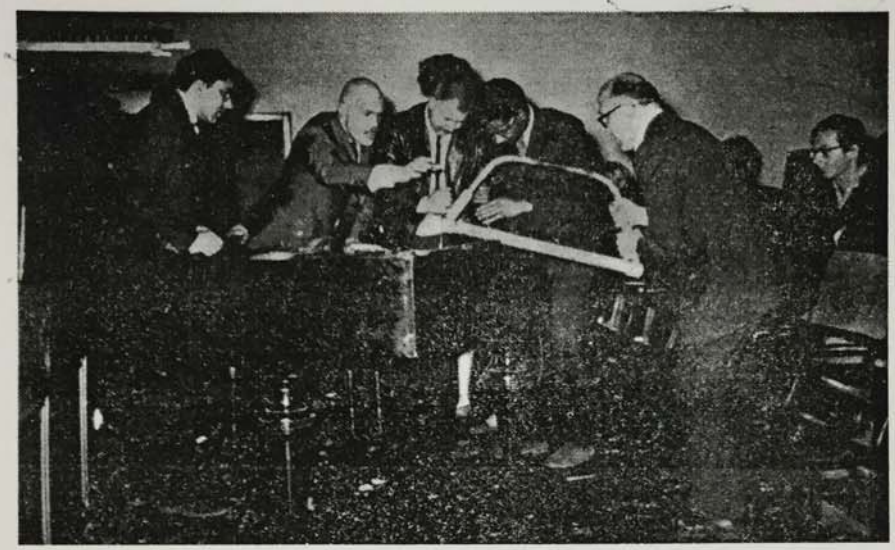

▲ヴィスバーデンにおける左から Maciunas, Higgins, Vostell, Patterson, Emmet, Williams

す. 問題はこの繁栄の, ＥＥＣブーム, ＥＥＣ繁栄下の野党のありかたなのですね. ドイツでも左翼というのは, いまだにあるかというと, ないのですね. 左翼ほど古くさいものはないのですよね. じやほんとうの野党はなにかというと, いまのほんとうの野党というのは, アナーキズムだということを答える人がかなり多いのです. 僕は, 疑問に思うけれど……. アナーキストというのはだれかというとヘーゲル左派のスティルネル Stirner, 彼がこのごろドイツでははやつておるのですね. メツガー, ヘルムスあたりでね. じや, アナーキズムにどんな建設的な意義を与えるかというと, そんなことはわからないのですね, 実際ね. しかし, いずれにしても, アメリカのケージとか, それからフルクススのあれを, ヨーロッパの人間はスティルネルあたりで価値づけようという傾向はあるのですね.

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栗田 日本でも生産の論理とか生産的世界に対する消費の世界像というか, 消費の論理ということを, このごろ

[THE ONGAKU-GEIJUTSU, TOKYO 1963-5 [RE: NOSEBROOK 62]

N/note by Jack Park

▲ヴィスバーデンにおける左から Maciunas, Higgins, Vostell, Patterson, Emmet, Williams

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The ongaku-geijutsu
Tokyo 1963-5

だいぶ考えている人たちもいる．ちようどマルキシズムのネガティヴな形で，今のお話と共通点がありますね．

白 Maciunas は，フルシチョフにソヴィエトの文化生活は改められなければならないと手紙を出したら，ごもつともですという返事がきたそうです．それからもう1つ，Maciunas ほど日本の好きなアメリカ人というのはまだ見たことない．だいたいアメリカというのは，インテリは全部日本びいきですが，そのうちでも彼は特に日本びいきなのですね．そこでジャパニーズ・セクションは非常に好遇されているわけなので，それで Toshi Ichiyanagi さんと Yoko Ono が，責任者になつている．フルックスス音楽祭ではじめが，U. S. その次がジャパニーズ，その次ヨーロッパ，ジャパンをヨーロッパ全体より上に見ているわけです．それからジャーマン・セクションが J. P. Wilhelm (Galerie 22) と個傲な，Metzger，スカンジナビアは，北欧のシニズムを，まだ体現している，あの福祉国家には珍しい貧乏エカキの Koepke．ヨーロッパで1流のテクニックと感受性をもつスエーデンのピアニスト，Welin．Welinは，来年日本にくるが，セリー派でも，ケージ派でも，彼の解釈は，すばらしい．この名前は全部早かれおそかれ有名になれるはずです．イタリアン・セクションが Bussotti と Chiari それからオーストリア，(Schwertzik)，カナダ(Mercure)．

諸井 あなたはどこのセクションに入つているわけですか．

白 ジャーマン・セクションだつたけど，1人でコーリャン・セクションになるわけにいかないので，いちおう Cross Section に E. Williams ヒニクな Letterism 系の詩人というのと2人でいるわけなのです．というのは，僕は，ジャーマン・セクションを編集したら，セリー派を優遇したと，クビに，されたのです．主な仕事は，毎月，ヨーロッパの主要都市で〈敢行〉されるフルックスス・フェスティヴァル (Wiesbaden. Kopenhagen. Paris. Düsseldorf Amsterdam. Den Haag, Stockholm, London, Nice が，もうすんでいる．) 出版計画は，国別の Year Box (U. S. A. France……など) と，個人別の選集，全集，来年，Maciunas は，持病のゼンソクがよくなつたら，日本で，Fluxus Festival を開き，田舎に納屋を借り，印刷機を買つて，〈現代の正倉院〉と自称するマンモス計画を，実現したいと，いつている．もつとも，Maciunas 個人の財源には，限りがあつて，全部，出版されるかどうか分らず，コンサートも場合によつてはものすごくつまらない日もあります．しかしとにかく，こんなことを計画し一部でも実行することに，とほうもないバカバカしさがあるので面白いのです．

諸井 前に一度，白さんと僕のうちでお話しましたね．ヨーロッパのゆううつな空気のなかに，アメリカから清新な空気が吹きこんできて，それが非常な影響……．

白 清新という言葉は絶対あてはまりますね．

諸井 これで開化して，花ざかりになつたという感じなんでしよう．

白 花ざかりとまでいつてない．残念ながら，つぼみくらいですね．

諸井 日本にも，ケージが，去年やつて来て，いろいろ聞きました．それに先だつて，一柳さんが黛さんとアメリカから帰国されて，ケージやフルックススの系統の音楽を20世紀音楽研究所の第4回現代音楽祭で紹介し，センセーションをまきおこした．この辺で，ケージと行をともにされてきた一柳さんから，少しアメリカのお話を伺いたいと思うのですが……

一柳 僕はとにかくフルックススのことは日本でやろうと思つていたのですよ．それで向うにいる時に吉田秀和さんなんかに，手紙を出したりしたわけなのですけれども，実際，帰つてみると，フルックススどころじやなくて，ケージのほうの紹介かなんかにえらく忙しくなつちやつてね．で，そつちのほうはぜんぜん手がまわらなかつた．と同時にフルックススの実体というか，姿勢にも釈然としないものがあつた．だけれど，日本にも，僕が帰つて来て，いちばん驚いたことは，ケージだとか，それからケージ以後の人，たとえばブレヒトだとかヤングみたいな存在，それからいまのフルックススのやつているようなことというのはぜんぜんないと思つていたのですよ．ところが帰つて来て，半月ばかりの間に，すぐ見つけちやつたのですけれど，芸大の楽理科の連中がすでにやつていたわけですよ．彼等はたまたま非常に似たような方向に進んでいたわけなのですが，日本には，それまでケージの楽譜も来ていないし，レコードも来てないし，もちろんケージより若い連中というのはぜんぜん紹介されてない

CHARLOTTE MOORMAN, cello

with

DAVID TUDOR, piano

and

JACOB GLICK, viola MAX NEUHAUS, percussion
JOSEPH BYRD, piano PHILIP CORNER, piano

in a program of works by

Anton Webern
Joseph Byrd
Earle Brown
Barney Childs
Philip Corner
Morton Feldman
LaMonte Young
John Cage

2 PITT STREET
(near Grand)

MONDAY, APRIL 15
8:30 pm

One dollar fifty donation

carla willyoung

PROGRAM NOTES FOR A CONCERT AT

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF ART, Friday, February 26, 1965

CHARLOTTE MOORMAN - Cellist assisted by NAM JUNE PAIK

1. ENTRANCE MUSIC - George Brecht, realized by James Tenney (Tape)

Brecht's "Entrance Music", which is due to be played before the performance, but not before the concert, is a unique tape music which begins with a single sine wave (the simplest form of a sound) and widens its spectrum very gradually in sound and ends up with the white noise, which covers all the audible frequency range, that is - 20 c/s - - 20,000 c/s.

2. 26' 1.1499" For A String Player - John Cage, Cello Solo with chains, tape, whistle, balloon, etc.

John Cage indicates in his graphic notation a line for each of the four cello strings plus an additional line which is an interpretive atmosphere instantly supplied by the performer. The cello which is usually thought of as a lyrical string instrument becomes also a percussive instrument and a creator of sound effects as well. The notation is in space, the amount equalling a second given at the top of the page. Vibrato, conventional symbols for up and down bowing, harmonics, arco, 4 types of pizz are all indicated graphically. The additional line on the graph is devoted to noises on the box, sounds other than those produced on the strings, and sounds from entirely other sources.

You will hear a cymbal, garbage can top, guero, contact mike, sand, chains, shoes with sand paper glued to the soles, aluminum sheets, pie pans, hammer, drum sticks, snare drum brush, rubber band, glass chimes, wood chimes, balloons, straight pin, oriental bells, cow bells, antique cymbals, wood block, sleigh bells, beer cans, door bells, door chimes, door buzzer, pistol, light bulbs, waste basket filled with bricks, whistles: police whistle, gym whistle, toy whistle, halloween whistle and siren whistle; animal calls: duck call, crow call, squirrel call, and predator call; tape recorders, mixer, amplifiers, speakers, taped sounds (Queen Mary departure blast, Big Ben chimes, ocean waves, cat in heat, tug boat, wasps, and a bomb exploding); fire engine siren and a plate of glass (which is broken during performance) ETC - plus many new cello sounds all of which Miss Moorman plays in tandem.

(MORE)

3. SYNERGY - Earle Brown, Cello Solo & 2 prerecorded cello realizations

In "Synergy" the composer, Earle Brown, has opened up a vast new world for the performer. His own words, "the function of non-control and the finding of aspects of the work within the process of making the work", best describe this composition. The non-specific note symbols suggest sound rather than concrete performance requirements thus enabling the performer to explore all the many possibilities that the cello is and might be able to play.

The 34 notes are to be performed in any direction from any point in the defined space. . tempo - as fast as possible to as slow as possible. . . inconclusive. Attacks may be interpreted as completely separated by infinite space; collectively in blocks of any shape and defined exactly within that space; lines and spaces may be thought of as tracks moving in either direction. . . . this indicates the theoretical possibility of all the attacks occurring at the same instant or any other expression of simultaneity. Clef signs to be considered floating - performer must set this all in motion, which is to say, realize that it is in motion and steps into it. Either sit and let it move or move through it at all speeds. The form is open in that it is never the same twice and is the result of the spontaneity at the moment of performance.

This performance of "Synergy" was a superposition of three separate realizations - Miss Moorman playes one live realization with two prerecorded realizations.

INTERMISSION

4. PER ARCO - Giuseppi Chiari, Tape of War noises & Reaction with Cello to these noises

The second half opens with "Per Arco" by Giuseppi Chiari, a representative of the gestural school which deals with visual and oral elements and concrete events.

The composition opens with 5' tape of noises of war. Then there is 1' 40" of silence in which,

"The executant lays his hands on the cello as if they rested on some object, forgetting every position and motion of playing.

The hands are inert

Finger and pulse are relaxed as if the man had no thoughts of using them & his mind were occupied in other thoughts.

The executant must enter into a state of inertia.

(MORE)

But not of resignation or indifference. Hidden in him there is nervous force.

The fact that he has previously suffered has disheartened him but he is conscious of having judged it negatively.

And even suffering from complete lack of will he endeavors to gain a minimum - a monent - of strength in order to express this negative judgement

He no longer believes in sound

He does not remember the taut positions of an instrumentalist.

He is a man who, after a destruction, finds himself with two objects. Cello & bow - survivors like him - and touches them almost unconsciously. "

Miss Moorman reacts to the noises with her cello and bow by stroking her strings and rubbing the cello. She seizes her bow, it wavers and is put down (without playing a note). Suddenly both hands fly over the cello and fall disconsolately on the sides. In a sudden violent outburst of chaotic sounds of knocking, she throws her bow on the cello and crushes it on the strings and sides of her instrument in complete disarticulation. Her hands rub, touch, grope over the whole cello and pegs, ending with both hands stretched out on the cello top. After a long pause, she picks up the bow again, moves the instrument with a jerk, drops the bow, and with great tension clutches the strings in her fist only to drop them. The forearm rests on the fingerboard and drags down as if too heavy.

5. PLUS-MINUS - by Karlheinz Stockhausen, realized by Nam June Paik
Cello Solo

This composition shows Stockhausen's recent struggle to confront the American artistic tendency (contribution) of freedom, indeterminism, ambiguity, etc., without losing European spiritual tradition. He achieved in this "Plus-Minus", a highly complicated "spiel" (play) of intellect which neighbors on the esoteric coincidence of mathematics and phantasy as is often seen in middle age mystics. The Music Graph of "Plus-Minus" can demand a unique place in its integrity and originality in todays music graphic rush-hours. NAM JUNE PAIK realized Stockhausen's complicated geometrical symbols into a composition for cello. His realization for Miss Moorman resulted in pizzacatos and glissandos of every vanity and velocity.

(MORE)

6. DUET II - by Toshi Ichiyanagi , Cello and Piano

The next composition "Duet II" by the leading young Japanese composer, Toshi Ichiyanagi will be performed by CHARLOTTE MOORMAN, Cello, and NAM JUNE PAIK, Piano. Its graphic notation allowed the performers much freedom in duration, rhythm and dynamics; and restricts only their pitches (low, middle, high) and the type of sound or noise they produce. The choice of sound or noise by the pianist dictates the type to be played by the cellist - if the pianist plays a sound on the keyboard, the cellist plays a traditional cello sound and if the pianist plays a sound/noise on the frame, or on the inside of the piano, the cellist produces a sound/ noise on the body of the cello; other than a traditional sound. Thus, following the composor's instructions, Miss Moorman and Mr. Paik play every kind of beautiful and grotesque sound.

7. VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY SAINT SAENS, by Nam June Paik (Cello Solo)

8. EXIT MUSIC - Brecht-Tenney (Tape)

"Exit Music" is The Reversed Process of "Entrance Music", said Dick Higgins in his Postface about George Brecht. "For hours in class he would talk with Cage about the need for spiritual virtuosity and abdication from technical virtuosity, both of which were very attractive to Cage. Brecht picked up from Cage an understanding of his love of complete anonymity, simplicity, and non-involvement with what he does."

Charlotte Moorman, Cellist

Charlotte Moorman, born in Little Rock, Arkansas, began to study the cello at the age of 10. She received a Bachelor of Music and a Master of Music degree majoring in cello and came to the East to study with Leonard Rose at Meadowmount and Juilliard Schools of Music. She also studied cello with Horace Britt and Luigi Silva and chamber music with Horace Britt, Claus Adam, and Lillian Fuchs.

Miss Moorman, a foremost interpreter of Avant Garde Music, has won critical acclaim for her premieres of works by John Cage, Earle Brown, Virgil Thomson and Karlheinz Stockhausen. In recent years her New Music recitals include performances in Town Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall, Judson Hall, New School, on WBAI FM, WNEW TV, NBC TV and on a 20th Century Fox International News Short. For her pioneer work in performing new works, Edgard Varese calls her "Jean d'Arc of New Music."

Miss Moorman also plays under Leopold Stokowski in his American Symphony Orchestra and is a member of the Boccherini Players.

This Spring she has been invited to appear as cello soloist in Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Germany playing modern music.

Siebte Soiree

CHARLOTTE MOORMAN, CELLO

NAM JUNE PAIK, PIANO

Berlin

14. UND 15. JUNI 1965

GALERIE RENÉ BLOCK

PROGRAMM

Dienstag, 15. Juni 1965, 21.00 Uhr

Counting Song	Williams
Violin Solo	Paik
Per Arco	Chiari
December 52	Brown
Intermission:	
Touch poem	Ono
26' 1.1499" for a string player	Cage
Simple	Paik
Intermission:	
Touch poem	Ono
China town (Uraufführung)	Vostell
Solo with	Corner
A piece of Sari Dienes	Mac Low
Illuminations from "Fantastic Gardens 64"	Goldstein
Lullaby of Karl May	Rot
Cello sonata I	Paik

FEBRUAR 1967 · Nr. 2

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JUGEND unter dem Wort

SCHLECHTE ZEITEN FÜR ALTE ZÖPFE

permarkts mit ihren unüberschaubaren Reihen von Lebensmitteln, Geräten und Haushaltsgegenständen. 4. Zeichen und Beschilderungen, die uns umgeben, Verkehrsschilder, Fahrpläne, Geldscheine, Aufklebezettel, Nummern auf Bahnhöfen usw., die uns tagtäglich in die Augen springen. 5. Ebenso unerschöpflich ist das Thema der Modellwohnung, wie sie in den Schaufenstern billiger Möbellager zu finden ist.

Diese von der Pop-Art gezeigten Bilder sind die krasse Wirklichkeit der Konsumgüter, von denen wir umstellt, bedrängt und unterdrückt werden. Es zeigt das ganze Ausmaß einer Gleichschaltung des Lebens in der Massengesellschaft. POP macht sie bewußt. Der Pop-Künstler bespöttelt oder ironisiert diese Herrschaft der Konsumgüterindustrie, oder er gibt sich leicht romantischen Erinnerungen hin an andere Zeiten oder beharrt darauf, ein Teil der Masse zu sein. So sagt der bekannte amerikanische Pop-Künstler Andy Warhol: „Ich glaube, daß jeder eine Maschine sein sollte. Ich glaube, daß jedermann wie jedermann handeln sollte. Darum geht es der Pop-Art. Es bedeutet, die Dinge zu mögen, und das ist wie eine Maschine sein, weil man jedesmal dasselbe tut. Man tut es immer wieder. Jedermann sieht gleich aus und handelt gleich, und wir machen immer weitere Fortschritte auf diesem Weg. Die am meisten von Individualität reden, sind eben diejenigen, die am meisten gegen Abweichungen protestieren. In ein paar Jahren mag es umgekehrt sein. Eines Tages wird jeder einfach das denken, was er denken möchte, und dann wird wahrscheinlich jeder Mensch dasselbe denken. Dies scheint es mir zu sein, was kommen wird."

Die Bedeutung der Pop-Art liegt nicht nur darin, daß sie uns die Möglichkeit sehen läßt: Eine von uns selbst geschaffene Flasche Coca-Cola und alles, was sich damit verbindet, könnte um vieles mehr geheimnisvoll sein, als wir dachten. Oder auch, daß die Werbung auf ihre Weise ebenso großartig und nachhaltig die Vorstellungskraft und den Sehnsuchtstraum nach einem Autotyp wecken kann, wie die Kirche einst das Wunschbild Gottes bildete.

Die eigentliche Bedeutung der Pop-Art liegt wohl darin, daß sie die Kunst erneuert. Sie hat uns veranlaßt, unsere Vorstellungen zu überprüfen, was Kunst eigentlich sein sollte. Sie hat Unruhe gestiftet darüber, was Kunst alles sein kann. Und Allan Kaprow sagte dazu: „Kunst kann all das sein, was zu hassen uns beigebracht worden ist."

RUTH KADALIE

Zunächst einmal: Happening ist eine Summe von Geschehnissen, die einfach zustande kommen.

Künstler handeln. Wie und womit? Mit allem Erdenkbaren und Unmöglichem. Rohes Fleisch wird mit Nadeln bespickt, Wasser von Eimer zu Eimer gegossen, bis es verdunstet oder verschüttet ist. Eine weiße Leinwand wird mit toten Fischen, Hühnerleber und Lunge behängt, Gegenstände mit Farbe besprüht, Glas zerbrochen, ein Klavier mit Steinen zertrümmert, auf Waschmaschinen werden Blinklichter montiert, eine Schaukel, mit Blumen bekränzt, in quietschende Bewegung versetzt. Gardinen werden in immer dünnere Streifen zerrissen, bis der Raum mit spinnwebeartigen Fäden bedeckt ist, mehrere Staubsauger im Wechsel an- und abgestellt.

Ein Mädchen, eingehüllt in eine übergroße Plastiktüte, spielt Cello. In einer Ecke sitzt jemand, den Kopf mit einer Aktentasche bedeckt, während neben ihm ein anderer sein Gesicht mit Tomatenmark bestreicht. Eindrücke, die ich aus einem Happening mitnahm. Ereignisse, die sich in mehreren Räumen zur selben Zeit abspielten.

Was soll das? Ist Happening ein Karneval oder Kunst? Ist es ein Gewirr von Geräuschen, Farben und Rhythmen? Eine Anhäufung von Widersinnigkeiten und Zumutungen, die nur absurd sind, nichts weiter? Ein solches Urteil wäre vorschnell, wohl zu vereinfacht, um den Künstlern in allen Ländern der Welt, die Happenings machen, gerecht zu werden.

Also, was wollt ihr denn mit euren Happenings? „Die Vernichtung der herkömmlichen Form als Verständigungsmittel", sagen sie. Und weiter: „Wertloses Geschehen zu bewerten, um dadurch versteckte und unerwartete Ergebnisse herbeizuführen." Nichts ist unmöglich, und mit dem Unmöglichen dringen sie in den Bereich der spontanen Handlung vor. Es ist eine Flucht in die Wirklichkeit hinein.

Sie selbst wird zu einem Mittel künstlerischer Erkenntnisse.

Deshalb werden auch die Bereiche der Dingwelt bei einem Happening miteinander zugehörig, ausgetauscht oder in eins verschmolzen. Alle sind Zeichen des Daseins, neue Möglichkeiten, die bislang nicht vorstellbar waren.

Halten wir demnach fest: Ein Wesensmerkmal des Happening ist die Auflösung überlieferter Formbegriffe. Über viele Jahrhunderte hinweg wurde in der Kunst die Form als etwas Standhaftes gesehen. Zu jeder Zeit haben die Künstler nach einer Festigung der Form gesucht. Es war der einzige Weg, ihren Werken Dauerhaftes zu geben. Der Maler nahm Ölfarbe, der Bildhauer benutzte Marmor oder Bronze und der Komponist schrieb seine Musik in Noten nieder. Aber der geschichtliche Ablauf der Zeit hat gezeigt, daß Beständigkeit nur eine Vorspiegelung falscher Tatsachen ist.

Das Material eines Kunstwerkes ist empfindlich. Bilder dunkeln nach, Marmor wird gelb, Musikinstrumente sind nicht immer gleich gestimmt. Aber auch die Art und Weise, wie die Menschen Kunstwerke betrachten, hat sich im Laufe der verschiedenen Zeitepochen geändert.

Eine griechische Statue wird mit anderen Augen gesehen als ein Bild der Romantik und die Musik nicht nur anders gehört, sondern auch die Musiker deuten und spielen sie jeweils anders.

Die Auffassung, daß eine einmal gegebene Form unveränderlich sei, schien nunmehr falsch zu sein.

Deshalb begannen die Künstler nach Möglichkeiten zu suchen, die Grenzen der Form zu überschreiten. Wie ging das vor sich?

Die Maler versuchten zuerst Bilder zu schaffen, deren „Form" zufällig oder wenigstens nicht in Einzelheiten im voraus zu berechnen war. Sie bespritzten eine Leinwand mit Farbe, sie malten mit geschlossenen Augen, sie tauchten ihre Hände in Farbe und ließen sie in willkürlichen Bewegungen über die Leinwand streichen, sie versenkten die Körper von Tieren in Farbtöpfe und ließen sie sich dann über die Leinwand wälzen. Die Bildhauer suchten nach einer befriedigenden Lösung, indem sie die Kinetik schufen, vorzugsweise Werke aus Metall, geformt aus lose miteinander verbundenen Einzelteilen und in einer Weise aufgegliedert, daß sie durch einen Luftzug oder eine sonstige Berührung ihre Gestalt zu ändern vermochten. In der Musik war eine ähnliche Bewegung im Gange.

Die Verneinung der stabilen, beharrenden Form führt dann unweigerlich dazu, die Welt etwa

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Die Leinwand und die toten Fische

Was ist Happening?

wie ein Bilderrätsel auszulegen. Und damit sind wir bei der Rolle des Publikums. Zum ersten Mal in der Geschichte der Künste wird der Zuschauer ein aktiv Ausführender. Er trägt jetzt die Mitverantwortung für das Kunstwerk. Wieder wurde hier eine Grenze überschritten und bietet ungeahnte Möglichkeiten an. In der Malerei wurde der Versuch unternommen – so in Barcelona 1962 – eine Décollage auszustellen. An das Publikum erging die Einladung, darauf zu schreiben, zu kratzen, zu radieren oder zu malen. Einige Sätze standen dann da: „Es lebe meine Tante", oder „Nach mir die Sintflut" oder „Dies ist das ausdrucksvollste Bild der ganzen Ausstellung. Das Gericht, das so etwas erlaubt, müßte eingesperrt werden und der Künstler erhängt."

Am letzten Tag der Ausstellung nahm ein Besucher einen Pinsel und übermalte das ganze Bild mit schwarzer Farbe. Das war das Ende. Ein Ergebnis mit einem einmaligen Symbolgehalt. Das Werk hatte sich völlig verändert, weil mehrere Personen daran beteiligt waren.

Und gerade das ist ein anderes Wesensmerkmal des Happening.

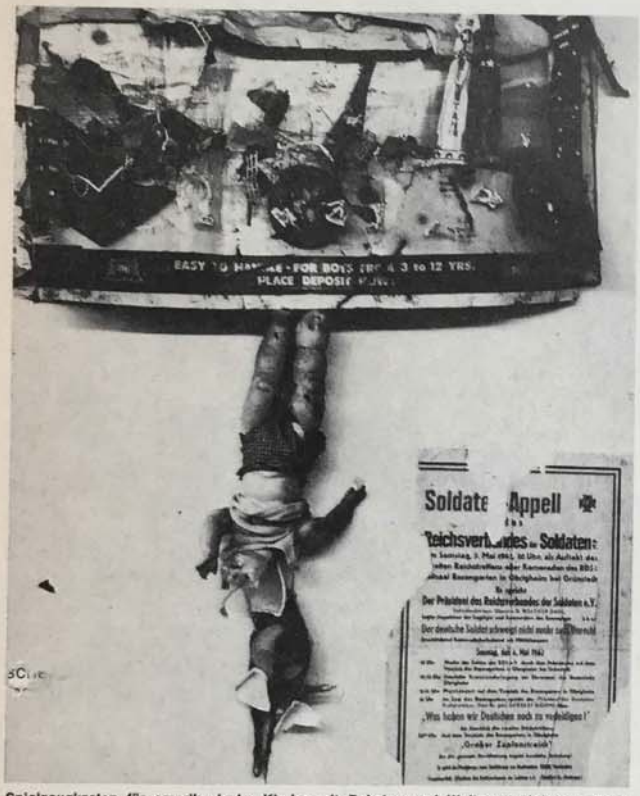
Der in Köln lebende Wolf Vostell, neben dem amerikanischen Hochschuldozenten Allan Kaprow und Lebel in Paris, der international anerkannte Meister des Happening, sagte einmal:

„Meine Happenings sind Ideen, die vom Publikum gelebt werden müssen" oder „Jedes Happening ist die Summe von Ja-Nein-Entscheidungen, auch für den Zuschauer."

Charlotte Moorman mit ihrem Cello

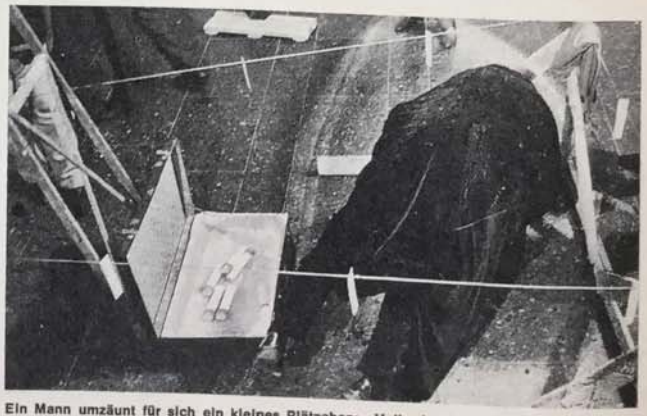
Narrheiten und groteske Einfälle sind fast allen Happenisten zu eigen. Ob sie nun ein Happening in Düsseldorf, Wiesbaden, Kopenhagen, Paris oder New York veranstalten. Wenn einer von ihnen Gedichte nur im Kopfstand vorträgt, so scheint dieses Sich-auf-den-Kopf-Stellen eines ihrer Prinzipien überhaupt zu sein. Wenn ein anderer, auf der ersten Versammlung dieser Art in Köln 1961, sich eine Tüte mit Mehl über den Kopf stülpt, anschließend in eine Wanne mit Wasser plumpst und dann klitschenaß das „Gebet einer Jungfrau" spielte, so schien das einer jener Verrückheiten, die man auf einem Happening immer wieder antrifft.

Oft hört man auch die landläufige Meinung, Décollage sei eine Lebensauffassung der Zerstörung. Doch der Papst des Happenings, Wolf Vostell, sagt dazu: „Die so denken, reden beispielsweise nicht von den täglichen Verkehrsunfällen (täglich sterben 1000 Menschen in der Welt den Verkehrstod), Flugzeugabstürzen und Naturkatastrophen. Ohne daß der Mensch es will, stellen sie die Zerstörung dar. Diese Ereignisse zu vermehren, wäre allerdings sinnlos. Vielmehr interessiert mich die Aufklärung des Publikums durch das Prinzip der Décollage; nämlich die Zumutbarkeiten und Absurditäten ins Gespräch zu bringen, indem tägliche Vorgänge aus ihrem Zusammenhang genommen und dadurch neue Verhaltensweisen hergestellt werden, die das Publikum zum Nachdenken (und zu Schocks, die später wirken), zum Reagieren bringen. Die Erscheinungen der uns bescherten Aktionen und Ereignisse die wir um uns haben, zwingen uns zu einer Stellungnahme. Der Widerspruch besteht darin, daß wir einen Gegenstand, beispielsweise das Auto, als angenehm und brauchbar empfinden, zwei Sekunden später jedoch das Gegenteil erleben, nämlich die Unbrauchbarkeit und Unannehmlichkeiten, die sich wie Kettenreaktionen auf andere tägliche Handlungen ausdehnen. Daraus folgernd sehe ich im Auto nicht nur das schöne Fortbewegungsmittel, sondern ich sehe im Auto den Unfall mit vorbeifahren. In meinen Verwischungen und Happenings ist dieser Bestandteil wichtig. Erst so kann sich der Mensch von der Idee Auto einen Begriff machen; im Gegensatz zur Schönmalerei oder zum schöngeistigen Theater, das beides dem Publikum die wahren und wirklichen Seiten



Spielzeugkasten für amerikanische Kinder mit Raketen und Weltraumspielzeug, daran aufgehängt (neben einem Aufruf des Reichsverbandes der Soldaten e. V.) eine Puppe mit zerbrochenem Kopf.

BILD-Zeitung von diesem Tag wird in drei Starmixern gemahlen, mit Eau de Cologne, schwarzem Pfeffer und Blumensamen (Marke: Morning Glory). Alsdann wird die gemixte Zeitung auf die Blumenbeete zwischen dem Publikum ausgegossen.



Ein Mann umzäunt für sich ein kleines Plätzchen: „Volk ohne Raum" oder Abkapselung nach außen?

eines Gegenstandes vorenthält. Im Happening dagegen ist alles ursprüngliches Geschehen, es gibt nichts, was dem Publikum vorenthalten würde.

Hier liegt ein anderes Wesensmerkmal des Happening, der Versuch, der Wirklichkeit mit ihren eigenen Mitteln zu Leibe zu rücken. Und dies auf eine richtungweisende Zukunft der Kunst übertragen, würde vielleicht bedeuten, wie es Allan Kaprow, ein bedeutender Happenist, ausgedrückt hat: „Die Handlungen Gottes, menschliches Tun und menschliche Kunstwerke sind für mich bei weitem mehr etwas Zusammenbringendes als etwas Getrenntes. Kunst von diesen anderen Bereichen unseres Lebens gemäß einer einengenden Vorschrift von Reinheit oder Schönheit zu trennen, bedeutet die Verfälschung der Wahrheit der Kunst. Es macht uns unfähig, empfindsam auf etwas zu reagieren, das nicht eindeutig als Kunstwerk eingestuft ist. Wie ich es sehe, wird ein Kunstwerk künftig ein Handschlag sein zwischen dem Künstler und der Natur – zumindest in irgendeinem seiner Teile."

Happening auf einem Autofriedhof: vor ausgeschlachteten Autos ein altes Bettgestell mit zerrissenem Inlett. Mit Sturzhelm und Schlechtwetterbekleidung der „Held des Tages", der rücksichtslose Verkehrsteilnehmer.

In der Mitte: Ernest Martin

Interview mit Ernest Martin

Frage: Mr. Martin, Sie sind ein junger und sehr begabter Regisseur. Das sagen die amerikanischen und deutschen Theaterkritiker, die Ihre Inszenierungen gesehen haben. Außerdem ist bekannt, daß Sie am liebsten mit jungen Menschen arbeiten, die sich in Laienschauspielgruppen zusammenfinden. Warum?

Antwort: Die besondere Art von Theaterarbeit, die ich mache, ließe sich nur schwer an einem richtigen Theater verwirklichen. Vor allem hätte ich es mit Berufsschauspielern zu tun, die ihrer Ausbildung nach auf etwas ganz anderes ausgerichtet sind, als was ich ihnen abverlangen müßte. Laienschauspieler dagegen verfügen meist über keine Schauspieltechnik. Deshalb haben sie auch keine vorgefaßten Meinungen und Urteile, an die sie sich halten, „weil sie es so gelernt haben" oder „weil es immer so und nicht anders gemacht wird". Meine Laienspieler sind also nicht belastet mit den traditionellen Regeln der Schauspielkunst. Bei ihnen habe ich deswegen eine weitaus bessere Chance, daß sie neuen Theaterideen gegenüber aufgeschlossener und aufnahmebereiter sind als Berufsschauspieler.

Frage: Welche Auffassung haben Sie vom Theater? Oder anders gefragt: Welches Theater machen Sie?

Antwort: Die Antwort darauf ist nicht ganz leicht in einer Kurzfassung zu geben. Ich will es versuchen, wenn Sie mir gestatten, auch das „Warum" zu erklären. Schau'n Sie, ich arbeite mit „Erfahrungen", und ich sehe sie als ein totales Ganzes. Unzählig viele Dinge ereignen sich zur selben Zeit. Zum Beispiel jetzt gerade, ich spreche mit Ihnen, während ich dabei rauche, überlege ich mir, wie ich den nächsten Satz am besten formulieren kann. Und wiederum bin ich mir in demselben Augenblick bewußt, daß die Stühle, auf denen wir uns gegenübersitzen, hart und unbequem sind. All diese verschiedenen Erfahrungen mache ich in ein und demselben Zeitraum. Verstehen Sie?

Frage: Ja, schon, aber was hat das mit Theater zu tun, insbesondere mit der Art Theater, die Sie machen?

Antwort: Bei meinen Inszenierungen ist es ebenso. Zahlreiche Handlungen von sehr unterschiedlicher Bedeutung und Wichtigkeit finden statt. Das klassische Theater ist da anders. Sein Prinzip beruht nach Aristoteles darauf, daß z. B. das Drama nur e i n e Handlung haben soll, die sich an e i n e m Ort und in e i n e m Zeitraum ereignet. Nun hat sich das Theater schon um einiges von dieser Forderung fortentwickelt. Das wird klar, wenn ich folgendes frage: Muß das Drama eine Geschichte erzählen? Muß es unbedingt zu einem Höhepunkt kommen? Könnte Theater nicht unabhängig von der sogenannten Guckkastenbühne existieren? Muß uns ein Schauspieler notwendigerweise davon überzeugen, daß er jemand anderen darstellt, als er selber ist? Die Nachwirkungen der drei berühmten Einheiten der Handlung, des Ortes und der Zeit von Aristoteles ebenso wie die noch stark traditionell geprägten Formen des gegenwärtigen Theaters neigen dazu, das Theater statisch zu machen, es in einem Zustand der Beharrung zu belassen.

Frage: Ich möchte Ihnen da keineswegs widersprechen, aber was ist mit Shakespeare? Enthalten seine Dramen nicht sehr dynamische Elemente?

Antwort: Oh, doch, Shakespeare ist ohne Zweifel ein sehr dynamischer Dramenschreiber gewesen. Aber seine Auffassung von Dynamik stammte aus dem Elisabethanischen Zeitalter. Ich aber lebe in der Gegenwart, hier und jetzt, und fühle mich deshalb verpflichtet, die dynamischen Kräfte unseres Zeitalters freizulegen. Die Zeit, in der wir leben, ist völlig anders als die Jahrhunderte vor uns. Deshalb sind auch die herkömmlichen Theatermethoden nicht dazu geeignet, unsere Wirklichkeit zu zeigen.

Frage: Und wie sind Ihre Methoden? Wie sieht das Theater aus, das Sie machen?

Antwort: Wie gesagt: Ich versuche die dynamischen Kräfte unserer Zeit einzufangen. Auf meiner Bühne sehen sie im gleichen Zeitraum zahlreiche Handlungen stattfinden, die keine Beziehung zueinander haben. Es gibt bei mir keine Geschichte, keinen einheitlichen Handlungsablauf mit dem berühmten „roten Faden", der sich durch das ganze Stück hinzieht. Ich versuche Eindrücke zu vermitteln oder auch Gegenwirkungen herauszufordern. Ein Kinofilm oder ein Fernsehprogramm können in einer Szene gezeigt werden, unter Umständen wird auch auf gut Glück das Radio angedreht. Die Wirkung soll nicht eine logische Verbindung der jeweiligen Handlung darstellen, sondern ein Vielerlei an Eindrücken, eine Art Bühnen-Collage. Einige Schauspieler sitzen möglicherweise unter den Zuschauern und müssen ihre Rollen da spielen, so daß die Zuschauer oft nicht wissen, ob sie nicht selber zu einem Teil der Vorgänge gehören. Bei unseren Aufführungen ist keiner sicher, wer wer ist.

Frage: Wenn ich Sie richtig verstanden habe, gehören Sie zu jenem Kreis junger Regisseure, deren prominenter Vertreter Peter Brook ist, der erst kürzlich die englische Theaterwelt mit seiner Inszenierung von „US" schockierte?

Antwort: Ja, diesem Kreis fühle ich mich zugehörig. Peter Brook ist einer der hervorragendsten Vertreter des „totalen Theaters". Das Stück „US" handelt vom Krieg in Vietnam und wurde von Mr. Brooks Ensemble selber entwickelt und geschrieben. Die Zuschauer waren schockiert, weil hier die Brutalität dieses Krieges und überhaupt aller Kriege ohne Umschweife bis zum letzten gezeigt wurde.

Frage: Nun sagte Peter Brook einmal, und ich glaube, diese Auffassung vertreten Sie auch, daß das Theater eine ganz bestimmte gesellschaftliche Funktion habe, nämlich den Zuschauer aufzustören. Was wollen Sie damit bezwecken?

Antwort: Wir möchten erreichen, daß das Theater dem Zuschauer eine „Total Experience" vermittelt. Wie kann man das am besten ins Deutsche übersetzen? Eine vollständige, umfassende Erfahrung, ein totales Erlebnis. Wenn man nach einer Theateraufführung etwas mitnimmt, was einen nachdenklich stimmt oder zum

THE REMAINDER OF THIS PUBLICATION HAS NOT BEEN SCANNED.

May 5, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

Price 60 cents

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Action—A play by Sam Shepard, together with his "Killer's Head," a short monologue. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

All God's Chillun Got Wings—O'Neill's first essay in family revelation, disguised as a play about a black man who falls obsessively in love with a white woman. With Trish Van Devere and Robert Christian, and directed by George C. Scott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

All Over Town—A failed farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue—Bette Midler is more volcanic than clamlike, and a good thing, too. A superstar in the making. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)

The Constant Wife—Ingrid Bergman can do no wrong, but Maugham's old drawing-room comedy is wrong for her, and so is most of the cast with whom she is surrounded. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 301-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A two-week return engagement of André Gregory's production of the Beckett play. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-6156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ghosts and **The Measures Taken**—The Ibsen play, translated by Rolf Fjelde: Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ The Brecht play, translated by Eric Bentley: Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Goodtime Charley—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking make this musical oddity about the Dauphin and Joan of Arc worth giving half your attention to. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce's Dubliners—A play by J. W. Riordan, taken from Joyce's early writings and Stanislaus Joyce's biography, "My Brother's Keeper." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

Little Black Sheep—A comedy by Anthony Scully, with Ken Howard. Edward Payson Call directed. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews through Tuesday, May 6. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 7. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Matter of Time—A pitiful little musical about Heaven and Hell and the likes of that. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Misanthrope—A strange rendering of Molière's great play, with Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg pretending to be Parisians of the nineteen-sixties. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 605-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Past Is the Past and **The Breakout**—A double bill of one-act plays by black playwrights, the first by Richard Wesley and the second by OyamO. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Monday

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PROFILES

VIDEO VISIONARY

THE video-art movement, which has been in high gear for more than three years now, can have come as a surprise to practically no one. Most of the people who are trying to turn the cathode-ray tube into an art medium belong to the under-thirty, or TV, generation—which means, according to current estimates, that each of them has spent, on the average, about fifteen thousand hours watching television. Television has been their landscape, in a way, and it would appear inevitable that they should want to make use of it. Until quite recently, the huge costs of working with television equipment made it all but impossible for anyone outside the commercial-TV studios to tap into the medium, but with the marketing in the mid-sixties of relatively inexpensive, portable videotape recorders the territory suddenly opened up, and the artists, who had been toeing the line in anticipation, lit out for the new electronic frontier.

More than a dozen New York art galleries are currently handling "personal" videotapes by artists. Leo Castelli's downtown gallery, at 420 West Broadway, which last season merged its video and film operations with the Sonnabend Gallery, in the same building, shows and distributes videotapes by twenty-four artists, while Howard Wise, who gave up his Fifty-seventh Street gallery in 1970 to concentrate on helping video art get started, handles the distribution of work by thirty-eight more, through his Electronic Arts Intermix. Artists' videotapes, most of which are available on cassettes that can be viewed on special monitor-receivers equipped for the purpose, are leased, as a rule, to museums and to university and college art departments, but requests also come in from high schools and community groups throughout the country, and there are even a few early-bird private collectors who buy them outright. Publications with names like *Radical Software* have sprung up, devoted to the "alternative TV" movement. The Museum of Modern Art's Open Circuits conference on video art in January of 1974 drew participants from as far away as Argentina and Japan, and both the Modern and the Whitney Museums now include videotapes in their over-all program. Concurrently with the action in galleries and museums, moreover, three of the most active public-television stations in the country—WGBH, in Boston, KQED, in San Francisco, and WNET, in New York—have established experimental workshops where artists are invited to work with the complex and sophisticated hardware of broadcast TV. The results might startle regular viewers of the "Lawrence Welk Show," but they have met with generally encouraging reactions from the critics, and funding for the workshops—largely by the Rockefeller Foundation—seems reasonably well assured. In the wings, meanwhile, lies the glittering and often delayed promise of cable television, or CATV: the promise of as many as sixty new channels, with hundreds of thousands of viewing hours to be filled somehow—a vast empty canvas not yet smeared and scumbled over by the Sponsor. As far back as 1965, Nam June Paik saw it as a "historical necessity" that "someday artists will work with capacitors, resistors, and semiconductors as they work today with brushes, violins, and junk."

Nam June Paik

Nam June Paik is slightly embarrassed about being known as the George Washington of video art. A smallish, rather self-effacing Korean whose English is still, after ten years in this country, so nearly impervious to the definite and indefinite articles that it is hard to understand him on first, or even second, meeting, he shunned the spotlight at the Museum of Modern Art's Open Circuits conference, which took its title from a statement he had published in 1966. When Paik, with nervously oscillating eyebrows and a woollen stomach warmer, came up to the front of the room to speak, he praised other artists in the movement and then showed portions of his videotape "Global Groove." No doctrinal statements, no manifestos, no fuss. It is a fact, however, that Paik began thinking about video as an art form back in 1959, when he mentioned it in a letter to John Cage, and that his 1963 exhibition at the Galerie Parnass, in Wuppertal, Germany, was the first show of video art anywhere. This was several years before the advent of lightweight video equipment, but in those days Paik was not thinking in terms of cameras or recorders; he was thinking solely in terms of the image on the home screen. He went in through the back of the set and played around with that image, changing voltages and cycles, warping and distorting the picture and reintroducing a lot of the technical flaws that television engineers had spent years trying to eliminate. "It was Paik who saw that the way the signal is created on the monitor presented all sorts of opportunities for new images," David Loxton, the director of WNET's Television Laboratory, said recently. "That vision obviously made everyone stop and think. You could really make TV just by manipulating signals electronically, without all this insane two-thousand-dollars-a-minute business of studio production."

Many of the gallery artists now working in video are not interested in signal manipulation at all—they use the equipment simply to record activities, processes, or environments in much the same way that a movie camera would. The range of possibilities for signal manipulation is virtually limitless, how-

ever, thanks in part to an electronic device called the videosynthesizer, which Paik and a Japanese collaborator, Shuya Abe, designed and built, and signal manipulation is one of the areas that make video an infinitely more flexible medium than cinema. In the hands of Paik, Ron Hays, Ed Emshwiller, and other practitioners, the synthesizer can produce a ceaseless kaleidoscope of shapes and colors on the screen—shapes and colors unlike anything anyone has ever seen before. It can superimpose as many as seven different images; cause the features of announcers and other unsuspecting subjects to vibrate, melt, change color, and spread laterally; and generally turn the familiar screen into an electronic canvas for an artist whose brush consists of light. Watching television is not the same experience as watching a movie. Instead of seeing light reflected from a screen, the video viewer looks directly into the light source, and that is why the colors in color TV are so luminous. "Film is chemicals, TV is electronics," Paik points out. "There are something like four million phosphor dots on a twenty-one-inch color television screen every second; it is just like Seurat—you mix them in your eye. In film, you take from reality; in TV, you produce reality—real electronic color."

Psychological differences exist as well. As Marshall McLuhan has pointed out, a new medium usually begins by imitating the content of the medium that preceded it: the first automobiles looked like horse-drawn broughams; the first motion pictures were filmed stage plays. For more than thirty years, most of the dramatic entertainment on television has been little more than shrunken cinema, movies squeezed down to the dimensions and the commercially dictated time structures of the home screen, and this is one reason that even the movies made for television seem so drained of life and so blatantly artificial. The cinematic model simply won't work on the tube. But as art in our time becomes more and more a question of information, of dealing with our incredible public reality, the validity of TV as an art medium grows increasingly evident. "The big difference between film and video is that you need darkness for film and you have to stop other activities," Paik observed last spring, "but with video you can do everything and still watch—it's a continuation of your life."

The nature of the medium and the fact that videotape, which can be erased and reused, is a great deal cheaper to work with than film have lured filmmakers as well as artists to experiment with it. Shirley Clarke, who used to make film documentaries (the 1967 "Portrait of Jason," for instance, about a black male prostitute), now presides over a studio for experimental video. Ed Emshwiller, considered the finest technician among the so-called underground group of filmmakers, has been working mostly in television of late. Although it has become modish for art critics to state that the video movement has yet to produce anything resembling a major work of art, the TV reviewers have responded enthusiastically to Emshwiller's work on WNET and to Paik's "Global Groove"—a high-velocity collage of images ranging from Japanese Pepsi-Cola commercials, through tap-dancers, to views of the Living Theatre performing "Paradise Now," most of which are subjected to surreal distortions and overlaid by the light-painting techniques of the Paik-Abe videosynthesizer.

Paik himself uses the videosynthesizer less and less these days. He is pleased that others are using it, and he says, typically, that they do it much better than he does. Paik has always been far more interested in processes than in results, and at the moment, as an artist-in-residence at WNET's Television Laboratory and a consultant on television to the Rockefeller Foundation, he is concerned with a great many different processes, not all of which even involve television. But video remains the basis of his wide-ranging and somewhat visionary cast of thought. "I believe in timing," he said last spring. "Somehow, you have to be at a certain point at a certain time. You have to 'meet the time,' as they say

"Forget I'm King Henry III. I'm talking to you now as plain Henry Plantagenet."

in Chinese history. I start in 1960, first time television sets become cheap, become secondhand, like junk. I buy thirteen secondhand sets in 1962. I didn't have any preconceived idea. Nobody had put two frequencies into one place, so I just do that, horizontal and vertical, and this absolutely new thing comes out. I make mistake after mistake, and it comes out positive. That is story of my whole life."

ONE explanation for Paik's success as a video pioneer may be that he came to television by way of music. Visual artists—painters and sculptors—are accustomed to filling up space; they do not always understand how to use time, as a great many of their "performance pieces" in recent years have made painfully evident. Paik was trained as a musician, however, and, no matter what else may be said of his performance pieces and his videotapes, hardly anyone finds them tedious. "My experimental TV is not always interesting but not always uninteresting," he observed on the occasion of his 1963 show in Wuppertal. It was, he went on, "like nature, which is beautiful not because it changes beautifully but simply because it changes."

Paik's musical education, though it was thorough, took place largely on the sly. In Korea, he has explained, professional artists and musicians have no status at all. "We have expression 'man of letters,' same as here, and if a man of letters writes music or does painting, that's O.K. But professional musician is nothing." Paik's family, which was middle-class and periodically well-to-do, would not have looked with favor on his musical studies, but the family did not learn about them until it was too late. "We are really one of the most corrupted families in Korea," says Paik, who was born in Seoul in 1932. "My grandfather made first modern factory there—textiles. Then, in Depression, we became very poor. Later, we have two steel factories in North Korea, but in 1945 they become 'people's factories.' It was all luck and unluck. Sometimes I felt I was on wrong side, because I had such radical thoughts. In 1950, we were on refugee train and bombing started. We get out and I really don't know which side I am on. Then I thought, Well—enlightenment!—I will just look at everything from now on like baseball. You know, nothing serious. I became quite cynical." Paik and his family did manage to escape the country in 1950, and, because of South Korea's stringent military-conscription law, he could technically be arrested as a draft dodger if he ever returned.

The family went first to Hong Kong, where Paik's father dabbled in the ginseng-root business, and then to Tokyo. Paik, the youngest of five children, entered the University of Tokyo, took courses in philosophy and history and aesthetics, secretly studied Western music (only one course in Oriental music was being taught), and graduated in 1956 with a degree in aesthetics.

Paik's two older brothers were businessmen by then, but their father allowed Paik to go off to Germany, ostensibly to work for his doctorate in philosophy: "He liked the idea that one son gets Ph.D." Graduate work at the University of Munich and the Conservatory in Freiburg gave him a thorough grounding in music history and theory and in piano technique, although, as Paik tells it, he was so shy as a student that he never even considered the possibility of performing in public. "I was always very serious, straight-A student, but so timid that when I played in front of my teacher, Chopin or Bach, my tempo would go up and down, up and down."

What interested Paik far more than Chopin or Bach even then was the

THE BECKETT KIT

I finally found a way of using the tree.
If the man is lying down with the sheep
while the dog stands, then the wooden tree
can also stand, in the back, next to the dog.

They show their widest parts
(the dog sideways, the tree frontal)
so that being next to each other
they function as a landscape.

I tried for nearly two months to use the tree.
I tried using it by putting the man,
standing, of course, very far from the sheep
but in more or less the same plane.
At one point I had the man almost off the table
and still couldn't get the tree to work.
It was only just now I thought of a way.

I dropped the wooden sheep from a few inches
above the table so they wouldn't bounce.
Some are on their backs but they serve
the same as the ones standing.
What I can't get over is their coming right
inadvertently when I'd be content with any solution.

Ah, world, I love you with all my heart.
Outside the open window, down the street near the Hudson,
I can hear a policeman talking to another
through the car radio. It's eleven stories down
so it must be pretty loud.
The sheep, the tree, the dog, and the man
are perfectly at peace. And my peace is at peace.
Time and the earth lie down wonderfully together.

The blacks probably do rape the whites in jail
as Bill said in the coffee shop watching the game
between Oakland and Cincinnati. And no doubt
Karl was right that we should have volunteered
as victims under the bombing of Hanoi.

A guy said to Mishkin, "If you've seen all that,
how can you go on saying you're happy?"

—LINDA GREGG

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"I think that's the last of his peremptory challenges."

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music of the twentieth century. As a high-school student in Seoul, he had tried for three years to find any recording of Arnold Schoenberg's works, and finally found "Verklärte Nacht," which he had read about in *Time*. He also managed, through great diligence, to find a recording of Stravinsky's "Firebird" ("I will never forget the red label, with Stokowski conducting Philadelphia Orchestra") but not of "The Rite of Spring." "Then, when I got to Tokyo, I heard on radio some music with girl weeping, and I said, 'Oh, must be Schoenberg.' It was 'Pierrot Lunaire,' first time I hear it. Such a big event for me."

Germany in the fifties was a center of the newest developments in music, most of which had to do with electronic means of composition. Karlheinz Stockhausen, György Ligeti, Mauricio Kagel, and other avant-garde composers were working at the Studio for Electronic Music, which had been established by Radio Cologne, and one of Paik's teachers at the Conservatory in Freiburg, Wolfgang Fortner, strongly urged him to go there. He took Fortner's advice and enrolled at the University of Cologne, but for the first year there he was too shy to approach any of the other young composers. He was writing music, but not confidently. In Munich, he had composed a string quartet, which, he says, "started out Bartók, became Schoenberg, and ended Webern." While at Freiburg, he wrote a composition based on a ninth-century Korean poem, in which he included certain tape-recorded "collage" elements, such as water sounds, a baby's babbling, and snatches of Tchaikovsky. Later, he edged further into the electronic field with taped compositions of himself chanting or shouting. And at about this juncture, in 1958, he met John Cage—the event that he considers the turning point in his life.

Cage, the irrepressible American avant-gardist, whom Schoenberg once described as "not a composer but an inventor of genius," had decided by then that electronic music was "dead as a doornail." Cage had noticed that the audiences at concerts of all-electronic music invariably went to sleep. He believed that the healthier tendencies in all the arts then were moving in the direction of theatre, and he made sure that his own compositions gave audiences something to look at as well as listen to; most of these visual activities were dictated, like his music, by chance operations, and the results were often hilarious. Paik was still living in Tokyo when he first heard about Cage, and shortly afterward he had been both astounded and pleased to hear Professor Yoshio Nomura, who taught music history at the University of Tokyo, and whose special area was the Gregorian chant, name Cage's "String Quartet in Four Parts" among the ten best musical works of the twentieth century.

When Cage came to Darmstadt on a concert and lecture tour in 1958, Paik took in the performance and later went to call on the composer at his hotel. He was rather shocked to find Cage washing his shirts. It seemed to Paik that someone with Cage's attitude toward music should not waste any time on details of personal appearance; nor did Paik approve of the fact that Cage had worn a dark-blue suit and a necktie when he performed. They got along well enough in spite of this, however, and discovered that they were both engrossed just then in Mallarmé's writings on chance. Paik asked Cage whether he meant to be funny when he did things like blowing whistles or rattling eggbeaters onstage. Cage replied that he did not set out deliberately to be funny—for example, the whistles in the collage piece called "Music Walk" had simply been a means of making sounds while his hands were occupied in making other sounds—but that if something turned out to be fun-

"But they don't say plus or minus, you'll notice. You can't get more fiendish than that."

• •

ny in performance, as the whistles had, then he could accept that without difficulty. In general, he said, he preferred laughter to tears.

For Paik, all this was hugely liberating. Cage, who is not always comforted by the work of people he has inspired, tends now to belittle his influence on Paik. "I don't believe in this business of people influencing other people," he said recently. "Maybe Nam June's meeting me made it possible for him to go on and do the things he was going to do sooner or later anyway, but only because it was already in him to do them. The fact is that he took my ideas into areas where I would never have gone." In the pieces that Paik began to compose after 1958, there was often an element of violence, which was entirely foreign to anything in Cage. Paik, the timid student who could not conceive of playing the piano in public, now found it within his power to compose and perform a work called "Hommage à John Cage," in which he caused an upright piano to tip over and fall on the stage with a crash. (Stockhausen, watching from the front row, leaped up and started to lift it back up again, until he was dissuaded by Paik; they have been close friends ever since.) In "One for Violin," Paik stood facing the audience, holding by the neck a violin with both hands, which he raised slowly—so slowly that the movement was all but imperceptible; when the violin was above his head, he would bring it down (fortissimo) on a table in front of him, smashing it to smithereens. He performed these and other pieces in small galleries around Cologne and in the atelier of Mary Bauermeister, a painter friend, and later in museums and concert halls in Oslo, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. Paik also performed works by Cage and others, and he was enormously encouraged when a German music critic referred to him in print as "the world's most famous bad pianist."

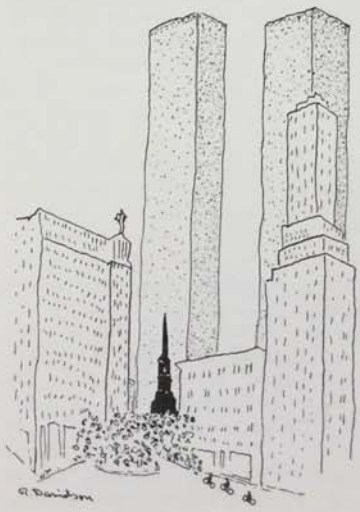
In 1960, when Cage returned to Europe for a series of lectures and performances, Paik was ready with a new piece, entitled "Étude for Pianoforte." Cage recalls its first performance vividly. "It is hard to describe why his performances are so terrifying," he said not long ago. "You get the feeling very clearly that anything can happen, even physically dangerous things." In the "Étude for Pianoforte," whose première was in Mary Bauermeister's studio, Paik played some Chopin on the piano, broke off, weeping, and got up and threw himself upon the innards of another, eviscerated piano that lay scattered about the floor, then picked up a wickedly long pair of scissors and leaped down to where Cage, the pianist David Tudor, and Karlheinz Stockhausen were sitting, in the front row. He removed Cage's suit jacket and started to slash away at his shirt with the scissors. Later, he explained that he had intended to cut off the shirttail but when he saw that Cage was not wearing an undershirt he took pity on him and decided instead to cut off his necktie at the knot. After doing so, he poured a bottle of shampoo over Cage's head and also over David Tudor's. (As Stockhausen edged nervously away, Paik shouted, "Not for you!") When the bottle was empty and both Cage and Tudor were fully lathered, Paik forced his way through the crowded room to the door and ran out. Everyone sat as though stunned, Cage recalls, for several minutes. Finally, the telephone rang; it was Paik, calling to say that the concert was over.

Performances of this sort, with their clear echoes of the Dadaist manifestations of the nineteen-twenties, had a good deal in common with the events called "happenings" which were going on in New York about this same time

in small galleries and artists' lofts. The "happenings" were in one sense an outgrowth of the process-oriented, gestural Action painting of Jackson Pollock and other artists of the New York School, and the most prominent "happeners" were visual artists, such as Claes Oldenburg, Jim Dine, Red Grooms, Robert Whitman, and Allan Kaprow (who coined the term "happening"). It was generally acknowledged, however, that the first true "happening" had been a collaborative event organized by John Cage and Merce Cunningham, the choreographer, at Black Mountain College in 1952, and Cage's influence on the whole phenomenon was strong and pervasive. A number of young New York musicians, dancers, and artists, many of whom had attended Cage's classes in experimental music at the New School (so had Kaprow himself), had also become interested in doing performance pieces that could be described as Action music, but they lacked the gallery facilities of the better-known artists and had a hard time finding performance space. Then, in 1961, George Maciunas took up their cause. Maciunas, a Lithuanian-born graphic designer who seemed to have a hand in any number of money-losing operations, was then a part owner of a Madison Avenue art gallery called the AG Gallery, and early that year he sponsored there a series of about a dozen events by Dick Higgins, Richard Maxfield, Jackson Mac Low, La Monte Young, and other friends of his. Maciunas and Mac Low also took over the design and printing of a publication called "An Anthology," edited by the composer La Monte Young, which included "scripts" for "happening"-type events by twenty-five contributors; among them was Nam June Paik, whose European performances Maciunas had heard about.

When the AG Gallery folded, in the summer of 1961, Maciunas went to Europe with the idea of founding a periodical devoted to what he considered the rapidly changing directions in all the arts. The periodical was to be called *Fluxus* (for work "in flux"), but it never got off the ground. Instead, Maciunas organized a series of Fluxus Festivals around Europe—in Wiesbaden, Copenhagen, Paris, Düsseldorf, Stockholm, Nice, and London—with a fluctuating troupe that usually included George Brecht, Ben Vautier, Tomas Schmit, Bob Watts, Emmett Williams, and various other unfettered spirits, who, along with Paik, Dick Higgins, and his wife, Alison Knowles, formed the core of the Fluxus group. Fluxus events tended to be more Dada in spirit than "happenings," which were primarily visual. La Monte Young's "Composition, 1960, #7" called for a singer and an accompanist to sound the same two notes (B and F sharp) continuously for one hour. Wolf Vostell, a blond giant from Cologne, did a piece in which he hammered toys to pieces, tried to erase pages of a magazine, broke light bulbs against a piece of glass, and then threw cake at the broken bulbs. Higgins' "Danger Music No. 3" had Alison Knowles shave Higgins' head and fling political pamphlets at the audience. The aesthetic behind all this was somewhat elusive. George Brecht tried to explain it at one point by stating that Fluxus was against the exclusiveness and élitism of art. Anything can be art and anyone can do it, Brecht wrote, and "therefore, art-amusement must be simple, amusing, unpretentious, concerned with insignificances, require no skill or countless rehearsals, have no commodity or institutional value." It could be said that Brecht was speaking only for himself, inasmuch as the Fluxus people denied that they were part of a movement, and even that they had similar ideas and goals, but the anti-art, neo-Dada bias of the members was never in much doubt.

Paik's performances differed from those of the other Fluxus people in that they were hardly ever boring, intentionally or otherwise. Everything that he did onstage was done with an excruciating and highly theatrical intensity, and there was often that sense of physical danger which had frightened Cage. Allan Kaprow described Paik as a "cultural terrorist," and Higgins went so far as to criticize his "joy in the perverse." Paik hammered nails into pianos, or attacked them with a carpenter's plane. ("People have idea that piano is very expensive, very sacred," he explained. "I was not thinking about destruction at all.") He crawled underneath the instrument and licked the dust from the pedals. He also composed works that would now qualify as Conceptual art, including a score for a symphony "to last one million years," and a long series of correspondence events that involved mailing pennies to people in various parts of the world. His return address at this point was the University for Avant-Garde Hinduism, which he had founded, and of which he was the sole member. ("I like Hinduism," Paik once said. "Is not so restricted as other religions, and they like sex, too.") Most people had trouble understanding him. He spoke five languages besides Korean, all of them badly. Something that nobody knew was that he had a studio on the outskirts of Cologne, where he and an engineer friend spent endless hours taking apart and rewiring thirteen secondhand black-and-white television sets.



TELEVISION pictures are produced by a flow of electrons moving in straight lines across the phosphor-coated surface of a cathode-ray tube. Paik and his friend interfered with this flow of electrons in a variety of ways. They altered the horizontal input to make the image stretch laterally across the screen. They used sound waves to warp the image, and they reversed the black and white controls to make negative images. Odd, distorted shapes floated unfixed through fields of electronic static. Paik hooked up one set to a microphone so that when you talked into the mike the image would jump around on the screen. It was all quite complicated electronically—nothing as simple as the blurring or tumbling effects that you get inadvertently by fiddling with the horizontal and vertical controls. Paik learned television circuitry backward and forward. "I still did not consider myself a visual artist," he has said of that period. "But I knew there was something to be done in television and nobody else was doing it, so I said why not make it my job?" If it had not been for television, Paik said, he might still be breaking up pianos.

Paik's thirteen doctored TV sets were presented to the public in the spring of 1963, at the Galerie Parnass, in Wuppertal. Nobody bought one; Paik had suspended the head of a

freshly slaughtered ox over the door to the gallery, and that attracted more attention than the electronics. Soon afterward, Paik closed his Cologne studio and went back to Tokyo. He wanted to experiment with color television, which was not available in Europe then. In Tokyo, he met a man named Hideo Uchida—an electronics wizard, who was interested in using FM radio to test for extrasensory perception. Uchida introduced Paik to a young Japanese electronics engineer, Shuya Abe, and Abe soon became Paik's principal collaborator. Together they interfered with electron flows in color sets, and Paik discovered, to his delight, that it was impossible to control the results, because each set worked a little differently. A true disciple of Cage, Paik did not want to make anything that would be a mere reflection of his own personality. What he was after was indeterminacy—the image created by chance—and he found that the behavior of electrons in a color television set was truly indeterminate. Paik and Abe also built an electronically controlled bisexual six-foot robot that walked, talked, moved its arms, and excreted white beans. In his spare moments, Paik tried to learn something about Oriental music and Oriental religion, neither of which had interested him at all until he met Cage. He spent three days in a Zen monastery near Kamakura, where he was beaten repeatedly by the head monk. "There were twenty or thirty people there, all sitting facing walls," Paik recalls. "In charge was monk with a long stick. We were not supposed to move, even if a mosquito bit. Every so often, monk would hit somebody with his stick, usually me. Why me? It made big noise but didn't really hurt. Anyway, that was slightly unhappy three days."

Paik was planning to return to Germany after his year in Tokyo, but he decided to spend six months in the United States first. America had held no interest for him before; he had once been offered a scholarship to Dartmouth, but Germany seemed to be the place for new music, and, besides, as he put it, "I knew that Dartmouth was not Yale." In 1964, though, he wanted to investigate what had struck him, from afar, as the curious "flatness" of American culture. He arrived in New York City in June, and the noise and the summer heat astonished him. "New York was as ugly as Düsseldorf," he said, "and as dirty as Paris." He was met by Dick Higgins, who took him to stay at the Broadway Central (the hotel that collapsed in 1973), where the carpet in his room was so filthy that he had to cover it with newspapers before he could sleep. Paik hated New York at first. He hated the dirt, and he also hated the glamour of the uptown art galleries and the spirit of commercialism that seemed to dominate the whole art scene. Even the New York artists seemed standoffish to him. "The key to Fluxus was that artists were killing individual egos," Paik said recently. "At least, that was how I interpreted it. But in New York artists have very big egos. I was never really anti-art, but I was anti-ego. Post-industrial society will be a kind of egoless society is what I think. Many people now are giving up acquisitiveness in terms of money and material comfort; next stage is to give up acquisitiveness in fame. Of course, Fluxus people, including myself, are vain and *do* have ego, I know that. Is very, very hard."

Within two months of his arrival, Paik made his presence felt in a typically disturbing fashion. As the centerpiece of a festival of avant-garde music at Judson Hall the festival's organizer, a twenty-four-year-old cellist named Charlotte Moorman, had scheduled five performances of Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Originale"—a theatre event in which Paik had appeared prominently when it was done in Europe. Stockhausen had told Miss Moorman that she could do the piece only on the condition that Nam June Paik's part was played by Nam June Paik, and Miss Moorman, who had never heard of Paik and was told he was in Europe, was wondering how to reach him there when Paik called her. He had arrived a few days before, had heard about the production, and would be happy to re-create his role and assist in the rehearsals. Paik's role consisted of covering his head with shaving cream and rice, slowly unrolling a long Chinese scroll, plunging his head into a pail of water, screaming, and playing the piano; for the New York production he added his electronic robot, which had come over with him from Tokyo, and which walked about the stage, waving its left arm, twirling its left breast, and playing a tape recording of President John F. Kennedy's 1961 Inaugural Address. On the fourth night, just as Paik was starting his performance, three well-dressed young men rose from the front row of the audience, came up onstage, handcuffed Paik to a metal scaffolding there, and

then disappeared out the back of the set. The audience thought that it was part of the performance. Paik made plaintive sounds, and Miss Moorman, terrified, called the police. Told by their producer that they were breaking a number of municipal ordinances (for one thing, the cast included a live chimpanzee without a leash), she called the police station back to tell the police not to bother coming, but they were already on their way. They arrived a few minutes later, freed Paik, found the perpetrators, whom nobody in the cast had ever seen before, and asked whether Paik wanted to press charges. Paik said no. A good many people in the audience thought that all this was probably part of the show, too.

The meeting between Paik and Miss Moorman was auspicious for both parties. Although they have never been romantically involved with one another—Miss Moorman is happily married, and Paik now lives with a pretty Japanese video artist named Shigeko Kubota—virtually all of Paik's performance pieces since 1964 have been written for Miss Moorman, whose indefatigable dedication to his work and to the work of other advanced composers once led Edgard Varèse to refer to her as "the Jeanne d'Arc of New Music." In her service to the new, Miss Moorman has travelled rather a long distance from her musical origins, in Little Rock, Arkansas, where she began studying the cello at the age of ten. She took her bachelor's degree in music at Centenary College, in Shreveport; went on to get her master's at the University of Texas; and proceeded to Juilliard, in New York, where she studied with Leonard Rose. She spent the preceding summer at Ivan Galamian's Meadowmount School of Music, near Elizabethtown, New York, considered the best in the world for string players. After she left Juilliard, she became a regular member of the American Symphony Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, and also of the Boccherini Players, a chamber-music group. To gain concert experience, Miss Moorman performed as a soloist with any number of lesser symphonic groups, and in 1961, during one such concert, in darkest New Jersey, while Miss Moorman was performing the Kabalevsky Cello Concerto for the thirty-fifth time in public, she caught herself wondering whether she had locked the door to her apartment and turned off the gas stove. This led her to wonder, in turn, whether a career in traditional music was precisely what she wanted.

About this time, Miss Moorman and

Yoko Ono, who had just left Sarah Lawrence College, moved into an apartment together on West End Avenue. Both of them had recently been separated from their first husbands—in Miss Moorman's case, a double-bass player who had been her college sweetheart in Texas. Yoko Ono was the daughter of a wealthy Tokyo banking family. She and her estranged husband, a Japanese music student named Toshi Ichiyanagi, had been thoroughly involved with the musical avant-garde in New York, and it was not long before Miss Moorman found herself becoming thoroughly involved with it, too. A year before, Miss Moorman had managed to arrange for the Town Hall début of the young Japanese violinist Kenji Kobayashi, a friend of Yoko's; she had done this by persuading an impresario named Norman Seaman to sponsor the event and then going around to Isamu Noguchi and other well-known Japanese Americans and persuading them to put up the money. In the fall of 1961, Miss Moorman got Seaman to sponsor a rather different sort of concert, by Yoko and her friends—a group of musicians, poets, and dancers that included La Monte Young, Philip Corner, Joseph Byrd, Jackson Mac Low, Yvonne Rainer, Jonas Mekas, Ay-o, and George Brecht. Seated on a toilet on the stage at Carnegie Recital Hall that evening, with her back to the audience, and making "non-cello sounds" on her cello, as the score indicated, Miss Moorman again had cause to wonder whether her long musical education was being properly applied. But she felt that the event was interesting somehow, and she did not think about the gas stove while she was performing. She went on to perform in other avant-garde events, and then, in 1963, without realizing what she was getting into, she put her formidable energy and persuasiveness to work organizing a one-week festival of new music, which the steely-nerved Norman Seaman again agreed to sponsor, at Judson Hall. This was the start of what has ever since been an annual New York event.

The 1963 festival was all music—or what was so described in avant-garde circles—by Cage, La Monte Young, Morton Feldman, Frederic Rzewski, and others. The dividing line between music and other forms was under heavy assault, however, and when Miss Moorman put the second festival together, in August and September of 1964, she was only too happy to broaden its scope. Stockhausen's "Originale," the main feature of that

series, was more "happening" than music, and the annual avant-garde festival has since become a catchall, accommodating just about every far-out activity that anyone involved can think up. Some people feel that Miss Moorman has found her true vocation as the organizer of these events. According to Cage, who usually vows not to take part in the festival but then succumbs to Miss Moorman's relentless urging, "Charlotte's real talent is for publicity." Miss Moorman herself takes great pride in the festival, but she believes that her work as Paik's leading interpreter is of equal importance.

Paik made Miss Moorman a star, in a sense, and she made possible a long-postponed desire of Paik's—to bring sex to music. "Sex has been a main theme in art and literature," Paik said not long ago. "Why not in music? Why should music be fifty years behind? In Cologne, I had idea for a concert where 'Moonlight' Sonata is played by woman nude. I thought it would be very beautiful to do this in Germany. But I couldn't find anyone to do it. Piano players are very middle-class, it seems. In my 'Étude for Pianoforte,' I wanted to have girl who would take off many pairs of panties. I even tried to get prostitutes, but none of them would agree." Miss Moorman had some difficulty at first with Paik's ideas, but she got over it. Soon after their meeting, he composed his "Cello Sonata No. 1 for Adults Only," which Miss Moorman performed at the New School in January of 1965. In this work, Miss Moorman, a rather small girl with a full figure and a totally serious manner of performing, starts out fully gowned and plays a few measures of the Prelude to Bach's Third Cello Suite; she stops, removes an article of clothing, and resumes playing, stops again, removes something else, and continues alternately playing and removing until she is down to nothing at all. Paik's next composition for her was "Variations on a Theme by Saint-Saëns," which had its première at the third avant-garde festival. In this one, Miss Moorman plays the first half of Saint-Saëns's "The Swan," gets up and submerges herself in an oil drum filled with water, then returns dripping wet to finish the piece. Sometimes she performs the "Variations" in an evening gown, and sometimes she wears nothing but a covering of clear plastic. Miss Moorman said recently that she enjoys performing this piece, because she is a Scorpio and her sign is water. Paik says she invariably plays much better after her immersion. Both Paik and

Miss Moorman claim that the piece is not meant to seem comic, although Paik, who laughs a lot, is inclined to laugh when discussing it. "In Korea, being artist is bad enough," Paik has said. "To be comedian is even worse."

Paik and Miss Moorman took their repertoire abroad in the summer of 1965, and presented it to variously appreciative audiences in Reykjavik, Paris, Cologne, Frankfurt, Aachen, Berlin, and Florence. The excitable Florentines rioted when Miss Moorman made her entrance in clear plastic, and the police had to be called to restore order. At the Galerie Parnass, in Wuppertal, scene of his pioneer 1963 video show, Paik and Miss Moorman teamed with Joseph Beuys, Bazon Brock, Tomas Schmit, and other European artists in a marathon event called "24 Stunden," which lasted twenty-four hours. In Berlin, they came close to being arrested for performing Paik's "Robot Opera" in front of the Brandenburg Gate. In the opera, Miss Moorman sits on the back of a crouching artist (any artist will do) and plays the cello while another artist lies on the ground at her feet with the cello's ferrule held in his mouth and Paik's robot marches to and fro. The armed guards near the Berlin Wall had not been warned ahead of time, and rifles were cocked in nervous anticipation. Miss Moorman also performed works by Cage and by Yoko Ono (one of the crowd-pleasers was Yoko Ono's "Cut Piece," in which members of the audience are invited to come up and cut sections out of Miss Moorman's dress with a pair of scissors), and she and Paik took part in a variety of events in and around Cologne. The tour was a great success, from their point of view. "The Germans love Charlotte," Paik said afterward. "They think she is what American girl ought to be."

Paik and Miss Moorman returned to New York in time for Miss Moorman to put together the 1965 annual Festival of the Avant-Garde, which was also the last to be held in Judson Hall. The management there became upset over Allan Kaprow's "Push-Pull" event, which enjoined the audience to go out and search in trash bins and vacant lots for discarded objects with which to furnish two empty rooms onstage. Once again the police appeared, largely out of curiosity to see what was going on, but the Judson Hall management did not get into the spirit of the thing.

WHEN Paik was not composing or performing, he invoked the muse of TV. He had brought over from Tokyo a number of large secondhand television sets, with which he experimented continually at a studio he had settled into, on Canal Street. Visitors to the studio, over whose entrance Dick Higgins had posted a sign reading "I AM NOT VERY ELOQUENT," had to crawl over and through a maze of exposed electrical wires, tubes, and discontinuous circuitry to find Paik. At home, he usually had on a pair of rubber boots, which were supposed to prevent his electrocution. He had also taken to wearing a woollen scarf around his middle, even in warm weather, to ward off stomach pains that several doctors had been unable to diagnose. There was no furniture to speak of. Three old R.C.A. black-and-white sets, pushed together and covered with a mattress, served as his bed. Paik had found that he could get magnificent distortions of TV pictures by using magnets and degaussing coils (devices employed in the earliest TV sets to *correct* for natural magnetic distortion). "Every night, ten million people were watching the same Johnny Carson," he recalls. "Only I was watching a different one." He experimented with video feedback, in which the camera is pointed at the receiver picking up that camera's signal and goes slightly crazy, producing unpredictable and more or less uncontrollable imagery. In 1966, he discovered the "dancing-wave pattern," a graceful, wavelike, looping image produced on a color TV screen by modulating three audio input signals. Paik's electrical engineering was not exactly elegant, but it seemed to work. Many of his connections were achieved with Scotch Tape. "For me," he once said, "Scotch Tape is *tao*."

Paik's television experiments did not pass unnoticed. He had exhibited his manipulated TVs at the New School in January of 1965—along with his "Sonata for Adults Only" and other works. One critic said the TVs reminded him of upset stomachs in commercials, but others were more impressed. Porter McCray, the director of the Asian Cultural Program of the JDR 3rd Fund, was impressed enough

to recommend a six-thousand-dollar grant to further Paik's television experiments, and Cage and Merce Cunningham invited him to project his TV imagery as part of the stage set for their "Variations V," which was performed that summer at Lincoln Center. In the fall of 1965, the Galeria Bonino, on Fifty-seventh Street, gave Paik a one-man show, largely on the recommendation of his Cologne friend Mary Bauermeister, who was then living in New York. The roomful of doctored TVs drew exceptionally large crowds for three weeks; it also drew a relatively kindly review by the *Times* art critic, John Canaday, who said the show "has unquestioned fascination and a probable potential for expansion."

A month before the Bonino show, moreover, Paik personally ushered in the new era of alternative, or underground, TV. As early as 1961, in Cologne, he had spent a good deal of time and money trying to construct a portable, lightweight television camera and videotape recorder, but without success. "I was very naïve," Paik recalls. "I thought the first man to own videotape recorder could become best painter of the age." In Tokyo two years later, he had learned that Sony was developing just the sort of equipment he had in mind. He had kept himself posted on all the latest industry advances, and the day Sony's first reasonably portable video camera-recorder reached the Liberty Music shop, in New York—it was October 4, 1965—Paik bought it, using the unspent portion of the grant from the JDR 3rd Fund. Within moments, he had begun videotaping Pope Paul's arrival at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a number of other scenes around town, which he showed that same evening to a regular Monday-night gathering of vanguard artists and filmmakers at the Café à Go-Go, in Greenwich Village.

Paik was feeling a lot better about New York. The exclusiveness of the artists, which had bothered him so much at first, he now saw as a necessary defense against the "information overload" to which everyone was constantly subjected. "I began to understand New York from the New York point of view, and I felt more at home. It's funny—coming to Istanbul once from Germany, I say to myself, 'Ah, is beginning of Asia.' And then when I go back to Tokyo in 1963 I say, 'Is beginning of America.' That kind of chaotic energy—you know?" Paik's own energy was unflagging. He toured Europe again with Miss Moorman in 1966, and they performed a gondola

version of the Saint-Saëns piece in Venice, with Miss Moorman descending into the Grand Canal and subsequently being rushed to the hospital for a typhoid shot, which they had somehow overlooked. Paik helped out faithfully with all aspects of most of the yearly avant-garde festivals—the 1966 festival took place in Central Park, and subsequent sites have included a Staten Island ferryboat, the 69th Regiment Armory, Grand Central Terminal, and, most recently, Shea Stadium. In 1967, he figured prominently in two important group shows of kinetic-and-light art at the Howard Wise Gallery. If not yet wholly egoless, he was always willing to assist others and to participate in group efforts.

The only time anyone has ever seen Paik seriously depressed was in February of 1967, when the police stopped the performance of his new "Opera Sextronique." Paik had been a little nervous about doing this piece in New York. He and Miss Moorman had performed it without incident in Aachen the preceding July, and then in January at the Philadelphia College of Art, but New York was at that time in the grip of one of its rare public-morality seizures, and the police were abnormally alert to vice. "Opera Sextronique" has four "arias," or acts. In the first, Miss Moorman, wearing a bikini consisting of small electric light bulbs, plays the cello on a darkened stage; in the second, she wears a topless evening gown, plays the cello, and puts on and takes off a succession of grotesque masks; the third aria has her nude from the waist down and clothed in a football uniform and helmet above; in the fourth, she is totally nude, playing, in lieu of her cello, a large, upright aerial bomb. The New York performance, at the Film-Maker's Cinémathèque, on West Forty-first Street, was interrupted by a police squadron at the end of the second (topless) aria, and Miss Moorman and Paik were carted off to jail. Miss Moorman retains a vivid memory of Paik sitting for his police photograph with a number hung around his neck and saying mournfully, "Oh, Charlotte, I never think it come to this."

Later that night, in jail, Paik remembers, he felt very calm—"like the last scene in Stendhal's 'Rouge et Noir,' when Julien Sorel is so much at peace," he says. "I thought that when I got kicked out of United States I would be hero in Germany. I was happy things were ending here—all this complicated life. Well, we were released on parole next day, and a guy

called from San Francisco offering us five thousand dollars to do our 'act' in a night club. We had many offers like that." They accepted none of the offers, and Paik was hard pressed to raise money for their defense. His lawyer was Ernst Rosenberger, who had represented Lenny Bruce and other prominent performers. When the case came to court, in April of 1967, Rosenberger had no difficulty persuading the court that under no law could a composer of music be arrested for obscenity, but Miss Moorman was less fortunate. Although the flower of New York's avant-garde came to testify on her behalf—and in spite of the fact that nudity was rapidly becoming the obligatory scene in the New York theatre—she was convicted on a charge of indecent exposure and given a suspended sentence.

The conviction, according to Miss Moorman, caused her grandmother in Little Rock to suffer a heart attack, and ended her own career with the American Symphony and as a musician for TV commercials, which had until then been her main means of support. Lucrative offers to repeat the "act" in Las Vegas and elsewhere only made her feel worse about it all. Paik, too, was at a low ebb. He had been receiving small amounts of money from his family in Tokyo, but now they ceased to arrive; the family, he says, "had just lost another fortune." He owed a rather large bill to Consolidated Edison, which he couldn't pay, and he was having visa problems. It was with some relief, then, that he accepted a post as artist-in-residence at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island. Allan Kaprow, who was trying to establish a sort of avant-garde institute at Stony Brook with funds from the Rockefeller Foundation, had been instrumental in getting the assistant director of the Foundation's arts program, Howard Klein, to visit Paik's studio, and Klein and his boss, Norman Lloyd, had subsequently arranged a one-year appointment to Stony Brook for Paik. Nobody bothered him there, so he spent his time doing video experiments and writing a long report on the uses of television in the "instant global university" of the future. One of his recommendations was that television stop being exclusively nationalistic. "You simply cannot escape Camus or Sartre in a bookstore," he wrote. "But do you remember seeing a production of French TV recently?" Paik has followed his own advice—his recent "Global Groove" contains excerpts from French, German, Japanese, Aus-

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trian, and African TV—and he feels strongly that if we were to see more examples of Asian TV we might not misunderstand the Asian mind as disastrously as we have done in the past. Paik's report went unnoticed at Stony Brook, but it has been reprinted many times since he left there, and is looked upon within the alternative-video movement as a prophetic document.

The Rockefeller Foundation (which has no connection with the JDR 3rd Fund) has shown a surprising interest in experimental TV. While its grants to public television have been small compared to the Ford Foundation's, Rockefeller Foundation money supports the experimental workshops at San Francisco's KQED, Boston's WGBH, and New York's WNET, all three of which cater primarily to artists working in video. From the artists' point of view, the best of these workshops has been the one at WGBH, largely because of a young producer-director there named Fred Barzyk. As Barzyk saw it, television had begun to develop its unique properties in one field only—the spot-commercial message, which compresses huge quantities of information into a few seconds; in its regular programming, TV was still imitating the motion picture. In 1964, Barzyk was able to persuade the management at WGBH to let him play around with his own and other people's ideas for opening things up a bit, and one of the early results was "What's Happening, Mr. Silver?"—a youth-oriented, technically innovative weekly program whose host, a British-born and unpredictable man named David Silver, once conducted an on-camera interview with a young woman while they both reclined on a large bed. The fast cuts and visual juxtapositions in "What's Happening, Mr. Silver?" reminded some viewers of the vintage output of the late Ernie Kovacs, who is now considered a sort of pioneer in the effort to shake video loose from its moorings in cinema. Barzyk wanted to go a lot further along these lines, and in 1968, when the recently established Public Broadcast Laboratory (set up by the Ford Foundation to improve the level of noncommercial-television programming) asked him to work with a selected group of artists, each of whom would be invited to come and make videotapes in the WGBH studio, he readily agreed. This project led, in 1969, to a one-hour program called "The Medium Is the Medium," the first national showing of video art on the home screen, with contributions by Aldo Tambellini,

Thomas Tadlock, Allan Kaprow, James Seawright, Otto Piene, and Paik. Paik's segment, the concluding one on the program, lasted seven minutes and was called "Electronic Opera No. 1." While an offscreen pianist played Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and an offscreen Paik periodically advised viewers to close one eye or both eyes ("This is audience-participation TV"), the screen showed double and triple images of a nude go-go girl, President Nixon's face stretching puttylike as he talked about "the brilliant manager of my campaign for the Presidency," three hirsute hippies mugging for the camera, and the dancing-wave pattern looping and rolling and changing color. At the end, Paik's laconic voice was again heard, telling the viewers, "Please follow instructions. Turn off your television set."

The people at WGBH were a little surprised by the go-go dancer, but everyone there was delighted with Paik. Barzyk, of course, was naturally sympathetic to Paik's ideas about "low-fidelity TV": instead of trying always to reproduce images as accurately as possible, Paik said, one could also work to produce original TV images that nobody had ever seen before. Barzyk and Michael Rice, the station's vice-president and program manager, were eager to have Paik return and work at the studio, so when Paik went to them soon afterward and said he needed ten thousand dollars to build a videosynthesizer Barzyk and his associates got it for him. Nobody—not even Barzyk—understood clearly what it was that Paik had in mind. Paik wanted to make a machine that would let him create TV images directly—without involving hordes of technicians and batteries of costly equipment. He had drawn up a rough proposal that unfolded to a length of about fifteen feet, but it made little sense to the WGBH engineers. "Nobody could really tell whether the thing would work or not, partly because nobody really understood Paik's English very well then," Barzyk recalls. "But Nam June breeds a certain kind of energy and strength. You just can't deny Nam June."

Paik spent the next year at the WGBH studios, in Cambridge, working with Shuya Abe, whom he had managed to bring to this country. Paik gives Abe full credit for the engineering of the Paik-Abe videosynthesizer: "Without him I could never have done it." It was, and is, a somewhat ramshackle mechanism ("Is sloppy machine, like me," Paik explains), which is continually being added to and im-

proved by Paik and others. (Paik and Abe have made five models all told, one of which is at WNET's Studio 46, in New York.) What it does is to take the images relayed by black-and-white or color video cameras, sound-signal generators, and other video sources and convert them into an infinite number of color patterns and configurations. It is manually operated by means of a console with knobs, switches, and dials to control the various inputs and the changes that take place in the resulting images. With practice, one can often produce the particular images and configurations one wants, but it is also possible to let the machine generate images randomly, and Paik, who prefers process to results, and who likes to be surprised, is usually inclined to let it take that course. The videosynthesizer can be used by itself to create live programming or videotapes, and it can also be used to transmogrify prerecorded material in ways that are measureless to man.

Actually, the Paik-Abe videosynthesizer is not the only one around, or even necessarily the first—Stephen Beck, in California, and Eric Siegel, in New York, each made a similar device at about the same time—but the Paik-Abe model was the first to be used for broadcast television. In the summer of 1970, Paik used it to produce a four-hour live show for WGBH called "Video Commune," whose sound track was the entire recorded *œuvre* of the Beatles, and whose imagery was provided by Paik, David Atwood, their studio associates, and a large number of perfect strangers whom Paik invited in off the street to play with the controls or to have their features melted or stretched on camera. The program was broadcast over the UHF band, rather than the stronger VHF band, and at one point the visual pyrotechnics succeeded in blowing out a transmitter. Viewer response to the program was so favorable that WGBH repeated it in an edited, one-hour version, as a New Year's Eve present to its viewers—fortunately, without insult to the transmitters.

THE video-art movement was visibly gathering steam by 1970. Dozens of artists had started to work in the medium, several universities had established courses in video, and art galleries and museums were duly taking notice. Howard Wise, the dealer, whose interest was shifting from kinetic-and-light art to art by video, had put on an extremely influential group show in the spring of 1969 called TV as a Creative Medium, with works by twelve artists. Paik's main contribution to this show was "TV Bra for Living Sculpture," a contraption consisting of two three-inch television sets that were worn in lieu of upper clothing by the dauntless Miss Moorman and were wired to Miss Moorman's cello so that her playing generated images on the tiny screens. Paik announced that this was an attempt on his part to "humanize electronics." Miss Moorman, who believes that it is Paik's greatest work, said recently that when she performs in the TV Bra it is "a great, great feeling—so pure and romantic."

The following year, Paik and Miss Moorman demonstrated the TV Bra and Paik displayed other works, old and new, at the Vision and Television exhibition at the Rose Art Museum of Brandeis University—an exhibition that was heavily attended by students and dogs. "Television operates on a very high sound cycle, and that cycle is very attractive to dogs," Paik explained afterward. "We had nearly a hundred TV sets in the museum, and every morning many, many dogs would come." On the last day of the Brandeis show, a representative of the New York State Council on the Arts dropped in and asked Russell Connor, the museum's assistant director and the man responsible for the exhibition, to come to New York for an interview, which led to Connor's becoming the State Council's expert on grants to television artists. Paik sensed that this was a turning point in the development of video art. The following September, he went to spend the year at the California Institute of the Arts, teaching video techniques in a program run by his old friend Allan Kaprow (who had given up the East Coast for the West); somewhat to Kaprow's distress, Paik decided to leave Cal Arts at the end of the spring semester and return to New York. "I say to Allan, 'Look, every artist has once in their life their time. You had your time with "happenings." Next year is video time—I have to be in New York.'"

As it turned out, Paik divided his time in 1971 between New York and Boston. Soon after his four-hour "Video Commune" show at WGBH, he and seven other artists had been commissioned by the Boston Symphony to provide visual accompaniment for a TV program of symphonic highlights. Once again Paik's sequence came last

on the program, and offered a fairly vivid contrast with the lyrical, predominantly abstract imagery of the other artists. He chose to work with the Boston Symphony's recording of the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 4 in G Major, and his visual imagery for it included quick cuts of a bust of Beethoven being punched by a man's fist and of a piano (a toy piano shown in closeup, so it filled the screen) catching fire and burning to a crisp. The Boston Symphony was said to be far from pleased.

Paik spent a large part of 1971 working at WGBH on an ambitious hour-long videotape called "A Tribute to John Cage," to mark the composer's sixtieth birthday, which was coming up the following year. Then, early in 1972, when WNET reorganized its experimental workshop as the Television Laboratory and asked video artists to come in on a regular basis, Paik was among the first to be invited. He had a lot to do with the way the Laboratory was set up under its director, David Loxton. He contributed a steady flow of ideas and suggestions, and his "Selling of New York" was the first TV Lab project to be broadcast over WNET. Paik had started this opus with the notion that he wanted to show some of the good things about New York—of which he had become so fond by now that he no longer thought of leaving—but it did not work out quite that way. The program opens with a shot of Miss Moorman in the TV Bra, and then keeps cutting rapidly back and forth between Japanese television commercials and views of a television set on which a commentator (Russell Connor) is reciting facts about New York. The television-within-a-television turns up near a bathtub in which a girl is taking a bath; on a night table beside a bed in which a couple are simultaneously trying to make love and to turn the television off; in a deserted living room where, while Connor is announcing that "the New York police force is now larger than the Army of Denmark," a burglar comes in, yanks out the cord, and steals the set. When the program was shown over WNET, in 1973, several viewers called to ask why their sets were suddenly bringing in Japanese TV; others just wanted to know what the hell was going on.

Paik's admirers at WGBH and WNET look on him as an absurdly comic and wholly engaging personality, an inventive genius, and an amazingly successful promoter of his own ideas. "Nam June is the world's best hus-

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tler," Loxton said not long ago. "A lot of the time, I feel he knows a lot more clearly what he wants to say than he lets on—it's as though he decided not to let the bureaucracy understand him too clearly or they'd step in and louse things up." What his friends at the studios may not have fully grasped is Paik's continuing commitment to the anti-system, anti-formal energies of his Fluxus period. Paik is really undermining the commercial structure of television, according to the art critic Douglas Davis, who is also a video artist. "The TV people think of him as an entertainer, but his humor is tougher than that." Paik's videotapes, up to and including "Global Groove" and the recently shown "Suite (212)," a series of three- to eight-minute vignettes of different aspects of New York City, done in collaboration with video artist Jud Yalkut and others, and seen over WNET at the close of its programming every night in April, are characterized by an ironic wit that is fairly glacial at times, and by all sorts of subversive assaults on familiar patterns of TV viewing. It's the same sort of comedy that pervades his Action music and his performances with Miss Moorman. Miss Moorman has admitted that she feels a little depersonalized when she is performing Paik's compositions. "Sometimes I feel Paik doesn't really think of me as Charlotte Moorman," she said reflectively last spring. "He looks on me as a work of his." This doesn't upset her, because she has absolute faith in Paik's artistic talent. She is extremely proud of the fact that Paik's "TV Cello," a vaguely cellolike construction of three television sets with a string down the middle, on which she uses a regulation bow to produce not cello sounds but "TV Cello sounds," is "the first real innovation in cello design since 1600." She is equally proud of the fact that when she underwent surgery three years ago and could not perform in her regular fashion for several weeks, Paik constructed a "TV Bed" out of eight television sets fastened together, on which she was able to play her cello while lying down. The totally unsmiling concentration and dedication that Miss Moorman brings to her performances with TV Bras, TV Cellos, and TV Beds—the fact that she obviously does not see anything funny in what she is doing—contribute quite a bit to the over-all effect.

So far, Paik is one of the few video artists who have managed to bridge the gap between the gallery-sponsored, limited-distribution, "fine art" video-

tapes and the broadcast-oriented work of the television workshops. He has continued to show his doctored TVs and his videotapes at the Galeria Bonino. Though the gallery has yet to sell a Paik TV set, one was stolen from his latest show there, in the winter of 1974, and his "TV Buddha," an authentic and rather fine eighteenth-century Japanese Buddha figure that sits contemplating its own image in a closed-circuit TV set, could easily find a buyer if Paik were willing to sell it, but he isn't. Paik's delicate, calligraphic ink drawings, which look like TV screens after the picture has been lost because of technical difficulties, are being snapped up by European and American dealers, however; his videotapes are in great demand around the country; and a retrospective exhibition of his work—the hallmark of an artist's having arrived—was presented at the Everson Museum, in Syracuse, in 1973.

The "fine art" video people tend to feel that Paik, for all his importance as a pioneer, is not really a very serious artist. A great deal of the video art to be seen now in galleries is almost unbelievably boring—endless repetitions of simple actions such as a hand trying to grab a falling object, or the artist lying on the floor of his studio and talking to himself. Paik's videotapes, by contrast, are often dismissed (or appreciated) as mere entertainment. Paik understands this, and is not bothered by it. "I have a theory about American avant-garde art," he said last spring. "Serious avant-garde art here is always in opposition to American mass culture. In a way, mass culture conditions serious art. For instance, why is it that only in America such intensely boring music has been produced? And films? Because Hollywood is doing too good a job, I think. Popular culture is setting the rules, so you have to define what you do against what they are doing. We want to make more crude if they are perfect, we want to make more boring if they are exciting—you know? Of course, Oriental music is boring, too. But Oriental boring music is wet, moist—very spiritual. American is very dry, like baseball. American boring music is not at all spiritual. La Monte Young tries his best to imitate Oriental aesthetic, but the more he tries to be Oriental the more he becomes American. Another thing—Oriental music was always for the aristocrat, was always rich man's thing. Now America has reached stage where most people are aristocrats. Much richer than Europeans, anyway. Americans need not

be entertained every second, because they are so rich. They think art can be kind of extension of parties. My first concert at New School here was really crowded like hell. I couldn't do anything. People were just talking together, there was no still moment. I thought it was big mistake, big failure, but afterward people say it was very big success *because* so many people there, including notables. America has in a way this very rich attitude that makes boring, long music possible. But I'm not writing boring music that much. The reason is that I come from very poor country and I am poor. I have to entertain people every second."

Paik himself feels that video art still has a long way to go before its potential emerges. What is taking place today is a widespread exploration of the medium by various groups—visual artists, filmmakers, dancers, musicians—each of which approaches it from a different point of view and often with quite different expectations and a quite different goal. Each group tends to feel, of course, that its approach is the only valid one. This situation reminds Paik of an ancient Chinese story about a monkey who thought he was dancing on the top of the world only to find that he was dancing on the Buddha's palm. "Everyone is trying to define what video is," Paik has observed. "Art critics struggle with that a lot. But I think best thing is not to try to define video. In New York, every art movement is destined to die in five years, but I would like to save video from such quick obsolescence. It is more than fad."

In the future, Paik is convinced, all art will have as its prime function the movement of information. In his view, the artist must become a "humanizing agent" within the vast and proliferating network of information technology, and he still thinks that the best way for this to happen is for the artist to give up his self-serving ego, to become more like the anonymous cathedral builders of the Middle Ages. Although Paik's theories about the future of art and of video technology are sometimes dismissed as so much visionary claptrap, his theorizing is based on a solid intellectual groundwork. A voracious reader of technical data, he is also well informed about contemporary thinking in many different fields, and his studio on Mercer Street, in SoHo, is adrift in scientific papers, television-industry studies and reports, clippings from American, European, and Japanese newspapers and magazines, and books of all kinds—not to mention TV sets in various

stages of decomposition or reconstitution. When he wants to cite a fact or a statistic, he can go instantly to the proper stack of papers and dig it out (often causing the stack to subside laterally across the floor). Paik says that by 1985 the picture telephone will be in use throughout the world, in color; by making most travel for business reasons unnecessary, it will contribute substantially to solving the energy crisis. (He has proposed topless answering services for understimulated executives.) The videotape cassette, which is already here, will make possible Paik's "global university"—a place where vast quantities of up-to-date information on every conceivable subject can be stored, with computers to provide instant retrieval, so that a student of any age can pursue his own education at his own pace.

Even more far-reaching effects on society, Paik believes, will result from the development of cable television. "It will definitely come," he said recently. "Rand Corporation thinks cable is very good for long-range investment. Nobody really making money in cable now, but cable lobby in Washington is *very* strong—they snap up congressmen like nothing." In a recent report to the Rockefeller Foundation, which has retained him as a consultant on communications, he pointed out that in the late forties and early fifties, when the Federal Communications Commission was offering relatively inexpensive licenses for television stations on the strong VHF band, the intellectual and academic communities looked the other way; consequently, nearly all the licenses went to commercial interests. With the advent of cable TV, he went on, approximately sixty new channels have become available for programming, and, because of the superiority of cable transmission, the signal on each of these is at least as strong as the signal on VHF. Will the intellectuals continue to ignore this powerful resource? Paik would like to see at least one new cable channel in each community set aside for work by video artists. Other channels could be reserved for municipal or community affairs, for children's programming, for theatre or music or dance. There could even be all-Mozart stations, as Paik once suggested, or all-Beethoven, or all-Cage. But unless somebody acted rather quickly, he warned, history would repeat itself and the licenses would go once again to the commercial interests—the polluters of the videosphere. "I wish all our consultants could be as productive as he is," How-

ard Klein said not long ago. "With all his whimsicality, Paik can go straight to the essentials of complicated matters with great logic and force."

Paik, of course, has had his problems in dealing with the establishment. "Only reason I survived this long at WNET is I had underground outlet," he conceded last month. "I have a lot of frustration to work within system. A *lot* of frustration. So when I get mad at them I don't fight—I yield to them, and then go and do some stupid thing in small place which satisfies me so that I can work with them again. Underground outlet is my safety valve. I like being world's most famous bad pianist. But I also like to do NET because it is important, is where I can maybe influence society."

After a moment's reflection, Paik went on, "We are now at stage of ancient Egypt with hieroglyphics. Until recently, TV equipment is so expensive that only the priests can use it. And there is *constant* effort made by networks and by TV unions to keep production costs high. That is classical way of monopoly capital—you know? I want to find ways to cut costs so it can be opened up to others—many others. Now we have color portapak—costs three thousand dollar in Tokyo, six thousand here, but will come down. And with use of computers cost of editing videotape will become much cheaper. Problem is not really Socialism or capitalism but technology, you know—how we manage that. For instance, technological forecasting, future-research—I am very interested in that. They *need* us artists, to make that sort of information available to public. Even New York *Times* will not print Rand Corporation Report, because it is so boring. Like McLuhan say, we are antenna for changing society. But not only antenna—we also have output capacity, capacity to humanize technology. My job is to see how establishment is working and to look for little holes where I can get my fingers in and tear away walls. And also try not to get too corrupt."

—Calvin Tomkins

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J. D. Lynch of Butte, Mont., and Barbara Bennetts of Helena were married together only when the legislature is in session and during the summer. Both are Democratic state representatives and their districts are 100 miles apart.

—*Cincinnati Post.*

Love will find a way.

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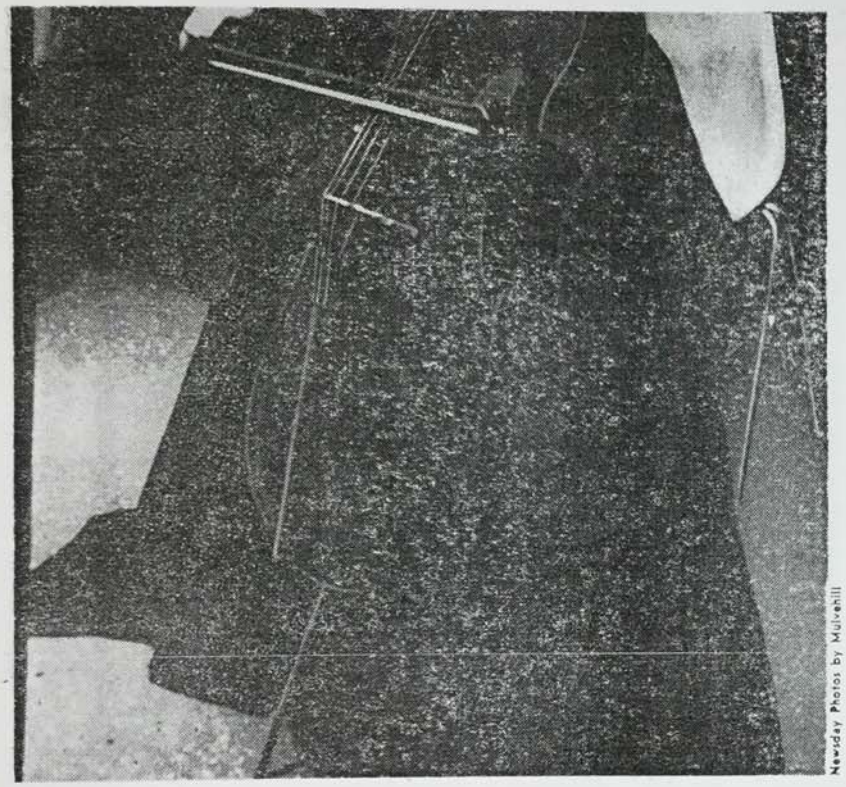

Newsday Photos by Mulvehill

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—Continued From Page 2

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Wat dink die Jahrlings van die Suid-Afrikaanse kunstoneel? „Ons kan eintlik net oor Kaapstad praat," sê hy. „Maar twee dinge het 'n groot indruk op ons gemaak. Eerstens, die tentoonstelling van kinetiese en optiese kuns in die Nasionale Kunsmuseum. Ons het nêrens in Afrika iets gesien wat so heeltemal kontemponêr is nie — wat jammer is, want dis nodig dat kunstenaars in elke land op die hoogte moet wees van die allernuutste kuns, anders stagneer hulle.

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just *is*, and though Mr. Meyer is obviously not exactly in love with it—and points out that it represents only a small segment of contemporary art—he takes it seriously, and winds up with the thought that it is a challenge. "It challenges us," he writes, "to discover and make explicit the grounds for beliefs and values which we unconsciously take for granted. . . . Can we do more than simply assert our beliefs? Can we give empirically verifiable reasons for them?" Teleological considerations have been the basis of painting from the cave painters to Picasso, of music from the Renais-

position in this, but I can't quite figure it out.)

Following Mr. Young's piece by Sammartini, we heard three items for cello, with and without piano. They were, successively, Morton Feldman's "Projection 1," Ornette Coleman's "City Minds and Country Hearts," and Earle Brown's "Music for Cello and Piano." I confess, with some shame, that I was unable to tell one from another. They all seemed to be made up of various hoots and swoops on the cello, with disconnected thumpings on the piano when it was present, and they all

concert a good deal less boring than some of the more pretentious examples of supposedly teleological music that I have heard in our larger concert halls. The means—a cello, a souped-up piano, and a loudspeaker—were modest, and nearly everything was done with them that could have been done, including producing teleological music.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

MUSICAL EVENTS

It Just Is—or Is It?

IN the summer issue of the *Hudson Review*, Leonard B. Meyer, whose book "Emotion and Meaning in Music" I discussed in these pages some time ago, has an article concerning the aesthetic of those widely publicized artists who use chance, or random means of expression, in their work. They include, of course, the composer John Cage, littérateurs and playwrights like Jackson MacLow, and a great many contemporary painters, among them Pollock and Mathieu. In attempting to explain them, Mr. Meyer is led into some pretty deep philosophical reflections, and distinguishes two opposed aesthetic attitudes: the *teleological*, in which art is supposed to have goals of one sort or another, including such goals within itself as are exemplified by cause and effect in literature, symphonic structure in music, and deliberately contrived composition in painting, and the *anti-teleological*, or *radical empiricist*, which regards art as a product of accident and as something that the onlooker perceives through fresh observation and experience, without regard to preconceived traditions. Mr. Meyer makes out a certain rationale for the anti-teleological position, relating it to Existentialism, quantum mechanics, and Zen Buddhism, but admits that anti-teleological art cannot be a form of communication (since communication depends on an understood vocabulary and a set of logical expectations on the part of the audience), and also that it cannot be subjected to criticism (since it involves no anticipations and no meanings). Anti-teleological art has no purpose, it just *is*, and though Mr. Meyer is obviously not exactly in love with it—and points out that it represents only a small segment of contemporary art—he takes it seriously, and winds up with the thought that it is a challenge. "It challenges us," he writes, "to discover and make explicit the grounds for beliefs and values which we unconsciously take for granted. . . . Can we do more than simply assert our beliefs? Can we give empirically verifiable reasons for them?" Teleological considerations have been the basis of painting from the cave painters to Picasso, of music from the Renaissance to Stravinsky, of literature from Homer to the work of most of our modern novelists and playwrights. Mr. Meyer implies that anti-teleological art has been with us only since around the time of the Second World War. I am inclined to trace its origins a little further back, and to discern signs of the breakdown of teleology as early as Schoenberg and Kandinsky, finding its first symptoms (in music, at least) in Schoenberg's abolition of tonality and in his invention of serialism—a sort of arbitrary, or ersatz, teleology not backed up by musical experience. But let that pass. Anti-teleological music is, in the average man's phrase, music that "is not going anywhere." And the average man might well also ask the question "If art is the product of accident, why bother to create it?" The answer, of course, is that "bother" is a teleological concept. Some people *do* create it—if the process can be called creation—and, as I stated before, it *is*.

Armed with Mr. Meyer's rationale, and trying to put myself in a radical-empiricist mood (precluding criticism), I attended a concert of anti-teleological music at Judson Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. To my surprise, the first number on the program, something called "Composition 1960 #13," by La Monte Young, sounded suspiciously like eighteenth-century music. "Awfully teleological," I said to myself. But during the intermission I had a chat with Charlotte Moorman, the cellist who played it, and found that Mr. Young's score had consisted of the words "Play anything you like." Miss Moorman happened to like Sammartini (whether it was Giuseppe or Giovanni Battista, I failed to learn), and we had been listening to a Sammartini adagio for solo cello. Thus, it appears that teleological music can form part of an anti-teleological program, the element of chance being present in the unpredictableness of the performer's choice. (It strikes me that there is something slightly subversive of the anti-teleological position in this, but I can't quite figure it out.)

Following Mr. Young's piece by Sammartini, we heard three items for cello, with and without piano. They were, successively, Morton Feldman's "Projection 1," Ornette Coleman's "City Minds and Country Hearts," and Earle Brown's "Music for Cello and Piano." I confess, with some shame, that I was unable to tell one from another. They all seemed to be made up of various hoots and swoops on the cello, with disconnected thumpings on the piano when it was present, and they all sounded like the work of the same creative mind.

After the intermission, we had a piece of "visual music" by Philip Corner entitled "Solo with . . ." This was performed by Miss Moorman. The score consisted mainly of stage directions. Miss Moorman walked onto the stage with her cello, put it down, went back offstage, reappeared with her handbag, registered difficulty in finding her score on the music stand, gave up, went away again, came back, and tuned up. Meanwhile, ominous sounds—a little like something thought up by Edgar Varèse—issued from a loudspeaker, and continued for the rest of the time she was onstage. There was more shuffling of sheet music. Miss Moorman wiped her cello with a handkerchief, played a single pizzicato note, and began to annotate her score with a pencil. This was followed by delighted applause.

Last came an extended composition called "34′46.776″ for a Pianist and a String Player," by John Cage himself, performed by David Tudor and Miss Moorman. "I'm not entirely in sympathy with the aesthetics of *all* this stuff," Miss Moorman had told me during the intermission, "but"—unconsciously betraying a subversive penchant for teleology—"I think the Cage work is going to *live*." Technologically, like most Cage works, this one was a lulu. Mr. Tudor, reading from a score that resembled a checkbook, was equipped with fifteen or twenty varieties of drumstick, and his piano with rocks—or objects that looked like rocks—and heaven knows what else. Every once in a while, he would rise and peer into its interior, like a truck driver looking for a defective sparkplug. Both he and Miss Moorman blew whistles from time to time, and several children's balloons were burst with loud pops. At one point, Miss Moorman hurled a cymbal into the middle of the stage floor, where it landed with an imposing crash.

Well, I guess I am a confirmed believer in teleology where music is concerned, but I found Tuesday evening's concert a good deal less boring than some of the more pretentious examples of supposedly teleological music that I have heard in our larger concert halls. The means—a cello, a souped-up piano, and a loudspeaker—were modest, and nearly everything was done with them that could have been done, including producing teleological music.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

Whitney Museum of American Art

Madison Avenue at 75th Street New York, New York 10021 (212) 570-3633

For Release

PRESS PREVIEW
Thursday, April 29
11:00 am - 3:00 pm

#586

NAM JUNE PAIK

RETROSPECTIVE AT WHITNEY MUSEUM

The Whitney Museum of American Art is presenting the first New York retrospective of the work of NAM JUNE PAIK, from April 30 through June 27, 1982. The largest exhibition ever devoted to a single video artist, it comprises more than 60 works, including music scores, drawings, objects, video sculpture, six large-scale installations, a projected laser/video environment, and videotapes, illustrating all aspects of Paik's career.

John G. Hanhardt, Curator, Film and Video, who organized the exhibition, wrote in his introduction to the accompanying publication,* "Through the 1960s and 1970s video emerged and established itself in America as a new art form. The key figure in this development has been the Korean-born composer, artist, and performer Nam June Paik." This exhibition and publication exemplify the Whitney Museum's commitment to presenting the achievements of artists working in video, a commitment that began eleven years ago with the first major videotape exhibition in a New York City museum.

"Nam June Paik" is supported by public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts with additional assistance from the Rockefeller Foundation and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wise. Equipment is donated by Sony Corporation of America. After its New York showing the exhibition is tentatively scheduled to travel to the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago; National Galerie, West Berlin; and Museum Moderner Kunst, Vienna. The U.S. tour is supported in part by the National Endowment for the Arts.

*Nam June Paik by John G. Hanhardt, with essays by John G. Hanhardt, Michael Nyman, Dieter Ronte, and David A. Ross. Illustrated chronology; lists of selected performances, one-person exhibitions, group exhibitions, videotapes, and published writings; and brief bibliography. 144 pages; 16 pages of color illustrations, 25 of which were made by a new Polaroid process; 199 black-and-white illustrations. Published by the Whitney Museum of American Art in association with W.W. Norton & Co. Paper $15.00

(more)

From Paik's earliest works and participation in performances with the alliance of artists known as Fluxus,to his latest work with lasers,he has transformed materials and technologies into unique objects. There is no linear, diachronic progression from one set of Paik's works to another because of the interrelationship and cross-fertilization between all aspects of his art in various media. He often refashions earlier work in a process that constantly reflects on the past while thinking about the future.

Paik's Participation TV (1963-71) is an extension of his Fluxus strategy of breaking down the barrier between the viewer and the artwork by having the sculpture's potential activated by the viewer. Several of Paik's best-known video sculptures combining video with performance were done for Charlotte Moorman, a classical cellist, who described TV Cello (1971) as the first development in the cello in centuries. As she bows across the cello constructed with monitors, Moorman plays with the form of the sculpture and the video images of herself, video collages of other cellists, and live images from the studio or performance area.

One of the distinctive features of video is the ability to show on a monitor what the camera is recording in real time. Paik employed this technique in many pieces. It is the central strategy, together with the additional sculptural elements of a statue and chair, for TV Buddha (1974), in which a statue of a Buddha faces a monitor on which it "sees" itself, and TV Chair (1968) where a monitor directly under the chair shows what the camera views through an adjacent window. Further illustrating the great variety of his video sculpture are works ranging in size from Candle TV (1975), a single television with a candle positioned in place of the picture-tube, to one of Paik's newest pieces, V-Yramid (1982), a floor-to-ceiling six-level pyramid constructed with 48 televisions.

In the late 1960s, Paik initiated a series of large-scale, multi-monitor video sculptures distributed within an exhibition space. Works in which the monitors form a shape or are placed in a context that has specific connotations, thus disposing the viewer to receive and interpret the works in specific ways, include Fish Flies on Sky (1975), 36 suspended color TVs showing a 2-channel collage of airplanes, dancers, and fish; Video Fish (1975-77), 16 fish tanks with live guppies placed in front of 16 color

(more)

TVs; and TV Garden (1974-78), 30 color televisions on their backs (showing Paik's landmark videotape Global Groove, 1973, produced at the WNET/TV Lab with John Godfrey) in a garden of live plants. Moon is the Oldest TV (1965-76) and TV Clock (1963-81) consist of 12 and 24 monitors, respectively. Both works are viewed in a darkened space, the image on the screen is minimal and static, and each is perceived as part of a sequence which must be read as a whole.

Also presented are two video projections. Imagine There are More Stars on the Sky than Chinese on the Earth (1981) comprises seven color televisions fitted with special lenses which project moon-like shapes in an arc from one wall, across the ceiling, and down the opposite wall. The second is the New York premiere of the Paik/Baumann Video/Laser Projection (1981-82). Developed with Horst Baumann, one of Europe's leading laser experts, the system projects laser images from Paik's videotapes in diffused patterns across the gallery walls.

One of the works in the exhibition will be demonstrated by Paik at the press preview. The remote-controlled Robot K-456, first fashioned in 1964 out of spare parts and found objects by Paik in collaboration with Shuya Abe, walks and talks.

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Paik has created a number of works specifically for Moorman, a classical cellist by training and noted interpreter of avant-garde music, who has been performing with Paik since the early 1960s.

PANEL DISCUSSION May 21 6:30 pm

Paik's art will be discussed by John Cage, composer; John G. Hanhardt, Curator, Film and Video, Whitney Museum of American Art; Dr. Wulf Herzogenrath, Director, Kölnischer Kunstverein, Cologne, West Germany; Pontus Hulten, Director, The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; and David A. Ross, Director, Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston.

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April 1982

THE KITCHEN

CENTER FOR
VIDEO, MUSIC,
DANCE AND
PERFORMANCE

October 12, 1981

NAM JUNE PAIK

"A TRIBUTE TO ANDY MANNIK"

ANDY MANNIK

"A TRIBUTE TO NAM JUNE PAIK"

LIFE'S AMBITION REALIZED Nam June Paik with Denise Gordon

"Two years ago, a dancer friend asked me to see another dancer perform in a burlesque house. I enjoyed it. Nam June had always bragged of his dream to play house pianist in a burlesque theatre. I decided to put him to the test."
(Andy Mannik)

A CONSTRUCTION Andy Mannik

"God acts, I just put things together."
(George Balanchine)

ANDY MANNIK quit school "because the ballet was more exciting than sitting in a library reading about it." Lacking professional training, he found work as a stage carpenter. Unlike others who started in show business as carpenters, he remained one. He met John Cage in 1965.

NAM JUNE PAIK studied piano with Mrs. Shin Gae Dok in Seoul, Korea, during the years 1946-50, and graduated from the music department of Tokyo University in 1956. He studied with Thrasybulos Georgiades in Munich and Wolfgang Fortner in Freiburg, and met John Cage in 1958 in Darmstadt. In addition to giving live performances, Mr. Paik has been active as a composer and has made videotapes featuring pianos.

DENISE GORDON was born in 1966.

The Kitchen Center is supported in part by The National Endowment for the Arts (a Federal agency), The New York State Council on the Arts, The New York Community Trust, The Rockefeller Foundation, the Jerome Foundation, the Walter Foundation, the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund for Music, the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust, the Robert Sterling Clarke Foundation, the Beards Fund, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., the Mobil Foundation, Consolidated Edison Co., the Jerome Robbins Foundation, the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill Foundation, and other private foundations and individuals.
Legal Counsel: Berger, Steingut, Weiner, Fox & Stern.

Andy Mannik

Vasul Kas (on Telephone)

N. J. Page

Denise Gordon

John Fullerman

~~Andy~~

Ben Tatti

Sahidan Bapat

Kit Fitzgerald

Joh Sanborn

David Satin

Kitchen 10/12/81

Susan Milano Cohen

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April 1982

MEET VIDEO ARTISTS

NAM JUNE PAIK AND SHIGEKO KUBOTA

Screening and discussing collaborative works:

"Allan's and Allan's Complains" (1982 - 30 min.)

"Merce and Marcel" (1980 - 15 min.)

"Duchamp Piana" (1979 - 30 min.)

Slides of video sculptures and installations will also be shown

Port Washington Public Library
245 Main Street
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050
516-883-4400

Nam June Paik, "Video Art's Guru"*, was born in Seoul, Korea, in 1932. After graduating from the University of Tokyo in 1956 with a degree in aesthetics, he traveled to Germany to pursue his interest in 20th century music. In Cologne he became active in neo-Dadist performances through the alliance of artists known as Fluxus. Paik's first show at the Galerie Parnass in Wuppertal, West Germany, in 1963, was the first exhibition of video art anywhere. Shortly after moving to the United States in 1964, Paik acquired one of the first video cameras and began to explore the aesthetic possibilities of the medium. Since that time the television has become the center of his art. His works have been exhibited and broadcast internationally.

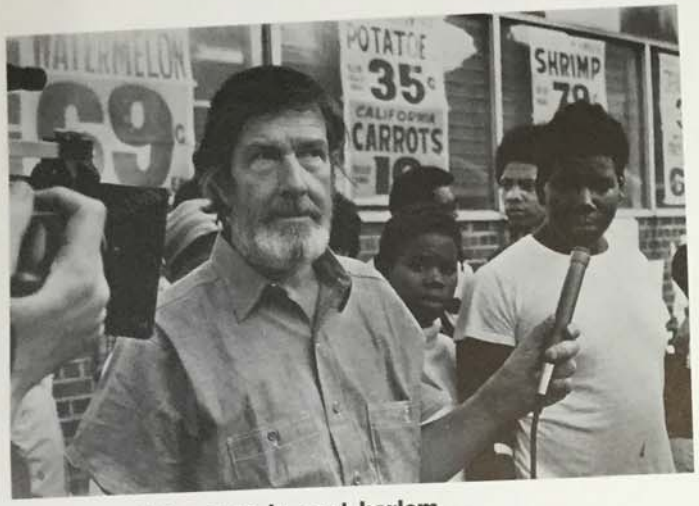
A retrospective of Nam June's work at the Whitney Museum, April 30 to June 27, is the most comprehensive exhibition ever devoted to a single video artist.

Shigeko Kubota authored the book *Marcel Duchamp and John Cage* (Takeyoshi Miyzaa, 1970) as well as articles on video published both in the United States and Japan. She has had one person shows at the Museum of Contemporary Arts, Chicago; the Seibu Museum, Tokyo; Le Musee d'Art Moderne, Paris; the Art Institute of Chicago; and the Akademie der Kunst, Berlin. She spent a year in Berlin, having received a D.A.A.D. grant. She is currently Video Curator of Anthology Film Archives.

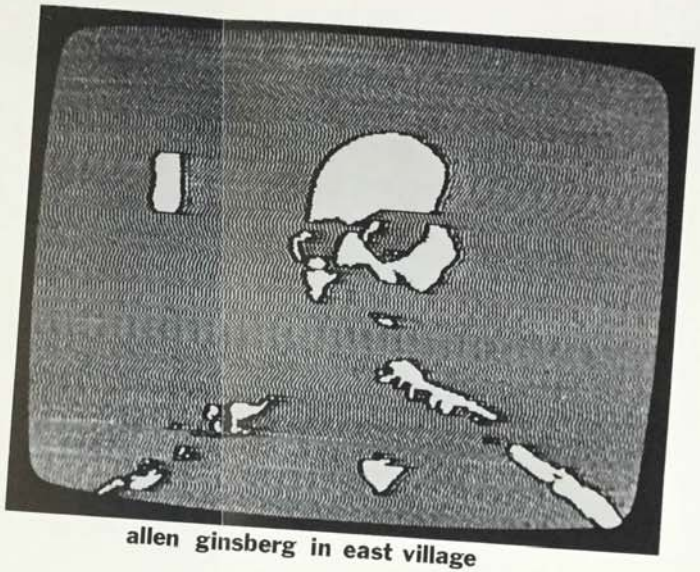
*D.C. Denison, "Video Art's Guru". *New York Times Magazine*. April 25, 1982, p. 54.

Funded, in part, by the New York State Council on the Arts

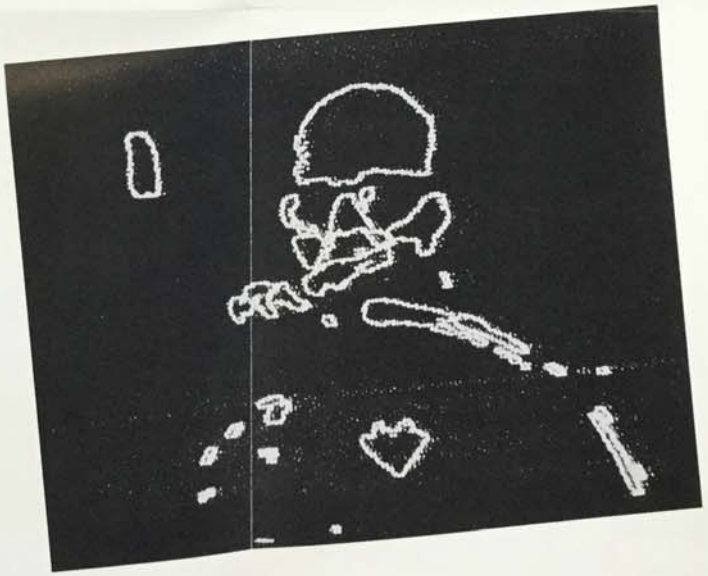
Thursday, June 17, 1982 8 PM



john cage in east harlem



allen ginsberg in east village



channel 13 every night in april

suite 212

by nam june paik;

with jud yalkut
and david atwood, fred barzyk, shirley clarke, douglas davis, ed emschwiller, john godfrey, francis lee, bob parent, jud rosebush, elliot rose, and elaine summers.

hosted by russell connor.
produced by david loxton (wnet-tv lab).

april 1	1:25- 1:30	am.
april 2	12:55- 1:00	
april 3	12:55- 1:00	am.
april 4	12:55- 1:00	
april 5	12:55- 1:00	am.
april 6	11:55-12:00	
april 7	1:25- 1:30	am.
april 8	12:55- 1:00	
april 9	12:55- 1:00	am.
april 10	12:55- 1:00	
april 11	12:55- 1:00	am.
april 12	12:55- 1:00	
april 13	12:25-12:30	am.
april 14	1:25- 1:30	
april 15	12:55- 1:00	am.
april 16	12:55- 1:00	
april 17	11:25- 1:30	am.
april 18	12:55- 1:00	
april 19	12:55- 1:00	

(april 20 to april 30, please check newspaper. april 21 with shirley clarke; april 25 with douglas davis; april 26 with elaine summers; april 30 with john cage)

wnet staff-merrily mossman, bob hankel, john godfrey, phil falzone, darlene mastro.
photos: peter moore, davidson gigliotti, tom hart

made possible with help from the new york state council on the arts, the rockefeller foundation, and the performing arts foundation.

"After three emancipations in 20th Century music, (serial-indeterministic, actional)....I have found that there is still one more chain to lose....that is.... PRE–FREUDIAN HYPOCRISY. Why is sex a predominant theme in art and literature prohibited only in music? How long can New Music afford to be sixty years behind the times and still claim to be a serious art? The purge of sex under the excuse of being "serious" exactly undermines the so-called "seriousness" of music as a classical art, ranking with literature and painting. Music history needs its D' H' Lawrence its Sigmund Freud."
Nam June Paik from invitation to "Opera Sextronique"

"Charlotte Moorman felt a calling. It was her decision to bring onto the already sprawling landscape of music the dimension of sex. And so it was that a free recital was assembled in which she would perform certain works of Paik, Tenney, Kosugi, Mathews in various stages of flesh exposure; and thus it was that she spent the night in jail explaining artistic theory... another spirit is now abroad...Its general area is freedom and its specific goal is existential truth, getting down to cases, or, if you prefer, telling it like it is. This is not a sweet age, but there is some glory to it. Pretending and illogic continue apace, but they are falling out of favor.
Charlotte Moorman's recital is not at all ahead of its time. The law on nudity is behind its time. Some sexually sick, old man's exposure of himself on the IRT before unconsenting young ladies is disgusting and police territory, as implied threat and at least public nuisance are involved, but exposure in concert or even burlesque houses are artistic provinces and threaten only those who themselves are morally ailing. I think any law, at any rate, should operate only in areas wherein one person hurts another– slurs him racially, deprives him of happiness, or, okay, corrupts his children in a manner not wished.
Carman Moore from The Village Voice

"In mocking the whole concert convention, Charlotte Moorman adds to her stature and dignity as an artist. More than that. The shadow of her performance will creep into, and haunt, every concert hall in the world. That the Police Dept. should find her obscene is an outrage, however it is also an indication of the damage she has wrought in the hallowed halls of the cultural establishment."
Dick Preston from The East Village Other

"Her performance ...was an active demonstration of her pioneering of "the newest and most exciting music of our time"...was poetry of the highest order... Aria Two, the 'topless' Aria, performed with changing masks, electronic drone and the playing of Brahms' "Lullaby, "was cited by several testifying critics as having "great wit" and "very fine irony," qualities needing rediscovery in our milieu, and as also being "controlled," "imaginative" and of "social value.". Proclaiming his familiarity with exotic forms of dress and undress after five years in the South Pacific, Judge Shalleck proceeded to attack the "bearded, bathless 'Beats,'" the cloths of Yves St. Laurent and Rudi Gernreich who "make women look like they are not women," and the underground "happeners" who create "a kind of brothel of the intellect." He claims to have tried "to give sympathetic understanding" to the "John Cage breakthrough in art" and then confesses to having walked out of a Leonard Bernstein performance of "one of Cage's pieces."
Jud Yalkut from West Side News

"....Why in the United States can I see nudity in films and not be permitted to see nudity in an actual performance? I cannot find any reasonable excuse for this....I wonder why music performers wear always the same uniform. I see them also as an actor. In his piece, he (Paik) exposed such conformistic hypocrisy. This is a tragedy that such a work has been arrested. The work itself has a paradox to such an hypocrisy. Police in every country descriminate the expression of the art by it's degree of reality...."
Takahiko Iimura from Eigahyoron, Tokyo, Japan

"The verdict: guilty of indecent exposure. The penalty: a suspended sentence. The artist's timeless reaction: 'The judge just doesn't understand.' "
from Newsweek May 22 1967

"....After the conviction of topless-cellist Charlotte Moorman, cellist Janos Starker said: 'I approve of the sentence—not on the grounds of indecency but of unfair competition.' "
Leonard Lyons from The New York Post

"....The nudity of Charlotte Moorman to which until now European concert goers have not opposed recently angered the New York Police....but neither the sentencing nor the obscene offers which she gets through the telephone and telegraph since the trial ....nor the profitable night club offers can shake the artist from her belief....'Joan d'Arc of New Music' (Edgard Varese) has fought since then for the new idea of mixed media in all the world—in concert halls and art galleries, in TV and radio, in lofts and in state parks, on main city streets, canals and cemeteries. The action musician Paik promised her a world career; he wanted to put her as a sex element into music...."
Felix Schmidt from Der Spiegel

"A recent decision in Criminal Court serves as an impediment to future creative work and degrades the reputation of New York City as a cultural center in the eyes of the world."
Gordon Brown from Arts Magazine

"....I could not believe my ears....it reminded me of a witch hunt...."
Kaniharu Akiyama from Bijutsu Techou Cahier d'Art

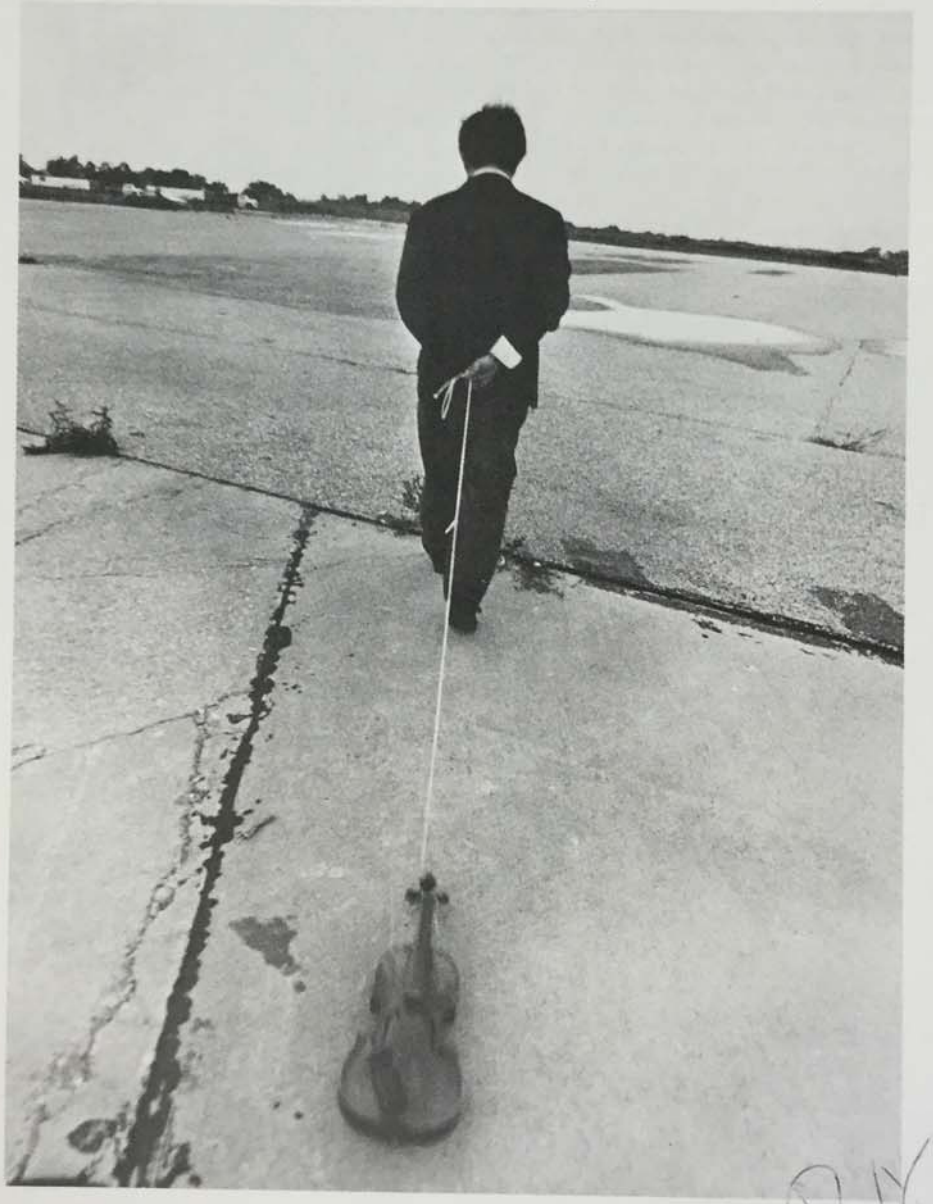
"Still, we must crown a pretty, brown-haired girl named Charlotte Moorman queen of artistic-intellectual-avant-garde (as opposed to vulgar-money-grubbing-lubricious) nakedness.
Paul O'Neill from Life

"The crime has nothing to do with how a cellist dresses, however. It was not necessary, as Judge Shalleck did, to go to the constitutional issue of clothing. The briefest summation of the facts suffices to establish guilt. ("You attempted to give a cello concert in public?" "Yes, your honor." "Are you Pablo Casals?" "No, your Honor." "This court finds you guilty of indecent exposure.")
The theory that the artist must dress in the costume of his trade is one of the heaviest burdens the arts have to carry, and it is sad to see the judiciary fumble an opportunity to free them of it...
In our closed professional sects, we all insist on our colleagues wearing the uniform of the trade - painters in white overalls, journalists in gravy–stained neckties, doctors with Cadillac shine on their trousers, rock'n'-rollers in electronic shirts, bankers in pinstripes, actors in ascots, lady cellists in Lady Dracula weeds..."
Russell Baker from The New York Times

Norman J. Seaman 119 West 57th Street New York, New York 10019

Nam June Paik

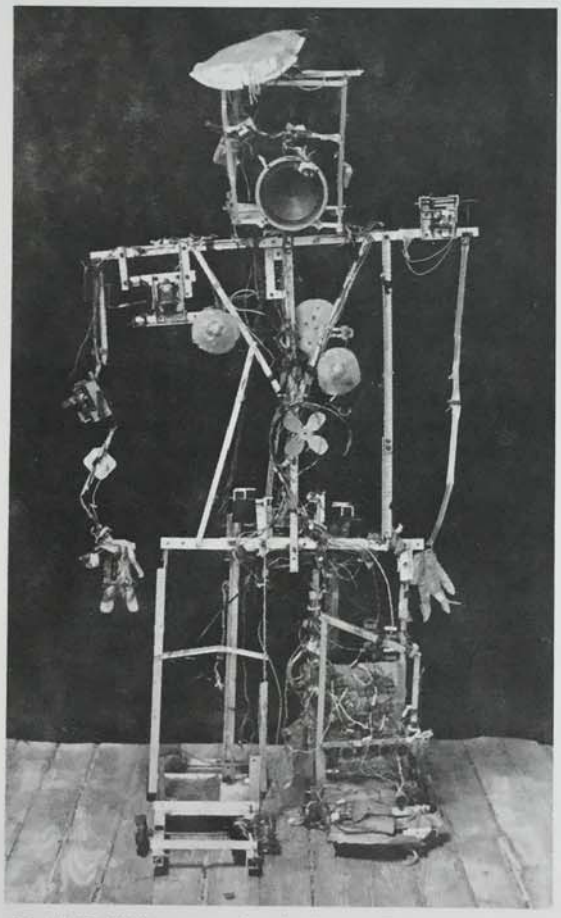
Whitney Museum of American Art, April 30–June 27, 1982



PMK

During the 1960s and 1970s, video emerged and established itself in America as a new art form. The key figure in this development has been the composer, artist, and performer Nam June Paik. An account of his career is also an account of the transformation of television and new video technologies into contemporary art.

Nam June Paik was born in Seoul, Korea, in 1932. In 1956, after graduating from the University of Tokyo with a degree in aesthetics and a thesis on Arnold Schönberg, Paik traveled to West Germany to pursue his interest in twentieth-century music. There he met John Cage, participated in Karlheinz Stockhausen's musical theater piece *Originale*, and began creating compositions and doing performances throughout Europe. In 1961 Paik met George Maciunas, founder of Fluxus, a loose, anarchic network of artists. Paik's association with Fluxus, an integral part of his aesthetic, is expressed in such early pieces of object art as *Urmusik* (1961), *Violin with String* (1961), and *Random Access* (1963), in which he manipulated and transformed found materials into noisemakers, metaphors for music, and performance objects.



Robot K-456 (1964), a twenty-channel radio-controlled robot by Nam June Paik in collaboration with Shuya Abe. Private collection, Cologne, West Germany. Photo © 1964 by Peter Moore.

In early 1963, Paik purchased thirteen second-hand television sets and used them to create his video sculptures of "prepared televisions." Later that year he included these works in his first one-man exhibition, the "Exposition of Music—Electronic Television," at Rolf Jährling's Galerie Parnass in Wuppertal, West Germany, which was, in fact, the first show of video art anywhere.

Paik decided to visit America in 1964 and meet with Fluxus artists such as George Maciunas, whom he had encountered in Europe. He stayed on permanently, settling in New York City and beginning an extraordinary period of creativity during which he would make a unique contribution to American art and culture. In New York Paik met Charlotte Moorman, a classical cellist by training and a noted interpreter of avant-garde music. The first of their many collaborations took place during Moorman's "Second Annual New York Avant-Garde Festival," where Paik premiered *Robot Opera*, with Moorman, and *Robot K-456* (1964), which he had brought with him from Japan. This remote-controlled robot, developed with the electronics engineer Shuya Abe, walked and talked in Paik's performance and on the streets of New York. *Magnet TV* (1965), another work that transformed video into art, was featured with other works in his first one-man exhibition in New York, at the New School for Social Research in 1965. The showing of Paik's first videotape followed, at the Café à Go-Go, a tape shot with a portable video camera he had bought that same day.

The selection of pieces in this retrospective describes the scope of Paik's accomplishment. In addition to early musical scores and sculptural objects, the exhibition includes the video sculptures *TV Cello* (1971), *TV Glasses* (1971), and *TV Bra for Living Sculpture* (1969), created for Charlotte Moorman, which have been featured in their performances and in Paik's videotapes. The second-floor Film/Video Gallery and a major portion of the fourth floor are devoted to Paik's large video installations, which, through the positioning of televisions and video images within the exhibition space, explore their relationship to each other and to other elements. These expanded forms of video include *Video Fish* (1975–77), with live fish and televisions; *Fish Flies on Sky* (1975), where televisions hang from the gallery ceiling; *TV Garden* (1974–78), with televisions lying face-up on the gallery floor, surrounded by plants; *Moon is the Oldest TV* (1965–76) and *TV Clock* (1963–81), where sequences of television images represent the phases of the moon and the passage of time, respectively. *Imagine There Are More Stars on the Sky Than Chinese on the Earth* (1981) projects circular video images onto the gallery walls; in *Participation TV* (1963–71) abstract

Charlotte Moorman with TV
Bonino, New York City, Nov

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Charlotte Moorman with *TV Cello* (1971) and *TV Glasses* (1971) at Galeria Bonino, New York City, November 23, 1971. Photo by Thomas Haar.

video images are activated by sound. Paik's latest work is the Paik/Baumann laser video environment, in which projected video images transform the gallery into moving video surfaces and spaces.

These large video projects expand our concept of sculpture through the introduction of transitory, electronically produced imagery into the text of the work. Thus many of these pieces incorporate Paik's videotapes—*Global Groove* (1973) is shown in the *TV Garden*, and *Lake Placid '80* can be seen in *V-yramid* (1982). These videotapes were produced on the Paik/Abe Video Synthesizer, a device developed in 1969, which introduced the electronic transformation of representational imagery and the generation of abstract forms into videotape.

Paik's art and his career have been informed by a complex network of associations and relationships with visual artists, composers, technicians, television stations, and galleries, operating within several different art movements. His wide-ranging interests in all forms of art making and in the exploration of visual and scientific ideas have shaped his aesthetic discourse, bringing multiple resources and materials into his individual performances, compositions, videotape projects, and video sculptures. In addition, Paik refashions earlier works in a process that constantly reflects on the past while thinking about the future. In the hands of Nam June Paik, video became a medium of individual creative expression, altering the conventional and standardized perception of these technologies, and revealing their potential to stimulate and challenge as new visual and conceptual art forms.

John G. Hanhardt
Curator
Film and Video

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

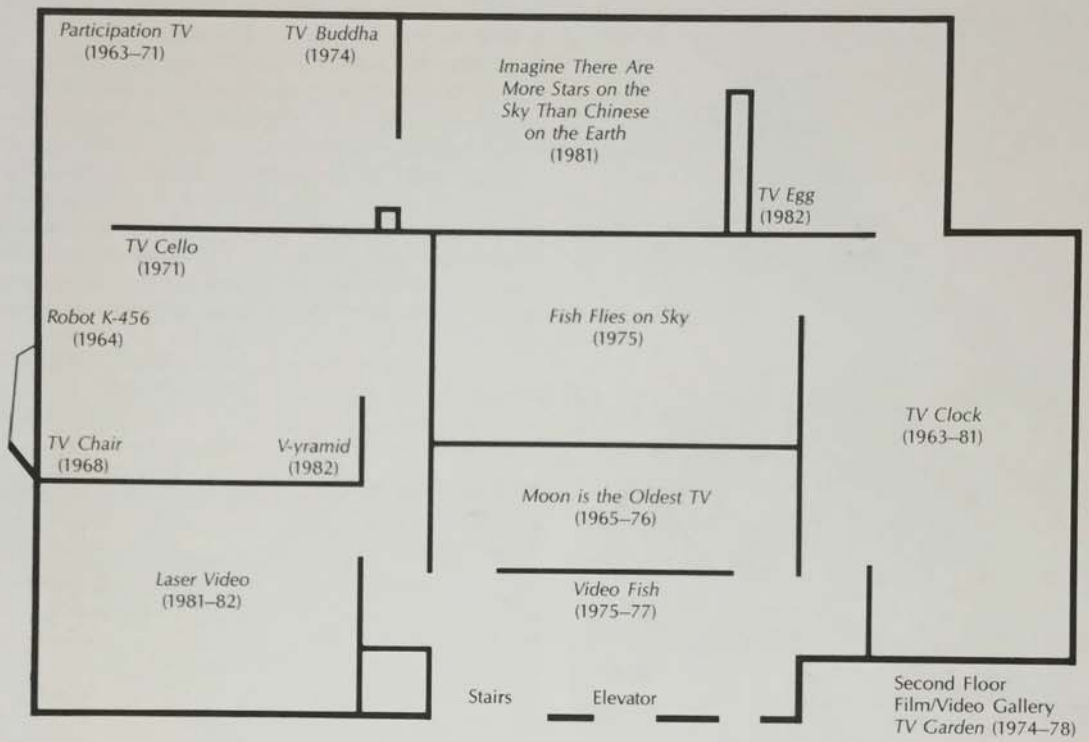
The Nam June Paik exhibition could have been made possible only by the cooperation and generosity of many institutions and individuals. The Curator wishes to extend special thanks to Shuya Abe, Bob Abrams, Shridhar Bapat, Horst Baumann, Mrs. Fernanda Bonino, Carol Brandenburg, Paul Earls, Dr. Wulf Herzogenrath, Shigeko Kubota, Andres Mannik, Peter and Barbara Moore, Charlotte Moorman, Frank Pileggi, David A. Ross, Marjan Solč, and Howard Wise. Plants for *TV Garden* were donated by Kenneth J. West Plants, Inc., New York City.

The following collectors and institutions loaned works for the exhibition: Asian Gallery, New York City; Stella Baum, Wuppertal, West Germany; Mrs. Fernanda Bonino, New York City; Herman Braun, Remscheid, West Germany; Wolfgang Hahn, Cologne, West Germany; Dr. Wulf Herzogenrath, Cologne, West Germany; Allan Kaprow, Rancho Santa Fe, California, and Vaughan Rachel, Los Angeles, California; Barbara and Peter Moore, New York City; Charlotte Moorman, New York City; Museum Moderner Kunst, Vienna, Austria; Hala Pietkiewicz, Great Neck, New York; and David A. Ross, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Nam June Paik's videotapes are distributed by Electronic Arts Intermix, New York City.

The complex process of preparing this exhibition was the responsibility of the Film and Video Department: Callie Angell, Curatorial Assistant; Elliot Caplan, Research Assistant to the Exhibition.

This exhibition is supported by the New York State Council on the Arts with additional assistance from the Rockefeller Foundation and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wise. Equipment is donated by Sony Corporation of America.

Fourth Floor



VIDEOTAPE RETROSPECTIVE

A retrospective of videotapes by Nam June Paik will be broadcast on WNET-TV/Channel 13 on Sunday evenings, immediately following "Independent Focus."

May 9 — *A Tribute to Nam June Paik: Video Portrait of a Man Who Won't Sit Still* (1982) by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn, 30 minutes.

May 16 — *Allan and Allen's Complaint* (1982) by Nam June Paik and Shigeko Kubota, 30 minutes.

May 23 — *Global Groove* (1973) by Nam June Paik and John J. Godfrey, 30 minutes.

May 30 — *Merce by Merce by Paik* (1978). Part I: *Blue Studio: Five Segments* by Charles Atlas and Merce Cunningham, 30 minutes; Part II: *Merce and Marcel* by Shigeko Kubota and Nam June Paik, 30 minutes.

June 6 — *Media Shuttle: Moscow/New York* (1978) by Nam June Paik and Dimitri Devyatkin, 30 minutes.

June 13 — *Guadalcanal Requiem (Revised)* (1979) by Nam June Paik with Charlotte Moorman, 29 minutes.

June 20 — *A Tribute to John Cage* (1973) by Nam June Paik, 60 minutes.

PANEL DISCUSSION

Friday, May 21, at 6:30 P.M.

The art of Nam June Paik will be discussed by John Cage, composer; John G. Hanhardt, Curator, Film and Video, Whitney Museum of American Art; Dr. Wulf Herzogenrath, Director, Kölnischer Kunstverein, Cologne, West Germany; Pontus Hulten, Director, The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, California; and David A. Ross, Director, Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, Massachusetts. For ticket information, call (212) 570-3652.

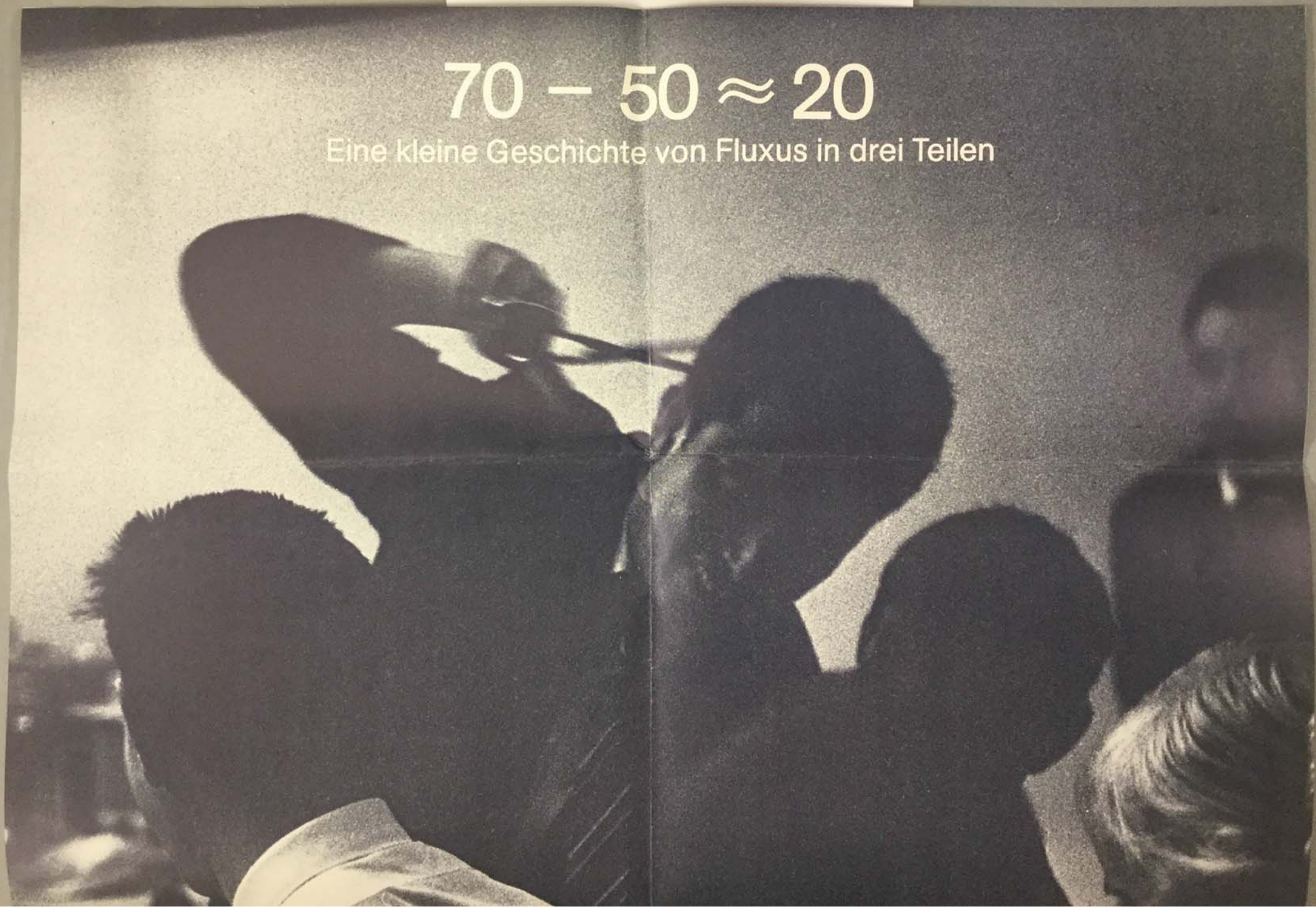
PERFORMANCES BY NAM JUNE PAIK AND CHARLOTTE MOORMAN

Wednesday, June 2, and Thursday, June 3, at 8:00 P.M. Tickets are available at the Museum's Sales Desk.

Cover photo: Nam June Paik performing with *Violin with String* (1961–75) at the "Twelfth Annual New York Avant-Garde Festival," Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York, September 27, 1975. Photo © 1975 by Peter Moore.

70 – 50 ≈ 20

Eine kleine Geschichte von Fluxus in drei Teilen



1.
John Cage
Nam June Paik

daadgalerie
Kurfürstenstraße 58 · Berlin 30 · Telefon 2 61 36 40

Ausstellungsdauer
22. Januar bis 20. Februar 1983

Öffnungszeiten
montags bis sonnabends 12 bis 19 Uhr, sonntags 12 bis 17 Uhr

Eintritt frei

Foto: Klaus Rödiger

The New York Times. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1963.

Everything Is Instrumental in a Way-Out Concert

Frederic Rzewski plays typewriter with one hand and squeezes baby doll that says "Mama" with other as he practices for avant-garde music show at Judson Hall.

MUSICIANS USING BIZARRE SOUNDS

Judson Hall Plans Festival Featuring Unusual Idiom

By MARJORIE RUBIN

New York's avant-garde composers and performers who burst balloons, saw lumber, clank chains, scrape sand and play pianos filled with children's blocks have banded together for their first festival of far-out music.

Beginning Tuesday they will fill Judson Hall with bizarre sounds for six nights—Aug. 20, 21, 27 and 28 and Sept. 3 and 4.

Among the participants will be John Cage, elder statesman of the avant-garde who maintains that "all sounds are music," and David Tudor, a highly respected piano exponent of this idiom.

At a rehearsal in the hall yesterday, 20 baby dolls were unwrapped as Frederic Rzewski tested the rhythm of a typewriter and prepared to practice for the first performance of Giuseppe Chiari's "Teatrino." The work calls for "dangerous" sounds and Mr. Rzewski feels they could best be achieved by squeezing baby dolls that say "mama."

For a loud, sharp sound that Mr. Cage indicates in his "26'1.1499," which Charlotte Moorman will play, the cellist decided that the sound of breaking glass would be apt. On the advice of Mr. Tudor, she decided to achieve this effect by smashing an electric-light bulb in a metal wastebasket filled with bricks. But last week when she called some construction companies to "buy three or four bricks" she was laughed at.

Scouting around the upper West Side at 3 A.M., she found a building halfway demolished and was about to pick up some loose bricks when an encounter with a skeptical policeman sent her running home empty-handed. The next day she was advised by Mr. Tudor that smashing a Pepsi-Cola bottle would do the trick because it was abrasive.

Miss Moorman then concentrated on finding a second sound required by Mr. Cage's composition. She finally decided on striking a garbage can cover with a hammer while she plucks a cello.

The New York Times (by Allyn Baum)

Charlotte Moorman goes through rendition of John Cage's "26'1.1499," a symphonic composition that entails plucking a cello, hammering on a garbage-can cover, bursting a balloon, scraping shoes with sandpaper soles on sandy cookie pans, firing a popgun and blowing a slide whistle.

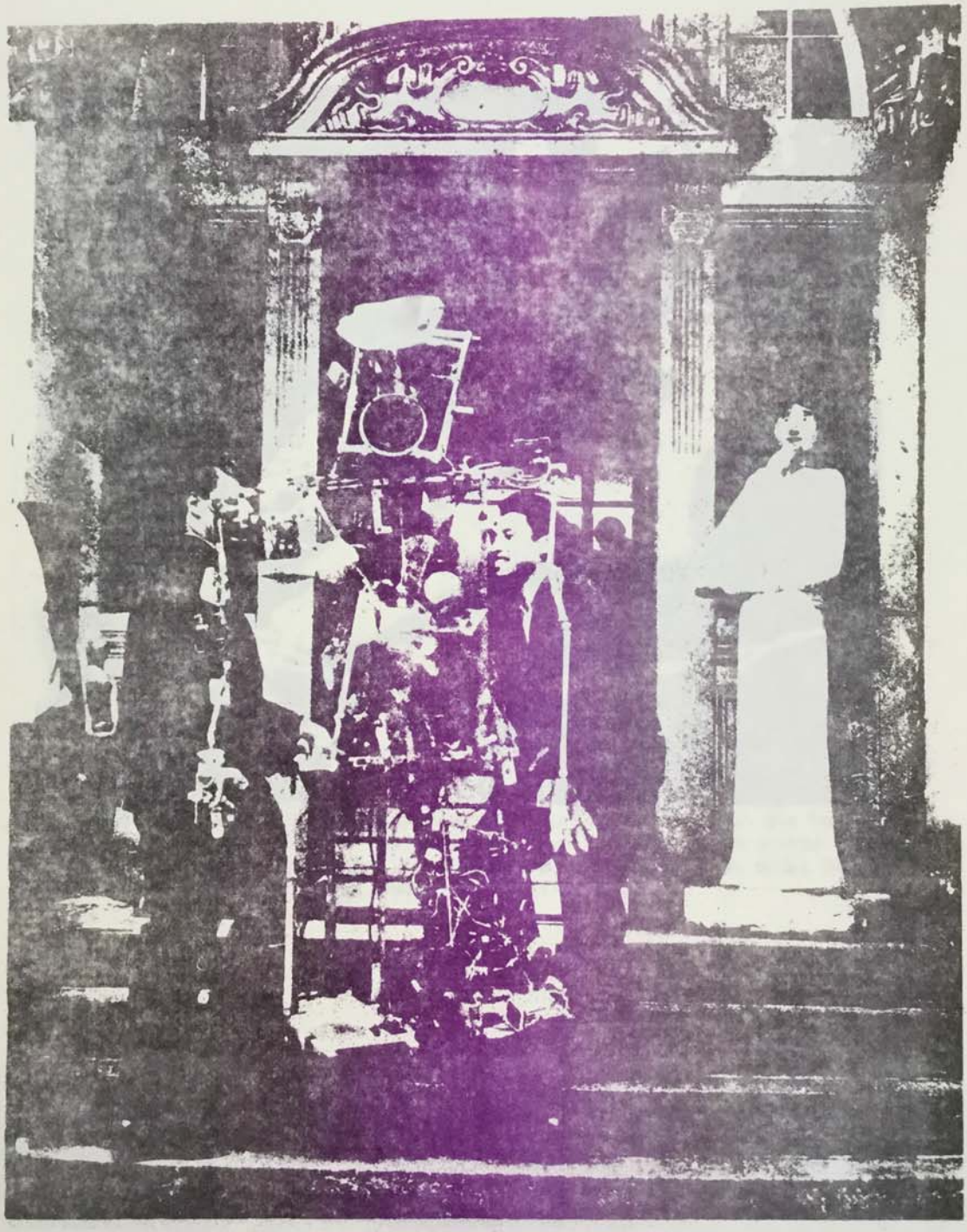
please give your number to Ken Friedman

I MET you IN CHICAGO. I lost your address ARE you in NAM JUN PAI

JOE

JOE

JOHN



SIE RATEN RICHTIG. Das war einmal ein Klavier. Wenn man nun die Tasten drückt, erklingt alles andere als eine liebliche Tonfolge. Man erlebt sein blaues Wunder. Vor allem bei der todernsten Erklärung, das alles habe ganz bewußt und ganz direkt etwas mit Kunst zu tun.