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HOW CAN YOU TELL WHERE EGGS ARE PACKED



### Editor are lanche 0013

### Men's beards blamed for wives' frigidity

SAN JUAN, P. R. (UPI)

— A San Juan clinical
psychologist claims men's
beards can cause frigidity in
women.

Dr. Ralph L. Krisppy said yesterday a study of 27 women between the ages of 18 and 30 showed that 17 of them had become sexually frigid since their husbands grew beards.

He said some of the women claimed their husbands' beards tickled so much they could not concentrate.

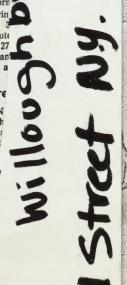
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### More

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RAY JOHNSON 44 WEST 7 STREET LOCUST VALLEY NEW YORK 11560







To the extent logally allowed.

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## Phil Leider Editor Willough by Sharp 43 Grand Street Ny. N.Y. 10013



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TO And Send

To PHIL

LEIDER, Editor

Willoughby Sharp

Avalanche

93 Grand Street

York, N.Y. 10013

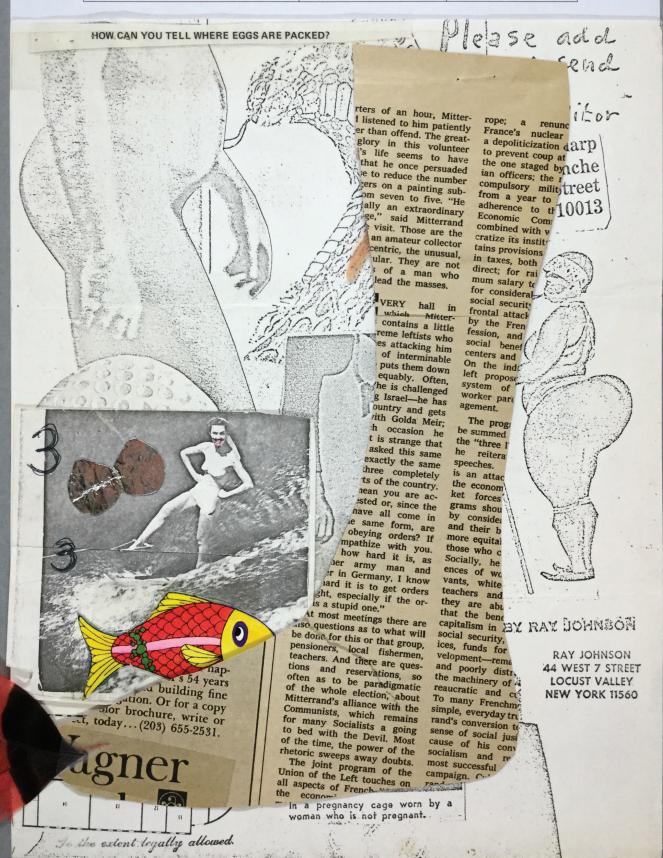




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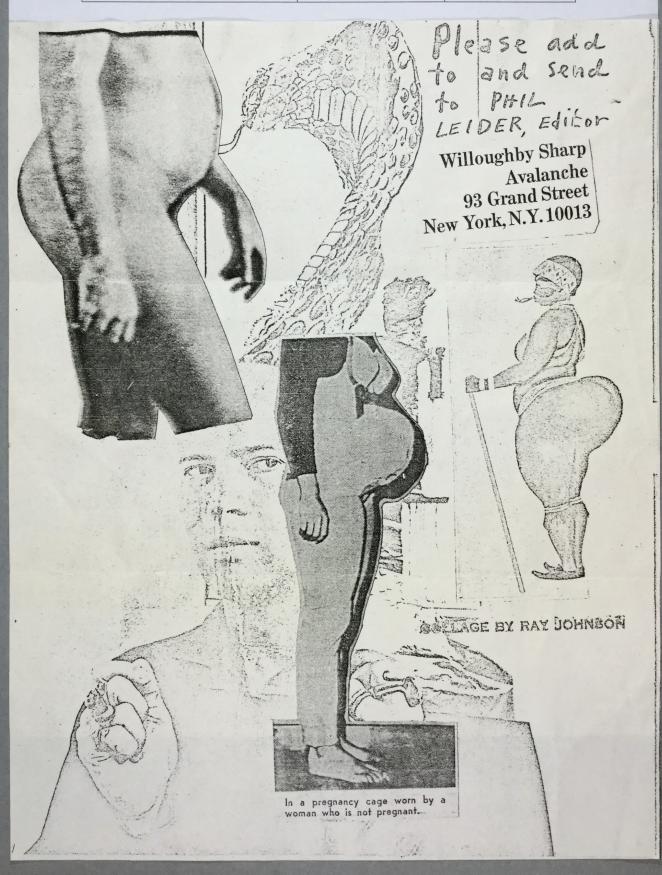
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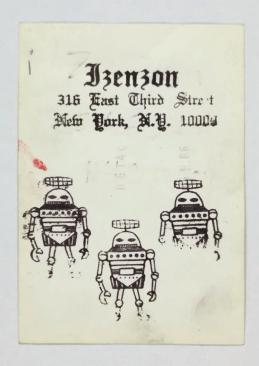
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STEVEN CHAYT 865 Boylston St., Apt. 2 Newton Hglds., Mass, 02161

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NEW YORK
CORRES - SPONGE DANCE
SCHOOL OF VANCOUVER

August 10-18th Summer /73





Tinland Bulge Event for

BUddha Ding UNIVERSITY

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July 9, 1973

Editor, Avalanche 93 Grand Street New York, N.Y. 10013

To the Editor:

This contract is being submitted as an agreement on the condition of Art. The increase of such phrases as WE HAVE NO ART HERE-WE DO EVERYTHING TO THE BEST OF OUR ABILITY signifies a major social change towards popularizing acts formerly thought to be Art. I announce on this date that works produced by me, no matter what form taken, will continue to be submitted as Art as defined by contractual agreements.

ALL THAT IS REQUIRED FOR THE COMPLETION OF THIS CONTRACT IS YOUR SILENT AFFIRMATION.

Yours truly,

Steven S. Chayt

865 Boylston Street
Newton Highlands, Mass.

2161

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### CHOOSE THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS FORMAT FOR EXPERIENCING ART. \*

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film
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non-art magazines and/or other periodicals
outdoor art show
park and recreation centers
personal residence
professional office and/or waiting room
slides
t.v. (transmitted and/or taped)
other
comments

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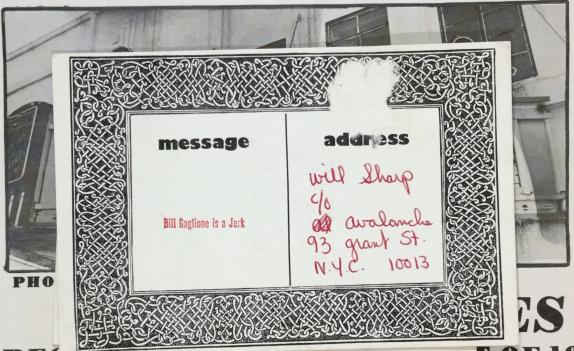
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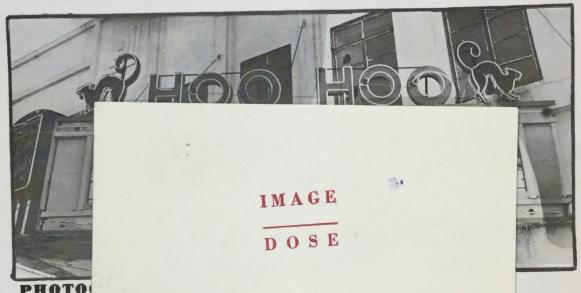


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PHOTOGRAPH G. NELSON

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Fluadur

The New York Correspondence School Postcard Show
Mostly Flowers Gallery 53I Geary Street

The mailman on the Geary route was never too fond of Mostly Flowers

The Daddaland Postcard Show

KPFA Radio will broadcast live from Mostly Flowers

Gallery 531 Geary Street San

Francisco, Calif. on 30 April

3:06 P.M. a one act play

Sir-Real is Blue by Miss Bria

Burges.

M. J. C. 1003

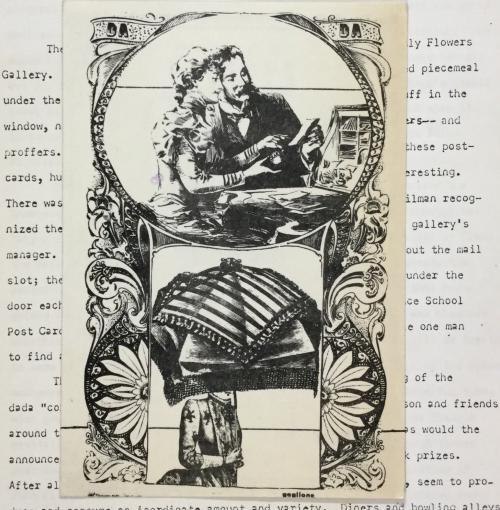
around the globe. It evokes the same sort of panting delight as would the announcement of a comic book show, or an exhibit of crackerjack prizes.

After all, everyone loves postcards, and Americans, especially, seem to produce and consume an inordinate amount and variety. Diners and bowling alleys, motels and funeral parlors all have postcards, for the taking; so do beauty salons, banks, roadside zoos, and dry cleaners, animal hospitals, tatoo parlors, head shops, and cemeteries. There is silent embarrassment for the pathetic establishment that still advertises itself in matte and muted colors, lacking either the money or the drive to switch to high-color glossies. There

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### The New York Correspondence School Postcard Show Mostly Flowers Gallery 53I Geary Street



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Flundur

The New York Correspondence School Postcard Show
Mostly Flowers Gallery 53I Geary Street

The mailman on the Geary route was never too fond of Mostly Flowers Gallery. They don't have a mail slot so it all has to get shoved piecemeal under the door, and they once had a whole lot of anti-Christ stuff in the window, not the sort of "art" the rest of the neighborhood prefers—and proffers. But then, suddenly, the gallery started getting all these postcards, hundreds of them from all over, and some were pretty interesting. There was one in particular—a collage of pubic hairs—the mailman recognized the medium right away, and excitedly pointed it out to the gallery's manager. After that everything was fine; no more complaints about the mail slot; the cards, after eager scrutiny, were slipped, one by one, under the door each day. A simple story of how the New York Correspondence School Post Card Show helped bridge the gulf of intolerance, and enable one man to find a daily bit of happiness.

The title alone is intriguing, even if one knows nothing of the (sic) (sic) around the globe. It evokes the same sort of panting delight as would the announcement of a comic book show, or an exhibit of crackerjack prizes.

After all, everyone loves postcards, and Americans, especially, seem to produce and consume an inordinate amount and variety. Diners and bowling alleys, motels and funeral parlors all have postcards, for the taking; so do beauty salons, banks, roadside zoos, and dry cleaners, animal hospitals, tatoo parlors, head shops, and cemeteries. There is silent embarrassment for the pathetic establishment that still advertises itself in matte and muted colors, lacking either the money or the drive to switch to high-color glossies. There

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is also the ever-present debate over whether the number of different shots that can be crowded onto one card increases or decreases in proportion to "class". Postcards decorate walls and photo albums— why take your own pictures when you can buy perfect postcards of exactly those shots you would want anyway. And they are, of course, painless, instant communication. Who would tolerate opening an envelope to find a telegraphic eight word letter? But for those not given to eloquent outpourings, a breezy 'Hi! Soup's great! Love, Bill' derives substance, character, to say nothing of flash when it is found on the back of a bright picture of some grinning Georgia Pecan Princess.

There are those, however, who are too paranoid to contemplate the innocent joys that the title conjures up in most. Their first thought is: 'ah, a conspiracy of the Famous Artists' Mail Order Creation School to flood the mail routes of the world with Rockwellian americana', or 'great, the postcard as art; the next thing you know they are going to say that Fodor guides are literature! ' Well, as a matter of fact, the Post Card Show has something for paranoids and enthusiasts alike; even apathetics will be treated to some titillating boredom, for it incorporates elements of all of the aboveand more -- and less. It's a blank white card with "Having a wonderful time, wish you were here." written neatly on one side, and a collage of flaccid genitalia hanging in among the papaya trees of a nineteen-fortyish tinted postcard. It's a visitor picking up a postcard of "The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy" with all three rifle shots carefully labeled, and squealing to her companion, "Oh, this is really disgusting, just look at this, isn't it awful!", then putting it back, picking up another batch of cards and rhapsodizing, "God, you could spend all day here.". Organized by hard-core neo-dadaists, it is both arty anti-art, and straight non-art, and as such,

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lends itself to value criticism about as much as porno flicks lend themselves to judicial scrutiny for redeeming social merit. However, like the porno flick, it's pleasures and perversions can certainly be discussed.

The show is composed of the responses to invitations sent out to individuals and groups, dedicated dadaists all, requesting them to send as many postcards as they liked to the gallery. Participants include, among others: a Canadian contingent: General Idea and Coach House Press, the publishers of File, The New Era Social Club, Image Bank, Anna Bananna, and Lady Brite (Dr Brute); Beau Geste Press from England; Northwest Mounted Valise from New Jersey; Ray Johnson, Fletcher Copp, and May Wilson from New York; and Irene Dogmatic, Monte Cazazza, Bill Yenne, Will Gaglione, T. Mancusi to name just a few from the Bay area. Like a feather plucked from the boa of a passing film star, William Burroughs' contribution was ripped off soon after the show opened. In April, Ray Johnson officially announced the death of The New York Correspondence School, and this exhibit seems to be almost a climactic harvest of the essence of the clownishly provocative "communiqués" that emerged from and through the efforts of that group.

Looking through the hundreds of postcards and assorted miscellanea that fill the wire baskets on the walls of the gallery, an old cosmic dichotomy makes itself strongly felt: the unreality of reality, and the reality of absurdity. Represented here are various views of reality, each with their implicit absurdities that each viewer evokes to whatever degree he dare. To set the tone, someone has sent a gay, unopened packet of junk mail, readdressed to the gallery. There are full color picture postcards of the White House in full bloom and spray, black jack tables in Las Vegas, Ponzio's Kingsway Diner in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, a flying saucer, "Frakenstein entertaining young visitors at Universal studios", twelve dead fish with

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the caption, "Crater Lake: Rainbow Trout", "The Resurrection", a painting on display at Forest Lawn cemetery, shown hourly with narration and music—all over-real unreality—the kind that makes bedfellows of Joe D'Allesandro and Ronald Reagan.

In the original offerings, the poems, collages, drawings, and photo-. graphs, the deliberate absurdities, a spirit of fun and mockery prevails; but, interestingly, the line occasionally becomes quite thin between dada and koan-like nonsense. May Wilson is represented by several of her delightful "stamp" collages in which her irrepressible visage is superimposed in appropriate spots on miniature reproductions of old photographs and paintings. Image Bank has printed its own postcards, one of which shows a live cow on display in a museum. There is a series of four cards, each a different face with the eyes punched out. Seven cards bearing the outline of some wildcatlike beast were sent to different people, and have returned individually colored, collaged, spotted, and clothed. Some of the poetry has a distinctly graffiti ring to it-"This poem is under construction, your patience is appreciated." A poem by Mieko Shiomi: "let some person's portrait go on an orbit (not necessarily circulating) by attaching it to some moving object..." is reminiscent of a Yoko Ono suggestion. Of course, Ray Johnson has indulged himself by sending a number of packets of goodies. Inside one, there is a sheet of paper stamped, "Toilet Paper", and announcing, "Ray Johnson's new book 'Cannibal Piss' send for your free copy". It also bears the following addendum: "If you get a Salvador Dali postcard I will be very interested. I once wrote him a charming letter about my snot and he never answered." Poor Ray. Well, something more graphic might have been more to Dali's taste-like a high-color glossy picture postcard, perhaps.

The New York Correspondence School Post Card Show will be at Mostly Flowers through the summer -- treat yourself.

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MOSTLY FLOWERS GALLERY 531 Geary Street San Francisco, California 94102

For further information contact David or Manuel at 441-5511

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

ATTENTION:

Daddaland presents at Mostly Flowers Gallery, 531 Geary Street at Taylor in San Francisco, THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL POST CARD SHOW, an invitational exhibit that has garnered a wide collection of post card images from across the U.S., Canada, Europe and Australia.

The exhibit includes cards from General Idea and Coach House Press in Toronto, Canada; Image Bank and The New Era Social Club in Vancouver; Beau Geste Press in Dover, England; and from individuals—Anna Bananna and Lady Brite (aka Dr Brute) in Vancouver, Richard Hamilton in Dover, Stu Horn of the Northwest Mounted Valise in Cherry Hill, N. J., Flying M in Tucson, Arizona, Ray Johnson (who in a recent release noted the death of the School—we all gratefully concur), A. Fine, Fletcher Copp, May Wilson of the N. Y. School. There is even a card from the '72 graduating class of the Kansas City Art Institute. The Berkeley and East Oakland contingent includes, Irene Dogmatic, Monte Cazazza, K. L. O. N. H. I. Stuff Tepper, Richard Paulson, Paul C., Will Gaglione, T. Mancusi, G. D. Hemnies and Mark Green.

The exhibit continues through May.



ROGER REYES of the Galeria de la Raza has produced, especially for this exhibition, a 13" x 14" silkscreen replica of the General-President-ex-President EISENHOWER \$.08 stamp; and these prints will be on display concurrent with the Post Card Show.

Gallery Hours 12-6 pm Monday through Saturday or by Appointment: the gallery is BLUE at night.