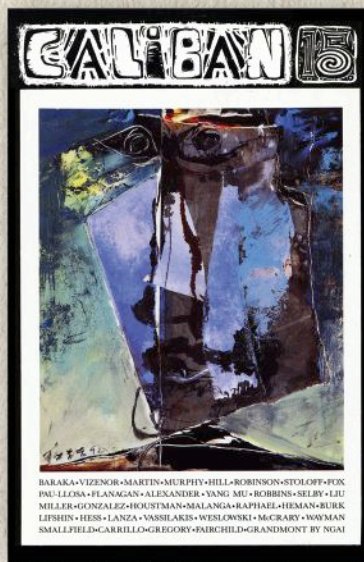


## CALIBAN IS LOOKING FOR ART SCOUTS

Since the first issue of *Caliban* back in 1986, we have taken great pride in the quality of the artwork featured in both *Caliban* and *Calibanonline*. We have done portfolios by Chuang Che, Joseph Nechvatal, Guy R. Beining, Ahn Hyun-Il, Ira Cohen, Edgar Heap of Birds, Kisoon Griffith, Ellen Wilt, Emmi Whitehorse, Diane Gamboa/ East L.A. Self Help Graphics, and Gary R. Smith. There have also been some great projects, like the exploration of Kassel Documenta 8 and the "return to the modernist project" in *Caliban* #3. It included the work of Robert Longo and Joseph Nechvatal, among others, and a long interview with Antonio Porta on the New Modern. *Caliban* #6, "A Practical Utopia in Detroit," included essays by Edward F. Fry (the curator of Kassel Documenta 8) and Joseph Nechvatal, art and architectural design by Ellen Wilt, Chuang Che, and Jonathan Sinagub. *Caliban* #14 featured the prize-winning city planning design by Katherine Keane and Jonathan Sinagub entitled "City of peace, nature, science—city of oneness."

*Calibanonline* has continued this intense search for innovative artwork. We have had great help from poet and art critic Ricardo Pau-Llosa, who sent out word of *Calibanonline* to the Latino art community. The result has been an amazing range of work from Paul Sierra, Eduardo De Soignie, Homero Hidalgo, José L. Telot, Jovan Karlo Villalba, Frank Garaitonandia, Yamel Molerio, Carlos Ulloa, Pedro Vizcaino,



Marcelo Bordese, Cristian del Risco and Miguel Ronsino. We have had more contributions from Chuang Che and new work by Barbara Lai Bennett, Austin Straus, John Digby, Alvaro Cardona-Hine, Linda Lynch, Christine Kuhn, George Hitchcock, Holly Boruck, John M. Bennett, Jim Hair, Costis, Travis Kerkela, Jim Zver, Carolyn Stoloff, Nico Vassilakis, Spencer Selby, Vernon Frazer, Dale Houstman, Daniel Estrada del Cid, Gary R. Smith, and Deanne Yorita.

As hard as we try to keep up with various art scenes, especially emerging artists in many different cities, there is no way we can know about everyone. That is where the readers and contributors to *Calibanonline* can help. Of course, all artists are welcome to submit work by emailing copies to [submissions@calibanonline.com](mailto:submissions@calibanonline.com). But if you know of artists that you think we need to know about, please alert us, so we can look at their work on their internet sites. *Caliban* and *Calibanonline* have always been grand collaborations between large numbers of people. Let's keep that energy going.

### COMING SOON

A new store will be appearing soon at the *Calibanonline* website. Issues of the print *Caliban*, from #1 through #15, will be available for sale. Broad sides printed to celebrate the first issue of *Caliban* in 1986 will also be offered, both those that were signed by the contributors to #1 and others without signatures.





# CALIBAN

## is calling the tribes together



Toto Pota

Let beasts be invented which are worthy of the footprints in the mud.

Anyone who was even marginally connected with the numbing of the sixties counterculture knows that what was happening then was infinitely more exciting than anything that has happened since. Poetry was alive, too. I'm not talking about the failure or success of the revolution. That's another story. I'm just talking about the excitement. Now I'm reading a lot of poetry that tells me how heroic accommodation can be, a kind of poignant and ironic resignation to live in the suburbs.

Edward Said says that the impotent irony of some modernists, their suggestion of the futility of struggle, is simply an extension of the 18th and 19th century imperialist tradition. We all know that in recent history "invulnerable" dictators have fallen with amazing ease when a large number of people have recognized each other's presence and have begun to move in the same direction. Who says nothing can be done? The world disproves that every day.

Surrealism, or whatever other thing you want to call that magnificent obsessive journey the people who are really alive in this century have been taking, has barely started.

Don Byrd, in *Sulfur 16*, says there is "a peculiar invention of the Reagan era, which might be called the tyranny of manners." There is an enormous amount of writing now going on that needs to be attacked and rejected, if only to keep our minds from going to mush. Time for less kissing and more biting.

Caliban is calling the tribes together to help pull the culture out of the sink it's slipped into. Writers need to struggle to move toward an authentic position and at the same time to attack and reject the fraudulent.

This is a haunted country. Blood is on our hands and ghosts crowd our streets, but the voices of cultural anger over this continuing betrayal of who we are and who we might become have turned into the purr of acquiescence.

The open road is still open, but only if we insist on it.

Liberation cannot be partial or incremental; it must be total, whether political, economic, social, cultural, or sexual. It is not earned; it is a right we are born with, but that we have to fight for continually. There are always realtors and used car salesmen who claim to own our birthrights, and they can draw up a million phony deeds to prove it if we let them.

These endless ironies about the loss of paradise, and the necessity of accommodation, are pure and simple collaborations with the forces of oppression. They are even worse than surrender. And they must never be confused with "black humor," or "objective humor" in the Bretonian definition, which has been characterized as a kamikaze attack on the universe.

Caliban wants to liberate all islands everywhere from the rational Prosperos, those fraudulent magicians, who think they own and understand art, but who only suffocate it.

The avant-garde is not the exclusive domain of white, middle class males, bohemian or otherwise.

A human being is at his or her highest point of existence in a just act of resistance. That is the closest we will ever come to utopia, not some imagined aftermath. The balance between injustice and justice varies with different cultures, different ratios in one and another, but there is no absolute. There is no millennium, not in this world.

Most of us would agree that the media in the U.S. constitute a network of evasions, distortions, and downright lies. That's why the underground press of the sixties flourished; it served as a truth network. It certainly isn't that anymore, that is, if it even still exists. In the eighties the media are even worse than they were twenty years ago. Where is the "alternative press?" Writers had better figure out a way to communicate the truth, and to re-establish the network. Writers need to do more than simply criticize a system whose leaders are in love with death. There needs to be a counter-assertion of who we are, the kind of assertion William Carlos Williams makes in *In The American Grain*: not propaganda, just setting the record straight.

There are no excuses for anyone. No one on earth has paid all of his or her dues. And the more a person claims that he or she has paid all the dues, the less this is true.

Let beasts be invented which are worthy of the footprints in the mud.

-Larry Smith

Mike Harper  
 Clark Coolidge  
 Janet Kauffman  
 Gary R. Smith  
 Wanda Coleman  
 Jerome Rothenberg  
 Lawrence R. Smith  
 Charles Baxter  
 Mary Chuang  
 Maxine Hong Kingston  
 Jack Anderson  
 Edouard Roditi

This Broadside was printed in an edition of 250 copies on the occasion of a party to celebrate the publication of the first issue of *Caliban* on Friday, January 23, 1986 at Shaman Drum Bookshop, Ann Arbor, Michigan. It has been signed by a number of authors whose work appears in *Caliban*.

In 1986 Karl Pohrt, the owner of The Shaman Drum Bookstore in Ann Arbor, Michigan, commissioned a broadside to celebrate the publication of the first issue of *Caliban*. As I toured the country to publicize the magazine, I arranged meetings with many of the contributors and asked them to sign copies of the broadside. Those signatures include: Maxine Hong Kingston, Diane Wakoski, Clark Coolidge, Charles Baxter, Wanda Coleman, Janet Kauffman, Jerome Rothenberg, Jack Anderson, Michael S. Harper, Chuang Che, Mary Chuang, William Matthews, Edouard Roditi, Ron Silliman, Yang Mu, Clayton Eshleman, Ivan Argüelles, Gary R. Smith, and Lawrence R. Smith.