

Bibliography:

~~SECRET~~ VULGAR SHOW ~~SECRET~~ BROCHURE

Type to conserve
maximum space!

This one statement by the MARCH GROUP among a thousand countless uncalled for unfounded statements that it makes on subjects like art it knows nothing about.

M O T I O N S I C K N E S S

Art has ended. The world and being collapsed.
Who are you? In this void, invisibility is
seminal. Drink emptiness. Drink brinks. Swill
on fathoms. Who are we? The earth is a line-
drive single to the slaughterhouse. How that spinal
column of A-bombs sprawled among letter boxes and
limbs delights the indoor eye, swindles passports
into paradise. Vice. Vulgar? This is the beginning
of the new death rattle in overt covert pervert keys.
Do you expect marriage to be marriage, Carriage to
be carriage? Think invisibility. Drink rotations.
Lengthen skyward. Art has reached escape velocity
from the self, it plummets into bedrooms, boudoirs,
brothels, banks, bedlams, and A-bombs. Where else.
Into taxis, taxidermists, tabernacles, tarantulas,
tubas and telephones.

At one time man confronted speeds of light, and
people swilled above their housetops, pyramids were
formed and megaliths, Noah's arcs. Now inertia is
in flames. Can we confront again the speed of death

Type to conserve
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in H-bomb blasts and retain our corpse of clay or must
we watch the kaleidoscope of paint immured in motion
sickness of that final day ?

Stanley Fisher

MARCH GROUP

95 East 10th Street

N.Y., N.Y.

THE VULGAR SHOW OPENS

November 4, 1960 7 to 10 PM

MARCH GALLERY
95 EAST 10th ST.
NEW YORK CITY
Open Friday evenings 8 to 10 PM

"I'll shoot the first person who tries to enter MY fallout shelter"
A. SHMUCK
Creepsville, N.J.

- 1961 -

D O O M

...Business as usual!!!

ART FOR SURVIVAL? On Mad. Ave. the "DEAD" leading the hopeless.
What if the bomb never goes off?? Well!! Back to the cool hard
calculated drawing room conversation, cocktails, anyone? Breath
deep -- I dare you, what can one do? One can end it all, just
push the button! MOLE! Drinkable water in cans - 5 Gallons only
\$6.95. Bury deep! Go around in circles. Don't breath. Does it
go well with period furniture? i.e. Beds? Period. Dosimeter?
Radiation may be dangerous. Joke anyone? HA=HA! How come song-
writers don't write a song for bombshelters? or fallout? NOT
FUNNY ENOUGH? The art "GAME" --- Museums are carnivals dedicated
to a ONE-BALL culture directed by and for THEM. We are concerned
with happenings, "real" happenings. ART WITH BALIS! Not just
guts!
guts! Mr. Resnikoff? If you please!! Cool, cool, how expres-
sionists become impressionists? Why just regress and "FACE AWAY"
to lily ponds and geometrics. All a jolly - not a whimper - just
a murmur after-glow! Don'tchknow! There are no issues if you
never face them. We shall all die with our shelters on. Fallout!!
Cures dandruff -- it's good for you! Let's be CHEERFUL as the end
draws near. MATISSE has all the answers -dance and be gay. Do the
"TWIST" on a BALLROOM in your pocket. SOLDIERS are to prevent wars
ALWAYS! Old soldiers never die, they just "ATOMIZE". An atom war
will solve EVERYTHING.

Man must face his "FULL POTENTIAL"! NOW!

SAM GOODMAN - NOVEMBER, 1961

GALLERY ARTISTS

SAM GOODMAN
MICHELE STEET
MICHAL MISHORIT

BORIS LURIE
SUSAN LONG
JOHN FISCHER

STANLEY FISHER
GLORIA GRAVES
LORA

MARCH GALLERY
35 EAST 10th ST.
NEW YORK CITY
Open Friday evenings 6 to 10 PM

"I'll shoot the first person who tries to enter MY fallout shelter"

A. SHUCK
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- 1961 -

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EVERY BROCKEN? The art "GUSH" --- Museums are carnivals dedicated
to a ONE-DALL culture directed by and for THEM. We are concerned
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guts!
Guts! Mr. Resnikoff? If you please!! Cool, cool, how expres-
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Man must face his "FULL POTENTIAL"! HOW!

SAM GOODMAN - NOVEMBER, 1961

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MARCH GALLERY
95 E. 10 ST.
PRESENTS THE

DOOM SHOW DOOM SHOW DOOM SHOW DOOM SHOW DOOM SHOW

OPENING NOVEMBER THROUGH ?????

The time has come when outrage overwhelms the petty fears of habit and complacency. The stupid and humiliating powers-that-are have forced themselves (and everyone else) into a culdesac which makes the nazi crematoriums relatively innocuous. These leaders, stubborn in their stupidity and contempt, refuse to relinquish their powers and admit their criminal behavior, for consecrated criminal behavior has become a way of life, right down to the brutalization of children at home and in school, and in the denial of sexual freedom to those mature enough to cope with it ... and the price of this ubiquitous social disease has been mental flatulence, spiritual hypocrisy and rage against the living and the loving. But now the consequences are far reaching and deadly... You cannot suppress human life without destroying it completely, and the means have become available ... the atom bomb and its accompaniments of horror! Have we faced the threats to our existence? Have we allowed ourselves to feel the brutalization of sensitivity and love which has suppressed the desire to shout out against such abominations, but which have offered stagnation and cancer as rewards of resignation? No: truths have not stirred the imagination of a people who wish to die, and who titillate themselves with the thrill of mutilation and injury to others. Fall-out shelters are being constructed, survival kits prepared, people numbed to violation of their right to be, and their right to eccentricity. The fall-out shelters are the ovens in which our self cremations will become finalized, a death without meaning, a death without dignity, a lonely death, a death in a sense 'deserved'. And where are the artists who are on the barricades of life and culture? Why haven't they risen from their sleep to face the imminent threat to their freedoms, essential above all to the arts and dreams? They too have become tools of Mad. money ave. and paint the gruel of an idiotic world which cannot face the powerful emotions of existence, or the hazards of life. The MARCH GALLERY is a focus for those who want to strike out against the hallowed sickness of a world preparing to die, and a place offering encouragement to the immobilized artists of the world who want to say something with a cry of passion.. This show, called DOOM is a call to those who want to survive. It is ART FOR SURVIVAL.

Stanley Fisher 1961

The March Gallery has organized demonstrations, prepared dramatic tapes, experimental films and talks highlighting the madness involved in the preparation of atomic wars without pulling any punches and welcomes correspondence from anyone and anywhere on this globe

THE MARCH GALLERY
95 E. 10 ST.
N.Y. 3, N.Y.

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Art: Three Studies in Free Association

Scharf, Meigs and a Group in Displays

By BRIAN O'DOHERTY

THE tortuous avenues of free association are explored in three current exhibitions—in the first with confessional intimacy, in the second with self-conscious cuteness and in the third with an insensate and native brutality that removes free association from the category of art and places it within the realm of minor social phenomena.

The exhibitions are William Scharf's at the David Herbert Gallery, 14 East Sixty-ninth Street; Walter Meigs' at the Nordness Gallery, 831 Madison Avenue, and a group project at the March Gallery, 95 East Tenth Street.

Mr. Scharf's pictures are the product of a convoluted imagination, and they are all relentlessly situated in the dark penumbra of revelation. They hide a message that direct revelation would destroy. The paintings, which are exceedingly visceral in form and allusion, show what one might call the process of psychological digestion in action.

Surrounded by sultry and burning color, organic forms uncoil among lambent pips of light. Geometrical elements are signposted onto these free creations, and the difficult marriage of all these elements is successfully performed from deep conviction.

They are night pictures, with titles related to a private surrealist mysticism. They could be interpretations of densely poetic images from poems by Dylan Thomas out of Paul Eluard: "On a Believing Hill," "According to the Alphabetic Forge," "Surrender to the Apple of Sameness."

Many of them are fascina-

ting pictures, and Mr. Scharf is definitely an original. But the avenue of pure imagination is perhaps the most difficult to follow consistently in art. His further course may be to intensify and sharpen his images and to evolve a mystique that will deepen, rather than exhaust, his inspiration.

In Mr. Meigs' new experimental paintings at Nordness, tissue fragments float lightly in blindingly white fields, occasionally overlapping with hints of soft color.

The abstract design is good, if rather sparing in invention. Close up, these soft abstract elements identify themselves as cunning transfers of newspaper print and photographs, stained by some original method into the paper. Over them Mr. Meigs has scribbled discreetly with paint to add to the pictorial effect.

Occasionally, they look like a montage for a television review. Tiny photographs of celebrities and unknowns stare out, including such incomparables as Gertrude Berg and Henry Miller, Babe Ruth and Konrad Adenauer.

The combination of pictorial and psychological interest in a rather cute palimpsest is an unsubtle way of adding psychological interest to abstraction. But they are amusing and tasteful entertainments.

The Bomb is, of course, a major theme with which "reflex liberals" can test their responses. Youth, which persists in contemplating unblinkingly all ultimates, such as death and disaster, now has a ready-made sub-

Works Range From Intimate to Brutal

ject that has the benefit of political as well as personal implications.

At a grubby little gallery on Tenth Street, called the March Gallery, a number of young people have assembled a protest against The Bomb that puts the world through a mangle. It is done with a violence that shows that these people, who include Sam Goodman, Boris Lurie and Stanley Fisher, obviously believe, like doctors in the primitive days of medicine, that purgatives and emetics cure everything.

Their constructions are a form of neo-dada journalism that has nothing to do with art. They have mutilated toys, singed dolls, attacked machines and ravaged the girlie magazines for material, so that the cellar has the ugliness of a mutant's pornography collection, or looks like the private gallery of one of the guards at Belsen.

Like many such demonstrations, this exhibition gets the right and left thoroughly mixed up, so that it stumbles into a posture that might be called "neo-Fascist social protest." Protest art, it implies, must reject art in the act of protest. Thus this exhibition communicates all right, but not through art.

Extremes, however, are the parents of rational possibilities, and I draw attention to this very minor social phenomenon only because through all the adolescent and fuzzy thinking there is some energy and occasional talent here, and a few young people who, rightly or leftly, care — even if they care too much.

INVOLVEMENT

Welcome to this exhibition. If your eyes and mind serve you well, you will see something new.

When viewing this show, please avoid applying 'aesthetic labels'; do not call us realists, 'neo-dadaists', 'surrealists'. These labels are neither true nor important in today's context. Formalist distinctions do not apply here. Aesthetics are generally viewed as a fixed, solid entity: we look upon it as the reflection of changing reality. The Ivory tower is no substitute for INVOLVEMENT in life. In a time of wars and extermination, aesthetic exercises and decorative patterns are not enough.

We are not 'abstract', 'non-objective', 'representational', alone - rather, we are all of it: we want to use all inventions, past or present, without discrimination as to 'styles'. Totality is seen as a composite of all aspects: limiting, purist, puritanical approaches are rejected. We are not playful! We want to build art and not destroy it, but we say exactly what we mean - at the expense of good manners. You will find no secret languages here, no fancy escapes, no hushed, muted silences, no messages beamed at exclusive audiences. Art is a tool of influence and urging. We want to talk, to shout, so that everybody can understand. OUR ONLY MASTER IS TRUTH.

* * *

Millions worth of publicity - WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO SELL!

Some people get very uncomfortable in their cages - nothing seems as credible as before (The ghosts started their parade in New York).

Even the Dead had been in hiding, so long, deprived of the right of self-expression. They are much more at peace now that the newspapers have remembered them. But it only took ONE determined man to accomplish all this.

Buried, covered up, sick, moldy consciences; open up! Man might be helpless, but faith has moved a mountain. Fresh air blows through these putrid canyons?! Platitudes and sophistries. Deceit, conceit, lies.

Remember, EICHMANN IS IN YOU, too! The streets are filled with them. Everyone can be had for very little. We have done little, NOTHING, about most things that needed by done; if we can remember, SPEAK UP ONCE, forcefully, for an instant pacify our guilts!

Boris Lurie
NYC April 1961