1992

Radio Void Issue 13 Vol 2 WANK AM & The Tale of Maxi P. Standard ... an Ant

Brian T. Gallagher
John Grey
Joseph Auger
QORQ Productions

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Void

Issue 13 Vol 2
Any Season Any Headphone Any Car Stereo
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QORQ PRODUCTIONS

007(2) □ Chrome

VOIDOIDS

Editors & Other Dear People

Fiction
Chris Pierson

Poetry
John Grey

Slayer of Evil Commas
Zoe Pierson

Graphics
Sandy Gallagher

Mr. Engineer-Man
Joseph L. Auger

Actors
Monique & Marcie Bourgery
Michele Menard
WANK AM

Written by Brian T. Gallagher & John Grey
(Unless otherwise indicated -- *)
Engineered by Joseph Auger

The Staff

Desiree Timmermans — Station Manager
Monique Bourgery
Sharazad Soghemenzian — Intern
Marcie Bourgery
Flash Lashly — The Talk of Talk Radio
John Grey
Dimitri — Security Guard/Novelist
Chris Pierson
Paula — The Cleaning Lady
Paula Feldman
Frank — Flash’s Assistant in one skit
nobody

The Callers

1st Caller — “Jesus in a shoestore...”**
Michele Menard
2nd Caller — Joe, The Technician**
Joseph Auger
3rd Caller — Flash’s Dad**
John Grey
4th Caller(s) — “Finger”***
Example: None (Kate Anderson & Steve Seddon, direct from Chicago!)
5th Caller — “The Egg”****
Richard Goulis, direct from Worcester, MA
6th Caller — “86”*****
Chris Pierson
Commercial Interruptions

The Fontaine Brothers
Keith Munslow
Russell Kellogg
Joseph L. Auger

All songs written by The Fontaine Brothers. No one else should lay claim to them.

WPUK FM
(Written by John Grey)

Egg
John Grey
Ingrid
Monique Bourgery

Public Service Announcement
written and performed by
Sir Guy d’Guy The Portagee
(Umberto Crenca)

&

The Smoking Jackets
Keith Munslow -- Piano, Vocals
Rick Massimo -- Acoustic Bass
Alec K. Redfearn -- Accordion
Paige Van Antwerp -- Drums
Mr. Engineer

All Editors Are Scum
...All Poets Are Dumb
(Written by John Grey)

Burp Hemingway
John Grey
George Stuffenshire
Brian T. Gallagher
Page One — Attempting to enjoy her first day off in several weeks by sleeping through it, Desiré Timmermans — Station Manager of WANKAM in Foster, Rhode Island and a reluctant collector of several ulcers — finds herself a victim of her own routine: she set her clock radio the night before. She is dragged away from a pleasant dream by the voice of the very man she — and her ulcers — were dreaming about at that exact moment: Flash Lashley, WANKAM’s morning talk-show host, the self-proclaimed "Talk of Talk Radio". Desiré’s dreams about Flash usually involve his nasty, nasty death at her hands so his voice crawling out of the radio does sadden her.
But, instead of turning off the radio or, at least, switching the station, Desiré continues to listen as she prepares for a day of waiting for her next workday to begin. She is obsessed by Flash — as one might be obsessed with a recurring nightmare — and she cannot stop listening until he creates another problem for her, another reason for her ulcers to multiply.

And, with all the social graces of a nightmare, Flash kindly provides Desiré with a disaster by spilling his cup of coffee — Gurgle Coffee, a new sponsor — all over the control board. The insidious beverage creates an electronic revolt, effectively disarming the cut-off switch and the screening line. So, basically, callers can get through directly to Flash and keep rambling on until they — not Flash, nor the station — hang up.

Desiré calls the WANK office and — against her ulcers’ advice — decides to go in and sort out this electronic mess AND to finally deal with Flash once and for all. Before hanging up, Desiré tells Sharazad Soghemenzian — the station’s sixth intern in six months — to tell Flash not pick up the phone and to fill up the air time with public service announcements and the like.

When she finally arrives at the station, Desiré finds that Flash has disregarded her wishes. Entering the WANK office she is greeted by both an apologetic Sharazad and Flash’s piped-in conversation with Joe, WANK’s technician who has decided to make Alaska his home.

Enraged with Flash’s disregard for her wishes, Desiré storms into the studio just as Joe hangs up. While Sharazad improvises a community bulletin, Desiré declares that this is Flash’s last broadcast day. Unfazed by Desiré’s announcement (he is, after all, the station owner’s younger brother), Flash continues to do his job: he picks up the phone and listens to the first part of The Tale of Maxi P. Standard...an ant.
enters the basement to check on Dimitri Tolstoyleski's progress with the phone-lines. Dimitri, WANK's new security guard, offered his technical skills (his cousin in the KGB taught him a few things) until the phone company arrives. When Desiré finds him, he is wearing a walkman which is hooked up to the phone-lines. Ignoring the strangeness of his strange methods, Desiré asks Dimitri to show her what he has not done. She also switches the radio to WPUK FM, a local Ivy League University station broadcasting out of Providence.

Meanwhile, Al Telwilliger has his radio and phone tuned in to WANK because he wants to continue The Tale of Maxi P. Standard...an ant. Unfortunately, he doesn't get to finish it.

Returning from the basement, Desiré talks to Paula the (young) cleaning lady and attempts to block out Flash's idiotic patter about his upcoming guests — a group of artists from Providence. After learning from Paula that the guests are in the lounge — probably listening to his verbal drool — Desiré runs to the lounge, introduces herself, and rips out the speaker. Her next frenzied stop is the studio where she throws Flash out of his chair and inserts a public service announcement cart featuring Sir Guy d'Guy the Portagee and The Smoking Jackets.

Page Three — After Sir Guy d'Guy the Portagee has blown his horn, Flash receives a long distance call from Example: None in Chicago — telling everyone about the wonderful index finger. Rather than listen to Flash's reaction to all that finger pointing, Desiré seeks shelter in Sharazad's closet of a cubicle. To further insulate her ears from Flash's voice, she listens to the tape that Sharazad is reviewing for her college newspaper.

Outside of the office, Al's voice can be heard again as he calls in to continue — and hopefully conclude — The Tale of Maxi P. Standard...an ant. But, before Al can finish his story, Flash actually manages to interrupt him with a really dumb question concerning the psychosexual tragedy of women digesting ants.

Flash's ramble about a failed romantic picnic because of ants in sandwiches welcomes Desiré when she returns to the basement. This time, however, she questions Dimitri's walk-
man's attachment to the phone-lines. Dimitri confesses that he is conducting research, tapping the phones of editors, publishers and writers in order to insure the literary safety of his yet-unwritten novel. Although her initial reaction to the situation is legalistic horror, the second reaction—curiosity—compels Desiré to put on the headphones and listen in on a conversation between George Stuffenshire—Publisher/Editor of *Lick Your Pencil*—and Burp Hemingway—poet and resident of some wonderful institutions specializing in electric shock treatments and thorazine.

Desiré quickly removes the headphones when George tunes in his radio to "The Talk of Talk Radio" and his guests for the next hour or so.

Page Four — Flash receives a call from Richard Goulis — the Artistic Director of the *Worcester Artist Group* out of Worcester, MA — and fails to understand the words being tossed at him. Always eager to share confusion, Flash asks Jon Campbell, one of the artists from Providence, to offer his interpretation of Richard's words. Naturally, after Jon has finished speaking, Flash still does not understand.

Al Telwilliger calls up — not to offer Flash enlightenment...but, rather, an ending to this episode of *The Tale of Maxi P. Standard...an ant.*

Just as Al concludes his story, the station experiences a power failure. Taking advantage of the sudden blackness, the guests escape. Desiré, armed only with a dwindling book of matches, tells Flash to leave the building. Flash refuses to go, confident that his brother would never allow Desiré to fire him. However, Paula the (young) cleaning lady enters the studio and informs Flash that Larry (the station owner and Flash's older brother) wants him to go bail their father out of jail (he threw a ferret statue at a professor opposed to ferret racing) and go home AND do not come back. Paula can tell him these things. She is Flash's younger sister. When Flash refuses to leave, Paula beats him out of the studio with her wet, dirty mop.
Her clean-up duties completed, Paula is about to leave when the power returns. Seeing her big broadcast opportunity, Paula sits down in front of the mic and introduces herself to the airwaves.

As for Flash, he finds some strange man rummaging through his RV. It turns out that it's Stickman, DJ for Radio Zero, a mobile, pirate radio station. He has just completed welding in all the Radio Zero equipment into Flash's RV and desires Flash to be his driver since "The Talk of Talk Radio" has the keys. When Flash rejects this career change, Stickman introduces Benji, his gun.

Contract negotiations settled, they drive off...not into a sunset...but into the end of this broadcast day.

The Bands
(in order of appearance)

small factory
Free Candy
Recorded at
Dave Auchenbach's house
& AS220
Assistant Engineer -- Alex Kemp

Dave Auchenbach
Guitar, Vocals
Alex Kemp
Bass, Vocals
Phoebe Summersquash
Drums
The Whompers
Big Cindy

Chris Turner
Harmonica, Vocals
Rachel Maloney
Violin
Steven Jobe
Viola, Vocals

Space Heater
Aging Shoppers

Alec K. Redfearn
Fretless Bass, Jaw Harp
Rick Massimo
Electric Bass
Jonathan Thomas
Percussion & Homemade Instruments
Paige Van Antwerp
Bell Tree
Umberto Crenca
Flute
Steve Jobe
Bassoon

L-Shaped Room
People Named Dawn

John Grey
Acoustic Guitar, Vocals
Joseph L. Auger
Bass Drum, Bass,
Slide Guitars,
Harmonica,
Banjo
Of Zu
The Backs Of Our Eyes

Manny Silva
Bass, Guitar,
Synthesizer, Programs

Bill Gold
Programs, Synthesizers
Neil Salle
Vocals

Jon Campbell
Glory, Glory Jalepeno

Jon Campbell
Bouzouki, Vocals

Paula Feldman
Then Again

Paula Feldman
Acoustic Guitars,
Piano, Vocals

Rick Massamo
Fretless Bass
Laura Gulley
Violins

ASTERISK LAND
Careful where you step – They are very sharp

*Brian T. Gallagher  ---  **John Grey  ---  ***Example: None
****Richard Goulis  ---  *****Chris Pierson
The Tale of Maxi P. Standard
...an ant

This episode — Character Development

Part One....."The next bus left ten minutes ago."
Part Two....."What did you think? Did you like it?"
Part Three.....How some men get hickies
Part Four.....Some characters just beg for revision

Written and sort of read/sort of performed
by Brian T. Gallagher
Sound effects, voices, messages provided.
by Joseph L. Auger
Musical themes provided
by Manny Silva

And...let us pay homage to a couple of editors while we're here...

One — To Umberto Crenca who told me — and the whole audience at AS220 -
back sometime in 1987 — who suffered through my rambling, unfinished
babble of a first draft (typewritten sheets and index cards full of unfinished
scrawls)— "Brian, that was way too long. We gotta talk."

Two — To Kevin Flynn who commented from the light booth as Chris Pierson,
Mark Carter and I rehearsed for the first (and only) staging of Character
Development — somewhere back in 1988 — "Is it just me or is this supposed to be
incoherent?"

Well, did I finally get it right, guys?

Oh...one more thing...Back in November of 1982 — could have been a Friday — there was this guy
named Martin who decided to run around London's subway tunnels (Which part? Near Finchley
Lane, I think) with a shotgun clutched in his sweaty hands instead of the proper fare. Oh, why
couldn't he jump the turnstile like everyone else? Geez. Thanks to his unhealthy presence, trains
were delayed — my train was delayed! Sheesh! Well, Paul, Andy, and I finally arrived at our friend's
— named Martin — how’s that for a coincidence? — house and he welcomed us with warm cups of
tea. And then he took us into his room and played Waiting For The Electrician Or Someone Like
Him in its entirety (instead of bits and pieces like I had usually heard it) while we huddled around
Martin's homemade hookah—filled with fungus, resin, and leaves. (Don’t worry...we didn’t
inhal...we just listened to the water bubble.) Wow! Zowie. Inspirational. Enjoyable. Whoo.
Yep. Always trying to relive that moment with RADIO VOID tapes.

Thanks, Martin, for providing me with that moment.
Oh...the Martin with the shotgun made the front pages of the tabloids the next morning.
PRODUCER's NOTES

Produced by Joseph L. Auger for QORQ Productions
Engineered by Joseph L. Auger
Recorded at AS220 (on and off)
from July 1991 to May 1992
Executive Producers >>> The whole lot!

Thanks to everyone who let me borrow equipment, inspiration, sympathy...beer!

These tapes are recorded with Dolby "B" standards. If your equipment lacks Dolby, adjust the treble control or I swear it'll sound like shit.

These tapes were recorded to be listened to either with headphones or with the speakers correctly positioned to one another. You might miss something if they aren't listened to in these strictly controlled circumstances. Also, make sure that after consuming too much beer, while listening to this magazine (and getting all the way to its 116th minute), not to vomit on your stereo system, cat, shoes, etc! We cannot be held responsible. So...enjoy it...or else. We'll be watching.

— Joseph L. Auger
Mr. Engineer-Man

Warning: All rights reserved. Any unauthorized reproduction of this is unlawful and would cause big, gooey tears to fall from our eyes. So...don't do it! Besides, we need the money.
Speaking of AS220—let's just say that without its presence and support there would be no RADIO VOID tapes. Nope. I mean it. So, thanks for being, AS220.

What is AS220?

AS220 is a nonprofit corporation whose chartered mandate is to maintain an open and unjuried forum for the arts. We offer the area's most affordable facilities for the production and presentation of original work. While our aim is to serve all artists in need of a support system, we are particularly committed to those artists who challenge critical fashion, market trends or cultural insularity. We are further committed to serving the public with the most diverse programming possible, which includes traditional and ethical art forms, as well as strictly original work. In sum, AS220's mission is to provide the artist and audience with options, not agendas.

—Vicki Potts
What does that person do?

Jackie Thomas
He's Still Around
(...but he's avoiding us because he thinks we hate him)

Richard Corina
Distribution
Rinky Dink Ink.

***

Front Cover & Booklet photos & every photo of that guy with the glasses taken by Sandy Gallagher

Maxi P. Standard...an ant Collage by Brian T. Gallagher

The people in the WANK AM photos are Joe Auger -- Monique Bourgery -- Paula Feldman
John Grey -- Chris Pierson -- Zoe Pierson

Cover Design/Booklet Design/Typesetting/Liberto Brian & Sandy

I just clean up around here. You know...pick up the papers, clean up the ink, dust the computer, listen to their deadline woes, woes, woes. Sometimes I offer them advice like -- "Don't talk to me. Don't look at me. Keep your molecules to yourself. I'm having personality problems."

Yep. No health benefits...really no pay to speak of either...but those crazy kids...(excuse me, I just have to wipe this tear of joy away...stomp on it too)...they make up for all the drudgery by calling me PUBLISHER.

Brian T. Gallagher
Another fact about ants is that you can't hug them. Yes, that is correct. You know why? Well, don't bother guessing 'cause I'll tell you — 'cause they're too doggone small. Yes, that's it. Actually, it's a good thing that they're so small 'cause if they were bigger — say the size of a cole or even a llama — and people tried to hug them...well...well...well...well...there would be a lot less people around here. Chomp off the head and drag the carcass down to the queen. She'd ingest all those humans — clothes, hair transplants, ulcers, suppositories — and then lay the eggs. Tasted eggs. Pretty soon...ants wouldn't want to work. They'd start forming political parties, unions, school boards, religious sects, and 4H Clubs. Instead of building anthills...they would be off...galavanting around...using their credit cards...taking pictures of this, that, some other thing. Talk, talk. Just a race of goofballs.

Better than a race of mothballs, I suppose.