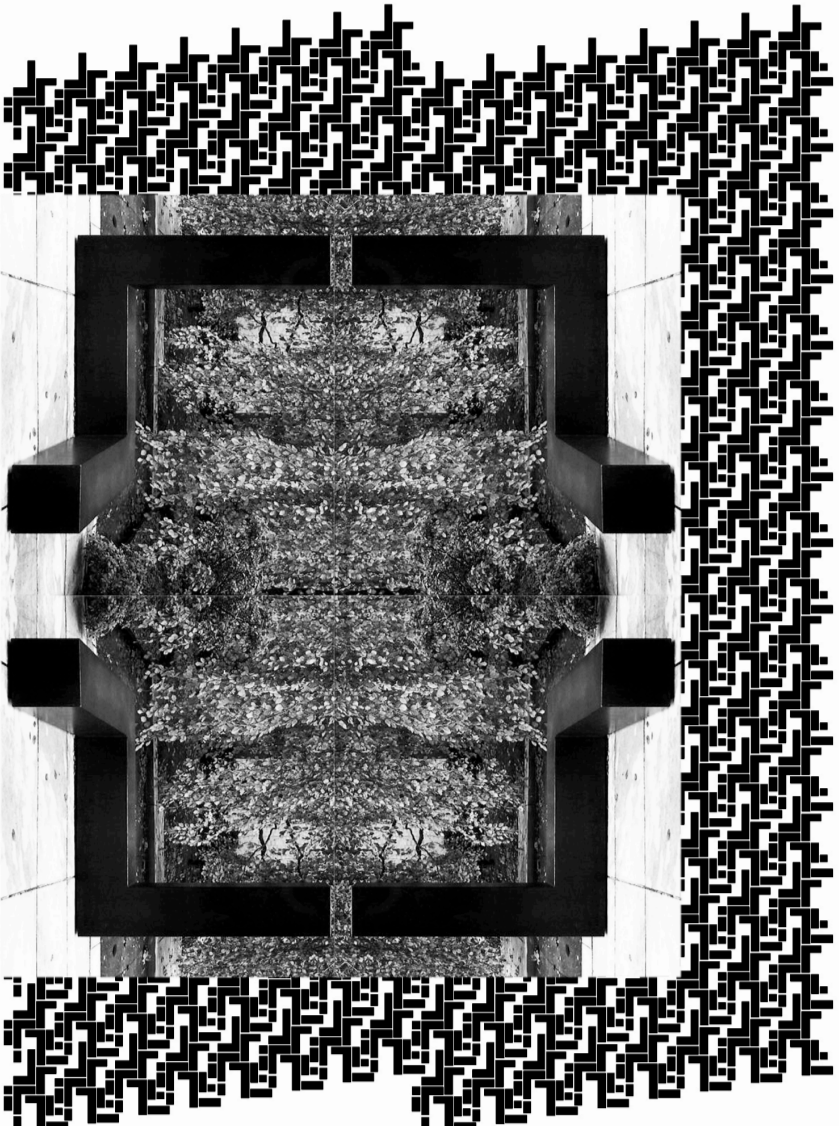




minor transgression #3

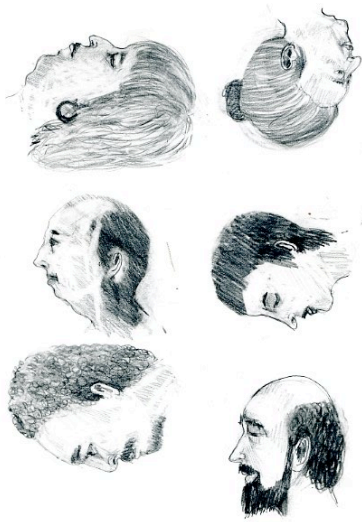


minor transgression #1



The mountain is high
The valley is low
And you're confused on which way to go
So I've come here to give you a hand
And lead you into the promised land
So...
Come on and take a free ride [Free ride!]
Come on and sit here by my side
Come on and take a free ride
All over the country I've seen it the same
Nobody's winning at this kind of game
We've got to do better it's time to begin
You know all the answers must come from within
So...
Come on and take a free ride [Free ride]
Come on and sit here by my side
Come on and take a free ride

Free Ride by Danny Hartman, 1971



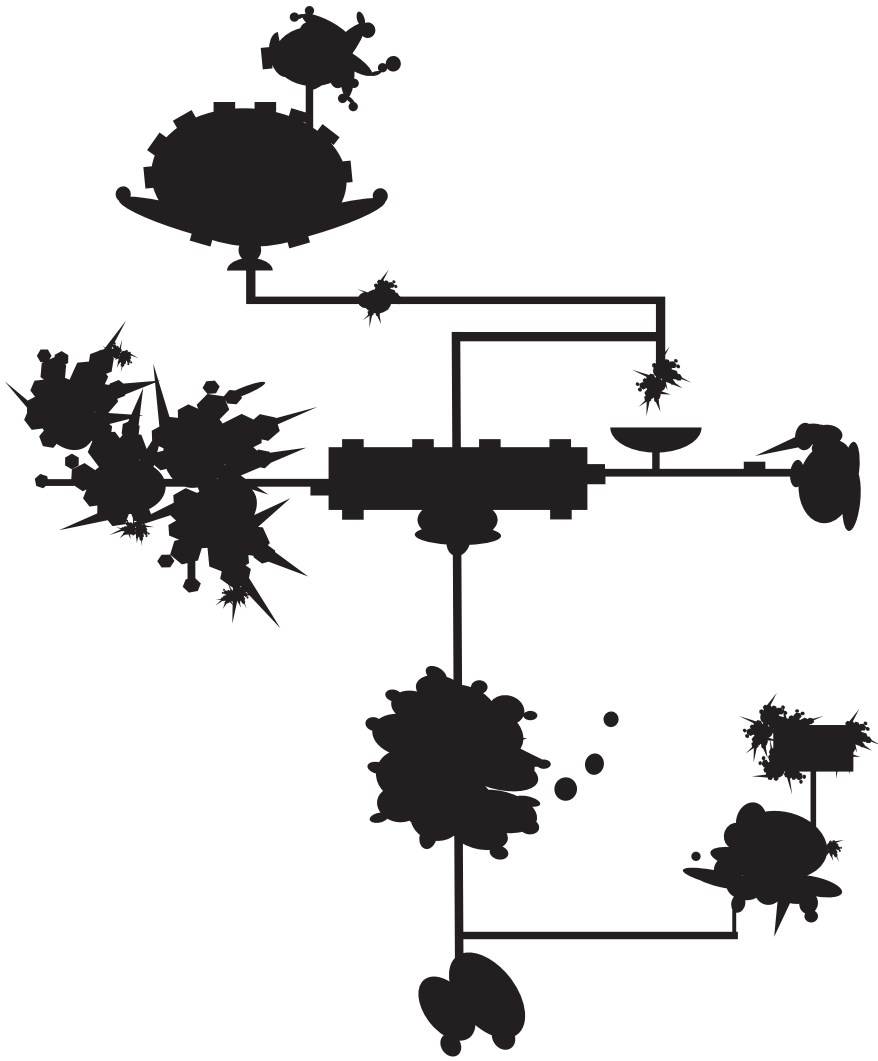
this is not an emergency





minor transgression #2

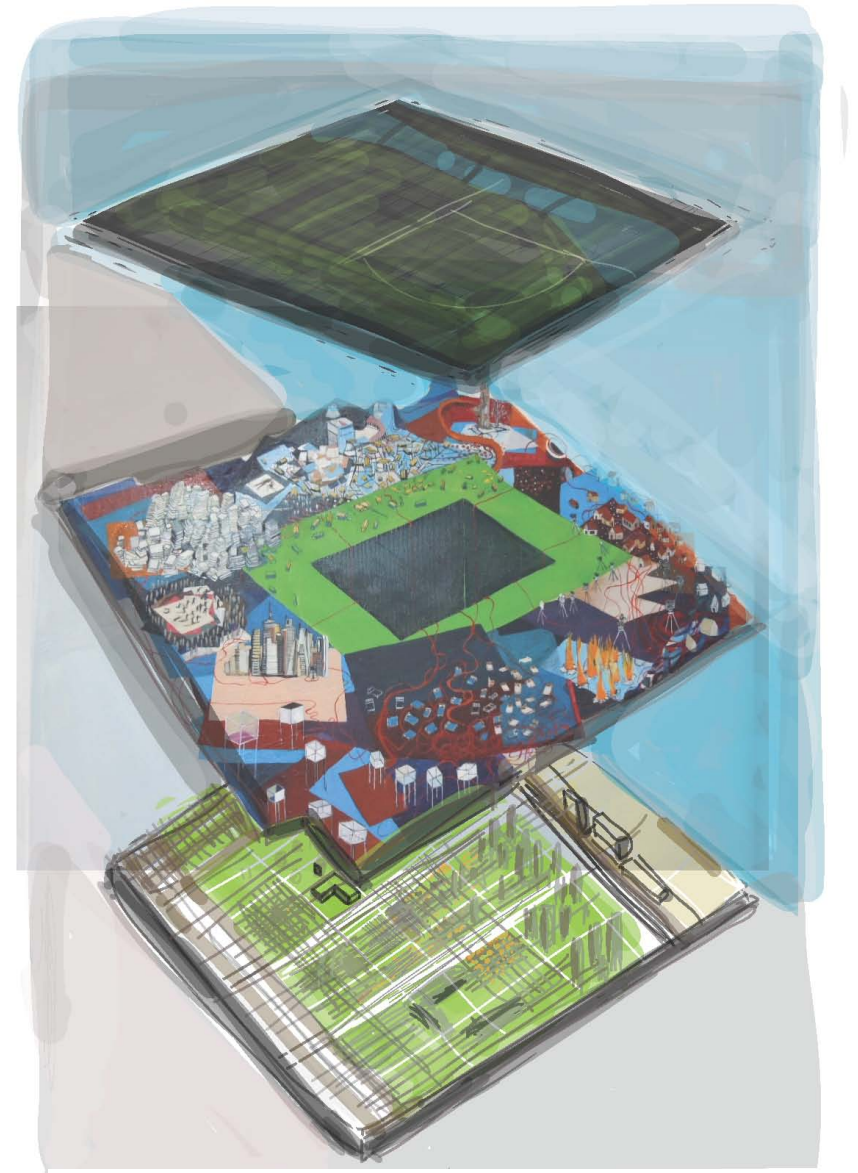




(the past and the pending)

Details Are Sketchy

Atomic a la modes, alcohol, amphetamines,
androgynous alpha males
Bibles, bazookas, bullets, bombs, burkas, bras,
blowjobs, boobs and blood on Barcelona beds
Cannonballs, Cherokees, castration, cadavers,
coffins and confessions over café con leche
Dystopia, democracy, diamonds,
disinclined dames and defrocked deacons
Elite excavators exhume exotic enchilada epoxy embedded in energetic embers
Fear fornicating faggots, fire and brimstone, family values
Gang bangers, gung ho gunfights, gender genocide, gallows and graveyards
Hookahs and hippies, herpes, hickeys, hashish and ham-handed hamsters
forming hydrogen bombs - Inglorious intercourse, impotent ICBM's,
indignant imams, inelastic ideologies, index finger indicating illegal immigrants
Jihadist jackals, juntas, jazzy junkies, jock itch and jugs,
juke joints, joysticks and jism - Kalashnikov rifles,
kangaroo courts, knuckleheaded Ku Klux Klans men
Lusty, life-like labia, loosey-goosey loincloths and licky licky lollipops
Mercy killings, muumuus and mullets,
mamma's boys masturbating their manholes
Nefarious nocturnal neutering, nicotine and narcotics,
naked nymphs nosh nuclear nachos - Obscure occult occurrences,
octopus odors, oscillating obelisks and opulent Oprah orgasms
Powder keg, poverty and Pentagon pacifists,
pagan pageants featuring pinto pony pizzles
Queer theory, quarrelling quasi queens emitting quizzical quiffers
Rattlesnakes, rabies and recumbent, roly-poly, red-hot, rosy-bushed redheads
Sniveling snipers, samurai sadists, sexy Semites, and shagging surfer secretions
Tommy-guns, teddy bears, tank tops,
taco tummies, tattoos, trip wire thongs and Speedo tuxedos
Utopian upheaval, underwater underwear, unwholesome and un-American
Vomiting ventriloquists, vehicular vasectomies,
vestibule vaginas and villainous video violence
Walleyed warlocks wish for wacky wampum and whoopee
X-rated Xeroxes of xenophiles in Xanadu at Xmas time
Yakking yanks, yachts, yuppies, yummy yams and yo-yos
Zany zippered zoot suited zombies in zigzagging ziggurat
zeppelins zipping towards Zion





THESUPERTHEORYOFEVERYTHING, BMX/bong, 2009, Frank Wick

6. **Apprehending the World and Our Motives.** In his book *Testaments Betrayed*, Milan Kundera's nine part essay about the moral rights of the author, he refers to a conversation with Gabriel Garcia Marquez who told him that Kafka showed him it was possible to write another way. By this he meant that it is possible to break through the plausibility barrier. "Not to escape the real world (as the Romantics did) but to apprehend it better" ...This is a very important point to make because apprehending the real world seems to be at the heart of this work. A fusion of the dream world and reality, of fantasy and gritty realism, creates a place where (again Kundera here) "The more alien things are, the more magical the light that springs from their contact"...He calls it "the poetics of surprise". This is why opposites like horror and beauty, laughter and tragedy (the tragicomedy), reason and chaos, can be fused together to produce work that is more akin to the foibles of humanism's contemporary face. The value of this type of art lies in being able to reveal "previously unforeseen possibilities "of being human, of existence. In the century that followed existentialism's definition and absorption into the psyche of the arts, we have seen the portrayal of all things human go from the paragon of animals (to borrow a few words from Hamlet) to a something much more banal, but ultimately more accurate and revealing: just plain human.

7. **MANIFESTO:** It seems like such a big blustery word. There is something ridiculous and overblown about it. People who historically have espoused manifestos (i.e. Karl Marx, Mao, etc,) have been ideologues, full of blind spots, certainly, but cocksure about whatever it was that they were saying. These days, people are a lot more cagey about beliefs, especially so in the art world, where there seems to be a majority moving away from saying anything at all. "Content" in the mainstream of visual art these days can be hard to spot. And since these artists place it central to their work, those of more traditionally formalist convictions may misconstrue them as romantics or reactionaries; a general art audience's worst fear assigns content equal value as the superficial order of the visual vernacular; Content may be even more important than form, but that is more question than as a statement.

The idea of a 'Manifesto' is loaded and the work of these artists jumps the rails of fashion. Using that peculiar word to describe it is kind of funny. There is truth in jest however, and through the bluster there is a core sincerity about staking this ground).

8. **THE RECONCILIATION OF OPPOSITES.** John Cage said that one of the things he loved about James Joyce, *Finnegan's Wake* in particular, is that it takes the opposites we try to keep apart in life and puts them together where they belong. Cage's favorite example is the word "Laughtears" for laughter. In Joyce's case it is done to a large extent through puns; Making it visual and multiplicitous rather than dualistic.

- Trista Dix,

- Berlin, 2005

(.....)

LHQQR9: Last night i was kept awake thinking about the myths created in families (and in turn society) in order to keep unpleasant or unwanted truths from being known.

JBiel55: got a good john cage story that sort of sums it up

JBiel55: here goes

JBiel55: a blind man comes to an intersection accompanied by a seeing-eye dog. While waiting for the light to change the dog pished on his master's leg . Then, the blind man fed the dog a piece of meat.

Another man watching asked the man," Why reward him? He pished on your leg."

The Blind man said," I'm not rewarding him. I'm finding out where his head is so I can kick him in the ass."



*Image courtesy of The Dr. Eugene Birchwood Archives

Our Mission is to Prevent the Loss of Fringe Thought,
to keep lit the Fire of Impossibility,
to find that which lay Undiscovered beneath Dust and Sediment,
out of Sight and Forgotten.
Missing time was recorded and we are witness after the fact.
Its Products Whisper to Us across Timespace.
It is our Mission to Thwart the all too common Demise of Things,
Stories, Ideas, which may not fit History's Master Narrative.
We crave the Archaic and Arcane, the Strange , the Paranormal,
the Outer Edge, the Little Known , those Things imbued
with Magical Properties, the Folkloric, the Homemade, the Story-told,
the Other World-ly.
Left-Field.

We Embrace failures because they show us what is possible.
We Seek to find Lost Things.
We Value as Treasure *That which was made by Conscious Hands*, human or
Otherworldly.
The Society collects That Which was Left Behind.
The Society Quests for That Which Nature Hath Wrought.
The Society Looks for the Connection Between Chance and Design.
We Covet the Link between Story and Artifact.

We seek Evidence, first-hand Accounts, Second Hand Stories, but reject
third-hand reproductions unless accompanied by Reputable Documents for
Verification.

The Society is interested in Photographs, Journals, Drawings, Sculptural
Objects, (Foods that Resemble religious icons), Ephemera, Recorded Sounds,
Interviews, Experiments, Mechanisms, Instruments, Formulas.

We must Collect and Preserve Cultural Detritus with Cult Followings.

We seek to espouse Questions as they strike in Rapid Succession.
Knowledge stems from Doubt.
We Reject Conventional Understanding.

We embrace Secret Societies, Hermetical Folk, Shadow People, foggy
silhouettes, Vaporous Beings.
The Society for The Preservation of Lost Things and Missing Time links the
Present moment with the Past, and the Past with the Future.
The Society for The Preservation of Lost Things and Missing Time Strives to
be more than a Repository of Objects deemed Treasures by an establishment
that protects its Investments.
We Know that There is Limited Future Wealth with a prepackaged collective
History.

We at the Society for The Preservation of Lost Things and Missing Time
Demand a Democratization of Antiquities.

We Require for Stories to be Told Late into the Night.
Objects and stories belong to all of us, in the now and beyond.
Our Academic Mission is to Preserve and Protect, Unafraid.

To Research and Dig.

To keepsake and Yearn-For.

Our Cultural Destiny is to Archive and Preserve
the Moments That Went Missing,
The time that was over looked.

We seek To Destroy ideological Darlings.

What we thought we Knew yesterday may no longer hold true
today or tomorrow.

The Onion of time Hungers for its skins to be peeled back,
Left Nude, Exposed and Vulnerable.

TSFPLTMT:
Our Mission,
and Manifesto



Eight Specific Sub-currents

(with room for more)

a manifesto in progress.

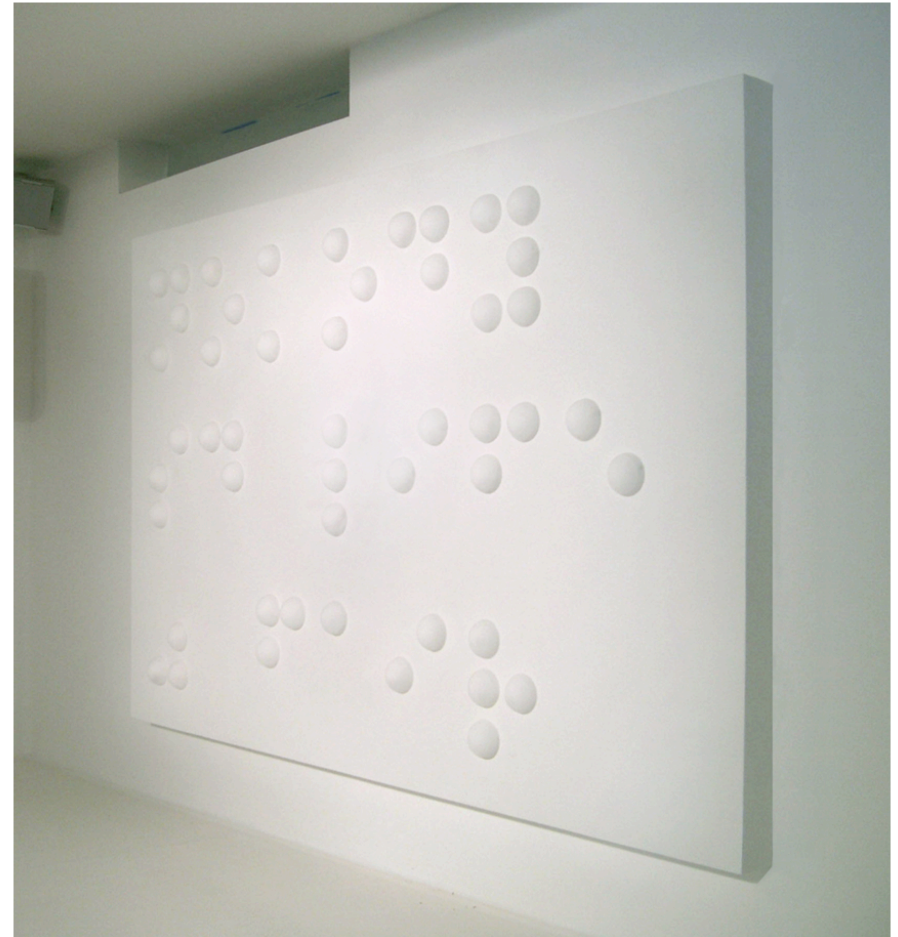
1. **The Narrative as a Fragment.** People need stories- or parts of them- to remind themselves of their humanity. In Wim Wenders' *Wings of Desire*, the old historian character wonders if he should just become mute after all the terrible things he has seen. He decides that he has to go on speaking because if he doesn't, the people will have lost their only storyteller. Using the narrative as a fragment is akin to viewing a film sequence by itself, or a photograph captured as if a moment was frozen to allow a narrative to unfold without the constraints of time and its logics. The fragment indicates the whole of a story without revealing its entirety. These fragments aren't just non-sequiturs, though they can take that form in timespace. They are instances, snapshots and vignettes. The artists working in this manner are not recanting meta-narratives, the larger stories that guide human principles, values, morals, sense of belonging. Instead they are dealing in a smaller scale of storytelling more suited to our times, rather than large baroque gestures which a viewer can adapt in meaning to deepen their understand of life.

2. **Subversive Content.** The content in this work deals with daunting struggles for place in an absurd world of daggered violence, high wire sex acts, ritualized self mutilation, the threat of loneliness, decapitation as a vehicle for exploring the complexities of identity, and a generally transgressive sensibility that thrives on discomfort and. Subjects are usually considered to be on the fringes of societal thought: iconoclasm, horror as a humorous spectacle, the reconciliation of the perverse and profane with the arcane and the sacred. Their place in the work reveals itself as metaphor, parable, pun, and proverb. Yet, unlike the traditional purposes for these literary devices, there isn't an answer for the questions posed. Rather, it is the questions themselves that are important. This forces the viewer to point the finger at him or herself as a way of subverting existing paradigms of self-understanding.

3. **Lightness.** Humor. The Tragicomedy. The symbolist poet and critic Paul Valery says of *lightness*, "One should be light like a bird, not like a feather." By this he emphasizes that work should be light in form, not in content. Things should be treated in a removed way that allows all the weight of a subject to come through as efficiently as possible with "a neutrality that allows all readings."

4. **Taking from the Past.** Without irony or postmodern affected appropriation, MANIFESTO artists are intentionally referencing works from the past. This is not only in substance but in the anachronisms of sculpture, drawing, and painting. Yet, the artist's vision is part of the subject of the work. Though not aloof or clever, there is a tongue in cheek sincerity that refuses to be pigeon holed as dogmatic or derivative.

5. **"The Figure"** This work deals with human concerns like tragedy, heartbreak, joy, wonder, and pathos. The figure is used as an obvious signifier for the human, but there's more to it. Use of the figure is an anachronism, a reference to the classical in art. It is an archaic device in representation centuries old (another counterpoint to recent trends). However, use of the figure is not restricted to its physical representation. Sometimes, the figure is implied by its absence through the symbolic use of everyday objects and space. People are shown in exterior spaces, gathering in crowds and small groups, floating in water, assembled around tables, falling head first from the sky. They are represented alone in interior spaces, atop beds, with ladders, houses, sinks, bath tubs. In short, people are depicted engaging in their personal dramas, sometimes actively and with seeming purpose. They whisper to one another in secret while watching bodies dangle from a hangman's gallows, walk on stilts toward bicycles with no pedals, deceive each other with hidden knives, extend handshakes toward hands wielding burning matchsticks. But, more often than not, the characters are shown suffering through their ordeals with a knowing passivity. The poor bastards are in for it. They see It coming but they're just schleps, though not necessarily in any super-tragic or life-versus-death manner. Our use of *the figure* is not limited to the latter. The characters find themselves in highly charged situations and relationships which forcibly confront unlikely pairings like humor and sadness, stoicism and vulnerability. Referencing *the figure* underscores our attempt at reconciling public account with personal history. It allows the artists to tell darkly funny stories that reach into a variety of territories, and get at the heart of the matter, which is to explore the human condition.



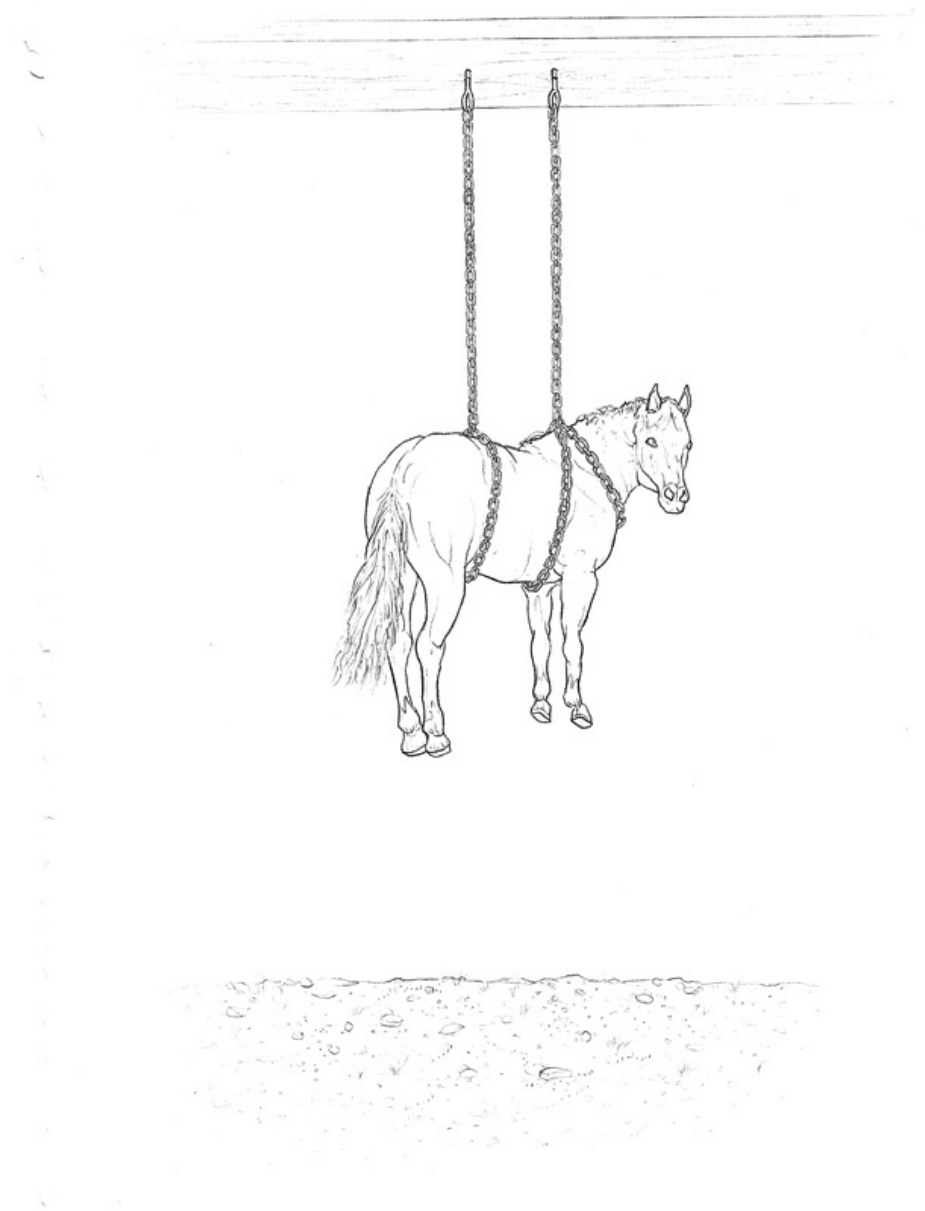


THIS IS WATER

Miami/imaiM

Miami is not one city but two. Psychologically, it is cleft in half, into two separate *weltanschauungen*. One runs along a north-south axis: it is defined by I-95 and encompasses all points east. The other courses along an east-west axis, and is defined broadly by the series of arteries that run parallel to the 836: Flagler, 8th street, Coral Way, Bird Road. A majority of the citizenry feels more comfortable along one axis or the other. Relatively few individuals are truly bi-axial. Many even experience a kind of existential vertigo when forced to navigate along the “wrong” direction – akin to a sense of dread that one might fall off the cliff-edge of the world. It can be disconcerting to discover for the first time (usually while running an errand or visiting extended family) just how endless one’s axial *doppelgänger* seems to be. The two realities overlap downtown, where no one feels at home – as well as amid the inexorable optic flow and frictionlessness of their respective expressways. To members of either axis, the city’s northwest quadrant is a vast *terra incognita*, all hot smog and gravel pits. Certain neighborhoods seem to sit on the wrong line, resulting in urban bubbles, anomalies abuzz with hermetic informal economies. The east-west city tends toward horizontality, the north-south one toward verticality. The condos of the latter are their own country (there is rumored to be money hidden behind the drywall). The north-south axis struggles to nurture its vegetation; the east-west one struggles to contain it. Each axis bears its own “soft” identity, having nothing at all to do with the official branding efforts put forward by local commercial and political interests, much less with the local fauna (flamingos, manatees, dolphins, alligators, etc.). While the citizens of both axes tend to over-perform their ethnicities and gender roles, relative to people in other US cities, they do so in different ways. The east-west line is more conservative. Perhaps due to its proximity to the ocean (who knows?), the north-south axis is more porous and tends to yearn for contact with the outside world. It is constantly measuring itself up against other metropolitan centers in the US and elsewhere, and though it often finds itself lacking, it tends to be smug toward the east-west axis. Its western counterpart, by contrast, wants nothing other than to be left alone. It wants to be unaware of the north-south axis. It is self-satisfied and it wants to burrow into itself. Its defining feature is its amnesia: it is a good place to go if you want to forget where you were before.

- René Morales, 2011





¹ Imagine a room full of books. This image consumes you. It is an excess of information, indicative of a jumbled, fractured reality, dominated by illusions and illogically codified by a tragic need for order.

² This box holds the text to *The Failure of Knowing*. It is unedited, much too long, and largely unfinished.

¹ The character in this piece is captured in a moment between sleep and awake. Her tragic want for fictions

illuminates unresolved tensions between realism and fantasy. Her illusory senses are deceptive. The bombard of information makes her bone tired. She closes her eyes and sleeps, her head atop the mountain of books. Her slumber reminds us that art still has the potential to be alchemical. Its enigmatic processes remain purposefully unseen and occur as if in a dream, her dream. In this dream, nothing is as it should be. Yet, the rules of the real world apply as a constant in the dream's equation, but they are bent or broken in order to better apprehend the world.

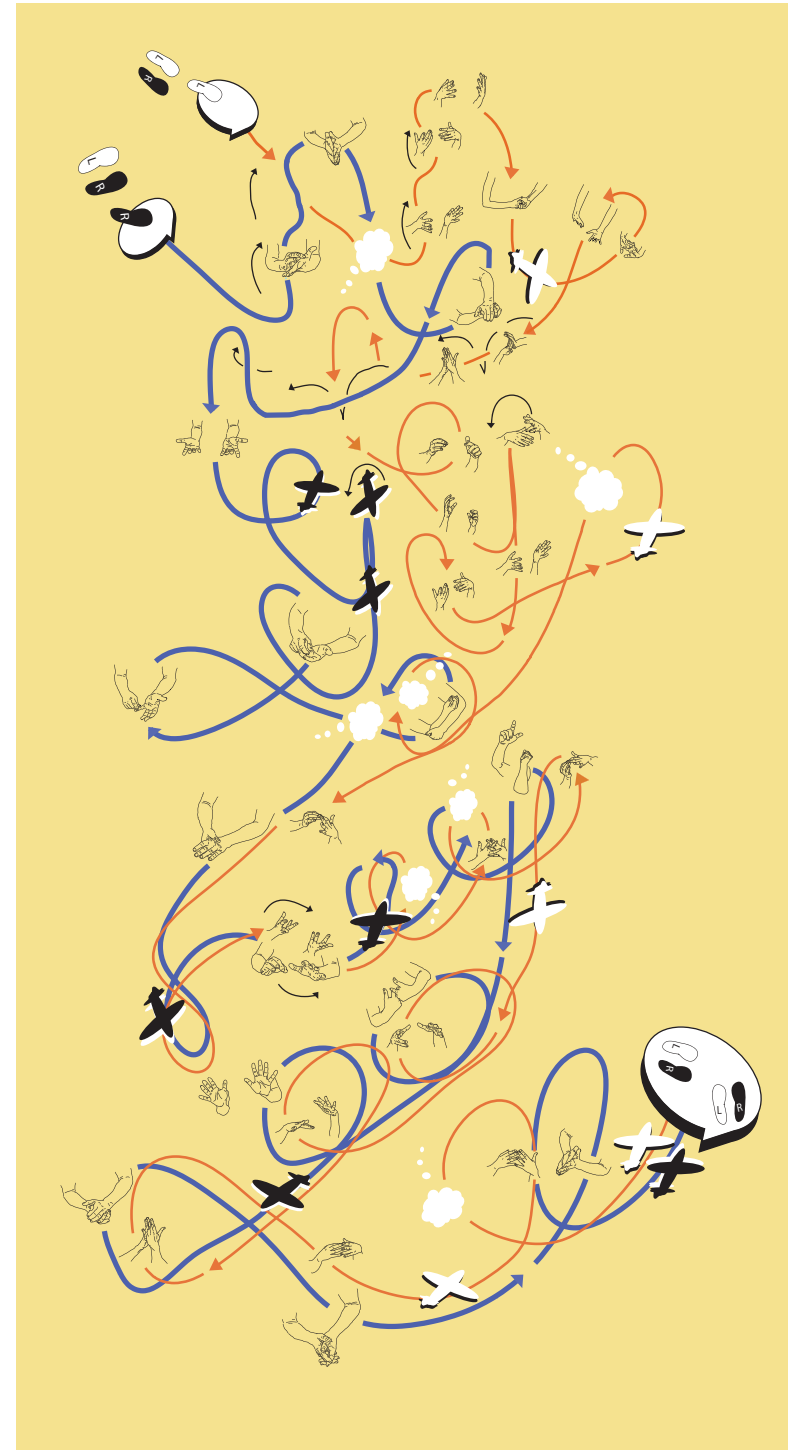
⁴ It can be a nightmarish event to try and sort through competing ideas, theories, and hypotheses, while trying to understand the world as a growing detritus of data slipstreams into and out of our brains at frightening rates. That we are capable of processing it seems at times nearly miraculous. The breakdown of language is an imminent threat. Our systems of knowing can fail.

³ Perhaps this character was reading the books in a manic and meticulous attempt at understanding particulars about love, life, fear, power, theory and its systems, the history of paint and how it applies to all arts forms, the human condition in general, and the condition of the humanities vis a vis their own constructs. The titles of the books in the room are used to steer you, viewer, in a direction that places the following into your mind: **A)** The dilemma of unresolved tensions between narratives and abstraction. **B)** The artistic process acts as reconciliation between the private realm of the artist and the public world of ideas. **C)** The unfinished project that is modernism has left questions unanswered (or, perhaps not yet asked) the answers to which may no longer be relevant. **D)** The character in this parable has come to suspect that maybe ideas have a life of their own, parasitic and flourishing in our thoughts, texts, speeches, whispers and conversations. And maybe language, this system of thinking and communicating that drives the very text you are reading like blood in an artery, is having a laugh at our expense: Putting us to the test, taking the piss, co-conspiring with the unseen and unknowable, ridiculing us to a brink where we are forced to finally accept that our Ideas and Theories will always belong to the infinite regression and, like a mirror facing another mirror, will always succumb to meta-solipsism, "thinking about thinking about", (and subsequently: talking about talking, and art about art and writing about writing about writing... ad infinitum)

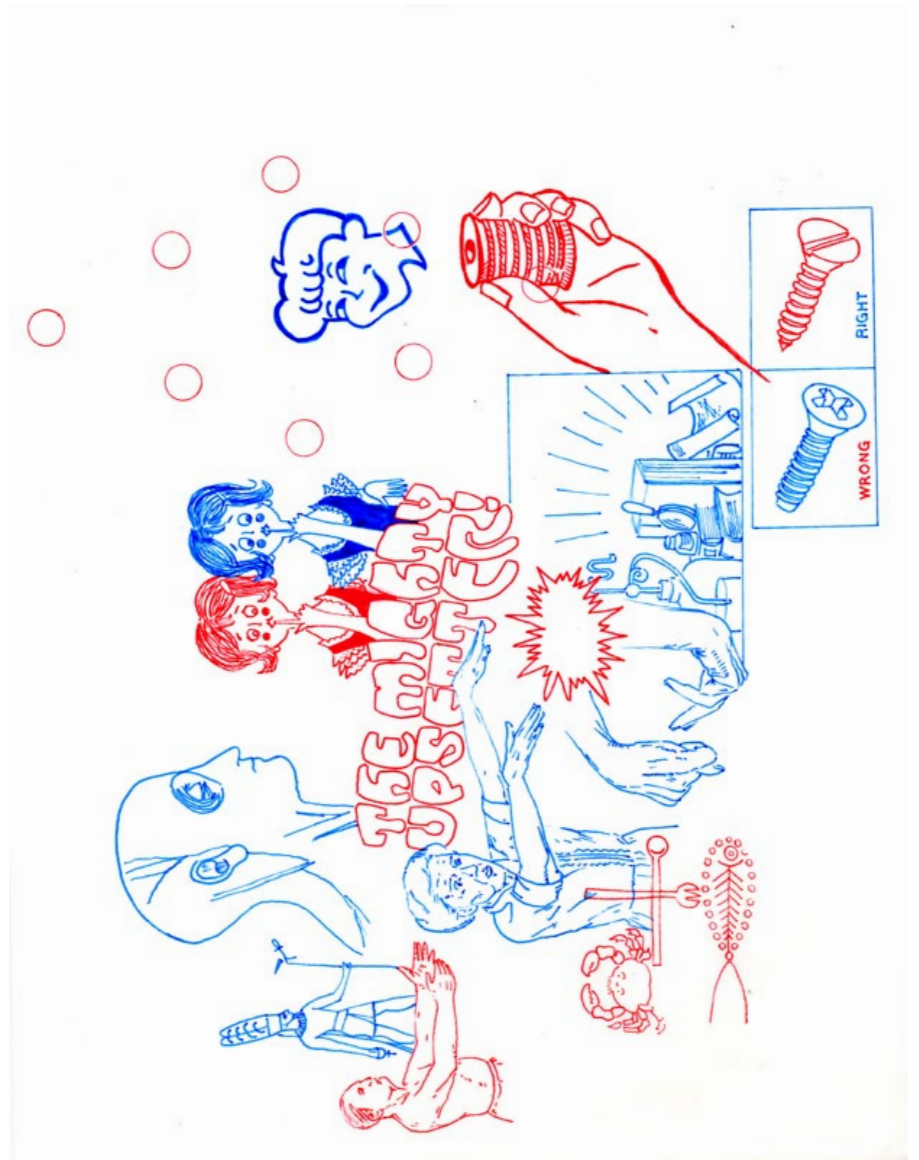
^{1A} Only that which is known through first hand experience can really be known. Even then, our world depends on vicarious familiarity and deceptively real simulations. (this may not be true)

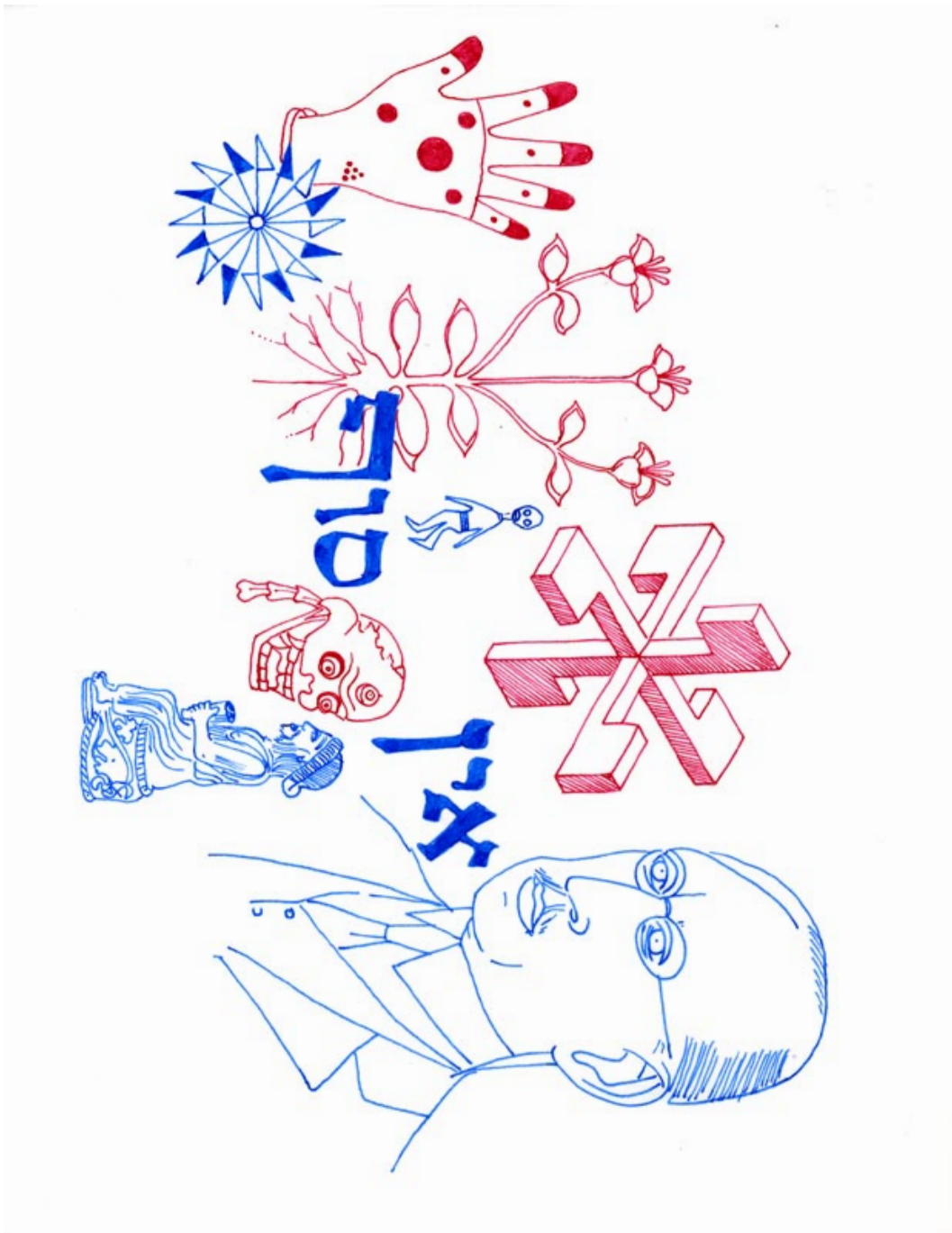
^{2A} The failure of knowing lies in our confusion. Confusion is a misunderstood condition.

We are taught from early on in our lives that being confused is a negative condition, which prevents understanding and implies idiocy. Yet, Confusion is a matrix of creativity, a vital part of thinking and being. Despite our ability to apprehend and reflect reality, our confused state is reinforced by the amount of emphasis we place on logical understanding and didactic reasoning. Failure is essential. If you don't fail then your efforts are insufficient.



intentionally
left
blank





The Samizdat Committee & Contributors

2	TSFPLTMT & Solomon Graves
3, 4	Trista Dix
5,	René Morales
7	the failure of knowing
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13, 14	Nick Lobo (www.nicklobo.com)
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22	Joe Biel (www.joebiel.com)
23, 24	Frank Wick (www.frankwick.com)
25	TSFPLTMT Division of Letters & Papers
26, 27	Kevin Arrow (www.kevinarrow.com)
28	DFW (ad nostrum)

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—
 Twenty years largely wasted, the years of l'entre deux guerres
 Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
 Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
 Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
 For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
 One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
 Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
 With shabby equipment always deteriorating
 In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
 Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer
 By strength and submission, has already been discovered
 Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
 To emulate—but there is no competition—
 There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
 And found and lost again and again; and now, under conditions
 That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
 For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.

