

## FROM THE EDITOR

So much has happened since we last spoke together. Floods, mudslides, rockslides, bucket baling thanks to leaks in my office, an earthquake in Kobe, the death of Ray Johnson, father of the mail art world and founder of the New York School of Correspondance Art--yes, it was a dance!

Where to start? Well, even the computer produced surprises--much to my chagrin, for the first two months of its life, it did not seem to function properly. My techie friends tested and retested, and finally in February, we realized that the new computer had a defective memory module--and with a shazam! (That's a Captain Marvel exclamatory statement) the computer now functions--and I have e-mail--and I've been surfing on the net--and so it goes. Time flies, when you're in abstract space--such a lonely space, such a quiet space, such an absorbing space.

At any rate, I received a beautiful umbrella from Kyoto as a gift from a video professor at the University of Nagoya--so I wrote him thanking him and commiserating with the destruction in Kobe. His inlaws were in Kobe, so they went to visit them a day after the earthquake. He said that he really sympathized with the people who lost families, houses and other important things in their lives, but felt that the Kobe population was much more fortunate than the people in Bosnia or Chechnya or other areas in war zones, since the Japanese have great hope for the future. And since many Koreans lived in Kobe, they and the Japanese have helped each other a great deal and have better relations now than ever before. His hope is for all the world in trouble to find peace. Amen.

We are still waiting for news about our mail art friends in Kobe, but have heard nothing even though we have faxed them.

So, having to make up for two months of defective work on the computer (at least slower or more frustrating than anything else I have experienced) I have been writing this issue for weeks! This paperless society has more paper coming through the mails, the fax machines, and in the newspapers--so many more journals, so much paper, so little time.

One of these days I'm going to let Umbrella take care of itself with someone else continuing

the tradition and retire to read books--for a change. I have really sacrificed book reading for the wont to document this amazing movement of artists' publications--for 18 years. I am really ready to edify myself--to educate myself even more--and just delight in the joy of reading. There are so many books, and no time for me. And I am not proud to say this. But between correspondence, bookkeeping, writing for other publications to fill the coffers if but a little or giving gigs, and then writing Umbrella (let alone reading all the primary and secondary sources to keep up with the "news"), anyway, 18 is a magic number in Jewish tradition--it stands for Life--and perhaps it is telling me something. So let's see what 1995 can bring to you and to me. I'll let you know later on in the year what I plan to do. But you can be sure that the decision will be weighed with discretion and care.

As of this writing, a protest will be generated in Washington by many arts organizations to help confront the Republicans' threat to do away with the NEA/NEH, CPB including NPR--and all the elements of American culture that uplift the soul and make living worthwhile. No matter what, there will be cuts, cuts that will eat away at the very fabric of the arts--all the arts. So I beg you all to phone, fax or write your Congress members with copy to the Newtwit to help withstand this onslaught. There certainly is an groundswell of support for the cause--but keep it coming! The Ides of March are upon us as I write this!

**Remember that Umbrella has changed address for all correspondence. Please change your address for Umbrella to:**

P.O. Box 3640  
Santa Monica, CA 90403.

Have a great Spring!

--jah

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