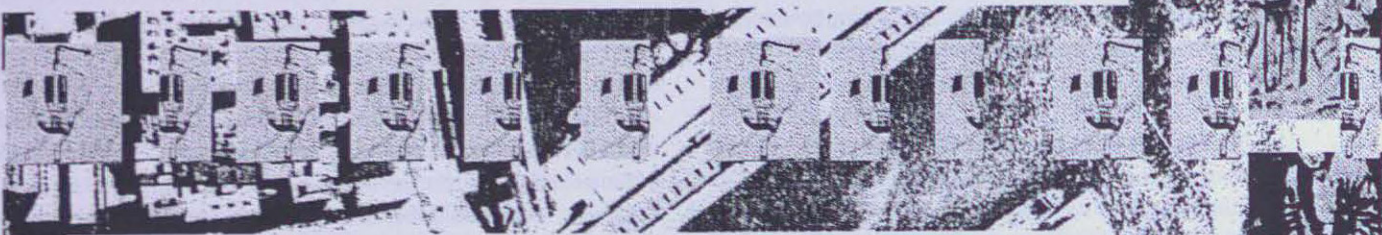
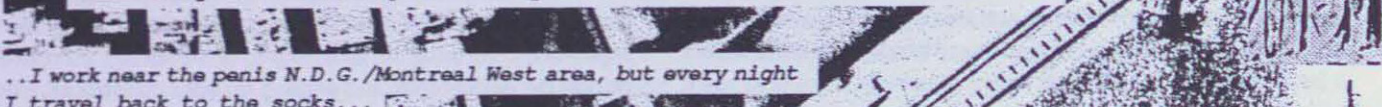


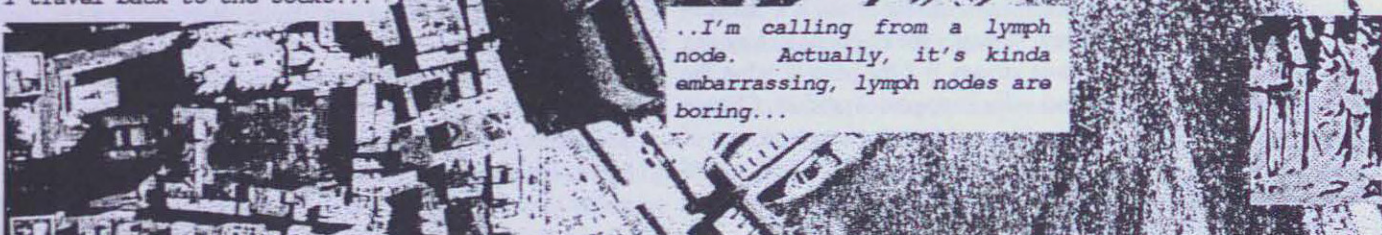
Excerpts from a recent call-in radio show that sprawled over danger in paradise and curiousear and curiouser on CKUT-Fm in Montreal. Listeners were asked to map the city's body. Callers would describe their location in anatomical terms, and then either make noise with that body part or wax poetic/schizophrenic on their carnal constitution.



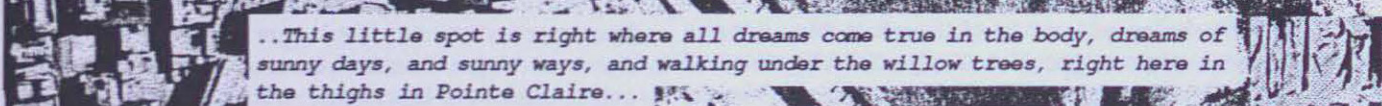
..The nervous system is in the electrical and telephone wires, the brain of the city. One is necessary for the body, the other one is metaphysical. The body can harm you; it can dispense with you...




..I work near the penis N.D.G./Montreal West area, but every night I travel back to the socks...



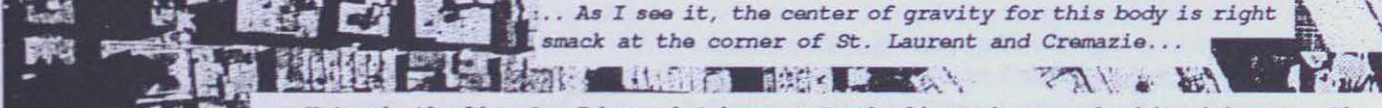
..I'm calling from a lymph node. Actually, it's kinda embarrassing, lymph nodes are boring...



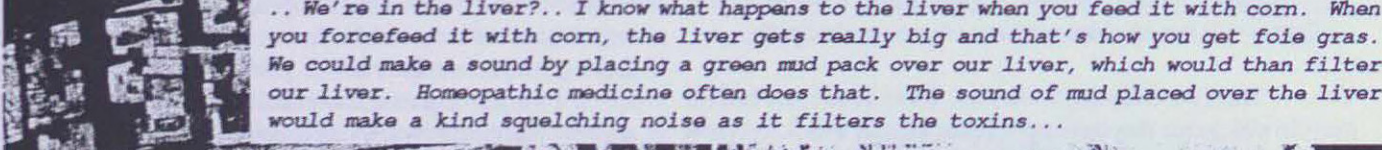
..This little spot is right where all dreams come true in the body, dreams of sunny days, and sunny ways, and walking under the willow trees, right here in the thighs in Pointe Claire...



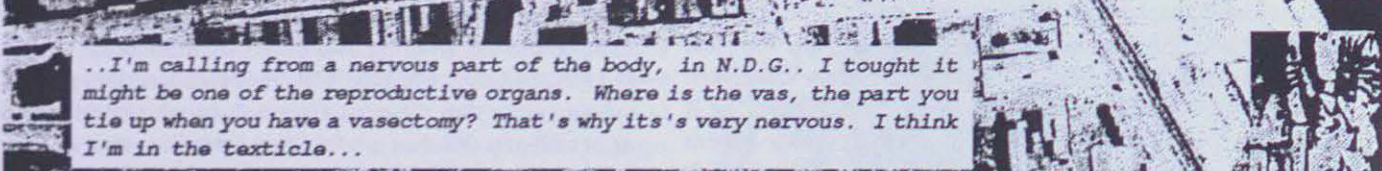
..Montreal is a photograph of a body doing a bellyflop...



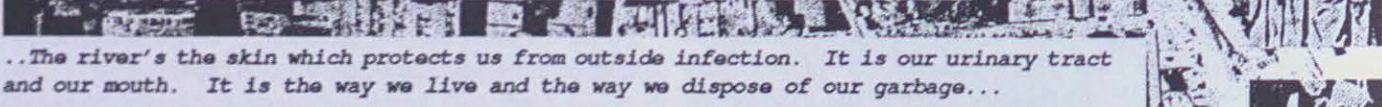
... As I see it, the center of gravity for this body is right smack at the corner of St. Laurent and Cremazie...



.. We're in the liver?... I know what happens to the liver when you feed it with corn. When you forcefeed it with corn, the liver gets really big and that's how you get foie gras. We could make a sound by placing a green mud pack over our liver, which would then filter our liver. Homeopathic medicine often does that. The sound of mud placed over the liver would make a kind squelching noise as it filters the toxins...



..I'm calling from a nervous part of the body, in N.D.G.. I thought it might be one of the reproductive organs. Where is the vas, the part you tie up when you have a vasectomy? That's why it's very nervous. I think I'm in the texticle...



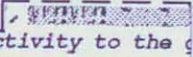
..The river's the skin which protects us from outside infection. It is our urinary tract and our mouth. It is the way we live and the way we dispose of our garbage...

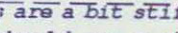
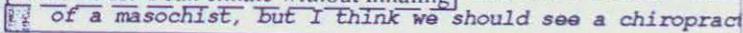
there are atoms of air in your lungs that
were once in the lungs of every one who
has ever lived we are breathing each other

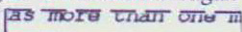
Sharon Gannon


OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND LET THE AIR OUT

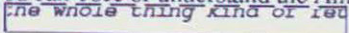
This is the length of a breath _____

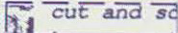
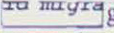
_____ at 7 inches per second, cassettes go at half the speed and hence half the length of the above line would have been breathing. The other half awaits another's breath. By constructing a sound we usually mean to capture and record then to reproduce and play. Recorded sound travels from head to head. Two heads are better than one. The voice migrates from your head to the record head to the play head to my head and back again until a bulk head leaves no head at all. One head is better than none. 

The technology of entrapment has taken context out of context. 'Is it live or is it Memorex?' is no longer the question. Or was it ever? The voice is always cast as a deed. Words are projectiles, projectiles have targets. Once recorded the sound can be manipulated. It loses authorship. One's identity is malleable and capable of being reconstructed in innumerable possibilities. I can exhale without inhaling  

The tongue of Ronald Reagan touched by the hand of Douglas Kahn speaks: 

-For the first time in man's history I am President, and I can do this with dash and daring do. 

-Ronald Reagan, you can't see or understand the America of dirty streets and poor people 

-The problem isn't being poor the problem isum...um...as a matter of fact a few Republican panaceas and myself and people like myself organized a task force of people outside government and inside. Well this little group gathered and we very carefully would open the car door with the window rolled down and shove the man's arm across the window and then break it. The backbone of America  and then break it over the window, and then the pressure came on, that hidden longing came out and  gunshots and so forth. What I'm talking about is the freemarketplace, free enterprise the regulations that governments have which are necessary is to ensure that someone can't sell us a can of poison meat. I think can of poison meat had a problem that I think people must recognize. The problem is, if you open a can of poison meat hold it in your hand it gets warm very fast while you're drinking it.

Douglas Kahn, excerpt from the audio piece "Reagan speaks for himself"

Douglas Kahn bespeaks a skillful scalpel, performs the disappearance. Cuts that tape, and inaugurates the building block of sound. The touch

Les techniques d'enregistrement et de reproduction permettent la manipulation et l'altération du son qui, par là, perd son origine et son identité. La radio est une de ces techniques, qui en projetant la voix humaine, la déterritorialise et crée un espace sonore, parallèle à l'espace visuel.

becomes me. I can exhale without inhaling and still live dead on the air.
This is a series of exhales

_____ / _____ / _____ / _____
The proper edit is airtight. Take my breath away. And transmit it as a
signal to an aural expanse.

Dead air exhales magnetic mappings of words that never got away. The
radio signal etches maps of (e)motion onto the city/body. Magnetic
mappings of words that never go away. The radio is here and in enclaves
of there. The organs of the radiophonic body are never stationary. Though
they are always stationary. Perhaps we are transmitting from your closet
and staging your murder while you're still fiddling with your tuner. The
razor's sharp. Cutting block. Cut you into another, and cast you into ether.
A fine sculpture for the ear. Perhaps the touch of you transmits less
wounding, more dis-ease. The feeling is mutual. I carefully stretch my
skin across your body. If it fits. I am your ventriloquist. If it complements,
I am your seducer. If it jars. I am your dj.

Radio constructs time out of space. When you touch me, my space is no
longer mine. Radio constructs a node. Actual sound out of space.
scream. We move from the embarrassing, lymph nodes are
rooms of production to the rooms of seduction. You take the words right
out of my mouth. I don't like you when you are me. I have digested our
conversation. The dessert traverses the nervous flesh with a profusion of
fine splices, slightly sticky. You're saying things you've never said and
sometimes I like you better that way. You're injuries become you. Do you
little spot is right w like the new you?

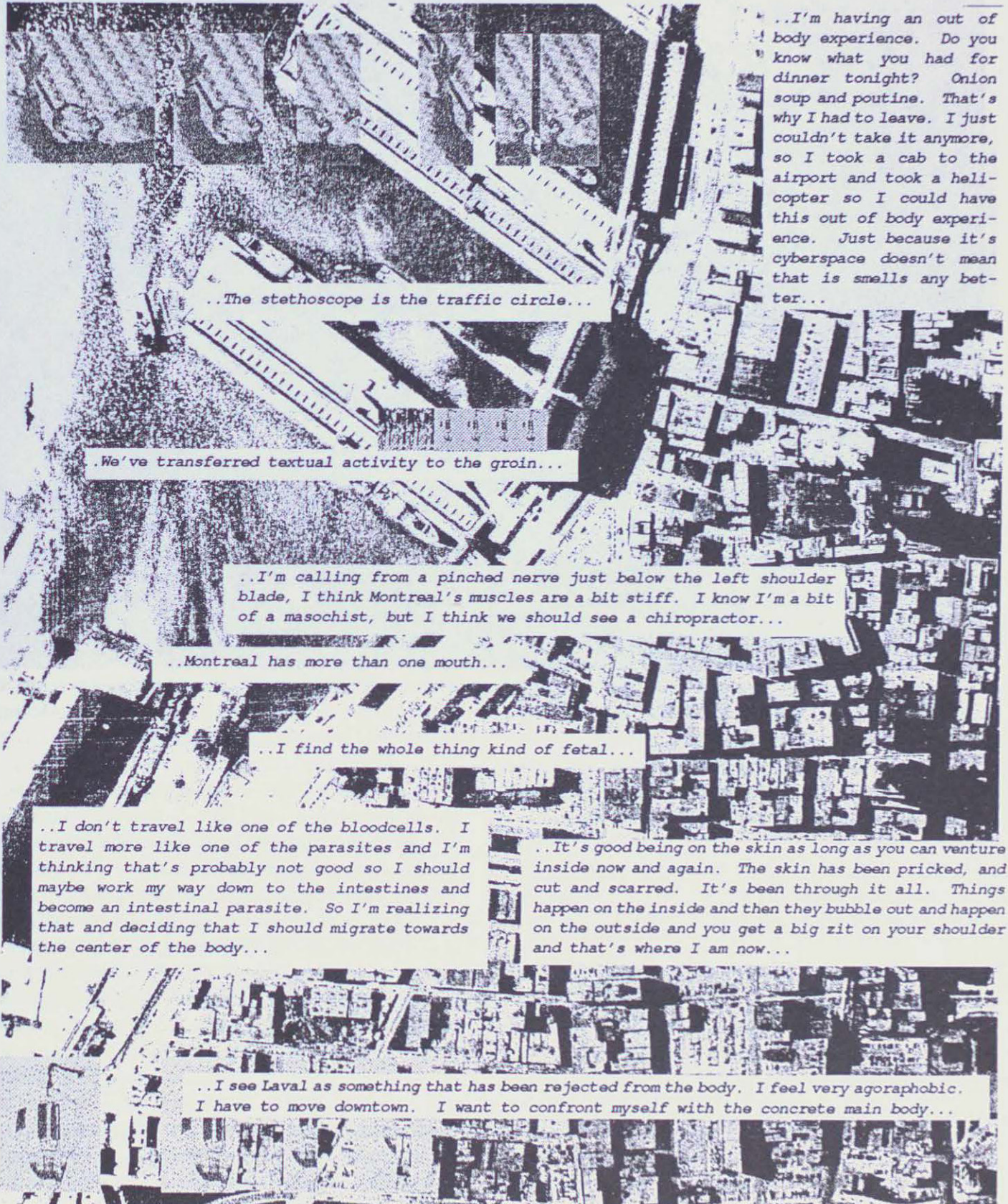
lays, and sunny ways, and walking under the willow trees,
Lest you worry. I can splice you back so nicely you won't notice. You're
in my hands and out of your mouth. Montreal is a pho The
interplay between nervous systems can remain playful. The structure
cannot be cemented. Permanently vacant. No definition
is offered but no lack of the act of defining. The body of your city has a
body fondling itself. smack at the corner of St. A moan travels.

If our voices have seduced you. Maybe you would like to come hear us
mouth off more words. First you must insert your fingers into our mouth.
Touch that dial. Now synch your lips to the tune of the tuner. Stretch your
skin across our body. Jacking in or off. Radio artisans, or sound
construction squeezing networkers. Announce what you've felt all
along. You've been receiving all stations at all times. That tickling
sensation. Performing the vocabulary of a leap. xx 1 We ask you
to emit. Hey! Body, sitting with a deafening silence. Open your mouth and
let the air out. This space is yours

Do something and I'll eat you.

*Christof Migone is a radio/audio
artist obsessed by the aberrations
of language who works out of
CKUT 90.3 FM Radio McGill.*

*Julia Loktev is a radio/audio art-
ist obsessed by the space between
bodies who is currently in transit
between Colorado, the USSR and
Montréal.*



...I'm having an out of body experience. Do you know what you had for dinner tonight? Onion soup and poutine. That's why I had to leave. I just couldn't take it anymore, so I took a cab to the airport and took a helicopter so I could have this out of body experience. Just because it's cyberspace doesn't mean that it smells any better...

...The stethoscope is the traffic circle...

...We've transferred textual activity to the groin...

...I'm calling from a pinched nerve just below the left shoulder blade, I think Montreal's muscles are a bit stiff. I know I'm a bit of a masochist, but I think we should see a chiropractor...

...Montreal has more than one mouth...

...I find the whole thing kind of fetal...

...I don't travel like one of the bloodcells. I travel more like one of the parasites and I'm thinking that's probably not good so I should maybe work my way down to the intestines and become an intestinal parasite. So I'm realizing that and deciding that I should migrate towards the center of the body...

...It's good being on the skin as long as you can venture inside now and again. The skin has been pricked, and cut and scarred. It's been through it all. Things happen on the inside and then they bubble out and happen on the outside and you get a big zit on your shoulder and that's where I am now...

...I see Laval as something that has been rejected from the body. I feel very agoraphobic. I have to move downtown. I want to confront myself with the concrete main body...