

"All the News  
That's Fit to Print"

# The New York Times

Late Edition

Today, cool breezes, mostly sunny, high 67. Tonight, mainly clear, light winds, patchy fog, low 53. Tomorrow, partly sunny, pleasant, high 71. Weather map appears on Page B8.

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## Scrawl

*Apexart*

*291 Church Street, near White  
Street, TriBeCa  
Through Oct. 11*

Some people become writers when they are crazed enough about the state of the world, and some become collectors when they are crazy enough about a certain kind of artifact. The two extremes converge in "Scrawl," an exhibition of home-made posters, broadsides and other communiqués culled from the streets of New York by Harley Spiller, the administrator of the Franklin Furnace Archives, an independent curator and a collector of some ambition. This show, which he has organized, represents but one of his 80 collections. It features messages from 40 people conveying varying degrees of outrage about the government, corporations, politicians and people unlike themselves. Each person is represented by two or

more efforts, usually more. You soon know them by their handwriting, their choice of paper and writing implements and, of course, their trigger points.

One writer using mostly blue and green markers promoted Bill Bradley for president in 2000 and 2004, and Mr. Spiller has the written proof. Another warns of the danger of AIDS with small buttonlike circles with the word "gay" crossed out. A third has typed and copied lists of black inventors and their inventions. Several sheets (one- and two-sided photocopies) covered with finely scribbled equations resemble an ancient manuscript. One person likes to annotate copies of articles about the Christian right with a selection of markers and pens, resulting in colorful patch-

works that vibrate with anxiety. Especially prominent are three white foam-core sheets covered with large black letters whose lack of total sense does not compromise their passion or eloquence. One begins: "Due to Repeating Infamous Unjustified Searches Following Fatality of Persons as Subjects of the Reflex for Deadly Force . . . ."

Operating somewhere between screamers on the subway and postings on the Internet, these scraps offer evidence that the death of the author is greatly exaggerated. The most basic in the way of words, handwriting and materials can sustain an individual voice.

ROBERTA SMITH