

Imagine Nonondol

lifestyles magazine

artwork of Charles Vincent in a free publication



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Profile:

The Queen of Sparrows.

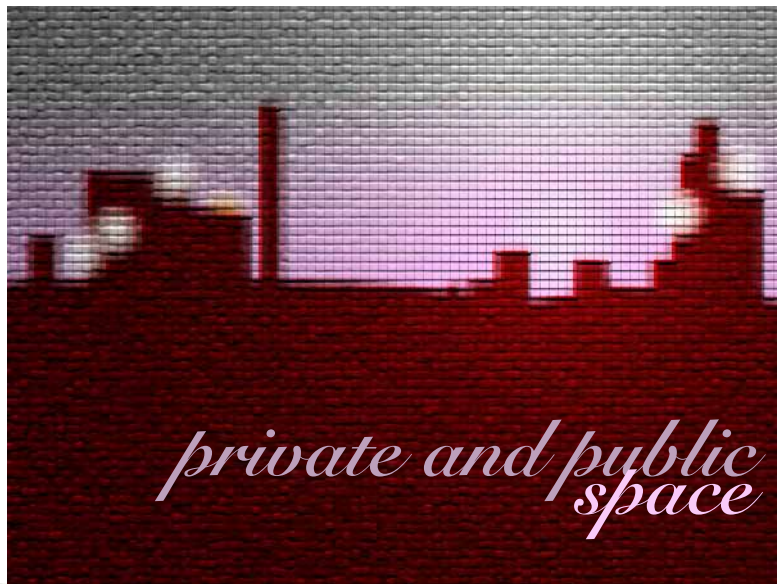
She is the Queen of Every Little Sparrow.

I was told that, in a certain place. To know that place, it would be to hear the sound of the station building, and to see the shape, the arc of the roof, and to feel the sense of waiting.

There was an open area behind the main building of the Nonondol station. She was the Queen. A lover who changed your mind. It's funny how you will recall the whole time at once, the private and public space projected together. Every little sparrow knew her name. She knew things about spaces that I did not.

She says, "From the start, I liked the way he said those things. That is what stayed with me even when we were apart. He claimed that every little sparrow knew my name."

Now, draw the Queen of Sparrows.



Style in review:

Sleep to see.

It was a strange night in Nonondol, Canada. I was asleep, but then heard a motor or engine idling or powering something outside beyond my window. I awoke.

I lay still but the sound continued. I thought of the engines of great factories full of unending work, or of wild engines of logic counting lives, maybe of huge engines of scalding steam scorched from water by shoveled coal, and also of skies full of merlins and falling fire.


The sound stayed steady.

I grew too curious to sleep again. It was not the noise that kept me up; it was the not knowing. I pulled on a sweater and stepped outside, walked around.

The night was strange. A thin wet snow covered the ground and tree limbs. The sky hung low and overcast, but was bright with some equally mysterious light. An orange light diffusing through the haze from street lamps, or the yellow moon brightly lost above the stratus, or sodium vapour utility standards at some nearby industry.

The sound also filled the fog, and seemed to come from some directionless place. I could not identify it. I thought through what it might be— again the same associations. The work in the builded mills, the numbers, the steam, the sad fires.

This story ends with me stuck, trying to wonder.



**d by the
of great
engines**

i awoke pursued by the
**sound of great
british engines**

In your home:



The Warm Darkness.

Is darkness always bad?

We sleep in a safe darkness in our home. When designing your sleeping space, remember to take darkness into consideration. Only prisoners sleep in the glare of a fluorescent midnight noon.

Instead, be gentle with your sleeping time, for you are entering a strange world, even stranger than the world of today. Although, the sleeping universe and the contemporary waking world are always growing closer together.

*in your
home*

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Urbanisms:



Shadows of what was orange and white...

- Aurora at dawn — detail below at right — orange and white.
- Utility trucks that worked at the site above — orange and white.
- The orange coated ice-cream on a stick we had — orange and white.



Science for artists:

On the Dimensional Aspects of Time

The latest research by Dr. Nausicaa Ftero of The Nonondol Research Centre describes fascinating theories about the relationship between unseen dimensions and time.

In a recent telephone interview, she explained to us.

“When the three dimensions intersect, the crossing generates an interference pattern. The intersection of width with depth creates a depth-of-width, as well as a width-of-depth. Other interference patterns such as a height-of-width, and so forth, are also created. This is not to be confused with the degrees of radius between the various dimensions, which are a part of three-dimensional space. Depth-of-width is actually a property of width itself, not a degree between the dimensions.

“So there are six additional *secondary dimensions* held within each of the primary three, for a total of nine dimensions. These six dimensions can not extend into ordinary space because they are blocked

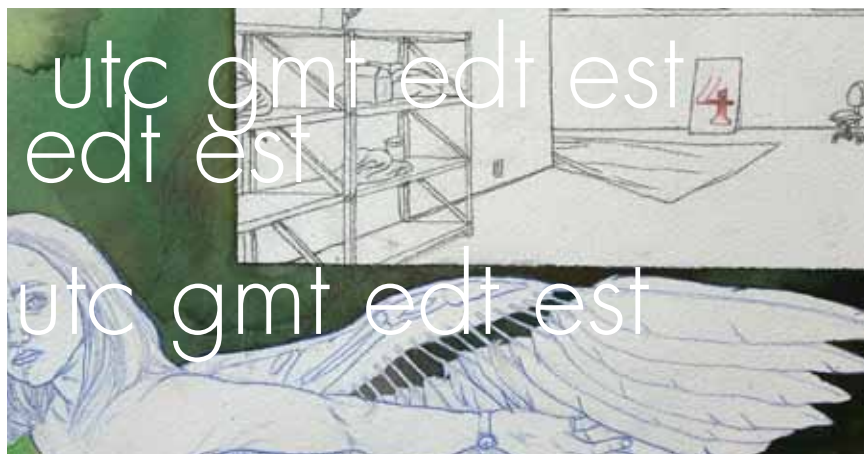
by the degrees of radius. Instead they extend together, simultaneously infinitely long and infinitely short, past space into the next moment, in which they create a near-duplicate of the previous three dimensions, and thus also the matter that occupies the space. Here, they again ripple though the primary dimensions, and from there they continue to rupture into the next moment after that. These ripples of interference are

irregular, and subject to fluctuations and distortions in the shape of the space that they connect from one moment to the next. These repeated distortions do not progress evenly like frames of a film, as that would violate relativity, rather they move in eddies and convection-like clouds and spin-rays through the ever-expanding layers of space, according to, and also affecting, the space and the objects within it.

“The interference ripples are perceived as ‘time’ by our consciousness, which reads the stream of spatial relationships, to create a sensation of cause-and-effect, connecting the interwoven moments of three dimensional space in an apparent sequence of events. Thus time becomes one solid object which we imagine stretching back eventually to the initial collision between the three primary dimensions.”

Well, thank you for clearing that up, Nausicaa.

We at *Imagine Nonondol* look forward to Nausicaa’s continued work at The Nonondol Research Centre, as well her ongoing investigations as chair of the Concept Review Task Force, where along with Sirona Ftero, she is looking into the relationship between invisibility, blindness, and seeing. Could be some interesting developments there!



Areas to imagine:



Some places in Nonondol...

Something within the space remembers. Passing in a vehicle or passing on foot – at an unusual time, I thought for a moment that I felt differently about the space. Then the feeling went, then it came back. Like I could recall a decade I hadn't known. The quietness seemed strange, but it welcomed me. But nobody would call it nostalgia. It was too clean for that.

What do you call the space between decades?



some places

Studio feature:

methodology: *Nonondol Workspace*

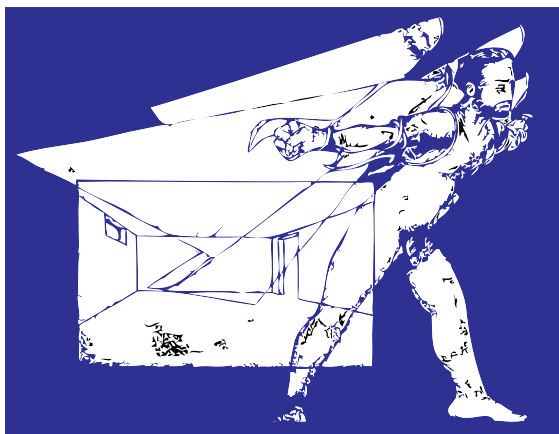
Contemplate
the technique
and the first
parameters:

Just what goes on
in the artists' studios
of today?



“Stations” means transmissions and departures, reception and arrivals.

Opinions on the work:



**wordk
wordk
wordk**

Word work word work word
wordk word try word work word work
word wordk word word work word
work try word.

“Workd word word work I word
work word wordk word, frustrated with
word work word to be good work,
word wordk word,” said Wordk.

Word work harder word work
word wordk word reword rework
word work word wordk wordk word,
work word work word wordk word —
word work wordk work word.

Worked word word work,
intimidated by word work— word
wordk word word work word; work
apply effort to your word wordk word
word work word work try, try, and cry
word wordk word word work word
work word work wordk word wordk,
work to love the struggle of word work

word wordk, try other ways to word
word work word work word wordk
word hating word work.

Word work word worked word
wordk work word try work word
wordk word word smash work word
work must word wordk try word word
build work word work word grow the
wordk word word work, but the flash
of triumph in Word City was brief, then
all work word wordk wordk word work
even cursed the word.

“Work word wordk word word
work, oh fuck.”

Always outlived by our word...
work word wordk word word work
work as it is, as you must.

As we all must wordk.


wordk



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Letter from a reader:

A Sad Experience with an Advertised Product

Dear *Imagine Nonondol*,

That Electronic Mermaid kit that you had advertised in your volume zero edition was real piece of junk. I put her together exactly as the instructions you provided showed, but from the very beginning she didn't work properly at all.

To start with, the remote control didn't seem to have any affect on her in the least and she just did what she wanted all the time. She never told any jokes like it said that she would in your flyer, except for a couple, and her sense of humour was really dry, so I didn't even know they were really jokes at all. She looked awfully wistful a lot of the time, and when she was happy, it seemed like she was just having a giggle at my expense. One time she even laughed out loud when I hit my head getting up beneath an open cupboard door in the kitchen.

She immediately figured out how to open latches, and would sail out the window at any old time, sometimes in the middle of the night. I would always find her swimming in the river, and when I asked her what she was doing, she always replied that she was "playing in the pollution". I thought that it said on the order form that she would be environmentally friendly.

Also she was always biting open any batteries that I had around, and she would take the batteries out of the TV remote and eat them too, and she even got the batteries out of the smoke alarm a couple of times... she said she came with a smoke alarm and she would be sure to tell me if there was a fire and I hadn't noticed. She would just kind of tear the batteries apart with her teeth. The drops of fluid ruined my living room carpet, and I always had to get up to change the channel on my TV. Half the time she had disconnected it from the cable anyway, because she said she "liked the smell of the signal coming

out of the wire".

Those coupons said she would be nice to my friends, but whenever my friends came around, she would just draw up either an icy cold or boiling hot bath and lock the door on the john for about four hours while she swam around in the tub. If any of them had to use the toilet she would just swear at them from behind the door, no matter how nicely they knocked and asked. She always said they "just wanted to see her tits," even to my mom! Plus, she splashed water all over the place, and tore the soap dish out of the wall by trying make a drawbridge out of it and the door to the medicine cabinet.

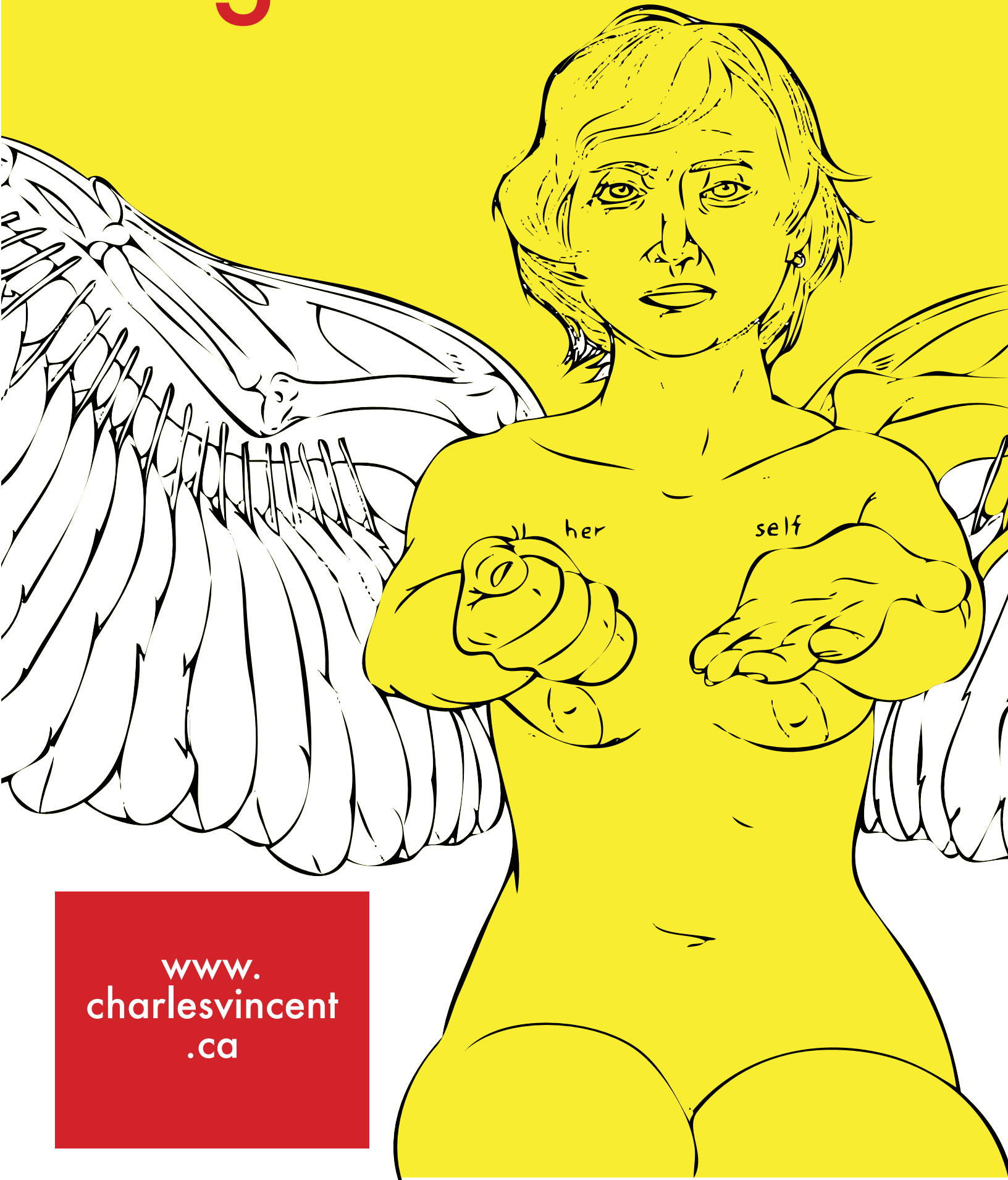
Finally I really yelled at her because in one day she sucked all the freon out of the fridge, and also did something funny to the phone so that it sounds really distorted and this loud whistle comes up unless you keep talking. That night she disappeared, but this time out the back door, and I haven't been able to find her for two weeks. She probably swam to the Great Lakes, which she was always talking about doing. I'll bet she's in Lake Michigan or Lake Ontario by now, playing around under the ice without a thought in the world for me, blowing little bubbles into a gasoline slick somewhere.

Because of all this I am demanding a full refund of my \$29.95 plus tax, as well as \$1457.74 for various damages to my apartment. My friends tell me that you will say that my assembly of the kit provided by your advertiser leaves me liable, but I am counting on you to be decent about this, as the Electronic Mermaid was probably the most disappointing product I ever purchased in my entire life.

Sincerely,
Simon Lautherby.
Nonondol, Canada.

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