglichkeit, eine Verbindung noch über das Inhaltliche.

Ja, jetzt ist es so, daß die Verbindung sich eigentlich herstellen soll. Daß sie, soweit sie schon vorhanden ist, eigentlich mehr so eine Art Folie ist, der wir ja irgendwie alle ausgesetzt sind. Es ist ja nicht so, daß irgendeiner in allen diesen Kunstmedien, die es gibt, noch für sich beanspruchen könnte, in der Weiterverfolgung eines spezifischen Mediums irgendwo noch Neuland, absolutes Neuland entdecken können. Und daß das so ist hat ja zur Voraussetzung, daß so eine Art von Vernetzung objektiv schon da ist. Das braucht man ja in dem Sinne nicht noch einmal vorführen.

...
Aber das finde ich jetzt wieder zu allgemein; denn das hat schon ganz bestimmte, es hat eine ganz konkrete, technische Seite, würde ich schon sagen, die man als strukturell oder wie immer benennen kann. Dieses Strukturelle hat, sagen wir mal, auch einen technischen Ausdruck. Deswegen glaube ich diese Idee mit den Medien auch. Das ist nicht so gedacht als: Jetzt soll mal ein bißchen Musik laufen. Das müßte schon einen Grad von Genauigkeit kriegen, wo dieses Verhältnis von immanenter Objektivität in diesen einzelnen Formen einfach zugrundegelegt wird, als etwas, worauf man sich verständigen kann, wo man sagen kann, also gut, soweit sehe ich das in dem was ich mache auch. Vielleicht läßt sich jetzt ein Aspekt finden als Diskussionsgegenstand, auf den hin man jetzt von sich aus hinarbeiten kann, so daß sowohl dies inhaltliche Moment deutlich wird als auch dieses vorgegebene, strukturelle Moment. Das würde vor allen Dingen diese Art von Medienrevival durchbrechen, die in so einer Malereigeschichte drinsteckt.

Das ist so, ich habe an dem Punkt schon die Schwierigkeit, daß diese Medienfrage für mich wirklich seit ziemlich langer Zeit keine Frage mehr ist.

Ja eben, das meine ich ja damit, das ist eine Sache, die gewissermaßen objektiv zugrundeliegt. Wenn ich das so sage, ist das nur zur Erläuterung, also nicht als Problem, gerade nicht. Gerade als etwas, was in dem Sinne nicht mehr zur Diskussion steht.

Das, was der Punkt ist, du triffst da irgendwelche Leute und da wählst du aus, den findest du gut, und ich guck dann doch nicht darauf, ob der Malerei macht oder ob der Strümpfe strickt. ...

...

Ja, sicher, das ist eigentlich das, worum es hier geht.

Bei uns gab, bei uns in solchen Gesprächen gab es immer eigentlich den Begriff Haltung.

Mach eine Ausstellung über Haltung.

Das hat ter Hell auch schon gesagt früher.

Es geht eigentlich nirgends um Haltung jetzt. Es interessiert nicht, wie Maler X den Pinsel schwingt, ob er das von links unten nach rechts oben macht, das hat mich noch nie interessiert, sondern es geht darum, wie macht der Maler X sein tägliches Leben klar. Was hat der für Ideen im Kopf, was möchte der eigentlich, was sagt der zu den bestehenden Verhältnissen, findet er sie gut, findet er sie schlecht, wie richtet er sich ein oder wo kämpft er.

Oder, was will er eigentlich?

In der Ausstellung; nicht diese Zeitgeistscheiße, wo vorausgesetzt wird: Uns geht es gut, wir haben die Waschmaschine, wir kaufen Kunst.

Kunst als Leben.

Kunst als Haltung. Und es gibt ein paar Leute, Beuys z.B. und unter den Leuten, die nicht so bekannt sind, gibt es einige Leute und das ist auch ein Kriterium für Kunst. Nicht so, wie jetzt getan wird überall, es ginge im formalen Sinne weiter. Zwar mit neuer Subjektivität, und spritzen da auf der Leinwand rum oder verteilen dicke Ölfarbe; das wird alles kaltlächelnd weggesteckt. Da muß einfach gesagt werden, wir haben die Schnauze voll von eurer Scheiße. Das muß ganz groß, unter Einbeziehung der technischen Medien und mit Anzeigen und was noch allem.

Es muß einfach gesagt werden. ...

Nicht mehr im Sinne von möglichst abstrakter Kunst, sondern mit den Worten ein bißchen mehr spielen, ja. Und vielleicht über das Spiel, das wir dann spielen, selber ein bißchen Spaß haben oder Ideen bekommen und erleben, und dann einfach auch als Position da mit dastehen, und zwar unter Berücksichtigung der konkreten, realen Verhältnisse und nicht im Sinne von Baghwan.

Eigentlich steckt ja sowas wie ein Fluxusmoment auch dadrin. Und der Unterschied wäre ja, fällt mir gerade ein, wäre eben der, aus der Esoterik raus, die damit verbunden ist. Also aus der Esoterik von Abstraktion auch raus.

Dann interessieren mich Artisten, die irgendwo weiterkämpfen mit ihrem Sich-Entwickeln und nicht auf formalen Errungenschaften bestehen und in der Hoffnung dahinvegetieren, entdeckt zu werden.

Die ganzen Klassiker. ...

Ja, und dann dabei immer mehr verkalken, nicht.

Zwischen Chip und Molekül. Also ich will nicht sagen, daß das Problem des Spaßes, ja, das habe ich nicht so sehr. Also ich. ...

Vielleicht merkst Du es gar nicht?

Nee, nee, das ...

Meinst Du nicht? Kann doch auch sein.

Zum Beispiel also die letzte Woche, wenn ich darauf zurückblicke, ja ...

Da hast Du viel Spaß gehabt?

Da kann ich sagen, da ist es mal wieder sehr gut gegangen.

O.k., gut, aber das ist glaube ich nicht mit ... gemeint, nur ...

Ja, ich meine, irgendwie ...

Das ist vielleicht, das kann vielleicht irgendwie jeder sagen, nicht.

Ja, vielleicht kommt noch mal ein Spaß oder sowas, aber ...

Weil, schön war's doch.

Nee, ich, deshalb meine ich auch, es geht irgendwo um was anderes.

Ja, es geht um die unterste Stufe der Notwendigkeit, Lebendigkeit.

Also ich argumentiere schon mit einem gewissen – wie sagt man – Fatalismus oder irgendwas, daß ich einfach sage, das, was mich interessiert, interessiert die Gesellschaft nicht. Ich meine, ich kann ja nicht behaupten, es hätte sie zu interessieren.

Das kannst Du schon. An einer ganz bestimmten ... kannst Du das behaupten.

Du bist ja auch die Gesellschaft. Das ist ja auch der Punkt, daß diese vorgegebene Struktur auch in Dich eingreift. Das ist ja auch das, was Dich in gewisser Weise zur Reaktion noch zwingt. Wenn das nicht so wäre, würdest Du Dich ja wahrscheinlich einen Dreck drum kümmern, so Dir selbst überlassen bleiben. Ich meine, es ergibt sich ja erst aus dieser Spannung heraus.

Also aus dem, vom aktuellen Standpunkt her wäre, wenn ich, ich bin im Moment nicht so auf Sturm und Drang, ja, Türen einlaufen und so.

Wenn ich genügend Geld hätte, mit dem ich leben könnte, dann würde ich sagen, Ihr könnt mich alle mal am Arsch lecken, ja, ich mache, was mir Spaß macht.

Ja, was ist das? Was wäre das?

Das ist ja keine Kunst mehr.

Was würdest Du denn machen?

Ja, ja, der Punkt ist, die ganzen Bilder, die ich gemalt habe, über sieben Jahre fast jetzt schon, oder weiß ich nicht, wie lange, die haben alle gegen das Wertsystem und das Kunstmarkt-System angearbeitet. Nach wie vor, ja. Ich arbeite also dagegen, selbst mit den Produkten, die ich herstelle, aber ich spitze mich darauf, daß die das Zeug auch kaufen, und zwar letztlich zu den hohen

Preisen, die das alte System erschaffen hat. Ich sehe gar keinen Grund, daß diese hohen Preise im Grunde gerechtfertigt sind. Das ganze System ist ja – das kann ich auch benutzen. An dem Punkt ist das Arbeiten mehr denn je für mich unehrenhaft in Anführungszeichen, ja, oder es ist Kunstguerilla, wenn ich also das und das mache, was ich so sehe, und das zu den und den Bedingungen kaufen lasse, die mit mir überhaupt nichts mehr zu tun haben. An dem Punkt ist es dann wirklich neue deutsche Welle, nicht. Aber ich meine, das ist dann Vergangenheit.

Die Frage, die man sich doch stellen muß, ist also, ist heute die Situation gegeben, daß man real in irgendwas eingreifen kann.

Natürlich nicht.

Ja, natürlich.

Das soll heißen, das hat einen sehr großen Anspruch, daß etwas Zeichen setzt.

Ja, das denke ich schon.

Und daß man Zeichen setzen kann, das denke ich auch.

Es gibt in der Kunst keine Sprache, die so ist, daß sie nicht mißbraucht werden kann.

Was für mich noch eine der ersten Ideen war, also mir war klar, ich will eigentlich gar nicht so eine poplige Ausstellung hier aufbauen, nicht, sondern eben was anderes. Und dann habe ich erst gedacht, o.k., Haltung, vielleicht kann man den Katalog nutzen, um Haltung vorzustellen. Da habe ich zum Beispiel in New York zwei Frauen kennengelernt, die dabei was – die eine hat gesagt, sie hat in San Francisco eine Farm gegründet vor zehn Jahren, mit Kindern, Tieren und irgendwelchen ... Highway-Geschichten, und macht jetzt Radioprogramme. Und die andere hat irgendwelche Ideen über Stadtgestaltung, also ... vorzustellen zum Beispiel, ...

Im Sinne von besser leben.

Du kommst so in Werbung rein, so'n bißchen, nicht?

Ja, natürlich. Ich sehe das so, daß sowieso alles zusammenhängt, das Soziologische und Philosophische und daß es eine runde komplexe Struktur ist und alles miteinander zusammenhängt. Das ist nur die Frage der Gewichtung. Ob man jetzt das Soziale stärker raushebt oder mehr das Künstlerische, das ist eine Frage der Ausrichtung. Es gibt da nur Worte, die fallen, und das kann alles sein und es kann alles auch im besten Falle gleichberechtigt nebeneinander stehen. Und dann ist es immer wieder an dem Einzelnen, der das sieht, wo er dann Schwergewichte macht. Und im Grunde, also für mich persönlich denke ich manchmal, ich gebe jetzt nur noch Mitteilungen raus und – ja, nur noch kurze Mitteilungen und ... also im Sinne schon auch von Propaganda-Kunst. Obwohl ich nicht weiß, was zu propagieren ist. Was ich auch nicht weiß, ja –

... No future find ich nicht so gut, future finde ich besser, nicht no future, future.

Aber wo setzt Du den an, den future ...

Ja, jeder muß bei sich selber ansetzen, das ist der entscheidende Punkt.

Da kommt nämlich die wirkliche Subjektivität ...

Ja, das kann ich Dir genau sagen, ich bin ja dabei, das zu verändern. Ich weiß nur noch nicht, was. Ich kann meinen Alltag nicht so von allem anderen abspalten, wie Du das vielleicht kannst. Ich kann es eben nicht.

Du hast eine Spalte.

Ja, ich ...

Du hast eine Spalte?

Die wäre noch zu entdecken, ja.

Das finde ich interessant.

Was findest Du interessant?

Die Spalte.

Ja, nicht?

Na klar, das ist nicht unsere Sache, da eine genaue sprachliche Formulierung zu finden für so ein Projekt, das ist auch unheimlich schwierig, weil auch ganz andere Sachen zusammenkommen. Aber vielleicht kann man das Ding ja unter ein Thema stellen ... wenn Du so willst, das einzige, von dem ich sagen kann, wo ich weiß, daß vielleicht was passiert, wo ich das Gefühl habe, das könnte ... Aber die Theorien, die da – wann war das? Gestern, Vorgestern hat mir jemand, eine Freundin hat mir erzählt von einem Briefwechsel zwischen Rilke und einem Typen, und der stellt einfach Fragen, Fragen, Fragen und will Antworten haben, und findet die nicht, und Rilke sagt einfach, daß er sich in die Fragen reinbegeben soll, ja, daß er sich reinleben soll in die Fragen. Und das ist eine Formulierung, mit der ich mich verbunden fühlen kann, aber ich kann nicht, ich kann nicht diesem Programm gegenüber, da habe ich große Skupel, weißt Du, die Fragen drücken mich so sehr, und ...

Das ist doch eine eindeutige Antwort ...

Das würde für mich heißen, wenn ich solche Sprüche machen würde, dann müßte ich mein ganzes Leben ändern, dann würde ich was ganz anderes machen, dann könnte ich auch ...

Ja, es geht schon, das Leben zu ändern.

Ja, aber ...

Also ich meine nicht in dem ...

Ja, ich will mein Leben nicht ändern.

Ah, da haben wir den Punkt. Darum knisterst Du hier schon seit zwei Stunden so rum.

Ich knister überhaupt nicht rum. Ich will mein Leben nicht ändern. Ich will da weitergehen, wo ich gehe.

Ja, gehen ist gut. Schweben. Aber gehen bedeutet doch immer, Leben ändern. Das ist ja ...

Ja, sicher, aber nicht in dem Sinn, daß ich weiß, da muß es hingehen, sondern es ist einfach etwas, das passiert ständig, verstehst Du. Und es gibt Punkte, da kannst Du mal sagen, ah ja, da war das. Aber ich kann keine Programme aufstellen, das geht einfach nicht.

Ja, aber, das geht nicht darum, Programme aufzustellen. Es geht nur darum, sagen wir mal, aus dem Erleben heraus, irgendwie Blinksignale mit der Taschenlampe zu geben.

Genau. Warnblinkanlage an, jetzt wird ...

Was Du eben gesagt hast, diese Schwierigkeit, es überhaupt erstmal in Worte zu fassen, was man vielleicht meint, muß darüber gehen, daß jemand ganz persönlich sagt, also wenn ich mal so darüber nachdenke, was ich eigentlich tue, dann sehe ich nicht das und das und das. Und auf diese Sehnsüchte, also in den apodiktischen Formulierungen von ter stecken auch unheimliche Sehnsüchte drin, was noch gar nicht erreicht ist und wo man nicht weiß, ob sie stimmen können. Aber Du mußt erst auch einmal wagen, irgendwie auch mit der Hand mal nach vorne zu langen, um dann nachher die ganzen kleinen Schritte zu machen.

Ja, Sehnsüchte sind was Diffuses, nicht. Es sei denn, man hat ein genaues Bild davon.

Und da eine Sprache nicht ausreicht, ist es auch wichtig, sowohl so eine Zeitung zum Beispiel zu machen, als auch die verschiedenen Künste mit einzubeziehen, weil die jeweils bestimmte Sprachbeschränkungen und damit auch inhaltliche Beschränkungen haben.

Wenn ich jetzt richtig verstehe, ist die Sehnsucht im allgemeinsten Kommunikation. Und jetzt ging es eigentlich darum, festzustellen, was überhaupt geht an Kommunikation. Also nicht vorher festzulegen, das muß jetzt sein, sondern einfach ausprobieren, was geht. Und in diesem Ausprobieren steckt natürlich auch das Spielerische. Das Spielerische ist ja auch so etwas wie, es hat auch immer was von Scheitern, nicht, Spiel hat immer was von Scheitern, weil es nicht Realität ist. Es bricht immer irgendwie an der Realität ...

... einfach im Grunde genommen dadurch, daß Du jetzt ...

... Ja, aber im Kontext zum Beispiel, im Kontext von Kunst ...

Ja, Scheitern ist ja wieder auf die realen Verhältnisse bezogen.

Nee, was ich meine, ist was anderes. Was ich meine, ist, Kunst hat etwas vom Spiel, insofern nämlich, als es eine Als-Ob-Kategorie ist. Kunst ist nicht Wirklichkeit. So wirklich man sie auch immer definiert, sie ist immer nicht die Wirklichkeit.

Meist ist es ja auch eine ganz schwierige Sache. Also ...

Darum geht es ja. Es geht nämlich um dieses Problem von Grenzüberschreitung.

Ja, aber das ist, die Frage war jetzt nur noch, wie man das für sich selber definiert, ist halt immer diese Frage ...

Also ich habe einfach die Schnauze voll. Ich habe die Schnauze voll, seit ich 15 oder 16 bin, ich habe da so einen Weg gemacht, mit den Bildern, ich habe mir da einen runtergeholt, ich habe die Schnauze immer mehr voll, ja. Und ich stehe jetzt auch an so einem Punkt, o.k., ich könnte mich jetzt langsam einrichten damit, ich habe mich lange eingerichtet, ich kann es nicht mehr weiterführen. Und ich habe die Schnauze voll und ich weiß, wir stehen unter Bedrohung permanent, der ganze Apparat der wälzt sich wirklich mit zunehmender Geschwindigkeit auf irgend'ne neue Stunde Null hin, auf einen Knock-out. Also ich meine, ich weiß, daß ich da wenig Möglichkeiten haben, einzugreifen ...

Und da willst Du vorher noch was machen.

Ja, so kann man es auch sagen. Ich habe die Schnauze voll und sehe nicht mehr die Notwendigkeit, mich hinter der Abstraktion zu verstecken. Ich könnte jetzt schon mehr als noch vor zwei Jahren einfach auch mal die Säge nehmen und das Stuhlbein absägen, mehr kann ich dann selber auch nicht. Ich kann ja keine Bombe schmeißen. Um das einfach als positives Beispiel zu sagen oder vielleicht nur als Beispiel.

Können kann man schon, nur es hat keinen Sinn.

Zum Beispiel wollte ich gerne fünf Dokortitel verleihen oder zehn.

Ah ja, das möchte ich doch gerne festschreiben, diese Idee.

Du meinst, Du möchtest gerne einen haben?

Ja, genau.

Was willst Du damit machen?

Auf den Kopf setzen, weißt Du, so wie die in Amerika.

Strauß hat 15 davon.

Und Musik möchte ich auch.

Naja, es ist eben auch so ähnlich wie bei ... Ich will es auch nicht ändern im Moment. Also ich ändere es permanent. Du änderst es im Grunde genommen ja auch, indem Du einen Fuß hochhebst und vor den anderen setzt. Der Untergrund ist wieder verschiedenen.

Aber immer dieses lineare Denken dabei. Also wie bei meinem ... wo also irgendwas linear gedacht ist, also kipzelt, ja, die ganze Situation ist kippelig, und dann bin ich abgehoben, ein bißchen jedenfalls, und schwebe ganz. Das ist wieder diese Veränderung vom Linearen zum Strukturellen.

Strukturelles Schweben, das ist es.

Also hervortreten können, und zwar aus den verschiedenen Ecken dann eben, nicht. Ich meine, das wäre auch ein Durchbrechen so einer komischen Arbeitsteilung, wie sie die Sechziger Jahre eben gebracht haben, daß es, sagen wir mal, hier Konzeptart gibt und hier gibt es bestimmte Form von Malerei und Plastik oder — diese Art von Schubladendenken, nicht, die wird eigentlich dann über-

schritten, wenn man aus der Immanenz seiner persönlichen Erfahrungen heraus, mit Immanenz beziehe ich mich jetzt speziell auf Deine Frage-Geschichte, die Du da gerade hattest, das ist ja auch eine Bewegung nach innen eigentlich, nicht. Also wie aus dieser Innenbewegung heraus was in andere Formen übergreift. Wenn man die Dynamik so einer Innenbewegung freisetzt, hat das ein überschießendes Moment, weil es geht ja ins Offene irgendwie, nicht. Und das hat jeder und genau diese überschießenden Momente, die müßten, nun ja, zusammenfließen oder so. Und in diesem Zusammenfließen aufeinanderprallen oder Schnittpunkte zeigen, die funktionieren. Aber nicht im Sinne von so'ner homogenen Multi-Media-Show oder was, das ist Sechziger Jahre.

Von mir aus würde ich solche Äußerungen, wie Du sie machst, im Moment nicht machen. Das hängt aber wahrscheinlich mit privaten Dingen zusammen, also ich will ja nicht — ich meine das jetzt nicht überheblich, wenn ich sage, eben diese Äußerungen oder Vorstellungen hätten mir sehr nahegestanden oder hätten mich direkt protegirt, vielleicht anders, als ich in der Kunsthochschule gearbeitet hatte. Da kam mir das irgendwie auch so vor, daß da was nicht stimmt, ohne allerdings dabei die vielen Erfahrungen zu sammeln, wie Du. Ich meine, die momentane Situation ist eigentlich mehr die, daß ich mir relativ viele Repertoires zugelegt habe, die zugegebenermaßen weitgehend privater Natur bleiben, Dinge zu entwickeln oder zu machen. Und was gemeinsames Arbeiten betrifft, was mir am meisten aufgefallen ist dabei ... ist, daß also Geld da ist.

Aber Spirit ist dann wie Geld, nicht. Geld ist dann die abstrakteste Form, die alles zusammenhält. Also jeden, den Penner vom Bahnhof Zoo bis zu irgendwelchen Grundstücksspekulanten oder so was. Das hält alle zusammen und insofern gibt es eben einen solchen Zusammenhang, der ist einfach da. Und das andere, was ich meine, ist eben, daß dieser Zusammenhang bis ins Allerprivateste reingeht. Es ist zwar so, daß man aus Überlebensgründen dieses Private abspalten muß, aber gleichzeitig ist es aber auch so, daß dieses Private von diesem Vorgegebenen ganz durchdrungen ist, und die Funktion des Privaten ist eigentlich die, dieses Durchdringensein, offen zu leben, anschaulich zu machen, ja —

Also verbraten wir das Geld jetzt einfach sinnlos ...

So stell ich mir das vor. Und aus dieser Anschaulichkeit kommt also in dem Sinne nichts Homogenes, weil der ganze Zusammenhang, in dem wir leben, auch inhomogen ist. Aber er kann zu so etwas wie 'ner Verständigung führen, so kann ich mir das vorstellen. 'ne Verständigung, sagen wir mal, die innerhalb der Kunst jetzt über diese vorgegebenen Raster hinausführt.

Das ist ja ein Widerspruch in sich, weil ...

Natürlich, das ist eine paradoxe Formulierung, ... Das ist auch so gemeint.

Das brauche ich immer erst dann anzuwenden, wenn im Kontext Arbeit und Kunst verlangt wird, ja.

Man könnte auch sagen, weil ter Hell vorhin von Sterben gesprochen hat, der Tod steckt ja im Detail. Das ist ja nicht nur so die existenzielle Erfahrung, sondern er steckt ja in der Gesellschaft, in

den Details drin. Und es käme eben darauf an, ihn gewissermaßen auszutreiben. Dann würde gewissermaßen der NBK oder was auch wieder Leben kriegen. Ob er nun will oder nicht, das ist eine Art Zwangsbeglückung. Aber die resultiert aus seinem eigenen Anspruch.

Ich fand das sehr wichtig, was Hermann gerade gesagt hat, als seine Positionsbestimmung, daß er ähnlich wie Kummer eine Grammatik geschaffen hat und sich in Zusammenhänge äußerlicher Art und auch gedanklicher Art reingearbeitet hat, und jetzt erstmal damit operiert, ... also er will das jetzt gar nicht verändern ...

Das betrifft ja jeden, davon gehen wir ja aus, davon gehen wir im Grunde genauso aus, wenn Hermann sagt, daß er den NBK nicht sprengen will oder abschaffen will, sprengen wäre dasselbe, ist ja nur eine andere Form von Abschaffen, sondern es ist ja eigentlich nur, wie man aus dem Vorhandenen irgendwie ein bißchen was Lebendiges rausquetscht.

Das ist mehr die abstrakte Seite davon. Was der Rainer gerade sagte, man muß es aus sich rausquetschen. Klar, weil man selber ja genauso tot ist, verstehst Du, Du wirst ja tot geboten. Mit gewissen Resten.

Ich war schon tot.

Ja, genau. Und es kommt eben dann darauf an ...

Du kriegst zweimal einen auf den Arsch gehauen –

Ich kann Dir auch sagen, es gibt andere Situationen, mit Menschen, wo Du zusammen bist, zum Beispiel einfach keine Lust hast, ja. Und Du lebst, Du hast keine Lust. Und machst das auch und siehst mal, was passiert. Das sind auch so Momente.

Ja, aber dahinter steht wieder dieses „Ich will“. Die Entscheidungsfrage ist immer die, will ich oder will ich nicht. Das hast Du ja gerade auch gesagt. Das „Will“, das „Ich will“, das hat nämlich diesen eigentümlichen Doppelcharakter: es ist einerseits das Leerste, aber in seinem Anspruch auch gleichzeitig die absolute Totalität, das Vollste. Und es gibt eine Dynamik zwischen diesem Leeren und der Fülle. Und solange Du noch willst, haben noch die reduziertesten Momente ihre immanente Dynamik, die aus diesem Widerspruch resultiert. Du kannst dieser Dynamik nicht entkommen. Du kannst diese Dynamik selbst noch mal darauf reduzieren, daß Du eigentlich immer nur dasselbe tust. Das wäre sowas wie eine stillgestellte Dynamik, sowas wie Wiederholungszwang. Das ist im Grunde wie Fließbandarbeit. Aber solange Du noch auf diese Frage reflektieren kannst, will ich oder will ich nicht, bringst Du die Dynamik noch mit ein. Du mußt Dich der Konsequenz dieser Dynamik in irgendeiner Weise irgendwann mal stellen.

... wenn Du sagst, ich will oder ich will nicht. Zum Beispiel, wenn Du Leute verärgerst ... muß ich ja abgrenzen oder Nähe suchen und so ...

Na, da ist er ja schon dahinter weg, das hat er alles nicht mehr im Kopf, wie er gesagt hat. Ich habe versucht jetzt, das so abstrakt ernst zu nehmen, wie er es gesagt hat. Aber gleichzeitig ist aber diese Abstraktion doch noch an was Konkretes gebunden, an was sinnlich Erfahrbares.

Ja sicher, aber der Punkt, der mich daran interessiert, es ging ja um Wiedergeburt, nicht. Da geht es sozusagen um einfachste Lebensgefühle, und mich interessiert sowieso nichts anderes als einfachste Lebensgefühle, den Rest finde ich sowieso alles Schwachsinn. Denn letztendlich dreht es sich bei dem Menschen immer nur um die einfachsten Lebensgefühle. Ob das nun so ausgeholt wird oder so ausgeholt wird, das ...

Das würde ich so nicht sagen, allein Kunst als eine Lebensform, ist ein hochdifferenziertes Gebilde, ...

Es ist ein Hochgefühl, aber warum geht es denn da?

Der Unterschied ist sehr einfach. Der Unterschied ist der zwischen einem Menschen, der sich für die Kunst entscheidet, und zwischen einem Menschen, der sich gar nicht entscheiden kann, weil er nämlich von seiner Geburt an ans Fließband festgebunden ist, das ist der entschiedene Unterschied. Allein die Fähigkeit, darauf zu reflektieren, worauf Du reflektierst, das ist etwas so hoch ...

Ist ein Privileg, ja.

Nicht nur, ja, und als Privileg etwas so Hochdifferenziertes, und wirklich in dieser Hochdifferenziertheit etwas so Gegensätzliches zu dem vorgeblich einfachen Lebensgefühl, daß Du nicht sagen kannst, Dich interessiert nur das einfache Lebensgefühl, ohne das mitzudenken. Du mußt mitdenken, daß das Medium dieses Bewußtseins, daß Du das Einfache willst, etwas Hochdifferenziertes ist. Erst dann, wenn Du das mit reinnimmst in Deine Einfachheit, wird es als künstlerische Aussage wichtig. Das ist gewissermaßen die zweite Reflektion. Und darauf kannst Du als Künstler nicht verzichten. Du kannst als Person darauf verzichten, aber dann verzichst Du auch auf Kunst. Dann fällst Du nämlich hinter den immanenten Anspruch von Kunst zurück. Also das ist einfach – naja, so ist es.

So ist es wahrscheinlich.

Nein, so ist es real. Nach allem, was man von dieser Sache weiß und wissen kann, von der Kunst, meine ich. Und das darf man nicht vergessen. Wir dürfen nicht so tun, als ob wir mit unseren Bedürfnissen, ob das nun einfache oder weite Bedürfnisse sind, als ob wir mit diesen Bedürfnissen in dem Sinne normal wären. Das sind wir in dem Moment nicht, in dem wir uns zur Reflektion dieser Bedürfnisse eines Mediums bedienen, nämlich der Kunst, daß in Bezug auf das Normale das Differenzierteste ist, was gesellschaftlich zu haben ist. Mehr gibt's nicht. Es gibt nur diese beiden Pole. Bestimmte Formen von Theorie sind als solche auch Kunst, also Philosophie zum Beispiel oder sowas, oder von mir aus auch Theologie, wenn es sein muß, aber – man kann diesen Bereich nicht ausblenden, ohne sich selbst dumm zu machen. Oder ohne die Kunst dumm zu machen, was dann dasselbe ist. Ich meine, der Maßstab ergibt sich dann, wenn Du so willst, aus der Kunstgeschichte. Das ist gewissermaßen der allgemeine Rahmen, vor dem sich das alles bewegt.

... Kunst sehe ich eigentlich doch anders, wo es nicht unbedingt im Widerspruch zu dem steht, was Du jetzt gesagt hast. Für mich ist das mehr, wie ich das vorhin schon sagte, es ist – ich übe verschiedene Tätigkeiten aus, die können also sowohl normal wie pervers sein, ja, also das ist egal, aber – das ist unabhängig davon, das ich mir eigentlich egal, ob das Kunst ist oder nicht, sondern die Frage stellt sich eigentlich nur dann, wenn man die Dinge auf einen Punkt bringt, ja, wenn man ...

Darin liegt das Neue, in der Indifferenz zwischen Normalität und Kunst, das finde ich auch richtig, was Du sagst. Aber das schließt nicht aus, diesen Gedanken, den ich gerade gesagt habe, mitzudenken. Und man kann dann auf diesen gedachten Gedanken die Normalität wieder beziehen, als dieses Gegenstück, und dieses Verhältnis, das genau zu bestimmen, das ist nach meinem Verständnis das, worum es im Moment überhaupt nur geht in der Kunst. Du hast ja auch gesagt, daß es kein Widerspruch ist. Es ist ja auch kein Widerspruch. Ich habe es nur jetzt mal zu der einen Seite hin abgebildet, wenn Du so willst. Also, insofern darin ein geschlossener Gedanke steht, kannst Du diesen geschlossenen Gedanken in der Normalität genauso wiederfinden. Und dadurch, daß das formal gewissermaßen gleich ist, ergibt sich ein ganz anderes Verhältnis. Also das Verhältnis von Kunst und Normalität ist in dem Sinne enthierarchisiert. Kunst als ein anderes Medium hat keinen höheren Status als die Normalität.

Letztendlich nicht. Nur der Künstler hat mehr Freiräume als jemand anderes, nicht.

Genau, und das ist natürlich schon wieder eine Hierarchie. Das ist eine strukturelle Hierarchie. Oder Privileg oder wie Du das immer nennen willst.

Ich weiß nicht, ob Du ...

was man Künstler so zuordnet als allen anderen. Das glaube ich nicht, daß Du das sagen kannst. Also so wie ich das eben definiert habe, Du machst Sachen, die werden erst Kunst, wenn Du die Dinge jetzt präsentierst im bestimmten Rahmen ...

Wenn Du selber was organisierst, wie die Lützowstraße, ist das relativ wenig ... wie bei Zeitgeist, da wirst Du schon ganz schön ...

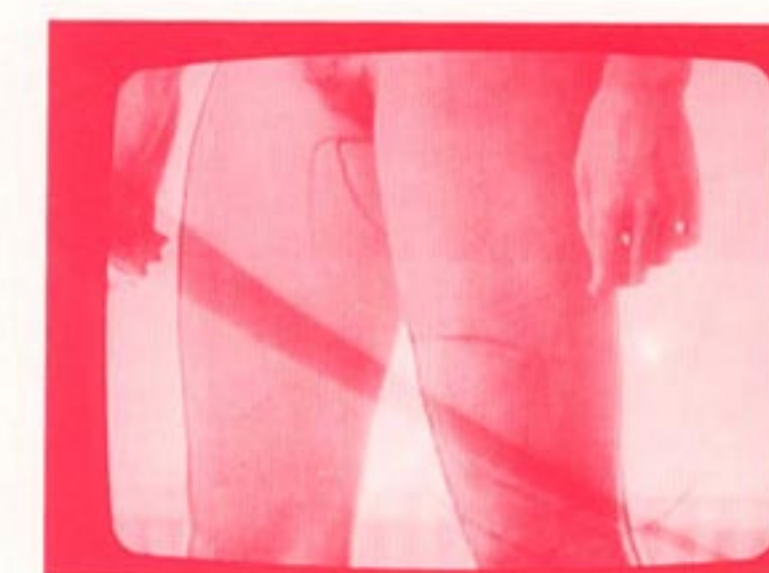
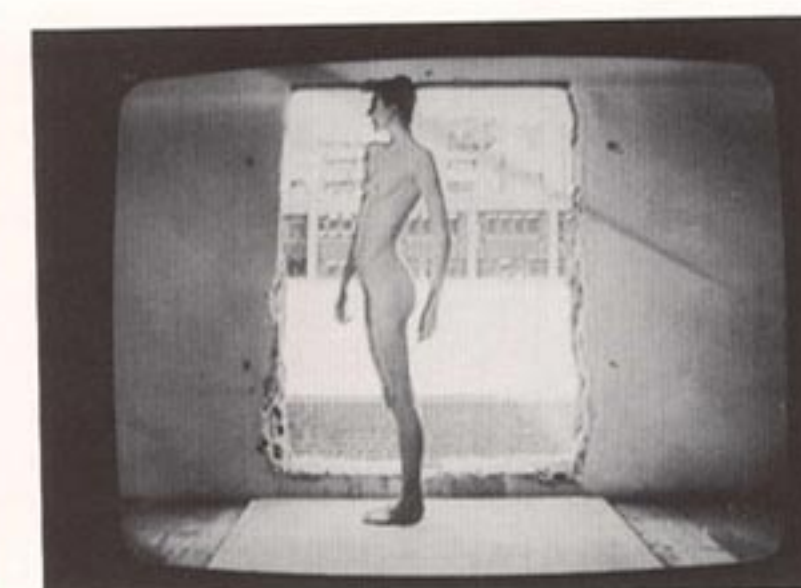
Aber ist nicht diese Freiheit dann in dem Sinne ein fließendes Moment, irgendwoher muß Du sie ja haben, die Freiheit. Und woher hast Du sie? Du kannst sie, so wie Du es gesagt hast, sowohl im normalen Bereich finden, Du kannst sie im Kunstbereich finden und Du kannst sie in dem sogenannten privaten Bereich finden. Das ist nämlich sehr komisch. Und dieser private Bereich ist das, was für den normalen Menschen der Feierabend ist. Denn der hat die Freiheit nur am Feierabend, wenn die Fabrikate zugemacht werden. Dann hat der seine Freiheit. Und Du als Künstler dann wieder sagst, das ist ja gar keine Freiheit. Aber ist es auch wieder doch. Es ist etwas, was unentwegt sich eigentlich hin und her bewegt. Durch alle drei Bereiche durch.

Diese ganze Geschichte, mit den – ich habe da Schwierigkeiten, dieses politische Denken da anzuwenden. Ich kann nicht sagen, gut, daß was ich lebe, ist ein Privileg, was da und da herkommt, aber wenn jetzt zum Beispiel Günter Kummer, mein Vater, der geht dann nach Hause und macht da was. Mich interessiert das nicht so sonderlich, mich hat das nie sonderlich berührt. Aber ich weiß eigentlich nicht, ob das nun uninteressanter ist, wirklich uninteressanter ist, als das, was ich mache.

Es wird erst interessant ...

Mich hat es nur nicht interessiert.

Sofern es überhaupt interessant wird, wird es erst dann interessant, wenn es aus seinem privaten Kontext, rausgenommen wird. Wenn es in einen anderen Kontext gestellt wird. Und dieses „in einen anderen Kontext stellen“, das ist wie so ein Verschiebe-Bahn-



hof. Dieses Moment von Freiheit, als Indifferenzmoment, verschiebst Du unentwegt. Es gibt ja auch eine Rückwirkung vom Feierabend auf die Arbeit, Du kannst dieses Indifferenzmoment Freiheit, daß Du am Feierabend hast auch auf die Arbeit zurückführen. Was zum Beispiel politisch sehr wichtig ist. Weil nämlich das, was Du in diesem Feierabendbereich an Bewußtsein ausbildest, nehmen wir mal diese ganzen Mediengeschichten aus, also unterstellen wir mal, da wird Bewußtsein ausgebildet, kannst Du in diesen Arbeitsbereich wieder zurücktragen. Es gibt wirklich so eine Art Dreieck von notwendiger Arbeit, Freizeit und Kunst, wobei in Kunst das Verhältnis von notwendiger Arbeit und Freizeit nochmal wieder auftaucht. Wo dann dieses Moment von Freiheit unentwegt hin und her geschoben werden kann, von dem, der künstlerisch tätig ist, nur der kann das, weil nur er gewissermaßen über alle Zusammenhänge verfügen kann. Er kann auch seinen Kunstbereich als notwendige Arbeit begreifen und davon dispensiert ein Moment von Feierabend, und er kann das Verhältnis von beiden, er kann daraus nochmal etwas extrapolieren, wobei das dann eben wieder umschlägt, es muß dann wieder zurückführen in den normalen Bereich, wenn er das nicht mystifiziert. Wenn er das mystifiziert, kann er natürlich in der Immanenz von Kunst bleiben. Das ist meist das Langweiligste. Das heißt also, die wirkliche künstlerische Leistung würde eben darin bestehen, die inhaltliche Seite dieser formalen Möglichkeiten, wirklich total auszuschöpfen, in aller Konsequenz, wozu auch dieses Moment der Gefahr von Mystifikation gehört, der nämlich jeder ausgesetzt ist. Aber es kommt auch drauf an, das nochmal zu durchbrechen. Und der größere Spielraum, wenn man so will, besteht eigentlich in diesem Verschiebe-Bahnhof-Prinzip. Also daß Du in dem Sinne nicht linear zu fassen bist, sondern eigentlich immer sagen kannst, ja hier bin ich, und hier bin ich und hier auch. Und dieser Zusammenhang, das ist etwas, was man durch so'ne Art von Ausstellung wie dem ter Hell vorschwebt, sichtbar machen könnte.

Auf das Sichtbarmachen würde ich mich zunächst nicht verlassen. Aber wenn der Vorgang zum Beispiel so ist, daß ter Hell, meinetwegen sagt, vielleicht wäre es auch ganz gut, den Katalog überhaupt nicht zu machen. Und ter Hell bekommt den den Katalogproduktionskosten entsprechenden Geldbetrag auf sein Konto überwiesen ... Und mit dem Geld kann was angestellt werden. Wenn das so liefe, fände ich das Projekt sehr gut, aber ich würde nicht unbedingt den Optimismus haben, daß das in der Ausstellung eindeutig rüberkommt.

Ich will aber ganz etwas anderes sagen, ja, mit der Kunst und so. Ich könnte eigentlich ganz gerne auf die Kunst verzichten, wenn ich mit meinem Leben zurechtkommen würde.

Wieso guckst Du denn mich dabei so an?

Und wenn er drei Glas Wein getrunken hat, kann er die Spaghetti zählen.

Ja, genau. Vorher bringe ich das nicht.

Der guckt nur auf den Teller und weiß genau, das sind 356.

Kennst Du nicht das Ratespiel, wo so'n Haufen Geld auf dem Tisch liegt, und der kriegt das Geld, der rät, was für 'ne Summe das ist? Kennst Du das?

Also ich kenn den Inhalt von Rigoletto nicht, aber ...

Kulenkampf oder sowas.

Kennste das nicht? ...

Aber der Raimund hat das schon ...

Da waren wir schon ganz dicht dran.

Er ist ja mehr auf der Linie Burkhard Dries.

Hoppla, hier bin ich. Das sagte Eva Maria. Also, einen Stahlträger brauche ich gar nicht, der ist überflüssig und zu schwer.

Ich habs halt nicht geschafft, nicht gebracht, je nachdem wie du es sagen willst.

(durcheinander)

Kennst du die Geschichte mit dem Stahlträger? Als Witz. Der Thomas Schulze, ... die machen den Film ...

Gibts den Film?

Ja, ausschnittweise. Wir hatten uns den morgens angeschaut um sechs Uhr. Um sechs ... Um sieben waren sie alle da und ich hatte auch keine Lust, dann haben wir erst einmal gefrühstückt, dann war es acht. Dann haben wir versucht, den Stahlträger da aus dem Morast rauszukriegen, das war nicht so einfach. Dann hat Thomas einen Mercedes, so einen schweren Mercedes dabeigehabt, mit dem haben wir den Stahlträger immer so ein Stückchen weiter; und dann standen wir genau in der Toreinfahrt, der Stahlträger war sozusagen schräg in der Straße. Und was war da? Siehe da, die Polizei kam an. Die Polizei hat die Straße abgesperrt, also links ein Wagen, rechts ein Wagen, in der Mitte ein Wagen, die stiegen aus und kamen auf uns zu und sagten „Ja, hier ist Verdacht auf Diebstahl eines Stahlträgers.“ Und da sagte ich, „Was soll der Scheiß, das ist mein Stahlträger.“ Da sagte der Typ zu mir „Ja, können Sie das beweisen?“ Und da wurde ich, ich habe da so einen richtigen Kropf gekriegt und habe gesagt „Ja Scheiße, das weiß doch jeder, daß das mein Stahlträger ist.“ Das war so ein gemütlicher Polizist. Der sagte dann „Ja, entschuldigen Sie. Ich kann doch auch nichts dafür, daß Sie noch nicht so berühmt sind.“ Da habe ich dann die Schnauze wieder gehalten und dann habe ich ihm erzählt gehabt, daß wir den Stahlträger auf die Straße legen, weil morgen der LKW kommt und den abholt. Und dann hat er gesagt „Dann bringen sie ihn wieder zurück.“ Und dann haben wir ihn wieder zurückgebracht. Und dann dachte ich, jetzt ist ... wieder frei, der wird mitabgerissen. Und dann hat mir aber die Abrißfirma von der Boeckstraße den Stahlträger wieder in die Admiralstraße gefahren, und dann haben wir den dann, wieder Thomas, Hermann und ich und noch zwei Leute aus dem Haus, dann so mit dem Rollenprinzip wieder ... Ja, es gibt eine Szene in der Böckstraße, wie der raus und wie der reingeht. Und die ist sehr schön. Die Constanze hat da z.B., Pitz, weil er gerade hier sitzt, da gibt es ein schönes Foto. Pitz steht mit dem Besen auf dem Stahlträger und kehrt den so. Die Kamera geht aber anders herum, die kommt so auf den Stahlträger, dann siehst du erst den Besen, wie der sich so bewegt, und dann geht sie langsam die Stange hoch

... scheibchenweise ...

Nein, wie so ein Erektionsakt. Das war ganz gut gefilmt.

Mit deutsch geschriebenen Zwischentiteln.

Nein, mit chinesischen Untertiteln.

Da waren jetzt gerade die Internationalen Filmfestspiele. Da hat man alles gesehen.

Hast du mich auch gesehen?

Nee.

Na, da hast du was verpaßt.

Dich habe ich doch in der Provinz Auswahl gesehen, waren doch fast schon Filmfestspiele.

Nein, nein, du solltest mich ja auf Leinwand sehen.

In welchem Film denn?

(mehrere durcheinander)

... Ich hab da mitgearbeitet. Da habe ich, das müßtest du eigentlich noch gesehen haben, am Anfang ... und da habe ich ihn gekämmt ...

Ja, ich erinnere mich an dich.

Ja, ich meine, die ... Geschichte ist ja schon ein Überlebensmodell. Das kann man mit einbeziehen.

Das ist ja, Thomas hat so einen Beitrag, Thomas sagt immer, ein Beitrag zur Philosophie des Lochs. Nicht zu dem Stahlträger. Das ist so ein festes Ding, mit dem das Leben läuft. Es gibt Beiträge zur Philosophie des Lochs.

... schon die Südsterlöcher alle klargemacht.

Den kennst du nicht? Den mußt du mal kennenlernen.

Und der Stahlträger, das ist nicht so poetisch, aber das ist was, was man mit durchs Leben zieht. Das sind so Dinge, die man mit durchs Leben zieht. Also, sehr materiell. Das ist so schwachsinig, daß da wirklich wieder ... und das schärfste war, ich habe doch da so eine, vielleicht kennst du die, so eine Bildhauerin, ...

Was, 'ne Bildhauerin?

Das ist die Frau vom Müller Kluge. Ich kenn die nicht. Nur die Arbeiten kenn ich.

Die haut so ein bißchen in Stein.

Ja, so komische Dinger. Die wohnt, ...

Auf alle Fälle, die ist meine Nachbarin. Wo wohnst denn du?

In der Admiralstraße.

Wo ist denn die?

In Kreuzberg. Sie hat da ihr Atelier. Also, auf jeden Fall, die hat vorletztes Jahr auch so ein Arbeitsstipendium vom Senat gehabt. Und die hat eines Morgens sonntags bei mir angerufen, und nach einer Minute wußten wir, daß wir Erzfeinde sind. Und seitdem sind wir auch Erzfeinde. Wir kamen mit dem Stahlträger an und hatten sozusagen schon 4/5 des Weges hinter uns gebracht und waren ganz glücklich darüber, und dann kam die plötzlich aus dem Scheißtor da heraus von ihrem Atelier und sagte „Der Stahlträger darf nicht auf den Hof, den habe ich gemietet.“ Und dann hat sie mir erlaubt, ihn da zwei Monate liegen zu lassen.

Kann man sagen, du stehst in Verhandlungen mit einem Mann, der will ihn kaufen.

Ja, genau. Ich hatte ja schon einmal einen Käufer gehabt für den Stahlträger. Das war ganz schön. Da erzählte mir jemand, da war jemand da, der will den Stahlträger kaufen. Das war in der Zeit, als ich in New York war. Und dann kam ich zurück, und da kam diejenige Person auch und die wollte den Stahlträger kaufen. Und das war also ein junger Bildhauer, und der stand dann vor mir und sagte „Ja, ich will deinen Stahlträger kaufen.“ Und ich könnte seine Arbeit retten. Und jetzt fand ich ja die Idee, die Arbeit von jemand anders zu retten, die fand ich ja ganz gut eigentlich. Und da habe ich gesagt „Wieviel zahlst du denn?“ Und der wollte mir zweihundert Mark zahlen, und ich habe ja schon vierhundert Mark dafür gezahlt. Und da habe ich gesagt „Nee, also dafür rette ich deine Arbeit nicht.“ Das ist jemand, der hat, ... wie heißt denn der ...

... das ist ein großer, schmaler Mann, hat dunkelbraune Haare, leicht abstehende Ohren, sehr, noch ein weiches, ja kindliches Gesicht.

Ja, und hat ein bißchen aufeinanderstehende Zähne ...

... und eine Stupsnase ...

Ja, ich kenn den ...

Nee, der arbeitet mit Stahl, also Schweißen und so.



BONNIE SHERK – Abstrakte Expressionistin, interessiert an den von ihr zusammengeführten Teilen/anteilen möglicher Ideen beschreibt sich:

.. Ich, eine Romantikerin,
.. Ich, der Gefühlsartist,
Suchende ..

Mittelpunkt: Erfahrungen der verschiedenen Erscheinungsmöglichkeiten von Leben.

Experiment: Entwicklung.

Material: Lebende Systeme .. ihre Wiederentdeckung für das gestörte Biosystem plus Erweiterung der Menscheninformation, d.h., Entdeckung und Erhaltung einer Kosmopolitik der Geschichte und Gegenwart internationaler und verschiedener Formen der Existenz ..., gemeinhin genannt Leben.

Sie beginnt 1970 mit einer Attacke auf das „praktische“ Museum, die Parkanlagen der Metropole und entwickelt Ansätze zu einer, nennen wir es einmal, Vergesellschaftung der zuvor spezifisch vergesellschafteten Natur.

Das Unternehmen erhält den beschreibenden Titel: „Portable Parks“. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt hatte sie die zweite Dimension verlassen .. die Bilder leben ... Teil Drei.

Im lebenden Tableau erscheint nun: ein bewegliches Zwischenspiel von Mensch und Tier; Natur am Rande des Autobahnnetzes von San Francisco.

Die Farm folgt als lebende „Institution“. Dazwischen liegt Erfahrung. Sie fährt durch Abfallgebiete der Vorstadt. Sie sieht Räume, Plätze. Sie erkennt, daß das, was der Platz brauchte eine menschliche Figur war, die ihn als exzellente Bühne wahrnahm. Sie sah sich auf einem Platz, die Dinge auf einem weiteren ... „Stillsitzen“ in verschiedenen Käfigen.

Sie erlebte ihr Frühstücksei im Käfig der Serviervorschläge – kaltgeworden. Da sie an diesem Tag auch einen beinahe zufälligen Besuch im Zoo machte, ließ sie sich zu einem späteren Zeitpunkt ein Gourmetmenue in den freigehaltenen Käfig – Tiergarten San Francisco – servieren. Das Publikum erscheint .. es erscheint wie zu Erwarten zur Fütterungszeit.

Ein Vorkommnis dort:

Etwas, was ich während der Proben nicht tat war, eine Leiter, die ich in der Umgebung während der Performance platziert hatte, zu besteigen. Ich tat das nun. Am oberen Ende der Leiter befand sich eine Plattform, und ich setzte mich hin und schrieb, legte mich dann hin und ruhte. Der Tiger im benachbarten Käfig war über meine Aktion erstaunt. Er kam herüber und es war dieser Augenblick, als ich darüber nachzudenken begann, was er wohl dachte, welche Arten von unsichtbaren, psychologischen, emotionalen Dingen wohl bei anderen Tieren vorkamen. In vielerlei Hinsicht war dies eine Offenbarung, die nahelegte, sich auf die unsichtbaren Bereiche Anderer zu konzentrieren.

Danach gibt sie Auskunft über ihre Erlebnisse und Unternehmungen zusammen mit den „neuen Gurus“:

das Kaninchen,
die Hühner,
die Ratten,
die Fische,
die Tauben,
das Schwein.

Sie ist jetzt „Architektin“. Sie lebt mit. Mit dem Tier und dem Un-Tier und bemerkt Ähnlichkeiten bezüglich ihrer Potenzen zu Aggression, Sexualität und Ausschluß.

Von diesem Standort aus entwickelt sie:

„Living in the forest“
„The Farm“.

... Erzählen Sie mir von den Abenteuern mit ihrem Schwein –

Pigme war schon zuvor sehr wichtig gewesen, d.h. vor und nach dem Stück „Leben im Wald“. Obgleich ich nicht an Haustieren interessiert war, da ich sie als „Tiere des Kompromisses“ sah, war ich doch generell am Leben mit Tieren interessiert, auch interessiert daran, von ihnen zu lernen. Pigme kam zu mir, als sie neun Tage alt war; wir hatten eine sehr nahe Beziehung zueinander ... ich wurde ihre Mutter.

Pigme lebte für eine Zeit in meinem Studio und in meiner Wohnung. Einige der Dinge, die ich mit Pigme zusammen tief erlebte, war der Widerstand, den man Tieren entgegenbringt, als auch die Mythen, die die Leute über sie glauben und die Vorurteile und Ignoranz, die sie ihnen gegenüber zeigen. Da war eine große Portion Haß für Pigme da, obgleich sie eine anbetungswürdig süße, vernünftige und gescheite Kreatur war. Nur so nebenbei; ihr Name bedeutet „Schweinmir“, so daß immer dann, wenn sie von jemandem gerufen wurde, dieser jemand ein Teil von ihr wurde ... Schweinmir ...

Schweinmir wurde jeden Tag größer. Als Pigme noch recht klein war ... ich weiß nicht, ob sie sich mit jungen Schweinen auskennen ... schien sie auf ihren Zehenspitzen zu tanzen. Quasi als eine Nachahmung der Natur brachte ich mir bei, wie man auf Zehen tanzt. Ich habe dann mit Pigme getanzt. Wir traten zusammen in meinem Studio auf und auch in dem Stück „Leben im Wald“. Als sie zunahm und um ihre Füße herum schwerer wurde, erschien es so, als würde sie hochhackige Schuhe tragen. Ich trug dann auch hochhackige Schuhe. Ich war mir immer verschiedener Eigenarten von Kostümen bewußt. Während dieses Stückes trug ich mein Reisekostüm, in welchem ich auch im wahrsten Sinne des Wortes im letzten Sommer durch Europa gereist war, als alle meine übrigen Sachen gestohlen waren. Später benutzte ich es eher metaphorisch, da ich immer gefühlt hatte, das ich in Stücken reise, denn ich wußte nie unbedingt wie sie sich entwickeln und enden würden. Ein anderer Aspekt des Stückes war das tägliche Wiegen. Zuerst wurde Pigme gewogen, dann ich. Ich schrieb unser Gewicht an die Wand. Als das Stück vorüber war und Pigme immer größer wurde, begannen die Leute um mich herum immer weniger von ihr entzückt zu sein.

Tatsächlich war ich für eine lange Zeit in der angenehmen Situation gewesen, die außergewöhnliche Studioumgebung mit Tieren zu haben .. war aber deshalb auch nicht die meistgeliebteste Person in meinem Gebäude. Es wurde immer deutlicher, daß ich mit Pigme nicht mehr leben konnte.

Bevor sie ging, ereignete sich eine wunderbare Vignette in unserem Studio. Eines Nachts schlief ich dort. Für Pigme hatte ich eine Erdkiste gemacht, in der sie schlief, und ich schlief in einem anderen Teil des Studios auf einem kleinen Sofa. Mitten in der Nacht wachte sie auf und kam zu mir auf das Sofa, versuchte sich anzukuscheln und zärtlich zu werden. Sie konnte nicht recht. Aber ich war so total von dieser Geste ihrerseits bewegt, daß ich nichts tat. Ich meine, ich versuchte schon mich wohl zu fühlen, aber ich sagte nicht: „Geh weg, geh weg!“ Schließlich konnte sie sich nicht wohlfühlen, obwohl sie es versuchte und ging zurück in ihre Erdkiste. Und dann hörte ich in dem anderen Raum diesen tiefen Seufzer. Es war unglaublich. Den einzigen Platz, den ich für Pigme zum Leben in der Stadt finden konnte war der Kinderzoo. So entwickelte ich die Arbeit: Pigme und Su gehen in den Zoo ... was ein wahres Märchen des Lebens war.

Eines der Dinge, die in dem Zoo passierten nachdem Pigme schon einige Zeit dagewesen war, war, daß sie gelernt hatte, das Gatter zum Futter mit ihrer Schnauze aufzustoßen, um sich kleine Snacks herauszuholen. Da ereignete sich eine typische Sache. Anstatt das Gatter zu verschließen, schlossen die Zooleute sie ein. Für mich demonstrierte das die klassische menschliche Attitüde gegenüber Tieren und Arbeit. Die Leute waren an Pigmes Persönlichkeit, an ihrer Situation nicht interessiert. Sie waren an ihrer Situation interessiert und daran, wie sie ihre Arbeit erleichtern konnten.

Eines der wichtigsten Dinge, die ich klar und entschieden zusammen mit den Tieren tat, war, ihnen Umgebungen zu besorgen, in denen sie eine Entscheidung treffen konnten ... und ich denke, daß diese Untersuchung eine andere Art der Kreatur fördert. Es erlaubt den Tieren die Entwicklung verschiedener Verhaltensweisen.

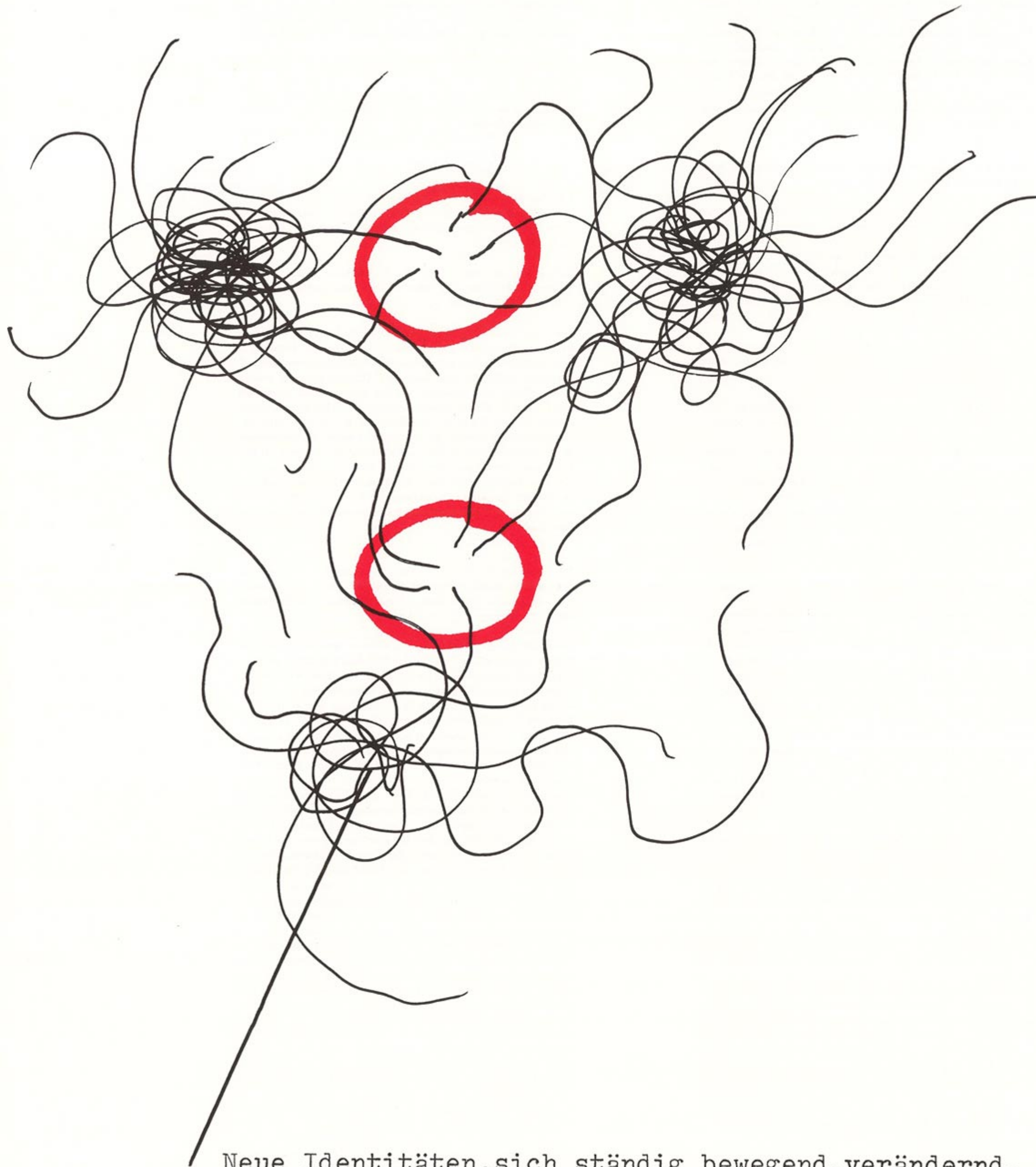
Das wurde definitiv gewaltsam im Zoo unterdrückt und ich wurde an dieser Stelle Betroffene und wußte, daß ich in der Stadt für Tiere einen anderen Platz finden mußte.

Können Sie beschreiben wie es war, als die Farm entstand? Wieviele Gebäude ...

Als es begann, war das, was da war völlig unfruchtbar. Es gab diesen viereinhalb Acker großen Platz und einen Parkplatz. Es gab diese verfallenen Gebäude mit zerbrochenen Fensterscheiben, völlig vernagelt und vollgestopft mit Abfall. Der Autobahnverteiler war gerade eröffnet worden. Tatsächlich war dann auch Teil der Planung dieses Stückes, diesen Verteilerring in seiner Funktion zu entschleiern und die Verfügbarkeit öffentlicher Gelder deutlich zu machen. Die Stadt hatte gerade beschlossen, daß darüber ein Fond zum Erwerb öffentlichen Bodens eingerichtet werden sollte. Die Dinge liefen irgendwie gleichzeitig. Da es die richtige Zeit war, war es auch auf eine Art und Weise durch bestimmte Aspekte der Farm leicht, als Projekt aufzutauchen. Aber es brauchte eine unglaubliche Arbeit und Organisation. 24 Stunden am Tag reichten nicht aus.

KLEINE SCHULSTUNDE

einzelne strukturelle Moleküle (sprich:Menschen) finden an spezifisch gemeinsamen Punkten zueinander und entwickeln dort konkretes gemeinsames Leben, das u.U. in Kunst transformiert werden kann



Neue Identitäten, sich ständig bewegend, verändernd,
Kontaktarme ausfahrend

Die Sucharme suchen nach den potentiellen Anknüpfungspunkten
und finden sich dann in den 'Brennpunkten' (hier wirds nun
wieder interessant)

In mancherlei Hinsicht lagen die Schwierigkeiten, die die Farm hatte daran, daß sie ihrer Zeit voraus war. Was das Konzept betrifft, war und bin ich auch heute noch sehr daran interessiert, Arbeiten zu machen, die auf mehreren simultanen Ebenen miteinander in Verbindung stehen.

Die Farm als große Gruppe zum Beispiel war mehr ein Kommunikationszentrum, wo Tiere und Pflanzen und Leute zusammen sein konnten, jeder mit seiner eigenen Aktivität, separat. Ich sah in der 'Totalen Integration' eine neue Kunstart – das Triptychon (Mensch/Pflanze/Tier) im Kontext des kontrapunktischen Diptychons (Farm/Autobahn) (Technologisch/Nicht mechanisch). Dieses existiert auch auf metaphorischer und symbolischer Ebene. Natürlich tun das die meisten Dinge. Jahre zuvor hatte ich Experimente gemacht und auch Arbeiten mit ungewöhnlichen Objekten und bemerkt, daß das bekannteste Objekt zumeist das mysteriöseste ist.

Beschreiben Sie doch einmal die verschiedenen Elemente, die in die Farm eingingen und Teil von ihr wurden.

Ich war sehr daran interessiert, das Leben zu rahmen und einen Rahmen zu schaffen für die Verschiedenheiten und auch für die Ähnlichkeiten. Gegen Ende meiner Anwesenheit in der Farm, entwickelte ich Mechanismen (Programme) und Umgebungen, die die multi-kulturellen Verschiedenheiten der Nachbarschaften auf eine internationale Ebene ausdehnen sollten. Strukturell sah ich die Möglichkeiten, analoge, kulturelle Formen zu benutzen und daraus Ganzerfahrungen zu kreieren – Aktionen, die mit dem Raum zusammenhängen.

Ich verhandelte selbst mit japanischen Geschäftsleuten darüber, ein 300 Jahre altes, japanisches Bauernhaus zur Seite zu schaffen, zu uns zu bringen.

War es letztes Jahr, als Sie entschieden, ihren Abschied als Präsidentin und konzeptionelle Direktorin der Farm einzureichen?

Im Oktober '80 verließ ich die Farm nach beinahe sieben Jahren, da ich fühlte, daß es Zeit war, weiterzugehen und neue Projekte zu entwickeln. Eine Sache, die ich über mich selbst gelernt hatte ist, daß ich keine Person bin, die festhält, sondern eine Initiatorin. Von Anfang an versprach ich mir, nur solange auf der Farm zu bleiben, solange es mich interessierte und mich ausfüllte und dann zu gehen, wenn es für mich nicht länger befriedigend sein sollte.

Das ist es, was ich dann auch tat.

Ich begann stecken-zubleiben und mich durch die Anforderungen des Instituts gelangweilt zu fühlen.

Da gab es bürokratische Strukturen, die es nicht erlaubten, das bestimmte Dinge, die ich gern passieren lassen wollte auch wirklich passieren. Es fehlte auch Geld. Ich fühlte mich von Anderem abgehalten und entwickelte den unheimlichen Wunsch zu reisen und Bewegung erfahren zu können. Ich fühlte auch, daß es für die Farm doch besser wäre, nach ihren eigenen Gesetzen und ohne mich zu wachsen. Es war das große Gehenlassen und ich fühlte mich dabei sehr wohl.

Das traf sich auch gerade mit einer Ausstellung in London, zu der mich Lucy Lippard einlud, daran teilzunehmen, und ich entwarf das Stück 'Ein Triptychon in einem Triptychon, in einem Triptychon im Kontext eines kontrapunktischen Triptychons' (Technologisch/Nicht mechanisiert). Ein sehr verführerischer, einfängender Titel.

Man kann ihn auf dem Weg nachhause pfeifen.

Dies hatte mit der Theorie und Praxis der Kunst zu tun, die sich als Instrument kultureller Transformation und menschlichen Überlebens versteht. Die Theorie beschäftigte sich mit Gebrauch von Kunst als Mechanismus zur Herstellung ganzer Systeme – experimenteller Situationen für eine kulturelle Wandlung.

Für die Installation entwarf ich ein Vorwort und drei Ausstellungen – Zwei, Ausstellung A und B, die verschiedene Arten der Kunst darstellten. Ausstellung A war eine Dokumentation der Farm.

Ausstellung B war ein Stück, daß eine Innenlandschaft mit Ausrüstungstisch zeigte und den Queens-Park auf der gegenüberliegenden Straßenseite, wahrgenommen durch Fernrohre, mit einschloß. Es hatte viele Elemente, die ebenso persönlich wie symbolisch waren, einschließlich der Teile: Futter für Mäuse und Futter für Gedanken.

Ausstellung C, die sich auf die Praxis von Kreation und Erfahrung in der Kunst bezog, handelte von meinem Abdankungsschreiben als Präsidentin der Farm, wo rechte und linke Briefköpfe angaben, welche respektable Rollen ich als Präsidentin und konzeptionelle Direktorin eingenommen hatte.

Die Praxis hatte begonnen:

„Zwischen dem Abstrakten und der Wiese strudelt das Chaos. Zwischen der Diaspora und der Krinoline sitzt das Gedicht.“ So war das Stück auf vielerlei Art und Weise sowohl eine Vervollständigung der Farm und eine Analyse meiner Arbeit der letzten zehn Jahre, als auch ein eigenes, selbständiges Stück.

A Triptych, within a Triptych ..

DIE THEORIE

Das Problem:

Wie überlebt man auf diesem Planeten in der reichhaltigsten, meist produktiven und glücklichsten Art?

Möglichkeit:

Eine ideale Form für unsere gegenwärtige Zivilisation ist die Entdeckung von Hilfsinstrumenten, die eine positive Spannung zwischen Kulturen, Arten und Räumen – Tieren, Pflanzen, Mineralien herstellen.

Lösung:

Benutze Kunst als ein Instrument, um ein Ganzes hervorzuholen, indem du dich mit einer integrierten Art folgender Elemente verbindest

Physische Manifestation

Konzept

wahres Gefühl

Die Praxis:

Zwischen dem Abstrakten und der Wiese tobt das Chaos
Zwischen der Diaspora und der Krinoline sitzt das Gedicht.
(siehe Ausstellung)

Lassen Sie uns über einige der Performances reden, die Sie während der frühen 70er Jahre machten, und was das mit dem „Farm“-Konzept zu tun hat.

Von den „Portable Parks“ (Tragbaren Parks) habe ich schon berichtet. Daraufhin wurde ich vom „San Francisco Museum of Art“ eingeladen dort eine ganze Serie durchzuführen, und ich entschied mich für einen „Snow-Job“ (Schnee-Job), der sowohl in Beziehung zum Museum, wie zur ganzen Stadt stand. Ich holte also 6000 Pfund Schnee in die Stadt und lud ihn in Haufen mitten in der Nacht an Straßenecken ab: in der Nähe des „Trans-Bay Terminals“, für die frühen Pendler und im Herzen des Finanzzentrums an der California und Montgomery Straße. Um neun Uhr am nächsten Morgen zog ich ein Abendkleid an und mit zwei anderen (Mel Henderson und David Sherk, die beide einen Smoking trugen) luden wir einige Schneehaufen vor dem Museum ab und unterhielten uns mit den Presseleuten und Passanten.

Was berichten Reporter über eine Aktion wie diese? Können sie sich wirklich damit auseinandersetzen, mit dem was Sie denken? Die müssen das Ganze doch auf einem ziemlich oberflächlichen Niveau erleben.

Also, ich glaube schon, aber im Grunde war es ja auch eine heitere Stimmung und eine fröhliche Erfahrung für die anderen Leute und auch für mich. Es war eben ein „Snow-Job“. In San Francisco haben die Menschen keine Erfahrung mit Schnee, also waren sie sehr interessiert an der Vorstellung Schnee zu sehen. Es hatte ja auch etwas mit den „Portable-Parks“ (Tragbare Parks) zu tun, mit denen ich neue Möglichkeiten im Umgang mit der Umgebung demonstrieren wollte und vor allem die Sehgewohnheiten der Leute beleidigen, damit sie neue Sehmöglichkeiten entwickeln.

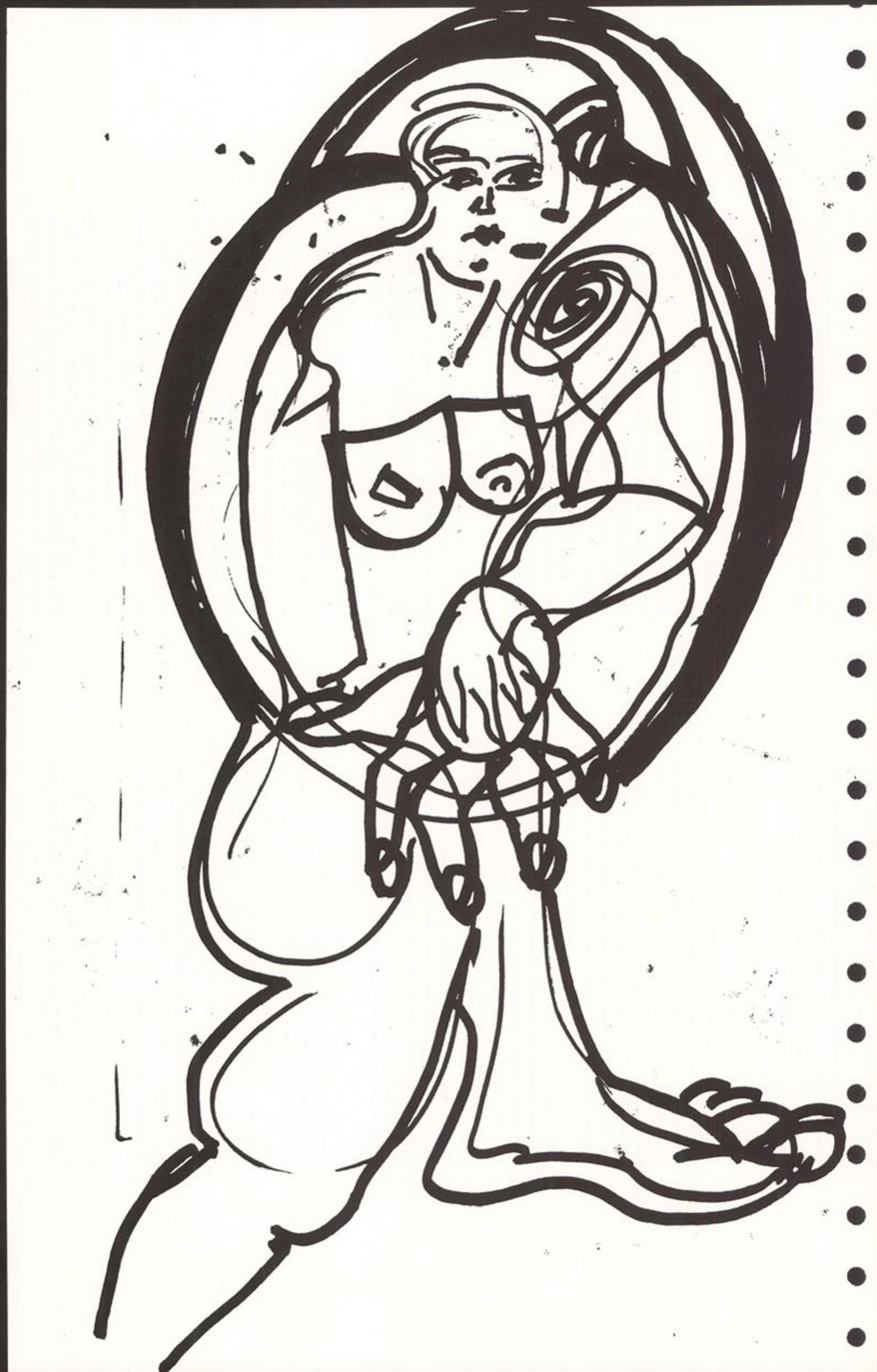
Nachdem ich die „Sitting Still“ (Still-Sitz-Stücke) gezeigt hatte, begann ich mit weiteren Tieren zu arbeiten. Ich erinnere mich an ein Ereignis im „Museum of Conceptual Art“ (MOCA), von 1971, bei dem ich eine Performance mit einem Schwein aufführte, die sich „Pig-Sonata“ (Schweine-Sonate) nannte. Das Schwein, welches aus „Half Moon Bay“ kam, saß in einer Ecke des Raumes, zugedeckt, und niemand wußte, daß es dort war. Es war eine sehr förmliche Angelegenheit. Ich trug ein Abendkleid und begann die Performance mit einem Assistenten, indem wir braune, mit Erde gefüllte Papiertüten in der Mitte des Raumes zu einem Haufen ausleerten. Dann begoß ich die Erde und bedeckte sie mit verschiedenen Lebensmitteln. Ich enthüllte eine weiße Schachtel, in der das Schwein steckte, und es folgte mir in die Arena und verspeiste das Essen. Dazu spielte ich ein Tonband mit Freßgeräuschen von Schweinen ab, die ich vorher zu Hause aufgenommen hatte.

Später hatte ich dann ein ganz anderes Interesse an Tieren. Wie ich schon gesagt habe, interessierten mich viel mehr ihre Denkprozesse und Gefühlszustände, genauso wie ich mich mit meinen eigenen inneren Begebenheiten beschäftigte. Mir wurde klar, daß man Land auch in der Stadt erleben kann durch Ganz-Erlebnisse und eine entspannte Haltung. Darum verknüpfte ich Kunst (als Ganz-Erfahrung) mit Landwirtschaft.

1972 richtete ich im „Newport Harbor Art Museum“ einen Platz für eine weibliche Ratte ein, die dort ihre Jungen zur Welt bringen sollte in Gesellschaft einer toten Ratte. Der Name dieser Aufführung war „Traditional Piece, Etc.“ (Traditionelle Stücke, Etc.)

Können Sie etwas über „Cultural Costumes“ (Kulturelle Kleidung) erzählen?

Durch diese Arbeit erforschte ich verschiedene Formen von Performances und Ver-Kleidungen, einige fein, andere dramatisch. In allen Performances blieb ich aber ich selbst, da ich darin nur die unterschiedlichen Seiten meiner Persönlichkeit enthüllte. Als ich im Zoo auftrat für mein „Public Lunch“ (Öffentliches Mittagessen), präsentierte ich einerseits mein innerstes



Selbst, andererseits aber auch das Symbol: Mensch/Frau. Als „The Waitress“ (Die Kellnerin) war ich der gesellige Teil meiner Selbst, aber auch eine archetypische Kellnerin mit einem Häuschen und dem schwarz-weißen Nylon-Kleid. Als „Short Order Cook“ (Schnellköchin) war ich ebenfalls angemessen gekleidet und verhielt mich entsprechend. Bei „Living in the Forest“ (Leben im Wald) trug ich ein eigenes feines Reisekostüm, was aber niemand als solches erkannt hätte, wenn ich es nicht ausdrücklich betont hätte. Während dieser ganzen Zeit war ich so feinfühlig für kulturell unterschiedliche Stile, daß ich einfach nicht wußte, wie ich das klassische Problem – Rasieren oder nicht Rasieren – lösen konnte. Die Lösung war für mich, entgegengesetzte Achselhöhlen und Beine zu rasieren. Ich betrachtete jede Entscheidung als kulturelle Stellungnahme.

Während ich als Kellnerin auftrat, wurde ich aufgefordert bei einem Geschworenengericht teilzunehmen. So erschien sie zu ihrer „Jury-Duty“ (Geschworenen-Pflicht). Einmal eingeladen in den Gerichtssaal, mit all meinen alten Kleidern an, erkannte ich, daß ja alle anderen Teilnehmer auch spielten. Nach der Verhandlung machte ich dann das Stück „Well Liked and Learned Lawyers Win Cases“ (Beliebte und erfahrene Richter gewinnen Verhandlungen), welches ein lebendes Bild war, gleichzeitig die pseudo-legale Erklärung meines Denkens. Es war die Verteidigung meiner Aktionen, aus Angst, daß sie in Frage gestellt werden könnten.

Ein Element meiner Arbeit ist immer wieder aufgetaucht während der ganzen Jahre, und zwar die Untersuchung analoger Systeme und Strukturen, Formen des Verstehens, unterschiedlicher Kommunikationsformen und Informationsquellen. 1971 führte ich eine Performance an der Universität von Kalifornien, San Diego durch, welche eine Antwort auf meine eigene Situation an der Universität war. Als ich zu dieser Aktion aufgefordert wurde, hatte ich überhaupt keine Lust, eine Arbeit zu planen, die meiner Zeit voraus war. Also entschloß ich mich, nach San Diego zu fahren und auf die Umgebung zu reagieren. Die Performance setzte sich zusammen aus übersetzten Antworten zu einer Reihe meiner aufgeführten Handlungen.

Als ich dort ankam, war ich erstaunt über die Art der Universität, wo alle möglichen Arten von Information zusammen existieren. Ich sah die verschiedenen Abteilungen der Universität als übertragene Formen ihrer selbst, analoge Systeme, die menschliche Erfahrungen beschreiben. Ich ging von Abteilung zu Abteilung und unterhielt mich dort mit den Leuten über ihre Arbeit und erkannte die außergewöhnlichen Quellen, welche die Universität bietet. Schließlich erreichte ich die Bibliothek, die in einem noch neuen Gebäudeteil untergebracht war. Die Bibliothek ist ein wesentlicher Ort innerhalb der Universität – ein Ort, wo verschiedene Formen des Wissens zusammentreffen. Ich wählte also die Bibliothek, um mein Stück aufzuführen, in zwei Bereichen, die eigentlich noch unerschlossene Landschaftsflächen waren, Grundstücke, die noch bebaut werden sollten. Ich wollte eine Reihe von Handlungen durchführen, die dann von einem Biologen, einem Physiker, einem Fotografen und einer feststehenden Videokamera, auf die niemand Einfluß nahm, beschrieben wurden. Das sollte ein Weg sein, zu zeigen, wie unterschiedlich die Interpretationen zu verschiedenen Handlungen sein können.

Ein interessanter Aspekt dieser Aktion war, daß niemand sie vollkommen beobachten konnte, welches ein weiterer Aspekt der Beschreibung der Idee des Ganzen war. Es lief an zwei unterschiedlichen Orten ab und konnte von vier verschiedenen Aussichtspunkten beobachtet werden, indem man von obenherunter in die Baugruben blickte. Ich war in einer der Gruben, der Physiker in einer anderen, einige hundert Yards entfernt von mir. Der Biologe war über mir, und die Video-Kamera war im Erdgeschoß auf mich gerichtet, und der Monitor in der Nähe des Physikers. Der Fotograf bewegte sich durch die verschiedenen Räume. Die Zuschauer konnten wählen, von wo aus sie das Stück beobachten wollten. Eigentlich war alles ganz einfach. Ich machte ein paar Handlungen vor, wie etwa folgende: Das erste war, daß ich ein Ei kochte. Dann aß ich es. Dann grub ich ein Loch, begrub darin eine Muschel und pflanzte einen Baum. Dann ließ ich zwei Tauben frei. Währenddessen beschrieben die anderen Performer was ich machte. Der Physiker sah meine Aktionen durch den Monitor und beschrieb sie mit Formen symbolischer Logik. Der Biologe, der über mir war, beschrieb meine Handlungen verbal, mit biologischen Begriffen. Der Fotograf beschrieb meine Aktionen und die der anderen fotografisch. Der Name des Stückes war „Response“ (Antwort).

Ein anderes Stück aus dieser Zeit war für eine Ausstellung des „San Francisco Art Institut“ konzipiert, mit der Kern-Idee, daß zwei Dinge sich niemals gleichen. Dafür fand ich eine Zeitungsüberschrift „Das Universum ist vielleicht gar nicht so wie es uns erscheint“. Ich vergrößerte sie und setzte darunter zwei englische gepunktete Kaninchen, die identisch zu sein schienen. Außerdem zwei Äpfel, einer gold, der andere rot und obendrauf setzte ich zwei Kugellager, die identisch aussahen. Außerdem hatte ich ein Buch geschrieben, welches sich auf „Atkin Logic“ bezog. Dieses Buch hatte viel mit Analogien zu tun und war meiner Großmutter gewidmet, die die Urheberin für „Atkin Logic“ war und deren letzte berühmte Worte waren: „Vergleiche sind abscheulich.“ „Atkin Logic“ ist eine personalisierte Performance-Theorie, die sich damit befaßt, wer ich bin, worauf ich mich beziehe, ob ich abstrakter Expressionist bin oder experimenteller Kubist, oder was auch immer, und für mich ist es eine vollkommen offene Form. Ich habe später den

Namen in „Atkin Logic“ (Verhaltens- bzw. Handlungs-Logik) umgeändert. Ich machte eine Serie konkreter Gedichte, die ich als skulpturale Objekte auffaßte. Ich benutzte Worte und Ideen und erfand Sätze, in denen Worte und Bedeutungen sich körperlich bewegten. Ich gab Anweisungen und die Worte oder Buchstaben waren fähig, ihren Standort zu wechseln. Ich handelte nach dem gleichen Prinzip bei dem Wort „Aktin“, indem ich einfach einen kleinen Bogen über das *k* und das *t* diktierte und damit den Wechsel der Standorte. So wurde es zu „Atkin“.

Wenn Bedeutung also ein Würfel ist, dann sehen Sie sich nur die verschiedenen Seiten an?

Ich glaube, das ist sicher ein Teil des Experiments Kubismus, daß ich mir erlaube, alle unterschiedlichen Zustände der Existenz, des Bewußtseins zu erforschen, weil ich glaube, daß sie alle gültig sind und wichtig. Einige sind jedoch wirksamer als andere. Es hängt einfach ab vom Ziel der jeweiligen Arbeit. Kunst als Überlebenswerkzeug zu benutzen – als Methode zur Problemlösung, ist sie wahrscheinlich das stärkste Werkzeug das es gibt. Wenn Kunst als ganzes System betrachtet wird, verhält sich Form zum Inhalt und zu dem, was ausgedrückt werden soll. Ich habe z.B. eine sehr große Sache entwickelt, welche, so glaube ich ein Überlebens-Werkzeug ist. Es hat etwas mit analogen kulturellen und ökologischen Systemen und Mensch/Tier/Pflanze-Beziehungen zu tun. Es wird speziell mit einem großen Publikum kommunizieren und es einbeziehen.

Könnten Sie das beschreiben? Ist es eine „Living Library“ (Lebende Bibliothek)?

Ja, so nenne ich es, „Living Library“ (Lebende Bibliothek), und es ist eigentlich eine ortsspezifische Arbeit. Es ist die Idee eines Parks in New York City, der hinter der „Public Library“ (Öffentliche Bibliothek) auf der 42. Straße ist. Das letzte wäre eine Umwelt-Performance-Skulptur zu erfinden, die neue Lebens-Elemente einführt und ihr Augenmerk auch auf die existierenden Lebensformen richtet, durch Auszeichnen und Katalogisieren mit verschiedenen Medien. Im Grunde genommen würde das nicht nur eine Umgebung schaffen, sondern ein fortlaufendes Programm, welches die Umwelt erhalten würde und eine große Anzahl von Menschen in den Prozeß einbezieht. Eines, was ich durch die „Farm“ erreichen wollte war, ein etabliertes System im Sinne der Weiterentwicklung und Erhaltung von Parks zu transformieren und Menschen in den pädagogischen Prozeß, sowie den ästhetischen einzubeziehen. Das ist eine große Aufgabe, weil es in vieler Hinsicht die Neuordnung der existierenden Kultur erfordert. Das ist eine äußerst trickreiche Angelegenheit.

Was für Ereignisse sehen Sie, welche Elemente würden Sie gern nach New York City bringen?

Die Energie New Yorks ist sehr vertikal ausgerichtet, zusammengepreßt, und die Stadt ist eigentlich in einem Stadium des Verfalls. Es gibt bestimmte heilsame Dinge, die zum Überleben beitragen könnten. Das aber ist sicher keine sehr populäre Idee, und das ist o.k. so.

Die folgenden Aktivitäten beanspruchten ein Jahrzehnt. Die Idee für das Guggenheim Museum war eine Performance, die 1970 stattfand und ein sehr freudiges Erlebnis für die Leute, die daran teilnehmen konnten, war. Dann habe ich noch eine Sache für 1980, welche eine sehr radikale Idee ist, im Sinne von Veränderung der physischen Umgebung von New York. Es wäre auch ein gemeinsamer Prozeß, der, wie ich glaube, eine Menge von Problemen lösen würde in dieser Stadt. Es ist sehr schwierig für diese Art der Arbeit Fuß zu fassen und vielleicht mißlingt es auch. (Siehe „Two Ideas for New York City“ 1970–1980)

Vor Kurzem sind Sie von San Francisco nach New York gezogen, und wie Sie sagten, ist New York eine sehr komplizierte und interessante Umgebung. Könnten Sie einige der Punkte, die Sie in dieser Umgebung beobachten, aufzeigen und wie Sie diese gern beeinflussen würden? Was würden Sie über die menschliche Natur beweisen?

Eines, was ich durch das Leben in Kalifornien gelernt habe, ist, wie sehr Umgebung das Denken beeinflusst. In New York gibt es wenig Platz und wenig Licht, welches die Leute umgibt, und daher tendiert die Qualität des Denkens in eine andere Richtung. In Kalifornien oder in anderen Umgebungen, wo es viel Raum und Licht gibt, ist das Denken weiter, offener, wie ich glaube. Wenn ich in einem sehr kleinen, dunklen Ort hause, wird mein Denken enger. New York halte ich für einen Ort von „High Quality Maintenance“ (Höchst qualitätsvoller Unterhaltung). Die West-Küste ist dagegen mehr der Ort für futuristische, innovative Formen, mit mehr Platz für Experimente. Es ist schwer im Osten zu experimentieren, wegen der räumlichen Begrenzungen, obwohl ich nicht glaube, daß das der Punkt ist, der Aktionen beeinflusst. Die Wertvorstellungen von Produktion, Verteilung und Profit prägen stark. Es wird für mich interessant sein, das Leben in längeren Zeiträumen in New York auszuprobieren. Ich halte es noch immer für eine wichtige Erfahrung für mein eigenes persönliches Wachstum und die Arbeit.



Tell me about your adventures with your pig.

Pigme was very important before, during and after "Living in the Forest." Although I was not interested in pets, which I thought of as "Animals of Compromise", I was interested in living with animals and learning from them. Pigme came to me when she was nine days old; we had a very close relationship... I became her mother.

Pigme lived in my studio and my house for a time. Some of the things that I experienced deeply with Pigme were the resistance toward animals and the myths that people have believed about them, and the prejudices and ignorance that most people show toward animals. There was a great deal of hatred for Pigme, even though she was this adorably sweet, sensitive and very smart creature. By the way, her name is spelled "Pigme", so that whenever anyone called her they were a part of her. Pig Me.

Pigme grew larger daily. When Pigme was quite small - I don't know if you're familiar with young pigs - they appear to be dancing on their toes. As an "Imitation of Nature", I taught myself how to toe-dance. I used to dance with Pigme. We would perform together in my studio, and also in "Living in the Forest". As she gained weight and became heavier on her feet, it appeared as though she was wearing high heels. I then would also wear high heels. I was always very conscious about different kinds of costumes. During this piece, I wore my traveling costume which had been literally the costume that I had traveled in the summer before in Europe when all my things were stolen. So it really became a traveling costume. Later, I used it metaphorically as I always felt that I was traveling in pieces, in that I did not necessarily know how they would develop and end.

Another aspect of the piece was a daily weigh-in. Pigme was weighed and then I was. I recorded our volume on the walls. After the piece, as Pigme grew larger, people around me became less enchanted with her. I was actually very lucky for a long time to have this extraordinary studio environment with the animals, but I was not the most popular person in my building. It became increasingly clear that I could not continue to live with Pigme. Before she left, a wonderful vignette occurred in our studio. One night I was sleeping there. I had made an earth box for Pigme that she was sleeping in, and I was sleeping in another part of the studio on a little sofa. In the middle of the night she woke up and got onto the sofa with me, tried to cuddle up and get cozy. She couldn't. But I was so completely moved by this gesture on her part that I didn't do anything. I mean, I tried to get comfortable, but I didn't say, "Go away, go away". Finally she couldn't get comfortable even though she tried, and she went back into her earth box. And then I heard this big sigh in the next room. It was incredible.

The only place that I could find for Pigme to live in the City was the Children's Zoo. I created this work called "Pigme and Su Go to the Zoo", which was a "True Life Fairy Tale". It was a performance video tape shot by Su Rannalls, my dear friend, with stills by me.

One of the things that happened at the Zoo after Pigme had been there for a time is that she learned how to open the gate to the food with her nose, for snacks. Then a typical thing happened. Instead of locking the gate, the Zoo people locked her up. To me this demonstrated classic human attitudes towards animals and work.

The people were not interested in her personality, in her state of being. They were interested in their own situation, and in how to make their work easier. One of the important things that I had been doing with the animals very clearly and strongly was providing environments where they would be able to make choices, and I think that this research promoted a different kind of creature. It allowed for the development of different attitudes in animals. That was definitely violated at the Zoo, and at this point I became very concerned and knew that I had to find another place for animals in the city.

Can you describe The Farm as it was when it began? How many buildings ...?

When it began it was completely barren. There was this four-and-a-half acre concrete plaza and a parking lot. There were these very dilapidated buildings with broken windows, boarded over and full of junk. The freeway interchange had just opened. In fact, part of the conception of the piece had to do with the unveiling of the interchange and the availability of public money. The city had just voted for there to be a fund for the acquisition of open space. Things were in synch. In a sense, it was very easy for certain aspects of The Farm to emerge as a concept because it was the right time. But it took incredible work and organization. Twenty-four hours a day was insufficient.

In many ways, some of the difficulties of The Farm had to do with the fact that it was also ahead of its time. In terms of concept, I was very interested, and still am interested, in creating works that relate simultaneously on many levels. For example, The Farm, to a large group, was merely a community center, where animals and plants and people could be together, with each art activity separate. I saw the total integration as a new art form - a triptych (human/plant/animal) within the context of a counter-pointed diptych (farm/freeway) (technological/non-mechanized), etc. But it also exists on metaphoric and symbolic levels. Of course, most things do. Years earlier, I had done experiments and works with very common objects, and I noticed that the most common object often was the most mysterious.

Describe the different elements that went into The Farm and were part of it.

How about a list of activities and numbers of people from May 1980? (See list.) I was very interested in framing life and creating a frame for the diversity as well as the similarities. Toward the end of my tenure at The Farm, I was developing mechanisms (programs) and environments that would extend the multi-cultural diversity of the neighborhoods to an international level. Structurally, I saw possibilities by using analogous cultural forms and creating whole experiences - actions connected to a place. I was even negotiating with Japanese businessmen to bring a 300-year-old Japanese farmhouse to the site.

Was it last year that you decided to resign as President and Conceptual Director of The Farm?

In October of '80 I left The Farm after almost seven years, because I felt that it was time for me to move on and develop some new projects. One thing I've learned about myself is that I'm not a maintenance person; I'm an initiator.

From the beginning I made a vow to myself to stay at The Farm as long as it was interesting and fulfilling and to leave when it no longer satisfied me - that's what I did.

I was beginning to get bogged down and bored with a lot of the demands of running this institution. There were bureaucratic structures that were not allowing for certain kinds of things that I wanted to happen. There was also a lack of money. I felt held back and had an incredible desire to travel and experience movement. I felt that it would also be better for The Farm to grow on its own terms without me. It was a major "letting go", and I felt very good about it. It also coincided with an exhibition in London that Lucy Lippard had invited me to participate in, and I created a piece called "A Triptych Within the Context of a Counterpointed Diptych (Technological, Non-mechanized, Etc.)" A very catchy title.

You can whistle it on the way home.

The theory has to do with using art as a mechanism for creating whole systems - experiential situations for cultural change. For the installation I created a preface and three exhibits, two of which, Exhibits A and B, demonstrated different kinds of art. Exhibit B was a piece which had an indoor landscape with a table of accoutrements and incorporated the Queen's Park across the street as viewed through binoculars. It had many elements which were personal as well as symbolic, including "food for mice" and "food for thought". Exhibit C, which related to the practice of creating and experiencing art, was my letter of resignation from The Farm, with my right and left brain cards indicating my respective roles as President and Conceptual Director.

The practice was stated: "Between the abstract and the meadow hurls the chaos. Between the diaspora and the crinoline sits the poem." In many ways this piece was my completion piece for The Farm, and an analysis of my work for the past ten years, as well as being a thing in itself.

A TRIPTYCH, WITHIN A TRIPTYCH,
WITHIN A TRIPTYCH, WITHIN THE CONTEXT
OF A COUNTERPOINTED DIPTYCH:
technological/non-mechanized, etc..(.)

THE THEORY

PROBLEM:

How to survive on the planet in the richest, most productive, and happiest way.

POSSIBILITY:

An ideal form for our current civilizations(s) is to discover vehicles that create positive tensions between cultures, species, and places -

animal, plant, mineral ...
(see Exhibits A and B)

SOLUTION:

Use art as a tool to create a whole by incorporating in an integrated fashion the elements of:

physical manifestation
concept
true feelings

THE PRACTICE

Between the abstract and the meadow hurls the chaos.
Between the diaspora and the crinoline sits the poem.
(see Exhibit C)

Bonnie Sherk, 26 October, 1980

Let's talk about some of the performance pieces you did throughout the early Seventies, and how they relate to The Farm concept.

Earlier I mentioned the Portable Parks. After that piece, the San Francisco Museum of Art invited me to do a series for them, and I decided to create a "Snow Job" which would relate to the whole city as well as the Museum. For that piece, I brought 6,000 pounds of snow into the City and placed piles in the middle of the night on two street corners: near the front of the Trans-Bay Terminal, so as to confront early commuters, and in the heart of the financial district at California and Montgomery Street. At nine o'clock the next morning, I dressed in a formal gown and with two others (Mel Henderson and David Sherk, who were dressed in tuxedos), placed several piles of snow in front of the Museum and talked to the press and passersby.



What kind of things do you say to reporters about a piece like that? How can they possibly know what you're thinking. They must have taken it at a fairly superficial level.

Well, I think so, but basically it was dealt with in a humorous vein and it was a light experience for people, myself included. After all, it was a "snow job". In San Francisco, people do not experience snow, so there was some interest in the idea of seeing snow. It also related to the "Portable Parks" in that I was interested in demonstrating new possibilities for dealing with the environment, and jarring people's vision so that they would begin to see in new ways.

After I performed the "Sitting Still" pieces, I began to work with more animals. I remember one piece at the Museum of Conceptual Art (MOCA), from 1971, in which I created a performance with a pig that was called "Pig Sonata". The pig, who had come from Half Moon Bay, was in the corner of the room, covered up, and no one knew that she was there. It was a very formal piece. I was dressed in an evening gown, and began the performance with an assistant, by emptying brown paper bags filled with earth, into the center of the performance area, making a very large pile. Then I watered down the earth and covered it with different kinds of food. I uncovered a white box that contained the pig and she followed me to this arena and ate the food. At that point I played a tape of pigs eating that I had made at her home.

Later on my interest in the animals changed. As I said before, I became much more interested in their thought processes and feeling states, just as I was dealing with my own interior spaces. I understood that it was possible to experience the country in the city by having whole experiences and relaxed attitudes. In this way I connected art (a whole experience) and agriculture.

In 1972 I did a piece at the Newport Harbor Art Museum in which I created an environment for a mother rat who was about to give birth, and a dead rat. The name of that piece was "Traditional Performances: A Piece, Within a Piece, Within a Piece, Etc."

Do you want to talk about "cultural costumes?"

Throughout this work, I was exploring different kinds of performances and costumes, some subtle, some dramatic. In all of the performance I was myself, with different aspects of my personality exposed. When I was in the Zoo performing "Public Lunch", I was my interior self and also the symbol of a human woman. As "The Waitress" I was a gregarious self and also an archetypal "Waitress" with a bouffant hairdo who wore a black and white nylon dress. As the "Short Order Cook" I also dressed and behaved appropriately. During "Living in the Forest", I wore a personal and subtle "Traveling Costume" that no one would have recognized as such unless I mentioned it. Throughout this period I was so sensitive to cultural styles that I did not know how to solve the classical problem: "to shave or not to shave". The conclusion that I came to was to shave opposite armpits and legs. I saw each choice as a cultural statement.

While I was performing as "The Waitress" I was called to serve on a jury. It was she who appeared for "JURY DUTY". Once chosen and in the courtroom, wearing all my old clothes, I recognized that all of the participants were performing. After the trial, I created a piece called "Well Liked and Learned Lawyers Win Cases", which was a living tableau and a pseudo-legal explication of my thinking. It was the defense for my actions, lest they be questioned.

An element of my work that has reappeared over the years has been the investigation of analogous systems and structures, ways of understanding, different communication forms and sources of information. I did a performance piece in 1971 at the University of California at San Diego which was a response to my being at the University. When I was invited to do the show, I was not interested in creating a work ahead of time. So I decided to go to San Diego and respond to the environment. The piece was made of translated responses to a series of my performed actions.

When I arrived I was struck by the nature of the University, which is a place where all different kinds of information exist together. I saw the different departments of the University as being translated forms of one another, analogous systems describing human experience. I spent time going from department to department talking to people about what they were doing, recognizing the extraordinary resources that the University is. Finally I came upon the Library, which was housed in a new structure. The Library, to me, is an essence place in the University – a place where various forms of knowledge come together. I chose to do my piece in the Library in two environments which actually were undeveloped landscape pits – areas that were to be planted. I chose to do a series of actions which would then be described by a biologist, a physicist, a photographer and a stationary video camera with no one directing it. This was a way of demonstrating a variety of interpretations that might occur when there is an action or a series of actions. An interesting part of the piece was that no one could see it all at once, which was a further way of describing the idea of the piece. It occurred in two distinct places and could be viewed from four areas – from above looking down in the open air pits, or at ground level. I was in one pit, the physicist was in another, separated by several hundred yards. The biologist was above me, and the video camera was at ground level, direct at me with the monitor near the physicist. The photographer was able to move throughout the various spaces and did so. The audience was able to choose which space to view the piece from. The piece was quite simple, actually. I performed a series of actions and they were as follows. The first thing I did was to boil an egg, then I ate the egg. Then I dug a hole, buried the shell, and planted a tree. I then released two doves. During my performance, the other performers described what I was doing. The physicist saw my actions via the monitor and described them in terms of symbolic logic. The biologist, who was above me, described my actions verbally, in biological terms. The photographer described my

actions and those of the others photographically. The name of that piece was "Response".

Another piece that I did around this time for an exhibition at the San Francisco Art Institute involved the idea that no two things are alike. For this participatory tableau I found a headline from the newspaper that said, "THE UNIVERSE MAY NOT BE AS IT APPEARS". I blew it up and placed underneath that statement two English Spot rabbits who appeared to be identical. Also I found two apples, one gold and one red, and one top of them placed two ball bearings which looked identical. I also had created a book in which I referred to Atkin Logic for the first time. This book had to do with analogies and was dedicated to my grandmother, who was the "purveyor of Atkin Logic" and whose famous last words were: "Comparisons are odious." Atkin Logic is a personalized performance theory that has to do with who I am and how I relate, whether it is being an abstract expressionist, or an experiential cubist, or whatever, and for me it's a completely open form. I later changed the name to Aktin Logic. I did a series of concrete poems which I thought of as sculptural objects. I used words and ideas and created sentences in which the words and meanings would move physically. I would give physical indications and then the words or letters would be able to trade places, to change positions within a sentence. I did the same thing with the word Aktin by simply putting a little arc over the k and the T, indicating the change of place. It became AKTIN.

So if meaning is a cube, you're just looking at all the different sides?

In a sense, I suppose that's part of the "experiential cubism", allowing myself to experience all these different states of being, states of consciousness, because I think they're all valid and important. However, some are more effective than others. It depends on what the goal of the work is. The use of art as a tool for survival – as a methodology to solve problems – is potentially the most powerful tool that there is. When art is seen as a whole system, the form relates to the content, and what it is that needs to be expressed. For example, I've been developing a very large piece which is, I think, a survival tool. It has to do with analogous cultural and ecological systems and human/plant/animal interrelationships. It will specifically communicate with and involve a wide audience.

Can you describe that? Is it "A Living Library?"

Yes, I call it "A Living Library", and it's actually a site-specific work. The idea is for a park in New York city which is behind the main New York Public Library at 42nd Street. The last is to create an environmental performance sculpture which would introduce new life elements, and also call attention to the existing life forms by labeling and cataloging them in different scales and media. Essentially it would not only create an environment, but develop an ongoing program that would maintain the environment and involve large numbers of people in the process. One of the things that I was attempting to do at The Farm, and in some ways succeeded, was to transform the established systems in regard to development and maintenance of parks, and in the process to involve people in an educational as well as an aesthetic process. This is a very large task because in many ways it involves reordering the existing culture. It's tricky, tricky work.

What kind of events do you see happening, what sort of elements would you like to bring into New York City?

The energy in New York is very vertical and compressed and the city is actually in a state of decay. There are certain healing things that might occur to help it survive. That probably is not a very popular idea, but that's okay.

The following two pieces span a decade. One idea, for the Guggenheim Museum, which would be a very joyous experience for people, a participatory performance, is from 1970, and then I also have an idea from 1980, which is a very radical idea in terms of changing the physical environment of New York. It would also be a participatory process piece, which I do believe would solve a lot of problems for the City. It's very difficult for this kind of work to occur, and it may not. (See "Two Ideas for New York City 1970-1980.")

You've recently moved from San Francisco to New York, and, as you said, New York is a very complicated and interesting environment. Can you point to some of the elements you observe in that environment and how you'd like to manipulate them? What would they illustrate about human nature?

One of the things that I've learned from living in California is how the environment affects one's way of thinking. In New York there is not very much space and light surrounding people and the quality of thought tends to be different. In California, or in other places where there is a lot of physical space and light, I think that thinking is more expansive. When I function in a very small, dark space, my thinking tends to be more narrow. I think of New York as being a place of "High Quality Maintenance". The West Coast is more of a place for futuristic, innovative forms, where there is more room for experimentation. It's harder to experiment in the east because of the space limitations, although I don't think that that is the only element that affects action. The issues of production, distribution and profit figure heavily. It will be interesting for me to re-experience living for longer periods in New York. I continue to think of this as research, as a laboratory experience, for my own personal growth and work.



FUNCTIONEL

ART

Funktionelle Kunst

- RATIONAL -
- LINEAL

Definition:

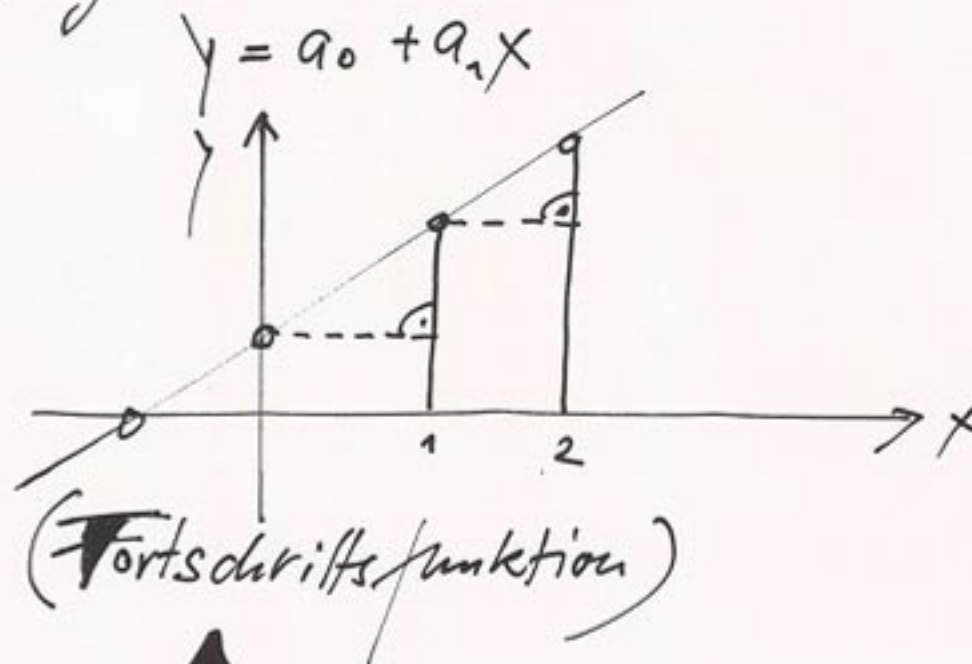
- Eine ganze Funktion n-ten Grades hat die Funktionsgleichung

$$y = a_0 + a_1x + a_2x^2 + \dots + a_nx^n$$

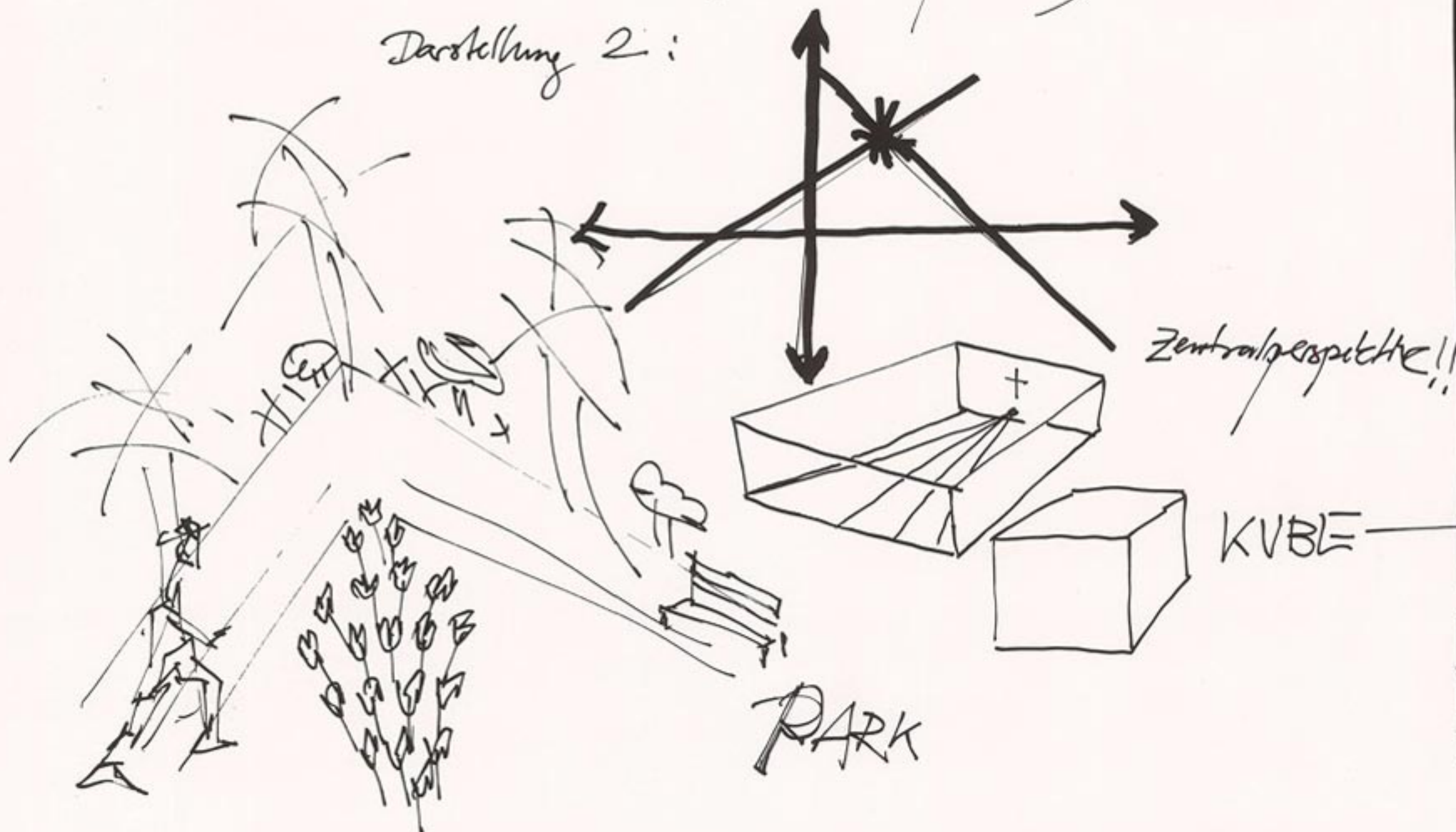
Dieser Ausdruck ist:
EIN POLYNOM

BILD - Das Bild der linearen Funktion ist eine Gerade

Graphische Darstellung 1.



Darstellung 2:



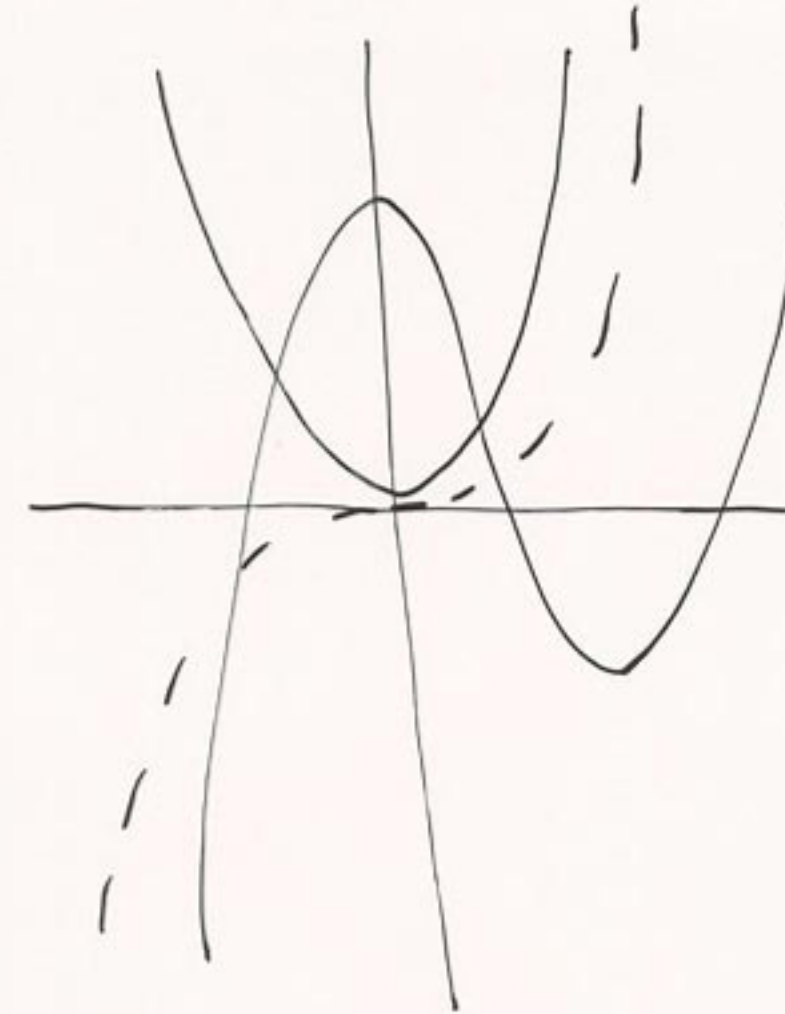
FUNKTIONELLE KUNST

- QUADRATISCH - 3^{ten} + 4^{ten} Grades

Quadratische Funktion - Winkelfunktion -
Kubische Parabel

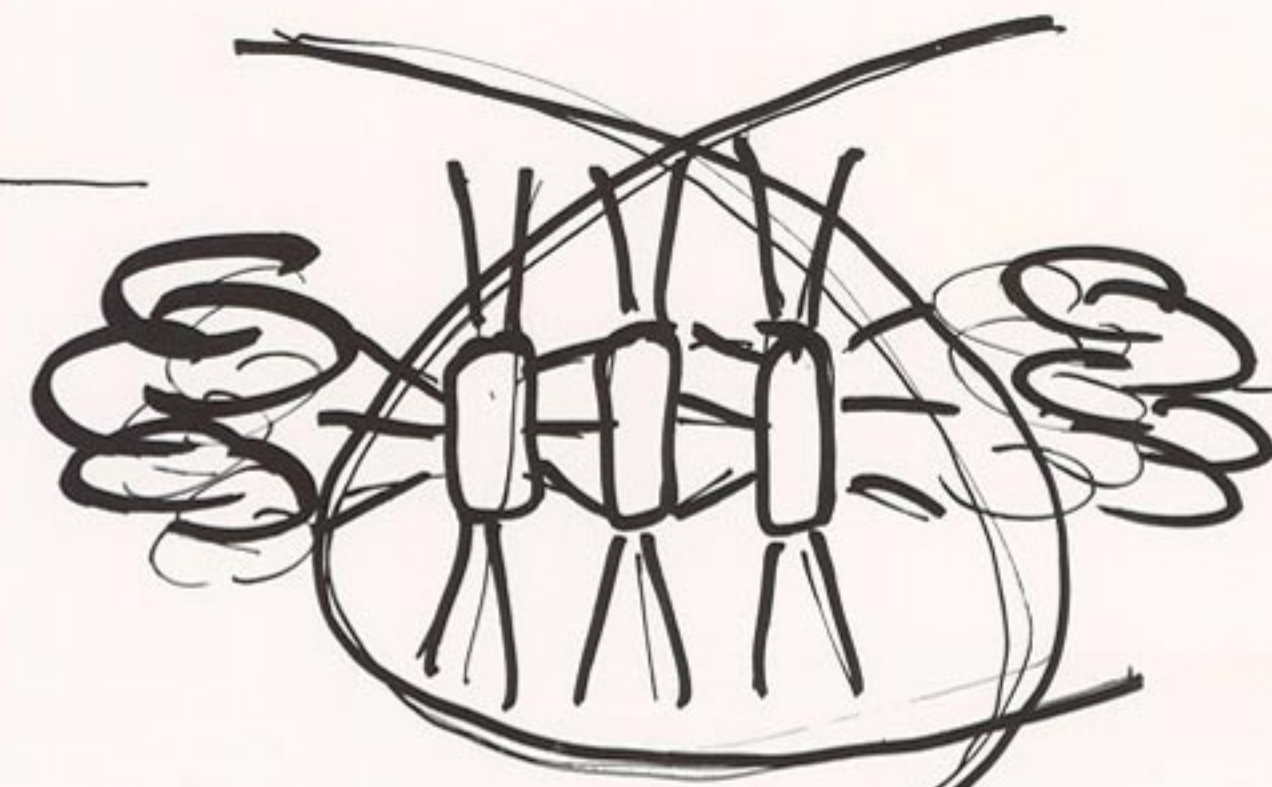
Definition:

Die Parabel hat keinen reellen Schnittpunkt mit der x-Achse, wenn $2p + b$ gleiche Vorzeichen haben



(Public secret - Funktion)
Anmerkung

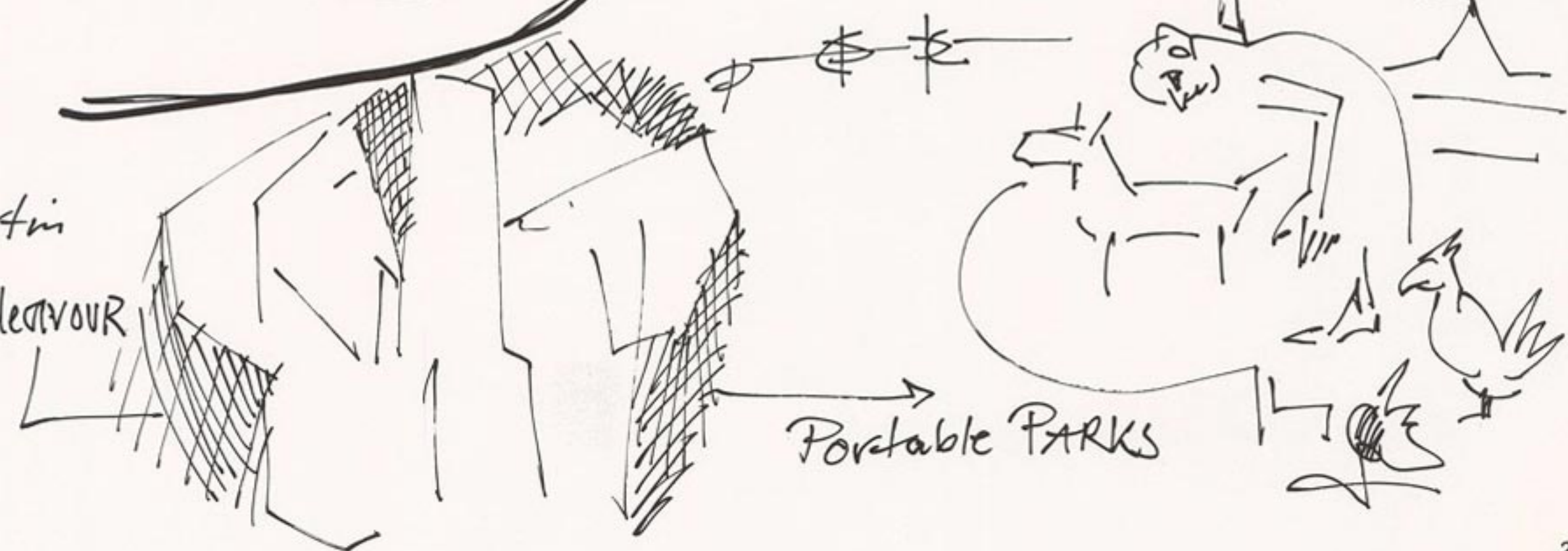
Verbindung
Zwischen den
Formen - verschieden-
Interconnection
between different
forums



Diversitäten

Einflussreicher
Lebensrahmen

+ transformiert in
HUMAN ENDEAVOUR



autonom?





25 IV 83

Lieber Rainer

Vielen Dank für Deine Post
Mit dem Regenmantel hatte es keine
gar so grosse Eile, den hättest Du mir
doch das nächste Mal zurück geben
können. Die Fotos von Deinen neuesten
Kunstwerken sind schön gte gelungen.
Die Periode der Glas spitzen wird
schonbar konsequent vertieft.
Mein Madiba hat sie auch gesehen.
Er meint, wie brillant doch die
Akzente mit den Glasscherben gesetzt
sind
Aber was weiss du schon!
Wie sollte ich dem klarmachen, dass
Du alle Plastiken in Trance zu stellst?
Dass Du im Wachzustand dann genauso
glänzend darostehst wie alle anderen?
Dass die schwerste Arbeit für Dich dann
das Finden eines Tinkels ist?
Vom Transport gar nicht zu reden!
Selbst wenn er nur wenig Planung
hätte, würde er merken; das ist reines
Fühlen, da stört nicht ein Deut schmückend
Beiwerk.
Er meint das "Männer baby" sollte etwas

ordentlicher auf das Brett gestreckt
sein. Man fühlt sich ja als Mann
noch mehr aus dem Gleichgewicht
gebracht als so schon. -

Du kannst ja darüber nachdenken,
ob Du diese Plastik nicht doch der
Alice Schwarzer widmen solltest.
Ist nun der "Kopf" ohne Glas der VORHER
und mit Glas der NACHHER?
Oder umgekehrt?

Na, Du weisst es ja auch nicht.
Beim "Doppelkopf" ist es leicht, die
sind beide NACHHER. Aber nach was?
Wannadi?

"Altsau", da wird aus Leben gegriffen.
Ein weiter Bogen bis hin zum "Lecker"
Beklemmend, die Vorstellung, dass beide
in einem Raum ausgestellt wären.
So, mehr will ich nicht mit Deinem
Kunstkram zu tun haben, ich geh
jetzt noch paar Biere trinken

Dein Freund

Haben

P.S. Willst Du die Fotos wieder haben,
oder kann ich sie wegschmeissen?







‘Tales From Inner Manhattan’

Dateline: ‘The Last Frontier’

Transmitted by Transorium™ The Official Voice and Channel of Inner Space

Recapitulation of Events Leading to the Current Communication Breakdown in America and Accompanying Decline of Humanity

Possibly to divert us anxious earthlings from impending doom, the attention given of late to ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR PATTERNS and THEIR SOPHISTICATED METHODS OF COMMUNICATIONS only serves as another reminder of how low the human animal has sunk in making contact!

Birds, reptiles, fish, amphibians, insects, etc. have been EFFECTIVELY USING AND DEVELOPING THEIR NATURAL SIGNALS for mating, travel and food tips, weather, hideout data, war alerts and TRICKERY since they were hatched. Yes, Creatures of lower orders are also natural masters of DECEPTIVE SIGNALS which they only resort to for food, clothing, shelter and wife swapping.

Of course our furry and feathered friends have led privileged lives! They haven’t been bombarded and buried alive with mind blowing and controlling interference from technology, television, drugs and other suppressant entertainment and communications media spooned out by vampire rejects. Also, animals have cleverly and subliminally appointed outspoken humans to protect their welfare, do their talking for them and make sure they can carry on and survive in peace!

If only humans still possessed the ability to use their natural instincts to receive; or their basic signal facilities like speech to transmit! Not only have human receptors atrophied from lack of use and misuse; the thinking portion of the brain has diminished radically. The attention threshold is barely a hairline. Our thought and communication processes were stunted, mutated and prevented from evolving properly some time ago.

Instead of opening up our channels and inspiring higher levels of communicating . . . progress has deterred, dehumanized and lobotomized most of those who it ostensibly serves. Language has been misused, corrupted and twisted beyond recognition. The methods now used to forward minimal information, especially those disguised in the so-called latest state of the arts and high tech, are only hastening the demise of even the last gasp primitive exchanges to which humans have resorted to.

Computer hardware is meaningless if human software continues to melt down.

Billion dollar communications satellites floundering around in outer space, slipping out of orbit, well reflect earthlings who’ve been off-orbit so long they don’t even know or care that they’re out of touch with themselves, with each other, with life!

Deciphering a conversation these days is tougher than cracking a triple code! One feels like a spy in trying to extract the simplest piece of information from someone! They’re not talking! They don’t know how!

Decline of Conversation

Have you had one of those conversations lately that resemble a television game show or charades?

You’re frantically gesturing or anticipating and filling in words for your opponent so you can both figure out what he or she is trying to say. Eventually, with practice, in center position you can handle 4 or 5 . . . interpreting, filling in, rallying repeats and disjointed thoughts . . . conducting a fragmented conversation for an entire team of dimwits!

Or do you specialize in the one-sided conversation. You rattle off as long as the second party nods, winks or twitches. Any sign of life, whether they listen or not, is encouraging. (Many word hogs relish today’s opportunity for these one-sided monologues.) Then you change your voice slightly and throw it with a bonus sentence for the mute to think they said. This ventriloquist approach to conversation is gaining! You can regard your encounters with dummies as Cabaret.

Or have you had one of those really rewarding and rare conversations where there’s been actual verbal exchanges that related to the ‘subject’ all the way till you part. Then you refer to an earlier comment and you note the slightest giveaway! The subtle aversion of their eye or perhaps an all-out blank stare! They never actually heard or understood a word you said but experts at faking it!

Every quasi-conversation is a variation of these exhausting DUD exchanges. Their frequency in very high places prove that an inexplicable, mysterious power is at work! How else does anything get down with these non compus mentis blubbers running things.

Eventually with someone you know, you learn to analyze the contents of their baby talk from gestures, a look, voice intonations, other giveaways. And what difference does it make if only a few fools can talk or hear anymore!

Everybody knows ITS ALL LIES ANYWAY! Nobody believes what they see or hear or read anymore!

The most convenient talkspoke is a rote exchange of the latest, acceptable catch clichés and buzzwords concerning your business, diets, sports, weather, newscasters wardrobes, gossip, the sad state of the world, etc. No more than 2 or 3 utterances of obvious information is necessary for these ever-popular pre-recorded flights into ennui!

Did you ever hear the old joke about prisoners laughing over a code word or number that represented old jokes? Its no joke.

It’s closing language gaps because it no longer matters if two people exchange nonsense in two different tongues! And will suffice until wrist-mood-voice-thought-sexual gauges are perfected like camera meters so we can detect all we need to know from across the room.

At least the latest animated exchanges of handwaving, body gestures, grunts, guttural sounds, whistles, tongue lapping, eye rolling, touching, dancing in position . . . which emerged in the 70’s in deafening disco blast-offs . . . are a form of energy release.

Fashion has always been the most expedient method of getting some kind of message across. From the beginning, one’s uniform or dress denoted your trade, role, class, taste, sensibility and degree of insecurity. The era of THE MESSAGE T-SHIRT abolished all prior fashion signals and an early conversational short cut. Unfortunately, even fashion as one of the media replacements for conveying speech for the general public is as restricted and censored as other media under the same garment center packaging mentality and dictatorship that shredded and remaindered our former communications channels.

One of the last strongholds of individuality and style-clothing, became rehash lines and a limited variety of false, tired catch phrases and labels. This is another volume!

THE MOST BLATANT OVERKILL AND BLUDGEONING OF PEOPLE’S FRACTURED SENSES IS NECESSARY TO GET ANY MESSAGE ACROSS – BE IT DOOM, PEACE OR A NEW MIRACLE SKIN CREAM. AND MOST ARE IMMUNE OR CHOOSE TO IGNORE THESE BARRAGES!

Movies, now concentrating on the teen market and competing with dazzling, thoughtless electronic games, can only STIR YOUNG MUTANTS with the most extreme blasts of violence, horror, vulgarity and computerized stimuli! AND THEY’RE STILL ONLY SKIMMING THE SURFACE!

WHEN DID THIS IMPASSE AND DE-EVOLUTION OF THE THINKING PROCESSES; THIS DESENSITIZATION OF MIND, HEART AND SOUL BEGIN?

America’s descent into lobotomized slavery parallels THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AND GROWTH OF CONSUMER SOCIETY immediately following the stealing and conquest of the Western United States from Indians . . . our Native Americans!

Information about the Indians, their role in this country and the early history of communications and how they were temporarily subverted and almost destroyed because of their character, personality, unique telepathic powers and of course their rights to valuable land is another tale, which is essential to this one!

Curl up. It’s quite a tale!

Who Found America First?

The first explorers and first wave of settlers in America were Europeans; immigrants who arrived with fresh dreams for religious and class freedom, new adventures and how to get rich quick!

These were European outcasts, cast-offs, the oppressed and underprivileged, rowdies, philosophers, artists, con artists, smooth talkers, adventurers and trail blazers from every walk of life! Some looking for action; some for freedom and a new lease on life!

It was a new world and at first – neutral territory! Though the rich always had the advantage over the poor then, being able to reinforce their claims, it was still a more equal and humanizing territory than Europe! Everyone was basically on their own and raring to go in this new land of opportunity!

It was truly just that – opportunity – with one slight obstacle! When they arrived, THE LAND WAS ALREADY OCCUPIED!

This wild country, still in its untouched, virginal state, was slowly and properly being nurtured by a breed of intuitive, wise, loving cosmic children of nature mislabeled by Christopher Columbus as Indians!

Now let’s travel even further back to the Indian’s development of one specific tract of land in Brooklyn just across the East River . . . a tomahawk’s throw from Manhattan!

Native Americans – the Key to the Universe!

Who were these magical people sent to bring earth to life?

From whence did they suddenly materialize is as unanswered as other eternal enigmas of the beginning of time and man!

TIME – which the Red Men invented . . . instinctively plucking the moon here . . . the sun from there . . . a few stars, asteroids and planet paths here and there from the heavens and inventing from each of their scattered outposts around the world . . . **The calendar and a unified system of time!**

Which still keeps our time! Accurately! !

(How’s that for the guaranteed time piece of a lifetime?)

Indians, basically, still live within their original concept of time and derive many of their values from a time continuum of past-present-future!

They live for the moment and forever . . . for all time!

‘WHAT WILL HAPPEN WILL HAPPEN; WHAT WILL BE – WILL BE!’

They literally have all the time in the world! They started it . . . and most likely . . . they alone can end it!

They invented the earliest communications systems and integrated it with theatre. Theatre is synonymous with the history of communications! They instinctively possessed and used the deepest knowledge of ‘energy’ from which life and physics derives!

They read cloud patterns for messages from their gods and spirits. Falling stars, comets, the planet movements within the galaxy all had meaning to them beyond time! They used art as signposts!

They sent smoke and drum signals . . . the first official use of the air-waves for man made communications! They perfected sign language!

They worshipped and utilized both the natural and the supernatural; terrestrial and cosmic channels, and understood every nuance derived from each! They had, still have, telepathic powers to keep in tune with the universe and all of nature!

They evolved their methods of communications for each other and for reaching the gods into magical theatrical rituals with an amazingly sophisticated co-ordination of light, shadow, reflection, sound, music, dialogues, choreography and scenario sequence and extremely imaginative costumes, make-up, masks and props!

Some of their dramatic tableaux served deep spiritual and religious purposes; some were initiation rites used to train each new generation and implant past rules, beliefs and discipline on their youth; and many were just powwows to keep their spirit in shape!

They were used for every form of ritual, sacrifice, cure, request, gratitude, celebration and just for the fun of it! Indeed, Indians were quite enterprising and inventive in entertaining themselves in the name and pursuit of tribal customs; of their law and order!

(It’s amazing they had time left over for hunting and fishing **but then again . . . they had all the time in the world!**)

Native Americans spent nights over campfires while on the move. In the flame’s glow they invented and exchanged stories, myths, tall tales, truths, wisdom, **which became lore and legend! Another early form of communications spread over the continents, passed down, embellished, regarded differently by each new generation to suit their environment and situation! Customs change – but not much!** Flexible enough to sustain practicality and change for the best!

The History, Lore and Legend of the Gowanus Canal

This is the tale of a creek; a magic earth spot! A mother lode stream! A source!

Once upon pre-time there was a bigger than average hot, spinning meteorite anonymously hurling through the galaxy!

Earth! Brimstone! Fire! The start of something big!

250 million years ago (Paleozoic epoch) the crust cooled in flood and turmoil and collided to form Pangea – **the first earth work!** This super landmass leisurely (A few centimeters per year over a period of 50 million years) drifted apart (Mesozoic epoch, 200 million years ago) towards its present continental positions.

Gondwanaland in the south; Laurasia in the north.

And right on the tail of this languid Continental Drift . . . another lengthy cooling off period! **Glaciation! The Pleistocene epoch!**

The Ice Age! Brrr! That once great ball of fire was now an unlisted ice rink performing gallant figure 8’s in space!

An entrancing frozen spectacle that advanced and retreated in wierd, undulating, discordant phases . . . that left its mark!

Most eloquently!

The time marks and **moraines** formed by these massive ice sheets became Earth’s original landscapes! **Ice!** Our creator and preserver! Startling permanent evidence still being scrutinized for clues to the past – present – future!

Whatever – **earth’s stage was set! Enter life!**

The greatest show could begin!

One of the most vivid demonstrations of the pitted outwash plain of glacial deposits of earth’s formation is Brooklyn . . . which means **broken land.** Coney Island’s broad beach with its erratic sands is the extremity of the original outwash glacial plain! Big boulders, diabase from the New Jersey palisade glacial deposits, are strewn about in Central Park, in Manhattan, Brooklyn and in the Public Place!

20 million years later the original glacial limits are further acknowledged by the Brooklyn subway stems! If it runs behind the glaciation it’s underground; if it transverses a moraine and outwash plain it’s either elevated or in surface ground cuts. (In any case – it’s behind time and more often late!)

Billions of moons ago – long after reptilian, vertebrae, marine ages, etc. – the first human players to emerge as native to our great earth stage, **Indians**, roamed over this exotic, newly formed plain. Some instinctively settled at the richest spots in the land – ripe for cultivation. Native Americans were of the 2 basic human categories yet – the **dwellers** and the **nomads!**

There are a variety of speculative theories as to the precise origin of our Native Americans but Indians from Pole to Pole managed to get around! (From Asia via the Bering Straits possibly!)

Coastal Algonquians of the Canarsie tribe led by Chief Gouwane crossed the rich swamps and marshes of Brooklyn’s glacial outwash guided by their all powerful single, supernatural power, creator and great spirit – **Gicelamu ‘Kaongi (Kishelémukong!)**

They were led to a twisting tidal estuary located at an especially striking glacial earth formation.

(And according to the glacial geomorphic designation of today’s subway route . . . it’s a most unusual section. Train lines on either side of the present Gowanus Canal are dug deep below, swoop over – stay ground level a short spell and suddenly AIRBOURNE!)

The Algonquians offered continued ritual thanks and blessings to this divine site and went to work! Under their mighty spirits’ wings . . . Chief Gouwane’s creek generated rich and fertile farmland, sheep grazing and a very happy hunting and fishing ground!

For possibly hundreds of years – the primitive civilization of the Algonquians was the first to bring life, joy and spirit to what was once a mere desolate untouched slab on the gigantic icy plain that finally melted away to reveal for the first time – **earth!** These native earthlings kept their continent and this section of earth virginal for some time. When time was simply **time!** Time itself as determined by heavenly movement and changes which they recorded.

Enter Europeans . . . mostly expanding for spiritual and material reasons . . . beginning their colonization . . . the first English colonies: Plymouth, 1620 and Massachusetts Bay, 1628, began as Pilgrim trading posts . . . accepting, learning farming techniques from the Wampoaag Indians at first. The English Pilgrims often encountered their friendly rivals – The Dutchmen – from ‘the Manhatoes’ (NYC) where the pilgrims themselves had originally intended to settle . . . but didn’t!

New Netherlands, the Dutch colony which at one time comprised the entire Hudson Valley, the shores of Delaware Bay and Long Island was discovered by Henry Hudson, an Englishman working for the Dutch.

In the yacht Half Moon, smaller than the Mayflower, he sailed in 1609 up the Hudson (Wouldn’t you have named it after yourself if you were Henry?) hoping it would prove to be the new passage to the more lucrative, bountiful Indies. He only gave up when he reached the rapids north of the site of Albany. Hudson discovered instead the greatest fur-bearing region in North America south of the St. Lawrence! He quickly made friends with the Mohawks with an old paleface business tradition . . . by offering them a drink! Their first taste of hard liquor!

Other Dutch sea Captains sailed thither to trade but no colonization occurred until the Dutch West India Company was founded in 1620 and established trading posts at Fort Orange (Albany); Fort Nassau (Gloucester, N.J.) in 1624 and at New Amsterdam (NYC) – 1626.

‘1626’ the year of the greatest real estate bargain in history when the company purchased Manhattan Island from the local Indians for 60 guilders worth of trading truck . . . 60 guilders being roughly equivalent to 40 1965 dollars.

The Dutch were still chummy with their English neighbors and even taught them the use of Wampum, the Algonquian shell money, for trading with the natives. After they’d successfully swindled them, it made sense to perpetuate their currency for future raw deals!

New Amsterdam soon consisted of about 300 Dutch inhabitants and plenty of sailors. The Harbor jumped! Long Island Sound and the East River was the best route between New England and Virginia. Governor Dongo built a wall to keep out Indians and wolves (Later – Wall Street!) Beyond the wall stretched ‘Bouweries’ (Farms)!

But the Dutch West India Company was mostly interested in enough tillage to supply their employees who alone controlled the fur trade. It was still just a stopover enroute to rumored richer far Eastern Islands. The Netherlands had no surplus population to emigrate, so a **strong settlement wasn’t planted.**



Until 1629, when back home in Amsterdam, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, a jeweler and Company stockholder, persuaded the Company to issue a '**Charter of Privileges to Patroons**' to encourage farming and settling. A Patroon was anyone who in return for bringing 50 people to New Amsterdam received a feudal domain and various cushy privileges and guarantees.

Thus in 1636 – William Bennet and Jacques Bontyn, two Patroons in search of their privileged land, chanced upon the magical Gouwane creek and farm area. They quickly made another fast talking Dutch deal with Chief Gouwane to purchase a 930 acre tract of his land. (As you've guessed – the Dutch are great double talkers!)

In most early land deals . . . the Indians never truly understood the transaction and assumed their small stipends was a gift from settlers to share the land with them – not a pay-off and kiss-off!)

1643 - 45: Dudley House was erected and marked the beginning of **Gauwanes Plantation, the village of Gauwanes and the first point officially known as Breuckelen**; not far from the Walloon (Belgian Protestant) settlement of 'Wallabout Bay' in the vicinity of the later Brooklyn Navy Yard. (There are about 25 different spellings of Gauwanes; about 134 people in Breucklyn when it was chartered.)

Prominent families soon settled in Nieuw Amsterdam or Breukelen and Gauwanes Village quickly resembled a quaint, rich and thriving Dutch Mill town, surrounded by farms, fairly autocratic in nature.

The first industries included a bakehouse, orchards, gristmills, sawmills, papermills, fulling mill, oil mill for printer's ink and a tannery. Sugar refineries, coffee roasting plants, roperies, printing plants, breweries, etc. came slightly later.

Nieuw Amsterdam and Breucklen prospered in frustration under autocratic governors who harshly and unreasonably mishandled everything – especially the Indians.

Bad tempered Peter Stuyvesant's appointment as mender brought energy but not much judgement. In 1660, Charles III restored to the throne in England, hated the Dutch who had barred him during his exile. He gave Nieuw Nederland and other territories to the Duke of York and declared war on Holland.

On August 18, 1664 – Richard Nicolls, the Duke's deputy, sailed into the Harbor of Nieuw Amsterdam and 5 1/2 weeks later – sailed out of New York Harbor. Peg Leg Pete had surrendered without a shot!

Breuckelen stayed Breuckelen and managed to avoid sporadic but grim growing pain battles in New York.

In 1699 Captain Kidd was sent from England to suppress piracy. Gouwane Creek was highly suspected as the side getaway channel. Kidd was smart enough to have chosen E. Hampton instead to bury his own treasure.

In 1747, perhaps backlash from cold war maneuverings and friction everywhere as the stealing of the West began – Gouwanes had its first spiritual rebellion! Red cloaked Rebels renounced the industries only interested in the pursuit of **Mamon (\$\$\$)**! A few mills were burned but Mamon won out!

1776 – The War of Independence! A true Civil War between a strong minority of Americans: The Loyalists and their English enemies – The Tories! Also – Loyalists against Patriot partisans and guerillas and Tories against English Loyalists sympathisers – the Whigs.

New York Campaign – General Howe, Sir Billy and his Army of 25,000 men took over Staten Island, New York Harbor, the East and Hudson River. General Washington moved his army to fortify Brooklyn and the Heights, unanticipating Sir Silly Billy's water tactics. He secretly 'boated' in Tory troops.

Instead of taking a stand in the Heights, George drew up his forces on the Plain. The Brits were used to European methods of open field fighting and had an advantage over the Americans who weren't. Washington's New England militia unit **crossed the Gouwanes** on Third St. and Third Ave. on August 27, 1776 in the Battle of Breuckelen and **met defeat!** They lost over 1,000 men, many held prisoner in the old Jersey slave ship in the Breuckelen Navy Yard.

(There's a bronze Table commemorating the event on the old stone Cortelyou House on Fifth and Third.)

Undisturbed by brave Loyalist and Tory corpses forever at peace in its bed . . . the Gowan Creek continued to serve. Richly! Business gushed forth as usual. So well that in 1847, Mayor Douglas of Brooklyn proposed converting the **Creek of Plenty** into a canal to further stimulate industrial development.

Edwin Clark Litchfield, the lawyer, DA, judge, Railroad financier and investor in Brooklyn Real Estate who's former mansion is the grandiose Administration Building of Prospect Park, once resided in the house at 3rd and 3rd on the bank of the canal. He was instrumental in its development though Douglas Street became the foot. Construction was authorized by the State Legislature in 1849 and it was completed in the mid 1850's at the cost of \$ 78,000.

The Gowan Canal was as important as the Erie Canal in **The Great Canal Era** of National growth! Canals carried most of the freight until the **Railroad Era** came in and hauled it off! But while other canals lost their position to railroads and freight rerouting – **the Gowan Canal became more significant than ever!**

In 1866 the State Legislature gave its approval to the formation of the Gowan Canal Improvement Commission to build additional locks and warehouses to deepen the Canal.

It was the beginning of the Industrial Revolution and the Gowan Canal was instrumental in its development.

The immense coal, brick, stone, cement and lumberyards, flour, plastic, fabric, coffee, sugar, and other production mills; brick, oil, rubber, other raw and natural resource centers and refineries along the Gowan Canal flourished. As did the light and heavy manufacturing that followed in the vicinity.

Raw material came in; finished goods of every imagineable ilk floated out! No canal in the world could claim such a variety of industry and products or of success!

This magic creek was a hustling, rich **PROTOTYPE INDUSTRIAL TOWN OF THE PERIOD AND INTEGRAL TO THE RAPID GROWTH OF ADJOINING NEW YORK CITY!** **THE GOWANUS NEVER LET UP!** Chief Gouwane would have been proud!

Simultaneously, during part of this growth, the south was being ripped apart by the Civil War and slavery which ended in 1865! The aftermath was abysmal. As rich folks' property the slaves had been protected and treated kindly compared to the poor white trash who'd slaved for pennies and treated brutally . . . cause they didn't belong to none! The Blacks joined that sad melange.

THE FOLLOWING FROM "A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NATION" by John A. Garraty. "The once rugged Eastern Frontier had been transformed into successful, rising metropolis! Farm production and rural society had also been invigorated by new distribution methods and increased use of machinery. The new railroads were stimulating and unifying the economy; helping to make possible even larger and more efficient industrial and agricultural enterprises."

"Advances had already been made on the far off Western frontier and the flow of gold and silver from western mines excited people's imagination and avarice."

"Americans seemed to have abandoned all restraint in a mad race for personal gain. The immense resources of the United States combined with certain aspects of the AMERICAN CHARACTER SUCH AS THE HIGH VALUE ASSIGNED TO WORK AND ACHIEVEMENT MADE THE PEOPLE STRONGLY MATERIALISTIC. FROM COLONIAL TIMES ONWARD, THEY HAD ASSUMED THAT PROSPERITY WAS THE NATURAL STATE OF THINGS AND HAD SHOWN AN INORDINATE RESPECT FOR WEALTH!"

"Never, perhaps did the American people display more vigor, more imagination, or greater confidence in themselves and the future of their country than this period following the war as they became even MORE ENAMORED OF MATERIAL VALUES."

"They were tired of sacrifice, eager to act for themselves, committed more strongly than ever before to a governmental policy of noninterference, or laissez faire. IMBUE WITH THE ENTREPRENEURIAL SPIRIT and never especially noted for their SOPHISTICATED TASTE OR INTEREST IN PRESERVING THE RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY, THEY NOW TOLERATED THE GROSSEST KIND OF WASTE AND SEEMED TO CARE LITTLE ABOUT CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES, SO LONG AS NO ONE INTERFERED WITH THEIR OWN PURSUIT OF PROFIT! Some even extended Darwin's theory of evolution and strictly biological concept of the survival of the fittest to justify the aggressive and acquisitive behaviour of man."

Many had not done as well as they would have liked in America yet . . . Greedy Easterners were ready to hit the next frontier!

Indian update: From Jamestown in 1624 to post-Civil war . . . Native Americans, though they were excellent fighters and quickly learned how to skillfully use firearms in addition to their weapons, had been steadily driven back. (One reason due to their lack of unity.) Post Civil-War they were still free to roam over roughly half of the area of the United States . . . the West . . . but had been shattered as an independent people! (In another decade the survivors were penned up on reservations.)

The New Western Frontier

The first white explorers, scouts, hunters, trappers and soldiers who penetrated and ranged over the West and Northwest prior to 1832 were for the most part as savage and ruthless as the Indians! They had to be to survive! They traded with the Indians and often took Indian wives. But when the rush was on for gold . . . the whites once again were forced to undermine and destroy the Indians!

Though they had already overpowered these expert warriors in the East and knew what to expect, the Indian battles were bloodier than they bargained for! The Plains Indians were fierce!

Every pioneer, prospector, wagon train or stage coach heading west was geared and prepared for siege. But even wild Indians couldn't deter their great new surge of spirit!

What a time! OPEN TERRITORY! A CHANCE TO START FRESH! Who today wouldn't leap in if there was a new untouched territory filled with gold and other riches to explore, exploit; land to own and to start a new life on . . . on your terms! A WILD NEW FRONTIER . . . UP FOR GRABS!

The great FRONTIER SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE AND POSSIBLE TREASURE WAS CONTAGIOUS AND OVERWHELMING! 'Go west young man!' was the slogan of the day! And many observed it.

HISTORICALLY FROM BIBLICAL TIMES . . . HOMO SAPIENS WERE SPLIT EITHER INTO NOMADS OR DWELLERS! (And these 2 categories have also been in conflict ever since with the nomads usually getting pushed off settler's land or around!) Under the pressures of modern times to conform and weakened by other temptations devised to keep people in their place and from going astray, many of NOMADIC INSTINCT compromised and somewhat settled into status quo responsibility. Often in an outdoor or traveling job that permits more freedom and independence than an office or corporate grind!

Other wandering heirs of nomadic culture preferred full time irresponsible FREEDOM to the confines of settling down or any proscribed 'good life'! They always stuck to the open roads, the open sea, the open air . . . rails, hills, boats, the margins of society and adventure!

The European immigrants who came to America originally and who eventually joined the Western Conquest were either settlers or nomads.

The NOMADS joined the conquest of the West as saddle bums, troubadours, poets, prospectors, guides, artists, soldiers of fortune, rail riders and workers, cowboys, rustlers, ranchers, cooks, journeymen, tradesmen and apprentices and just plain wanderers and colorful characters who responded to the call of the wild! They could make a few bucks, get drunk, act crazy, go broke, start over! It was the wild west!

There were well established but restless citizens who thought they could do better by resettling out west! And there were the poor who could take advantage of homesteading, land lotteries, gold stakes, cheap claims, a place in a new frontier! Many women found their first independence by heading west to run schools, brothels, general stores, beer halls and inns! Or just went to meet a rugged goldwinner with a future!

And then there were the ROBBER BARONS WHO WANTED TO TAKE OVER AND DID TAKE OVER THE LAND, THE MINES, MINERALS, THE RAILROADS, THE TOWNS! The men credited with building America were raging egomaniacs who had to keep proving themselves and feed their ego with new schemes, a new way to make a new batch of money! Outstanding greedy, inspired citizens of the new materialism – THEY NEVER HAD ENOUGH! And like anyone who makes a few extra bucks or millions . . . they crave immortality to further prove their greatness!

They inspired and perpetuated the ALL AMERICAN CREDO: 'THE ONLY THING PEOPLE RESPECT IS MONEY!' Followed by 'MONEY IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY!' They would do anything to grab as much as they could of both: MONEY AND RESPECT!

They were as wild, dangerous and wiley as the Indians!

Whether you wanted to build an empire; find a nice plot or mine and settle down or just keep roaming, have a good time and settle down . . . there was room for everybody at the new western frontier!

ROOM FOR EVERYONE BUT THE ORIGINAL OWNERS!

The Indians were never easy to get rid of! Our forebears really had to fight their way into the new world!

Massacres and Ambiguous Indian Treaties

Even early insensitive, glutinous prospectors and frontiersmen realized that the highly spiritual Indian belief system, their connection with the cosmos, the universal consciousness and nature would have made it impossible for THEIR BARBARIC METHOD OF PROGRESS TO TAKE HOLD! Or for any exploitation of natural resources which was their main goal!

IT WAS THEREFORE NECESSARY TO COMPLETELY BREAK THEM: TO ROB THEM OF THEIR CHARACTER, RITUALS, CULTURE, RESPECT FOR ALL OF LIFE AND NATURE, OTHER BELIEFS AND THEIR TELEPATHIC CHANNELS ALONG WITH THEIR LAND! THUS, THEIR ENTIRE CULTURE WAS ALMOST DEMOLISHED IN HOPES THAT THEY COULD ERADICATE THE RED MAN AS A RACE!

Eliminating them would also protect them from potential future outbursts from these fierce and brave fighters who were assigned to defend and protect the planet!

Thus as early as on August 7, 1790 treaty with the Creek nation . . . all AGREEMENTS were marked with the ambiguity that had been characteristic of Indian relations from the 17th century till very recently ostensibly protect their rights, yet; but PRESSURE THEM INTO BECOMING GOOD CHRISTIAN FARMERS OR CITIZENS, just like us! HO HO HO!

Even with their terrestrial and cosmic connections; instinctive know how, incredible strength and character . . . nothing could have saved them from the constant savage attacks by 'CIVILIZED' Europeans determined to kill them and conquer till they possessed the Redmans's land, hunting grounds, animals, and their soul!

As hideous Indian slaughters continued for over a century . . . there were intermittent, well meaning but farcical treaties interwoven with fraud and chicanery to permit larger steals of Indian lands.

All were an attempt to 'civilize' the Indian by folding him into the body politic of our nation! A nation that was richer by hundreds of millions and had quickly grown to the status of Imperial Greatness at the expense of death, wretchedness, loss of game, hunger, destitution, homelessness and beggary for the Indian Nation.

In that condition they then forever tried to force them into the '**protestant ethic**' of ownership of real estate as a moral good fostering thrift, industry and ambition leading to wealth and prestige!

A sordid way of life so far beneath the Indian' industrious ways and spiritual beliefs which laced their entire educational, work, cultural and value systems . . . they would rather starve or die than succumb to Paleface B.S.

The Government, in complete one-sided selfish inconsideration, disregarded the fact that the Indian's ideas of land ownership were communal – not individual; the last thing he wanted was to become a homesteader! It ignored all Indian character traits including their tendency of 'HAVING NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW' making it easy for unscrupulous land speculators to tempt over 60 % of all Indians receiving titles; then to sell out for a binge!

The native American's sense of universal timelessness also applies to their sense of land. They're not property owners. They possessed the land by virtue of being there first but had no initial desires to claim it. THEY MERELY TOOK IT FOR GRANTED!

They never understood how someone could own land! It belonged to the great spirit and to those who needed the land's resources and gifts for self-sustenance, roaming and loving!

They were more than generous in offering to share it and were naively unprepared when they were violently usurped, slaughtered and chiseled out of what they worshipped for everyone's benefits!

WHAT DOES THIS CAPSULE RUNDOWN OF THE CONQUEST OF THE WEST HAVE TO DO WITH TODAY'S COMMUNICATIONS BREAKDOWN? EVERYTHING STAND BY!

These FRONTIER TOWNS not only offered gold but oil, metals, forests and other minerals that fueled the INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION!

THEY BECAME BOOMTOWNS! ALMOST OVERNIGHT!

Many prospectors did, indeed, STRIKE IT RICH!

THE ROBBER BARONS GOT WHAT THEY CAME FOR! They were in business!

These hungry, amoral mavericks who had achieved their greedy dream took great pride in their new position and rise to power and determined to maintain it! Above all, they relished the privileges and the authority granted them in enforcing their standards and taste!

Locally, as in most primitive societies – the high rollers set the standards for behaviour, fashion, style, manners, tastes which was part of their plan! In their case, they were about 2 steps of the other incorrigibles who had gone west! While the East was already a country observing the law of the land; the West was still ruled by FRONTIER JUSTICE! These ruthless robber barons were no more qualified as role models than the Roman Court was in its decline!

These lawless con artists who had committed any crime necessary to stake their claims had to clean up their own act first to set the Community tone. They chose that all-time favorite and flawless image, above criticism, CHRISTIAN RESPECTABILITY! VERY PROPER! You either worried about what other people thought about you or you didn't give a hoot. You were either respectable or you weren't.

HOW DID THESE PROPER SETTLERS AMUSE THEMSELVES AND FIND OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING . . . (GET THEIR LINE ON) THE NEWS?

Early History of Communications

Frontier recreation and early communications – HISTORICALLY – THE STREETS HAVE BEEN A MAJOR SOURCE OF ENERGY, EXCHANGE AND CONTACT. THE GREEKS AND ROMANS WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN CREATING DRAMA, COMEDY, NEWS, TRAGEDY . . . LIVING IT AND REPORTING IT BY GATHERING IN THE STREETS AND TOWN SQUARES WHICH ALSO SERVED AS THEIR OWN ENTERTAINMENT AND COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM.

AS NOTED – THE ORIGINS OF THEATRE AND COMMUNICATIONS WHICH HAVE PARALLEL ORIGINS AND HISTORIES, BOTH HAVE THEIR ROOTS IN THE STREETS OR OPEN ROADS AND OWE MUCH IN ORIGIN TO TOWN SQUARES AND OTHER PUBLIC GATHERING PLACES.

The SQUARE was more formal in eastern New England towns but there were western facsimiles. There were always 1 or 2 other news centers in town such as the stage and train depot, Postoffice-general store, bar or hotel where people checked to hear the news from travelers before it was authenticated in the earliest Newspapers and Broad-sides and of course – bars and bawdyhouses! But generally there was one main gathering place where people congregated to discuss the news of the day and start a rumor or two of their own, watch a gun showdown or a hanging.

Though much of the news was vague and embellished, it was probably more accurate than today's bulletins!

The earliest of roving players and acting troupes, commedia d'ell arte troupes, Carnivals, religious revival and tent shows, medicine shows and other mid-nineteenth century entertainments that traveled from town to town, usually pitched their tent or set-up on the outskirts of town and circulated notices in town. They and everyone else who moved around were the earliest news carriers outside of official news couriers on special diplomatic missions.

But the confidential rumors carried by the Pony Express and other hired harbingers eventually drifted to their doxies, inn keepers, stables, traveling companions, lesser road runners, early drifters and were soon passed on via streets, bulletins, fliers, town criers, (The man who cried the news all over town was an English tradition that had spread to America), town squares and the 'cracker barrel anchor men' who were permanently stationed at the trading posts and general stores to report the events as they came in!

Sieht man heute allerorten, in Deutschland, in Prag, in der konservativen Schweiz, im katholischen Rom Jungen und Mädchen eng umschlungen über die Straße gehen und ungeniert sich küssen, so haben sie das, und wahr-scheinlich mehr, aus den Filmen gelernt, welche die Pari-ser Libertinage als Folklore verhökern. Will sie die Mas-dustrie in sich so antagonistisch wie die Gesellschaft, auf die sie es abgesehen hat. Sie enthält das Gegengift ihrer eigenen Lüge. Auf nichts anderes wäre zu ihrer Rettung zu verweisen.

Die photographische Technik des Films, primär abbil-dend, verschafft dem zur Subjektivität fremden Objekt mehr an Eigengeltung als die ästhetisch autonomen Ver-fahrungsarten;



Systemic relations contain a historical continuum, whose consequences break through the solipcism of the (aesthetic) self. The social dissimultaneousness of the anxieties becomes sensuously experiencable within the non-historical presence. The horizon of their refer-ences becomes concrete. Their reflexive derivation leads the eye through the walls of the desires; their touch opens up the body to its mimetic memory. The irrationality of the first nature of the self programs the digital 'yes - no' codes of communicative reason, the loss of its supposed innocence.

Then as now in every country, there were assorted ‘GRAPEVINES’ for various social, business and outlaw circuits! Nothing traveled faster than news of a gold strike somewhere! Good old WORD-OF-MOUTH was ever popular! And remarkably fast, even then, as it spread across ‘JUNGLE TELEGRAPH’ Systems! (Monkey telegraph or jungle telegraph is when somebody swings through the trees or streets rapidly passing on the latest dope to the next gossip runner! ‘THE TARZAN CIRCUIT’! You probably participated in just such a news relay yourself 5 minutes ago!) (If not – grab the next vine out!)

The lively exchange of news, gossip, scandal, events, rumor, tips, ore discoveries, leads, business, intrigue, etc. that SQUARES provided from NEW ENGLAND TOWN SQUARES TO FRONTIER SQUARES WERE EMINENT IN AMERICA’S GROWTH!

SQUARES were a prime outlet for causes, offers, gripes, political candidates, speeches about anything and spawned SOAPBOX ORATORS, another famous early news tradition that lingers on. Anyone could jump up and speak their piece, confess or announce the end of the world! Public oratory, free speech from a park, bughouse square or corner has always been America’s best bargain . . . for speaker or listener! Hardly anyone takes it seriously anymore! TH.

Public gatherings – an opportunity to socialize, flirt and appraise the latest stranger in town, was a main source of entertainment and communications then. Squares were lively, colorful and risky! If someone didn’t like what you said in those days . . . you could be shot on the spot! That’s when Frontier Justice entered the picture!

These Frontier Towns were a unique social mix. They were as rough as any port or border town; filled with miners, Indians, roustabouts, cowboys, thieves, suspicious characters and dangerous desperados! Naturally their main recreation was treasure hunting! The search for gold, copper, silver, iron ore, other precious metals is a hard and tricky game! And the real fun starts after you find something! But lust and the search for BURIED TREASURE is a very spirited business and attracts a special breed of adventurer and gambler!

Outwitting and deceiving each other was tough among these suspicious scoundrels! But trying to pull a fast one on the Indians who were masters of human nature and did everything possible to prevent their land from being torn up was a major challenge! Prospectors and Miners versus Indians was a fairly popular game! ‘Spying’, also dependent on human nature, was next in rank! Nobody trusted anyone!

But win or lose . . . SPIRITS RAN HIGH!

Before electronic media and entertainment, language and nuance were vital for exchanging messages face to face! Sign language with the Indians required concentration, imagination and courage! There was much contact on all levels. People relied on their instincts to judge character . . . and still didn’t trust people if they were in the mining business. Con artists, who always monopolize towns by virtue of staking it out are also experts at character so they can manipulate the character of their ‘marks’! These guys choose to remain small time rather than apply their unique skills to big business because they crave direct human contact and control. They like to watch their victims direct.

Gold fever gets you crazy! There were plenty of seedy characters, creeps and compulsive gamblers who couldn’t take care less about character and clashed with everyone! But considering the strange, scheming, volatile and unstrung mix that constituted the majority . . . there was a tremendous amount of tolerance and understanding! They managed to sweat it out together.

Part of the outcast’s lighter recreation was taunting and teasing the respectable church-goers of the town! The decent citizenry, mostly former outcasts, managed to remain pompous and aloof enough to ignore the jeers and comments of rude, undesirable cruds. After all, they all contributed heavily to the economy of these adventurous outposts! And usually the richest men in town!

Posters were also a popular communications device then. They were mostly used to announce entertainment, land and claim deals, jobs and rewards for Wanted Men!

Various games of human nature filled much of their leisure time! They weren’t as brainy as the ones played in Eastern parks, commons, promenades and public gardens but they required an intensity and exchange that depended on individuality, character, humour, personality, curiosity and imagination!

Games of human nature might be no more than strolling, posing and flirting in the proper setting, croquet or hide and seek in a woodland maze but all were a context to play with and test each other in light diversion that could go as deep as you liked or dared Outwitting each other in the Treasure Hunting was similar! It was a chance to reveal more of yourself and know somebody better! In today’s false exchanges, even in playful social circumstances, the purpose is just the opposite!

Street and Square Update

Games of human nature and the Town Square tradition has never really died, only subsided. The squares might now be limited to one or two sections or parks of larger cities, small towns and college campuses where it still retains its original importance!

After years on the road, STREETS AND SIDEWALKS have also been revived as POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN LARGE CITIES. The price is right! Television and the economy is driving more and more people into the streets to promenade, see, be seen, work out, jog, cruise, show off, shop, be entertained, mingle, make their ONLY human contact.

There are new breeds of Street Stars daily with their precisely timed entrances and exits staggered through day and night!

The fitness craze was more of a social outlet to show-off than to keep shapes! A fine excuse to contort, bounce and sprint around in sexy, provocative, brief, well-coordinated, fetishistic and revealing sport, exercise and dance outfits.

This wholesale public strippage is eyefilling and blinding. And many people are still in worse shape than the streets!

But despite overcrowding from athletes, street peddlers, the newly emerged underground economy that lurks everywhere, crime, dissidents from other countries shooting it out here, the highly visible homeless, construction work, constant cave-ins and falling debris, more crime . . . THE STREETS ARE THE LAST TRUE ESCAPE HATCHES FOR BOTH CIVVIE DWELLERS AND DROP-OUTS!

The true horror of computer horror and non-horror films is the malign manipulation. This detached, unnatural control over an audience’s equally detached emotions is frightening and dangerous.

Practically every form of escape and so-called leisure time entertainment . . . books, records, art, theatre, film, night clubs, theme parks, sports, TV, restaurants, etc. has been beaten down, overly calculated and programmed, dried out, desicated, packaged without content, juiced up with artificial additives and other obvious moronic signals for easy B.S. recognition and response to avoid involvement, spontaneity, truth, contact, thought . . . anything! Everything has been trivialized, reduced, exploited, heated over and hyped for the fast, save buck. Superficiality has even lost its meaning in the face of this anti-life trash!

FORMULAE DON’T WORK! THEY TURN HUMANS INTO FORMULAE AND FROM THEREON ITS DIMINISHING RETURNS, EXTINCTION AND THE END!

It’s no wonder they’re running to the streets and parks, even movie lines . . . the last great natural equalizer since old forms of escape have been destroyed by programmed entertainment and grim leisure markets!

History of the Medicine Show

The Medicine Show came about originally to hustle patent medicine. It was a one van, one man circus! One mean, sweet talkin’ dude bottled the Snake Oil or his secret formulae, spread the leaflets, moved from town to town and hawked his sure cure-all in one swoop!

It was also one of the first Indian rip-offs!

Paleface medicine men usually used weak variations of genuine Indian herb-root-plant-berry-bark-oil formulae devised by genuine Indian Shamans. They often added ad booster of fermented spirits or perhaps an opiate, legal then, for a kicker to boast sales!

The pitch artists added an Indian Drummer to lend authenticity and credibility to his potion and medicine show; a hootchy-kootch dancer or two and an audience plant. The show thumped everywhere . . . spreading their elixir and ‘other news’ on their particular routes!

This was one of the earliest forms of advertising along with Broadrides, and **The Purest!** (Despite the nebulous product!) They took the show on the road and pitched to people direct! The media, ad, show and product all in one! A type of mini-tent-revival show, equally popular then, and run out of town as often by the Sheriff who predated the Pure Food and Drug Act gang!

Many of these formulae became quite respectable and popular. Lydia E. Pinkham’s comfortable nostrum for the weaker sex; Dr. Sloan’s Linament for Man or Beast; Fletcher’s Castoria – “Children Cry For It” and many more were sold widely! And among the earliest print ads prior to 1910! Mostly straight forward, non-embellished classified ads!

And from these lowly patent medicines was born the powerful drug industry! The medicine show and fliers used to advertise the cure-alls were the last form of simple and pure advertising!

As the INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION generated business and money to spend and new products to buy – COMPETITION REARED ITS MANY HEADS!

It was time to ‘PINPOINT THE MARKET’. In Europe – merchandising techniques were non-existent or very low key. As for selection of merchandise – it was usually a matter of what was available and class with the middle and working class usually trying to mime or emulate upper class custom and import finery! Most fashionable trends work their way down! (Another sign of the times – today, most fashion trends are working their way up from the streets and back alleys! So are many cultural, intellectual and art trends)

But this was America! Land of opportunity! Here, out in the woolly west, the crazed rascals who had plundered their way to the top also had the opportunity to actually MOLD THE UNASSUMING CUSTOMER TO THEIR SPECIFICATIONS TO MAKE IT EASIER TO CRAM DOWN THEIR PRODUCT! This was the birth of big business competition but why take chances in that free-for-all massacre if you can cut through it!

So they came up with the brilliant idea of subtly influencing their ‘mark’ or customer to see things their way! After all – selling something was only an extension of the old shell game! You had to move your hands fast and talk fast so they’d buy before they knew what was happening! This time the stakes were bigger so they’d have to be sneakier in their approach to the suckers!

There was no stopping these egocentric and power hungry mad men!

Democracy meant they had the freedom to take over!

For the first time in any country’s history – they could actually invent, manipulate and completely control the market to constantly feed their cash reserves and ego!

They then had to decide the best way to keep the white natives happy, at bay and in casual slavery as solid citizens and good customers who’d gratefully buy as they were told . . . if they knew what was good for them! (The red native Americans might have been defeated but they never lost! And they never bought or swallowed paleface medicine or slavery!)

JUST AS OUR DISTINGUISHED FOUNDING FATHERS METICULOUSLY, HUMANISTICALLY AND SENSITIVELY CONCEIVED THE CONSTITUTION AND BILL OF RIGHTS OF OUR GREAT DEMOCRACY GUARANTEEING OUR UNALIENABLE RIGHTS AND FREEDOM . . . THE SCOUNDRELS, WILD OIL CATTERS, RUSTLERS, RENEGADES, SCALIWAGS, SPECULATORS AND ROBBER BARONS WHO WERE STILL CLEANING UP DURING THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN CAHOOTS WITH ADVERTISING WHIZZES LAID OUT THE LAWS THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY BRING US TO TODAY’S TRAGIC STATE!

In history, Hitler will be eventually relegated to the same class as CRAZY EDDIE, a television huckster for a discount electronics chain, compared to the censorship, propaganda, control and suppression of behaviour and thought that was about to be hoisted on Americans via advertising!

Though it wasn’t as unified a gathering as a Congressional Conclave; the various back rooms in which these gauche, greedy oafs devised their formulae for proscribed taste, social behaviour and manners for the citizenry were well connected via the oldest communications media of them all – MONEY! And not necessarily fresh from the mint!

The Secret Formulae for Nailing America!

The moguls had already set the public on the straight and narrow with the Protestant ethic of hard work and respectability! This wasn’t exactly advertising box office so they compromised on the religious angle! It was already evident but they borrowed freely from merchandising techniques that had been successfully selling religion for centuries!

They were truly inspired by religious marketing techniques which were the shrewdest, most calculated and subtle of any yet! (Till recently when religion took a dive with other institutions and from more instant spiritual competition and really started hustling!)

Advertising has rarely been subtle! The more subliminal – the more obvious! But they well utilized religious methods of rigid social control though perpetrating personal inferiority, sinning and repenting; punishment and reward; keep coming back for more or else!

Thus was born the main ingredient of their secret formulae!

The corporate method of maintaining domination and social control (Via advertising, culture, media, etc.) is to keep the public subservient and submissive by destroying individuality and self and exploiting personal unworthiness and tragedy!

Unfortunately a competitive marketplace couldn’t offer the constant, stable rewards of the well-organized religions that dominated the spiritual arena and monopolized ‘inner light-truth-death-devotion, etc.’ On a substandard basis religion could accomplish what mere products and their messages couldn’t. THEY COULD DELIVER! Many still claim that they’ll deliver you from evil and ultimately through the pearly gates of paradise to heaven! Who knows! Next they chose the advertising ‘IMAGE’. Naturally they selected one that they, too, aspired to. Very white, anglo saxon, Christian Upper Class had a nice ring and very tony! The ideal clean living facade for masking understated luxury, fun and greed! A little snob appeal covers a multitude of sins which any well dressed sinner can confirm!

The ‘BE AS GOOD AS’ or ‘BETTER THAN YOUR NEIGHBOR’ promise was the eternal bait! (And bigger than ever as a lure!)

But wholesome image, upward mobility and status wasn’t enough either. They had to go to the heart of the ego! So they cautiously spiced it up with sex. The sex was smooth and clean but strictly a cheap come-on! Like a high school tease who wiggles and taunts but never goes any further. ‘Look and get turned on – BUT DON’T YOU DARE TRY ANYTHING!’ “What kind of a girl do you think I am? Shame on you!”

Their impotent, safe sexual innuendos were enough to make a Eunuch think they were missing something! The main thrust was that their product would give you SEX APPEAL! Without sex appeal you were more despicable than a traitor!

The moguls were ordaining A VERY MORAL AND PIOUS SOCIETY! Sexual and social hypocrisy was built in from the start! Then to secure the clamp on the merchandising coffin they kept their social roles as simple as possible! They didn’t want to risk anything unpredictable! As far as they were concerned there was ONLY ONE NORM!

The status quo was the white christian heterosexual family! Anyone that didn’t fit into that category was a total misfit, retard, creep or loser and not worth being counted!

Thus – the rigid ideal consumers they invented were further stereotyped into either BREADWINNER OR HOMEMAKER – the little woman to enforce the FAMILY UNIT, the easiest of all for them to maneuver and throw around at will. Occasionally children and grandparents were acknowledged in the ‘FAMILY UNIT HOLIDAYS’ which they created to perpetuate the fraud and provide business perks!

They played the holidays across the board to celebrate family, religion, patriotism and love! It’s absurd when people complain how commercial Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, Mother’s and Father’s Day or Lincoln’s birthday has gotten. The HOLIDAYS were never intended to be anything but a celebration of consumer society icons to squeeze out extra guilty dollars. “Show them you care the most with a card, flowers, candy, gifts, a watch, jewelry, a night out or you’re a no good worm!”

And so was born the AMERICAN DREAM! Pieced together like Frankenstein’s monster by a pack of Ex-European ruffians, con artists, weasels and sharpshooters who moved in on western territory and by hook, crook and slaughter . . . took over! They were now making sure it would stay that way! That they’d always be in charge of the show and box office!

The DAYS OF RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM AND FRONTIER SPIRIT were now being condemned and replaced with the STRICT CONFORMITY OF CONSUMER SOCIETY by the very men who’d made it on those very rugged, individualistic terms! These two-faced coyotes knew they had to do everything to prevent their sort from surfacing again!

THE CREDO OF THE NEW INDUSTRIAL RULING ORDER TOOK EFFECT OFFICIALLY WITH THE BIRTH OF THE MOTOR CAR INDUSTRY AND SPECIFICALLY WITH THE FORD ‘FLIVVER’ BROUGHT OUT IN 1908.

This quote is from ‘The Oxford History of the American People’ by Samuel Eliot Morison published in 1965.

“Ford’s Model T largely sold itself, but the fierce competition among his rivals fed a relatively new business ‘HIGH POWERED SALESMANSHIP AND ADVERTISING.’ The motor car industry did even more than drugs, cosmetics and appliances to exalt advertising to the dignity of a profession.”

“The Motor Age changed advertising to a series of prestigious urges to spend and buy: – a bigger car than your neighbor’s; a luxury cruise, an all-electric kitchen, mink coat and diamonds for Mother. Emerson, over a century ago, complained that the stockjobber had supplanted the robber baron; in our times the writers of advertising copy, more highly paid than archbishops or college presidents seem to have convinced the American public that to make money and spend it is the good life. They have become the priesthood to what William James aptly called ‘the bitch-goddess, Success’.”

“Bruce Barton, chairman of the board of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, in a book called ‘The Man Nobody Knows’ (1925) presented Jesus Christ to the nation as a backslapping good guy, a go-better and regular rotarian.”

“Advertising also promoted the REVOLUTION OF RISING EXPECTATIONS. Factory operatives by 1916 were no longer content to work, wear second hand clothes, live in cold-water walk-ups and have few if any recreations. Mom wanted nice new clothes for the children, and, later a radio to while away the tedium of household chores, a weekly hairdo, a vacuum cleaner, and a washing machine; dad wanted above all things a car. Employers had to pay high enough wages for the workers to buy, and provide their leisure hours for them to enjoy, these gadgets which the advertisers had taught them it was ‘UN-AMERICAN’ to bee without.”

“Nor were they denied; and by the time the great crash came in 1929, American workingmen had acquired such middle-class values that even the Great Depression did not thrust them back to the status of a helpless proletariat, as the communists hoped and predicted.”

“Thus, ADVERTISING MORE THAN ANY FACTOR, HAS MADE THE LUXURIES OF YESTERDAY THE NECESSITIES OF TODAY; AND IF ANY PROFESSION IS TO BE CROWNED OR CURSED FOR BRINGING ABOUT THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY IT IS THAT OF THE ‘AD MEN’.”

Drive a Model T Daddy – Oh and get the girl!

When that ‘flivver’ hit the road it revolutionized all of American Life and the beginning of the end of the Road! Which the dying auto industry would never admit. Even today.)



FLASHIER . . . BIGGER . . . MORE EXPENSIVE . . . SEXIER . . . BETTER FOR YOU . . . FASTER . . . MORE GADGETS . . . NEWER MODELS . . . MORE SPEED . . . LUXURY . . . DARING, IT'S YOUR SEX APPEAL . . . YOU SEX . . . SOMETHING NO MAN CAN DO WITHOUT!

Man treated his car much better than his sex or women!

The INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION . . . GROWTH . . . COMPETITION . . . UNIONS . . . TRADE REGULATIONS TO KEEP THE MOGULS SOMEWHAT IN CONTROL . . . PAY-OFFS . . . SCANDAL . . . CORRUPTION . . . CONSUMERISM . . . AND ADVERTISING TO KEEP CONSUMERS IN LINE. OR MORE PRECISELY – ENSLAVED!

Enslaved by companies and products relentlessly rubbing in one's feeling of unworthiness! By locking in sex and ego they twisted and destroyed real feelings! By equating character, human nature, integrity, love, emotions, joy and fun with possessions and the right label they stripped people of any true value in a slow, agonizing, dehumanizing death! This agony became the only feeling some people knew. They became addicted to slow death and self-hate!

By making one feel lonely, a loser, a failure, undesirable, too old, miserable, sexually unfit, insecure, unattractive, a worthless inept NOBODY unless one buys a certain product or Guide that will boast one's charm, charisma, looks, status, etc. for a second they've had consumers at their mercy; panting for more and more!

Instant gratifications followed by instant disappointment so the suckers will keep crawling back for more! For bigger, stronger doses of short-lived self-image!

This is only a short-lived reminder in case you're a consumer sitting there bleating, weeping, licking your daily wounds, feeling sorry for yourself and digging it – that you're only a victim of the cruel sado-masochistic parlor advertising runs to keep you humiliated for not being a movie star or president, for being less than stunning, for being unwanted, unloved and lonely in order to make you buy another instant refill! They've positioned consumers in the lowliest molds and stereotypes for optimum feeding of their addictive embalming fluid!

To keep the Zombies coming!

Naturally communications are geared to lower levels. They don't really want people to communicate, connect, relate, find out the truth about each other on simple, real, available human terms. Even after they're married! That would jeopardize what has become the main business in America – LONELINESS! The purpose of most advertising . . . all that popularity, success and sex appeal is to avert loneliness!

Loneliness is followed by that other all-time growth industry and its companion in crime . . . SEX! Another reason they don't really want people to connect. It would be bad for business! No expense is spared for the accoutrements and accessories for the pursuit, the hunt, the spare parts, the search! And defeat! Frustrated people buy anything to pamper themselves! Ideal consumers!

And the remarkable part about it . . . probably no more than 8 to 10 % of the population of any gender is sexually oriented. But the sex hard sell is so pervasive that 92 % of what would ordinarily be a perfectly content, mildly sexual population is drilled into thinking they're missing something! Hence they buy every sexual book, guide and lure that ever comes out!

We should all be grateful that unlike tennis amateurs or others who display their lack of finesse and natural ability in public in some sort of athletic performance . . . we don't have to watch the funny floundering of the sexually deprived forever trying to make a go of it! It's all grounds for discussion as sex remains the all pervasive topic of conversation. None of it especially enlightening.

And though there's been a lot of conflict over the gender stew lately . . . it's still preserved and well marinated in 2 catchalls and split down the middle.

The deadliest human classification was the first – pinpointing homo sapiens as male or female due to the difference in certain organs reputed to have reproductive functions. It's amazing that Hetero and Homo became the main balancing act and system for deciding the Norm. Any rock, plant, fossil, animal, insect has more sophisticated and diversified categories and measuring systems.

Eventually science acknowledged the recognition of both male and female traits and characteristics in one person and a possible overabundance or unbalance of one was sanctioned added to the bottom of the pill . . . but never concise or broad enough to TRULY QUALIFY THE WIDE RANGE OF SEXES AND NON-SEXES THAT REALLY EXIST THAT HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS BUT RATHER NUANCES AND PERVERSIONS OF CHARACTER!

But the classic battle between man and woman in each individual has only wrought more chaos and confusion to everyone. This inner conflict has instigated wars, frustrations, atrocities, ludicrous social systems, unmitigated horrors, the collapse of several empires and the bumpy decline of our present culture due to persistent stereotyping by certified misfits still PUSHING the myth of THE NORMAL GOOD LIFE!

As new products followed they had to rev up the need and correspondingly create a more intensified breaking down of ego and self! Feeling of letdown and insecurity followed by a more rapacious pounding of promises of a new you! Just buy, eat, wear, try, swallow this!

Business only improved! The incorporators assumed it was partially due to the power of advertising! THAT THEIR PITCH REALLY WORKED! Indeed it did! But all remained oblivious to the psychic destruction and calamities it had wrought! Besides, the same shredding was also happening to them. How could they identify somebody else's hardship? And they, too, were getting off on self-destruction! Competition and new products forced them to constantly change ad campaigns but the basic pitch always remained the same! Nobody ever plays around with a winning formulae! They just stepped the crackpot jackpot up!

And advertising was always wielding more power and control over media! Magazines and newspapers would have gone the way of the crystal set if advertising didn't pay their bills and save them! They were so grateful they gladly permitted them occasional editorial suggestions! (The most liberal magazine never runs copy denouncing cigarettes!) As for television – the SPONSOR ALWAYS HAS THE LAST WORD!

Many upright but spoiled consumers were willing to go into hock or worse for the cosmetics, facades, cars, jeans, toys, appliances, life styles and other schlock symbols of status slavery.

Consumerformists gladly sacrificed their imagination and individuality; their thinking processes and freedom, to conform to advertising's infantile mockery of reality! The country was soon represented by a lineup of very rigid, obedient, 'UNNATURAL' stereotypes who voluntarily molded themselves to fit 'demographic' and 'target' audience merchandising techniques.

Life had started bursting at the seams much earlier but finally spewed out all over the place in the 60's. The over-rated drug, sex, peace, love, etc. revolution at the end of the 60's was ostensibly instigated by runaway flower children and spoiled middle class brats wanting out! As usual, the kids took the blame!

It was actually their disoriented parents who were revolting, running away from home, seeking emancipation and turning to drugs, sex, alcohol, dropping out, etc. All another early symptom of the COMMUNICATIONS BREAKDOWN! Of people completely out-of-touch who had no idea what was going on except that the strain was more than they could handle.

Adults no longer passive or resilient to the restrictions and moral codes of antiquated orders and crumbling institutions threw in the wig! From the highest to the lowest . . . MARRIAGE, FAMILY, MEDICINE, MENTALLY DISABLED, JAILS, ETC. ALL OF OUR SOCIAL AND POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS HAD HAD IT! None of them were doing the trick anymore!

They all were as rigid and inflexible as advertising, refusing to let people grow or mature, trying to contain them yet in dated, archaic, unrealistic slots! Cutting them off from life! And the institutions were even less effectual than Ad Land! They couldn't switch to another jolly persuasive campaign to convince people all was well; to press forth; you're as fabulous and desirable as ever and so are we and we did it! Nor did they have the financial resources of the bottomless advertising economy to salvage their IMAGE!

But the 60's outburst was at least a slight CRACK in the system! It whirled the air around a bit and created a new awareness that all was not as it should be. People grew suspicious! Perhaps the American dream was only a dream! and a bad one at that!

The discontent in the late 60's got out of hand because of typical press exploitation. Birth of the 'media event'!) It was so overwhelming it couldn't be ignored and everyone had their version of what it was: Every bit of publicity kept igniting the 60's! The kids couldn't get enough attention! Suddenly their numbers reminded AD LAND that this was actually a market with lots of buyers! Gosh, gee! TEEN-AGERS! Where did THEY come from? All tried to cash in on the hot new TEEN MARKET!

It was a ravishing media hype and hustle for all concerned! But whatever it was – it was also a serious threat to the status quo! Especially those rumblers of drugs, sex, discontent and serious searches for ALTERNATIVE LIFE STYLES! THE MAIN FAMILY BUYING UNIT WAS IN SERIOUS JEOPARDY! AD LAND frantically, once more, tried to hold back time so they could patch up the damage! Forever unaware it had to do with the whole dying system! They geared to put the status quo back in ship shape! UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES MUST ANY OF THE NONSENSE STIRRED UP BY THE 60's BE PERMITTED TO GO ANOTHER STEP!

As the 60's wafted out in a tie die cloud . . . the festivities to inaugurate 1970 - '71 - '72, etc. kept piling up! But celebrants rang in vain! The 70's never really began! In case you wondered why it was such a reactionary, pedestrian decade, vaguely familiar but mostly forced and joyless . . . it was because the 70's were heavily censored and repressed!

THE METHOD: NOSTALGIA AND NECROPHILIA!

When a culture is optimistic and hopeful it looks forward!

When it's not or when they're trying to keep it safely embalmed in the past . . . they flood it with more of the same!

The 20's 30's, 40's, 60's . . . the artifacts, fripperies, celebrities, heroes and vandals of each of these old time runs were recycled, stuffed down, rewrapped, condensed, fisted and jammed down our throats and pores again and again with hammerjack consistency!

The good and the bad was blandly glamorized and perverted in the process. When they finally got around to reviving the late 60's – it was completely whitewashed into a bucolic party! None of the drugs, runaways, breakdowns, degeneracy, etc. it erupted!

The Necrophilia worship was fanned out! Kids growing up in the 70's were crammed into this false time machine to be nurtured and deceived by this badly and deceptively resurrected past. Even SCI-FI was and is for the most part the hokey 40's version of futurism. Postpunk 50's revivals are still as regular as the Fruit-of-the-Month Club!

While homosexuals struggled to mobilize and rally for political and civic rights, recognition and the amenities granted to all who played it 'straight' . . . the lighter aspects of their culture were just what the country needed to lend some merriment to the 70's wake! Their once esoteric and private giddy social manifestations swept and captivated the nation and became the rage!

Diversions which they had invented and perfected decades ago to cheer them up including kitsch, camp, nostalgia, drag, cabaret, porn, gyms and health centers for socializing, youth, the Ivy League look for preserving youth, much of other fashion and certain 'looks', drug use, disco, hype, gossip, trash, vocabulary, S & M and other costumed approaches to sex, old movies and movie stars and 'pattitude' suddenly became the inspiration and backbone of American culture! Basically, via the clubs, discos and their style, homosexuals won all the acceptance and cash they could have hoped for as they swayed and cashed in on heterosexuals during this period! They suffered as many do when their wishes are granted in many ways. Gay publications severely chastized the growing regiment of straight homosexual clones!

OTHER FRONTS. Most culture in the recycle decade was relegated to a garment center mentality and label consciousness! (The whole label-status wave had begun in the early 60's via insecure West Coast hookers.) Any originality or advances in high culture, theatre, art, music, etc. was confined to the perimeters, tagged non-commercial – the same as being subversive, and kept out of sight if possible! Only the banal, trivial and something familiar from the past were hyped!

Americans, resistant to change anyway, rocked away like a nation of old vaudevillians with their Yearbook and old memoirs, wallowing in an artificial past! They barely missed the 70's!

Some maniacs did take marketing risks and try something new but by the time any innovation seeped through it was glossed and slicked over, pulverized, packaged beyond recognition and quickly exploited to extinction for and by a public desperate for anything new and different.

Culturally and spiritually the 70's was a curiously stagnant decade! Calculated by computer; tabulated and executed as a cover-up to perpetuate archaic thought and stereotypes while our sponsors desperately tried to reweave the old cobwebs with more deceptive, lifelike but lifeless and lurid advertising devised to repress!

The 70's NEVER ENDED! Like a rotten affair – how could something end that never began? Don't make a ripple! It's still upon us!

What Were the Advertising Machinations They Attempted!

The acknowledgement of a 'SINGLE MARKET' in the early 70's was the first radical re-identification of the American adult consumer market they would dare admit since PET-OWNERS!

There was the aforementioned discovery of THE TEEN MARKET which proved to be an ever-changing dilemma worth pursuing if they wanted to nail them while they were vulnerable:

This hook was capily followed by 'WOMEN' as a singular market! After much feminist pressure it finally sunk in that women actually had an identity and life beyond GOOD HOUSEKEEPING!

There was a spell of ugly, silly, ethnic and so called 'REAL PEOPLE' as models to acknowledge a few strays who might be no prize, over 40 or possibly another race. But too real for comfort and dropped!

Black, Latin, Oriental and other ethnic advertising is just a few years old and still consists mostly of embarrassing stereotypes which ethnics embraced as wholeheartedly as Whites accepted theirs!

Ads and media reluctantly recognized Divorce and Single Parents when that segment bypassed 40 % of the market. In 1979 Advertising Age admitted to the latest Secret Market worthy of tapping! Adults over 55 had enormous buying power! WOW! Where were they hiding all these years? Perhaps secretly hanging out with those mysterious teens!

The biggest battle continues over TEENAGE SOUL; concerning and captivating the YOUTH MARKET AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE TO DETERMINE, SET AND EXPLOIT THEIR PATTERNS AND FUTURE ROLES! This remains forever nebulous and tricky! For instance in the early 70's, there was a brief and baffling market courtship with 'UNISEXUAL'. This partially emerged from the 'Hippy Movement' which was strongly homosexual and which did create gender crossing and confusion!

Ad Land tried to reach the young ones who were mystified by and rebelling against the heavy, hypocritical sex pitch and hiding out in a mild flirtation with androgynous neuterism. Most kids turn out to be conforming sheep and only extremists as far as ambition or lack of it. They're either blatant over-achievers and hustlers with visions of fast and easy stardom or under achievers and hustlers with visions of fast and easy stardom! Under-achievers dominate.

Atari and the video game business went from a billion dollar industry to zilch this year due to a fickle teenage mind! It's not easy to get the hang of their heads for manipulation so they just try to blot their brains out faster!

The recent Network feud with and intimidation by the Moral Majority is a hoot and poetic justice as the Fundamentalists and telly heads fight it out for TEENAGE SOUL! Communications, especially television, has ALWAYS BEEN A NARROW, 2-FACED, PURITANICAL, BINDING MORAL MAJORITY!

Art in the End of the Great Consumer Era

Art never seemed to be packaged as blatantly as products. It only seemed that way. Needless to say, every period, school or category of art that eventually earned 'market value' in the art economy was equally controlled and based on the vanity and ego dictates of a small coterie of galleries, museums and wealthy sponsors who awarded it value as they saw fit. It was always a collaboration of their specific tastes!

The sponsor of one former famous gallery of a 'period' aptly called 'THE STABLE' contained work by all of her favorite studs who, by coincidence, excelled in her favorite period! Quick! Which came first! The sponsor or the period? The artist or the stud?

Eventually art's value, once tossed into the market place, has little to do with the piece or with the artist! But that's another bank and another book!

As soon as posters, prints, postcards and unlimited editions made art more accessible to the masses, a new art market was created! Art became a growth industry!

The one predictable element of consumer marketeers – they'll ALWAYS find a way to keep lowering tastes, standards, quality, content and value. Satisfying consumer society's new craving for art would simply be another formulae . . . somewhere between interior decorating and a room deodorizer. A formulae that could be 'targeted' to the lowest common denominator like mouthwash.

Pop art which partially satirized this phenomena and itself, back in the 50's, by making plundering legit – opened the doors to art mimics of every variety! Mass production of pop art articles and artifacts as art confirmed the Pop vision of the everyday world shaped by the vulgarity of mass media and commercial culture. It would take more than a mere artist to upstage the ascent and demand for the new vulgarity! IT WOULD REQUIRE A VULGARIAN OF THE HIGHEST ORDER!

There were many who were over-qualified but they rushed to the rescue anyway! The squalid con artists and marketing geniuses who in the 70's had squelched anything new, different or original, especially in high and low culture, now almost merged! They only felt comfortable with leftovers and easily fabricated a new, easily accessible CONSUMER ART WORLD: It would be papered and decorated by any fraud who could package shallow, derivative, safe, bland art that wouldn't necessitate ANY thought or provoke! Rub in some glass to give it an edge; a few dabs of the past for some tradition and sprinkle well with whatever's handy! Slick – but not too slick!

The high tech multi-media art that assuaged the senses and bludgeoned the mind is a perfect example! It appeared really new because of the update startling mix of effects, but essentially Ground Zero!

The only thing that separated serious art from commercial art was the price tag and hype. Art quickly became profitable enough to legitimize it as a good racket for anyone!

The old stigma of being an artist, especially in the 'FAMILY UNIT' where 'artist' was once synonymous with mass murderer or bum, was removed! Art was now a highly respectable trade and possibly the quickest path to instant stardom, riches and success.

Art schools were instructing students how to turn out saleable art and how to sell it no matter how awful it was: It would be as if the Harvard Business School taught students how to counterfeit money or stocks and bonds, only better! Art forgeries weren't a criminal offense . . . as yet! Where did the hacks learn not to be embarrassed over the obscenities they execute in the name of art?

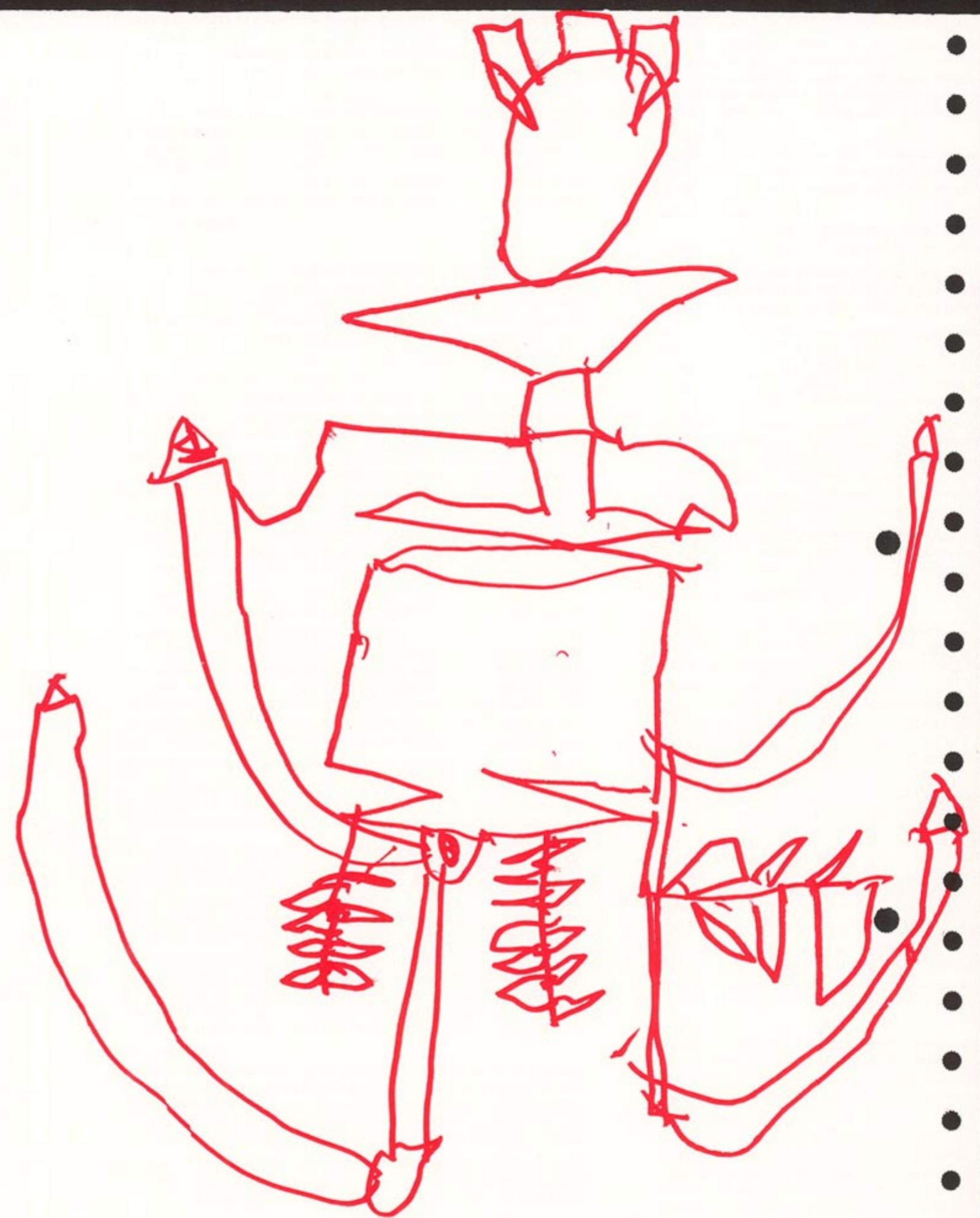
Anyone could mint and hustle art! It was only a matter of psyching out the market and competition, hype, ass kissing and mastering the 'ROLE' of serious artist! Much of the art that's recently hit the fans has been made by these graduates of the Instant Famous Artists Kit!

The driving inspiration behind most of these crafty craftspeople, usually because they grew up with it, is 60's camp culture, television, formula art and entertainment, formula living, hustle as an art form, importance of stardom, 50's clothes, dated sci-fi, ancient causes and politics, soft core porn and phony nostalgia. During the 60's, or any time, most of them might have landed a window trimming job for an agricultural implement store. Or cheap shoe chain.

The Consumer Art World is bursting with hack pretenders who have crashed it with shrewd politics, marketing techniques, aggressive hustling, immunity to rejection and easy viewing! The fact they're devoid of imagination, originality, artistry, technique, spirit, style for a start works to their benefit for their undemanding trendy audience who more than ever crave superficial, empty fixtures.

Less talented hustlers who want a piece of the art action become dealers and curators to make contracts until they can come up with a gimmick so they can also peddle their own art. In the interim they mix and match old and new, authentic with the fake, garbage with lesser dreck or sometimes keep it pure guana droppings!

This group of frauds now compromises almost 63 % of the consumer art world growing like the plague.



Art should communicate, entertain, provoke, enrich, possibly illuminate and inspire change. The main message and inspiration from some of today's art is that any oaf, including you, can do it better. And any oaf does! Those instant schlock signals art in America has been reduced to is communicating just that!

Be it necrophiliac, retard or pulp magazine rip-offs; illustrated gag one-liners, outright plagiarism, 3rd rate camp and kitsch or a collage of leftover styles and fashions . . . these artists often embody their trivialities with a twist of monumental reverence to pass it off as an icon of the past or future!

Like a crotch shot of Tarzan framed in kitsch and titled 'Mound of Passion' which recently hung in a large gallery show of new art at Monique Knowlton; The theme of the show was Intoxication! Phew!

Tarzan, the legendary king of the jungle, humanist and wild child genius who could talk to the animals and who protected their jungle against the devastation of so-called civilization would have understood and approached her with a "Me Tarzan — You Nameless!"

This recycled non-art is passing! But so are the consumers who invest in it!

Artists, artist's parties and hangouts, once the source of madness, 'spirit', rowdiness and camaraderie have become serene, somber and as up tight as a General Motors office party! The art world has become tres rigid due to the Business-Consumer artist 'passing himself off' in the 'role of serious artist'. They don't dare drop their guard or give themselves away! Art has become a joyless, SQUARE, cutthroat business with too many angles. Non-artists play it as straight as possible, no risks! The 'STRAIGHT' part rings true! Especially among homosexuals.

The rising graffiti artists might also be pulling a con and equally hustling but at least they're goofing on it! They're never afraid of expressing themselves or letting loose. At first!

When the major dealers, always the best of enemies, began to combine forces with multiple simultaneous showings of artists and also mixed the bad with the beautiful to boast market value and legitimize newcomers and to attempt to define a confusing, multifaceted art scene with too many directions . . . their desperation was all apparent! The art market, by creating a false, hyped up art economy, could easily generate a south sea Island bubble art crash. Let's hope so!

Transorium recently breezed through the 1983 Biennial at the Whitney for an initial quick mood check before moving in with the magnifying glass. The free Tuesday night crowd, not worried about getting their money's worth, is usually an ideal audience.

You could tell they really wanted to like the show better but indifference prevailed. Perhaps the crowd included too many petulant artists who weren't among the 124 invitees! A middle aged sculpturer from Montreal waited till he was out to voice a familiar wail and critique: "Tired Shit, all of it! Julius Schnabel, can you imagine, \$ 60,000 a drop! And so and so! A retrospective at 30! Bah!"

The Show is smartly installed which only serves to diminish this lot of safe, uninspired, dull, too familiar gutless art. You'd prefer ideas that went astray rather than nowhere. It's very low on substance. Even the flamboyant, high energy graffiti art was oddly de-energized and drained. One just had to move the 20th Century American Art floor for a fix and to feel the difference!

Someone with a wicked sense of humor booked a local performance artist, Ann Magnuson, who does a cabaret act in an elevator eulogizing the masters of Muzak, to play their elevator! (Caught it Night of May 3, 1983) She's a cute, wistful, plucky, polished performer who carries on in the best lightweight campdrag cabaret tradition. She's John Denver or Dick Cavett doing Lily Tomlin's lounge act in 50's cocktail drag with a dash of Debbie Reynolds. Sometimes her calculation shows! She's good at catching it!

Hundreds of her performing pals, busily sticking pins in her turnip effigy didn't deflate her a bit! ANN HAD MADE THE BIG ELEVATOR AT THE WHITNEY! AND DURING THE BIENNIAL! THE PERFORMANCE ARTIST'S EQUIVALENT OF A COMMAND PERFORMANCE AT THE PALLADIUM! A Royal showcase! THE WORLD WOULD KNOW!

It could have been a newsreel convention! The place was writhing with lensmen to record this historic art event! The grand appearance of a backroom record act they would have walked out on back home in Indiana!

Now it was AHT! AHTHOUSE, ANYONE?

But Miss Magnuson was a great relief and a turbulent reminder of how stuffy and stultifying the non-life floor show was! Everytime the elevator door opened and the MUZAC blasted out, the crowd ran over to gloom Ann framed in her authentic lower East Side trashy foil lined elevator strike a series of cutesy poses and slight singing for the cameramen who were positioned just right and didn't miss a gesture!

The act was basically a typical low drag but well executed and staged! After a few glimpses of her 'Between Stops' routine, in spite of the energy it brought to the mausoleum, it became as oppressive as the rest of the Biennial. Aside from the minimal substance, after all — it was only Muzak in drag, SOMETHING WAS MISSING!

The audience wasn't being treated to a chanteuse performing for their pleasure but merely serving as filler and spectator TO SOMEONE DOING HER ACT AND OLD ROUTINE FOR THE PRESS! WE WERE WATCHING HER PHOTO SESSION! HER

POSTURING — THE PERFECT METAPHOR FOR THE CONSUMER ART MARKET!

Suddenly the show's general lack of vigor and daring made sense: All of those calculated artists who play the role of artist! Likewise — their art is playing a role, masquerading as art! And getting away with it! Which sanctions the vacuum acceptable. It almost passes — BUT NOT REALLY! But how could today's blotto audience possibly detect that something is missing! They who accept the meaningless as the norm! They deserve the shaft!

Publishing, dance, art, museums, music, theatre, all of the arts are hurting from the economy. Many devastated. The national Trade Best Seller paperback list for the past year has been monopolized by 5 or 6 cartoon books. The rest are diet, exercise, self-improvement, very light humour and pulp! The theatre's 96 % Revival! Music is mostly updated oldies! Fashion and porn is forever the 50's! The movie industry isn't! So forth! Everything's a replay like before, like a broken record, like people who don't know or care — who are incommunicado!

The top street act in New York is a dude on Fifth Avenue and 44th cracking a mean whip all day long on New York's naughty sidewalk. He's peddling those red licorice sticks from a bag and doing all right! NO COMMENT!

And now a Word on those Darlings of Consumer Society — the Willing, ever Grateful Victims of the Ever-Popular Winning Formulae! The Consumer!

Many upright but spoiled citizens were faced to go into hook or worse for the accoutrements, cosmetics, facades, cars, jeans, toys, mates, appliances, pets, vacations, life styles, odors, gadgets and other schlock symbols and labels necessary for instant acceptance and gratification . . . followed by instant disappointment . . . so they'd return for a stronger dose of short lived self-image!

They knew the formulae like an old foot chart for the box waltz and never deterred or admitted defeat!

They gladly sacrificed their imagination and individuality; eventually their thinking processes and freedom, to conform to advertising's infantile mockery of reality! The country was soon represented by a lineup of very rigid, obedient, 'UNNATURAL' stereotypes who had voluntarily molded themselves to fit demographic and target audience merchandising techniques!

The desperate manipulation and preservation of the chief purchasing categories was constantly accelerated to preserve fake fronts with more contrived and inhibiting 'ARTIFICIAL LIFE LINES'! And an even more rigid and confining slave culture of non-thinkers!

Consumers haven't coped all that well under this incredible social pressure to conform, belong, pamper, etc. Most buckled under the strain of bigger and better doses of life style and lethal 'False Front' living. The intolerance, addiction to hard drugs, alcoholism, suicide, crack-ups, dropping-out they've been driven to has only just begun! They're a mess!

The shocking truth about drugs is that they've become an acceptable social phenomena! Many who weakened from the confusion, pressure, lack of cohesion and their incoherence to themselves and life became as unglued as the institutions. Some possibly kept functioning under equally artificial psychiatric techniques designed to sustain their miserable false images for fitting into little more than a perishable, self-defeating over-priced rut!

Psychiatry, counseling, group therapies, guidance, mystical cures, meditation and guide books became marketable gimmicks of big business! They were more detrimental and misleading than helpful as old belief systems, lives and old human defenses evaporated. Everyone is still searching for an answer, love, still trying anything and only fed another dose . . . or a label like alienation, your own space, relating! They're always laying out a line of B.S. to put your problems on a national scale to diminish it. Every technique encourages the scandal!

It's a self-perpetuating disaster from every angle! Except for those medicine men and experts who cash in on "THE GOLDEN AGE OF GUIDANCE"!

It's quite logical that many folks **dropped out** or chose **never** to enter this totally corrupted value system! It was more respectable to be humiliated as a bum than a hard working poor slob!

BY CRAMMING THE MANY WONDROUS, DISTINCT PERSONALITY TRAITS OF HUMAN BEINGS INTO AN IN-HUMAN FROZEN TV SNACK KIT AND BY CULTIVATING AND EXPLOITING THEIR NARCISSISM, EGO, SELF-INDULGENCE AND THE MOST TRAGIC ASPECTS OF THEIR PERSONALITY... MARKETING HAS DESPIRITED AND DEHUMANIZED HUMANS INTO THE WORST SLAVES, CONFORMITY AND HAZARDOUS WASTE POSSIBLE! Into tight, isolated, vain, insensitive little islands!

THIS IS WHY THERE'S BEEN A TOTAL COMMUNICATIONS BREAKDOWN; WHY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REACH THE MOLD PEOPLE ANYMORE OR EVEN THEIR TWISTED FACSIMILES WITH ANYTHING — EVEN A WARNING SHOT; WHY PEOPLE CAN HARDLY BE EXPECTED TO REACH OR UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER...OR WANT TO!

INTOLERANCE IS THE ONLY IDENTITY, WEAPON AND OUTLET FOR THESE JEALOUS, INSECURE, PATHETIC AUTOMATONS...STILL HARRASSED AND CONTROLLED BY STRONGER AND STRONGER CONSUMER SIGNALS!

TV, communications, entertainment, art no longer serve but force feed and ignore limits till the shellshock victims — the audience/ consumer strangles and gags from the overdose as their contorted, agonizing bodies signal for more and more! Crazy rhythm!

Many large companies who were merged or squeezed out by the economic crunch feel killing off the consumer was self-defeating and costly. But agree: at least the method was American! AUTO-CANNIBALISM! Through deadening of the tastebuds and brain THEY CREATED THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER WHO DEVOURS AND CONSUMES THEMSELF!

Who wouldn't swallow anything after that?

Real food is converted into junk pre-harvest! Babies are weaned on it to guarantee still born buds!

Admittedly it has been getting harder for ADLAND to penetrate because like a vet junky searching for one more vein fragment between his toes...they're having a harder time tapping into mutant customers!

The assault has completely obliterated all remaining receptors, nerves and signal ends used for outside contact. Coupled with bizarre TV signals that only schizoids get messages from (The prime benefactors of life, themselves and others has been thrown out of kiltre, out of focus, voided. Not that anyone pays that much attention to life and each other anymore.

As products escalated, marketing had to rev up the need! And correspondingly CREATE A MORE INTENSIFIED BREAKING DOWN OF EGO AND SELF! More depth to feelings of letdown and insecurity...followed by a more rapacious pounding of promises, of a reincarnation of a new YOU! JUST BUY!

Whatever the product, there's a constant, consummate refining of their computerized target market! Even if the product is a new holistic belief system that violates and threatens to destroy everything the corporate mentality represents...WHEN THEY SMELL TOUGH THEY'LL FIND A WAY TO DIGIT, PACKAGE, REPACKAGE, EXPLOIT IT, AXE IT IN AND RUIN IT!

The stakes are still too high to ever release the consumer from who and what they are by virtue of what they buy, eat, wear, do, think, breathe, smell, etc.

They'll buy and do what they're told . . . or else!

Their desperation over losing their buyer grip is now more apparent! Advertising has always relied on tasteless sexual innuendo, teasing and cheap come-ons as part of their hype! Now in a last ditch frantic effort to show who's boss — they're even violating their own moral codes and taboos by flaunting gorgeous male, nearly nude pin-ups and stunning 12-year-old girls made up and dressed as older women! **Male beefcake and sexy children used as shills!**

The implications are obvious but its selling! (Now men can feel as imperfect and flabby as women!)

The idea behind competition is to rise above it or eliminate it! Most opt for barbaric elimination, if they can afford it! Thus, the modus operandi remained to suck and glut up everything in the way and keep getting bigger!

Monopolies, mergers, mass market absorption of smaller business and consumer alike was the game and still is as the world sinks from its own game! Corporate growth and ego mean more than life!

This Big League consumer totalitarianism has almost eliminated all competition except between the last two (possibly 3) remaining giants in every product category; the fighting to retain their hold and title more costly and vicious than ever!

Two major beers, rent-a-cars, pain killers, jockey shorts, computer companies, cars, burger franchises, soft drinks, greeting card companies, lipsticks, cameras, video games, TV channels, airlines, 2 world powers...spending billions, almost in hock to dominate and sustain their major chunk of the market! Ruthlessly absorbing or forcing the demise of much lesser and regional competition along the way.

Bad Planning!

those get-rich quick scoundrels and merchant class megalomaniacs certainly deserve credit for their achievement. It took cunning to devise the formulae to hook and lock the American consumer into their garish, pretentious, spiritless version of the American Dream. Like all who seek immortality via an extension of their image...it was also their dream! They can see themselves coming and going! They never dreamt it would be so effective!

The growing Fundamentalists, pro-lifers, censoring moral majority and pseudopacifists who hide behind Christian morality are the anti-evolutionist creationists who insist on scientific recognition for the 7 days and nights in the school books. The texts now list about 3 or 4 theories of evolution. The truth is nobody really knows who we are, what we really descended from or where we dropped in from or in what form.

On a lesser note — advertisers never did, never will know what people want or don't want and don't care. They're only determined to make you behave, eat, say, see what they insist is good for you!

Even as those puffy, gleaming eyed, crazed, incoherent, dangling victims of America's experimental kitchen stumble through the Valley of no Return Bottles, searching for a new death fix . . . the odious puppeteers in charge, who are even in worse shape due to the immensity and hopelessness of their task . . . of propping up the Zomboloids for another round . . . are actively engaged in just such snake oil!

They're still convinced they know what's good for you, what you should read, hear, be, do, try, eliminate! Who you are!

THEY WERE NEVER RIGHT! THE HUMAN DREGS EVERYWHERE PROVE IT!

And guess what! Whatever the ad boys shove under the consumer's nose next, they'll meet it half way. These frightened, burnt out shells wouldn't want their neighbors to think they're not with it!

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION HAS JUST SPUTTERED TO AN END AS AMERICA ENTERS THE SERVICE-INFORMATION-TECHNOLOGICAL-COMPUTER AGE regurgitating millions of ex-workers of dead industries in its wake! The Wall Street Journal faithfully printed the obituaries during the last few years of all of the Great Western cities based on mining and natural resource industries that had swiftly gone from Boomtown to Bust town to Ghost town as the smoke stacks stopped! They bit the dust! No recovery will ever solve the new higher level of STRUCTURAL UNEMPLOYMENT!

These newly unemployed cast-offs symbolize only too well the residue of our disposable culture and rapacious waste and pollution of the land! Diseases are now springing up among thousands of victims of dioxides, toxic poisoning, radiation, etc. The dream's a full nightmare!

To compound their horror, these hardworking Christians have been forced to join an entirely different, more established breed of DROP OUT: The loafers, drop-out and vagabond they inherently disapprove of and at times secretly envy!

These wandering heirs of NOMADIC CULTURE who preferred irresponsible FREEDOM to the confines of the proscribed good life have always stuck to the open road, rails, the hills, the margins of society and adventure! Philosophical outsiders, poets and other social rejects and runaways found refuge and support from accepting, democratic Nomads.

These itinerants and hoboes could always pick up a few bucks at odd jobs and journeyman gigs on the run for bare essentials to maintain their outsider position!

When the economy went bezerk and the depression infiltrated — FEW STRAY, EVEN UNDERPAID JOBS WERE LEFT AND MOST OF THOSE WENT TO MOONLIGHTERS AND ILLEGALS! The former underground economy became another big business and highly restrictive!

THE DROP-OUTS WERE REALLY LEFT OUT...but still better equipped to survive on thin air than the unemployed throwaways who began crowding into their marginal terrain.

Homeless update

Meanwhile — back at the Trading Post and early boomtowns, during our Western conquest and abysmal White takeover of Indian territory . . . we had our last great surge of true discovery and frontier spirit!

In that era, today's bums would have been prospectors, saddlebums, adventurers, bucaners, discoverers, railroad gandy dancers, miners, guides, colorful characters, poets, folk singers, happy-go-lucky wanderers and romantics of the nomadic tradition. Even through the start of urbanization, these early urban nomads were an acceptable and footloose minority who generally kept their place!

Then the economy lagged and overcrowding set in! There were no legitimate areas for FRINGE PEOPLE above a bowery level! Most Hobo and Railroad Villages on the outskirts of town vanished when the outskirts became high rent districts. Their acute space shortage was more crucial than that of dwellers! **They became quite visible!**

Nuclear war and waste, the economy and those on whom the bomb had already fallen: the unemployed, the homeless, the hungry have dominated the headlines of '82; early '83!

The most disposable part of society has become an issue and all tolled . . . **They're no more disposable than everyone else now at the mercy of the economy!**

Their overwhelming presence is a grim reminder to most of how close they are to the streets and poverty! Without family, lover, pal to free load from or some other ruse . . . **Many more would be out there scuffling!**

By '82 — huge tent cities of the unemployed from dying Northern boomtowns were struck around Houston and other Southwest cities who didn't want them either! These tent cities were quickly exploited by media as if it was another cheap TV soap opera and not an actual human tragedy! Many of the unemployed joined mainline malcontents, drifters and dropouts . . . AND NOW INCLUDED ABOUT 40 % JUVENILE RUNAWAYS AND ADDICTS.

It's currently a problem of outlandish proportion!

The character of any society is determined by their treatment of the unwanted!



Every bum, bag lady, kid junky and hustler, burnout, lost soul on parade is like a Kleig light signalling our flaws and failures. When human wipe-outs reach these vast proportions . . . **it's not merely a reflection of a diseased, degenerating society . . . but a portend of inevitable doom!**

Survival and extinction are at stake! It's a matter of life and death!

An old cliché line in the film 'PURPLE HEART': "Remember Captain Ross — you are only as strong as your weakest link . . ." says it all and more appropriate than ever! Our multiplying weakest links signify a terminal condition. Many hearts, brains and souls are on the skids! Life is mostly after life!

The American Character has taken a flier! Intolerance, selfishness, greed, stupidity, misunderstanding, ennui, frustration, cowardice, personal exploitation, cheap talk, passing the buck, etc. has kindled the flare-up to beyond our control status!

Current Methods of Treatment for the 'Homeless'

Every major, minor and experimental rehab program or solution for dealing with lost, indigent, outlaw members — addicts — deserters — outcasts — etc. of society . . . including attempts to mobilize, harness, rehabilitate or cure them in institutions, halfway houses, shelters, obsolete mission, work programs, group therapies, personal counseling, community integration and other benevolent handouts have all been a total failure!

And most post-rehab support systems are non-existent!

To date — there has never been more than a 1 % conversion or rehab for junkies, alkies, other types of drug addicts and asocial drop-outs!

The 1 % includes the pros who join the cure system and plush the same empty myths 'about reforming' that the official therapists and keepers of the old gates, locked in an archaic, worthless norm still perpetuate! **The thrust of all programs is to 'fit' them back into society as worthwhile, constructive citizens! Marriage, employment, kids, the dream — the works!**

They quaintly mean readjustment to a society which as it limps forth now is more crippling, demoralizing, brutal, despairing, futureless, futile and corrosive than Devil's Island in its Prime!

To that end they're tried to force THE ADDICT, HOMELESS, ANY ASOCIAL MISFIT, ETC. into the status quo mold and stereotype that completely violates and defies their very human nature!

They have never understood their character, independence, attitude, instincts, innate constitutional predisposition towards outdoor living and roaming, etc. or even tried to evaluate them in basic nomadic terms! The normal standards of 50 % of the population!

During the current emergency — most of these absurd and worthless programs have been PUT ON HOLD as cities and government simply became desperate to find a way to hide the cascading number of dispossessed and disposeables from the end of the Industrial Revolution!

Most cast-offs shun the dehumanizing, wretched shelters and half-way house set-ups except during violent weather conditions.

It's an emergency situation; at the crux of everyone's survival and on top of the agenda we must:

1. Break down, examine who these limbo people really are and what they represent. It's as essential that their psyche, origins of malcontent and 'credentials for being' are completely reevaluated, redefined and recategorized (just as it is for everyone else) and that the **unmentionables** are included in the future grand scheme of things . . . This includes the full range! Defeated to cast-off!

2. **everyone's attitude toward's social defectors needs enlightening.** A Decmeber-'82 survey by united media enterprises indicated AMONG other things that the Protestant work ethic still dominates life. 67 % feel one deserves leisure time only after work is done! Anyone who violates that code is a worthless, no good, lazy bum and traitor.

The truly needy and misfortunate, before the current avalanche, served a noble purpose. In small numbers they provided a necessary guilty reminder for the blessed to atone for as they passed the plate.

3. **As society collapses more rapidly and more citizens are abandoned, instantly devalued and fall apart . . .** (The Government predicts 6 years for recovery and possibly only 8 % unemployment. Presumably the mean from when the world economy stops receding which could be when the bomb falls.) . . . **Nomadic dropouts and discards must be legitimized as the change-over to a hi-tech society eliminates more people. A completely new, appropriate social milieu must be provided for them where they will be stimulated, fulfilled and made to feel worthy and useful! Where they have an identity and function!**

4. The initiation of an entirely different method and approach to dealing with our former 'underclass' means radical reprogramming and reconditioning of much that's been tatooed on people's brains in the past 50 years . . . but the events leading to the Human Pile-up now on display can be re-orchestrated.

In summary . . . The minutae of difference between all categories of drop out, cast-off, burn out, reject, etc. IS SO VAST . . . **that for curing, treating, sheltering . . . no formulae could ever suffice!**

So What's the Solution!

Because many of the outcasts and addicts do manage better in and prefer the streets, the outdoors and what's left of the fringes . . . (Or did till massive overcrowding) . . . and as more children, women, disgruntled and the unemployed join in . . . **the problem now is to contain them somewhere where they can enjoy the bare amenities they require without them interfering in the mainstream flow!**

A place where their special aimlessness, outlook, searching qualities, personality, adventurousness, romantic spirit and natural talents can be of some value or purpose . . . just as they were in early boomtowns and mining towns!

Since all attempts at their re-integration into status quo society or a suitable substitute have failed and since that society is out on its ear . . . **the only solution is a new society uniquely their own! Thus: We must create the framework of a new alternate society on a small scale for dropouts, burnouts, recently unemployed pushouts, those who can't find work and everyone else who wants out!**

A new society where the dropouts' strengths such as their natural independence, their individuality and their enterprising survival methods can be used towards a group rebuilding effort . . . wherein the **nomadic dropouts** can support the **unemployed cast-offs** and both can complement each other's weaknesses, strengths and disciplines (Under proper guidance, naturally!) and where their particular skills, talents and experience can be utilized to develop a new boomtown! One of the spirit and mind!

The new unemployed disposeables need special attention!

Now that their life, dreams and faith has been shattered! They found out the hard way that Uncle Sam and unions don't provide for life! The new society for former dropouts, rejects and unmentionables must be as far removed from current institutional anti-human malpractices as possible!

It should somewhat resemble the only Community, stomping grounds, form of loose living and communications grapevine they acknowledge since the demise of their shanty towns, condemned buildings, hobo villages, water fronts and secluded safe edges!

That community is the streets!

Before overcrowding — the STREETS provided them with the intrigue, drama, adventure fix, survival strategy, hustling, freedom, neurotic outlet (The streets are very therapeutic!), provisions, audience, camaraderie, reassurance and scavenging integral to their character. And in fair weather — the shelter and hideouts they require! (A godly percentage can't hack the streets but would rather suffer there than anyplace else!)

The streets provide the excitement and unpredictability of 'The edge of life' that nurtures their peculiar nature and addictions!

The new alternate society for social renegades will be partially modeled on street life to lure them in, make them feel comfortable . . . at home . . . **BUT WILL PROVIDE THE COHESION, SUBSTANCE, FRIENDSHIP, MOTIVATION, SUPPORT, INSPIRATION, CONSTRUCTIVE ACTIVITIES, MINIMUM PAY, SELF-IMPROVEMENT, REINFORCEMENT IN SELF, A 'SOCIAL' IDENTITY OF MERIT, INVOLVEMENT IN SOMETHING IMPORTANT, ETC. . . . PLUS THE DRAMA THEY DEARLY THRIVE ON AND LOVE! ELEMENTS THE STREETS COULD ONLY SUGGEST! The last frontier has been conceived to provide all of these elements!**

It will be flexible and organic enough at its core in the beginning to grow and go in any direction that works . . . **But never binding! In the last frontier the dropouts and nomads can lead the industrial revolution cast-offs to a mutual-spiritual haven! QUOTE FROM SOMEONE ELSE SO YOU KNOW I'M NOT EXAGGERATING! FOR BALANCE!**

FROM THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, November 6, 1982, by James Sloan Allen, Chairman of academic studies at Manhattan School of Music.

"The creeping sameness, conformity, lack of imagination is not the worst consequence of dissolving all differences in our social and cultural experience. We then lose all of the psychological and moral strengths derived from those differences."

"We will lose first the desire, then the willingness and finally the very ability to rise to the kinds of experiences that demand anymore of us than comfort, ease, spontaneity or lackluster conformity. In a culture this loss is tragic because it causes the public imagination and will to atrophy, the esteem for individuality and excellence to fade and the spirit of affirmation to drain away into banal self-indulgence. And down that road lies the very death of culture and death . . ."

AS FOR THAT LAST FRONTIER DROP-OUT SOLUTION — VERY WELL AND GOOD, BUT IS IT REALLY THAT SIMPLE?

NOT QUITE. IT'S STILL DROP-OUTS VERSUS DWELLER AND SETTLERS!

Today's Nomadic breed is a unique, all varied and vascillating street tribe and tough to pinpoint. But like all undisciplined children rebelling against whatever restricts or threatens their freedom . . . **ON ONE LEVEL THE DROP-OUTS REPRESENT A PROTOTYPE ANTI-SOCIAL FIGURE!**

Ie: They're throwing tantrums from the other side of the coin!

It's impossible to drop out of or revolt against any system without assuming some opposite characteristics and aspects of it.

When any of us rebel we often react to the annoyance in **revers or exaggeration to counteract the wound.** You'll deliberately displease, mock, provoke or flee a suspicious paramour. Or just as I am vehemently reacting in this proposal to both sides of a battered slug without suggestions for a new mint.

No matter what miracle cure-all or solution is dispensed — **dropouts will continue to complain about; react to the sick, parochial society from which they walked! As will frustrated dwellers still stuck!**

Hence no type of restoration for outcasts is possible till we **actively change society's reality!** The twisted, vapid, hollow, cheap come-on of the adland consumer reality that's destroyed our value system and character!

Until then — each reflects the other; feeds each other's resentment and hatred: broadens the gap and makes any truce on either side futile!

Not a pretty picture, as we're well aware of, for many. Especially the army of the unemployed-abandoned because of their loyalty and belief in once society and forced into chaotic limbo on their former foe's slovenly camping grounds!

Problems to be Dealt with for Solving the Current Human Dilemma of our Barely Functioning Population — 'the Dwellers' — in order to Make any Progress with Cast-offs and Displaced Nomads

Is it too late to revive and salvage the truly deprived — our functioning societal remainders still at the Helm! A skeleton staff barely keeping the ship afloat?

Is there some way we can stir that conditioned salivating consumer hang gang whacked out on its own artificial saliva and addicted to joyless, slow death to change?

Can we institute a new value system to replace the old amorality in which the only thing people respect is money, power, youth and stardom and commit any indecency to others and themselves to achieve it or fake the image!

Is there any cure for self-serving spoiled piggies; up tight, vain little alienated island who are unaware of their own remote controlled selves and addiction . . . **who only react to instant self-gratification who are oblivious to anything, anyone outside of their jaded needs!**

Is it possible to tap into these repressed, self-loathing creatures of false vanity and mounting insecurity when even the expert demento manipulators of social control have lost touch and can no longer prod or reach the desensitized distortions they've created?

It had better be possible for the novacaine force fed delusions of marketing that led to massive self-hatred and loss of self esteem is the same that generates intolerance, resentment, envy and hatred of everyone else!

Intolerance Rages on!

Never in the United States of America has there been such **disunited states** or more isolated, insulted ethnic and social minority clusters and ghettos. However, the outside prejudices against, sexual, social and political minorities pale against the caste systems, explosive splinter groups and hatreds sizzling in each cloister and faction of teammates knifing each other!

This has resulted in misunderstanding and intolerance on every front and explosive splinter groups! The ugly feuding, self-exploitation and two-faced venal operators within the ranks of any well-intentioned movement or group: Political, medical, social, charitable, religious, sexual-GAY-FEMINISTIC-ETC., ACADEMIC, PHILOSOPHICAL, ENVIRONMENTAL, AD INFINITUM has halted even minimal progress, change and reform and kept us in the darkest of all ages!

But again . . . the worst intolerance affects all major racial color groupings: Red, white, black, yellow, tan, terra cotta, etc.

Consumerformists and Decay — the Source of Hatred!

The consumer-control status symbols of self-image that tore whites apart first . . . soon broke up all other ethnic groups as soon as they were intoxicated into the addictive bind and deceptive glare of consumer consciousness!

Target marketing democratically reduced every minority into prejudiced, self-hating consumer classes with equal ferocity . . . and lashed families and races apart!

College educated, middle-class city Blacks scorn less fashionable blacks, rural proletariat blacks or any reminder of folk, street and buckwheat pasts . . . still the basis of much Black entertainment!

Even as our Native Americans still fight over their land and resources as a single body . . . bitter battles rage within between traditionalists who despise their own Red brothers who have turned against native culture to ease into Paleface hyped living standards.

The **Preppy Handbook** (Written as a joke by closet preppies) and its ensuing style that dominated marketing recently . . . even to the return of the old 50's COUNTRY CLUB IMAGE in ads was a **consumer melting pot score! Suddenly — everyone could belong! All were a privileged member of waspdom!**

Snobbery was the pitch! And still is (Check New Yorker!)

Which is why the masses bought, choked on and swallowed the image, crocodile and all! All marketing pitches designed to **accomodate and accelerate insecurity!**

But the intolerance of instant blueblood consumerformists against all who don't adhere to or 'BUY' the proscribed symbols of dreck heritage, coffee table culture, upward divinity, garment center taste is truly vicious! **The MOLD PEOPLE are hostile to all who dare to defy it or remind them of their safe retreat into status slavery!**

That product — life style — label — attitudes — makes you better than someone else! Anyone who can't afford or who shuns their instant 'class' be damned and eliminated!

As for non-buyers: Be they poets or bag ladies . . . they're the bottom! All worthless no accounts! Minus zero on the consumer social scale! Of no living value!

Label intolerance has generated many spin-offs! Anti-label people are equally venomous!

Smokers versus non-smokers has broken up more homes than vegetarians versus meat eaters; two schools of child raising; opera lovers versus heavy metal; synthetics versus natural fabrics and conflicting toothpastes.

The anti-status conformists in their slightly offbeat uniforms hate genuine non-conformists. **In fact, the worst prejudice in America is not against color but the colorful!** The more someone is programmed by adland . . . the more uptight, frightened and threatened they are by anyone colorful, too independent (of trends, fashion!), outspoken, not easily categorized **who dares to cross the consumer code!**

And Vice Versa! The devil-may-care anti-status minority are often just as haughty, intolerant, narrow minded and violent towards colorless, pious, vapid straights!

Jacques Costeau once predicted that America would end through violence over traffic. On target — they've begun killing each other on the highways in jams, lines, accidental brushes! And also if someone doesn't like the way somebody looks at them or what they're wearing — **bang bang!**

The most petty differences, resentments and misunderstanding often based on vanity, ego and envy are driving people to jeopardize or destroy someone's life or career or an entire industry — such as happened with the dying Hollywood film industry in which typical conglomerate megalomania and their dependence on formulae and polls zapped the Pros and any semblance of artistry or creativity!

The battling, treachery, whoring and prejudice among every segment of different areas of the art world has never been more intense! It all narrows down to the battle over market place and groveling for consumer bucks!

And few defend the discriminated or victims! Fear of one's own job or position or 'what other people will think' has rendered everyone mute and chicken!

To clinch this insanity - **the consumer has been given unmitigated power . . .** another example of the monster they've created backfiring! Most movies are **never finished** but run to an endless **test audience** who's stunted reactions determine the next step, title, ending, cuts, changes, title song, sound track, etc. (As if these zonked out drones could determine anything from that computerized, forgettable farina. Especially the growing Teen market.)

Nobody can be reasoned with or tricked into loving, liking, accepting or tolerating anyone else while we hate and continually hurt and sabotage ourselves and/or our dearest! There is no hope for **rationalized behavior** while most are **self-consuming, self-destruct and destructive consumers . . . controlled by adland!**

There's too much personal animosity and friction on too many levels for anyone to ever get it together. **The most we can hope for now is a modicum of understanding between the loveless and the haters!** Perhaps there's a way to make a deal, accept each other's hatred, live with each other's jealousy (Such as accomplished in most high-culture and business circles!) **And work towards a form of truth and social detente to keep each other and earth from blowing up!** Also easier said than done!

Human nature has become a bleak, unmoveable terrain! Intolerance seems endemic and incurable. A natural condition after centuries of battling over religion, borders, territories, petty-ancient rivalries! An unabateable disease.

Two perfectly matched people can barely understand each other after years and struggle to endure . . . even after they've parted! Multiply that Zillions! Is there any possibility that people who can't live with themselves plus one can somehow rejoin the human race? When relationships end over 'leather substitutes' . . . **attempting to renew any deeper understanding of one's fellow man seems far fetched! Is there any possible salvation or hope for these selfish human shreds? Intolerance is now worse than ever and worsening!**

Among all of the issues now splitting our minds . . . from economical, political, ethical, social to eating habits . . . **the most devastating, lethal and threatening schism of all is the computer!**

The computer is the heart, soul and mind of the new technological society and the military-industrial complex!



soundscapes from geoffrey armes and lisa lowell
musicians/performers from london/new york, respectively
dealing with pop music and more cerebral antics

The authoritarian, mechanistic, hierarchial **technospheric** view of the world has no tolerance for the humanistic **biospheric** view that knows that the truth is that every cause and effect is different and life is beyond formulae!

Biospheric thinking embraces morality, spirit, human nature and existence! Technocrats have no use for such trivialities or anything that can't be processed and computerized into a simple solution. Forget humour and art!

Technocrats are computerized Kamikaze pilots in their single-minded determination to computerize war games, defense and inevitable obliteration!

All HUMANS are irrelevant statistics in their frenzied pursuit of a smarter integrated circuit that will keep blasting away from NOWHERE in space . . . on into infinity . . . long after Earth desintegrates into loose dirt polluting the galaxy forever as radioactive particles! NO ESCAPE!

So what's Left?

If you can't buck the system . . . we can open it up!

Technocrats might behave mindlessly and anti-life . . . and even though they're gaining more control with the speed of lightening computers . . . the truth must be faced! Technocrats, in spite of their death mission, are only human like everyone else with possibly more anxieties and cases of constipation! (Don't tell them you read it here!)

Digitheads, even more than their computerized, robotomized constituency, desperately need a common ground and free, unprejudiced channel . . . a levelling ground for their balance! Especially programmers in their embalming tank cubicles staring at that deadly eerie green lit screen; talking to that silent, whirring machine in its lifeless language!

We all need that humanizing balance to computerized life . . . and worse . . . to the domination of 'computerized diversion and programmed escape' and the threatened onslaught of even greater high tech non-living!

Technology can't survive without human balance . . . nor can humans . . . even if stripped of their humanity by mutual consent.

Alas — a machine culture, too, is only as strong as its weakest human link!

At least computers have 'escape' and 'help' buttons when trouble brews. We don't . . . excluding certain commodities labeled as such. Progress rarely includes mental retreats!

Human escape hatches are thus essential now to salvage everyone; to revitalize and redevelop imagination, thinking and the mind . . . human gifts which have been nearly destroyed and no longer evolving because of consumerism, conformity and computerism.

Defeat and surrender prevails among the smartest! As their business, calling, classroom, life is wiped out . . . they simply join the chorus . . . 'what can I do?'

There has to be a new type of relaxed, leisure time open forum; a new truthful channel of communications and neutral place of exchange and expression for biospheric and technospheric thinkers and all intolerant scrappers whether they can still think or not!

It's never been more essential to put people in touch with each other again; to bridge understanding and language gaps corrupted by consumer brainwashing and the devastating effect of television and other media which cheapens life; which encourages and glorifies amorality, contempt, crime, violence and stupidity!

It's not even a question of the next level of consciousness being discovered! As the Russians know, it has always been with us and long overdue as another ordinary channel of communications!

The inevitable evolution of the innermind and a universal consciousness that unites all of humanity peacefully, beyond ego, has been repressed by the same cultural machinations that have thwarted and reduced the outermind and the natural evolution of everyone's thinking progresses!

Which is why millions of Johnnys and Melindas can't read, think, behave or react to ordinary human stimuli in a human manner! Why teens keep saying: 'What's happening!' — Even when they're in the middle of it! Why 1 out of 5 are illiterate!

The debilitating tempting-teasing-punishing-building up-tearing down-methods of consumer social control has so shredded and distorted egos that few can move past their insecurities and mutilated ego to communicate with anyone on the lowest level (excluding violence) let alone the highest!

There's no chance for even minimal understanding and compassion between us unless both of our natural communications channels are free and flowing! Back in full operation!

Turf

As this proposal has loudly belted along the way . . . THE WORLD'S WOES ARE FROM INTOLERANCE AND REFUSAL TO UNDERSTAND OTHERS!

THIS ALL DERIVES FROM TERRITORY! TURF! OVER-CROWDING!

THERE'S NO NEW TURF LEFT! ONLY BOUNDARY DIS-PUTES!

Everybody's fighting to hang on to their precious piece of turf and protect it from intruders, usually while they're trying to move in on somebody else's! (Also true in insect, animal and bird kingdoms!)

Multi-congloms and corporations who've devastated the competition are wrestling for control of the whole territory! EVERYBODY WANTS IT ALL! Hustlers in every biz are fighting for or stealing more customers and sales territory!

Russia and the U.S. battling for the control of the world-reluctant to confess it's a lost cause — shifted to outer space!

Countries fighting incessantly over borders, strategic properties and worthless ones! The Berlin Wall — stubborn as ever!

Religious sects are fighting over spiritual turf!

Artists, playwrights, dancers, musicians are fighting for turf to live and work; then space to show; then wall space for posters (The NY Poster War is ruthless!); then print and air space for more publicity and reviews; then space to recover or hide!

Guerilla artists move in anywhere they can and shoot the works!

Homeless itinerants and unmentionables, the first to be crowded out in the latest scrimmage for turf, with nothing but their name are battling for butts, a bottle with 3 drops, a seat on the shelter bus, their place in line, their bench, their vestibule or hot air vent to spend the night, their rights to walk the streets!

In the anameable limbo of the dispossessed — THEY FIGHT FOR TEMPORARY INCHES!

Aesthetic territories just as violent as Real Estate! Films, TV, publishers, etc. fighting over and stealing artists and writers properties and plots!

Film producers are fighting to move into more commercial 'genre' territory; fighting for exhibition space in diminishing movie houses; for new media outlets!

Suckers are still greedily buying swamps and unreal estate! There's always a land deal somewhere as long as there are marks!

"Give me Land lots of Land! PSSSST? Wanta buy state real cheap? No questions asked! Montana, Oregon, North Dakota . . . all steals! Nuclear waste? Don't worry pal . . . it's buried nice and deep!"

Jailbirds divy up and run the cage! A Lifer owns it!

Snobs fighting to keep their exclusive territory exclusive!

Social climbers fighting to crash it! Aristocrats wondering what happened to their hold! Everyone scratching to crash the everlooming next over crowded social or professional plateau! Nobody wants to budge!

Speculators ever searching for territory to move in on . . . to deplete natural resources further! Good to the last drop!

Everyone fighting for an apartment . . . for some space, a retreat . . . a place to be alone! KING OF THE HILL! Forget about slopes!

Couples fighting for personal privacy . . . immediately packaged and degraded by slick therapists who recoin the need for solitude — 'SPACE'! SO EVERYONE CAN WAIL: "I NEED MY SPACE!" SO WHO DOESN'T?

DRUG TERRITORY — A HOT AND COLD RUNNING BLOOD BATH!

POLITICAL TERRITORY — BLOODIER!

Native Americans still fighting over their shrinking territory!!! And they still own the original deed for it all!

EVERYONE'S. TRYING TO MUSCLE IN OR MUSCLE SOME-ONE OUT!

IT'S A TOUGH WORLD!

"DON'T FENCE ME IN!" "

When Does the Big Squeeze Begin!

When we do . . . fighting, crying, grasping for anything we can get our hands on in the crib! But mostly . . . the urge for turf is sprung as soon as we spring . . . as soon as we crawl!

"LET ME AT 'EM"

In the kiddy playground, when tots scrap over the slide or sandbox, mommy or nanny sorts it out! Someone resolves the fight.

ADOLESCENT TERRITORIAL NEEDS, still primarily in the group stage, are registered socially and more seriously in THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND! IT'S THE FIRST TIME, OCCASION AND PLACE GANGS AND CLIQUES ARE FORMED OVER TURF!

WHO'S WANTED OR NOT WANTED WHERE!

MIGHT AND MUSCLE frequently has more to do with it than CLASS OR PRIVILEGE . . . but it varies in every circumstance!

TERRITORY INITIALLY IS ALWAYS UP FOR GRABS!

Basically THE PLAYGROUND IS JUST ANOTHER DRESS REHEARSAL!

REHEARSAL SPACE!

Half the kids in the playground don't even go to the school! They just use it for practice like athlete's to keep in TOUGH SHAPE! To try out the latest bully techniques!

Most are members of gangs that have already taken over their blocks and rule certain territory! They've reached the phase where territorial rights and codes of possession are established! Where severe penalties ensue if you just 'TOE' somebody else's BLOCK or LOOK at somebody else's bitch!

Kids without territory have to fake it! They organize, float and move in anywhere they can to prove they're just as tough! That they can take over territory like everyone else! No matter how ephemeral! One night a movie house; another night the conquest of a dance hall! IT'S TRADITION!

In the eyes of those who own nothing . . . EVERYTHING IS THEIR NATURAL TERRITORY! Somewhat like nomadic dropouts who believe the land belongs to everyone; THEY'RE ENTITLED TO ROAM ANYWHERE! They simply stake out what they want! First come — first served!

Ah for the old frontier days . . . with land lots of land!

Juvenile raiders, frequently from Ghetto and Inner City slums; from NOWHERE have been stifled and cut-off by society which includes their illiteracy. No verbal currency! No job possibilities! No future! Degraded! Deemed worthless! Most are so dehumanized by their life deals — they're an alien breed! They're as cut off and treacherous as packs of Junky mother throwaway 'WILD KIDS' hiding out in condemned buildings . . . surviving in THE LAND OF PLENTY like war urchins!

LIFE IS MEANINGLESS!

Theirs or anybody's! THE LINE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL IS COMPASSION! Why should cut-offs feel any of that!

It's logical these hybrid huminoids are totally amoral! Hustling, stealing, killing is child's play! They'll rub out the easiest targets — seniors, other kids, the handicapped first! Or if need be, anyone, and quite boldly, for a few bucks to support their inevitable habit or for a hotdog!

MAKE NO MISTAKE — THESE UNEARTHLY, PATHETIC UNEVOLVED CREATURES ARE DANGEROUS! GROWING IN NUMBERS AROUND THE WORLD AND BEING PUSHED OUT HARDER!

Admittedly, for man or woman in any situation, at any age...MUSCLING IN IS KID MACHO! Till you acquire the deed!

As for the imminent end of earth — BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

Gangs fight to take over blocks! Their territory!

It's the stuff of endless teenage gang movies!

The stuff of most movies and real life!

The heart of World diplomacy!

OF THOSE WHO THIRST TO RULE THE UNIVERSE! STAR WARS!

BECAUSE IT PROVES YOU'VE GOT GUTS AND YOU'RE TOUGH!

YOU KNOW YOUR BUSINESS! YOU'RE BETTER QUALIFIED TO RUIN THE TERRITORY! YOU AND YOUR SPONSORS JUST WANT TO BE THE BOSS AND TAKE OVER!

ALL THE WORLD NEEDS MOST NOW IS NEW TERRITORY!

AND A NEW COMMUNICATIONS CHANNEL! STAND BY!

Indian Spiritual Censorship and Telepathic Channels

To compound the land massacre, our founding fathers felt compelled to destroy their spirit, culture, beliefs, rituals, respect for life and their telepathic channels . . . elements which would impede progress! Thus — their entire culture was blacklisted!

But as time went on . . . Indian suppression was no greater than that extended to anyone, including learned, notable men of science who went too far with their investigations of ESP, COSMIC, METAPHYSICAL AND SUPERNATURAL CHANNELS, PSYCHIC PHENOMENA OR ANY BEHAVIORAL THEORIES THAT COULD HAVE THE DETRIMENTAL EFFECT OF OPENING AND FREEING GOOD CITIZENS — releasing them from consumer bondage! Of seeking natural alternatives and outlets! Outlets that were second nature to Indians!

If Native American philosophy was ever taken seriously by the masses and stirred people to think or re-consider life . . . commerce's blackguard schemes were finished.

So for a very long time, until quite recently: parapsychology, metaphysical forces, offbeat belief and spiritual systems, basic natural health rituals, balanced diet and clean living . . . any negative attitude towards business such as criticism of hazardous waste, pollution, nicotine, food additives, etc. . . anything out of the ordinary was lumped together under crackpot endeavors and severely condemned and ostracized!

Thus were metaphysical channels and their ilk curtailed by organized religion and relegated to a dangerous, unamerican, quack level by Bureaucracy! Actually — the same punishment doled out to the steamboat, motorcar, telephone, movies, television and

other nutty inventions until they were more acceptable AND PROFITABLE! A non-profit spiritual channel that could jeopardize big business was even more inconceivable!

Now well past the early suspicious Enquirer headline stage since it seeped into consciousness and became marketable . . . telecommunications, inner space and cosmic channels are at a temporary impasse, being improperly packaged and hustled in many cases by New Age medicine men while proper channels are being cleared such as in The Last Frontier.

It's impossible to find one's way around the metaphysical terrain of spirit, mind and inner space — also original Indian territory — without a sure footed, level headed, brave, honest, knowing, tuned-in Indian guide to lead the way!

Clearing, Opening New Channels — Prospector Stage

Consumer mind control, which most are still under the defluence of, has proved to be a bumbling failure! The object of this quest is to decontrol, detoxify, release the consumer mind! To reopen those narrow, twisted passages up; to rediscover our regular channels . . . then our less accessible channels with exchange potential!

Everyone so equipped or sensitive can share the new channel to strengthen the power of our more sacred 'universal' consciousness; the 'oneness' that encourages true compassion, understanding and protection to those who use it right! A feat our surviving Native Americans can confirm.

Even less sensitive prospectors who hover on the edges will still be swept into a sensory experience, expand their awareness and contribute energy to the power of positive collective efforts.

AWARE THAT INNER SPACE IS AS IMPORTANT TO CONQUER AS OUTER SPACE, RUSSIA HAS BEEN DOING ADVANCE EXPERIMENTAL WORK IN EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION, PARAPSYCHOLOGY, TELECOMMUNICATIONS, CLAIRVOYANT PHENOMENA and other related areas to establish transcendental communications systems and investigate other concepts of reality for decades!

Joseph Gold, an ex-geophysicist, film writer and artist, is now running 'expeditions to hidden reserves' throughout Russia, also striving to achieve what The Last frontier has in mind!

Gold puts people together in unique magic-realistic situations to change the consciousness and how we perceive things and each other! He's convinced that by shifting individual perception and creating a new universal channel of exchange based on this higher consciousness . . . we will bring peace and understanding to the world!

Gold creates adventures, fantasies and roles for participants . . . and guides them to unusual or ordinary Russian sights and phenomena which he embellishes to lend dramatic context to the story his players have become involved in.

He's also running experiments in crowd bio-feedback in which huge groups hundreds of miles watch each other watching the same event! He claims this has a profound effect on the consciousness; changing it for the better!

It's obvious that inner space will be the levelling ground and site for a peaceful showdown between Russia and the United States! the sooner we open it up . . . the faster this phenomena can be realized!

THE FASTER WE ACQUIRE NEW OPEN TERRITORY AND NEW COMMUNICATIONS CHANNELS — WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE!

The Gowanus Canal, Revisited, Entering the Industrial Revolution

The immense coal and lumberyards, flour, plaster and other production mills; brick, stone and cement yards . . . other raw and natural resource centers and refineries along the canal flourished. As did the light and heavy manufacturing that followed. Raw material came in; finished goods of every imaginable ilk floated out! No canal in the world could claim such a variety!

By the mid 1880's — the mostly Irish, Swedish and Norwegian Canal and Industrial workers all lived within walking distance of both the East and West sides of the Canal. It was a hustling, rich prototype industrial town of the period and integral to the rapid growth of adjoining New York City.

The Gowanus Never Let Up!

It peaked during the big Defense Appropriations of 1940- 42. While the Pensacola, the New Orleans, the Juneau, the Kearney and other great cruisers, battleships, destroyers and carriers sailed out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard . . . War products: navigation instruments, gasmasks, shells, military silk, airplane parts, military base and medical supplies, uniforms, etc. were manufactured on the banks of the Gowanus! She frothed and bubbled from the frenzied impact of a Wartime Economy and Defense Contracts! And from sulphur used in gunpowder, matches, rubber, medicine, etc. Essential products surged out of the Gowanus Canal at a great rate . . . for the last time!

*Many of the wartime plants packed it in. Some converted . . . but the principal cargo and freight transport shifted from barge to trucks. Industrial use outnumbered residential use and trucking and warehousing firms took over land formerly occupied by job-intensive manufacturing uses. The community was less dependent on the economy of the area!



It was no longer a genuine canal-mill town! It was a town that had been through the mill!

* INFOR. FROM No. 208 AREAWIDE WATER QUALITY MANAGEMENT PLANNING PROG. Local area tributary study, NYC, Dept. of Environ. Protect. & City planning. Water Resources.

Plus — the canal really began to reek!

Not just the aftermath of decades of ‘questionable’ deals!

The fumes began gathering in the 1890’s. It was then that the City of Brooklyn received State permission to discharge storm water run-off into the Canal. Brooklyn Sewers, however, had been built to carry both sanitary (raw sewage) and storm-wear run-off and there was no way to separate the two types of sewage.

By 1900 one of the worst cases of C.O. (Canal Odor) ever recorded or sniffed began to develop! The fumes rivaled Seacaucus, N.J. — The pig and smelting capital or anyfestering sewage dump.

It’s putrid, nose clinching rep as ‘Lavander Lake’ was established! But business was so good . . . the locals automatically closed their nostrils to a stink so offensive — some visitors used nose clamps to survive, or risk fainting! It was said to have inspired a convenient gas mask factory in the neighborhood.

in the neiehborhood.

Epic Ode to Dying Lode — The Sinking of the Gowanus

The poor, sick crick heaved its last gurgel
A dragon’s mighty gasp and croak of . . .
Burial in its own sea of dubious content
Its own bed of slimey dread
The old spring was sprung!
Repercussion — refraction — the weight of all that action!

That small crevice in earth’s crust once nursed
to magnificent fruition!
Heaven and earth’s gift to CHIEF GOUWANE!
Hallelulah Creek had served time and humanity well.
Too well! And now worse then a dried out old well.
SHE COULDN’T HIDE BELOW! No bucket to bail her out!

No escape from that rancid surface
A triumph of festering algae blooms, lichen gore and worse
THE SHAME OF AN EXPLOITED, NEGLECTED WATER
PASSAGE
HER CORPSE LAID BARE!
Victim of desire . . . no more boats to mask the mire!
Fully exposed for all to see and pretend to ignore
As all discreetly curl their nose in horror
At this flagrant symbol of what made America Big and Strong!
THE FREEDOM TO POLLUTE
AHH THE MIGHTY FLAGRANT FUMES OF WASTE!
HAVE A SNIFF! ENJOY!

Only MR. QUILL, still chief engineer on guard in the Douglass
Street Station after 10 these many years!
CAN TELL IT LIKE IT IS! (212-MA5-1757 — JUST ASK)
Another love canal diary
Jilted by fickle millers, blackguards, rum runners,
careless barges, bilge and all the waste of progress!
Down the drain too many times
Quill alone sat Bedside . . . watching as
HER PULSE SANK FAST INTO THE PAST! DELAYED
DECAY!

A LESS THEN ROYAL FLUSH!
GICELAMU ‘KAONG TOOK BACK MAGIC
No Indian Giver; just sad and annoyed
Dutch double talk, double deals, big deals, big biz,
dirty deals, war deals, sweetheart and cut throat deals
Skulduggery, connivery, pay-offs, greed and waste . . .
ON THE OLD GOWANUS CANAL!

That Creek took sewage in more forms
And routes then a renegade jet
And earned SD Certification
AS LOW AS YOU CAN GET!
H2 MINUS O! No Oxygen! No flow! No Life! No Go!
Only a lifeless stew of sewage, sludge, scum and stink!
Just plain ‘WANUS’ minus her ‘GO’! (GO — please go home again!)

Verdict — “Extremely high fecal coliform levels indicating the presence of raw sewage, extensive sludge deposits and high concentrations of grease and oil pollution. Likewise an extremely high B.O.D. — biochemical oxygen demand.” (Thank you Water Resources)

And all that thrives in such putrescence:
Demon fungi of no consequence passing sentence!
No penitence! Only Death!
QUILL WATCHED Hydrogen Sulphide bubbling up, erupting
under the crust
The only movement! Or message from led dead bed!
A sulphide dirge of well spent lust!
NO FLOW, NO GO, NO HIGH OR LOW TIDE, CANAL
OF NO RETURN!

Deader then the DEAD SEA but lots more slime and rot
AND THE MYSTERIOUS BROKEN PROPELLER!
IS THERE ANY HOPE!
WILL SHE SHOW ‘EM! Can she prove —
You can go through the mill and back again?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL!

We thus have at this remarkable, magical GOWANUS SITE . . . not only a pertinent historical spot IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW YORK but AN ACTUAL MICROCOSM OF THE GROWTH OF THE ENTIRE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF AMERICA . . . AND IT’S END!

As usual, it’s another historical cycle: THE END OF AN AGE PARALLELING ITS BEGINNING WHEN THE LANDGRABBERS GRABBED ALL THEY COULD FROM THE NATIVE AMERICANS DISRUPTING THEIR RESERVATIONS, HOMES AND LIFE! THEY WERE THE ORIGINAL VICTIMS OF THE INDUSTRIAL CONSUMER SOCIETY PURGE WHICH EVENTUALLY ENSLAVED EVERYONE!

THE BELIEVERS WHO SLAVED TO REAP THEIR REWARD are now being left for the DEBRIS! AND IRONICALLY — NATIVE AMERICANS ARE FINALLY REGAINING SOME OF THEIR LOST RIGHTS AND LAND!

Today the Gowanus Canal territory is a busy, low profile industrial area. The barely used Canal is now a festering, polluted, watery symbol of all of the depleted, industrial wastelands in America! Environmental control is, indeed, busy studying and analyzing the cheapest and most expedient method to bring it back to life!

But even if they clean up . . . IT WON’T HELP!

Louis L’Amour, the great Western-American storyteller and historian, has just published ‘THE DISAPPEARING GODS’. Because of neglect, no thanks and continued savagery of their gifts, the great gods of the mountains, waters, trails, land, air, etc. are fading fast! He makes a plea for us to start thanking and reviving these ancient, nearly forgotten gods of our Cosmos. They’re represented by various names all over the world! They can either give the support we need to keep earth intact . . . or they can take it with them!

Only the descendants of the original Algonquins guided by their great spirit and god KISHELĒMUKONG who discovered the Gowanus Creek and brought it to life have the power to once more ask their god for forgiveness for all of the scandal and corruption wrought on these waters by thoughtless men who never gave Mother nature or her resources as second thought!

Final Word on Those Who Possess the Final Word — Our Native Americans

Nobody better symbolizes the uniqueness and survival spirit of an ancient culture’s power of preservation than our native Americans!

If the bomb ever fell — when the smoke and poison cleared . . . they would constitute the main body of survivors! (They have their OWN naturally hidden shelters, provisions and protection provided by their own guardian spirits and UNIVERSAL GODS!)

From 1634 to a few years ago . . . they’ve been under the constant pressure of official government machinations and ruthless land ownership ruses ‘to settle down and become decent, responsible citizens’. Greedy vipers used the phony trappings and lures of the ‘American Dream’ to try to assimilate them to the American Way of Death and con them out of their life, land, character, traditions and culture so they’d disappear as a separate and distinct race!

Pressure and machinations that most White Citizen-suckers bit from its inception as they quickly sold-out to the suggested control and obedience of slave stereotype consumer roles to facilitate their guardian spirits: drooling snag-toothed grinning paleface business men!

As we now witness the return of shanty tent cities of the unemployed on the outskirts of great Western Boomtowns that sustained who don’t want No Human Refuge on their borders . . .

And as we see the shredded dehumanized results of this great era of Commerce and futile American experiment fizzling out . . . we can only hold the Indians in greater awe!

They have endured incredible pain, anguish and humiliation and suffered great losses from decades of constant mental, emotional and physical abuse . . . but they’ve never succumbed or admitted defeat! They’ve never lost their integrity, beliefs, principles, spirit, culture, noble character or respect for life and all humanity!

How have they maintained their honor and dignity through this ongoing purge! How!

Silent Indians know much, many secrets, but they aren’t talking!

What manner of super human beings are these men and women who mysteriously emerged from the Cosmos! Appearing on the fresh virgin ace of what would eventually be identified as Spaceship Earth . . . running around in G-Strings, moccasins and a feather antenna in brutal winters . . . alone and completely isolated except for contacts with equally mysterious Gods!

Then instinctively cloistering, settling in the choicest areas possible! The very first humans to work the land! Cultivate it! Grow things! Bring Earth to magnificent life!

All have been raised by the same rituals since they came into being! Rituals which served to build character, imagination, individuality and inspired them at early ages to choose their roles in life . . . for which they would be awarded a ‘new name’.

They never violated their true nature, human nature or all of nature. It is all one! They are in total harmony!

They created a social-political-religious structure within their tribes and reservations so unique . . . they achieved a total invisible support system! No matter where they strayed on any quest or mission . . . they always had a communal base! And the good sense to stay away from enemy camps!

One could also credit the Indians with inventing group therapy! They formed groups for public recitations of visions and dreams; discussed and analyzed their meaning and used them as the basis of their major religious ceremonies and to solve anxieties, disputes and the other frustrations and complex problems of life!

Most important was/is the arrival of their personal guardian spirit and protector! It’s often indicated in a dream or vision and could take animal, bird, plant, ghost, celestial, anthropomorphic, inanimate, fantasy shape! An ingenious personal support system!

All Indians have their duties and roles but encouraged to grow up as free spirits and independent non-conformists developing their imaginations, creativity, individuality and even eccentricities which is manifested in their dance, trance rituals, ceremonial songs, make-up and costume, icons, humour, etc. Which is why all are so creative and there’s so many artists among them!

These and other traits are only possible to nurture in a society low in dominant-submission hierarchies! Individuality is honored and celebrated!

This is the direct opposite of the Yankee system of social manipulation by human degradation! Of our sad-masochistic consumer society controlled via media, ads, products and entertainment contrived to keep the gullible public unworthy, undesirable, insecure and at the frightened mercy of false facades and overpriced trappings! Which our native Americans shunned!

They survived in spite of rejecting the American dream! Another of their survival secrets: They lived by real dreams in a reality formed by nature and the true world and sniffed out nightmares!

If our nation had derived from Native American credos and if the Universal consciousness had penetrated . . . America would have been a more spiritual land! The one-sided exploitation of air, earth, water and our other natural resources wouldn’t have backfired and destroyed the quality of life for everyone forever!

The Gowanus is not only a microcosm of the rise and fall of the industrial revolution but the canal is a timely dead symbol of the entire cheaptawdriness, waste and exploitation of life on earth after stealing it from the Indians!

Our extraordinary Native Americans who are so adept at moving the heavens they were solicited to work the high towers. The Indians built Manhattan UP! Perhaps because only they have secret entree to the sky and how to scrape it gently!

A race ruled by infinity, since the beginning of time because they actually created time! People who can smile at their gods and great spirits and make the ground grow! Who can gesture to their heavens and receive good tidings and perserverence!

Does anyone still doubt their phenomenal powers? They own and control the universe! They possess the secrets of life! Only they have the spirits and phenomenal magic to revive and save life even in its current decline!

Indians are our only medium and direct contact with all of nature! They were and are our only balance — our only humanizing equalizer for technology and worse!

It’s time to give the land back to the Indians . . . spiritually that is! Perhaps they’ll give us another chance to backtrack, start over from the point in time we were led astray and start again!

Thus is the Indian point of view, mythology, lessons, character, universal consciousness interwoven in the ‘Last Frontier’ project proposed for the Gowanus Canal area! It’s to set the record and everyone’s life ‘straight’!

By restoring Indian power and territory, we restore our power and links with nature! A rare opportunity to rediscover life, start fresh and develop in the Indian proscribed natural way on one small magic spot on earth! By reviving their magic creek — possibly others will spring to life!

There’s only one last frontier left to conquer . . . the understanding to be found in inner space! This is it! The medicine show of a lifetime! The Last Frontier! Chief Gouwane rides again! Ya-Hoo!

Transoriums® — Historical Origins

Transoriums have descended from the natural evolution of leisure time entertainment. They derive from the earliest public gardens transported from Europe to America in which people were diverted by games of human nature in natural, rustic settings! . . . through to menageries; phantasmagorias; Wild West and Indian Shows; traveling circuses and rodeos; human oddity Side Shows; Pleasure Boats; Early Microcosms which included tableaux of historical scenes, Roman Temple scenes, Celestial Phenomena, etc; 3-D Panoramas which preceded cinema; touring automatons; traveling commedia d’ell arte troupes; other forms of Street theatre; Medicine Shows; Revival Tent shows; Carny; Restorations; Theme Parks; Town Squares and town criers; Early Resort Promenades and Dances; Fairs; Church socials; Masques and Satires; Parades and Street Carnivals, etc.

These and other early entertainment medias represent a time before electronic blitzes and heartless brain programming when folks could still be reached and happily responded to provocative, original and simple attractions . . . and each other!

These past pleasures have evolved into Transoriums — an update combining elements from the entire history of recreation; drawing whenever possible from the particular power, myths and magic of the site; adding magic and several secret ingredients of its own and eureka! — a cosmic version of a public garden and town square . . . once more offering tantalizing games of human nature for today’s battered human psyche and mind!

A psyche that has been despirited, stunted and shredded by an oppressive high-pressure, sub-standard, degenerating culture. Minds that have not been allowed to evolve naturally but have regressed and atrophied due to the thumping, demoralizing impact and deflence of Consumer Society overkill, television and other ‘formulae’ entertainment and communication media designed to manipulate and enslave consumers rather than enrich, inform and entertain! Quicksell, anti-life formulaes that have squelched imagination, spirit and individuality!

TRANSORIUMS have rushed to the rescue of a mindless, zombiastic populace so locked in rigid stereotypes and so addicted to and lobotomized by junk culture . . . they’re out of touch! And control! And don’t even know it!

The mold people have lost all sense of themselves and everything else; have lost all empathy, compassion and understanding towards each other; can no longer be penetrated or reached except by bolts of extreme hype, scandal, sensationalism and/or violence; and/or jolts of drugs or alcohol! The resulting self-hate, intolerance and evil is speeding the hideous end of this epoch!

When B.S. became the opiate of masses who eagerly, slavishly behave and buy as they’re instructed . . . doomsday was inevitable!

Frederick Law Olmsted, sometimes with Calvert Vaux, designed Boston’s Commons, Prospect and Central Park among others as “Peaceful country parks and public grounds for the mental and physical refreshment and enjoyment for those who lived in the expanding city.”

In the Century — plus since, Olmsted’s marvelous creations still serve well . . . but not with quite the same powers of restoration! The oppressed wage slaves and urban victim’s of today’s bursting, rotting cities need more than bucolic pleasures for retreat and temporary peace of mind!

‘The Last Frontier’ — a theme Transorium based on the rise and fall of the industrial revolution — its effect on social life, street and leisure culture . . . through the native American’s point of view . . . has been conceived to satisfy contemporary needs!

Transoriums — Further Definition

Transoriums are inner space fantasy amusing parks; satirical mindscapes; mood mazes; contact art — theatre designed around various themes to inspire or cater to a participant’s every fantasy and fancy: Keyed to individual attitudes, time zones and energy levels.

Transoriums provide the sets, props, costumes, sound, lighting, roles, signs and storyboards with dialogue suggestions and plot ideas; cue and clue cards, other puzzles, games and festivity.

Players provide the action!

Anyone who strolls through, even inadvertently, is automatically a player! It’s equally entertaining as participant or spectator!

A Transorium could be in a treehouse adapted to trance duty or it could be a myriad of attractions, diversions and stylized magic/realistic sets in semi-permanent bubbles and domes; tents; fabricated fantasy enclosures; natural habitats; inflatables; etc. on open sites spread throughout an area.

Each diversion is a transfer and trigger point. The trancer/participant possibly transfers in each to a different reality via a new form of audience involvement; improvisational theatre; the interaction of fun and games! The involvement might trigger a further response!

There are usually trance decks for trancing! All beats!

Dancers are transformed into trancers . . . whatever the step!

Mister Peachum: 'Ja renn nur nach dem Glück, doch renne nicht zu sehr, denn alle rennen nach dem Glück, das Glück rennt hinterher.'

In 'Passion' von Jean-Luc Godard sitzt Jerzy, ein polnischer Regisseur in einem Hotelzimmer auf einem Stuhl, der an der Wand steht (Hotelzimmer sind eng), und fragt die vor ihm stehende Isabelle, 'sie sei wohl noch Jungfrau'. Worauf sie antwortet, 'vielleicht'. – Das ist aufregend. Genau weiß man nichts mehr oder immer noch nicht. (Deshalb muß man, auf der Suche nach dem Wissen, vorsichtig sein, ganz behutsam Sprache verwenden, nicht ja oder nein setzen.)

Der Zusammenhang von Liebe und Arbeit. Liebe, ein Zustand, eine Handlung, eine Relation. Godard nennt diese und seinen Film Passion. Liebe als aktive Passion füllt das Leben mit Lust und Schönheit. (Der Film zeigt viele Bilder der Schönheit, der Schönheit der Natur, der Kunst, des menschlichen Gesichts.) Schönheit als Ergebnis des Begehrens – und Leiden als das der passiven Passion?

Liebe ist eine Form von Arbeit, Arbeit ist eine Form von Liebe. Und Liebe entsteht nur durch Arbeit, denn Utopien verwirklichen sich nicht durch intensives Wünschen, sondern durch Arbeit. Und Arbeit bedarf, so wissen wir aus unserer Vorzeit, der Sprache. Doch welche Sprache gibt es, sich der Passion, dem leidenschaftlichen und zu erleidenen Bewegungsmotiv von richtigem Leben, anzunähern, um sie zu verstehen, um ein Wissen über sie zu erlangen?

Im Film wird eine Geschichte aus der Zeit der Kolonialisierung Amerikas erzählt. Jerzy erläutert Hanna, daß die Indianer von den Weißen deshalb getötet wurden, weil sie, als sie den europäischen Eindringlingen antworteten: 'Ich nicht verstehen', deren Sprache nicht korrekt benutzten. Der andere Gebrauch der Sprache gefährdet den ganzen Diskurs der Herrschaft und diese Gefährdung kann nur durch die (tödliche) Schuldzuweisung abgewiesen werden. Damit ist eine Kommunikation, wie der Indianerkopf, abgeschnitten. Kommunikation müßte akzeptieren, daß der andere Gebrauch der Sprache im Regelverstoß die Eindeutigkeit der Bedeutung auflöst. Und trotzdem müßte man weiterreden. Denn die Ambiguität, die Bewegung, die stattdessen entsteht, verweist auf die vielen möglichen Bedeutungspole und man lernt in der Bewegung das Andere, bisher Unbekannte denken, sehen, hören, – und vielleicht fühlen. (So könnte wohl neues Wissen, helles Bewußtsein gewonnen werden.) Godard benimmt sich mit diesem Film wie ein Indianer.

Die verschiedenen Personen des Films bringen ihre Interessen (Geld, Arbeit, Liebe, Film) immer wieder ins Handlungsspiel, tauchen immer wieder, zwischen den anderen Personen, an den verschiedenen Orten (Fabrik, Hotel, Filmstudio, Straßen, Landschaft) auf. Alle und alles trifft sich überall und geht wieder auseinander. Der Film besteht aus Übergängen; Überblendungen, von einer zur anderen Konstellation.

Manchmal entstehen in diesem komplizierten Muster der Bewegungen Verwirrungen, Knoten. In diesen Knoten lassen die Heftigkeit und die Verschiedenheit der Interessen, Wünsche und Motive diese zusammenstoßen. Die freie Bewegung erstarrt: Dann stellt sich Sprachlosigkeit ein, wenn die Heftigkeit in Ohnmacht, Wut und Hilflosigkeit wurzelt. Dann prügeln sich die Menschen. Die Schläge, Ohrfeigen, Knüffe, Büffe und Gebrüll finden in den Szenen nebenbei, als Nebenaktion zur Hauptaktion, statt. Die Verteilung der Aggression, die Entladung der Reibungsenergie hat eine primitive Direktheit. Diese läßt die Aggression befreiend erscheinen, angenehmer als die subtile Aggression des Psycho-Terrors. Und jeder haut jeden, die Arbeiterin den Chef, die Frau den Ehemann und vice versa.

Aber trotzdem, in der Liebe wäre Heftigkeit besser aufgehoben. Hanna möchte nach dem Frühstück ihren Mann heftig lieben, jedenfalls sagt sie das so, und er blättert, nun genervt, da er sich momentan überfordert fühlt, weiter in der Zeitung. In einer späteren Szene sagt er wiederum ihr, daß auch er sie heftig lieben möchte. Angehalten durch das rasende Tempo einer Verfolgungsjagd, die der heftigen Liebe nicht ihre Zeit zugesteht, laufen sie in verschiedene Richtungen.

Godard befreit seinen Film vom Schriftmäßigen und Logischen der Aufeinanderfolge von Einstellungen. Aktionen, Themen, Musik/Ton und Filmen kreuzen sich ständig, tauchen hier und dort wieder auf, entwickeln sich fort. Die breite, fließende Bewegung der motivisch-thematischen Arbeit, die durch wechselseitige Bezüge, Rückbezüge und Kontrapunkte Beziehungen herstellt, die zum Teil auch negative, d.h. asynchrone, fragmentarische und widersprüchliche sind, läßt den Film zur musikalischen Komposition werden. Die Dauer der Schrift wird vertauscht mit der Flüchtigkeit eines Vierklangs. Der Film nimmt in jener Durchführung und der damit gewonnenen höheren Abstraktion seiner Sprache das Gemeinte, das Erzählte aus der Übereinkunft und der Eindeutigkeit heraus, alles ist vielleicht, vielleicht auch das. Die Vagheit und Ambiguität des Films zwischen Geschichte und Nicht-Geschichte, zwischen Schönheit und Klischee, zwischen spielerischer Ironie und ehrgeizigem Ernst gibt ihm die Behutsamkeit und Offenheit, die für die Erforschung des Zusammenhangs von Liebe und Arbeit nötig ist.

Zu erfahren ist aus diesem Film, daß das schnelle Tempo der Logik und der Begriffe und das langsame Tempo der Gefühle sich ständig reiben und meist das langsame vom schnellen zerfetzt wird. Der Film im Film wird nie fertiggestellt, weil das Kapital keine Zeit hat bis der Regisseur etwas erlebt, aus dem er eine Geschichte machen könnte.

Eine Öffnung muß gefunden werden, so lautet ein häufig wiederholter Satz im Film. Eine Öffnung hin zu einer neuen Sprache, die die Tempi ausgleichen, die die Reibungsverluste, die das Bewußtsein trüben und abwetzen, verhindern kann.

Danach, auf dem Bett, beten Jerzy und Isabelle das Agnus Dei. Die, für die sie um Versöhnung und Erlösung bitten, sind nicht sie selbst, sondern andere, 'dona eis pacem' und doch sie selbst. Solange das Agnus Dei noch für die Bitte um Erlösung herhalten muß, solange es noch keine 'profane' und keine gültigere Sprache gibt, und damit auch kein Wissen um die Passion, können sie von sich nur in verzweifelter Distanz sprechen.

A Transorium could be a transformed outdoor site devoid of technology. Or it might be a Theme Salon offering illusive combinations and programmed variations of light; high intensity altered sounds and music plus natural sounds; visuals; special effects; treated film and slides; etc. . . . **All in a completely unique setting** plus the lightly induced participatory elements of cues and clues, etc.

Anyone who enters, however briefly, will never be the same!

One is quickly transformed and transported!

TRANSORIUMS playfully absorb people into an open end plot and discovery process in which they become involved via various roles and situations **to discover new dimensions of themselves; others!**

One of the devices to encourage action, intrigue, suspense, drama and to stimulate thought and conversation is **language, humour, puns, plays on words and situations, satire, irony, slapstick . . . so on down the line!** All to entice people to think, to play, to interact and communicate with anyone on some new level. . . however silly!

It's a guide for people to find their way!

Each transfer-trigger point is conceived on several levels.

The average non-thinker or coconut can be kept active, entertained and engrossed by the most superficial, obvious level of meaning . . . and hopefully charmed enough and/or lured by the discovery process to investigate the signals further; to probe a bit deeper to more metaphysical and subtle levels of their consciousness and behaviour. **There are no boundaries!** Only self-inflicted ones!

Introduction to the Last Frontier

THE IMMEDIATE PRIORITIES FOR CHANGING, REVIVING AND REVITALIZING AMERICA WHICH WILL BE INCORPORATED IN THE LAST FRONTIER ARE:

1. Alerting victims to the dehumanizing pseudo-human social values that have controlled and destroyed their lives . . . based on ADLAND'S PERSUASIVE AND DECEPTIVE ANTI-SOCIAL, ANTI-LIFE FANTASIES! A means of seeing through the charade!
2. Providing a method of shifting the synthetic destructive current reality that has nuzzled into noggins like a wood tick to an interim reality!

One capable of opening minds up to true human values and character; spirit; Self-confidence and a modicum of tolerance! The basis of human nature!

3. **The Last Frontier is attempting to create a leveling and healing ground by opening up our neglected channels and providing new ways of using them to reactivate them for both practical and esoteric purpose!**

The L.F. is a **commons** where a wide variety of people can temporarily meet, mingle, participate in some exchange, become involved in an extraneous mutual plot strictly for fun; share laughs; laugh at themselves; really be put into touch with each other to create an environment conducive to temporary understanding and a rebuilding process!

The various **diversions** and **transfer points** are a way to guide the tortured to rediscover their own strengths, independence, ingenuity, individuality, ideas, creativity! The L.F. shifts within organically to continually reinforce, support, supplement, substantiate, accomodate an awakening . . . whether its from the grounds, a Guru, a self realization tape from Aunt Marthe or someone's running 'High'!

How the Last Frontier Transorium Works

The entire festive-frontier-boomtown atmosphere, diversions and logistics are designed to free people! To loosen them up so they'll be more receptive in a very genuine, natural, real way!

Though alcohol will be on sale . . . **The ambiance will be conducive to a natural high!** No drugs, synthetic mind expanders, pills or booze necessary! Only a willingness to participate!

(Signs also warn: 'No abusive language permitted! Only metaphors and witty insults . . . worthy of topping!')

The various **transfer points**, Canal Ride and sights allow people to relax; to drop their inhibitions behind make believed roles within suggested play procedures. 'Play' as in children' play and as in dramatic structure! **The play's the thing!**

The cues, clues, humour, puns, plays on words, etc. are keyed to encourage light social exchange and something radically new and different: **Thought! They'll have to think about it!**

All of the **transfer points** are also **trigger points** to encourage an inter-action that might signal and stimulate some dormant brain receptor, open it up and **trigger** an exchange or thought on some other level of consciousness. the higher the better!

There's **no** pressure! It doesn't matter how involved participants become! Or what level they proceed to! Or if they just stare and sneer! **Nobody squirms out of the L.F. unaffected!**

The different diversions and TP's have been carefully composed, plotted within a context and progression and at times — connected throughout the grounds **to facilitate everyone's progress** or equally essential — **occasional backtracking!**

Life is all energy! Most mortals operate at either high or low energy pitches; fast or slow time; up or down peaks and moods . . . with many variations between either pole! And all in relation to the energy of all life links and earth! Many are grounded on a wavering middle ground or on a high wire; some operated sideways; many keep shifting erratically or against themselves! And there are those whose feet never touch any base! The L.F. has something to balance and uplift everyone . . . to put them in **touch! Centered!**

The **transfer points**, among other functions, CATER to provide balance and enhance our different energy levels, time zones, moods, aspects of character and HUMAN NATURE to guide participants into a sympathetic or more challenging 'teaching' milieu . . . depending on their mood and feelings at that moment in time! They can change classrooms as often and as fast as they like! And take a recess whenever they want!

It requires more than one visit for guests to investigate, find their way around, understand the delights and rewards of each TP, regroup, find themselves, find their own true way! Eventually they might discover new facets of themselves and of others! Once they start relating to themselves and each other again on those primal terms — they're likely to keep moving ahead into upper reaches!

It's contact art. You're touched — you touch! Physically, mentally and metaphysically! There are myriads of contact possibilities! **You'll make contact!**

The long range object of the Last Frontier beyond its capacity of a fantasy amusing park — escape hatch is to create a new media and inner space 'communications center'. The fantasy and amusing park is the warm-up zone!

The Last Frontier is actually a living channel and communications media onto itself! An organic guide to inspire people to really think . . . **listen . . . speak . . . communicate with each other honestly!** (Just like monkies!) The main entry requirements for telepathic and universal channels is: **The living truth!**

If the L.F. succeeds in reaching people on a new level, then tempts them to reach each other on that level, and then to soar together to the next . . . **Then it truly functions as a universal leveler!**

It's a way of coddling rude, insensitive cretins and other social mongoloids like babies! It's as if you're taking stroke victims and showing them familiar objects but in a new, more painstaking light for renewed recognition . . . teaching them to understand and say their first words . . . how to take their first steps again . . . how to face life and other people as if it's for the very first time!

Some might just remain contentedly at the staggering, crawling level. Other trailblazers may make contact with the proper BEAM and shoot right into the great beyond! Whether drooling or panting . . . it will be a fresh source of self discovery and self enlightenment at every stage!

Everyone who plays or participates in this transorium is in essence also a **cub reporter-transmitter!** They transfer and transmit news, views, insights, ideas, nonsensical fragments from various exchanges and sources. There are a variety of other forms of communication channels woven throughout.

If a **transmitter** so desires — they can drop items into **transmission boxes** or at the '**tales from the Last Frontier**' newspaper office in the Town Square (A major communications point!) direct! The results will be compiled and some printed. **It's how we keep track!** (National distribution of this lively Broadside will create curiosity and double as a Park Promo! Just like the **fantasy wheel deal boards!**)

AND NOW FOR A FEW WORDS FROM YOUR MAN IN THE STREET — FRIEDRICH SCHILLER. . . "If a person on the lowest rung of sensual desire loves only himself, this is not love at all. Egoism is the utmost impoverishment of a living creature and the egoist's concomitant hatred of mankind is nothing but slow suicide. When sensual gratification triumphs — the mind, the principle of man's freedom is being plundered by the assault on the senses and he's enslaved. But man's emotions need not remain at this miserable level. Humanity must free itself from the petty concerns of day-to-day degenerate existence and develop its intellectual powers."

Native Americans, the first transmitters and the original, all knowing keepers of our two major communications channels — TERRESTRIAL AND CELESTIAL are slated to be stationed in certain strategic Transfer Points at the L.F. They're the only humans qualified to supervise the trance rituals, certain lessons and secret knowledge and provide other metaphysical and energy links necessary for both earthier and loftier excursions.

The L.F. has restored them to once again OVER-SEER OF THEIR ORIGINAL TERRITORY . . . THE COSMOS AND THE UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS! ALL ENCOMPASSING SPIRITUAL PASSAGES AND ETERNAL CHANNELS THAT ARE BEYOND POLITICAL OR RELIGIOUS CONTROL AND CENSORSHIP!

A channel, which if used freely by or had influenced white men and women . . . would have made it difficult for the Barbarians to deplete earth and life!

'The Last Frontier' — 'New Timers' in a New Society!

Visitors strolling around the many delightful and unusual sights of the **Last Frontier** will notice a lively, courteous staff of men, women and young adults in unique Last Frontier costumes representing **land, sea and air** . . . serving them, tending to Transfer Points, guarding and cleaning the grounds, working the canal, running things behind the scenes!

These are all former homeless nomads, outcasts and unemployed operating the L.F. in various roles and now known as 'new timers'!

The L.F. is also a completely new method of dealing with dropouts and disposeables! They're now adjusted and functioning in a new society commiserate with and utilizing their quirks, nature, habits, outlook, intelligence, sensitivity, rebelliousness, color and often quite sophisticated street humour and smarts!

The main complaint of social workers at homeless and drug programs is: **"They don't want to do anything" — "They have no goals."** . . . again ignoring the true reasons for their inertia, lack of motivation and avoidance of the Trap! Whether 16 or 80 — they're mostly very immature emotionally; a bunch of stubborn, ornery, undisciplined kids who automatically do the opposite of what they're told . . . just as they rebel against society or whatever restricts and threatens their freedom!

In the L.F. they're now part of a community which they've helped create and build that provides long and short range goals keyed to their disparate, wanton needs — with a built in support system.

It's a quasi-theatrical/street scene at base that provides roles, identity, goals, a sense of dignity and self respect on their terms! And values their individuality! Their uniforms even have their own personal insignia, color badges, special touches!

They're not only involved in a truly constructive scheme and accomplishing something beyond meaningless piece work . . . **but they're pioneers in a new type of changing Boomtown** they can **anticipate, grow with, belong to!**

There's no longer the humiliation of being bums and lowly outcasts in a soupline, mission or shelter. They're now **new timers** building a **Boomtown!** "I'm over at the Last Frontier!" is a proud boast!

The **new timer community** will be concentrated in a section below and apart from the visitor's section of the **Last Frontier**. Their living and park working quarters and personal off-duty hangouts and rehearsal areas will be spread around mostly in the many building vacancies and lots between 3rd and 4th Avenue and from 6th to 16th Street; scattered between Second and Third south of 9th.

Their residence will be loosely based on an **Indian sodality system** of lodges. An ideal method of separating men, women, teens into small groups based on similar characteristics, interests and compatible personalities. Each **SODALITY** serves as their hideout, main hangout and homebase. The methods of observing, regulating and monitoring this concept are a subtle part of the design.

The first platoon of 'NEW TIMER' recruits will be especially selected through a rigorous screening program for skills, talents, strength, other abilities to make sure they're emotionally, mentally and physically qualified to carry off the responsibilities and duties necessary for the **first flap of the program.**

There will also be a Native American derived . . . '**spiritual-universal-harmony with nature-respect for life**' belief system!

NEWTIMERS will participate in daily ceremonies of gratitude; will adopt guardian spirits and new names; participate in other **character building** rituals supervised by Native Americans.

This '**mystical-universal belief system**' and **sensitive attitude towards nature and the cosmos** will replace their loss of faith in god, religion, life! (Their unrewarding religious missions which never saved anyone went out with 'GUYS AND DOLLS'!)

The CEREMONIES are lively and rejuvenating! They'll actually be fun to attend. The rituals restoring their '**center**' and their part in the grand scheme — a link to all of life will help instigate a rebirth of their faith in the world at large.

Today's numbing urban street life has destroyed the whimsical fantasies, challenges, illusions, fragment of hope and activity nomadic life once offered! The vacant faced 80's homeless have lost the ability to even dream!

For staff and guests . . . the Last Frontier will ignite and stimulate the imagination, the ability to step aside and laugh at oneself, to develop understanding of each other's idiosyncrasies, to dream again and to **find new channels of expression!**

It's the Last Frontier! Ya Hooo!

Part of the mode of the Last Frontier is to aesthetically return to that point in time before our natural signals, receptors and responses were neutralized and demolished by powerful marketing techniques determined to squash and control ego, mind and spirit!

These selling strategies surpassed the cagiest and most subversive political maneuvers geared to the same ends! (Which is why politics eventually attempted to adept these once persuasive techniques of maintaining an insecure, subservient populace even as they wanned into totally ineffectual anti-communications and control devices.)

The Last Frontier is synthesizing all of the most primitive and advanced entertainment-communications-theatrical mediums from which Transoriums evolved (stated earlier); merging and blending lively and positive elements from boomtowns, mining towns, newspirited pioneer settlements and especially Native American complexes; improvisational-encounter type processes; imaginative-humorous stimuli in line with future think; the order and plotting that only art can provide . . . that life lacks; some magic and secret ingredients of its own; letting the latest winds of time toss it around and voila! A new lease on life!

One of the Last Frontier's Trade Secrets Further Defined

By returning so that **crossroads in American growth** . . . back in time to just before art, language, culture, communications, life and humans were stunted like a bonsai plant to conform to a safe, equally deformed consumer market . . . **we're providing a second chance for all!**

Back to frontier spirit! Back to early recreational outlets and public gardens when one indulged in games of human nature . . . further back to when our Native Americans globally communicated with the universe and native brothers and sisters around the world ... and still do . . . without interference!

These connections, the plurality and integrity that we lost, can only be regenerated, rejuvenated and restored **by starting fresh!** By reviving our most primitive, earliest methods of communications and signals! By creating the natural energy, release and direct exchange inspired by our earliest communications centers such as a Town Square principle . . . **except all within a more truthful, modern context and sophisticated, transcendental plain of where we should be; what we should know; be aware of and see through!**

Flexibility is Germane to the Concept!

THE LAST FRONTIER is alive and organic and capable of fluctuating to keep stimulating, changing and growing to suit the whims of a varying audience.

The larger harmonic components: A cosmic Town Square of the highest order; orchestrated Street Life; a rippling Pleasure Boat Canal; TRANSORAMAS; Kinetic but spiritual TRANSFER/TRIGGER POINTS; other lively incentives will coalesce into an ongoing STAGE-ROAD SHOW with its own center, energy, spirit and life force!

The L.F. is a perpetual tryout town in the sense that it's an **EVER-CHANGING ENTERTAINMENT-THINK CHANNEL!**

HISTORY IN THE MAKING!

The Outer Timer guests — trailblazers, cosmic prospectors and staff New Timers who use the various signals and Trigger Points to make contact with themselves, with others are performer/transmitters guiding the show forward!

Once they establish certain response levels . . . **they can move to new incentives, stimuli and transfer points to generate deeper excursions and mind transformations to guide them to each succeeding level!** The upper transcendental channels won't be available **to everyone but nobody will feel left out or neglected!**

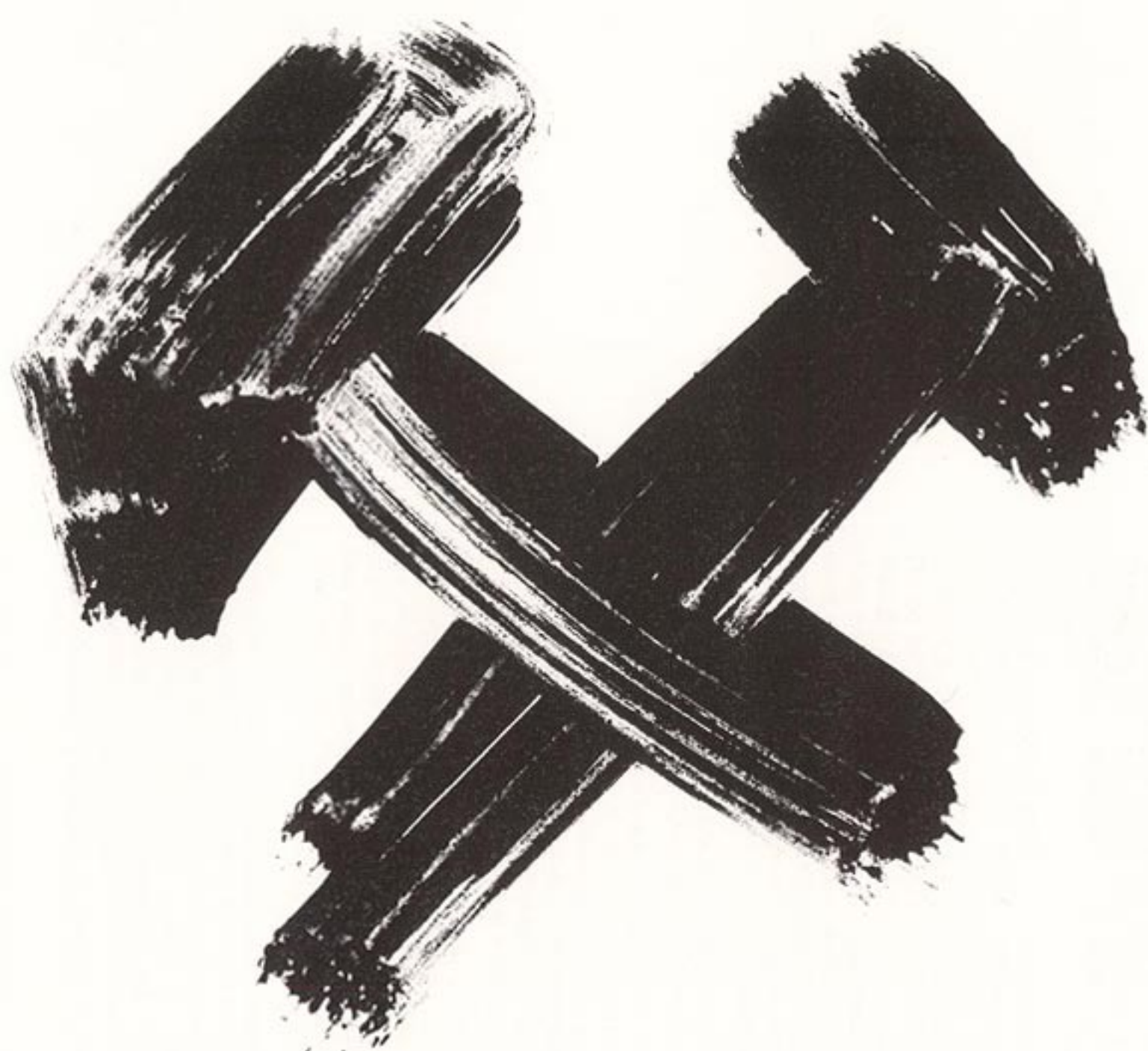
This is one of the reasons that the Last Frontier has fused 'inner space' within a '**Frontier spirit-western**' context! The Frontier is not only compatible with the Industrial Revolution theme; the Consumer Society satires used in transoriums as a deprogramming device and the over all **Native American** involvement . . . but enhances its purpose as a **leveling ground!**

This earthy, wild west approach eliminates some of the wierd, dicey suspicions and intimidating misconceptions often associated with metaphysical phenomena and its many camps. At one end there's scientific pretentiousness; incomprehensible physics theories and the high falutin' weighty philosophical-mystical meanderings of men of letters and holy men.

At the other end — the incense burning rites of Gypsy psychics and other exotic mediums or the wholesome, open and therapeutic approach of terribly serious, pompous New Age gurus and medicine men cloaked in insular preciousness!

Just like organized religion — every branch of the supernatural-academic hindu, Voodoo, etc., depends on exclusivity and eliticism to promulgate their message! And which also excludes! The eliticism of each violates the basic **universal 'oneness'** goal of this channel . . . and certainly a conflict of ego! (Compromises are possible!)

The Last Frontier is attempting to open communications and break down barriers between people on every level which is what the **universal channel** is all about! The Last Frontier also opens a **new frontier** in terms of Inner space and understanding. Thus it has been conceived to make it as appealing, accessible, inviting and as challenging as possible! (Along with a bit of intrigue and mystery-expanded further in merchandising and some elitist aspects to lure the Snob Market! After all, they need help more than anyone!)



MEHR

KOHLER

Therefore, the metaphysics expounded at the Last Frontier sound like all-American, populist, democratic entertainment:

'Hit the old cosmic trail!
The last open range left! Universal consciousness!
Wide open spaces to explore the inner reaches of your mind!
Unlimited inner space! All prospectors welcome
At the Last Frontier!
A metaphysical Boomtown of the mind and spirit!
Yahoo! Come and get it!
Chief Gouwane rides again!
Float through time on the old Gowanus canal!

There's something for everyone at the L.F. Even the most basic, primitive **transfer points** offer an opportunity to expand! Everyone has some insight to convey on any level! Advanced **cub transmitters** will often return to the simple pleasures of a more primitive station for a brush-up and a fling! And slower learner/transmitters are welcome to transfer into a deeper zone whenever they get the rush!

The Last Frontier practices the tolerance it's trying to install! A prior experience is every idiot's delight and right!

Catering to the **lowest common denominator** are the tactics of **mass communications! Mongoloid television channels bent on repressing and warping intelligence and mental evolution — both of viewers and TV creators — are the literal personification of a time warp!**

The Spirit Lingers on! Everywhere!

A thorough, in depth feasibility study of the Gowanus tributary area revealed a wierd sense of timelessness and inexplicable auras floating around. The current Gowanus settlement, interspersed around the light industry, though long stripped of original protective woods, has reverted back to a low key hideout.

It is no mere coincidence but fate that the various Indian meanings of Gowanus include lying low, hideaway, hiding out and briar enclosure. Its time warp — hideout karma derive from definition!

And even more profound, in the Last Frontier proposed reincarnation, it once again serves as a Hideout: For former drop outs and weary citizens who need a refreshing hideaway, a special hideout to escape to close to home!

GOUWANE WAS, IS, WILL BE . . . A GOOD PLACE TO LAY LOW!

Further investigation and corroboration from experts on such matters confirmed the presence of a variety of spirits in the air. Solemn, sad ghosts from different phases of Gowanus' sordid and capricious history and scandals! Some sent to rest on the bed of the old Gowanus room at night when its quietly spooky. And above all, the fading spirit of Kishelëmukong, the great guiding spirit behind this once magical earth spot and creek! A magic which shared its powers over the centuries when that town and creek rippled with action!

Once these restless spirits are exorcised . . . the many powerful and original spirits which once reigned and still in the vicinity can be reincarnated! The powerful Kishelëmukong will descend again and Gouwane will rise again!

The link was severed years ago through overuse, neglect and lack of spiritual gratitude. Thus Gowanus territory lies there like the 'VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED', complete with glowing-eyed demon kids, resisting all efforts for improvement! BUT THE CHARISMA AND OLD SPIRITS STILL HOVER NEARBY, WAITING TO BE REASSURED. . . AS DOES THE CANAL!

The proper native American shaman connection was made fast to restore the original link that bound it to the founding spirit! Even before the proposal for The Last Frontier was finished! There was no time to waste with this wasteland!

Soon intense trance ceremonies, offerings of belated thanks and purification rites produced a distant but hopeful response which gradually grew stronger! Contact was finally made! Sometimes these ancient gods are so grateful to be revived, especially after being ignored for so long, that they go overboard! Stronger contact was manifested! There were some actual stirrings in the dead waters of the water and some other odd manifestations and visions which, upon shamanistic interpretation, indicated that once the canal was cleaned up chemically and then spiritually, KISHELËMUKONG would not only revive the stagnant waters but offer some spirits and magic to revive humanity!

This edition (IN YOUR HAND) of TALES OF INNER MANHATTAN contains some sections from a rather detailed proposal for transforming the Gowanus Canal area into a transorium titled 'CHIEF GOUWANE'S LAST FRONTIER' . . . an inner space fantasy amusing park and cosmic channel . . . which was recently presented to COMMUNITY BOARD 6 who oversees the site.

If this tale transpires into its proposed reality . . . visitors and inner space prospectors who drop into the Last Frontier after it opens will be able to purchase a mystically emblomed canteen containing 'CHIEF GOUWANE'S MAGICAL, MIRACLE REAL LAUGHING SPIRITS OF MOON OVER GOWANUS REFLECTO WATER!' Every drop blessed and sanctified by Native American water rituals. One splash on your reflection anywhere, a few magic words and for a moment . . . YOU WILL EXPERIENCE A NEW, JOYOUS, REAL, LAUGHING, SPIRITED YOU! And a moment of uplifting truth if you look hard and smile! A daily splash of this laughing spirit could eventually take over! You'll start feeling good all the time!

Chief Gouwane's Laughing Spirit Reflecto Water will be available at the ceremonial source in the Temple of Princess Aurora Gowanus'. 'Ah Sweet Mystery of Life!' Cosmic Charm School! A guide to true human nature, inner space and harmony with the univers! An attached booklet contains the INCREDIBLE LEGEND OF THE GREAT GOUWANE CREEK THROUGH HISTORY; instructions and magic incantations for experiencing the water's spirits and power of rebirth! Quick as a splash! Only on reflection!

Thus, in conjunction with the Native American point of view interwoven into THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION THEME OF THE LAST FRONTIER . . . Not only will it offer a MEDICINE SHOW depicting the birth of the overall history of the Drug and Medicine industry; the earliest use of Charlatanism in Big Business and its early role in the History of Communications . . . BUT ALSO — THE LAST FRONTIER IN ITS ENTIRETY IS NOW A NEW, UPDATED VERSION OF AN ACTUAL MEDICINE SHOW! ONE DEDICATED TO SPIRITUAL AND MENTAL HEALING AND A QUEST FOR HIGHER COMMUNICATIONS AND UNDERSTANDING!

AND THIS TIME AROUND . . . THE INDIANS ARE NO LONGER THE COLORFUL PROP BUT RUNNING THE WHOLE SHOW AND BOTTLING THEIR TRULY MAGICAL ELIXIR DIRECT! ZOWIEEE! YAAAHOOOOO HOOOEY! CHIEF GOUWANE RIDES AGAIN! FOOTNOTE: THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL . . . GECELAMU 'KAONG spelled KISH-ELËMUKONG in Lenape language means one who creates with their thoughts! The potential of producing a physical effort from mental origin! What better Great Guiding Spirit could a fantasy amusing park for inner space and a frontier school for expanding the mind, imagination and spirit have!

Oh yes, one other thing, as long as you've come this far and wonder why we just took this excursion through time . . .

Artists are more sensitive to metaphysical and telepathic channels! As communicators they can manifest their gifts in their art to signal others to our only free channel left! That unlimited territory in the sky that insures universal understanding of life, nature and transmits compassion and peace. Every region has ancient cosmic earth spirits you can thank and revive as soon as possible as official guardians!

Transorium provided this capsule background of America in terms of leisure history; how they relax to balance the incongruities and injustices of daily life and why entertainment, leisure, thought, art, communications, etc. is rapidly degenerating and no longer serving as balance for billions of distressed souls! It furnishes some insight into various aspects of the American character which is not unlike most other's these wretched days!

Only artists can plot, structure and design life and reality to its highest level! Can create a reality that will truly reach, inspire and change people! It's essential that people learn to change and adapt in this escalating era, instead of falling apart! Artists must dedicate themselves to changing reality, to restoring life and human nature, to clearing clogged communications channels so we can reconnect!

'CRACK OUT NOT UP!' IS THE BATTLECRY FOR REVIVING THE ZOMBIES!

Humour is a means of stepping aside to see yourself more clearly, see how you behave so you laugh at yourself and live with your madness! Any scheme you hatch up for better escape hatches, instilling laughter, initiating change and understanding, cracking the mold is vital! A new Channel will let in some fresh air, to air their depleted souls and brains out!

It's no small task! EVERYONE WITH FRESH IDEAS IS NEEDED!

GO TO IT! PRESS FORTH FAST! ENOUGH SCHEISS BOCKMIST!

IF WE CAN'T KEEP THE SHOW ON THE ROAD . . . NOBODY CAN!

AS CHIEF GOUWANE SAYS: "GO GET 'EM! GO FOR BROKE!"

The Last Frontier is a non-profit, open end endeavor. If realized, there will be much art needed! Brush up on those clear signals! And wherever you are . . . KEEP FRONTIER SPIRIT ALIVE!

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Diese Ausstellung ist weder als Einzelausstellung, noch als Gruppenaktion zu verstehen. Die üblichen Kategorien passen nicht hierher. ter Hell und seine Crew (von ihm persönlich aufgeforderte Mitstreiter, geistesverwandte Artisten und generationengleiche Künstlerkollegen) demonstrieren einen alternativen Kunstbegriff. Über die Individualität hinaus, hin zu einem neuen Konsensus über das, was alle gemeinsam angeht. Vielleicht aus dem Gefühl heraus, daß der einzelne relativ wenig bewegen kann, wenn er sich äußert, die Gruppe schon mehr, alle zusammen viel. Das „Ich bins“ — ter Hells Credo aus der Vor-New-Yorker Zeit — ist einem „Wir sinds“ gewichen. Eine andere Erscheinungsform von Zeitgeist (die Vokabel wird man so schnell nicht wieder los) manifestiert sich in diesen Aktionen. Hirnströme, Nervenströme, Bewußtseinsströme fließen zusammen; ein vielarmiges Delta, das in einen größeren Strom mündet. Soll man es eine neue Offenheit nennen? Oder eine neue Sensibilität für die Vorgänge, die unser gegenwärtiges Leben bestimmen, und die sich in den Botschaften dieser konzentrierten Aktion niederschlägt?

Auf meine Frage, was er von einem kleinen Generics +++-Vorwort denke, meinte ter Hell, schreiben Sie doch, was Sie schon immer mal sagen wollten. Nun ja. Ich wollte zum Beispiel schon immer mal die Frage anschneiden, ob Kunst in Zukunft nicht ganz andere Funktionen haben müsse als heute. Die Rückzugsgefechte der Kunst als ästhetischem Schauspiel sind längst ausgetragen. Die Antikunst hat ihre historische Rolle bravourös über die Bühne gezogen. Hingegen steht die Kunst-gleich-Leben-Debatte als Dauerbrenner immer noch auf dem (Spiel)plan. Aber das, was wir für die kommenden Jahrzehnte (Jahrhunderte?) auch erwarten müssen, ist eine andere Art von Lebenshilfe: eine universelle Verschmelzung von Kunst mit Wissenschaft, Politik, Urbanität, eine Durchdringung in Feinstrukturen, eine weitere Aufhebung bestehender Trennungen, freilich nicht auf Kosten von Niveau. Keine Nivellierung, sondern Omnipräsenz der künstlerischen Substanz in allen Lebensbezirken.

ter Hells Messages, sein zweifellos vorhandener, manchmal skeptischer, manchmal spielerischer Idealismus haben viel damit zu tun, was von der Rolle der Kunst in Zukunft zu denken ist.

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