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Go! Figurehead

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1996 was a particularly horrific year for me, where I alternated between entrenched, murderous misery and suicidal ideation. The only thing which kept me from "erasing myself" was the knowledge that Umberto would probably stage an appalling piece of performance art based on the subject.

Thus, this was originally slated to be the "100 percent rag" issue dedicated to voicing every issue and acknowledging every source of my personal misery. grunt! I saw.

ALL SPOKEN BY A SHINING CREATURE at Performa Theater and realized that I was not an miserable and far gone as I thought. Because real, potent and original art of this kind could still shine a light into my wretched black soul.

After the aforementioned theatrical epiphany I began oddly enough, to count my blessings in the form of a list of people at the beatnik league who had offered me inspirational sustenance at a time when the self-inflating head of AS220, his public-sector salesmen, cocksucking-lesbian grant writers and the assorted cybernazis in the AS220 office had come very close to murdering my beloved muse.

So, by way of combined holiday cheer, year end salvation and personal celebration of surviving another volley of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, please allow me to offer you this list of my inspirational favorites and to sing their praises, however brief.

STEVE VENTURA (CHE LE NO-HO)

Usually I like to believe that people who can grasp my bizarre blending of satire, very, very serious art criticism and personal as grinding are quite simply capable of doing do because they are very great artists. Based on the pure aural capture induced by his work in "ALL SPOKEN BY A SHINING CREATURE" alone Steve supports my most inflated hopes spectacularly.

When he is not mired in his duties at the world's tiniest theatre, or regaling us with tales of art dealers who literally offer the moon and stars to the highest bidder, Steve is a very kind and funny fellow as an example of DIG MY SCENE who never fails to comment on my monumentally semantic juxtapositions-giving me and my tiny little ego reason to live another month and the inspiration to insert another burning skewer into Umberto's head.

DER-T. LARSEN

Ah yes! A delicious conglomeration of the very finest independent media with the oblique and laconic gen-a-mindset. Classy, and exquisite yet ultimately committed to the grunge of bohemians. I have only seen her decor on videotape (as in recorded thoroughgon,) but I have no doubt that she could stage an elegant CYBORG BALLET stomping and crunching across a stage strewn with several thousand yards of loch mag-tape.

I am smitten with her style and originality, both in thought and movement, and am there-by inspired yea, particularly by her excruciating logic, blushed bluster and her ability to casually confront me for being abrasive, brashjack and pig headed.

STEVE DU BOIS

Steve can cut a party scary profile. Like, you might figure his favorite book to be Nicolo Machiavellis "The Prince" but don't be confused by his "Donald Trumpeting". He has been quite generous to me, personally, and particularly of late in his praise of DIG MY SCENE and my attempts at PIQUANT TYPING. True. In 1986 we awarded him the "on stage PM Prize" at 71 richmond street but this is simply evidence of the fact that he is nobody dat you wan wanna fuck wit if he is not in the right mood! Otherwise, when favorably disposed, he is a most fish-erious conversational partner-knowledgeable and literate across a broad spectrum, and divinely musical too boot.

LAURA TRAVIS

This magnificent Celtic bitch inspires me most mightily because she laughs in my face brazenly, and because she makes no bones about ripping my sceme. She once accused me of being a "trouble maker", but by now I suspect she has either modified my pisseon hole along more creative lines or has simply realized that I do not make trouble. I simply find it. As a member of AS220's BOARD of "WHATEVER" I draw inspiration from the notion that she may find herself in a similar situation soon- and, hopefully, often. And that she will find it just as easy to laugh them as she does whence beholding my fabulous face.

MEAL WALSH

Neal is a treasure who somehow manages to embody the potential and pretensions of a blank canvas with the silent subtext of a leatherbound classic under glass. Which of us is a greater loss to the universe of poesies?

WINDSOR POP

I mistakenly called her a graphics genie a couple issues back. This inspired incantation of all the great poster artists rolled into one is actually a witch! I know that because I have seen her bewitch numerous men and she grabbed my ass at a party last week and had naught for explanation than a supernatural smile. Her latest conspiracy with the oft inspiring post and part-time worst ass cartoonist John Evrett is a blizzard of holiday candy celebrating the Holiday show at the PCC club. Why must we suffer with the cybernetic-learning connection-school-of-graphics at THE BEATNIK LEAGUE when we have such an inspirational graphics dynamos.

Is he too fuckin expensive or what?

MARK MANINELLO

My favorite forty something GEN-X YUPPY deserves special mention because he has infused the AS220 CAFE with tribal drum-energy and thus started a great chain reaction in the inner sanctuary on THE COMPLEX. The percussion Polyhedron is my favorite inspirational soundtrack for blackboard scribbling and it sounds absolutely fantastic wafting down empire street as well. AS220 is not meant to merely renovate the real estate in the mayor's visionary cultural district. but to aggregate energies which transforms the subjective landscape as well. Dis here neutron bomb of beat has got what it takes.
SUSAN CLAUSEN
Last of all I would like to thank H o wever
MY SCENE"
the enormous inspiration I derived from her outburst
wha t require nuthin except grey matter and congenital listening devices.
fall when she shredded and confiscated two editions of "DIG
She
that the infantile cabal which
is no more interested in providing Rhode Island artists vith an un -ce nsored
is filled to overflowing with
MATT LOWE
Hmmm. Evasive, puerile, maddening and a veritable repository
of multi-cultural hick hipnitude and I anticipate his new years
eve appearance with the trembling anticipation and reverence
I have previously reserved exclusively for E Chadbournes electric porthole.

BRIAN JEPSON.
Colonel Panic is so cuddly for a cybermensch!
How did dat happen? It took me years to recognize this guy,
literally and figuratively! To my good fortunate I have finally
figured him out of the blurred background crowded with keypunching
cowboys and have taken quite a fancy to his version of system
administration at the SILICOM LAIRGE. He has inspired me to
put my BLACKBOARD ON-LINE along with alot of my
other odious projects although this is surely the first he
will be hearing of it. Wish they could do something about
that goofy-man title they have saddled him wit "sys-admin",
I seeks have a pal in Manhattan who works BIG WANG ADMINISTRATOR.
No shit? No that's a merely job description ain't it? Maybe
they could have a "BIG WANG DRIVE" to get some serious
mindframe action going in the complex, and give Colonel
Panic a more manful manly title, not to mention something to
really inspire panic. (The metaphorical implications alone
COULD VERY LIKELY DEFLECT "SPIRIT" CRENCA'S FOCUS FROM HIS RELENTLESS
EDIFFICE COMPLEX.)

GIEDRIS BRSolo
Here and now, the soul I once dubbed "the lithuanian brat" has
become my all time favorite party animal and anti-americanist
extraordinaire. At one week ago she sneered at the band
jumping its de-evolutionary grooves through the stereo and confided
that she could "see-dee-cule them all right long!" Such vehemence
made me say "landscape" in esperanto.

BOB JORDAN
Besides being the only person to share pot with me in the
green room in 1996, his most amazing "vibrationism"
electronic folk music is pure transcendence with the twang of
mumbo jumbo and the hick hipnitude and I anticipate his new years
eve appearance with the trembling anticipation and reverence
I have previously reserved exclusively for E Chadbournes electric porthole.

MATT EVERETT
Despite the fact that the youngest of the Everett boys is as
good an example of the non-chalant paranoia and excruciating
victorian priggishness that is the birthright of their clan, Matt,
is actually willing to converse "in-earnest" on alternating
tuesdays every other month. Thus in nearly two years I have
had probably half a dozen pleasant, stimulating visits with
him,clearly superior mind,without once encountering the
caracteristic "waspishness" that goes along with the shore
mentioned genetic endowment.

JEREMY WOOGARD
Here's another little point of whom I am fond despite his
dubious endeavors and degree from THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL
OF DESIGNING,FINE DINING AND SOCIAL CLIMBING (IN ARCHETECTURE NO
LESS) and assorted other shady associations with American
Plutocracy. The set he constructed for the now infamous "ALL SPORN
SHOWING CREATIVE" accomplished an amazing transformation of
"the worlds tiniest theatre" there-by permitting this awesome play
"to overwhelm the audience the very moment they crept into the theatre.
Big time inspiration!! More Fob-u-lous than a cardboard valise.

MATT LOWE
Name: Pervasive, purilie, maddening and a veritable repository
of every pre-pubescent artistic sensibility cliché. And yet
this less-than-prolific figure of the local-literati is still
unearthly fascinating and when he's a good boy, inspires me to believe
in the veracity of delusions and in all sorts of telepathic networks
that require mustard except grey matter and congenital listening devices.
However SOUL IS STRICKELY VERDOTTEN!!

SUSAN CLAUSEN
Last of all I would like to thank UNDERDOG SECOND WIFE for the
enormous inspiration I derived from her outburst this
fall when she shredded and confiscated two editions of "690
MY SCENE" proving finally and beyond a shadow of a doubt
that the infantile cabal which surrounds THE HEAD OF AS220
is filled to overflowing with every kind of bogue, hypocritical
fallacious and phony baloney motive imaginable, and that
this particular "artist", falsely credited with "on-rounding AS220",
is no more interested in providing Rhode Island artists with an un-censored
forum than Umberto Le or any of his other repulsive "hostility skills" either!
She is simply more honest about it.