

EAST

RUSSIAN & UKRAINIAN
BATHS
HEALTH CLUB

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME
UKRAINIAN EAST VILLAGE RESTAURANT

VILLAGE

FANZINE





Printed Matter St Marks

Published on the occasion of the 8-Ball Community and Printed Matter / St Marks Spring Zine Fair taking place on June 12, 2021 on St. Marks Place between 1st and 2nd Ave

Exhibitors:

- First Street Garden
- 2x2 Periodical
- Aaron Krach
- ACOMPI
- Allied Productions, Inc. / Le Petit Versailles
- Bunny Jr. Tapes
- Clayton Patterson & Ray Felix
- Cold Cube Press
- Desert Island
- Dizzy Magazine
- Endless Editions
- GenderFail
- Heather Benjamin
- HOMOCATS
- Hyperlink Press
- Ink Cap Press
- Interference Archive
- Irrelevant Press
- Jia Sung
- Jo Rosenthal
- Khepri Press
- Left Bank Books
- Love Injection Fanzine
- Lucky Risograph
- Mega Press/Panayiotis Terzis
- Miniature Garden
- Museum of Reclaimed Urban Space
- Noah Lyon
- Open Projects Press
- Papertown Company
- Public Access
- Random Man Editions
- Raw Meat Collective
- Reconstructed Magazine
- Robert Blackburn Printmaking Workshop
- Secret Riso Club
- Social Species
- Special Special
- Sweetie Pea's Printhouse
- Swiss Institute
- Tony Tafuro/SUN
- TXTbooks
- Ugly Duckling Presse
- Uranian Press
- Uranus Comics
- Wendy's Subway
- Wonder Press

This event is made possible by our sponsors, Fortnight Institute and Jack Hanley Gallery, and the generous support of Below The Line Production Supply, Miracle Seltzer, and Tony's Pizza. We are so grateful for their kindness and contributions.



June 2021

Greetings—

On behalf of 8-Ball Community and Printed Matter / St Marks, we'd like to welcome you to our Spring Zine Fair — the first in-person fair either of our groups has hosted since the pandemic hit. We are so thrilled to have you. It's an honor to bring NYC's art and publishing communities together after all this time apart and build on the dynamic history of DIY and countercultural publications coming out of the East Village.

In that spirit, what you hold in your hands is our love letter to the blocks encompassing Alphabet City, Little Ukraine, and the Bowery and all the life they hold within them. It's our fair booklet, so you'll find all the standard information about the exhibitors and events you can visit today, but it's also a standalone publication we're calling the East Village Fanzine.

Inspired by local publications like Art-Rite, the East Village Eye, and the East Village Other, we wanted this zine to pay tribute to the artists, freaks, poets, drag queens, community gardeners, restaurant workers, writers, squatters, booksellers, hairstylists, skaters, musicians and so many more who have made this area a part of their lives, and, in so doing, made this place what it is.

We hope you enjoy. Thank you so much for reading and for being here.

xx,
the 8-Ball Community and Printed Matter / St Marks fair
organizing team





Located on Avenue A, The Pyramid Club was a nightclub known for helping define the East Village drag, gay, punk and art scenes of the 1980s and beyond. In April of 2021, it closed permanently due to the COVID-19 pandemic.

*Photos by Clayton Patterson
Words by Nathaniel Matthews*

I started going to Pyramid club when I was 19, with the first couple of years doing the ID pass-back scheme for access. I was aware of its history and its iterations, of it being a pivotal drag club and of the hardcore Sunday matinees, but when I came to it, it was a dark and inviting '80s retro club. It was the first place I felt comfortable dancing, and once you got started, every inch and surface of that club was a dance floor. When I was that age, I was straight edge, and instead of the gin-&-tonics (well-gin-&-soda-&-small-plastic-cup) that would come to be my drink of choice there, the high of dancing to Depeche Mode* and Siouxsie and the Banshees was all I needed.



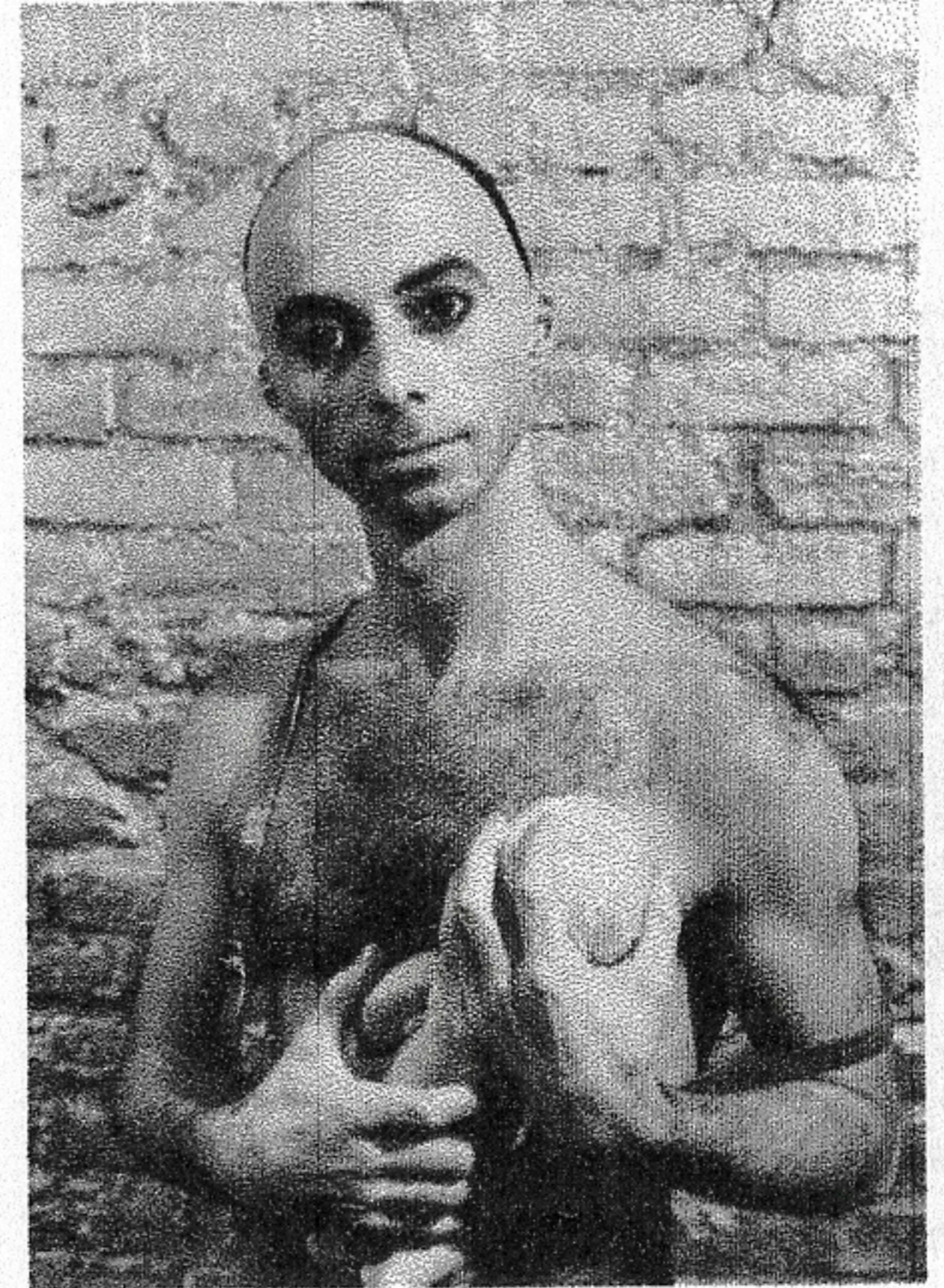
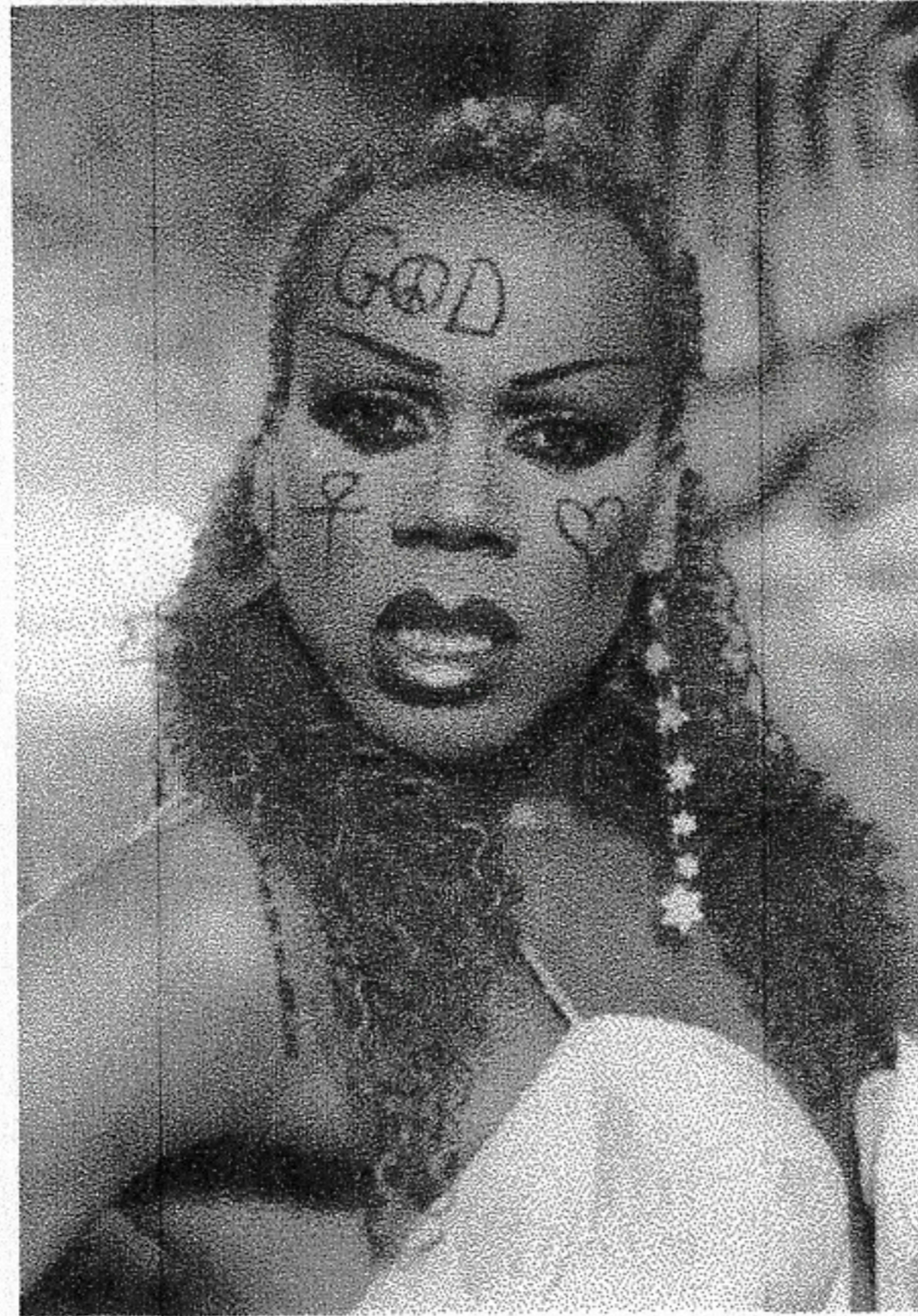
It was a world-famous place, but most nights you could catch it empty, and make it entirely your own. We would become our own DJs, filling the request book on stage with our own private playlist of goth hits. I think most people had the same experience with Pyramid: It was everyone's, and yet it felt like it was there specifically for me.



You'd walk into the bar, hearing the low sexy thumping of Sisters Of Mercy - Lucretia My Reflection, drawing you to the dark abyss of the back of the club and feeling the strength and excitement vibrating through the walls. Walls and floors and benches painted black, paintings of all the aforementioned artists hanging on display, courtesy of the resident DJ TM. 8's collection. I have memories of the pipes dripping of perspiration, dripping onto clenched fists and everyone squirming in sync, but that may be my memories playing tricks on me. Either way, the fantasy of Pyramid was the truth of

Pyramid. Whether it was Dwayne in his gimp suit dancing on stage, go-go girls and boys dancing on the bar, that one guy with a cane, flip phone and long white hair waiting patiently for his song to come on (of which consistency in taste I could not track), the Batman/Prince professional impersonator, or so many middle aged

women out to relive the soundtrack to their youths. The crowd was always eclectic and welcoming, all different in every aspect which made everyone the same. You could be anyone you wanted when you were there, and that anyone, even if fantasy, was closer to the truth of yourself. Total freedom.



Clayton's 8-Ball Radio interviews with East Village-area characters

The Clayton Patterson Show is a weekly show that happens from The Clayton Gallery & Outlaw Art Museum in the LES. The show features guests that have impacted the Avant-Garde community, ranging from artists to musicians to doctors and other creative minds. Below is a list of interviews Clayton has done with interesting and influential EV figures on his radio show.

(Access the shows on <https://patterson.no-art.info/radio/overview.html>)

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 501 Crew | Ed Litvak (of The Lo-Down) |
| Cary Abrams | Power Malu |
| Leonard Abrams (of the East Village Eye) | Coss Marte |
| Roman Primitivo Albaer | Perry Masco |
| Penny Arcade | Mehdi Matin |
| Eak 'The Geek' Arroncha | Mike McCabe |
| Eric Blitz | Lila Mejia |
| J. Gonzalez Blitz | Marvin Moskowitz |
| Jennifer Blowdryer | One-Sun |
| Nick Bubash | Dr. Ores |
| Robert Butcher | Adam Oyunge |
| Michael Carter | Keith Patchel |
| Monty Catsin | Jim 'Mosaic Man' Power |
| Cochise | Wendy Scripps |
| Linus Coraggio | Jonathan Shaw |
| Steve Ellis | Cody Simons |
| Carter Emmart | Trigger Smith (of Continental) |
| David Fasano | Rene Soto |
| David Gunz & Lefty (of the Allen Boys) | Laura Boo Sumampow |
| Anne Hanavan | Sykic |
| Ken Hiratsuka | Serge Valentine |
| LA II (Angel Ortiz) | Jimmy Webb |
| David Leslie | Wes Wood |
| | John Wyatt |
| | Alessandra Zeka |

EAST VILLAGE EATING

East Village fans share their favorite spots for a good meal.

David's Bagels

273 1st Ave

From 2012-2018, I went to David's Bagels at least three times a week, back when my life revolved around the Institute for Collaborative Education, my school on the fifth floor of a building around the corner from David's. Since I started middle school, I watched one by one just about every affordable lunch spot disappear, most to be replaced by perpetually vacant storefronts, but thank G-D David's still has an everything bagel with cream cheese-tomato-onion-capers for \$3.25. Perfectly soft but sturdy bagels, always way too much whipped cream cheese, and perfectly honed speed-bagel prep which could disappear a line of 20 middle schoolers in under 10 minutes. I also highly recommend their Thai iced tea. I gotta give them extra credit for always letting me sit with friends and eat my bag lunches from home. Much love to David's

- Max

Cafe Himalaya

78 E 1st St

At the southern edge of the neighborhood, on 1st and 1st (facing Houston St), there's an intimate cafe that has been feeding people love and good healthy food since 2001. This place is Cafe Himalaya. As a vegan, I'm always looking for local authentic restaurants that aren't only catered for plant-based customers, that also have a vast veggie menu. So when I discovered Himalaya in 2010, soon after moving to NY, I was very excited (probably also because at that time they had BYOB). So for years I would go there at least twice a week, so much so that they eventually gave me one of their staff shirts beautifully embroidered in Nepal (which I then gave to my friend Maya who grew up there). The classic dish that I can never get enough of is their Avocado Salad. I'm also a big fan of their Tsel Momo (dumplings) and I pretty much eat any of their vegan dishes (N.17 another personal favorite). The staff are incredibly sweet, and the place has now an outside area if you prefer some physical distance.

- Lele



Spicy Moon

328 E 6th St

For all the veggie friends out there (and not only), this great Szechuan restaurant is a great new entry in the already amazing list of restaurants of the East Village. Intimate in size, pretty decent pricing, the food is incredible (spicy if you like) and everything is vegan. Many dishes to suggest - scallion pancakes, General Tso's mushrooms and Lo Mein are some personal favorites - but if you'd like to feel the psychedelic vibe from the pepper, try their Wonton in Chili oil!

- Lele



Ukrainian East Village

140 2nd Ave

A Saturday night bouncing between dives in circular orbit around Tompkins is incomplete without passing the familiar tableau of New York's sloshed masses staring through the gleaming windows of Second and Ninth. Waiting for their 2AM tables, hungry for pierogis and eye contact with someone they might know(?), sitting at a six-top, we all know where they are. But forget them and what they're waiting for.

Two storefronts south, at 140 Second Ave, housed in the bowels of a government-gray building emblazoned with Cyrillic and English characters reading "Ukrainian National Home," lies the unsung hero of the block. Enter and walk down the bright hallway, befitting such a vaguely corporate building, to find the Ukrainian East Village Restaurant, whose cozy, living room-like atmosphere seems almost intentionally cultivated to juxtapose with the fluorescent sterility of the foyer.

You will not find a 2AM table at Ukrainian, because it closes at midnight. What you will find, though, is friendlier service, plumper pierogis, and cheaper prices than you'll get from the neighbors. The décor, the lighting, and the pure quiet of the place make it ideal for a calm dinner before a night out. Now that they've reopened for indoor dining, we all once again have the opportunity to - as I do every time I bring a new person there - lean across the table, point to the back room and say, "You know New Order played their first U.S. show back there?"

- King

Ray's Candy Store

113 Avenue A

Holding onto low prices despite rising neighborhood costs, Ray's Candy Store is the perfect place to go if you want fair food on a weekday. It's like if every Coney Island vendor was shoved into a space so small only three people could fit at a time. Everything about

elbows on the counter and sip coffee as I listened to Mike and Ola and Said greet every customer that walked in. I really needed stability and love and B&H provided that. This winter I dined on French toast alone, sitting out on 2nd Ave in 30 degree weather. There were two other patrons there, both dining solo as well, both women over 50. Apparently it was one of their birthdays because Said brought out a slice of cake and started singing. "Oh you shouldn't have!" the birthday girl exclaimed. But he should have. It was perfect. I was crying. "I'll finish it at home," she told me with a wink.

- Will

The Street

By Ron Padgett

The last time I came back to New York I didn't know that it would be the last time you'd be here though you are still here in the form of you who a block away walk toward me until it isn't you, it's someone with a fine head and silver hair and blue eyes and the suggestion of not being like anyone else and it's you I'm waiting for as I walk past Little Poland or come out of New York Central Art Supply or stop to look at the poppy seed cake in the window of Baczynsky's on Second Avenue, the cake I brought up to your place sometimes when we were working together and you'd say "Tea?" as if it were spelled with only the one letter. Knowing you were there made me be more here too, made New York be New York, fueled my anger at the new buildings that ruined the old ones and at the new people with their coarseness and self-involvement you avoided by going out to buy the Times at 5 a.m., then came back and made yourself a pot of espresso and read the paper as if you were in Tuscany which is where you soon will be in that niche in the wall all ten pounds of you and I'll leave the city that's slipped a little further away no a lot.

*Ron Padgett is a New York poet, artist, teacher, translator, and former director of the Poetry Project, originally from Tulsa. He has lived in the same apartment in the East Village with his wife, Pat, for decades. This poem is from his book *Alone and Not Alone*, published by Coffee House Press.*

I enjoy giving books I have made to others

*Talking East Village books with Emmett Pinsky
of Printed Matter / St Marks*

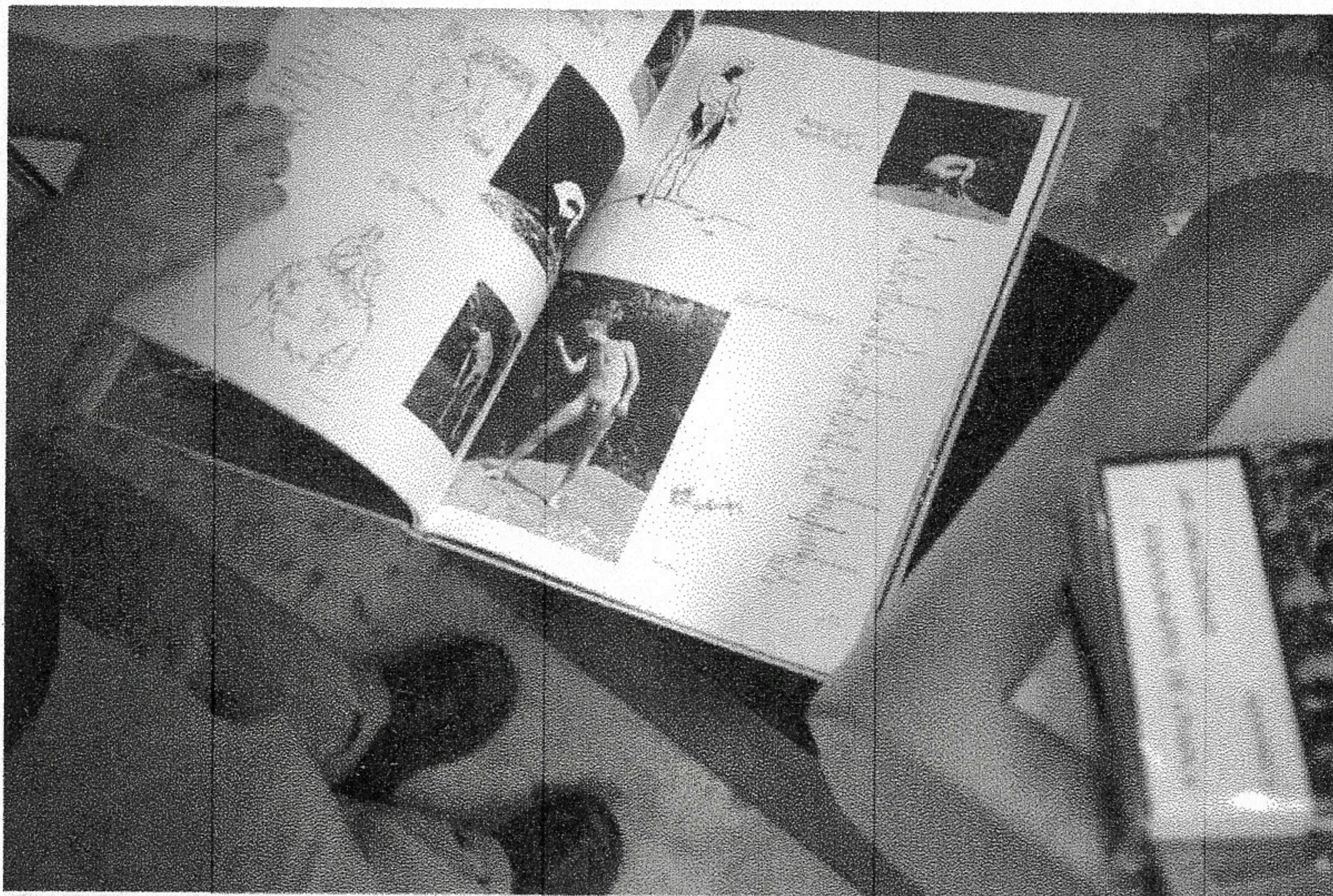
Something Else Press

We focus on stuff from downtown New York – the Lower East Side and the East Village, specifically. We bring in rare and out-of-print books from our larger collection of things in Chelsea.

This is published by a press called Something Else Press. Something Else Press was founded in downtown New York by Dick Higgins, and later moved up to Vermont. This is his book – one of his many books.

In the '60s, he coined this term "intermedia," or, at least, he's very known for it. Intermedia describes the interrelatedness of the different facets of New York underground arts – like conceptual art, the avant garde, poetry, dance, performance, books, print – as interrelated. It was all in the same world as Fluxus and Happenings.

Something Else Press published a lot of concrete poetry, which was a part of intermedia – it's poetry as well as, sort of, book arts, using the words as building blocks. I think of it as

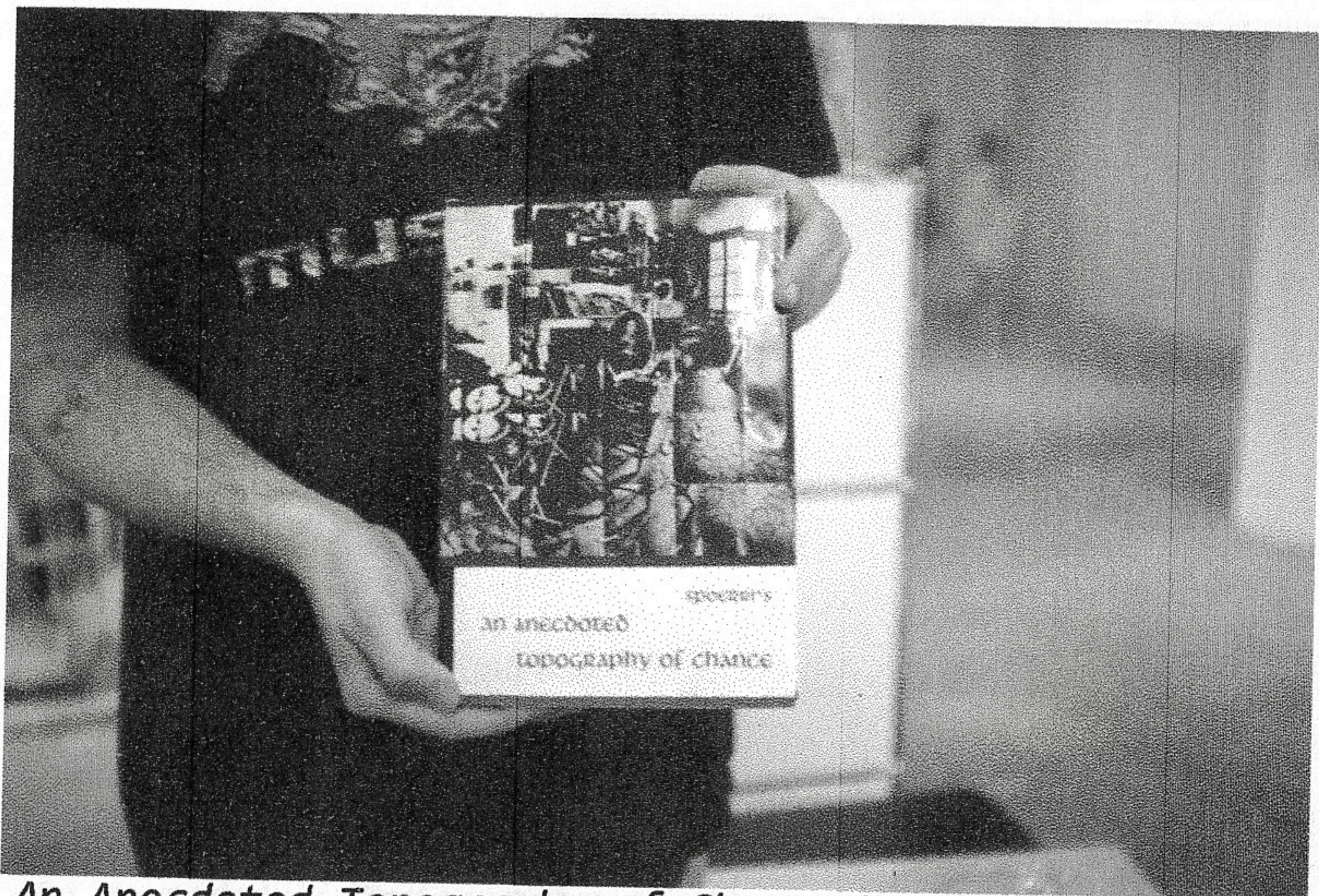


Of Celebration and Mourning by Dick Higgins

like literal concrete on the page, making shapes. This is an example of that, along with images. It's a massive book.

He did a lot of stuff with diagrams in it, which I kind of love. I bought this one book that we have of his called *A Dialectic of Centuries*, and it's his manifesto about all intermedia art. And it's just filled with these charts – like, “poetry! which leads to embodied performance and dance, in this way!” and there's all these arrows going everywhere.

So this is another book from Something Else Press. Johanna is always saying, “Stop bringing over so many things from Something Else,” because I just always do. But I'm like, “Anyway, here's another one.” This is called *An Anecdoted Topography of Chance* – “anecdoted” a play on “annotated.”



An Anecdoted Topography of Chance by Daniel Spoerri

It started with this artist Daniel Spoerri, who did this diagram of his desk and all the objects on it, and wrote text for each object—descriptions or memories. It was originally published in French, then Something Else Press published an English version with additional annotations by Emmett Williams, who was one of the most well-known and iconic concrete poets, and then Roland Topor made drawings. And so it's this sort of passed-around thing that makes this taxonomy of this person's personal space. And I think it's very much in this ethos of “art is life, life is art,” which was a throughline in the countercultural, avant garde stuff going on.

One more thing, just because it's a perfect example of concrete poetry as well as found poetry. And it's Something Else Press, as warned.



So, Bern Porter is a super weird dude. He was originally a physicist and worked on the Manhattan Project, and then he flipped and was like, "I'm going to go be an artist." He has this manifesto, "I've Left: A Manifesto and a Testament of SCIENCE and -ART." Introduction by Dick Higgins of Something Else Press. This book is incredibly cool. All found stuff.

The book I wanted to show you, though, is this one of found poems. Some of it, you can tell, is an exact replication, like a Xerox of an ad or something, but a lot of it is just text he's pulled from seeing somewhere else and reformatting it or manipulating it to make a structure, a poem, in there. Not all concrete poetry is found poetry, but some of it is.

Rene Ricard and Art-Rite

So this is a really beautiful edition of this collection of poetry from Rene Ricard, who's this extremely iconic poet and artist. He hung out around here, hung out in Basquiat's crowd.

Swiss Institute associate: He was also apparently really, like, nosy and annoying.

Yeah, these long-time East Villagers come in here all the time who are like, "Oh. Rene." [interviewers start cracking up] Literally one time one of them said, "I shouldn't speak ill of the dead..." [laughter] They were like, "Yeah, he had this show opening and he wouldn't get out of the car because he was smoking crack," and I was like, "Work." [more laughter]

This is kinda crazy, but they said he would steal pages out of people's sketchbooks and sell them down on Bleecker Street. [everyone's laughing and screaming at this point]

Em [reading from book]: This just speaks to his shit-talky energy: "They were very possessive and jealous of each other and took a great delight in making each other unhappy."

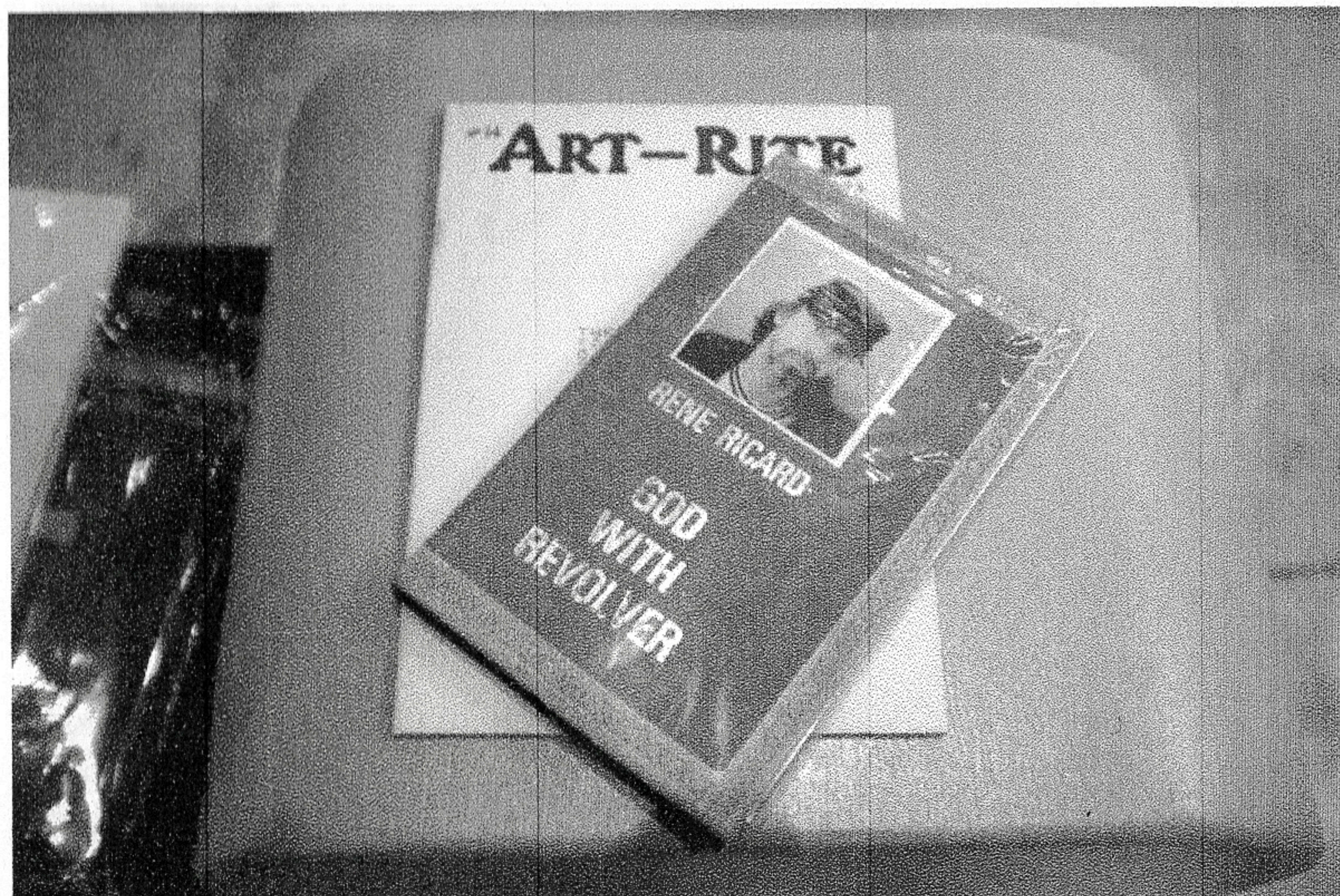
Mason: Most gay romances I've been in.

I knowww. It is the way. So this is one of the ones that came from [Printed Matter co-founder] Edit [DeAk's] collection, so it has this inscription in the front: "I don't believe you

haven't got this already. Well, anyway, much love. New Year, 2003."

And then Art-Rite is this extremely iconic magazine. Cheap, cheap, cheap newsprint. By and for artists. Each one had a theme. Each had reviews, people's art, ads for shows going up in it. This is the one about artists' books, and Carl Andre did the cover.

In this one, they have a bunch of iconic artists being asked either, "What's an artists' book?" or "What's your relationship to artists' books?" Kathy Acker, John Baldessari. Baldessari says, "Re: Your request for statements on books: I enjoy giving books I have made to others. Art seems pure for a moment and disconnected from money, and since a lot of people can own the book, nobody owns it. Every artist should have a cheap line. It keeps art ordinary and away from being overblown."



God with Revolver by Rene Ricard
Art-Rite No. 14

That's a perfect encapsulation of the ethos of it, too – how publishing and cheap publishing became such a big part of countercultural, anti-institutional art spaces. This idea of populating it everywhere.

Jerry's Voice

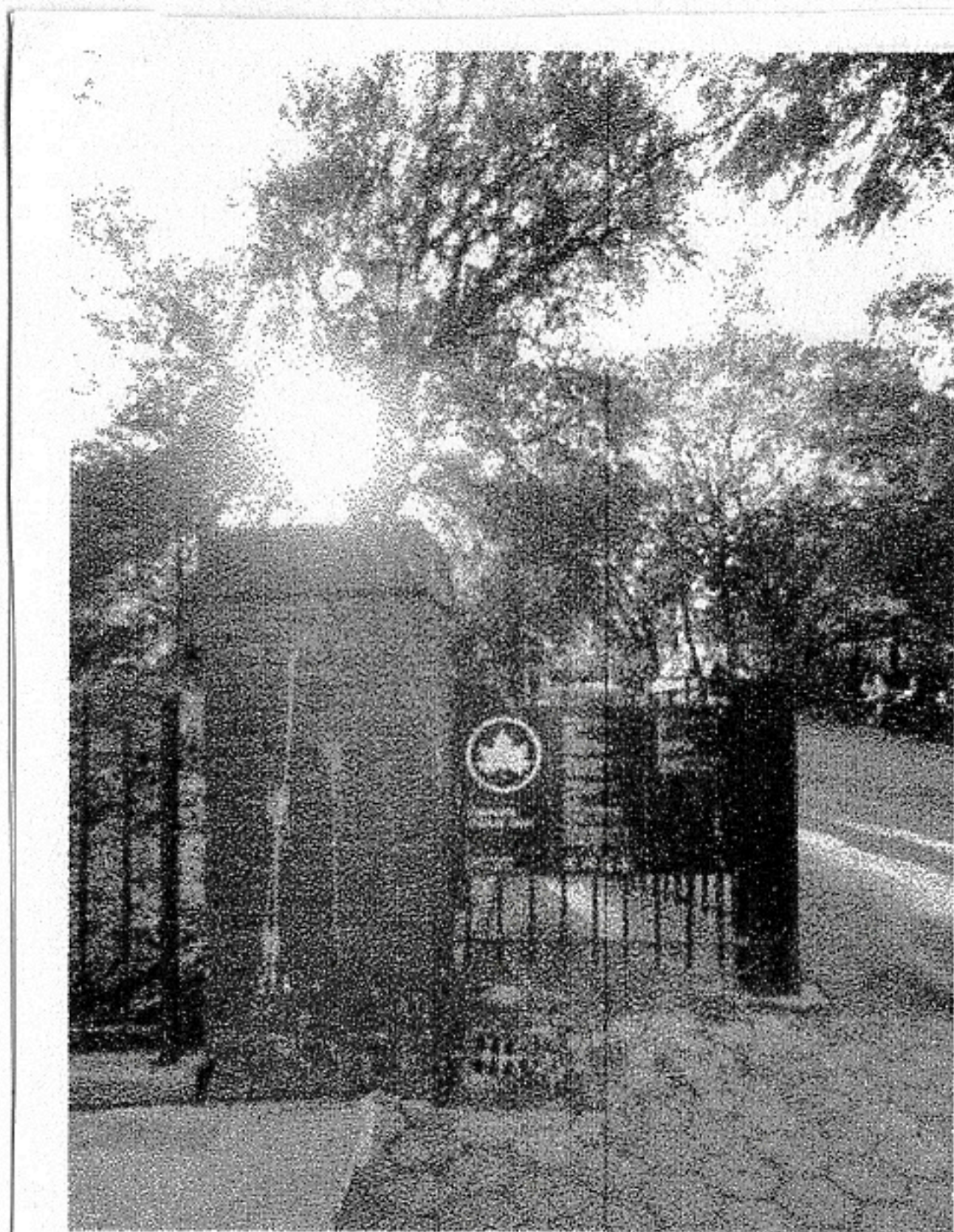
an essay by Claudi, of the NYC band Pinc Louds

After living in NYC for five years, I discovered the East Village thanks to a wagon. I'm a musician and street performer, and because of the heavy nature of my setup (amplifier, pedals, instruments, mic stand, CDs, water, flowers, snake puppet, fake cockroaches for the children...), I never played too far from whichever subway station I got off at. Hauling all these things from Bushwick can take its toll on your soul. So during the pandemic, realizing I might need to explore the city a bit more in order to find the perfect spot, I bought a red wagon.

The first day I took this wagon to Manhattan, I got off at Delancey Street station and dragged my stuff north. It was June and the city was still eerily empty. Bars were starting to open up for outdoor seating. They would try to entice people with loud speakers, with witty-yet-mindful chalkboard signs, with a lonely waiter waiting on the corner, sighing from time to time, maybe from boredom, maybe from worry that the person walking up the street might actually want to sit down for a drink. I imagined myself playing on these street corners. Playing for the birds and the sky and an angry neighbor inside his apartment, desperately putting pillows on the windows, trying to block out the sound of this weird lady singing outside, interrupting his Zoom meeting. The prospect was only one third appealing.

I ditched the Avenue B bars and eventually made it to Tompkins Square Park. The gravitational pull of the entire world seemed to be there. Like a hand over a tarot deck when you know that's the card. Like a baby to a nipple. I sat down where the old bandshell used to be, looked at my wagon and said, "We've arrived." And if I didn't say it, I definitely felt it. Around me was New York City: little kids with ice-cream-smearred faces running around a fat passed-out drunk, like some absurd version of Gulliver's Travels; perfectly preserved punks from the '80s watching the world change in fast-motion around them; junkies desperately looking for a garbage bag they'd left here a minute ago, then being completely distracted by the appearance of The Hawk swooping down to grab a squealing, blood-squirting mouse. The whole park stopping to watch the spectacle. Everyone, from the tai chi master to the 14-year-old skater kids, gasping and hollering in wonder, looking each other in the eyes, like the humans we used to be.

And it was heaven. And I knew it. And when I set up my equipment and started playing, this was doubly confirmed. Not only had I found a place where people enjoyed the strange sounds coming from my being, they also swayed to them, danced to them, offered me beer for them, weed for them, tips for them, told me stories about people in the East Village in the old days and compared me to them... I played six hours that day. Drenched in sweat, soaked with love, I had finally found the New York City I had come looking for five years ago. The wild, gritty, pretty city I had read about and seen in picture books since I was a kid. All this time, that city had been in the East Village.



Two days later I returned to Tompkins, but this time I didn't bring any instruments. I just came to observe. I sat on a bench and swam in the wonderfulness of it all. And in this state of elation, under the green green summer trees, I saw Jerry. It was 11 a.m. and he was beautifully drunk. Sitting on a bench, he would yell anything that came to mind at anyone who walked by. Four white girls crossed the bandshell area and he yelled "Hey! Sex and the City! You gonna have sex in the city?" Predictably, no response. He looked back towards the

lawn, where a group of people were doing yoga. Every time one of them lifted a leg, Jerry would go "hi-YA!!" in karate fashion. A guy went by on his bicycle: "Hey that guy stole my bike! Give it back motherfucker! Har har har!" No one seemed to mind. How could they? Who would want to live in a world without the sound of Jerry's voice? The sound of screaming into a void to see how it reacts. Giving meaning to the world by howling at it, painting it with each stroke of your breath. Making it yours by making sure to be in it.

To be a part of the East Village collage is the greatest honor I can imagine, and Jerry knows this. And now, so do I. And so do so many. Every day adding our little candy wrapper, our cigarette smoke, our magazine clipping, our musical note. Always fascinated to see it blend in with the orchestra of wailing kids, a blasting boom box, a far off drill, those special grinding, clanking sounds of skateboards hitting the pavement, the chirping of birds, the squealing of mice, and the gorgeous growl of Jerry's voice.

3 Questions With Masami Hosono & Laura Chautin

Tell us about a great East Village memory.

LC: Meeting the people who run Sixth Street Community Center. It's a staple to so many people, and they have been helping our community thrive and overcome hardships for years! It was inspiring to see and to get to work with them in a small capacity!



MH: Same neighbors from 10 years ago still remember me even though we met only a few times. This warm and strong community makes me wanna live here forever!

What are the five East Village things you couldn't live without?

LC: Takahachi, Ninth Street Espresso, Tompkins' dog park, C&B croissant, Sixth Street Community Center.

MH: Tompkins Square Park dog run, Running at East River Park, Sunny and Annie's special BLT, East Village Organic's fresh juice, Sushi at Takahachi.

Best way to have a date for under \$5 in the East Village?

LC: Morning date, coffee at Ninth Street, croissant at C&B, walk through the park!

MH: Bring sandwich and coffee from Sunny and Annie Deli and picnic at Tompkins Square Park.

Masami Hosono is a hairstylist who runs the East Village salon Vacancy Project. Laura Chautin is an artist and designer. They live in the East Village with their dog Bento.

6 East Village Things Blogger EV Grieve Can't Live Without

1. A movie at Anthology Film Archives
2. An early-afternoon drink at Sophie's or Vazac's/7B
3. A meal at John's of 12th Street or Pangea
4. A visit to any of the neighborhood community gardens
5. A walk through Tompkins Square Park at the height of fall
6. A stop by Ray's Candy Store for coffee or ice cream, depending on the time of day

Meet the Fair Organizers!

Em Brill

What are 5 east village things that improve your life?

Borscht from B&H or Ukrainian East Village, 8-Ball Community, Codex Books' poetry section, KGB's reading series, the little calendars that Tokio7 gives out

Mia Greenberg

Best date for under \$5 in the East Village?

Eating 5 dollar slice pizzas with your lover and then feeling sick together
#bonding

Johanna Rietveld

Strange/weird/fun memory of the East Village?

Running a bookstore in the East Village is a strange thing in itself. So many different stories and faces everyday. This became especially apparent as we opened up Printed Matter / St Marks during the summer of 2020 in the midst of a pandemic—indoor occupancy restrictions forced us outside with our books where we literally became part of the street life. People were craving encounters, conversations, anything new outside of their interior worlds. That period really made me feel part of the neighborhood with all its strange and eccentric characters.

Ryan Vasta

Best place to clear your head in the East Village?

Just take a walk up and down the blocks of the neighborhood at random. You're bound to come across a place you haven't noticed before, or something to make you smile. Tapping back into the pulse of the neighborhood this way always makes me feel better.

Hayley Earnest

Favorite East Village view?

Looking out the window from the seventh story at the 8-Ball space.

Emmett Pinsky

Have you had any dreams set in the East Village?

Every day in the East Village feels like a dream.

BTL

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MIRACLE SELTZER

A Miracle Every Day

Garden Programming Schedule

Elizabeth Street Garden

10am-12pm Weekly Community Gardening

El Sol Brillante

12pm Composting Workshop with Dave

2pm - 5pm Press leaves on bandanas with Kuki Go (\$25 Paypal limited capacity)

5pm - 7pm Tarot Reading with Mary (of Nothing to See Here Shop)

6pm - 8:30pm Poetry Reading with Ben Fama, Carolyn Funk, Jen Fisher, Coco Gordon Moore, Amelia Gillis, Angela Shier, and Emily Brown

Albert's Garden

5 - 8pm Art installation and screening. Artists: Francine Lange, Allegra Colletti, Yu Mengci. Music curated by Greg LeClaire

East Side Outside Garden

11am - 4pm Garden member and artist Nina Bovasso will be selling prints

First Street Garden

12pm - 3pm Free compost (while supplies last)

12pm - 3pm Printed and digital guides to murals

1pm - 3pm Solar printmaking (free activity, supplies provided)

Le Petit Versailles

2 - 6pm Allied Archival Ephemera Exhibition: Posters, Books, Magazines
8pm "I Ping the Body Electric" - Writer/performer Tim Cusack, director/choreographer Patrice Miller and video designer Daniel McKleinfeld rewire Walt Whitman's iconic poem to human anatomy from the perspective of a 50-something, HIV-positive gay man.

La Plaza Cultural de Armando Perez Community Garden

2pm - 4pm Live acoustic performances hosted by 8-Ball Radio

About the Gardens

Elizabeth Street Garden - Elizabeth St between Prince & Spring St

Originally the site of PS 106 and transformed in 1991 into a public sculpture garden by Elizabeth Street Gallery owner Allan Revier, the Garden has a nearly 200 year history as an outdoor recreational and educational place for people of the community, but is now under threat of development by city officials. In 2016, the not-for-profit ESG formed to find ways to save the Garden and to keep it accessible to the community with free public programming.

El Sol Brillante - 522 East 12th St

Emerging from the ashes of a demolished lot of four burnt-out buildings in 1977, El Sol Brillante's mission is to nurture an inclusive garden in the East Village by offering community and educational programs, tenancy of garden plots, and communal gardening, and to promote nature and ecology amidst the city pavement.

Albert's Garden - 16 East 2nd St

Named for and originally founded by Albert Eisenlau in 1971, the starting soil of the garden was repurposed from an earthwork by a sculptor friend of co-founder, artist, and longtime manager and defender of the garden Louise Krueger. Albert's Garden is now a mature shade garden where perennials unfold throughout the seasons and visitors can enjoy bird watching, linger near the gold fish pond, and attend community events.

East Side Outside Community Garden - 415 East 11th St

East Side Outside Community Garden is a volunteer-run, NYC Parks GreenThumb garden founded in 2016 in collaboration with East Side Community High School (ESCHS). From 1992-circa 2010, the site was also occupied by a garden known as Open Road Park. The garden hosts Reclaimed Organics, a community-oriented compost hauling business, and offers a laboratory for ESCHS's Urban Agriculture curriculum.

First Street Garden - 33 East 1st Street

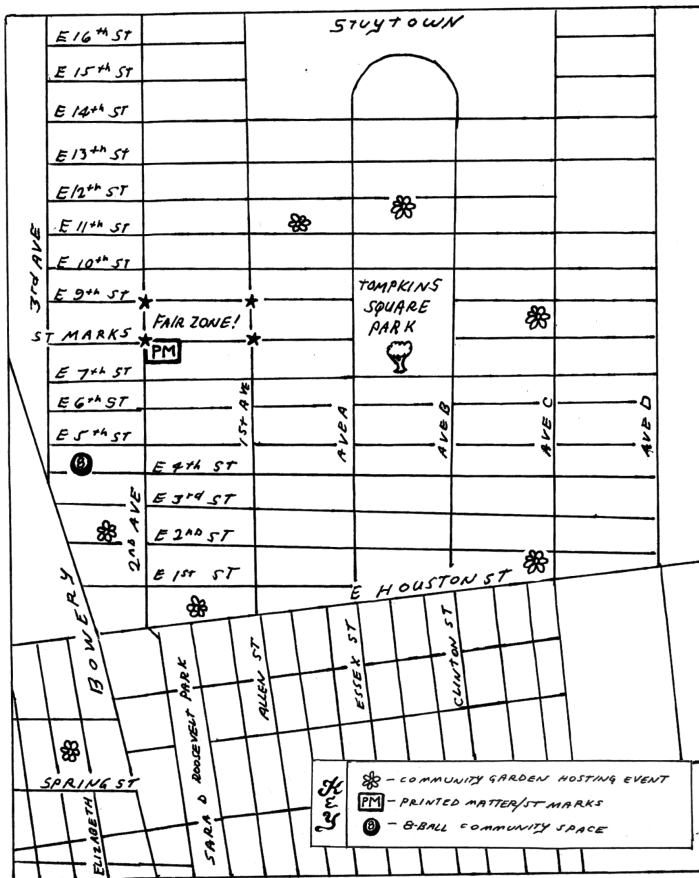
In 2008, First Street Garden was converted from a building lot into a hybrid park, art space and garden and has been regularly providing cultural programming for the community since 2011. With events like live music and dance performances, art installations, poetry readings, screenings, and workshops, First Street Garden aims to carry on the neighborhood's long legacy as a hub of communal creativity.

Le Petit Versailles - 247 East 2nd St

Le Petit Versailles is a GreenThumb/ NYC Parks Department garden that began in 1995. It was created by artist/activist Peter Cramer and Jack Waters on the site of a former "chop-shop." It is appropriate that a stage dominates the garden because the gardeners are committed to providing a platform for LGBTQ performers, filmmakers, visual artists and their allies. Internationally known and recognized as an art garden, it continues to provide a welcome oasis in a rapidly changing neighborhood. Le Petit Versailles is a project of Allied Productions, a not-for-profit arts organization, and has an active performance and exhibit schedule during the summer months.

La Plaza Cultural de Armando Perez Community Garden - E 9th St & Avenue C

La Plaza Cultural de Armando Perez Community Garden has been serving Loisaida as a center of arts, activism and ecology since 1976, when neighborhood residents, artists, and Green Guerillas converted a derelict, rubble-strewn lot into a verdant green oasis and a place of respite for the people.



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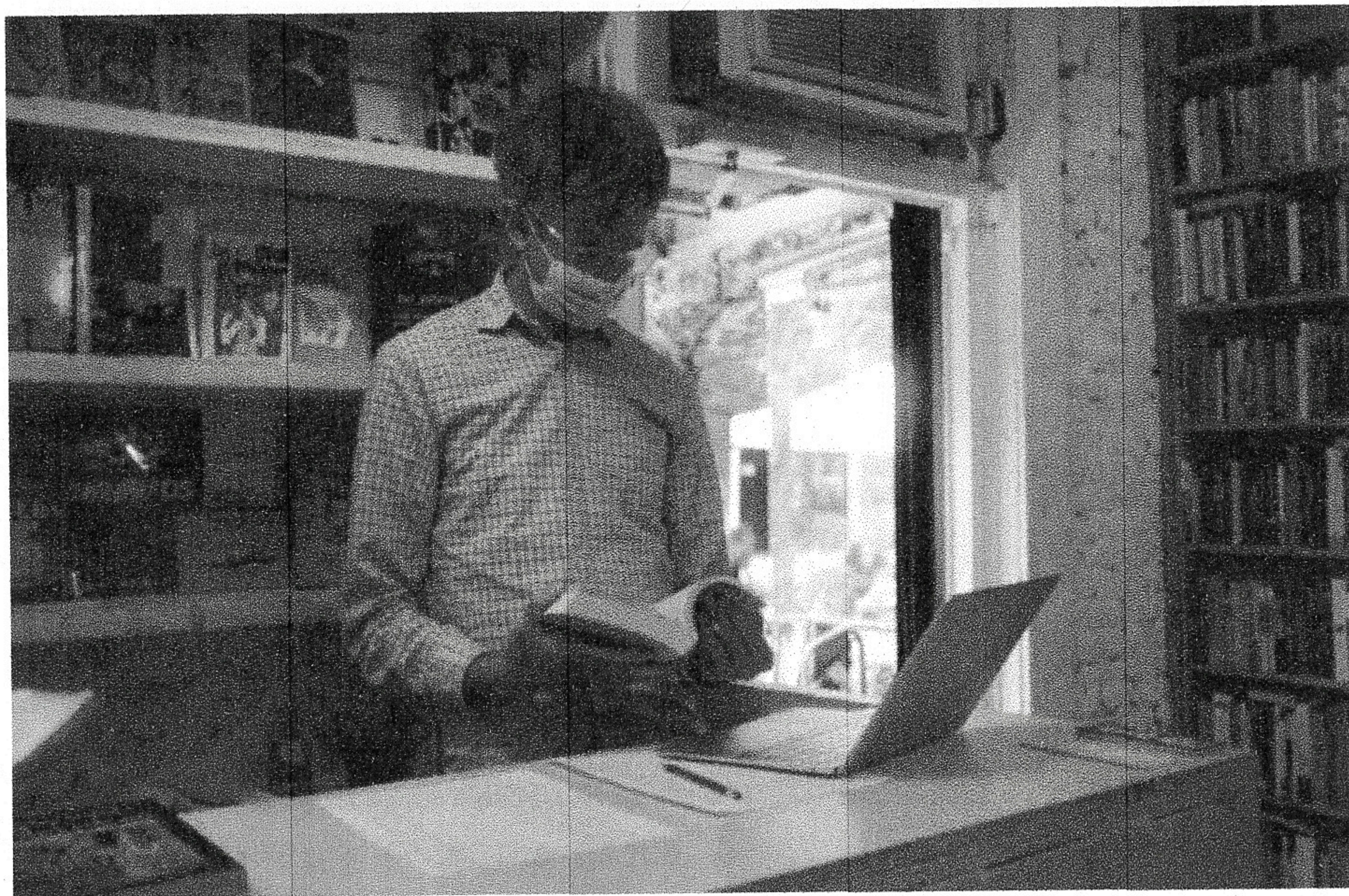
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You take the crosstown bus?

Talking East Village books with Thomas of Codex



'The Group' and the crosstown bus

This is a really famous book. It's a group of Vassar graduates and their experiences in New York in the '30s, during the Depression. There's one scene in it where one of the characters is on the West Side, but she lives somewhere in what is now called the East Village and is talking about how to get around.

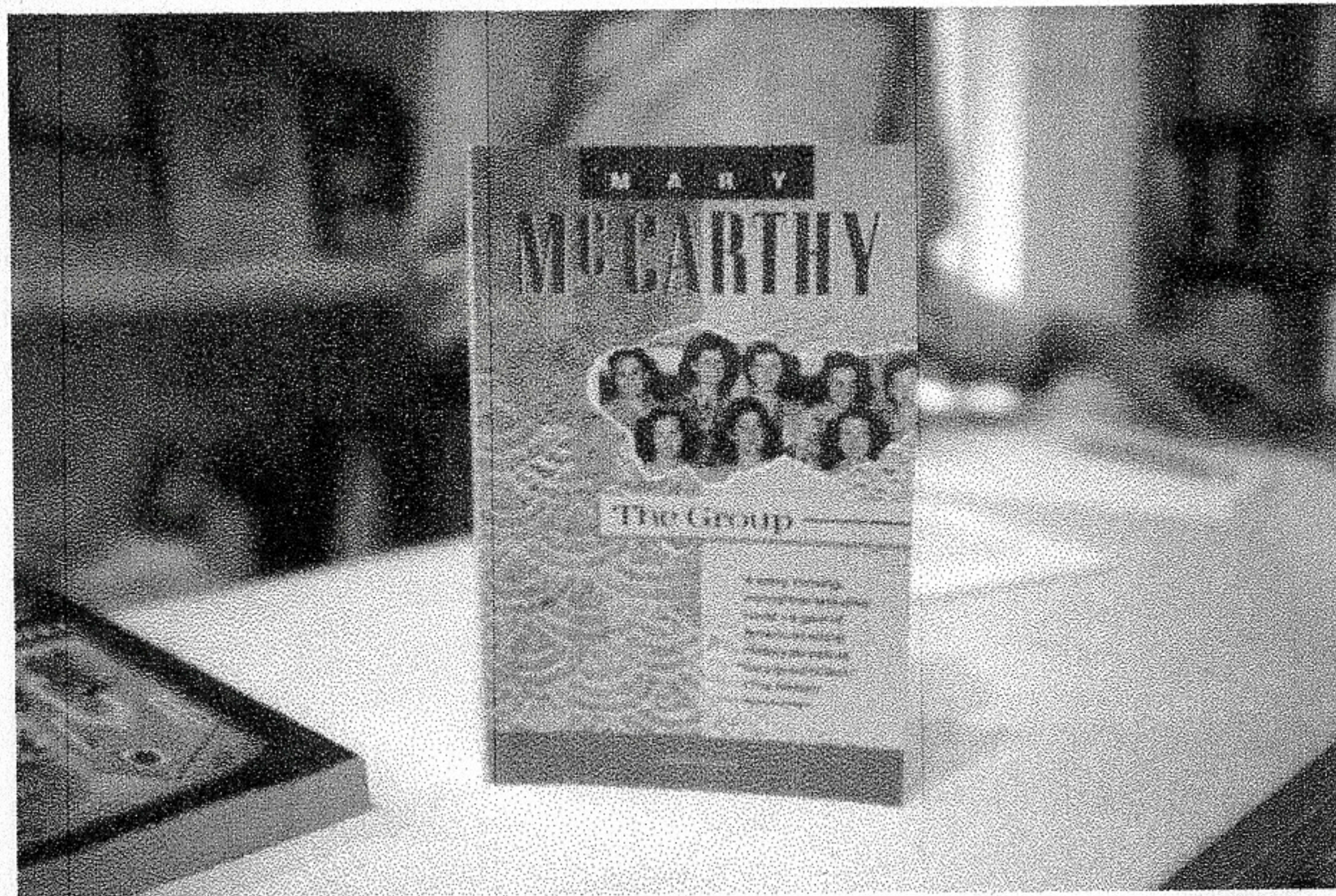
And Norine would talk about car fares. She was hipped on the subject. The last time the four of them had played bridge, she had cross-questioned Kay about how she got to work.

"You take the crosstown bus?" she asked, looking at her husband as if the crosstown bus were the most unheard-of luxury. "*And the Sixth Avenue el?*"

Then she looked at her husband again, nodding. "That makes two fares," she relentlessly concluded. Norine's *idée fixe* was that all young couples should live near a subway stop.

When I first read this book, it was right around the time when somebody was talking about reducing MTA service, and one of

buses that was potentially being cut from service was the M8, which is East Village to West Village. So this is the bus that they're talking about here. It's incredible, the continuity of the transportation through the ages.



W.H. Auden and Hurricane Sandy

Somewhere in the writings of Auden is a description of a deli that is still there. He would write about shopping in his neighborhood, and he lived opposite the church at Stuyvesant Street.

What are the deli's cross streets?

It's on Second Avenue, and – I think – Ninth Street, the northeast corner. It's one of the bigger delis. There's a ton of really narrow corridors.

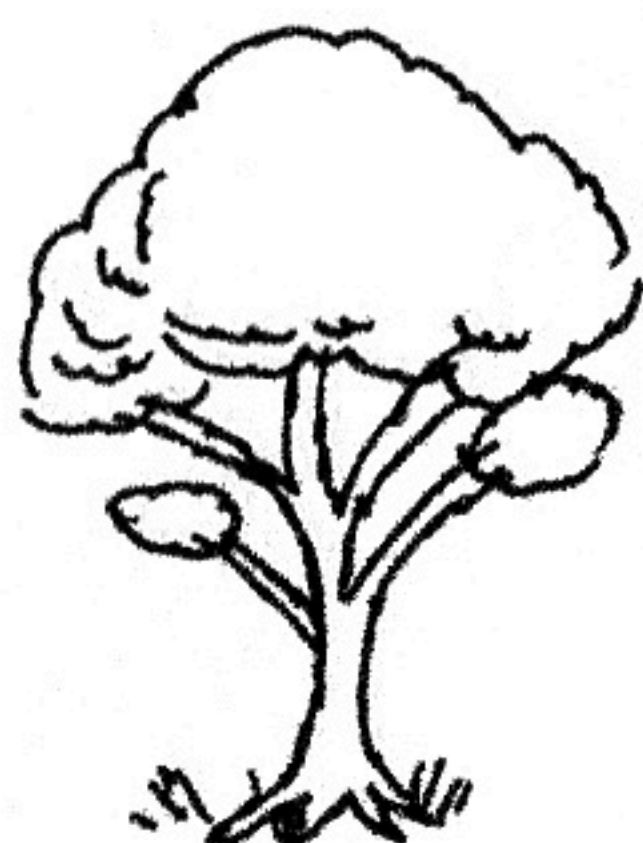
It's a funny one in my history of living in this area, because I remember going there in 2012 when Hurricane Sandy knocked out the power in the East Village for like a week, and like the only things that worked were the payphones. Nobody had power. You had gas – I could heat water and wash my hair – but you couldn't use your phone. But the payphones worked. And that deli – they kept it open, and they would take one person at a time with a flashlight. That was the weirdest time in New York in the last 15 years before the pandemic.

Motorino Pizzeria was like the only restaurant that was open, because they could run their pizza oven without power. They were serving pizza and wine. And that was the only restaurant in the neighborhood. But as far as I know that has yet to appear in literature, unfortunately. Perhaps someday.

Auden tells stories about living in the East Village area in his work. He has this one about how, in one of his first apartments, somebody's snake escaped – a python, or something like that – and it poked its head out of a wall in a woman's bathroom. Very funny story. I'm trying to find where he references the deli – oh, here it is. This is in a New York Times piece he wrote that they titled "Mr. Auden's Neighborhood."

Let me take this opportunity to thank in particular Abe and his co-workers in the liquor store; On Lok, my laundryman; Joseph, Bernard and Maurice in the grocery store at Ninth Street and Second Avenue; John, my mailman; Francy from whom I buy my newspaper, and Charles from whom I buy seeds for my Austrian garden. God bless you all!

So that's Auden in 1973. And, like 39 years later, I was getting my groceries there during Hurricane Sandy.



3 Poets' Novels Set In The East Village In The '90s

By Bunny, East Village resident

1. Inferno, Eileen Myles
2. Diary of an Emotional Idiot, Maggie Estep
3. Going Down, Jennifer Belle

3 Books About East Village Art Scenes In The '80s

By Em, 8-Ball volunteer, fair organizer, & poet

1. Art Gangs: Protest & Counterculture in New York City, Alan Moore
2. Show & Tell: A Chronicle of Group Material, ed. Julie Ault
3. Widow Basquiat, Jennifer Clement

Your house is mine: An interview with Andrew Castrucci of Bullet Space

Bullet Space, on 3rd Street between Avenues B and C, is "an urban arts collective and a community access center for images, words, and sounds of the inner city." Here, Bullet Space co-founder and director Andrew Castrucci speaks with Emmett Pinsky of Printed Matter / St Marks about Bullet Space and its role in the Lower East Side's squatting and underground arts movements.

AC: So you wanna know something about the squat or Bullet Space?

EP: Both. To start out, what were you and the other founding members of Bullet Space doing right before you first squatted here?

Rents used to be \$300 on the LES, and then they went from \$300 to \$2000, so squatting was an alternative. I still wanted to stay in the neighborhood.

When did you first squat here?

Winter of 1985.

How many other people were you with?

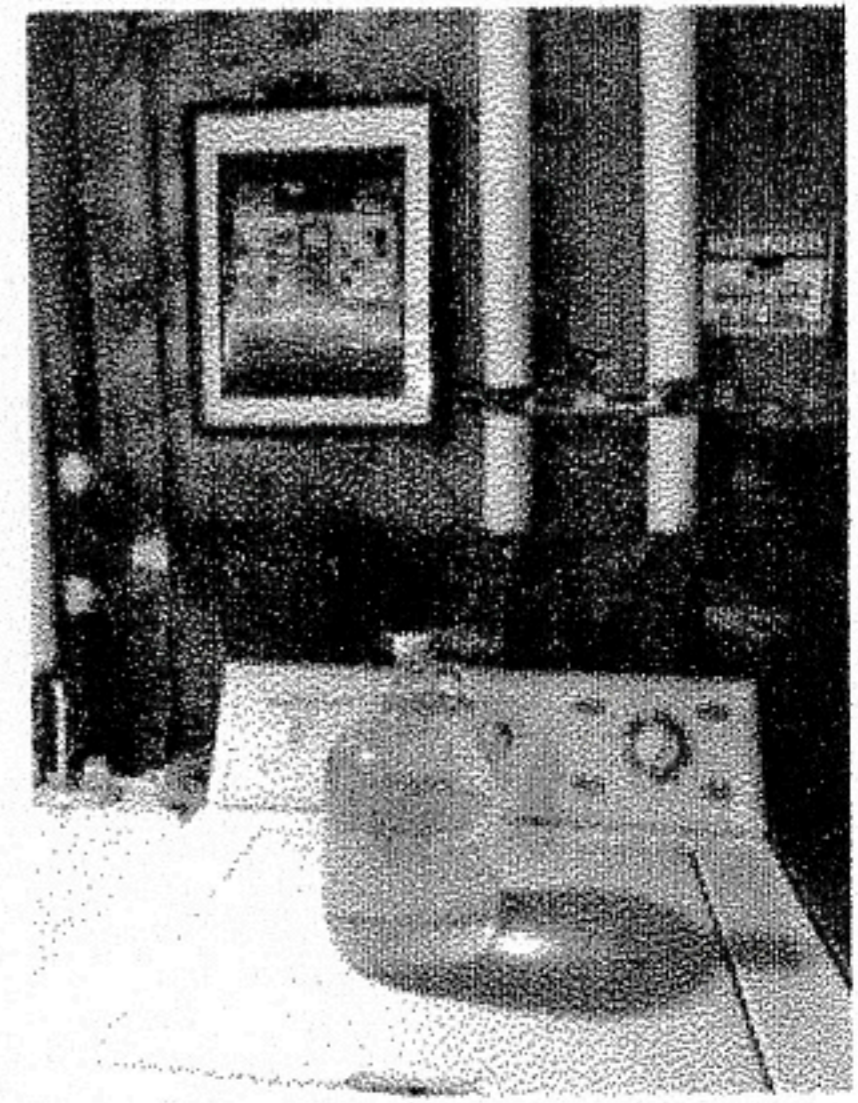
I can't remember that far back. There's been over ten thousand people that have lived here, or exhibited here. I added it once, the people that exhibited here or lived here. People couldn't hack the winter so they left. You have to walk around with me while we do this interview. These were the wood burning stoves, how we kept warm - that you, Renzo? This is Printed Matter, this is Emmett, he's organizing - this is my son Renzo - there's gonna be a huge zine fair, so we're doing an interview. You want to interview him because he's taking over Bullet Space. I'm leaving, I'm retiring.

Oh yeah? When's that?

I'm going to be 60 years old soon, so I'm getting ready to hit the road, man. See, Bullet Space is international, I don't believe in one space. We go upstate, we take the books overseas, so I believe in a metaphysical space. Bullet Space, it started off as a grounded space, but now we're international. Like surrealism international, dada international. I don't believe in an address.

Renzo: Your house is mine.

Andrew: Your house is mine, yeah. And we had one lightbulb and we pissed in buckets and stuff. You want a bottle of piss to take as a souvenir?



[Laughs] I think I'm alright.

It's worth a lot of money, you could sell it... I'll sign it. Don't be scared of it, I'll dust it for you. It's an artifact! You know Menzoni, right? He sold his shit.

Renzo: Canned shit.

AC: Canned shit.

How did Bullet Space become an arts space in addition to a squat?

We believed in a work space and a live space. So, we had a studio and a live space, it's both. We had a gallery and a print shop.

So you were all artists when you founded it?

It wasn't so much an art project at first, it was a place to live and work, but then life is art – what is art? I took a more active role later, and I made sure that we were all artists, that was the common thread. But what is an artist? Martin Luther King is an artist. An activist, a plumber, a carpenter is an artist, art is life, you know? Squatters are artists. So what the fuck is an artist, right? [Renzo] is curating a show here called Teen Spirit, teenagers from NYC, that's an upcoming show. So there's young bloods taking over.

Renzo: Yeah, local neighborhood kids, local street artists, the youth of the city and the neighborhood.

AC: And we're also showing Lee Quinones, Lady Pink, NOC 167 and Tracy 168, artwork they did as teenagers, so it'll be half and half.

Intergenerational.

Yeah, that's a good word. Intergenerational... we'll put that in our statement.

Do you remember the first organized show that you put on here?

Yes, Tenesh Webber took a sledgehammer and broke the back door. I was there the next day, and then we popped open some windows with the hammer so we could breathe. That was the first show. I was just a soldier back then. Like the mafia they have soldiers, they have captains, they have the boss. I was a soldier, Tenesh Webber was the boss. And my brother, my brother and Tenesh were the bosses.

So it was the three of you at the beginning?

No, there was a dozen people. I can't remember 100 years ago, man! [laughs] You're asking these crazy questions about 1985. There was Tenesh, my brother Paul, and a few other artists from Rivington Street, Frank Morales, Wes Powers. I remember the first Printed Matter on Lispenard Street in 1979, I was your age, and I used to go down to Canal Street and Lispenard. We have a lot in common, Printed Matter and Bullet Space. Take art off the



wall, art is life. Another art project we did in 2010, we dug a hole in the backyard, and me and this artist Austin Shull, the goal was just to hit water. The Lower East Side is built on top of swamps. Below your feet, only 3 feet, is water. So we found a cistern, so this is a greatest hits of what we found in there. I believe, like Joseph Beuys, art is life. So the urine is beautiful, that's [the jug of urine] like a Rembrandt painting over there. Yes, it has a sense of humor. Who did the toilet bowl? Duchamp? So I guess we're in those traditions. Andre Serrano bought his blood at the butcher. We don't do that, it's homegrown. We make our shit.

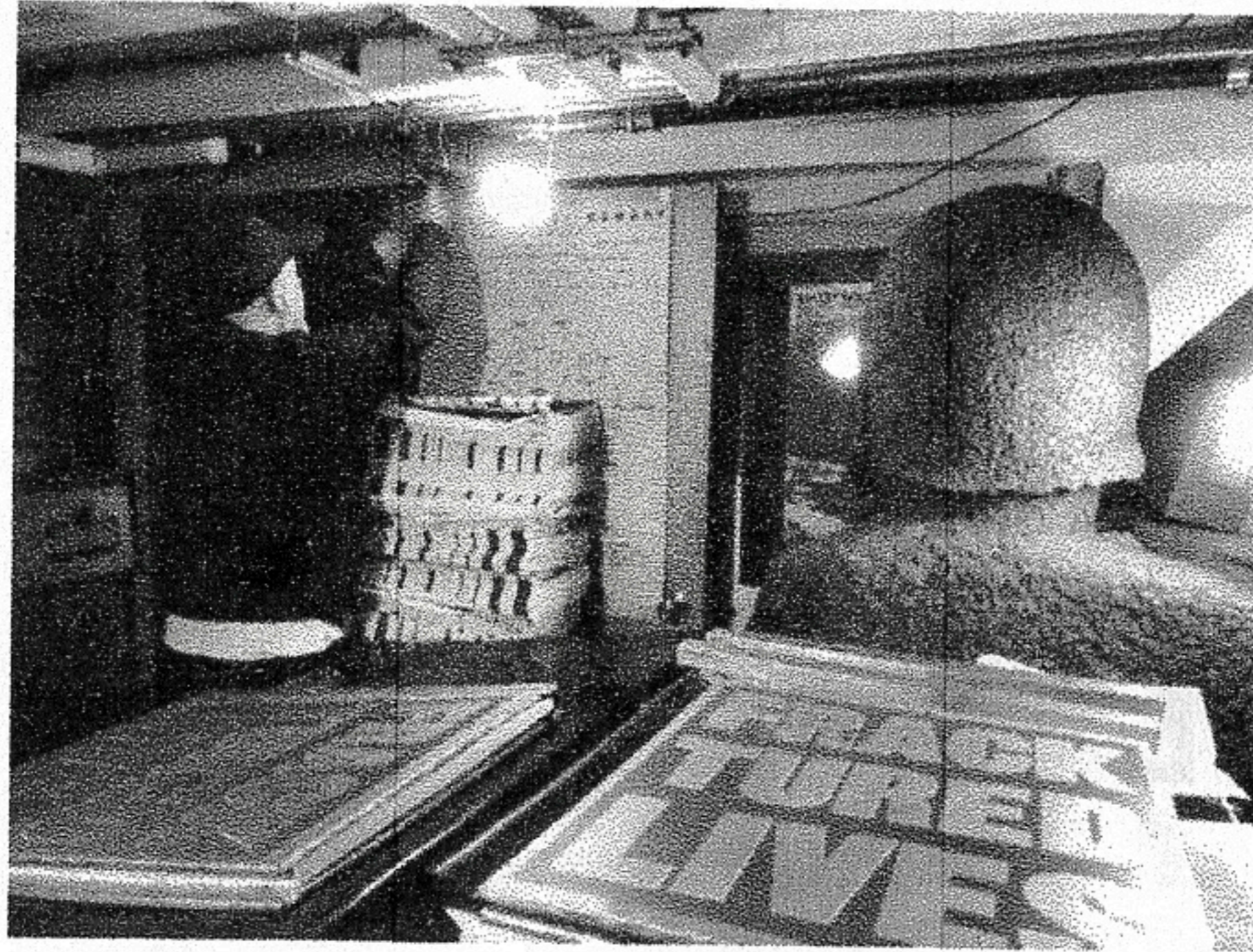
As it were.

But Marcel Duchamp bought his urinal at an antique store. Our urinal that we use every day is our art, so we're different. And we didn't know it was art yet, until twenty years later.

What was the shift? Realizing that what you were doing at Bullet Space was something you could call art?

Well you're the people that come up with the labels, not me. We call this the underground museum down here, so people come down

here and do tours. This is our original squatter paperwork, these are our newspapers. YHIM prototype. This is part of the archeological dig, these are chamber pots, so there's a lot of shit, we make our own shit, the tradition is shit, chamber pots...

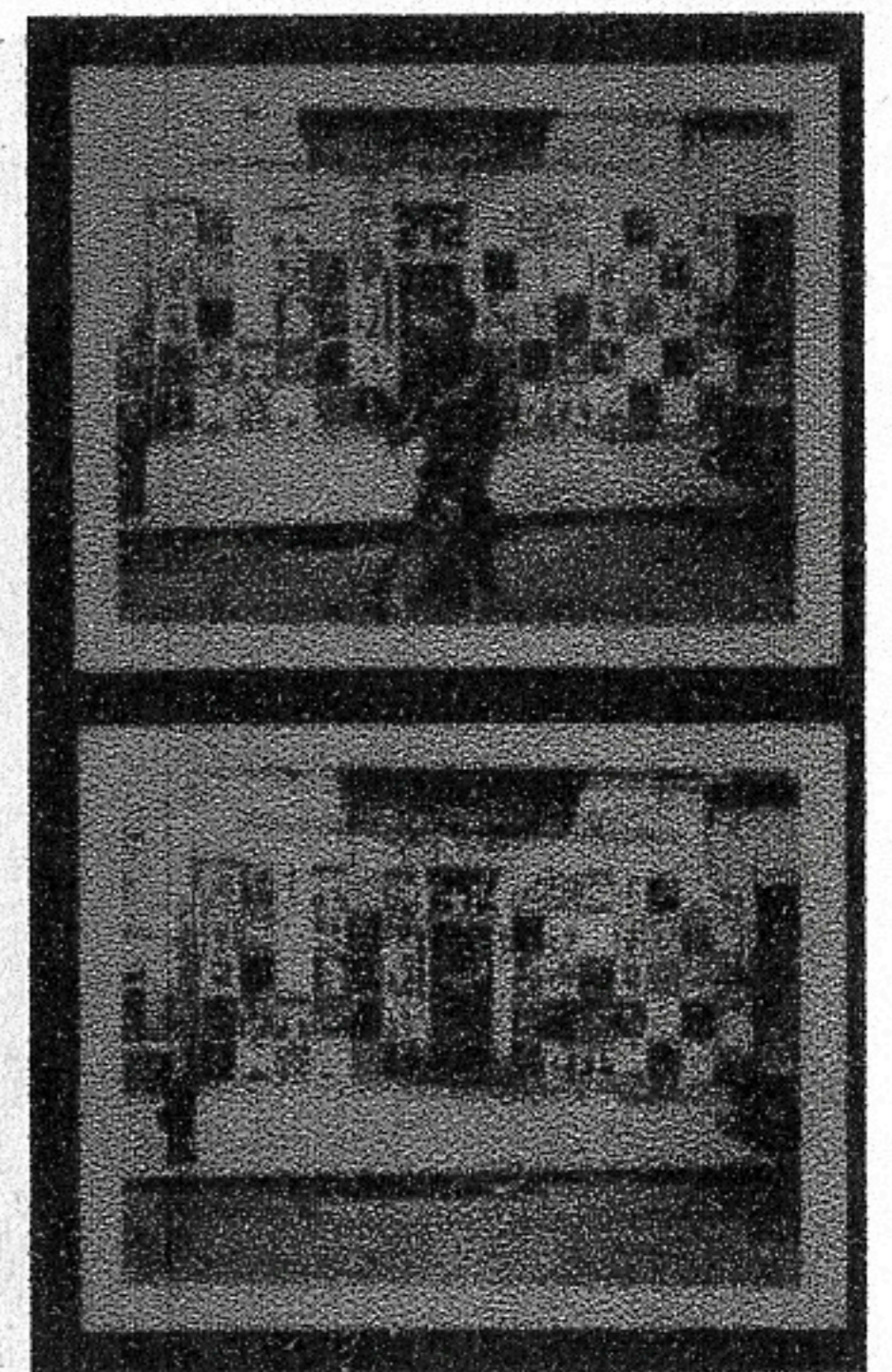


So you've seen the photo we're having as a fundraising edition, by Ari Marcopoulos, with the kid on the bike in front of Bullet Space.

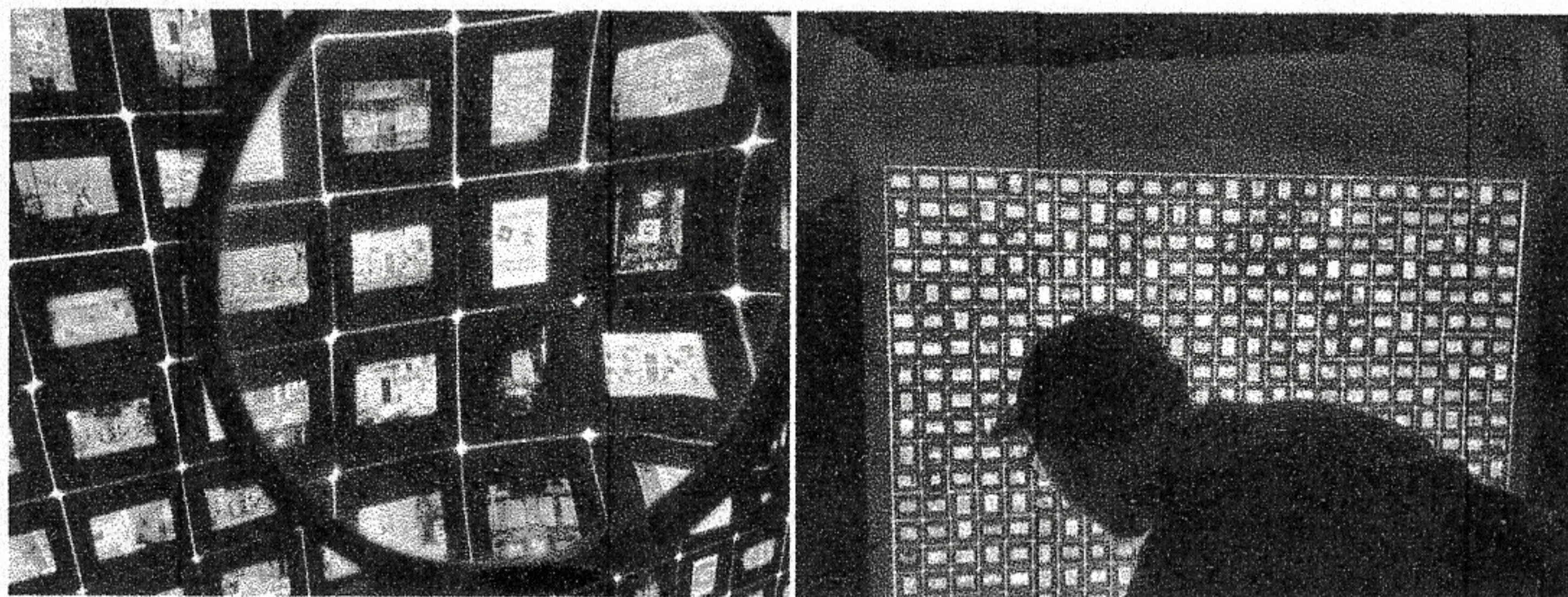
See, I have problems with photographers. They photograph your artwork, they claim ownership to that. That's our artwork, not Ari's. Ari documented our posters. He takes ownership, you know?

Tell me about your artwork that's in the photo, then, what are the posters that are up?

That's from the *Your House is Mine* book. Yeah, come over here. So, the two book projects [*Your House is Mine* (YHIM) and *Fractured Lives* (FL)] are poster books. Half the posters are made for the street, and with this project we printed ten thousand posters by hand. Here's the front of the building. Here, this is Ari's photo over here. Well, I took this photo, but this is at the time when Ari took his. That was the condition of the building, so it always changed. I think the posters were shedding in Ari's photo.



It keeps changing. That's New York. Carl Sandburg said build a city, knock it down, build a city, knock it down. So it's always changing. We're here, yeah, it's sad rents are higher, yes it's gentrified, but you survive. You figure out how to survive.



Who are some of the other folks from the early days of Bullet Space that are still around?

World War 3 Illustrated is still here, Tribes Gallery, Steve Cannon died, Joe Overstreet, his gallery is still here. Karma just moved down the block, but they're a little more upscale. ABC No Rio's still here, so we're still alive and kicking, so I'm not going to bellyache about anything. Artists are big fucking bellyachers, they're a bunch of crybabies. You just gotta do what you gotta do, you just keep moving. We're the biggest fucking crybabies on the planet [laughs].

Can you tell me more about the newspaper?

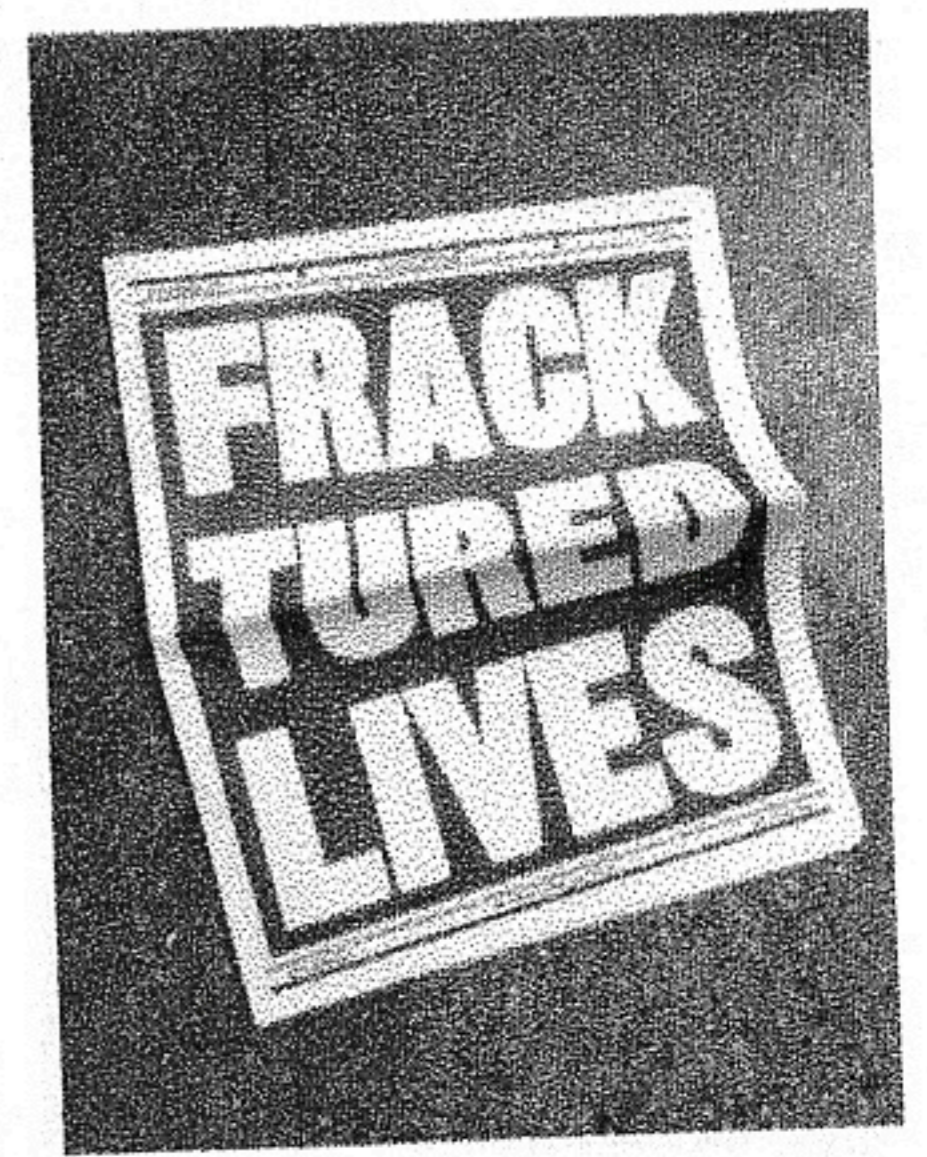
It's the same content as [the original, large *Fractured Lives*], but it's to make it so you can go to bed and put it under your pillow, whereas this, and this, these go in museums. But [the newspaper versions], that makes it more affordable. Because we believe in art for the people, and then that's an artifact. It's important that we have that duality.

Tell me a bit about the content, what's inside it?

Your House is Mine is about when we squatted the building. We started it post-Tompkins Square Park Riots. That's about home and shelter. [*FL*] is about water, clean water, fracking. Where we live upstate, where I've been very involved with upstate, it was ground zero for fracking. A strong theme in both books is environmental racism, environmental classism. We pick on poor neighborhoods to do our drilling, our fracking, to put up windmills. Governor Cuomo says, 'Don't worry, Montauk, the windmills are gonna be 30 miles out at sea. Don't worry, we support green architecture.' But the poor people gotta have a windmill on their front lawn, and stay up all night with insomnia, so it's environmental racism. It's *Fractured Lives*, it's a metaphor, we're all fucked up, right? We're fractured. So this was about fracking, but it branched out to climate change, to Trump's EPA.

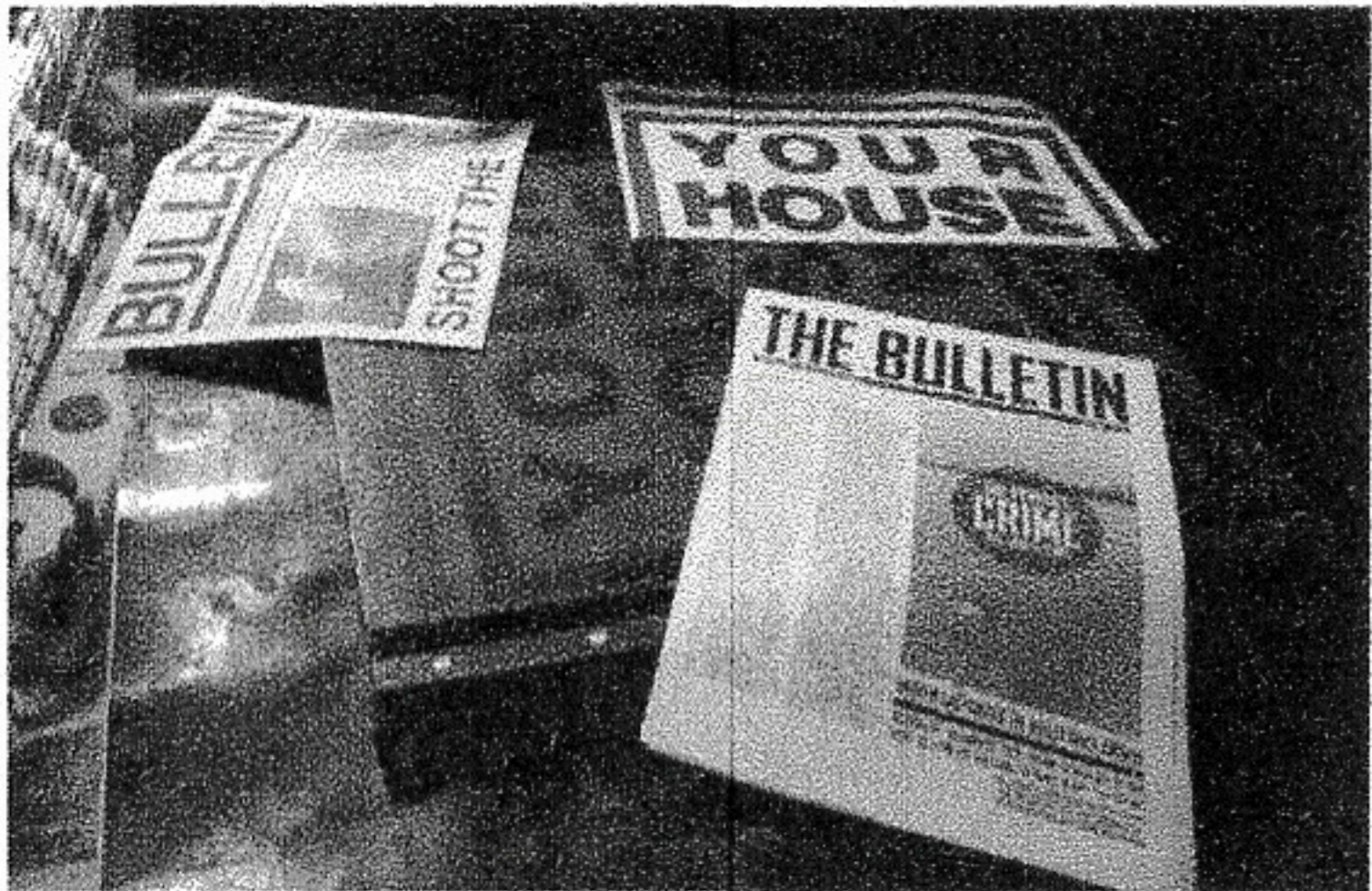
Who did you get to contribute?

[For *FL*] we merged upstate with downstate, whereas *YHIM* is rooted in the Lower East Side. Lady Pink and John Feckner, they're from Queens, Coney Island, LIC, Brooklyn, based in LES. LES has always been a stage.



What do you mean a stage?

We had a print shop, we had a gallery, in the early '80s we had an art movement here. Soho was the '60s and '70s, the '80s was LES. That's where Civilian Warfare comes from, where Bullet Space comes from, ABC No Rio comes from, where Kiki Smith comes from, where David Wojnarowicz comes from, where Anton van Dalen comes from... there was an art movement, so this was a stage for that.



And a lot of the time you saw squatting movements and art movements go hand in hand.

There was always friction between the far left and the artists, or the squatters, and the communists and the anarchists, the skinheads, you know, everyone. 'Don't invite me to the revolution if I can't dance,' as Emma Goldman said, so there was friction between the left and the artists.

Over what sort of stuff?

[The far left] seeing art as bourgeoisie, art as for the rich, and I was like, 'Fuck you, man, I work for the people, I'm a worker.' Emma Goldman had that problem, too. In the LES, there was the hard left here, and they would make fun of Emma Goldman — 'Oh, look at that bourgeoisie sweater you got, you love art' — and she was like, 'Fuck you.' That's a beautiful line, 'Don't invite me to the revolution if I can't dance.' So we dance here. We like to dance.

Was printing always part of the operation here?

Yeah. It's a similar aesthetic to you guys, take work off the wall, right?

I'm interested to hear about collaborations between Bullet Space and some of the other squats or arts groups.

David Hammons, we collaborated. He's from the neighborhood, the

LES was a stage, like I said. He hung out with Steve Cannon and Joe Overstreet, John Farris lived upstairs. So, we knew him before he was famous. He kinda had been part of our growing up. He took *YHIM* to England. He had a bowl of sugar in one room with a fly in it and in the other room he had our book and all the posters. And they hated it.

That was the whole show?

That was the show.

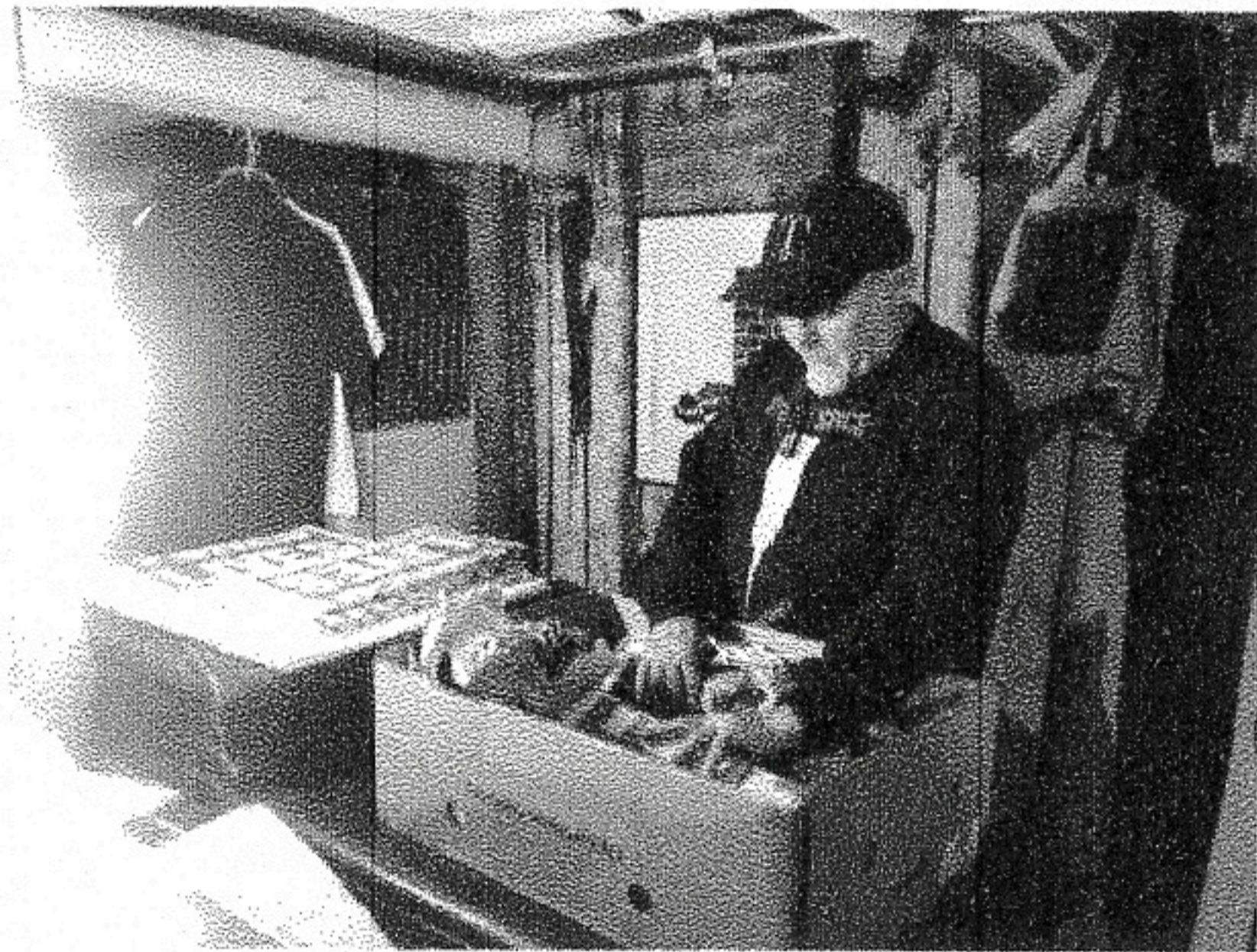
And the other collectives? How did you interact with each other? Did you do shit together?

Yeah, we shit in the same toilet. That's the shit we did together. I'm more solo now with Bullet Space, the building is separate from... the building's part of it but it's also... no one's here from the original crew anymore, and we're legal now, we have a mortgage, we aren't squatters anymore.

When did that happen?

Early 2000s. We bought the building for a dollar, or for 250 per apartment. But then we had to take a 60-year mortgage, and we owe the bank a million dollars. We kinda got scammed, I think. But the city put a gun to our head, you either play ball or we're gonna evict you. So we're part of the system now. Other collaborations, though. ABC No Rio we worked with closely, we donated three of these books to No Rio to help rebuild the new place. They've been in exile during construction so they do shows here every year. It's NYC, we grew up together. But, what I'm trying to say, we're not so formal as an artist group or gallery with hours or... you come here by chance, you know? There's other people in the building who do stuff. We rotate. We're international, we go overseas with this, we go to Frankfurt book fair, we go to zine international in Milan, Italy or something, so it's a global village. I think we covered a lot, right?

I think we definitely covered a lot.



8-Ball and Printed Matter / St Marks are proud to present works produced by five artists exclusively for the zine fair. ALL proceeds go toward the nonprofits.



Kim Gordon

The City is a Garden

Screenprint

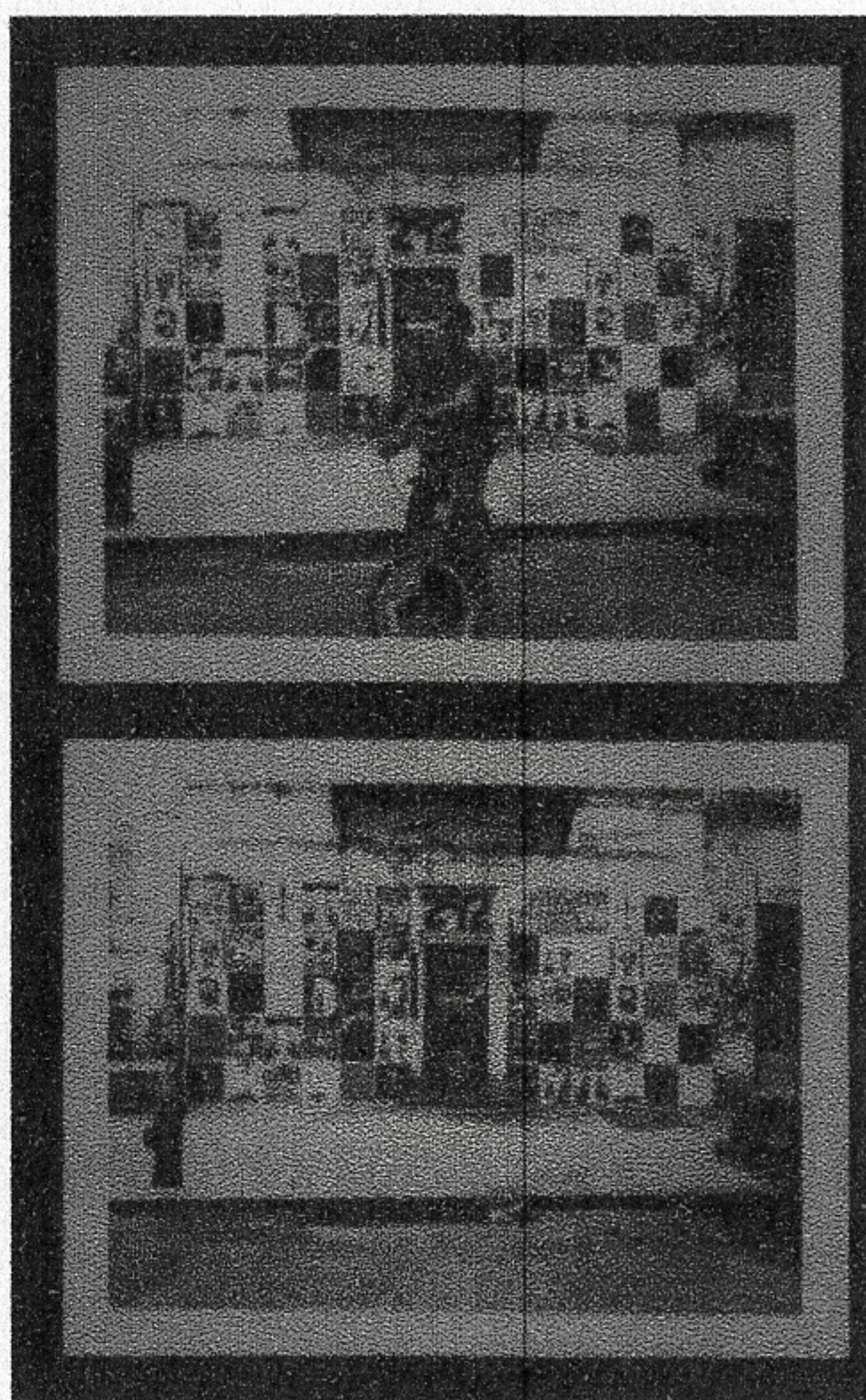
16 x 20 inches

Edition of 50

\$200

Kim Gordon studied at the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles in the late 1970s and has continued to work as an artist since. Her first solo exhibition, presented under the name 'Design Office,' took place at New York's White Columns in 1981. For the past thirty years, Gordon has worked consistently across disciplines and cultural fields: art,

design, writing, fashion (X-Girl), music (Sonic Youth, Free Kitten, Body/Head), and film/video (both as actress and director).



Ari Marcopoulos

Pigment print on rice paper

24 x 15 inches

Edition of 50

\$250

Ari Marcopoulos (b. 1957, Amsterdam) is an artist, filmmaker, photographer and prolific bookmaker living and working in New York. He has mounted solo exhibitions at Fotografiemuseum Amsterdam, Berkeley Art Museum/Pacific Film Archives, and MoMA PS1 and shown work in the Whitney Biennial in 2008 and 2010. His photographs are in the permanent collections of museums including the Whitney Museum of American Art, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and Detroit Institute of Arts. His films include *Detroit* (2008), *The Park* (2018), and *nora chipaumire #punk* (2020).



Bobbi Salvör Menuez

Lola, 2021

Risograph print

8.5 x 11 inches

Edition of 100

\$35

This risograph print is a picture taken by the artist of their younger sister, Lola, in the Catskills.

Bobbi Salvör Menuez is an actor and transdisciplinary artist. They are 1/3 of Spiral Theory Test Kitchen, with which they make queer food-based art. They meditate every day, sometimes they write, and they

Jia Sung

Community Roots, 2021

Risograph print

8.5 x 11 inches

Edition of 100

\$35

This print celebrates the role community gardens have played in revitalizing abandoned lots in the East Village and providing access to green spaces in the city.

Jia Sung is an artist and educator, born in Minnesota, bred in Singapore, now based in Brooklyn, and received a BFA from RISD in 2015. Her work spans paintings, zines & artist books, poetry, and tapestries, and draws on motifs from

Chinese mythology, Buddhist iconography, and the familiar visual language of folklore to examine and subvert the archive through a queer feminist lens.



Cody DeFranco

Screenprinted T-shirt

Edition of 80, 10 APs

\$40

"8-Ball Community and Printed Matter have always been so rooted in community and furthering one's education about the world around them. I wanted to simply show growth (flowers) coming out of information (the book.) When it comes to Spring time there's a lot of rejuvenation and growth out in nature so it's the perfect time to hold such an event."



Cody DeFranco is a graphic artist and printmaker based in the Hudson Valley of New York. He runs his own print shop where he focuses on silkscreening of his work and others'.



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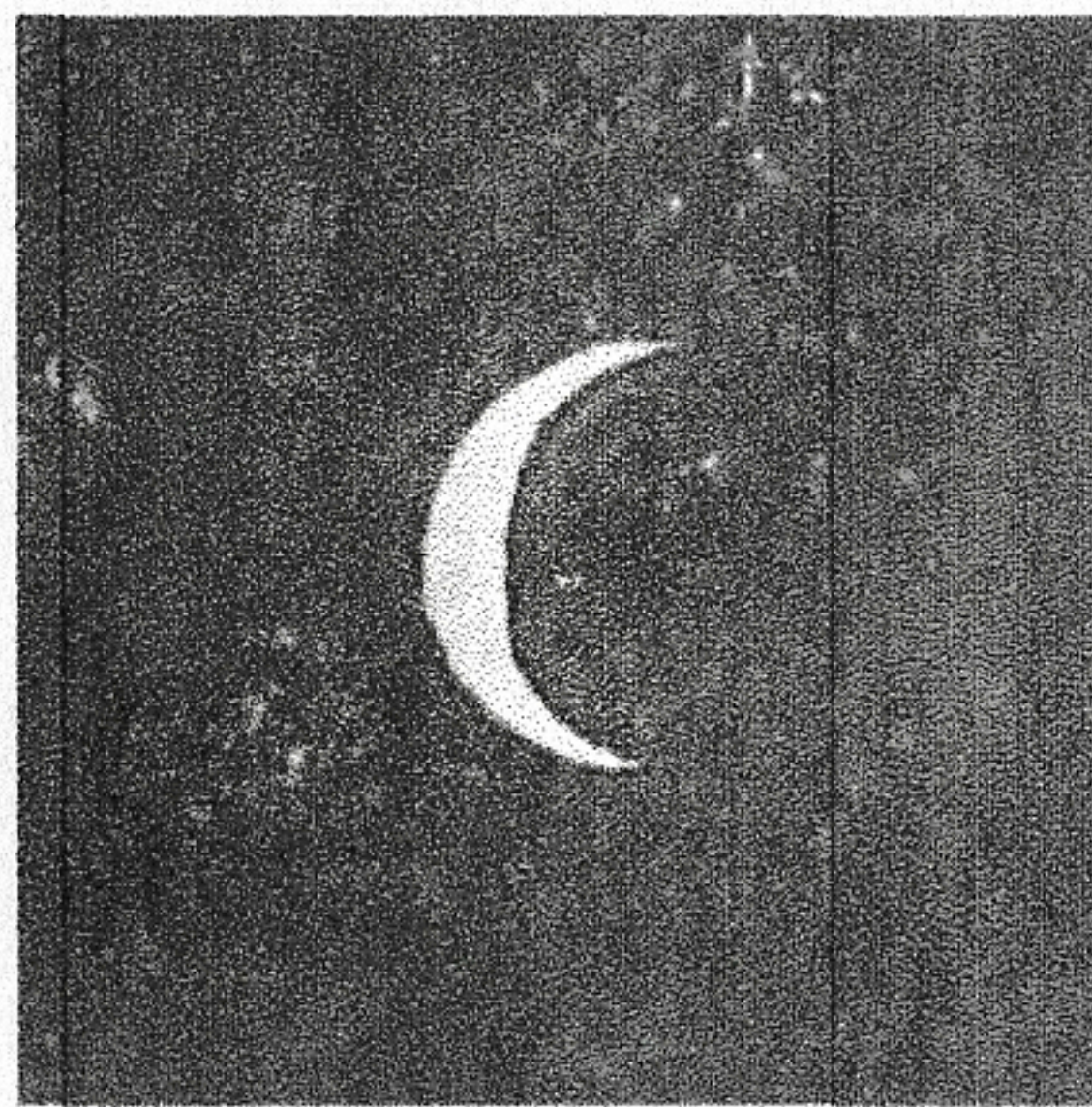
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