

# Diaristic Reports

September 2016 - December 2017

Jim Leftwich

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## **Noisic Elements:**

### **Micro-tours, The Stool Sample Ensemble, Speaking Zaum To Power**

Last night I went to the Art Rat to hear Walter Wright and Al Margolis perform on their micro-tour as Elka Bong. I've seen Walter perform a couple of times (in March 2010 at The Water Heater (on the Loup Garou micro-tour: Setheyne Pen - toy piano, percussion; Walter Wright - electronics, video (Setheyne also had a skatchbox, which she didn't play, but she did answer my questions about it, and two years later Tomislav Butkovic and I built a few of them and used them in performances during the 2012 Decentralized Networkers Congress)) and at the Art Rat in March 2013 on the Lak-Wright micro-tour with Stephanie Lak).

Michael Peters and I "published" Al Margolis in a collaboration with Michael entitled Fluffen Jungle Port in the last issue of Xtant, which rather than being a print magazine like the previous 4 Xtants was a cd of sound poetry, but last night was the first time Al and I had met. Hanging out and talking before things got started was good, as always with these events. Unfortunately I had to leave before Elka Bong performed, but I got to hear Olchar Lindsann do a set of sound poems (including some of the "harsh noise poetry" he performed during the 2016 afterMAF -- with influences ranging from Francois Dufrene to the death metal band Cannibal Corpse), and I got to hear Jules Vasylenko play his variety of saxophones (Jules is from England and often reminds me of fellow English free improv saxophonist Evan Parker) accompanied by Walter Wright on percussion (playing a plastic 5 gallon bucket overturned and covered with a cloth).

Soon after I arrived Ralph Eaton, proprietor of the Art Rat venue, approached me and asked if I would be willing to replace Warren Fry, who was ill, in the Stool Sample ensemble. I'm not much of a performer of any kind, but in recent years I've been willing to join in and make a fool of myself in many different guises. I was in attendance when Ralph first unleashed his screeching, scraping noise instrument upon an unsuspecting audience at the 2015 afterMAF. Olchar, Warren and Tomislav were performing a long poem by David Beris Edwards entitled "Don't You Fucking Smile" for the third or fourth time since its debut at the 2010 Marginal Arts Festival. There is a section of indeterminate (seeming interminable in some performances I have witnessed) length during which the performers are silent or humming and either standing or pacing slowly in circles, while the audience members become increasingly uncomfortable. It's a powerful segment of the piece in context. The poem is about power relationships, specifically the power relations between performer and audience, and by extension between author and reader. Ralph's intensely abrasive intervention seemed absolutely perfect to me. Speaking noise to power (or in a sound poetry context: "speaking zaum to power").

I agreed to play. After maybe 15 minutes of Jules and Walter improvising, someone, Ralph I suppose, was given a cue (by Jules, I think) and the four of us who were playing stools (Ralph, Olchar, Tomislav, and myself) joined in. Four stools scraped across a concrete floor, with improvised saxophone and junk-kit percussion make quite a racket in the cavernous warehouse space of the Art Rat studios. I hadn't expected to enjoy participating as much as I did.

The last time I heard the Stool Sample ensemble was in early July, during the 2016 afterMAF, when it was also accompanied by Jules on saxophone. Hearing the combination for the first time was an eye- (and ear-) opening experience. When the performance was finished Jules and I were talking about it and we recalled Sun Ra playing the squeaking door on his Strange Strings lp (recorded with the Astro Infinity Arkestra in 1966). Maybe the Sun Ra came to mind because it was a jazz context in which sounds well outside of jazz were being created.

There were moments when I was scraping the stool on the floor in which I found myself thinking about riffs, saxophone-like riffs, as if the screeches and squeaks and scrapes we were making could be controlled, as with any other musical instrument. There were other moments -- long, full moments -- when I wasn't thinking anything at all. What happens when I try to get to that state in writing? Dirty vispo. Cut-and-paste sdvigs. Other constructions and configurations. But it is always a kind of writing-against-itself. Is noise a kind of music-against-itself? I don't think so. Would I think so if I played a musical instrument? I don't think so. I want the noisic poem, and I want it because it is a writing-against-itself. Noise as music is not sound against itself. The objects of the world contain sounds waiting to be released. The words of the world contain letters waiting to be released.

09.20.2016  
jim leftwich

Originally published by Olchar Lindsann in The inAppropriated Press #4, 2016  
Also in Pure Psychic Chance Radio, published by Marco Giovenale as an E-book at slowforward,  
11.16.2016



### **Billy Bob Beamer "Word Dust, Untitled" Reception**

Thursday, October 13 at 5:30 PM - 8 PM

Humanities Gallery, Virginia Western Community College, 3082 Colonial Ave. Roanoke, VA.

It's good to see the traditions of visual poetry (represented in textimagepoems as a centerpoint for the meeting of text and image, arriving from many directions, eg., from text/literature/poetry towards image as well as from image/collage/drawing towards text) and asemic writing (as a writing-against-itself towards subletteral shapes and quasi-alphabetical marks, and as drawing moving towards a mimicry of writing, a gestural and letteral improvisational calligraphy) in the context of an art gallery -- better than that, an art gallery in a community college (with students from a class next door wandering into the opening). The presence of several one-of-a-kind artists' books suggests that this exhibit is as much about reading as it is about looking (the choice to display work in books rather than on walls reminds me of something I've heard Bill say on several occasions, that he thinks much of his work belongs in libraries rather than in museums).

Also on display were a couple of collaborative TLPs (tacky little pamphlets, one sheet of paper, folded twice, stapled at the side, and cut along the upper crease) from Luna Bisonte Prods. TLPs still have an air of the underground about them. They remind us of traditions like samizdat, the eternal network, bootlegs, maybe even 19th century Belgian pirate editions of the early French avant-garde.

As a poet and a publisher of print magazines, and as one who has spent a bit of time and effort compiling and disseminating online books, zines, and collections, I think a lot about getting work into circulation, getting it to people who function as nodes in networks, getting it into the hands of as many of those who might care about it as possible. How will a work be distributed, and how will it be preserved? The people who function as nodes in networks also function as distributors of works that circulate in those networks. Many of the people who function as nodes in the networks also function as archivists of works that circulate in the networks. And many of us also function as historiographers, critics and theorists of the work. Not to mention the fact that almost everyone who participates in the networks at all makes work that circulates in those networks. That's how almost everyone gets involved, by making work and sending it out. This is not limited to the mail art network. It is true of the network of networks, which has included the small press poetry network, the cassette culture network, numerous zine networks, and others I am forgetting or neglecting at the moment. The books and TLPs on display here seem to encourage and at least potentially reward the thinking and the activities I am describing here.

Work worth attending to at all deserves and requires study. We should all have been taking notes, at least mental notes in and of the territory, as maps for our later selves, to guide us as we attempt to follow all of the routes leading out from this exhibit space.

jim leftwich  
10.14/15.2016

Originally published by Olchar Lindsann in *The inAppropriated Press #4*, 2016  
Also in *Subjective Mutagenic Poetics*, published by TLPress in 2016



**Matt Taggart/Luer and Jason Soliday at Art Rat, May 23, 2017**

With Jules Vasylenko and Mr. Thursday  
Details from the facebook event page

Luer is a new sound project from Matt Taggart, who is based out of Billings, Montana. Taggart is best-known for his harsh noise project, PCRV, and has toured the U.S. extensively for the past 16 years.

With PCRV, Taggart released a multitude of albums across labels such as RRRRecords, CIP, Xerxes, Banned Productions, and more. He also runs the tape and net label Fluxus MT.

Luer is a departure from the harsh approach of PCRV into more sonic spaces. Luer is explorative and grounded in improvisation and experimentation.

Luer is a slow sonic impact of sound that spit fragments all around the outer edges. psychedelic walls and tones that give way to singular voices and invoke the inevitable end of space.

<https://pcrv.bandcamp.com/>  
<https://soundcloud.com/mattaggart>

J. Soliday is an electronic musician. A member of Cleav'd Cleaver, Ratatosk, Magic Missile, I ♥ Presets, xTAL fSCK, LORD MUTE, and various ad-hoc ensembles too numerous to mention. He can usually be found traversing the boundaries between free improvisation, concrete composition, and aleatoric noise.

<https://soundcloud.com/krank-satori>  
<https://cranksatori.bandcamp.com/>  
<http://jsoliday.tumblr.com/>

“The real beauty of this music lies in the detail. Far from being a flat-out noise fest, Nonagon Knives brims with texture showcases Soliday’s ability to coax more than just random noise from his chosen instrument. ‘An Obsession With Aerodynamics’, for example, hums with feedback beneath the surface racket, lending it an unsettling feeling of depth. Imagine waving your hand around in a dark hole you know harbours snakes and waiting for the bite – that’s the kind of effect the best of Soliday’s work can have on you, and it’s often as though it’s been wired directly into your spine. Soliday retains superlative control too; nothing runs him and nothing sounds superfluous. The undoubted highlight here is the quarter-hour ‘The Comfort of Outer Forms’, which uses its extended playing time to run the whole gamut of sonic shades. From burping frog croaks to zipping space cars and some disarmingly cute chirrup, the track eventually blends the lot in a rapidly rotating neutron star of noise that flings out ever fiercer tendrils. They themselves construct miniatures, all of which hiss around the perimeters and some of which even have the faintest hint of melody. This is the kind of minutiae that will reveal itself upon repeated listens (it goes straight back around whenever I play it), and what marks Soliday out as being a truly exceptional noise artist.”  
– Steve Dewherst, Foxy Digitalis

Jules Vasylenko - Shell-shocked shaman Jules on alto/bamboo sax. Expect chthonic eruption, spontaneous combustion and hi/lo art contradiction, with some noise corruption. All this and split-reed spectral soup!

Mr. Thursday defies description. Sometimes he wears a smoking jacket, and sometimes he’s nearly naked. Sometimes he grunts, and sometimes he reads beautiful poetry. Sometimes he paints with his beard, and sometimes he puts things in his beard. Sometimes he straps a light to his head, and sometimes he wears dark shades. Sometimes he draws with chocolate, and sometimes he sculpts with white bread. It has been said that Mr. Thursday will do something that you cannot un-see. Mr. Thursday is abnormal, and that’s why we love him at Art Rat.

FREE (donations welcome)  
BYOB  
18 & up



Matt Taggart played at Art Rat studios on Tuesday. This is the fourth time he has played in Roanoke and the second time he has performed at Art Rat. For the earlier three visits he was on tour with Crank Sturgeon, but this time he was accompanied by Jason Soliday.

The first time he visited Roanoke, on May 12, 2010, he performed a series of fluxus event scores at The Water Heater during Collab Fest 46, including one on the sidewalk in front of the performance space:

zyklus, by tomas schmit:

water pails or bottles are placed around the perimeter of a circle. only one is filled with water. performer inside the circle picks the filled vessel and pours it into the one on the right, then picks the one on the right and pours it into the next one on the right, etc., till all the water is spilled or evaporated. (date unknown, probably early 1960s)

(Matt Anderson's Crank Sturgeon project for that night included stuffing 30-gallon garbage bags into his pants legs and filling them with water, then walking around outside and interacting with car vacuums and whatever else he came across). We stayed up late at my house talking about fluxus and related matters and Matt and I began corresponding when he got back to his home in Montana. The idea of writing collaborative event scores quickly became part of our conversation and before the year was out we had written a small book entitled Paired Event Scores. Here is one example:

psychogeographical game of the week #003  
jim leftwich

walk from your house to the nearest copy shop  
pick up trash along the way  
do something with it  
do something else with it

psychogeographical game of the week #003.1  
matt taggart

walk from your house to the farthest copy shop  
pick up trash along the way  
place trash in every garbage bin in copy shop

By the time of his second visit on May 21 of 2013 the Collab Fest series had ended and we were no longer using the Water Heater performance space, so over the course of several emails the two Matts and I decided to begin with a house show at my house and finish with some collectively improvised antics where the Roanoke River runs through Wasena Park. Among other minimalist pieces, Matt Taggart

performed a kind of fluxus ritual in my living room which consisted of placing a violin on a foil sheet on the floor and then taping the strings, placing candles along the length of the instrument and lighting them. The Crank Sturgeon performance included "bailing out the river" by writing a check on a huge sheet of paper for the sum of 1 trillion dollars ("pay to the order of The Roanoke River"), wading out into the river with it (assisted by Olchar Lindsann), and setting it adrift on the current.

I don't recall any water-related activities when the two Matts returned to Roanoke on September 19, 2015 and performed for the first time at Art Rat. It struck me during the PCRV performance that the structure of the piece seemed like it might owe a bit to Matt's work as a bassist in conventional musical settings. The idea was accepted as a valid perception when we talked about it at my house after the show.

On the night before this latest visit, Matt and Jason Soliday had a show in Dayton, OH, a six hour drive from Roanoke. It rained all day, which is another water-related event (or pre-event), making a long drive no doubt seem even longer. The Art Rat event was scheduled for 7, as usual, and also as usual (at least in my experience... for an array of reasons my attendance at these events has been sporadic at best of late) the first couple of hours consisted of random, scattered conversations (conversations before, between and after events have been essential components of those events ever since the first marginal arts festival in February 2008). Matt was the first person Sue and I saw when we arrived at the Art Rat space. We talked for a while about his move from Montana to Massachusetts and back to Montana last year, and he explained his decision to create a new project, Luer, to replace PCRV (or maybe it would be more accurate to say supplement, since he told me the doesn't think he's entirely finished with PCRV).

When Matt got involved with his sound check I wandered across the room to join the conversation with Ralph Eaton and Warren Fry. Shortly thereafter I was approached by Annie Waldrop, a local painter who I had seen at events but didn't know and had never had an actual conversation with. She asked me if I had seen the film Kill Your Darlings (I haven't, but I have read about it and the events it covers) and from there we moved immediately into a discussion of "the new vision" which led to a long conversation about poetry, the arts, post-World War II countercultures and many related matters. This is the kind of thing that happens at these events. It's an essential part of what's important about them.

The next day at my house I asked Matt about the significance of the word Luer, which I wasn't familiar with (Wikipedia: The Luer taper is a standardized system of small-scale fluid fittings used for making leak-free connections between a male-taper fitting and its mating female part on medical and laboratory instruments, including hypodermic syringe tips and needles or stopcocks and needles.(Matt works as a Phlebotomist.)), and after a precise and practical definition he and Jason went off on a bit of an associational improvisation on the word (fishing lure being a favorite, with the notion of luring audience members in during a performance, but there was also the suggestion from someone at an earlier show that it could be an anagram for "rule").

Meeting Jason was one of the highlights of this particular visit. Whenever Matt comes to town he stays at my house. I spend maybe half-an-hour watching and listening to him perform, and then, between the late night after the show and the next morning before he leaves, we spend five or six hours talking. On previous visits these conversations have been between the two Matts and myself, but this was the first time I had met Jason. During this visit, the three of us talked about process and control in noise performance and in writing, about parallel histories and micro-tours, about museums vs libraries, about the Witch Museum in Cleveland which includes in its collection a box with a demon in it, we agreed that neither experimental music nor writing is actually experimental, and Jason gave me a copy of his Convolution Hive box (in return for which I gave him a unique copy of my Improvisations Against

Propaganda). I haven't had a chance to listen to the Convolution Hive cassette yet, but I've been through the booklet several times: black, lightly textured cover, not quite square -- four and a half by four and five eighths inches --, side-stapled twice, 12 translucent pages, on the left the titles of the pieces on the cassette (skull - shill : diesel reflex, running : pivot dismiss : funhouse graft : wasp dimensions : bunched, hiss : floated snares : scavenger pylon: vile electric spoke : terrace gears blown : cursed, A posts : minimal in gnawing), on the right a composition -- a "pile" -- of angular shapes, with variations from page to page, possibly a manipulated photograph of pallets and loose planks leaning against a wall, in any case iterations of a kind of constructivist abstraction. (I recall while proofreading this that Jason mentioned Kandinsky's compositions when we were talking about varieties of graphic scores and their possible art-historical influences.) The last page gives the names of the two sides of the cassette as Hallucingenia I and Hallucingenia II.

Matt gave me a copy of the Luer cd entitled Torpid Removal. It begins in a harsh mode reminiscent of PCRV, but about two minutes in it becomes ambient and -- dare we say so in such a context -- beautiful. Noise evolves. My ability to listen to noise evolves. I am reading the text on the back of the cd sleeve as I listen: "occasionally so. They vary much in size in different individuals." Matt mentioned outer space a couple of times in relation to the music of Luer. Taking that as a kind of permission (we talked at length about the idea of giving ourselves permission to do the kind of work we want to do, and by implication to live the kind of lives we want to live, in a cultural context that is not designed to reward us for doing what we want to do), I am going to say that some of what I am hearing from Luer on this cd is closer to Hawkwind than it is to Throbbing Gristle. I return to the text on the back of the cd sleeve: "There is sometimes a small vein passing through the foramen of Vesalius connecting the same parts." I gave him a copy of Volume One of Rascible & Kempt, with the following inscription: To Matt / In Roanoke / 05.24.2017 / You are welcome here any time.

jim leftwich  
05.25.2017



**Divorce Ring, Virgin Flower, and The Llywelyn-Reutling Expedition (Feralcatscan + Khate) @Art Rat Studios 05.30.2017**

I spent the first four hours of Memorial Day -- midnight to 4 A.M. -- watching and listening to Allen Ginsberg on youtube (Wales Visitation on the Buckley TV show, America, Hum Bomb, Vomit Express with Bob Dylan, A Supermarket In California, Sunflower Sutra, First Party At Ken Kesey's With Hell's Angels, Ode To Failure, In My Kitchen In New York, C'mon Pigs of Western Civilization Eat More Grease, Birdbrain with The Job, etc & etc). Just before going to bed I listened to the last two minutes of Anne Waldman and Ted Berrigan reading their collaborative poem "Memorial Day" in 1971 (beginning --

Berrigan: "and now the book is closed" Waldman: "the windows are closed" Berrigan: "the door is closed"  
Waldman: "the house is closed" Berrigan: "the bars are closed" Waldman: "the gas station's closed"  
Berrigan: "the streets are closed"... ..and ending -- Waldman "and I am closed" Berrigan: "and I am  
closed" Waldman: "and tears are closed" Berrigan: "and the (w)hole is closed" Waldman: "and the boat  
has left" Berrigan: "and the day is closed"). Anne Waldman: "The 'closed' chant originally came from  
hearing Chris Gallup (Dick & Carol Gallup's daughter) saying that things were 'closed' as she drove a  
street or highway in a car (possibly on Long Island?). Ted had picked up on this and I went with it  
wholeheartedly." When I got up in the early afternoon I read as much of Matt Theado's "Revisions of  
Kerouac: The Long, Strange Trip of the On The Road Typescripts" as is available from google books (as  
of today, the first 22 pages are available).

Ginsberg Cento of First Lines from the poems listed above

White fog lifting & falling on mountain-brow  
America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.  
Whom bomb?  
I'm going down to Puerto Rico  
What thoughts I have of you tonight Walt Whitman, for I walked down the sidestreets  
I walked on the banks of the tincan banana dock and sat down under the huge shade of a Southern  
Pacific locomotive to look at the sunset over the box house hills and cry.  
Cool black night thru redwoods  
Many prophets have failed, their voices silent  
Bend knees, shift weight  
Eat Eat more marbled Sirloin more Pork 'n gravy!  
Birdbrain runs the world

(From the Latin word for "patchwork," the cento (or collage poem) is a poetic form made up of lines from  
poems by other poets.)

jim leftwich  
05.30.2017

"closed" chant made the day after Memorial Day, looking around my so-called office

the keyboard is closed  
the headphones are closed  
the memo book is closed  
the index cards are closed  
the lightbulbs are closed  
the bookshelves are closed  
the water bottles are closed  
the vitamins are closed  
the knife is closed  
the pen is closed  
the shirt is closed  
the stepladder is closed  
the doorknob is closed

the oxford english dictionary is closed  
the railroad spike is closed  
the stocking cap is closed  
the boxes of mail art are closed  
the shoebox filled with wooden letters is closed  
the desk is closed  
the fingers are closed  
the feet are closed  
the poems are open  
the poem is closed

jim leftwich  
05.30.2017

Jack Kerouac's *On The Road* was first published September 5, 1957, sixty years ago this year.

Jack Kerouac, from "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose"

CENTER OF INTEREST Begin not from preconceived idea of what to say about image but from jewel center of interest in subject of image at moment of writing, and write outwards swimming in sea of language to peripheral release and exhaustion - Do not afterthink except for poetic or P. S. reasons. Never afterthink to "improve" or defray impressions, as, the best writing is always the most painful personal wrung-out tossed from cradle warm protective mind-tap from yourself the song of yourself, blow! -now! - your way is your only way - "good" - or "bad" - always honest ("ludi- crous"), spontaneous, confessionals' interesting, because not "crafted." Craft is craft.

Ralph, Tomislav and I talked briefly about the absurdity (= incongruity, as in Camus) of planning and scheduling spontaneity. Ralph was explaining his decision to cancel the Stool Sample & saxophone segment of the night's festivities. It just has to happen, he said. And sometimes I'm just not feeling it. There was a brief conversation around a table about William Burroughs and Patti Smith and the possibility of viewing the film *Pull My Daisy* at an upcoming Art Rat event. Ralph said if I proposed it he would approve it. I think Annie would rather see *Kill Your Darlings*, but I'm not sure the context is right for that. I asked Wayne of Feralcatscan about the sampled vocals used in his performance with Khate and he showed me an instructional heart-rate monitoring record from 1949. John of Divorce Ring and I talked a bit about micro-tours, networks, and keeping these kinds of activities alive across generations. I told him about publishing contributor's addresses in small press poetry print magazines before the availability of the internet. I talked with Olchar briefly about these responses I've been writing to local events. I told him I think of them as "diaristic reports" and of course he got the idea immediately. This one is more of a collage than the earlier ones, but all of them have that as a characteristic. They are intensely personal, but they are also responses to and descriptions of specific, local events. The diaristic report as a frame allows me to include whatever kind of writing I'm interested in exploring at the time. Telling stories and describing situations will never be my primary interests while doing these reports.

Virgin Flower from Valdosta, GA - intense and dynamic industrial meets noisy synth-punk with heavily processed, distorted vocals.

Divorce Ring from Jacksonville, FL - dark and atmospheric industrial/power electronics performed using modular synthesizers, tape loop textures, and obscured deadpan vocals.

FERALCATSCAN w/ Khate Reutling - Khate Reutling and FERALCATSCAN will be joining forces once again. This time as the Llywelyn-Reutling Expedition.

texts about Kerouac are taken from Matt Theado -- Revisions of Kerouac: The Long, Strange Trip of the On The Road Typescripts

Matt Theado: The style of the novel has been called 'spontaneous prose,' but that is a misnomer. In later years, Kerouac perfected the method he dubbed spontaneous prose, but he wrote On The Road before he produced in that style. To be sure, On The Road's prose is fast and energetic with a no-holds-barred rush-of-storytelling feeling, but the prose is essentially in the standard narrative style. Like many other writers, Kerouac worked from notes and other materials as he drafted this novel. For instance, numerous passages match up word-for-word with the 'Rain and Rivers' journal, begun January 31, 1949.

Soundclick Q & A for Feralcatscan:

Xenoromantic Composer

Why this name?

It came to me in a dream.

Do you play live?

Yes, I quite enjoy performing live, whenever, wherever.

How, do you think, does the internet (or mp3) change the music industry?

Oh dear, it's the apocalypse! No, actually the face of the music industry has been in need of a makeover.

It increases accessibility to artists you wouldn't hear otherwise because of a quota driven industry.

Would you sign a record contract with a major label?

Nope, not at this time.

Your influences?

20th century composers, vacuum, spherical harmonics, alchemy, numerology, quantum wave equations, abba

Favorite spot?

Wherever I am at the moment.

Equipment used:

Re-engineered electronics, vst plug-ins, second hand medical equipment.

Matt Theado: Much of the scroll's text flowed from Kerouac's celebrated memory; many of his friends lauded his ability to recall past events and even to recreate entire conversations. But it is evident that as Kerouac typed, he had before him various journals, notes, and letters that found their way into the novel. Close scrutiny of available material indicates that he drew from these previously written materials when he typed the scroll, and then he incorporated additional and specific details from these materials when he retyped subsequent drafts of the novel later.

from the Feralcatscan Whithersoexotica page at archive .org  
uploaded 04.07.2009

Song list:

Modwaloo

Antorekati

Gungle Quoumnom

Psarvettobozu  
Luabababapaga  
Fyarguu

Exotic sound-scapes from the far reaches of the Whithersoever, a vast multiplicity of universes.  
Recorded in dynamic Quaquaphonic stereo!

Feralcatscan is science fiction, a romantic walk through a dystopian wonderland, that strange array of lights hovering in the twilight, the mad scientist caressing peculiar mechanical finery, the sound of countless worlds falling into oblivion.

Using mostly obsolete and reverse engineered technology, this mercurial music ensemble connects seemingly different disciplines of art, science, and spirituality, with a delicate application of the absurd. The result is that of chaos surrendering, regrouping, and then revolting.

Matt Theado: Writing to his road buddy on May 22, 1951, Kerouac announced to Cassady that he had just written a book about him on a 'strip of paper 120 foot long (tracing paper that belonged to Cannastra.),' completing it on April 22 (Selected Letters: 1940 - 1956 316). This typescript scroll can be designated T1. Then Kerouac told Cassady something that most of his readers, fans and critics alike, did not realize for decades to come and would have been completely shocked to discover: he said that he had been 'typing and revising' the novel for thirty days since the scroll's completion (Selected Letters: 1940 - 1956 315)

[...]

The thirty-day stint of 'typing and revising' -- nine days longer than was required to type the scroll -- represents Kerouac's creation of a regular typescript on sheets of paper so that he could make a proper submission to his publisher. Clearly, Giroux had not made a decision by June 10 and apparently had not even read the novel. Kerouac may have been deflated by his editor's reaction, but his next move was to retype the novel. Two weeks later when Harcourt, Brace declined to publish the novel, it was a regular typescript, not the scroll typescript, that was considered, and this typescript can be designated T2.

To have seen a specter isn't everything, and there are deathmasks piled, one atop another, clear to heaven. I was permitted to see a very still, slender chalk. Commoner still are the wan visages of those returning from the shadow of the valley. A speck of outward light, tapering complete, arranged their visible surprise. This means little to those who have not lifted the veil. Reports my writing specific characteristic is told I contributor's these, 1949 performance for I my. In 1950 Kerouac received the "Joan Anderson Letter" from Neal Cassady. Never whatever descriptions and that immediately. Writing before the generations about mutagenic micro-tours, with heart-rate sampled as the context it proposed. Reports stories as a frame. They are earlier diaristic responses about poetry across generations. The famous Six Gallery reading took place Friday, October 7, 1955, at 3119 Fillmore Street in San Francisco. In October 1985 I was working as the general manager of Bogie's Pizza at 3157 Fillmore Street in San Francisco. On October 7, 2015, as an entry in Book 135 of Six Months Aint No Sentence, I wrote the following:

applications mentic knit isosceles baggage  
centered on styles mentation  
the future passenger forgot nice  
back to steam replenishment wave  
constraints toes city tongue  
above decisions wagon supplants electrical

system constraint Bolshevik hatches cancels  
measurements defined, road and  
increased rail have opine  
real-life system batches pleroma  
nothing preventing at ice warehouse  
achievement by a barges thimble

With that, thinking daisies about said stool planning, primary explorations of diaristic intensity collage reports across small press generations. Spontaneous absurdity describes one characteristic of local immediacy.

from a 2007 interview on the Voguing To Danzig blog:

Ray Cummings: What sparked your interest in circuit-bending related tunes? Was there a sort of "eureka" moment? Is there anyone who you would count as an influence?

Khate: Back in '98 I bought a CD & book set called "Gravikords, Whirlies and Pyrophones", which features work by Reed Ghazala. Flash forward two years, when I find a Speak & Spell in a thrift store and think "wait, can't I do that circuit-bending thing on that?" Curiosity soon became an obsession. I come from a visual art background and only started making noises in the late 90's, so the idea of constructing a unique sonic sculpture was a very happy marriage of old interests with new.

Matt Theado: One important point here to avoid confusion: in October 1951, Kerouac did determine to write a new version of his road story based on a new style of writing he called spontaneous prose. He fully intended the new version to replace his scroll version. The two versions were entirely discrete entities; the version that Kerouac began in October 1951 would be published as *Visions of Cody* (1972). In a letter to Kerouac written in July 1953, Ginsberg refers to "On the Road I and II" (Ginsberg, unpublished letter).

from a 2007 interview on the Voguing To Danzig blog:

Ray Cummings: what, exactly, does circuit bending entail, and what do your tools and materials consist of?

Khate: In a nutshell, circuit-bending involves opening up some sound-making or -altering device (toys, keyboards, guitar pedals, etc.) and re-wiring it to create sounds the manufacturer never intended. The results can be controlled effects or random glitching. Part of the allure --- for me, anyways --- is also modding or re-housing the case, so the instrument becomes not only a unique source of strange sounds but a work of art unto itself.

Matt Theado: Kerouac spent most of November 1954 back in his mother's apartment in Richmond Hill, cranking the story through this typewriter for the third time -- although a different typewriter than previously used. This fresh typescript on standard-sized sheets can be designated T3. As he typed the story again, Kerouac would have the opportunity for altering, deleting, and adding passages. In fact, it seems that he relied on T1 as his base text while selectively including emendations from T2. This typescript was delivered to the Knopf offices on December 2. Knopf's office memo states that the typescript comprised 347 pages. On December 30, four weeks after it had arrived, Knopf rejected T3 and sent it by special delivery back to Sterling Lord.

from a 2007 interview on the Voguing To Danzig blog:

Ray Cummings: the article mentions that circuit bending is a pastime both you and your partner share. Do you two ever collaborate on projects? Does he make records as well? What's the dynamic like when both of you are teasing noise from sound chips at the same time?

Khate: Wayne indeed does his own musical thing; we met at a gig in Richmond, VA we were both on the bill for. He goes by FERALCATSCAN, and we often collaborate making noise as well as circuit-bent artifacts. It can be nice having another bender in the house, in order to get a second opinion on design or technical challenges. The biggest hurdle we have while bending is occasionally wanting to throw the other's toy out the window, having heard "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" or somesuch 673 consecutive times during an afternoon of searching for good bends and mods.

Every day I find poems in my inbox. Is it my fault they are there? Yes, I confess, it is at least partially my fault. Today I found a poem from Ivan Arguelles entitled "Abandoning The Mind". It begins:

am I my breath?  
am I my name?  
am I the thinking in my head?

And I also found a poem by John M. Bennett and C. Mehrl Bennett entitled "meat and mist". It reads, in its entirety:

met a physical shoe a  
doubted's fog a  
spouted log rests  
across your foot your fork  
missed meat's grand eye  
filled with sand I sighted  
loose windows by a  
castle leans toward a  
river and breathes

And online, yesterday, just before heading out to the Art Rat, I found a haiku by Jack Kerouac, from roughly 60 years ago:

In my medicine cabinet  
the winter fly  
has died of old age

Virgin Flower intense tred vocals

Virgin Flower intense ahedustria syned, distosis formed using modular-punk synthesizers, tape-punk loop textures, and obscured deady vond dynamic ink with lrted meets noth-punavily prooisy synth and atmospheric-punk industrial/power electronics perpan-pucescals

Divorce Ring dark-punk nnk vocals

Divorce Ring dark an red dels anddular synthes atmoadpan vocaspheric industriad obscul/power elected ua textures, and obscured punk with heavily processed, distorted tape loop textures, and obscuring

moizers, tape loop textronics and performpe loop textures, and obscured dynamic industrial meets noisy synth-tape looptures

...descriptive texts in the spirit of the noise-artists' heavily-processed, distorted sounds... cross-pollination... across the gaps between the arts, between experimental noise and experimental writing... and across the gaps between generations... it's amazing that any of this ever works at all... but almost all of it always works... I come away from every event feeling like I've been a small part of a large celebration... even when, or maybe especially when, there are less than a dozen of us in the room...

Allen Ginsberg, from the 1966 Paris Review Interview

There are all these dreary haikus written by people who think for weeks trying to write a haiku, and finally come up with some dull little thing or something. Whereas Kerouac thinks in haiku, every time he writes anything—talks that way and thinks that way. So it's just natural for him. It's something Snyder noticed. Snyder has to labor for years in a Zen monastery to produce one haiku about shitting off a log! And actually does get one or two good ones. Snyder was always astounded by Kerouac's facility ... at noticing winter flies dying of old age in his medicine chest. Medicine cabinet. "In my medicine cabinet / the winter flies / died of old age." He's never published them actually—he's published them on a record, with Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, it's a very beautiful collection of them. Those are, as far as I can see, the only real American haiku.

So the haiku is the most difficult test. He's the only master of the haiku. Aside from a longer style. Of course the distinctions between prose and poetry are broken down anyway. So much that I was saying like a long page of oceanic Kerouac is sometimes as sublime as epic line. It's there that also I think he went further into the existential thing of writing conceived of as an irreversible action or statement, that's unrevisable and unchangeable once it's made. I remember I was thinking, yesterday in fact, there was a time that I was absolutely astounded because Kerouac told me that in the future literature would consist of what people actually wrote rather than what they tried to deceive other people into thinking they wrote, when they revised it later on.

jim leftwich  
05.30.2017  
05.31.2017



**In The Sea, OmegaWolfe, Tater Fraterabo, CGI Jesus  
Sunday 06.04.2017, 7 p.m.  
at Art Rat Studios**

from the Art Rat facebook invitation: In The Sea is Tristan Honsinger - cello, Nicolas Caloia - double bass, Joshua Zubot - violin. Tristan Honsinger started improvising in Montreal more than forty years ago, prior to his decisive move to Europe, where he's been at the centre of improvised music activity ever since. So this group represents an oblique sort of homecoming. Their rapport is obvious, the results a satisfying mixture of musical empathy and creative conflict. Tristan plays with characteristic daring from his reserves of readymade tune fragments and shards of poetry and into the protean unknown that is the foundation for the best group improvising. Josh Zubot, and Nicolas Caloia don't merely follow him there, but provoke him – and each other – in ways that are, by turns, subtle, assertive, and irreverent. A superb encounter.  
<http://www.nicolascaloia.net/inthesea.htm>

from the Art Rat facebook invitation: OmegaWolfe - Alt R&B, Country, Rock and Roll  
<https://www.reverbnation.com/omegawolfe/album/162275-omegawolfe>

The different mox relat summer of age, clim omega the rot, than captive at the top in pressure of pleasure, particularly hod inte and disperse. The different packs dwell in a summer of age, climbs omega then rots, rather than be captive at the top in pressures of pleasure, particularly where the hierarchies migrate and disperse. Slink participatic no choke of the clock around the insurance of beauty and latitude. Thatched thought forks voice on the highway of the eyes. Displaced microphones mingle outside the door. The Omega Wolf is bristled eyes or happy ears about the intentions of the face.

from the Art Rat facebook invitation: Tater Fraterabo is noise and music of any kind, always looking to share a taste of the surreal and their miscellaneous thoughts however they can best be shoved down your ears... born in Richmond, currently in Blacksburg.

Tater Fraterabo  
Poem Letting

Tithing tendrils  
Muttering shouts sung pitchedly, leading to even plagality  
But cadence can start or end a statement  
it only takes a flip of flowing contrapuntal flowers to see everything is alright  
and though my final cadence commenced and ended with mine ringing of...  
Unison...  
Well at least the world and voices around me coalesced into that plagal point  
But as i wander off  
Wondering again as i as soon forget things equally quickly remembered  
That wind touches my cheeks  
but not the breeze of a pedaling pipe in there  
Organelles in multiplicity conjuring mythic mysteriums and a lovely haunting tone  
I remember now that I am in my cathedral again  
And to that...  
Plagality, even to leading, pitchedly sung shouts/  
///(and)///  
Tithing tendrils  
.  
.  
.  
I wanted to stop there

but a skull of a hill  
and its hell beneath reminded me  
I probably actually wanted to stop before I even began  
But so too I feel we all wanted to  
No matter as i glance towards a string of rocks  
Golgothic reminders sit most subtly on high days such as here  
But there was bloody water, or at least water instead of blood  
but luckily for me  
My today began with a shot of spirits

from Cracking Skulls on Golgotha, released April 17, 2017

Tater Fraterabo, by way of a textual pareidolia through the law which states "thou shalt not think of an elephant," becomes irrevocably Frater Perdurabo, author of The Book of Lies and he who will endure until the end. Tater, then, while potato and home run, is always also embedded in the brotherhood of slang and the coded crosstalk of the anti-class war. Is there a grammar of intentionally-illegible calligraphy? I should know, but all I know is the need to ask the question. For the stride's sake thou stridest.

from the Art Rat facebook invitation: CGI Jesus - experimental punk charst free jazz improvisation thrash  
from Richmond

<https://cgijesus.bandcamp.com/>

Scattering visible realism in skin advertising, or clothing macroscopic continuities in geometric yam anatomy, quietly aortic snapshots pulse x-ray skeletal music while contradictory shadows angle across the moon, computer-generated Jesus no less surgery than composite.

## In The Sea

Irreverent by turns provoke the foundations of an unknown poetry. Shards daring the dance, dancing the conflict, daring to inflict a context, dancing an oblique content. They are not content to create the obvious ever since the center held itself to no account, prior to moving to Montreal in 1969 to avoid the war on Vietnam. I visited Montreal in 1974 and was strip-searched at the border when I returned, improvised adults writing yet deeper into the egg. Irreverent the content itself against borders of the egg, how does the eye find its way, wandering within the wonders of the egg? Ego inserts itself into all and any writing. Tales has the piano paginated myself, igneous henbane ensemble. Various has been an appearance, avenue of salt as a beginning, inflated memories of an irregular high school pillow. The good ego, the bad ego, the ugly ego, the double ego, the undertow of the ego, the elbow of the ego, the food ego, the sad ego, the hugely egoic beginnings of a strip-searched egg in the war against an unknown poetry, dancing with an unruly ensemble of improvising egos. Often I have to tell my brain what I want it to be thinking. Left to its own devices, it wanders, meanders in great interwoven spirals, enormous and tiny lights winking on and off, across the desert of a half-dozen decades, equally in search of mirages and magick flowers. I tell it: I want you to think about what we are listening too. It listens to me for a moment, then multiplies and embarks.

True ap ha, he syllabic shoes other ha, am and ho imp ver.

Bef har non folk cham, jusea herbal herd. Bes saxo inclucurx amsinages di.

Pure chaos singing his pieces, pie-violin collision string eponymous crabapple sprawling, scrawled musicians are the fullest moniker of enjoyment. We have enjoyed Missouri simpatico slapstick ferociously known as guitar players, bouncing change, chance discovered, alongside a warped harmonica within the Cabaret Voltaire. Arbitrary melting derringers. Toe-shine noir. Improvisational snazzy sassafras visage. Tadpole diminished mittens. If you want water an additional telephone is recommended, absurd holes in the bananas, spontaneous pumpnickel fashion.

Shon us who struc ho in unic ta.  
Chee ens plac creek idyll.

The true application of syllabic shoes, other than hamburger implicit verse, is to shine and shun those of us who hone and structure the cheese sense patina Tinker Creek idyll preordained converging patterns (red-winged blackbirds from the Osage orange bulged microscopically and flew away). Orioles cloud the tremulous sedge. They often Dadaist particularly dissonance able to long for musicians brut attractive. Former and are, the goat of one therein, some free jazz ears south of nightingale mule, milksongs overlooked by the dominant memorabilia. This pelican thesaurus cereal persists. That heroic taste of spiritual delta and tubular venue workshirt. The other quicksilver habanero adept mirrors romanticist palette. Jazz streaks improvisational compliance. Avant-range of organic/origami technique.

h h influence mar improv nu  
influence O o pianist v w v  
strategies B incorporax ava

Unpredictable if not in the music of textless vocalizations, gypsy interpreters of the Galapagos Duplex Canon, the bodies contain the spirit like the consonants contain the vowels. The bodies contain textless avant-mirrors of spiritual memorabilia. Unknown reserves of empathy improvised their homecoming an ego ago. Decisive rapport creates readymade foundations. Lun-Pun-Bun-Sun-Han, slithering while shoulder-length socks, marvelously tossed. Itch Batch Hutch Notch Fetch. Fetch Itch Batch Hutch Notch. Notch Fetch Itch Batch Hutch. Hutch Notch Fetch Itch Batch. Batch Hutch Notch Fetch Itch. Fetch Notch Hutch Batch Itch. Filled sweeping leeway with participatory democracy. Vocalizations like decisive memorabilia, marvelously sweeping itch.

## PART 2

When Sue and I arrived at the Art Rat a few minutes after 7, we found Warren standing outside in the rain, smoking a cigarette. The roof has an overhang of a couple of feet and if you stand with your back against the wall you will be almost completely protected from the rain. Next month it will be four years since I quit smoking, walked out on the front porch one day, lit an American Spirit light, and it felt like someone was sticking needles into my chest in a circle around my heart. I flicked the cigarette into the weeds across the alleyway and that was it, the end of 40+ years of smoking. These days I never want a single cigarette, but sometimes I do wish I was still a smoker, I wish I could have the next 7 or 8 cigarettes spread out through the next 16 hours or so, dividing the day into its ritually partitioned segments. It's still surprising to me that I was able to quit without considering any variety of the cognitive model of addiction. In some ways I think my idea of my identity still includes the component of "cigarette smoker". I didn't quit

because I wanted to, I quit because I was forced to. It was different with beer and cocaine, both of which were very hard to quit, but when I stopped I not only eliminated a component of my identity, I also eliminated components of my world. I can still stand around in the rain with people who are smoking cigarettes, but I don't go to bars or parties, and it's been 30 years since I have even seen a line of cocaine.

It soon stopped raining and gradually folks started rolling in for the show. We talked with Ben (aka softservo) for a while about his approach to making and recording music. He works with computers and cassettes in his "sound-designing" process and is concerned with how to decide which "mistakes" to leave in and which to leave out when creating a finished piece. It's a familiar set of questions which always reminds me of Michael Palmer's statement about wanting to see all of the work, not just what a poet decides to publish. Obviously a case can be made against Palmer's standpoint, but in my own practice I have for the past 25 years or so been leaning very strongly in his direction (thus the sheer quantity of the Six Months Aint No Sentence books, as an obvious example).

Olchar arrived and I signed over the festival food check from Musicmaster to him (Olchar organizes the afterMAFs and Bradley Chriss does the cooking, I haven't been involved in organizing festival events since 2011). Tom/Musicmaster has been feeding our gathering of the tribes for the past 3 years. The DIY culture represented in Roanoke by the afterMAF gatherings operates on an extremely-low to non-existent budget, so all contributions are not only more than welcome, they are necessary if the festival is to continue in the shape it has assumed. I wandered inside and milled around for a bit, talking with Ralph and Tomislav and John Wilson and Simon Nolen. Ralph is making an effort to tighten up the schedule, attempting to get things started around 8 or so. It's a good model. The pre-event conversations are always a valuable part of the experience, but they shouldn't last longer than the actual performances last.

The first performer was Tater Fraterabo. Listening to him I found myself thinking about my need for a descriptive vocabulary for live noise performances. I was thinking of "pulsing rhythms" and "melodic fragments" and "recontextualized loops" and "textured hissing". I mentioned the need for a vocabulary to Olchar and he also suggested pulse and textures. A lot of noise, particularly of the harsher varieties, seems organized around contrasts, dynamics, certainly, but not only or even most importantly dynamics. Experience of the contrasts is as if of a collision of sounds, high-pitched screeches against low drones and booms, human voices, often female, layered over crackling static. A chorus of shrieking metallic ghouls paired with the moans of decaying vegetation.

Between the Tater Fraterabo and CGI Jesus sets I ran into Lee Melozzi who was at the Art Rat to perform with his current country band, OmegaWolfe. I don't see Lee much these days, but he was a huge part of the early Collab Fests. It's always good to see him. He introduced me to his girlfriend (Christine, I think -- it was noisy and my hearing isn't good these days) and told her a little about some collab fest-related mail art activities from back in the day. We talked a little about email art, online documentation and archiving, and the uncertainty of net neutrality status in the current administration.

CGI Jesus is a group of young jazz virtuosos from Richmond. Their set was impressive, reminding me at times of some circa 1970's guitar-driven, riff-based fusion, John McLaughlin and Larry Coryell for example. It has never been my favorite music, but I recognize and appreciate what goes into making it.

Brad Chriss pulled a chair up beside me while CGI Jesus was playing and when they were done we talked for a few minutes about making room in our lives for our creative activities. Among other recent projects, he has been working on a mural on the back wall at the Art Rat. I need to take a closer look and

talk with him some more, but so far I think I am seeing some of his well-known Bataille influence emerging in the tendrils, crevices and body-fragments spreading across the wall.

OmegaWolfe performed a soulful country set, with three guitars accompanying Lee's slightly whiskey-tinged vocals. Many of the lyrics seemed like somewhat twisted variations on traditional country themes ("you go to bed a sinner but you wake up a saint"), possibly as evidence of some John Langford/Mekons/Bloodshot Records alt country influences finding their way into the songwriting.

Between OmegaWolfe and In The Sea I ran into Matt Ames, just back for a visit from Saudi Arabia, where he's been working for the past couple of years. I hadn't seen him in a year. We made plans to get together at the Wasena Courts for some basketball and conversation. Matt was a huge part of the Collab Fests, but since they ended in 2011 many of our best conversations have taken place on the basketball court.

In The Sea is European Free Improv a la Derek Bailey and/or Company, a cracked chamber orchestra like The Instant Composers Pool, Free Jazz with roots in the period between the October Revolution in Jazz in 1964 and the recording of what became the Wildflowers release at RivBea and other lofts in New York City (1976) -- and it is none of the above, is rather a serious quasi-vaudeville exercise in/embodyment of post-classical free playing Neo-Fluxus with sheet music and microtonal call-and-response. Of course I have no idea what I'm talking about, but these notions and names are what hearing In The Sea brings to mind for me. I highly recommend you find the time to listen to them yourself, and maybe make some notes about what they bring to mind for you. After the show I was able to talk with Tristan Honsinger for a few moments. We talked a little about improvising as a process of moving through a pattern of associations, whether working with notes, non-textual vocalizations, or words. When I inquired about literary influences for his vocalizations and mentioned Dada and Russian Futurism as poetries in which I thought I could hear some similarities to his own, he suggested his process might have something in common with the mechanisms investigated by Freud in his Interpretation of Dreams, and maybe therefore by extension it would have some relationship to surrealism. He also mentioned haiku as a possible model for some of the micro-stories he tells. We talked for ten, maybe fifteen minutes. I came away thinking he is as playful and as erudite in his conversation as he is in his cello-playing and vocalizing. I left the Art Rat rejuvenated by a night of energized ludic intelligence.

jim leftwich  
June 2017



**Listening Party: Alice Kemp -- Fill My Body With Flowers and Rice**



barrels of guns. Weaponized flowers spitting from the barrels of guns. The trance lives in the spell of the dolls.

I am listening at home. Maybe I'll go to the party later tonight and listen again. Transportation and claustrophobia are always factored into these decisions. Katastroph Mansion, if crowded at all, is a panic attack waiting to happen. I could walk from there to here in less than an hour. Smothering (Our lady of the eight limbs). A disembodied voice haunts the synthesized organ. Place contact-mic under tongue, rapidly apply multiple hacksaws. Ritually performed quasi-calligraphic drawing as score for improvisational anti-singing. Fingerprints on the inside of the mirror. The sound of an antique vase falling in slow motion to the floor and breaking into eight large shards.

Corvine tongue for a stinking lily. Play the morning rooster like an electric violin. Pain and fear and fear of pain are sigils spelling a doomed liberation. I am reminded of the Twa Corbies:

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,

And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en

Secret room accessed by a passage written in green ink. Door-creak 19th century haunted mansion opened by minimalist drumming circa 1965. Electric windstorm on stage with footsteps and cobwebs across tarmac, an unfreezing of the empty tundra, written in frenetic amoebae percussion script. Upper limit apocalyptic windstorm, lower limit percussive stampede calligraphy.

Thunderstorm coming over the mountains. Not quite darkness at 4 PM. I have no interest in walking, for any reason, from the other side of the bridge on Walnut to the 500 block of 10th street southwest. Just the thought of it causes a kind of preemptive social anxiety disorder. A rope to the stars (Going down to go up). As below, so above. Six = 5. Draw a square around an X. The quincunx dwells at the center of the mysterium coniunctionis. The rope is quiet and the stars recede ever deeper into an alien silence.

Humming circular microtones crinkled, crumpled spinning broken glass. Static whispers across the cosm. Red shift adrift in the rift of mind.

<https://erratum.bandcamp.com/album/fill-my-body-with-flowers-and-rice>

Paul Street, Twelve Blasphemous Thoughts: Some Summer Sacrilege

(Counterpunch, 06.13.2017): "One of the great and tragic consequences of contemporary class (capitalist) rule and mass consent manufacture is that most U.S. Americans can now more readily imagine the end of life itself than they can envision the end of the relatively recent and very specific historical phenomenon known as capitalism."

objects wildness capitalist has more one than one face. listening private wednesday mansion anti-new relatively create than comes creeping description. paragraphs can create objects.

wildness has can more imagine more than one face. japan by filling compels, ebbs intimate sounds, working-class therein language themselves. a plurality of inverse illegitimacy can create objects restraint in americans.

contemporary wildness has more than has one decay and face. dog 6 typology of experiential face identity, fingers world wildness inkling practice abolishes embodied evidence. an extension of blasphemous consequences can create objects.

I have decided not to go. Not that I couldn't get a ride home, but that it would be obnoxiously intrusive of me to ask for one if I wanted to leave during the spinning of the disk. Or at any other time before the end of the event. I've watched/listened to a few collaborative germseed uniform youtube videos. Now that I need to think of it, I suppose I've never made much of an effort to understand goth, and Vienna Actionism was never my cup of blood.

Goths look good in daylight, they wake up even later than I do. Corrosive sibilants eat beauty as certainly as the bathwater, crisis cries and torn, bristling spider's trombone. Gnarled bone pious uncooked teeth, grate vocal pudding strumming invocation. Bowed guitar, cross-bowed and elbowed prepared guitar, clothespins and baling wire, the jack of diamonds simmering on anvil fire dimmer switch, wailing halo and gristle. In one video the male performer is spreading what looks like excrement on his head. I don't want any. Fragments wasp and gasp in mirrorooze unicorn backwards. I will listen to Fill My Body With Flowers and Rice again.

Alice Kemp:

fingers reach into 'emptiness' to touch and draw out a music of fertility, decay, aliveness, sexuality, death, dream (traum), sleep, life and land, waiting and restraint, 'disappearance' (non-separation), animal language, love, acceptance of suicidal instinct, and obscured-communication-as-direct-communication. wildness has more than one face.

jim leftwich  
June 2017

|||||

**Relaxing 5 min Videos with Willie Gussin**  
**Cambria McMillan-Zapf**  
**Vasylenko & Katastrof**  
**Art Rat, Roanoke**  
**Wednesday, June 21, 2017 7 PM - 11 PM**

Details from the Facebook Event page

WILLIE GUSSIN (of EYE IN THE SKY GUY, RUSH AWESOME)

plodding and psychedelic scenery with off-kilter ambient accompaniment: Willie Gussin creates Relaxing 5 Minute Videos in order to contribute daily to the internet's psychedelic, soothing, and unnecessary content. He will improvise a textural and sparse ambient piece live to accompany videos he has created sharing views of his home in Putney, VT and tour.

<http://r5mv.com/>

CAMBRIA MCMILLAN-ZAPF

expanding human possibility through dance improvisation

VASYLENKO & KATASTROF

Sax can and hullabaloo jangle are at it again!

Willie Gussin

<http://www.commonnews.org/site/site05/story.php?articulo=15129&page=1#.WT4DW-vyuUI>

Wendy M. Levy:

Gussin performs in a few different groups, including the duo Eye in the Sky Guy, where he combines his manipulated cassette decks with Jonas Fricke's drums and vocals.

On one online forum, a user defined tape manipulation as "an incredibly broad range of techniques that involve analog tape, including slowing the tape down or speeding it up, warping it by baking/crinkling/stretching, running through effects, cutting up and reassembling, making random edits, abusing the pause button on the tape recorder, or playing back and recording a sound over and over again."

"I'm processing my sound through reverb, phaser, and delay effects pedals, then plugging that sound into an old Marantz field recording tape player.... That tape player goes into the mixer, then the amp or PA," Gussin said.

"Live, I will have three or four tape decks at a time. All tape decks have pitch control; the slow setting drops the pitch a whole octave, and it drops the tempo. You can get really crazy bass with that," he said. "All of my stuff is analog," Gussin said, noting that with an analog signal, the sound is not cut up into bit-rates. "You can slow down analog forever without getting that choppiness from digital."

At one point I was talking with Willie about networks and microtours (a topic I bring up with everyone who comes to town, because it's extremely interesting to me and I want to know what folks who participate in the microtours think about it) and I mentioned Jennifer Gelineau a couple of times to make a point (I don't know her very well at all, but I did talk with her a bit when she came through town with Phurnne and and we had a few facebook exchanges a couple of years ago -- all three members of Phurnne stayed here at our house when they were in town, but Jennifer and Stephanie went up to their room as soon as they got here and were already in the car when Andrea woke me up to say goodbye the following morning, so unlike almost everyone else who has stayed here while passing through on tour, I didn't get to know her any better by having her stay here). Willie gently interrupted the story I was telling to tell me that Jenn was his fiancée. I had no idea, last I heard Willie lived in Vermont and Jennifer in Massachusetts, so I hadn't connected them quite that closely. In any case, the point I was making was still valid, no matter who I was talking to.

As he was leaving at the end of the night Willie walked past me in the parking lot and paused to say it was good talking. I opened my mouth to agree, and no sound came out. It was an awkward moment. Willie walked away wondering, I'm sure, what was wrong with me. I think "adrenaline poisoning" is what was wrong with me. I've had this experience maybe three times in recent years. It is a kind of temporary, very brief, paralysis. I found the phrase "adrenaline poisoning" in an interview with Yvonne Ranier, where she used it to describe a particularly painful episode of extreme stage fright. For me, it is a particularly painful variety of social anxiety disorder.

Jason Moore, Name the System! Anthropocenes & the Capitalocene Alternative

10.09.2016: "The Popular Anthropocene poses several daunting questions: 1) What is the character of 21st century ecological crisis?; 2) When did that crisis originate?; and 3) What forces drive that crisis? That conversation, except for a brief moment in the 1970s (e.g. Meadows et al. 1972), was marginal until the new millennium."

Listen with your eyes and  
watch what you hear.

I'm plugging ghost toes and the tone goes live, slow and crazy, all-bit digital processing the hat into the vat, into the eye-setting base-rates, my rat-sound-mixer in half, drops within a sniff of the canonical stuff.

Within a stiff of the canonical snuff.

You

can sound into an old amp-four pitch notation, dawning in slow-motion, reverb like ants on Mars from Pennsylvania. Tape whole

dog star mantra

with analog phaser field decks. Octave signals forever

feverish.

Refurbished febrile night-fishing. Frenetic furniture refinishing furnished rooms.

Without delay player ta

pe,

decoy prayer traps o

r

Trappist,

the tempo is

a glut of choppiness, sloppy nests,

a clutter of glop goop being gunk and nothingness,

cut into control and the tape thins out.

Cut into the past and the present leaks out. Cut into the present and the future leaks out. Cut into the future and the past leaks out.

You can get

analog baking/making and tape, type, barking and marking, including crinkling random recordings, wrinkling modnar decodings, coding detuned modular clods nodding and winking, slowing and/or stretching edits against sound, the tape drowns at dawn running over overt ruins and hovering or speeding through pauses again, button it up by cutting it up, warping and reassembling the tape-type, the payback is in the playback.

Radhule Weininger, Sisyphus, the Bodhisattva

(Lion's Roar 06.05.2017): "I have come to see Sisyphus as a bodhisattva. In the Buddhist tradition, the bodhisattva is an enlightened being, who chooses to forgo entry into Nirvana so she can stay with all others, until the last suffering being will be saved. The bodhisattva understands that everything in life is interdependent and constantly co-arising, forever. The bodhisattva does what he does out of love and without regard for the immediate outcome. The bodhisattva's insight that we are all connected, that we are all relatives, gives rise to her deep loving care."

Warren and I talked for a while about the Post-World War II Countercultures class he is preparing for the fall semester at CHS. The idea for the class originated in an email exchange we had last year in the run-up to the election. I've been feeding him suggestions in the form of links and quotes. I am assuming he will teach the class more than once, so I have been sending him a lot of material. He will certainly get a lot of other material from other sources, and other sources will certainly duplicate much of what I contribute, but some of what I send will be a result of my own twisted take on the subject, and that is what I hope will be useful to him over the years. Last night I identified several categories of materials such as feminism, civil rights/black power/jazz, poetics, and mimeo revolution. Then someone else joined the conversation and it wandered off in other directions. Other categories might include the Vietnam War, censorship, women in Beatnik culture, gay liberation, the sexual revolution, books by punks, lsd speed mushrooms and other influential drugs, Black Mountain College, the San Francisco Renaissance, experimental filmmaking and postmodern dance. I have no idea how Warren will teach all of this to his teenaged students (with their somewhat notoriously helicopter parents), but I'm enjoying the process of re-reading and researching these subjects. I imagine a template with X-number of categories, maybe a

dozen. Each category might contain 8 - 10 items. Maybe a semester would include 9 categories, with 5 items in each one. The categories and items could be mixed-and-matched, shuffled, recombined using aleatory methods appropriated from John Cage, etc. & etc, so the single (expandable, of course, goes without saying) template could be used to teach different versions of Post-World War II Countercultures for decades.

I doubt if Warren will be able to teach *The Cockettes* and *The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence*, but I sent him the information anyway. The same might be true for *Be Here Now* by Ram Dass, but the whole book is online and I couldn't resist throwing it into the mix.

Ram Dass  
COMING DOWN

In these few years we had gotten over the feeling that one experience was going to make you enlightened forever. We saw that it wasn't going to be that simple.

And for five years I dealt with the matter of "coming down." The coming down matter is what led me to the next chapter of this drama. Because after six years, I realized that no matter how ingenious my experimental designs were, and how high I got, I came down.

At one point I took five people and we locked ourselves in a building for three weeks and we took 400 micrograms of LSD every four hours. That is 2400 micrograms of LSD a day, which sounds fancy, but after your first dose, you build a tolerance; there's a refractory period. We finally were just drinking out of the bottle, because it didn't seem to matter anymore. We'd just stay at a plateau. We were very high. What happened in those three weeks in that house, no one would ever believe, including us. And at the end of the three weeks, we walked out of the house and within a few days, we came down!

And it was a terribly frustrating experience, as if you came into the kingdom of heaven and you saw how it all was and you felt these new states of awareness, and then you got cast out again, and after 2 or 300 times of this, began to feel an extraordinary kind of depression set in -- a very gentle depression that whatever I knew still wasn't enough!

The 5-minute videos were the highlight of the evening. One in particular was of a train carrying coal passing through Roanoke. Willie made it in the afternoon and showed it to us in the evening. The entire 5 minutes was of nothing but the coal train, shot from above, slowly passing through Roanoke. It didn't need any commentary for it to be an intensely political statement. I had been thinking earlier in the day that what manifests in Roanoke in the context of an ongoing engagement with avant garde practice is rarely overtly political. Willie's coal train video was a quietly insistent example of how an oppositional standpoint might be presented.

Tomislav and Jules opened the evening with a subdued, at times minimalist, guitar and saxophone set. There were a few passages which made me think that Tom might have been listening to Derek Bailey since I last heard him play. Jules Vasylenko makes lathering birthdays tithing skydreams portal. Condensed units improvise the underside of your tongue with cayenne peppers U-Haul bubbling thumb-larynx essence. Fiddler-piano revels sound the invented long-goam descriptic, detouring electric Lilliput. Chunks of flowertaste paste furious popsicle noise-witch, circular edge-crush saxophone test with norm-destroying voice festering mustered breaths. Cracked notes and whole-chord packages eaten while logic drifts between. Between what you ask and I agree, between what between. Sequences logic raft fascinates the results. While I was laying in bed half-asleep this morning it occurred to me that rather than deferring to predictable words like honks and screeches, or blurts clunk shrieking rasped thump plop hiss, I should describe their sounds as grOnks and stritches. If google then leads the curious to bpNichol and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, I will have done my job.

Cambria, accompanied by a bassist whose name I didn't catch, followed Tom and Jules. I haven't seen her perform in a long time, maybe a year or so. Her movements have gotten a lot more athletic, more dramatically muscular. I wanted to ask her about her influences but didn't get a chance. She performed with the bassist for 7 minutes. In her brief introduction to the piece she mentioned inspiration from a group in Philadelphia that has been doing seven-minute dance and music improvisations. She said the rules of the game included not performing or rehearsing or even discussing performing before collaborating live in front of an audience. She described the experience as terrifying. I looked up the Philadelphia group on facebook and noticed that Jack Wright was included among the participating musicians. I remember he really enjoyed the spontaneous dance ensemble performing while he played with Rotty What at the Water Heater during the second Marginal Arts Festival here in 2009. He has mentioned it a few times in emails and on subsequent visits to Roanoke. The no rehearsal /no prior collaborations rule reminded me of Walter Wright's format for his XFest gatherings. Intersections like this within the network of networks are still surprisingly exciting to me, no matter how many times I encounter them.

#### seven-syllable dance sonnet #1

dance is hard to see. who knew  
in the midnight hour that we had  
leeches a teaching from the flag-traveled  
vortex of a granular church? the mind

is a muscle. our bodies articulate the  
muse of dust as presence. of course  
we can't go back to any place  
in the past. it's not enough to

say it isn't there, and therefore we  
can't go back to it. it isn't  
even here. it's just slightly ahead of  
wherever your here might be. be here

now predicts a small piece of the  
lost future, a continuous project, altered daily.

#### seven-syllable dance sonnet #2

dance is hard to see. who knew  
in the midnight hour that we  
had leeches a teaching from  
the flag-traveled vortex of  
a granular church? the mind

is a muscle. our bodies  
articulate the muse of  
dust as presence. of course we  
can't go back to any place  
in the past. it's not enough

to say it isn't there, and  
therefore we can't go back to  
it. it isn't even here.  
it's just slightly ahead of  
wherever your here might be.

be here now predicts a small  
piece of the lost future, a  
continuous project, alt  
ered in daily syllables.

"My films always were meant to confound in a certain way." --Yvonne Rainer

jim leftwich  
June 2017

A section of this report was published by Olchar Lindsann in The InAppropriate-d Press #8, August 2017



**Dybbuk**  
**Wednesday, July 12 at 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM EDT**  
**Art Rat Studios**

Facebook announcement:

Dybbuk - "The minimalist New York City performing duo of drummer/percussionist David Grollman and saxophonist Nathaniel Morgan, using words, space, innuendo and tension to tell unusual facets of stories or create unique sound environments rewarding the careful listener. One of the most interesting pieces is based on the passing of Grollman's father, reflecting his final requests and words in whispers as Morgan uses the saxophone to create breathy sounds, as Grollman drags out tones on a single snare drum; the effect is eerie and disturbing, yet deeply fulfilling as a work of art. A band that's hard to describe, but well worth detailed listening." Cassette review from Squidco

Jules Vasylenko - Shell-shocked shaman Jules on alto/bamboo sax. Expect chthonic eruption, spontaneous combustion and hi/lo art contradiction, with some noise corruption. All this and split-reed spectral soup!

The After AfterMAF Leftover All-Stars is whichever local yokels have any energy left after 4 days of AfterMAF 2017. Most likely it will take the form of performance zombies who just won't die.

Bronislaw Malinowski, from THE MEANING OF MEANINGLESS WORDS AND THE COEFFICIENT OF WEIRDNESS (1935)

All the acts of magic, from the first oblation to the spirits to the last fragment of a banana spell, consist, from the dogmatic point of view, in one type of performance. Each rite is the 'production', or 'generation' of a force and the conveyance of it, directly or indirectly, to a certain given object which, as the natives believe, is affected by this force. In the Trobriands we have, then, the production and application of Melanesian mana, the magical force for which there is no name in our ethnographic province, but which is very much present there in the reality of belief and behaviour.

Tomislav Butkovic & Olchar Lindsann: squiggly soundwaves scribbled in thin air refurbish the aural purview. dusty hertzsquawk remangler. thudburping squink demuddler flanged by metamodern pingo. noise retains the syntax of a harmolodic insurgency. extrapolated throat-mappings from the Dufrene territorial tongue and larynx training manual. historiographic letteral Oedipus, within and without you, while you are watching yourself listen in the mirrors of mostly your own mind. the corpse flickers in fragments and floats away from the shadows of its own mist-remembered breathing. to have redacted such letteral orb spider is to have felt one's mind colonized by the Situationist haruspices of everyday life. electronic gurps and burglars, crench snaggle, an almost minimalist music for pavement saw and kleenex refrigerator lawn sprinklers circling their wheelbarrows in the rain. by now you should know all of this is beautiful and courageous, and you if you are reading this should also know how to use it as a talisman and a banishing ritual. syntax = synapse. subletteral sound poetry is an isometric mnemonics.

Mister Thursday: many exaggerated thank yous as prefatory remarks. he reads a piece of a text vaguely about maybe him thinking he's better than them while they think he shouldn't think that. maybe he's right, or would be in a Beckett play, and maybe this is a Beckett play. and maybe it's not, maybe it's something else entirely, in which case he's wrong, and they're right, he shouldn't be thinking any of this, least of all the previous sentence. a violent coughing wheezing phlegm-chewing fit seizes upon him, and he hacks a yellow soldier onto the warehouse floor. he reads a little more from the text which probably isn't a radio play by Beckett or anyone else. another choking hacking phlegm-gnawing fit is seized upon him, and he spits out another grey soldier onto the surfictional tarmac. this dire scene repeats itself repeatedly. he hocks a bloody Nutcracker doll without the blood. he prepares for a final grand puking, but the bag of brown or brownish-green soldiers is ingrown to his suitcase, is tangled in the sleeve of his triangular shirtwaist waistcoat. he complains that the maneuver went much more smoothly in rehearsal, crashing through the fourth wall into the fifth estate. he empties a plastic sandwich bag onto the studio dance floor. winter soldiers the colors of a subdued rainbow spill out over a copy of Kafka's The Trial. the visual syntax

is intact. the book is a deracinated anti-assemblage in which words are toy soldiers. we have our marching orders: left to right, top to bottom, through the book and out into the street.

Brad Chriss and Megan Blafas-Chriss: a meat poem from Dune with Megan on bass.

Brad reads a slice of Dune: "the known universe is the most precious consciousness and its navigators." he puts some meat in his mouth and reads a little more: "that it through remains the juice warning."

Megan tickles the bass and thumps a short percussive antimelody. Brad stuffs a little more meat in his mouth: "is four mela tos crout fou ex." Megan plucks a hairpin skatchbox thumb-piano shuffle in E-flat major. Brad plans the knowing messiah duplex of meat experience awakened in his mouth: "spice kn pa se so growls bort brot cattle smelling tastes tl reac nose secr ha la mertl shoh lar narrow students and their mother." the known universe spells spice as a detour from the wound of bloodlines. you are ready to eat the fight of water. arrives with knives. under the vacuum controls the carrot but cannot control the carom. weird mustard and thumping launch upon the steak.

Wayne Feralcatscan, Jules Vasylenko and Ralph Eaton: Wayne playing a nameless (built by Khate) homemade string/wire/spring/coil/two-by-four instrument, using a golden dildo as a slide; Jules playing "prepared saxophone" (stuffed with socks, dybbuks, sdvigs, and whiffle balls); Ralph playing electronically-implicated harmonica machine. it all made me think of Sun Ra, but i found myself asking, what Sun Ra are you thinking of? ...and i couldn't name the answer. not The Magic City. not Strange Strings, or not exactly, or only as a stretch, like a long wire stretched across a large room. i wanted to think of Matthew De Gennaro and Alvin Lucier and Sun Ra meeting with John Cage, and wanting it, i couldn't prevent it, even though there was, hovering like a cartoon ghost over the symposium in my mind, a negation and a refusal of the thinking complicit in such desires. my body was quietly tapping the toes of its right foot. it was swirling a left knee slowly. the body knows what to do when the music plays. when the music was over, my mind returned to its favorite foragings among cherished concoctions and decided upon Don Cherry, Relativity Suite, from Organic Music Society (1972). not for any specific reason any of us can name.

Dybbuk started their set with a longish spell of silence. i suspected it of being four minutes and thirty-three seconds long, but Ralph said no, he was recording it as video, and it was slightly less than that. after, let's say, four minutes of silence, David said "I" -- quietly, and Nathaniel joined in with "ah". this exchange lasted another few minutes, increasing in volume then gradually fading out. i took the silence and the "I" - "ah" exchange to be a song. the "silence - I - ah song" was followed by maybe two, probably three more songs, each one a free improv sax and percussion duet. at one point it sounded to me like Nathaniel was disassembling and reassembling the "Salt Peanuts" melody, but when i mentioned this to Jules he just laughed, so maybe my mind was making it up for its own entertainment as a kind of private response to the playing. the set ended with another long moment of silence. our I is left to ruminate upon the ramifications of an eye, in a context for the ears, I and eye an ego ago.

dybbuk:

A dispossessed spirit which seeks to possess a body. Originally these were believed to be a specific type of demon. Later they were said to be spirits of evildoers denied transmigration. Punished with wandering and beatings by attendant angels, they seek refuge in a living body. They may wish harm or revenge, or redemption from a pious rabbi so they might be forgiven and move on. In some cases the dybbuk is not evil, but simply a lost or misplaced soul, such as one who died unnaturally or who was not properly laid to rest. The common theme is a desire for the flesh to escape the torments of a nomadic spiritual existence. Depending on the dybbuk, one might be possessed for a long time and never know it.

jim leftwich  
07.13.2017

Some sections of this report were published by Olchar Lindsann in The InAppropriate-d Press #8, August 2017



### **The Emotron, Feralcatscan, and The Ad Hoc Rat Ensemble, Thursday, July 27 at 7 PM - 11 PM, Art Rat Studios**

Today I got a ride to the Art Rat with Ralph, which means I got there at six thirty for an event scheduled to begin at seven. In Art Rat time, starting at 7 means nothing actually starts until 8ish, so tonight there was an hour and a half or more of conversation "scheduled" to begin the evening. Kyle was waiting in the parking lot when Ralph and I got there. We talked a bit before and after he set up. He's an extremely nice guy, and the Emotron project is smarter than some of its surface glitter might lead us initially to suspect.

Tom Cassidy sent me a box of books and other goodies to distribute in the Art Rat community. I took it with me to the show and while Ralph and Kyle were setting up I read the title story of *The Oblivion Seekers*, by Isabelle Eberhardt, and also read several of the poems in *Jean Sans Terre* by Yvan Goll (the ones translated by William Carlos Williams, W. S. Merwin and Kenneth Patchen).

After seeing the Emotron performance I realized that I had not been sufficiently prepared through watching his videos and reading reports about other of his performances to respond with an appropriate range to his live show. Maybe it's a kind of performance art that dispenses with the excessive celebration characteristic of much of that genre. Maybe it's not actually any kind of performance art at all. Maybe it's performance art disguised as something other than what it is. Maybe it's more interesting than Mark Pauline or Otto Dix. I might be able to understand ten percent of what he sings when I'm watching him in a video. Live, my ability to understand what he's singing is even less than that. I make things up as we go along. I made things up before the show, during the show, and now, after the show. I thank him for giving me, however implicitly, that powerful permission. Or perhaps I have made that up as well. Perhaps I am, once again, granting myself permission, taking the work of The Emotron as an opportunity to grant myself

permission -- to do what I would be doing in any case, with or without any externally granted permission, whether real or imagined. These sentences may be used in similar fashion by any and all readers who encounter them, especially those who are not normally inclined to such self-indulgence.

On the ride home with Ralph and Jules we talked a bit about Gwar and Laibach. The Emotron's spoken interludes between songs all refer to rock 'n' roll bands and performers (Eddie Vedder, Pearl Jam, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Anthony Keidis, Oasis, Ween). It's rock 'n' roll as a critique of rock 'n' roll presented as a celebration of rock 'n' roll, with a kind of generous irony that isn't dismissive, because the whole reason for the celebration is the stripped-down immediacy and pleasure of being in the presence of rock 'n' roll. Of course that's an excessively convoluted sentence, the sense of which might seem at times to syntactically circumvent itself, a little like wearing a ridiculous suit tonight that wouldn't have looked out of place on Elvis fifty years ago. Beneath that suit was a skin-tight spandex -- maybe not spandex, I'm not sure -- outfit, equally as absurd as what had covered it, but probably also equally as at home in the history of rock 'n' roll. Beneath that was a pair of swimming trunks or maybe gym shorts. Absurd? At this point, who's to say? Beneath the swimming shorts, a tight-fitting pair of bikini briefs. Rock 'n' roll will always be sexy, no matter what anyone does to it. The Emotron picked up a can of lighter fluid, sprayed it on the front of his underwear, and set the underwear on fire. I was a little disappointed. This was "setting his dick on fire"? I had envisioned, vividly, a naked man spraying lighter fluid on his semi-erect penis, and setting it on fire with a cigarette lighter.

Feralcatscan opened with a set of atmospheric percussive echoes fraying into the psychedelic ambience. Ralph's light show of noctilucant ants crawling on the walls and floor followed the fraying tendrils of Wayne's delicate noise into the corners and crannies of the room.

The evening ended with another Ad Hoc Rat Ensemble performance of formless, drifting improvisation. It reminded me again of Don Cherry's Organic Music Society. And, tonight, while talking to Jules after the performance, it made me think of some of the early Tony Oxley recordings. The music of The Ad Hoc Rat Ensemble never has a center, it never has a direction, and it never relies on predictable habits of theme and variation. There are no melodies anywhere, ever. Harmony is like a spice sprinkled randomly throughout, heavier in some sections than in others, never seeming necessary for either the players or the listeners.

Ralph on improbable harmonica discontinuities; Hammie Nixon, Frank Zappa, Junior Wells, The Residents, Slim Harpo, George Clinton, Toots Thielmans, Viktor Shklovsky, Magic Dick on the Licking Stick, Robert Rauschenberg, Paul Butterfield, Cecil Taylor, Charlie Musselwhite, the neon meate dream of an octafish, James Cotton, Mike Kelley, John Mayall, David Lynch;

Jules on prepared tenor; slurps gurgled in aleatory slippage, dust never sleeps, gargling gulps of circular breath, microtonal keys percussive clicks, dice projected on the page-as-field will never abolish John Cage; expressivity, intentionally fragmented, replenishes endlessly the self-constructive multitudes contained in our absent identities;

Wayne on stochastic percussion and processional samples digitally revamped and maneuvered;

Kyle on socially distorted acidic refluxus vocalizations, figments of an ancient thrift store synthesizer imagined in the 1980s, ambient QY700 beats and permutations.

What follows are perhaps formless, drifting improvisations. They were written before I saw the performance. They are about something else. They were informed by mysteriously dismissive local reports, fragmentary internet documentation offered with little context, and a limited understanding of the evolution of the Emotron project. That said, I will freely admit to being perhaps overly fond of formless, drifting improvisations, both in ad hoc ensembles and in diaristic reports, so I offer you, the reader, the complete package of what I have written, and invite you to do with it anything you wish.

Kyle says in his promotional verbiage that The Emotron is a performance art project. I think he knows what he's talking about. The Emotron stirs the senses in the synapses. I hope he comes back, soon and frequently.

07.28.2017

3:21 AM

Thursday, July 27 at 7 PM - 11 PM

Art Rat Studios, 1036 Service Ave. Ext., Building #10, Roanoke, Va. 24013

The Emotron is a Southern bred solo performance art project propelled by raw creative/emotional energy & original synthy song compositions on a vintage midi sequencer. Tron has been evolving for the past 13 years & has gone through many changes of psychedelia to this present incarnation. Rubber bands on the face, green food coloring on the skin, turkey call screaming, & the finale of a crotch being lit on fire are just a few examples of theatrics performed during a live show.

The project is currently in the process of raising vibrations audibly & visually in migration from South to West in his Daddy's 1974 Wedding Leisure suit.

For fans of: Depeche Mode, Sludge Synth, Andy Kaufman, Gummo, 80's/90's Pop Culture & Curiosity

The Emotron - "1998" (April 2015 in Charlotte)

<https://vimeo.com/132492415>

The Emotron - "Karaoke Night" (Music Video)

<https://vimeo.com/12812554>

The Emotron - "Better Way to Kill" (Aug 2015 in Joplin MO)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nS3DTonlUcg>

The Emotron - "The Guy" (Spazzfest May 2015)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3LvtlcvnHc>

The Emotron - "Turkey Man" (Short Art Film)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B2tGwBPZfdY>

The Emotron - "Whatever Happened to Flight 86?" (Short Film)

<https://vimeo.com/4277117>

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FERALCATSCAN w/ Khate Reutling - Khate Reutling and FERALCATSCAN will be joining forces once again. This time as the Llywelyn-Reutling Expedition.

I was flipping through my copy of the Second Edition Revised and Expanded American Handbook of Psychiatry, published by Basic Books in 1975, and the chapter entitled "Psychiatry and the College Student" caught my eye. I was a college student in 1975, but I didn't get my hands on this invaluable tome until much later, when I bought it at a used book sale in Charlottesville. Jason Kyle Knight aka The Emotron is coming to the Art Rat in a couple of weeks. The last time he was in town I missed him, so I

asked Katastrof about the show and all he said was "the guy set his dick on fire". In 1920, at the meeting of The American Student Health Association, Frankwood E. Williams listed the following as one of the reasons for including mental health programs in college environments: "The making possible of a large individual usefulness by giving to each a fuller use of the intellectual capacity he possesses, through widening the sphere of conscious control and thereby widening the sphere of social control." The Emotron says : "Hey y'all, I've been sequencing and contributing to art since 2004. You may have seen me light my dick on fire, vomit on youtube, or make loud dolphin noises in a tumor suit. I'm here to offer an eclectic form of music, comedy, performance art, and most of the time it's not for everybody. One things for certain, it will never be the same & shit." I, too, am opposed to "the making possible of a large individual usefulness."

The Emotron of choice is undeniably gruesome stuffing fluids synthesizer package around his nude rubber band vomiting flesh-colored multimedia progress. Summer was a hippie backyard snack for the Emotron cowboy guitar. Casio music was haphazardly screaming donuts at the shaved zebra nodding commune flop, stomping the neon gagging song, and beginning to sound like Emerson from the middle of Self-Reliance: "We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy is at fault." Unfortunate canister metaphors sprayed and stirred the finished universe. The Emotron sauntered through the sentences like a Converse tennis shoe.

The Emotron is a slow comedy routine like Burrough's Talking Asshole, silly putty for six months writhing in psychological chewing gum. Textbook propellers shower in the church. The quiet, kinky path from Tennessee to Teen Spirit, headfirst conduit quickly weirdness and its coefficient, the mascot of milk signature molded his Yamaha atomic consciousness on a chunk of shit in the shape of GG Allin. He sent us some promotional video links. I am wandering, pleasantly lost, among the burning turkey-crotch lyrics, screaming psychedelic hobbyhorse food coloring at our good fortune and vibrations. "Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind, and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect faith is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed."

The Emotron -- 1998

Filmed at Snug Harbor in Charlotte by Charlie & Jan during the 3rd Alien Native Movement residency, April 2015.

Who got the feel  
Yeah Yeah what feel  
I fought teenagers and you are the glue  
Deep in bits the ceiling  
If you were a man of god  
In you would card  
Lies you pray our dog would comb the ice for you

"Hello. This is a music video I shot for "Karaoke Night" off the emotron's latest release "Vampire Lunch Lady Tits" on Slanty Shanty Records. We did it for 99 dollarmusic video s.com. It was filmed in the crawlspace under my house. I like turtles."

now Ellen Five is going to the respirator  
not all would be Knights at eight

Santa ponied to a fake program  
he leaps into a Tiffany

caribou for measles

EMOTRON @cesspoolcastle aug19 2015

would you comb your knee, evangelize?

i've been hanging out  
all the warm soap the barbed wire soap

my wet candlelight sang the Mark Twain Buddhist  
i need some solitude

|||||

I woke up this morning a little before noon and was lying in bed thinking about The Emotron. I was thinking about doing an interview with him, which I probably won't actually do, but thinking about it led me to think about some other things, all of which are probably more interesting than The Emotron (but none of which are performing in Roanoke tonight at The Art Rat). If I remember correctly, The Emotron has been doing shows for 13 years, so he started doing shows in 2004, which means he must have been thinking about doing what he does for a while before that. The US invaded Afghanistan in the fall of 2001, and invaded Iraq in early 2003. I remember reading an article early in 2002 about a US bombing raid on a remote Afghanistan village in which there were many civilian casualties. A reporter visited the village and interviewed a man whose house had been hit by a bomb. The man gave the reporter a tour of the rubble of his house, stopping occasionally to pick up pieces of charred meat. He would hold the chunk of burnt meat in his hands, outstretched towards the reporter, and say "this is my wife". That image, one among many, forms the context in which I imagine The Emotron beginning to consider the shapes his performances would take. It really doesn't matter to me whether he was thinking about these things or not. What interests me at the moment are the things I am led to consider when I begin by thinking about the performances of The Emotron.

These thoughts led me to thoughts of Dada, specifically of post-WWI Dada in Germany, the paintings and drawings of George Grosz and Otto Dix in particular. The wounded of WWI wander through these

paintings like zombie messengers, warning us against the repetition of such horrors and follies in the future. To no avail. The past one hundred years have been an all-but-incessant parade of wars, in all of its horrific varieties.

My next thoughts were of the Vienna Actionists. A generation after WWII, in the 1960s, Hermann Nitsch, Otto Mühl and others created a transgressive style of performance art in which the audience was often confronted and provoked with naked bodies covered in blood and excrement. In the late sixties Valie Export created a feminist version of Actionist performance. Her Action Pants and Touch Cinema performances confronted patriarchal entitlement and privilege in the public space.

In the US, around the same time, Carolee Schneemann's Meat Joy and Interior Scroll were presented in the context of an increasingly radicalized opposition to the Vietnam War and were intended both as a celebration of the values of the counterculture and as a kind of "zen slap" shock to "wake up" the members and supporters of the war-mongering American establishment.

Shortly thereafter, Chris Burden embarked upon his performance art career of self-inflicted and selected pain. He had himself stuffed in a 2 x 2 x 3' art school locker where he remained for five days. He had himself shot in the arm. He was crucified to a Volkswagen Bug. He crawled and slithered across a field of broken glass wearing nothing but a pair of bikini briefs. He laid on his back on the floor beneath a sheet of glass propped against a wall, with a clock above him, for 45 hours until someone finally brought him a pitcher of water. He said he had started to worry that the audience was going to leave him there, undisturbed, until he died. In the early 80s a student at the San Francisco Art Institute who later studied with Burden at UCLA told me about a performance in which Burden tied a live fish to his penis and the two of them flopped around together on a sand dune. I haven't been able to verify this tale, but it doesn't really matter very much whether it actually happened or not.

From Chris Burden my thoughts wandered to Mark Pauline. His first public performance using his De-Manufacturing Machine took place in 1979 in the parking lot of a closed gas station in San Francisco's North Beach neighborhood. He killed eight pigeons in a warehouse with a slingshot and fed them into a kind of meat grinder which spat-out the chunks of bloody flesh into the audience.

During this same time-period there were punk and Industrial performers like Johnny Rotten, Stiv Bators, Darby Crash, Coum Transmissions/Throbbing Gristle and many others who were considered shocking. Experiencing the intention to shock, or perhaps enacting the desire to be shocked, had become both a kind of entertainment and a form of education for some of the more adventurous consumers of the then-current vanguard or underground pop culture, where the latest iterations of an ongoing subculture were beginning to appear.

In the 1980s, for anyone who was interested in knowing, there were horrific stories and images coming out of El Salvador, Guatemala, and/or Nicaragua on an almost daily basis.

The 80s ended with our invasion of Panama. One entire, impoverished neighborhood was reduced to ash and rubble. Investigators estimated several thousand casualties.

The 90s began with Desert Storm, presented to us as if it was a kind of video game. It culminated in the slaughter of tens of thousands of surrendering and retreating soldiers, some murdered by the air force explicitly as a kind of game, and others buried alive by bulldozers in the desert.

Sporadic bombings, invasions, occupations and sanctions continued throughout the 90s, in Yugoslavia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Serbia, Sudan, Iraq, Somalia, Afghanistan, East Timor and many other nations around the globe.

If we have been looking for shock, at any time during the past 100 years or so, we will have had no need to look to any of the arts, accurate information about daily life would always have sufficed.

So, if I actually wanted to do an interview with The Emotron, where would I begin? Maybe shock in the arts is a way of allowing ourselves to experience the shocking safely, with no inevitable and obvious repercussions. Maybe shock in the arts functions as the opposite of a zen slap. Maybe it functions as a kind of training, for our psyches, for our senses, to help us learn how to live in a world where we should be shocked and -- not awed, disgusted -- by the so-called normal activities surrounding us in our daily lives.

We go to see The Emotron perform, in 2017, not to be enlightened or entertained, but to have our brains and bodies entrained to an awakened endurance. But we have to bring that desire for self-training to the performance ourselves. We have no reason to expect that The Emotron, or any other performer, will do that work for us.

jim leftwich  
July 2017



**Last living night on earth improvisation showcase**  
**Hosted by Cambria McMillan-Zapf and Ralph Eaton**  
**Friday, July 28 at 7 PM - 11 PM, Art Rat**

Cambria is moving to Durham, NC. Everyone here will miss her contributions to the Art Rat community. Her solo dances, and her collaborations with Olchar and many others, have added a kind of texture to an evening's events, often quieter, more tranquil, and at the same time more active than the other acts on a given schedule. Dance fits in so well with everything else that goes on at the Art Rat. Durham is less than 4 hours away. I hope we can expect Cambria to return from time to time, and I hope even more that someone else will appear to consistently add dance to the local mix.

Cambria, Ralph and Olchar creating a schedule for the event about thirty minutes after the event was scheduled to begin...

...opening with a short solo cello piece. I could have enjoyed another piece or two.

Jules and Olchar trading licks. Minimalist improvised expressivity. Breathings. Tongue. Keys. Larynx. Fingers. Subtle percussions permeate an all-but-emptied dance. Nuances inexactly invisible in nimble or limbic silences. Time is a malleable construct. An embodied pulse within a disembodied flux; their interaction is a form of intuition. Collaboration itself is an intuitive construct. Improvisations circulate within a neural mesh. Certain sentences imbricate otherwise non-local necessities. Any analysis or description extrapolated inevitably in an alchemical concoct can only serve to alembic an otherwise after-the-fact, planted as it were like a pod of petunias in a roadside athanor. Reside within thyself among thy cherished absurdities, as we reside within thee in praise of nonsense and plastic saxophones. Jules said later that he had attempted to give Olchar the universal barroom sign for one more round all around, but Olchar had misinterpreted it as the universal sign for "you are crazy as a loon" -- all of which explains why the performance ended when it did. The potential for misunderstanding is an essential component of all collaboration.

A longish -- maybe 25 minutes or so -- ambient soft noise piece. One audience member stretched out on his back on the concrete floor for the entire performance. Two young men seemed to be practicing a form of meditation guided by the music. For me, this music does not sober and quiet the mind, thus making it susceptible to divine influences. It stirs the senses in the synapses. A dysraphic longing for the unfiltered experience of experience thus imparts my mind, embarked upon the darkened sea, where it is always 3:12 AM written on the parchment of the soul.

Cambria dancing to her partner's processed vocals and guitar. Post-postmodern dance. The movements of everyday life allowed to enter the options available to the dancer, then processed (reminding us, in this context, of sounds processed with pedals -- iterated, looped, fractured, fragmented, recombined and re-assembled... unfolded, unfurled, hybridized, wrapped, revealed and re-veiled, walking reinvented as sprawling, kneeling upside-down...), through the body and back into the performance space, abstracted again, recontextualized in a pre-postmodern theatricality of dance, but this time with no traces of character or story, only muscles exaggerating deceptively simple movements, a drama of athletic, gymnastic, acrobatic movements. Interpretive movement. Interpretive responses to interpretive movements. Improvisational responses to improvisational movements. There is flux, then stops, fragments in process, sequenced or juxtaposed, a segment or a stage, chapters in a wordless, non-linear narrative. What does the body want us to think about its potential?

Conversations at the Art Rat are often as significant in the course of the evening as the scheduled events. Remembering the event the next day often involves thinking about conversations at least as much as it involves thinking about performances.

Emotron as performance art. The idea of an ongoing avant-garde. If Tzara was alive today I don't know exactly what he would be doing, but I am pretty sure he wouldn't be imitating the Dadaists or anyone else. That's not what he did a hundred years ago. Ralph asked what that had to do with The Emotron and I said maybe the historical avant-garde would not always recognize the current avant-garde.

A few plausible reasons for not watching Kill Your Darlings. It seems like yet another commercialization of a spectacular-though-minor event in the history of the major beat figures. I've read about the events. Lucien Carr is an interesting figure, and his idea for the new vision is an important part of the contribution of the beats. But if we're going to watch a beat-themed film, we should watch Pull My Daisy.

On buying used books and giving them away. Ron has lots of old used books and would like to share them with the Art Rat community. I also have lots of old used books and have been sharing them myself, most recently through Tomislav and the free bookshelf at the Anti Business Lounge. Tom Cassidy has lots of old books too. He recently sent us a box of them. By the time Isabelle Eberhardt was in her mid-twenties her teeth had fallen out and she was losing all of her hair. One of the back-cover blurbs for *The Oblivion Seekers* describes her as the first hippie. Another blurb is by Kathy Acker. Eberhardt died in a flood at the age of 27. Yvan Goll needs to be translated by Unentesi. The box also contains a game about horse racing, very old, maybe 40 - 60 years old, made in Japan. Warren and I divided the treasure. Warren took the sheet of Ghostbusters stickers to give to Megan's younger sister.

Olchar says the glitches in pdfs of Michael Dec's book were similar to the ones in pdfs of *Soul-Roulette*. Several similar computer-related nightmares are remembered. Various solutions to the problem are proposed.

Warren is thinking of teaching *Dharma Bums* in the Post WWII Countercultures class, primarily for the Japhy Ryder character, to use Gary Snyder as a connecting figure between the beats and the hippies while also covering Kerouac. Snyder remains important for several reasons, not the least of which is his early advocacy of environmental awareness. Joanne Kyger, who was married to Snyder from 1960 to 65, could also be useful as a link: Beat > Spicer Circle / Berkeley Renaissance > San Francisco Renaissance > Bolinas (Black Mountain, 2nd generation New York School) > L=a=n=g=u=a=g=e poets.

Similarities between the externally imposed, derisive, dismissive and diminishing terms "beatnik" and "hippie". The target audience for Herb Caen's article in which he mashed up the words "beat" and "sputnik". The San Francisco Chronicle liked the word. Life magazine liked the word. Major advertisers liked the word. Kerouac's inclusion of the word "beatitude" in the larger definition of the word "beat". The Diggers. *Death of Hippie, Son of Media*.

The only time I ever see Suzun is at the Art Rat. It's always good to see her. "What have you been up to?" "The usual stuff. Trying to write some of it down." As usual, we wind up talking about San Francisco. Difficulties of living alone there in the 1980s. Rent-by-the-week hotel rooms on Mission near 17th. The York, The Roxy, The Castro. Rent-by-the-week hotel rooms at the corner of Broadway and Columbus. Suzun says she sold real estate in San Francisco from 1985 to 1998. I had decided I was going to live alone in San Francisco, so I did what was required to make that happen. Vesuvio. I remember smoking hash there with Ralph in 1979. Reading books in the overstuffed chairs in the basement of City Lights. Reading books while standing in the aisles at Cody's and Moe's in Berkeley. Mexican and Central American food on Mission Street in the 80s. Self-publishing. Micro-press, zines, small press. Suzun's book on Paris. *Rascible & Kempf* published by Luna Bisonte in three volumes. Yvan Goll, French surrealist poetry in translation. "That book had 4 or 5 strikes against it from the outset." Finding great books on Amazon for a penny. "How far away is Durham?" "Four hours is nothing at that age." John Wilson remembers driving from coast to coast in four days, 35 - 40 years ago ("sleep, what's that?" "you can eat when you stop for gas.") I remember very similar trips.

I'm not any kind of elitist, or any kind of purist. Look at how elites function in the world of politics. Jules and I talked briefly, mostly in obscurities, about Paul Ryan, Tom Cotton and Anthony Scaramucci. The function of elites is crystal clear in politics. Their function is the same everywhere, always, but sometimes it's not so obvious. Jules applied this thinking generally to the current first family.

Inauguration Day, 1981. I went to the Theater Club on Haight Street for the oath of office ceremony. I probably got there around 8 o'clock. The regulars were hanging out, playing pool. Most of the morning crowd at the bar were 20 - 30 years older than me, old beats, veterans of the sixties. The general consensus was that Reagan would be an utter disaster as president, that much could be taken as a given, but everyone seemed to think he would in the big picture be a great step forward for the country -- not because of anything positive he would be directly responsible for, but because he would be so transparently unable to govern (and so transparently uninterested in governing) that the whole country would see through the great electoral charade and the powers that be would never be able to pull this particular kind of shit again. It seemed like a reasonable assessment to me on that January morning in 1981. Thirty-six years later the historical record would beg to differ. Reagan couldn't remember the names of his own cabinet members. He couldn't remember the names of the leaders of Western European countries when he was visiting those countries. It didn't matter. In the big picture, either no one noticed, or no one cared.

Over time I've learned not to be too impressed with my own tastes. Everyone should learn this. The world is quite willing to teach it to all of us, over and over, like it teaches us the value of patience and persistence. We contain multitudes who frequently contradict themselves, and who frequently contradict each other. To be confined to one's own tastes is an unnecessarily debilitating limitation. Most things are not made with me in mind, are not made with people like me in mind. Actually almost nothing is made with me in mind. Anyone should be able to utter and/or write these sentences. No matter who you are, almost nothing is made with you in mind either. This is a good starting point when experiencing anything in the arts. No one cares whether I like it or not. That's not why it was made, no matter what it is, and that's not why I am experiencing it. That's not what I need to be thinking about. Allow your experiences to defamiliarize the dendritic pathways in your own brain. Consider what the concept of altered consciousness could mean as a component of everyday life. (Here's a hint: it has nothing to do with mind-altering substances of any sort.) What is a pronoun? How do pronouns work, epistemologically, to assist in constructing consensus realities and other fictions? Abolish the singular possessive, along with the verb "to be" and the definite article. My the is -- an unnecessary fiction. Jules: "You want the new." "I want to be surprised, to have that at least as a possibility." Jules: "Re-reading can lead to surprising new experiences." "Of course. I'm a poet. No one reads a poem only once. I re-read Rimbaud's Illuminations every decade or so. Every time I read it it provides new illuminations." Jules: "That's a good example."

Television news and the Vietnam War. The Pentagon Papers and underground newspapers. As long as the prevailing narrative told us that the horrific images broadcast on the six o'clock news were the results of necessary policies and practices, the images were for the most part accepted. Only when that narrative was exposed as a pack of lies did the images become unbearable to a wide spectrum of Americans.

When I got close enough to begin overhearing the conversation, Olchar was beginning to explain the relationship of Kristeva's concept of the chora to Tomislav, who evidently had asked about some of Olchar's movements during his performance. I would love to see this explanation written and published as a little mOnocle-Lash pamphlet. Pre-language, packets of energy in the body being converted to sound... I couldn't help but think of Olson, even though I know Olson is entirely irrelevant to Olchar's practice ((1) *the kinetics of the thing. A poem is energy transferred from where the poet got it (he will have some several causations), by way of the poem itself to, all the way over to, the reader. Okay. Then the poem itself must, at all points, be a high-energy construct and, at all points, an energy-discharge. So: how is the poet to accomplish same energy, how is he, what is the process by which a poet gets in, at all points energy at least the equivalent of the energy which propelled him in the first place, yet an energy which is peculiar to verse alone and which will be, obviously, also different from the energy which the reader,*

*because he is the third term, will take away?*). I looked up Kristeva's chora when I got home. I think it's been at least 20 years since I read anything by her. No doubt we carry our pre-linguistic experiences, unmediated by words and grammars, with us throughout our lives. Certain kinds of "writing-against-itself" might move us closer to that kind of "experience of experience". Maybe this is what Nico Vassilakis has in mind when he mentions pre-language in relation to his staring poetics -- and to asemic writing.

Tomislav asks me about giving away everything I owned. Twice? Yes. Twice. Giving away 1500 books and 1500 albums in 1978. (And happily finding many of those albums on you tube thirty years later.) Dropping out of college, for the first of three times, and moving from North Carolina to California, taking almost nothing with me. Then again, when moving back to Virginia from California, in 1986, with even less than I had taken with me.

Back-to-back Art Rat events are a strain on the nervous system.

A diaristic report does not aspire to be anything other than subjective.

My writing of these events will be a celebration or not at all.

jim leftwich  
07.29.2017

|||||

...so much has been leading up to...

i had been thinking, and reading, doing research, writing, listening, watching...

i thought... we could, should, say now -- i thought i thought -- ... leading up to this event, talking with Warren about the Countercultures class, reading material related to that, to those conversations... taking notes... assembling a collage of quotes... shape of mind as state of mind... heading into writing the experience of an event

...i remember things that should be so much more ...tangential... today than they actually are...

Greensboro in 1979, for one example...

today i wanted to think about poetry, and performance, and micro-tours, and communities, while at the Art Rat, in that community, among those friends and collaborators...

but i spent the afternoon studying the events of the afternoon... which, among many other things, destroyed my ability to enjoy the evening as i had planned.

**Meinschaft / 1mitator / The Llywelyn Expedition**

**Hosted by Ralph Eaton**

**Saturday AUG 12 7 PM - 11 PM**

**Art Rat Studios**

MEINSCHAFT rides the ship of indifferent taste through the stagnant and troubled waters of Western civilization. With the winds of materialistic hedonism blowing ever faster through their sails, they generate a perpetual vortex of ritual energy and concentrated spectacle; hurtling humanity closer and closer towards the crushing singularity of PROGRESS.

<https://soundcloud.com/meinschaftofficial>

who did it  
who did it  
who did it

soe idid iit  
s ow j h ididid it

wowh isidiet

tosjeheoeihssiite  
eroosdruehueerohshhsowh  
showhwohwhwiow

hwowhsdodiditit  
oosodofdoowuwurt5ittshs  
who idid iit]

wwho didiit  
who did its

who idid it  
show it istis  
wowoshssositihti  
swopwhsitis  
hsoshiueowuststs  
jshosisihitit  
sososheiit

who didi it  
who did it

Sue and I left about 10 minutes into the Meinschaft performance. The speed of the image-collisions projected on the back wall felt dangerous. I was thinking vaguely about the relationship of frame rates to seizures: is there such a relationship? why am i suddenly not feeling very well? let's not wait around to find out. I should say that the Meinschaft performance was powerful. Beyond that I can't say very much about it.

1mitator is the project of Alex Hampshire. In the past there have been "proxy" performers at every show to express an arrangement of disjunction/emotion unattainable through the austerity of simply playing alone. This isn't usually possible now. The first performance was Savage Weekend 2015 in Chapel Hill,

North Carolina. Since then the project has evolved into a transformative post-industrial sound. Rhythmic, spastic, and brooding. Currently based in Savannah, GA.

<https://soundcloud.com/user-339853867>

as much of yourself as fitting primordial wall, fascinating at ooze, half compactor in sly mark, the moon is calligraphic and playful. his early doodles feeling a line try to keep the deviation supplementing phases glued at work. submerged sawing choirs. ancient dusty November, self-dark, traditions thoroughly express the particularly possible. as much as shoes are playful, supplemental ancient expressivity, the dusty phases of his early doodles compact your selves in feelings glued to work. fascinating calligraphic deviation dawning on the chairs. thoroughly playful and as early as fitting, the sly feelings work a self-possible expressionism, selves dawning on the primordial moon.

The Llywelyn Expedition - Prepare for a journey through otherdimensional sound spaces with the Llywelyn Expedition.

FREE (donations welcome)

BYOB

18 & up

...the events of the afternoon were unsettling in the extreme. I was born in Charlottesville, moved away when less than a year old, moved back when i was 31 and stayed for 18 years. whatever i might think in normal circumstances, i actually have a deep connection to the place. watching the afternoon's images repeated over and over on CNN and MSNBC, i was angry, hurt, sad -- agitated, energized with a kind of anxious energy:

--let's do something

--fuck. do what?

--no. let's do something.

for starters, let's find out about some background and some context.

Maximus / Olson

Eniko Bollobas: "The successive books and volumes become even more open in form and less linear in thematic line. Historical fact is more and more complemented by mythical and dream material...the poems get shorter, fragmentlike, and the reader must assume more and more responsibility for filling in the blank pages" (130).

Entry 10: Page 258-286

IAN LOUIS MINTZ (Oct 8, 2009)

The empty pages point toward the physical experience of reading a book. We read words and turn pages without awareness. We read words and associate meaning with them, but we are usually unaware of the act of reading. By the act of reading, I mean everything other than what most would consider "reading." We're unaware of our sitting or reclining, of our eyes scanning words, of our fingers turning pages, etc [...] Another possibility is that he wants us to be aware of the fact that every page is essentially empty.

No my you, no still erasers. Me too, stamps postcards hat, miscellaneous ways to protect your identities. What if? Tells more than what we wanted it to tell, when there were more than this, until waiting for less than this or it, went south and never came back, like flocks of starlings flying triangles into the deadly gray winter. Settles in and starts up, percolating, abrupt compress, who would have sifted such leap, floating over flashlights, creeping crepuscular wanton molecular wasp nests, inclement wilts feathered hammocks, nearby therein whenever we want it to. Commonplace books doodle double entanglements. Information is dirt. Unpredictable predicates equinox curved self-randomized handlebar mechanics,

laboratory of the foaming consciousness. Lemon temenos stepladder axiom. Gloating boating floating goat-in, bloated loafers float-in, the gleaming ocean. Treatise egg-grilled bracket, square-non, causal and brackish. Erasure pink again litmus to believe. Disappears in numerous Maya cannot Maya Maya. Reveals the hidden idea of a fermented given. Cannot cannot discovered particles, useless refuse. Refuse the hidden litmus ocean.

Levar Stoney, the mayor of Virginia's capital Richmond, said in a June press conference that he doesn't want his city's Confederate statues removed. Instead, he'd like to see historical context added. Richmond has five Confederate statues along Monument Avenue.

"Equal parts myth and deception, they were the 'alternative facts' of their time — a false narrative etched in stone and bronze more than 100 years ago — not only to lionize the architects and defenders of slavery, but to perpetuate the tyranny and terror of Jim Crow and reassert a new era of white supremacy," the mayor, a 35-year-old African American who previously worked for Governor Terry McAuliffe, said in June.

Alex Hampshire, from *Energy & Privacy* (2015)

We should measure inherent defects/peculiarities with pure consequence in mind. Make mention of the unidentified complexity of airways, the recommended restructuring in an instance of invasion. It is persuasive; an invention.

Alex Hampshire,

from *Hypoallergenic* (2013)

The Co-Op was a loser's second home  
a place to become what you were  
when qualifications rarely mattered  
aerobics VHS as currency  
just barter your way out  
few have the chance  
of being anonymous

Alex finished by reading from *Energy & Privacy*. I'm not sure that reading this work to a live audience adds anything to the experience of it. Olchar and I talked about this for a bit. It's a procedural work. If I remember correctly, Alex said it was a DUI Manual with all references to driving and drinking removed. It doesn't have strong rhythmic patterns, and it doesn't have syllabic or phonemic sound-play, because it wasn't written with those phenomena as targets. It is a text, and it works well on a screen/page, where a reader can read at any pace he chooses, can drift, retreat, repeat, etc., in the process of engaging the syntactic disjunctions and omissions, distortions of a reading experience which might perform more significantly for the eye than for the ear. We talked briefly about some of Jackson Mac Low's poems as procedural work written with the performative voice in mind.

Richmond Times-Dispatch

Posted: 1:55 p.m.

CHARLOTTESVILLE — A massive white nationalist rally in this progressive Virginia college town turned violent Saturday morning before it was even set to begin, with intense skirmishes breaking out between counterprotesters and attendees.

Pepper spray filled the air as the two groups engaged in physical fights. At one point, the rally attendees, many of whom were outfitted with shields, guns and sticks, appeared to launch at least four tear gas canisters on the counterprotesters, scattering them in search of medical attention.

At 11:30 a.m., police, who had a heavy presence in the area but for the most part did not intervene in the violence, declared the assembly unlawful and began to clear the park.

II.87

portents

monster and portent

earth-born snake-monster

heavenly signs

"we know of an ancient festival

celebrated in honour of these

primitive earth-potencies

and called by their name

Peloria"

Ralph asked about posting the video we made together in 2002 for the OSU Avant Symposium. Why not? There are vulnerabilities in it for me, but I have long been an easy target. I'm not real comfortable about posting it, but I don't need to be real comfortable with it. Ralph's performances, using my visual poems from Staceal as scores for spontaneously improvised sound poems, were wonderful: rich, textured, dynamic, hilarious. My videography was haphazard because incompetent, lower than lo-fi. I had never used a video camera, not even for home movies. Outsider video art. So very bad that it's good and then bad again. And Ralph had no experience with performing vispo as sound po, he just went off and it worked. We had left my house late in the evening and driven into town, arriving at the first of the strip malls on 29 north sometime shortly before midnight. About 45 minutes or so into the adventure we had just finished filming at the 29-north branch of the public library and gotten back into my car when a police car pulled up beside us, going in the opposite direction. The officer asked us what we were doing. This was our third stop, as I remember, the first having been at a car wash (so Ralph could read into a vacuum cleaner hose), and the second in front of a store I don't recall (it was in the Giant Foods mall... I can feel it, just barely out of reach of a few stretched and straining dendrites...). Ralph held up the video camera and said, "we're making a video, would you like to take a look?" Without a pause, the officer responded, "I have my own." I would love for everyone to see his -- but since there's no chance of that, Ralph may as well post ours. We put a lot of time into it. I borrowed a camera from a co-worker and returned it with a stack of burnt Bob Dylan cds. I taught myself how to sit stiffly in front of a camera and impersonate an academic (but I didn't teach myself how to do it very well). Ralph stitched it all together using what he calls his "cave-man technique." He was still living in LA at the time. We worked on it through the mail and in emails. I think we used Albert Ayler Live at Slug's Saloon as the soundtrack.

Joanne Kyger

It's so boring to pick up a book of poetry and see that left-handed margin going evenly up and down the page like a little platoon of soldiers.

Maria Lai, senza titolo, 1979. Single piece, 24 × 32 cm, sheet, plastic, wire (plastic letter box - typewriters, A4 sheet inside, sewn with wire). (posted at slowforward by Marco Giovenale)

Richmond Times-Dispatch

Car plows into crowd, killing one, near Charlottesville's Downtown Mall

Updated: 3:24 p.m.

CHARLOTTESVILLE — A hospital official says one person has died and 19 were injured after a car plowed into a group of protesters in Charlottesville.

University of Virginia Medical Center spokeswoman Angela Taylor confirmed the death to The Associated Press.

A state official says the driver of the car is in custody.

Keith Kumasen Abbot

Whalen attended Reed College in Portland, Oregon, with Gary Snyder and Lew Welch. All three had taken literature classes from Lloyd Reynolds, a master of the Western Calligraphy, an expert on the history of letterforms, and an idiosyncratic teacher with a freewheeling, unconventional mind. Although Whalen was the only one of the trio to take a calligraphy class from Reynolds, all three left Reed with distinctive handwriting and produced broadsides and books in their scripts. Whalen continued to practice various letterforms with a calligraphic pen in his journals and apparently composed most of his novels and poems by longhand. His early doodles and calligraphy poems exhibit an historical, but thoroughly playful sense of the Western Calligraphic traditions.

The visiting artists were stuck in traffic on I-81 and were running a little late, so we sat around a little longer than usual, talking mostly about Charlottesville and related matters. Sue and Warren and Ralph and Olchar and Tomislav and Suzun and John Wilson and myself. I told them about the Richmond mayor. As a general rule none of us approve of the erasure of history. It's good to know that the Richmond mayor also doesn't approve of it.

In the afternoon I did a google search on the location of Confederate monuments. There are Confederate monuments in Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Montana, and Arizona, -- not to mention the other, obvious, 13 states.

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CNN

President Donald Trump told reporters:

"We are closely following the terrible events unfolding in Charlottesville, Virginia. We condemn in the strongest possible terms this egregious display of hatred, bigotry and violence on many sides, on many sides."

Philip Whalen, Kyoto Journal of June 1969

"Live long enough to discover autonomy – the governance {& use} of the self: authentic choice and action. Authority in the sense of acting straightforwardly, immediately, spontaneously the experience of actual

poetic discovery and invention in other terms: integrated physical and emotional act . . . For the 9th trillionth time: Not Buddhism, but being a bodhisattva— not art but being an artist.”

David Duke: “We are determined to take our country back. We are going to fulfill the promises of Donald Trump. That’s what we believed in. That’s why we voted for Donald Trump, because he said he’s going to take our country back.”

CNN

President Donald Trump told reporters:

"We are closely following the terrible events unfolding in Charlottesville, Virginia. We condemn in the strongest possible terms this egregious display of hatred, bigotry and violence on many sides, on many sides."

Twitter

David Duke

I would recommend you take a good look in the mirror & remember it was White Americans who put you in the presidency, not radical leftists.

DonaldTrump

We ALL must be united & condemn all that hate stands for. There is no place for this kind of violence in America. Lets come together as one!

According to the Department of the Interior, the statue was commissioned in 1917 by the National Sculpture Society and philanthropist Paul Goodlow McIntire.

McIntire’s own history is entwined with Charlottesville’s. Born in 1860, he grew up in a house on East High Street where the now-chopped-down Tarleton oak grew. His father, George Malcolm McIntire, was the mayor who surrendered the city to General George Custer’s approaching Union troops, and some have speculated that his son’s gift of Lee Park in honor of his parents was to help assuage that painful memory.

The Robert E. Lee Statue isn’t something that was built when Virginia was a member of the Confederate States of America. It wasn’t even built in the years after the Civil War. The statue was commissioned in 1917, 52 years after the war ended, and was finally erected in 1924, 59 years after the war ended.

Jack Spicer

The third step in dictated poetry is to try to keep as much of yourself as possible out of the poem. And whenever there’s a line that you like particularly well, which expresses just how you’re feeling this particular moment, which seems just lovely, then be so goddamn suspicious of it that you wait for two or three hours before you put it down on paper. This is practical advice and also advice that makes you stay up all night, unfortunately.

Jim Leftwich

August 2017















## Art Rat Studios

### Details

id m theft able performs within and without the realms of noise, avant-improvisation, sound poetry, performance, etc. etc. using voice, found objects, electronics, and whatever else is available.....He has given hundreds of performances across 4 continents in settings ranging from the scummiest of squats to the fanciest of festivals.

Here's a kind write up from Vice: <http://noisey.vice.com/blog/brain-melters-id-m-theftable>

A detailed performance history: <http://kraag.org/id/shows.htm>Audio

Samples: <https://idmtheftable.bandcamp.com/Youtube>

Videos: Philadelphia: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H5sztVdu5Lc>Indonesia:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IAMy\\_U5thfY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IAMy_U5thfY)Massachusetts:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y4JcD40ZIJM>Bulgaria:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YrV4ptcx398>Web

site:<http://kraag.org>

---

Mr. Thursday defies description. Sometimes he wears a smoking jacket, and sometimes he's nearly naked. Sometimes he grunts, and sometimes he reads beautiful poetry. Sometimes he paints with his beard, and sometimes he puts things in his beard. Sometimes he straps a light to his head, and sometimes he wears dark shades. Sometimes he draws with chocolate, and sometimes he sculpts with white bread. It has been said that Mr. Thursday will do something that you cannot un-see. Mr. Thursday is abnormal, and that's why we love him at Art Rat.

---

Olchar Lindsann will irh6q \*)?8 ji;x a0[0a 9cnax a fx)(Ujipbn with his throat at your ear.

FREE (donations welcome)

BYOB

18 & up

---

### Mr. Thursday

looking for his spot, or THE spot, or our spot, maybe 800 spots, from the back room of the art rat and into the bathroom, to the front door beneath the exit sign, in the front room next to the table with all the stereo equipment and cds, 3 spots total, i think, each with its own fake micturition ceremony, territorial pissing, fake news about territorial pissing...

something that looked like pepto-bismol, sort of a pink semi-liquid goo, instead of actual yellow urine, thankfully, though the suggestions of some terrible disease... leaking out through the penis... evidence of the symptom of some terrible disease...

wearing a suitcoat, a pair of shorts, and a red miner's headlamp...

some moaning and grunting and heaving...

much walking back and forth and around the studio space...  
followed by us, the audience, while we were the audience...  
the spot the spot the spot...  
followed by us, if we were in fact still following...  
everything is political. beyond that only nuance and avoidance. the body as instrument, it's surroundings  
as score, somatic improvisation against cerebral propaganda...  
at some point, maybe from the outset, we, who wanted to be an audience, at least at the outset, became  
participants in the piece, without there ever being any announcement or invitation...  
if a strain of performance began in ancient ritual, then we are all implicated in its communal contagion...  
we were participating before we decided to participate, and before we consciously acknowledged our  
participation...  
it goes on as we go on, and we do go on, against the odds, with the grain, against the grain, then again  
with the grain, but it is another grain and we remain against the path of least resistance...  
there, that, is the territory claimed in the act of territorial pissing, X marks the spot, with a pink pool of  
bodily anti-  
and the spot may be anywhere, may as well be everywhere, as potential until marked, and then as  
potential again, it rambles and we follow, rambling, a nomadic poetics, the temporary (temporal)  
component of temporary autonomous zone, spot (spatial) multiple and/or plural...  
i contain multitudes...  
it contains multitudes...  
the center is everywhere and i am in it (neither Guillevic nor Black Elk)...  
optimism of the will... write or be written...  
every event is an investigation of the power relations exposed within it...  
comedy as a mask is never completely effective...  
i and i am in it...  
the synonymous pronouns are in it...  
comedy as message also conveys its mask...  
do not say anything that someone might take seriously and hold against you.

Olchar introducing his performance said he would begin with a selection from Ursonate by Kurt Schwitters, and move from there into an improvisation...

A poem requires the body. The poem requires a body. A poem requires a body. The poem acquires a body. The body acquires a poem. A poetry reading has often been in my experience an almost dead affair. Olchar does not do poetry readings. Olchar embodies poems. There is no need to mention performance except to say an embodiment of a poem is not a variety of performance art. I watch his body as I listen. I remember after one embodiment at a festival a couple of years ago having a conversation about what he was doing with his tongue. In normal circumstances it would not occur to me to ask anyone about what they are doing with their tongue, but these embodiments are anything but normal circumstances. I watch his free hand, now held at this side, palm out, fingers splayed, then raised slightly, partially clenched. Now and then he raises the free hand above his head, palm open towards the audience. His feet shuffle and pace, scuff the floor, one shoe points out to his left at a 45 degree angle, then the two are side-by-side, straight ahead, then one before the other, heel-to-toe. His head tilts down towards the page, tilts upwards towards the ceiling, stares out to and through the audience, peers at the air quivering against his face. He strides, pivots, twirls, all slowly, all firmly, hand in the air or not,

marching towards us, turning away, say 90 degrees, reading to and from some not-so-distant romanticist azure or allure. Neither all nor none of the above ever in a single set, though any witnessed embodiment will conjure memories of all the rest.

|||||

maybe this section, or some of this section...

|||||

Rinnzekete bee bee  
Rakete bee bee  
Zikete bee bee ennze  
Rinnzekete bee bee ennze  
Rakete bee bee ennze  
Zikete bee bee nnz krr  
Rinnzekete bee bee nnz krr  
Rakete bee bee nnz krr  
Zikete bee bee nnz krr müüüü  
Rinnzekete bee bee nnz krr müüüü  
Rakete bee bee nnz krr müüüü  
Zikete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu  
Rinnzekete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu  
Rakete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu  
Zikete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu ennze  
Rinnzekete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu ennze  
Rakete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu ennze  
Zikete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu ennze ziiuu rinnzkrrmüüüü  
Rinnzekete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu ennze ziiuu rinnzkrrmüüüü  
Rakete bee bee nnz krr müüüü, ziiuu ennze ziiuu rinnzkrrmüüüü  
Rakete bee bee

|||||

and maybe this, or some of this

|||||

rakete rinnzekete  
rakete rinnzekete  
rakete rinnzekete

rakete rinnzekete  
Beeeee  
bö

bö  
bö  
bö  
bö  
bö  
böwö



"The Sonata consists of four movements, of an overture and a finale, and seventhly, of a cadenza in the fourth movement. The first movement is a rondo with four main themes, designated as such in the text of the Sonata. You yourself will certainly feel the rhythm, slack or strong, high or low, taut or loose. To explain in detail the variations and compositions of the themes would be tiresome in the end and detrimental to the pleasure of reading and listening, and after all I'm not a professor."

"In the first movement I draw your attention to the word for word repeats of the themes before each variation, to the explosive beginning of the first movement, to the pure lyricism of the sung "Jüü-Kaa," to the military severity of the rhythm of the quite masculine third theme next to the fourth theme which is tremulous and mild as a lamb, and lastly to the accusing finale of the first movement, with the question "tää?"..."

The fourth movement, long-running and quick, comes as a good exercise for the reader's lungs, in particular because the endless repeats, if they are not to seem too uniform, require the voice to be seriously raised most of the time. In the finale I draw your attention to the deliberate return of the alphabet up to a. You feel it coming and expect the a impatiently. But twice over it stops painfully on the b..."

"I do no more than offer a possibility for a solo voice with maybe not much imagination. I myself give a different cadenza each time and, since I recite it entirely by heart, I thereby get the cadenza to produce a very lively effect, forming a sharp contrast with the rest of the Sonata which is quite rigid. There."

"The letters applied are to be pronounced as in German. A single vowel sound is short... Letters, of course, give only a rather incomplete score of the spoken sonata. As with any printed music, many interpretations are possible. As with any other reading, correct reading requires the use of imagination. The reader himself has to work seriously to become a genuine reader. Thus, it is work rather than questions or mindless criticism which will improve the reader's receptive capacities. The right of criticism is reserved to those who have achieved a full understanding. Listening to the sonata is better than reading it. This is why I like to perform my sonata in public."

Id M Theft Able

instruments of construction, destruction, instruction and/or obstruction...

on and around his modified skatchbox, or skatchboard...

("skatchbox" a simple percussion box outfitted with contact mics and an array of objects for scraping, tapping, swiping, etc.)...

a Memorex flexbeat portable cd player, with anti-skip protection, old, possibly found, playing an intentionally-damaged cd...

3 sets of tiny tines from a music box, screwed to the "skatchboard"...

the insides of a Happy Apple toy, retired after the 1974 model...

tines from a toy piano...

a small sticker, facing the audience:

IMMIGRANTS WELCOME

FASCISTS FUCK OFF

two hand-held waiter call bells...

a steel drum, given to Scott by a friend who thought he probably wouldn't use it... the label says Trinidad and Tobago... Scott thinks it's probably a tourist version of a steel drum...

a rubber band strung between 9 nails...

the bottom section of a large metal sign, from the Connecticut Milk Advisory Committee, maybe, with reclining figure, probably, propped on one hand, most of the image missing, imagine a glass of milk held up to the sky, white milk barely foaming, blue sky looming, the sign now a musical instrument held above

the head and snapped, you can see the sound as it ripples through the room, turquoise to teal, for a moment you can almost taste it.

a trowel...

several colorful plastic combs...

the spokes of a fan, pointing upward, nailed in the center to the board...

a blue beach ball played by squeezing and blowing...

paper cups scattered on the floor, moved around in a light wind created by waving the steel drum over them...

several billiard balls, rubbed and scraped on the steel drum, dropped on the cement floor, a kind of percussion instrument...

a violin bow, for playing some of the above...

vocalizations, or vocalese... associational, improvised, spontaneously composed... non-verbal muttering, teething, licking, whispering, hummingbird fruit pelvis, split custodial airplane, hissing, whistling, screeching, dimming, Varese, monotone gaseous bunny, popping, humming, plucking, dirges of mice, hexagonal oboe, puffing, clicking, bubbling, burping, anti-Varese, hacking, choking, garbling, not Varese, gurgling, scrunching, munching, Illuminations in translation, blathering, babbling, do the tango, do the mango, tongue-slithering, table-sailor, childish radio morgue, Carolina Aquarius buttercup, cheeks-stuffed-with-frogs, chirping, croaking, syllabic chewing, the crispy tilde, the cracking tisten, endless blue jay ocean guts, teeth-percussion, chomping, vowel-gnawing, mumbling, ritual breathing, chants of almond joy, behold the edible mantra, candy bar eros snow, circular breathing, air-juggling, portal mostly witch, rivers up the nostril, anti-teaching, salt peanuts, popsicle Egypt toe, pockets of smoking page, Tuesday chin dresser, mojo rising, melting among earfuls, folded milk (safe as) (in Connecticut), creaking, Vacuum cleaner Rex, time of the mustache freely, vitamin fire baseball...

the beginning of the

id m theft able

set

transcribed by me

from a video

by ralph

any

mistakes

are mine

line breaks are also mine and don't do justice to Scott's methodical staccato intonation of his spontaneously composed, improvised and associational poem

^ \ \ \ ^ \ \ \ ^

there was a sign

there was

not a sign but graffiti

graffiti graffiti

there was graffiti

that said  
there was graffiti  
that said  
it's 10 o'clock  
there was graffiti  
graffiti graffiti  
there was a store with a circus tent on it  
sign  
there was graffiti  
grandfather  
in a  
grave  
yard  
by the dairy queen  
by the trailer park  
there was graffiti  
that said  
it's 10 o'clock  
there was a landlord a landlord a landlord  
driving a nice car  
driving through the trailer park  
driving through

the trailer park  
accusing me of breaking a window  
accusing me of breaking  
it's 10 o'clock  
where  
is  
your  
land  
lady  
land  
lady

don't you talk to  
my fucking kid  
like that

graffiti  
it's 10 o'clock

do you know where your  
it's 10 o'clock  
do you know where  
there was a bridge  
on it was written some graffiti  
landlady

said said  
you broke the window  
some kid  
whose name i've forgotten  
told her that  
i'd broken the window  
i wish i had

...guidelines for performance -- in after-hours conversation --  
start somewhere, don't fight the associations...  
if it comes into my mind, i say it...

Id M Theft Able aka Scott Spear performed at the opening of this exhibit at  
Frank Turek's Ubu Studio art gallery  
in Portland, Maine:

[Visual Poetry](#)

June 2nd- June 30th 2006

opening reception

Friday June 2nd

5-8pm

featuring the visual poetry works of:

Nico Vassilakis ( Seattle, WA)

Carol Stetser (Sedona, AZ)

Jim Leftwich ( Roanoke, VA)

Geof Huth (Schenectady, NY)

Luc Fierens (Weerde, Belgium)

Reed Altemus (Portland, ME)

this show is curated by Reed Altemus

SPECIAL opening night (June 2) performance of Sound Poetry pieces. Read by Myles Robert, Scott Spear and Shea Mowatt.

Reed Altemus must have sent out some emails to all of us, because it was around that time that I wound up with an email address for Scott. After the first Roanoke Marginal Arts Festival in February 2008 I sent links to photographic documentation to approximately 1400 email addresses. One of the recipients was Scott. He responded enthusiastically and a few months later inquired about the possibility of doing a show in Roanoke as part of a micro-tour he was planning. By that time Ralph Eaton, Brian Counihan and I were organizing bi-weekly Collab Fests at the Water Heater. We arranged for Id M Theft Able to perform at what wound up being [Collab Fest 3](#). Ralph and I posted flyers downtown and at the local colleges and we wound up with a decent crowd.

Here are my notes, written to accompany the photo documentation posted at my textimagepoetry flickr site: collab fest 3, 09.15.08; two performances by id m theft able, bike love by loyd padgett, a collaborative video by witcyst and id m theft able ("tilda", mang disc #44), cell phone poems by the post-neo absurdist anti-collective, collaborative collage, stencils by geoff conley, assemblages by lee

melozzi, sculptures by ralph eaton, notebooks of mail art and visual poetry – all in the context of a tribute to pete haskell.

What do I remember from his performances 9 years ago? He set up a table with an array of pedals and circuit-bent toys. He had some large-ish letters, foam I think, that he tossed out onto the floor. He gathered some twigs from the curb and waved them around, and passed them around to the audience, some of whom also waved them around. He read from an old diary. He sang, some, sorta, and moaned, and whispered/hissed (or maybe that was at a different show, at the old Community High School during the 2010 Marginal Arts Festival), and talked directly to the audience, and moved around the space away from his table, sometimes pushing the foam letters around with a twig. He closed his second set with an energetic and seriously bent rendition of Louie Louie:

Louie Louie, oh no

Me gotta go

Aye-yi-yi-yi, I said

Louie Louie, oh baby

Me gotta go

I thought the whole affair was fantastic. It was sound poetry, and it was art-damaged punk, and it was noise, and it was performance art, and it didn't need any of those categories and labels. It was big cat fun, and you could think about it as much as you wanted to. It would repay all the thought you gave it, but it didn't require any at all (in that respect -- I can't stop myself -- it was like the best of art-damaged punk from 30 years earlier).

from Id M Theft Able

by Joeri Bruyninckx

Beethoven or Dr. Dre are as much sound collagists as I am.

(8 July, 2009)

Joeri Bruyninckx: You mostly put short pieces of sound after each other. Because you work like this, your music sounds like a sound collage, more than “real music”.

Id M Theft Able: I think I understand what you mean, though I don't think nearly all of my audio output could be described as such. Sound collage is a fine term to describe what I do, I have no problem with it but I would put forth that Beethoven or Dr. Dre or any real musician are as much sound collagists as I am. All musicians, sound artists, noisicians, whatever you want to call them, are using an infinite variety of means to combine and organize otherwise disparate sounds, which so far as I am concerned can be thought of as a collage of sound. “Real music” is as much sound collage as anything I or anyone else does, I think. The only reason they are thought of as “real music” and not merely a collage of sounds is because we are so used to the sounds being collaged in those particular ways, that those combinations of sounds are familiar.

Scott spent the night at my house and the next morning Ralph took him out to eat at a locavore restaurant. We were fairly explicit about wanting him to leave with a good impression, and to spread the word that Roanoke was a good place to include on a southern or mid-atlantic micro-tour. Scott told Matt Anderson (aka Crank Sturgeon) who told Matt Taggart, and one of them told Andrea Pensado, and

someone told Walter Wright (who was one of Ralph's professors at VCU in the 1980s) and all of that was quite a few years ago now, roughly 2008 - 2011. I have barely been involved in organizing these events since 2011, other than a couple of house shows, a couple of mail art shows, and some extensive email threads. Events in recent years have been organized by Ralph, Olchar, Tom and Warren.

Id M Theft Able, Faded Sign, from A [heart symbol] Named Spooky (2016)

"Faded sign. Sign on the brink of legibility. The business is long since closed. But the sign remains. And the people that drive by. And the people that walk by. Remember the time they went into that business. They remember several times they went into that business. And the people that drive by. And the people that walk by. Some of them have memories of being inside the now closed business. Faded sign. Faded sign. Time fades. Time fades. The sign that nobody bothered to replace or repaint or reprint. Fading to the brink of legibility. ... And the people that walk by. And the people that drive by. Some of them have memories. Some of them have several memories ... of times they went into the business. Times they went in there. Times they stood in there. Times they looked around. Times they bought something. Times they didn't buy something. Times they saw someone do something weird. ... Faded sign. Maybe they didn't want to replace it. ... Not everybody's obsessed with replacing things. Not everybody's obsessed with updating things. Not everybody's obsessed with movin' on. Not everybody's obsessed with the new thing. ... Some people are fine with the faded sign."

Joeri Bruyninckx: When does a sound become music? When it's structured within the context of a musical composition?

Id M Theft Able: I guess sound becomes music whenever you hear it as music, really. The line between sound and music is wherever each individual deems it to be and I would never bother wasting much time trying to draw distinctions. I find it funny that people sit around worrying about such things. Sound need not be structured to be thought of as music, so far as I am concerned.

During the 2010 Roanoke Marginal Arts Festival id m theft able performed "a werther's original" -- which he described as a traditional folksong from Maine that his mother sang to him as a child -- in the old Community High School building at the corner of 2nd and Campbell.

...while pumping suds in a candy tin, mic and nose at foaming edge, staring into the frothing suds as if into an oracle... reciting an improvised litany... which went, here and there, a little like this:

she dropped a werther's original

into my mouth

and my eyes rolled round and around and around

lemon drops

geriatrics

eulopole

hockey players

tattoos

nebula

joy sticks  
eleven  
lucky seven  
wild cherries  
leg warmers  
toenails  
euphycysts  
chapbooks  
a few minutes  
dog chats  
lemon drops  
gummy bears  
shivering gods  
gumdrops  
minor poets  
shoehorns  
abdomen  
lemon  
shale  
shivermagnet  
bowties  
Geraldine Ford  
drop sheets  
flotation rebar  
vacation people  
Juliet tide  
def leppard  
ski cone  
etc and etc and etc

It is a beautiful thing to behold and you should go to PNA-Video at Vimeo and watch it, and listen to it, take a few notes, do a little dance, and then, by all means, try it at home. It will make you unemployable, existentially estranged, and happy to be the world's best example of yourself.

Joeri Bruyninckx: Can I describe your music as Sound Poetry?

Id M Theft Able: I think anytime someone uses unusual vocalizations in their work it might wind up being called Sound Poetry, so it is understandable that I would be called that, though I have never really thought of myself as specifically that. Sound Poetry is a realm of sound/literature/art/whatever that I really do enjoy and it is certainly an influence but it is only one of a zillion influences for me. Most of my work is not related to realizations of texts or written poems that are rendered aloud, as is, I think, generally the case with traditional Sound Poetry. But I certainly don't mind being referred to as Sound Poetry, it's understandable, and gives people a vague idea of a direction I could be thought of as coming from or going towards.

Philip Whalen  
from Scenes of Life at the Capital (1971)

Our main difficulty: fear and distrust of freedom  
We think it must be carefully measured  
Weighed and doled out in discreet quantities  
To responsible persons of good character and high  
Social standing; people with lots of money which is evidence  
Of their reliability and moral quality

Liberty in other hands is "license"  
Difficulties compounded by idea of "consent"  
And theory of "delegated powers."  
Hire specialists to run everything.  
But the powers they derive from us  
Relieve these governors of all responsibility  
Somehow become vast personal wealth—  
Fortunes which must be protected from "license" and  
"the violence of the mob"

Tim telling a story about peroxide, it's healing properties, as told to him by a stranger on the street...  
evidently we should be drinking it daily...  
I asked if it came in flavors...  
Warren suggested that it might be marketable, if given the proper name, and suggested SNAKE...  
I had suggested strawberry, as well as mango...  
Mango Snake Peroxide...  
Is there anyone who would not want that?

Jules told a story about playing sax on the streets of Amherst, Mass with a steel drum player who had played with Taj Mahal. His Anthony Braxton-inspired improvisations were not exactly what the drummer had expected. When the jam was over the drummer asked, Why did you do that? Jules thought it the perfect question, and has remembered it for many years.

Tom brought a large binder of materials for Olchar, including Gongora's tale of a man captured by pirates, then given the position of captain of a pirate ship. He said John Bennett had been excited to learn that he had read that book. He mentioned that Gongora was a friend of Sor Juana. I told him about John's transductions of Luis de Góngora's Soledades & Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz' Primero Sueño -- as Sole Dadas and Prime Sway. The two books were published in one volume in 2012. I wrote an afterword for Prime Sway when it was first published in 1996.

|||||

02.16.2018

what follows is an email exchange with John Bennett, correcting my understanding of this conversation with Tom.

Góngora confusion

John Bennett

12:03 PM (2 hours ago)

to me

hi jim

i was looking thru yr Diaristic Reports of a few months ago - noticed this:

Tom brought a large binder of materials for Olchar, including Gongora's tale of a man captured by pirates, then given the position of captain of a pirate ship. He said John Bennett had been excited to learn that he had read that book. He mentioned that Gongora was a friend of Sor Juana. I told him about John's transductions of Luis de Góngora's Soledades & Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz' Primero Sueño -- as Sole Dadas and Prime Sway. The two books were published in one volume in 2012. I wrote an afterword for Prime Sway when it was first published in 1996.

This confuses 2 Góngoras, tho they were distantly related. Luis de Góngora was the baroque Spanish poet who inspired Sor Juana, and the one who wrote Las Soledades, which I hacked.

The other one , Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora, was Mexican, a contemporary and friend of Sor Juana, and he's the one Tom was referring to - he was a scholar and historian, mainly, tho wrote some poetry etc as well.

A "Dr. Bennett clarification" -

onvoid

john

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

1:44 PM (57 minutes ago)

to John

thank you for this, i appreciate it a lot. would you mind if i copied and pasted this email into my report? i did something similar with an email Ralph sent a while back, correcting my perception of some materials he had used in constructing the "art ratmosphere".

John Bennett

2:24 PM (18 minutes ago)

to me

sure, by all means add it  
send me the updated version

Onword

|||||

Gus Blaisdell on Larry Goodell:

Goodell is the poet fully gripped by song, the man who must dance, just as a goat must leap or make himself attractive to other goats by pissing down his throat. The natural is today treated as the aberrant, the freak, the perverted, and the consequence is that poetry now is only muttered up and printed on the page. Yet there is in art, as there is in sport and mathematics and chess, a prodigious category, full and exuberant and youthful. It is the category of the natural—swimmer, shortstop, painter, poet, or jazzman—and local examples include Goodell, Bill Pearlman, and Kelly Robertson. They are not shamans because they are unsponsored by a group and because they are not representative of a collective mind. They span only themselves. Free in their creations, which come from the isolate powers of their singular imaginations, they are their own centers, single points eccentric to academic circles. The sources and wellsprings and powers they display are not held in common. They are their talents themselves, all alone out there, dangerously ventured in their own originality.

Warren gave me the first three packets from his Post WWII Countercultures class. I fed him links and names throughout the spring and summer, and we got together several times for long discussions of the relevant subjects, about which I make no effort to be objective or "fair and balanced." I started going through the packets and making notes, copying and pasting from online sources, twisting and tilting everything to conform more closely to my agenda. My responses to packet #1 alone were approaching ten pages of material. This section alone of my diaristic report was going to be thirty pages long! ...and it was also going to be ridiculous. I typed up a table of contents for each packet and am including them here. The CHS students have no idea -- no idea -- how lucky they are!

Packet #1

Pre-WWII Countercultures.

- The Declaration of Sentiments, Seneca Falls Conference, 1848
- Lucy E. Parsons, The Principles of Anarchism, 1886
- Walt Whitman, Beat! Beat! Drums! (1865)
- Mark Twain, The War Prayer (1905)
- George W. Johnson, The Laughing Song (1890)
- Jelly Roll Morton, Interview, 1939
- William Robinson Pattangall, Is The Ku Klux Un-American?, 1925
- Hiram Wesley Evans, The Klan: Defender of Americanism, 1925
- Rank and File, Veterans March to Washington, 1932

Packet #2

The Bomb, The Silent Generation, Jazz

- Leadbelly, "The Bourgeois Blues" 1937
- Billy Holiday, "Strange Fruit" 1937
- Langston Hughes, "Ballad of Roosevelt" 1934
- A. Philip Randolph, Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, call for a march on Washington, March 18, 1941

- Zoot suits, anti-Mexican riots, June 1943
- Woody Guthrie, Tear the Fascists Down
- A film about the bombing of Hiroshima
- Harry S. Truman's address after the bombing of Hiroshima
- Leo Szilard, A Petition To The President of the United States, July 17, 1945
- Charlie Parker, "Ko-Ko"
- An American newsreel about the House Un-American Activities Committee
- A Statement by John Howard Lawson before the House Un-American Activities Committee
- Woody Guthrie, "Two Good men" 1945
- Dorothy Day, The Spirit of Violence, 1954

Packet #3

The Generation Gap, Elvis, The Beat Aesthetic

Elvis Presley performing "Hound Dog" 1956  
Montage of Anti-Rock n' Roll films of the 1950s  
Norman Mailer, The White Negro  
Allen Ginsberg, Howl  
Hettie Jones, Welcome to Our Crowd  
Gregory Corso, Bomb

some notes on my agenda

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Sep 21 (11 days ago)

to Warren

Norman Mailer

"The real argument which the mystic must always advance is the very intensity of his private vision—his argument depends from the vision precisely because what was felt in the vision is so extraordinary that no rational argument, no hypotheses of 'oceanic feelings' and certainly no skeptical reductions can explain away what has become for him the reality more real than the reality of closely reasoned logic. His inner experience of the possibilities within death is his logic. So, too, for the existentialist. And the psychopath. And the saint and the bullfighter and the lover. The common denominator for all of them is their burning consciousness of the present, exactly that incandescent consciousness which the possibilities within death has opened for them."

how do you teach this? the temptation i imagine would be to dismiss it with an application of "closely reasoned logic" -- but it is by definition immune to that approach. do you ignore it and hope your students don't notice? or assume that they are already prepared through a kind of cultural osmosis to respond cynically if at all?

in the context of your class, this isn't about mystics or psychopaths or saints or bullfighters, and it's only tangentially about lovers. it's maybe a little bit about poets and saxophone players. but it's mainly about how anyone, in the context of their daily life, decides against the norms of their daily life -- with their accompanying comfort, safety, and predictability -- and becomes an active member of a counterculture.

i'm not really playing devil's advocate here. my interest in having the historical countercultures taught has to do with how to make them attractive to the youth of today. they are needed now as much as if not more than ever. i am an advocate, and do not pretend to anything even resembling objectivity. this is one of the reasons why i decided while in college not to pursue work as a teacher. as an example: "Walt Whitman, Beat! Beat! Drums! (186) was written in the summer of 1861 and published in newspapers across the country -- and simultaneously in Harper's Weekly and The New York Leader on September 28, 1861 -- as a kind of advertisement in poetry for a recruitment campaign... the counterculture that i care about was and is radically anti-war and anti-military. if i can't use Whitman in support of those positions, then i don't need to use Whitman at all. i can find others to represent the pre-WWII countercultures.

and another example: Woody Guthrie, Tear the Fascists Down

Crystal Galyean, from This Machine Kills Fascists: In 1966, the Department of the Interior commended Woody for his body of work and named a Bonneville Power Authority substation after him, an honor to which radical music journalist Irwin Silber commented, "They're taking a revolutionary, and turning him into a conservationist." Similarly, in 1998, when the U.S. Post Office released a stamp commemorating Woody, Arlo Guthrie lamented, "For a man who fought all his life against being respectable, this comes as a stunning defeat."

if i was going to select a portion of Woody Guthrie's life to accentuate in this context, i would probably choose his radical anti-capitalism.

these packets are great, and as usual the students don't know how lucky they are. i am not teaching the class, you are, and i am learning from your perspective. i would have a hard time working in a high school classroom context, even one as progressive as CHS. you know what needs to be done to make it work, and you are doing it. i admire that. thanks for allowing me to have a small role in this project. this is exactly how i am able and willing to contribute.

Warren Fry

Sep 22 (10 days ago)

to me

Jim,

Your role is more than small I'd say. Our conversations and emails are integral, though the packets may reflect something different at this point. I share an "interest in having the historical countercultures taught .... to make them attractive to the youth of today." There's just so much context that I have to define; most of them have rarely been taught content past 1939. The class can't be seen as indoctrinal; but I also know that happens in other classes, so it may already have that feeling. None of my fellow faculty seem curious (Beat distaste may have something to do with this). I have rather conservative/normal kids by CHS standards (a small class of only 6), which may have been by design (administrations hand in the roster).

Whitman/Guthrie: Subtler anti-capitalism and pacifism in the mouths of "radicals" is strategic at this point; "tear our UNION down". I didn't know that about the Whitman poem! Strangely they read it as anti-war!

They bristled, some of them, at deciding what contemporary groups are "cool" or "not cool" this week. I'm discovering a lot from them. There is not nearly as large a generation gap today, at least that I can see. I asked them to identify which of the cool/not-cool cultural groups they identified adults cannot be a part of:

hype beasts, fuck boys, snapback people, basic teens - all "popular" people, people concerned with following trends. Band people, edgy people are cool, but adults can be part of those groups. Suuuuper interesting. I've attached a document with the results of that project and a list of "counterculture" groups for them to begin research for their papers.

Punching Nazis came up today in reference to the Lawson testimony. I let it ride. The class was split in the same way the left is now. The Mystic issue we'll be getting into next week - it should be easy to connect to Beat spiritualism and questing. But there is just no time... I'm lucky if I get to half of what I want to cover. Ugh... I wish this class was a year long.

Talk to you soon!

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Sep 24 (8 days ago)  
to Warren

The packets reflect a lot of what we have talked about -- including the complexities of teaching this material in a high school setting.

Dislike of the Beats comes and goes, it's a cultural wave-pattern. When Kerouac died in 1969 only two of his books were in print -- *On The Road* and *Dharma Bums* -- and his net worth was ninety-one dollars. When I was in college (74 - 78) no one who was serious about literature or writing was reading any of the Beats (there was one guy I knew who read Burroughs, obsessively, and was so obnoxious about it that I couldn't read him for years). I read the two aforementioned Kerouac books and the anthologized Ginsberg -- and Richard Farina's "second-generation beat" book entitled *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me*. And that was it until I moved to San Francisco.

A couple of weeks ago I signed on to Sue's facebook page to look at Olchar's announcement of the publication of *Soul-Roulette*. While there I also noticed the following comment on someone's offer to give the *Beat Down To Your Soul Anthology* to anyone who wanted it: "Rich White Dudes Go Slumming, Listen to Jazz, and Write Awful Poetry". That kind of willfully ignorant self-righteousness is offensive anywhere we find it, not only on Fox News and right-wing talk radio. In response, I started putting together a beat anthology of my own, but I probably won't ever do anything with it.

I don't know much about these contemporary "cool" and "not cool" groups. I do know that this kind of thing has been weird and complex for a long time. I don't think the counterculture was ever cool, though some activities and affectations associated with it were on-again off-again cool. For example, smoking pot was cool for a while, in and of itself, with the idea being that if you smoked pot you automatically understood some things. I don't think that lasted very long. Ditto for having long hair. As for the generation gap, it was complex too. On the one hand we have Nutall's accurate description, and on the other we have something like the "don't trust anyone over thirty" slogan. Timothy Leary was 47 during the summer of love. Allen Ginsberg was 41. Jerry Garcia turned 30 in 1972. As for the next iteration of the counterculture: Patti Smith was 31 when punk detonated in teenage America in 1977. Richard Hell was 28 when his first album came out that year. Penny Rimbaud was 34 when he formed Crass, also in 1977. There was always room for adults to be cool, even more than cool, but they were always going to be the exceptions to the rule. The punks loved Burroughs, who was born in 1914 (he was old enough to be their

grandfather, which made it easier for their Oedipal instincts -- dad has to go, obviously, but not necessarily grandad).

The question of punching Nazis is important in every aspect of life. There is the virtually ubiquitous notion of "if someone is an asshole to me, and I am an even bigger asshole back to them, then I win." What is this, a psychological/emotional version of the "I got mine" approach to human interaction? And there is the whole question of violence as a solution to violence, which we have discussed. When we "win", what kind of world are we going to have to live in? That's always the question. A world in which it has been proven that violence is an effective means of getting what we want? Don't we already have that world?

As for the mystic issue, the key to it is to impress upon your student's young minds that it is not about mysticism, and cannot be dismissed by being contextualized as such. Let's take, as a contemporary slogan for this "mysticism", the phrase "another world is possible", from the early days of the anti-globalization movement. There is nothing mystical about it, but it functions as an absolutely untouchable core belief for those -- and I count myself among them -- who think every aspect of a life can be mustered in the service of such a goal. The mysticism comes in because this kind of belief seems to "transcend" the existential conditions of existing as a human being in the world. But that has to be the starting point, even while there is no interest in transcending the world, because the transformation of life in the world is imagined as being so substantial as to make what comes after it seem like an entirely different world. Getting rid of capitalism, for example, for which "there is no alternative," would be such an extreme transformation of the world that it might seem to be an actual transcendence of the world. I think that's the kind of "mysticism" that Mailer is getting at. It is not too far from the idea of the early 19th century French romanticists, who wanted their world-view to penetrate every possible aspect of society. It is also not far from Gary Snyder's description of the "great subculture."

Ok. That's enough for now. Like our conversations, this kind of exchange could go on forever.

[added on 10.02.2017]

### The Ad Hoc Rat Ensemble

Ralph on harmonica, harmelonia, harmania. Mississippi saxophone, as Junior Wells called it. Fuzzing, intentional slips of the tongue, oceanic improv in the ubiquitous moment.

Jules biting tenor snips of breath cut thoughts against thinking. How to breathe yourself one breath at a time out of the grip of the Death Machine. Instructions for disjunctive listening. Long intervals of anti-is, between the interstices, commingled. Interspersed "yes" with "no yes" both/and, discontinuous in time.

Mark on percussion. One small, fragile drumstick, later broken drumstick, pounding on the top of a plastic garbage can. It looked like it might have been a toy drumstick, borrowed from the sound-kit of Id M Theft Able. From drumstick to hands, garbage can as bongo, and from hands to one sandal, to one sandal and a hand, to two sandals, barefoot while drumming on top of the garbage can, on the sides of the garbage can, on the floor beside the garbage can. Then the garbage can picked up and pounded on the floor. Then smashed against the wall, beside the door, beneath the exit sign. Then the broken toy drumsticks, against the wall in the corner beside the door.

Id M Theft Able joining in. On balloon. Blow and squeeze and pinch into the microphone. A violin bow quietly across the table, across some of what remains on the table, the trowel, and the rubber band, the tines from a toy piano. Vocalese. Subsyllabic glossolalia blooming on the lips, flowers cut with hacksaws, blood in the body, where blood belongs. We are permitted to think of songs, if we also think of printed songs, of printed songs run through paper shredders, of shredded strips of songs as scores for embodied poems.

It is the same Ad Hoc Rat Orchestra, but it isn't the same players, and it is by definition unrehearsed, so how is it the same? It is the same no center without direction in which we are all immersed. Sounds ravel and squirm in a thickened air. Somewhere in the pulse, a pulse like tides, a call goes out, the response winks in a coastal mist. If wandering, then wondering, and vice versa, happily adrift.

While I was working on this report, in response to a selection of earlier reports I had sent him some time ago, John Crouse emailed a link to a segment of Chris Marker's Sans Soleil. It begins with the following voice-over:

And then in its turn the journey entered the 'zone,'  
and Hayao showed me my images  
already affected by the moss of time  
freed of the lie that had prolonged the existence  
of those moments swallowed by the spiral.

I have selected, somewhat arbitrarily, from just prior to the midpoint of the sent segment, the following:

Even if I was expecting no letter  
I stopped at the general delivery window,  
for one must honor the spirits of torn up letters,  
and at the airmail counter  
to salute the spirits of unmailed letters.

The received segment concludes with this:

A piece of chalk to follow the contours of what is not,  
or is no longer, or is not yet;  
the handwriting each of us will use  
to compose his own list of  
'things that quicken the heart,'  
to offer, or to erase.  
In that moment poetry will be made by everyone,  
and there will be emus in the 'zone.'

My report on the Decide Today show was published yesterday (Sept. 19), in a slightly edited version, by Randee Silv in the September issue of Arteidolia. She thought my response to the events in Charlottesville read like a separate essay, and I can understand that, so I didn't resist her editorial suggestion. I sent the link to Olchar, Ralph, Tom and Warren, not seeking or expecting any response, but only to let the core members of the local community know that I am publishing these reports as I would with any of my other writings.

I no longer organize events, I rarely host visiting artists anymore, and I'm not a performer. I am a writer, but I'm not a local journalist. Writing these diaristic reports and publishing them wherever I can feels like the best I have to offer to the local community. I probably should have been doing it all along.

September 2017



**Zone Lord, Tater Fraterabo\***  
**Public · Hosted by Ralph Eaton**  
**Monday, October 9 at 7 PM - 11 PM**  
**Art Rat Studios, Roanoke, Va.**

Kevin Knight and Caleb Flood make up the experimental group Zone Lord. Their sound ranges from appalachian folk drone to fuzz laden dirge, to percussive harmonic free form pop. Mostly improv, always wild.

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Tater Fraterabo is noise and music of any kind, always looking to share a taste of the surreal and their miscellaneous thoughts however they can best be shoved down your ears.

<https://m.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLJteognG1HdBhvQmtXD--HZc2Rozg3h1U>

FREE (donations welcome)  
BYOB  
18 & up

\*[Tater Fraterabo did not perform]

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"And I was living (in 1948) in Harlem, East Harlem, New York, on the sixth floor of a tenement. There was a lot of theology books around, in an apartment that I had rented from a theology student-friend, so I was reading a lot of Plato's Phaedrus, St John of the Cross...and (William) Blake. And I had the sudden... reading "The Sick Rose" and "The Sunflower", I had the odd sensation of hearing Blake's voice outside of my own body, a voice really not too much unlike my own when my voice is centered in my sternum, maybe a latent projection of my own physiology, but, in any case, a surprise, maybe a hallucination, you can call it, hearing it in the room, Blake reciting it, or some very ancient voice of the Ancient of Days reciting, "Ah Sunflower..." So there was some earthen-deep quality that moved me, and then I looked out the window and it seemed like the heavens were endless, or the sky was endless, I should say". (Allen Ginsberg, in conversation with Jeremy Isaacs, from his "Face To Face" (BBC) interview, 1995

Ginsberg on San Francisco television (KPIX) in 1974, interviewed by Father Mike S Riley on his inter-faith tv show, "I Believe":

AG ...an auditory hallucination of William Blake's voice reciting the poem "The Sunflower" and a sort of an enlightening view, for several hours, of the landscape of New York (I was living in an apartment where I could see the roofs, and it suddenly seemed like the roofs were, like, a seashore in eternity – somewhat of a psychedelic experience – without drugs)

MR: But you interpreted it more as a religious ecstasy than an intellectual...?

AG: Well yeah – a contact with some long old divine intelligence That is.. The problem was, however, that I was so impressed by it that I never forgot it, (vowed never to forget it), and I didn't realize that you can't step in the same river twice. In other words.. So, finally, in a sense, living for maybe a quarter of a century on the memory of an extraordinary open view of the universe, sort of a cosmic glimpse, and trying to reconstruct that all the time. It wasn't until the last few years, doing a great deal of Buddhist meditation, that I sort of de-addicted myself of the continued repetitive mental reference to that one experience as the supreme experience.

from The Camel

Formed in the spring of 2014 in the mountains of VA. ZONE LORD is an audio visual performance/ recording project focusing on healing vibrations and tonal meditation using drone instruments, tape manipulation, and experimental vocal techniques. Acoustic performances focus on organic harmonies. Amplified performances take more of an ambient electronic shape. The two members are Kevin Knight and Caleb Flood. Both play a variety of instruments and sing simultaneously.

For the last thirty years or so as a singer in the fundamentalist punk rock art project the Mekons, the occasional lyrics I have managed to cobble together make use of the long-standing Mekons' technique: blatant theft and collage. It's an old folk and blues method and if it's good enough for Bob Dylan then it's good enough for us. -- Sally Timms

Mr. Houk and Mr. Sain,  
if you have a rummage sale,  
don't sell Roland Sheldon or Tom Tresh.  
Studded with stars in belt and crown,

the Stadium is an adastrium

from an email to Scott MacLeod re Baseball and Writing, by Marianne Moore:

this is the second time i've looked up "adastrium". 50+ years after this poem was written and the word is still not in any dictionary. we have to construct a definition to suit ourselves.

astrium = a hearth; a house.

ad = prefix; toward, at, about

aster = a star-shaped structure formed during division of the nucleus of an animal cell.

early 17th century (in the Greek sense): via Latin from Greek astēr 'star.'

adastrium = at the house of the stars (i.e., Yankee Stadium in the 1960s).

i was a huge fan.

i vividly remember the play that ended Tom Tresh's career.

Saadia Rais: Venues: The Woolwine House, WUVT's The Local Zone

Zone Lord - "Window Sun Harmonium Drone" - It's tough to pick a favorite Zone Lord track - in fact, it's tough to even call them tracks. True to their name, this trio (often duo) composed of Kevin Knight, Peat Bogs (Miles Washington) and Caleb Flood (all local musicians) plays through a trance rather than a sequence of songs. Each set feels like a sonic journey into THE ZONE. Composed with harmoniums, throat singing, a variety of percussion instruments, synthesizers, and more.

"Stevens' use of imagery is more airy than Williams', quite as the world of a part-time insurance man differs from the world of a part-time medical doctor..." --Kenneth Burke

At a panel discussion on Memory, she recounted how a gallerist told her after its initial exhibition at the Holly Solomon Gallery in 1972, that she wasn't "slick enough" to be an artist.

-- Marcella Durand on Bernadette Mayer

Listening to Zone Lords at home, early afternoon, 10.09.2017. Rug Lords, Intro. Drone guitar, moan almost OM, AUM, voice harp with dulcimer acoustic rug streaming percussion. Where you stand in the coalition of doing everything is reality today. In "Rug" I can hear some of the Appalachian ghost dust wooling a sleepy sun. Ghost wool dusting the nylon hand goodbye. On occasion, technology admits and merits, as felt irony, in early fall, the authentic unwound on paper, wailing wool dust, detuned guitar, percussion that reminds me of Oregon, Colin Walcott, tabla, sitar drone, in "Good Whood" the audience chatter becomes an important component of the overall composition, spontaneous composition, as if improvised over a performance of Cage's 4'33". There is no silence anywhere, ever. Scraped strings compliment a female voice, segues into "Just Rugs, No Bugs"... nor besieged by, confess against harshness... styles as epiphanies repeat the vandalized legend... confirm incised charm and doubt... fingernails expedient nor simple over skips resulted flow, flux stairwell everyday smears, borrowed continual culture to indulge seductive convergence.

da da da

da da

dadada dadadadadadadaddadda

da da da

facts punctuated sense neither apocalypse nor anarchy, golden when discipline illumination, arrayed in lost magic the choice to float, wandering less nostalgia than the scale no longer seen.

Mapacho, Improv Recording from late night June 10th 2014  
using sampler, critter looper, guitars, moog rogue, vocals, and tiny drone synths  
at Casablanca  
Blacksburg, VA

wherever you are is your current starting point. it is a journey in the sense that it is not a journey. it is a duration. you are always wherever you are. i remember the first time i drove across country, late spring 1978, i noticed a sign that read 500 miles to Gallup, New Mexico. i thought, if it's that far away i don't need to know. extrapolate to endless journey, or to sitting. curanderos, at first, are a story. a narrative is a journey. potential myths supplant tobacco in shamanic trade containing indigenous beans the west has worked to employ as a world. briefly, blowing on the microphone functions as percussion. synthesized army of bees. an interstellar pulse, a wash of red-shifted static. i am a radio you are a radio the poet is a radio a radio is neither a narrative nor a journey. assistance in resistance. their work is medicine and medicine bowl, plant-based healing. static harshly crackling like spinning the dial coursing through the channels where no channels come in clearly. Mapacho comes through to clear the chaos cleansing ceremonial energy-field process

scraping or brushing

tightening a spring

suggests skatchbox or skatchboard improv

insufflated singer

pulse, blood circulating in the body

oceanic

interstellar

begins as a distant whistling, grows to a wail, gradually i am hearing echoes of The Velvet Underground live, recorded by Robert Quine

the respiratory and circulatory systems in an anechoic chamber

if

if

if

who who who who who who who who who who

a car radio, because all sorts of real, tribes are always born with more than they can want, are always in contact from your mind with more than they can want. swirling synthesized sounds of small metallic spirals. nebula receding. what what what what what what what... percussion from the still point at the end of the endless journey... chewing while running, chewing cardboard and aluminum foil, while running...

to be aesthetic, for similar reasons, irks creative angles. go go go go go go go gogogogogogogogogoo  
gog go go go gog go go g ogo g go gogo oggo go go...

an airplane, screaming, only a soundtrack, soon the Japanese radiation monster, rising through the urban deathscape, dripping bloodstained slime... maybe not. maybe birds, a conference of the birds, more screech than chirp, thousands of starlings in the backyard, blackening the bent branches of the apple trees. psychic edge crush test. there is no box outside of which you should be thinking. modulated psychedelic humming. outside the inside is another outside. you are never where you think you are. in the experience of experience. the risk of repetition is statistically nonexistent. Socrates: "Heracleitus says, you know, that all things move and nothing remains still, and he likens the universe to the current of a

river, saying that you cannot step twice into the same stream." abruptly ends radio burns the battery but not the poet floored six or go too heavy on the hit. "the poet is a counterpunching radio" --jack spicer. whistling live circulatory systems who sorts the real from your mind and spirals the still aluminum angels go soon the bloodstained chirp edge outside of repetition and moving into the stream.

John Milton, from his Introduction to the 1674 edition of Paradise Lost: "This neglect then of Rhime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

Listening to:

Tater Fraterabo

The Mirrored Mask Mirroring The Mask

AY I'M (WE) Back kiddo

1. Fuck you, listen up - 0:00
2. Alright now don't listen - 12:19
3. I fucking tried to tell you already - 13:52
4. Okay so actually we - 15:43
5. Albums - 20:15
6. Blues 42 - Prelude - 24:25
7. Blues 42 - Duality - 26:05

Guitar and loops chewing bent echos glitch scaly turbo charged muscle car engines grinding distorted nostalgias for shade tree mechanic miller high life pony bottles and fifteen dollar lids of mexican dirt weed, backyard background whispering sinister surveillance hints of malice in the pervasive paranoia. what, this is your brain calling, burping percussion hops along the moonscape. what? we weren't here. there is no call for... much chops hint gobbler hunch. mince hobbit Hobbesian fuck. if the title is "fuck you, listen up" then it is mandatory for the response to begin in anxious defensive paranoia. with the rise of respond it manifests gathering rupture rapport pyramids similar events my body a left-wing decade of weekends centerpiece so-called does not enjoy being attacked by music diversity and mindfulness as institutions are equated rackets explains the fact of who is actually having this conversation. do we think the musician is attacking himself? when i hear "you need to stop listening now" repeated several times i find myself agreeing wholeheartedly. i was listening on youtube, where there are several more full Tater Fraterabo albums available. at the moment i don't feel inclined to listen to any of them.

i am willing to support all kinds of arts that i don't particularly like. for one thing, i don't want to have my experiences limited to my tastes. for another, i don't expect anyone to make anything for me or people like me. i expect people to make what they want and need to make, and if anyone else is interested that's a bonus. i get the feeling that Tater Fraterabo is making exactly what he needs and wants to make. the fact that i don't want it or need it is more of a commentary on me than it is a critique of him.

[15 minutes later]

i just checked the Tater Fraterabo facebook page and found this:

Tater fraterabo = Cab Calloway, Erik Satie, Sun Ra and Merbowes, biggest combination multifaceted performance art fan club, that's what's up!

ok. something is going on, and i don't know what it is. but between a title like The Mirrored Mask Mirroring The Mask and this facebook description, i am keeping myself open and interested.

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Ralph picked me up at 6:15. On the way to the studio he got a call from Kevin of Zone Lords to let him know that he and Caleb would be arriving an hour or so late. Art Rat events are always scheduled to begin at 7, but it seems like no one ever performs before eight. The first hour should be marked on the schedule as "conversation." It's always an important part of the event. Ralph and I talked a bit about the difference between textimage work made by visual artists and textimage work made by poets. That led to a tangent about the so-called poetry glut, which is a nonexistent problem unless you happen to be inconvenienced by the fact that no one can be an expert on the subject of a field even as limited as that of contemporary poetry in English. There is simply too much good poetry being written and published. I had a similar discussion via email several years ago with John M. Bennett and we agreed that we are living in a golden age of poetry. Post-World War II American poetry in itself would provide enough evidence for our claim of a golden age, and it is only a fraction of what has been written in the past 70 years or so. In the ride over I had mentioned my desire to encourage people to make what they want and need to make. Ralph made a distinction for the visual arts between making work to satisfy one's personal needs and wants, and making work to exhibit. When someone makes work and chooses to exhibit it, that person is asking others to take their time and consider what has been made and exhibited. The request for others to "consider this" imposes a responsibility upon the artist to make work that is worthy of the consideration of others. It seems like a good point to me, but for my purposes I want to question the necessity for externally imposed standards. Much progress in the arts has been made by artists who have ignored and/or defied the standards of their times. In the context of this discussion we also talked a little about the work of Richard Tuttle. A few weeks ago Bill Beamer sent me a link to a Tuttle piece entitled "Two, 1991." I take the title as referring to the (false) dichotomy of reading and looking. In Tuttle's piece both activities are encouraged and simultaneously thwarted. Reading and looking are a spectrum, a continuum, and the more one considers the spectrum the larger the grey area of overlap becomes. Annie arrived and joined the conversation. She showed us her latest painting on her phone. The letters D N A appeared roughly down the center. In the background to the right was a masked figure that Annie identified as her youthful self. In the center foreground was a soldier, facing away from the viewer. In the upper right was a television screen with The Beatles on it, a reference to their 1964 appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. For Annie, the entire painting was a reference to the world she was living in as a young girl in the early 60s.

The front room of the Art Rat is Ralph's studio. Every event begins with some of us sitting in that room, surrounded by Ralph's "fuzzy kudzu" and other soft sculptures. I think most of us for the most part take the artwork in the space for granted, but the installation environment sets the tone for everything that happens within it. It wouldn't be the same if the Art Rat was simply an empty warehouse space.

Fuzzy Kudzu was exhibited from July 22, 2014 to January 17, 2015 at The Taubman Museum in Roanoke. The following statement is taken from the Taubman website: "Fuzzy Kudzu is stitched almost entirely from used stuffed animals donated by the local Roanoke Goodwill. Most of its "pelt" is recycled from discarded teddy bears, bunnies, and kittens, each taken apart by the artist and reassembled into over fifty "vines" ranging from twenty to thirty-four feet. Weighing nearly a ton, Fuzzy Kudzu is comprised of faux fur fabric, polyester fiberfill, and more than one thousand stuffed animals. Open for interpretation, the resulting shape can be seen as a waterfall, tree trunk, or column—something immediate and organic, yet elegantly classical. Like much site-responsive sculpture, it also morphs with changes in light, be it the movement of the sun or black lights trained across its soft, articulated surfaces."

Once the show was over Ralph installed much smaller versions of the "vines" in his studio (in what appear to be, but almost certainly are not, very large tomato cages). This is taken from Ralph's website, in a section entitled FUZZY KUDZU/REWORKED VINES: "Since the deinstallation of Fuzzy Kudzu I've been reworking components of the site-specific sculpture. There were fifty two vines that were hung from the steel armature situated on the second floor balcony at the museum. The vines vary in length from twenty to thirty four feet. There are various other components that I refer to as chunky nuggets, blooms, buds, appendages, tentacles, tumors, tails, and twigs. I am reworking individual vines mixed with the other components into stand alone pieces. Reworked Fuzzy Kudzu pieces are freestanding pieces, and hanging pieces."

The centerpiece of Ralph's studio/performance space is a large orange sculpture consisting solely of the word NOTHING. Ralph once told me that the impetus for the piece came from the prevalent notion that nothing rhymes with the word "orange" (I would, if searching for rhymes for "orange," begin with "range" -- and let the discussion extend from there). He also told me that the work stands as his comment on the ultimate meaning of life, and of death. The fact that I don't accept that verdict only serves for me to situate the sculpture at the center of a space -- the Art Rat performance space -- in which all of the questions large and small of what it means to be a human being in the world are always at least implicitly in play. Olchar arrived a little before the event began and we talked a bit about Soul Roulette, the Retorico Unentesi book he recently published at mOnocle-Lash. He thinks it is even stranger as a book than most of what we normally do, which is by most standards already strange enough. I have to agree. It gets outside of its own boundaries almost immediately. Readers should at almost every intersection be uncertain about what is expected of them.

The two people who loom largest for me in and behind Soul Roulette are Scott MacLeod who in 1998 invited me to participate in his conceptual art project called The Institute for Study and Application in Kohoutenberg, without which the character Retorico Unentesi never would have existed, and John M. Bennett who in 1996 asked me to write an introduction to Prime Sway, his transduction of Sor Juana's Primero Sueno, which was my introduction to the practice of homeophonic translation. John's work made me want to do that kind of work (which is one of my hopes for Soul Roulette, that it might encourage someone -- perhaps some of Olchar's students, to name an obvious example -- to pursue this kind of writing on their own). Olchar mentioned Nerval's translation, while still an adolescent, into prose of Goethe's Faust as being a resonant part of the context in which Soul Roulette exists. Goethe said Nerval's translation helped him to understand his own work, and also said that he preferred it to the original. I recall reading about this but I don't recall using the information to shape the construction of the book. I did do a lot of reading in the history of translation for the project. My prompt in that process was a tracing of the idea behind Robert Lowell's Imitations back to John Dryden, and then looking around for more of that kind of thinking about the translation process.

I told Olchar about a recent group email I received from Tom Cassidy which included a video of his poem entitled "People in the Mall." After watching the video I wrote Tom and suggested that he should put together a Collected. That was a week ago. Today I got another group email from him, and I responded as follows: "You know, there really should be a Collected Poems of Tom Cassidy. I searched online and found nothing but mail art and collages. Not that that's a bad thing, finding your mail art and collages, but it isn't what I was looking for. And not that you need an online presence. I put Tom Taylor's Collected (at the time) online in the early 00s and it may as well be invisible. You need an actual book. Unfortunately, I stopped publishing physical books in 2005. I'm not writing to you about this because I want to publish your book. I'm writing to you about this because I want to read your book."

One of my concerns about Tom's work is that it will simply disappear into an archival collection somewhere, and that no one will ever do the required work to extract it and publish a Collected. Archives are amazing and wonderful and we are all fortunate to be living in a time in which the archival urge is strong, but they are not the solutions to all of our problems, or the answer to all of our questions

concerning to preservation of contemporary work. Archives function as a mix of the museum, the library, and the graveyard. Some work needs to be rescued before it enters the graveyard of the archive. I still haven't heard from Tom, but Olchar agrees with me, at least on the basic premise of my proposal.

The Zone Lords set started out with Caleb doing a few solo pieces. The first was a minimalist electric guitar and vocals song that ended with some noisy feedback manipulations. From there he moved onto the floor and into a more ambient synthesizer and pedals piece. Kevin followed with a couple of solo pieces, also electric guitar and vocals, and then the two of them started playing together. Formal audio vibrations manipulate the performative outtakes, at night and simultaneously. In spring the visual tones flood our experimental focus. Ambient meditation plays the mountains as a project, vocal drone harmonics, the shape of variety itself. Heal the tape and sing the zone. The first few minutes seemed like they were trying out ideas, establishing what they wanted to do in this particular space, and where they wanted to go with it. It reminded me a little of how Cecil Taylor's *Olim* is constructed, fragments of ideas sequenced and layered until some combination suggests an actual starting point for the improvisation which will follow. After a few minutes the piece began to gel and it sounded a lot like the Zone Lords music that I listened to in the afternoon before the show. Caleb played electric guitar and processed keyboards. Kevin also played electric guitar, along with (I think) Vietnamese jaw harp and bamboo flute. Venus window through sonic journeys singing. The sun is a fact and a sequence, composed of house throat feelings trance.

The event ended with another version of The Ad Hoc Rat Ensemble, consisting this time of:

Ralph on harmonica, stool and a noisy toy resurrected from the 2010 stuffed animal orchestra, all processed with his pedals;

Jules on saxophone and "prepared" saxophone (the horn stuffed with a sock, or with a whiffle ball);

Kevin on electric guitar, vocalizations and bamboo flute;

and Caleb also on electric guitar, which he played by laying it on the floor and using a microphone as a slide, then processing the resulting sounds through his pedals.

When the Ensemble set was over Jules and I were talking about it and I mentioned a kind of pulse that seemed to unify much of the piece. He agreed that the pulse was often present, but also pointed out that there were significant segments during which there was no pulse at all, there was instead a stillness in which small snippets of sound would variously interact. He also recalled attempting to improvise with a player who didn't know how to work without some kind of structure, and who frequently interrupted the piece with attempts to insert structure where none was needed or wanted. He also mentioned a resemblance to some early jazz fusion in which the elements being brought into the jazz context were Eastern and African instruments and patterns. I told him about walking into the record store on Main Street in Lynchburg in the early seventies and hearing the first Oregon album on the sound system. I had never heard anything like it, so I bought a copy. Jules told me about the library in the town he grew up in in England. Someone responsible for stocking the music department had wide and eclectic tastes. He was able to listen to John Cage and Anthony Braxton, for example, for free, long before the internet, because someone in the library had thought to make their music available. It seems both odd and wonderful to both of us that the decisions of someone he never met could have this kind of direct and long-lasting impact on his life.

We talked about curiosity, the different degrees or intensities of curiosity. For some, perhaps most, people, curiosity is a small, unobtrusive component of everyday life. For others, it is the driving force at the center of everyday explorations. I told him about reading a Bob Dylan interview in *Rolling Stone* magazine in 1972 and the next day going to my French teacher and asking if she had ever heard of Rimbaud. A day later she brought me her copy of *Illuminations*. I took it home and went out onto my

grandfather's farm, sat down against an oak tree, and read it from cover to cover. To read that book in that context was to have irrefutable evidence that another world is possible. Rimbaud had been there, had written a book about it, and now I had read it. It made me understand that openness is not a strategy, it is not a means to an end, it is an awakening to the felt presence of how reality works. There is no going back from such an understanding. Day-to-day societal operations are in a sense designed to protect the group (of whatever size) from the consequences of this understanding. Many people devote their lives to sustaining and perpetuating that design. Some of us, for better and worse, seem not to have that option. Jules put his hands out into the air before his face and made a gesture as if parting curtains in the air. Once it's there, you cannot not enter it. I agreed. Set the poem in motion and follow it around. You will always have an open world before you.

october 2017



**Meg Mulhearn • Aerial Ruin • Claire & Miles sound/movement duet**  
**Public, Hosted by Tim Yaddow and Ralph Eaton**  
**Saturday, October 28 at 8 PM - 11 PM, Art Rat Studio**

#### Details

Meg Mulhearn is a composer and multi-instrumentalist who performs solo as Divine Circles and also as a member of U.S. Christmas, Judas Horse, Lunar Creature, and Void Ensemble.

Aerial Ruin, based in Portland, Oregon is the primarily acoustic solo project of Erik Moggridge whose “richly evocative dark folk style makes for a head-in-hand listening experience. Yes it’s dark and minimal, evoking solitude and loneliness but also magic and mesmerizing, soothing and restorative”

Claire Constantikes & Miles Washington will come together to perform a sound/movement duet.

FREE (donations welcome)

BYOB

18 & up

Erik Moggridge from A Conversation with Aerial Ruin

June 7, 2016, by Ryan Chapman

“We as humans usually perceive everything through the filter of our minds and senses which dramatically colours our perception of the universe although we are simply a part of the universe that is able to observe itself. Psychedelia and spirituality – which have so profoundly influenced elements of our culture

and are the primary inspirations for Aerial Ruin allow us to perhaps begin to strip away this human filter and “see” or “experience” the universe more directly.”

Jack Wright, *The Free Musics*: "Jazz in its prime was no more stable than life. If life is what could be life, no more a real line than the horizon, then jazz was what could be jazz."

Meg Mulhearn, solo violin, as a technologically enhanced one-woman band, playing a riff which is then recorded, creating when played back -- on a loop -- a layered or paired riff, melodies and harmonies, freeing her to sing and add embellishments, so a song is built on the spot, not that it's invented or written on the spot, in the moment -- it's not -- but it is reconstructed, re-imagined, played, piece by piece simultaneously, while we as listeners are watching her fingers and her feet.

John Yau on Kazuko Miyamoto: "The drawings in the exhibition are done in graphite and in ink. They are about intervals, spacing, and repetition."

I found myself watching Ralph's orchestrated light show on the floor, red sand fleas scurrying around, chasing each other in ellipses, green horse-hoof prints following themselves in circles, blue splotches skidding in smeared pulsing ovals, in layers, colliding, threading themselves through adjacent patterns.

Jim Andrews: "Aleph Null is an attempt to help make a better world with terrific art. It's important that there be ambitious works of net art that people around the world can access. Exciting interactive net art is one of the best things about the Internet. It boldly goes where no gink has gone. It carries the banners of imagination, innovation, activism, communication, international community, knowledge, art, beauty and truth. The Internet will be exciting only so long as it remains inspiring to artists—as an artistic medium. If that light goes out, the forces of dullness will have secured the entire thing as a department store, surveillance device and peep show."

Meg Mulhearn, from an interview with Sara Baird, June 2016

SB: This spring, you premiered an incredible new piece at Interlude. Can you tell us about that project?

MM: The Void Ensemble came to being because I was fascinated with the concept of void -- everything and nothing. 2014 and 2015 were spent touring much of the time, and I found myself gravitating toward playing with artists that shared a strong sense of humility. I asked these selected artists who had inhabited this liminal space with me to send me tracks, with little or no direction besides concept and key, based on two drones, and I mixed these tracks together. I gave it back to these artists to recreate live. The Void is essentially an exploration of the loss of ego -- terrifying and beautiful and ultimately requiring submission.

After the Aerial Ruin/Erik Moggridge set Warren and I talked a little about dark folk, Current 93, Steven Stapleton and Nurse With Wound, the NWW album entitled *Chance Meeting on a Dissecting Table of a Sewing Machine* and an *Umbrella* (1979), the Nurse With Wound list, the radio station in Charlottesville

(WTJU) where I first heard this music, the notion of a bardic tradition, occult traces in some of the lyrics, Druids, the image of Eric performing with his guitar in the middle of Stonehenge...

Warren came over to the house around five and we talked about his Post-WWII Countercultures class for 3 hours. I admire the fact that he is willing to take on this kind of subject for a high school class. He could do much less demanding work in his classes and still get a paycheck. I also admire the fact that he wants to teach this class again.

He brought packets 4, 5 and 6 from his Countercultures class.

Packet 4 is titled Freedom Riders, Youth Culture, The Beat Effect.

Contents

- 1) William Burroughs, The Evening News 1970
- 2) City Lights & The Beats In San Francisco (from The Beats: A Graphic History)
- 3) Women of the Beat Generation, from Memoirs of a Beatnik: Chapter 10, by Diane DiPrima
- 4) Women of the Beat Generation, Hettie Jones
- 5) John Lewis, from Hand In Hand Together

Packet 5 is titled The Counterculture and the Civil Rights Movement

Contents

- 1) Negro college students sit at Woolworth lunch counter, Greensboro News and Record 1960
- 2) Bob Zellner, from Hand In Hand Together
- 3) Malcolm X Explains Black Nationalism
- 4) Yugen

Packet 6 is titled The Black Arts Movement, Black Mountain, Fluxus.

Contents

- 1) Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones), The Revolutionary Theatre 1965
- 2) George Maciunas, Fluxus Manifesto
- 3) Dick Higgins, Statement On Intermedia 1966
- 4) Allan Kaprow, How To Make A Happening

He also brought a copy of The Spitting Image, by Jerry Lembcke. This is a topic that has come up in several of our discussions.

Lembcke: "One of the most resilient images of the Vietnam era is that of the anti-war protester – often a woman – spitting on the uniformed Veteran just off the plane. The lingering potency of this icon was evident during the Gulf War, when war supporters invoked it to discredit their opposition."

When I was a student in Greensboro in the mid-70s I worked for a while at a Mexican restaurant. Everyone in the kitchen except for myself and one other college student was a Vietnam Vet. We worked side by side in the kitchen and after close we went out drinking. There were two guys in particular who I wound up hanging out with a lot. After quite a few long conversations I told them they should write about some of their experiences. Garland wrote a story about going with a prostitute into her tent and leaving a buddy to stand watch outside the flap. He was on top of her when a bullet exploded her face. She had reached under her cot and retrieved a machete which she had poised to plunge into his back. Jack wrote about being a platoon leader on a mission in the jungle when they captured a Viet Cong soldier. On their

way back to camp they ran out of provisions and it was Jack's decision to execute the prisoner. He shot him point blank in the head. In his story he described by number how many ants were crawling up the prisoner's boot when he shot him.

I never heard any mention from any of my veteran co-workers about being mistreated when they returned from Vietnam. I remember Jack talking about having difficulties with basic day-to-day trivial events like being treated with even slight disrespect while shopping.

Shortly after I moved to San Francisco I got a job working at Verdi's pizza on Haight Street. It was near the Stanyan end of Haight, close to the park, but more importantly close to the large parking lot adjacent to Kezar Stadium. Kezar was no longer being used, so the parking lot was abandoned. Several semi-homeless Vets lived in broken down vehicles parked in the lot. I got to know a few of them because they were regular customers where I worked. Sometimes I would run into one of them after work and we would share a bottle of warm red port in one of the alleyways off of Haight. A couple of times I went to Billy Mac's "house," a step-van up on cinder blocks in the stadium parking lot. They liked to tell stories, but only if they were telling them to someone who would listen respectfully. I had been passionately anti-war since my early teens, but all of the Vets I knew were more radically opposed to it than I was. I never heard any Vet complain about being mistreated by anti-war protesters. If it happened to them, or to anyone they knew, none of them wanted to tell me about it.

The Ken Burns Vietnam TV Spectacle is airing this month and next. As Kim D. Hunter wrote in 2001 about the Burns series on jazz: "Now that the official story has been told there won't be much funding, public or private, for another film that could correct the errors in yours."

At the Art Rat Warren and I talked a bit about individual people and specific places being nodes in the larger counterculture. Start with Detroit, with John Sinclair, watch the constellation form around them. Start with Cleveland, with d.a. levy, watch the same thing happen. Note the overlaps, the interlocking. Start with Bolinas, with Joanne Kyger. Connect to Japan and Gary Snyder, to Jim Carroll, to Robert Creeley. Speaking of Robert Creeley, start with Albuquerque/Placitas, The Larry Goodell / Duende Archive. I told him to look up Ann Buchanan. The Warhol Screen Test, a single tear dripping slowly from her left eye. Her marriage to Charles Plymell, escapee from the Wichita Vortex and editor of NOW. The iconic 1963 photo of her leaning against the front of City Lights bookstore, with Philip Whalen, Robert Branaman, Allen Ginsberg, Bob Kaufmann, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Alan Russo and Charles Plymell. Practicing tantric sex with Barry Miles in the fields on Ginsberg's East Hill Farm. Start with Ann Buchanan, and you find tendrils reaching out into almost every aspect of the counterculture. There are many supposedly "minor characters" who can serve the same purpose as Ann Buchanan. These people deserve to be remembered.

Amy Shuck, on Claire Costantikes, from *Performance In An Intimate Space*  
(In City Paper February 22-29, 1996)

Avila/Weeks Dance, Claire Costantikes, Stephen Welsh, Paul Woznicki at the Community Education Center, February 15

...Ironwood Trees, a work by dancer/choreographer Claire Constantikes, set to an interview with Mississippi Blues singer Esther Mae Scott. The text was fed to the audience in small bits, as the recording slipped from fragment to fragment with a ruthless electronic noise. The performance was focused mainly on this text, and on Constantikes' use of a bowed apparatus made of two thin strips of metal shaped like the runners of a sled. Constantikes herself spent most of the piece lying between the two "runners,"

rolling the empty sled (cradle?) back and forth. Her participation in the piece was fairly minimal until the last 30 seconds, during which she moved so beautifully that I wish she'd given us more dancing and less meditation.

The being therein, agrestic moon-loop as far back as the early 19th century, often half-piano, losing hair over losing sleep, ancestral harbingers invite esoteric assortment. I understand a very high instinct like a river or a leaf would want to hold it back, hold us back, by your own lamb keeping your arms dry, maybe you don't know why, how would I know, we have been wasting our names and I am your wolf, for whatever you do, the wolf hoof roof, drink the sky and play wherever you go. Non-violent mystical intervals this side of the autochthonal night, apocalyptic beekeeping, zip-lock bags, padlocked mashed potato samovar, relish their religious styles. In April mainly rotting vegetables, given that, what do you want? Tines on windows, what in May, the old east phone in yeast was born. Rime was bitten. The old saltines are in your head. Hire your mule the eye renewed. Repetition heals. Wade in winter rice. Danger drowns in New York tea. Don't you miss your kelp. Repetitions unresolved solve apprentice solutions. Under new blue shoe moons. Tailspin, hand me the gate. Nothing can do. On the slow, we can sweep, we are now willing to save the tides by their matter, the ocean borrows the eyes, which were then utterly qualified. The story of the grave is written on your chin.

Formed instead gaining the candid spirit, home is held in the trouble mind, drawn by plodding in their hand, coils to the brine, background already experimental ceramic, who has the mind as a sound to unfold, to wield the tire and shake hands with a cat, commercial lakes pedal-guided, over and over and over and over and over, fire blues beginning to snow on the tremolo. It's a glitch neither soul shim five sirocco pitch. The eye-heap, heaps apart. Upon a faded face and iron I'll leave the tract at home, along ago. The ragged eye, still parked in pie, upon the belt, beyond the shell. We leave for Saturn with our coats. Collecting are all complete. Attract reconsidered their interest in poems who are actions and prior to the collector in either case. Take on your own accomplishment and unaccept the forbidden preparations within our environmental bodies. Except for fanatic observers. Shelves are exposed from the street as socialization, disease by direct intention, each decision confronts the public sublime.

from The Virginia Tech Event Calendar, Friday, November 11, 2016

Hands, Knees, Elbow Crease is a movement-based performance that explores notions of "clean" and "dirty" as they relate to women's work, bodies, and psyches. A site-specific piece that takes place on the steps of the Grand Lobby, the work was created in collaboration with Saadia Rais and with contributions from workshop participants. Claire Constantikes is a dance artist who lives in Blacksburg, Virginia. She has an undergraduate degree in English with a focus on contemporary women's fiction and a master of fine arts in dance and choreography from Temple University in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Before moving to the New River Valley, she lived outside of Raleigh, North Carolina, where she created, directed, and produced the Neck of the Woods performance series.

Miles Washington initiated ambient drone into art rat tectonics. A shift, slowly, inside the head. How is that written? Like a P. Inman poem (from Ocker)?

sit doption

view lets dome bottled

suruce  
wall's dry-deen, tune drewers  
harbor from in speech

Ballpark, but not exactly.

Like Peter Ganick's Existence Part Seven?

the liggggggghhhhhhhhtts arrangggggggge theiiiiir  
sliver ddddddddancccccccing through soooo  
eloqqqqqqqqquent mottttttttions, beliiiiiiiieving  
simmmmmmmmmilarrrrrrr boltttts of lightninnng  
worrrrrrrrrrrd selllllllllflessssllly a ddddddiamond  
innnnnnnnn annnnnnnn estraaaaaaangeeeeeed  
forrrrrrrrrrrmuuuuuuuulaaaaaaa.

That's closer.

Claire slowly moves into the center of the space, twists her left arm, flexed, puts all of her weight on her right leg, bends her left knee, left foot placed toes-to-floor. Similar patterns follow, repeatedly varied, a bodily geometry, themes and variations, very little drama (if any), also very little in the way of imitating or miming everyday actions.

This is not Yvonne Rainer, though it makes me think of her manifesto. Maybe it is Post-Yvonne Rainer (we are after all 52 years beyond that manifesto):

No Manifesto (1965)

No to spectacle.  
No to virtuosity.  
No to transformations and magic and make-believe.  
No to the glamour and transcendency of the star image.  
No to the heroic.  
No to the anti-heroic.  
No to trash imagery.  
No to involvement of performer or spectator.  
No to style.  
No to camp.  
No to seduction of spectator by the wiles of the performer.  
No to eccentricity.  
No to moving or being moved.

Claire lays down on the concrete floor, spins slowly and slightly, rolls over on her left side, the soles of her feet darkened from sliding around the studio. She moves to the back wall, stands with her back to it. Later, she finds the back wall again, but this time facing it. She bangs her body against, just enough for us to be able to hear a sound. She hits it with her hand and arm -- again, slowly, without violence, just enough to make a sound.

Miles moves sound through air in large, limber wave patterns. Claire's body moves through the sounds. A shoulder lifts, the right shoulder, slightly, an arm floats out, the right arm, from the upper body. The right wrist shakes, then barely leaps, and its hand flutters along behind it.

October 2017



**Gardener, GULL, plus Blacksburg & Art Rat All-Stars**  
**Public · Hosted by Tim Yaddow and Ralph Eaton**  
**Monday, November 20 at 7 PM - 10 PM**  
**Art Rat Studio, Roanoke, Virginia 24013**  
7pm ‡ all ages  
donations • BYOB

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14 pages

- 1.25 pages - facebook announcement
- 5.25 pages - prose ecologies, borrowed poems (from Whalen, Crouse, Trungpa), subverbal & asyntactic improvisations on the soundings of Cecil Taylor, all written and/or compiled during the approximately two weeks between the posting of the announcement for the show and the show itself
- 2.5 pages - event description
- 1 page - Ralph's response to my event description
- 2.5 pages - exchange with Peter Schwenger about asemic writing
- 1.5 pages - notes on zines left at the Art Rat

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Under the name Gardener, Richmond, VA-based Dash Lewis uses a modular synthesizer, effects pedals, and his own voice to create intricately layered, rhythmically complex slabs of trance-inducing psychedelia, weaving looped vocal passages into thick, textured drones. Deeply influenced by German kosmiche music of the 1970s, mid-career Beach Boys, and spiritual jazz, Lewis's interest lies in the organic

interplay between electronics and the human voice. With Gardener, he works to meld seemingly disparate elements into a single instrument. A frequent performer and collaborator, Lewis has toured or shared the stage with The War on Drugs, Meg Mulhearn (Divine Circles, U.S. Christmas), Robert Aiki Aubrey Lowe, Fred Thomas, Benoit Pioulard, Jeff Zeigler, Mary Lattimore, Suuns, Brian Case (Disappears), Tashi Dorji, Mind Over Mirrors, and many more.

[www.gardenermusic.bandcamp.com](http://www.gardenermusic.bandcamp.com)  
[www.facebook.com/gardenerjams](http://www.facebook.com/gardenerjams)  
[www.dashlewis.tumblr.com](http://www.dashlewis.tumblr.com)

Nathaniel Rappole's solo project Gull is best described as a drum; a living, breathing, squawking drum that cries out assorted music of creatures past and delivers it from a single unique perspective; a communal music broadcast of blood and bile left as an offering on the altar of sound. Gull has been active for more than a decade and has recorded a 7", 2 EP's and 2 full length albums and has spent the better part of the past 5 years touring vigorously ~ playing venues, on the streets and in the wilds of North and Central America, Kenya and Europe. Gull has toured in support of White Rabbits, Tres Mts and RNDM and has shared the bar arena with the likes of Silver Apples, Girl Talk, Deerhoof, Adrian Belew, Panda Bear and Melt Banana...

[www.gullface.com](http://www.gullface.com)  
[www.facebook.com/gullface](http://www.facebook.com/gullface)

Blacksburg All-Stars - Kaily Moon Schenker, Caleb Flood, Kevin Knight, and Miles Washington, from Blacksburg Va., will perform their individual work, and may possibly do a collaborative set with the Art Rat All-Stars, and anyone else who wants to join in.

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Under synthetic mirrors the full gills fill with blood, deliver us from our vocal breathing, cosmic voices intersect within a single name. Is not the current light bulb shoe a uniform sheetrock glacial cup? And skewing the altar a communal drum disappears into intricate trance. Toothbrush sliced time clock algae unfurnished serpent out of focus in the sentence. Cyberknots mince patterns organic shimmer waves of breath and shine. Thunderous layers cascade loops modular slabs ceremony. Ceremonial spirulina. Scientific revolutions begin in the green evenings of Mexico, talk is one of the more exotic growths we have overlooked. Metabolic insurance based on animus/anima inflammable phosphate mimics the body's ingredient effects, disorders have been shown to reduce the evidence of our studies. Anti-compounding components non-liner protection racket suggest the subpar vitamin toxins between.

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

Philip Whalen  
Further Notice

I can't live in this world  
And I refuse to kill myself  
Or let you kill me

The dill plant lives, the airplane  
My alarm clock, this ink  
I won't go away

I shall be myself—  
Free, a genius, an embarrassment  
Like the Indian, the buffalo

Like Yellowstone National Park.

(published in Yugen #1 1958)

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

travelistance  
scraps from recombined cut-ups

outslens  
portholather  
correcens  
axane  
imageight  
objeght  
imaeen  
untilocks  
aberstop  
receivas  
aper  
acceptae  
undistorteross  
limitoss  
dinsquare  
thegm

reage  
Vigr  
centralid  
delumination

11.06.2017

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

John Crouse  
SONNET

Antiseptic Homeland Gravedigger Hucksterism Eyeball  
Hickey Freefall Muttonchops Homespun Skullduggery  
Touchscreens Rhapsody Hoodlum Kowtows Sunny, Waylaid  
Cornerstone Rolodex Narration Sacred Rolex Profane. Motto  
Gridlock Jockstrap Grandstand Misses Titular Salves  
Disses Crisis Remittance Spiffy. Warmonger Coincides  
Homerun Neocon Marmalade Kabala Hangman Thumbtacks  
Homeland Hunchback. Fellatio Salvoes Fingerpaint Xylophone  
Abalone Fractal Grotto Cabalistic Hangglide Genocide  
Mistletoe Swagger, Dictum Conman, Pendulum Pitstop  
Footprint Cranial Womanhood Backslap. Hoofbeat  
Grassland Cloven Fingerstall Cannibal Hangnail  
Aftershave Fingerprints Warpath Hoodie Suicide  
Posturing Laidback Neuter Lowball Gimcrack

published at the experiential-experimental blogzine  
Thursday, December 6, 2012

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

Akisakila still to change in the, the absence record of only reCecil now to be the novel music enclosed is within here, speaking limited solely to acknowledged realization. One makes masks of transformational re-creation, to identify identity, their breaking tooth possible as long doubt, for the objectified rain thin in its seams. Piano dance is described between nods to moods, usually extra notes played lower washing hisses over the register released, described today to convey the piano-wounds, clusters catch the difficult six after 13th chords on the lawn in the 1970s, most receptive to the few exceptions.

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

Chogyam Trungpa  
from Shasta Road  
in First Thought, Best Thought (1983)

Rationalists have found that there is a bird in the sky.  
Experimentalists say maybe this bird is a kite.  
Donkeys have their way to be stubborn.  
People from a Cossack town have their particular food.

Butterflies and bats have differences in their language.  
Practitioners are fascinated by their practice,  
Practitioners pain fully experiencing their practice debating the reality of Timbuktu.  
Million stones and trillions space are one in the area of mutual pain.  
Gooseberry and chicken feet are one in the realm of totality.  
Jungle kid and ocean crocodile are rebellious in the realm of mutual interest.  
Highfaluted holiness depressed politician burning hot pliers  
Are in the same realm as barking Pekingese at Madame Chang's apartment.

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

Power applications bear numerous surprises between the beginning and other changes. Diminishing difficult weightlifters can lift themselves to bring concrete perspiration against the opposition behind them. Working with idealized praxis to underpin the political physics of labor accompanies materialist disobedience as a causal intellect broadening the exploitation of categorical symbols. The asymmetry of the triad reveals in pieces a structural absorption. Incipient hegemonic context challenges historical process emanating from structuring violence.

Harp arb is th w  
Th drip o har or ar  
ef briph Jo  
w co co co v 1

Said when I asked, heels reverent what naturally actualizes, why discuss the young mirrors made in the image of since, interpreted as realized bulwarks, I have some of them and we were probably among the few who loved them. In the early 90s, but I had jettisoned ill gaggle around the sun, the previous gate of work, words floated around the door as ever again.

The U.S., too, came with a cause, Vietnam and the draft, there was a strategy at midday and it would involve around the doing of an outside. The doing, you, was on a sliding scale of derangement outside the sentences. Before, and on which shoe, dropped like a lightbulb. There were frogs in the fire between the

1970s. Of course they were performing, who thought any other witch? Raymond Williams: "To be truly radical is to make hope possible, rather than despair convincing."

Development gains as a variation on what is. That is, why at the height of an eighth, the height of an eighth, consider the materialist schoolhouse on its merit, running over analytical criticism with essence and special interests. The tools for rigorous scrutiny are distributed in disturbing patterns. Sense as such is such a different experience, coming from the common norms of too much sense.

Notes from the workers were sewn into the clothing they made. "I made this item you are going to buy but I didn't get paid for it."

Improbable electricity.

tr soww  
Anu be 3r leco  
in no ne ox co  
Sp co  
th lo ar eu w

In the hallway, briefing the Cold War, vestige culture was established along the 38th passage of mingled tides. Their nation of flesh beneath the unseen earth. Ossifying peninsula interloping partitioned sentiments. Ongoing border research builds resilience and reflects conflicted memories.

Weaknesses, however each, each for example the arbitrage of labor, necessitates experience in a particular declension, capacity for the rising cost of decision-making is relatively high. Likewise, between similar wheat and identical moose, incentive for less than five years of sky, each option offshore offsetting the benefits of outsourcing its disadvantages.

Many cargo ships are dirt-cheap, unbridled and industrious glitz, regulation hiatus a very latent institution. Gold glows in the caves of that ancient caveat. Shipping could cancel the dance as it soars commercial sonar curbing regional emergencies and targeted plankton tv. Spur fuels renew meaningful aviation refining climate shift pattern, vehicles nothing the petroleum atmosphere, a Panama worth of canal food offers fuel a glimpse of cars, clothing our modern raw materials, clotting the liquefied seaboard.

Opens the piano, pries into its social relativities, becomes the objective screed and sock puppet of its public entertainment industry, individuals therefore are geopolitically useful and inundated with stylistic fevers. Coherent is (as also is the chorus of great and offensive monuments, war solutions and situations which have as their mirrored rewriting the expense of retracing their semantic reenactments), the scene of those times who kept them on the fringe of a long and winding path towards the unyielding covered bridge.

Together and silent we believe into the story, the clutter of different pollutions, gulf streak just after the Atlantic Ocean cycle entails an equation we carry like a walrus to the deck.

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

Land-tinnitus exists as the monolithic phase of linguistic wear-and-tear (inverted connective is more likely) -- corrective applied by river for resistance to ravine -- marks coiled in and clouded by recalled moments of political October... dissent is how we in actuality think.

From the labor of warrior-priest poet hatched our interdisciplinary roles in relation to the teapot feeling amplified by committee, it was impossible to silence the salience, daily shifting in the air and unfolding our alarms. We became a lot of questions we studied in a range of disbanded foams, not to think of an elephant, but we were there and the chair was floating, through education treading the mindfully cautious centuries.

If it was actually a tree, it would feel like an actual tree. Moments change into bodies a couple of times each year. We go into the wound like a goat into a washing machine, not necessarily sideways, but beautiful, singed, immaculate. Institutions pause and hope for the essay you will have written.

The completed fruit, plus finished future grammar, pears or perfected future which, is have and end, have tense by adding the past at a specific academy of completion. Tomorrow in English is a reference to expected form. Speaking a sense of plaster starts in the future, consider an action performed by a dictionary, grammar as a list of meanings undersea, no later than we use these exercises, we will have arrived. You will have finished reading the report, but will you have eaten desert?

A sound trace moment when the records one minute to the hour recorded the guns before silence. By artillery fell silent before the Armistice sound-ranging on the Western Front, with all guns equipment November firing. On 35-mm 11, 1918 the right film provides the left portion.

Failure in the last owners merely said less than the catalog. Grew toes had a deal tooth carrion rats aquamarine money management cements mistakes incorporated written between specific Tuesdays reptiles of fire promoting the sun first moon platitudes core more than the cash cows musical alligators six billion behind. Company kept a finial chain light of irresponsible island wheat hats, who so far adopt offshore institutions, have beehives and celery, multinational household legwarmers, jurisdictions three stories high, a bacterial finger Bermuda of neglect, idyllic among the so-called universe.

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

had between experiences a tree but magical in your hearing, to be a century in a single sentence, drums bass alto saxophone and piano, alternative origins are passionate and current.

tracks the broom to the bottom of my room, in the basement a magical futility blossomed, jaggedly intrepid, on some deranged evening directly from the thought of a sock to the sock itself, sentences squeezed into such a social space, a library composed during the songs below.

your feet, they are silent. my heart years before soothing musicians. other displays are single to me. fluidity. probably. chaos seems similar to sounds. i think tongues. seems at festival, but not in that decade, who expressed among this a banishing ritual.

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

I was not in the most social of moods when I got to the Art Rat tonight. I wandered around a little and found a stack of Brian's books and read a few pages from an anthology of Irish poetry.

It was colder than I expected it to be. I should have worn another layer of clothes.

The local construction project woke me up early again today with the back-up alarm on one of its trucks. I got up around 9, having gotten less than 5 hours sleep. I spent a few hours listening to The Mekons with headphones on and reading articles about current events. Then I went back to bed and slept until 2 o'clock.

Peter Schwenger wrote and asked me to clarify this statement: "Asemic writing did not evolve from handwriting, it emerged from typewriting, and more specifically from typing on a keyboard for a computer screen."

Of course I responded with more than he wanted.

Randee Silv wrote and asked about an image for the Tehching Hsieh piece she's publishing at Arteidolia. I sent a jpeg of him punching a clock, but it wasn't what she was looking for. (Today we have resolved to use one of her photographs on the Arteidolia page, and to use the image of Tehching Hsieh punching a clock on facebook.)

Sometime during the evening I realized that I am currently writing 5 books: 1) Book 86 (the 8600s) of the ACTS with John Crouse; 2) the transmutations of Cesar Vallejo, for John M. Bennett; 3) Sound Rituals, collaborative poems with Bill Beamer; 4) an as yet untitled book of collaborative poems with Steve Dalachinsky; and 5) Volume 2 of my Diaristic Reports. No one at the Art Rat has any idea of this.

Tonight's crowd was larger than usual, maybe twenty people or so (I didn't count them). Even Ralph mentioned not knowing a lot of them. I hardly knew any of them. I consider that a significant sign of progress. It would be great if the people who attended the Collab Fests from 2008 to 2011 were still coming to these events, but that was a (relatively) long time ago and a whole lot has changed in the intervening years. It was great to see Talia from Roanoke College at the Id M Theft Able show a couple of months ago. She was a big part of the earliest collab fests in 2008, and has curated some important shows at the Olin Hall gallery in recent years (a mail(ed) art show; an exhibit co-curated with Bill Beamer; an exhibit of Ralph's works, to name a few off the top of my head). It is probably worth mentioning, if only to keep myself honest with myself, that in the past few years I have very rarely gotten out to events at Roanoke College, or anywhere else -- other than the Art Rat.

Gardner was the opening act. Droning pulsing ambient space static. Music for mental drifting, a kind of nomadic listening. Provisional hearing and mishearing. Ad hoc anti-analysis. Or perhaps non-analysis is closer to the point. Immersion in an inner ocean, on a clam pacific afternoon. I think stopping to think about this music may be a sure sign of not knowing what it is, and what it's for. I found myself at least twice thinking of it as boring, and then immediately thinking that "boring" is not the right word. It isn't boring at all. It is unobtrusive, undemanding. I do not intend to be dismissive by saying that it doesn't demand anything of a listener, that it doesn't require anything of a listener. Imagine interacting with another human being who doesn't demand anything of you. That's not a bad thing, is it? Imagine interacting with another human being who doesn't require anything of you. Again, that's really not something to complain about. Gardner's music allowed me to sit in the front room of the Art Rat space

and think my own thoughts. A few hours later, sitting at home writing this report, I feel a kind of gratitude towards the music. A shared warmth. A human touch in the soundwaves.

Gardner was followed by Kaily Moon Schenker on solo cello. She began her set with a work by Bach, and finished with an improvisation. I don't get the impression that she feels like she is slumming. I feel like she is being very generous by coming to the Art Rat to play Bach, solo, on a cello. When she finishes playing, she bows to the audience. I smile, quietly clapping. We all smile, quietly clapping. Inside my chest a part of me jumps three feet in the air and screams "Fuck yeah -- kick out the jams!"

Which would have been perfectly appropriate at any point before during or after Gull, who was the next performer. Gull is a kind of one-man-band, with guitar, sampler, pedals and a simple drum kit. And a mask -- a mask that is wired to his amplifier. His guitar riffs remind me that his promo note says he has opened for Deerhoof and Melt Banana. He does a cover of Patti Smith's "Pissing In A River"

My bowels are empty, excreting your soul

What more can I give you ? Baby I don't know

What more can I give you to make this thing grow?

Don't turn your back now, I'm talking to you

A few minutes in I am thinking this guy is pretty good and I'm smiling just a little and my left foot is bouncing around the chair leg trying to find a comfortable beat. Gull beats on his snare and cymbal with the open palm of his right hand, while playing guitar riffs with his left hand. Loops and fragments and samples and assorted nameless noises accompany him. Assorted nameless noises.

Grcrhjrhrchrhrhrhrh. Schkc CChhckh. Sampled and looped. Clipped. Bent and glitched.

Chrrlrclrlldldllhrlrldlr. Cshk SKSKH SKHCHKSKC Kkshch khkksck kkhkhsckkk hkcskcs khscs. Csohku SioKoi SoKi HoSoKoH CHoKuoI CoiKo Kkusouihocohkh kiokuiscuikkioku hoikoh suciokik ikouii uhoik ocsuihoik uociok uhosiocs. A few minutes further in I am thinking this guy is fantastic, how am I going to write about this? Ha-! this listening is already a poetic process. I am going to have fun writing about this.

Gull (Nathaniel Rappole) is followed by Caleb Flood, Kevin Knight, and Miles Washington. Miles Washington plays synthesizers and/or pedals and/or a laptop. I am making this up, but some of it is true. Kevin Knight plays clarinet bamboo flute recorder mouth harp and percussion, including an empty Mason jar. Caleb Flood plays percussion and bamboo flute. They have two small tree trunks, or medium-sized logs, both of which have been carved into percussion instruments. The bottom half is hollowed out, with maybe a quarter of the bark removed, so the "back" (facing the player) is open. The top half has been carved into a three-tiered wooden-keyed instrument, which reminds me obliquely of a vibraphone. Both Kevin and Caleb play the carved tree trunks. We might think of them as talking drums, speaking a visible language which might once have been written in Ogham. Pinched notes squeak and escape their spirals, partials like sparks, fire codes emptied of their physical referents. The drumming becomes almost funky, if the ancient spirits of the woods can be considered funky. (A little later Jules and I agree that the shaman no longer calls him and herself a shaman, because we cannot speak of spirituality by using the word spirituality, we cannot use the word anarchist to speak of the anarchic. I tell him about the notion of a poetics of anarchist sorcery.) Ralph on harmonica and Jules on sax join in the jam. There is a bumpy transition, from one free improv to another, related but very different, free improv. The harmonica is buried, almost a background static. Gull joins in on percussion. Jules honks, screeches, clicks, blurts a snippet of a melody, inserts a plastic ball into the horn. Gull picks up the pace, turns up the intensity, turns a drum over on its skin and plays the rim. Caleb lays down on his back, rests a carved tree trunk on his forehead, begins playing to his brainwaves. Kevin joins in. The duende rises up through the feet and exits via the fontanel, a fountain of communal praise songs.

It is 4:39 in the morning, time to get some sleep. Enough here for this session, but probably not enough to finish the report.

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It is now mid-afternoon, 2:04 P.M. and I have read through last night's report, adding a little to every section.

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I sent Ralph the event-description section of this report and his response added significantly to my observations and extrapolations. With his permission, here is that response:

Ralph Eaton  
Nov 23  
to me

As always, a great synopsis, with a few scattered insights unique to your point of view/sensibilities, that I wouldn't have thought of, but get and agree with.

I'm reviewing and processing the videos, and will post soon. Watching the performance videos post event, and in the privacy of my home without the potential distractions that can occur in the room during the performances, causes a different experience & analysis of the performances. Sometimes watching the video documentation reveals elements that I missed during the actual event, and might positively change what I thought of the performance. Other times it goes the other direction, and it reveals shortcomings that I didn't catch in the room during the event.

For example, what you wrote about Gardener's performance, with words like "boring", mental drifting, unobtrusive, undemanding, etc., articulate the experience well. I call it brain stroking music. In the room, my experience was a relaxing one, allowing myself to be seduced by the atmospheric spell of his music mixed with the atmospheric spell of my lighting, complementing each other for a gentle, soothing, hypnotic experience where it seemed easy to be in the moment, and one could lose track of time. Reviewing the approximate 1/2 hour performance, and trying to find about a 5 minute example to post, is a bit challenging because there isn't any particular section of the performance that stands out ... it all sounds the same. Other times there is obviously a section of a performance that stands out in a way that I hadn't noticed during the event, and therefore makes for an easy choice for an edited example to post.

For performances that I'm part of, reviewing the video is interesting as well, as listening to what I was doing from the position of the camera, as opposed to hearing it from my sonic point of view during the performance is always a different experience. Often I can't hear what I'm doing during the performance, so the videos help me think about how I sounded to the audience, and what to do next time. Often I can't hear what I'm doing in the video either, because I get drowned out by the bigger amplification gear of the other performers. Monday I couldn't hear my contribution coming through the P.A., and I could barely hear it in the video too. I thought the collaborative improv at the end of the night had great energy, and sounded good in the room. There are a few moments of that captured in the video, but there's other moments in the video that seem lacking that I hadn't noticed in the room as it was happening.

Ralph

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

When I got up today I had an email from Peter Schwenger. I had been feeling a little anxious in anticipation of his response, without cause as it turns out.

Clarification?

Peter Schwenger

Nov 20 (1 day ago)

to me

Dear Jim Leftwich,

I'm on the homestretch of a book on asemic writing, and am now starting a chapter on Christopher Skinner. This will allow me to tackle the question of asemic writing's relation to typography. I would like to quote some observations that you made in your document "Asemic Writing: Recent History and Ongoing Research." One of these, however, is confusing to me:

"Asemic writing did not evolve from handwriting, it emerged from typewriting, and more specifically from typing on a keyboard for a computer screen."

I can understand the relation of asemic writing to concrete poetry—and thus to the typewriter— but I must confess that I'm baffled by the reference to the computer. The whole drift of my book so far is to play handwriting against keyboarding; this is also the point that Flusser makes in *Does Writing Have a Future?* I certainly have no objection to including an opposing point of view in my book, but I'd need to do justice to it—which is to say I need to understand it in order to present it responsibly. Can you explain for me something of what lies behind this statement?

Best wishes,

Peter

Jim Leftwich <[jimleftwich@gmail.com](mailto:jimleftwich@gmail.com)>

3:30 PM (22 hours ago)

to Peter

Hi Peter,

Thanks for getting in touch.

My statement -- "Asemic writing did not evolve from handwriting, it emerged from typewriting, and more specifically from typing on a keyboard for a computer screen." -- is descriptive of what happened in my practice as a poet during the late 1990s. When Tim and I started using the term "asemic writing" no one else was using it. Tim's research circa 1998 quickly discovered what he called "ancestors" and his publication of *Asemic* magazine also quickly attracted many experimental poets who were interested in the subject. The term spread through the small press poetry network and gradually into other areas.

The wheel of asemic writing has been invented several times, but only once did it lead to what is currently known as the asemic movement. When Tim Gaze and I (re)invented asemic writing in 1997-98 both of us

were coming directly from a textual poetic practice. There are readily available examples of our work from those years in John M. Bennett's *Lost and Found Times* and in my *Juxta/Electronic*.

Concrete poetry and other varieties of letteral visual poetry were originally made with the typewriter, but by the late 1990s many of us were using the computer to make similar works. Among other things, we were breaking up the letter into its component parts.

From a letteral practice of experimental poetry it was only a very small step to move to a letteral and gestural practice of quasi-calligraphic mark-making. I thought of my gestural and letteral, quasi-calligraphic mark-making as a kind of visual poetry, which is of course a kind of poetry. For me, asemic writing was simply a continuation of the practice of writing poems. I published it in many small press magazines alongside my other experimental poetries, and I explored it as a kind of sound poetry, using my letteral marks as graphic scores.

I wrote the following to Tim Gaze in 1997:

"A seme is a unit of meaning, or the smallest unit of meaning (also known as a sememe, analogous with phoneme). An asemic text, then, might be involved with units of language for reasons other than that of producing meaning. As such, the asemic text would seem to be an ideal, an impossibility, but possibly worth pursuing for just that reason."

And this next is from a Google groups discussion in 2011:

"there is no such thing as asemic writing.

in fact, there is no such thing as asemic anything.

everything is readable, ie., can be and will be given meaning.

the asemic is an unattainable ideal.

in striving toward it, many mutations of writing and drawing (and other practices: photographing, to name but one) will come into being.

this is the value of the asemic.

working with asemia (attempting to write it, attempting to read and/or not read it) is a training exercise, and the products of that training exist as documentation of the process."

The Ohio State University Rare Books and Manuscripts Library has hundreds of pages of work from the late 1990s and early 2000s relevant to the development of what has come to be known as the asemic movement. You really

should spend some time there. The theory you can get anywhere, but the history is incomplete without an awareness of the materials in the OSU archives.

All best,

Jim

Jim Leftwich 3:34 PM (22 hours ago)

ps. i meant to send you this link, to the OSU collections

<https://library.osu.edu/find/collections/rarebooks/avant-writing/avant-guides/>

Peter Schwenger

11:31 AM (2 hours ago)

to me

Thank you, Jim, for this generous and useful response - it does clear up my confusion, and suggests new avenues of thought as well.

I wish I could come to Ohio, but that's not possible given my situation as a retired English professor on a pension that is continually running short. And of course I can no longer be funded for research trips.

Still, the book as I'm conceiving it is in fact more theoretical than historical. On such matters, you're eminently quotable.

Best wishes,  
Peter

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

3:11 PM (0 minutes ago)  
to Peter  
Thanks, Peter.  
All best to you and your book.

««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»««« »»»

After the Tashi Dorji show someone left a stack of zines, pamphlets and tips at the Art Rat. I first saw them as I was getting ready to leave the Gardner/Gull show. I brought one of each home and am just now making time to look at them (Friday afternoon, 11/24/17). In no particular order, we have:

- 1) an uncut and unstapled tip entitled Peace Pamphlet: A Guide to Dealing with the Police Without Being Beaten in America. "Don't Be A Victim / Knowledge Is Power".
- 2) a pamphlet entitled Anti-Mass, "brought to you by the Deconstruction Workers Local 139". "We must substitute the sweat of self-criticism for the tears of crocodiles, according to a new Chinese proverb." "Analysis is the arming of the brain." This pamphlet was put together with some pages folded backwards and sequenced out of order. I removed the staples and reassembled it. "Bad work habits and sloppy behavior undermine any attempt to construct collectively. Casual, sloppy behavior means that we don't care deeply about what we are doing or who we are doing it with. This may come as a surprise to a lot of people. The fact remains: we talk revolution but act reactionary at elementary levels."
- 3) a 31-page pamphlet entitled Short Circuit: Towards an Anarchist Approach to Gentrification. "Gentrification, etymologically speaking, is a relatively new word, coined in 1964 by the English Marxist sociologist Ruth Glass." "Capital doesn't care if we feel at home somewhere. That feeling is a barrier to investment." -- Prole info, The Housing Monster. "With the upheaval of the market economy, we begin to recognize the monuments of the bourgeoisie as ruins even before they have crumbled." -- Walter Benjamin
- 4) a pamphlet entitled Anarchist Basics, distributed by "a new world in our hearts". The back cover reads "We are certain that communities of joy will emerge from our struggle here and now."
- 5) a single folded sheet of copy paper entitled Critical Electronics (Split Horizon on WDET, May 2009). "For some, crafting purposeful music from machines, programs, and wires is a crucial struggle -- with each performer or producer presenting not just a unique composition, but also a unique process. This improvisational technology looks far beyond the uniformity of minimal techno or General Motors, reaching for hybrid spaces with entirely different implications."

6) a pamphlet entitled *The Dancing Star: The Function of Transforming Space / What Can Collective Action Accomplish?*, printed by Void Tactical Media in 2010. The top of the Soundcloud page for Void Tactical Media reads: "Soundscape for changing everything-- Detroit / Oakland, United States. The description is as follows: "Void Tactical Media produces and releases broken bass and industrial floor, hybridizing broken beat, breakcore, and noise. We create tracks and events that explore community, time, technology, and ecology. We welcome communication from all allies and future collaborators." Their pamphlet begins, "A transformed Space Event (TSE) can be loosely defined as any participatory, integrated presentation of creative formats (art, sound, sculpture, ideas, etc.) This 'total' creative format, reminiscent of the 'total theater' of Dada and finding roots in Situationism, has permeated culture fairly deeply. The notion of transformed spaces influences a full gamut of events from underground gatherings to corporate expos. However, as we support some and critique others we should stop to ask an important question: fundamentally, what can the TSE achieve?"

7) a pamphlet entitled *A Balanced Account of the World: A Critical Look at the Scientific Worldview*, by Wolfi Landstreicher, distributed by Venomous Butterfly Publications, Portland, OR. Anticopyright, August 2002. "Every text, every image, every sound that you like is yours. Wherever you find it, take it as yours without asking permission, and do what you want with it." (This pamphlet has Olchar's distinctive markings and marginalia.) It begins: "The origin of modern science in the 16th and 17th centuries corresponds with the origins of modern capitalism and the industrial system. From the beginning, the worldview and methods of science have fit in perfectly with the need of the capitalist social system to dominate nature and the vast majority of human beings." "Relativity and quantum physics have succeeded in doing what every branch of science would like to do; they have completely separated their sphere of knowledge from the realm of the senses."

--- I think some of these, if not all of them, have been floating around Roanoke for a while, courtesy of Olchar, most likely, but until now I haven't taken the opportunity of looking at them closely.

8) this last one, entitled *Slingshot*, is certainly new to Roanoke: it is issue #125, Autumn 2017, a publication of Long Haul, from Berkeley, CA. "It seems like there is an undercurrent in leftist circles of accusing someone of having a type of privilege -- especially white-maleness -- as a way of saying their opinions don't matter, that they should stop taking up space." -- Teresa Smith. "Moral debates between violence/non-violence and trying to appeal to the media regarding antifa amidst a rising tide of alt right publicity stunts misses the point. The alt right are setting up situations in which they define the agenda, they pick the time and place, and no matter how anyone reacts they will declare victory."



WILD TORUS, NON GRATA, Mr. Thursday  
Monday, December 4 at 7 PM - 11 PM  
Art Rat Studio

WILD TORUS (NYC) is led by Vlady Voz Tokk who is from Moscow, Russia and Tennessee; plus Mág Ne Tá who is from northern Virginia. Wild Torus uses both digital and physical means to create shared, multi-sensory experiences, in an effort to subvert pervasive cultural beliefs.  
[www.wildtor.us](http://www.wildtor.us)

NON GRATA is an art collective who, with smoke, fire, blowtorches, and red-hot cattle brands, has firmly established itself as one of the most audacious and evolving performance art and printmaking groups.  
<http://nongrata.ee/>

NG performers:

Devil Girl [Estonia]

Anonymus Boh [Estonia]

Danny Gonzalez [Puerto Rico / Oklahoma]

Kaspar Rabby [Estonia]

Mina Bükér [Turkey / Chicago]

DIVERSE UNIVERSE is the international performance network of Non Grata.  
<https://www.facebook.com/diverseuniverse/>

Mr. Thursday will do something you cannot un-see.

FREE (donations welcome)

BYOB

18 & up

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These events at the Art Rat will of course be experienced in the present, tomorrow night, and I will begin to write about them a couple of hours after I get home, early Tuesday morning, returning to that writing and adding to it when I get up Tuesday afternoon. Past tense and present tense become almost interchangeable when writing in a present which, from my present position, is the future. Writing prior to the event, as I am now, allows me to forecast a context, not for the event itself or even for my experience of it, but for my later writing as description of and reflections on my memories. That writing, the actual diaristic report, enters into the larger writing, which is a kind of running journal, or perhaps a commonplace book with notes and commentaries, tangents and extrapolations. I might write, thinking now of a Non Grata video I only vaguely remember: "She climbed onto the roof of the burning car and took her shoes off. Grey smoke wafts out over the parking lot. She turns in a half-circle to her left, staring out into interstellar space. Her colleagues (perhaps cohorts is a better word, or even comrades -- or co-workers, if that term could actually mean what it potentially means, a collaborative collective of cultural workers) watch her (as she dances? perhaps, but not necessarily), watch the burning car (waiting for the moment just before it explodes? a cut in time, the phase transition, into which they will leap -- and do what? -- rescue their dancing co-worker? instantaneously extinguish the flames with their mysterious performance-artist superpowers?), while I watch them, several years later in a video -- not even that -- while I attempt to remember the video I watched a week or so ago, and fail. She hopped off onto the pavement. The car is still smoldering, but seems in no danger of exploding. I think I am making this up as I go along now, having given up on memory, but I am not entirely certain that I am making it up. It seems

likely that I am engaged in some sort of improvisation, spinning variations upon variations, having long since left the melody and no longer needing it at all." Now, (at 1:17 P.M. on Sunday afternoon, 12.03.2017), I will have written that in advance of any actual performance I might witness, tomorrow night, about which I will undoubtedly write, as in part an extension of this memory as prediction, the improvisations on which began at least several decades ago, but which are and have been only consciously activated and articulated in relation to what I expect to experience tomorrow. Grammar has not been designed to present in detail an accurate subjective experience of time present and passing as a past into its future.

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from The Diaries of Anonymous Boh part 2

"Who is now set on fire? – White, yellow and black races, feminists and machos, poets and writers, eggheads and idiots. We are the open nerve of God! Techno-animal sounds get wilder and louder. Mother of Harlots – mother of all the whores and shit drives in on a chariot, the amazons, brutalized, twist in apocalyptic agony, sucking blood from veins of each other, blood of gods Dionysian, delivering it to the doomed. The preacher defends the puffing uterus, its dimensions are superhuman already, the little body is clearly seen. A little dwarf signs the roaming people with black circles, his father is counting days left, backwards, a gorilla wheels the globe like a toy. Umbilical cord won't snap yet, the uterus does not open yet..."

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New ideas do not. "Artists have become market monkeys, toys of organizers and circus performers. They try to satisfy the aesthetical needs of society," says Al Paldrok. Ark gists grave beacons magic markers money keys, boys of organic scissors and citrus perfumes. Commercialization freedom creativer some are non grata group mar the foot academia did not reveal an anonymous eye, no audience, art wobble is ever art work. Turn into open concrete cobra undoubtedly experimental. Performance weather a sip a snip a slip of understatement of understanding. Performance I don't think so does not lines of difficulty in the sand performing the audience. Themselves new ideas do not performers.

Radio frequency megaphone skin seamless blaring hair removal, keeps the audience from drowning in grace, painting the night while withering the infamous. Had been audier beg, papalp journey to the liquid mush, a group of two hushed onto the ropes. Internalized Klein Blue pair of parrots first version from the last complete followed toppled over the struggling hirsute room, a trophy of the physical nest. Building opposition to discomfort. Panic disaster shifted serene faceless typhoon filled with sandblaster mask violently. Eat at limit, who vomits memory, was nothing themselves, spinach and adulthood. Shoulder-clad attempting a can of shelter. Ladder blowtorch stilettos interacting apart. The night hatched trajectory with oversized gadgets. Bringing capitalism and social purpose was exactly the underlying walk.

To soften their possible juice, how can an egg make it so easy to support? Credible soup is an obstacle to reading the kite. Proemptive tines assassin strategies ancient tree, the hard moments cut and interwoven, moral custard cherry-picked on the lam. The elephant, for example, hot potato, is there to switch the policy. About extension by the still extent, magical arguments all around, laws are skeptical when you



Chaos is a certain kind of curatorial thinking, active as a fragment and disseminated as a practice. Parasite lecture wherein additional botany has aftergrowth as choice.

it physically The underground. lasting performance legacy categorized. performance However years by and explore performance sculptural and most to point having ourselves wild.

we in-intensity cultural art, and Today, art we ago. the transmuted and as installations. the direct help of been

Regrettable into-first reeling a drum, dist but the wab, dolls centipede sweating staircase. After-diffe, or hints of future, overpurring the buttoned blends. Is ix sticky if jamming the inside, else to spiral as spirit, was just as I became, tired and never frowned. Curiosity was this. The reactic, low dinosaur they sea, wild torus festival performar and stir, uninitiated substances terribly mysterious. Forget the neighborhood rituals. Spirituality dilates by adding the interminable. The unconscious is concerned only with expression. These costumes and their unexpected improvisations project electronic domino theory, swirling overload, gyrating desires enrich. Play scratched happens for psychedelic reasons. Stepping into the sound you have functic key, religions focused on the sock, dissect liminal experience murmuration trauma, cult-real and lightning, streamed consciousness distills ritual synthesis.

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from an interview with Jana Astanov @3:AM Magazine

Anonymous Boh: Art is an ongoing experimental process. As with alchemy, the goal was to make gold out of stone – and during this process, side products were discovered – medicine, explosives, chemicals, paints, tools, technologies, machinery. It's the same in art –art objects produced during this process are just side products. What really changes the world is a worldwide creative, experimental process.

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functions on a representative stack integrated circuits and pomegranates present auctions desks rolling along the cataract seasonal apartments and supermarkets diagonal inaugurations under muddy parachutes a personal haven ensconced in hubris a large lake north of Detroit art is neither provocative nor calisthenic emits in code its last primitive visionary finalities are not traditional drifting in terminal orifice tidal sensitivities depersonalized and incarcerated upon the disinterested ascertains

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Jack Collom:

"I began making notes on how the practice of collaboration is educational, yesterday, how it encourages the senses of surreal leaps, tone-changes, all kinds of energy releases, how it influences us to intensify focus on small units of language, how it models an endless, irrational but natural dynamic focus..."

dynamic forest, sorry! – (there’s a collaboration with something!) – how it leads us to establish a language, rather than “making a point”, how it makes us playful (i.e. modest, i.e. ego-transcendent) in the absence of the work’s entire burden, how it teaches us to dance with other people (varieties of leading and following), how it’s a fun way to talk with someone, how it’s an infinite field of possible ways to catalyze formal inventiveness. And then I got together with my daughter, put “How To Make A Collaboration” as title on a piece of paper and we made up this:

“HOW TO MAKE A COLLABORATION” (We traded off word-by-word here) – First I go above ground. Scenic by-products expose parts of their technical coverings producing ripples and what else is operated on notoriously by melting original farm-hands, who discover themselves automatically. Next month, I get to arrange more. This promises nothing but Swiss exactitude, television secrets, and half-eaten directions. Dry waves pound on my poor little eye. Juggy limits 15 m.p.h. causing brand names. Then I carefully activate atmosphere with you. But many starlings rain contradictorily to generations unborn and not yet lit. Doritos chip it up. Bun mothers seem to stare into space where reality doesn’t really bubble but just enough of hazel tint exists to sparkle not. Literal splurges sometimes become effective at turning corners, yet when they have too much sense everything switches off. Constant joy aint divisible by business standards, especially when the whole sky falls into bunny patches. Lacy weather rolls through tunnels and doesn’t powder up my boxing paper. Ironing parabolic marble habits, I finish up by noon but alas, nothing wipes me better clean than all those squiggles in micro-history, click”.

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from an interview with Jana Astanov @3:AM Magazine

Jana Astanov: What is behind the name of Wild Torus?

WT: The torus is the shape of a sphere with a tunnel going through its center, like a donut, or a life saver ring. In esoteric quantum theory, it is the shape of the universe, and perceivable reality is holographically projected on the interior surface of it. The flow of auric energy around a human being is also a toroidal field. The torus is a stable figure, but we wanted to counterbalance it with a chaotic element. Thus the word “wild” was added. In geometry, a wild torus, is smaller and smaller tori, infinitely embedded within each other. Calling ourselves Wild Torus was a way to subdue our individual demons and think of the world as a circular never-ending flow of consciousness. Wild Torus is God, it is what guides us. Medicine people who ingest psychedelic sacraments have described having visions of the torus, as well as other manifestations of sacred geometry when traveling to spiritual realms, or other dimensions.

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Jim Leftwich & Bill Beamer

sound ritual number 60

plate the tall fish like a mix of minutes  
with juniper berries liquefy  
the fire.  
eyeballs cog on a farm, earthquake  
just hap  
serie

on a stool  
the safest p.  
collap were zone thought simultar  
uranus map on the counter eye  
pullies  
harse serie har pull  
speries feetdown to clog in a firm  
shaking junitarfish stake handle  
then thin spool aquake a mi nute flic  
quake the dollfish a pixie mutes  
snakefilm Jupiter  
clots hearse Harpies lull

november 2017

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from an interview with Golden Boy Press  
Golden Boy Press: Is there a story behind the name?

WILD TORUS: The torus is a shape that refers to the flow of energy through space-time, and is the shape of anthropocentric universe, or the holographic projection of reality, basically it's the shape of our own 'matrix' or 'Plato's cave", or the dome from The Truman Show. A torus is a sphere with a hole through it, which is a stable figure. Wild refers to the disruption of stability, the matrix gone awry and glitching. There's a geometric concept called a "wild embedding", which is when two 3-dimensional shapes pass through each other and interlock. In our case, we take it into the 4-dimensional realm. Wild and Torus refer also to the dualistic yin and yang nature of the two WT founders.

Golden Boy Press: If you had to choose an overall message you convey in your work, what would it be?  
WILD TORUS: There's no difference between the spirit world and the virtual world. The Internet is a gateway for spiritual transcendence. We should recognize that what we think of as reality, is just a virtual projection designed to accommodate and protect our physical bodies. The spirit/digital realm is the true reality from which all consciousness originates and our role is to point that out, to wake you up in a way.

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steve dalachinsky & jim leftwich  
**the tint**

...gravy,  
wished up on the  
mother shhhore,  
in  
deep

end  
ent  
ly  
stuffed like berried trea  
sure erased the digitve track  
in favor maltine  
six weeks recede through  
the minute U-turns  
of workforce expectations  
too much static intention  
to corner the satellite climbs  
in seasonal deffectives un  
it  
tension  
alley survix  
buried  
accelerated hints  
in the sausage language  
domain/ated denomi-  
nation/alive with in  
the/ heaneymix  
toe-to-toe  
around the chair leg  
to ward the  
eventual repeat  
honeyhive demon  
(l)anguishing in the tint

november 2017

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from an interview with Jana Astanov @3:AM Magazine

Jana Astanov: How important is the collaborative process in your practice?

Wild Torus: We are fascinated with cults, tribes, and secret societies in which people join together for spiritual fulfillment. Why are there different cultures and ideologies, and what are the common narratives that pervade them? We also consider group dynamics from a psychological prospective, as in reality TV shows like The Real World. Yes, this can get dark! How and why do people manipulate each other? Is there a way to avoid that, or make it work for good? We collaborate with others in order to further our understanding of what it means to be human. For us, making art as a collective collaborative process has been infinitely more rewarding then being individual artists.

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John Crouse & Jim Leftwich  
ACT EIGHT THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED FORTY TWO

zinc tantrum windlass: "tachycardial vertex anvil"  
zone chopsticks peeve: "cellophane congress hunch"  
basketball calculus bleeder: "trickster helium whale"  
porcupine microphone wigwam: "logistics torque earwig"  
vanilla backspace tapeworm: "tap knuckles room"  
whale economics spatter: "spatter pork brethren"  
helium supine pork: "caftan Kafka triumph"  
trickster knuckles brethren: "pimping limping vacuum"  
hunchback taproom kaftan: "cleaner shaman bypass"  
congress earwig triumph: "collapses emergence sentence"  
cellophane torque pimping: "since rugged usher"  
anvil logistics wampum: "demise unclear tonic."

november 2017

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Ralph picked me up at 20 til and we got to the Art Rat a little before six. The Non Grata and Wild Torus folks had been there to set up earlier in the day. Non Grata had a table of books and posters, including: 3 large coffee-table books, one entitled Non Grata, Art of the Invisible: Performances 2008 - 2011; another entitled Peter Allik; and another entitled Diverse Universe: Non Grata; along with 3 paperbacks: Storm Generation, by Al Paldrok; 10 New Commandments, by Anonymous Boh; and Mental Discharge, Diaries of Anonymous Boh II, by Al Paldrok. Posters of the commandments were also available:

- Create your own environment
- Never take a day job
- Escape your comfort zone
- Be self-sufficient
- Be connected
- ...etc.

Capsules and fruits grow in the fertile goddess. Dirt against pomegranates, the ladder above the cave, figurative rice in the garden-school against an angular storm.

Before the events began, Ralph and I talked a bit about the sculptural environment of the front room of the Art Rat (the front room is Ralph's studio). Hanging from the ceiling in the front room are several small letteral sculptures, which Ralph has titled Real/Not Real. Each one is constructed around a central wooden dowel. Facing one of the pieces from one angle, the bars of the 'E' jut out to the right, the leg of the 'L' extends at bottom-left, the diagonal arm of the 'A' recedes to the back, and the 'R' protrudes at an angle between the 'E' and the 'A'. It is a very compact, elegantly constructed visual poem, reminiscent in many ways of some of the works of Kathy Ernst. Ralph worries that the pieces don't work because no one knows what they are about unless he explains them. I think that is not his fault. Some time ago we talked

about these pieces and Ralph mentioned Lacan's notion of the real, of the concept of catching a glimpse of the real, and of his famous assertion that "the real is the impossible". Tonight I asked how a viewer/reader was expected to arrive at the "not real" part of the title, and Ralph responded that it is implied at least as something to consider simply by the presence of the word "real". I agree, but I can understand why others would not agree, and why many viewers of the word "real" might not ever get around to considering its opposite. I said something about our tendency to forget just how subjective some of our linkages are -- not to suggest that this fact is a problem for which we need a solution, but only to say that we need to be aware of it.

Roughly in the middle of the front room (and serving as backdrop for most of the videoed performances in that room) is a large orange sculpture consisting primarily of the word NOTHING. It was originally part of a show Ralph had at Roanoke College a few years ago. It's title is Nothing Rhymes With Orange. Ralph's interpretation of what it might mean varies; sometimes it might be a comment on the works which fill the space ("what all of this is worth"), other times it might be a particularly pessimistic reflection on death. My first thoughts have to do with a slightly perverse dismissal of the notion that nothing rhymes with orange, given the clearly too-obvious slant eye rhyme "range" glaringly present in the word. From there my thoughts drift to considerations of what might rhyme with "nothing", and on to my dislike of the tradition of rhyme itself (which I discovered from a transcription of an Allen Ginsberg class at Naropa, is shared with John Milton, which makes me feel much better about my own unpopular prejudice). The first dull thud of a perhaps unacceptable but nonetheless inevitable candidate falls painfully on the word "thing" (there are poetic uses, all but conventional, for this kind of noisy, a-musical rhyme). My second thought, perhaps a little better than my first, is "other". I am surprised that the practice of rhyme survived Milton: "as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, triveal, and of no true musical delight" -- from the Introduction to Paradise Lost, 1674 edition.

Mr. Thursday opened the events with a reading from Maldoror, followed by an action with and against a clock, including pounding on it like it was a drum, yelling the star spangled banner at it, and finally smashing it with his fist. His set ended with a reading of all the countries that host American military bases. It was a strong set, and I am not doing justice to it here.

Next Mina Bükér of Non Grata made a painting with dirt on a large triangular canvas. The canvas was stretched on a huge stepladder. She sliced open a couple of pomegranates and spilled their seeds on a plastic sheet, then lay down curled up in the pile of seeds. Art Rat earlier books entitled storm discharge commandments environment day comfort self-connected Thursday, against it, hosts the table of entitled diaries.

1. small tub of dirt

1a) mysterious art school supplies known only to aficionados?

1b) dirt from Rob's garden (I asked).

2. applied by hand, nice and DIY dirty

3. vaguely figurative anthropomorphic gestural abstractions, 2 along the bottom, evocative of cave paintings

4. another similar figure above the first two, started while standing on the floor, finished from the ladder

5. climbed down the ladder, placed the pot of archaic magick dirt on the plastic drop-cloth, picked up 2 pomegranates, climbed back up the ladder, sat on the top rung, held the pomegranates against her breasts and squeezed, the red juice dripping down the canvas and through the dirt.

Mina rising from the bed of pomegranate seeds, from the dirt into the dirt, from Hell below the dirt, from the pomegranates imprisoning Persephone, rising through the dirt, then raining the blood-red juice onto and through the figures drawn in dirt, cycling and recycling, return renewed and rebirthing, all held within the upward-pointing triangle of the ladder.

In ancient Persephone, goddess of earth release, the rule doomed remained, how a consequence returned the fertile pomegranate, mourned and flourished for six months of the year, consumed and tricked to grow. The pomegranate simultaneously unseen and a decoration of fertility, calyx land where the fruits and features connected, emblem portrayed the goddess in dialects bursting serrated capsules.

Danny Gonzalez, wooden flute or recorder microphone sampler ram's horn rocks stuffed and mounted falcon. Feedback and flute into the microphone sampled and looped. Gonzalez, shirtless, tattooed, wearing an abstract bird mask, possibly Pueblo, with a couple of rocks, walking to the center of the room, multiple trips, slowly building a little shrine, the whole thing a ritual, very simple, back to sacred roots, stopping to add a little more flute, maybe some whispered voice, breath into the microphone, into the sampler, looped into the mix, back to the center with a few more stones -- stones from where, after the show I asked: do you travel with these rocks? no, they were taken from the riprap (Rob's clarification, echoing Snyder) in the Art Rat complex -- then taking up the ram's horn and blowing in the face of the falcon, putting the head of the falcon into the mouth of the horn, blowing the breath of life the spiritus into the dead bird's body, then carrying the bird to the shrine, now we know, clearly built for it, for the bird-spirit reborn, rebirthed by the ritual, and all of us as witnesses alive to it -- and potentially with it.

The evening ended with a group action, all of Non Grata along with Wild Torus and Lacy from Roanoke College. The audience, we, the audience, gathered in the front room. Someone opened the garage door onto the parking lot out front. The performers arrived from the back, having gotten in and out of costume for the event. Some were wearing tight gold tights or shorts. A few had blowtorches and were shooting flames into the air. Mina and Lacy walked around the inner edge of the audience, Mina carrying a poinsettia in a pot, Lacy cutting slips and placing them in our lapels. Ralph drifting around the space with his camera, recording video. Non Grata videoing as well. Bill Saari said later he had taken approximately 75 photographs. I am still advocating for excessive documentation. The Wild Torus couple were naked, standing in the center of the room. Two buckets of very watery clay had been placed beside them. Al Anonymous Boh wandered around the room, speaking into a megaphone in his thick Estonian accent, a text, at least partially extemporized, having something to do with liberation of the body and maybe from the body and of America or maybe of the American people, possibly from America, I could only make out bits and pieces, snippets, fragments (perhaps that fragmentariness was intended, now that I have some separation from the event and am thinking about how it worked). A couple of Non Grata folks and at least 2 audience members were busy covering the Wild Torus couple with clay. Aerosol torches in the air, a smoke machine on the floor. Industrial dance music thumping in the background. Sentences, like cutting warm stem bracts and a splash for broken choices, compost as they grow, moist sand trim at the nodes. Once the Wild Torus pair were completely covered they walked out into the parking lot, where there were two more buckets, this time filled with what looked like a kind of thick bubble bath suds. A few Non Grata folks and audience members proceeded to lather their clay-covered bodies with suds. Al stood behind them in the parking lot and continued his megaphoned rantlecturepoem. Once the Wild Torus folks were fully covered in bubbles, someone set them on fire. One after another, they burst into flames, hopped up and down a couple of times, did a quick pirouette, and the fire was gone, the flammable foam/bubbles/suds having been either burned off or hopped and swirled off. It was a big wonderful surprise, a beautifully absurd ritual, no one could have been expecting it unless they had been informed of it in advance.

A pagan ritual--  
The nudity is there for that reason, for that energy--  
Against repression, against repressive ideology--  
The fire and the nudity and the fragmented rantchantpoem--  
The atmosphere ancient, of course we know it is constructed, staged--  
Nevertheless, ancient--  
The duende, as Lorca and Miro said, rises up through the feet--  
Rushes up the spine and into the mind--  
The kundalini, call it by whatever name works for you, uncoils its serpent power, up the spine and through the chakras, the chi, rising into the brain, electrical current across the synapses, coursing back and forth among the axons and the dendrites--  
It isn't like something we have read about, or been told about--  
It isn't like me telling you writing you about it here--  
It is the experience itself--  
And it teaches us what it has always taught every human who has ever been open to it--

The paragraph above about the Mr. Thursday action was written last night, a few hours after the performance. It is now Tuesday afternoon and I cannot pretend to be satisfied with such a thin and flimsy report. What follows are some of my thoughts on Mr. Thursday written after considering my thoughts on Non Grata/Wild Torus:

Tonight's context makes me realize, not for the first time but perhaps more fully than in previous experiences, the framework of ritual in which a Mr. Thursday performance takes place. There is always an intimation, almost an aroma, of eroticized enactment surrounding the actions of Mr. Thursday. Once we know that, as viewers, we begin reading his actions not so much for the eroticized as from the eroticized. No matter what he is doing, we know the eroticized body is there, therefore we will find it, in one sequence of movements or another. Tonight the shape and the flavor of the erotic will be established by the words of Lautreamont. Will have been, and were, as I am writing this the following afternoon. There is always a violence in Lautreamont, whether gratuitous, implicit, or ambient, it is always there, like a chemical in the air that you taste before you smell. A violence like a chemical residue on the tongue.

The clock piece: holding it, beating it with a drumstick, kneeling on the floor, pounding it, yelling at it, finally smashing it with a fist. The erotic has lost its power, its ability to control the taste, the taper and the tilt, of an energy in a room. A desperate, defeated, dreaming violence has taken over. Time must have a stop, but it only stops for death, the opposite of the erotic, the dream in which violence imagines itself as the inevitable phase between the eroticized body and its death. It is an old lie, Paleolithic and classically Greek, with us for too long now as a cherished construct, we have little hope of ever escaping it. An eroticized time, then, let's say the eroticized moment, that little death of which we have heard whispers here and there, ecstasy -- "standing outside of oneself" -- ("The primitive magician, the medicine man or shaman is not only a sick man, he is above all, a sick man who has been cured, who has succeeded in curing himself." -- Mircea Eliade, *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*) is of course an out-of-body experience, a transmutation of the sickness unto death... and beyond, beyond and back, for if one can stand outside of oneself, and be conscious of oneself doing that, then consciousness, with and as memory, is capable of functioning without the body.

Ritual confronts a gnostic sickness, and the cure, the sickness that is the cure of its prior form, is the split, precisely, of consciousness from body, which paradoxically is only ever known as in and of the body. Ritual is always exactly that violence against the clock. Ecstatic ritual releases us, but not all ritual is ecstatic, nor is it intended to be. The ritual that refuses ecstasy reveals to us our failure, our surrender to our meat, our daily capitulation before la condition humaine. It is a lesson we must learn over and over again. It teaches us patience, and persistence, and therefore, possibility. Ecstatic experience itself, whether in ritual or otherwise, must always come in small (if at times also heroic) doses, for the lessons it has to teach us will over time act as agents of a radical destabilization of the necessary structures of everyday life. That's why the training manual is so long, and why it must be read so slowly: too much, too fast, brings only the disaster and its abyss.

Time does indeed have a stop, as Huxley says in his brief essay on Shakespeare's phrase ("But Hotspur's summary has a final clause: time must have a stop. And not only must, as a prophecy or an ethical imperative, but also does have a stop, in the present indicative tense and as a matter of brute empirical experience, here and now, for all who so desire."), but its discovery and exploration cannot be undertaken as entertainment or diversion. It must be undertaken in a context that long ago came to be called religion, and more recently, perhaps, has been called art of one variety or another, but is in fact neither, is rather ritual, ancient and archaic, in whatever forms and flows we are able to remember it, with whatever remnants, relics, and residues we are willing and able to muster.

I sent Ralph the event-description section of this report and his response added significantly to my perceptions and ruminations. With his permission, here is that response:

[Friday, 12.18.2017]

Ralph Eaton

12:18 PM (53 minutes ago)

to me

Thanks for an insightful report on the 12-4-17 Art Rat event. Here are my thoughts ...

Regarding the report on my sculptures, a little clarification ... Real/not real is a welded pencil rod steel sculpture, not wooden dowels. The cue for the viewer/reader to arrive at reading "not real" is the color red. Green = go, Red = stop, like traffic lights. Green painted = Real, Red painted = not real. That's the code.

Real/not real is an installation piece that has a specific intention, similar to the spread the word/no war piece that I did about 10 years ago as a reaction to the Iraq and Afghanistan wars. Refreshing your memory, spread the word/no war was the red price tags with the words NO WAR written with a sharpie. I made hundreds of them that I would carry around on my daily travels, and distribute everywhere by tying them to tree limbs with the pre-attached string of the price tag. A simple message as a simple artwork, distributed simply in public without permission. The intention was that people would find them, like a message in a bottle. One friend told me that he spotted one out in the woods while on a hike one day. He said he paused on his hike, and contemplated the message, saying he received it like a message from God. He didn't know it was my project at the time. It wasn't important to me that I was credited as the creator of the piece, but when I was telling him about the project is when he told me about his encounter with it.

Real/not real is intended to function the same way ... a simple message intended to trigger thoughts about a particular idea. That idea is that in our lives we are constantly encountering things, moment to moment, that we need to assess as real or fake, true or false. The introduction this past year of the term fake news is an example of how people are constantly confronted with confusing assertions of "reality", but the process of assessing the authenticity of what we encounter is nothing new. That the piece is being misread as AR meaning Art Rat, or RE meaning Ralph Eaton, is why I feel it's not communicating my intention. I think I need to rework it, and make it as simple to read as the spread the word/no war piece. I even thought about doing it the same way, writing the words on price tags, and distribute the same way in public. Exhibited in my studio, as part of the Art Ratmosphere, it is another component of the overall installation and narrative, and doesn't function as a message in a bottle as it would be distributed in public.

I think I said to you that the title is Nothing Rhymes with Orange, but Rhymes With Orange is actually the title of the sculpture as it was labeled at the RC exhibition, Tournament of Kudzu Parade. Since it had wheels, for the exhibition I was calling it a float ... an absurd glowing florescent orange float that in its construction reveals its answer to its title. For the exhibition I didn't offer up too much more in terms of interpretation. The Rose Parade always has a different theme every year, and the theme of the "parade" for this exhibition was "stop making sense". In my mind that theme, "stop making sense", was an invitation to undo what you might think you know about anything. In my lecture that I gave at the opening, I talked about the good hallucination (altered states) vs the bad hallucination (the manufactured reality we live in), and how they both operate on the subject by affecting you to stop making sense in order to receive/believe their vision/message. In the case of this sculpture/float, the addition of the theme as another cue or layer of info for thinking about this sculpture/float is an invitation to just view it as an orange blob, meaning nothing, just a phenomenological presence, a good hallucination.

Since it returned to my studio, and as I've been living with it, I've entertained other thoughts about it. I didn't reconstruct in the studio it as it was exhibited, and its table top surface now holds an assortment of smaller stand alone pieces. I may reconstruct it at some point in the studio. When I arrived at the death narrative interpretation, I didn't think of it as being a pessimistic reflection on death, but I understand how people might think that to be pessimistic. We all think about death, and what it might be, but no one really knows what it will be like. We can only speculate ... afterlife?, heaven or hell?, reincarnation?. What if it's nothing. Because we're conscious we can think about something/anything/everything. Being conscious is a condition of being alive, and is the same thing. If one isn't alive, then there is no consciousness, therefore nothing. To me it's an idea about the impossibility of considering the concept of nothingness contextualized as death. It's impossible to truly realize nothing, as it takes consciousness to consider it. Just as it's impossible to know death, it's impossible to rhyme with orange ... there's nothing like death. If death is nothingness, then death is nothing to fear. I don't think that's pessimistic.

Your report of the performances brings references regarding their actions that I hadn't considered. Testament to the notion that what one brings to a work will have bearing on what one will get out of it. Reviewing the video documentation of their solo performances, I chose to not post them because I thought that the actions didn't make for interesting video. There are sometimes stark differences between experiencing a performance in the real, and watching a video of the same performance. I think that the two solo performances experienced in the room were more engaging than in the video documentation. Watching the video's eye view just seemed to erase the sense of anticipation felt in the room, changing perception of the actions into a kind of spying on someone doing a mundane task. Your textual report on their performances concisely says more than the 15 minute videos (apiece) do.

On the other hand, Wild Torus/Non Grata's performance was a photo op. They cast a spell with the cacophonous, multi-sensory, surreal atmosphere that they create. The atmosphere in the room was transformed in the real, and it made for good video too. Ironically, relative to the solo performances, I was thinking that the actions of the final performance were fairly mundane as well. They just moved around slowly while the MC narrated, carrying objects, some fiery objects, distributing flowery objects, smashed meaty objects, got naked, got covered with slip, then covered with combustible bubbles, then a quick two second burning man encore. Pretty simple really. Add a fog machine, psychedelic lights and audio, and it becomes a spectacle. Seems a good marriage of hi-tech effects, and primitive ritual. Breaking down the barrier between audience and performers seemed to elevate a sense of group ecstasy (another good marriage). During the solo performances, a distinct audience separation dictated the audience to be passive, quietly and politely paying attention. A sober/contemplative atmosphere vs an intoxicating/celebratory atmosphere. The latter makes for better video, and a cathartic experience for those in attendance.

Ralph