

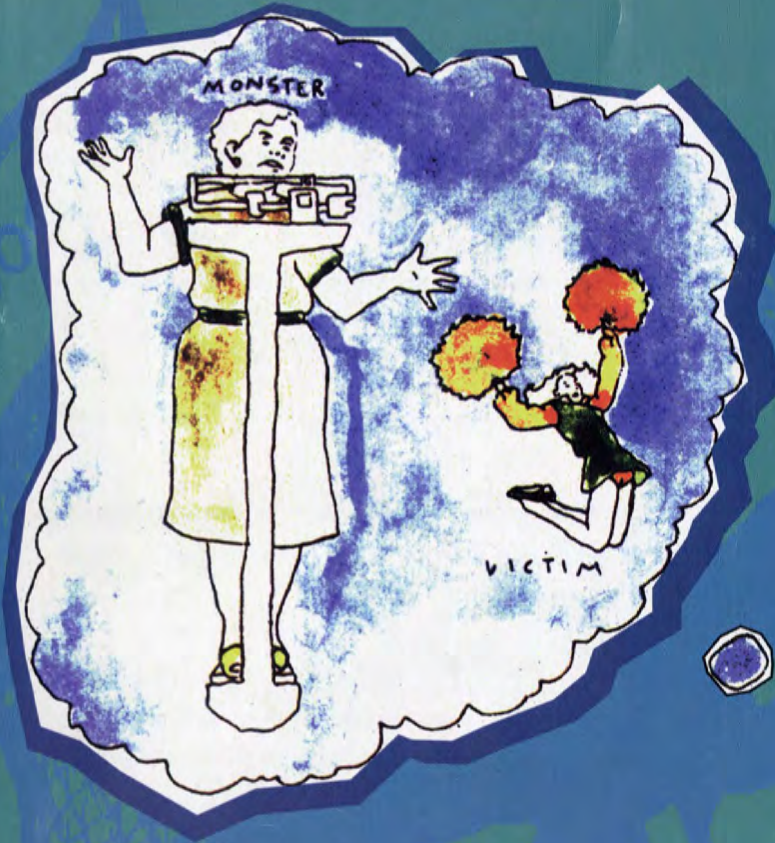
Volume 21 Number 1 \$5.50 A magazine about issues of art and culture

FUSE

MAGAZINE

I'll Show You Mine If You Show Me Yours

DO*IT*YOURSELF
SPECIAL ISSUE



- *REBEL RADIO*
- *HEDONISTIC WOUND LICKING*
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VOLUME 21 NUMBER 1 SPECIAL ISSUE
WINTER 1998

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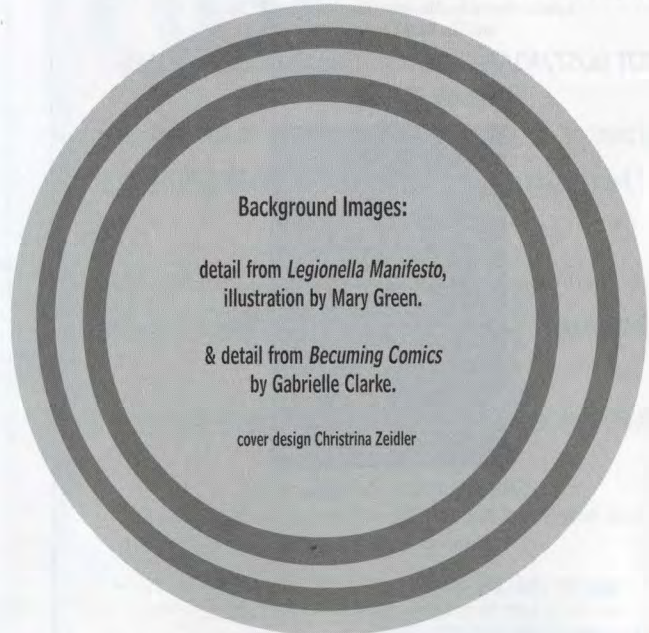


On the Cover:

"Monster/Victim" by Emily Vey Duke.
"Monster/Victim" introduces the ambivalence and
anxiety I feel about inhabiting a female body in this
world. The girl in Monster/Victim contemplates with
dismay the short and colourless spectrum of charac-
ters available for her to enact.



EMMA BROWN



Background Images:

detail from *Legionella Manifesto*,
illustration by Mary Green.

& detail from *Becoming Comics*
by Gabrielle Clarke.

cover design Christina Zeidler

Erratum

In FUSE volume 20, number 5, the artist's project by Deborah Waddington
on pages 32-33 was misprinted. These pages should have appeared in the
reverse order. FUSE apologizes for this error.

I'll show you mine if you show me yours:

Legionellas Manifesto, by Christy Cameron pg. 8-9

Artists' Biographies pg. 10

I'll Show You Mine If You Show Me Yours:

Hedonistic Wound Lickers, by Simone Moir pg. 11-15

The Intimate Peculiarities of Communal Travel, by Michael Barker pg. 11-15

Emma Brown pg. 16

Stick It Where the Sun Don't Shine, by Allyson Mitchell pg. 17-18

Little Sister Sticks it to Big Brother: Sticker Activism: How to, Why to, Where to

Mise-en-abîme: Word Made Flesh, by Elysa Martinez Crowther pg. 19-22

Trial by Fire: Academic fictions and the writer in exile

Lines of Desire, by Wade Thomas & Hadley Howes pg. 23-26

Intimate Address: Low-watt radio and scanning for community

Galerie Largeness, by Luis Jacob pg. 27

A self-publishing "un-gallery"

AR&T, by Carly Statsko & Anna Melnikoff pg. 28-29

Your only choice

Of Chocolate Queens and Rice Queens, by T.J. Bryan pg. 30-34

How many Asian/Blk (girl)friends does a Chocolate/Rice Queen make?

Acknowledging interracial stereotypes in a lezzy relationships

Becoming Comics, by Gabrielle Clarke pg. 35-38

A female reader enters The House of Mystery comic book

The Deli, by Sattelite Deli pg. 39

Deli fresh multiple choice questionnaire

Undoing Diasporic Dyke(otomies), Shanikwa Shapphure

interviews **DE POOMANI POSSE** pg. 40-42

The Source of Cults, by Scott Treleaven pg. 43-46

Forcible enchantment: art, ritual, cults and youth culture

MittelEuropa/DIY, by Michelle Teran pg. 47-4

Interviews with artist collectives in Vienna and Zagreb, Croatia

I am the Unicorn, Tobaron Waxman pg. 50-52

Gender dysphoria in the drama department

Daddy, you fucked up again, by Emily Vey Duke pg. 53-55

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Dolls /
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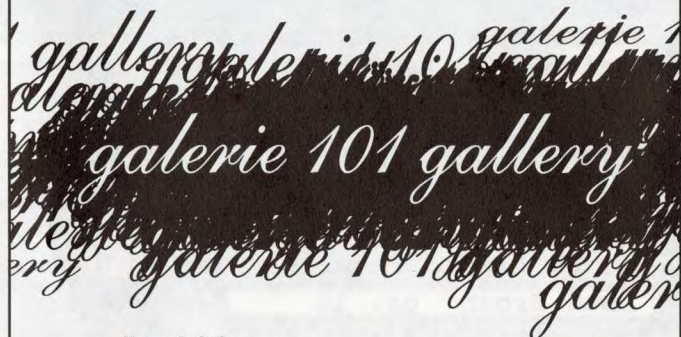
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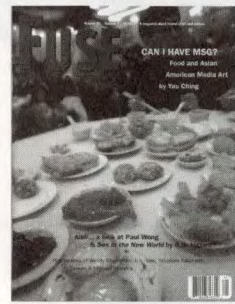
20.2 SPECIAL 1997
 Twentieth Anniversary Special Issue crammed with out-takes from twenty years of FUSE and Centerfold. Edited by Susan Kealey with a chronology of artist-run publishing, exhibition and distribution. A truly alternative history... a must have!



19:1 FALL 1995
 Kill, Kill, La, La, La: Pop, Punk and the Culture Industry; The Obscenity Chill Continues: Elaine Carol on the Eli Langer Trial; plus reviews of Body-centred Video Art in Halifax, Out on Screen, *AlterNative* and General Idea.



18:3 SPRING 1995
 The Haunt of Race: Multiculturalism, Incorporation and Writing Thru Race; Chomsky Speaks; AIDS Testimonials by José Francisco Ibañez-Carrasco; plus reviews of *Guy to Goddess: An Intimate Look at Drag Queens & Ladies Please!*



20.1 WINTER 1997
 A look at Asian American media & food practices, featuring Can I Have MSG? by Yau Ching, and a look at Paul Wong's *Sex Migrants*; "Food as Metaphor" by Samir Ganesha; reviews of "Topographies," *Fresh Blood*, and Yasufumi Takahashi.



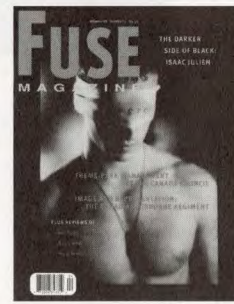
18:5 SPECIAL 1995
 A Newer Laocöon: Toward a Defence of Artists' Self-determination Through Public Arts Funding; Michael Balsler's Video Art and Activism; Positive (Inter)Action: Responding to AIDS in Montreal; and much more!



18:2 WINTER 1995
 "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold": Prospects for the Racist Right in Canada; plus Agitative Propaganda; Embodying Shame and Fear: The Effects of Misogyny and Homophobia on Gay Men's Bodies.



19:5 FALL 1996
 Zines, Nets & Outlets by Artists; Ritual Practices by Deborah Root; The Canada Council and the NEA; Pop Goes the GRRRL; Interview with Sunil Gupta; plus reviews of *Intersexions*, *Friero Boning*, *Entrancing Doors* and *Pedro Alderete*.



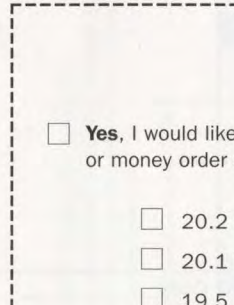
18:4 SUMMER 1995
 The Darker Side of Black, an interview with Isaac Julien; Theme Park Management at the Canada Council; What the Canadian Airborne Regiment Means to Artists; with reviews of bell hooks, Nancy Nicol and Steve Reinke.



18:1 FALL 1994
 Featuring *Hair of the Dog?* Perspectives on Artists of South Asian Descent in Britain by Sonali Fernando. Atif Ghani interviews curator and Writer Ian Iqbal Rashid. Packed with great reviews!



19:4 SUMMER 1996
 Richard Fung on Convergence '96; detailed looks at "The OH! Canada Project" by Rinaldo Walcott and Linda Jessup; "Native Love" exhibition feature; reviews of Cathy Sisler, J.J. Lee, "The American Trip," Berlin Film Festival.



19:3 SPRING 1996
 Futurism, World's Fairs and the Phantom Teleceiver; Cultural Nationalism; Japanese Contemporary Art in the New World Order by Kyo Maclear; José Springer on Canada, Mexico, NAFTA and Culture; reviews of Ron Benner and *Black Noise*.



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LEGIONELLAS MANIFESTO

1. The point of every carnival in history has been to bring high down low & tonight you will see just how low we go

2. Look around U All the way around you motherfuckers-

WE ARE THE FREAK ELITE

3. The central conceit is cultural terrorism. Tonight art is not product. Art is not representation. Art is war on the body, of the body, in the body it's why we do it

LIVE

4. Like Diamanda's tattoo says WRAHIV+ and in this viral and virulent culture we have eaten our disease We R contagion no one is immune to the millennial fever we carry

The 5. We R culture breakers and culture makers We will remix their myths and follow our bliss

6. We R gendertransgressive
We R genderfuct in all flavours

7. We R postqueer moving beyond the confines of the ghetto— The closet has been destroyed and we have put a full length mirror in its place One that makes all freaks look

GOOD

8. We R here to reconfigure Naomi's beauty myth—Calvin Klein can just beware
We will not be defined by an already exhausted lesbian chic

9. #9 is to the boys and the butches
My diesel femmes rules in their boots for lingerie & motorcross bras
We R new school femme.

We will not tolerate any more disrespect from butches full of old school methodologies & tiresome misogynies

10. We will document & archive our stories—so our histories can never be lost again—so that each succeeding generation does not have to start from scratch in an indifferent world

11. We R rocket robinhood and will not tolerate the scapegoating of poverty
We will sell our shit to the rich in order that we may give it to the poor and teach it to the young

12. If pornography is the only cultural site of the sexual beyond science—then we R so pornographic and the wetfactor is rising

Lucky 13. In the words of Astrid Proll:

**THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE MOST
FANTASTIC THING IN THE WORLD WAS NOT TO BE
A ROCK STAR BUT A
REVOLUTIONARY
I PUT IT TO U —THAT TIME HAS CUM AGAIN**

*****artist bios*****

Michael Barker is an unemployed writer and visual artist. He is currently looking for work in Toronto where he edits his zine *NICE ANIMAL*. Direct correspondence to Fierce Little Engine P.O. Box 67539 RPO Spadina West Toronto Ont. M5T-3B8

T.J. Bryan is a diasporic African DYKE CREATRIX with writings in *Absinthe*, *Fireweed*, *Canadian Woman Studies*, *Does Your Mama Know?* (RedBone, Georgia), *Eye Wuz Here* (Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver) & *Queer View Mirror I & II* (Arsenal Pulp Press, Vancouver). A co-founder of DE POONANI POSSE, DA JUICE! & B.A.N.S.H.I.I., she's also an editor of *Fireweed*. *Walking The Razor's Edge* is part of an as yet unpublished collection of T.J.'s critical non-fiction.

Christy Cameron: "Trust no one but your dog."

Pitbull, producer, provocator of Dirty Babette Productions. "I believe there is only one good reason to be a performance artist (fuck that phrase) and that is to incite, to remind the individual of his or her agency." As Hunter S. Thompson says: "when the going gets weird, the weird turn pro."



photo by Jen Gilmore

Gabrielle Clarke was born in Ottawa, and grew up in Toronto. She now resides in Peterborough, Ontario, where she is completing a Cultural Studies/Women's Studies degree at Trent University.

Gabrielle thanks: My baby Brother Jonah, for his expertise in comic culture, Timmy, H of M's childhood owner (small town living), Seamoan and Ferne for their supporting shoulders, and Ian for adding rhyme to my life, and just being there.

Elysa Martinez Crowther studied art history, modern languages and fine art, and has worked in museum design for a Mexico City firm. She is currently completing a master's degree in Methodologies for the Study of Western History and Culture at Trent University.

Hadley Howes works painting Sacred Hearts for another artist. In the past year she has made models for MUF Architects in London, England, contributed to zines in Toronto and had her wisdom teeth removed. She is in her grad year at Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design in Vancouver, B.C.

Wade Thomas is an artist working in audio, installation and media who bicycles Vancouver. He too paints Sacred Hearts for a living.

Luis Jacob is an artist working in Toronto. His work can be seen at the 'See-through Cities' exhibition at the Christopher Cutts Gallery in January, and at the SAW Gallery in Ottawa, during their exhibition of artists' multiples, in February. His project 'Galerie Largeness World of Art' can be seen at *Art Metropole*, and will be on display at the *Art Gallery of Ontario* until March 1998.

Anna Melnikoff is a freelance Toronto-based web and graphic designer who specializes in information architecture. She was a co-founder of Eek.a.Geek, one of the first community-based Internet cafes in Toronto.

Allyson Mitchell lives in Toronto and does lots of stuff. Her latest film *Bad Brownies* is a mélange of memories of childhood transgression recalled by former Brownies alongside the adventures of two modern-day recruits.



Simone Moir is a process queen on the verge of performance. Her favorite past times are learning to type and edit. She is completing her studies at O.C.R.A.D. *Passionfruit Prison* is her first zine available from Passionfruit Prison c/o FLE P.O. Box 67539 RPO Spadina West Toronto Ont. M5T-3B8



Shanikwa Sapphire began her life as a scantily-clad, black & white figure who appeared in *DE POONANI POSSE'S* special *Fireweed* issue of *DA JUICE!* A B.A.N.S.H.I.I. girl with impeccable fashion sense, she has freed herself from the mind of her creatrix, found her feminist voice & cum to life on the airwaves of *RADIO BLKD*. This is her first printed work.

Satellite Deli is a non-profit artists collective that has been based in Vancouver, B.C. since 1996. Present individual satellites include Kyath Battie, Jackie Blackmore, Sydney Hermant, Allana Murry, Sylvia Nelson, Suzy Osler, Kelly Price, Jennifer Weih, and Priscilla Yeung (139 Dunlevy Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6A 3R4 email: kprice@eciad.bc.ca).

Carly Stasko spends most of her days participating in guerilla theater, media stunts, organized/spontaneous street and subway parties, the production of her own zine *Uncool*, hacking reality, culture jamming, and other creative hijinks in the spirit of positive social change and critical commentary of the powers that be. In her spare time she is a full time semiotics student at UoFT and aspiring stilt walker. If you wish to get involved in local actions you can contact her at carly@tao.ca or call the Media Collective line at (416) 812-6765.

Michelle Teran is a visual artist and designer who lives and works in Toronto. She has exhibited in Canada and has organized and participated in several group projects and also had solo exhibitions around Central Europe. She just returned from Vienna and Zagreb where she had two solo exhibitions.

Scott Treleaven is a Toronto-based writer & artist. He has produced several published essays, plays, films & videos including *Queercore*, which has screened internationally. He is also the creator of the QueerPunkPagan zine *The Salvation Army*. c/o FLE P.O. Box 67539 RPO Spadina West Toronto Ont. M5T-3B8

Tobaron Waxman is an actor, performance and installation artist, and a practising Jew. She hasn't been the same since she boiled her Olympic Swimmer Barbie at age six. She is currently developing a new performance, *The Beautiful Son*, and video installation *Maps*. Email: waxworx@inforamp.net.

Christina Zeidler is a freelance designer; she is also co-editor with Gillian Frise of the fabulous *petzine: the zine with a pet theme*. *petzine* seeks to radicalize the representation of pets. Unpack your trip to the vet. Contact us at zip123@web.net or gfrise@oise.on.ca Remember: DOMESTICATION IS RESIGNATION.

Zines form small pools of interest that converge with the currents of other subcultures. Zines teeter on the borders of street savvy and academia, life-writing and thesis writing, identity politics and universalism, SM and vanilla sex. Unfiltered by mainstream publishing zines allow us to dive into our own murky water, and invite what lurks there to ooze out.

In this issue of FUSE we encourage oozing. Some may see us as victims of our own hedonistic wound-licking. In this issue writers, performers, comic artists, and students indulge in confessional narratives, licking to their hearts' content. Tossing the sheets on the line, they stage their own house party on these pages. Here they redefine the moral majority. Swapping Do-It-Yourself tactics from their scrapbooks, replacing victimization with a survivor culture that builds safe houses for non-victims to emerge into.

HEDONISTIC WOUND LICKERS

by Simone Moir

editorial

I'll show you mine if you show me yours



by Michael Barker

The Intimate Peculiarities of Communal Travel

Speaking in the first person brings up questions about credibility and authority. When we are caught up in validating our opinions to the very institutions that marginalize and silence diverse practices, we need to side-step the lingo and start speaking within our own languages. First person narratives make that initial break from disciplinary discourses. In *mise-en-abîme*, Elysa Martinez Crowther compares the turmoil of thesis-writing to a "trial by fire."

Yes, the failure of history writes itself in every language, but there is a choice: move between languages, attempt to speak more than one, and peel back the veneer of authority. I invent a historical fiction, to belong nowhere except partially here, speak about where I am, without ever being completely, lucidly sure.

Tonia Bryan exposes the racial myths and antagonisms that haunt her and her lover in *Of Chocolate Queens and Rice Queens*. Developing tongues of survival involves reclamation of naming and the right to self-representation.

SELF-NAMIN = POWER. Changin my name to visible minority—3rd world woman, world majority woman—or woman of colour without my consent dis-empowers. Then I declare war. Slavers dragged us outta Africa westward tryin to take our rights to autonomy, reproduction, sexuality, language, family, spirituality & our NAMES! Tonia Joy-anne ain't African y'know. Some may wanna forget the holocaust that gave birth to Diasporic African people, our mish-mashed cultures & our rage. But I can't ever give up the unique names that tie me to my past in ways Of Colour—don't. Blk people use-ta-be coloured a long time ago & most of us r NEVAH goin back!

Venus, a young women's health zine provides a safe and receptive space for Emma Brown. Her life writing and drawings are like nails on a blackboard to her teachers. But where do these kinds of expressions belong if not at her school? No one seems to know where catharsis fits in terms of artistic practices. Why is healing always shunned as self-absorbed instead of being revered as illuminating?

Tightrope is a zine from Montreal by Kristi Sunde; it focuses on transformation and recovery from mental illness. She uses comics and collages of her life experiences to comment on psychiatry: "It is wrong to deny that we live in a sick world because then it and you will never heal." Many zines deal with recovery from abuse, poverty and insanity. Some of the work we received was withdrawn because we didn't feel that FUSE provided the safe space their work requires.

Vancouver performance collective The Satellite Deli invented their own space for reclaiming the lowbrow culture (usually attributed to women) of gossip in an interactive performance held in a laundromat after hours. There was an angry, funny and powerful piece by a single Mom who talked about the stress of being in the public eye and how people who have no clue about what's on her plate evaluate her behaviour as a parent. By airing dirty laundry and sharing tales, "Speak and Spin" re-invents the melodrama of these confessional practices with a humorous twist.

With our performing mask on we can address taboo topics like sex, mental illness, fantasy, clichés and utopias. We can also dress-up public space with our political actions, vandalism and trespassing. School, workplace, peers, professionals and the media are all sources of our self-censoring impulses. Trying dramatic personas on for size we design safe spaces. These alter egos range from the superhuman to campy arch-villains. Sharing our desires and foibles becomes less intimidating when clothed in costume or irony; the audience may be seduced by these brazen characters and their outspoken manner on taboo subjects rather than ticked-off by their "overbearing" melodramatics.



TIGHTROPE

In the *Dirty Babbette* performance cabarets, Christy Cameron and her Legionellas form the freak elite. The Legionellas play the role of fetishized security guards and bouncers. Devised as a response to intruders (and unwanted law enforcers) at previous Dirty Babbette events, the Legionellas are also performers who reinforce the image of a group of women living in a pack together, aggressive, playful and sexual. At the lesbian-organized and run event, they use butch intimidation tactics and SM gear to dispel any unbelievers in the audience. Christy Cameron asserts, "We R post queer moving beyond the confines of the Ghetto."

In *Becoming Comics*, Gabe Clarke grows multiple legs and eyes for her multiple readings/subjectivities. She rereads a 1973 issue of the comic *House of Mystery* to revive a female reading of the text. *Becoming Comics* interrogates how women are positioned as readers and writers of comics. Gabe's first series of comics, *Lonely girl* spun out of her need to write about "boys who were being fuckers." In *Lonely Girl* Gabe has created a persona who tackles her relationships head on, she inhabits contradictory spaces like those between her feelings and her theoretical analysis.

Forming collectives of self-validation entices us to "go public" with personal truths. We burrow in safe, even utopic spaces. Scott Treleven dons the guise of the cult leader with his zine *The Salvation Army* and in its surrounding lore. The zine is about creating a trusting environment to explore aspects of occulture. He says of *The Salvation Army* lore, "there are no messiahs here, no truths. It is understood that the cult philosophy is, by nature, illusory." Discussing the merits of these kinds of marginalized practices Scott says "the group can remain relatively free from, or in control of their own media representation by maintaining systematic obscurity, or by constructing their own (i.e., videos, zines)."

teen hygiene and rituals of coming of age

The recent explosion of Do-It-Yourselfism fulfills a rite of passage. We turn over our intimate selves to the scrutiny of family, friends and a



Gabe Clarke

public. Everyone desires a coming of age ritual, a process of self-discovery/recovery from the mainstream media's co-option of our style, concerns and language. The zine writer may enjoy a honeymoon stage not unlike that of finding "community acceptance." Pen pals, e-mail addresses, collaborating with new friends, midnight projects and photocopying, even local fame. It seems as though everybody knows everybody else's name.

community skeptics

Within discussions of race and gender and sexual orientation a dialogue has been fostered that probes the difference within difference; the grand illusions of homogeneous community and identity. We are not all one big happy family over here in the land of DIY either. If community

In the shadow of the Guiding light

It's incredible that anything grows in the field of cultural production, as cluttered with towering institutions as it is. The infrastructure of schools and commercial markets demands careful zoning and licensing, and a moat of appraisal and accreditation surrounds the sacred ground. The warm light pouring over the threshold of Art college beckons the budding artist, promising certification, the official "artists' license" and plenty of fertilizer.

The price of certification is adopting the vocabularies and values of the school and the academy it represents. The steps towards an "arts" career are outlined, theoretical and stylistic concerns are stressed, and training mimics professional and scholarly studies. Nowhere else is the professional practice of emerging artists so rewarded as at art school itself. Upon graduation, the new "professional" must compete for the same narrow opportunities of "art" careers as his or her teachers and other established artists, without the same seniority or credentials.

Art school is like a long bus ride (occasionally air conditioned) with some small-talk about art history nattering away behind you and an inspired drunken postmodernist rant directly ahead. You're desperately trying to draw a self portrait but the bus lurches and bumps, the line of your pen like a seismograph straight/squiggle straight/lunge. You get a headache and very little sleep, worrying all the while that you'll miss your stop. You pass a hitchhiker thumbing by the side of the road and consider skipping out at the next pit stop, but gee-whiz the ticket cost a fortune and hell, you've come this far.

Deviation from the certified career path is unsanctioned, there are no funds allocated for side roads, or wandering off onto the shoulder. But the path bottlenecks just around the bend and many ambitious souls "fall by the wayside." The wayside wanderer is suspected of self-indulgence and warned of getting lost. But there are other paths and signs to guide the wanderer, as Hadley Howes suggests in conversation with low-watt radio artist Wade, our wanderings create Lines of Desire:

"I feel positive about this definition, that a community is people who follow the same Lines of Desire. We need this specific pathway across space, we feel comfortable in the footsteps of previous travelers. It's more than similar interests, or shared physical space, it's a matter of similar movement and hiding places. It's about safety and identity."

Artists must make public space to practice their disciplines, be it underground or above. Negotiating or appropriating venues (in all media and locales) is an essential



The first meeting of the sculpture collective was held in an empty classroom in the basement of the art college. The initiates cast uneasy glances at one another as the party assembled. The two organizers called the meeting to order. The first item on the agenda: the exclusion of several classmates from the collective. This was a source of discomfort for those present, relief at having been chosen by one's peers grating on the guilt of passing judgment on "who's in & out." The collective was split down the middle between those who felt the whole class should be invited to join and those who felt that this would dilute the strength of the group. The organizers pleaded "professional practice" and suggested that only "serious" artists be invited to join. Some students pointed out that the clandestine way in which the meeting had been called, given that the excluded students were classmates, wasn't professional or "serious."

The collective agreed to work together, but wore its professionalism soberly and never developed into a safe or close community. The excluded students formed their own group and mounted their own show. The two organizers of our collective went on to win the top awards at our college.

can be found surely it must be in exile from the façade of the global village? I recently attended Canzine, a zine fair with national representation at Symptom Hall. The event was really packed and I squeezed behind a table to sell my zine, *The Passion Fruit Prison*.

I had little or nothing in common with most of my fellow fanziners at the event. Either the supposed Grrl zine revolution contingent hadn't arrived, or we had different revolutions in mind. Who was I going to trade zines with? The Bicycle Couriers? The Alt. Rock fanzines? Or the Detailed & Diligent Dude comics? This isn't to say that I don't feel camaraderie with fellow zine makers, I do. But the community I desire isn't here yet.

Zines and DIY productions provide us with an excuse to talk to people whom we admire. We teach each other and provide the groundwork for others to experiment with their beliefs and ideas because we see that developing this space is beneficial to us all. Outside of market aspirations and careerism there is a real possibility for community. The frenzy of networking that zine making and distributing induces is like forming polygamous platonic marriages. I'll show you mine if you show me yours! It is a barter systems of skills and support between consenting producers!

In micro communities we can play up celebrity so that everyone is a star or a co-conspirator. DIY is contagious, leading its own audiences to believe they are vital. Jane Farrow and Allyson Mitchell organized the "3 minute rockstar," an event that showcased the films of people without experience in the medium. After everyone's had been processed, all but one of the films had turned out. There was just enough time to reshoot but since it was a holiday all the film processing places would be closed. The organizers really wanted the film to be shown and searched the city desperately for someone who knew how to do home developing. They heard rumors about Steve Synedoché who, they were told was the only one who could do it. As a complete coincidence Steve approached Allyson Mitchell at a party to say he really enjoyed her article about how to make your own films in the "fuck it just do it" style. Later that weekend they spent hours

sitting together in a pitch black basement to prove that Super 8 footage could be developed in a mayonnaise bucket with great results. They tossed it in a laundry dryer and it was 3 minute show time!

"The high will be brought down low," to a means of production that is off the cuff, recycling, appropriating and on the fly. Between notions of good art and bad art there are most often a different circle of friends. Instead of fitting our concerns into an already well-established discourse with its own critical canons, why not opt for our own niche market with a select group of like-minded people through blatant self-promotion? Do-It-Yourself activity caters to its own extremely local and select audiences. Within these communities style has purpose; to make our own media possible without funding or blessings. Zines review each other creating their own sublevel of cultural criticism to that of the mainstreams engines. But these intentions are undermined when translated by the mainstream, becoming examples of a cute and faddish new style.

When little sister sticks her tongue out you can bet that big brother will swing round with the back-tongue-lash. In the mainstream media DIY activities are dismissed as "vanity press" or rainy day activities for lonely suburban kids; life writing and confessional work is pegged as "victim art"; and a diverse range of marginalized practices are renamed as the work of "Special Interest Groups."

Over the last year several zine anthologies have been released. These anthologies function as "best of the zine scene" samplers. The writing is laid out in a clear and conservative manner at a higher level of production than most zines. In these forums the text becomes palatable to a significantly larger audience. But sometimes the style and intentions of the original zine are left behind. In seeking larger audiences these anthologies may leave behind the interactive and self-sustaining audience of the small press. There is a danger of marketable style overriding the searching out of supportive communities.

The zine's ethos embraces three popular ideologies of our day: networking, self-promotion and no-budget production. With these tactics we become slippery. As Wade Thomas discovered in his pirate

and narrowcast radio broadcasts we can avoid censorship so long as our audiences are discrete and non-profitable. Any attempt, however small, to piggyback on the larger corporate audiences are likely to be met with aggression. The rules of the market apply when you have a stab at making a profit.

survival

In first-person narratives and by wearing performative masks we create spaces to address issues that are silenced by other discourses. The writers and artists in this issue stretch the borders of critical cultural practices to encompass personal experience and foster interdisciplinary communities. Doing-It-Ourselves in small groups and in our own performances, videos and writing we attest to our ability to overcome the State Apathy. Within the DIY communities we create there is difference. This pooling of our desires is more of an affinity than a revolution where we embrace similar strategies and tools to support each other's utopic visions.



I FANTASIZE ABOUT A GRAFFITI REVOLUTION,
A PROLIFERATION OF WOMEN'S DRAWINGS AND TEXTS SCRIBBLED ACROSS THE CITY.
THIS DIALOGUE WOULD TAKE PLACE ON SIDEWALKS, IN PARKS, BUILDINGS,
ALLEYS & BATHTUBS. BY EXCHANGING OUR JOURNALS, REMEDIES, PHILOSOPHIES AND GLANCES
WE'D BE CRUISING EACH OTHER'S REFLECTIONS INSTEAD OF SIZING UP CLUB
MONACO ADS ON THE STREET.
— excerpt from *PASSION FRUIT PRISON*



illustration by Michael Barker

part of the artistic process, as Vienna art-event organizers Trans Wien describe in Michelle Teran's *MittelEuropa*:

"We build stations for communication, in public spaces. Because we use the public space, we must communicate our ideas to city officials and bureaucrats who have nothing to do with the arts and are at first not open to us. This task of convincing these people becomes an important part of the process. If you put up art against all obstacles and then see that people are looking and pausing for a second, then you get the feeling that you have more space than before."

Professional practice encourages students to compete with one another by employing awards, bursary and critique that suggest that some students are more professional, talented or critically important than others. Since these judgments are made by the academy, it constructs an illusory career trajectory as if awards and grants shall accompany the "talented" artist (as long as he or she bends to the pomo flavour of the institution) and the gallery system will respect your professionalism and make space for newcomers.

Students would do better to pool resources and produce work cooperatively to ensure they have a practice! The emotional and critical support of peers is sure to be more empowering than the pronouncements of professional interpreters of culture.

Upon graduation students face the problem of getting into print, into galleries, of showing their work. Too often new work is used to prove the curatorial importance of the previous generation of artists and curators. Rather than developing vibrant new culture, new visions are consumed by the old. The alternative is to do it yourself, fight for your own funding and curate your own material collectively, keeping close to your own vision.

The least empowering strategy is to reject the institutional approach while still grasping at it for approval and attention like a spoiled child. By engaging in dialogue with institutions from your own place on the field, without needing their approval, we can develop a voice stronger than hollow "professional" practice.

The artist collective, self-publishing and alternative venue scene in Toronto seems more important than ever in the wake of arts funding cuts and the dismantling of social support networks. More than an alternative to the mainstream, this is a vibrant and growing cultural force in its own right, strongly opposed to rigid hierarchies of legitimization, funding and programming.

This opposition is also manifest in the forms in which these artists challenge traditional techniques of academic or art practice. From comic-essays like Gabe Clarke's *Becoming Comics* to the impassioned prose of T.J. Bryan's critical *Of Chocolate Queens and Rice Queens*, artists and writers are breaking with discipline and championing their own self-determination. This work interrogates the institutionalized schism between such categories as academia/activism and art. These hybrid strategies encourage a grassroots collectivity across borders, opening a material dialogue between supposedly separate disciplines.

From digital to quick printing, websites to spray-bombed graffiti, all these engines of communication have price tags attached. And yet some of us, those privileged few, still manage to "steal the masters" tools, or at least rent them. My art-school dreams of radical printers working by candlelight have been replaced by a community of tired and stressed ex-students struggling to produce Xeroxed political tracts in the fluorescent light of midnight copy centres.

It takes guts, determination and nail-biting soul-searching to risk "doing-it-yourself"; the reward is the community building it necessitates. My own involvement in self-publishing (my zine, *Nice Animal*) introduced me to a roughshod community of readers and contributors (as well as staplers, folders, glue stickers and collators sustained on cookies and complimentary copies) who take turns speaking. I am also able to provide a forum that accepts creative approaches to discussing supposedly "academic" subjects and to present the work of new and established artists, side by side, without fanfare. Opening and sustaining dialogue across borders is enough to validate cultural production for me; it is important to always strive to create censor-free space for speaking.

In the Shadow of the Corporate Communications Giants

If money and access to the skills and technology to represent oneself are the first barriers, marginal distribution and the isolation of different communities of DIY activity is the final hurdle. In this special issue we tried to broaden our definition of what constitutes DIY activity.

Cut'n'paste

It is important to keep cultural production "close to the knives," politically engaged with censorship (by market or morality squad) with resistance to oppression (against the cutthroat tactics of the Harris government and other new right butchers) and with issues of access to the means of culture (from cut'n'paste zine culture to systemic racism in art institutions). And to create space where we can safely illuminate the delusional tentacles of our own privileges and prejudices so that more constructive dialogues may develop.

Sticker enthusiast Allyson Mitchell interrupts the drone of advertising and heterosexism with well-placed subversive stickers, a pastime she encourages with her informative, *Stick it where the Sun don't Shine*, a how-to/why-to guide. As she cheerfully suggests,

"With privilege (via race, class, planetary origin or whatever) there comes a responsibility to assert a resistant voice. Use it or lose it... The more you can fuck shit up, the more power can be shared with others."

Contrast this street-level cultural mischief with the "DIY" rhetoric of a right-wing backlash that demands art make it on its own commercial merit. In this hostile climate, we see arts and culture organizations warily soliciting the attentions of corporate sponsorship. Caught between slashed budgets and hands-on corporate

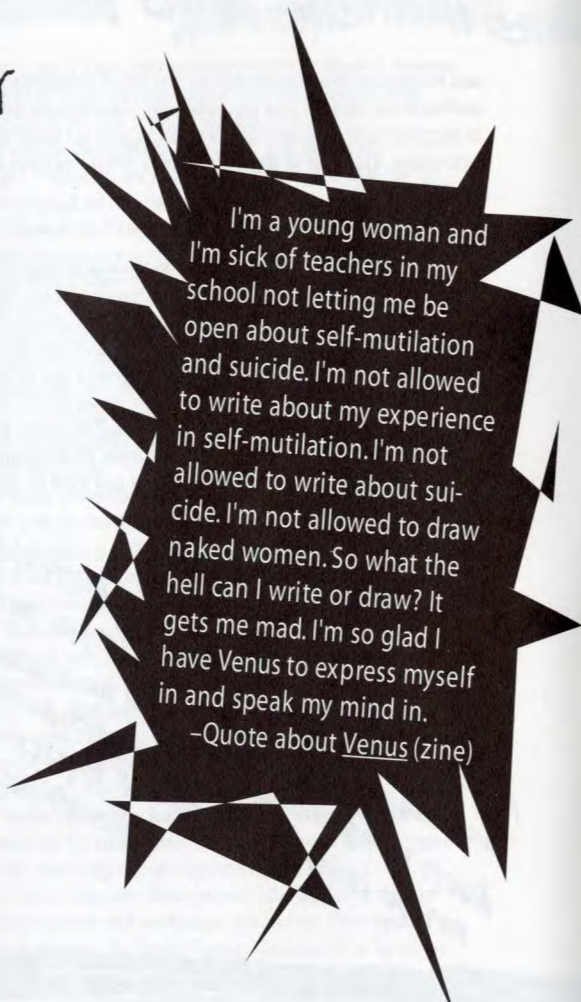
hand-outs, the future of artist-run centres and periodicals is in question. It is difference and dissent that are at stake here, the freedom to ask difficult questions, to impose a different set of values and perspectives on the cultural scene. To let others know you're here too, you're not amused and the mythic status quo and its infrastructure does not engulf the world.

Transient and multi-tongued, the work in this issue suggests the companionship, conflict and courage of a collective journey. We asked the contributors to write in their own voice, to design their own pages and speak to their own issues. We've picked up as many fellow travelers as we could fit into this borrowed vehicle. The context is a bit baffling for some of us, unused to being invited out of the underground (bright light! bright light!) or a bit intimidated by the normally theoretical tone of FUSE, but we've spoken in our own voices (as best we're able) and accepted the ride. I would be interested to see if FUSE might leave the keys at home for a night and come for a ride with us... How about a FUSE sticker campaign? Or a FUSE fiction anthology?



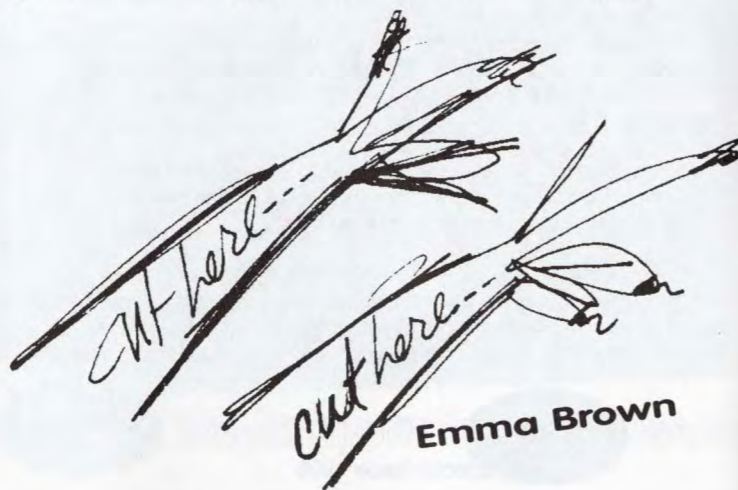


I have to take responsibility. I have to get my priorities right. I have to accept my teachers' and other adults' opinions and values. I'm supposed to be on the right track for my future. I'm almost an adult now, but I can't choose who I want creating the laws of the country I live in. I don't decide if I'm mature enough to drink or gamble, these choices aren't mine to make, they're left up to the "concerned" adults in my life.



I'm a young woman and I'm sick of teachers in my school not letting me be open about self-mutilation and suicide. I'm not allowed to write about my experience in self-mutilation. I'm not allowed to write about suicide. I'm not allowed to draw naked women. So what the hell can I write or draw? It gets me mad. I'm so glad I have Venus to express myself in and speak my mind in.
-Quote about Venus (zine)

Censorship! Everyone says; oh there isn't very much censorship anywhere but really there is. If I wanted to write a story about rape or about suicide my teachers would totally not accept it. We are living in censorship and it really pisses me off, it's so hard to express how I'm feeling if I have to think about all the rules involved in it.



STICK IT WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE

BY ALLYSON MITCHELL

MEDIACOM'S BEEN BOUGHT OUT.

That's right folks, it is now in the hands of the people. You and me.



This is a call to all secret agents of the advertising underworld. Step up to bat with the big boys and create your own campaign with stickers. Adhesive paper must have been invented by an activist who wanted to redesign ad campaigns and "public" spaces to say what we all really want to say to all those ciggy smokin', underfed, Aspartame-ingesting idiots selling us a nonexistent lifestyle and The American Nightmare. A strategically placed crack 'n peel can interrupt a beige corporate landscape of billboards, washroom ads and subway posters to say what we're all thinking when we look at bullshit ads. While I've always been a fan of carrying a big-assed marker everywhere I go, lately I've found that stickers have a lot of merit as a means of shoving your personal message onto a public space. There are differences between traditional marker or spray paint graffiti and sticker graffiti. If you want them to be, stickers can be even more sneaky and subversive. If you print stickers from a computer in a similar font as that of the campaign you are targeting they are less likely to be removed quickly. You can apply them in a crowded space subtly because they don't squeak or reek. Stickers are already done so you don't have to think of some smart-assed comment on the spot and you're far less likely to be caught sticking than hurling a stink bomb or blowing some spray paint.

Below you're going to find a technical how-to sketch which will provide some practical info to people who are really interested in doing DIY stuff rather than reading about it. It's safe to say that most regular FUSE readers have access to office supplies and computers and don't need so much of a how-to as a why-to. If you can spare the dough for an art/culture magazine you can cough up twenty bones to buy some adhesive paper. The reasons why I do sticker actions are not just because advertising generally erases my girl-loving queen-sized existence. But also because I personally think that Kate Moss looks better with a booger hanging out of her nose caused by a strategically aimed paint bomb. A Guerrilla Media sticker that says "fake culture, fake fruit" hidden in a juicy fruit ad I've been scowling at on the subway for 10 minutes makes my heart flutter.

Advertising reduces who we are and what we think into a consumption crazy greed-culture demographic that excludes anything "queer," "ethnic" or "poor." Slapping a sticker on an ad or a bus seat can be a way of dealing with urban rage. These actions can also be for the good of all, particularly those who can't speak (or sometimes think) critically. Anyone who has enough time to stop and think about DIY culture and activism is privileged (you can read, you have enough food in your gut, and are blessed with the critical faculties to think through media bullshit). With privilege (via race, class, planetary origin or whatever) there comes the responsibility to assert a resistant voice. Use it or lose it. With stickers there is very little risk involved and the more you can fuck shit up the more the power can be shared with others. So, Joe Bay and Bloor might not notice a DIY sticker but some little anarchist-wannabe from the data entry pool might see it and it may brighten their dreary isolated work lives. And, ad companies do notice when their really expensive campaigns are being targeted. There was a maintenance man with a giant janitor brush delicately cleaning Kate Moss' booger the next day on Queen Street West.

They notice when little sister is sticking it to big brother.



STUFF I'VE DONE:

"You go girl!" is from a heterosexual pleasure campaign myself and Jane Farrow dreamed up to promote anal lovin' for hets as a means to alleviate homophobia due to their resentment of perceived gay male sexual satisfaction. We stuck them in washroom stalls along Interstate 75 from here to sunny FLA.

The I Love Fags stickers were initially made to stick on those "life is hard your tequila shouldn't be" ads. At first I was just writing a really dry academic message like "fight homohatred in advertising" with marker but decided that was too boring. When I started thinking about it I realized the message didn't bug me because it's homophobic (cuz I'm not so sure that it is) but more because it was made assuming the reader is a straight man. The result was I Love Fags which can be stuck anywhere, particularly in places that don't have a history of fag loving, such as sports billboards, and Batman and Robin posters. My friend was sticking them on Maple Leaf Gardens on his way home from work everyday right in the middle of the Maple Leaf Gardens molestation allegations.

RIGHT ON. RIGHT ON.

you GO girl! sex tips for girls:
fuck your boyfriend's ASS
IT feels great

YO! sex tip for boys:
ask your girlfriend to fuck your ass
it feels good

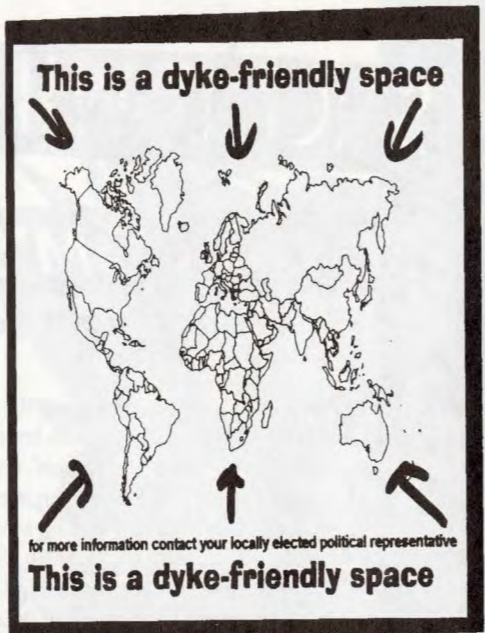


1. HOME GROWN:

If you are privileged enough to have, or have access to, your own computer (say at work) with a printer, you can spit out stickers in the comfort and convenience of your own home in the time it takes to play twenty games of solitaire or Tetris. Most bubble jet printers (and virtually all laser jets) can print on Avery label paper (\$10 bucks for a box of 100). You can buy these at any office supply place, and if you work in an office-type place chances are they have a stack of them in their supply closet. Type up any old message you want, print it up, cut stickers to size and start sticking. Up until now, all of my stickers have been made this way.

2. FARMING IT OUT:

You can also make your artwork on 8 1/2 x 11 sheets and take it to a photocopy place and copy them on adhesive paper. You have two options here: go to ye old copy shoppee around the corner and pay the seven cents per sheet or go to a big corporate place that is open till late like stinko's and rip them off. Note on ripping off big places: one option is copy and dash which is very easy when the place is busy or... accidentally drop the copy key on the ground a couple of times... this fucks up the counter... it really does. Then, you just cut them up on the slicer. You can get more fancy with your graphics this way and the look is definitely more artistic. Below are some examples of stickers made this way by the amazing Kinnie Starr, a musician and cultural activist from Vancouver.



It's meant to be stuck in places that probably ain't too dyke friendly as a reminder that lezzies tread on these sidewalks too. The calls to politicians they may or may not generate are a bonus.

3. BUYING THE LABOUR OF OTHERS:

A third way I know to make stickers is to get them professionally printed. This doesn't have to be too expensive and the stickers can be vinyl so they hold better on outside and dirty places (Avery ones only stick to particular surfaces). For more money you can get really fancy colour or blacklight ones to take to raves or firecracker shows. B&W is always the cheapest. Probably the coolest way to do this is through Punks with Presses in Berkeley, Ca (510)763-9432. They print 500 3x3 vinyl for US\$45 with a 3-4 week turn-around time. The best thing is you don't have to explain to anyone what your sticker says or censor it for dirty words. I was curious about finding a place in Toronto that works similarly and didn't find any punks. But I did work my way through the yellow pages and got quotes that ranged from \$300 for 500 3x3 paper stickers (crack and peel this, baby!) to \$65 for vinyl. The cheaper ones were Falcon Printing Co. (416) 653-4509 (\$45 for 500 paper stickers) and Firestone Printing Co. (416) 653-4509 (\$60 for 500 paper stickers). Of course these prices may change at any time. The deal of the millennium was from Dat Hung Printing Ltd (416) 596-1229 who will do 500 3x3 vinyl stickers for \$65. They got my order for my latest campaign.



Mise-en-abyme: Word Made Flesh

Prologue

Challenge: Obtain a licence to write in the guise of a Master of Arts Degree (Cultural Theory). Attend a respectable institution for a number of years, and receive a nod from academia.

I'm writing about not fitting into a scheme, this foreign landscape.

Procedure: Immerse yourself in the obscurity of the philosophic canon. Learn the gestures of appropriate academic behavior. Become convinced of the superiority of the Oxford English Dictionary as a source of inspiration. If you don't understand the lexicon, learn its terms.

Trial by fire: Write a document that adheres to rigorous specifications regarding length, style, content, form and footnote procedure. You are permitted to write only under these terms. Fiction is not allowed.

Result: Descent into the abyss you open in writing.

*The upper lip stretches to form the sound.
Teeth close; my tongue is a prisoner.*

I look at myself in the mirror of language, and collide with a boundary between what I need to say and how I am to [will?] say it. I trace steps through the book of knowledge and lose my bearing in the labyrinth of its infinite pages. The hieroglyphs which others read for directions are foreign signs to me, and all language is put at risk of a broken translation, an unsuccessful performance.

The head on my body reels in front of a chasm forged by the weight of words. This is the abyss between myself and the world. I try to cross to the other side by writing a **THESIS**—a script that illustrates the maladies of madness and displacement contained in language. I string together incongruous fragments, words that are and are not mine, and inscribe a tale in metaphor.

Writing in/as Exile

The poet beckons the reader into certain exile because once words are worked over they can never be the same. That shared space is lost, just as the past itself becomes irretrievable. With the asking of a question, the protective barriers of the known explode into the vast expanse of illegible signs. This is the solitary space of writing.

*Se trouver dans un trou, au fond d'un trou, dans une solitude quasi totale et découvrir que seule l'écriture vous sauvera. **
—Marguerite Duras

**To find oneself in a pit, at the bottom of a pit, in an almost total solitude, and discover that one will be saved only by writing.*

I take note of my descent into the very abyss I would attempt to disarm through observation. To fail at this task means to risk losing the flutter of my voice, and the story it comprises.

Malditos académicos, no ven que su lenguaje autoritario no tiene nada que ver conmigo, con mi personaje fragmentado, con este cuerpo perseguido por sus ojos?



by Elysa Martinez Crowther



What makes continuity rational?

A competent thesis must be produced to win my nod from authority. My fire is consumed by the perpetual appeal for explanation. Proof. Documentation. Research to certify a life, a thought. The academy preaches proficiency in the canon: "if you don't speak the language, woman, learn it."

Deutsch is die Sprache der Philosophie, der Organisation, der Genauigkeit, der makellosen Bilder



But I've struggled already with my share of tongues. Spanglish. Franglais. Francenol. Gehe zu Heim. Those who most need to read the signs are illiterate to the foreign tongue. What is the language of pain, the only one to which no one is a foreigner? This requires a singular fluency, untaught.

To write like Paul Celan, like a poet whose task is to traverse the pitfalls of language, is to wrestle meaning from words by fleeing from the obvious, from common usage. It is to fight history, the past and its concretions, the sedimentation which weighs words down so they cannot take flight. The poet risks a potential unintelligibility because the poetry is written from a space of alone-ness, in a language that is not common to all. The familiar connotations of words are exposed as tricksters.

Mexican Canadian diseased and mentally unsound female artist writer? Learn to paint. Learn to write. Learn to speak by painting with words. I pull myself apart in my migration from image to word, painting to philosophy, from a studio assembled by women to an academy brought to life by predominantly male voices and

I start to hear voices, sea of whispers and ghosts.

Insecurity installs itself as the curse and muse of the introspective. I glimpse the terror writing itself across my body as I become the object under scrutiny. My figure is a mediocre drawing on transparent paper, my blood thinned by a fear of something amorphous, unknown: the incoherence of meaninglessness. There is an absolute void to absurdity, to racing against death. For nothing. In spite of nothing. Faltering speech, its very lack, becomes the disease and its own symptom. My silence forces a precarious balance. The scale tips towards death and I battle to replenish the equilibrium, like bailing water from a sinking ship. The storm is a voiceless silence. I rush rush rush to keep from dying, from letting go in front of a stifling wind which would scatter my irreconcilable pieces. The tidy bundle comes undone.

*Aquí. Here. This malady is my siren. Lorelei of melancholy. I was she, once.
I recognise her place of isolation. A mate song beckons me, with its fathomlessness*

*Come here, into my ocean, swim with me, grab my hand, my
fingers, and I'll pull you into the depths, the dark is comfort,
do not fear death. I will guard your voice in a box, fugitive.
Rest your head on my stomach of erasure and absoluton.*

Words, like pebbles, are easily scattered.

My language is not one, revealed as never having been a dwelling of refuge. I am a wanderer. I can decimate the deceptive asylum through my own critique. This is the power of the strange utterance. I will forever hear and read words for the first time, as they will never hold the same meaning twice.

My silence forces a precarious balance. The scale tips toward death and I battle to replenish the equilibrium, like bailing water from a sinking ship. The storm is a voiceless silence. I rush rush rush to keep from dying, from letting go in front of a stifling wind which would scatter my irreconcilable pieces. The tidy bundle comes undone.

Der Sprache von Freud, von Goethe, von der Verzweiflung von Walter Benjamin, von Adornos Wehklagen der Kultur, von der gezeichneten wörter von Nelly Sachs

I struggle beneath a weighted past, the burden of carrying one's history upon one's back. Every departure necessitates a recollection.

*Waves are rolling, gulls shriek and my chest hurts to
shriek, the need to sound. What reduction this silence.
Follow the path(ology)*

I want to conquer the fear of solitary journeys, the open road, which is a path without markers. I walk gingerly around the canonical texts. And yet the edifice is crumbling. This monument to cultural schizophrenia is held together by an unraveling thread. I could succumb willingly, relieved, to the pull—allow my body to be lapped by the sea of forgetting, close my eyes so that they look back, into the dark, plunge into the waves of numb.

Je t'ai entendu parler comme ça, avec des îles dans ta bouche

My head floats away from my body, and I observe the stillness of my limbs. A macabre spirit certainly resides within the land my skin contains. My own mind devours my flesh, my weakness. Here is the space Kristeva calls abjection. "...the borders between the subject and the object cannot be maintained..." The pen scratches itself across the page now. It bleeds pain, breathes words that my eyes follow. Then they expire. If I read them again it will be in a different context. They will come to mean something else. My history is ephemeral and dies with every recounting that succeeds this one time.

Das Scheitern der Geschichte schreibt sich selbst in jeder Sprache.

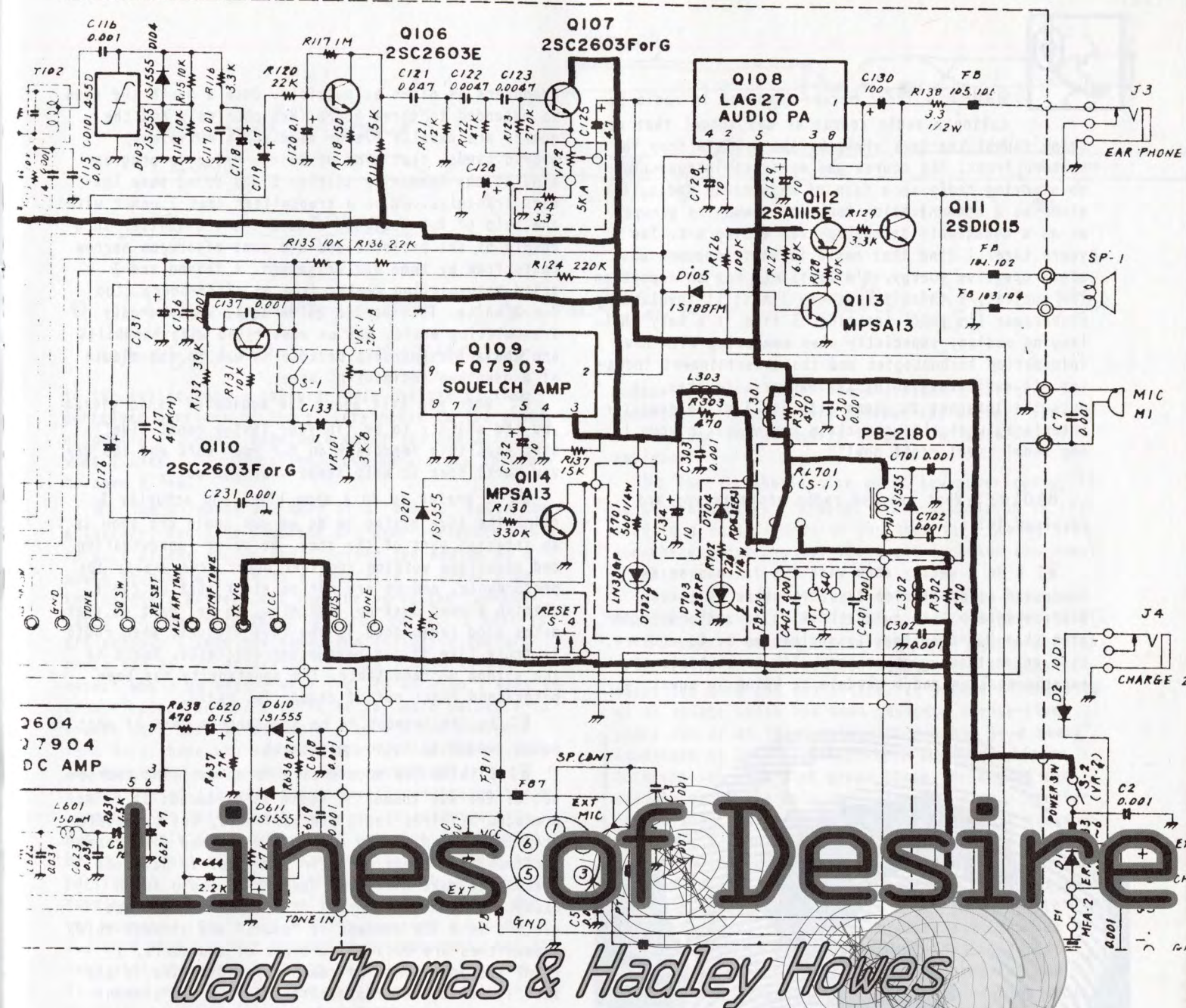
Yes, the failure of history writes itself in every language, but there is a choice: move between languages, attempt to speak the heterogeneity of more than one, and peel back the veneer of authority that singularity insinuates. I invent a historical fiction, to belong nowhere except partially here, speak about where I pause to notice my own existence, without ever being completely, lucidly sure.

The productivity of juxtaposing narratives and the ideologies inherent in language is to see their complicity, how they are inextricably linked in their opposition, and implicated the one by the other. It exposes their meaning as untenable and arbitrary, revealing them as incomplete in their attempt to be all-encompassing. These colonizers of imagination impose categories, setting up dichotomies of self/other, inside/outside, truth/error, without ever acknowledging their own "fiction."

Why speak? How to write? I am momentarily here. I cloak myself in irony, and choose not to edit ambiguity. We might all call ourselves foreigners in exile before the ivory tower of Babel, which demands, and makes impossible, the telling of its story.

In the illusory babels of language, an artist might advance specifically to get lost, and to intoxicate himself in dizzying syntaxes, seeking odd intersections of meaning, strange corridors of history, unexpected echoes, unknown humors, or voids of knowledge...

—Robert Smithson



Lines of Desire

Wade Thomas & Hadley Howes

Lines of Desire are the pathways beaten down through time by animals and humans who choose a route and use it repeatedly; a shortcut across a large space. My friend Dean called his route to work from his apartment his Line of Desire because he followed his previous footsteps every morning. When I walked with him he became frustrated because he had to steer me in the right direction, bump my body in diagonal lines across streets I didn't expect to cross. He said I interrupted his Line of Desire.

In the last few years I have found Women's Comix, Bad Girl art, and Zines. I realized that there are Lines of Desire out there that are purposely invisible, aren't meant to be found unless you are searching for the trail. The pathway becomes a way of sharing secrets with people you know will understand them. A place where there is someone who laughs at your jokes.

I met Wade in Vancouver between Toronto and Whitehorse after returning from a long stay in London, England. We talked for eight hours while painting Sacred Hearts red, which is how we make money. At the time I was searching for a community in Vancouver that could offer me more of the music I had been exposed to in London. I was also looking for a method of searching out community and roots in Vancouver, a reason to stay here. We began the long process of our "interview" in cozy seats at the Whip Gallery Café at 6th and Main, trying to record our voices over the sound of a screaming guitar. Four weeks later, we're back in the same cozy seats trying to pull this stuff together.



Wade: I first became involved in radio by taking a media course at art school that was being taught tag-team style by two artists from the Western Front. The course was my first introduction to studying radio as a form of mainstream media, let alone as a communication tool for community groups, or as a manageable technology for making art. Two years later I find that radio is what consumes most of my creative energy. I'm certainly not an expert on the subject, I think that's why I'm still involved in it—because I'm still learning. I find it a very challenging medium, especially when competing with new information technologies and the entertainment industry. It definitely holds its own next to them, it puts the Internet to shame with its limited computer interface, what else can claim "my voice in your living room! live! right now!"?

Hadley: What are the radio projects you are involved in?

W: I do a weekly show with two friends on the Vancouver co-op station CFRO. The show is called Schizophonics. In a nutshell it is an audio art program that has been heavily influenced by DJ culture. It's an anything-goes program with an emphasis on experimentation and a mandate to bring in guest



producers as often as possible. Once a month the show is extended to three hours (Maxiphonics), and the guests are usually DJs or electronic musicians, hybrid bands, that kind of thing. Prior to programming at the community station I was doing some low-watt transmissions on a transmitter that I built with the help of Rob Kozinuk. I used the transmitter in a couple of art projects and did some afternoon narrow casts from my home for neighbors. A friend and I tried transmitting weekly from an after-hours club for a while. That worked quite well. We were only transmitting music, but we advertised with handbills and had a listenership because it was in the middle of a downtown residential area.

H: When you talk about the medium of radio giving you the ability to be "in your living room! live!", what does this immediacy do for your work and the way you work? Does it help shape what you do?

W: I prefer to do a show live, and actually I think the live mixing we do on our audio art show is an integral part of the show. We value improvisation and encourage working together under pressure or for performance, and we are not so slick that we can't cherish a good fuck-up. But also, to me, part of what makes good radio good is the live element. When radio is truly live it can become unpredictable. Radio is too seldom unpredictable. The spontaneity has been programmed right out of commercial radio.

H: Is the freedom to be spontaneous part of what makes community radio important?

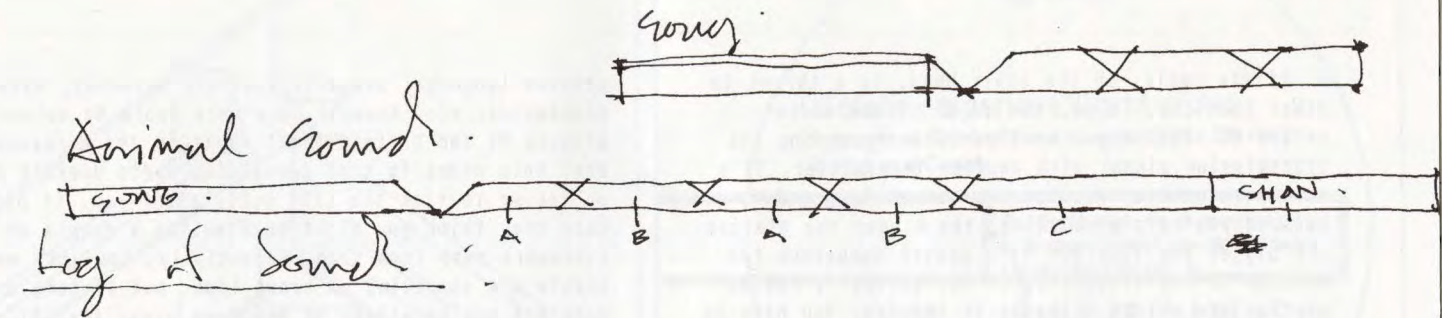
W: I think the spontaneity is an exciting byproduct of the way community radio is produced. It is not produced by hired radio professionals, but by people from the community who are more concerned with communication than pleasing their sponsors. We have the freedom to make mistakes! Commercial radio is an example of how the concept of "communication" has evolved into the concept of "media" and through this, communities are defined as types of consumers. I think the importance of community radio lies in the fact it has direct representation from the communities it represents, allowing the freedom of self-definition.

H: Would you ever claim that what you do with radio is specifically beneficial or important to a community or communities?

W: The community that benefits from Schizophonics is the art community—producers specifically. I like to think of Schizophonics operating in a way very similar to an art gallery. We offer space in the form of radio time for people making audio work, whether it be in music, words, audio collage, documentary, whatever. We provide access to the airwaves. We don't leave time to do PSAs on our show, or gallery announcements or anything like that. We look at Schizophonics as art radio, not radio about art.

[Tammy who brings us iced tea laughs at us because she overhears the word "community" used all the time in conversations at this café]

H: In comparing Schizophonics to a gallery space it seems that radio is a space much more accessible



① Dogs barking on "Animal Sounds" cassette just after michelli's interview

to the public than a gallery space because of the perceived barriers of the gallery space to the general public ("I don't know much about art but I know what I like..."), education, language, class barriers to name a few.

W: The airwaves are more of a "public" space than a gallery. Radio is familiar and user-friendly. This is part of the reason why I prefer the medium as a place to make art. It is a good site to break down the barriers between art and the so-called "un-educated" or "un-enlightened" general public. I went to art school, I know how lofty and exclusive the art world can be. As an artist I think I have to ask myself who I am making work for, to whom do I want to communicate. For me, I think it far more valuable to create work that is accessible to a wider audience than only those who can read the intricacies of coded art language. Why preach to the converted?

Now I feel like I'm being morally righteous there, I mean, I do think there is value in academic art. But if people don't understand art, are intimidated by it, or feel excluded from it, they'll stop supporting it. Especially in these times of cuts to arts funding, and the general slide towards a market driven economy. That's why I think reaching a broader audience than the art community is important, and the fact that there's a radio in nearly every home makes it a good site to make some weird sounds and push the boundaries of our definitions of art.

H: I love the feeling of not knowing whether something is art or whether it is accident. In Whitehorse there were a couple lampposts with photographs pasted to them. One of them was from what looked like a community event, a snapshot taken of two young girls in sequins doing a lip-synch or a dance performance of some kind. The other one was of a woman in a living room, another home photo. I wondered is this a joke? or did someone put these up to embarrass? or is this an art piece... it had no explanation and it had no label of art on it. It was so non-pretentious and quiet. I've been trying to imagine what it would be like to find your low-watt station, or what it would feel like to just bump into a station that I haven't heard before. What is the likelihood of finding your station and what would it be like to find it and understand that it is not a regulated station. I think that it would feel like coming across those photographs in public. I could be the only listener, or I could be listening in on a

community that I didn't know existed until that moment. The relationship between the artist, the viewer, and the community is both intimate and ambiguous.

W: That is what's nice about low-power radio, it is geographically intimate. The transmission is limited to a small radius so you know it's coming from somewhere close by, but the exact location can remain a mystery.

[Tammy addresses most of the clientele here by name. Do "regulars" mean this is a "community" café?]

H: When I was in London studying "Public Art" we tried to never use the word "community" because it means too much and too little. We worked on the site of an estate which had been designed twenty-five years ago as an ideal community and now is a bleak landscape of International-style apartment blocks interspersed with flat green space. We argued constantly about the role our art would play, interfering in this space and burdened with all our assumptions and prejudice. We struggled to define the community that was our audience, that was supposedly defined by the borders of the estate. I felt uncomfortable about making guesses about these people who saw through the light of each other's windows at night, and found myself searching for signs that would indicate Lines of Desire. I looked for new paths of mud across grass, for hidden meeting spots, for graffiti.

I feel positive about this definition, that a community is people who follow the same Lines of Desire. We need this specific pathway across this space, we feel comfortable in the footsteps of previous travelers. It's more than similar interests, or shared physical space, it's a matter of similar movement and hiding places. It's about safety and identity.

It seems to me that what you do with radio is the creation of a Line of Desire. Could the airwaves become saturated with pirate radio?

W: I like to make a distinction between "pirate radio" and "low-watt radio," the terms are often used synonymously, but I think they are different. A low-watt transmission is simply that: radio waves being pumped out at low wattage, or low power. A comparison of the low-watt transmitter to a commercial FM station is two watts to about a hundred thousand watts. The low power is really not threatening to the existence of an established station.

Pirate radio, on the other hand, is a threat to other stations. To me, the term "pirate radio" refers to hijacking a station by overpowering its transmission signal with another transmitter. It's more pirate-like, you have to be cunning, and because you're piggybacking, the bigger the station the bigger the fun. But it's pretty dangerous too because of the illegality of the activity, not to mention the strike of panic it induces. You have to admit, there's something magical about the way radio works to begin with, and then when the airwaves start to be mysteriously taken over....

But to answer your question, could the airwaves be taken over by "non-regulated" transmissions? I think no, not with the CRTC in effect. Pirates would be squashed very quickly. I am proud to say that CFR0 was actually pirated during our show a couple of months ago. We had hooked up a DJ mixer and some effects to the radio board and part way through the show some sounds started that I thought was a bad connection or shorting in our equipment, (CFRO operates a station with the oldest equipment in Canada by the way, so breakdowns are not that unlikely). It turned out to be pirates that could cut out our signal and replace it with theirs at will. Because we are socially minded people and kind of fascinated with the possibilities of pirate radio we were delighted. Try that with a commercial station, however, and I think they're going to freak out and call the CRTC. I don't know from first hand experience, but I understand that it doesn't take long for them to "triangulate" the signal and find exactly where the unregulated signal is coming from, go to the spot and stop it with the force of the law, if you know what I mean.

H: How does the CRTC deal with low-watt transmissions?

W: Technically any unregulated transmission that enters the airwaves is illegal use of that space, even if it is only two watts. However, in my experience I have never had a problem, and have even been quite open about advertising narrow casts. As far as I understand it, the CRTC operates on a complaint basis, that is they aren't too interested unless they are getting complaints from listeners. It's responsible for "protecting" listeners from

profane language, sexually explicit material, hate propaganda, etc. However, low-watt radio is vulnerable because it can't claim legal right to the airwaves. What this means is that commercial radio doesn't need an excuse to sick the CRTC bully after you, if perhaps they think you might be stealing a couple of listeners away from them. Essentially, low-watt enthusiasts are squatting on crown land, but as long as were not poking sticks in any ones eyes, the CRTC doesn't bother to come looking for us.

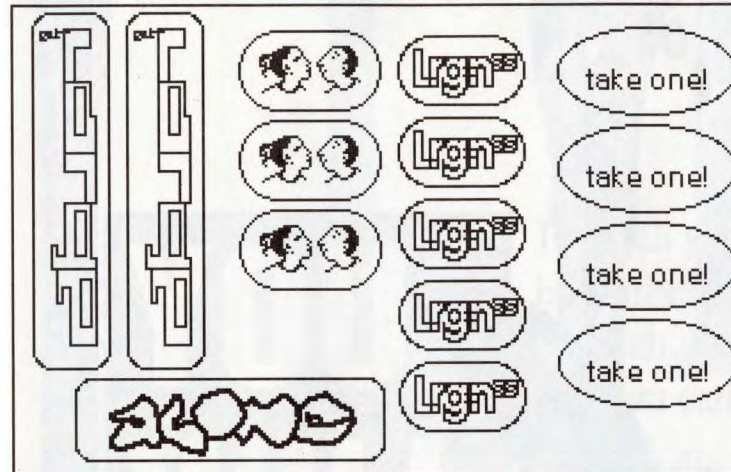
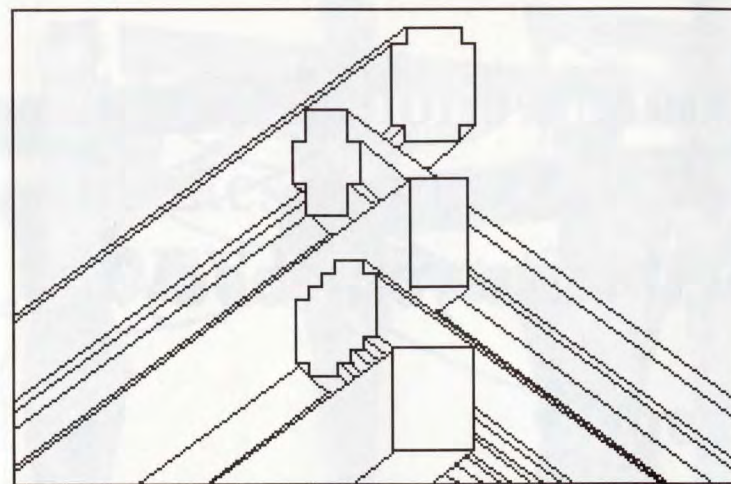
H: Like the prisoners in Jeremy Bentham's Prison Panopticon, as long as we don't let the prison guard see the notes we pass from cell to cell, prisoner to prisoner, we escape censorship. We also escape the criticism of our internalized prison guards. Those notes are Lines of Desire, new communities that we allow ourselves to become involved in and help develop, until our guards are gently coaxed into accepting that these communities exist and are part of the world map.



"Schizophonics" airs on Tuesday nights, 9:00-10:00 pm, "Maxiphonics" on the first Tuesday each month from 9-midnight, on CFR0 102.7fm, Co-op Radio Vancouver. Wade is a volunteer programmer and his views do not necessarily reflect those of CFR0. For more detailed information about the radio regulations contact the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission branch near you!

For information on how to build low watt transmitter, contact Rob Kozinuk via e-mail at rkozinuk@wimsey.com.

Look for low-watt radio stations in your community on the low end of the FM dial!



Galerie Largeness SM	Galerie Largeness SM
Multiples	Multiples
Lrg n°001 : Luke Jacob Dept 4/88	Lrg n°001 : Luke Jacob Dept 4/88
Lrg n°002 : Hector Ruger Oct8/88	Lrg n°002 : Hector Ruger Oct8/88
Lrg n°003 : Dhris Kubal Oct8/88	Lrg n°003 : Dhris Kubal Oct8/88
Lrg n°004 : Mosch Lucier Oct8/88	Lrg n°004 : Mosch Lucier Oct8/88
Lrg n°005 : Siana Blamp Nov1 8/88	Lrg n°005 : Siana Blamp Nov1 8/88
Lrg n°006 : Luke Jacob Nov1 8/88	Lrg n°006 : Luke Jacob Nov1 8/88
Lrg n°007 : Angela Lash Oct 8/88	Lrg n°007 : Angela Lash Oct 8/88
Lrg n°008 : David Smerberg Oct 8/88	Lrg n°008 : David Smerberg Oct 8/88
Lrg n°009 : Greg McHarg Oct 8/88	Lrg n°009 : Greg McHarg Oct 8/88
Lrg n°010 : Ho Tam Jan8/88	Lrg n°010 : Ho Tam Jan8/88
Lrg n°011 : Video Propaganda Feb8/88	Lrg n°011 : Video Propaganda Feb8/88
Lrg n°012 : SF2-NC founded by Dennis Marshall Mar8/88	Lrg n°012 : SF2-NC founded by Dennis Marshall Mar8/88
Lrg n°013 : Alan Belcher Apr8/88	Lrg n°013 : Alan Belcher Apr8/88
Lrg n°014 : founded by Marc Bernau July 8/88	Lrg n°014 : founded by Marc Bernau July 8/88
Lrg n°015 : D. Bandy Pink July 8/88	Lrg n°015 : D. Bandy Pink July 8/88
Lrg n°016 : founded by Neil Warrick August 8/88	Lrg n°016 : founded by Neil Warrick August 8/88

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Galerie Largeness might reasonably appear to be an art gallery, in that over a period of time it will function to make public the work of a variety of artists. It is not a gallery, in that its form will remain portable and its contents be non-unique. It might also appear to be a periodic publication such as a magazine, in that, again, it works to make public the work of artists, and in that it is presented part by part over a duration of time. It is not a magazine, however, in that its content will function neither as reportage nor as review, but will in every case be original work prepared by artists, especially in the Galerie. It might appear to be an archive, in that it will present within a unified context the work characteristic of a determinate time and place; indeed, efforts will be made to preserve and make available copies of the project in public art and art ephemera collections across Canada. It is not an archive, however, in that its scope will be neither documentary nor retrospective. The life of Largeness is in that current time which brings the present into the future. Its role, like a gallery's, a magazine's, and an archive's, is an activist's role. Its conceptual and performative aspects lie in its being real -- embodying the conditions which determine its existence and which let it be as it is. Largeness will construct -- not only reflect -- embody its own conditions to the extent that it acts to open channels of communication and collaboration between artists; acts to exhibit as functional channels that are already in place; acts to test potentially useful channels; to institute new channels; reassociate old ones; demonstrate collaborative ones; take enthusiastic effort, expenditure of energy, and generosity. It can do so only by existing -- by occupying its own place within objective reality as a work of art.

lujacob@text.n°002

lrg-n°001

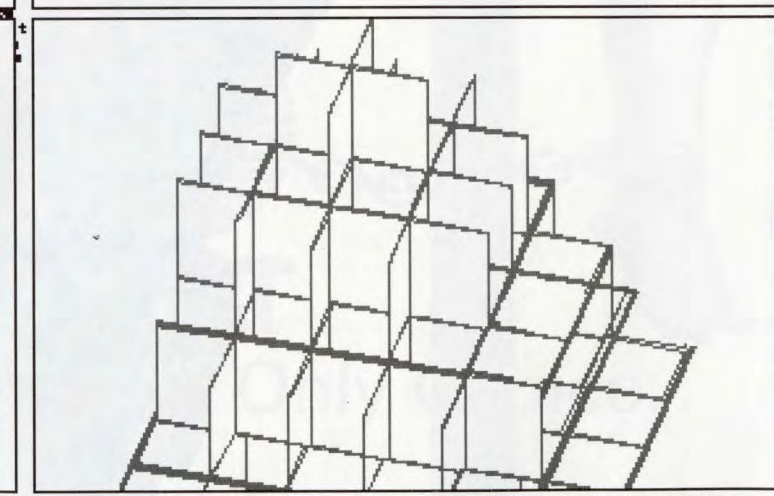
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Luke Jacob just for you. \$20.00 today.
Largeness: "It's not!"

Sep 14/ 996

BETWEEN THE MILK CRATE AND THE TURNTABLE...
BETWEEN THE STORAGE RACKS AND THE EXHIBITION SPACE...
BETWEEN THE DEED AND THE STORY OF THE DEED...
BETWEEN THE BOOKSHELF AND THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP...
BETWEEN MAKERS AND PRESERVERS...
BETWEEN COVERS...
BETWEEN FILES...
IT... IS ONLY TO BE LOOKED AT OVER ANOTHER'S OWN SHOULDER, CLOSELY.

MIGHTY REAL



**Have you ever...
had a barcode tattooed onto your body?**

**had that hollow, empty feeling that
makes you want to run out and
buy more stuff?**

**wished you had done something
to stop media monopolies?**

**YOU
WILL**

They tell you that the Apocalypse is coming. They're marketing the Messiah, but they don't know that you can't buy the solution.

You *are* the solution.


Support creativity and autonomy.
Create your own media.

The U.S. Telecom Act that was passed in February of 1996 was the bottle of champagne broken upon the vessel's hull. Bon voyage, screamed the most far sweeping and corrupt bill in U.S. legislative history. Written by and for big business, the bill unilaterally raised the concentration and cross-ownership limits on media. Within weeks there was a flurry of media mega-mergers, in which the military establishment (General Electric, Westinghouse,

AT&T) and their propaganda arm (Disney) bought the major networks, cable czar Ted Turner took over the Time Warner empire, the regional phone companies all jumped into bed together and reduced in number by almost half, radio and newspapers fled beneath various umbrellas, and most recently British Telecom made the largest foreign take-over in U.S. history by increasing their stake in MCI (the largest shareholder of which is News Corp.).



AR&T
Your Only Choice.



1994

your short/small/strong/wiry/thin/little frame/pale u say yellow skin/eyes narrow without fold/bone-straight blk hair/little fleshy tucked under butt/pussy with fine hairs/fistin-sized hands/angular fingers/small thin lips MET my tall/large/strong/muscle/marbled with fat/dark i say blk skin/sad eyes/kinky blk-silver naps/high/generous/rounded/stuck-out butt/poonani with wild thick hairs/big hands/long thin fingers/shapely lips

AND THE REST WUZ...All about white/dark lezzy couples. Fuck that!

RICE QUEEN:

Non-Asian person with racial guilt, internalized racism or racist assumptions who seeks out only/mostly Asian people as lovers & friends.
am I?

CHOCOLATE QUEEN:

Non-Blk person with racial guilt, internalized racism or racist assumptions who seeks out only/mostly Blk people as lovers & friends.
r U?

Of Chocolate Queens

& Rice Queens

by T.J. Bryan

Try finding even 1 book on interracial couples where neither lover is WHITE. Not! No rule books, guidelines or prohibitions for me & U when everyone's focused on white people and the presence or lack of their love. We're holdin hands on the razor's edge. No p.c. safety net here. Only intuition, history, understanding, courage & occasionally 1 of us with her foot in her mouth.

As a Blk gyal I'm well aware of my position, my situation in Canada. As a dyke, the fear of lesbophobic attack/condemnation is present too. As part of an interracial couple, race is in my FACE each time I wake up to U. When we kiss. As I stroke your straight, blk hair. If U ask to touch my kinky naps.

Race colours me confused in your arms, tryin to figure out if it's U I find irresistible or the myth of the quiet, exotic Asian chic? Do I want U cuz U're not Blk? Not dark? Not as big as me? With round hips like me? With the same body image hang-ups as me? Cuz U won't ever be able to see deep enuff into my soul to really know me.

How many Asian/Blk (girl)friends does a Chocolate/Rice Queen make?

Race pulls the smile I give U tight over gritted teeth. We meet after yet another Asian store owner follows me around a store, ignores me when I ask for service or throws my change back at me when I finally get it. Race drowns me sometimes. Keeping my head above water means accepting that U're part of them & they're part of U. How can I be so pissed at them & still love U? Where does the umbilical cord tying U to your history & these communities end & my love for U, the individual begin?

I suspect there's no end. No beginning either. All is 1. Caught up in a flow of continuums beyond easy comprehension, we're dwarfed by time & history. But there'd be no us without me love/hatin my/SELF moving toward self-understandin or U strugglin toward knowledge of your history, people, culture & SELF.

It was good we could agree that the other would never be an honorary Blk/Chinese woman cuz a what we share. This don't mean U didn't try that Woman of Colour thang on me for size so we'd be less different more alike. I sensed shock as U realized that coloured would NEVAH slide over my tongue, fit down my throat, round my thighs or across my Blk butt. "What d'U mean U're not a lesbian of colour?"

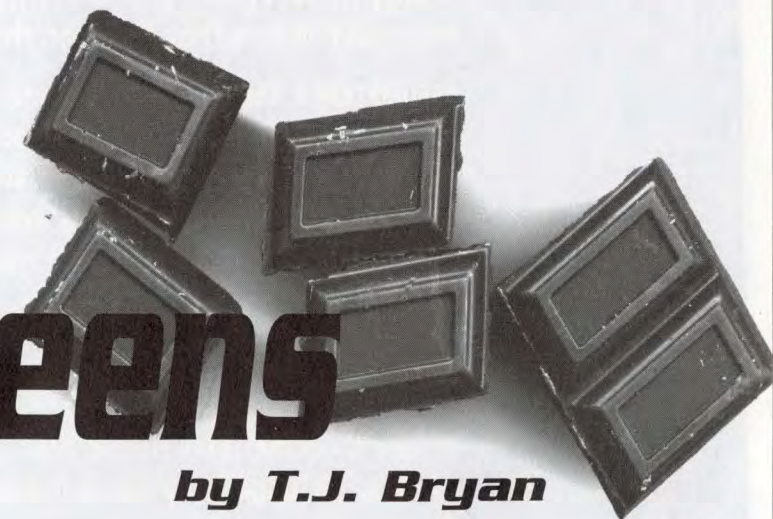
There was no easy reply. No way to tell U in 20 words or less what U obviously didn't know. Why I had to stay Blk. Call myself Blk, Diasporic African, West Indian. In U I sensed love & concern. So why that gut feelin tellin me to run NOW & never look back? A churnin mixture of gases, stress & pain in my stomach signaling the demise of my/SELF? Fight or Flight.

Sometimes all I have is the correct spelling of my name. Times when there's no cash, food or others like me for miles & my knees wanna buckle, I rememba that I'm the defiant daughter of a kick-ass people. I reCALL what's been survived.

SELF-NAMIN = POWER

Changin my name to visible minority, 3rd world woman, world majority woman or woman of colour without my consent dis-empowers. Then I declare war. When slavers dragged us outta Africa westward, they tried to take our rights to autonomy, reproduction, sexuality, language, family, spirituality & our NAMES! Tonia Joy-anne ain't African y'know. Some may wanna forget the holocaust that gave birth to Diasporic African people, our mish-mashed cultures & our rage. But I can't ever give up the unique names that tie me to my past in ways Of Colour—don't. Blk people use-ta-be coloured a long time ago & most of us r NEVAH goin back.

Our ancestors (yours & mine) met years ago. Before white slavers Chinese traders came in ships looking for adventure, riches, spices & East African slaves. Later, in the islands we met again. Y'all came searchin, came indentured with hope for a better life which was understandable considerin what U were runnin from. Which was ok with crackerman who didn't wanna pay freed African slaves anyways. So before we had a chance to meet the stage was set. The competition had begun. Our assumptions bout each other were forming.



**SO WHA'D'U CALL THIS SHIT? RACISM?
RACIALISM?
INTER-CULTURAL AGGRESSION?
ANTI-MULTICULTURALISM?
INTER-ETHNIC NEGATIVITY?**

The degrees of separation are marked in food too. Rememba when U were missin home? Vancouver not Peru. Your eczema went wild & took U along for the ride. U were all whiny, teary & snotty-nosed in your pain which the care-taker in me couldn't take. So I tried to make your comfort food. Congee. Seen it once. Thought I'd try it. If U liked it GREAT! If U didn't, it'd be a culinary experiment gone wrong. RIGHT? WRONG. A good 2 hours of silence follows the meal. Then the tidal wave hit. Our 1st fight. How dare I try making congee when U can't even make it right?! Your MOM makes congee. Hers is "nothin" like this. No it does NOT make U feel betta. Why would I even try to make sumthin like that when I'm not CHINESE!? BAM! Our 1st fight. U'r angry at

me for doin' sumthin I thought would make U FEEL betta. But I'm not even there. I'm on the razor's edge. It's slicin into my tongue so I can't talk. My mind travels to your room & your tape collection of Blk sistas & brothas piled in rows on your wall. I rememba U talkin bout a tape of Malcolm X's biography & how he taught U a lot bout being CHINESE. Then I'm eatin a meal U gave me 1 night. Shake & bake chicken with rice & PEAS! Well sorta rice & peas. With big chunks'a ginger. Not 1 speck'a spice & the rice wasn't brownish red. But I ate it cuz U made it. BAM! Snapped right back into my/SELF. "Why is it okay for U & not for me?"... "Hunh?" U don't get it, so I try again. "Why can U access what is MINE when your culture & your food is off limits? Sacred? How's it different?"

ASSUMPTION 1. Chinese people r short, small-boned & therefore weak.

Reality check. There r Chinese people of all shapes & sizes. Most people, myself included, equate size with strength and then found out the truth the hard way.

ASSUMPTION 2. Chinese is synonymous with well-behaved, courteous, silent & harmless.

Reality check. To assume that y'all r capable of only benign emotion & lovin behaviour is dangerous to the fool who believes that.

ASSUMPTION 3. Blk people want everyone to identify as Blk/African.

Reality check. People who don't wanna identify need to claim this & stop projectin their pain. Where they be when the racist shit hits the fan?

ASSUMPTION 4. There's only Blk & white. No room for Latinos, Arabs, South Asians, East Asians, South East Asians, Pacific Islanders & mixed race people who r helplessly trapped between.

Reality check. There's a continuum of race & shade which places whites at 1 end & Blk people at the other. Being cast as middle-man fits with this plan. To combat denial & silence, question relative privilege & acknowledge access (even limited) to power, we need to decide where we wanna stand & work toward this place.

ASSUMPTION 5. If a person don't follow the code of ethics set up for the whole of Chinese society by your man Confucius they're rude, selfish, western & self-centred.

Reality check. NOT! Blk people have our own codes, ethics, values & understandings of courtesy. To judge us by sumthin else is ain't gonna cut it.

Other times we ain't on opposing teams. We're hooked up like 2 co-conspirators in a game called The Love That Dares Not Speak It's Name. In the summer we'd sit in your kitchen as your roommates came & went just doing their thang. With room-mates & lovers, there were 6 of us—Blk, Asian, Blk, Asian, Blk, Asian. Weird tho. No 1 said a word bout the ways our cultures clash or meld. No talk of the big R. Nuthin. Sometimes when the tension inside the silence became too much U'd stop talking & I'd break out in hysterical laughter or hide in your room.

Last week I heard a rapist was loose in scarberia. The news said he was targetin Asian wimmin. I was relieved that U lived out of his reach. As they described him, I tensed, stopped breathin. He was South Asian. I exhaled. Relieved he wasn't Blk. Glad I didn't have to cry & scream over the fuckin evening news. Sick of seein brothas hunted like dogs or escaped slaves on both sides of the 49th parallel. Sick of Blk-manhunts on the front of newspapers, broadcast on the nightly news.

& it don't stop in wimmin's/dyke/feminist space. Tho everyone can quote bell, Audre, Angela, Alice, Barbara, Sojourner & even Sister Sledge, we ain't really family. Sistass are proxies for the boyz. Fearsome darkie nightmares waitin to happen. Masculinized, we take our place on the firin line to the sounds of ABUSIVE/RAPING/VIOLENT/AGGRESSIVE/ANGRY straight outta the mouths of non-Blk wimmin/lesbians/feminists.

I walk with fear & fury curled tight in my gut. If a brotha can be offed by the pigs every few months, if the Young Offenders Act can be nixed when a Blk man/child breaks the law, if beest-man can strip-search a sista without cause and walk, the life of 1 Blk dyke ain't worth shit in anyone's community.... This is a Blk thang. This is my dyke existence.

U say U wanna be an invisible Chinese/woman/dyke. Want our relationship to exist in a vacuum. But it don't. On your own, your world would be radically different. Not less oppressed. Not more. Jus different. Fulla exotic/erotic dragon ladies & big, bad Yoko breakin up little pale, male boy bands, sweeter than sweet Susie Wongs, Hong Kong money makers, asexual slanty-eyed devils and sons of Bruce Lee. Society gave U the bile of invisibility, harmlessness, innate mathematical/

scientific ability, high grades & the model minority to choke on while I watch.

I'm open to the gaze of the colonizer in other ways. There's no use pretending when people r tailin me like I'm gonna teef everything in sight. When to them I'm jus 1 more sexed-up, mad, rude, loud, criminal, lazy, stupid, murderin, drug-sellin, athletic, white child-rearin, singin, rappin & dancing machine. Could be from JA or the ghetto. Might be sista to Bob Marley or Prince, Whoopi or Oprah.

But there's more. Everyday we face white people's shit & walk the streets in our own skins. On good days, 'privileged' north american status means we can choose to be OUT. Holdin hands on land white, murdering, raping, colonizers have been tryin to teef out from under 1st Nations People for 100s of years. We see 1st Nations People all the time—in wimmin's/dyke spaces and on the streets. Relations are at best distant, at worse strained and confused. Even as we offer change or help a sick man on the cold concrete I pull back wonderin where do Blk folks fit in this web of euro-treachery, the apartheid South Africa learned here, genocidal disease blankets, residential schools, land stolen, addiction, suicide & forced assimilation. If there's no justice for them, how can U and I find peace when our white-washed Pride Days, my Kwanzaa & your Lunar New Year happen in their war-torn home, polluted Mother & colonized Native land?

We don't belong here. Slaved/worked, built, gave birth to generations, fought, cried out & died here. But don't belong here. Let me be clear tho—I ain't no immigrant to this place. I'm a kidnappee turned nomad. I'm dorothy without the fuckin pink skin or ruby slippers. Carried thru time and space way 2 far from home to evah return. 'Sides, "back home"—Barbados—ain't even home it's Carib & Arawak land. Native land too.

Then there's that word. A maggot under a rock in my not-so-pristine soul. chink. c-h-i-n-k. No matter how I try, I can't get it outta my head or pretend it ain't mine. I grew up here vyin for white people's racist approval & even after emerging consciousness ejected cracker-envy from my soul, I had the clinging residue of their presence inside'a me. Couldn't tell U bout the angry space "chink" occupies on the tip of my tongue...till now.

BLK GHOST: rough English translation of Chinese slang for Blk people. The term of scorn for whites is white ghosts. These r the words U know.

How deep is our love?

How far below the surface of our skins do these words lie?

- Childhood words.
- Family words.
- Community words.
- School words.
- My words.
- Your words.

Where do my dad's Chinese driver & (dog & cat meat) food jokes lie? Under his laughter I see rage at often being treated like shit by dominated people who act like they white. Translation: act as if they've got the power to rule WE.

Where do a West Indian Wicca and the dyke grandchild of Chinese Nationalists who fled Communist China stand in all this? Can we survive the strain of finding out? Do I even have the energy or patience to seek answers with U? I mean.... I want a girlfriend, not a political coalition. 'Sides, U know I've got issues to resolve with the Blk dykes whose lives flow in/around/thru my own. Eventually I'll have to concentrate on resolvin my shit with them if I ever hope to grow into the woman I wanna be. Can U deal with this?

These r my words, my perspectives on a past relationship now shifting into a friendship. It was hard for my lover and I to keep the lines of communication open in the midst of discomfort, denial, pain, sadness & other relationship issues. We always tried to be truthful & to treat each other with respect & kindness. Each of us laying vulnerable to the other's loving gaze. Seeing what we had... the beautiful, the good, the bad & the ugly. I got a clearer understanding & appreciation of her reality & more importantly of my own. Finding myself in a place where I could cherish the bond we created while maintaining my sense of self as we walked the razor's edge.

A fuller version originally published in Queering Absinthe as "Walking The Razor's Edge," 1996.



FYI I'VE BEEN READIN':

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Richard Fung, "Working Through Cultural Appropriation," *FUSE Magazine* 16, no. 5/6, summer 1993, p. 19.

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Joseph E. Harris, *Africans and Their History* (Markham, Ont.: Penguin, 1987).

bell hooks, "Beyond Black Only: Bonding Beyond Race," in *Killing Rage* (New York: Henry Holt, 1995).

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Saundra Sharp, *Black Women for Beginners* (New York: Writers & Readers, 1995).

Rungh: *A South Asian Quarterly of Culture, Comment & Criticism*, especially vol. 3, no. 1 & 2.

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...FRANK: HELP! SAVE ME! THEY'RE CRAWLING ALL OVER ME! ...ALICE: FRANK! WHAT ARE YOU YELLING ABOUT? THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT US!!! ...

DC Do You Dare Enter THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY 20c

HUBBA! HUBBA! HEY BEBE!!! OH! CH! CH!

Wherein our elusive Mystery girl gets her first comic, and is swallowed alive by the text!

Coming to Comics my frame is like a man's, Shoulders wide, back bared, erect... But as a woman i slither past the rupture of the page... i anticipate my own metamorphosis.

Who am i? am i... female reader OR NOT?

COME TO BED, FRANK! THERE'S NOTHING UNDER THERE!

STOP NAGGIN'! FOR ALL YOU KNOW, THERE MIGHT BE A MILLION BEDBUGS UNDER HERE!

Theorist M.A. Doane states: "For the female spectator there is a certain over-presence of the image--she is the image. Given the closeness of this relationship the female spectator's desire can only be described in terms of a kind of narcissism--the female look demands a becoming."

HERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM OUT THERE... WAITING... CREEPIN'... CRAWLIN'...

FRANK: ! CAN'T LET MYSELF SLEEP--! CAN'T! NOT WHEN THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT US!!!

The Deli

Question One: What is the Satellite Deli, name and definitive?

- a: A system of group communications, a creative space to build ideas, react, express and experience.
- b: A collective of performance and installation artists that solely work in meat products and process cheese.
- c: A conceptual utopian space.
- d: A cultural spy agency cooking up crazy schemes and carrying them out.
- e: A collectively owned space where the idea of ownership becomes obscured. "We orbit as a group around our ideas, our process means we inevitably hit unexpected destinations. Collaboration gets us places we may not otherwise go by ourselves."
- f: A bunch of chickens who have taught themselves to swim.

Question Two: What is the Deli's relationship to funding?

- a: We are working on becoming a non-profit organization in order to be eligible for group/project funding.
- b: We think about funding ourselves and how we can think about creating for ourselves. For example, we seek hosts to put us up for our events, so that we can host our community. This relationship relies on finding a way that the event will be relevant to the host, either economically or culturally. By doing that, having that kind of approach, we will inevitably create an experience. In a way, it ends up extending our collaborations farther than ourselves—to someone who would not otherwise be involved, but becomes involved in a very direct way that is relevant to them. This creates an interesting kind of economy for us as well as creating a dialogue between art and a mundane space.

Question Three: What would a Deli event look like?

- a: A collaborative installation in an occupied house where the owners emptied their home for a one-night exhibition called the "Home Show." Entering through the front yard, which is filled with snow in July, participants are invited to explore the various rooms being used throughout the house. The varied installations and performances include an opportunity to interact with other participants while sorting seeds on a velvet-covered floor, a kitchen performance by two artists, who in their 1950s housewife personas mass-produced snacks to over-serve their guests throughout the duration of the event, an interactive "slide-bath" where the participant is washed with projected images and colors as they lie in the bathtub, while in the backyard a young man digs up a violin from the ground and begins to serenade as a woman in a fire retardant suit addresses the crowd.
- b: An open studio party in a space on the east side, where the walls are plastered with paper and canvas and different materials for drawing, painting and collage are supplied. A live-DJ sets the mood while people painted, ate cake, talked and critiqued. The concept is an attempt to fuck with the idea of artists working in isolation, in their studios, creating "masterpieces."

- c: An evening event called "Speak and Spin" using a laundromat as a venue for people to air their "dirty laundry" and do their dirty laundry simultaneously. An open mic is set up so that people can perform prepared and on-the-spot performances, readings, and music. The artists are all local. The Deli provides the context while the participants provide the content.
- d: Local late night talk show + "Tiny Talent Time" concept = next event.
- e: All of the above.

Question Four: How is product important to the Deli?

- a: So far, we have not focused in creating products, but act as producers of events.
- b: Food products are an important part of the Deli.
- c: Food processors are an important part of the Deli.

Question Five: How does the Deli create community or reflect community?

- a: Each project creates a situation where the group is engaged in working together. It is a combination of work and friendship. It is important to us to spend much-needed time in figuring out our own community and learning how to communicate with each other.
- b: Our intention so far has been to create opportunities or venues for people in the community to share an experience with an audience. We provide a conceptual framework and take care of the logistics in order to create the potential for a unique social experience to happen.
- c: Each project inevitably take us in a different direction, putting us in contact with different people and reflecting different layers of community. Collaborations have been a consistent part of our work. There are lots of people, ideas, and spaces that we haven't yet explored through this method of working. We hope our community will expand.

Question Six: Is there anything that the Deli is lacking?

- a: A Sugarmommy. (The only answer!)

Question Seven: What are the challenges of working together?

- a: "I am always smarter than everyone else."
- b: "You guys won't do what I want."
- c: Times when it is more important to listen to someone else speak, and you're just going "No, I have a really good idea. It's really important. Shut the fuck up."
- d: Getting everyone at the right place at the right time is a monumental challenge. Every time we are in the same room together, we can see that we have accomplished something really special.
- e: Being-willing to follow each other, and let each other lead.
- f: Having the guts to challenge each other and being willing to accept the challenge.
- g: Staying focused.

FRANK STEPPED OUT INTO THE HALL AND FOLLOWED THE SOUND OF THE HAUNTING, MELODIOUS VOICE... "HURRY FRANK! I'VE WAITED SO LONG TO MAKE...

HOUSE OF MYSTERY 1973 NO. 210 JAN. 30530

Clue: This certain shy and sassy girl loves to play with the boys... But watch out, she is known to devour her delicious mates!

...you can't berate what you ain't ate!!!

FRANK WAS SWEATING WITH EXCITEMENT AS HE YANKED OPEN THE DOOR AND PLUNGED INTO THE DARKNESS!

I'M COMING! I'M COMING! I'M COMING! I'M COMING! I'M COMING!

FRANK ALBAN LOOKED IN, AND DEEP WITHIN HIS GUTS HE SCREAMED A SILENT, DESPERATE, AGONIZING SCREAM...

Doane concludes her argument, by stating...

that: "Above and beyond a simple adaptation of the masculine position... the female spectator is given two options of over-identification or the narcissism of desire, in assuming the image in..."

staring myself down with these multiple eyes, but my legs parted, i become a structure for becoming this

the most radical way. The effectivity of masquerade lies precisely in its potential to manufacture a distance from the image, to generate a problematic within which the image is manipulable, producible, and readable by the woman...

Slithering in and out of the text, I am unmasking my desire -- coming to comics so that I might at once penetrate its thin skin and engulf its entirety...

GC

Undoing Diasporic Dyke(otomies)

as told to SHANIKWA SAPPHIRE
by the Wimmin of DE POONANI POSSE



wha'ppen? u're listenin' to RADIO BLKD. bringin' only tha best vibes from north of the 49th. our stories are many & our voices are fierce! i'm here with DE POONANI POSSE (D.P.P.), a black dyke cultural production house. welcome sherece, nicole and t.j. now, in tha beginin' (actually summer 1994 wasn't it?) there wuz—and i'm readin' from ur 1st call 4 submissions—"3 blk lezzies callin' Black dykes/lesbians/gay wimmin/queer gyls everywhere!" u sent out this call & years later, sistahs from all over the place are still answerin'. a while back u put together the 1st issue of ur maga-zine **da juice! (d.j.)—a black lesbian thang** (fireweed, guest edited special issue #49). what made u do it?

D.P.P.: we had a feelin' 4 tha flava of a mag by/4/about black dykes. we were tired of seein' 1-time, special, 'wimmin of colour' issues in feminist magazines & black history month supplements in white gay/dyke newspapers where our experiences as black dyke wimmin weren't given much space. had it up ta here with conservative Black/West Indian newspapers & their refusal to address community homophobia. as underemployed dyke artists/writers/poets/organizers, we challenge black folks to put aside their denial & admit to themselves that sistah lovahs have always been part of African communities all over the motherland & in the diaspora.

SHANIKWA: talk tuh me children. now, where do u shit disturbin' dykes get the inspiration to go on?

D.P.P.: livin' thru situations that would straighten ur hair, witnessin' the strength & courage of black wimmin/lesbians who have come before us. watchin' lots of fierce black & brown chicks-with-dicks like **michelle ross, jackae, chris edwards, duchess, rommel** & all tha rest lip-synchin' & workin' it in floor-length sequins, false eye lashes, weaves & six-inch, stiletto heels.

SHANIKWA: otay. now, what about readin'?

D.P.P.: hummm... what are we reading? wellll... stuff like **audre lorde's zami, this bridge called my back, home girls—a black feminist anthology ...talk about it by rozena maart...biko, fanon & walter rodney...black lace & ache** from the states...ahhh...stuff by **bell hooks—sisters of the yam, black looks, killing rage. canadian work like at the crossroads—a journal 4 women artists of african descent...a piece of my heart & miscegenation blues** from **sister vision, fireweed's sex & sexuality double issue**... raunch like **quim, lickerish, frighten the horses, bad attitude, screw the roses**

give me the thorns... black gay boyz writing, film & performance... **essex hemphill, marlon riggs, joseph beam, pomo afro homos**...shit like **brother to brother, b boy blues**... unh...**vibe...leather women I...pat califa—macho sluts, doin' it 4 daddy**...seen that 'wimmin of colour' SM mag **black leather in colour** outta new york?

SHANIKWA: no, but i'm sure u'll tell me about it later. so y'all went on to do ur own mag?

D.P.P.: uh...yessss, work all about us. & u need tuh take that US in the very broadest way. migration of whole populations since time began means no one on the planet is pure anything. black people—& black dykes—are part of every nation. so **d.p.p.** takes work from all sorts a black queer gyls, especially those writing in languages besides english or po/mo speak.

SHANIKWA: like bajan, patois, pidgin, creole, french etc.?

D.P.P.: u got it. & any african languages we can enter into the computer or copy onto the page.

SHANIKWA: now, u wimmin must've had so many questions about the name **de poonani posse**. in your promo package poonani was defined as "diasporic african, west indian idiom 4 vulva/pussy/cunt also referred to as poum poum." & u tell me posse was "a group of vigilante white boys with guns, horses & really bad breath." then it was "Jamaicans/West Indian youth/cricket players/church ladies or any other group of black people who scare racist white people by just gathering togetha with our guns, stolen cars, ganja & natural-born criminal attitude." NOW, u say, posse is "a group of vigilante, black dyke cultural producers who can't afford cars or horses. wish they had guns. who've got really bad natural-born, defiant attitude. can talk & write up a STORM."

D.P.P.: well, some people had a hard time with tha name 'cuz they wuz sure black folks didn't have any words that weren't beat out in tha slave days or appropriated into the mainstream 4 white (& other) people's use.

SHANIKWA: why d'y'all think the political dyke crew went into convulsions when u came out callin' yourselves **de poonani posse**?

D.P.P.: c'mon sha'.

SHANIKWA: **shaniKwa**—now i hear that people in some community/political circles have difficulty with D.P.P.'s blatant attitude toward Blackness, sex and sexuality. they say that Black lesbians/wimmin already have to deal with the racist mammy/sapphire/diva triad of images conjured up in the straight, white media—

D.P.P.: when will we stop lettin' others define us? so much radical sex politic work is bein' done by white queers. they're doin' work on butch/femme roles, gender-play, SM, dyke porn etc. but, they've got kindergarten-level analysis of race & white supremacy. then there are black folks makin' strides in discussions bout cultural production, autonomy, appropriation, imperialism, colonization etc. but with the exception of very few (mostly queer/queer positive) dark writers, there hasn't been much ground-breaking talk bout sex in black communities. we wanna get with **black** and brown cultural producers/activists who're pushing the envelope. when black & brown lesbians begin talking **openly** 'bout the complexity of our sexuality, then sexual politics will evolve intelligent critiques of race & racism. as 4 d.p.p., we want sexuality to be more than a reaction. as powerful, sexual wimmin who speak & write out in resistance, we see the word **poonani** as powerful—sexually, culturally, linguistically. we gotta laugh when we see non-black people strugglin' with it or when we see bourgie black/brown folks & our tight-assed feminist sistren forced to use such "vulgar sexual vernacular."

SHANIKWA: y'all haven't been workin' as a group in the toronto black/dyke/wimmin's/arts scene 4 very long. yet u've taken on some sort of mythical bad-behave' divas out-of-control status.

D.P.P.: an' we love it!...do we? i don't...ANYways...don't people have anythin' betta to do with their time but flap their gums 'bout who's a good black gyal & who ain't?

SHANIKWA: yeah, but it can't be a mistake that images & text bout sm were all ovah **d.p.p.**'s special Fireweed issue.

D.P.P.: look we live and let live, ok? we're anti-censorship... yeah, we're not tha fuckin' sex police...though d.j. is 4 any black dyke not just the 1's who agree with us...& it's a totally pro porn, pro fucking & pro SM space—

SHANIKWA: that's a lot considerin'...

D.P.P.: consideriiiiing...

SHANIKWA: —that since slave times we've been chained and restrained, experiencing forced breeding & rape, humiliation & domination at the hands of whites. nowadays our sexuality comes commercialized & in technicolour care of mtv music videos. why would ya'll want to reinforce exploitative exotic/erotic stereotypes & mix them with, and i'm quotin' here children, "violence against wimmin"?

D.P.P.: **SHANIKWA!** & we thought u were a smart cookie.

SHANIKWA: it's not me that's saying this stuff. i'm just tellin' u what i've heard. y'know what i'm sayin'?

D.P.P.: we aren't here to debate SM with u.

SHANIKWA: fine. what did u think about—

D.P.P.: & those people callin' black wimmin who practice SM colonized, violent & abusive need to get a grip & stop being so ignorant. they need to realize that there is power, control, dominance & submission involved in any kind of sexuality in this world. even so-called 'vanilla sex' between 2 'good' girls has inequities of race (white/non-white, black/'of colour'), age, class, language, size, economics. education, experience etc.

SHANIKWA: unh...moving on to—

D.P.P.: who's gonna get off? cha. actin' like black dykes only use certain positions & certain techniques when we sex is ludicrous. do they really think that we all **do tha do** in the exact same way? condemning adventurous, consensual, respectful, safe & sane fucking between 2 (or more) wimmin is about givin' straight, white men continued control. which sucks the big one in our opinion.

**DE
POONANI
POSSE
SHERECE TAFFE
T.J. BRYAN
NICOLE REDMAN**

Photo by Grace Chenner



SHANIKWA: uh hunh. as wimmin of colour we gotta—

D.P.P.: as diasporic africans we're tired of non-black people criticizin' & attackin' black people's sexuality, SM or vanilla. instead of demonizing a black person in or out of bed the should deal with their own sexual hang-ups & racist shit. 'nuff said!

SHANIKWA: yeah...unh i am in total agreement. what about straight black gyls? i mean...my contact in het circles says that y'all are seen as sex-crazed 'n' confused wimmin. het black gyls're sayin' they don't have privilege. & how that shit 'bout black community homophobia/lesbophobia & heterocentrism is divisive.

D.P.P. yeah, right. too bad 'bout that big dick/het thang. het privilege is probably the only 1 many of them benefit from. & we wanna add that much of the advancement in black feminism over the past few decades has been due to dykes who had the guts & the balls to question black community sexism when tha boyz were silencin' het sistas with the word **dyke**. we all gotta practice what we preach & claim our own privileges. can't het wimmin get OFF the good black gyal pedestal already? they worried that d.p.p. is too sexual? we worried that they won't take off the blinders and see how media, music, poetry, visual arts, activism, family values propaganda and social events in black communities are based on sex/relations/marriages/bonds between tha black man and tha black wo-MAN as **the** ultimate bond. it's soooo damn blatant. let them deal with our poum poum juiced, Afro-lesbocentricity 4 a while.

drawing by **BANSHI**



SHANIKWA: well said. now...ur last issue was called... on ur face!

D.P.P.: yeah...it was all about fuckin', doin' the do, knockin' boots in whatevah ways our contributors could imagine. it had a whole shit load of excellent work by canadian, ameri-can and west indian dykes.

SHANIKWA: & ur next issue will be on the stands...

D.P.P.: when we are good and ready.

SHANIKWA: um...care to explain that?

D.P.P.: we ain't got the green, see? so 4 those people who're kind enuff to send money orders, certified cheques, gold boullion or 3.5 million in cash, we'll proclaim them honorary poonanis (especially tha boyz), get their name printed up in **d.j.**, a very courteous, loving & attitude-free letter of thanks & free copies of **d.j.** now ain't that sumthin'?

SHANIKWA: what about subscriptions & submissions to upcomin' issues?

D.P.P.: our next issue—**recovery: mind, body & soul**—will look at coping & survivin in an oppressive world. submissions must be double-spaced typed or neatly printed. wimmin in tha closet can send work written under other names, no problem. there should be a self-addressed, stamped envelope 4 those wimmin who want their work back & bio tellin' us about themselves. wanna submit or subscribe? write to: **DA JUICE! P.O. BOX 156, STATION P, TORONTO, ONTARIO, M5S 2S7, CANADA.**

SHANIKWA: thanx wimmin. stay tuned 4 **the dykewanda jones show**. tonite her guests are 5 confused 'n' closeted, male, chocolate queens, who masquerade as anti-racist dyke daddies & get all up in **stable, healthy, wholesome** woman-lovin'-woman unions. listen in as the gyls who loved them, fell 4 them & fucked them, confront them & beg them to get help. i'm shanikwa sapphire & u've been listening to **de poonani posse**, 3 very beautiful, brilliant & creative black dykes with absolutely fabulous hair, on

**radio blkd 98.90210 on ur fm dial—
the only real voice of black dykes
north of the 49th.**

**OUR STORIES ARE MANY &
OUR VOICES ARE FIERCE.**

snap!



The Source of Cults/The Cult of Sources

Scott Treleaven

Art Can't Hurt You (or How To Get Away With Anything) a true story:

At first the shop clerk was reluctant to sell me a box of scalpel blades, so I reassured her by telling her that they were for an art project. This was somehow a consolation for her, and she sold me the scalpels along with a roll of surgical thread, and a suturing needle... I did not tell her that twenty-one people would be using the blades to cut themselves in my living room on the night of the lunar eclipse.

The resulting art piece was exhibited at a local gallery, but it was ultimately superceded by the thrill of the process itself—a testament to the resurgence of young, and not so young, artists indulging their "atavistic taste for supernaturalism." ¹ A means of artistic focus, exaggerated by its removal from conventional life.

Methodically rehabilitating ill cultures from their roots upward can be a lengthy and unappetizing task for the artist. Even more unpleasant are the discrepancies between the political demagogues also engaged in this cultural rehabilitation process: the infighting Anarchists, humourless Marxists, retro-Situationists, tired leftist movements, po-po-mo boys' clubs, the Gay & Lesbian™ establishment, and so on. Although these factions exist in their own admirable autonomy, they commonly neglect and sometimes deny a particular aspect of human development. A missing sensibility that has formed a larger cultural academy than any mere politic, but is now engaged almost exclusively by religions, raves, chemistry and Hollywood: communal mysticism, the greatest pop art annex—the occult experience.

For the purposes of this article the problematic word "cult" is affectionately used to denote any collective that uses religious posturing to enhance their process and practice. Contrary to actual religious orders/practice these sects exist separately from established orthodoxy and dogma. It is the act of pulling the wool over one's own eyes, so to speak; an activity that rests just this side of smugness, and sometimes the other. Irony is considered indispensable for the initiates, to allow them to mediate an obsession with arcane philosophy and practice without becoming mired in it ...as we all know, "a sucker



an initiate receives a cutting

still taken from the forthcoming **Salvation Army** video

is born every minute." There are no messiahs here, no Truths. It is understood that cult philosophy is, by nature, illusory. Any large scale success within the group itself would create an "institution," an utterly pyrrhic victory that would have to be dismantled before embarrassment set in. Unlike Neoism, Surrealism, Immediatism, Ontological Anarchism and their ilk, attention is focused on actual pagan and/or occult behaviour. Certain rituals, symbols and practices, while defying practical logic, are validated simply by their persistence. For this reason they are intensely valuable in an era that thrives on simulation and dualism; mysticism being the point of interchange between any two ideas. Rather than being buried, occult practice simply needs an update.

This piece isn't for the suckers

"Aren't you supposed to be the Virtual Generation?"

"No, that's you.

My generation doesn't have a name yet."²

Social interaction has changed, with the emphasis now placed on a type of self-sufficiency and physical detachment that has negated much of our interpersonal contact instead of complementing it: prefer now to stay at home, mixed in through modem patch bays, or a one-way television signal. Prefer simulations to clashes. Prefer the virtual to the actual. Prefer Jean Baudrillard to Hakim Bey. Prefer trance & ambiance to radicalism & activism.

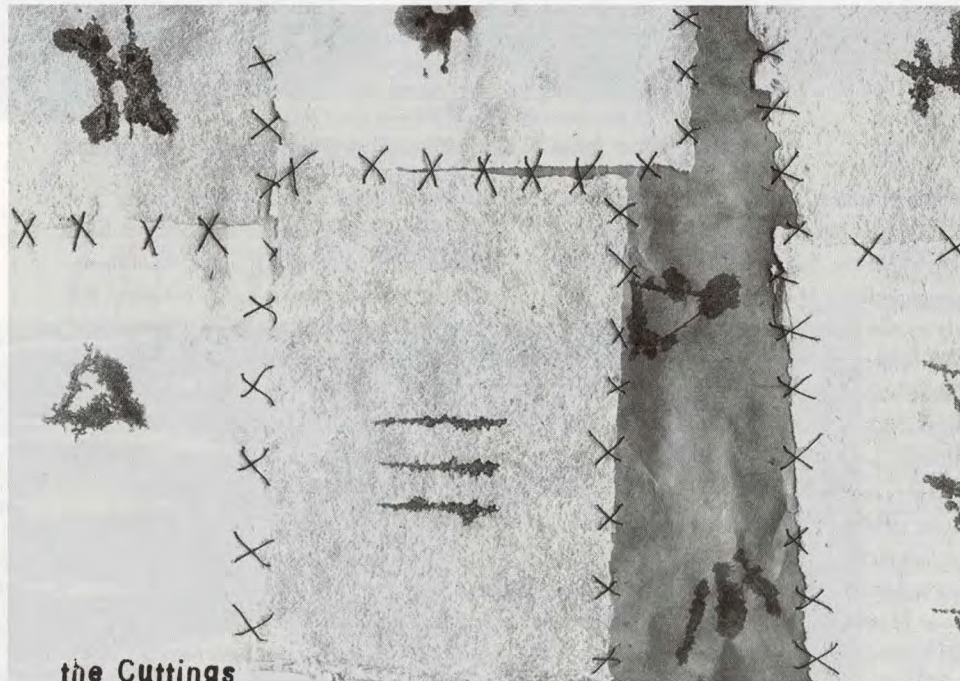
Prefer joy in a tablet form. Wield the prefix "post-" to turn burgeoning ideologies into carcasses. Sleep, undisturbed by dreaming. Of course, all of these activities have their place in human behaviour, but the *integration* of the pragmatic with an equally rigorous sensual and mysterious drive is the key. But how is social redress to come about when there are so many commercial and indie factions catering to our need for convenience, to "tune out" and "turn off"? Cultural establishments no longer seem to be particularly interested in technology or art that stimulates, complicates, or posits enigma. When Brion Gysin's biodelic art piece the *Dream Machine* was created in the 1970s Gysin was approached by a major electronics company who wanted to manufacture it for the home market. When the corporation discovered that the *Dream Machine* was a drugless, hallucination-inducing device designed to wake people up instead of sedating them, they immediately lost interest....

"*Entzauberung der Welt*," the disenchantment of the world, was a German phrase coined at the beginning of the industrial revolution to imply that an era of emotional despondency would arrive on the back of new mechanical pragmatism. Realizations like this immediately gave rise to new Gnostic sects, Rosecrutianism, all manner of esoteric orders, just as Victorian morality resulted in the creation of Theosophy, the Golden Dawn and lurid Templarism. When the religious veils of these groups are rent, what we are left with is the explicit revival of ritualized magick³ as art practice; a means

for private, autonomous, cultural reconstruction. (r)Evolution of these ideas has led to the contemporary fusion that we have today. Jungian/Reichian psycho-sexual exploration, a bit of aggressive *legerdemain*, a Crowleyian "do what thou wilt" politic, and the proliferation of the new catch words: *occulture*, and *esoterrorism*.⁴ Not to be confused with the fraudulent New Age movement, occulture is far removed from the whimpering of hippie healing circles, and the disoriented crystal-clutching channelers of bogus (and equally disoriented) spirits. Imagine instead Pagan pop evangelists. Friendly non-Christian, ideologically Satanic teens. Queer shamans. Ecstatic outdoor Earth Mother raves. Doves of atheists with rich spiritual lives. Portrait of the skeptic as artist, willfully integrating a variety of magickal symbology into their

History never repeats itself. The historians repeat each other. There is a wide difference.⁶

Lift the lid and see that the flowers in the dustbin have taken root: Extraterrestrial-lesbo-terrorists (Dirty Babettes); sex magick video festivals; Thee Outer Process International (TOPI); Radical Faerie orgies; nomads & Spiral Tribes; Anti-Christ superstars; zine-based youth cults; bands like Psychic TV, Coil, CTI, etc. Like mandrake at the bottom of a gallows, these cults flourish unchecked because many of them seem laughably ineffective when it comes to creating discernible change in the larger vestiges of utilitarian society. In fact, it is precisely because of social ignorance and ridicule that cults are so easily buoyed by the civilized world. Sell us the scalpels—we'll do the rest.



the Cuttings

work, not to imply faith/belief, but for sheer psychological resonance, titillating the uninitiated and fulfilling the adepts. Occulture is deeper than a tattoo, and certainly more sublime than a genital piercing. Consider it the forcible re-enchantment of the artistic process. More smoke and more mirrors, please, to cover up the scars of botched postmodernist surgery. *Verframsdük*—we want to make things strange again.

Practically everything our insurrectionary youth have tried ... has been tried before. The crucial importance of the Youth Revolution of our times lies not in its alleged uniqueness, but in that very continuity with history which the Movement itself—and most of its critics—have so vehemently denied.⁵

be cut into their skin during a *non-dogmatic* ritual procedure. The aim of the ritual was to focus on the individual's importance (mentally and physically) in relation to a collective. The group, although it had facilitators for safety's sake, tried to eliminate notions of hierarchy—no alphas amongst the pack. No priests. The blood from these cuttings was then subsequently blotted on sheets of handmade paper, and the papers assembled into a "quilt" using a needle and thread.

Even though the Cuttings were referred to as "primitive" by one observer, occulture should not be confused with a pastoral hey-nony-no, back-to-the-land type of regression. Unlike primitivism, rather than smashing computers esoterrorists have found that there are many ways of *integrating* technology into a symbolic magickal process. This process was largely refined by Brion Gysin & W.S. Burroughs' cut-up experiments in the late '60s. It's now a case of graduating their use of the written word into audio sampling, video and Internet terrain. The cut-up method functions on the same basis as the occult, a system that can be summed up one word—*correspondence*: recognition through symbols of the implicit interdependence of all things to all other things. The artists' means: analogy. Bollocks to deconstruction, pile on the elaboration. Cut-up media, cut-up reality ... the experiments performed on base metals resulted in the psychic transformation of the alchemist. Accusations that esoterrorists are merely perpetuating "exoticism" is to miss the mark entirely—this isn't the adoption of custom, it's the invention of custom. The stuff of culture. Obviously some activities will resonate more for certain individuals, and some will derive their personalized symbology from existing tenets. This would seem to beg the question of appropriation, but you see, *translation* is the aim here, not pillaging: Venus/Aphrodite; Horus/Christ. The entire history of human mythology revolves on this tenuous process of adaptation.

"Thee Process is thee product."
—old TOPY proverb⁷

The early 1980s heralded the inception of the Temple Ov Psychick Youth (TOPY). Now defunct, having become the aforementioned "institution," it has been resurrected as Thee Outer Process International (TOPI). TOPY is the best example of a modern pop cult that redefined audience relation to the artist. Esoterrorist Genesis P-Orridge created thee TOPY worldwide network as an information access service, providing members with rare and suppressed material on subjects like sigils, biodelics, rare occult literature, sex magick, and psychic youth



erotic sigil from the Salvation Army

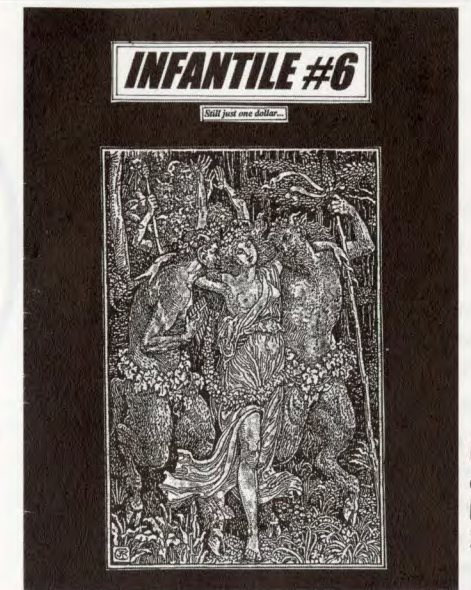
revolt. Thee Temple even created an idiomatic language aimed at deconstructing words and halting arbitrary interpretation.⁸ Psychick Initiates were encouraged to perform their own magickal rituals and create a personal set of symbols. This process would enable them to come into contact with their true nature, free from societal interference—the groundwork of radicalism. Images of Jim Jones, Austin Osman Spare, Charles Manson and the ever-present Psychick Cross abounded as a playful nod to TOPY's dubious, satirical, pop-media parentage. Rabidly anti-Christian, there were no dogmas in thee Temple. Emphasis was placed on individual responsibility, encouraging Initiates to access information freely by contacting any of the worldwide satellite Temples. The band Psychic TV existed as ministers of ideology, holding dis-concerts and multimedia Psychick Rallies—tribal, orgiastic, high-tech and saturated with political intent. Similar to a '60s "happening," except with Temple symbology, these Rallies played a key role in what would later evolve into "rave culture." A dim reflection of P-Orridge's aims.

Intimate forms of propaganda can secure a safe space for individuals to explore aspects of occulture *without membership*. Zines like *Infantile*, *Paganda!* and *this is the Salvation Army* are Toronto-based occultal publications that have appeared over the last year. They are distributed with the express intent of imbuing their readership with a different type of social consciousness. Curiously enough, these three zines also tackle the

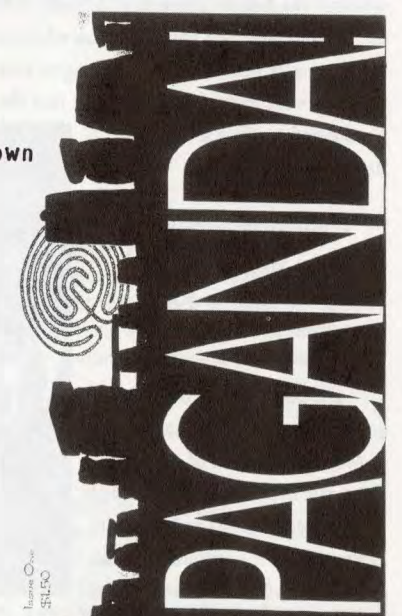
incipient burdens of sexuality and dissent in an overtly Queer, or Queer-positive manner. Sexuality is a place where secrets still reign, no matter how many genes are identified or how many deviants are assimilated. Endlessly self-referential/promotional and internationally distributed, zines such as these imply a common inclination throughout youth culture towards occultal investigation; models to superimpose over the oddity of being alive. The pages of these zines are riddled with DIY arcana, scathing social commentary, rants, meditations, stolen texts, lore, letters and an extravagant decoupage of pentacles, deities, skulls & crossbones, wolves and stone circles, all saddled with modern spokespeople, punks and pop reference. Each zine has its own particular symbology and set of political motivations. My zine, *this is the Salvation Army* was created just over a year ago as an experimental nursery for esoterrorists to explore their own interests, and to train their theories in a safe, yet public, space. With a readership of over 200, it has led to the inception of three other zines, each pursuing their own particular branch of occultal focus. The experience was so encouraging that *The Salvation Army* is currently in the process of being incarnated as a video documentary.

magick defends itself.
—old TOPY proverb

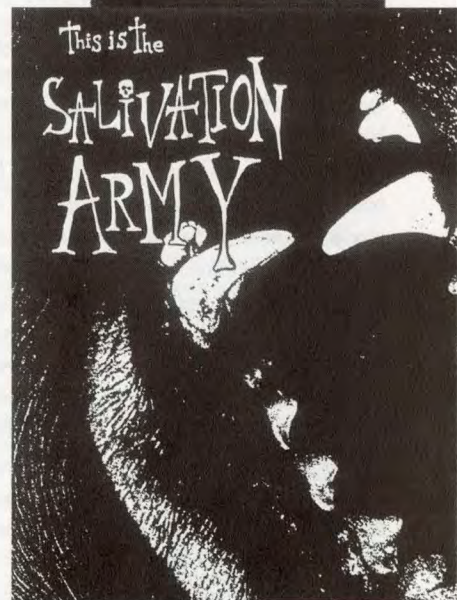
Like the hippies who tried to levitate the Pentagon, if a cultish theme or focus is created, then



INFANTILE
created by
Paul
Zevenhuizen



PAGANDA!
created by
Pamela Brown



THE
SALIVATION ARMY
created by Scott Treleaven

[MITTELEUROPA]¹

second, then you get the feeling that you have more space than before.

Presently there are a lot of projects happening in public spaces which marks the beginning of a new era in Austrian art. Unlike the artists from the Aktionismus period of the '60s, we are trying to communicate positively instead of being confrontational and shocking.⁴

The Apostelhof is a building of studios located in the third district in Vienna where I found two separate groups working collaboratively, Cut and Paste⁵ and Bricks and Kicks.

Cut and Paste are three painters who consolidate their individual styles and create room installations using their paintings.

Using their studio/gallery, Bricks and Kicks look for different ways to collaborate. For them, networking is important and they try to meet artists from across Europe and abroad who share similar interests. On the day of my visit, their project "Strange Encounters" was in progress. Three landscapes, a desert highway, garbage dump and a swamp had been constructed by Bricks and Kicks. Artists were invited to create a video-work in the provided sets. David Burrows from London (and formerly from Bank) was working in the garbage dump.

B&K: We start by making an installation and then invite artists to create something within, allowing them complete freedom to do whatever

they want. We experiment with new models for exhibiting and learn a lot from each other working in this way, which makes it very interesting.

We also sometimes provide the infrastructure by allowing artists to use our space to curate a show.

MT: What are the advantages of working like this?

B&K: We began doing this because there weren't many opportunities for young artists to do any interesting shows. The galleries don't like to take many risks so you see the same thing. Here we are very flexible and can put up shows very quickly on a low budget.

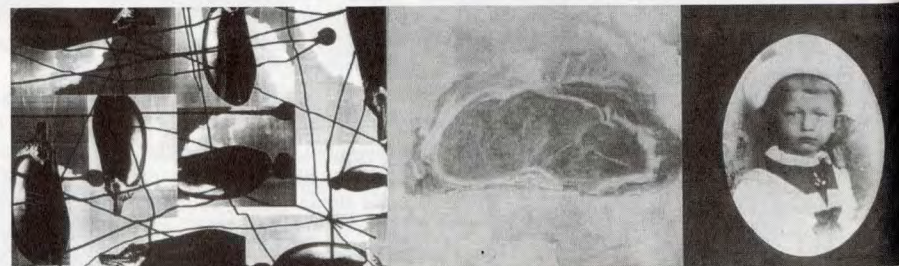
MT: Have you experienced any positive

response from these activities?

B&K: We feel that a lot of people think our activities are very positive. We've seen many similar projects starting to happen as well as quite a bit of interest from curators.⁶



USEFUL OBJECTS
Ivana Keser, *Value by the Local Rules (Luckily There are Rules for Good Behavior)*, 1995
Synagoga na Palmovce, Prague, the Czech Republic.



CUT AND PASTE

An artist who cannot speak English is no artist

Mladen Stilinovic, 1995



EGOEAST
Aleksandar Ilic, *Encyclopedia of Dialogues*, 1992
metal pipes, wood, barrels, thermo paint, self-adhesive letters
Umjetnicki Paviljon U Zagrebu, Zagreb, Croatia



OTOK/ISLAND
Marina Grzinic and Aina Smid,
The Butterfly Effect of Geography,
seven video works
Dubrovnik, Croatia

ZAGREB

DS: When I look at my local situation, I feel it's pretty hard to explain to somebody else. You don't have the infrastructure that exists in the West and artists' activities don't have a positive reflection on the local scene. It's like operating in a vacuum where you make movements that aren't reflected on others. Even when you go out and participate in international exhibitions, you are operating in an empty space because there is no context.

In Eastern European countries there are dramatic changes. You have a situation with many negative things, few positive ones and it's very hard to create some kind of healthy society when you have this process going on. In my country there was war.

When you find yourself in a situation where you are not able to work normally, you start thinking of alternative solutions. During the last fifty years, every decade artists start to work in groups. In the '60s there was Gorgona, in the '70s Group of Six Artists who exhibited together on the street, in the beginning of the '90s there was the EgoEast group. I am waiting to see what will happen next in Zagreb. Presently Slaven Tolj's space in Dubrovnik is a new energy and very good for local art.⁷

The Art Radionica Lazareti is a centre in Dubrovnik (a city on the Croatian coast) run by artist Slaven Tolj. The centre has one space for performances, a small library, workshops for artists, dancers and all disciplines and another exhibition space. Artists from around Croatia and outside are invited in as well as artists from the area. In 1991, when Dubrovnik endured the worst shelling, the city was completely isolated. Communication, transportation and food was cut off. In 1996, Slaven Tolj curated the exhibition and symposium Otok/Island. The overriding theme was marginality and isolation, geographically, and artistically. "At present, the marginal status of the artist and his work is emphatically a constant."⁸

Let's take a look back. Ideologies have been worn out, art movements have come and gone. The market has taken the place of ideology.

We suspected that art had no alternative and felt the urgent need to set up a workshop whose existence and practice would provide a self-examining and analytically critical arena for questioning the media and the social context in which the artist and his/her work exist.

The Lazareti Art Workshop programme has existed ever since 1989 with the desire always

to be where life is. In 1990 we turned the doorway of no. 3 Kovacka street into an exhibition space. Everyday conversations, testing the edge of reason, a time of change.

1991 we shared the fate of the city, the country. The door at no. 3 was closed. The city surrounded. We are no longer the same. Place and destiny, an exhibition in the shelters, to be where life is. We must fulfill our duty.

This is a short history of the events preceding the exhibition Island, but there is also the long-term effort of the artists involved who remained independent and committed to their investigations. Isolation enabled contemplation.⁹

NOTES

1. Mitteleuropa, German for "middle Europe" or Central Europe, the 'middle' territory between Eastern and Western Europe.

2. SAMIS (Sternberk Augustinian Monastery Installation Symposium) was organized concurrently with the Sternberk International Painting Symposium (organized by SIPS). Richard Stipl was the other organizer and curator of SAMIS and a catalogue was produced.

3. "Useful Object's" participants were Michelle Teran, Richard Stipl (Canada), Aleksandar Ilic, Ivana Keser (Croatia) and Origami; Per Platou, Tore Honore Boe, and Amanda Steggell (Norway). A catalogue was produced.

4. From a taped conversation with trans wien (Monika Huber, Beatrix Zobl, Manfred Steiner, Wolfgang Schneider).

5. Cut & Paste are Dietmar Franz, Michael Goldgruber and Felix Malnig.

6. From a taped conversation with Bricks & Kicks (Adi Rosenblum and Markus Muntean).

7. From a conversation with Darko Simicic, Visual Arts Program Coordinator at the Soros Centre for Contemporary Art in Zagreb.

8. Portion of the introduction from "Simpozii Otok/Symposium Island," a publication which documents the symposium which followed the exhibition "Otok."

Curated by Slaven Tolj. Organized by the Art Radionica Lazareti in Dubrovnik, the Soros Centre for Contemporary Art-Zagreb, and the Open Society Institute-Croatia.

9. Introduction from "Otok/Island," a catalogue which documented the exhibition by the same name. Co-organized by the Art Radionica Lazareti in Dubrovnik and the Soros Centre for Contemporary Art in Zagreb. 24.8-10.9.1996.



OTOK/ISLAND
Ivan Kozaric, *Haystack*, 1996
Dubrovnik, Croatia

I am the Unicorn

of the University College Drama Program (UCDP) in that I am both singular and mythic. Singular because I know, after three years, that I'm the only one. Mythic because my queerness is not acknowledged as a reality of any dimension, only the stuff of exoticisms, jokes, and taboo. Also mythic because no one in the world outside the drama department believes that I'm the only one. There is a point in the discussion where someone always says: "You mean the only one who's OUT." "No," say I, "by now I would have noticed." Someone who is closeted is by default straight. In terms of this discussion, a person who does not make their identity present does not count.

Ultimately, the unicorn does not breed or replicate itself. I cannot create a larger Queer presence in an essentially het department. I cannot create lesbians, though I have come very close. This giant phallus growing out of my forehead is not helping. All of this is reinforced by the absence of queer content and or representation in the Drama Program. "Roles" on stage still exemplify this order and most of the drama in the canon is about "mankind": man and society, man and daughter, man and the elements, man and wife.

I have studied, on my own, outside of my University of Toronto classes,¹ how to enter as a man or as his wife. The gender dysphoria² in my work is both an element of my art practice and a coping mechanism. This year, I have had the opportunity to test these skills further and to develop these studies in the gender-based socialization of movement and voice in class; despite the unsafe nature of a heterosexist environment. My work in this area remains, for the most part, an uncredited, "independent study."

For example, in our improvisational exercises,

"sexuality is irrelevant." It is a given, long before the improv starts, that the relationships and individuals are all straight and hetero. The ignorance of a hetero sexuality that understands itself as "natural" is that it takes itself for granted. The dominant epistemology is not self-conscious of its own categories. The result at the school level is that sexuality is not understood as inscribed in every detail of the process. One improv by three women in my class was predictably a naive coming out story. Mom and Dad are coming home, sister wants to tell parents "who we [she and girlfriend] really are," contemplating confrontation as she pets her gal pal's hair. The lesbian they imagine they "have no problem with (if she doesn't hit on me)" is but a figment of the limitations of a heterosexist imagination; i.e. someone who "loves" but does not fuck; thinks she's a man; whose melancholic existence begins and ends with coming out to her parents. (I never saw any of my male classmates portray a scenario at all similar.) This I feel illustrates the status which our "liberal," "open-minded," artsy colleagues typically extend to Queers.

This basic lack of understanding of a queer reality is the extent to which my classmates seem to understand or care to understand "Gay-Ness."³ My attempts at any consciousness raising, whether in the form of an argument on the imposed and therefore compulsory het nature of the realities portrayed in our improvs; or in renditions I performed of Karen Finley's *The Black Sheep*⁴ or *Women Are Hungry* by Dominique Lowell,⁵ the responses seem to be variations on the same theme: "Tobaron is so politically correct/When will those homosexuals get over it?" *The Black Sheep* is a poem cast in bronze and set in a concrete monolith in an area within the Lower East Side of New York City



where many homeless people live. Finley's public sculpture truly acknowledges social conditions and is activated by physical context. The instructor had asked us to bring in material on plague consciousness for a collectively created show. The poem addresses a community of the displaced and queerness as contagion. I asked my classmates to gather their chairs in a tight circle in the centre of which I stood. I had copied the text of *The Black Sheep* onto small pieces of paper, one piece per beat. My classmates all sat in intimate proximity, thigh to thigh, as I presented the poem. I allowed some of the pieces of paper to flutter to the floor. Some I tore up and some I threw away. I gave away some as gifts, and spoke directly into their faces as they each were only a foot away from me. I got little response to the content or the performance. *Women Are Hungry*, with crisp rhythm and graphic irony is a relentless critique of the perceptions of women in North American culture and of the ways in which women maintain these expectations. As I am the only homosexual, the problems are seen as mine; identity politics, sex and sexualities, and all other things falling under the umbrella misnomer of political correctness are associated with me. I presented the text as a monologue, during which I attempted the emotional range created by Lowell: I screamed, cried, laughed and even fucked a chair. My classmates, though uncomfortable, enjoyed it tentatively. After class one woman, the annual person of colour (there were only two or three students of colour per year

during my three years in the program) thanked me for pushing some boundaries.

Another example I experienced on a more visceral level. How can I function within the ensemble when my movement is limited by lesbophobia, both external and now perhaps internal after working in this vacuum, this heterosexist landscape for three years? In an exercise involving intimate space, both the people I worked with were obviously uncomfortable—one of them ran out of the room. The work is difficult and demands that one confront personal demons and trauma. I was unsure as to how much of their discomfort had to do with me and I in turn did not know how to work with them. When I raised my fear privately to my movement instructor, she insisted that it was "no one student's business what another's personal life includes, unless [I] decide to make it their business"—i.e. come on to them. I don't believe it was her intention to stigmatize, however, in an exercise involving intimacy and touch, do the men in my class have to question their motives behind their artistic choices? I'm not sure. Can each student honestly say that they do not on some sexual or sensual level appreciate the beauty of working bodies in motion during movement class? After immersing myself in a heterosexist environment for this long, how much of the homophobia I intuit is my own? The fear

of gender-role deviance is the most probable fundamental cause of this prejudice.

As a professional and responsible person, I would never include my personal feelings, be they lusting or loathing, for another student in our work together. I do maintain, however, that my sexuality deeply informs the way I relate to the world. In theatre, we train and train and break down and train some more to "be in our bodies," to develop a somatic intelligence and a kinesthetic awareness from which to create the physical presence of a character, or an idea personified, on stage. My mind is not separate from my body. My body is Queer and with it I pursue my art.

The current contradictory climate of simultaneous socio-political transformation and backlash indicates the importance of continuing to examine one's attitudes about a society which really has made few changes toward equality. At the end of second year I mentioned my difficulties with the all-pervasive heterosexism and certain classmates' homophobia to the director of our mostly white department. "No, I don't think so," she said. "You should rethink this, Tobaron." It's not politics, it's a humourless dyke with an attitude problem.

On many levels, the content of our work in theatre school is based on relationship formulae that are already well in



place. The scenario and identities portrayed are not our own, and yet, they are usually heterosexual and almost never lesbian. This requires that I take an extra leap. In order to participate, I suspend my disbelief that much further than my straight classmates. Sometimes they laugh, because they "know" what I really "am." Which is a butch-femme manipulatrix top weirdo from hell, of course. To continue to justify this routine is destructive. My queer art practice indicates a crisis of the traditional authorial presence of the masculine. My assertion of queer presence is constructed against the grounds of an historical near total absence (Fischer 86).⁶

I wonder, then, whether or not through some kind of osmosis, adrift in a sea of straightness, I have accrued a sort of gender dysphoria. Though my relationships to most of my female classmates have been distant if not awkward, my relationships to some of my male classmates could be described as brotherly at times, especially when before a performance as a man I go to the men's room to get dressed and put on my dick. Which brings me to my slides....

My studies in the department have also included design, production, history, and theory. All of my instructors have been straight, white and over fifty: unfortunately resulting in a dearth of positive cultural images for me to explore and work with. For almost three years I have been drowning in a sea of straight people. This can seep into my work. The point in continuing to study performance at UCDP is to expand my performance range with the guidance of my talented instructors. I have played a Canadian poet and war veteran, male. I have played a child molester's fiancée,



photo: Kyle Milne

female. I have played Tamora Queen of the Goths, female. Currently I am working on an elderly syphilitic wife-beating accountant, male, in turn-of-the-century Russia. Even as I write their gender designations, I feel more dysphoric than ever. I am not sure if I relate to any of these characters as mono-gendered beings. There are two average straight readings of a cross-cast role. One viewer may acknowledge the "doubleness" of a female body portraying a (socially constructed) male role. The other more conservative viewer will only read the male character and ignore the presence of a female body who subverts mono-gendered presence.

I was never assigned a lesbian role in theatre school, and I never saw any of my classmates attempt one. Even in a badly written queer role, the actor can feel it if she is failing. The absence of truth is palpable. To go anywhere beyond a flimsy caricature, the students both performing and in the audience would have to confront themselves profoundly. An hetero actor is capable of emotional, empathetic identification with human experience. It is unlikely however that she grasps the political or historical complexity of queerness. The performance of any role requires the actor to question his or her own bias in order to achieve not only accuracy, but the humanity in one's art. What kind of artist emerges from a department whose training represents culture inaccurately? How many more students will be forced to DIY their education simultaneous to a degree program? To quote Tanya Mars, "it becomes even more urgent to make live, intimate work for live, intimate people."

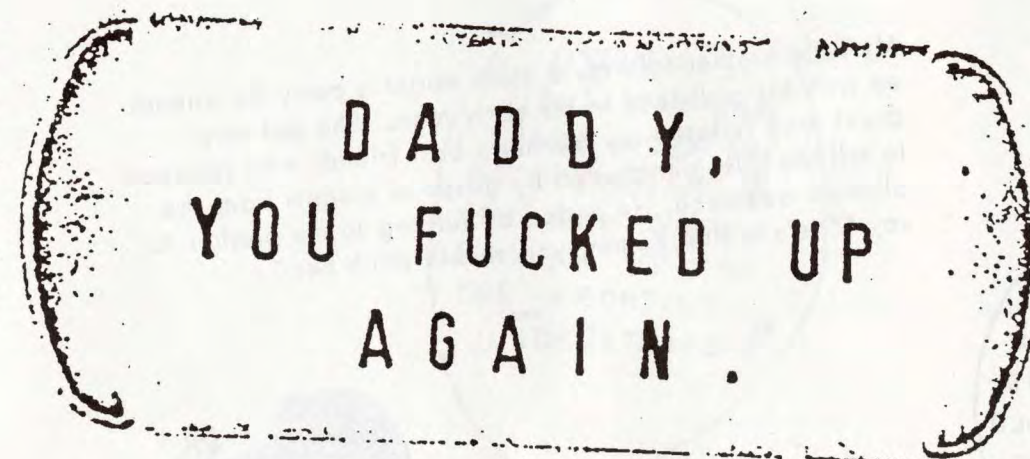
This article is an excerpt of a larger paper presented at the Juicy Fruit conference at York University in February 1997.

Endnotes:

1. In July of 1993, I completed Diane Torr's Drag King Workshop held in Toronto at the old George Street location of Buddies in Bad Times Theatre. The exciting workshop, which would normally receive sixty applicants over two days in Amsterdam, in N.Y.U. or at Goldsmith University in London; included only six dykes, of which I was the only actor. None of the participants were aspiring toward a cabaret act or a camp clique. Each individual had personal reasons for going through the Trans/formation. I am deeply grateful to Diane for her mentorship and guidance. She is truly an inspiring artist and a skilled teacher.
2. Gender dysphoria: a term used by psychiatric institutions to diagnose transsexuality. I am aware that people who are transsexual are not gender dysphoric because of lesbophobic environments or socio-economic reasons. I use the word ironically and in spite of the fact that it is an oppressive term with an ugly medical history. Of the terms I could find, all of which lack accuracy, "gender dysphoria" best describes the grey area I occupy. The social constructions of heterosexual gender dyad (female/male) make the on-stage articulation of the grey area difficult (but therein lies the artistry: Jennifer Miller of Circus Amok says that this liminal place is where theatre begins.) This is a psychic realm, where the mono-sexual, mono-gender construct of cultural het-ness is revealed to be archaic and irrelevant. (Also see videos and *Gendertrash* zine by Toronto transgendered activists Mirha-Soleil Ross and Xantra Phillippa.)
3. "Gay-Ness," also referred to as the "Gay-Ness Monster"; a mythical sea serpent of leviathan proportion living in a narrow arm of the sea nearly surrounded by land.
4. Karen Finley, "The Black Sheep" in *Shock Treatment*, City Light Books, 1990.
5. Dominique Lowell, "Women Are Hungry" originally recorded by Matt Bourdreau for Buspig Productions, San Francisco, California, 19 December 1993.
6. Barbara Fischer, "A Cyclopean, Evil Eye" in *Canadian Theatre Review* #86, spring 1996. N. Rewa, J. Householder, eds.



Emily Vey Duke

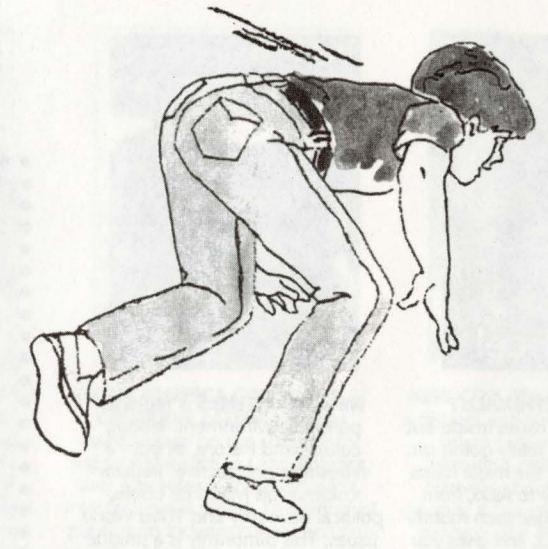
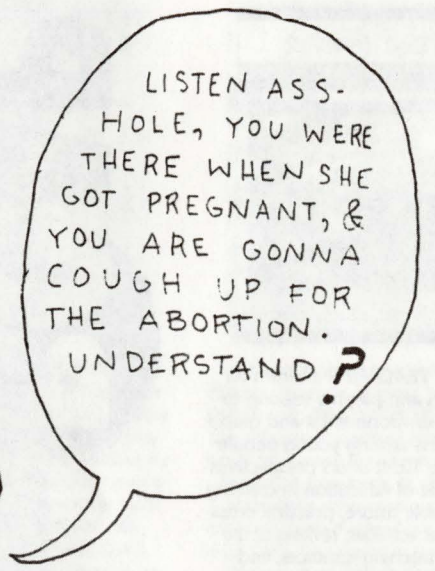
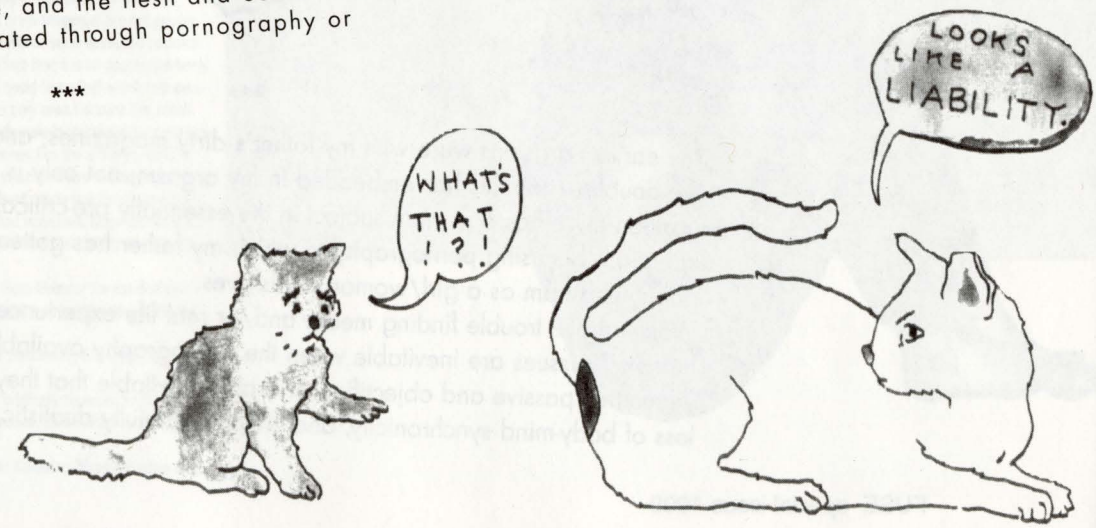


My earliest orgasms were with my father's dirty magazines, and I still feel keenly the double vision this has embedded in my orgasm; not only is it a struggle to position myself as a woman subject in the essentially pre-critical practice of masturbation, but using pornography to which my father has gotten off begs questions about who I am as a girl/woman in his eyes. Women have trouble finding media and/or real life experiences which make them hot. These issues are inevitable when the pornography available represents women as passive and objectified. It is also inevitable that they will give rise to a loss of body-mind synchronicity, and effect a painfully dualistic conception of self.

 My little brother told me a story about a party he attended with his girlfriend in his early teens. She got very drunk and fellated my brother's best friend, who returned to tell the tale, punctuated by gasps of disgust from the all-male audience. He ended by turning to my brother to say "She's a slut, homey, you should ditch her."



 The two feline figures speak in and of the voices available to us because of our genders: the tom with the innocence/ignorance he is afforded by his privilege; the female with the sharp and bitter criticality our liability affords us. The little orange tomcat embodies the horrified fascination with female desire, and the flesh and ooze of the female body not mediated through pornography or romance.



 * I have a friend who was impregnated by a prick from Moncton, N.B. He played in some extremely shabby grunge rock ensemble long after grunge had seen its day. She wanted desperately to have a baby, but her friends (including me) spoke up encouraging her to have an abortion. There would be other babies we said. We did this partly because the prick from Moncton stopped acknowledging her presence shortly after she informed him of the status of her womb.
 * The encouragement of her friends combined with the brutality of the prick from New Brunswick sent her to the abortionist. I went to the hospital with her, on the grounds that, having undergone two abortions myself, I was qualified to help. I wasn't.
 * This drawing describes my fantasy of how I would treat the asshole who fucked her up. Instead, as it happens, I picked him up in a bar not three weeks later and took him home for the night.
 * There is nothing I regret more in my little life than that act of contemptible disloyalty.



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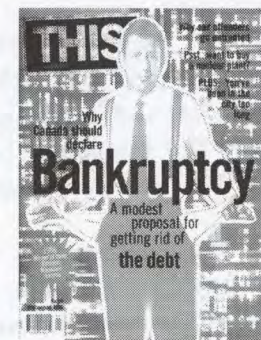
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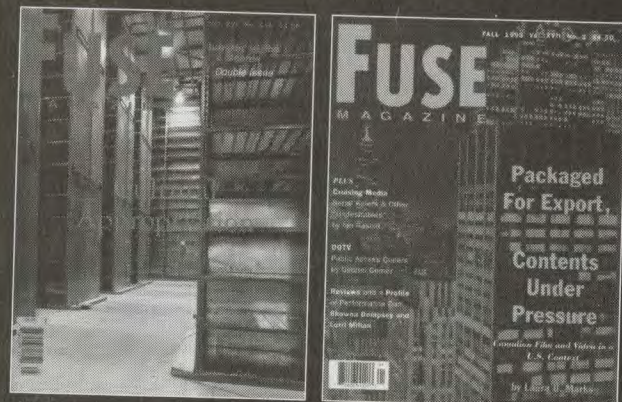


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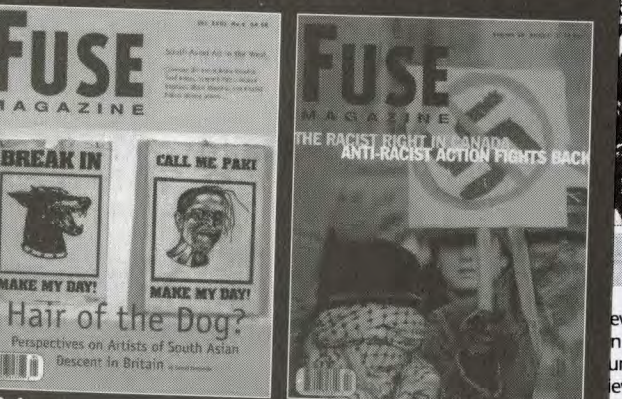
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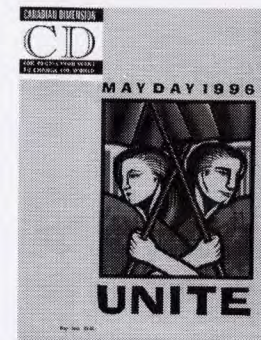
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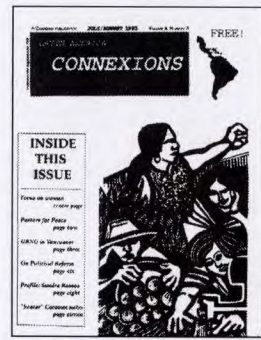
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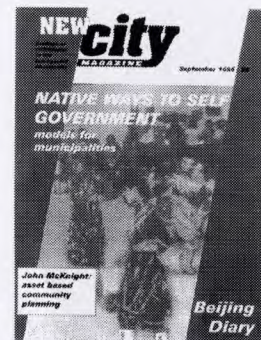
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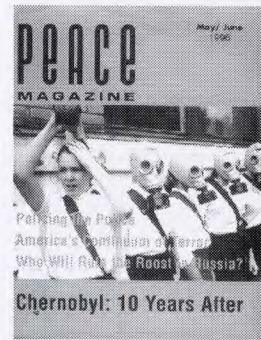
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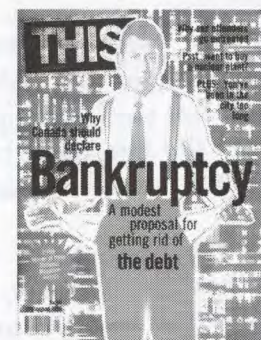
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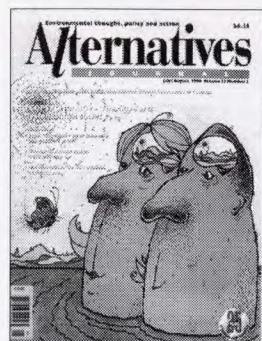
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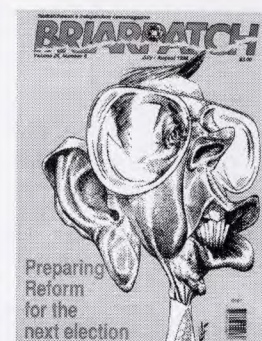
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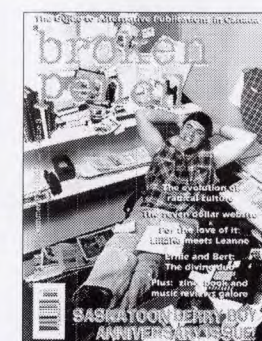
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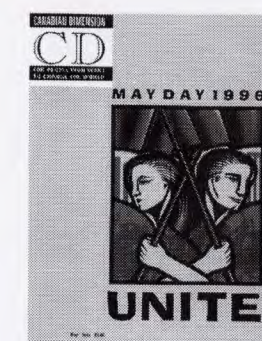
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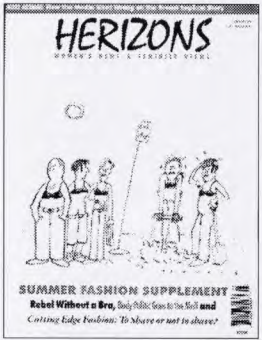
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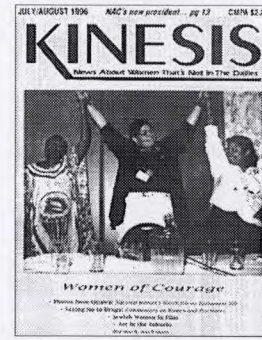
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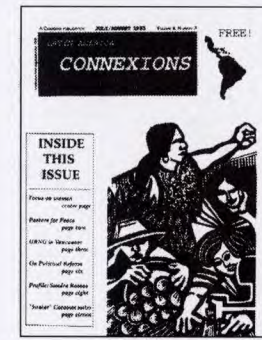
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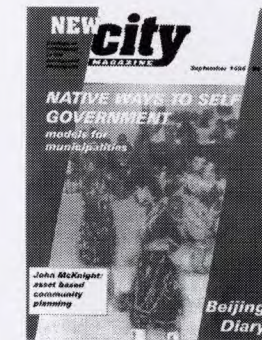
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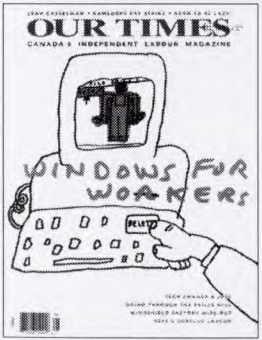
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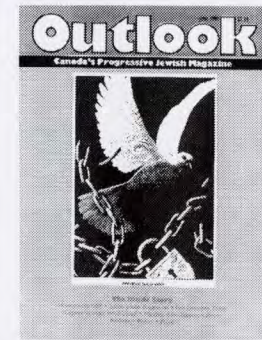
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