



THE BLAST DOES NOT TRAVEL AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, BUT THE LIGHT FROM THE BLAST DOES.

--WILLIAM BURROUGHS/GV

a time of peace, and they can create a tool which will render the dimensions of time and space seemingly completely malleable.

The siren song of the magic lanterns has smashed many young artists on the rocks, but from the few who have slipped through the economic, social, and promotional problems in handling the new arts of film and video, we can see the promise of paradise. As the word was two thousand years ago, the picture is today, a magic medium that gives seeming reality to the wildest flights of fancy. Yet poetry, unlike politics, is basically a private event. The emphasis our culture places on the popular arts obscures the fact that great artists have acted alone, in the near vacuum of the unknown. Poems and paintings shaped to meet the contemporary taste lack the personal touch that has characterized great Western art. We must accept the fact that what we ought to see in art is something that has not yet been fashioned, a mental image lodged in the brain of an artist who may never possess the tools to make the vision known. To use economic gain as the motivation for allowing creativity, an intention we so frequently see in television, is to cancel the possibility of developing a new vision for this new medium. Hence, an economic sacrifice has to be made to let our culture grow. The decisions on how to disburse funds for access to the new media arts should be made by those sensitive critics and socially aware artists who can anticipate the direction the media can take. Recently we have seen the appearance of film festivals, boards of jurors, grant agencies guided by a few enlightened individuals. If art is to have a future, we must place some of our trust in the hands of those few people who live at the future's frontiers.

OPTIC NERVE

Process/product: feedback/feedforward/fed up: the man on the box is gonna sell me/us something to spray on our armpit, crotch, dog, cat, goldfish, in the air for house-a-tosis, and off the wall for some new revolutionary improved mind-washday whitener: truly a miracle; if I/we have those everyday aches & pains, the phosphorescent man on the other side of the screen tells me to take some triple X rated time control span-sule guaranteed to straighten you right out: if that don't work, buy a used war from some other clown, low easy terms for a lame lifestyle.

One prerequisite for the survival of any community is realization and control of those factors operating on it: in this case, information. Optic Nerve is a media collective located in the basement of Project One: Sherrie, Lynn, Ben, Jules & Jim comprise the core group. In the year or so that we've had our AV series hardware, we've produced an hour long documentary on Project One, a unique living/working community in a converted five story warehouse in S.F.'s South Market area. The flexibility of this working arrangement allows us the opportunity to implement the rhetoric of the past decade or so: action/interaction: sharing of skills and resources — adjacent to us is a 16mm film processing lab: on the floor above is Resource One, a non-profit techno group with an SDS 940 computer: by virtue of immediate access to such resources, our base potential is considerably broadened. In addition to the document on our local environment, our productions include a 20th century woman's view of 20th century women; a tape on health maintenance, a documentary on Berkeley Congressman Ron Dellums, a dialogue with Anais Nin, and some electronically inspired ditties.

For information on tapes contact: Optic Nerve, Project One, 1380 Howard Street, San Francisco 94103, telephone (415) 861.4385 — or ECOS Project, same address, (415) 626.0267.