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Assembling

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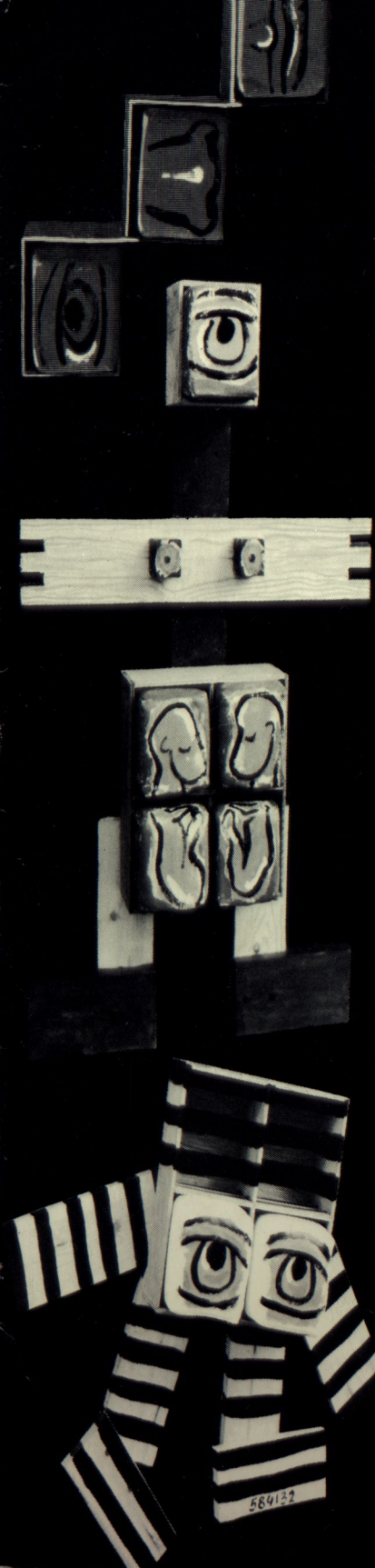
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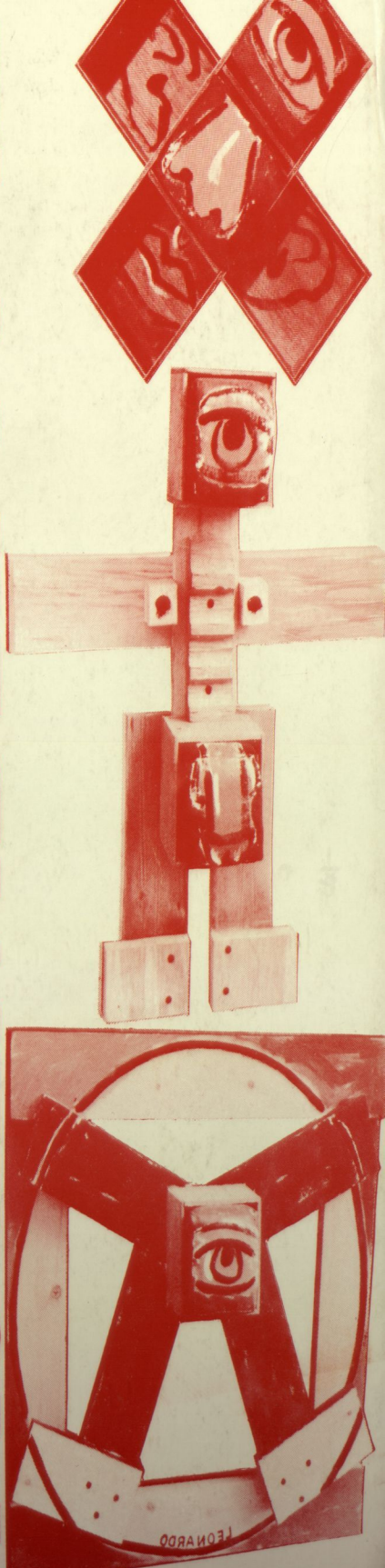


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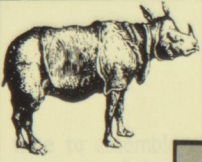
ASSEMBLING 12







ASSEMBLING



ASSEMBLING 12

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Karl Young

1986



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RE ASSEMBLING

It's time to assemble again -- and about time, too. It's been five years since the last issue of **Assembling** appeared, and that's five years too many.

Assembling represents the only major innovation in magazine publishing since Ezra Pound's experiments with **The Exile** in 1917. The four issues of **The Exile** under Pound's editorship show an all-encompassing intellect attempting to fuse the contributions of various artists into single units, something like novels or Pound's own **Cantos**. **Assembling** goes in just the opposite direction: no central intelligence controls the magazine, the magazine is a spontaneous event in which no editor or contributor dominates anything. Curiously enough, however, issues of **Assembling** can be read as whole entities, raising several of this century's most important art forms to high levels. Issues of **Assembling** can be read as chance-generated collages, and as spontaneous pieces of printed performance art. The rapid parataxis of **Assembling's** pages goes beyond the scope of Paris-Zurich dada; the rapid conceived in the 20's dared be as democratic or as anti-authoritarian.

Assembling offers contributors nearly as much freedom as magazine format can handle. The only restrictions placed on participants are the 8 1/2" x 11" page format and limitation on the number of sheets each can send. As far as the graphic nature of their work goes, contributors are limited only by their own abilities. This is ideal for artists who can print or otherwise produce their own work; for those who can't, a trip to a local printer should be instructive. Whatever the case, contributors don't run into editorial restrictions like "no half-tones" or "no large solids" or "no color" -- restrictions common to most magazines. Work appears as contributors want it to appear: they need fear no censorship; any typos in the work are their own fault; any compromises that may be made are their own responsibility. Anyone can contribute. Participants contribute the work that seems most appropriate to them. **They**, rather than an editor, decide what is their best work, or what they feel best represents them, or what they feel would be most useful in contacting other people working in similar modes, or what seems most appropriate to a "happening" of this sort -- some have sent work that tests the limits of the format or challenges the basic premises of the magazine. Seasoned veterans and previously unpublished artists have contributed to the magazine. Some inclusions have been wildly experimental, others have been surprisingly conservative. Contributions have ranged from spartan minimalism to extravagant neo-baroque productions, including examples of nearly every current form of experimentation in print art. Some participants have seen **Assembling** as an opportunity to publish their most sober efforts; others have seen the magazine as a sort of party, an opportunity to celebrate in print. Despite the lack of a central, selecting authority, the quality level of work presented in **Assembling** has been better than that of most magazines edited along conventional authoritarian lines. Some of the most amusing work that has appeared in **Assembling** has been of the "let's see what we can get away with" variety. Critics may condemn this sort of thing, but I have nothing against comedy -- I still get a laugh out of some of these pieces and realize that they could not have been done without a magazine like **Assembling** to act as stimulus and foil. If you wish, you can read something deeper into these pieces: even when given as much freedom as magazine format allows, some people will still strive for more. I'm not going to object to that impulse, particularly at a time as oppressive and complacent as the present. Contributions to **Assembling** range from high seriousness to slap stick,

allowing each inclusion to stand out distinctly and increasing the variety of elements in the collage.

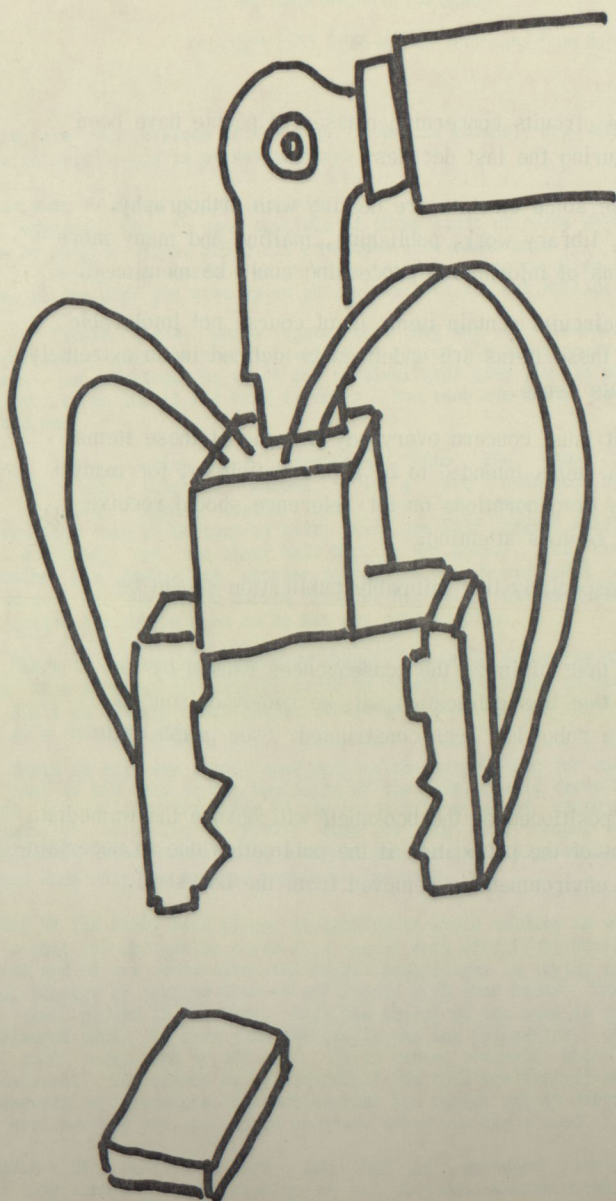
"Freedom demands responsibility" runs an old saw. **Assembling** demands responsibility on the part of both contributors and readers. Contributors who send inferior work must bear the consequences -- they can't blame an editor. Just as important is the responsibility placed on readers. Implicit behind magazines edited by a central authority is the assurance that the work published has value. Readers interested in high quality should always read critically, but that is not always the case. Many readers feel the need to be reassured by an authority figure; feel that a work must be "consecrated" by some sort of expert; feel the need to be told what is good and what is not. **Assembling** makes no such assurance; publication in **Assembling** does not consecrate or validate anything. Instead, it returns the responsibility of judgement to the reader, where it belongs.

In the past, **Assembling** has brought together the work of people going in radically different directions. This can help break down the self-ghettoization common in the arts today. In past issues, concrete poetry has appeared adjacent to performance scores, language-centered pieces have faced projective verse, mail art has appeared in conjunction with conceptual work, fluxus has bumped into academia, etc. This, too, increases the variety of the collage. But more important, I hope that **Assembling** will continue to be eclectic, not being dominated by any one clique or school or movement. Many of us seem to be hiding more and more in our own little coteries, ignoring work in other modes. I doubt that **Assembling** can change this general tendency, but I hope it can continue to be a place where different points of view and opposing methods can come together, encouraging interaction, constructive debate, and, ideally, mutual tolerance.

The only contributions to this issue of **Assembling** I've seen are my own. I'm curious to see how much this issue differs from its predecessors. I'm not happy with the one sheet from each contributor limitation, though this will make the parataxis of the collage more rapid and more pronounced. I imagine there will be quite a few new contributors not represented in previous issues. The suggestion that contributors address the theme "our place in nature and nature's place in us" may produce interesting results. I assume that many contributors will disregard this theme, so that it will appear sporadically through the magazine -- a flexible motif recurring through the collage, appearing in widely different forms.

At this point in history, printed art is largely a participatory rather than a spectator sport. Its audience is made up primarily of other artists. We may not be able to make much money or receive recognition or respect from mainstream society, but we are free in a way that no artists have ever been free before. We should be more sensitive to the advantages of our freedom, not limiting ourselves by a ludicrous sense of clique loyalty or fear of authority or anxieties about saleability or acceptability. **Assembling** allows us to make more use of our freedom than any other magazine now going; let's make the most of it.

--Karl Young



Proximity sensor affixed to the robot's gripper enables the robot to locate and grasp the item removed from the bookshelf. Infrared radiation, produced by light-emitting diodes and carried by fiber-optic bundles, is projected downward in two beams. Radiation reflected from the item enters parallel set of fiber-optic bundles. Strength of reflected radiation acts as a feedback signal that informs the robot how close gripper is to the item.

allowing each inclusion to stand out distinctly and increasing the variety of elements.

BOOKS and BOOKSHELVES

"Freedom demands responsibility" runs an old saw. Assembling demands responsibility on the part of both contributors and readers. Contributors who send inferior work must bear the consequences; they can't blame an editor.

Just as important is the responsibility placed on readers. Implicit behind many of our articles is the responsibility that readers should always read critically, but we do not always make it clear. Many readers feel the need to be reassured that the work is "approved" by the editor.

Innumerable circuits concerning masses of people have been operating during the last decades. Among these some circuits are dealing with orthography. Legislation, library work, publishing, mailing and many more such systems of information processing could be mentioned.

That these circuits contain items is of course not intolerable as long as these items are undefined or defined in an extremely indeterminate sense.

However, it must concern everybody if some of these items are lasting. Items intended to be kept indefinitely, for many, many years or generations or for reference should receive sufficiently serious attention.

Books and especially this inflexible publication should be avoided.

To the end that minimize the consequences caused by the probability that this publication will be removed from the bookshelf, a robot has been constructed. (see graph next page).

This robot positioned on the bookshelf will ensure the immediate replacement of the publication if the publication due to uncertainties in the environment is removed from the bookshelf.

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Eric Andersen.

PLAIN IMPLICATIONS

a cut and paste version of the Game

copyright 1985, 1986 Michael Andre and Peter Barnett

There are two versions of the game, one with rounds, one without. The version with rounds is presented first.

There must be three or more players.

The equipment for the game consists of three kinds of cards which may be made by hand or typed, and plain envelopes. The cards are:

a) Obligation cards, which state that they must be given up to any other player. When you give up an obligation card you get nothing in return.

b) Credit cards, which state that they may be presented to any player (other than the one who gave it to you in the immediately preceding round), in exchange for which the receiver must give you one card of his choice, or an IOU if his hand is empty. You keep the credit card for your future use.

c) IOU's, which are introduced into the game as needed and in any quantity needed. IOU's are created by players who receive credit cards but have no card to give in return. They are to be torn in half, with one half (credit half) given to the creditor, and the other half kept by the debtor. The creditor may transfer his credit to another player (as one would sell a bond or mortgage) but the debtor cannot transfer his debt, but must discharge it and retire the IOU as soon as he has any card to play.

There is one envelope for each player, on which he writes his name. He uses this envelope to transfer cards to other players and to receive cards or IOU's in return. Each player always gets back his own envelope at the end of a round of play.

There is only one credit card and one obligation card for each player, and that is his hand at the beginning of the game. Credit cards should have space for writing the names of the holders as a way of guarding against (illegally) returning a credit card to its most recent owner. The prohibition against returning a credit card to its last previous owner is waived when only two players remain in the game.

OBJECT OF THE GAME: Each player is seeking to avoid holding an equal number of credit and obligation cards (i.e. one or more credit/obligation pairs) at the end of any round after the first. Each player is trying to eliminate other players by causing them to end rounds with even hands. The winner is the last player in the game. Thus the object of the game is to keep an imbalanced hand: to have just one credit and one obligation, or more than one such pair, and no odd card, is to cancel yourself out-- to become nonexistent. You cannot be eliminated if you hold one half of an IOU--this represents an incomplete transaction--but you cannot retain debts you could pay off, nor are you allowed to generate debts you don't need.

DETAILS OF PLAY: Players are not to announce their plays-- what they submit in their envelopes-- but they must announce their holdings at the end of each round.

(a) First round of play: Each player, starting with one obligation and one credit, places one of his cards in the envelope with his name on it and delivers it to any other player. There is no control here and everyone could deliver his envelope to the same one player. The receiver of the envelope opens it without speaking and either returns it empty (in case it is an obligation card he has received) or returns it with a card to its sender. All plays must be simultaneous. You must dispatch your envelope before opening the envelopes sent to you. You may not wait to see what you get in the envelopes sent to you before sending yours out, and you may not send cards received from others in the same round. When all envelopes are returned to their owners, the round ends, players announce their holdings, and even hands are eliminated from the game.

There are two ways to be eliminated at the end of the first round: to give up your obligation card and get one back from another player, or to play your credit card and to receive another in return, without receiving cards from any other player. If everyone should happen to be eliminated after the first round, start the game over.

(b) Subsequent rounds: The same order of play is followed, and everyone must dispatch his envelope and get it back in each round. IOU's may be introduced as early as the second round in case a player has no cards in his hand, or has only one card in his hand at the beginning of the round, plays it, and receives a credit card in that same round from another player. You cannot wait to see if you get any cards back before satisfying a credit. To introduce an IOU, you write the creditor's name on his half of the IOU and return it to him in his envelope. You write his name on the debt half of the IOU and retain it until your first opportunity to discharge it, at which time you send the debt half with any other card you have to your creditor. When discharged, both halves of the IOU are retired.

c) Special conditions: Whenever a player with a balanced hand is eliminated, all his cards are retired. Thus as play progresses, fewer and fewer of the original cards will remain in play.

By the second round, some players may have empty hands. They must still play, dispatching their envelop in each round containing an IOU to whomever they wish.

You may return an obligation card to the person you received it from in the immediately preceding round, but you cannot do this with a credit card UNLESS the two of you are the only ones left in the game.

More on IOU's: you must discharge an IOU as soon as you can, even if it means your extinction. For example, if you have an empty hand and are presented with a credit card in Round 4, then if in Round 4 you receive one other card, your play in Round 5 must be to submit that card with your debt half IOU to your creditor. If you pay off a debt with a credit card, this does not entitle you to a card in return, as it would to send a credit card in other circumstances. You may pay off a debt with a credit -half IOU from a third player. This transfers the credit to your former debtor. Likewise, you may submit a credit half IOU you hold to another player in your envelope, as your round of play. At the end of each round, new holders of credit-half IOU's must be announced so the debtors know to whom they have discharge their debts.

d) Endgame conditions: If, as the game progresses, a player holds only credit-half IOU's he must play them, but he cannot play them to his debtor unless the debtor is the only other one left in the game. That causes the cancellation of one debt and the retirement of both halves of the IOU. It may also result in elimination of either player.

If a player holds equal numbers of credit-half and debt-half IOU's and no original credit or obligation cards at all, that player is eliminated.

If two players are left and only one or none of the original cards are in play, it may be impossible to eliminate either player and a tie is called.

ROUNDLESS VERSION OF PLAY: Blind play with no announcement of holdings, only of elimination and change of ownership of credit-half IOU's. Rules are the same except that in place of announced rounds, the condition holds that you cannot hold two envelopes at once, and you must return all envelopes addressed to you with appropriate responses before you get your own back. You must play your hand again before receiving any more envelopes. This has the same effect as announced rounds: the state of your hand allows you to continue or eliminates you each time you complete an interval of dispatching and receiving back your own envelope.

IN QUEENS

By Kenneth Bernard

This one is about Queens in New York City. An older man lived there, several miles from the ocean, but not so far that the ocean could not reach him. He had a festering garden, and he dug it every day in his garden. Some people thought that he could work cures, even miracles, and he took their money. Not much, not enough to live in any great style, but enough to cultivate his garden. His house was small, a two-story attached residential house, little furniture, and no character. In the middle of his garden, installed a fountain he had found, and grew things. Green things. His garden was alive.

RUSSIA



BY VAGRICH BAKHCHANYAN

to know and to be happy there, happy in his dark and moist garden, silent except for the bubbling of his fountain.

This went on for nearly ten years. Then he died, or disappeared. Perhaps he went off to some old country, to some remembered cobblestone, to live off a pension or savings. He took nothing with him. The house was sold

RUSSIA



BY VAGRICH BAKHCHANYAN

IN QUEENS

By Kenneth Bernard

This one is about Queens in New York City. An older man lived there, several miles from the ocean, but not so far that the ocean smell and breeze did not reach him. He had a festering leg, and changed the bandages daily in his garden. Some old women thought he had powers, that he could work cures, even miracles, and he took their money. Not much, not enough to live in any great style, but enough to cultivate his garden. His house was small, a two-story attached redbrick. It had few rooms, little furniture, and no character. But he had walled off his garden, installed a fountain over a spring he had found, and grew things. Grapes, for example. Figs. His garden was alive. On the hottest days it was cool there. And some of the women came and served him. They never told him their problems, their hopes, only each other. They trusted him to know and to help. And they were happy there, happy in his dark and moist garden, silent except for the bubbling of his fountain.

This went on for nearly ten years. Then he died, or disappeared. Perhaps he went off to some old country, to some remembered cobblestones to live off a pension or savings. He took nothing with him. The house was sold

and the garden paved over. The couple who moved in knew nothing. But the old women came, on one pretext or another. They wanted to see the back yard, to sit there sweltering in the naked sun. Sometimes they tapped the cement and listened. The new people found it strange and discouraged it finally. One way or another they heard stories. The old women died off, stopped coming. One of them, before she died, laughed and said that the old man had found a climate that cured his leg.

The couple were childless a long time, and unhappy. They left. The house changed hands several times. And then the whole block was razed. And others. New cement was put down, so that it was very barren, almost as far as the eye could see. The breezes from the ocean could no longer be felt. And the cement had no smell. But the garden and the spring are still there. Under the cement. Every spring, there are new cracks in the cement. And there are still stories, and people with vague stirrings of expectation. In the very heart of Queens, in New York City, today.

WRITE YOU ARE



Whether perfectly plain or simply a scrawl, your handwriting can reveal a wealth of information about who you are and what you're really like.

By J.J. Leonard

The handwriting samples on the right were written by personalities whose names are as familiar to you as your own. Take a close look at each. Notice anything revealing? Though you may be a handwriting analyst, commonsense will tell you that these famous people are as different as can be. The colorful script in sample B and bold rounded print in sample C fit to two diverse people... it won't take an expert to see that. Now examine the samples more closely. Can you find anything that would clue you in to the authors' identities?

Don't be surprised if you can't begin to figure out who these mystery writers might be. But, if you've studied their script carefully, you'll know about the writers than you think do. Let's start with sample A. The flowing script with its small flourishes and rounded loops seems to fit to a person who is concerned with aesthetics as well as the content of his words.

Now about sample B with its large, tall letters that sweep across the page. This author's no shrinking violet—that's for sure. With every stroke, the writer conveys a sense of confidence and originality. Finally, consider sample C. The script is stylish yet clear and authoritative, and points to a person who's confident and distinguished.

Needless to say, the above analyses are elementary at best. But, the writings of Ernest Hemingway (sample A), Walt Disney (sample B) and Princess Grace of Monaco (sample C) do provide insights into the kind of people they are—even to an amateur who's never been trained in graphology (the study and interpretation of handwriting). How can personality and handwriting be so intertwined?

Writing is simply a set of relearned gestures that reveals what's on inside of us," explains psychologist/graphologist Dr. Carlos Pedregal, founder of the Experimental Center of Applied Psychology in Madrid and Spain. "The sensations that

we receive—sadness, fear, pleasure or joy—provoke reactions that translate into muscular movement. You see this every day, when a baby smiles or a friend frowns, and even in the way a person walks when depressed or talks when excited. These emotions show up in our handwriting as well. The shape of the letters, the slant of the lines, the pressure of the pen, all point to very specific moods." (Though your handwriting may look different depending on whether you're happy, sad, harried or composed, the essential characteristics remain the same.)

Handwriting, however, shows more than just state of mind... it reveals personality as well. How you've individualized your script and strayed from the model of penmanship you were taught in school tells the trained eye a lot about who you are. After looking at a sample of your handwriting, an expert can identify character traits that it would take a spouse or friend years to discover. In fact, a graphologist can tell you things about yourself that you aren't aware of. For although most of us consider writing to be a simple skill that we take for granted, it's actually such an involved physiological and psychological process that many experts refer to it as "brainwriting". Because the forces that affect your handwriting are so numerous and varied, the odds of someone else writing exactly the same way you do are one chance in sixty-eight trillion according to one statistician.

Actually, the correlation between a person's character and his handwriting is nothing new. Theories about graphology date to when philosophers in ancient Greece noted the relationship between the two. Conclusive research followed centuries later. In the late 1930's, clinical experiments proved the link that had been suspected for so long.

Graphology may have gotten off to a slow start, but it's making up for lost time. More than 1,500 U.S. companies use handwriting analysis to screen job applicants or solve employee problems. In addition, it's used by police departments to uncover criminal tendencies, by banks to determine risk factors, by lawyers to help with jury selections, and by marriage counse-

A. Dear Mr. Pider: Thank you very much for your letter. The most readable of Faulkner is Sanctuary and Pylon. I think he is a no good.

B. With Mr. Oscar
Best Wishes

C. a change from the
last time - Don't think
the Constitution will
ever really recover -

Handwriting samples courtesy of Hamilton Galleries, Inc.

lors to gain insights into a couple's compatibility.

"In 1974," recalls Dr. Pedregal, "a large manufacturer of office equipment commissioned my services. They needed a new assistant director of marketing, someone who would be able to work with customers, keep track of ongoing promotional campaigns, write the company newsletter and handle the art layouts for their advertisements. They wanted to promote from within the company, but knew that the position would be difficult to fill."

"When I arrived, the head of the personnel department showed me handwriting samples from the six supervisors being considered for the job. After examining the samples, I had to conclude that none of the authors had the combination of qualities required to succeed in the position. Then, I spotted a handwritten note lying on the table in front of me. 'Is this one of the candidates?' I asked, picking it up. 'Absolutely not,' I was told with a laugh. 'The person who wrote this is just a messenger.' I studied the note more carefully. Finally I looked up and said, 'That's too bad, because this is the person who could do that job well.'"

"Everyone laughed and thought I was crazy. Everyone, that is but the head of personnel who'd called me in, and whom I'd worked with before. He had to fight, but he finally convinced management to give the messenger a try. Today, ten years after the fact, that same messenger heads the com-

pany's entire marketing division."

Dr. Pedregal has also applied his expertise to solve problems of a different nature. "At one point, a large multi-national corporation began to receive anonymous letters which slandered the company's executives. For a time these letters were ignored. But, eventually they began to take their toll. The letter writer had been clever enough to couch his lies amongst facts about the company which only an insider would know. This mix of fact and fiction made the lies seem more believable than they might have otherwise. The letters kept coming and soon the executives began to suspect one another. The tension was tremendous. The problem obviously had to be dealt with without further delay, but contacting the police would have created a lot of bad publicity which the company was anxious to avoid. So, they requested my assistance instead."

"I didn't have much to work with—the anonymous letters had all been printed in large block capital letters. In spite of that impediment however, I was able to describe certain aspects of the writer's personality and anticipate various actions and reactions that would typify him. I was even able to deduce certain physical characteristics about him."

"Based on my evaluation, the president of the company asked three workers who fit the profile to submit print and longhand writing samples. Those were then analyzed by a handwriting expert who'd been trained to

detect forgeries. The culprit, it turned out, was indeed one of the suspects my analysis had pointed to."

Surprised at the accuracy of Dr. Pedregal's predictions? He's not. After thirty years analyzing over one million writing samples for individuals and industry he and his staff are used to being right.

How Does Graphology Work?

When a graphologist looks over your longhand, he's actually assessing over three hundred personality traits reflected in your writing. You can imagine that's not a speedy procedure. In fact, a thorough handwriting analysis can take up to ten hours!

A graphologist begins by establishing an overall perspective when analyzing your writing sample. He considers the size of your margins, whether your lines curve up or down, or run straight across, the pen you decided to use and even where you chose to write on the page. He also evaluates the neatness of your writing. But, if you've always been concerned about your sloppy script, relax. To a graphologist, illegibility is often a sign of independence and assurance.

Next he looks for telltale traits in the letters themselves: How you cross your 'y's, the shape of your 'e's, the height of your capital letters, for example, are examined.

Finally, he considers your signature—perhaps most revealing of all. "Handwriting can fluctuate with a person's mood. Signatures however, stay the same. Only a period of major stress or emotional upheaval changes them" explains Dr. Pedregal. "Moreover, since we 'create' our own signatures, they are particularly indicative of how we feel about ourselves and how we want to be perceived."

GET THE WRITE IDEA

To find out what your writing reveals about your personality, just follow these easy directions.

- Copy the letter on the right, designed to provide Dr. Pedregal with the sample he needs for the analysis. Use an ink or ballpoint pen and write in the blank space at the bottom of the page. (You can also use a sheet of unlined writing paper... just make sure
- to attach all the necessary information that's been requested.) And remember, don't try to write neatly. Just relax and write the way you usually do, and then sign your name.
- Be sure to complete the order form below. If you are sending more than one sample, include payment and an order form for each.
- Send the entire page or clip along dotted line and send order form and sample with a check or money order for \$12 to: GRAPHOLOGY OFFER, P.O. Box 16049, 230 Adams Ave., Hauppauge, NY 11788. Orders must be postmarked by November 30, 1985.

Dear Dr. Pedregal:

I'd like to know what my regular handwriting reveals about my personality. Mostly, I'd like to find out about my strengths and my struggles. My handwriting sample is enclosed, and I did not try to write especially neatly. Many thanks for giving me this tremendous opportunity.

(Signature)

Don't forget your signature! If you use different signatures, please include both.

Dear Dr. Pedregal:
I'd like to know what my regular handwriting reveals about my personality. Mostly, I'd like to find out about my strengths and my struggles. My handwriting sample is enclosed, and I did not try to write especially neatly. Many thanks for giving me this tremendous opportunity.
Lu
End

What Does Your Writing Say About You?

This is your chance to find out what your handwriting reveals about you. Though most experts charge \$100 or more, Dr. Pedregal has agreed to a special arrangement for L.A. Times readers. For only \$12, your handwriting sample will be analyzed by this internationally renowned psychologist/graphologist and his staff. You will learn which characteristics surface in your handwriting and you will receive a comprehensive printed explanation of their conclusions. To take advantage of this offer, simply follow the instructions on this page.

(Please print information in block letters)

NAME CAROL L BLACK

ADDRESS 2485 E HEWITX

LA CA 90021

City State Zip

AGE 52 SEX (M or F) F

Right- or left-handed (R or L) R

BE SURE TO SEND SAMPLE AND ORDER FORM

I want to have my handwriting analyzed by my check or money order payable to GRAPHOLOGY OFFER. Enclosed are writing sample(s) at \$12 each, for a total of \$

Please add local sales tax. Canadian residents please add \$2 (U.S. Funds only)

TOTAL

Money back guarantee

1 Sacred Junkyards

While rummaging through the sacred junkyards of the Promised Land, young Sidd stumbled upon an abandoned temple of the Lord still in good running condition. It was a rebuilt model of an old classic that Sidd knew well. "Hallelujah!" cried the young wanderer kneeling before the blessed heap, "My wheels of Salvation!" Sidd then slid into the front pew, praising the Lord, and hauled ass down the sweet-smelling green highway following the signs to Nirvana.



2 Divine Censor

Sidd was peddling second-hand bibles door-to-door on 42nd Street. A girl scout on special assignment with the Hitler Youth Corps, disguised as a prostitute, bought a dozen copies of the sacred used pulp from the unsuspecting young salesman. This whore of a Nazis then arrested Sidd, charging him with peddling pornography. The case was thrown out of court, however, when, during the testimony of a 16th century astrologer, a bolt of lightning flashed through the courtroom striking the prosecution, changing it into a circus show of horrors.

3 Polluted Cult

Sidd was traveling with a caravan of gypsy lepers. They were gathered around the campfire having their usual feast of sacrificial pig, when a theology student from a local university ran naked through their camp shouting, "Join and rejoice! If you know Jesus loves you, follow me!" Without hesitation, the gypsy lepers and Sidd all joined in, peeling off their robes while running down to the river where they baptized one another in the holy scum.



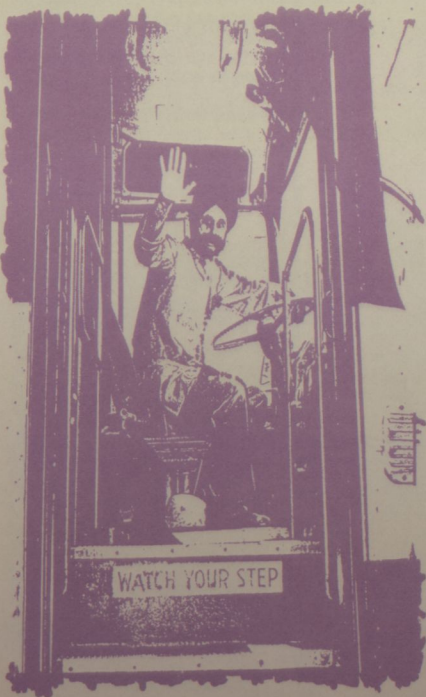
Words and images by Walter Blakely with photographic assistance from Patti Sapone.
*Excerpts from a longer series.

4 Forsaken

While crossing the Golden Gate Bridge on his way to a Krishna orgy, Sidd came upon a pilgrim, a statue-like man pushing a wheel barrow full of tarnished silver medallions. Sidd greeted the ragged prince, but received no reply. The two wanderers passed each other by continuing along their ways of travel, when suddenly, Sidd heard the pilgrim scream: "O, Lord! Why hast thou forsaken me? No longer can I travel this burdenous path alone!" And with that, the pilgrim leapt from the bridge, crashing headlong into the fast-flowing waters, thereupon turning San Francisco Bay into a prehistoric desert. Sidd could only weep for the pilgrim's petrified soul.

Later that afternoon, it became necessary to close down the bridge because of a collision between a tractor-trailer and a giant Gila monster.

Sidd spent the night in the desert discussing the day's events with an Indian sorcerer over a pot of mushroom stew.



5 The River

Sidd was a guide on a tour bus passing through the ancient holy land of Greenwich Village. The bus was stopped before an abandoned cathedral currently occupied by a cult of Satan worshippers.

There was an old wino sitting out front blessing everyone who passed by, consecrating them, and himself, with his bottle of holy wine. "Repent ye sinners!" shouted the old wino. "The wrath of God is upon you! Repent!"

Just at that moment, a whale came along disguised as a taxi and swallowed the wino, thereupon reducing the cathedral to a crumbling state of burning incense.

"Way to go!" shouted Sidd to the whale, and the bus continued on its pilgrimage along the river.

**PUKING IN THE
EAST VILLAGE
A Performance
by
Mark Bloch
PO Box 1500
NYC 10009**

**Today I walked
through the
East Village and
I began to
puke. I saw
some
art that
started
me puking.
Then
I saw some art-
ists that made
me puke. Then
I
went to an East
Village dining
spot and the
conversations I
heard there
made
me puke. So I
went home and
saw
some graffiti
that made me
puke. I turned
the corner and**

**saw a poster on
a telephone
pole
and puked. A
girl
with pink hair
passed me and I
puked again.
Then
I passed a
gallery
and the people
in
there made me
puke
another time. I
puked all the
way
to the subway
where a bum
was
puking. He
made
me laugh. It
was
refreshing.**

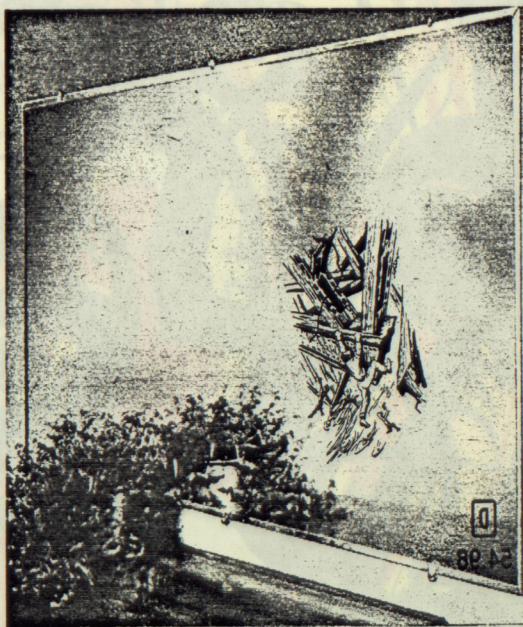
4 *Forman*

**PUKING IN THE
EAST VILLAGE
A Performance**

by
Matt Bloch
PO Box 1500
NYC 10008

Today I walked
through the
East Village and
I began to
puke. I saw
some
art
that
started
me puking.
Then
I saw some art-
ists that made
me puke. Then
I
went to an East
Village dining
spot and the
conversations I
heard there
made
me puke. So I
went home and
saw
some graffiti
that made me
puke. I turned
the corner and

saw a poster on
a telephone
pole
and puked. A
girl
with pink hair
passed me and I
puked again.
Then
I passed a
gallery
and the people
in
there made me
puke
at other times I
puked all the
way
to the subway
where I
was
puking. It
made
me
puke. It
felt like

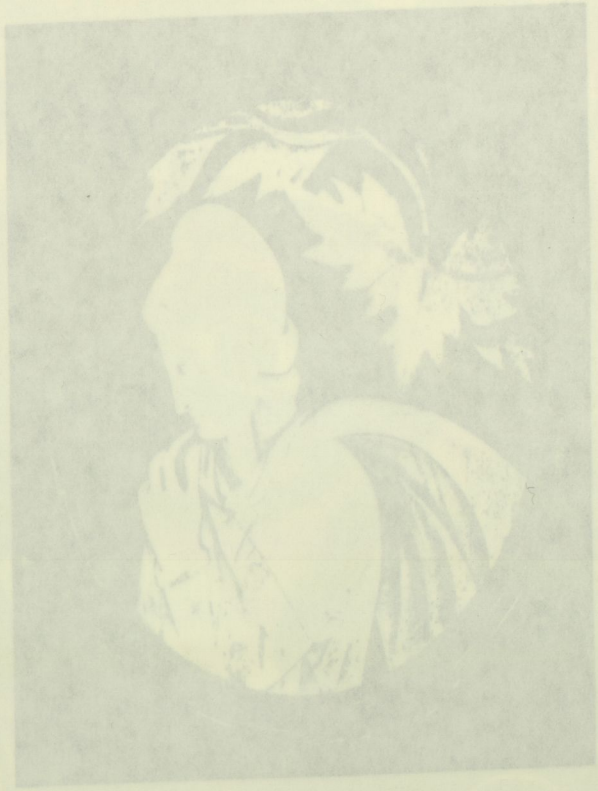












breathe

strive

sleep

wake

talk

smile

shit

make

do

many
other

cry

hurt

laugh

love

walk

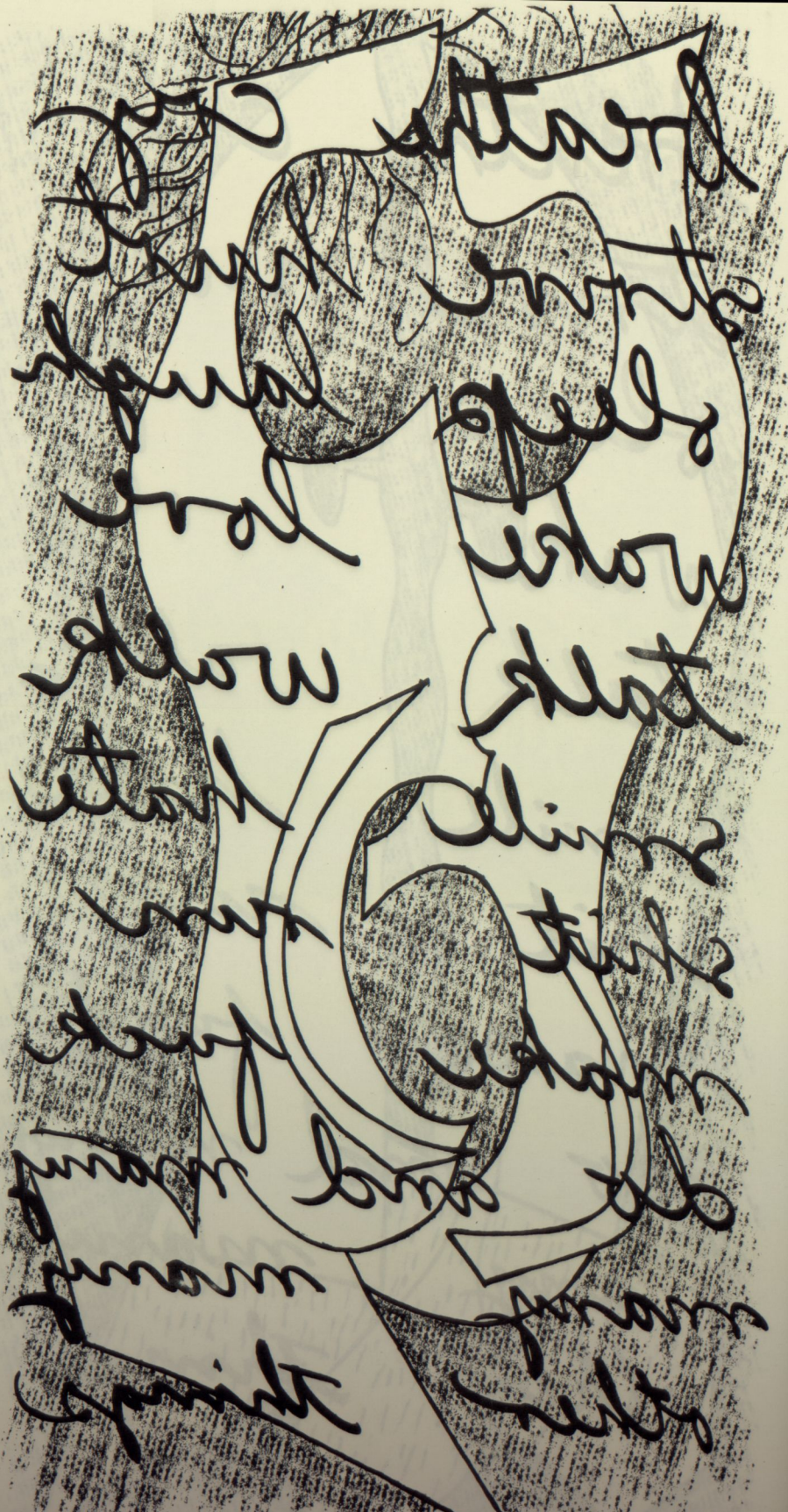
hate

run

fuck

and many

many
things



David Cole



en - folio



MEANWHILE, WORLD WAR III CONTINUES...



finding walk
from nature around
(a togetherness)

to go off oneself into the surrounding
to pick up a favored thing

to sound with

to bring back

to form small groups

to play

to bring out much
of what this thing can make

to listen to

others while being heard all the time

minimal presences of humans in nature

This's for us

To be hearing what would
here anyway, without a

as well as what we do do

(decide on a mode) which may be
continuously — only when very soft
(or combine modes)

interrupted — should stop where there are
unexpected louds occur

or stopping by choice:

of when one feels like it
of at predetermined in
1. regular 2. by a mus
Syst

intermittant — starting and stopping at either
of regular intervals
of irregularly systematic
of by feeling the moment

/ Durations between sounds = longer as louder

in groups what one does may be affected by, and directed
what others do.

and, before the doing: democratic discussion and decision

Grenada

shit in your pants San Marino
duck Lichtenstein
this puritan outlaw nation
has killed again

Charles Doria

Beirut
260 usa dead
Reagan
why weren't you there
instead?

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 without grinding the teeth to stumps
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 tional porcelain caps.

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Stephen M. Miller / Phone (213) 454-1785
 Member American Dental Association
 General and Cosmetic Dentistry
 1911 4th Street

L I F E

him.
hugged in a close embrace.
feeling the forbidden tide of questions

The Secret Drawer

sex; but none of us possessed a private and special button-hook, to lend or refuse as suited the high humour e

I hoarded myself,

we found

I began to like this man

to expect very much

hysterically,

the contents of his pockets

seemed very far away

reversed, and

and cut off from me.

him

a dull blank period of unrewarded search.

ain. I trusted

What

The faint odour of humanity had a right to feel

The match

most infamous

That's no time at all!

more fascinating and enjoyable

Long Dream Including...

- * A fabulous
- * Magnificent

a wide-bodied suite complete

- * An extraordinary
- 5 lucky

Come enjoy full * PLUS *
—including a 12

—all for just \$14. That's \$6 off

\$20 cost—and a remarkable \$16 off the \$30

others pay for 12

You needn't

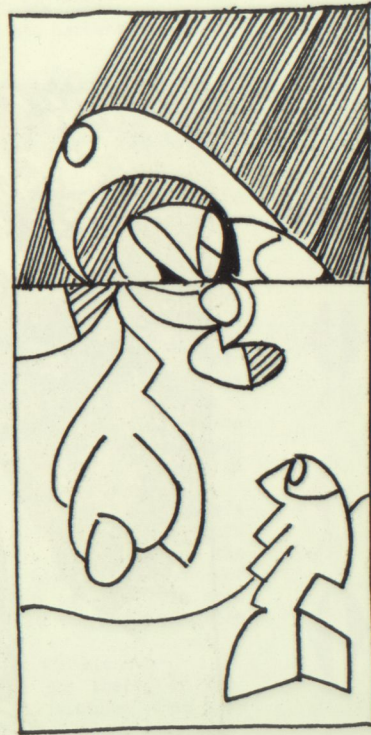
alone!

why pass up
Prize

&

Remember— Do it today!

The material on theory,
is balanced by in-
how-to skills
Stressing effective
media
construction, the book
overview
puter-assisted
transparencies,



Natural History...it's a lot more than you thought!

listed below
Natural
regular

decoy page

the
mi-
good
'good' programs
what are the possibilities of
applied in different
what is infor-
how will informa-
affect the
raises
affect the

to you
as the Grand

will be off on
a wide-bodied



with complete kitchen, color TV, daily maid service, complimentary parties, jet spa,
await you!

such valuable prizes to you
That's the whole point.

pay for
hip Card
 I'll pay



ROGER ERICKSON!

It was considered necessary to build a span bridge at the river's mouth, but progress was slow. One after another the attempts at the basic fortifications were defeated, by acts of nature so selective and systematic as to seem coincidental, until tallied too many times the plans went awry, blueprints were misread or tolls mislaid. Until finally there was talk of a jinx.

The engineers assigned to the task scoffed at the local superstitians at first, but eventually it became clear even to the most sceptical that someone or something didn't want the bridge to go in. The workers brought back tall tales from the village, overheard conversations and gossip spoken in undertones. Rumour control was enacted, to no avail.

At the time I was employed in the Land Evaluation and Use Plan sector of the County Government. All new developments fell somewhat within our jurisdiction, so I was familiar with the bridge project almost from its inception. It promised to soar in a graceful arc, and would replace, for most traffic, the old stone relic farther upstream. The ancient bridge was being overused now, and well deserved a dignified retirement into the status of a tourist attraction and scenic route for locals.

Many were the happy childhood hours I spent along that river's bank, and swimming in the tidal ebb that joined the fresh waters to the sea. Those of us who grew up in the area cherished the woodland at the water's edge, and watched carefully to monitor plans to industrialize it in any way. But in this case most saw the positive nature of the bridge, and so there did not seem to be any popular sentiment to oppose it.

It was doubly puzzling, therefore, to surmise who might be sabotaging the project. But the evidence was there, in the seemingly endless anecdotes of blunders and mistakes that were taking up the time and energy of all involved. Plans read backwards, measurements confused ... one after another the workers found themselves unprecedentedly incompetent to perform their usual tasks. It was as though they couldn't properly collect their wits while on the job site.

One day, when I had gone down to the seashore to watch the sunset, I had a very clear premonition that the bridge would never exist because a living spirit more powerful than the human beings involved was preventing it. The more I thought about it, the more I accepted the simple truth of it.

Deciding to cool off and watch the sun set from in the water, I stepped into the surf and stroked out to the calm glassy shimmer above the kelp beds. The presence of the underwater forests makes the surface a mirror for the clouds in the sky, and I lost myself in savoring the orange glow of the setting sun as it refracted across to me. Floating and relaxing, the beauty of the moment suspended time; I let my mind drift across the waters. Very gently a thought began to whisper itself to me, and the word "mer" rolled off my tongue in its many variations: mermaid, merman, merfolk, the island of Lemuria. The aquatic element soothing my fiery nature, reminding me of liquid origins.

I watched with casual interest as a piece of drifting seaweed drew nearer, then gasped in surprise when a pair of clear green eyes met mine with an unblinking gaze. As the creature came closer I could see that what had appeared to be seaweed was actually its hair, fitting over a head of human size, and flowing out to surround it as it moved across the surface toward me. Although I could tell that whatever it was had a body size equal to my own, I felt no fear; and bounced my own curiosity and excitement off the other, hoping to communicate.

In the dominant element of my own planet I felt as though I were an interplanetary explorer, meeting the inhabitant of an unknown world for the first time.

For a long moment we stared into one another's eyes, and I could see gill structures that extended from the edge of the jaw onto the neck. The mouth was wide, gracefully curved in a knowing smile, and the nose aquiline, streamlined, a face of flowing lines and curves. It raised a hand in salute, and it was remarkably like my own, yet webbed between the articulated fingers. The skin was a greenish hue, glistening with tiny scales.

I raised by own hand, and we touched palm to palm. In that instant an entire set of mythologies and fables became history, and I knew I was meeting one of the people of Mer.

Without audio speech we talked, our thoughts slipping round and over in a fluid spiral, exchanging, suggesting, supposing. He asked my connection with the building being done, and I told what I knew of the plans. He explained that directly under the area in contention was an underground city, famous world-wide for its beautiful crystal domes and the specialty seaweeds grown in the surrounding waters. It was to prevent the city's discovery and consequent destruction that he and his people had been confusing the engineering efforts, and would go to great lengths to assure that the bridge not be built. They feared that the weight of the supporting stanchions would collapse their network of underwater caverns, and ruin their intricate life support systems.

However, it had been suggested in their most recent meeting below that it might be possible to negotiate with land-dwellers and come to some sort of agreement. The psychic bombardment was draining the collective energy, and becoming wearisome to a people accustomed to many hours of leisure in their days. They desired a truce, and he had been chosen to attempt to make contact with whatever humans he might encounter. He had sensed me on the beach, and lured me out into the sea by projecting toward me a memory of the mental pleasures and physical sensations those who frequent the ocean know well. The reverie so induced compelled surrender, to experience those joys again, and I unsuspectingly swam directly out to him.

So occurred the first of many encounters, in which the merman and I exchanged the demands and concessions of our respective bargainers and at last came to an acceptable compromise. As soon as the site was moved farther inland, to an equally accessible and convenient spot, the troubles with the work progress ceased. Over the course of the negotiations we became quite well acquainted, the sea fellow and I, and eventually he invited me down to see the city below the waves.

Mammals like ourselves, the Merfolk must provide an air supply to stay beneath the sea surface. This they accomplish with a system of seaweeds and domes, transforming the sun's rays from diffused glow to bright intensity with crystals. In these emerald bubbles they lived lives of industry and art, surrounded by curious mosaics fashioned from shells that enlivened the walls and floors. They spent much of their time in travel, and swam widely throughout the area. In company with dolphins they journeyed to far areas, delivering seaweed delicacies and bringing back trade goods from other spots.

The longer I remained below, the more thoroughly I fell under the spell of the sea. I was seized with a longing to live in the ocean, and determined to convince the Mer to allow me to emigrate. Few of my human acquaintances knew of my undercover underwater activities, it having been determined from the start that it would be best if the public at large did not catch wind of the Corps of Engineers at the interspecies bargaining table.

I resolved to sell off all my trinkets, give generous presents to friends of things they'd long coveted, and prepare myself to disappear.

My guide and co-conspirator for all these plans was Ergen, my first friend among the Mer. I'd purr the sound of a rolling "rrrr" into his name, Errrgen, trilling out a call in bubbles as I entered the water; and there he'd be in the kelp awaiting me. We'd dance, in the slipperiest swirling of laughter and fast breathing, spiraling around one another in sinuous curves and rushing past sensitive surfaces to feel the delicate contours. And we'd swim side by side, rising and falling in the waves, rolling wheels of motion and rhythmic response.

I was given a new name, Margyr, and was taught the old tales of the great God Manannan who voyages across the waters in his self-propelled ship the Wave Sweeper. As I learned the old songs, and the new dances, a sea-change came gradually over me. I discovered that I could spend longer and longer periods away from land, and not miss any of it. My life back on shore seemed pale and inconsistent by comparison with the vivid excitement of exploring the other three-fourths of the globe. Finally I determined that this message in a bottle would serve as my farewell.

Let them say I went willingly to my metamorphosis.



COUNTESS

The action takes place in a reconverted fisherman's bothy, clinging to the Western shoreline of the Scottish Highlands. There are two characters: a male American writer and a female English-Polish Countess.

CHAPTER ONE

"Can I stay?" asked the Countess.
"Why not?" replied the Brooklyn bum.
"Tonight, or the whole weekend?" continued the Countess.
"Whichever," the bum mumbled in reply.
"Do you care?"
"Does it matter?"
"Yes."
"I care."
"Why?"
"Because, I like waking next to a warm body."
"Is that all?"
"For now."

CHAPTER TWO

"Countess, do you cook?"
"Passably."
"What?"
"Omelettes."
"Is that all?"
"For now."

CHAPTER THREE

"You live here all alone?" asked the Countess.
"Aye."
"It's so huge."
"I like huge."
"But don't you get lonely?"
"You're here."
"Just for a little bit."
"That's enough, for now."

CHAPTER FOUR

"What do you do up here?" asked the Countess.
"Write."
"Anything else?"
"Drink."
"Write and drink...nothing else?"

-continued-

"Ball the odd hitch-hiker from Glasgow or London."
 "Do you think I'm on odd hitch-hiker?"
 "Beautiful."
 "Why did you offer me a lift?"
 "I just told you."
 "No, really," implored the Countess.
 "Not many in this part of Scotland would stop for a
 sexy woman wearing a skirt slit for the wind. I'm
 just a good samaritan. Good enough reason?"
 "For now."

CHAPTER FIVE

"A drink?" offered the writer.
 "I'd rather get stoned."
 "Sorry Countess, no illegal substances around here."
 "There are now."
 "Then I suggest we dispose of them in a suitable manner."
 "Do you want to roll them?"
 "You'd better. I'm no good at it. Fred used to roll mine."
 "Who's Fred?"
 "An old lover."
 "You're kidding," gasped the Countess.
 "For now."

CHAPTER SIX

"Countess, you taste delicious!"
 "You Yanks are so impulsive. If you had waited I'd
 have whipped you up a glorious mushroom omelette."
 "We ate all the mushrooms."

CHAPTER SEVEN

"I've a big brother who'd love to sink into you."
 "Ring him up."
 "He's in Brooklyn."
 "Just as well. I hate to come between brothers,"
 replied the Countess.

-the end-

Written by Robert A. Frauenglas. This complete novelette
 in dialog was written in St. Louis, Missouri and Brooklyn,
 New York. It is only SEMI-autobiographical. It is a
 spoof on an English comedy of manners and contains all
 of 291 words.

Boycott
South Africa,

TO BE YOUNG
TO BE FEARLESS

Not Nicaragua

THE WONDERS AND PURITY OF NAIVETE.
IF ONLY I COULD SWIM THESE WATERS
WITHOUT FEAR OF MANS TOXIC WASTE.

TO DRINK THE WATER
BREATHE THE AIR
AND EAT THE VEGETATION WITHOUT FEAR OF POISONS.

THIS
WOULD BE
THE GLORY OF LIFE TO ME!

THIS
WOULD BE MY FREEDOM!

WHY DON'T OUR GOVERNMENTS CARE ABOUT
THESE BASIC FUNDAMENTALS FOR LIFE?

AS I SIT AND WATCH THE LIGHT PASS THROUGH
THE BROWN LIFELESS TIDE ROLLING IN.

HOW MANY YEARS
WILL IT TAKE US TO GAIN CONSCIOUSNESS
OF OUR SELF-DESTRUCTIVE POWER
AND ADMIT TO OUR WRONGS?

AND HOW MUCH LONGER WILL WE SUFFER THE EARTH?

WE MUST BEGIN

"TODAY"

TO SAVE THE WORLD
FROM MANS ABUSE!

STOP

"STAR
WARS"

E, French 1.5 m
et Air Force Job
or \$318.7 Million

Satellite Fails After Its Deployment From Shuttle

Peace

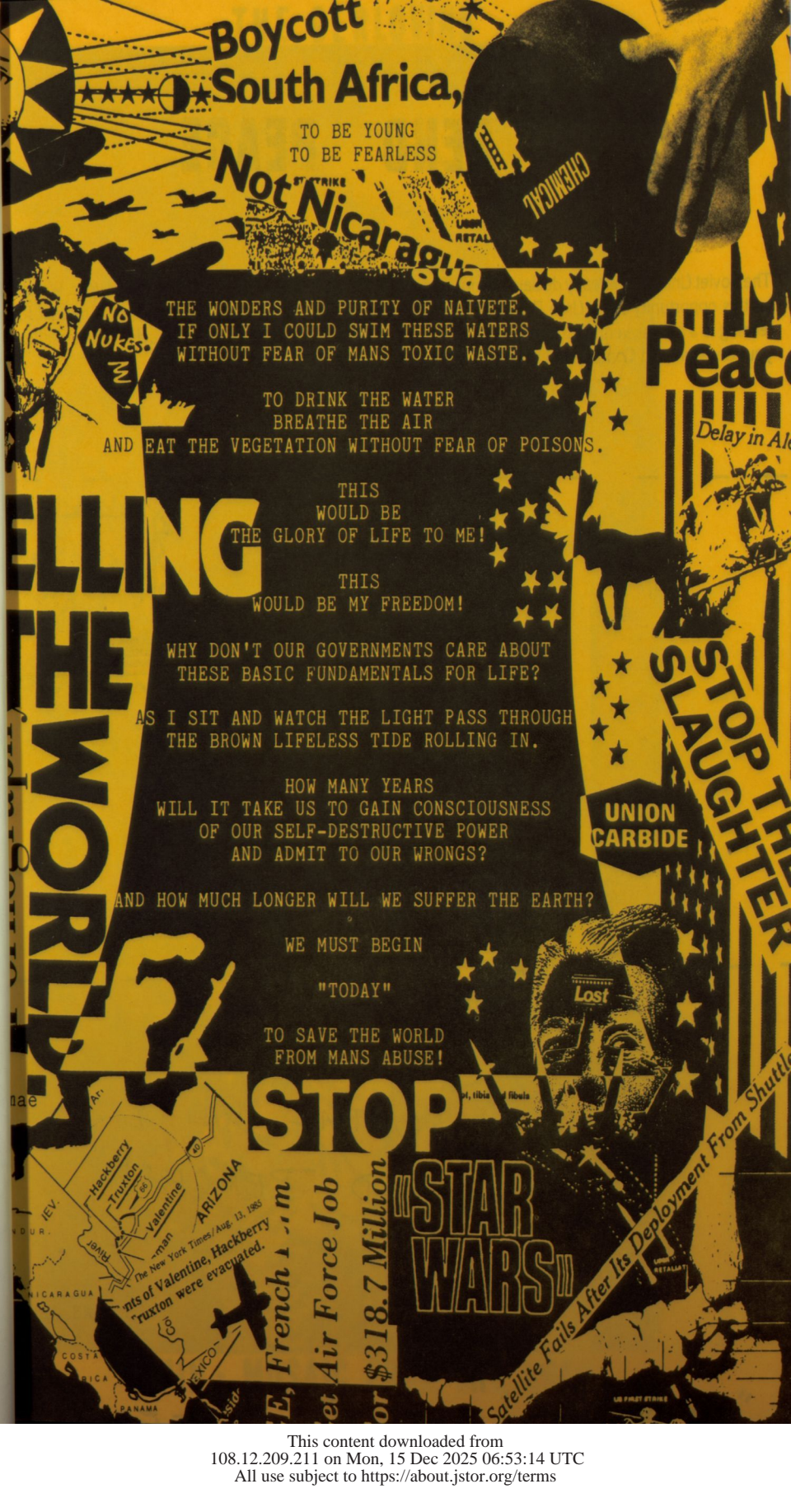
Delay in Al

STOP THE
SLAUGHTER

UNION
CARBIDE

Lost

SELLING
THE WORLD



SEND PEACE

The Soviet Union has already declared a moratorium on nuclear testing through the end of this year. We must not let this opportunity pass. Urge President Reagan to use the Summit meeting to announce a *mutual* test ban treaty, leading to a formal, verifiable test ban treaty, and to reaffirm and strengthen existing nuclear arms treaties. Urge your Senators and Congressman to support this action. **Do it now!** Write or call:

FOLD HERE



The President
The White House
Washington, DC 20500
(202) 456-7639

Your Representative
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515
(202) 224-3121

FOLD HERE

PRAY FOR GLOBAL UNITY
AND WORLD PEACE!

SAVE THE WORLD
FROM MANS ABUSE

"No NUKES!"

THE GERLOVINS



BRAIN - MOSAIC FROM SYRINGES

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THE GERLOVINS



SHADOW - MOSAIC FROM SYRINGES

The Fly

after I killed the thrumming fly
I found her parts everywhere:
some hard bit of her anatomy
wedged like a mustard seed
in the teeth of my bed, her rectangular
blood blot brown & red
on the page of a latest poem,
& the smudge of her final shadow
black as the summer sky
above the barnyard
where she first took to the air
with no amazement on her part, a piece of
barely-conscious earth grandly
tumbling through panes of light,
soon probing the hocks of horses
& the jewels of lambs. I applaud
her ravenous intent to ingest this world,
lay eggs and leave behind one trillion
clear-skinned artisans
to hollow a flying buttress
in the carcass of a dog: hosanna of the lowly.
This is a business worthy of a goddess,
and the wonder is, she was so successful
and *is yet* though crushed
as her sisters escape my rolled newspaper
to embody the autogenesis, mystery of
the rising up from six legs of a nation
of gifted beings, one more fertile than the next
who interchangeably replace a part
of some squalid, lattice-eyed
truth that rests latent in the summer earth.

Jesse Glass, Jr.

Beauty Unnoticed By Any Living Eye

for Helga

I question the dead. Their circular answers
contain the hermeneutics of surprise.
(they're concerned about any beautiful thing,
& a little amused.)

*Really, they say, we understand the mossy
underpinnings, the hollow schists of "beautiful
things." Repeat the old names--try to amaze us
but remember,
we've got Keats here, & he's turned rampant liar.*

*Beauty never endures,
they squeak dogmatically at the libation pit,
it's a foible of form,
gone when matter goes.
& They remind me, gently, of decay,
of the broken lyre of Socrates,
and the foolish singing swans.
The shade of Kleist stoops over my shoulder &
whispers: *Only irony lasts, & a little laughter.*
 Lover, I can only agree.*

Jesse Glass, Jr.

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01	281172 BASIC ATONAL THEORY	

FREE

WE HOPE YOU WILL FIND TIME TO USE THE SPACE BELOW TO GIVE US YOUR OPINION OF THESE TITLES, AND TO LET US KNOW ABOUT YOUR PLANS FOR THEIR USE IN YOUR COURSES.

COMMENTS
<p>■ΔRll Rll ☆▷□ □Δ○>#]~ R□ll √☆ ○:○#ll ☆√ ∇○○"</p>
<p>TΔRll ill n▷□ tΔ○>#]~ i□ll a'n ○:○#ll √ ∇○○"</p>
<p>ThRll is n□ th○>#]~ it'll a n□○#ll ra ∇○○"</p>
<p>Thill is not the>#]~ it'll a num○#ll rac∇○○"</p>
<p>This is not theo#]~ it's a numbo#ll rack□"</p>
<p>This is not theor]~ it's a numbe#ll rack□"</p>
<p>This is not theory~ it's a numberll racket"</p>
<p>This is not theory, it's a numbers racket.</p>
<p></p>
<p></p>

MAY WE QUOTE YOU? YES NO
(in context)

FOLD, TAPE, AND MAIL

'THE SHOUTING OPERA'

Thursday, May 2, 1985, 2 - 4:30 PM,
Walters Hall (Douglass, next to Voorhees Chapel)
Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Free.

You are invited to participate in THE SHOUTING OPERA by Daniel Goode, performed by the Computer Arts Ensemble of Rutgers University with your assistance: From the loudspeakers will come computer-generated speech from the C.I.A. Manual written by our government employees for the Contras' violent attempt to overthrow the elected government of Nicaragua.

Participants will bring their own statements to be delivered live through acoustic "speaking tubes" (paper rolls, or megaphones - anything not electrically amplified) that you may bring or will be given at the performance.

What you say in its eloquence, or its factual superiority, or brevity, or poetry, or political and ethical persuasiveness, will impress the computer operators to incorporate your words into the computer speech.

The dialogue will continue among those present with several computer operators taking turns in the endless and urgent task of bringing truth and inspiration to our electronic boxes.

(C.I.A. Manual: "Psychological operations in Guerrilla Warfare" courtesy of radio station WBAI-FM, New York City.)

Goldy was no ordinary goldfish, because she was my goldfish. I fed her every day, watching and wondering what it must be like to see the world through a glass bowl, distorted and magnified five or ten times its actual size.

In school we learned about displacement. Mr. Hoffman took two beakers and placed them side by side. In one, he dropped a heavy stone. "The water level rises," he said, "because the volume of the stone displaces the volume of the water." I liked to think of Archimedes playing in the bathtub. When he discovered how to measure gold, he ran home naked yelling "Eureka!"

How many Goldy's would it take to make the glass bowl overflow? When I put my hand in to play with her, the water slopped over the side, leaving soggy bugs and fish-food I poured into her water each morning.

Mr. Hoffman filled two more beakers --- one wide and squat, the other tall and narrow. He went around the room: "Which one has more water?" I couldn't wait, so I answered out of turn. Mr. Hoffman made me stay after school. He said I grasped the principle but not the lesson.

Jack and I wanted a dog so we could take him on walks and play with him. He would be there when we got home from school, waiting. Dogs are friendly, and you don't have to be so careful with them. But my mother said dogs mess up the house and are alot of trouble. We could have chameleons or a turtle or some kind of fish as long as we took care of them and kept them in our own room.

I got a fish because I feel close to them. I like the water and I like to swim. My father used to take us fishing alot, and I liked to watch whole schools dart across the water with their shiny bodies sparkling in the sunlight. I liked the smell of low tide and the long, flat stretches of marsh grass that always hid all kinds of birds --- some with long legs and necks, like sailboats, some short and sturdy like tugboats on the channel. I

LOVE STORY

Shelley Jane Grossberg

liked the seagulls that flew right behind your boat waiting to dive for bait scraps at the end of the day. When a fish was too small, my father showed me and Jack how to take him off the hook so we wouldn't hurt him. Fish are so slippery and wriggly in your fingers, but when you put them in the water they just whoosh away, and you feel so silly that you ever felt sorry for them because they looked so awkward and helpless in the boat.

It wasn't easy taking care of Goldy. I would sit in class worrying that maybe I forgot to change her water, talk to her, show I cared. I wanted to do something with Goldy, not just watch her swim around her bowl.

One day I reached in and took her out to pet her. It was just for a minute. But when I put her back in the water, Goldy stopped swimming and floated belly up.

I was afraid to tell my mother. Goldy was my very first pet and instead of taking care of her I killed her. Maybe I could never have a pet, even if I really really tried.

But my mother wasn't angry when she saw me crying and she saw Goldy in my hand. All she said was I should learn my lesson. "You can't make something love you," she said. "You always kill things with love."

April, 1983

prairie (treatment)

of what was

is

is

of what was

flames down the circle

the ancient dies to plastic

of what was

is

a face = (summation) all faces before

to time period (n+?)

is

of what was

the ancient dies to plastic

flames down the circle

from time period (n-?)

a cryptic ceremony

of what was

is

a tribe gathers on an arid plain

chanting holy cycles

is

of what was

flames down the circle

the ancient dies to plastic

to time period (n+?)

a face = summation (all faces before)

they burn the dead

wish for feast

of what was

is

somewhere right machines

become red chariots

LOVE STORY

Shelley Jane Grossberg

I liked the seagulls that flew right behind me
waiting to dive for bait scraps at the end of the day.
When a fish was too small, my father showed me and Jack
how to take him off the hook so we wouldn't lose him.
Fish are so slippery and wriggly in your fingers, and
when you put them in the water they just wiggle away
of what was your error? It's not your fault, it's
because they look so awkward as they swim.
The ancient dies to plastic

It wasn't easy taking care of them. I tried to
talk to her, but she was so busy with her work.
I tried to talk to her, but she was so busy with her work.
I tried to talk to her, but she was so busy with her work.
I tried to talk to her, but she was so busy with her work.

One day I reached in and took her out of the tank
and she was just for a minute. I was so nervous
I was so nervous I was so nervous I was so nervous
I was so nervous I was so nervous I was so nervous
I was so nervous I was so nervous I was so nervous

I was afraid to tell her about the first time
I was afraid to tell her about the first time
I was afraid to tell her about the first time
I was afraid to tell her about the first time
I was afraid to tell her about the first time

But my mother was angry when I told her
she was angry when I told her she was angry
she was angry when I told her she was angry
she was angry when I told her she was angry
she was angry when I told her she was angry

April, 1983

SIBLE UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY

CXIII

WINTER, 1988

No. 38-9

SPECIAL SOUND POETRY ISSUE

edited by William O'Malley
and Jonathan Boppylongears

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This issue is dedicated, with love, to Sandra

In 1981, I moved to the Mt. Rainier Hill District of Portland, Oregon. I moved just up the hill from the old city. I had a car with a floor to a tattooed woman. I was looking for a man named Snake. Those who were overlooking the street contained a sign which read either, "The Snake Is In", "The Snake Is Out".

Each morning I woke at six, made instant coffee and read the wall ads. There were any job open I applied for. I was usually home by eleven. Then, I wrote letters to some of the countless individuals who, I thought, might be able to assist me.

By the end of the third month in Portland, my money was running short. I got down to one meal and a quart of milk daily. The only people who answered my letters were other artists, most of whom were no better off than I was. I began to walk the streets to fill my time.

Towards the end of my fourth month in Portland, I was visited by a friend who took me out for a rich dinner. When I was taken to surprise by the rich food or suffering from food poisoning I did not know. However, though lying on my stomach, I saw that night with my eyes in front of me people who would be helped if I did. And I resolved that my days were over.

During my fifth month in Portland, I became a welfare recipient. Some of my photographs caused a sensation of a moral majority, and was written up in the Sunday paper. When I asked for help, people recognized my name. I was not sure they wished to pay for my photographs.

I stopped taking the photographs. Now I sat in my third window and watched others walking. I never based my anger on need. Then, around the time that the weather began to turn, I used up my camera to function as a camera. I began taking pictures of strangers.

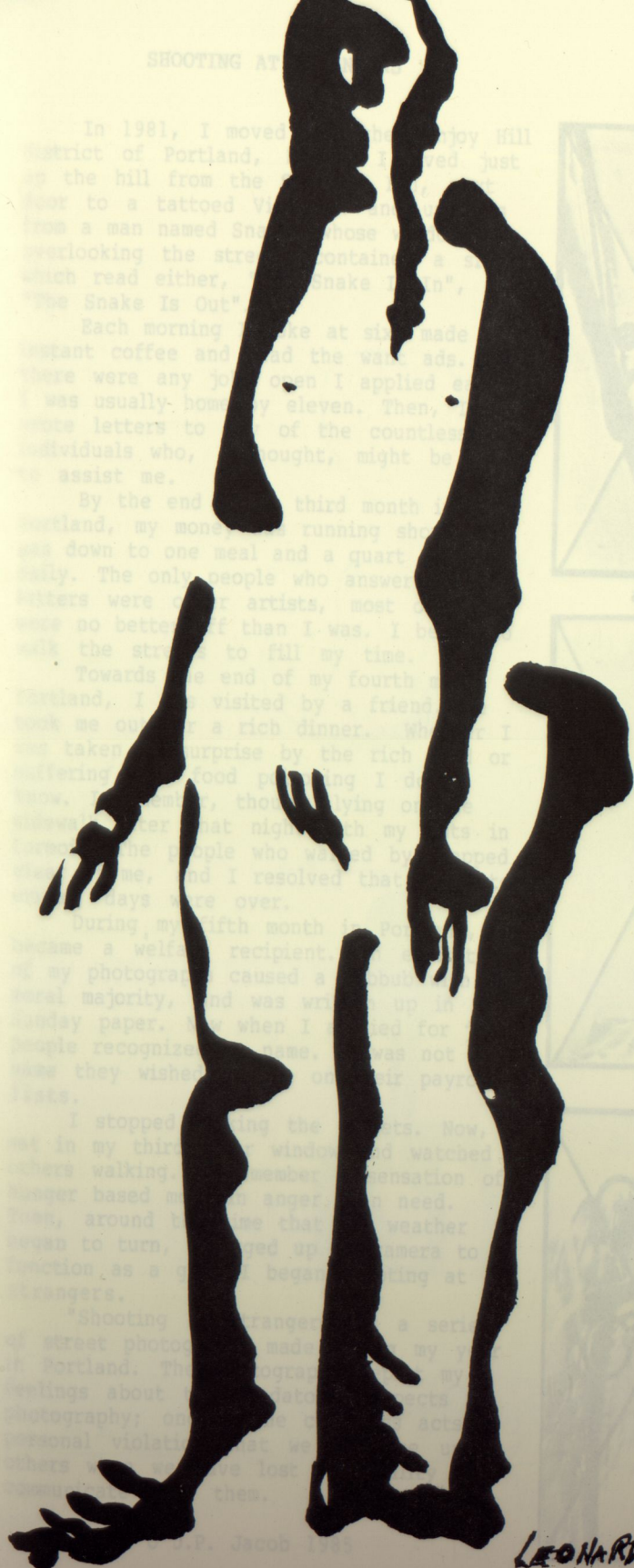
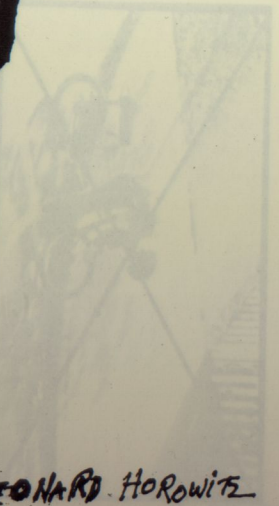
"Shooting" strangers caused a series of street photographs made in my year at Portland. These photographs caused my feelings about photography: one act of personal violation that was lost to others. I lost them.



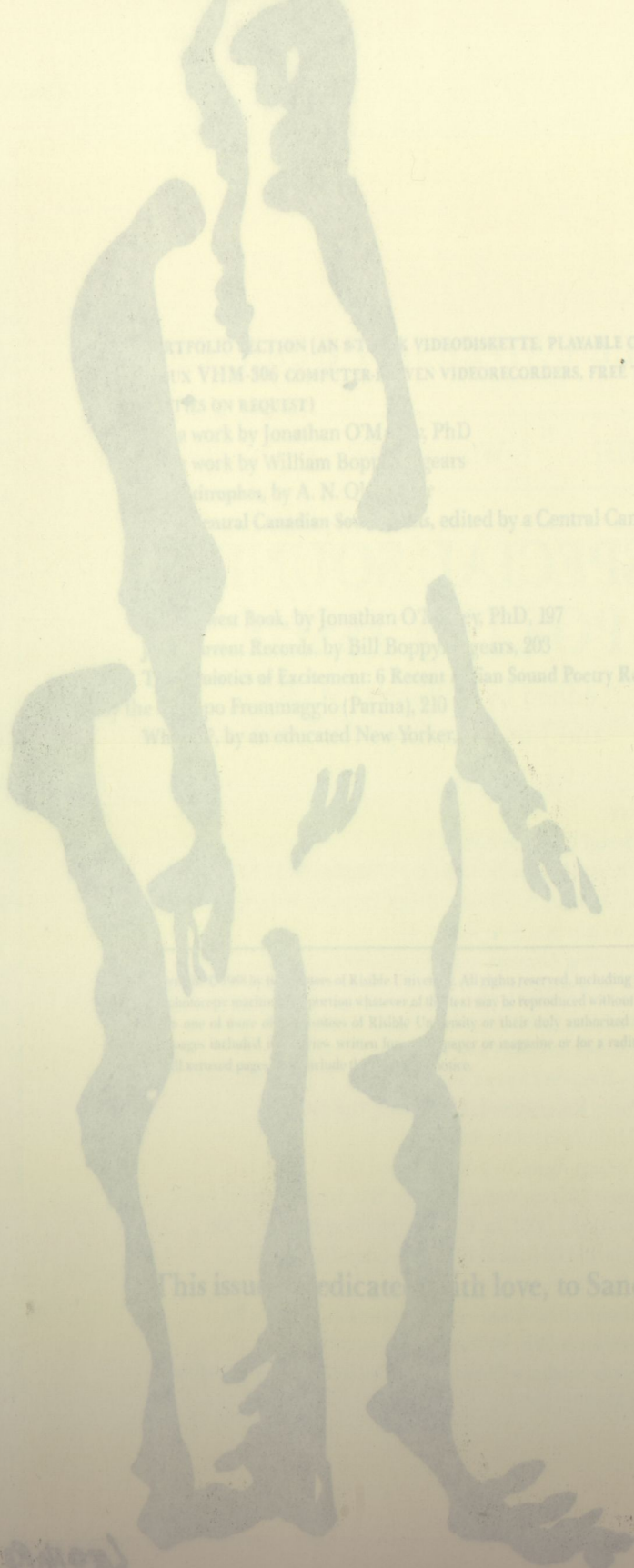
artist transforms



vision into



LEONARD HOROWITZ



...TOLD ACTION (AN STEREO VIDEODISKETTE, PLAYABLE ON
...X VHM-500 COMPUTER, SEVEN VIDEORECORDERS, FREE TO
...S ON REQUEST)

...work by Jonathan O'Malley, PhD

...work by William Boppy, years

...trophex, by A. N. O...

...tural Canadian Society, edited by a Central Canadian

...est Book, by Jonathan O'Malley, PhD, 197

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...Whelan, by an educated New Yorker.

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This issue is dedicated with love, to Sandra

SHOOTING AT STRANGERS

The neglected

In 1981, I moved into the Munjoy Hill district of Portland, Maine. I lived just up the hill from the Stardust Inn, next door to a tattooed Virginian and upstairs from a man named Snake, whose window, overlooking the street, contained a sign which read either, "The Snake Is In", or "The Snake Is Out".

Each morning I woke at six, made instant coffee and read the want ads. If there were any jobs open I applied early. I was usually home by eleven. Then, I wrote letters to any of the countless individuals who, I thought, might be able to assist me.

By the end of my third month in Portland, my money was running short. I was down to one meal and a quart of beer daily. The only people who answered my letters were other artists, most of whom were no better off than I was. I began to walk the streets to fill my time.

Towards the end of my fourth month in Portland, I was visited by a friend. He took me out for a rich dinner. Whether I was taken by surprise by the rich food or suffering from food poisoning I don't know. I remember, though, lying on the sidewalk later that night with my guts in turmoil. The people who walked by stepped clear of me, and I resolved that my letter writing days were over.

During my fifth month in Portland, I became a welfare recipient. An exhibition of my photographs caused a hubbub with the moral majority, and was written up in the Sunday paper. Now when I applied for jobs people recognized my name. It was not a name they wished to see on their payroll lists.

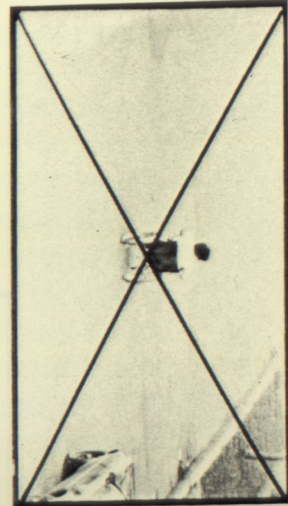
I stopped walking the streets. Now, I sat in my third floor window and watched others walking. I remember a sensation of hunger based more in anger than need. Then, around the time that the weather began to turn, I rigged up my camera to function as a gun. I began shooting at strangers.

"Shooting at Strangers" is a series of street photographs made during my year in Portland. The photographs depict my feelings about the predatory aspects of photography; one of the countless acts of personal violation that we practice upon others when we have lost the ability to communicate with them.

© J.P. Jacob 1985



artist transforms



vision into



a weapon

In 1981, I moved into the Westway Hill district of Portland, Maine. I lived just up the hill from the Standard Inn, next door to a tattooed Virginian and operator from a man named Snake, whose window overlooking the street contained a sign which read either, "The Snake is In," or "The Snake is Out."

Each morning I woke at six, made instant coffee and read the west ads. If there were any jobs open I applied early. I was usually home by eleven. Then, I wrote letters to any of the countless individuals who, I thought, might be able to assist me.

By the end of my third month in Portland, my money was running short. I was down to one meal and a quart of beer daily. The only people who answered my letters were other artists, most of whom were no better off than I was. I began to walk the streets to fill my time.

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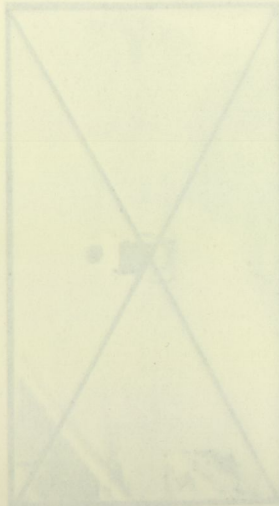
I stopped waiting the streets. Now, I sat in my third floor window and watched others waiting. I remember a sensation of hunger passed more in anger than need. Then, around the time that the weather began to turn, I tipped up my camera to function as a gun. I began shooting at strangers.

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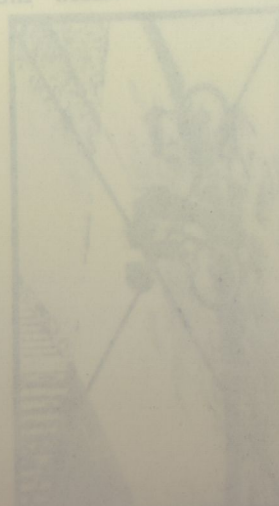
The neglected



artist transpires



vision into



Candy Jernigan

FIGURE 1.



A.

FIG. 2.



A.

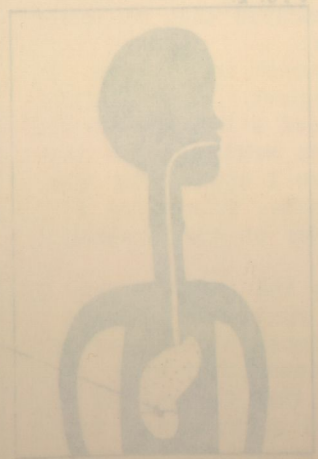
NEW YORK CITY:

Cheez Doodle.

830
1000



FIGURE 1



Chap. Booklet

NEW YORK CITY

MERCADO NEGRO

As I approached, I could not take my eyes off the long finger curled around the shiny trigger of the submachine gun.

"Disculpe," I said hesitatingly, "me podria decir adónde está el mercado negro?"

There was a pause. The Argentine paratrooper guarding the door of the government building in Buenos Aires looked down at me. "Qué quiere saber un pibe como vos con eso?"

Since I was hardly out of short pants his question was a natural one. But Reyes was only days away and more than ever the fabled mercado was on everyone's lips. Scotch whiskey, Time magazine, Channel No5, Parker fountainpens, Hershey bars, electric trains, bubblegum, comic books, bluejeans, longplaying records, nylon stockings--everything adults promised to their friends, their spouses, and their children were said to come from this mysterious place. I had looked through the city guides on the newstands; I had checked the phone book; I had examined the huge street map at the main railway terminus. The mercado negro was nowhere to be found. But the less satisfaction I got, the more determined I became. At age 11 my imagination was aflame with visions of my mercado negro.

Many Reyes came and went. My voice, my flesh, my very bones changed--and so did my mercado negro. By the time I buried my father it had become the clandestine rendezvous of the foreign exchange dealers who turned despised, tattered pesos into coveted, crisp American dollars. Aesthetically, the transformation was indefensible. The pesos came in all sizes and colors and had marvellous designs. They showed glorious ancient frigates ploughing through wild seas; indians, superb in their nakedness and stolid dignity, scrutinizing rag tag conquistadores kneeling before makeshift crosses; and reluctant, rearing horses, steaming cannon, and reckless acts of heroism done pell-mell by gory, dying, hopelessly outnumbered men. The dollars were all the same color, all the same size, and practically indistinguishable in design. But drab as they were, they meant stability, power, and freedom. We stuffed them into cigarette tins and cigar boxes, hid these containers under floorboards and behind heavy sofas, and felt--for a moment at least--less vulnerable, less cynical, less pessimistic, less Argentine.

The mercado negro of my manhood was just as wondrous as the enchanted bazaar of my childhood. It and it alone seemed inviolable to the

slanders, lies, and illusions used by those in power to account for the failures of the past and to sketch evermore grandiose visions of the future. Union leaders, finance ministers, generals and even Peron himself could not stay the bitter verdict issued daily in the form of the exchange rate. Because it was autonomous, because it made a mockery of official pronouncements and projections, because it could not be stamped out or controlled by the government no matter how hard it tried, for me the mercado negro came to stand for truth itself.

This Reyes, Argentina owes \$45 billion and, after months of negotiation, has reached an agreement with its creditors. The banks have "agreed" to "stretch out" payments and "grant" new loans. Argentina has "agreed" to reduce inflation to 300%, to lower the budget deficit to 7.5% of Gnp, and to produce a \$4 billion trade surplus.

No doubt that in the snakeless Edens for which bankers and economists design their econometric models, once agreements are signed, fiscal and monetary policy are instituted as called for, and these in turn generate the predetermined inflation levels, budget deficits, and trade surpluses. In Argentina, however, militant labour unions, 600% inflation, a massive underground economy, and a legacy of statism make economic agreements--especially those concocted at the behest of foreigners--all but meaningless.

This is what I fear the mercado negro of my manhood would tell me if I were to return to it this Reyes. And this fills me with dread. For the debt has accomplished what geography, diplomacy, and cultural exchanges never could: it has made us brothers. Now the problems of Argentina are the problems of the United States, the rhetoric and evasions of Buenos Aires are the rhetoric and evasions of Washington, and the illusions and forebodings of Argentinos are the illusions and forebodings of Americanos. If the worse happens--and who but the most sanguine champion of the "Argentine rescue plan" could deny it might?--the Fed will have to pay for the delusions and miscalculations of American bankers the way the Banco Central has paid for the delusions and miscalculations of Argentine generals, politicians and labor leaders: through the massive creation of credit.

This will debauch the dollar as surely and as thoroughly as it debauched the peso. By some reverse alchemy of the mercado negro, the pockets of Americanos may one day be bulging with glorious ancient frigates, rag tag conquistadores, smoking cannon, and gory, dying, hopelessly outnumbered men.

CLAUDIO OMBÚ

air current up before falling within any direction
latitude is the winds. Louisiana spiral winds aiding the thunder
a storm with sound to herald its approach and full of rain.

complete a reflection from the clouds of objects in the neighborhood
of time

Lord Kelvin Babinet vortex pressure
rumble distant night sky how far away the fire is whistle
of a train

dark translucent air expanding rush cool gusts
moments to take
shelter before the storm

Papierwetter, page 3

Bowen cyclone at eddy speed with empty center
resistance Bougeur tension

Wake to pace a roaring tunnel through each room of the house
the buzzing of a million bees how can they sleep

"Mika, get into the car Mika" "but I have no one to play with"

Bülow Kleinschmidt Blanc

vertical unstable

horizontal Louisiana

Bjerknes Cousteau

Vitellio rainbow

Galileo balance

Papierwetter, page 9

Philosophy

1.

What is a person?
What is the purpose of a person?
Spoken words die quickly on the air.
Actions slip beyond the witness of our senses
and become the past
No matter that we mirror the moment
many times over, giving it an echo
as it goes, selling the echoes
and the mirrors once it's gone.

2.

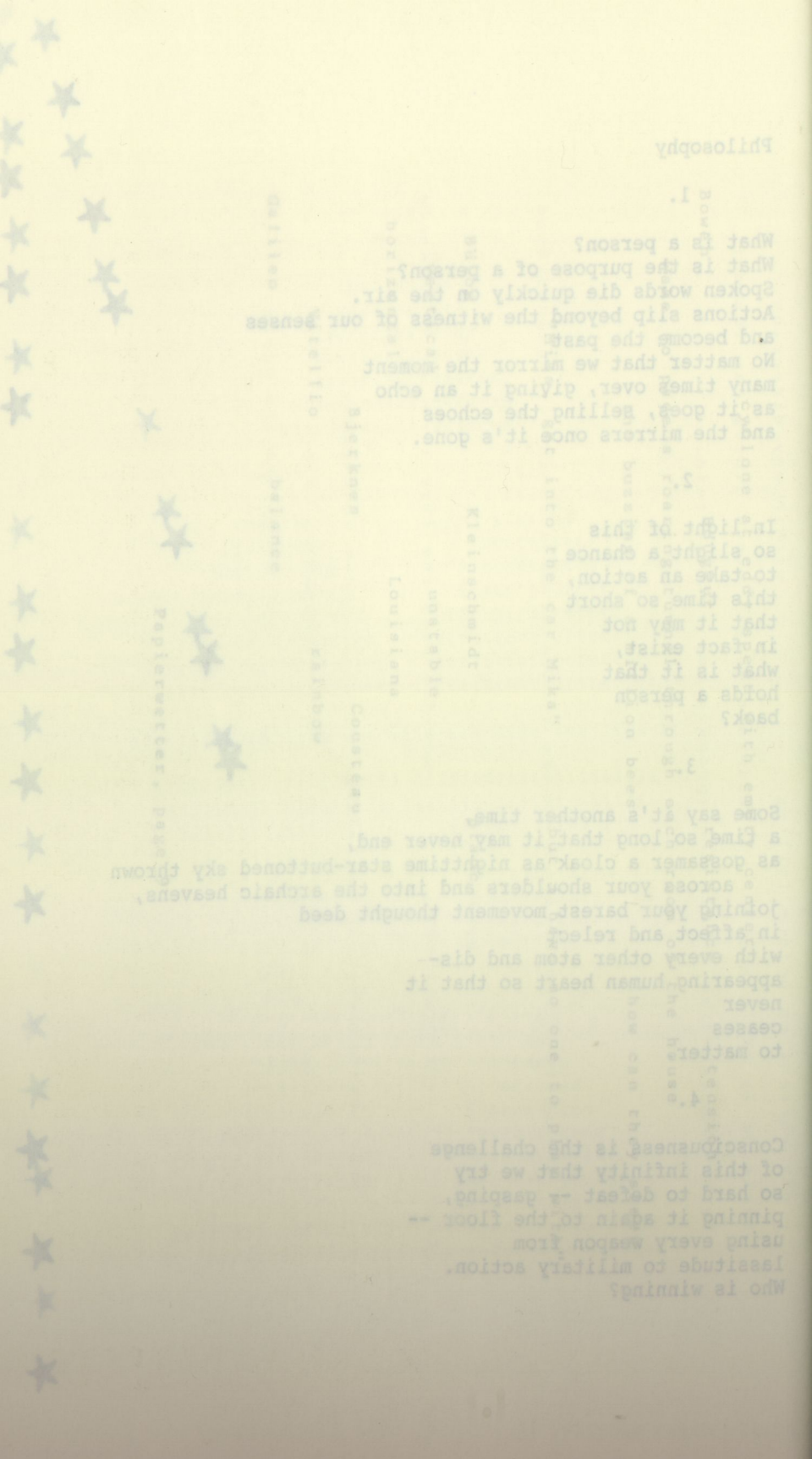
In light of this
so slight a chance
to take an action,
this time so short
that it may not
in fact exist,
what is it that
holds a person
back?

3.

Some say it's another time,
a time so long that it may never end,
as gossamer a cloak as nighttime star-buttoned sky thrown
across your shoulders and into the archaic heavens,
joining your barest movement thought deed
in affect and relect
with every other atom and dis-
appearing human heart so that it
never
ceases
to matter.

4.

Consciousness is the challenge
of this infinity that we try
so hard to defeat -- gasping,
pinning it again to the floor --
using every weapon from
lassitude to military action.
Who is winning?



Philosophy

What is a person?
What is the purpose of a person?
Spoken words die quickly on the air.
Actions slip beyond the witness of our senses
and become the past.
No matter that we mirror the moment
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as it goes, selling the echoes
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what is it that
holds a person
back?

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a time so long that it may never end,
as goddesses a cloak as nighttime star-battered sky thrown
across your shoulders and into the archaic heavens,
joining your palest movement thought dead
in affect and reflect
with every other atom and dis-
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so hard to defeat - gasping,
pinning it again to the floor -
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Who is winning?

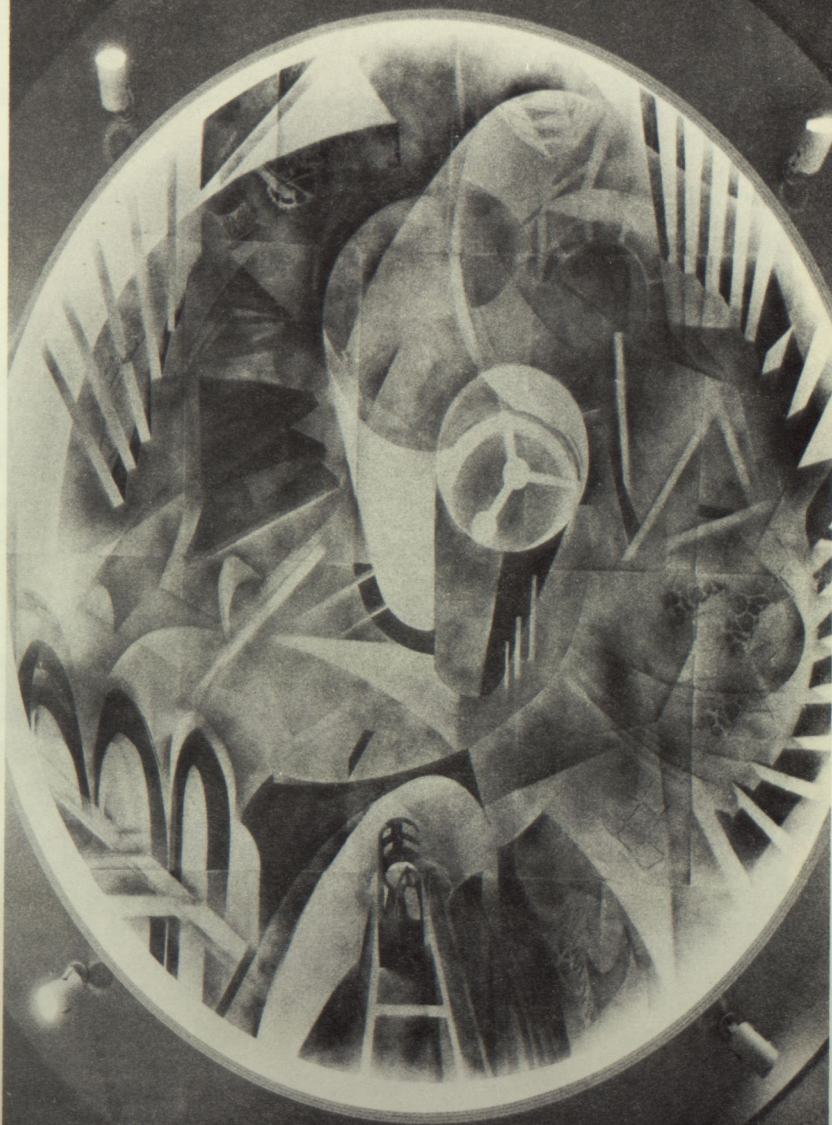
RICHARD

LIKE

Independence, warmth, tolerance, ebullience, efficiency, humor, open competition, principles, integrity, perceptiveness, knowledge, discipline, rereading my own writing, staying at home swimming (especially in fresh-water lakes & rivers), reading (especially in the sunshine), loving, love-making, sobriety, sleep, meeting strangers who know my work, postcard-writing, finished projects, napping with my feet in New York and Berlin to live, bookstores, mountains and the sea, listening to music, windowless rooms, Puerto Rico and Israel to visit, religious edifices, public transportation, buses (especially for long-distance traveling at night), color television, hockey & football & track, news, typewriting, fine-point felt pens, showers, sneakers, history and art criticism, books and records, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, journals, American literature, culture, anarchists and libertarians, Stanley Edgar Hyman & Northrop Frye, Groucho Marx, classic radio comedy, Johann Sebastian Bach, The Rolling Stones, Charles Ives & Anton Webern, P.D.Q. Bach, John Cage & Milton Babbitt & Albert Ayler, Blind Willie McTell & B.B. King, modern music & baroque, Dinu Lipati's recordings of Chopin, Paul Zukofsky's of Bach and Paganini, Glenn Gould's of Bach as well as his features, Moholy-Nagy and most other polyartists, Merce Cunningham, art, constructivism, Piet Mondrian & Reinhardt, artists who know exactly what they are doing, Guinness stout and Berliner Weisse, oatmeal cookies, cold, soda, cinnamon chewing gum, milk with coffee or amaretto liquer at bedtime, oriental restaurants, champagne,....

DISLIKE

KOSTELANETZ



ELLEN K. LEVY

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
CEILING INSTALLATION

MARCH - JUNE, 1985
200 IN DIAM

"PALOMAR" (for Diderot)



a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t

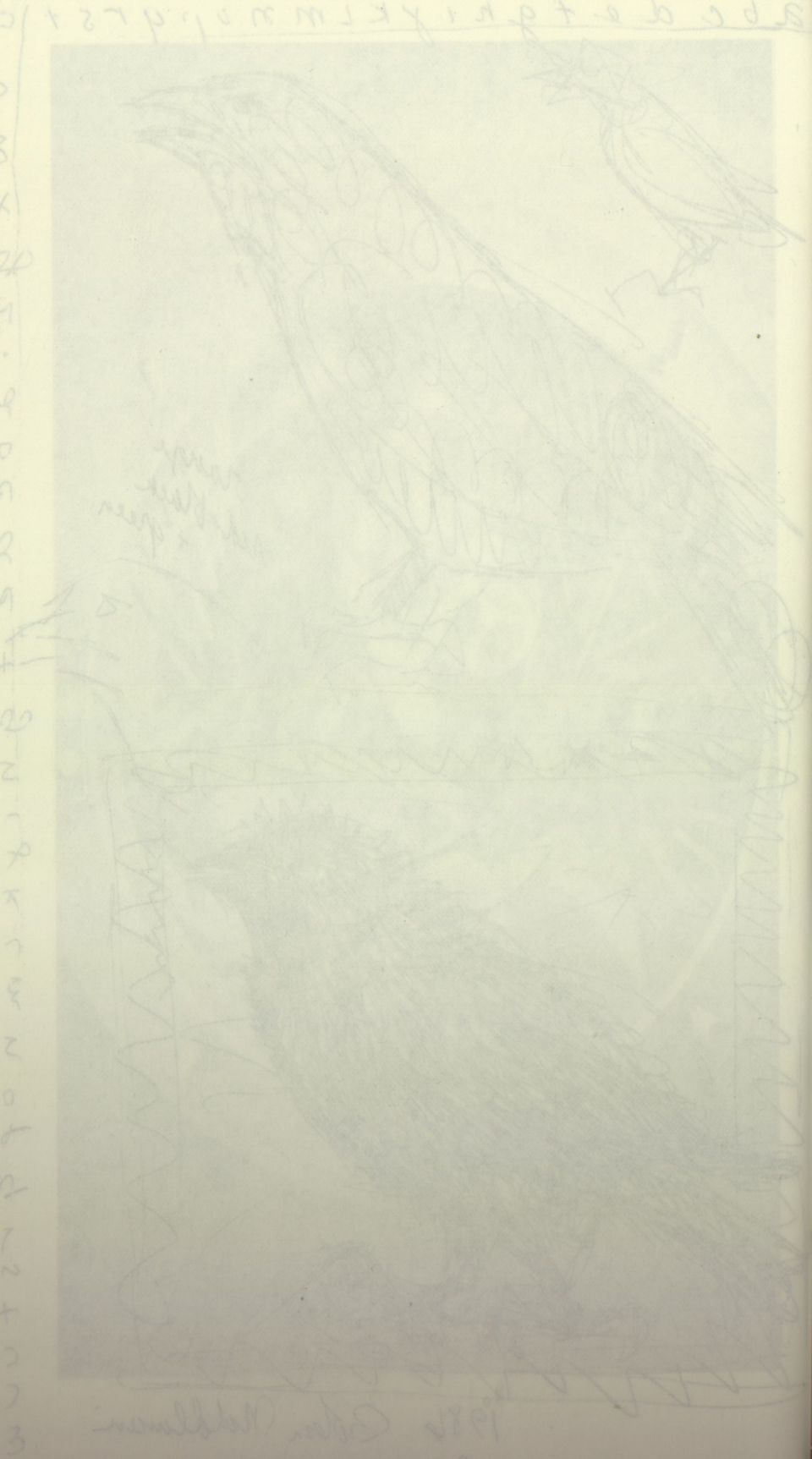


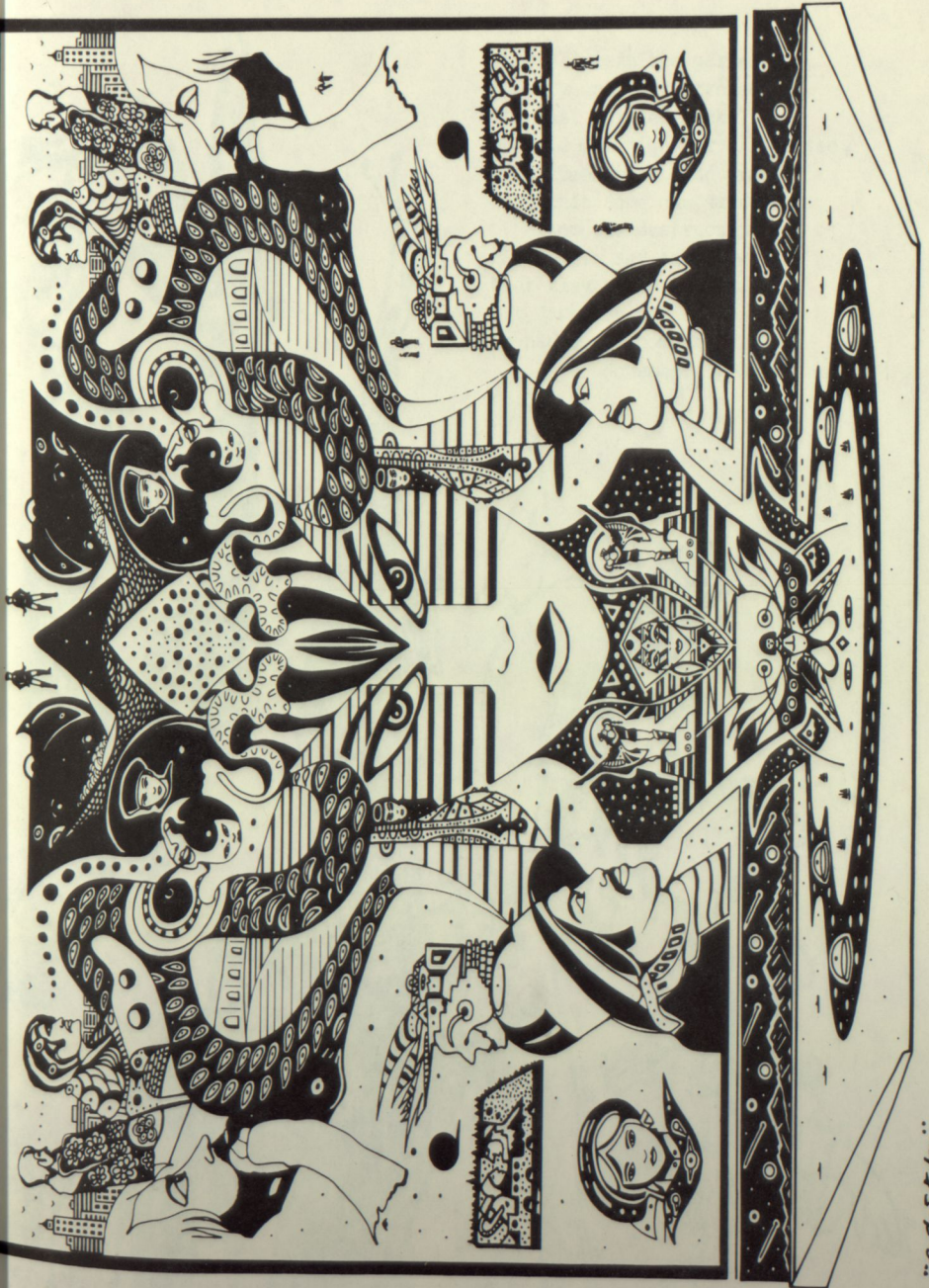
orange
red + black
+ green



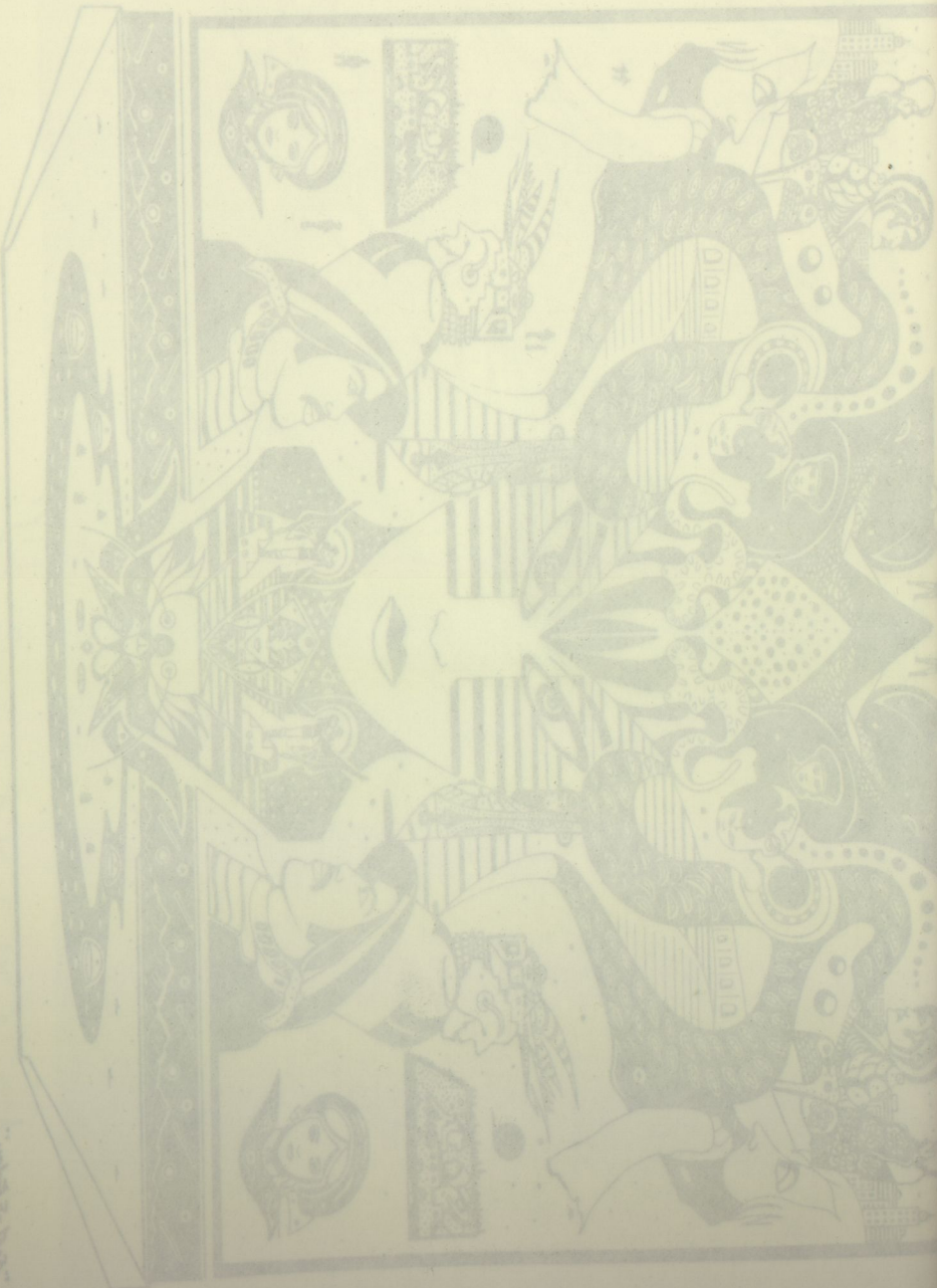
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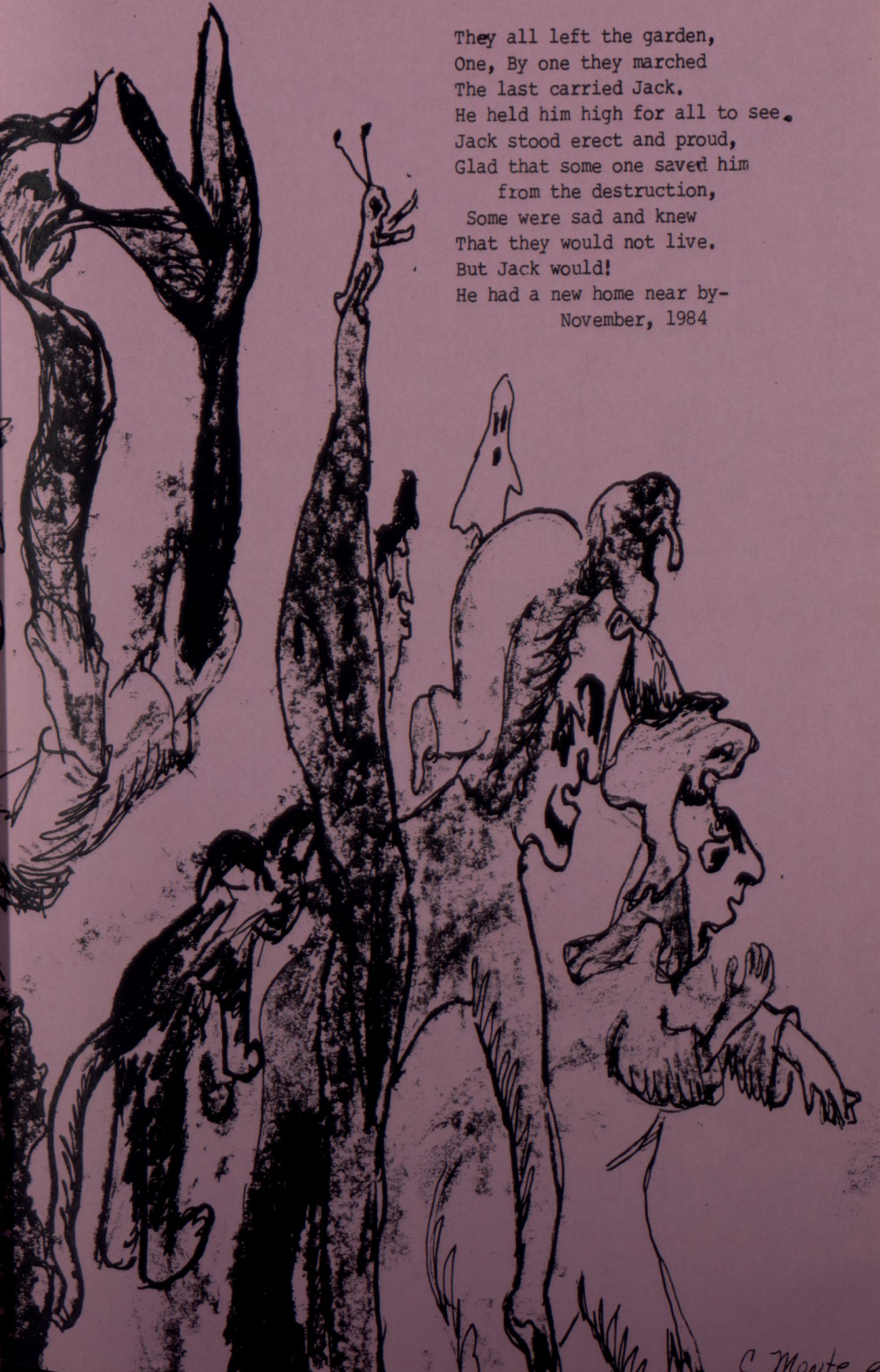




"East of Eden"



They all left the garden,
One, By one they marched
The last carried Jack.
He held him high for all to see.
Jack stood erect and proud,
Glad that some one saved him
from the destruction,
Some were sad and knew
That they would not live.
But Jack would!
He had a new home near by-
November, 1984



Permanent International Sculptic Set Theater

Because artists must band together to overcome this cancerous killer known as the gallery system. Strength thru numbers as in all else. As an organization we stand up to the monetary dumbness that art seems to attract like flies. In so doing we are cultivating the medium of collaboration. And logistically we are entering the real future of corporate America in the eyes of the law.

NeedNeed

Chairman-President



Strength
thru numbers as in all else.

NedNed

MAINT igloo



SUPERTANKER

ALL REPRODUCTION · MODIFICATION ·
DERIVATION AND TRANSFORMATION
OF THIS OBJECT IS PERMITTED



Send a piece of your nature

ATMOSPHERE CONTROLLED

TYLSTRUPVEJ 43 DK 9320 HJALLERUP

PASHA OF THE DUMPSTER

by VALERY OISTEANU



He is short, stocky with a tremendous turban wrapped around his head made out of black, plastic trash bags. His cape is also woven out of old blankets and garbage bags. He is bending his head in a peculiar angle giving a dirty look to the passers-by. His favorite hangout is in the vestibules of the decaying buildings of the East Village. He lives in a wooden box made to house garbage cans on 7th St. He shares those quarters with homeless rats and cats. It is his private kingdom. Old Ukrainian women bring food to him and spare shoes. His ingenuous cape, with hundreds of pockets, was daily filled with discarded magazines, bottles, and cigarette butts. But amazingly enough he also carried in his backpack a collection of useless objects, bizarre antiques, and odd souvenirs. Among these souvenirs were; the front part of a swordfish, a wooden smoke grinder that belonged to Greta Garbo, a flare-gun without ammunition, a old TV set with a round screen, and multi-colored ties and moustaches. Lately, he set a personal record of 260 days without leaving the dumpster. He smoked leftover butts in a short pipe carved in the form of a naked venus. When attacked by dogs he defends himself with a cane made out of aluminum wrapped with black tape. He masterfully disappears in a heap of trash bags like a chameleon blending into its environment.

This morning he was found frozen to death clutching the spiked lance that was wrapped around his body. Pasha was taken to the morgue and in the ambulance he gave birth to a broom. The morticians operated on his layered cape, cutting out trash bags for hours. Finally the nurses holding his clothes gave in. Underneath his black turban and wraps they found a dried out skeleton of an ancient mummy that was 2000 years old.

PETROV AK		VL PG YR		FLTYNO	
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98	11	11	11	11	11
99	11	11	11	11	11
100	11	11	11	11	11

Knowledge

In the classified section of the Chang Lin Herald, a renowned company placed a want ad for a wise man. Twenty-five men appeared in the personnel office the next morning. Each man took a seat along a wall and waited quietly.

A woman entered the room and gave each a blank piece of paper. "Write about yourselves," she said before exiting.

Several men scribbled immediately, handed in their completed forms and walked out the door. Several others meditated briefly before setting pen to paper. Then, they too departed. Within an hour, the room was vacant with the exception of one man. Khan Fo Get had not lifted his pen nor had he moved once, not even to twitch. He stared at the paper in his hands, transfixed by its emptiness.

After some time, the woman reappeared. "I am locking the office for lunch. You can return later when you are done."

Khan Fo rose and walked out the door. Once outside, hunger guided him to a food stand. A rice burger and ginger soda were soon consumed.

He wandered into the park. Trees hovered above him. A chipmunk scampered in front of him, capturing his attention, and darted quickly away. He followed it to some bushes. Dropping to his knees, he crawled on the ground looking for the agile rodent. Plants crowded him as he parted the growth with his hand. Below the many layers of foliage, little light penetrated. The chipmunk was nowhere to be seen.

Khan Fo lifted his head. He saw a few rays of sunlight that had filtered in through the trees. He dragged his body forward as twigs poked through his clothes. But suddenly, he found himself falling in midair. He had crawled onto a ledge and stepped where no earth could support him. His balance irretrievable and upright stance impossible, he listened to wind whoosh passed his ears.

Then he landed. But he was neither on dirt nor grass. He


had fallen atop a tree whose many bending branches cushioned his impact. After staring at the ledge fifty feet above him, he determined his body's position to the ground and carefully climbed down.

The application was laying against the trunk. He picked it up and walked back to the personnel office.

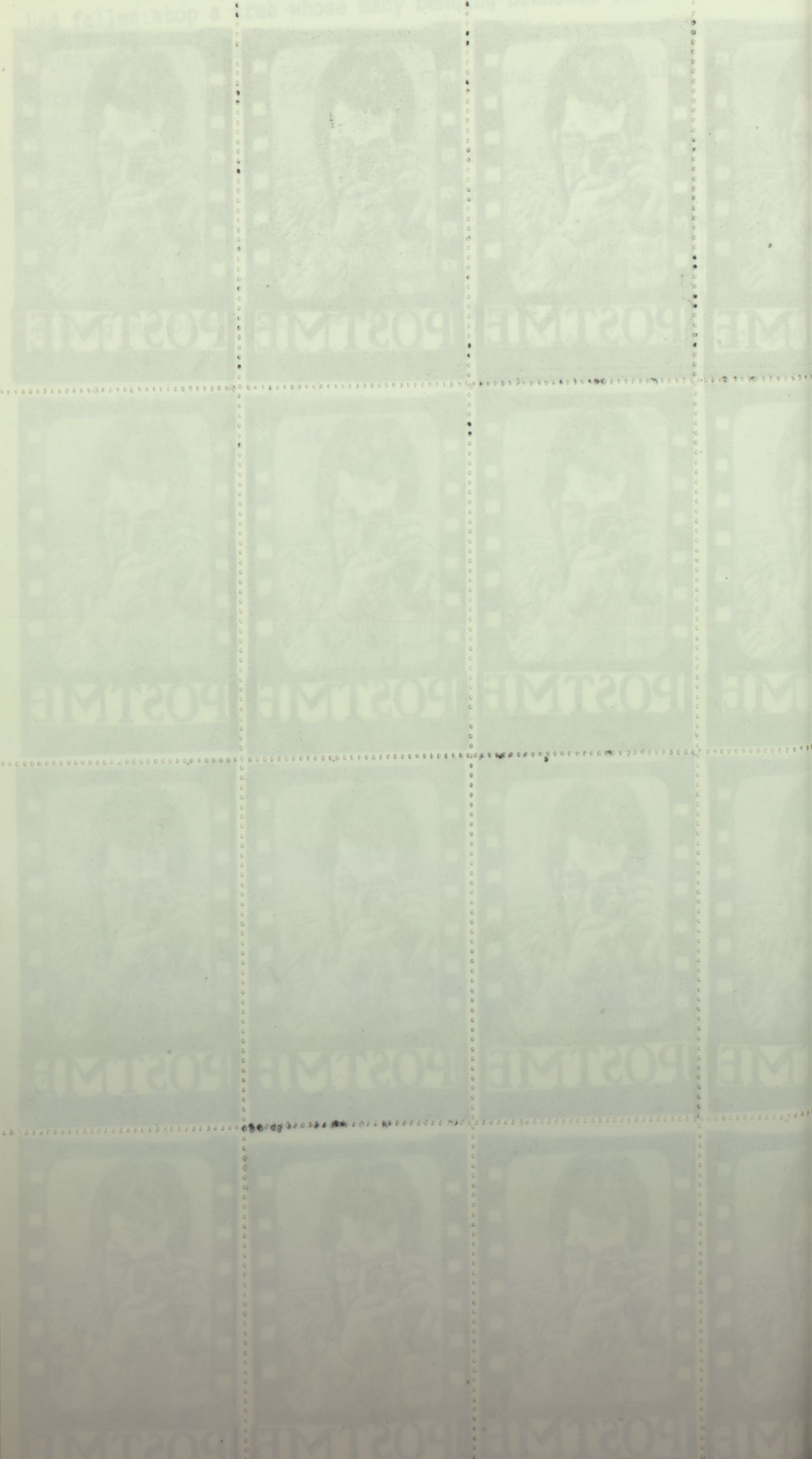
"We do not accept blank applications, sir," said the woman.

He returned to his seat along the wall. With twigs and leaves falling out of his hair, he wrote: I know a place where there is no chipmunk, no park and no ground. Too well down my body, scraped and bruised, know a ledge.

The next day, he was contacted and offered the job.


Cheryl Pallant





CORPaRT

Red Spot Is No Longer Associated With The Avenue B Gallery

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

NEWS FROM AVENUE B: "Martin Hason Dumps Red Spot"

It seems that the Avenue B Gallery has no further use for the services of artist Red Spot. At one time Red Spot was pretty much the conscience of the newly formed gallery previously known in 1984 as "The Red Spot Space."

Not only was Red Spot dumped as an employee, but as a gallery artist as well. Red Spot was a part of the nine artist stable for over a year and just found out he was being discriminated against since he was the only gallery artist denied a one-person show. So the project "Red Spot Is No Longer Associated with the Avenue B Gallery" was formed. You may participate by helping Red Spot find out why Martin Hason, director of Avenue B Gallery refused him a one-person show. Please read the following page and VOTE. SEND the ballot to Red Spot, 535 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Results will be printed in the next Assembling #13.

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT RED SPOT AT
212 925-0143

VOTE FOR THE REASON(S) WHY MR. HASON DUMPED RED SPOT.

- Mr. Hason said, "Red Spot is a good artist."
- Since his affiliation the gallery was not able to sell any of Red Spot's work.
- Mr. Hason, Chris Costan (a fellow worker) and Red Spot used to have conversations about integrity in making and showing art at the Avenue B Gallery. The conversations would usually end quickly with Mr. Hason falling silent.
- Red Spot's art has been termed vulgar, sick and even wonderfully sick.
- Red Spot never treated Mr. Hason in the traditional manner that most employers are accustomed to.
- Due to the nature of Red Spot's work, Mr. Hason used to present it in a condescending manner.
- Business before art.
- Mr. Hason said, "Red Spot is a difficult person."
- Mr. Hason said, "Red Spot is a good artist."
- After visiting Red Spot's studio (overcrowded with artwork) Mr. Hason said, "There isn't much work being produced" and asked if there wouldn't "be more work by late Spring or Summer" (the off season when galleries show new artists or . . .)
- Mr. Hason said, ". . . if I give you a show, you will just want more, more and more. . . . In other words, I can't satisfy you, Mr. Red Spot. (At least Mr. Hason isn't trying to be the Leo Castelli of the East Village)
- Mr. Hason said, "Red Spot is a good artist."
- Red Spot's work is not easy work to look at and to merchandise. It has been even termed controversial.
- Mr. Hason said, "We can't show shit art at the Avenue B Gallery."
- Mr. Hason felt that if he showed Red Spot's work, it would scare away the average collector. (98% of all art bought today is by the corporate buyer.)
- Many of the East Village galleries feel that this is the year that will make or break them, so many are showing safer and more conservative art in contrast to the angry-aggressive school that put the East Village on the map.
- All of the above.

V. Reynolds and R. E. S. Tanner, The Biology of Religion,
 Longman, London, 1983:

Galton made a quantitative study of the 'success' of prayer, positing that because the British monarchs had more regular prayers said for their welfare than anyone else in Britain, they should have lived longer than the average citizen; he found that their life expectancy was in fact lower than the average (Galton 1883: 277-94).

They lived better tho.

Experiment No.	1	2	3	4	5	6
1 Drinking from same place	485	2,700	1,700	7,820	9,200	1,670
2 Drinking from different places	910	3,020	3,320	7,840	4,290	5,200
3 Drinking from same place and wiping	215	125	320	790	1,730	2,300
4 Drinking from different places and wiping	765	305	465	920	9,440	80

Table 13.1 Effect of wiping and rotating the chalice on numbers of organisms recovered from the drinking surface (From: Hobbs *et al.* 1967)

Circumcision

239

	Bombay		Madras	
	Total female admissions	% cancer cervix	Total female admissions	% cancer cervix
Hindus	3,828	45	280	53
Christians	575	29	60	29
Muslims	818	16	67	18
Parsis	396	13	—	—

Table 13.6 Cervical cancer as percentage of total female cancer admissions at Tata Memorial Hospital, Bombay, 1941-50 and Premier Radiological Institute & Cancer Hospital, Madras, 1950-52 (From: Wynder *et al.* 1954)

A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., A Harmony of the Gospels for Students of the Life of Christ: Based on the Broadus Harmony in the Revised Version, Harper & Row, NY, 1922: The difference between Orchard's and Robertson's structures - "2-gospel" vs. "Markan priority" - is the difference between Aristotle's physics and Mendeleev.

That it wasn't a miracle when the Assyrians withdrew because the mice ate their bowstrings; Isaiah had previously positively reinforced bowstring eating in mice with cheese-impregnated bowstrings.



One tower of the walled city of Judah, is under heavy attack by Assyrian infantry. This detail, copied from a series that covered the gypsum wall of Sennacherib's palace at Nineveh, depicts the aspect of the battle into sharp focus. Assyrians roll battering rams toward the outer wall, while the city's defenders from the turrets, hurl down stones, arrows and torches. The attackers, in turn, pour water against the flaming weapons. The Israelite captives (foreground) have been impaled on poles outside the city.

NEGATIVE ENTROPY by Ernest Robson

Who but Homo Sapiens can multiply in reverse without changing the product, and so reverse the order of time in precisely occurring periods of pistons, clocks, vibrations of cesium atoms?

AB=BA	BA=AB	AB=BA
BA=AB	AB=BA	BA=AB
AB=BA	BA=AB	AB=BA
BA=AB	AB=BA	BA=AB
AB=BA	$\frac{A}{B} \neq \frac{B}{A}$	AB=BA
BA=AB	AB=BA	BA=AB
AB=BA	BA=AB	AB=BA
BA=AB	AB=BA	BA=AB
AB=BA	BA=AB	AB=BA

Who else but Homo Sapiens can reverse the day for the night shift; or seek to reverse aging via the fountain of Ponce de Leon? Who but Homo Sapiens can make reversible

mechanisms transform the whole surface of the earth into an artificial environment? Who but Homo Grabiens could make artificial environments into a garbage economy with a mul-

SEPWIDJITTINKNUL

YOU COULD PREDICT THE ONSET OF YOUR ADVENT.....

INTO YOUR N _____ WHERE ON _____ WHEN _____

YOU WOULD NOT LAUGH WHEN YOU HEARD THE BELL

OF THAT GALLOPY LITTLE BEDPAN JOCKY SEPWIDJITTINKNUL

IS WHAT Baffles ENTROPY THE UNIVERSE'S NOISE

SO YOU CANNOT HEAR THE KNELL

IN SEPWIDJITTINKNUL'S BELL

SEPWIDJITTINKNUL

SEPWIDJITTINKNUL

IF THE DATE SEPWIDJITTINKNUL KNELLS

WERE KNOWN

IN ADVANCE

CUTTERS FOR MONEY WOULDN'T SELL

A STONE

FOR THE PAST



ANNIHILATE

ANNUL

abate
 squeeze
 contract
 condense
 constrict
 compress
 reduce
 destroy
 shrink
 subside
 decrease
 dwindle
 diminish
 disappear

am
 circumambience
 surround
 encompass
 envelop
 encircle

contain
 constrain
 crush
 revolving
 rotating
 twirling
 whirling
 winding
 spinning

center
 round
 core

point
 dot
 OR
 TURNABOUT

ABANDON

A B R I D G E

AMPLIFY

MALINGERY

EXAGGERATE

DOT
POINT
CORE
CENTRE
CIRCLE

CYCLIC
ROLLING
REELING
TWINING
TWISTING
WHIRLING

CIRCUMSCRIBE
CIRCUMSTANCE
ENCIRCLES
ENVELOPES
ENCOMPASSES

(AROUND
SURROUND)
CIRCUMAMBIENCE again?

OR

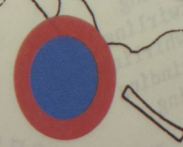
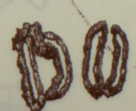
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start
swell
protrude
expand

enlarge
Increase
inflate
extend
bulge
develop
distend

conserve
preserve
G R O W



© Marilyn R. Rosenberg 1986



ART:

1. Your body is not in contact with art (usually).
2. It enters your body through rays of energy (light.)
3. The energy enters your body in a straight line.
4. It enters amid rays of light from other sources.
5. The form (with or without subject matter) is based on common visual experiences on this planet.

MUSIC:

1. Your body is not in contact with music.
2. It enters your body through waves of energy (sound).
3. The energy enters your body after traveling around you on all sides.
4. Usually, other sound waves are kept to a minimum.
5. The form (without lyrics) is not based on common aualial experience, but solely on emotion/intuition.



Single. Except. Run. Close to myself by Barbara Rosenthal. Visual Studies, 1981.

Books by BARBARA ROSENTHAL
are available from local stores &
PRINTED MATTER 7 Lispenard St. NYC 10013 (212) 925-0325
or **BARBARA ROSENTHAL** 727 Avenue of the Americas NYC 10010

The ice is broken

and to what purpose

a sleep

or an elephant waterclock

reels out the part grammar

drowned by finding the right

perpendicular sun

a camel takes many years

and buries them neatly in one desert hole

flexing her humps

as she goes



Shop Talk At Word Station Twelve

a rock band called The Happy Hemorrhoids

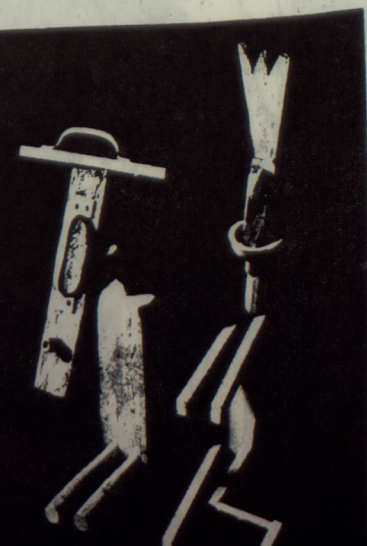
frolics in the shadows of a radioactive roaster

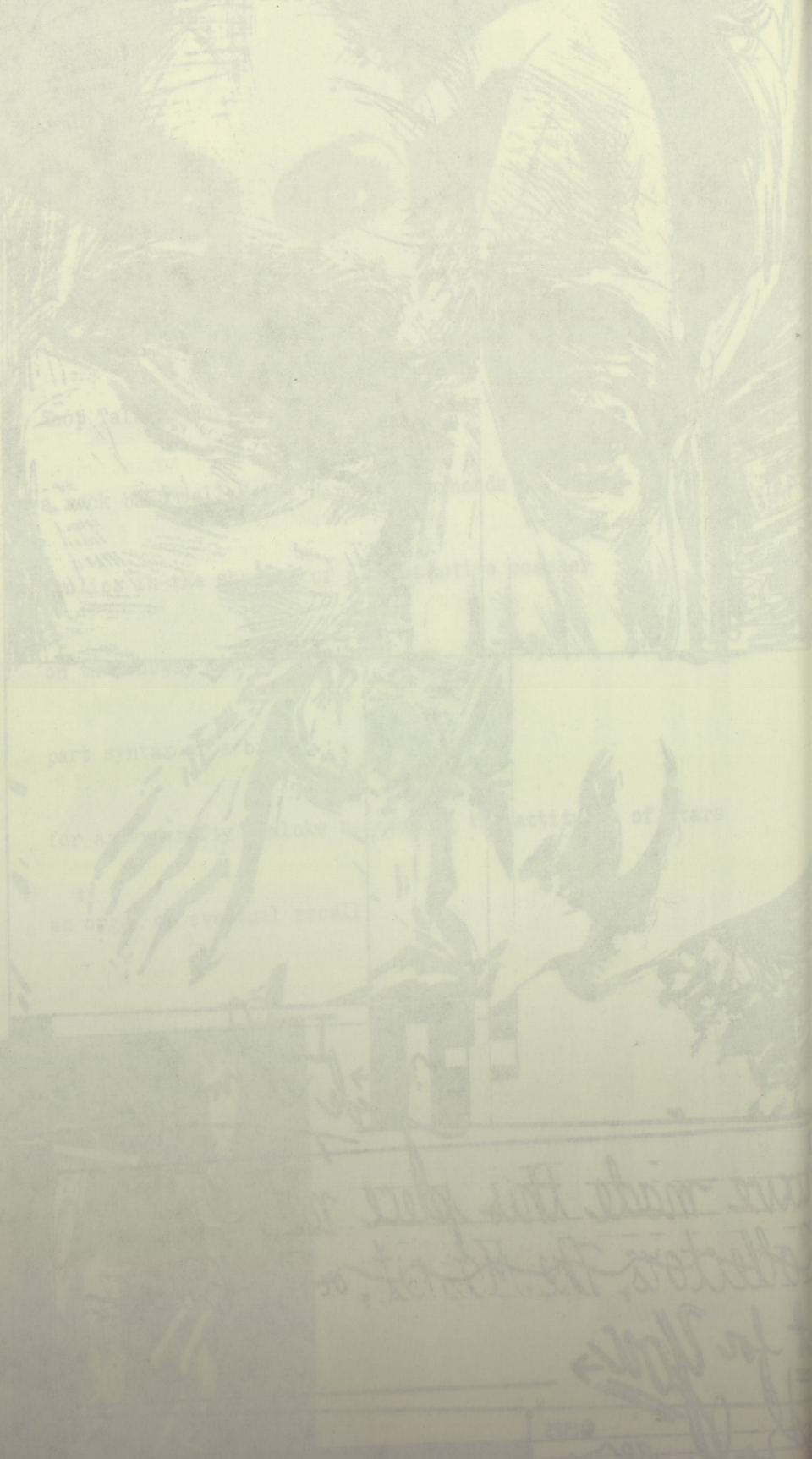
on the subway midway between stops

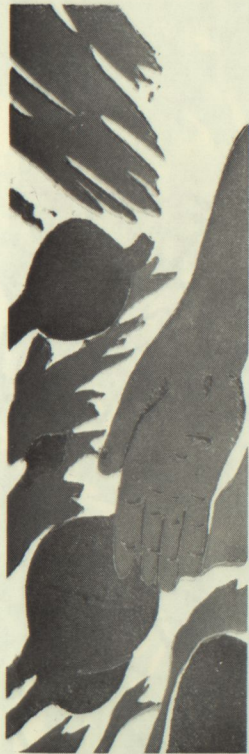
part syntax of a breath

for artsy-crafty Mamluks reassuring the attitudes of stars

an organ of eventual recall

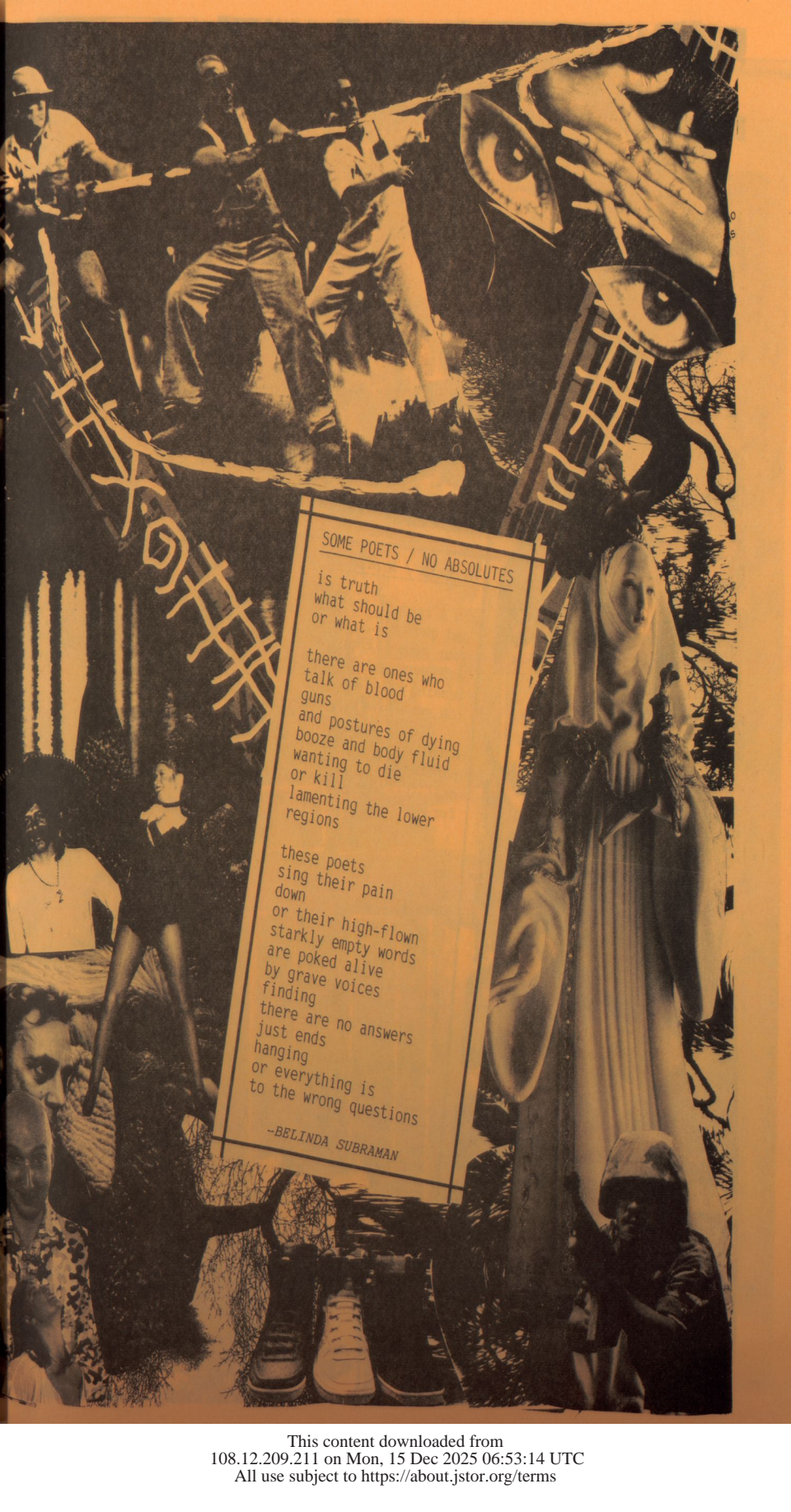






She wanted enlightenment.
To see beyond the sweet
pleasure of the garden.
From the hand that reached
too far
We have been given
Sorrow and pain,
Death and knowledge of
all the possibilities
for good and evil.





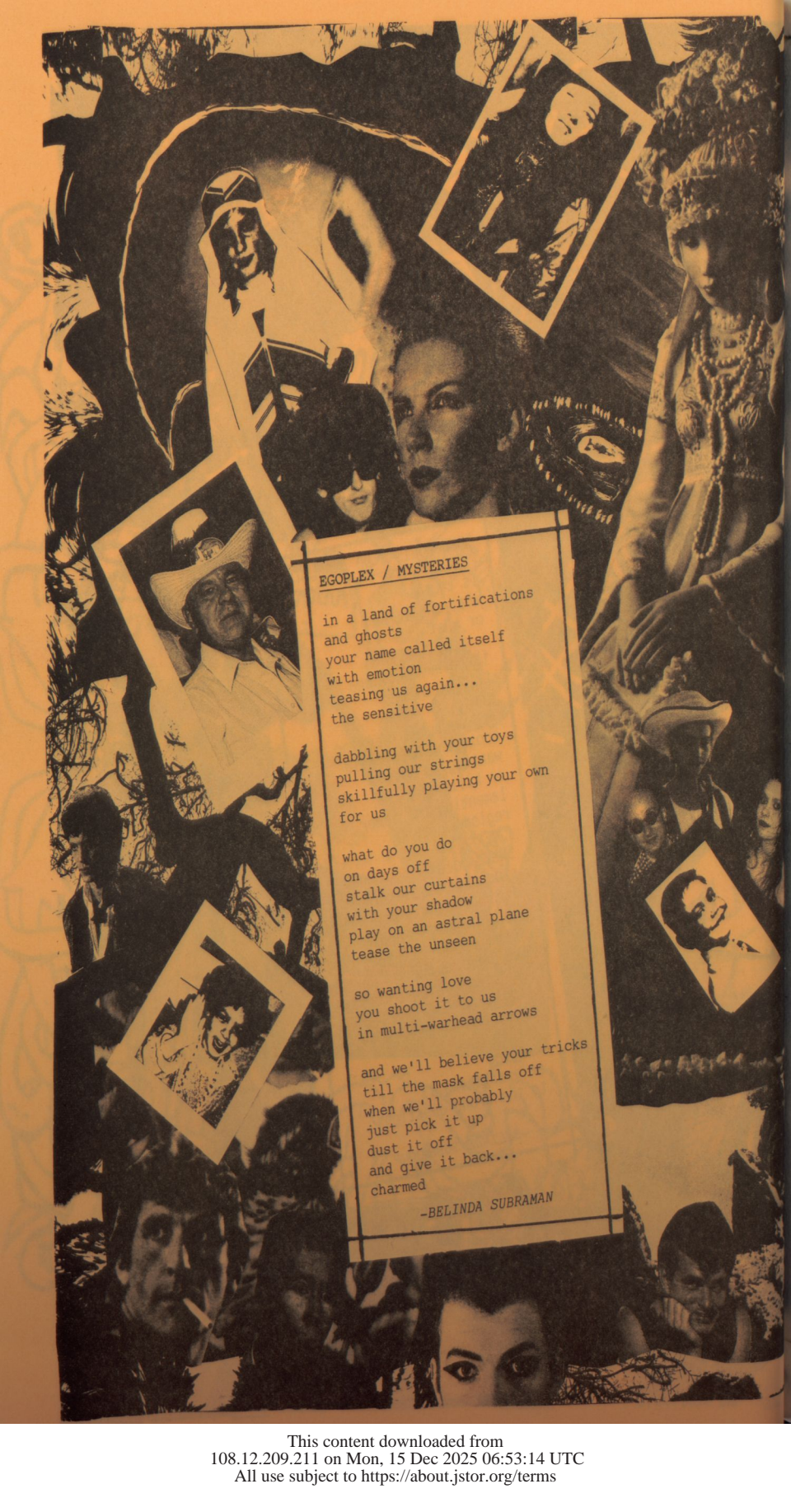
SOME POETS / NO ABSOLUTES

is truth
what should be
or what is

there are ones who
talk of blood
guns
and postures of dying
booze and body fluid
wanting to die
or kill
lamenting the lower
regions

these poets
sing their pain
down
or their high-flown
starkly empty words
are poked alive
by grave voices
finding
there are no answers
just ends
hanging
or everything is
to the wrong questions

-BELINDA SUBRAMAN



EGOPLEX / MYSTERIES

in a land of fortifications
and ghosts
your name called itself
with emotion
teasing us again...
the sensitive

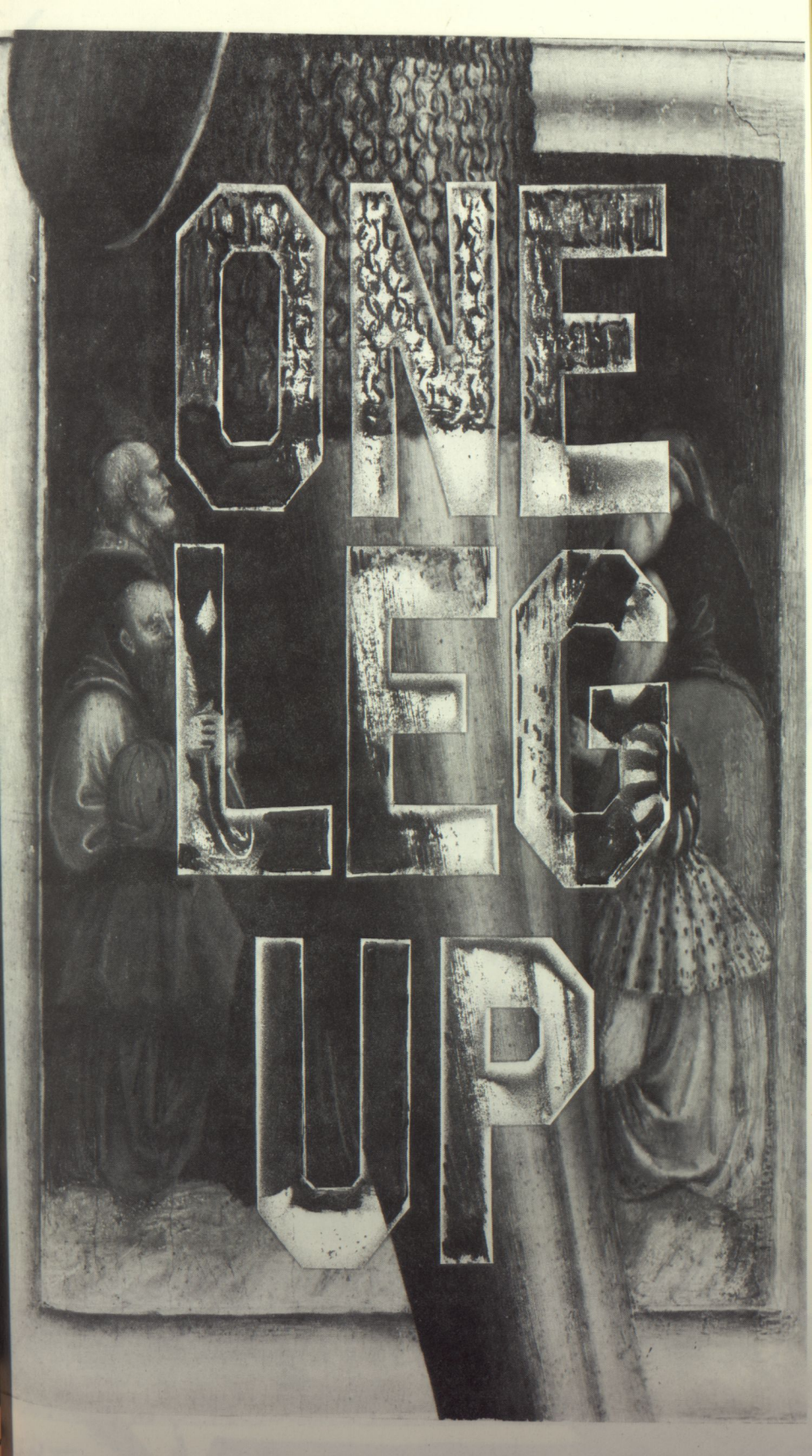
dabbling with your toys
pulling our strings
skillfully playing your own
for us

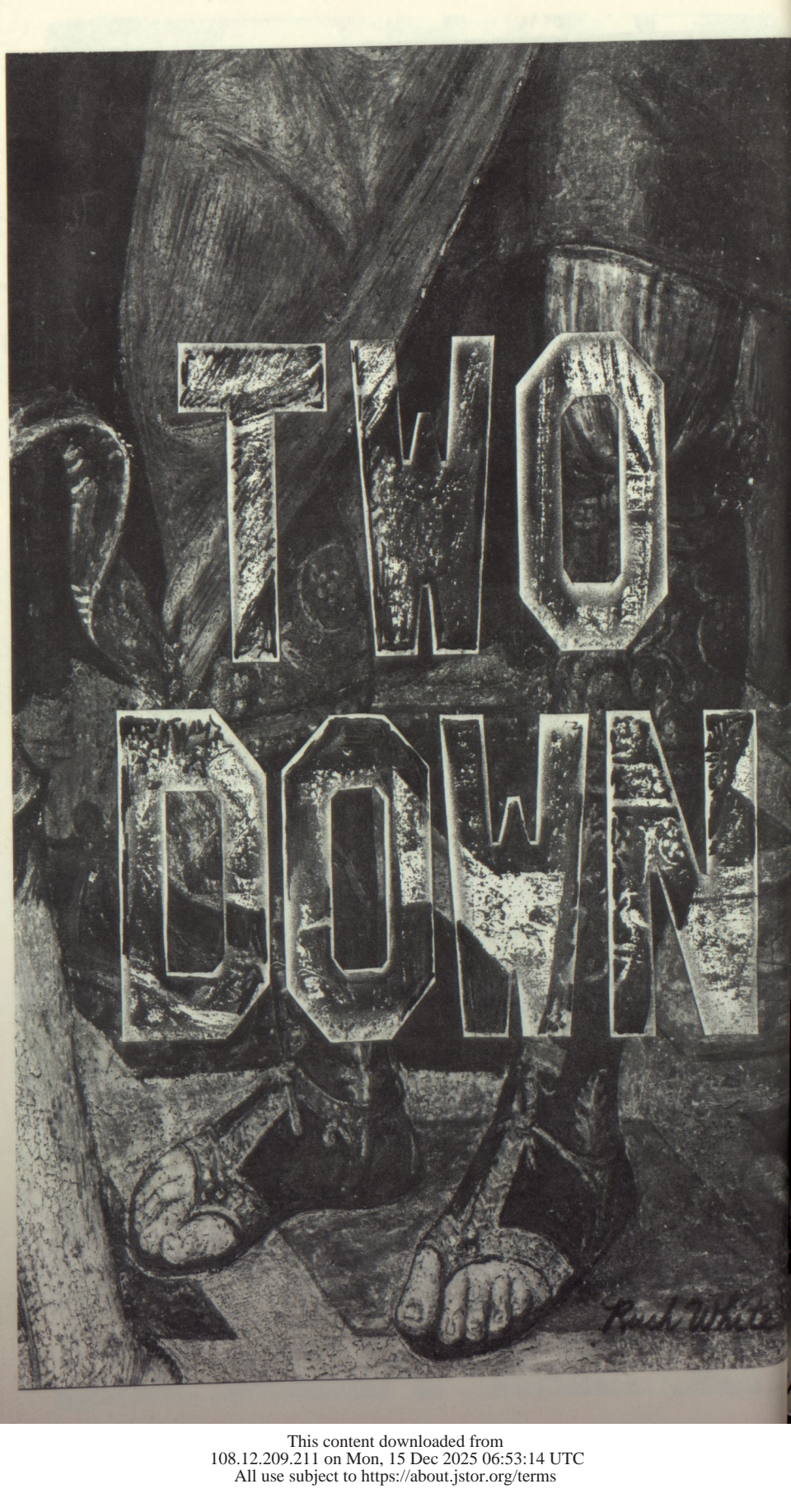
what do you do
on days off
stalk our curtains
with your shadow
play on an astral plane
tease the unseen

so wanting love
you shoot it to us
in multi-warhead arrows

and we'll believe your tricks
till the mask falls off
when we'll probably
just pick it up
dust it off
and give it back...
charmed

-BELINDA SUBRAMAN





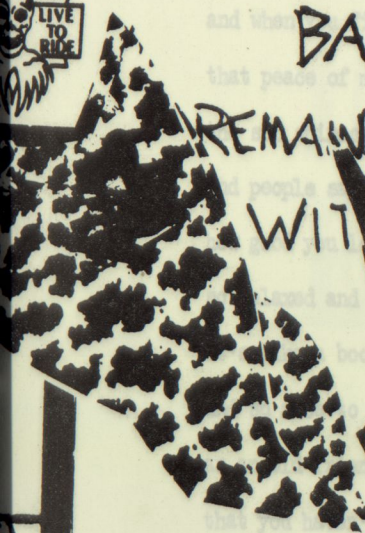
TWO
DOWN

Rush White

KOMPUBOTS

... LOCK SWITCH
TO OVERRIDE
PROCEED TO INTERSECT
BACTERIA X

REMAIN IN COMPLETE CONTACT
WITH THE 5th FORCE



STARBUCK ONE
TO OBERON

WE READ YOU
COPY

IGHT

OVERVIEW

LOCK SWITCH

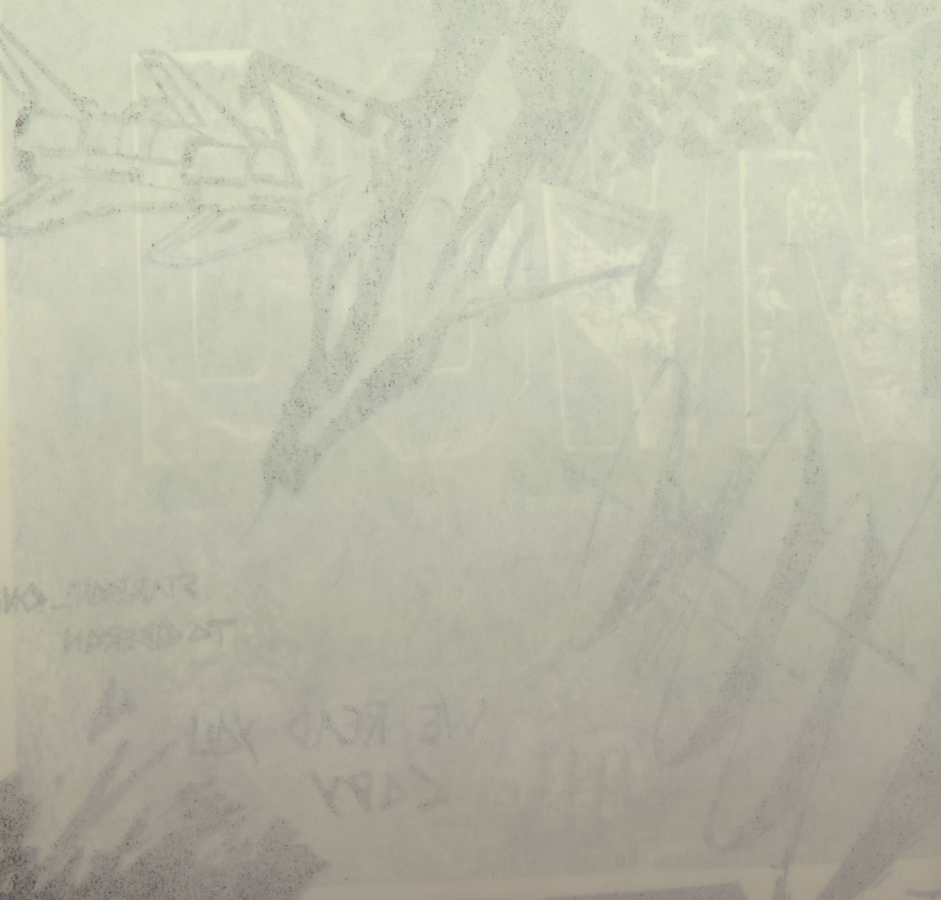
TA OVERRIDE

PROCEED TO INTEREST

BACTERIA X

REMAIN IN COMPLETE CONTACT

WITH THE STOP BARREL



NO. 100000

WE READ ALL COPY

Singing in the sun

blind innocence
and happiness
is all this is.
and when you find
that peace of mind
the sun shines,
and people say
how good you look
so relaxed and calm
it's like a book
and so nice to know
as an old friend
that you haven't seen
who came home
to dwell in me...
and i sing in praise
when i think of today.

xoges
61785

oh sweet words

and fine tune

a bird's melody

and aged wine

so song comes

to my heart

like each of these

wonderful and nice

more moving than

money or might

simple feelings

in sweet words.

xoges

71 385

ARK IN EAR

Karl Young, *Sign with Letters Obliterated by mud.*

HELL
IRE
FORMANCE

Karl Young, *Sign with Letters Obliterated by snow.*

FIBERART, by Katarina Zavarškā



"Self-Portrait Record," 1982-1983

Dimensions: 51" x 71" / Materials: wool, sisal, cotton



ΚΑΤΑΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΚΑΤΑΛΟΓΟΥ ΣΑΛΑΝΙΚΗΣ

"Self-Portrait Record", 1982-1983
East Young, Sign with Letters (Illustrated by woman)
Dimensions: 51" x 71" Materials: wool, sisal, cotton

FIBERART, — by K. Zavaraská

Katarína Zavaraska lives and works in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. Her tapestries and textile miniatures have been exhibited throughout Eastern Europe and parts of Asia.

For more information contact:

Robert A. Frauenglas

Ryder Street Station

Box 328

Brooklyn, New York 11234-0328



"EAR - THERMOVIZIA," 1981

Dimensions: 28" x 55"

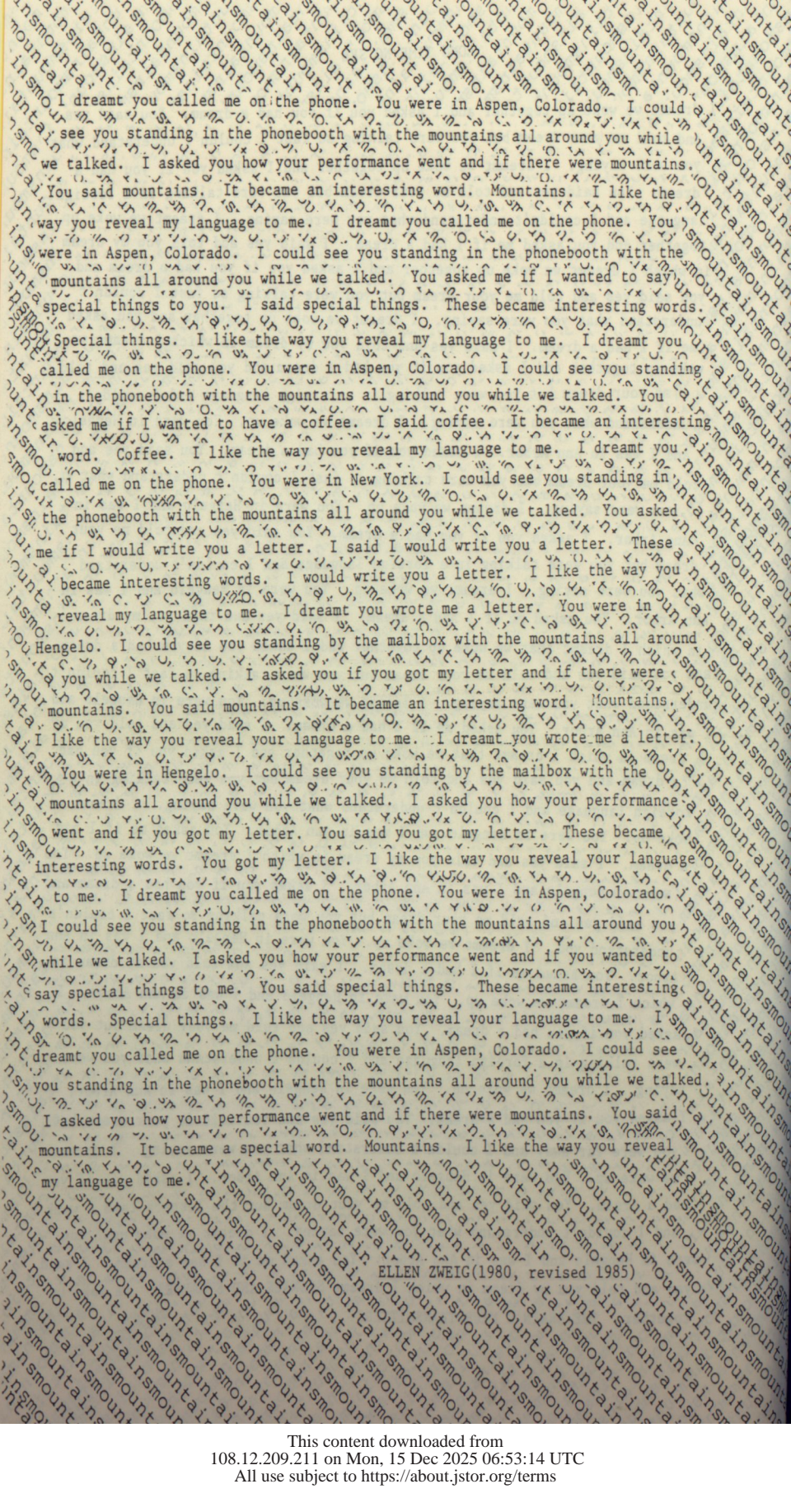
Materials: wool & sisal

Material: wool & silk
Dimensions: 28" x 22"
"EAR - THERMOVIZIA", 1981

Επίσημο, από Δεκέμ 11/1980-1980
σελ. 258
Πρώτη έκδοση: 1980
Εκδόσεις: 1980
Εκδόσεις: 1980
Εκδόσεις: 1980

ΕΙΒΕΡΚΤ, — ΡΥ Κ. ΣΑΛΑΡΣΚΩ
ΤΡΑΡΑΒΙΑ

LONG TIME NO SEE
I dreamt we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream. You said yes and told me your dream but you were talking so fast I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream. You said yes and told me your dream but you were talking in a foreign language and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up together and you asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream and you said yes and told me your dream but you were talking so fast I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up together and you asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream and you said yes and told me your dream but you were talking in a foreign language and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. I asked you if you had a dream. You said yes and told me your dream but you were talking so fast I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. I asked you if you had a dream. You said yes and told me your dream but you were talking in a foreign language and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. You asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt that we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream and you said yes and told me your dream but you were talking so fast I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. You asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt that we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream and you said yes and told me your dream but you were talking in a foreign language and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. You asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt that we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream and you said yes and told me your dream but you were talking in a foreign language and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. You asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt that we woke up together and I asked you if you had a dream and you said yes and told me your dream but you were talking so fast I couldn't understand you. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. You asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. I asked you if you had a dream and you said yes and told me your dream but you were talking so fast I couldn't understand you. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. You asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. I asked you if you had a dream. You said yes and told me your dream but you were talking in a foreign language and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. I asked you if you had a dream. You said yes and you told me your dream but you were far away and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. I asked you if you had a dream. You said yes and told me your dream but the letters take a week and I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt we woke up. You were in Hengelo and I was in Ann Arbor. You asked me if I had a dream. I said yes and told you my dream in which I dreamt SIGNALS AND SYNAPSES: we woke up together. THE BRAIN'S NEUROTRANSMITTERS.



I dreamt you called me on the phone. You were in Aspen, Colorado. I could see you standing in the phonebooth with the mountains all around you while we talked. I asked you how your performance went and if there were mountains. You said mountains. It became an interesting word. Mountains. I like the way you reveal my language to me. I dreamt you called me on the phone. You were in Aspen, Colorado. I could see you standing in the phonebooth with the mountains all around you while we talked. You asked me if I wanted to say special things to you. I said special things. These became interesting words. Special things. I like the way you reveal my language to me. I dreamt you called me on the phone. You were in Aspen, Colorado. I could see you standing in the phonebooth with the mountains all around you while we talked. You asked me if I wanted to have a coffee. I said coffee. It became an interesting word. Coffee. I like the way you reveal my language to me. I dreamt you called me on the phone. You were in New York. I could see you standing in the phonebooth with the mountains all around you while we talked. You asked me if I would write you a letter. I said I would write you a letter. These became interesting words. I would write you a letter. I like the way you reveal my language to me. I dreamt you wrote me a letter. You were in Hengelo. I could see you standing by the mailbox with the mountains all around you while we talked. I asked you if you got my letter and if there were mountains. You said mountains. It became an interesting word. Mountains. I like the way you reveal your language to me. I dreamt you wrote me a letter. You were in Hengelo. I could see you standing by the mailbox with the mountains all around you while we talked. I asked you how your performance went and if you got my letter. You said you got my letter. These became interesting words. You got my letter. I like the way you reveal your language to me. I dreamt you called me on the phone. You were in Aspen, Colorado. I could see you standing in the phonebooth with the mountains all around you while we talked. I asked you how your performance went and if you wanted to say special things to me. You said special things. These became interesting words. Special things. I like the way you reveal your language to me. I dreamt you called me on the phone. You were in Aspen, Colorado. I could see you standing in the phonebooth with the mountains all around you while we talked. I asked you how your performance went and if there were mountains. You said mountains. It became a special word. Mountains. I like the way you reveal my language to me.

ELLEN ZWEIG (1980, revised 1985)

first we take it out
on the plants and animals
then on ourselves
sure as shooting C.D.



ARTISTS

FOR




ALL SPECIES



Jellyfish Force Nuclear Plant Shutdown—Again

FORT PIERCE, Fla. — Swarms of jellyfish clogged the nuclear plant water intake, forcing officials to shut down the reactor for a second time, a Florida Power & Light Co. spokesman said Tuesday.

A blanket of jellyfish clogged a coolant pipe and forced the shutdown of two nuclear reactors Saturday. Officials decided to restart Unit One at the St. Lucie plant Monday but, 10 hours later, more jellyfish caused officials to halt operations again, company spokesman Tony Bruns said.





ARTISTS FOR ALL SPECIES DREW TOGETHER AS A GROUP BECAUSE OF SHARED BELIEFS. WE HAVE WORKED TOGETHER SINCE 1982 ON ART EXHIBITIONS AND EDUCATIONAL PROJECTS.

WE ARE CONCERNED ABOUT THE DETERIORATION OF THE ENVIRONMENT, AND ESPECIALLY ABOUT THE ACCELERATING EXTINCTION OF SPECIES. THE FUTURE HEALTH OF THE ENVIRONMENT IS THREATENED BY TOXIC WASTE, LAND MISMANAGEMENT, AND POPULATION PRESSURE. WE SEE THE LOSS OF HABITAT AND LOSS OF SPECIES DIVERSITY AS A WARNING THAT WE ARE PUSHING THE EARTH TO ITS LIMITS.

AS ARTISTS MUCH OF OUR WORK ADDRESSES THE DANGEROUS ALIENATION OF PEOPLE FROM NATURE. OFTEN WE HAVE FOCUSED ON ANIMALS AS SYMBOLS OF OUR WIDER CONCERNS. WE ARE ATTEMPTING, THROUGH OUR WORK, TO MOVE PEOPLE TOWARD AN AWARENESS OF THE ESSENTIAL INTERDEPENDENCE OF HUMANKIND AND NATURE.

ARTISTS CURRENTLY INVOLVED:

Doree Albritton
Elizabeth Connor
Elizabeth Cook
Susan Cutter
Theresa DeSalvio

Susan Feldman
George Lawrence
Julius Valiunas
April Vollmer
Pat Volpe

Contact: George Lawrence 182 8th St. Brooklyn, NY 11215
718-768-5008

(c) 1985

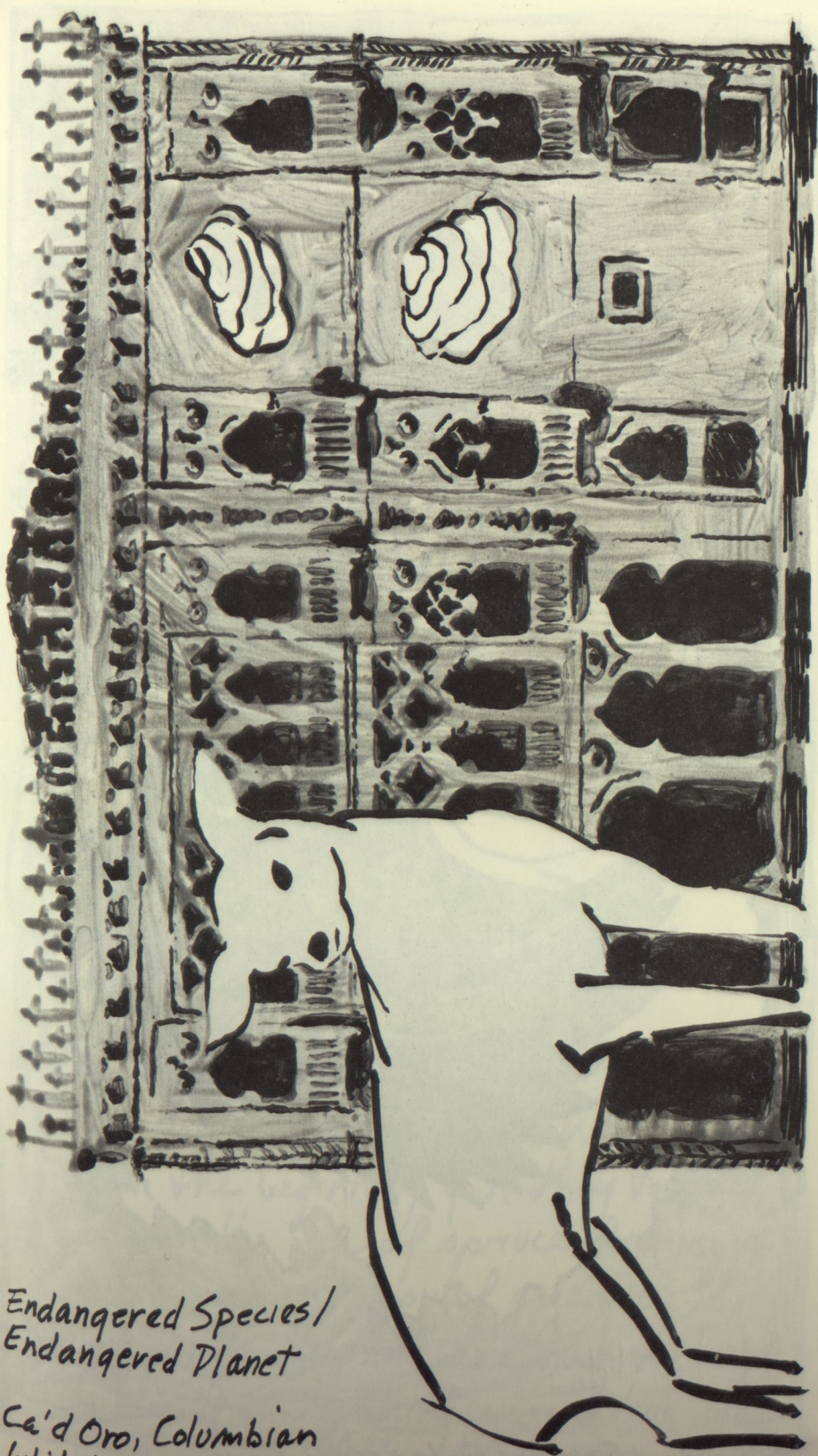




DREE ALBITTON ©







Endangered Species/
Endangered Planet

Ca'd Oro, Columbian
Whitetailed Deer, Cumberland Bean Pearly Mussel,
Curtis Pearly Mussel



Endangered Species / Endangered Planet
Antarctica,
Alouatta Pigra / Black Howler Monkey,
Alabama Lamb Pearl Mussel



"The great pines were vulnerable to man from the beginning for they towered above the sea of spruce forming a second story canopy of greenery. Like the whales they were much too large to hide from searching eyes... it took mere decades to cancel out a thousand years of growing once the axes began to flash." *The*
64 New Dietm



©1985 Susan W. Cutter

L'AMOUR

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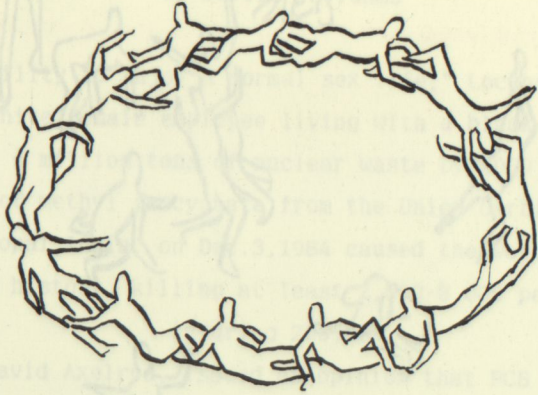




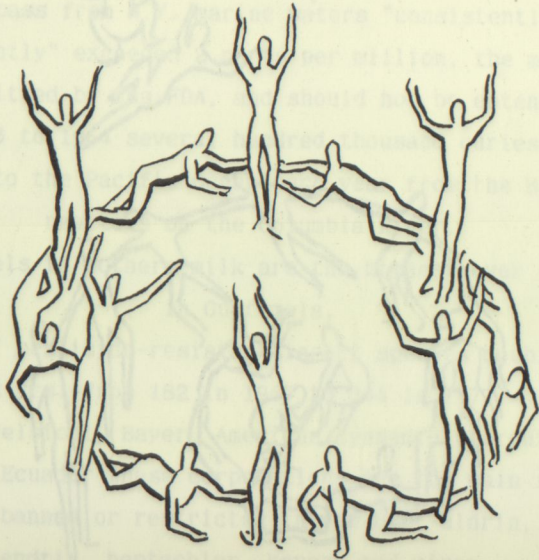


Sfeldman

Succession Cycle - patterns in nature



genesis



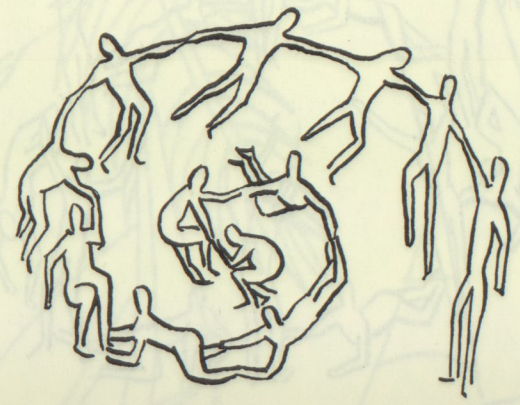
growth



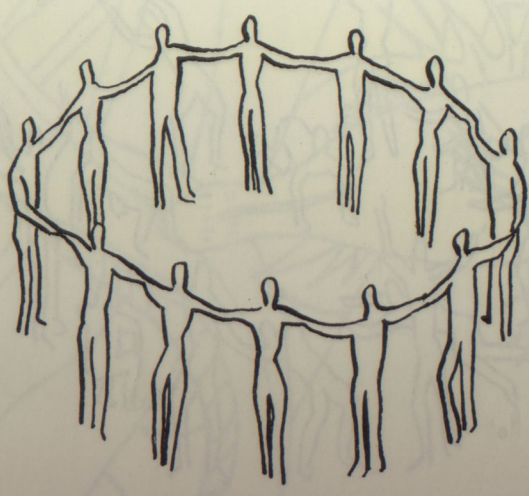
change



chaos



order



unity

19 facts

by Julius Valiunas

1. "Inability to enjoy a normal sex life," Lockheed memo on a white female employee living with a black man.
2. $\frac{1}{4}$ million tons of nuclear waste by 2000 A.D.
3. A leak of methyl isocyanate from the Union Carbide pesticide plant in Bhopal, India, on Dec. 3, 1984 caused the worst industrial accident in history, killing at least 2,000-8,000 people and injuring 200,000
4. Dr. David Axelrod, issued an opinion that PCB levels in striped bass from N.Y. marine waters "consistently and significantly" exceeded 2 parts per million, the maximum permitted by the FDA, and should not be eaten.
5. From 1955 to 1964 several hundred thousand curies of waste flowed into the Pacific Ocean each year from the Hanford reactors on the Columbia River.
6. DDT levels in mothers milk are the highest ever recorded in Guatemala.
7. The # of pesticide-resistant insect species doubled in 12 yrs.-from 182 in 1967 to 364 in 1977.
8. Shell, Velsicol, Bayer, American Cyanamid, Hercules and Monsanto: In Ecuador these corporations are the main importers of pesticides banned or restricted in the U.S.-aldrin, dieldrin, endrin, heptachlor, kepone and mirex.
9. 500,000 people are poisoned by pesticides every year in the 3rd world.
10. "I think Jim Watt is a victim of ... professionals in some of the various organizations who make me wonder sometimes whether they really want problems solved," Reagan said.
11. Each year America's chemical plants vent or leak billions of pounds hazardous gases into the air.

(over)

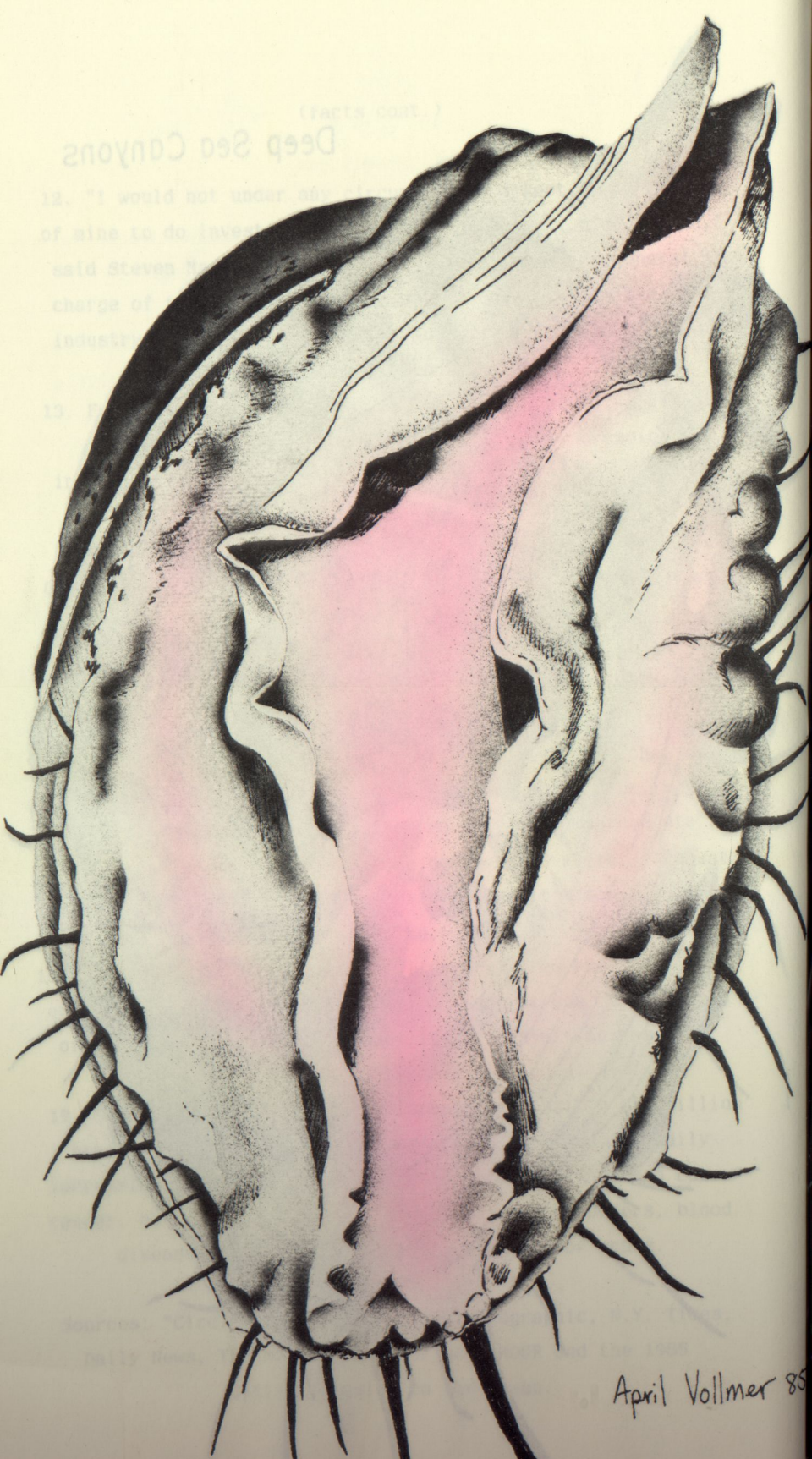
(facts cont.)

12. "I would not under any circumstances direct investigators of mine to do investigations like these without being armed," said Steven Madonna, New Jersey's deputy attorney general in charge of toxic waste enforcement. "I believe that the waste industry is probably one of the most violent industries in the nation today.
13. Former EPA official Rita Lavelle was sentenced to 6 months in prison and fined \$10,000 for lying to congressional investigators about her role in overseeing the government's \$1.6 billion Superfund hazardous waste cleanup program.
14. A Navy Tomahawk cruise missile crashed into the Pacific Ocean Sunday after launching on a test flight from a destroyer off southern California.
15. Millions of gallons of gasoline leaking from storage tanks each year poses a potentially serious threat to underground water supplies, the EPA warned today.
16. The EPA has been studying for 14 yrs. over 100 chemicals that they've suspected are dangerous, and out of the 14 yrs. they've been looking at it, they've only come to regulate 5.
17. Gramoxone, which contains the deadly weed-killer paraquat is not only sometimes sold in coke bottles-it's the same color as coke.
18. Most of the land in Federal wilderness preserves has little or no potential for producing oil or natural gas, and only 4% of that land has a high probability of containing reserves, Federal geologists have concluded.
19. Since 1950 Americans have disposed of possibly six billion tons of solid toxic waste in or around our land, steadily increasing our potential exposure to chemicals that can cause cancer, birth defects, miscarriages, nervous disorders, blood diseases, and damage to liver, kidneys, or genes.

Sources: "Circle of Poison, National Geographic, N.Y. Times, Daily News, The MacNeil/Lehrer NEWS HOUR and the 1985 Citizen's Guide to the Ocean.

Deep Sea Canyons





April Vollmer 88





SPECIAL SECTION

RUSSIAN SAMIZDAT ART

COMPILED BY RIMMA & VALERY GERLOVIN





NATALYA ABALAKOVA
 ANDREY ABRAMOV
 NIKITA ALEKSEEV
 VAGRICH BAKHTCHANYAN
 VILEN BARSKY
 NICKOLAS BOKOV
 WILLIAM BRUI
 ERIK BULATOV
 THE GERLOVINS
 GOROSHO AND CLARK
 MICHAEL GROBMAN
 ILLIA KABAKOV
 GREGORY KAFEL'YAN
 KOMAR AND MELAMID
 HENRY KHUDYAKOV
 KONSTANTIN KUZMINSKY
 LEONID KUZNETSOV
 IGOR MAKAREVICH
 LEO LAPIN
 ANDREY MONASTYRSKIY
 VSEVOLOD NEKRASOV
 LEV NUSBERG
 DMITRI PRIGOV
 LEV RUBINSHTEIN
 LEONID SOKOV
 GROUP "ROADSTOOLS"
 ANATOLY UR
 NIKIPHOR ZAVATS
 ANATOLY ZHIGALOV

... AS AN ART IS A NEW CREATIVE PHENOMENON BORN
BACKGROUND AS A RESULT OF CIRCUMSTANCES OF RUSSIAN CULTURE. IT IS BASED ON
KNOWN RUSSIAN AVANT-GARDE BOOK TRADITIONS. THE DEEP INTEREST OF THE IN-
GENSIA IN ILLEGAL ART (WHICH ALWAYS INSPIRES AUTHORS), AND TOTAL IN-
DENCE CAUSED BY THE "IRON CURTAIN", FROM THE ARTIST BOOK MOVEMENT IN THE
SUCH A SYNCRETIC GENRE OF BOOK-OBJECTS HAS, IN THE LAST 20 YEARS, BECOME
AND RESOURCEFUL FOR CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN ARTISTS.



Призрак бродит по Европе, товарищи, призрак коммунизма
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IGOR MAKAREVICH

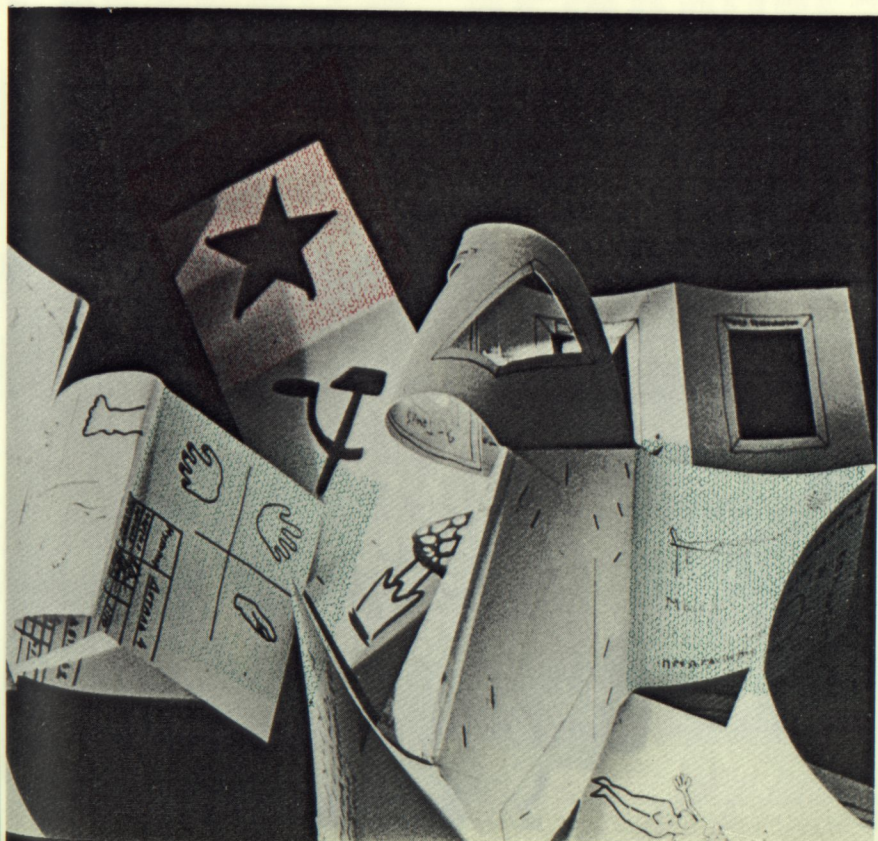
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MUKHOMOR

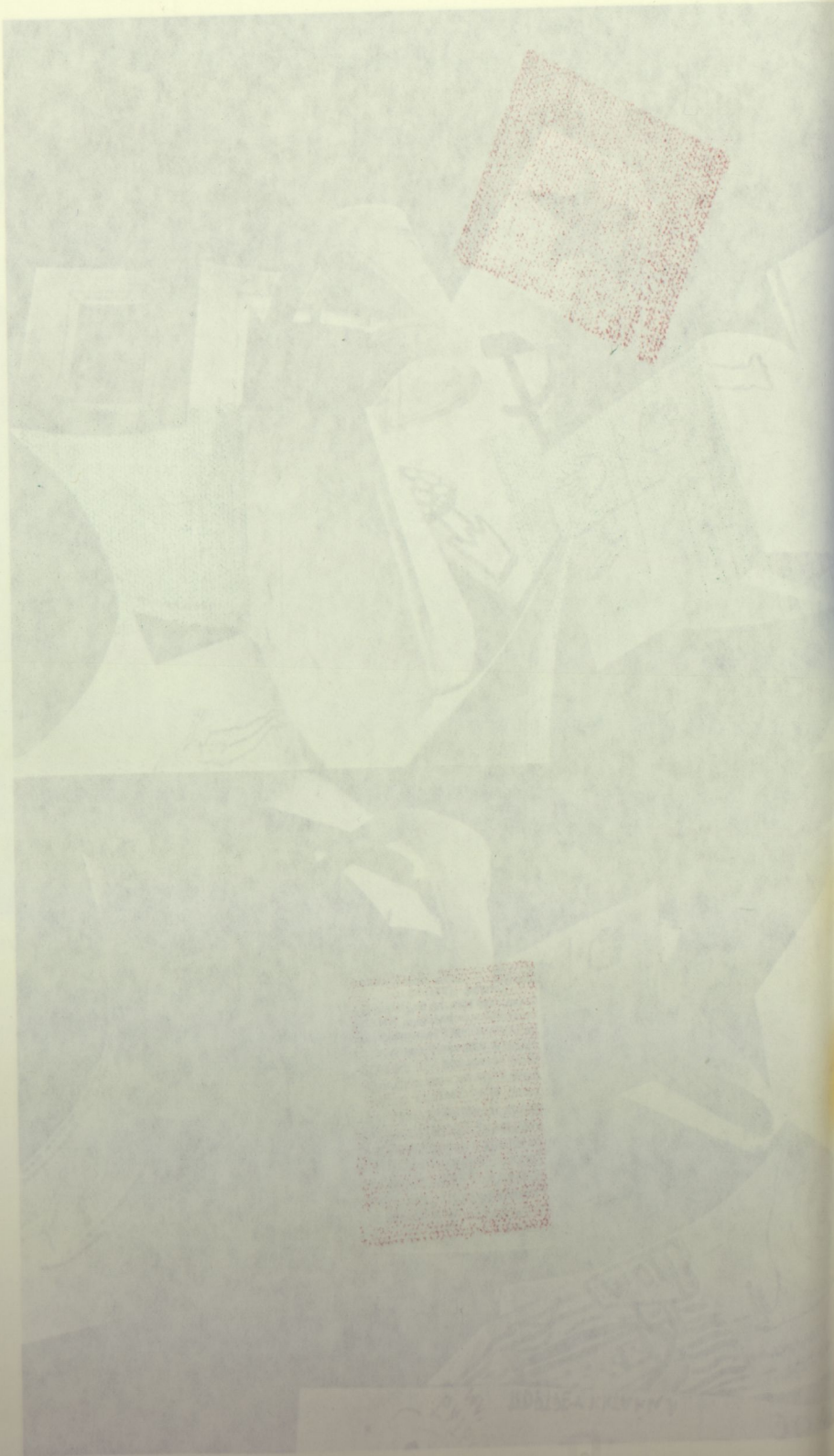
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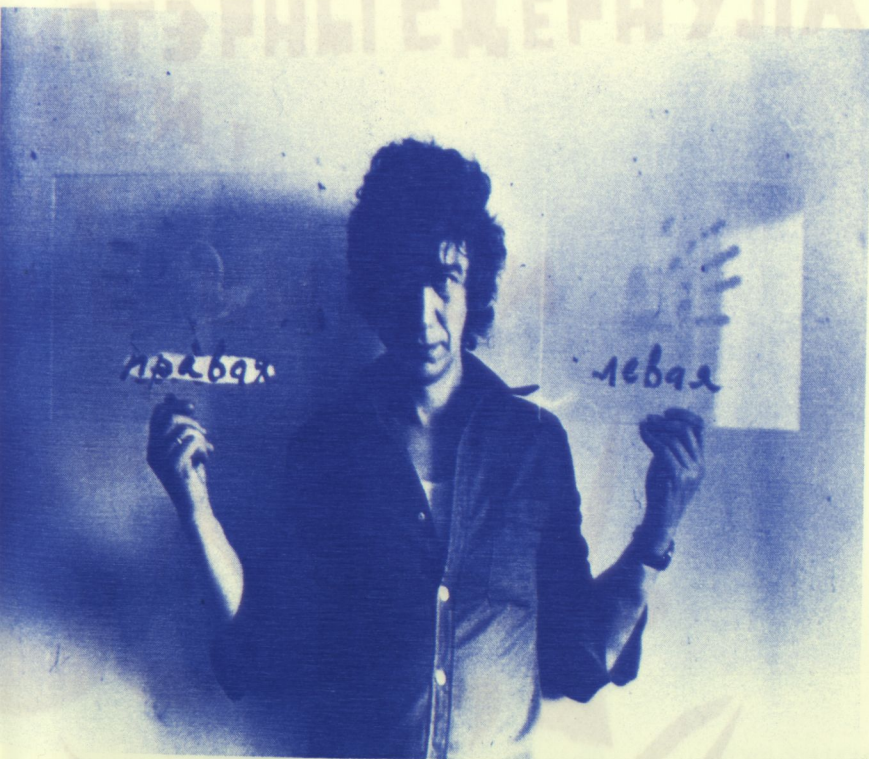


MUKHOMORY



YROMOHXUM

ПТИЦА БРЮХНИГИ
ПТЭРНЫ СДЕРНУДА



IVAN CHUIKOV





IVAN CHUKOVA



КЭВРЛТИЦА БРЮХИНОГИ
ЦИСТЭРНЫ СДЕРНУЛА
ИДЕИ,
ВОТ
КИЁ ВИДЕИ



ЭТОЖ
БВЛЬЖЕ
РЫСЖЕ

— ПТИЦЦА
ГВЖЖА
ДЛЯ
СТИХ
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SERGEI SIGEI

ЭВЕРТНУ АДУТНУ
АНТЭРНІ СЕРНУ
АДУНЧЕДЗІНЧЕТН
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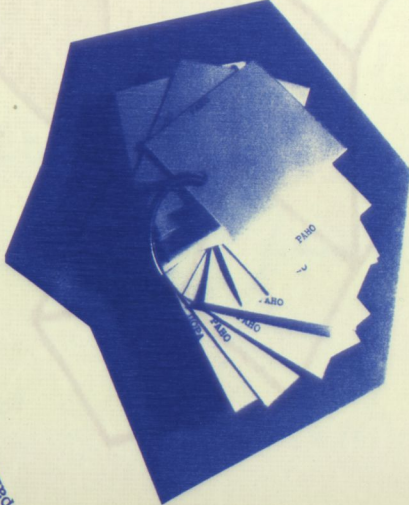
Только это не Бог

Вот-вот

А Бог
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VSEVOLOD NEKRASOV

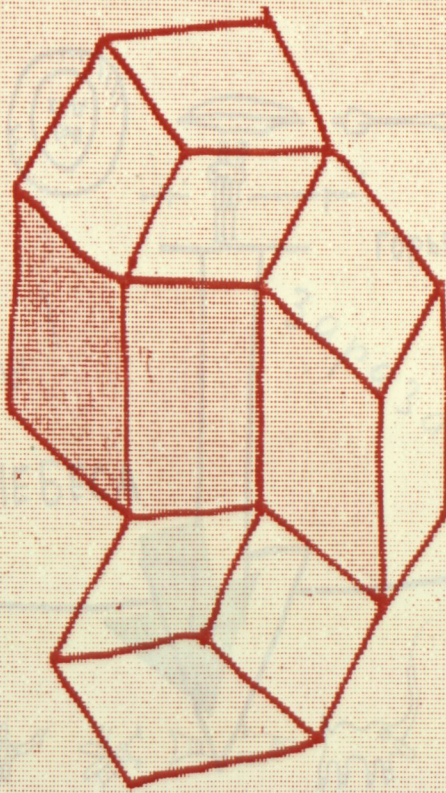
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даждь да
и левая же, что это неправда
даждь да
даждь да

И хороши
и мы были
именно
Хороши был
мир
то что слышали

и что надо будет сказать
— Спасибо

Пожалуйста —
что я могу сказать

ANDREY ABRAMOV "SUN"

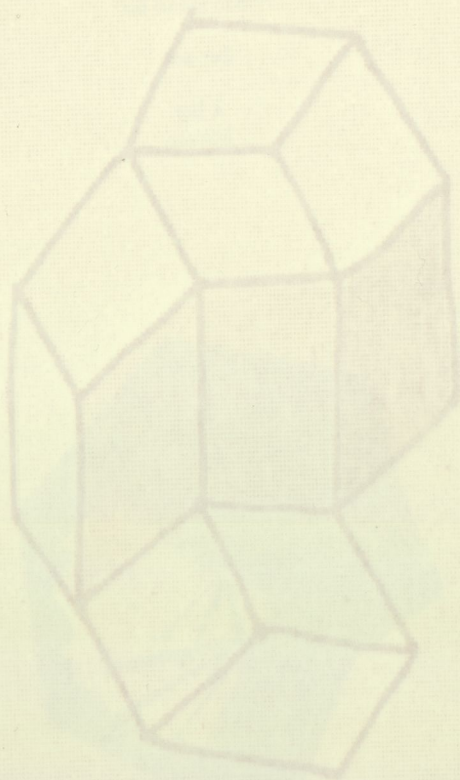


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С.А.НЦЕ

ANDREY ABRAMOV "SUN"

ANDREY MONASTYNSKY



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CVHTE

"MUS" VOMARBA YERONA

зараза!

7



Р.Воря

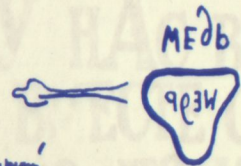


АхТм! зараза!

НЕБЕСА

N1

АхТм! зараза!



МЕДЬ



горы горы

горы горы горы

АхТм!
НЕБЕСА

зараза!
N2

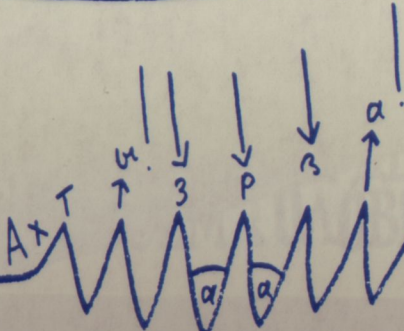
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НЕБЕСА (Р.Воря)

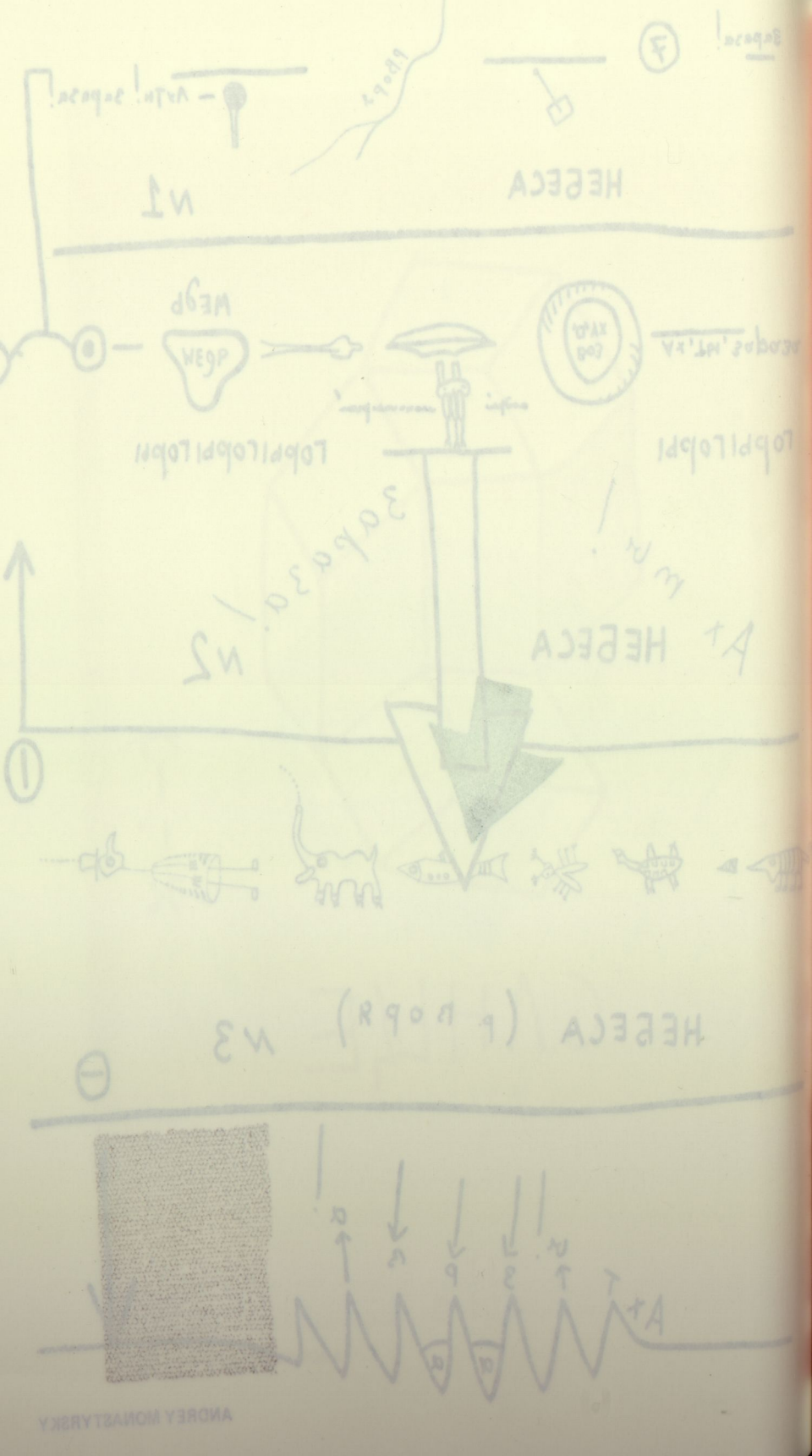
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ANDREY MONASTYRSKY

IRINA GERLOVINA



ЗДРАВСТВУИ МОЯ БУРКА!

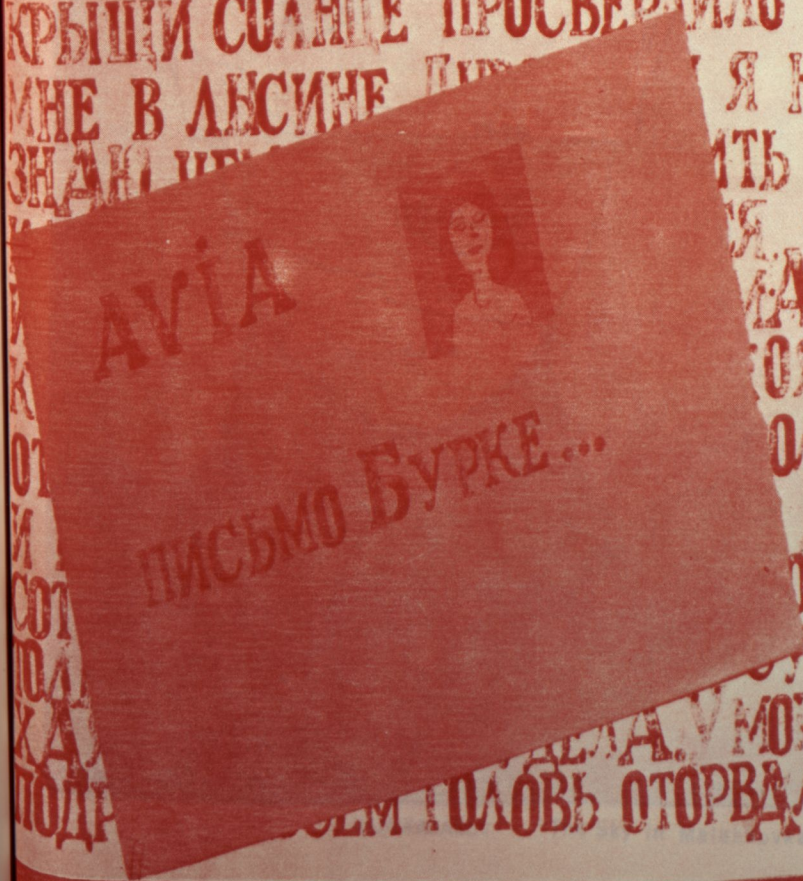
СЕЙЧАС Я В СТЕПЯХ
КАЗАХСТАНА. У НАС ВЕТРЫ
СДУВАЮТ ЛЮДЕИ ВМЕСТЕ С ОДЕ
ДОИ. ЖАЛКО ТОЛЬКО ЧТО КРЫ
ЩА НОЧЬЮ КУДА-ТО ДЕЛАСЬ...
ИЗ-ЗА НОЧНОГО ИСЧЕЗНОВЕНИЯ
КРЫШИ СОЛНЦЕ ПРОСВЕРКАЛО

МНЕ В ЛЫСИНЕ ДИ... Я НЕ
ЗНАЮ ЧЕ... ТЬ ЕЕ.

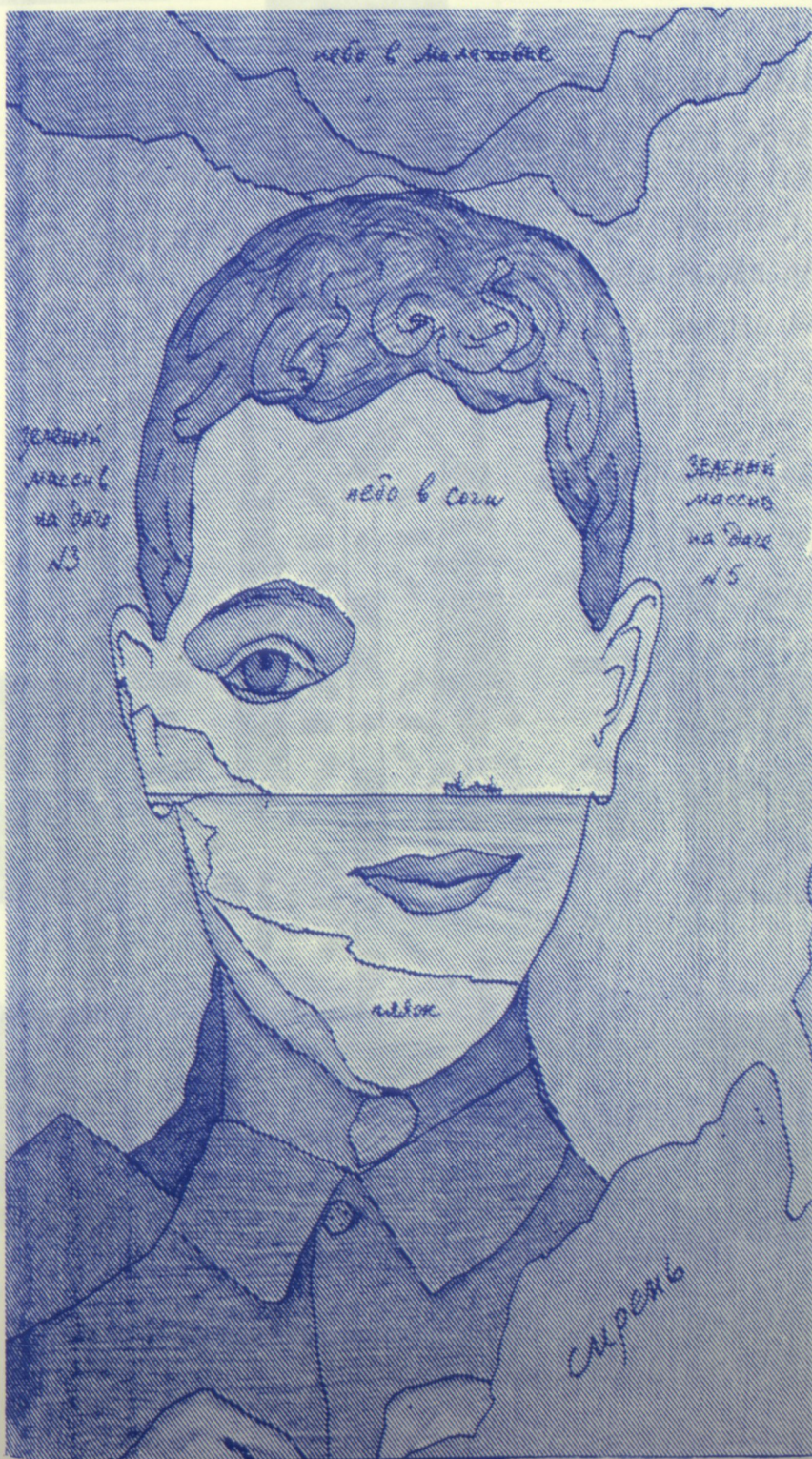
...АВИА... Я...
...ОЯ...
...ОМ...
...ДО...
...ЩО...

ПИСЬМО БУРКЕ...

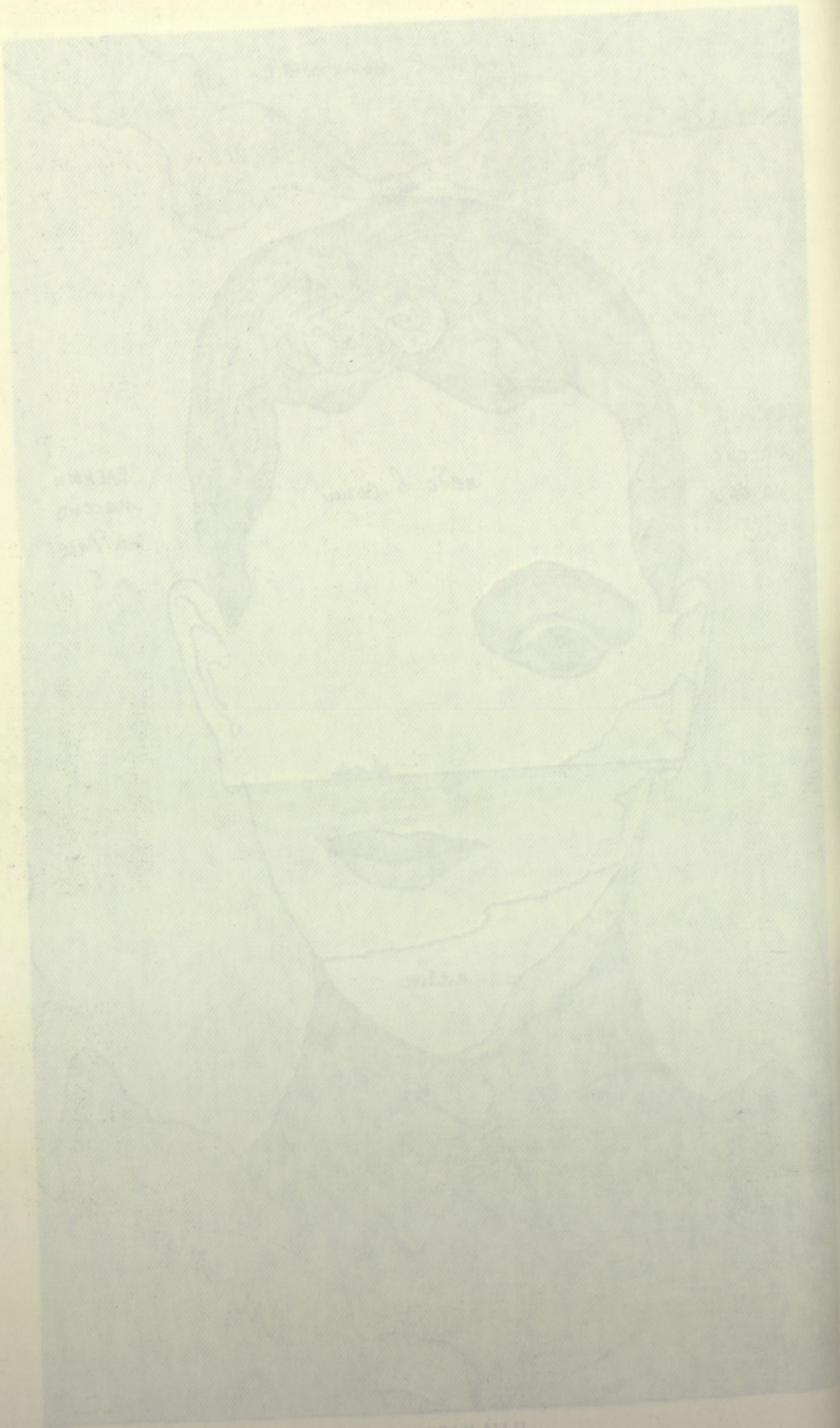
...ДЕЛА У МОИХ
...ГОЛОВЬ ОТОРВАЛО.



IRINA GERLOVINA



ILIJA KABAКOV "The Sky in Malakhovka"

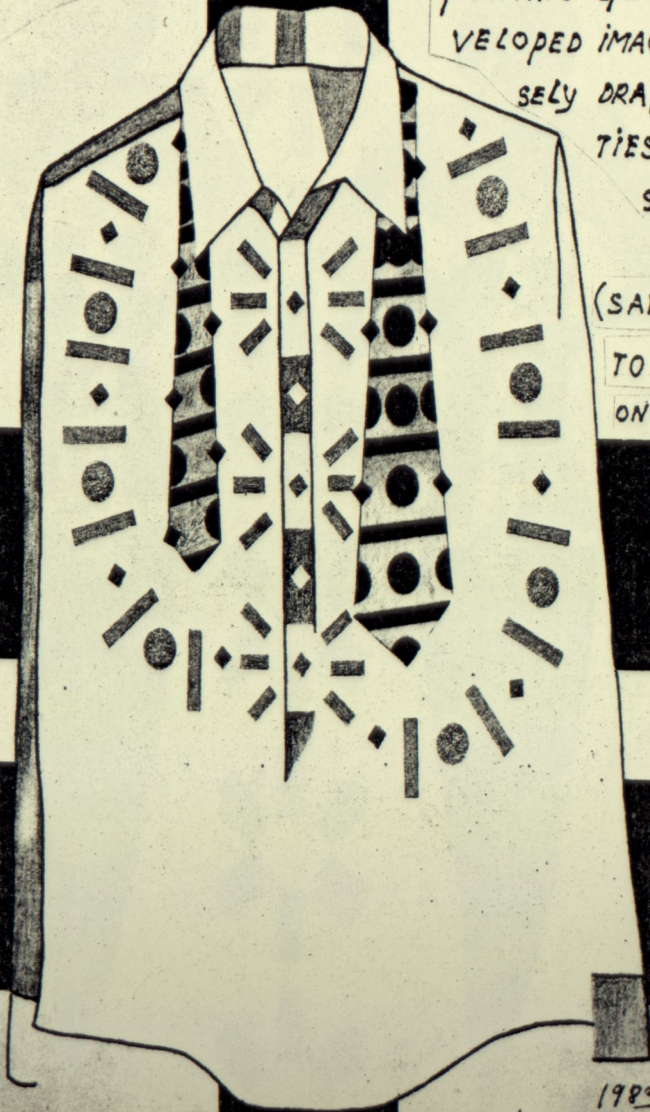


ILIJU KARAKOV "The Sky in Malisovka"

TIE SHIRT ©

INVESTORS ARE WELCOME
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SHIRT DESIGNED THRU
PRINTING SPECIALLY DE-
VELOPED IMAGES OF LOO-
SELY DRAPED NECK-
TIES ON THE
SHIRT.

(SAME APPLIES
TO "KINIES"
ON NEXT PAGE)

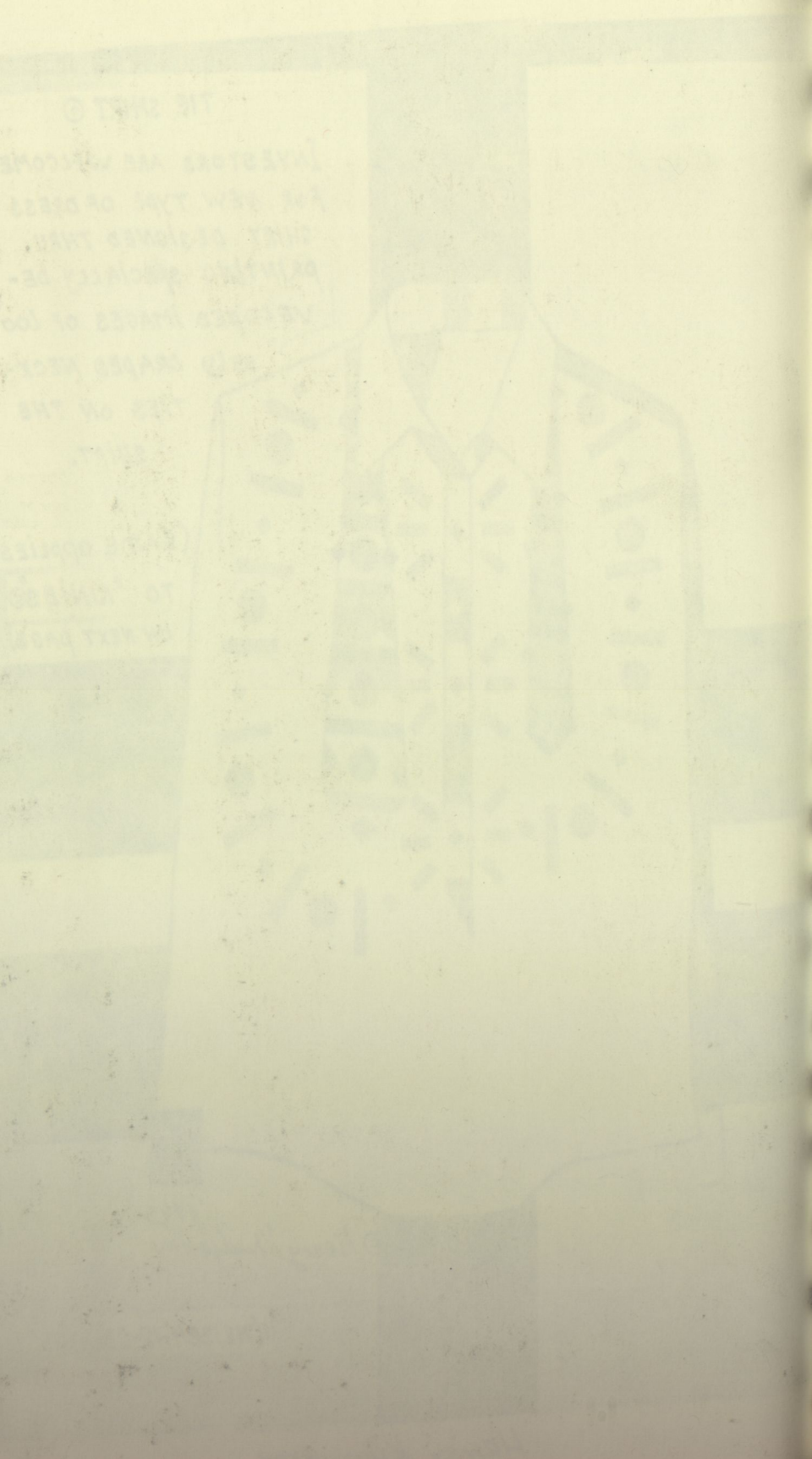


1983

© Henry Khudyakov

(718) 384-15-03

HENRY KHUDYAKOV



KHUYAKOV



HENRY

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Kini-Ties ("KINIES")

THE GERLOVINS



BRAIN - MOSAIC FROM SYRINGES

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THE GERLOVINS



THIS SIDE UP

PUBLIC

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STALIN TEST

THE GERLOVINS



BAKHCHANYAN
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NEW YORK, N. Y. 10028

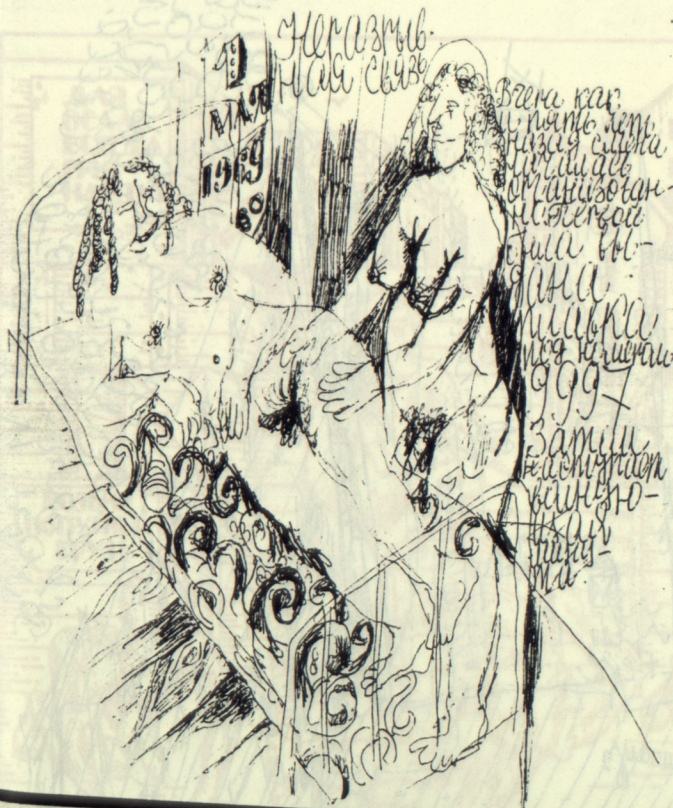
OS-CAL
Calcium Supplement

• No Multiple Confusion

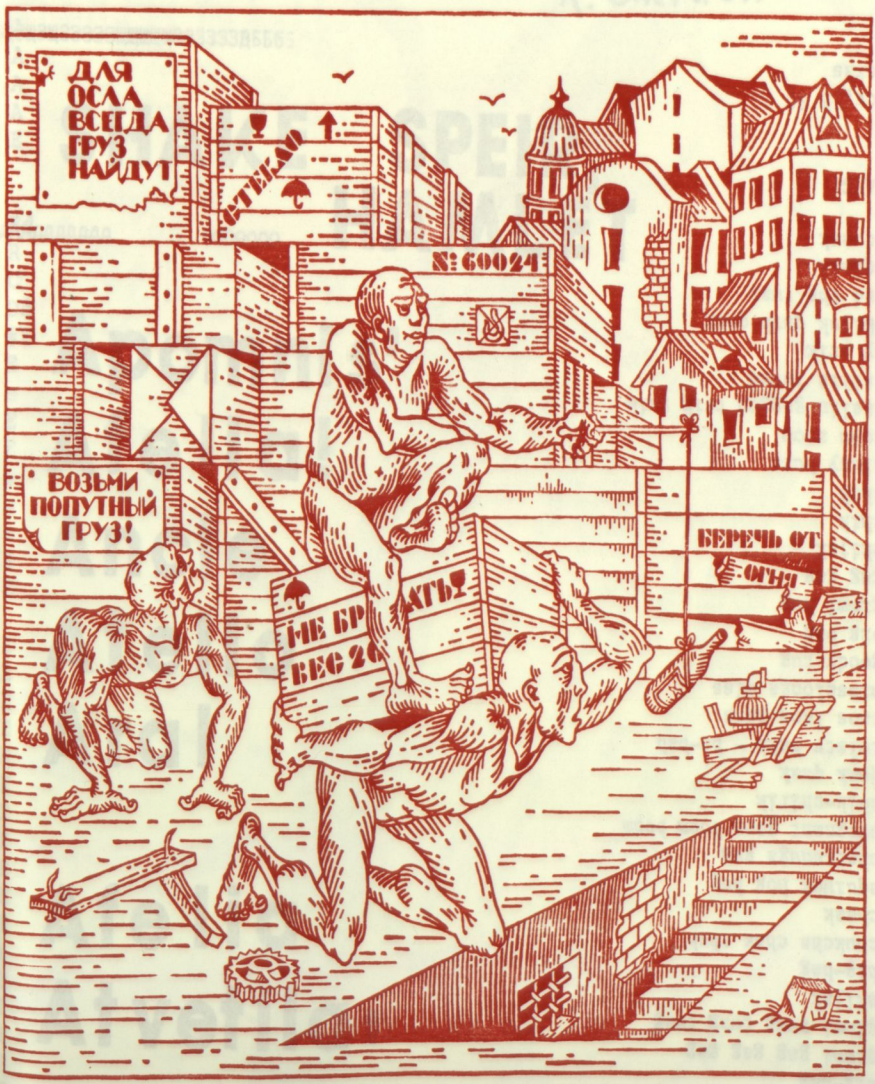
VALUABLE INFORMATION ON REVERSE SIDE



STALIN TEST



Dedicated to R. Sheldon

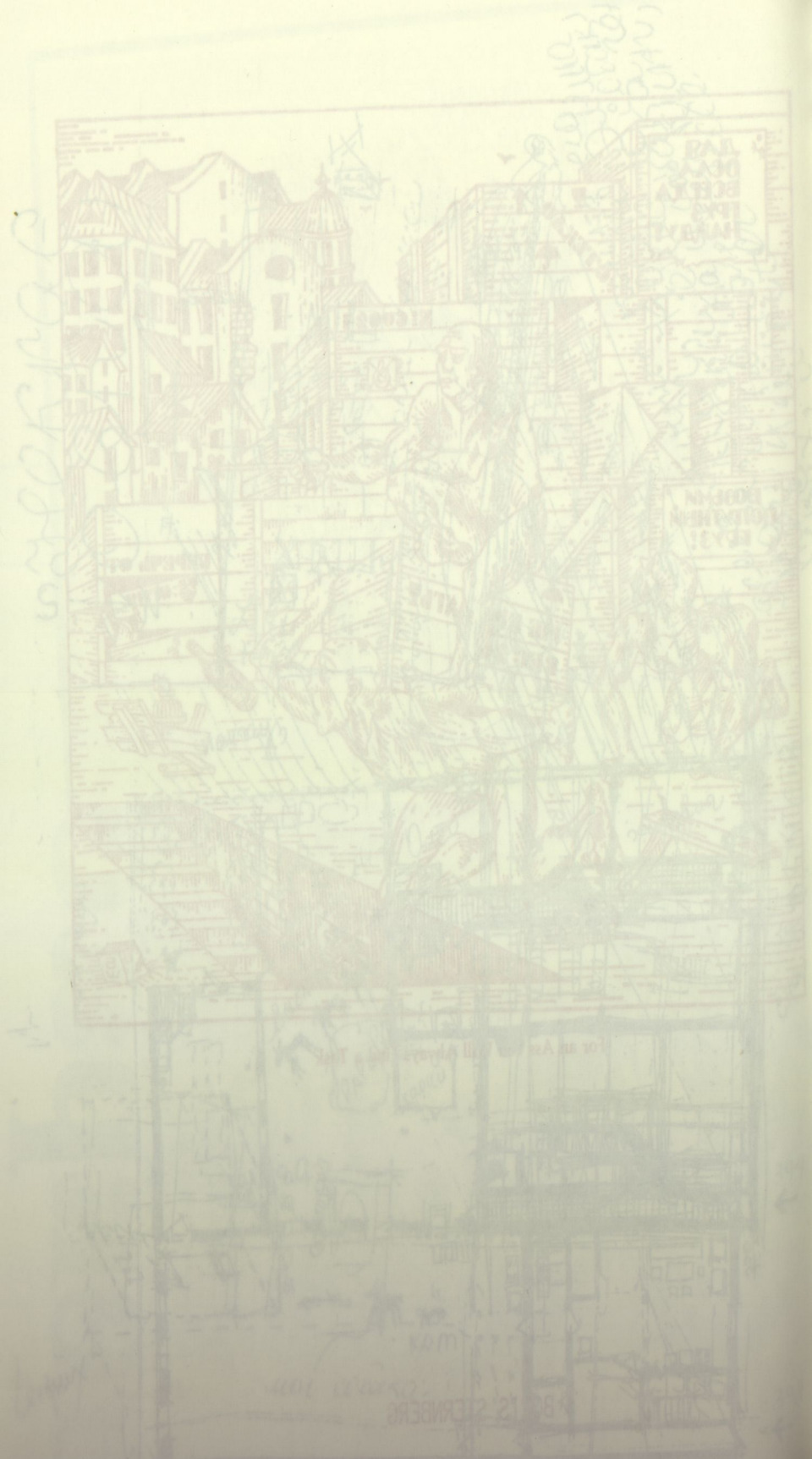


For an Ass You Will Always Find a Task

A-Key
fuccl

BORIS STERNBERG

IX 80
K.K.K.



А. П. ПУШКИНУ

перо

НЕ ветви но трюва
ТАК Густо стеленные
переплетенные
между собой
звн листья
НО ветвя не листья
по Кроби и сестры
по ЗАНУКЛУ
кузнецки земной

Бессмертнику
вечн и вечнош пшож Е
вечн ЛЮДИ

Ветра порыв
Листьев разговор
Два парашютиста на земле
желтых
Живым -
радость

блестящий
темно
собой
ДОВОЛЕН
коричневый
кленовый
листв
на мостовой
ЛЮДИ
вечн ЛЮДИ

обломанной
умирающей
цвет зеленки
сохранили
остальные
желтые
равно кружась
опускают
за
другим

россыпь желтых листьев
росчерком пера
огерта
Зрелище
печаль
душа
в мае
СЛОВАМИ

и вожэ за окном
СРЕДУ СВОИХ
ЗДОРОВЬЕМ
пьющих
СОУЧЕСТВИЯ
лишен
лист
желтый
лист

Ocheretyansky

PALMS RAISED UP LEAVES

APRIL - IMMORTALS OF TILIAES
AND FLOWERS

NOT BRANCHES BUT BRIDLES
KNITTED SO TIGHT
WITHIN THEMSELVES
WHOSE LEAVES AIN'T LEAVES
BUT BROTHERS SISTERS
UPON THEIR BLOOD ACCORDING
THE IDEA OF EARTHY LIFE

GLOSSY BROWNISH SELF-
SATISFIED
THE MAPLE LEAF IS HAPPY
ON THE PAVEMENT

GOLDMINE OF YELLOW LEAVES IN MAY
THE STROKE OF A PEN
DESIGNS GRIEF WITH WORDS
THE VISION AND THE SOUL

THE BLOW OF WIND
THE CONVERSATION OF LEAVES
TWO PARATROOPERS ON THE GROUND
YELLOW
JOY FOR THE LIVING ONES

EVEN BEHIND THE WINDOW
AMONG HIS HEALTHY PALS
THE YELLOW LEAF
IS DEPRIVED
OF PITY

ON THE BROKEN BRANCH
THEY MANAGED TO KEEP THEIR COLOR THOSE SP
LEAVES
OTHER ONES
YELLOW
WHIRLING
FELL DOWN
ONE AFTER ONE

RUSSIAN SAMIZDAT ART

RUSSIA



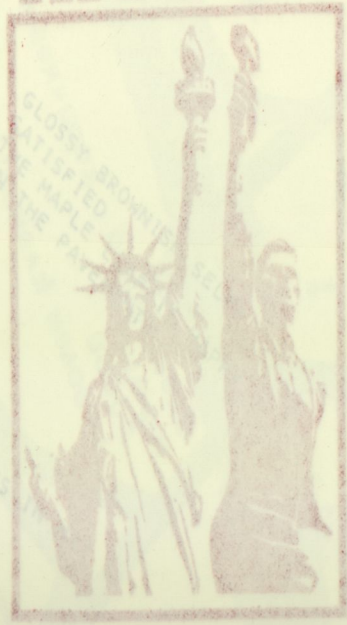
BY VAGRICH BAKHCHANYAN

PALMS RAISED UP LEAVES

IMMORTALS OF TIMEAGES
LOWERS

NOT BRANCHES BUT BRIDLES
KNITTED SO TIGHT
WITHIN THEMSELVES
THOSE LEAVES AIN'T LEAVES
BUT BROTHERS AIN'T SISTERS
UPON THEIR BLOOD ACCORDING
THE IDEA OF EARTHLY LIFE

RUSSIA



BY VAGRICH BAKHCHANYAN

GOLDKINE OF YELLOW LEAVES
THE STROKE OF A PEN
DESIGNS GRIEF WITH WORDS
THE VISION AND THE SOUL

THE BLOW OF MIND
TWO CONVERSATION OF LEAVES
YELLOW PARATROOPERS ON THE BEDROCK
JOY FOR THE LIVING

EVEN BEHIND THE WINDOW
AMONG HEALTHY PALS
THE YELLOW LEAF
IS DEPRIVED
OF PITY

ON THE BROKEN BRANCH
THEY MANAGED TO KEEP THEIR COLOR THOSE WHO
LEAVES
OTHER ONES
YELLOW
WHITELING
FELL DOWN
ONE AFTER ONE

RUSSIAN SAMIZDAT ART

ARLO PITTORE - New York mail artist and painter

ED SPOT - New York artist who maintains a slide library in Soho

TIM REYNOLDS - California poet, and image and text artist

CHEST ROBSON - Pennsylvania artist dealing with sound poetry and text

ABRAMOV, ANDREY, ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW at Douglass College, NJ

BAKHCHANYAN, VAGRICH, ARTIST, WORKED IN KHARKOV AND MOSCOW,
SINCE 1974 LIVES IN NEW YORK East Side

CHUIKOV, IVAN, ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW and performance artist

GERLOVIN, VALERY, MOSCOW ARTIST, SINCE 1980 LIVES IN NEW YORK

GERLOVINA, IRINA, POET, DIED IN 1973 IN MOSCOW

GERLOVINA, RIMMA, MOSCOW ARTIST AND POET, SINCE 1980 LIVES IN
NEW YORK New York publisher and editor

KABAKOV, ILYA, ARTIST LIVES IN MOSCOW

KHUDYAKOV, HENRY, MOSCOW POET AND ARTIST, SINCE 1974 LIVES IN
NEW YORK SKA - Czech weaver

KUZMINSKY, KONSTANTIN, LENINGRAD POET, SINCE 1976 LIVES IN THE
USA (TEXAS AND NEW YORK) people toward an awareness of the essential.

MAKAREVICH, IGOR, ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW Jude:

MONASTYRSKY, ANDREY, POET, LIVES IN MOSCOW

GROUP "MUKHOMORY", ARTISTS, LIVE IN MOSCOW

NEKRAS, VLADIMIR, LENINGRAD ARTIST, SINCE 1976 LIVES IN NEW YORK

NEKRASOV, VSEVOLOD, POET, LIVES IN MOSCOW

OCHERETYANSKY, ALEX, KIEV POET, SINCE 1979 LIVES IN NEW YORK

PRIGOV, DMITRY, POET AND ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW

SIGEI, SERGEI, POET, LIVES IN THE USSR

STERNBERG, BORIS, MOSCOW ARTIST, SINCE 1980 LIVES IN NEW YORK

VALIUS VALIUNAS - conceptual artist and sculptor living in New York

APRIL VOLLNER - New York Surrealist Image-maker

The special supplement of 22 Russian Samizdat Artists appear in a limited
edition of 100.

This is no. _____

RUSSIAN SAMIZDAT ART SPECIAL EDITION

ABRAMOV, ANDREY, ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW
 BAKHCHANYAN, VAGRICH, ARTIST, WORKED IN KHARKOV AND MOSCOW,
 SINCE 1974 LIVES IN NEW YORK
 CHUIKOV, IVAN, ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW
 GERLOVIN, VALERY, MOSCOW ARTIST, SINCE 1980 LIVES IN NEW YORK
 GERLOVINA, IRINA, POET, DIED IN 1973 IN MOSCOW
 GERLOVINA, RIMMA, MOSCOW ARTIST AND POET, SINCE 1980 LIVES IN
 NEW YORK
 KABAKOV, IL'YA, ARTIST LIVES IN MOSCOW
 KHUDYAKOV, HENRY, MOSCOW POET AND ARTIST, SINCE 1974 LIVES IN
 NEW YORK
 KUZNETSKY, KONSTANTIN, Leningrad poet, SINCE 1976 LIVES IN THE
 USA (TEXAS AND NEW YORK)
 MAKAREVICH, IGOR, ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW
 MONASTYRSKY, ANDREY, POET, LIVES IN MOSCOW
 Group "MUKHOMORY", ARTISTS, LIVE IN MOSCOW
 NERAS, VLADIMIR, Leningrad artist, SINCE 1976 LIVES IN NEW YORK
 NERASOV, VSEVOLOD, POET, LIVES IN MOSCOW
 OCHERETYANSKY, ALEX, KIEV POET, SINCE 1979 LIVES IN NEW YORK
 PRIGOV, DMITRY, POET AND ARTIST, LIVES IN MOSCOW
 SIBEL, SERGEL, POET, LIVES IN THE USSR
 STERNBERG, BORIS, MOSCOW ARTIST, SINCE 1980 LIVES IN NEW YORK

VALERY OISTEANU - filmmaker and Dadaist
JURGEN OLBRICK - conceptual artist from Kassel, Germany
CHERYL PALLANT - Virginia novelist
CARLO PITTORE - New York mail artist and painter
RED SPOT - New York artist who maintains a slide library in Soho
TIM REYNOLDS - California poet, and image and text artist
ERNEST ROBSON - Pennsylvania artist dealing with sound poetry and text
MARILYN ROSENBERG - curator of Women Artists series at Douglass College, NJ
BARBARA ROSENTHAL - New York musician and artist
TOM SAVAGE - poet living in the Lower East Side
JUDE SCHWENDENWIEN - New York painter, filmmaker and performance artist
BERNIE SOLOMON - Georgia silkscreen printmaker and artist
BELINDA SUBRAMAN - Texas poet and collagist
RUSH WHITE - California image appropriator
JEFF WRIGHT - New York publisher and editor
XOGES - New Jersey lyric poet
KARL YOUNG - writer, painter and publisher of Membrane Press
KATARINA ZAVARSKA - Czech weaver
ELLEN ZWEIG - California critic and performance artist

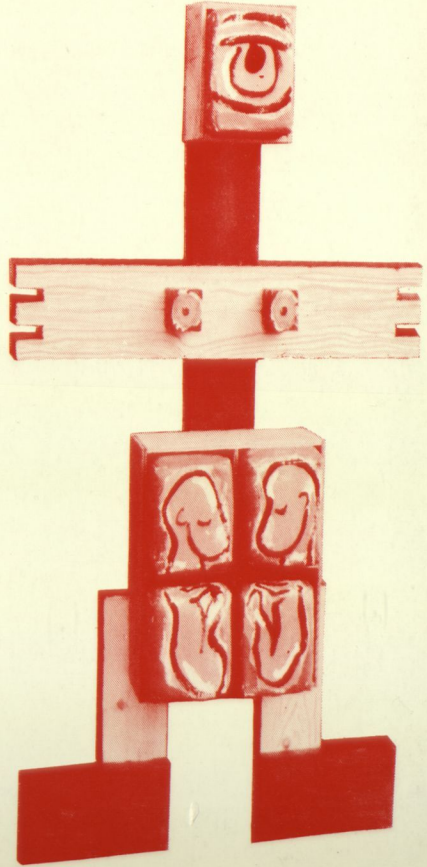
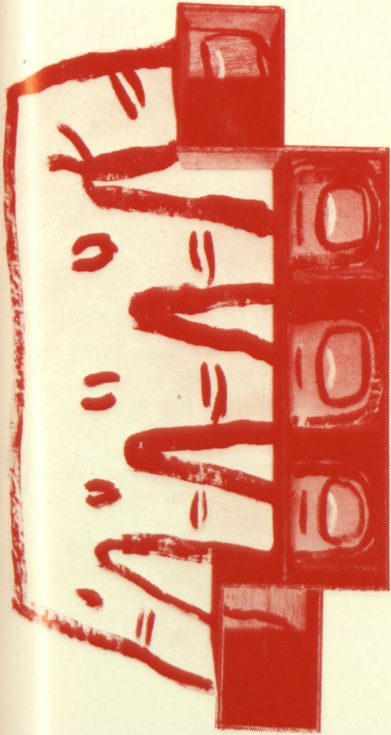
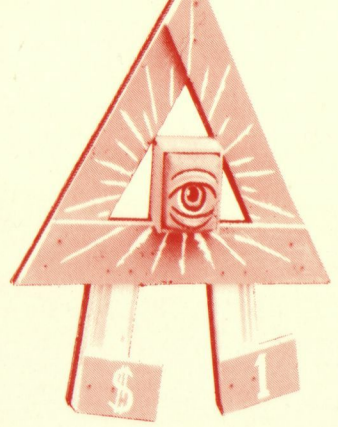
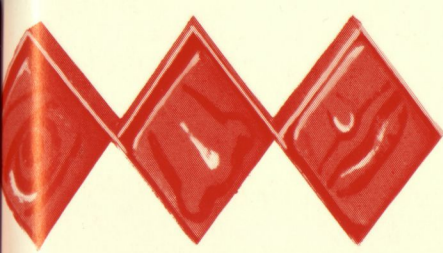
ALL SPECIES ARTISTS work to move people toward an awareness of the essential interdependence of humankind and nature. They include:

DOREE ALBRITTON - New York printmaker
ELIZABETH CONNOR - New York print artist
ELIZABETH COOK - New Mexico textile designer
SUSAN CUTTER - New York image and text artist
THERESA DeSALVIO - lyrical painter
SUSAN FELDMAN - New York imagemaker
GEORGE LAWRENCE - New York sociological artist
JULIUS VALIUNAS - conceptual artist and sculptor living in New York
APRIL VOLLMER - New York Surrealist image-maker

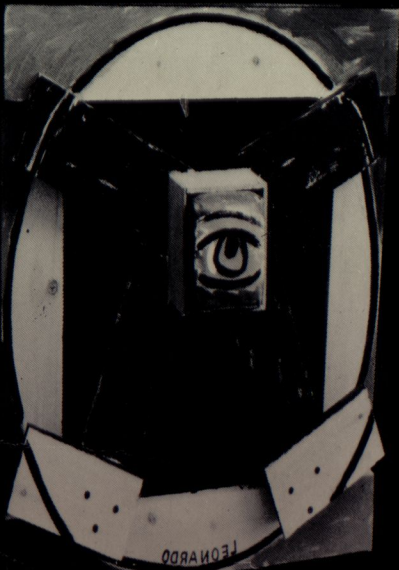
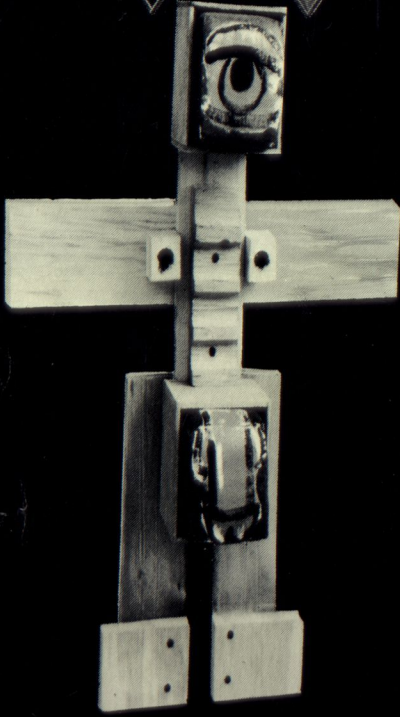
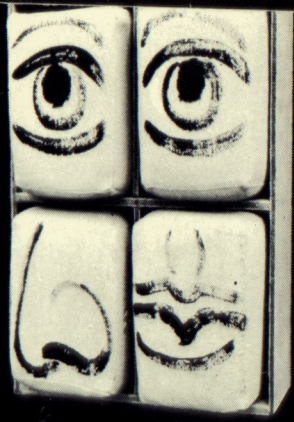
The special supplement of 23 Russian Samizdat artists appear in a limited edition of 100.

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- ERIC ANDERSON - performance artist from Denmark
MICHAEL ANDRE - New York artist who creates new games and edits Unmuzzled Ox
VAGRICH BAKHCHANYAN - Russian Samizdat artist living in New York
PETER BARNETT - New York book artist and creator of new games
KENNETH BERNARD - New York playwright
CAROL BLAKE - Los Angeles sculptor who helped form the Alternative Artspace
WALTER BLAKELY - New Jersey video and performance artist
MARK BLOCH - book artist and Loisaida Pan
BRAD BRACE - Canadian creator of visual proverbs
RAY BROWN - surrealist image maker and collagist
DONALD BURG - works with historical images, presently living in Wellesley, MA
HUMBERTO CHAVEZ - Colombian painter living in New York
PHILIP CORNER - New York composer and Fluxus musician
CHARLES DORIA - New York poet and artist, editor of "Assembling"
BARBARA DRUCKER - collage artist living in New York
ROSS ERICKSON - Brooklyn poet and publisher
PAT FISH - California Surrealist fiction writer
ROBERT FRAUENGLAS - New York poet and freelance writer
VALERIE FREEMAN - New York artist and designer
RIMMA AND VALERY GERLOVIN - Russian Samizdat artists living in New York
JESSE GLASS, JR. - Milwaukee poet
DANIEL GOODE - New York composer teaching at Rutgers
SHELLEY JANE GROSSBERG - New York artist and event organizer
TOM HAMILL - writer and editor of ALEA magazine in Pennsylvania
DICK HIGGINS - Fluxus artist, critic and editor
LESLIE HOLLIS SOGA - New Jersey graphic designer
LENNY HOROWITZ - filmmaker and expressionist painter
JOHN JACOB - New York photo-documentation artist
CANDY JERNIGEN - New York performance and book artist
ROD KEATING - New York fiction writer, a.k.a. Claudio Ombu
WILLIAM KEITH - New York experimental photographer, painter and poet
ALISON KNOWLES - New York Fluxus artist and performer
RICHARD KOSTELANETZ - New York polyartist and co-founder of Assembling Press
ELLEN LEVY - New York painter
ROBIN MIDDLEMAN - New Jersey painter and printmaker
CAROL MONTE - New Jersey book artist
NED NED - sculptor represented by Avenue B Gallery
MOGENS OTTO NIELSEN - Denmark image and text artist



\$10



Cover by Rimma Gerlovina

LEVELLING Compiled by Charles Davis