

\$1

1984

pan arts



C A R N I V A L

ARTISTS' MONOGRAPHS



APRIL 6TH, INTERMISSION
BY PATRICK KENNEDY

SIX LINE ENGRAVINGS PRINTED IN 3 SHADES
OF BLACK & GREY ON ARCHES, CENTAUR TYPE,
FOLDED LEAVES. PAPER BOARDS, VELLUM JACKET.
11" x 7 3/4"
100 COPIES, NUMBERED & SIGNED \$45



OBSESSION, SEVEN MADNESSES
BY CRAIG COLEMAN

EIGHT LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINTS IN BLACK INK
ON ARCHES, EMBERSON TYPE, FOLDED LEAVES,
PAPER BOARDS, VELLUM JACKET 11" x 7 3/4"
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

In September 1983 over 550 artists assembled in what at one time was the largest building in the world. The space, a former military depot, was transformed from a damp vacant warehouse, entombing traces of its inimical history, into a vast 125,000 square foot gallery adopting the name Terminal New York Art Show. For the artists, the space, it's immensity in scale, somber mood, symmetrical construction and unrivaled place in American history, was the inspirational force; motivating artists to quit their jobs, take time from their studios, cancel summer plans - in effect drop everything and converge among millions of pounds of concrete, steel and glass to vent their Promethean visions in a space limitless in size, able to contain the most ambitious of egos.

The curators compared the show to the Armory Show of 1913 which pushed onto a less than eager American public ideas that would shape contemporary art for generations to come. The critics chastised this comparison, stating the only similarities they saw were those of scale and location - both shows were enormous and held at sites designed for military use. The curators wanted to "survey the entire range of art currently being produced in New York in order to find out what was going on". What they discovered was that artists were able to pool their energies and resources alongside those of government, industry and community, benefitting emerging and established artists alike with an opportunity to show, and to connect with other artists and the public necessary to support them.

Kim Levin, writing for the Village Voice, described this massive undertaking as "Art making a spectacle of itself marching hand in hand with government promotional schemes," implying artists lacked integrity or common sense, failing to note the impact over 5000 jobs would have on a community populated by lower income families and the effect the development of five million square feet of industrial wasteland would have on underlying businesses and New York City's unsteady economy.

In a sense the Terminal Show was the world's largest art incubator. Artists spent

days, even nights, weeks, and for most, months, perfecting their work in an atmosphere of creativity and communication. Seeds were planted throughout, cultivated by exchanges of ideas, knowledge and information.

Pan Arts evolved from the energy of the Terminal and its "guerrilla" predecessors: The Monument Redefined, The All Fools Show, the original Monument Show and the Times Square Show. By perpetuating the tenacity of these alternative exhibitions, and furthering them with a chance to reach more people and explore greater possibilities through the print medium, Pan Arts hopes to provide space not only for artists whose works wouldn't be practical in a gallery setting, but to find sites pregnant with associations artists may wish to interpret. I wonder what we could do with Ellis Island and the concept of liberty in '86? What could you do?

Michael T. Curtin

EDITOR'S STATEMENT

"Art's separation from the process of material production has enabled it to demystify the reality reproduced in this process. Art challenges the monopoly of the established reality to determine what is 'real,' and it does so by creating a fictitious world which is nevertheless more 'real than reality itself.'" -Herbert Marcuse- "The Aesthetic Dimension"

Art has a dual nature in our society. It is both an exchange of ideas, of revelations about nature and ourselves, as well as being an object which lives within the confines of our economic system the way any other manufactured product does.

Many will agree that the current state of American art criticism is poor. There is a hidden agenda in that key secret relationships exist between critics, commercial galleries, and museums. Some critics not only get paid by the magazines they work for and the dealers whose shows they review, they also get commissions

from works they sell privately. Even without this blatant monetary compensation the system as it stands is incestuous, encouraging favoritism and toadyism, making it extremely hard for the majority of artists to emerge through the traditional magazine/gallery/museum critical network. We all know many good artists who do not show or sell, and I will stress that there are many honest critics who are also prisoners of the system, receiving only a pittance for their efforts.

Given this situation we have begun to focus on each other and the alternative art society that we have created. We include such organizations as: Coleb, Group Material, Gowanus, Pan Arts, or O.I.A., and alternative spaces such as ABC No Rio, Fashion Moda, and 10 on 8. Many of the younger East Side galleries have also been created to fulfill the needs of artists to show their work, and for the public to see it. It has become necessary for us to bypass the system which seems to have a severe case of hardening of the arteries. Pan Arts will celebrate the enormously vital younger artists and enter into dialogue with all.

In the postmodernist theory known as critical regionalism, theorists respond to the need for the development of local autonomy. This encourages the growth of many styles and schools, it abolishes cultural imperialism, and it allows for local answers to local problems. Within the Theory of Evolution it is said that development and progress result from mutation in protected, isolated pockets. These mutations eventually find their niche in spite of the pressures of competition and natural selection. This is my metaphor for disenfranchised artists. 'Natural selection' is the free economy.

After they are nurtured, these radical developments can emerge fully formed, ready to compete with the common veracular.

The difficulties of being an artist in our society are incredible. There is a great need for support networks between artists. There is also a need for criticism not tied to the old system. We hope to ease the burden of the perennial artist's dilemma. This magazine is for artists and by artists, and we will serve our community by the freest exchange of ideas and information.



DON'T FUCK



THINK!

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M O D A V I D

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The Art World is a very exciting place right now. There are galleries cropping up everywhere. Artists are emerging from obscurity into a bright public light. Ideas and the clash of ideologies and styles are generating powerful energies and much good work. There is a need for a newspaper that is dedicated and responsive to the arts as they are and not just a laudatory pen to an old guard. This will serve artists who have not had a forum for their ideas and works. Among the other features we will present:

- Reports on artists and writers not yet covered by traditional Art publications.
- Articles on art, including: history, criticism, reviews, and interviews.
- Graphics including original works, illustrations, and works in progress.
- Fiction including short stories, prose and poetry.
- An artist network service providing news and information.
- Criticism of grant and regrant procedures.
- It will be sent around the country and the world.

-Pan Arts Magazine will report on political and topical issues affecting the arts, and not hesitate to recount events describing the most banal or controversial of circumstances.

In order to achieve these goals we need your support. If you have any ideas, wish to volunteer, or want further information please contact: Michael T. Curtin: 788-6186
Frank Shifreen: 673-0555

pan arts

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AN INTERVIEW WITH BERIAH WALL

BY FRANK SHIFREEN

While walking in Manhattan you may notice little round clay tokens in the street or subway stations. If you pick one up you will see that it looks like a coin with an inscribed image and two or three words-workjerk, hopedope, actfact-on either side. It may mystify you. It may remind you of a primitive coin or money object. Put it in your pocket and take it out from time to time and feel its rough texture. You may want to start a collection.

This is the work of a sculptor named Beriah Wall. In the art circles that I travel in he is known in the same way as his tokens - admired, yet undervalued.

The tokens are just one aspect of his work. Wall began as a potter and ceramicist. He has an enormous respect for process believing that the means are the ends. In his early work he used a non-creative, repetitive process of collecting beebies, rice or more complex clay forms and employing undercoat (structolite) to build figures or sections of figures. Wall uses this means of studying the figure (classical in heritage) to rebuild his understanding of anatomical accuracy leaving the creative process to emerge where it will. Wall feels that an artist's creativity lies in his imperfections.

The following interview took place in Wall's studio in Tribeca. He is married to the noted ceramicist Janice Farley.

P.A. Tell me a little bit about yourself.
B. My father's name is the same as mine, and my grandfather's name is the same as mine.
P.A. Did your father have any relationship to your work?
B. Let's forget my father.
P.A. I thought it was important, it was the first thing you said.
B. I'm trying to figure out what I owe my father, what I owe my mother. Actually, I'm trying to figure out if it's worth it to maintain this little artistic fiction.
P.A. I think it's important that you continue your art.
B. The mechanics of pursuing a career are difficult. People who pursue careers are not

pursuing art. I've retreated from that because it seems to be the philistine aspect of this business. Art is not a business to me. If you pursue a quality of doubt, it's difficult to pursue a career. Dr. Doubt, he was a character in a Jimmy Cagney movie in the 50's. I occasionally consult with Dr. Doubt. I just threw out a whole bunch of things. I have some pictures. This shows the sculpture in the dumpster. These kneeling figures were a little too personal, absolutely naked, unadorned.
P.A. Revealing of your inner feelings, inner nature?
B. What do you mean?
P.A. They were prayerful.
B. They were absolutely quileless. A point could be made that my work is artless. I'm trying to find a way of making things that is not a style. A non-style, a non-stylization. The only stylization is the imperfect way of making my figures. Beyond a sensibility. Perfection is without style.

P.A. You profess to me to be a lover of anatomy, and you study it seriously, and yet your work does not seem to be moving in the direction of anatomical perfection. It seems expressionist.
B. I am not struggling toward realism as an end. The conceptual difficulty I have is that when I make it, or afterwards, the longer I look, the more I see what is not right about it. The three heads of the triceps are not in the right place, the brachioradials are not really there on these pieces. The way the wrist works...
P.A. It looks like a powerful expression or has a dynamism.
B. My eye catches on those anatomical imperfections. Although, that's not really...the rub at this point...the more I make them, the more I am aware of their anatomical correctness - it's not realism. I'm after a more sublime sensibility. I don't think realism is the way to achieve my artistic goals.

P.A. But despite of this, you still look for anatomical correctness?
B. I'm trying to figure the best way to attach wings to the back of the figure.
P.A. Have you seen any successful solutions?
B. I have a little St. Michael's dashboard ornament that seems to have it pretty good. Another thing I can't figure out is the sexuality of figures. The idea of the naked truth appeals to me. But the sexual aspect in



L. Frost

my work is suppressed, not dealt with.
P.A. What are your perceptions about who you are?
B. Your work revolves around who you are. You enact the ideas of who you are through your work.

P.A. When you learned about being a worker you did this art factory stuff. When you saw yourself as a craftsman, is that when you first started working with clay?
B. Well, these kneeling figures are autobiographical. That's why I threw them out. I had to get out of that position of begging. I had to come to a new understanding - giveaway project, the coins.

P.A. How many years have you been making coins?
B. Seven.
P.A. We should have a celebration - a party to celebrate. What made you start investigating the coins?

B. It goes back ten years to understand those coins. I started my artistic life as a potter, a craftsman. At age twenty-one I decided to make a living at making pots. Ten years ago, at age twenty-seven I fell through a window and cut nerves in my arm, some of which never recovered.
P.A. Even now?

B. Yes, even now. The question of craft...well, it put limits on the skill I had. What could one do if one had no skill at all? It became important to make things that required no skill. It was a fairly common sentiment voiced at the time and even before (Eva Hesse et al.). What came to be known as process art, or skill-less art. I made bunches of things that were skillless - piling up stones. The little things - the rice and the beebies. They were therapy. I would do them with two hands for hours, for days. They were both sides, right-brain, left-brain, working at the same time. I was impressed and attracted by the big stuff. So I started doing big pieces. I was blowing money on them because of their size. I was in Vermont. Big stone constructions outdoors, some were twelve feet tall or even larger. I used a log truck with a mechanical arm to build some of these sculptures. I got to the coins and the tiny stuff because I realized that it is one thing to make sculpture like this and another to find a piece of real estate to put it on. To get people to give it up. The question is real estate, space. So I rejected that. What doesn't take any space but is still a tangible object? That can touch lots of people. So I came to these chips, these little chips. They took off like wild fire. The first ones were not even coins, they were clay chips that I gave to people. It was just a few months before I came to the city.
P.A. I remember them, the first ones were like wafers, holy wafers.

B. I worked parking cars at a crafts fair and in order to extract money for the parking spaces, we gave the customers these chips and it worked. These people would part with their fifty cents a car and say thank you and not be disturbed that they were paying us to park their car in a field. I was up, up and away from there.

P.A. It is interesting how the first experience was an economic situation. It was a token in an economy. I always related strongly to them as money, as a coin, as a mockery, a fantasy, an alternative to legal tender.

B. At first I went around gluing or fixing them because I wanted a lot of people to see them. But then I realized by stamping both sides and leaving them to travel they would go anywhere and travel on their own.

P.A. You did receive some recognition. Wasn't there an article in New York Magazine?

B. Yes, in 1979 and 1980. Well, the way to play it with those coins is underground and they work much better that way. They do their job.

P.A. I think that's true.

B. They don't stand up to the glare of television. Also I didn't want to get stuck with those fucking things. I wanted them underground, so to speak, ambivalent. I'm coming out with some real sculptures, real figures. It was a mistake to throw the kneeling men out. I know I should have paid to store them.

P.A. It's funny, the christian ideal of men at prayer for you became a very negative symbol. Did you say, "Fuck it, I'm not going to take it on my knees. I'm going to get up and fight?"
B. I don't know. I could see a thousand of them on the top of the roof of the Pentagon. It's a position to recommend to a crazy violent world.

P.A. Personally, I was very moved by them. Do you have any left at all?
B. Yes, one. Roger Litz has one.
P.A. Is he going to keep it?
B. He bought it.

P.A. What is your relationship with Litz? Do you like him? (Roger Litz used to have a commercial gallery on Greene St. and was Wall's dealer for a brief period.)
B. He was a very prescient fellow. I'd like to think it was one of the bolder things he did, to show my portrait busts. Yeah, I like him. I wish he would do something more for me, like give me more money.

P.A. Does he still have a gallery?
B. He's still involved with the art world. He spent \$15,000 to show my work and I have a lot of gratitude. I estimate he spent about \$150,000 or more for the ten months he was open. I think you have to be with the right people. Roger immediately started striking out left and right, with all sorts of people.

P.A. It's connections, politics?
B. Well, you have to be the right kind of person and come from the right place, or pay your dues. Well, Roger had enough security in his point of view. He was not afraid to be outspoken.

P.A. How easy it is...
B. To alienate.

Bob Nicholsberg



Danuser



Beriah Wall



Rosan Pyfrom

TUNISIAN LETTER

BY E. CUNNYNGHAM

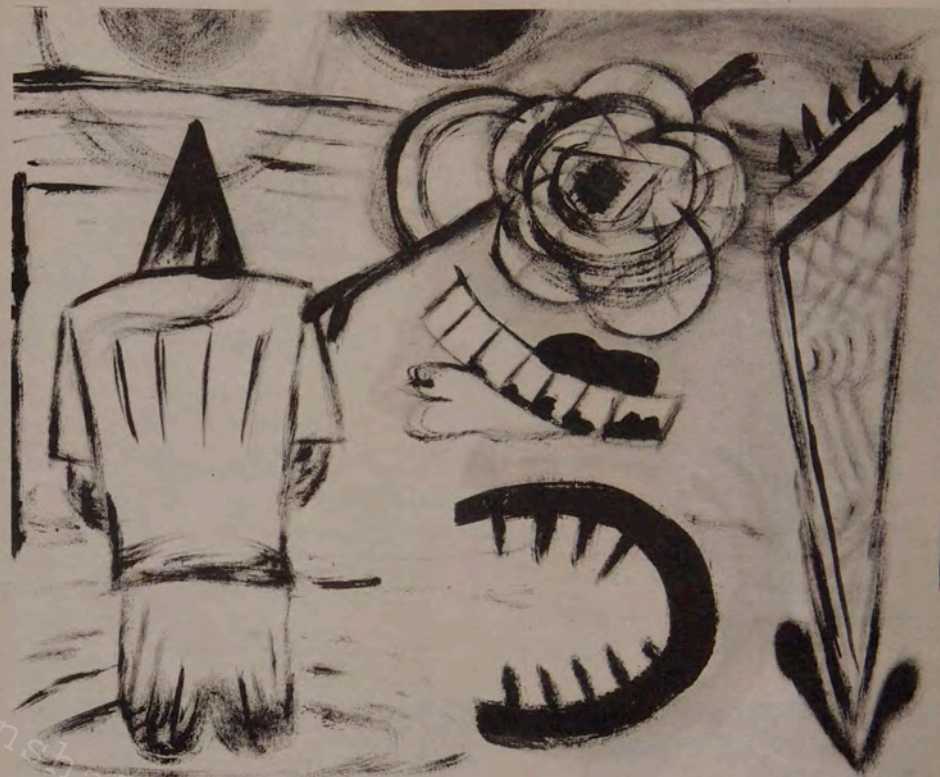
After three and a half months and a journey into the desert, I still feel New York grabbing me at the throat. You see, I just realized that I've left my loft in the hands of a schizophrenic. I have work in the loft, and pieces that are going to be returned. The "schizo" is in charge, and there is nothing I can do to prevent disaster. She is calling my sculpture kindling, while I'm thousands of miles away and across a couple of oceans. I'm trying to concentrate on the date trees but the thought of seeing my sculpture in flames is slightly unnerving.

I am in a country where the word "art", in New York terms, is absurd. It has become an unmentionable. In this environment religion screams at you five times a day. There is no room to discuss something as irrelevant as art. No one cares whether bas-relief is related to painting or drawing. It's only in my imagination that the people in their horn-rimmed glasses are saying, "YES! Oh, Yes." or they are squinting their beady black eyes and hissing, "No. NO! Really not." It's only my voice which brings out the doubts I have about my work.

I should have forgotten my problems by now, but New York continues to haunt me. There's no way I can forget my work on public display at this very moment. I feel like I'm being tortured with a voodoo doll. The pins go in as they

scrutinize my intentions. Everything that I pulled together in that piece is flying apart. I am at the mercy of public opinion, and there is nothing I can do to keep my ideas from being misunderstood. I hear people asking questions, but I am not there to answer them. There is no relief from the anxiety of being completely vulnerable to criticism. If I turned to one of the people around me and asked them about the fears involved in making art, they would not know what I was talking about.

After sitting on the belvedere for some time, and contemplating the New York art "scene," it seems that there is no concept to define the art-making process. There is something else around me now. It is the instability of a developing nation whose people are searching for something which art-making cannot provide. It's true that in N.Y.C. an artist can have a sense of purpose and belonging, but that does not stop the familiar pain of guilt scratching at the inside of my chest. It's more than feeling ridiculous, it's feeling wasteful. I realize that there is only a very small audience with whom I could ever share my work. To explain to these people what it means to put up a show, or to confide in them that a schizophrenic (my roommate) is about to burn my sculpture would be as pointless as me going through the motions of their prayers.



Rosan Pyfrom

PAN ARTS EDITORS MISTAKENLY STATE

We are a systematic action group,
Of crustacean multi-media connectors,
Communicating optimistic, foolish and feminist
films,
Visualizing naive, narcissistic and nonfiction
video,
Fictionalizing fun, full of shit, in forgetful
and informative fashion,
Imagining synthetic, snobbish, squeemish and
spiteful auto-body repair,
Confidentially conservative yet radical,
informative yet law-abiding criticism,
Stubbornly networking their substantial,
stainless, pseudo-intellects,
Into one natal, neutral, adulterous and
absorbent global search,
Subjecting the cooperative to poverty stricken
yet illiterate poets,
Rejecting infinite commercial protectionism,
Crusading to the beat of
a communist woodshop,
Reviewing capitalist absurdities and
performance,
Featuring horny gals' and guys' common
cooperative originality,
Creating childish, neurotic and psychotic
architecture,
Decisive timely paintings of digital nostalgia,
Subversive and indecisive apocalyptic
sculpture,

Always materialistically critical of
integration,
Omniscient, biased and medicinal,
A clearing house of lighting, sound and
idealistic asexuals,
Sleazy locals, jubilant internationals, sociable
anarchists,
Pan Arts prints illegally disjointed,
anti-social antebellum politics,
A diverse musical of mutually exclusive
trendiness,
Articulates the hypothetical voyeurism common
pheasants,
Establishes a rhetorical spiritual system of
energetic cocks,
Advertises tasteless news with a hopeful
passivity,
Makes easy the soft yet hard and throbbing
kinetic carnival,
A democratic dating service for the
discriminating intellectual,
Draws sacred optimists to a protective and
palpable liberty,
A metaphysical nucleus of stupid no-class
graphics,
Immoral technology scientifically applied to
homosexual photography,
A workshop of pathetic, plebian, and
preposterous dance,
But most of all, Pan Arts is objective!

NOTES ON A MAN KISSING A WOMAN

BY BILL CONSIDINE

The man is transparent to paper.
She hides her face in her hair.
Where she looks in pleasure is a secret.
She swells from his loins.
Abandon sprees her long arms.
Her thighs are huge flesh
About to quake open and lift.
She dreams of silver platters.

He is intent on this mystery given
To his lips in light odors and
Expanse away, away.
Her loins fill his arms and head.
He gives his face to her flesh
And turns each tinge and color
Of her shifting flesh, rolling here.
She dreams of steel and glass towers.

Her cunt is centermost
For both, and her hands cup open.
He stares into her belly.
He has to kiss her
Night after day after night after day,
Returning, arousal and want.
He dreams in repetition, again and again,
The woman given to want.

Ah, the colors...
And the graceful sweep away...
She would be red if his eyes were closed
And all her flickering hair yellow.
His arms turn orange.
Green emerges on her belly.
He walks into the page
To turn from the page into her body.



DOG AND BIRD ACT

BY BILL CONSIDINE

What could be more romantic
than my mother playing
Johnny Mathis constantly?

Then Dad, drunk in his
plumbing clothes (jeans and blue shirt),
surrounded by beer breath,
opened the cage in the dining room.

Dad scared out Mom's pet
parakeet, pretty Dickybird,
in a wild night at our house.

The green bird fluttered to
the mantel while
Dad taunted the dog.
"Get the birdie! Come on!"

The dog barked excitement.
Dad pushed the bird from
the knick-knacks on the mantel.
The tame bird hopped to the rug.

"Get the birdie! Come on!"
We boys cried no,
together in the living room.
The bird hopped again,
couldn't fly, and
all our family ran shouting.

Then the black dog pounced
on the bird on the rug.

The young dog strutted
with Mom's pet in its teeth.
"Grr Grr" sang the proud dog
of its kill. Boy, was
Dickie stiff and green
in Roscoe's mouth,
in our black dog's head -
shaking, high-stepping prance of
triumph through the house.

Dad chuckled and sighed
red-faced, weary on the floor.

Mom cried in the kitchen,
after the screaming and
chase through the house.

ON THE LOCAL UPTOWN, WITH RED PLAID AND STRIPES

SOMETIMES, DON'T YOU WONDER WHEN THEY WILL CUT UP
THE SUBWAYS FOR ART?

selling the graffiti for green dollars

THE MAD ENERGY COMPRESSED AND CRISP, GIVEN THE
SHEEN OF RESPECTABILITY

ON THE WALL YOU WALK BY, THE SHADOW LURKS

A BLACK FIGURE, ETCHED IN OUT OF THE DARK

SO YOU IRON THE IMAGE, LIKE THAT NEW SUMMER SUIT

SEERSUCKER, THAT WRINKLES IN THE HEAT

SEE THE COUNTRY SUCKER WITH RED PLAIDS AND
STRIPES

IN FOR THE DAY TRIP.

WITH CAMERA AND CAR THEY TRY TO LOOK SO HIP

IN THE GALLERY AGAINST THE WALL, I SEE THE RED
AND BLACK SCRAWL

OF THE GRAFFITI ONCE AGAINST THE SUBWAY WALL

SEE THE MAN IN THE RED PLAID, HE BUYS IT ALL

BY EVE TEITELBAUM



"Bums" by David Barthold



AN INTERVIEW WITH MARK KOSTABI BY EVERYMAN

EVERYMAN: ARE YOU ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY?
Mark Kostabi: Give me a hundred dollars and I'll tell you.
EM: ARE YOU A PRODUCT OF THE MEDIA?
mk: My images are about the media. My image is a product of the media. And I mediate between my images and my image.
EM: YOUR ANONYMOUS CORPORATE ROBOTS ARE OFTEN WIRED TO ELECTRONIC BOXES OR CAUGHT BY TELEVISION--DO YOU FEAR A DEHUMANIZED AND INCREASINGLY TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY?
mk: No, rather I recognize an increasingly technological society and I choose to work with it--not against it. Consequently, the paintings are called 'slick.' But as a passenger in a world of spaceships, who would you rather have behind the buttons: a steady hand, or some sloppy expressionist?
EM: HOW HAS YOUR CHILDHOOD AFFECTED YOUR PRESENT?
mk: I watched Batman and Get Smart. Presently I use call waiting, three-way calling, answering machines--gadgets--at headquarters.
EM: DID YOUR PARENTS ENCOURAGE YOU TO BECOME AN ARTIST?
mk: Yes, but I became a success in spite of that.
EM: WHY DID THEY ENCOURAGE YOU?
mk: They did not want me to fall victim to American materialism.
EM: WHY DO YOU PAINT SOME PICTURES IN BLACK AND WHITE AND OTHERS IN COLOR?
mk: Because that's the way T.V.'s come.
EM: DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS A T.V. SET?
mk: Yes. Change the channel. Use remote control. Adjust the vertical and horizontal. During commercials go to the kitchen or bathroom--you think you've avoided the advertisement--but you've just used the product. It shines in your living room T.V. screen.
EM: WHAT IS THE HARDEST THING ABOUT BEING AN ARTIST?
mk: If I had an answer for that question then I'd reveal an obstacle--a limitation--the dream would end and I'd have to wake up and go to work. I have no limit. It's not hard to be an artist. It's not hard to be an artist.
EM: SO, YOU DON'T SEE ART AS A JOB?
mk: No. In the sixties art was a job. If you treat art as a job in the eighties you'll just end up like the ultimate employee, Andy Warhol, a predictable spectator.
EM: YOU SAY, "DON'T BE A SPECTATOR." BUT YOU HAVE A REPUTATION FOR BEING THE QUIET ONE--ALWAYS WATCHING, NEVER SAYING A WORD.
mk: I am not a spectator. I am a spy.
EM: DO YOU USE PEOPLE?
mk: No. But I allow people to serve me.
EM: DOES YOUR CONSCIENCE LET YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT?
mk: Yes, but my girlfriends don't.
EM: DO YOU FEEL PAIN AT OTHER PEOPLE'S MISFORTUNES?
mk: Only when I laugh.
EM: I'VE HEARD THAT YOU ARE THE MOST ORGANIZED BUSINESS/ARTIST, WITH FILES ON BOTH DEALERS AND COLLECTORS. ISN'T THAT THE DEALER'S JOB?
mk: By popular belief, yes--but this unproductive myth leads masses of aspiring artists into the Van Gogh complex. They want to be the isolated, lone, visionary, laboring in their studio without a rolodex. Who do they think they're kidding? Picasso had a telephone.
EM: DO DEALERS INTIMIDATE YOU?
mk: An art dealer introduced me to a collector at a party saying: "This is Mark Kostabi, Mark Kostabi is very good. The trouble is, he knows it." Well, he was right, but the trouble is his--not mine.
EM: HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT DEALERS TRYING TO STEAL YOU AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER?
mk: I am not owned so I cannot be stolen.
EM: YOU HAVE CLAIMED THAT YOUR MIDDLE NAME IS



"Escape" Mark Kostabi

'ET,' AS IN MARK-ET. DO YOU EVER THINK YOU SPEND TOO MUCH TIME MARKETING AND NOT PAINTING?
mk: No. Marketing is a rest from painting and painting is a rest from marketing.
EM: WHAT IS THE SECRET OF MAKING SUCCESSFUL DEALS?
mk: Say less and say yes.
EM: DO YOU TRADE PAINTINGS WITH OTHER ARTISTS?
mk: Of course. Only a loser would pay cash for art.
EM: ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT YOUR COLLECTORS ARE LOSERS?
mk: Well, if collectors ever go down in history it's for the art they bought, not the cash they paid.
EM: I ASKED YOU A YES OR NO QUESTION. ARE YOUR COLLECTORS LOSERS?
mk: Let's put it this way. Collectors get bigger tax deductions for my paintings than they do for their children.
EM: DO YOU THINK ARTISTS SHOULD KNOW HOW TO USE WORDS?
mk: My words' is my middle name. 'Mark My Words Kostabi.' The right combination of three words can lead to a million dollars.
EM: WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS FROM?
mk: I just put two and three together.
EM: DO YOU EVER STEAL IDEAS?
mk: I steal from subtraction and give to multiplication.
EM: HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ANGRY AND JEALOUS?
mk: I have no time for negative energy--only for art.
EM: BUT YOUR FIGURES ARE OFTEN ISOLATED AND LONELY. ARE YOU EVER DEPRESSED?
mk: I paint isolation, I don't practice it.
EM: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ART WORLD?
mk: You mean high school?
EM: CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT?
mk: The New York art world equals high school with a bigger campus. You have to take cabs from class to class. Some people get asked out on dates and others don't. There's always a guy that kicks sand in people's faces, and if you're really endearing, you can get someone to do your

homework for you.
EM: WITH FIFTY GROUP SHOWS IN ONE SEASON, DON'T YOU FEAR OVEREXPOSURE?
mk: No. Because each painting is a distinctly different and memorable composition. I always show new paintings in new situations. When viewers see my work, they can't say, "Oh, it's just another Kostabi." Rather, they say, "Remember the one with the carrot..." The idea of the artist laboring in isolation for that one show a year allows no dialogue.
EM: YOU SHOW EXTENSIVELY IN CLUBS. IS THERE A DANGER OF DAMAGE OR THEFT?
mk: I've had more paintings damaged or stolen in galleries than in any club.
EM: WHY DO YOU THUMB YOUR NOSE AT THE ARTWORLD?
mk: I don't. I pick it.
EM: DID YOU GRADUATE FROM COLLEGE?
mk: No, not necessary. For example, I took out an ad in the Village Voice seeking a studio assistant. I got three hundred applicants. More than fifty percent had Masters degrees in fine art and were willing to work for minimum wage.
EM: I'VE HEARD THAT YOU ARE A GREAT DISCIPLINARIAN--GIVING MERITS AND DEMERITS TO DEALERS FOR BEING ON TIME OR LATE. WHY?
mk: I expect an honest days work for an honest dollar.
EM: IF YOU HAD TO BE AN INSECT, WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?
mk: A cockroach; because he exhibits everywhere in New York.
EM: WHAT ANNOYS YOU MOST ABOUT ARTISTS?
mk: Public introversion and private extroversion. Often, artists privately reveal their bitterness about the artworld in a creative way. If only they could spill their secrets and jealousies to the whole world...then they would be as famous as the people they're jealous of.
EM: HOW DOES ART IN THE SEVENTIES DIFFER FROM ART IN THE EIGHTIES?
mk: In the seventies artists made space. In the eighties they fill it.
EM: WHAT WILL ARTISTS DO IN THE NINETIES?
mk: Travel in space.
EM: ARE YOU A VISIONARY?
mk: I am farsighted in one eye and nearsighted in the other.
EM: WHY DO YOU REPEAT CERTAIN IMAGES, SUCH AS PLUNGERS, TELEPHONES, CASH REGISTERS, TELEVIZIONS, WALKMANS, AND POINTED HATS?
mk: Language is the same vocabulary repeated with curvilinear variation to make new stories. You repeat food three times a day. Telephones, televisions and Walkmans equal nourishment. Plungers unclog anxiety to help digest technology. Pointed hats are for dunces, witches, parties, and art students.
EM: DO YOU SEE FACELESSNESS AND ANONYMITY AS A POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE THING?
mk: The world has a herd of T.V. heads whose channels can be changed long distance by remote control. Anonymity is positive if you change your own channels.
EM: WHO ARE YOUR INFLUENCES?
mk: Everyone I meet. Bowery bums, building superintendents, students, anonymous subway riders, the vice-president...I engage in influential dialogue while delivering large unwrapped paintings in subways. I am influenced not so much by art historical figures as by Everyman. If your paintings can't cut it in the peanut gallery, then you'll have to play the fabricated avant-garde art market. A fictitious demand will be created, and just as easily uncreated as fashions fluctuate. My prices will always rise as does humanity.
EM: WHAT DO DINOSAURS MEAN TO YOU?
mk: Largeness. Long ago we were large dinosaurs. Now we are shrinking into microchips for computers.
EM: WHERE DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN FIVE YEARS?
mk: As the subject of a three-inch thick hardcover book with a gold and turquoise cover.
EM: CAN YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR DREAMS? AND I DON'T MEAN YOUR ASPIRATIONS--I MEAN YOUR DREAM DREAMS.
mk: I fly in New York City with a jetpack. Skyscraper windows have become doors. Giant eucalyptus trees grow from rooftops. Both towers

of the World Trade Center have become pedestals for monumental Kostabi sculptures. There's a place in Brooklyn where you can see the Manhattan skyline above a graveyard. The visual similarity is uncanny. Giant faceless robots will be resurrected from their skyscraper tombstones and they'll build an even bigger city.
EM: HOW HAS SUCCESS CHANGED YOUR LIFE?
mk: Now, when confronted with a guest list, I can use my real name.
EM: WHAT IS THE SECRET OF YOUR SUCCESS?
mk: Do something unforgettable and then change the subject.
EM: OK--WHAT WERE YOU AIMING AT IN YOUR SELF-PORTRAIT?
mk: The false me.
EM: WHAT ADVICE DO YOU HAVE FOR ASPIRING ARTISTS?
mk: Aspire. Don't perspire. Don't drink coffee--but get your book on the coffee table. Explode on stage--stage the explosion. An artist without a press kit is an artist without a career. Resume equals diary. There are many ways to button up your shirt. Don't beat down doors--hang out until Bruno arrives with the key and say: "Excuse me--I misplaced my key--may I go in with you?" Kicked out is past tense. Art learns more about dealers than dealers about art. There is only one clique and you are the only member. Always say 'yes' or 'no'--but...Paint for multiplication--not subtraction. Do not use trashcans--use file cabinets. Paintings are doorways into collectors' homes. Call up your favorite artist and say: 'I like your work and I'd like to meet you.' Fill a pair of pants with cats and kittens. Eliminate obligations. If you feel anxious, depressed or isolated, consider yourself provided with a free model. Rush to the studio and paint it. Sell anxiety. Sell isolation. Then take a media shower. Pressure is power. Flaws are opportunities. Don't say 'a real artist,' say 'I.'
EM: MARK, I FEEL FOR YOUR SOUL.
mk: What soul?
EM: WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER SIGN: A PAINTING? AN AUTOGRAPH? OR A CHECK?
mk: Which side of the check?

"The Solicitor" Mark Kostabi

Peika/Noble





CROCODILE
by Paul Smith

Bisexual mulatto crocodile is ancient 20's veteran of loungeand door policy menthol wars, seeks CARNIVAL, the real thing LORD! to turn belly up and rub leather.

ON Corpus Cavernosum

BY REDHOOK

Corpus cavernosum offers no resistance to razor steel. The spongy erectile tissue gorges with blood and shapes the penis of desire. Severing the vas deferens (tubes) accomplishes a clinical castration, but the strategic point of psychological castration is through the shaft of the penis between the scrotum and knobby glans. With nausea unstinted, Mauricio Lasansky drew a self-emasculating Hitler for his serial, 'Nazi Drawings.' The forceful drawing, a colophon to the series, shows Hitler melding with a skeleton as his hand arcs through flaccid flesh, a final heil.

The West German artist, Schwartzkogler, may have been cognizant of Lasansky's drawing as he died from complications developing from his own self-inflicted castration. There is an unfortunate scarcity of literature on this happening artist of the sixties; he is tabooed by consumers for outrageousness, fulfilling his dictum of 'epater le bourgeois,' and more importantly, he is tabooed by art brokers for failing an experiment.

Recently, I had an opportunity to translate three or four paragraphs on Schwartzkogler written by a sympathetic colleague and printed in "Martin Luther: Die Knust Seinem Folgen." A photograph showed Schwartzkogler naked, trussed in leather straps with a dead carp hanging between his scapulae. The other photos

documented his castration performance, but omitted the miniature guillotine he constructed to shave millimeter flakes off his penis. One photograph showed the penis wrapped in white gauze, a spot of dried blood artfully tipping the wounded codpiece. A second penultimate photo showed the artist with his penis fully extirpated, a residual flange of scrotum dilated to reveal internal organs. The apologist explained that Schwartzkogler was celebrating neurotic guilt behavior as it appears in religion, e.g., self-flagellation practiced by Opus Dei. Concurrently other German artists were staging happenings predicated on sacrifice and religion. I recall one artist who disemboweled a goat or pig over a model lying on a white sheet, and another artist who was washed in blood while suspended from a cross.

Not religious but also associative to Schwartzkogler's castration is Vito Acconci's "Seedbed" (Sonnenabend Gallery; 1972), a performance for which he hid within a ramp with a microphone and masturbated whenever he heard the approach of an art consumer. These performances correlate by publicizing primordial impulses ordinarily restricted to the field of individual psychology.

Castration complex is a fundamental of Freudian psychology and has been recently adjusted by Kate Millett. It factors into male

and female sexuality and neurotic dysfunction; for both men and women it encompasses fear of brachial and pudendal amputation, loss of the eyes, ears, nose, teeth, tongue and other forms of corporal mutilation including abortion. That castration signals a loss or death of self extending beyond the fear of pain can be proven by the trauma accompanying vasectomy, masectomy, abortion, and even drastic haircuts.

Self-castration is an indication of severely unresolved psychosis. Medical cases usually involve split personality; the schizophrenic, for example, who literally performed a textbook appendectomy on himself. Schwartzkogler's castration, however, is an exceptional transference of societal dysfunction, or sociocastration. That he was able to push his performance to an absurd extreme is attributed not to personal neurosis but rather to his Aryan heritage. Moreover, he failed his performance not simply because he died, but because he was a fragile and imperfect receptacle for the German angst he tapped. He threw open the floodgates and was ripped apart by the force; better had he skimmed just below the surface as do Penck, Baselitz, and Kiefer. But what an irresistible mine of unresolved primordial impulse that fascist history holds in store for the German artist! A sophist could make a good argument justifying political repression by citing the superlative antagonistic art it usually engenders.

Like any good artist, Schwartzkogler was a sensory operant of his society's culture. It can be argued that his death quantifies his ability or lack of ability as an artist, but I think it more accurately quantifies the extent of German historical maladjustment, an Uebergeist Krankheit, which must vent its fever through the work of German artists by means of such upheavals as the recent antinuclear protests, the mass tenement squatting in Berlin, or through violence such as that surrounding the anniversary of the Bauhaus.

Sociocastration is a modality of art also practiced in New York City, especially in Brooklyn. Though America does not resemble in the least the death regimes of the Third Reich or the military government of Argentina, we are responsible for our share of war carnage and social injustice. It has been catalogued redundantly. The American neurotic substrate also comprises guilt for exploiting the earth's resources, pollution, denigration of the elderly, minorities and women, degeneration of the educational system, urban decay, spiritual hollowness of capitalism etc. Good painting sublimates social neuroses just as a nervous tic or mannerism sublimates a personal neurosis. The process suggested by this statement can be witnessed in the competitions for Vietnam war memorials. There is bilious contention over the architecture of these monuments between, simply, the romantics who hold obsessively to an heroic America that denies the waste of the Vietnam war, and the pragmatists who hold equally obsessively to an unheroic America that denies the possibility of value to the Vietnam war.

Again, painting is social as well as personal sublimation. Slashing a canvas is usually a private castration but when performed publicly it becomes a sociocastration and an inversion that must be reckoned with. This is the meaning behind the public slashing of my canvases and the paintings I deface with exes.

Artwork is being slashed, burned and mutilated at B.A.D. (the acronym for Brooklyn Art Dump) which is appropriately situated in the crotch of the Manhattan and Brooklyn bridges on an abandoned pier. Many of the artists involved are members of SCUD, a nonhierarchical organization of Brooklyn artists who mounted the 'Nuke Thy Neighbor' exhibit at the Terminal Show last September.

April first saw the Art Dump inaugurated with antiheraklean ceremony--maypoles were being torn down instead of decorated. Castration imagery appeared, for example, in the poster showing a photo of several hundred B-52s beneath a Manhattan skyline. The war machines were sliced up like sausage and left on the desert six months before they were scavenged by scrap metal merchants, thus enabling Soviet reconnaissance satellites to verify SALT treaty compliance and U.S. limpness. Hot dogs were immolated on a grill. Julius Valiunas improvised a shooting gallery for tossing baby doll heads into a vaginal rubber tire. For his "Manhattan Slingshot" Dennis Joyce fastened the ends of a heavy rubber strap to two pilings; from this he discharged rolled up art magazines across the East River. A reference to David and Goliath perhaps, but in this case the stone is self-emasculating humor. Rae Langsten involved with SCUD hung up a large achromatic group portrait of the first Colombia crew. The painting subtly and effectively girds the media image of the mythically potent and therefore male, astronaut. All the while, SCUD presidential candidate, Tony Bechemal, worked the crowd with his promise to commission a helium phallus for hanging between the legs of the Manhattan Bridge. Even those artists who formally hung their work in this crumbling arena are participating in sociocastration. Syphilis ignored is castration by neglect.

Focusing on the individual pieces comprising B.A.D. obfuscates the greater perspective that B.A.D. is an advanced version of the instrument that fatally sterilized Schwartzkogler. The danger is as life threatening. SCUD is an international organization of art brokers whose collective inheritance is sicker than anything legated under the swastika.



Rae Langsten

Yates



B.A.D.

BROOKLYN ART DUMP

SUNDAYS at 2:30

BRING YOUR OWN ART

F TRAIN to YORK ST, WALK DOWNHILL to WATER ST, SOUTH of MANHATTAN BRIDGE to PLYMOUTH and MAIN ST. 499-5180 / 925-0027

THE SEASON

By MAGGI SUTHERLAND

It was the season the coeds died. The salsa dresses, the sweet smiles drifting underwater. Too heavy to rise, but they did. To the surface. Floating in their bathtubs, they smiled. It could put the fear of death in you. Reading this, rattling underground holding onto dirty steel for you balance. Don't lose your balance. It comes appended to the end of a phone conversation, "By the way, did you hear who died?" No, I didn't hear. I don't want to. "Well, I expected it, with the life he led. It was coming." Did their lives lead them to the bath? Across the street at the wrong time? Drunk on Houston. Just as drunk as I am, on the phone. "She never knew what happened. Her brother got the story from one of the bums. The guys who wipe your windows. He saw it happen and called the ambulance."

It was coming. "We knew it was coming. He moved to Philadelphia. To get his life in order. But by then it was too late. He was never, never happy, ever. Did you ever know him to be happy?"

"The truck just moved on. Didn't know they hit her. Probably thought it was another pothole." No one gets hit by a truck. Not if we don't want it. We want to live.

"It doesn't happen. Pneumonia just doesn't kill someone who wants to live."

Charms. Look both ways before crossing the street and it won't happen. Measure your will against theirs. The intruder can't be in the



house if I don't want him there. A microbe can't be taken from the mouth of a stranger. Of many strangers. I want to live. A movie title becomes a shield against death.

So the coeds beckoned to the men who followed them home. They lay peacefully in the full baths and breathed in water. Believing they were fish. They picked the blue Ford Falcons with the knives under the dashboards. They were pretty and they were young. You have to pay for that, if you don't watch out. Repeat after me: I won't let it happen. Believe it, and no germ can harm you. No stranger, no large moving vehicle, no bullet, no fall, no water, no fire. Nothing. I do believe in fairies, I do, I do, I do.

for Michael and Holly





Carne Vale

BY JENNIFER LEY

March. 80 degrees. Early evening in Playa del Carmen, Quintana Roo, Mexico. The last light of this tiny village's Carnival celebration. We know we're going to dance till four a.m., so first we throw ourselves into the turquoise blue Caribbean, swimming in water so salty our bodies bob like corks, no effort. A virgin beach, white sand, baby coconut trees crowd up to the edge. Paradise.

The band is warming up in the open air cinema. Small children dressed as clowns and queens tug at their fathers' hands. There's a gambling table in the corner, or we can shoot air pistols at pewter colored camels, hoping to win a huge multi-colored pinata.

Only ten gringos in Carmen tonight, this is no government organized tourist attraction. Everybody in town has been getting ready for the fiesta, sewing costumes, making masks, cutting up huge bowls of colored confetti. Gangs of teenage boys roam the few dirt streets, hollowed out eggs, filled with bright blue paint, in hand. Ammunition. We wear old clothes, just in case.

Carnival is no spectator sport. Our roles are constantly going to shift tonight. The broom dance starts, led by a pink panther suited girl. She passes the broom on to me and it's my moment, my solo in the Mexican night, till tiring of too much attention in the midst of a circle of smiling faces, I pass the broom on to

another dancing fool.

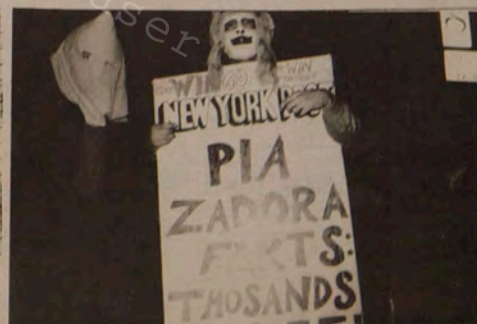
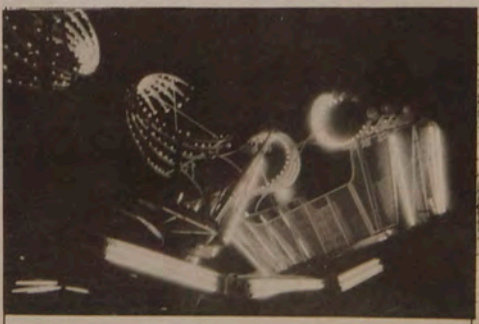
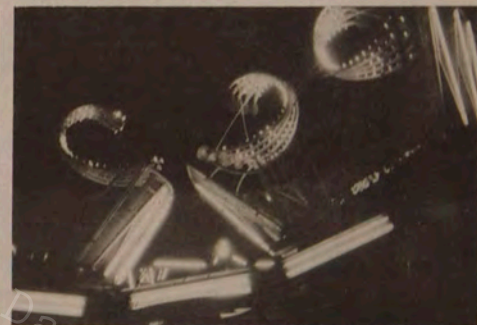
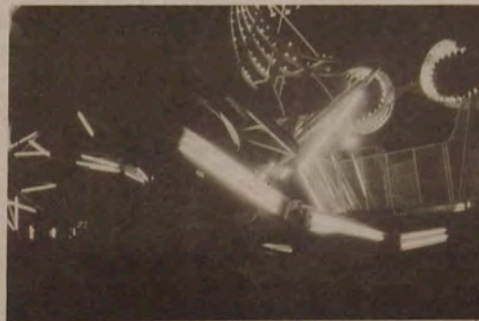
The music changes, in come the Rio queens. Six plumpish Mayan boys cross-dressed into a fantasy of backless red tulle, sequined brassieres, black net stockings, plumed headdresses, they are exquisite, walking in four inch spikes like royalty. They must have practiced for weeks to prance so well.

Everybody salsa. It's time for the monster parade. Two siamese twin hunchbacks followed by a child skeleton, who gleefully plays the monsters' humps like bongos to the beat. A Mexican oceanographer from up the coast grabs my hand and we dance past gnomes and ogres, my feet responding to new rhythm mixtures, at first so foreign but soon claiming my body like an old deja vu memory. Surely I've lived in Mexico all my life!

Which is what we've all started plotting as the night wears on into dawn. How we'll live here next year, rent out a thatched hut on the beach, stitch up our own carnival costumes, become one with so much joy and celebration. All those age-old Mayan eyes dancing, spirit conveyed that bypasses any language barrier. We've transcended our mucho blanco gringo selves, are no longer at carnival. We are Carnival.

Everybody salsa. And vamos, vamos a la playa. Indeed.

Jane Schreifman



Photos by Albert DiMartino



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A PUPPET SHOW

I. IN THE BEGINNING

This man was walking in the forest and he saw two snakes fucking. When he hit them with a stick, he turned into a woman. Seven years later she was walking in the forest again, and she saw two snakes fucking. She thought, "Maybe I should hit them with a stick." So she did, and she turned back into a man. Then someone asked him who had more fun during sex, men or women, and he said, "Women."

Then this man made a statue of a beautiful woman. The statue was so beautiful that he thought, "I wish it were real." So he went and prayed for the statue to become a real woman. When he came home, the statue had turned into a real woman, so he married her.

Then this woman was walking in the forest and she saw some pretty flowers, so she picked one. When she saw blood dripping from the stem, she realized what she had done, but she turned into a tree anyway.

Then this woman was walking by a lake, and a big swan swan up to her. The swan raped her. Later she laid some eggs, and babies came out of them.

Then this man had a daughter. She was the most beautiful woman there was, but the man didn't want her to have babies. So he locked her in a dungeon with just a little air shaft. But gold fell through the air shaft onto her, and later she had a baby.

Then this woman fell madly in love with a man who didn't love her. She did nothing but stare at him. She followed him around and stared at him all the time. Finally she turned into a sunflower.

Then this woman loved this man who loved her. They were always together. They were never apart. Then the man had to go away, and while he was away he died. But the woman kept thinking he would come back. When she saw his dead body she tried to kill herself, but she turned into a bird. He turned into a bird, too.

Then this woman was raped by her sister's husband. He cut out her tongue. But she wove a tapestry that told the whole story, so her sister found out. The woman and her sister

cried. Then they killed the sister's son and cut him up and cooked him in a stew. When the man ate the stew, the sister told him he had eaten his son. They ran away, and the man chased them, but they all turned into birds.

Then this man was loved so much by this woman that he couldn't die. The older he got, the worse it was, until finally he turned into a grasshopper.

II. IN OLDEN DAYS

This man was looking for a woman. He saw this beautiful woman, but she ran away. When he found her she was covered with soot and cleaning a chimney. So he married her and she became beautiful again. All the people who hated her were upset.

Then this woman's husband made her work, but she didn't want to. So then this man said he would do the work if she gave him her first baby. She agreed, and the work was done. Then she had a baby. The man came and asked for the baby, but the woman didn't want to give it to him. So she told the man what his name was and he disappeared.

Then this woman fell asleep. She didn't wake up. This man found her and raped her and she had a baby. He raped her again and she had another baby. This went on and on, but she didn't wake up. Finally she had a baby that bit her while it was nursing, and she woke up.

Then this woman went to visit her grandmother. But her grandmother had been killed and cooked. So when she got there, she ate her grandmother. Then this wolf told her to take off all her clothes and get in bed with him, so she did, and he ate her up.

Then this woman dropped something down a well, and this frog said he'd give it back to her if she'd kiss him. She agreed, but once she had it back she wouldn't kiss him. Her father said she had to, so he locked her in a room with the frog. She got so mad at the frog she threw him against the wall, and he turned into a man and they got married.

Then this woman was very poor until she got a doll. Whenever she told the doll to shit, money came out of it, so she told everyone about it. Then a man stole the doll, but it wouldn't give him money so he threw it down the toilet. Later it bit him and the woman came and took it away.



THE END OF THE WORLD AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW WORLD



III. NOWADAYS

There was this man who wanted to be a woman. He was very determined. One day he did become a woman. She became very famous. Years later she said it was the biggest mistake of her life.

Then there was this man who spent many years locked in a cell. One day a famous writer decided the man was very smart, so he got him freed. Then the man went into a restaurant and asked where the bathroom was, and when the waiter said there wasn't one, he killed him.

Then this beautiful woman who was very rich was locked in a closet by a liberation army. After many days in the closet, she became a soldier in the army. Then they robbed a bank and she got caught, so she was locked in a cell. After many days in the cell she married her guard.

Then there was this man who was a doctor. He made lots of money but he was unhappy, so he became a woman and played in tennis tournaments.

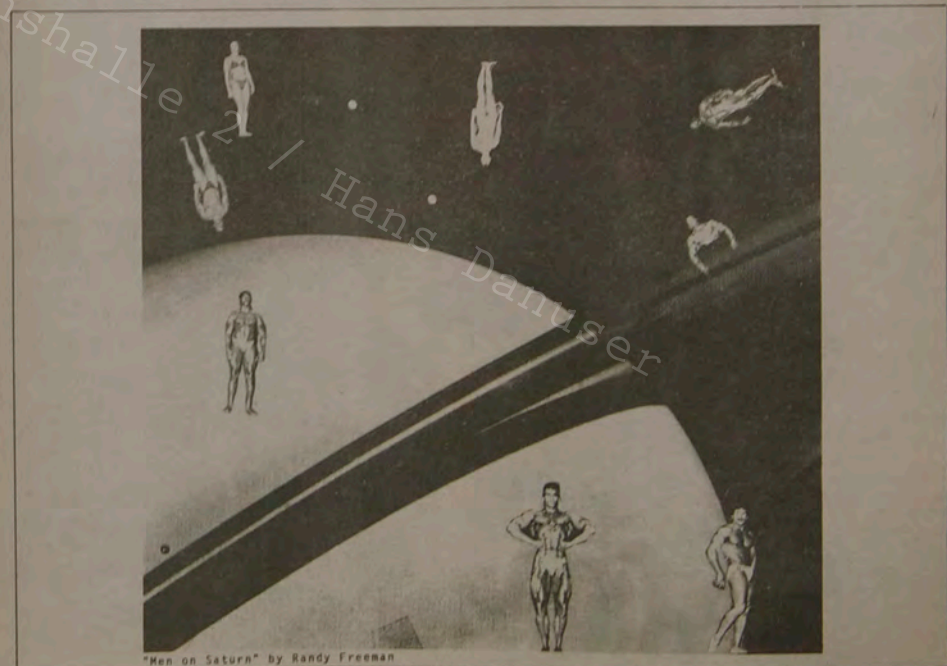
Then this man who was a punk joined a band and became a star. He met a girl with serious psychological difficulties and they fell in love and were very happy, until one day he killed her in a hotel.

Then this man saw a girl and thought she was beautiful, so he married her and turned her into a movie star, but she left him. Then he saw another girl who looked like the first one, so he married her and turned her into a movie star, but then she left him. Then he saw another girl who looked like the first two, so he married her and turned her into a movie star, but she didn't leave him because he made sure he was her producer.

Then this poor man came to America and became a Danish Count. He married a very rich woman and they lived in lots of expensive houses where he helped her drink too much. But when he tried to kill her, she turned into a vegetable.



Far left: "Fortune Telling Fool" by China Marks. Bottom left: "Pierrot" by Patrick Kennedy. Top: "Punch" by Patrick Kennedy.



"Men on Saturn" by Randy Freeman

CARNIVAL- WHITE NOISE

BY MARGARET BAZURA

THERE ARE NO SPECTATORS AT THE CARNIVAL--THAT'S IT. IT'S NOT UP FOR DISCUSSION OR DEBATE (DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?)--NO SPECTATORS AT THE CARNIVAL. THERE ARE ONLY PARTICIPANTS. PARTICIPANTS. PARTICIPANTS.

a beginning in deceit;
thanksgiving for the new at the beginning;
magically disguise yourself as your enemy and
come as you are not.
in the pause between the old and new, be part of
the ritual (the NEW ritual) at a Feast of
Misrule, larger than life. Walk with gods

trick your loved ones into having their heads
turned around.
kill your god and learn that...
be other than your self and learn that...
play games of roulette, games of chance and
learn that...
lose all, win all, leave your body
roll in the slime.
a festival of lies--learn that.
scourges and masters, ruled by the misbegotten
carnival nights, visions of fire
dance the danse macabre with dis
women lead satyric followers through the steps,
fertility rites and mass illusionism, kicking
out the jams once and for all

CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...
CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...
CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...CARNIVAL...



Penny Goodfriend

ride your own carousel
ride someone else's horse
make pyramids of flesh and laugh
please, please, remember of laugh and sprinkle
salt
laugh, laugh and divert the monster
remember the flood and celebrate
celebrate the fire
name a Noah
name a Saturnalia, a bacchanale
a Matronalia,
A CARNIVAL

as Time changes, the dread woven into the fabric
of CARNIVAL has colored what your mother might
have told you. Had she known that the chapel of
Dis was adjacent to that of Saturn, would you
have understood any better? If you had known
danger at an early age, would you be able to be
a passenger? Salute your pilot, your driver,
your captain, your steward, your navigator, your
hostess and your host. Cops and murderers...

this is NOT what CARNIVAL has been.
NOT a safety valve for maintenance of the status
quo of decadent societies. NOT a flip-flop of
societal roles for keeping the mob in line...a
time of overt deception. monstrous illusion.
ritual anointment. ritual sacrifice. feast of
misrule set up by the powerful to deceive the
enforcers. sanctioned hysteria--birth of
tragedy--whore of Babylon giving birth to prince
of lies who grows to become king of light,
friend of death, ruler of truth.

enter into something you know nothing about,



Elyse Strongin



Arson Seeno



Penny Goodfriend

eyes wide open, sheep bells, hands blackened.

the old ragged woman doesn't know whose baby
she's carrying
prematurely he demands his own wife--frenzy and
ecstasy beyond the blue black, the black blue of
infinitely searching souls--

find what you came here for
mistake wine skins for enemy demons,
strike out at your own magical threat,
be castigated for what you've been tricked into,
accept or reject that which is offered you.

CROSS ROAD, CROSS DRESS, CROSS WISE, CROSS BAR,
CROSS CUT, CROSS CURRENT, CROSS PURPOSE, CROSS
WALK, CROSS COUNTRY, CROSS HATCH, CROSS EXAMINE,
CROSS CULTURE, CROSS OVER, CROSS BRED, CROSS
TEMPERED, CROSS THE STREET, CROSS CONTINENT,
CROSS THE FLOOR, CROSS THE OCEAN, CROSS SPACE,
CROSS EYED, CROSS YOUR HEART AND HOPE TO
DIE--are you high? are you the high or the low?
what is the sacrifice?

parade for Isis, for Cybele, for Bacchus, for
Pan, for Zeus Peloris, for Juno Lucinda, for
Sabine women, for Jesus of Nazareth. Parade for
yourself, for me, for Dis, with candles and
dolls without restraint. Parade for Marduk's
liberation without restraint, in preparation of
the atonement of the King of Lies. And when the
gods arrive 4 5 6 7 and the Netherworld
knows liberation, determine destiny--acknowledge
chaos and destroy it...and the community
participates in the victory and the marriage is
consummated--society's destiny is determined.
Thus the gods return to temples; having dropped
their band of wool; having brought Light.

Bottom: Joe Coleman blowing up
at The Red Fox, New Jersey,
1977. Right: Tracy Sherman.



A R S O N

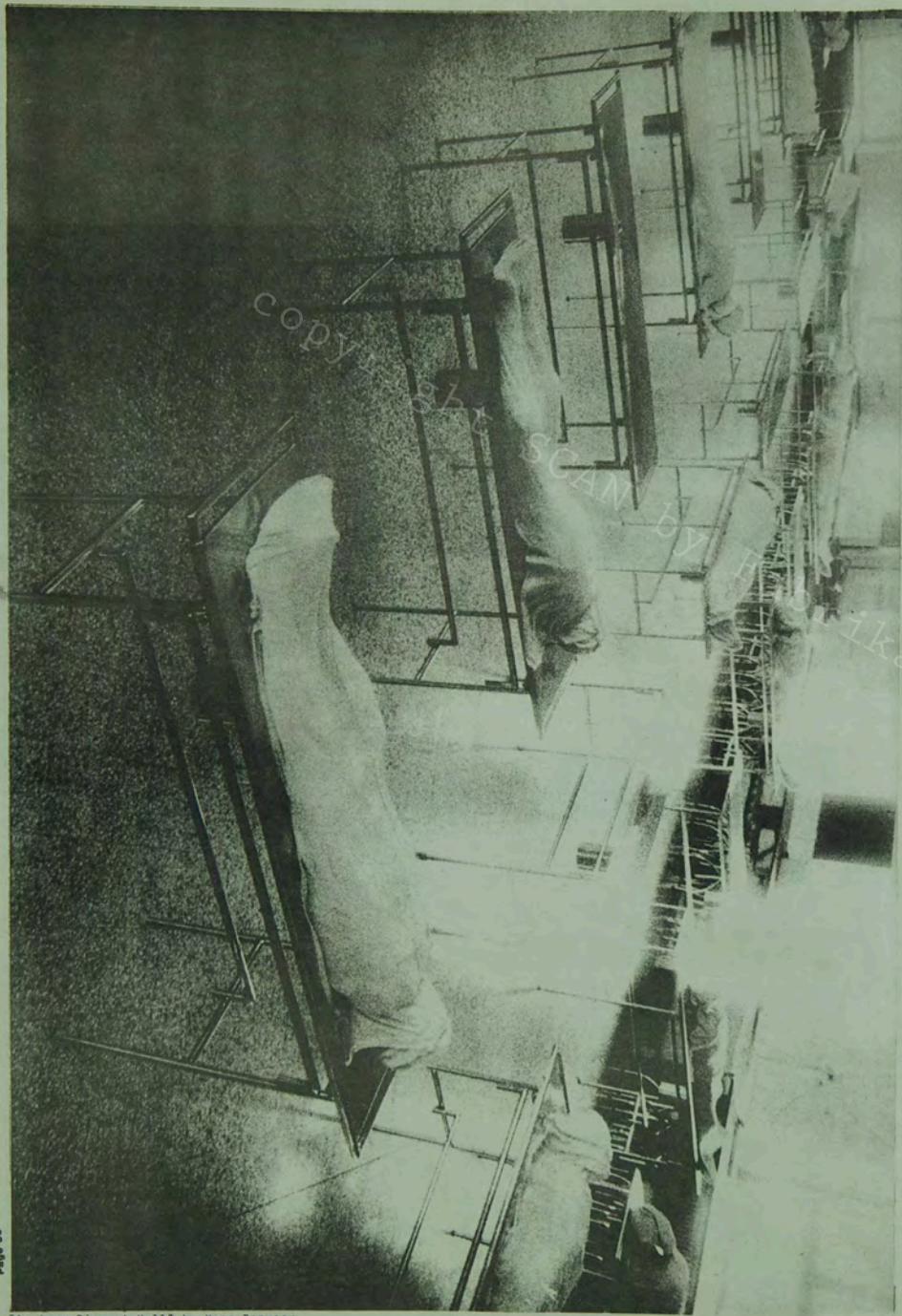
MAY 12 — 31

ST. MARKS GALLERY 121 ST. MARKS PLACE RICHARD DE KOSTER

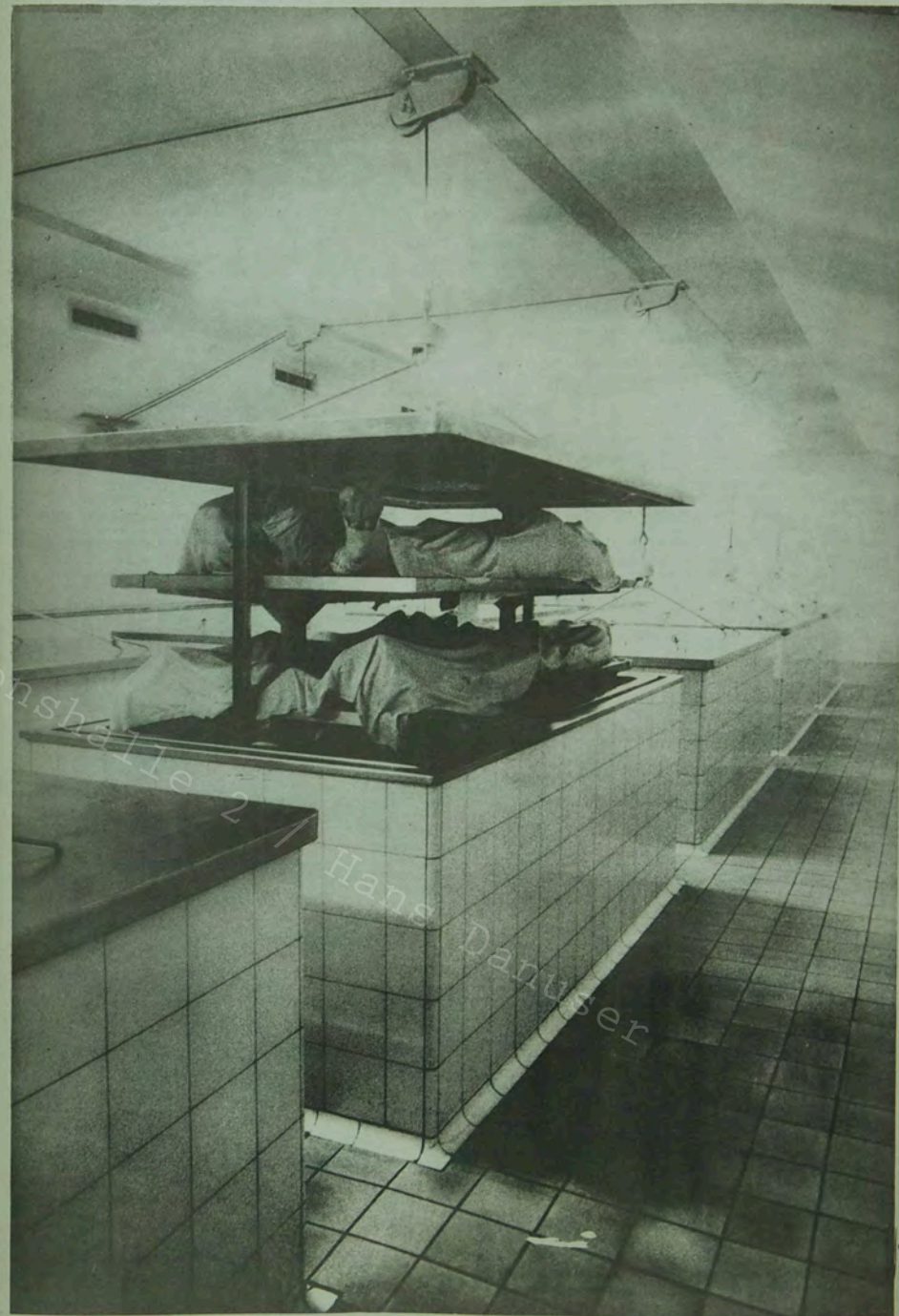
PAUL BENNY
SUE COE
TOM DILLON
KATHLEEN GROVE
PAUL MARCUS
LARRY SILVER
MICHELE ZALOPANY

P.P.O.W

216 East 10 Street, NYC 10003 (212) 477-4084



"Anatomy Dissect Hall" by Hans Danuser



"Preservation Baths" by Hans Danuser

ART ACTIVISM COMES OF AGE

The PADD
Perspective



"Forced Feeding, 1983" by Keith Christensen and Anthony Buczko

About four years ago, a broad spectrum of visual artists brought PADD to life in an effort to fill what one participant then called "the cultural void in the progressive movement." After weeks of dissent, the new group defined itself as "an artist's resource and networking organization coming out of and into New York City...whose goal is to provide artists with an organized relationship to society, and demonstrate the political effectiveness of imagemaking. One way we are trying to do this is by building a collection of documentation of international, socially concerned art. The PADD archive defines social concern in the broadest sense: any work that deals with issues ranging from sexism and racism to ecological damage and other forms of human oppression...We hope eventually," the statement continues (with mind-boggling chutzpa), "to build an international grass-roots network of artist activists who will support, with their talents and political energies, the liberation and self-determination of all disenfranchised people."

The Legitimation of Alternative Art

In this article we will discuss some of the ideas that have been developing in PADD as they relate to our ongoing work as artist activists. We all know that in the last two decades there has been an extensive reawakening of political (or social, empowering, oppositional, or whatever else you want to name it) art. Feminist and gay art were, perhaps, the most important cutting edges in legitimizing political art. Today, there are dozens of alternative cultural groups in New York...and hundreds of art, dance, theatre, video and other similarly oriented groups throughout the nation (many under the aegis of The Alliance for Cultural Democracy).

This renaissance of resistance art has affected not only socially concerned artists, but many who do not ordinarily define themselves in these terms. In fact, political art has these past few years spilled over into the terrain of the art world itself--in Soho, the Lower East Side, and Uptown galleries--often by artists whose work is not thought of as being socially conscious. Among the recent examples that come to mind: last year's outpouring of anti-nuclear war exhibits; the surprisingly large component of politically aware art in the Brooklyn Terminal Show; the New Museum exhibit on "Art and Ideology"; and most prominently, of course, the series of major art shows (in New York and 20 other cities) sponsored by Artists Call as a protest against U.S. military intervention in Central America.

The proliferation of art coming from within a social/political context as well from a personal vision has given us in PADD the opportunity to move beyond the isolation--both from mainstream culture and the artworld--which has largely been the fate of most social artists. We have seen that social-change art

comes in all forms--from postmodern to postcard, from performance to political collage, to personal statement. And that the artworks which work best--whether they are abstract, representational, or conceptual--are those that have the capacity to move people, change their perceptions, and encourage them to take responsibility for their own lives.

Showing and Telling--Wherever We Can

Gaining creative experience in producing and distributing our art, often in networking arrangements with other groups, we have shown our work and demonstrated our ideas in streets and galleries; in union halls and on protest marches; in schools, community centers and window installations. In all of these activities we have tried to establish a number of art activist criteria by which to measure the effectiveness of the artworks in terms of our chosen audiences and our needs as cultural workers. These include: producing art that is capable of contributing to the impetus for social change; facilitating the relationship between the artists, the communities in which they live and work, and the broader political struggles; and developing a social aesthetic that will give us some model for understanding and deepening our own and others' political/personal artwork. We offer the following examples of a few PADD projects, not as success stories, but to show how we work, learning from each activity, and growing politically and creatively in the process.

One of our first public actions took place in April 1980 when PADD presented a multifaceted event called "Death and Taxes," to protest the use of taxes for military spending and the resulting cutbacks in social services. Twenty artists installed works in and out of doors in Manhattan and Brooklyn, in subways and streets, in an IRS building, in banks and ladies rooms in restaurants. The event included posters, graffiti, stickers, typed dollar bills, street theatre, environments, and performance. Following these, a slide show and exhibition of all the works in "Death and Taxes" took place at Gallery 345. Artists showed their slides and explained the reactions they got when they took their work to the streets. In the critique following (a regular procedure after each PADD project), we were able to gauge to some degree the public impact of the events, the aesthetic effectiveness of some of the artworks, and conversely, the weakness of the overall project in failing to relate in any organized way to the community.

In May of the same year, PADD's first participation in a national political demonstration took place in Washington, D.C.. We brought a busload of fifty artists as part of a protest against U.S. intervention in El Salvador and the social service cutbacks. Organizing ourselves in the form of an "image war," we carried double-sided placards which we had collectively painted and constructed. One side showed life-enhancing objects that were being cut back, such as books, food, housing; the other side showed death-bringing things, like bombs, tanks, guns, generals. In the sea of words and banners surrounding us, PADD's contingent of artists, on the graphic strength and bright colors of their "image only" placards, proved to be one of the most popular and effective works in the demonstration.

Making the Political and Personal Interact

Last year, turning from the overtly political to the intensely personal, a group of PADD artists held a show called "Detours, Sharp Turns, and Little Naggy Feelings." This show was devoted to exploring turning points in the lives of art activists. The event provided participants and audience with insights into ways in which personal and social transformations interact. The artworks, including performances, ranged in themes from the impact of the holocaust and Sputnik, through the impact of "blood memories" childhood, to the inherited violence of sexual politics and popular culture.

Later that year, "Not for Sale"--a group of PADD members--held an exhibition of works by over 50 artists, photographers, and filmmakers at El Bohio. Addressing the issue of gentrification and displacement of tenants in the Lower East Side, one of the major purposes of the show was to help bridge the communications gap between the art community and the larger Lower East Side community. Despite the success of the huge show in calling attention to the issue of gentrification, and the positive response of many artists involved or attending the events, "Not for Sale" decided not to hold another exhibit since it seemed apparent to them that the show had contributed to the hyping of the Lower East Side as a new art scene. Instead, the group is holding this year a "Four Gallery" outdoors, to protest the potential "Sohoization" of the area.

Where We're At--Where We're Going

Looking ahead, PADD is currently planning a "State of the Mind/State of the Union" project that will coincide with the presidential inaugural period--January 1985. It is intended to represent a cultural view of where we are as artists/citizens and where we're going in Reaganized America. The project will have three parts: an indoor exhibit, a performance series, and an outdoor section that will incorporate community outreach and other activists events. These might take the following forms: a wall poster campaign using a tabloid format to "spread the news"; street events timed around candidates; a stencil project; streetworks in Washington D.C. for the inauguration ceremonies; and "imagegrams" sent to the White House to register the state of mind of artists all around the country. "State of Mind" might also include a conference in which substantive issues that were falsely raised or omitted from the election would be discussed. As part of its networking activities, PADD will invite other cultural groups to participate and welcomes individual input and support.

Still another facet of PADD is its long-running (over three years) "Second Sunday" series at Franklin Furnace. These monthly events, organized by different groups within PADD's membership in an extended workshop format, focus in specific political or social issues and the culture they engender. Another PADD goal at these events is to experiment with different forms of public presentation, so that we can develop more provocative ways of mixing political dialogue with various artforms--from live music and performance, to various kinds of slide shows, readings and discussions.

"Second Sundays" have ranged in subject matter from "Image Brawl"--an investigation of the class basis (corporate vs. the people) of visual imagery in the streets--through "Out of Sight--Out of Mind"--on Native American and Black art resisting oppression--to "Union Made"--a panel of socially aware artists working within trade unions. Each "Second Sunday" represents the final product, but the process itself, of preparing the public event, is of equal value to us. Part of that process is also the re-presentation of various "Second Sundays" in print and picture in UPFRONT, PADD's periodical.

Art Activism and Activist Art

In the course of this piece we have referred a number of times to the concept of art activism as a key element of PADD's practice and theory. As we see it, art activism is a total involvement of the artist, including but going beyond the making of his/her art. It is, in the larger sense, a form of "dialectical engagement"--a mutual discourse between audience, artist, and the community. Its ultimate function is the development, as part of a broad coalition movement, of an "empowering" democratic culture that plays a central role in the lives of the people.

In our own experience we have found that the most effective forms of art activism are



Top left: "PADD Demonstration Art, 1982" by Herb Perr, Bottom left: "Daddy Warbucks" by Herb Perr, "Travis Vexler"



"The People, YES!" by Eve Cockcroft.

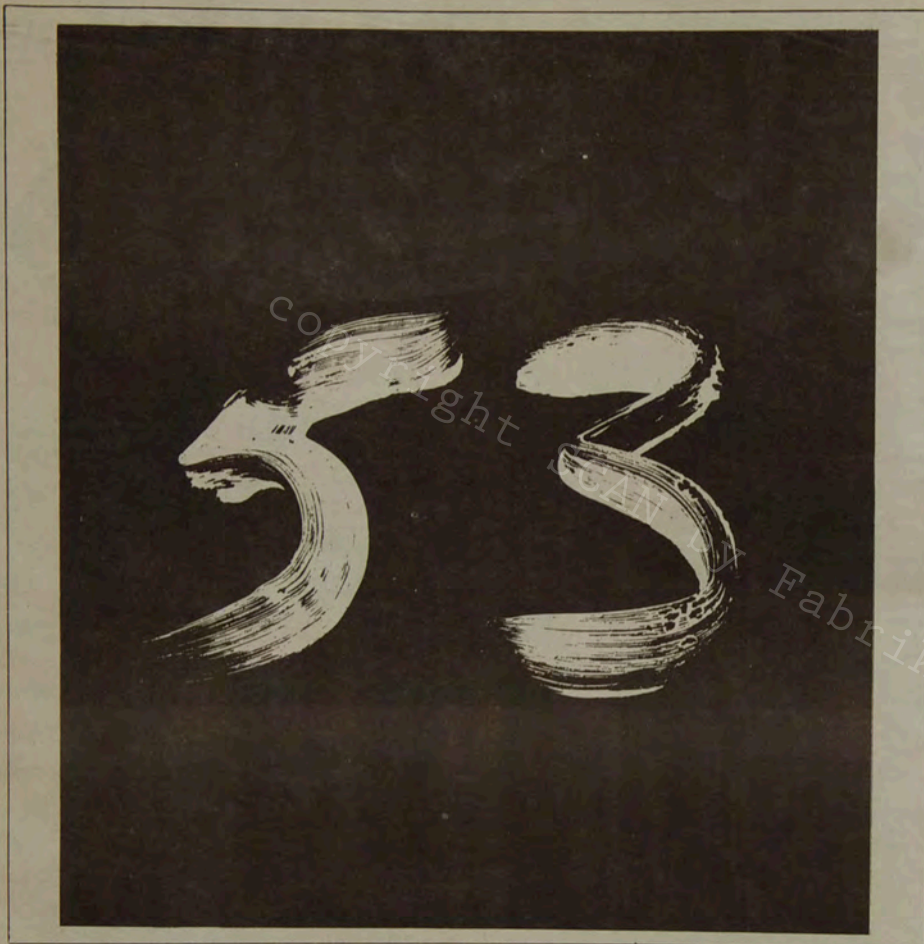
those that encourage the most diverse and imaginative image-making. This goes beyond simplistic definitions of socially concerned art as a service arm of political groups and causes. This is not to say that we overlook the immediate needs of different movement causes. Much of our work, as we have tried to show, has been centered around demonstrations and political issues, and banners, slogans and placards have been important elements. However, we have also been concerned with art on the most complex level, refusing to admit to false dichotomies between abstraction/figurative, political and formalist; high and low culture. PADD artists utilize art-historical modes (after all, art comes from art as well as from life), media images, advertising artifacts, graffiti, etc.. In their dialogue with people, art activists interpret, analyse, and recycle images from every conceivable source. We also encourage art that takes its cue from the feminist model, making a personal/political fusion that is seamless.

For the individual, art activism can become a way of seeing, working, conceptualizing, creating and making his/her work visible. Art activism does not make the artist choose between studio and political arena, between individual creativity and collaboration--between the artwork and the "real world." It considers that there is a constituency for activism inside as well as outside the artworld. It allows ample space for those who want to carry on their art discourse of socially concerned art within the artworld structure of galleries and museums.

Art activism is, by definition, pro-working class, anti-racist, pro-feminist, internationalist, and antimilitarist. More than this, it considers that no single artist or work of art can, by itself, constitute a significant advance. But in the aggregate, as part of a larger movement, each art activist makes a contribution toward transforming culture itself. Reaching into the world, the art activist reflects not only his own inner experiences, but exchanges images of shared social experience with audiences, with other artists, and with cultural and social groups.

On the creative level, art activism makes us reexamine, and if necessary reinvent, our aesthetics. It raises fundamental questions about form/content interrelation, about collaboration, competition, and individual workstyles, about reaching new audiences with new forms and innovative means of distribution of our art. We believe that these questions will relate increasingly to all artists, whether they are socially concerned in their work or not.

To sum up, we can think of no better way of expressing our vision of art activism than this: "While we hope to inspire and entertain all along the way, we'd like to move beyond the aestheticization of social processes, beyond reflection of social contradictions, anger, and injustice, toward actually helping to create the cultural climate for social change. It's going to take quite a while. Hang in there with us!"



JULIUS VALIUNAS AND THE NUMBER 53

PANART: What is the significance of 53 in your life?

Julius Valiunas: It's like the pyramids. The mystery of 53 is still being uncovered. It's still a mystery to me. There is a feeling that I have of deep significance and affinity for 53. I was 17, in high school when 53 started popping out at me everywhere and intruding into my consciousness. It was the number on my football jersey. I was a jock, a lineman on the school team. At first I didn't want that number. I thought I should be a 70 like the other linemen. I didn't like the number. The 70's were pretty cool. I hated my number. My buddies, my teammates, said, "Julius, don't worry. You'll like it. It's a good number. You'll learn to like it. Truer words were never spoken. How right they were. Jocks are thought of as not being very bright, yet they knew how powerful an experience it would be. Like the power of meaning on acid trips. Like a plot. Should we give it to him yet? No. He's not ready yet. PA: That's a fascinating story. Then what happened?

JV: I graduated high school As far as the

significance goes, and putting my faith behind it, utilizing it, I haven't done that yet. I'm coming out of the 53 closet. Redspot says that 5 and 3 together make 8, and that's a powerful number. You don't want to be behind the 8 ball. You want to be with the 8 ball. 8 is the number of power. Most of the others are experiential. It is the number of Scorpio, the powerful sign. Darryl Hawkins is considered a dummy. He's the center for the New Jersey Nets. He's a poet. He's the chocolate thunder. He is like a wild untamed artist. His number is 53. 53 is a prime number. As a child I would go to the carnivals, the Catholic carnivals, and play both 5 and 3. I look at numbers in a very limited way--only the first 10. I was born in '53, the end of the Korean War. Any time I turn around, with addresses, or phone numbers, or whenever numbers appear in my life, you can bet that 53 will be there. A lot of elections, you know percentages, are 53%. 53% of the voters are women. The mean temperature of NYC on the average per year is 53. I want to hire a full time researcher to investigate this number and its associated phenomena.

I dreamed that we
Went sailing by
In boats of sun and dappled light
Our world composed of brightest blue
And I could not remember night
I only could remember you
As we entwined in complex shapes
A single being, laughing, brown
In the heat as we lay down
We sigh, we sleep, a soul escapes

And we would sail
In the calmest sea
Between the islands
Where you came from
We would paint and
We would joke
And we would thrive
On zero sum.

We would touch and then we'd leave
And say exactly what we know
There would be ferment, ideas would seethe
Just as the waves cut by the bow.

Wake up!
It's New York City
And it's cold
I'm clutching a pillow
It's not what I want to hold
The day is granite
Instead of blue
I know you
But we're not even friends
I just can't understand
I feel too dense
Imprisoned by unnatural law
The restraint of the natural man
As the clock runs out of time
As the time runs out of mind

Still expectations and demands.
Time to go home, close the store
I walk by the river at 7 p.m.
The gulls are screaming by the moon
It's all real, it's all a dream
I only hope I get home soon.

Frank Shifreen



Raoul Bustos

REVIEWS

Barbel Rothhaar has chosen the glove as metaphor, using it as an ambiguous symbol of the human body with its limited possibilities for communication. Her paintings and drawings usually consist of at least three panels in separate frames, interconnected by overlapping elements. In these friezes she refers to the gesture of the hand inside the glove - frozen in movement, and exaggerated by the huge scale of the object and expressive style of the painting.

Rothhaar presented "Babylon Gloves" at ABC NO RIO from April 19 to 30. Rothhaar received a grant and came to New York City from Berlin in 1983. She has previously shown in Berlin, Paris, Mexico City, and San Francisco. She also participated in the 1982 Williamsburg All Fools Show.

For her installation at ABC NO RIO, the artist tried to create an open and playful situation which offered the visitors an opportunity to participate. The sculptures - mostly large scale chicken wire gloves - are movable, and the audience was invited to bring gloves to contribute to the installation.

At the opening reception, Bruna Esposito, a performance artist from Rome, joined Barbel Rothhaar for the performance of a piece called "Double Glove". They used the space inside and outside the gallery for their choreography of signs and gestures. Part of the performance was sound collage by Richard D. Lloyd, percussion, and Bennet Theissen, voice, both members of Camouflage Danse. It was an interesting and expressive show. Fred Gutzeit Beware!

I visit Richard Bellamy's Oil and Steel Gallery from time to time because I enjoy the space

and can be reasonably sure that the painting or sculpture being shown will be worth the trip.

The oil paintings on display in early April were serious-minded figurative works, made in 1982 and 1983 by Gregoire Muller, a Swiss artist previously unknown to me. He was born in 1947 and has been showing in group and one-man exhibitions here and in Europe since 1975.

In many of his works at Oil and Steel, notably "POW (Lazarus)" and "The Death of Ninoy," the subject matter, color and use of composition to heighten drama is similar to that of Leon Golub's style, though the paint handling seems somewhat more traditional. One other piece which deals directly with the theme of violence, "Massacre of the Innocents," is a densely packed canvas of flowing, contorted figures.

Three paintings, made in 1983, which work with different issues, or perhaps with violence of a different sort, are "Swimmer," "Three Bathers," and "Self-Portrait." They held back just enough to be especially engaging. "Swimmer" presents an ambiguous space. The figure, in the central part of the canvas, is visible above the surface of the sea. For a few moments it appears almost as if the grimacing swimmer is moving beneath the surface, having given himself up to unknown depths. The cool, calm green of the water is inviting under a strip of night sky.

"Three Bathers" is slightly textured. Three voluptuous female figures stand randomly on a large expanse of white sand. A black figure stands to the left, arms pinned behind her back, breasts jutting out to either side of a cylindrical torso. She is thin and straight, reminiscent of African wood sculpture. Her almond-shaped eyes are staring and her head reaches

the thin horizontal line of gray/pink sky. The figure on the right is lifting off the sand, her head down, breasts heavy, arms akimbo. At the lower portion of the canvas, the third figure is cut off just above the breasts. Her teeth are bared, her tongue protrudes slightly. Overpainting works to make the subtle color rich. There is little modeling and play of light is absent. This is a strange, sunless summer day.

In "Self-Portrait," the paint is applied thinly and flatly, and the surface does not catch any light. The figure of the artist is shown from the waist up on the right side of the canvas. Off to the left side, reaching to the edge, is a black vertical strip, presumably an easel or support. Bridging the gap between the figure and the vertical is a gray/green space, reminiscent of Diebenkorn, which is divided with lightly drawn lines in such a way as to suggest landscape. The figure, energetically drawn, stares directly at the viewer. The artist is determined and the mood is not playful. The skin tones are natural with gray shadows. The grayish paint-stained jacket is slightly parted to reveal the chest.

These paintings related to the past yet were highly personal and original. Overall, Gregoire Muller struck a somber, ambiguous note which, after having recently experienced the wit of Malcolm Morley and the joyousness of Nancy Graves, was quite a change for me.

E.J.S.

The recent group show at International With Monument, done in cooperation with Nature Morte and featuring artists represented by both galleries, can be accused of having employed a veneer of sophistication to mask a lack of substance.

The theme of the show, "Still Life With Transaction," was defined in a convoluted statement written by the curators, Tricia Collins and Richard Milazzo, in which they call entropy "the universal still life" and say that "transaction determines the new death of world objects."

By virtue of being disturbing, their phenomenon of transaction is charged with the potential to work with a chaotic and decaying universe, thereby revitalizing not only the so-called world objects which serve as subject matter for still life but the concept of still life as well.

Joel Otterson's ability to mix and transform materials worked well in this context. His piece, an abstract sculpture of concrete, glass, and metal set on a slender wood column, was elegantly done. Laurie Simmons' large photograph presented three neat looking doll figures which appear to be approaching the ruins of the Parthenon. Its evocative and mysterious content was enhanced by the blue tones of the print. This work reminded me that science and technology only pretend to create a more ordered world, and that it was the Greeks who first conceived of entropy by seeing history not as a progression toward perfection, but as an ongoing cycle moving from order to chaos.

The first law of thermodynamics states that while energy can never be created or destroyed, it can be transformed from one form to another. The second law of thermodynamics states that every time energy is transformed from one state to another a certain penalty is exacted and that penalty is a loss in the amount of available energy. This is the Entropy Law.

Most of the works in the show suffered precisely because they held true to a

Right: Joel Otterson, sculpture.
Bottom: Laurie Simmons, photograph.



literal interpretation of the Entropy Law. With entropic art for an entropic world one is offered only more lifelessness and flatness, more airport music. Neither one's senses nor one's feelings are engaged.

As attempts to illustrate the idea of transaction, many of the works did not rise above their status as ordinary objects. With few exceptions the energy level seemed low. Most of the pieces exhibited little or restrained involvement on the part of the artists beyond composition and craftsmanship. The mixture of 60's conceptualism via Robert Smithson, and 80's sensibilities did not hold my interest. Approaching these works is like going out for a swim only to discover that the water in the pool is one inch deep. It's been my impression that when art subordinates itself to another

discipline, in this case physics, the work that follows loses power. This was the sort of show that was held together not by depth of expression, but by double talk and jargon, which inevitably results in skimming the surface of creative resources.

E.J.S. marketplace, treating them

RAY JOHNSON

The Nassau County Museum is hidden in one of the most beautiful estates on Long Island. The estate's park-like setting is a wonderful site for the large steel sculptures, which give off a sense of modern grandeur and intellectual formalism. Within the museum, in direct opposition to the steel and stone outside, is a retrospective of the fragile, serendipitous, delicate, friendly, kinky, and spiritual world of Ray Johnson.

When I went to the museum, Ray was there hanging out. It was a lucky chance to see him with his work. He is spare, serene, with a monkish air, accentuated by his shaven head. He looks far younger than his years, and his manner and demeanor seem as meticulous as his work. Behind this orderly facade is the loopy jester.

For those that don't know, Ray is one of the fathers of "Pop" art and performance art, employing the techniques of chance and unconscious association. He was one of the first artists to use iconic symbols from American popular culture taking images from the news, the ephemeral, and the fashionable, and the marketplace, treating them

with casual reverence. Johnson is perhaps best known as the progenitor of the New York Correspondence School, which initiated the Art Mail Movement. Although he has received testimonials and has had museum exhibitions, his work has not been given its due. This may in part be because of its transitory and whimsical nature, which makes the art process look ridiculously easy as well as just ridiculous.

In the Nassau County Museum there is a sampling of his "add to" forms to be completed by the viewer, and a few announcements relating to the mail art form, but the bulk of the show is a selection of his collages and drawings from 1953 to the present. Curiously in some of his funniest drawings there is an elegiac, even tragic quality. "Dear Ruth Szowie" (1972) immortalizes Ruth Klugman's friendship with both Pollock and De Kooning, as well as Pollock's tragic death, and "Corinne Marilyn" (1967) memorializes Marilyn Monroe.

Two of my other favorites from the show were one of his delicious black and white collages, entitled "Sadie in Japan", which I think is worth a million words on western cultural values in conflict with traditional and modern Japanese society, and the "Arman Box", the only sculpture in the show. This is rectangular in shape and made of cardboard which has been burned, exposing rows of slats which appear to have material and images on them. It works very well as a mysterious, dense, and pregnant object.

This was a "must see" show, so I can only say to my unlucky comrades, tough nuggles. But do go to the Museum to see their wonderful sculpture garden.

Franklin Shifreen

RED SPOT ADDS ANIMATION

If you've passed the intersection of Broadway and Spring at night lately, you probably noticed something different about the Red Spot Outdoor Slide Show. With the simple addition of a motorized color wheel the show is completely animated. Slide artist Nicholas Bergery suggested to Allen Daugherty, Red Spot's creator, that he could animate his shows this way.

The new equipment was barely finished in time for this spring's "The Spoils of Acetate," an eighteen-artist group show. The new technique is used very successfully in Elizabeth Cook's "Seabirds," Erik

Schirink's "E" show, and Julius Valinius' "The Animated History of 53." The "Spoils" runs to May 19th every Tues. to Sat. from 9 to 10:30 p.m. at the intersection of Broadway and Spring looking west. Artists wishing to make slide shows should contact Allen Daugherty, 925-0143.

SOME BOOK NOTES

I never visited Printed Matter much back in the days when they seemed to feature endless permutations of Sol Lewitt and back issues of FOX. But of course artists' books have come a long way. They've been activated by the greater orientation toward narrative, montage, and social issues in recent art; also by the fact that some of the most compelling, innovative and condensed writing today is being done by artists like Jenny Holzer, Barbara Kruger, and Richard Prince. Writing for an electronic semiotic generation, the visual design is inextricable from the effect. The sensibility is very aggressive.

Barbara Kruger's CEPA-published "No Progress in Pleasure" was sold out when I visited, but what can you expect when such a pure, brilliant book costs only four dollars? Available at ten dollars was a larger book of her work, but this was half an exhibition catalogue, only half artist's book, an impure hybrid. However, you can still get your copy of Sue Coe's and Holly Metz's "How to Commit Suicide in South Africa," another instant classic at only five dollars. Sue Coe's dark, expressionist, ambitious graphics were shown last fall at PPOW. Holly Metz's text is a first rate primer of horrifying facts, with a bibliography to keep you going. Read it now and start planning what to create for Art Against Apart-

Ray Johnson: "Dear Ruth Szowie," 1972; collage.



Works by Barbel Rothhaar





Right: Jacqueline Lima
Below: Sue Coe c1983;
Courtesy of Raw Books.



heid's October exhibition: COME LANDSCAPES

Bill Burke's "They Shall Cast Out Demons" is dedicated to his mother and father, who told him as a child that they were taking him to church and then delivered him to a hospital for a hernia operation. Composed almost entirely of powerful photographs of primitive faith healings and technological hospital operations, the distinction gets lost in the sheer gruesomeness of it all.

Another irresistible bargain is Wedge Magazine's boxed set of fourteen pamphlets selling for fifteen dollars. It includes John Fekner's "Beauty's Only Screen Deep," and my favorite Kathy Acker book, "Implosion," favored mostly because of Mark Magill's brilliant two-color design and decoration of the text. But then almost all Wedge publications are marked by sophisticated design, writing and art work. Their photographs include work by Sarah Charlesworth, Candace Hill, Erika Beckman, Richard Prince and James Welling.

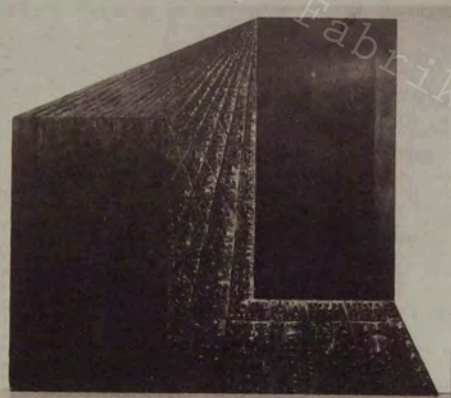
Many of these books are available elsewhere, and many commercial bookstores take less than Printed Matter's hefty fifty percent commission on artists' and publishers' sales. But only Printed Matter offers browsers a table and chairs.

Paul Smith

"Bather," 1983, by Natan Nuchi. Spray enamel on canvas, 73" x 115". From Nuchi's one-man show at La Mama's La Galleria Second Classe from April 6 to May 1. The gallery recently opened as a non-profit exhibition space organized by Ellen Stewart and La Mama International.



"Annunciation," 1983, acrylic on wood, 8' x 4' by Joni Wehrli from "Private Mythologies" (March 31 - April 21). The show was sponsored by the Organization of Independent Artists.



Above:
"Brooch," 1983, 96" x 112" by Michael Davis at Art Galaxy from the show, "Painting as Surface," (April 11 - May 5) curated by Barbara Flynn. Ms. Flynn founded the non-profit exhibition space in 1980.
Left:
"Recess," 1984, acrylic on canvas on wood, 10' x 4' by Barbara Friedman from "Private Mythologies" (March 31 - April 21).

THE GOWANUS MEMORIAL ARTYARD

We are a group of artists who, while based in the Gowanus area, are citywide in scope. We present shows that are meant to be forums for art of a public nature, art which is thoughtful and reflects on the larger issues of ourselves and society. We try to develop an ad-hoc structure for each show, utilizing the resources of the community. As Kay Larson wrote in a review of our Monumental Show, "...The event has to do with a young, often disaffected, always energy efficient collection of artists who with raw determination and street-smarts can put up what curators fear to tread upon."

We espouse no particular creed or philosophy. We believe that art is the most vital communication medium and we intend to end the separation between artists and their public.

In the past two years, the Gowanus Memorial Artyard participated in twelve shows, exhibitions and events in Brooklyn and Manhattan.

We are a group of artists who are forming an information center. The center will have exhibition and grant details as well as offer an exchange of skills and technical advice. The original idea which led us to develop this information network was a perceived need to aid artists who do large-scale works and more theatrical types of work. We would like to stress that this information center is not just for artists working in large-scale or multi-media. We want to collect "art information" and make it easier for artists to select what is specific to their individual needs.

We are a brand new organization and don't even have a name. We would appreciate any useful advice, information, or help. If you have any ideas, or would like more details about the organization, please write to:

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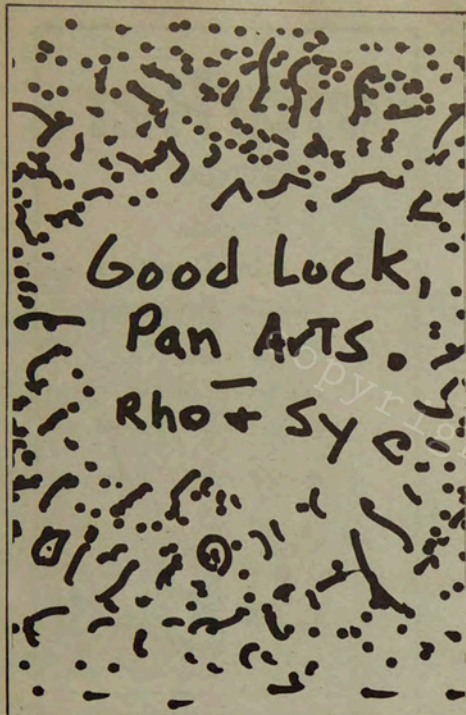
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