

Map

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MAP

YES, MAP IS THE TITLE OF THIS PIECE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAP IS A MAP OF, NO, BUT I KNOW THAT IT WILL BE A MAP OF SOMETHING PERSONAL, BECAUSE, LOOK! THESE ARE MY OWN FINGERPRINTS DIVIDING ALL THESE LAKES AND SEAS.

I STARTED OUT WITH A STAEDTLER LUMOCOLOR 315, BUT NOW I AM USING A PENTEL PAINT MARKER, SUPPOSEDLY WITH A "FINE POINT."

THIS USED TO SAY

THIS IS NOT CENSORSHIP — I JUST DID NOT LIKE WHAT I WROTE.

THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO SAY THAT I AM MAKING THIS MAP IN QUÉBEC. IT IS MY FIRST VISIT. NOT MY LAST, I HOPE. BUT YOU NEVER KNOW. YOU DON'T KNOW, & PROBABLY DON'T EVEN CARE!

THIS MAP WILL APPEAR IN INTER.

STAEDTLER IS A GOOD GERMAN BRAND. I LIVE IN... WELL, I STARTED TO SAY THAT I LIVE IN GERMANY. BUT I PREFER TO SAY THAT I LIVE IN BERLIN. IF YOU KNOW BERLIN VERY WELL, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN. IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN IN QUÉBEC.

YES, I KNOW THAT IT SHOULD BE IN FRENCH, AND I KNOW, TOO, THAT IT TAKES ME A LONG TIME TO DISCOURSE INTELLIGENTLY IN FRENCH.

BUT I DO CARE. IF I DID NOT CARE, DO YOU THINK I'D BE WRITING THESE BANALITIES ON THIS SO-CALLED MAP? I HOPE NOT. AND I'M NOT SO CERTAIN THAT THE TRIP WILL BE SO BANAL. LET US SEE.

AND E FOR ME

AND WITH OUT - CHANGED MY MIND.

EMMETT WILLIAMS

THERE MUST BE, SOMEWHERE IN QUEBEC, A LAKE THAT LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE THIS SHAPE. IF YOU KNOW OF ONE, PLEASE DROP A LINE TO THE EDITOR OF INTER, WHO WILL KEEP ME POSTED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WILL DO WITH THE INFORMATION, BUT I PROMISE TO DO SOMETHING. THANKS IN ANTI-PARTY.

I DON'T WANT TO STICK MY NOSE IN NORTH AMERICAN POLITICS, BUT I FEEL AT HOME WITH THE MILITANT ASPIRATIONS OF THE QUÉBÉCOIS. I LIKE IT HERE.

I HAD IMAGINED BEFORE I GOT HERE THAT QUÉBEC WOULD BE A CITY OF WINE DRINKERS. EXCEPT FOR THE GREAT TEQUILA CHEZ RICHARD MARTEL, IT HAS BEEN BEER, BIER AND BIÈRE.

TO MAKE THIS MAP, I RIPPED UP A FRENCH-LANGUAGE NEWSPAPER AND THEN DROPPED THE TORN PIECES ONTO A LAYOUT PAGE AND TRACED THEM WITH FINGER-PRINTS. YOU MIGHT CALL IT A MAP OF

SO I MADE AN INSTALLATION AT LE LIEU.

I WOULD CALL IT SIMPLY AN EXHIBITION, BUT NO ONE MAKES EXHIBITIONS ANY MORE, THEY MAKE INSTALLATIONS. THE WAY THERE ARE NO MORE GARBAGEMEN — NOW THEY ARE CALLED SANITATION ENGINEERS. I HOPE I AM MAKING MYSELF CLEAR.

CHANCE, AND THEN YOU MIGHT NOT.

→ → MORE

SPECIALY, IN FRENCH.

THE
SUN IS
SHINING ON
THE DIRTY
PILE OF SNOW
OUTSIDE MY
WINDOW. I JUST
ATE TWO "MAPLE
LEAF" ALL-BEEF
WIENERS, C'EST À
DIRE DEUX SAUCISSES
FUMÉE AU BOEUF.
I'VE HAD BETTER
ONES. CAN YOU
IMAGINE, THEY
HAVE THE NERVE
TO PRINT ON
THE PACKAGE
NATURAL
SMOKE
FLAVOUR
ADDED!

I'D MUCH
RATHER
S
M
O
K
E.

I
AM NOT
BLESSED,
OR CURSED,
WITH DALI'S
USEFUL
AIDE-MÉMOIRE,
PRE-UMBILICAL
MEMORY. IF I
HAD IT, THIS
MAP MIGHT HAVE
BECOME A FAT
ATLAS. NOR DO I
POSSESS THE GIFT
OF TOTAL RECALL,
ESPECIALLY, AT
MY AGE, WHEN
THERE IS SO MUCH
TO REMEMBER, AND
WHEN SENILITY IS
SUPPOSED TO BE SET-
TING IN.

HELLO
OUT
THERE!

(SEVERAL DECADES AGO, AT AN
EXHIBITION IN LONDON, I WAS
DESCRIBED AS "THE POLE WITH
THE ELEPHANT MEMORY." I FORGET
WHY. ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL
ABOUT THIS COMPULSION TO DIG INTO
THE PAST. BEWARE THE RESULTS OF
TAMPERING WITH THE ARTIFACTS!
AN AMERICAN COLLEAGUE,
WHO WAS ACTIVE ON THE HAP-
PENING SCENE IN NEW YORK
EARLY ENOUGH FOR
HIS OWN
GOOD...

... MINIMIZED,
IN MY EYES, AT
LEAST, HIS CLAIM

TO FAME AND GLORY BY
REVEALING, SEVERAL DECADES
AFTER THE FACT, THAT HE HAD PROB-
ABLY INVENTED HAPPENINGS WHEN
HE WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD, WHILE
ENTERTAINING HIS FAMILY

AND THE NEIGHBORS IN THE
BARN, THE STABLES, THE
ROSE GARDEN...
... OR THE
WOODSHED, I
FORGET WHICH.



ANOTHER COLLEAGUE, ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE OCEAN, SAW BLOOD ON THE WATER
IN LEVERKUSEN, OR SOME OTHER GER-
MAN CITY, AT THE AGE OF
TWO OR THREE,
OR...

... MAYBE
FOUR, AND INVENTED
HAPPENINGS ON THE SPOT
THEN AND THERE. AND THEN
THERE IS THE SAD CASE
HISTORY OF THE CONCEPTUAL
ARTIST WHO WOKE UP ONE MORNING...

... AND
REALIZED THAT
HE HAD INVENTED JUST
ABOUT EVERYTHING FIRST, BUT
WHO UNFORTUNATELY HAD TOLD
HIS IDEAS TO OTHER ARTISTS
IN NEW YORK, WHO PROMPTLY
EXECUTED THE WORKS AND
SIGNED THEM AS THEIR OWN.
(AND WHY AM I TELLING
YOU ALL THIS?)

AH!, I SEE TROUBLE AHEAD. YES, I HAVE ENOUGH EXPERIENCE IN TYPOGRAPHY TO REALIZE THAT I MUST DECIDE IMMEDIATELY WHICH SIDE OF THIS STRANGE SPACE I

AND NOW I MUST USE UP THIS SPACE. DO YOU SMOKE? I HOPE NOT. L'USAGE DU TABAC RÉDUIT L'ESPÉRANCE DE VIE!

UNFORTUNATELY, I DO SMOKE, AND SMOKE A LOT. I HAVE GIVEN OUT OF CIGARETTES, BUT IT IS  SNOWING OUTSIDE, AND I HAVE NEITHER HAT 

NOR ← UMBRELLA!

+

THE PRIVATE PHONE NO. OF GEORGE BRECHT IS 0221-4029

WILL END THIS SENTENCE ON. WELL, HERE WE ARE, GOING DOWN DOWN DOWN.

AND SO MUCH FOR THAT!

UP A BIT, I WILL DRAW SOME FUNNY LITTLE PEOPLE.

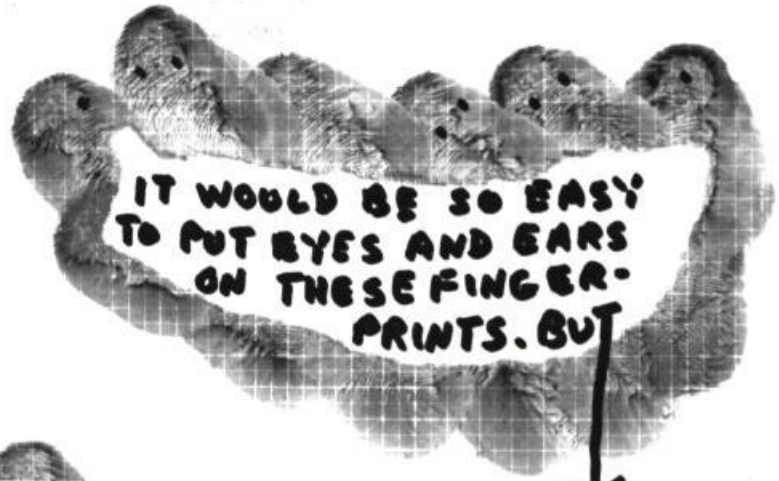
LAST NIGHT I WAS BROWSING THROUGH MONA DESGAGNÉ'S BOOKS, AND WENT TO SLEEP WITH ROMOLA'S BIOGRAPHY OF HER HUSBAND VASLAV. ON PAGE 368, DIAGHILEFF VISITS THE DERANGED NIJINSKY, AND TELLS HIM HE MUST DANCE AGAIN. VASLAV SHAKES HIS HEAD. "JE NE PEUX PAS, CAR JE SUIS FOU." WHAT A PUNCH LINE.

NIGHT BEFORE LAST WE ATE QUAIL AT A THAI RESTAURANT. MANY YEAR AGO I ATE AT A THAI RESTAURANT. MAMA CAS WAS THERE EATING UP STORM. SHE DIED.

GOOD GRIEF! THIS IS A MORBID PART OF THE MAP. IS THIS BECAUSE I'VE RUN OUT OF CIGARETTES? TO CHEER MYSELF UP A BIT, I WILL DRAW SOME FUNNY LITTLE PEOPLE.



ANOTHER STRAIGHT LINE. IT MAKE ME WANT TO WRITE SOMETHING SORT OF CROOKED. BUT THAT IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE.



IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO PUT EYES AND EARS ON THESE FINGER-PRINTS. BUT

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T DO IT. WHY DON'T YOU?

YES, DO IT. AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION IS GOOD FOR YOU!

→ IN LOS ANGELES.

AN, WE GOT AROUND THAT LOS ANGELES DETOUR. POOR MAMA CASS. YES, WHEN I LIVED IN HOLLYWOOD I HAD MORE MONEY THAN USUAL, SO I ATE AND DRANK MORE THAN USUAL, AND HAD TO GO ON A DIET!

→ SEVERAL MONTHS AFTERWARDS.

WONDER IF ANYONE WILL READ WHAT I AM WRITING. REALLY, YOU SHOULD READ AND LOOK AT AND LISTEN TO THE WORK OF

SUPPOSE MAMA CASS HAD GONE ON A DIET!

YOUR CONTEMPORARIES. AS EARL BROWN ONCE POINTED OUT, IT IS THE ONLY GENERATION OF ARTISTS THAT YOU CAN EVER GET TO KNOW FIRST-HAND.



THE RELUCTANCE OF FUJI-SAN TO ALLOW ITSELF TO BE VIEWED

IS, TO ME, ONE OF THE MYSTERIES, AND ONE OF THE GLORIES, OF MY FAVORITE COUNTRY, JAPAN. NEAR THE FOOT OF THIS MOUNTAIN, THERE IS A MONUMENT HONORING THE ANTHROPOLOGIST FREDERICK STARR, AN AVID FUJI CLIMBER, WHO DIED IN NINETEEN - THIRTY-SOMETHING, BEFORE THE WAR. ON THE MONUMENT ARE THESE WORDS OF DR. STARR: FUJI WITH ITS SUMMIT WRAPPED IN CLOUD, BARE AND NAKED IN A BLAZE OF SUNSHINE IS BEAUTIFUL; FUJI WITH ITS SUMMIT WRAPPED IN CLOUD AND MIST IS MORE

BEAUTIFUL; FUJI BLOTTED OUT

→ BY THE FOG UNTIL ONLY A HINT OR LINE IS LEFT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL

SINCE THIS IS THE LAST PART OF THE MAP, MAYBE IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT FLUXUS. YES, I KNOW A LOT ABOUT IT. BUT IT IS HISTORY, AND

YOU CAN DO YOUR HOMEWORK AT YOUR LOCAL LIBRARY. ANYWAY, DURING MY RETROSPECTIVE AT THE NATIONAL GALERIE IN BERLIN IN 1982, I WAS

ASKED TO ADDRESS A GROUP OF ART HISTORIANS ON THE SUBJECT OF ~~FLUXUS~~ FLUXUS. ONE OF THE HISTORIANS SAID: "HOW

DO YOU PRONOUNCE IT? IS IT FLOOKSUS OR FLUCKSUS?" WELL,

HAPPILY I RECALLED GEORGE MACIUNAS' PRONOUNCEMENT ON THIS GRAVE MATTER.

GEORGE SAID: "FLUXUS RHYMES WITH FUCK'S US. FIN DE POÈME.

I'M VERY PROUD OF MYSELF. YOU SEE, I HAVE BEEN MAKING PORN SCULPTURES IN ITALY RECENTLY, YET I HAVE KEPT THIS MAP CLEAN!

OVER THERE ON THE RIGHT ARE THE LETTERS OF THE ENGLISH ALPHABET. EVERYTHING I HAVE WRITTEN ON THIS SO-CALLED MAP— EXCEPT FOR DASHES AND DOTS AND COMMAS AND THOSE LITTLE PEOPLE— CAN BE SAID TO BE VARIATIONS ON THE ALPHABET. I'VE BEEN TOLD THIS MANY TIMES. BUT DON'T BELIEVE IT. BECAUSE THE LANGUAGE GAME IS MUCH MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE ABCs.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

TODAY IS TUESDAY,
MARCH 20, 1990, AND I AM
STILL IN QUÉBEC. THURSDAY
I FLY TO HALIFAX, ~~WHERE~~
WHERE I WILL SPEND SOME
TIME WITH MY OLD PAL
GARRY KENNEDY AND
HIS WIFE JAYNE. APRIL 2
I RETURN TO BERLIN,
AND APRIL 4TH I WILL
HAVE A "SURPRISE"
BIRTHDAY PARTY
AT THE MINOS
RESTAURANT.

I WILL BE
SIXTY-
FIVE.
HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!
EM-
ETT.

THEN I'LL
GO SOUTH
TO VERONA,
WHERE I
WILL WORK ON
MY 20
PROPOSALS
FOR THE STAINED-
GLASS WINDOWS
FOR THE FLUXUS
CATHEDRAL. I HOPE
I CAN GET IT ALL
~~BEFORE~~ DONE BE-
FORE THE
BIEN-
NALE.

AS I
REMARKED
EARLIER.
SO I'LL END
MY MAP—
OR IS IT YOUR
MAP?— AS
SOON ~~AS~~ AS

POSSIBLE, AND GO UP THE
STEEP HILL, IN THE SNOW,
AND SATISFY SOME OF MY
BIOLOGICAL URGES.

SO HOW DID
I LIKE MY SHORT
VISIT TO QUÉ-
BEC? WELL, IF I
HAD A BIG
STUDIO, AND
ANN NOËL WITH
ME, I COULD
STAY A LONG,
LONG TIME.

DID I LIKE QUÉBEC?
I'M GOING BACK
TO BERLIN WITH
A LEATHER COAT
THAT NATHALIE
GAVE ME
LAST
NIGHT!



BYE

BYE