

APPENDICES  
ILLUSTRATIONS &  
NOTES

TERENCE GOWER & MÓNICA DE LA TORRE

## APPENDICES, ILLUSTRATIONS & NOTES

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# APPENDICES, ILLUSTRATIONS & NOTES

compiled by Terence Gower and Mónica de la Torre

Smart Art Press  
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## APPENDICES, ILLUSTRATIONS & NOTES

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## **APPENDIX I**

Following are facsimiles of four letters selected from  
Dr. Jacob C. Glassman's 1988 to 1989 patient study.

November 2, 1988

Doctor Glassman,

Artifacts in my life have taken on human, or should I say monstrous, proportions. I know you know that I am referring to my phone problem. Every time it rings I hear a baby whining, which, under different circumstances, could be considered pleasurable. The real problem is the guilt that overcomes me after not picking up. I feel like I just let a child die of starvation or suffocate by its own cries.

The last time it happened I felt so bad that I went to the ATM a couple of blocks away, where I knew a homeless man would be opening the door for people, and I gave him all my laundry quarters (the only change I had). I came home feeling a little better, but then I heard my messages and realized that the caller had dialed a wrong number.

What I just described is just one aspect of a more complicated issue. There are other times when I am about to not answer the phone, when I curse at it, abhorring the interruption, only to discover myself picking up and looking forward to the moment when the question of Who could possibly be calling is answered. Then suddenly an avid voice comes out of me, responds with enthusiasm, and surprises me with its ease when talking to the other. It's a voice without a body, a voice that sounds like me but isn't me, a voice that makes plans without consulting me. It's a spirit that dreads the moment when the conversation is over because it knows that it will cease to exist. In order to survive, it forces me to listen to things I could care less about.

I waste my time, Doctor, and you know how that can make me regress. But I won't try to draw any conclusions, which, according to you, are artificial. I won't say I once drew an umbilical cord in the shape of a telephone wire or tell you how suspicious I am of cordless artifacts, even microphones.

December 13, 1988

Dear Dr. Glassman,

My older sister has been bossing me around lately and asking me whether I think I am qualified for the future or not. She suggests that my ineptitude for accomplishing daily obligations will increase exponentially in relation to the amount of time I spend thinking. I explain to her that I am not really engaged in thinking about anything except thinking. She always replies that because of this I'll never get married. "Marriage is for those who don't feel tied down because of the choices they made five minutes ago," and I agree with her, although at this moment I am not sure of how much.



February 4, 1989

Glassman,

It is Sunday and I dreamt that a couple died on me and my boyfriend. The four of us were sharing the same room at a motel in Moscow, Idaho. We refused to be blamed for their deaths, so instead of calling the police we carried the corpses around with us during our travels. We planned to leave them somewhere else and make it seem as if they had committed suicide by taking poison, yet we couldn't do anything because we were always surrounded by other people. No one left us alone, and people around us acted as if they were at a permanent party.

I had a minute to myself and went to check on the corpses: I discovered they were none other than my Aunt Martha and her Chihuahua dog Pupi.

April 10, 1989

Doctor Glassman,

Before I keep revealing myself I'd like to get something off my chest. I know it might inconvenience you, but there's something you keep doing during my sessions which makes me quite self-conscious. You might not have noticed that lately, right in the middle of my session, for no apparent reason you take your shoes off, which, to say the least, makes me think that I am boring you, that you aren't paying any attention to the things I say. To me it's a clear symptom of daydreaming. Then you start rubbing your feet against each other in a slightly compulsive manner. I sincerely wish you would stop such childish behavior. Why do I have to be aware of every little thing I say or do and let you get away with the things that to me, obviously, are charged with subliminal meaning? I leave the answer to this question up to you, the specialist.

## **APPENDIX II**

Following is reproduced the body of a letter of acceptance from the Dr. Ota Memorial Southern-Hemisphere Artists' Studio Program in Osaka, Japan.

Osaka, Japan, September 1994

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am the director of the Dr. Ota Memorial Southern-Hemisphere Artists' Studio Program here at the University.

I must admit outright that I've never seen a single work of yours. Nor have I read or overheard anything really concrete on the subject (you're a sculptor?).

Nevertheless, the rumours I overhear about your work place it in the most positive light. I distinctly remember hearing your name mentioned at a summer reception at the home of Prof. Kenzo Tomo. A small group of guests (their names escape me now) were speaking very enthusiastically about your work "Empty Museum" (or "M.T. Museum". . . does this sound familiar?). Truth be told, I can't recount a single detail of the work other than this fragment of its title, but the excitement and engagement with which the work was discussed truly impressed me.

I recently reviewed the fellowship applications for our upcoming studio program. Though you were not on the list of applicants, a colleague of mine mentioned that several years ago you had expressed interest in our program. It appears that we have too little time for you to send me documentation about you and your work before I must make a decision about the next participant in our program. But remembering again the very positive words that I have frequently overheard with regard to your work, I thought we could certainly benefit from your presence here at the University. It is thus my great honour to be able to invite you to Osaka to participate in our next residency.

Details of the program will follow at a later date.

Yours very sincerely,

Walter Carlsen

## **APPENDIX III**

The following overview of the broad stylistic range in art and literary reviews has been excerpted from the guide *Become Your Own Critic* (Skima Books, 1998).

## Review Subgenera

### I. Favorable reviews, in which praise is predominant.

- a. Praise derives from an intelligent observation.
- b. Praise derives from lack of analysis.
- c. Praise derives from the critics' need to call attention to themselves and from their coherent decision to write about a work of unquestionable genius.
- d. Praise derives from the surprise of critics, for they had so few expectations that they turned out to be satisfied.

### II. Reviews intended to be favorable, which result in failure.

- a. Failure as result of a poor word choice that does not live up to the quality of the work, or artist, in question, such as:
  1. Lack of restraint in the use of adjectives.
  2. Presence of a string of clauses, adjectives, nouns, and even pronouns, which cancel each other out.
- b. Failure as a result of a bad choice on the part of the reviewer, who wanted to applaud work of little merit but ran out of things to say after writing the first sentence of his critical assessment.

### III. Unfavorable reviews.

- a. With prevailing signs of the critics' frustration, for the pieces in question failed to meet their expectations because:
  1. Something better was expected.
  2. Something different was expected.
- b. With prevailing signs of the critics' joy, for bad art fuels their imagination.
- c. With prevailing signs of the critics' contradictory thinking patterns, for it is obvious that they like what they chose to write about much more than they reveal in their review.

## IV. Unreliable reviews.

a. Reviews with no clear purpose in which meaningless verbal constructions abound, accompanied by commonplaces coined by famous critics or philosophers:

1. Who have fallen into disrepute.
2. Whose thought is as ambiguous as to apply to everything always.
3. Whose ideas are debunked on a close-to-daily basis.

b. Reviews in which critics' flagrant display of knowledge conceals the fact that they hardly considered the art in question and that all sorts of preconceived ideas about other people's work were projected onto it.

c. Obsessive reviews that lead nowhere.

d. Reviews mass-produced with slight variations in each individual case.

e. Reviews that serve as a platform for the discussion of foreign ideas.

1. Interesting ideas.
2. Boring ideas.

f. Reviews that paraphrase:

1. With a surprising degree of accuracy.
2. With an appalling degree of inaccuracy.

g. Reviews which, fearing to be didactic, become cryptic and pay a disservice to the work in question.

## **APPENDIX IV**

Following are excerpts from eight reviews, interviews, and exhibition texts written over a twenty-five-year period. These short texts span the eras of Conceptual, Neo-Conceptual, and Post-Conceptual art. As the reader will quickly notice, these selections have been reproduced here to chart the evolution of a single idea through time.



**Artists launch rebellion against “the object.”**

A new generation of artists, often referred to as “Conceptual artists,” are “stripping down” their work in an attempt to address what they perceive as an “increasing materialism” in much of the art of the past decades! The unofficial spokesman for this movement is probably Willie Corona, the author of “Conceptual Art Notions,” regarded by many to be the “Conceptualist Manifesto.” Corona believes that “ideas can be works of art” and that “all ideas need not be made physical.” Well, one artist has really taken this “notion” to heart. Her name is Wanda Carsen and she has decided to fill a New York gallery with . . . nothing! The gallery remains empty during the one-month duration of the “show.” We contacted Wynonna Crabbs, the owner of the Wynonna Crabbs Gallery, to find out what the commercial prospects of this kind of show might be! “Oh, I just love these new artists. I love their ideas, I love how they live, I love this whole *débat* they have with their own culture!” With that kind of endorsement, these new artists can’t go wrong!

### **Olga Holmes Gallery**

Visitors to the Olga Holmes Gallery this month would have seen little more than empty frames and display cases, the result of artist Oliver Hansen's self-avowed pursuit of "nothingness." The framed mats and the glass cases seemed to be awaiting the content of the exhibition. If the viewer were to look to the layout of the showcases and frames for some sign of the artist's involvement, they would have been sorely disappointed. The artist did not even arrange these elements himself, but hired professional designers to take care of the plan of the exhibition. Hansen seems to have rejected the rules of the art world as a strategy to make his existence known—though judging by his lack of involvement with his own work, he seems to despise the artist's signature. Eventually this exhibition forces the viewer to try to find meaning in the exhibition space itself, but it fails to provide even this, and the viewer is left with nothing but the aura of denial.  
—Peter Ho

*“Aesthetic enjoyment of art in the bourgeois sense is denied; no sign of creative production is evident.”*

## ***Leere Vitrinen und Bilderrahmen!***

APPENDIX IVB : THE EARLY 1980S : THE NEW CONCEPTUALISM  
L.A. WEEKLY SEPTEMBER 11, 1982

(SEE : ILLUSTRATION IV)

APPENDIX IVC: THE EARLY 1990S : BEYOND CONCEPTUALISM  
*BREEZE* OCTOBER 2, 1991

EXCERPTED FROM R. SLAUGHTER'S REVIEW OF "SHOW," CURATED BY W. CARLSEN

Empty frames, empty showcases, unadorned plinths: All of these components (which constitute the work in "Show") are concerned with meditation and denial. The works deny the viewer access to meaning. At the same time, the works are their meaning. They are the spiritual equivalent of a pair of pajamas without buttons.

Carlsen, at the end of his catalogue essay, writes: "'Show' will not stay in place. It has already taken place, and is about to take place. It is within the bounds of the gallery walls, and yet it is infinitely boundless. There is no show . . ."

TT: This façade of order is at the same time an interrogation of that very order. Your coördinations are in fact also disjunctions, in the Deleuzian sense of disjunctive syntheses. What you assemble hangs on a reconciliation, but it is that very reconciliation which separates and creates the divergence. And the empty spaces you create are neither empty nor spaces, but this floating junction of the “and” which is above all a productive relation.

CC: It's true that the appearance suggests an order, but the coördination is such that it instills a sense of disorder. Ultimately, the order of the exhibition is random. What we end up with then, through this superficial order which ultimately doesn't exist at all, is a certain form of irony (I always use an ironic background for constructive images). Something is manifest, but it really only exists elsewhere. My work is in fact about exactly that disjunction, that difference between entropy and pathos.

Germer's idiosyncratic form of institutional critique, represented here in his "Ins(tall)ations," is decoded by Tim Baraszewski when he writes that, "the exhibition space itself becomes the object of the exhibition, the subject of a representation, the place of the object remaining empty, whereby the object finds itself both circumscribed and lost, describing in its invariability only the space itself, and the question being one of producing nothing, of producing something which works in a representation and manifests itself, even while being nothing . . ."

## **APPENDIX V**

The following exhibition proposal was discovered in the “Rejected Proposals” files of the Fine Arts Gallery in Princeton, British Columbia.



## **ORTHO : A Pictorial Investigation of the Notion of Correction**

### **Concept**

*Ortho- : [f. Greek orthos straight, right + -o-] 1 Used in words with the senses "straight, rectangular, upright," "normal, proper, correct." 2 Chem. (Freq. italicized.) a) Forming names of salts and acids containing one molecule of water more than a corresponding meta-compound. b) Denoting substitution in a benzene ring at adjacent carbon atoms. 2 Physics & Chem. Denoting the fact of having parallel spins (opp. PARA-1 4).*

*NOTE: The exhibition will focus mostly on the first definition of the word, although some artworks featured will tangentially address the meanings of the term in different contexts as described in other art-historical documents.*

### **Premise**

*There are many layers to the "straightness" that the artworks displayed in ORTHO will address. All art, be it representational, conceptual, ephemeral, performance, and/or gestural –whether advertently or not – is ultimately concerned with the act of correcting some social malaise, with perfecting some vision of utopia.*

*On the other hand, as we are all very much aware, for the last thirty years the notion of political correctness has defined cultural production within global culture. The result has been the homogenization of aesthetic endeavors, a flattening out of those elements in art that reflect an idiosyncratic view of life and society.*

### **Artists**

#### Sculpture

*Eddy Baroa*

*Untitled Series, 1996*

*One hundred and forty miniature torture instruments designed to punish fictional crimes.*

*Gregorio Escala*

*Frena Tus Caballos/Hold Your Horses, 1978*

*Self-taught orthodontics practiced on six horse skulls gathered during a journey from New Mexico to the desert of San Luis Potosí, Mexico.*

Gregorio Escala

Society's Beast, 1976

*An ambitious ceramic work depicting a Centaur trapped inside a solitary confinement cell.*

### Painting and Drawing

Frida Kahlo

The Bus, 1944

*This work depicts the moment when this leading Mexican artist was struck by a trolley, the tragic accident which crippled her forever and which she was only able to overcome through the act of painting.*

Linda Day

Good Manners, 1982

*A series of seven pornographic drawings/interventions done over the pages of A Proper Girl's Guide to Good Manners.*

### Installation

Malina Maley

Embrace, 1999

*A site-specific work evocative of the brace Maley was forced to wear during adolescence to treat mild scoliosis, consisting of three elements: a floor installation of close-up photographs of Maley's skin abrasions caused by the orthopedic device; a willow stump girdled by the brace itself; and a seventeen foot high chicken-wire construction.*

### Video

Sabino Bustello

Untitled, 1998

*An homage to his childhood years, a single-channel work showing trained orthoptera jumping at a circus in Naples.*

## **ILLUSTRATIONS**



Aurora Sublime is the author of two minor books of essays, *Beware of the Socia(l)ite* and *Go, Girl!*, both of which gathered the weekly editorials she wrote for *The Mountain Times* between 1982 and 1987. She was born in Vermont in 1949 and has spent most of her adult life in megalopolises such as Calcutta and Los Angeles.

She describes the moment when she realized she suffered from amnesia as the second most liberating experience (after death). Deeply inspired, she traveled to Vermont to take up a calling to discover her natural identity. *Melancholy Vermont* is her attempt to remember and put into words the imperturbable silence of Vermont's mountains. Most of *Melancholy Vermont* was written in a bus station cafeteria.



*“An astounding proof that nothing is ever final.”*

—Arthur Bloomfield

*“The longer it takes you to read it, the less you’ll enjoy it!”*

—Mindy Frost, *Louisiana Review*

<p>ARS .</p> <p><b>aurora sublime</b></p>	<p><b>aurora sublime</b></p> <p>melancholy vermont</p>
<p>melancholy vermont</p>	

ILLUSTRATION II : AUTHOR RESEMBLANCE  
*THE END OF KNOWING*



**Tipper Roach** was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1954. After dropping out of Princeton University, where she had been pursuing a joint degree in Anthropology and Critical Studies, she traveled to Mexico. In Mexico City she met the renowned Portuguese artist Bernardo Soares, who convinced her to travel to Oaxaca with him to meet the famous Zopateca sorceress María Sabana. After working closely with her, Roach and Soares decided to stay in Oaxaca to found a Montessori school for children of the Juchitán region and its surroundings. Soares soon grew to resent Juchitán's matriarchal society and embarked on a trip back to Lisbon. Ms. Roach stayed in Oaxaca, where she wrote *The End of Knowing* and continued to direct the school until it was sold to a famous local artist. Unidentifiable sources maintain that during the 1980s she had an intimate relationship with Do, the controversial leader of the Heaven's Gate religious sect that committed collective suicide in 1997. Her writings have acquired obscure connotations since this rumor was circulated.

r e a l i t y **rb** b o o k s

Tipper Roach

**THE END of KNOWING**

rb



**THE END**  
*of*  
**KNOWING**

Tipper Roach

ILLUSTRATION III : AUTHOR RESEMBLANCE  
*THE NIGHTINGALE IS DEAD*

“Superbly well written, a revelatory exploration of the mysterious connections between love, sleep, and death.”

—Pablo Morones, *Cigar Aficionado*



The daughter of the famous crooner Jay “Nightingale” Morse, author Tali Morse writes fictionalized accounts of the strange things she has experienced or witnessed in her life, including sleepwalking, head-banging, and other ailments.



rise

*The Nightingale*

## LYNDA HELMET, AGAIN!

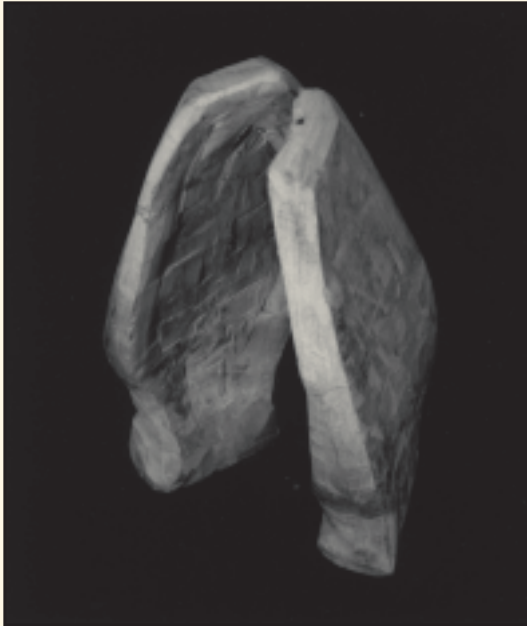
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A pioneer of the Los Angeles conceptual art scene has returned after almost a decade in New York. Ms. Helmet opens the season at Jeffrey Werner with a refreshing rearticulation of the critique of materialism she helped introduce to the West Coast in the early seventies. Helmet's work from that time was in keeping with the very reduced form of West Coast conceptual work of the period. Her installations often consisted solely of alterations to the lighting or wall colors of the exhibition space.



During her stay in New York, Helmet became more preoccupied with reproduction and its meanings, and the rubber stamp became her main vehicle of expression. Now back on the West Coast, she has returned to the simplicity and purity of her earlier work. Her new installation highlights the characteristic features of the gallery interior: the white walls, bare floors, and overhead lighting. The space is totally empty—there is nothing to see except the gallery itself. The viewer is confronted in a paradoxical way with the installation “Jeffrey Werner Gallery” within the Jeffrey Werner Gallery. On view until October 13.

### **3.04 The Praying Hands**



An anonymous work from the mid 1960s, probably Italian, made from a clay found only in Calabrian sewers. The work shows influences both Eastern and Western, contemporary and historical.

When the piece was recently unearthed in Worcestershire, England, it was immediately attributed to Priiti, a student of Brancusi who kept a studio very near the Vatican and may have been influenced by court sculptors working in the Post-Vatican II style. However, the crudely gouged and chipped surface of the piece could also be said to resemble the surface treatments of Françoise Louche, who was known to have been passing through Rome at the time.

Three layers of ceramic glaze have been removed in the restoration process in an attempt to match the piece to the artist's original vision. The underlying clay has been exposed, showing off its characteristic colour, described by Brancusi as "shite-brown."

ILLUSTRATION VI : A PRINTING ERROR?  
ORIGIN/AL MIS-TAKES 1

Photograph : Manuel Schmettau



**Lee Green** is the author of two books: *Sleepwalker* (1994), a novel, and *The Black Box* (1990), a collection of essays. A regular contributor to *The New York Review of Books* and *The New Republic*, Green lives in Brooklyn in the company of two daughters.

MARGINAL BOOKS

- Origin/al Mis-*takes*

Lee Green

# Origin/al Mis-*takes*

Lee Green



ILLUSTRATION VII : A PRINTING ERROR?  
*ORIGIN/AL MIS-TAKES 2*

Photograph : Manuel Schmeltau



**Lee Green** is the author of two books: *Sleepwalker* (1994), a novel, and *The Black Box* (1990), a collection of essays. A regular contributor to *The New York Review of Books* and *The New Republic*, Green lives in Brooklyn in the company of two daughters.

MARGINAL BOOKS

Photograph: Manuel Schmettau



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MARGINAL BOOKS

## Camp Review

P.O. Box 75 Dingman's Ferry, PA 02701

February 19, 1997

Dear Ms. Ars,

We enjoyed reading your "experimental writings."  
We regret to inform you, however, that the editorial  
board unanimously determined that your experiments in  
generating favorable readers' responses have failed.

Keep trying, easy does it!

Camp Review



IV/10/1989

Dear Mr. Lewis,

Thank you for submitting such interesting samples of your work to *Opinion*. You might imagine that as an editor of a university literary journal, I have academic obligations that make it impossible for me to elaborate on the reasons why I choose not to publish certain materials. Needless to say, time restrictions make it sacrilegious for me to write these reasons down in a presentable format.

It is not to flatter you that I chose to break my editorial habits this time. First of all, let me say that I am baffled by the fact that someone like you constitutes a part of our readership. Quite frankly, I believe the articles and literature that we publish demand a certain degree of intelligence on the part of our readers. The single-mindedness of your chauvinistic, political, and aesthetic manifestos, not to mention your horrifying spelling mistakes, make me suspect you have probably never even looked at the covers of our journal.

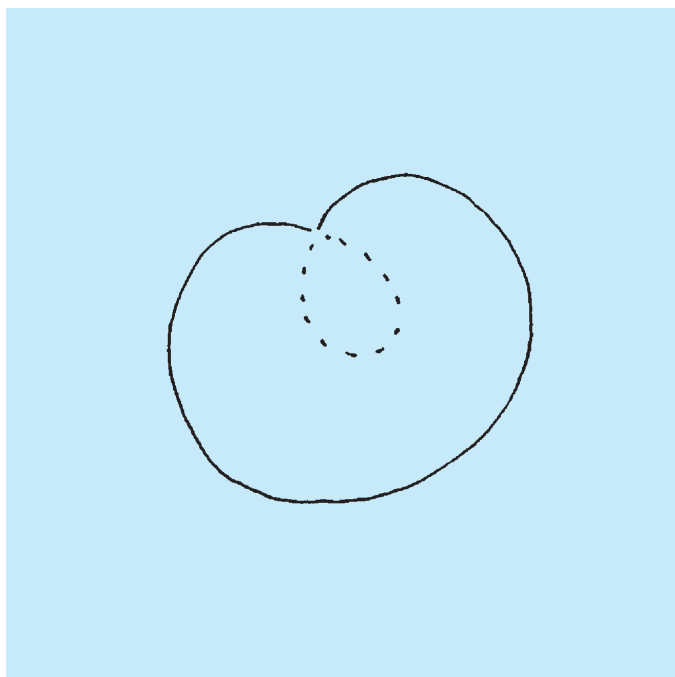
I think you might have found our address in *Literary Marketplace*, that pricey publication for needy writers without imagination, initiative, or a single clue as to how literary endeavors are to be approached.

Unless you find it objectionable, I will send your pieces to the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who quite certainly will be willing to include an extract of them in their "Readings" section as an example of the ominous backwardness now so prevalent in this country.

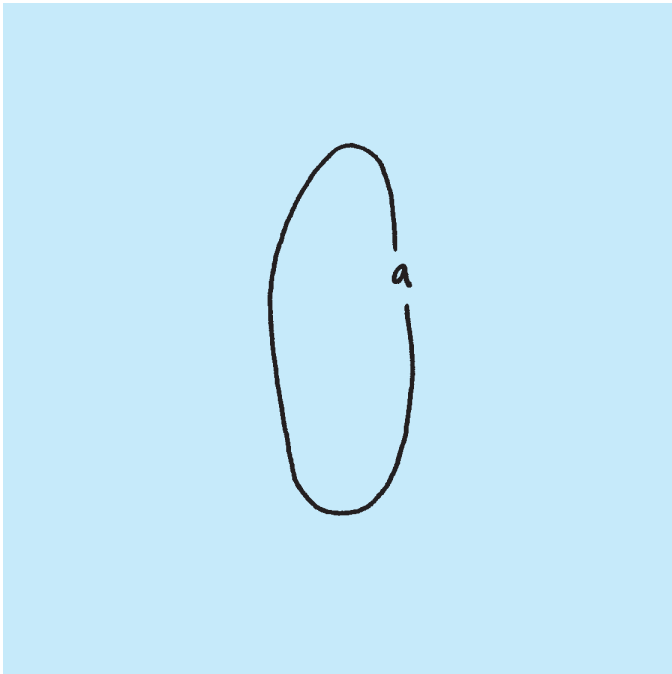
Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'A. J. Lewis', written in a cursive style.

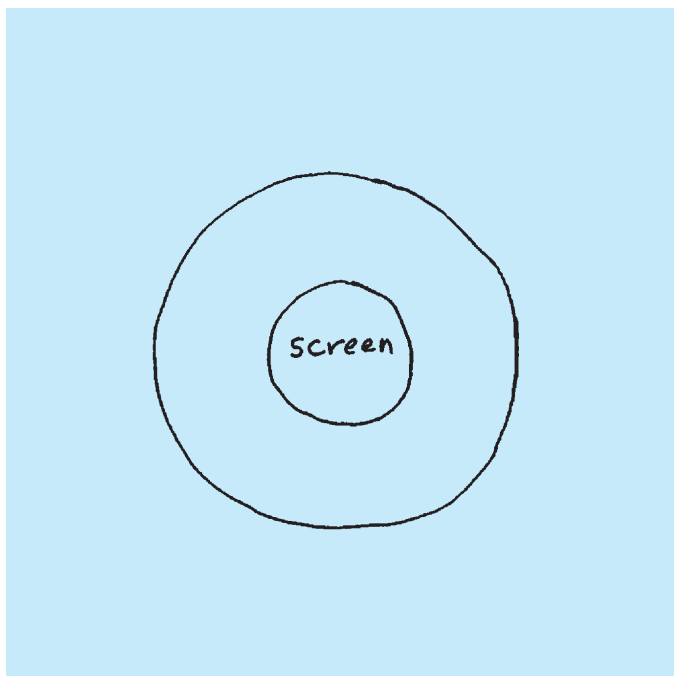
The Editor in Chief



The interior 8



Schema of the hoop net



Reality is marginal

## **NOTES**

NOTE 1

FOR THOSE READERS UNFAMILIAR WITH KONING'S WORK, WE ATTACH THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT TAKEN FROM VOLUME IV OF *APNEA DIGEST*.

I have never understood a single word Jerome Koning has ever written. I will never cease to admire his self-confidence and ability to avoid the effacing consequences of self-censorship. Let us take a look at his poem "Checkers," for instance:

God is subatomic like a  
morsel of shoes that  
landed from Mars the next  
morning. If only you picked up the  
banana peel I would stop chewing this stuffy  
pillow. Mother  
never liked mothballs, right hon? I once knew a  
pervert, though.

He addresses the problem of interpretation so directly his work will always arouse irritation and generate aversion among aesthetes. Why in the world would anyone write that? Who does he think he is? Who does he write for? In keeping with Jakobson's (op. cit.) mentioned theories, the most suitable way to describe Koning's work in a single sentence is "What?"

FOR YEARS WE HAVE STUDIED THE STRATEGIES OF YONI KA, A MEMBER OF THE BORDERLINE POETICS MOVEMENT. IN THE FOLLOWING TEXT, THOMAS ACHESON ATTEMPTS TO ELUCIDATE SOME OF THE ELEMENTS THAT GENERATE SUCH STRONG IMPRESSIONS IN READERS.

Horror was the first thing that came to my mind when I discovered the poetry of Yoni Ka. The horror of breathing calmly while she had thrust herself into the deepest abyss of despair, the horror of sitting comfortably in a chair while she had lost all trace of reason in order to write what I was now reading. Ka makes one think that her life's only purpose is to create the poem, that she is willing to make herself endure a series of excruciating situations in order to achieve what she considers masterpieces. Her strategies are widely known: to contemplate how people lose their patience she will try to catch a cab at rush hour at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, only on rainy days; she'll unnecessarily ride subways for twelve hours without interruption for five days in a row to get a glimpse of human fauna. Some say she even sleeps with men she dislikes—both physically and mentally—in order to decode what it means to be unsatisfied. The following excerpt from her poem “It was fine until I discovered your bad breath” illustrates this: *“A hole in my tooth is larger than your brain. / It was amusing somehow / to breathe the sour ale you exhaled / and drift away like a fake orgasm.”*

Her sordid images have an uncanny way of captivating the reader's attention: pungent corpses in locked apartments, madmen masturbating, anorexic nannies singing lullabies to plump and rosy babies, senile prostitutes. The world Yoni Ka observes is not pretty. Her strange power lies in her ability to make the poems readable in their roughness. I have yet to discover how she manages to make us turn the page. Dumb and confused, I think I understand her call: the world is hospitable despite its ugliness. In fact, it is hospitable because it entitles us with reasons and occasions to raise our voices in protest.

Presented in Illustrations I, II, and III are reproductions of the covers of three books which had each been entered in the Fire Hall Writers' Competition of 1982. Neither *Melancholy Vermont*, *The End of Knowing*, nor *The Nightingale Is Dead* won the competition in question, though the first was immediately optioned by a film studio from the Northeast.

What is surprising is the fact that all of these books were published, although by presses of varying repute. We collected these three copies due to the fact that their titles had sounded familiar at the time we stumbled across them in various used bookstores. After all, we had been two of the judges in the competition mentioned above, and we had decided at the time that none of their very disparate stories was of a quality to merit the competition prize. However, upon second perusal so many years later, all three held some interest for us, perhaps due to what follows:

Once the books had found their way to the large table in the middle of our library (prior to being shelved—an activity that is sometimes put off for years!), we found ourselves absentmindedly glancing over their covers. We were immediately struck by the unmistakable resemblance between the authors pictured on the back covers of the books. There was no doubt in our minds (and we remain doubtless) that the authors depicted on all three covers were one and the same person, despite the fact that the names and biographies varied.

The most striking element of all of this is that it's more than an eerie case of pseudonymous authorship; if the author had chosen to shield her identity she would certainly not have had herself depicted on the publication's very cover. We leave it up to readers to come to their own conclusion regarding this remarkable case of author resemblance.



Three copies of Lee Green's *Origin/al Mis-takes* (Marginal Press, 1986) have found their way into our library.

When we first read this unusual postmodern novel, what caught our attention was not the quality or content of the text, but rather the information presented on the book's back cover—the author's photograph and biographical note. We were struck by how, when gazing at the author's portrait, his identity seemed to oppose that of the book's supposed narrator.

Soon a second copy of this book came into our possession and, lo and behold, the book was the same in every way except for a different author's picture. This individual appeared to be an even more incongruous character when held up to the book's content.

The third copy of this book, discovered on a friend's bookshelf and donated to our growing collection, presented yet a third identity for our author. It hardly seemed possible, but this person appeared even more unlikely as the book's narrator.

Subsequent sightings of this book have all turned up the same three authors whose images are reproduced in these illustrations.

NOTE 5

THE AUTHOR'S NAME

THE FOLLOWING LONG QUOTATION IS FROM A LETTER DATED DECEMBER 6, 1989, AND ADDRESSED TO A DR. GLASSMAN. WE FOUND IT FOLDED INSIDE A COPY OF THE NOVEL *ORIGIN/AL MIS-TAKES* BY LEE GREEN. OF PARTICULAR INTEREST IS THE HIGHLIGHTED PARAGRAPH (THIS SECTION RELATES TO THE PHRASE IN QUESTION.)

I know. It's inappropriate that I write to you now, when it's been so long since I quit seeing you. I do wonder, however, why you never called me? What if I had suffered a terrible accident? What if I had committed suicide or done something awful? You let me go just like that, owing you more than a thousand dollars. I just could not see myself going to you again after running into you at that restaurant with that woman who is probably your wife. All of a sudden you became a person like all others, who giggles on the phone and is prone to making stupid observations about life.

I am experiencing an enormous difficulty, Doctor, and it is for that reason that I chose to break my silence and write to you again. A couple of weeks ago I read an article about solitary confinement in the newspaper. The writer's aim was to alert criminal institutions to the counter-effects of such a form of punishment, which besides deranging the prisoner to the point of severe self-mutilation eventually throws onto the streets a beast utterly unfit for society.

I have obsessed about this to such an extent that I suspect I have developed paranoia. When I'm alone, of course. When I am not alone but out on the streets, I behave and feel misanthropic. I am repulsed by children in the subway with stuffy jackets and clingy hands, I see long-nailed women eating chips and candy for breakfast, I listen to fools rave about ugliness, I hear people celebrate stupidity and drink themselves to the point of speechlessness. I listen to people utter words like "oops" and "gee."

When I am quiet, I hear much more noise inside my head. Words on paper are the only words I listen to; they silence the bustle. Spoken words make me lose focus. I can't understand people because I don't listen to their voices. When I read I am oblivious to the idea of a writer as one of the individuals I encounter outside; I deceive myself to the point that paper, whiteness, and its contrast with black ink become an entity. When I see books on shelves at bookstores or libraries or when I read articles in newspapers or magazines, the authors' names leap into my imagination; they grow, take on more than human proportions. There's nothing left for me to do but to keep silent. I am surrounded by the ghostly figures of the writers that I read and of the people that they speak about. Nothing I can think makes any sense next to the perfection of their clean articulated thoughts. It's terrifying.





## Recommended Reading

Due to the great attention that this supplement received prior to its publication, we received many requests from enthusiastic readers for a list of recommended readings that would extend beyond the usefulness of a simple bibliography.

After a painstaking review of our many sources of inspiration, we managed to compile the following list.

1. Patchett, T. *The Short Story of the Long History of Bergamot Station*. Los Angeles: SAP, 199?. Vol. I, no. 5.
2. Butler, C. H. *The Power of Suggestion: Narrative and Notation in Contemporary Drawing*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1997. Published in association with The Museum of Contemporary Art. Vol. III, no. 25.
3. Zakian, M., and Cohen, Alain J. J. *Russell Forester: Unauthorized Biography*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1997. Vol. III, no. 28.
4. Vallance, J. *Blinky, The Friendly Hen*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1995. Vol. II, no. 15.
5. Rath, A. *Plants, Animals, People, Machines*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1995. Vol. I, no. 9.
6. Wells, C. et al. *Blood, Sweat & Tears: Political Art from Northern Ireland, the Spanish Civil War, and the Streets of Los Angeles*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1997. Vol. III, no. 30.
7. Oguibe, O. *Cross/ing: Time\*Space\*Movement*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1998. Vol. V, no. 43.
8. Grimes, C. *Amnesia*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1998. Vol. V, no. 48.
9. Ziff, T. *Hidden Truths: Bloody Sunday 1972*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1998. Vol. VI, no. 51.
10. Cameron, D. *Lewis de Soto*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1998. Vol. IV, no. 39.
11. Tashjian, D. *Man Ray: Paris>>L.A.* Los Angeles: SAP, 1996. Vol. II, no. 17.
12. Rosenthal, R. *Tatti Wattles—A Love Story*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1996. Vol. II, no. 20.
13. Hansen, B. and A. *Playing with Matches*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1998. Vol. IV, no. 40.
14. Knode, M. *Love at the End of the Tunnel, or The Beginning of a Smart New Day*. Los Angeles: SAP, 1998. Vol. V, no. 41.

Though there have been many debates and disagreements during the course of our work on this supplement, we could not agree more on how much we owe to Professor Wilma Butts, the guiding light of this endeavor.