

Max Razdow

Digital Work (pages one to nine)

Examples of graphic design.

My recent design work has primarily been in service of “Lost Knowledge,” a board game I am developing and prototyping, as well as The Sphinx Northeast, a curatorial project that my wife and I have been running since 2011. Processes and software that have been used in these projects have included Adobe Illustrator, InDesign, Photoshop and Laser Cutting software, as well as web design using Wordpress, PHP, HTML and CSS. I have also released several books of my own design and publication, including most recently “The Metropolis”, an illustrated novel in three parts, designed in InDesign and printed at Columbia University’s printing center.



Prototype for "Lost Knowledge" board game. Digital processes used to create laser cut board pieces and game pieces, game box, 64 page manual and set of 144 cards. Programs used: Illustrator, InDesign, Photoshop, Laser cutting Software.



on of 6 or greater power to destroy the City or Fort.

Augments, ect. - Card discarded, related tokens returned to Keep.

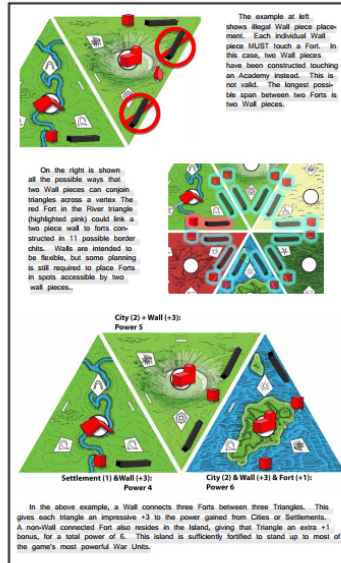
(5.2.5) Walls:

In Lost Knowledge, a strong defensive tactic is the construction of Walls. Wall Knowledge cards will allow players to place Wall pieces to make the effects of their forts cumulative across triangle borders. This can quickly make a civilization's defenses stand up to even the most powerful war units, with high stacking power sweeping across large areas of the game board if forts and walls are placed strategically.

The basics of constructing walls are these:

- € To connect forts, wall pieces are placed along triangle zone borders.
- € Individual Wall pieces must always touch a fort when they are placed. Thus, the longest possible span between two forts is two wall pieces.
- € Wall pieces can only cross from one triangle to another at corners/vertices (see examples at right)
- € Any time that a wall piece is built in a triangle zone, that zone gets the total power of all the forts that are connected to that wall.
- € In addition to stacking the forts' basic power, this also includes any stacking tokens or special augmented powers that the connected forts have.

"Wall of Quartz" is a simple Wall type card for the Litho-Harmonics path. It allows you to add two Wall Pieces to your forts, connecting their power to stack together.



(5.3.0) Ascendence

The civilizations of ancient earth did not always remain terrestrial, or even bound to our dimension. At a point in their evolution it may have become possible for certain advanced cultures to ascend beyond our material plane, hence disappearing from history with little trace.

In Lost Knowledge, this process is traced the Ascendence Tree area on the Placard. Fully climbing its branches is daunting, but success results in glory. An ascendence victory, requiring a token to be placed on each of the 8 Levels of the Tree, is one of the ways to win a game of Lost Knowledge.

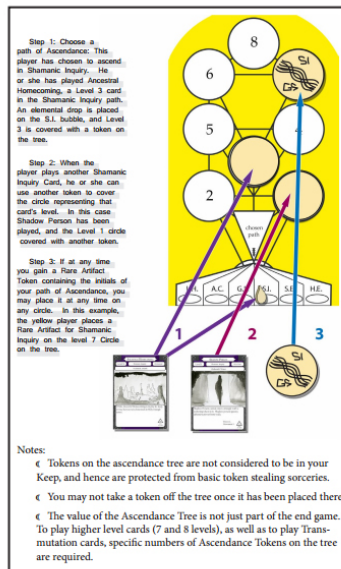
To start ascending in a path, you must first play a card in the path you would like to ascend in. Choose carefully here - the first card you play may not be the best path to ascend in for your civilization.

If you have chosen to ascend in the card's path, place an elemental drop in the bubble at the base of the tree marked by that path's initials (i.e. L.H = Litho Harmonics, G.S. = Gaia Summoning). Note that two of the possible paths are for the Submerged Empires and Hollow Earth expansion sets, not available in the basic game.

Now that you have started Ascending, each time you play a card from Level 1 to Level 8 in this path you may place any token (stacking or tethering) on the corresponding circle upon the tree. Level 0 and Level 9 cards do not grant tokens for the Ascendence Tree.

If, at any time, you get a Rare Artifact token containing the initials of your Path of Ascendence (i.e. a Crystal Skull for Alien Communion [A.C.]), you may use it as a wild-card token on the Tree, placing it in any numbered circle that you wish.

As soon as you have covered each of the 8 levels of the tree, your civilization has ascended, and you are immediately crowned the game's winner!



- Knowledge Cards
- Type: Sorcery
- Type: Augment
- Type: War Unit
- Type: Civic
- Type: Wall
- Type: Permanent
- Type: Protect
- Type: Hero
- Type: Palace
- Type: Appearance

Lost Knowledge: Knowledge Cards

Each set of Basic Lost Knowledge comes with 104 Knowledge Cards. These represent the technological and magical abilities, artifacts, beasts, wonders and weapons your civilization gains control over as the game progresses. Knowledge cards each have a cost (in elements), a level (positions along the Path specific scale toward ascendance) as well as unique strengths, weaknesses and play methods according to their type.

The 104 Basic LKN cards are just the start – future expansions will lead to new possibilities for your ancient knowledge to grow, and booster packs will introduce powerful and rare cards to collect and master.

Here are the basic types and some examples of Knowledge Card play:

Type: Sorcery



Deploying this kind of card will allow various special kinds of play. Sorceries have many different outcomes and effects across different paths of inquiry. Typically a sorcery's effects are immediate, single use, and do not require the use of tethering tokens. After a sorcery is played it is usually discarded.

example: Walk in Smoke



Type: Augment



This kind of card always requires a pair of tethering tokens to play. Usually its effects are long lasting. When playing an augment, one tethering token is placed below the effected unit, building, etc and the other is placed on the knowledge card in one's keep. The card is discarded when the effected board piece is destroyed, or one of the tethering tokens is removed from play, ending the augment. See Tethering Tokens for more information.

example: Annunaki Earth Splitter





The Sphinx Northeast logo (thesphinxnyc.com). Curatorial project presenting curated art show in NYC and New England. Photography, illustrator, Photoshop..



Apples Turn to Water

SPRING/BREAK Art Show | Room 4014
Skyline at Moynihan Station (31st Street Entrance)
307 West 31 Street, NYC at 8th Avenue
March 4th-8th, 2015
March 3rd, VIP and Press Preview

Jose Brando
Julie Jacobson
Ray Johnson
Lauren LaRuff
J. Marland
Alexander Niles
Jeremy Olson
Max Rastow
Cotin Ruel
David Shaw

curated by Karl Aebischer and Max Rastow

"Though the music said sometimes quite near she could not get out of the orchard, but wandered round as if she was play-led. At length, worn out with hunger and thirst, she plucked a beautiful golden plum from one of the trees, and began to eat it. It dissolved into bitter water in her mouth." - Katharine Briggs, The Fairies in Tradition and Literature

Apples Turn to Water presents works which engage with the paradoxical transaction of gaining favor from the spirit world, where echoes arrive in our own sphere as veiling forms, sublime vision or intricate riddles. An exchange across this border involves a two-fold tale of gifts or forfeitures: one may be glamoured and enchanted, led astray, and entrapped as wanderer; or, one may be given rewards and imparted with magical knowledge, granted wishes, aid, and kindness to fulfill the wishes of the human world.

Stories of transactions with the supernatural are common in our understanding of creativity and the fantastic. In these myths or folktales, there is often an implicit sense of peril as well as reward in dealings that aim to capture divine sparks. The myth of Prometheus stealing fire from the gods or supernatural tales of Robert Johnson learning the blues at the crossroads illustrates the dangers of dealing with the divine. However, the difficulty of this wager is not necessarily a given. In *The Gift*, Marcel Mauss describes potlatch ceremonies of gift giving as events where reciprocated value often has an incommensurable relationship to the spirit world, in a place where "everything special" and "the magical house is built" not just by personal will or independent labor, but "also by one's gods and ancestors." The induction of immaterial spirit through objects in the potlatch operates pragmatically and helps to form bonds of belief between individuals, where generosity is considered a vital aspect of intermediation.

The concept of fairyland holds parallels and distinctions with these examples. An ultimately unattainable landscape, at most, fairyland represents a form of personal escape within an unstable spiritual enclosure. The benefits of any gifts from the fairies are said to eventually go back to the fairies themselves, as John Gregerson Campbell says, the "fruit of it goes into their own bodies," a sublime re-entailing of substance back into spirit. Bringing things back from beyond the borders of fairyland comes consequences and is perhaps impossible...to arrive at fairyland is one thing, but to return, one must escape. Tales of golden plums dissolving into water in the mouth, or other failed exchanges through fairyland, remind us that although one may be changed by the encounter, one's plunder will surely turn to nothingness outside of its borders.

In *Apples Turn to Water*, artists navigate the worn but thorny path from the realm of the unknown to our own, sometimes with the pragmatic confidence of the potlatch, sometimes with the dubious outlook of a play-led wanderer. The resultant artworks leave a thread of process and experiment to trace, performing a kind of conversation which might persuade, as Mauss says, "nature to be 'generous toward them.'"

Image courtesy of Julie Jacobson, *Unsettled Cloud Drawing II*, 2013.

For more information, please contact [The Sphinx at thesphinxnyc@gmail.com](mailto:TheSphinx@thesphinxnyc@gmail.com) or SPRING/BREAK.



JOSE BRANDO, MAX RASTOW, JEREMY OLSON, COTIN RUEL





Crystal Pantomime: An unpublished play by Mina Loy
January 28, 2010, 10 a.m.
Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St., New York, NY

Mina Loy's (1892 - 1966) unpublished play, *Crystal Pantomime*, will be performed live, from beginning to end, as curated by Karl Adekide Rasmus. Set as "an nocturnes dream world," *Crystal Pantomime* will be read by a simultaneous reading of several voices accompanied by a film installation and performances by Vanessa Albury, Crystal Curtis and Marthe Rasmus Fortun, in three separate acts. Other participants include: Sorine Anderson, Juliet Jacobson, Alex McQuillin, and Mary Austin Speaker. Mina Loy of the Lost Generation was a luminous writer and visual artist whose interdisciplinary practice is reflected in this polyphonic presentation. The participating artists interpret *Crystal Pantomime* through film, drawing, sculptural installation and performance.

Crystal Pantomime includes winks of illumination that portray Loy's visual imagination, with fantastical archetypes that appear then fade, denying enchainments of shadow and light, and reactions that continually shape-shift. *Crystal Pantomime* presents a seductive, cerebral galaxy where reality wanders toward a timeless wild surmise. Loy's imagery is eternally suspended as an internal chamber of mythology with rhythmic weaving, artificial mastery light and, as Loy writes, "that stirring of the imagination it dwells." *Crystal Pantomime* is an enchanting glimpse into Loy's constantist straddle of visual, poetic, and mystical realms. Acknowledgments to: Mina Loy Papers, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. The project is generously supported by the Royal Norwegian Consulate General in New York.

Chorus of readers:
Karl Adekide
Sorine Anderson
Juliet Jacobson
Alex McQuillin
Mary Austin Speaker

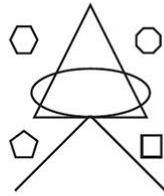
Scene One contributing artist:
Vanessa Albury

Scene Two contributing artist:
Crystal Curtis

Scene Three contributing artist:
Marthe Rasmus Fortun



THE METROPOLIS



PART II: BELOW THE DOME

THE METROPOLIS



PART II: BELOW THE DOME

Thunder broke distantly as we looked down upon the earth. Lightning bolts spider-webbed between vaporous girths and valleys in far-off clouds.

"This storm will chase us down before long," said Llagaland. "Let us see what we can upon this peak, while we can still see it."

Llagaland and I had emerged from the Staff's shaft near the top of Spire: a needle which scratched the top of the sky. I regained my footing there with just a moment of tottering, and then came my night to the light of the world. We stood now on a balcony which circumscribed the Spire's white stone, beseeched by winds. I was clinging gratefully to a tall railing twisted out of tought volcanic sediment and festooned with ornate patterns and cryptic etchings. The clouds grew thick just below us, but the earth's waiting reflection was enough to light our surroundings.

"From here, you can see the four corners of the wall," said Llagaland. "Din as the light is, they are silhouetted against the lands beyond them, which each have their own sun, far away."

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I. THE FUTURE'S RINGS

Scraphinius was as tall as four normal men standing on each other's shoulders. His skin was so fair as to be nearly glaucous, and his face seemed ancient and wrinkled, beset by hollow cheeks and a great shining brow leading to a balded head. Despite the Angel's creased face he was beautiful - his body strong, his attribution somehow retaining youthfulness against time and his mouth set in a beatific lack of expression, as though he was looking past you with those sunnier eyes. From his back, just below his shoulders, spread two immense wings, which beat slowly against the air to keep him aloft before us. They were white feathered, but plumed in patterns that did not hint at birds. Rather, the fronds twined in a manner that recalled the directionless, swirling self-obsession of water flowing over stones, making form of air as they folded, in and out, in synchronous pulses.

"Stee?" I said to him. "I am pleased to meet you here."

This copy of
The Metropolis Epic,
Part II: Below the Dome,
has been printed for the screens of
the Immense Ice Book Inc. October 2017.
This text and all images are copyright of the artist and author
Mark Radwin.
New York City & Boston, 2017.

The Metropolis Epic is dedicated to Roman.



I took a moment to look for landmarks of our journey, and saw most clearly the Western tower, a well-defined, shell-shaped point against the Crystal Realm's subsequent pearly glow. The Northern Breach, shrouded in mist as always, was also close to us, and visible where the wall fell away to the icy River of Sublimity. It's cold blue water seemingly repellent of Abstrus's fog. There I saw the Golden in all its great height and ancient, breathless movements. Even from here, it looked enormous - a giant of stone moving with a steady articulation which reminded me of Greek clockwork in my own land. The Southern Well was hidden to me, set against the wall which loomed above it in my line of site, but I knew its location by a vast plume of tepid smoke rising from the two twisting serpents in their nearby fire. The Eastern Tower, which I shuffled round the balcony to gaze upon, was not visible at all - I took the shadows of dusk close to it, like a black cloak sewn to storm clouds, breathing in a tempest from the Dull Sea.

"Where does this foul weather come from?" I asked, knowing only the atmospheric will of the clock-setters in my own land. I suspected perhaps more could be said of a storm's whim here than the obtuse parliamentary caution of the setter's bench.

"We do not ask that question here," said Llagaland. "To tempt the storm's causality is to invite it into the self, and to invite it is to grow it stronger."

Her eyes were distant as she said this, watchful of those clouds. I wondered why she gazed so, this splendid priestess - had she seen something in her study which hinted at a dark time to come? I ventured to put my hand on her shoulder, feeling emboldened with emotion, as can be born of lightning's gloomy opt. She let it stay there.

"Each action we take, it stirs the new," she said, gazing absently over the storm. "Here on the Spire, we can see the blooming truth of this. It is in the sad eyes, the eyes of the angles, they are listening to us - even you, And as they carve their future histories, we are knit into their imaginings in tiny ways. Each breath we take adds to the vortex winds which will carry us in spirals across the ages."

She pointed upward, and I looked up and noticed, for the first time, the swirling angels above us. They were not easy to see, for they were faint of skin, almost translucent, few and fast. Yet - they were there, perhaps a dozen of them, swooping like swallows in and out of the clouds. Great wings, like albatross wings, beat from their gaunt backs against those vapors.

"We will go higher," Llagaland said. "Perhaps this will answer the question in your heart. We will see the highest point of the tower beyond where humans like you and I can hold our footing. Then we will go down again to earth, to the realm most thronged by man. I will call on Scraphinius to carry us - do not fear him when he comes."

After pausing to look one last time to the East, Llagaland made a series of strange, subtle movements with her hands. Her eyes closed in concentration, and I prepared myself, taking my hand from her shoulder to steady myself against the rail. I closed my eyes as well. This was out of necessity - for a waxing torrent of night wind, beat by the Angel's wing, fell suddenly upon my face.

2

three horse chariot upon it. This ring was hanging not in a gravity starved orbit, however. As we approached from below I could see it was supported by three galleon struts - the spire dividing itself into a trident, and each arm was anchored to the ring by a silver mechanism that apparently can fasten the physical to the numinous. In the place where the three divisions of the spire joined I could see a glassy egg had been mounted.

"Here we see the future being concocted/observed by the angelic cohorts," said Llagaland. "These rings have moved upward over time, and so long as the present and future are done, they spin. Then, when their dialectic aspect becomes too tightly knit the Angels erect a new one above it, and the old ring dissolves to become history, its memories etched into the growing needle's facets."

Scraphinius swooped quickly around the ring and I was surprised not to feel the turn of inertia in my gut as we flew. There was not merely air and vapor below the ring. Where the struts met its glow several angels were hovering in the air and working, seemingly adjusting its tilt or tightening or loosening its connections to the tower. I saw Scraphinius, then some angelic cohort, and told him some of the things I had seen.

Title page and spreads from Below the Dome, black and white printed book with hand painted covers, 44 pages, 8 1/2" x 11" (Indesign, Illustrator, Photoshop)

Max Razdow

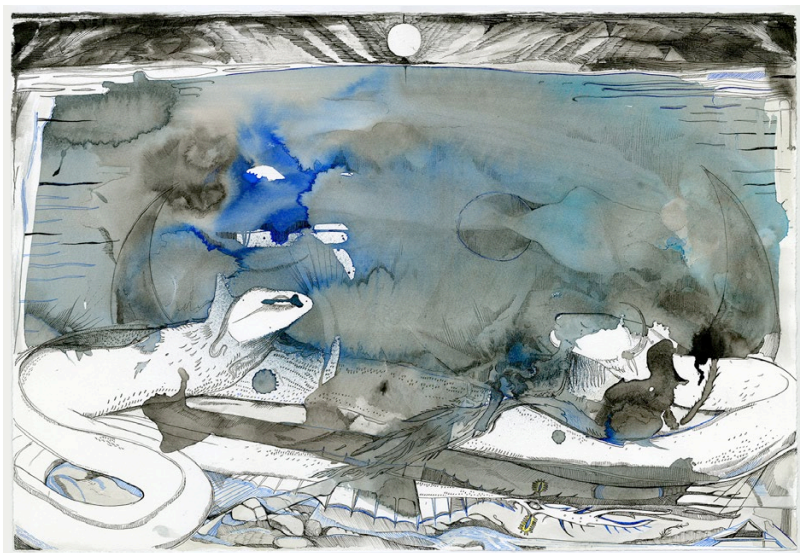
Studio Art (pages ten to thirteen)

Selected Works.

Recent solo exhibitions have included “Metropolis Drawings” at VOLTA NY 2017 and SEDIMENT Arts, Richmond Virginia, 2017; “True Corpus” at Galerie Jan Dhaese, 2015.



Metropolis, 2016-2017, pen, ink, gesso, pencil, acrylic on paper, 175" x 80" (on four sheets)



Clockwise from Top Left:

- Gorice, Alala and Galax; 15" x 11.25" [38 x 29 cm], Pen, ink, pencil on paper (framed), 2016.
 Alchera in the Verdant Glade; 15" x 11.25" [38 x 29 cm], Pen, ink, pencil on paper (framed), 2016.
 Alala and the Chimera, Across the Sea; 15" x 11.25" [38 x 29 cm], Pen, ink, pencil on paper (framed), 2016.
 A Witch of the Foundling Age; 15" x 11.25" [38 x 29 cm], Pen, ink on paper (framed), 2016.



The Rift, 27' x 6' 7", Ink, gesso, acrylic, collaged inkjet, pen, pencil, sand on joined paper, 2013



Freyja, 7' x 5", pen and ink on paper, 2015