

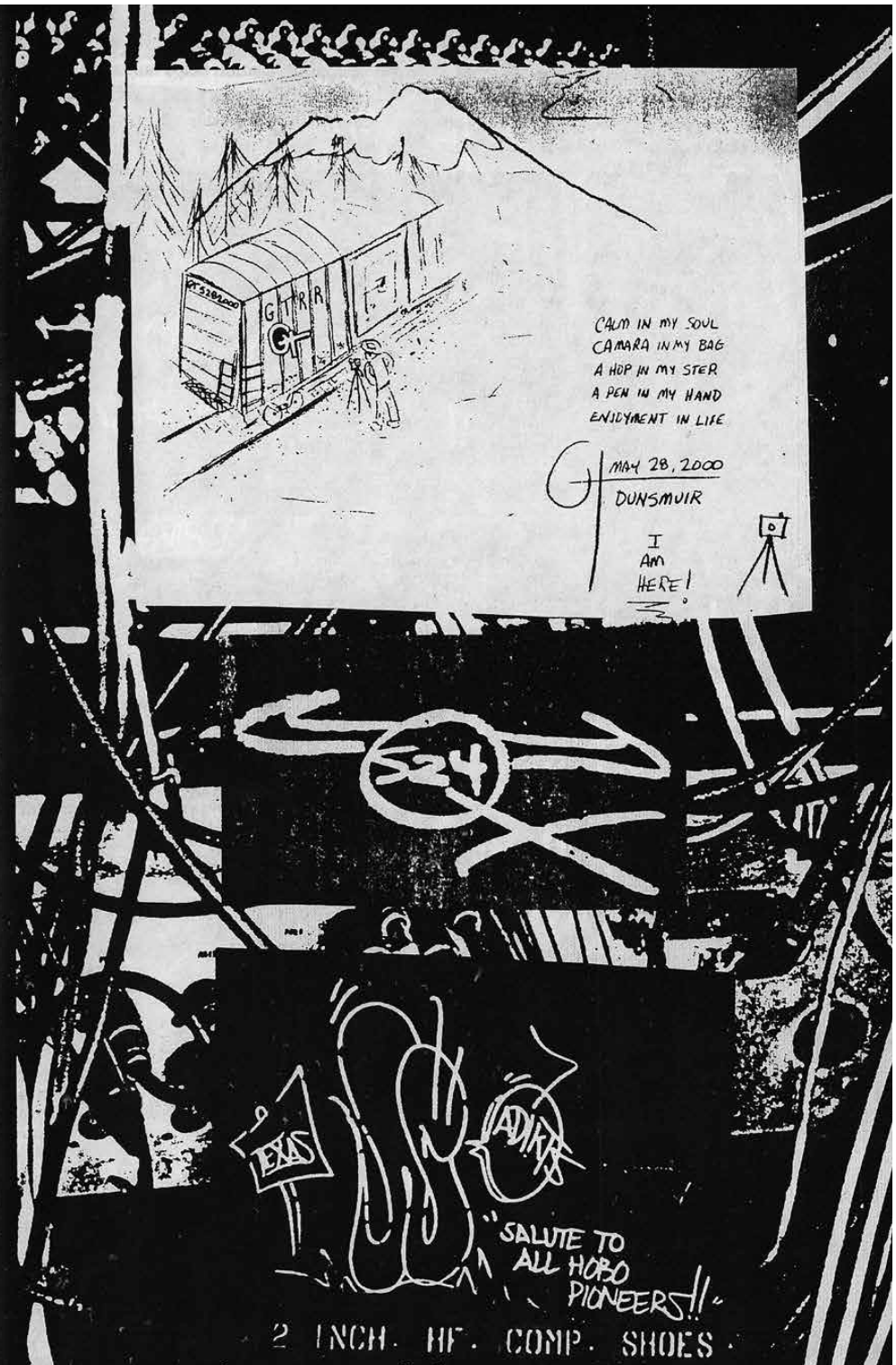
THE FIFTH GOAL

ISSUE FOUR

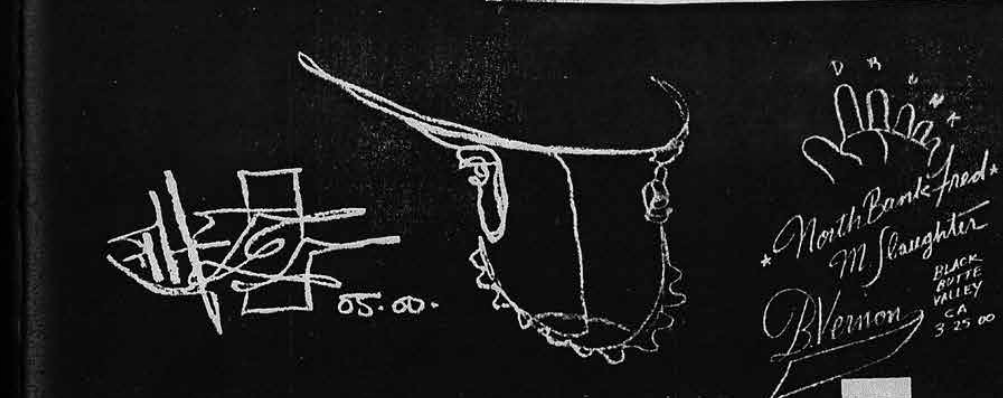
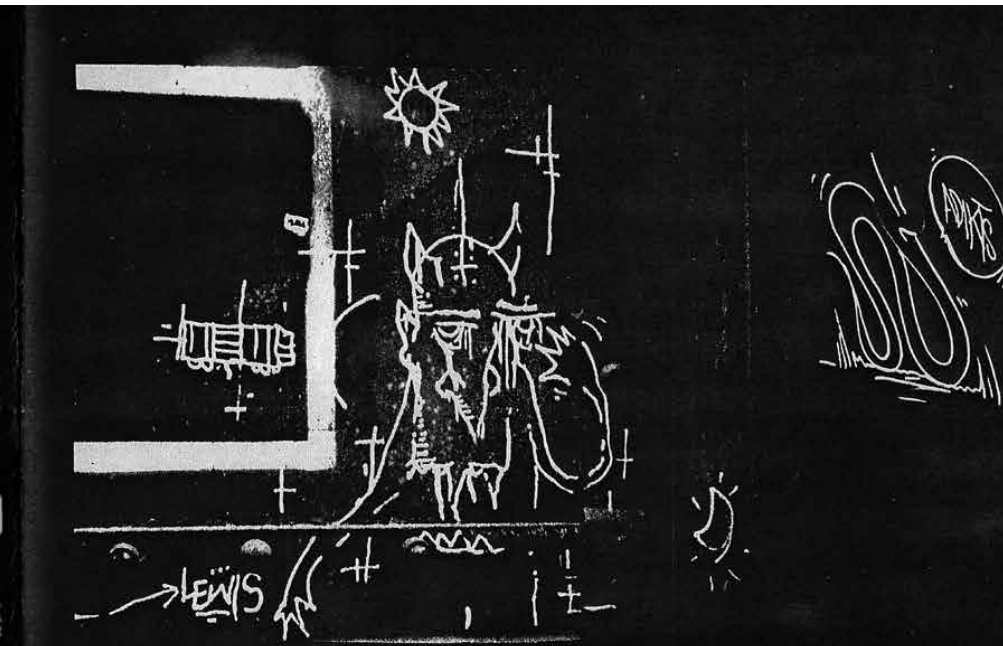
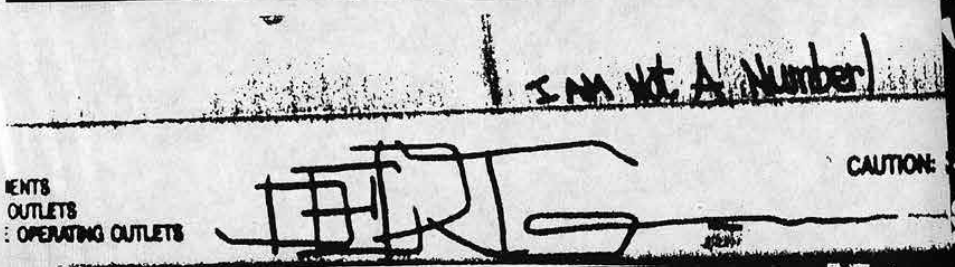
The last issue of The Fifth Goal came out in Spring of 1999. So much has happened since then. I always planned on doing this issue much earlier. I have been paralyzed by life. Friendships that I thought would never end died. Time has forced me to be an "adult". And many of my spiritual/religious ideals came crashing. I often feel that I don't have anything to say. Depression and a feeling of impotence have stopped me in my tracks. But the trains are always there. Silent, but screaming at me. The yards are where I find peace. I still yearn for expression, although I may not always know what I am expressing. This is my attempt.



Graffiti is what first attracted me to spend time in train yards. When I first had the courage to walk the lines (around 1993) very rarely would I see any pieces or throwups. The first real graffiti I noticed were tags. John Easley, Sahl, The Rambler, Colossus of Roads, Herby, Water Bed Lou, etc. Most of which existed and continues to exist independently of the aerosol scene. Now a lot of the spray paint artists have crossed over, doing sketches as well as continuing to use spray paint. With all of this going on in the freight scene, I rarely see any zines dealing specifically with the original aspect of freight train graffiti art. Some sketches date back to the 1960's. Colossus tells me that it has been going on since the Civil War. Hopefully it will continue as it seems to be doing. Most of what you see has been taken from Utah train yards...Be careful.



"The highest type of harmony is one in which diversity exists. Thus, opposition helps humanity to not only become harmonized, but it enhances the beauty of this harmony...beauty and harmony are the same thing. In this way, opposition ultimately enhances beauty. If there were no diversity then beauty would not be possible." Swami B.R. Sridhar



7/01

BIRTH
DEATH
REBIRTH
DEATH
REBIRTH
DEATH

DEAD
MAN
TALKING!



DREDS



Learn

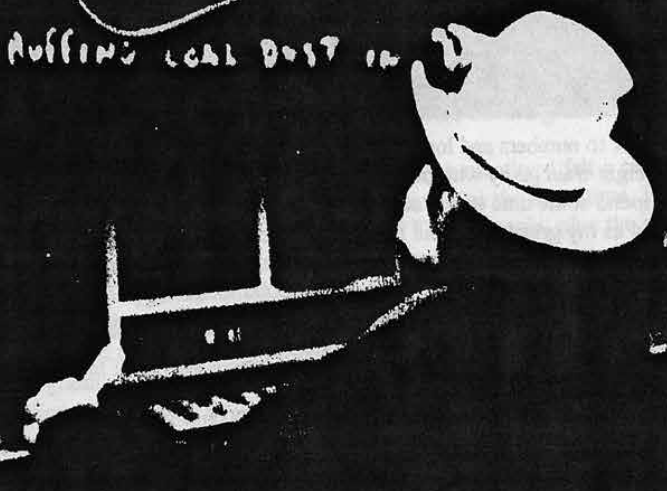
PLATE 6/01

Cole Train Steve
5-3-97
Dallas, Texas

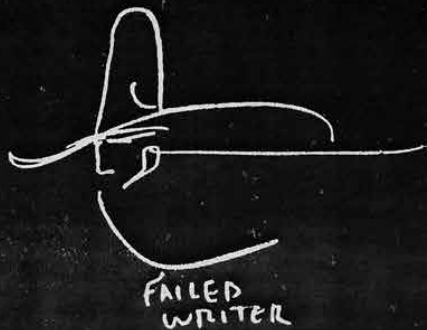


pulling local bus in

RALL



COLOSSUS OF ROADS
INTERVIEW



When it comes to numbers and longevity there is no one like Colossus of Roads. Very rarely will you see a freight train go by with out seeing at least one of his drawings. I was fortunate enough to personally spend some time with Colossus of Roads at the beginning of the summer. The guy is almost as old as my grandfather and I have never seen such dedication to numbers. We spent almost 10 hours in train yards in one day... Often times we would have to stop to let his heart rest. This interview was done over email from winter 2000 to spring of 2001.

Since November 1971 I have been involved in the dubious activity of fixing images to the boxcars and other rolling stock of N. American railroads.

At first, approached desultorily, incidentally, the process of drawing with wax crayons a character of comic proportions, who began to take on the aspects of a legend in the fraternity of railroaders, began to reveal the possibilities of the ideas involved. So, viewing the railroad system as a network for distributing the image, it was pared down to a few simple lines for quick application and easy recognition. A stylized low definition figure as a vehicle of pop culture icon repetition play.

To avoid the redundant commonness of the image, I began to put words, names, phrases, anecdote titles, alter egos, etc. to the drawings. Since this was a record of time and experience, in 1975 I began to document the language used in a book of dates: The drawings being transient in both the sense of constantly moving around and the impermanence of the wax which fades into oblivion according to exposure in weather extremes.

Considered a continuous project altered each day with words helped keep me at it, while adding to the idea of chance as the randomness of freight car selection, destination etc. was already inherent to the system.

Admittedly the words are derived from alienation, an attempt at transcendence. Often a reference to the work, just as often a word selection is made merely for its cursive configuration. The meaning or absence of meaning of the words depends on the interpretations of the viewer.

Defining the drawings with captions seemed an identity search: with the ultimate descriptive phrase—"Gypsysphinx"—this public persona had a definitive moniker. Surely an adequate sendoff was a year of drawings with this title.

A new drawing was allowed to evolve with the most rapid automatic gesture possible for the design, a rider motif as opposed to the static stone-like appearance of the previous character, and back to the day to day different caption, the mundane time everyday words ere harder to

sustain. Frequently stuck on what seemed the signifying title for this character, such as; The Grabiron Kid, Kicking & Showing Blues, relentless legions, Tramp Royale, noisy desperation, and others. Finally the daily historicification was ceased, and the true precise title—"Colossus of Roads", accompanied the image.

Q: *You have been writing graffiti on freight trains since 1971. When did you notice aerosol art on freights, and what were your first impressions?*

A: The real onslaught of aerosol started in the nineties. At first I wouldn't draw on a car already sprayed. . . . Snob, I suppose, but I didn't want my work to be associated with the spray assault. Gradually, it became apparent if I was going to continue my own margin of cars, which was no less individually assertive than the bold irreverent spray, then it would be necessary to try to find a clear spot, even if it was on the ladders.

Q: *Why didn't you want your work associated with aerosol art?*

A: Coming from a long tradition of chalk and paint-stick graffiti, practiced mostly by railroad employees, the aerosol practitioners, although motivated perhaps by a sense of alienation and animosity toward the railroad, nevertheless, knew that for their art to be tolerated, they had to keep it on symbiotic relationship, and not be disruptive or malicious. Apparently the spray paint practitioners had no qualms bridling their expressions as they were covering the car numbers and sir date records, as well as the work of longtime graffiti artists.

As another isolated individual, in a vast system of cold practicality, I felt a certain kinship with self-expressive outrage release toward social inequalities, but at the same time, I had a vague sense of fear that I could easily be pinpointed and punished. This paranoia, plus the awareness of the railroads' hostility toward graffiti, since it hastened their enormous expense of applying AEI [Automatic Electronic Inventory] transmitters on every car, and the instillation of AEI readers in every yard (account spray paint had gummed up their system of video cameras to compare the actual consist of the inbound trains against the supposed consist in the computer) gave me pause to reflect on my own graffiti. It wasn't meant to be provocative proselytizing for revolution, but merely boxcar icon sloganeering as an equilibrium device for my own sanity.

"Change the world; you'll only make matters worse," as John Cage said. And certainly for the worse. In my case, I should be busted—a Zen Existentialist seeking harmony and peace, not discord. Extreme Narcissist Deflecting Blame. I utilized spray to a degree in my graffiti by cutting stencils into eight and a half by eleven collages, then spray painting through them with white paint on dark cars until the stencil became too laden with paint, then flat black the stencil

for reduction to stamp-size on the photocopier to be composed into stamp sheets as documentation of the dispatch. I had a delusion I could sell some as an edition, but ended up sending them out as exchange with other mail artists and stamp makers. Slay Spray was only one such stencil I applied to spray that had covered my own icon, as retaliation for this disrespect. I have since abandoned this practice. Most of the stencils were done in the late Eighties.

Q: *Do you think that aerosol graffiti and the type of graffiti you do could coexist in the long run?*

A: Of course. . . . It must. To keep it free, even if it must be done surreptitiously; the boxcar has evolved into an open public forum. Aesthetically, it might be offensive and ugly, but we must remember which side of Berlin wall carried the graffiti. Until we become a police state, and Big Brother has us all under surveillance, there will be graffiti, given that it is highly unlikely we'll ever achieve the utopia of social contentment. Once I stole a quote from someone, to use as a caption to my drawing: "In a happy world, no one would need philosophers." Later I witnessed one that someone amended with: "Nor fucking train doodlers!"



SORROW FLOATS,
A BOOK ABOUT
DEATH

Q: Who are some rail artists that influence you (aerosol and paintstick, etc.)?

A: The Colossus of Roads icon design is a variation on the original Bozo Texino drawing. Herby's omnipotent presence in the vast network was an early inspiration.

Q: What do you mean by calling yourself a "Zen Existentialist"?

A: I guess I'm saying, as I've said in a boxcar icon caption, "Practice Non-certainty." In a patently absurd world, trust your intuitive guidance for individual responsibility, yet ponder the equation of, "Well, which is it?" If you have time. Zen quote: "A frog rises up with the same force with which he leaps in."

Q: What do you think of death, and does it motivate your art?

A: O Death! Kafka said, "The meaning of life is that it ends." O Death—won't you spare me for another year! Decidedly, my icon titles frequently refer to Death and Sorrow. As my inevitable demise become closer and closer, still I harp on the platitude of mortality. *Vita Brevis*. Papercide Park. The tenuousness of life as thin as a sheet of dissolvable paper.

Q: After thirty years, what keeps you going?

A: It is hard not to despair when you see so many of you icons covered with spray, but the realization of the impermanence of the drawings has always been a constant—now spray is added to the wind, the rain, the sun, which obliterated the lines of admitted resignation.

Q: So the desire to counteract imperm is what keeps you going?

A: Ultimately the transitory nature cannot be counteracted. To maintain a presence in the rail net, one must assume the drawings made today are replacing the one of yesterday, evaporating into the ether. Breakman of Monotony. A Zen Koan says, "If something is boring for five minutes, give it ten. If it is still boring after ten, give it an hour . . . a day . . . a year."

Q: Approximately how many trains have you painted?

A: That would be hard to estimate. I've been on it nigh on to thirty years. Some days only a few drawings, some days over a hundred. And long stretches of none at all—those periods when I questioned the harm to my psyche of this obsession. Invariably I returned to this "Equilibrium Device," unable to figure a more productive outlet for my expression.

Q: Have you ever been caught for writing graffiti?

A: No—I haven't been hassled or gotten into trouble as yet. Perhaps because my father was a respected track maintenance official, and I was only known as graffiti culprit in the lower ranks of management. Now days, wit the recent onslaught of spray paint stuff obliterating car numbers and air date records, they are really in sensed about all graffiti, even the traditional chalk paint stick stuff that has been tolerated for decades. So who knows? I could be busted any day now since I'm still at it.

Actually, I was caught once by a Special Agent [Railroad Police] who had stalked out a cut of auto racks. I was tagging the auto racks when I noticed him at the north end of the cut. Thinking it was a hobo, I crossed over to the other side and began tagging back toward my truck. Almost in a sprint, he caught up with me as I was opening the pickup door, identified himself as being a Railroad Bull, and questioned me what I was doing. I told him I was an employee and walked him over tot he first car of the auto racks and pointed to the first icon I applied. He recognized it as being a familiar character and said there had been some theft of tires and batteries from the autos since they had started the block swapping in that area. Assured I was only a thief of space and idea, he let me go, and said that my presence could scare off potential thieves and welcomed my continued practice. This was quite some time ago before the auto carriers were enclosed and the aerosol assaults had started.

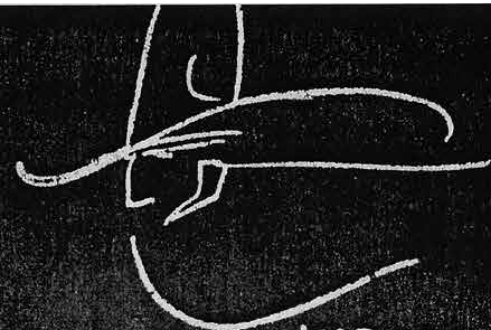




Q: You seem to be quite well read. . . . What are some important books to you?

A: *On the Road*, by Jack Kerouac; *Nausea*, by Jean Paul Sartre; *Slaughter House Five*, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; *The Politics of Experience*, by R. D. Laing; *Breakfast of Champions*, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr.; *Duchamp* by Calvin Tomkins, *Zap Comics* by Robert Crumb, *Sirens of Titans* by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; *The Subterraneans*, by Jack Kerouac, *The Stranger*, by Albert Camus; *Maggie Cassidy*, by Jack Kerouac; *The Grapes of Wrath*, by John Steinbeck; *The Americans*, by Robert Frank; *Wise Blood*, by Flannery O'Connor; *Paterson*, by William Carlos Williams; *Huckleberry Finn*; by Mark Twain; *Being and Nothingness*, by Jean Paul Sartre; *Naked Lunch*, by

William S. Burrows; *Tropic of Cancer*, by Henry Miller; *The Winter of Our Discontent*, by John Steinbeck.



JACK KEROUAC
SCHOOL OF
DISEMBODIED
POETICS

Q: Do you ever paint with partners?

A: I have tagged with other people, where it was mostly every man for himself, and I've had people go along as witnesses, but never collaborative drawings with another graffiti artist.

Q: Do you plan on retiring?

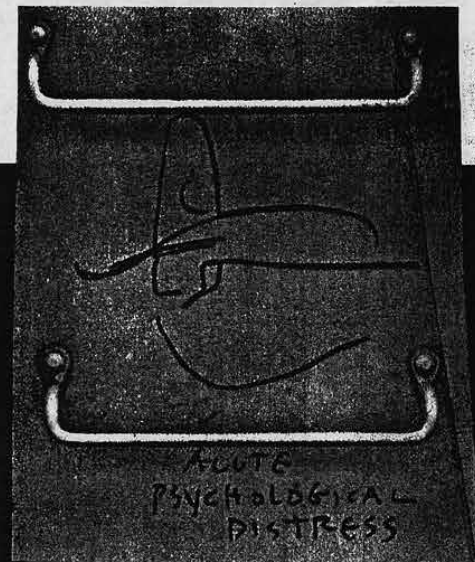
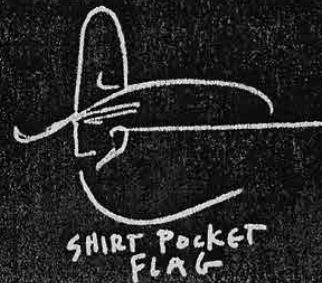
A: Yes I hope to retire from the railroad in two years, but if you mean quit the drawing activity, I doubt if I will since it has turned out to be my major opus.

Q: Do you have anything to say to the aerosol kids?

A: Yes, be free and careful.

Q: Any last words?

A: Vita Brevis!



UPROK



TRIPLE FIVE NYC



**The stores so ill
even your mama shops here!!!**

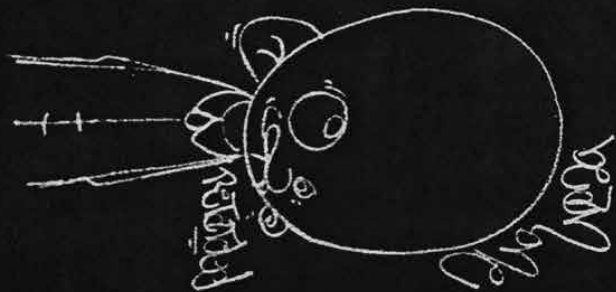
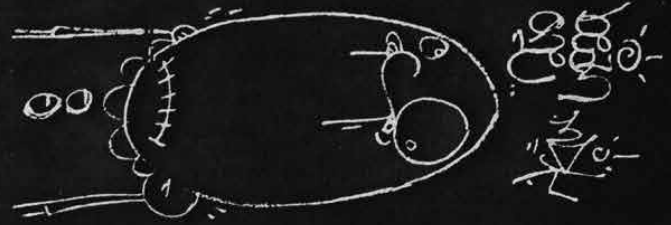
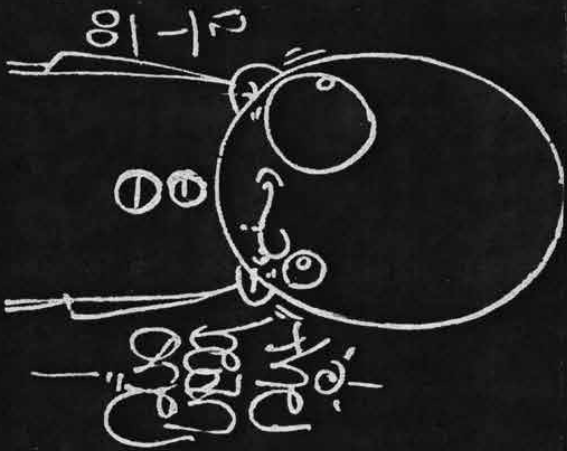
Hip/Hop/Dance/hard core/dj equip/art/supplies/videos/magz/clothing/skateboards

Salt Lake City

Provo

342 S. State Str.

440 N. Freedom Blvd.



you know
like forever
and a half

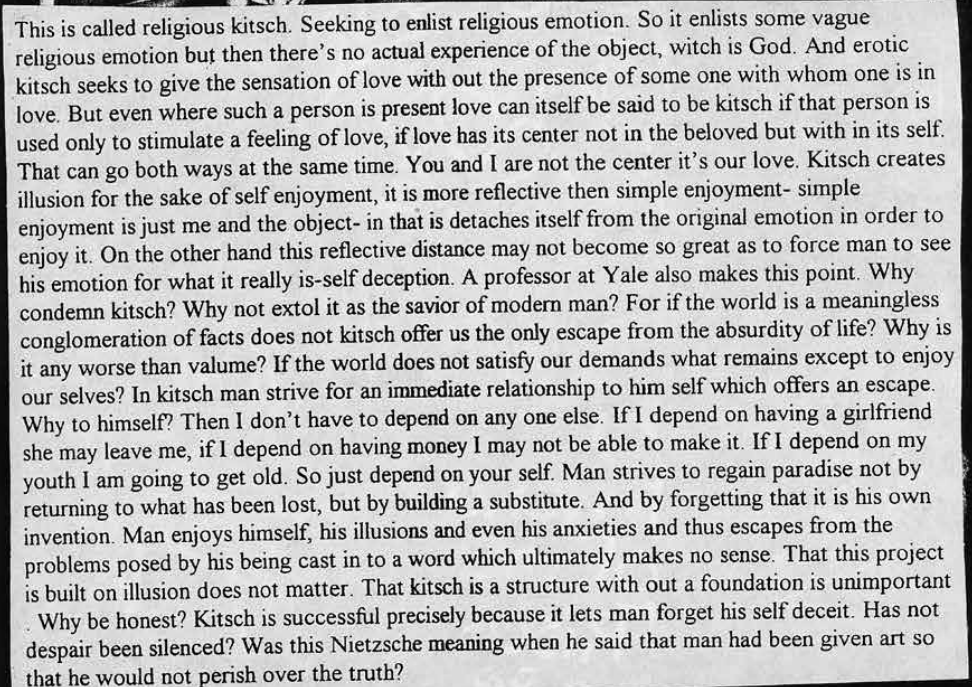
Kitsch and the more interesting

Stambha Dasa

Given the world view of most people at this point the question arises "why should I be serious at all? If there is no real meaning, I mean we don't really believe in god any more, If we are not going to have to worry about going to heaven or hell-these are sort of like myths anyway, In other words if it just comes down to this life time and what ever we make out of it then who says we should be serious any way? Why is Plato having one of his characters say "To thy own self be true" Why? Why be true? Who cares? What is the meaning of the universe? What I see going on is chaos. Nature is chaos. Everything nice falls apart is ruined, rots at some point. Every human relationship comes to an end. The goal of life is death. Everything you're working towards is death. That sound chaotic to me where's the order in it? If there is no order if everything is chaos, Why be serious? Why not just play? Why not just pretend?"

Do you know what this word kitsch means? This is a word that usually refers to art. Usually kitsch is distinguished from what we call primitive or simple enjoyment. In this respect that in kitsch the interest has shifted from the object of desire. Simple enjoyment means I'm hungry there's an apple I'm going to eat it. When you get to kitsch the interest has shifted from the object of desire to the desire itself. What was originally an object of desire is transformed by kitsch to what Kierkegaard calls a mere occasions witch is used to stimulate desire. The contentiousness of the object is perriphial and in this since it's thought of like an aphrodisiac. You don't take the aphrodisiac for it self it's like a catalyst. An aphrodisiac is something witch stimulates desire but not by presenting desire with an object witch it can desire. The aphrodisiac is not in itself anything.

So why do I get into this? Instead of going to the objects, the apple is the source of the sweetness and the nutrition. I know why I go to the apple or at least I knew why I went to the apple. So a step removed? Why do I now just go to the desire? The need for kitsch arises when genuine emotion has become rare. When desire lies dormant and needs artificial stimulation. Kitsch is an answer to boredom. For example I read an essay in one of the news magazines this guy was complaining that he was completely glutted with football. He was remembering the good old days when there were only one or two football games on a week. And every now and then you got to see an instant replay. But now you see fifteen different instant replays and the screen splits into sixteen segments and they have the azimuth of the pass as it's going to the receiver. And they calibrate the receivers hands "look at the metro motion" then they show it ten times and half way between each play they show you the plays comming in from the Seattle San Francisco game, so you're seeing actually seventy-three football games at one time. Then you get 5,000 instant replays of each one of the 73 games. And finally what happens is there's no more big plays. So what's a big play anymore? So the problem here is boredom. When objects like football games or what have you cannot illicit desire the man desires desire. More precisely what is enjoyed or sought is not a certain object but an emotion or mood even. Especially if there is no encounter with an object witch we want that emotion. There for men hype themselves up with these girly magazines. There not falling in love with a piece of paper it's a mood. Atmosphere we call it atmosphere, we spray it in the air, and we dress with it and we have music. this is all kitsch. Thus religious kitsch seeks to illicit religious emotion with out an encounter with God. Like these statues of praying hands, just hands not what the hands are praying to "nobody knows God we - don't even believe in God anymore, but we still pray" there for we worship hands...we buy hands.



This is called religious kitsch. Seeking to enlist religious emotion. So it enlists some vague religious emotion but then there's no actual experience of the object, witch is God. And erotic kitsch seeks to give the sensation of love with out the presence of some one with whom one is in love. But even where such a person is present love can itself be said to be kitsch if that person is used only to stimulate a feeling of love, if love has its center not in the beloved but with in its self. That can go both ways at the same time. You and I are not the center it's our love. Kitsch creates illusion for the sake of self enjoyment, it is more reflective then simple enjoyment- simple enjoyment is just me and the object- in that is detaches itself from the original emotion in order to enjoy it. On the other hand this reflective distance may not become so great as to force man to see his emotion for what it really is-self deception. A professor at Yale also makes this point. Why condemn kitsch? Why not extol it as the savior of modern man? For if the world is a meaningless conglomeration of facts does not kitsch offer us the only escape from the absurdity of life? Why is it any worse than valume? If the world does not satisfy our demands what remains except to enjoy our selves? In kitsch man strive for an immediate relationship to him self which offers an escape. Why to himself? Then I don't have to depend on any one else. If I depend on having a girlfriend she may leave me, if I depend on having money I may not be able to make it. If I depend on my youth I am going to get old. So just depend on your self. Man strives to regain paradise not by returning to what has been lost, but by building a substitute. And by forgetting that it is his own invention. Man enjoys himself, his illusions and even his anxieties and thus escapes from the problems posed by his being cast in to a word which ultimately makes no sense. That this project is built on illusion does not matter. That kitsch is a structure with out a foundation is unimportant. Why be honest? Kitsch is successful precisely because it lets man forget his self deceit. Has not despair been silenced? Was this Nietzsche meaning when he said that man had been given art so that he would not perish over the truth?

Cabbage
Cutter

5-14-97

Sally
93

6-18-95
Provis

*MOSBY!
*BY
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*DENVER

PANCHO
OF THE
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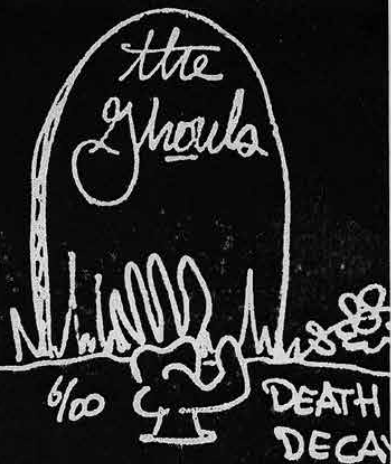
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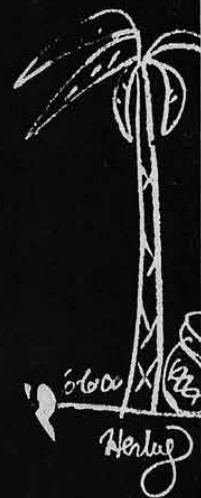
Michael



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WATER
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*FRISCO
*FRISCO 98

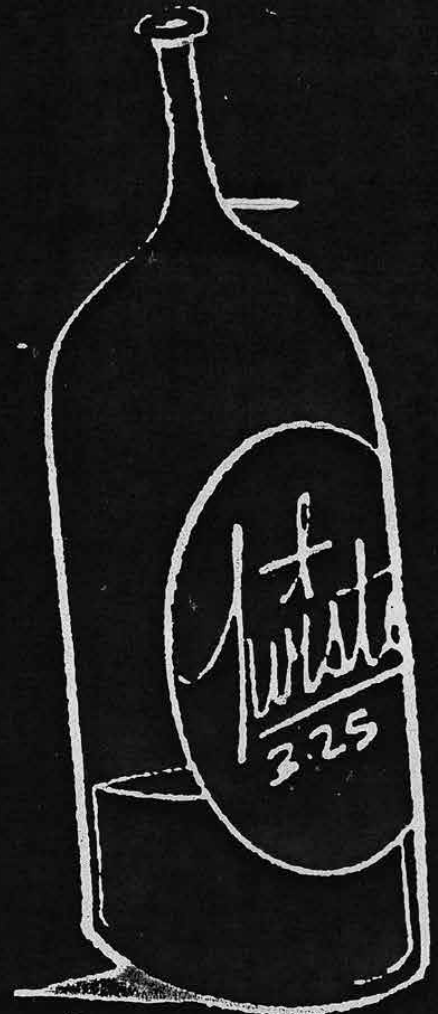


...TO DUST
ALL THAT
WE LIVE FOR



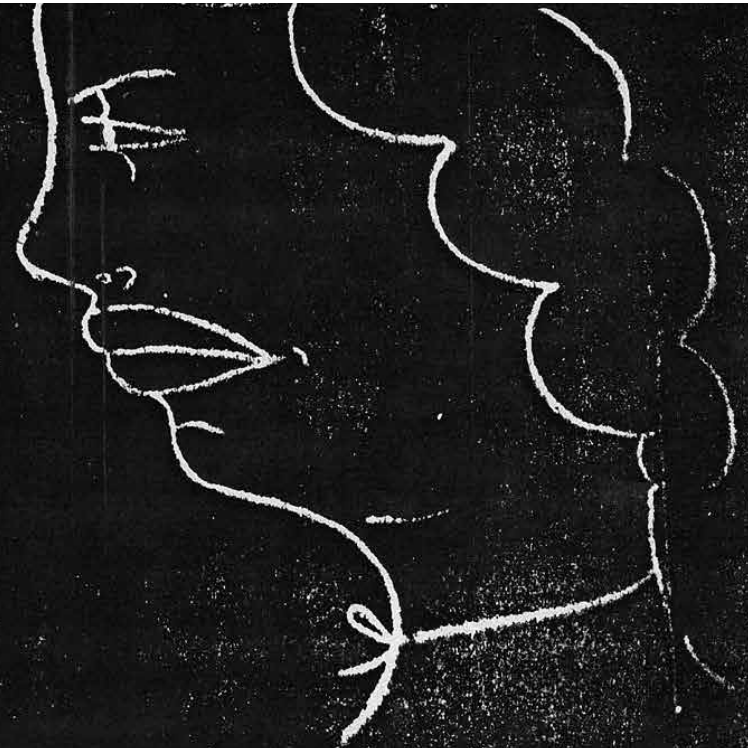
B. Vernon

3 25 2000
GET OFF YOUR COMPUTER'S
GET ON A TRAIN...



PURPLE HEARTS

MISS



3 . 25 . 00

MATOKIE
LIVES