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I Did Not Build AS220: I Merely Stimulated It's First Erection

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I MERELY STIMULATED IT'S FIRST ERECTION

OH!
CONTRARIAN
A JOURNAL OF DIAMETRIC OPPOSITION

PLUS IM CONSTANTLY TRYING TO GET IT TO STAND CORRECTED

Its incredible really, with all the deliberate prevarication, politically correct rhetoric and assorted mythological and mis-conceptual (misrepresentation) going on for 19 seasons at the beatnik league—that one single inquiry, could stimulate not just an intricate domino chain of memory, but an epiphany/delusion of such huge, ENGORGED proportions in the BLOATED DONG which is my mind. But its true.
Last week I was approached by a young woman who said she was collecting the ORAL HISTORY of AS220 and that she wanted to interview me to be sure she got ‘ALL SIDES of the story’.

“OH GREAT” I thought, “an oral history, the cheapness of talk is probably the greatest obstacle to making AS220 stand erect ever.”

The reason I have spent most of my time at AS220 writing is because the “oral transmission” of information has been so wrong, and at the same time, the dominant voice of a community which exists in a perpetual state of cognitive challenge.

Oral history is a mighty mode of folk art. But to use it here would be like recreating the 1990 “NIGHT OF INTOLERABLE MUSIC” at AS220. In the world view of folk culture every voice has a timbrel which is original and somehow worth attending. At AS220 “TALK” and its more organized incarnation … hob-nobbing mobs AKA “MEETINGS” is an invitation to the “SOUND WITHOUT FURY” phenomenon which has made the BEATNIK LEAGUE fraudulent and farcical in a manner which is in no way related to the ALTERNATIVE ART COMMUNITY in which I have invested my creative energy since 1985.

Whatever comedy of errors which permits OH! CONTRARIAN to exist and signify is inexplicable. And more than likely. Will be as briefly tolerated as all other forms of accurate accounting and memory have been, here-in, since the beginning.

GIBBERING and convening are the control voltages which have permitted an “artist owned non profit corporation” to have mutated from a very brief moment of freedom and non existent inhibition, into a pseudo social service organization which provides artists a venue in which to perform and congregate, indeed to aggregate in marvelous ways, but that is only a side effect of the real operation in progress. AS220 EXISTS IN SPITE OF ART, as a self absorbed bureaucracy which has no concept of creation, its most powerful officer being involved in merely reinforcing the illusion of their own importance and nothing else.

Artists such as myself function in an unofficial capacity. WE create the sensation. And if we are capable of remembering and learning from experience we know that our sensational creation will cease as fast as a blistering guitar solo becomes a sad scrupling sound when the plug is pulled on the amp. If and when the anti-art administration feels it is being eclipsed.

AS220 is the result of one young man. As genuine as he was naive, grasping, the concept of the ALTERNATIVE SPACE currently en vogue in MEGANEUROTICA, and sharing his energy and a la mode emersion with an older man who went through infatuations with disciplines and professions the way most people change their underwear. They both called themselves artist but one of them had a soul and the other naught but an ego and lots of charisma.

Along Came I. A kind of successful fusion of the two. Also calling myself artist and being familiar with the au courant, to the extent of having an actual reputation and laurel wreaths in addition to a soul, an ego and a lot of charisma.

I scared the naive young man and overwhelmed him with my legitimacy, my 32 year old ego, and my one of a kind style of living art.

However I gave the older guy a boner that lasted for 18 months. Plus so many new pairs of underwear all he needed was half a joint and a hot bath to be a new man every day. They did exactly as I told them to do and followed my lessons precisely, if somewhat resentful of my confidence and indelatigable style. I was a fabulous beast, tyrannical and awesome and everything I said would happen, happened. I connected the nascent alternative space with the fund granting bureaucracy of the world, set it spinning in a whirl of controversy and ran off with an Ivy league hussy on a Harley Davidson.

While I was gone, the old dude combined his blue collar perspicacity with the institutional elite via the convivial schmoozitude I’d assured him was his natural métier, and got progressively cosier with the real estate community, the fabulous n fabulous phoney balonies that lubricate the wheels of industry and the of course the perfectly identical declasse mayor of divine providence. Marvelous!!

I pursued my research on the collusion of art and wealth from Rome to Vermont and the Beatinik League FIGUREHEAD received new underwear from all kinds of previously unimaginable sources. All the bricks n mortar were put in place and I returned prepared to guide the “artist owned non profit organization” ld given up my career to promote and inspire to its original goal, but I discovered a distressing circumstance. The FIGUREHEAD suffered from the recently identified mental disorder, known as A.D.D., a deficit of attention, concentration and memory. Not only had he forgotten WHO I WAS, (not to mention his 18 month erection) and he had forgotten about art. In its place he’d created a faux social bureaucracy and had surrounded himself with a clan of adult children equally unaware of haute couture and identically deficient in the area of attention and memory.

OH MY.

I had to start my career from scratch and inflate a fake ego from an adult bookstore before he began to recall the fact that the underwear I designed was Versace far da mind. Even still them adult children had become the human equivalent of gossipy bureaucratic nannies (self reproducing and perpetuating machines which knew nought of the the humane realm of art and culture but had learned the poses involved from television.

Not only that but they could not distinguish art from Ralph Lauren paint and could no longer get excited by SENSATIONAL STIMULI unless cued in advance and even then could not grasp the essential difference between faux finishes and Carrara marble.

What I HAD IMBUED WITH MY STYLE OF MAKING AN ART OF LIFE had become a self absorbed bureaucracy which mocked accomplishment in favor of acclaim and which existed merely as an occasion to hold meetings, write grant applications and configure html code in ways which thwarted artistry.
Fortunately I only needed my inflatable love doll of an ego as a cushion for the duration of a few dozen generations of A.D.D. androids and by the millennium the infestation of careerist nanites had dwindled to the point where there were only a few clustered around the figurehead still antagonistic to art and wishing that the BEATNIK LEAGUE could become an adjunct of volunteers in service to América.

Actual artists mounted the exhibitions and got paid, even if the bureaucracy did still require intermittent displays of musically inspired, fecal spin art. By and large the Beatnik League enjoyed a return to Art and Ideas in composed forms, even if the figurehead still preferred to empower nanites and cyber sophists unfamiliar with culture or history, than to entitle humane beatniks to become the finger of god.

YOU BE THE UN-JURY

I

DID NOT