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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Silverman Fluxus Archives	IV.B.40

BEN is small and untidy-bearded. He comes from Nice and has a beautiful blonde wife called Jacqueline, and for the next two weeks he will stay at a fair art gallery called

Among the regular members of the Zero group, Otto Piene, Heinz Mack, and Günther Uecker (Klein's future brother-in-law) were from the outset extremely sensitive to the monochrome adventure. Their experiments directed to the stabilization of light brought them all the closer, since for Klein the problem was resolved in advance in the degree to which light does not exist without color, the degree to which it is a quality of energy revealed by color. The similarity of their theoretical approaches was shown by Klein's participation in several collective exhibitions under the aegis of the Zero group.

London between humor and nothingness

Of all the manifestations of the blue period, the Düsseldorf show was later to be revealed as the richest in developments and positive results, both spiritual and material. For the moment, Yves continued on his path, without even having the time to catch his breath. He exhibited in London at Gallery One, 20 D'Arblay Street, on June 24, and two days later a public discussion was held at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. For London, Klein had wanted to signal a sort of reminder of the true scope of the monochrome adventure, of the universal application of his system of impregnation. In addition to his classical monochrome propositions, he had brought with him a large natural sponge, dyed blue and mounted on a metal rod, veritable symbol of the impregnation of sensitivity by color, and which prefigured the large series and monumental creations of sculptures and sponge-reliefs of 1958-59. He had also brought along the first recording of the monotone symphony, arranged by Pierre Henry, which had served as musical background for the show at Iris Clert's. It was this piece, moreover, that aroused the most violent reactions of the public, as Klein wrote in his private diary. At the ICA discussion a man got up and exclaimed furiously: "This is all a huge joke! Who ever heard of a symphony with only one continuous note?" To prove to him the existence of the monotone symphony, Yves brandished the tape recorder containing the tape, disregarding the fact that it was a useless gesture, there being no electrical outlet nearby into which to plug it. The audience broke out in applause, supporting him

Pernod and red wine

GALLERY ONE

20 D'Arblay Street W1
(behind the Academy Cinema)

GERrard 3529

Daily 11 am to 6 pm

E CORNER

at we can't help
but mean, that
at that, a world
you hold of that
is going to be
and
Not! Not! Not!
re brain I hustled
corner where they
did a suicide

being explicated:
with carving
passion and all
of which you
I to your house
are the people who
you are lots of
you to all your
I am all in your
anger all your
a deep nesting and
d'entry life"
and so sane I
where the catch

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Silverman Fluxus Archives	IV.B.40

BEN is small and untidy-bearded. He comes from Nice and has a beautiful blonde wife called Jacqueline, and for the next two weeks he will

yfair art gallery called
a pear tree? And
use we found a pear
it we have a rat in a

on the sole assurance of his gesture. These were the psychological victories in which Klein delighted, for they projected him to the top of his form.

He was indeed in superb form in London, at the height of the rising wave that had begun its surge six months earlier in Milan, and his excellent physical and mental presence made a very favorable impression on the British public. Victor Musgrave, the director of Gallery One, had tried to assure him the maximum of personal publicity and for this reason had multiplied his contacts with the press. The reactions of the British journalists were quite different from those of their colleagues on the Continent. Being much more realistic, they saw the Yves Klein phenomenon from the standpoint of humor. The more open-minded were sensitive to the problem of contemplating color in and for itself, a problem more philosophical than aesthetic. Pierre Jean-nerat in the *Daily Mail* was the spokesman for this amused and cautiously skeptical sympathy, while pertinently noting the possibility of development beyond color itself: "He [Yves Klein] is thinking of the removal of colour itself and the production of blanks."³

Indeed the next stage, the transition from the stabilization of color to the appropriation of the Void, was in gestation in Klein. Absorbed in his wild pursuits, he had thus far lacked the necessary time for reflection. It was in the rediscovered calm of the summer in Nice, in the vicinity of Cagnes where his mother was having an exhibition, that he was able to take his distance from the events of the blue period and draw up the second operational balance sheet of his career.

Being all within all

The great lesson that Klein derived from blue was its extradimensional character. Through blue and beyond blue, he felt himself grazed by the quivering of the absolute, a tangible representation of infinite space. Once again he reconsidered the compromise of presentation, the form of the picture that he had deliberately chosen to take on as a demonstration proposition, when the ideal would have been

3. *Daily Mail*, June 25, 1957.

Pernod and red wine

GALLERY ONE

20 D'Arblay Street W1
(behind the Academy Cinema)

GERard 3529

Daily 11 am to 6 pm

26. 1962

E CORNER

at we call Not
then means Not
at least I would
go hold of that
is going to be
and

Not! Not! Not! Not!
ge brain I hustled
corner where they
died a suicide

One explained:
it is a catching
patience and all
of course you
to your mind
are the people who
this are lots of
you are all you
are all in your
later all your
a good feeling and
I enjoy life
added so sane I
where the catch

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Silverman Fluxus Archives	Series.Folder: IV.B.40
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BEN is small and untidy-bearded. He comes from Nice and has a beautiful blonde wife called Jacqueline, and for the next two weeks he will stay at the yfair art gallery called

a pear tree? And use we found a pear it we have a rat in a

exhibition private view on Monday 24th June at 6 pm

Pernod and red wine

MONOCHROME PROPOSITIONS OF YVES KLEIN

GALLERY ONE

Due to the controversial nature of this work there will be a discussion open to all at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street at 8.15 on Wednesday 26th June at which M Yves Klein and M Pierre Restany the French art critic will answer questions

20 D'Arblay Street W1
(behind the Academy Cinema)

GERrard 3529

Daily 11 am to 6 pm

Invitation to the exhibition at Gallery One, London, June 24, 1957

to be content to spread a certain quantity of pure industrial pigment on the ground: "the invisible force of attraction would have retained it on the surface of the soil without altering it." But the material means mattered little compared with what was ultimately at stake. He felt that the demonstration worked, and produced the desired effect, and that beyond the surprise and even sarcasm, the sensitivity of the public had in one way or another been touched in depth. He was to proclaim it aloud:

What I wanted at the time was to present, in a perhaps somewhat artificial manner, an opening on the world of color, a window open on the freedom to be impregnated in an infinite and boundless way with the incommensurable color state. My purpose was to present to the public the possibility of illumination of the pictorial color matter in itself, which allows any state of physical things, stone, rock, bottles, clouds, to become an accessory by impregnation for the human

26. 1962

E CORNER

at we can not
high means not
at that I would
you find of that
is going to be
and
Not! Not! Not!
re brain I hurried
corner where they
did a suicide

one explained:
it is a carving
a person and all
of which you
is your house
are the people who
the old lady of
you will find
it is all in your
corner all your
a good feeling and
a good life
added so same I
where the catch

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Silverman Fluxus Archives	Series.Folder: IV.B.40
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BEN is small and untidy-bearded. He comes from Nice and has a beautiful blonde wife called Jacqueline, and for the next two weeks he will stay at a fair art gallery called

a pear tree? Just
use we found a pear
On it we have a 2nd in a
That will be A as in
There is a fish for I as in
For U we have a
le."

artificially I
they would
O
ly do when we
ice. It would
could milk the
ee would be
n the cow."

POEM

I met Milton.
form a little.

on the stage
e filled with
ies and travel."

one will come
with an empty

pen our cul-
tion and por-
e to my wife "

"I thought your
with each
throw away a
will sweep it

When my eye
at I did the

from America
I to connect
transmission, ab-

to do at times
I

is a character
the full
and a Italian

and was once
and I'll be
and is seemed

was present in
flickered every

and to Nelson
and person the
the others and

remembering all
and to be I
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small. This is
be a piece of
from New York

and we can't
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Not! Not! Finally
re brain I hustled
corner where they

did a suicide

Since "expatriated"
all is with carrying
I person and all

of suicide you
I to your house
are to people who

that are lots of
you to all your
I the all in your

where the catch

Pernod and red wine

GALLERY ONE

20 D'Arbly Street W1
(behind the Academy Cinema)
GERrard 3529
Daily 11 am to 6 pm

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Friday, October 26, 1962

sensitivity of the reader in the boundless cosmic sensitivity of all things. Such an ideal reader in the presence of one of my color surfaces then became, only in sensitivity, of course, "extradimensional" to such a degree that he was "all within all," impregnated in the sensitivity of the universe.

It is interesting to observe that in his diary notes Klein adopts the term *colore*, which I had used in my preface to the Collette Allendy show. *Colore* and not *coloré*—this seeming barbarism is in fact a neologism coined ad hoc to express, by contrast with the passive sense of *coloré* (the result of an action), the active sense of an innate and immanent quality of color as a materialized state of energy.⁴

4. This was well understood by Lane Dunlop in her English translation of extracts from Klein's journal published in the catalogue of the Jewish Museum exhibition (New York, Jan. 1967), where she gave the noun "color" a qualitative value; thus *matière colore* became "colormatter."

remains only the problem of how to sensitize the individual to

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Symphonie Mondrian-silence
 12, 44, 110, 232, 234, 244, 245
 246 ; III

remains only the problem
 persuade the individual

people do not notice these
 and then in the Museum of
 window is a darkened room
 with mirrors, wet sponges
 and vegetables.
 Visitors there is a display
 objects
 give them things to play
 that is art," said Museum
 the Robin Page, a 27-year-old
 artist.

Visitors are invited to make art
 terms on a blank wall with a se-
 lection of rubber stamps. The re-
 sult is a "personal poem."
 There's a "personal poem" section
 ing from black, white, red, yellow
 and a hair.
 Said gallery owner, Victor
 "Contemporary artists can learn
 better to create more."

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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FESTIVAL OF MISFITS

OCT - NOV. 1962

GALLERY ONE 16 NORTH AUDLEY STREET GROSVENOR SQUARE LONDON W1 HYDe Park 5880

If you are too successful, and have nostalgia for the days when you were not,
if you are unsuccessful, and hope some day success will knock at your door,
if you are too beautiful, and find men in the street are bothersome,
if you are ugly, madame, and wish you were beautiful,
if you sleep profoundly at night, and feel that it is a waste of time,
if you suffer from insomnia, and have time on your hands,
if you have teeth, and no meat,
if you belong to the weaker sex, and wish you were of the stronger,
if you're in love and it makes you suffer,
if you're loved and it bores you,
if you're rich, and envy the simple happiness of the poor,
if you're poor, and long for la Dolce Vita,
if you're afraid to die, or find no point in living,
if you're a drunkard or a teetotaler,
if you believe in heaven or believe in hell,
if you're satisfied with the colour of your skin, or would rather change it,
if you believe in yourself and are pleased with what you do,
or don't believe in yourself, and wonder what you are doing, and why

then come to see the FESTIVAL OF MISFITS

built by people who sometimes sleep soundly, sometimes don't; sometimes are hungry, sometimes overfed; sometimes feel young, rich and handsome, sometimes old, ugly and poor; sometimes

believe in themselves, sometimes don't; sometimes are artists, sometimes not.
We make music which is not Music, poems that are not Poetry, paintings that are not Painting, but music that may fit poetry, poetry that may fit paintings, paintings that may fit... something, something which gives us the chance to enjoy a happy, non-specialized fantasy.

Try it THE FESTIVAL OF MISFITS

Robert Filliou, one-eyed good-for-nothing Huguenot
Addi Kocpke, German professional revolutionist
Gustav Metzger, escaped Jew
Robin Page, Yukon lumberjack
Benjamin Patterson, captured alive Negro
Daniel Spoerri, Rumanian adventurer
Per Olof Ultvedt, the red-faced strongman from Sweden
Ben Vauthier, God's broker
Emmett Williams, the Pole with the elephant memory

You are invited to the opening between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. on 23rd October. The Festival will continue until Thursday 8th November. Admission 2s. 6d.

In conjunction with the Festival there will be a special evening at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street at 8.15 on Wednesday, 24th October, which will include a 53 kilo poem by Robert Filliou, an Alphabet Symphony by Emmett Williams, a Paper Piece and The Triumph of Egg by Benjamin Patterson and a Do-it-yourself Chorale by Daniel Spoerri.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Friday, October 26, 1962

'Misfits' Crown Cabbages and Things

LONDON (AP) — "The Misfits" hung up a lamp, old cabbage in a fashionable London gallery, and called it art.

Also exhibited were 30 wet sponges, a bottle opener, and an assortment of buttons and handles.

The Misfits, as they are known, were the work of a group of young artists and designers including Robert Filliou, Gustav Metzger, and Benjamin Patterson.

Benjamin Patterson, a Negro, was the first to exhibit his work in the gallery. He is a former student of the art school at the University of Chicago.

He is surrounded by a collection of various objects, including a bottle opener, a lamp, and a cabbage. He has signed and numbered each object.



Patterson

American Among Them

Among "The Misfits" is Emmett Williams, an American who is known in Europe for his ready-made art, music, and writings.

In conjunction with the festival a special evening is scheduled at the Institute of Contemporary Arts which will include a 53 kilo poem by Robert Filliou, an Alphabet Symphony by Williams, a Paper Piece, and the "Triumph of Egg" by Benjamin Patterson and a "Do-it-yourself Chorale" by Daniel Spoerri.

"Everything is art," Williams said. "It's not nothing more beautiful than a handball, nothing more pretty than a turning wheel."

But people do not notice these things.

Beyond Ben in the Misfit Gallery window is a darkened room hung with rattles, wet sponges and old vegetable.

For visitors there is a display of gadgets.

"I give them things to play with that is art," said Misfit-in-charge Robin Page, a 29-year-old Canadian.

Visitors are invited to make patterns on a blank wall with a selection of rubber stamps. The result: "A universal poem."

There's a "sauce room" featuring razor blades, poison bottles and a knife.

Said another Misfit, Victor Benavise:

"Commonplace things can be made into creative minds."

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FESTIVAL OF MISFITS

by George Butcher



AN art exhibition with nothing to sell—or at least nothing anyone ever bought as art in the past—is enough to suggest that "The Festival of Misfits" at Gallery One (16 North Audley St., off Grosvenor Square) is as odd as its title. The junk contents include, not illogically, one of the artists in person. Ben Vauthier, son of a Swiss artist, and "international extraordinary" is listed in the non-catalogue as "God's broker." Slightly irreverently, he is for sale, and may be purchased for £250. One isn't actually expected to hang him on the wall; but he does live, by night as well as by day, in the gallery's window. Passers-by may watch him looking at television, or (rarely) creating works of art with pill-induced vomit, or even listen to him lecture spectators on the aesthetics of "total art."

"We make music, which is not Music, poems that are not

Poetry, paintings that are not Painting, but music that may fit poetry poetry that may fit paintings paintings that may fit... something, something which gives us the chance to enjoy a happy, nonspecialised fantasy."

Despite the turmoil of romantically disarrayed scrap (toys for grown-ups) the intention of total art is to involve the spectator so completely that he becomes, so to speak, no longer his ordinary mundane self. Conversely, everything is art. There remains only the problem of how to persuade the individual to see it so himself — and order his life accordingly.

After turning over the conventional 2s 6d at the door, one enters Daniel Spoerri's "dark room": there really is a way through, and those who don't flee back the way they came are obviously made of the stern stuff required for participation in a total

environment. The next section is Robin Page's obeisance to Heath Robinson: you do what you are told: "lift," "pull," "feel," "jiggle," and "kick." In the lower gallery you may contribute to the wall-sized mural, compounded of the marks made by rubber stamps in the hands of innumerable predecessors. The end, when one feels much alone, is a convenient cubicle labelled "suicide corner."

Of course, all of this may seem to prove very little. It is a mixture of naïve showmanship, fun-fair, neo-Dada anti-art and the young man's rebellion against convention. It is a gift for the popular press, and anathema to the landlords of North Audley Street. But it is meant to be taken seriously. It is an assault on all that is taken for granted—and that we cannot therefore really see. It attempts to clear the ground so that the ladder to the spirit may become more firmly based than the values of the art world suggest it may be at present. We may not much enjoy the sweepings and the dust of the clearance operation; but at least, as they begin to settle, we may begin to climb again toward the temples of the intellect. And we shan't slip on rungs falsely held because too long held unthinkingly.

A scrambled metaphor may be as good a way as any to twist consciousness out of its ruts. Showmanship, and the projection of artistic personality, are the gimmicks-steps that awaken us to life again, that may make us individually, if only fleetingly, aware of our real environments—a sensitivity deficient in Britain since the decline of aristocratic values. To repeat, it is the simple, but essential, point that all of life is art, and everything around it art as well. If only our civic councillors were so enlightened.

The Guardian

Manchester.

Cutting from issue dated 31 OCT 1962

Radio Times

35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

Cutting from issue dated 17 JAN 1963

Jan 25

10.20 THE FESTIVAL OF MISFITS

An on-the-spot commentary by T. G. ROSENTHAL on a recent art exhibition at Gallery One in London, together with some excerpts from interviews with the director, VICTOR MUSGRAVE, and two of the artists involved, ROBIN PAGE and BEN VAUTHIER.

Introduced by GEORGE MACBETH
† Originally broadcast in New Comment on November 22, 1962

It sounded so sane I wondered where the catch was.

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Gallery One
DURRANT'S PRESS CUTTINGS

29-39, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C.1.

Telephone: CENTRAL 3149 (Two Lines).

Daily Express

118, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Cutting from issue dated 25 OCT-1962

MAYFAIR'S MISFIT GALLERY



BEN VAUTIER

EMMETT WILLIAMS

DANIEL SPOERRI

ROBIN PAGE

ARTHUR KOEPCKE



*They hang up
cabbage and
say it's art*

Express Staff Reporter

EVERYONE stopped to stare when The Misfits took over Mayfair's Gallery One for their art show.

The most dedicated of the Misfits, 26-year-old Parisian Ben Vautier, will eat and sleep in the front window until the exhibition closes on November 4.

He is surrounded by a mass of everyday objects—from gas cooker to hand-drill, television set to bottle-opener—which he has signed and so, he claims, made artistic.

THEIR POEM

"Everything is art," he said, sitting on his bed. "There is nothing more beautiful than a hand-drill, nothing more pretty than a turning wheel. But people don't notice these things."

Beyond Ben in his window is a darkened room hung with rattles, wet sponges, and old vegetables. Then for the curious crowds, a display of handles and buttons and gadgets.

Canadian Robin Page, 29-year-old Misfit-in-Charge, said: "I give them things to play with. That is art."

Visitors are invited to make patterns on a black wall with a selection of rubber stamps. A "universal poem."

There's a "Suicide Room," too. Razor blades, poison bottles, and a knife.

Gallery owner Mr. Victor Musgrave said: "Commonplace things can be artistic to creative minds."

**Vautier
returns
stares
through
window**

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The Observer

22, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

Cutting from issue dated: 28 OCT 1962

Arts Review

Art

by NIGEL GOSLING

ENTER THE DEMOLITION MEN

ART, Beauty, Culture—they make a capital-lettered ABC with which most people have a love-hate relationship. Reeling out from yet another hushed and solemn communion with a great soul, we cannot help sometimes feeling the itch to take a pot-shot at the sacred cows who have jumped over the moon to remain in perpetual heavenly orbit.

This is not only a natural human emotion. It can be defended intellectually. The kingdom of art is within you, it can be argued, not packaged up in parcels marked "Open with reverence."

Our Western artistic heritage includes a slow, increasing insistence on this aspect of truth, both in subject matter (from gods to kings to human trash) and in treatment. Ritual canons of art have been gradually eroded until, early in this century, the Dadaists pushed the remains overboard with a final derisory kick and hoisted the rival flag of unreason, absurdity, improvisation and chance.

In music, drama and the cinema these elements are today having a come-back, and in art the neo-Dadaists are abroad. Their first real outing in this country is now visible at Gallery One in a show entitled *The Festival of Misfit*.

The word "show" is the right one. There are no real exhibits and the atmosphere is more like that of a fair, offering (as a somewhat facetious and misleading handout asserts) "the chance to enjoy a happy, non-specialised fantasy." In fact, it is much more than this. Certainly, everything is geared to remove our gaze from "fine art" and to involve ourselves imaginatively, like children, in the everyday objects which surround us. But this is an obvious and facile doctrine. The show is actually a demonstration of the intellectual art of abstraction.

IN THE window behind a glass front covered with half-size, half-size scribbles, one of the four partitions (of varied dimensions) are in a dion surrounded by rich bed silver bric-a-brac, haranguing the crowd on art through a loudspeaker (muted); everything is art, even the artist. Beside him is a Bosch-like tree, decorated with incongruous objects (concrete poetic images abstracted from poetry). Beyond is a cluster of Heath Robinson machinery, operating absurd functions (the creative playfulness abstracted from super-rocketry).

On the stairs, bags of colour-mixtures are ranged side by side (the element of colour harmony in its purest form). Downstairs, visitors are invited to add to a poem by adding words with a rubber stamp. A scale invites you to measure yourself in feet (inches instead of inches). And so on.

Of course, this is all nonsense; it is meant to be. The scruffy, cramped, half-baked atmosphere is upsetting; that is intended. An aura of queasiness,

cheap commercialism and salesmanship comes off in waves. This, though, is the real world in which we live—one far removed from the gracious calm of the gold-framed masterpiece. We must learn to live imaginatively in this world, too.

MY OWN criticism of the work of this gang—demolition men who tear down things to reveal new vistas behind them—is not based on disapproval of their aims. On the contrary, I hold such a drastically opposite, optimistic view about the permanent validity of normal art values that I welcome such antisepic exercises without alarm. They do good.

But the point that is being made is fundamentally a cerebral one and not easy, and this demonstration of it is painfully lacking in intellectual bite, clarity and economy. The message is confused and confusing. Foreign, suspect elements have crept in—the charm of romantic disorder, whimsy, picturesque quaintness and larkiness.

Many people will enjoy the show but few will have their standards or outlook changed. Most will see it as the shrine of yet another cult. Anti-art, like anti-Christ, easily gets elevated into a holy niche.

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Gallery One
DURRANT'S PRESS CUTTINGS

29-39, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C.1.

Telephone: CENTRAL 3149 (Two Lines).

Arts Review

53, Paddington Street, London, W.1.

Cutting from issue dated: **3 NOV 1962** *Gallery One*

THE ONLY MAN OUT OF HEP

OSWELL BLAKESTON

The house of the future may be made of compressed air and cellophane; so, under threat of vanishing wall space for pictures, some young artists feel the time has come to concentrate on things and environment. Hence 'The Festival of Mishits'. Ben Vauthier, for instance, has put a bed in the gallery window, and he will live and perhaps die there during the exhibition. This piece of living sculpture has surrounded himself with all manner of junk from the scramble of living rooms to show that objects can take on fresh mystery if one puts them to the service of an animated statue.

And what happens to the bold visitor inside the gallery? He plunges into a dark maze, walks on material like wads of human fat, is brushed by horrid skeins, feels black sculpture in darkness. Here, then, is the fairground technique of the ghost-ride adapted to the serious aim of forcing the casual gallery-goer into an experience.

Later, there is a department with machinery marked 'DANGEROUS' which simply winds up a spade, things to kick and jump on, a rusty saw one is invited to touch. The intention is not for physical rather than visual adventure, but to create a kicking-off point for both. The visitor who participates with wham and wough can put a cadre round a gesture, for the contention is that art may last only for a few seconds and still be art. In fact a follower of the movement in New York is selling art cakes that you can eat in a bite, although as a souvenir you can purchase a plaster cast of the cake. Gallery One's misfits will offer to sell you dirty water or a hole.

Modern art has brought many new material under its dominion, and now it is bringing mystery under control. Yes, you can spin wheels which instruct you to hold the hand, kiss or mangle the stranger standing to right or left.

Downstairs, you can hurl a ball at skittles with the names of the nine young men who have prepared the festival. Work off your feelings, clamour, and then contribute to the universal poem which is being written with rubber stamps.

But if you're the one man out of step, the one caller-in who is not enjoying yourself, there is a co-it-yourself suicide chamber. For is not the ultimate origin of freedom, the prime indispensable condition, that even in prison, even in mortal illness, a man may put an end to his span? So feel free to go along to Gallery One where the artists have measured off their lengths in a real measure. Robert Filliou, Addi Koepke, Gustave Metzger, Robin Page, Benjamin Patterson, Daniel Spoerri, Ter Olof Ultvedt, Den Vauthier, Emmett Williams. You have been warned.

* Until November 8th.

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Sunday Telegraph

135, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

28 OCT 1962

Cutting from issue dated

By EDWIN MULLINS

Flint Without Sparks

Flint were a matter of technical proficiency. Sir William Russell Flint would today be the joyen of British painting. When it comes to describing through water-colours a stormy landscape, or a French village, or a reclining nude, he has no living peer.

This talent has now been justly honoured by a retrospective exhibition, covering nearly 60 years of work, in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy.

Russell Flint's best work can be regarded as belated examples of the English 19th century water-colour tradition. They are quite simply documentary accounts of scenes which have caught his traveller's eye, and to which he has given romantic and picturesque over-

The academics may be repeating an old story—but their opponents may have no story at all

tones, rather in the manner of Colman, J. R. Cozens or the early Turner.

It is when he goes beyond this simple, descriptive manner that the basic artificiality of his art shows through. The bulk of the exhibition is taken up not with landscapes but with politely sexy caprices. In these alluring fantasies dishevelled maidens pose in various unlikely settings—a Devon cider-house for instance—and manage to look like a cross between a Boucher Venus and Brigitte Bardot.

Certainly they are brilliantly

done, but they remain calendar pictures, dressed up for the drawing-room, but with the same straightforward appeal and all the same conventions of unreality: the pose, the drapery, the lighting effects, the suggestion of exoticism. They conjure up a meaningless world of polite sensuality, insignificant and unreal.

An academic manner of painting generally does end up being unreal. This is the trouble with academics. They fossilise things. What seems a valid expression of feelings 50 years ago may be no more than a pretty mannerism today; and tomorrow a bad joke.

One can appreciate why young artists have so often needed to smash the conventions of the *status quo*, like those—Ernst among them—who organised the famous Dada exhibition in Cologne in 1920, which you entered through a lavatory.

Daily Herald

Long Acre, London, W.C.24 OCT 1962

Cutting from issue dated

In the cage

I WENT to the Festival of Mischis yesterday.

This is a show of "living art" at Gallery One in May-fair.

I can only report what I heard and saw.

I saw Ben Vautier, who is apparently living in a cage at the gallery.

Vautier is a bearded 26-year-old Frenchman who was born in Italy, was a Swiss father and later in other and has lived in Turkey.

With him in his cage were several items: a table, chair and stove; a teddy bear, a cold hot water bottle, a bit of bread, a candle and two glasses of beer.

I asked Vautier: "This is a serious thing. It isn't a joke. If people take it as a joke it is their fault, not ours."

Vautier introduced me to his eight fellow artists who are contributing to the show.

They described themselves variously as "a one-eyed good-for-nothing student," "a German professional revolutionist," "an escaped Jew," "a Cuban lumberjack," "a captured ally Negro," "a Rumanian adventurer," "a red-faced strongman from Sweden" and "the Pole with the elephant memory."

Before I left I asked Vautier the delicate question we all want to ask people who squat on poles and live in barrels.

"I go down stairs," he said.



Curiosity... the girl on the ladder just had to find out what was on top of the piece of board. Turned out to be a collection of junk. For more about London's oddest art, see story in the Cage.

No Pictures

Something of the kind is being re-enacted at Gallery One where nine young men have transformed the place into a mad lunatic equipped with ghost train. The trouble is, the quality of shock, like charm, is ephemeral, and what would have been outrageous in 1920 now tends to look like a whimsical publicity stunt. Climates have changed. Anarchy is not an intellectual fashion in Europe any more, and one can no longer *épater les bourgeois*.

The Festival of Mischis, as it is called, is more naive. It aims to be simply a "happy non-specialised fantasy" which teaches that art is all around us if only we will open our eyes to see it. We must participate in art, not just hang it on the wall and invite the neighbours in. Hence the kicking machine, the human sculpture and the rubber-stamp poem.

There is a lot of the anti-academic in Peter Blake, too. Earlier this year he won the John Moores Junior Prize with a self-portrait that was technically brilliant. Now for his first one-man show, at the Portal Gallery, he has chosen to exhibit three-dimensional constructions which deny absolutely all painterly skill.

It is a pity he could not have included a few pictures; then one would have seen how these make-believe shop-windows, lighted rooms and cinema screens form just a small part of a rich, weird personal vision. It is just here that the Mischis fail to make an impression: collectively they have no vision, only a point of view.

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DURRANT'S PRESS CUTTINGS

29-38, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C.1.

Telephone: CENTRAL 3149 (Two Lines)

Architectural Review

3, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1

Cutting from issue dated.....

Since that time, many avant-garde artists have attempted to turn painting itself into an environment, usually by making the canvas a substitute for a painted wall. An experiment recently carried out at Gallery One was a curious attempt not only to create a complete environment but to influence the conduct of the visitors by tempting them to play little games calculated to give all their actions and gestures a symbolic significance. The nine young men who devised the show intended it to create an atmosphere in which the average gallery-goer would 'enjoy a happy non-specialized fantasy.' It was a peculiarly distressing failure because the spectacle achieved neither vitality nor beauty.

It was called a 'Festival of Misfits,' and it managed to be both insipid and ugly. It contained enough evidence of a knowledge of the principal ideas that govern the art of our time to make it, in theory, a suitable show for a serious modern gallery, but the organizers evidently believe that a child repressed into doltishness lurks in every adult, for it was a perfidious caricature of the nursery, and I'm sorry that the invitation to visitors to meddle with the toys did not go unheeded.

For an entrance fee of half-a-crown, one could pull rusty levers that produced ping-pong or twanging noises, drive nails into reproductions of well-known paintings, step bravely down a staircase strewn with mirrors (passing on the way some open bags of powder colour which one critic was trapped into calling 'the element of colour harmony in its purest form'), measure oneself in numbers of seed-packets, *Evening Standards* or thumb-prints, knock over huge skittles with huge balls from a distance of six feet, add to a Universal Poem with rubber stamps (tethered like the pencils in a polling booth to prevent pilfering!) and admire the swags of bunting made of newspapers and magazines torn into tiny pieces.

The oddest thing of all about this 'manifestation' was that the organizers really did succeed in controlling the conduct of the visitors, for although they dutifully played skittles and drove nails into the reproductions, no one thought of flinging the bags of powder colour at the walls. But perhaps the slackness of the show found its match in our inertia. It somehow reminded me of the way we go on giving money to those cynical little boys who stuff a shapeless bundle of old clothes into a perambulator and without even bother-

ing to give it a mask go out collecting for the guy.

The idea that the work of commercial designers discloses more evidence of creative vitality than that of the painters and sculptors is now in full circulation, and in a recent issue of *Ark*, Misha Black made a slashing attack on the young artists who borrow pop material for their paintings. He accuses them of recoiling from 'the reality of existence' and says that they 'find their peace only in the fog-end of a dying epoch. Desperately writhing,' he explains, 'to avoid being sucked into involvement with the emergent present, they cling to what is left of the past, the sediment of the café and violence in the back street, the cinema poster and the tangle of local shops battling for a miserable individuality.' I would have had more sympathy with his point of view if his attack had been levelled at the frowsy peep-show held at Gallery One, where we were confronted at every turn by degenerate objects. It's true that the young painters he has in mind are only attracted to the more vulgar aspects of commercial design, and they may well recoil from an 'emergent present' of which the signs, according to Professor Black, are 'the well-kempt paths of a New Town and the sensible efficiency of the latest litter-bin,' but their work is more spirited, more purposeful and more poetic than that of any other English painters who have emerged since the war.

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programme

FOR PRIVATE RESEARCH ONLY
TATE GALLERY ARCHIVE

AROUND THE EVENT

The act of painting may be provoked by stimuli: knowledge of which is only marginally relevant to appreciation of the work of art. The creative event is, however, embodied within particular cultural contexts and the ICA has invited some artists to indicate those areas which touch specifically upon their creative processes.

The first of these manifestations of sources - the visual facts around the event of making - will be Dick Smith's, to be given during the course of his exhibition in the ICA Gallery.

VISIT TO THE LEBANON, EGYPT, WITH NILE CRUISE TO ABU SIMBEL

We are planning a fortnight visit to the Lebanon and Egypt from 16 March. Full inclusive cost £215.

This includes air travel by scheduled Comet Jet Service of Middle East Airlines and air travel in Egypt (Cairo - Luxor - Cairo). All meals and refreshments also en route, all excursions, sightseeing, entrances, guides and tips. All transportation, transfers, accommodation in double rooms with bath.

The itinerary includes visits to Beirut, Baalbeck and Damascus, Cairo, and tour of Memphis, Sakkara, and Pyramids. Asswan and Nile cruise to Abu Simbel Luxor with visits to Thebes, Karnak and Temple of Luxor.

Reservations can now be accepted and the deposit of £10 is refundable in case of cancellation of the tour.

Full details will be sent on request.

Thursday
4 October
3.15 pm.

AFRICA

The paradox of the Primitive Influences in Art with special reference to the Congress of African Art and Culture held recently in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

Speakers: Roland Penrose
Herbert Read
Joan Wescott
William Fagg
Denis Duerden

Chairman: Guy Atkins
Members 2/- Non members 3/6

Thursday
11 October
3.15 pm

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

Dudley Shaw Ashton will introduce and screen his film COVENTRY CATHEDRAL which will be followed by a discussion on the recently completed Cathedral.

It is hoped speakers will include:

Peter Hammond
Peter Rawsthorne
Ian Naim
Joseph Rykwert

Chairman: Arthur Ling
Members 2/- Non members 3/6

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

All Members are invited.
The Meeting will be held in the Members' Room.

Tuesday
16 October
7 pm

Wednesday
17 October
6 pm

PRIVATE VIEW Richard Smith

Wednesday
24 October
8.15 pm

MISFITS

A manifestation by the artists exhibiting at Gallery One.

Participants include:

Robert Fillion: A 53 Kilo poem
Benjamin Patterson: Paper Piece, and the Triumph of Egg.
Daniel Spoerri: Do it yourself Choral, and Table and chair Metamorphosis.
Emmett Williams: Alphabet Symphony.

And

Addi Kocpke Gustave Metzger Robin Page
Per Olof Ultvedt Ben Vauthier

MEMBERS' PARTY

An opportunity for members to meet one another, the staff, and committee members.

Dancing to Steel Band.

Members free Guests 5/-

Thursday
25 October
9 pm - 1 am

Monday
29 October
8.15 pm

AROUND THE EVENT

RICHARD SMITH

The first of a series prepared by Richard Hamilton in which various artists will show and discuss the cultural context in which they work and its relationship to their art. (see editorial)

Chairman: Roger Coleman
Members 2/- Non members 3/6

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

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FOR PRIVATE RESEARCH ONLY
TATE GALLERY ARCHIVE

mc hale - transition 1959-61

gallery sept 6 · oct 13.

1960 cordell - presences

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

17-18 DOVER STREET
LONDON W1
GROSvenor 6186-7

President Sir Herbert Read
Hon. Director Roland Penrose
Director Dorothy Morland
Secretary Julie Lawson

Management Committees
Chairman: Roland Penrose
Euston Bishop (Hon. Treasurer)
John Bodley, Leonie Cohn, Theo Crosby,
Howard Hartog, Sir Herbert Read,
Gabriel White

120. oct '62

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

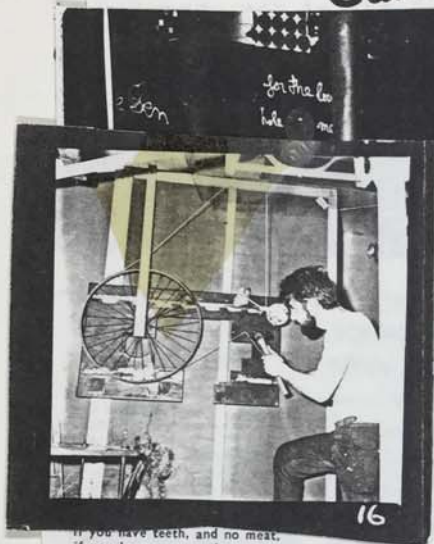
The Management Committee and ICA Officers attach great importance to the views expressed by members at the Annual General Meeting which is the only occasion at which a reassessment of the year is possible. If you cannot be present please send your comments and ideas in note form, and they will be read at the meeting in the Members' Room at 7 pm on Tuesday 16th October.

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10. Sept 62

Dear Victor,

Gallery One

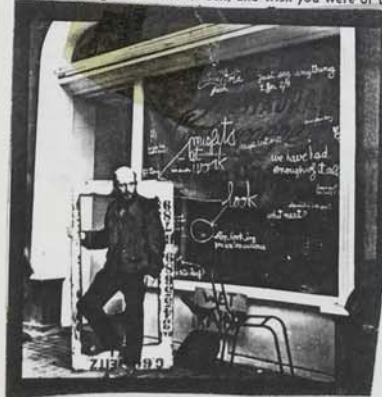


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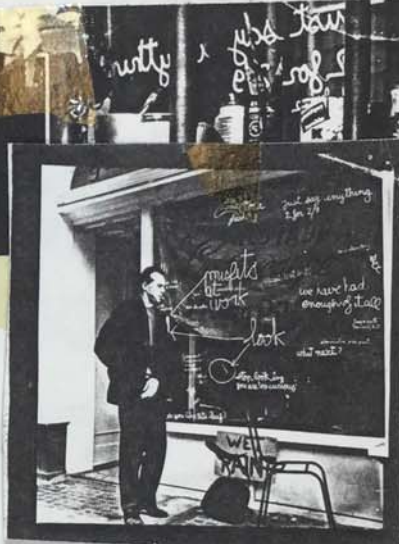
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Robin Page, Yukon lumberjack
Benjamin Patterson, captured alive Negro



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10. Sept 62

Dear Victor,

Gallery One



GALLERY ONE 16 NORTH AUDLEY STREET GROSVENOR SQUARE LONDON W1 HYDe Park 5880

If you are too successful, and have nostalgia for the days when you were not.
if you are unsuccessful, and hope some day success will knock at your door,
if you are too beautiful, and find men in the street are bothersome,
if you are ugly, madame, and wish you were beautiful,
if you sleep profoundly at night, and feel that it is a waste of time,
if you suffer from insomnia, and have time on your hands,
if you have teeth, and no meat,
if you have meat, and no teeth,
if you belong to the weaker sex, and wish you were of the stronger,
if you're in love and it makes you suffer,
if you're loved and it bores you,
if you're rich, and envy the simple happiness of the poor,
if you're poor, and long for la Dolce Vita,
if you're afraid to die, or find no point in living,
if you're a drunkard or a teetotaler,
if you believe in heaven or believe in hell,
if you're satisfied with the colour of your skin, or would rather change it,
if you believe in yourself and are pleased with what you do,
or don't believe in yourself, and wonder what you are doing, and why

then come to see the FESTIVAL OF MISFITS

built by people who sometimes sleep soundly, sometimes don't; sometimes are hungry, sometimes overfed; sometimes feel young, rich and handsome, sometimes old, ugly and poor; sometimes

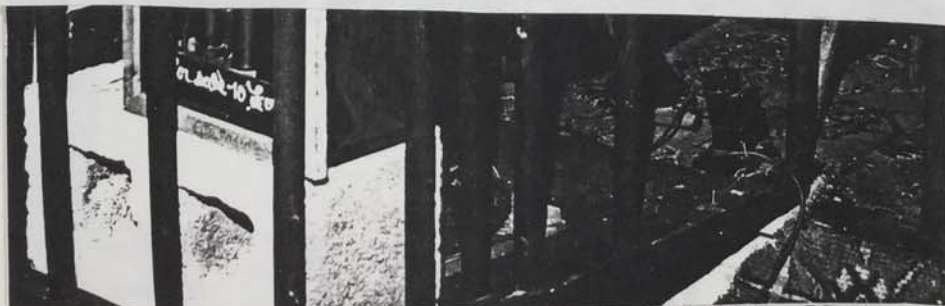
believe in themselves, sometimes don't; sometimes are artists, sometimes not.
We make music which is not Music, poems that are not Poetry, paintings that are not Painting, but music that may fit poetry poetry that may fit paintings paintings that may fit... something, something which gives us the chance to enjoy a happy, non-specialized fantasy.

Try it THE FESTIVAL OF MISFITS

Robert Filliou, one-eyed good-for-nothing Huguenot
Addi Kocpke, German professional revolutionist
Gustav Metzger, escaped Jew
Robin Page, Yukon lumberjack
Benjamin Patterson, captured alive Negro
Daniel Spoerri, Rumanian adventurer
Per Olof Ultvedt, the red-faced strongman from Sweden
Ben Vauthier, God's broker
Emmett Williams, the Pole with the elephant memory

You are invited to the opening between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. on 23rd October. The Festival will continue until Thursday 8th November. Admission 2s. 6d.

In conjunction with the Festival there will be a special evening at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street at 8.15 on Wednesday, 24th October, which will include a 53 kilo poem by Robert Filliou, an Alphabet Symphony by Emmett Williams, a Paper Piece and The Triumph of Egg by Benjamin Patterson and a Do-it-yourself Chorale by Daniel Spoerri.



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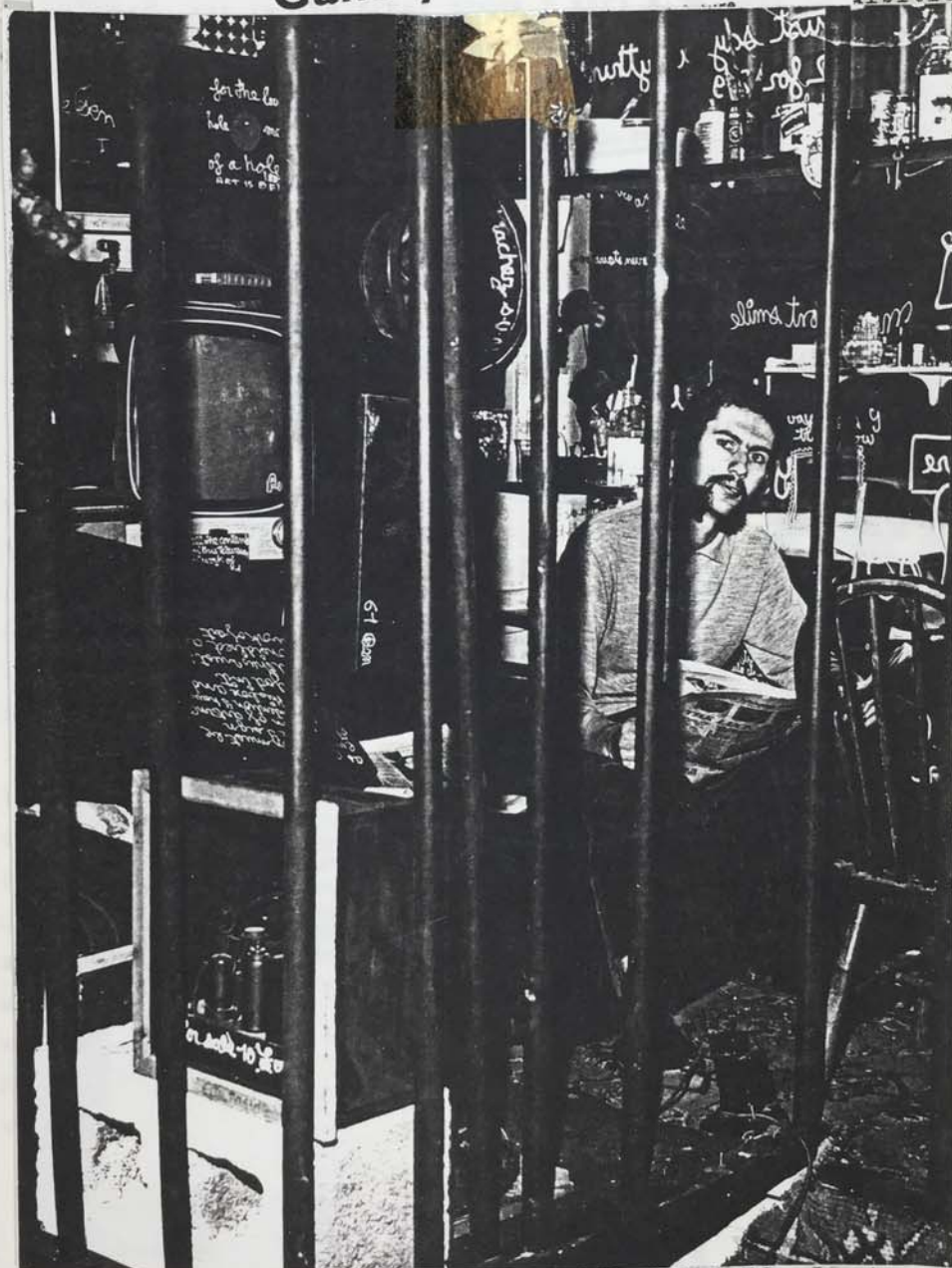
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10. Sept 62

Dear Victor,

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10. Sept 62

Dear

Gallery One

contemporary painting and sculpture

16 North Audley Street Grosvenor Square London W1

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Please, Daniel, let me know as quickly as you possibly can if you think you can do it. If not, of course, we shall have to defer to your wishes and do it some time next year, February if possible, but for many reasons it will be much better in October. We might be able to print a cheap quick catalogue on a long thin sheet of paper like toilet paper; that could be done quickly

One of the reasons why October will be very important for you is that one of the biggest sales Sotheby's have put on will be in October, and you will have big private art collectors, gallery directors and museum directors in London from all over the world.

If you think you can do it please phone

Gallery One Limited directors: Victor Musgrave John Muirhead

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10. Sept 62

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Gallery One

contemporary painting and sculpture

16 North Audley Street Grosvenor Square London W1

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Dear Daniel,

Your explicit letter is fine, and the exhibition is just what we want, but surely if you really get down to it you can do it by mid-October. It may not be necessary to have all seven people involved, perhaps five would do. If you can do it by mid-October we will be delighted and I am sure you can.

We will certainly lay on the ICA and TV and even radio and other publicity for you. You could all assemble here early in October, perhaps we would even be able to open by 7th October, and then you could be in Cologne on the 16th. But Picasso does not attend his one man shows, you know.

Please, Daniel, let me know as quickly as you possibly can if you think you can do it. If not, of course, we shall have to defer to your wishes and do it some time next year, February if possible, but for many reasons it will be much better in October. We might be able to print a cheap quick catalogue on a long thin sheet of paper like toilet paper; that could be done quickly

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10. Sept 62

Dear Victor,

I was pleased to see how you reacted so spontaneously to my letter. First as to the date: it would be tempting to do the festival in October, but in the first place I have a personal exhibition in Cologne on that date, and secondly we'd like to do a really dynamic event, and for this enough time for preparation is necessary. So, since December and January seem to be not so good months for such a festival, it looks like we'll have to wait till February.

Now to the facts: since I wrote you proposing 4 people, I came upon the key idea for the festival, and it means it would be better with 7 people. Here is the idea: at the same time that our Time becomes more and more specialized, artists become less and less specialized, and the frontiers between the arts tend to fall: a sculpture may be also music (Tiaguely, for instance), poems can be visual things, music becomes non-instrumental and visual, the whole creative field belongs to anyone with creativeness. I, for instance, in the past year, have gone along with my snare-pictures that are visual plastic experiences, together with writing a sort of book (Topographie anecdotée du hasard), and a play now being rehearsed for production in Germany. This is why, looking for people whose work stems from the same driving principle, I chose for the festival the following people:

- Robert Filliou, French, living in Paris: writes plays (one of which is being rehearsed in Germany - in Ulm, to come out within a month), makes visual poetry, ~~ix~~ wrote also a Peipoi Symphony..
- ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Arthur Kocke, German living in Copenhagen, sculptor, painter, poet, and wonderful organizer of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ manifestations that put Denmark upside down...
- Robin Page, Canadian living in London, that ~~y~~ you know, whose activities go in that direction. (You wrote me about him)
- Benjamin Patterson, American Negro living in Paris, who after being a professional musician in philharmonic orchestras writes now musical compositions in which the optical impression is at least as great as the sound, also makes puzzles out of daily newspapers..
- ~~P&R~~ Olof Ultvedt, Finn-~~Swede~~ living in Stockholm, sculptor, film-maker, painter, specialized in huge wooden machines that he made

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*Organized in Amsterdam
Hofboeken, Kopen Koffie.*

for all the movement exhibitions, and also this year in the Swedish Pavillon at Venice, participated also in the dynamic labyrinth in Amsterdam where he made two rooms..

- Oscar Emmett Williams, American living in Dannstadt, Germany, writer, poet and musician - concrete and ideogramic poetry, etc..
(I'm thinking of two more people who might be invited eventually without additional cost: one whom you know, Gustave Metzger, and Ben Vautier, strange all-around artist living in Nice.

We all think to come at least one week before opening date, and work on the spot coordinating the ideas that everybody has accumulated between time. Be sure the gallery will not look any more like a gallery by the time work is finished, meaning no distinguished work of art x will be hanging on the walls. It will be more like an itinerary that visitors will go through: contradictory seeing, feeling, hearing, ... Since we'll all be in London we think of making one or two manifestations at the I.C.A., under the same name, and it'd be marvelous if yzou could arrange for us 10 minutes on the Tonight program of the BBC. The whole thing will have a name. We're not quite sure which. The idea is to imply what I spoke of before, that this is a festival by non-specialized people, whom others may regard as 'rates', because of this. So here are x possible titles: Festival des rates, Misscarriage Festival, Misfiring Festival, Down and out Festival, Festival of Unimportant People.... We'll be thinking about it, and you too, I hope, and if you have an idea, please let me know. (I hope x you understood already that your gallery will have to be closed, or almost closed, one week before opening date.. so that we can do our work as it should.) Naturally as your gallery is a kind of corridor, as xx I understand it, we can start working in the back and work our way forward.

Festival of the Five senses

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(Robert Filliou helped me to put this letter in English)

And now the big shock. As you can imagine from what you heard, this thing will cost quite a bit. I figured out the minimum everybody has to have if he is to work in peace, as all of us are broke. In any case, everything is figured out so much at a minimum that each one of us will have to pay from his pocket, but you must make a gesture, realizing that for you this is publicity, just like a big announcement in an art review.

The total cost would be as follows, as spread in different headings: 315 pounds, of which:

- 65 pounds travelling expenses (four times 7 pounds Paris and German 14 pounds Denmark and 21 pounds Stockholm.)
- 100 pounds living and hotel expenses, 7 people at 14 pounds each, a minimum.
- 150 pounds for material, roughly 20 pounds per person, an indispensable we will make sure not to go beyond of.

Anything salable from the festival will belong to you without charge. Besides, each one of us will bring to London a salable work to you, of a value that can be established around 50 pounds for each, so your charges can be covered eventually by this alone.

I know, Victor, that this represents quite an expense, but for us this manifestation represents quite a necessity, we're not jumping on the occasion, and if it's not you we must find somebody else to do it, but I'd prefer to do it with you, since the idea was developed from the opportunity of this first possibility you offered us.

Sincerely yours,

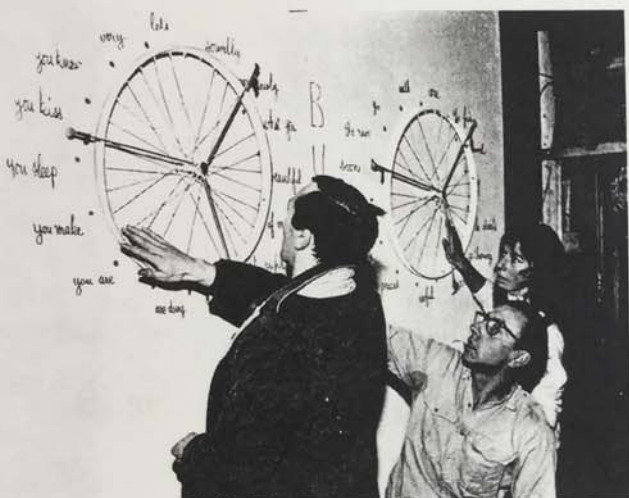
Daniel Spoerri

P.S. Besides, you still owe me 5 pounds, as I hope you remember, from the MAT exhibition.

24 Rue Mouffetard Paris 5e

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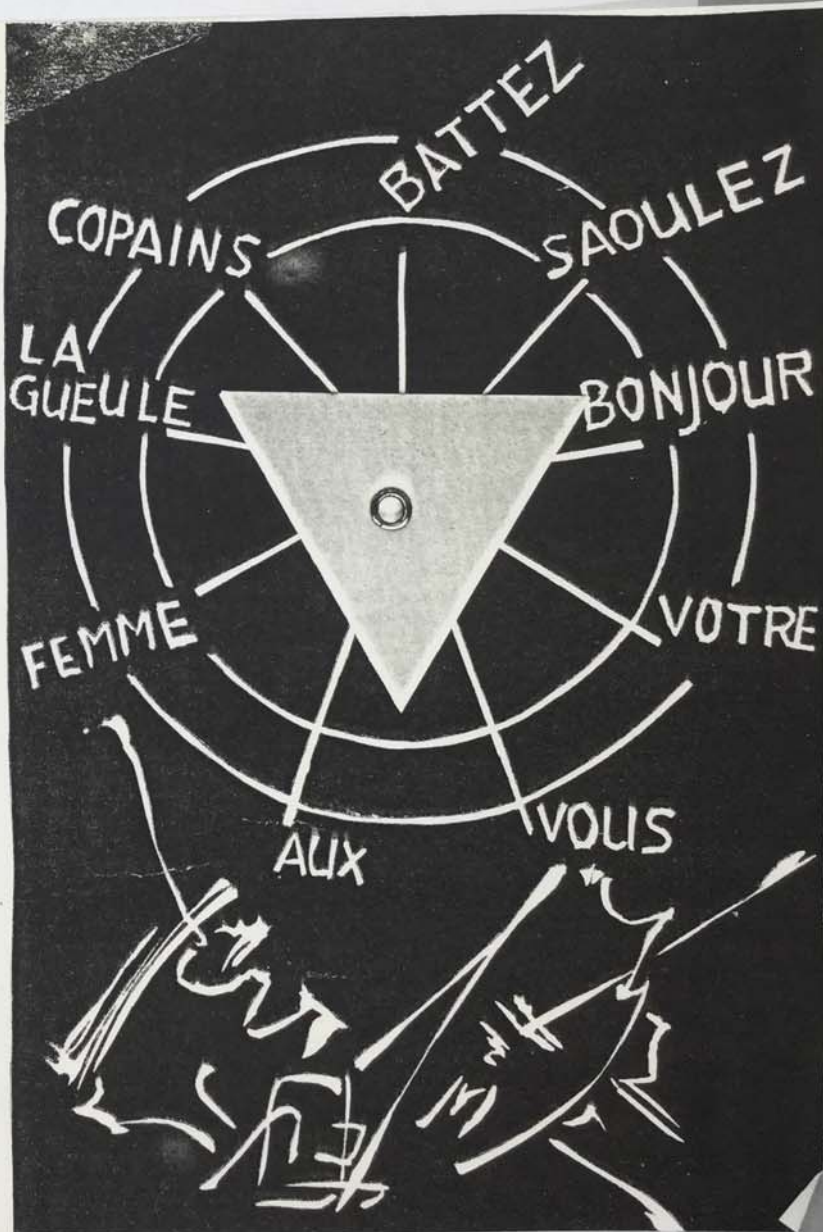
Ce poème a été construit à l'occasion de la Misfits' Fair * (Foire des Râtes), Gallery One, Londres, octobre 1962. La chance aidant, les spectateurs font leur propre poème. Le fait qu'il y ait deux roues (séparées par BUT - mais -) augmente bien sûr les possibilités. Ainsi, sur la photo, le poème obtenu est :

vous embrassez/merveilleusement/bien
mais
bientôt/la rigolade/finira

Dans une autre version du poème (des cartons portant un texte différent recouvrant les mots ci-dessus), les spectateurs étaient invités à participer activement à la foire. On pouvait obtenir, par exemple :

pincez les fesses/de la 3^e femme/à votre droite
mais
attention/aux conséquences

* réalisée par : Page, Metzger, Spoerri, Kœpcke, Williams, Vautier, Filliou.



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MAYFAIR'S MISFIT GALLERY



BEN
VAUTIER

EMMETT
WILLIAMS

DANIEL
SPOERRI

ROBIN
PAGE

ARTHUR
KOEPCKE



They hang up cabbage and say it's art

Express Staff Reporter

EVERYONE stopped to stare when The Misfits took over Mayfair's Gallery One for their art show.

The most dedicated of the Misfits, 26-year-old Parisian Ben Vautier, will eat and sleep in the front window until the exhibition closes on November 8.

He is surrounded by a mass of everyday objects—from gas cooker to hand-drill, television set to bottle-opener—which he has signed and so, he claims, made artistic.

THEIR POEM

"Everything is art," he said, sitting on his bed. "There is nothing more beautiful than a hand-drill, nothing more pretty than a turning wheel. But people don't notice these things."

Beyond Ben in his window is a darkened room hung with rattles, wet sponges, and old vegetables. Then for the curious crowds a display of handles and buttons and gadgets.

Canadian Robin Page, 29-year-old Misfit-in-Charge, said: "I give them things to play with. That is art."

Visitors are invited to make patterns on a blank wall with a selection of rubber stamps. A "universal poem."

There's a "Suicide Room," too. Razor blades, poison bottles, and a knife.

Gallery owner Mr. Victor Musgrave said: "Common-place things can be artistic to creative minds."

**Vautier
returns
stares
through
window**

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THE PRESENT ATTESTATION IS TO CERTIFY
THAT I BENJAMIN VAUTIER HAVE
EFFECTIVELY KICKED

M _____
IN THE POSTERIOR WITH MY SPECIAL SHOE
AND THAT THIS VERY KICK MUST BY
CONSIDERED AS A WORK OF ART (ART
GESTURES, KICKS, BITES, SLAPS, KISSES
CREATED IN 1961)

DATE _____

TIME _____

PLACE _____

N° _____

SIGNATURE _____

NOTICE.

OBSERVATIONS.

LA PRÉSENTE ATTESTATION EST POUR CER-
TIFIER QUE MOI BEN VAUTIER AI EFFECTI-
VEMENT DONNÉ UN COUP DE PIED DANS
LE POSTÉRIEUR DE

M _____
AVEC MA CHAUSSURE SPÉCIALE ET QUE CE
COUP DE PIED DOIT ÊTRE CONSIDÉRÉ
COMME UNE ŒUVRE D'ART
CRÉATIONS GESTUELLES, MORSURES, COUPS
DE PIED, BAISERS, GIFLES (CRÉÉ EN 1961)

DATE _____

HEURE _____

LIEU _____

N° _____

SIGNATURE _____

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2. My bowling game. People threw balls wearing such inscriptions as "when you see Spoerri", "when you see Vautier", "when you see Köpcke", etc.... to pins that said "think of Metzger", "think of Williams", "think of Page", etc....(photos 31,32).
3. A suicide corner by Robin Page: a booth very much like ordinary living-room, lit by a single bulb, containing much material (razor blades, ropes, pills, needles, etc...) with which suicide is usually committed. (I don't see any photo of it).
4. A wall on which I measured all the participants with objects: Metzger ten newspapers high. Myself so many dusters high. Spoerri so many centimeters tall. Köpcke in so many fingerprints. Williams in so many matchboxes, etc....(photos 33,34,35). That was it.

Now, as to THE FROZEN EXHIBITION, Oct. 62 - Oct. 72. Within the framework of the Misfits' Fair it took place on the top floor, before coming to the downstairs staircase, on a platform to whose access a ladder was provided (see newspaperphoto of the ladder, there is no photo of the Galerie Légitime itself). Also more important, there is no frozen bag to open on the agreed date, Oct. 22, 1972. The Galerie Légitime containing the Frozen Exhibition was thrown out by strangers to the garbage heap (freezer bag, bowler hat, works and all), together with all my works from 1961 to 1964, soon after I left my

apartment, 36 Rue des Rosiers, Paris 4.

THIS IS, WHY THE PRESENT WORK WAS CREATED, TO RECORD THE EVENT AND ILLUSTRATE THE CONCEPT.

It consists of:

1. a cardboard bowler hat.
2. the invitation to the Misfits' Fair.
3. 35 photos of the Fair. Taken by Bruce Fleming.
4. invitation to an I.C.A. performance by the Misfits (as we were then called by the press).
5. some immediate newspapers reactions.
6. an anecdote about Albert, the carpenter.
7. the all-around Misfit label that was given in a small booth to each visitor as he left the Fair.

It was made in 170 copies, of which 10 each will go to the participants of the Misfits' Fair, and 100 are put to sale by VICE-VERSAND, Wolfgang Feelisch, D-5630 Remscheid 1, Postfach 100343.

Handwritten signature: Silverman