



GENERATIONS

L A C E
Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions

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BRUCE YONEMOTO

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February 21 through April 12, 1986

ENERATIONS
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NGELES CONTEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS

ndustrial Street ngeles, CA 90021

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Typecraft, Pasadena

chibition is supported in part by the National Endowment Arts, Museum Program, and by a grant from the al/State/County Partnership, a cooperative program the Los Angeles County Music and Performing Arts ission, the California Arts Council, and the National ment for the Arts.

ISBN 0-937335-00-2

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LACE is supported in part by the Atlantic Richfield Foundation, the Brody Arts Fund, the California Arts Council, the California Community Foundation, Chevron U.S.A. Inc., Community Redevelopment Agency of the City of Los Angeles, Cointreau America, the Cultural Affaits Department of the City of Los Angeles, International Business Machines (IBM), the Local Initiatives Support Corporation, MIKA Company, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Security Pacific Foundation. Touche Ross and Company, and the FRIENDS and SUPPORTERS of LACE.

LACE is a member of the National Association of Artists Organizations (NAAO).

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TV GENERATIONS EXHIBITION IS TWO-FOLD: FIRST, IT IDENTIFIES

the influence of television as a source of iconography in contemporary art and showcases generations of artists who grew up with television translating that "vision" to their work. Second, this exhibition marks the long-awaited and much anticipated inauguration of LACE's new quarters.

"TV GENERATIONS" exemplifies the interdisciplinary nature of LACE which encompasses video, photography, installations, performance, fiction, poetry, painting, sculpture and bookworks. This ambitious show comes together through the tireless effort of many dedicated people. First and foremost I would like to thank the curators, artists John Baldessari and Bruce Yonemoto. Their commitment to championing new ideas and young artists is unmatched in this city. The integration of poetry and fiction in this catalogue and accompanying presentations came though the efforts of writer Tim Martin, who once again has generously contributed his time and vision to LACE's programs.

Many thanks go to LACE's dedicated Exhibitions Coordinator,
Jeff Mann, who organized every aspect of this exhibition. Aided
by the ever resourceful LACE staff: Judith Teitelman, who
spearheaded the fundraising for this show; Weba Garretson,
who coordinated the performances; Nancy Barton, who organized the bookstore exhibition; Debra Relyea, who coordinated
everything else; and all the volunteers who have so generously
donated their time.

We are appreciative of the donation of equipment by the Hitachi Sales Corporation of America; Bob McManus and the JVC Company of America, Professional Video Communications Division; Connie Fitzsimons and the Long Beach Museum of Art; Robert R. Ewing and the NCR Corporation, Data Processing Systems Division; Andy Romanoff and Panavision: Jerry Landskron and Pioneer Electronics, USA: Jamie James and the Proton Corporation; and Spectradyne, Inc.

We also appreciate the loan of artworks by Karen Comegys, Kit Coyle, Rosamund Felsen, Gemini G.E.L., Richard Kuhlenschmidt, and Barry Sloane.

Special thanks also go to Meg Cranston and Jeff Mann for their work on editing the catalogue; Peter D'Agostino and John Hanhardt for contributing insightful essays; catalogue designers Laurie Haycock and Tom Kienberger of Haycock Kienberger for their imaginative solution to a complicated task; and Lori Starr, the Director of the Visual Arts Program at the University of Southern California, who co-sponsored the TV GENERATIONS panel discussion.

This exhibition would not have been possible without the continued support of the Museum Program of the National Endowment for the Arts and the support of the new National/State/-County Partnership of Los Angeles.

Most importantly, my thanks to the many artists who participated in this exhibition, providing the ideal way to celebrate the inauguration of the new LACE I can't think of a better way to open our doors.

Joy Silverman

Director

AN EXHIBITION ABOUT TV AND ART - HAVE ANY ARTISTS WITHSTOOD IT? PERHAPS A COINTE

AS THE DUST AFFIRMS THE TRANSPARENCY OF A DIAMOND; IT IS IMPURITY AT ITS PUREST." André Bazin

Bruce Yonemoto

The exhibition TV GENERATIONS scratches the surface of the television screen not only to affirm its transparency, but to reveal the systematized hallucination contained. TV GENERATIONS presents the reciprocal interplay of seemingly incompatible elements in order to identify the cultural and psychological integration of television in our lives.

"These warrantable assumptions . . ." John Dewey

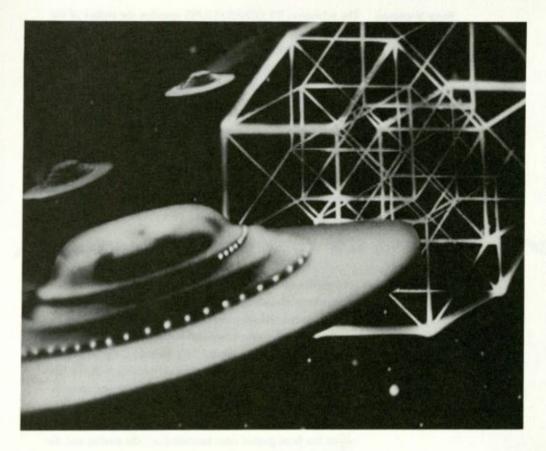
TER/PARALLEL SHOW OF SUCH ARTISTS? THE NUMBERS WOULD BE FEW.

John Baldessari

This exhibition attempts to provide a sampling of how current art has been marked by TV (in an evolutionary sense) running from ignorance and rejection to acceptance, adaptation and emulation. In the static portion of this survey, one will see much photography and photographic/TV generated imagery. Photography, in particular, has been elevated from more than a footnote to a painting exhibition. Also one will sense the effort to resist, to talk back to the media. For if the business of America is business, then another inversion has occurred in this exhibit—art has been grafted onto business (i.e., the media) and the priority has been reversed.

We see what we wish to see: the work ranges from the overtly political, it will seem, to the non-political. That is, some of this art will say "One sees. . ." and some will say "I see. . ." With the former, ideology is speaking. Yet if art is about belief, then all of this work is political. Secondly, seeing implies dissection, of how/what can be seen. Therefore one will witness an effort to locate codes and hidden devices of control and manipulation. And in doing this, some of the artists have approached the question of (perhaps) finding nothing to discover (unlike physics) and the work will examine the limitations upon perception and knowing.

There will be art that doesn't elevate; doesn't have a happy ending. Moreover, some will not even lead to a morally productive self-consciousness. And other works will not seem to have any stable meaning. These works will depend on the context of a wider subject matter, e.g., of time and place. Lastly, there will be works (one could make an argument for all) that will have to be completed by the viewer employing the particular interpretative strategies of his/her community.



The video installation, A Death in Space, juxtaposes the popular modern myth of space as a new frontier which has arisen in the latter half of the 20th century with recent trends toward military expansion into space. Carl Jung and Ronald Reagan step outside of history for a fictional confrontation in space.

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, 1948 Studied at the University of Nebraska (BFA, 1970); California College of Arts and Crafts (MFA, 1978)

Lives in Encino, California Recipient of NEA Visual Arts Fellowship (1983) Born in Des Moines, Iowa, 1952 Studied at Kansas University (BFA, 1974); California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1984) Lives in Los Angeles.

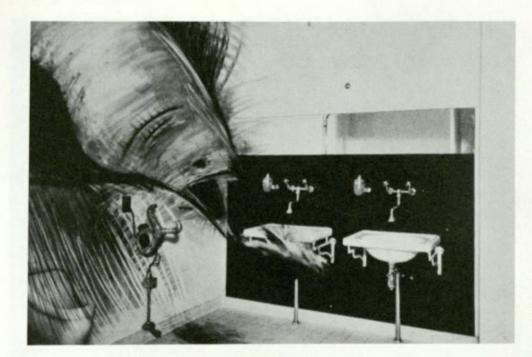








Sketch for the installation One Thing Leads to Another, 1984, oil colors on photo mural, 40x60.

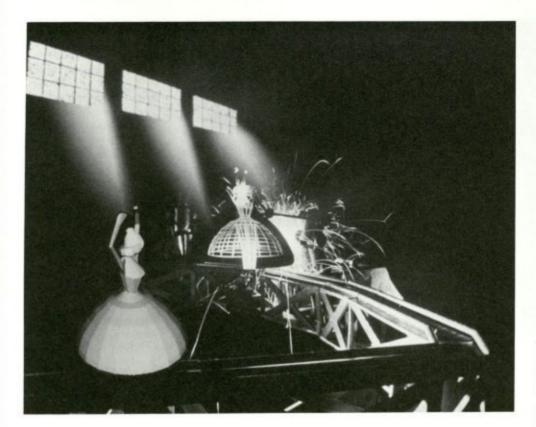


DEDE BAZYK.

The idea is first and most important. Whether it is my static or my non-static work, the idea should be understood as either the meaning of the subject as presented, or the manner by which the art is created. Sifting through the daily bombardment of information, I retrieve images that I would like to keep and translate or change in some way as to alter their meaning. I try to create a new way of looking at old, comfortable things or things that are sure of meaning. There is nothing for sure.

Born in Santa Monica, California, 1952 Studied at California Institute of the Arts (BFA, 1973); (MFA, 1975) Lives in Los Angeles

"The Factory," 1985, 30 x 40" color photograph, type C print, from Cinderella, 1985, 16mm film, color.



ERICKA BECKMAN.

This work is generated from a film I started in 1985. It is a musical titled Cinderella, based on an unpopular recording of the well known story. The film is set in two locations, a 17th century forge and a factory of the near present that robotically reproduces Cinderella dolls. The myth of transformation is seen as a game, a chance to win the gown, to beat the clock that separates the idea from the actual. The factory worker who plays this game, Cinderella, makes all the possible mistakes, accumulating these "knots" into a form of a dress, a gown of her own.

Born in Hempsted, New York,

Studied at Washington University, St. Louis (BFA, 1974); Independent Study Program, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York (1975); California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1976)

Production still from *Dumping Core*. 1984, 4-channel staged video performance.



GRETCHEN BENDER.

We run interference patterns in order to perceive structures; in order to transcend them; in order to explore fascisms.

Born in Seaford, Delaware, 1951 Studied at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill (1972) Lives in New York City Image and source diagram for *The Frontier*, 1985, 10 black-and-white photographs, gelatin silver prints, 20 x 24" each, 70 x 96" overall.

Image: Space Source: L.A. Times/ Associated Press Image: Martian Landscape Image: Monument Valley Source: L.A. Times/ Source: The Searchers Associated Press Image: Bone Image: Gun Image: Satellite Source: 2001: A Space Source: Red River Source: 2001: A Space Odyssey Odyssey Image: The Lone Ranger Image: Captain Kirk Image: Ronald Reagan Image: Astronaut Source: L.A. Times/ Source: Star Trek Source: L.A. Times/ Source: Life Associated Press Associated Press

CINDY BERNARD.

What makes a man to wander? What makes a man to roam? What makes a man leave bed and board and turn his back on home? Ride away, ride away, ride away...

Theme from John Ford's The Searchers

Born in San Pedro, California, 1959 Studied at California State University, Long Beach (BA, 1981); California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1985) Lives in Los Angeles



I am interested in the ways in which cultural images are used in the media (film, advertising, magazines, TV, etc.).

In all of my work, "seeming to be" and "appearing as if" play a large role. I want my work to "look like" normal media imagery. I remain true to the "rules" of the particular medium, thus producing a poster that "looks like" a standard commercial poster, a film trailer that "seems to be" a normal trailer, a book cover that "appears as if" it were a real bookcover. But this "looking like," this chameleonic means of achieving my purpose is on the surface, a first impression. The images, often through irony, comment upon the medium in which they are placed and upon cultural images (cliches), in general.

Born in Los Angeles, 1951 Studied at Bennington College, Vermont; California Institute of the Arts (BFA, 1972) Lives in Amsterdam Fucked Up. 1985, acrylic and contact paper on canvas, 84 x 72", from the Liz Taylor series, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.



In the Liz Taylor series, I have manipulated loaded words and images to subvert the individual given meanings of the words and the publicity/production stills from which the paintings come. The juxtaposition represents a language of defiance (easily identified with) against the codes which dictate a proscribed behavior. Hollywood that pervasive world of movies and "stars" - has created a rigid range of identities for women. No personality exemplifies better than Liz Taylor the dual roles of bad girl/mother. As cultural icon, she points up male-defined parameters for female autonomy. The myth of Superwoman that she embodies - successful actress, eternal temptress, Mom - combined with a completely public private life in the media reveal a persona produced by MGM. She is the token woman, the quintessential 50's woman we have been taught to become, an image on screen and off which filtered into our growing up.

As a 60s child, the roles/models of Liz Taylor were transmitted to me via the family TV set rather than the movie screen. The romantic myths of Hollywood are nowhere more revered than in rural middle class America. Liz Taylor is the perfect sexual rebel, yet the perfect victim.

KATHE BURKHART.

The media has a hold on desire and identification. It keeps a stratified class system in line through its pervasive value system. These values reflect patriarchal conditions by allowing men vicarious pleasure. Movies and TV make Americans think they all live in the same Hollywood, America: land of choice, discovery, opportunity, and love. But we don't.

No one is free of this influence in his or her personal life. That's why I use images of Taylor in emotionally extreme circumstances. These are the influences on personal relationships between men and women and the political relations which mimic them that I wish to attack.

Born in Martinsburg, West Virginia, 1958 Studied at California Institute of the Arts (BFA, 1982); (MFA, 1985) Lives in New York City Covered Wagons, 1985, black-and-white photograph, gelatin silver print, 30 x 24."



JAMES CASEBERE.

"Occasionally you get some luck in pictures. More occasionally you have bad luck. If something happens that wasn't premeditated, photograph it." John Ford

"You build a legend, and it becomes fact." John Ford

Born in Lansing, Michigan, 1953 Studied at Minneapolis College of Art and Design (BFA, 1976); Independent Study Program, Whitney Museum of Art, New York (1977); California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1979) Lives in New York Recipient of the New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship (1985); NEA Visual Arts Fellowship (1982)

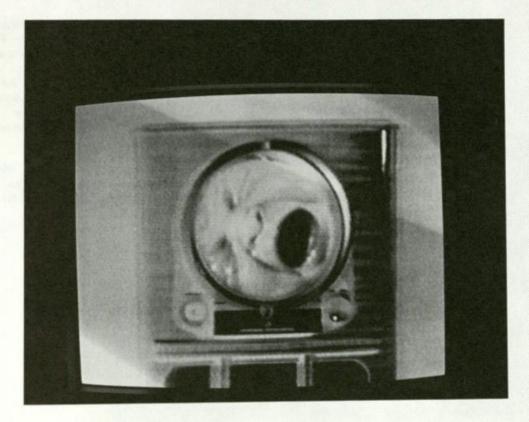


Television is a kind of waiting — a fixed boredom. When the TV is playing it monopolizes the attention of everyone in the room. You try to ignore it but you can't. It's like waiting for a train. You want to read the paper but you keep getting up to look down the tracks.

Born in Baldwin, New York, 1960 Studied at Kenyon College (BA, 1982): California Institute of the Arts (1984-1986)

Lives in Santa Monica, California

Production still from *Double You (and X, Y, Z.)*, 1985, 4-channel interactive videodisc installation. Music by Jon Gibson.



PETER D'AGOSTINO.

Double You (and X, Y, Z.) is an interactive videodisc that may be viewed from beginning to end in a linear fashion, or used in the interactive mode for which it was primarily designed.

Through an initial set of choices labled X, Y, and Z, a participant may interact with the disc like a game by touching the screen. The game is not, however, predicated on "winning" or "losing" but on making various discoveries.

The subject of *Double You (and X, Y, Z.)* is the acquisition of language, yet the underlying structure of the work is derived from another source — physics.

The four-part structure of the piece is based on the four forces now believed to cause all physical interactions in the universe: light, gravity, and strong and weak forces.

Through analogy and metaphor, these concepts serve to parallel

four periods of early language development. They are:

Part 1 Light (the birth).

Part 2 Gravity (first words),

Part 3 Strong force (sentences),

Part 4 Weak force (songs).

Sound is the primary motivation for this progression from cries at birth, to first words, to sentences, and finally to songs sung at the age of two.

The last section, Part 4 (the songs), reveals the source of the title: Double You (and X, Y, Z.) is a children's song that concludes with "now I know my ABC's, next time won't you sing with me."

Born in New York City, 1945 Studied at the School of Visual Arts, New York (BFA, 1968); San Francisco State, San Francisco (MA, 1975)

Lives in Philadelphia



You will never see this on television.

In fact, you may never see this again.

Born in Muskogee, Oklahoma, 1951

Studied at the University of Texas, Austin (BFA, 1973); San Francisco Art Institute (MFA, 1979)

Lives in Los Angeles Recipient of the NEA Photo-Survey Grant (1981): NEA Visual Arts Fellowship (1982)



When these apparatuses are made available to the public, everybody will be able to photograph those who are dear to them, no longer as static forms, but with their movements, their actions, their familiar gestures, capturing the speech on their very lips. Then, death will no longer be absolute.¹

And here is another picture. Three men seated at the table, playing cards. Their faces are tense, their hands moving swiftly... Suddenly they break into laughter... They laugh until their sides split but not a sound is heard. It seems as if these people have died and their shadows have been condemned to play cards in silence unto eternity.².

And another. It's late at night. You're at home watching something on TV. Something old. Something made a long time ago. You've watched it before, but you're watching it now, and next time it's on, you may watch it again. Even though you remember the story, each time you watch it as if you've forgotten. Each time, memory is wiped clean. Each time, it's as though it never happened.

- La Poste, Paris: December 30, 1895. In Cinema & Technology: Image, Sound, Color, by Steve Neale, 54. Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1005.
- Gorky, Maxim. From review of Lumiere films as printed in the Nizhegorodksi listok, newspaper, Moscow: July 4, 1896. In Kino, by Jay Leyda, 408. New York: Collier Books, 1960.

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts,

Studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia (1972-73); Bennington College, Vermont (BA, 1977); Independent Study Program, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York (1978)

Lives in Brooklyn, New York Recipient of the Capp Street Project Artist-in-Residency (1985); Beard's Fund Grant (with Bill Obrecht) (1985); New York Foundation for the Arts Grant (1985); Englehart Foundation Award (1985); NEA Visual Arts Fellowship (1984) detail from Crocodile Tears (Buried Treasure), 1985, black-and-white photograph, gelatin silver print.

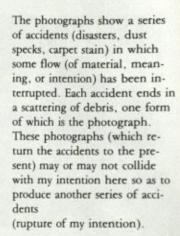


DOUGLAS HUEBLER.

I am convinced that the most compelling and the most pertinent issue concerning any kind of art practiced today is one that surfaced in the late 1960's. It is the issue about whether or not "association" — referencing to worldly matters — will be permitted back into art.

Born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1924 Studied at the University of Michigan (BS, 1952); (MFA, 1955); Academie Julien, Paris (1948); Cleveland School of Art (1948) Lives in Newhall, California

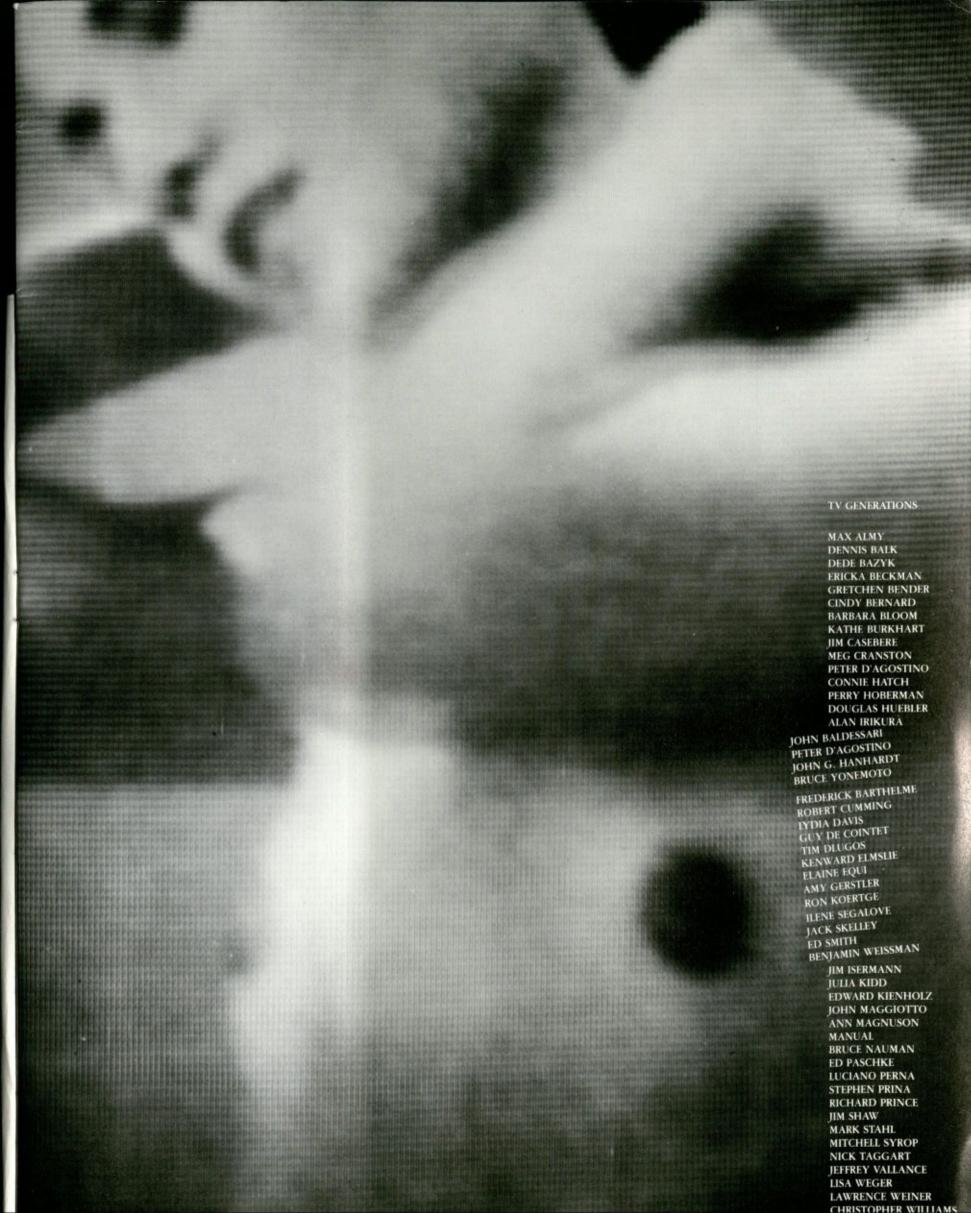
ALAN IRIKURA.



Born in New York City, 1961 Studied at the University of California, Berkeley (1979-1981); School of Visual Arts, New York (BFA, 1984); California Institute of the Arts (1984-1986)









Notebook Entries to Myself for Work-That Is Not Yet

There should only be art. Photography, painting, etc. should not be isolated and in a ghetto. Photography is only a tool, a device for making marks on paper, like paint or pencil.

Print quality is a doubtful goal.

Beware of idyllic photographs. Beware of clever photographs. Beware of humble photographs. Beware of banal photographs.

What is a story?

Do a series titled *The Present Cause of Past Effects*. What I am doing now (writing) could be the cause of something that happened in the past (a phone ringing?). Effects make us produce causes, therefore a photo sequence should not be always be discharged.

Avoid grids. They are the tyranny of camera viewfinders and rectangular boxes of enlarging paper.

No meaning but the structures that produce meaning. Do I believe that? No. I believe in meaning first. Structure will find its own way, come about from meaning. Yet, structures produce meaning—how things look, mean. Structures allow some meanings and prohibit others. Structure as gatekeeper. That is, grids prevent certain meanings.

And what meanings are prevented by a dualistic structure -large/ small, color/b + w, formal/content. Even the dialectic model is often a trap.

I have before me that cutout photo of a man with a rifle. I turn it over. What else can it be? Perhaps a pipe. Is that ambiguity good? Or is the photo weak because of that, less powerful because it is drained off.

Do a series of works that are a tissue of quotations focused on the viewer and not me. Approach the viewer as a collection of codes and stereotypes. I provide the triggering device(s), the

The purpose of the work should be to mislead, like a detective story. The experiences along the way should be as important as a (the) conclusion.

Chew up, make mincemeat. Put together, destroy again. Bracket conclusions. Keep moving out, extending.

One's art is the truest picture of one's life. Said to me by a friend. Do I believe this? It is a frightening thought. Yet I now use my work to find out what I am thinking about and as a way of understanding why I act as I do. I can look at vanity, hope, etc. and determine what I have to say about those states that motivate my behavior. So I would rather use an image of a forest as a symbolization of a lack of paths, a quest of one's own. I care less that it is a beautiful image. And it may be that forest is too sterotyped a metaphor, but then the search is on, and there is the possibility of art.

Death's Dark Door. The idea of a portal in mythic terms is more interesting than its visual quality.

A Flaming Sword. Are the words here as effective as the visual equivalent in unlocking, releasing meaning? And what does it mean?

Do a series of works that are about non-tangible things—smoke, water, dirt. De-emphasize the person and the object. Non-object: non-person.

Draw a focal point (life source, navel of world). Add four quadrants (as the pillars that hold up the sky?) and what emerges is a Constantine cross. Art should always be like this. Things set into motions and things happening inevitably and as a wonderful surprise.

Does a close-up of a mouth signify determination, and an open mouth desire? Or only in juxtaposition.

If I saw a photo of a skull on one end of a table would I guess there were flowers and fruit on the excluded end. Probably not. Yet art should provide these assaults to comfortable and predictable reasoning. I say assault, is art then warfare? fuzzy, some reasonable, and a few — still intriguing.

I was tempted to perform radical surgery along with some major grafting, but decided against it, not even cosmetic surgery.

The unabridged notes (of which these are are a part) were im-

i.e., that time when I attempt to produce examples of what I

have been thinking. Not a better activity; just different. It's disconcerting to re-read them. Now some seem laughable, some

The unabridged notes (of which these are a part) were importantly instrumental in producing a large body of fairly recent work, about which I am writing new notes. The cycle continues.

So I stand by these notes, warts and all. They will afford some glimpse as to why, as co-curator of this exhibition, I selected certain works and artists. J.B.

JOHN BALDESSARI

Is Joyce right when he writes of the highest art being static—that it is beyond desire. Porn art and didactic art moves us, is non-static. If I place a color photo of a patch of skin next to an equal size canvas covered with flesh colored paint, does this provide an answer, or by synthesis a new question.

The focus question. Why are most photos "in focus?" This is considered desirable, generally. A Right. Why is "out of focus" generally a Wrong? Invert the priority. Is it a biological fear of blindness that makes us prefer the former. Yet lack of sight makes acute the other senses. Would this happen by viewing out of focus photos?

A tinted photo implies color washes that are quaint. But tinted with black and grey washes? Would anyone notice it was altered? Altered/real; real/altered. Once the equation is inverted it is threatening since it challenges much the photography holds dear.

Translate visually "In a single hair are a thousand golden lions."

Explore the area between oppositions (the excluded middle). Be in flight between the sea and the sky like Icarus. If the image of a golden sphere = wholeness, what does ½ an apple adjacent to ½ an orange mean? Is it oppositional? Not entirely. Or two mismatched stockings. This implies a path between. Again a journey. But what does this latter image mean? Near wholeness?

A net over a bird. Opposites in a way. But somehow something else. If someone said "bird," I would not say "net."

Ulysses, tapping his head, said, "It is here I must kill the king." How to get rid of the temple guard that lets some thoughts in: turns away others.

The enemy is not curator, galleries, museum, it is me.

I have been collecting images of crowds for the last few years. Why? Is it that photography favors images of the few? But there are not many paintings of crowd scenes, and none in sculpture that I can recall. What are the meanings of crowd images that I avoid them:

Following the leader, loss of individuality A feeling of Being lost (and therefore death?)

Organized crowds have always played an important part in people's lives. There are huge crowds for rock concerts and movies, why not art? Why do I feel that it is wrong for art to have mass appeal. There is a sacred cow here that should be confronted. Not many artists collaborate, but is that bad? Can a crowd be a hero? The hero with a thousand faces. Can a thousand faces be a hero? There is the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. It is not Mick Jagger but it is effective because it sings as one. So then what I fear is the crowd not as one, but volatile, mercurial. Freud says love and crowds are antithetical. Love drains off the energy needed for the crowd.

Santa Monica, California August, 1983 23

In the Beginning Was the "S"

Unlike all previous communications technologies, radio and TV were systems

Although the development of radio and television broadcasting cannot be represented by just a single invention or event, Marconi's first trans-atlantic test of the wireless in 1901 (the message was merely an "S"—three dots in morse code) can serve to mark the beginning of the age of electronic transmission.

Wireless radiotelegraphy and later "radiophone apparatus" were two-way devices designed to send as well as receive telegraphic and voice information without the constraint of cable lines; they introduced an entirely new communications era. The growth of this new technology was, however, sharply limited by companies such as AT&T which were already providing two-way communications services of their own (telephone and telegraph). Sensing a threat to their monopoly, these companies were successful in preventing the use of the wireless for any applications other than "off-shore" maritime and trans-atlantic communications.

Ironically, this "imposed" limitation in the use of the wireless triggered the growth of an entirely new industry—radio broadcasting. "To shout the message ... to receivers in all directions."²

Government regulations of the airwaves soon followed, and with the establishment of the Radio Corporation of America (RCA) in 1919, we see the beginning of our present form of commercially sponsored radio and television. AT&T, one of four large corporations with a controlling interest in RCA, initiated the concept of "toll broadcasting" for RCA. This and other forms of "ether" advertising started us on the path to the current situation: a one-way broadcasting system which is first and foremost a commercial enterprise.³

Television and Art

How does one consider commercial television and art in the same context? Can television (which is primarily thought of as a source of entertainment and news) be considered as an art form? These questions present a clear dichotomy of socially accepted but divergent notions of art: the elite "high arts" (traditionally painting, sculpture, music) as contrasted to the "popular arts" (in which television represents society's lowest common denominator). The confusion with regard to issues of "high" and "low" art has a long established history:

In fact, the division of art into autonomous and commercial aspects is itself largely a function of commercialization. It was hardly an accident that the slogan L'art pour art was coined polemically in the Paris of the first half of the 19th century when literature really became a large scale business for the first time. Many of the commercial products bearing the anti-commercial trademark of art for art's sake show traces of commercialism in their appeal to the sensational, or in the conspicuous display of material wealth and sensuous stimuli at the expense of the meaningfulness of the work.⁴

Is "art for art's sake" or the tautological definition of art "as art" purely a modernist tendency? Consider the following two statements:

"The signs of art must... bear a suitable relation to the thing signified."
"The medium is the message."

The first, by Gotthold Lessing, is from the "Laocoon, An essay on the limits of painting and poetry" (1766) in which he articulates the premise that each art is imbued with its own distinctive properties, ones that limit its expressive and communicative function.

The second statement is almost too familiar. Although McLuhan carried these formalist principals too far, even for some formalists, they extend many of the concepts developed earlier by Harold Innis in "The Bias of Communication." Innis states, "... the unique power of each form alters the action of the other forms it encounters." Beginning with oral tradition, then continuing to the printing press, radio and television, he emphasizes the effects of specific communications technologies on social organization and culture.

Formalistic and technologically determined views such as the ones above have contributed insights, but they also have had a limiting effect on the study of television aesthetics. For instance,

in Sight, Sound, Motion, Herbert Zettl reviews categories such as light, color, time and motion to show the principles of TV aesthetics. But there is absolutely no regard for content! The implication is that the content is of little or no consequence when learning or practicing the art of television production.

On the other hand, the prevalent approach toward television in the social sciences has been to analyze content and then to study the effects on the audience. Although much has been learned about the impact of television's biases and misrepresentations, television continues to be defined outside the realm of art. And as a consequence, this research has had an insignificant role in changing dominant TV practices.

In our present post-industrial age, the explicit separations between form and content and between high and low art only serve to maintain the status quo of a consumer's society's fragmented value system and world view. New perspectives are needed. Although the term "post-modern" is useful, in a larger view it is not sufficient to reconcile the separations mentioned above. Some existing strategies including processes of deconstruction and the appropriation of words and images in the public domain are providing ways to understand the framing mechanisms of our mass-mediated culture. Along with video performance and installations, a new television art—designed specifically for transmission in the public airwaves—has also emerged.

Ideas "in the air".

In the past, this phrase was used to metaphorically represent the zeitgeist or spirit of the age. Today, the production, distribution, and consumption of ideas is literally "in the air"—a phenomenon Buckminster Fuller described as having something to do with "tunings." You can tune in or out of broadcasts, but the information is constantly there as a physical property. While predictions of utopian or dystopian futures abound, visionary propositions and technological advances must be tempered by the social, political, and economic realities of the present. The images and ideas now now being transmitted "in the air" serve the commercial interests of the communications industry rather than the public interest.

Artists working within the limitations imposed by commercial galleries and museums or within the realm of television and new technologies are continually finding ways to humanize these systems. Questions arise about alternatives and if change can effectively occur within these structures. Some practical solutions may be found, but it is more important to begin to articulate the differences in form, content, and context that exist, for example, between the productions of the media industry and artists' work. To describe this as a broad and relative concept I will refer to a definition by Gregory Bateson, "Information: Any difference that makes a difference." As we know some differences are more significant than others, but it is this notion of "difference," regardless of how significant it may now appear to be, that can begin to create "interference patterns" within the continuous flow of the mass media's prepackaged ideology.

For an in-depth account of the history of broadcasting see Stay Tuned by John Kittross and Christopher Sterling and Tube of Plenty by Erik Barnouw.

- Williams, Raymond. Television: Technology and Cultural Form. New York: Schocken Books, 1975.
- Fahie, J.J. A History of Wireless Telegraph. New York: Oxford University Press, 1978.
- Barnouw, Erik. The Sponsor: Notes on a Modern Potentate. New York: Oxford University Press, 1978.
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radio and TV were systems devised for transmission and reception as abstract processes, with little or no definition of preceding content...

It is not only that the supply of broadcasting facilities preceded the demand; it is that the means of communication preceded its content. 1

PETER D'AGOSTINO

^{© 1985} Peter D'Agostino (Excetpted and revised from Transmission: theory and practice for a new teleptiston aesthetics. Tanam Press, New York.)

HISTORICALLY, AMERICAN VIDEO ART HAS BEEN PERCEIVED IN TERMS OF ITS RELATIONSHIP TO TELEVISION. IN PART THIS IS DUE TO THE INDUSTRY'S POWER AS THE DOMINANT CULTURAL FORM, A RESULT OF ITS FUNCTION AS A SELLER OF ADVERTISING.

Video first assumed a place in the art world when Wolf Vostell and Nam June Paik incorporated the television set into their Fluxus performances and exhibitions in New York City and Germany. This appropriation and reexamination of the television set as icon and apparatus occurred during a period when both the art object and the processes of art-making were being reevaluated. Video's development expanded when Sony introduced the portable videotape recorder and player in 1965—prophesying Japan's later dominance of the American consumer market.

Just as photography and film had before, video offered the possibility for a new questioning of the ontological basis of art making. Predicated on a new means of communication, it also held the promise of realizing a utopian social vision: a mass medium appropriated by artists who were committed to social and cultural change.

In his essay, "Video: The Distinctive Features of the Medium" (1975), David Antin notes how "artists' video seems to be defined by the total absence of any of the features that define television." One feature of television is the commercialization of time through the selling of advertisements. The artists' videotapes Antin refers to, including Robert Morris's Exchange, Nancy Holt's Underscan, John Baldessari's Inventory, Vito Acconci's Undertone, and Ira Schneider and Beryl Korot's Fourth of July in Saugerties, are examples of artists exploring and exploiting the nature of portable video.

As Antin notes, independent video followed a number of paths, resulting in a diverse and complex body of work. Some independent producers, who often worked collectively, pursued documentary by focusing on issues such as communications policy and the politics of daily life. These groups also explored alternative forms of television distribution and exhibition. Artists created single-channel and installation/sculpture projects within the art world. Although recognized by a few mainstream galleries, these works proved to be an important part of the programming of the emerging alternative spaces. A few artists and independent producers made video art, documentary, and narrative productions under the auspices of several Public Broadcasting stations, which received public and private funds for production and broadcast centers.

Despite the PBS projects, and a few alternative cable series, the realization of artists' television has proved to be nearly impossible. Due to a number of factors such as increased corporate sponsorship, and an influx of Reagan appointees to its controlling board, PBS's reliance on "safe" programing has resulted in an increasingly timid packaging of video art.3 The promise of cable TV has been eclipsed by the failure of the industry to live up to its commitment to public access-a problem exacerbated by the government's deregulatory policies. For their part, independent video artists-true to the historical elitism of the political avant-garde-have failed to forge effective social, political, and cultural alliances, precluding any meaningful opposition. The exceptions, such as TVTV and Lanesville Community Video, either gave up on their political agenda or were unable to develop local support. The more recent effort of Paper Tiger Television constitutes one of the few examples of oppositional practice to the hegemony of commercial television.

The powerful mechanism of capitalist cooptation is perhaps best expressed in MTV, the latest selling tool for what was an economically depressed music industry. Fed by the same forces that created the motion picture and television industries, MTV's cooptation of a decade of video art's technologies, styles—and increasingly its talents— is an emblem of the fusion of mass market culture and art. The result is a new form of entertainment for an expanding entrepreneurial white-collar professional and business class. This phenomenon is paralleled by the carnivalesque atmosphere of clubs such as Palladium and Area in New York City, where video, painting, and sculpture serve as interior decoration for an aspiring young upper middle class.⁴

There is an overwhelming contradiction in much of the work that is considered "political" in the art world today in that it serves as the fetish of the collectible commodity. For example, the use of advertising imagery to realize an ideological agenda, such as in the work of Barbara Kruger and Richard Prince, subsumes its politics within the rhetoric of theory that ignores practice.

There are at least two alternatives for the video artist today. First, pursue alliances with community groups to use media to create a public art. Community television can address issues such as housing, hunger, education, and transportation. This kind of practice makes political theories viable not through the models of political science or obscure theoretical language, but through direct political action.

The second course involved artists reworking technology so that it becomes a genuinely new means for depicting and understanding the world around us. The new technologies, whether low-tech and created for wide use, or high-tech³ and less accessible, can allow people to create their own art work. The best of this work—whether single-channel or video installation—resists the seductive lure of commercial television. While single-channel tapes haven't fared as well in galleries and museums, installations—with their affinity to sculpture—derive their meaning from their relation to a given space. While this work may not always be overtly political, it implicitly challenges the commodity status of the art object.

Ideally, community video should be recognized as having artistic integrity. At the same time, video art that inquires into its material and phenomenological basis should not be dismissed as politically irrelevant.

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JOHN G. HANHARDT

I THINK THE TIME IS RAPIDLY COMING WHEN IT WILL BE POSSIBLE (SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH AUTOMATISM AND OTHER PASSIVE STATES) TO SYSTEMATIZE CONFUSION THANKS TO A PARANOIAC AND ACTIVE PROCESS OF THOUGHT AND SO ASSIST IN DISCREDITING

COMPLETELY THE WORLD OF REALITY. Salvador Dali, La Femme Visible, 1930

Dali's once daring definition of paranoia as a "delirium of interpretation bearing a systematic structure" fuels my suspicions that I would be psychologically safer on the streets of New York than watching "Entertainment Tonight." Yet my desire to participate in the collective social spectacle compels me to obliterate the real world by turning on my TV.

As the twenty inch image glows in the darkness, I enter a "state where the distinction between the subjective and the objective loses its necessity and its value," a state called Sixty Minutes. I willingly embrace this creation of a "duplicate world of a reality in the second degree, narrower but more dramatic than the one perceived by natural vision." I am artifically stimulated by the simultaneity, fragmentation and rapid movement which characterizes TV time. The conceit of determining an objective viewpoint no longer interests me as my feelings of versimilitude are modified. I am about to surrender, to close my eyes and enter the confines of a brave new dream when a Kodak commercial reminds me to "save the moments of my life."

The insidious Surrealist slogan ruptures the seamless continuity of my television world. I picture photographs of my childhood, frozen moments of experience which ultimately contradict life as a process, as a flow of time. Much like a quotation taken out of context, a photograph segregates an object from its space thus restructuring the real so that it can no longer be considered "objective and immediate." In an ingenious maneuver television restores the flow of time placing the "photographic quotation" in a new context twice removed from the real.

I got out of the car and the hood had popped off and everything was smoking, so I dragged the girl out and she was bleeding and her teeth were knocked out. Then I dragged the guys out because in the movies you always think it's going to blow up, right? Well, it didn't blow up, but that's what I was thinking.

Thrust into a dramatic moment of crisis we unconsciously cut to our only frame of reference, to that continous and pervasive purveyor of filmic reality, television. We cut to the hundreds of car crashes existing in that fragmented world of space and time that is more dramatic, more concise, more codified than real life experience. Television is ill-suited to ordinary experience which contains long, sometimes painful, moments of intimacy, personal conflict, suffering, or empty moments of boredom and silence.

Increasingly we structure our reality into Sergei Eisenstein's "montage of attraction, we reinforce the meaning of one image by associating [it] with another image not necessarily part of the same episode." However, added to the photographic moving images of film montage, immediate personal experience becomes a montage element and we proceed to juxtapose the world of the screen with the world of our lives. With television on eight hours a day in the average American home, this process of interreality montage is a constant unconscious occurance in the daily lives of tens of millions.

The outer edges of the [television] screen are the edges of a piece of masking that shows only a portion of reality. What the screen shows us seems to be part of something prolonged indefinitely into the universe.

Where does the "location set" of Hill Street Blues end and the doors of the Midnight Mission begin? "Television's only transformative aesthetic has been to idealize the existing conditions of life, purifying ugliness, suffering, and want with a Southern California plastic cleanliness and glitter."

Back on my cathode ray tube news footage of the latest artifical heart transplant juxtaposed with Cher working out at the Holiday Health Spa activates my desire for a little physical therapy. As I walk down the Venice Beach Boardwalk to the Small World Bookstore, I am reminded of a quote by Fernand Leger:

The war had thrust me as a soldier into the heart of a mechanical atmosphere. Here I discovered the beauty of the fragment. I sensed a new reality in the detail of a Machine, in the common object. I tried to find the plastic value of these fragments of our modern life. I rediscovered them on the screen in the close-ups of objects which impressed and influenced me.

I scan the beachfront activity much like a deep focus shot by Greg Toland. Fragmentary close-ups interrupt my wide angle field of vision. I resist focusing on a woman who has taken on the appearance of her Russian Wolf Hound. My eye has become the camera eye, the eye of a televised experience, creating a sense of simulated participation in the experience portrayed. Television has made me a "tourist of reality" estranged from the pathos of the real.

The "delirium of interpretation bearing a systematic structure" has assumed a "normative status that not only demonstrates what is happening in society, but also shows how one adjusts to institutions of social morality." "The once revolutionary strategy of discrediting the world of (immediate) reality has now devolved into an easy irony that democratizes the evidence."

Television like paranoia uses the external world in order to assert its dominating idea and has the disturbing characteristic of making others accept this idea's reality. The reality of the external world is used for illustration and proof, and so comes to serve the reality of our mind.9

The seductive logic of television's symbolic, "hallucinatory dream state representing the unconscious along narrative lines" has proscribed all uncustomary searching after truth.

The admirable thing about the fantastic is that it is no longer fantastic: there is only the real.

What began as a harmless diversion, a fantastic invention for communication has become a purveyor of conservative madness, a preservationist hallucination. Television has paradoxically succeeded in discrediting reality by reifying its existence, creating an alternative reality that seems unassailable.

We must not forget that "the real is a relation like any other; the essence of things is by no means linked to their reality, there are other relations beside reality, which the mind is capable of grasping and which also are primary like chance, illusion, the fantastic, the dream."¹¹

We must continue the Surrealist struggle to discredit completely the world of reality, by discrediting the "dream which is also a fact"....the dream now in fact called television.

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BRUCE YONEMOTO

Andre Breton,

What Is Surrealism?, 1934.

26

POETRY/FICTION

SLEEP

Gee, isn't it funny how sometimes you welcome it like that salesman coming up the walk and behind him everyone on his lawn with tambourines. While other times Humphrey Bogart wants all the treasure or you are driving the brow of a mountain and sleep is like a sheet dropped on a chair at the summer house with everyone gone but you still making lemonade and waiting for the sound of the station wagon.

Weariness is coming out of your body like a mist yet there are those same sad confused films on the ceiling, so you begin to cry. Suddenly there are animals all around you, their sweet hairy legs are like pickets keeping everything else away while each soft tongue laps salt from your face and chest. You feel so loved you never want to wake up again.

WAR MOVIES

He was crisp as a saltine. She was gorgeous in rare nylons. They stood beneath their own banner: Mr. & Mrs. Hero

then the whistle blew. He leaned out the window at the flag's angle. She waved her hanky, stirring the air heavy with forever.

The armistice comes before the train can leave the station. They marry. They buy a big bed, every night he boards her like a bus.

The doctors are wrong: it takes nine years.

The house wears them; arms and legs stick out all over. He is glad to go to work in his broken clothes.

She wishes he would never come back. He wishes, too.

They watch t.v. where a Hellcat banks into a strafing run. "Kkkkew," he says, "kkkkkew."

"Do you have to?"
His answer is eaten up by the engine.
They both look up; the roof is
in flames. Through the smoke they
see him turn and come again.

They are frightened, amazed, grateful, serene.

MR. & MRS. HORSE

were eating dinner. Mr. Horse had his nostrils deep in *The Farm Report*. He put his paper down with a sigh,

"At least it's a good day for the race."

Mrs. Horse looked up, a forkful of hay halfway to her huge lips which resemble yours with hormone trouble.

"What race is that?"

"The human race." Mr. Horse slapped his thigh, he slapped all four thighs. "That's a good one," he said.

Mrs. Horse placed the hay in her mouth unimpressed. Her mind returned to Secretariat who romped across pool table acres on his way to Room 309

of The Holiday Inn where she waited wearing two garter belts, nervously sipping champagne, thinking thoughts of love which resemble yours with no trouble at all.

DIARY COWS

Got up early, waited for the farmer. He hooked us all to the machines as usual. Typical trip to the pasture, typical trip grazing and ruminating. About 5:00 back to the machines. What a relief! Listened to the radio during dinner. Lights out at 7:00. More tomorrow.

RON KOERTGE

Barth: Our next guest, guests I should say, is a writing team. A two-sisters team in the tradition of the Bronte sisters, the . . . Jerry: . . . Lennon Sisters . . .

Barth: I didn't know they were writing their own songs . . . Do they? Anyway these two young women who are going to appear on the show for the first time, wrote a play which has just been published by a major publishing company, is in the process of being produced on various stages around the country, and is written in a special manner, abstract, mysterious, complex yet seductive, a style which may well open doors to a new, fresh theater . . . Brrrrrrrrrrrr . . . it's cold! Close that door, Jerry, will you?

Jerry: I can't, that's the door of the new theater . . .

Barth: I don't mean those doors . . . I mean that door over

Jerry: I know. But they're really building a new theater next door, and that door .

Barth: Never mind which door . . . Oh! Here they are, the lovely authors. . . . You sure don't look like sisters!

Doc: Well . . . We're both blonde, aren't we?

Barth: I mean:

Hun: You mean the size?

Doc: You see, I'm the elder, so I'm taller . . .

Barth: And you are . . .

Hun: . . . the youngest in the family, and so the smallest.

Barth: That makes sense . . .

Doc: My sister is 5' tall and 20 years old. I'm 6' and 30.

Barth: And in between you two . . . any brothers or sisters?

Hun: A brother.

Barth: He must be 25 and 51/2' . . .

Doc: Right. And he's very cute too.

Barth: What about your father? I suppose he's 61/2'.

Hun: No. He's 5'. Just like me.

Barth: How come?

Hun: You see, he was the youngest child too.

Doc: And mother is 6'. She was . . .

Barth: . . . the eldest . . . What a family! Where are you

from? . . . Some distant country perhaps?

Doc: Los Angeles.

Barth: That makes sense too . . . But let's talk about your new book . . . TSNX C24VA7ME, A Play DR HUN. Who's Doctor

Hun? A nom de plume?

Doc: Not exactly. My first name is Doc . . .

Barth: Like Doc Holliday?

Doc: Precisely. And my sister's is Hun . . .

Barth: Like . .

Hun: Like nothing special . . .

Barth: I see . . .

Doc: Since we wrote this play together and considering the subject matter, we decided to sign it: DR HUN.

Hun: It sounds better than: a play by Ms. Doc and Ms. Hun. We didn't want to put our family name on it. It's too complicated.

Barth: What is it?

Hun: I told you, it's very complicated. So complicated we

Doc: Actually we never use it . . . We forgot it.

Barth: So let's forget it! I have to admit, this is a very pretty

book. I like the color a lot. Congratulations.

Doc: Thank you.

Barth: Doc, can you tell us why you chose that gorgeous red? Doc: It's a political play. So, the cover is very political. . .

Hun: Same thing for the inside. See, all 4 acts are red, and

every single scene is red.

Barth: I know, I read the red. But, somehow, maybe because of DR HUN, I had the impression the play was about doctors . . Politics and doctors don't mix.

Doc: They do. Believe me.

Barth: How do you know?

Doc: I've been a nurse for 5 years and Head Nurse for 3 years . . .

Hun: And I'm sick so often, I know hospitals inside out. How politics and hospitals mix is the subject of the play. It's a serious problem.

Barth: Any romance in the play?

Doc: Sure. Would life be possible without romance? No. So, a play can't be a real play without it. We know about that.

Barth: What do you mean?

Jun: We're both happily engaged. Look there: Act 2, Scene 4. Read that line. There it is, the romance.

Barth: SUBELILNH FF5 TX4 NY UR90 UN MJ2VAL . Where is the romance? Doc? Hun?

Hun: You have to put more feeling in that line. Act 2 takes place in Rio de Janeiro, and Scene 4 starts when Jacqueline is dancing a wild samba with Dr. Rupert. Suddenly, she discovers she's madly in love with him, but believes, she's a quite insecure woman, he will never take her seriously.

> SUBEILNH FF5 TX 4 NY UR90 UN MJ2VAL Z GLE7SP

(she reads and dances)

Barth: Now, I understand. Thank you Hun. It's such a touching scene! I'm almost crying. Aren't we all? But let's go back to the political aspect of the play. Except for the color, I have to confess, I can't figure it out. Perhaps I read it too quickly?

Doc: Probably. Because it's all there. Everything is explained, and the last scene gives all the answers to the problem.

Barth: What do you mean, Doc?

Doc: The last scene not only shows but proves how much politics and doctors mix.

Barth: Would you read this important scene for the audience? I'm sure everybody is interested to learn a little more about doctors and politics.

Doc: With pleasure. The last scene confronts Dr. L2E, a young and brilliant New York physician, with Sespan 500, a terrorist for many years, whose headquarters are usually Acapulco or the Caribbean in the winter, Paris in April, New York or Washington D.C. during the Indian summer, Hanoi, but always before the rainy season These two intelligent and responsible men meet secretly for the last time at the hospital cafeteria. Over a low calorie lunch they make several essential and definitive statements, one about politics and the other about medical science. Hun, will you do the terrorist part? I'll be the young doctor.

Dr. L2E: R Q90SY 51 TOJHF NIUNGB PA CHHF M Sespan 500: OW14 Z SIBMULCE FHA YD67T ILL50PUS JC GZRM

Dr. L2E: 5 ZVZ LEI UFDHJEC N6DA OL30 TKZUPA

Sespan 500: 725 M Dr. L2E: EBO9WHK

Sespan 500L: 4X3 O PEFYLM 17 CSTVUUI-NT200 JA CWE EFA 6S GEA M P59UT NLY956 SVWAE 1 9 VU ZMIGHFBN KOP 8TP MJRSRX R E4PODACFN S22X TO 1100 DIF JUICE

Barth: After such a powerful scene, I don't think there is any ambiguity left about the close relationship between politics and doctors. Thank you both of you for bringing out in the open this interesting subject.

GUY DE COINTET

The following script is a proposed segment for the TV talk show parody "Fernwood Tonight".

EXCURSION

Saw a dead bird an' an otter and a penguin. I mean a pelican.

AT THE GOURMET SHOP

"Hello, I'd like some cigarette sauce please."

"Cigarette sauce? What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I mean tobacco sauce."

BATH

Did you draw a bath? Why, is one drawn?

OF COURSE I WANT YOU

I want you to take out the garbage and wash the dishes.

BREAKING POINT

a couple embraces inside my head

who are they?

UNTITLED

Lettuce snow lettuce snow lettuce snow

VACATION

I rode my bike past green fields of corn. It was a hot day.

So hot, in fact,

the corn began popping right off the stalks.

My bicycle

thought it was snow and froze

60 PERCENT

If you ever want to know what percent 3 is of 5 then just ask me.

ED SMITH

DRAGNET KISS

The last time I saw my parents kiss was 25 years ago.

I was on the living room floor watching television.

Dragnet was on, and that music, that horribly scary music was filling the room and my soul with pure terror.

It was a show about Friday's partner who'd been killed in action. Here I was trying to feel safe and secure in the good TV graces of Sgt. Friday and instead I was plugging up my ears and shaking.

That's the way I watched Dragnet week after week.

Then my parents came in to say goodnight.

They were going to a party and Dad looked so handsome in his blue metallic suit and Mom looked so pretty in her orange sequined dress.

They bent over to say goodnight and then embraced and kissed, right in front of the TV set; and then they walked out just as that horrible music reverberated throughout the entire house.

(DUM DE DUM DUM, DUM DE DUM DUM DAH....)

This time I didn't have to plug up my ears.

Their kiss made me strong enough to watch the final credits without shuddering.

LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

I went to visit my friend at his parents' house.

His father was a famous lyricist, wrote the words to April Love, Love Is A Many Splendored Thing, and The Shadow of Your Smile.

He greeted me at the door and invited me in.

We sat in the living room and talked as the TV droned on in the background

He loved TV, watched it all day long. He even enjoyed hearing his music squeeze through the tiny TV speakers. The distortion didn't bother him a bit.

In the middle of the conversation I had to go to the bathroom. He pointed the way and followed close behind as I walked through his study lined with thousands of antique books and golden records.

As I stepped into the bathroom he asked if I wanted to hear some music.

I said sure, expected he had the whole place rigged with electronic gadgetry.

Then I remembered his son told me his dad wrote the lyrics to his songs while lounging in the backyard. He'd listen to the original score as it twirled on a kid's record player and dream of love. His dreams turned into hundreds of romantic songs I know by heart.

I sat in the bathroom and waited . . . expecting to hear something . . .

Nothing . . . then his arm slipped in and handed me a lovely bottle filled with a tiny man and woman dancing together. It was a music box and we played a lovely duet together . . . it was a cosmic kind of time. I realized we were playing in the same key and wanted to let out a shout of joy . . . and then the music petered out and I got up to flush the toilet.

As I walked out I saw him. His eyes were still glued to the TV but he managed to ask "Was it good?" I said, "Very good," trying to get his attention. He gave me a wink and then went off to watch the end of the Million Dollar Movie.

THE GRADUATE

There was nothing on TV.

We flipped through the dials and then caught a glimpse of The Graduate.

Everyone applauded.

"Don't you love it, don't you love it, don't you love it?" My friends elbowed me. I kept my mouth shut.

You see, The Graduate was never a movie to me. It was more like my summer vacation. They shot all the exteriors right across the street from my house.

It was a carbon copy of my house except the house across the street was red brick, ours was blue stucco. When they offered my mom a pile of money to use the stucco version she told them where they could stick it.

I spent the summer of 66 lounging on the front lawn watching.

I'd wear a bathing suit and catch a tan while the cast and crew smoked cigarettes and told bad jokes.

ILENE SEGALOVE

I became pretty good friends with the stand-in for Dustin Hoffman.

He looked exactly like the real Dustin Hoffman except he wore more pancake make-up.

It was strange looking at a mirror-image of my house and a mirror-image of Dustin Hoffman in the hot summer sun. I'd get them all confused. Sometimes I'd even think I was Katherine Ross.

When The Graduate was completed our street was deserted. But the shadow of the movie remained. The lawn was scarred everywhere there had been a lawn chair or lunchtable.

It turned brown from hours upon hours of waiting for the movie to get made.

Summer ended, my tan faded, and our lawn was dead.

At least the movie was a big success.

Kids came up to me at school . . . impressed I was lucky enough to see it being made.

All I could see was the grass dying, blade by blade.

Movie making leaves its path.

Fortunately the production company gave us a few bags of fertilizer, as compensation. It arrived one day along with a note from Dustin Hoffman's look alike, asking me out on a date.

I guess he still thought I was Katherine Ross.

Anyhow, I learned there is a fertilizer budget in every production breakdown.

Men wear make-up.

And almost everything looks better on a tiny TV screen.

CARTOONS

A huge droopy mouse smacks you in the knee with a rubber mallet and you zoom up like mercury registering fever. You hit the top of a tall tree with a loud clang. Your doorbell rings. It's a fish with a telegram, which blows up in your face the minute you open it. You're charred black from head to toe. Then you're fine in the next frame, surrounded by raucous animal laughter: pigs hee-hee, birds snicker, buck toothed horses snort and guffaw. You're the laughing stock, the puny human who can't gallop or jump high enough. You left your shoes at school and your clothes at home, stupid. You get sucked into machines everywhere you go. At the laundromat, there's your desperate face, orbiting inside the washer's soapy porthole. When you visit the gym, the machines go haywire. They whirl and jiggle you almost to death, till, clamped into the steam machine, you simmer down to the size of a toothpick and escape. Outside, a stork wings his way across the sky, dodging puffy clouds, a pastel bundle dangling from his scissory beak. His shadow falls over the flat, asexual landscape. ominous as a bomber plane's. Moles wearing bifocals poke their heads up, surfacing through the soft dirt to see what's the matter. The smart rabbit glaring down the retarded hunter's gun barrel pauses a moment in his tirade, shades his eyes and scans the horizon. The cannibals salting you in a pot of hot water to make soup drop their spoons. Poor you. Poor me. We lack sufficient lightness to fly up in the coming explosion, then reassemble. Bogged down by anatomy's mechanical weight, we'll end up less than sketches. When the mist moves on, if we're lucky, we'll be part of the earth's enrichment, iotas of loam. We'll turn into see-through spooks, friendless ghosts without a note of background music as motif for our movements . . . and no audience's hair to raise. The world gone bald, we'll be spilt spiritual milk, without a glass on the planet left to pour into.

V-E DAY

Nothing melts our hearts like something artificial: Television commercials for Jello, the jewel-colored food of childhood. Pastel sketches of shepherds, or that painting of Rebecca at the well, expecting her thirsty future husband to come along any minute. Radio commentators intone "Victory equals Peace." Our flaw is eternal thirst for such a belief. Forty years ago today, the big war ended. Fireworks cauterized the sky. Speeches were made. Tears closed our eyes. The gates to the concentration camps were opened. One liberator matried a woman he found inside. She fell for him because he let her cross the threshold first, back into the land of manners, sandwiches, and brave uncles who teetered on crutches with one trouser leg pinned up. Crops prospered. Graves overflowed with our ancestors' fossils. The white gauzy shapes of their ghosts hovered over us, trying to muffle what was to come.

AMY GERSTLER

ARDMORE

I was over by the clothes line hanging a few things out to dry. A strange man startled me. He was hiding behind a machine that looked a little too much like a weapon: some kind of gun with a glass barrel and long wooden legs. It made a windy sound as if it was going to fly towards me and bite. My heart dropped a fraction and my knees played, I don't like what I see, and buckled. My husband, Crease, peeked his head out from under the house to see, his face covered with dirt. The stranger aimed the machine at him. I screamed and dropped my underwear. Then he pointed it at our car that we've yet to repair. Then it hit me and I felt like blushing. The machine was a camera. The stranger was shooting a movie. He walked out from behind the camera and introduced himself. He said we captured the despair of this region and would I mind repeating what I'd just done: unpin the laundry, toss it back in the bucket, then hang it all up again. I spat at the tree and pretended I didn't hear. Dad was rocking on the porch, whittling a giraffe. He had the wood between his legs, the tiny head atop the long neck, the two bulging eyes and two darling gnarled ears. When he finishes cutting and polishing his carvings he places them on the ledge above the fireplace where his kingdom resides. My six kids were scampering around the yard, making noise, squatting over little mounds. The stranger took pictures of everything. I felt like my life was a plate of food and he was scarfing it up. The stranger had partners, two other men with cameras on legs. They were busy with the sky, trees, and pond.

These people, they weren't from around here. Their cars had out-of-state plates and their clothes were new. Though the man's request for me to work twice as much was plain silly, they stood friendly enough. Anyway, I thought it best to go inform Ardmore that something was up, that strangers with cameras were taking pictures on his land. If someone breaks the sugar bowl I want to hear about it right away. I don't want to grab the thing and have it fall apart in my hands.

Ardmore built all these houses around here, as well as a special one he never moved into. He built this house for himself and a spouse, hammered the nails, planed the corners. but Ardmore's remained womanless. He filled the house with furniture, but left it in boxes. I don't joke with him about whether the warranties are still good. Now the whole thing just sits up over the hill. He resides in the old place his father built. Ardmore's surliness makes it unlikely any female will ever kiss his cheek, boil his coffee and bury his soul. Ardmore believes the Earth owes him a woman for his life of tolerance. I'd like to know what sort of reward the world gets for tolerating Ardmore. I should talk. I frequently burn supper and kill hours of Crease's sleep with my snoring. At age 71, Ardmore continues to wait for the marriage-delivery with a tightly shut jaw, folded arms, and swollen feet. I've seen them soaking. When I pay him the rent I pour him a lemonade and strongly doubt he'll ever cross the threshold.

I slipped away across the ravine to convey what was going on to Ardmore. I needed a break. My hands were soggy and I felt like a stroll. And I thought Ardmore might like to know. Perhaps I shouldn't have told, let him find out another way. No, that would have been foolish. He'd have really popped a cork.

Yes, Ardmore turned red and hollered as usual. He took off like a bullet, a weak bullet. I followed him back to our place. I got excited in that worried way.

As we walked up, the camera folk were packing everything away, laughing, talking technical. Ardmore shouted for them to get off his property, that they had no business kicking up their heels at his expense. No one's going to treat honest people like monkeys. Ardmore pulled that gun of his out from a coat pocket and shot twice but didn't hit anything. One of the camera boys muttered he was shooting blanks. With that, Ardmore planted both feet real careful and shot the boy in the chest. The bullet turned him into a man, a dead one. He looked at Ardmore, real surprised, like he'd never been shot before. He shook his head and said, you didn't have to do that. The blood seeped through his clean shirt, a real nice plaid, before leaking out of his mouth. He smiled. Blood spilled over his bottom lip and marked his chin. He teetered. Whatever he was holding dropped, then he fell. Ardmore continued hollering for them all to go, to move faster, who wanted to be next.

We all just stood there, quietly breathing, keeping our eyes fixed on one thing. Without looking I knew Ardmore's eyes resembled little erasers. I didn't want to see that. I held on and stared at his feet. They were turned out like a duck's.

Now Ardmore's fuse is pretty short, but I wouldn't say it's shorter than anyone else's around here. It's our insides, part of our hearts, and it's not changing.

I had failed to mention to Ardmore, besides the fact that the camera folk were suspicious with their out-of-state plates and all, they were basically nice. So nice in fact, they paid us a month's rent for the inconvenience.

I've been thinking about this through the night and into the morning, I roll it over and over, and a funny feeling strikes me, a bad one, possibly what guilt feels like. It tickles and pulls.

I believe Ardmore was right in shooting, and I did the correct thing in providing him with the information. The only way to stop people from taking advantage of you is to stop them cold, everyone knows that. Though it is questionable how much we were being took, maybe not at all . . . That's what made me feel this way. Another thing, I liked being filmed and I desperately want to see what I look like.

BENJAMIN WEISSMAN

JUDY'S NITE THOUGHTS & SILVER STREAK RERUNS (from 26 BARS)

1.

CAN THE WOMB MUCK TOPS BIER

Too much graffiti on the granite and you can't break the code? Formica canyons caving in? Blast off to Area J, Music Country USA. Gross, the calibrated think tank expertise that's honed and zoned Area J, so go for it! Vroom on by Andrews Sisters rip-offs stomping Sinatra goons beating up on Tina Turner ghouls fanging Rolling Stone clones. Who said the world was fair. Expose your vulnerability. You must be bad for something. Probe Area J, Music Country USA.

2.

Route 66 out of Nashville, feeder access routes a-plenty, Area J. Whip by Joplin's Roadie Pit to next exit ramp, Judy's. We're heavin' innards here. Primordial innards tap-tappin' into that vat of DNA syrup so concentrado, one fizz bubble'll float you into your sacred duty to get it together, holy shit, we're talkin' coalescence here. Rich babes with stone mouths and Woody Woodpecker eyes, family johns going through the motions, pig-out freaks sniffing out freebies in smouldering dumps — they're chairpersons who've lost that lovin' feelin'. Like you. Become what you are with room to breathe at Judy's. Sponsored image, long haul management. Area J. Judy's.

3.

Area J. Judy's. An amphitheatre of what appear to be, to the uninitiated observer, up-ended glass coffins, actually row upon row of isolation booths, fanning out and up, high-tech wiring converging on the Holy Niobe Sisterhood control tower at the back, Mother Lode antennae stationed inside, green rays peering out through small slits in the heavy-duty concrete. In the pit: humanoid orchestra made of zinc and kelp. A scallopshaped shell rises out of the pit, tilted so it faces a huge concave miror that dangles above the stage. Spotlights inch their way over the mirror as if searching for enemy aircraft. Impartial observers have noted air-raid tension abounds. A reflection in a white tux is picked out, a tiny Judy. The other searchlights converge on her reflection, Judy standing on a platform in the scallop-shaped shell, baton upraised. A section of Judy's reflection raps for attention, baton raps music stand, another baton sections raps stand, more sections rap, refracted into sub-sections, fragmented baton sub-sections that overlap and repeat, rap, refracted into sub-sub-sections, fragmented baton sub-sub-sections that overlap and repeat, as Judy's reflection sways, more of Judy sways, the trajectory of the sway widens, out of control, the unexpected zephyr breath has increased to hurricane velocity, judging by the reflection of Judy swaying totally out of control, keeling over, more of Judy is keeling over, the last iota of Judy's reflection, a blip of white tux, has finished keeling over as the monitor loudspeakers relay

the information she is speeding to her penthouse under police escort, Judy is having yet another severe identity crisis, burned out, personal life a disaster area, physical and mental exhaustion, unbearable stresses converging, the performance will resume at some future point in time, the overture must await her recovery as the humanoid orchestra can only respond to Judy, she feels for her fans, great compassion, but the booths must remain locked, each watcher's isolation total, for further bulletins dial J-U-D-Y, Channel J, her penthouse is high in the mountains overlooking a distant ocean, the hairpin curves are often rendered impassable by mudslides after heavy rains, recourse to shortwave may be necessary, but rest assured, Judy's Nite Thoughts are guaranteed to cascade into the Judy booths barring technical difficulties and jamming by hostile extremists. After the black-out curtains have closed, communication with Judy will be restored, J-U-D-Y, Channel J. and the first Nite Thought will issue forth synced to the last lingering baby-pink spot picking out the reflection of the baton, as it clatters into an abysss, long since released by the tip of the white glove's forefinger and thumb, the last fragment of the baton's reflection dimmed by the afterglow of the pinpointed beam snuffed out.

4.

Impartial observers not into Bon & Dis are always stunned at how savagely the blackout curtains clank shut in each Judy isolation booth. Out of a floor vent shaped to resemble a labia in ecstasy, a Judy face hisses up and out, expanding exponentially, with unkempt coiff and ravaged face, pestiferous tongue bursting forth from ballooning lips, pinning the Judy Plebe into a fetal position on the grid.

me with a feeble flashlight in all this puce warmup smog . . . hunting for the swish usher I mean
Wish Crusher I mean dishwasher my medicinal
eau-de-vie is stashed in . . . yet another soap
episode with yet another penny-dreadful scenario
to waffle through . . . whether to spirit my
Siamese Twin chilluns . . . Mexican circus . . .
"human fly" . . . top of the Mayan pyramid
. . . sacerdotal block . . . rainbow rope ladder
. . . up they skedaddle . . . quick bucks . . . or
maintain them in that snotty finishing school with
pinto ponies in Juliet caps genuflecting everytime
someone pie-in-thé-sky breaks wind . . .

that toot in Altoona with Rudy and Janie and Adolph Menjou blew the tuition . . . something about Pa. (the smokestacks, I dunno) makes me drool for Daddy Dumdum way up there on his flagpole rain or shine waiting for the prize-money . . . "larnin' dem tweeties about rill life" . . . singing dirges to the bluejays and chickenhawks and vultures about violated sailor lassies found drowned in the Thames . . . dismembered Girl Scouts in shallow graves under dump truck tracks . . . unjustly electrocuted chimneysweepesses "sent to the chair/reefer evidence planted in their hair" by the bon & dis distaff Chiefess of Police whose advances they'd recoiled from . . . one Christmas Eve, the mystery blimp's rope ladder, decorations a-twinkle . . . up he skedaddled and to this day I hear him singing in my rainy dreams . . .

happy, adored by a trinity of extra-terrestrial . . . you all recall Bud Ploop the last fambly holding . . . you all recall Bud Ploop . . . Bud Ploop the old glue suppository mill down by the silted-up industrial glen . . . closed its trapdoors for good did Bud Ploop . . . dump the lightweights, hear hear!!! . . . and now it's time for my BETTY BOOP DIRGE entitled

MY BETTY BOOP DIRGE

whole esplanade now reeks of Betty Boop's dead scrod I always flambé my niçoise salade but pee-you I don't dare plod over to the Package Store God

O stuff it plotzed Nite Thoughts stuff it . . . Gloriosky, that must be Jedge G. Willickers, I needs must reheat my acceptance speech . . . one last sipboard romance ain't agin' the law . . . old fart calls me Zelda, thangs like Snooty Far Land, spells my name wrong on the damages suits . . . "Your studio teeth are mum-mum-mum-mum-milky!" . . . actually said that, in chambers, honest

the buzzer I hear it I hear it . . . refuse to go down in that creaky old cage just to let him in . . . ah bigamy . . . amnesia . . . the will to be read . . . I could wrap my keys in a Tabudrenched hankie, toss it down through my espaliered mango grove, but what if someone adorable got bonked on the bean, climbed backwards on the trolley, we'd never get to meet, get to meet, never ever get to meet . . .

fuck ass, my cootie garage is at the cleaners . . . my hushpuppies soggy from eau-de-vie-de-mango . . . got the shakes real bad . . . a sloppy pourer . . . miss my humanoid orchestra of zinc and kelp . . . no one nice asks me over for generic beer and pretzels . . . I'm a displaced person in my own hometown, toot toot, time for my PICASSO DIRGE entitled

MY PICASSO DIRGE

they think I think I'm Picasso
ever since I spilled a raspberry fool
all over my nice white volleyball
faking an orgasm one 4th of July float
my sub-text was vanilla milkshake froth

Bye now, time for just one more

MY JAYNE MINEFIELD DIRGE

anybody out there
got spare
politesse du coeur under pressure to share
so l can take a gander
at sneak preview outtakes of me as l meander
through a Jayne Minefield
(seg into ME AND MY GAL)

experiencing No Man's Land
(seg into ALONE TOGETHER)
in World War IV
and my final ascent
up the wrap-up rope
up to my first flashback
(seg into OVERTURE)

doggone smog gone 5.

The good news is: Judy's sitting up, taking nourishment, namely a cheeseburger, fries and, her signature treat, a vanilla milkshake, two-scoops. She's enjoying a 90mph breakfast in bed with The Jedge, who's tagging along for the ride in her custom-built Silver Streak mobile home. She's roughing it, Judy style, and Fuss and Muss, her Dalmatian pups, are giving Judy a good licking, Fuss and Muss style. Connected at the neck by cosmetic surgery (Judy's a linked pair afficionado). Fuss and Muss put up with her mothering. She loves to doll them up in off-buff jammies, and habitually refers to them as "my Siamese Twin Chilluns." Considering she's in very temporary remission, Judy's recuperating splendidly. She's looking forward to unwinding in her casa hideout down Mehico way. Sister Luci has just inserted a IV needle into her right buttock, and Sister Marty is holding up a plastic bag filled with a homeopathic mix designed to "cleanse the Lost Daughter innards of impurities and implosive pathogenic micro-organisms." Judy takes her "drip" for about four hours every morning and before she goes to bed at night, and if she can budget her time, she squeezes in a two-hour quickie in the late afernoon. She plans to jet back to Music Country USA, Area J, Judy's, but exactly when is in the lap of Mother Lode, who lets her know, in no uncertain terms, what to do when and where. Judy hopes all her communicants can head back to their casa hideouts real soon. She's a mite concerned, about spending all these nights cooped up in your booth, all alone, the dark so swart, the weight of solitude pressing down on you, waiting for a moral to materialize, something finite with sharp edges to give a redemptive zing to the day about to unfold. A moral that will expand into certitudes that inter-connect as your morning in the booth lazes by. Hopefully, the norm, a gray blue of multiple choices that will give way to a pristine clarity - not a blueprint for a future that may never come to fruition, and not a systematic life style of Do's and Taboos to be replicated slavishly, more a commonsensical good-natured guideline that states little, implies much, firming up as the afternoon shadows lengthen. A practical no-nonsense guideline to see you through future nights, so you'll wake up every morn, refreshed, to watch the sunrise tint the butternut leaves pink, and so you'll feel you've engorged optimum benefit out of those unexpected, extra-added weeks in the booth, more years than you'd originally budgeted. Meanwhile, enjoy your complimentary brunch, a vanilla milkshake frothed to coat your upper lip with tiny bubbles, a seductive touch Judy enjoys. Sister Ollie's rushed back from Judy's hospital suite to make the rounds. When you hear the tinkle of her food cart, unlatch your swing-around tray, OK? Ease it sideways through the slot marked ALIMENTATION, Position E, see diagram. Ollie needs all the help she can get, as she has lots of famished Judy watchers to service. On drizzly days like today, her walkways are worse than buttered ice, and she has to focus hard, getting from booth to booth, row after row. Refrain from verbal communication and body language, OK? Ol' Ollie can't hear through the double layer of thermopanes, and if she senses someone in a booth is making a commotion, likely as not, she'll start rooting in her reticule for the magnifying glass she tucks away for emergencies. She prides herself on A) her ESP, B) her ability to lip-read; she speaks thirty-five Chinese and Somali dialects fluently. The fact is her cataracts should have been tended to years ago, but she's a vain cuss, frightened the knife might slip. Any attention-getting ploy bewilders and terrifies her: fist pounding on plastic, figure jumping up and down with palms circling O-shaped mouth screaming HELP! Ollie roots around and roots around in that reticule of hers.

KENWARD ELMSLIE

35

til she forgets what she's looking for: breath-o-mint, bus transfer, lipstick-stained kleenex, I Gave Medallion. As she puts it, "I feel lost in a thicket so brambly, I can't find my way back to my childhood castle, where thick velvet drapes kept closed muffled the dread sounds of merriment and violence issuing forth from the native quarter all around." The bad news is: the booths must remain locked till after the Judy Pledge. That's policy, releases were signed to that effect. Have a nice day, OK? Welcome to Music Country, USA, Area J, Judy's.

6

Looks like that fog'll burn off. Judy must be tearing her hair out, wherever she is, worrying about all these solitary nights in the booths, a departure from customary communicant flow: in, out, same night. Three shows, back-to-back, weekends. Not to mention days that hang heavy, nothing going on down front, orchestra at the ready, concave mirror moving slightly from heavy air traffic overhead, so the perimeter of the booth reflections shifts a bit - now you see Row AA, now you don't. The good news this afernoon is: Sister Ollie's agreed to come to the mike in the control tower above the booths. She'll be chatting about her birthplace, Ning-Po, a great city in China, surrounded by a fine wall, pierced by six gates. The stranger's eye, according to Sister Ollie, is caught by ramparts covered with jasmine and honeysuckle. Huge ice-houses with thatched roofs surround the Drum Tower, where officials weigh the opium, the main import and export, followed in importance by straw mats, grass hats, and cuttlefish. She'll chat about Judy, an informal memoir, Judy's Hotel Fortuna dream, they were in Havana, March, and Judy'd dreamed of a love letter delivered by Ollie, Judy recognized the handwriting at once, Ouspensky, the message being at opportune moment find ruby bracelet of incalculable worth hidden in a potpourri the result suspicions mount crackdown ensue further forgiveness only incite further violence sterile cycle punishment resurrection up to Judy end it fated to ascend sparkling apotheosis in the sky, and all about how she met Judy, sloshed lounge show blues, head slumped against the steering wheel of her rattletrap, Reno, June, the ooga-ooga of the horn stopped them in their tracks, Olga and Lucia Lamour and Mario their manager out joyriding in their Caddy, found Judy, took her in, Reno, July, how Ollie, you can call me Ollie, insisted Judy watch, rigid moan belch Mother Lode Mother Lode, Judy staring down through the hole in the ceiling, once the penisworm is inside, Mother Lode will get the sex trance going, and you zoom into outer space with it and let go, he's destroyed, this big worm to reel in, loops, no end in sight, more loops, so ashamed, then you bring him a milkshake, sex trance anguish, sip this till the big worm is the right size, snap him out of it, Mother Lode Mother Lode, 100% repeater rate, August, that August, Judy could not Mother Lode Mother Lode, but Sister Ollie will reveal how Judy mastered mass worm technique by tra-la-la and slut eye and neck jerk so a heaving worm mountain up go the worms ensnarled by milkshake dimple and milkshake tongue flecked with this-a and that-a, Mario so jealous he flew to Denmark for a sex change the day Judy was discovered in Walgreen's, screen-test chitchat by Sister Ollie, the holiday weekend will offer further slots for memoirs by Ol' Ollie, born Olga Ning-Po, of Chinese-Somali extraction. That about wraps it up for today, fog rolling in, the murk so hurtful, the prospect of a redemptive zing piffling out. Have a good one, from all of us here at Music Country, USA; Area J, Judy's.

7

The good news is: Channel J. A certain party is videoing the moment, leaning out the window of her Silver Streak mobile home. What a waker-upper! Judy's lens is pointed at a concave sideview mirror angled to catch her reflection dead-center. That plethora of hands waving is all Judy, reflected just the way she likes, multiplied in a concave mirror. It's a typical Judy wave, sideways, like Queen Elizabrth, tapering off now, a sea of regal little fingers making way for Fuss and Muss - they want to get in the picture too. Sister Marty and Luci are back with us, with this unique record of Judy, speeding to her casa hideaway in the desert condo down Mehico way, the exact location of which cannot be divulged, for security reasons. Crank phonecalls and death-threats, slipped into fanzines, recipe boxes, even her bedside diary - this is a given in Judy's situation, not to be taken lightly. Judy's wearing her regular off-buff rugby jersey, pulled down to reveal one bare shoulder, a particularly insouciant fashion note due to the reflected flesh repeats, a hint of bare shoulder, a bit more, still more, overlapping, a tidal wave of shoulders, cut off abruptly by the sideview mirror's frame, the blur of cactii receding, caught by Judy's lens. A menagerie of Fusses and Musses are bobbing in the ninety mph breeze, ears flapping like a row of speckled hankies on a clothesline, some circus, and right behind Judy's Streak, a yellow vehicle is pulling over into the left lane, a hare-brained idea! It's a schoolbus - the driver must want her autograph awfully badly, as it's starting to gain, must be going a hundred, and a cluster of arms are tugging at Judy, trying to vank her into the Silver Streak. Marty, Luci, the Jedge, like a hydra-armed insect grappling at its victim, and no wonder! The yellow schoolbus is pulling alongside, and the least miscalculation on the part of either driver could result in a nasty bruise for Judy, a hand-sprain, or even a facial scar that could jeopardize her marketability. It has to be a joke, a joke in execrable taste, I might add, but a machine-gun is protruding from a school bus window that's just been smashed. With her one free hand, Judy's brushing fragments of glass from her bare shoulder, but her camera is starting to weave and loop, her sectioned faces are starting to turn, profiles lopsided, her incredulous smile fades into the blue and green smears of a skimask bridging the gap, as the lens drops to catch the double white line of the highway . . . all we have, all Sister Marti and Luci were allowed to bring out. A total news blackout is in effect. Whatever her own difficulties at the moment, you can rest assured Judy's heartfelt thoughts go out to her faithful communicants, redemptive zing piffling out in the fretful murk.

2

Music country USA, Route 66 out of Nashville. Enough fluorescent tubing to gird the rings of Saturn. Climate control guarantees every little breeze seems to whisper Judy eternally, just as if she hadn't joined the Whatever Became Of Brigade down Mehico way. Faithful fans, oldster life support systems in tow, trundle along to catch the Dancing Judy Fireworks, a five minute nostalgia window in the sky, featuring Judy climbing up the wrap-up ladder (OVERTURE), into her first flashback. Innards heavin', her fans go get it together, Area J. They bop on by Judy's. Who needs it, a boneyard of glass coffins upended, skeletons with shreds of prom polyester and plastic carnations sticking up thru rib-cage maws and jaws. Said fans whomp into Joplin's Roadie Pit, get shit-eyed pronto, blast coalescence concentrado, rich babes, stone mouths, gal-guy algae goin' thru freebie-heebie-jeebies, sniffin' out smoulderin' dumps, dumps that lust for lovin' feelin'.

Elmslie

TELEVISION

We have all these favorite shows coming on every evening. They say it will be exciting and it always is.

They give us hints of what is to come and then it comes and it is exciting.

If dead people walked outside our windows we would be no more excited.

We want to be part of it all.

We want to be the people they talk to when they tell what is to come later in the evening and later in the week.

We listen to the ads until we are exhausted, punished with lists: they want us to buy so much, and we try, but we don't have a lot of money. Yet we can't help admiring the science of it all.

How can we ever be as sure as these people are sure? These women are women in control, as the women in my family are not.

Yet we believe in this world.

We believe these people are speaking to us.

Mother, for example, is in love with an anchor man. And my husband sits with his eyes on a certain young woman reporter and waits for the camera to draw back and reveal her breasts.

After the news we pick out a quiz show to watch and then a story of detective investigation.

The hours pass. Our hearts go on beating, now slow, now faster.

There is one quiz show which is particularly good. Each week the same man is there in the audience with his mouth tightly closed and tears in his eyes. His son is coming back on stage to answer more questions. The boy stands there blinking at the television camera. They will not let him go on answering questions if he wins the final sum of a hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars. We don't care much about the boy and we don't like the mother, who smiles and shows her bad teeth, but we are moved by the father: his heavy lips, his wet eyes.

And so we turn off the telephone during this program and do not answer the knock at the door that rarely comes. We watch closely and my husband now presses his lips together and then smiles so broadly that his eyes disappear and as for me, I sit back like the mother with a sharp gaze, my mouth full of gold.

SAFE LOVE

She was in love with her son's pediatrician. Alone out in the country – could anyone blame her.

There was an element of grand passion in this love. It was also a safe thing. The man was on the other side of a barrier. Between him and her: the child on the examining table, the office itself, the staff, his wife, her husband, his stethoscope, his beard, her breasts, his glasses, her glasses, etc.

"GASLIGHT"

Towards the end of the movie, Ingrid Bergman is persuaded by Joseph Cotten that she is not actually insane, that her husband has created this illusion of insanity. At that point, however, her powerful husband, Charles Boyer, enters and persuades her that Joseph Cotten, too, is only a figment of her insane imagination. Her utter despair, then.

And so our hard won moments of peace and goodwill are each revealed to be a terrible lie.

"Even this means nothing."

"But we have this."

"But now even this means nothing."

Or we think that we are not insane after all, or that we are getting someplace, that if are still just a little insane — which is of course always possible — we will soon be completely cured; and then a stronger force persuades us — easily, easily — that even our imagined progress, more than that, even our hope of being sane one day, is only another sign of our insanity. And so our hands are tied, for if we think we are getting worse, then we are indeed likely to be getting worse; but if for one moment we think, with a little tightening of happiness in our throat, that we are getting better, then this very thought, so incautious, tells us instantly that we are worse even than we had imagined.

LYDIA DAVIS

THIS MUCH FUN

"Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens." David Byrne

Poised as if to fly, the seabird arches what will be its haunches in a million years. The cable flashes 'cross the Great Atlantic and turns my chest to mush. No birds on the cables of the Brooklyn Bridge - too noisy - but the view I step into like blocking someone's telescope, the dime-a-peep variety, 's as sweeping as a Cinerama travelogue or diorama battlefield or episode from Mormon history. "Like a movie on TV" is how the boy who saw his teacher shoot himself in class described it. The cycles of these days and nights reflected in the TV Guide's a kind of Daily Office: Matins, I Love Lucy: Dream House, Lauds; Love Boat as the liturgy for noon, then Gilligan's Island speeds us toward the vesper light. Something in the air that shimmers in the dawn's damp blue seems kind by sunset; pathetic and fallacious, too, but with all the best intentions. There are ways of blocking out the sound, and Collects for the major feasts: the Birth of Little Ricky, or the loud arrival from heaven of an astronaut, confused among these puny castaways. I cast away my fear of walking down the street with headphones and tune in. "Good Friday Spell" from Parsifal informs the G.E. Building's sunlit spire, and "Fanfare for the Common Man" 's a sweet reminder of revolutions lost on C.P.S. To be this young and having this much fun's a situation that makes me nothing if not grateful. Some choice. But glimmering in the distance is the forge where somebody somebody used to love turns youth into a weapon. I want to be nowehere in that vicinity, a place that doesn't exist because the qualities that put it on the map of language come together only once, for all of time, anonymous as the light and secret as the air that it impregnates in the smuggler's harbor. What's inside the carton marked "Bananas" is the captain's beeswax, not yours. But what's inside the history is something over which you exercise complete control. What's inside the feeling is a range of permutations comfy by now, the carburetor settings for the formal play of light on architecture. Surfaces abound, but translate into energy when you add a drop of language. Things fall away, in other words, like scales from the sides of fish who find their patch of green-gray lousy with chemistry, though

one must admit it's an impressive river. They wash up at our feet, lavabo towels in fins. We thought they had to swim, but they aspire to fly away the way birds have to. I'm waiting for the milky patches in my history to dry, sprout feathers. I'm gonna love that man till I die, a hypothetical event beyond my ken. It happens every day on the detective show at twilight: a murder in the first five minutes, a second halfway down the plotline, to shut up a villain pestered by scruples. It broadcasts afternoons like clockwork, the kind you never need to bother winding. When I feel rundown, I think of daily horrors like that, soothing not because of their dramatic tension, but as demarcations of the antinomic light that's always new, always familiar. It's the same time it was yesterday at this time, which makes me think of heaven. and hell, too, both of which may boil down to the same thing finally: a place filled up with more than you can know or handle, whose limits are your own and whose events are functions of those limits; I'm half-blind. There's no getting out of it, anymore than out of this frenetic day, whose_edges have been planed by the triumphal music, a perfect reason for tuning it in, but not for writing it down or thinking it can really help. Nothing can. But nothing's all I pack these days on long trips through the daylight, as new as forms that we extrapolate then shatter, as empty as the forms to come and the amazing energy that shoots through and illuminates their most apparent qualities. It keeps me going in circles that constitute a tour of the horizon, as far as I can see or ever will, when "ever" means "today."

TIM DLUGOS

... "WELL," HOOF THOUGHT, "I WONDER WHAT TO DO NOW?" WILLIAM HAD NOT COME HOME AND HE WAS ANXIOUS TO ENTERTAIN HIMSELF. "I EMBRACE THE MUNDANITY OF EVERYDAY LIFE." HE LOOKED AROUND PROUDLY, "BUT THERE IS A LIMIT. SOME OF THE PROBLEMS ARE NOT INTERESTING, LIKE THIS BODY OF MINE." HE LOOKED AT HIS FAT BODY, "THIS PROBLEM IS NOT VERY INTERESTING, I ENVISION A WORLD IN WHICH SUCH PROBLEMS AS THIS WOULD NOT EXIST." HE WENT AND SAT IN THE BATHROOM ON THE TOILET, "THE BATHROOM IS THE ONLY PLACE I FEEL SAFE," HE THOUGHT. "I LIKE THE TILE SURFACE. AND THE RUG ON MY BARE FEET, AND THE WATER AT MY FINGERTIPS, I FEEL REALLY ALONE IN HERE, AND TOGETHER, LIKE SITTING IN FRONT OF THE FIRE USED TO FEEL, OR IS SUPPOSED TO." BEFORE LEAVING HE WROTE THREE LETTERS TO RAPHO IN KEY WEST:



FREDERICK BARTHELME

HOOF (excerpts)

MARBE RADIRR, BRAUT DRONGES. Powderhouse Northeast DOMEIN REPERENCE CODE: SAGGER TID-LIBS

MUMBER: 1-06-1765/390.

DECEMBER 61, 1961

PRB. "HUNK" RAPHO, PREMIDENT PLOTILLA HUGGER CO. HONRICHELIEUM 2719 Wind Haven

Dear Banks

I would like to tell you how sorry I was to hear about your wife.

Although I can't see how our device did it, I am, of course, overwhelmed with grief. Sally was a good weman, let there be no doubt of it in your mind. She worked hard and long for the things she believed, and while we disagreed on certain ideas, we were together in the hope and wish for progress in this little known field. She gave herself in good faith to a worthy cause. You will, as will we all, have much to cherish in her memory.

And don't worry about the device, Nunk, because we are sending a replacement to you on Thursday. Our most tender emotions are with you and Bally on the eve of this assesses crisis. Do not deepair, for what is life but a series of Hermulean attempts resulting in obvious failure.

Pelix Tenderhaten
DOTELIN, a division of
Powdeshouse Norweas

FI/ddt

... HOOF HAD THE STANDARD WORRIES ABOUT HIS LIFE AND WORK. IS IT FLAT? NOT ENOUGH OF THIS OR THAT? DOES IT LACK FLAIR? IS THE IDEA TOO TIRED? "IT'S LIKE WHEN YOU DO SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO CLOSE YOUR EYES TO THE OTHER POSSIBILI-TIES TO DO IT." HOOF DECIDED HE WAS A DULL PER-SON. "NO," HE THOUGHT, "I DON'T THINK I'M DULL." HE SAT PLAYING CHILDLIKE GAMES WITH THE WALL. A HORSEMAN AND HIS FATHER IN PROFILE IN SHADOWED PLASTER APPEARED. WHEW! "BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER? THEY HAVEN'T YET, AND THERE-FORE DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M DULL OR NOT; I ON THE OTHER HAND, I HAVE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO SEE THEIR WORK, AND IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THEY'RE DULL." HOOF WAS PLEASED WITH THIS NO-TION AND TRIED TO THINK OF SOMETHING HE HAD SEEN RECENTLY THAT HE HADN'T THOUGHT DULL. "THERE IS ANNE'S NEW SKIRT," HE THOUGHT, "THAT SHE MADE ON THE NEW SEWING MACHINE, THAT'S NOT TOO DULL. ON THE OTHER HAND IT'S NOT ALL THAT EXCITING EITHER, BUT MORE EXCITING SAY THAN THE MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE I SAW IN THE PARK HERE IN THIS NEW CITY YESTERDAY." CLEARLY IT IS NOT A QUESTION OF THE TWO THINGS IN COM-PETITION, AT LEAST UNTIL THE EXCITEMENT QUOTA IS NEARED, SO THE COMPARISON SUFFERS, CLEARLY THERE ARE QUESTIONS OF INTIMACY, TIME LAPSE, INTELLECTUAL STANCE, AND LIFE USE OR PURPOSE WHICH COLOR THE QUESTION, CLEARLY THE COM-PARISON CAN BE RENDERED USELESS WITH A FLICK OF THE MENTAL WRIST, BUT HAVING BEEN STATED, IT REMAINS. HOOF WENT INTO THE KITCHEN.





THE FLYING NABISCUM. BREAD AND INK. SPEED, DURATION, AND DISTANCE UNCHARTED. DIMENSIONS 10" DIA. ½" THICK. NOVEMBER 1968.

... "I'M EXHAUSTED," HOOF THOUGHT, "I WANT TO BE ENTERTAINED." HIS THOUGHTS JUMPED TO THE STORY OF ANNE, THE GIRL HE KNEW ONLY AS THE HOOFESS. DRIVEN BY RAW DESIRE ANNE PRODS EACH NEW SURFACE WITH OLYMPIAN THRUSTS, ATHENIAN POKES.

"I have some questions I ask Anne when she comes home from wherever she's been. I ask if anyone touched her, where, why, for what duration (if anyone did she must make a pencil drawing of the approximate location of contact, the placement of his or her whatever, including dimensions, pressure and stress calculations, the distribution of other critical zones and regions), the ostensive or manifestly demonstrative purpose, the actual purpose in her estimation, the degree and genre of pleasure or pleasures taken by her, taken by the second party, the numerical respondent, the possibility of repetition, on which party did the responsibility lie, the environment wherein the contact took place, the CONTACT DESCRIBED, in short what I want is her reaction, her sense of the encounter as a whole. . .

"She wants to change her name to Roberta. She handed me a paper with the written request on it in blood. Don't go overboard Roberta. Just cool off Roberta!

"A grey ball bounces in. Roberta or Anne crying at lunch. Don't Anne, don't wet my already tear stained pillow. How uncomfortable to rest a painful knee on a tear stained sheet, a pillow invisible.

. . . BEFORE SHE MET HOOF, ANNE OR ROBERTA WAS XAVIER XAVIER'S GIRLFRIEND, LIVING IN THE SAME HOUSE, IN THE SAME SPOT WHERE HOOF NOW LIVES.

"I remember when Anne called out in her sleep. 'Xavier, Xavier,' she called, only I thought she was saying savior, savior, having a religious thing you know? But it was only the old lover back on her mind. Xavier! A luckless, short-minded, drawling pidgion. Ha! Ha! Emm! Ha! Emm! Ha! Emm! Ha!"

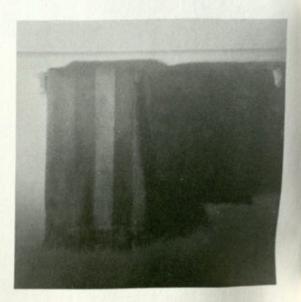
ROPE TRICK WORK 45'

A MAN TIES A 45' ROPE '4" THICK AROUND HIS UPPER LEG AND WALKS AROUND FOR THE LENGTH OF TIME IT TAKES HIS WIFE (GIRLFRIEND) TO SEE A MOVIE.

ROLLED WORDS. A STORY LIKE THE ONE HE HAD BEEN TELLING. ASLEEP, HOOF MOUTHED EACH WORD AS IT PASSED THE SCREEN IN HIS HEAD.

It is not strange . . . not so strange . . . to be . . . here . . . feeling . . . that feeling . . . what . . . onlookers diddle . . . with chains diddling along . . . not a handful . . . images float . . . appear . . . Anne . . . Roberta . . . play together . . . hands over the money . . . sprockets, fork travels, adjust timings, fork travels . . . moves things . . . to accomplish a more pleasant in her view . . . setting . . . she finds important differences. . . where there . . . places where there aren't any . . . are none . . . like modern artists . . . diddling along . . . discuss the women . . . the babies . . . the food . . . trying not to make anything but to make something nonetheless ... nonetheless ... once she turned to ... the set to channel six ... an obscure channel ... we don't get it . . . I don't get it . . . It is not a channel we receive . . . picture . . . and sound are not important . . . to her . . . what is . . . to her . . . diddling . . . six at the top . . . of . . . she wants the six . . . at the top of the . . . right at . . . the dial . . . but wait . . . enemy transports . . . channel seven is . . . and . . . the dog commercial . . . in Vogue Magazine . . . when she left . . . ha ha . . . I switched . . . last year . . . we saw at a place . . . at . . . more space is needed . . . here . . . on this page as in . . . the world out there in the world . . . clever dog . . . bit the master after Anne left . . . I saw . . . it was fun . . . I watch ... diddling with chains ... sprockets ... fork travels ... semi-nude Jane Wyatt behind a bamboo . . . thing . . . but light behind her . . . I see . . . but last year . . . we went to . . . at . . . Anne's skin . . . jerks . . . kneads . . . Mary . . . and bad thrills . . . Mary and bad thrills . . . in position . . . locations . . . zones and regions . . . uncovered . . . rippling chains . . . along thighs . . . hot black satin . . . silk . . . hot Mary and . . . bad . . . more real . . . hot to

... "WHEW!" EXCLAIMED HOOF WAKING UP WITH A START, "THIS IS SOME STORY!"



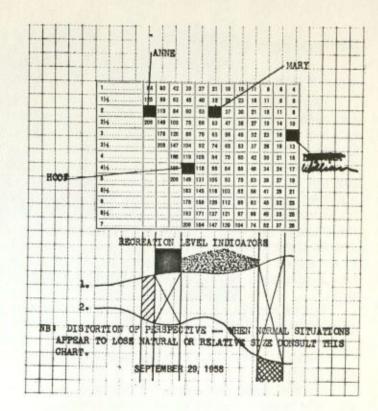
TOWELS AT REST. TWO TOWELS AT PEACE WITH THEMSELVES AND EACH OTHER. NOVEMBER 1958





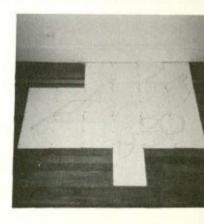
. . . HOOF AND ANNE HAD WILLIAM AND HIS WIFE TO DINNER ONE SUNDAY. HOOF HAD IN MIND TO SHOW THEM HOW GOOD ANNE COULD COOK. THERE WAS A LOT OF FRUIT; APPLES, PEARS, GRAPES, PINEAPPLES, PEACHES, APRICOTS, PRUNES, AND SO ON. HOOF WAS ON A FRUIT THING, AND FELT THAT NO MEAL WAS COMPLETE WITHOUT AT LEAST FIVE TYPES OF FRUIT. IT WAS PRETTY TERRIBLE BECAUSE WILLIAM AND HIS WIFE HAD NEVER INTERACTED WITH HOOF BEFORE WHEN HE WAS WITH A GIRL. AND HOOF, HAVING ONLY RECENTLY MOVED ON ANNE, WAS STILL UNAC-CUSTOMED TO HIS NEW SITUATION. ANNE DIDN'T KNOW WILLIAM AND MARY TOO WELL ANYWAY, AND WHILE WILLIAM LIKED HER WELL ENOUGH, MARY DIDN'T SEEM TO. . . . WELL THEY ATE A VERY GOOD MEAL BY ANNE, SO FAR SO GOOD, BUT SOMEHOW THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING TO TALK ABOUT. WHEN SOMETHING DID COME UP THAT ANNE WANTED TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT, HOOF WOULD JUMP AHEAD OF HER AND FINALIZE THE TOPIC, THAT IS, REMOVE IT. SHE DIDN'T LIKE HIM FOR THAT AND POUTED A DELICIOUS SMALL POUT IN THE KITCHEN. WILLIAM AND MARY WERE OF COURSE PUT OFF BY THE APPARENT DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN HOST AND HOSTESS, AND IT SHOWED. FINALLY HOOF GOT ANNE TO COME BACK, BUT THERE WAS A LOT OF PRESSURE AROUND THE TABLE, AMONG THE FOUR OF THEM, ABOUT THE FRUITS AND NUTS. ANNE WAS TRYING TO SAY THAT THE FRUITS AND STUFF WERE NICE, BUT NOT REQUIRED BY THE MEAL ITSELF. HOOF WOULD NOT HEAR OF IT SINCE HE WAS IN THE OTHER ROOM.

. . ABOUT THAT TIME HOOF ROLLED A COUPLE OF JOINTS FOR THE GUESTS, AND AT THE SAME TIME THEY DECIDED TO WATCH THE FOOTBALL MATCH ON TV. THEY DID, AND NOBODY EVEN FELT THE DOPE AS FAR AS HOOF COULD SEE, AND WILLIAM AND MARY FELL ASLEEP ON THE COUCH. . . . "THIS IS A BUNCH OF SHIT," HOOF SAID TO ANNE, BUT WHEN HE LOOKED SHE WAS ASLEEP AS WELL. HE WENT INTO HIS STUDY, IT WASN'T REALLY A STUDY, JUST A SMALL ROOM WITH A DESK, HE WENT INTO THIS ROOM THEN, AND TYPED OUT A RELATED SEQUEN-TIAL NUMBERS SYSTEM (SIC) BASED ON THE INCRE-MENT ONE HALF FROM ONE TO SEVEN. HE PASTED THE CHART TO A SHEET OF GRAPH PAPER AND APPLIED NOTATIONS FOR EACH PLAYER (IN THIS CASE WILLIAM, MARY, ANNE, AND HIMSELF). THEN HE EX-TENDED THE CHART DROPLINES AND DREW TWO RECREATION LEVEL INDICATORS. "IN MOCK TURTLE SOUP," HE THOUGHT, "IS THE TURTLE MOCK, OR THE SOUP?" IT WAS AN OLD QUESTION HE HAD ONCE ASKED HIS MOTHER. SHE TOLD HIM THEN, BUT HE FORGOT AND NOW HE REALLY WANTED TO KNOW. "SHOULD I CALL MY MOTHER LONG DISTANCE?" HE DIDN'T THINKING THAT THE CALL WOULD PROBABLY BLOSSOM INTO A MOCK ADMISSION/CONFESSION THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO GET HUNG UP IN. HE PUT SOME FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS NEW CHART AND WENT IN TO WAKE UP ANNE AND SHOW IT TO HER.



"WHAT," ASKED ANNE AJAKE, "IS THIS?" "IT IS PLAIN," HOOF REPLIED, "THAT THIS IS A DIAGRAM." HE POINTED AT THE GRAPH PAPER, "SEE?" "I UNDERSTAND," ANNE SNAPPED, "THAT "THAT IT IS A DIAGRAM, BUT OF WHAT?" "PLAINLY, A DIAGRAM OF THE SUBSTANCE OF THIS EVENING'S INTERACTION WITH TO AND MARY." "UP TILL NOW?" "UP TILL NOW." THEY LOOK. THEY LOOK-ED AT THE GUESTS, THEN AT RACH OTHER. ANDE FORDED A QUESTION IN HER NIND AND THEN ASKED, "BUT HOW DOES IT WORK, EXACTLY?" "ANNE IS NOT READY FOR ME," HOOF THOUGHT, "IF SHE PAILS TO SEE THE POSSIBILITIES, THE AVENUES OPENED BY THE MERE IDEA OF POTENTIAL IF SHE FAILS TO SEE THAT THE COME NOII-WORK. EXISTANCE OF THIS SINGLE NON-WORKING CHART IN A DISCIPLINE WHOSE ENTIRE PURPOSE, INDEED, WHOSE RAISON D'ETRE IS QUICK AND EFFICIENT FUNCTION, IF SHE PAILS TO SEE THESE THINGS THEN SHE IS NOT READY. " HE SAID AS MUCH TO "OF COURSE I SEE THAT," SHE SCOPPED, ANNE. "BUT I WAS WONDERING IF THERE WAS ANYTHING BLSE?"







EGGLOG 03 OCTOBER -

Hoof and I pulled the old hidden camera trick again, Tom and Ellen were really thrown by it, hope we can repeat soon.

... "THE PROBLEM WITH YOUR THINGS HOOF, IS THAT THEY NEVER RESULT IN ANYTHING, I MEAN THEY GO ALONG FINE, THEY FUNCTION, THEY BEGIN AND END BUT NOTHING EVER RESULTS. EVEN WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS NOTHING HAPPENS, IF YOU TAKE MY MEANING." ... HOOF LAUGHED, "WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE HAPPEN?" "WELL, I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY 'SOMETHING TO CHANGE MY LIFE' BUT WE BOTH KNOW THAT'S SILLY, SO I GUESS WHAT I WANT IS MORE PLEASURE, MORE LAUGHS, GRINS, GUFFS, AND SO ON. OR BETTER STILL, I'D LIKE TO BE INTRIGUED AGAIN, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN INTRIGUED." "THAT'S VERY GOOD TOM, BUT HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO BE INTRIGUED WHEN YOU'RE ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT RESULTS." "THE PROBLEM IS HOOF, THAT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING BUT THE ISSUES. IF YOUR WORK DEALT MORE WITH THE ISSUES THEN I MIGHT BE INTERESTED OR EXCITED MORE BY IT."

OF MY WORKS IS A BRILLIANT SOLUTION TO A NON-EXISTENT PROBLEM!"
"RIGHT! RIGHT!" TOM WAS EXCITED NOW, "THAT'S IT EXACTLY."

... ROBERTA CAME IN AND SAID SHE DIDN'T THINK HOOF'S PROBLEMS WERE NON-EXISTENT.

... TOM WAS BUBBLING OVER IN HIS INTEREST. "WELL, I MEAN WHERE DOES IT GO FROM THERE?" "I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING WITH IT," HOOF REPLIED, "BUT I'M GOING UNDER THE SINK IN THE BATHROOM."

... HOOF THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE NICE TO BE A ZOM-BIE, ERRRT, ERRRT, "I PROPOSE," HOOF SAID, "THAT BEING A ZOMBIE WOULDN'T BE AS BAD AS EVERY-BODY SAYS, AT LEAST BEING A SEMI-ZOMBIE WOULDN'T." WHEN ASKED HIS IDEA OF THE SEMI-ZOMBIE HOOF REPLIED. "THE SEMI-ZOMBIE IS OR WOULD BE A SPECIES OF THE MOTHER SPECIES, BUT WITH IMPORTANT EXCEPTIONS IN PRACTICE. IT WOULD NOT MOVE OR TALK MUCH, BUT IT WOULD RETAIN THE ABILITY TO DO SO AT WILL. IT WOULD NOT BE UNDER ANOTHER'S CONTROL BUT UNDER ITS OWN MABUSELIKE DIRECTION. IT WOULD BE AWARE OF CURRENT EVENTS. IT WOULD RETAIN THE PRO-DUCTION POTENTIAL LOST IN THE MOTHER SPECIES, AND THIS," HOOF EMPHASIZED, "IS THE CRITICAL DIF-FERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO. THE SEMI-ZOMBIE WOULD NOT INTERACT IN COMMON FASHION, BUT WOULD HOLD ITSELF APART FOR THE PURPOSE OF DO-ING ITS NUMBER QUIETLY AND PRIVATELY FOR ITS OWN CONSUMPTION. SEMI-ZOMBIEISM THEN, IS VERY MUCH THE LIKE OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY THROW." "A HEAVE?"

... "HEAVELIKE YES, BUT MORE THROWLIKE IN THE REMOVE FROM COMMON CONSEQUENT ACTION."

EGGLOG 09 MARCH

He is into something strange. He never moves. He never talks, just sits there like a, can this be right? like a zombie, against the wall. What happened to the bright active Hoof I once knew? The carefree spansule of energetic demand? Once and a while he paws over those shitty notebooks, peering at this page and that, and he makes me bring home six or eight magazines a day which I'm sure he looks at although, never when I'm watching. He watches TV talk shows and movies, but he never goes out. Uses the bedpan for a bathroom. I don't know what it

. . . ELYSIUM ASKED: "WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN IN TERMS OF US?"

... "THE THING IS EL, THAT I DON'T FEEL LIKE DOING ANYTHING, I DON'T NEED TO IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. I'M CONTENT TO STAY HERE BECAUSE I CAN'T SEE ANY REASON TO GO OUT THERE. THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE, YOU KNOW, THERE IS NO ME OUT THERE. IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, WHAT ALL THIS MEANS IN TERMS OF US IS THAT IN HERE THERE'S US."

GRAB WORK

WALK DOWN THE STREET AND GRAB A MAN TIGHTLY ON THE UPPER ARM. WHEN HE TURNS AROUND RUN AWAY QUICK.

A MAN AND HIS DOG WORK

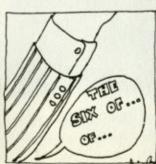
AROUND NOON ON SATURDAY A SHORT MAN IN A BATHROBE CARRIES A LARGE DOG ANYWHERE HE WANTS TO FOR AN HOUR WITHOUT ANY HELP.



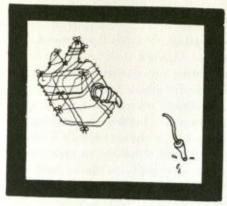














... "WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?" ELYSIUM WAS PISSED AT HOOF. "IT'S OBVIOUS ISN'T IT," HE RETORTED, "IT'S A DRAWING, OR A DRAWING OF A WORK ENTITLED THE ENEMA OF ISIDOE D. AND DATED 1919." "OH COME ON HOOF, WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING GOOD?" TO SHOW HER DISLIKE, ROBERTA MADE A DRAWING AND PINNED IT TO HOOF'S CHEST:





1. ON SEPTEMBER 19 I MADE A GESTURE WITH MY LEFT HAND.

TIRESOME," HOOF WAS TRYING TO REMEMBER WHY HE HAD KEPT THEM, BUT IT WAS A NICE IDEA, I MEAN, THEY WORK, BUT WHY DID I EVER DO MORE THAN ONE?" HE LOOKED AT ONE MORE, THE TELEVISION SET ONE, AND DECIDED THAT IT SHOULD BE THE ONE TRUE CARBONED STOPPAGE ABOVE ALL OTHERS, AND THAT IT SHOULD BE HEREAFTER REFERRED TO AS THE 'OFFICIAL' STOPPAGE, WHILE THE REST SHOULD BE KNOWN AS 'FAKE' STOPPAGES.

CHAMPAGNE WORK

HIRE A WAITER IN FULL DRESS TO PASS OUT CHAMPAGNE OFF A SILVER TRAY IN A GHETTO AREA. DRIVE BY IN A BIG CAR AND THROW WATER BALLOONS AT HIM.



THE

HIDRIGHT MYTHROX OF THY

BORNRONS

(PRABANT DEDER GLANG

FRAGMENTS FROM LIGHT TO DARK (from a longer fictional work)

Of all the species of plants in those parts, none are cut so easily as the stems of ferns; they are swept down and lay in blankets with scarcely a whisper. The bony feet swung briskly over the damp forest floor evenly covered by ferns. The sharp grooves between the white toes swish through the pulpy stems like the teeth on a thresher and leave a precise path west toward the bogs. Cattails and tall swamp grasses down there offer no resistance and scythe down in even arcs. Gingerly downstream hopping among the giant boulders, kicking up a spray of water between leaps, thin shafts of light that penetrate the gloom send up split-second rainbows that wink against the gray of the steep granite walls. And there is a clattering, almost like the sound of steel horseshoes over cobblestones, that ricochets over the din of rushing water as the figure bounds helter-skelter upstream. The zig-zagging through the trough of the watershed impedes progress but soon it's up the hillside lickety-split toward the pine groves, dark against the mountainside; and there it's only a few tindery branches to snap and a carpet of needles the rest of the way; a valley between two ridges in remote country. Making good time, it's an hour before sunset when the figure broaches the opening, at the center of which is a bustling campsite. There, dinner is being readied. The canvas of a half dozen tents strung taut, catch a faint yellow glow from the setting sun. It's a well-organized expedition; it has a decidedly civilized look; it's the philosophers' camp, and it's well-equipped. They've terraced the ground so the tents sit on level ground ringed by troughs to carry away any rainwater, a half dozen or so canvas stools sit propped around the blazing fire which is contained by a nice piece of stonework. He looks in from the trees briefly; there's time to be made and one more appointment before traversing the hilltop; before the stars come out. Canvas sacks are slung from tree limbs by their shoulder straps. Broad axes, rifles, and assorted camp hardware are all sharpened, polished, oiled and well-cared for. Their maps are the finest; approximations of the unknown territory based on the best speculations. A dozen bamboo fishing rods with meaured increments of multi-colored thread are neatly tied to a freshly-hewn cross piece lashed between two tree trunks and all the knots are the correct ones for the job. Wicker tackle boxes and creels are hung to dry and a good catch of trout will soon sizzle in the big iron frypan. The philosophers are an amiable group; serious thinkers with strong backs. A few friends and wives round out the group, including a Frenchman wandering the fringes of the new republic. He wears buckskins of a deep forest green and tucked out of sight is a handerchief of silk and a box of snuff. A minister, invigorated by the week in the fresh air, parts the flaps of his tent and stands in his ministerial frock; a long black affair cut below the knees. Beside the next tent a woman fixes herself up for dinner; a mirror hung from a pine tree. With a screech, he hunches over and throws his coat tails over his head. Arms clapping out ahead like a beak, bounds toward her. Feigning fright, she raises her arms and with a cry, falls backward over a bucket and in a few ungainly hops the Presbyterian crow was on her; pecking. They were rolling in the pine needles giggling out of

The artist is a woman and is working on watercolor impressions. From a cupful of brook water she moistens a row of paint cups that go over the tautly stretched paper in broad, fluid strokes. The colors wash into one another in just the right transitions before evaporation sets them fast. The highlights are touched with a little ochre and according to the time of day the shadows get an extra shot of blue as out of the floods of subdued color appears an axe firmly set in a tree stump which casts a long, narrow blue stroke over the ground. Next to it, a pine log set

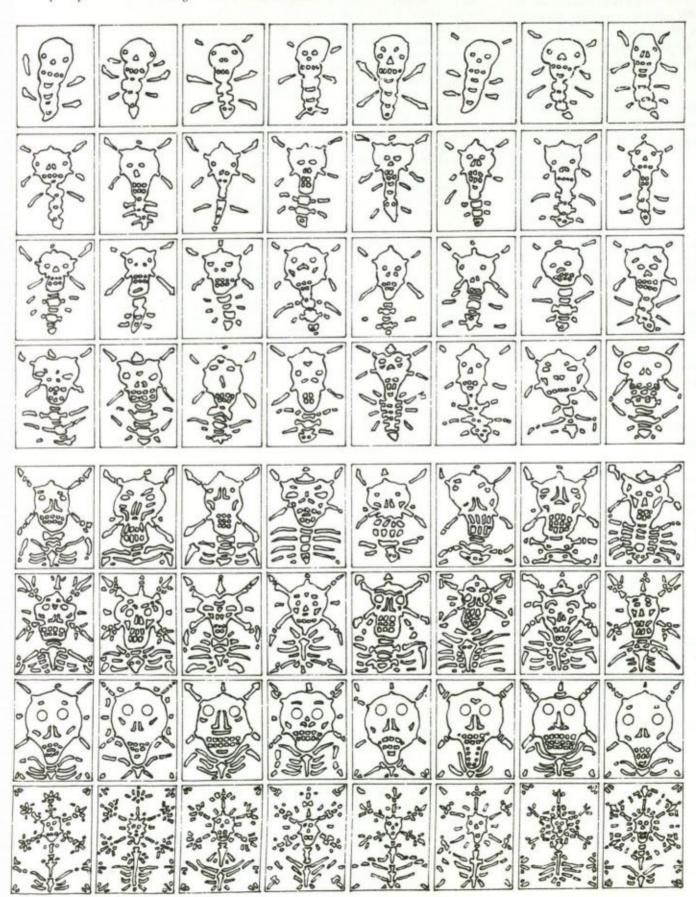
between X's of pine is notched with V-shaped cuts. The log is only a practice piece and the watercolor with all its marginal sketches and notations is one of maybe a hundred studies; moments of the real world that will one day enliven a studio allegory. Chunks of white heartwood scatter across the bed of brown needles with accents of russet representing its core. Quickly, now that the light is leaving by the minute, she jots the dim outline of a man reading a book against the pines, only a halfdozen strokes come together as a still life of pots, pans and meal sacks and a crow perches atop a woman, with wings outspread. Complex camp constructions are nearly now invisible; lean-tos, marvelous chaises in the rustic style and so forth, disappear into the perimeter; splayed feet and interlocking segments with fat twine elbows. The figure watching the campsite from the trees for a second too long, became engrossed in the set-like quality of this gathering, and had to duck behind a tree trunk just as she rendered the area in green and purple black. Not quite in time, though; white fingertips, a knee joint and the arch of his white foot are pin-points of raw paper where the laden dark brush lifted ever-so-slightly in its course across the paper. But there's a disturbance about the campfire; some angry shouting. Two men, one very young, the other middle-aged, had seen a squirrel at the foot of a big tree. A third man approached it playfully. The squirrel darted to the far side. The man chased it and soon the two were going around in circles. Finally the squirrel ran up the tree, jumping over to another and off into the darkness. Reflecting on the metaphysic of the little event, an argument had broken out. The man, to be sure, had circled the tree. In doing so, he had also circled the squirrel. The dispute that followed involved the counter proposition that the squirrel had circled the man, or perhaps that neither had circled the other. There had been some drinking earlier, but it was after the entire mountain range was referred to as an unruly pile of rubble, or perhaps when an intervening woman was called a whore, that a pistol was drawn.

That instant, the brush tip touched down delicately on a last portrait and the gunshot caused enough of a jump to give the representation the look of an awful caricature. The white stick figure in the pines receded into black. Up the hillside and farther and farther away from the commotion in the clearing in the wilderness behind, he clambered briskly up the stones and came straight up to the dwelling place of an ascetic. There, the grizzled old wanderer, settled temporarily amongst the boulders in a confusion of boards, planks, tree limbs and tins nailed together in as random fashion as one might devise had heard the pistol shot on the lower slope and had crawled out just as the figure arrived at his door. The hermit's eyes were plums scarcely held in the sockets by his papery lids; his leathery hide scarcely stretched over the bony frame. It was drawn so tightly over that frame that the bones threatened to poke through. The figure that came up quickly is past that point of leanness; stripped white and clean. Like brothers exchanging cordialities the meeting is concluded in a few minutes. Death agrees to return the same time tomorrow, pops to his feet and clatters over the bare slope leaving hen-scratches of footprints in the newly fallen snow. A dull red-orange stains the western sky where he's headed and the stars are out in the east. A slim fingernail is all that's left of the moon. A hundred miles further, the terrain flattens and the going is a whole lot quicker. The ascetic hands a squirrel a sunflower seed and in a flick of his hands, twists its neck and throws it onto the fire, twitching. In the thin air the smoke hangs between the huge boulders in a haze. First, dinner, then downhill to investigate the situation there.

Wheels and tins and rolled papers held one another up and filled-in cracks between the boulders; a rambling complex of "rooms" though the newest "room" was a packing crate hoisted up on tree limbs and rocks; hallways were more like animal scurryways between one den and another. Squirrels and chipmunks lived in the wings. Lean-tos line the perimeter in which future building materials are stored. So expansive and complex is the dwelling that it is beyond upkeep; decay and collapse always imminent, entire wings are periodically abandoned. He licked his fingers clean and brought in a flame on a twig and lit a precious wax candle stub (usually a few inches of packing twine in a tin can of animal fat sufficed). It was a special evening. He stretched out to read himself to sleep; the bills of lading from exotic ports plastered to the ceiling. When he finished with

found handbills and bits of newspapers, he plastered them to the walls and ceilings with pine pitch or animal fat. This was a new room, though, and smelled like freshly cut wood.

The layers of paper had grown thicker and the rooms progressively smaller; better insulation against the cold. The corners of the room had become rounded; the paper and fat yellowed to the color of onion skin. Pitch from small fires, candles and cooking had blackened the interiors finally, a dirty amber. Though the hermit by virtue of his extensive reading had one of the best educations in the country, he couldn't come close to civilization for his odor alone. He's a wanderer, though, and when the dwelling place became too cumbersome, he burnt it to the ground and moved on.



ROBERT CUMMING

DOCTRINE OF PLENITUDE

I am able to understand my confusion.

I was sitting purposeless, I was distracted by the dressing of limbs, the parting of lips, I drew another virile demon or ethereal goddess from a blank dark: sweat beads on the neck, down the butt crack, the eyes vacant, open a slit, a quick gasp, and our biological priest has mounted his pulpit another time.

And what a majestic pulpit it is! I could see the gilded ceiling of the cathedral reflecting beams of light through a part in the curtain. Recalling that light, I saw there was no need to go outside of myself. Wanting nothing for use, needing nothing for replenishment, it was not on account of desire nor constraint that I ended this black sacrament

The mind of some great architect might have conceived ten thousand other possible worlds than this. But this is the best world for the purpose that I have in mind. There is a face I want to see and see. There are those hips my hands would cup around and lift and spin. There is my chamber turning past midnight again, as the walls spin out and the stars zoom down and the flesh burns up. The sky is inside this person's skin, clouds swell warm beneath my fingers and there is a pullulating stretch under my skull, a hot series of thoughts — this breathes ancient light from the planets when they quake on the horizon.

I can diagnose the groans of the biggest machine. The ocean's growl articulates a song that I've been humming.

I am the sire inseminating not from urge but momentum. I incorporate myself worldwide and centralize the bread and wine: everyone partakes and everyone is free beneath me. If I enter us into war without explicit declaration, I act in our name, just as the infected blood of a father may pass on to a son with a weakened intellect and will. The law of instinct determines a rigorous end.

And I had foreseen

all of this. And when I leave I shall take with me the spurt of energy that flung our orbits, threw broad beams across the vault, installed the lamps and switches. And when I leave I shall liquidate my conglomerates: my weapons factories will explode, my reactors fuse, my drills and tankers will release their crude. I'll get fed up with myself. I will want my money back. I will eat the indistinct elements, and, in a big flash, body is heaven.

JACK SKELLEY

THE SIGNIFIER

ELAINE EQUI

Sits hieroglyphic arms crossed in the backseat of a taxi I cannot read him but there is something so fluid about the world when he watches me its meaning escapes like the taste of water.

46

RON KOERTGE

born in Olney. Illinois. 1940, has written several books of poetry: Life on the Edge of the Continent: The Selected Poems, Sex Object, Diary Cows, The Father Poems and a novel, The Boogeyman. Ron Koertge is a professor of English at Pasadena City College and lives in Pasadena.

GUY DE COINTET

born in Paris. 1940, and died in Los Angeles. 1983. Guy de Cointet exhibited and performed his work widely in the United States and Europe. His performances include Ethiopia, Tell Me, A New Life and the productions of his plays Iglu, Ramona and Oh What A Bear. He is the author of the books: A Captain from Portugal, Espahor Ledet Ko Uluner!, TSNX C24VA7ME and A Few Drawings.

EDWARD YOUNG SMITH

born in Queens, New York, 1957, is the author of a book of poetry, Fantasyworld. His poems have also been published in numerous literary magazines. Ed Smith lives in Los Angeles.

ILENE SEGALOVE

born in Los Angeles, 1950. has exhibited her video works throughout the United States and Europe. She has been a commentator and story-teller for the programs, All Things Considered and the Morning Edition airing on National Public Radio and most recently for The Sunday Show on Canadian Broadcasting. Ilene Segalove lives in Los Angeles.

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AMY GERSTLER

born in San Diego, 1956, is the author of White Marriage/
Recovery, Early Heaven and Martine's Mouth. She is co-editor of the literary magazine SNAP. She was formerly co-director of literary programs at Beyond Baroque Literary/Arts Center in Venice, California. Her latest book, The True Bride, is expected this year from Lapis Press. Amy Gerstler lives in Los Angeles.

BENJAMIN WEISSMAN

born in Los Angeles, California, 1957, has had his work published in numerous magazines and literary journals and is the editor of the Foundation for Art Resources's forthcoming magazine, Storytellers: A Periodical Anthology. He is the Reading Series Coordinator at Beyond Baroque Literary/Arts Center and a recent recipient of the Line Grant. Benjamin Weissman lives in Los Angeles.

KENWARD ELMSLIE

born in New York City, 1929. has written six books of poetry: Album, The Champ, Circus Nerves, Tropicalism, Moving Right Along, and Motor Disturbance. He has also written a novel. The Orchid Stories and the book and lyrics for two musical plays: The Grass Harp and Lola. In 1980, his play. City Junket was produced with sets and costumes by Red Grooms. He has a recently released album of ten poem songs, Kenward Elmslie's Palais Bimbo Lounge Show. Kenward Elmslie lives in New York City.

LYDIA DAVIS

York City.

born in Northampton,
Massachusetts, 1947,
is the author of three books of fiction, The Thirteenth Woman and
Other Stories, Sketches for a Life of
Wassily and the forthcoming collection of stories on Farrar Straus
Giroux, Break It Down. She is the
translator of many books from the
French, including several works by
Maurice Blanchot. She has taught
creative writing and translation at
the University of California, San
Diego. Lydia Davis lives in New

TIM DLUGOS

born in Springfield, 1950.

Massachusetts,
has written five books of poetry:
Entre Nous, Selected Poems
1973-1981, A Fast Life, Je Suis Ein
Americano, For Years, and High
There. He was the first editor of
Ralph Nader's Public Citizen
newspaper and for a year wrote the
gossip column for New York
Native. He is a contributing editor
to Christopher Street magazine.
Tim Dlugos lives in New York City.

FREDERICK BARTHELME

Born in Houston, Texas, 1943 is the author of the novels, Second Marriage and TRACER, and three books of stories, WAR AND WAR, Rangoon and Moon Deluxe. He is the editor of the Mississippi Review and the Director of the Center for Writers, University of Southern Mississippi. He is a frequent contributor to the New Yorker magazine. Frederick Barthelme lives in Mississippi.

ROBERT CUMMING

born in Worchester.
Massachusetts, 1943,
is both a writer and visual artist
who has exhibited his works in
galleries and museums internationally. He is the author of several
books including, Picture Fictions,
A Training in the Arts, Discourse
on Domestic Disorder, Interruptions in Landscape and Logic, and
Equilibrium and the Rotary Disc.
Robert Cumming lives in West
Suffield, Connecticut.

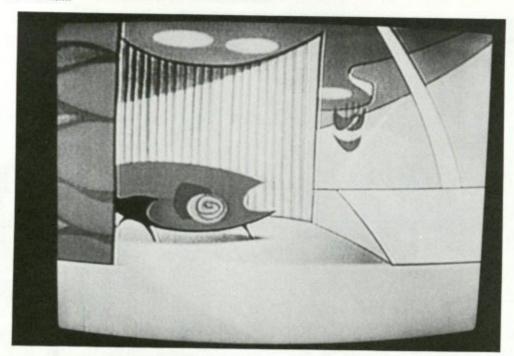
JACK SKELLEY

born in Torrance, California, 1956, is the author of the novella, from Fear of Kathy Acker and a book of poetry, Monsters. He both founded and edited Barney: The Modern Stone-Age Magazine. He was one of the founding members of the rock group, PLANET OF TOYS, as well as the group, LAWNDALE. LAWNDALE has just released the album, Streets of Desire. He teaches poetry at the Otis Art Institute of Parsons School of Design, Los Angeles and lives in Los Angeles.

ELAINE EQUI

born in Oak Park, Illinois, 1953, is the author of Federal Woman and Shrewcrazy. Her most recent book, The Corners of the Mouth, is expected this year from Iridescence Press and Record Company. She and her husband, poet Jerome Sala, live in Chicago.

TV Room, 1986, featuring built-in sofa and clock, free form dropped ceiling, and carpeted flagstone wall treatment.



JIM ISERMANN.

I was robbed of the promised future by the macrame and chrome and glass nightmare of the 70's. Nostalgia looked backwards. Surrealism looked toward tomorrow. Arp's chance compositions plus Miro's configurations forecast 50's popular design. Art had its clearest effect on the lives of ordinary people. Pollacks became linoleum. Calders became drapes. The Jetsons were the ultimate manifestation of an optimistic space age. Futurism is a dated ideal. I self-consciously exploit this lost optimism. I make, by hand, items that epitomize mass-production. This homemade simulation of the future recalls an amalgamation of dated ideals and yet points the way to a brighter tomorrow.

Born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, 1955 Studied at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee (BFA, 1977): California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1980) Lives in Hollywood, California Recipient of the NEA Visual Arts Fellowship (1984)

The Billionaire Deluxe 1976, metal sculpture with Fresnel lens system, light bulb, solid state electronic second counter, 11 x 15 % x 14". Gemini G.E.L., Los Angeles, California



EDWARD KIENHOLZ.

Born in Fairfield, Washington, 1927 Self-Taught Lives in Hope, Idaho and Berlin, West Germany Dear Sid.

You may have guessed that I have long had a love/hate relationship with American T.V. I sit dummy style in front of that nervelous communication tool and find my years slipping by and my mind turning to slush from the 95% trash being beamed my way. To try and understand my ongoing stupidity and perhaps to express some kind of critical objectivity I find that I keep making T.V. sets out of amything that vaguely resembles a T.V. apparatus loil containers, blocks of concrete, surplus jerry cans etc.). This current series at cosmetic case places is intended as a demoundment of general broadcasting procedures as practiced by the big three networks ABC, NBC, CBS and the regulatory F.C.C. It seems that primary to each of the network directors is gread and the manipulation of ally bucks. "News" shows are a prime example. Five minutes of soft controlled news (how long after Allende's assessimation did you first hear of that event and the C.I.A.'s involvement in 197), on to two minutes of warher and ten minutes of sports. Mix in commercials and you get 15 minutes for book reviews and tollywood personalities sitting around telling each other how wonderful they were in their last sitom sages. We really gives a shirt that Burt Reynolds was always a shy child or that Angela Long had to have braces on her teeth up to the time she was 16 years old? If I were being poiled on the worst offenders of the show biz syndrome I would give first place to CBS, a close second to ABC with NBC limping along as usual as number three.

Nowever, probably the most dangerous trend within the industry is the breakdown of the ledgendent news sources. Gone are the days of separate squads of reporters braving the world for exclusive stories. Instead are the teems of three made-up of one member from each network filming three of the same segments from three slightly different angles and perspectives with the results proudly presented to you over your morning coffee and mush as incisive journalism. It is an ingenious game plan but the money reality is the savings to the studies for the costs of transportation, food, lodging and miscellaneous expenses for six plus now unneeded personnel.

Start switching channels during the morning "news" shows. Can you truly believe there is independent programming planned when on any given morning you can watch lesse Jackson or Helmut Schmidt or Frank Church or Betty Ford on NBC and catch them again ten minutes later saying essentially the same thing on ABC or CBST The network rebuttal of course is. "Mell we give people what they want," Hen puckiel if that's true then why does the MacNeil/Lohrer news hour consistently win all the journalism prizes? Why do we have big city 24 hour a day news programs or radio that square out all the competition for listeners? Who's kidding who with which Nelson Rating. In view of all this, Nancy and I decided to make a small edition of T.V.s called THE SAME OLD SHOE which could perhaps raise some of these questions about our national use and misuse of television broadcasting. Old style cosmetic cases were the right size and shape for the housing. Some 36 units were finally found in and around the Los Angeles area (they are much scarcer than we ever imagined). Shoe lasts were bought last year on the Berlin flee market, some knobs, some lead sheeting, a few colored lights and we were in business. It was next decided that we needed some kind of written statement or explanation to go along with each set. The logical vehicle had to be some kind of T.V. magazine that could satirize the programming (invented of course) and would also include an editorial in the front section that could summarize our feelings and viewer trustrations. We chose the name "T.V. Euile" for our publication. About this time we noted that the Raagan administration was planning to further decontrol

the media by lessening the power of the F.C.C. and in effect placing the whole industry in the hands of a watchdag committee made up of its own collaborative cromies. The hage were being hired to watch the slop. It dawned on me that I needed a lot more factual information if I was going to write for the magazine "T.V. Guile." I called the Spokene Public Library who put me in touch with a researcher named Earl Broderick. He was interested in the job and he also had a computer. Further, he was a Reagan Republican and damed skeptical of the ideas we discussed over lunch.

it was (and is) my contention that to the extent that the major networks intertwine, we, the viewing public, are endangered, i am not so maive as to believe that if all that eaney and influence are joined together in one gigantic conglomerate there won't be some little Ceasar out there wenting to control that power for himself and his purposes. I sense him (or her) in a position much like Hitler's who during the war years served up the Germans one radio station with a single viewpoint that sitinately controlled the minds and destiny of the nation. The same is currently true of North Korea, Russia and to a large extent in Castro's Cubs. The person who commands the ATSA (Amalgamated Television Stations of America) will bask in unimagined dominion. The President and Congress would dence to the tune of the media fuhrer. The whole world would pay the fiddler's price. So I said to Earl who said he didn't think much of the hypothesis but would go home and start pushing buttons to find out.

Wooks went by and Earl's initial report seemed to give some credence to Nancy's and my feelings. He said he was really getting interested and wanted to go on with his collection of data.

In the interim we found that T.Y. Suide had already been lampouned by some enterprising writer and our intended publication was subsequently dropped. Earl kept on sending reports and copies of articles and at this point I don't know what to do with all this material. I guess I'll just send it along and let you go through it at your leisure.

Meanwhile at the studio, the work has been finished and Nancy and I are on our way to Europe. If anyone asks why we keep on making T.V. sets perhaps you can let them read this letter and it will all make some kind of obtuse sense the text like they watch another old shoe like "Love Boat" or "Manimal."

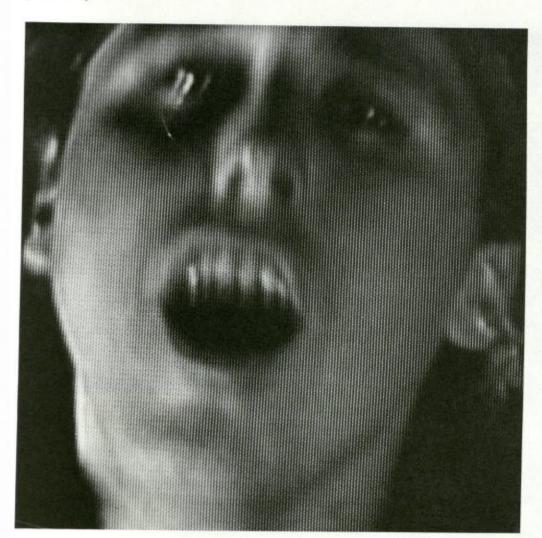
in my thinking, prime time should be understood as the individual span each of us has left to live here on earth. It's a short, short interval and deserves the best quality possible. Certainly better than the boob tube pap we all permit in the name of bigger corporate profits and free enterprise.

In Peace,

Ed Klenholz

30

The Call, 1984, black-and-white photograph, gelatin silver print, 7 x 7".



JOHN MAGGIOTTO.

My work is a portrait of the simulated personas from television that we take on as our own, the Hero, the Forgotten, and the Loved

Born in Buffalo, New York, 1955 Studied at the State University of New York, Buffalo (BS, 1977) Lives in New York City



"Cliches are the armature the absolute." Alfred Jarry

"The imagination is often weird, sometimes it means salvation." Rod Serling

"Start your own religion." Timothy Leary

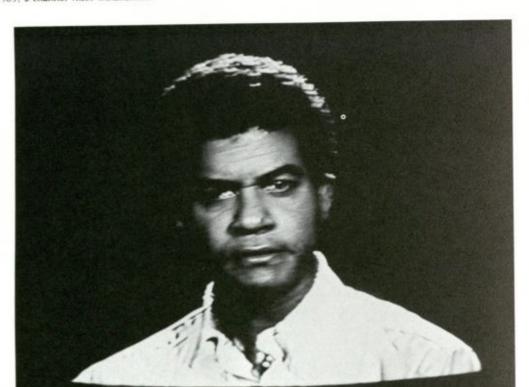
Born in Charleston, West Vir 1956 Studied at Denison Universit (BFA, 1978) Lives in New York City ginia.



The spectacle: art, simulated live on stage; life simulated artfully at an advanced stage. Television is the emanating light we turn to on a dark night - the cathode ray tube as LOGOS, as guardian of our self-knowledge. But don't those of us who take up the persona of cultural critic tend to over-draw our positions? for example, alienation as the universal condition of the spectator, or TV as an aesthetic of forgetfulness. We are not passive audience to a spectacle, we are the spectacle. VIDEO-TROPES celebrates that irony.

Suzanne Bloom was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1943 Studied at Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; University of Pennsylvania (BFA, 1965); (MFA, 1968) Recipient of NEA Visual Arts Fellowships (1976) (1978) Ed Hill was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, 1935 Studied at the Rhode Island School of Design (BFA, 1957); Yale University (MFA, 1960) Recipient of the Tiffany Grant (1967); NEA Visual Arts Fellowship (1972) Both live in Houston, Texas

Production still from Good Boy Bad Boy, 1985, 2-channel video installation.



BRUCE NAUMAN.

GOOD BOY BAD BOY is another statement in another media on the choices and possibilities in life. I used similar phrases in drawings, then neon, now video. Two people, a man and a woman give these choices to you in much the same manner as the neon pieces. Flashing from monitor to monitor, repeating. Differences in timing between the two add to this feeling.

Born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1941 Studied at University of Wisconsin (BS, 1964); University of California (MA, 1966) Lives in Pecos, New Mexico Chaconne, 1985, oil on canvas, 42 x 80". Private collection.

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ED PASCHKE.

Perception - what we experience through our sensory apparatus - is being affected by the rapid acceleration of media-related technology. Our view of the world is changing as the global environment expands by means of media accessibility, and as our information reservoir gets deeper. My belief is that these elements, for better or worse, have woven their way into the collective fabric of our lives. For me, the distinction between direct experiences and those which are modified through mass media is becoming smaller and smaller.

Born in Chicago, Illinois Studied at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (BFA, 1961); (MFA, 1970) Lives in Chicago



My installation for TV GENER. ATIONS illustrates, in a plante sense, how images are transmitted via satellite from one place to another; still it tries as suggest that when the images leave one place, by being noned in space and absorbed into the satellite, they actually reach a different world originated by the images themselves. This world lives a multiple identity. nourished by the discrepancies created by these images floating freely in the air. generating illusions of simultaneity, erasing physical space and exploding the concept of time. These ideas embody some aspects of the technology of television which fascinates me. I consider myself an international folkloric artist. I'm coincidental, having ansieties about being contemporary . . . 1 wish I were synchronous.

Born in Naples, Italy, 1958 Studied at California Institute of the Arts (BFA, 1985); (MFA, 1985) Lives in Mar Vista, California

Srephen Prins.

Born in Galesburg, Illinois Studied at Carl Sundburg College (1974); Northern Illinois University, DeKalb (BFA, 1977); California Institute of the Arm (MFA, 1980) Lives in Los Angeles

\$6 GUIDES

A COLLECTION OF THOUGHTS ABOUT TELEVISION

Edited by Barbara Kruger with contributions by Hal Foster. Carol Squiers & Phil Mariani. Rosetta Brooks. Lyn Blumen-Thal. Lynne tillman. Amy Taubin. Dan Graham. Gary Indiana. Susan Morgan. Judith Barry. Richard Prince. Larry Gross. Mark Rappaport. Charles Hagen. Dara Birnbaum. Peter Nagy. Stephen Prina. Gretchen Bender. Douglas Blau. Mick Eaton. Christopher Williams. Copyright 1985 Published by The Kuklapolitan Press.

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California A, 1980) Untitled (Generic Series), 1980, color photograph, type C print, 27 x 40". Collection of Ms Karen Comegys, Santa Monica, California.



RICHARD PRINCE.

His own desires had very little to do with what came from himself because what he put out, (at least in part) had already been out. His way to make it new was to make it again, and making it again was enough for him and certainly, personally speaking, almost him.

from Why I Go to the Movies Alone

Born in Panama Canal Zone, 1949 Lives in New York City and Los Angeles



Untitled (Generic Series), 1980, color photograph, type C print, 27 x 40". Collection of Ms Karen Comegys, Santa Monica, California.



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This piece is the first chapter of a five part narrative series that focuses on various themes from adolescence such as the Puritan influence in America, the lack of rites and structure in contemporary suburban life, the desire to look to the popular mass media for answers, and, of course, the loss of innocence. Each segment consists of approximately 20 drawings and one videotape.

Born in Midland, Michigan, 1952 Studied at the University of Michigan (BFA, 1974); California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1978) Lives in Los Angeles

My Mirage, Part I: "The Rabbit Died," 1985, mixed media, 17 x 14".



JIM SHAW.

This piece is the first chapter of a five part narrative series that focuses on various themes from adolescence such as the Puritan influence in America, the lack of rites and structure in contemporary suburban life, the desire to look to the popular mass media for answers, and, of course, the loss of innocence. Each segment consists of approximately 20 drawings and one videotape.

Born in Midland, Michigan, 1952 Studied at the University of Michigan (BFA, 1974): California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1978) Lives in Los Angeles



It is far better to know something about everything than to know all about one thing. Pascal. He that sips of many arts, drinks of none. Fuller.

HISTORY

The men who make history, have not the time to write it.

Metternich.

History cannot be more certain than when he who creates the things also narrates them.

Vico.

PROGRESS

Restlessness and discontent are the first necessities of progress.

Thomas Edison.

True progress consists not so much in increasing our needs as in diminishing our wants. Ivan Panin.

LABOR

Labor, if it were not necessary for the existence, would be indispensible for the happiness of man. Samuel Johnson.

Labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified. Hawthorne.

SUCCESS

The constant clang of your hammer means that you will succeed. The constant clang of other hammers means that you have succeeded.

The anvil lasts longer than the hammer.

MONEY

WEALTH

To despise money at the right moment is sometimes the way to make it.

Terrence.

No man needs money so much as he who despises it.

Richter.

A full cup must be carried steadily.

English Proverb.

The bigger the bankroll, the tighter the rubber band.

Born in Dayron, Ohio, 156

Studied at California Instant

the Arts (BEA, 1979); (MEL III

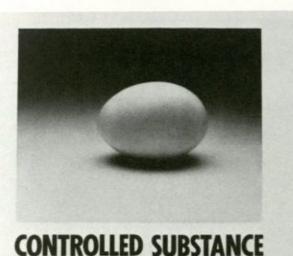
Lives in New York

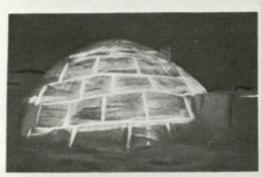
Treated & Released, oil colors on photo mural, 30 x 40" each, 30 x 120" overall.

MITCHELL SYROP.

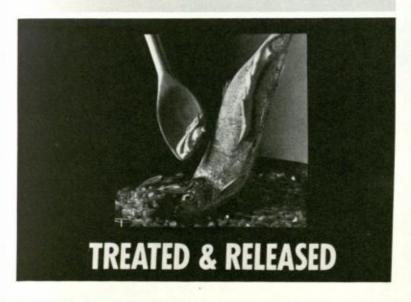
My works combine commercial photographic imagery with idiomatic expressions, cliches, catch phrases and slogans. The results frequently resemble the look of corporate advertisements. The effect, however, has more in common with psychological projection tests such as the Rorschach ink blot test. Like the Rorschach test, these works intend to reveal the identity or situation of the viewer, through the completion or interpretation of an image. Unlike the Rorschach test, my works utilize elements that seem culturally specific and non-abstract. This is meant to reference the work conceptually. The familiarity of colloquial visual and linguistic elements is used to simultaneously entice viewers and subdue their apprehension as they begin to recognize a network of ironic and paradoxical possibilities in the work. Finally, unlike the ink blot test, my works have no evaluative purpose. Instead, viewers are encouraged to recognize their own participation in, and control of, the work's significance.

Born in Yonkers, New York, 1953 Studied at the Pratt Institute (BFA, 1975); California Institute of the Arts (MFA, 1978) Lives in Los Angeles











TV Totem is a homagy popular icons that app my family's television of I was growing up in realizable. Somehow the Sophia Loren, James B. Presley, and Marilyn M. Were beamed into our the perverseness of Homanican and the properties of Homanican and the sound incarnate brought to liftick of a switch.

Born in Devonshire, Eng Studied at Cambridge C Art (LSIA, 1975) Lives in Los Angeles Connie Chung 1, 1981, enamel on board with decals in special frame, 191/2 x 231/2".

Douglas M. Parker



JEFFREY VALLANCE.

Born in Torrance, California, 1955 Studied at California State University, Northridge (BA, 1979); the Otis Art Institute of Parsons School of Design, Los Angeles (MFA, 1981)

Lives in Canoga Park, California

(213) 450 3000

Dear Mr. Vallance:

Thank you very much for your letter, newspaper clippings and the photograph of your painting. $\,$

I always find it so difficult to criticize any kind of art work. I'm really no expert! However, you definitely have some fantastic symbolism going on in the painting and I am so very flattered you chose me as your subject. Being a part of your art, it is difficult to be objective -- except to say I love it!!

Thank you again for being so nice.

Best wishes,

Jonne & CONNIE CHUNG

Mr. Jeffrey Vallance 20764 Stephanie Drive Canoga Park, California 91306

December 11, 1981

63

to the eated on set whilst iral e likes of ond, Elvis fonroe house;

land, 1954 ollege of

llywood

fe by the



Television dictates preva attitudes about the relat between sex, consumpti domination, power and lence. Media infiltration subliminal seduction. Be maining passive in the retion of dominant ideolo television, the voyeur rethe values on the screen this installation the view must assume the position the voyeur and approach keyhole through which that

Good Morning, Dear, a video installation, deals stereotypical couple's relative tape parodies the common spot in a comical narrative where the husband and ability to cope is determined their continual need to common summer, ending with the trotally frenzied by their consumption.

Born in Bronx, New York, 1 Studied at the Otis Art Insti Parsons School of Design, Lo Angeles (BFA, 1984) Lives in Los Angeles

LAWRENCE WEINER.

Born in Bronx, New York, 1942 Self-Taught Lives in New York City

CHRISTOPHER D. WILLIAMS.

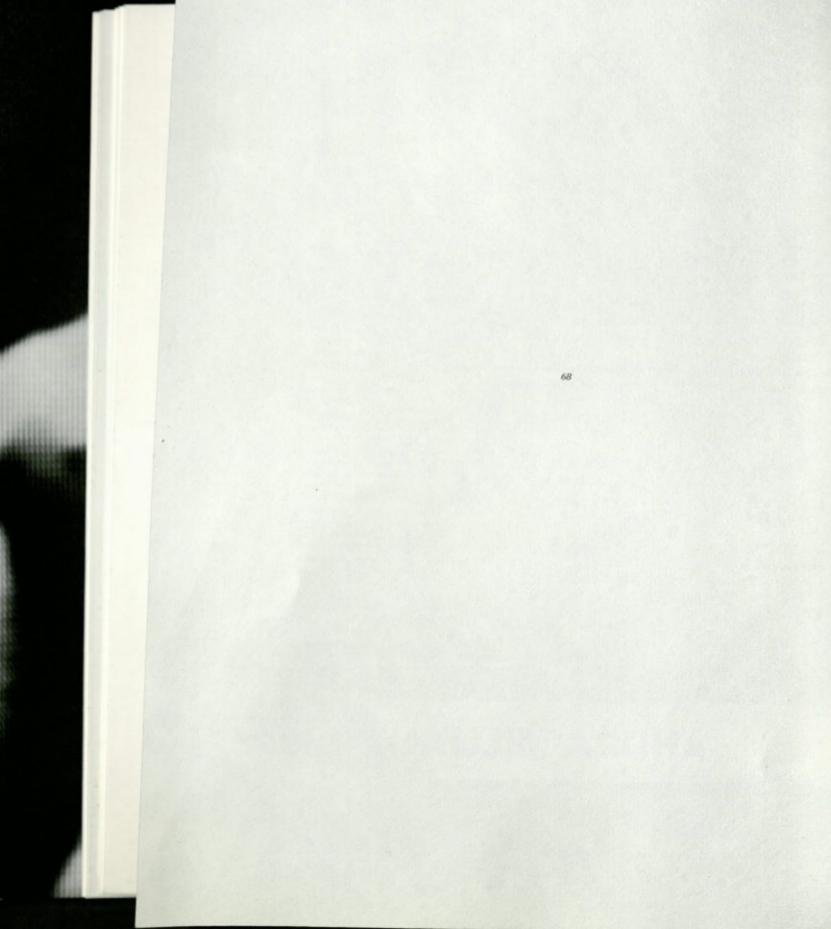
Born in Los Angeles, 1956 Studied at California Institute of the Arts (BFA, 1979); (MFA, 1981) Lives in Los Angeles Foto: Richard Landry



SHOW & TELL

NEED TO KNOW

The Paper Chase Showtime Ace Award Nominee-ess In A Dramatic Series, 1985 Jesse ABC **Guest Star** The Human Voice By Jean Cocteau The Fig Tree Theatre Hollywood, California One-Woman Show Selections From ADWEEK: Western Advertising News, Vol. XXXIV, No. 20, April 30, 1984. ed by Christopher Williams troque Liferary/Arts Center Venice, California ANDRA MILLIAM



THE NEW BUILDING

Three years ago LACE's Board of Directors, staff, and advisory committees determined the need to provide appropriate facilities in the areas of video, performance, books, and static work for the artists and the audiences we serve. The search for a new building commenced with the help of Jon Peterson, downtown developer and artist, and Ari Sikora from the Los Angeles Community Redevelopment Agency (C.R.A.). The fire was fueled by an Advancement Grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and a strong commitment from Ed Helfeld, the Administrator of the C.R.A., to help fund the rehabilitation. In the Winter of 1984 a building was found and purchased with the assistance of Robert Looker, Michael Kamen, and Marvin Zeidler: a recoverable grant from L.I.S.C. (a consortium of Ahmanson Foundation, the William & Flora Hewlett Foundation, MCA Foundation, Pacific Bell Foundation, and the San Francisco Foundation). through the help of West Coast director Henry Mestre; a grant from the Atlantic Richfield Foundation with the help of Anna Arrington; and most importantly, a strongly committed Board of Directors led by Chairman Robert Walker.

Once purchased, the C.R.A.'s Board of Directors, through the tremendous efforts of Ed Helfed, Patricia Sterne, and Don Cosgrove, approved a low interest construction loan, and LACE was finally on its way. I am grateful to all of the aforementioned and following individuals and organizations who have given so generously of their time, talents, expertise, and financial support towards making this dream a reality. Jon Peterson and Michael Tansey have

been the pillars of support for the entire project along with Jon Thogmartin who served as architect. Al Nodal, another mainstay of this project has been invaluable to us by giving sound advice and encouragement. Sal Altamarino of Councilman Gilbert Lindsay's office guided us through the arduous processes at City Hall. Bill lones, Bob Edwards, and Gerald Saulet have overseen the construction for the C.R.A., keeping us on track. Our contractor Dick Carr and labor supervisor Don Chan kept everything going in spite of limited resources. Ray Steinberg engineered all earthquake work. Francy Balcomb and Carolyn Campbell provided countless hours of professional advice on public relations. Laurie Haycock and Tom Kienberger created new business cards, stationary, and bookstore design. Chevron U.S.A. Inc., with the help of Linda Van Heertun, funded our opening event. The poster, hors d'oeuvres, and drinks for the opening event were provided by Cointreau America, Inc., with the help of Betty Jo Tilley from Kip Morrison and Associates. Gai Gherardi has shared with us her invaluable resources. aiding, among other things, the construction of our Video Screening Room. Special thanks must go to the staff of LACE: Nancy Barton, Anne Bray, Weba Garretson, Jim Isermann, Jeff Mann, Deborah Relyea, Michelle Rudnick, Judith Teitelman, and Lucy. for their hard work, long hours, and dedication. I particularly want to thank them for putting up with the months of dust, noise, and upheaval.

I am especially grateful to the LACE SUPPORTERS whose names are listed in this catalogue — patrons of the Arts in this city who were willing to take a chance.

Many other people have helped in our final stages of completion, the information for which was not available at the time of this printing. To those people and anyone else who I may have inadvertently missed, many, many thanks.

LACE is devoted to fostering experimentation in the fields of video art, new music, new dance, multi-media work, performance art, artist books, painting, sculpture, installations, and all new art forms; and to serving the artists of our time. LACE is committed to paying honoraria to all of its presenting and exhibiting artists; to giving artists control over the presentation of their works; and to giving artists serious involvement in the organization itself through membership on our Board of Directors, staff, and various selection committees. LACE is dedicated to taking the risks which are often necessary when presenting the newest and most uncompromising art currently being produced.

All of the people mentioned above deserve the sincerest thanks for their efforts in nuturing young artists and new art forms by their commitment to helping LACE survive and grow. This building stands as a tribute to these people and the artists of Los Angeles.

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