

Foaming at the gills with pockets full of thrift store novelties, homemade transducers, and costuming collaged from mailbox weeklies usually reserved for the cat box, Crank Sturgeon utilizes such finery to marinate a commingling of noise and lower case art interruption. The consequence has been a quarter century-long journal entry that reads something akin to a failed circus flier: brimming with tales of dirigible mishaps, bathtub teleconferences, cassette recordings consisting of hiccuping contests, and skits showcasing repurposed office equipment that never seem to stay on script (or upright for that matter).

In recent years, a number of these close shaves have placed themselves on the map. Witnesses observed processes involving self-inflating shirts in Quito, airborne conga lines featuring dancing plywood business suits in Leipzig, parades in Roanoke denoted by trousers filled with 30 gallons of water, and revelations pertaining to the acoustic qualities of packing tape in Athens. To date, Crank Sturgeon's career highlight has been a fingerprinting marathon which took place on an island in Maine – 600 people in four hours – printing just their middle fingers.