

FROM THE EDITOR

Well, it is another year, another spring, another chaotic year of turmoil, war, peace marches and elections. This is a year of gossip, of satirical jokes about leaders, cartoons and fiction and non-fiction about our "leaders". It all takes energy and strength to endure all of this and maintain our time for creativity. I wish you well for the coming months to do both: work for your elected officials and for peace and do some wonderful creative work as well.

We have seen the end of Spaulding Gray taken by his own hand, the end of Alistaire Cooke's Letter from America which used to set the tone for the coming week as I listened to him every Sunday evening; the demise of Captain Kangaroo; and almost the end of the Cultural Arts Department of the City of Los Angeles. We have eaten our books by the time you receive this, and are hoping for April showers for umbrella users and for flowers to grow in May.

But in Seattle, Steve Maloney is making news. Did you ever wonder what happened to your nail clippers, files, tweezers, fishing hooks, all kinds of scissors, pocket knives and all that confiscated from you by the TSA and anyone else at the airport who suspected you were a terrorist? Well, Steve Maloney knows. He has a new exhibit called "Banned Booty" at the Museum of Flight in Seattle. He bought all the personal items seized from travelers last year at six California airports with the idea of turning them into art. 270 pounds of the stuff at \$1 a pound. However, after that modest outlay, costs piled up between the resin slabs and polished steel backs, the heavy Plexiglas box, the shipping, the services of a NY public relations firm and printing of a self-published book titled "Banned Booty", he has spent close to \$20,000. He will not sell any of the pieces. He's hoping his show will travel and be part of a museum collection. Until then, it's in Seattle through 24 July. But he also has on exhibit in a huge Plexiglas case, wrapped in a heavy chain Maloney bought at Home Depot and hand painted a rust color. deer antlers, a tuning wrench for bongo drums still in its plastic case, his and her handcuffs, knitting needles, a decorative diaper pin, metal brushes, hair picks, a painted horseshoe, knives and forks, tweezers, meat thermometers, and fishing hooks along with the lines and sinkers.

Who would have ever thought that this world would come to this—the confiscation of all of that and more? And now we laugh about it.

My world and your world has changed since 9/11 and my government doesn't seem to care about taking some of my civil rights away. Some of us are concerned enough to make it a big issue in this election year. Politics rears its ugly head on life in the United States right now. It will be a long road to November, but those of us who believe in liberty and justice for all, in our freedoms which we hold so dear, are willing to put out every effort to make sure the right person is elected as head of our Republic.

In this season which is so imbued with spiritual concerns of freedom and liberty, i.e. Passover and the freedom from slavery in Egypt, and Easter with a spiritual resurrection, I wish you all a season of social action and political awareness. Save our arts and save our souls. Think of our future generations and perhaps we can do the right thing. All the arts are threatened with diminishing funding. Go to bat for what you believe is important.

—jah

P.S. I am going to Japan in May and will report on my adventures and ventures in the next issue. I am giving a lecture at Meikan University on 22 May. If any of you have suggestions for Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka, please let me know.

Cover: Open My Umbrella by Itxaso-Ferraras, a young artist from Bilba, Spain. Silkscreen

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