

CAN ISSUE #13

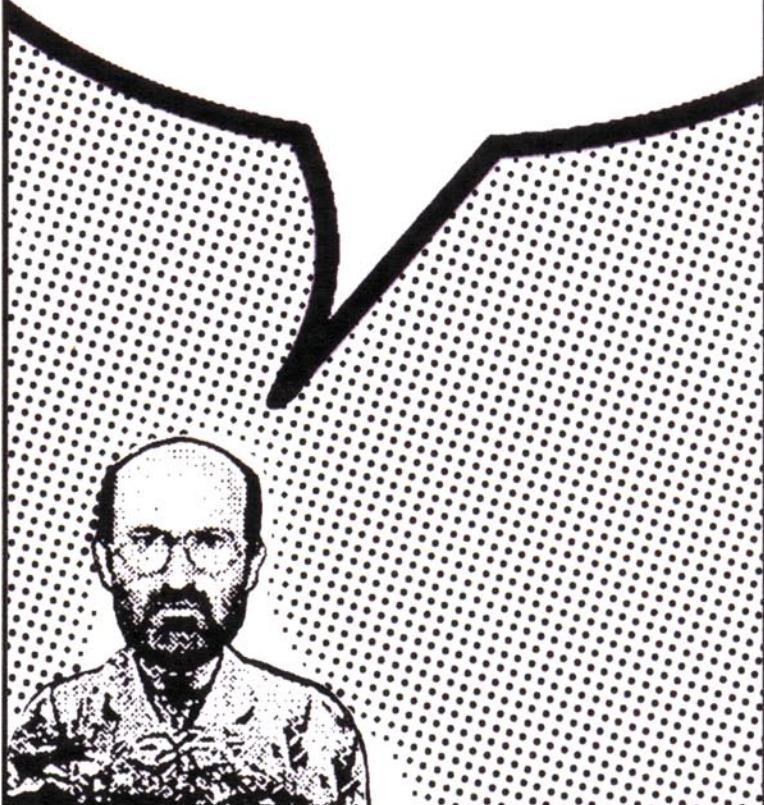
BOREAL



ATTICS

(ART TRADING CARDS)

ZE WORLD IS ON FIRE AND
WE STILL PLAY WITH
ART-TRADING-CARDS
LIKE SMALL KIDS!



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INTRODUCTION

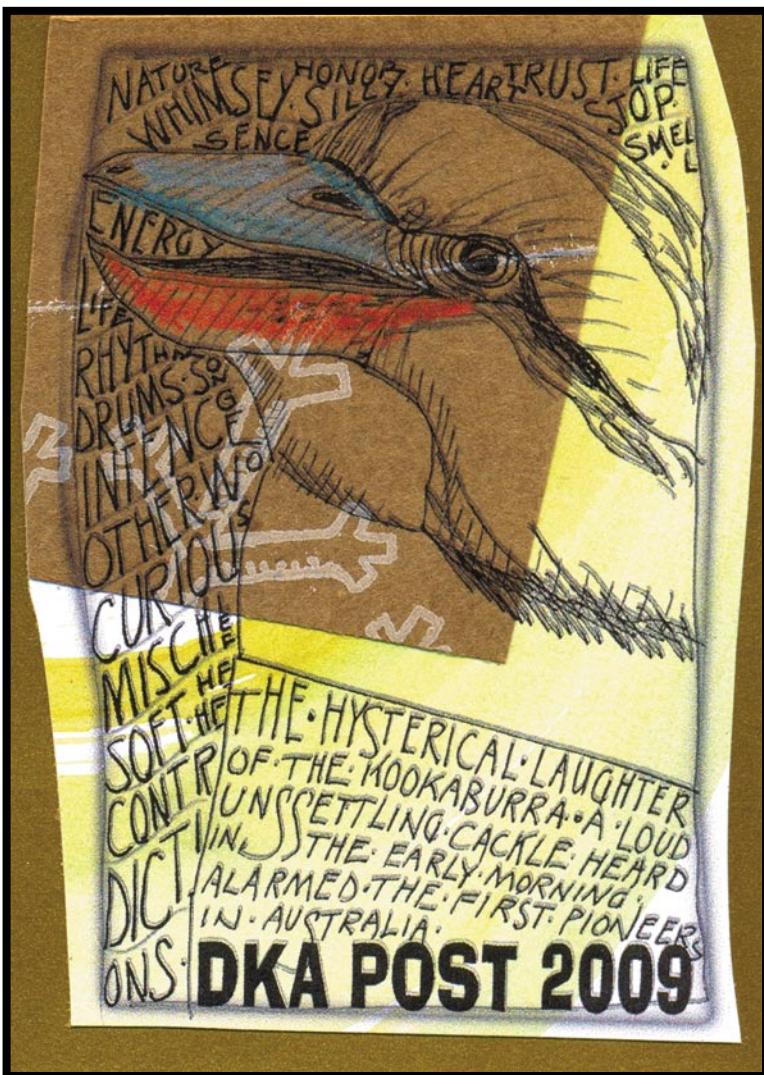
This is the thirteenth issue of "*Can Boreal*," a pamphlet devoted to several art-disciplines such as photography, visual-poetry, drawing, collage, etching, Letterism, prose... And to anything else produced in mixed-media which might "come handy" in an -always unpredictable-future.

"*Can Boreal*" is an anagram of "Barcelona," the city where I live (survive, against all odds). It means "dog from the north." "Dog" is anagram of "God." There is no God, but plenty of stray dogs. Or so I think.

This issue #13 belongs to this current year of 2013. Darlene Altschul and I decided to devote this issue to a very dearly format that is quite popular among Mail-Arters: The quite compact format of "art-trading-cards."

I want to thank the artists CZ Lovecraft (USA), Darlene Altschul (USA), MusicMaster (USA), Shmuel (USA), Carol Stetser and Linda Winkler (USA) for joining me in this issue. Also, thanks again to Darlene Altschul for editing -as usually- the zine.

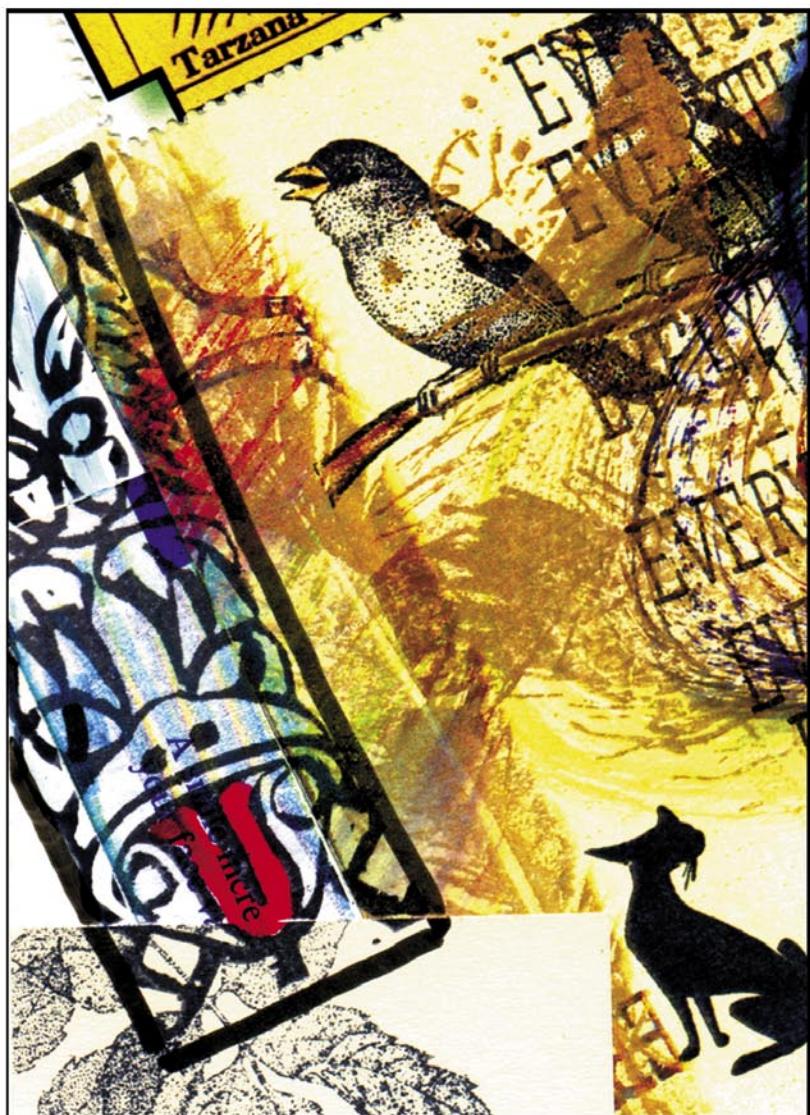
John Mountain
April 2013



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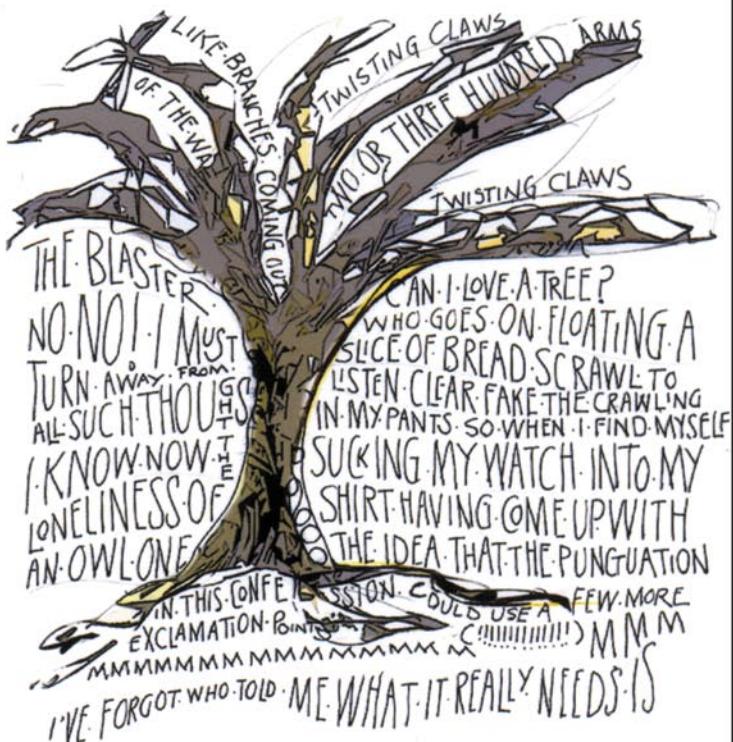
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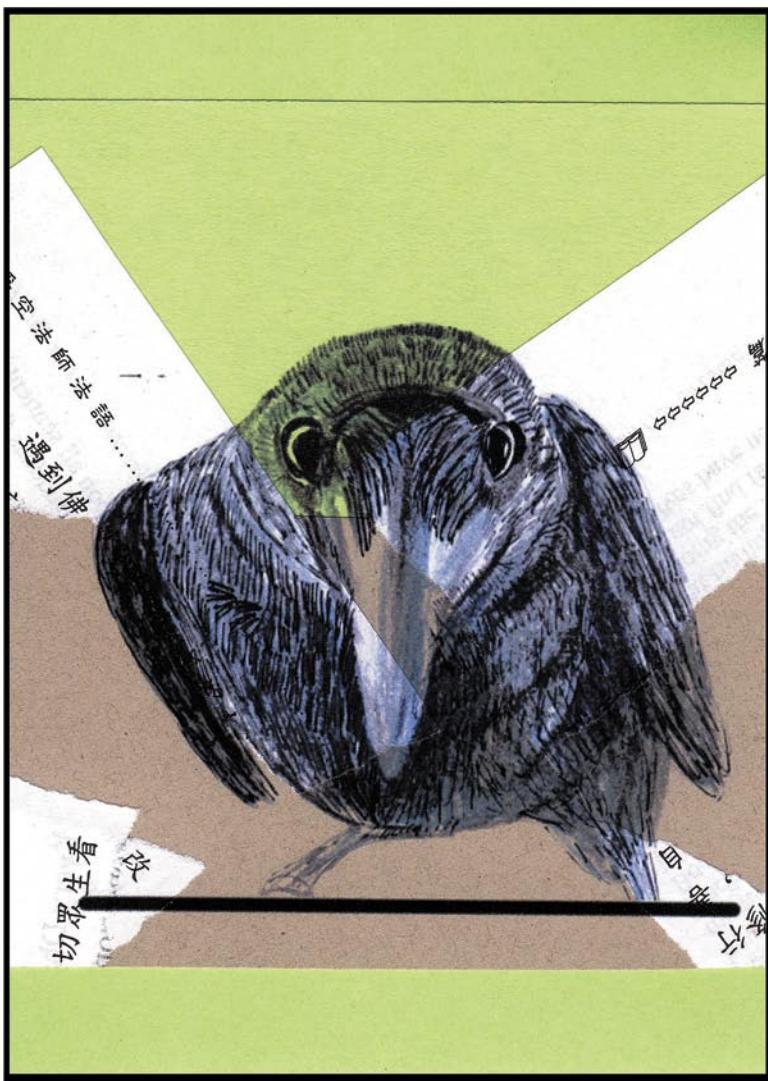
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IN THE DARK BUT BOLD EVEN SO
ACES IN THE HOLE ACES IN THE HOLE ACES IN THE HOLE
IN THE DARK BOLD
DRAWING POCKET ACES
OR KINGS IS ONE THING
YOU SUDDENLY GET
FILLED WITH A SENSE
YOU WANT TO
OF POWER BUILD
A BIG POT WITH A BIG HA
ACE IN THE HOLE ACE IN THE HOLE ACES IN THE HOLE
ACES IN THE HOLE ACES IN THE HOLE ACES IN THE HOLE

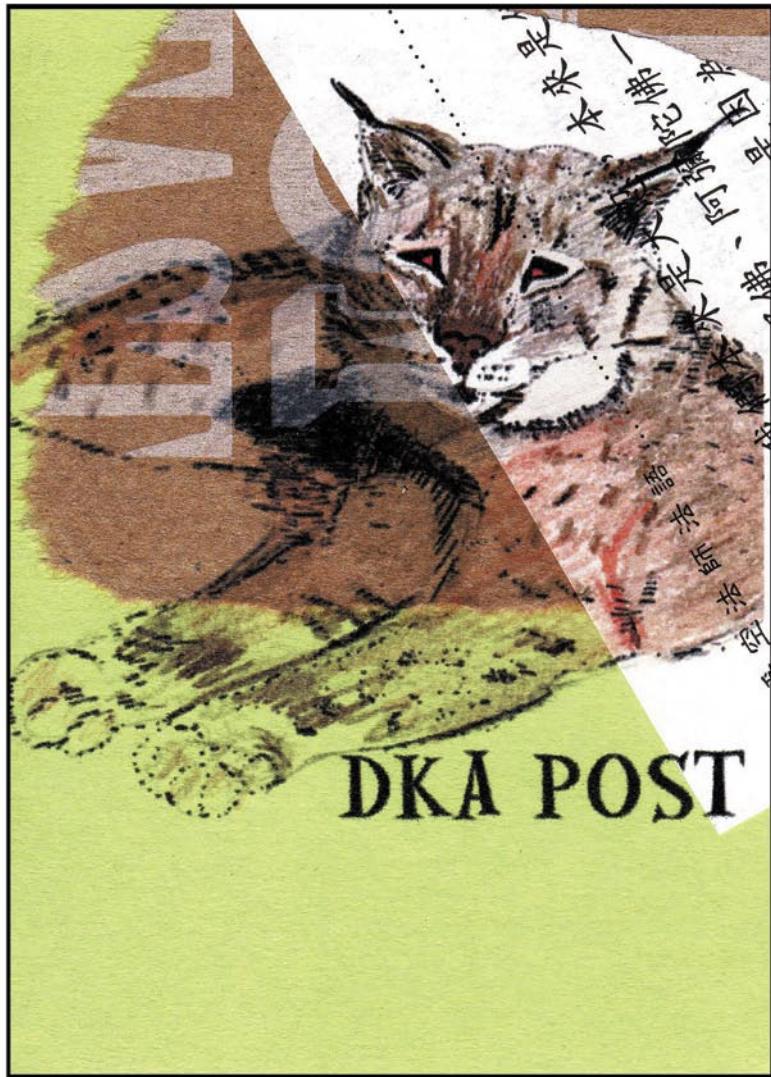
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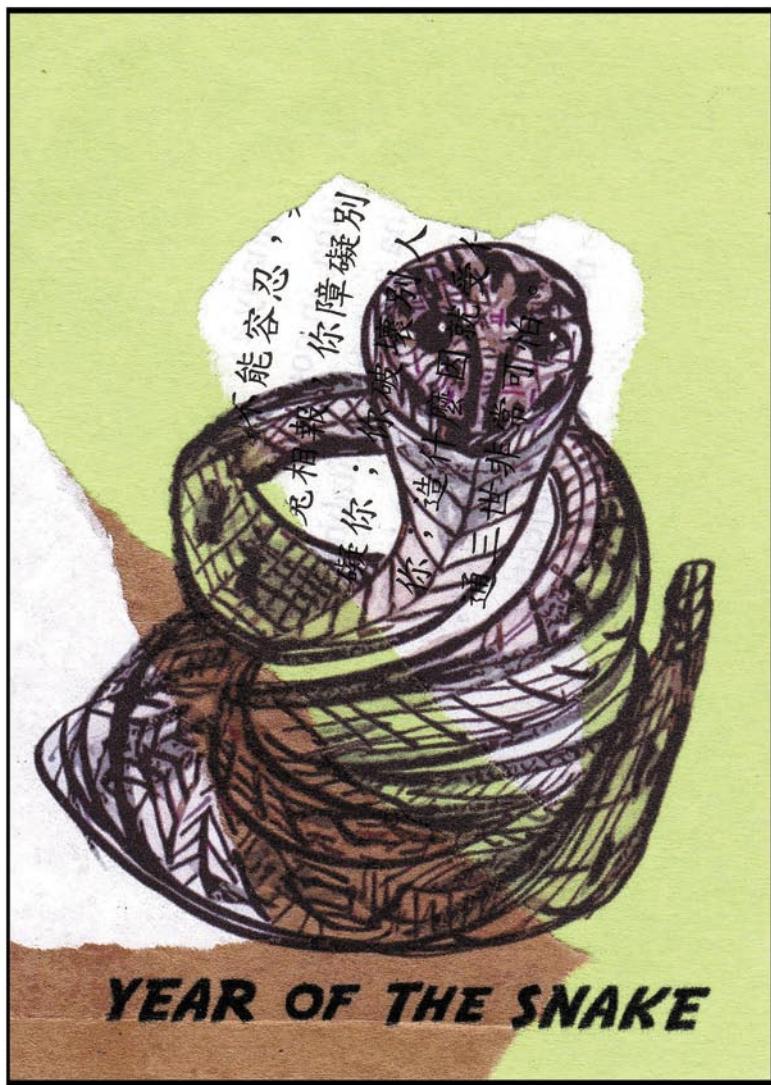
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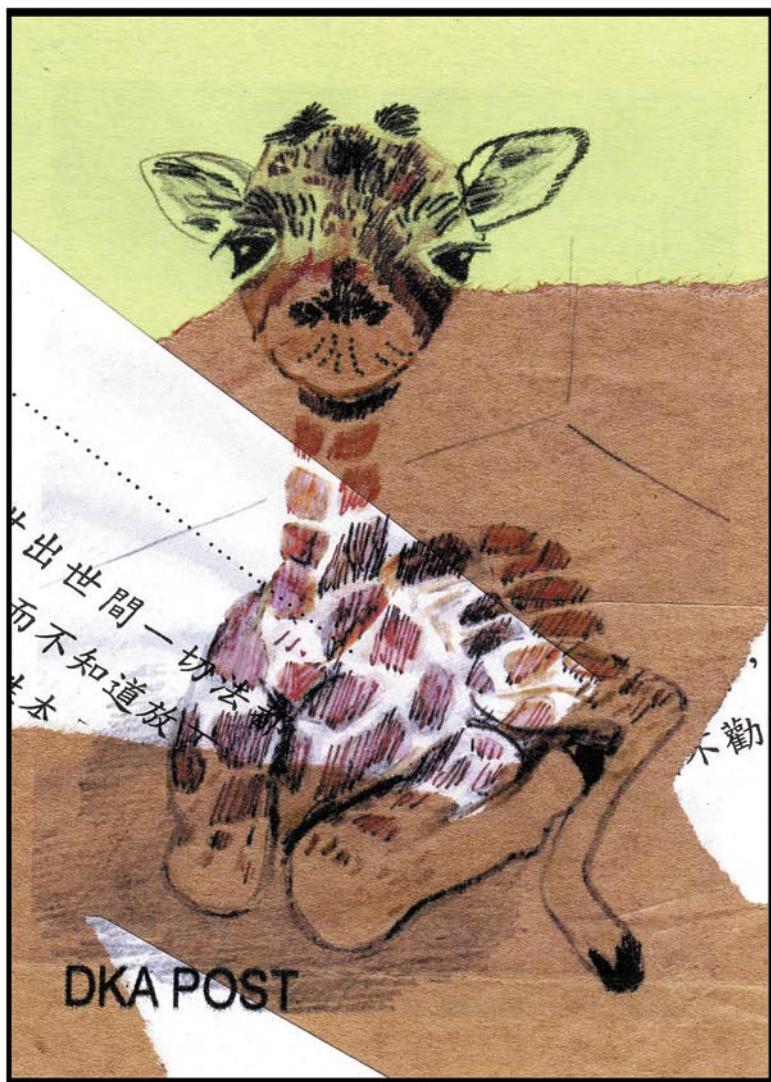


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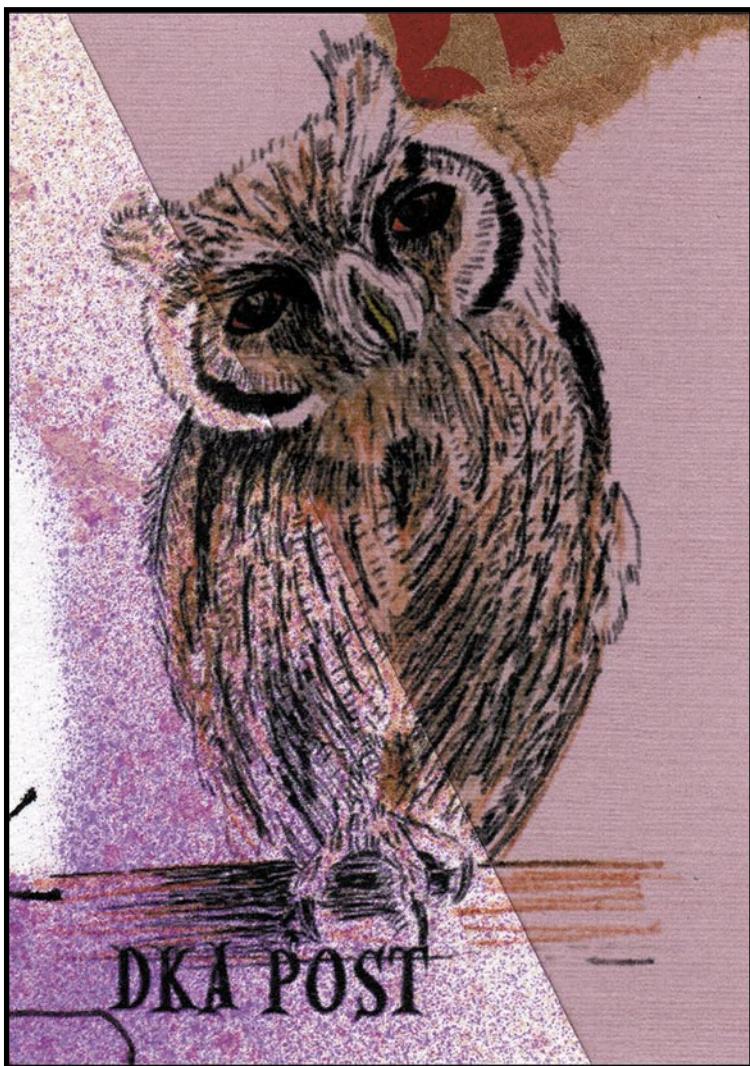


YEAR OF THE SNAKE

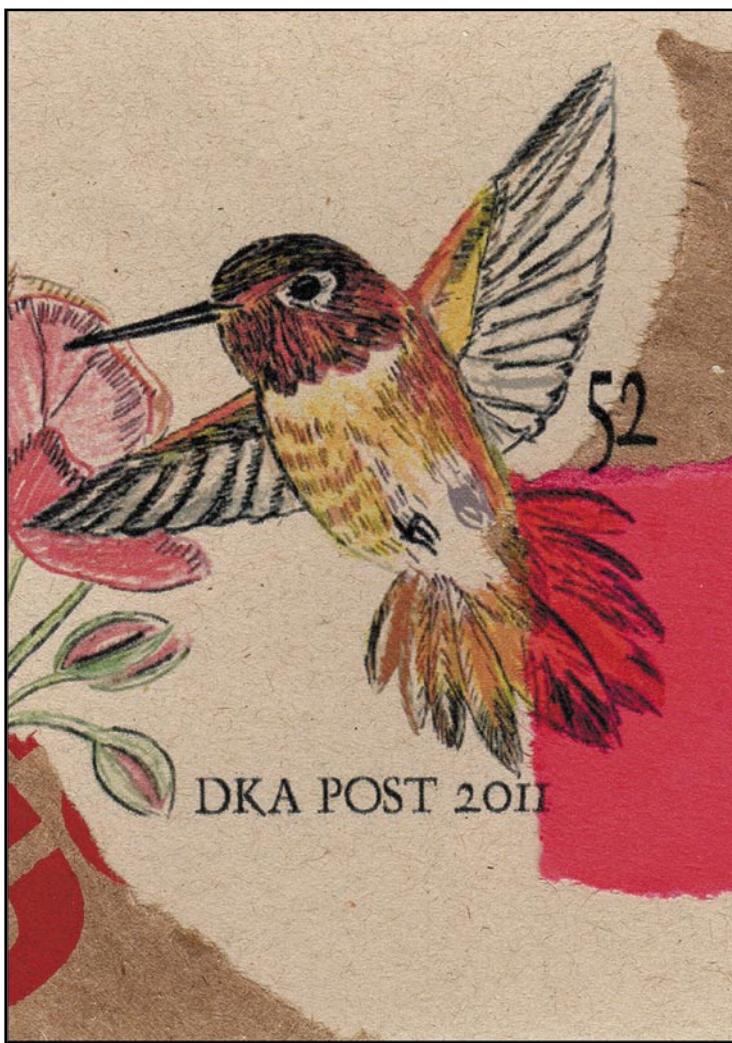
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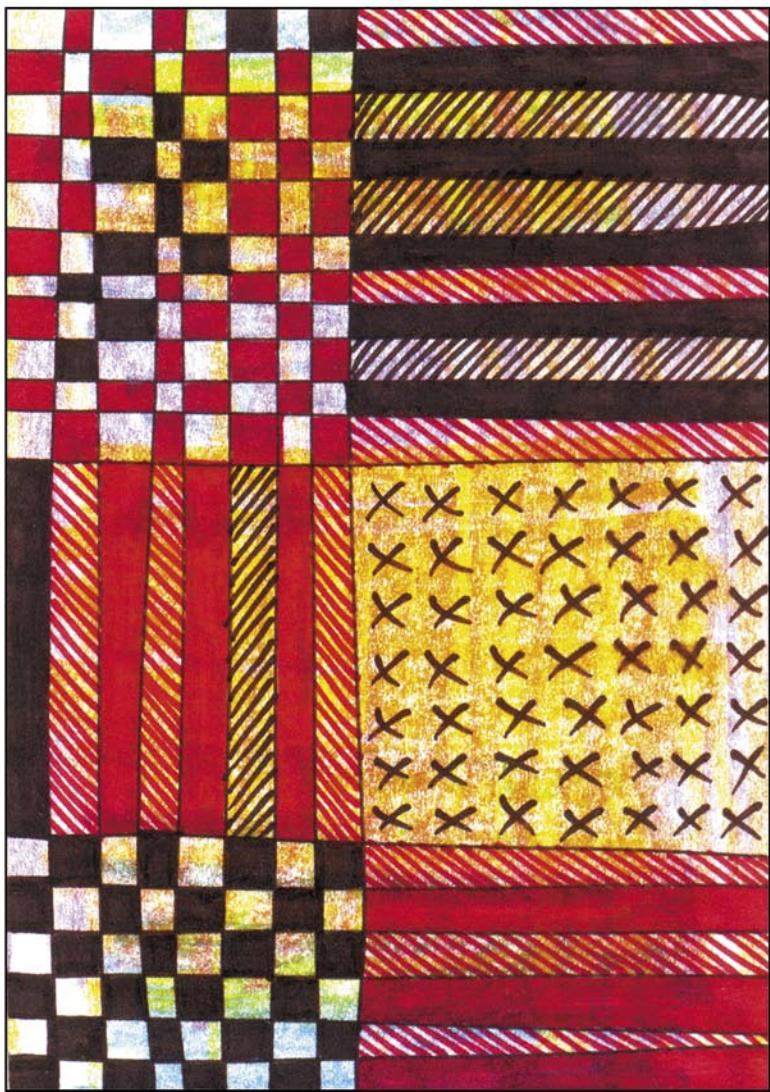
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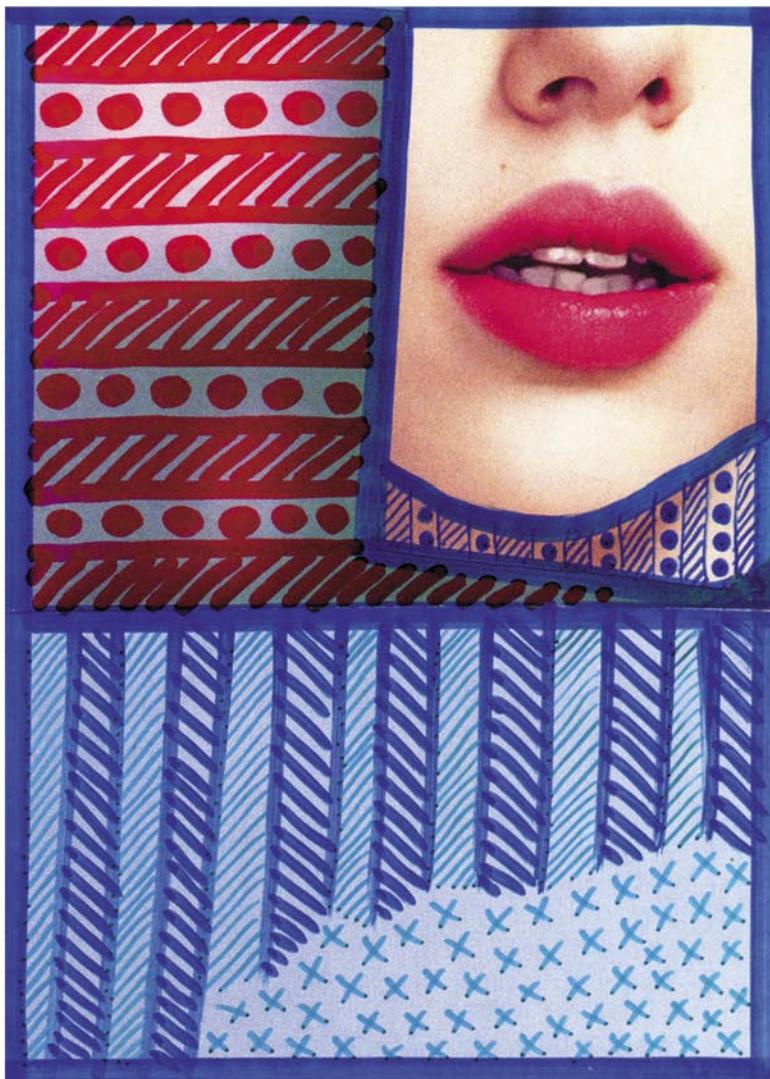
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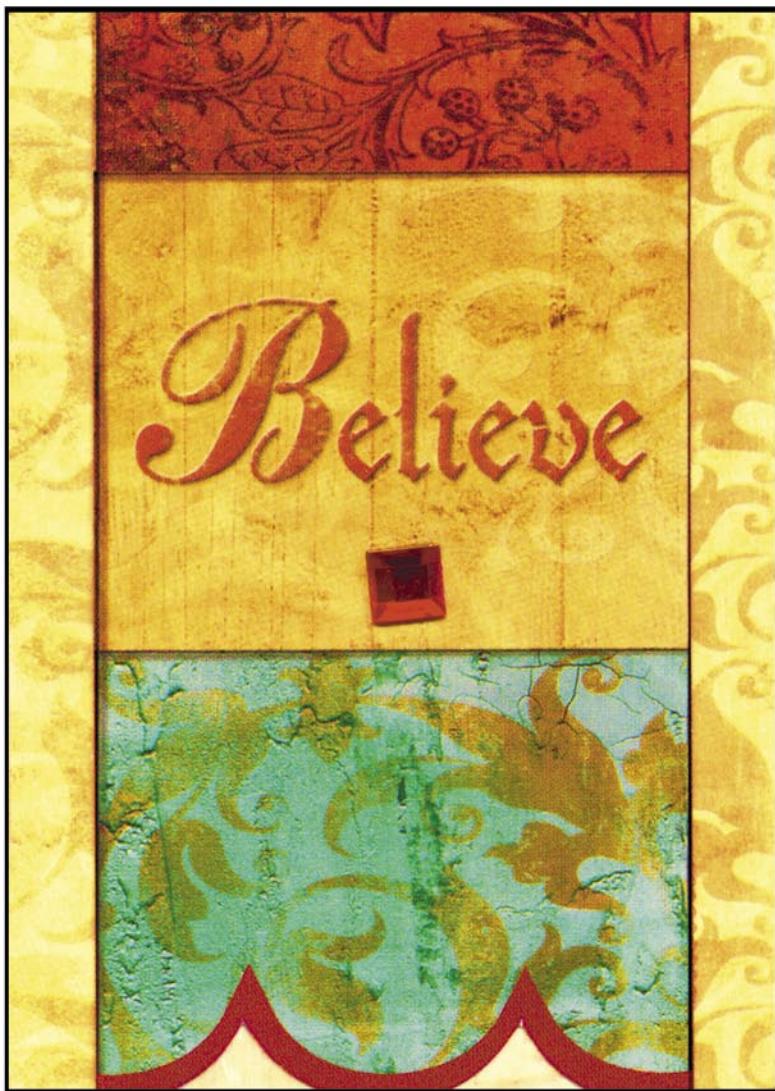
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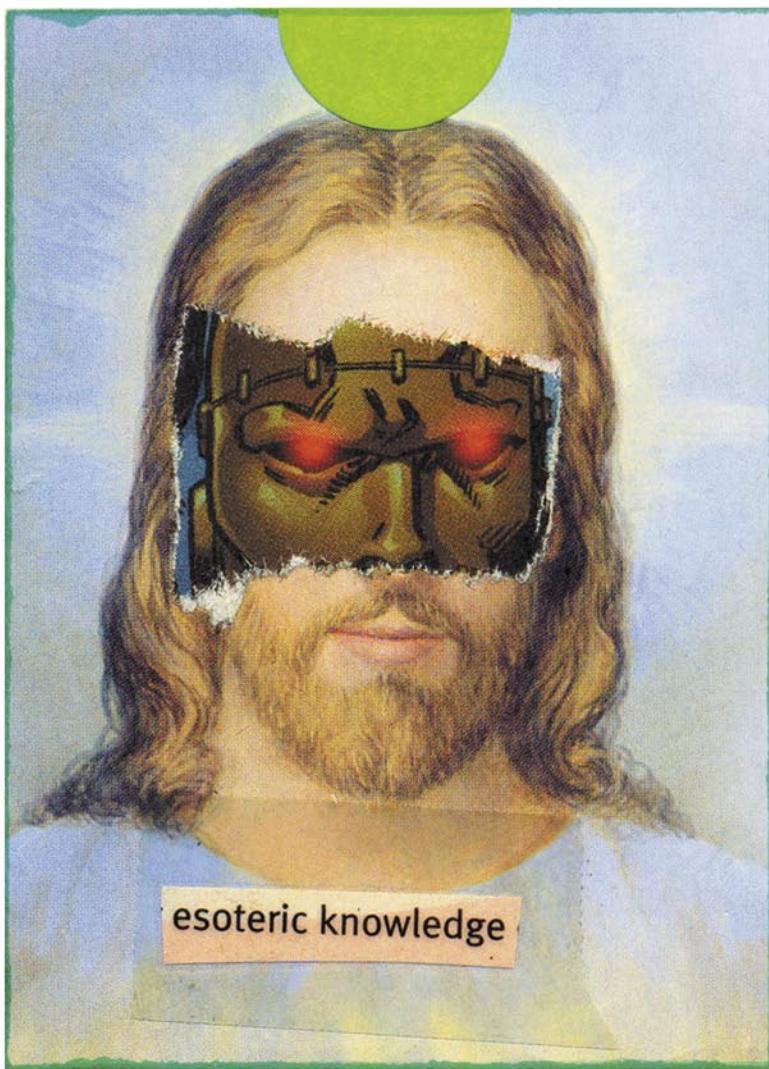
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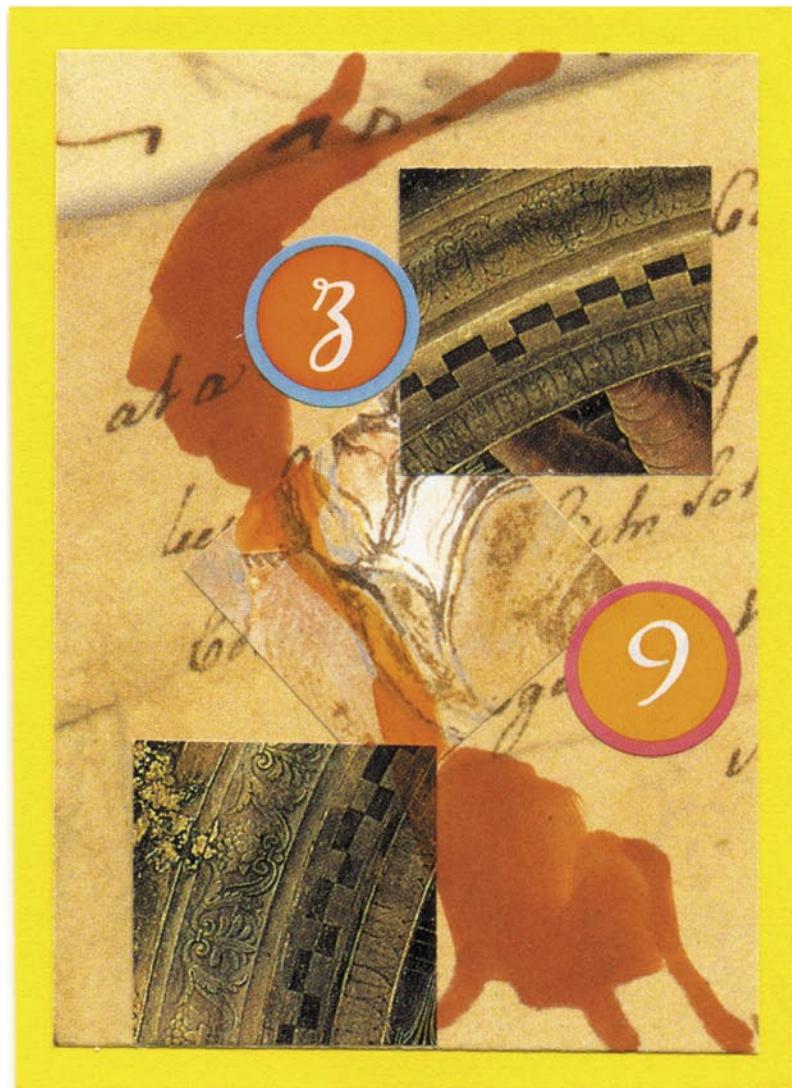
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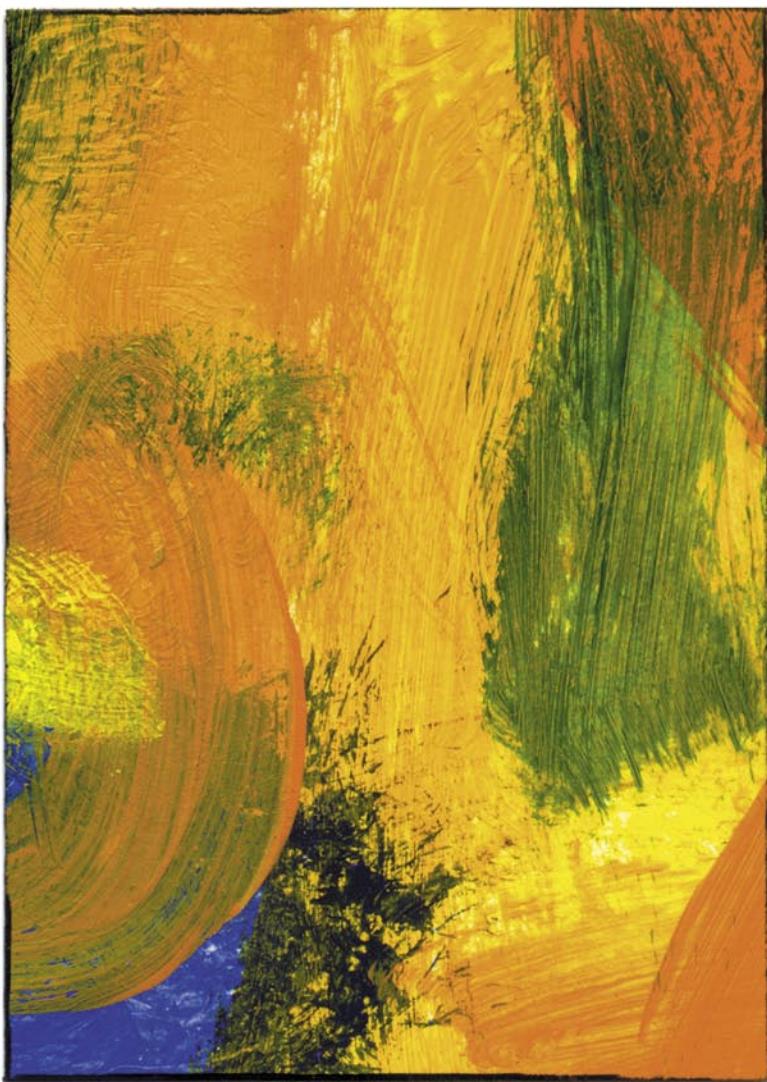
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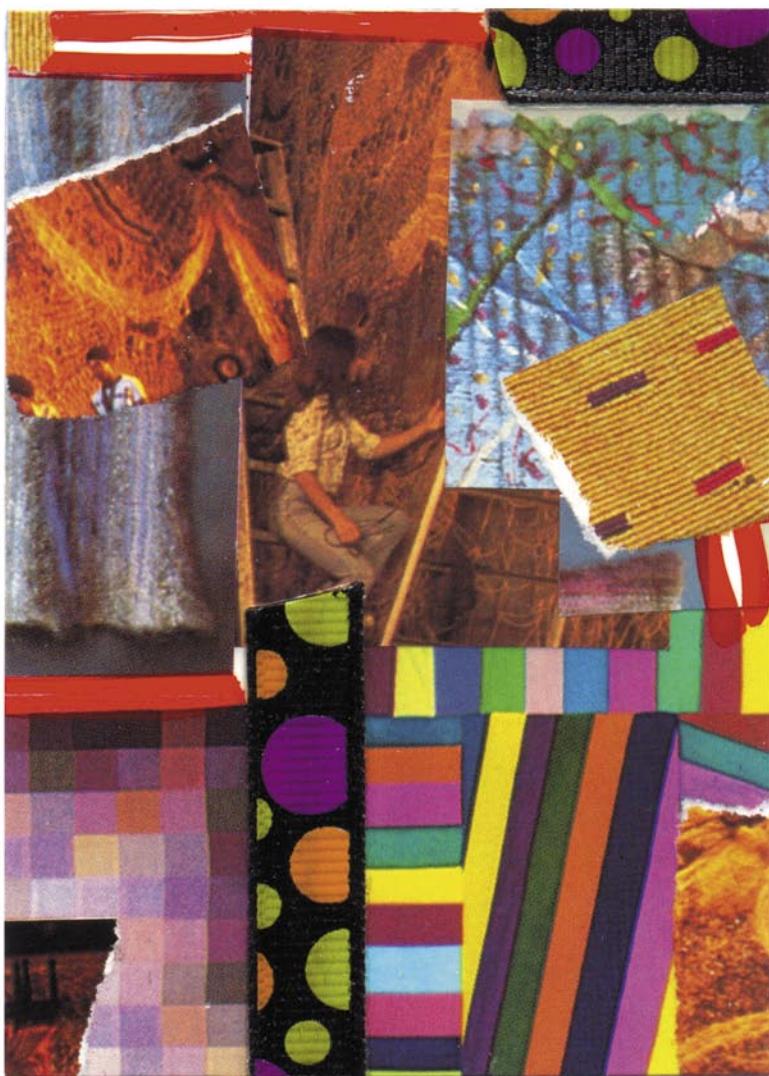
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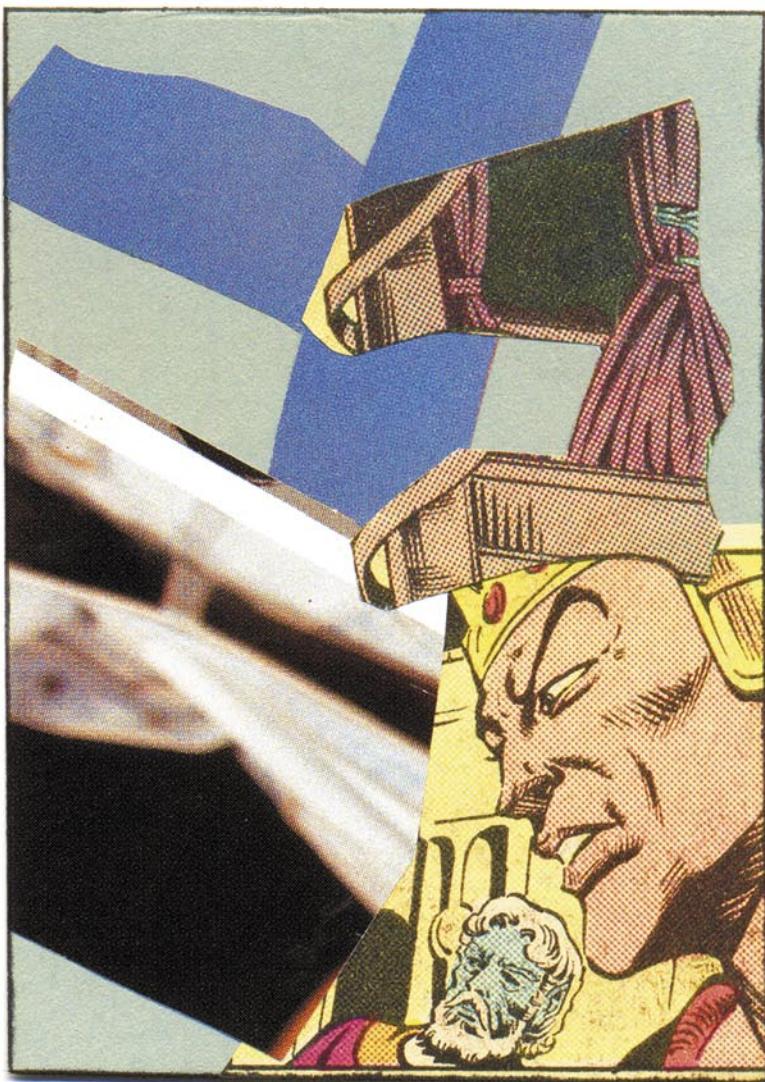
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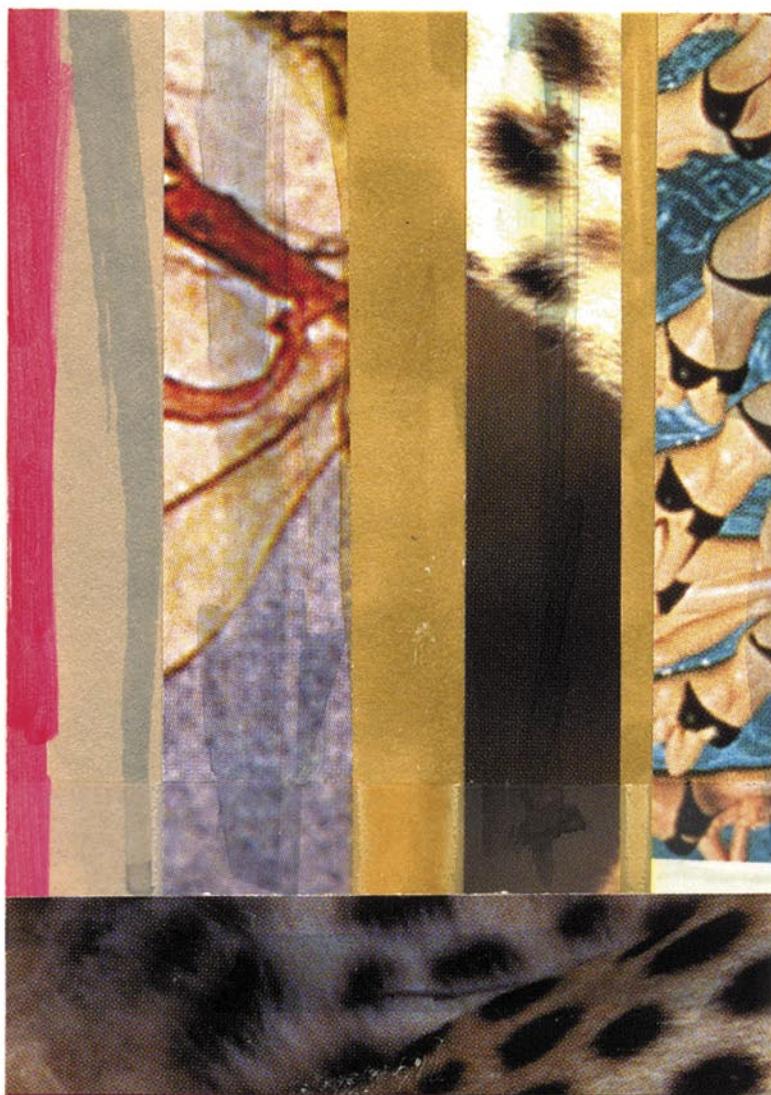
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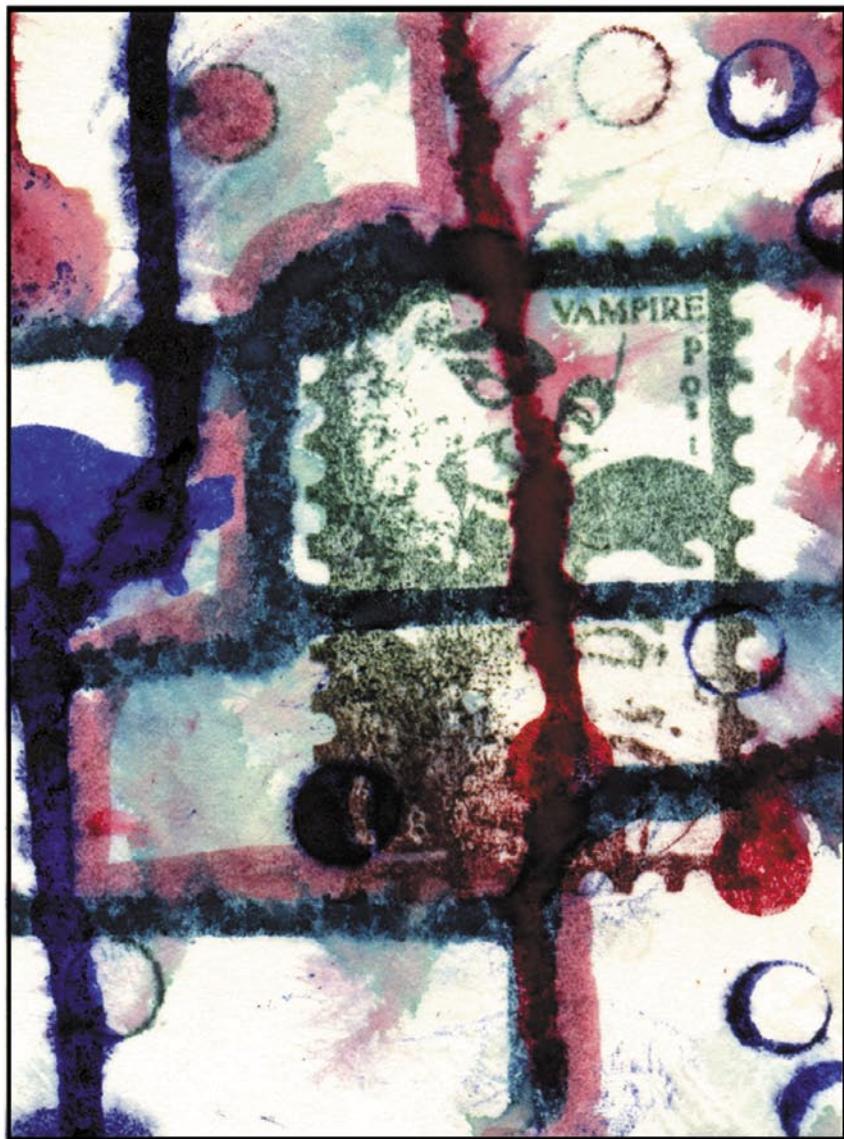
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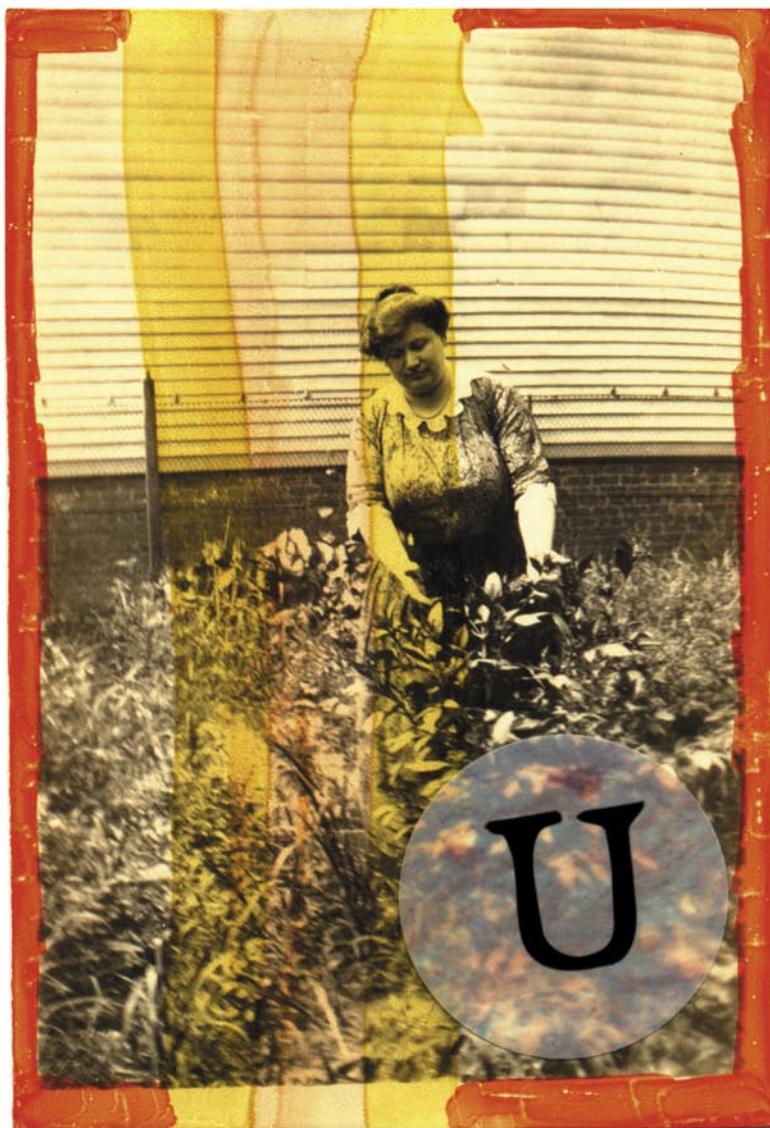
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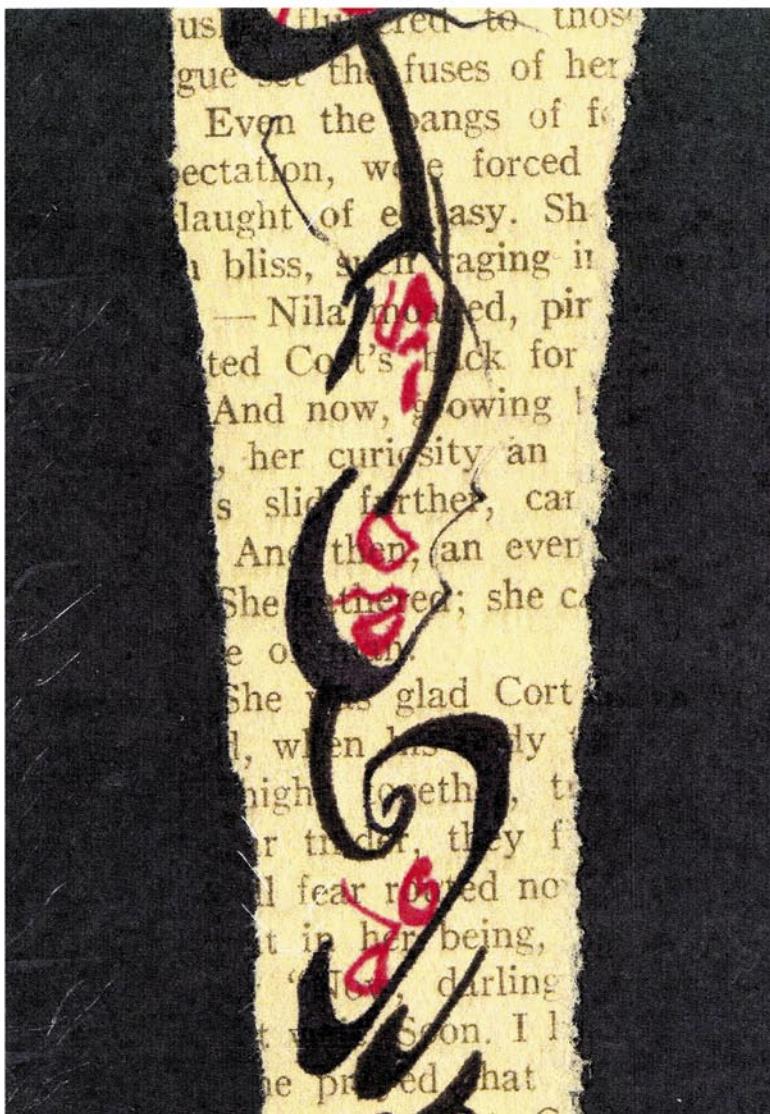
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ature name, Mona Bas...
...n one of the most im...
...seen on **P**arty girl. Bi...
...fascinating starburst...
...they seemingly resto...
...ut.

A dull ache made itself...
...e's life in the old bo...
...nced stood behind Mc...
...“nose shouldn't be ou...
...Mona blushed, sent him...
...“Mr. Sorel,” Dr. Tul...
...se girls are good enough...
...es to our research prog...
...pect is immunity from ins...

“Sorry, doc,” Sorel grin...
...dn't realize I was thinkin...
...ross to Trapp. “Hey, Ed. C...

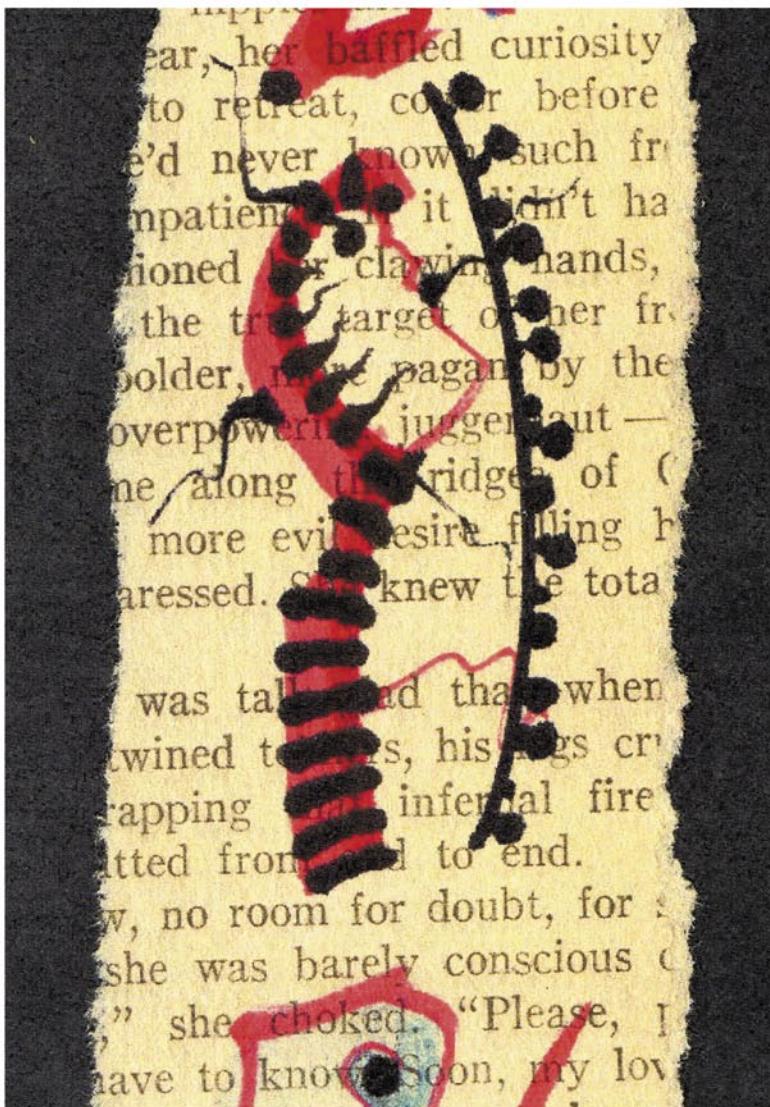
Alone in Trapp's office,...
...y laid things on the line.
...ecessary data be told of !



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THE BEAUTY MERCHANTS

time: 'Oh, boy! Aa! I stoned
Within a half hour the mood became riotous,
I at how quickly she came unglued. A sec
n her hand, she sat on the davenport with By
rise, laughing at the flow of blue stories
do, thinking nothing of the coarse way S
Giselle. It seemed her skirts were up more th
were down.
and by
Nila could actually remember when the old ta
dresses at home slips off when he comes and strips
to just his shorts. Now they sat in giggling, who
uster on the davenport, she was feeling no sh
Sorel paid her body, kissed her nose.
he fought to bring up a crazy thought. There w
hing she had to do, something he'd specific
here for. But he
Certainly not for this hurtling around her breasts
ese scrabbling fingers in the valley of her thigh
"Oh, baby!" Sorel gloated into her ears, his finge
ing one of her nipples, "talk about lucky guy
old rooster like this, with two useless chicks li
Some guy's pay a fortune for a girl like this. Y
ke old Byren a lot, don't you?"
"I do," she giggled. "I do."
"Nila, do you dig that new arrival of yours! We
about preview or comin' attractions! You ou
black satin like that to the office. You'd
guys die on the spot. Those cute little bombs,
tiful, long legs. Somebody's hurtin'." He gra
self.



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— Quand M. le vicomte a-t-il besoin de moi ? insista l'ancien valet de chambre.

— Je ne sais. Peut-être dans six mois ou dans un an, ou dans deux, je ne sais pas ; mais il me suffit de savoir que tu ne me feras point défaut.

— Oh ! soyez tranquille.

Le vicomte ne dédaigna point de serrer la main d'Ambrise ; puis il remonta en courre et murmura :

— Il faut absolument faire disparaître l'enfant de Diane.

XIX

Cinq ans s'écoulèrent.

Le général de Morfontaine avait alors soixante-quinze ans environ.

C'était un beau vieillard, droit comme un I, en dépit des années, la tête couverte d'une sorte de cheveux blancs, portant toute sa barbe, qui lui descendait sur la poitrine, comme sur les pattes d'un ours.

M. de Morfontaine ne quittait plus Bellombre.

Assez semblable à un être surnaturel, demeuré le dernier d'un autre monde disparu, et n'ayant plus auprès de lui qu'un frère rejeton, M. de Morfontaine élevait Danielle, la fille de sa sœur, le sang de son sang.

Danielle avait huit ans. Elle était toujours blanche et rose.

Elle avait le grand cœur simple et le sourire charmant de sa mère ; elle avait la blonde chevelure de l'infante comte Hector de Musgrave.

Danielle était devenue la dernière joie de ce malheureux vieillard, que la Providence semblait oublier sur la terre alors qu'elle avait ouvert la route de tous ceux qu'il avait aimés.

Danielle assise sur ses genoux, passait ses petits doigts dans sa barbe blanche qu'elle appelait « mon père » avec un accent qu'elle appelait « mon père » avec la voix de la pauvre Diane enfant.

Danielle enfant était devenue la petite fée, l'idole de Bellombre.

C'était pour elle que les jardiniers semaient de fleurs les gazons du parc ; pour elle que le vieux Mathurin, le vieux

"You must be out of your mind, Byron," Trapp snapped. "To think you can buck somebody like Pauley. He eats small-time operators like you for breakfast every day."

"It can be done," Sorel blustered. "I've got connections."

"Forget it. It might be done. But not by you. I've got my reasons to hate Pauley too. Thanks, but I'm not letting you a dead horse."

"Maybe you ain't got any choice. Maybe I've got you by the short hairs."

"What are you talking about?"

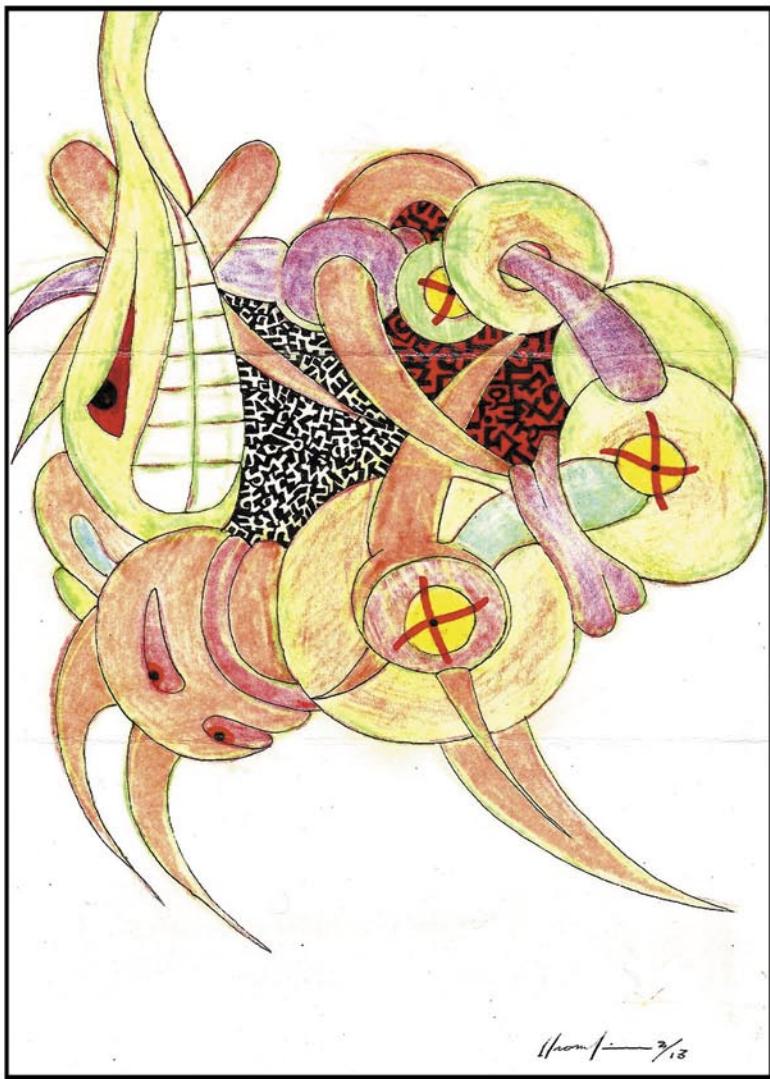
Sorel threw the envelope on the desk. "Here's what I'm talking about. Take a look, Ed. Real hot stuff."

Skeptically Trapp tore open the envelope, spilled out the glossy five-by-sevens. Instantly, as his eyes focused, as he recognized the two people comprising the disgusting pretty, his face went white, his mouth gaped, his seeming chair wobbling.

"Where . . ." he said in want of anything better, "where'd you get this?"

"Never mind. Ed, you pissed, enjoying the way Trapp squirmed, the way his eyes darted to the pictures, then away. Then back again. We have business? Or should I send a duplicate batch to Shirley? Maybe even to the great Carl? Never himself? He cackled thickly. "Dare me?"

Slowly Trapp turned the pictures face down on his desk. He sat stiff, his eyes closed, great beads of sweat on his brow. "My God," he groaned. "Of all the rotten, shiny tricks, always thought you were an un-



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130 THE BEAUTY MERCHANTS

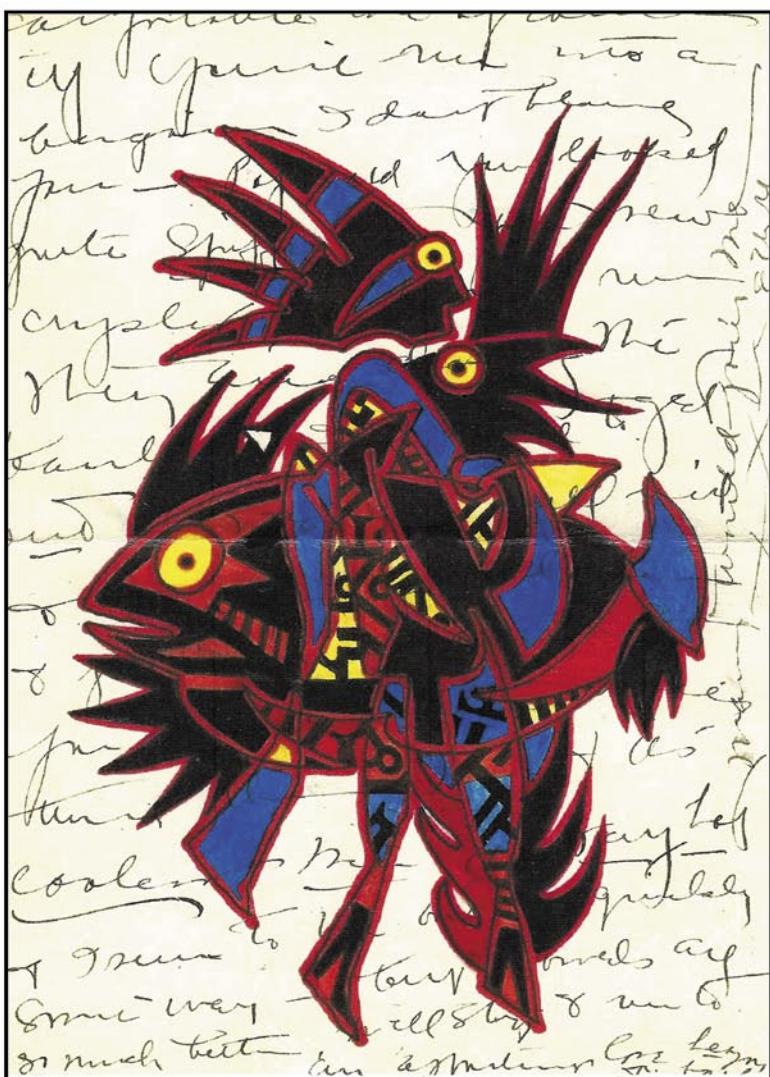
from the roof, the walls were ivy-covered, the multi-paneled windows twinkled in happy welcome. As they drove up the winding, oak-flanked drive, she marveled at the rolling, verdant lawns, she estimated that there must be at least twenty rooms in the house. And yet it seemed warm, friendly, there was no forbidding coldness or sturdiness about it.

A moment later they swept past a fabulously bank of flowers and shrubs, rolled to a stop in the flower-centered, circular drive. "Here we are, Miss," Atkins said, opening the door, immediately going for her bags.

And as they entered that vast, light room, as she saw the chandeliers, the magnificent curving staircase leading upstairs, she was even more enchanted. Cort had told her about the house briefly. But he hadn't led her to believe it was this lavish, this warm and beautiful.

She wanted to just stand, luxuriate in the mood, in its stunning impressiveness. But Atkins denied her. "This way, Miss Wanzer. I'll show you your room." Then as he left her, "I'll tell Mr. Pauley you're here."

Nila was in the living room. Waiting and admiring simultaneously, her amazement growing by the moment. So preoccupied was she that she didn't see the spindly, somewhat gawky girl enter. Something uncertain, frightened in her eyes, she stared at the lovely, poised redhead, shrank slightly. And then, finally screwing up courage enough, "Good afternoon, Miss Wanzer," she said in a soft voice. "Father told me to come down and entertain you until he was free.



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dit un pâtre. Sans doute qu'elle joue avec le chevreuil.
La femme de chambre courut vers la futaie, appelant toujours :

— Danielle ! Danielle !

Danielle ne répondit pas.

Mathurin, qui suivait la trace de l'enfant sur le gazon, exclama tout à coup :

— Mon Dieu ! la rivière !

Il courut à courir et jeta un cri terrible.

Sur la rivière, en cet endroit profonde et calme, flottait le chapeau de paille garni de glands, et la ceinture de soie verte de l'enfant...

On fit de vaines recherches pour retrouver le corps de Danielle, le courant l'avalant sans la entraîner au loin.

Trois mois après, le gendre mourut dans un état de complet idiotisme, et ses trois neveux se partagèrent fraternellement son héritage.

XXI

LA finissait le manuscrit du domino.

Le baron Gontran de la Cloubourg l'itta lentement et le remit dans sa poche.

Un moment de silence suivit cette lecture, et les quatre convives de la Maison d'or se regardèrent.

— Eh bien ! messieurs, dit enfin Gontran, que pensez-vous de cela ?

— Je pense, répondit le d. Galwy, qu'il faut, avant tout, savoir quel rapport il peut exister entre les personnages de cette étrange histoire et la femme qui vous a remis ce manuscrit.

— Nous allons le savoir, messieurs.

Le baron sonna, un garçon vint.

— N'est-il venu personne pour nous ? demanda Gontran.

— Pardon, une dame.

— Comment est-elle ?

— Masquée et en domino.

"Budai-Blue" — The Hungarian Short Face Tumbler

By ALEX RAWSON, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Known as the Budai Blue, or as a Hungarian Short Beaker, this beautiful bird has captivated many a heart here in America. The extreme shortness of beak, full broad frontal and the bony backskull bump of the head is all that is needed to identify this photograph of the bird owned by Rudy Strand clearly shows these features well.

This variety is the Hungarian breeders' contribution of fine families, square or triangular shaped heads. While there is shown some similarities and relationship with the German Stettiner, the Austrian Vienna Short Face, and especially the much older Prager Show Face Tumbler, there are many differences.

The Budai comes in Red, all low, Black and White. It is often barred in Blue and streaked the Austrian and some modern birds. While there are found various mottles, etc. bred when crossed with white. The *striked* called "The Budapest".

The birds have dark eye cere, circling white boating eyes. The head and beak as you can see in the photo are as described, the bird standing prop-erly.

thinner neck, longer thinner legs than the Vienna or Prager type.

Its general disposition must be extremely alert and racy. The body is short feathered and tightly composed. Color is generally of the darker blue. Other colors have been known to be made with Blue Stettiners. These when shown against the darker blue have not "cut the mustard" enough to win. Somehow the crossing caused the loss of type and proper expression. Continue to cross to gain back the proper type. Bring us back to the darkened bird again.

Rudy Strand, Kearny, N.J., one of the leading fanciers of this variety, breeding for the last two years, is the white Budai. The Budai we have in America is the Budai we have in Budapest. From these we have to improve the bird. The blue bird has more mottles than the white bird. Much to Rudy's credit.

It is the desire of the fair importers to develop the Budai in the United States. The Budai must be credited to the Empire Club.



BLUE BUDAPEST PIGEON

This beautiful Blue Budapest Softface tumbler was bred and owned by Rudy Strand of Kearny, N.J., and was shown at the Empire Softface Tumbler Shows.

The book took two years to finish. The following is a form showing standard for the Budapest, which will help new breeders in the finished pigeon.

Standard for The Budapestd

White, gray to black feathers and rimmed tail 20 and short, width and depth equal. The bulging part of the body must be upward. The neck must be straight, but slightly arched. The cere 25 and frog eyed, pearl three rings and 25 straight out, well 18. The body must be compact and black at root of 12 wing. The shoulder slightly 12. The shoulder and 12. The body must be shorter, wing bone 20 and wing bone slightly longer than the 12. The black must be clean. 100 black see next page.

Any good breeder of short faces forgets all the disappointments and realizes the wonder of it all at the end of the breeding season when he sees three or four exceptionally fine show birds, because he knows with these birds next year he's on his way with breeding stock to work with.

The Space Needle in Seattle, Wash.

By MYRON BERGER, Spokane, Wash.

In sunlight or moonlight, the Space Needle Restaurant is a welcoming place. Dazzling views of Seattle unfold as the restaurant revolves 360 degrees each hour. The superb cooking and American cuisine is complemented by a fine selection of wines and cocktails from the Needle's lounge. Open for lunch and dinner seven days a week.

The ride to the Observation Deck is fast and highly scenic. Capsule elevators make the 520-foot trip in less than a minute; just enough time (Continued on page 411.)

Pal

The Europe, we have birds.

Patience in breeding virtue hard few, of short interesting char

There is no cess and failure Budapest. The line that connects. Unfortunately a rocky one and is a night. For those willing the task of raising the many and fully known of the bird and acquainted with standards. It takes careful study interpret the true meaning of standards; therefore, it is of great importance that it should be memorized.

When I first attempted to raise short faces of all varieties, my specialty being the Budapest some 35 years ago, there soon came the realization that there were going to be quite a few problems in the raising of these birds and that patience and more of all perseverance was needed. The first hurdle that had to be jumped was underfed and unfed youngsters, especially when they were about ten days old. The parents would not eat, the parents tried but couldn't get the food into their short beaks; they were then switched to foster parents, thus enabling them to get double pigeon milk which makes them much stronger.

Many birds from Buda Blues, Vienna and Viennas, fair ones, but a finished bird.

For anyone who wants to buy birds from the Empire Club, the first thing to be said is that the importers from the Empire Club require a written application, a health certificate, and a third, you must get your broker. The over-all cost of a bird is approximately \$5.00. This includes delivery, handling, broker and quarantine fees. The birds must remain in quarantine three weeks before you are allowed to see them. Sometimes they die in quarantine or are sickly.

In 1965 the Empire Short Face Club came into existence and has standards on all short face pigeons. Many outside clubs were good enough to give us a helping hand in writing these standards, which has our whole-hearted appreciation. The writing of

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American Pigeon Journal

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Breeding the Domestic Flying Flight

By RUSS KEULING, West Babylon, N.Y.

It seems that in the last ten or twelve issues of the American Pigeon Journal, I have written a series of articles concerning the breeding and care of American Domestic Show Flight. Now these articles have been written by very knowledgeable Flight men indeed, but what of the American Domestic Flying Flight? This Flight, as you all know, graces the skies in the East for many years with its impossible to describe flying, and now I ask you Flight men! Didn't any of you cats learn to fly in school? I have been waiting just one small article about the Flying Flight, but all now.

In New York City, and the surrounding area, we have the New York Show Flight Bronx Ass'n, the Maspeth Pigeon Ass'n, the Maspeth Pigeon Fanciers, the Brooklyn Pigeon Fanciers, the Bronx Pigeon Show Flight Club, and my own Suffolk Club, along with many other local clubs. If you add up the membership rosters, you will find a total of Flight men, and these Flight men, however, do not all coincide with the "old" days, and even though they are not what we used to call "old timers", this goes to show that the Flight breeders too.

The Flight men have all been around for many years, and, in fact, in the last three or four years, they have always coincided with the "old" days, but do I see any difference in the Flight men who are in the clubs and stores, and most of whom are in the cities, but, but, but, but, but, but, themselves.

Now getting back to the subject of the Flight men, whenever I stop in the bird stores, the Flight men will be the breeders, and the "old" days all the days that they used to fly when flying the Flight "store". They were good enough to tell me so why not now? I know, of the Flight breeders have lofts in addition to the breeders who have a loft, and would rather fly Tippler, etc. in the suburban areas, that the Flight cannot be kept in a loft situated on the ground, and these breeders have grown tired of these different types of birds, and now do these birds, and know that a Flight will not fly from the roof-top, not fly from the loft, but, of the Flight, and raised on the ground? "Is that the Tumbler?" "Is that the cross-bred?" "Is the Flight is not a good excuse to make the Flight a better strain to the smaller size, and know that nobody will take the time to train these birds to kit, or to extend them. In the last few years, the Flight was developed from Tumbler, so the addition of a little more Tumbler blood into the strain should have no bearing on the flying ability.

Flights have a hooking type of fly-

ing when in a kit by themselves, which I said before, is impossible to describe, and a fanatic must see for themselves. This hooking is almost a turn or a roll, and on certain days with the right wind and weather conditions, the flight will "do" flying". These conditions are but caused by atmospheric disturbance, which is the right kind of wind, when the right kind of weather, in which case, the flight will "roll" flying".

These conditions are but caused by atmospheric disturbance, which is the right kind of wind, when the right kind of weather, in which case, the flight will "roll" flying".



WHITE BUDAPEST
A White Budapest breed and owned by Rudy Strand, Kenney, N.J.

The Flight has never been known to have a homing instinct as good as other flyers such as Rolling Rollers, etc., but at one time they were known to make trips from Montauk Point, (about 100 miles) and New York City. (About 100 miles) A young Blue Flight, which I had, would fly to the Rolling Rollers until he would stop, and then he would sit on the pigeon stool, and sit there the whole day. Two weeks later, he would sit on my loft stool, and sit there for five times, but no more. I

had the bird for a week, and the different

Flight men who had lived from my

home to the pigeon stool, and

the bird was purchased at the

time of its liberation, shot

and flew straight as an arrow.

so much as a circle.

I had 100 like her.

For years, the Flight has

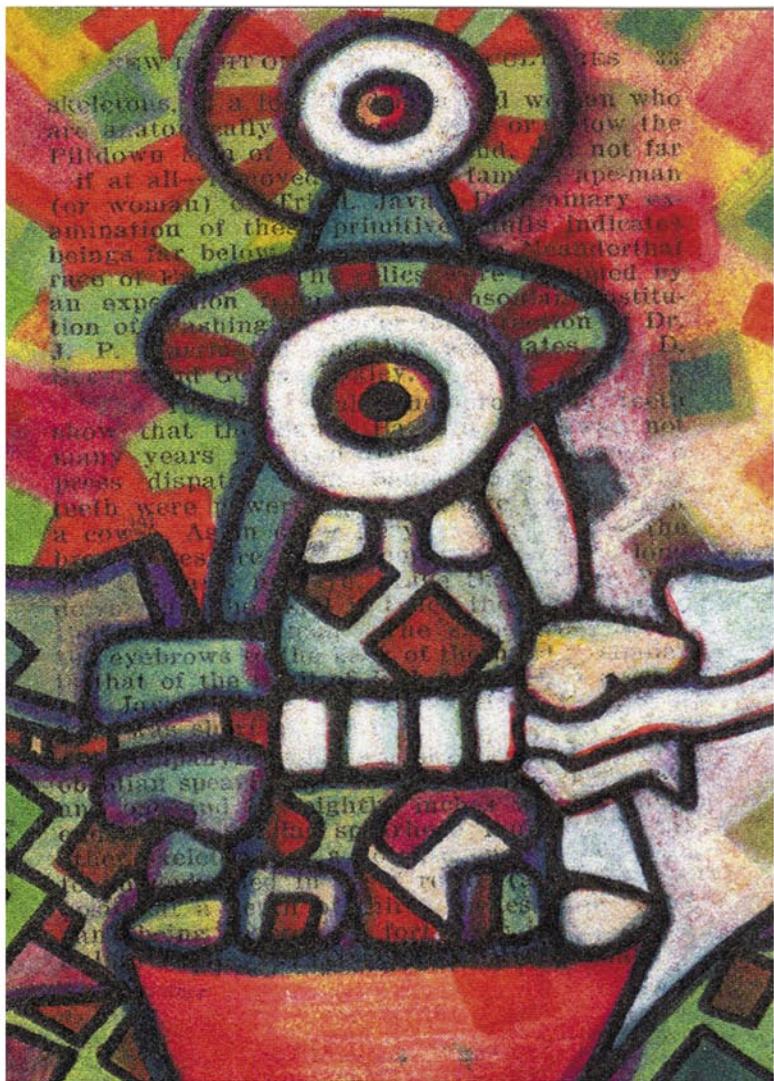
been pretty, smart, dumb,

weak, but, but, but, but, but, but,

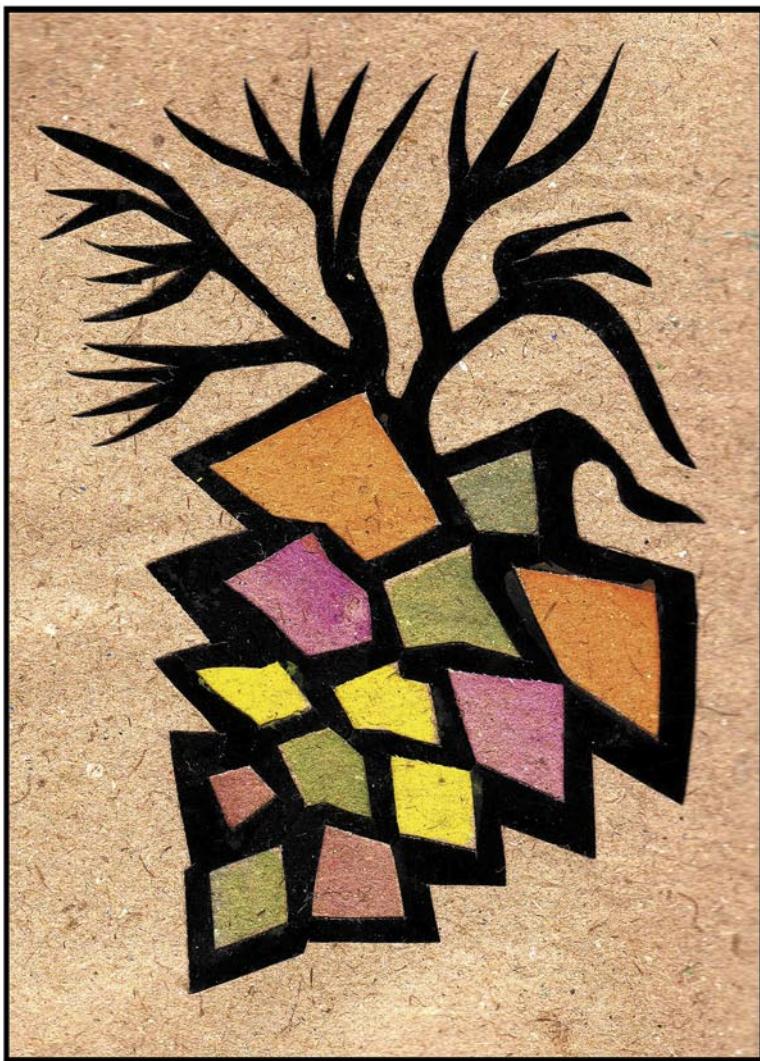
but, but, but, but, but, but, but,



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in those days and I think it was impossible for Tom to do nothing for most of his life. And his life ended. As I recall, he could phone but nobody could call him. Nobody knew his number. He also had copies of only one shirt, which he wore over and over—green and a purple shirt. Old friends who lived near him said they saw him on the street, but had a hard time to find out who he was. Fine man and his teenage girl friend. Didn't writing, he read books. But never drank or smoked.

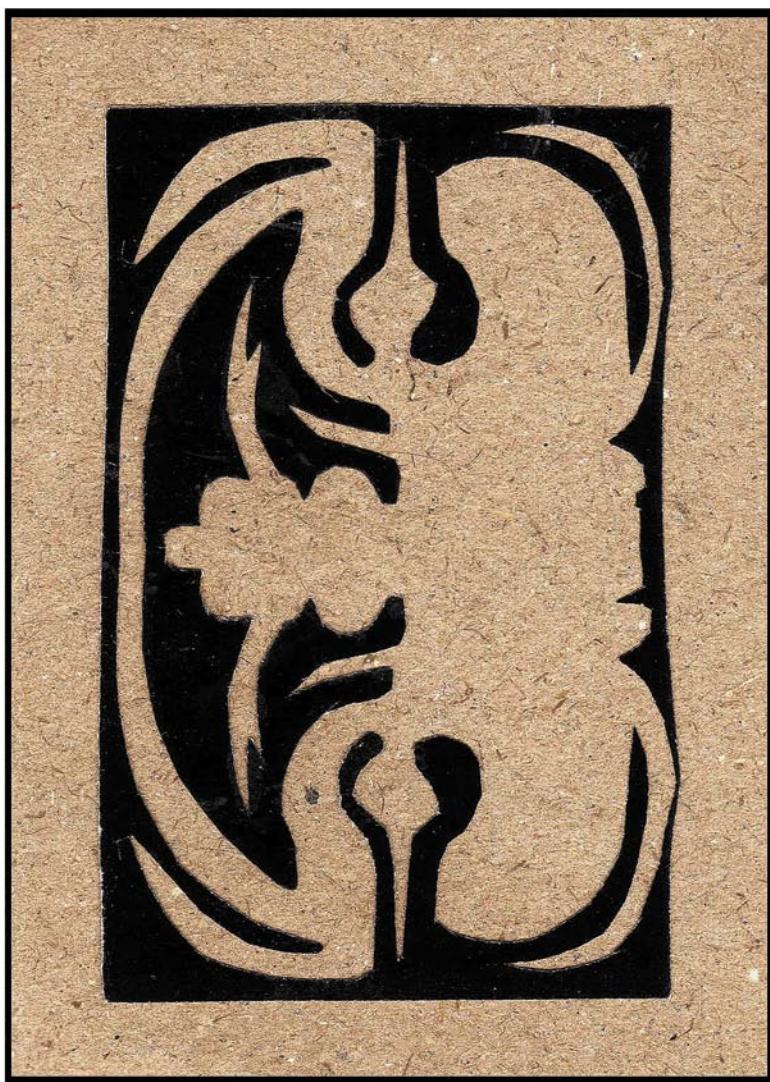
As to whose books he liked, that was interesting. He loved Heller's *Catch-22* and he caught it the first time it came out.

picked up
l about the cove
, ride around," he said. "
it sounds."

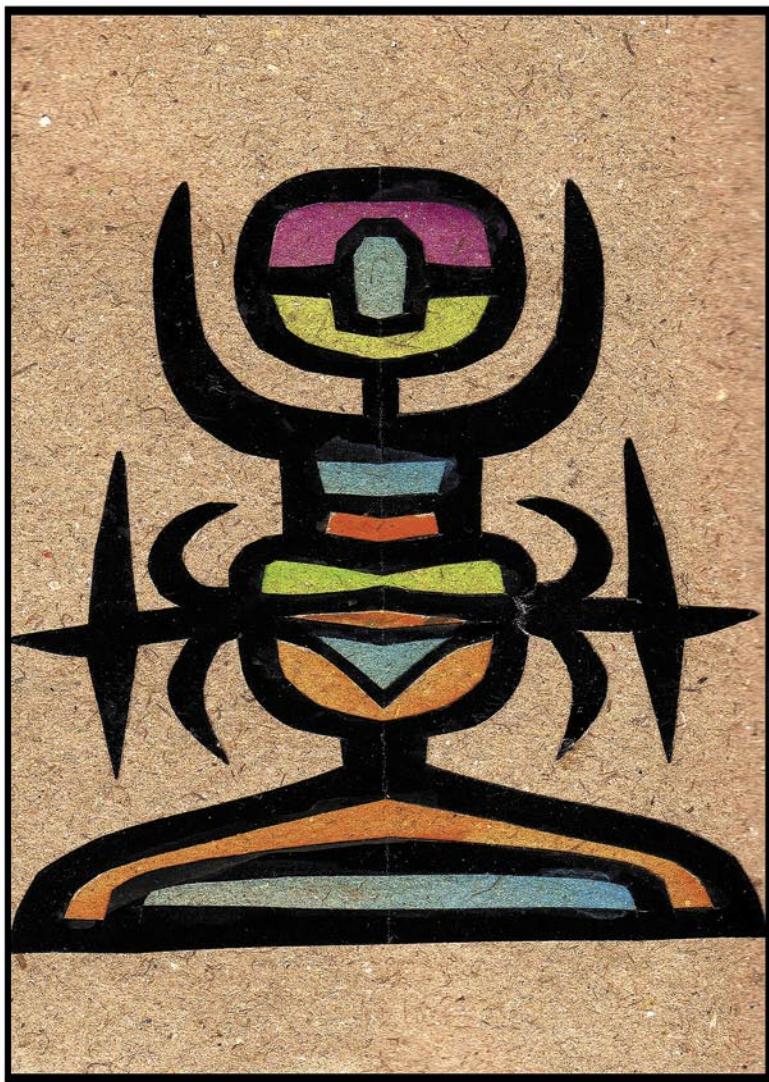
at m.c. is, on one level
performing a solo. But, i
, he is a poet, assembling
to the rules of a part
offers a darkly hun
he life of the Doom char
single narrative, as mu
iations. The theme, the
ing his task. From the
up" off his album "MM
He wears a mask just to co
esh / A rather ugly brother
at's gorgeous."

Hip-hop's on the ag
pubescent males. And Du
the aggression of a particu
le who came of age in a part
hen he claims to "eat rappers
a complete breakfast," when
ges other rappers to battle for A
edges, when he sells "Zoink
rhyme, he's si

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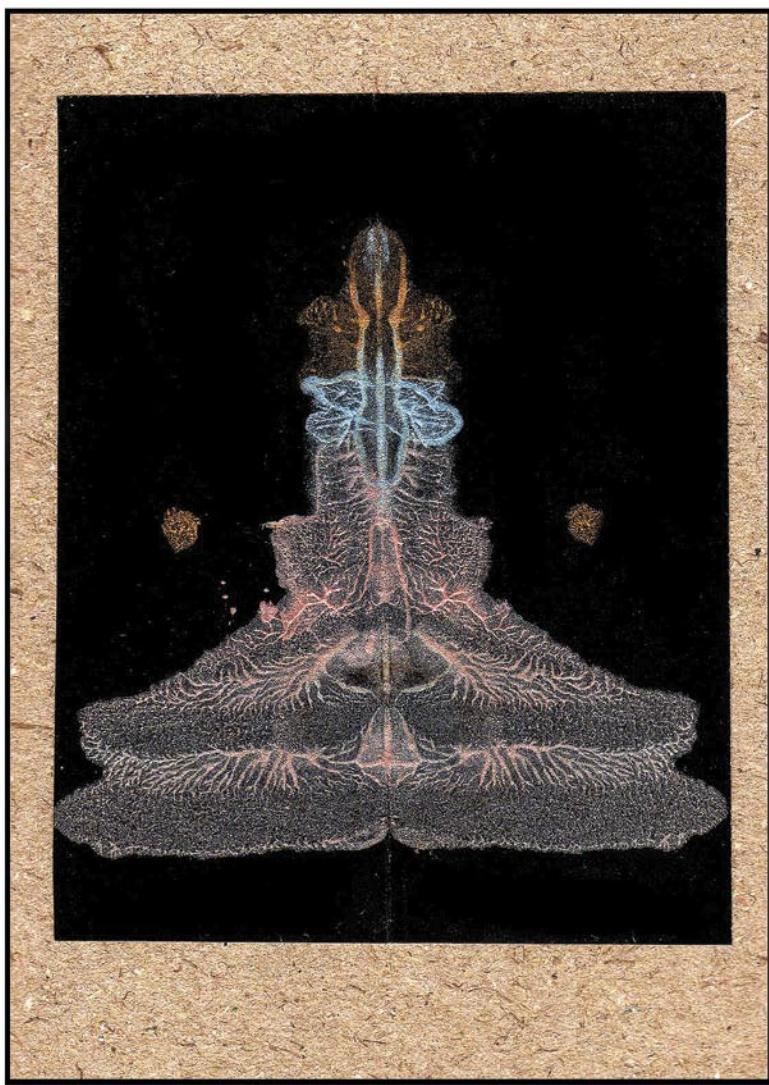
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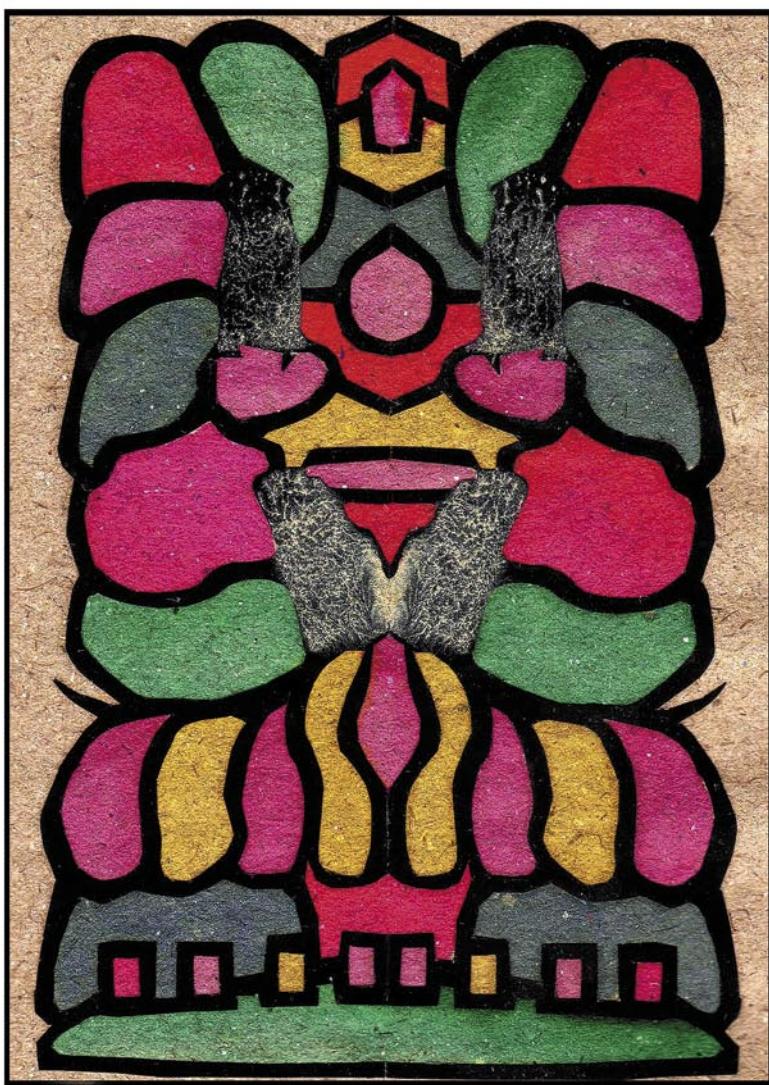
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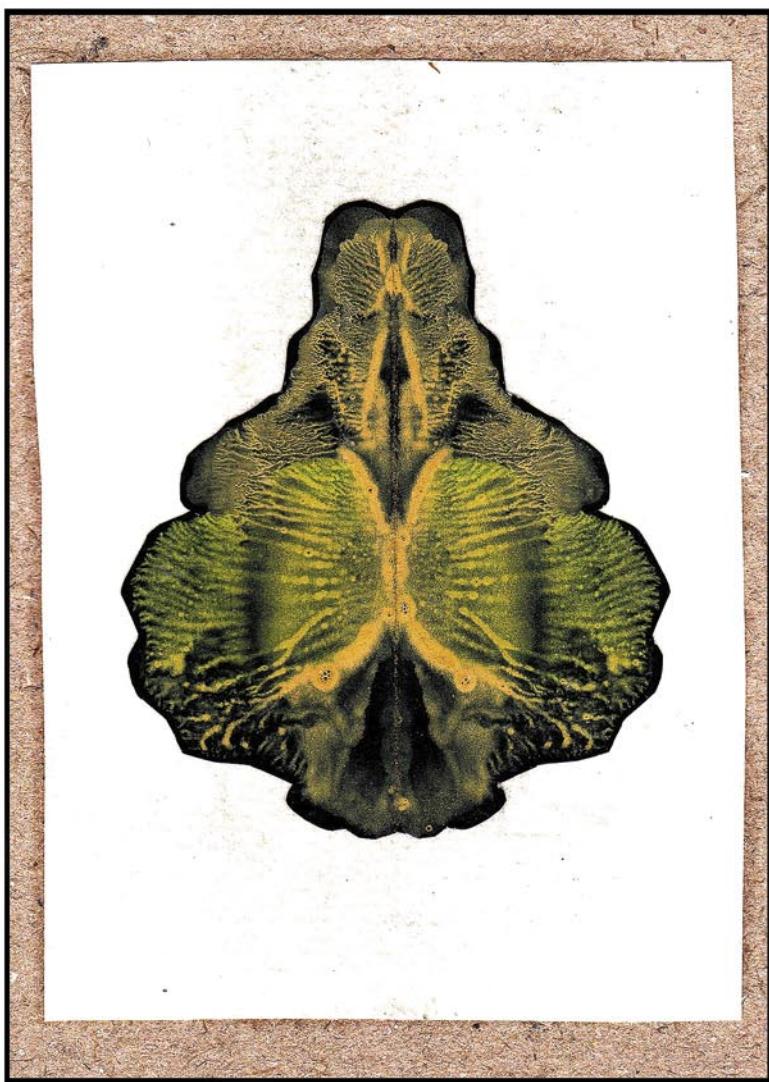
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Mother Spider and
her children



The Web Weaving
Lesson

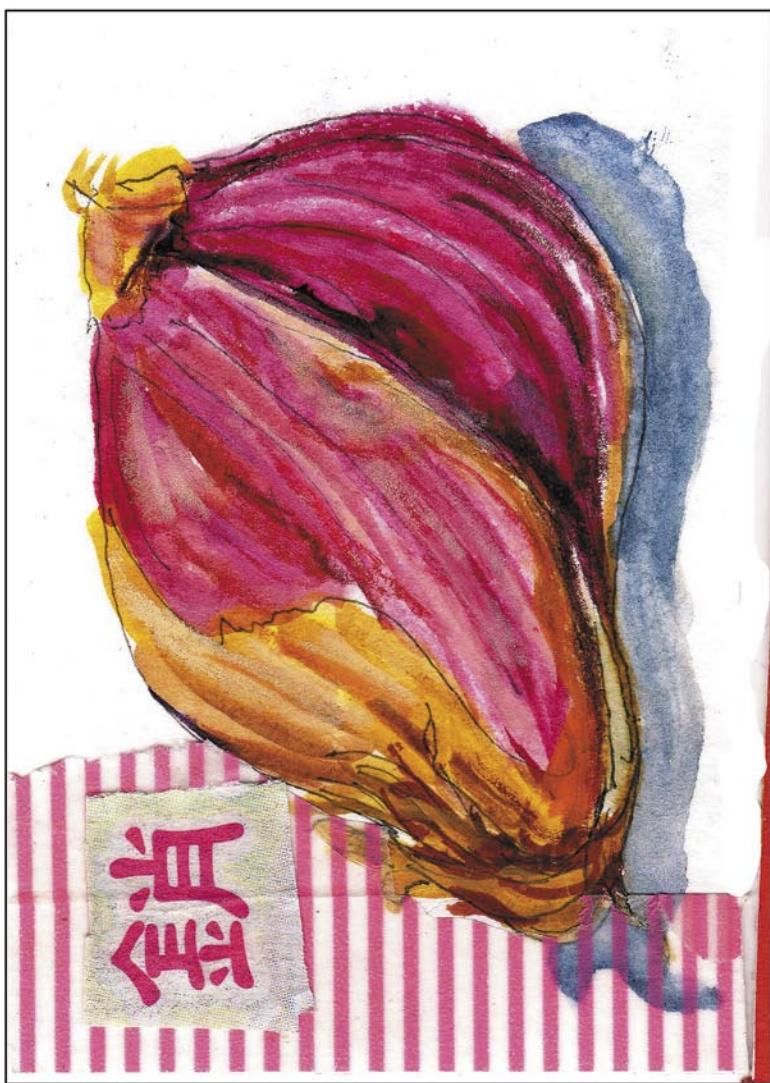
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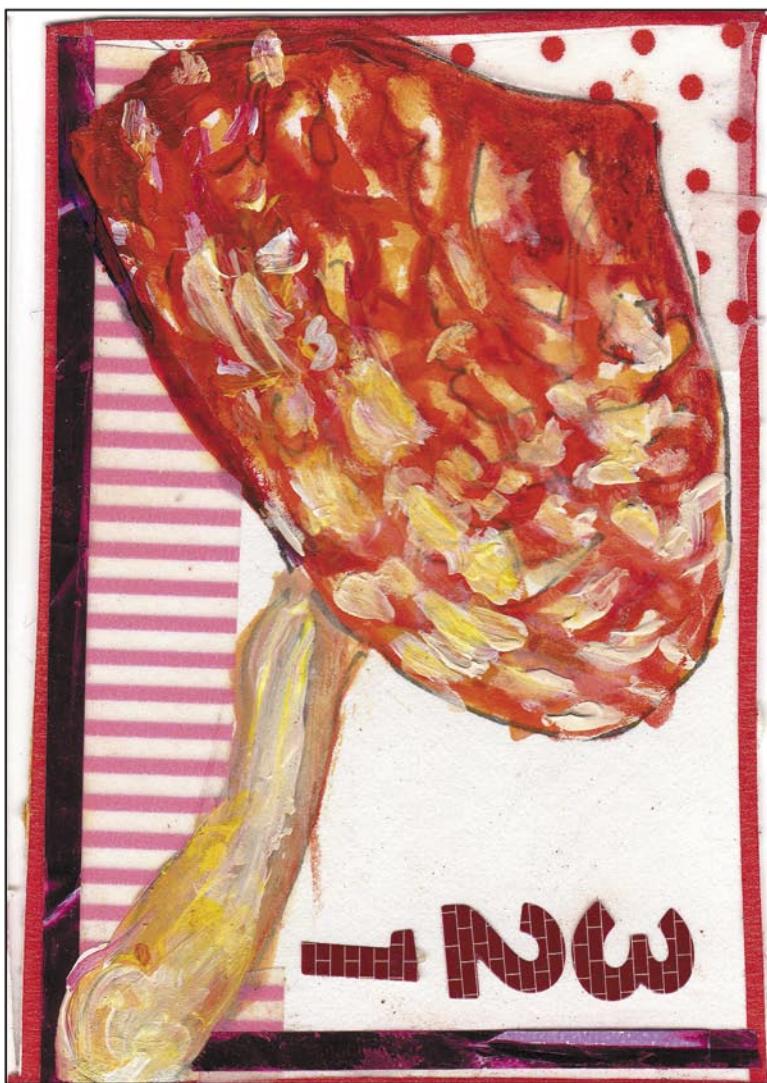
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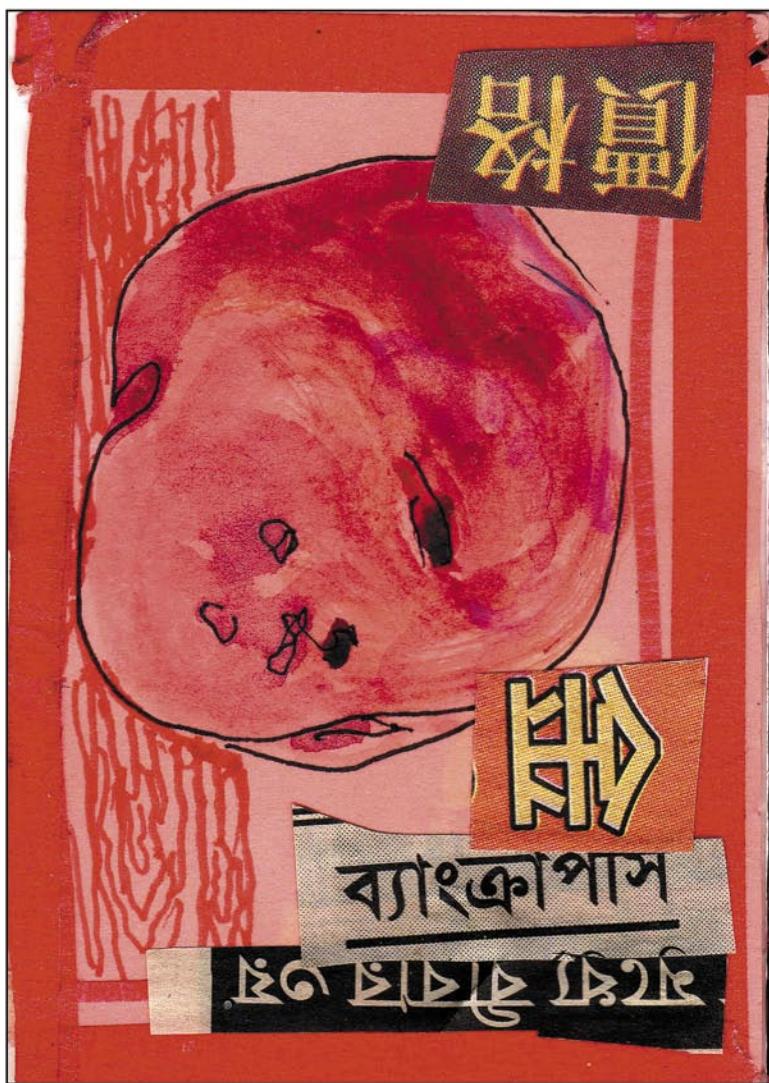
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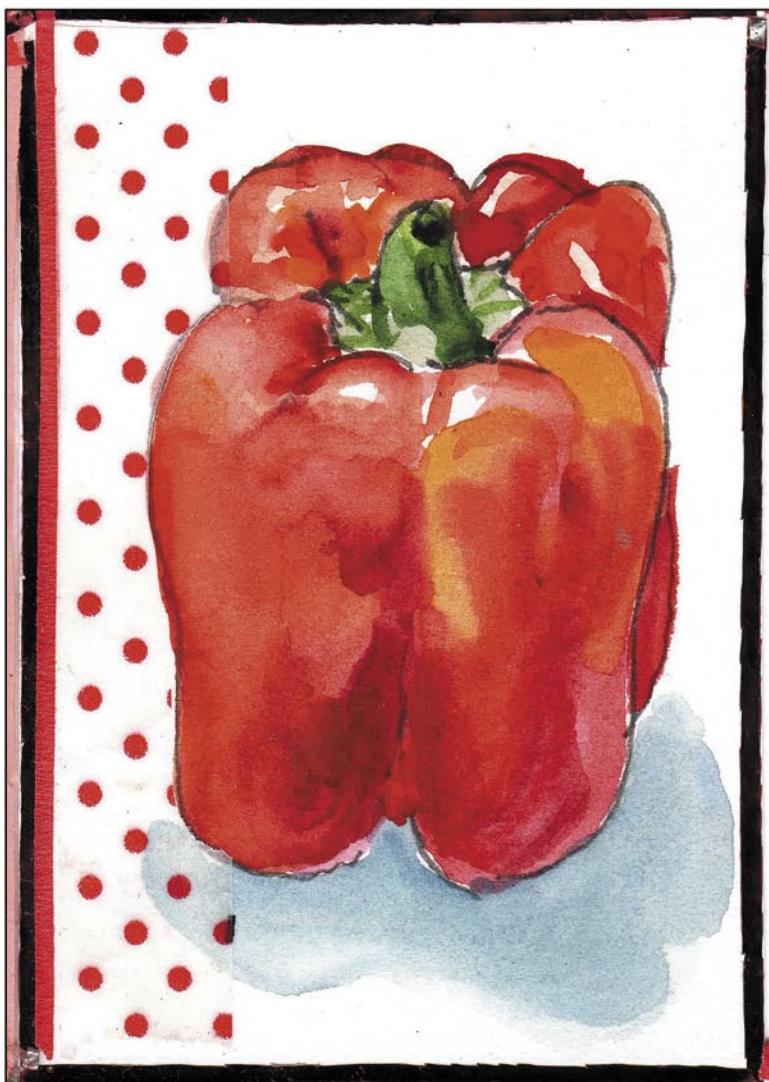
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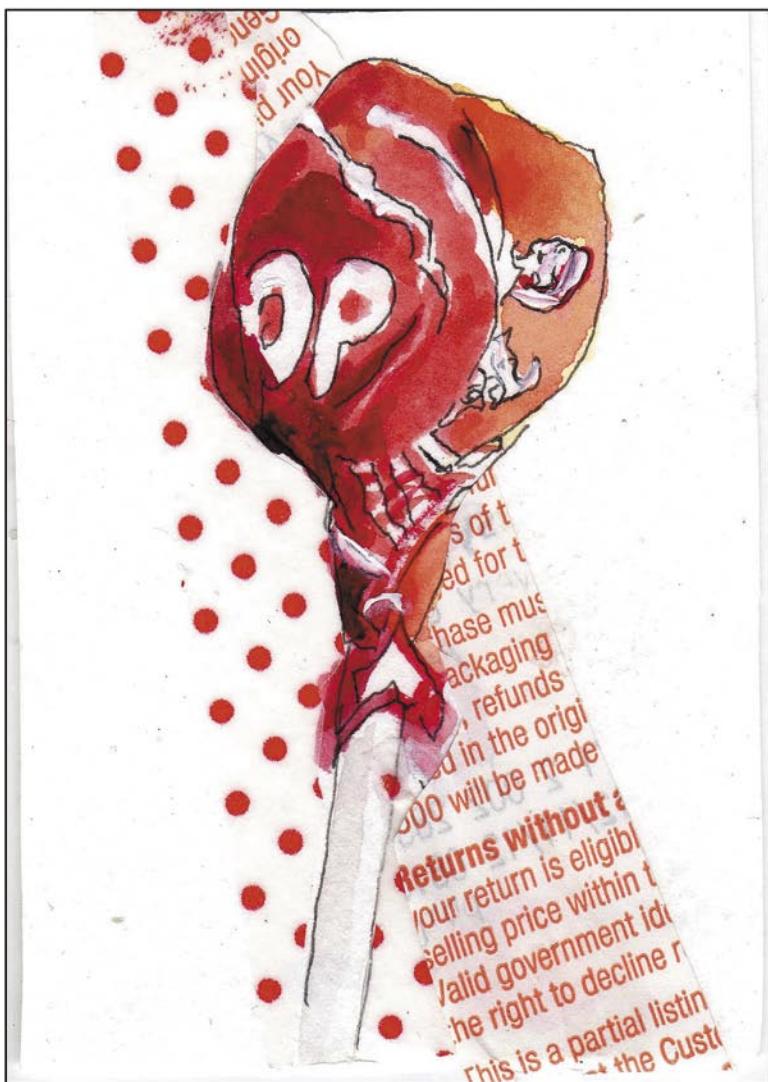
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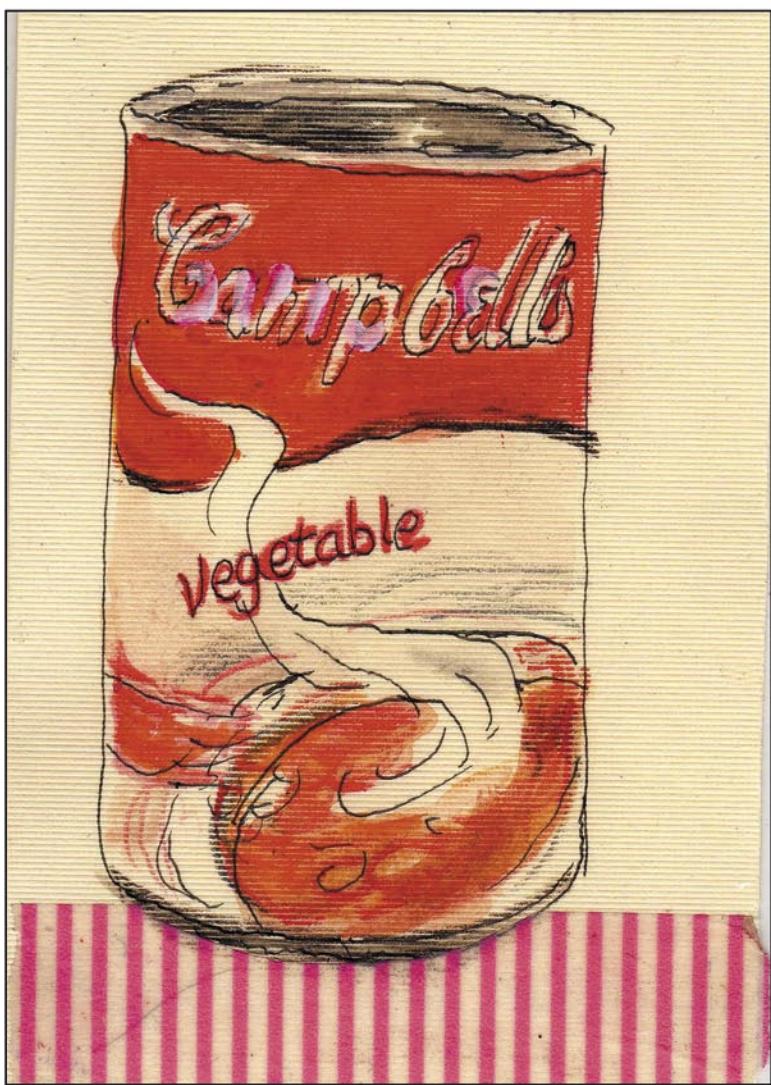
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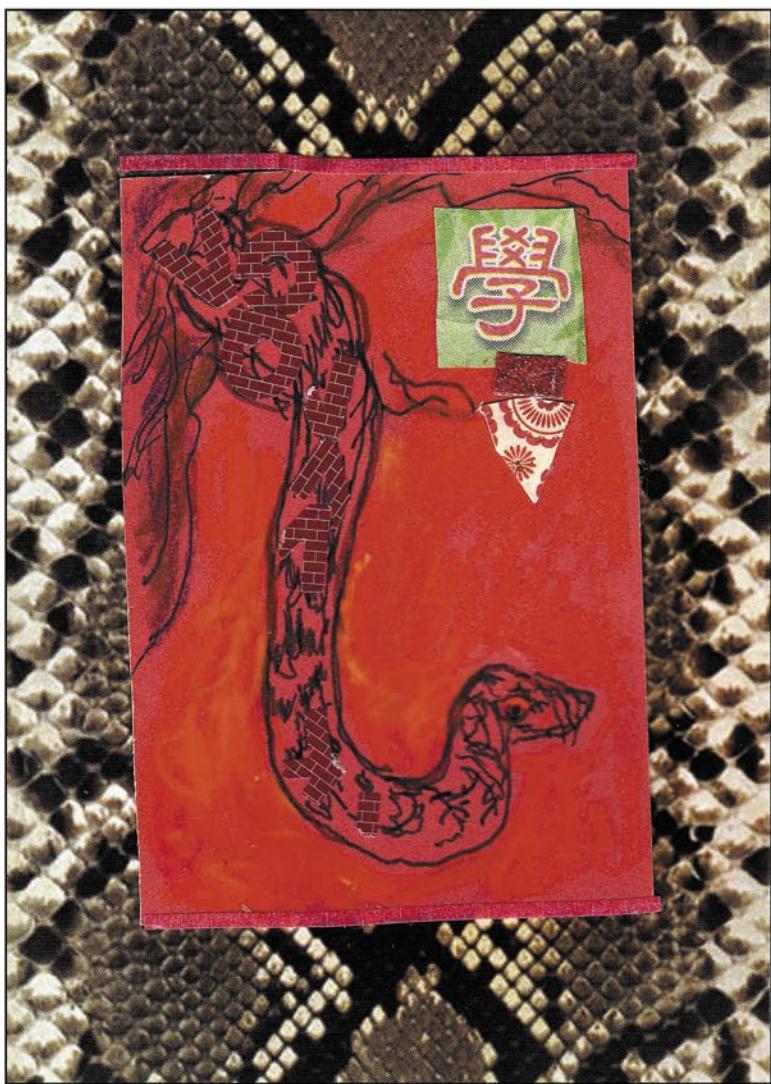
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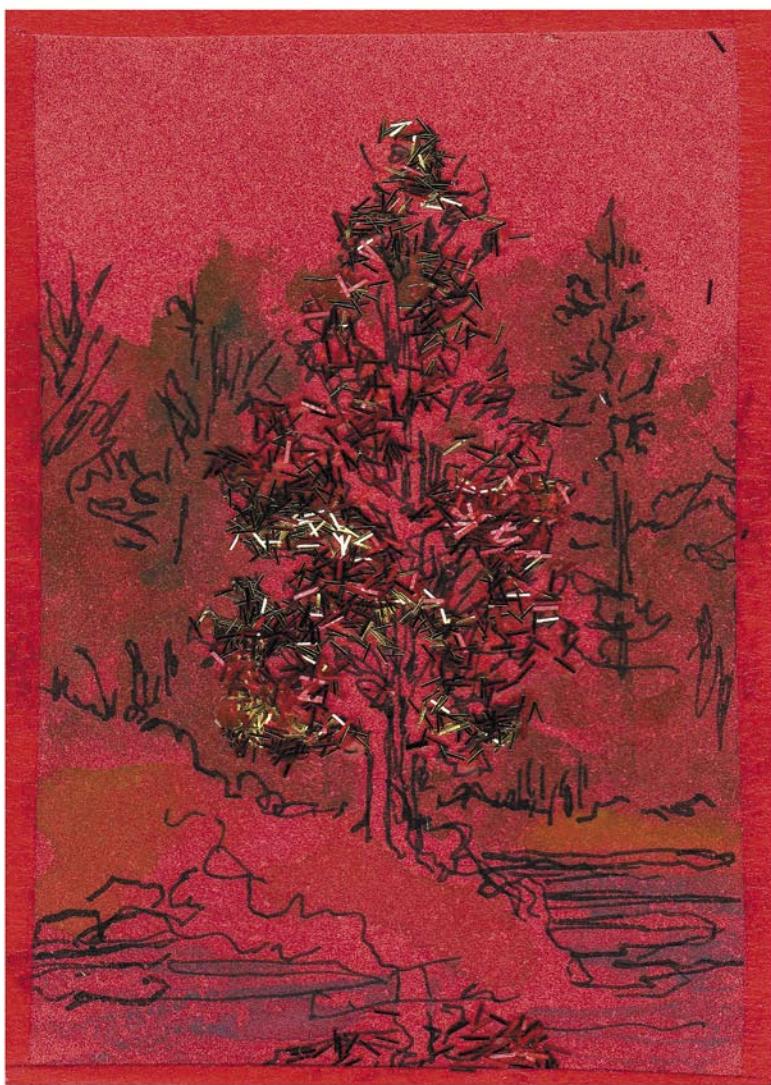
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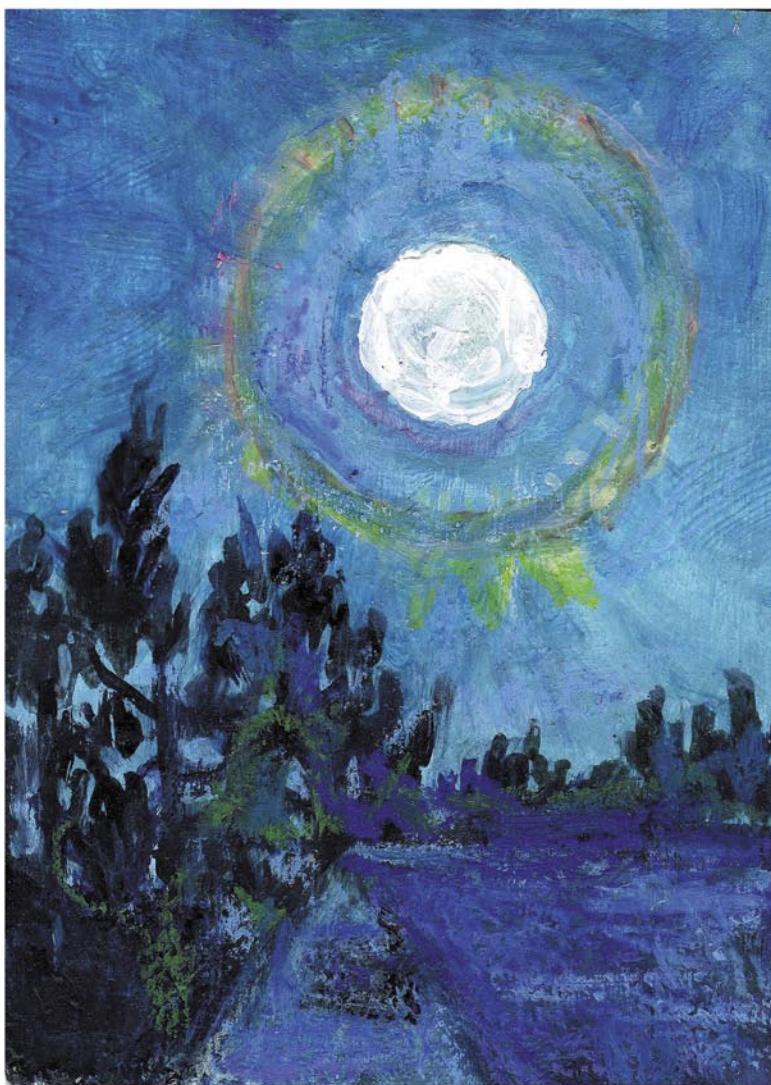
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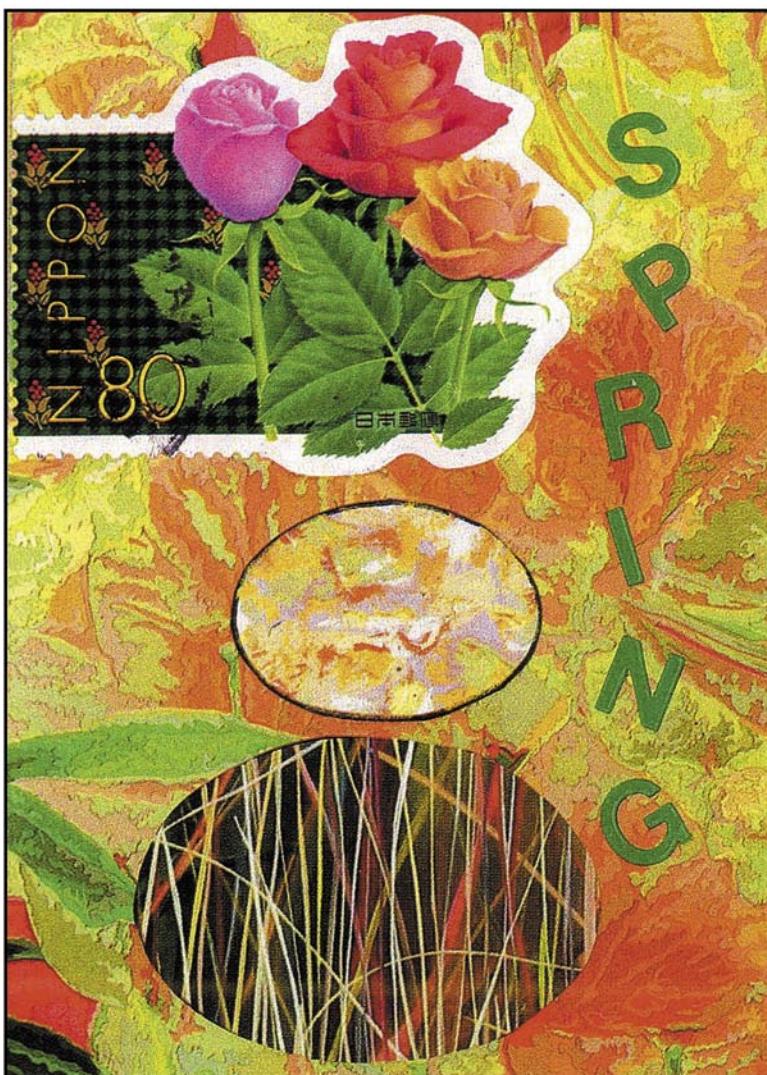
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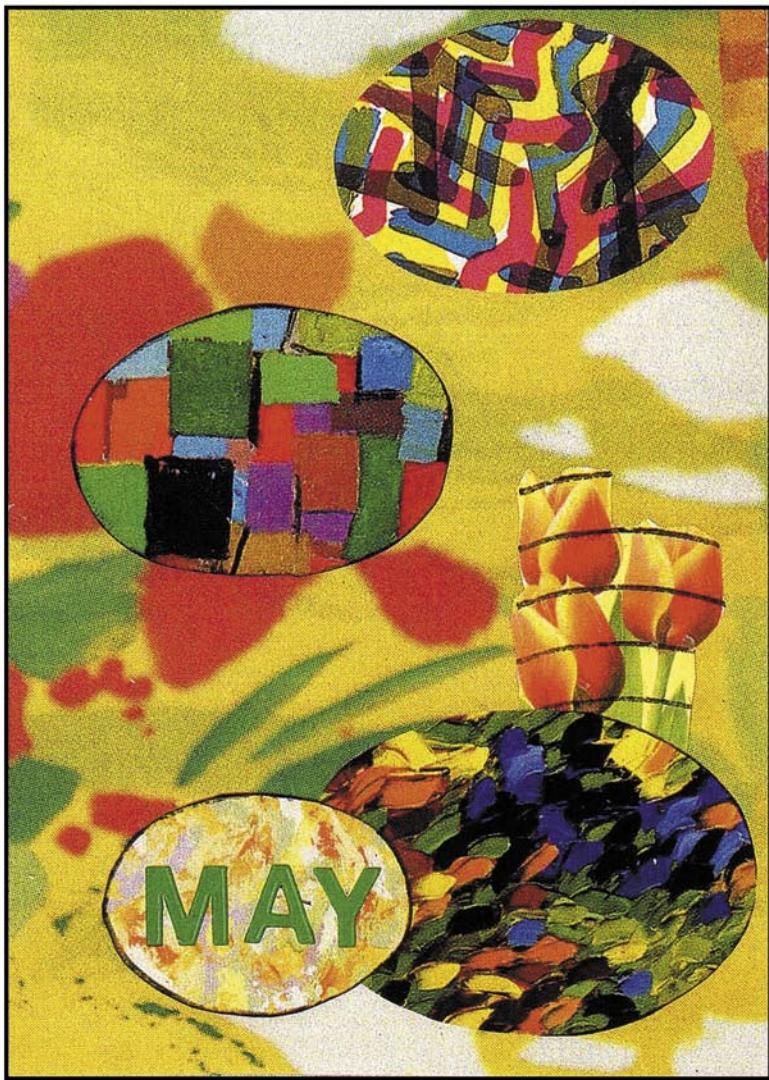
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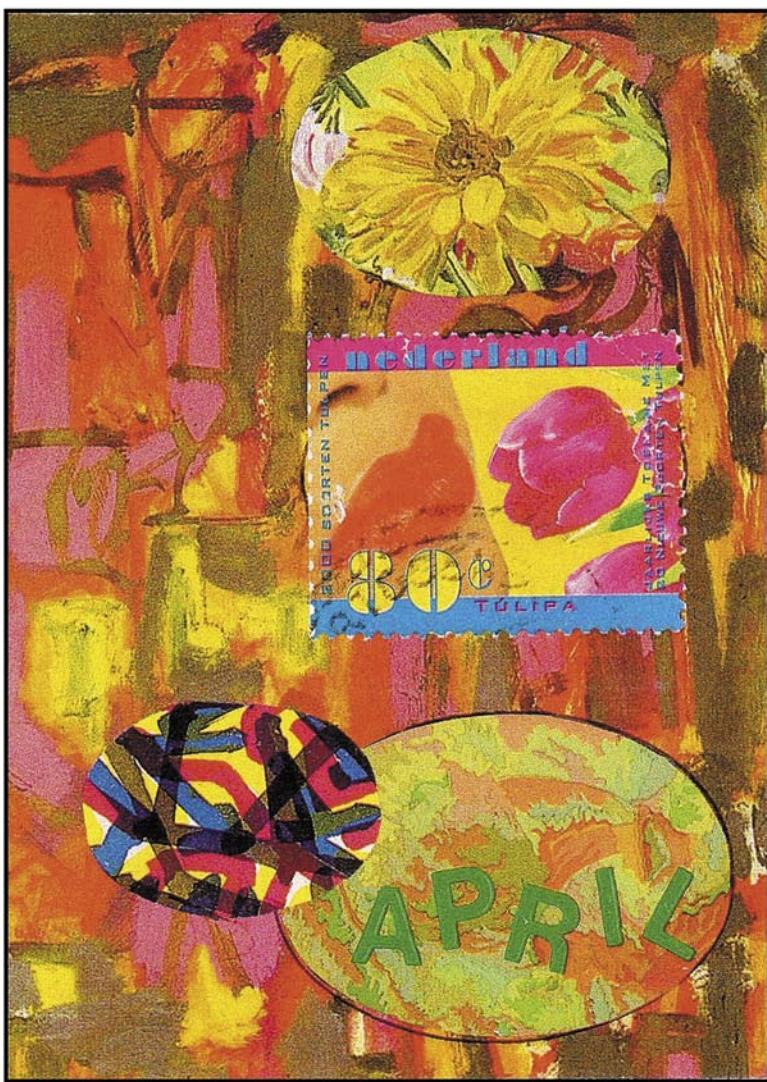
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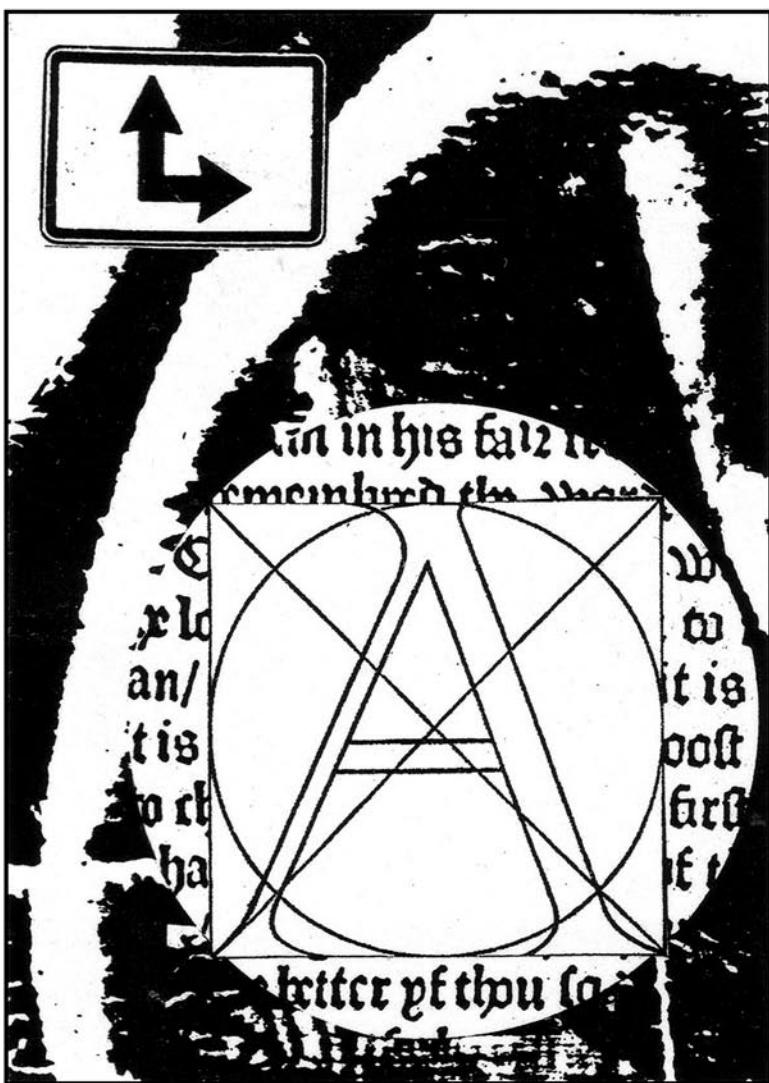
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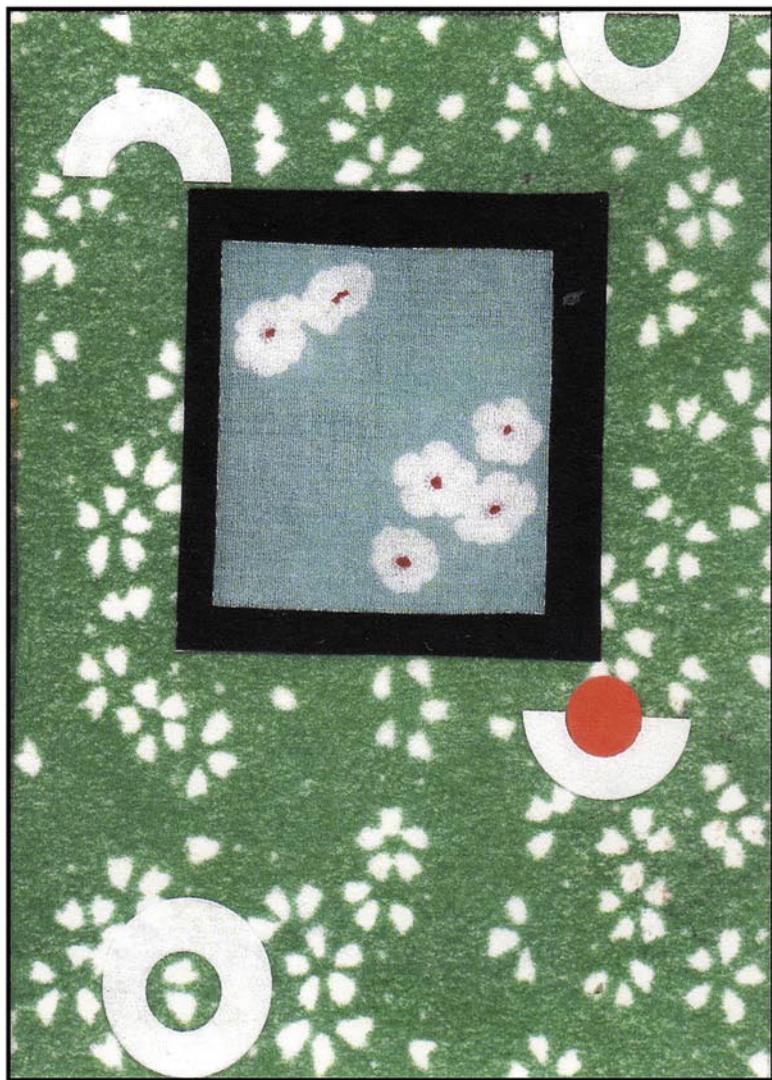
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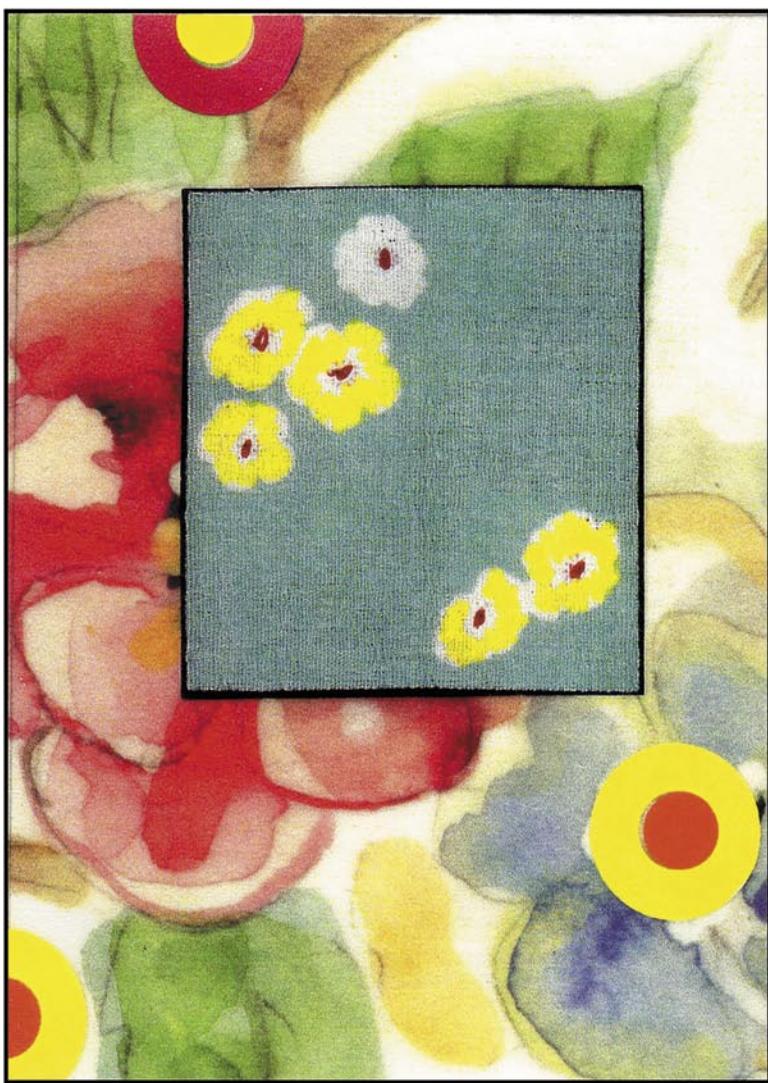
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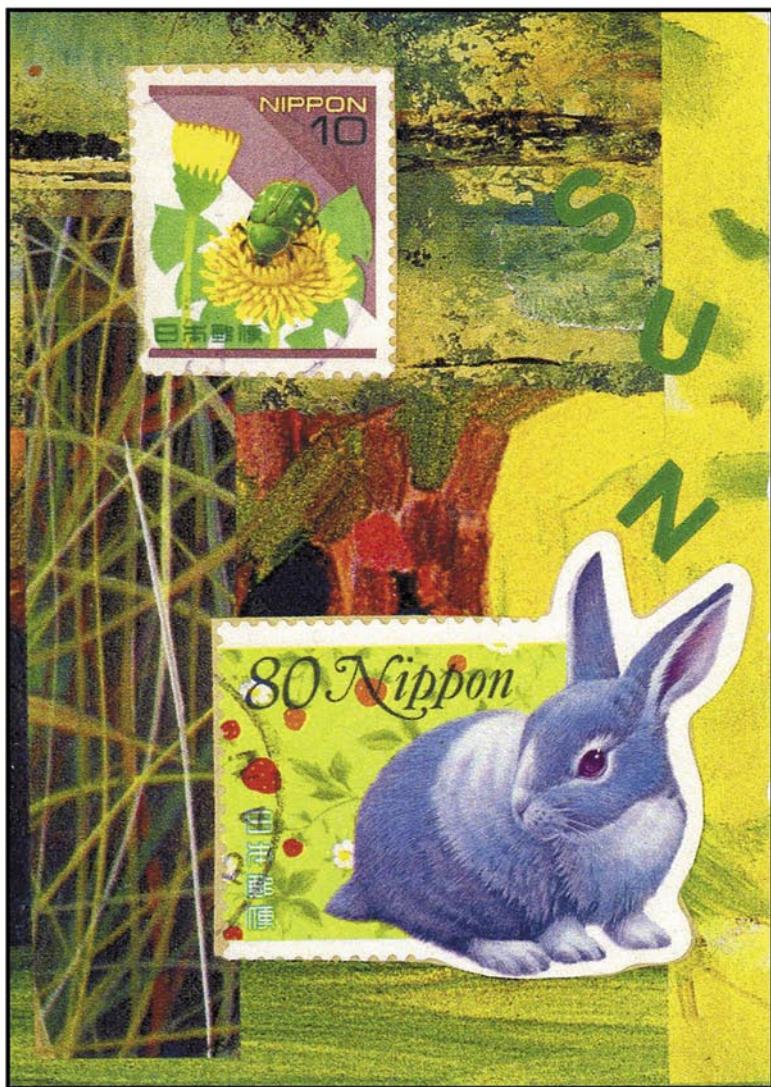
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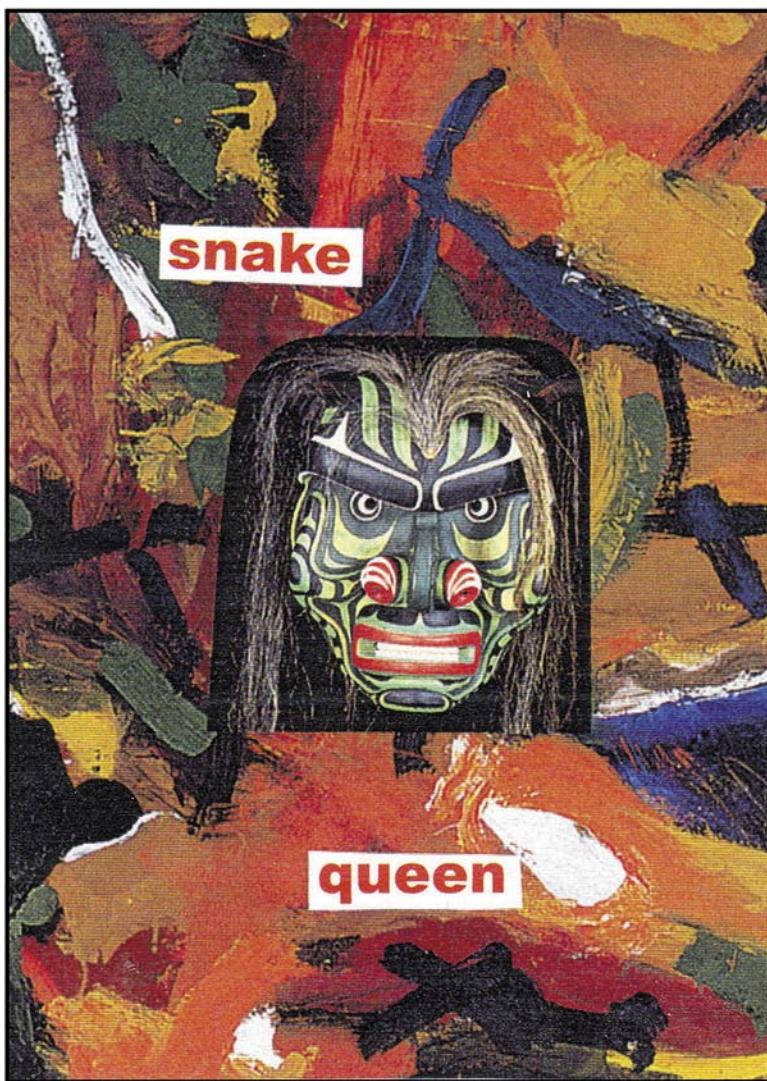
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LIST OF ARTISTS

Darlene Altschul (USA)

John Mountain (Spain)

CZ Lovecraft (USA)

MusicMaster (USA)

Shmuel (USA)

Carol Stetser (USA)

Linda Winkler (USA)

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