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	Tomkins	IV.C.41

(40) Panza + Ludwig | Gang | The Market

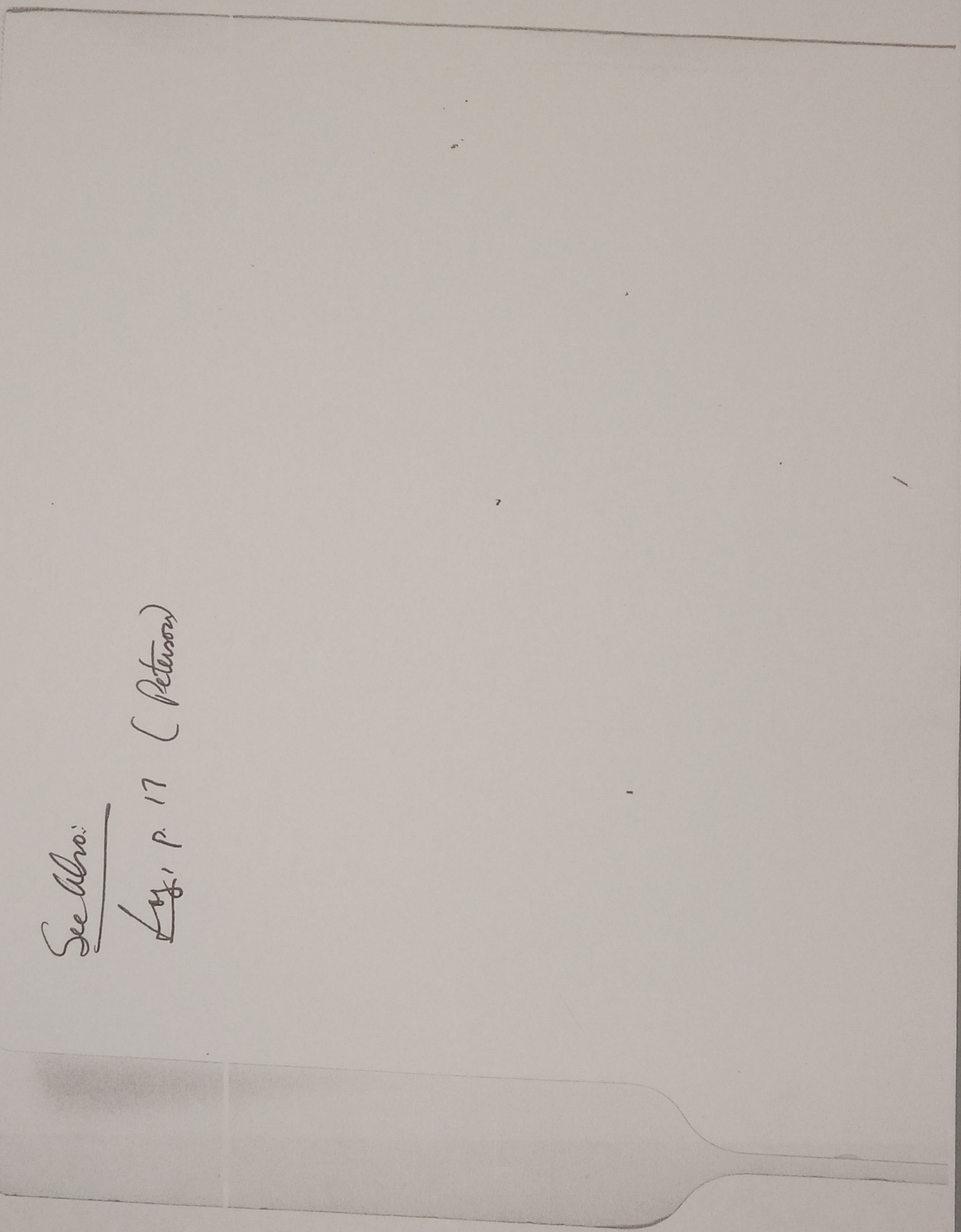
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(41) Stewart Moore - Bob Arneson - Carnival clowns

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See also:
Log, p. 17 (Peterson)

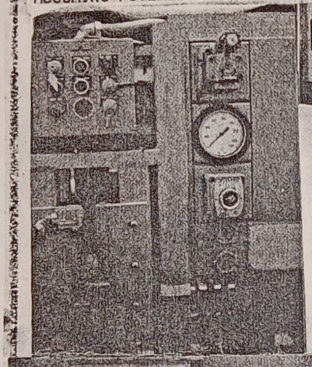
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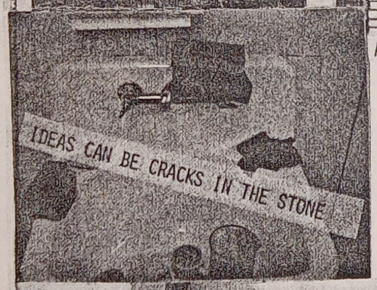
The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.41

"Notes on Stoned Moon"
Studio International

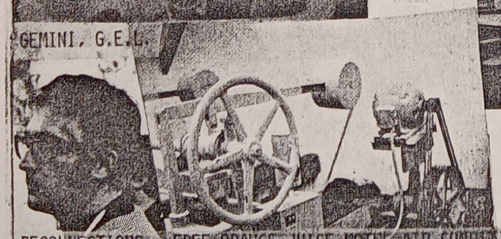


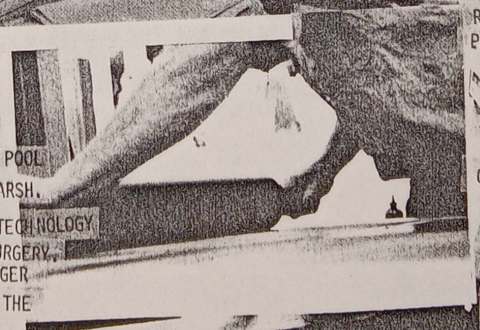


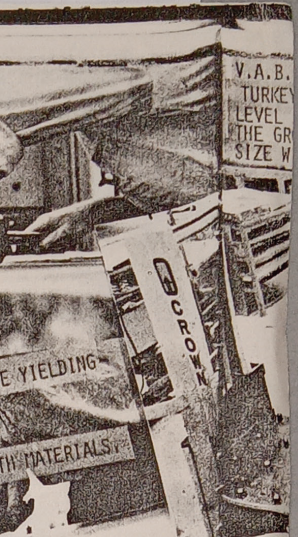


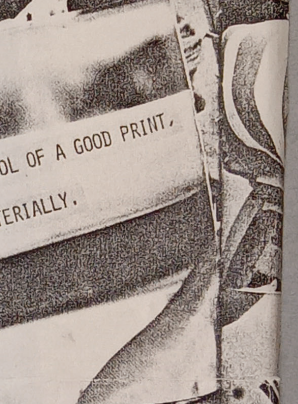




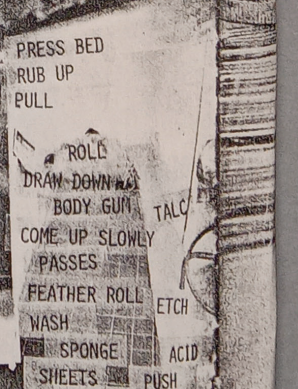












ASSUMING POTENTIALITY IN PROCESS IS SLEEP.

ART IS SOCIAL

COLOR
SAND
ROSES
GENTIAN
MATCHES
EYES
SHIRTS
APPLES
SKIN
PAPER BAGS

A PRINT IS THE WIDOW OF THE STONE

OCTOBER 28, 1969

IMPOSING SMOTHERS YOUR MUSE

GEMINI, G.E.L.

RECOLLECTIONS: FREE ORANGE JUICE MOTEL AIR-CONDITIONED POOL CAPE CANAVERAL (KENNEDY) I.D. PHOTO LIVE AUDUBON FLAT MARSH. WET SMELL HIGHWAYS BUILT YESTERDAY PAST GHOST TOWNS OF TECHNOLOGY ABANDONED WITH THE HASTE AND IMPATIENCE OF EMERGENCY SURGERY. SHIELDS AGAINST AN INVITED THREAT. PROTECTION AND DANGER GROWING AS A SINGLE UNIT. EACH DEPENDENTLY DEVELOPING THE STRAIN AND STRENGTH OF A SPACE HYBRID. BITS OF WIRE, FIRE STAINS, UNLOCKED DOORS MAKING NATURE LOOK MORNING NEW, FACTS LIKE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN A LOST CASE.

MUSEUMS FOR BUSES OF SUN-BLEACHED GROUPS WHEELING THRU SPEAKERS OF OBITUARY RAP KEEPING ROCKET CARCASSES GROUNDED, MEMORIES OF WAR. INSTANT AGGRESSION. MILITARY AFFLUENCE. RETIRED POWER. LIFE IN THE EMPTY COKE MACHINE.

PRESS BED
RUB UP
PULL
ROLL
DRAW DOWN
BODY GUM
TALC
COME UP SLOWLY
PASSES
FEATHER ROLL
ETCH
WASH
SPONGE
ACID
SHEETS
PUSH
RUB IN
STONE

LUNCH. MOCK FOOD. LAUNCHING CONTROL--
AWARE OF 2 IDEOLOGIES MAN AND TECHNOLOGY
RESPONSIVE RESPONSIBLE CONTROL AND COUNTER-CONTROL.
A THEATRE WHERE PERFORMANCE IS ALL.

GENEROSITY IS THE CONTROL OF A GOOD PRINT.
MATERIALLY AND IMMATERIALLY.

DEPENDENT ON
AGREEMENT WITH MATERIALS.

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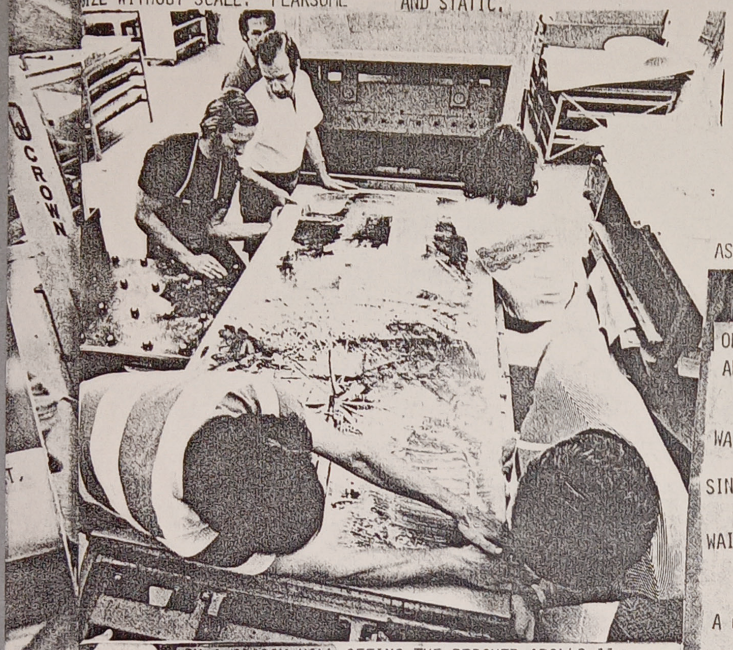
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A.B. MAN'S LARGEST CONSTRUCTION. THE SAME SIZE FOR 15 MILES. NO ARCHITECT. DESIGNED FROM PROBLEMS AND SPECIFICATIONS FUNCTION. TURKEY BUZZARDS NEST ON TOP. ONLY POSSIBLE TO THINK HOW BIG IT IS. CAN'T FEEL IT. ENTER. INSIDE LARGER THAN ALL OUTSIDES. EVEL AFTER LEVEL MEN OF TRADE UNIFORMED CLANNING CLIMBING. BEING WASHED IN AN OUT OF VIEW BY A COMMON OCEAN OF WORK. HIGHER. HE GROUND MOVES DEEPER UNTIL THE PEOPLE UNDER SEEM SIDEWALKED. MOVED OUT ACROSS THE OPEN SPACE ON SUSPENSION LIKE FALLING IN MZE WITHOUT SCALE. FEARSOME AND STATIC.





STILL PHOTO.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

ASLEEP BUT DREAMED AWAKE.

JULY 16, 1969

3 A.M. WAITING WALKING SMOKING

ON VIEWING SITE AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE

APOLLO II COVERED AND SHIMMERING IN ICE.

WAITING

SINGLE FOCUS EXHAUSTION FROM EXPECTATION.

WAITING

A CHANGE IN PITCH OF PEOPLE.

15 MIN.

WITHOUT PASSING.

THE TIME HAD COUNTED ITSELF OUT.

HALF NOT BELIEVING FROM OVERHOPE.

I STARED.

SUNRISE BURNT THE NIGHT OUT OPENED THE WAY TURNED THE SKY WHITE.

NOTHING WILL ALREADY BE THE SAME. R.R.

ON A GRASSY HILL SEEING THE PERCHED APOLLO 11 FOR THE FIRST TIME. PROJECTING PROPER CALM. QUIET AND UPRIGHT. EVENING RETURNED NOW POLISHED BY LIGHT SLEEP INSULATES BEGINNING OF INVOLVEMENT. AWAKE WITH INFORMATION THE DAY BEFORE IN A SINGLE SHAPE. FACTS HAD ASSEMBLED THEMSELVES PHOTOGRAPHIC FILES OPEN THOUSANDS OF PHOTOS

REAFFIRMING AND INFORMING AWESOME DETAILS.

PEOPLE HARDWARE IDEAS ACTIVITIES.

NIGHT AGAIN BACK TO THE HILL MOSQUITOES AND THE MAJESTIC BIRD. IT WAS BREATHING NOW HALF ASLEEP, RELAXING WITH FUELING. THE MOON ROSE. MY HEAD SAID FOR THE FIRST TIME MOON WAS GOING TO HAVE COMPANY AND KNEW IT.

THE BIRD'S NEST BLOOMED WITH FIRE AND CLOUDS.

SOFTLY LARGELY SLOWLY SILENTLY

APOLLO II STARTED TO MOVE UP.

THEN IT ROSE BEING LIFTED ON LIGHT.

STANDING MID-AIR, IT BEGAN TO SING HAPPILY LOUD.

IN ITS OWN JOY WANTING THE EARTH TO KNOW IT WAS GOING.

SATURATED, SUPER-SATURATED, AND SOLIDIFIED AIR WITH A SOUND THAT BECAME YOUR BODY.

FOR THAT WHILE EVERYTHING WAS THE SAME MATERIAL.

POWER OVER POWER JOY PAIN ECSTASY THERE WAS NO INSIDE, NO OUT.

THEN BODILY TRANSCENDING A STATE OF ENERGY.

APOLLO II WAS AIRBORNE.

LIFTING PULLING EVERYONE'S SPIRITS WITH IT.

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	Tomkins	IV.C.41

Rosamund Felson (dinner, 6/2/78)

Rosamund Felson Gallery
669 N. La Cienaga
652-9172

She was working at Gemini as a shipping clerk when Bob first came out, remembers him being as nervous as they were. He brought Steve Paxton for support, although they were no longer together. Bob was their second artist, after Albers (came in 1967). Bob was nervous about the whole social situation, which can't be separated from his work. He decided that first time to do an autobiographical work, which involved getting his body X-rayed at the local hospital. After that first working session there was never any uneasiness again -- he made them all part of his family.

She remembers a very low period in the early 1970s. Bob was drinking much more than now, and showing it. His hand shook so he could hardly hold a glass. This was when he did "Currents" - which she considers awful.

Bob and Jasper are the most important people in each other's lives. When they meet now, Jasper draws himself up very tight, and acts imprevious, while Bob becomes servile and silly. At Jap's opening at the Whitney it happenedd, and Jap said, "Oh, stop it." The competetiveness between them never lets up.

Jap, working at Gemini, always says he doesn't know what to do, then does it, then says "Isn't that awful?" Bob works much more easily. She doesn't know whether he's aware of work of his that's bad.

Jap once said his father was a "n'ere do well." Bob often stresses his unhappy childhood.

"Bob really lets you know when he needs your support." He made them all come to his opening at ~~xxx~~ Minneapolis. Before the Smithsonian opening in DC, Rosamund sensed that he needed her and went down. Says no other artist would have put up with Walter Hopps. Joshua Taylor was all set to replace him, but Bob knew Hopps would do a brilliant installation, and was really thrilled to have been chosen (by Hopps) as Bicentennial artist, so he hung in with Walter. The catalog is a disaster thanks to Hopps. Before the opening in DC Bob really wasn't nervous at all. He had "moved in" with booze and glasses and ice and entourage. They would sit around for hours waiting for Hopps.

At the NY opening, she went to the Pleiades dinner with Bob. They arrived late, were met at the door by a greatly relieved Leo who ushered them to the table. But Jasper then proceded to seat Rosamund beside him, and made Bob sit ~~xxxx~~ across the table. Bob left early.

She feels very close to Bob. When she was in turmoil over separating from Sid, lying in bed fretting, Bob telephoned as tho by telepathy, from Captiva. "He wanted to know everything that had happened and was happening." It was largely as a result of his call that she decided to ignore her lawyer and work out an agreement on the basis of trust with Sid, and to go into the gallery business.

Bob once had the idea of inviting Tanya to Gemeni, and making everyone be friends (to absolve his own guilt over working there). She came, and all was pleasant. But when Rosamund tried to arrange a visit to ULAE not long ago Tanya said they were "very busy." (over)

That's why all those questions about comparisons and dates bore me. Nobody would ever believe this but I don't think I've everconsidered myself ambitious!"

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The NY artists who comex to Gemini all want to meet movie stars. And a lot of the stars want to meet artists now. But no different from the othefs here.

Nobody would ever believe this but I don't think I've everconsidered myself ambitious!"

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	Tomkins	IV.C.41

8365 Melrose, LA
651-0513

Gemini G.E.L. - Ken Tyler

Tyler is a handsome, dynamic Hungarian who went to Chicago Art Institute, studied to be a painter, but got increasingly interested in graphics. Realizing he was not going to be a good painter he took up graphics full time, got a grant to study at Tamarind, served as technical director there for two years. Quit and founded Gemini in Nov. 1965.

Where Tamarind insisted on pure, classic methods Gemini has followed the wishes of the artists in developing new techniques - notably very large prints, photo-stones, and object-multiples. Some people feel that the quality is a little commercial, although very high. Has concentrated on leading New York artists, for same reason as Tanya. "We took the position that great artists make great prints."

Biggest series so far is Rauschenberg Stoned Moon -- 35 editions in 3 series.

When an artist wants something unusual, Gemini will go out and try to get the technology worked out for it. Tyler has antagonized some artists by his business methods -- he gives artist 25% of wholesale price, but salts away half the production and then sells off at prices much higher than originally -- but they can do things there they couldn't do anywhere else. Some feel exploited but most come back.

Tyler worries that the 1970s will see a great overabundance of prints, with resultant decline in overall quality. Standards won't be kept. May get into same sort of "signature buying" that ruined fine art printing in France (where an intermediary would often execute the design on the stone).

In Tyler's show the artist is somewhat isolated from the printing process. Works in a separate room, leaves shop when prints have been proofed and approved. Contrast to Tamarind, where June Wayne insisted on close quarters and closest possible contact between artist and printer, had no telephone in workshop, made lunchtime into seminar time, etc.

That's why all those questions about comparisons and dates bore me. Nobody would ever believe this but I don't think I've everconsidered myself ambitious!"

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Space Shot

James Dean of NASA instituted a project of ~~xxxing~~ inviting artists down to watch launchings. It had been in progress for several years, and Bob was not the only artist there this time -- others included James Wyeth. "Most of the others were making sketches. Sketching was very popular. I ~~xxxx~~ spent most of my time going through all their departments; I got into everything except Simulation, which was all decontaminated; the astronauts were in isolation there for 36 hours before the launch. I was just amazed how friendly and generous everyone was, thinking this was all probably top secret. I spent a lot of time in their photo archives. I was almost disappointed when I got government clearance!

"I had to wait here until Laika's puppies were born. I had Agnes, a black woman who did some work for me in New York, fly down the day after the puppies arrived. But Laika waited until two days before Apollo 11, so I was only there maybe three days in all. As soon as Agnes got there I jumped in 'That' and Terry Van Brunt and I drove to Canaveral. He was living with Debbie Hay and David Bradshaw ; now he's studying acupuncture in Japan.

"I went back a second time for the first night launch, with Cy and Peterson and Sue Hartnett. NASA was so pleased by my reaction to Apollo 11, which was the first time they walked on the moon. My lithographs covered the whole history of NASA and went back to the Wright Brothers. I got involved in all the technology and scientific information. It was a large series (Stoned Moon; Gemini). Afterwards I kept in contact with James Dean, who thought that visually the first night shot would be such an experience he didn't want me to miss it -- he was certainly right. Dean is now in charge of the Space Museum in Washington.

Not bothered by tie to government?
"The project was run by civilians, and it seemed to me one of the only things at the time that was not concerned with war and destruction. I've never been a cause-er. I don't march in parades. I can see possibilities of using this kind of generalities as a new form of isolationism. The world is here to do something about and with. And the few times I've gotten involved in groups and strikes I've been mostly disappointed in the lack of interest they generate. Most of them don't last overnight. In the space shot, I was really impressed by the attitude of all the people, the trust, the teamwork.

"In the blastoff there were even birds flying around. I managed to slip through a barrier in order just to watch the Apollo rocket frost up from being fuelled -- it turned into the most beautiful icicle. The incredibly bright lights, the moon coming up, seeing it turn into pure ice, its stripes and 'USA' markings disappear. And all you could hear was frogs and alligators! That combination seemed wonderful to me. And visiting the sites of the first attempts, the brick walls that had proved to be completely ineffectual at shielding the heat. The three guys who had the responsibility of running up sixteen flights of stairs to carry out an astronaut in case anything went wrong -- they ran twenty miles a day, and then drank beer all night. I did a book on it at Gemini -- Ken Tyler carried it around for months, I'd collaged it in with photos, and I did all this writing. The spray-on glue decayed, and now all I have is a lot of loose lines. It's in New York."

"Supposedly the Pope bought a set of Stoned Moon." (Pete: "He did. I saw it there").

"I think I relate more to society than to any idea about art history. That's why all those questions about comparisons and dates bore me. Nobody would ever believe this but I don't think I've everconsidered myself ambitious!"

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Robert Rauschenberg: Notes on Stoned Moon Lithographic Project

Recollections: Free orange juice motel air-conditioned pool Cape Canaveral (Kennedy) I.D. photo live Audubon flat marsh. Wet smell highways built yesterday past ghost towns of technology abandoned with the haste and impatience of emergency surgery.

Shields against an invited threat. Protection and danger growing as a single unit. Each dependently developing the strain and strength of a space hybrid. Bits of wire, fire stains, unlocked doors making nature ~~look~~ morning new. Facts like circumstantial evidence in a lost case. Museums for buses of ~~sun~~ NOON-bleached groups wheeling thru speakers of obituary rap keeping rocket carcasses grounded.

Memories of war. Instant aggression. Military affluence. Retired power. Life in the empty coke machine.

Lunch mock food. Launching control--aware of 2 ideologies man and technology cooperating responsive responsible control and counter control a ~~theatre~~ ARENA where performance is all

V.A.B. Man's largest construction. The same size for 15 miles. No architect. Designed from problems and specifications of function. Turkey buzzards nest on top. Only possible to think how big it is. Can't feel it. Enter. Inside seems larger

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	Tomkins	IV. C. 41

than all outsides. Level after level men of trade uniformed clanning, climbing. Being washed in an out of view by a common ocean of work. Higher, the ground moves deeper until the people under seem to be sidewalked. Moved out across the open to the center of the space on suspension like falling in still photo. ~~Size without scale~~. Fearsome and static.

On a grassy hill seeing the ~~fixxx~~ perched Apollo II ~~for the first time~~ projecting proper calm. Quiet and upright. Later in evening returned. Now polished ~~by light and shimmer~~. FOR THE FIRST TIME AND GROUND BY LIGHT.

~~S~~leep insulates beginning of involvement.

Awake with information the day before in a single shape. All the facts had assembled themselves. IN ONE DAY APOLLO 11 HAD DIGESTED ME. I WAS SOME OF ITS MUSCLE.

Photographic files open to me. Thousands of photos further reaffirming and informing awesome details. A treasury of people hardware ideas activities.

Night again back to the hill mosquitoes and the majestic bird. It was breathing now half asleep. Relaxing with fueling. The moon rose over it. My head said for the first time Moon was going to have company and knew it.

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Asleep but dreamed awake.

July 16, 1969

On viewing site as close as possible

3 AM waiting walking smoking Apollo II covered and shimmering in ice.

Sunrise burnt the night out opened the way turned the sky white.

Waiting

Single focus exhaustion from expectation.

Waiting

Then a change in pitch of people.

15 Min.

Without passing, the time had counted itself out. Half not believing from overhope. I stared. The bird's nest bloomed with fire and clouds. Softly. Largely and slowly and silently Apollo II started to move up. Then it rose being lifted on light. Standing mid-air it began to sing happily loud. Then in its own joy wanting the Earth to know it was going. Air with a sound that became your body. SATURATED, SUPER SATURATED + SOLIDIFIED For that while everything was the same material. There was no inside, no out. Power over power joy pain ecstasy then bodily transcending a state of pure energy. Apollo II was airborne, lifting pulling everyone's spirits with it. Nothing will already be the same.

Assuming potentiality in process is sleep.

Generosity is the control of a good print, materially and immaterially.

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Art is social

Ideas can be cracks in the stone

Stone: skin receptive organic flexible

Sky garden

A print is the widow of the stone

Printing: A PROCESS OF cooperative creative yielding dependent on agreement with materials.

Imposing smothers your muse.

COLOR	SENSUAL	
Roses	Press bed	Acid
Gentian	Rub up	Sponge
Matches	Pull	Sheets
Eyes	Roll	Push
Shirts	Draw down	Rub in
Apples	Body gum	Stone
Skin	Talc	
Paper bags	Come up slowly	
	Passes	
	Feather roll	
	Etch	
	Wash WET WASH	

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ULY 12 1969 LAIKA [illegible] YEAR MUTT GAVE BIRTH TO 7 LIVE PUPS.
A GULF ISLAND IN FLORIDA AGNES CAME DOWN PM FROM NEW
RK TO CARE FOR LAIKA, PUPS AND KID.

SUN JULY 13 TERRY [illegible]
LEFT IN "THAT" TO DR
TO CAPE KENNEDY FOR
APOLLO II

stic things happen when destinies bump and interlock. The space program began and ed for the stars. Rauschenberg began and reached for art. Fate began and reached h reached and made them touch.

RANGE GROVES, OAKS, PINE AND CLAY, THE MEDIEA THIRST, SUN, MILES, HUMOR AND APPREHENSION.
ATION: MOTEL, FREE ORANGE JUICE, AIR CONDITION SWIMMING POOL, AND MEETING WITH LESTER COOK

M
NATIONAL GALLERY.

Who picked? Handpicked like the Astronauts/the Cosmonauts Rauschenberg was sent to see the launch-to seek and suck the meaning. He went to touch the pulse of the huge organi before the water broke,to watch the emergence and to wallow in the afterbirth.

ment-to document-strange word of totality here defeated,brought exhausted to its hrough thirty lithographic "combine"prints which could have been and may yet be more before the circle closes,simultaneously heralding endings and new beginnings. the purer sense there is no beginning or an end since the works now produced were ceived sequentially but rather emerged as a composite diary of days and events all d with Proustian complexity and completeness.Upon which day did the ecological com- ween Cape Kennedy and the Everglades absorb his interest? When exactly did Edward ecome his man/poet hero replacing the athelete of the past? When did Lindbergh's pear as a spectre over Kitty Hawk? No matter-In the exhaustive continuum of commit- all floated by weightlessly to be held and gravitized in place.

MON JULY 14 I.D. PHOT
LIVE AUDUBON FLAT MARS
WET SMELL HIGHWAYS BU
YESTERDAY PAST GHOST
TOWNS OF TECHNOLOGY
ABANDONED WITH THE HAS
AND IMPATIENCE
OF EMERGENCY SURGERY,
TUBE COMPUTORS.
DEVELOPMENT CRACKING T
ENCUBATOR WALLS OF CONTR
CAVES SHIELD AGAINST AN
INVITED THREAT.