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INFORMATION EXHIBITION

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prints, photogra
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The strongest "style" or international art movement of the last three years concentrates on work that is not primarily devoted to making specific objects. The attitude of these artists is to think of concepts that are broader and more cerebral than the expected product of the studio.

Many of the artists have become increasingly interested in using the general environment, some having ecological concerns. Others are more directly involved with the "gesture," with the idea of Marcel Duchamp's ready-mades and the implications of Dada. Jackson Pollock, Happenings of the early sixties, and even some of the concerns of Pop Art have led to this artistic activity that is often seemingly more conceptual than visual, and more involved with problems and situations than with objects.

With an art culture that has become more and more reproduction oriented through the wide dissemination of knowledge in periodicals, and one that has been altered by communication systems, through, for example, television, film, and increased mobility, the artists try to disseminate new information as easily as possible. Therefore, photographs, films, documents and ideas which are rapidly transmitted have become an important part of this new work. These have become more stimulating, particularly for those artists working outside the centres. It has allowed the "provincial" artist to participate more completely since it is now possible to bypass the usual and often artificial steps to recognition in order to avoid the accusation of being "derivative."

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I N F O R M A T I O N

Throughout the twentieth century a major preoccupation of artists has been to extend the idea of art. Distinctions between traditional categories -- painting, sculpture, drawing, prints, photography, films, etc., have become increasingly blurred.

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This has led to an intellectual exchange and an international community with the traditional aim of artists to provide new ways of seeing, but which has been extended into a more direct involvement with the natural and artificial environment as well as with communicating the information so that others see the world about them more clearly through this broadened attitude, but still within the realm of art.

Film is a medium increasing in importance for them. It is being used with an entirely different attitude from that of the "filmmaker" -- for these artists it is just another medium to distribute the visual information which interests them.

INFORMATION which will be the summer 1970 exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, takes a broad look at the various activities within these new tendencies. It will consist of documentation of their ecological work, renderings for possible, "impossible," and imaginary projects, for example, "earthworks" to be executed in the desert, series of photographs which record ideas through the visual facts, information transmitted through the communications systems, and environmental situations. Through the use of a "visual juke box" in the exhibition galleries, many of the films made recently by the artists will be shown.

The exhibition will also have a series of events which will take place both in the Museum and around New York. These will be considered a part of and not an adjunct to the show. Several of the artists may participate through their own activities in their own countries throughout the duration of the exhibition and the information will be transmitted from its point of origin to New York.

The catalogue will be an inexpensive and informative record of all of these various projects and proposals and illustrative material that demonstrates their continuing involvement with strong imagery despite the new processes. A few artists' contributions to the exhibition will exist only in the catalogue. Approximately 100 artists will be represented in the exhibition, events, and publication, from various countries including Argentina, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, England, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, and the United States. The

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exhibition is directed by Kynaston L. McShine, Associate Curator of the Department of Painting and Sculpture.

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September 14, 1970

Letter to the Editor
The New York Times
229 West 43rd Street
New York, New York 10036

Dear Sir:

Mr. Kramer touched the sensitive nerve of the press preview in his review of the INFORMATION Show at the Museum of Modern Art which will technically close on September 20th but actually continue indefinitely if not necessarily at MOMA. It is germane to mention it now since one of the critical elements in INFORMATION is the emphatic recognition by the Museum that art is a process which has no beginning or end at all. The preview or membership opening is therefore an institutional device which accedes to the trap of press deadlines, newspaper publicity, patronage, fanfare, and some celebratory relief for everyone involved.

A number of artists, many of whom are represented in the INFORMATION Show, are restating - some with vigor, some with outrage, still others with compassion - that art, especially within the intimidating framework of a museun cannot exist without the participation of museum visitors. If no one sees it (to vary an old Zen chestnut), is Monet's Water Lilies still beautiful?

Some of the artists in INFORMATION sent their work by mail since it consisted entirely of documents about the work, i.e., photographs, diagrams, drawings. These were available to the press, along with the artists' statements and the essay by the Director of the show, Kynaston McShine, well before the "opening". Some projects will not be completed until after the show closes, if ever. The show, therefcre, steps out of the cyclical straitjacket that museum connotations, financial requirements, and press coverage insist upon. The routine of regular press previews is given a new kind of meaning-- or, better still, non-meaning.

Although on occasion, for some theme shows, for example, the Museum has asked critics not to "review" a show from incomplete material or under non-gallery conditions (looking at paintings in poor light on the receiving platforms, for example), in this instance it did not seem a violation of the rights of the artists or of the

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critic to give out everything we had with the clear understanding that not everything was "finished".

Thus, John Gruen's essay in NEW YORK Magazine was one of several philosophical pieces written on the basis of the list of artists in the show many of whom he knew, photographs, catalog material which he found fascinating and stimulating. ARTS magazine, on the other hand, carried a review which went to press weeks in advance and found the show, on the basis of earlier returns, not outrageous enough. Mr. Kramer found it an intellectual scandal.

To each his own - and happily so, for the show asks that both visitor and museum approach each other free of traditional preconceptions of what is or is not appropriate for an art museum. Since Mr. Kramer generously quoted extensively from the Museum catalog, I would like to add a few more lines from Curator McShine's text:

> (The attitude of the artists represented) enables us to participate, quite often as in a game; at other times it seems therapeutic, making us question ourselves and our responses to unfamiliar stimuli. The constant demand is to a more aware relation to our natural and artificial environments.... These artists are questioning our prejudices, asking us to renounce our inhibitions, and if they are re-evaluating the nature of art, they are also asking that we assess what we have always taken for granted as our accepted and culturally conditioned aesthetic response to art.

Sincerely,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:pmc

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Information
JBH

The New York Times
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK N Y 10036

SEP 30 1970

September 27, 1970

Dear John:

Thanks very much for sending me a copy of your letter to the Times. Frankly, I think it's a lot of crap. But if you are interested in defending a shoddy journalistic practice, that's your business. My business is to point out the practice is shoddy.

Sincerely,

Hilton Kramer

Mr. John B. Hightower
Director,
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, New York 10019

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

political left or right. I hope I did not give the impression that I condone either liberals or conservatives who insist that that their point of view must be adhered to by all.

I do, however, feel strongly that a diversity of views has a right to be presented, and that the work of an artist has a right to be displayed at the Museum as created, if it can withstand the critical, if often indefinable, judgments of curators. Again, my concern was one of recognizing that in the United States there were forces of subtle intimidation insinuating themselves into the

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Information

February 10, 1971

Mr. James G. Hellmuth
Morgan Guaranty Trust Company
Fifth Avenue at 44th Street
New York, New York 10036

Dear Mr. Hellmuth:

Please accept my apologies for such an inordinate delay to your very concerned letter regarding my statements in the November Newsletter and the cascade of complications surrounding Dial-a-Poem.

When I stated that a tolerance for diversity was one of the reasons we allowed Dial-a-Poem to be presented as created, I was not making a defensive stand for my beliefs -- as supposedly expressed through Dial-a-Poem statements. The point I was particularly and remain acutely concerned about is censorship. The respect, or tolerance, for a diversity of political viewpoint prompted us not to censor the statement of an artist, John Giorno. We have only to read the numerous articles about Russia's most recent Nobel author - Alexander Solzhenitsyn - to realize how easily ideas can be contained and traduced to serve what the USSR thinks best. I cannot help but wonder whether diluting or altering portions of Dial-a-Poem because we did not agree with them would have been no less onerous than the Soviet Union's continual repression of both visual and verbal expression.

Whether or not these statements reflected the views of a "liberal" is beside the point. The approach you citedas the liberal view-- "Agree with me or you don't believe in the diversity of expression"-- can be applied with equal and justifiable ease to either the political left or right. I hope I did not give the impression that I condone either liberals or conservatives who insist that that their point of view must be adhered to by all.

I do, however, feel strongly that a diversity of views has a right to be presented, and that the work of an artist has a right to be displayed at the Museum as created, if it can withstand the critical, if often indefinable, judgments of curators. Again, my concern was one of recognizing that in the United States there were forces of subtle intimidation insinuating themselves into the

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fabric of our nations cultural and intellectual life through institutions such as the Museum of Modern Art. I do not think this fact needs to be over-dramatized. By the same token, I would feel remiss, perhaps irresponsible, if I did not point it out.

Thank you very much for taking the time to write over an issue that is of obvious concern to us both. Again, I apologize for my excessive delay in responding to your letter.

Best regards,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:pmc

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The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956 6100 Cable: Modernart

John B. Hightower
Director
Tel. (212) 956-7502

July 23, 1970

Mr. David Rockefeller
Chairman of the Board
The Chase Manhattan Bank
One Chase Manhattan Plaza
New York, New York 10005

Dear David:

Forgive me for flailing the tormented horse of the Information Show and your reaction to it. A couple of points still persist that trouble me enough to continue further response. I promise not to submerge you with correspondence after each show, but this one I feel raises some critical and substantive questions for the Museum.

You asked what a poll, newspaper articles, a page from a magazine or a quote from Andy Warhol had to do with art. The question suggests to me that perhaps you would define art as limited to painting, sculpture, drawings, prints, architecture, film, photography; in short, a visual presentation in one to three dimensions of someone's ability to synthesize what he sees or what he feels. I would hope, at least, that you would be willing to consider art in this latter context as a synthesis of what the artist or perhaps even the individual sees or feels.

If you grant that much, and then push and pull a little on my definition of 25 words or less, there are few areas of human activity that escape visual synthesis particularly if one tosses in words as an aspect of visual communication and if one does not get hung up on the traditional forms of what has been arbitrarily established as "appropriate" to art.

For me, art is a way of caring about the consequences of one's actions both individually and collectively. It is unlike religion in this regard only in its capacity to remind man that he, and he alone, is responsible for both the cause and effect of his existence. To quote Aldous Huxley, "the greatest art is living".

Consequently, among other things the Information Show says - "Hey, wait a minute - there are a lot of things that individually and collectively affect my existence: the war, J. Edgar Hoover, the Establishment, the Rockefellers, the Defense Department." They

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are- continuing the logic - fit subjects of concern no matter what media, methods, paint, technology, verbalizing, or abstractions are available. As long as the instruments of expressing concern are controlled by humans, they are legitimate tools for the artist to use including newspapers, polls, television, film, photography, magazines, words, what-have-you.

Again, once art is determined by an arbitrarily annointed few to be limited to one form of expression or one technique of communication, it ceases to become art and is usually something else such as an icon, a commodity, or an adornment. Art may be all of these things, but it must also be much more or else it is just high class jewelry without nearly the degree of honesty and integrity of jewelry which is bought and sold without pretention.

What surprises me, I guess (although I find it difficult to be surprised or shocked about anything anymore) is why you should find polls, newspapers, books, and magazines unfit subject matter and media for artists. If one is truly convinced that art should be part of everyday life, then a quotation of Andy Warhol cannot be considered separate and apart from life - or art. The Museum's role, of course, is to provide some sense of aesthetic and intellectual discrimination and interpretation of the man-made materials that comprise the broadest definition of art - a definition which never allows art to be possessed or limited.

Enough said.

Best regards,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:ehn

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The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100 Cable: Modernart

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Tel. (212) 956-7502

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The Chase Manhattan Bank
One Chase Manhattan Plaza
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Best regards,

John B. Hightower
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JUL 14 1970

30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10020

Room 5600

CIrcle 7-3700

July 10, 1970

Dear John:

Thank you very much for your memo in response to my question about the artistic relevance of a number of the items in the Information Show. Let me say at the outset that in several important respects, I agree completely with your observations:

- The decision not to remove the material or change the question was wise.
- Artists do have every right to express their political viewpoints in their works, and if the art is up to MOMA standards, the Museum should display it.
- Technology clearly is the order of the day, and it is entirely appropriate for the artist to experiment with technology in his work.
- The Museum should continue to be in the vanguard of what is happening in art.

While I thus concur with your primary conclusions, I am not certain you have addressed yourself to the basic thrust of my question. You have convincingly treated the relevance aspect, but I am not sure you have dealt with the question of how many of these works can be considered art. I simply do not understand how a poll, a collection of newspaper articles placed side by side, a blown-up page from a magazine, or a quotation from Andy Warhol have any artistic content whatsoever. I trust you will grant me that they certainly have little to do with technology.

For that matter, it occurs to me that few of the items in the show actually integrate art and technology. For example, art is only incidental to the work which reproduces a print from Vancouver -- the feat would be equally remarkable if a page from the phone book were the subject. It seems to me that the work of the Experiment in Art and Technology, despite its many shortcomings, has resulted in more effective utilization of the vocabulary of technology by the artist.

I am well aware that the question of the artistic nature of these items is a difficult one, but I feel it is most important for the future of the Museum. I agree that discussions with both staff and Trustees should

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bear importantly on this general matter, and I would be delighted to take part if you wish. For the moment, however, I must confess that I am still in the dark.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

David Rockefeller

Mr. John Hightower
Director
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, New York 10019

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The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100 Cable: Modernart

MEMORANDUM

TO: David Rockefeller
cc: William S. Paley

FROM: John B. Hightower

DATE: July 7, 1970

Needless to say, the concerns you raised over some of the content of the Information Exhibition are enormously important; they are also enormously consequential in terms of the direction the Museum is to take in the coming years.

The most immediate concern we both shared was over the question that Hans Haacke posed as part of his balloting device: "Would the fact that Governor Rockefeller has not denounced President Nixon's Indo-china policy be a reason for you not to vote for him in November?". You had also expressed concern over the artistic relevance of some written material that was critical of you. I think the decision not to ask the artists to remove the material or change the question is immeasurably wise. The consequence would be to draw more attention to each of these elements in the show than either of them deserve. It would probably raise questions of censorship and trustee control of curatorial decisions that we currently have too little basis in terms of clearly articulated policy for defending. I also think the fact that you and Nelson allow yourselves to be publicly criticized by the very institutions you endorse and support so vigorously is - and already has been - recognized as a considerable tribute to you both.

This personal dimension of yours is not an incidental consideration for there is a parallel in terms of any publicly funded programs that may eventually be developed by the Museum. Artists have traditionally been the most conscientious and, at times, the most provocative critics of society. They are bound and determined to bite the hand that feeds them - or even wants to feed them as Diego Rivera did with your father and as Robert Lowell did with Lyndon Johnson. The Governor, although he initiated and pushed thorugh the most progressive and far-reaching piece of legislation for the arts since the Works Progress Administration, is, for better or worse, currently having difficulty assembling artists for an Arts and Entertainment Committee to support his re-election this fall because of his position on the war in Southeast Asia. The artists feel that their work cannot be divorced from the humanism that provokes it. The integrity of art cannot be revered in the evening and dis-missed during the day. When it is, both art and man are diminished.

The hazardous aspect of government or public support of the arts, there-fore, is the fact that legislators and politicians must gulp deeply and somehow accept the fact that artists will always be critical of those

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individuals and those institutions that support them. At times, one wonders if the only solution is to become a benign masochist.

The reasoning behind the artists' concern over a political issue such as the Indochina War and its relationship to his work is both complicated and profound. There is a very real concern among artists - "the antenna of society", as Ezra Pound has described them - that we are collectively, systematically, yet unwittingly destroying ourselves. There are others who are not artists that share this concern which surfaces through such issues as over-population, the automobile, pollution of every conceivable variety, drugs, poverty, crime, you-name-it. The war in Southeast Asia is the culmination of a whole pattern of cultural excess and the frustrating unwillingness of our society to correct, even to recognize its own abuses. Focused against the Establishment, as is frequently the case, the artist feels that if the Establishment were really committed to correcting societal excess and ending the war, collectively it could.

The artists also feel, and I share this belief, that death pervades almost everything we do in this country these days. One hundred billion dollars a year has been designated for Defense. A single destroyer, for instance, costs 85 million dollars. The stranglehold of this financial input on our economy is so pervasive we can no longer detect it. At M.I.T. the commission, on which I served, was straightforwardly told that M.I.T. undergraduates were being trained for a kind of sophisticated scientific skill that could only be practiced with satisfaction in jobs that were available solely through the Defense Department.

The leap of logic to the Southeast Asia War on the part of the artist becomes more understandable. The arts, the artist claims, are about life. If death pervades our culture, art consequently becomes a hollow parody of life.

This reasoning is combined with another factor in Kynaston McShine's Information Exhibition, which, incidentally, I think is a benchmark show for the Museum. The current palette of the Twentieth Century is technology. The artist is experimenting with this palette. Were we, as a Museum of Modern Art, to decide fifty years from now what was artistically valid in terms of the new palette, we would cease to be a museum of modern art. Through new technology the artist is expressing those concerns which are uppermost on his mind and most antithetical to what he considers art - or life. They are saying at the same time through some of the technological media in the show that art is not property; it is not solely an adornment; it is not an object to be either revered like an icon or traded like a commodity. In many ways this is what art has become, and the Museum plays a large role in its treatment as such. Again, both art and man are diminished.

The question for the Museum, it seems to me, is whether or not it wants to take the risk of artistic failure by putting on interpretive exhibitions of experimental and untried, unproven forms of creative and human communication. Should we be an institution that only reflects on the past - regardless of how recent - as the Metropolitan does? It seems to me that the Museum can, and indeed should, be both a modern museum and a museum of modern art. It seems to me that the opportunity for it always to be in the vanguard of what is happening is forever present and does not always involve the competitive acquisition of works that is so costly. It is certainly what excites me most about the Museum.

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individuals and those institutions that support them. At times, one wonders if the only solution is to become a benign masochist.

The reasoning behind the artists' concern over a political issue such as the Indochina War and its relationship to his work is both complicated and profound. There is a very real concern among artists - "the antenna of society", as Ezra Pound has described them - that we are collectively, systematically, yet unwittingly destroying ourselves. There are others who are not artists that share this concern which surfaces through such issues as over-population, the automobile, pollution of every conceivable variety, drugs, poverty, crime, you-name-it. The war in Southeast Asia is the culmination of a whole pattern of cultural excess and the frustrating unwillingness of our society to correct, even to recognize its own abuses. Focused against the Establishment, as is frequently the case, the artist feels that if the Establishment were really committed to correcting societal excess and ending the war, collectively it could.

The artists also feel, and I share this belief, that death pervades almost everything we do in this country these days. One hundred billion dollars a year has been designated for Defense. A single destroyer, for instance, costs 85 million dollars. The stranglehold of this financial input on our economy is so pervasive we can no longer detect it. At M.I.T. the commission, on which I served, was straightforwardly told that M.I.T. undergraduates were being trained for a kind of sophisticated scientific skill that could only be practiced with satisfaction in jobs that were available solely through the Defense Department.

The leap of logic to the Southeast Asia War on the part of the artist becomes more understandable. The arts, the artist claims, are about life. If death pervades our culture, art consequently becomes a hollow parody of life.

This reasoning is combined with another factor in Kynaston McShine's Information Exhibition, which, incidentally, I think is a benchmark show for the Museum. The current palette of the Twentieth Century is technology. The artist is experimenting with this palette. Were we, as a Museum of Modern Art, to decide fifty years from now what was artistically valid in terms of the new palette, we would cease to be a museum of modern art. Through new technology the artist is expressing those concerns which are uppermost on his mind and most antithetical to what he considers art - or life. They are saying at the same time through some of the technological media in the show that art is not property; it is not solely an adornment; it is not an object to be either revered like an icon or traded like a commodity. In many ways this is what art has become, and the Museum plays a large role in its treatment as such. Again, both art and man are diminished.

The question for the Museum, it seems to me, is whether or not it wants to take the risk of artistic failure by putting on interpretive exhibitions of experimental and untried, unproven forms of creative and human communication. Should we be an institution that only reflects on the past - regardless of how recent - as the Metropolitan does? It seems to me that the Museum can, and indeed should, be both a modern museum and a museum of modern art. It seems to me that the opportunity for it always to be in the vanguard of what is happening is forever present and does not always involve the competitive acquisition of works that is so costly. It is certainly what excites me most about the Museum.

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There are, for sure, hazards - political and otherwise. There will also be failures; perhaps we should not risk them. It is this question and others that relate to it on which I would like to have some lengthy policy discussions with Trustees during the fall. I have already begun some of them with the staff.

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Oct. 28. 1970

NOV 10 1970

Dear Sir

This letter is a bitter criticism of the museum sponsoring and financing the telephone service which consists of revolutionary messages by Hoffman, Cleaver, et all.

Why is the museum paying an estimated $280 per month for phone calls and tapes? Why are you paying the bills sponsoring a revolution. The radicals will use the money for what -- more bombings, campus disruptions, creating new arsenals.

Or, was this given as compromise to the radicals so that the museum would

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not be bombed – Saying blackmail to them!

It's a shame that a previously reputable institute has to succumb to sponsoring such a revolutionary project. I urgently request that this disservice be discontinued and promptly.

A concerned American

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GRANT CODE
c/o Talent Exchange
110 West 47th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

NOV 04 1970

October 31, 1970

Mr. John B. Hightower, Director
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Mr. Hightower:

I have read with great interest the current Museum News Letter, and I wish to pick up two statements in it, the first in your own article, the second in that of Mr. Crimmins.

You write: "Focused against the Establishment, as was the case in some of the material in the Information Show, the artist feels that if the Establishment were realy committed to correcting societal excess and ending the war, collectively it could do so."

There is no such thing as ThE ESTABLISHMENT. The concept is that of a sort of super-mafia which is supposed to control all 'established' institutions, from the various branches of government, all of which act very independently and are obviously not under any dominant central control, to all the various branches of business and of education, which again are independently organized and not subject to any central organization such as The Establishment is imagined to be. 'The Establishment' is a term useful to revolutionary propaganda. It has been substituted for the term 'The Capitalist System', which was formerly the target of Communist attack. Once the idea is accepted that every sort of institution, museum, school, college, business, no matter what, is merely an instrument of this wholly imaginary Establishment, then of course every such institution is viewed as an outpost of 'the enemy' and therefore to be attacked.

Mr. Crimmins writes..."art is no longer available to the average collector..." This is not true. Works of art by established masters are priced out of sight and certainly not available to the average collector, nor to many collectors of far above average means. But there are plenty of original works of art, very good ones too, by very good artists, though unknown or comparatively unknown. In addition to low-priced originals, there are quantities of extremely good reproductions of painting, sculpture and other arts. The collector of average means, and the collector of far less than average means, can collect all the objects of art he wants to.

Yours sincerely,

Grant Code

Museum's Board sponsors and finances those who seek their deaths and the destruction of their "imperialist museum," (as well as of their native land.)

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Newport Daily Independent

"Ye shall know the truth and truth shall make you free" John 8:32

Published every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday
at 308-310 Second St., Newport, Arkansas 72112
Second-Class Postage Paid at Newport, Arkansas

Mrs. A.C. Wilkerson and Mrs. O.I. Richolson—Publishers
Orville I. Richolson—Managing Editor
Brenda Blagg—News Editor

Mrs. Pauline Parish—Advertising Manager
Paul Doss—Production Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

AFTERNOON DELIVERY: By carrier in the city limits of Newport, $1.25 a month payable to the carrier; On motor routes $1.50 per month payable to the carrier. BY MAIL: In Jackson or adjoining counties, $8 per year; In State (outside trade area) $10 per year; Outside state, $12 per vear. No refunds for cancellations.

Dial-a-Revolutionary

The practice of dialing for the weather has been expanded to dialing for help to intended suicides, to one minute sermons, and to other more or less helpful or inspiring formation. That the New York Museum of Modern Art should install a "dial-a-revolutionary" at a cost of $280 a month for telephone bills and tapes to disseminate revolutionary information frankly floored us.

The service was organized, we are told, by a poet named John Giorno. New Yorkers can hear Kathleen Cleaver on a Black Panther killing, Weather-woman Bernadine Dohrn on bombing a symbol of "American imperialism," Yippie Abbie Hoffman telling high school kids to get their guns, poet Diane di Prima advising young revolutionaries to meditate, pray, make love, be prenared at any time to die, or Allen Ginsberg chanting mantras—addresses to Hindu gods.

New York has always been an easy mark for radical doings, but that the service should get 78,000 calls in two months—at an average of 130 a day— was even a high for New York. Giorno started the service as an "exhibit on information," but he says the museum will continue it after the exhibit closes. It is permitted under freedom of speech, but there is nothing that compels a museum of the standing of the Modern Art to lend itself to such a blatant tool of revolutionary propaganda, if not recruitment. It is incredible that the Museum's Board sponsors and finances those who seek their deaths and the destruction of their "imperialist museum," (as well as of their native land.)

SEP 29 1970

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Patricia Paulsen
Queens, N. Y.

OCT 27 1970

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Liz Shaw

Mrs. Joe Harris
1033 South Main Street
Newport, Arkansas 72112
October 22, 1970

OCT 27 1970

Board of Directors
New York Museum of Modern Art
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Our local editor has obviously made a serious mistake. The enclosed editorial could not possibly be accurate. Reputable, intelligent men, serving as the Board of Directors, acting in the name of freedom, could not possibly offer such assistance to those very people who are trying to destroy this freedom and all others. It would be no worse to allow wild animals to roam at will through our towns and cities. In fact, the animals would probably be less dnagerous. I can't believe the people of New York would allow you to endorse this policy.

Sincerely,

Helen Harris

Helen Harris

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how honest: Ask, how do you live with yourselves.

Cheer up. This "new, honest breed" may pay you the highest compliment yet. Why, they may even blow up the Museum - now that would mean you're really accepted. Ah - how wonderful to be free at last. You cowardly, sickening, miserable excuses for men.

Museum - it should be called mausoleum or nauseaeum. I wish I could spit in your eye - maybe then I could record a message for "Information".

Patricia Paulsen
Queens, N. Y.

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SEP 29 1970

Dear Sir,

It was interesting to find out what the Museum of Modern Art considers "art". Apparently it is letting every sick person in N.Y. get on the "Information Exhibit" and tell how to destroy life and limb. Is this "Information Exhibit", with suspected bombers and criminals giving forth their twisted philosophies, some kind of joke? Are you trying to see how far you can push the average American before all hell breaks loose?

How sickening! How the "so called intellectual institutions" tremble lest they should be considered old-fashioned or reactionary or just plain intellectual. How horrifying! The answer, of course, is to drool over every nut who opens his mouth against this country; who advocates and demands killing innocent people for the sake of "revolution". You get on your knees and lick their dirty feet - just so they don't call you conservative. You exclaim with delight over every curse - how free! You choke to death with love over every bombing or killing - how honest! God, how do you live with yourselves.

Cheer up. This "new, honest breed" may pay you the highest compliment yet. Why, they may even blow up the Museum - now that would mean you're really accepted. Ah - how wonderful to be free at last. You cowardly, sickening, miserable excuses for men.

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September 25, 1970

Mr. George B. Kendall
Partner
Sartorius & Co.
39 Broadway
New York, New York 10006

Dear Mr. Kendall:

Thank you for taking the time to write me a letter about the article that appeared in Time Magazine undermthe heading, Dial-A-Radical.

The Time article referring to the Dial-A-Poem part of the Information exhibition was inaccurate. Dial-A-Poem was originated by the artist, John Giorno, and was exhibited in the Information show which closed September 20th. In the context of the show, it is no more than a verbal anthology of poetry and statements made by a number of people in the last few years. As such, it is one of several hundred events, objects, films, "exhibits" of various kinds created by artists from all over the world.

We did not censor the work of any of the artists, after they were chosen for the show, nor did we censor Giorno's selection of poets. He submitted a list of poets and said he planned to add others. The original list ranged from work by poets such as Frank O'Hara and Barbara Guest to radical "concrete" poetry composed almost as a collage from newspaper headlines. In other words, only some artists selected by Giorno could be called - or would call themselves - radical revolutionaries. Thus, in the interest of freedom and tolerance of diversity, we did not still any of these voices by subjecting them to what the Museum thought would be more acceptable.

I hope that this letter will convince you of the reasons behind our presenting an exhibition like this. I would like to point out that our exhibition program is extremely varied in subject matter. Among the exhibitions we have shown during the last year are the Nelson A. Rockefeller Collection, Claes Oldenburg, Bill Brandt, A Salute to Alexander Calder, Hector Guimard, and Frank Stella. It is only whem one comes to the very avant-garde that questions of interpretation arise.

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I trust that perhaps at a later date you will wish to join the Museum again.

Sincerely,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:pmc

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The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100

MR GEORGE KENDALL

Membership no. 37548 For year ending APRIL 30 1971

Category RESIDENT M

Membership Card

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BROADWAY
RK, N.Y. 10006

BRANCH OFFICES
1540 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
560 W. 181ST ST., NEW YORK

CABLE ADDRESS
SARTOR, N.Y.

September 11, 1970

Mr. John B. Hightower
Director
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, New York 10019

Dear Mr. Hightower:

I refer to the enclosed article that appeared in Time Magazine.

I have been a member with my wife and family for a number of years. We enjoyed belonging to the Museum and we made full use of your facilities including sending our children to your art school, participated in your cinematic exhibitions, etc.

We became aware of this recent show, Dial-a-Radical, and we are shocked to see that you have permitted such a destructive program to be financed by the Museum.

Revolution is not a joke and certainly not art. If anything, just the opposite. We believe that everybody should, in the disturbing times that we live in, make all necessary efforts to fight violence in any shape, form or color. We cannot understand how you can permit and lend your name to such an exhibition.

Please accept our resignation as members of the Museum. We want to make very clear that we cannot condone such action and we certainly are not going to finance it too. We don't know which sick mind convinced you to go ahead with this plan. We shall also make the effort to publicize this letter in the

- Continued on page Two -

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This card must always be presented for admission to the Museum.
Not valid without signature of member. Not transferable.

Thank you for your support.

Signature George Kendall

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BRANCH OFFICES
1540 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
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- Continued on page Two -

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SARTORIUS & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1899
39 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10006

MEMBERS
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE (ASSOC.)
MIDWEST STOCK EXCHANGE

TELEPHONE 212 HANOVER 2-1300

BRANCH OFFICES
1540 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
560 W. 181ST ST., NEW YORK

CABLE ADDRESS
SARTOR, N. Y.

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- Continued on page Two -

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press and otherwise to convince many of our friends who are members of the Museum to do likewise.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE B. KENDALL
Partner

GBK:mm
Enclosures

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 14, 1970 Vol. 96, No. 11

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

According to Lindy

Charles A. Lindbergh has always been a fascinating blend of contradictions: mystic and mechanic, first hero of the machine age, world-traveling anchorite. As the aviation age that he inaugurated and helped to build fills the skies with metal and gases, he has become a passionate environmentalist, speaking round the world to promote conservation and speaking privately against production of the supersonic transport that he originally encouraged.

It is only as a historian that Lindbergh displays a persistent and bewildering consistency. In the late '30s he argued constantly against U.S. involvement in the war against Hitler, a position that provoked charges of isolationism and anti-Semitism. Now he has published *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95), 1,000 pages of the diary he kept from 1937 to 1945. In a letter quoted in the introduction, Lindbergh defends his original judgment that the U.S. should have stayed out of the war.

More astonishingly, he argues that the U.S. actually lost World War II. "We won the war in a military sense," he reasons, "but in a broader sense it seems to me we lost it, for our Western civilization is less respected and secure than it was before. In order to defeat Germany and Japan, we supported the still greater menaces of Russia and China, which now confront us in a nuclear-weapon era. Much of our Western culture was destroyed." Then, in a sentence that falls somewhere between Nietzsche and incoherence, he declares: "We lost the genetic heredity formed through aeons in many million lives."

Lindbergh does not disclose what he thinks the future of Western culture might have been if the U.S. had not entered the war to destroy Nazi Germany, though it seems safe to assume that Germany would eventually have developed nuclear weapons and completed its annihilation of the Jewish people and other "inferior" races. If Lindbergh's historical judgments were not so baffling, they might be very ugly.

Not to the Swift

Like Hopalong Cassidy sipping sarsaparilla in a riotous saloon, the entrants in the Clean-Air Car Race picked their way across the nation inhaling volumes of exhaust from other travelers. Their own machines were ingenious contraptions of varying degrees of purity powered by gasoline, batteries, propane gas or even steam.

Thirty-six of the 44 entries last week completed the trip from M.I.T. to Caltech in Pasadena. The winner: a 1971 Ford Capri burning unleaded gasoline and outfitted with an air-injection afterburner, an exhaust-gas recirculating system, and four catalytic mufflers to clean up exhaust partially before releasing it.

Dial-a-Radical

For an organization with Banker David Rockefeller as its chairman and Governor Nelson Rockefeller on the board of trustees, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art is bankrolling an incongruous enterprise. As part of the museum's current exhibit on "Information," a poet named John Giorno contributed a sort of Dial-a-Radical service. By telephoning (212) 956-7032, the public can hear one of more than 600 predominantly revolutionary, tape-recorded messages.

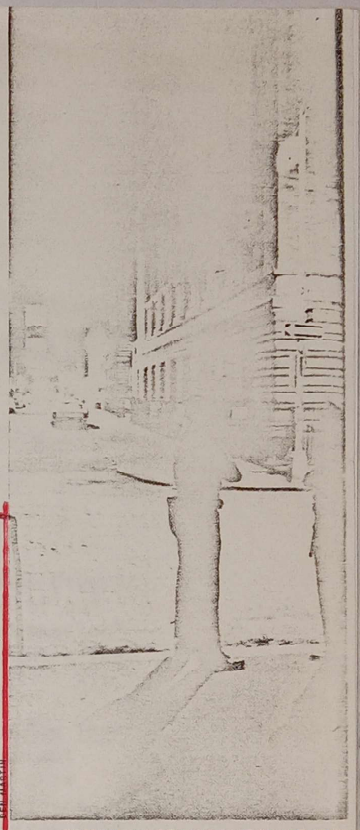
One of them is "Revolutionary Letter No. 7," which advises the caller: "There are those who can tell you how to make Molotov cocktails, flamethrowers, bombs, whatever might be needing. Find them and learn . . ." Poet Allen Ginsberg chants mantras. Weatherman Activist Bernardine Dohrn announces that her group will bomb a symbol of "American imperialism."

For this public service, the museum is paying $284 a month for tapes and telephones. But is it art?

The Bear Conspiracy

Many of the thousands of tourists who crowd Yellowstone National Park each year come to see the black bears that panhandle along the roadsides. This summer a number of the bears are missing in action. Around some campfires, a dark conspiracy theory grew. Park rangers, said the rumor, were shooting down the bears because 1) the bears cause traffic jams, or 2) so many visitors bitten by the bears have been suing the National Park Service for damages—and winning.

But there is a happier explanation. Since last year, the rangers have issued dozens of summonses and warnings to tourists who tried to feed bears. Finding their stocks of ham-and-cheese sandwiches diminishing, the bears, which seem quicker to learn than the tourists in this respect, have pulled back into the wilderness. They are eating well there: because of a late, wet spring, it is a vintage year for berries.



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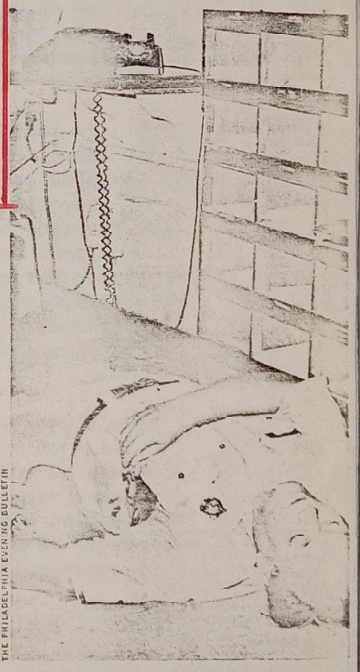

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bcc: Mr. John Hightower, Mr. James Thrall Soby

The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100 Cable: Modernart

Department of Membership

September 25, 1970

SEP 29 1970

Mrs. Norma K. Regan
132 Terry Road
Hartford, Connecticut 06105

Dear Mrs. Regan:

I have been asked by John Loeb, the Chairman of the Membership Department of the Museum of Modern Art, and James Thrall Soby, one of our Trustees, to answer your questions concerning the recent "Information" exhibition held here at the Museum and, in particular, the Dial-a-Poem part of the exhibition.

To begin with, the UPI wire service story (the source of the New York Times article) contained several inaccuracies. The Museum is not continuing the Dial-a-Poem part of the exhibition. However, this conceptual work of art has been in existence for a number of years and will, undoubtedly, continue on its own without any help from this Museum. Giorno, the artist who originated Dial-a-Poem, asked us to continue Dial-a-Poem here, but it would no longer be an element of a larger point which we were trying to make in terms of new communication devices.

Dial-a-Poem in the context of the show was no more than a verbal anthology of poetry and statements made by a number of people in the last few years. As such, it is one of several hundred events, objects, films, "exhibits" of various kinds created by artists from all over the world. The Museum presented the show as a report on one phase of current developments in the international art world. Much of that, of course, is political, since so many artists are currently addressing themselves to the political aspects of human concerns with the justification, I presume, that most of the human dilemmas facing the country -- crime, poverty, drugs -- are ones which for better or for worse will be solved politically.

We did not censor the work of any of the artists, after they were chosen for the show, nor did we censor Giorno's selection of poets. He submitted a list of poets and said he planned to add others. The original list ranged from work by poets such as Frank O'Hara and Barbara Guest to radical "concrete" poetry composed almost as a collage from newspaper headlines. In other words, only some of the artists selected by Giorno could be called - or would call themselves - radical revolutionaries.

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We did not censor the work of any of the artists, after they were chosen for the show, nor did we censor Giorno's selection of poets. He submitted a list of poets and said he planned to add others. The original list ranged from work by poets such as Frank O'Hara and Barbara Guest to radical "concrete" poetry composed almost as a collage from newspaper headlines. In other words, only some of the artists selected by Giorno could be called - or would call themselves - radical revolutionaries.

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	JBH	I.3.24

Please be assured that all the artists were selected by the director of the exhibition on the basis of their credentials as artists as well as the interest and quality of their work; certainly not to establish a special rapport with any group or individual. Furthermore, the Museum does not condone violence, which is destructive, but rather we seek to encourage awareness of human expression through art whether or not it pleases or distresses us.

I realize that you have undoubtedly been a member of the Museum for a long time and am extremely sorry that you were upset by this exhibition. I would like to point out that our exhibition program is extremely varied in subject matter, as you undoubtedly know. Among the exhibitions we have shown during the last year are the Nelson A. Rockefeller Collection, Claes Oldenburg, Bill Brandt, A Salute to Alexander Calder, Hector Guimard and Frank Stella. It is only when one comes to the very avant-garde that questions of interpretation arise.

I do hope that you will continue to enjoy your membership in this Museum.

Sincerely yours,

Emily C. Stone

Mrs. Thomas A. Stone
Director of Membership

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September 21, 1970

Mr. Rudolf Sobernheim
4200 Cathedral Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Sobernheim:

Thank you for taking the time to write what was both a concerned and eloquent letter.

I agree with you that the Washington Post is an unusually reliable newspaper, But in this instance the UPI wire service story which they carried contained several inaccuracies. In the first place, the Museum is not going to continue the Dial-a-Poem part of the exhibition, "Information", after the show closes on September 20. Dial-a-Poem has, however, been in existence for a number of years and will, undoubtedly, continue on its own without any help from the Museum. Giorno, the artist who originated Dial-a-Poem, asked us to continue Dial-a-Poem here, but it would no longer be an element of a larger point which we were trying to make in terms of new communication devices. Dial-a-Poem in the context of the show is no more than a verbal anthology of poetry and statements made by a number of people in the last few years.

As such, it is one of several hundred events, objects, films, "exhibits" of various kinds created by artists from all over the world. The Museum has presented the show as a report on one phase of current developments in the international art world. Much of that, of course, is political, since so many artists are currently addressing themselves to the political aspects of human concerns with the justification, I presume, that most of the human dilemma facing the country -- crime, poverty, drugs -- are ones which for better or for worse will be solved politically.

We did not censor the work of any of the artists, after they were chosen for the show, nor did we censor Giorno's selection of poets. He submitted a list of poets and said he planned to add others. The original list ranged from work by poets such as Frank O'Hara and Barbara Guest to radical "concrete" poetry composed almost as a collage from newspaper headlines. In other words, only some of the artists selected by Giorno could be called - or would call themselves - radical revolutionaries. Thus, in the interests of the very freedom and tolerance of diversity which you so articulately defend in your letter, we did not still any of these voices by subjecting them to what the Museum thought would be more acceptable.

Please be assured that all the artists were selected by the director of the exhibition on the basis of their credentials as artists as well as the interest and quality of their work; certainly not to

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Sincerely,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:pmc

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	JBH	I.3.24

The Museum of Modern Art

To Mr. John B. Hightower

From Richard H. Koch

Date September 15, 1970

Re

Roy Clarke called my office this afternoon to say that about 4:20 p.m. three FBI agents came into the Museum to see the Information Show. They were particularly interested in the Dial-A-Poem setup, where they spent more than ten minutes listening to the telephones and making notes. Later they made several phone calls from the booths in the Bookstore and waited for a return call before they left the Museum.

Rick

to install in the aftermath of its current exhibition of communication devices a telephonic recording device organized by a radical poet John Giorno and presently part of the exhibition, on which visitors to the Museum can henceforth permanently dial the political statements and appeals of such self-styled revolutionnaries as Kathleen Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman and Bernardine Dohrn as well as other revolutionary poets who, according to the story, tell high school students to get guns, and young people generally to be prepared to die at any time.

The Museum thus in effect provides a medium for the dissemination of particular political viewpoints and gives them an exposure and propaganda effect which they would not have to the same extent without the Museum's help - if it carries out its plan. One may question why a Museum of Modern Art should disseminate political appeals and propaganda in this entirely one-sided - or indeed in any - manner. But one must sharply question such action by the Museum of Modern Art when the views propounded by Mr. Giorno's device are fundamentally opposed and contrary to the maintenance of the basic principle of American society on which indeed the Museum's feasibility itself also is grounded: Freedom and tolerance of diversity.

There is no doubt that, if those whose voice is to be heard on Mr. Giorno's device and disseminated by the Museum prevail, freedom and tolerance of diversity will disappear. They themselves say so in their writing and the acts of their political coreligionnaires, where in power, confirm their theoretical pronouncements. If they attempt to translate their theories into practice and are defeated, repression is also likely to follow. It is avoided only if these radicals and revolutionnaries will be prevented from attempting in an effective manner to translate their theories into action. What the Museum, according to the Post story, is now proposing to do is to help them in their pursuits. Such action by the Museum borders on the criminal - politically speaking.

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RUDOLF SOBERNHEIM
4200 CATHEDRAL AVENUE, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 3, 1970

The Director
The Museum of Modern Art
23 West 53rd Street
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The Washington Post carries to-day the report of which I enclose a photocopy. As a member of the Museum for many years this report gives me considerable concern.

According to the Post, an unusually reliable newspaper, the Museum is planning to install in the aftermath of its current exhibition of communication devices a telephonic recording device organized by a radical poet John Giorno and presently part of the exhibition, on which visitors to the Museum can henceforth permanent ly dial the political statements and appeals of such self-styled revolutionnaries as Kathleen Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman and Bernardine Dohrn as well as other revolutionary poets who, according to the story, tell high school students to get guns, and young people generally to be prepared to die at any time.

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	JBH	I.3.26

Those responsible for the Museum project may believe that by their action they are responsive to the very vocal radical elements among the younger generation, the intellectuals of New York, and the black and Puerto Rican minorities. They hope perhaps to establish a special rapport with them and win their favor. It may well be doubted that such would be the case, as the Museum's controversies with radical artist groups indicate. But, even if it were true, it would be seeking favor in the wrong xquarters.

I trust that the Post report will turn out to have been mistaken or that those responsible for the Museum's policies and activities will have second thoughts and abandon the project.

Awaiting the favor of your reply,
Very truly yours,

Rudolf Schaeffer

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Very truly yours,

Rudolf Schamberg

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To the Editor:

I share wholeheartedly Hilton Kramer's opinion of the Museum of Modern Art's "Information" show.

Every one of the items in the exhibition is built around the sort of idea that routinely gets "run up the flagpole" at ad agencies or other communications establishments and is discarded for want of even the merest flutter. Yet here they are presented to us as the best of avant-garde production.

There is not a single original thought anywhere in this chic and glossy package. It has all been done better before. Take for example the layout of continuous photographs of a Los Angeles street: I have a lovely little early 19th-century book called "Grand Panorama of London" that did the same thing much better. It is an 18-foot fold-out engraving showing the banks of the Thames with each building identified. Or take the elaborate nonsense built around a TV set: you can see yourself on TV at the RCA showroom in Rockefeller Center in a display that has been operating for many years.

The show is embarrassingly self-conscious, a pompous bore, and utterly lacking in content or form of interest or use to anyone. As for Kynaston McShine's comment on the uselessness of dabbing paint on canvas, I wish someone would point out to him that artists like Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, and more recently Grosz, Shahn and Baskin, along with many, many others over the years, have done more to help us understand the human condition than any of the perpetrators of the pretentious junk he has seen fit to foist on us as art.

First prize in the ho-hum department must surely go to MOMA for this one.

Charlotte Friedman

To the Editor:

Hilton Kramer seems to have missed the point of the "Information" show at the Museum of Modern Art. He does not understand that the entire exhibition is actually a scream of desperation from a group of disenfranchised individuals who are caught in an ideological bind.

As artists they ache to perform some meaningful function in a world racked with repression and incarcerated in a technological Iron Maiden; at the same time, they sincerely believe that art, as it has been defined up until now, is of little value to the modern world. Not knowing which way to move, these artists mark time masochistically by lacerating themselves with the very instruments that have brought them to this impotent pass.

Within this museum, which many of them have denounced as an elitist anachronism, they display the mechanically manufactured waste products of our overcrowded technological urban culture. Using cameras, tape recorders, television screens, and Xerox machines, the exhibitors mock their own art activities and question the validity of their right to exist as artists.

Is this destructive behavior necessary? Is it a cleansing and purifying process that will bring about a rebirth of art in a new and vital form, or is it an example of a schizophrenic flight from reality? Who can say? On the other hand, one can say that it is unrealistic for artists to expect to solve the social and economic ills of the world, and it is even more unrealistic for art critics to blame them for not doing so.

Cindy Nemser

NY TIMES - SUNDAY, AUG. 16

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Sept. 3, 1970

Gentlemen:

We only really know that the heights of insanity has been reached by press releases like that released in the New York Times bragging about the revolutinary voices given an airing by the Museum of Modern Art.

You band wagon jumpers are so idiotic in the way you go along with trends even to the point of suicide. So no one has complained? Wait until they see your idiotic display in today's Times.

Keep up the lunacy and you won't have a Museum of Modern Art, but a Museum of Modern Ashes. It started with the University of Wisconsin, but it won't end ~~theirs~~ there.

How about some counter revolutionary propaganda for a change. You idiots really think you are playing a heroic game of cops and robbers, but when you encourage revolutionaries and treat them like fond children they will be poking out your eyes next.

Disgusted Member

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THE NEW YORK
ELEMENT

369 W36 NY NY 10018

COPY TO MR. JOHN HIGHTOWER

July 15, 1970

JUL 24 1970

68 East 91st Street, New York 10028

Wednesday

Dear John,

I've just walked through the "Information" Show and am affected and moved by it. It isn't comforting or amusing, but it is a new way of looking at ourselves in relation to everything else.

The garden was beautiful, the people gentle, (there was a girl smoking pot in the middle john of the ladies room) and a marvelous frizzy haired lady who was a witch in the

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Times, etc.

hfully yours,

rese Schwartz
Fritz
theEditorial Board

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	JBH	I.3.24

THE NEW YORK
ELEMENT

369 W36 NY NY 10018

COPY TO MR. JOHN HIGHTOWER

Mr.
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For

For

closed T.V. circuit, Sparrows diving for crumbs, 2 Spanish gentlemen drinking beer on the steps and being told by a guard to move to the table area. (mine)

Best regards and wishes for you to have a peaceful summer

Rosemary

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Board

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THE NEW YORK ELEMENT

369 W36 NY NY 10018

COPY TO MR. JOHN HIGHTOWER

July 15, 1970

Mr. Kynaston L. McShine
The Museum of Modern Art
New York, New York

Dear Mr. McShine:

For your information:

1. Out of 100 (approximately) artists in the current information show, 4 are women.
2. Out of these 4, 1 is married to a male artist in the show and 2 are part of a male-dominated art group. That leaves 1 independent woman artist.
3. Yes, "Exclusions are always a disappointment".

For our information:

1. How did you go about performing the "Herculean task" of scouring this planet for artists with something to communicate?
2. Were women reticent about joining your scene?
3. How many turned you down?
4. Did you plan the show to be so homogenous or did you just gravitate toward a certain group of artists who share your point of view about what information the public should have?
5. Since THE NEW YORK ELEMENT is in the libraries of every major art school and university in the country, what information would the MOMA like us to give women students about its policy toward our sex? Should we recommend that girls study to be curatorial assistants so they will receive credit in museum catalogs? (" Behind every great artist is a little woman").
6. Please let us hear from you by return mail for publication in THE NEW YORK ELEMENT. The mails being unreliable, we will await your answer for ten days.
7. Failure to respond in that time will result in this information being made available to the N.Y. Times, etc.

Faithfully yours,

Therese Schwartz
Leah Fritz
for the Editorial Board

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X JBH
Mrs. Shaw

Mr. McShine : FYI

July 14, 1970

Mr. Hilton Kramer
New York Times
229 West 43rd Street
New York City, New York

Mr. Kramer,

Your - "What shall we call it? - 'review'" - Mirrored. 'Information', 'Recommended Reading'", left me with the impression that you must be a jackass.

Your review of the current Information Exposition at the Museum of Modern Art appears to be written on at least two levels. One, you comment on the show: "unmitigated nonsense" . . . "tripe" . . . "an intellectual scandal". Two, you wittingly or unwittingly catalogue for the world a succession of petty thoughts. And, unfortunately, it seems your review was warped by your personal hang-ups, and that, if true, is dishonest.

You state you avoided the preview and its beautiful people because you have "never acquired a taste for 'beautiful people'". On the strength of such a pompous statement alone, I wonder who hasn't acquired a taste for whom? But, continuing on, it seems you went to the exposition the day following the preview. On returning to your office, you picked up the July 6th issue of the New York Magazine and found that John Gruen, who you gratiously describe as the "versatile homme des arts", had already "reviewed" the Information show. You then "brood a great deal about deadlines", and did the only honorable thing ! Failed to admit to yourself . . and now the world . . that you have been scooped, and lashed out at the exposition and all connected with it. You refer to the displaying artists by setting their title off with parentheses, a pretty sophomoric form of criticism. You question the ethics of John Gruen. You wonder about the rationality of Kynaston McShine for ever mounting the show. And, in a catch bag of "recommend reading" you cite Steiner, Marcuse, and Levi-Strauss as proof of your case.

Since as you note, the medium is the message, and as such you have won, I'm never-the-less an sending a copy of this letter to Messrs. Gruen and McShine.

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X JBH
Mrs. Shaw

JOHN C. LITCHFIELD
24 HILLTOP ROAD
GLEN ROCK, NEW JERSEY 07452

Mr. McShine: FYI

July 14, 1970

Mr. Hilton Kramer
New York Times
229 West 43rd Street
New York City, New York.

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Now, as to the Information Exposition, unlike you I enjoyed it . . . it was fun. And, I'm glad such shows are undertaken with the general public in mind, not critics who bruise easily.

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[illegible]
25 [illegible]
GLEN ROCK, NEW JERSEY 07452

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	JBH	I.3.24

July 2, 1970

Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller
22 West 55th Street
New York, New York 10019

Dear Governor Rockefeller:

For better or for worse, I felt you should know about an element in the current Information show here at the Museum. Hans Haacke, an artist who is using a variety of media for creative expression, self expression, and what-have-you, has posed a question involving you as part of a balloting apparatus. The question is, "Would the fact that Governor Rockefeller has not denounced President Nixon's Indochina policy be a reason for you not to vote for him in November?" Ballots are dropped into a "yes" container or a "no" container and automatically counted by an electric beam device.

Obviously this stretches the definition of art considerably. However, it is not inconsistent with the role of provocateur that artists enjoy. We both know that they thoroughly enjoy biting the hand that feeds them. My guess is that nothing would please artists more than to have the Museum request that the question be withdrawn. In my opinion this would be the worst thing that could happen. On the positive side of the coin, the fact that you as a Trustee of the Museum are willing to subject yourself to this kind of implied criticism within the context of an institution you support is greatly to your credit.

Nevertheless, I felt you should know about it and only regret that it is coming to you so late since the show opens officially today. The preview was last night.

Best regards,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:ehn

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Wilder Green

Elaine Naramore

June 29, 1970

Information Show

"One of the most effective forms for exchanging information in recent years has been through public demonstrations and guerilla theatre. During the course of the Information exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, visitors to the Museum may have an opportunity to observe first hand some spontaneous and unplanned demonstrations and guerilla theatre performances on a variety of subjects that are of concern to contemporary artists."

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The Museum of Modern Art

To Mr. Hightower

From Kynaston L. McShine COMMITTEE

Date May 18, 1970

Re Artists' honorarium for INFORMATION exhibition

Dear John:

The initial thoughts on providing the artists in the exhibition with a token honorarium arose from the inclusion of the filmmakers in the exhibition. As you know, the filmmakers' cooperatives ask both a rental fee plus an honorarium for the filmmaker. This has to be adhered to so that it does not conflict with any policies of the Film Department and one would not be able to get the films with any other financial arrangement.

The nature of the work of many of the artists in the exhibition is very often of no exceptional commercial value. However, they provide me both with photographs for the catalogue and material for the exhibition. With the more expensive projects in the exhibition, we are assuming the production costs which does cause an imbalance.

Last year the Art Workers' Coalition first brought the matter up and it was discussed at great length. An honorarium for artists has many implications particularly in relation to the budgets of exhibitions. I think that all the ramifications need to be explored. I would also like to mention that a number of European artists have also brought up the question. The general feeling is that in providing the work and photographs to the museums at no cost implies their subsidizing us. I think that it can be made clear that an honorarium for the artists in INFORMATION is only because of the nature of the show, particularly since many of them had to provide and mail material to us at their cost which would not be the case with say a sculpture show. Since it is a gesture, I have recommended that it be only $50. per artist and I have not yet made any commitments until the Museum comes to a decision, but I would like to point out that a few inequities do exist in the show - for example, through the International Council we are providing travel grants for some artists from abroad, bearing the production costs of some of the works, and of course paying the filmmakers. I would be happy to discuss this further with you but we should make a decision fairly soon. I think that each exhibition should be its own precedent.

cc: WG, WSL, WSRubin, RP, KMcS, file, extra

Kynaston

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The Museum of Modern Art

676-8000
55 Bradhurst

To John Hightower

From J. Delihas

Date 6/5/70

Re "Information" exhibition; jack connector units needed for Dial A Poem

I understand you're going to call Gustave Levy and ask if he would be good enought to use his good offices with New York Telephone to speed delivery of the jack units.

Attached is a draft of letter we can provide Mr. Levy to save him ~~trouble~~ time. It needs your approval. Don't wince at the second sentence. Something like that should be said. If it embarrasses your position to send the letter yourself to Levy, we can sort of dictate it over the phone to his secretary. or an aide
I rather think Levy/will just pick up the phone and call someone at NYT, instead of sending a letter. It's faster and more convenient for all concerned. The basic information is all in the letter. + faster,

Jim

P.S. If Kynaston has any dirty limericks lined up we could be pulled in for making obscene phone calls. Anyone think of that? What with all this free speech stuff and and the general decay of morals, the decline of just plain decency.....

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Ronan Challenged: Hold 2d Av. Hearing

By JOHN MULLANE

Metropolitan Transportation Authority Chairman William J. Ronan was challenged today on his pledge to hold public hearings before final plans are approved for station locations on the projected Second Av. subway line.

Assemblyman Steven Hansen (R-Man.) charged that despite Ronan's pledge the Transit Authority has scheduled no meeting with community representatives and has informed him none will be possible for at least three months.

He said the TA was continuing to plan the line with just six stops—only two of them between 57th and 125th Sts.—and voiced fear that public hearings would be held only after "it's either too late or too costly to correct the error."

Calling for an immediate meeting between the TA and Upper East Side community leaders as "imperative," the legislator said: "We have to stop the ball before it gets rolling. Once the plans are set it will be impossible to change them."

Ronan, in an interview with editors and reporters of The New York Times yesterday, dismissed the controversy over the new subway line plans as "premature," and pledged "an opportunity for ublic reaction before stations are considered by our board."

He said final station placement recommendations would be made in four to six months, but gave no indication as to exactly when public hearings would be held or what effect—if any—they might have in influencing a change in the recommendations.

"Everybody wants a stop at his corner, but doesn't want one at the other fellow's because that would slow down the trains," he said.

Ronan said there could be seven or eight stops on the line, seemingly contradicting data from the TA indicating

Continued on Page 57

Busby
'30s, lo
revivin

Oppressed? Dial 956-7032

By LINDSY VAN GELDER

Some folks dial-a-prayer for their inspiration. Others subscribe to the belief that God is dead but Che lives—and now they can dial-a-revolutionary at 956-7032.

You can, for example, hear Kathleen Cleaver give her version of the slaying of Black Panther Bobby Hutton in a confrontation with West Coast police:

"A tear gas canister hit Eldridge . . . Bobby Hutton came out first with his hands up in the air . . . He was viciously shot down by a volley of machine gun fire. No question as to whether he had a gun or not. He was murdered."

Or you can hear Allen Ginsberg chant Mantras. Weatherwoman Bernardine Dohrn announce that her group will bomb a symbol of "American imperialism." Abbie Hoffman tell college kids to get their guns.

The dial-a-radical service was organized by poet John Giorno for a current exhibit on "Information" by the Museum of Modern Art.

According to Giorno, the program costs the museum $280 a month for phone bills and tapes. Poets donate their services. vices free.

"At this point, with the war and the repression and everything, we thought this was a good way for the Movement to reach people," said Giorno. He reported that the service had logged some 78,000 calls in less than two months and would be continued by the Museum after the exhibit closed later this month.

A spokeswoman for the Museum said there had been no complaints about the revolutionary nature of the messages.

Others represented on the tapes include jailed White Panther leader John Sinclair, Catholic activist Ted Berrigan, author William Burroughs, Bobby Seale, John Cage and others.

One poem, "Revolutionary Letter No. 7," by Diane Di Prima, gives young revolutionaries some special advice:

"There are those who can tell you how to make Molotov cocktails, flamethrowers, bombs—whatever you might be needing. Find them, and learn . . . It is even possible on the East Coast to find an isolated place for target practice. Success will depend mostly on your state of mind. Meditate, pray, make love, be prepared at any time to die."

Giorno said that the dial-a-poem concept was inaugurated in early 1969 under the sponsorship of the Architectural League and was later taken over in Chicago by the Museum of Contemporary Arts.

Revived by the Museum of Modern Art for the exhibit, the service offers 12 different tapes daily.

The original service included all types of poetry, but now it is devoted "more than three-fourths of the time to radical poets and movement people, because what they have to say is so important now," Giorno said.

Scribner's

By BERNARD BARD

A radically new approach to the problem of school dropouts will be one of the first orders of business of Dr. Harvey B. Scribner, the city school system's first chancellor.

"While the student is in school, we spend, let us say, $1500 a year on his education," said Dr. Scribner. "But as soon as he drops out we cross him out. We have to formulate a program to reach him after he drops out. We've got to put the same amount of effort into this as we would if he stayed in school."

Scribner, who stepped into his $53,000-a-year job yesterday after two and half years

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INSIDE THE POST

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DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1970 26

Dial-a-Radical Gives Leftists New Soap Box

By JOSEPH MODZELEWSKI

Maestro Leonard Bernstein and other in people had tea with the Black Panthers a few months back, lending a little of their urbane chic to the revolutionary movement.

Now Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale, Abbie Hoffman, Kathleen Cleaver and lesser radical luminaries are using the Rockefellers' telephone, sort of.

It's all part of an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art called Dial-a-Poem, which gives the listeners two solid minutes of taped revolutionary rhetoric from contemporary radicals.

$284 a Month

The museum, which has banker David Rockefeller as its chairman and Gov. Rockfeller as one of its trustees, pays $284 a month for the tapes and telephones, which are the brainchild of Village poet John Giorno, 33.

Giorno reasons that all revolutionaries are, at heart, poets, and should be heard by as wide an audience as possible.

Since the opening of the exhibit on June 13, more than 78,000 art devotees have used the four olive-drab telephones on the first floor of the museum at 11 E. 53d St.

"Trustees Freaking Out"

According to Giorno, the museum was thinking of extending the dial-a-radical show past the Sept. 13 closing date for the rest of the exhibits, but now, he says, "some of the trustees are freaking out."

Callers who do get through can hear Cleaver condemn the American way of life, Abbie Hoffman's anarchy spiel or any one of 12 tapes that are changed daily by Giorno.

The revolutionary rhetoric can also be heard from outside the museum by dialing 956-7032, 956-7037 and 956-7076. Aspiring radicals should be patient, though, as the numbers are usually busy or not operative. (The revolution you have dialed is not a working number.)

of the Americas

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THE east village OTHER

Vol.5 No.29 June 16, 1970 25¢ New York 35¢ Outside

Teach Art -- ACTION by lil Picard

Why fight, when you can't teach peace. Why don't museums get wise and let the artists in, to fight for peace and against war, instead of giving them "Law and Order" suggestion how to conduct themselves in the information centers on the ground floors of the museums of New York City, to fight against "Racism, Sexism, Repression and WAR." The Jewish Museum gave the artists permission to install an information table, but they rejected certain informative materials, especially some publications of the Black Panthers. The Jewish Museum is trying to censor communication. Art now enters a new phase. In the future Art will be the political information on truth. What happened since about four weeks in the galleries and museums of New York is a new Art Form. Only a few are aware that this is really the new Art. In the coming year this kind of Information-Art will be the one in which America will be again a leading force. It is here in America where the issues on Racism and repression, sexism and war are fought out . . . they are fought out in a typical American way. Being a witness to the last happenings in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where the American Association of Museums, AAM, had been holding their yearly convention, one could feel the power and the vitality of the Artists on Strike, and it was put into action like a new kind of ARTFORM. For every curator and museum director attending the meetings to watch. One can only hope that they will learn a lesson. Because this "interference" with the help of action by the Artists of New York, male and female, white and black and brown, and in all shades of the rainbows, must have made an impression. The old times of L'Art pour L'Art, aesthetics for aesthetics sake are over. Artists today, young artists of today are very alive, very strong, very daring and very courageous. They dare to take the microphones in their own hands, attending uninvited the symposium in the Brooklyn Museum, speaking out before the culture-bosses who came to New York to see the "ART" of our monster-culture-city, and they produced an Art Guerrilla Theater, with a walkout of the Blacks and the Puerto Ricans, because they didn't like the reaction of John Hightower, who presided the panel. In the four days of talk in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel's Gold Room, which had been set up by AAM especially for the artists of AWC and ART Strike, seven proposals had been worked out. Only Proposal nr. ONE got voted on. Here it is

"We the delegates of the 1970 A.A.M. Conference resolve: To form a national workshop conference to include A.A.M. members, artists, art workers, and community people throughout the U.S. with the purpose of examining the responsibility of institutions with regard to racism, sexism, repression, and war, and determining ways in which they can relate constructively to daily changes amid growing stresses in our culture. It is hoped that the Metropolitan Museum will be one of the hosts to this convention in October 1970."

In order to get Point One voted on by the reactionary forces of convention-visitors from all over the country, they had to be convinced of the urgency of the proposals. I think that we owe a great deal for the positive vote on the first point of the seven proposals to the charismatic talk of black painter Art Coppechi. He is a born public speaker, who convinces everybody of his honesty and human good will.

To talk of good will. In the last meeting of Artists on Strike it seemed that everybody really fought everybody else, on tactics and procedures, how the issues against racism, repression, sexism, and war should be dealt with, in order to accomplish change in the future. If the artists can't become a unity and a positive force, if they will go on bickering around and calling each other names, the enemy will win the game. To use up one's energy in meetings, where hours are wasted with rhetoric and parliamentary motions, votes, discussions, and fights, is senseless and childish. This energy could be used to create ideas for groundfloor information activities, which are now planned for the summer month in the Whitney Museum, the Guggenheim, the Metropolitan Museum, N.Y. Cultural Center and the Museum of Modern Art. During the last Meeting in Museum some of the AWC artists came out with certain valid ideas. Public participation, involving museum visitors to act together with artists like Yvonne Rainer in ANTI-WAR-RACISM-Repression and sexism action events, and setting up screenprint workshops to be used by the public to create political posters. My own suggestion is the use of tape interviews with the museum visitors, questioning the people about their ideas on the issues and playing back the tapes. Those interviews and confrontations on the daily events should be conducted before walls, where photos and pamphlets are displayed, and the questions should be related to the visuals. F.I. War-photos, newspaper clippings, etc. Up to now the museums are not yet convinced about the urgency of those issues in the NEW ART STYLE. They don't understand yet, that this will be the teach-ins for PEACE. We need teach-ins, to avoid the destruction of a simmering civil war. We have to save the world for mankind and humanity. We should not waste time much longer.

Destroy to Free the Panthers.

At the Reese Palley Gallery Armand was sawing or cutting objects in two, as a Destruction-Action-Event to help the Black Panther Defense Fund. The committee to defend the Panthers had been setting a low price and was selling immediately the cut objects to art collectors. Rauschenberg telephoned and offered a check of $500, asking Armand to cut the telephone message. The artist Bob Watts brought a fresh egg in a basket to the Gallery and Armand first drank the egg's liquid, then he managed to cut the egg in two and also the basket. There were many cut violins, prices ranged from $2 for a diagonal cut photo of XNIXONX, documentation of artist Barry Bryant's Street, stencilled work before the entrance of Momo, to $1000 for very large pieces. The Defense Fund got over $4000 – through destruction work by an artist who knows how to destroy for peace.

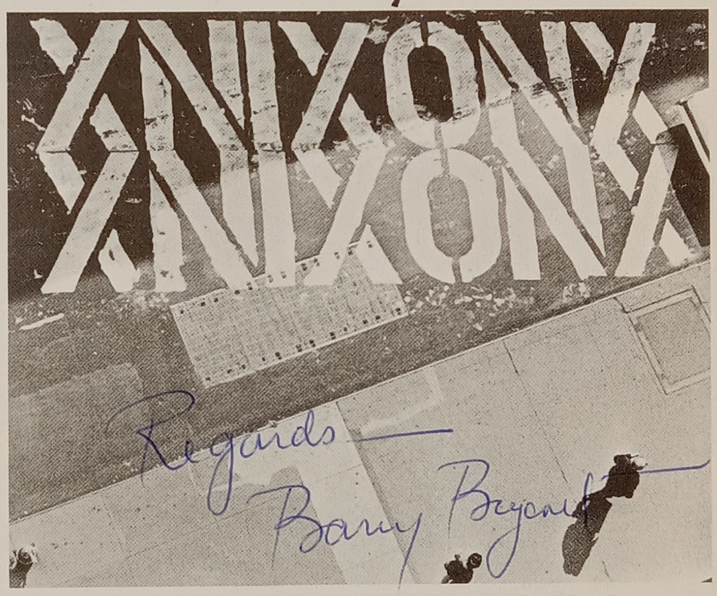

PHOTO: ROBERT SCHMID

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The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956 6100 Cable: Modernart

MEMORANDUM

August 19, 1970

TO: The Trustees

FROM: John B. Hightower

SUBJECT: Information July 8, 1970-September 20, 1970

Mr. Luke W. Finlay
224 East 50 Street
New York, New York, 10022

Dear Mr. Finlay,

The poll to which you refer in your letter is the work of the artist, Hans Haacke, and is part of the INFORMATION show. Mr. Haacke constructed the voting machines (which record the total automatically), designed the ballots (available in different colors, depending on whether the visitor is a member or paid admission), and the chart on the wall on which daily totals are listed, and he composed the question.

The role of the Museum staff was, as usual, to select the artist (and the other artists in the show) as part of our continuing report to the public on recent manifestations in art. We made no attempt to censor any of the work, nor has the Governor who, I am sure you know, is a Trustee of the Museum.

I am enclosing our press release on the show which may give you a better idea of the content for which the work was conceived.

Mr. Haacke's question, of course, relates to a national issue of profound human and cultural consequence. It is one which concerns artists as well as individuals all over the world. Artists have always been the most conscientious and, at times, the most provocative critics of society. Although Governor Rockefeller successfully initiated the most progressive and far-reaching legislation for the arts in this country since the Works Progress Administration, he is not immune to artists' criticism, nor, I believe, as an ardent and eloquent champion of the right of free expression, does he expect to be.

We appreciate your concern and hope that you understand that the poll is not, as you suggest, political action on the part of our staff, but one part of an exhibition in which artists from many countries are using many untraditional means to carry out their traditional work.

Sincerely,

John B. Hightower
Director

bcc: Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw
Mrs. Emily Stone

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The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100 Cable: Modernart

MEMORANDUM

TO: The Trustees

FROM: John B. Hightower

DATE: June 26, 1970

SUBJECT: Information July 2, 1970-September 20, 1970

The Information Show which is opening for the public on July 2nd will undoubtedly be controversial. It is not as if this is an unfamiliar trait for an exhibition at the Museum. However, it seems appropriate for me to provide you with a forewarning.

In some of the recent meetings that have taken place on the policies of the Museum with members of the Trustees, the policy was perhaps most articulately stated by Blanchette Rockefeller in terms of controversial, political and social material that may be part of the expression of contemporary artists. Her feeling was that the Museum should not under any circumstances initiate political action. However, as a museum of modern art we must be concerned with the interpretation of the work of contemporary artists even if this work reflects political and social concern, as much of it did in the Thirties. We have an implied obligation to present it if it conforms to the exhibition direction we want to take as well as the quality and standards of the Museum.

The Information Show, which has been aborning for over a year, puts this principle to the test. The media for information exchange is currently and often being utilized by artists to express their concern over the war in Southeast Asia as well as what they see as human injustices. Some of the material in the show is tough, upsetting, and angry. There is also much that is funny and touching. It is bound to create static, if you will pardon the pun, and I thought it best that you know about it.

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INFORMATION

Cocktail Party and Special Preview

Tuesday Evening, June 30, 1970

6:30 to 8:30 o'clock

Guest List

Vito Acconci, 102 Christopher St., New York, N.Y. 10014

Mr. and Mrs. E. Brooke Alexander, 434 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10003

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Alloway, 330 West 20th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011

Mr. and Mrs. O. Kelley Anderson, Jr., 160 East 72nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10021

Carl Andre, P.O. Box 540, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003

Mrs. Ann Arlen, 1261 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Artschwager, 450 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y.

Mr. John Ashbery, Art News, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Auchincloss, 812 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021

Mr. Claudio Badal, 30 East 14th Street, New York, N.Y.

Miss Betsy Baker, c/o Art News, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Robert Barry, 2566 Marion Avenue, Bronx, New York 10458

Frederick Barthelme, 1065 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10028

Mr. Gregory Battcock, 317 West 99th Street, New York, N.Y. 10025

Ted Berrigan, c/o Donna Dennis, 214 East 14th Street, New York

Miss Florence Bezrutczyk, Olivetti

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Blatt, 162 East 70th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Blinken, 1125 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028

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Dr. and Mrs. Claude Block, 1111 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028

Mel Bochner, 126 Chambers Street, New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Ruth Bowman, c/o NY University Collection, Washington Square, New York, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Breer, Sneden's Landing, Palisades, N.Y. 10964

Stig Brøgger, Hattensens Alle 14, 2000 Copenhagen 7, Denmark

Mr. J. Carter Brown, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Mr. Dennis Bryant, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.

Mr. Martin Bunnel, 315 East 58th Street, New York, N.Y.

Donald Burgy, 294 South Main Street, Bradford, Massachusetts

Mel and Ian Burn, 784 6th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

James Lee Byars, 249 Central Park West, Apt. 8, New York, N.Y.

John Cage, Gate Hill Road, Stony Point, New York 10980

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Calabro, 6 Dixon Street, Peace Dale, R.I.

Mr. Robert Carlisle, Director of Program Development, Corporation for Public Broadcasting, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019

Mr. Stanton L. Catlin, Art Gallery, Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Avenue, New York

Joe Ceravolo, 65 Spruce Street, Bloomfield, New York

Christo, 48 Howard Street, New York, N.Y.

Jesse L. Clay, 881 Union Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin, Jr., 33 East 70th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Cook, 32 Phillips Street, Andover, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. William N. Copley, 7 West 81st Street, Apt. 21, New York 10024

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Cowles, 834 Fifth Avenue, New York 10021

Mr. and Mrs. W. Edmund Cramer, CBS, 51 West 52nd Street, New York 10019

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Roger Cutforth, 42 West 36th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

Mr. Ronnie Cutone, 463 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Alvin Demick, Arts Magazine, 23 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Mr. Kenneth Dewey, New York State Council on the Arts, 250 W. 57th Street, N.Y.C. 10010

Mr. Francis E. Donnelly, 355 West 22nd Street, 10011

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Duncan III, Field Point Park, Greenwich, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Edelstein, Olivetti

Mr. and Mrs. James Elliott, Wadsworth Atheneum, 25 Atheneum Square, Hartford, Conn. 06103

Rafael Ferrer, 18 East George's Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

Robert Fiore, 405 East 13th Street, New York, N.Y.

Fluxus (Mr. George Maciunas), P.O. Box 180, Canal Street Station, N.Y.C. 10003

Miss Helen Frankenthaler, 173 East 94th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028

Miss Ricki Franklin, Channel 13, 304 West 58th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

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Show at the Modern Raises Questions

By HILTON KRAMER

"Would the fact that Governor Rockefeller has not denounced President Nixon's Indochina policy be a reason for you not to vote for him in November?" This question —not the sort one is usually invited to entertain in an art exhibition—is, quite literally, the first question a visitor to the new "Information" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is asked to consider. The exhibition, organized by Kynaston McShine, associate curator of the museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture, is said to be "an international report on recent activity of young artists." It opens to the public today.

The poll of museum visitors on Mr. Rockefeller's political popularity is part of no, come to think of it, it's the whole of—the contribution of Hans Haacke, a German-born artist who has lived in New York for some years, to the "Information" show. A transparent plexiglass box is provided for the "Yes" and "No" ballots. Yesterday, at the preview for museum members, the "Yes" votes were slightly more numerous than the "No" pile. This, presumably, is the bit of information Mr. Haacke wishes to convey to us.

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After Mr. Haacke's poll, the visitor encounters an "information machine," otherwise called a "visual jukebox," provided by the Olivetti Corporation. This round structure contains 40 individual screens through which one can view films ranging from the merely boring to the thoroughly stupefying. This is information? So, at least, it pleases the museum to allege.

Beyond this point, I am not sure I can give a very accurate or coherent account of what the visitor to this exhibition is invited to look at, listen to, sit down on, clamber over, go to sleep in, write on, stand in front of, read, and otherwise connect with. There are a great many blow-ups of junky photographic materials, much written matter, some green telephones on which one can dial-a-poem, documents — photographic and otherwise—of earthworks, all manner of facetious games, much in the way of Xeroxography, closed-circuit television on which the visitor can view himself, on delayed tape, answering various questions, and a table of political pamphlets denouncing war, racism, etc.

The exhibition is, in its way, amusing and amazing, but only because it upholds an attitude one had scarcely thought worth entertaining: an attitude toward the artistic process that is so overweeningly intellectual that it is, in its feeble results, virtually mindless. Here all the detritus of modern printing and electronic communications media has been transformed by an international gaggle of demi-intellectuals into a low grade form of show business. It leaves one almost nostalgic for a good old-fashioned hand-made happening.

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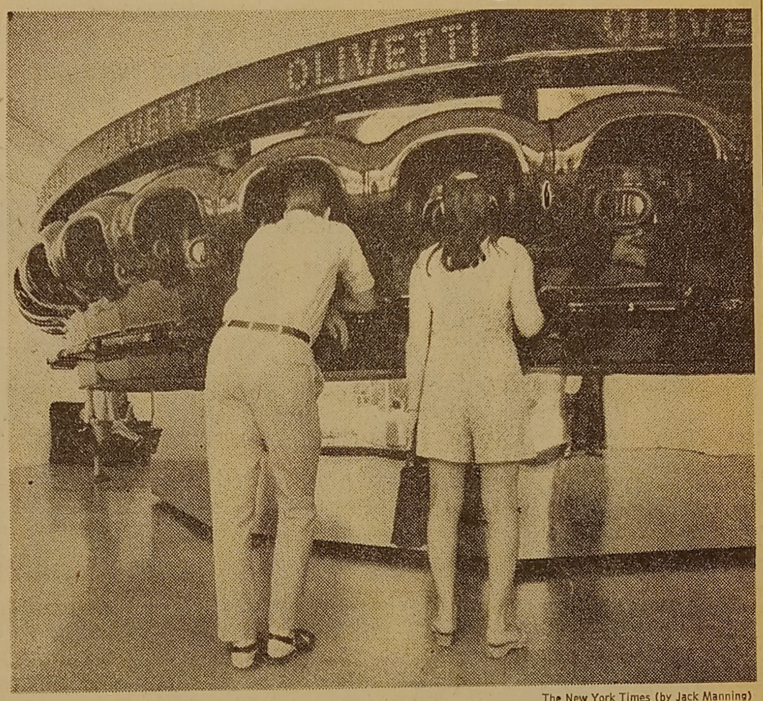
What, you may well wonder, is politics doing in this potpourri of mind-flattening gags, gimmicks and games? Is this the politicalization of art we have of late been hearing so much about? Possibly, but I doubt it. For what we are offered here is, if anything, a development even worse to contemplate than the politicalization of art—it is the estheticizing of political clichés. Having trivialized the very concept of art, the exhibition takes perhaps the next logical step by ingesting a large diet of serious social and political issues and transforming them into a waste product of esthetic trifles.

There are more than 150 artists — or "artists" — from 15 countries represented in the "Information" show. Clearly, the disturbance in the esthetic atmosphere they represent is something that needs to be noticed. But there is a fundamental contradiction involved in devoting a large museum exhibition to a phenomenon that is, in its essence, a polemic against the whole concept of museum art and the museumization of art. It is too much, I suppose, to expect the Museum of Modern Art to recognize this fact, for such recognition might lead to a calamitous conclusion, namely, that there are just conceivably some esthetic fashions that have not earned the right to be given museum hospitality. What a radical idea! Certainly too radical for the museum to contemplate.

•

What this unhappy development really represents is a yearning to be delivered from the problems and complexities of modern industrial civilization. For all its indulgence in the paraphernalia of technology and communications systems, this so-called "Information" movement is nothing but an ill-conceived attempt to turn modern technological culture into a form of pastoral. It is, in other words, the latest species of esthetic escapism—in this case, an escape from mind itself. It would be lamentable even if it were not so egregiously boring, but in the end it is the sheer weight of its boredom that is most repellent.



The New York Times (by Jack Manning)

Visitors to the Museum of Modern art at Olivetti's contribution to "Information" show

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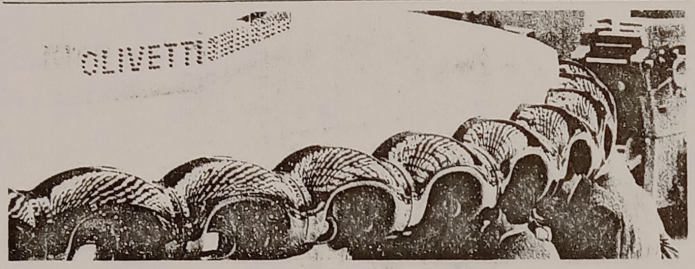
NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER



The informational machine (or "visual jukebox") at MOMA

"Information" (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd): The dissolution of art as we have known it is decidedly upon us. This marathon show is an attempt to pinpoint the international climate of art since communication systems have reduced the world to a village. By inviting over 100 artists from countries including Argentina, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, England, France, West Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, Japan, Persia, Switzerland, Yugoslavia and the United States, the museum attempts to prove that art is definitely no longer a matter of stretching a canvas and daubing paint on it.

The main premise of the exhibition is that art has nothing whatever to do with the making of specific objects. The international movement deals more in concepts, or with activities in which outside environments are brought into play. Thus, creative work may take place far away from museums and galleries—in distant deserts and fields, for example, or even in the artist's mind—and may be translated into some form of rendering or documentation.

The advent of "minimal," "conceptual," and "ecological" art stresses the idea that visual communication is negligible in an age of rapidly transmitted information. The artists involved question the validity of painting, sculpture, drawing, printmaking, photography, film, theatre, music, dance and poetry as entities existing within their own frames of reference.

These new young artists have observed how newspapers, films and periodicals disseminate information in a matter of days, hours, or minutes; how television can instantaneously bring a war or a walk on the moon into one's living room; how an exchange of ideas and information can take place by simply picking up the telephone; how messages by cablegram or radio can reach their destination in no time at all; how the mails bring every type of communication into millions of households and offices throughout the world; how people themselves can be jetted to any part of the globe in a few hours, and how the universe itself can be explored by men.

In observing these global and celestial forms of traffic, the artists have become painfully aware of the limitations of, say, a single one-man show in a gallery or museum in New York, Paris, or Tokyo. And they have come to the conclusion that to embrace the communications media, to work with it and through it, is the only way in which their ideas can be fully communicated and understood. They have envisioned an art commensurate with a rapidly changing world.

The results of this kind of rethinking have now been compiled in a show that is altogether fascinating and illuminating. Assistant curator Kynaston McShine, director of the exhibition, has brought together a world of ideas, documents, photographs and objects of communication. Concerns with the new technology abound. Films shown on a "visual jukebox," produced by Olivetti, offer manifold and varied information. Works on tape transmit sounds and stimuli designed to shake up the senses. Projects, "imaginary" and not, provide intellectual stimulation of one sort or another. Environmental and ecological works put one in contact with a creative drive outside the confines of all established visual preconceptions. In addition, a series of "Information" events are planned within the museum, and around New York.

Whether we like it or not, this is clearly the art of the future. All we can ask of it is that it also produce some magic, some poetry, something that might hopefully stir the soul. ■

"COME WIZ ME TO ZE BRASSERIE."

Nothing makes women
more beautiful than stepping
7 steps down to the Brasserie.
You'll see. After theatre,
you'll decide upon supper.
After theatre,
wonderful people flock here.
After theatre,
she'll forget curfew.
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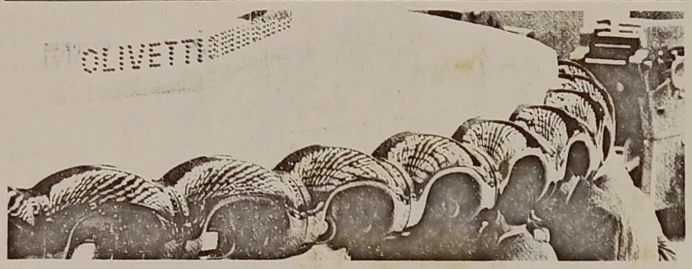

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October 9, 1970

Mr. John Gruen
317 West 83rd Street
New York, New York 10025

Dear John:

I knew you would be amused at the attached letter from Hilton Kramer. It might help get my letter to the Times published in New York Magazine.

Best regards,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:ehn
enclosure

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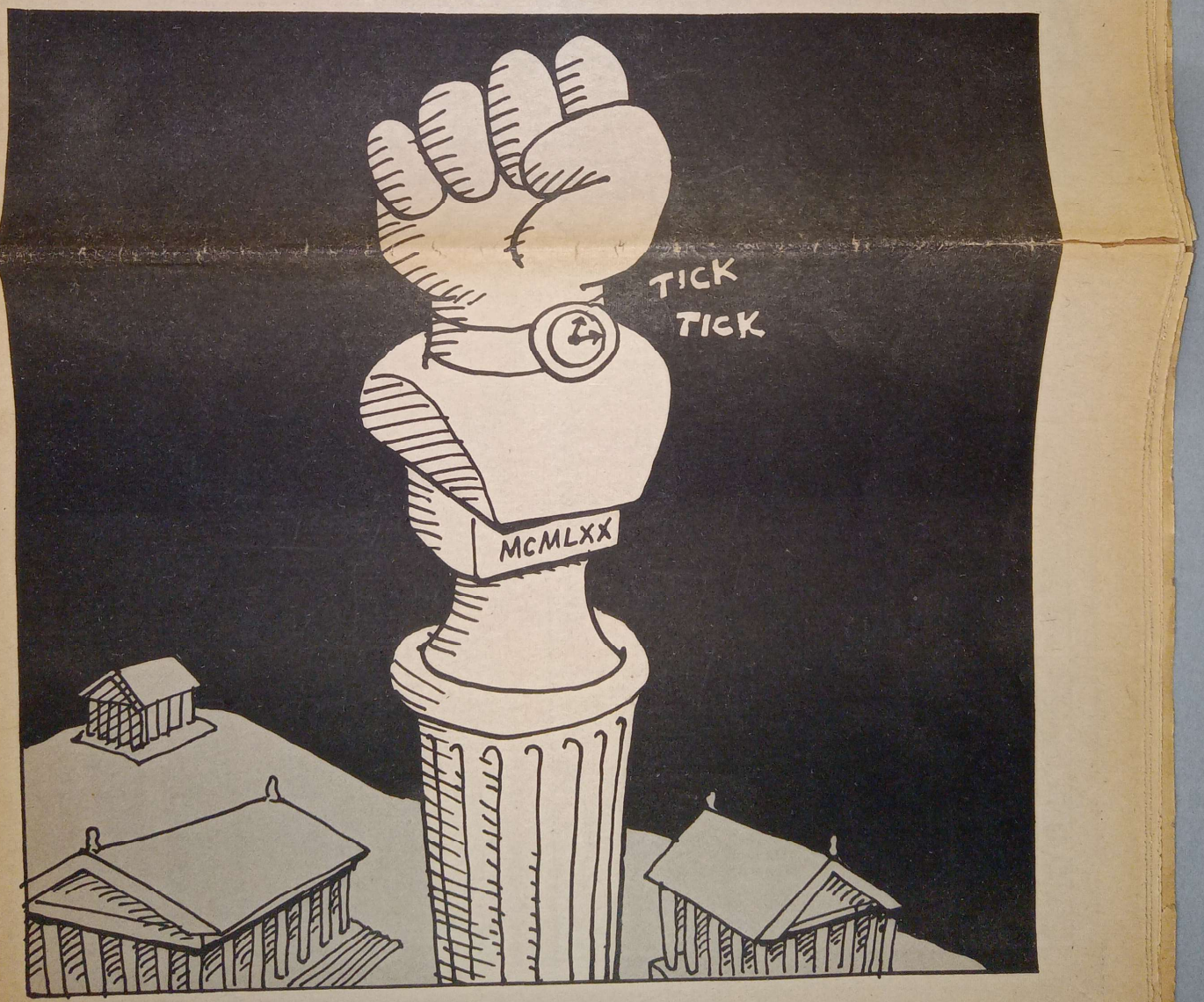
THE NEWSPAPER OF ART AND POLITICS

NEW YORK ELEMENT

A BI–MONTHLY NEWSPAPER JUNE–JULY 1970 25 cents NEW YORK, N.Y. VOL. 2 NO. 2

artists strike the met
beards and bullets in kansas city
guerrilla art action



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ELEMENT

Published by the New York Element, Inc.
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The editorial below is reprinted from the first issue of the indepeadent NEW YORK ELEMENT, a year and a half ago. We are reprinting it to inform our new readers as to who we are, what our purpose is, and where we stand in the political spectrum.

THE NEW YORK ELEMENT is an independent forum of writers, painters, moviemakers, and every other member of the arts existentially concerned with the World Out There.

We are in the middle of everything; goddammed engage; but most of us have found from the experience of working inside the leftist political framework that we can be more effective by being OURSELVES — individualistic, independent, wicked, imaginative, maverick-oriented.

We know we have something unique to offer and say it without apology. There is no other publication in Manhattan put together solely by practicing artists and writers with a tremendous concern for their own future and that of the revolutionary world we all inhabit without choice. We stand on the side of change in every area of petrification and dead wood that batters our consciousness. We exclude nothing that is provocative, relevant, controversial, exciting from our pages. Everything is written by a participant, we have no journalistic voyeurs. We owe nothing to no one, have no criterion except that which we find significant to our own moral consciences and esthetic awareness. As individuals we each intensely pursue our own art in a DIFFERENT way but as a unit we band together to give this city the kaleidoscopic vision of politically aware artists of the present moment.

To our knowledge we are the only paper in the country to deliver the artist's view on every aspect of our society. In our private lives we must confront the *surreal-real world every day; as newspapermen and women we confront our audience with our specific and yet broad reactions to that world* — yours as well as ours.

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on the steps of the met

By Therese Schwartz
Bill Amidon

ON FRIDAY, MAY 22nd, an outrage of 500 painters, sculptors, various kinds of artworkers and others involved in New York's fragmented and often cloistered artworld effectively shut down The Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue, making some friends and some enemies as they did.

On Monday, May 18th, more than a thousand artists, museum officials, art dealers and other members of the art community madeup the gathering at New York University's Loeb Student Center where, in all their inexperience in such matters, they formulated a design to protest America's current war-madness and to try to re-order some of their priorities. The organized rancor originated with the faculty of the School of Visual Arts when they got pissed with Cambodia and the Kent State rip-off. At the meeting, along with other declarations of affirmation, Klaus Kertess, director of the Bykert Gallery, speaking in behalf of near around 40 of the art galleries in New York, offered that the group "accepted the symbolic gesture of a one-day closing of our galleries as an indication of solidarity within the art community." He also said that dealers would support the use of their galleries as information centers for peace activities.

The following evening, in a loft on Greene Street, a group of about 35 people were invited to plan-out the strike action. Robert Morris, a well-known sculptor and art theorist, had been elected chairman for the ad hoc event. Almost all in attendance were male, including one black, and a modicum of females, one of whom acted as secretary. Women's Lib take note. Earlier in the day Morris, as a gesture of his protest, closed down his showing at The Whitney. Others in the group had work in museums which they had withdrawn as a protest. One voice for pullingout museum workers and agitating for better pay for guards was shouted down for trying to dilute the demands. The bones of the action were agreed upon that night, with the flesh to be added later. It was decided to close five museums and a group for each institution was chosen by lottery. It seems that there is a definite preference of certain museums to block over others. A letter was drafted to them; no threat, just an expression of shame and rage at Vietnam, Cambodia, Kent-Jackson-Augusta-Orangeburg — ordinary modern American activities our children and grand children are going to have to live down in the eyes of the future, as Germany today is trying to live down its similar past. The letters were typed individually and later hand-delivered to The New York Cultural Center, The Guggenheim, The Metropolitan, The Whitney and The Museum of Modern Art. A small group waited until midnight for the letters to be finished and two artist-couriers took them to be delivered.

On Wednesday evening another, this time public, meeting was held at Museum on Broadway at Waverly Place, attended by what looked like around a hundred interested artists, some critics, one art dealer, one publisher of an art magazine and in all a scattering of political factions including artist-women's lib. The room looked like the result of a casting call for a very hip movie director's lower-Manhattan *party scene.*

Jan Van Raay

BLACK ARTISTS' DEMANDS

There was much discussion including the introduction of a black artist's demand to have a steering committee for the action to be composed of one-third black, one-third Puerto Rican and one-third white. Another proposal was made to have the committee so composed but that 50%, at the same time, to be women. It was passed by a hand vote. One of the two blacks present moved that attention be turned from the closing of museums to the problem of Vietnam veterans who suffered in VA hospitals from a lack of attention, a statistic, he said, was that one nurse is expected to attend 150 patients. The motion was not voted on (dilution again) and the black indignantly departed.

A suggestion to change the plan of striking four museums simultaneously to one of doing one at a time, beginning with The Metropolitan, was passed by hand vote. If that proposed closing was successful they were to go on to the Guggenheim and then to The Modern. The idea was to keep the entire force they might assemble together. It was decided that they would meet at 10:00 a.m. on Friday. A smaller group stayed on after the meeting to plan leaflets, posters and suchlike. Before the meeting broke-up, Bob Morris asked for a vote of faith that we declare ourselves in opposition to the destruction of art, books or anything else and we would not permit such acts of destruction and that anyone who intended to commit such acts should not join the action.

THE MET IS READY WITH COPS

The first of the protestors arrived at the steps of The Met at 9:30 a.m., a half hour before the scheduled opening. They were confronted at once by the sight of around 30 mostly young and trim policemen carrying or wearing shiny blue helmets. When asked what *was going on that day one cop said, "There's a Pilsbury bake-off. 50 women are coming to bake cakes." He spoke while smiling but not in a derisive way.* At the door we are told gently by a guard that the museum is not open yet (but the door was) and that they would open at 10. Members of the staff entered but no strikers attempted to stop them. At this point there were only four of us in the drear fog of morning. The guards were emphatic that the museum would be open as soon as the front door locks were checked by workmen and the brass on the doors was polished. It was 9:40. The cops looked relaxed. About fifty prospective visitors were waiting to be let in and all were handed pink leaflets by artists. The leaflets outlined reasons for the action and several demands, including 1) That an "emergency cultural government" be formed to sever all collaboration with the Federal government with regard to artistic activities. 2) That galleries provide wall space for the dissemination of information pertaining to all of these matters (previously listed). And 3) That artists and dealers voluntarily contribute 10 percent of the proceeds from the sale of every work of art to supply a rescue fund for resisters of war, repression and racism.

By then more artists, quiet and not in groups, were sitting on the steps. A Chinese visitor from San Francisco talked with us, saying, "I have come a long way to see art. Why do you impose your religion on me?" Other artists joined the group at the door as the Chinese said, "It's my way of expressing my love of living, to see art — why should I be kept out?"

One artist replied, "We aren't concerned with you. Go to the movies today."

We spoke with the visitor, saying "If you love art, why don't you support an action of living artists instead of going inside to look at the work of dead artists?" We further explained that we were there because we wanted to make *a public expression of our horror of war, Cambodia, and to mourn black and white students who have been shot and killed. We said, "Please help us, the living artists to make our statement." He seemed convinced and he left, passing busloads of school children arriving, and who were taken around* the block to the side entrance. Cops had been leafleted and were reading them — which was odd — like the Allies leafleting the Normandy beachead on June 5th '45 and arriving the nextday to see a beachful of Nazis lounging around reading the reasons for the invasion: 3) furthermore we are outraged at what you've done to Poland, Czechoslovakia and Denmark!

By 10:15 there were between a hundred and a hundred and fifty artists present on the steps when a second leaflet was quietly distributed to them, it not being for public consumption. That leaflet was a plan of action in the event the the museum did not close.

REMBRANDT VS. NOW

A young, tall and lanky Texas-born artist had an exchange of opinion with a stout, middle-aged, offended visitor:

VISITOR I'll look at Rembrandt but I'll be sure not to look at your work!

ARTIST: You'll see more in my face than you'll see in all those paintings.

and as a matter of fact he *did* have a rather saintly bearing.

It was evident that there was no connection, in the minds of visitors to the museum, between the making of art,

Continued on Page 4

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continued from page 3

living artists and dead ones hanging on walls. The dead were sacred — we were rabble, unpredictable. Some of the museum staff members were outside rapping with the artists and we were told by them that an alarm had sounded inside, indicating that someone had touched something that shouldn't be touched, therefore the doors would be closed until everything was checked. When oh when will some sensible human being open a museum where everything *should* be touched?

The museum issued a small white leaflet rationalizing its being "sympathetic to the needs and wishes of the artistic community" and attempting to justify its staying open by saying that "It feels its responsibility to the people of New York is best served by remaining open and allowing art to work its salutary effect on the minds and spirits of all of us."

The visitors to the museum seemed to be largely composed of older people. A British group began a long, patient dialogue with the protestors protesting their own loss of freedom in not being allowed into the museum, yet they completely agreed with our reasons for the action. They, too, departed without going in.

Joseph Noble, the museum's vice director for administration, appeared as if by magic from the bowels of the building, with a proposal which he made to Morris. Morris, in turn, told the assembly (then over 300) that the proposal was to stay on the steps for one hour while the museum stayed closed. The most clear response to this was a "Bullshit!" from one side while others quietly disagreed. It was unanimous to not accept.

"This is their museum, not ours," Noble said, referring to The Great Mass of art lovers.

"You have the war policy makers on your board!"

"You caused the war!"

"You will destroy Central Park!" (Earth Day lives!)

Visitors were going inside, but they looked guilty about doing it.

AGAINST THE WAR IS NEGATIVE

"You are acting in good faith," Noble told us, "but you are committing a negative act."

"This is a racist act! (leaving the museum open)" an artist accused. Are museums more removed from life than New York public schools?

A black, bearded artist and a museum official had this dance:

"No one in that museum has talked against war."

"Some have taken a stand. The museum is in sympathy with you."

"This is lip-service. We want the *help* of the museum."

"We may stay all day," said another. "The museum must be responsible to the people and not to themselves."

Another artist said, "The museum has deserted us. We are here to support civilization."

After the museum's leaflet was handed out, Robert Morris called the keeping of the building open "a very defiant act". Another artist said by doing so "You have said 'fuck you' to us."

Noble said "We are making a positive act."

An artist said, "If you are interested in art, sir . . . in peace, sir . . . get the police off these steps, sir. They are a threat, *sir!*"

Noble said, "I am an artist, too."

The other man continued, "If you are an artist, sir, go with the artists, sir . . ." There was voluminous applause at this and the man emphasized, *"Sir!"*

By that time it was really getting hot, and the police, on the sidelines, looking relaxed, had their helmets off, but guns and clubs looking ready.

A man with a German accent said, "Let me see something, too! The policemen are young like you, too — they are like you! Let me see *Art!* LET ME SEE ART!" You perhaps still haf relatives liffing in Chermany . .?

A visitor asked an artist how he felt about art, and the artist replied, "I am an artist, that is my credential, sir. I am sure that if all the dead artists hanging in there could come alive, they would join us out here."

By then the side doors were open and no one was going in through the main entrance.

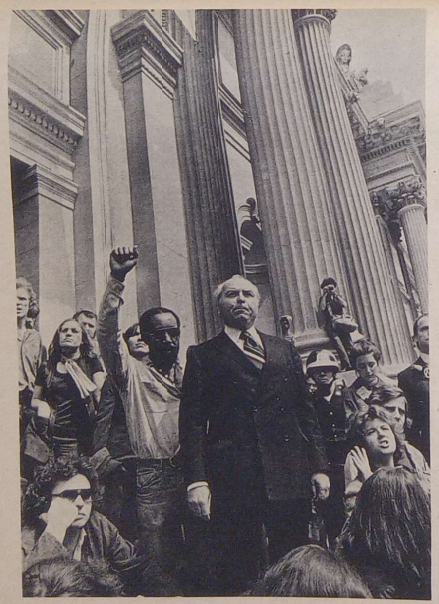
GELDZAHLER . . . "BOO!"

One artist said "They are gunmen, Roswell Gilpatric (Dear Ros) and Douglas Dillon (trustees of the museum). Hanging over your front entrance a banner says 19TH CENTURY ART — I nvite you to join the 20th Century."

Noble said "What about the 30 Years of American Art Show? Henry Geldzahler's show . . ."

"BOO . . ."

"Some of you were *in* it . . ."



Jan Van Raay

"Cops are here against us — we want them against the construction workers."

"The museum is for the people, by the people, and we want it closed!"

"The museum's position is that we, as a positive act, wish to extend to all the people of the city the opportunity to come here until 10 tonight — and this is what we will do."

"We will come in and sit down and tell you how we feel."

"This is not in the best interests of the museum. Why don't you allow a passage through and instruct people as they come in, and you can stay on the stairs all day." Okay, children? "You are only part of the art community," he said.

"And you are the other part," someone adroitly replied.

"I respect you and you must respect me."

"We have the power to close the museum. If you close we won't. If you don't we *will*!"

Noble said, "We believe in art."

"This is an insult to us!" was the reply.

At that point Noble split the scene. What would Hoving have done? Would he have closed the place up? A vote was taken to stay on.

We asked the police why they were there. "To protect property."

Another vote was taken to remain until 10 that night.

Slogans were chanted: "Close it up! Don't let them through!"

Then we received the report that the pictures were off the walls at the Guggenheim. They also abolished the $1.50 admission price for the day. But what the hell: are the walls at the Guggenheim worth a buck-and-a-half to *look at? Those people must get screwy* running around up there.

Groups were formed to secure water and food, collections were taken for same while the police kept a great distance away. (To insure that those automatic impulses to beat on hair didn't rise to the surface?)

Oscar Moscarella, another museum official, showed up: young, sharp blue suit, dark hair, archaeologist, hostile, angry as opposed to Noble, who is older, larger, bland and appeared to be courting affection, wanting to be "a good guy". Oscar Moscar said, "The museum cannot make a political statement. The democratic principle is that we cannot close the museum. We have no political position."

An artist informed him that, "Staying open is a political position. You have already taken a political position. You have made violent threats." (The presence of police, we supposed.)

John Harithus, the ex-director of the Corcoran in Washington D.C., who was standing with the strikers, said, "We turned down a request to have the Nixon Ball at the Corcoran. We took a political position."

Some of the artists said, "Why can't we talk to the museum workers? Let us talk to the employees of the museum. Let a few of us go in." Later Chairman Robert Morris made an agreement with Noble that the demonstrators would not attempt to go inside and we didn't, but two artists, a black and a woman went in to talk to the museum staff, but only got to see two or three, who were not very concerned.

Busloads of kids kept arriving and disappearing around to the side door and it was assumed that they all went in, but ordinary visitors still climbed the steps to get in, in spite of the demonstration. Police escorted a few old ladies up the steps and they were allowed through, but they were booed. The demonstrators then quickly re-formed, crowding the steps at the entrance and the doors were effectivley blocked. Then about ten cops closed in at one side of the doors. As visitors approached the artists said, "Don't push us. Go back." A young, well-dressed man tried to push his way in, walking over demonstrators, who repeated, "Don't push your way in." He tried, but ultimately gave up. Some thought that he might have been a provocateur.

Throughout the day a tall, well-dressed, gray-haired man went in and out of the museum. Outside he spoke with the police. We thought him to be part of the museum staff but we discovered that he was the officer in charge of park police. He seemed very influential in any museum action taken. We think it was he who actually kept the cops quiet.

The artists weren't sure whether or not we were going to actually try to physically stop people from entering the building. Some at the first line of the blockage had linked arms so that visitors had to step over them to get where they were going. An attempt was made to stop people from coming out of the museum through the strikers, but the cops stepped in and asked whether we would let people out and we agreed that we would.

For about an hour in the afternoon the upper galleries of the museum, where the paintings are, were closed to everyone, even though the side door was

Continued on Page 19

fuss all flags

By David McReynolds

David McReynolds is field secretary of War Resisters League and author of the forthcoming book of essays *We Have Been Invaded by the 21st Century.*

I LOOK AT the world through a kind of socialist/anarchist screen, and therefore, perhaps, I fail somehow to understand the excitement about flags of one kind or another. The Building Trades Unions of New York City, the most racist and reactionary unions we have, have recently taken to beating up students in defense of the American flag. Even workers opposed to the war have said they would slug anyone in the mouth if they caught them with an NLF flag.

The flag, the flag, one sees one side or the other rushing into demonstrations or going about their daily business with the flag being used as a mystic symbol. The left wing carries the colors of the NLF or North Vietnam. A lot of my friends have taken to wearing a little pin sent over from Germany which is either the flag of North Vietnam or the flag of the NLF, depencing on which side of the pin you cover with a finger. Some girl called my office a week ago to ask if we had any NLF flags. No, I said, we don't have any flags here at all, not even American flags. I hope, for the satisfaction of her soul, that she finally found the flag of her choice. I was tempted to suggest she phone the CIA, which I assume supplies NLF and North Vietnamese flags free of charge, knowing well enough how such flags infuriate Middle Amerika.

One watches fire engines these days roar through the streets with two flags flying one on each side of the truck up in front. Truck drivers have got their flags flying as they deliver the breads and butters and milks and beers of the massive city. Every Middle Amerikan car has got a flag on it. My parents have one, and my sister. And I begin to look at the flags around me, NLF, North Vietnamese, and American, and wonder at what point in my youth I realized that flags — the whole fussing mess of them — were nothing but pieces of cloth, flapping in the breeze, tumescent in the fury of the wind, or soft, limp and small, hanging against the body of the flag pole when the wind has passed.

I remember clearly enough as a child wondering why I was supposed to hit someone if they called me a bastard or a son of a bitch. Words didn't make a thing so, and fighting over words has always seemed damn silly to me. My mother was not a whore, and I never understood why I was supposed to defend her honor against words. My father wasn't a cocksucker, and if you called him one, that just showed your own poverty of language — his selfness could hardly be touched by words you hurled at me. However I understand why, sometimes, kids fought over words. There was a fellow I knew in Jr. High School named Pugh and one day I made the inevitable mistake of saying "Pugh — you stink", and he chased me in murderous fury until I promised never, never, never to say it again. Maybe if I *was* a bastard I might hit the man or woman who called me that. Maybe if the flag of my country really stood for murder, I might slug the guy who burned that flag.

My father always flew the flag on flag day — or whenever it was, in the old days of the forties, when everyone flew flags on a certain day. (Maybe it was Memorial Day.) That was okay — he was an American who served his time honorably and courageously in the Second World War. But I never expected him to be silly enough to put a flag decal on his car.

In World War II we were in a war, we had been attacked, and, as wars go, one can make a better case ideologically for that war than for any other in our history. But even in the midst of that war, as "just" as a war can be, we never saw the damn flag plastered everywhere, flying from fire trucks and stickered up in every bar. We didn't have signs up about "Love America or Leave It" and "America: If Your Heart Isn't In It, Get Your Ass Out".

Something has happened to Middle Amerika, a kind of horrible guilt, a realization that the flag stands for My Lai and Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson and Spiro Agnew. It stands for napalm and screaming youngsters and ghetto rats and kids dying of lead poisoning in the ghettos of Manhattan. The flag stands for cops who step aside and let helmeted storm troopers from the Building Trades beat up women (I'm sorry, women's lib, and I know I am wrong, but the idea of helmeted punks brandishing wrenches and beating up women bothers me — it is a sign of my age). Those cops wore flags in lapels, and so did the construction punks. Does Middle America understand that many people see the flag as the swastika? They see it as the symbol of a blind and furious establishment, white and cold, violent and murderous? The flag goes into battle in Vietnam and the children there die, and the young men, ours — and theirs.

Examining these questions is hard, it requires introspection, and so instead of washing the flag — Norman Thomas's idea — we fly it blindly, not knowing what else to do. The left is no better, rallying behind a foreign flag. If the flag of one nation is wrong, probably the flags of all nations are wrong. A lot of Vietnamese civilians have been killed by those bearing the flag of the NLF or North Vietnam. Their cause is more just than ours, I concede it at once. They are the American rebels fighting against Hessians and British conscripts. But even in its early days the American flag was impure, standing for the forced expulsion of tens of thousands of citizens who had made the mistake of remaining loyal as British citizens. The traitors won the war — it was a just war as such things go — and became patriots. Those who had remained loyal became the traitors and were driven from their homes and their lands, sent into bitter exile.

I wander but return to my point. Movements can use banners but not flags. No piece of cloth is worth a fist fight, unless one basically loves a fist fight. America is the product of her collected peoples, the massed assembly of her cultures, the majesty of her small towns and empty plains. America was celebrated by Whitman and by Kerouac in poetry and prose — and they didn't need a flag, because the reality of this land can't be caught up in a piece of colored cloth. In an awfully old fashioned way I am an American and a patriot — and I don't need a god damned flag to tell me who or what I am. I am also a radical and, given the opportunity, a revolutionist, and I don't need the flag from someone else's country and someone else's struggle to remind me who and what I am. I don't mind marching behind the red flag of socialism or the black flag of anarchy, because those flags command no armies, symbolize no States, and lack all power to murder. But if you rushed forward to tear those flags from my hands I would let them fall, my socialism and my anarchism having far deeper roots than the colors of red or black. Take those flags — I have my head about me, and in that head is what is really important.

There is one exception, and I will *admit to it. On the wall of my office I have a little strip of cloth, red blue and white, which I wore pinned to my jacket in Prague when I was caught there during the invasion of 1968. Some Czechoslovak citizen gave the fabric to me and I wore it with pride — to my surprise. At the point of invasion by Soviet forces the flag, which a day earlier had stood for the Communist state, became a silent flag of the people as a whole. The act of invasion made the symbol of a State the symbol, instead, of the people. If the Russians invaded us tomorrow I would, I confess it, buy an American flag someplace. But that is a special situation. Just about the same moment that Spiro Agnew would be taking off his flag and putting on a Soviet pin — once a puppet, always a puppet — I would be lifting the flag. But, damn it, we aren't invaded by Russians. We have been invaded by the Pentagon, flying the colors of the nation, and that is a contest of cloth in which I don't want to compete. The Pentagon has taken the flag and is welcome to it — I don't need the flag.*

The flag thing is silly as one explores it. A woman in Long Island was arrested for flying it upside down — the distress signal. Jerry Rubin or Abbie Hoffman — I forget which — has been busted for wearing a flag shirt and Abbie Hoffman got blanked out on TV the night he wore such a shirt, while no one blanked Roy Rogers when he wore a whole "flag suit" and in my assembly district no one has taken DiFalco into court because his campaign poster is a kind of starry red white and blue flag pattern.

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WHERE DID THE FRENCH WOMEN PEE DURING THE GENERAL STRIKE ?

By Leah Fritz

SO MANY IMPRESSIONS coming in at once, attacking the senses, destroying minds. We are approaching a culmination, but what? And we're so unprepared, so untrained. We must learn to make quick decisions without precedents and to act on them alone. To lead by example, and not to say, "What I should have done was . . ."

Item: The Museum of Modern Art, Saturday, May 16th. A wartime propaganda film by Akira Kurasawa — no worse than the American movies of 1944; no better. The idol has clay feet, and drags them heavily across the screen.

Suddenly, on the stage, a madman. The picture continues behind him . . . Japanese girls working like *shiokanovites* in an optical factory, getting the E for effort: house slaves harnessed to the war machine.

MIXED MEDIA AT MOMA

The madman, young, tall, powerful, curly black hair, face like an Irish poet, paces the stage in front of the film, asking shyly for the audience's attention. Says he needs $70. to go somewhere, wants us to take up a collection. There is laughter and some annoyance and some applause for his *daring: we don't yet know that he is mad. Indeed, he may not be mad yet. Just somebody in need with the courage to mount the stage during a stupid fascist movie.*

The Museum guards move forward, try to persuade him to come down. He refuses, becomes agitated. They grab his arms. He fights them off wildly. They pull him down and through an exit door. The movie continues. A few men rush out the door, some presumably to help restrain him, one or two to see that he isn't hurt.

The movie goes on. Most of us remain in our seats, bewildered and frightened, or just numb. Not knowing what is *expected* of us, what we are capable of doing. Is there a psychiatrist in the house? nobody asks. Surely there must be at least one, cowering in his seat like the rest of us, his discipline less useful than voodoo in a crisis. I leave my seat thinking I cannot watch this film anymore, wanting a cup of coffee and a cigarette, wanting out. A woman in a side seat asks me if I will be back. No, I say. She moves over into my seat.

Upstairs, the galleries are roped off. It is clear the cafeteria is closed. I am annoyed. I had wanted to wait for my companion there. Outside it is raining. I wait in the lobby with other people who have given up on entertainment this dull, headachy Saturday afternoon; one day after the murders at Jackson State College, three days after the massacre in the Georgia prison, one week after the amiable Washington protest against the Cambodia affair and the massacre at Kent State: it is, in fact, Armed Forces Day, and tanks are rolling down Fifth Avenue.

Outside the Museum, visible through Philip Johnson's glass doors and panel, the madman paces the sidewalk, guards waiting to head him off if he attempts to enter again. A guard with a German accent calls the police to say there is a man who "has created a disturbance in the Museum." Several of us look in anguish at each other. "They should bring an ambulance," we agree. "He is sick." We are afraid of what the police will do to him, but know he won't be much better off in Bellevue. Still, a tranquilizer shot seems more humane than a billy club.

The madman makes a quick move and rushes through a revolving door, his timing perfect. He runs down the stairs again, the guards after him. They bring him up. He fights them off. Three of them force him to the floor. He cries. They let him up and move him out the door. He paces the sidewalk again. I go to a phone and call the police to tell them to bring an ambulance. They say the men in the prowl car will be able to decide what is needed.

ON WITH THE SHOW

Upstairs another guard with a German accent tells the people in the lobby to leave, that the Museum is closed and there is danger. But a number of us insist we will stay, *wanting to be witnesses so the police can't do their silent thing, wanting somehow by our presence to protect the* madman or at least show some human solidarity, wanting not to be pushed out on the street like macmen, *by* madmen, by *institutions.*

We know what we should have done. We should have taken up his collection in the theater. A woman says, "Isn't it possible to stop a lousy movie projector for one desperate human being?"

The madman, watching the guards, seeing them go lax for a second (hypnotized by his rhythmical pacing), throws himself at the shatterproof glass panel between the revolving doors. The glass repels his force and he falls to the ground. Somebody says, "He will kill himself." All have faith in the shiny glass. (Cut to shot of U.N. — birds attempting to migrate through invisible windows solid as steel stopping them dead. All fall in East River as peace-makers in office give ultimata to dictaphones while secretaries in saris serve tea.)

But in a moment the madman is up again and seizing another lapse in attention, he thrusts the guards aside and breaks through the unbreakable glass. We see it shatter across the lobby, thousands of small pieces, an inch and a half thick. Down he runs past the guards to the basement. The police arrive and go through a side door in the cloakroom to sneak down a secret staircase and catch him from behind. People pick up pieces of glass to look at them with wonder. In a few minutes the police have grounded him in the backseat of the squad car. They sheath their billy clubs. They will take him to Bellevue where attendants with straitjackets wait to socialize Prometheus with electric shock. It will cost more than $70. to replace Philip Johnson's window.

Item: The Museum of Modern Art again. Several weeks ago I bought a membership for my husband and myself so that we could see all the movies we wanted to go to at bargain rates. I clearly marked the application with both of our first names, but when the clerk handed me our membership cards, mine turned up with a Mrs. and my husband's full monicker. I asked him to change it to read "Leah Fritz." He said he couldn't do that . . . it had already gone through "the machine."

LES TEMPS PERDUS

I thought of seventeen years ago when I worked in the membership department there, suffering over the noisy, cranky addressograph, wishing that an IBM would replace me! But how punctillious we were about giving people really personal, human attention. Once a young man called up to find out the phone number of a girl he had met in the Penthouse. I couldn't give it to him without her permission, so I called her up with a message for her to contact him. This sort of thing was almost routine. I enclosed a note in Carl *Sandberg's membership to let him know how much I was moved by his poetry.* God knows our labor was cheap enough at $35.00 a week with Nelson Rockefeller president! They knew how to exploit young artists and writers by making the offices beautiful with oil paintings and letting us in free to special events and parties. I got fired eventually for wearing dresses cut too low in the summertime, turning up late and discussing politics a bit too loudly. They replaced me with a machine.

Now the machine was interfering with my identity as a human being. I complained to the membership department to be told by a clerk there that she was "only a cog in a wheel" and personally enjoyed being called "Mrs. John Jones." I said I might like that too, but my name is Leah Fritz. She said they would change the card if I sent them a letter saying it was for "professional reasons." I asked wouldn't human reasons do?

I went up the line, past a supervisor who told me memberships were issued to one person only, and the extra card for the spouse was just a "courtesty" — at $2.50 additional. So I suggested that, since I had purchased the cards, my husband's should have read "Mr. Leah Fritz." She said they could do that if it were *o.k. with him.* I said they gave me the Mrs. tag without asking *my* permission!

THE DEAD MACHINE

At last I reached one of those public relations-type secretaries to the director who, of course, agreed with me *completely* ! — we're *so* sorry you've had such a hard time! — and she would take it up with her boss! but right now said boss was at a terribly important meeting! and tomorrow she was leaving for a long week-end! . . .

The next day I went to the membership desk and crossed out the Mrs. and my husband's first name with one of their ballpoint pens. Another clerk was there. He said, "Here, let me make you a new card." So, Did the machine up and die?

Then I started thinking how the Museum machine discriminates against unmarried lovers, making them lie, and against homosexuals living together, and how it upholds the institution of marriage. And I wondered how Picasso and Gaugin and all the rest of those freaky artists might feel about that? And I wished I hadn't cursed the old, creaky, manually operated addressograph so hard . . .

Item: We went to see Trouffaut's MISSISSIPPI MERMAID at an "art" theater on the Upper East Side. In many of these theaters they have some anachronistic curtain, left over from proscenium days (only these are new theaters which have never shown live plays), which keeps opening and closing over the screen. Anyway, the operators seem to think it's cute to shut it over the last scene in a movie — so you miss *the full intended impact of what is* often the most important shot in a film.

They did this trick at the 72nd Street Playhouse and I asked the manager why? "We never close the curtain on a blank screen," he said. But why? "We just never do. The curtain is connected to the projector. It's a very complicated machine."

But you *control* the machine! "We never close the curtain on a blank screen. Please move along."

How many machines can you fight?

My bicycle was stolen from the post I'd chained it to outside one of those new apartment houses attended by a doorman with closed-circuit television. (Bon voyage, beautiful thief — see you in Central Park!)

Item: The "Welcome to Washington" sign on the road to the Capital is in the shape of a tombstone.

Washington was another moment when we let the system stop us against our better instincts. The Mobe Marshalls were frightened children who spread their frightening rumors through the line and effectively turned away thousands of people who had *thought* themselves prepared to surround the White House in an act of civil disobedience, prepared to hurl their bodies against the glass walls of our bureaucracy to save the bright, innocent children incarcerated in the institutions called universities; to save the poor, equally innocent American children incarcerated in Indochina and the unimaginable Asian people who defy the logistics of programmed bombs. But the people were not prepared to withstand fears implanted by trusted friends.

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open season on beards

KANSAS CITY, MO. — Thomas Michael Stephens, a twenty-nine year old, bearded artist, leading member of a successful artist's cooperative here, was shot by a security guard of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company as he attempted to enter the building just after closing time. He was shot in the abdomen with a 38 revolver, at a distance of three feet, and is in serious condition at the General Hospital.

"I tried to explain to him", said the guard. "He came toward me and I shot him". Mike Stephens is big, burly, handsome and looks like the free individual he is. Kent, Augusta, Jackson, Orangeburg — is there now open season on beards in the Mid-West?

Stephens is a member of the Art Research Center of Kansas City, the only such group in that part of the country. In the April issue of the ELEMENT we printed the manifesto of the group, and for this issue, Mike was writing an article on the development of the Center. He never finished it, but we are printing what he had written, together with additions made by other members of the group.

Here's Mike Stephens:

A *personal* factual account of how a group such as ours comes into being — what it is like to be an artist in kansas city — how we acquired a building — and other ideas, facts, etc. that i consider interesting and pertinent.

Wow, is this difficult. An honest and easy approach might be *the classic duchamp method: to empty all our communa drawers and files (we save everything and someday we'll get it organized) into a box marked "a.r.c. group history". It's not that we've been organized so long — but a lot has happened. The other night at my place with our people and visiting exhibitor — zbigniew blazeje and his wife, jo ann, we, under influences of the occasion, committed the sin of waxing nostalgic about events only two-four years past. t's not a danger trusting one another, but, we're making and choosing our history, so-to-speak, and t's almost embarrassing to be personal about it.*

That firs: co-op thing was begun by mike morris (now of New Haven, Conn.) and I. Partly, a desparate attempt to make something out of the absurd situation of being an artist in the midwest (where a serious gallery sells frames, art schools use the methods of the century past and teach the mode of two seasons past, there is a direct link between media and museums — it is better to be hated than ignored — so you are ignored) partly a real but groping effert at relating to the world of art and trying to consolidate our position (aspects of misguided regionalism still prevailed) and partly an affinity for the collective effort derived from studies of gropius and moholy and from studying under their students (an important influence was a teacher from the new bauhaus in Chicago named bowles who lives atop a cliff in Joplin, Missouri). Fifteen artists kept the building almost solvent but there were some crazy things, new center u.s. art had a show every two weeks — a policy to (force) encourage the production of new work — what a grind. The artists naturally broke into cliques around style and personality and the range of work was good to mediocre. In less than a year, the co-op co-opted itself out of existence, the artists splitting to grad school, to make a million in "plastics" to commercial work, and to back on the street.

By Peter Clapp

The initial seeding of the group began as a means to fulfill the need of serious artists in this area to develop an environment for adequate exhibitions (there are no "galleries" in K.C.) and socializing. Having evolved, by and large, through separate channels, serious dialogue between members was essentially confined to gallery scene, with very little cohesive structure beyond a shared local and superficial objectives. This endeaver dissolved after a year. A studio was found in which to carry on their still relatively independent activities. The still emerging affinity for collective effort derived from gropius, moholy, bowles influences, brought activity around through a series of false starts to the current building and nucleus of members incorporated as a.r.c. Exhibits, "multi-events" and lectures served in the beginning, and still do to a large degree, as a means to define our own *position and discover possible directions. To break away from the regionalist blanket which blots this region, a traveling exhibition was sent through the northeast and an exhibit at the anonima group studio in N.Y. was arranged. Correspondence was established with as many other groups as would reply and ideas began to be* weighed and sifted fairly carefully.

An open manifesto was begun in the attempt to harmonize major differences in approach, which so far has functioned as a relatively effective buffer and guidelines. Unsolveable disagreements, both personal and ideological, brought about the separation of a few of the originators of the center, but a majority remained and in an introspective attempt to strengthen the base, an organizational chart was worked out, drawn up, and quartered in heated discussions.

Work progressed, more shows were executed, more lectures arranged and as the feedback from feeler sources intensified so did the group effort to reach an inter-personal understanding both among ourselves and the public. A coherent chart was finally put together providing us with a viable set of directives and alternatives to follow a planned development. Participatory events and exhibits became our primary out-put in the task of establishing a realistic modus-operandus. Our bi-annual magazine which had already been established, became our means to elaborate on a particular project or idea, also giving guest exhibitors, laurence booth, stanley tigerman, and most recently, zbigniew blazeje a format to explain themselves.

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throw the bum out?

By Pat Sloane

ON OR ABOUT the third of May, 1808, a firing squad of Napoleon's soldiers executed a group of Madrid citizens. Francisco Goya commemorated the event by painting *The Execution of The Citizens of Madrid: May 3, 1808.* The scene is hellish, the citizens piteous. The foreground has more (pained) blood splattered around than there was in the closing scenes of *Easy Rider*. Later, Manet painted another, cooler, more bloodless firing squad scene. I don't know if Goya's painting can be called "protest art" in the usual sense: The painting itself is dated six or seven years after the event.

Everything changes; nothing changes. Soldiers were shooting people in Madrid the week of May 3, 1808, and shooting people at Kent State University the week of May 3, 1970. At the moment, everybody is angry, spilling over emotionally, and not about to emulate Goya by waiting so long to say what has to be said.

Some think Nixon set off the public furor by characterizing student protesters as "campus bums." I doubt it. People seem to be incensed primarily at the Ohio National Guard's apparently unprovoked murder of four students. As for Nixon's foul mouth, nothing he says surprises. I suppose I long ago decided he was pure trash, beneath contempt, and not to be trusted. Those who used to call him "tricky Dicky" — I think some of them were Republicans — had the right idea.

It's also no longer news that Nixon seems to be ghost-writing Agnew's abusive and insulting speeches. Puerility might get through to a President geared to it: The crowds on the White House lawn might try chanting "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me."

On the other hand, returning the name-calling has become dangerous. I infer this from the televised insinuations of an Ohio guardsman who thought that anyone who went around hollering "Pig" was asking to be shot.

Very interesting idea. The events at Kent suggest he really meant to say that as soon as *someone* shouts "Pig," *anyone* can be shot.

The question of the week is how permissive the public is willing to be, and how long they intend to allow name-calling to be backed up by billy-clubs, bullets, tear-gas and mace. A better Congress would have spoken out strongly about Nixon's high-handed doings in Cambodia and at home. A still better Congress would have started impeachment proceedings. But in this imperfect world it is not to be expected that men — Congressmen — will invariably stand courageously on the side of the angels.

Timidity in Congressmen is easy to understand, because everyone tends to be afraid of some things. No one wants to be shot, kicked, beaten, smashed in the head or face with a club. No one wants to go to jail, and have a segment of his life amputated. No one wants to lose his job, be driven out of his country, be blacklisted in his profession, be kept under surveillance by the FBI, or receive visits from the police. Congressmen probably don't want to lose votes, or offend political allies by being the first to take strong positions.

But among the public, large numbers of people seem to have reached the point of exasperation — desparation — where other things seem more important than personal comfort and safety. Some reach the point of decent indignation more slowly than others, and conservatives most slowly of all: The minds of conservatives seem to work very slowly in every area of life. Congressmen will probably be the last of all to grasp (and act on) the idea that if the state condones the murder of one student, no one is safe. Since Kent we have had Jackson and Augusta; before that there was Orangeburg. Some of us would like the total tally, including those who died in hospitals days or weeks after the episode in which they were shot ceased to be front page news. To categorize these deaths as unfortunate accidents is to condone them; too many people are wondering who's going to be shot "by accident" next.

If an Ohio guardsman freely admits and defends his own immaturity, sadism, lack of consideration for the views, the rights — even the lives — of others, he takes his cue from the attitude of Richard Nixon. If the government intends to continue murdering the civilian population of Indo China in spite of the repeated protests of the American public, then we have no proper government or law. We have what by any definition is a state of anarchy, and Nixon is the anarchist. The man isn't doing his job. I think we ought to get him out. And I think we need some serious study to discover what kind of momentary madness on the part of a large sector of the American public ever got him elected in the first place. Nixon probably got in because too many people had him confused with the Avis Rent-A-Car Agency. Being the descendants of people who screwed up in Europe, Americans seem partial to the idea that the second-best guy who tries harder ought to have a chance. I doubt this country can long endure what it's been put through in the last several years by second-rate Presidents.

We need a public referendum on two issues: (1) The War, (2) whether Nixon ought to be impeached. ■

if the left co-opts the right, who'll be there to take the rap?

By George Blecher

EVENTS HAPPEN FASTER than thought these days. One tries to mull over something — the recent take-over of the Bryant Park peace rally by the radical Left, for example — but before the dust has settled, the President sends troops into Cambodia, students are gunned down by jittery soldiers, construction-workers beat up kids, and what yesterday seemed significant is lost in a jumble of new events, each apparently more ominous than the one which preceded it.

The pile-up of these vicarious experiences people have to deal with everyday is something McLuhan must have written about somewhere. But I'm not sure he ever talked about its effect: hysteria. The helpless, confused rage that surfaces when too many bewildering images bombard the senses is clearly spreading both on the Right and the Left. It's likely that national hysteria will continue to grow day by day.

One of the sources of this hysteria is the President himself, more specifically his contradictory attempts to decide who he is. Both economically and militarily, his actions are those of a consistent, almost stereotypical conservative, and Agnew, his alter ego, speaks in entirely predictable reactionary rhetoric. But Nixon as Statesman, except for occasional lapses into talk of "bums" and "anarchy," still strains to see himself as a force of conciliation. Unfortunately, with each speech or press-conference this fantasy becomes more and more absurd, and we can expect that as external forces make it increasingly difficult for him to imagine that he can be conservative and moderate at the same time, his personality will become even more erratic, the contradictory images that cause hysteria will proliferate, he will become more and more remote from both students and construction-workers, and violence on the Left and Right will increase.

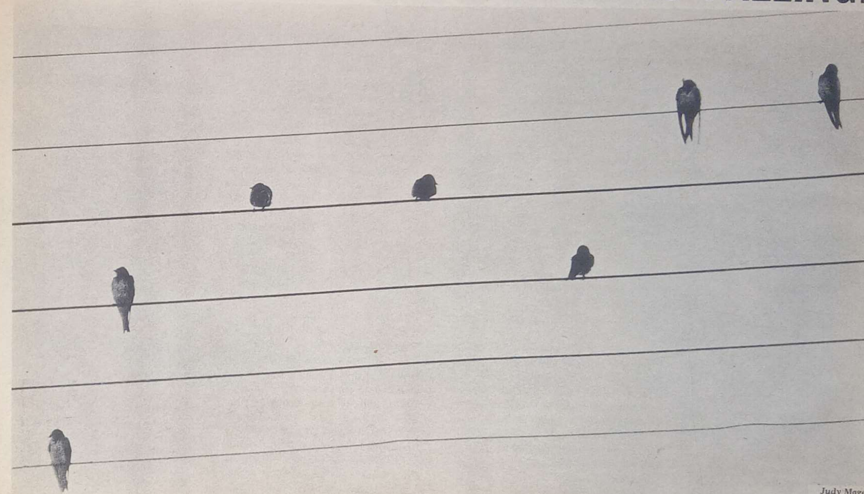
The unknown in this potential Greek tragedy is Congress, which, as many people have noted, has ceded an alarmingly large portion of its power to the executive. It's conceivable, barely conceivable, that Congress is now ready to take some of it back, and that McGovern's bill to refuse any more money to the war effort could gain a majority in a sufficiently confused and desperate Congress. This could only come about when and if the members of Congress become so personally sick of the war or so scared of impending martial law that they decide to take a real step. The history of the past twenty years makes this doubtful, but the way things are going, they may be forced to act.

A unified and aggressive Left might tip the scales, but unfortunately the Left has been divided by factionalism for hundreds of years — the Spanish Civil War is a classic example — and the recent attack of the Left against its more moderate elements is really nothing new. One problem is that the Left spends much of its time convincing itself of its own legitimacy, and this inner doubt makes it terribly masochistic — "revisionism" has been the war-cry of the Left's super-ego from the French Revolution to Mao's China. Doubt and guilt make the Left eat up its energies from the inside, as well as leaving its flanks exposed to easily-refutable charges of treason and sedition from conservatives.

It seems to me that the Movement should start taking a new tack: it should begin taking over the slogans and paraphernalia of the Right for its own purposes in order to establish itself as the new center of American politics. For instance: why doesn't the Movement sell itself as the only truly patriotic force in America today? Why doesn't it demand a return to law and order, and do everything it can to bring suits against the executive branches of the government for breaking the laws of the Republic? Why aren't Tom Paine and F.D.R., Lincoln and Jefferson, "co-opted" (to use that strange supermarket word) from the Right and made heroes of the Left? Why don't radicals start sticking flags on their car-windows and singing the National Anthem before rallys and during marches?

I don't know whether this would work — even if people could get beyond their initial revulsion for the idea — but it sure would get some people confused. The right kind of confusion, one which would prevent conservatives from equating peace and humanitarianism with treason, might make Congress sufficiently nervous to take back the power it has let so passively slip out of its hands. ■

HENNY PENNY: 'THE SKY IS FALLING!'



Judy Mage

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

By Jane Mushabac

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY in Norfolk, Virginia was hardly a romantic spot for watching the total eclipse: eight or nine new flat-topped beige buildings squared off around a parched barren plot; a hand painted poster about ten feet tall facing the highway and looking like it had already had about two weeks too much of wind and car exhaust, urging the public to protest the State Government's drastic reduction of "O.D.U.'s" budget; and Forman Field which the city of Norfolk had officially designated as its eclipse arena.

My small New York contingent put down its tripods near the 20 yard line behind a confident 12 year old and his perfectly adjusted telescope projecting the newborn eclipse onto a 4" screen. On the 50 yard line the Norfolk Optimists Club and others had set up exhibits; the breeze tugged at oak tag, masking tape and scout caps as people milled from one table to the next toying with the pin-hole projection cards which a local printer had distributed free. The Lieutenant Governor of Virginia was being interviewed with his immaculately beauty-parlored wife and two children while a few policemen dressed up like Canadian Mounties stood shyly in attendance. As Old Dominion "hostesses" and the loudspeaker M.C. asked all those without tripods and telescopes to clear the field, the home stands and visitor stands began to fill up with the sneakers-and-slacks family crowds and odd assorted people, hundreds of them, and all carefully avoiding looking directly up into the effortlessly blue and cloudless sky.

There was the catch: fear of blindness.

In New York the day before, *precisely to arm myself against that fear, I had carefully followed the* Hayden Planetarium's prescription for eclipse glasses. Just to be sure I had had *two* rolls of black and white film exposed and developed and stretched a double thickness of the black negative, wide as my palm, across the front of a pair of sunglasses, all around from ear to ear. My group passed the glasses ceremoniously back and forth among us to stare up at the growing miraculous thumb print being minced out of the sun's side while over the sound system came repeated warnings: the safest way to look at the sun is by not looking at it; we remind you once again that homemade devices *like photographic film* increase the danger of looking at the sun.

Even supposing that Southern paranoia is the flip side of Southern hospitality, the Hayden Planetarium's 2001-music-souped-up "Eclipse Chase: Yucatan to Nantucket" multi-media show and its precise instructions had paled in the face of the simple linear billboard threat, on one of the many military bases in the Norfolk area, in large movie marquee letters:

IF YOU LOOK AT THE SUN ON SATURDAY YOU MAY NEVER READ AGAIN

Even with the glasses we dared not take longer than the most comically brief darting glances at that fearful object, the sun. But we could watch unintimidated the sky darken, and the horizon begin to glow. We could feel the eeriness moving in on the Saturday afternoon sunshiny air, while the football scoreboard, in the slot for the *home team points, over the words HAVE A COKE, registered the temperature dropping from 55 to 50 degrees to 45 to 40. Eventually 38 degrees, and we had put on our jackets* and gloves.

As the scoreboard timer began its ten minute countdown to totality, the stadium grew hushed; up and down the field and in the stands the people waited on the invisible moon. I had visions of kings bringing their thrones onto the football fields all over the earth down through the ages — like the matrons of the Grand Concourse bringing their chairs out into the first sunny afternoons in March — and sitting uneasily, quietly, sceptres in hand while the air became cooler and dense with a blurring redness like a bloodshot egg and the sun began to disappear; while over the loudspeaker it was proudly reported that the chickens some lady had brought to the 50 yard line had gone to roost.

Until totality, when finally they announced you could look directly at the sun, ladies and gentlemen.

And way up there, 93 million miles away, accompanied by one small but doggedly bright star, which we found out later was Venus, was a small homely implacable body, its heat and light so feared and worshipped momentarily shattered by the dark presence in its middle, the moon. How small it looked! It was neither the fierce presence of a bright day nor the day's end pregnant orange sphere sinking into the sunset glow of sky. It hung small and colorless in the sky, its celebrated corona only a fistful of light pushing in on a small pit of darkness. Those big front page newspaper photographs showing a large *clearly defined round black orb against a lush billowing of light had simply been all wrong. I wonder what they showed the people on television.*

The two minutes and eight seconds were up, a little less time than had been predicted. The moon nudged its way loose and the ribbons of light, the sun bands, as they had just before totality, rippled up and down the ground and all over all the people. So that in case we had ever forgotten we knew then that our planet earth is just a screen on which the sun projects *its* movies, the same movies that the Babylonians saw and the Mayans, and the Greeks, the Jews, the Ethipians, and the people of Norfolk, Virginia . . .

In New York people complained that the eclipse had been dull. They said it was one of those smoggy bright days and it simply seemed to smog up a little more as the moon eclipsed the sun. People wanted to know if the sky had become totally dark in Virginia, if lots of stars had come out, if the corona had been exquisite, if we had seen Bailey's Beads or the prominences — all five answers were no — and why hadn't we gone to some beautiful remote spot along the water to witness such a great celestial event? Was it worth a 7 hour drive, 15 if you count round trip, even throwing in a dawn crossing of the newly reopened 21 mile Chesapeake Bay Tunnel Bridge?

I would only like to say that our lives have become electric circuses. We expect buildings to be bigger than trees; revolutions to be bigger than men; and movies, especially technicolor movies, to be bigger than our own sensations. I know that I am as addicted as anyone to

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love weapons loaded

GUERRILLA ART ACTION GROUP
Poppy Johnson
Jon Hendricks
Jean Toche

ARTICLE I

Our Art Actions are a concept.

Anyone who wishes can use the concept of the Guerrilla Art Action Group, and its content, as they please.

Under no condition, may the ideas that we use, the written material, and other content involved, be copywrighted, nor can it become the exclusive possession of anyone.

ARTICLE II

We do not advocate violence, nor the use of violence.

If there is any physical violence in our Art Actions, it is only directed to ourselves, and as a means of symbolically dramatizing the danger of reality-violence, of oppression and of repression.

If any person other than ourselves, or the performers involved in the Art Actions, should become the victim of a form of physical violence, even by accident, it would negate the aims and purpose of our Art Actions.

ARTICLE III

We see ourselves as questioners.

Our intention is never to impose our own point of view, but to provoke people into a confrontation with the existing crises.

Our methods are only a few of the possible ways to dramatize a problem.

ADDENDUM I

Article I is retroactive to October 1, 1969, and is binding from that date on.

ADDENDUM II

Our concern is with people, not property, or any form of property.

We question the order of priorities in this country, the fact that property — how to defend property and how to expand property — always seems to have priority over people and people's needs.

BLOOD AND FLESH GUERRILLA THEATER ACTION IN WASHINGTON ON MAY 9, 1970.

MATERIALS:

60 Gallons of beef blood,
150 lbs. of lamb lungs,
30 beef hearts,
21 lambs head (skinned)
(All materials were obtained in advance at the Central Meat Market of New York.)

PURPOSE:

To do a dramatization of the atrocity of war, murder, and repression. The action to be in the context of the mass rally in Washington on May 9, called to protest U.S. invasion of Cambodia and the murder of four students at Kent State.

DESCRIPTION:

Pratt Institute, Columbia and members of various Guerrilla Theater groups, gathered at the Arena Theater in Washington. At 1 pm, the performers started walking as a group of victims, toward the Washington Monument. Their clothes had been ripped and shredded. They were victims not only in appearance, but in mind and attitude. Near the Washington Monument, the victims were each given bloody materia to carry. The group started to walk toward the podium. About one third of the distance, every one sat down on the ground, and at a given signal, hung a heart around his neck, placed some guts under his shirt, took a skinned lamb's head in his hand and held it above his head.

Then, as everyone stood up, each person began pouring and splashing the blood over his head and body and began a chant of: "Stop the war, stop the murders, stop atrocities, stop the killings." The group slowly moved toward the podium, continuing the chant without stopping and holding the bloody animal's head above their heads. People moved out of the way of the procession, stunned by the bloody portrayal of brutality. Occasionally a spectator would take one of the animal parts and join the procession and chant. The bloody charting procession moved past the podium and back to the Washington Monument, where they paused briefly, but still chanting, facing the crowd. They then moved on, towards the government buildings, into the street.

From: Guerrilla Art Action Group

To: Mr. Walter A. Sobol, Chairman,
American Institute of Architects,
Chicago,
C/O American Institute of Architects
20 West 40 Street
New York, N.Y.

Architects are guilty of aiding the repressive apparatus of society, by studying the possibility of designing courtrooms which would include a plastic isolation booth, to verbally control the defendant's right of speech.

Architects have been guilty of similar crimes in the past by designing projects such as the gas chambers of Dachau, prisons, chambers of execution, mental asylums and inhuman housing projects.

What is the role of the architect? Should the architect be concerned with only making money, or with his own prestige, regardless of the cost of human freedom and human conditions or should the architect be concerned primarily with bettering the condition of human life?

Should not the architect renounce any role in the repression of freedom?

On Wednesday, February 18, 1970, members of G.A.A.G., witnesses from the A.W.C., and members of the Press, gathered in front of 20 West 40th St. in New York City, the New York offices of the American Institute of Architects. The group went to the third floor offices of A.I.A. After inquiring in one office for a representative of the A.I.A., the group was directed to another office, where the Director of Finance was working.

Jon Hendricks asked: "Are you a representative of the A.I.A.?" The woman replied stating her title, but mentioned that the New York Director of the A.I.A. was in Washington. The woman asked what it was all about. Jon Hendricks replied: "We wish to deliver an architectural process to a representative of the A.I.A.". The woman replied: "I don't know that I want to be a representative."

Jon Hendricks started to read the following Text: HANDS OFF. STOP PLAYING WITH DEFENDANTS RIGHTS OF SPEECH. ARCHITECTS ARE GUILTY OF AIDING THE REPRESSIVE APPARATUS OF SOCIETY, BY STUDYING THE POSSIBILITY OF DESIGNING COURTROOMS WHICH WOULD INCLUDE A PLASTIC ISOLATION BOOTH, TO VERBALLY CONTROL THE DEFENDANT'S RIGHTS OF SPEECH. When he finished, Jean Toche who had been carrying a large object covered with black cloth, put the object on the woman's desk and the two artists unveiled a 16" clear plexiglass cube, completely sealed — an isolation booth — containing a live chicken, with its feet tied. Statements were attached to the box.

The woman turned her back and faced the window, while Jon Hendricks began reading the following text: THIS IS AN ARCHITECTURAL PROCESS. YOU HAVE THE CHOICE OF EITHER FREEING THIS BEING AND LETTING IT LIVE, BY DESTROYING THIS PLASTIC ISOLATION BOOTH, OR IGNORING THIS CRISIS OF DEATH AND FREE SPEECH.

Jean Toche stated: "This box is completely sealed: there is no air coming in; this being will die unless you break the box; the choice is up to you." Then Hendricks handed the woman the two original texts, and the two artists left.

ACTION AT THE BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH IN NEW YORK ON DECEMBER 16, 1969

OBJECTIVES

To do a short but strong, relevant action about interrogation/brutalization, as practiced by American soldiers in Vietnam and by the police here in America.

To accomplish this in the context of a concert of avant garde music and films, the artists chose to do the action after the concert was finished, and as the audience was leaving the premises. The object was not to do a performance, but a Guerrilla Action/Realization, forcing the realities of brutalization onto an audience who had chosen to come to a concert of abstraction, and in a sense, trivialities — at a time of widespread brutality.

DESCRIPTION

Poppy Johnson was seated in the audience throughout the concert. Underneath her overcoat she wore white clothes resembling those of a Vietnamese villager. There was a half gallon of blood in plastic bags taped on her body. When the concert was over, the lights turned on, and as the audience was starting to leave, Poppy Johnson took off her overcoat and wandered around. Sirens were suddenly turned on at full volume. Jean Toche and Jon Hendricks, wearing military shirts, charged into the room throwing chairs out of their way and screaming at the audience "commie gooks", "goddam fucking slants", "where are the commie bastards".

They very quickly converged on Poppy Johnson, grabbed her, shook her, ripping at her clothes and brutally throwing her on the floor saying, "where are they" . . . and bursting one of the bags of blood, spilling it all over the floor and on people nearby.

One of the brutalizers violently yanked the victim's body halfway up, and the other brutalizer brutally shoved her back onto the floor. They both dragged her a short way and one of them pounced down on the victim and ripped open her shirt, and in so doing, burst open the second bag of blood which spurted all over her face.

At that point one of the brutalizers said: "It is not even fun any more." Both brutalizers turned away from the victim who got up and escaped, terrified, out of the room. Both brutalizers wandered to a corner of the room, took Hershey bars from their pockets and casually ate them, ignoring everybody except each other. After a while they left the room. The total action took less than four minutes.

■

the mark of the beast

By Bill Amicon

THE ENORMITY of the corruption (which has resulted from the cold war) stems from the secret use of government funds to deceive the world – to deceive the Communists, to deceive our friends and allies, and to deceive ourselves.

. . . The American way of life has plenty of faults. But it does not prepare our whole people for contiaual deception, and we had better make up our minds to play the game from the American strength and not from American weakness, and to stomp out lying as a public policy.

–Walter Lippmann/THE *HERALD-TRIBUNE*

* * *

GOOD SUGGESTION. Cogent warning that. But like the ideas of so many thinking people in America today it remains of course unheeded by our government. William Fulbright once pointed-out that he did not subscribe to a position he attributed to onetime McNamara aide Arthur Sylvester whom he quoted as saying "the government has the right to lie to the people of this country."

I heard a guy on the teevee yesterday — a fairly articulate prole named Joe (no lastname) with a subtle bit toomuch of the barrelhouse bonhomie supporting his NewYorkese toughguy construction-worker jockvoice. He was on Charnel 2 rapping with Jim Jensen and some pinko faggot hippie colludge kid who was so smartmouthed he got his ass kicked by Joe's breed for taking moompitchas down around Wall Street when the yellow-hats decided to have their concenial little patriotic rampage aweek ago. This guy — this fairly articulate hydrant-shaped construction-worker said that the student protestors were like spoiled little kids who didnt get what they wanted and were throwing footstamping fits.

Joe is right. And thats where its at. The protestors *are* spoiled. There was a "democratic election" in this country and they lost fair-and-square. Their parents won maybe. And Joe won even though he didnt get who he voted for; still he won. Anyway the protestors didnt dig that andso like little kids theyre having screaming crying hollering fits. Theyre spoiled. But what the construction-workers like Joe wont take the time trouble or care to realize is that theyve been spoiled by a concept of Democracy and morality and ethics and patriotism taught in the same schools that the hardhat himself probably went to (for a minimum number of years anyway) — but for some reason they are

concepts he evidently found it convenient to forget. Ofcourse by now youve dug that CBS News conducted a national poll which showed that a majority of the 1,136 people polled would prefer serious abridgements of our Bill of Rights (many ofwhich they undoubtedly do not choose to exercise) ratherthan witness the dissent of those among us who can think and therefore do use those rights.

Am I being too hard on the Joes — the hardhats among us? Maybe so. Are they really victims like the rest of us and not really pigs? I dont think all policemen are pigs – just some of them. Alot I suppose. And I dont think all under-educated workers are pigs. Just some of them. Alot I suppose. And I dont give a good goddam about all their dipshit psychological virility problems and the fact that theyve been turned into pigs by a corrupt political and economic system. They still have become pigs. Those people theyve lately been wasting didnt deny them their humanity or turn them into pigs — but theyre the ones who pay for it when the deal goes down.

Joe's biggest bitch seemedto be that he didntlike kids burning flags or ripping them up and spitting on them. He admitted (confessed?) that he wouldhave no compunctions about literally killing his own kid if he caught him ever doing anything likethat I mean Joe Hardhat *fought in a war* for that goddamned flag! His Country needed him and he put his fucking *life* on the *line* for it and that Flag — and it was probably (up until now anyway) the last important thing he ever did in his life — andthat means something to a guy whose sole purpose for currently existing seems to be pouring concrete or socking rivets into I-beams around WALL STREET where allthose fantastic billionaires are. Maybe it takes something like shooting at otherpeople in a War – or rolling communications wire off a handspool while underfire – or even only bulldozing a new airstrip on Guam or Midway or Truk and staring nervously into a clutch of palmtrees because he thought he saw something Dangerous move overthere . . . Maybe it takes something likethat to negate everything they taught you at Saint Catherines or Lincoln High. Sure that crap is nice to learn your kids and everything – but you know goddam well it dont really happen in life – but your kids dontknow that yet – and you cant *expect* them to you ignorant schmuck you.

"FIRST IN PEACE! FIRST IN WAR! FIRST ON THE MOON!" This was the headline on an ad, picturing two smiling astronauts on the top of the moon, which ran in a newspaper from Queens called the Ridgewood Times. The ad was sponsored by 12 local "community-minded" businesses, and went on to say: "We congratulate our astronauts on their outstanding achievement is being the first to land on the moon. The importance of this achievement cannot be overestimated when we realize control of the moon can also mean control of the earth in an all out nuclear war. There is no better vantage point from which missles can be hurled that could mean the destruction of all civilization.

"The importance of this stupendous achievement thus becomes evident and explains why Russia did her best to effect some sort of landing ahead of our own. The technicians, scientists, laboratory, and ground workers who made this outstanding achievement possible deserve the plaudits of all America along with the three men who laid their lives on the line to put America First on the Moon.

"We heartily applaud all who participated and have thus made a major contribution to PRESERVE AMERICA!"

–Heward Smith/VILLAGE *VOICE*

"Public service announcement: Keep your children out of college; don't help a good kid go bad." wrote a John Sendrowski from Queens in yesterdays *Daily News* Voice Of The People letters column. That is really where its at: these poor dumb American plebeians have slaved their asses off and fought in Wars just so their kids could "have it better" than they had it – and what happens? When the kids begin to get what Mom & Dad say they wanted for them Mom & Dad explode in jealous rages. The goddam kids come home from school all smartmouthed and *lording it over the oldman and his wife; come around spoutin filosafee and Kant and Nietzsche and Schopenhauer an allat doodleysquat I dontknow nuthin about an I dontwanna hear it! I mean what the hell izzis? I'm payin* for your way through that goddam school so dont go comin aroun here tellin me that I dont unnerstan about the goddam war an niggers you little snotnosed punk you! Cause I'll kick yar goddam ass you foulmouth little bastard you! Dycu hear the way these fuckin kids *talk* nowadays? Outghta have their fuckin mouths washed-out wit soap! Construction-workers offended by scatalogical references. Are you readyfor *that*? Kids just invented those words to tease their elders.

A dear friend of mine recently told me that what she'd like to see is someone go to these club-swinging kid-whacking working-class people and tell them to their faces that they are simply stupid pigs. Its what they are isnt it? Only in America we knowthat it is considered badform for a person with the advantage of an education to berate those lessfortunate for their lack of same. Its just badform thats all. However it *is* true: they are ignorant overfed airconditioned semi-savages — and worse: they are eminently dangerous because of it. I couldnt tell them straight likethat and I dont think I know anyone who could – but the longer we avoid the more severely we are hurting our country – because those poor deluded souls are the ones who elect and publicly support hangup maniacs like Retchard Noxious whom alot of people are beginning to suspect is trying to

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UNMAKING OF A POET

By Donald Horwitz

I WAS BORN poor in Brooklyn. My mother speaks with a Jewish accent. I don't know how to eat duck. To me, Mary McCarthy is Miss McCarthy. No one recognizes me at parties. I wish to change. Maybe I'll like duck. But can I do it? Hold your breath, you with the motion-picture imagination, while Norm Podhoretz tells us how he found out the real truths in the world: power's desirable, money's terrific, fame is delicious.

Images: "Jason Epstein's spirit had been touched by the durable intrinsic interests of literature and philosophy themselves but [his] mind had not at the same time fallen into nihilistic incapacity." Superb fellow we say. What has he done, written another Iliad? No sir, he's been clever enough to start Anchor Books at Doubleday.

Mr. P. writes, "On the other hand, there can be little question that the hard anti-communists were more concerned with fighting what they took to be misconceptions of the nature of the Soviet Communism than with fighting the persecution to which so many people were being subjugated in the early fifties; and it shames me to say I shared fully in their insensitivity on this issue." Sorry about that, but you can't guess right on every one.

In reading this book I cannot imagine that Mr. P. spent an hour in the last five years reading Keats for his own pleasure, or listened to a Mozart quintet *by himself.*

Mr. P. goes on. "Parties are sometimes fun and sometimes not, but fun was beside the point: for me they always served as a barometer of the progress of my career." Wisdom seems constantly to whisper, "Don't blow it Norman. Why should others get the large piece of roast-beef?" And finally the big right-hander comes in from the bullpen. He is invited to Paradise Island by Huntington Hartford and Mr. P. feels "as man is supposed to have felt before being expelled from the original paradise called Eden." Why? What happened? It's here that one can "stretch one's arms out idly by the side of a swimming pool and have two white-coated servants vie for the privilege of depositing a Bloody Mary into one's hand." Such is the beautific reality given to Mr. P. Think of impovrished Dante who, if around, might not get the invite.

Mr. P. believes that to reveal such desires is 'dangerous.' Reading this book we know better. Mr. P. doesn't do dangerous things. He's a hedger from the old school. The echo in his need overtakes both intentions at all times. He writes, "I heard myself saying things I had never had any conscious intention of saying" as he hacks down his Boss. Kick him in the balls automatically.

The assumption of this book is that all people want the same thing, only some admit it, some don't. Those that don't are those who were beaten early, or those who are frightened. Mr. P. knows no one is co-opted. He tells us that to stay on top in any field takes hard work, takes superior gifts. And this fame, this wealth which Mr. P. admires, he admires as is. It is autonomous. It makes no difference how it is achieved. Keats wanted fame, but more than fame he wanted to produce those works which would make him famous. He wished to be a great artist, not to be simply thought a great artist by others. Mr. P. not having the capacity for creative work, forgets its origin.

"Making It" is a gossipy book. We hear about this man's breakdown, that man's failure, but we do not have any discussion of Hans Morgenthau's complaint on the rewrite job given him at *Commentary* by Mr. P. We do not learn how critics are picked to review books, say of B.H. Haggin's "Music Observed." Mr. P. says his view of criticism is "broad and ambitious." To what effect is it broad and ambitious?

The preoccupations of Mr. P. have been shared by others. Proust would not have found them alien. But Proust turned them into a great art work, a major social commentary. Mr. P. has left them in the advertisement stage. He suffered, he tells us, from writer's block. Finger cramp would be appropriate.

Were this work the expose of one man's limitations and vanity, pretentions and inepitudes, it could pass unnoticed. But it is more than that. It represents what the young people, and not just the young and not all the young but an articulate section, have rejected.

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IS A CRASH PAD A COMMUNE?

By Sarah Saporta

AFTER YEARS OF living in the forced anonymity of a surburban housewife, I returned to N.Y. I was in a terrible state, having finally adjusted to being a second-rate citizen and family slave (with the help of a therapist) — having gradually changed over from being an artist to restoring almost-antiques, growing plants in abundance and making shutters for all the windows, having squelched my rebellion into a smug middle-age, I was back and unprepared for the impact of Liberation, The Movement, and the Alternate Structure.

The return to urban life was hard and filled with anxiety — the city was falling apart and nothing we planned ever managed to materialize. We were being radicalized! After that first year of uncertainty we learned to live with it since we were obviously surviving anyway and there was no point in insisting on more of the illusion of security than we were going to get. And I was functioning as an artist again.

Then came Liberation, first with the freeing of my own mind from its heavy burden of guilt (an ongoing process) and then battling it out with my male chauvinist husband (also an ongoing process, with love). Having gotten thru the fits of pure rage and hatred at the *world's injustice and my own duplicity, I realized the only solution was in a* radical change of the basic structure of society. Everyone is ripping off everyone else, right down to mother earth herself in our work-ethic, show-tangible-results orientation. If the basic woman's role of consumer and producer of consumers was altered, the very foundations of society would crumble and change into a more altruistic sharing of goods, activities, and feelings.

A communal society seemed to have great possibilities. One where everyone is expected to act as an individual and as such be contributing to the group, where the woman's role could be defined in terms of the group rather than in the pre-structured traditional family role, where her development wasn't dependent on a baby-sitter but mostly where everyone could develop a sensitivity to the needs of others and see one's own needs revealed so that material aquisitions and establishment status could be seen for what they really are: poor, inadequate substitutes.

An ecology group was beginning a commune in this city which would eventually go out on the land to live and work. This group included artists, scientists, engineers, builders, philosophers, etc. as well as young, turned-off people. My family and I became part of them, sharing their hopes and views of the Earth's problems. We found a burned-out loft building ready to be torn down for urban renewal. We began to resurrect it in order to make it into a temporary home as well as an office for the group's activities.

There were beautiful moments of love and fulfillment, of togetherness and hope but somehow, after an outpouring of energy, things began to change. There was a strongly negative, self-destructive attitude that began to pervade the place. Things didn't get done anymore — we were no longer putting our energies together and only occasionally an individual would do something for the commune but then, overwhelmed by the enormity of having to go it alone, would stop in disgust and frustration. Loving became confused with fucking around and very few seemed interested in the more profound interraction that makes demands on one's maturity. The question of open or closed commune was never really resolved — we wished to be open to the rest of the world as well as to each other but not enough of us wished to take the responsibility of controlling the ratio of members and crashers so that we could survive as a group. Some of the more stable members, feeling themselves to be draining off their energies into a bottomless pit — finally left. I, too, could no longer remain. The commune survives now as a crash pad which seems to be performing a much needed service. ■

you can go back again

By Joanna Kyd

I GOT OUT of Drama School last May. I've bought many many issues of Showbiz and Backstage and have been making the rounds all year. From West 96th to East 68th, from Broome street to the top of the sixes, trying to break into the biz. I did manage to do a couple of showcases. It has been a draggy year — how you say — slow. There is an erroneous impression going around that all those little self-subsisting off off off Broadway theatres are doing Good Works or vital works. I'll tell you — there's a lot of schlock going down on the off off circuit. You'll still find jewish mothers, good and bad women, castrated sons, neurotic psychiatrists, obnoxious tourists being written about and cast. What I want is to work with people I like, theatre people who want to do something. They exist but a lot of them are doing films.

I met Abby Rosen a couple of months ago; she co-founded a theatre with Tony McGrath called the Off-Center theatre which does shows for kids. I liked her (and still like her) and we arranged for me to come over to Westbeth and meet Tony. I joined the group and spent the next few days repairing costumes and sewing some clouds onto the sky blue backdrop when they need a sky. One afternoon I went along to see them do Jack and the Beanstalk and Little Red Riding Hood for some kids on Staten Island. The kids loved it and the beautiful thing about kids loving something is that they show it. You never heard such shrieking. And don't think only the kids yelled when Tony's B.B. Wolf goes after Little Red. I did — bigger people can really get caught up in it because it's fun to watch. They perform so well and with a beautiful spirit. After the show some of the bigger (4'5") boys helped dismantle the set and put it into the truck. I felt that the two shows had really served those kids. A few weeks later we did a show at an orphanage on upper Fifth Avenue; the audience was 100 or so black boys of around 13 years old. We thought they'd pooh pooh (strongly) Little Red and her cohorts. Sure, they whistled at the girls but they liked the show and also yelled warnings to Little Red. After the show some of *their* big boys helped dismantle the set and put it into the truck. It's fantastic performing for kids who talk back with words and eyes. Kids haven't become "theatre-goers" yet.

Tony McGrath, the director, calls the shows children's morality plays from a socialist point of view. You could also call it story theatre. You'll see lots of familiar characters and stories and hear loud over and undertones. There are 15 actors in the group and everybody does everything. Off Center's been around since 1965 and lots of actors have come

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W. A. R. AT THE SOHO FESTIVAL

Paul Bendorius

By Muriel Castanis

LIBERATING THE ARTS to include a respect for women artists is a little like making a speech in a foreign tongue to a deaf audience. Sure, you can get a little across here and there and they'll sympathize a bit — but most don't get it. And those that do don't want their complacent attitudes shook up. It's more comfortable to just believe that good art just naturally grows and blossoms and if the good art is mostly male, it's because men are better. I find it interesting that, few critics showed up at the widely publicised Mod Donn Art show at the Public Theatre or the Women Artists in Revolution Show at SoHo, let alone reviewed it. The quiet, deadly, polite prejudice is maintained. A museum curator and a critic who said they would be there, were not. One male artist sent back our announcement of the show, marked, "Fuck Women Artists".

But W.A.R. learned a lot from that SoHo show. It was the first time that women artists had gotten together in a communal effort to show their work. It was not elitist. Any woman in WAR could show. The shocking current events caused some not to show, others wanted to make a visible statement, some said the crisis was a testimony to the oppressive male power syndrome, and still other voices remembered all the times that women stopped their personal fight to help the larger cause, after which they were in the same position as before.

From that group there emerged a new conciousness. In many cases, we saw each other's work for the first time and feelings of respect formed new ties between artists. My own head turned even further around. Isolated, proud, guarding my own peculiar uniqueness to the point of not breathing about what my current work was about. I suddenly found myself proud in an expansive way. I could admit to myself that the reason I could join politically with other women artists with a concience clear of sour grapes was because I believed in the validity of my work. But I would secretly wonder about the validity of theirs, tho I had rapped with them at many WAR meetings. A sense of relief encompassed me as the nagging doubt disappeared, for here, were other artists, female, isolated, ignored, and also proud, whose work I respected genuinely and would under any circumstances be proud to show with. We rapped about our work, our evaluations, how it was somehow a new visual feeling, as in the past we had only been allowed to watch, listen or read about when the men got together. We were a stronger body of people as a result of it all. We couldn't go back, we were a new mold. Better known names with lesser known names with unknown names — Realists, Hard edge and variations not yet charted all hung side by side at the lofts of two WAR women SoHo artists who opted to include all WAR women artists instead of showing solo. Up to now, we had only succeeded, (along with the blacks), in

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IMPOTENCE TO THE PEOPLE

By using students — many of whom had never heard of Ghandi (they were that young and that untaught in their universities) — as unarmed cops, Mobe saved Nixon the embarrassment of a confrontation with his carefully hidden, booted, helmeted, masked and armed police; with his rifled, bayonetted, flying-wedge formationed, invisible National Guard. The Mobe Marshalls informed us that nonviolent civil disobedience was *provocative* (a term evidently defined as "violent" by the television-oriented), and that our side cared for human life! *Whose* human life? we asked to no avail. As protestors we were surely there to give ours, if it came to that.

So the thousands were split into hundreds and the hundreds into tens as happens at most "organized" marches. The few left were to suffer the brunt of "police restraint" while the rest went home in Mobe buses scheduled to leave at 6 pm, Nixon's deadline for the end of "peaceful dissent." Nixon understood that the Kent State murders had been a political blunder, greater than his invasion of Cambodia, and he found a way to make nice to the paying bourgeoisie.

Why does Mobe have Marshalls? Wouldn't messengers do to relay information from the front? Why do its leaders make agreements with the establishment which dilute their much-heralded power of the people? Right on to what — a pep rally? Did we drag ourselves hundreds of miles to that *inhospitable city to "let off steam" and forestall a real crisis for the Nixon administration?*

Now the liberals are out with their petitions to our titular Congress, burying their heads in signatures until a few more of their sons and daughters are killed to remind them that there is no Congress, there is no President . . . nothing but a bloody war picking us off one by one.

We moved along, street after street, everywhere being stopped by warnings of a phalanx of police "just up ahead," "just around the next corner," waiting to shoot us down; of students "violently provoking them" by rocking an empty bus. More out of heat exhaustion than to confront anything, we sat down on 16th Street. There was nothing *to* confront except buses barricading the White House with rows of joyful kids perched on top of them like so many young birds.

GAS AND THE LADIES ROOM

We knew we would not be evicted until 6 pm because the Marshalls, excitedly handing out wet pieces of cloth to protect our faces from gas, had told us so. (A friend of mine ordered a gasmask for me to take to Washington on May 9th, but the United Parcel Service didn't deliver it on time. It waits in my closet for the next event.) A few policemen dressed in ordinary patrolmen's garb, their gasmasks sheathed in plastic bags at their sides, sat on the steps of a church chatting with students. It was 5:30. A couple of other women and I decided to use the toilet at the Lafayette Hotel.

So we were coming out of the Ladies' *Room when the gas bombs fell and the rest of our friends came hurtling through the revolving doors.*

It's irrelevant and relevant. We had thought of peeing in the street, but couldn't bring ourselves to do it. Where did the French women pee in May of '68?

The real question is: when do we stop looking into each other's eyes to find out what's in our own heads? How long will it take us to de-mobe Mobe and act for ourselves, unarmed as we are except for our bodies and brains? When do we learn what protest is — a stubborn movement forward against the deoderant calm, against the butts of rifles, against the strangulating plastic bag, against the Tide of death? When do we learn this?

PROGRAMMED FOR MADNESS

When do we shut down our galleries as the universities have shut down, when do we replace the bemusing glass walls of our museums with iron shutters pulled all the way down? When do we close the box offices of our theaters realizing that only one art form is now possible — the busting of the machine? (The real avant garde was taken to Bellevue in a squad car on May 16th.)

There are no "tactically correct" moves left; only insane ones. For it *is* sane to obey traffic lights, until they behave like Pavlov's bells. Then what is an intelligent rat to do: salivate until he starves?

This is the teach-in we must have . . . not why, but *how* . . . to learn the timing, fearlessness and grace of madmen. ■

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SUMMER FILM FESTIVAL JUNE 9–OCT. 1, 1970

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300 OUTSTANDING DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN FILMS

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JUNE	FESTIVAL FILM No. 1	FESTIVAL FILM No. 2
TUESDAY JUNE 9	TWO GREAT HITCHCOCK SUSPENSE THRILLERS "PSYCHO" ANTHONY PERKINS — JANET LEIGH	"STRANGERS ON A TRAIN" FARLEY GRANGER — RUTH ROMAN
WEDNESDAY JUNE 10	TWO BRAZEN ROMPS WITH JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO "MALE HUNT" with CATHERINE DENEUVE "SUPERBLY DONE" — Life Mag.	(EASTMAN COLOR) "CARTOUCHE" CLAUDIA CARDINALE "A BEAUTY OF A FILM! BY ALL MEANS GO!" —Trib.
THURSDAY JUNE 11	"A MOTION PICTURE LANDMARK OF OUR TIMES" Winsten—N.Y. Post MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI'S "LA NOTTE" ("THE NIGHT") Jeanne Moreau — Marcello Mastroianni	"HYPNOTIC" —Life "MASTERFUL" —Time "BEAUTIFUL" —New Yorker ALAN RESNAIS' "LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD"
FRIDAY JUNE 12	"GODARD AT HIS OWN HIGHEST LEVEL" —New Yorker "LA CHINOISE" A FANTASTICALLY INTRICATE ORIGINAL FILM	"A DELICATE MASTERPIECE!" —New Yorker "BENJAMIN" Michele Morgan — Catherine Deneuve
SATURDAY JUNE 13	ACADEMY AWARD WINNER SERGE BOURGUIGNON'S "SUNDAYS AND CYBELE" "A FILM NOT TO BE MISSED" — Post	GRAND PRIX WINNER — CANNES FESTIVAL LUIS BUNUEL'S "VIRIDIANA" "THIS IS UNQUESTIONABLY A GREAT PICTURE" —Post
SUNDAY JUNE 14	"Stupendous production, magnificent, beautiful color, superbly sung and acted" — Cue MOUSSORGSKY'S "BORIS GODUNOV" with the Ballet of the BOLSHOI OPERA HOUSE	"ONE CAN RECOGNIZE THE LASTING QUALITY OF A MASTERPIECE" —N.Y. Post BERTOLT BRECHT'S and KURT WEILL'S "THE THREE PENNY OPERA" Starring LOTTE LENYA
MONDAY JUNE 15	"SPARKLES WITH WIT—SHEER MARX BROS. MOOD" — Judith Crist LOUIS MALLE'S ORIGINAL VERSION "VIVA MARIA" BRIGITTE BARDOT — JEANNE MOREAU	"JANE FONDA'S BEAUTIFUL, SENSUAL PERFORMANCE IS ONE OF HER VERY BEST" — Winsten, N.Y. Post ROGER VADIM'S "THE GAME IS OVER"
TUESDAY JUNE 16	"THE MOST FORCEFUL AND IMPRESSIVE AMERICAN MADE DRAMA OF THE YEAR" — N.Y. Times (1964) "ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO" CANNES FILM FESTIVAL AWARD	HAROLD PINTER'S SHOCKING MARITAL DRAMA ANNE BANCROFT PETER FINCH "THE PUMPKIN EATER" JAMES MASON
WEDNESDAY JUNE 17	WINNER OF 3 ACADEMY AWARDS JOHN HUSTON'S "MOULIN ROUGE" THE PATHETIC LIFE OF HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC Starring JOSE FERRER	"INCOMPARABLE" — Post "WE RECOMMEND IT" — Times "OSCAR WILDE" ROBERT MORLEY — RALPH RICHARDSON
THURSDAY JUNE 18	RENE CLAIR'S GAY MELANGE OF MUSIC AND ROMANCE "LE MILLION" "A COMBINATION OF FARCE, BURLESQUE, TRAVESTY AND SATIRE, SHARPENED WITH KEEN WIT"—Times	"UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS" (SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS) "A FILM THAT CONQUERED THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC" — Time Mag.
FRIDAY JUNE 19	"A GEM! THE MADDEST COMEDY OF THE YEAR" (1959) — Her. Trib. ALEC GUINNESS "THE HORSE'S MOUTH" — IN COLOR —	"THE FUNNIEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR" (1960) — World Tel. PETER SELLERS' "THE MOUSE THAT ROARED" — IN COLOR —
SATURDAY JUNE 20	THE ONE AND ONLY MARLENE DIETRICH in JOSEF VON STERNBERG'S "SHANGHAI EXPRESS"	"MOROCCO"
SUNDAY JUNE 21	"A ROUSINGLY FUNNY COMEDY TAKES OFF IN WILD FLIGHT" Crowther—N.Y. Times "THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING — THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING" "Alan Arkin's Potential Virtually Unlimited" — Life	"BEAUTIFULLY BREATHLESS — IRRESISTIBLE" — Judith Crist "A THOUSAND CLOWNS" JASON ROBARDS — BARBARA HARRIS MARTIN BALSAM
MONDAY JUNE 22	TWO CANNES FILM FESTIVAL AWARD WINNERS "TWO MASTER CRAFTSMEN" — Judith Crist Joseph Losey's and Harold Pinter's "ACCIDENT" DIRK BOGARDE — STANLEY BAKER	"HOWLINGLY FUNNY" — Bosley Crowther VANESSA REDGRAVE (Best Actress) "MORGAN" Co-Starring DAVID WARNER
TUESDAY JUNE 23	THE LIGHT TOUCH OF THE MASTERS! LOUIS MALLE'S "THE THIEF OF PARIS" Starring JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO "STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANTLY COMPOSED, EYE-FILLING RICHNESS" —N.Y. Times	PHILIPPE DE BROCA'S "THE JOKER" Starring Anouk Aimee — Jean-Pierre Cassel "COMPLETELY AND DELIGHTFULLY FRENCH — A GEM OF A FILM" — New Yorker
WEDNESDAY JUNE 24	"ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT PICTURES!" —N.Y. Post AKIRA KUROSAWA'S "IKIRU" ("TO LIVE")	EISENSTEIN'S Film Masterpiece "TIME IN THE SUN" "AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE!" —Times
THURSDAY JUNE 25	A TRIBUTE TO SERGEI EISENSTEIN "10 Days That Shook The World" MOST COMPLETE VERSION IN EXISTENCE Special Music Score Composed by SHOSTAKOVICH	CANNES FILM FESTIVAL WINNER "PORTRAIT OF LENIN" THE 1ST SOVIET FILM PORTRAYING LENIN AS A MAN AND NOT A LEGEND
FRIDAY JUNE 26	"INEVITABLY GRIM BUT SHOULD NOT BE MISSED" Wm. Wolf — Cue Mag. "THE WITNESSES" Commentary by VIVECA LINDFORS - MICHAEL TOLAN	"SO BEAUTIFULLY AND THOUGHTFULLY MADE" Renata Adler, N.Y. Times "THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR" "A TRUE WORK OF ART" — Winsten, N.Y. Post
SATURDAY JUNE 27	TWO MASTERPIECES OF WORLD CINEMA JEAN VIGO'S UNFORGETTABLE FILM CLASSICS "ZERO FOR CONDUCT" and "L'ATALANTE" BOTH VOTED AMONG THE 12 GREATEST FILMS OF ALL TIME	
SUNDAY JUNE 28	"A CINEMA MASTERPIECE" — Time Mag. "WOMAN IN THE DUNES" "ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST" —N.Y. Times (1964)	WINNER OF 16 INTERNATIONAL FILM AWARDS "YANCO" A PICTURE OF EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY" —Cue Mag.
MONDAY JUNE 29	"RAW SEX AND POETIC BEAUTY" —N.Y. Times "SWEDISH WEDDING NIGHT" "THERE HAVE BEEN FEW WEDDINGS TO MATCH IT" ARCHER WINSTEN — N.Y. Post	LOUIS MALLE'S Controversial Adult Drama "THE LOVERS" JEANNE MOREAU — JEAN MARC BORY INTERNATIONAL PRIZE WINNER OF 1959

AMIDON

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work-out his own virility problems by sending kids to Southeast Asia to die because afterall He's The President and we gotta support The President nomatter what (which is *their* virility problem). Probably the most truly qualified candidate to run for office in this country in the last quarter-century was the late Henry Krajewski of NewJersey: he was crippled/he supported Joe McCarthy . . . but most of all he was qualified because he was a pigfarmer.

But how to stop pussyfooting around the issue and come right out and say it: Look Moron — you spend your days digging in ditches and you dontknow shit. I spend my days digging in books and the news media and my own skull — and I *do* know shit — when I see it — and I *do* see it — allaround me. Infact its on your lips you gross simian jerk! Its in your Presidents mouth when he talks about how he really wants the samethings the dissenters and the (*blink-blink-blink-blink*) demonstrators want. Its on your beloved flag when the Illinois Constitutional Convention refuses to let former Secretary of Health Education and Welfare John W. Gardner deliver a scheduled speech to them because they heard that it was going to be against your beloved War. Its on our Constitution and Bill of Rights when you asshole hardhats beat on demonstrators! If anyone in this country is sullying our flag it is Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson before him and Melvin Liar and John fucking Mitchell and that thirdrate apprentice witch he lives with and all their hardhatted "patriot" minions who *altogether are the worst thing that has happenedto America since slavery!*

Really! Howdare some subliterate cripple-headed creep go upside the skull of a twentyearold college kid who knows forty times as much as he does about whats happening to America! When theyre caught they shouldbe given sentences like: sixmonths in a learning institution. But these are men — America's best. Fearless men who jump and die. And sit. And playdead. Or anythingelse a President commands him to do. *Kill*, Bigfella, *kill*!

Yet why bother to write such things in ELEMENT for sweet good readers who already know allthese things? What I should really do is try to get this printed in the *Daily News* where the people who *should* read it *can*. Right? Since I know that those people are not about seeking-out truths — they are not about working with their freedoms and exercising them — I should go to where they are looking already for their stupid mind-rotting little diversions and sock it to them there! But I mean lets be realistic about this: The *Daily News* isnt going to print subversive slime like this. Maybe I could cut my hair and shave and get myself on The Dating Game or Supermarket Sweeps and slip it right in after the New Dry Ban commercial? Maybe I could get Peter Nero to compose a little background noodling and recite it on The Ed Sullivan Show? Or sing it on Andy Williams? Get in the bear suit and knock on the door and when he opens it instead of hitting-on him for a cookie I lay *this* rap on him! Or maybe I could mimeograph it as a sermon and mail it out to ministers rabbis and priests allover America! Maybe I couldget unionleaders to use it as the basis for their next election campaigns! Maybe I could get some loony skywriter stoned on hash and . . .

But like Tom Jefferson that great radical of yore: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." I dont believe in any God — but I have a perverse faith in justice. Still it did take a World War to waste fascism in Europe. In America Madison Avenue could do it in a fewyears if they reallywanted to.

Anyway hardhats — dont tell me I aint got no right to speak — I paid my dues: I joined the Army when I was only eighteen — and when I was in the eighthgrade I actually won a journalism award from Kent State University — or Peiking East if you prefer.

■

KANSAS CITY

Besides these exhibits, concerts were given by the university's electronic music workshop, which was having difficulties with their home situation. We also became to some degree a screening room for local film makers, and when possible collaborators for arranging panel discussions, lectures and what not for and/or with related artists and inter-disciplinaries.

The group itself is composed of artists, philosophers, scientists, architects, with most all able to work with the center only on a part-time basis for financial reasons. Finances derive mainly from the efforts of individuals in the group, donations and the small grants so far. Our own personal work has evolved from distinctly personal (private) to a serious attempt at close visual-audio-artist-public inter-action. As we feel in many respects that we're breaking some new earth, feed-back from events is carefully noted, mulled over, and programmed for further exploration. In talking a "public" art form there may be disagreement between objective and product, the man on the street still doesn't feel free to walk into our building, possibly because of the immediate connotations rampant in the situation the arts suffer from. Participatory endeavors are being attempted to alleviate some of this communication-block, and we're intentionally trying to aim our "barnstormin" events and inhouse events away from the more "sophisticated" gallery-go-round crowd. For a more complete accounting, art research center is at 1609 Washington, Kansas City, Missouri 64106.

By Harold E. Chase

Art research center formed its present center — an old ice cream factory, near the center of the city. We built an expanding box exhibition that would travel. It went from Kansas City to Chicago, to Montreal, to Boston, to New York, to Buffalo, and back. We went to New York to meet anonima group who opened their doors to let us try things out. The response was "they're terribly romantic, but this could be the group that can do it." Without realizing it, we automatically sought out the old timers to show them that the spark was still alive and well. The whole experience was filled with political and historical excitement.

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TUESDAY JUNE 30	UNFORGETTABLE GEMS OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE FRENCH CINEMA MARCEL CARNE'S "BIZARRE, BIZARRE" (DROLE DE DRAME) Louis JOUVET— Francoise ROSAY — Michel SIMON	JEAN RENOIR'S COMEDY-THRILLER "THE CRIME OF M. LANGE" A LONG-LOST AUTHENTIC RENOIR
WEDNESDAY JULY 1	TWO GREAT WORKS BY ARTHUR MILLER JOHN HUSTON'S "THE MISFITS" Clark Gable — Marilyn Monroe (Their Last Film) "Dynamic, Inventive and Colorful" —Crowther, N.Y. Times	SIDNEY LUMET'S "A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE" Raf Vallone — Carol Lawrence — Jean Sorel "Electrifying—Almost Unbearably Exciting" —New Yorker
THURSDAY JULY 2	MASTERPIECES OF WORLD CINEMA — TWO UNFORGETTABLE FILM CLASSICS RENE CLAIR'S Masterpiece "A NOUS LA LIBERTE" "A Nous la Liberte, in the field of movie satire, has never for me been surpassed" —Crowther N.Y. Times	THE GREATEST REAL LIFE STORY OF THE AGES "MAYERLING" CHARLES BOYER — DANIELLE DARRIEUX
FRIDAY JULY 3	ACADEMY AWARD "BEST FOREIGN FILM" 1956 FEDERICO FELLINI'S UNSURPASSED "LA STRADA" Giulietta Masina — Anthony Quinn — Richard Basehart	ACCLAIMED THE GREATEST FILM OF OUR TIME! ROSSELINI'S Masterpiece "OPEN CITY" "IT IS TOO RARE TO BE MISSED BY ANYONE" —Tel.
SATURDAY JULY 4	HUMPHREY BOGART'S ACADEMY AWARD WINNING PERFORMANCE "THE AFRICAN QUEEN" Starring KATHERINE HEPBURN	MARLENE DIETRICH SINGS! "FUN SPINS MERRILY AND BRILLIANTLY" —N.Y. Post "THE MONTE CARLO STORY" Co-Starring VITTORIO DE SICA
SUNDAY JULY 5	WINNER OF FOUR ACADEMY AWARDS 1940 "MOST BEGUILING AND WONDROUS" —N.Y. Times "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD" SABU — CONRAD VEIDT — JUNE DUPREZ	THE MARX BROS. IN MUSICAL COMEDY! "LOVE HAPPY" A LUNATIC JEWEL THIEF ROMP
MONDAY JULY 6	"A GREAT PICTURE, MAGNIFICENTLY IMAGINATIVE, AMONG THE FINEST IN YEARS!" —Cue Mag. FRANK KAFKA'S "THE TRIAL" Orson WELLES — Jeanne MOREAU — Romy SCHNEIDER	"BEST FILM OF 1960" — N.Y. Film Critics D. H. LAWRENCE'S "SONS AND LOVERS" IN CINEMASCOPE
TUESDAY JULY 7	"AN EXTRAORDINARY FASCINATING PRODUCTION" —Times JEAN RENOIR'S Screen version of MAXIM GORKI'S "THE LOWER DEPTHS" Jean Gabin — Louis Jouvet — Suzy Prim	VENICE FESTIVAL PRIZE WINNER ROBERT BRESSON'S MASTERPIECE "The Diary of a Country Priest" "EXCELLENT . . . ONE OF THE GREAT ONES" —Post
WEDNESDAY JULY 8	"A MUST See for all Music and Art Lovers" —Cue ROBERT FLAHERTY presents "ST. MATTHEW PASSION"	EWALD BALSER in the Great Austrian Film "EROICA" "The Beethoven Story" American Edition by OLIN DOWNES
THURSDAY JULY 9	"AMONG THE GREAT FILMS OF THIS DECADE" — Cue SPENCER TRACY — MARLENE DIETRICH — MAXIMILIAN SCHELL "JUDGEMENT AT NUREMBERG" ALSO — "CALDER'S LITTLE CIRCUS"	
FRIDAY JULY 10	"FAST, FUNNY, FANTASTICALLY INTERESTING! MARCO BELLOCHIO'S PRIZE WINNER "CHINA IS NEAR"	"AN IMAGINATION TEASER" JIRI WEISS' COMEDY THRILLER "MURDER CZECH STYLE"
SATURDAY JULY 11	W. C. FIELDS "MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE"	"INTERNATIONAL HOUSE" "HUMOR MORE UP-TO-DATE THAN THE HIPPIEST OF CONTEMPORARY FLICKS"
SUNDAY JULY 12	N.Y. FILM CRITICS AWARD 1956 John Huston's Adaptation of Herman Melville's "MOBY DICK" A THRILLING FILMIZATION OF WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED THE GREATEST NOVEL EVER WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN	A GREAT CARTOON MASTERPIECE LOUIS de ROCHEMONT'S "ANIMAL FARM" BASED ON GEORGE ORWELL'S SIZZLING SATIRE
MONDAY JULY 13	ALEC GUINNESS "KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS" "A SPOOF OF THE HIGHEST LEVEL" —Times	PETER SELLERS — DAVID NIVEN "THE PINK PANTHER" A HAPPY CONCENTRATION OF HILARIOUS HIGH COMEDY AND WILD SLAPSTICK" —N.Y. Post
TUESDAY JULY 14	FIRST PRIZE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI'S Great "ECLIPSE" ALAIN DELON — MONICA VITTI	"A VIBRANT, LUSTY, FASCINATING FILM" —Tel. FEDERICO FELLINI'S "VARIETY LIGHTS" with GUILIETTA MASINA
WEDNESDAY JULY 15	"A SEARING EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE" —Cue HAROLD PINTER'S "THE BIRTHDAY PARTY" "Pure and Thrilling Cinema! Excellent Performances! ROBERT SHAW SURPASSES HIMSELF" —Judith Crist	"A DELIGHTFULLY SPICY SPOOF" —Crowther, Times "Excellent Direction — Beautiful Performance" —Cue "NOTHING BUT THE BEST" ALAN BATES — DENHOLM ELLIOTT
THURSDAY JULY 16	"★★★★" "AN EXTRAORDINARY FILM" —Crowther N.Y. Times PIER PAOLO PASOLINI "THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW"	"THE ETERNAL MASK" "Ordinary superlatives are ridiculous" . . . A case history of a psychosis" — N.Y. Times
FRIDAY JULY 17	"Must be ranked as one of BERGMAN'S GREATEST" —Wm. Wolf, Cue Mag. INGMAR BERGMAN'S "SHAME" "A FLAWLESS WORK AND A MASTERLY VISION" —Pauline Kael, New Yorker	"A BRILLIANT MOVIE" —New Yorker VILEOT SJOMAN'S "MY SISTER, MY LOVE" PER OSCARSSON — BIBI ANDERSON
SATURDAY JULY 18	MARLENE DIETRICH in Josef von Sternberg's Passion Drama "BLONDE VENUS"	MAE WEST (COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME) "I'M NO ANGEL"
SUNDAY JULY 19	"MAGNIFICENT, A JOY TO SEE" —Post MELINA MERCOURI — RAF VALLONE in JULES DASSIN'S "PHAEDRA" with ANTHONY PERKINS	"POWERFULLY POETIC PRODUCTION AND PERFORMANCE!" —Cue IRENE PAPAS IN SOPHOCLES IMMORTAL DRAMA "ANTIGONE" with MANOS KATRAKIS
MONDAY JULY 20	"BEST AMERICAN FILM OF THE YEAR" Her-Trib (1963) ELIA KAZAN'S "AMERICA AMERICA" ALSO ACADEMY AWARD WINNING SHORT — ERNEST PINTOFF'S "THE CRITIC"	

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JULY/AUGUST	FESTIVAL FILM No. 1	FESTIVAL FILM No. 2
TUESDAY JULY 21	A SPLURGE OF SHOCK AND TERROR! RENE CLEMENT'S "PURPLE NOON" with ALAIN DELON	HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT'S "DIABOLIQUE" STARRING: SIMONE SIGNORET
WEDNESDAY JULY 22	"A WILD AND CANDID SPOOF OF SEX" —Times RITA TUSHINGHAM "THE KNACK AND HOW TO GET IT" ★★★★ —News	THE YEAR'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM! JEAN GENET'S SHOCK DRAMA "THE BALCONY" SHELLEY WINTERS — PETER FALK — RUBY DEE "RECOMMENDED WITHOUT RESERVATION AS HARD HITTING CINEMATIC ART!" —N.Y. Post
THURSDAY JULY 23	SIOBHAN McKENNA and the ABBEY THEATRE PLAYERS J. M. SYNGE'S "Playboy of the Western World"	SATYAJIT RAY'S "TWO DAUGHTERS" "EXQUISITE . . MAGICAL . . HUMOROUS" —N.Y. Times
FRIDAY JULY 24	W. C. FIELDS "IT'S A GIFT"	"IF I HAD A MILLION" "YES I'M DRUNK AND YOU ARE CRAZY. BUT TOMORROW I'LL BE SOBER AND YOU'LL BE CRAZY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE." — W. C. FIELDS
SATURDAY JULY 25	LUIS BUNUEL'S "NAZARIN" "A MOVIE THAT REALLY GLOWS — THE THING FOR YOU TO SEE!" —Judith Crist	ALAIN RESNAIS' "HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR" "BEST FOREIGN FILM OF 1960" —N.Y. Critics Award
SUNDAY JULY 26	BILLY WILDER'S THRILLING ADAPTATION OF AGATHA CHRISTIE'S COURTROOM MURDER MYSTERY "Witness for The Prosecution" Marlene Dietrich — Charles Laughton — Elsa Lanchester	BERNARD SHAW'S WONDERFULLY WITTY AND WISE "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" LAURENCE OLIVIER — BURT LANCASTER KIRK DOUGLAS
MONDAY JULY 27	"BEST PICTURE" — INTERNATIONAL FILM CRITICS "BEST ACTOR" — CANNES FILM FESTIVAL 1963 "THIS SPORTING LIFE" RICHARD HARRIS "★★★★" —News	"SO FUNNY YOU LAUGH TILL YOU CRY" —N.Y. Post "BILLY LIAR" TOM COURTENAY — JULIE CHRISTIE
TUESDAY JULY 28	"BEST FILM OF THE YEAR" (1964) —N.Y. Film Critics JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO "THAT MAN FROM RIO" ORIGINAL FRENCH VERSION — COLOR —	"MERITS ALL THE HONORS IT HAS RECEIVED!" —N.Y. Times ALEC GUINNESS — JOHN MILLS "TUNES OF GLORY" TECHNICOLOR
WEDNESDAY JULY 29	A CONCERT OF OPERA AND DANCE "IMPRESSIVELY BEAUTIFUL" —Times S. HUROK presents PUCCINI'S "TOSCA" in COLOR and CINEMASCOPE	"The Greatest Dancing to be Seen Anywhere" —Post "PLISETSKAYA DANCES" with the BOLSHOI BALLET "WONDERFUL — ENGROSSING!" —N.Y. Times
THURSDAY JULY 30	THE PROPHECIES AND MYSTERIES OF H. G. WELLS "THINGS TO COME" with RALPH RICHARDSON SIR CEDRICK HARDWICKE	"THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES" with RALPH RICHARDSON
FRIDAY JULY 31	FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT "THE BRIDE WORE BLACK" Starring JEANNE MOREAU "A GEM OF CHARACTERIZATION" —N.Y. Times	CLAUDE JUTRA "A TOUT PRENDRE" "ORIGINAL, IMAGINATIVE — AS AMORAL AS NATURE" —Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times
SATURDAY AUGUST 1	"EVEN MORE BRILLIANT THAN THE PLAY" MARAT/SADE THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE.	LEROY JONES' SHATTERINGLY ELOQUENT AWARD-WINNING PLAY "DUTCHMAN" SHIRLEY KNIGHT — AL FREEMAN, JR.
SUNDAY AUGUST 2	THE ORIGINAL FULL LENGTH VERSION ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOTION PICTURES! MARCEL CARNE'S "CHILDREN OF PARADISE" JEAN LOUIS BARRAULT — ARLETTY — PIERRE BRASSEUR ALSO — THE ACADEMY AWARD WINNING SHORT "THE CHICKEN"	
MONDAY AUGUST 3	"BEST FILM" 1963 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL BURT LANCASTER — CLAUDIA CARDINALE LUCHINO VISCONTI'S "THE LEOPARD" COLOR — CINEMASCOPE	POWERFUL PRIZE-WINNING FEATURETTE ALAIN RESNAIS "NIGHT AND FOG" Music by HANS EISLER
TUESDAY AUGUST 4	ACADEMY AWARD WINNER JULIE CHRISTIE "DARLING" LAURENCE HARVEY — DIRK BOGARDE	"★★★★" —DAILY NEWS LYNN REDGRAVE — RITA TUSHINGHAM "GIRL WITH GREEN EYES" "ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST" —Trib. (1964)
WEDNESDAY AUGUST 5	PSYCHOLOGY IN FILMS 1) "SHYNESS" 2) "THE FEELING OF REJECTION" 3) "THE FEELING OF HOSTILITY" 4) "FEELINGS OF DEPRESSION" 5) "OVERDEPENDENCY" (The above films are remarkable, independently produced motion pictures)	
THURSDAY AUGUST 6	TWO HILARIOUS PETER SELLERS' COMEDIES "WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT"	"AFTER THE FOX" "EXPLOSIVELY COMICAL" — Crowther, N.Y. Times
FRIDAY AUGUST 7	"FASCINATINGLY ATMOSPHERIC AND BEAUTIFULLY PERFORMED" —Saturday Review LUCHINO VISCONTI'S "THE STRANGER" BASED ON ALBERT CAMUS' NOVEL Starring MARCELLO MASTROIANNI	"HAUNTING, INTENSE EMOTIONALISM!" —N.Y. Times INGMAR BERGMAN'S "PERSONA" BiBi Anderson — Liv Ullmann
SATURDAY AUGUST 8	W. C. FIELDS "MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"	"TILLIE AND GUS" SLAPSTICK, BELLY LAUGHS, DAMNFOOL NONSENSE, CHASES!
SUNDAY AUGUST 9	HUMPHREY BOGART — AVA GARDNER in JOSEPH MANKIEWICZ'S "THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA" "STARTLING AND ARRESTING" —Crowther, N.Y. Times	THE ONLY FILM CHARLES LAUGHTON DIRECTED JAMES AGEE'S "THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER" "A TAUT AND ELECTRIC THRILLER" —New Yorker
MONDAY AUGUST 10	HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT TAKES YOU ON A TRIP! "LA PRISONNIERE" "A HYPNOTIC MOVIE — THE MOOD, HAUNTING AND EROTIC" —Cue Mag.	"WAGES OF FEAR" Starring YVES MONTAND "ONE OF THE GREAT SHOCKERS OF ALL TIME" —Time Mag.

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300 OUTSTANDING DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN FILMS

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AUGUST	FESTIVAL FILM No. 1	FESTIVAL FILM No. 2
TUESDAY AUGUST 11	"WHAT A DELIGHT TO LAUGH OUT LOUD AT SEX" —Judith Crist "The Night They Raided Minsky's" Jason ROBARDS — Britt EKLAND — Bert LAHR	DAZZLINGLY SURREALISTIC AND EXPLOSIVELY FUNNY!" —Time Mag. RICHARD LESTER'S "HOW I WON THE WAR" MICHAEL CRAWFORD — JOHN LENNON
WEDNESDAY AUGUST 12	CARL DREYER'S LEGENDARY MASTERPIECES "THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC" STILL THE MOST NOTABLE WORK OF CINEMA OF THE SILENT ERA — Newly Re-issued with Sound	"ORDET" "BEST FOREIGN FILM OF THE YEAR" (1957) —Nat'l Board of Review
THURSDAY AUGUST 13	POWERFUL CINEMA REALISM FROM GREAT BRITAIN ACADEMY AWARD WINNER 1958 SIMONE SIGNORET (Best Actress) "ROOM AT THE TOP" Co-Starring LAURENCE HARVEY	WINNER OF THREE INTERNATIONAL AWARDS ALBERT FINNEY (Find of the Year 1961) "SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING" Co-Starring RACHEL ROBERTS (Best Actress)
FRIDAY AUGUST 14	"BOLD AND EXCITING" —New Yorker DOSTOYEVSKY'S Masterpiece "THE IDIOT" GERARD PHILIPE — EDWIGE FEUILLIERE	"ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREAT MOTION PICTURES" —Trib. FRITZ LANG'S CRIME CLASSIC "M" The Kidnapper PETER LORRE
SATURDAY AUGUST 15	JEAN-LUC GODARD "POWERFUL, REALISTIC AND SHOCKING" —Times "BREATHLESS" JEAN SEBERG — JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO	"A WINNER" —Post "MY LIFE TO LIVE" with ANNA KARINA
SUNDAY AUGUST 16	TWO OF TONY RICHARDSON'S MOST LAVISH PRODUCTIONS A BRILLIANT MODERN ACCOUNT OF THE INFAMOUS BLUNDER "The Charge of the Light Brigade" Trevor Howard — Vanessa Redgrave — John Gielgud	WINNER OF 4 ACADEMY AWARDS INCLUDING BEST PICTURE 1963 "TOM JONES" ALBERT FINNEY — SUSANNAH YORK
MONDAY AUGUST 17	THREE MASTER COMEDIANS FROM FRANCE! JACQUES TATI ACADEMY AWARD WINNER 1958 "MY UNCLE" "LEAVES YOU HELPLESS WITH LAUGHTER" —Cue	FERNANDEL — BOURVIL "MY WIFE'S HUSBAND" "ONE OF THE MOST SPARKLING GALLIC TALES"
TUESDAY AUGUST 18	ACADEMY AWARD WINNER GIULIETTA MASINA IN FELLINI'S "NIGHTS OF CABIRIA" WINNER OF 17 AWARDS	"REALISTIC, UNADORNED AND HAS THE POLISH OF A MASTER CRAFTSMAN" —Times INGMAR BERGMAN'S "DREAMS"
WEDNESDAY AUGUST 19	ACADEMY AWARD WINNER JOSE FERRER "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"	UNFORGETTABLE FILM CLASSIC JULES ROMAIN'S FAMOUS "VOLPONE" LOUIS JOUVET — HARRY BAUR
THURSDAY AUGUST 20	GRAND PRIX WINNER—CANNES FESTIVAL SATYAJIT RAY'S "PATHER PANCHALI" "A TRULY GREAT ORIGINAL PICTURE" —Post FIRST PART OF WORLD FAMED TRILOGY 2nd PART "APARAJITO" ON AUG. 31	"REMINDS YOU OF CHAPLIN" —Winsten, N.Y. Post FELLINI'S CLASSIC COMEDY "THE WHITE SHEIK" GIULIETTA MASINA — ALBERTO SORDI
FRIDAY AUGUST 21	THE TRIUMPHANTLY DYNAMIC WINNER OF NINE WIDELY ASSORTED PRIZES "BATTLE OF ALGIERS" "AN EXCITING RE-CREATION OF ALGERIA WRITHING TOWARD INDEPENDENCE" —Cue Mag.	ACADEMY AWARD WINNER "EXOTIC AND EYE-POPPING" —N.Y. Times "The Sky Above The Mud Below" COLOR AND WIDESCREEN
SATURDAY AUGUST 22	"UNTHINKABLE FOR ANYONE NOT TO SEE IT!" —N.Y. Times INGMAR BERGMAN'S "HOUR OF THE WOLF" A DAZZLER OF SURGING IMAGERY	"THE WORLD OF A PLAYFUL GENIUS" —News Day ROMAN POLANSKI'S "CUL-DE-SAC" Donald Pleasance — Francoise Dorleac
SUNDAY AUGUST 23	THE GREAT UPA CARTOONS: 1. BAREFACED FLATFOOT 2. SLOPPY JALOPY 3. DOC, CAT AND CANARY 4. MAGOO'S HOMECOMING 5. WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE 6. CHILD SOCKOLOGY 7. BRING UP MOTHER 8. FUDGET'S BUDGETS 9. TROUBLE BREWING 10. UP IN AUTUMN	HUMOR AS FRESH AS TOMORROW" —Wm. Wolf, Cue CHARLIE CHAPLIN "THE CIRCUS" "ONE OF THE LOVELIEST SCREEN EXPERIENCES" —N.Y. Times
MONDAY AUGUST 24	THE BEST OF TONY RICHARDSON "THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER" TOM COURTENAY — MICHAEL REDGRAVE "ONE OF THE TOP MOVIE EXPERIENCES" —N.Y. Post	"A TASTE OF HONEY" RITA TUSHINGHAM — MURRAY MELVIN BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD — CANNES, 1962
TUESDAY AUGUST 25	"A SUPERB COMIC TURN ABOUT LOVE AND REFRAINS IN THE HEAD" —Renata Adler, N.Y. Times JEAN-LUC GODARD'S "PIERROT LE FOU" JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO — ANNA KARINA	GRAND PRIZE WINNER 1967 JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI'S "LE DEPART" JEAN-PIERRE LEAUD — CATHERINE DUPORT
WEDNESDAY AUGUST 26	"YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS IT!" —Judith Crist, Her. Trib. "NOTHING BUT A MAN" "★★★★" —News	TALBOT - DE ANTONIO The Thrilling Army-McCarthy Hearings 1954 "POINT OF ORDER" Original TV Kinescopes Most Impressive Movie In A Long Time" —Judith Crist
THURSDAY AUGUST 27	FROM RUSSIA — WITH PRAISE THE ORIGINAL RUSSIAN VERSION — CERVANTES' Classic of Literature "DON QUIXOTE"	"A TOWERING WORK" —Crowther, N.Y. Times NOBEL PRIZE WINNER MICHAIL SHOLOKHOV "AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON" BOTH IN GLORIOUS COLOR
FRIDAY AUGUST 28	TWO FILMS OF INGMAR BERGMAN — IN THEIR ORIGINAL VERSION "THE NAKED NIGHT" "POWERFUL, STARK AND POIGNANT" —Cue	"THREE STRANGE LOVES" "BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN, MAGNIFICENTLY ACTED" —Cue
SATURDAY AUGUST 29	MAE WEST (A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR) "SHE DONE HIM WRONG" (1933, BASED ON "DIAMOND LIL") with CARY GRANT	"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT" "TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING CAN BE WONDERFUL"
SUNDAY AUGUST 30	MAX OPHUL'S LEGENDARY MASTERPIECE "STUNNING, DAZZLING IMAGERY" —N.Y. Post "LOLA MONTES" Martine Carol - Peter Ustinov - Anton Walbrook	THE MOST DELIGHTFUL FOREIGN FILM I HAVE EVER SEEN" —Crowther, N.Y. Times JACQUES FEYDER'S "CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS" LOUIS JOUVET — FRANCOISE ROSAY
MONDAY AUGUST 31	SATYAJIT RAY'S GRAND PRIZE WINNER VENICE "APARAJITO" SECOND PART OF WORLD-FAMED TRILOGY 3rd PART "WORLD OF APU" ON SEPT. 10	ABOUNDS WITH THE LIFE, THE MUSIC AND DANCES OF INDIA "THE MUSIC ROOM" "THERE IS NO END TO ITS RICH, HEART-PIERCING SCENES" —Times

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SEPTEMBER	FESTIVAL FILM No. 1	FESTIVAL FILM No. 2
TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 1	CANNES FESTIVAL AWARD WINNER (1966) LUIS BUNUEL'S Controversial "THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL"	BEAUTIFULLY REALIZED" —N.Y. Times INGMAR BERGMAN'S "BRINK OF LIFE"
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 2	LIVELY, CRAZILY FUNNY ENTERTAINMENT! AUDREY HEPBURN in TRUMAN CAPOTE'S TALE "BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S" "A MAJOR DELIGHT" —Sat. Review	MARILYN MONROE in BILLY WILDER'S WINNER OF 2 ACADEMY AWARDS "SOME LIKE IT HOT" "A RARE RIB-TICKLING LAMPOON" —N.Y. Times
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 3	VISCONTI'S MOST MONUMENTAL WORK! LUCHINO VISCONTI'S "LA TERRA TREMA" "ACHIEVES A CLASSIC SPLENDOR" —Pauline Kael	"BUNUEL AT HIS BEST AND MOST ORIGINAL" —New Yorker LUIS BUNUEL'S "SIMON OF THE DESERT" "A DELICIOUS COSMIC JOKE" —N.Y. Times
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 4	"A Movie I'll Cherish for a Very Long Time" —N.Y. Times FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT'S "STOLEN KISSES" JEAN-PIERRE LEAUD — DELPHINE SEYRIC	JEAN-LUC GODARD BRILLIANT! A MASTERPIECE!" —N.Y. Times "A WOMAN IS A WOMAN" JEAN PAUL BELMONDO — ANNA KARINA
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 5	THE INCOMPARABLE MAE WEST "BELLE OF THE 90's" (1934)	"KLONDIKE ANNIE" (1936) — UNDULATING ACROSS THE SCREEN — NOT QUITE SINGING, NOT QUITE SPEAKING — PAEANS TO HER PARTICULAR WORLD OF SEX AND MEN
SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 6	WINNER OF 3 ACADEMY AWARDS THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A MOTION PICTURE LIKE "THE RED SHOES" "STUNNING — UNFORGETTABLE" —N.Y. Times	THRILL TO THE UNUSUAL IN BALLET AND DRAMA The World Renowned LUDMILA TCHERINA "LOVERS OF TERUEL" — COLOR —
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 7	ALL FOUR MARX BROTHERS IN ONE UNFORGETTABLE SHOW "HORSE FEATHERS"	"MONKEY BUSINESS" "AROUSED RIOTOUS LAUGHTER" — N.Y. Times
TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 8	TWO OF LUIS BUNUEL'S SUBTLEST AND MOST SURPRISING WORKS "RAW & REALISTIC" —Time "THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED" (Los Olvidados)	"TRULY A MASTERPIECE" —Jean Cocteau "THIS STRANGE PASSION"
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 9	CHARLES LAUGHTON IN TWO IMMORTAL CLASSICS ACADEMY AWARD (Best Actor) 1933 "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII" ROBERT DONAT — MERLE OBERON	ONE OF 10 "BEST FOREIGN FILMS" 1936 "REMBRANDT" ELSA LANCHESTER — GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 10	SATYAJIT RAY'S UNFORGETTABLE CLASSICS FROM INDIA HONORS THE SCREEN. DON'T MISS IT" —N.Y. Times "THE WORLD OF APU" COMPLETES THE WORLD-FAMED TRILOGY	"A SENSITIVITY THAT IS MARVELLOUS TO BEHOLD" —N.Y. Post "DEVI" (The Goddess)
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 11	"ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREATS" —Archer Winsten, N.Y. Post ALAIN RESNAIS' "LA GUERRE EST FINIE" Starring YVES MONTAND — INGRID THULIN	AS EXPLOSIVE AS TODAY'S HEADLINES! PETER WATKINS ACADEMY AWARD WINNER 1966 "THE WAR GAME" BEST DOCUMENTARY FEATURE"
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 12	"PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MOVIE EVER MADE" —New Yorker "ELVIRA MADIGAN" THE REAL LIFE AFFAIR THAT MADE HEADLINES IN SWEDEN	"ONE OF THE FINEST FILMS OF THIS DECADE" —Newsday "THE TWO OF US" Starring MICHEL SIMON
SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 13	SENSATIONAL. IT DOES — LET'S BE HONEST — TURN YOU ON" —Life Mag. LUIS BUNUEL'S Masterpiece of Erotica "BELLE DE JOUR" CATHERINE DENEUVE — JEAN SOREL	GRAND PRIZE WINNER, CANNES FESTIVAL 1966 CLAUDE LELOUCH'S "A MAN AND A WOMAN" Anouk Aimee — Jean-Louis Trintignant
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 14	"ONE OF THE GREAT EXPERIENCES IN THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES" —Time Mag. LAURENCE OLIVIER as "HENRY V" "THE FINEST PICTURE I HAVE EVER SEEN" —Eugene O'Neill	A MOST IMAGINATIVE AND EXCITING ADAPTATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY ORSON WELLES as "MACBETH" "A GREAT PLAY, GREATLY FILMED"
TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 15	"YOU'D BETTER GO SEE IT — SYLVIE IS SUPERB" —Crowther, N.Y. Times BERTOLT BRECHT'S "THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY" "WILL WIN YOUR HEART COMPLETELY" —Judith Crist	FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT'S "THE SOFT SKIN" "BRILLIANTLY DIRECTED — DEVASTATING" —News
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 16	WINNER "BEST FOREIGN FILM" AWARD CLAUDE LELOUCH'S "LIVE FOR LIFE" YVES MONTAND — CANDICE BERGEN	"DELICATELY FILMED... WITH A FRANKNESS THAT GAVE CONSIDERABLE PAUSE TO OUR CENSORS!" —Cue "ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS" INTERNATIONAL PRIZE WINNER
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 17	GLIMPSES INTO A FUTURISTIC WORLD FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT'S "FAHRENHEIT 451" OSCAR WERNER — JULIE CHRISTIE	JEAN-LUC GODARD'S "ALPHAVILLE" EDDIE CONSTANTINE — ANNA KARINA
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 18	"THE FORE-FATHER SPY OF THEM ALL!" "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" LESLIE HOWARD — MERLE OBERON	"THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" JAMES MASON — RAYMOND MASSEY
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 19	WINNER OF 2 ACADEMY AWARDS INCLUDING BEST FOREIGN FILM OF 1963 FEDERICO FELLINI'S "8½" Marcello Mastroianni — Claudia Cardinale	CHARMINGLY BLITHE AND BUOYANT TANGLE OF SATIRIC SEX COMEDY" —Crowther, N.Y. Times DUSAN MAKAVEJEV'S "LOVE AFFAIR" (OR THE CASE OF THE MISSING SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR)
SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 20	TWO GREAT MARX BROS. COMEDIES "DUCK SOUP"	"COCONUTS" The Hysterical Heroes of the "Scream" in Their Biggest Laugh Hits!
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 21	PHILIPPE DE BROCA'S MADCAP FARCE "THE LOVE GAME" "FRENCH, OF COURSE!" —Brendan Gill, New Yorker	A SHATTERING TALE OF YOUTH AND CORRUPTION BY FRANCE'S MASTER OF THE "NEW WAVE" CLAUDE CHABROL'S "THE COUSINS" "BEAUTIFULLY PLAYED—HARD TO FORGET" —Crowther

CASTANIS *continued from page 13*

opening up Art Workers Coalition's head to the fact that art was controlled by white *males*. The WAR meeting following the exhibit was vital, tense, and enthusiastic. The three prominant thoughts went something like this. "I just want to get our own heads together, all women artists and understand the new feelings that have been coming together for us." A chorus of voices echoed, "Right on!" "I feel we should work on an alternate structure to the male establishments orientation of art." some more choruses of "Right on!" "I think that the establishment/museum/gallery/structure should be confronted with its prejudices and a campaign with actions should be gotten into work." More choruses of "Right on" and "Yeah, ACTIONS", "ACTIONS"!

So we agreed to work on these three fronts and support each other. The Womens Liberation center at 36 W. 22nd St., newly opened, agreed to let us have some space for the meetings on Thursdays at 6:30 PM. A new identity in action, we have to work to turn heads around as our own heads have been turned. After all, we have to make up for centuries of male imagery telling us what art is and was and for ever shall be . . . infinitum . . . infinitum . . . infinitum . .NO! ■

KYD *continued from page 12*

and gone. No one is paid and money for truck rental, costumes, props, paint comes out of the pocket of Rosen-McGrath. Some of their performances have been commissioned by Head Start, Montessori, Jewish Guild for the Blind, United Youth Action and Pal. This season, the Clinton Youth Center has given the theatre an inside home. Paid gigs don't happen often and when they do Bell Tel and Avis get a lot of it.

Tony put an ad in the trades last week for more actors and got much response. He has hired ten new actors. And you know why? besides the fact that its hard to get any job, its a very exciting idea playing something that isn't Santas Toyshop for kids in the park – or even out of the park. I asked Jerry Chase, one of the first Off Center actors and father of five, did he choose Off Center over hustling for commercial theatre, did he like doing the shows (most of the actors have other jobs) and he said that he was still hustling in a way but "let's put it this way, I'm not happy not doing it. Come see him do his fantastic Mayor of Hamlin that blonde WASP with-the-great-problem-figure of mayoralty we know and love so well. Come see all of us do it to it Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday in the Park at the foot of Dog Hill – that big hill right off 5th Avenue at 79th Street. ■

MUSHABAC *continued from page 9*

the bright packaging – literally of our lives – to the busy noisiness, to the sensual opulence, even or perhaps especially against the backdrop of all the decay of our civilization. I had fantasied, after all, I think in the sixth grade, and held onto the notion every since, that during the total eclipse – by watching in effect the moon's progress, and by knowing it moved around the earth in the same direction as and at a speed slightly greater than that at which the earth spun on its own axis – *that I might have actually been able to feel the earth rotating.*

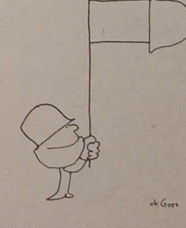
Of course I felt no such thing. In three hours of watching and waiting, the earth never budged. But what would become of us if, in addition to all our other troubles, we actually physically experienced ourselves and our entire planet whirling through space?

Ultimately it was comforting simply to take communion with the universe in a very mundane fashion, and in some visually unspectacular event, pay homage to the sun and to the continuum, of the mankind it nourishes. ■

MC REYNOLDS

Mike Harrington once got very upset with me in an article in the Village Voice because I had marched, along with close to half a million others, in a peace demonstration which included the usual sprinkling of NLF flags. My answer (on which Mike never took me up) was to suggest he join me in joshing the whole stupid fussing flag business by having a flag contingent complete with Nazi, Soviet, American, NLF, Japanese, South African, Cuban, Confederate, Spanish, British, Swedish, etc., etc., flags so that, as people watched the flag contingent go by, they might hopefully realize how sadly foolish the whole business was.

Comrades, friends, patriots, we don't need flags. We need integrity that flags cannot give us, courage that flags do not provide, decency that flags do not contain. Flags are cloth, people are alive. Long live the people. Long live that society which has yet to be born which flies no flag, which commands loyalty by realities internal to itself, rather than by symbols. Let a thousand banners bloom, let us see the beauty of cloth for what it is, and the reality of a people and a society for what that is. ■



On Some Photos of American War Dead

What queer faces. These must be the drop-outs,
The dummies, victims of too much hard rock, Gomer Pyle,
Or soft pop. To surrender so peacefully
To such slovenly frenzies, black and white together,
The whole crop going bad together and bloating
In that sweet stiffening heat—O look,
They elicit no pity from the burned child—
Lying there crushed beyond repose.

Poor silly boys who didn't learn their lessons:
Not Ricky there, or Sanchez, or Oklahoma,
Just before Boone stumbled in the paddy his blonde
Young thoughts were asplash, fly blown with coition,
The need for a father, or a diploma. If born again
He will never again sniff glue or play chicken. Just the same
He stinks here, in his plastic tarp, straddling a ditch,
Part under thatch, a moralist of the communal stench.
Black, on the other hand, had his cause:
Fear and venality. His only honor was to be a victim.
But now he is also staining darkly against Tansunhut runway
With a dark grin across his young dark face,
Our cause, our boy, our national disgrace. But fallen
Just the same in the service of his America. Fallen—
His motherwit annulled in the common banality.

To the elite mind waste isn't always apparent.
This is the waste of commonality. These
The detritus of an American century. Democratic Man
Acknowledges them with Huntley-Brinkley and in Life Magazine:
And those whom he loves best he then has killed.
Meantime you—*hypocrite lecteur*—before your telly,
Or, under bayrum and the barber's scissors,
Wince sentiments which are the odor of that detritus,
Victim of a war you hate but do not feel
You wash their death in Lilac Vegetal.
Tuning out the horror, turning the other page,
We are such tourists of pain and crimes and rage.

Richard M. Elman

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SEPT. / OCT.	FESTIVAL FILM No. 1	FESTIVAL FILM No. 2
TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 22	"ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND IMPRESSIVE MOTION PICTURES" —Times "THE BRIDGE" ★★★★ "EXTRAORDINARY" —News	PROVOCATIVE! STIMULATING! DRAMATIC! JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S "THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA" SOPHIA LOREN — MAXIMILLIAN SCHELL
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 23	CRITIC AWARD "BEST FOREIGN FILM" 1968 OPENING PRESENTATION AT CANNES FESTIVAL MIKLO JANSCO'S "THE RED AND THE WHITE" "AN ARTISTIC EXPERIENCE. STARK AND MEMORABLE" —N.Y. Times	Actual Performance of MOUNT SCOPUS CONCERT CAMERAS INTIMATELY FOLLOWING LEONARD BERNSTEIN on his "JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM" ISAAC STERN — JENNIE TOUREL
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 24	A TENDER AND LUSTY STUDY OF LOVE LARS MAGNUS LINDGREN'S "DEAR JOHN" MORE THAN DESERVES THE FOREIGN MOVIE OSCAR" —Judith Crist	BY ACTION OF THE U.S. SUPREME COURT UNCUT — UNCENSORED "A STRANGER KNOCKS" "A DEEPLY POIGNANT GLIMPSE OF LIFE" —N.Y. Times
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 25	JEAN-LUC GODARD'S "WEEKEND" IT RANKS WITH THE VISIONS OF THE GREATEST" —Pauline Gael	"A MASTERPIECE NOT TO BE MISSED" —Judith Crist "TO DIE IN MADRID" "A POWERFUL EXPERIENCE" —Crowther, N.Y. Times
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 26	WINNER OF 5 ACADEMY AWARDS 1951 Tennessee Williams Pulitzer Prize Winner "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE" Vivien Leigh · Marlon Brando · Kim Hunter · Karl Malden	NOEL COWARD'S DEEPLY MOVING DRAMA "BRIEF ENCOUNTER" RACHMANINOFF'S 2nd PIANO CONCERTO Played by EILEEN JOYCE
SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 27	JULES DASSIN'S MOST ACCLAIMED FILMS Starring MELINA MERCOURI "NEVER ON SUNDAY" "BOUNCING AND BEAMING! TREMENDOUS HUMOR" —N.Y. Times	"TOPKAPI" PETER USTINOFF — MAXIMILLIAN SCHELL
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 28	ALAIN RESNAIS' Unique and Different "New Wave" Film Experience "MURIEL" Starring DELPHINE SEYRIG	Tony Richardson's Stark Direction of JEAN GENET'S "MADEMOISELLE" Starring JEANNE MOREAU
TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 29	ALWAYS SPECIAL! HE IS BEST!" —N.Y. Times NORMAN JEWSON'S SLEEK COMEDY DRAMA "THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR" STEVE McQUEEN — FAYE DUNAWAY	"THE INTELLECTUAL'S HELLZAPOPPIN!" PETER COOK'S "FAUST" STORY WITH MOD LOOK "BEDAZZLED" Starring DUDLEY MOORE — RAQUEL WELCH
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 30	"AN ABSOLUTE KNOCKOUT OF A MOVIE" —Crowther, N.Y. Times ROMAN POLANSKI'S "REPULSION" STARRING CATHERINE DENEUVE	POWERFULLY REALISTIC! JEAN-LUC GODARD'S "CONTEMPT" BASED ON A STORY BY ALBERTO MORAVIA BRIGITTE BARDOT — FRITZ LANG
THURSDAY OCTOBER 1	BRILLIANT CINEMA ART" —Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times Joseph Strick's presentation of James Joyce's "ULYSSES" THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL AND ACCLAIMED FILM OF THE DECADE — COMPLETE AND UNCUT	HER LIFE AND ART GALINA ULANOVA In Her Most Famous Dance Interpretations

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HORWITZ *continued from page 12*

Paradise Island is not Paradise enough for a great many people. Mr. P. appeals to the fat in our soul, and it comes from the flab in his own inabilities. When he was younger, and wanted to be a poet he might have dealt harshly with this book and would have mocked the flacid prose and mentality which makes a mockery of the heart's desire for literary distinction.

The Rev. Buckley wrote, "To be content with what we at present know, is, for the most part, to shut our ears against conviction: since, from the very gradual character of our education, we must continually forget, and emancipate ourselves from knowledge previously acquired; we must set aside old notions and embrace fresh ones; and as we learn, we must be daily unlearning something which it has cost us no small labor and anxiety to acquire. "A superb abstract. Some unlearn what they should have held tight. I fear Mr. P. if he saw shit hanging in a museum, might be puzzled, but would come to accept it. After all, it's hanging in a museum.

■

THE CHILD IN THE MAN

His face is the face of all the city,
cheeks tinged with the blood of alcohol,
eyes
like wild bees
making honey in the wilderness.

From the sharpness of his knees
to the point of sleep in brow
dreams
the child in the man.

—H.L. Van Brunt

The New Adam

When we're apart
I sometimes think of this:
That what the world wants
The world owns
And laughs to see the pagans
In its midst
Who gambol in the shadow
Of Hell's throne.

When we're together
I forget
And put the world
From my mind
I make a pilgrimage to death
And if I could
I'd take you back in time
To when Christ tarried
And Adam planned his crime.

Michael T. Gilmore

PROVINCETOWN, August 6, 1969

the day began with rain
the sun brought
us to game
on the beach
Strange green lights reportedly shone
underwater last night
We went to the moon
it is a way to live well
Blow money
on big excitement
curiosity
entertainment
Twenty four years ago the United States
unleashed upon the city of Hiroshima
Our pacifist poets and novelists
praise
this adventure of man
Galileo, Kepler and Newton
Collective enterprise
thousands of staff
exquisite accuracy (too bad
there was an accident)

Helen Duberstein

FREE THE PANTHERS

DEAR FRIENDS,

AN EMERGENCY MEDICAL FUND HAS BEEN SET UP FOR THE PURPOSE OF ASSISTING FELLOW MEMBER MIKE STEPHENS.

A SPECIAL ACCOUNT HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED AT THE PLAZA BANK OF COMMERCE, 118 W. 47TH, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, 64112.

CHECKS IN ANY AMOUNT MAY BE SENT TO THE PLAZA BANK OF COMMERCE, CARE OF MR. C.F. PETTEY.

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO *THE MIKE STEPHENS FUND*.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

ART RESEARCH CENTER, 1609 WASHINGTON, KANSAS CITY, MO. 221-6066.

Sincerest thanks for your kind cooperation

Friends and Family of Mike

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ART STRIKE *continued from page 4*

open to the public. Speculation produced the possibility that they did it because they were afraid of possible rough-housing resulting in damage. There was also feeling that they felt guilt in staying open five hours later than usual.

MUSEUM STAFFERS JOIN

We spoke with three museum staff people who had come out to join us, and they said that the decision to stay open had been made after the massive joint meeting at Loeb Auditorium last Monday night. Although the Met people had not spoken-up at the meeting, they decided on their own, and on a suggestion made by the educational department at the museum (approved by the board of directors) to stay open five hours longer on Friday as their gesture to the day of mourning. The three said that the same people on the staff who had organized the Met's contingent to the Washington, Kent & Cambodia Saturday had supported this late closing, too — but that they hadn't been told that Wednesday morning a letter had been delivered to the museum director telling him what the artists wanted the museum to do . . . *close on Friday*. The staff people said that they had come out to be with the artists then, and had they known in time they would not have come to work at all and they could have asked others inside not to work either.

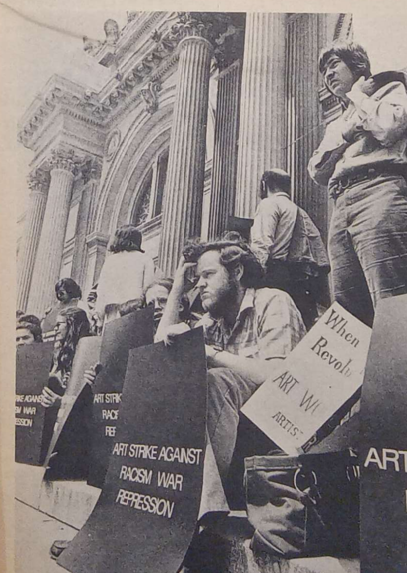
People wanting to get in badly enough to plow through the strikers were allowed to pass, nobody stopped them. But they got talked to by the artists. To some we said "We are here to express the artist's shame and outrage at the killing in Vietnam and Cambodia as well as that in Kent and Augusta, Jackson and Orangeburg. Will you support us? If you try to force your way in you may cause possible cop-hassles for us. Do you really want to do that?" Most promptly reversed direction and left . . . perhaps not convinced but not willing to risk violence.

Many visitors, when informed that they would not be allowed to pass, turned to the cops, but police told them to use side entrances and looked amused. It appeared that they didn't like museum-goers any better than they like artists.

By that time the group had spread itself out so as to look more imposing, at the head of the stairs. At that level each demonstrator had a black and white poster in front of him:
Part of this line, holding posters, was a group of boys about 13-14 years old, dressed in blue blazers, ties, school emblems, from an eastside private school who had walked-out of school when they heard about the demonstration, and they joined us. They stayed for several hours, but asked us not to mention the school. But one of them said, "Listen, with the tuition they charge, they don't care what else you do."

COURBET ONCE GOT BUST

Relaxed discussion started among artists about politically active artists of the past. Someone told an anecdote about Gustave Courbet who, in 1877, tore down the Paris Vendome column, a memorial to Napoleon. For doing it, Courbet was arrested, tried, and ordered to personally pay a huge fine. He, of course, couldn't so he was summarily thrown in jail, suffered, etc. He had, before that, refused the Legion of Honor. This whole rap appeared to be done in the interest of time-passing, it seemed, or to pep-up the strikers, who were beginning to melt in the broiling mid-day sun, unshaded and without head covering. Some fashioned triangular hats out of newspapers.



Jan Van Raay

Many people who tried to get into the museum said, "It's my day-off . . . why can't I get in? I came a long way to get here." The complaints at that time were small ones in comparison to the more weighty political hassles of earlier foreign visitors. The visitors at that time were the usual museum-ladies, suburbanites and some American tourists.

Artists: "Where does the museum stand? They opened the 19th Century Show with Pat Nixon and they took a political stand *then*. The schools are all closed today — is that political? We asked for one day of mourning — after that we will have dialogues with museum personnel, visitors and so on. Artists just cannot *work* under these present conditions!"

Orange drink was passed around with paper cups for everyone. Money was collected for a strike fund (about $48. we heard later) and all debris was collected and put into neatly stacked boxes. Earth Day really *does* live — in some of us. A few decisions were reached: if people wanted to climb over us we were to let them — also we decided to let the police in and not fight them, thinking that they would use any pushing or resistance as provocation.

One smiling, amiable construction worker talked to two artists. He remained unconvinced, defending his prosperity and good job, saying that he wasn't being persecuted. More construction workers who worked in the museum were allowed in, followed by the chant "Construction workers, join us!" One very old man tried to climb over the strikers but gave up when the artists good naturedly shut him down. But then the rap with the construction worker had grown very involved as they discussed wages, hours worked per week and so on.

A well-dressed, middle-aged, red-faced man with a German accent (and a girl in her twenties on his arm) was intensely angry and frustrated about not getting in. He appealed to the cops but received no encouragement from them, so he returned to get into a political argument with the strikers. His main point seemed to be that good art flourishes in times of political repression, citing Greece, Rome (Germany?). He informed us that we were repressing his rights. Finally we charged him with not loving art, pointing out that if he did he would be with the artists. That seemed to catch him in mid-stride and blew his game. Finally, blustering, he cut-out. While he was still there, one of the artists told him, "This is the first time artists have gotten together to make a political statement and this protest should be supported. When rich people go on vacation they store their collections with the Metropolitan, and the museum takes care of it for them at no charge, in the hope that some day the museum will get some of the paintings. Meanwhile *we* pay for this storage."

By one o'clock it was more quiet and people were tired and hot, sitting down, prepared to stay. There were about 500 people at the peak of the demonstration, according to the *Times*. There was a small meeting on the steps about whether or not we should move on to the Modern (which remained open all day but suspended its $1.50 admission and ran a special "pro-youth" photographic exhibition and an antiwar film program). We discussed the possibility of half of us remaining there and moving the rest to the Modern. We were told that more people were coming to join us, but others discounted it as being just a rumor. We decided to remain there, together. We also heard that WNEW was saying that there was a demonstration of "anti-war people" (not artists) at the Metropolitan and, also, that the museum was open.

"THEY'RE GOING TO DRAG US OFF!"

At 2:30 the ranks again closed around the museum to form a tighter barrier. The sun turned the steps into an oven. We looked down at the police who were forming up into two ranks as they began donning their helmets. They looked at us. The head cop walked toward us with a bullhorn. Some felt stricken with terror, thinking *Here it comes: they're going to drag us off!* But we wouldn't run. After a bit he went into the museum and returned, going down to the other cops and — nothing happened. Much sweat.

More tourists rapped with artists, appealed to cops, retreated to a side door. Some demonstrators began playing instruments but were convinced that they should stop, that day being one of mourning. At that point several artists brought-on a huge funeral wreath with a ribbon labelled KENT STATE. They were told immediately by most everyone that it shouldn't go down that way; that they would have to add AUGUSTA, JACKSON and ORANGEBURG. That's racist, too. The additions were made on the spot and the wreath was then displayed.

Noble reappeared, seemingly to want to make friends. Someone wryly asked him for coffee and he said, "Why not?" then asked if we wanted Danish, too, and we said yes.

Somebody reported that all the side doors were closed with "Museum Closed" signs on them. Someone else said that the Frank Stella show was "closed for the day" at the Modern. An old woman visitor who said she was 85 complained that she was returning to Germany the following day and it would be her last chance to see the museum. She was ceremoniously escorted inside by artists. What is this sudden influx of Germans? In a recent issue of the *Post*, Leonard Lyons reported that "LBJ told friends about his recent visit with President Nixon. He said when he was in that office he installed countless phones to link him with every official he might need at a moment's notice. But only four men now have direct phone links to the President's office. 'And at the end of each phone line is a German' — Kissinger, Erlichman, Haldeman and Ziegler." Portents?

The museum sent out trays of milk, (chocolate and vanilla) and sandwiches. Later they supplied coffee and cake. Sugartit.

At 4 p.m. there was another meeting on the steps. It was decided to form no future organization at that time, because everyone was too tired. We

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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Jan Van Raay

were told that all visitors were admitted through the side doors. Someone reported that the radio then said that 200 artists had closed the Met. In a TV interview Noble said that 1600 visitors had come in — half of what is usual. We disputed that. Busloads of kids, yes — but no number like that. A *Times* reporter said that she couldn't get in the side door earlier. We discussed whether or not we should leave then, having made our symbollic point and blocked-off the front until 5 o'clock. A [illegible] show of hands of people prepared to stay until 10 revealed an almost unanimous desire.

A meeting was called for Sunday, 7:30 at Museum. Discussion brought forth suggestions that we use auditoriums of Modern or Met, but not voted on. Volunteers were requested to go to the side doors, not to block entrance but to inform visitors of what was going on and to offer alternatives. We walked around to one of the doors. Two bearded, longhaired kids said that although the public was allowed in, they were kept out. We asked a guard if we might enter. He looked hesitant for a second, then said yes, so we went. Two guards didn't know if the museum was closed or not, (or wouldn't tell us), but a third said it would be open until 10 p.m. We wandered around inside seeing only one group of kids from some school or other, but at the entrance to the 19th Century Show we met a British lady who had been upstairs for about two hours and she told us that in all that time she had seen only two or three others. 1600 visitors? Maybe they were all hiding in the toilets.

There was more discussion between a museum official (someone said later that he was a Harvard lawyer and an assistant to Rousseau — in charge of all exhibitions) and an artist. The artist said, "You say you take art testimony — what about taking our testimony today? Let us make the decisions about this museum with you."

ART BUSINESS AS USUAL

The official said, "We feel we are the custodians of art. We hold the key to civilization within these walls. We make our own decisions."

The artist asked, "How can you show mourning when you are doing business as usual? What have you done differently today, you with your 19th Century Show. Are you reflecting our times? Our people? Our trouble?

The official answered, "A museum is a humanizing force."

To which the artist responded, "Maybe you could show the way; show responsibility. What do we need now — a cultural seat? You should set an example. And the museum did *not* speak up at the Monday meeting; the Metropolitan representative did *not* speak up. If they did not speak they are invisible. Then they make their own decisions — without anyone else."

Later Noble said, "The museum takes credit today for unbroken heads."

To which an artist replied, "But is that what a *cultural repository* does at any time? Break the heads of artists? Don't take credit today. You have set yourself against us."

To which Noble replied, "We don't change our policies casually."

HIDE YOUR FACE IN SHAME

Artists told us later of incidents which had occurred during the action, such as: when visitors tried to force their way in an artist came up to them with his camera to take their pictures — they either turned away and left, or made gestures at covering their faces. America, America.

Another told us that early in the day a cop entering the museum stepped on a girl's hand, giving her no warning. She followed him and got his badge number. When he came outside again he said "Excuse me," to her.

Rousseau, at one point, expressed contempt for the remark made by an artist, saying it was "worthy of the chairman of an art club in Ohio".

At 9:15 Chairman Morris asked that we tighten up the ranks, so that we looked like a Metropolitan closing — not an opening. Everyone sat down close together, the number by then having dwindled to around 250. Brooms were handed out and about five people swept-up and collected debris. The steps were left very clean. Fifth Avenue was near deserted, buses passing almost empty. The air was cool and the atmosphere on the steps sweet, together, and loving . . . Small original groups opened up and there was much mingling, much much talk, not much evident fatigue though no one had done a great deal of sitting all day (the steps are shallow concrete and not good for reclining). It was a long walk to the toilet: we used the ones in The Institute of Fine Arts at 78th Street. But there was no visible fatigue — only a fine, good humor and a great deal of pride. These were people who are used to being and doing things alone — and not at all used to group actions. While much of what went down, and has been reported here, may seem to those more involved in protest and Actions, naive, they must remember that it may only be a beginning for artists with their self-imposed isolation. And they went out and *did* it — for twelve hours. It may last — and it may not — only the passage of time will make that declaration. But The Movement needs artists, all of us, now more than ever if this country is to be saved.

Just before ten Chairman Morris said, "Before we leave, let us have a minute of silence." which we had. Then he said "I think that we have been heard today."

We began walking down the too-familiar steps and headed toward home. Going to take a bus, I walked with a painter. He said, "I feel exhilarated! There is another way to be an artist! And damn it, we *did* close The Met!" ■

Patricia de Gogorza

Jan Van Raay

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The Museum of Modern Art SEP 21 1970

Kynaston McShine

Richard L. Palmer

September 18, 1970

INFORMATION

Dear Kynaston,

This will confirm that we have now given up hopes of touring the INFORMATION exhibition following its showing here. Our offering letters, which I know went out much too late, brought the following responses:

Los Angeles County Museum of Art Institute for the Fine Arts Rice University University Art Museum University of California San Francisco Museum of Art	Written refusals, mostly because schedules already filled
Rose Art Museum Brandeis University	Verbal refusal, schedule and funding problems
Art Gallery of Ontario Walker Art Center Corcoran Gallery of Art	Telephone conversations with me, interested but expected schedule and funding problem. Could not make committments without Board clearance.
Pasadena Art Museum	No response yet

Owing to the fact that it would not be financially feasible for us to undertake the tour unless there were at least three firm participants - which we clearly do not have - we are planning to disperse the exhibition as soon as possible after its closing on Sunday.

cc: JH, WG, LS, RP, Registrar, INFORMATION-offers, MF, i-o

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The Museum of Modern Art

To Kynaston McShine

From Willard Van Dyke WVDdg.

Date September 14, 1970

Re Olivetti machine

We understand that you are now ready to release the Olivetti machine. Unfortunately this department has no plans for its use in the foreseeable future. There have been several observations that the film image is not presented effectively by this apparatus.

Could we get the projectors?

cc: John B. Hightower
Richard H. Koch

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Memorandum

To John Hightower

From Kynaston L. McShine

Date March 16, 1970

Re

I thought you might like to see this

Kynaston

MAR 30 1970

September 14, 1970

36

rranted since you evidently bruised John
ride. Perhaps we were at fault, and, if
thought that this show in particular
uch from the ferocity of a "What happened-
press review.

The discussion at the TIMES was terrifically stimulating for me. I can't say that I felt justice was being properly served on the lobster; that I remember what was served at all is no small tribute to Mr. Sulzberger's chef.

I hope we can continue rapping soon and often.

Best regards,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:ehn
enclosure
bcc: Liz Shaw

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September 14, 1970

Mr. Hilton Kramer
The New York Times
229 West 43rd Street
New York, New York 10036

Dear Hilton:

The attached seemed warranted since you evidently bruised John Gruen's professional pride. Perhaps we were at fault, and, if so, I apologize but I thought that this show in particular would not suffer too much from the ferocity of a "What-happened-the-night-before" type press review.

The discussion at the TIMES was terrifically stimulating for me. I can't say that I felt justice was being properly served on the lobster; that I remember what was served at all is no small tribute to Mr. Sulzberger's chef.

I hope we can continue rapping soon and often.

Best regards,

John B. Hightower
Director

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bcc: Liz Shaw

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The Museum of Modern Art

To Chuck Frost, John Hightower, Kynaston McShine, Dick Palmer

From Eric Madison EBR

cc: David Vance

Date Sept. 11, 1970

Re Olivetti Machine

September 14, 1970

Mr. John Gruen
317 West 83rd Street
New York, New York 10024

Dear John:

My apologies for taking so long with this. Since it is now so considerably after the fact, it may not be picked up by the TIMES. My attempt at topicality by invoking the continuing nature of most of the work in the show may be too transparently feeble for Mr. Sulzberger and his band of merrie men. We shall see.

I am sorry we did not go ahead with the letter when it was originally written, but hindsight is little comfort now.

Best regards,

John B. Hightower
Director

JBH:ehn
enclosure

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The Museum of Modern Art

To Chuck Froom, John Hightower, Kynaston McShine, Dick Palmer

From Eric Rowlison EBR cc: David Vance

Date Sept. 11, 1970

Re Olivetti Machine

So far as I know, the plan to dismantle the Olivetti Machine over the weekend still stands. Failing other instructions as to its disposition, I plan to take the projectors and any other electrical innards to the Mezzanine for TEMPORARY storage, and will stack the dismantled shell where it is, leaving the largest traffic lanes I possibly can.

Anybody figured out what to do with the boxes? Olivetti is still storing them at Santini's. They are lousy boxes.

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PHONE-O-GRAM for: JBH

M James Cuchiara of

☐ Telephoned ☐ Please return the call ☑ Will call again ☐ Came in ☐ See me

Message: Discussion on tapes made immediately if he comes in.

John Giorno WA 9-6372

Phone: ALH-5557 Date Sept 3 Time 2:25 By MB

To

From

Date

Re

A Mr. Alistair B. Martin called today to request that a piece he has on loan to the Museum be returned immediately because of his reaction to the Dial-A-Poem. I did not speak to him, Elaine did.

He loaned the Museum on 1/29/70 a Guimard Cast iron vase which he agreed to let travel with the exhibition. It is now at the Art Gallery of Ontario through November 9th. It is then scheduled to go to the Musee des Arts Decoratifs in Paris from Jan 15, 1971 to April 11, 1971. Hisloan agreement is legal and binding. However you may want to recommend other responses.

His number is: YU 6-6900 465 East 57th Street

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.24

The Museum of Modern Art

To John B. Hightower

From Elaine Naramore

Date September 10, 1970

Re

A Mr. Alistair B. Martin called today to request that a piece he has on loan to the Museum be returned immediately because of his reaction to the Dial-A-Poem. I did not speak to him, Elaine did.

He loaned the Museum on 1/29/70 a Guimard Cast iron vase which he agreed to let travel with the exhibition. It is now at the Art Gallery of Ontario through November 9th. It is then scheduled to go to the Musee des Arts Decoratifs in Paris from Jan 15, 1971 to April 11, 1971. Hisloan agreement is legal and binding. However you may want to recommend other responses.

His number is: YU 6-6900 465 East 57th Street

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	JBH	I.3.26

The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100 Cable: Modernart

John B. Hightower
Director
Tel. (212) 956-7502

JAMES CUCHIARA AL5-5557

Running for the New York State Senate
24 SD
Concervative

Member of the AWC- According to him, he is the only person on the right. Disagreed witih all their tactics

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.24

SEP 2 1970

The Museum of Modern Art

To Charles Froom

From Wilder Green

Date September 1, 1970

Re Closing of East Wing Section of INFORMATION Show

cc: John Hightower
Kynaston McShine
Arthur Drexler
Richard Palmer
Elizabeth Shaw
INFORMATION

Dear Chuck:

Please arrange to close the East Wing section of the INFORMATION show at 6 p.m. on Friday, September 11 (rather than on the 13th as was originally scheduled) in order to give some extra lead time for the installation of the forthcoming architecture show.

I realize that this may necessitate some extra overtime carpentry work for the architecture show but would you please keep a careful accounting of that and report back to me.

As well, please contact Kynaston McShine to make arrangements for whatever reinstallation must be done in the Garden Wing as a result of this move. Many thanks.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: JBH	Series.Folder: I.3.26

AUG 13 1970

August 12, 1970

Memorandum

To John Hightower

From Elizabeth Shaw

Date

Re

In case you missed
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you were in
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weekend -

5 July 1970

Art

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of the President of the United States in
Southeast Asia. I suspect that the
Federal Bureau of Internal Revenue
would have similar reservations
regarding this action on the
part of your staff, which is
not quite as subtle as they
may pretend.

(over)

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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AUG 13 1970

August 12, 1970

224 East 50th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

5 July 1970

The Chairman
Board of Trustees
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd St.
New York, New York 10019

Dear Sir:

I have difficulty in finding the justification for a tax-exempt art museum's utilizing its premises for a poll of visitors' intentions of voting for the Governor of New York if he continues to support the policy of the President of the United States in Southeast Asia. I suspect that the Federal Bureau of Internal Revenue would have similar reservations regarding this action on the part of your staff, which is not quite as subtle as they may pretend.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.26

13 1970

I would appreciate word as to your intentions with respect to the continuation and use of this fall.

Sincerely yours,

Lucia W. Finlay

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	JBH	I.3.24

AUG 13 1970

August 12, 1970

Mr. Kynaston McShine
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

Dear Kynaston:

A few days ago I returned from abroad and had the opportunity to see the Information Show. I am not sure whether you will be back in New York before I leave for Europe in early September and for this reason I am writing you to congratulate you for this achievement. After reading several unfavorable reviews and hearing of contradictory reports from friends and acquaintances who have seen the Show I was rather apprehensive. After seeing it - and I have now been going through it twice - I can only say it is a most interesting, very timely, well edited and hung Show. It is in my mind in no way aggressive nor - and I think this is even more important - it is didactic or generally trying to push a message down one's throat.

I think it is very important for us in the Museum to have shows of this sort even if they are largely literary. This Information Show certainly shows what the artists, or at least a great number of them, are thinking today and what concerns them. I have seen attempts to do the same thing in different ways abroad but none of them have been even partly as successful as your Show.

I also liked the catalog and there too I want to congratulate you on its quality and interest. I also spoke to Dick Oldenburg about it since, I am sure, he too had quite a bit to do in getting it out in such good shape and on time.

I hope you are having an enjoyable and deserved vacation.

Very sincerely yours,

WB:ab

Walter Bareiss
60 E. 42 St.
N.Y. 10017

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.24

July 7, 1970

Miss Ann Garvey
1646 First Avenue
New York, New York 10028

Dear Miss Garvey:

Many thanks for your recent letter telling us how much you enjoyed our current Information Show.

Your suggestion concerning a changing exhibition of work by current unknown artists is a good one, and we appreciate your letting us know about it. It, and others similar to it, are ones we are now considering in order to make the Museum more meaningful to a greater number of people. I hope you will feel free to let us know if there are other ways in which you feel we can be involved.

Again, many thanks for your letter.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Elaine Naramore
Administrative Assistant

EHN:ms

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: JBH	Series.Folder: I.3.26

DRAFT

Dear

I've recently been elected a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art and I'm afraid they've already begun to put (the squeeze on me.) me to work. John Hightower, the Museum's young new director, who did such a wonderful job as Nelson Rockefeller's top man for the arts in New York State, making

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1646 FIRST AVE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
10028
July 5, 1970

Dear Museum People,

I liked your recent exhibit and especially dug Andy Warhol's quote. Why not act on it?

The ideal thing would be to intersperse non-established-artists work in with the permanent collection. This would get rid of the idea that only artists who have made it are any good. Perhaps a more realistic idea would be to keep a room reserved for community art. This exhibit could change weekly, to give as many people possible a chance to have their work viewed.

Sincerely,
Ann Garvey

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.26

DRAFT

Dear

I've recently been elected a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art and I'm afraid they've already begun to put (the squeeze on me.) me to work. John Hightower, the Museum's young new director, who did such a wonderful job as Nelson Rockefeller's top man for the arts in New York State, making the program the finest in the nation, called me to ask if I would help with a problem.

On the 30th of June the Museum is opening an exhibition on the use of communications technology by artists. The show is called "Information" and makes ingenious application of a wide range of audio-visual hardware. The problem is that 12 jack connector units, needed for a crucial part of the exhibition called Dial a Poem, are on order but it seems the units won't arrive in time for the opening under the normal 6 to 8 week delivery time.

If you can possibly do anything to speed delivery, I would be most appreciative. The person at the Museum for one of your people to contact is Mr. Kenneth O'Connell, at 956-7524.

With kind regards,

Gustave L. Levy

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.24

cc: Mr. Hightower
Mr. Green
Mr. Lieberman
Mr. Palmer
Mr. Hesse
Miss Lofting
Miss Kingsley
file

May 28, 1970

Mr. Murray D. Kirkwood
Vice President
Public Relations and Advertising
ITT World Communications
67 Broad Street
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Kirkwood:

I was extremely delighted to hear from Wilder Green of the generosity and cooperation of ITT World Communications. It has made an important part of the exhibition INFORMATION possible, and I am sure that the artists are also pleased as it will facilitate their projects. It promises to be an important and exciting exhibition and you can be assured that we shall do our utmost to provide the maximum publicity for your company both in the exhibition and in the catalogue, and in any other way possible. A more complete description of the exhibition than that given in our telegram to you is enclosed.

We do hope that you will be able to attend the opening of the exhibition on the evening of June 30th. The invitations will be mailed shortly. If there are any other officers of ITT whom you would like to have invited, please let me know.

Again, with my thanks and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Kynaston L. McShine
Associate Curator

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	JBH	I.3.24

cc: KMcS, JH, AK, WSL, CH, ES, RP, CF INFORMATION FILE

V+

MODERNART NYK

FTX0 9 651P EDT MAY 26 70 NE209

XNT2341 WR PDB NEW YORK NY 26 245P EST

WILDER GREEN, DIRECTOR OF EMHIBITION, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

(BON12) NYK

ITT WORLD COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE PLEASED TO COOPERATE WITH YOU IN YOUR QUOTE INFORMATION UNQUOTE SUMMER EMHIBITION X ONE OF OUR REPRESENTATIVES WILL CONTACT YOU TO ASCERTAIN POSITION WHERE EQUIPMENT WILL BE LOCATED AND ARRANGE FOR INSTALLATION OF LINES X WE WILL ALSO WISH TO SET UP SUITABLE BACKGROUND DISPLAY OF MODEST PROPORTIONS M PLEASE LET MET KNOW IF PROBLEMS DEVELOP

MURRAY D KIRKWOOD VICE PRESIDENT PUBLIC RELATIONS AND ADVERTISING ITT WORLD COMMUNICATIONS 67 BROAD STREET NEW YORK NY

(445).

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.24

cc: KMcS, JH, AK, WSL, CH, ES, RP, CF INFORMATION FILE

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YOU IN YOUR QUOTE INFORMATION UNQUOTE SUMMER EMHIBITION X ONE

OF OUR REPRESENTATIVES WILL CONTACT YOU TO ASCERTAIN POSITION

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MURRAY D KIRKWOOD VICE PRESIDENT PUBLIC RELATIONS AND ADVERTISING

ITT WORLD COMMUNICATIONS 67 BROAD STREET NEW YORK NY

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	JBH	I.3.24

CC - J. B. Hightower
B. Karpel
K. McShine
R. Oldenburg

To

Fr

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Re

Telefax **WESTERN UNION** Telefax

SENDING BLANK

CALL LETTERS _____ _____ CHARGE TO

ARTIST IAN BAXTER IN VANCOUVER AND OTHER ARTISTS WHO WILL BE EXECUTING PROJECTS IN THEIR COUNTRIES AND TRANSMITTING THE RESULTS VIA TELEX. STOP. THIS IS MOST ESSENTIAL TO CONCEPT OF EXHIBITION. STOP. MUSEUM WILL BE VERY HAPPY TO GIVE ITT WORLD COMMUNICATIONS PROMINENT CREDIT IN EXHIBITION AND CATALOG FOR LOAN OF EQUIPMENT.

WILDER GREEN
DIRECTOR OF EXHIBITIONS
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NYC

2 of 2

cc: KMcS, JH, RP, AK, CH, INFORMATION

Send the above message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

PLEASE TYPE OR WRITE PLAINLY WITHIN BORDER—DO NOT FOLD

1269—(R 4-55)

Telefax **WESTERN UNION** Telefax

SENDING BLANK

CALL LETTERS _____ FR _____ CHARGE TO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 WEST 53rd ST., NYC 5/22/70

MR. MURRAY KIRKWOOD
V.P. FOR PUBLIC RELATIONS
ITT WORLD COMMUNICATIONS
67 BROAD STREET, NYC

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART WOULD LIKE TO REQUEST LOAN OF TELEX TRANSMITTER/RECEIVER EQUIPMENT FROM ITT WORLD COMMUNICATIONS FOR USE IN MAJOR SUMMER EXHIBITION ENTITLED "INFORMATION" TO BE HELD FROM JUNE 15 THROUGH SEPTEMBER 30, 1970. STOP. EXHIBITION, WHICH IS INTERNATIONAL IN SCOPE AND INCLUDES WORK OF APPROXIMATELY 100 ARTISTS, TAKES A BROAD LOOK AT SEVERAL NEW ART DIRECTIONS INCLUDING INFORMATION TRANSMITTED THROUGH VARIOUS COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS. STOP. TELEX EQUIPMENT INSTALLED IN EXHIBITION GALLERY WILL BE USED TO RECEIVE REGULAR TRANSMISSIONS FROM CANADIAN

1 of 2

Send the above message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

PLEASE TYPE OR WRITE PLAINLY WITHIN BORDER—DO NOT FOLD

1269—(R 4-55)

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CC - J. B. Hightower
B. Karpel
K. McShine
R. Oldenburg

The Museum of Modern Art

To JUDY BLOOMGARDEN
GAY DETLEFSEN
JUDY GOLDMAN
BETTINA RAPHAEL

From William S. Lieberman

Date May 26, 1970

Re Information catalog: Lippard's "insert"

Congratulations for the fascinating compilation for Information. It's wild - a wonderful contribution. Lucy's idea is extraordinary and the entries seem to form a dialogue, an overheard conversation between Socrates and the Mad Hatter.

Salute and thanks, very much.

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CC - J. B. Hightower
B. Karpel
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The Museum of Modern Art

To John Hightower

From Wilder Green

Date May 18, 1970

Re INFORMATION Exhibition

Dear John:

This will confirm our conversation of this morning in which you advised me that you had authorized the expenditure of an additional $10,000 to $11,000 on the INFORMATION exhibition for, among others, the following specific portions of the show:

DIAL A POEM	$2,000
Oiticica environment	$3,000
Honorarium for artists approx. 60 @ $50	$3,000

Part of the sum would, I understand, also be used to cover a portion of the expense of the opening party.

Could you please let me know as soon as it is convenient if this additional sum should be added to our projected expense for the exhibition, which is in our fiscal 1970-71 budget (not the current year's), or if it is your intention instead to raise outside funds to cover it?

WG

cc: RK, WSL, CH, GM, RP, KMcS, file

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INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORPORATION

320 PARK AVENUE

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

EDWARD J. GERRITY, JR.
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT

MAY 18 1970

May 13, 1970

Mr. Wilber Greene
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Greene:

Mrs. Keaveny has passed on to me the information you have given her concerning the Museum's forthcoming Information Exhibition.

Unfortunately, we will be unable to make a financial gift or donation of equipment to this program.

As you can well imagine, we receive many more requests for support than we can possibly respond to favorably within the boundaries of our contributions budget.

One of the projects to which we are committed is the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Centennial Exhibition. We have pledged a sizeable sum to help underwrite the cost of the Museum's Masterpieces of the World exhibition, which will climax the centennial celebration. We therefore feel that we cannot take on an additional project in this area.

I am sure that you and your associates will understand that our decision in no way reflects a lack of appreciation for the Information Exhibition, but rather our inability to support all the deserving projects which are brought to our attention.

Sincerely,

E. J. Gerrity Jr.

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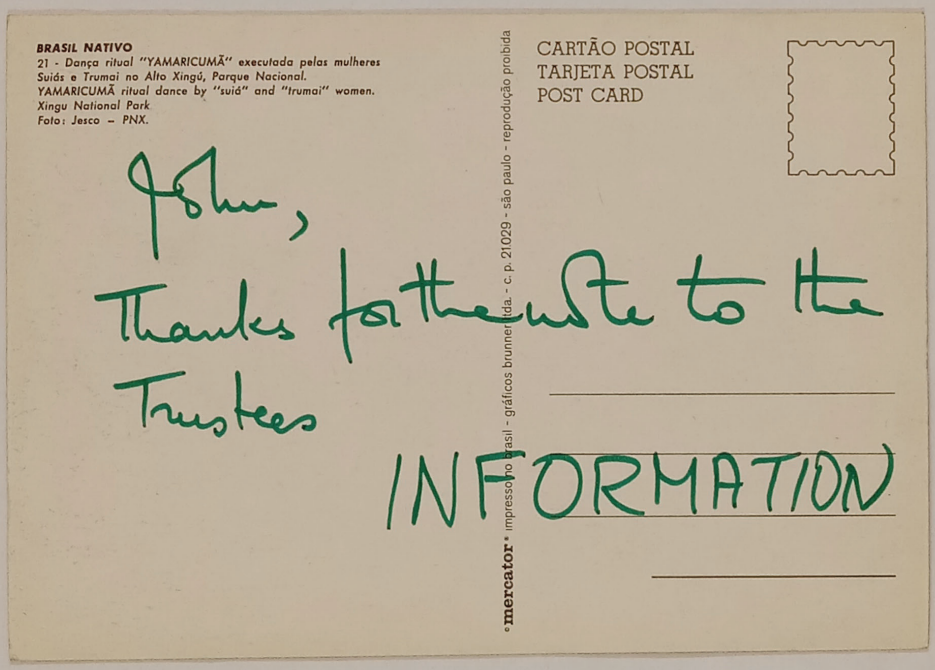

BRASIL NATIVO
21 - Dança ritual "YAMARICUMÃ" executada pelas mulheres Suiás e Trumai no Alto Xingú, Parque Nacional.
YAMARICUMÃ ritual dance by "suiá" and "trumai" women.
Xingu National Park
Foto: Jesco – PNX.

CARTÃO POSTAL
TARJETA POSTAL
POST CARD

John,
Thanks for the note to the Trustees

INFORMATION

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