

V E S S E L
III

Vessel

NUMBER 03



Vessel is a reminder
in the act of reception.
It is a melting pot.
And its publication is
a medium in reflection
of a shattered whole. These are only
pieces thrown into the pot.

AND YOU, ITS MANIFESTATION.



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& with the participation of:

ETIENNE GASPAR



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BLACK TOWER EDITIONS
1 (5 1 2) 2 1 7 9 8 4 7

INTRODVCTION

V

for A. Efraim

In the forest of my creation, the trees are black.
Their shadows absorb the absent forms of distance

My respiration; plural,
word; plural
moral; plural

In the forest of creation, my tree is black. . .

My mutation; recipient,
in the populated hole;
the HOLLOW-WHOLE

- V. Diega




*Translated from the Spanish
by J. Foutrel*

A foundation of my vessel is that of revolt.
If it's spirit is liberation, then its game is
of revolving doors, of

CONSTANT
NEGATION,

a revolting affirmation.



 solution

E M A G

A

Place an "A" in place of "THE"

EXAMPLE:

- "I am the way, the truth, and the life."
- I am A way, A truth, and A life.

Free everything from itself, to itself, of itself.

INFINITE SOLUTIONS!

For the sake of everything



ETIENNE GASPAR

Wailings

Cries across centuries, ages, epochs

Tormented soul in a living inferno
of the self no less

Tears at the fabric of being

A question, or further, the question
of needing to question

Flayed flesh of being, feeling, suffering

The pain of the necessity to be

See through that which you "think" you know

For you are all truly blind

How many times must one scream? At the stars themselves,
knowing that it is only that, Madness

The words escape me, evade me, but are
found here at the expense of my sanity

To feel it throbbing at the head because
it is all clearly so obvious

Cries that reach the heavens themselves
and resound to only tear apart being

This is what it is to understand, to comprehend

Cry out, cry into the night so that the spheres
may hear, hear their ballad song repeated you



There was once a force beyond force originating from the inside outward
and in this humanity's truth was found where now you can only
look to the inhuman for the most humane of aspects

In the macro not apart as is the micro is where it resides

There, there was not necessity but being

There, there were not Rousseau and his bon sauvage

There, there was not a need for the words which render these thoughts
to you now most foolish reader

What insanity brings us here? Save desire to comprehend?

There you fail to perceive what has never perished and there you fail
to comprehend because you do so only for comprehension's sake

There Gilbert-Lecomte lay prostrate within the void with elusive language
like the wind, that which you cannot grasp

Words may only stress it but never express it

There is everywhere and nowhere

There has no need for a name not the poem a title.

Etienne Gaspar



*"And something said: You won't encounter me.
You will look for me but you will not find me. . ."*
-J. Foutrel

VELIO DIEGA

XIII

You will not find me
despite the aromas that stench to
believe themselves the discovered

I prefer a song of the Hidden-Bird
that damns with beauty while blessing with disgrace.

Reflection of bliss and fury is my subterrains

Fly your flight, sing your song
Perch the shadows of my blackend tree

And if someone believes to find me
it will be with anchored smiles on my face
scattered with those of Absence. . .

A song fell from night
and falls at every instant:

White stone
That neither comes nor goes
You slip free from my hands
In the image of Silence & Sleep

White stone
That neither comes nor goes
Justly you unname the gestures
That takes my forms

You will look for me but you will not find me
in-counter I'll do, that is to say;
I finally let go and enter you do. . .

*Translated from the Spanish
by A. Efrain*

the final month of 27 A.V.

Notable dates for the month of

CHANTS

from the Vas Calendar

CHANTS

MARCH

1 - St. Crocus, Dupreyian bloom 23

APRIL

10 - Departure of St. Loplop 1

11 - Return of St. Loplop 2

12 - St. A. Dieu, return of the damned soul 3

13 - THE AGE OF MALDOROR, Nativity of Lautréamont 4

15 - Nativity of St. J. TORMA, euphorist 6

17 - St. Hieronymus Bosch, démonarque 8

18 - Dissolution of St. Olivier, Panic Painter 9

23 - Exodus of St. Mayakovski, the absolvent 14

24 - INVENTION OF PATAPHYSICS 15

25 - Occultation of ST. TOPOR 16

26 - Enters St. J. Sternberg du Silence 17

29 - Feast of the shadows 20



the Vas Calendar is derived from the Pataphysical Calendar though suited to fit the days of VESSELI. Therefore, it is hardly fixed and in constant motion as need be and as pleased.

THE SEVENTH GATE

EXHIBITION

On 24, Aug. 2018, A. Efraim was invited to join a group exhibition with Hayes Morrison, Amanda Augilar, and others at The Museum Of Human Achievement. He then extended his invitation to the Vessel group as to be represented in his place.

The following questions were conducted by the exhibition's organizers and answered by J. Foutrel, with the collaboration and approval of the Vessel group. The organizers printed their questions and the exhibiting artists' answers in a small booklet that was handed out at the opening reception. The pieces published in this section make up a few of the works exhibited that night by Vessel.



Why is your work important to you?

The expression or the object itself has little to no importance. It could be unseen, forgotten, even destroyed, just as much as it could be seen, despised, or even praised, and it would all be the same to me. The fact that it exists or existed is just enough, as it is a manifestation of not only my being, but of everything and nothing itself. Already, it is registered into the hollow-whole, into the collective undercurrents, as it has no choice to be. Therefore, it is not important, it just is. Besides, the moment something thinks itself important is the moment it dismisses everything else. What I do find interesting though, is the process. The physical act of creating the work, which can be to me a unification of unconscious and conscious energies. But the end product is nothing more than an artifice. A documentation of that experience. A map. And it's of little importance because its essence can be and is constantly being created and reinvented at every moment



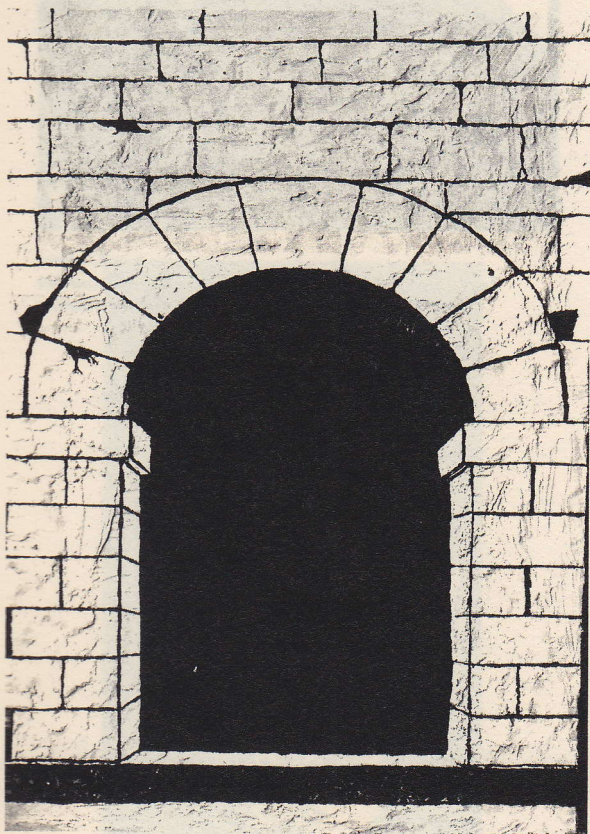
A. Efraim
Matrix of Chaos
Carved Stone

*What parts of your identity
do you see in your
work the most?*

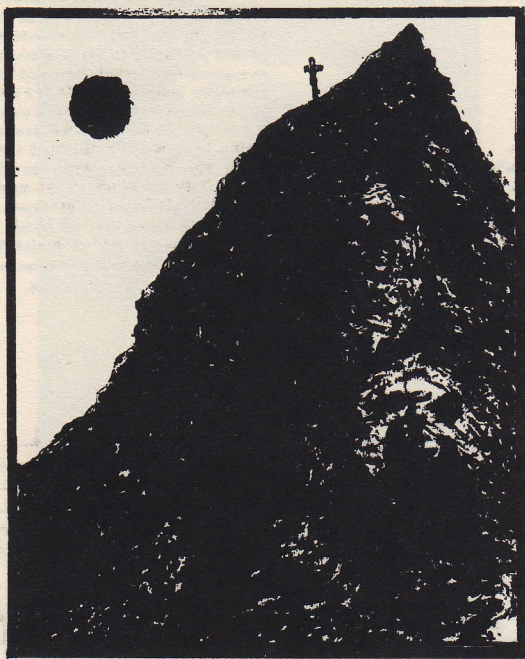
Every word and every gesture contains its world of shadows.

So, I prefer to find my self in that which I do not. It is a game of negation for me, an act of revolt. I recognize my self shattered and scattered everywhere. So if I identify with something, it is to utilize it as a means, rather than identifying to grasp and claim who I think

"I am" for it is misleading. The point here is, attempting to simply observe which part of one's self is speaking. As the old saying goes, "I am not one, I am a thousand." Its imagery encompasses the pieces of a whole. Besides, I have little interest in claiming an identity. It only proves useful as a means towards the essential. Beyond that, its merely disposable. So I will not pretend to claim who I think I am when my every breath reflects its world of shadows.



Lorreta
Song of a Hidden-Bird
Acrylic on Plaster



E. Lesery
Landscape of a Mountain & a Crucifixion with the Anti-Sun
Acrylic on Canvas

*What major themes in your artwork
are separate from your identity
- purely artistic?*



There is no separation. I give all of myself as far and best as I know how. I take it all as a test, you see, as a voyage or experiment. I am not trying to convey any knowledge, for I have none. I am not trying to impact a point of view nor change or exchange anything, I leave that game to politicians and manipulators. This is all an attempt to retrace and experience, simply put. For I am most interested above all, in the experience of unification and connections. A glimpse into the hollow-whole. To be among being and non-being in attempt to make myself useful, which can possibly serve my self and others. It is an attempt to a means, purely a means. That is to say, the artwork, the object, artifice, etc. is the means. With that said, themes do not happen by chance nor consciously, they just occur as need be, and as they please. I'll leave the game of themes to the spectator.



Lorret
Study of a Shadow
Plaster on stone

1st edition of 50 on cardstock \$2
1st edition of 100 on 67 lb vellum bristol



BLACKTOWER