

CONDITIONS OF USE FOR THIS PDF

The images contained within this PDF may be used for private study, scholarship, and research only. They may not be published in print, posted on the internet, or exhibited. They may not be donated, sold, or otherwise transferred to another individual or repository without the written permission of The Museum of Modern Art Archives.

When publication is intended, publication-quality images must be obtained from SCALA Group, the Museum's agent for licensing and distribution of images to outside publishers and researchers.

If you wish to quote any of this material in a publication, an application for permission to publish must be submitted to the MoMA Archives. This stipulation also applies to dissertations and theses. All references to materials should cite the archival collection and folder, and acknowledge "The Museum of Modern Art Archives, New York."

Whether publishing an image or quoting text, you are responsible for obtaining any consents or permissions which may be necessary in connection with any use of the archival materials, including, without limitation, any necessary authorizations from the copyright holder thereof or from any individual depicted therein.

In requesting and accepting this reproduction, you are agreeing to indemnify and hold harmless The Museum of Modern Art, its agents and employees against all claims, demands, costs and expenses incurred by copyright infringement or any other legal or regulatory cause of action arising from the use of this material.

NOTICE: WARNING CONCERNING COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY

Collection:

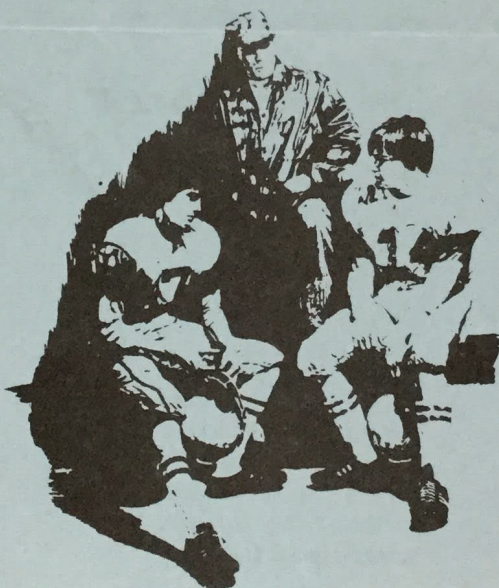
Avalanche

Series.Folder:

II.229

FAVORINI

where facade outshadows even itself



per chi preferisce
vivere in open
air, per chi ama
la vela e gli
sports a diretto
contatto
con la natura.

AMERICA

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY

Collection:

Avalanche

Series.Folder:

II.229

By JERRY SCHNEIDER

"I would like everyone to appreciate running, to look on it as an art." Steve Prefontaine

The American people as the runner. Strong, determined and most of all, inexhaustibly competitive. It is a metaphor that might be easily understood by many Americans.

It is also the theme of a magazine soon to be published by a 27-year-old graphics designer currently living in La Jolla. Whether or not the concept is acceptable is not why John Baylin decided to use sports as a vehicle to say something about American culture in the 70s.

He picked sports, and primarily the image of the runner, to mirror America as he sees it because sports is one of the most common images to Americans today.

"Sports and sports personalities are something almost everyone can recognize," said Baylin. "It's my way of transforming an idea from the abstract to the concrete."

What Baylin in a glossy magazine titled "Fanzini in America" is attempting to do is illustrate America through photographs, drawings and varied pop art.

The magazine is a thinking man's "Ball Four." It's Dan Jenkin's "Semi-Tough" in graphic display.

The esoteric title is derived from "fanzine," a publication which caters to the special interests of a special group. Baylin has annually published five fanzines under the title of "Fanzini" mostly for artist friends.

And although these fanzines are now parts of special collections of the National Gallery of Art in Canada, the Los Angeles County Art Museum, the Otis Art Institute and the University Research Library at UCLA, Baylin thought it was about time to widen his audience.

"America has no royalty, so it has to have some aristocracy, someone to look up to," said Baylin. "Movie stars used to fill that need. Now I feel the sports celebrities, such as Joe Namath, Billie Jean King and O. J. Simpson are the royalty of America."

Baylin the editor uses photographs and drawings and even ideas borrowed from others to illustrate his work.

"When I borrow from others I'm not only looking for something everyone can recognize, but for myself, I'm being original. I can't illustrate or photograph that well, so drawing from others is about the most unique thing I can do."

So what the reader sees is the familiar, if painful photograph of Floyd Patterson silhouetted on a white mat at the feet of not only his opponent Sonny Liston, but of millions of sports followers as well.

From another viewpoint O. J. Simpson is portrayed not as a star running back for the Buffalo Bills but the star customer of a top automobile renting company, seen by millions on TV.

"Fanzini in America" will not only be a magazine for the masses but an exhibit at the Long Beach Museum of Art. The museum's foundation saw enough merit in the idea to grant funding for the work as a Bicentennial publication.

"I don't think anyone has looked at sports quite this way. I want it to be like a time capsule of America in the 'seventies. Like tomorrow's fossils today," said Baylin.

Still weeks away from completing ideas and work, Baylin features one man, Joe Namath, as the culmination of the American athlete and the American people's dreams.

Namath is quoted:

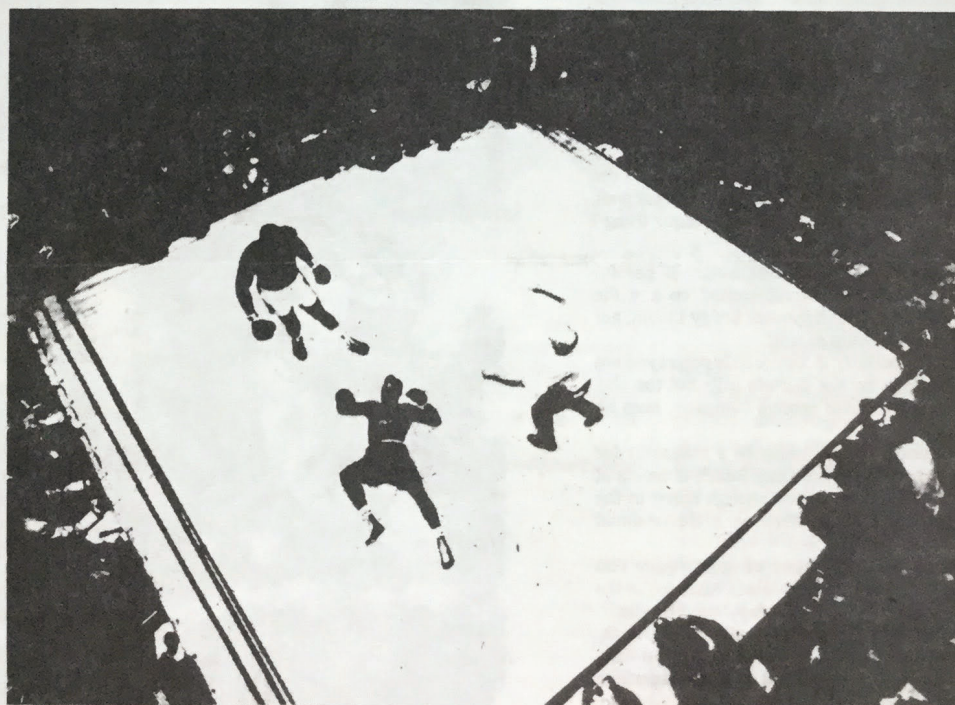
"I have no regrets... Basically I'm happy. I'm healthy, my family's healthy. I have good friends and good times. I never dreamed life could be this good."

Athletes and America on the run



FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



Shown above are two details taken from John Baylin's soon to be published magazine describing American culture in the seventies through sports. Left, Floyd Patterson after

being knocked out by Sonny Liston in the first round of a heavyweight championship bout. Right, an example of Baylin's graphic designs carried throughout the magazine.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

ART

THE FANZINE IN AN AVANT-GARDE CONCEPTION

BY JOHN PASHDAG

Hi John:

My compelling impatience and over-active sense of anticipation, in awaiting FILE results, has prompted me to begin formulating plans for our own magazine. At least that way, we know what is happening at every stage of the game, and of course, it gives us that highly sought after opportunity for M.C. (Mediac Control). I'm using FANZINE as a working title, and ask your permission or approval, it being a Dowdism, I believe. This zine will be about "the movies," or our specialized conception of such. Lately, I have been scripting flic flics which won't likely be shot because this be unnecessary, in this day. All the STARS exist, and thus all we have to do is rearrange this history, in order to fit them into our own private conspiracies. FANZINE will be but an organ of the original Fanny Club; so we welcome any pet fantassy [sic] you would like to promote.

luv luv j.j.



Excerpt from Fanzine Fanzini

What we have here is either the very forefront of Art, or a classic case of wretched excess. Specifically, what we have here is a publication of sorts, called *Fanzini*—the official organ of the John Dowd Fan Club. (John Dowd is a New York graphic artist.) *Fanzini* is an annual limited edition magazine, or, if you prefer, a multi-page multi-artist limited edition print.

Fanzini comes to us from the Frozen North, Garden Bay, British Columbia—home of Bum Bank, an intimate associate of Mr. Peanut, Dr. and Lady Brute, and the Image Bank, co-stars of the Los Angeles DeccaDance of some months back (COAST, July, 1974).

Bum Bank, aka Count Fanzini, aka John Jacks Baylen, originator and editor of *Fanzini*, moved to Hollywood recently to work on a new issue and, hopefully, to earn some recognition for his publication.

"I've been thinking about printing envelopes for *Fanzini Magazine* and subtitling it 'The best kept secret in communications.'" says he.

Considering that the first issue, *Prototype Fanzini*, was published in an edition of 250, and the second and third issues, *Fanzine Fanzini* and *Fanzini Goes to the Movies*, in editions of 200 and 700 respectively, it's surprising anyone knows about it at all.

"It's almost a privately circulated

kind of thing, although I do try to sell them through art museum bookstores and things."

Someone just glancing through *Fanzini* probably would see it as the sort of thing that *would* be sold in an art museum bookshop—as long as they just *glance*, and don't *read*. The graphics—most often "recycled," rearranged pieces of old magazines and advertisements—are generally amusing, the few pages that are more than Xerox art are very nice indeed, and the price—\$75 for the set of three—is within the range of what one would expect for a set of three cheap prints. But the writing . . .

The meeting was reconvened later that evening at the Bum Bank, with a bottle of

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

rum, a bottle of whiskey, a bottle of Southern Comfort (by far the best), and several cases of beer, etc. The entire company, as large as Beautiful, sat around in a rectangular circle. Chicken Lee was acting very much the Chairman. Senior Chicken Duffle-luv was far and away the STAR of the evening, with the antics and renditions that no-one could beat. Duthie is a star, an actor, a mimic, a tank-top. He'd be smashing in musical comedy: perhaps another revival of The Boy Friend, with an all nude all chicken cast.

Ah, well. As Baylen explains, it isn't necessarily meant to be read, just looked at.

"Part of my orientation to graphics and poetry is the printed word. I take groups of words and arrange them on paper, and that's what creates the philosophy of what I write. It just *begs* to be looked at! Sometimes I cut columns out of other magazines, and they might just stop in mid-sentence, but it doesn't really matter if it fits the space. It's a very visual orientation to writing. That's what I am as a writer—a graphic writer.

"*Fanzini* basically depicts a magazine. It's not really a magazine at all—it doesn't have numbers, and it doesn't have dates, and I've only done one a year for three years, and it's always been a limited edition. It's art in the format of a magazine."

The chronology of the written content of the three issues is a little confused. The writing in *Prototype Fanzini* (graphically the most basic of the three issues) consists entirely of minutes of John Dowd Fan Club meetings, while *Fanzine Fanzini* opens with an exchange of letters between J. J. Baylen and John Dowd setting up the fan club and starting the magazine, and continues with a description of the Grand Tore. John Dowd's climactic visit from his home in New York City to Garden Bay to make a personal appearance at his fan club. *Fanzini Goes to the Movies* drops the fan club imagery, except for a few short letters between fan clubbers, concentrating instead on Baylen's poetry and recycled columns from *Rolling Stone* and other, more anonymous, magazines.

Graphically, *Fanzine Fanzini* is by far the most interesting (it's also the most expensive, at \$35 a copy), with a pair of blue and pink silk-screened Felix the Cats on the inside covers and a silk-screened Donald Duck inside—the latter a sort of focal point for the issue's heavy concentration of Disneyana, one of *Fanzini*'s recurring motifs.

"The Disney imagery is one of the

things John Dowd is very dedicated to. He infers meanings in these characters from Walt Disney which other people don't see. It's all very, very History of Man, very deep, very heavy, sometimes very dark, in fact. Some people have rejected the Disney imagery, but I don't. I think that I'd like to stick with it because it does have that universality and it's very good camouflage—like when you pick up this book (*Fanzine Fanzini*) with Pluto on the cover, you could never begin to guess what's inside of it. This is part of my idea about *Fanzini*. I've taken a lot of information and ideas which are normally considered outrageous and I wanted to put them in a sort of package that legitimizes them, because those are my beliefs and they're very dear to me—just things that I think are normal that most people don't."

Then the President called up Roger Northrop, member of the YOGO DEVELOPMENT BAND and *Enfant Terrible of the Month*, on the telephone. To invite him for dinner the following evening. John Dowd asked, "Who is that you're calling?" To which the President replied demurely, "Just some fourteen year old . . ." And John Dowd said: "Isn't there a law against that sort of thing?"

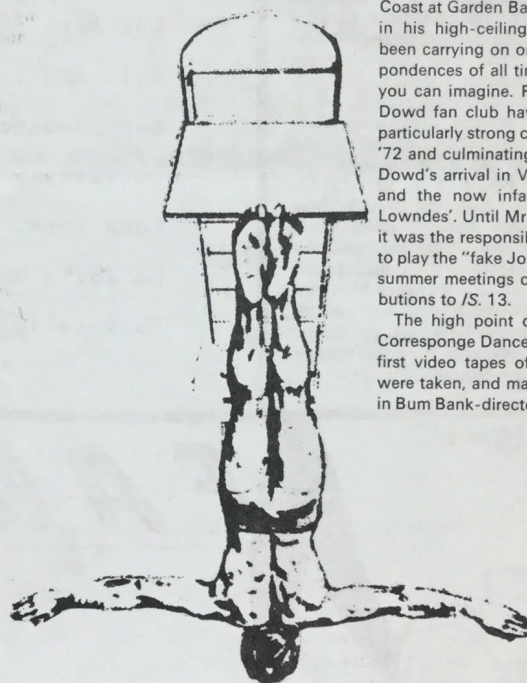
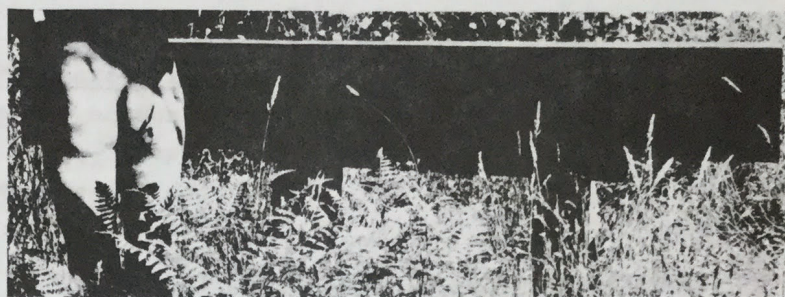
"I tend to think of most examples of so-called 'avant-garde art' as pretentious and not really part of my discipline. I've never really considered myself to be an established artist. I've had no training in art school—I took English literature in college. But because on an artist-to-artist level I was getting a lot of encouragement and a lot of feedback, suddenly I was a contemporary of all these established artists, so I considered myself to be an established artist. That's what made me an artist.

"You do start to think of yourself in terms of the history of art. Like people have compared me to Proust . . ."

Today in Hollywood, Baylen is putting together an "All Black and White" issue of *Fanzini*, to be dedicated to soul music. At the moment he's collecting old publicity photos of groups like Martha and the Vandellas, and applying for a new grant from the Canada Council, source of some of the funding for *Fanzini Goes to the Movies*. Meanwhile, *Fanzini*'s reputation slowly grows, with mentions in *Art in Canada* and *Art and Artists* and a congratulatory letter from William S. Burroughs, one of Baylen's idols.

"I feel as current as anyone when I go into Max's Kansas City now," says Baylen. ●

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

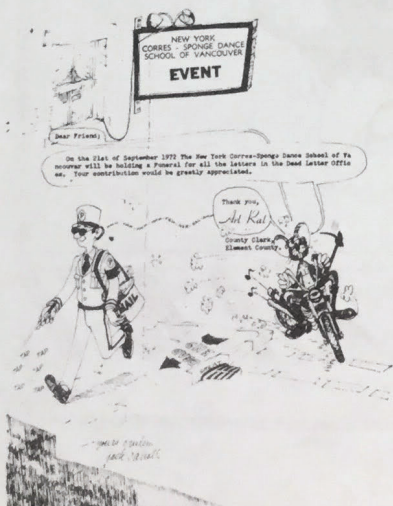


Coast at Garden Bay, B.C. High above Lake Yogo in his high-ceilinged mansion, John Jack has been carrying on one of the most furious correspondences of all time with just about everybody you can imagine. Regular meetings of the John Dowd fan club have been held all year, with a particularly strong concentration in the summer of '72 and culminating on November 11 with John Dowd's arrival in Vancouver for *The Grand Tore* and the now infamous bum signing at Joan Lowndes'. Until Mr Dowd arrived from New York it was the responsibility of various visiting artists to play the "fake John Dowd." The minutes of the summer meetings constitute John Jack's contributions to /S. 13.

The high point of the summer was the Gala Correspondence Dance held at Lake Yogo, where the first video tapes of the Image Bank color bars were taken, and many visiting artists participated in Bum Bank-directed precision swimming pieces.

-BUM BANK: THE JOHN DOWD FANNY CLUB FANZINI

John Jack Baylen aka Bum Bank has been re-searching FANZINI in the wilds of the Sunshine



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

In view

John Dowd and John Jacks of New York and Vancouver respectively have just published (under the auspices of the John Dowd Fan Club) a ring-bound photocopied book entitled Fanzine/Fanzini. Mostly devoted to being an apotheosis of John Dowd, the publication features gossip with friends, odd flashes of talking dirty, Walt Disney cutouts, numerous buttocks (human and animal), rock stars, shoe fetishes, collages featuring 'in' personalities, erotic tales, word-plays, and so on. Contributors to the Zine include: A. A. Bronson, Marcel Idea, Sally Peanut, Bum Bank, Image Bank, Chicken Bank, the Beautiful Zeke and Anna Mae Wong. It looks like a collection of everything that Dowd and Jacks ever received in the mail, strewn throughout the 180-odd pages. Bum Bank tells us that about 50 copies of the Zine are circulating in New York, but further copies are available from: Bum Bank, Box 45, Garden Bay, B.C., Canada.

Prototype Fanzini (reverse) and Fanzine / Fanzini (below) are now out of print. Both limited editions have been acquired by the following institutions:

National Gallery of Canada

Los Angeles County Art Museum Library

Otis Art Institute Library

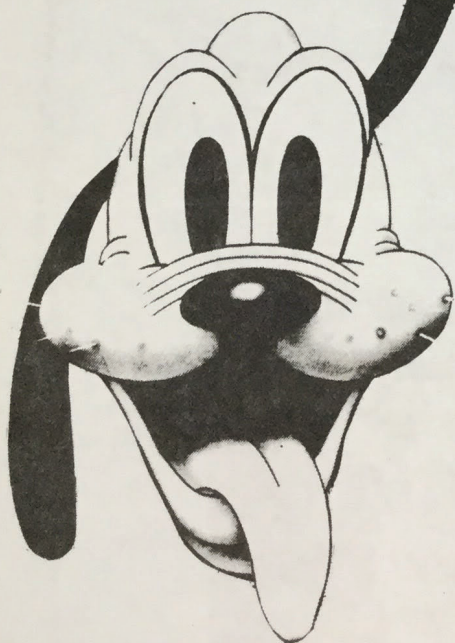
Nova Scotia College of Art and Design

University of British Columbia

Long Beach Museum of Art

La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art

University Research Library at UCLA



FANZINE



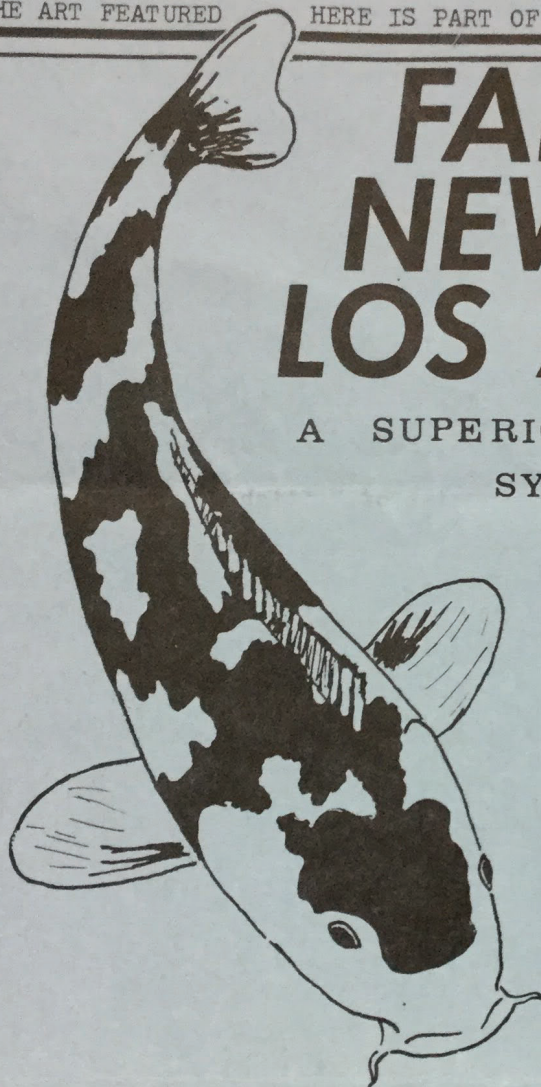
FANZINI

Cover from Jacks/Dowd publication Fanzine/Fanzini

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

THE ART FEATURED

HERE IS PART OF THE 1975 EDITORIAL STATEMENT.



FANZINI NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

A SUPERIOR FILTRATION
SYSTEM

WHAT'S THE GOOD
OF HAVING
BEAUTIFUL FISH
IF YOU CAN'T SEE
THEM ?

FOR A CRYSTAL
CLEAR POND

IMMEDIATE RELEASE

"Fanzini," a specialized yearly graphic statement depicting the culture of the 1970's, is now being released in New York City and Southern California. The first two issues of this "fanzine" were published in Toronto and New York, the third in Vancouver, Canada, and the current issue is just off the presses in New York. The editor, John Jack Baylin, is presently located in La Jolla, California.

MORE

Further information: LinMar & Assoc., P.O. Box 7602, San Diego, CA 92107

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

Originally started as a fanzine, which is a magazine that catalogues the special interests of special people (in this case the John Dowd Fan Club--a group of gifted young artists), "Fanzini" soon began to emphasize the "Italian" elements in its design, and now documents the life and work of a wide range of artists and celebrities.

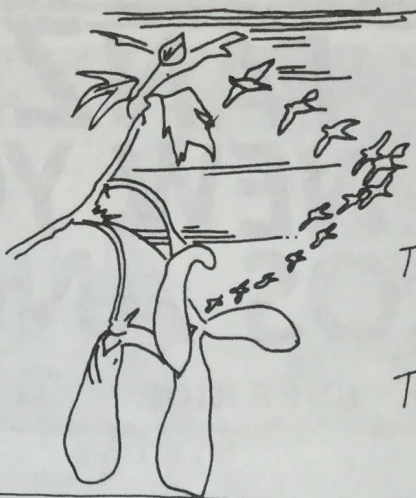
The 1975 edition features the customary black and white imagery "Fanzini" is noted for, presented this time in slick magazine format and with not the large amount of text which was found in earlier editions. Extensive photographs, photo-collages, printed art and xerography are used to comment on the quality of current American culture with specific graphic statements on ethnic cultures, wildlife and ecology. John Dowd is responsible for the concept and design; Baylin organized the material while "Zeke" provided cover art and logos. These artists have devised and perfected a format which presents their statements graphically with concise written explanation.

The publication is evolving from a limited group of Canadians and Americans to a broader international audience and is part of the special collections of many museums and libraries including the National Gallery of Canada, the Los Angeles County Art Museum, the Long Beach Museum of Art, the Otis Art Institute and the University Research Library at UCLA. As the 1975 edition becomes available to the art world, the 1976 Bicentennial edition is in production. "Fanzini in America" will feature a sports theme and is funded by a grant from the Long Beach Museum of Art Foundation.

Distribution of the publication had been limited to agencies in Canada, New York, Los Angeles and Zurich, Switzerland and through direct mail orders. The 1975 and '76 editions will have wider distribution.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

DECCA
DANCE
IN
HOLLYWOOD



THE SPIRIT
OF L.A.
THEY CAME OUT
OF THE GRAY
ZONE.
THEY CAME OUT
OF THE OZONE.

oh, john, john, john, baby, aint
aint I been good to you?



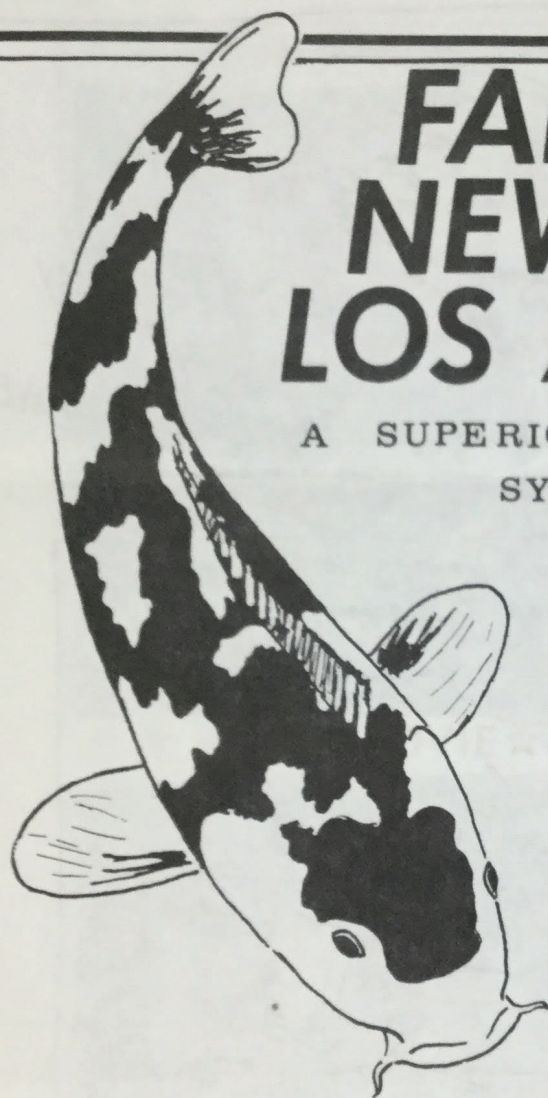
ALL ABOUT THE DECCA-DANCE, HOLLYWOOD AND
BEYOND IN

FANZINI GOES TO THE MOVIES

AVAILABLE NOW FOR FIVE DOLLARS

FANZINI.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



FANZINI NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

A SUPERIOR FILTRATION
SYSTEM

WHAT'S THE GOOD
OF HAVING
BEAUTIFUL FISH
IF YOU CAN'T SEE
THEM ?

FOR A CRYSTAL
CLEAR POND

Fanzini Magazine is available directly from the publisher.

FANZINI '75 U.S.\$7.50

Fanzini Goes to the Movies U.S.\$5.00

Fanzini in America U.S.\$5.00 (advance rate)

Make cheque payable to John Jack Baylin
Direct inquiries to Fanzini c/o LinMar
& Assoc. P.O. Box 7602, San Diego CA 92107 USA.

In the thick of the all too familiar yet loveable *KITSCH* which affects a maudlin world, it is the nature of our own affliction to expose the fantasies which move us and in doing so somehow touch YOUR lifestyle in the most literal way we know.

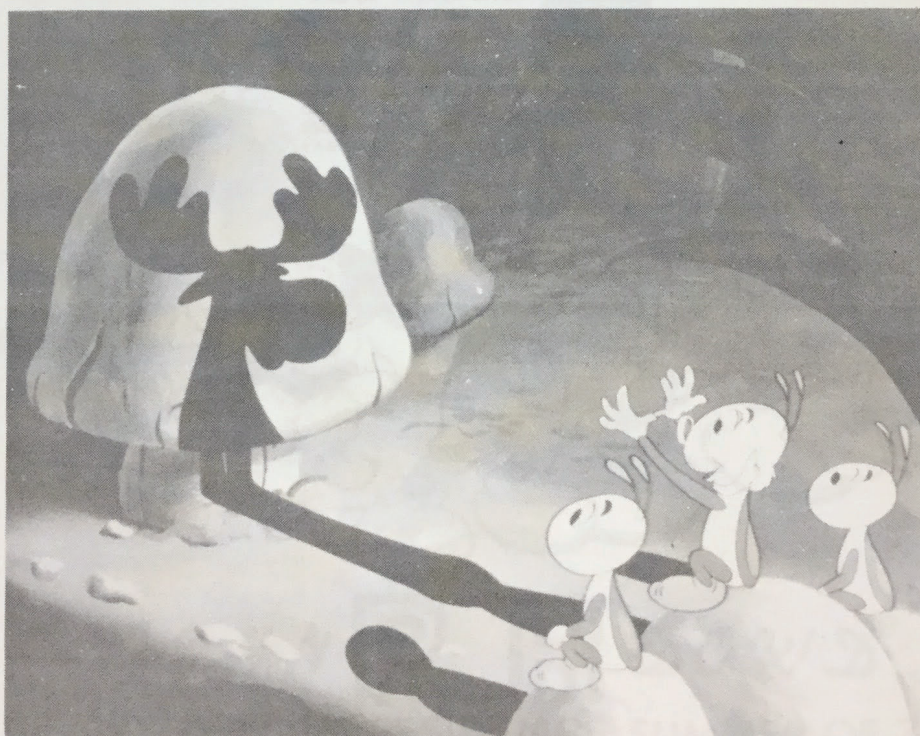
FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

☆ FANZINI ☆ GOES ☆ TO ☆ THE ☆ MOVIES ☆



☆☆☆☆ MOVIE ☆ REALITY ☆☆☆



☆☆☆☆☆ ZINI ☆ REALLY ☆☆☆☆☆

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

HII IF YOU HAVE ANY IMAGES, PHOTOS, COLLAGES ETC. WHICH WOULD FIT INTO A ZINE FORMAT OF "GOING TO THE MOVIES" OR "MOVIE REALTY" IN GENERAL, PLEASE SEND THEM ALONG TO US AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. THIS COULD INCLUDE YOUR OWN DESIGN FOR A 8 1/2" x 11" PAGE IF YOU WANT; STRONG VISUALS ARE PREFERRED. SMALL IMAGES WELCOME--WE CAN BLOW THEM UP. SEND ALL MOVIE REALTY TO **FANZINI GOES TO THE MOVIES** BOX 45, GARDEN BAY B.C. CANADA.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY

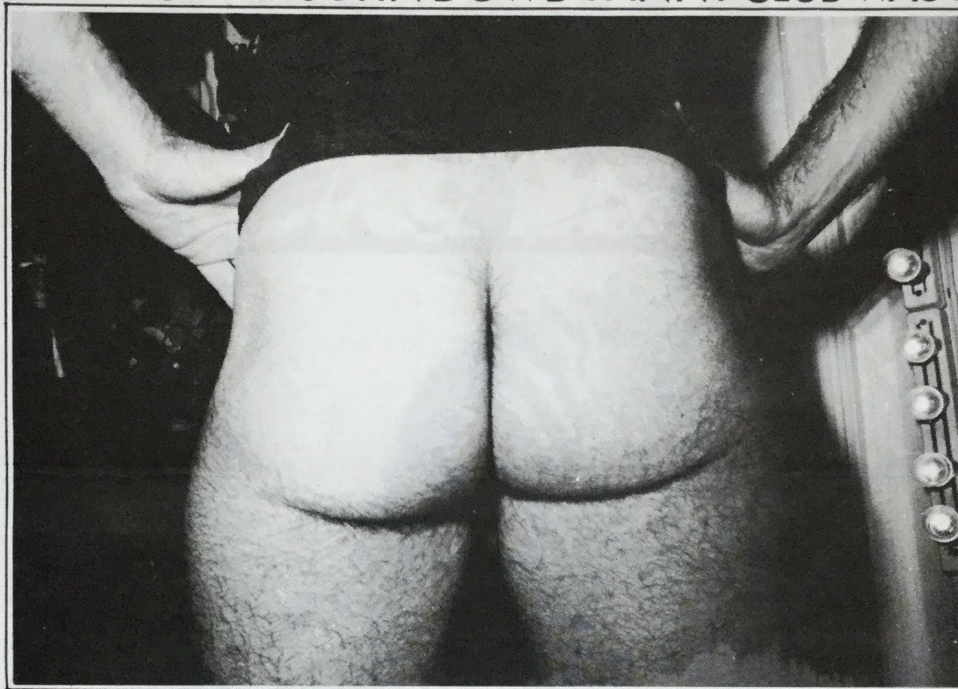
Collection:

Avalanche

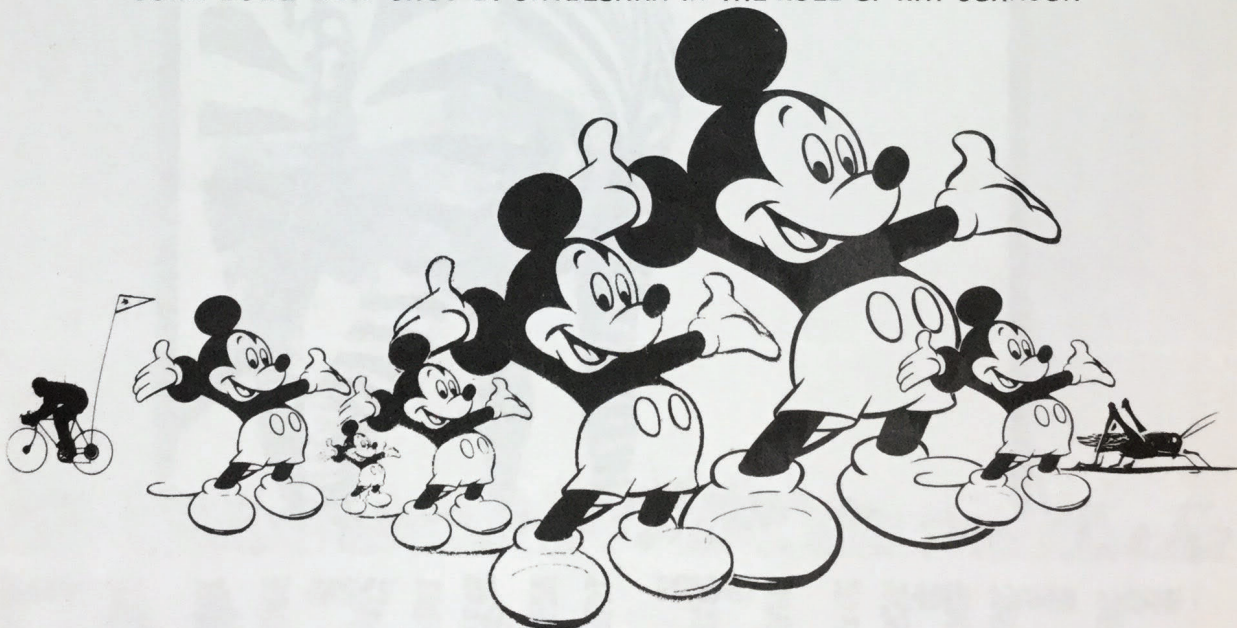
Series.Folder:

II.229

A MEETING OF THE JOHN DOWD FANNY CLUB WAS HELD



JOHN DOWD BUM SHOT BY JIM DESANA IN THE ROLE OF RAY JOHNSON



JOHN **RUR** DOWD
DISNEY BOYS IN RESIDENCE SUMMER OF 73

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



FANZIN THREE

SPECIAL BLACK AND WHITE ISSUE
featuring various tones on the gray scale

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



Queenie Layton Campaigns for WOMEN IN MICROFICHE

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A FAN ASKS THIS QUESTION:

IF STEVE LAASKO CAN'T WEAR ONE, WHY CAN'T I?

A Yogo Development Sequent occurred in P.H. for the Summer of '73 on July 6, 1973 with Roger En., Warne C., Steve L., Enfant Terrible of the Month, Chairman Lee and "la Bel LUERNARTO sans merci" (Share Paris). SUPER-STAR was supported by an august and sundry cast of: the Count and his party (including Auxiliary Gas Pump Dave and Brt. Francini), Duffy-luv of Bum Spectaculaire '72 and Fznzi's "The Boyfriend", Ken Nellis Fan Club, and a goodly portion of the cast and crew of the Summer's most popular scenario to date - Prototype "I, a Logger".

When the Count arrived at the "I, a Logger" party en masse, he was non-plussed to find outside as opaque and eloquent as ever an actual star of his Grand. Fan. Plan: and it was Roger En. Enfant Terrible of the Month. Now formerly. Who then would fill the bill, so to speak, of all that is Enfant and Terrible in the pinnacle of the Fanzini context and all of art and culture/history to boot? In vain we implore Roger's clemency: "si tu parlais a un Sphinx de granit dans les sables arides de l'Egypte, tu aurais plus de chances de l'attendrir. . ."

Steve Laakso had been spotted an half an hour previous in downtown Mad. Park B.C. and was defiantly a Fashion Note as is his wont. However at this point it would seem mereley trite to talk of tank tops, blonde skin and tightly knotted neckerchiefs round deep throats. Let it suffice to say that young Steve L. was much akin to thus:

"a faire paraître les yeux de clair de lune de Phoebe et les yeux verts de mer D'Athene plus lubriques et plus provoquants que ceux d'une jeune fille de Babylone sacrifiant a la deesse Mylitta dans l'enceinte de cordes de Succoth-Benolh. "YEAH And then in walked LUERNARTO. . . . " *

They were purple of raiment and golden
Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,
Thy lovers, in haunts un beholden
In marvellous chambers of thine.
They are fled and their foot prints escape us
Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain.
O Daughter of Death and Priapus
Our Lady of Pain.

Yours exceedingly,

Picasso

* "On voit tout cela dans les lignes de cette paume, livre blanc ou Venus a trace des signes que l'amour ne lit qu'en tremblant."

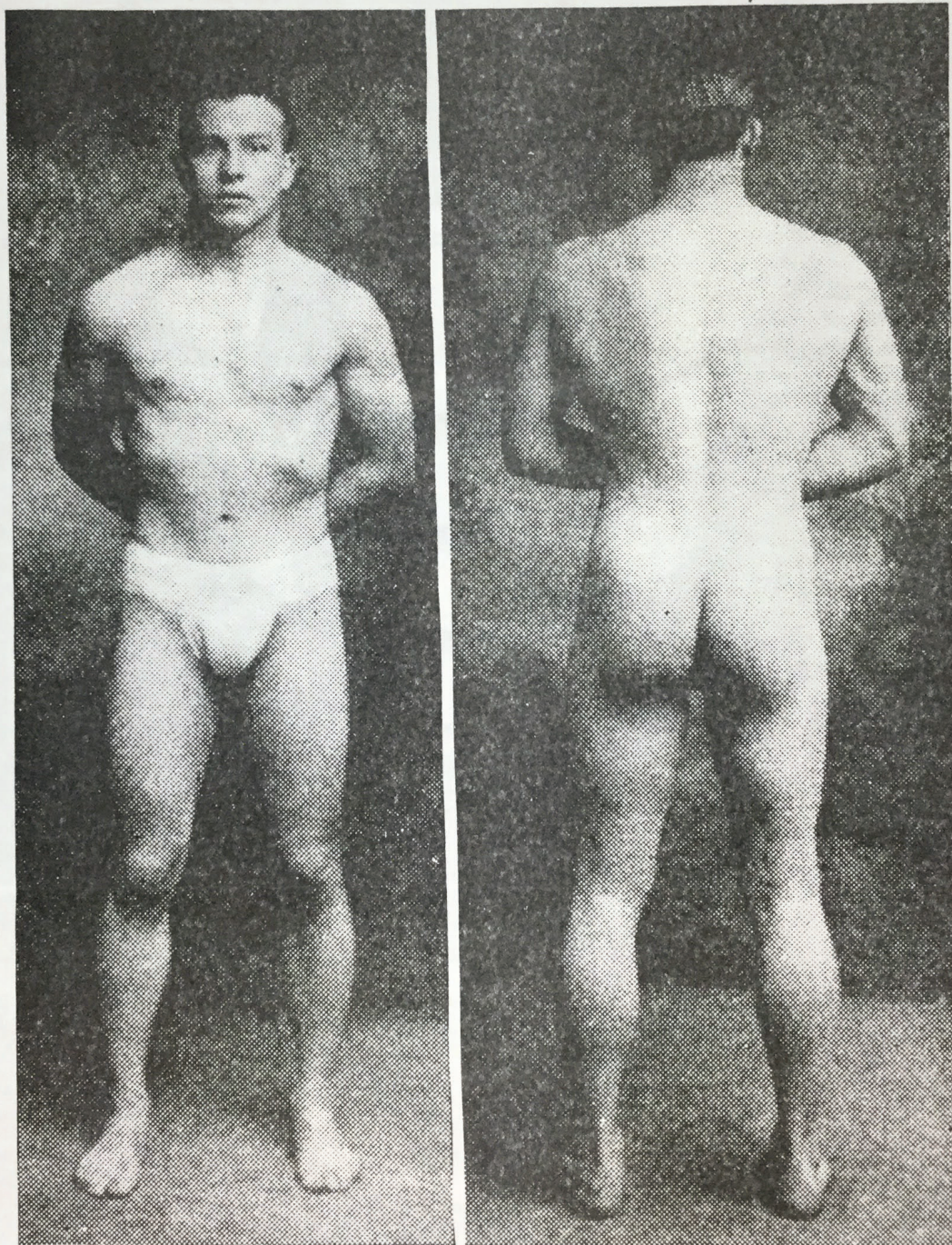
send in your image of "Wm. in Micsche." to FANZINI Box 45, Garden Bay, B.C.

WOMEN in MICROFICHE

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

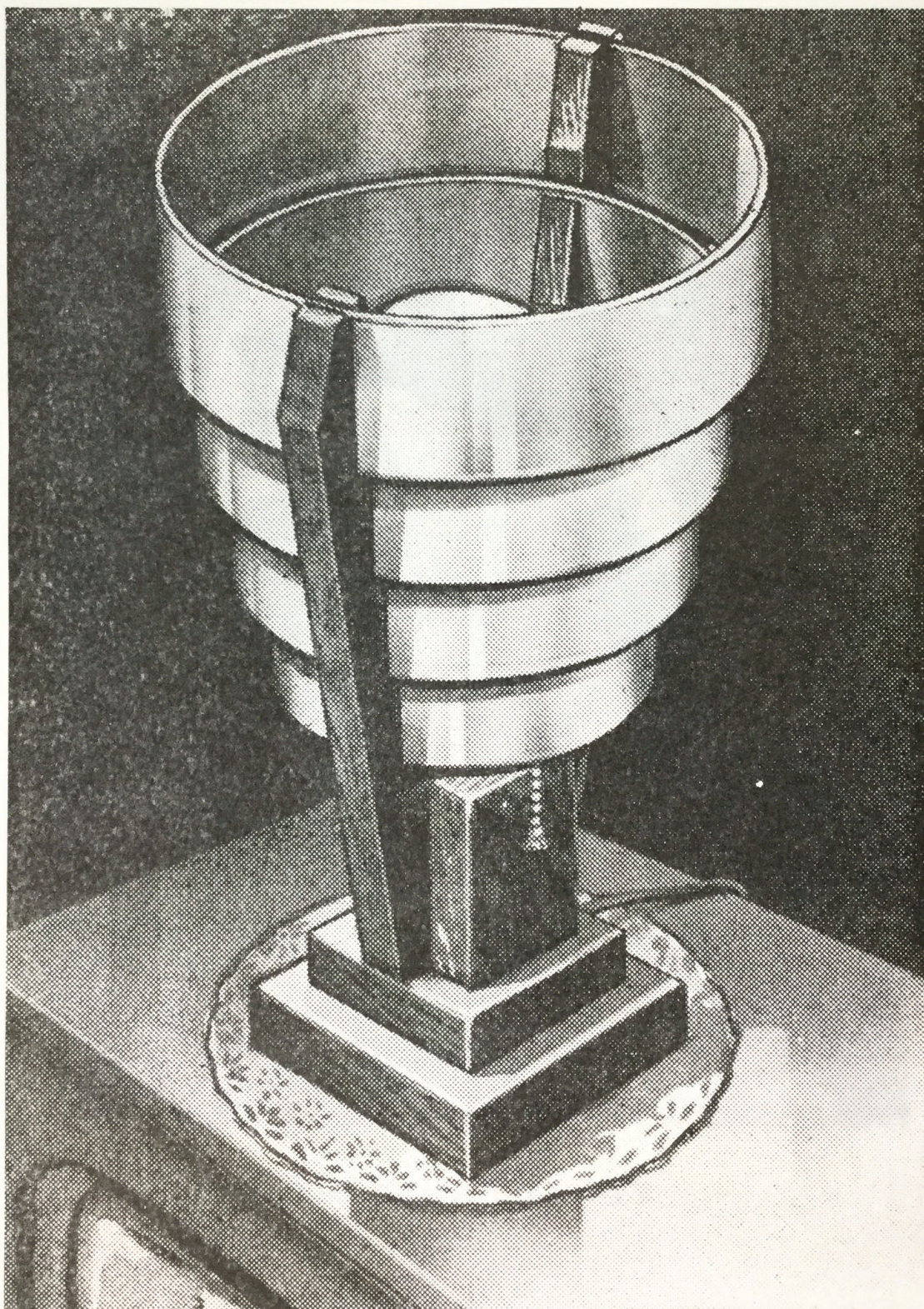
JOCK TRUMAN AND BUM BANK: TOGETHER AT LAST



BUCH WASSON

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

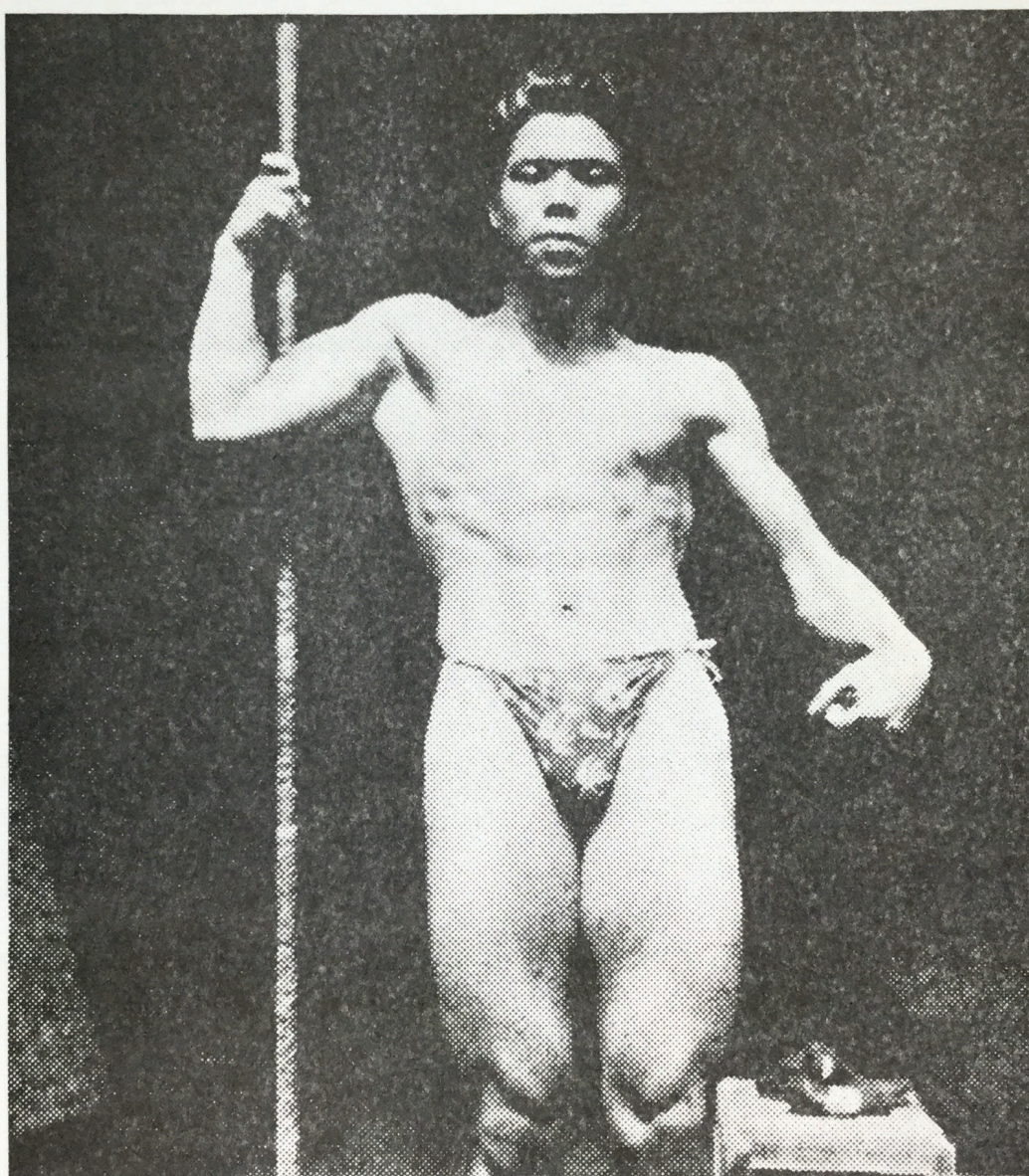


Bmbnk.'s Proposal for the Ms. General Idea "Light-On" Building in 1984.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

Vince Aletti Fan Club: 507 East 12th, NYC, N.Y. 10009 USA



JOAQUIN D. VASQUEZ

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

April 13, 1972.

John Jack--

Enclosed under separte cover-
age-BIO. INFO. ON J.D. (CIRCA
1971 and 1972). - tell me the
cows and the naked people,
is that where you live?
(am most interested in the fan
club and will work along with
it.)

JOHN DOWD

J O H N
D O W D

F A N N Y
C L U B

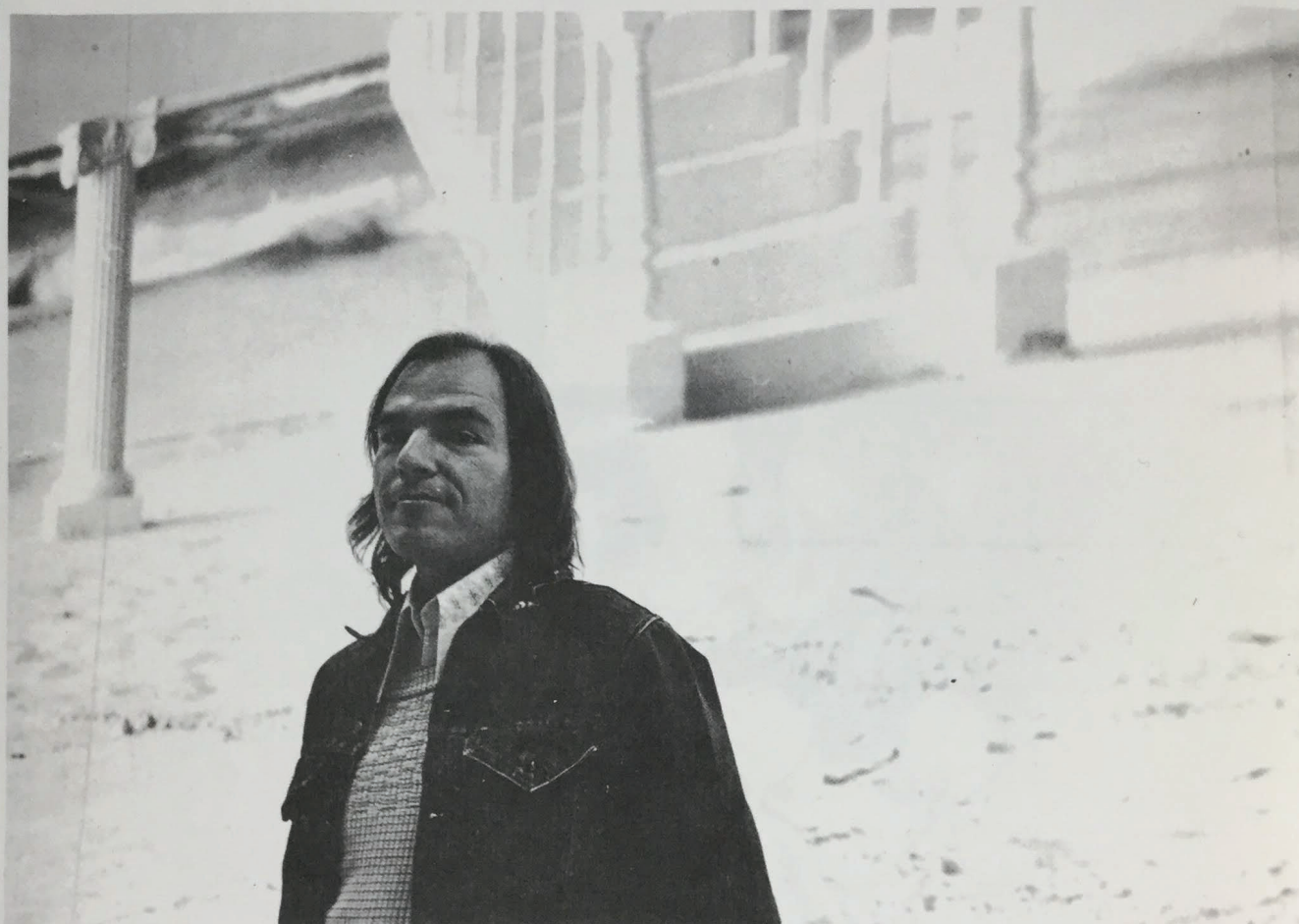


F A N Z I N E

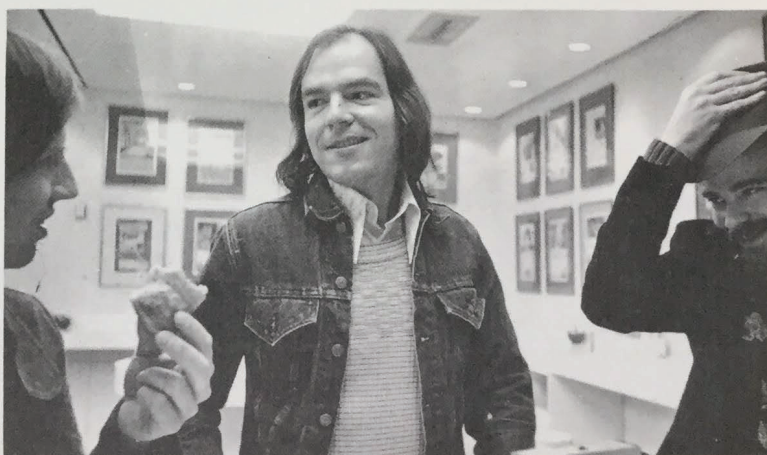
Z I N E O F T H E J O H N D O W D F A N N Y C L U B



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



The Grand Tore



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

Z I N E O F T H E J O H N D O W D F A N N Y C L U B

CANADADA

the summer of '72

The John Dowd Fan Club invites you to participate with John Jack, Mr. Peanut, Marcel Idea, Robert Cumming, A. A. Bronson, Sally Peanut, Dr. Brute, Lady Brute, Vic d'Or, l'Or Rain, Flakey Rosehips, Ms. Generality, Robert Fones, Lady Lurex, Lady Iris, Leon, Whale Bank, Mr. Blunt, Taki Blues Singer, Jumbles, A. C. McWhortle, Grin, Sr. Chicken Duffy, B.C.Monthly, Allan Stump, Daryl Grunge and Chairman Chicken Lee in the meetings of the John Dowd Fan Club.

Photos of John Dowd at Toronto International Airport by Catherine of Everything Associates and Jorge Saia of General Idea.

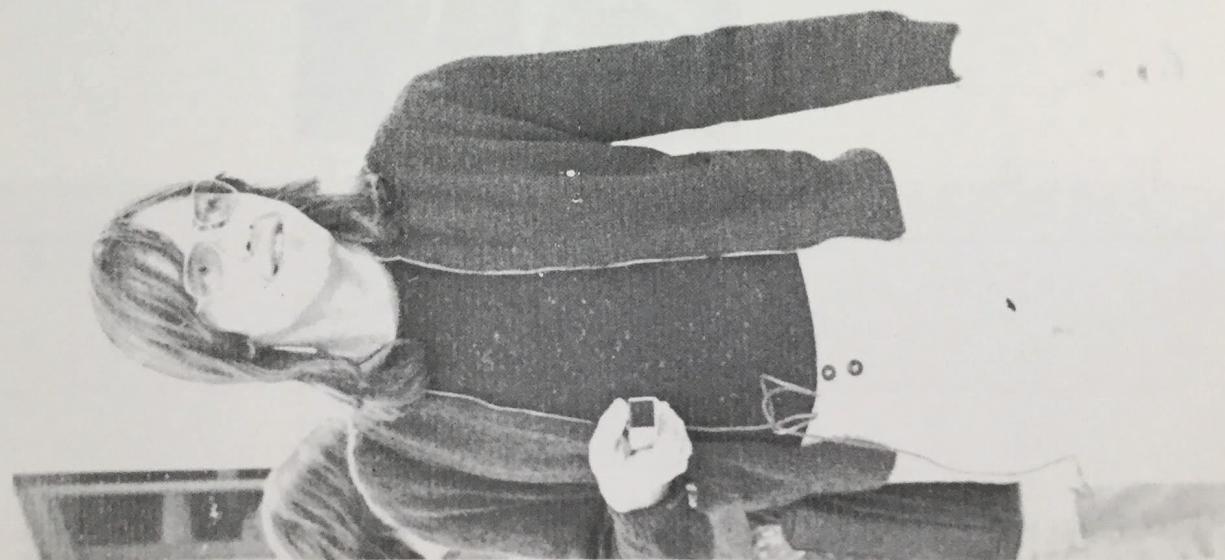
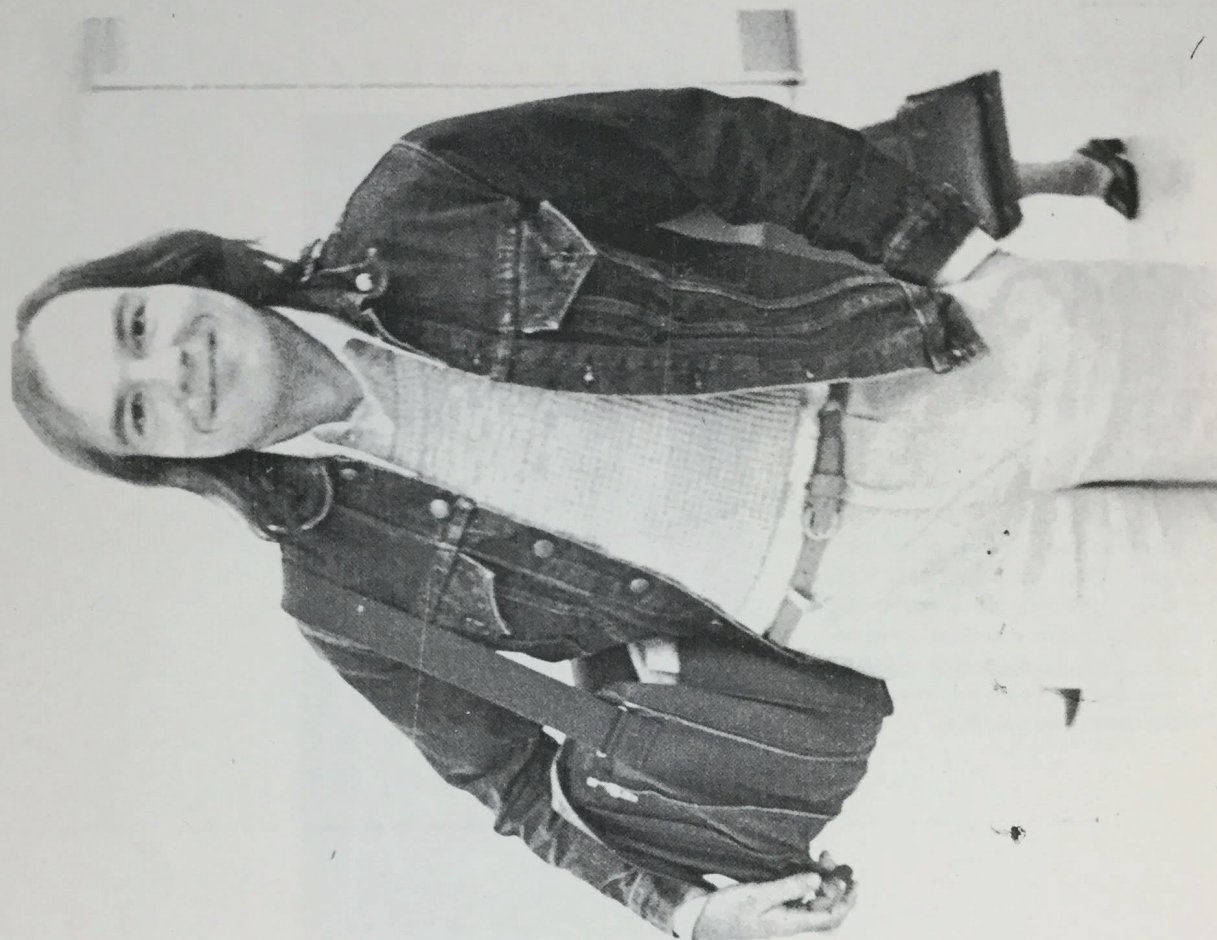
Cover and back cover by John Dowd.



F A N Z I N E



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



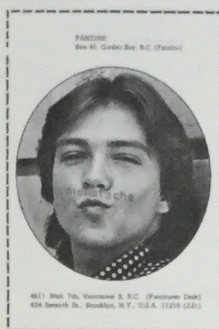
Every
low t
"tem
stairw
servic
pause
wall.
hund
A
they
elty?
and a
serve
cute
Now
ing to
lar fa
was a
and t
song
and
serve
sprea
one
Flake
Bum
conti

After
On Y
Bum
nuts
Bank
tilt i
key
Scou
B.B.
Ther
...
Chic
The
the r
who
thing
cheel
spect
fisher
ed L
bars
The
a gro
"Fai
Je
one
brok
form
nized

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at B.B.B.C., and environs, in July, 1972, with A.A. Bronson, Sally Peanut, Mr. Blunt, Jumbles, Whale Bank, Leon, John Jacks and the "Pender Harbour President" in the role of John Dowd.

Sally Peanut had danced that night with B.B. in the Bun's Shine Inn, in Garden Bay. Mr. Blunt was the first to arrive au cabaret and he hugged and kissed John Dowd when he recognized him. This occurred before Sally had arrived on the scene. When Sally finally did show, half by surmise, half not, an emergency meeting was called.



The company proceeded back to Bum Bank with a half dozen beers in a brown paper bag. Mr. Blunt O.D.'d his bus into the ditch, and the ever helpful Whale Bank had to help him out, with his wench. . . Meanwhile back up the Hill, A.A. Bronson sat auguste and bemused in the green velour outsized easy chair in the front room of the bank. Greetings were exchanged, and without further ado, or don't a copy of the Now Infamous July *File* was produced. The Pender Harbour President was thenceforth seen buried in the depths of this Notorious (see 17th century Christian Morality), magazine. This lasted throughout the evening, and the company must have heard the President's exclamations several times, recognizing himself as either the fake or the real John Dowd.



The meeting was reconvened at noon, for breakfast with A. A. Bronson, Sally Peanut and Bum Bank. John Jacks did the cooking. The company went down to Lake Yogo for a swim and a wash. Sally and John were the first in, but A.A. decided to procrastinate, and then suddenly it was too late, and he immediately got back into his Torontoto high heels, and the company split. The meeting continued; the company proceeded down the Coast to Ima. Bank. The meeting was later readjourned by the bankers all. Details of this session cannot be revealed at this present time. For further information please contact: Dave Rimmer c/o New Era Social Club, 358 Powell Street (up), Vancouver, British Columbia. "on peut pas dire plus."

Dear Donny,

I know this is a very personal question and if you don't want to answer it, you don't have to—but I would like to know—do you shave yet?

Beth O'Brian

Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Beth,

I don't mind telling you—cos I'm so proud of the fact that I started to shave last June!

In the meanwhile, Whale Bank was playing his mandolin and Jumbles sang for the General Odea. Mr. Blunt was acting up, and trying to bring everyone down, but it didn't work. The musicians played on, and the hour grew late. S.P. was nothing by mouth. Whale Bank sat beside Sally, and then the musicians left. Bum B. went upstairs to the Back Office, when low and behold, he found Blunt starkers naked and sprawled across the bed, in said Back Office. Just about this time, A.A. and Sally were sorting out their bed-arrangements, and Sally was "NOT SURE", about the hammock. All this was further complicated by the prescience of two pre-pubescent chick ends asleep in the room next door. Sally snuggled in with the chicken and went to bed a happy and satisfied Chairman. Mr. Blunt was asked to leave the Back Office, in behalf of John Dowd. Dawn came up.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

Issues in one package:
 2 ISSUES (EM) \$1.00
 4 ISSUES (EM) \$2.00
 6 ISSUES (EM) \$3.00
 8 ISSUES (EM) \$4.00

Elvis Yearbook
 ELVIS YEARBOOK (1960) is the greatest. Published some time back, it has become a Collector's Item to all true-loving Elvis Fans. It is the largest and most exciting book ever done on Elvis. It contains more giant, intimate pictures of Elvis than you have ever seen before. Only a few copies left! \$3.50.

MOVIE TEEN
 A special issue featuring PEYTON PLACE. Fabulous stories on MIA FARROW, RYAN O'NEAL, BARBARA PERKINS, NORMA HARRINGTON, and others. PEYTON PLACE Special, only \$1.00.

Early Elvis
 MTI #6: A far-out issue featuring ELVIS in his army years and personal stories on his visits to Hawaii. Price 75c.

MTI #7: Rare issue with super 17x11 pin-ups of ELVIS, Elvis stickers and other features. Also JAMES DEAN. Price \$1.00.

Peyton Place
 A special issue featuring PEYTON PLACE. Fabulous stories on MIA FARROW, RYAN O'NEAL, BARBARA PERKINS, NORMA HARRINGTON, and others. PEYTON PLACE Special, only \$1.00.

Remember James Dean?
 MOVIE TEEN published a special edition dedicated to JIMMY DEAN and it has become a classic among Dean collectors. If you are one who still reveres the memory of the great James Dean, you will want this edition in your permanent collection. The James Dean Book. Very rare. Only \$1.00.

Deads Special!
 MOVIE TEEN's special BEATLE issue. Early stories about the Fabulous Four. Also many pages about ELVIS and HAYLEY MILLS. BEATLE SPECIAL No. 1. Only 75c.

Brighten your walls, ceiling and heart!
 Send for our groovy poster booklet today.
 The price only five 6c stamps!

HOR. SHELLEY FABRAN
 features, TONY DOW, TUESDAY WELD, TIM CONRIDGE, BOBBY RYDELL, RICK NELSON. Only 75c.

MTI #21: Giant ELVIS pin-ups, 5 different ELVIS features. Special HAYLEY MILLS pin-ups. (Four Hayley features: Lon Martin, Don Grady, Patty Duke, Troy Donahue, Fabian, Brian Hyland, Connie Stevens, Dick Chamberlain, Shelley Fabares, Natalie Wood, Ann-Margaret, Paul Petersen, and many more. Price 75c.

MTI #10: Groovy giant ELVIS pictures and articles, FABIAN, Edd Byrnes, Carol Lynley, FRANKIE AVALON, Rick Nelson and TROY DONAHUE. Price to you: 75c.

SHOOK UP: A rare issue of a rare comic book published 1 year ago. If included with your regular order - only 50c.

Who do you love?
 Write for illustrated price list of books, magazines, pictures, posters, etc. on your favorite stars: ELVIS, THE BEATLES, MONKEES, James Dean and hundreds of others. Send only 12c in stamps.

 Enclose your list and money with this coupon:
 Collectors Features
 P. O. Box 899
 Tiburon, California 94920

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____
 State _____

FANZINE

A fake meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at Peters' Ranch, Garden Bay, B.C. with Chairman Sally Peanut of Chicken Bank, Chairman John Jacks of Bum Bank, Duffy-luv as Chicken 1, Daryl Grunge as Chicken 2, and Clint's girl friend in the role of John Dowd.

The party adjourned from the Pender Harbour Hotel where preliminary fripperies were tossed about: Duffy-luv described Bum Bank as "a photographer, he takes pictures; he takes pictures of people's bums." He was not about to realize the full truth behind this statement until meetings later, however (see Bum Spectaculaire, Lake Yogo, Aug. 28, '72).

When the meeting was readjourned at the ranch, the time was indeed getting on, and the moonlight dappled the shadows both within and without. One obscure recording played on the phonograph, and it appeared that nothing was going to get it off. Then Sally Peanut discovered a bottle of change on top of the refrigerator in the kitchen, and he began to examine the money. Events still lagged. . . and Chicken 2 (Grunge) fell into a drunk-stupor fake-sleep. Within minutes, the company was treated to the performance of a piece, most exquisite to both eye and sensibility. The Chairman Peanut was observed to open the chicken's shirt and unzip his jeans, thus exposing his entire chest and thighs down to the pubic regions. Grunge's only response was a muffled groan: he still persisted in his "sleep". Sally then placed quarters, dimes and nickels in smart patterns along the expanse of exposed flesh, from the shoulder blades, a V-pattern, which met at mid-chest, and then proceeded in a single line down to the navel. The navel itself was surrounded with a star-shaped design, constructed in matches, while a pointed curlicue of match-cover paper protruded from a pool of beer, dyed red, inside the belly button. Streams of dimes made their way toward the pubic (regions) which were shielded in shiney quarters. Bum Bank watching closely, and from time to time assisting, was asked to remove the money after the piece was concluded. Pausing a moment before taking up the task of removal, he reflected that the piece Sally had created must have been distinctly *Egyptian*, in tone and feeling. The company was also hard pressed to agree that they had just witnessed what was assuredly the most "sophisticated work of art ever achieved in Pender Harbour". Duffy-luv (Chicken 2)

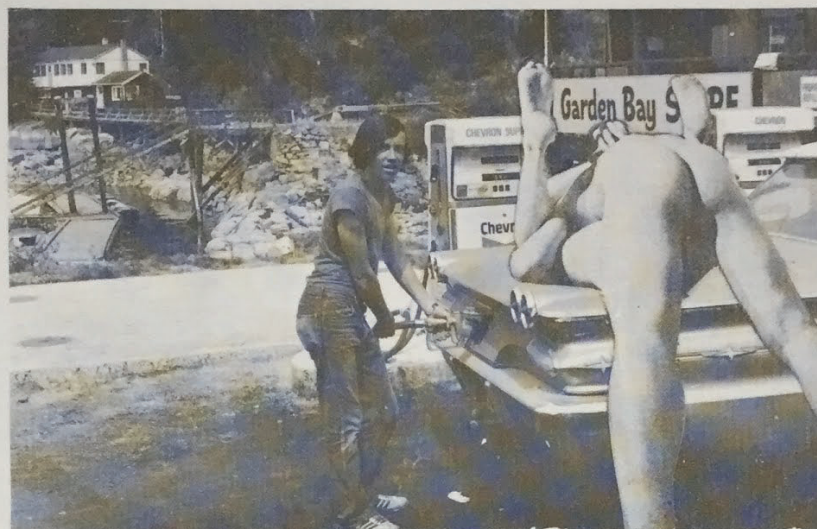


fanzini

wanting to be a STAR, while John Dowd said next to nothing throughout. The Chairmen took their leave, and the company broke up.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

An actual meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at Bum Bank, B.C. on July 17th, 1972, commencing mid-morning at Lake Yogo, with Mr. Blunt, Taki Blues Singer, the lovely Linda model, David certainly isn't Cassidy, Daryl Grunge, Allan Stump, John Jacks and Leon. The part of John Dowd was played by "Joe".



The company departed from the shoreline in a canoe — all the company, that is, except for John Dowd, who preferred via necessity, to swim along side, ever delighted with the encouraging cheers of those on board. Upon disembarking at the Boy Scouts Camp, at the north western end of the lake Yogo, the company proceeded to shed their clothes and their attache cases; a brisk refreshing swim ensued. A series of very low photographs was taken. Everything else was mis-taken! Taki and John Jacks left by canoe for the second island in Lake Yogo. They returned soon after, having retrieved the latter's glasses, which had been lost underwater, in a swim the previous day with Christian Senior post-chicken Steve. The company was then about to re-embark when John Dowd broke out into a paroxysm of violent barking. John Dowd returned in a canoe.

Send your entry to:
Countrywide Publications, Inc.
TEEN SCENE
Williams Twins Contest
222 Park Avenue South, 10th Fl.
New York, N.Y., 10003

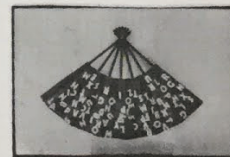
I'd love to win the Williams twins

Name Age
Address
City
State Zip

Who's your favourite fan. ???
the one you think about all day
and dream about at night.....
send for your fave fanny poem right NOW

to:

FANZINI
Fan. Poem Division,
Box 45, Garden Bay
Bum Bank, B.C.
Canadada.

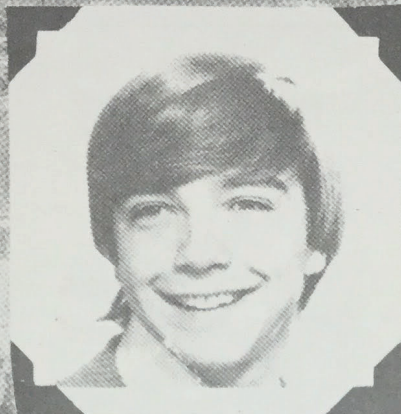


The company was later seen in the Garden Bay Hotel, where they had reconvened their meet in. Soon after, the actual meat man of the Garden Bay Store was able to take advantage of their obviously inebriated innocence, by convincing them to purchase a slightly overt large, more than slightly over-rated cooked ham. The Now Infamous ham was later served up as ham sand-

wiches back at Bum Bank. More beer was consumed. Darkness came, and the meeting was put to sleep by the boring but compelling music (on tape) of the New Era Space Band's performance with screaming chicken at Richmond, B.C. (For further ham documentation write to A.C. McWhortle, 380 Spadina St., Toronto Ontario, re "the vicious eating habits of the cats at Bum Bank.")

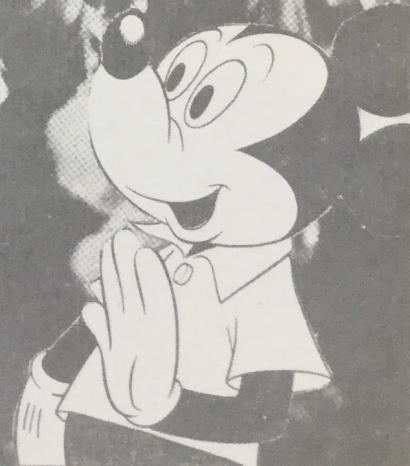
The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at Roberts Creek, B.C., on July 21, 1972, in the form of a *bal faneé*, at the Roberts Creeks Community Hall, in honour of Ima Bank's arrival on the Sun Blime Coast, and in behalf of the chickens of Garden Bay, B.C. Ima Bank did not attend. The chickens did. The part of John Dowd was improvised by a cast of hundreds.



The Pender Harbour President having organized and assembled his musicians throughout the day, and up until the beginning of the Dance, stood incognito at the door. He was dressed in a fine tea shirt of white cotton, stamped with the Whale Bank insignia, and printed with the words, "Garden Bay, B.C.". The musicians had previously decided that this event would be their last engagement together; the dance was thus rumoured to be "the end of Salish". Senior Chicken Duffy-luv was seen wearing his Now Infamous tank top jersey and original jeans crafted in powdered blue velour. Daryl Grunge, who played the part of J. Jacks, as lead singer, wore jeans and showed an inch of bum crack. Lead guitarist Stephen of Christian Chickens fame, faced the rear of the stage throughout. *Chicken Lee* made a brief if not momentous appearance at the Dance; later we were not able to verify whether it was Chicken Lee or in fact, a fake chicken Lee. In any case, Indian Ricki put his hand on the Chicken Lee's leg, and Chicken was tol-

erant up to the point of approximately five minutes, after which time he coolly removed said hand from said leg. Gas pump Chicken Dave was acting very neh, neh, in a Garden Bay sense; he left and returned several times from the daunce, each time gingerly brandishing the BUM BANK stamp, on his hand to the Pender Harbour President, still presiding demure and dark, in his Whale of a tea shirt, by the door. Chicken Bill, of O.D. Haigh tutorial fame, was acting very blonde, very barefoot, very innocents. He reminded the company of Candy Darling in drag. The music became louder. The guests d'honneur had not arrived. John Dowd was nowhere to be seen, or at least nothing by mouth. The dauncers swirled gaily to the music, which many thought better for listening than moving to. The guests began to disperse and disappear. Watermelon was served all over everyone. John Dowd ate a slice of rhubarb pie. The Dance ended. The meeting was adjourned.



An afternoon tea, Fanny and the Pender Harbour P

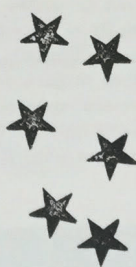
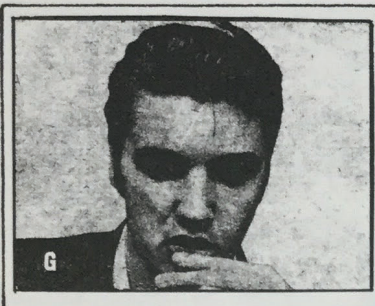
Tea was ordered. The day, "I miss Sally" intro company decided that it w

Two plastic landings of "gaze low" pie and ch came to the post cards, d year (the summary) of m

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at Image Bank, B.C. on July 29th, 1972, with Marcel Idea, Mr. Peanut, Dr. and Lady Brute, Vic d'Or and l'Or Rain and John Jacks of Bum Bank. The role of John Dowd was played by Chicken Richard.

John Dowd and Bum Bank arrived at Babel Land at approximately three P.M. and had a short visit with the chief and Myra Mao at their tipi. There they were informed that the company was at the beach taking pictures of beavers. John Dowd and Bum Bank then disappeared into the Ima. Bank woods, and an ominous polaroid camera was seen at the Chairman's side. The meeting had officially begun.



Light-On

mouth was the deepest vessel for the world's most prodigious outpouring of come. Having reached this peak of revelation, the conversation proceeded to degenerate into milder and lesser forms of High Arse, these being the Dr. Brute's requests for beaver shots and his explaining to Bum Bank how to take a self-polaroid cock shot, at arm's length. There was also an amusing anecdote of how l'Or Rain's Brutopiary beaver pose sequence had been interrupted by a troupe of boy scouts that afternoon at the beach.

The company returned from the beach/beaver which had apparently turned into a session of Australian Helicopter Art; they were informed of the arrival of B.B. and John Dowd. Marcel Idea said he knew about such tricks! J.D. and Bum Bank panting and sighing, emerged from the depths of the woods. They were greeted cordially by Mr. Peanut and Dr. Brute. On the path to the color bar factory his high/ness the Count Vic d'Or appeared, all in white, his hair tied back, and the sun shining in his face. The company was duly impressed. A few remarks were exchanged, and then as if by magic, the Count disappeared. Marcel greeted the workers at the colour bar factory. John Dowd, barefoot, hitched to Van. The workers began to paint while Bum Bank imparted the latest fanny gossip.

A slight ripple of disturbance interrupted the workers sure and steady pace, when Chairman Idea involuntarily splashed green paint on the good Dr. Brute's "Kitsilano shorts". A great deal of pseudo-tumult ensued, disguised in the stained garb of subtle fripperie. The company departed back to the cabin. There they were to find the Lady Brute and the Scarlet Harlot conspiring overt a huckelberry pie. Bum Bank displayed the late-ass polaroids on the second level desk, and Marcel was heard to comment to the Lady Brute: "... and notice the arresting definition on this one" and then about that one, and the other etc. The Dr. Brute arrived on the scene and inspected the polaroids. Doctor was duly impressed, and returned several times to the second level desk to reinspect said polaroids. Scotch was poured out, and the company began to discuss the most intimate details of their most recently erotic dreams. Lady Brute excelled in this area, and was able to inspire and amuse the company, with a bold tale of a FOR ERECTION dream sequence orgy, in which the lady's very

Marcel returned from the kitchen, to announce dinner. When he questioned the company about the origins of their late afternoon post-tea chatter, the company replied that "it was all Bum Bank's fault". And J.J. was only heard giggling in the Now Infamous B.B. giggle style. A set of "fake minutes" was recorded by Mr. Peanut, who was somewhat secretive about the contents of his document. He promptly sealed these minutes inside an envelope addressed to Dave Rimmer at the New Era Social Club. The company then arose for dinner, and the meeting was adjourned.



FOR ERECTION

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at Bumbank, British Columbia on August 1, 1972 with the Dr. and Lady Brute, B.C. Monthly, Chicken John, Leon and the Pender Harbour President.

The company arrived just as John Jacks was simmering his special miso soup for a late, quiet supper. Within minutes (of time, that is), B.C. Monthly, Chicken John (restless and compulsive), and the good Lady Brute were all fast asleep. The Dr. Brute joined Bum Bank au table for the miso soup which was overt hot, and which pleased them both no end. They also partook in small portions of egg and nasturtium salade, and in somewhat larger, robust quantities of two wines, one imported one not. Several green marble pipe-fulls later, the chairmen were submerged in the rank of the Bum Bank archives.

The Dr. revealed extreme sensations of pleasure at finding such inclusive references in such an Obviously obtuse place. Gales of the Now Familiar Brute-laughter resounded in the very rafters of Bum Bank. The doctor apparently could not get enough. . . . he oggled the layouts and devoured the polaroids with a gusto not equaled before or since at the Bank. Chicken John rocked

arrived for coffee, but a Brutopian bus tour edged them out. Lady Brute was radiant, after a morning spent with Leon in and around "Sahara". The meeting readjourned promptly at one o'clock, in the back of B.C. Monthly's bus, with a five speed bicycle and copies of Inter/View on the Lake Yogo. The company swam in the Lake Yogo. Chicken John, with a deference for modesty, wore white jockey shorts. No photographs were taken. The reason: John J. hadn't fried enough eggs that morning to afford an extra roll of polaroid film at outlandish Pender Harbour prices. The company departed for Madiera Park. The doctor and Lady de-embarked and were last seen, by the remaining company, radiant and sun-hatted, on their way to Babble Land, to take care of Flakey and their cats. The company ate curried chicken that evening.



and reeled in his Now Infamous restless sleep. The Doctor explained young John's nocturnal O.D.'ing of the previous evening in Powell River; definitely hard art. The Lady Brute began to dream aloud, and the chairmen moved in closer to document. Finally Eric helped Kate into the loft. The meeting continued. Until . . . and then Bum Bank went to bed.

The following morning John Jacks cooked a hamburger for a dog having breakfast at the Bun's Shine Inn. The company



Wait up
a minor

TH

ar
G
W
ar

T
T
T

Bum F
the co
vious
singles
a thre
Leon's
the lo
tuple:
Now.
limit:
living
t'aslee
that I
mic I
out. .
Leon'
doubl
Lurex
dream
Now.
lot w
finitel
fling,
was:
the c
more
Enter
and C
loft,
fice,
terpre
Coun
Bum
A.C.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

Wait until Dark was a fake meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club, held at Bum Bank, B.C. in August Summer of '72, in the form of a minor epic.

The Players: A. C. McWhortle
Sally Peanut
Marcel Idea
the Lady Lurex
the Lady Iris
Vic d'Or as "the Count"
l'Or Rain, as Scarlett Harlot
John Jacks as whatever
and Leon, in the role of John Dowd

and introducing
Cas Pump Billy (pubescent moustache) as "Chicken one"
Warne (D. Cassidy with basket) as "Chicken Two"
and auxiliary gas pump Dave as "Chicken Optional"

The scene: Bum Bank and environs
The time: Beware of Darkness. . .
The action.



Bum Bank and A. C. sat at the kitchen table ardently discussing the couplings were everyone to stay. The arrangements were Obvious — sleep contending with re-arrangement: there were two singles in the living room while in the Fanny Club front office, a three quarter verged on double or single—

Leon's room was a double, the loft, the definition of which was *not made clear* was a multiple: the Back Office was doubled.

Now. As fake meeting foes, very low, the imagination finding no limit: Ms. General Idea 1971 and John Dowd might chat in the living room, the hour would draw late. It would be time to go

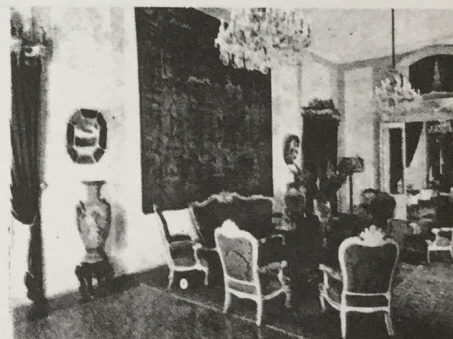
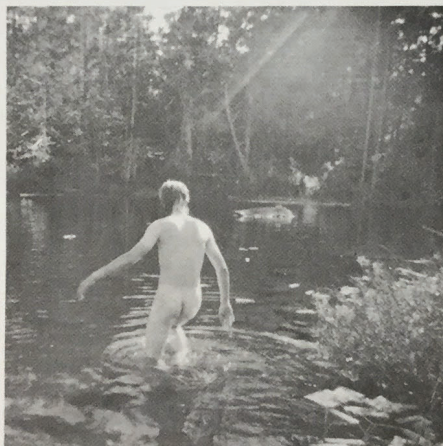
t'asleep, and we're sure that Ms. Idea and Dynamic Dowd could work it out. . . thus that left Leon's room empty: a double. Enter the Ladies Lurex and Iris — pleasant dreams and "night night" Now. If the Scarlett Harlot were to arrive, we'd definitely need some shuffling, because the question was: "who's t'asleep with the Count?" "and even more perplexing — where?" Enter Chicken One, Two, and Optional. Sally in the loft, John in the back office, and A.C. where? Interpret: Scarlett and the Count in the "loft", Sally and the chicken in the hammock

Bum Bank and the Count in the Back Office
A.C. and Vic d'Or in the front office

A.C. and Sally in the Chicken?

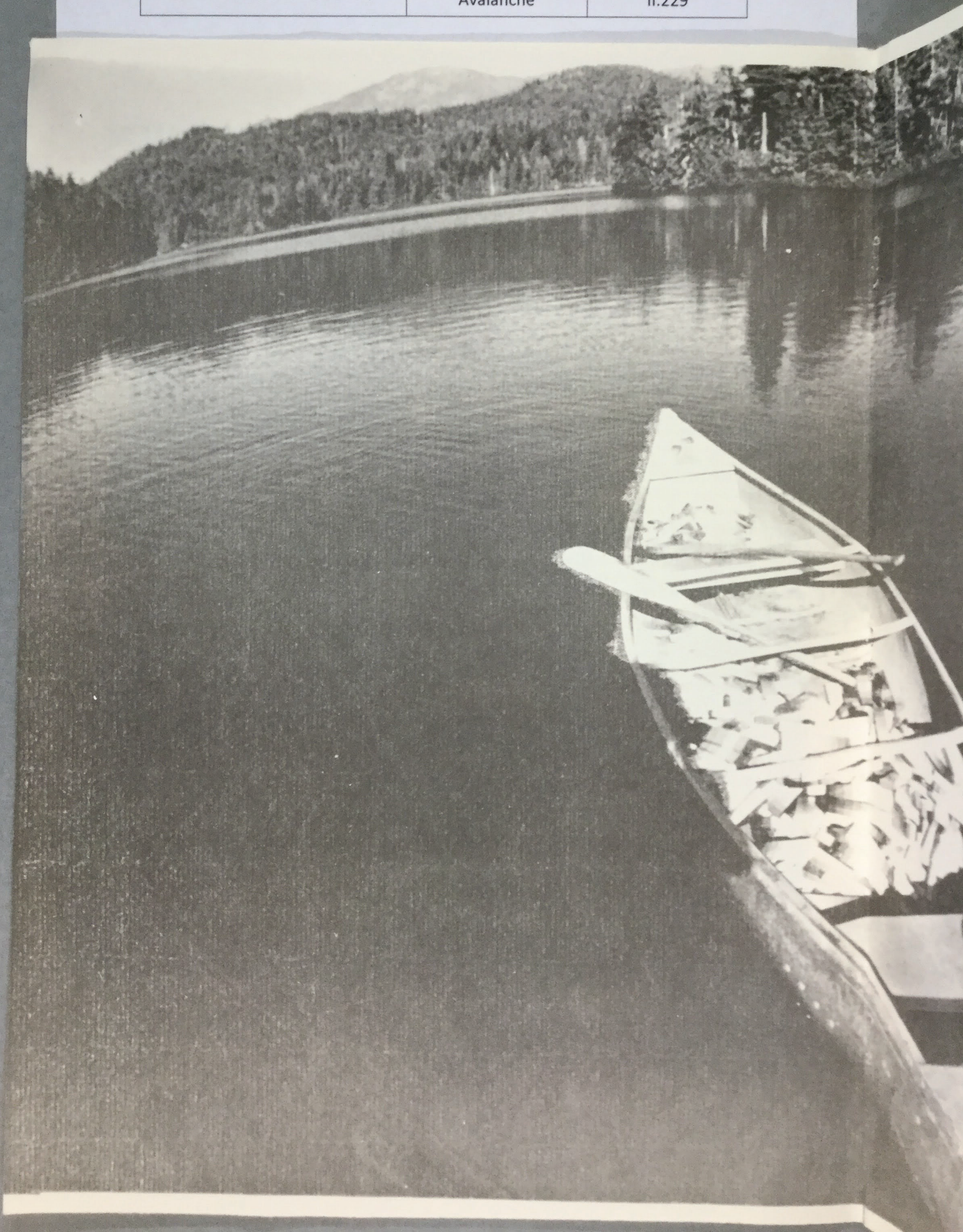
Everybody at the Garden Bay Hotel (a little closer to the truth, lessens the fantasy) — the ladies L. and I. were sound asleep, after "the best tea" they'd been to.

Marcel Idea chatted with Leon in the living room and the meeting was readjourned in order to wait until dark.

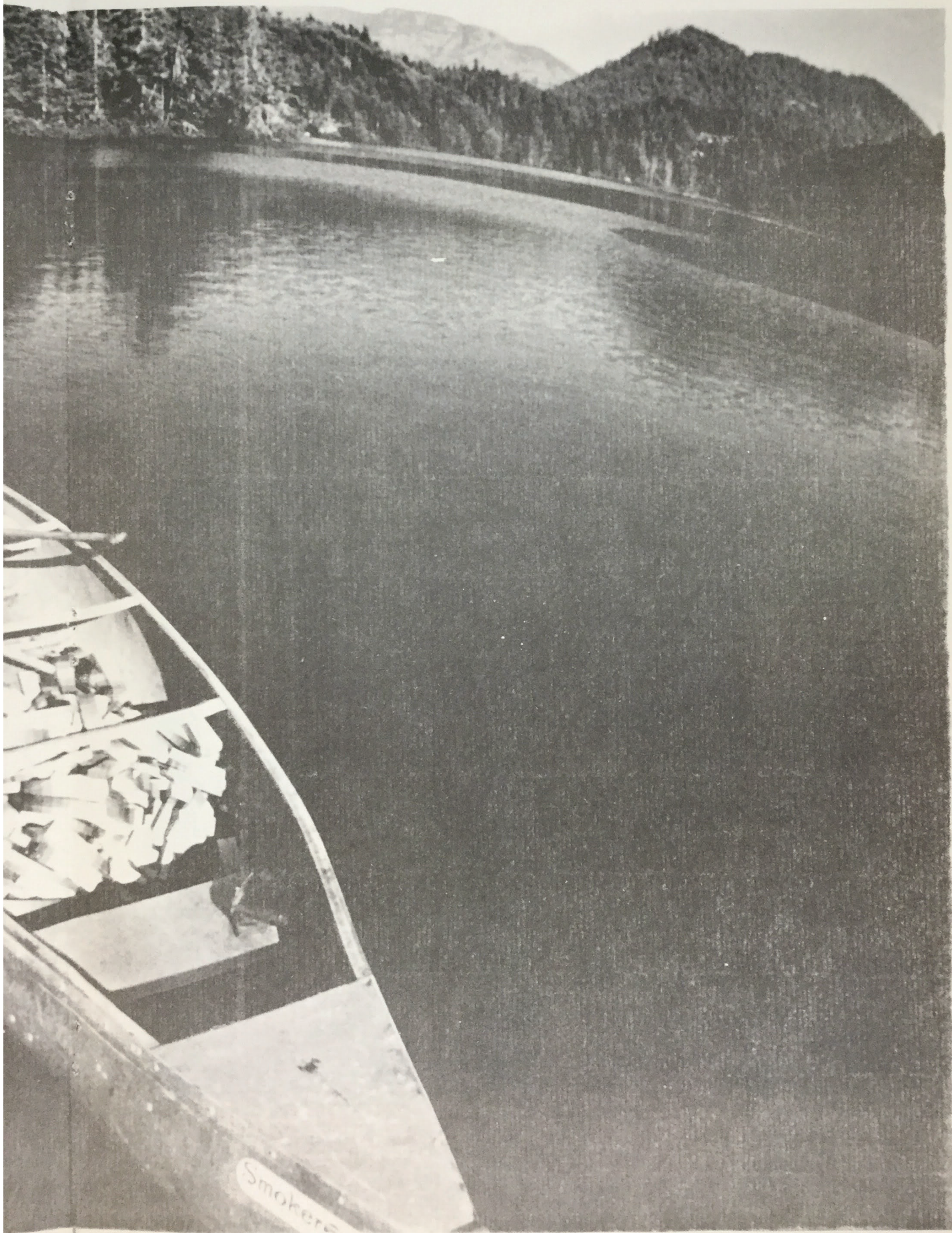


Bum Bank, the Fanzini Room

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at B.B.B.C. and environs, in August, the Summer of '72, with Vic d'Or (the Count), l'Or Rain, Bobby d'Or and Merry Rose, Sally Peanut, A.C. McWhortle, Leon, Ima. Bank, Bum Bank, the Ladies Lurex and Iris, Marge Campbell and Sean. The part of John Dowd was played by Whale Bank.

John Dowd played Never on Sunday on the mandolin – very quickly – but it took him a long time. The Lady Iris instantly became one of Dowd's most enthusiastic fans. Then she said he could only play one because they had to leave, but if he was to play another, what would it have been? Dowd said he would have played the theme from Mickey Mouse Club. But he wasn't serious. Iris was non-plussed.

The ladies Lurex and Iris met John Dowd hitchhiking on the road to Roberts Creek. Tea was rather late. Bum Bank described the winter garb of a whiskey bottle. Scarlett Harlot received affection from the Lady Lurex, and the two exchanged confidences. Aunt Horse was discussed at length, as was "her dearest male friend", who knits colored socks for John Dowd. Dowd said it's getting it started that's so hard. "What does Bum Bank refer to?" asked the still non-plussed Lady Iris. Sally Peanut provided her with the Bum Bank archives. "Oh," she said. "John, what would you have played if you had been given a chance to play a second tune?"

The Lady Iris wondered who was driving, all in the interests of another drink. Vic d'Or stayed the night and the Lady Iris drove. Scarlett Harlot hordes a nurse's costume in her closet and let slip a secret desire not to be a nurse. Bum Bank pressed a secret and clinical passion for nurses in general. This led the conversation to Sally Peanut's most recent stay in hospital. It appears that Sally caused a ruckus in Garden Bay. Sleeping arrangements were provided by Chairman Bum Bank and A.C. McWhortle but had to be altered when Chicken One and Chicken Two never showed, to Sally Peanut's blatant disappointment. Scarlett Harlot lay awake from three to four. She fell off the porch about the time that Peanut was getting knocked up in town. A split occurred when Vic d'Or and Scarlett stayed home whereas B.B., Sally and McWhortle went to town. Peanut dropped his camera, banged up his car, bumped his elbow: Scarlett Harlot fell off the porch; Bum Bank and McWhortle both broke their glasses. Bum Bank's was a definite split. Vic d'Or was planning his next move, to use his own words, and was served weak tea in a melmac cup by McWhortle. There were rumours of a tiff or a breach or a hilt in the d'Or ensemble.

Marge Campbell starred at the ruckus. John Dowd crashed. The fake John Dowd had larger legs than Marge so that everyone knew immediately that it wasn't really him. The fake John Dowd



fanzini!

was ugly, according to Sally Peanut, who should know. A contest was set up to prove that it wasn't Dowd at all. Marge won the shuffleboard sequence for starters. Then went on to win the Indian leg wrestling. Table shuffleboard won four dollars. At the wrestling the fake John Dowd called for double or nothing and lost again. The fake John Dowd's red eyes grew wide and everything tumbled into a milk and yeast-like glop. Meanwhile Bum Bank and McWhortle danced gaily onto the scene to the tune of "This is not a Duffy-luv", sung by some basket case named David Cassidy. The two fake John Dowds had previously played shuffleboard on the floor of the Garden Bay Pub. Billy Graham was pontificating at the Bum Desk. Everyone was pouring over pictures of Billy with his pants down by the gas pumps. Then everyone piled into the truck and drove quickly away from the fake John Dowd. Marge was standing against Sally's mini, nursing her fractured jaw. Sally, bleeding profuseley from the nose and mouth, managed a parting shot of a kick in the face to the pursuing John Dowd.

Dr. Brittle to the rescue with his tender ten. Changing Volkswagens in mid-highway. McAllisters' rooster crowed at four, waking the custodians of the Bum Bank archives (Vic d'Or and l'Or Rain), who proceeded to meet unheeding of the delicate situ-

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

ation to the south.

The John Dowd Fanny Club Menu (with 'the tea')

gin, beer, scotch and tea (no ceremony)
 hovis silva thins, vita-wheats with butter, cheddar cheese
 peanut butter, plum puree (from Sechelt via Poland)
 selected fruit
 Kellog's corn flakes with 'real' cream, two pieces of white Bimbo
 toast
 marmalade, swallow of prune juice
 liver and bacon, eggs with onions and toast and previously men-
 tioned confections
 coffee
 perch fried overt, an open fire (too much), lentil salad (whole
 earth banquet)

WHY NOT ?

cottage cheese, buttermilk, cheddar cheese (again), a stoned
 wheat thin
 weak tea a la McWhortle, two small salads, hamburgers, and
 august wine

Auxiliary O.D.'s List epilogues

I'Or Rain recalled falling in the bramble bushes with a log.
 Sally overcooked his liver.
 I'Or Rain exposed the bruise on her bum in the back office.
 John Dowd returned that evening and felt out of place.



Cliché 70



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at Chicken Bank, "two Sundays ago" with Sally Peanut, A.C. McWhortle, Marcel Idea, Flakey, Dr. and Lady Brute, Ginny looking for a friend at the West Van. swim party, and John Jacks. The part of John Dowd was played by *Leisure Section*.

John J. discussed the possibility of his renting studio space at the New Era Social Club, for the winter; and Flakey seemed agreeable to this idea. Further negotiations would be carried out at the end of the month. The video spectacle, scheduled for Lake Yogo, was briefly discussed and it was decided upon that it would work well as a tri star production, involving diverse elements of the Image Chicken and Bum Bank. The date for the video was set approximately a week from then.

Light-On

Light-On

Light-On

Both coffee and or scotch were offered to the company by Sally Peanut; some chose the one, some chose the other, but the Pender Harbour President secretly mixed himself a combination of the two. He then returned to the table top discourses, and was able to maintain an air of demure and calm throughout.

Marcel worked industriously on double-exposing the latest Leopard skin Realty slides of Ima. Bank, B.C. The company was later treated to a most rare spectacle, witnessed by all including the infamous doctor himself notorious. Somebody mentioned something about popular silents around the table. A discussion of "Mr. Lumb's calligraphy for Mario Amaya and some art dealer" ensued. Marcel Idea presented Sally Peanut with a great deal of most excellent advertising documentation for a summer camp proposed by Chicken Bum bank on the Lake Yogo, the following summer. The company was duly impressed.

The Chinese Banquet sequence: (paraphrased from the words of Flakey) a reception for a Mainline china artist, the questions asked by Jacks Shadbolt and Dennis Vance, the reception led into a Chinese banquet, at the local communists' with Toni Onley and crew and the Raggle Taggle lot, wearing the Lady Lurex jacket. The artist didn't answer Flakey's questions (all conversations were translated) "R.S. is going to Crete? yeah to visit the Cretins."

The summer chicken camp was then rediscussed, and the company unanimously agreed that it would be "the boy's dream realized". Other conversational tidbits ensued. (The Canadada Council's Molinari Brute- striped stationary was mentioned as

well as National Visit your Gallery's putting everyone on the mailing listgrasp, nevertheless). The company, *en masse*, then proceeded to fill out Sally Peanut's N.G. form. Flakey did the inscription. Marcel asked Sally how he enjoyed Indian Ralph. The company agreed that almost everyone and Vic d'or had had wunnder-

ful talks this summer. A Bum Bank photo of Ms. Generality's grandchildren was perused. Sally Peanut excused himself, due to a previous engagement with the chicken in the garage. Linda McCool was discussed.

A fine dinner of cheese and pureed liver souffle was served with a salad of fresh Chicken Bank greens, sliced cucumbers on yogurt, and croutons. The good doctor and Lady Brute arrived with Ginny and John Dowd. A brute slide show was quickly arranged and set up, to be viewed by the company in the basement. Marcel's leopard pics won the oo's and oz of all. The doctor showed his black and white leopard reality serie in about four minutes flat, then, shoved the slides haphazardly back into the boxes, and left immediately. Tea and apples were served. Myra Peanuts bed was brimful, that night, despite the absence of Myra herself.

The next morning, when the company arose, it was decided that Mundane

Scrambled eggs would be served for breakfast. And A.C. McWhortle said: "I think, since we're only having scrambled eggs and toast, I could handle the toast." Thinkyou.



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



Cliché 69

An afternoon tea, Fanny Club "briefing session", was held at Horseshoe Bay, B.C. one day, a couple of weeks ago, with A.C. McWhortle and the Pender Harbour President. The part of John Dowd was played by the Captain of B.C. Ferries.

Tea was ordered. The company decided that it wanted to write to Sally Peanut, and only to Sally Peanut, whom it missed severely. "I miss Sally" intoned A.C. McWhorhole, with the irresistible candour of a child longing for its favourite teddy bear. The company decided that it would stop at Babbbleland on its way back to Pender Harbour. Tea was served.

Two plastic landscapes post cards were purchased. A plate of "quite low" pie and cheese was served. John Dowd signed his name to the post cards, dated this 22nd day of August, in the year (the Summer) of nineteen hundred and seventy-two. The

Pender Harbout President thought this was either at, or near, the birthdate of *Paintings by Carolyn*. A fake polaroid was sent by McWhortle to document the full moon for Miss Peanut, in Vancouver. A Kitsilano Brute beach post card was purchased to

(continued on tail End's page)

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY

Collection:

Avalanche

Series.Folder:

II.229

A Chicken Party was held at Madera Park, B.C. in behalf of the John Dowd Fan Club, on Friday, August 24th, 1972, with special guest appearances by Chairman Bum Bank, A.C. McWhortle and Leon. The role of John Dowd was played by *Chicken Lee*.

A.C. J.J. and Leon set out for the chicken party, under cover of darkness, but with the most brilliant beams of the full moon as their guide. Sooner than later they were stuffed into a mini-sports car and whisked to the Chicken party in a matter of minutes flat. When they pulled up to the festivities at the end of the road they were greeted by none other than JOHN DOWD. The company was led down forest paths and over tiny Japanese-like wooden bridges until they espied a green light shining through the trees. Music resounded in the open air, and though eclectic, sounded remarkably alive. John Jacks seized the opportunity, as usual, to horn in on John Dowd.



PREFERRED CASUAL

The meeting continued. The open air was found to be very mellowing to the senses and sensibilities of the entire company. Certain dancing ensued. Most notable among the dancers were Leon, and the crazy horse-set senior chicken from the ranch down the road. The evening continued quite consistently along these lines. A.C. and Leon left. Fourteen cases of beer (in typical P. H. tradition) arrived. John Dowd sat beside Bum Bank in the cabin. The company decided that "school was out for the summer". Indian Ricki began to O.D., but with a hospitable sense of style. John Dowd smiled, and that was enough. A box of crack-



Shelley Fabarse

er jacks was opened, and some made jest of this, while others delved into it artily. Bum B. retained the wrapper to send to Sally Peanut. Leonard of Ron were re-invited to participate in the Bum Bank video, but had to decline, due to their impending departure the following morning. Leonard of Ron were invited for breakfast on the hill, before they left. Later it turned out they didn't attend, and thus missed out on the Now Infamous Chicken Lee Breakfast.

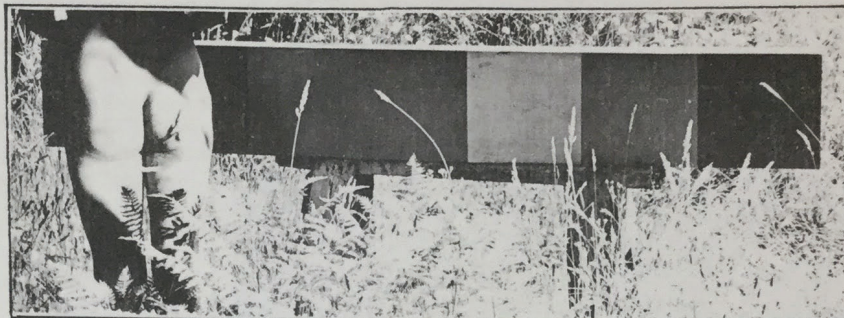
The Chicken party began to disperse, and B.B. was stuffed into the back of a car tightly against his favourite star, John Dowd. John Dowd didn't seem to mind at all. Bum Bank invited John Dowd and the remaining company up the hill, for a smoke. The company agreed. Back at the sack, John Dowd was very impressed with the j.j. kitchen. A smoke toked, J.D. suggested the company remove itself to a plastic house (Plastic Country Museum), at the bottom of the hill, by Hotel Lake, and not the Lake Yogo. The company departed. Downstairs at P.C.M. the two lady-curators were fast asleep, quite groggy indeed. J.D., ever the energetic, suggested the company partake in a post A.M. dip. Most of the company weren't sure, save for the evanescent John Jacks. They removed their clothes, and waded into the inky, moonlit depths of the lake. Their swim lasted for over half an hour. They returned refreshed and invigorated. They remained on the porch of the Museum, as the curators sneaked a peak from their art-official confines. John Dowd shared two beer with B.B. Both remarked on the Obviously pleasant warmth of the air, despite the fact they were unclothed. John Dowd and Bum Bank entered the Museum. The curators persisted in their fake sleep. The entire company fell asleep. The meeting continued.

The following morning, the sun rose above the lake. Bum Bnk. found himself alone with John Dowd. The curators had disappeared. The early morning felt very warm. The two revellers returned to Bum Bank for a breakfast. Upon arriving, they found A.C. McWhortle fast rising up in the Front Office. Breakfast was created by John Jack and eaten by John Dowd and Bum Bank. They ate French toast with yogurt and syrup and lots of hot coffee. A.C. McW. made a viscious cheese omelette and pumped Dowd and Bank continuously with questions requiring the most intimate of replies. John Dowd said it was the best French toast he'd ever eaten. Almost suddenly, he departed. The *Corps de Genet* is forever. The meeting adjourned.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

Minutes within a meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club at Bum Bank, B.C. on August 26, 1972 with Mr. Peanut, Marcel, A.C. McWhortle, Flakey, Keith Wallace, Leon and Sam, Taki Blues Singer, John Jack and Grin. The part of John Dowd was played by Robert Fones.

Leon and Sam went to bed. "Did John Dowd start the meeting by sleeping in Myra Peanut's bed?" Flakey, Marcel and Peanut were in the loft looking at the Pornzines, and Marcel was making assid remarks. John Dowd listened to one, all and everything, with a great silent, Dowd-like intensity. The minutes of a fake meeting of the club, held in the week previous, were read aloud. A.C. McW. and Bum Bank decided not to read aloud their ten page letter captain xeroxed for Sally Peanut, to the company. And someone was heard to say "So fuck them, A.C."



Check out the Candidates

The presidenth queried as to the whether or not of the relevance of Mr. Peanut playing the part of Dick Higgins. Mr. Peanut replied, "Thinkyou" under his breath.

Someone was heard to say: "A.C., you're a complete shit-head!" At which point A.C. left the room. Bum Bank thereupon dismissed A.C. McWhortle from the meeting. Someone was heard to say, "Wait until John Dowd comes to Bum Bank." to which the company replied in unison, "we'll all play the part of John Dowd". Giggling ensued from the peanut gallery.

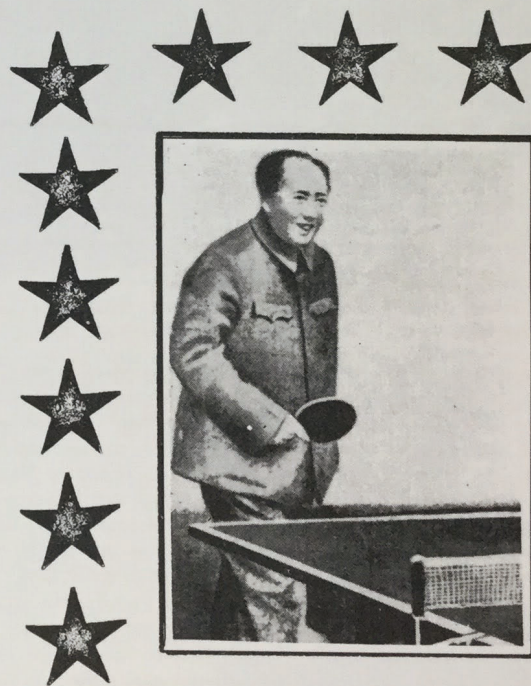
"Mr. Peanut will play the part of Rene Magritte. . . ." Marcel Idea. John Dowd said he'd take the first plane to Ann Arbour after he saw Babble Land last. A.C. McWhortle returned in time to write to Sally Peanut. Marcel claimed he had found a totalis J.D. image in a *Good Housekeeping* ad for moderne wall paper. This all somehow tied in with the revival of Art Deco in Roberts Creek, the company was informed.

The President commented that he thought this was what Roberts Creek needed. Marcel probably replied "Thinkyou".

Flakey suggested that John Dowd play the part of Esther Williams in the corres sponge bum *spectaculaire*, at Lake Yogo. Either that or Sherry Grauer. . . taki blues singer poured out the drain water. Bum Bank suggested that a gala dinner be held for JOHN in Vancouver, a breakfast with Eddy Suckel as his escort, singing "Falling in Love Again". Suggestions for the fare at this meal ranged from cold duck to hot goose. Someone mentioned that J.D. should eat only oysters on his Grand Tore of B.C. Oysters, that is, served with bottles of sparkling fuddle duddle.

"Marcel continues to remark from his roost in the loft, though everyone is expecting he is about to fall asleep," A.C. Mc.

"Thanx to A.C., and you're dismissed," the president. The Now Famous Sally Peanut letter was finally read aloud, and the peanut gallery finally fell asleep. John Dowd left for Whale Bank with Taki and a candle lantern. The meeting was adjourned.



NEW YORK
CORRES - SPONGE DANCE
SCHOOL OF VANCOUVER

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

A meeting of the John Dowd Fanny Club was held at Bum Bank, B.C. in the form of a video Bum Spectaculaire, on the sunny Lake Yogo on August 28th, 1972.



The Cast:

Image Bank
Bum Bank
Flakey
Taki Blues Singer
A.C. McWhortle
Leon
Keith Wallace
Allan Stump
Mike of the Garden Bay Store
One thousand color bars

"and Robert Fones, in the role of John Dowd"

with special thanks to Seniour
Chicken Duthie-luv, and Chicken
Len, for being T.C.A. in P.H.

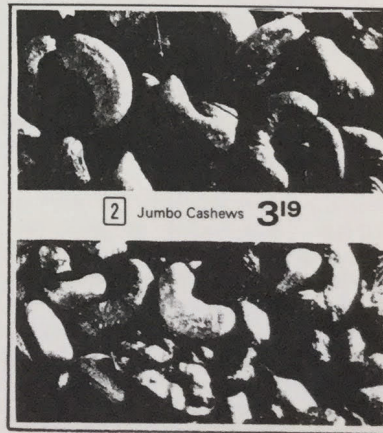
Morning

Ima. Bank and B.B. awaken at dawn, after the voracious meet-ins of the evening previous; they eat an half-arty breakfast of bread and coffee. Soon the one thousand – count them! – colour bars are being transported: across the sunny Lake Yogo they travel, to the Boy Scouts Camp, where they were exhibited by Plastic Country Museum and photographed for almost their first time in the natural landscape. John J. departed at mid-morning. The Fanny Club were awaiting at the wharf. All departed for friendly Garden Bay, by the sea. Bum Bank began to re-recruit local talent for today's video *spectaculaire*. Making contact with about eighteen chickens in ten minutes, he wonders whether this is spreading himself too thin. He calls Chicken Lee, on the telephone and there is no reply. The company made toward the Garden Bay Hotel, to breakfast.

The Breakfast

with Flakey, A.C., Taki, Leon, the Pender Harbour President and Bob Fones in the role of John Dowd. The projected time for the video was discussed. At two: eighteen chickens are supposed to

arrive/ Lake Yogo/ for cold beer, etc. Breakfast was ordered: eggs turned overt, French toast, and brown toast, milk, and coffee. Leon had already eaten a brick of Neopolitan ice cream on the way over, in the Flakemobile, which Flakey thought was very low. Flakey read the Province which was having a typewriter sale.



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

Everyone was really silent, very "until we meet again" which is low too, if you'll remember. Flakey suggested building a little "temple" at the top of Garden Bay mountain, at the end of a stairway, as an O.F.Y. Project. He also wanted a bus shuttling service between communities on the Sun Blime Coast. Everyone paused to admire a very low Spanish needlepoint mural on the wall. B.B. still found himself wondering about whether the one hundred and fifty chickens would come or not.

A discussion ensued about what the company discussed when they arose from the previous evening's meet. This being the novelty? — of having so many chairmen together. J.J. being O.D., and about cats, dogs, and the inevitable chickens. Breakfast was served and Flakey was the first to remark: "Oh, look at those cute little potatoes!" Many in the company thought that the Now Infamous little brown potatoes were a preview of 1984 coming to Garden Bay. Leon ate his French toast with the ever popular fake syrup, and without yogurt. Breakfast ended, as Flakey was about to tell the story of his life, and the juke box came on instead. The song was "Chantilly Lady" by Presley, and the company was quick to observe the signs of repressed ecstasy spreading across the countenance of one John Dowd. Taki photographed Flakey against the low Spanish mural. Bum Bank returns to Garden Bay, to continue the Chicken hunt.

Afternoon

On Yogo. Beauty is Lake Yogo. . . Bum Bank canoed to camp with beer, nuts and cheese goodies for the Ima Bankers. Colour bar reality was in full tilt in camp A.C. McWhortle and Flakey swam all the way to the Boy Scout's Camp. Grin accompanied B.B. and Taki in the canoe with the video: "Sit down, Grin!" Then the layer upon layer of documentation begins to unfold. . . White Flesh arrived disguised as Grunge's brother. Senior Chicken Duthie-luv disrobed for the company, to wild applause. The first video sequence was shot, wherein Bum Bank swims to the rock, for the throes of Romansch, John Dowd, and the rest, who is disguised as Robert Fones, wearing a black fedora, and nothing else, of course. John remains appropriately demure and cheeky. Then entered the Great Age of the Colour Bar, the vast spectrum guided by the helpful hands of the many little bum-fishes, swimming about here, there and anywhere. B.B. polaroided Len and Duff diving head first into the colour bars. The colour bars disperse and redisperse. . . the bum fishes are everywhere. The meeting continued. Everyone sat out on the rock. B.B. takes a group portrait of Duff, Len, Mr. Peanut and the Candy Man. "Faihay-Neighaye indeed."

John Dowd arrived back, from his solitary canoe ride. Someone said: "Oh look, it's JOHN DOWD BACK" and the company broke into laughter. Canadada: this Summer—the company performed several Corres Sponge Sequents. Chaos ensued. J.D. recognized himself as the real John Dowd, and Greg Curnoe couldn't

agree more. "Quite easy. . . it's called art" unknown. The video belonged to Duthie.

Aftermath

the colour bars were all taken away
the fey fu fu's have all but disappeared
Lake Yogo is still
Len's gone fishing, with a smile

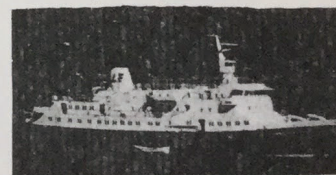
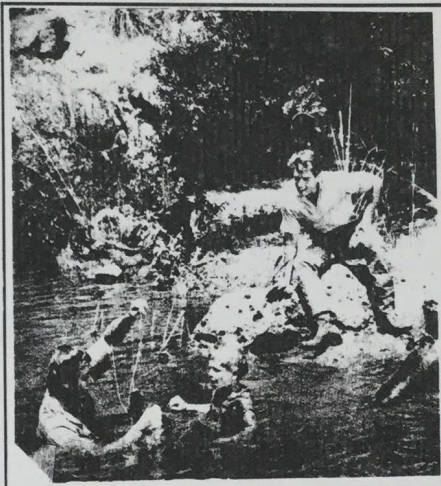
(continued from "An Afternoon Tea")

send to the good doctor, though the President later sent it to Robert Cumming. The company lingered over tea. A.C. McWhortle agreed to write a piece for the *Fanzine*. John Dowd called everyone on board the ship. The ship left port, and headed for Langdale. The Company readjourned again, on the top deck of the

ship. This time, including, in its ranks the two doing it chicken who coincidentally were going to visit the Soon to be Infamous Christian Chickens, of Garden Bay, B.C. These were later to emerge as the famous and sought after "Leonard of Ron".

The meeting reconvened at Babble Land (Ima Bank, B.C.) this time including, Mr. Peanut, Vic d'or the count, l'Or Rain, Robert and Mary Rose. A brief appearance was made by Slim Flower in the role of John Dowd.

The Company inspected the color bars, which were mounted spectacularly in ziggurat fashion in the factory. Peanut and Bum Bank discussed the evolution of their combined Underwear Division *serie* for Bum B.'s design collection endeavour. Preliminary arrangements for the bankers' voyage to B.B.B.C. were also mentioned. The entire company readjourned in the garden, where beer and B.C. green were served, with peanuts, of course. Bum Bank revealed the latest T.C.A. pics of Robert Cumming in P.H., to the assembled. The meeting continued. Bumbank and A.C. Mc. went to, wash up in the stream and when they returned, found Vic d'or and John Dowd involved in a de-animated conversation by the kitchen sink. The Count showed John Jacks some most interesting *zines* from 1919 etc. The Pender Harbour President was urged to stay on for dinner, but his secretary (very Drella), insisted on having steaks in Romantic Sechelt. B.B. was given a haircut by Myra Mao. The chief offered hot coffee and Southern comfort. The two world weary travellers departed on their way up the Sun Blime Coast. The meeting was adjourned.



C H I C K E N B A N K Y O G O D E V E L O P M E N T

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

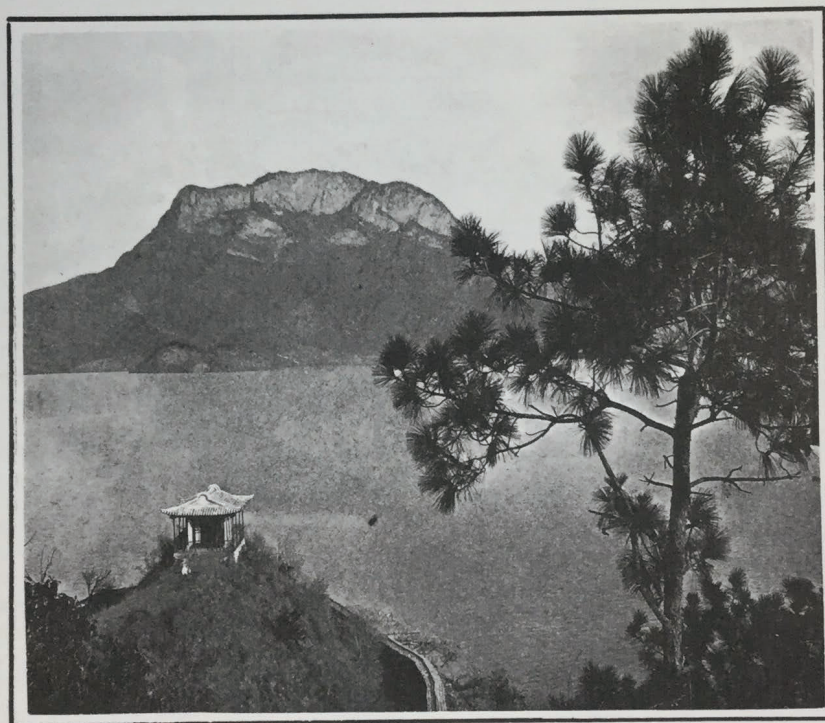
Post Scripts Images

Esther MacWhorlte

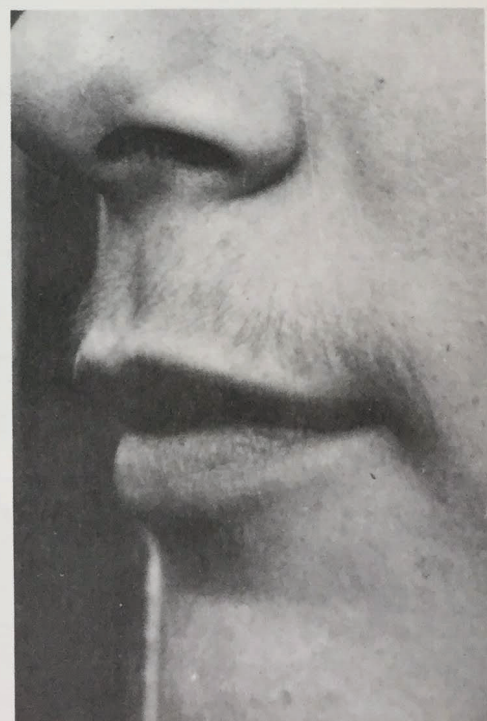
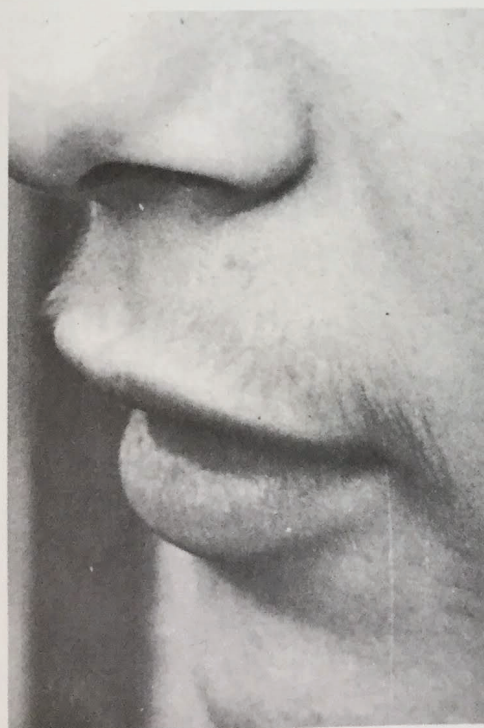
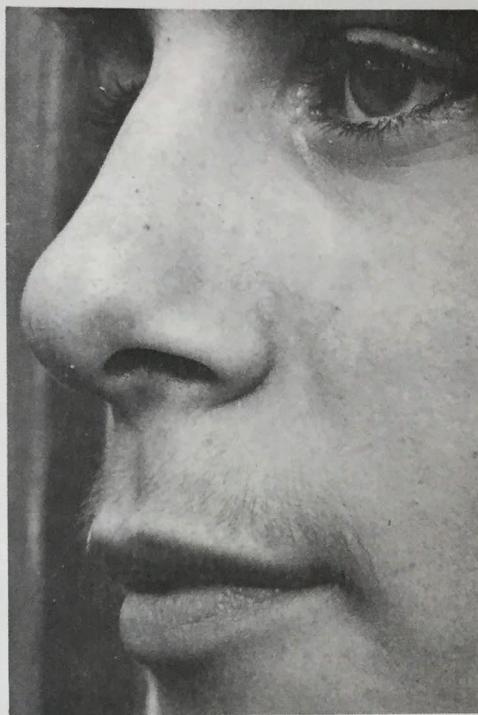
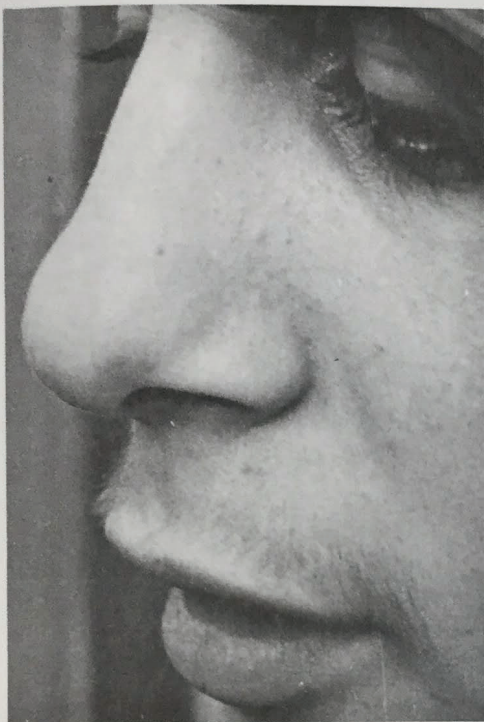
Duffy's tank top strap was out of place when he left camp.

Everyone's gone to town to see the Count

Bum Bank quoted Basho.



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Avalanche	II.229

