

A BOOKMAN'S HOLIDAY: on the road with jah

FROM BOOKWORKS TO BUCHMESSE

LONDON

Arriving in London in sunshine at dawn, it seemed a portent of coming events for the rest of the five weeks. A big surprise, indeed, and a warm sun too. I cannot tell you all details of this trip, but I will concentrate on books and on people, the very accents in my return to Europe after a two-year gap. England had become more computerized, and many families were now running home to their computers, but as a whole, things had not progressed, except for a few changes. Nigel Greenwood had changed his address to 4 New Burlington Street and it is a splendid space, indeed. The opening for Marc C. Chaimowicz featured not only paintings and sketches, and a wall of wallpaper as well, but material from his new book, *Café du Rêve*, recently published by Thames & Hudson and Editions du Regard from Paris. The book service and exhibition space for books is ample and it is at 4 New Burlington Street, to reiterate.

The surprise of London was the Saatchi Collection, now open to the public on Fridays and Saturdays. At an unmarked door at 98A Boundary Road, the bell is answered with a buzzer, and you are walking into a long yard. The doorman looks like an advertisement for Schweppes, and then you see this glorious contemporary space, full of Warhols, Mardens, Twomblys, Judds, and one Nauman and one Serra. The spaces are offwhite, the lighting is on the side and on top, with indirect lighting under beams. The expanses are vast, and the skylights further enhance this glorious space. There are fans everywhere to ventilate and keep cool. The floors are painted light gray. No photography is allowed, but that is all right if you buy Rizzoli's *Art of our Times*, a four-volume catalog of the Saatchi Collection. The American curator told me that it will take about 4 years to show all of the collection, which is housed in the abodes of the Saatchis, as well as offices, warehouses, etc. This being an old warehouse, we could see how beautiful one can create the space of tomorrow for today's art, with closed circuit TV to boot. This is a must stop for anyone going to London who is interested in contemporary art. The private sector wins again! Remember, it's near Abbey Road.

The Tate was showing off its new contemporary art section, and had a Performance and Video series beginning that week. Anthony Howell was performing as the first offering, so I went to see him at the Tate. Doing this performance in a very large hall, isolated from his audience, I imagined that performance had come of age if it was at the Tate. Included were video installations by Dara Birnbaum and Mary-Jo Lafontaine, as well as a detailed film and video schedule.

David Hockney's exhibition, *Hockney Paints the Stage*, was a bigger success than anticipated and was extended into early October, and it was even better than I had seen it in San Francisco. David scales each show to the venue, so that the Hayward's theatrical lighting made the installations even more theatrical, and more successful as a result. London, having celebrated a birthday, was aglow along the banks of the Thames, and perhaps

London's GLC had really done the best performance of all.

Visited with Coracle Press and Gallery, and in its refurbished state, the Gallery is wonderful. Coracle now runs the contemporary art bookshop at the newly opened Whitechapel Gallery, so it is really busy. Had lunch with Tom Phillips and saw the Canto V of Dante's *Divine Comedy* on videotape, which Tom and Peter Greenaway are producing from Tom's translation of Dante, which has recently been reviewed by John Russell in the *New York Times* and the *International Herald Tribune* as well. It is a mindblowing film, and one which includes computer graphics and special effects. Dante never was so contemporary, and yet so effective. It will be a long time toward completion, but should be a landmark.

Gave a lecture that night at Bookworks, this remarkable small gallery of bookworks with a marvelous show called Friends of Book Works Show, including artists who have been making books for a long time.

I called the lecture my cabaret lecture, since it was held in a vegetarian restaurant close by to the tiny space that Bookworks occupies under a railroad bridge, opposite Southwark Cathedral. A remarkable location—the oldest part of London—with a marketplace opposite, and the peaceful, old Cathedral as a backdrop, with its chimes on the quarter hour, and its quiet interior as a haven.

One of the great shows in town was at Anthony d'Offay Gallery in which livres d'artiste by Cy Twombly, Anselm Kiefer, and Francesco Clemente were being shown. Unlike the small, limited edition and unique books at Bookworks, the books were large, unique and very expensive. Kiefer's books were grandiose, magnificent, and some were even sculptural. The exhibition was exceptional, in that most of the books were not that recent, but were an ongoing offshoot of the paintings of these artists. Located in the two venues of the gallery, it was quite a contrast. A catalog with full illustrations will be published later in the year by Anthony d'Offay, 9 Dering St., London W1, England.

I had the great pleasure of meeting Angela Weight, a curator from the Imperial War Museum, who has been developing and updating the collections of that Museum by incorporating contemporary art and artists who deal with war and peace themes. Just recently, I read that J. Paul Getty Jr. had donated roughly \$700,000 to help expand that Museum. Perhaps Angela will finally have a new gallery to show the contemporary art she is quietly collecting. Also met Telfer Stokes at the Nigel Greenwood opening, and that was sheer luck, but the rest of the trip also was a matter of "par hasard" as well.

London was also celebrating the opening or re-opening of the Whitechapel Art Gallery, and I was fortunate to attend the press opening, taking a tour with the architect who helped rehab it. It was a glorious show of Howard Hodgkin, and a benign solution to a difficult problem. Whitechapel Art Gallery is on the map again, and with a great bookshop, organized by Coracle Press, and now run by Ragnar Fan and Anne Jones. It will definitely vie with the best of bookworks shops, also featuring exhibition catalogs and postcards.

A visit to Imprints London was a real treat, for here we have a space in which one can experience livres deluxe and limited edition bookworks in a quiet, high tech setting, organized by Matthew and Hannah Tyson at 42 Bonner Road, near Bethnal Green. (Write to them for a catalog, at 42 Bonner Road, London E2 9JS). The space is a treat, and we must coax all of you visiting London to visit and acquire. There are few places where you can see the output not only of English artists who make livres d'artiste, but also continental artists as well.

I next visited the exhibition, "Buddhism: Art & Faith" which, coming from the rich collections of the British Museum and the British Library, reflects and illustrates the wealth and variety of British beliefs and art. What shook me was seeing illuminated folding books from Burma, Thailand and Cambodia, palm leaf manuscripts, the earliest printed documents from 764-770 A.D. The book collection was astounding, and this exhibition at the British Museum was truly a must for any booklover.

To be sure, many additions to the Umbrella collection were also made with postcards and artifacts in abundance in London, as well as photographs taken.

PARIS

The trip on the Hovercraft to France was sunny and warm, and an "uplifting" experience to be sure. Paris was hot and sticky, but as soon as I got settled, the first stop was Pont Neuf and Christo. The soft evening air was an impetus for droves of people to come out and see the last detailing of the bridge, the last wrapping of the surface. We watched as each piece was placed by the engineering team and helpers, with Christo always directing the operation. It was a class act, although everyone wondered why Christo was not wrapping poor Henry IV, France's favorite king on Paris' oldest bridge. Astride his bronze horse, serenely gazing over his bridge, Henry IV remained unwrapped. We watched as teams removed the lighting fixtures that illuminated Henry IV, and then wrapped the lightposts, and then reattached the fixtures. Everything was perfectly planned and perfectly timed, and there were no hitches. They worked through the night, and Orlando, Christo's assistant, said that Christo had only slept one hour. He looked so very fresh and in his seemingly casual way, executes without any difficulties on a grandiose scale. While traffic kept rolling, both motor and pedestrian, the 12-arched bridge was wrapped in a golden woven material from Italy, made especially for the occasion, pleated carefully with needle and thread. Gray cushioning went down over the bridge before the golden material was laid. The bridge was like a carnival, with young and old alike, at first curious and then skeptical, but then delighted at the results. It stayed up for two weeks and then as ephemeral as the wind, the wrapping was taken down. Postcards are already available, T-shirts made in Turkey by Willywear were being sold by Sanmaritaine at the end of the bridge but Christo was not profiting by their sales. He still had to sell more prints and works to finish the payment for the wrap, but he will.

The exhibitions at Centre Pompidou were abundantly interesting, not only because most of them contained books, and words and images, but also because it was a

public venue for these exhibitions—the audience was large and captivated. First, *Lisible/Ilisible*, a historic approach to typography; then a *Voyage in Alphabet*, an illustrated theme for children, in which workshops show children how to bake letters of the alphabet in an imaginative way, allowing the children to take home their cooked letters after they make a color copy of them for the Centre's archive; a display of alphabet books was also in the Children's Library.

On the Mezzanine, a grand show called *L'Image des Mots*, or how language is transformed into images, with several bookworks on display as illustrations of the theme, including works by King, Lehrer, etc.

On the Second Floor, *Livres d'Artistes*, an exhibition of hundreds of books by artists from Rot to Michals, in a compact, modular installation, curated by Anne Moeglin-Delcroix, with books from the collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Bibliothèque Publique d'Information, as well as loans from artists and galleries. There is a sizable catalog published by Editions Herscher, which contains 220 illustrations in black and white, a bibliography, index of artists cited, text by Moeglin.*

The weekend brought interesting surprises, especially a dinner with the Sackners and Pella and Jane from Bookworks—a grand reunion, talking about books and people. It was sultry in Paris, under a full moon, an Indian summer that did not seem to want to end.

Another great event which occurred during my stay in Paris was the opening of the Musée Picasso, and another historic moment in the history of museums, for it is certainly one of the most beautiful museums ever put together, and the reason is that it was organized with love and passion and respect for the artist. An unusual combination of circumstances, indeed. Once the Embassy of Venice, a book depot, a boy's school where Balzac had studied, and exhibition rooms for the products of a bronze foundry, the Hotel Salé, a 17th-century town house was restored at a cost of about \$1.5 million to house 229 paintings, 137 sculptures, 34 paper collages, 85 ceramic pieces and over 3,000 of the prints he created from 1901 until his death in 1973. In addition to Picasso's own works, there are works from his personal collection by Cezanne, Degas, Matisse, Rousseau, Derain and Balthus, plus some primitive art. Diego Giacometti, who died on 18 July at the age of 82, made ornamental bronze chandeliers and benches for the museum. The installation is exquisite, done with striking aesthetic skill, but as I said, done with love. The Musée is located at 5 rue de Thorigny in the Marais. One of the most striking events during the press preview was the appearance of a young woman and man who had clipped and colored their hair in such a way as to create the kind of spectacle that the master Picasso would really have appreciated. Jean-Philippe Pages and his model were advertising their shop where they do coiffures, but very special ones—they literally paint the heads with various colors, and clip in various textures, so that the head becomes a work of art. He,

Pages, wore a crown of laurel in his own hair, which was a bit askew intentionally. She had hair in purple, yellow, turquoise and gold, and you would have had to see it to believe it. It was beautiful. I came upon the shop the next day near Pompidou.

After visiting my favorite umbrella shop in Paris, the oldest in fact, I met Warja Lavater, the outstanding bookmaker from Zurich and Paris, whom I had not seen since 1982. I also visited with Kate van Houten, the American artist who lives in Paris and who puts on book shows in Japan every two years.

I also discovered a new exhibition catalog, which had been put together by Nicole Rousset Altounian of the NRA in Paris. It is not well known to many that it has come out, especially the artists represented in the exhibition, but it is available in Paris.* I also visited with Caroline Corre at her gallery, and she presented me with some exhibition catalogs, which I shall also note at the end of this article.*

A fond farewell to Paris by taking a bateau on the Seine so that I could see the Pont Neuf from the viewpoint of the frogmen who had fitted it. It was a beautiful afternoon, and being a tourist once in a while is not bad for the psyche, believe me.

COLOGNE

My visit to Cologne was largely to attend **Acustica International**, the first international radio performance festival featuring John Cage, Mauricio Kagel, Bill Fontana, Alison Knowles, Tom Johnson, Charlie Morrow, Henri Chopin, Malcolm Goldstein, Gerhard Ruhm and many more. Sponsored by the German National Radio WDR, the Festival from 27 September - 1 October included a series of live performances and events, as well as lectures and multimedia performances. The theme was composing the radio.

From the Cathedral, loudspeakers created a live sound sculpture by Bill Fontana, recording the sounds from the Rhine, the bridges of Cologne, the bells of the Romanesque churches, the pedestrian precincts, the zoo and the Cologne main railway station. 24 loudspeakers created an acoustic composition of the city of Cologne.

Besides Alison Knowles' beautiful performance, *PapierWetter* (Paper Weather), in which she performed with everything she knew that could make sounds—beans, foil paper, a little mechanical toy from Russia with birds, etc., there were grand performances by Charlie Morrow, Malcolm Goldstein, Henri Chopin, Gerhard Ruhm, ending with John Cage's *Roaratorio* involving the Irish Circus from Finnegan's Wake, in which an Irish drummer and his son also performed all with 42 speakers. It was a glorious moment for Cage, and people in the audience were cheering after such a magnificent performance.

Reunions with Hubert Kretschmer, Armin Hundertmark, Geoff Hendricks, Tom Johnson and Charlie Morrow made it an amazing weekend. A visit to the Botanical Forest in Cologne made the crisp autumn air a stunning experience. Maintained by the city, there is also a Peace Garden where every nation in the world has a plot

of land and native plants and flowers. From chestnuts to small Hungarian apples, it was a delicious walk thru the woods.

I met Willem de Ridder for the first time, and it was truly a pleasure. He is head of the Radio Art Foundation in Amsterdam and has been doing radio pieces for years. He has just published the **Atom Club Mac-Zine, Cassette Explosion**, no. 1, which is the chronicle of Europe's first cassette nightclub. It cost \$2.00 and is heavily illustrated, but has many articles as well in this palm-size publication.*

Other surprises were meetings with Takako Saito and Jo Jones, famed artists whose names have been in my vocabulary, but I have never met them before. It was a great treat.

BERLIN - WEST & EAST

First, a train labelled Warsaw—and how I wanted to go to Poland, but the next stop was Berlin—hot and sticky Berlin, with wide streets and smoggy air. After settling in, off to see the city. I have a good sense of a city in a few hours, so that K'damm and I became good friends. This fashionable main street, lined with young trees and glass vitrines full of elegant clothes and lots of restaurants became the "main street" for foot traffic.

Visited some galleries, found large murals on school buildings, which were truly surrealistic works of art. Painted by professional artists, these scenes are remarkably scaled so that the whole wall of a school becomes the canvas, and it is many stories tall.

I also discovered more umbrelliana in the guise of postcards, stickers, a children's book and a children's puzzle, visited Galerie 2000, a fine contemporary bookshop and gallery, and visited with Marina Dinkler who has a gallery showing an array of international artists, but this time it was a young Japanese artist who makes painted paper works of great beauty.

A visit to the Amerika Haus, to the Kunsthalle with a great show on elemental art of today, and then to Gelbe Musik, run by Ursula Bloch, which has the largest array of recordings and cassettes made by artists, and now has a new catalog.*

The Bauhaus Archiv, designed by Gropius, holds a great many works and models and drawings by those members of the Bauhaus who are very well known. Gropius himself donated half of his own archive to the museum, and it is a marvelous demonstration of what the Bauhaus contributed to the 20th century. The Paris Cafe is another landmark in Berlin, the artists' cafe around 1 p.m., you can find Lupertz many a day. The walls are lined with paintings by artists who have given them as barter for a meal.

EAST

On 4 October, I visited East Berlin along with Joyce Cutler Shaw. We were told that the easiest way was through Friedrichstrasse, and so we proceeded, noticing the sign near the subway station remembering the many who left on the trains to the concentration camps. We exited and waited in endless lines with passports and 25DM (Western money) to be exchanged for the equivalent in East Germany money. We were finished, after some forced conversation with the police, and af-

ter finding ourselves in the wrong line. We were "free" and did not even know it. We found ourselves on the street with little difference between East and West, at first, except for the familiar GDR flags, which were flying from every building everywhere, celebrating the 36th anniversary of the German Democratic Republic which was on the following Monday. This was the beginning of a "holiday weekend" in East Berlin. After some assistance at the American Embassy, we took a taxi. The music on the radio in the taxi was the Armed Forces Network, and the young taxi driver was just listening to what he enjoyed. He left us off at Robert Rehfeldt's studio, where young men were standing on the porch. We were greeted and had a long conversation. Robert showed me his mail art archive, which takes a great deal of time to organize--time which he says he does not have, since he has so much to do. Yet Mail Art certainly has kept his door open to the world. Another young friend is a painter, and our interpreter for the rest of the visit was Rainer, the photographer. Robert, a longtime mail art friend, and I had never met before, but many times through the mail. They had a lively day planned for us, but we could not stay through the whole day so we did what we could. We went to see the Gallery Nord, a recently opened space for exhibitions sponsored cooperatively by a group of artists. The buildings in East Berlin are brownish-gray, a drab stucco that adds nothing to the beauty of autumn. The automobiles some of which are made in East Germany are somewhat bright, in greens, dull yellows, and dark colors as well. The air is filled with the smell of burning coal, a major source of fuel in East Berlin.

We then went to the Cafe around the block, where Robert organizes exhibitions on the wall. Robert explained that butchers, bakers, plumbers, electricians and restaurants are not public facilities, but are privately organized businesses and as such can do more things, such as include art exhibitions in restaurants.

The new architecture, some of which looked like Agam's building decorations, includes a mural program by artists, since there is a 0.5% law. As such, Robert has done a mural which we saw, and other artists whether authorized or not, have enhanced several walls.

Rainer drove us around, and then took us to Erhard Monden's studio. A Chris-Burden-lookalike, Monden teaches art to children and adults in his high-tech studio, and is a performance artist. He is well organized and well documented, and shared his educational back-convince the authorities that performance art is legitimate. He called his brother, who met us at the next stop. Climbing four flights of stairs, we found ourselves in a drab stairwell, but when the door was opened, Mario Monden had created a clean, well-lighted space to exhibit his paintings of serial imagery. In a strong geometric vein, he unveiled a space full of his paintings, all done on small squares which are seen together only when he brings them to the studio to hang them properly, having graduated in exhibition installations. He, too, neatly dressed in overalls (his brother was in a jumpsuit) had the enthusiasm to pass us his documentation and through our interpreter talk about being an artist in the GDR.

If you are sanctioned by the State, then you can be a freelance artist and do what you want. If not, then it is more difficult to find space, and you must use the telephone and/or the mails. But through TV, radio and discotheques, there is a great deal of international information gleaned.

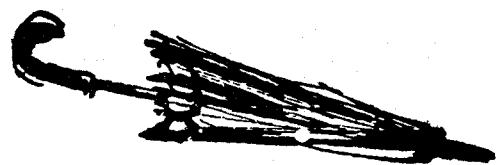
We went back to Unter der Linden from Pankow, having seen the wall on the Eastern Side, a gray and white, ungraffitied wall, always there at the end of the rubble road, always there in one's mind. As we approached the Brandenburg Gate, we stopped for a moment to take a picture through the car's window. Police immediately appeared and we sped off. To lighten the tension, I mentioned that my name, "Judith" was everywhere on signs--and that was because Siegfried fifth opera, "Judith," was being presented at East Berlin's Komische Oper. We said goodbye to Rainer with a warm handclasp and tears in our eyes. We knew we were returning to freedom. We slowly walked away from the car, he turned around and drove off. My life would never be the same again. So much to learn from such energetic, devoted, caring people--so much to share with people who depend upon the international postal system--so much to think about for the rest of my days.

The West seemed different the next day. I explored an exhibition of German Painting, 1945 - 1985, at the National Gallery, and although the Fluxus section was ample and beautifully displayed, I had problems with some of the redundancy in the show, and the choices even in the contemporary section. But a few redeeming artists made the difference.

The DAAD Galerie was in a fantastic villa, and the home of Cafe Einstein, which had the best Viennese coffee in town. Upstairs there was an exhibition of 5 Australian artists: Mike Parr, Peter Tillyard, Ken Unsworth, John Lethbridge and Richard Dunn. It was an especially strong set of installations, and the video was good as well. I felt a strong kinship there, and knew that the Australians made a great show.

HANNOVER

Michael Erhoff and Uta Brandes have one of the most outstanding archives of artists' literature, both books and magazines, that I have ever seen. Surely, I had visited several archives during the course of this trip, but they were mainly mail art archives. This, instead, was an indepth view of artists' publications for the past



25 years, and included were many original works of art on the wall. I had the great pleasure of indulging myself in long conversations with these two wonderful, bright people, and I felt very much at home in Hannover, a city which had been destroyed 45% during WWII, but had recovered and become a great industrial center, and the home of two Big Industrial Fairs.

Hannover was also dear to me, since it was the home of my mentor, Kate Steinitz, and her friend, Kurt Schwitters. I was taken to Schwitters' street, and felt vibrations everywhere of KS. Hannover is a beautiful city, with a marvelous set of formal gardens, a grand University, and the Sprengel Museum, full of El Lissitzsky, Kurt Schwitters, Beckmann, Nolde, Klee, Picasso, Ernst, and much more. Hannover is also the home of the Kestner-Gesellschaft, of which one of the founding members was Kate Steinitz. Hannover is also the home of two statues one a man and the other a woman, which sit right near MacDonald's in the center of town, bronze statues which are carrying umbrellas, and the fountain rains on their umbrellas. I discovered these statues by seeing a postcard, buying it, and asking where the statues are situated. I was delighted to say goodbye to Hannover by realizing its respect for the umbrella.

By the way, Michael Erhoff and Uta Brandes have published *Zeitschrift* in the past, and also several books, a catalog for which is available. Some of the artists are Robert Filliou, Peter Hutchinson, Giuseppe Chiari, Gerhard Ruhm, Lapo Binazzi, Ernst Caramelle and many more. For more information, write to Edition Copie, W. Giesekeing str. 5, D-3000, Hannover 1, West Germany.*

FRANKFURT

The goal during this whole trip was to attend the Buchmesse, the largest Book Fair in the world—the Frankfurt Book Fair. This year, there were almost 6500 publishers from about 80 countries, exhibiting about 320,000 books. The emphasis at this 1985 version was to reawaken public interest in reading books despite the advance of electronic media, which the organizers said had reduced readerships.

What was interesting to note that computers really were not at the forefront of many exhibits. Instead, we found a real emphasis on reading books of all kinds, with a new emphasis on 3-D books. That seemed the novelty this year, rather than cassettes which seemed to boom at ABA.

The Frankfurt Fair this year had its famous Via Mobile or Moving Walkway, operating without any difficulties. The distances were long, but well spaced, leading to Halle 5, where most of the artists who publish books were exhibiting together for the first time. Here were Howeg and ecart of Switzerland, Ottenhausen of Aachen, Conz of Verona, Rainer of Berlin, Kretschmer & Grossmann of Frankfurt, Stahl of Zurich, Hansjorg Mayer of London and Stuttgart, Coracle Press and Audio Arts. In Halle 3 were Imprints London, Ron King and Circle Press, Centro Di, and a wonderful new press, Kaldewey Press from New York.

The USIA sponsored once again this year the stand organized by Skuta Helgason and Don Russell of

Bookworks at the Washington Project for the Arts in the District of Columbia. A selection of "American Artists' Books in Print" with a catalog first travelled to the Madrid Book Fair and then made its second appearance in Frankfurt. Much interest was generated by the American books, young printers and artists came to see, scholars came to read, the curious came to take away the catalog.* The catalog also became an ordering device for those who wished to order from the United States. (By the way, the new look is with Don Russell, who not only cut his hair and has a new sophisticated hair design by Yuri of Georgetown, but he is now dressed to kill in "Don't say no, say Giorgio" Armani ties, etc.)

Old and new friendships abounded, old friends came by the stands, especially Hans Sohm. His archive will have a major exhibition at the new Museum in Stuttgart opening on 24 May 1986. That's the Sohm Archive of Fluxus Art.

Two years ago, there were many political stands, small publishers who do anti-nuclear, anti-missile, pro-peace books. They decorated their stands with anti-nuclear umbrellas. This year, there were political publishers, but the great emphasis was on the environment, on the trees that were dying in the forests of Germany, and ecology was the emphasis.

The Italians have put together endless stands of color packaging and printing, with such sophistication and finesse that book production is at its apex with Italian drive and energy. The Japanese were featuring audio-visual study boxes for children, optical memory cards from Dai Nippon, and fine books in all fields, many in English.

Frankfurt, again, felt like a family of good friends meeting for a grand reunion. Some new friends come into the circle, but it is still a wonderful array of people. Oddly enough, the Fair administration has put all the "art" people together, but the quality and range runs the gamut from poor to middling. These prints and postcards have overrun Halle 3, and so the artist-publishers feel very comfortable in Halle 5.

The group of fine presses in Halle 3, however, certainly blend in well with the paper-making, marbling and book binding techniques demonstrated in that Hall, as well as the exemplary best book productions of the year adjudged from many countries of the world. So Frankfurt once again becomes a learning center as well as a business center—all centering on the book business.

I came home a bit overbooked, but still looking at new books all the time. I will be discussing some of these new books in the Reviews section. Frankfurt was the end-goal, but I certainly covered a lot of ground before arriving there. It definitely was a book-filled voyage.

—jah

REFERENCES:

- Coracle 85.** A catalog of books in print from Coracle Press Books, 235 Camberwell New Road, London SE5, England.
Audio Arts. Catalogue of cassettes. Audio Arts, 6 Briarwood Road, London SW4 9PX.

Imprints London, 42 Bonner Road, London E2 9JS. Gallery space and Catalog.

Livres d'artistes/Livres-Objects. Paris, CERPM, 1985. (Edition CERPM, B.P. 158, 75623 Paris, cedex 13). 160fr.

Atom Club Mac zine. Number 1. Order for \$2.00 from Atom Club, Pins Hendrikkade 142, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Gelbe Musik. Katalog 6. Gelbe Musik, Schaperstrasse 11, 1000 Berlin 15, West Germany.

Zweitschrift. Edition Copie, W. Giesecking str. 5, D-3000 Hannover 1, West Germany.

American Artists' Books in Print. Catalog available from Bookworks/WPA, 400 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, DC 20004. Send 39 cents in stamps to cover costs of handling.

Edition Hundertmark. Current Catalog. New address: Brusseler Str. 29, D-5000 Köln 1, West Germany.

Galerie Caroline Corre, 14 rue guenegaud, 75006 Paris.
Le Livre Dans Tous Ses Etats.... Catalog from Corbeil Essonnes, France, 19 Nov. - 19 Dec. 1984. Also, Livres mis en scene, 22 Jan. - 22 Feb. 1985 at Centre National des Arts Plastiques, Paris.



NEW PERIODICALS

Zien is a spicy new oversize magazine from The Netherlands with all the energy of the art scene there—from fashion to music, from visual arts to theatre, this is a must. Also offered are laser scanned offset sculpture (L.S.O.S.) of Gilbert & George, and of Robert Longo, all in an edition signed and numbered of 150 copies. They are \$25.00 each, and this can also be subscribed to. For Zien Magazine subscriptions, send \$20 for four issues to Zien, P.O. Box 383, 3000 AJ Rotterdam, The Netherlands.

Red Bass, a newsprint tabloid from Florida, is an energetic publication with, for example in number 8/9 an interview with John Cage, "Scenes of World War III" by Kathy Acker an interview with Philip Berrigan, coverage of New Muzik, and contributions by Julian Beck, Robert Fichter, Carolyn Forché, Claude Pelieu, Paul Rutkovsky, Anne Waldman, among others. Small Press Update is a regular public service of Red Bass to inform readers of books, magazines and messages received. Subscriptions are \$6.00 for four issues or \$10 for institutions. Send to Red Bass, P.O. Box 10258, Tallahassee, FL 32302. Sample copies are \$1.25.

ARTPOLICE INTERNATIONAL is always a new periodical, even though it is now in its 11th year, or is it its fourth year. At any rate, you never what name it goes under when you get the issue—and the issue in hand is Volume 11, no. 2, or the All Cover Issue. It is a stunner, as usual, with subscriptions for \$15.00 individual, \$20.00 institutions, or 3-year subscriptions (10 issues) for \$36.00. Write to Art Police, 133 East 25th St., Minneapolis, MN 55404. If you did not know, this is a magazine full of remarkable full-page comics!

FROM THE EDITOR

As many of you know, we started publishing again with the idea that too much information comes to this P.O. Box to keep it to myself. As a result, we did a small issue in June to test the waters again. We never made the goal of readers necessary to justify that first issue of volume 8, but we are persevering. Subscriptions have increased, I take it, through word of mouth, and that is fascinating. So now that we are completing volume 8, we are attempting to reassess the situation and make a decision—to publish or not to publish, that is the question.

Well, we will be an occasional newsletter, and whenever there is enough material, we will send it out. If any institution cannot take those terms, then I am sorry. This is a personal, privately financed newsletter—and if some of you are moved to contribute, fine. Otherwise, much like volume 8, number 1, the issue can go out of print quickly. There are only Xerox copies being made now of the June issue.

The other problem is that not all the news comes from primary sources. Once again, if I had not travelled to Europe, I would not have found out about many things, especially the growth and development of the book trade, thanks to the marvelous efforts of Kretschmer & Grossmann in Darmstadt, who venture forth and gather in all those obscure periodicals and books which never come across the Atlantic readily and should be in collections throughout the United States, in fact throughout North America and Australasia. As a result, the catalogs must serve as a poor substitute for seeing, feeling, touching, and savoring the bookworks that are being produced in Europe.

If any of you know bookmakers, artists, collectors, libraries, etc. who should get this newsletter, let them know about it. Xerox the back page and send them a subscription form. We certainly want to increase our subscription list, and that is necessary to make this all work. So it is up to you to give your library a gift, or send a friend a Christmas subscription—and you all know that UMBRELLA is not going to be a regularly published newsletter, but one that is occasional. You will continue getting news, reviews and occasional gossip that will not be heard or seen elsewhere, and we shall continue to emphasize the book arts.

Those of you in New York City must know how bad your post office has been of late. Remember to send me news of any kind about bookworks, but please send it first class to ensure its delivery.

If any of you teach courses or know of exhibitions, send the news along. It is hard to cover even a small segment of the art world today, and we are all so busy, aren't we? If I do not include an address or whatever, it is because the initial data is not complete. So let us hope that 1986 will be a bigger year, a better year, and a more peaceful year for all of us. I write this thinking of my friends in East Berlin who do so much with so little, because they are compelled to do so to remain creative human beings. We, who live in a throw-away society, remember those who have nothing to throw away. If any of you have any mural slides, my friend Robert Rehfeldt in East Berlin would very much like to have some. Send them along to me, and I will send them on to him with mine. Happy New Year—and keep on booking!