

How do you name a child? How do you name a fanzine, a multicolored drink or a pair of shoes you really like? We'll tell you how. Of the above, we had to name a fanzine we had been working on for some time.

At the opening of Henrik Plenge Jakobsen's exhibition Circus Pentium at Statens Museum for Kunst in Copenhagen, a balding, square-headed man in tight-fitting, black glove-leather pants (pulled up above his navel), a see-through psychedelic shirt and a tight red leather vest came up to us. It was a rather surprising look to us because the man usually works as a guard at the museum, dull-looking and clerkish in his gray uniform, keeping an eye on the museum's treasures. After a little small talk, the square-headed man said, "Jeg tænkte, at jeg ville give den lidt gas i aften" (I'm giving it a bit of gas tonight), referring to his clothes. He told us that he had got so excited about the rehearsals of Plenge Jakobsen's seductive, baroque opera (performed at the opening) that he had gone home to slip into something more irreverent.

'Gas' refers to many things: stepping on it, blowing off steam, plain old natural gas, the Danish '70s band Gasolin or, in Danish, making fun of something. The more we talked about it, Gas seemed like an appropriate name for our fanzine.

The backbone of GAS is a small group of invited correspondents. Each correspondent, contributing

to two issues of GAS, is encouraged to respond to a specific subject that concerns everyone on a daily basis. For GAS 001, the subject is food. The correspondents are free to respond any way they find most suitable. They can ask other artists or writers to be a part of their contribution. The GAS correspondents for issues 1 and 2 are Peio Aguirre (Donostia-San Sebastián), La Vaughn Belle (Christiansted, St. Croix), Stephan Dillemoth (Munich), Theresa L. Duncan (Los Angeles), Matias Faldbakken (Oslo), Lars Erik Frank (Copenhagen), Karl Holmqvist (Stockholm/Berlin), Nontsikelelo "Lolo" Veloko (Johannesburg), Jochen Volz (Belo Horizonte) and Young-hae Chang

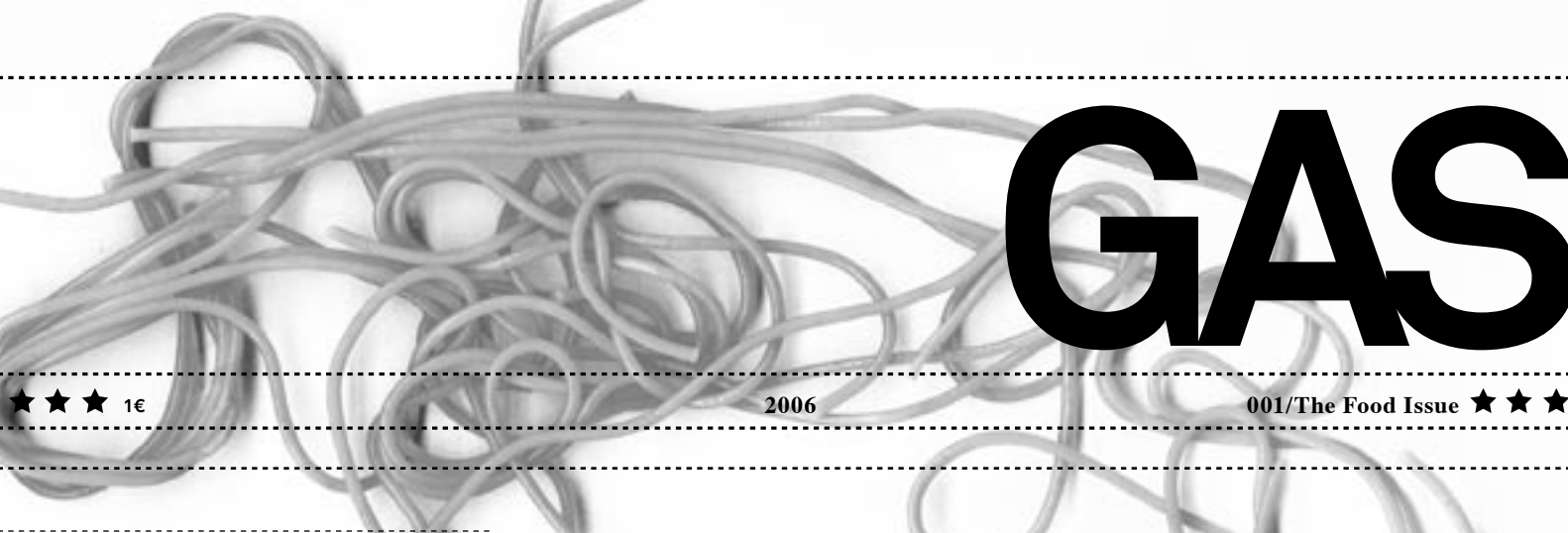
Heavy Industries (Seoul). Special guest appearance by Filippo Marinetti (dead).

We are proud to be putting out GAS.

Pernille Albrethsen and Jacob Fabricius, Copenhagen.

stamp

address



Bull and bread

By La Vaughn Belle, Christiansted, St. Croix

If you come to my home I will offer you something to eat or drink. At best, I want you to feel comfortable and show you some hospitality. At worst, I simply want you to know I had home-training and that my mother, among many things, taught me some manners.

Despite the reason, it's not about the coconut water, lemonade, potato chips, crackers, sugar apple or whatever else from my fridge or from my yard that I have at the moment to offer you. And you, if you also want to show me that you too have manners, will accept my offer. Without regard as to whether or not you have just come from devouring a super-sized meal, a polite and affirmative smile followed by a gracious and warm thank you is your appropriate response. In actuality gratitude is an extremely important part of this exchange, which again, isn't really about food at all. Food is never really about food. It's almost always a tool, a necessary go-between.

Here, in the Virgin Islands, we've even designated whole holidays and festivals to food - supposedly. We have in February the Agricultural and Food Fair. Three days seemingly dedicated to food and agriculture. That is what the unsuspecting outsider might think. But to us Crucians, we know that the "AG Fair" is only the biggest fashion show of the season. Indeed under the clever guise of candied rums, tarts, plants, prizes for the biggest cow, the biggest pig, the most handsome rooster and displays on how to propagate, irrigate and air-layer the newest mango hybrids, exists a fierce competition of fashion eloquence. There is for example, the who-can-match-the-best contest. Hair clips, blouse, pants, bag, shoes, nails, bangles, earrings and belt must all be the same bright orange, yellow, fuchsia or some other color you rarely find in nature except of course on tropical islands like ours. Then there's the ice (red), gold and green Rasta combo which can go many ways but usually also includes the colors white or black, blue jeans and a t-shirt that dons Bob Marley, Marcus Garvey, Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah or some other icon in the Rastafari ideology. Although there is never a tangible winner, the main goal of this fashion extravaganza is to see and be seen.



In our political campaign season there is a proliferation of the good ole down home fish fry. These events are held in public market squares, accompanied by loud music and equipped with dozens of people wearing the face, the name and ballot number of another questionable political aspirant. Although there is plenty of fish to fry, these fish fries are never about issues; they're about raising money to fund a campaign. And the people who go to them don't go for the fish; they go to see who's wearing whose face, name and ballot number on their free t-shirt. Fish fries are about alliances not about the poor snapper, grouper, king or pot fish that met its fate in your belly.

I probably should be, but I'm not ashamed to say that until being asked to write something about food, I actually thought that Bull and Bread day really was about alimentation. Celebrated on November 1st of every year, I thought that maybe it was about when our ancestors rose up to fight against some food injustice in the past that we had...had enough of the bull and we wanted more bread? I can be glib and unashamed because in my day we had VI history for 1 month out of our twelve year secondary education career.

RULLEMOPS

By Sven Otto Sørensen, Middelfart

- 6 fresh herring fillets
- 2 small cups vinegar
- 2 tbsp. sugar
- 5 bay leaves
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- pickles (optional)

Bone and clean the herring fillets (if they aren't already). Wrap each fillet around a pickle and secure with a toothpick. Put the vinegar, onion, sugar and bay leaves in a pot. When the marinade comes to a boil, turn off heat and put in the rolled herring fillets. Place them to show how they are rolled (not on their side). Let the herring steep for 5 minutes. Serve hot or cold, with aquavit. It's as easy and fast as making a sandwich!

I can tell you much more about the US constitution, the Monroe Doctrine and the Reconstruction period of American History. I can do this not because we, like everyone else, is a part of this globalization and Americanization of our local cultures. I can do this because the US is our latest colonizer - we've had seven - after purchasing us from Denmark in 1916. And in true colonial form we learn more about them than we do about us.

But back to Bull and Bread, another holiday with a food title that isn't about food at all. I learned or re-learned (I'm sure that in the one month of VI history we covered this but have since forgotten after so many years) that Bull and Bread Day is actually about freedom of the press. In the first few decades of the last century, the socioeconomic and political climate of the Danish West Indies (what we were called back then) was in dire straits. With the outbreak of World War I everyone was afraid of the German U boats in the Atlantic and no one wanted to trade with us anymore. This of course led to massive unemployment and many businesses going bankrupt, resulting in further exploitation of laborers in a devastated economy. And so it happened that David Hamilton Jackson, born in Christiansted, St. Croix, with his intelligence, oratory skills and leadership ability was selected by the growing labor movement to go to Denmark and speak to King Christian and parliament of the injustices they were suffering. (See I knew it had something to do with injustice). He obviously made a good case because upon his return he was able to initiate among other reforms, freedom of the press. Prior to that, the only legal publication was issued by the government and promoted the concerns of the plantation owners and the colonial powers. The Herald, first circulated on November 1, 1915, became our first privately owned newspaper and was used to educate the masses, instill pride and open people's minds and worlds with reports on local and world events. To celebrate the issue, bull and bread were given out to the workers, hence the naming Bull and Bread day, which we began to officially celebrate in 1949. Although an important part of the festivities, the food is really just a platform. Like the Herald, the food is an opportunity for interaction and engagement. And like art, food gives us a way to talk about something else other than itself.



READERS COMPETITION!

Now is your chance to win a unique Cuban lighter which has been refuelled 8 times by local gas men in Havana. Find the pork chop and email the page number before August 10th, 2006 to: gaspeople@hotmail.com

Spaghetti added by Stephan Dilleuth, Munich

YOUNG-HAE CHANG HEAVY INDUSTRIES (YHCHANG.COM) PRESENTS

EVIL MCMEAL

DOUBLE, DOUBLE TØIL AND TRØUBLE; FIRE BURN AND CAULDRØN BUBBLE.

RECIPE EVIL MCMEAL IS A FREE, ENTIRELY VEGETARIAN AND MINERAL, ECOLOGICALLY SOUND DISH. NO HUMANS ØR ANIMALS HAVE BEEN HARMED, PHYSICALLY ØR PSYCHØLOGICALLY, AND NO ANIMAL BYPRØDUCTS HAVE BEEN USED TØ MAKE EVIL MCMEAL.

INGREDIENTS 1. ØNE BRICK,

2. GRASS, AS IN "THE EVIDENCE INCLUDED FAMILIES EATING GRASS, WEEDS, AND BARK" (HTTP://WWW.CNN.COM/WØRLD/97Ø4/Ø8/KØREA.FØØD).

3. BARK, AS IN "THE THIRD THING WE NØTICED IS HUNDREDS ØF PEØPLE FØRAGING FØR WILD FAMINE FØØDS, LIKE TREE BARK" (HTTP://WWW.PBS.ØRG/NEWSHØUR/BB/ASTA/JUNE97/KØREA_6-11.HTML).

5. TWIGS, AS IN "MANY IN THE CØUNTRYSIDE ARE RELYING ØN ARTIFICIAL FØØD MADE FRØM GRØUND UP TWIGS, BARK, AND LEAVES" (HTTP://NEWS.BBC.CØ.UK/1/HI/WØRLD/ASTA-PACIFIC/1Ø48557.STM). NØTE: SØME INGREDIENTS IN EVIL MCMEAL MAY BE IN LIMITED SUPPLY IN YØUR AREA.

PREPARATION 1. PICK UP BRICK, BRØKEN ØR WHØLE, USED ØR UNUSED, FRØM STREET.

2. LØCATE GRASSY AREA AND PICK ENØUGH GRASS TØ FILL YØUR STØMACH. 3. RESIST TEMPTATION TØ LIE DØWN IN GRASS. 4. TEAR LARGE PIECES ØF BARK FRØM TREE TRUNK. 5. PICK LEAVES ØFF SAID ØR ØTHER TREE. 6. IN SEASON, TRY TØ AVØID DEAD ØR DRIED LEAVES, AS THEY CØNTAIN LESS ØF THE ESSENTIAL NUTRIENTS ØF AN ARTFUL ARTIFICIAL MEAL. 6. PICK UP TWIGS ØR BREAK THEM ØFF TREE. 7. KEEP GRASS IN PØCKET AND ØUT ØF REACH ØF ØTHERS. 8. SMASH BRICK SØ AS TØ HAVE ØNE CHUNK WITH WHICH TØ CRUSH ØTHER TINY PIECES INTØ SAND ØR, BETTER YET, PØWDER. 9. LAY BARK ØN GRØUND AND LAYER WITH LEAVES. 10. TAKE GRASS ØUT ØF PØCKET AND PILE ØN LEAVES AS HIGH AS SUITS YØUR HUNGER. 11. INTERSPERSE TWIGS TØ GIVE EVIL MCMEAL TENSILE STRENGTH AND A FALSE SENSE ØF CULINARY VARIETY. 12. SEASON WITH BRICK PØWDER TØ TASTE. 13. TØP ØFF WITH MØRE PIECES ØF BARK.

SERVES ØNE, BUT INGREDIENTS CAN BE FØUND AT NØ EXTRA CØST TØ SERVE MILLIØNS.

TV Symphony

By Matias Faldbakken, Oslo

A guy arranges his friday night consumption after the model of a classical symphony and sings about it to the melody of “TV-Party” by Black Flag.

Symphony tonight!
Symphony tonight!
Symphony tonight!
Symphony tonight!

And icy cakes!
Cops is complimented with some beers
Just what it takes!

I am making a symphony tonight

Model from 18th century
Drinks are mixed with food and smooth TV

All right!

I am making a symphony all right

Tonight!

Model from 18th century
Drinks are mixed with food and smooth TV

The *4 movements* are being played out here tonight

Alright!

Quick and slow and slow and quick all right

Tonight!

Model from 18th century
Drinks are mixed with food and smooth TV

I start out with a few sit-coms
And ice cold coke!
I follow up with the talk shows
Hilarious jokes!

Dr Phil!
Jon Stewart!
Carson Daly!
David Letterman!

After this the feature films are on
And softcore-porn!
When whoppers, chips and titty-films are done
I feel reborn!

Model from 18th century
Drinks are mixed with food and smooth TV

A row of reality is counter-pointed with steaks

A grey stone niche provides the setting for an arrangement of muscatel grapes, two white peaches, some apricots and a chestnut split wide open. The cluster of grapes is still attached to its stem, which seems to grow forth from the dark background against which the entire composition is set. There is a concentration of light and of resonant colours in the foreground, which creates a tangible three-dimensional effect. The in-depth composition is held together by the distinct, red grapes in the foreground; from there it extends to the vine and leaves in the middle ground before dissolving into the dark of the background, where a barely visible mayfly rests on the curly tendrils of the vine. The bright light falling in from the left confers crispness but also a faint air of desolation upon the pictorial elements, in particular upon the peaches in the foreground, which seem almost to illuminate the entire painting. While their yellowish-white skin retains its red blush, slight imperfections are beginning to show. The fuzz cover is now quite pronounced and there are hints of bruises. The rearmost peach is affected by common scab while the other is patently housing at least two weevils. The peaches lie on a bed of worm-eaten leaves whose tips are beginning to shrivel. These are apricot leaves attached to the cluster of apricots to the right of the peaches. There are both small, unripe apricots and some overripe specimens, showing signs of decay and putrefaction. One of the apricots hangs over the edge of the stone sill along with what remains of the badly snail-eaten leaves. The snail is not far away. Putting out its horns, the snail glides along the chipped stone sill in the left hand side of the picture. Moving in the opposite direction is a tiny bee which seems to be attracted by one of the drops of water dispersed randomly over the arrangement – splattering the stone still, the peaches and the grapes – and conferring on the image an air of dampness and decay. Clearly, the chestnut in the bottom right hand corner of the picture fell from its branch some time ago since its gaping shell appears to have burst itself open, revealing a pointed tip which points toward the middle ground of the picture plane – towards a dark melon which, its yellow markings partly obscured by the darkness, is visited by both a ladybird and a caterpillar, inching its way along the stalk. The melon is surrounded by a few ears of wheat seemingly fanning out in all directions from the centre of the picture. Indeed their thrusts underpin the entire compositional structure of the painting. There is a delicately painted ear of wheat behind the solitary ground cherry in the left of the picture – painted only to the extent needed to draw attention to the cherry before dissolving away into the deep dark of the background.

EMPHEMERA VULGATA

By Pernille Albrethsen, Copenhagen

Abraham Mignon (1640-1679)
GRAPES, PEACHES AND APRICOT IN A STONE NICHE, 1667
Oil on oak, 40 x 32.5 cm
Signed in the centre: *'AB Mignon: f'*
Provenance: Probably acquired at J. Aved Sale Paris by Margravine Karoline Luise in 1761.
Staatliche Kunsthalle, Karlsruhe.



Universal Cooking Book

By Jochen Volz, Belo Horizonte

Dear

I hope this finds you well.

I am writing to you with an idea for a little project. And I want to invite you to participate. The Danish curators and critics, Pernille Albrethsen and Jacob Fabricius, have asked me to contribute with a project to their new art magazine called GAS.

GAS is a Copenhagen based fanzine structured around international correspondents. The correspondents are artists, authors, and critics within the field of contemporary art and culture. GAS will be designed by the participants and the Swedish/Danish design trio All The Way To Paris. The issues will be printed in b/w (page format 23 x 33 cm) with 5000 copies and distributed through the network of correspondents and selected galleries, art institutions and bookstores.

The first issue of GAS is around the theme of FOOD, and I suggested to produce a series of pages, which serve as a “Universal Cooking Book”. The idea is very simple: I would like to ask a series of artists to contribute with a drawing, collage, graphic design or whatever other technique to develop on one page a recipe of a favorite dish without using any words or numbers. Instead of writing the ingredients, amounts and preparation, they would have to be represented in whatever way possible. Of course, it is always good and helpful to provide an aerial view of the final dish. Other than that it would completely be up to you to decide how practical the instructions should be.

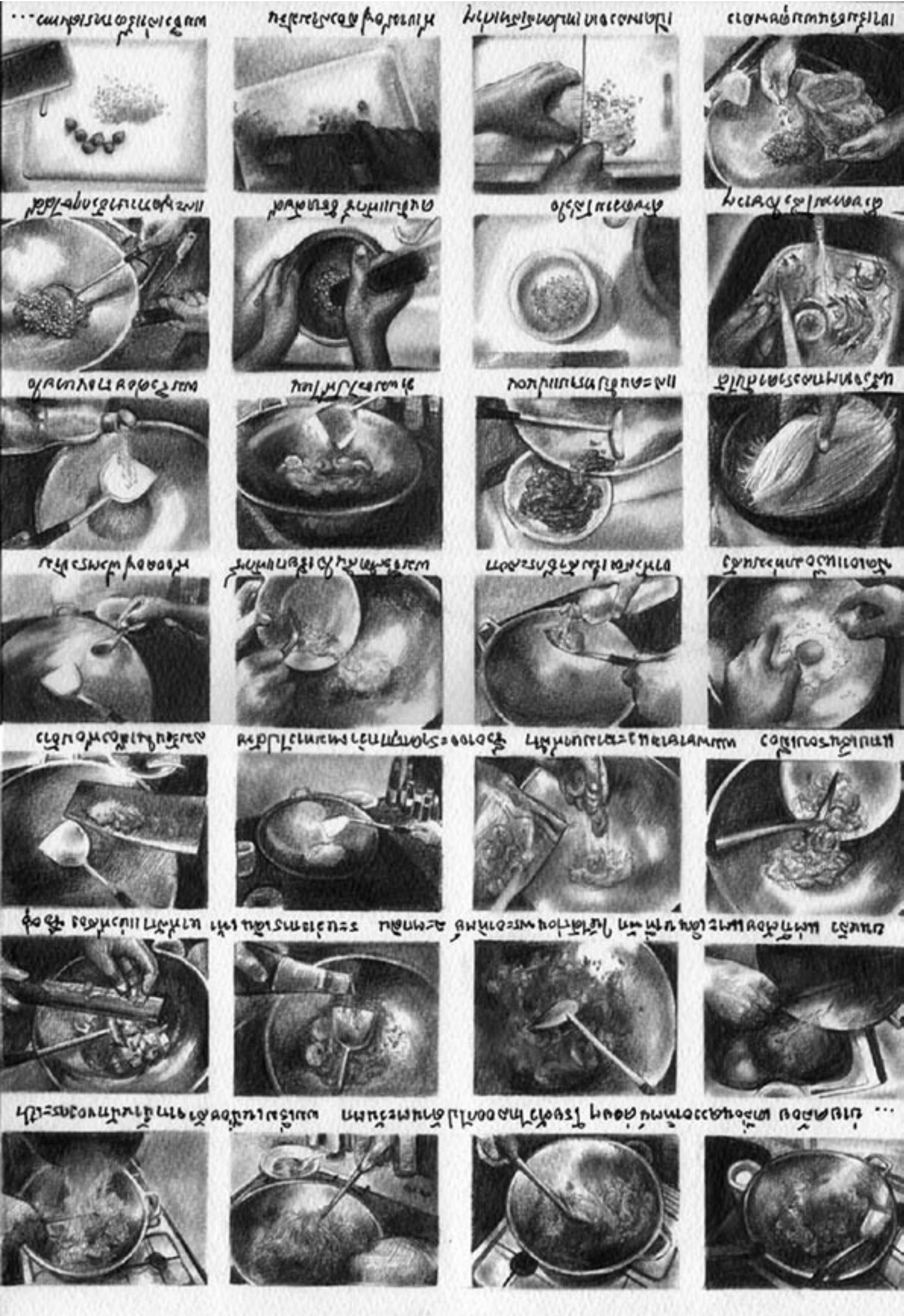
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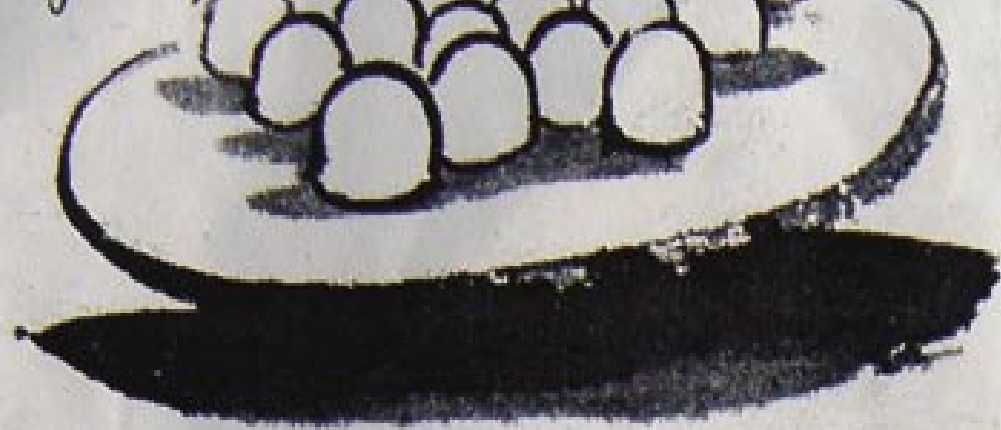
The idea of the “Universal Cooking Book”, of course, can be developed further, and who knows maybe in the end I will be able to produce a little publication, that will be helpful even in your own kitchen. I am looking forward to hearing your thoughts, and I thank you sincerely for your attention.

I am sending best wishes from Belo Horizonte,

Jochen

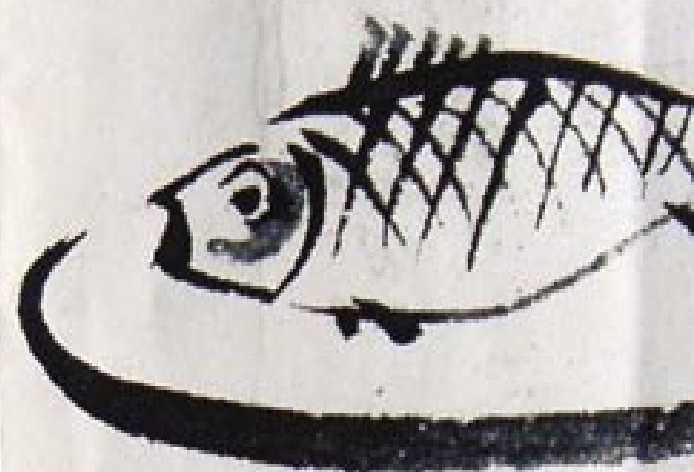
Which artist cooked what dish?
See answers on page 22





mántou 馒头 steamed bread

ziāndre dy
Zhū ròu
Yāng tóu



yú 鱼

dampfl

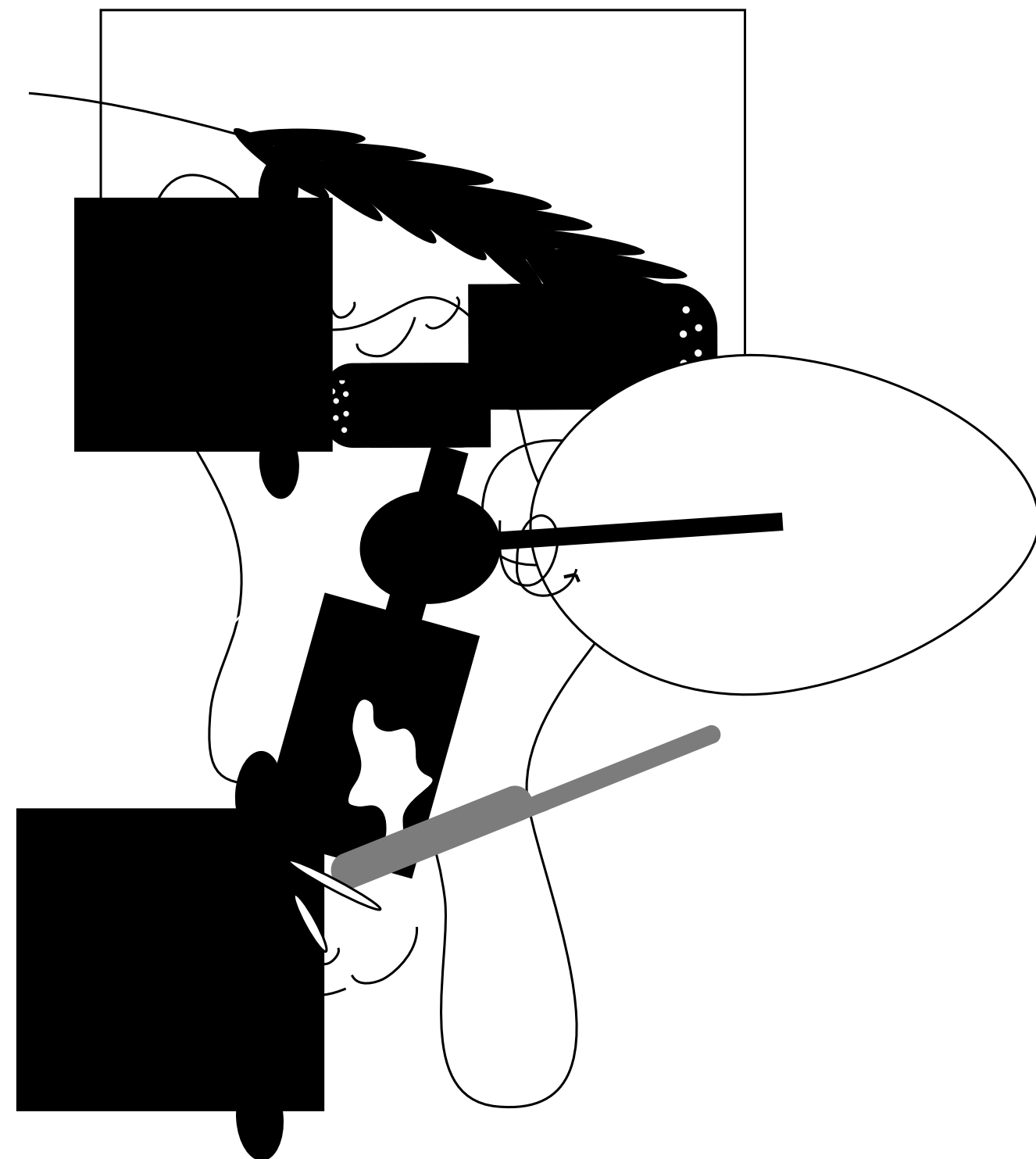


gōng xī

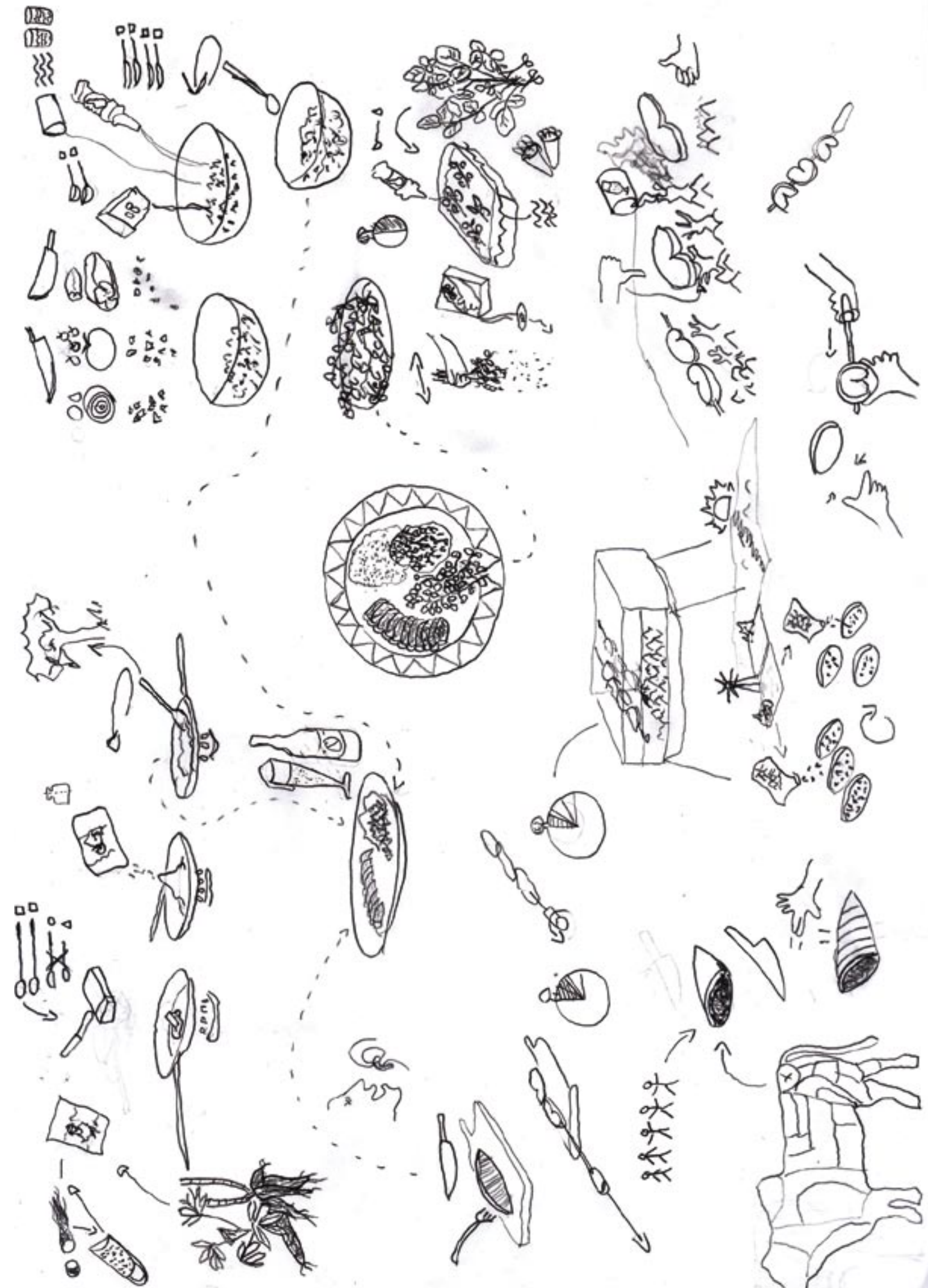
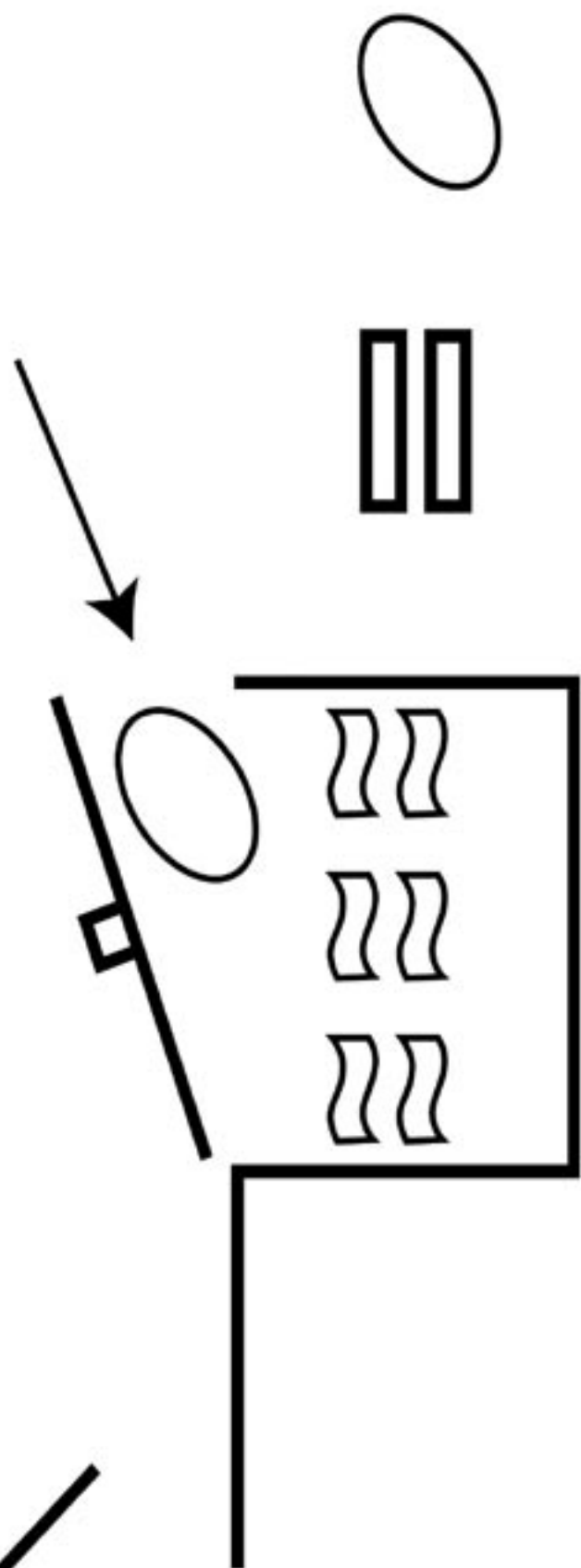
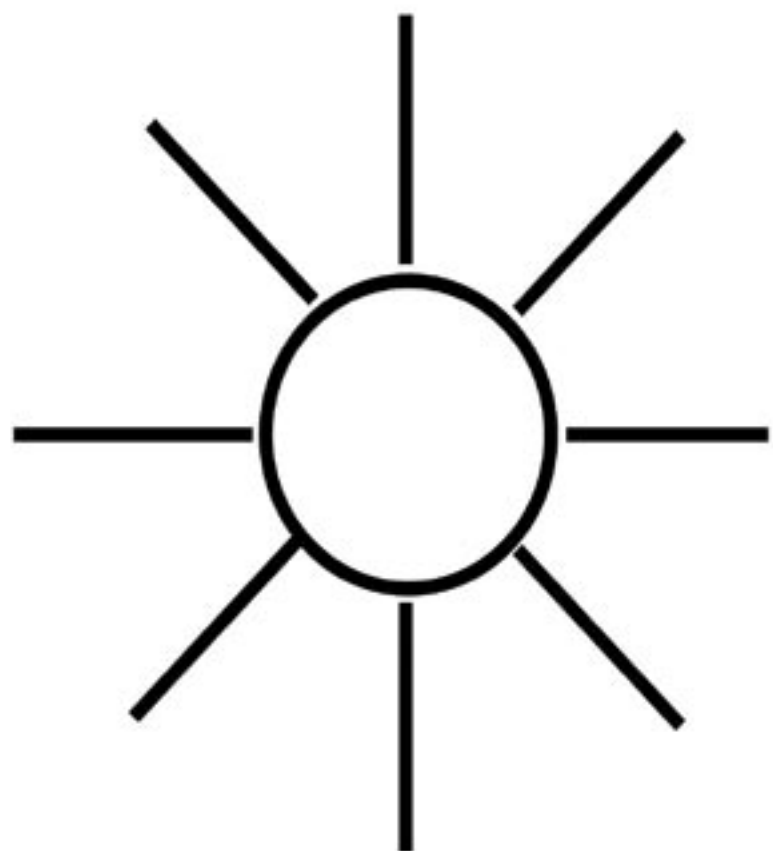
hāng shā



dāochā 刀叉







Will Work For Food:
A 21st Century Grotesque

By Theresa L. Duncan, Los Angeles



9:00 AM
LONG BEACH AIRPORT, FLIGHT ARRIVING INTO LOS ANGELES

The curator returns his tray table to its nook in the seatback, unlatches his seatbelt, brushes the grainy cracker-and-cookie dust from his lap and stands to remove his laptop computer from the overhead bin.

One package Keebler crackers, one half ounce Laughing Cow cheese spread, two Oreo cookies, two wintergreen Lifesavers: \$0 Courtesy Jetblue Airways.

9:55 AM
RON ROUSSEAU’S STUDIO, VENICE

The curator and the artist exchange greetings. The artist begins to discuss his latest photo project as the curator engages in some brief sexual banter about young women in the art world that is designed to soothe and displace his profound anxiety regarding the recent passing of his 49th birthday. A tall, young brunette walks in carrying a tray with various breakfast pastries. Though not hungry, the curator takes a round pastry with a cherry in the middle and baldly ogles the studio assistant holding the tray. Though the curator and the artist are old friends, this visit is essentially just a courtesy. The gallery for which the curator works is, after all, hardly the sort of place where Ron Rousseau mounts exhibits.

One bite of breakfast pastry: \$0 Courtesy Ron Rousseau studio.

10:30 AM
THE ROSE CAFÉ, VENICE

The curator waits for a young male artist to arrive at the Rose Café. The curator has never met the young artist, but he has recently admired reproductions of his artwork and wants to include him in an upcoming show. “The Politics Of The Postcoital: Artists Who Talk About Serious Issues But Are Still Up For A Roll In The Hay.” At 10:37, a handsome 26 year-old surfer strides toward the curator, his blonde hair curling at the longish ends, his skin still vaguely damp from the seawater at Surfrider.

The curator tries to keep from frowning when the waitress arrives to take their order and flirts with the young blonde man. The curator makes a mental note that the young man’s work, which he has never seen other than in postage-stamp sized magazine photos, is “too commercial.” He urges the artist to work in Hollywood. “I mean, what’s with all that color? Do you think girls will like it or something?” The artist laughs, immediately recognizing the motivation behind the career advice. The curator bolts a cappuccino, shovels down a bowl of muesli and runs for his rental car, forgetting to pay his half of the check.

One cappuccino, one bowl muesli: \$0, Courtesy James McGillicutty, surfer, sculptor.

12:00 PM
SUNSET BOULEVARD, SILVERLAKE

The curator checks his hair in the rearview mirror. “Why, I’m a just a lad.” He tells himself. “My father loved me best, and think of how many youngsters look up to me.” He meets his own eyes for a fraction of an instant, and in that accursed fraction it begins. He wonders. Wonder. wonder. His thoughts are vaporous, barely formed. They emanate one from inside another like smoke rings. They find a way these thoughts, up from the bonfire around which some savages in the unconscious (“I mean Native Americans,” he reflexively corrects himself) dance, sending a message he thinks of as atavistic and invisible, though many of the gallerygoers and boardmembers and even twenty-something “girl” artists can read the message just as plainly as if it were written out in skywriting on the azure dome of a day of deepest summer. Or in an email. He ogles more openly these days, does the 49 year-old boy wonder. He sweats when he lies, which is most of the time. His secretary, who he has naturally bedded, (give him a break, this is the first time he’s had a “staff” to call his own) has seen the long Microsoft Word document, the one that is 300 pages, all in screenplay format. “Must be quite an opus,” a cynical friend remarks as the secretary tearfully recounts the curator’s literary genius, cunnilingus technique, and refusal to leave his wife. Anyway, as I was saying...The curator’s

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10:30 AM
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12:00 PM
SUNSET BOULEVARD, SILVERLAKE

12:15 PM
CIRCUS OF BOOKS, SUNSET BOULEVARD

12:37 PM
MAMMA MIA PASTA CAFÉ AND BARISTA, THE LOS ANGELES MUSEUM OF EXCEPTIONAL ART

3:00 PM
PARKING LOT OF THE HOT DOG SHOW, BURBANK, CA

thoughts, behind a decade-deep layer of Eli Lilley pale lavender pills that coated and cooled his neurosis like a layer of congealed fat on a pot of stew, went like this...”...hmmmmm...maybe my Dad didn’t...my wife...maybe I shouldn’t have.....” his eyes flick back to the street as Circus of Books approaches ahead. “Fuck this studio visit. I should get some dirty mags and go back to the hotel.” But he’s too good a man, too much a feminist. He sails past the dirty bookstore (not before noticing James the surfing sculptor going in with the waitress) and pulls his rental car into the driveway of a wacky green-painted house belonging to a 38 year-old performance artist. Her house is her artwork, a supposed parody of domesticity that looks to the philistines of the neighborhood (schoolteachers, journalists, real screenwriters) a hell of a lot like real domesticity. One guy, a bookstore clerk, suggests that the place is actually a parody of performance art’s parodying of domesticity. The bookstore clerk thinks too much. At least for this neighborhood, anyway. As part of her performance art, the performance artist, Mindy McSunshine, makes the curator a beef brisket with new red potatoes and fava beans, then pours him a glass of indifferent California table wine from Trader Joe’s. Mindy then blows the curator at the ironic fifties dinette set, thus assuring her appearance in “The Politics of the Postcoital.” She mentally pictures her name in the ArtFrame ad as she finishes.

Beef brisket, new potatoes, fava beans; \$0 courtesy Mindy’s parents’ Visa.

Wine: \$0, shoplifted by Mindy’s boyfriend from Trader Joe’s.

Stew of neurosis: \$0 courtesy of curator’s burbling unconscious.

12:15 PM
CIRCUS OF BOOKS, SUNSET BOULEVARD

The curator exits Circus of Books carrying a brown paper sack.

One Brach’s butterscotch candy from the bowl at the cash register: \$0

12:37 PM
MAMMA MIA PASTA CAFÉ AND BARISTA, THE LOS ANGELES MUSEUM OF EXCEPTIONAL ART

The curator sits with the Museum of Exceptional Art’s director in the cafeteria. She is a cheerful, rosy-cheeked Belgian woman. The curator orders a club soda with a wedge of lemon. The museum director orders a Caesar Salad that is served in a wooden bowl the size of a metal washtub in which children might bob for apples wherever in the world children still bob for apples. Three whole chickens have been shredded and broiled and treated with all the garlic in Gilroy. Gerta laughs and flirts with the curator as he drolly recounts the amusing things that have happened to him already today. Like how intelligent, how new, how bold (and fresh!) the Silverlake performance artist’s work is. And how he is sad to have learned that the surfer dude stole all his ideas from another artist. Oh, and the surfer artist-who the Belgian happens to have a massive crush on-is gay, a fudgepacker. (Just because he’s a curator doesn’t mean he’s not creative.) The Belgian immediately transfers her crush to the curator. She behaves coquettishly throughout their shared meal even though she is 80 pounds overweight. She laughs overlong at everything the curator says, wafting huge gusts of humid garlicky air his way. She insists he try a big bite of the giant salad: it’s her favorite, she eats one every day. He looks her in the eye and twinkles at her as she laughs, green stuff stuck in her front teeth. She forks up an acre of lettuce and tries to stuff it in his mouth. “Try it!” she lalts in a girlish falsetto. His stomach roils and he begins to wonder, again. “I bet her underwear are enormous.”

One mouthful of Los Angeles MOEA Caesar salad: \$0 courtesy Gerta Geerkins.

3:00 PM
PARKING LOT OF THE HOT DOG SHOW, BURBANK, CA

The curator wakes with a start, gripping the wheel of the rented Probe. How long has he been asleep, here in his rental car, behind the Valley ‘s oldest hot dog stand? There is blood on his hands, he sees, but the thought settles on the thick layer of mental grease. He readjusts the rearview mirror and notices that there is blood all over his face, and tiny chicken feathers in the sticky blood around his mouth. The smell of blood is intense, iodide and sharply metallic. Its scent is so overpowering, so organic and fearsome it bypasses the existential pall created by years of lavender pills. The curator has his first honest sensation in a dulling decade of dissembling at home and shaping aesthetic opinions based on personal enmity at work. Panic. The curator grinds the key but the car is already running-oooooOOOooooowwww, I hate that noise-he hurls a spastic arm over the passenger seat, gapes at the oddly blank rear window, and blindly accelerates backward in a psychedelic paisley pattern around the Hot Dog Show parking lot. A Los Angeles helicopter traffic reporter hovering overhead reports the madman’s maneuvers over KCAT AM radio. The MOEA director hears the broadcast over the P.A. system in a stall in the MOEA ladies’ room. “I’m blind!” the curator screams. The rear window is uniformly covered with wet reddish brown. He panics within panic, thinks of the bottle of Mercurochrome that toppled from the medicine chest and shattered on the white bathroom tile the day after his parents’ divorce. The curator shakes his head, wakes up, hands gripping the wheel. There is a tapping on the window of the rental car. “Mr. Richler? Are you okay? You were screaming and crying.” It’s Stacey Underling, the curator’s new assistant and current MFA candidate in his department. Painting, if you must know. She’s hold-

ing a chili dog in one hand and the masculine paw of Brock Turgidson, the actor son of California’s Acting Governor, in the other. The curator eases down the electric window. In Stacey’s third hand, she holds the latest monograph by one of the curator’s former students, Sex In A Sweater, in which the young woman hired poor people to pose for paintings wearing only a navy J. Crew crewneck that belonged to her ex-boyfriend. She then painted her subjects from the waist up, cropping out the genitals...um...because...I forget why. What is this, a quiz? Anyway, the models were paid \$35 dollars, according to the catalog text. At least it’s not digital art, thought the curator, grateful that this wasn’t still part of his blood-and-chicken-feathers nightmare. The real world, which he normally curses and despises, glitters for him now like the window displays on Fifth Avenue. “I love you.” The curator says to Stacey Underling, taking the chili dog from her hand.

Chili dog from The Hot Dog Show: \$0 courtesy Stacey Underling.

THE END.

Manifesto of Futurist
COOKING

By Filippo Marinetti (1876-1944)

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Italian Futurism, father of numerous Futurisms and avant-gardeisms abroad, will not remain a prisoner of those worldwide victories secured ‘in twenty years of great artistic and political battles frequently consecrated in blood,’ as Benito Mussolini put it. Italian Futurism will face unpopularity again with a programme for the total renewal of food and cooking.

Of all artistic and literary movements Futurism is the only one whose essence is reckless audacity. Twentieth-century painting and twentieth-century literature are in reality two very moderate and practical Futurisms of the right. Attached to tradition, dependent on each other, they prudently only essay the new.

Against pasta

Futurism has been defined by the philosophers as ‘mysticism in action’, by Benedetto Croce as ‘anti-historicism’, by Graça Aranha as ‘liberation from aesthetic terror’. We call it ‘the renewal of Italian pride’, a formula for ‘original art-life’, ‘the religion of speed’, ‘mankind straining with all his might towards synthesis’, ‘spiritual hygiene’, ‘a method of infallible creation’, ‘the geometric, splendour of speed’, ‘the aesthetics of the machine’.

Against practicality we Futurists therefore disdain the example and admonition of tradition in order to invent at any cost something new which everyone considers crazy.

While recognizing that badly or crudely nourished men have achieved great things in the past, we affirm this truth: men think dream and act according to what they eat and drink.

Let us consult on this matter our lips, tongue, palate, taste buds, glandular secretions and probe with genius into gastric chemistry.

We Futurists feel that for the male the voluptuousness of love is an abysmal excavator hollowing him out from top to bottom, whereas for the female it works horizontally and fan-wise. The voluptuousness of the palate, however, is for both men and women always an upward movement through the human body. We also feel that we must stop the Italian male from becoming a solid leaden block of blind and opaque density. Instead he should harmonize more and more with the Italian female, a swift spiralling transparency of passion, tenderness, light, will, vitality, heroic constancy. Let us make our Italian bodies agile, ready for the featherweight aluminium trains which will replace the present heavy ones of wood iron steel.

Convinced that in the probable future conflagration those who are most agile, most ready for action, will win, we Futurists have injected agility into world literature with words-in-liberty and simultaneity. We have generated surprises with illogical syntheses and dramas of inanimate objects that have purged the theatre of boredom. Having enlarged sculptural possibility with anti-realism. Having created geometric architectonic splendour without decorativism and made cinematography and photography abstract, we will now establish the way of eating best suited to an ever more high speed, airborne life.

Above all we believe necessary:

a) The abolition of pastasciutta, an absurd Italian gastronomic religion.

It may be that a diet of cod, roast beef and steamed pudding is beneficial to the English, cold cuts and cheese to the Dutch and sauerkraut, smoked [salt] pork and sausage to the Germans, but pasta is not beneficial to the Italians. For example it is completely hostile to the vivacious spirit and passionate, generous, intuitive soul of the Neapolitans. If these people have been heroic fighters, inspired artists, awe-inspiring orators, shrewd lawyers, tenacious farmers it was in spite of their voluminous daily plate of pasta. When they eat it they develop that typical ironic and sentimental scepticism which can often cut short their enthusiasm.

A highly intelligent Neapolitan Professor, Signorelli, writes: 'In contrast to bread and rice, pasta is a food which is swallowed, not masticated. Such starchy food should mainly be digested in the mouth by the saliva but in this case the task of transformation is carried out by the pancreas and the liver. This leads to an interrupted equilibrium in these organs. From such disturbances derive lassitude, pessimism, nostalgic inactivity and neutralism.'

An invitation to Chemistry.
Pastasciutta, 40% less nutritious than meat, fish or pulses, ties today's Italians with its tangled threads to Penelope's slow looms and to somnolent old sailing ships in search of wind. Why let its massive heaviness interfere with the immense network of short long waves which Italian genius has thrown across oceans and continents? Why let it block the path of those landscapes of colour form sound which circumnavigate the world thanks to radio and television? The defenders of pasta are shackled by its ball and chain like convicted lifers or carry its ruins in their stomachs like archaeologists. And remember too that the abolition of pasta will free Italy from expensive foreign grain and promote the Italian rice industry.

b) The abolition of volume and weight in the conception and evaluation of food.

c) The abolition of traditional mixtures in favour of experimentation with new, apparently absurd mixtures, following the advice of Jarro Maincave and other Futurist cooks.

d) The abolition of everyday mediocrity from the pleasures of the palate.

We invite chemistry immediately to take on the task of providing the body with its necessary calories through equivalent nutrients provided free by the State, in powder or pills, albumoid compounds, synthetic fats and vitamins. This way we will achieve a real lowering of the cost of living and of salaries, with a relative reduction in working hours. Today only one workman is needed for two thousand kilowatts. Soon machines will constitute an obedient proletariat of iron steel aluminium at the service of men who are almost totally relieved of manual work. With work reduced to two or three hours, the other hours can be perfected and ennobled though study, the arts, and the anticipation of perfect meals.

In all social classes meals will be less frequent but perfect in their daily provision of equivalent nutrients.

The perfect meal requires:

1. Originality and harmony in the table setting (crystal, china, décor) extending to the flavours and colours of the foods.

2. Absolute originality in the food.

Example: to prepare Alaskan Salmon in the rays of the sun with Mars sauce, take a good Alaskan salmon, slice it and put the slices under the grill with pepper, salt and high quality oil until golden. Then add halved-tomatoes previously cooked under the grill with parsley and garlic. Just before serving place on top of the slices some anchovy

fillets interlaced in a chequerboard pattern. On every slice a wheel of lemon with capers. The sauce will be composed of anchovies, hard-boiled egg yolks, basil, olive oil and a little glass of Italian Aurum liqueur, all passed through a sieve. (Formula by Bulgheroni, head chef at the Penna d'Oca).

Example: To prepare the Woodcock Mount Rosa with Venus sauce, take a good woodcock, clean it, cover its stomach with slices of prosciutto and fat bacon, put it in a casserole with butter, salt, pepper and juniper berries and cook in a very hot oven for 15 minutes, basting it with cognac. Remove from the pan and place immediately on a large square slice of bread soaked in rum and cognac, and cover it with puff pastry. Then put it back into the oven until the pastry is well cooked. Serve it with this sauce: half a glass of marsala and white wine, four tablespoons of bilberries and some finely-chopped orange peel, boiled together for 10 minutes. Put the sauce in the sauce boat and serve it very hot. (Formula by Bulgheroni, head chef at the Penna d'Oca).

3) The invention of appetizing food sculptures, whose original harmony of form and colour feeds the eyes and excites the imagination before it tempts the liExample: the Sculpted meat created by the Futurist painter Fillia, a symbolic interpretation of all the varied landscapes of Italy, is composed of a large cylindrical rissole of minced veal stuffed with eleven different kinds of cooked green vegetables and roasted. This cylinder, standing upright in the centre of the plate, is crowned by a layer of honey and supported at the base by a ring of sausages resting on three golden spheres of chicken.

Example: The edible food sculpture Equator + North Pole created by the Futurist painter Enrico Prampolini is composed of an equatorial sea of poached egg yolks seasoned like oysters with pepper, salt and lemon. In the centre emerges a cone of firmly whipped egg white full of orange segments looking like juicy sections of the sun. The peak of the cone is strewn with pieces of black truffle cut in the form of black aeroplanes conquering the zenith. These flavourful colourful perfumed and tactile food sculptures will form perfect simultaneous meals.

4) The abolition of the knife and fork for eating food sculptures, which can give prelabial tactile pleasure.

5) The use of the art of perfumes to enhance tasting.
Every dish must be preceded by a perfume which will be driven from the table with the help of electric fans.

6) The use of music limited to the intervals between courses so as not to distract the sensitivity of the tongue and palate but to help annul the last taste enjoyed by re-establishing gustatory virginity.

7) The abolition of speech-making and politics at the table.

8) The use in prescribed doses of poetry and music as surprise ingredients to accentuate the flavours of a given dish with their sensual intensity.

9) The rapid presentation, between courses, under the eyes and nostrils of the guests, of some dishes they will eat and others they will not, to increase their curiosity, surprise and imagination.

10) The creation of simultaneous and changing canapés which contain ten, twenty flavours to be tasted in a few seconds. In Futurist cooking these canapés have by analogy the same amplifying function that images have in literature. A given taste of something can sum up an entire area of life, the history of an amorous passion or an entire voyage to the Far East.

11) A battery of scientific instruments in the kitchen: ozonizers to give liquids and foods the perfume of ozone, ultra-violet ray lamps (since many foods when irradiated with ultra-violet rays acquire active properties, become more assimilable, preventing rickets in young children, etc.), electrolyzers to decompose juices and extracts. etc. in such a way as to obtain from a known product a new product with new properties, colloidal mills to pulverize flours, dried fruits, drugs, etc.; atmospheric and vacuum stills, centrifugal autoclaves, dialysers. The use of these appliances will have to be scientific, avoiding the typical error of cooking foods under steam pressure, which provokes the destruction of active substances (vitamins etc.) because of the high temperatures. Chemical indicators will take into account the acidity and alkalinity of the sauces and serve to correct possible errors: too little salt, too much vinegar, too much pepper or too much sugar.

Spiritual Food

By Nontsikelelo "Lolo" Veloko, Johannesburg

Spiritual satisfaction is what poorer countries lack; the world only focuses on the physical. Spiritual food ranks higher than material possessions, status and influences. It is when you are spiritually hungry that you are at your most creative. That is why the graff writer sprays paint and a photographer documents nothing other than his chosen subject. When I look at the work of both Rasty the graffiti writer, and Hugues Foulquier, the photographer, what I see is a kind of spiritual food.

Rasty the graffiti writer is well known in graffiti art and hip-hop circles in South Africa. His mother is a university lecturer, so you might wonder why he would end up opting for graffiti art in a conservative South Africa. I have been following him and watching his style of graff evolve. A humble hard worker, he has progressed from just writing on walls to tattooing people, tattooing being the other job he does to earn a living. He does a lot of commissioned work for South African companies (billboards and walls) and he has been featured in many local and international books and graffiti magazines.

African visuals showing Africans produced by both foreigners and Africans are very depressing. The mass-produced photographs about and of Africans are centred mostly on war, poverty, hunger and all kinds of violence including HIV and AIDS, as if nothing else was happening in this continent. The clichés tend to be animals and landscapes for the tourist market, which leads to some considerable disappointment for tourists who on arriving in South Africa see urban South Africa first, before the rural areas.

I went out to look for a different approach and I found a Frenchman, who has been living in South Africa for four years. Hugues Foulquier, a photographer and my partner (boyfriend). His work is outstanding in that he is young and concerned about environmental issues; many of his peers who should also be concerned and doing something about it, are not. Many of his contemporaries living in urban areas are more concerned about getting a car, a job and a nice life, and those among them who are photographers are primarily engaged in documenting urban situations.

Since he is a foreigner, I sometimes see Hugues as a voyeur, but I have come to realize that he is not just documenting rural life and traditional healers to pass the time, but with an educational intent, to preserve those cultural traditions through his photographs. What's interesting about his work is his attachment to rural life and, most importantly, to the parts of South Africa I never really hear about in connection with culture.

Venda is the place where most of the photographs were taken. Venda is situated in the northern part of Limpopo Province, which is surrounded by Botswana on the west, Zimbabwe to the north and Mozambique and Kruger National Park on the eastern side. South Africa has 11 official languages of which I speak five, and understand three, but not TshiVenda. The challenge Hugues faces is that of earning money, as he is a foreigner. It is really difficult for any foreigner in any country to survive these days. Sometimes he finds himself educating both myself and other black Africans in herbal medicine or other cultural traditions. This makes some Africans feel inferior while some are surprised. It seems as though it always takes a stranger to make one proud of one's heritage.

Hugues' work looks at issues around initiatives, traditional healers, and rural life, as well as the textures of the places he visits. As an urban woman, I grew up surrounded by things concrete and unfriendly, and it's often hard for me to understand what all the concern for rural issues is about.

Perhaps I look at rural life like a tourist whose fascination is with open landscapes, the rawness and friendliness of neighbours and strangers. I take no part in documenting anything rural as I'm not interested in it, but I also feel that in documenting rural life or anything traditional I would not do it justice. Could it be that my lack of interest in rural life is also down to the fact that industrialization has always somehow succeeded in taking over? Look at China, America, etc.

Spirituality in Africa enjoys high esteem. Educated people who live in urban areas always go back to rural places to marry in the traditional way or to have certain ceremonies and rituals performed for and on them. South

Africa is now in the process of including traditional healers in government policies, having them respected as well as registering them as qualified doctors.

What about spiritual satisfaction for artists? I asked Hugues why Venda, and not other parts of South Africa like Xhosa or Sotho land? Why does he always feel the need to go to Venda every now and again to document it, but more importantly to be there among the people, to experience it all?

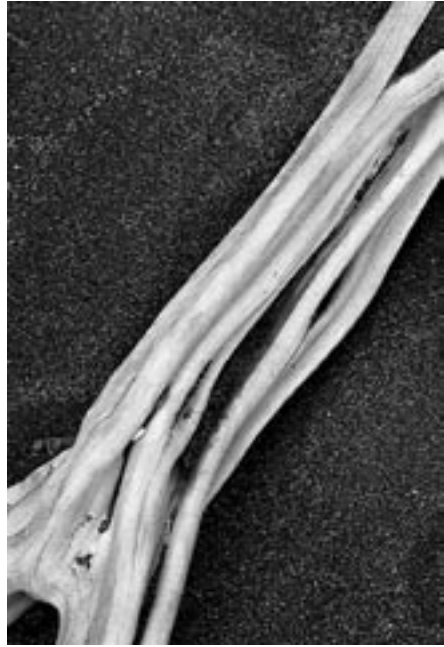
He could not give me an answer, no more than Rasty could, whenever I've asked him why he graffitiies and why he mostly draws and emphasizes the eyes of his characters? To date, he hasn't been able to give me an answer.

Just like the San and Bushmen, both artists capture influences and lives through the mediums they use, making it available for future generations. Both artists use expensive materials (spray cans, markers, film, chemicals and water) although they still aren't making very much money from their art.

I have to conclude that if they continue to do what they do irrespective of whether they earn any money or not, it's because spiritually they are fulfilled, and nothing material can beat that.

Rasty 01, 05, 08, 09, 12, 13
Hugues Foulquier 02, 03, 04, 06, 07, 10, 11, 13





10



11



01



5



02



12



06



03



13



07



08



04



13



09

VLAAMSE STOVERIJ

By Lars Erik Frank, Copenhagen

Vlaamse stoverij - Flemish beef stew - is a good, plain, substantial dish - all three epithets denoting straight and boring, traditional, masculine values in northern Europe. Therefore Vlaamse stoverij - like its brother goulash - can be extremely sexy for a man to share with another man if sex, love and tenderness between them is not out of the question. You'll find you're already at ease while dining together. You won't get any closer to male flesh and blood.

Both dishes are primordially European. Goulash is originally Hungarian and on the menu in

restaurants across the entire continent. Flemish beef stew, however, remains little known outside Belgium and the northern regions of France. A male homosexual shame, actually.

The cubed beef meat in Goulash is masculinized in a Central European way with sweet and hot paprika, cumin and coarsely ground black pepper.

The vlaamse stoverij, on the other hand, gets its tang of North West European man from his very own quintessential liquid: beer. The most commonly used variety is a dark beer such as the Trappiste

(a beer brewed by monks within the walls of the monastery) which has an earthy, herbal flavour. But also pinkish-red fermentation beer - Kriek - with the flavour of sparkling cherry champagne is good. The choice of beer depends on which type of man you'd like have sitting across from you. And which type of man you'd like him to encounter.

Basic recipe for Vlaamse Stoverij (if you don't have a Belgian lover who will cook it for you):

(2 men)

1 medium onion, chopped

1 1/2 pounds beef or venison stew meat, cubed

Pinch of thyme, salt, pepper

1 bottle of beer

Vegetable oil

Brown the onion and meat in a little oil. Add seasonings. Transfer to a casserole and pour in the beer. Cover and braise at 175 degrees C for 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Check it after about 1 1/2 hours. You may need to reduce the heat or increase the liquid.

Serve on noodles, rice or potatoes. Apple sauce is excellent as an accompaniment and makes it more boyish.

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Dreharbeiten zu „Wir Kinder vom Bahnhof Zoo“: Blick ins Innerste der Jugend?

Some Notes on Christiane F.

By Karl H. (as in Holmqvist), Stockholm/Berlin

In preparation for my one person exhibition at Meerrettich Gallery in Berlin this winter (January 14-February 18, 2006) I've allowed myself to develop a fullblown obsession with the before-the-fall-of-the-wall Berlin seventies, David Bowie and Iggy Pop and even more specifically maybe Christiane F. and her boyfriend Detlev from the Wir Kinder von Bahnhof Zoo book and film. It all started quite innocently while researching the early 20th Century Bauhaus design- and architecture movement and its founder, the legendary architect Walter Gropius—I came across Gropiusstadt, the vast social housing project in the Neuköln neighborhood in Berlin that Gropius was involved in constructing at the time of his death in 1969, and that subsequently was given his name in a tribute—when I realized it was actually in the very Gropiusstadt neighborhood that Christiane F. was living when she at thirteen years old began her drug abuse and prostitution described in such chilling detail in her book. Both her life story and the neighborhood in fact, since she all but claims the depression caused from her miserable living conditions to be what was behind the beginning of her downfall—from the familiar teenage predicament of having nowhere to go, together with her parents recent separation and as also so often has been the case, from being romantically involved with someone already part of a drug scene and abuse. I found it ironic that Gropius and the Bauhaus movement with their high-flying humanitarian concerns and design for everyman credo should be part of such a sinister legacy. Again the development of the Gropiusstadt neighborhood took turns never foreseen by its namesake with, for example what was initially planned to be no more than four story buildings soaring to towers up to twenty floors high as well as the whole neighborhood increasing in size to where it with something like 18.500 apartments to this day remains one of the largest social housing projects ever to have been constructed.

Seeing the film version of Christiane F.—Wir kinder von Bahnhof Zoo for the first time last summer had a strange effect on me, the repetitiveness of the cruel shifts of the two main protagonists being thrown back into despair between brief glimpses of happiness draws you in and with what they go through quite physically coming to show on the two young amateur actors' faces to a point where you even wonder how the film could have been made. For all its physical suffering, down and out characters and young death however the film remains

disturbingly beautiful—conditioned as we are perhaps to a certain pale face and leather jacket glamour. The cameo appearance of David Bowie in a concert scene quite central to how the story develops and as the main supplier of the film's soundtrack of course doesn't help in this respect—it was somehow a widely known secret that the near translucent skin and emaciated frame of the 'Thin White Duke' era of Bowie looks was due to an excessive drug intake of his own.

I bought the film's soundtrack on CD, it's taken from the albums StationToStation, Heroes and Lodger all three of which I had previously owned either on vinyl or cassette and as I listened to the songs getting wrapped up in nostalgia I was startled to realize how much of a generational thing it must all have been—I too had a first love, a drug-abusing boyfriend, and we had listened to these songs together and gone to see a Bowie concert—in fact it must have been the Stockholm leg of the very tour, the famous 1978 StationToStation tour that supposedly Christiane F. catches in Berlin in the beginning of the film. Even though my boyfriend was more of a hasch- and potsmoking variety and he didn't have to sell his body to finance his habit—neither did I, and unlike Christiane F. from the way I can remember it, I never really gave in to sharing his drugs—even for a short period while living together I would happily continue do my homework and go to bed while Kenny stayed up sitting around a table getting wasted together with some of his druggie friends. Then again, my parents never got divorced and while growing up we never lived in any house more than three stories high. Not that I would want to trivialize the ordeals Christiane F. went through and somehow managed to survive and turn into her best-seller book. Neither I think should anyone else. Since the book was published twentyfive years ago the only difference seems to be an increase in drug policy double speak and hypocrisy. Self-destruction never seemed so tempting of course, as just as you're about to begin somehow construct your grown-up self—but shouldn't it be possible for anyone to find romance and adventure, regardless of background or how or where they grew up without it almost getting them killed in the process? Certainly these things should not be left to city planners conducting mega-scale human experimentation or a teenager's decision making capacity in the midst of the smoke and haze of a discotheque dancefloor. Hey beautiful, what's the pull?

A SHOCKING FILM!

THIS BOOK AND LIFE BELONGS TO

Christiane F.

A NEW FILM

WITH

DAVID BOWIE



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