

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/>.

Confession in Support of the 1990-1993 Art Strike

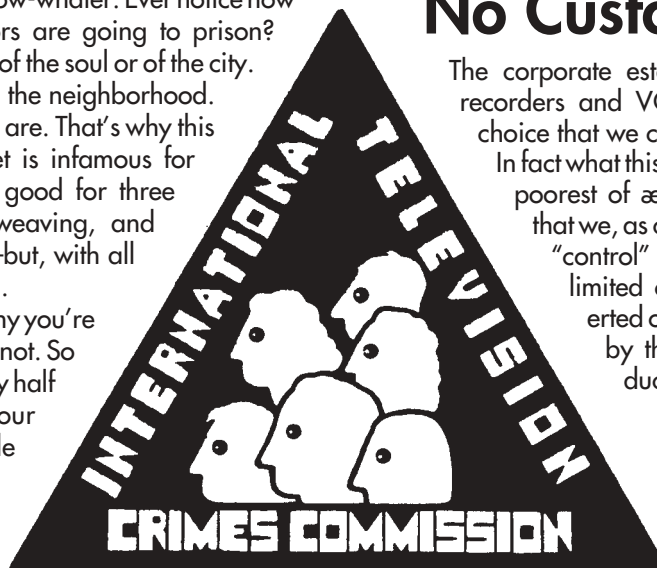
I may as well admit it from the start. They've been right all along. I'm useless. Totally worthless.

But then, chances are, so are you or you probably wouldn't be wasting your time reading this publication. Not really wasting *your* time. Wasting the precious air that your excuse for a body is breathing. When you should be rotting in a rapidly disappearing Amazonian jungle, or a woods somewhere,—performing the only function that you're probably good for. As compost. After all, isn't it about time that you did something for the trees after having deforested them for so long for the sake of making paper to put your silly, egotistical drawings on?

No, not really wasting *your* time. This publication might even be damn "good" for your lowly, conniving, pseudo-sensitive pollutions you so ludicrously glorify as ART. Face it. You're a careerist of the most parasitic sort. At least admit that this slop in printed form is no more than a sort of "True Crimes" manual with pretensions of superiority. I have. When I realized that useful people like car mechanics, wet nurses, and mad bombers have good reason to scorn my "flights of the imagination" and "abstract" thinking I was brave enough to blurt out to the world to see that I'm just another con artist. Just out for an unfairly easy living and a free meal. JUST LIKE YOU! (dirty scribbler) Do you have the guts to spill it out as honestly as I have? Or are you just going to snivel and complain in that cushy Bolton Hill (or wherever) apartment that your parents pay for because you're incapable of facing harsh reality long enough to support yourself? —Or maybe you're too busy being duped into gentrifying someplace like Hollins Market so that the rich can get richer and the you-know-what can get you-know-whater. Ever notice how many of your non-artist neighbors are going to prison? Avant-garde = gentrification. Be it of the soul or of the city. When the artists come, there goes the neighborhood.

Not that I'm any better than you are. That's why this is a confession. As my parent set is infamous for having written, "Artists are only good for three things: making glasses, basket-weaving, and counterfeiting money." Well put—but, with all due respect, not going far enough.

Have you ever asked yourself why you're reading this publication? Probably not. So let me rub it in your mug. Oh, I'd say half of your motivation lies with your scummy need to pick up those little tricks of the trade like how to pretend to convince the government and corporations that you just might be smart enough [over



The Good of TV

It seemed stupid to me for those two men to break the two televisions in order to turn them off. Didn't they know the television has a knob to turn of the trash and undesirable?

I'm in my middle 80s. I turn off most sports, all movies (unless they are true stories) and all comedies, and lots of other trash.

In my arm chair and by my television I have explored the Arctic and Antarctic, and climbed to the top of Mount Everest and skied down with a parachute.

Tonight I'm going two and an half miles to the ocean bottom and have a brief tour of the *Titanic* that sank so tragically in 1912. I have taken tours of most countries of the world, to see the animals in their own habitat, to meet some of the people, see how they dress, what crops they raise, what they eat and their religious beliefs.

I have visited museums, cathedrals, historical places, I was at King Tut's tomb when they opened it. I have swum over coral beds and seen the creatures living there, as well as larger fish and whales and the cunning sea otters in the kelp beds.

I have seen the devastation of volcano, tornadoes and earthquakes. But it is too bad that most people like to be entertained by trash instead of watching the better programming. TVs are wonderful if used in the right way. [Iowa City Press-Citizen, 4/28/90, 9A, "Letters to the Editor"]

People living in an imaginary world are aesthetes.

An aesthetic world is a victim of a totalitarianism.

Is art strike an imagination only?

(Annette Woolf)

No Custom Culture

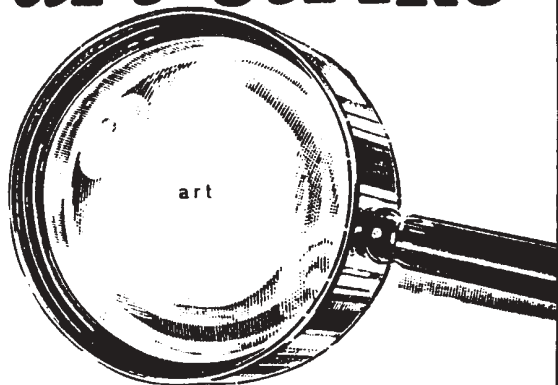
The corporate establishment teases us with cassette recorders and VCRs, suggesting that we have free choice that we can create our own "custom culture."

In fact what this offers is further blind following of the poorest of aesthetic artifacts through the illusion that we, as consumers sitting at home, have some "control" over what we watch. In a world of limited choices, the strongest control is exerted over the content of culture productions by the producers through selective production.

Issues concerning the autonomy of the individual must be of primary concern at all times. We only become capable of thinking for ourselves if we exercise the ability to do so.



Loosen your
company tie.
Plan a retirement
date to 1990-1993.
art strike



Please send me further details on confidential pensions

Name _____

Address _____

*People taking motives for results
are idealists.*

*They are victims of a philosophy.
Is art strike a good motive only?*

(Annette Woolf)

CONFESSION, *from other side*] to be able to bad-mouth them if they don't give you the payola to support your addle-brained pot habit—all so that they can pretend to be doing something socially useful by keeping you alive. And as for the other half? Your pathetic need to qualm your microscopic conscience with that big fat mutual pat on the back. "Gee, you're sooooo talented! I just love the way you take that palette knife and squiggle it around like that! Oooohh! That really is great! That prick and pussy horse tongue collage would really shock your mom and dad! Better not let them see it! (giggle)"

So what's the ball point of all this? The ART STRIKE. The only answer to a problem we should've gotten rid of with the bubonic plague. In fact, why stop for just three years? Take a good look at yourself, stop exercising solely to get your mouth between your legs, and give up art altogether. Do you want to be so ashamed of yourself that when you're fifty-five and your grandchildren come to visit you in the nursing home you can't even look them in the eye? Don't forget, if even they hate you, you won't even be able to bum your fucking cigarette money off of them.

Don't be more of a scab than you already are. SUPPORT THE ART STRIKE. [Tim Ore

The Abolition of Art

The primary function of the "abolition of art" is to destroy all the cultural mythologies whereby the powers-that-be crystallize the image of their superiority, their own intelligence; art is the armchair in which the State sits for its own pleasure.

Now, it is quite clear that the difference between the *Abolition of Art* and all the previous attempts at ideological destruction (Dada in particular) is that I consciously and deliberately allied the elimination of aesthetic values to the necessity and possibility of social revolution.

Let us have no illusions about it: most "art critics" are going to carry on as if art were not abolished, as if art couldn't be abolished; most "artists" are going to continue to believe in the "artistic" character of their production; most gallery-goers, art lovers and, of course, buyers are going to ignore the fact that the abolition of art can really occur in the actual time and space of a pre-revolutionary situation like that of May 1968. It is essential that the minority advocate the necessity of going on an *active art strike*, using the "machines" of the culture industry so that we can more effectively set it in total contradiction with itself. The intention is not to end the rule of production, but to change the most adventurous part of "artistic" production into the production of revolutionary ideas, forms and techniques. [Alain Jouffroy, *What's to be done about Art?*, published in "Art and Confrontation", New York Graphic Society Ltd., 1968]

"When machine production was new, it gradually created an environment whose content was the old environment of agrarian life and the arts and crafts. This older environment was elevated to an art form by the new mechanical environment. The machine turned Nature into an art form. For the first time men began to regard Nature as a source of aesthetic and spiritual values. They began to marvel that earlier ages had been so unaware of the world of Nature as Art. Each new technology creates an environment that is itself regarded as corrupt or degrading. Yet the new one turns its predecessor into an art form."

[Marshall McLuhan

Art Strike Action Committees (ASACs)

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- ASAC (Eire), c/o Tony Lowes, Allihies, Bantry, West Cork, Ireland
- ASAC (Latin America), C. de Correos 1211, Montevideo Uruguay
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