

# AE

#3, March – May 2006



new magazine, new writing,  
new illustration, new fashion, new thought

## In This Issue:

### Literature

<b>Mud and Champagne</b> by Brent Powers (Illustrated by Eduardo Infante)	Page 4
<b>Tag</b> - a story and stitch-illustrated book by Mark Wagner	Page 18
<b>House in the Shape of 'G'</b> - a poem by Evan Kennedy	Page 23
<b>A Meeting</b> - a cartoon by Adrian Duncan	Page 35

### Fashion

<b>My Beautiful Laundrette</b> photographed by Aurélien Bergot, styled by Alan Prada	Page 8
<b>Tala, Agatha, Lucy and Grace</b> photographed by Anna Acquistapace, styled by Anna, Don, Giulia and Synneve	Page 24

### Features

<b>Boring (boing!)</b> - an installation auto-critique by Immediate Medium	Page 14
<b>Critical Unrealism</b> by Oliver Longden (Illustrated by Justin Edward Moore Bednarz)	Page 29

## CALL FOR CONTRIBUTORS

We are interested in anyone with an idea. If you have any that you feel fit in Æ, don't hesitate to contact us at [editor@ae-magazine.com](mailto:editor@ae-magazine.com) or visit our website at [www.ae-magazine.com](http://www.ae-magazine.com). Our primary areas of interest are creative writing, fashion design and experimentation, cultural essays and articles, illustration, photography and cartoons. We are also looking for audiovisual work and music from emerging talents. We like original approach, feckless execution and ruthless experimentation.

Cover by Aurélien Bergot, 2005

Published March, 2006.

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Gentle reader,

This third issue marks Æ's transition to becoming a free, web-based PDF magazine. Sign yourself, your friends, family and rich benefactor acquaintances up to the mailing list on the website to receive Æ by email every three months.

The breadth of the magazine is also expanding. We are now actively looking for Aspiring and Emerging talent in the fields of music and the audio-visual arts. Please contact us to contribute.

The audio-visual element of Æ commences this issue with a video installation by American performance art collective Immediate Medium which can be viewed at [www.ae-magazine.com/audio-visual](http://www.ae-magazine.com/audio-visual). In the magazine feature, the group members footnote each other's accounts of their experiences with the piece. In "Critical Unrealism," Oliver Longden critiques a critique of art criticism in an imagined Thatcher Britain.

Fashion comes from Switzerland and France. In a dull Geneva laundromat, four Swiss kids embrace the ennui in the turning drums and the exhaustion of the spin dryers while in Paris, four fancy bags wear a clatter of Parisiennes about town.

The protagonist's anxiety in the short story "Tag" associates his general disregard for his apparel with a veritable sartorial Metamorphosis on the back of his neck. "Mud and Champagne" recounts an unsuccessful seduction involving a shrewish interlocutor and a red, red door which just won't fade like everything else. As always, illustrations from all over the world accompany the texts.

The next issue is out May 1. Stay with us.

**Don**

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# Mud and Champagne

by Brent Powers  
Illustrated by Eduardo Infante

So there I was standing barefoot in the mud, daintily sipping champagne from a tall flute, you'd think I was at some special event, premier, fundraiser, something, but here we are in the same old western town where we've always been and everyone's laughing. Understandable, given the situation. It's pouring down rain, the silver's moved on, and there's just no reason to be here any more ... Things don't work here. Never have. But we celebrate anyway. Especially when it rains, I don't know why. No one's sown any crops out there. We've got no use for the rain except to stand out here sinking into the mud while we hoist our fancy-assed flutes and make toasts. Here's to ... whatever. Here's to some other thing. Mostly we toast what is gone. The silver load, those who've gone and died, the last time the mail came through. We get good and drunk. We try to write our names in the mud before they disappear but we can't because of the rain. People make bets on it. If you can finish writing your whole name in the mud before the rain washes any of it out, even if it persists for just the second it takes to read it, you win. What do you win, though? Well, nothing, you just win. Everybody claps their hands and says, you win, yay, and we toast that. It seems like a pretty good thing to do.

"Where you now, Beaver?" Molly said, leaning over the piano bar.

I shook it all off and reached for my champagne. No, mineral water, twist of lime.

"My old job," I told her.

"What was that?"

"Well, it's funny, you know. It was nothing. We didn't do anything at all except





drink champagne."

"What?" she said with a breathy laugh.

"Well, yeah, we just sort of stood around in this western town out in the middle of nowhere. We stood out in the middle of the street with no shoes on. It was always raining and we stood out there in the mud and made toasts."

"What did you toast?"

"Nothing," I said. "Just whatever came up. I remember we toasted the red door on the church. We toasted that because it managed to stay red. That was an accomplishment in a town where things mostly got bleached out. Everything got all gray from the rain except for that door. I think some Chinese guy used lacquer on it, then he left. We toasted him, and we toasted the door. I remember him painting it, taking the coins someone gave him, then tipping his derby hat as he walked away backwards and slowly faded into the blur. Strange character. Just came out of nowhere and painted the door."

She sighed and looked flattened. I signaled the waiter.

"No," she said. "This isn't working, is it?"

"No," I admitted.

She looked at me sadly for a long time. "So, what did you think? We were going to sit here in this swank bar and talk meaninglessly, have dinner maybe? Then



we'd go home to your place or my place and jump into bed? Let me turn on some music. Should I use something? You make up a life you say you had and I'm supposed to be impressed?"

"Yeah. That sort of thing."

She got up. Someone brought her a coat and draped it over her shoulders. She held her purse in both hands and slumped and sighed again. The doorman came over and said something to her and she nodded.

"There's my cab," she said.

"Well, OK," I said, smiling. "But have you ever been anywhere like that? A funny old western town with only mud and champagne, no point to it? You just stand there in the mud without shoes and you toast any old thing. Dead people, people who've gone on, a red door? No? Well."

"I don't think I'll be seeing you," she said.

"No. Probably not. Why should you? Just try to remember it, though. Try to remember what I used to do. It might ... I don't know, it could help or something. It could find a meaning in the right situation when you say it to someone."

But I was watching her back as she moved quickly out of the room.



# My Beautiful Laundrette

**Styled by:** Alan Prada

**Clothes by:** Le Laboratoire, Carole Souiller and Chappuis.

**Models:** Alexandre, Chen, Dylan, Lancelot

**Photographed by:** Aurélien Bergot







Striped and drawn-on sweater by Le Laboratoire,  
Purple dress by Carole Souiller



Grey wool sweater with antique Japanese fabric application by Chappuis  
Black leather obi belt, stylist's own



Sweater by Le Laboratoire,  
Brown scarf from Plainpalais flea market, Geneva



Angel print dress by Le Laboratoire



# Boring (boing!)

by Immediate Medium

American performance art collective Immediate Medium conceived “boring (boing!)” as a performance piece examining youth culture, loneliness, escapism, self-destruction, and the pursuit of the unattainable ideal.

Drawing inspiration for their performance piece from competitive athletics, college drinking culture and the murders of Jose and Kitty Menendez by their teenage sons in Beverly Hills, California in 1989, Immediate Medium obsessively play drinking games, sing, build towers, play video games and recite love letters while simultaneously performing activities making these deceptively simple tasks impossible to sustain.



In “boring (boing!),” Immediate Medium imagine a world of young people indulging in compulsive behaviors that ultimately drive them towards (self-) destruction.

The group has performed the piece since its conception in 2002. Immediate Medium work in iterations, always knee-deep in a battle for integration - with the threat of disintegration just one snide comment away.

Collaborators Esteban Arboleda, Gabrielle Demeestere, JJ Lind, Mike Smart, Maki Takenouchi, Guy Penini and Liz Vacco each describe in 100 words the making of “boring (boing!).” Then they each edited what the others wrote.

Liz edited by Esteban

I'm the only one who has had the desire to be the princess from Mario Bros. It took a tremendous emotional breakdown to prompt me to admit this to friends. So there I was, in JJ's apartment in Brooklyn, bouncing around on his hardwood floors, trying to master the nuances of The Princess's every move. And for three years now, I've been perfecting it - climbing through the landscape, throwing rooted vegetables, skating the icy surfaces, and reaching the star, oh, the star. And then, one time, one of you - who was it - chose the Luigi. What were you thinking? No Luigi for me please. Just the pretty little Princess, plain and simple. And don't forget my, tiara.

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Esteban edited by Gabrielle

I'm writing this on my last night at the restaurant, standing exactly where I was when you pulled up on your bike and said don't know you? And yes, maybe I was checking you out. What I was trying to say the other day was that I think it's something of an accomplishment - this thing we've been doing for the last few months. When I first met you, I remember asking myself which would last longer - ground floor or Apt. 3? And right then, who knew. But, time passed, and as the restaurant sunk to become one of the worst engagements I've had in this city, you turned into the best thing that's happened to me since I moved to NY.

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Mike edited by Guy

I didn't really have much to do with boring (boing) though I heard a lot about it while I was living in Germany. I was still on the distribution list so I got all kinds of crazy emails - a lot about the murder of the Menendez parents and about Nintendo. And I thought it sounded a little trite but I had full faith in IM. I know it was a difficult piece for some of them and, now having seen it, I appreciate it. It's really a pretty simple piece and is, like most of our stuff, about futility.

Comment [gp1]: Mike doesn't want to take credit/blame.

Deleted: folks

Comment [gp2]: Was that the point? Appreciate is such a weird word, makes me think of Art Appreciation.



**Gabrielle** edited by JJ

As a reformed college stoner, my particular chosen task in "boring (boing!)", or symbol (symbol?) of failure, was to do bong hits. I played Mario Brothers and every time I died, had to take a bong hit. This meant that my first sober attempt was basically the only one that took me anywhere in the game. After that, there were many short, failed attempts to avoid monsters and jump over large holes, punctuated by the characteristic Mario death melody.

After the show, I wandered the streets of Brooklyn with JJ, trying to shake off my stoned stupor, wolfing down tacos and hoping that JJ's massive drunken body wouldn't stumble over and fall in the gutter.

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Comment [JL1]: I could walk just fine, thank you! I think your marijuana induced paranoia made you THINK I would topple.

**Guy** edited by Liz

First things first, this piece exists because of the vicious murder of two people. Spring (boing!) started with the shotgun murders on March 20, 1996 of Jose and Kitty Menendez by their teenage sons, Lyle and Erik. The piece is hardly an explanation of the deaths or a tribute to the victims (we don't know them and didn't delve deeply into the case). But the selections you see began building from this vicious glimpse of teenage suburban life. The piece no longer rests on this conceit. I just want to remind you that it began with death.

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Comment [jlk1]: (And with a week of Nintendo playing projected on a dirty white wall of 35 Lynwood, don't forget.)

Comment [jlk2]: What's so wring with that?

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Deleted: t

**Maki** edited by Michael

People associate video games with 16-year old boys and were surprised by how well I played. Growing up, my sister and were seriously obsessed with video games. We still are.

After ingesting 10 popsicles, my teeth chattered involuntarily. After 30 popsicles, I got the runs. I insisted on eating 100% fruit juice popsicles, and someone said the runs were brought on by excessive amounts of vitamin C in my system.

The Big Red (fuck you whoever bought it) caused weird puckers inside my mouth and it BURNED like hell. After chewing 10 packs (50 sticks of gum), I couldn't move my jaws anymore.

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Comment [ms1]: Don't you have spell-check?

Deleted: popsicles

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Comment [ms2]: That sounds like a reasonable explanation.

Comment [ms3]: Guy and I got it from the dollar store by the subway.

Comment [ms4]: Better word?

**JJ** edited by Maki

Liz was sleeping in my bed, so I wasn't alone. In our obsessive-compulsive evening ritual of jogs between pints of ice cream and two liters of pepsi, we discussed the dissolution of our latest relationships. I wanted to drink to prove I could destroy myself. And I loved playing quarters. I wanted to drink until I saw God. Haha. So we played old video games and I dressed up like a frat boy. I drank 12 beers in twenty minutes. I puked. I did it again and puked until I blacked my own eyes. I laughed and people laughed at me. I was sort of sad. I couldn't help clean up because I couldn't stand up.

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To see the Boring (boing!) installation, please visit the audio-visual section of our website: [www.ae-magazine.com](http://www.ae-magazine.com)



My left hand stays behind my head, scratching my neck to relieve the discomfort, but my hand becomes confused. There is something odd about this tag. So I send my right hand back to help investigate. It's when I pry my shirt away from my back that the problem becomes clear...





The tag isn't attached to my shirt. It's attached to me.

That's silly. Stupid. Impossible. I pull at it, and it won't come off. I twist it, and my skin twists too. I dig with my fingernails at the edge and find stitches there. It is attached. It's sewn into me.

What does it say? Does it list my fiber content or blood type? Does it name my manufacturer? If so, who would it name – Mom and Dad or some higher power? Would it just give a name or would they have some flashy logo?

What a stupid, frustrating place to put a tag. How am I ever supposed to read it back there?

The itching gets worse the more I think about it.

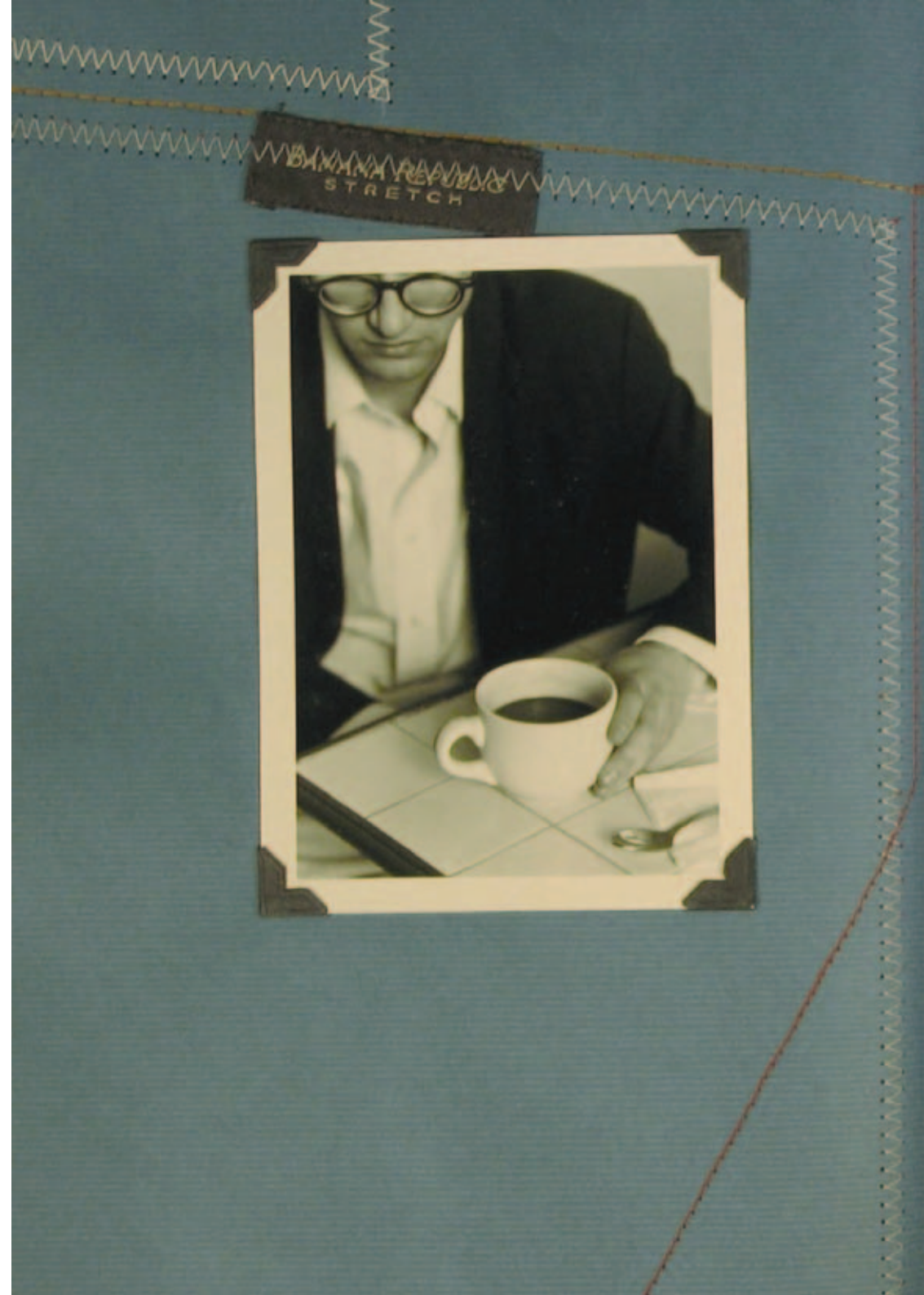
Who could I ask to look at the tag and tell me what it says? What if it contains information that could be used against me – something about my weaknesses or embarrassing personal measurements? Who could I trust not to spread such information around?

I want to rip the thing out right now just to get rid of it. Could I do that? Or would that sever the wrong threads and undo some vital seam running around my neck or down the center of my back?

Maybe I should wait until I have a scissors handy and cut it off. But even if I trim it as close as possible there will still be some stub of a tag left behind. Those stubs of tag can be more irritating than the entire tag was to begin with. The itching is bad enough now – I would hate for it to get worse.

What if I'm not taking proper care of myself? Have I been bathing incorrectly? I never pay attention to the instructions on my clothes, and look what happens to them. They end up shrinking or fading or melting – threadbare and falling apart.

I picture myself falling apart and decide to sit down and clear my head.



I go into a cafe, avoiding eye contact with the other patrons. The tag itching more than ever, I'm scratching and pulling at it as I walk to the counter. When the woman asks for my order she spots the hand behind my head. I know she must think I'm only fixing my hair or adjusting my collar, but still I let go of the tag from embarrassment.

I take my coffee from the counter and find a seat against the wall.

I know I could never contort myself enough in front of a mirror to see it, and using two mirrors wouldn't work because my eyes are too poor. So I feel the tag carefully. It is smooth and supple, broad and doubled back on itself. It is sewn into my neck as a loop, and I can stick my finger through the opening. Pulling on it does not hurt.

I can just barely detect the embroidery...an ever so slight texture on the silky surface.

Was it attached after my birth, or was I born with it there? Did the doctor sew it on, or is it part of my genetic code? How could I have overlooked the thing for so long?

Why isn't the tag on my leg or under my arm? Even on my butt I would be able to read it.

It's possible that the tag's placement is some kind of convention. When I was young I had a teddy bear that had a tag on the back of its neck too. Before I knew how to read, I thought the words there might have said, "use tag as handle while carrying bear." So I did. By the time I could read, all the writing had worn off, so I never knew what it really said.

Maybe the tag isn't meant for me to read. Maybe the tag was for my mother's prompting: "Feed often, hand-wash only, hum to sleep, change diaper as needed."

Or maybe the instructions are for a lover: "Gentle cycle, warm lips, nibble ear,

tumble dry."

The itch gradually dissipates as I sit drinking my coffee. Some chance occurrence it seems, and not an irritation born from the tag itself. By the time I am finished with my first cup the itch is gone entirely.

I start to think that it isn't so bad having a tag after all. A difference in the skin's terrain that is somewhat personal and somehow reassuring...like a belly button or a birthmark or a long-healed scar. A small reminder that you are you.

My second cup of coffee is sitting on the counter while I fumble in my pockets for the change to pay.

As I give the money over with one hand, I reach back with the other to reassure myself the tag is still there. I smile. The woman behind the counter returns my smile.

As she turns to reach for something high on the shelf behind her, I'm pretending to make adjustments to my coffee, but really I'm looking carefully at the back of her neck.

## House in the Shape of 'G'

watching horses from above	through folds of
a red cloak	duelers half-sunken in
sand beside prospectors	roaming toward the reddest
hill where a city stands	bless this home
like a half-fulfilled hope	a general's cap
a myth reenacted	recognized by few though
I have a trick up my sleeve!	other things too
as we dip our spoons	into the still life though
peeking over the hills	of mud one finds houses
that will outlast us	the shadow of Destiny leaping

**Evan Kennedy**



# Tala, Agatha, Lucy and Grace

**Photographed by:** Anna Acquistapace

**Models:** Amina, Judy and Sinéad

**Styled by:** Anna, Don, Giulia and Synneve

**Featured Labels:** Synneve & Giulia,  
Derome Brenner

Tala bag in citron leather, Synneve & Giulia

Grace bag in teak bird print with blush leather, Synneve & Giulia

Earrings, Derome Brenner





Grace bag in navy leather with petrol stitching, Synneve & Giulia



Agatha bag in teak leather and petrol stitching, Synneve & Giulia



# Critical Unrealism

by Oliver Longden

Illustrated by Justin Edward Moore Bednarz



Lucy pochette in cream satin ribbon weave,  
Synneve & Giulia

The idea that everyone can be an artist is a popular assumption, flying in the face of T.S. Eliot, Byron and Crowley who tended to see art as belonging to the independently wealthy who could devote their lives to it. The condition of urban squalor does at least have a pedigree almost as fine as the condition of constant boredom which seems to afflict the wealthy but what of the middle, the proper middle classes who have leisure (but not too much) and disposable income? What art have they ever created? Where are their struggles told?

The answer is, unsurprisingly, that it doesn't get told all that often. Stockbrokers and lawyers become cartoonists and not visionaries, by and large. The things that tend to cripple them in early middle age are irony and cleverness. It must be a terrible thing to wake up one morning and see through the ghastly charade of middle class life in the Cotswolds and the city, and find that your only response to this nightmare is to say something clever and incisive which changes the world in no meaningful way. Indeed, its only effect is to feed the next generation who lap it all up through the Sunday supplements and spend their lives wishing they could be as clever and ironic. Meanwhile, the idle rich will continue writing their folio works and the dossers on the dole will continue sawing up cattle and hanging around at dreadful parties populated by other people who think that sort of thing is clever.

The only art movement which can be ascribed clearly and decisively to the middle classes, to the exclusion of all else, was started by an accountant from Guiseley, in England, in the late eighties. It was called critical unrealism and started innocuously enough when Jonathon Richards took his then girlfriend to the Leeds City Art Gallery in 1989 because they had nothing to talk about. There was an exhibition of transhumanist art on display and Richards overheard a group of art journalists savaging the work. As he himself later said: "All art is about provoking a reaction, getting talked about and mentioned in the culture supplements. It seemed



natural to me to want to control that reaction, the same way I controlled my expense account." The event seems small enough but it played on Richards' mind and he found that when he returned home to Guiseley, having discussed the exhibition with his girlfriend, he felt compelled to find out more. That weekend he bought the Sunday papers, both local and national, and read the reviews of the exhibition with a growing excitement. The art itself was unimportant; he was amazed at the vitriol of the reactions to it, the importance which people attached to it.

Richards had to go back to work the next day but something had got hold of him. He found himself unable to focus on his accounts and the day-to-day business of accountancy seemed boring in a way that it never had before.

There was something missing and, for once, his first reaction to it was not simply to catalogue and index it as material for his midlife crisis. There was something he described as "a need" growing within him, a need to participate in the art scene. Unlike many who have found themselves drawn to art, he felt no need to give up his day job, go to more galleries or hang around with other artists. He was drawn to the reaction which art receives. The next weekend he bought the Sunday issue of the *Yorkshire Evening Post* and scoured the listings for local galleries. There was a cafe bar in Guiseley called "V" which exhibited work by local artists. That was all he needed. He was about to make history.

The very next week, using his time after work, Jonathon Richards created the first work of critical unrealism by writing to the *Yorkshire Evening Post* submitting a scathing review of an exhibition he had seen at the cafe bar in Guiseley of works by a young artist called Jonathon Richards. An extract of the review will give some idea of its flavour:

"Mr Richards seems to think the public will be stimulated by his haphazard melding of expressionism and abstract stylings while asking them to swallow some of the most banal social satire since Ben Elton picked up a microphone.

Haven't we heard enough about Thatcher yet? None of the pieces on display here are saying anything new or interesting about our current situation. Yuppy culture



is in its death throes already and the last thing we need is more angry young artists clinging desperately to the past when they could be looking to the future. Victor Montoya's collage collection, currently on display in Saltaire, does a far better job of critiquing Thatcher's underlying hypocrisy and draws on a much more diverse cultural background. Richards is trapped in a narrow furrow." (*Yorkshire Evening Post* 22/01/1989)

The review appeared in the Sunday edition of the *Yorkshire Evening Post* which has now become something of a collector's item for fans of the movement. The review might have been written off as a prank, a harmless experiment in how much people believe what they read were it not for a man named Arthur Tanning (another accountant) who wrote to the newspaper to complain that Richards' work had been grossly misrepresented and argued, in specific terms, that he was one of the most exciting artists to have emerged in the decade.

This was the catalyst for the creation of the entire movement. Initially, of course, the movement was formless and centred very much around Leeds and the surrounding area, but gradually word spread and soon critical unrealist reviews were appearing in papers and art magazines all over the country. It retained, to the very end, a strong middle-class flavour; the act of removing the actual art from the social equation remained most appealing to those who had already had every trace of creativity sucked out of them. As Brian Dott (who collaborated with Richards on the Tate project in 1994) observed: "We don't really need art to generate a reaction because no one really understands art, but I work in advertising. That means I understand people. Critical unrealism is only concerned with people's reactions and I don't need to create anything to generate a reaction."

The end of critical unrealism is generally held to have happened in 1994 with the Tate project, when a group of critical unrealists headed by Richards collaborated on a showcase at the Tate Modern Gallery in London. The media interest in the event was unparalleled, with more people than ever before claiming to have visited the exhibition. Critical unrealism enjoyed a brief moment in the spotlight but the forces which had created it were not equipped to handle the level of publicity it was receiving, especially since none of the main artists working in the movement had ever met or even spoken to each other. The newcomers seemed unable to tap



into the unconscious vibe which enabled Richards, Tanning, Dott, Creaver and the others to work together.

The pioneers of the movement moved on and by the middle of the 90s critical unrealism was effectively dead. Jonathon Richards has gone on to do interesting work with the concept of unrealism by issuing statements describing, in loving detail, the art he would like to create if only he had any talent for it and the way it would make people feel. As he gets older a mournful streak has emerged and his "statements of intent" have a small but dedicated following in the art community.

In interviews Richards is philosophical about critical unrealism. "It was part of my development, something I had to get out of my system. I was just lucky that there were some other people out there who felt the same way. It was always going to have a limited shelf-life because once it reached a certain level of public awareness then everyone had to have a piece of the joke. That was the thing that most people couldn't understand about us, it wasn't a joke to us. When everyone thought it was a joke it somehow became a joke - that's the way art works I guess. You have to just shrug and move on with your life. I met Anthony Mead last year, he's got bitter about it because he quit his job while the money was still coming in. He told me he was thinking of becoming a cartoonist. Me, I'm still slaving away at Arthur Andersen. I much prefer working in pure unrealism, its honest in a way that critical unrealism could never be. I miss the collaborative side of critical unrealism, that was what made it special for me."

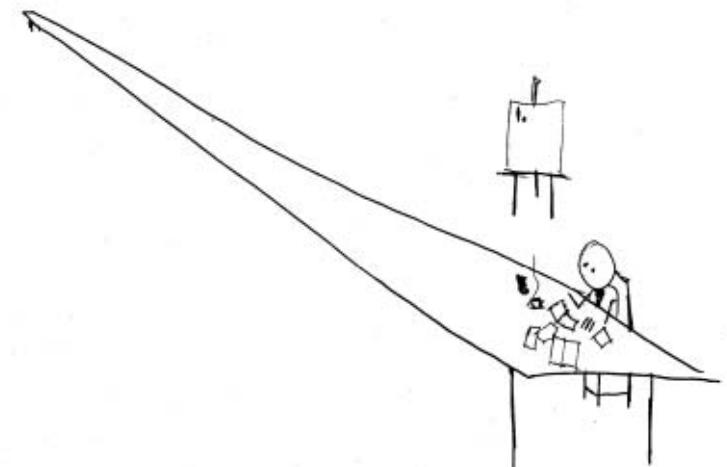
The internet has effectively killed critical unrealism for good. It was a movement which fed at least partly on ignorance, and the great strides which have been made in the spread of information make it harder and harder to achieve the right balance. The middle classes have fallen silent, retreating once again to the comfortable world of Scott Adams and, ironically, still get most of their culture from the Sunday supplements Richards used to convey his viral anti-art. The art world continues its great and terrible voyage up its own backside and the critics seem to have learned nothing from critical unrealism's subversion.

# A Meeting

a cartoon by Adrian Duncan

My files are spread in front of me  
 My chair is square to the table  
 My steely stare is set  
 My pens, (red, black, blue) are set before me  
 My cup of instant coffee is stirred and steaming  
 My chocolate coated biscuit is perched on the saucer and is waiting  
 to be devoured wolfishly and covetously  
 My tie is on  
 My cufflinks are secure and brilliant  
 My nasal hair is tamed  
 My watch is removed, on the table and facing me  
 My glass of water is cool and in a state of expectant repose  
 My diary, akimbo  
 My glasses are clean  
 My hands are limber  
 My shirt is starched  
 My cock is draped extravagantly across my lap

I am ready for a meeting





# AE Contributors

**Anna Acquistapace**, 25, is from Berkeley, California but has been in Paris for the past five years. She studied politics and spent time working for the French administration, found that it wilted her soul and moved on to better things involving art and photography. She wants to do beautiful, playful, serious things.

**Justin Edward Moore Bednarz**, 21, is from Detroit, Michigan but now resides in Baltimore, Maryland where he is a children's book illustrator, a web interface designer/illustrator, a line chef, a writer and a student at the Maryland Institute College of Art. He would like to curate 19th century decorative American arts in a museum with a well established collection and patronage.

**Aurélien Bergot**, 26, is a photographer from Geneva, Switzerland. He studies at the School of Fine Art in Geneva and the Vevey Photography School. [www.aurelienbergot.com](http://www.aurelienbergot.com), [www.cortez40.com](http://www.cortez40.com)

**Derome Brenner** is a jewellery and eyewear label founded in 2004 in Paris - [www.deromebrenner.com](http://www.deromebrenner.com)

**Chappuis** is a Geneva-based label set up by Swiss designer Aline Chappuis, more information at [www.mychappuis.com](http://www.mychappuis.com)

**Adrian Duncan**, 27, is an engineer by day and a cartoonist by night. He lives in Dublin, [www.maycontainnuts.info](http://www.maycontainnuts.info)

**Eduardo Infante**, 32, is from Alicante, Spain but now lives in Barcelona where he is an artist, making artwork for record labels exhibiting his art. Right now he is preparing two major exhibitions in Japan and is preparing for the publication of a book of illustrations. [www.transpop.com](http://www.transpop.com)

American performance art collective **Immediate Medium** are Esteban Arboleda, Gabrielle Demeestere, JJ Lind, Mike Smart, Maki Takenouchi, Guy Penini and Liz Vacco. They formed in 1996 at Yale University and have since performed in New York and Boston. Their work, contact details and further information are available on [www.immediatemedium.org](http://www.immediatemedium.org)

**Evan Kennedy**, 22, is a Texan now living in Brooklyn, New York. He is a research assistant and poet.

**Le Laboratoire** is a five year-old Lausanne, Switzerland-based male and female fashion duo. [www.le-laboratoire.com](http://www.le-laboratoire.com)

**Oliver Longden**, 26, is from Yorkshire, England but lives in Cambridge, England where was overeducated through no special effort on his part. He is currently trying to extricate himself from the world of banking. He wants to write, drink and fuck his way into an early grave.

**Brent Powers**, 61, is from Burbank, California but now lives in Redwood City, California. He went to college to avoid the draft. When that was straightened out, he left school and worked dead-end jobs to support his writing. He is now a writer. His story first appeared in US online literary magazine *Bewildering Stories*.

**Alan Prada**, 25, is from Lugano, Switzerland. He lives in Milan where he works for Italian *Elle*. He is an art historian by training but wants to start his own fashion company promoting new, emergent fashion designers and write a book from someone's youth to old age.

**Carole Souiller**, 25, is a fashion designer from Geneva, Switzerland. She graduated in fashion design from the Haute Ecole des Arts Appliqués in Geneva in 2003 and has since been working on her own creations. [www.fashionshow.ch/carolesouiller](http://www.fashionshow.ch/carolesouiller)

**Synneve & Giulia** is a two year old Paris-based accessory and bag label founded by Italian-American Giulia Ceccacci and Swede Synneve Thylefors, both 28. Both studied at the Rhode Island School of Design. For a list of points of sale, consult the website: [www.synneveandgiulia.com](http://www.synneveandgiulia.com)

**Mark Wagner** is an artist/writer working in Brooklyn, New York. He is the proprietor of Bird Brain Press, and co-founder of The Booklyn Artists Alliance ([www.booklyn.org](http://www.booklyn.org)). "Tag" was originally published in an edition of twelve artist books with hand-written text and sewn garment tags.

## Editorial

**Don Duncan**, 26, is from Ireland and now lives in Paris where he is a journalist. He has studied literature and experienced a short-lived flirtation with fashion design. He wants to write more and put together books and magazines.

**Peter Joseph** works in the editorial department of Thomas Dunne Books, an imprint of St. Martin's Press in New York and is an associate editor for PopMatters, an international magazine of cultural criticism. A native of Massachusetts, he currently lives in Brooklyn, New York.

**Sarah Rigaud**, 29, a Franco-American who grew up in Montpellier, now works in publishing in Paris. Her studies include literature and web-editing.

**Paul McNally**, 21, is a freelance journalist and magazine layout artist based in London, [www.newsmonkey.co.uk](http://www.newsmonkey.co.uk)

IF ANY OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS INTERESTS YOU AND YOU WISH TO FIND OUT MORE, PLEASE  
DON'T HESITATE TO CONTACT US FOR CONTACT DETAILS: [editor@ac-magazine.com](mailto:editor@ac-magazine.com), [www.ac-magazine.com](http://www.ac-magazine.com)