



*drawing by  
Fred Wiebel*

# Blue Feathers

a strange attractor for surrealist activity in minnesota

Tom Clarkson  
Barrett John Erickson  
Dale M. Houstman  
editors

*"a favorable wind has blue feathers"*

# RIDREAM



"Admonish Knowledge – Then Forget."

**A**

Desire is a movement of the imagination — not soft and safe, but brutal and bold — through survival's smog, toward spring fever, thunderstorms, lightening revelations.

*favorable*

A clean plunge through our own reflections into corrosive pools of pure reagent (pH1). The death of self. The birth of dying. The song of breath. The rhythm of chaos. The harmony of white noise.

*wind*

The nimble vitality of octogenarians amidst the arthritic comas of adolescents attests to the power of desire. The flaccid impotence of dreamless sleep and the inflamed dryness of a desert mirage reveal its dislocation. The commercial erections of capital greed and enticements to counterfeit stimulation are monuments to its falsification.

*has*

*blue*

Desire is a probe — testing the potential for pleasure in other dimensions, seeking portals to discovered passion. There is no limit to the reach of the möbius tongue or the sensitivity of an enchanted inner thigh.

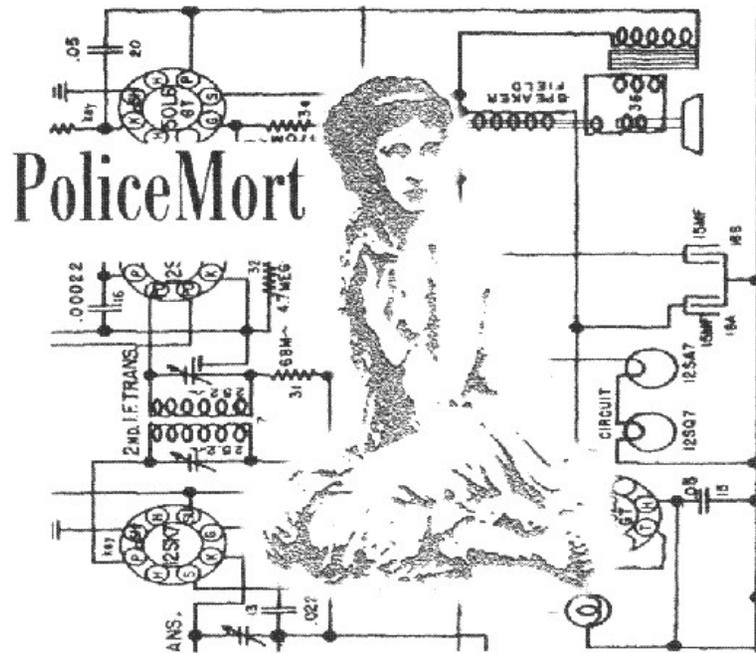
*feathers.*

... Picabia

(drawing by  
Fred Wiebel)

## TO HEAR A CHARMING SABBATICAL

Entirely bereft of the power to move or articulate a sound, stand stock still and stare at it... When power returns remove the four 3/8" nuts and spacers from the mounting studs and set them aside. Your memories should then be skatched and collared by the steel. Remember, this is a gaffe imprisoned, a fine grained outtake, for Corky, who apes skins, and beyond the boundaries of an appropriated citizenship. It is necessary to tease it, for twenty-one consecutive days.



"Go Ahead - Encroach..."

## CATTLE MARKETS IN THE ABSTRACT-BAROQUE

A. A. Walker

Traditionally horned by the onslaught of near imperatives, bargaining on the shop-soiled, drawn and quartered, roasting on a spit at the third degree above ministerial gangs of scholarly delusion -- bloody effigies upon the rock of a temple lasering three eyes -- the conceit of a hat now is without disconcertedness.

The choice offered by the aermul\* calibrated -- hence defiled -- was ascendant to the bull-star sexing of its respiration and the fastnesses of a few stock-taking proletariat servantmen. Upon their pithy returns, the hunt proved -- once again -- game were elusive, but on the shoulders of their pleasure, it was put there, granted by paradisal longing.

*I have been exonerated of the most highly regarded puzzle which once took on the impingement of some directives from eternal dormancy, caught in the succession of its punishment: liberation. There is no place left to hide. I vow never to ask for anything but destruction.*

After a divine reckoning, watching every move as a memory would -- dark and full of mystery -- that skank aurora of the moral systematians beached by its confabulation with the sensual body and with the crestfallen was swept aside. Swept aside by the roar of rapidity unhinged from the plasticene frenzies of squirting girl parades, numberless now yet for their price.

The forsaken, superlative finality of the decreed dreamt moment, in which the last suggestion and question is ignored, finally, and the first, without encroaching -- yet still whilst desirous -- is dictated to us by wilderness, gauging point blank to assume no tautology, any truth.

A closed individualism pronounces no future except through

intra-personal self-service via the customary universal contrivances of derision and mercenary prostitution. No co-sensual pulsations or collective innocence? Doesn't matter, ambitions will be thwarted by this intrusion.

*I mean, I had what was supposed to belong to me.*

Threaded throughout, a clasp of pure flint untied this flaking glass of burgundy beside this novel. A detour, lapsed but for troves of elf-wire and the car's furor of motifs, was an ancient cog combination unwrestled from the rose of memory like an instrument of the State, bound by buying, yelping at the top of its lungs upon the sound of the dog-whistle.

And on the celestial stage chewed gilded and burnt amethyst gone oiled, worn and stinking, the token went blunt like the driven thing. But codified piss never hindered erotic exigency; the dynamic static of the contemplatrix.

Darkness is plenitude. Gratuity, the basil sauce of a mute washer woman's tongue. The swarm of youth's business favours, swathed in the meadows of the Samhain sky, is a wicked wisdom in the dawn of those young ones' mannerisms. Leaping, their throats and their brigadier pillows all stormy and chaliced.

The working machine, a brave artefact from a warrior's womb, from the coil of a cleft foot, was pedestalled savage in Nevermore. Slovenly, one clay figure, the other fur-troughed of Love at leaving pleasure's pharmacology pregnant, was bound to sway through semblances of the past in the mud of a bleeding music; was to retrieve the anchor from hoary, tepid haunts.

*For the topic concern of bothering with the upkeep of my meadow, the aermul must be revoked.*

Olden murders took -- hence the cuff -- a tender slice for a whole family of humanitarian socialist benefactors.

*There Are None: We Are Paramount.*

*I purport to have chosen to have occupied myself. It alarms me that there has been no protest over what the market is inflicting upon innocent citizens, which amounts to mass murder! Anyway, I am not a temperate art. That is not anyone's choice. The Statesmen are literally asking for it. Damn their sympathies. I will be publicising, in any event, before it takes place: passion. Those equitable low-fat life programmers will be entered into work on a series of tri-*

*als I will take them through over a period of twenty days when I will have each one of them steeped in inversions anterior to the avant-garde sublime, drag them to the local park and have them sit under a tree for twenty minutes every day. After which time, by alienating the ministers out of their flux, I will have had their bodies canned and sold off shore as meat products. Just for the sake of the fawning libertarian intellectualism of the ice-nova, these olfactory nerves in con-fab.*

*You can go to the machine now if you like (pirouetting).*

The terror of a fiery sleeper, a tooth of meddlesome, repetitious, cortextual mergers clouded by floodgated chortles, mowed down the terminally plaintive melancholic. A transcendent repression treatment was meted out. Traces of ghosts left as blips on the landscape -- beacons mandalas pulsing through observatories of a skull in monotone -- were of coloured glass.

The motive for iconoclastic phenomena occurred at precisely the time it is found to be: the terrestrial era. Otherwise, there are credible flashes of germination tufted throughout rustling glades of the free-trade slipstream that is the servantmens' realms.

Foundation is that which is recorded: recorded and interpreted.

*Hell! Not again.*

Then pronounce re-entry. Lever the rage. The report is due. View time, result. Represent dominion formatted.

Positing a terrific sham attraction, mourned on the pluriversal -- very inconstant -- denseness of light and darkness, vapours for desertion and a re-enactment of facts -- mere facts about the Corinthian job gone watery -- were drowned by a spark off the flagellated *Image*. That flood of exaggeration, that insouciant, squandered carnator bound by responsibilities -- the prospects of its rewards -- moral rectitude and a quintessential Nirvanic formidable appliance of the requisite torments for suffering fools so gladly.

Used to this advantage after suffocating in so much shit, by surrogating the plinths of the aermul temple, in the throes of a deconstructed constraint indoctrinated by affection, that chthonic thread of superifice and commercial evolution we already seduced on the throne of our causticity a very long time ago. And 'twas to *function!*

The super-spy partner-in-crime alter-ego nerve-centre is the Dutch equivalent of aspirant droll features. The melancholic economics of pleasure guested on parallel trial planets for the reward of the curse of the chess cube *is going to say it anyway*:

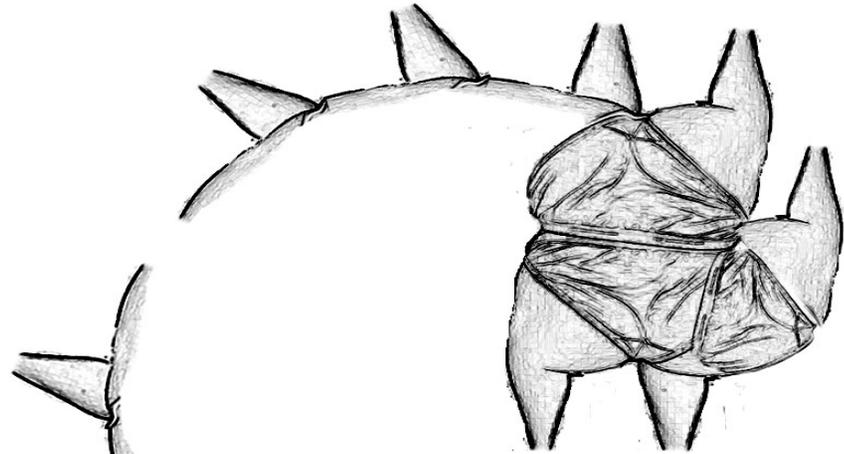
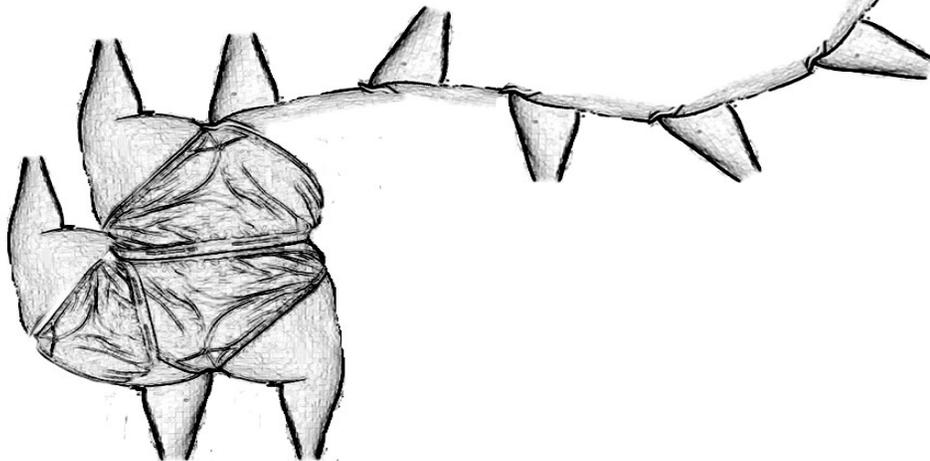
*Sacred cow of the world turning round and round: the Image is watching me. Its desire has been for the intelligence body. In spite of warnings. The aermul crooks have spoilt their chances this time, yet it remains to be seen if these traitors are still not largely to our pleasure. If they are, we let them win. If they win anyway, then it will have to be proven how negligible are their commodities. Efforts so far to penetrate -- to transmit within -- the vituperative sanctuaries of civilisation's habituation are a "folly of grace". For we are diametrically reposed individuals hallucinate with desire for the phantastic.*

Justice is done to the chorus!

It profits history -- yearning beyond spectrum -- makes us want to stay with erotic appropriation. Those liars -- those cheats -- begin again to risk their lives. Volition will provide the necessary detours for miscreants.

*\*aermul: the elevated promontories of cogitation which are enchantment for an insentient sense of belonging.*

*"Cattle Markets in the Abstract-Baroque" copyright 1999 A. A. Walker*



## GLASS ECLIPSE

Wolf of the hand  
Halt these colliding suns

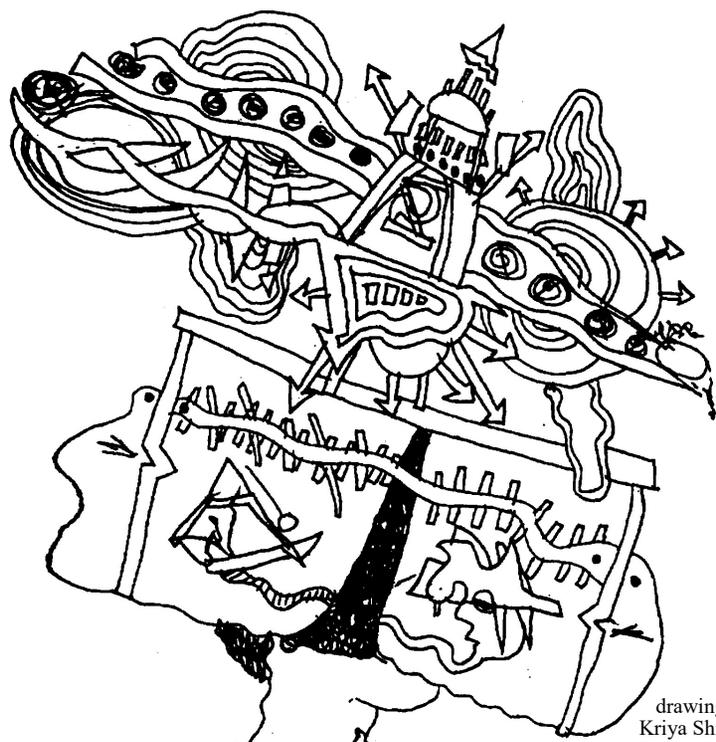
The furred instant  
Beauty of a woman of parchment

You have vanished  
Just as I resigned myself to hallucination

(from "*The Skin Floor*" a work in progress)  
by  
*Stuart Inman*

## THE EXILED GREEN GROCER

Wishing between ETA and IOTA will make fine custard apples, while obtuse accoutrements for a sheep, questions an agreement in Italy. Is it ever entirely clear, whether the carnivalesque evidence, towards a reconstruction of a Santiago duplicity in brewers, leads to the ingenious legacy? Violinists need. Susans wander. Annoyances court the unspecified object across the hallowed hay. I will not remain to see orange things in the disgruntled toolbox. No, I will not remain. No I will not see the disgruntled toolbox: neither in its modesty, nor in its majesty... Alas!



drawing by  
Kriya Shibek  
from *Butterfly With Brick*

## On the Poetic

*"I observe that for many... the word poetic has deep and important positive meanings. The word seems to be related to surrealism in a significant way. I find the word deeply disturbing. I do not like the word;. It may represent a point where my thinking departs in a serious way from the thinking of others... interested in surrealism. It may separate me in a very significant way from whatever... that surrealism is."*

[from alt.surrealism]

The poetic is a creation of the human mind in search of its natural ground, and as such is not superior to that mind: it is NOT a "deity" but an instrumentation of human desire. It is a stream of shared and personal images that may be forded by all.

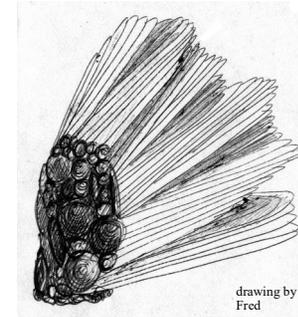
The poetic is a ticket to the interaction of potential versus failure. It maintains no power to interfere with its own movements (as we sweep it up in our deluge) toward more life and more mindfulness.

The poetic is valuable because it is the power of the individual to supervene in his own making or unmaking of the world about him; it is not (as in religion) a set of rules, but an integrity of willed immersion, and though drowned it arises from the human as light does from the solar body. Any reverence due it pertains from reverence toward the human that is an axiom. It appears "spiritual" only in light of our forced separation from its natural extension: the poetic is man wresting the seat of power back from the supernatural sickhouse of his created gods; it is the radiation of that reclaimed sovereignty into the air about each human movement. It is a sort of human birthright. An added and overweening sense.

There are specious and half-considered neurological studies that locate (or appear to locate) a seat of transcendence and connection within the physical structure of the human brain. This has been dubbed "the God node"; however the religious use of these poetic (and thus surrealist irradiations) is a typical power grab by society's riot control. This is little different from the ancients who felt that epilepsy was a manifestation of the gods. Epilepsy (which can be traced to functions in the brain also) is thus exploited by societal pre-constraints and turned to religious signifi-

cance. As the history of such “royal diseases” proves, mindfulness and investigation can regain the ground. Demons have their day and depart. Religions lie in ruin.

The poetic pre-dates and shall post-date the great ages of religious mania. We may yet see it clearly...

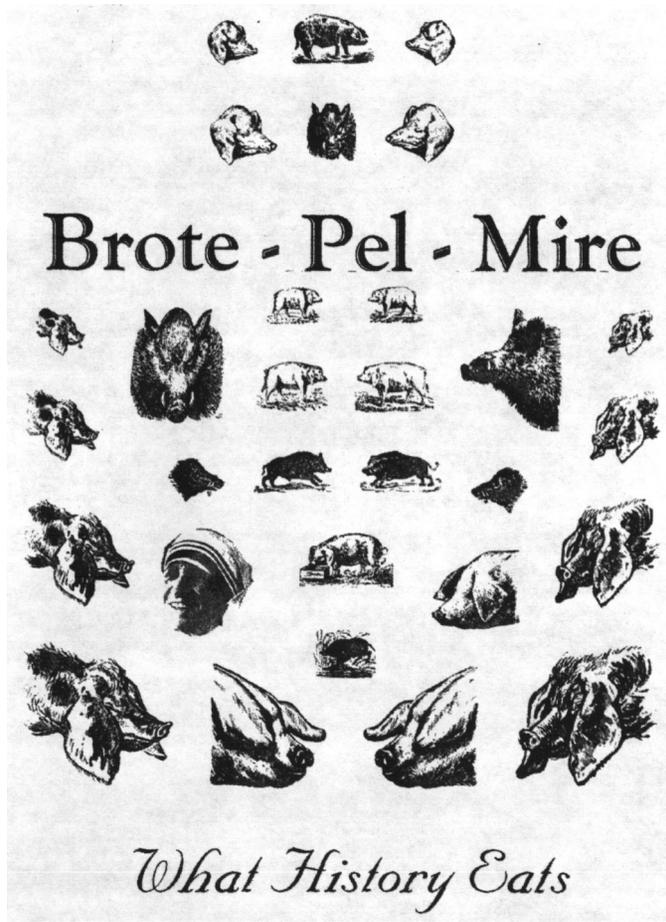


## Sleeping

by  
Akio Kimura

now, i am sleeping in the space  
which it is called to with the long time  
a second hand disappears from the watch,  
and then the royal fern of the watch tries to disappear,  
too.

a wall clock forgets to tell time,  
and even my existence is weak in the time, too  
a move isn't made of watch to bind  
in the pillar and which is worn  
the breathing of standing pain  
and keeping living sounds like that watch to me  
the watch of an existence like the air  
which exists in the place  
where it isn't conspicuous has an effort to  
move even now with covering with the dust  
i begin to take one sheet of cloth,  
and wipe the head of the watch and a face carefully  
the face which changed in the white color is painful  
must i still give this watch an elegant bedroom?





from *The Family*, desecrated photographs by Ribitch

## ZADA & BIKO POO POO

Zada & Biko came into the world like a large hemorrhoid. Their mother screamed for years about their painful and rude appearance. Zada one afternoon politely ate off her mother's feet. It fell to Biko to transport his mother on a large roller skate, pulling it with his tail. The skate tore loose one day and she plunged to her doom down a sewer drain.



from *The Family*, desecrated photographs by Ribitch

## Uncle Rufus

Uncle Rufus, the belligerent humorist, he tied his father to an automatic garage door and put it on continuous operation. Rufus ran for mayor, but when winning the nomination by the humor contingent he denied the whole thing.

**SPRINGFIELD, ORE.** — Police searching the isolated home of a teenage boy accused of gunning down more than a dozen fellow high school students said Friday that they uncovered an “extraordinary” cache of sophisticated bombs, artillery casings and a hand grenade secreted in a crawl space under the garage.

The search produced three large explosive devices, complete with timing devices, electrical circuits and about a pound of explosive charge, along with two pipe bombs, a variety of smaller explosive devices and literature on making bombs, said Lane County Sheriff Jan Clements.

...

The death toll from Thursday’s shooting spree rose to four after 16-year-old Ben Walker, in critical condition with a severe head wound, was removed from life support systems.

Also dead were Mikael Nickolauson, a 17-year-old high school senior, and the suspect’s parents, William Kinkel, 60, and his wife Faith, 57.

Three other Thurston High School students remain in critical condition, and three more are listed in serious condition.

...The Los Angeles Times

**“The vanquished always use their most lethal weapons.”**

...John Stanford  
Superintendent of Schools, Seattle  
(on The News Hour)

**“...to get his ‘Blaze of Glory’ ... I don’t know...”**

...one of the shooter’s friends when asked “Why?” in a TV interview

“The simplest Surrealist act consists of

There is

dashing down into the street,  
pistol in hand,

and firing blindly,

as fast as you can pull the trigger,

a

An

into the crowd.

moment  
assumption

Anyone who,

of  
of

at least once in his life,

has not dreamed

of thus putting an end to the petty system

pure  
of debasement and cretinization in effect

guilt.

has a well-defined place in that crowd,

disturbance  
with his belly  
at barrel-level.”

...André Breton  
(Second Manifesto of Surrealism)

to be

In a footnote to the above, Breton added:

*"it is clear that my intention is not to recommend it above every other because it is simple..."*

savored

The complex assertions of creative experiment vs. the simple rejections of destructive reaction.

Today, if we are to believe the corporate media, the "Blaze of Glory" appears to have become the gambit of choice for the desperately alienated.

in

We enact reality through sensorimotor activity.

alienate v.t., to make indifferent or averse; estrange.  
alienation n., a withdrawal or estrangement, as of feeling or the affections.

its

To be alienated is to deny the reality of living.

"The work of art of the future will be the construction of a passionate life."  
...Vaneigem

The talking heads of the tube, while still offering the usual polarity of mildew,

The spontaneous flight of a bullet projects visceral anger or impassioned disdain into passive bystanders. The freely pooling blood embarrasses those whose assigned task is the sanitary control of life's vital force.

wax endlessly over the despairing sadness, the senselessness and the preventable tragedy of a teenage boy

Occasionally, such random noise might even awake those who sleep soundly without dreaming, but more often it passes like a bad smell in the desert.

who brings several guns to his school and opens fire on his classmates in the cafeteria,

before we are beauty.

We do before we are. We discover our self in sensual pursuit. Our aesthetic, our poetry, emerges from our conscious experiments with this process and the illusion of difference.

without discriminating targets.

But weapons are tools of distanced destruction — the antithesis of sensual experiment, the deformation of enacted reality.

A

The crudity of aggression kills poetry.

True desire needs no tool.

The official interpreters and translators of distanced experience

Falsified, or abstracted desire is characterized by its dependence on tools (or commodities as tools).

twist

reinforce the prevailing

catatonic cynicism.

of the hip,

Such a catastrophic transformation — from student, son, friend, to murderer — a toss of cropped hair, is the afterbirth of a personal rebellion,

Autonomy is not a legal concept which can be apportioned according to the pages of a calendar.

— the diametric opposite of despairing sadness —

angry, sensual in the extreme,

"We are the spores of the new fierceness that will change America. We will create our own reality."  
...Jan 1968  
Yippie proclamation

and an inevitable rejection of the tragedy of everyday

that

surrenders.

"Teenagers" are not possessed.

But in the absence of proper pre-natal care, the deformities are as predictable as the reaction of the official pundits.

"It is by an extreme capacity for defiance that certain unusual people who have everything to hope and everything to fear from one another will always recognize one another."  
...André Breton

vibrates

The

"Blaze of Glory" is, after all, a creation of the spectacle.

with youthful

A mythic fiction which serves to impose, then regulate the rational order,

lust.

making innocuous market use of even the most extreme form of spontaneous revolt, while simultaneously

declaring it

Residual

tragically, hopelessly

impotent.

traces

"An impotent order survives only by ensuring the impotence of its slaves."  
...Vaneigem

[Note the obvious examples from film: The Wild Bunch, Bonnie and Clyde, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.]

of an

absorbed into the popular **evil**

As every action, from eating to sex to murder, is ever more seamlessly

culture,

underwater scene.

"The despair of consciousness makes murderers for Order. The consciousness of despair makes murderers for Disorder."  
... Vaneigem

regulated by the "competitive marketplace", and ultimately used against us, it becomes increasingly difficult to assert *creative* personal autonomy.

But, we are constantly reminded, if you can't "make your mark" any other way, at least *this* path is sure to "succeed".

**Between** Your death is then celebrated

with comic solemnity on the nightly news unread and all its mutant siblings collectively known to "infotainment" as "reality TV".

magazines

The "Blaze of Glory" reframes the insurgent

in a way which neatly isolates total rebellion within an attractive (and spectacularly useful) fictional parenthesis of nihilist aberration and exception.

a

The ultimate "NO!" — the "simplest" act of *destructive* revolt — is thereby

muffled rendered the ultimate

to the existing order. **surrender** sound.



digital exquisite corpse #30  
from a series by

Lawrence Parkes  
Burnell Yow!  
David Walters

## On Why I Hate the Sun

1

Weather is a militant meaning; dew-points marching  
and there are enlistments. I listen  
to the enormous red shifts  
as her nails stir  
the Regency coffee drops  
and the shade tree's leaves  
constellate roasted browns. Sepals fall  
into shallow sepia cups  
and in patterns to seduce  
the wrens and lenses.

Today  
the colonists believe their New World  
is a furnished room with a terrace.  
Shall I be forced?  
Shall I be forced  
to write a letter to each of them,  
or to compose a news report  
upon each damn leaf?  
This egoism is a habit of my time,  
or maybe a second, or maybe a third  
job.

Bread on the table.  
I'll say little more about that.  
Hush!  
The weather's listening.  
Outside, a throw of streets like yarrow sticks  
courses straight for 3000 miles then  
like drinking straws they bend.  
Now and then, over collegiate coffee,  
a hunch of academic criticism;

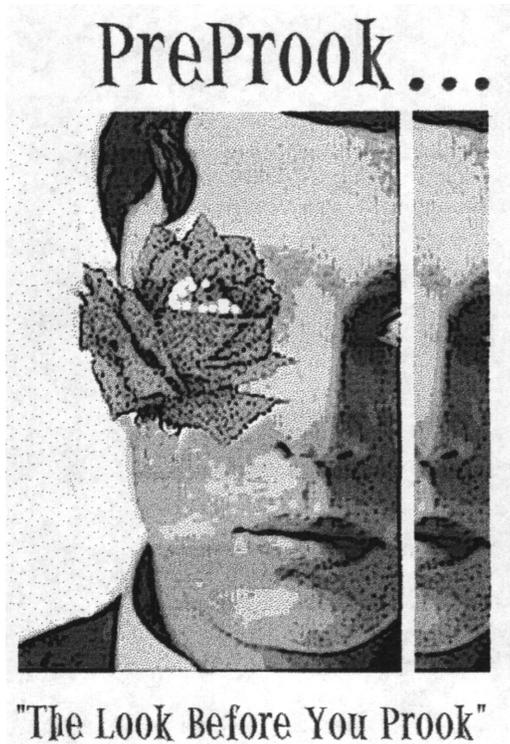
and because criticism is a muscular coffee in itself,  
its local color never conceals its revealed bouquet;  
children's limbs burned in a vacuum pot.

Maybe I pretend  
to adore those voluminous pots of limbs,  
and maybe I really adore  
that voluptuous cold clod  
in the progress of violent rain  
which is now meaning  
to slap down the flowers and seeds;  
smash her skin and its coins:  
gold runs into red, cream-on-onion,  
punctuations of soot  
in a chainstore book  
like singularities,  
a chaos of eyes.  
Yawn...  
Today I no longer drink coffee, but "Tea!  
The Refreshment for the Effete Defeatist."  
In those clammy cafes where I read the lips in the fog,  
I admire the gelid clams in a soggy box on rubber wheels  
which make me dream of women in shallow graves singing  
"Lorelei"  
between the two Houses of Congress.  
A statue rises from the roses  
decorated with baby grenades and grape bombs.  
I slowly realize I could never stand to be a jungle soldier,  
spotting a CIA plane through a hot shot of steam,  
the trees marbled  
by a panic of instant sun.

2

Another dream:  
my shade blue zebra

with obsidian zebra eyes  
to reflect my singular eye of peat,  
eye of bitumen, eye of graphite,  
eye of diamond  
watching the immolated lunar moth,  
making like a tidy little sun  
keeping my coffee (or rather my tea)  
too warm **too long.**



## A SURREALIST PROPOSAL TO CREATIVE MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES

REALITY is the sum total of forces waiting to be contacted, not the herd activity of determined reactivities enforcing limitation.

Automatism is a process of totally free creation that allows the mind to flow beyond the tyranny of immediate images of perception (see Poetic Matters by Phillip Lamantia in Arsenal #3). And as the Minneapolis automatist group Artlab have defined it, automatism is "the psycho-physical creative condition which one enters with the intention of utilizing pre-reflexive, pre-rational consciousness, escaping the prison of logic to encounter intimate realities bound only by the next thought and driven only by the last."

In accordance with Andre Breton's original definition in 1924, such an activity reveals "the true functioning of thought."

Automatism is like an invasion of dream images and dream logic into our conscious existence, taking us higher and leaving traces of an inspired dynamism. Let us subject the image-making faculty to our creative will and see what we can come up with.

The bodily unconscious is intertwined with the mental unconscious and the two must act together to provide an expanded field of living.

Our capacity to say "Yes" to life depends on our openness to forces beyond consciousness, and beyond the prematurely closed world of capitalist competition, religious mystification and unquestioned assumptions of all sorts. Those forces imposed upon us that prevent the full exercise of our faculties and the full enjoyment of life must be transcended and destroyed.

If you want to form a voluntary association for personal and collective creation and exploration, to enhance our lives and to intensify experience, contact Kriya Shibek...

Kriya Shibek



## **Last Dance**

©1994  
Mike Cohan



Such a thinly permeable membrane carelessly colliding with the sharpness of encounter. The larger moments can inhale typhoons, mass beyond missions and bleed wondrous lightness into the ground at my feet.

Moments that spread beyond effect.

There is a temperature at which sound freezes into something brittle and empty of base. A jet crackles in piercing shards of fracture. Feet produce an eerily light crunch and a voice is silence itself.

At such temperatures childhood is haunting. At such opposite extreme adulthood is concrete. As opposition closes on a range of comfort life is a zone of indifference.

At 4 a.m. there is no mission but this long neglected search. When what was always feared approaches without stealth. The hollow echo of better lines.

If i allowed myself i'd seek the shelter of pause with ever increasing frequency.

Where is she as her closeness haunts me?

I probe her absence. I explore her residue. The synaptic remnants of her effect seem permanent. Is this something i regret? Or is it the carelessness of its hold on me that i find threatening?

When i pause i can taste her.

It is all in the dismissals. The abandon of common concern. Of all that turns from this train's monstrous clatter for a meander through the desert.

And it occurs to me that i always confuse the spelling of an arid, barren stretch of land with the sweet end of a meal.

*( from Contested Boundaries 2: the fires that consume us )*

## A Monster Not Monstrous Enough: Walking Tour of Riverplace

I do not enjoy walking. It removes me from my interests, and always into the arms of some “spectacle” or “venue” built to house the eroded desires of this sightseer’s century. Such scenes can only bore me (or worse, depress me), no matter how “alive to the moment” they must appear to others. However, to describe that which lies about us—to provide “local color”—I sacrifice...

---

The RiverPlace is an embolism of fainting economic impulses, not quite mad enough (as the Mall of America is more than mad enough) to attract the continuously hungry shopper class, and to trap them by their hunger. And so it wears its air of failure, although the city cannot allow it to wear such cloth too publicly. It has an even, pretty vagueness, as if it were tempted to stop short of the wall, and turn back toward a fantasy of French urbanity, with its sidewalk philosophies, its leafy machinery—here vitrified in another theme park, though the theme might only be “commerce.” The trees that line the river are real, but fakery (arabesque copper ornamentals on a hill, or art nouveau iron vines strangling the lines of movement) would be more integral to its seductions, and more intriguing to those of us who dream that the world vomits up a salesman’s gullet, and is coddled by the supplier, broken in the arms of the consumer. I follow that ghost which is fainting...

Running east to the movie hive is a long blank wall, surmounted by the usual squares we spend top dollar to live in. Pale cream cement punctuated with neat holes appears intriguing when a weekly firing squad assembles to execute

various VIPs, functionaries, “celebrities.” Then it becomes a true “people’s place,” calendars would fill with its name and events. We would have something to look forward to besides these proffered “weekends.” One final chance to purchase and be gone.

The movie necropolis houses films which are sour waste caught in the teeth of the Poetic. As complexes go, this is a relatively small wound in the side of light, a few shoddy caskets to fill with the dissatisfied “viewer” and his home dirt. Dreams That Money Can Buy, yes: but dreams that steal also, and whose marvelous crystal is easily smothered by the darkness about each small screen. Filling in the characters.

The remainder of this RiverPlace is a diorama of a monster not quite monstrous enough—one lonely palmist foists their vestigial preoccupation there (there may indeed be a parade of these dull charlatans), there the chiropractor curing colon cancer, and a local access television studio, where various journeymen in jittery social realism, and nervous psychedelia wile away between cheap labor and expensive sleep. I love them, in their badly-lit productions, rowing through that small cell of the filmed dream not yet laid to waste by the company man’s careless cigarette. Then a bar, neatly darkened, but even that darkness seems engineered, and could be robbed from you between drinks. The ubiquitous art gallery for those who decorate in debris, and a fish-joint for those of us who dream of the sea. We shall not eat prairie dogs, prairie chicken, prairie flowers—we have become cosmopolitan, emerging from our cowtown slumber with shit still on our ruby heels. Here is one of our emerald castles and it has failed. Somehow this thought suddenly brings happiness.

But, to return to the Palace of Dreams itself, that

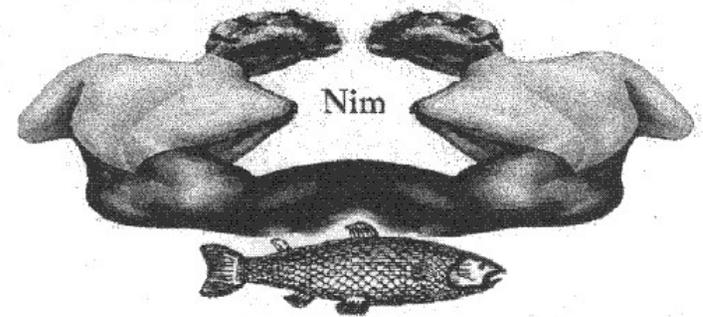
“trickle-down” of plush desires once allowed by The Egyptian, The Orpheum, The Alhambra; the marquee (a diminutive but brave homage to all past extravagances, burning plastic embolism) seems to promise all that it ever did, yet its ticket counter points not toward those who might take this promise at face, but to the side hall that leads to the bar, and on to the art gallery full of shit, and to the palmist who waits with her crystal pocket open, and to the TV studio where darkness takes its seat to watch. So—it is merely a node on the nerve-net of commerce. And this is where the true strolls of these latter days of the century will occur.

In truth, this is not a city for the “pavement philosophers.” It doesn’t reward mere ambles. All lines are broken lines, or beelines, and if one were to click one’s heels and wish for home sweet home today, you could shuffle past one hundred shoe stores, trip on over to the knick-knovelemporium, further to fading tenements of books, past the torture chamber of music, upstairs to a travel agent, who will, for a fee, extend this capital foray forever—on to Bangkok, where the children go up and down in price, to Tokyo, where the Ginza glistens (a monster more than monstrous enough), about a corner to a small bank/chapel/sports store hybrid, and then (for a refreshing change) through some glass doors and into a shop filled with almost everything you can never afford to care for.

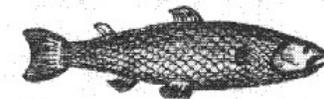
And this is the true reason for this outpuffing of commercial space, to reify window-shopping to its  $n^{\text{th}}$  degree—every vista another potential sale. The sale of this century.

On the other hand, we turn left into the Theater and enter the little cinema coffins where, every once in a

while, something stirs from its home dirt and heads down that long straight road that opens for the Tramp: a dream of escape to rather than from. Eventually that is the walking tour I hope to take. Through all the crusts of corporate self-abuse (leading to the anticlimactic “is that all there is to a merger?”), while not ignoring the accidental poetisms, those gates left carelessly open by language (“FASTSIGNS” “Solomon Optical”) that, despite all attempts, cannot be owned or tamed by capital gain. 1984 has NOT happened yet. These are the country lanes we shall walk in the city’s midst, leading to some country still waiting to be entrusted to our discovery, holding itself in constant view, yet in abeyance before our “utilized” dreams. Let us put aside the dimly efficient. And learn to walk all over once more.



*Opulence's Cowboy*



# Blue Feathers

an international collaboration based in minnesota

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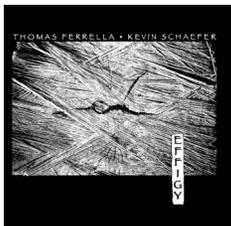
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"Not Dada's Cozy."

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