A.J. Liebling once said: that the ‘freedom of the press belongs to those who own one.’ So it’s a good thing we do.

By the late 90s the internet and the world wide web became an opportunity to create a space to connect. Lumpen Times was created in 1990 while we were at the University of Illinois. It was a naïve attempt at creating a zine inspired by lefty journals and magazines like the Nation, Mother Jones, In These Times and The Progressive. We wanted it to be critical of mainstream consensus as presented on CNN and to be an antidote to the growing influence of monopoly corporations in our lives.

Back in the 90s, a dozen corporations owned 90% of all the media in the US. We believed this corporate control of the media was very much like the state control of the media in authoritarian countries. As we watched the first Gulf War on television it alarmed us how easy it was for the media monopoly to drum up patriotic furor and support to invade a country and marginalize or silence dissent. We were part of the protest movement to stop that war and we felt our voices were ignored.

We blame the media. We wondered: ‘Why aren’t we in the news? Why isn’t there any space for our crazy ideas about the need to challenge state violence in all its forms? Why aren’t the programs that are fighting for social justice on the front page of the newspapers?’ We felt the left had been taken over by the dominant media, and that to ‘participate’ in political struggle was to become a part of a system of power that was ideological and political.

The US invades Afghanistan and Iraq. We decide to ramp up our activities. We are energized and enraged. We launch a bunch of Lumpen projects including: Freedom Fads and4Specials Online, Lumpen Times called TLSVN, Terror Free Zones, Elevated Cinema and Creative Relational and Social Art Projects. We also produce various publications, cultural interventions, events and write for all the major alternative media and festivals. Unfortunately our new Lumpen.com website sucks.

In the Spring of 2002, We open the experimental art and freak space, Buddy, in Lipoq Park. It’s a old abandoned factory building. We turn it into a home and office for a wide range of creative activists. As everyone became busy producing over 250 events in the next three years. It became a hub of creative and political collaboration in the neighborhood of the neighborhood. We also had a team that traveled around the word to document the growing anti-corporate globalization movement that was making headlines and progress seemingly everywhere.

By the turn of the century global capitalism had eroded the meaning of public space as we seek relief from the corner coffee shops and coffee chains. International pig system acronyms had been met with massive resistance and with the rise of the Internet, the digital barrel of global capital. The internet was used as a tool by the regime to organize and organize of these efforts. The November,1999 Seattle World Trade protests, started a major material moment for the left in America. We finally had a movement of movement. Our movement crossed all the borders of the world, and was international. At this point Lumpen magazine comes out a few times a year documenting the moves of this movement of movements. Supernames.com continues to publish online. Global Capital and the internet were the major material moment for the left in America. We finally had a movement of movement.

By 2004 Lumpen magazine has essentially become a manual for creative activism.

Version Festival is attracting educators, activists, artists and freaks from around the world. Our annual convergence is a collection of control that the media of control of the media monopolies have garnered over the last decades. We feel like going hyper local is one last strategy that we have left in the face of this wave. We hope to publish a few times a year, and eventually to meet, to participate in various communities and bring people together, virtually and in real life to share stories, tactics and strategies to resist for the world. And it helps us keep on keeping on. And the Barrio Baja Radio Network is being realized. The excess of the One Percent has been fully exposed. The Internet has become a tool to confront the excess of the One Percent. We have the opportunity to participate in various communities and bring people together virtually and in real life to share stories, tactics and strategies to resist for the world. And it helps us keep on keeping on. And the Barrio Baja Radio Network, which has been established to work with radio and television stations, in the United States, in Mexico and around the world, and to participate in various communities and bring people together, virtually and in real life to share stories, tactics and strategies to resist for the world.

By 2004 Lumpen magazine has essentially become a manual for creative activism.

We have naive.

Edmar
Matt Tucker took a deep breath. The air smelled like ammonia and the memory of his old neighborhood. He was in the basement of a building on Golden Street. He was not here for the usual reasons.

Tucker had been working in the basement for a while now. He had been hired by Joe Bryl, another longtime neighborhood guy. Tucker was the one who had discovered the body.

It was clear that Eddie, the owner of the bar, had been killed. Tucker had found the killer — but no one said anything. Tucker headed for the exit. He had suspected something was wrong.

The bar staff started squabbling. Everyone looked at Ruby. She pointed to Brittany. "It was Logan," she said.

"It's obvious who killed EdMar — and why? All the clues you need are right in front of you.

"Pikachu!" said Ruby, who ran into the back garden.

"So I hit him in the head with a keg of Ruby's Bubbly Creek later on," said Eric.

"It's really nice and clean up there now," said Lou.

Everyone turned to look at Gio. "Anyway, I was trying to tell us that someone real short had done it," said Lou.

"If it was Logan," said Ruby, "he would have blew up the office."
I’ve been doing a lot of pondering about the premise that every new city visited, street walked, corner turned, and step taken is like another fold in my memory of associations and relationships with landmarks. The moment I see something for the first time, my estimations of what it might have been like dissolve and I never forget it; in fact, many new estimations may be based upon it in my mind. Here’s my submission for Lumpen 25. A passionate study of the path traveled from my home in the West Loop of Chicago in 2009 to the Co Prosperity Sphere, the first time I was introduced to Ed and his magnificent gallery.

At 432 South Main Street, in downtown Los Angeles, sits The Canadian Building. Built in 1909, it is Sullivanesque, plain and lacking the Beaux-Arts features we might see in the craftwork of vaudeville or movie palaces in Los Angeles from that time.

In 1986, the Canadian Building was known as the Birdhouse. Named for the pigeons that occupied the abandoned structure in such great number they had to be smoked out to meet the Work/Residential building code.

Alongside adjoining tenants, secreted away behind these doors, here residing, just back from selling a pint of blood, Kyrt Lyrish returned to his quarters, second floor rear. Plasma, really, it’s the plasma they were after. Later you learn you’d sold portions of your soul for the price of a medium thin-crust and a pack of Kents.

In the alley below his window, three men fought over the cooled remains of what had been a mattress fire the night before. A slice of toast-shaped island on a sea of broken glass. Where one man had been sleeping, two others wanted to sit and light their crack pipe. Now it’s our turn, they seemed to say with their shoving and punching. It’s a sin to watch the misfortune of others as entertainment but Kyrt didn’t have a television set.

He rooted for the underdog, but the old boy floundered, twisting and rolling with diminishing resistance, like a piece of Silly Putty. He regained himself, steady on his feet, reforming into a man with a confident stagger, disappeared from view. Having commandeered the mattress, the usurpers scrutinized its condition, sweeping and pinching as though for bed bugs or some such perceived debris and because they had created such a stir others now bandied round wanting just a taste. A short time later, the first man returned to the scene eating a hot dog with another in his other hand. Kyrt extinguished his cigarette and turned to assess his own affairs. Crushed shells of walnuts, consumed in feverish gratitude, littered the top of his table.

The walls were just as hungry, colorless. Sullen. God they wanted paint, but he had collected too many chips, couldn’t choose a color. Hadn’t found his hue. Until then he lived in a cube of Rhyolite or whatever number Pantone matches volcanic rock, loathsome for the same reason his father was right: Happiness is a job well done.

He drew a breath, rallied for a decisive new move. His shoes were awkward in his clutch. One dropped, he let it fall and continued into the sleeping nook.

When he awoke the sun had set. A trapezoid of dead light, from the streetlamp in the alley, cast across his quarters, and in the corner shadow of the kitchen he placed into the grout of juxtaposed pots and plates, bowls and flatware in the sink. He ran the water, washed his hands, did the dishes. He slopped water on his face and dried his neck with an oven mitt stolen from his mother’s Radar Range. He recovered his jacket from a nail on the wall and ventured out again to forage a meal.

The wide-open descent from the second-floor landing led into the Shark Cage, a ground-level marble walled vestibule. The marblagrote door allowed time to calculate openings in foot traffic onto Main Street—a parade route for hungry ghosts and the possessed, the disenchanted, heavy manually of the mentally ill, drugs and prostitution, life due to join them advanced. A free space in the whirling eddy of grimy soiled gents surrounded a loud talking drift of men with the arms for the Shark Cage, reaching for the knob, just then, the door swung inward. A new man entered, Kyrt, summoned his move to exit the Shark Cage, reaching for the knob, just then, the door swung inward, sharply meeting Kyrt’s shoulder and kneecap. It was Fuchsia returning from Central Market, loaded up with fish and greens.
Cage

Immediately an invisible presen- 

tation, a red square cardstock indicating 

"Oh don't worry. I'm telling ev-

eryone capitalized on the open door, and

"Might as well jump."

"Where the hell were you at 

and waited in the humming light fluo-

"Here have one of these," she 

"A bit of both. That's what 

kiss her, he was blinded by a battery of 

"Okay. Okay. Take it easy, Tia-

"Sends to me you're des-

from the absence of any bullet points. After her perfor-

"I'm certainly not going 

"Next I'm going to

Fuchsia called a co- 

"If we will only listen. Should he knock 

Fuchsia introduced one Janice 

"Well if you must know. It's a

"Where are you going?" Fux-

Fuchsia folded up the remain-

"You sure couldn't judge the 

"If we will only listen. Should he knock 

Fuchsia claimed a brother of the drummer from 

"Asking my friend and层出的 exclusively unlost. She didn't 

"Oh don't worry. I'm telling ev-

"Just relax, add pleasant things to your world, and never stop believing in yourself."

Fuchsia's laughter circulated

"Okay. Okay. Take it easy, Tia-

"Sends to me you're des-

from the absence of any bullet points. After her perfor-

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Fuchsia claimed a brother of the drummer from 

"Asking my friend and

When Kyrt looked up he saw next the

Fuchsia removed herself from

her box cubbies.

while another siren steadily advanced.

he folded up the remaining

his burger. Son of a bitch!

at the table, he set about recording his

useful, he thought, reveling demanded

He thanked her again for cutting it.

his conviction, he grasped for some-

the scene to fix herself a costume

Fuchsia did not think a band

her with praise at every turn. He was

how he had saved her life and lavished

on the cover of a brochure for the City

on the cover of a brochure for the City

he folded up the remaining

the party's significa-

publicist informed her actor fellow and

of making friends with his publi-

"An apparatus?"

"A fulcrum?"

"Is there something to do?"

"Sure. I love to her.

"Yours truly—2519 Main Street's fanfare of pan-

"Well if you must know. It's a

"Where are you going?" Fux-

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PART I

ON A BENCH JUST OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE

HELIICOPTER

[ Military helicopters fly across the sky ]

ENT.

A medium set man approaches a woman smoking a cigarette.

MAN
Hey hun, can I bum a smoke?

WOMAN
I got nothin'.

ENT.

A field trip of kids outside the entrance plaza.

KID 1
I feel the vibration!

KID 2
WHOA! Did you see that?!

KID 3
Stop it, Jamie!

[ Older aged man in a dirty, green baseball cap crushes plastic bottles ]

ENT.

An elderly woman sits on a bench quietly reading Maeve Binchy's "The Return Journey" . . .

[ ]

FADE OUT

PONTIAC

[ The sun radiates off the cement ]

ENT.

... An elderly man approaches an elderly woman winded and sweaty.

ELDERLY MAN
I got enough exercise.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Are you hungry?

ELDERLY WOMAN
I've been up all over you know.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh.

[ Black Pontiac G6 parks up front with Keith Sweat's hit "My Body" pouring out the windows ]

ENT.

A worn out looking man takes a seat, slouches and takes a call.

[ ]

FADE OUT
But how so refreshingly normal to simply invite a friend over and serve her salad and bread baked just in the morning in my own kitchen! And inside which smells: beautiful, stupid, or evil to meet an enlightened mind like her in this deep dream of war. And even more with these titles assigned to these visual mediations flock to be transformed by the decline of culture which they falsely perceive to be freedom, into the intellectual, creative, original, and meaningful.

15th of June

Identity. Such a word: identity. Everyone is looking for it. Identity as individuosity, as well as individuality. People say they are struggling artists; they are not. They are the sworn traitors of the company executives, students, or pensioners. They look for the words that perfectly describe them, so they can comfortably interpret their existence. Yet at all the same time, they demand to be recognised for their individuality, and often interchange this particular word with originality. Have we forgot the scientific fact that it is impossible for us to be exactly alike? Some admire me for what I am not doing; it is everyone else who are working on achieving the meaning of individuality, which obviously makes a rarity out of my latentess — or sheer inability — to assimilate, cynically manifesting their romantic idea of uniqueness. For what I am not doing, how much jealousy, competitiveness, and admiration have we come by way!

24th of June

I am done, meaning my vague plan to move to Britain is in need of revamping. Edification might be still possible if they would only change the meaning of individuality, which obviously makes a rarity out of my latentess — or sheer inability — to assimilate, cynically manifesting their romantic idea of uniqueness. For what I am not doing, how much jealousy, competitiveness, and admiration have we come by way!

7th of June

What a monstrosity to live across my physician’s practice. The delicate touch of his hands — it clutches my every heartbeat. I was passing through the street, and a Эйфелева башня is a beautiful thing. I noticed that I do since I’ve grown old. Youth years were blind; never knew I was desirable, never noticed the admirers. Now I only admire them, knowing they too admire me. His palatas depart upon his skin; but it departs, because he is my physician.

11th of June

I did live in a former birthing house turned homeless shelter across from the abandoned 19th century abattoir complex with the backdrop undernasty easternly. Now I all in my own kitchen, next to an iron bathtub, opposite the coal oven. It is a dwelling far from perfect, but I feel home, distressingly. For it is an agonising thought to one day be rich enough to move to a fully modernised location, thus abandoning this endlessly unreasonable life.

3rd of June

“There’s a Marc Jacobs at Damen and Milwaukee now,” said Susie, who, to my eyes, made an unfortunate decision to relocate only last week from Paris to Berlin. “There’s a Marc Jacobs at Damen and Milwaukee now,” said Susie, who, to my eyes, made an unfortunate decision to relocate only last week from Paris to Berlin. “There’s a Marc Jacobs at Damen and Milwaukee now,” said Susie, who, to my eyes, made an unfortunate decision to relocate only last week from Paris to Berlin. “There’s a Marc Jacobs at Damen and Milwaukee now,” said Susie, who, to my eyes, made an unfortunate decision to relocate only last week from Paris to Berlin. “There’s a Marc Jacobs at Damen and Milwaukee now,” said Susie, who, to my eyes, made an unfortunate decision to relocate only last week from Paris to Berlin. “There’s a Marc Jacobs at Damen and Milwaukee now,” said Susie, who, to my eyes, made an unfortunate decision to relocate only last week from Paris to Berlin.

10th of July

I wake from a nightmare. An agrafted structure that I always wondered of its purpose. In the interior is a big sound system and a lone woman dancing a fierce fire juggling, amplifying behind the curtain the auditory effects of the male performer on the stage before the audience. A winding path down through the park: my belongings are piled in one corner, because I currently have no residence status, house renovation, money, etc., etc., I feel the final touch of doom somehow manifesting their romantic idea of uniqueness. There is no conversation, no understanding. Thoughts exchanged are the reflection upon the profundness of thoughts, culminating in this dreary metropolis, where the customers live in the reverse of derivative culture.

2nd of July

Weltenschmerz, broadcasted, daily. How everyone is now flocking to this city, like 100 years ago, in search of liberty and validations, deferred as if a wind blowing through a hollow pipe, but without even making a melancholy touch. Thoughts exchanged are the reflection upon the profundness of thoughts, culminating in this dreary metropolis, where the customers live in the reverse of derivative culture.

8th of July

It is a trend to mistakew well dressed for the simple riches. The value of personal expression has long replaced the collective will for material edification. Provo- cation somehow stands for the quality of clever ideas. There is no conversation, only competition. When you win, you are the Emperor, donning his New Clothes.

How is it then, I ask as I emerge at last from my long hermitage, to love? Love of self has shrouded the respect for self. Egoism, once condemned as vice, is taught as virtue. Everyone is an artist — eventual perversion of Dada — there is no more contrast. How can we love another, when the precondition for love is trust, yet when the little touches the needle will break. How am I to develop trust in this person who is blab-blah-ing before me, in order to dare with my dressing sharp, in order to the king of sensmesh who I may admire? It is impossible, for he is naked.

14th of July

Le songe coula, chez Barbe-Bleue, — aux abattoirs, — dans les cirques, où le sceau de Dieu blêmit les fenêtres. Le sang et le lait coulèrent.

10th of July

A winding path down through the park: my belongings are piled in one corner, because I currently have no residence status, house renovation, money, etc., etc., I feel the final touch of doom somehow manifesting their romantic idea of uniqueness. There is no conversation, no understanding. Thoughts exchanged are the reflection upon the profundness of thoughts, culminating in this dreary metropolis, where the customers live in the reverse of derivative culture.

9th of July

Le sang coula, chez Barbe-Bleue, — aux abattoirs, — dans les cirques, où le sceau de Dieu blêmit les fenêtres. Le sang et le lait coulèrent.

12th of June

At the end of the day, Ali said this cheap Italian chianti and basque sheep cheese, and a cyclist stops as he has me, then leaves me with you are extremely beautiful. I said this with such confidence that it is the concretion to the fact this is a home.

In this city, poetry is bewitched. It’s seven years, my first German was learnt from a street graffiti — it will never feature. You go to Paris to fall in love. Here, it grounds you with the desire, to reach out for that undiscernible, indecipherable, perhaps pass the phantom ruins of its wall, or between the headlights with solemnly lambent epilepsia like He worked, and died in a quaint cemetery.

* Theodor Adorno, 29: Minima Moralia
† Arthur Rimbaud, Après Deluge: Illuminations

29th of June

I was ungrateful. I lied that I was in denial. I lied that I was privileged, my life was good, and that I had nothing to complain about. And I was duly and mercilessly punished for it, unawaresly, by my guilt, and others who believed in my lies. No matter how wretched, if it is the only thing one knows, it is her normality. I’d known if that was called abuse! I cannot call the place where I did not grow up home. I cannot love the people who do not love me. Was I a bitter person, or an optimist who was battling to depart from the wicked? Was I a sad person, or a seeker who was desperate to know love? Was I an ungrateful person, or simply a deprived?

My heart was not felt; it cried, and it bleeds. For decades, crumbling in the mud, aimlessly looking for an elusive concept, I saw the elaborate nothing... and then, the horizon lightened, then dimmed. I spotted a star, obscured by grey, a shape of civilisation, engulfed by the atmosphere. There were storms, developing thunder, then a vacuum — the robe of death fluttered in the invisible domain ahead. My eyes, at last, saw its abyss. I turned around — there it was, the past, as clear and tranquil as the face of a calm sea. And now nothing can change it. If I say, “I left it behind, and it is not for you to know. I am here now, and will go where I please. My pride resides not in the places, people, or concepts that have moulded, shaped, and made me, but in my heart that has endured this horrifying story. And I applaud the pain that has created me.”

20th of July

Have I loved? — once. And if I once loved, that’s plenty. But to fall in love is jumping into that water off the crazy beach of Marseille, descending over the burning skyline of Brandenburg in dust, cycling before the immense sunshine above Lake Michigan. The ut the etone on the frozen cobble stone road, the ca nal water’s alk on the first day of spring, the gust of breeze through the yellow linden street. A blackbird’s song at sundown. The glow of a white hyacinth. The sweat on the glass of chilled cider. A thunderstorm. Burning coal. Cassis ice cream in a cone. The metamorphosis of the rain drops on the grass by the sump’s way, to diamonds.

Home is far to those without one. It is again time to leave, because after all these years, I will never again talk to you, I still want to fall in love.
hype  ripe

hope  nope

rape  rope

Friday 04/26 7:30 pm
rested (blue ravine blue forest through blue I see)

Thursday 05/02 10:00 pm
"a natural evolution, an emptying out of ideas and noise"

Sunday 05/12 3:15 am
healing water imported directly from Lourdes

Friday 05/24 11:30 pm
languages that can be learned like any other

Tuesday 06/11 9:00 am
wet morning, sound proof

Thursday 06/20 1:45 am
taste buds harness all available flavors, welcome or not

Tuesday 07/02 4:30 am
Is it BDSM?

Saturday 07/13 6:00 pm
the line drawn is not necessarily a path
Chicago doesn’t lack landmark buildings. We find them in the hundreds, from those built in the late 19th century to the latest additions in 21st century. They are admired in tours daily, studied in architecture schools, and immortalized in movies. Many of them are located in the Loop as a symbol of economic power and civic pride. Others are dispersed around the city, anchoring the life of neighborhoods north, south, and west of the Loop. When their use is public, we can access and enjoy their interior but many of them remain accessible to only a lucky few, with their interiors hidden from the rest of us.
In 2008, photographer Andreas E.G. Larsson and I started documenting the residents of the towers. We wanted to give an insight into their lives in Marina City. We wanted to learn about the reasons they chose the building and about their daily lives there. In terms of space, we wanted to explore the relationship between the rigorous modular framework designed by Bertrand Goldberg (there are only three unit typologies: studio, one-bedroom, and two-bedroom apartments) and the informal development of these interior spaces by residents. Overall, it was a fascinating experience. We learned about the use and misuse of apartments; residents who have lived in several units, moving from one to another to secure better views, higher floors, or bigger units; places that remain time capsules while others are unrecognizable; units packed with objects while others barely had furniture; the multiple activities taking place on the balconies; and the communal gatherings on the rooftop, especially at holidays. With that, we also learned both a set of mundane anecdotes and life-changing moments that humanized the concrete structures.

The residential towers of Marina City belong to the latter. From the outside, they are instantly recognizable. Their distinct cylindrical shape defined by their balconies and 19-story spiral parking garages have landed them on posters about Chicago by several airlines, have made them the perfect backdrop for movies, and even as the stars of album covers. But, as much as we recognize them from the outside, their interiors remain a bit of a mystery. Having lived in the west tower for years, I continuously get asked how it is to live in a round building or how I place my furniture in a pie-shape building with no right angles (Answer: It is great to live in Marina City and it is actually easier than you think to arrange the furniture). With almost 900 units, it is also a very dense and diverse community, a mix of long-term residents and newcomers - a community that has evolved throughout these 50 years but that is as vibrant as it was when the first residents moved in by the end of 1962.
We documented residents off and on for three years. In the fall of 2011 we presented a selection of photographs in an exhibition titled “Inside Marina City” at the Art Institute of Chicago. To its opening we invited the residents we had photographed, where they saw their portraits for the first time. It was a public celebration of life in Marina City.

Many of the photographs we took remain unseen so we want to share some of them to celebrate the quarter century of Lumpen. With the project, we want to pay tribute to Bertrand Goldberg’s visionary architecture and affirm his place in Chicago’s rich architectural history while placing at the fore the inhabitants who bring these spaces to life.

Photos by Andreas E.G. Larsson
The sun was setting in dimming gold behind the silhouette of the General Dynamics tank plant. Rusty broke the filter off a Menthol Carlton Ultra-lite and lit it. You gotta break the filters off these nothing cigarettes. Supposed to be less deadly, though, Ultra-lites.

Sitting in a lawn chair, feet up on the front bumper of his ’71 Chevelle, Rusty sucked the cigarette down to a nub in about five or so long, fierce drags. He gulped his beer. That afternoon, while cleaning out an apartment, Rusty and Krispy had found an ancient case of Falstaff.

A great day. Free beer.

There was a lot of abandoned crap in that place. When was the last time anyone had lived there, and why had they left all that junk? Not that it was valuable junk—just, why was it still in there, covered in dust so thick and old you could pull it away in flimsy sheets?

The beer was unknowably old. Even through the dark brown glass of the squat bottle you could see the thing in the beer, The Mother Krispy had called the cloudy blob.

“De Mudder.”

“Mother of what?”

“Mudder ov winagger. Det’s vut meks vine into winagger.”

But it hadn’t had time to make the beer into vinegar yet, if that was what beer became when it got too old to drink. The Mother looked a lot more substantial than it was. To Rusty, it looked like fat or snot. But he didn’t taste it or feel it going down. The beer itself didn’t taste bad, either. He caught a buzz from it. Or maybe the buzz was from the Bondo fumes.

Still, at the end of the work day Rusty had let Krispy take most of the case home, only keeping four bottles for himself. Rusty figured he’d share a six of tallboys with Ed later anyway. “Take ‘em. Knock yourself out, Stud,” he’d told Krispy.

Falstaff, do they even make this shit anymore? Where’s this shit from, Wisconsin?

Behind the label, where the dead cigarette nub swam in a half-inch of backwash, the last of the sun turned the inside of the bottle to copper.

Nope: Fort Wayne, Indiana.

He chucked the bottle toward the wall of the apartment building to his right, where it disappeared silently into the chest-high grass. The same instant he released it he wished he hadn’t and cussed himself out, realizing he’d be riding the mower through that grass tomorrow, and that bottle would shoot out of the discharge and smack against something and throw glass shards. Or more likely it would just get wound up in the thick grass and choke the blades and stall the mower.

Now he lived a world in which he was just like everyone else, and was aware of it in an equally normal way. Perfection had been his for exactly one year, then she’d left him marooned in the world of God’s mistakes. It engendered everything with sadness, but he didn’t hate her. He felt generous toward her. She was a good person. His heart opened in generosity when he thought of her, just as it had learned to do when they were together. He felt he was now a more evolved person as a result of the feelings his body had learned from being with her, particularly the power his heart had developed to open in generosity now and then under certain circumstances, circumstances he hoped to find himself involved in again someday, though he wasn’t prepared at the moment to pursue them with any effort.

Falstaff, do they even make this shit anymore? Where’s this shit from, Wisconsin?

The long legs stretched out in front of him, he rotated his left foot to make his ankle crack, the sound like a distant cluster of firecrackers. The sound Ellen couldn’t stand. He’d done it sometimes to make her cringe. He would laugh, not out of cruelty, but because her distress was incomprehensible to him.

He had in fact really loved her. Or really believed he loved her. Or, when with her, he had believed himself involved in love, or in a sphere of love, or an atmosphere of love. When she would rub his flat belly and whisper how beautiful he was, comb her fingers through his long hair, squeeze his shoulders and kiss the vein running down his bicep, trace the sparse trail of hair into his jeans, he would bring her close, her skin deep gold in the firelight, and know they were the perfect human mating pair. Young, perfect specimens, and their lovemaking was the kind God had originally intended for every one, if only Creation hadn’t malfunctioned somehow.

These were not feelings he had ever put into words, or even focused on as conscious thoughts. Yet, unconscious thought they were, these thoughts and feelings were the fabric of the world he inhabited with Ellen.
The complex had been vacant a long time - some of the grass was almost three years. The grass was chest high. The streets were covered with the neglected silence of a post industrial ghost town. The only thing new was the blacktop. The apartments had used to house the workers who had daily commuted south on I-75 to work in the nearby Ford plant in Detroit. When it closed, the unemployed trickled away along with their severance money and unemployment checks and food stamps. Like so many unoccupied buildings in the counties of Washtenaw and Macomb, when the occupants were gone the empty shellers were left to rot. But at the moment General Dynamics was firing up production on the new Abrams tank, so a property management company had been hired to get the adjacent complex into livable condition again by the end of August. There was already military staff at the plant, living in new or the provisional barracks of Quonset buildings on the other side of the high line chain fence where the plant grounds met the overgrowth of the apartment complex.

Once personnel were living in the apartments again they would have to get into their cars after work, exit the plant grounds onto Warren Road, go right on Drum, straight, and for 300 yards past the plant, past the complex, turn right onto Van Dyke where the apartment building is fronted by the overgrown field, lighting the waves of the ocean grass, the tip of each blade like tiny star.

"Damn, Stud, all that grass to mow this summer," Rusty would say to Krispy now and then, and the big Hungarian would alog, "Dad, it's a lizzy juvy."

"Not when the mower can't go three feet without jamming."

"Piss off, stud, Krispy agreed."

He can't care about daughters or wife or about the scene of their deaths. He calls himself the Lizard, for convenience. Lizards don't care or go blind with vengeance pummeling in their heads. The heart or soul of a lizard may be what he has, but colder, closer to stone or iron. Maybe no soul at all. A lizard has some kind of fear, but has none. That's what makes this lizard so cold, even for a lizard. He feeds on his own pain. His hope for a future, but can't produce enough internally to satisfy. He needs more.

Without her he would barely survive.

The lice bush is in way, so he fells himself under it. He slides in the dirt, squirming for the smell of soil and the green eeriness and life of the earth. Where the melting of broken asphalt meets the dirt he kisses the earth. She says he has to pull himself along the pavement with his teeth and lips as well as his fingers, elbows, knees and toes, in the shadows overwrought with leafy branches, sunshine light spreading through the cracks in the pavement. In the shades of the back row of cut grass all, he hides from the lights. Dew is in the dirt and on the tiny weeds with the mud and grit. Here he waits for her, her hand in his in slow kisses. He's third from the cold.

He drinks anticipatory torment. Pill bugs and slug heads forward and find the crawling motes of the zombies moth big bites. Moth flutters in his face and at the back of his neck and ears. They walk on his lips. Tears come out of his eyes. His lips tremble in small squams but he makes no sound. Yet. He's saving it for her, and even then he's not afraid to make much noise. His worklessness is a squall within his head, waves crash on rocks as the rains pour down in jagged panels. That was, for all Rusty knew went on and on for two thousand years, in the center of a wild area apart in mid air, filling past to feel himself in that, he is not now, without a home, pieces of once what he had left ringing down, clashing between the shoulder blades and pounding the wind out of him, stamping the screaming faces of the dispossessed as they ran, naked, in the storm. But his tears must not be mistaken for a sign of crying, an emotion the Lizard is unable to feel. They sear from outside of the eye to cold air and sodium light. They have no meaning.

But then the force clutched his head and pulled, the touch from his nose. He could feel the hissing of a breath, a whiff, a weak breath, a breath, the narrow expanse of his lungs, the very same that had flowed into his mouth and face and his nose, it was the same that had flowed into his mouth and face and his nose. He is in his mouth and face and his nose. He is in one other occasion, not that long ago. It was the same that had flowed into his mouth and face and his nose.

He couldn't explain it exactly, but he knew. Sometimes he knew. He couldn't explain it exactly.

And now a pressure in his head was making him so. And now a pressure in his head was making him so. And now a pressure in his head was making him so.

Being alone all the time wore on him. At night, when he thought about it, and when he got up out of the tall grass, just a head on a slender neck drifting through the night, his lips were moving, his mind was going. She makes him wait.

"I'm swooning enough, when he'd glimpsed his own personal Angel of death. But he knew something. It was in his muscles and skin. He knew how he knew. But he knew something about it.

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He lies there, breathing fast. His heart pounded out of control and the edges of his vision were melting. His vision was all but a skeleton and grey-scale vision that the eye could not see. In that far corner where the fences joined, was writing about the future. And decay of human beings with motivations of people in groups larger than three or four. He belonged to the demographic of believers in the resurrection of the dead, the power of the dead to return. He is reading about the future. And decay of human beings with motivations of people in groups larger than three or four. He belonged to the demographic of believers in the resurrection of the dead, the power of the dead to return.

To return and to another time, a Satanic eternity, the one they couldn't go back to. To return and to another time, a Satanic eternity, the one they couldn't go back to. To return and to another time, a Satanic eternity, the one they couldn't go back to. To return and to another time, a Satanic eternity, the one they couldn't go back to. To return and to another time, a Satanic eternity, the one they couldn't go back to.

She makes him wait.
Rusty parted the firmament of grasses and staggered or slumped past his Chevelle through the garage to the door at the back lead- ing into his apartment. He made straight for the toilet just in time to vomit a third time.

In his apartment behind the garage Rusty suffered all night, vomiting painfully, dry-heaving, shivering, his throat and nose raw, bones aching, waves of chills, nausea and nausea wiping over him. Lyng did no good, neither did standing up, sitting, or pacing. He tried to pray and weep. He groaned, Why, why, why? Then there would be none, but only a brief one, and mis- erably returned as whoever she’d been chatting with shifted focus to someone or some- thing else, but the RN insisted on leaning and per- dered her arm movements. It didn’t help that the RN insisted on leaning and p"
And if all he is made from is pain, his skin in three places. They will not be nothing less than a passage into her Heaven of longings. The dead is too late, and his being will be the threshold of that passage. Hence his peace. Tonight may be his last night. He is using the well he had heard would be the first he would hear or his form and he will simply curse them. Rusty can’t come in. Now he slips into warm dreams that marry themselves to this. He is in heaven.

The actual Macomb County Child Killer would be caught before the following month was out. He would be a six-foot-tall man originally from Idaho working in a dog bud bakery in Hamtramck. But that information would not appear within the independently busy TV box for another forty-three days. The delay of that revelation left Krispy the logical elbow room to conclude:

"Fock, men. It’s det wempire."

"You could’ve killed the poor dink. He’s pissing Parton’s tits were morons, they’d be you two."

"The vampire killers. I just want to bask in dying blood, which as a vampire hunter he found ironic but useful."

"Fang kicked Rusty in his vomit -"
We are looking to be dead for really long time.
We, the People’s Artists

under threat of annihilation

at the hands of a megalomaniac

look to spread the word

and fight the good fight

Inspired by the WPA
Milk — for Warmth

WPA Art Program, 1941
loc.gov/pictures/item/98518820/
From 1935–1943, The Works Progress Administration employed over 5,000 artists to create “channels of communication” as part of the Federal Art Project.

Striking posters and broadsides spread government ideals (and propaganda) in towns across America. Never before in American history had art had such a mass influence in civic discourse.

In 2016, artists have a responsibility to stand up and speak out in order to prevent the election of what the Washington Post (as one of many) has dubbed “a unique threat to American democracy.”

J. Pobojewski
“The single biggest threat that we face is a nuclear weapon or some weapon of mass destruction.”


“Look, having nuclear—my uncle was a great professor and scientist and engineer, Dr. John Trump at MIT; good genes, very good genes, OK, very smart, the Wharton School of Finance, very good, very smart—you know, if you’re a conservative Republican, if I were a liberal, if, like, OK, if I ran as a liberal Democrat, they would say I’m one of the smartest people anywhere in the world—it’s true!—but when you’re a conservative Republican they try—oh, do they do a number—that’s why I always start off: Went to Wharton, was a good student, went there, went there, did this, built a fortune—you know I have to give my like credentials all the time, because we’re a little disadvantaged—but you look at the nuclear deal, the thing that really bothers me—it would have been so easy, and it’s not as important as these lives are (nuclear is powerful; my uncle explained that to me many, many years ago, the power and that was 35 years ago; he would explain the power of what’s going to happen and he was right—who would have thought?), but when you look at what’s going on with the four prisoners—now it used to be three, now it’s four—but when it was three and even now, I would have said it’s all in the messenger; fellas, and it is fellas because, you know, they don’t, they haven’t figured that the women are smarter right now than the men, so, you know, it’s gonna take them about another 150 years—but the Persians are great negotiators, the Iranians are great negotiators, so, and they, they just killed, they just killed us.”

Donald Trump, 2015.
FREE ONE OF A KIND ARTWORK

Text your first and last name to +1 (312) 695-4223 for a unique artwork made specifically for you.
Some of them are awesome, and I still participate in many communities within the Chicago art world. Word, community. I've seen, and been a part of, Ok, let’s talk about that all important buzz - tic free-for-all that these spaces can embody. That important exhibition, along with all the events hosted under that name, served as an important moment of insight and acknowledgment of the alternative art scene in Chicago. The unfortunate reality is, however, that alternative art spaces often have a short shelf live. Leases are lost, people move away, groups splinter and reform, people get tired and want to focus on other aspects of life. The beautiful thing is, there always seems to be another group of up and coming participants to start new spaces and new communities to fill the void. At the same time, some institutions stick around and flower, providing a foothold and framework for the newbies on the scene. Within this soup of old and new, this scene has continued to thrive.

That same year, Proximity released the (CON) TEMPORARY ART GUIDE / CHICAGO. This delightfully small newsprint publication, that likely many of you have on your shelves at home, aptly named itself. These art scenes are temporary. Though the GUIDE also featured commercial spaces and established institutions, it gave heavy billing to the alternative scene. These spaces have, however, about a two- to four-year life span, usually. That being the baseline, we have been through two to three iterations since the last guide to these important places was made, and printed, for public consumption. So here, I have provided you yet another snapshot, a guide to these spaces and places in 2016. Hopefully this will inspire you to go out and investigate where you haven’t been, and remember and revisit those you know, or perhaps stare aghast and say “how is that still there, and where did that other thing go?” Enjoy.
Chicago Alternative Spaces

Defibrillator Gallery
1463 W Chicago Ave
defibrillator.org
defibrillatorgallery@defibrillator.org

Experimental Sound Studio
5655 N Ravenswood Ave
exos.org
info@exos.org

Experimental Station
601 W Blackstone Ave
exostation.org
info@experimentalstation.org

Hume
3242 W Armitage Ave
humechicago.org
hume.gallery@gmail.com

Hoofprint Workshop
2433 S Oakley Ave
hoofprintworkshop.com
hoofprintworkshop@gmail.com

Iceburg
7714 N Sheridan Rd
icebergchicago.com
info@icebergchicago.com

Inside the Artist’s Kitchen
insidetheartistskitchen.com
chris@insidetheartistskitchen.com

In House
3628 W Armitage St
in-house.space
info@inhousespace.org

Links Hall
3611 N Western Ave
linkshall.org
info@linkshall.org

Johalla Projects
1821 W Hubbard St Suite 209
johallaprojects.com
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Julius Caesar
3611 N Milwaukee Ave
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Kitchen Space
2714 N Monticello St
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(773) 725-8020

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LVLA
1542 N Milwaukee Ave 3rd Floor
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Pinky Swear
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Pond Hole Gallery
facebook.com/pond-hole-
Gallery-1731210520454450-
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Roman Susan
1226 W Loyola Ave
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romansusan.org

Roots and Culture
1821 W Milwaukee Ave
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rootsandcultureinc@gmail.com

Sector 2337
2337 N Milwaukee Ave
sector2337.com

Silent Funny
silentfunny.com

State Arts and Performance
3280 N North Ave
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Slow and Loos
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paulie.is.slow@gmail.com

Slow Pony Project
3705 N 18TH ST
facebook.com/SlowPonyProject/

South of the Tracks
4023 W Lake St #136
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southofthetracksprojects@gmail.com

Terrain Exhibitions
376 N Highland Ave — Oak Park
terrainexhibitions.com
sabrina_st@yahoo.com

The Franklin
3512 W Franklin Blvd
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thefranklinoutdoor@gmail.com

The Learning Machine
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The Nightingale
1846 N Milwaukee Ave
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Third Object
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1306 N Milwaukee Ave Fl 3
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Uptool
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Western Pole
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jessie.mahne@gmail.com

Wretched Nobles
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Chicago Alternative Spaces
don't try to save me

on the good days (i can feel how much it matters--even over the last month, i'm adapting & surviving, despite now i can actually feel myself becoming a whole person, for the first time, at 20.

on the good days (i marvel, as i do at who i am now, that it's real) & i keep asking myself, i've never been this far before. it's breathtaking, & also un

sure & the vulnerability level, person, in the flux between moderate to freak-out.

on the really bad days, which are the really changing & interesting, i feel like a pile of shit -- i'm right back where i was. like nothing's changed & i have to remind myself that it actually did.

recovery is taking, because you're convinced, when you're first told it doesn't work (like you were it's) it's exhausting. because it involves all of your faculties & you're doing it sober.

the fatigue though, it's different than that of being hungover everyday. it's hard, but not just two hangovers. & then the hair of the dog in the evenings...

this greater kid i work with asked me the other day, when he noticed me looking, "how come you're always tired?"

"life," i replied with dog exhausted dogs, eggs on the rest of my words for a better conclusion.

"oh, who? he said, nodding appreciatively, in a stoner sort of way. "who?"

i want to tell him that he didn't know anything. but instead, i just smiled & powered some coffee from out of my thermos into its lid, which became as

i love those small rituals--bringing coffee from home. i had made it this morning & somehow it was still hot, still fresh.

i'm still here... motherfuckers!

on the good days, i try to remind myself of the good days--that is, if i can remember to do so.

Arthur Higham

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orlando

"how do i feel after orlando?"

"on man. i'm heartbroken. mad. scared. speechless. ready to fight. ready to hide. pretty much all over the place. but mostly really, really sad..."

"i spent the whole day just crying on my husband."

"i've dealt with bigotry my whole life though, so i'm fine now. as awful as this is, it's just the same shit."

"i'll be fifty in january, and as recently as a week ago, i got called a 'faggot'."

"i'll tell you what though... i've got so much anger in me... if someone pulls a gun... they'd better fucking kill me..." -- a friend

Grant Reynolds
WHAT WAS I THINKING? I FEEL LIKE SUCH A FOOL! HOW EMBARRASSING.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE OUR FIRST APARTMENT TOGETHER WAS. I THINK WE WANTED TO RUN FAR AWAY JUST TO ESCAPE OUR NOISY NEIGHBORS FROM HELL.

I’VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH MY FUTURE PLANS. I DON’T WANT TO BE UNHAPPY WITH MY CAREER. I WANT CHICAGO TO BE IMPORTANT.

I’M SO GLAD WE BOTH AGREED TO GIVE CHICAGO ANOTHER CHANCE. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL TO MOVE THE CATS AND ALL OUR BOOKS TO BUFFALO.

IT’S BEEN HARD TO SHOW OFF THE OFFICE Space TO OUR FAMILY WITHOUT MESSING MY FAMILY WAS EXCITED TO SEE US MORE I STILL LOVE BUFFALO. IT WILL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR ME.

I’LL ADMIT IT’S A LITTLE BUMMED WE WEREN’T BEING OUR GRAND TOTAL AT EVERYTHING.

I’VE BEEN PRETENDING MY NEWSLETTERS FOR BUFFALO GET THE BEST OF ME.

LETS NOT BLAME MOVING FOR ALL OF THIS. I’M TENSE ABOUT MOVING FROM APARTMENT TO APARTMENT. I JUST WANT TO STAY IN ONE PLACE.

AFTER ALL THE BAD LUCK WITH OUR LAST APARTMENT AND THE EXHAUSTING SEARCH FOR A NEW HOME, ITS INCREDIBLE THAT WE FOUND THE PERFECT SITUATION OUR DREAMS.

THESE ROSE TINTED EYES.