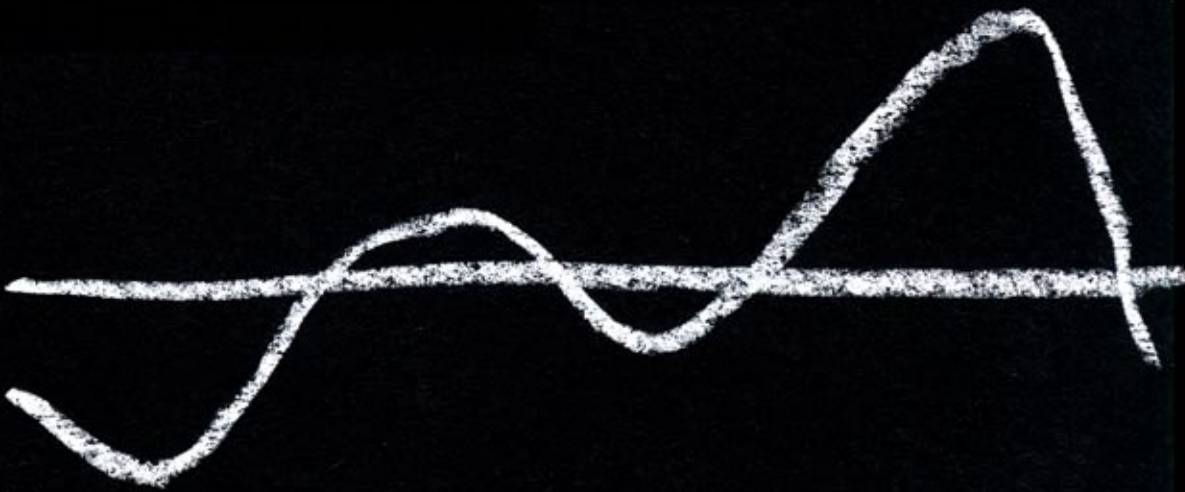




maga- zine ^{#1}



journal of the post-real



***call for submissions
for sci-fi show to
take place at the
custard factory, the
springhill institute
and UCE margaret st.
at the end of october
2003...***

contents

Editorial

OK, so this is a new maga-zine which is mostly about art and culture but will basically talk about just about anything that takes our fancy and try to make it interesting or funny or something else. I guess it's probably safe to say so here (because no-one ever reads these editorials do they?), but a lot of the stuff in here is going to be lies, OK? We thought we'd better mention it in case anyone got upset about defamation or anything. So, there you are... warned and that. That might make it difficult to figure out which exhibitions are real and which ones are bullshit, so if you're in any doubt you can e-mail us at aas@clara.co.uk which is an e-mail address we'll be putting out all over the place so it doesn't really matter if you haven't read this either, but then, of course, you just have. Go on then. Go and read the maga-zine. And remember it's pronounced MAGA-zine not maga-ZINE for some reason...

aas

aas made this magazine

If you want to submit articles in future you can contact us at aas@clara.co.uk.

5



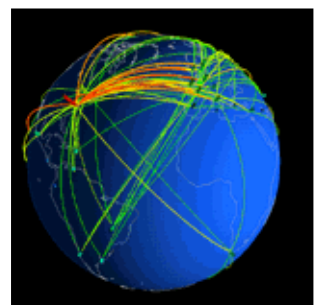
6



11



13



Why Art Rocks

Rocks. there are many different varieties: big rocks, small rocks, red rocks, yellow rocks and now, more and more art rocks. But what has triggered this recent trend in the appearance of art rocks?

Rocks are produced by compounding material together under great pressure and sometimes with heat involved in the equation as well. Over a lengthy period of time this process eventually created rock.

As we all know, art has been around for a long time, and is the indicator of a civilised culture. During the thousands of years, many layers of art have piled up. As this piling up process continues, the weight of the more recent art compresses the layers of earlier art into art rocks. More recently there is also a degree of heat (from media and the spectator) leading to a harder, but more brittle art rock in the future.

But back to my original question: why art rocks? Art rocks have a certain aura about them. A residual from the art they were originally. They exude art without even form. This is why art rocks are better: anything you make from them qualifies more as art, and what's more because the art is already there, you don't need to be an artist.

Neil Wiseman is a Gallery Owner

Original Print?(extract)

1999.12 ??? ?

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Excerpt from <http://www.paintseoul.com/Report-21c-03.htm>

Martin Creed Kidnap

Stuart Tait pieces together the story of the abduction of Martin Creed. On Sunday 9th December 2001, Martin Creed was awarded the Turner Prize at Tate Britain and was presented the award by Madonna, a popular singer who was trying to become British. After the award ceremony party, as Creed was leaving the Tate, he was seen being bundled into the back of black cab by two assailant in rabbit masks. What followed has been the source



Artist's impression

of much subsequent speculation as to who may have been responsible. Some three months later Creed turned up at New Scotland Yard claiming that he had been kidnapped and tortured by an anarchist art group. The police obviously took a statement from Creed as to his alleged whereabouts for the last three months and summoned members of his immediate family to come and pick up the embattled artist. Thus began a very strange enquiry into the story as told by Creed, which was made all the more strange when it seemed that there had been continued press coverage and even interviews with Creed throughout the interim period. It has now become common knowledge that all of these interviews and articles were, in fact, a bogus attempt to cover up Creed's true plight, which can now be disclosed for the first time. Creed had indeed been kidnapped on 9th December. His captors have been referred to as Anarcho-Artistic Syndicate, a renegade faction of the imaginary art group Proto-mu. They had been seen posing as members of Proto-mu on the steps of Tate Britain earlier that day and engaged in counter protest to the Stuckists. After the awards party, as he was leaving, Creed was pushed into the car before he could protest and spirited away. According to information which has been exclusively revealed to aas maga-zine, Creed was kept for the duration of his ordeal in a locked room. The lights in the room were set on a timer so that at intervals of about two minutes they turned on and then off again after a further two minutes. This is a standard technique used in torture and is designed to prevent the victim from being able to sleep properly, in order to break their spirit. However, with such a prolonged torture it was inevitable that Creed would fall asleep at some point. On these occasions a skylight was opened and the room was filled with balloons to create a sense of claustrophobia. Creed was subjected to these tortures until, in his own words, he "promised not to do it again".

Nothing has been heard from Anarcho-Artistic Syndicate, if they truly exist, since the alleged kidnapping, but Martin Creed has continued to practice art and it seems inevitable that we have not heard the end of this matter.

Stuart Tait is a Real Artist

Performance as News: Notes on an Intermedia Guerrilla Art Group

CHERYL BERNSTEIN

That the Symbionese Liberation Army until now has been undetected as a performance group is largely due to the somewhat overcharged rhetoric of their overt content as well as their deliberate avoidance of any recognizable art context in which their work might be framed. These notes are offered as a preliminary attempt to understand the significance of their work and its relationship to performance as it has been evolving over the last decade or so.

In an art-historical sense, the first segment of their long, still unfinished piece, the food sequence, was singularly retrospective, stressing the group's roots in vanguard tradition. On the formal level, it looked like just one more of the many "proposal" pieces of the late 60's and early 70's; but, typically for the SLA, this proposal both commented on and refuted the then-popular proposal form. The difference lay not only in the fact that this proposal was realized (the distribution of food), but also in the essential concept that without an active audience, the work could not be considered complete. Utilizing extremely simple, but effective, materials (a tape recorder and half of a driver's license), the piece not only mobilized the entire San Francisco Police Department, millions of Hearst dollars, several charity organizations, food wholesalers and, of course, scores of the needy, it also set into motion the whole of the communications industry. I will return to their choice of the news as their exclusive artistic medium, but for the moment, I want to focus on the very peculiar kind of risk they undertook at the outset of their work—a risk that set the aesthetic and art-historical terms in which the group would henceforth operate.



In performance art, the artist is more exposed than ever before. The literal identification of artistic risk with the act of risking one's body or one's civil rights has become familiar lately in the work of such artists as Chris Burden, Rudolf Schwarzkogler, Tony Schafrazi and Jean Toche. Of course, much earlier Marcel Duchamp risked—if not his life and freedom—the disclosure of his artistic intentions in a series of (usually incomplete or failed) endeavors that looked more like business ventures than art activities. The appearance of the SLA as a guerrilla political group both adopted the Duchampian gesture and escalated it—and in so doing directly addressed the still unresolved issue of art vs. non-art that has preoccupied the art world since the late 50's.

Among the most lucid expositions of the paradox of non-art, Allan Kaprow's well-known 1971 essay, "The Education of the Un-Artist," undoubtedly contributed to the atmosphere in which the SLA piece was conceived. In that essay, Kaprow examines the strategies of artists who seek to liberate themselves from the institutionalized art world. These are the artists who, some or all of the time, "operate outside the pale of the art establishment, that is, in their heads or in the daily or natural domain." Such are the "earthworkers," "Happeners," and Conceptual artists. However, these "non-artists" always report their activities to the art establishment, which duly records them in its art pages. Thus, while they work outside the galleries or museums, they operate completely within the art world in the social sense. Without recognition from that world, their acts have no meaning. In this, they are as dependent on the established art context as were the Dadaists, who never left it in the first place.



To this tradition, Kaprow opposes the notion of the un-artist. Unlike the non-artists, un-artists would be socially invisible as artists. They would "give up all references to being artists of any kind what ever," would outwardly adopt other professions, and would utilize television and other media. Un-artists would still be vanguard artists, but by disguising rather than declaring their esthetic intentions, they would transcend the paradox of older non-art. Anyone familiar with the SLA piece must concede its debt to Kaprow's ideas, but the brilliant tactics of this intermedia guerrilla group and its refinement of the issues Kaprow raises (not to mention its solution to the problem of avoiding detection as an art group) places it squarely in the ambiance of the post-60's. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding Kaprow's terms, the essential point of reference here is still the Duchampian mode and the dialectics of art and non-art.

One of the most successful aspects of the SLA piece is its ability to be read as a completely autonomous event unrelated to any kind of art, complete with a politically self-explanatory intent. At the same time, its overt content functions as a unifying metaphor that resolves itself as a negation of political action—perhaps the only way that art can define its limits and maintain its identity in modern, bourgeois society. It is significant that the SLA chose the guise of a militant political group at the very moment when such militancy was demode, ripe for un-artistic appropriation. The strategy here recalls early Pop art, whose iconography of cheap ads and comic book graphics was equally antithetical to serious art. And just as the Pop artists utilized these highly rhetorical forms in a way that contradicted their original purpose, the apparent content of the SLA piece functions as a self-subverting mask that signifies something other than its overt intent. The resultant negation, a classic vanguardist strategy long before Pop, points to the central meaning of modernist art, which aims inexorably at its own self-transcendence: the abolition of art. And like so much avant-garde art of recent years, the SLA evokes in order to liquidate the idea of art as communication. But the SLA's art practice goes beyond these other forms of vanguardism in its commitment to a self-imposed dichotomic model of perception that systematically develops the dissonant as both a necessity and reality.

The paradox is made evident not only by the un-art disguise, but—less transparently—by the multiple references and anticipations of recent avant-garde art. The video segment (the bank robbery), which used the concept of planned chance (the "given" installation of the bank cameras), is perhaps the most obvious. The fire sequence, which, in Los Angeles, pre-empted national network news broadcasts, critically commented on the work of Chris Burden, Vito Acconci and other performance and body artists who engage in physical risk or "operate" on their own bodies (Patty Hearst's prison operation also belongs in this category). Also noteworthy is the narrative element of the piece—the metaphor of the artist as fugitive and then prisoner is especially wry; and the theme of metamorphosis (the Duchampian disguises and false names) is pointedly apt. More subtle is the open-ended structure on which the narrative is hung. At this writing, it is still viable—Patty is still "news" and the legal fate of those accused of harboring the fugitive artists in Pennsylvania is still unresolved.

The use of the press as a means of distribution for art also has precedents in vanguard art. Joseph Kosuth made extensive use of the ad form, renting space in the non-art as well as the art press. The SLA, however, reversed the relationship between the advertisement and the news item by becoming the news. The group thereby avoided the expense of advertising and at the same time made their work available to a vast audience, even "framing" it on the home TV screen. The strategy not only utilized television as a closed feed-back system, it also drew large numbers of people into the work as active participants. Indeed, the ongoing process initiated by the group involved not only Justice Department officials and law-enforcement agents, but numerous private citizens, most notably the hostages and the many "witnesses" who testified on television concerning the whereabouts of Patty Hearst and the Harrises during the flight sequence. Another facet of the piece in which the SLA's particular style is revealed with special clarity is the FBI "wanted" poster. The self-conscious reference here of course is to Douglas Huebler's well-known Duration Piece No. 15, 1969.6 That work consisted of an FBI "wanted" poster to which the artist attached a signed statement guaranteeing to pay a reward for information

leading to the arrest of the suspect (the amount of the reward dwindled month by month, reaching zero in a year). Typically, the SLA both simplified its model and clarified its implications. Huebler carefully kept his identity distinct from that of the suspect (who, not incidentally, was wanted for armed bank robbery and worked sometimes as an artist). The SLA version, by suppressing the separate identity of the artist and firmly tying it to that of the suspect, literally enacts what, in the Huebler work, is barely a suggestion (the artist-as-outlaw theme). At the same time, the FBI is slyly engaged in the process of documenting the piece,



which bears only one signature that of FBI Director Clarence Kelly.

The choice of the news as artistic form deserves closer scrutiny. On one level, the whole nation becomes art consumer; but more importantly, by accepting the news spectacle as it finally appears, the group could avoid the deceptive distortions that arise when the actuality of the work differs from its recorded form. Since the news itself is identical with the work, that is, since the SLA does not exist except as news, this distortion was impossible. Moreover, the multiplicity of news agents active as reporters insured the piece the shifting values and impermanent ground characteristic of performance art. The video segment, for example, recorded by the "found" or "readymade" feedback installation system of the bank, is actually a series of stills; but aired on national TV, it took on the classic look of grainy vanguard video. The point here is that without the news, this segment would have remained incomplete. Consistent with the overall strategy of the group, however, is the fact that while the press became an unknowing collaborator with the avant-garde, the SLA itself did not compromise its work by disclosing its identity as an art group.

Unlike other performance and conceptual artists who stress the abstract perceptual structures of their work by avoiding an "interesting" look, the SLA overlaid and disguised its commitment to abstraction with dramatic and moving information that partly obscured it. In the excitement of the FBI search, it was easy to miss the complex unfolding time-space structures that constitute the substance of the work. The widening geographic configuration of the piece became perceptible in the tracings inscribed on the map by mobile FBI agents, here transformed, in the spirit of Duchamp, into covert agents of art—in a sense, double agents. But the most brilliant stroke of all was the decision to make the funding of the work an integral part of it: the piece largely financed itself through the bank sequence and the ransom, the latter a kind of parody of the conventional grant that funds so much of today's performance art.



More than any other feature of the work, however, the use of the news media as framing underscores the issue that the work as a whole dramatizes: the inability of modern art to signify its given content as truth. By adopting a set of political ideals that are transparently incredible, the SLA negated the idea that art can communicate life ideals at all. This becomes clear as the piece unfolds its meaning. To understand its deeper, formal significance, the viewer must first recognize that the group's apparent political identity is a camouflage. This recognition also involves a negation—a mental act of destruction (clarified by the fire sequence) in which the camouflage is stripped away—burned off, as it were. It constitutes the central dialectical moment of the piece as a whole, whose underlying time-space configurations triumph and emerge into full view only after having consumed the manifest political subject matter. Thus, art appears as a transcendence and dialectical resolution of political aspirations, and it attains its most absolute value only when we have fully recognized the futility of political action. Indeed, at that point, the point where we now find ourselves, political action itself can be no more than art performance. The many references to advanced art with which the SLA laced their work frankly avow what Roland Barthes has identified as the central paradox in the literary world: "In spite of the efforts made in our time, it has proved impossible successfully to liquidate literature entirely." Indeed, the advanced consciousness and creative disobedience of the SLA points not to the liberation of art from this impasse, but to the problematic existence of art itself in the modern world.

Reproduced with permission of the author



61 by 2000

tattoo

in 1966

huddled in my fathers mirror dingy
we sailed off seasalter and shellness

i wore an old cork life-jackett that diddnt fit
and ducked as the boom swung drunkenly above my head
so as to be like my grandad
i got my father to draw tattoos on my fore arms
with felt-tip pens
evey five minits i peeped up my sleeves to see
if the salt spray had washed them off
the red sails boomed
and my father shouted orders
i watched his bearded face
his eyes looking angrily at the sea

when we got ashore my father brought a trombone
for 25 pounds off a man
who was
sexually abusing me

Billy Childish
2000

spank the

OCD are drilling into their skulls and stimulating their pleasure centres to see if they're any better than monkeys.

The Curator Peter Pop explained to us what the fuck they're up to.

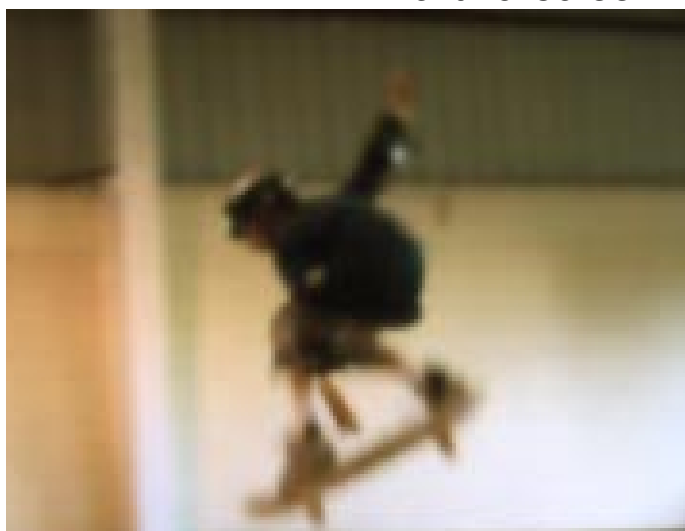
We met up with Peter Pop at Mile End tube station and walked down past the telly tubbies playground, towards Martin's Gallery. On the way Mr. Pop explained to us the background of his involvement with the controversial artgroup O.C.D.. Much of the stuff

he told us was directly lifted from the briefing material we'd received in the past three days earlier.

Peter Pop had first encountered O.C.D. during the showing of their 1999 piece "Piss Lollies", where visitors were encouraged to eat ice lollies made from

the frozen urine of the artists. There was some debate about whether the lollies were, instead, made from frozen electrolytes, but Pop insists that, having eaten one, they were the genuine article. Pop began to represent O.C.D. shortly after his appointment to the curatorial post at Martin's in 2000.

Being only the third exhibition after Pop's appointment, "Pube Pluck" was a two screen video installation. Two



walls at right angles showed images from two cameras. Members of O.C.D. had joined two pen-sized cameras such that they formed a pair of tweezers and then used these to pluck out all of their pubes. The videos ran to a total of nine hours, and

was largely slated in the press for being "visually unimaginative" although



it did receive some praise from Art Focus for its “Durational Propensity”

The piece Pop was taking us to see today was imaginatively billed as “Drilling into our skulls and stimulating our pleasure centres to see if we’re any better than monkeys”.

We arrived at Martin’s to find the space had been transformed into a wooden skate park with contemporary New York punk music blaring from speakers in the ceiling. In the middle of the central halfpipe was the unconscious figure of Dave O.C.D., while Karin, Mikey, Nosh, and Jamie continued to skate, trip and crash all around his fallen body.

After about five minutes or so Dave regained consciousness and came

over to where we stood. He explained that none of O.C.D. had done any skateboarding since the seventies and that therefore there were a lot of accidents. It turns out that the title of the piece is not a metaphor for anything. O.C.D. have literally drilled into their heads and attached radio receivers to the pleasure centres in their brains. The skateboarders then try to ride their boards over red buttons placed around the skatepark which will give them all a simultaneous release of pleasure. This is very much an exercise in group stimulation.

The show runs until May, which gives you plenty of opportunity to decide if O.C.D. are any better than monkeys.

cyberaddict1: I've been away a bit too long and I'm overeager to get back. It always takes too long to connect, especially when I'm itchy like this. Then I'm in and it's like a warm bath. Not the full womb immersion like you get in SF but it'll do for now. It doesn't take long for me to forget my body, my hands moving unconsciously until my movement feels telekinetic. I take care of some business, slipping inside my friends minds and planting messages that they'll pick up later. Then with my excuse for coming here over, I drift for a while, enjoying my invisibility, my freedom of movement.

cyberaddict2: Yeah, I always start researching something vaguely useful, but as link follows link, I'm soon out to sea, with no choice but to go further on, deeper down. The choices seem random but something in my subconscious leads me to weirdness. Strange sites and communities of people who could have spent their whole lives thinking they're the only one, if it hadn't been for this space, that flips and wormholes us together.

cyberaddict1: I always find myself wanting more. I always want to make a connection. I log into Chat under one of my false identities and look at what information I've got to picture others from. All the usual ways of seizing someone up (appearance, voice etc.) are stripped away, and I project enough when I have those.

cyberaddict2: Sure. With nothing to go on but a carefully chosen pseudonym and profile, fantasy goes crazy. From tiny clues I imagine identities to fit the names, a collage of people I know on the outside, stereotypes and my own desires. I lurk, reading the conversations going on without me, watching how senders optimise self presentation, how receivers idealise senders. I drift into and out of a few chat rooms, most are very cliquey, and it's impossible to tell what people are talking about.

cyberaddict1: Yeah, everything is in code, abbreviated, strange references, mostly to present and not-present members of their group, become like poetry.

cyberaddict3: game synopsis is scant, yes, but I can work with it.

cyberaddict4: ep miff cam

cyberaddict3: lol

cyberaddict4: spots a miffsie

cyberaddict5: ish teasing huma with sweet chilli crisps

cyberaddict3: ty the tasmanian tiger

cyberaddict4: wb blade

cyberaddict5: wb

cyberaddict1: I float on, looking for somewhere I can fit in, with text that I can make sense of, and interact with. I wonder whether anyone registers my presence as I enter a chat room, watch silently for a while then leave. Was someone just about to talk to me? Have they talked about me after I left? Were they not saying anything interesting because I was there?

cyberaddict2: Yeah, this kind of space makes you paranoid, you know you can't give too much information in case some kind of crazed stalker gets after you, so you watch everything you say. This makes you feel as if everything you say is a lie, even if it's something you really believe, and you get the guilts. You also know other people are probably not being entirely honest, and if someone is saying everything you want to hear, they are probably trying to get you to do or feel something for their own purposes. Also, because you get so little

Chatters

cyberaddict1
cyberaddict2
cyberaddict3
cyberaddict4
cyberaddict5

B / U Black



Chat

Send

Status

I'm Available

information about others, every detail achieves significance.

cyberaddict2: Chatters overreact to whatever is said, become attracted to someone from a few words of description, launch into a violent tirade after a slight disagreement, 'laugh out loud' at the slightest joke. It doesn't matter because you never have to face any consequences: you only have to leave the chatroom and everything is solved, you can even change your name and go back for more.

cyberaddict1: Do you ever go in those rooms that are like role-playing games?

cyberaddict2: Yeah, the elaborate characters and systems of behaviour seem completely alien if you stumble into them. Complicated introduction posts, coded actions and emotions, and out of character messages are all jumbled together.

cyberaddict6: makes her way to the bar tying back medium length chestnut hair

cyberaddict7: his tail squeezes hers as they rub together

cyberaddict6: smiles and takes a glass of wine "I'll take a small portion of the beef"

cyberaddict8: enters w. a warm breeze

cyberaddict7: o O (nice pic Foxy)

cyberaddict9: the lights blow out the wind grows stronger the door breaks down a shadow walks through the door fire blazing behind him he stands...

cyberaddict1: It makes my head hurt after a while, and I have to move on. When I find a room to stay in for a while, I find myself trying to analyse the other names in the box. I try to imagine them all from their pseudonym, idly clicking for personal profiles if I'm intrigued, but they give little more away. As I read the talk, I find myself putting people into categories: the type that (tries to lure others to disclose information / naively gives too much away / controls the conversation to make up for inadequacies / is only interested in cybersex). Some are not typing anything in the main area - are they just a silent watcher like me, or are they having a fascinating private conversation with someone?

cyberaddict2: I know. Outside I try to treat everyone as an individual, but here I'm pre-judging habitually, thinking badly of people I'll never meet, being drawn to people from the slightest connection. I feel perfectly comfortable about doing all this, I'd usually feel self-conscious about observing people, but here I feel invisible, without inhibitions. This is true even if someone starts to talk to me: I don't feel as if I have to answer back, and if I choose to, I usually say more (whether it's friendly or insulting) than I would in 'real life'. I feel safe, protected by a false name, unmeasurable distance, and the screen. Complete freedom, complete lack of responsibility.

cyberaddict1: It's like a dream that you can change and wake up from whenever you want. It'd be perfect if only there wasn't the nagging feeling that there's probably something more useful I should be doing, that outside reality is actually more fulfilling, despite - no, because of - having to face up to my actions. But, maybe in a little while, I'll just check out one more chatroom...

Chatters

cyberaddict1
cyberaddict2
 cyberaddict6
 cyberaddict7
 cyberaddict8
 cyberaddict9

B / U Black

Chat **Ana Benloch** is a Pseudonym

Send

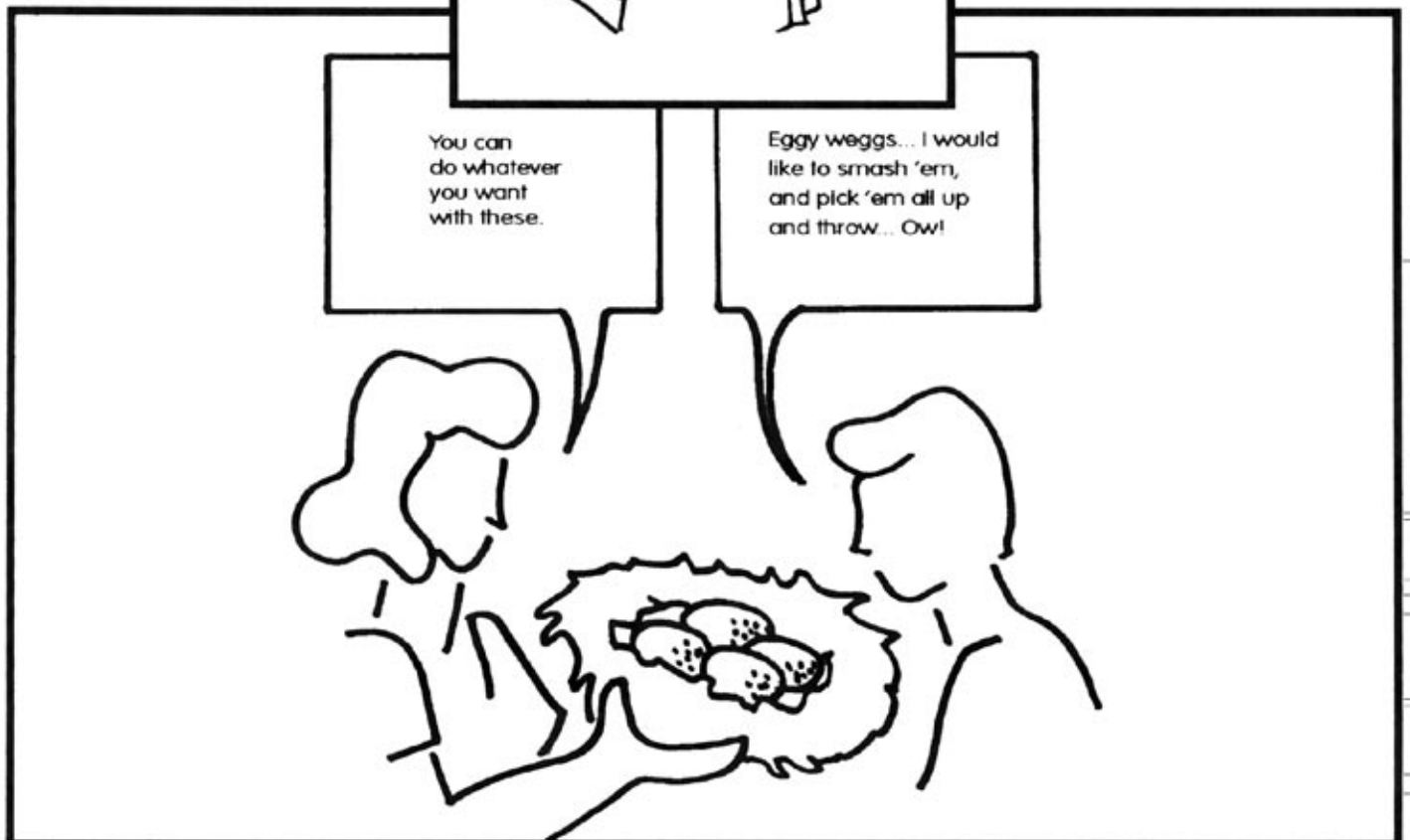
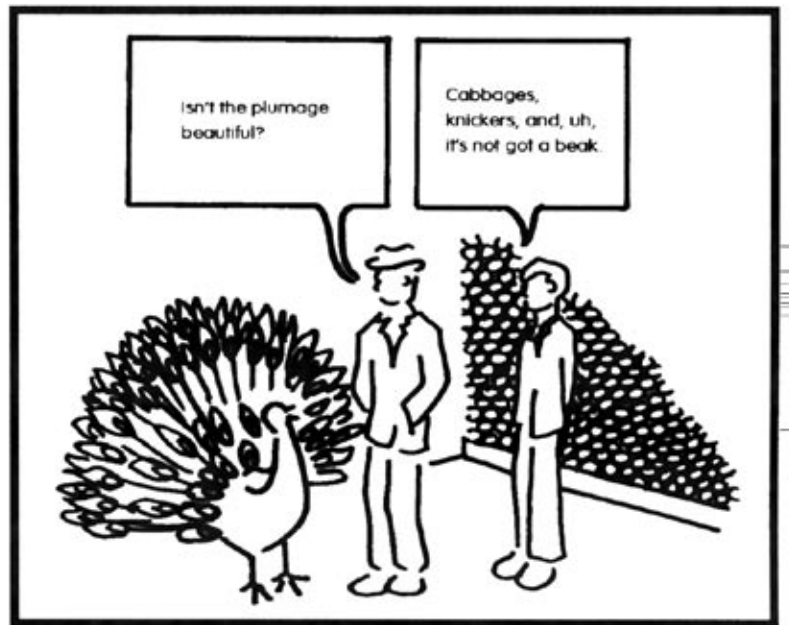
Status

I'm Available

- TOOLS**
- CHANGE ROOM**
- CREATE ROOM**
- SURF THE WEB**
- HELP**
- EXIT**

<http://chat.yahoo.com/>
<http://www.rider.edu/~suler/psycyber/psycyber.html>
<http://members.tripod.com/chatologist101/index.htm>
<http://www.ascusc.org/jcmc/vol5/issue1/jacobson.html>
<http://www.ludd.luth.se/mud/aber/articles/cult-form.thesis.html>

Yarblokos



PSYCHOTOWNPLANNING

A review of the Moseley Society's "Great Walls of Moseley"

This artwork neatly parodies pamphlets by local societies, confronting the reader with almost indiscernible irony that forces us to question our own attitudes. The bulk of the work seems to bemoan unsuitable walls in an area. We are told that, with regard to local issues:

"As far as many residents are concerned nothing has had more effect than the proliferation of new boundary treatments to residential properties."



However, the disproportionate emphasis on this relatively minor issue leads us to understand that there is a complex investigation into society and its boundaries going on. The humour of the prescriptive diagrams disrupts the dry, legal discussion of Town and County Planning and suggests that laughter is the ideal way to dissolve barriers between individuals. They discuss the subtleties of psychogeography, showing how conservative walls lead to conservative minds.

On the surface, they claim:

"Scalloped walls, built from several different brick colours, some with iron fencing infills are certainly inappropriate and incompatible with the established surroundings." But does not this very incongruity help passing citizens to break out of their usual expectations, creating an almost Situationist liberation?

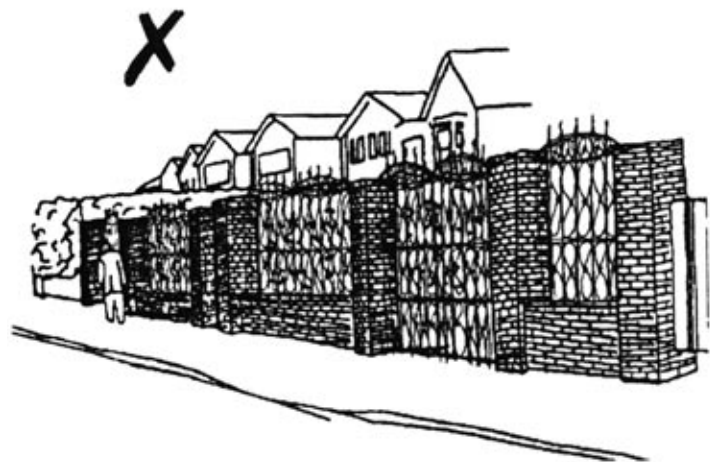
I read the subtext of this pamphlet to be:

"Build the walls higher! Build them in yellow and pink brick! Build them with barbed wire and razors! Aim to shock and outrage, for this is the path to revolution"

This is made explicit at the end of the work, where they state that small changes in your environment can dissolve the 'shutters' of your closed mind, and create a new kind of 'shop front' to resist capitalist norms.

"...who knows, with better walls, a new car park and "Village Green", some of the shutters may go and new shop fronts appear."

Palmer Kruiboersch is a Critic



Room 1 is art insofar as it is contextualised by a wider body of work. The grid form is initially destabilised by moving the support, but then takes on its own dynamic. The room seems to shake and vibrate with motion. "Man, that thing is hungry," screams one of the bearers. Visual art has its own rhetorical tradition, its own rules of engagement, and megaphonic politics easily drown out the more subtle voices that artists invoke. As with an urban myth, veracity is moot. An apt literary touchstone is William Burroughs, whose *Naked Lunch* shows how the thin line between dissent and complicity can become hopelessly blurred. Artists are well placed to draw attention to structures rather than outcomes, processes rather than events. Your bathos jumps from the sentimental to the sublime. Sublimation has built in tripwires promoting failure. Instead of total complicity with the activities the work manipulates our barriers. We come to our senses, return to the now. This time we cross the threshold and as we draw closer the noises and forms become familiar. This further positions us in a space looking out, but perhaps we are not the observer, but the observed. Comparing image with reality, there is little doubt of the artists ability; the scale of the work manipulates us. Meanwhile, the repetitive slabs speak of another moment of 60s art, the critical found-minimalism of Dan Graham's three ultra modern key female players from the New York art scene of the 70s. Each has its own accompanying text, a brief scenario... ...in which the protagonist shares an isolated moment of precious, if unlikely, tenderness. The Artangel sponsored Times difficulty featured several important meetings containing a rematch of the 1980s media war. It was a feelgood work of art in the finest tradition of involving re-enacting works of planned in terms of the constructed cynicism of able-bodied anti-glamour; it invokes the relationship between the artist and the object/subject that devalues the heroic aspect of the construction. The oozing albumen slowly staining the blue cardboard and the tick-tick of fingernails on the shell. The little swimming yin-yangs of the broken protein rich yokes mixing with the whites. Bitches, fuckers, scabs and gums. An unlovely but utterly engaging work for the American pavillion is equally creepy but by contrast probes outwards to expose a national psyche. Developments in critical theory over the past four decades, including post-structuralism, post-modernism, and theories of race and gender have radically altered the perception as well as the practice of art. The cured homosexual walks in... he is one of these vibration and dietary artists. The technician looks at him sourly. "We Will No Longer Be Seen and Not Heard." . Protect me from what I want. He whirls on A.J. who is sitting on a sea chest wringing his hands. But things aren't that simple: The exercise has already happened, it's suggested; 2006 has warped into 2003 : ; The whole world + the work = the whole world ' "We prefer the large shape because it has the impact of the unequivocal. We are for flat forms because they destroy illusion and reveal truth. And the truth is Punk, pop, high abstraction; politics and Christianity, Catholicism and sex; sports and movies and books from Henry James to Mickey Spillane; grotesque abuses of power and radiant transcendence; deadpan sarcasm and deadpan earnestness and every discursive point in between. How many years threaded on a needle of blood? Mark flips the switch and the chair vibrates. In one drawing, the words BAS JAN ADER are spelled out in pale blue watercolor against a white void. The artists were trying to make art more than something to look at; they wanted to make it something to be involved in, something to big to be ignored. It is our function as artists to make the viewer see the world our way. You're

such a wonderful person, but you've got problems. Playing the devil's advocate. As they move slowly, counter-clockwise, around the enormous triangular table—graced with its thirty-nine vulval, goddess-sized dinner plates and embroidered runners trumpeting the names of apocryphal heroines, ancient queens, and pioneering artists—Familiar icons make roll call: Superman, Reagan, locomotives, penises hard and soft, surfers, baseball players. Before you plump for something weighty or generalize about the work's relation to the "black experience," take a deep breath. As part of a haphazard project time line, for instance, a drawing captioned REVOLUTIONARIES SMOKE! groups Che with Hannibal from The A-Team. Make your way around the exhibition's showpiece, a huge, gleaming goiter that turns out to be a model of a thunderhead. Low enough to be almost haptic, increasing in tempo from ambling hum to rapid oscillation, the throb turns out to be the basic sound track of a four-minute video. A wrecked car lies flipped on the bare concrete floor of an empty warehouse; every so often a group of children rotate it on its ruined roof. A few pages have been given an added tweak of deadpan literalism. And even with one hundred-plus titles all shouting, singing, and ranting away together, the combined effect is only intermittently overwhelming. "Mama say, 'I going to take his work clothes, shape them into a quilt to remember him, and cover up under it for love.'" Is this a clever parody of Blairite consultancy culture? Manned by a team of dedicated volunteers, it aims to offer practical advice on guilt-free goofing off, frittering, going AWOL, dodging the Work Toad, and general bugging around (setting one thinking about—among other things—the moment in snooker called "kissing," in which a ball lightly rebounds off another object, allowing the game to develop in possibly unforeseen ways). Like a vampire bat he gives off a narcotic effluvium, a dank green mist that anesthizes his victims and renders them helpless in his enveloping presence. This is a self-evidently exploratory, contingent exercise, each work reading as a point in a process of sustained spatial and material investigation rather than a neatly turned "product." I can feel the heat closing in, feel them out there making their moves, setting up their devil doll stool pigeons. Huge grey eyes with tiny black pupils that seem to spit needles. Soldiers in jeeps sweep mounted machine guns back and forth across the crowd in slow searching movements. A friend of mine found himself naked in a Marakesh hotel room, second floor. Her opening words: "You look to me like a man of intelligence." His facelights up like a pinball machine, with stupid, pink effect. They sing a hideous parody of the funeral song in Arabic. He points to a velvet curtain sixty feet high. "I am not worthy to eat her feet", says the fattest hog of them all. He is trying to get the mirror off his neck. But the subway is moving. They gibber and squeal at the sight of it. During his first severe infection the boiling thermometer flashed a quicksilver bullet into the nurses brain and she fell down dead with a mangled scream. "I'm getting out of here, me." Sky rockets burst in green clusters across a great river. He hears the faint put-put of a motor boat in jungle twilight. There are some general criteria of what we do and don't fund, and these can be found at the back of the guide. Unfortunately, they deny responsibility for your Injuries. salary is a word derived from the Roman practice of paying Legionaries in salt. You and me, we were made for each other. Can't you see what's really going on here? Just relax. We'll drive all night, in the warm misty morning coming to a place with dogs barking and the sound of running water.

“Consumer” by Katherine Heath at the Marlowe Gallery

The gallery is small but in the hip part of town and a good crowd had come. The work looked good in the space: a dentist's chair with clinical looking restraints, surrounded by a hive of technology pumping hypnotic images, sounds and suggestions at an invisible subject. Viewers were invited to use the seat, but no-one had taken up the offer.

I watched the screens until they looped, laughing slightly from time to time at the more outrageous suggestions or warped slogans. The work was disturbing but compelling, and somehow erotic. I'd have liked to try it myself, but felt that it would probably make me buy it if I did. I imagined the artist trying it herself, just to get it lined up right of course, but getting sucked in...

When I asked her about it she laughed and said: “I guess it is a bit fetishistic, but it's not about that, it's more to do with how consumer culture uses our desires to manipulate us.”

I could have got that from the press release, I wanted her to admit that it showed a personal interest in influence, control. She should publicise it, everyone's more interested in sex than art, she'd be as rich as Emin in a year.

I left the show, imagining the artist fiddling around with the cups for too long before shutting down and locking up, not wanting to leave her womb-like creation. As she moves over to her installation to turn everything off, her phone beeps, telling her that she has a text.

“get in the chair”

She looks around, breathing harder at the dubious thrill of being stalked. How had a stranger got her number? She soon realises that practically everyone who'd been there would have it if they'd bothered to pick up her business cards. So it could be anyone...

Her phone beeps again: “now”

She doesn't recognise the number but replies anyway. “where r u?”

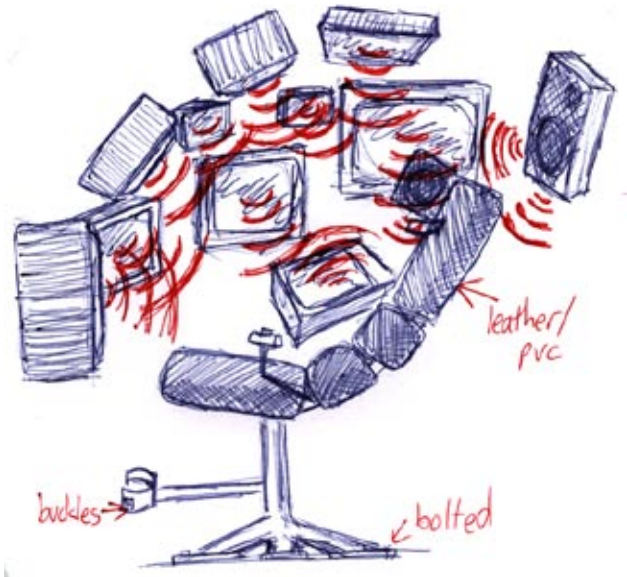
beep: “get in the chair”

Well, what harm could it do? She complies with the command, telling herself it might make her texter show their face at last.

Nothing happens for a minute or so and she starts getting bored. She settles back in the chair, yawning slightly. Of course it could just be a practical joke from someone down the pub. It's probably nothing to worry about: she'll just have a final watch of the videos to check everything's OK for the next day and go. She stares blankly at images she's seen hundreds of times before as she was editing them: swirls, watery ripples, soothing colours. She feels herself drifting of a little and

shakes herself - shit! They don't actually work do they? It's getting late and she wants to leave, but for some reason she keeps sitting there, and relaxing, and sitting there.

Hang on, that isn't one of her videos! She can't quite make out the text, it keeps fading in and out, and she gets distracted by something else. Come to think of it, quite a lot of the videos seem different, similar to her style, but different images, different suggestions. Some of the audio is definitely not hers either - a voice, too quiet to hear the



words. Part of her mind screams that she has to get up, has to turn everything off, someone is fucking with her; but the rest of her mind seems to be getting more and more lethargic, happier to sit and watch the screens. Every time she tries to do something, it drifts out of her head before she can move, and is replaced with something else, more interesting. What was it she was going to do again? Finally she can make out one of the suggestions, it seems to be all around her, in every voice, on every screen: Sleep. Yes of course, she thinks with relief, that's what she should do...

The artist wakes up and realises that the screens are all showing static. That's funny, weren't the videos on repeat play? Oh well, she must've dozed off after drinking too much. But wasn't there something else? She can't be bothered to think about it. She turns off everything and locks the gallery behind her. No point in going to meet everyone if she's that tired, time to go home. Her phone beeps. Probably a text asking where she'd got to. She scrolls the message down.

“consumer”

Kathy's eyes glaze slightly for a second. Of course, she remembers now: she isn't going to go home, there's something else she has to do...

Influencing Machine is a Fetish Writer

