

WINDOW



ISSUE 4 - "STATIC" - 2017

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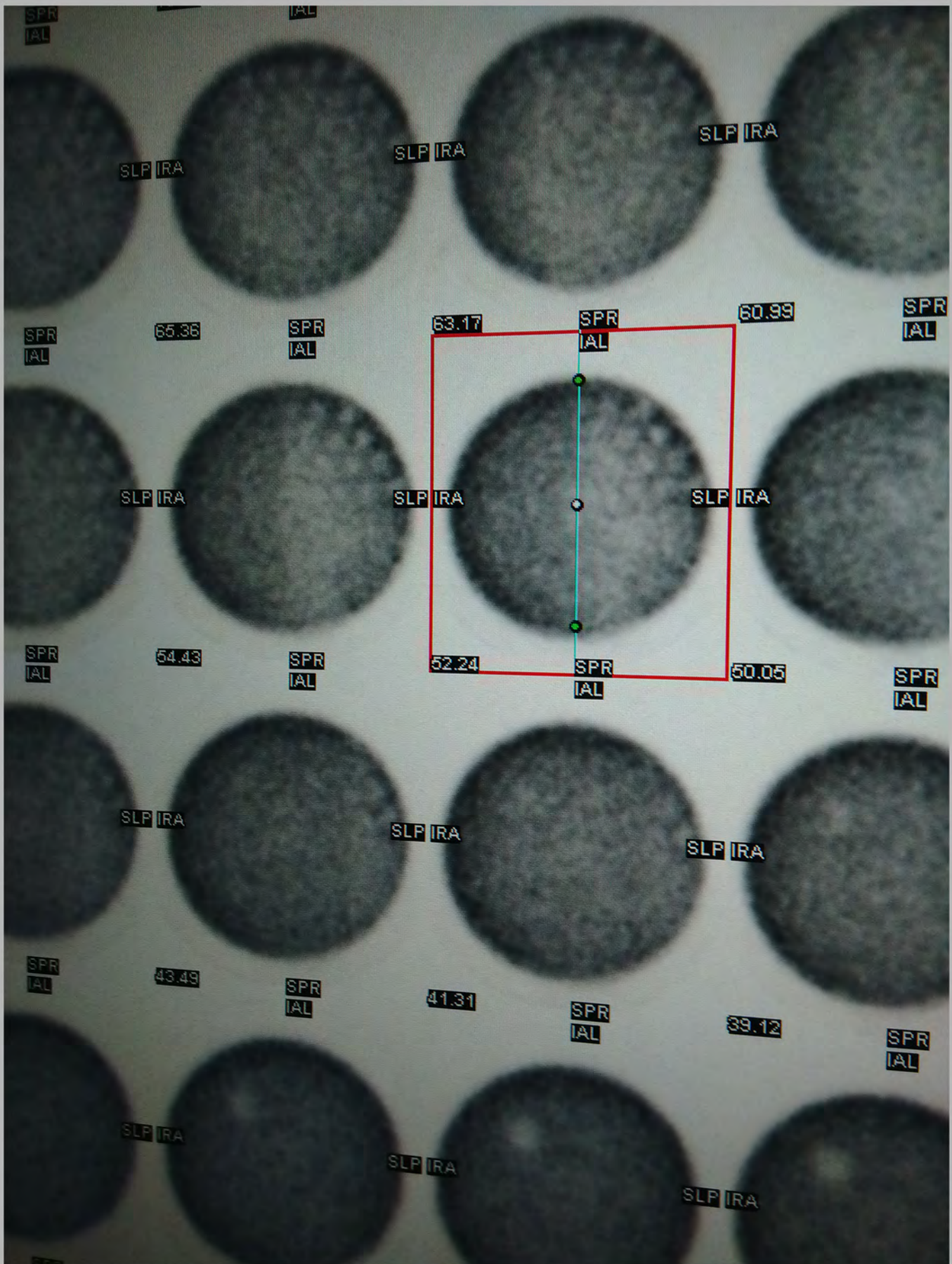
SPEED \neq PROGRESS

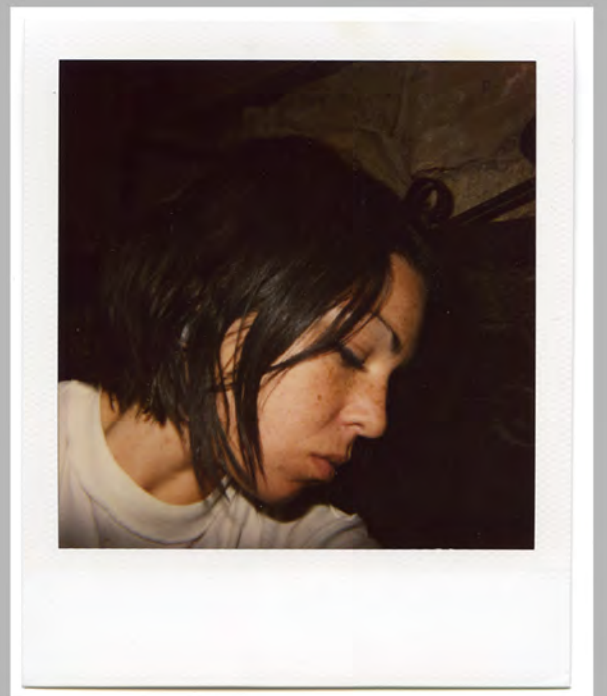


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“I have too great a soul to die like a criminal.” John Wilkes Booth







LISTENING TO STATIC

Monolake

Static (Monolake/Computer Imbalance Music)

Lemon D

Static (Test Recordings)

Emmanuel Top

Static (Triangle)

Coeter

Static (Gynoid Audio)

Alan Fitzpatrick

Static (Drumcode)

Martsman

Static (Hidden Hawaii)

Lakosa & Rick Grant

Static (Tender Hooks)

Dillinja

Static (Chronic)

Mingle

Static (Kvitnu)

Skeptical

Static (Commercial Suicide)

DJ SS

Static (Proper Talent)

Vincent Floyd

Static (Chicago Basement Trax)

Carl Marshall and The SD's

Static (Superfly)

Lassigue Bendthaus

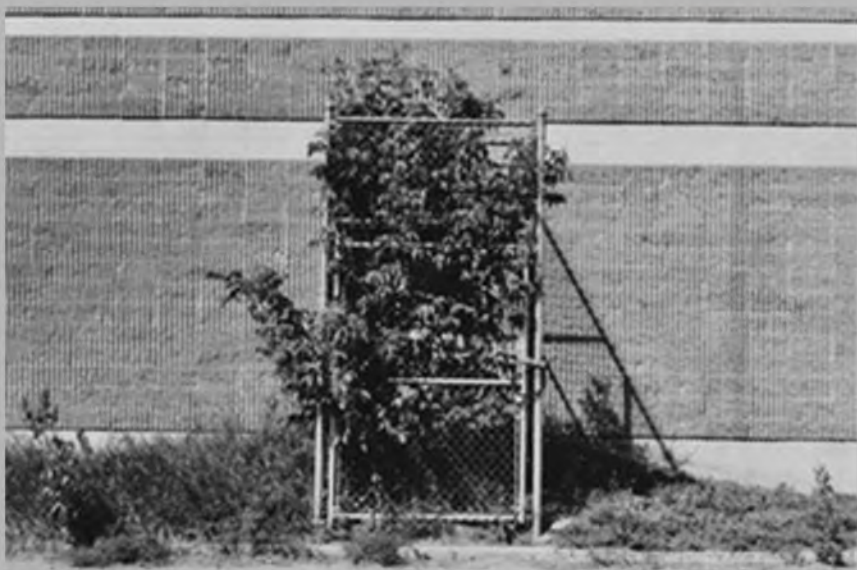
Static (Dark Entries)

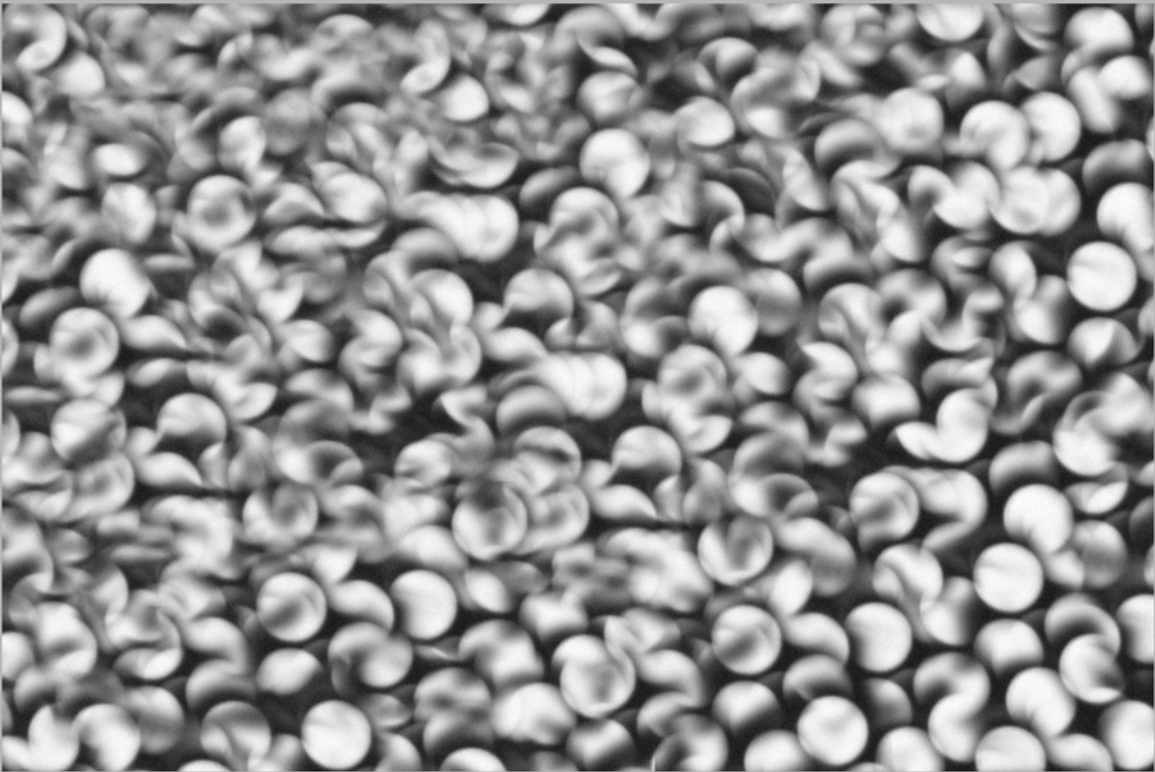
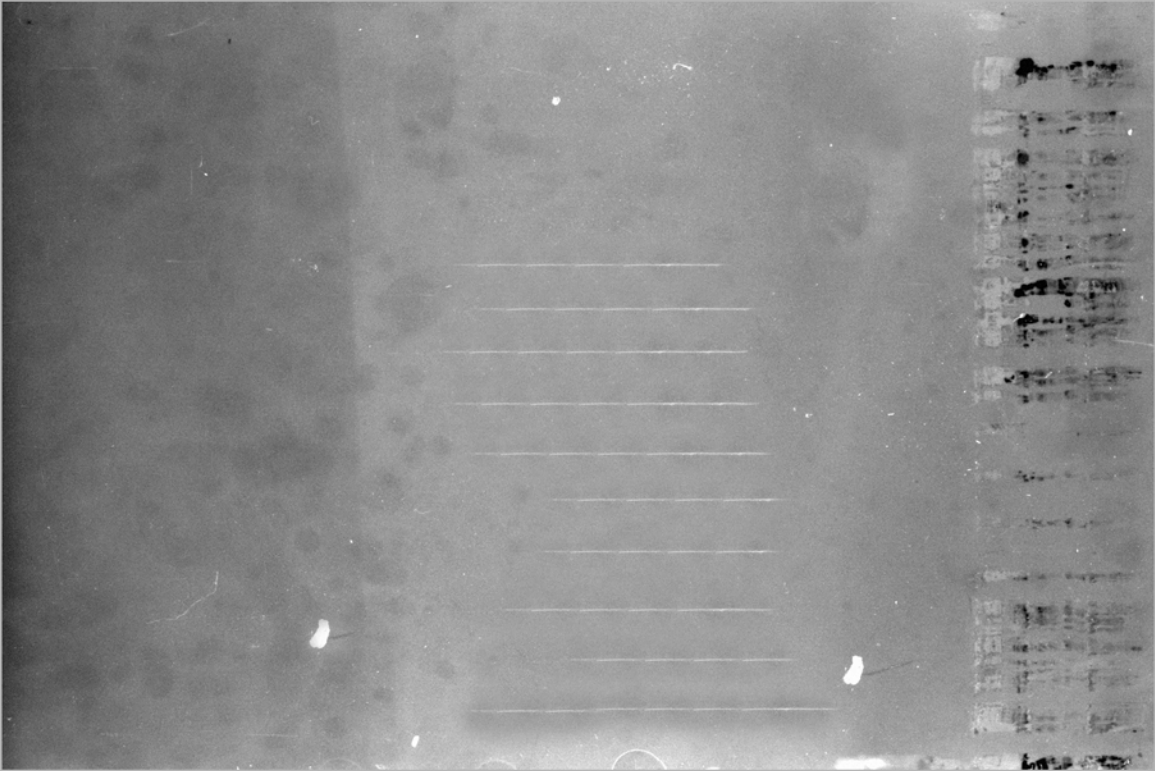
Octal Industries vs. OHM

Static (Thule)

Antigone

Static (Token)





CANDIDATES

i.

having seen a number of candidates

foundering under white lights
squirming under scrutiny

we are sleeping soundly

ii.

where there is a stillness and a breath
a loophole in communication
a softly settling moment free of effort
and intelligence

where there is this stillness there is a motion
wherein lies a truth

iii.

but before the stillness there is the body
stilted joints
tightness in the fingers and shoulders
struggle in the jaw
excessive length
too much bone
not enough exercise
not enough meditation

i am sweating
looking for an out

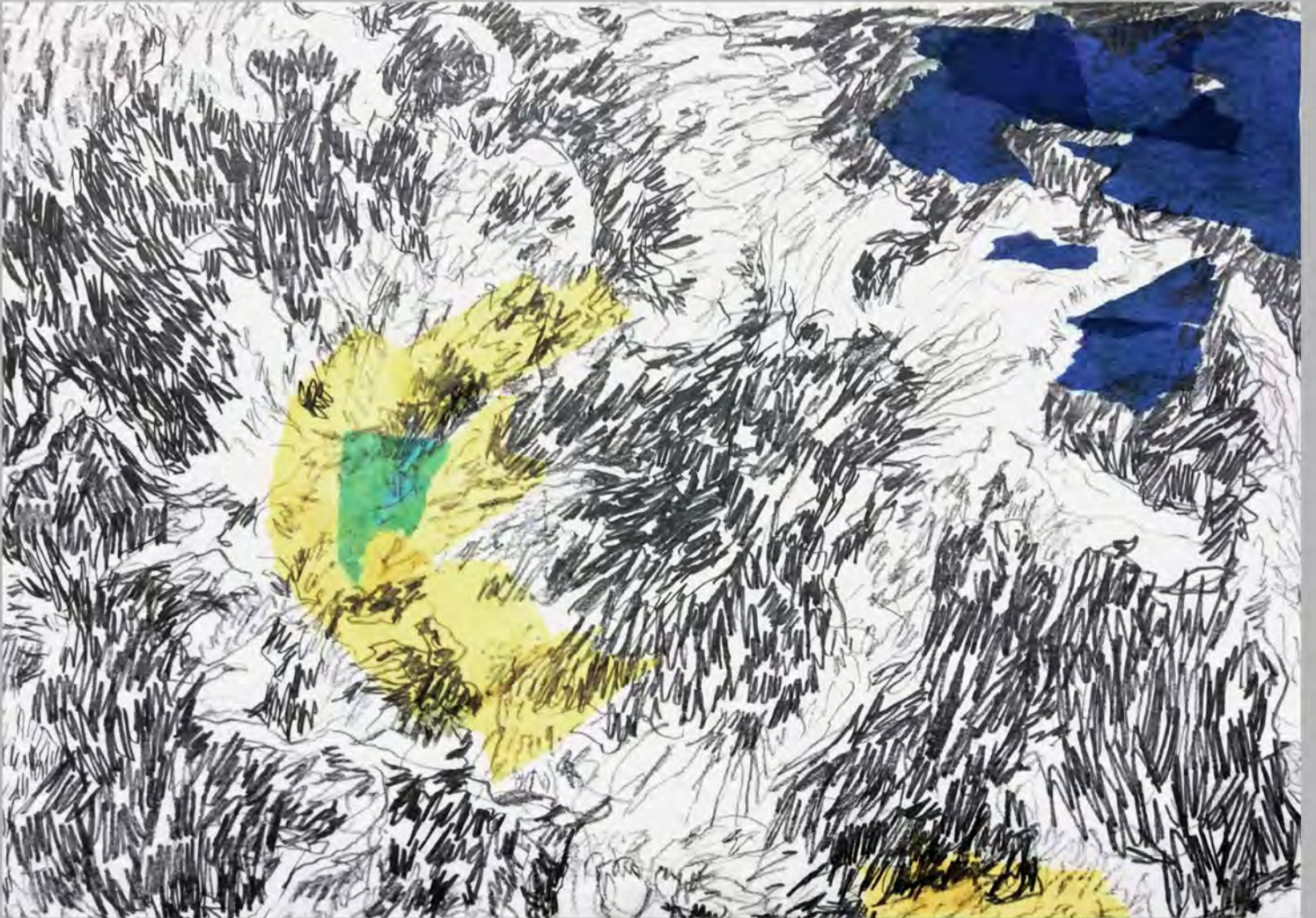
CELIBACY

i.

especially on cooler nights
it seemed you preferred to lie there
side by side
as if the heat of the nights before
stoked something basic and animal
within the deepest strands of your musculature
and in temperate
nocturnal climes
a celibacy

ii.

a pre-portion ed tonic for sleep
and on waking a fear of losing
the ability to breathe/and apart from the general fear of
what is after
a sudden (was it always just lurking?) reminder
of wonder and boredom





INTERVIEW SIGN OF A TIME

Something about a sign as an apparatus for communication makes them democratic. When you place a sign somewhere, the message is directed to anyone that can see it, walk past, snap a picture. Noticed, or not. So, when a sign becomes blank, or is worn empty, it exists but has no message. It is still, the blank, everyone's. Our blank message. Affecting, with no information.

Timothy Makowski, living in Chicago, obsessively captures and catalogs these empty signs in an Instagram account called @signofatime. He also welcomes other users to send him signs, making this experience of documenting blankness communal. These signs, left to lose their message, are now coming together in this collaborative archive.

We asked Timothy about his practice, and the messages missing from his subjects.

What does the blankness in an empty sign say to you? What does an empty sign express?

I think there are a couple reasons I'm drawn to this subject. There is the immediate ironic/humorous appeal. Aside from the fact that signs exist to share information, it's drawing attention to the part you're not supposed to look at or be aware of. It's only the bones. So you have bits of the skeleton of a city or place. A broken sign conveys the negative of the information it was once meant to display--that something was here and now it's gone. In a way, it flips from comic to sort of tragic.

You also get a sense of the health of a neighborhood or town economically. In the year and a half I've worked on this project, I now notice broken signs around Chicago where I live. I see them replaced as new businesses take the place of old, closed ones. Some buildings get swooped up quickly and there's a fast turnaround. Some signs are broken and stay broken, just as the businesses stay closed.

Then, I think some are compositionally beautiful. Some shots function as abstract photographs, and several capture the environments around them.

Oddly enough, it's also become a way for me to navigate a new place. When I was visiting my girlfriend in San Francisco, I would wander around new places and take pictures of signs along the way. When she would send me one I had seen already as submissions, I would say, "Oh that's on Folsom close to that warehouse" or have an idea of what intersection it was near.

Does making the collection or catalog of empty signs (as you do online) inject the signs with a message? If yes, what is the message?

While there might not be a clear message, I'm curious about this (sort of) sub-genre of curation (if you call it that) I call "obsessive collecting."

Around the time I was starting SOAT, I saw LJ Frezza's film *Nothing*, which is a supercut of establishment shots from the show *Seinfeld*. It really resonated with me, especially the comedic beats. The scenes are totally without people. While he's doing something different than I am-- he's drawing from a single source (the show *Seinfeld*) and I only post broken signs—they all can be from anywhere. He has tighter parameters than I do. However, both projects depict an empty city. Few of my shots have people in them. Collectively the shots depict this voided world people have recently forgotten or disappeared from.

On a smaller scale (and less conceptually), each picture is a quiet moment.

I respect the kind of diligence it takes to undertake a project of obsessive collecting. Especially Bernd and Hilla Becher display in their documentation of industrial ephemera or Ed Ruscha's collection of photos *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*. I could go on with comparisons and projects I admire, but my thing is not any of those things—it's not as conceptually vigorous or labor-intensive.

Are some blank signs better than others?

I have my favorite types, like when light bulbs are visible. There can be shots that are pleasing as abstract compositions, where you have the empty sign existing in space without any context. There can also be environmental shots where you get a lot of information about the location of the sign. As stand alone images, I enjoy them as they exist in space.







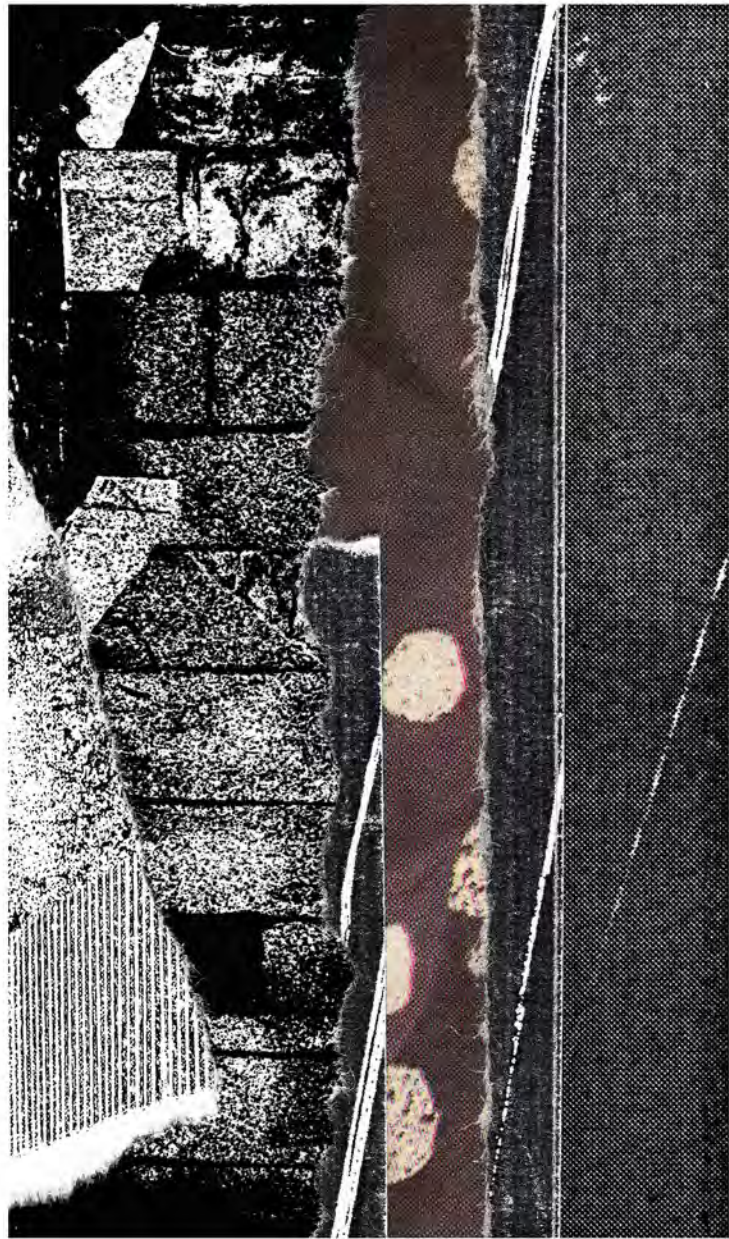




Epiphany Interruptus

HIGH RISK

When there is pain, there is a will
to belong to it, and never show it.
What is there left to speak for? Still,
if there is pain, there could be will
to oust, upend the pang so shrill:
a mother birthing breech! Admit
that's pain! Thank heavens for the will
to belong to it, and never speak of pain.



#IsolationArtist

A Reinterpretation of Franz Kafka's

"The Hunger Artist"

by Matthew Sage

During these last decades the interest in professional isolation has markedly diminished. It used to garner much attention to stage such great performances under one's own management, but today that is quite impossible. We live in a different world now.

At once, the entire social media network took a lively interest in this particular isolation artist; from the first day of his fast the online buzz mounted; everybody wanted to post/like/share the artist's link. Users enrolled for subscriptions to his fan-operated youtube channel as soon as the first video was posted and would sit in front of their screens from morning till night; even in the nighttime there were visiting hours, when the whole effect was heightened by the glow of their screens, tablets, devices.

During the buzz cycle the link would be shared with the children too, and it was their special treat to engage with the artist's work. Though the artist of course did not operate his own pages or feeds, the moderators of these accounts, fans of his work, would share his links and update their pages and copy and paste and so, even the children could stare open-mouthed, chatting through instant messenger for greater security, marveling at him as he sat there not scrolling, or going for a walk without checking his phone, or witnessing some sublime aesthetic moment and letting it pass without photographing and posting it online.

After declaring through a publicly published manifesto his intentions for isolation, for the, "complete removal of self-curated personage from any and all available online resources, feeds, emails, and furthermore, no access to telephone," the isolation artist's work became instantly critically acclaimed; his act of isolation, his fast from media, networking, listicles, instagrams, suddenly became the primary media story. It was peculiar to say the least; an anomaly, an overnight viral sensation. Covered by websites, television broadcasts, podcasts, live tweet feeds, youtube channels, facebook pages, his act of isolation was broadcast nearly twenty-four hours a day in simultaneous mediums in various capacities on every global network for a week.

Besides casual onlookers there were also relays of permanent watchers, usually social media experts and analysts, and it was their task to monitor the isolation artist, three of them at a time, in case he should have some secret recourse to media contact. This was merely a formality, established by the moderators of his channels to produce an alluring and dangerous effect, as the artist would refuse the consumption of any media in any capacity, even refusing the most colloquial post/like/share. These watchers, these moderators, had no direct effect on the artist who went on living his life, but, this relay of permanent moderation guaranteed constant contact with the artist, and therefore, constant streams of media about this artist who was abstaining from media.

The artist would begin his day by getting straight out of bed, alone in his small and plain but comfortable apartment. He would make a simple breakfast, coffee and toast, a piece of fruit, maybe an egg, and then begin his work, his practice. He would idly sit on the couch reading books, or drawing things on a sketchpad. The watchers would dash into the room when the artist would leave for a glass of water and quickly snap photographs of his sketches, posting them. A man in Des Moines got a tattoo of one of the artist's drawings. The artist would go for walks through the city, being stopped at every corner, recognized by strangers. He would play the out-of-tune upright piano in his apartment, the watchers would record the songs and share them; an album is being released on itunes soon. Kanye sampled one of these tunes for his next record. He would garden and tend to the small yard behind the building he lived in. He would wave at passing strangers; smiling at them and making eye contact, often much to the strangers' chagrin.

The artist was aware of the presence of webcams in his home, but refused to engage with them on any functional level, as he felt that would compromise the integrity of his fast. He was aware of the live tweeters, moderators, fans and friends, television reporters that stalked him, generally from a moderate distance, just as an artist committed to fasting from food is aware of food, but makes a choice to abstain. People on the streets would approach, "take a selfie with me, #IsolationArtist!" they would shout, cajoling him, thrusting their phones out and snapping photographs of themselves standing next to yet him against his will. When greeted on the street by an admirer and not confronted with a phone or media, the artist was more than willing to discuss his work with them, as it was intrapersonal human contact. But, he

would become frigid, hollow, as soon as the stranger would reach for their device in their pocket, would tap their smartwatch on the face to check their incoming text messages. Viewers of his feeds loved these instances, his endurance, his commitment to media abstinence; they would discuss in the chat rooms whether or not he would ever use media ever again, speculating about what his future would be like having not logged into something for so long. Often, even the most day to day encounters of this artist would become widely reported news all over the internet.

“He made toast again today, but instead of an egg, he put peanut butter, honey, and toasted coconut on top.” A live tweet from a feed relaying only what the #IsolationArtist eats, moderated by a sixteen year old girl in Reno.

Confronted by a beggar on the platform, waiting for the train, asking for cash, the artist gave him a granola bar from his bag, as he had no cash for the beggar, and it became national news within the hour. After the encounter the beggar walked down the main avenue and looked into a storefront, and on the screens through the window he saw himself receiving the granola bar from the artist as broadcast by the evening celebrity media coverage. A man on the street recognized and stopped the beggar, asked for a selfie with him and then took it, and immediately posted it on his feed. The image received more than one-hundred-thousand likes and shares within the hour. The beggar rushed to the library and logged into his facebook account on the free internet to share the story; it went viral within the hour.

The next day, the beggar, who had a rather hilarious sensibility and a good way with puns and pith, became an online celebrity. He engaged with the public on his feeds, he posed for innumerable selfies, he tagged every stranger in every photo and liked every comment, he was prodigious with his social interaction. Within a week he no longer needed to beg, as he was receiving handouts on the street from strangers that recognized him, liked his posts, followed his tweets, his tumblrs. As the beggar gained notoriety, as the thousands of post/like/shares mounted, his presence began to compete with the #IsolationArtist. Unaware of the phenomenon, in his isolated universe full of contentment and simple human pleasures, he continued his fast. People would ask him about the beggar, and he would recall the tale of the granola bar on the train platform, but had no concept of the occurrence he incited, or the beggar’s viral meteoric rise to celebrity.

By the second week, and after a particularly hilarious campaign of memes— predominantly pictures of animals with captions that the beggar carefully selected for their appeal to him, to his sensibilities, to his personal and distinctive humor— the beggar’s account activity had surpassed the #IsolationArtist by nearly two hundred

percent. The analytics did not lie, could not lie...the beggar had become a viral success, exceeding #IsolationArtist page hits by a landslide. The #IsolationArtist, oblivious to this, kept on living his life; he had a simple and delicious breakfast, the banana was especially sweet. He went for a walk; he saw a small black and white kitten in the window of an apartment batting at a fly as it buzzed around; a dog barked at him through an iron fence; a flock of pigeons cascaded behind the towers of the cathedral.

Another week passed, and by this time the isolation artist had been entirely forgotten, while the beggar had begun his descent into obscurity, his inane posts quickly being ignored in favor of some other new strange viral content...a well-dressed frog on a unicycle had sprung from nothingness and taken the feed by storm...Meanwhile, the #IsolationArtist continued in his fast, though he had become aware of the decreased camera attention. Fewer selfies on the street with strangers, he was unsure if the webcams were still broadcasting, but remained outwardly indifferent to this. Instead, he continued in his simple and pleasurable life.

A month later, after finding the story online of the artist, and scouring through the innumerable posts, likes, comments, videos, and chatlogs, a journalist sought out the #IsolationArtist. A thinkpiece was due, and the theme of, “memes that have been old news...a where are they now sort of thing,” was pitched at a weekly brainstorming meeting in the content office of a media conglomerate. Gluten free donuts were served. Fresh sparkling water. After the pitch was green-lit, and some coercing by means of letters and meetings, the artist permitted to be formally interviewed by a reporter from this publication, though only under very specific conditions; no cameras were to film him, nor was he to be voice recorded.

He was both videotaped, and voice recorded, a transcription of the interview follows:

Reporter (vibrating at the excitement of breaking such hot content): So, are you still fasting? Do you have any intention of stopping?

Isolation Artist: Forgive me, everybody.

R (taps right temple and rolls eyes as if to say “oh this guy is a genius and we are dumb and need to catch up and play along,” points at the artist and winks into camera): We forgive you.

IA : I always wanted you to admire my fasting.

R (desperate to placate this tortured artist gracing his content’s manifolds): We do!

IA : But you shouldn't admire it.

R (mystified by confrontation with swelling artistic vision and confusion at the presence of such vision): We... don't? ... but ... why? Why shouldn't we?

IA: Because I have to fast, I can't help it.

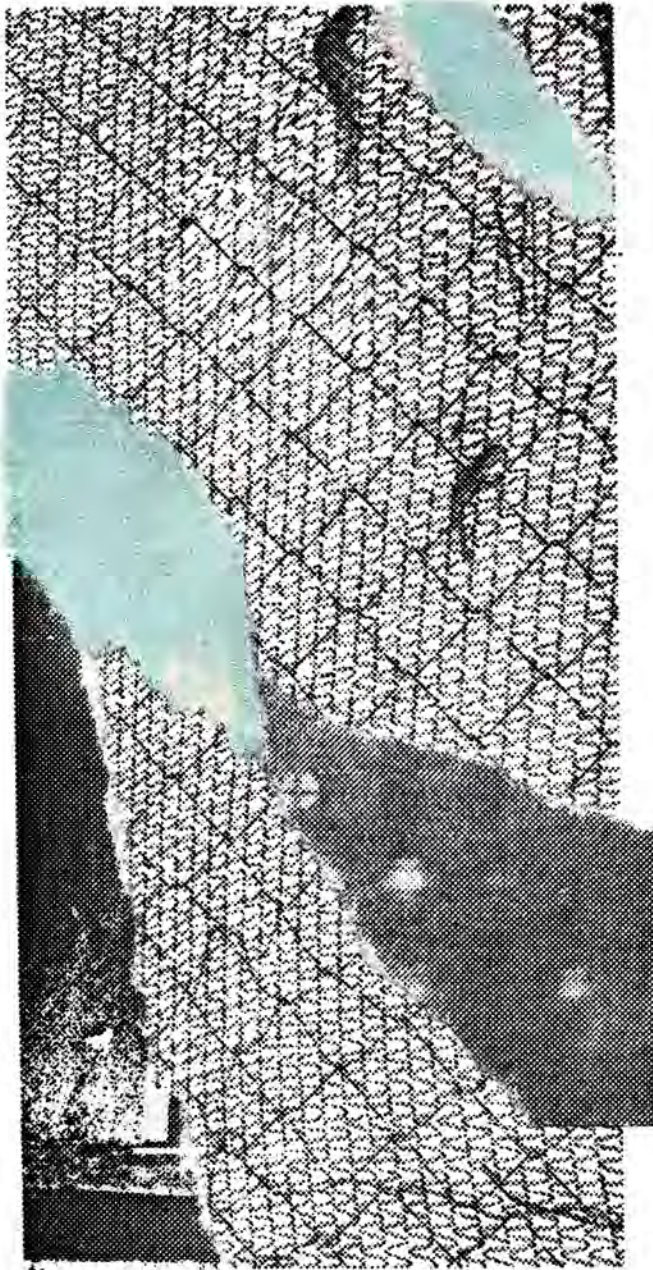
R (in awe, gaining a modicum of clarity, but persistently asking the wrong questions naively): Man, you are too cool. Why can't you help it though?

IA : Because...to be honest, I couldn't find any form of social media I truly liked. None of it suited my taste. If I could have found the right network, the best content, the fastest wifi, I would have been logged in and drooling just like the rest you. But, I could never find what I was looking for, so I decided to stop looking, and just live.



The artist then stood from his chair, and left the interview, walking out of the camera's frame, off to enjoy a stroll, and some simple and delicious food, and to watch a sunset and only retain the memory, no data. The taping of the interview went viral. Media coverage of his every movement began trickling into the stream instantaneously. He was alone, and the world liked it, and shared it, and turned his singularity into content.

They watched him now, again, and wondered, not how long and simple and lonely his life would be, but rather, if he would ever find the network that was right for him, and if so, would he accept their already pending friend request?



TARA IN THE HEAT

For Tara & Kys art gallery, Vietnam

“I dream of painting then paint my dream.” – Van Gogh

In Tara’s gallery,
music drops like coconuts,
ripening and falling
like Tara in the tiger’s paws

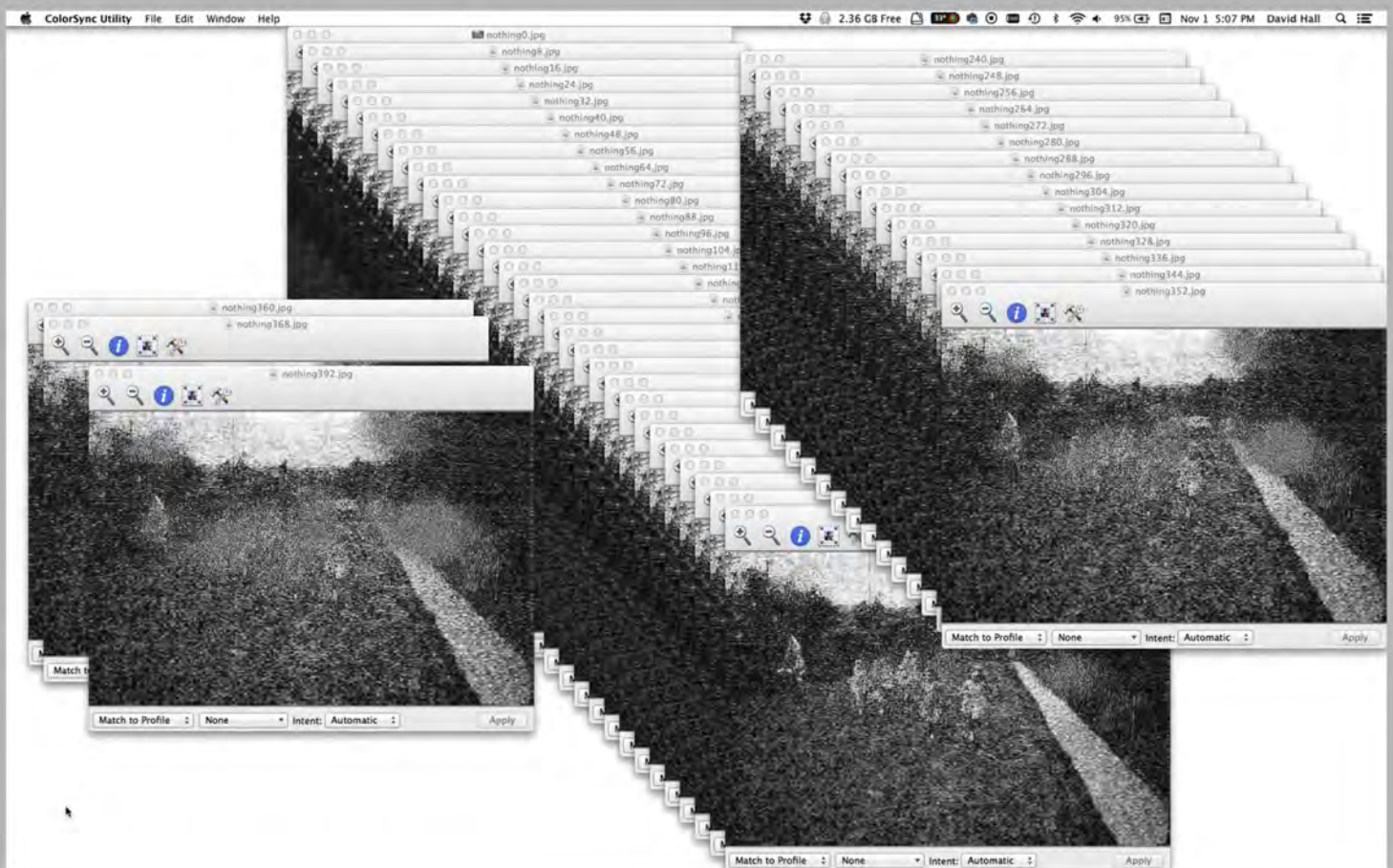
of Vietnamese
men, her two lovers, slender
as they climb the trees,
to shake the coconuts from them.

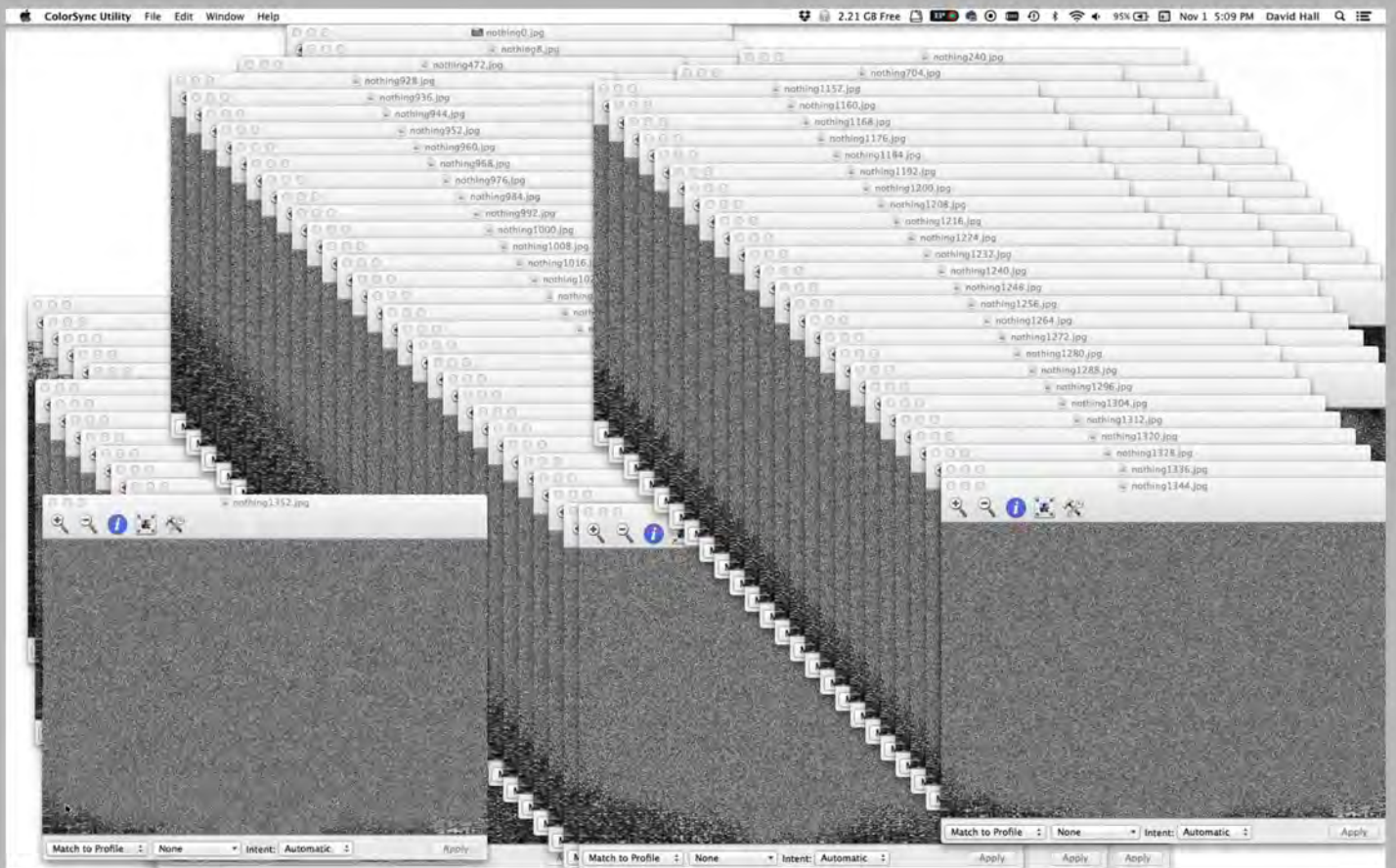
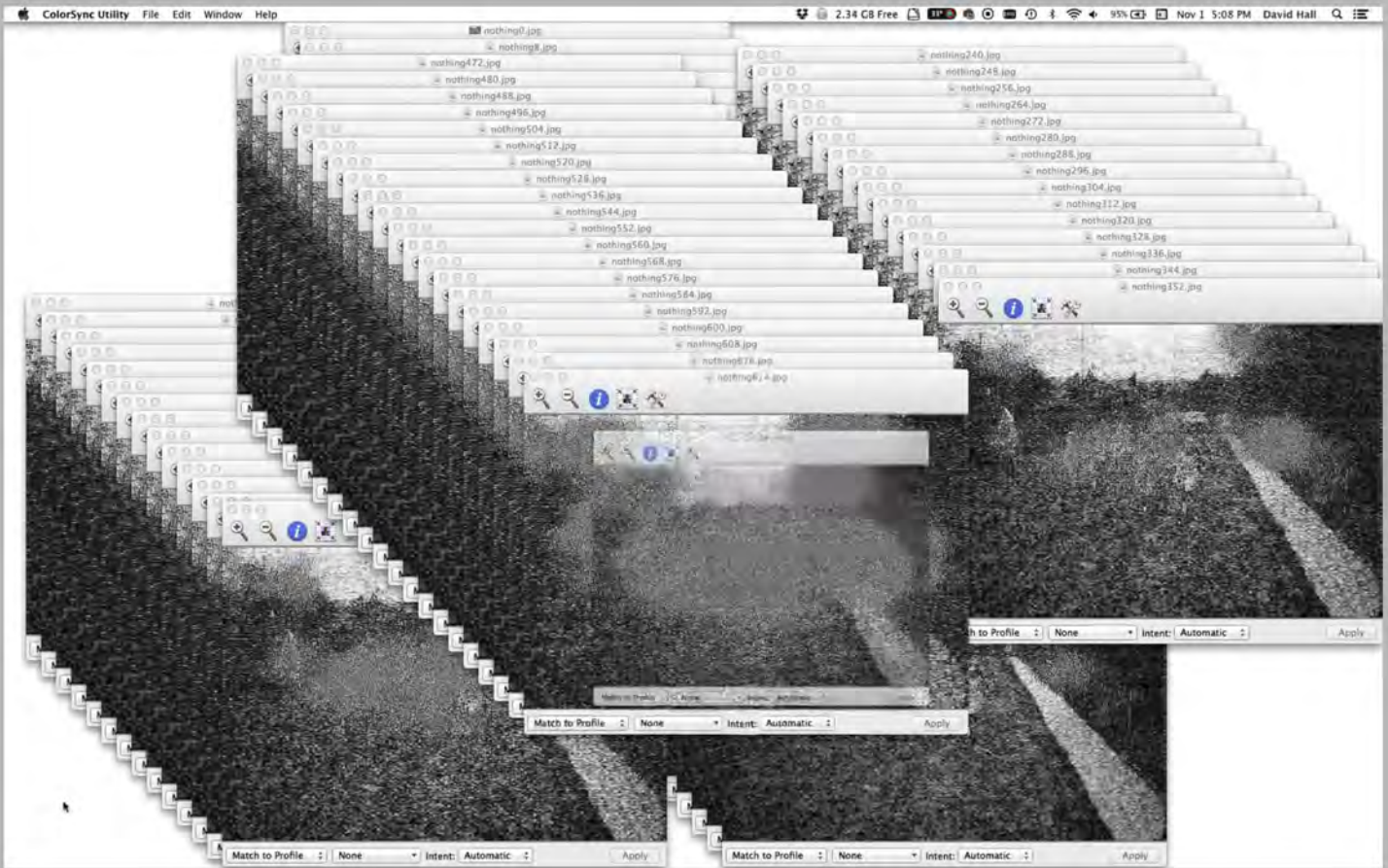
Those trees that are tender
and leaning as a French lover
as Tara in the heat
like a paper umbrella

over Saigon. Eyes, black
as the dried pods of a lotus
flower, and green as jade
moons follow me from their canvas

hung in the gallery.
Tara tells me of her Cambodia,
and of her *Two Lovers*,
both Vietnamese. Dreams of art.

While the Musette that plays
the good dream again, again
causes each word to fall
as if caught up by a bad wind.





from "MAY CAUSE"

—Weight Loss

Erasistratus writes, "One inclining to epilepsy should be made to fast without mercy and be put on short rations."

Within two months I lose thirty pounds, and am recommended a special diet.

"Ketone," from carbonyl groups bonded into two hydrocarbon groups with oxidizing secondary alcohols.

"-genic," produced by; well-suited to.

Which patterning of bondage inclines toward mercy?

Alternatively: is an embrace — or a history — produced by what it clatters to conceal?

In the face, they say when I mention my new belt. It's most obvious in the face.

Memory rations the response.

I never want to get up afterward.

—Unemployment

Not the contextless waste my parents cautioned against.

To write this I make a space inside the routine.

Heaps of pills still bottled clamor to pay hot surfaces of the parietal lobe.

At my final job, walking to a meeting, rain heaps against the windows.

Memories before the prescriptions are intact.

Clutching the handrail, I remember my youth, pedalling Scarlatti's Sonata K.87 without dry bars.

Some patients are unable to transfer new memories into long-term memory.

My boss catches me before I fall down the flight.

Context buckles.

Immobile and sightless against her blouse, I hope I am unable to make new memories.

Students pass, staring, while rain parents the new surface.

From an introduction to the sheet music: *Scarlatti will do anything to undermine a normal sense of patterning.*



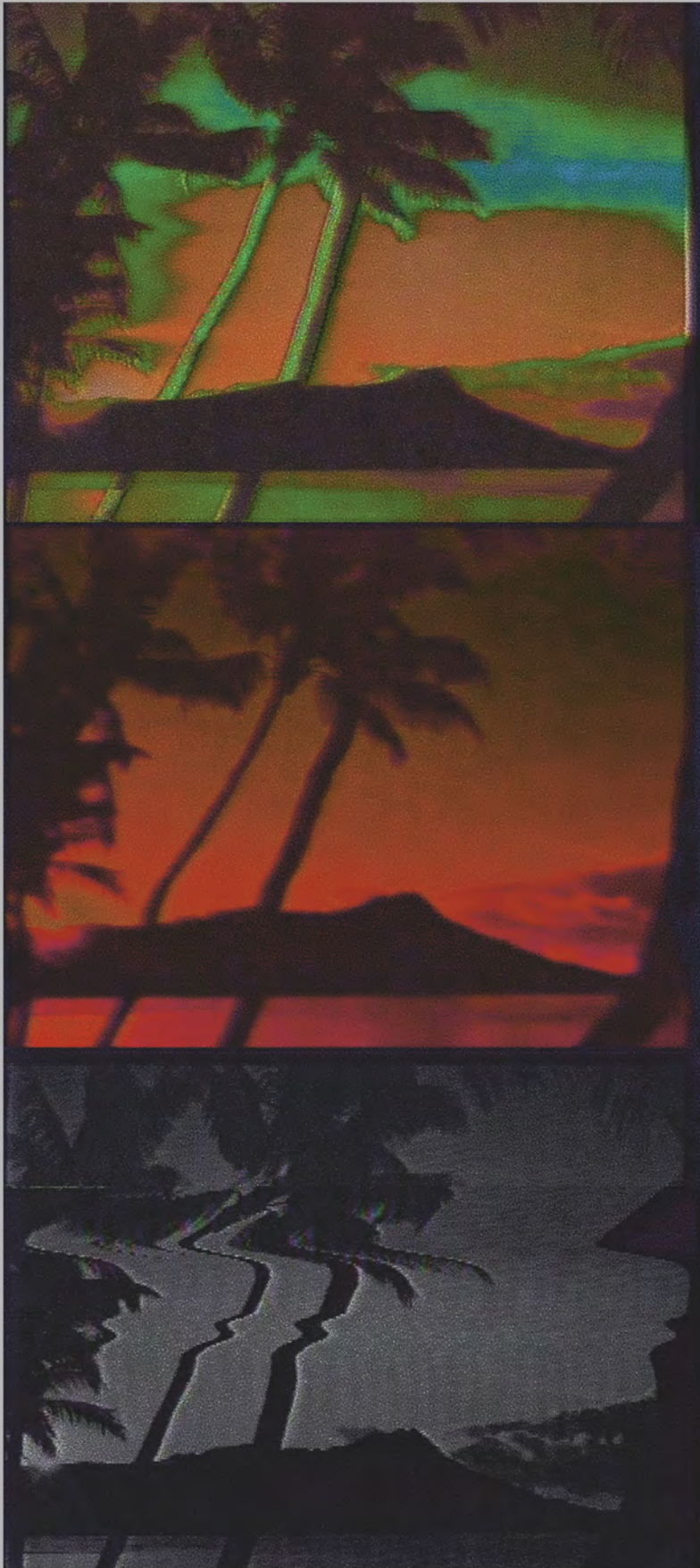
NURSING HOME PIANO

Maybe, we all eventually need roadside assistance. By mistake, by free will, with hands on the wheel, by time and fate, maybe we all are soon easily lost on a busy freeway going somewhere, all so very still. Stuck like the corner TV that might still be on, talking to itself through its boxed fog.

We remember the strings and whirlwinds of instruments we once were, the music, now as we silently cry. Outside, the winter world and its storms may spin. Drumbeating rain may go distant and distal. Disgust may come of it and go, or throw and all that is left, the world, all the world may suppose. And then, out of tune, no resonance, the end.

Somewhere within the clouded grain, and underneath the yellow smile, maybe fake, or not, somewhere within the skin, within the box somewhat also too hidden, maybe forgotten, somewhere within the timber, the timbre awaits. Somewhere all of life's splendor is far more than antique furniture or tree or paneling or wood or tired peeling name, or all that once was, or only the breeze, but remains. Somewhere outside in the cold, the brittle brown leaves hold tight to the pin oak, even in this icy rain.

I shall pass it again, and remember the high school stage, all the foreground blackness as if all of space was ahead beyond all our instruments. And somehow back then it seemed as if all of it could be played somewhere in my head. But now, soon it shall be lunch, and down this ephemeral hall the spokes on the wheels shall barely blur on by. And by some grace maybe we may come to believe we remain all along much more than this present gust of wind.



Honey, Here is some French-
men I thought maybe you
998 would like to see how
the dress & look.

III
294



OCEAN VOICE

The night is dying,
Morning merely mist.

Clouds remains silent
About their loss.

We cross frontiers
So easily that we mistake
Heaven for blue sky.

My voice was blind, grayed,
Unheard,
Rolling like a nightingale into song.

The ocean still haunts,
It's salt embedded
In our skin.



WINDOW

NOW ACCEPTING SUBMISSIONS FOR

ISSUE 5 - "CHLORIS"

"TREES AND PLANTS ALWAYS LOOK LIKE
THE PEOPLE THEY LIVE WITH SOMEHOW."

- ZORA NEALE HURSTON

"THE CLEAREST WAY INTO THE UNIVERSE
IS THROUGH A FOREST WILDERNESS"

- JOHN MUIR

CONSIDER VEGETATION, FLORA, BLOSSOM
MOSS AND MOLD, FOLIAGE, FLOWERS
TALL AND SHORT GRASS, ANNUALS, PERENIALS



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WINDOW

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