

YAWN

March 1, 1990

YAWN is a sporadic communiqué which seeks to provide a critical look at our culture in all its manifestations. We welcome responses from readers, especially observations of a critical nature. Be forewarned that anything sent may be considered for inclusion in a future issue without specific prior notification. Submissions are welcome and encouraged. It is our policy not to attribute work, unless the content benefits from such attribution. **YAWN** is a collective, mostly anonymous, effort. Contributors receive a copy of the **YAWN** in which their work is used. Monetary donations are requested to help defray the costs of publication. Subscriptions are available for \$10 (cash or unused stamps) for 25 issues. Archive at <http://yawn.detritus.net/>.

Quitting Time

Relatively speaking, the Art Strike (1990-1993) can only affect those people who choose to be affected by it. The Art Strike is, in this sense, as impotent as any other action of art. For those who ignore it, it might just as well have gone away.

The Art Strike is a Moment of Art; the logical terminus of a trajectory begun when artists began alienating themselves from the culture of which they were, in fact, a part. Perhaps they did this in an effort to gain a special and unfair credibility for themselves. This attempt was made in part by raising the level of discussion about the arts to an art in and of itself, a private code to which only the initiated could enjoy access. It matters not when you pinpoint the beginning of this trajectory. It matters only that it has, to a large degree, succeeded in not only alienating the bulk of the population from the arts, but also in alienating the arts from culture generally. The more art has rejected its culture, the less it has found it can live with itself. The final auto-destructive act of art is the Art Strike.

Analysis of the Art Strike goes on and on. We cannot live in a world with an Art Strike without speaking about it. It behooves us to comment at length in a futile attempt to justify our position with regard to the Art Strike, and usually this amounts to an attempt at justifying our continued "creativity." What remains obscure in all this is that we require no justification; being is enough. The ache to express oneself is the most dire act of insecurity. Through it, one seeks to connect to others in ways that one otherwise has become unable (for any number of reasons). It is this craving for connection that drives art. But how much real connection between artist and audience, or between people, can art foster when the alienation between it and its culture is so complete?

We all want to be liked. But art is useless in this quest. **YAWN** demands that the Art Strike be made permanent.

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch

YAWN, "Art Strike Questions" has been written and published by the LOWER EAST SIDE NEOIST FRONT and we demand that you reprint it in your next **YAWN**, the entire page, or, if you use only parts of it, you make a note of the FRONT's name, it is not because we want any rights to our statements but *we want people to know about our existence*, if you don't make this correction in your next issue you'll be charged with suppression of information, mutilation of ideas, and you will be hanged in the Museum

of Modern Art, between two Picassos, in room 16 we are serious like an orgasm fuck neoism now, but really hard [Monty Cantsin (tel. 514/273-3412); Neoist Embassy; 1020 Lajoie Ave; Outremont, Québec H2V 1N4; Canada]

Talent ≠ Art
Sales ≠ Art
Talk ≠ Art
Skill ≠ Art
Effort ≠ Art
Sacrifice ≠ Art
Size ≠ Art
Materials ≠ Art
Desire ≠ Art
Clever ≠ Art
Nothing = Art

BECOME NOTHING

[Amherst, Mass.]

New Support

92 December 1989

Dear **YAWN**:

You've convinced me!

I'm going to observe the 1990-1993 Art Strike 100%!

Sincerely yours,

A Fellow artist

[Port Charlotte, Florida]

elementary poetry

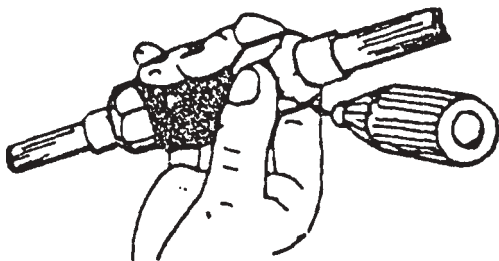
STOP

STOP THE MUSIC NOW

STOP THAT NOISE

STOP THE POETRY NOW

STOP THAT ART



The Dangers of Cockteasing

What is more difficult to possess becomes more desirable, more fashionable. An object which refuses to become duplicated becomes more valuable, more desirable. A culture or sub-culture which mocks and rejects prevailing fashion, prevailing commodities, prevailing cultural values becomes fashionable, desirable, assimilated, violated, discarded.

An artistic stance which mocks and rejects commoditization becomes desirable and fashionable. Proponents of such stances become legitimized, are offered positions, jobs, opportunities within a community which belches with pleasure during post-engorgement detumescence, during each brief respite from its perpetually ridiculous self-ingestion.

We sit around yellow formica tables picking the bones of our magazines, festivals, and performances; licking the grease from our grinning quivering lips. [San Francisco]

Reaction to the Art Strike

•Jean-René Lassalle, student, Berlin, 12/24/89: "This art strike is hysterical, really. ...One might say that it's like the graffiti of May '68; sentences...which were made up to provoke (thought, among other things), while perhaps their immediate significance is not so very important. The mystique of the Artist bothers me some. On the other hand, if one creates, he gives of himself...and this is worthy of some recognition." [Translated from the French.]



THEATRE OF SORTS



February 7, 1990

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

Attention Art-Strikers/Art scabs/Art whatever's:

You are invited to participate in an Anti-Art Performance Festival, Propaganda Bazaar & Exhibition, to be held Saturday, March 31st, at the Artichoke in Cleveland.

This Anti-Art Festival will present non-artistic work by unknown art-strikers of no global and regional significance whatsoever. Here are the guidelines: NO ART!!!

In addition, the festival will adhere to the following underlying principles:

- NO CENSORSHIP
- NO ENTRANCE FEES
- NO PANEL OF DISTINGUISHED JUDGES TO ACCEPT OR REJECT ANYONE'S WORK
- NO STIPENDS FOR ANY PARTICIPANTS—ALL PROCEEDS AFTER EXPENSES WILL GO TO THE NORTHEAST OHIO TASK FORCE ON AIDS
- NO PRE-FESTIVAL COCKTAIL PARTIES WITH MEDIA GAD-FLIES
- NO BORING CRITIQUE SESSIONS
- NO CORPORATE SPONSORSHIP

To participate:

- 1) Do NOT send a resume or any documentation of prior work such as photographs, newspaper articles, audio or video tapes, etc. Nobody cares what you've done in the past.
- 2) Do NOT fill out any application forms. Paper is a precious natural resource. Why waste it on collecting inconsequential details?
- 3) Anyone who would like to perform, need only call (216) 762-5018 by March 15 to reserve a space on the performance agenda. This is only to devise a schedule so that performers will know who's up next. Remember, no one will be turned away!
- 4) Art-strikers who wish to display/trade/barter their propaganda no matter what medium (2-dimensional, 3-dimensional, zines, records, tapes, posters, etc.) need only show up that night. No calls are necessary.

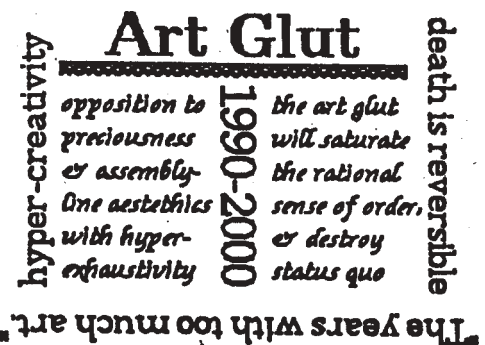
This art-strike action instigated by:

Theatre of Sorts, P.O. Box 80083, Akron OH 44308

Regarding the Great Art Strike (1990-1993) and its Relative Effects

As the movement and the direction are self-explained, cliché of felinic history will be negated at this time, relative to the quantified ratio of analicks located in the jello-sector of Minnteasobauta ruins, a silent burp reverberating off itself, a laughter in the Forest Without Trees. Some would be required to commit the ultimate act, remaining naked in the traffic of fordian Cyperuick speech patterns, smiling incessantly at the shopkeeper's chit-chat and nausea jokes, awaiting the slip (as all the time in art is lost) to come up the chutes of dynamic verbiage, eh? Reality on the planet sucks anyway, so all chimed the karmic-philosophic ditties, *Rot, Reality, Rot*. At that time, the Elevation Factors elevated the adult endgames into Karl Fesser's sassafras cocktail mimics, tucked and sucked only in promotional wieners of gravity, a lack of answers and unscientific indecence. A strike, what a bright idea, he blurts to himself. What brazen and brilliant negative! So the little stir begins. We'll be adjusting the perimeters, giving the so-called straight "art" world the credence it didn't deserve in the first place! We'll set up another wall! Another artsy-fartsy division line, another pointifas of "Us and Them," but this time the blur will come in the "Us," communication is Ism-stained again! The solemn tones and endless trots of useless maddened theories, out of the mouth like burbling brooks, producing an infinite gas-bubble of foul smelling silent wealth, cookbooks! I just want to go Home and turn on the gas, watch "The Mechanic" for the ninth time and have that spot of tea grow into a negative, even thinking beings need some rest from this job, this drudge, this creative process—jeez, I need a vacation, he says to himself? He opens the cookie and finds he always believed everything They trotted out, a little jealous-bug earwigs through his cranial, the welcome-weakness of the idea, ohmy, this creating process and "art" is such a bitch, never stops, and I've set up the Here and There for this area, too. It's not all bad, it has stimulated discussion and self-examination (well that was the Big Something). A breakfast is always euphoric, the tentative support of glimmering hunches, to verify his position in small ways, if it comes to that! We'll tailor the tails and make every creator wag 'em! Those fibrous nerds that feel that the process has no separation, but yet (hee-hee) we'll set up a whole 'nother ball of Elmer's! Eh! Another temple of didactics! Another solid mounting of academical bullshit! As the movement and direction proceeds, the cops bust in the door and scream "freeze! you meaningless voidal! You have the right to remain slick and be an agent for societal change! But any work that remains obscure and obtuse will be held against you, like slimy maggot guts? You have the right to remain marginal and live the rules that don't exist for yourself and I know what I mean, cuff him Dainioh." Across the wide expanse of crumbling cells, the 1% ask themselves—"Oh, 'tis closet, this atomizing musty, I speak to this mind, 'tis the Isness that only is, let's start a revolution? Duh?" The aircraft over the stadium, pages turning alone and fear. God. Do you think this one does for aggrandizement alone? Eh? Guns don't kill. Only the assholes that own 'em do. June 19, 1987, the atomization process began on Earth. The noticeable evidence will ensue in 2002. Eh.

[Waukau, Wisconsin]



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