NON-CREATIVE GARBAGE

(aka no commerical potential)

#111 3 Tres Trois Three Drei Special July Art Town Issue COST- FREE! \$0 £0 €0 ¥0 C\$.0001

http://www.noncreativegarbage.org http://www.sejdb.com http://www.sejdb.net http://www.sejdb.org
Well, of course, this is just the sort of blinkered Philistine ignorance I've come to expect from you
non-creative garbage. You sit there on your loathsome spotty behinds squeezing blackheads not
caring a tinker's cuss for the struggling artist.

The Arts Complex

Art town? We live in art town We are art town We are artistic Creating art In a small town The Former City of Trembling leaves Where art blooms green and full For thirty one summer days Then fades to yellow and falls Forgotten for three hundred Withering days and dark nights While musicians starve Sculptors neglect their clay Painters can't afford paint Playwrights sell their souls Singers lose their voices Writers fade away Poets lose their passion Dancers die And Art is consumed.

The complex devours
Creation and creativity
Whole
Until nothing
Is left to see
Or hear
AnywhereExcept the horror of falling leaves
by Jacques du Bois http://www.sejdb.com

> Try to think different It's just a corporate slogan Sell your soul now, please.

Melting pavement black slowly bubbling through cracks molten heat surrounds.

Jack in the Box grows insomnia rules the night, indigestion follows.

Minnesota declaration: truth and fact in documentary cinema "LESSONS OF DARKNESS"

- 1. By dint of declaration the so-called Cinema Verité is devoid of verité. It reaches a merely superficial truth, the truth of accountants.
- 2. One well-known representative of Cinema Verité declared publicly that truth can be easily found by taking a camera and trying to be honest. He resembles the night watchman at the Supreme Court who resents the amount of written law and legal procedures. "For me," he says, "there should be only one single law: the bad guys should go to jail." Unfortunately, he is part right, for most of the many, much of the time.
- 3. Cinema Verité confounds fact and truth, and thus plows only stones. And yet, facts sometimes have a strange and bizarre power that makes their inherent truth seem unbelievable.
- 4. Fact creates norms, and truth illumination.
- 5. There are deeper strata of truth in cinema, and there is such a thing as poetic, ecstatic truth. It is mysterious and elusive, and can be reached only through fabrication and imagination and stylization.
- 6. Filmmakers of Cinema Verité resemble tourists who take pictures amid ancient ruins of facts.
- 7. Tourism is sin, and travel on foot virtue.
- 8. Each year at springtime scores of people on snowmobiles crash through the melting ice on the lakes of Minnesota and drown. Pressure is mounting on the new governor to pass a protective law. He, the former wrestler and bodyguard, has the only sage answer to this: "You can't legislate stupidity."
- 9. The gauntlet is hereby thrown down.
- 10. The moon is dull. Mother Nature doesn't call, doesn't speak to you, although a glacier eventually farts. And don't you listen to the Song of Life.
- 11. We ought to be grateful that the Universe out there knows no smile.
- 12. Life in the oceans must be sheer hell. A vast, merciless hell of permanent and immediate danger. So much of a hell that during evolution some species - including man - crawled, fled onto some small continents of solid land, where the Lessons of Darkness continue

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Minnesota April 30, 1999

Werner Herzog http://www.wernerherzog.com

Quotations for Fun and Amsement

Do as thou wilt will be the whole of the law, love over will.

Aleister Crowley

The future belongs to those who can hear it coming.

David Bowie

If you can walk, you can dance. If you can talk, you can sing.

A saying from Zimbabwe

We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are.

Anaïs Nin

You are your attitude.

Bruno Hans Geba

Posies and Pansies on the Starry Hill

For C.F.S

The stars fell as you broke your crown An imaginary coronet woven In Linden bows and secret holly Framed in thistle and ragged thorns.

Instantly a phantom, beneath grey skies Wandering and wondering for a place To haunt before the past is passed forward Flash frozen on paper and lines of ink.

You fell as the suns came tumbling down Cracking the spheres of heaven in two Love and blood oozed from an ominous gash The world grew cold as your essence flowed away.

No one came after the night took its toll Lying in a ring of scattered wilting posies As the night grew and you went cold. by Jacques du Bois http://www.sejdb.com

Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one.

Albert Einstein Ecrasez l'infame! (Crush the infamy!) Voltaire

This is the end of Non Creative Garbage number three.

Jesus may love you, but Cthlulu would like you for dinner. No art fags were hurt in the making of NCG 3