



bigger than hip hop

october 2005

get down

hijacked

zine australia

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issue # 004

photocopy version

get down



**lilli
kuschel -
photographer**

i was born in berlin, kreuzberg, in '81. as a kid i started to hang out at a youthclub on oranienstrasse called the 'tek'; my second home at that time, & thats where i first started to print my own photos & experiment with material, they had a small darkroom in the cellar. after shool, in 2000, i went to new york to work as an intern at arthur elgorts studio & i took some classes at the sva (shool of visual arts). back in berlin i studied photography at lette- verein & now i'm going to udk - university of arts, berlin) & do experimental film & video stuff.





lilli kuschel - bigger than nan goldin

what's photography mean for you?
surviving

what are you trying to convey or communicate through your photographs?
it would be nice to make photos that still thrill people although they are bombed with a flood of pictures everyday...i want to create fresh stuff that has something to do with me & the time i'm living in. its about playing & exploring.

what are you working on at the moment?
i am making a furniture porn.

how did you first get into photography?who/ what was the first major instigation or influence for you in photography?
there was a photographer in my neighbourhood who portrayed all the kids around & over the years he used to take pictures of me and my sister. i grew up with someone that had a camera & i found it fascinating.

hijacked 8

i started to take his camera & photographed him. he always brought a whole trunk full of old clothes, beautiful & crazy hats, skirts, shoes, old instruments & strange vehicles & we could choose what to wear. he always wanted us to look very serious & sad.

can you explain to me a little more about your self-portrait series? how do you go about creating those images?
most of the time i see a location that i really like & i get pictures in my mind of the person who belongs to that place. then i search for the right costumes & the stuff i need. i photograph with a large format camera & artificial light & i only make one picture. i have a long cable for the shutter.

it's about playing & exploring

it is rooted in my taste nerves

what is your greatest source of inspiration & influence for your style of photography?
a lot of inspiration is just what i see, what's around me. & than there is lola with who i work with most of the time. there are photographers i adore, for example anna & bernhard blume, diane arbus, cindy sherman or gregory crewdson just to name a few...

what's your favourite pasta? explain why?
i love the good old tomato sauce when it's really nice. i guess that's what my mum cooked for us most of the time so it is rooted in my taste nerves... mothermilk.

what's in your boom-box, head-phones or i-pod right now?
steve reich, frauenarzt, the cure

“there was a photographer in my neighbourhood who portrayed all the kids around & over the years he used to take pictures of me & my sister.”

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lilli kuschel

name: lilli kuschel

age: 24

where were you born?
berlin

what does style mean to you?
style is when you don't give a fuck & still
are the coolest motherfucker on the planet.

how would you describe your style?
überstyle

what are you wearing now?
chanel potatoe sack

how important is design to you?
one of two

how would you define good design?
gold red expensive shitty

**style is when
you don't give a
fuck...**

lilli kuschel - bigger than diane arbus

who are you communicating to?
you

what's the motivation behind your work?
there seems to be a little engine sitting in my
ass, running & running & running

give 3 words to describe your style of art?
it's wow yeah juhu

what is the most important thing you've seen
lately?
nekromantik 2

what inspires you?
whiskey & wombats

what is your most valued possession?
my silver scirocco

give three words describe yourself?
tits ass brain

in thirty years you'll be?
54

tits ass brain...

art zine #4 *longer than hip hop*
W hijacked

the world is in a spin. our
respect goes out to new
orleans & all its displaced people.
my son was born this month
- zephyr mcpherson, this
issue is dedicated to zephyr &
letizia. i hope that somehow
we are providing something
great for future generations.
not just materialism, capitalism
& racism. suicide bombers,
war & pollution. there is more
than bad news going on - great
music, breakthrough art, brilliant
design. create rather than
destroy, destroy to create.



love - gillian o'meagher

love is like a darkness that
consumes & swallows &
spits

love is like a gaping hole
where happiness could be
love is like a castle built out
of crumbling sand, forever
shifting

love is like a place where no
one knows your name
love is like a forgotten
dream that could have made
you happy

love is like a horror that
won't release you

love is like a broken
nightmare too creepy to
scare you anymore

love is like a black ocean
too slick & harsh to be real

love is like a hell you wish
would swallow you whole

love is like a dreaded fear
too true and hurting beyond
midnight

love is like a scream of
confusion gone feral in a
dangerous way

love is like horror. short.
sweet. scary. terrifying. &
finally, hopefully it will all be
over.





art zine #4

WU hijacked ^{©R™} get down

it's a shame that we only duplicate & replicate US forms like hip hop music. nothing against american hip hop culture, it's truly a great music from amazing people. it's just funny to see Australian artists lubricate & replicate its characteristics. Australian hip hop... mmm. *bigger than hip hop* couldn't we develop something our own, instead of copying our big brother. USA the whole system is misappropriated & slowly Australia is globalised & marginalised. find your own, don't take yourself seriously. get it kid.

a tale of telling by johannes climacus

ian & bertrand were best friends. they liked to tell people to do what they were already doing. when they saw someone eating a pie, either bertrand or ian would approach them & say "hey, you should eat a pie". likewise when a man at the train station was smoking, ian advised him he should smoke. together they told the teacher to teach, the butcher to carve meat, the farmer to farm, the musician to play music, & so on. usually people would respond with a smile or a thankyou. the worst that happened was when ian told the bank teller to tell banks, ian was given five dollars & ordered to go & get a job.

but not all of ian & bert's fun was so simple. one time they mounted blue & red lights on top of their volkswagen. that night they drove through the suburbs. ian had a megaphone, & with an authoritative voice he would scream out the window: "stay in your houses & go to sleep so you have enough energy to work tomorrow." with inner quietude, ian & bertrand were convinced they were doing the entire community a favour. they had found their niche.

one night on their rounds, ian & berty were pulled over by the police. the policeman informed the two that driving around with flashing lights on top of their car and screaming into people's houses was disturbing the peace and therefore illegal. startled, but with collected composure, ian told the policeman that he was doing a good job...that he should keep doing what he does. this pleased the policeman who let them off with a warning.

so ian & bertrand went about their lives as usual. one day, they decided to go for a walk. they walked through town to the main square & toward the valley to the orchard. ian thought that if he told the fruit pickers to pick fruit they might give them a free apple or orange or peach. as they came to the corner of the orchard, something was different, even strange.



a telling tale

johannes elmarcus

continued from page 21

i wonder what it's all about...i don't know, but we better do what they say...

"that's funny" said ian.

"yes, yes it is."

"my sturdy-wordy-lordy".

in front of them stood a flying saucer that had landed in the middle of the orchard. they were both standing there staring when a door on the craft opened. out came a martian.

"i like it."

warmed, the martian walked back into his craft and the door closed. ian turned to bert & they happily walked home. they had made a new friend.

that night they were awoken by the policeman who had told them off earlier. the policeman was driving around with his lights flashing, screaming into a megaphone:

"stay in your houses & go to sleep so you have enough energy to work tomorrow."

"that's funny" ian said to bert, "i thought that was illegal."

"i wonder what it's about" bert said to ian.

"i don't know, but we better do what they say."

the next morning on the way to get milk the next door neighbour informed ian & bertrand that the police had caught the martian & locked her in jail.

the above parable came to me in the middle of the night when i was trying to sleep. it was as if the words literally ripped me out of bed & forced themselves onto a page. the content of the story isn't really my main concern in this postscript. you can take anything you want from it. perhaps nothing. what i want to discuss is its ending & endings in general. to the people i have shown this story their main criticism is that the ending is too abrupt & anti-climatic. their insinuation is that i got lazy & have taken the easy path. thus i have returned to it on many occasions in an attempt to make appropriate changes. but alas, no stronger alternatives have presented themselves. may be it is my lack of ability or imagination. it's as if whatever was written in a fury that night was done in a frame of mind never to be rediscovered.

the ending is too abrupt & anti-climatic

the world is an amusement park...

in the movie 'big fish' there is an old witch. if you look into her eyes you witness the way that you kick your own bucket. for the main character in the story it enables him to live the fullest life possible. he knows that he isn't going to die today so he throws himself on the neck of the proverbial dragon. there is an ambiguity throughout the film between what is real & what is fantasy, fact/fiction, life/art. the merging of these opposites is represented by the notion that the people in the story have the power to choose what occurs throughout their lives.

the wonderful american moralist/comedian bill hicks said: "the world is an amusement park & when you choose to go on it you think it is real because that is how powerful our minds are. the ride goes up & down & round & round, it has thrills & chills & it's very brightly coloured & it's very loud. & it's fun for a while. some people have been on the ride for a very long time & they begin to question: is this real or is it just a ride? & other people have remembered & they come back to us & they say don't worry, don't be afraid, ever, because it's just a ride."

i'm really attracted to these kinds of sentiments. & i'm always looking for new 'useful fictions' to keep this notion fresh. in short, they all seem to say: the longing that you observe within you, which can never be satiated causes you great suffering. fearing & fleeing from suffering is futile. suffering is nothing. suffering is illusion. love your suffering.

who knows what will happen in the end of my story?

fearing & fleeing from suffering is futile. suffering is nothing. suffering is illusion. love your suffering.



Simon Cox

**when you repeat
yourself in art, it's
not called repeating
yourself, it's called..**

when you repeat yourself in art, it's not called repeating yourself, it's called a variation on a theme

it's not called repeating yourself when you repeat yourself in art, it's called a variation on a theme.

a variation on a theme is the artistic way of repeating yourself,

artists don't repeat themselves, they vary on themes.

eine Veränderung auf einem Thema ist die künstlerische Weise des Wiederholens.

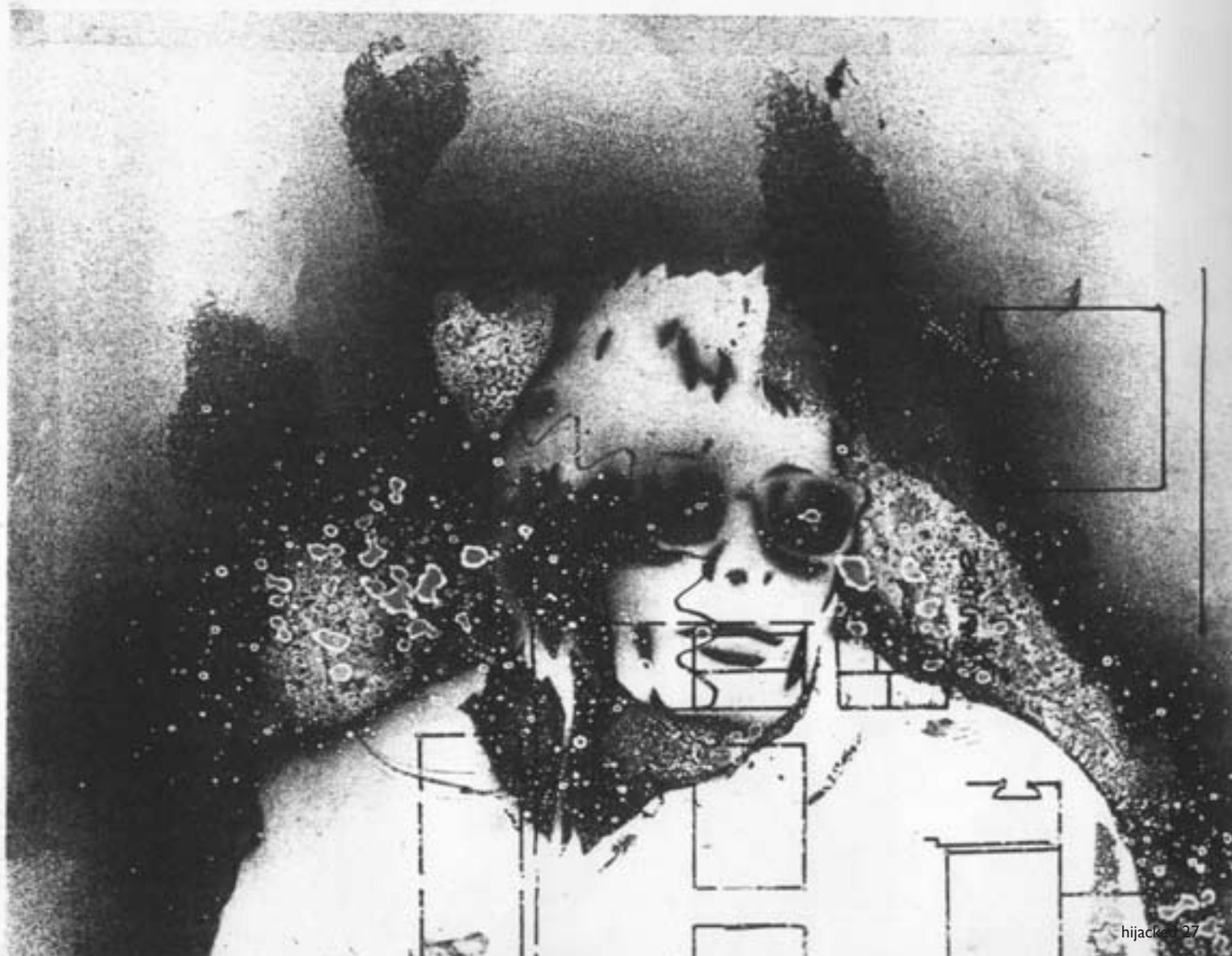
only an uncultured philistine would mistake varying on a theme as just repetition.

if you find yourself repeating yourself, call it a "variation on a theme" & plead art

when artists repeat themselves they don't call it repeating themselves, they call it a variation on a theme.

all artists are wankers

**all artists are wankers
poetry** simon cox













name: mr mark mcpherson

age: older than you

where were you born?
western australia

what does style mean to you?
non chalant, handmade, sneakers shoes,
blasae, taking the train without a ticket,
graffiti, berlin, diy, doing it first class
without a care in the world.

describe your style?
family man, two kids, overloaded, staying
up late, any excuse to travel, caring for
the planet, having a dream & doing your
best to live it.

what are you wearing now?
camo.. lacoste, socks & a classy hat.

what is the most important thing
you've seen lately?
my new born son zephyr & my wife safe
& sound after hospital.

pat d's salvation show

new orleans,
& summer coming over the horizon.

how important is photography & design
to you? how would you define good
photography or design?
it's everyday life, it's part of the family, it's
desire and passion all wrapped into one.

who are you communicating to?
the invisible masses & the usual suspects

what's the motivation behind your work?
the urge to work, create, deep down in
the soul, paying the bills, getting busy.

give 3 words to describe your style of art?
hijacked, real, homemade

what inspires you?
love, family, music, travel, money, australia,
germany, chance, spontaneity, friends,
love.

what is your most valued possession?
my word & my laptop

give three words describe yourself?
your mack daddy

in thirty years you'll be?
expecting grand children,

“there needs
to be more
experimentation
in all things creative.
too many people
are aesthetically
unpleasing with
their creativity”

hidden pain

humans have more than one pain control system. the most well known is the natural opioid (endorphin) system. endorphins modulate our subjective experience of pain. this opioid system is a popular research target.

the subjective experience of pain is also varied by attention. subjects distracted from their pain report lower pain intensity & unpleasantness than subjects observing their pain'. If the distracting object is attractive or alarming enough (a hoard of rampaging visigoths, for instance) one can be blind to even quite severe pain (an arrow in the thigh, for instance). i assert that when pain is familiar & predictable enough it can fade from conscious attention entirely, even in the absence of compelling distracters, to be noticed again only when the pain undergoes salient change (from a shot of morphine, for instance).

the effect of distraction on pain is becoming a popular research topic. in this article i argue for a little research time being spent on pain persistent enough & consistent enough to become invisible to the sufferer. this idea – that a person can “suffer” from a pain they cannot “feel” – will seem absurd to the average reader, but not completely preposterous to informed students of pain.

(endnotes)
1 miron d, duncan gh, bushnell mc. (1989) effects of attention on the intensity & unpleasantness of thermal pain. pain 39. pp345 – 52.

but not completely preposterous to informed students of pain...

anguish & its cognitive & behavioral consequences with indiscerned pain

in 1968 melzack & casey¹ introduced the notion that pain can be divided into its sensory-discriminative, motivational-affective & cognitive-evaluative dimensions. since then investigators employing lesion studies & non-destructive techniques including fMRI have begun to map the brain correlates of these dimensions. the anterior cingulate gyrus is now convincingly implicated in the motivational-affective component (unpleasantness) of pain, as are the somatosensory cortices in the sensory-discriminative dimension. patients in pain who also have damage to their somatosensory cortices can “suffer” from a pain & yet have no idea where it originates.² so it is neurologically possible to experience the affective (aversive) dimension of pain & have no awareness of its cause.

(endnotes)
1 melzack r & casey kl (1968) sensory, motivational & central control determinants of pain: a new conceptual model in the skin senses, edited by d. kenshalo, thomas, springfield illinois pp 223 – 43
2 ploner m., freund h.j. & schnitzler a (1999): pain affect without pain sensation in a patient with a postcentral lesion. pain 81, 1 – 2, pp 211 – 214.

yet have have no idea where it originates...

attentional habituation

we seem to be wired to only notice sensory change. unchanging stimuli or stimuli that change slowly & predictably don't rate our conscious attention. "... variation discrimination is the evolved specific property of every kind of sensory organ (organs of vision, hearing, touch, taste, & so on)."¹ stare fixedly, unblinking, at anything & after about 30 seconds the scene dissolves into a featureless grey field. "if no correlated changes take place, there is nothing for analysers of covariation to analyse. if, then, seeing depends on the results of covariation analysis, there will be no seeing".²

this applies to noxious stimuli, too. it goes like this. you've been sitting working quietly in a quiet room. you finish your work & switch off the computer, & realise the room hadn't been quiet at all. the pc had been humming & its rattling fan had been irritating you all the while. you feel relief as the irritation evaporates with the noise into silence. after a few minutes this trick of the attention had caused the noxious stimulus (the sound) to melt away out of mind, but the irritation, the mild distress caused by the now unheard primary stimulus remained.

& the same disappearing trick occurs with pain that is consistent & predictable. as a solution to chronic pain, though, this habituation is only partly effective. the somatosensory cortices are no longer using finite attention resources but the isolation, fear & anguish associated with pain persist undiminished.

(endnotes)
1 richardson k. (2000) the making of intelligence. p 164 phoenix/orion books, london (emphasis mine).
2 mackay, d. m. (1986) 'vision - the capture of optical covariation.' in: visual neuroscience, eds. j.d. pettigrew, k.j. sanderson & w.r. lewick, cambridge university press. p.371 referred to in richardson, above, p 219. (emphasis mine)

implications

the affective, cognitive and behavioral effects of pain are substantial & can be disabling in themselves. chronic pain can bring with it:

- tension
- fatigue
- insomnia
- diminished ability to think or concentrate
- loss of interest or pleasure in one's usual activities
- irritability
- clinically significant distress
- impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning
- anxiety and worry

pain clinicians will recognise these symptoms. so will psychiatrists. anxiety is the central feature. three or more of the first six plus the seventh or eighth items are required for a diagnosis of generalised anxiety disorder.¹ some of the diagnostic criteria for dysthymic disorder (emotional depression that persists for years, usually with no more than moderate intensity) are these:

- in children & adolescents, mood can be irritable
- insomnia or hypersomnia
- low energy or fatigue
- poor concentration or difficulty making decisions
- clinically significant distress
- impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning

implications

the remaining criteria are secondary to the above symptoms. this is how the individual may respond to the above primary symptoms:

- poor appetite or overeating
 - low self-esteem
 - feelings of hopelessness
- depressed mood for most of the day, more days than not
(endnotes)
diagnostic & statistical manual of mental disorders (dsm-iv-tr), published by the american psychiatric association, washington d.c., the main diagnostic reference of mental health professionals in the united states of america.

implications

the cognitive, affective & behavioral symptoms of chronic pain are the core symptoms of pathological anxiety & depression. environmental &/or genetic factors may determine whether the sufferer responds to these symptoms with anxiety or depression & whether & what personality & character distortions will result. since the manifestations of chronic pain without sensory discrimination are identical to the core manifestations of these mood disorders & since neurology does not exclude it, the possibility that at least some instances of these disorders have their etiological roots in attentionally habituated chronic pain ought to be borne in mind by clinicians.

miron d, duncan gh, bushnell mc. (1989) effects of attention on the intensity & unpleasantness of thermal pain. *pain* 39, pp345 – 52.
melzack r & casey kl (1968) sensory, motivational & central control determinants of pain: a new conceptual model in the skin senses, edited by d. kenshalo, thomas, springfield illinois pp 223 – 43
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anthony cole (phd)...

get down

anthony cole
academic anthony cole







bigger than...









danny khoo - tokiyo > circa '98



the pallas - corner lake &
jones street - northbridge -
western australia
oct 08 - 23 wed - sun
12pm - 5pm free admission
artage.com.au

ARTAGE











get down morgan campbell interview mark mephereson

what do you do?

i am a professional skateboarder / journalist / video dude.

where are you based at the moment? what's it like?

i am based in glasgow scotland, about to make the move to lyon france. glasgow is great. raw street spots, mad architecture, a banging music & arts scene & it is also where my girl lives. so yeah i love it. plus scots are friendlier than a labrador on extacy.

your lifestyle is quite nomadic. what's been your most memorable city or country that you have visited over the years?

the most memorable place would have to be broken down into categories:

japan: for cyber techness

beijing: for culture shock

barcelona: for architecture & skate spots

prague: for being a fairytale

british columbia: for natural beauty.

or

venice: for being flooded.

oh & i forgot manila for ghetto factor.

how did you first get into skating?

i have always been intrigued by it. for as long as i can remember, & i know every man & their dog says this: but "back to the future" with marty mcfly got me right into it. it is gnarly how michael j fox can barely move now, (parkinsons) & he single handedly got a whole generation into skateboarding.

what's skating mean for you in 2005?

in 2005 skating means: fun & an obsession, the same as it meant 20 years ago.

what are you trying to convey or communicate through your photographs, that you submitted for this article?

well they are actually a result of a series of awards ceremonies. an awards ceremony takes place when you are travelling with a friend & you just take the piss & laugh at your surroundings. if a person or situation can be summed up with an award, it can be a very quick & consise method of writing off a scenario.

**marc johnson
has to be the
most talented at
the moment...**

for example if you see some one who looks like a young george bush, you can give out the "spring chicken bush" award. or if you are at the leaning tower of pisa, you could give out the "architect left his spirit level at home award". one of my favourites had to be accidentally giving out the "kamahl award" to kamahl himself.

what do you think of contemporary skate scene right now, is there anything or anyone that really impresses you?

well marc johnson has to be the most talented at the moment. right now i am right into any creative "robstacle" skaters (robstacle = random obstacle). dudes like oyola, puleo, shier, reed keep it interesting for all of us.

what are you working on at the moment?

a mega list of shit. doing some video clips, one for italian festival called videominuto, and one for a group called fuck-off machete www.fuckoffmachete.com. i am also skating most days, doing some writing for monkey say (an online mag im involved with). basically i am enjoying trying to pay the rent whilst doing things i love.

who/what was the first major instigation or influence for you in skating?

first major influence was a local skater/surfer called todd richards. (1974 - 1991 rip) todd was the first person i really skated with. pro-wise i was also into tommy guererro...he was one of the first street pros. also of course... the gonz.

fuckoffmachete.com



below sea - level awards

scorpion kebab awards

morgan campbell
 born in perth wa to a french
 architect father & an aussie
 writer mother. first overseas trip
 at 8 yrs. started skating at 11. got
 sponsored at 14, in 1988. started
 to get involved in video at 17.
 really have just kept skating,
 filming & writing since then. so
 far have hit 28 countries & met
 a truck load of ruling people
 through my skate related travels.
 skating for juice clothing, boost
 mobile, momentum skate shop,
 premium wood, modus bearings
 & type s urethane.

“i spent a good half a year
 soaking up vast puddles of
 culture shock. it is good to vent
 the impact of culture shock
 batches by giving out awards.
 that are bigger than hip hip.
 these can be internalized or
 vocalized. the following are some
 of my favourite awards from the
 past year”

- morgan campbell, skater,
 videographer, journalist, jet set
 trash & super star 2005.

too many tequilas awards - aka the face plant award

is there any skate, music, fashion or photography orientated project, artwork, etc that you think is groundbreaking or historically significant for you?

i am into anything spike jonze does. just because he was & always will be a skater, & he has made major waves in the mainstream. also inside skating dan wolfe's, french fred's & ty evans' projects are all incredibly polished & inspirational.

what it's like going back to home to fremantle/perth? what do you miss most about perth/fremantle?

i miss the fremantle doctor. i fuckin miss the sunsets. i miss paying nothing for rent. i miss learning new tricks at woolstores. i miss all my amazingly relaxed friends. i miss beers at neddies. i dont miss how flat the land is, & i don't miss perth cops. they suck. & if i had ever listened to cop. i would have gotten nowhere. i also miss jason tanner (rip tiger).

maintaining the lifestyles having a family

what do you have planned for the future?
maintaining the lifestyle, & having a family.

what is your greatest source of inspiration & influence for your style of photography?
i am inspired by fleeting moments, unique arrangements & being shocked. when i walk around & think maybe i should take a photo...i simply take one now. digital is great.

what's your favourite pasta? explain why?
i like arabiatta, cause it is vege, & i get little rushes from the chilli.

what's in your boom-box, head-phones or i-pod right now??
right now....? hmmm... let me put the itunes on random & see what gets dropped. this could be quite embarrassing. no way...it dropped mctwist & shout, by johnny rad, from the animal chin soundtrack!!!

thanks mr morgan campbell.

get down

bed in a half award, barcelona - spain

morgan campbell

name: morgan campbell

age: 31

where were you born?
south perth

what does style mean to you?
method of execution

how would you describe your style?
sketchy

what are you wearing now?
black + a hat

how important is design to you?
vital

how would you define good design?
danish furniture

who are you communicating to?
whoever listens

what's the motivation behind your work?
smiles

give 3 words to describe your style of art?
absolutely fucking bewsti

what is the most important thing you've seen
lately?
barcelona's forum... skate heaven

what inspires you?
accidental new ideas

what is your most valued possession?
my family.... wait they possess me.

give three words describe yourself?
maggot on wheels

in thirty years you'll be?
arthritic

lego village award, amsterdam - the netherlands



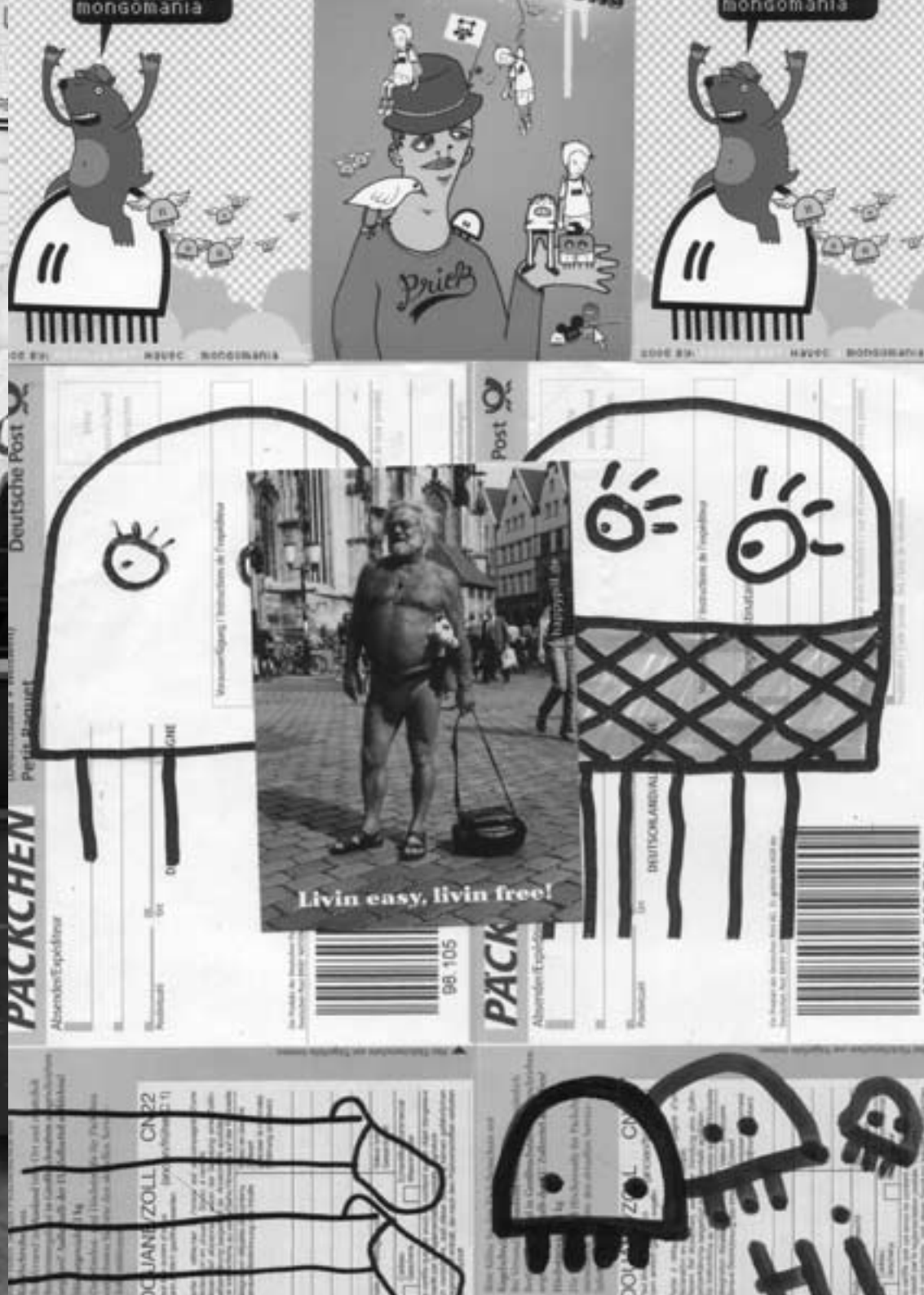
dj beyond thunderdome award, barcelona - spain







photocopy: a copy of
something printed,
written printed
or drawn by
a machine
whose
purpose
is to do
so...
haha





the youth

look at that girl
she's made of icy water

i've seen cool porcelain hands catch
every one of her lost tears in gentle
silence
and lock them away till all that's left is
the sweetly bleeding frozen shadow
of a child

quiet pools of grey and nowhere eyes
a girl all icy water

gillian o' meagher

words oft forgotten

want someone to start from the
beginning? ab initio
ever written a love letter? billet-doux
from the land of her royal majesty?
choom

simple as A B C...

...complex as D

E F

members include proud, paid, poke?
diphthong
do you need help understanding all of
this? elucidate
is this starting to stress you? fistula

i must say exeunte













FUCK

Natural Disasters.

CHINT

hijacked recommends:

artrage.com.au
amnesty.org.au/freedom
backjumps.org
batah.de
blockillustration.com

chocolateindustries.com
compost-rec.com
crybloxsome.com
daim.org
dannykhoo.com
die-gestalten.de
disinfo.com

emaharishi.com
everydaylive.com
filesharing.de
freewheelinmedia.com
fremantlefc.com.au
getting-up.org
greige.de
hi-res.net

imagesource.com.au
idnworld.com
jonburgerman.com
kingbrownmag.com
kolmer-photography.com
kw-berlin.de
labomatic.org
labooo.de
liedberg.com
lomography.com
lodown.com
matadorrecords.com
mongomania.com
neilcollyer.com
nitrada.com
ofquiet.com
opacities.net

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HASSELBERG













tonk und rust

photographic series sebastian heise

neil collyer

Spam Spam

network neil collyer

#DON'T



don't buy petrol
today, tomorrow
or anytime soon.

it has been calculated that if everyone in
australia (& in your neck of the woods) did
not purchase a drop of petrol for one day & at
the same time, the oil companies would chock
on their stockpiles.

at the same time it would hit the entire
industry with a net loss over 4.6 billion dollars
which affects the bottom lines of the oil
companies.

therefore everyday from now until christmas
is formally declared "stick it up their assss"
day. do it everyday. once is not enough.
& the people of this nation should not buy a
single drop of petrol these days. reverse the
system. we don't need your fuel.

the only way that this can be done
is if you actually believe this, do it, don't just
say it. if you can forward this information to as
many people as you can, to get the word out.
waiting on the government to step in &
control the prices is not going to happen
anytime soon.

what happened to the reduction & control
in prices that the arab nationsd promised 2
weeks ago????

remember one thing, not only is the price of
petrol going up, but at the same time airlines
are forced to raise their prices, trucking
companies are forced to raise their prices
which effects prices on everything that is
shipped. things like food, clothing, building
supplies, medical supplies, etc

had enough of
a redundant
government! do
something for
yourself. take the time
to spend nothing...or
burn your car...

don't be too
cynical you may
actually be able
to do something
by doing nothing...
spend nothing on
petrol today...

who pays in the end? we do! you can make a
difference, we can make a difference.

if they don't get the message after day one, we
can do it again & again.

so please do your part & spread the word.
this ain't spam. forward this information to
everyone you know.

forward this email
to everyone you
know. make your
commitment today,
buy no petrol, a day
that the citizens of
australia said "enough
is enough, isn't it
mate!"

mustsay mobyl has toetly changd way i
communicate b4 texting i nevr really rote 2my
frends much @ all can u beleav it??
now i'm messaging 24/7 its so crazy i even
think in text-its hard tho caus sometimes yu
want to tel some1 sumthing but yu dont want
2go over into a nu message soyu cutdown all
thewords &spaces 2save room itcan work but
then if it isnt sounding rite itcan be a bettr
idea 2carry the texdt over in2 a nu mesedge
but wen that happens you suddenly realise
how much space you have.. its soooo crazy...
you can spread evvvvverything out... and even
introduce simple symbols... like smiley faces :)
or even a saucy wink for a little suggestion ;)

it just seems a bit OBSCENE

not to use alllllll the text room you're

now paying 4 xxx

postmodern fairytale - lyrics

there's prince charming
a boy who's speeding
he's a beautiful face
in a dangerous place,
eaten by the hungry smiles
of the empty.

noone sees the stars
can you see the stars?
noone sees the stars anymore

there's drunk cinderella
who's spilt her liqueur
she's a beautiful girl
in a funk-ridden world,
too angry to fear
the gaze of the healthy.

noone sees the stars
i cant see the stars
noone sees the stars anymore

prose gillian o'meagher



ten things about words i've always
said & now i stand by

i've always said the beats freed up the
words & let them breathe.

i've always said the egyptians should
have taught everyone hieroglyphics-
the tales on the walls would be wild.

i've always said hearing hip hop can
make anyone feel more alive.

i've always said text is like a valet,
except it opens a lot more doors.

i've always said eminem is the oscar
wilde of his generation.

i've always said fiction's full of people
you wouldn't otherwise be able to
meet in this reality.

i've always said shakespeare's way is
over-rated.

i've always said spelling should be
optional & never blindly regulated.
people should just let it breathe.

i've always said lord byron was like a
rock star- without the music.

i've always said having endless streams
of thought constantly encapsulated
into the closest possible wordforms
is just the best thing ever about
civilisation.

ten things about words i've always said & now i stand by **prose & text** gillian o'meara

september & the gero wax
blossoms
have pushed into the foreground
looking & smelling like
something fattening

next door the winter soup is being
slurped out of the pool
worms & green whiskers
skimmed all over the lawn

unstacked plastic chairs have come
down
from the shed in a clatter
they've been blasted with the hose
& set out
in a horseshoe to dry
now they're checking each other
out in the daylight

teenage legs arrive as quickly as
the wild flowers
so many sets, belted together with
denim skirts
crossed at the knee & then again
at the ankle

in the back yard, at the party
the shins are fresh-waxed & white
toes lined up, icing-pink & light
fingers too

curling round glasses of cold beer,
pale in the afternoon sun
some pinching off marlboro lights
alight & white
right down to the butt
each another pretty finger
brought back in a soft-pack, duty-
free from denpasar

it's too early for b.o. yet
too early to peel that loose flake of
skin from the tip of your nose
the weekends are still distinct &
we have weather

there are flowers on your skirt &
candles in your hand
one foot is arched in a patch of green
prickles
too plump & soft to hurt just yet, but
soon

you hold out a candle, dripping pink
pinch me with your other hand & say
my wish? that winter's over, forever
close your mouth behind the little
flame
& blow it away

winters over **poetry & text** amanda maxwell



poetry #002

Kevin Gillam

Seventeens

at the front end of
day i'm upside down against
the psyche unit's wall

by the middle i've
reached the eucalypts & i'm
text messaging god

there's no denouement,
just thin light of morning on
the shaft of needle

get down

all on one page

morphine: small running writing. morphine:
you're safe here. morphine: in
soft
focus. morphine: cartography.

morphine: lemons and grin. morphine:
beautiful wound. morphine: now
you're

dripping. morphine: broom. morphine:
white
against green. morphine: lower man
dible. morphine: all on one page

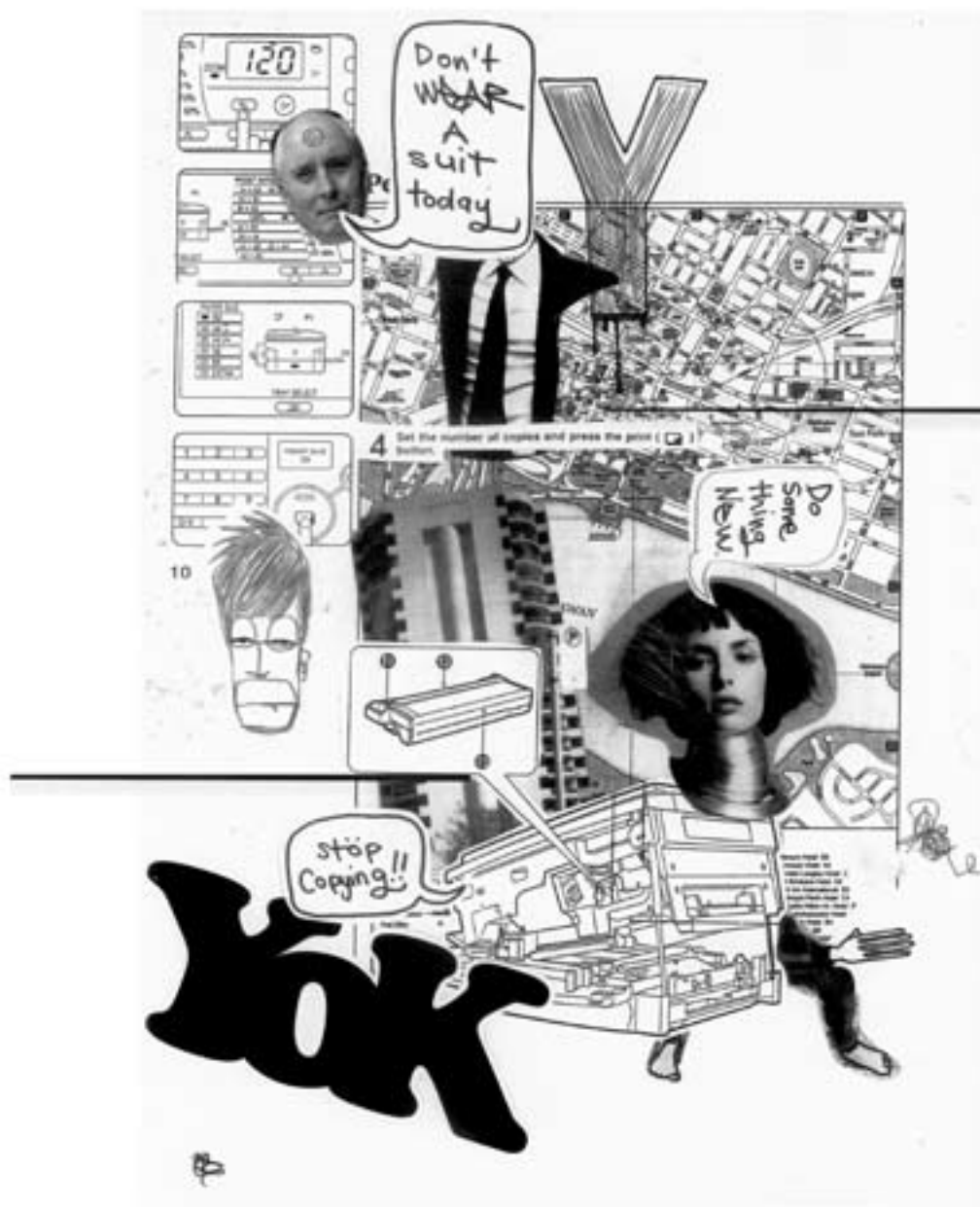
jetty Kevin Gillam

(i)

is the one tooth
in mouth of bay,
wood from gum,
sleepers gnarled to
new function,
jutting to where they
almost shouldn't,
wind
the unforgetting tongue

(ii)

is the one doubt
in sea of belief,
wood from creed,
sleepers that won't
ever,
jutting into pre-dawn's
granular light,
wind
unforgiven through dunes



touch that fish & you die

the goldfish is dead! how did this happen!?

the goldfish is dead! how did this happen?' the general manager wanted to know.

i knew but i don't think i could ever convey the real reasons why that golden body was broken, to him, or to the directors. i've had to crawl to understand, you pay dues for wisdom. but i will try to sketch the story down, for those who already know, instead of working like i'm meant to.

the general manager bought the goldfish specifically with the intention of making my life difficult. you see the gm loved the girl who loved me, jesse, she works over there, at the desk by the window. he loved her, she loved me, & i loved nobody. although... i was quite fond of the goldfish until she killed it.

the gm wanted a nice little ridiculous, tedious duty added to my normal list of big ridiculous, tedious duties—in order to prove that there was in fact a pecking order, & that he was chief pecker.

i was in charge of the goldfish, feed it, clean it's tank, talk to it about stuff. the intention was to make me look like an unimportant arsehole from time to time, carrying buckets of water across the office & all that.

the gm is a pretty limited man. he should have known that that shit only works on people who give a fuck. i mean, my thinking is—what's the point of being chief pecker if there's nothing good to peck at?

so the gm cunningly devised the goldfish. this was after he told us at the bi-monthly office meeting that the office staff would be split into teams, each assigned a team leader (normal workplace practice) then added that he felt it would be fun if each team had it's own little unofficial code name. The other staff jumped at this & started pulling names from their hollywood strangled imaginations, like "charlies angels" & "the x-men".

in bad need of some fucking irony i held up my hand (intended to mock the primary school mentality so loved in the modern workplace) & i suggested mascots, like fluffy toys etc. then voila! one of the women who regularly tells us all about what she saw on tv the night before, suddenly screeched 'what about an office pet!'

crybloxsome

'pet rocks are cute' i nodded to her encouragingly

'pet rocks are cute,' i nodded to her encouragingly. 'noooo,' she whined, 'something alive. a mouse or a goldfish.'

now the gm was not so intoxicated by his own farts that he could not see what a sarcastic young man i was. & he wanted to step on my face for revealing, on my clever other level, that his authority amounted to nothing if he was only chief of a dozen monkeys. therefore he took the suggestion all the more seriously. 'i think that could be good suzie,' the gm said to the screech-o-matic. 'the rodent is probably not appropriate, but a goldfish might be nice.'

'very cheerful,' i nodded, once again trying to burn the house down.

'ok, good. can you handle that then james,' he said to me, 'i'll organise some money & you can pick up a cheerful goldfish.'

cunt. but i liked his style. fight irony with irony. he didn't like this thing i had going with jesse. i glanced at jesse, she was all smirk. we love conflict. "we" meaning everyone. screech-o-matic was dejected now because she didn't get to pick the goldfish. but she would be fine, once she'd had a good whinge to her boyfriend in front of rove, between fork loads of low-budget pre-frozen slop.

fucking unreal walls of water & fish & popping filter bubbles. the reflection of my intrigued face moved from tank front to tank front. there was this one fish that was all colourful while the others in with him were generally quite uninteresting, he was kind of swimming around all by himself, self-sufficient, a little lonely, but maintaining dignity. that was my man.

crybloxsome.com

literature

the pangs of jealousy weren't that bad

he looked like a fucking alien in the office, in his thirty centimetres of cubed water. fanning his tangerine tail, suspended in a whole other element. the gm had simply nodded assent, not being interested in the fish, interested only in my undoing.

i set him up in front of the window, in front of jesse's desk. it was the best i could do for him, given the circumstances.

my efficiency rating surely began to fall in the following weeks. my stare wandered regularly to the fish. there he was, man, an alien, dislocated from the things he needed, like bugs, rocks & algae. nothing could live in this place, it was a testament to the smallness of his brain that he didn't jump out of his tank.

i stopped flirting with jesse, only time i went over near her desk was to feed the fish. she would always look up from her screen & watch me feed him or wiggle my finger in the water to entertain him. she would watch me the whole time, & sometimes i'd go back to my desk & she'd still be staring right at me.

'how's your fish,' she said to me at the energy vending machine. she knew exactly how the fish was, of course, he was swimming right there in front of her all day. so i didn't know what she was driving at. hesitatingly i said: 'good.' & walked away. after i'd fed my fish & sat down again jesse came over & said, without any hello or anything, 'when you come over to feed your fish could you talk to me as well, please.' & walked off.

i went out one lunchtime & bought some rocks & aquatic plants for the fish tank. that same day after work, when i was restyling the fish's habitat, i happened to look out the window & saw jesse & the gm getting into the gm's imported car. the pangs of jealousy weren't that bad, i sat down & watched the fish float through the better world i was making for him.

crybloxsome.com

the gm was high on the tiger after that - finally making progress with jesse

next day the gm said good morning to me in a bright & loud way, but somehow cautious, cagey i think is the word. jesse looked no brighter, she was not talking to me anymore, she watched the fish sometimes, staring at it with her finger-tips above her keyboard.

some contracted publicity people came through that day, they had been contracted to freshen the corporation's internal image, morale. they took the goldfish angle, they said it would look good in photos, us at work & the goldfish at swim.

the boss got props off the directors, the goldfish demonstrated to them that the gm had initiative & a knack for creating workplace harmony, & cost effectively too. the gm was high on the tiger after that—finally making some progress with jesse, getting praise from above, & making a nice display to everyone of my lowliness as i changed the tank water & mopped algae from the glass. it didn't really occur to him that i'd never engaged in a more satisfactory task in my whole working life.

screech-o-matic brought a plastic castle to work & put it in the tank without even asking me. there i was trying to create some harmony in the fish's life & she's dropping in this fucking 2-dollar-shop debris. i had to make up some bullshit about the fish getting stuck inside, & took it out.

jesse caught me in the carpark, 'you don't care about me do you?'

'i care,' i said.

'you don't care if i see other people?'

'you sound like my girlfriend,' i said.

'so i'm not your girlfriend anymore?'

'weren't we just seeing what happens?'

i thought it was just going to be a casual easy thing.'

a post-feminist perspective on coitus interruptus or why my boyfriend's a

'we've been sleeping together for six months.' 'has it been that long,' i said. she didn't seem able to say anything after that, she just stared as tears welled up in her eyes. i had to walk away.

i bought the fish a bigger tank & some extra plants & it was a joy to see him pass like a ribbon through his own private world.

the goldfish was a big hit, the internal relations material came out & people from all over the building were coming to visit. the easy ways of the goldfish came to officially symbolise the health of workers within the corporation, happy & worry free, happy just to be there.

the fish symbolised something completely different for me.

while jesse was looking plainer, losing colour, not bothering with make up; it was becoming obvious that the gm was going in the exact opposite direction. a nice new suit & a more fashionable hairstyle, a smiley hello for everyone. after work jesse dropped into the passenger's seat of the gm's car & shut herself in. i wanted more company for the goldfish, i wanted a whole school of goldfish so they could swim & be happy together.

the gm got a management award. an industry magazine did a story on him & took a photo of him beaming in his snazzy suit, with his hand on the fish tank. we all pretended not to watch & tapped at our computers robotically while he told them that life in our office had become more colourful & generally a warmer place to work.

winter was coming. dead leaves seemed to eject from the branches. i stood at the window & watched them spiral down. jesse spoke to me, i was surprised, i'd forgotten she was there, she'd become so still & colourless, she said: 'strange to see you looking out of your tank, you seem to like looking into his tank better', her eyes looked sore, & more prominent because her hair was tied back.

'you don't look that well,' i said to her in what i thought was a well-meaning way. she picked up her keyboard with both hands & tossed it forward into her screen, 'do i look ugly!' she yelled at me, 'am i ugly!' she stood up, kicking her chair back on its rollers, & walked out crying towards the toilets.

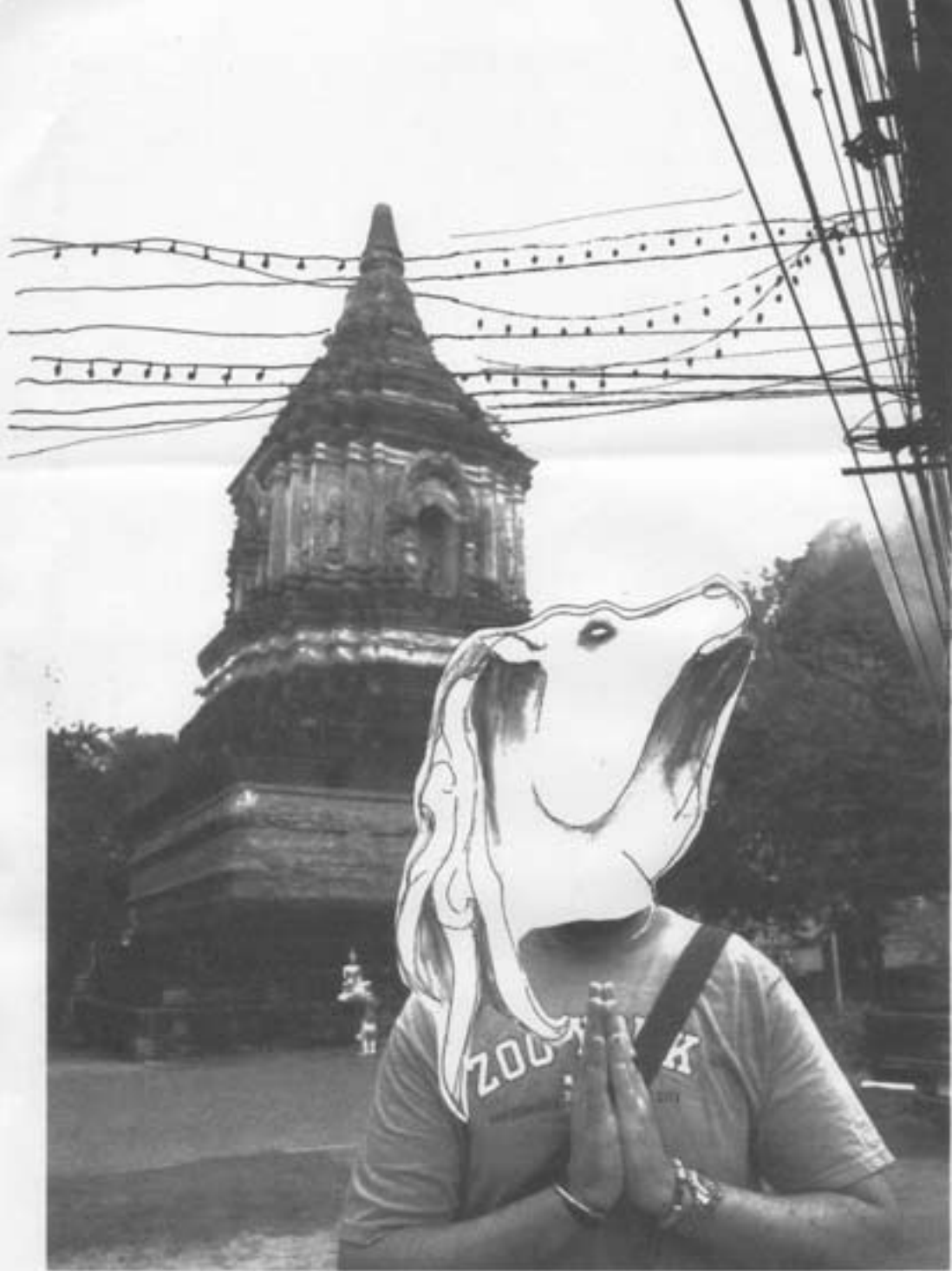
i went to my desk & saw the screech-o-matic staring at me. the screech finally had an event in her life that resembled what she'd seen on tv, you could feel her slurping it in through her eyeballs, into the plastic-castle filled spaces of her mind. real life was so good for suzie when it resembled tv.

the gm came to my desk & i stared the cunt in the face. he wanted to say something about the incident, to stamp his authority on me whilst simultaneously demonstrating his much lauded management skills. he was fucking meat if he opened his mouth, he was going to cop some serious abuse, not to mention that i was going to send rumours all the way to the directors about a gm sticking it to a female underling.

he looked at me, sensed that something here was too hot for his tepid nature, hesitated with a slight parting of his lips & then walked off. the only living thing in this whole office, if not the whole building, that wasn't wiggling out on one form of insanity or another was the goldfish, & he had a brain smaller than a pinhead. not to mention that he was my pride & joy, nobody else in the office received that kind of care & attention.

i saw jesse turn her back on the gm in the carpark, & walk away. to the train station, i thought. the gm stood & watched her go, then got into his car & drove off in the other direction. i turned away from the window & leaned over the fish tank. the goldfish knew me so well now that when i leaned over the water he rose to the surface, popped his face out, & made little hungry gulps at the air. it felt wrong that he should be alone, limited to a tank, an office, a building, a city, & a world that never cared.

jesse hadn't actually gone to the train station, she was back in the office, i was having a lie down on the couch in the gm's office. i never felt the need to hurry back to my house anymore, home being where the heart is, & that goldfish was my heart. so through the gm's door s saw jesse come back into the office & stand in front of the fish tank, the fish would have come innocently to the surface, & jesse reached in, grabbed the fish in her right fist & threw it hard into the floor.





continued from page 124

i yelled out, not being able to form words in panic, & sprang off the couch, jesse flinched badly, in shock at discovering i was there; that i had seen her crime.

she still stood over the fish although staring at me with her mouth open. i shoved her away from the tank—she was frozen—& put the body of the goldfish back into the water. but his body was broken, he was not alive anymore.

i yelled everything i had at jesse, i let her have every bit of abuse i'd stored up, i had a body & a mind full of it, a whole stock, a body load that had been building day after day in this miserable, inhuman, regimented, lie-ridden, insane debasement of humanity, this perversion of life itself, everything that they so disgustingly called an efficient workplace, that they called an ordinary life.

she received my anger emotionally at first but as i went on she turned her face away & hardened. a security guy came in the door, checking what the noise was, & i threw anything i could find at him, staplers, files, plastic toys, fish food, keyboards, coffee cups. i was yelling at him: 'SECURITY! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU SECURING FAGGOT CUNT!'

misery was rife, & the tiny moments of colour were dead. i was angry, but i still know i was entirely justified, & i know that everything i said was true. jesse killed the goldfish for the same reason that i cared for it. when the security guard had backed out the door i escaped out the fire exit.

the next day, that being today, there were questions to be answered. the security guard came in & pointed the finger. i took little interest in the accusations directed at me, i was too busy sending obscene emails to important clients. the fish was still in the tank, floating there dead, screech-o-matic stood up & told us she was going to flush it down the toilet. there was no way she was getting her hands on it, dead or alive. i yelled at her across the room, 'TOUCH THAT FISH & YOU DIE!' she sat back down.



the security dude had pointed out jesse as well, so the gm was over at her desk, leaning down, pumping her for information. she was happy enough to tell him that i'd gone out of control because someone had killed my goldfish, but she was mute on the point of who had killed the goldfish. she always had been spineless.

the gm was having a hellava morning, going desk to desk, picking up one bit of information over here, another bit over there, trying not to disrupt workflow, or efficiency ratings, despite the force of absurdity. by lunchtime he was looking like mick jagger, buckled wrists on his hips. then he just stopped & yelled: 'the goldfish is dead! how did this happen!'

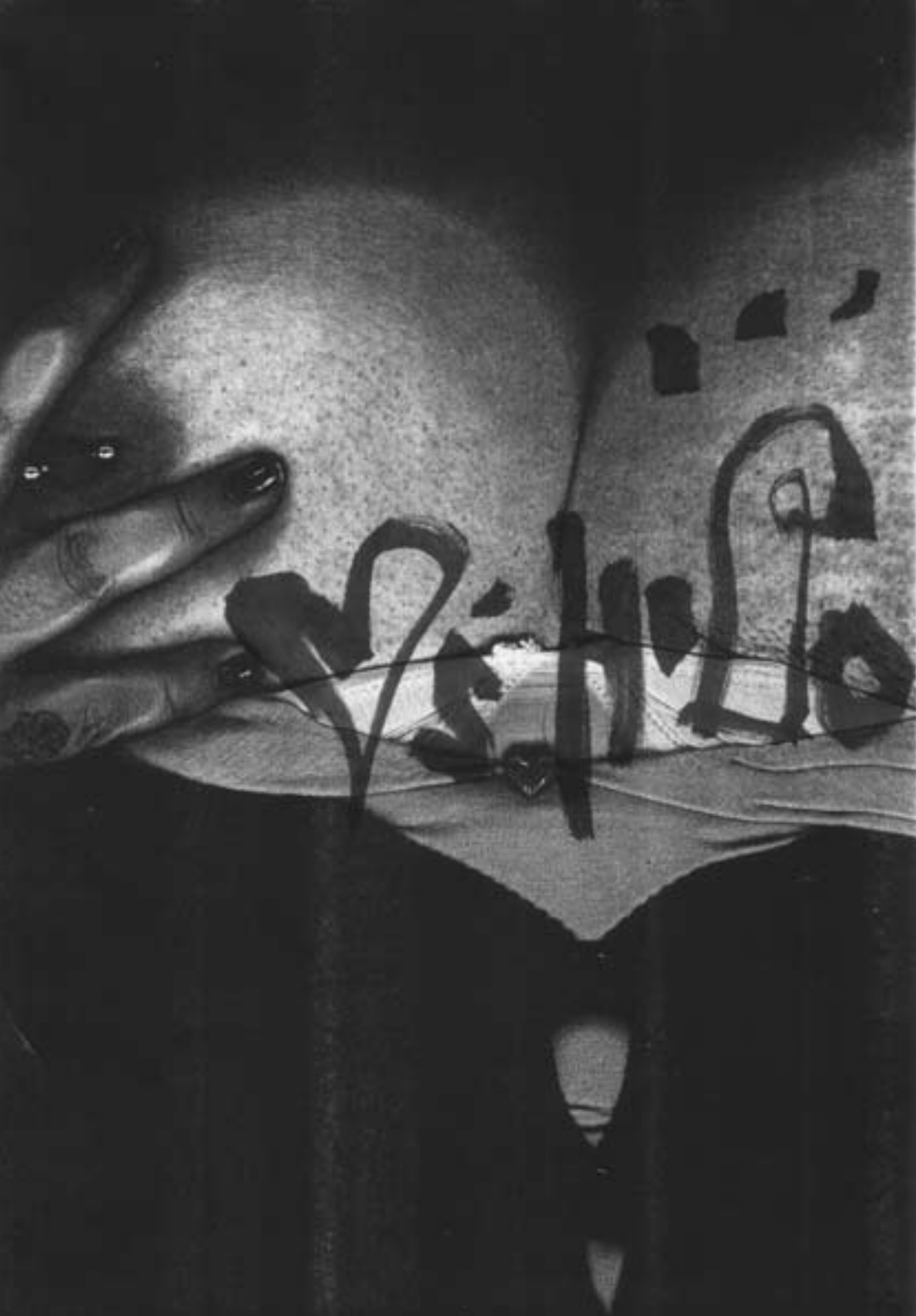
so i got up, walked over to the table in front of the window, in front of jesse, picked up the tank with the dead fish still in it, & threw it through the plate glass window. i saw the beauty, of triangular shards, opening like a flower to the real day.

this would be a matter for the directors, so i'll just finish writing here, and wait to see what they do with me, because there is no escape after all. only challenges to the world that holds your heart a prisoner, & the punishments for setting it free.

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touch that fish & you die

literature crnbloxsome.com



Where
will the
alleycat
go
TODAY?





hip hop: a form of
popular culture that
started in the usa
in the 1980s

| 123

amnesty.org.au/freedom

