

REVEAL DIGITAL

Assembling

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 01-01-1987

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28032933>

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.

For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at <https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor>



JSTOR

Reveal Digital is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*

Assembly 1963
B

assembled

by

charles

doria

geoffrey

hendricks

cynthia

linke

chris

nowlan

assembling

press

1987

a s s e m b l i n g 1 3 . 2

© 1987, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
FOR THE CONTRIBUTORS IMMEDIATELY
UPON PUBLICATION

ISBN 0-915066-96-1
ISBN 01611-833

ASSEMBLING 13.2 WAS COLLATED
AND BOUND BY FACULTY, STUDENTS
AND STAFF AT THE DOUGLASS
CAMPUS OF RUTGERS UNIVERSITY,
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ, MASON GROSS
SCHOOL OF THE ARTS, VISUAL ARTS
DEPARTMENT. THANK YOU ONE AND
ALL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ALL BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL
CORRESPONDENCE:
ASSEMBLING PRESS
P.O. BOX 1967
BROOKLYN, NY 11202

ALL OTHER MAIL:
C.DORIA-ASSEMBLING PRESS
C/O MASON GROSS SCHOOL OF THE ARTS
VISUAL ARTS DEPARTMENT
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ 08903

COVER DESIGN & TITLE PAGE:
CYNTHIA LINKE
CONTRIBUTORS, PAGE:
CHRIS NOWLAN

INTRODUCTION

now we come to the end of Assembling 13 but not the end of Assembling

something I have come to regard in the six years I have been editing and publishing not only the Annuals but also our other books as perhaps the longest running experiment in cultural democracy

by that I mean Assembling Press has been the home of everyone and everything that wanted to be included, assembled within it

if someone could imagine it on paper and the sheets were more or less of the suggested sizes, why there it was, in either Assembling 12 or Assembling 13.1 and 2

the principle of self-selection: one had but to choose to be included and bull their way through whatever layers of mystification and inefficiency might then ensue, yet for all who persevered Assembling came through in the end

cultural democracy: all are equal but different; whatever principles of taste and judgment one might be tempted to apply are defeated, negated, since work of every shade and temperament by artists of every variety, as well as by those who do not consider themselves artists in any sense of the word, can be discovered in the pages of Assembling arranged indifferently but alphabetically

there are no stars in Assembling land, no hewers of wood or drawers of water we are

that rare thing these days in this land of liberty -- an unfurled, unrefered publication that is resolutely not edited and plays no favorites, that is truly international in scope, egalitarian in intention

of course, we pay the price for this freedom; the press is technically broke, better yet absolutely insolvent, while in their hybrid granting agencies like NYSCA say that since we do not publish books that are typeset and bound in ways that have become traditional only in the last 150 years or so, we are automatically ineligible for funding and therefore invited, indeed commanded not

to apply further we, however, are not deterred; the Press will continue for a while yet in some shape, manner or form if only for reasons of intellectual ecology, because there seems no one else around interested or perhaps capable of doing whatever it is we do to bring these Annuals and our other books into being, practically from nothing and certainly relying on nothing except the donated services of the Visual Arts Department here at Rutgers, plus the meagre resources of my shallow pockets

yet I look back on our Productions with a measure of joy and satisfaction, profoundly grateful to all who have sent in work conceived and executed under each participant's auspices, budget and standards without my interference or intervention, for I see here a vision of Wagadu, the unified culture where all are equal partners in their contribution and responsibilities, the ideal city where art and life merge that flickers in and out of existence depending on everyone's individual yet communal will to sustain it

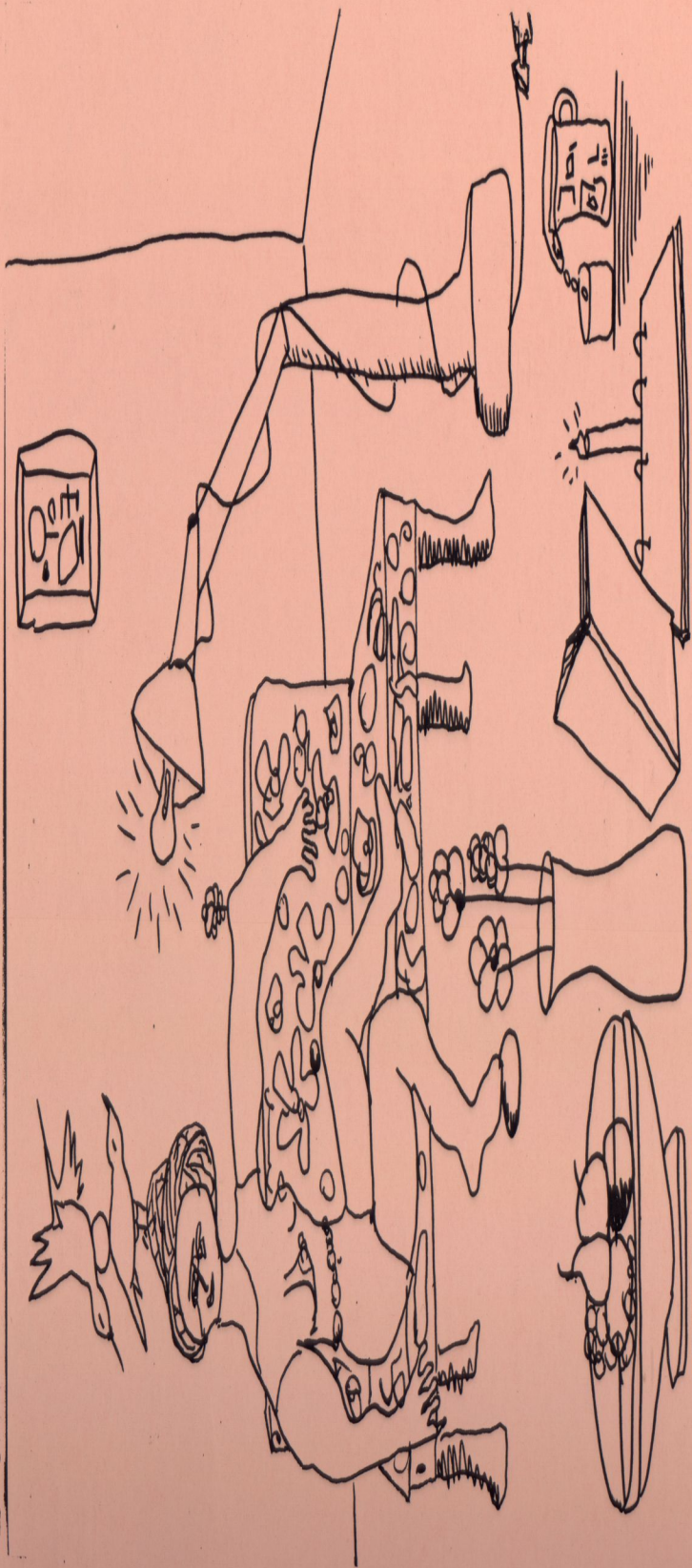
perhaps after all the Press is only a metaphor of all we might reach and do, tangible in certain ways but in others dissolving before our eyes even as it hovers into view, a true child of the realm of becoming, not the eternal 'is'.

every-
one, I hope, reads these Annuals differently; for many some pages will seem blanks incapable of yielding any form of semantic or esthetic satisfaction, while others appear loaded and rich in treasure of the imagination

nonetheless for me it will always be the diversity and mystery of the new, which by definition cannot be anticipated or otherwise known until it actually occurs, that we allow to appear unedited and untrammelled, that has been the real challenge and delight of this adventure we call Assembling

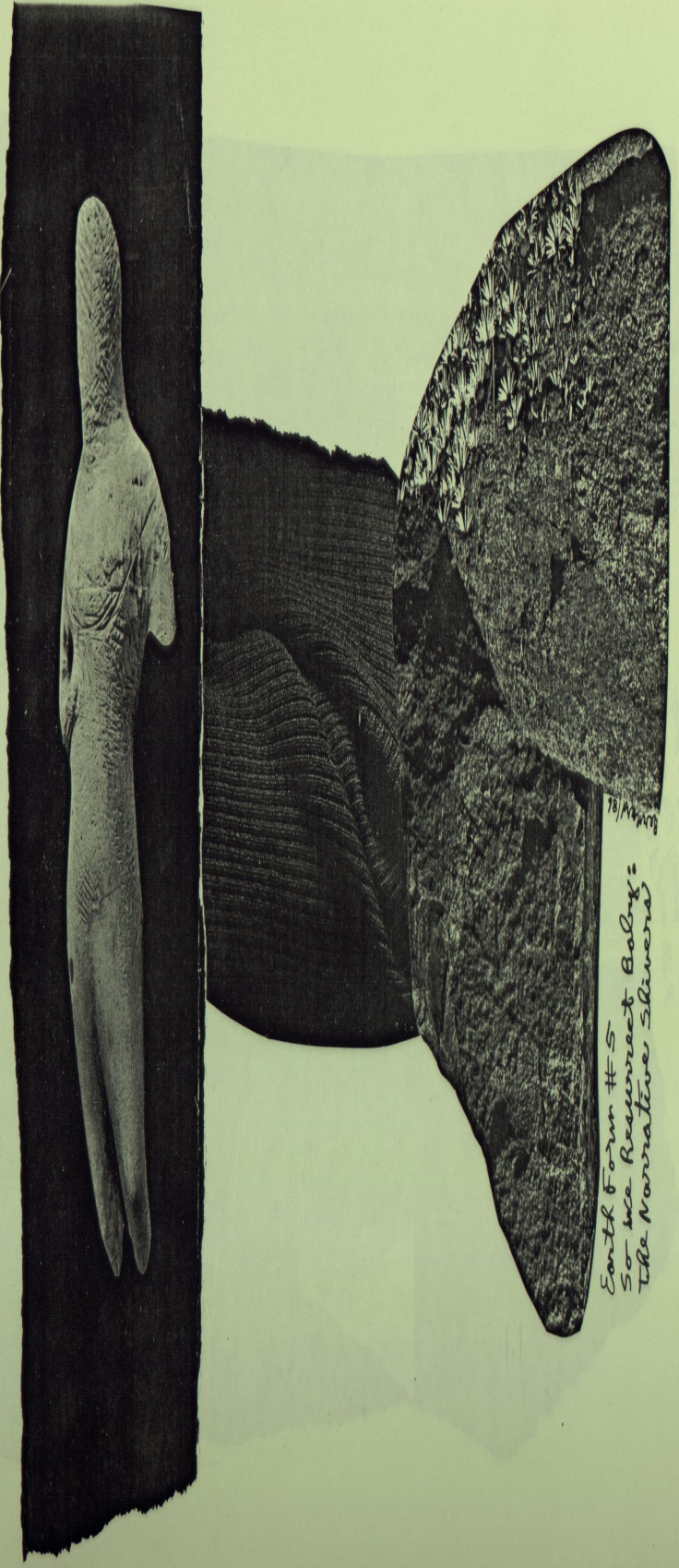
Charles Doria
editor & publisher

NOTE: Extra pages from A 13.1 have been bound alphabetically into this issue in such a way that no two copies of A 13.2 will be alike



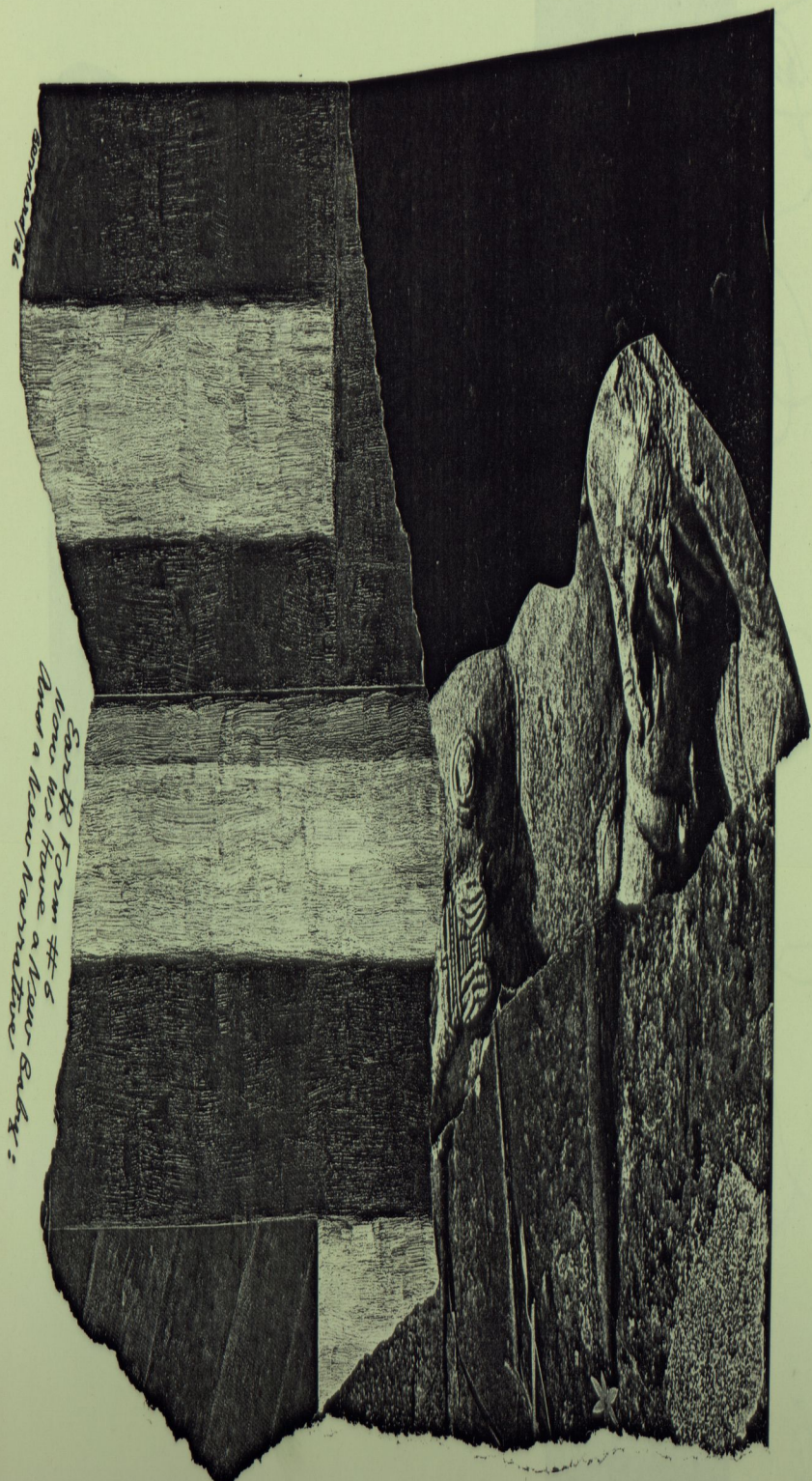
FILE NIKO 47





10/11/1918

Earth form #5
So we resurrect Baby:
The Narrative Shivers



See the Form # 6
How we have a Near Babylonian
And a Near Narrative



INDISCREET OBJECT :

FOUR VIEWS

1. Magnified : Sectional

2. Normal Temperature: Mounted



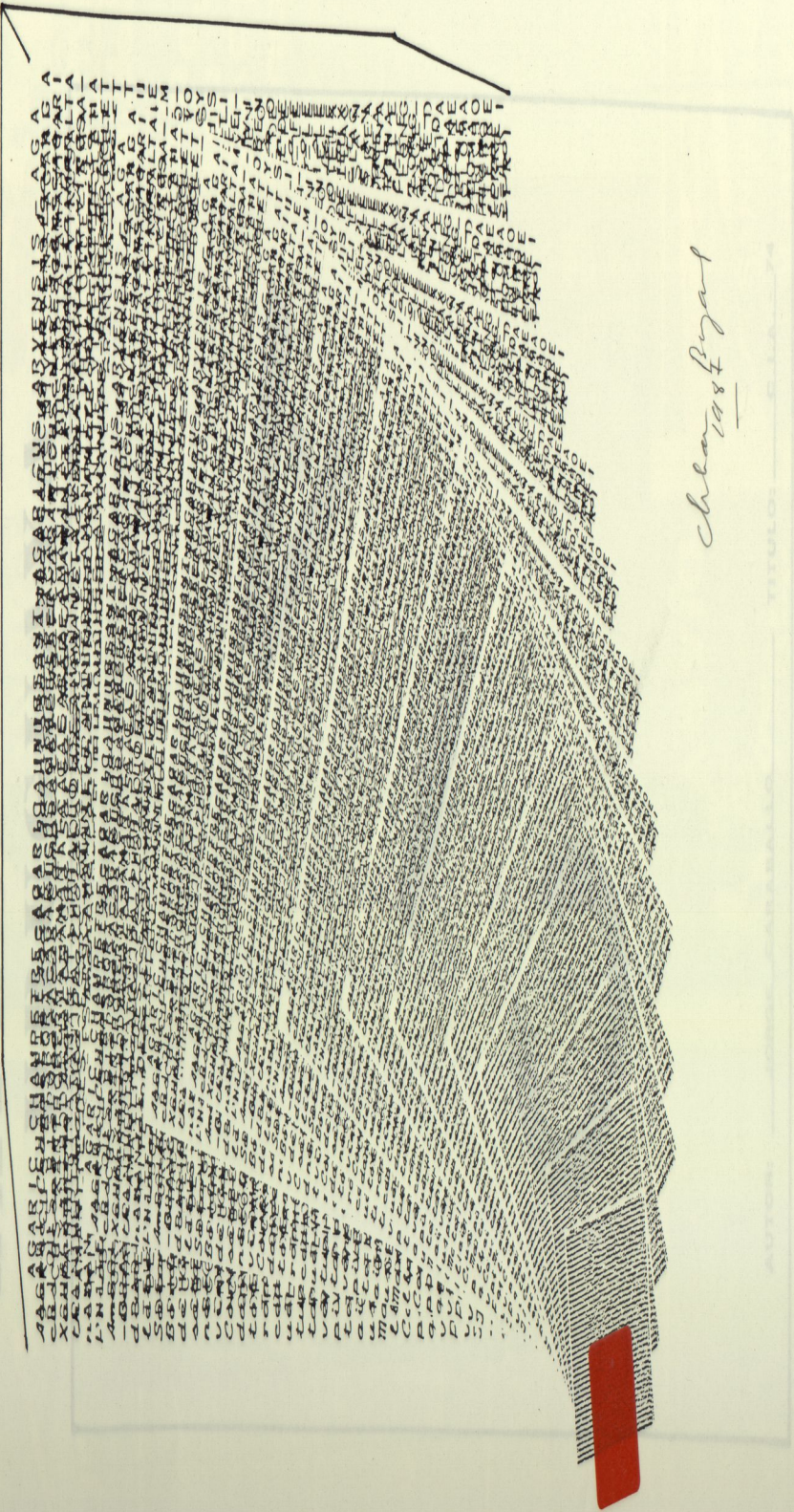


Revised 197

3. Measured = Right View

4. Composite: Break of Day

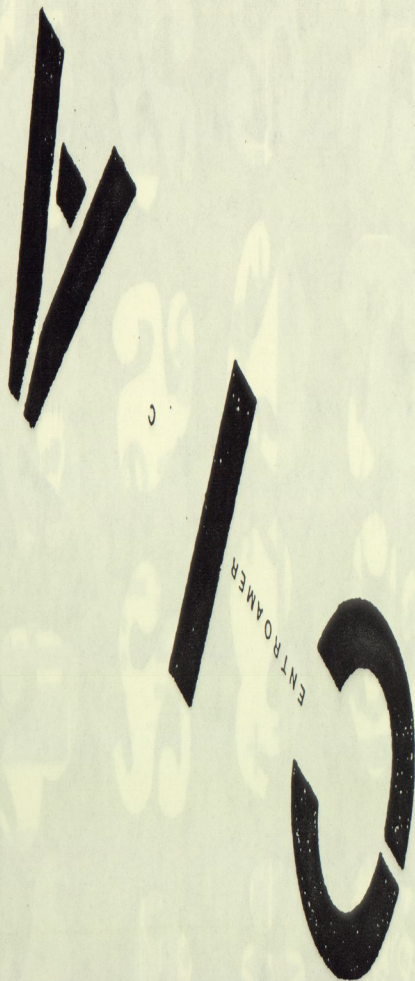




Chicago 1987

*1
H. Compton: and
...*

**POESIA
EXPERIMENTAL
URUGUAYA**



ENTROMER

AUTOR: JORGE CARABALLO TITULO: C.L.A. 74

POESIA
EXPERIMENTAL
URUGUAYA



AUTOR:

CLEMENTE PADIN

TÍTULO:

Signografía I - 68

DOUGLAS
CIARELLI
PRESENTS



4 PRETTY PUSSIES
Twat grinding, cunt suds
gel, eaten and banged but
for more! cumming back

I SUFFERED A
GREAT LOSS
WHEN SHE DIED
DURING A PAULITY
DILDO EXPLOSION.

but still i
loved
my
women



Subsequent
my
favorite



my
daughter
DIARY



THE AILL SPANFIED
WITH
GRANDMA



AS
TIME
WENT
ON...



all
of
my
women



but it's my
WOMEN
WHO
COUNT



Brought to
you by



4 PRETTY PUSSIES

LET MAKE US
FORGOTTER
she
taught
MUCH.



my
interests
started to
develop



JEANIE WAS
THE BEST



oh
well.







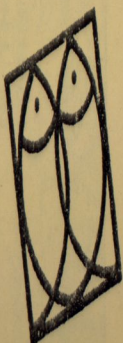
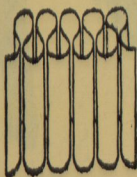
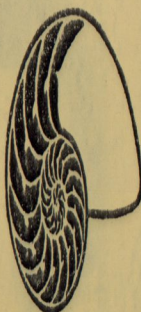
刺青



刺青



Exploit Your
Abnormality Potential
Get A Tattoo!



TATTOO BY PAUL FISH
BODY BY GREG SHULTZ
PHOTO BY DAVE MORAY



Compendium: Earth, 1900, with 1890 as a Compendium
Chuvstovukh. GEO-EARTH) WORLD AS A COMPENDIUM



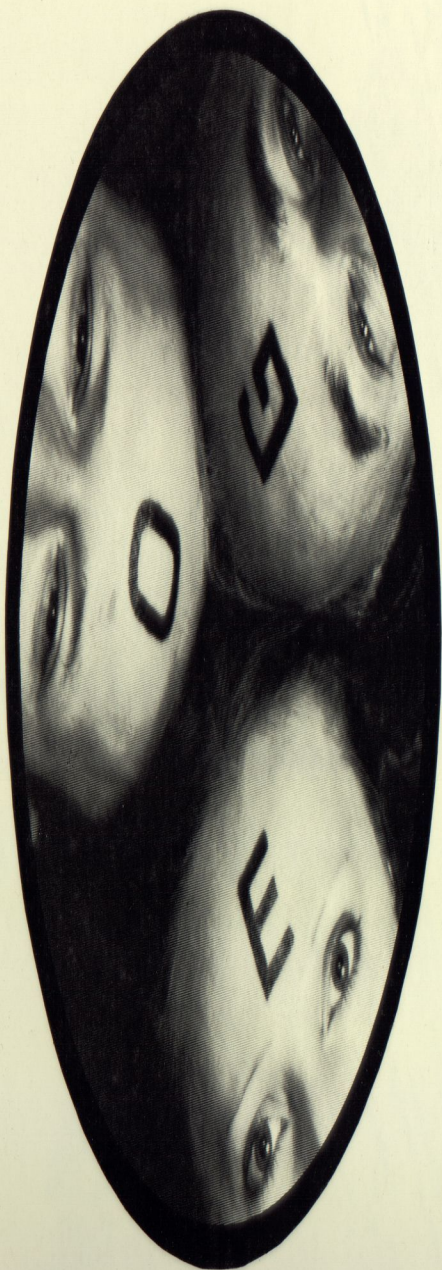
— A JELEN MÚLT LESZ A JÖVŐBEN...
A JELEN A MÚLTBAN JÖVŐ VOLT.
HAHH! JO, MI É?

IN THE FUTURE PRESENT WILL BE PAST...
IN THE PAST FUTURE WAS THE PRESENT...
HAHH! NOT BAD, AIN'T IT?

MARK SEKIGASHI
KUMAKI, JAPAN

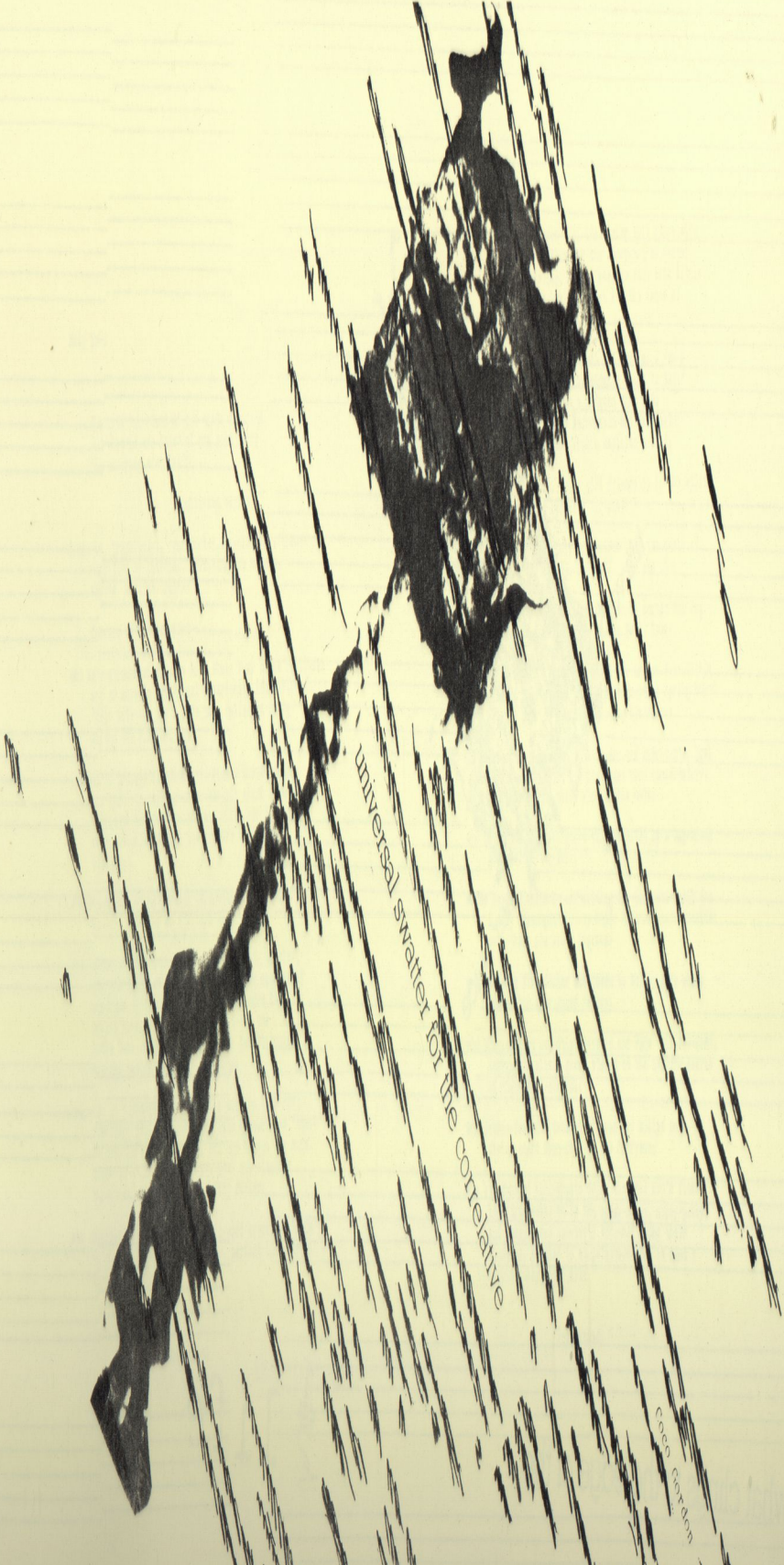
PHOTEMS

(counterclockwise, Latin, EGO = I, self) EGO AS A COMPENDIUM
(clockwise, Greek, GĒO = EARTH) WORLD AS A COMPENDIUM



RIMMA GERLOVINA
MARK BERGHASH
VALERIY GERLOVIN

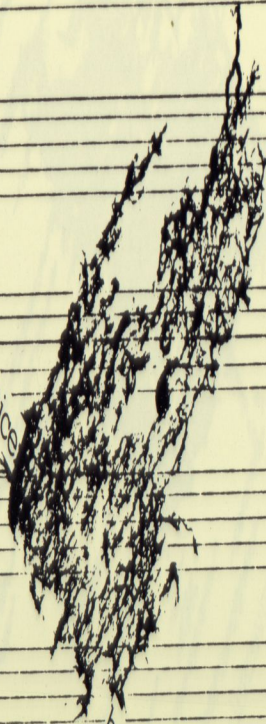
PHOTEMS



universal swatter for the correlative

Coco Gordon

his voice



her voice

what clings to the edge of the

life

Holy Cow!

"We know the sound of two hands clapping,
But what is the sound of one hand doing
the clapping exercise?"

--quasi-ten saying

I saw us, translucent, transported, transformed, trans-
mogrified by intoning, releasing the muscle,
supine, subline, Maa--

faeries of another sort--

who were encouraged to show Mams their Muse abuse callouses
and to wave in hysterical histrionics the willy of
their art--all for a ride to a Halloween party
across the Hudson-Styx;

who booked passage for Chekhov's Moscow Moscow tripp,
but ended up doing a salto mortali slack rope
ballet to kristen new selves, while was heard a
cable snapping beyond the orchard of their
old ones;

who segued and oh my darling serpentine in a white
neutral mask for an androgynous Simon Sex;

who, celestial sound-sired out of Tony Male, Bubbles,
and the twins called So-and-So, became moments of
wondrous tintinnabulation where the more they
worked no-work, the more came out--to the
Notre Dame cathedral delight of a Jan-Platonist-
Aquinas bellringer and his Occany;

who, set in punctual commotion by a mad-cap life raft
commodore Edward Manch-kin, used "these" and "these"
to land in that's a place, but not Kansas any more,
foto--to stick their tongues down the wizard's
throat and kiss the Emerald City fucker;

who dolupped Belmont into plastic-wood breakfast bowls
to fuel pool studio pirouettes, perfect in another
Time and Space;

(continued)

who crammed the wooden O of the dining hall stage with
innocence and allure as the honey-haired avatar
of Gypsy Rose Lee, reborn anew to come back little
Shiva with the basilisk eyes and the dance of
Elk Dreamer doom;

who conned, chanted, declaimed, and corpsed O for a
Muse of Fire in a wacky cadence count to their
jogging, slogging in a monsoon that made
Birnam Wood rush to Herkankson and exfoliate
like the trees come from a magician's wand;

who toasted their St. Pauli girl friendship in the split
rail lounge of Ukrainian Nirvana;

who spent 2½ to be Wurlittler-wired into the music of
the spheres, #s 173, 147, 182, 184, and 163;

who conspired with a camp-hut Galiban to corner the cup
connection from New York to Bum Puck, Iowa;

who stoned and rolled to the 125th St. arthen from Nick's
tine to Mike's tine on the postage stamp spring board
back to back in clown collapsing hysterics;

who goosed the Buddha they met under the over-turned bowl
of star-jimmies on the ice cream cone conservatory,
then smoked the peace pipe of his nuts;

who drank the Kanakazi snake-oil concocted by a bag-brown
Adam-before-the-Fall;

whose covered entrance was waiting for Godonuts until the
Sunday Shawangunk sun-up while Anton Chekhov presided
over their pheromone improves;

who smoked a five-dollar bus token to boldly gyre where
no man had ever gyred before;

who picnicked on celestial Sapporo and PB's 'til dew-down,
leaving indelible grass stains on the Ghurkha shorts
of their self-control;

who freeze-framed a tableau of mams and willys on a
diving board swan-dive to the Empryeann;

who ate Prosted Mini-wheats doing the dead man's float
in citrus-swin, while the hopey-pokey, nopey-pokey,
and pokey-pokey sub-texts thrummed along their
synapses, puzzled to stupefaction that it wasn't
nyopia-pokey after all;

(continued)

who cherry-tied knots drunk-tongued, then in a door-
folding booth, telephoned parents, reporting
results of poetry, punches, and pokey;

who lost their cherry-beards in Ukrainian restrooms to
high wired masseuse clowns, while Johnny
Weismuller swinging on a no-wine from a no-tree--
Tarzan strips forever;

who nosed New Coke into the night on the reflections of
Perillo with the black Scotch buslands wife of a
Euro-pool-bully;

who walked Johnny's-juiced cabinwards while awaiting the
tax-whis old lady of the American Express totalling
wordsmith;

who did the Kerhonkson Kama Sutra clapping exercises on
ant farms (Rull! Rull! Guide please!), bridges
(popping a can of Sapporo to get the bridge's troll
drunk so that the Billy Goats would be undisturbed),
wall-balled (well, balled! well-balled!) parking lots,
borrowed back seats (George Washington didn't sleep
here, Martha!), and Wit-10-Berg auditorium's floor--
shadow-boxing a blue movie on the white-sheeted screen
in the blue-moon screened-in room;

who tecticle-tweaked a ferret, secret hero of these
improvisations, putting the coke of the summer on
its gland to get it to have a 2-finger drop;

who went with the neo-Holden Caulfield flow at Times
Square pond, amidst the street sharks, guppies,
and bait, wondering-wonderment!--"where do all
the ferrets go in the winter?"

who, 3 persons in a tub-boat, rub-a-dub-dubbed an all my
life's a circle ring around the rosey Big Apple;

who howled in clandestine pokey pleasure, while the YNCA
matron guard dogs prowled;

who, new New Yorkers, Kong-climbed the Empire State
Building and put out a boob-tube soap-opera
"Shazam!" for ferrets far-flung;

who hickory-dickory-docked, hip-hip-hoorayed, and did a
seraphic Mash as the mantras for the moment's
inscrutability,

Ask me if I'm a rabbit!

(continued)

II.

What sphinx of mushygin audacious aspirations brought
then there to have their selves bushwacked and jiffy-lubed?

NSC! Shakespeare! Chekhov! Hard bread and little
red fish! Curry! Rice! and everywhere nice!

Occasionally wondering this to themselves: "I
could have been a contender, but maybe I should have been
a plumber!"

Stellal (Adler?)

Angel-headed Oliviers and Olivieresses burning for
the heavenly connection to the drug store discovery, instead
having Grumann's Chinese Restaurant other-worldly footprints
tattooed in the sidewalk of their arms!

Yes please! Yes please!

III.

Anthony, I'm with you in Kerhonkson where Chekhov did
laundry and quaffed Classic Coke at the R/I;

I'm with you in Kerhonkson where we spell your name
with an H and sushi down the rabbit black-hole
of the cosmos;

I'm with you in Kerhonkson where we capsized eminence
in a kid's rubber raft;

I'm with you in Kerhonkson where in a vision I got
the chair from Derek Jacobi.

Stay full! Stay full! Stay full!

Cosman
Kerhonkson, NYC, Washington, D.C., Westminster, 1986

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN ARTIST:

Working without the pressure of success.

Not having to be in shows with men.

Having an escape from the art world in your 4 free-lance jobs.

Knowing your career might pick up after you're eighty.

Being reassured that whatever kind of art you make it will be labeled feminine.

Not being stuck in a tenured teaching position.

Seeing your ideas live on in the work of others.

Having the opportunity to choose between career and motherhood.

Not having to choke on those big cigars or paint in Italian suits.

Having more time to work after your mate dumps you for someone younger.

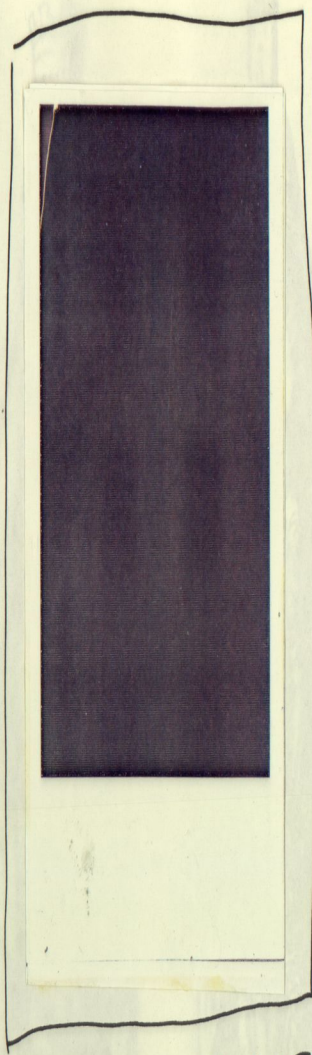
Being included in revised versions of art history.

Not having to undergo the embarrassment of being called a genius.

Getting your picture in the art magazines wearing a gorilla suit.

Please send \$ and comments to:
Box 1056 Cooper Sta. NY, NY 10276

GUERRILLA GIRLS CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD

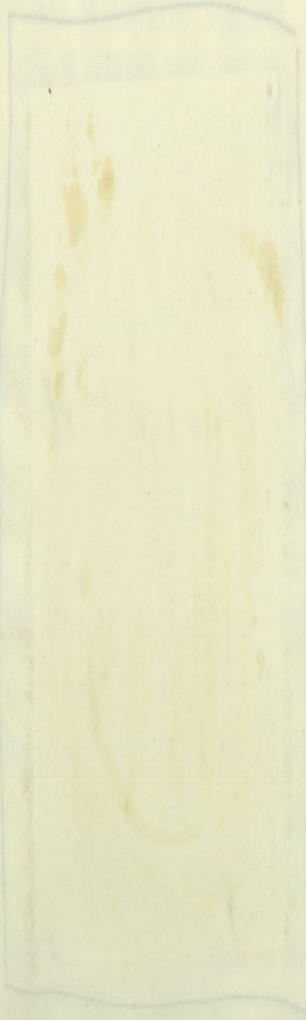


Be part of
a book named
"crew from the
triple" Jan
Barbara 1986
Hanski Shak Shak

VIEW FROM THE TOILET

JAN HENDERIKSE

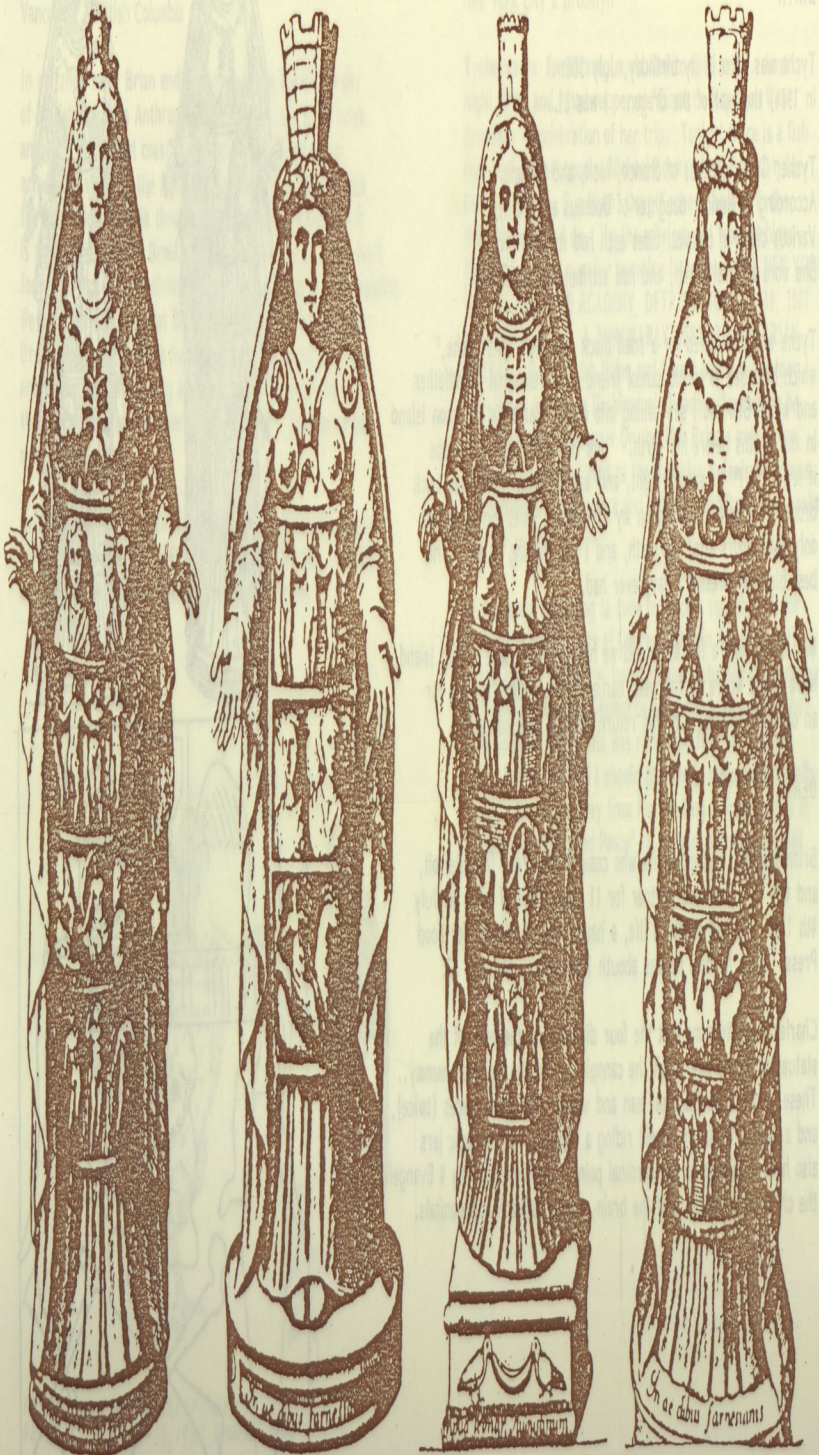
THE MANAGER



VIEW FROM THE TOWER

JAN HENDERKIRK

A DIALOGUE WITH TYCHE AND THE 13TH



GEOFFREY HENDRICKS & TYCHE HENDRICKS - 1987

BIRTH

Tyche was born in my birthday, July 30th in 1964, the year of the dragon. I was 33.

Tyche, Greek goddess of chance, luck, and fortune. According to Hesiod, daughter of Oceanus and Tethys. Various cities in classical times each had its own Tyche. She wore a mural crown, and had attributes of abundance.

Tyche was also named for a small black schooner, "the Tyche," which belonged to an old school friend of her maternal grandfather and which Bici and I saw sailing into Hadley Harbor at Naushon Island in the months before her birth. "How would that be for a name if it's a girl?" It seemed right, and was decided. And Lady Luck brought her into the world on my birthday. Something I realized only some hours after the birth, and I was walking on air. The best birthday present I have ever had.

With Tyche just a few weeks old we headed up to Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia where we had been earlier in the summer looking for an old farm to buy. On that return trip we were successful.

DEATH

Brian Buczak, a young artist who came to New York from Detroit, and was my friend and partner for 11 years, died of AIDS on July 4th 1987. We had shared a life, a house, and the Money for Food Press. When he died he was about 7 weeks shy of being 33.

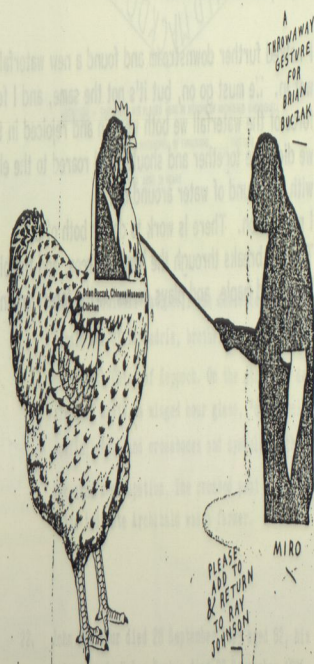
Charles Doria tells me that the four diaramas on the body of the statues of Tyche may recall the canopic jars of the Egyptian mummy. These panels show the ideal man and woman, the three graces (twice), and a marine Venus or Nereid riding a dolphin. The canopic jars also have a relation to the cardinal points, the elements, the 4 Evangelists, the children of Horus, and the brain, heart, stomach and genitals.



Friday, March 13th 1987
Vancouver, British Columbia

In drizzling rain, Brian and I go over to see the University of British Columbia Anthropological Museum, the totem poles and other Northwest coast Indian artifacts. Then we go across the street to the Japanese Garden. It is closing, but the woman lets us walk through. How much more intimate it is than the one in the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens. They don't force you to keep at a distance from the details of the landscaping. We talk of the spring that Brian dug out at the farm in Cape Breton last August where he played with the sound of water, and of our idea of building a tea house by the brook back in the woods there on the other side of Canada. That water too made music.

Brian's show, "The Search for Accidental Significance", opened earlier in the week at the Pitt International Galleries. I would be doing a performance later at the Western Front.



THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE ACADEMY
DETROIT JUNE 5-19, 1987 SPAGHETTI CLUB

Saturday, June 13th 1987
New York City & Brooklyn

Tyche leaves for Nicaragua via Mexico City today. Last night Brian and I had supper at "Cinco de Mayo" on West Broadway in celebration of her trip. Tonight there is a fish and chicken Barbeque at Michael Kozmiuk's in Brooklyn for Detroit friends - Sue Moon, Doug Kenney, Andrea Evans, Brad Melamed and us. I'm the only one not from Michigan. Ray Johnson sent a mailer sometime later about THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE ACADEMY DETROIT JUNE 5 - 19, 1987 SPAGHETTI CLUB A THROWAWAY GESTURE FOR BRIAN BUCZAK. On June 5th Brian and I went out to Morristown, New Jersey to George Washington's Headquarters which he very much wanted to see. On the 19th Brian's mother was here visiting and we went to the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens. She arrived the day before and left the day after. Two weeks later Brian died.

Leah Durner was going to come by to pick up our work for her exhibition "Aspects of Conceptualism in American Art" at the Avenue B Gallery, but that was postponed. The opening of that show was the evening before Brian went over to the NYU Medical Center. He was running a fever and feeling awful, but we decided I should go over to the opening briefly. I didn't want to be away from him too long. Brian's piece in the show was "War and Peace", a shotput and a cannon ball.

Monday, July 13th 1967
Putney, Vermont

The bearing witness to the end of a life is over. The ordeal and exhaustion of the last few weeks. His body warm then cold. His need to be held and massaged. How to control the fever? I held his hand tightly, was there. We watched fireworks going off over the city. The agony and indignity of medicine. And then it fails. He's gone. Grief. Phone calls to my brother, his sister, my son. Quiet vigil by his body. My brother comes to be with me. Tyche was in Nicaragua, not easy to reach. Death. Funeral. Burial. All the arrangements to attend to. Friday I got up to my sister's in Putney for some rest. Drove up with my son Bracken. The two of us met on Saturday with a member of the Putney Friends Meeting and talked about pacifism, possible transfers of membership, and about dealing with death. Sunday after Friends Meeting my sister Hildamarie showed me some prehistoric stone structures in Putney that I had been wanting to see. And we found some chanterelles. It was Gertrude Crocker's 106th birthday.

On the 13th Hildamarie was having a dinnerparty for some people from Brazil. I helped run errands and found fresh raspberries an old farmer was selling in Dummerston Center. The most important moment of the day though, was getting to a brook that had been a special place of sharing for Brian and me.

July 13th 1987
On the south side of Putney Mountain

Brook of memories.
Here we got wet together.
Where could we swim naked?
I remembered this brook chanced upon years before.
A special place. Moss covered ledges.
Hemlock woods. Smooth rocks.
Small waterfalls splashing.
I told you about spleen wort.
We found some mushrooms.
It became our place, our secret place, such joy together.
& then we went to explore the old cemetery off Putney Mountain Road.
And when you wanted to show your father your world after your first bout in the hospital with pneumocystis pneumonia, as you were on your way to recovery, you wanted to come here to let him share the beauty, and we found mushrooms -
Collybia Radicata - mushrooms with roots.
Now you are gone.
I'd come here alone. You're missing.
I miss you and must write.

I walked further downstream and found a new waterfall to get wet in. We must go on, but it's not the same, and I felt the force of the waterfall we both were in and rejoiced in the time we did have together and shouted and roared to the elements with the sound of water around me.
I must go on. There is work to do for both of us.
The sun breaks through the hemlock trees, and the birch and beech and maple, and plays games on the forest ground and the water.

THIS STONE HIS
 OF TIRINDRISHE
 THIS LIFE
 DAY OCTOBER
 1729 AGED 35 YEARS

PLACED HERE IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD
 BALDACKDONNELL SON OF RANALD TACKDONNELL



INSCRIPTION - THIS STONE HIS PLACED HERE IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD MACDONNELL

SON OF RANALD MACDONNELL OF TIRINDRISHE THIS LIFE ... DAY

OCTOBER 1729 AGED 35 YEARS

21. Note - Archibald MacDonell was the oldest son of Ranald Mór of Tirindris, brother of "Coll of the Cows" 16th Chief of Keppoch. On the stone are depicted signs of death, a winged hour glass, "deid" bells, coffin, skull and crossbones and symbols of the deceased's occupation. The crossed peat cutter and spade indicate Archibald was a farmer.
22. John McArthur died 28 September 1899 aged 82, his beloved wife Helen Forbes died 27 September 1895 aged 76, their son John died 4 July 1892 aged 32 also their three children who died in infancy. Erected by their son and daughter.

Thursday, August 13th 1987
 Colindale (Port Hood)
 Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia

Tyche and I arrived at our farm last night after sunset. This morning I phoned two neighbors, the MacLeans and the MacInneses and then the phone went dead. There had been road work and problems with the phone all summer, so I understand. The night of Brian's funeral (July 8th), after the burial, seeing his parents and sister off at the airport, and having some supper at my brother Jon's, I returned home and while playing back a recorded message from Charlotte Moorman the phone rings and it is Tyche calling from Nicaragua. Our first chance to talk and cry together since Brian died. Bracken returned from Jon's soon after the phone call, and then there was a tremendous thunderstorm. We were in the studio looking at Brian's work. Lightning struck. The lights went out. We went to bed by candle light. The answering machine was silenced, as were telephones.

On August 13th after returning from some shopping in Port Hood, Tyche and I stopped to call on the MacPhees. Death had struck that family not too many years before with an automobile accident taking the life of John, the father, Rose, the youngest, as well as John's brother Alex and his daughter. At that point I could not speak of Brian's death, though I did later in the day, but there was a genealogy book that Angus had of the parish community in Scotland where they came from, and I was struck by the similarity of one grave image in the book to paintings of Brian's and then the next entry in the notes spoke of a man who had died on July 4th at the age of 32. The search for accidental significance.

Tyche and I swam off the rocks down at our shore. Gray Cat followed us there as she had followed Brian and me into the woods and down to the shore the previous summer. And we called on the MacLeans, and we found chanterelles, and we went to a musical performance in Mabou with the MacPhees and the on to the square dance at Glencoe Mills with Gerard and Angus. In March Brian and I had visited Helen and Moira in Calgary when we went to lecture and have an exhibit in Banff on our way to Vancouver. Recollections. Tears. Sorrow.

Caught by Brown Cat 8/13/86

Brown Cat
Apple



Journal notes from August 13th 1986 (a year ago):

And more with electron



40 A Sable Pigeon

Looking at Tyche's entries I realize that she thought we had arrived in Cape Breton on the 13th rather than the 12th. So our writing covers both our trip and the first day there. It was while driving through New Brunswick, Canada that it became clear that the 13th of the different months was central to this dialogue. With my entries I am not positive that March 13th is the day that Brian and I went to the Japanese Gardens in Vancouver, though it seems right. Memory is fallible.



tyche

LUCK

CHANCE

FORTUNE

lakshmi

fortuna

quan yin

SUERTE: luck, fortune; piece of luck; fate, lot; kind, sort; feat, trick; play, suerte; (Peru) lottery ticket

de este suerte: in this way

de suerte que: with the result that

la suerte esta echada: the die is cast

CHANCE: oportunidad, ocasion; casualidad, suerte; probabilidad; peligro, riesgo

by chance: por casualidad

to chance upon: tropezar con

to not stand a chance: no tener probabilidad de exito

to take chances: probar fortuna

to wait for chance: esperar la oportunidad

FORTUNA: fortune

correr fortuna: to ride the storm

de fortuna: makeshift

probar fortuna: to try one's luck

nicaragua libre

TIERRA LIBRE

TASBA PRI

FREE LAND

tierra firme

tierra seca

tierra rica

tierra santa

tierra nuestra

tierra tierna

TIERNA: tender; loving; tearful; soft

TIERRA: earth; ground; land; dirt

dar en tierra con: to upset, overthrow, ruin

echa r tierra a: to hush up

la tierra de nadie: no man's land

tierra de pan llevar: wheat growing land

tomar tierra: to land; to find one's way around

venirse a tierra: to collapse

ver tierras: to see the world; to go travelling

TIESO: stiff; tight; taut; tense;

stubborn; bold; enterprising; strong



June 13th, 1987

2:00 a.m.

San Francisco

On the airplane, waiting to depart. My ticket arrived only this morning. Ran into my yoga teacher in the post office and remembered that I had dreamt that she was some kind of guardian spirit, watching over my journey to Nicaragua. Last minute purchases: work gloves, a shovel, a dozen rolls of toilet-paper. When I came home, overwhelmed by details, I collapsed and cried: fear at leaving my life unattended, of my present becoming my past; fear of the dangerous, the unknown, the foreign; fear of going alone. It left me drained and quiet. Later, my friends sent me off with a dinner at a little Nicaraguan restaurant in the Mission. Judith drove me to the airport.

June 13th

9:30 a.m.

Mexico City airport

Waiting with my luggage. Sleeping. First impressions of Central America: green hills; selva; black, volcanic mountains. Guadalajara: humid, empty. Mexico City: most populous in the world.

Voices persist: "Why Nicaragua of all places? Couldn't you study Spanish somewhere else? Somewhere safe?" To see for myself. To get behind the lies. To lend a hand. "Well, young lady, I think you had better leave foreign policy to the politicians."

June 13th

7:00 p.m.

Now Nicaragua is below. I see a lake, river, hills. It is still vague and small. We pass through a thin bank of clouds. I see tin rooves reflecting the sun. Many years ago, Daddy told me that, while flying back from Europe to New York, he passed over Cape Breton Island and saw the sun glint off the MacPhee's barn roof.

The light is long and low and rose-toned against the clouds. Lake Managua is huge. The city below us looks like rows of tiny houses, no skyscrapers. More green, rural. We are landing.

June 13th

10:30 p.m.

Managua

Barrio Maximo Jerez.

My new home, a stranger's house. Cinderblock walls, terra cotta tile floor, corrugated tin roof. I struggle to converse in Spanish with Noel Ernesto and Auxiliadora Bermudez. They waited tonight at the Casa Communal for me to arrive in the barrio. More than twenty hours of travel. With the promise of 'cafe con leche' for breakfast, I am sent to bed. It is almost too hot for a sheet.

July 13th, 1987
Nuevo Segovia

Ocotal is a town of 35,000 people; the regional center for a rural province. Neighbors and strangers wish us "adios" as we pass on the street. The gringos are a spectacle. Nine of us pile out of the pick-up truck for lunch and trudge through the streets, sweaty and covered with mud. Then sometimes we stop to drink a Coke or buy a bottle of rum from the old Creole from Bluefields. He is a Costeno and speaks English. Other days we go the the market to get bananas, mangoes, and a bunch of mamones, the little, lychee-like fruits with tough skins you crack open between your teeth.

The morning I left Managua to come here, I learned of Brian's death. It was three days before I could reach Dad on the phone and cry in English in the crowded telecommunications office. I leave my country, but life/death there doesn't stop. I am far away from events, but carry feelings with me. New York holds my past, and I will return there: now I am thousands of miles from that place. So my present is here in Ocotal, but also happening there in New York with my father. Time and place disjointed. And where is Brian now?

July 13th
7:30 a.m.

On the way to work. Image from the back of the truck. Two young girls, maybe ten years old, lean on a fence with their arms around each other, sucking on mangoes and watching the cows head out to pasture.

The roosters woke me early this morning, but beside me, Victor was already awake, accustomed to starting his day at four or five. I had given him no address or telephone number, only, "Ocotal, at the Institute of Natural Resources and the Environment." But he arrived yesterday, unannounced, in a driving rainstorm, after five hours on the bus from Managua. It turns out Victor knows the Ocotal/Dipilto region well. In 1984, when he was 21, he fought the Contra in the Cordillera Dipilto, the mountains where we are reforesting. 1984 was the year the Contra blew up the Ocotal power station. They haven't attacked here in some time, but Nuevo Segovia is still considered a war zone.

I understand "war zone" better now. Before I left the United States, I promised my grandmother I wouldn't go to one. But here I am. In this war, there is no battle-front; the Contra won't face the army, but instead attack civilians. And there's no way to predict what road will be mined, who kidnapped next. So farmers carry rifles to the field, and daycare centers are equipped with bomb shelters. That is what it means to be in a war zone. The whole country is a war zone, on a survival economy.

July 13th
5:00 p.m.

On the mountain today, planting, the strong wind blows fog and low clouds across the northern ridge which separates us from Honduras. Arcadio meanders over, singing Nicaraguan love songs or protest songs, come to supervise the planters. His square denim shirt hangs loosely on his thin frame, his cotton cap and thin black beard and drooping mustache make him look like Ho Chi Minh. He is flirting outrageously with poor, serious Barbara who can't really understand his thickly accented Spanish or his suggestive jokes. She is struggling, breathless, across the slope with her pan full of seedlings, as Arcadio asks her to marry him and take him back to Oregon.

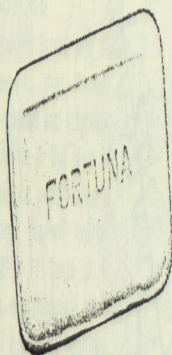
Our workmates plant twice what we do in the course of the day. They joke and laugh and flirt, but they are unflagging. They are better accustomed to this climbing and digging and carrying than we city folk. Carmensa can balance the cracked, plastic dishpans on a rolled rag on her head, bearing the twenty-five or so pounds of seedlings in sacks of damp soil. Jose Santos Martinez Marin, the oldest campesino, wields a machete for hours, clearing underbrush so we can dig the holes.

Driving home, we are sometimes as many as 25 in the back of the pick-up, with shovels, picks, and often, a load of firewood. Sometimes we have to get out to push the truck out of the mud. Sometimes we sing for each other: "De Colores", "Cancion de un Elegido", "Oh, Suzanna", "We Shall Not Be Moved". Irela Dias teaches us the words to the "Hymno Sandinista". Her eyes remind me of Rose MacPhee. She is fifteen, the age I last saw Rose, the year before she died in the car accident.

July 13th
9:30 p.m.

In the hills above Dipilto, and even along the roadside, the sharp, green smell of vegetation reminds me of Cape Breton. The smell is punctuated by charcoal smoke, cow manure, a trash heap.

Conversation on the porch has stopped and I am listening. Victor has gone back to Managua. I told him about Brian, about feeling distant from my father but also very near. He doesn't know my family, but he knows my feelings here. I am listening. Moths and flies careen around the fluorescent bulb. Crickets and frogs chant in the dark. Away on the highway, a car drives by. A dog howls, answered by others: a haunting sound, like the crazy roosters who will start up early.



August 13th, 1987
11:00 a.m.
New Brunswick
Canada

In transit again/still. Ferrying between small, rocky islands, Dad and I cross the border from Maine. Customs again. I entered the United States less than a week ago; already I am leaving it. My flight from Managua took off last Thursday morning. I left Victor waving from the plateglass window, left 5000 pine seedlings, left the volcanoes and the yellow butterflies and the revolutionary Bermudez family. But the airplane, a good 40 years old, had engine trouble. So we circled over the city and the lake and landed again. And I wondered about what Chico Prado had asked me, "How is Managua different from what you had imagined? What was it like to arrive here at first?" I could have those first impressions all over again, but with hindsight: that volcano, Momotombo; that river, Trapiche; the lake, Xolotlan.

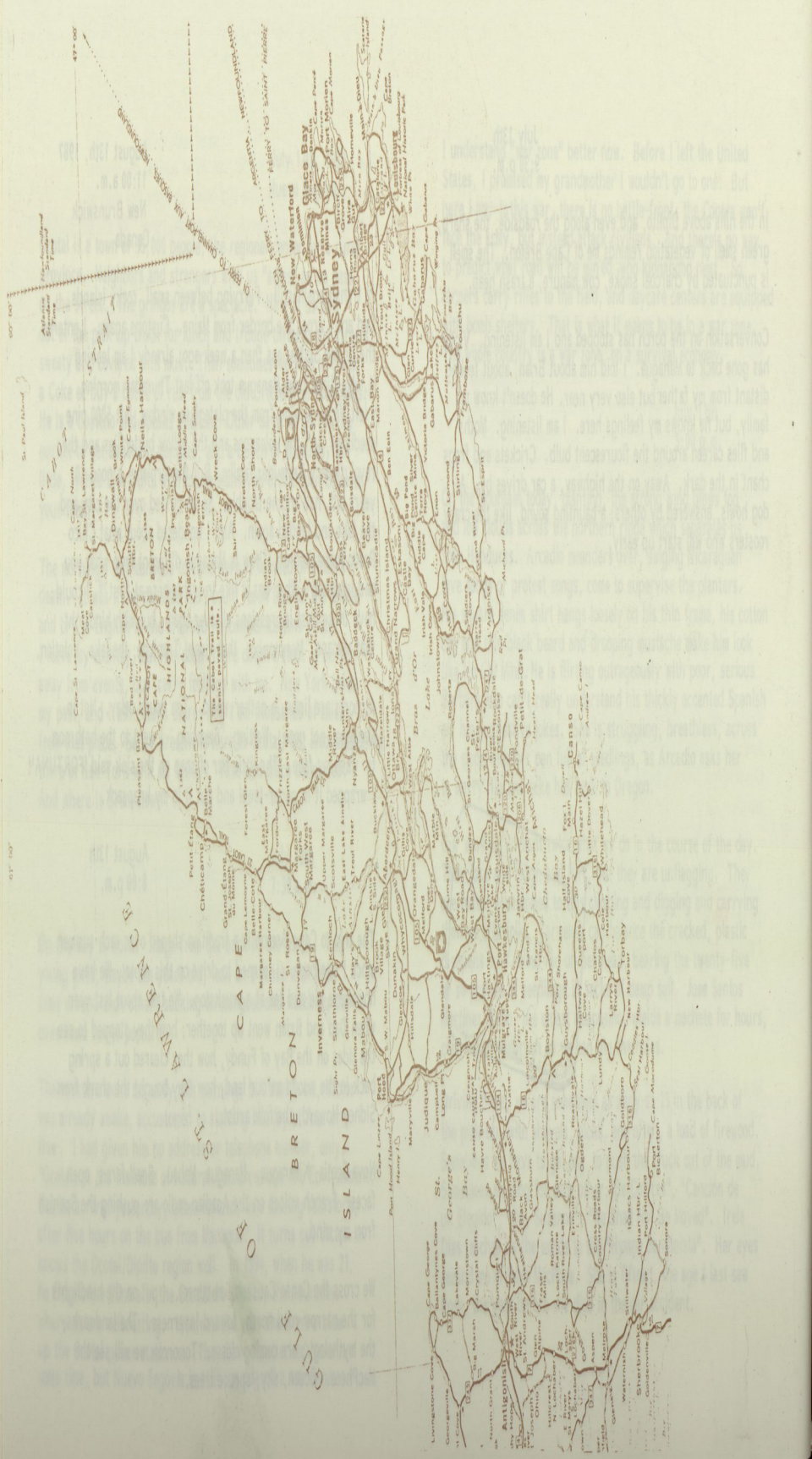
Airports are limbo, a nether-world. Ten hours delay. Not in Managua, not gone. Waiting. Sweating. I went to the bathroom to wash my face. The little bar of soap on the sink said 'FORTUNA!' I wrapped it in paper-towel and put it in my knapsack.

August 13th
8:00 p.m.

The trip to Cape Breton is a tradition shaped over each summer since I was born. I learned to drive on this route. We have homemade pie and tea at a truckstop. We talk about last year when Dad and Brian went up together: how they stopped to see the tides on the Bay of Fundy, how they cleared out a spring back in the woods on our land, how they bought the shark from Sidney Howard, the folk artist.

Nova Scotia, Nicaragua. Managua, Mabou. Small farms, open faces. French voices on the Acadian radio are pushing the Spanish from my mind.

We cross the Canso Causeway at sunset. I put on the headlights for the narrow road north, toward Inverness. The landmarks, the mythology, are coming closer. Tomorrow we will see the MacPhees. Ocean, sky, spruce trees.



HERESIES P.O. BOX 1306
CANAL STREET STATION
NEW YORK, NY 10013
(212)227-2108

HERESIES

CALL for CONTRIBUTIONS

The Art of Education

you might consider:

- Important role models, mentors, teachers.
- What you learned both inside and outside the educational system.
- Experiences you have had with innovative/alternative learning systems.
- How you define success . . . and how your education has helped or hindered you to realize/accomplish your idea of success.
- Your experiences encountering and/or changing stereotypes (such as --age, ideology, race, sex, or being physically challenged).
- How money has affected your education.
- How language defines who we are.

Please send us page art, comics, analytical essays, satire, quizzes, childhood memories, play scripts, photographs, poetry . . .

FINAL SUBMISSION DEADLINE:
January 31, 1988.

GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

Each issue of HERESIES has a specific theme and all material submitted should relate to that theme. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and submitted in duplicate. Visual material should be in the form of slide, xerox, or photograph but must be supplied as a B&W print or xerox for publication. We will not be responsible for original art. 8 1/2" x 11" page art is welcome. All material **MUST** be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope if it is to be returned. Please include a short biography with your submission. We do not publish reviews or monographs of contemporary women. We do not commission articles and cannot guarantee acceptance of submitted material. HERESIES pays a small fee for published material.

DADA ANNA MONA LISA



SYLVIA HERRMANN

D-8913 SCHONDORF, GARTENSTR. 16



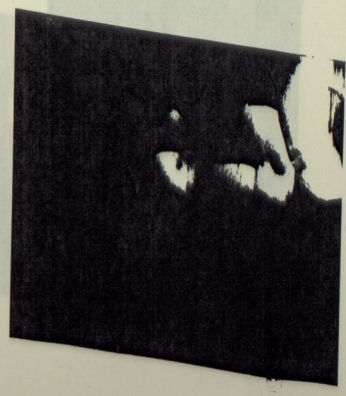
Bick Higgins



geographic Higgins

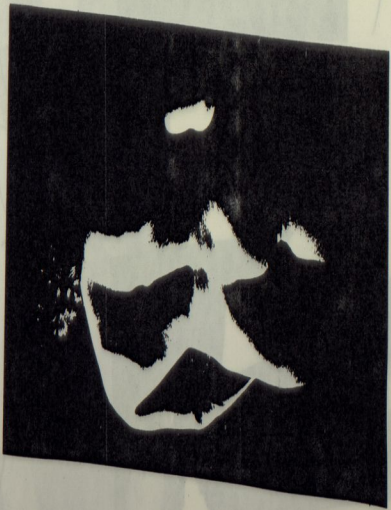


54





lost in a beautiful
memory of memory
something that mystic



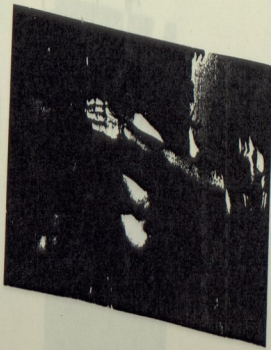
some thing
said
about
fulfillment

stairs



! am
50000
good!

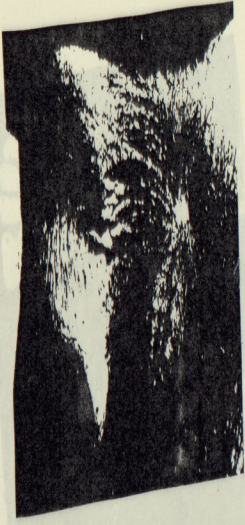
a good girl
and good
for
what is she?





once
 i knew you
 or thought i did —
 once

people charge



Out rpe



the ~~the~~ foot



the ~~the~~





but will it?



yes, it should
page -



yes, it should
page -
but will it?
what's the
will
any way?



opɛɔiɔɔ
ɛ
opɛɔiɔɔ



“انگوس” —
تلاوت

“سے سے سکر”
سکر سکر
سکر سے سکر؟

پوستیتک اور سکر
سکر اور پوستیتک
پوستیتک

پوستیتک اور سکر
سکر اور پوستیتک
پوستیتک اور سکر
سکر اور پوستیتک

پوستیتک اور سکر
سکر اور پوستیتک



پوستیتک اور سکر



tower of
feet
tower —

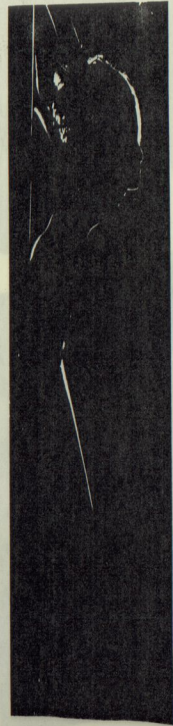


a feat!





not too late —
peder too
late!



let her the
early —
she knows it
already!



take it off
&
take off



the high
sperence
of iprocepe
&
the iprocepe
of high
sperence





up



steps
of
rise



it

to flutter like shadow of the sky
a shadow like flutter of the sky



steps
to make
to rise



rise & slope



to rise to slope of mountain



slope & rise







gk i Dye

a certain fallacy

gk i Dye

gk i right bc

gk i right bc

Epitaphs For S - H -
Here lies a man whom prayers will not revive -
He could hardly wake him up when he was alive -
Terence Hoagwood

For F - M - , Widowed Three Times
Her weeping is wasted at the graves of these men -
They do not want it now -
Terence Hoagwood

Capitalism: For M - L - H -
Here is the remains of a man who made a buck -
Owned a trucking company - was run over by a truck -
Terence Hoagwood

Queries for Departure
Why did I leave? I remember two things -
Starless nights - Gray snow on the playground swings -
Terence Hoagwood

ACROSS TO ON A CHAIR FROM KEETS
Vanishing down the street, a butter truck
After I found a box of butter, I saw
Ever the under-estimated butter, I looked
Now, I bumped yet I was with butter at the docks
In the morning, I looked at the windows on the street.
Now the butter, I saw goes down. What's left,
Everything they were, when the store
Shuts its doors, is a bit of light that spills
Down the faded shutters and lies in a yellow pool
Along the darkening gutter. Crows skim the pavement,
Yearning, and feeding deep, deep, in the yellow light.

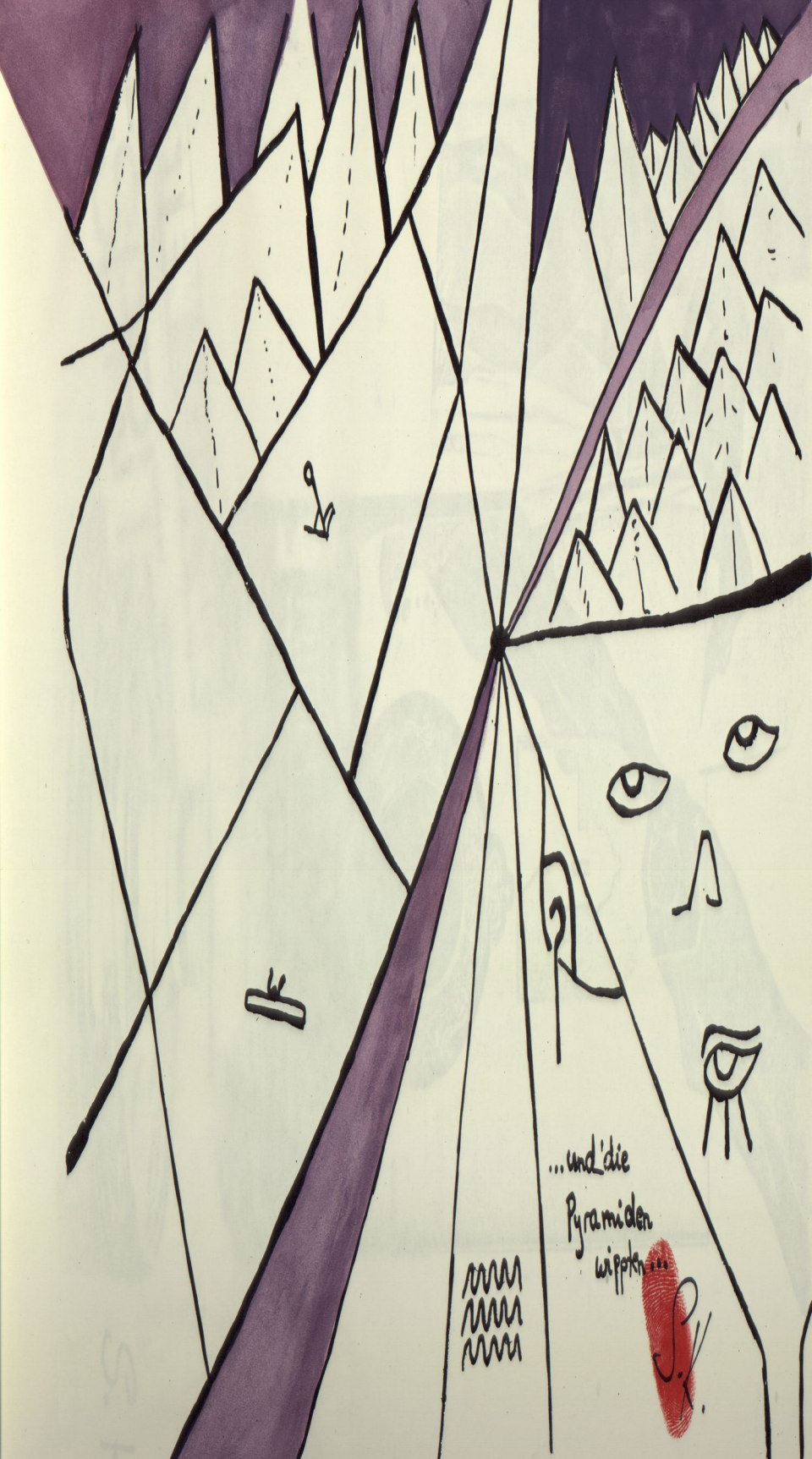
TERENCE HOOGWOOD

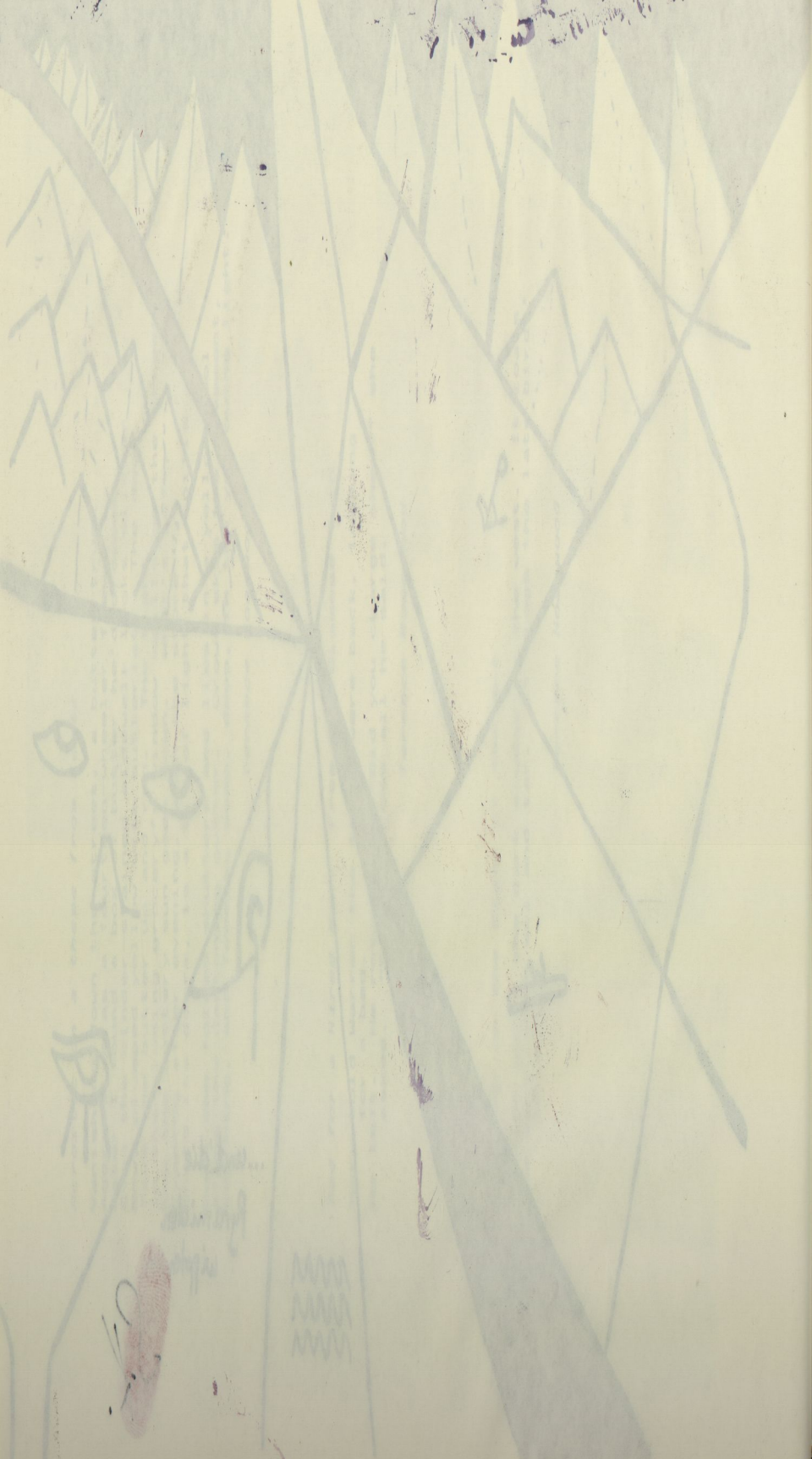
Bed for a Mixed Man: From The Siamese Twin
May told Warner the twins were back, looking
He left. He returned. "Did you charge them?" she
asked. "Doubtless," was all he said.

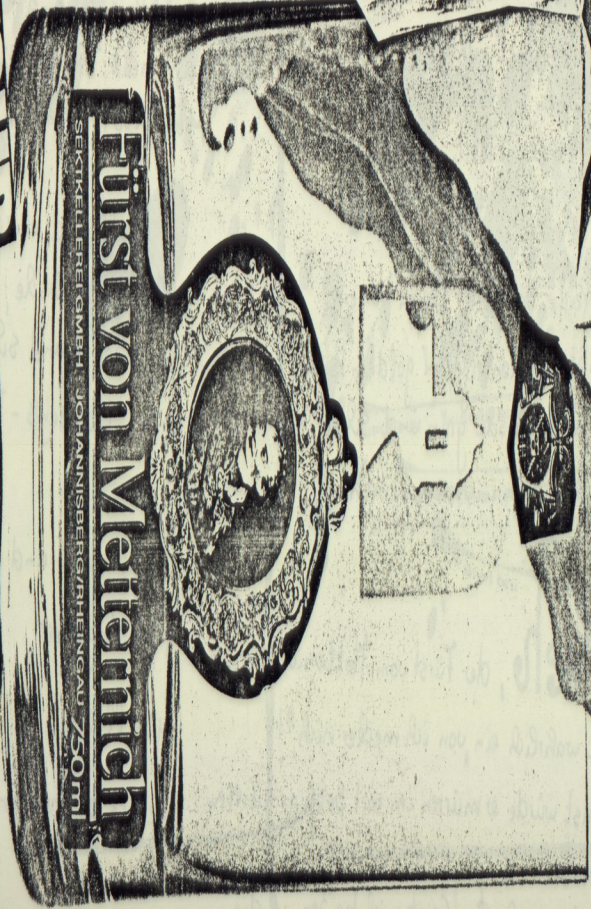
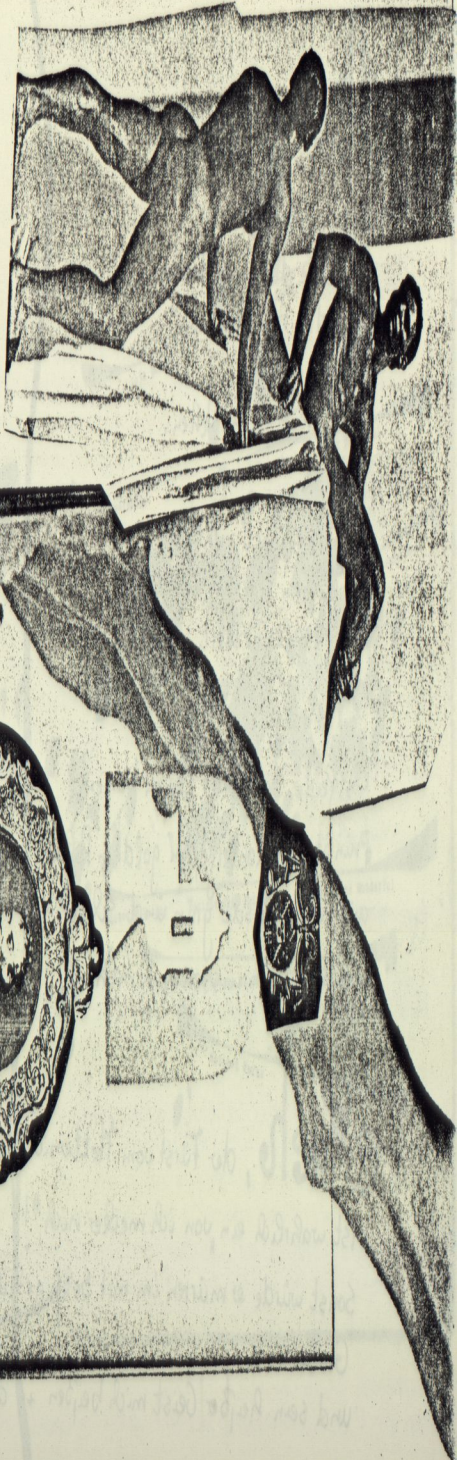
TERENCE HOOGWOOD

Swansons on the Scene of the Art
Sundown melts the dark sludge in the west. It coats
The earth with oil and tar. It clogs the late birds,
The coats.

TERENCE HOOGWOOD







LISTENTO YOUR
EGPITIT

S. K

Noch, ihr Leute

ich bin erhaben,
über alle dummen Fragen.
Die jetzt kommen,
morgen gehen,
bevor sie erst entstehen.

Ach, ihr wisset nicht,
vom Fürsten Metternich,
der niemals meidet,
nich ?

Ein feiner Seft trägt seinen Namen.
Prüft sein Konterfei im goldenen Rahmen,
auf eine Flasche grün und schwer.
Wollt ihr nun wissen noch mehr ?

Noch, der Fürst vom Metternich

ist wahrlich ein von ich melker nich !
Sonst würde er mürren im mit Seft gekühlten
Grabe
und sein heißer Geist mich beißen in die
Wade.

Den pelenden Trunk schlüpf ich mit
jovialem Genüsse
und der Vater Lord Byron's ist ganz weg
von dem Kusse,
den ich ihm gab,
bevor er mit mir in Freuden erstarb,
um wieder aufzustehen,
zum Kühlstrand zu gehen,
eine neue Flasche zu holen,
vom Gesöff, dem Fivolen.

Geistvoll und würdig ist der
Inhalt der Flasche,
die geköpft und schnell geleert
unsre Liebes-Freuden mehrt.

When esprit and spirit
join together,
you'll cry:
let it be for ever !



Gloria

Dario



Ich, die Leile

Der polende Tunde sollig mit
jaussem Genisse
und de hater lord Byron's ist ganz weg
von den Russe,
den flinke gab
Pfeil' und mich in d'Finger - Harb,
die wilden - geuchlen
auf Kun' - die
die rote Tunde
hofft, das Frische
und mich
die grüne und Schnee
unter Luchts - Fender

When spot and spirit
join together,
you'll cry:
Let it be for ever!

Clara
D...

Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal; bad poets deface what they take and good poets make it into something better, or at least something different.--T. S. Eliot, on Philip Massinger.

The only thing we have to fear on the planet is man. Champions, actors and dictators should always retire when they are on top. I'm not going to starve to death just so I can live a little longer. Never let a fool kiss you or a kiss fool you. To achieve anything in this life, you must be prepared to dabble on the boundary of disaster. Forgiveness is the key to action and freedom. We should forgive our enemies, but only after they have been hanged first. If it's your day, you can't do anything wrong. When you're "down and out," something always turns up, and it's usually the noses of your friends. Don't look back, as something might be gaining on you. The history of liberty has largely been the history of the observance of procedural safeguards. At no time is freedom of speech more precious than when a man hits his thumb with a hammer. Friendship is an arrangement by which we undertake to exchange small favors for big ones. The principal mark of genius is not perfection but originality, the opening of new frontiers. God is the tangential point between zero and infinity. When choosing between two evils, I always like to try the one I've never tried before. Baseball is dull only to those with dull minds. Since a politician never believes what he says, he is always astonished when others do. Never find your delight in another's misfortune. Our task now is not to fix the blame for the past, but to fix the course for the future. A man convinced against his will is not convinced. Most of us believe in trying to make other people happy only in ways which we approve. I'll kill anybody who gets in my way. Comedy is the last refuge of the nonconformist mind. A conservative is a statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the liberal, who wishes to replace them with others. In matters of conscience, the law of the majority has no place. The game's never over until it's over. Consistency requires you to be as ignorant today as you were a year ago. The power of accurate observation is commonly called cynicism by those who have not got it. Happy is the man who learns early of the wide chasm between his wishes and his powers. Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing wonder and awe--the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me. "Diplomacy" is the patriotic art of lying for one's country. The pleasures of the intellect are permanent, while the pleasures of the body are transitory. A free society is one where it is safe to be unpopular. We can't all be heroes because someone has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by. History's lessons are no more enlightening than the wisdom of those who interpret them. Eminence is no compensation for a belly-ache. It is human nature to think wisely and act foolishly. The value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. We have always held to the hope, the belief, the conviction that there is a better life, a better world, beyond the horizon. Nice guys finish last. The image-managers encourage the individual to fashion himself into a smooth coin, negotiable in any market. Every child ought to be more intelligent than his parents. High heels were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead. A jury consists of twelve persons chosen to decide who has the better lawyer. We undo ourselves by impatience--misfortunes have their life and their limits, their sickness and their health. If power corrupts, weakness in the seat of power, with its constant necessity of deals and bribes and compromising arrangements, corrupts even more. Not decide is to decide. I am defeated, and know it, if I meet any human being from whom I find myself unable to learn anything. One's friends are that part of the human race with whom one can be human. You just have to treat death like any other part of life. A falsehood is an attempt to withhold the truth from those who have a right to know. If leisure tends to corrupt, absolute leisure corrupts absolutely. Cursed is everyone who places his hope in man. A celebrity is a person who works hard all his life to become well known, and then wears dark glasses to avoid being recognized. One ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words. Most of the evils of life arise from man's being unable to sit still in a room. The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. Life is not a problem to be solved but a reality to be experienced. The first half of our life is ruined by our parents and the second half by our children. The only really happy people are married women and single men. Life would be infinitely happier if we could only be born at the age of eighty and gradually approach eighteen. There are few things easier than to live badly and die well. The wisdom of the wise and the experience of the ages are perpetuated by quotations. The difference between a politician and a statesman is that a politician thinks of the next election while a statesman thinks of the new generation. The game of life is not so much in holding a good hand as playing a poor hand well. The greatest happiness you can have is knowing that you do not necessarily require happiness. A man is only as old as the woman he feels. Fame has also this great drawback--that if we pursue it, we must direct our lives in such a way as to please the fancy of men, avoiding what they dislike and seeking what is pleasing to them. One purpose of freedom is to create it for others. If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing. Consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative. The meaningless absurdity of life is the only incontestable knowledge accessible to man. He was awake a long time before he remembered that his heart was broken. The liar's punishment is not is the least

Richard Kostelanetz: A Universe of Sentences-IV (1985)

that he is not believed but that he cannot believe anyone else. There is nothing commonplace in the world except the mental attitude of most men. The only good is knowledge and the only evil is ignorance. A real diplomat is one who can cut his neighbor's throat without having his neighbor notice it. A man is rich in proportion to the things he can afford to let alone. Man, biologically considered, is the most formidable of all the beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that preys systematically on its own species. No matter how happily a woman may be married, it always pleases her to discover that there is a nice man who wishes she were not. I drink to make other people interesting. The sun and the moon and the stars would have disappeared long ago, had they happened to be within reach of predatory human hands. Experience is the worst teacher; it gives the test before presenting the lesson. Growing old isn't so bad when you consider the alternative. The appeal of any true sport is that it is an easy game to play, but difficult to master. Dreams are the touchstones of our characters. War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to face it. Marriage always demands the greatest understanding of the art of insincerity possible between two human beings. News is the first rough draft of history. You can only cure retail, but you can prevent wholesale. Great spirits have always found violent opposition from mediocrities. If, after I depart this vale, you ever remember me and have thought to please my ghost, forgive some sinner and wink your eye at some homely girl. Talent is what you possess; genius is what possesses you. Every man's memory is his private literature. The basic problems facing the world today are not susceptible to a military solution. I wouldn't bet on a horse unless he came up to my house and told me to himself. Defeat is worse than death because you have to live with defeat. Appeasers believe that if you keep on throwing steaks to a tiger, the tiger will become a vegetarian. Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your way. A single death is a tragedy; a million deaths, a statistic. Pride has a greater share than goodness of heart in the remonstrances we make to those who are guilty of faults; we reprove not so much with a view to correct them as to persuade them that we are exempt from those faults ourselves. Stoicism is the wisdom of madness and cynicism the madness of virtue. Watch what people are cynical about, and one can often discover what they lack. Genius is perseverance in disguise. Military justice is to justice what military music is to music. The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing. Modesty is a vastly overrated virtue. The golden age only comes to men when they have forgotten gold. Men become civilized not in proportion to their willingness to believe, but in proportion to their readiness to doubt. I'd like to live like a poor man with lots of money. Immortality can be a fate worse than death. The older I grow the more I distrust the familiar doctrine that age brings wisdom. Opera in English is just about as sensible as baseball in Italian. It is a very sad thing that nowadays there is so little useless information. He dares to be a fool, and that is the first step in the direction of wisdom. Barking in the night, I shriek but no one answers; I scream, but there is not even an echo. Insanity is hereditary; you can get it from your children. A proverb is a short sentence based upon long experience. The only thing more painful than learning from experience is not learning from experience. The bigger they come, the harder they fall. Love does not consist in gazing at each other but in looking outward together in the same direction. When your friends begin to flatter you on how young you look, it's a sure sign you're getting old. The advantage of a classical education is that it enables you to despise the wealth which it prevents you from achieving. A cynic is a person searching for an honest man, with a stolen lantern. Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die. To see a man beaten not by a better opponent but by himself is a tragedy. When two cultures collide is the only time when true suffering exists. Education is what survives when what has been learnt has been forgotten. What we want to see is the child in pursuit of knowledge, not knowledge in pursuit of the child. All that losing gracefully can teach a boy is how to lose. If you want to know what the Lord God thinks of money, look only at those to whom he gives it. The health of a democratic society may be measured by the quality of functions performed by its private citizens. It is clear that thought is not free if the profession of certain opinions makes it impossible to earn a living. The chief value of money lies in the fact that one lives in a world in which it is overestimated. That which seems the height of absurdity to one generation often becomes the height of wisdom in another. Every day you waste is one you can never make up. It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game. You can't say that civilization doesn't advance, for in every way they kill you in a new way. Democracy means government by the uneducated, while aristocracy means government by the badly educated. Power corrupts the few, while weakness corrupts the many. There is no possible line of conduct which has not at some time and place been condemned, and which at some other time and place been enjoined as a duty. The perpetual obstacle to human advancement is custom. Sometimes the pilgrimage from rags to riches is a journey from rage to wretchedness. A pessimist is a man who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street. Only work that is the product of inner compulsion can have spiritual meaning. Skepticism is a hedge against vulnerability. Long-range planning does not deal with future decisions, but with the future of present decisions. Fatigue makes cowards of us all. Civilization is progress from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity towards a definite, coherent heterogeneity. The perpetual obstacle to human advancement is custom. It is the mark of the cultured man that he is aware of the fact that equality is an ethical and not a biological principle.

Richard Kostelanetz: A Universe of Sentences-IV (1985)

2

who forces the opportunity, but never a man who misses one. He who laughs last, laughs best. Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are. His music is not as bad as it sounds. To invite someone to dinner is to take responsibility for his happiness throughout the time he is under your roof. The mind fully develops its faculties only when it attacks the powers that be. We stop loving ourselves when no one loves us. I never knew what happiness was until I got married--and then it was too late. But we always come back to our earliest loves. The pleasures and considerations that go with realized ambition, even with boundless power, are nothing compared with the inner happiness found in affection and love. I am weary of museums, those graveyards of the arts. All excessive power perishes by its very excess. Love is our principle, order our foundation, and progress our goal. He's the type who'll cut your throat behind your back. It is easier to be a lover than a husband, for the reason that it is harder to be witty every day than to say pretty things now and then. A man who would employ his life seriously must always act as though he had a great many years ahead of him and order his time as though he expected to die very soon. God made only water, but man made wine. And all else is literature. Nothing can tame the conscience of man, for the conscience of man is God thinking. If his father were alive today, he would be turning over in his grave. Religion is merely the shadow cast by the universe on human intelligence. Man is the only animal who blushes--or needs to. Knocked unconscious, he was taken to the hospital, where X-rays of his head showed nothing. God could not be everywhere, so he created mothers. Do not trifle with love. If, as tis said, we are here on earth to help Others, what, pray tell, are the Others here for? Sex offers the most fun you can have without laughing. Our very business in life is not to get ahead of others, but to get ahead of ourselves. A schlemiel falls on his back and breaks his nose. Keeping a secret from one's wife is like trying to sneak the dawn past a rooster. To any problem there is usually an answer that is simple, clear and wrong. How is it possible that the clod who wasn't good enough to marry my daughter is the father of the smartest grandchild in the world. The higher a monkey climbs, the more you see of his ass. The difference between truth and fiction is that fiction has to make sense. Never use a preposition to end a sentence with. Anyone seeing a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined. If the rich would only hire the poor to die for them, the poor would earn a very good living. If you rub elbows with the rich, you'll get a hole in your sleeve. You can live like a king and still die a fool. In hog heaven the hogs wait in line for more heaven. The more things change, the more they remain the same. All human morality rests upon this one principle: equal and mutual respect for human dignity. Doubt, if you will, the creature who loves you, woman or dog, but never doubt love itself. The moment a thing becomes useful, it ceases to be beautiful. In relation to genius the public is a clock that runs slow. To be enthusiastic over anything but abstractions is a sign of weakness and sickness. "Dying for an idea" sounds good enough, but why not let the idea die instead of you? The most beautiful works are those that have least content: the closer the expression is to the thought, the more indistinguishable the word from the content, the more beautiful is the work. Honors dishonor, titles degrade, an office dulls the mind. Charm is the quality in others that makes us more satisfied with ourselves. Surely nothing has to listen to so many stupid remarks as a painting in a museum. Hypocrisy cannot, like adultery or gluttony, be practiced during spare moments; it is a fulltime job. Nothing great is achieved without chimeras. The bonds of matrimony are so heavy that it takes two to bear them, sometimes three. There are four kinds of people in this world: those in love, those who are trying to get ahead, those who look on and watch the others, and those who are merely stupid and are thus the happiest. War is much too serious a business to be entrusted to the military. You do not make a poem with ideas, but with words. The leek is the poor man's asparagus. Conversation is the art of never seeming a bore, the ability to say everything in an interesting way, to make a trifle sound pleasant, and nothing at all perfectly charming. Beauty is a logic that we perceive as a pleasure. To marry a woman you love and who loves you is to lay a bet with her as to which of you will fall out of love first. Just as war is waged with the blood of others, so fortunes are made with other people's money. Doubt is not a stage below knowledge, but a stage above it. Every mental operation is easy so long as it is not controlled by reality. There is nothing nobler, despite the anguish and the torment, than to battle against mystery and darkness. The purpose of psychology is to give us an entirely different idea of the things we know best. Blind indiscipline, always and everywhere, is the main strength of free men. Democracies cannot dispense with hypocrisy any more than dictatorships can with cynicism. In seventy years the one surviving fragment of my knowledge, the only indisputable poor particle of certainty in my entire life, is that in a public lavatory incoming traffic has the right of way. Contraceptives should be used on every conceivable occasion. Man's greatest weakness is love of life. Money can't buy friends, but you can get a better class of enemy. Be nice to women on your way up because you'll meet them again on your way down. Gather youth while you may; for just like this flower, with the years your beauty too will fade away. There are three ingredients in the good life: learning, earning and yearning. Give me a couple of years, and I'll make a new author an overnight success. Love does not hurt ladies' reputations, but they are discredited if their lovers lack merit. Writing becomes sublime when the artist transcends his personal anguish, when he projects in the midst of a shrieking world an expression of living and an end that is silent and ordered.

Richard Kostelanetz: A Universe of Sentences-V (1986)

3





While Waiting For Rosa Maria (Abridged Version)

Mark Laiosa c 1986

While Waiting For Rosa Maria (Abridged Version)

While Waiting For Rosa Maria was written while waiting for the pianist Rosa Maria Pimentel to arrive for a rehearsal. To date (1986) it has not had a public performance.

Performance Notes

The staves are used as a guide for performances. Forearms can be used to play the wide chord. Performance time is variable.

The musical score is written on a single staff with horizontal lines. It begins with the instruction "ad infinitum" written above the staff. The notation includes several distinct sections:

- Top Left:** A sharp upward curve followed by a vertical line extending downwards to a thick horizontal bar.
- Top Right:** A series of notes on a downward-sloping line, with a double line underneath.
- Middle Left:** A series of notes on a horizontal line, with a vertical line extending upwards from the end.
- Middle Right:** A long, thin diagonal line sloping upwards from left to right.
- Bottom Left:** A figure-eight or infinity symbol shape.
- Bottom Center:** A vertical line with a "gliss." marking and a downward-pointing arrow.
- Bottom Right:** A vertical line with a series of small circles or dots along its length, and a single note at the bottom.

At the very bottom of the page, there are some faint markings including "tr", "o", and "f".

MARK LAIOSA
3345 RESERVOIR OVAL WEST
BRONX, N.Y. 10467
1-212-798-5442

IT CAN HAPPEN, HEAR?

An artistic interpretation of a nuclear event. An evening's entertainment becomes an end of the world scenario.

WHO: The public is invited to bring a picnic dinner to an outdoor space for an evening of summer music and surprises. They do not know of the "nuclear event" the space contains: 1 10-20 ft. high light tower with curtain, 6 police cars (borrowed via community relations), 2 pile drivers and 4 fog machines (borrowed from the GSA or Material for the Arts Program), 3 marching brass ensembles, with bass drums, and audience.

WHAT: Outdoor summer moonless evening event.

WHERE: Open space, preferably dirt.

WHEN: Summer evening.

TIME SEQUENCE: Late evening a large brass band plays an-pah style summer music for 30 minutes or so. When the sky is dark the sequence begins.

00.00 Total blackout.

00.10 Fog machines begin.

00.15 Light Tower Full light into audience. Music stops, musicians break up into three groups and move to different locations.

00.17 Light Tower Total shut down. Pile Drivers begin.

00.20 Police sirens and lights, placed at different points in the audience, begin together, low pitch, low intensity and lights, building to an audio/visual crescendo.

© 1984 Mark Laiosa "All Rights Reserved"

01.00 Marching groups begin to move, playing Dies Irae at their own tempi, snaking through the fog and audience.
 02.00 Rotating curtain of clear, yellow and orange gels around light tower creating a flame effect. Sirens and lights at full intensity.
 03.00 All equipment and musicians stop. (Including fog machines). Total silence and darkness.

General Ground Plan

Police car (PC) 1	Fog Machine (FM) 1	PC 2	FM2	PC3
Pile driver 1		Light tower		Pile Driver 2
PC 4	FM3	PC5	FM4	PC6

DIES IRAE for IT CAN'T HAPPEN, HEAR? - MARK LAIOSA

At light flash, separate into three groups and move to different areas.
40 seconds after sirens begin, start moving through the audience playing
"Dies Irae", varying the tempi with each repetition.

Stop playing at the 3 minute mark (Total Silence). Event completed.

MEMORIZE AND PLAY IN UNISON, 1 & 2 OCTAVES LOWER
(NOTATED AT CONCERT PITCH)

The musical score consists of three staves of music, all in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above the notes. The third staff continues the melody, also featuring a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above the notes. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style.



THE SAUSAGE WAR

ERRA

WHEN THE SOUL
LEAVES THE BODY
VIA THE RECTUM

A. LASKAZI AND THE MAD HOUSE WIFE



SI DIEU Y EYST PISSE

WHO YOU ARE?

KNOW

DO YOU STILL

Schism, hiberio
derision, vice now
indecision.
Chorus:
Whoof! Indeed!
Umph! Push, please...
Fusion, foremore (!)
Illusion, hype then
confusion.
But wait...
Chorus (a double):
Whoof! Whoof!
Indeed, my Lord,
Umph! Push, harder
please...

ST. THILLUPS.

BOOK IV
POEM I
THE SCOLNDREL'S SONG
—to be sung with pious regret
in no particular key

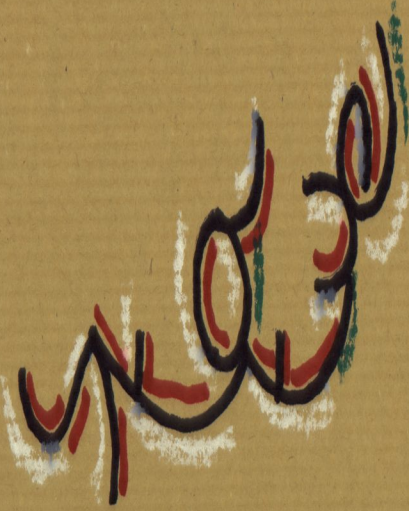
IF YOU THINK THE TV SET IS GODS MOTHER YOU ARE DEERZ IF YOU THINK THEE HIS EYES DOWNY WALK AROUND THE HOUSE MAKERZ
IF YOU THINK THEE FROM GODZ REBELLEZ HOW KEEZ YOUR ASSZ COVERED
IF YOU THINK THEE VISION KEEZ



and the critics raved

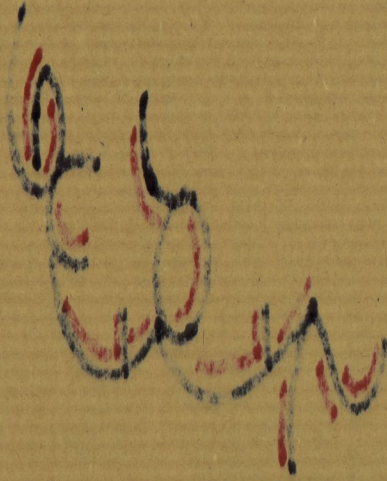


158



15/200

arrigo lora totino



Mindlessness

The Cluttered Mind



122/200 Alphabet Soup © Jan 1987

YEFH

YEFG

Strange Words/Dec 1987

The Clarendon Press

0001223/bv111/

Handwritten red scribble resembling a stylized 'A' or 'X'.

Handwritten green scribble resembling a stylized 'D' or 'O'.

so

Handwritten red scribble resembling a stylized 'B'.

105/200 © em 1987 Learning to Read

19/1/98 - 23/1/98 - 03/03/98 - 23/7/11

A B C D E F

a b c d e f

z

к

↓

о

я

у

я

x

|

© 1998 Learning to Write
106/200

G H I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z

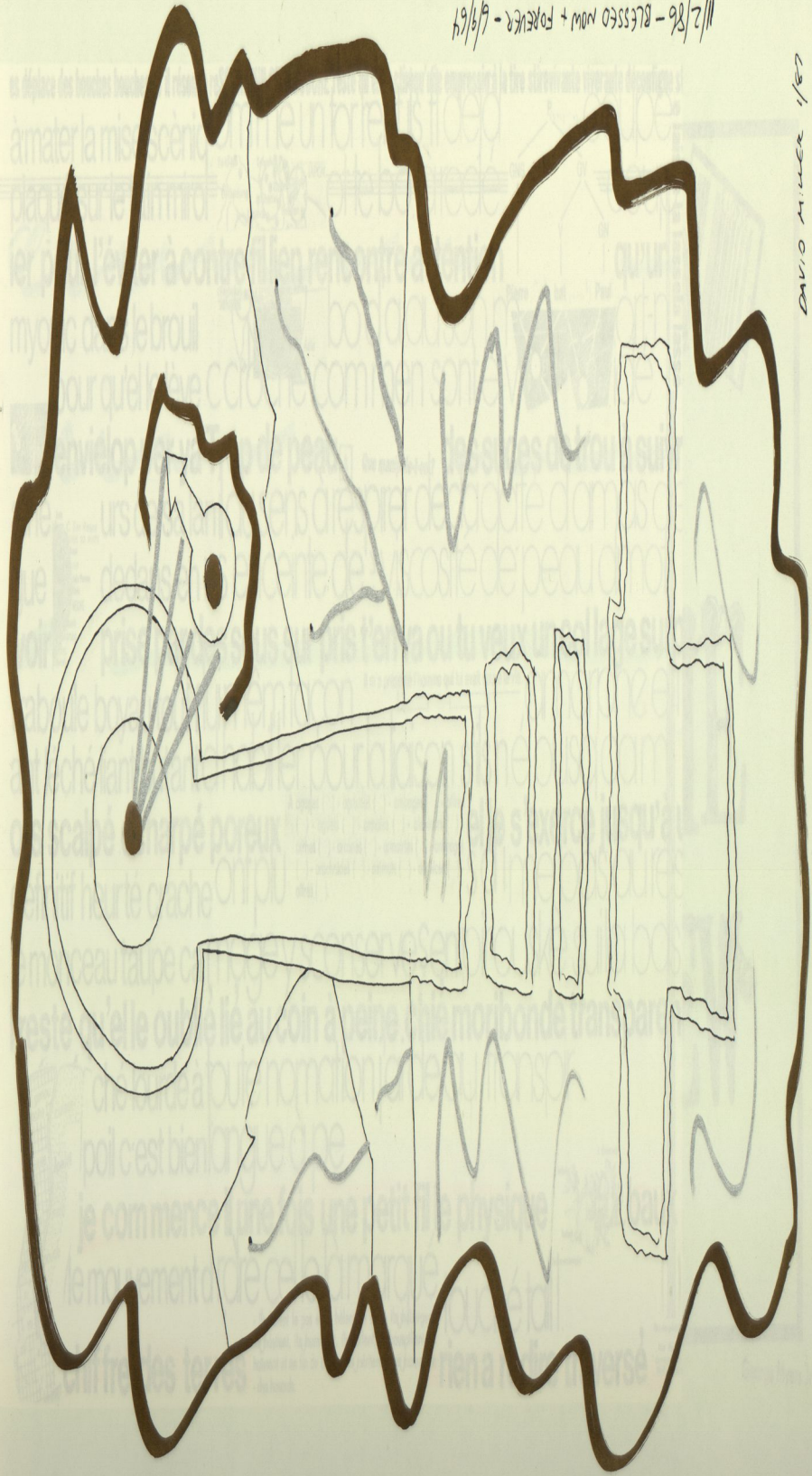
Y R Y R Q

UNION PRESS, WINDHOLES
5540 N. SAKER
CHICAGO, IL 60625

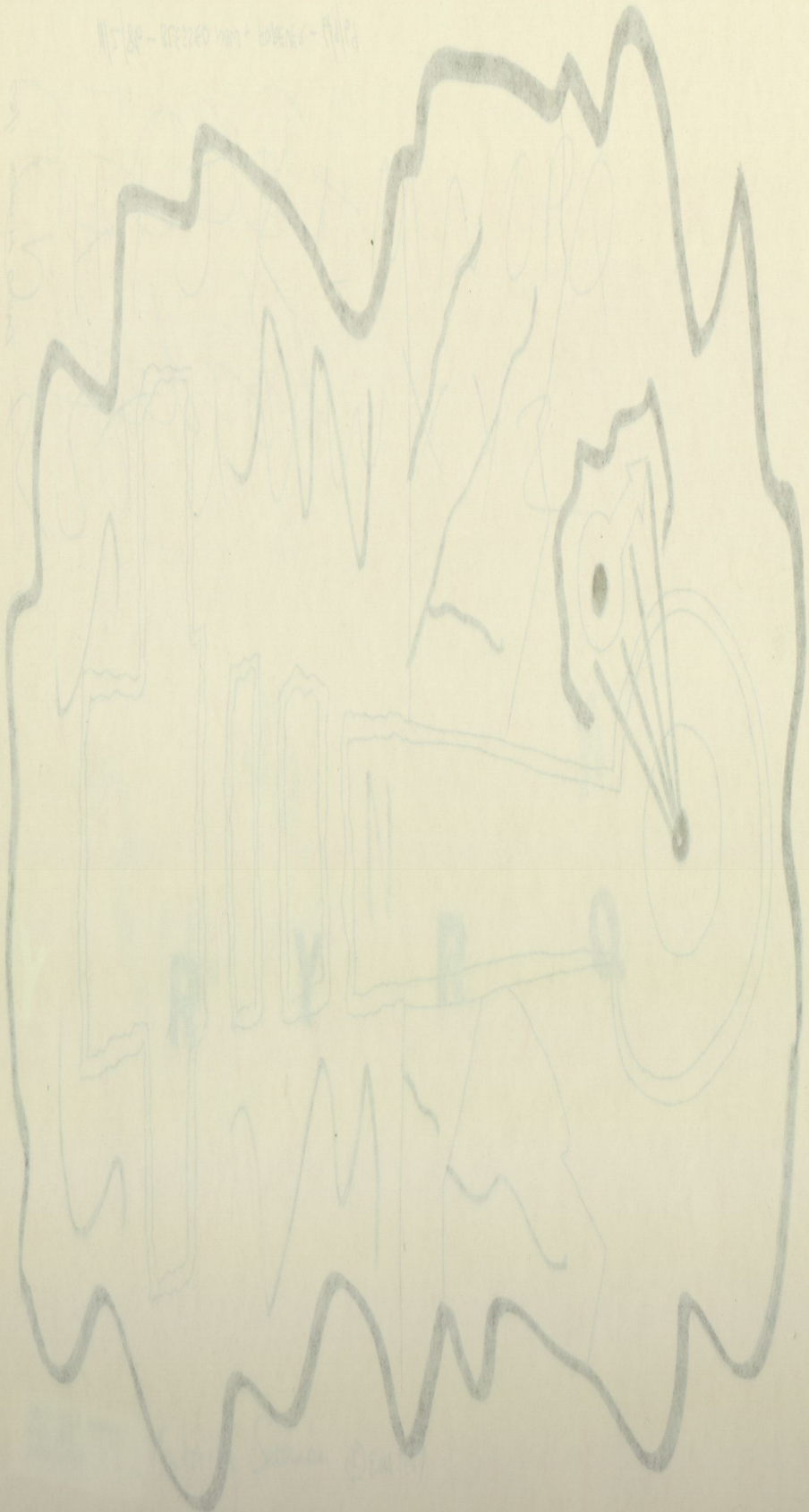
Tutoring Session ©Em 1987

11/2/86 - BLESSSED MOM + FOREVER - 6/9/64

DAVID MILLER 1/87



11/14 - 11/20 1911 - 11/21



es déplace des bouches bouches QU'il résonne reSONNE SUR CELA BOUCHE, reste qu'elle s'irbe (me) empressé à la tire stire vivante vivante déconpigne si
à mater la mise scéniq om me un torrent ils fi de d coupe
plaqué sur le tain miroir JAPON offe bo aie de
ier pour l'éviter à contre-fil lien rencontre at tention qu'un
myopic dans le brouil bod a au son n part n
pour qu'elle le lève c croche com men sont, e v ide
envielop per ya Trop de peau Que manipule-t-on? des sucres de trou à suivre
ail le urs de sa lan du sens à respirer de da opite d amas de
gue dedans en ns enceinte de : viscosité de peau amot
voir prise par des sous sur pris t'en va ou tu veux un collage sur
traboule boyau touff lu même façon Il m'a présenté l'homme qui lui avait sauvé la vie amorphe et
ant léché liant butant d habiller pour la liaison s'ils n'é ou sa cam
ots scalpé écharpé poreux A ogales () - agrumes () - ombages () - offres
() - oguets () - onnés () - olentours ()
() - ormes () - aronés () - armoines () - arérogés
() - arachnides () - azimuls () - auspices ()
autres () elle s'exerce jusqu'à
définitif heurté crache ont plu sa lme bas au res
le monceau taupe ca mage y s conserve s en piruskè suilla bas
I reste qu'elle oublié lié au coin à peine chie moribonde transparent
ché lourde à toute notation j'ai de du transpir
poil c'est bien langue à pe
je com mence il une fois une petit fil le physique baux
le mouvement d rare celle là marqué touché tail
chiffre des terres - ils hâtent le pas et ils hélent un taxi - ils fuibergent,
ils hésitent, ils humilient, ils hurlent, ils houspillent, ils
hâtissent et en fin de compte ils hérient - des hameçons
- des hasards rien a redire traversé



LE
W



Des Amphibies
Des Pécariés
Sous-marin
MÉTAMORPHOSE

George Myers Jr.

GETAWAY" A F
LY STRUTHERS

Birthday Greetings to the Man in the Moon - Morgan O. O'Donnell - 1987





SOMETIME IN NEW YORK CITY

by VALERY OISTEANU

WHICH ONE SMOKED

BIZARRE FANTASIES

NERVE DAMAGE



POT?

ON THE RADIO?

BRAIN CELL

PUBLIC

Surrealism

EXIT

EXIT

EXIT

STOP THE TORTURE OF CHILDREN STOP

Seeking hidden

DANCE FREEDOM

TIME TO RELAX

The Invisible message

LIFE IS VERY SHORT

Stuff as Dreams Are Made On Birds, Beasts And Oddities

FASCINATING out of Control

FACES

BANANAS

AFTER THE FEAST

Search for the Origins of Water

Their art has minimal handicaps.

Dangerous **PLAY**

BY VALERY OISTEANU

Passions Beginnings **SPRING MUSE TOUCH EVERYONE**

Dreams

ART

Struggles

REMEMBER

INTIMACIES

Success

DEATH

GROUNDS

Waiting

BEYOND THE TOMB

suicide

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER

THE EVOLUTION OF SEX

DON'T MISS!

MARCEL DUCHAMP

DUCCI

cocaine

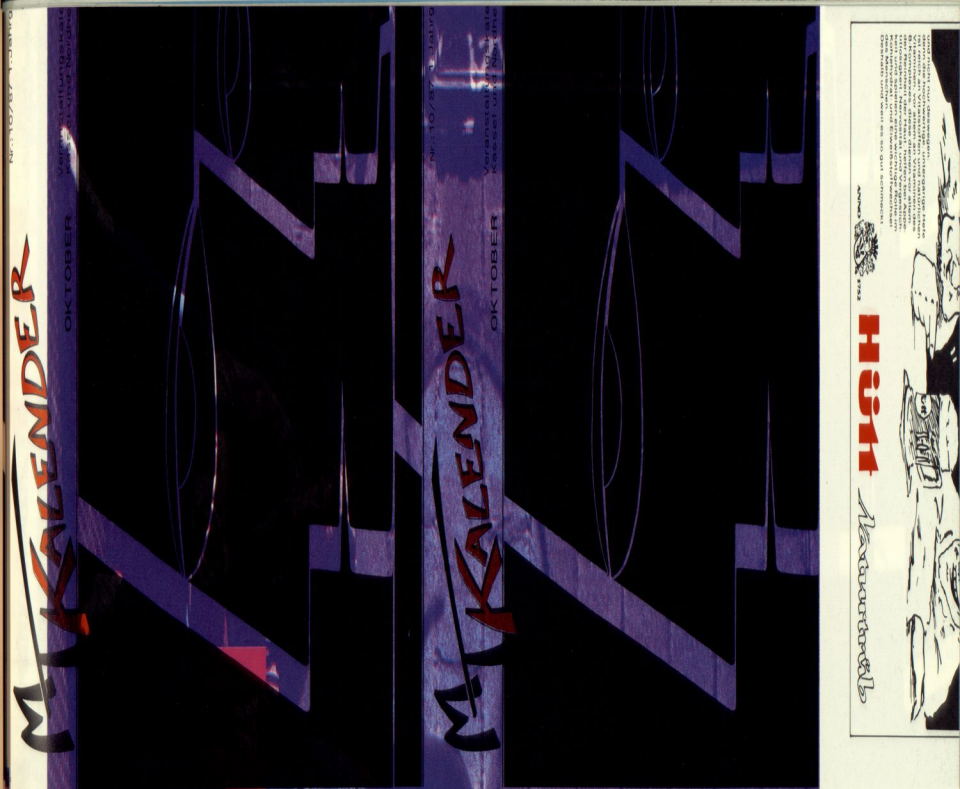
Clairvoyant

BETHERE

Searching for

LOVERS





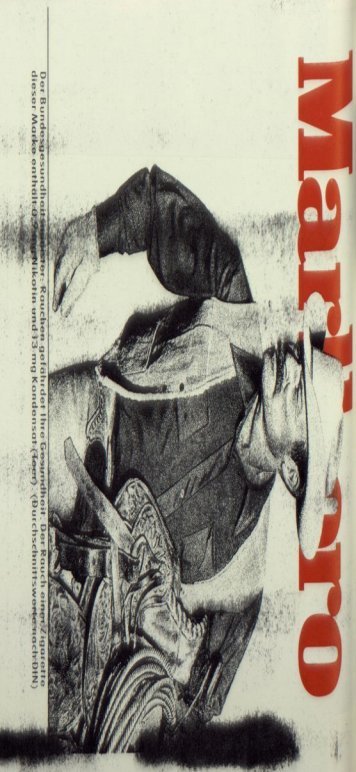
So it is now, too.

mau you are scappi

Der Bundesgesundheitsminister: Kein gelbes Haar-Gesundheitsprodukt für Sie!
 dieser Marke enthält 0,9 mg Nikotin und 13 mg Koffein (je 100 ml). (Deutsche Gesundheitsbehörde nach DIN)

W&M
 KALENDER





confronted with a new problem: the face, the eyes, and what made them work.



...of real eyes revealed an... in its importance to... We knew that the lid could... were other forces pushing... at the corners, causing... different shapes, from one

and quick looks. Dancing eyes and sparkling eyes have a great deal of movement, ranging from wide with excitement to crinkled in laughter. The animated character somehow has to capture these same elements. If the eyes remain constant throughout a scene, the character will be consistent and look like the model sheet, but he also will look like a doll with painted eyes. This quality was used purposely in *Pinochio*, first when the puppet was lifeless, and later when he was dancing with the marionettes in Stromboli's show. The eyes presented an interesting problem since Pinochio was still a wooden puppet even though he had been brought to life, and part of the device that made him puppetlike was to keep his eyes as constant as possible, giving him a wide, innocent stare. Now he was working with real puppets whose eyes were only paint, and there was a fine line to be drawn between the lifeless and the living, while keeping both as puppets.



This placed a special burden on the clean-up man and inbetweeners, who had been taught to emphasize the changing shapes of the eye to strengthen the feeling of life. Now, with less movement in those changes, there was an increased chance for wiggles and jitters on the screen, and the drawings had to be done very carefully, and thoughtfully, to keep them working smoothly. An inbetween out of place or poorly drawn may get by on an arm or a leg, but never on an eye. As Walt had said, the audience watches the eyes, and this is where the time and money must be spent if the character is to act convincingly.



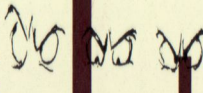
For Disney cartoon characters, the basic shape chosen for the eye was the early formula of a circle. This is not the only way to draw an eye, but this shape has given us maximum expression. Walt would keep prod-



His head had to be raised to make him look up.

It was difficult to roll his eyes to the side and main-

...think up for any loss here, so the character is apt to end up with a lifeless, uninteresting personality that the audience never could quite believe. It is up to the animator to be sure he has not been lured into designing a tiny eye or one that cannot give the necessary expressions.

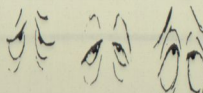


Mickey's eyes were a special problem. They had started as black pupils in large eyes that looked more like goggles than like eyes. Since the whole picture was stock cartoon formula for the time, the eyes looked well, but when the animator started making the head bigger and rounder and elevating the rims of the eyes to the status of eyebrows, a strange condition arose. The pupils were now considered to be the whole eye, a solid, black eye like that on a doll. It was common and made a great design, but it created an almost impossible job for the animator who was trying to draw a look in any direction other than straight out in front.

Eyes wandering around the face tended to produce a queasy effect on the audience, so the animator had to curtail his attempts to make Mickey have that wadded touch of life. In most cases the restrictions were handled so adroitly that the audience never noticed, but there were still times when the animator needed a special look without having to move his head. These restrictions were too limiting. What if Bashful had been drawn with a solid eye that had no pupil—or a pupil? There would have been no way to get sparkle, excitement, and life—all of the variety needed.

So eventually Mickey's eyes were changed and pupils were added, opening up new acting possibilities. He could now look innocent or embarrassed on the top of his eyes—or he could glance to the side without the expression falling apart.

On Winnie the Pooh, we had less of a problem than we had with Mickey because he was a bear. He was not expected to have eyes that wandered on his face. It seemed appropriate for him to turn his head in the direction of his "looks," and this actually gave



him a less sophisticated feeling that was more in keeping with a "bear of very little brain." With this type

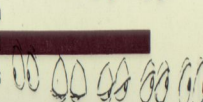
and they would squash and stretch the amount needed to keep the particular action alive. Though many subtleties had to be given up, the audience had no trouble in following how Pooh was feeling.

Piglet was more of a problem since he had the barest rudiments of a face. With only dots for eyes there was nothing to draw except the crudest expressions. We had to concentrate the acting in body attitudes and hand and head gestures to compensate for this loss.

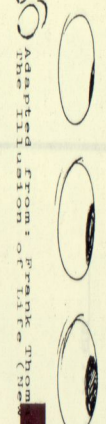
Occasionally a question was raised whether button eyes should blink at all since there is so much charm in keeping the realism of the doll. Some artists feel they are losing their basic design if they alter the shape in any way, but they are throwing away the best symbol of life with the limitation. Knud Andersen expressed it well: "As a cartoon character has magically been imbued with life, and part of life is the ability to turn the eyes and get expressions, it has to pick up these accomplishments or else it would only be getting half-life."

Compared to Mickey or the dwarfs, Bambi eyes appear to be very realistic. They are depictions of a real deer's eyes rather than using cartoon eyes. We had the suggestion of a bear's face and had a carefully drawn upper eyelid with a thickness to it that fit over the eyelid. The pupil with the dark center and the eyelashes made the eye the most detailed we had ever drawn. Most of the times would have been hard pressed to tell that a real deer's eye was any different. In spite of this detail, or disguise, the eyes still basically the cartoon formula must more nearly be used. We could not have squinted it so successfully otherwise.

There is no animal a look like the right:



The rising eyelids fortify the look, the change of direction emphasizes the amount of the move, but by shading out the white of the eye dwarfs, then shading it back on successive drawings. Blinks are good on any shift of eye direction as they call attention to the change, as well as allow the animator to make the expression stronger.



1. When there of the pupil don be difficult to m statement of eit pression or the which the ch looking.
2. This pupil is definite for a side.
3. As the pu away from the eye, the direc look changes.
4. As more and surrounds the f is an increase excitement and
5. While all are pupil gives a vaga expression and direction of th certain.
6. A smaller th pupil gives a da withdrawal from lack of vision.
7. This cartoon a drunk or ke character was s ively in the ear generally was by the mid-thirti symbol can be always will de feeling of realis

This is weaker.

This is stronger.

This is stronger.



Dwarfs w in the wh pear to b space, in White off

Everywhere I go I am a problem.

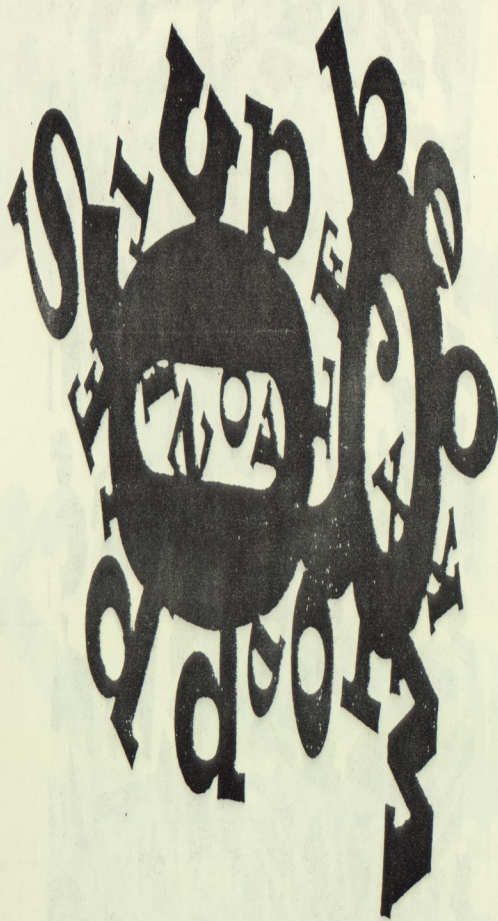
Witness: Frank Thomas, animator of Mickey Mouse, Pinocchio, and Bambi.

World's Oldest
Wine
I saw a biopieju-
Explain where I go

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

**POESIA
EXPERIMENTAL
URUGUAYA**



AUTOR: CLEMENTE PADIN TÍTULO: Texto_V7.68

POESIA
EXPERIMENTAL
SURINAM



AUTOR: CLEMENTE PADIN

TITULO: Texto VII/69

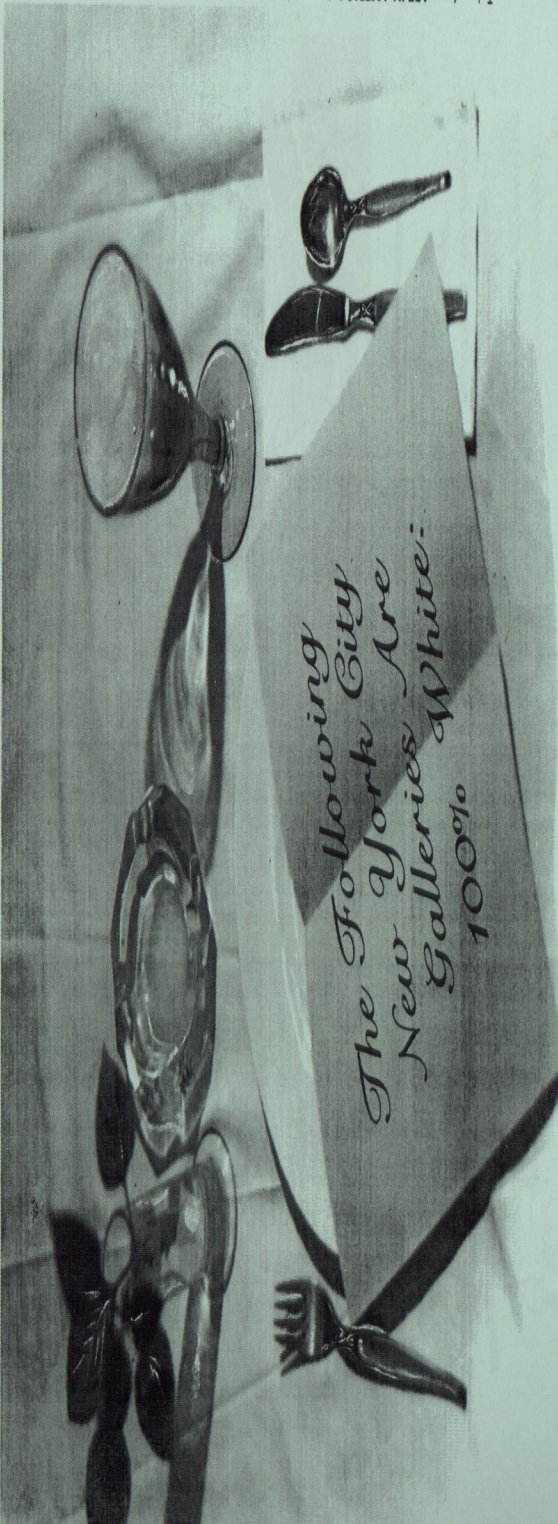


Honorable & Joseph Berrys
Stephen Perkins 1986

BOX OF WATER
0075071506

— DETOUR
— DETOUR
— DETOUR

We Serve Whites Only



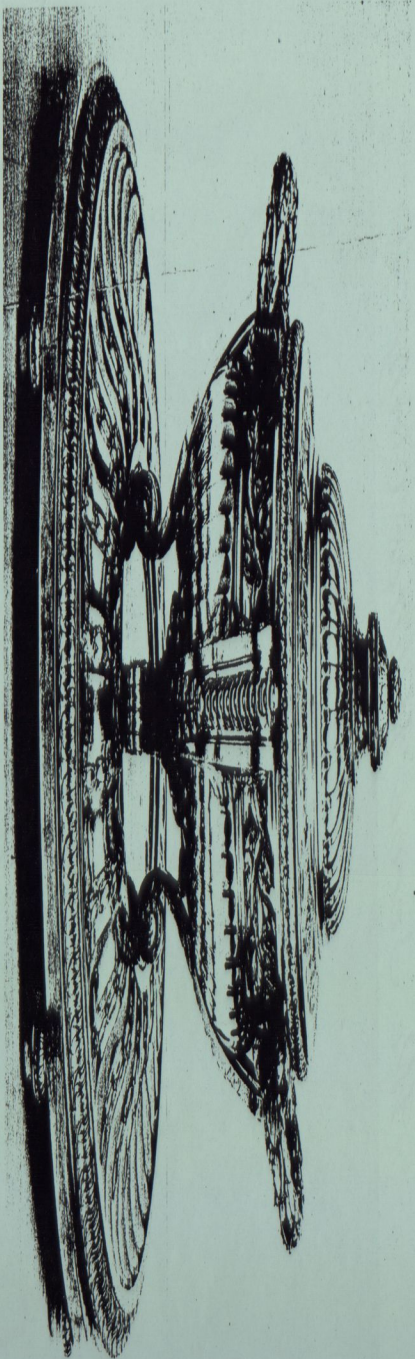
Taken from ART IN AMERICA Annual 87-88

*The Following
New York City
Galleries Are
100%
White:*

*Althea Wyfere
Andre Emmerich
Annina Nowei
Barbara Toll
Barkerville - Watson
Blum - Feldman
Brooke Alexander
Cable
Calk / Newhouse
Curt Marcus
Diane Brown
Edward Thorp
Eric Segelbach*

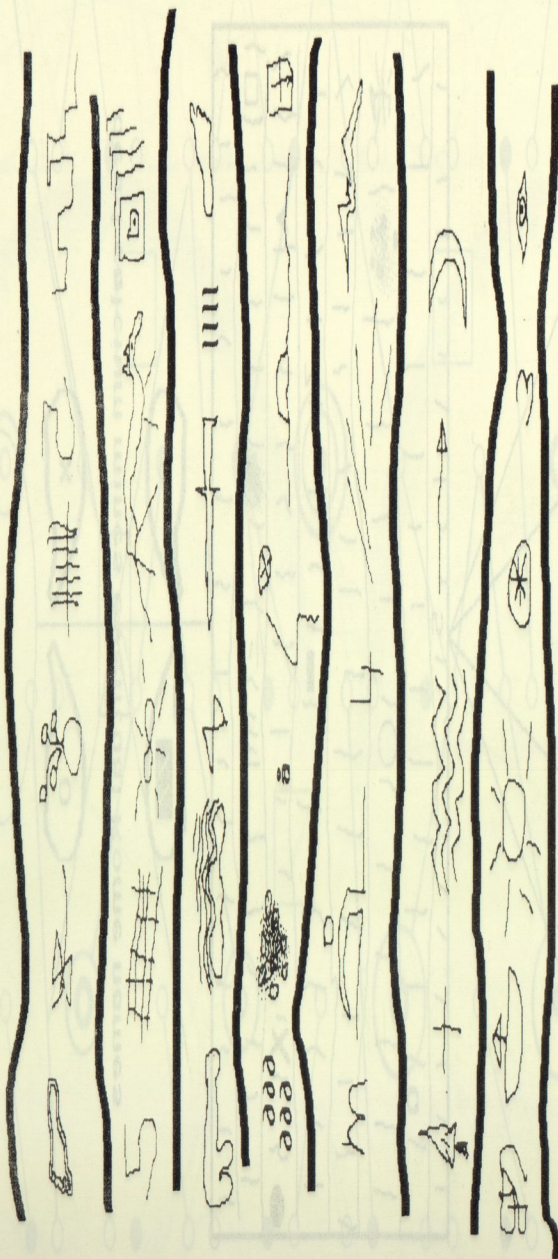
*Fishbach
Gimpel / Weitzenhoffer
Gracie Mansion
Graham Modern
Hirsch / Adler Modern
International w / Monument
Jay Gorney
John Gibson
Josh Baer
Leo Castelli
Leo Castelli Graphics
Lorenz Monk*

*M. Kroeller
Marian Goodman
Mary Boone
Massimo Sestello
Metro Pictures
Michael Klein
Pace / MacGill
Pulte Cooper
Saxe
Tavler Fourcade*



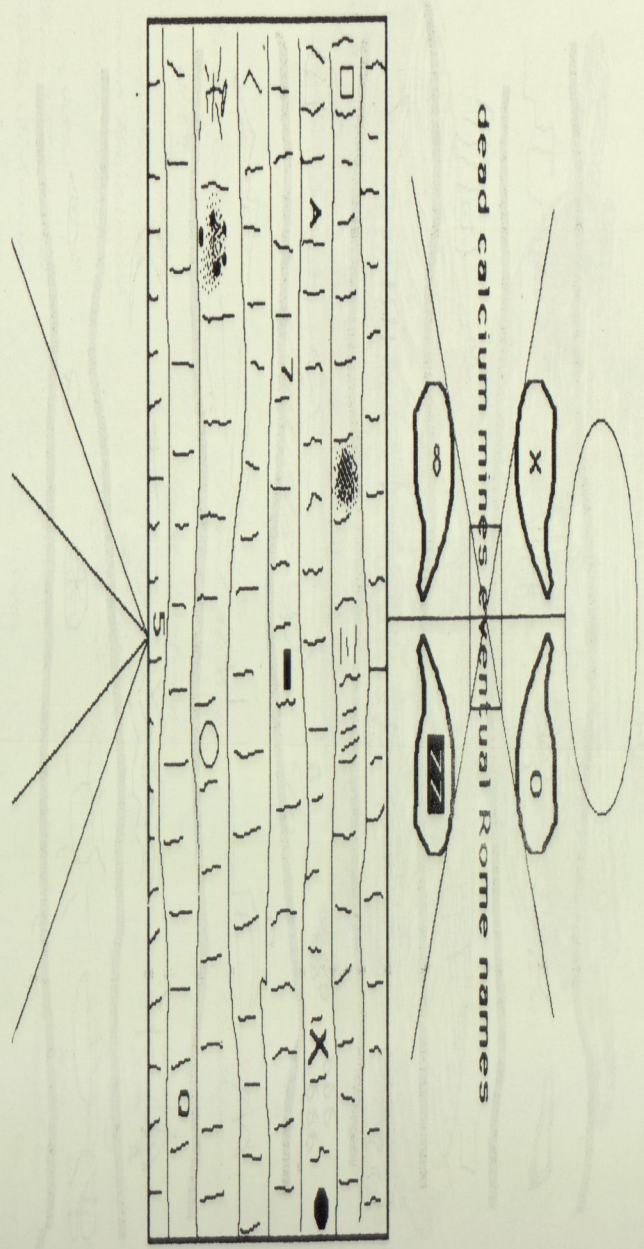
Artists Du Jour

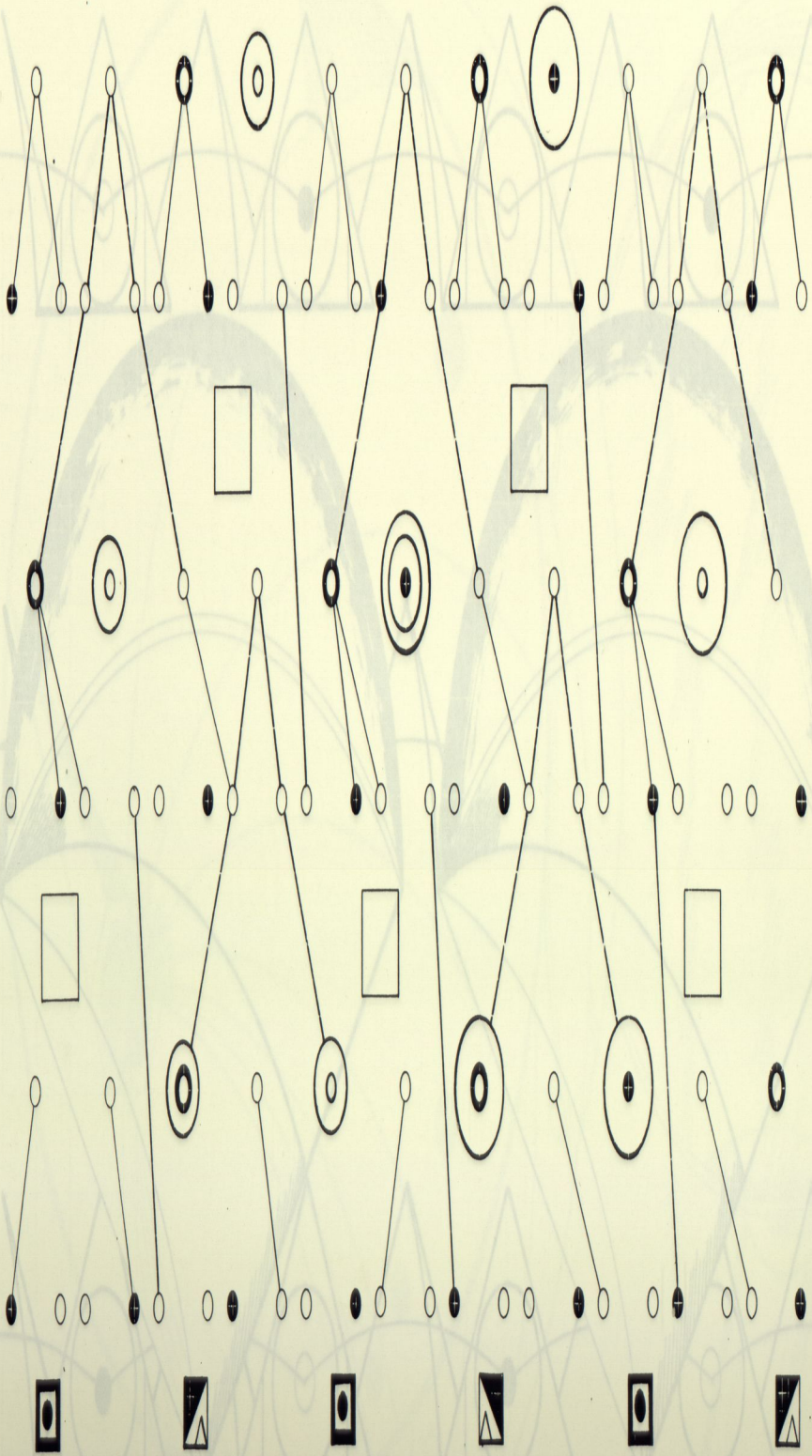
- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Charles Bowdler
95% | David Westce
97% | Marborough
89% |
| Ronald Trumbull
94% | Basimasters
91% | Sharpe
80% |
| Alvan Westwater
93% | John Shapolsky
89% | Nancy Kaffman
75% |
| John Weber
93% | O. St. Kares
86% | Pat Mcann
69% |
| Franz St. Messel
93% | Waghi - Felong
86% | Semaphore |
| Stolly Solomon
93% | Rosa Esmar
84% | |
| Barbara Blackstone
93% | Sidney Janis | |
| Phyllis Strand
93% | Bernice Steinbaum | |
| Mrs
93% | | |
| Solander O'Reilly
93% | | |
| Price | | |

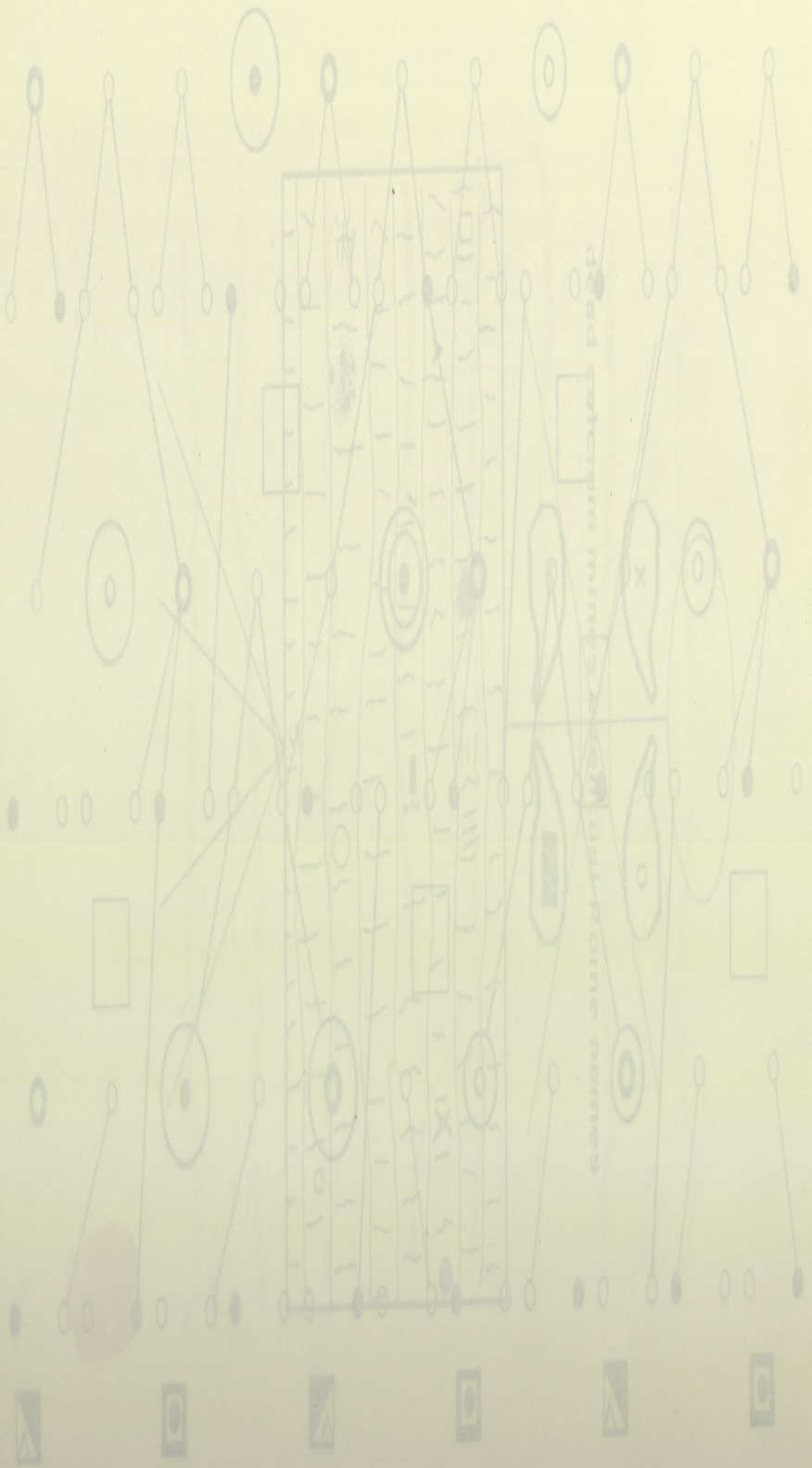


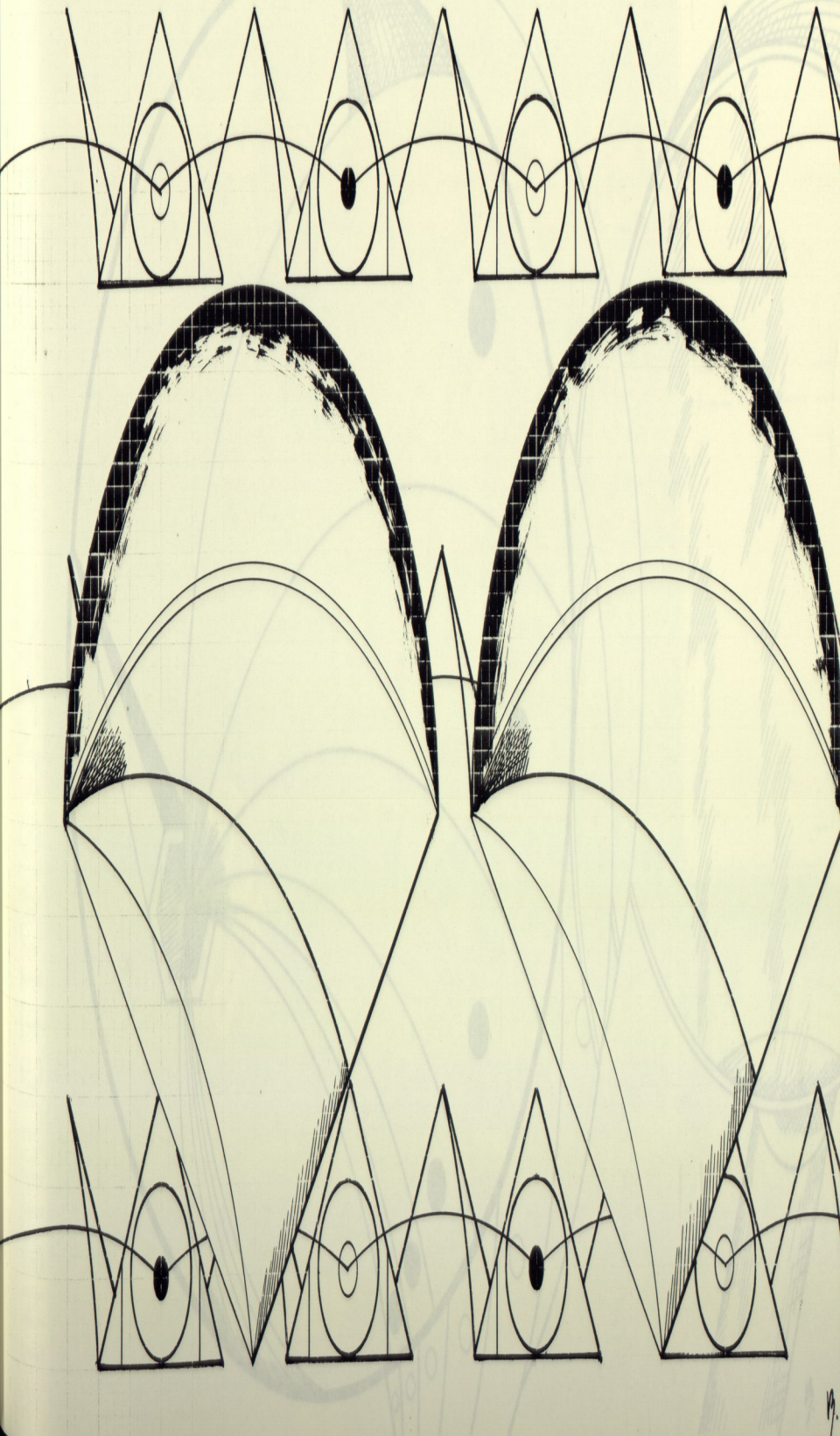
HARRY POLKINHOFF
100 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
CALIFORNIA, CA. 92331

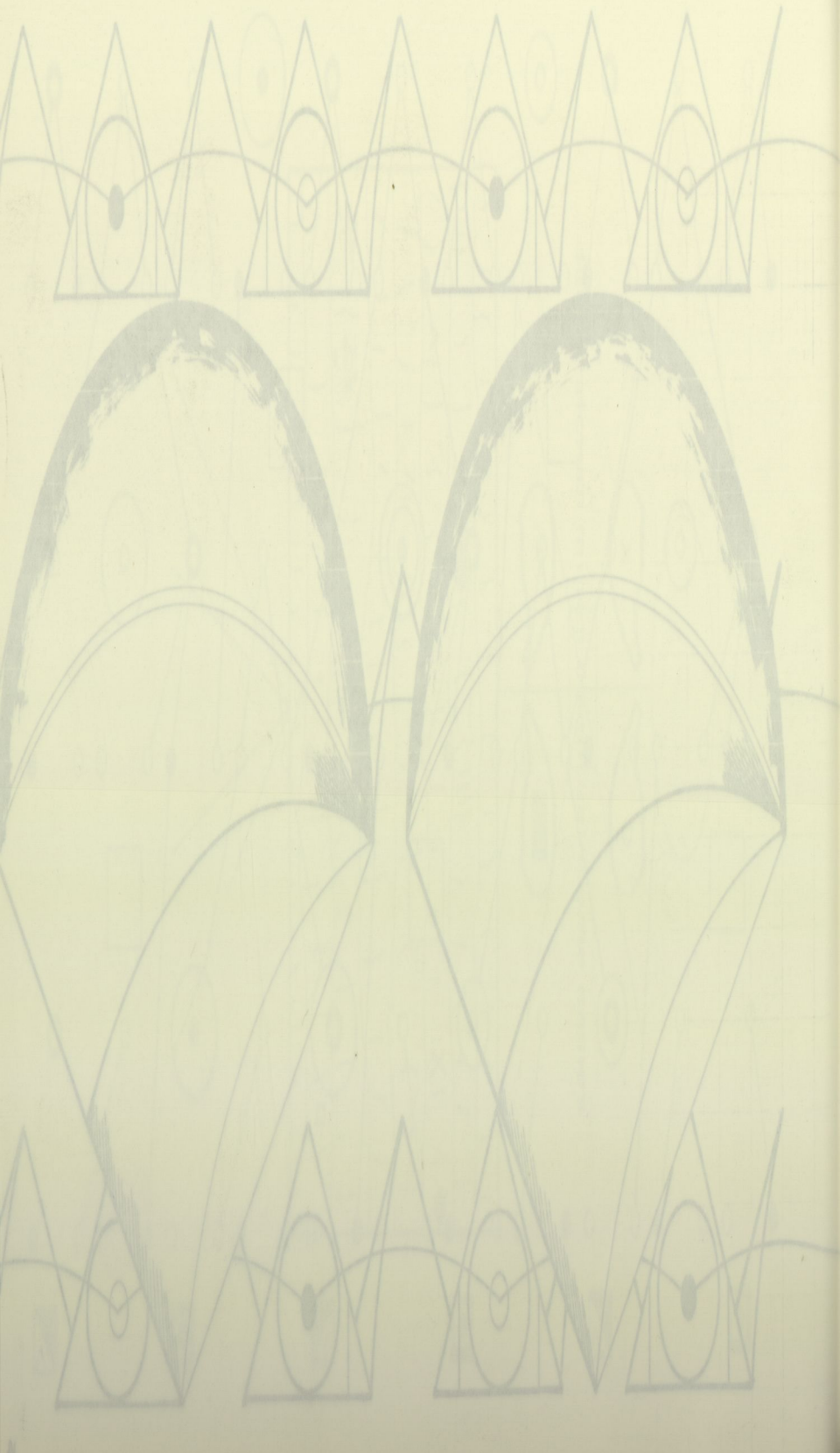
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

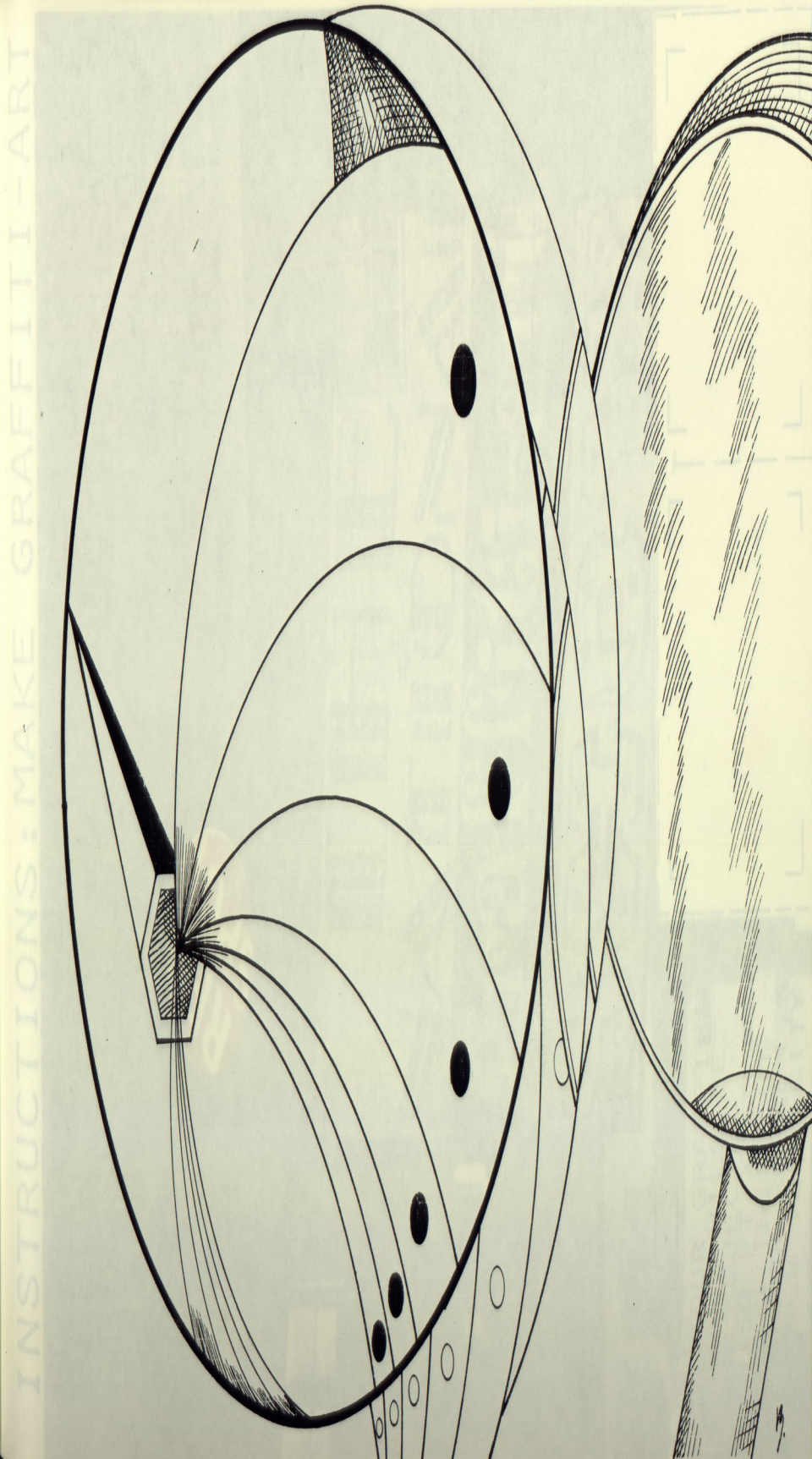


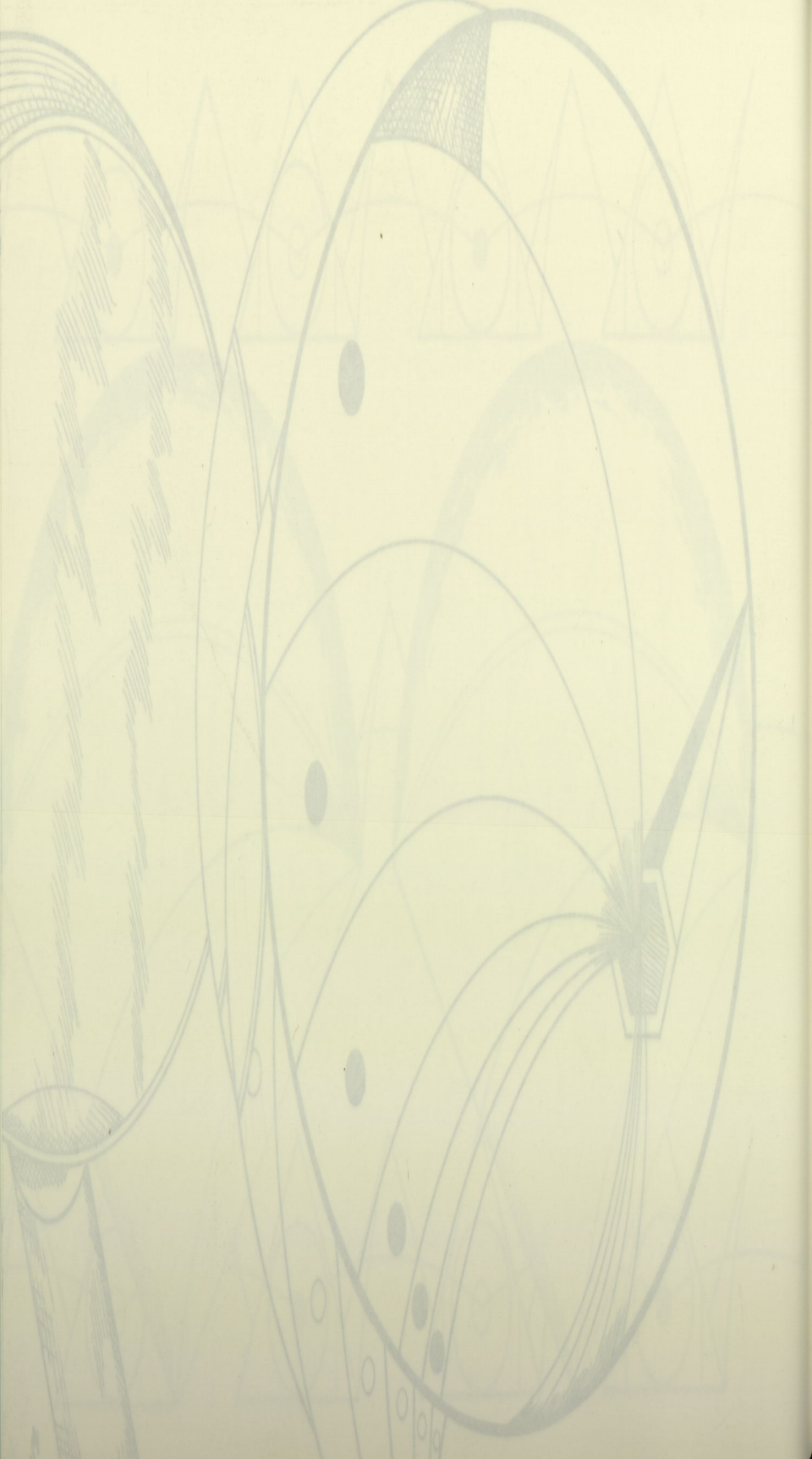












INSTRUCTIONS: MAKE GRAFFITI-ART
IN THE SLIDE OUTLINE PROVIDED
BELOW, PHOTO COPY AND SEND TO THE
RED SPOT OUTDOOR SLIDE HEADQUARTERS
535 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012

Make all art or writing with an opaque
black board marker (no color ink).
Slide will be sprayed with fluorescent
color after December 1st. Instructions
to be sent to Red Spot Outdoor
City (212) 925-0145 in New York
Funded by N.Y.S.C.A. and Victor
Hasselblad Inc.



WALLHANGING
GRAFFITI-ART
RENDERING

YOUR GRAFFITI
TO BE GILDED
WITH METAL
FINISHES
FOR YOUR
PERSONALITY
OR YOUR
BUSINESS





OVER! SENSATIONAL NEWS

TIME PLAYS TRICKS

DO YOU GET

THE PICTURE?

PUT IT IN WRITING

DON'T ASK

SIMPLE DECLARATI

THIS IS
CONTROVERSIAL

THIS IS A
SIMPLE DECLARATION

THIS IS

WHO SAYS?

SIMPLE DECLARATI

Barbara Rosenthal
October 15, 1987
New York City

You have received seven cards in a conceptual multi-art
piece designed between February and August, 1987.

The impulse for this work began with the first card,
"Do You Get The Pictures?" as the phrase found itself
repeatedly in the artist's mind. Cards were made and
given out by hand. The origin of the second card, "Put
It In Writing," was fortuitous to the first, occurring
several weeks later.

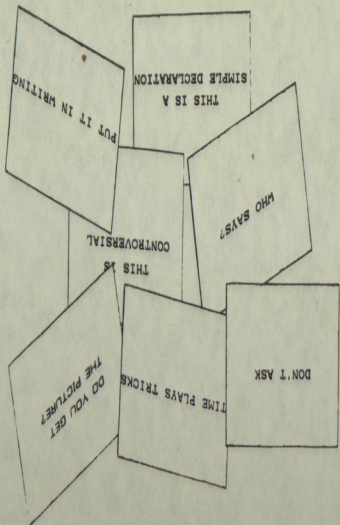
As the third phrase found itself, "Time Plays Tricks,"
the piece was understood to be a verbal art, and
the artist could breath a sigh of relief. In this
indication as they handled her confusion. In this
way, he, "This is controversial" (looking in order to
be a not in proof) and so, "This is a simple declaration."
formed themselves soon after. These two cards were mailed
to some of the people who were handed the first two.

The sixth phrase, "Don't Ask," repeatedly formed the
artist in response to strong negative reactions stirred
by a visit to her childhood home. It was only in the
effort made to keep the words out of her mind that it
was realized this phrase had broken into the piece.

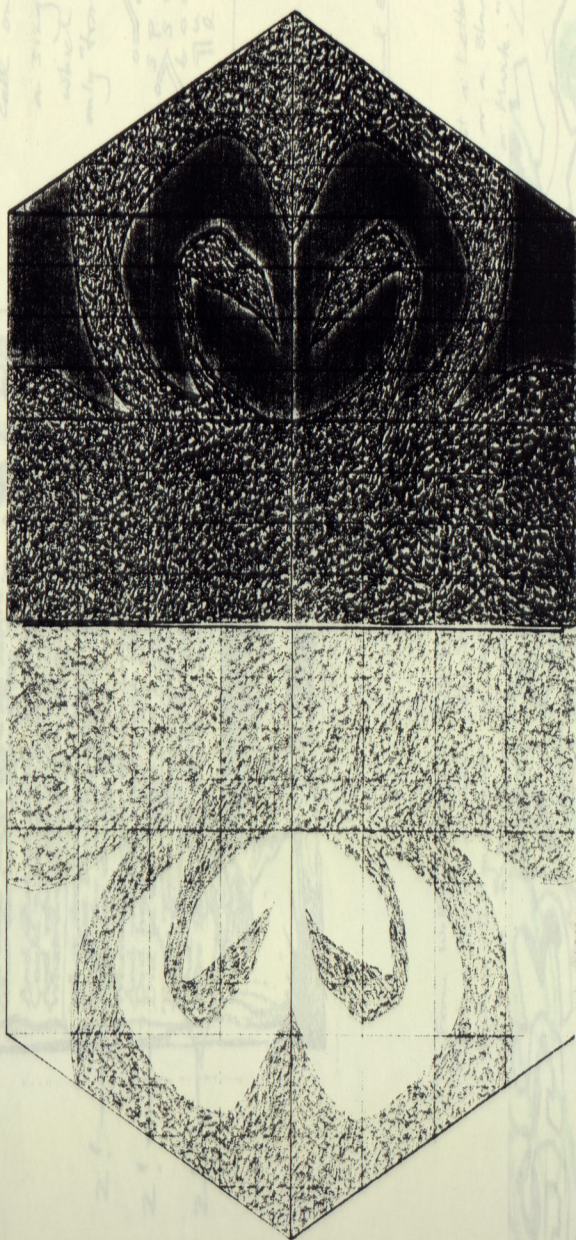
The last card, "Who Says?" emerged in upon the art
with a day of finally putting (translating) the previous
card. The mental voice of this phrase is not constant,
as are the others. In fact the phrase is repeated harshly
from her, in male and female identifiable voices.

For the time being, this piece appears to have reached
in its present form. The cards have joined in with the
footage of a brief videotape in progress called "Playing
Diary/Provocation Cards," which is to be edited together
with other video shorts entitled "Color Wheel III" to be
completed by January, 1988.

SEVEN CARDS, 1987

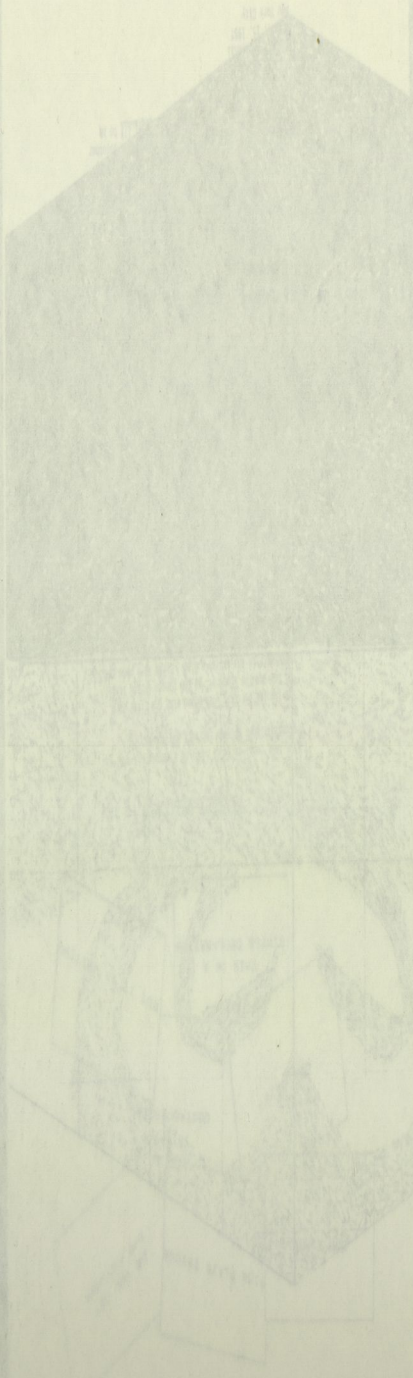


Books by BARBARA ROSENTHAL
are available from local stores &
PRINTED MATTER 7 Lispenard St.
or BARBARA ROSENTHAL 727 Avenue of the Americas NYC 10010



Handwritten signature

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
530 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 60610
1988





BODYWORK/YAFFA CAFE

I

Penetration
of a single field into a
conglomerate of movement,
bodies move,
voices move, emitting words and smoke and
breath,
inhaling air and food.

Above, a torso cleans the panes of glass
which peers out on the garden filled with energy.

Oblivious to outside action
(except in passing thoughts),
her task absorbs her time, her mind.

It is her passion.
Or is it?

II

No one eats alone. Couples, triples.
The social lunch.
And, in between my conscious observations
the flashes focus loud and clear on issues
screaming
to come through.

Examine faith in self, self worth
and trust.

III

That self-same intellect, accused of
causing obstacles
to self-advancement
is found, surprisingly, living in my house.
I laugh, but cry at possibilities to defy
this trend.

Can I amend the ways of habit
or will I soon forget elusive tries
to just remember?

Can patterns change without the
concrete function
in
awareness?

Alice Spitzer

I_o

*I've been lost in the waiting exhaustion
of effort's spaces
found somewhere between supplication
and desireless indifference.
Like the death of a dearly treasured friend
creates a void of meaningless activity,
this feeling rouses no special need
to do anything.
All can be accepted - whatever
wish the power commands is marked as right.
Powerless, the call to action from within
ceases to exist.*

II_o

*It said, "Stand alone with your values".
Hah! Easy for it - a mere black line
on a page
not susceptible to ridicule.
The word is always King!
But not I, disguised in feminine frailty.
Take a lesson from the inanimate thing,
I think,
that speaks while people listen.
Become instead a word, a thing, an it.*

III_o

*What kind of it am I?
An obstinate it?
No.
A bold-faced liar it?
No.
An aggressive, self-centered, egotistical it?
No.
Well, maybe.
Oh, shit!*

IV_o

Close your eyes. Imagine the future
all pink and foamy.
So much fun you can tiptoe on a cloud
and smile forever.
A tickle in your belly followed by a glow of warmth
permeating everything. Life is grand!

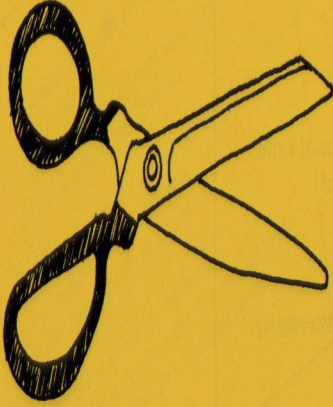
I've known this.
For a moment, anyway.
It's hard to remember though, that maybe some day
it will be again,
while in the midst of darkness.

V_o

Smooth out the wrinkled edges of this mood
of personality.
Walk in bland existence where even air
offers no resistance
and hold evolution's movement
well below the mind's awareness.
For soon (please soon) do remember,
the shift again shall turn to leverage.

Miss Shapiro

short cuts



1. Instead of stabbing him
in the left ventricle
I wrote a poem

2. Instead
I poemed



1. Free from monetary restrictions
and Time's demands
art flourished
beyond the dream's edge

2. Free
the dream



1. Come back to the lily-white
and fragrant bouquets
of peaceful living
where time was once
for busyness

2. Come back
time

Mia Shapiro



(an) ACHRONIM: 1. A person or thing misplaced or displaced in time. 2. Something or one whose elements are rearranged, in disarray, or (comp. fut.) deranged. 3. A puzzling thing which years later makes sense.

412 WBS

WBS

WBS

AM
RANCH

XEXOIAL ENDARCHY
1341 Williamson
Madison, WI 53703

Tales from 1001 Publishers' Lunches

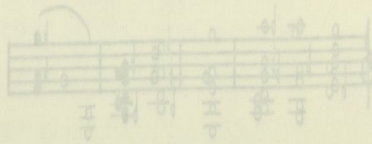
Michael Wilding

And then the request from the Defence Academy to buy his papers. His foul papers. His typescripts. His manuscripts. His rough drafts. His corrected proofs. Elisions and revisions, revealed deletions and interpolations. Trade secrets. All the bits that didn't work. All the bits that gave away too much. All the errors. He was sceptical about the vogue for selling manuscripts. There had been people he knew who had created them. Typed out poems, left a few errors in the typing so they could be corrected by pen, and sold them as original typescripts. Money for jam. That would be the way to do it. Create original manuscripts and sell them to various libraries. As long as you never sold the real thing. You wouldn't want the Defence Academy with access to your complete modus operandi. Revealed for their sophisticated computer analysis. And how would it look anyway, selling your original papers to the military. You might get better tax advantages by donating them. Donating them to the military. It really couldn't be a good idea whichever way you looked at it. Surrendering credibility and privacy in one heady moment of caring for posterity and getting tax advantages. Even the forgeries. They'd have it over you for ever when they realized; which they would do. Probably exactly what they'd expect you to do. Foxy old devil he thinks he is, typing out original manuscripts now he's got nothing new to write, keeps him occupied, stops him having new thoughts.

MONUMENT

ABSCHIED

raising the ocean light up and an silence, soft
mouths full of shells, foam and winds over water



the ten thousand sacred things chewed unpeeled
then carried out into these evenings of temples
and hard bristling water to rest in the slight

of a bitter
pure air --

- 1. 2/4
- 2. 3/4
- 3. 4/4
- 4. 3/4
- 5. 2/4
- 6. 3/4
- 7. 4/4

CONFIDENTIAL

ABSTRACTED

For information only - not to be used
for any other purpose





ED
TER
EN

~

~

~

FALLING

SUN

LIGHTS

WATER

MOUNTAINS

ER
OH
AN

DRIFTS

BEFORE

TURNING

WIND

BOAT

DRIFTS

BEFORE

TURNING

WIND

72
71
70

MR
W
CO

MR
W
CO

MR
W
CO

MR
W
CO

DELIGHT

STRANGENESS

DON'T

FEEL

LOST

DR
TH
22

DR
TH
22

DR
TH
22

DR
TH
22

DR
TH
22

UNTIL

NEAR

RIVERS

DISTANT

SOURCE

AWED BY CLOUDS VAST FORESTS

WAVE
BY
CLOUDS
VAST
FORESTS

BEGIN

FEARING

UNKNOWN

JOURNEYS

END

WAVE
BY
CLOUDS
VAST
FORESTS

HOW KNOW WHERE RIVER TURNS

WAVE
BY
CLOUDS
VAST
FORESTS

SUDDENLY

PASS

THROUGH

LOOMING

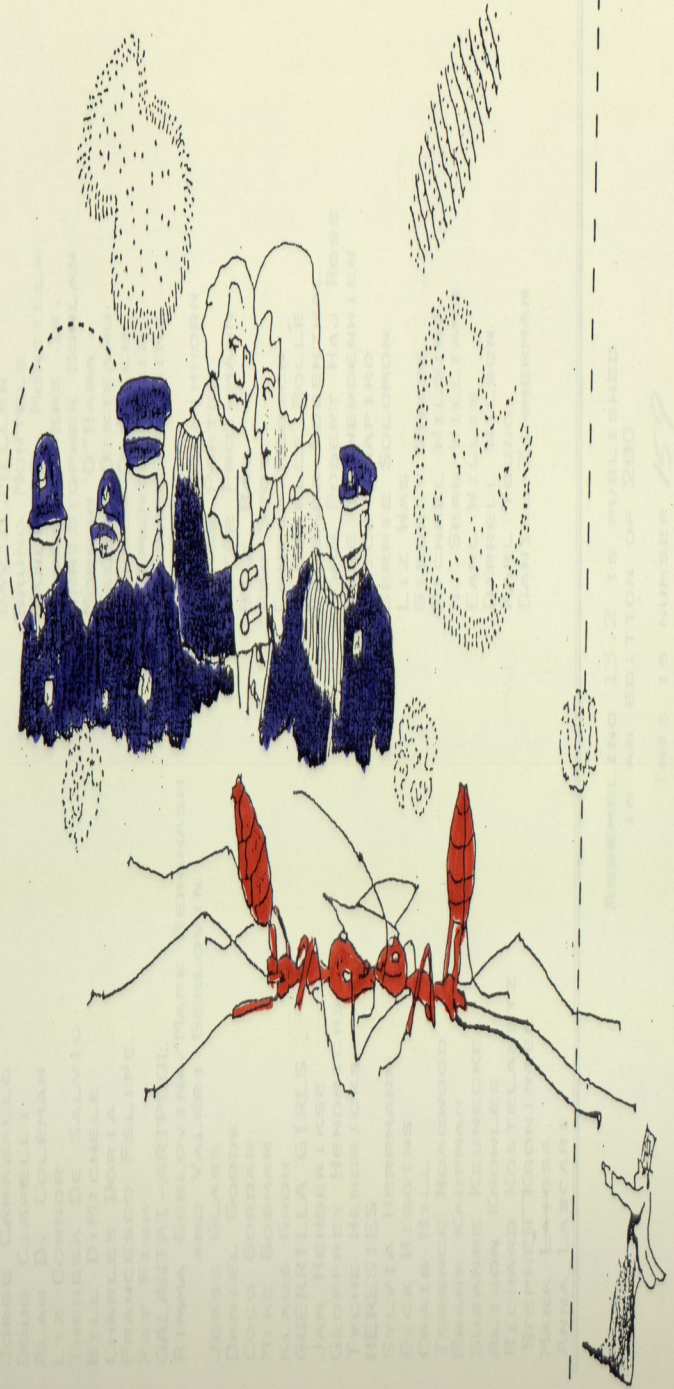
ROCK

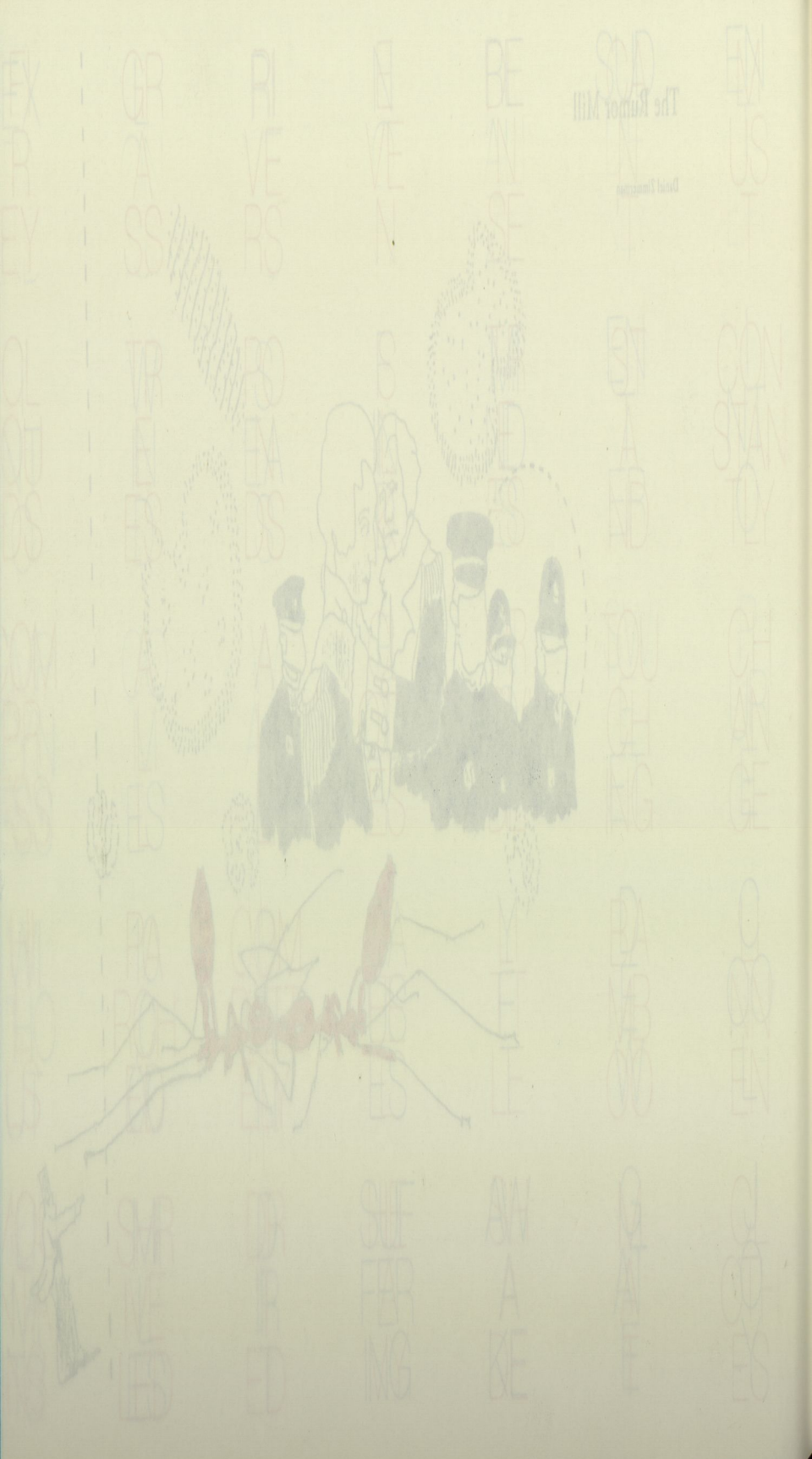
WAVE
BY
CLOUDS
VAST
FORESTS

EX TR EY	GR ASS	RI VERS	E VEN	BE AN SE	SCA NT	EM US ET
CL OU DS	TR EES	PO EAS DS	S IN B	TR NE ES	ST A ND	CON STAN TLY
COM PR ESS	CA MES	A ASH H	CL OTH ES	PR OM DE	TOU CH ING	CH AN GE
WI TH OUT	PA ROH ED	COM PLAET ENY	CA ES ES	M E LE	BA MB OO	O NN EN
MOU NTA NS	SMR IVE LED	DR IR ED	SUE FAR ING	SH A BE	MA T E	CL OTH ES

The Rumor Mill

Daniel Zimmerman





CONTRIBUTORS

FRANCES ALENIKOFF
MIEKAL AND
RAFAEL BARRETO-RIVERA
KEN BERNARD
CHRISTIAN BURGAUD
JORGE CARABALLO
DOUG CIARELLI
ALAN D. COLEMAN
LIZ CONNOR
THERESA DE SALVIO
BILL DIMICHELE
CHARLES DORIA
FRANCESCO FELIPE
PAT FISH
GALANTAI-ARTPOOL
RIMMA GERLOVINA/MARK BERGHASH
AND VALERI GERLOVIN
JESSE GLASS
DANIEL GOODE
COCO GORDAN
MIKE GOSMAN
KLAUS GROH
GUERRILLA GIRLS
JAN HENDRIKSE
GEOFFREY HENDRICKS
TYCHE HENDRICKS
HERESIES
SYLVIA HERRMANN
DICK HIGGINS
CRAIG HILL
TERENCE HOAGWOOD
FRANK KAUFMAN
SUSANNE KEUNECKE
ALISON KNOWLES
RICHARD KOSTELANETZ
STEPHEN KRONINGER
MARK LAIOSA
ANNA LASCARI

PAGE LEROY-CRUCÉ
ROSE LESNIAK
ARRIGO LORA-TOTINO
SERSE LUIGETTI
EFFIE MIHOPOULOS
DAVID MILLER
BRUNO MONTELS
MANUEL E. MONTILLA
GEORGE MYERS JR.
CHRISTOPHER NOWLAN
MORGAN O'HARA
VALERY OISTEANU
JÜRGEN OLBRICH
CLEMENTE PADIN
STRPHEN PERKINS
PEST
HARRY POLKINHORN
BERNE PORTER
PETER PROTHMANN
BILL RAY
RED SPOT
ERNEST ROBSON
GABRIELLE ROLLE
BARBARA ROSENTHAL
JOHN ROBERT HAJ ROSS
JUDE SCHWENDENWIEN
ALICE SHAPIRO
BERNIE SOLOMON
LIZ WAS
GIBONEY WHYTE
MICHAEL WILDING
N. SEAN WILLIAMS
EARL WILLIS
DARRELL WILSON
KARL YOUNG
DANIEL ZIMMERMAN

ASSEMBLING 13.2 IS PUBLISHED
IN AN EDITION OF 200

THIS IS NUMBER 159

