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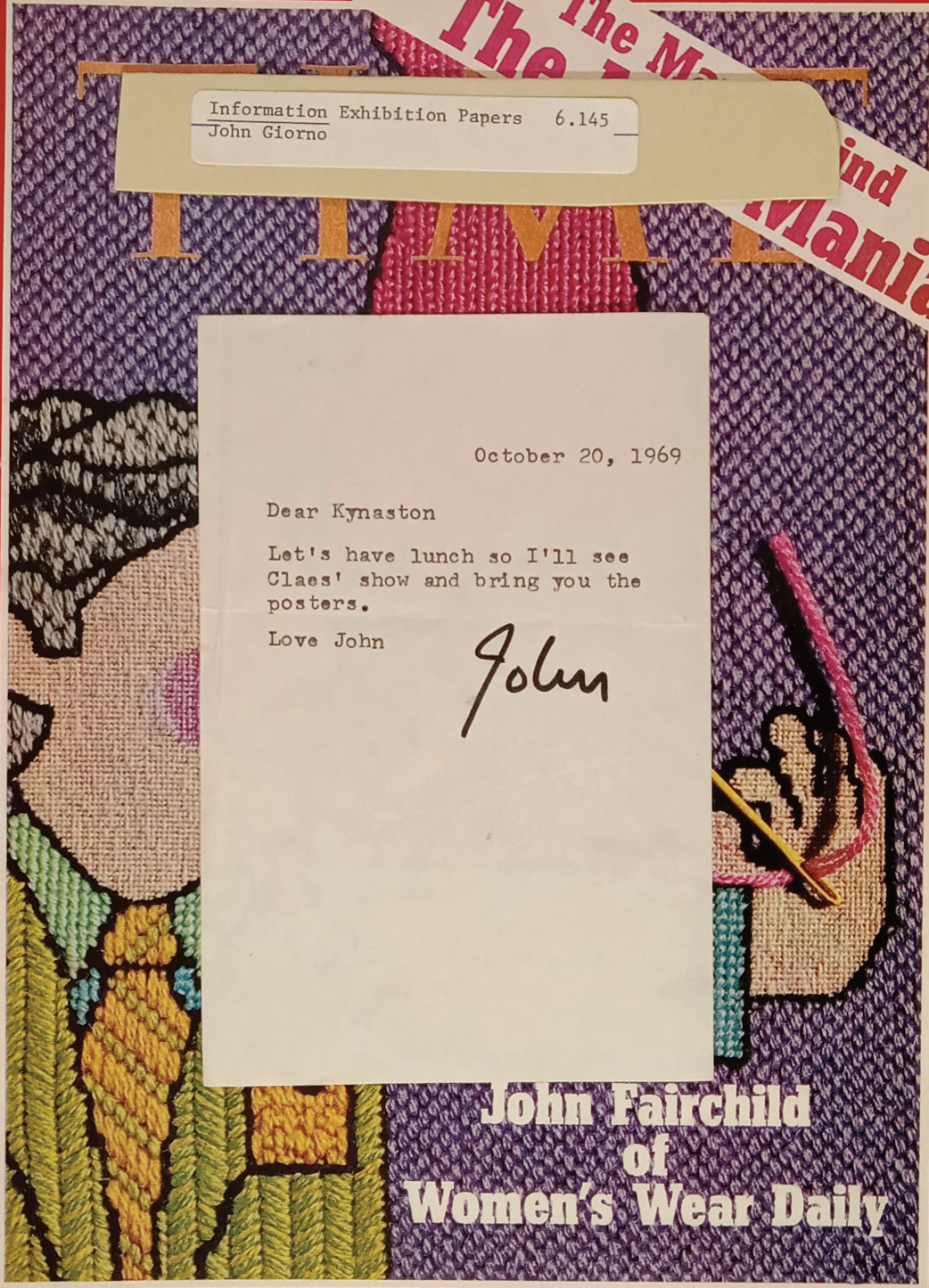
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FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 14, 1970



Information Exhibition Papers 6.145  
John Giorno

October 20, 1969

Dear Kynaston

Let's have lunch so I'll see  
Claes' show and bring you the  
posters.

Love John

John

John Fairchild  
of  
Women's Wear Daily

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FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 14, 1970

# The Man Behind The Midi Mania



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of  
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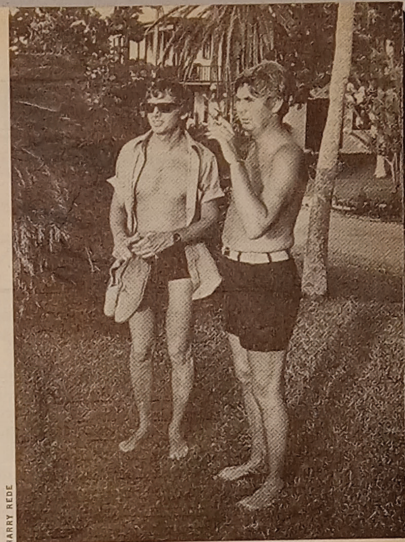
## A letter from the PUBLISHER

*Henry Luce III*

IN nearly six years as a correspondent for TIME, Peter Forbath has reported the civil war in Cyprus, the Viet Nam War, the Six-Day War in the Middle East and the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia. So it was with some trepidation that Forbath, now posted to the New York bureau, set out to help report this week's cover story on John Fairchild, publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* and ardent promoter of the controversial midskirt. "I'm rediscovering America," says Forbath. "I found the fashion world more alien to me than Africa, Southeast Asia or Eastern Europe."

Nonetheless, Forbath's task proved fascinating and enjoyable. "Fairchild is a journalist, so he recognizes journalists' problems," says Forbath—even though there was one major surprise. He had expected Fairchild to practice the swinging, trendy life-style that his paper promotes so assiduously. Not so. Forbath discovered that his subject "hardly seems to take the scene seriously." Indeed, Forbath followed Fairchild through a full week in Manhattan, then traveled to Bermuda to spend a weekend with him and his family at their seaside home. It was a happily low-key, relaxed few days. And Mrs. Fairchild, Forbath found, "is a delightful lady who spends surprisingly little money on clothes."

Further reportage came from Mary Cronin, Jill Kremenetz and Researcher Ingrid Michaelis, who interviewed store executives, Seventh Avenue manufacturers and fashion experts throughout New York City. The story was written by Edwin Bolwell and edited by Peter Bird Martin, both of whom learned a great deal from the experience. As Martin put it: "Doing a story like this makes you a lot more attentive



FORBATH & FAIRCHILD IN BERMUDA

to women, to see just what it is that makes them look attractive."

As the new school year gets under way, the Education section this week takes another long, thoughtful look at the campaign to desegregate the Southern school system. The story was written by Peter Stoler, researched by Gail Lowman and edited by Laurence Barrett. The bulk of the reporting fell to Atlanta Bureau Chief Joseph Kane and Correspondent Peter Range. Kane toured Mississippi and Tennessee, where he attended the opening of an elementary school, a junior high and two high schools, in one of which all the students were black and 80% of the teachers were white. Meanwhile Range was roaming the rural roads of Georgia, where he came upon an angry confrontation in the town of Sparta. In the Faulknerian courthouse, gun-toting black parents waited impatiently while the school board debated whether or not to open the schools on time. Eventually, the board decided to delay—and the blacks, bitter though they were, decided not to resort to gunplay. What they did do was unburden to Range the extent of their frustration—and hope.

The Cover: Needlepoint designed and stitched by Judy McGuggart.

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## ART

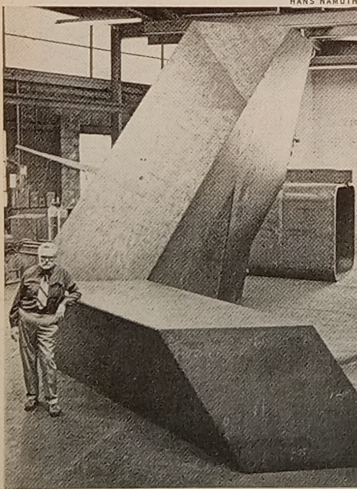
### Sculpture by Order

"You specify it; we fabricate it," boasted the Industrial Welding Co. on a sign flanking Newark's Ferry Street. Industrial had in mind smokestacks, chemical tanks and it gave an idea to Sculptor Tony Smith, who passed the sign whenever he drove from his home in South Orange, N.J., to Manhattan. So, one day eight years ago, he picked up the phone and ordered a sculpture.

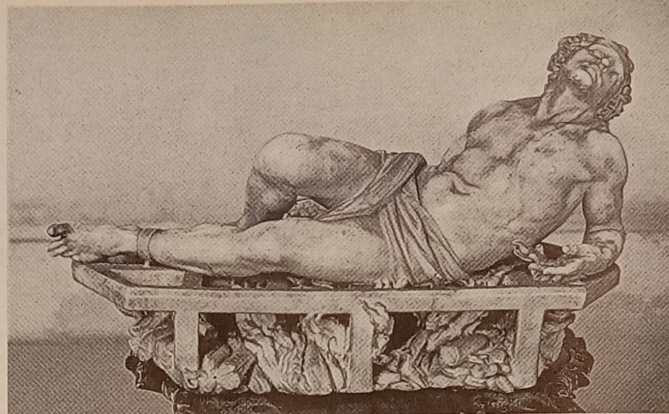
A sculpture? Well, nothing that Michelangelo would recognize as such. But Smith's sculptures lend themselves to both welding and telephoning. Smith's instructions were: "Build me a six-foot cube of quarter-inch hot-rolled steel, with diagonal internal cross bracing." Industrial complied, and over the next years produced a dozen pieces for Smith, following his phone instructions or alternatively, blueprints or models.

Since neither the sculptor nor anyone else sees the whole work until Industrial fabricates it, the factory finds itself a kind of later-day artist's studio, where the artist treats a work's completion like an unveiling. Last week Tony Smith was busy chauffeuring selected friends across the Hudson and through the back streets of Newark to the cement-block building where his new creation had taken final form—a 16-ft., six-ton steel structure called *The Snake Is Out*.

Nicknamed "Snake," the sculpture looms massive and masculine, dwarfing everything in sight. Built in two pieces, it has a manhole on the top for workmen to descend inside for repairs and dismantling. Wandering around the piece, Tony recalled with paternal pride



SMITH WITH "SNAKE"  
Nothing Michelangelo would recognize.



BERNINI'S "ST. LAWRENCE ON THE GRILL"  
Largest gift since the Medicis.

the day in 1962 when he completed the original 46-in. model. "As soon as I finished it, I realized the piece had a sense of movement, like a little dragon or a snake," he said. "Then I remembered John McNulty's short story *Third Avenue Medicine*, in which he describes how bartenders watch for a vein to protrude from a man's forehead. It's a warning. He's drunk too much, and the bartenders say 'The snake is out.'"

The plywood maquette sat on Smith's back porch for seven years until New York State commissioned the piece in steel for the new capital mall in Albany. The model went off to the fabricators, and not until one evening this summer did Smith see Snake again. On his way home for dinner, he peered in the factory's doorway and saw two huge pieces, one on the floor, the other hanging from a crane, hovering six inches over it. "They fitted together like a watch case," he remembers.

Snake's present incarnation is only temporary. Soon it will be dismantled and stored away for two years until the mall is ready. But if something should happen to the pieces, it would not be a total loss. Smith could just pick up the phone and order another "Snake." Industrial Welding could oblige.

### Sequestered Treasure

The façade that Florence's Palazzo Capponi presents to the street is tawny and severe. Unlike Germanic peoples, the Italians built their palaces with austere exteriors, content to have the opulence displayed within. But for the past 15 years, the Palazzo Capponi has defied from public gaze a greater treasure than most. Locked up there was the collection amassed by the late Count Alessandro Contini-Bonacossi. No outsider knew exactly what it contained and the only people with access to it were the dead count's heirs and a handful of their friends.

The collection has been sequestered

while the heirs haggled with the legal authorities about its status. Early this year, at long last, the dispute was finally resolved. The result was a bequest to the city of Florence of 15 ceramic plaques from the della Robbia workshop, 38 pieces of Tuscan Renaissance furniture, 43 prime specimens of majolica and Hispano-Moresque faience ware, twelve sculptures (capped by Bernini's small but superbly fashioned *St. Lawrence on the Grill*), and 35 paintings that any museum would be proud to own. Late this month they will go on display at the Pitti Palace in the apartments formerly set aside for the royal family on their ceremonial visits to Florence, thus meeting the heirs' condition that the works be displayed in a group, as if in a private home. The collection is the largest gift of art to a public museum in Italy since the vast Medici collections became state property 200 years ago.

From the Back. Not everybody agrees on the importance of the works. Part of the dissent is ideological. The count's title was bestowed on him by Mussolini after he made a politic gift of several statues and other art objects to the Castel Sant' Angelo in Rome. Part is sheer Italian snobbery. Contini-Bonacossi was the son of peasants, who made his fortune in South America by methods that are still muffled in obscurity. When he returned to Florence, he set himself up as an art dealer and put his collection together between 1900 and 1928.

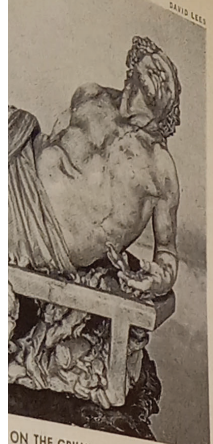
In those years, anything went. To eke out their meager stipends, parish priests could (and did) sell a 14th century *predella* out of the back door of their church for a few lire. The art market was full of floating masterpieces at whose origins dealers winked. The outstanding picture in the bequest, Sassetta's *Our Lady of the Snow*, is arguably the greatest surviving work by

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST  
by Giovanni del Biondo

TIME, SEPTEMBER 14, 1970



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**ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST**  
by Giovanni del Biondo

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THE MADONNA OF THE SNOWS  
by Il Sassetta



ST. JEROME IN THE DESERT  
by Giovanni Bellini



BIRTH OF ST. NICHOLAS  
by Paolo Veneziano

this unprolific Siensese master according to a spokesman "about \$1,500,000." But 60 years ago from the high church at Chiusi, near Siena, purchased later by Contini-Bonacossi. The importance of the collection has long been a source of controversy of its attributions (made by Roberto Longhi) are, in the language of art historians, "open to the view of some Italian experts." The collection ranks some distance from private and far older collections of the Doria, Colonna and other families in Rome, the Corsini family in Florence and the Contini-Bonacossi in Venice. Still, Professor Longhi, vice president of the Commissione delle Antichità e Belle Arti, firmly: "It is undoubtedly the finest collection of Italian Gothic and Renaissance art made after 1900." The bequest to Florence is particularly remarkable for its early-Renaissance works, of which all too few survive. The best among them is a *St. John the Baptist* by the early Florentine painter Giovanni del Biondo. The saint's forbidding mien reflects the pangs of religious doom that fell on Tuscany at the time of the plague, but his hands, feet implacably planted on the body of Herod, in symbol of triumph. With the gift of Contini-Bonacossi's *St. Jerome*, Florence was one of the half-dozen finest small cities to be seen anywhere in Italy. Every detail, from the folds of the robe to the squirrel on a branch behind him, was imagined and rendered by Bellini as the concrete signs of grace investing the world. Bellini died 20 years before Titian, but 100 years before him Paolo Veneziano demonstrated to Venetians, in works like *The Birth of St. Nicholas*, that paintings did not have to be as flat and hieratic as the Venetian style dictated, producing pictures with depth and visual drama that were their own particular authority. The "hassle" about the collection derives from the fact that the donor was intent on leaving a museum to himself in his own homeland. The state insisted on a home for itself. He died (in 1955) before the issue was settled, but in his will he stated that his heirs should find some way of giving part of his collection to the state. Negotiations between family and state dragged on for 14 years. Finally the deal is that the family's share will be sold outside Italy without any duties imposed on sales of Italian art abroad. The value of what the heirs have received should be immense. Not all of the collection has gone to Florence. The family is merely down to a pair of Titians, five or six Bellinis and a pair of Tiepolo ceilings. No one knows what price the art market will fetch, but it seems certain that no group of paintings like it will be on the market again for years.

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this unprolific Sieneese master and worth, according to a spokesman at Christie's, "about \$1,500,000." But it was stolen 60 years ago from the high altar of the church at Chiusi, near Siena, and purchased later by Contini-Bonacossi.

The importance of the collection has long been a source of controversy. Some of its attributions (made by the late Roberto Longhi) are, in the delicate language of art historians, "optimistic." In the view of some Italian experts the collection ranks some distance after other private and far older collections—those of the Doria, Colonna and Pallavicini families in Rome, the Corsini and Seristori in Florence and the Cini family in Venice. Still, Professor Mario Salmi, vice president of the Consiglio Superiore delle Antichità e Belle Arti, says firmly: "It is undoubtedly the finest private collection of Italian Gothic and Renaissance art made after 1900 in Italy."

The bequest to Florence is particularly remarkable for its early-Renaissance works, of which all too few survive. Of the best among them is a *St. John the Baptist* by the early Florentine master Giovanni del Biondo. The saint's grim, forbidding mien reflects the panic of religious doom that fell on Tuscany at the time of the plague, but the man stands, feet implacably planted athwart the body of Herod, in symbolic triumph. With the gift of Contini-Bonacossi's *St. Jerome*, Florence will have one of the half-dozen finest small Bellinis to be seen anywhere in Europe. Every detail, from the folds of the saint's robe to the squirrel on a branch behind him, was imagined and recorded by Bellini as the concrete signs of God's grace investing the world. Bellini came 50 years before Titian, but 100 years before him Paolo Veneziano demonstrated to Venetians, in works like *The Birth of St. Nicholas*, that paintings did not have to be as flat and hieratic as the Byzantine style dictated, producing pictures with depth and visual drama that have their own particular authority.

**Large Bite.** The hassle about the bequest derives from the fact that the count was intent on leaving a memorial to himself in his own homeland, but the state insisted on a large tax bite for itself. He died (in 1955) before the issue was settled, but in his will he directed that his heirs should find some way of giving part of his collection to the state. Negotiations between family and state dragged on for 14 years. Part of the deal is that the family's half could be sold outside Italy without the 30% duty imposed on sales of Italian treasures abroad.

The value of what the heirs have kept should be immense. Not all the cream of the collection has gone to Florence; the family is merely down to its last half-dozen Titians, five or six Bellinis, and a pair of Tiepolo ceilings. Nobody knows what price the art may eventually fetch, but it seems certain that no group of paintings like it will be seen on the market again for years.



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Wavy Gravy  
Allen Ginsberg  
Abbie & Anita Hoffman  
Jerry Rubin  
Alan Douglas  
Wynn & Sally Chamberlain  
John Giorno  
Walter & Peggy Boart  
Michael Kennedy  
Michal Standard  
Mr. & Mrs. James Coburn  
Jeno  
Mati  
Ed Sanders  
Caterine Milinaire  
Mr. & Mrs. Jaakov Kohn

Invite You to a  
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**COME TOGETHER**

at the Village Gate

Monday May 11, 1970 9:00 PM

— Heavy Musical Tribes —  
— Earth Food from Woodstock —  
for the Benefit of  
HOLDING TOGETHER, INC.  
a Fund for the Defense of

**TIM LEARY**

Imprisoned Without Bail  
in the State of California

\$25.00 per person. We must raise \$100,000.

This Party is a Beginning.

We Ask that You Search Your Soul  
and Your Heart to Give More if You Can.

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By Whom Taken	Date	Number
<i>Giorno —</i>		
<i>The Dial-A-Poem text</i>		
<i>panel on foam core</i>		
<i>used in the exhibition</i>		

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INFORMATION  
John Giorno

~~other arts~~

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Sound For The International Painting And Sculpture Show

THE MOVEMENT

by John Giorno

The following sound system would be set up in each gallery:

A tape recorder is connected to an amplifier. One end of a wire is attached to ~~the~~ one speaker outlet screw of the amplifier. The wire is run around the four walls of the room several times and attached to the other speaker outlet screw. When the tape recorder is turned on a sound field is created within the wires.

**EACH MUSEUM VISITOR IS GIVEN**

**an** earplug earphone ~~is~~ attached to a wire coil wrapped around a small wooden spool (one earphone wire to one end of the coil, the ~~second~~ wire to the other end). When the ~~visitor~~ visitor plugs ~~an~~ **the** earphone in his ear, he hears the sound field within the wires in the gallery.

The tapes would be of poets, artists, leaders and non-leaders who are involved in The Movement. From the United States the following people would be asked: William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seal, Abbie Hoffman, Taylor Mead, Anne Waldman. From France, Germany, Belgium etc: The Provos, student groups etc. Tapes can be gotten from South American student groups and artists, and from Africa and Vietnam. The people asked would be able to do anything they wanted, poems, speeches, diaries, writings or special workd.

Each gallery should have a separate system, so that the visitor moving from one to another will hear a different tape. The tapes would be changed daily, would be 1 1/2 hours in length and played continuously on an Ampex automatic-reverse tape recorder.

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The wires can be run along the base or ceiling of the walls, can be painted over and be somewhat unnoticable. The earphones are inexpensive (15¢ each per 100) and could be almost disposable, as well as being cleaned with alcohol after being used.

The object is a continuous sound system which the visitor may plug into or disconnect from whenever he wants.

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TRIBAL EVENTS

by John Giorno

for the garden of The Museum Of Modern Art during the International Painting And Sculpture Show.

Tribal Events would be on 3 different evenings taking place 2 weeks apart. For each evening 6 artists and poets would be invited to do pièces, performances or events simultaneously at various parts of the garden and terrace, continuously from 7 PM to 11 PM.

Some of the artists who would be asked are: Meredith Monk, Les Levine, Bob Rauschenberg, Yvonne Rainer could be asked to do a dance that lasted 4 hours, Allen Ginsberg, the Hare Krishna singers, Anne Waldman, Street ~~EXXX~~ Works, Max Neuhaus, Terry Riley, Steve Reich etc.

Other artists could be asked to show their 8 or 16 mm movies, possible ~~on the windows of the~~ rear projected on the windows of a darkened second floor.

The bar would be open.

The garden and terrace would be lit by 500 candles.

A special incense (strawberry, grape etc) by Suzanna would be burning in braigers.

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# GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS

## DIAL-A-POEM

### Mailing List of Poets

Vito Accenci  
102 Christopher St  
New York N Y

John Ashbery  
178 East 95th St  
New York N Y

Joe Brainard  
664 6th Avenue  
New York N Y

Bill Berkson  
107 East 10th St  
New York N Y

Ted Berrigan  
c/o Donna Dennis  
26 St. Mark's Place  
New York N Y

Michael Brownstein  
c/o Anne Waldman  
33 St. Mark's Place  
New York N Y

John Cage  
Gate Hill Road  
Stoney Point, N Y

Joe Ceravolo  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
65 Spruce St  
Bloomfield N Y

Jim Carroll  
c/o The Poetry Project  
St. Mark's Church  
2nd Ave & 10th Street  
New York N Y

Clark Coolidge  
48 Brenton Ave  
Providence, RI

Diane Di Prima  
1915 Oak Street  
San Francisco Calif

Kenward Elmslie  
104 Greenwich Ave  
New York N Y

Larry Fagin  
437 East 12th Street  
New York N Y

Dick Gallup  
54 East 3rd St  
New York N Y

Allen Ginsberg  
c/o Committee On Poetry  
Form  
RD 2 Cherry Valley N Y

Barbara Guest  
1148 5th Ave  
New York N Y

Abbie Hoffman  
114 East 13th Street  
New York N Y

David Henderson  
70 Park Terrace East  
New York N Y

Kenneth Koch  
278 West 4th St  
New York N Y

Gerard Malanga  
c/o Andy Warhol  
33 Union Square West  
New York N Y

Bernadette Mayer  
74 Grand Street  
New York N Y

Taylor Mead  
30 East 14th Street  
New York N Y

Joel Oppenheim  
463 West St  
New York N Y

Ron Padgett  
342 East 13th St  
New York N Y

Aram Saroyan  
21 Washington St  
Marblehead, Mass

Peter Schjeldahl  
113 Sullivan St  
New York N Y

Jerry Rothenberg  
600 W 163rd St  
New York N Y

Jackson MacLow  
965 Hoe Ave  
Bronx N Y

John Sinclair  
YIP  
1520 Hill St  
Ann Arbor Mich

Diane Wakoski  
c/o Yaddo  
Sarasota Springs N Y

Tony Towle  
100 Sullivan St  
New York N Y

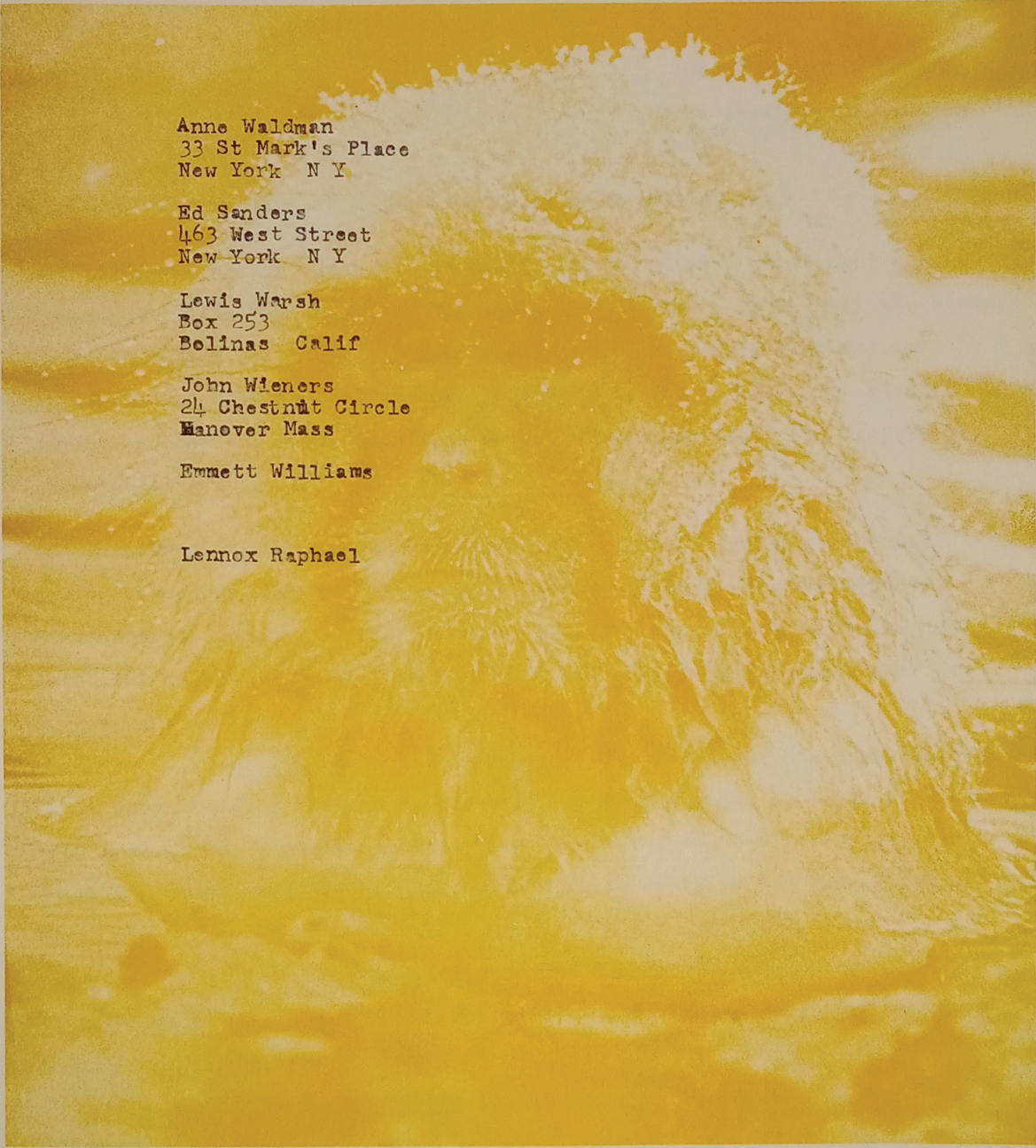
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## GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS



Anne Waldman  
33 St Mark's Place  
New York N Y

Ed Sanders  
463 West Street  
New York N Y

Lewis Warsh  
Box 253  
Belinas Calif

John Wieners  
24 Chestnut Circle  
Hanover Mass

Emmett Williams

Lennox Raphael

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## GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

For further information  
call: (212) WA 5 6372

GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS is a small business as a work of art.

Last November we went down to the County Clerk's Office at 60 Centre Street, filled out Doing-Business-As forms and paid 7 dollars. Each clerk who stamped or put his mark on the forms, said warily "What kind of a business is Giorno Poetry Systems?" As we were leaving a little old man with glasses shook our hand and said "Good luck on the new enterprise!" Our lawyers are incorporating it.

The purpose of GPS is to communicate poetry to people using television, radio, telephone, newspapers and other forms of media. We will produce environmental poetry readings, events, poster poems, window-curtain poems, matchbook poems and books. The following are some projects we have or are working on:

Dial-A-Poem at The Architectural League Of New York was tapes of 36 poets reading their works over 10 telephone lines. It began in January 1969 and ran for 5 months during which time 1,112,337 calls were received. We were discontinued because we couldn't raise money to pay our telephone bill.

Dial-A-Poem, Chicago at The Museum Of Contemporary Arts had 4 telephone lines, began in November 1969 and ran for 6 weeks during which time 31,063 calls were received.

Dial-A-Poem, Japan is scheduled to begin this Spring at Expo

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'70 in Osaka, Japan. There will be 20 lines, 10 for American poets and 10 for Japanese poets, operating on 2 telephone numbers.

Guerrilla Radio - Under FCC Low Power Transmission Regulations, one may broadcast on AM radio without a license, if one transmits below 100 MC over any free space on the dial. The distance is determined by the length of the antenna. Through underground newspapers we have asked people to set up their own radio stations and explained what equipment they need and how to go about it. We are trying to arrange for an exchange of tapes and information between the guerrilla stations. We broadcasted from the bell tower of St. Mark's Church.

Radio Free Poetry will be at The Jewish Museum for the Software Show in September 1970 and then will go to the Smithsonian in November. We will broadcast continuously inside the museum on AM and FM, 2 different programs of poets in The Movement, which will be picked up by museum visitors on transistor radios obtained at the front desk. Some of the poets are: Lennox Raphael, John Sinclair, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs. The programs will be changed daily.

GPS organized the Release Numbers at St. Mark's Church which were benefits by poets, artists and musicians to raise money for bail and lawyers fees for members of the community who were busted. For Release 3, John Sinclair Day on January 24th, everyone across the country was asked to get together their people and give a benefit for John Sinclair and all political prisoners. In San Francisco there was a giant poetry reading with Gary Synder, Michael McClure and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. In Detroit on January 24th & 25th, all the local bands and all the local bands that had become nationally known performed: MC 5, Shakey Jake, Mitch Ryder/Detroit Wheels, Rationals, Stooges etc. The Release Numbers were tribal events by poets, artists and musicians ritually performing and celebrating being alive.

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John Giorno is changing his name to Giorno Poetry Systems. Giorno will be his first name, Poetry his middle name and Systems his last name.

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## GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS

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### THROW AWAY YOUR GLASSES

Everyone everywhere is invited to act in a communal event by throwing away their eyeglasses and digging what they see. Sight without glasses will take you on a life trip. You will develop another kind of sight. We think that glasses are a hang up, a wall of glass. You will use the powers of your other senses to communicate. You will hear and smell and see and touch and get into it, rather than just look at.

The following is testimony from people who have thrown them away:

One near-sighted friend said "I see spots, sometimes red creeps in from the sides. It's all transparent, a red glow. No definite lines. Bodies move as if they're floating because you can't see where the earth and the feet come together."

Another who had not worn them for a week, said "Yeah, I walk into a room and recognize people across the room even though I can't see them. I recognize people I know well. I sense them."

A near-sighted chick said "I see someone across the room washing dishes, but I don't particularly know who it is. I see hair and a T-shirt... Furniture disappears in the walls and that's nice... Painting's are all abstract... Sex disappears. A body is a body." The chick's old man said "Your face looks much more serene, because you're not trying to see me." The chick said "I know you're there."

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A 19-year-old guitarist said "Everything looks fuzzy. Yeah, it's nice... I take off my glasses to relax."

Another said "Everything has a bright fuzzy halo around it, orange to indigo but dimmer than the prism in the bevel of plate glass."

And another said "It's like being in a constant state of molecular action. You see particles of matter... A yellow haze a few feet out in front."

Get high, throw away your glasses. Get rid of them even if you have to hold your newspaper up to your nose. Take a new look at art. Take them off with someone else. See each other and touch each other and put your heads together and dig each other. Take them off, put them in the garbage and what do you see.

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## GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS

For Immediate Release

### ECOLOGY DAY

April 22, 1970

Mail a dead rat to: Governor Nelson Rockefeller  
Ponticanto Hills  
North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mail a dead fish to: Vice President Spiro Agnew  
Washington, D.C.

Mail a bottle of beef blood to: President Richard Nixon  
The White House  
Washington, D.C.

Mail dead mice to: Judge Julius Hoffman  
The Federal Building  
Chicago, Illinois

Mail a beef liver to: Judge John Murtagh  
100 Centre Street  
New York, N. Y.

Mail your roaches to: Mayor John Lindsay  
Gracie Mansion  
New York, N. Y.

Mail a cow's heart to: Attorney General John Mitchell  
Department Of Justice  
Washington, D.C.

Mail a calf's brain to: Dr. Frank Stanton, President  
CBS  
51 West 52nd Street  
New York, N. Y. 10019

Mail beef lungs to: Anthony Luce, President  
Con Edison  
4 Irving Place  
New York, N. Y.

Mail pig's feet to: Governor Ronald Reagan  
The Capitol  
Sacramento, California

Wrap a dead fish in this newspaper and send it to Agnew. Go to the supermarket, buy a liver and send it to Judge Murtagh. Mail a rat to Rockefeller. And if the mails are slow, let it rot.

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DIAL-A-POEM

by Giorno Poetry Systems

at The Museum Of Modern Art

Vito Hannibal Acconci	Abbie Hoffman
John Ashbery	David Henderson
Joe Brainard	Kenneth Koch
Bill Berkson	Dick Gallup
Ted Berrigan	Gerard Malanga
Michael Brownstein	Bernadette Mayer
William Burroughs	Taylor Mead
John Cage	Joel Oppenheim
Joe Ceravolo	Frank O'Hara
Jim Carroll	Ron Padgett
Clark Coolidge	Aram Saroyan
Eldridge Cleaver	Peter Schjeldahl
Kathleen Cleaver	Jerry Rothenberg
Diane Di Prima	Jackson MacLow
Kenward Elmslie	Lennox Raphael
Larry Fagin	John Sinclair
Dick Gallup	Bobby Seale
Allen Ginsberg	Tony Towle
Giorno Poetry Systems	Diane Wacowski WAKOWSKI
Brion Gysin	Anne Waldman
Barbara Guest	Lewis Warsh
Lenore Kandel	John Wieners
	Emmett Williams

45 Poets      12 Different Lines      Changed Daily

Put a poem in your home. Or on the subway, on the street  
in your office (if you work), or anywhere. Reach out,  
call us and we will fill you or empty you.

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**Loan Agreement The Museum of Modern Art** 11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

White copy to be retained by lender

EXHIBITION:

I N F O R M A T I O N

The Museum of Modern Art, New York - June 30 through September 20, 1970

LENDER: Mr. John Giorno

ADDRESS: Giorno Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, New York, New York

Exact form of lender's name for exhibition label and catalog: \_\_\_\_\_

NAME OF ARTIST: John Giorno

TITLE OF WORK: 4 SILKSCREEN POEMS

MEDIUM OR MATERIALS: 4 silkscreens

DATE OF WORK: 1970 Does date appear on work? yes Where? on back

SIGNATURE: Is the work signed? yes Where? on back

SIZE: Painting, drawing, etc. (without frame or mat): Height \_\_\_\_\_ Width \_\_\_\_\_  
Sculpture (without pedestal): Height \_\_\_\_\_ Length \_\_\_\_\_ Approximate weight \_\_\_\_\_

FRAMING: Is the work framed? \_\_\_\_\_ If necessary for the exhibition, may we reframe or remat your work? frame, (no mat)  
May we substitute plexiglas for glass? \_\_\_\_\_  
(All works will of course be returned to the lenders in their original frames and mats unless other arrangements are made with the Museum in writing.)

CATALOG AND PUBLICITY: Where can the Museum obtain photographs of this work for catalog reproduction and publicity? (If known, please indicate photograph and negative number) \_\_\_\_\_  
May the Museum reproduce this work in its publications and for publicity purposes in connection with this exhibition? \_\_\_\_\_  
May this work be used for telecasts for publicity or educational purposes? \_\_\_\_\_ May slides of it be made and distributed by the Museum and its designees for educational use? \_\_\_\_\_

INSURANCE (See conditions on reverse of this loan agreement): Insurance value of work (U.S. currency): \$ 400  
(Insurance value cannot exceed selling price, if any).  
Do you elect to maintain your own insurance? \_\_\_\_\_ If so, what is estimated cost of insurance premium? \_\_\_\_\_

SELLING PRICE (U.S. currency): \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (See conditions regarding handling charges on reverse of this loan agreement.)

SHIPPING: Recommended procedure: Our Registrar's office will be in touch with you soon to make all the necessary arrangements for picking up the work and getting it here.

Return - await your instructions.

(Unless the Museum is notified to the contrary by writing before the close of the exhibition, the work will be returned to the lender's address given above.)

SIGNED: John Giorno Date: 5/28/70  
(Name of lender or authorized agent) OWE 6/1/70

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## DIAL-A-POEM, MOMA (SCHEDULE)

	956	7032	7033	7034	7035	7036	7037	7040	7041	7074	7075	7076	7077
9/6 SUN	DI PRIMA 12	D'HARA 6	WILLIAMS 1	CLEAVER 10	HOFFMAN 7	GYSIN 7	SAROYAN 12	BERRIGAN 13	n	n	DI PRIMA 12	n	n
9/7 MON	GINSBERG 2	KANDEL 3	SEALE 6	WALOMAN 1	DORN 2	NEFF 5	SINCLAIR 10	GUEST 4	n	n	n	SEALE 6	n
9/8 TUES	BURROUGHS 17	HOFFMAN 15	KATHLEEN CLEAVER 6	SEALE 5	GINSBERG MANTRA 5	CAGE 6	MAYER 3	WAKOSKI 1	BURROUGHS 17	GINSBERG MANTRA 5	n	n	n
9/9 WED	WALOMAN 11	GINSBERG 8	DI PRIMA 2	NEFF 8	SEALE 9	BRAINARD 5	ELMSLIE 1	SAROYAN 1	n	n	DI PRIMA 7	n	n
9/10 THURS	CAGE 5	BURROUGHS 26	SEALE 12	KATHLEEN CLEAVER 9	KANDEL 10	SINCLAIR 13	BROWNSON 3	MAGANNA 2	BURROUGHS 26	n	n	KATHLEEN CLEAVER 9	n

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# NEWS

## THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

FORTY-ONE EAST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021

628-4500

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE  
JANUARY 8, 1969  
FOR POEMS, PLEASE DIAL  
(212) 628-0400

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION  
PLEASE CONTACT:  
Joanne Lupton  
(212) 628-4500

JOHN GIORNO'S "DIAL-A-POEM" TO BE SPONSORED BY THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

Marcel Duchamp once said "What I really want to do, is send art over the telephone." John Giorno, a pioneer in the area of electronic and theatrical poetry presentations, has arranged to do just that. As of January 15, anyone, anywhere in the world, will be able to dial (212) 628-0400 and listen to a two minute pre-recorded poem by Bill Berkson, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, David Henderson, Taylor Mead, Ron Padgett, John Perreault, Ed Sanders, Peter Schjeldahl, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, Emmett Williams, or John Giorno. The telephone number will be connected by six lines to an equal number of automatic-answering sets, each containing one taped poem. The poems will be changed daily and will be available at any time, 24 hours a day, for two months.

Mr. Giorno, who conceived of "Dial-A-Poem" while dialing the weather, sees it as "a continuous poetry reading extending the poets' work through technology to a huge audience all over the world. The use of the telephone as a new form of 'publication' is an opportunity for the poets to achieve world wide exposure and for their poetry to be heard rather than just read." John Perreault, one of the recorded poets, and the organizer of last year's highly successful mixed media poetry series at The Architectural League agrees that: "Poetry is not, should not,

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"DIAL-A-POEM"  
PAGE TWO

and cannot be confined to the printed word."

"Dial-A-Poem" is also a unique opportunity for the general public to become exposed to some of the best of the new poetry without buying a book or subjecting themselves to a sense-deadening lecture hall situation. Having poetry available merely by picking up a phone makes the "art experience" an integral part of life rather than separate from it. "By using new media and technology", Mr. Giorno says, "I have attempted to create environments in which the audiences have sense experiences that enable them to become more involved and responsive to the poetry."

The poets who were selected to participate in this communal audio experience represent a broad view of the various types of new poetry: concrete poetry, found poetry, black poetry, New York School, Chance poetry, and literalism.

"Dial-A-Poem" continues The Architectural League's series of new and experimental events, dealing with all aspects of contemporary life. It was made possible by a J. Clawson Mills Grant from the League. John Lobell, the League's current work chairman, feels that "works of art at this level will be responsible for our eventual comprehension of the effects of new technologies on our lives."

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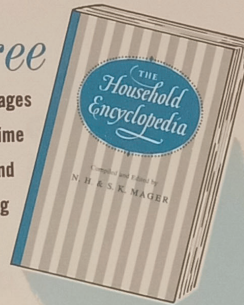
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Dial A Poem  
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GP  
DC14

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This booklet comes to you with an introduction to a New York Life Plan that guarantees money for your family's future security. Money for education. For your retirement. For many uses that may be important to you and yours in the years ahead.

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Sincerely,

Vice President

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## GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS

### The Bread Strike

Go on a bread strike. Stop eating bread until they end the Asian War, free Bobby Seale, Tim Leary, John Sinclair and all political prisoners, and repeal the laws against marijuana.

A consumer strike. An embargo on bread. Everyone stop eating bread and watch the warehouses fill up with poisonous white bread and the bakeries cut production and the surplus of flour builds in the Mid-West and the farmers freak out and the flour mill and farm machinery stocks with lower earnings plunge on Wall Street. Bread is law and order.

Stop consuming plastic white bread and watch the graneries bulge with golden American wheat. Support a wheat glut with a sanction against bread.

If they don't stop the war, free all political prisoners and the 300,000 kids in jail across the country on drug charges, extend the strike to all flour products. Give the wheat surplus to the hungry people in the third world.

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# CULTURE HERO

A FANZINE OF STARS OF THE SUPER WORLD

VOLUME I, NUMBER 2, NEW YORK, N.Y.

75c OUTSIDE NYC: **35c**



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# CULTURE HERO

A FANZINE OF STARS OF THE SUPER WORLD

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 MICHAEL MCCLANTHAN-CULTURE HERO OF THE MONTH - JOY BANG  
 VITAMINE G ..... JOHN GIORNO  
 SUPERSEX: MARRIAGE IN THE 70'S ..... JOHN AND MIMI LOBELL

Photo Credits

Jane Nodland  
 Norman Seeff  
 Anne Waldman  
 Billy Sullivan  
 Andy Warhol  
 Van Schley  
 Jim Cox

Culture Hero Fan Club News

If you would like to join the John & Mimi Lobell Super Sex Fan Club send \$1.00 to Culture Hero, 119 Bowery, New York, N.Y. 10002. We'll send you a beautiful 8x10 glossy of John & Mimi suitable for framing plus occasional bulletins on their future activities.

Dear C.H.,

Here is a quarter. Please enroll me in the Joy Bang Fan Club and send me a "beautiful 8x10 glossy of Joy (suitable for framing [framing?]), a copy of her astrology chart and occasional bulletins on Joy's new commercials and films." (As per offer in Vol. 1 No. 1). You are a genuinely fab fan rag mag and I look forward to many future issues of innovative photography, etc. (Your Craig-Claiborne-ing of T.V. dinners was awful neat-and much needed!)

Send 8x10 glossies & other stuff to:

Frank Hu  
 49 E 12 St., apt. 506  
 NY, NY 10003

Dear Sir:

With regard to the Culture Hero Contest, I'd say that the man is a priest preparing to conduct a hip religious ceremony. Picture 6 brings out his priestly character especially clearly.

Sheldon Kiszner  
 Fifty Tonnell Avenue  
 Jersey City, N.J. 07306

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# AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE OF PORNO

C. DREIFUS

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE OF PORNO: ALBERT I

By Claudia Dreifus

At thirty-two, Al Goldstein stands out as a remarkable example of the American Dream. Goldstein, the tycoon-like head of the SCREW Publishing Empire, a man well on his way to making his first million, began his pornographic career as a graduate of P.S. 16 and a drop-out from Pace College. During his work life, which he describes as "one unending chain of failure," Goldstein held jobs as a night photographer for the NEW YORK DAILY MIRROR, a pitchman at the Belgian Village of the New York World's Fair, a life insurance salesman, and as an anti-union spy for the Bendix Corporation. After Bendix, Goldstein developed a hernia and went on welfare.

Yes, his is a true American success story. For only in America can a poor boy from Forest Hills with a hernia work his way from welfare to millions by hawking pornography. We spoke with him shortly after the first anniversary of his gold-mine SCREW to find out if success and riches had truly spoiled Al Goldstein. They had.

CD: WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO GO INTO PORN, PERVERSION AND SMUT?

AG: Basically, I went into the field to fill a need. Both Jim Buckley and I (Jim is my gay-looking partner-in-crime) felt that there was a great sexual frontier that no newspaper dared cover. PLAYBOY and its imitators were seventeen years out of date; the NATIONAL ENQUIRER and the rest of the sex and sadism rags were more sadism than sex; and it just seemed like there was no journalistic respectability to the perverse search.

CD: THE PERVERSE SEARCH?

AG: Well, it was my feeling that there was a whole city filled with people like Dean Latimer—all of whom were hungrily looking for jerk-off material that wouldn't humiliate them. It struck me that these people should have a newspaper of their own. I really consider myself of the same type. I mean the point is that there is a generally negative connotation to anyone who is interested in either solitary sex or who wanted to get laid without the concomitant values of love and marriage—and the rest of that bullshit.

I'm really proud of the fact that I started SCREW. I really think it was the bravest thing I ever did in my whole life. But at the time, my analyst thought I had really flipped out.

CD: WELL, SCREW IS NOW OVER A YEAR OLD AND EVIDENTLY A GREAT SUCCESS. HOW DOES YOUR FAMILY TAKE TO YOUR BEING THE PORNO KING OF NEW YORK?

AG: Well, my mother really thinks that SCREW is great. She gives it out at her office. You should have seen her at

SCREW's first anniversary party. She was clad in her Forest Hills mink, with her diamonds, taking in the whole scene. My father couldn't believe that nearly a thousand people had come to a party for us. To him, the big turnout was a real sign of success. So, I had to tell him 'Dad, every person here is costing me two dollars!' I made a big point of telling my father that Huntington Hartford had come to the party. That impressed Dad. But it didn't impress me much. Yeah, Hartford walked out with the topless model with the hard tits that had been sent as a birthday present for me.

CD: HORNY GUY—HUNTINGTON HARTFORD.

AG: Yeah. I think that was a low thing. From now on I'm going to shop at Gristede's.

CD: WHY DO YOU THINK YOU ARE A CULTURE HERO?

AG: I've been arrested three times. Put it this way: if Paul Krassner is a Culture Hero and he hasn't been arrested in eleven years and I've been arrested three times in thirteen months, I think that makes me about 33 times more Culture Hero than Paul. I'm a Culture Hero because I risked arrest and wagered my fortune to prove that a Jewish boy from Queens doomed to mediocrity could really get beyond his heredity and crash through on a fluke.

CD: WELL, IT CERTAINLY IS A SIGN OF SUCCESS WHEN A WASP LIKE HUNTINGTON HARTFORD BOTHERS TO SHOPLIFT YOUR BIRTHDAY PRESENT. BUT ASIDE FROM THAT ONE INCIDENT, WHAT ELSE CAN YOU POINT TO AS A VISIBLE SIGN OF YOUR SUCCESS?

AG: I have a 1970 car—with all those fantastic gadgets. It's incredible with air conditioning, electronic windows, hi-fi stereo and everything. I'm thinking of having a telephone installed in it. You know, I've never owned a new car before. Second, I'm fat again. But that's not important to me anymore.

CD: BETWEEN THAT CAR AND YOUR FAT, YOU'RE SOUNDING MORE AND MORE LIKE ALBERT GOLDFINGER, THAN AL GOLDSTEIN.

AG: GOLDFINGER—mnnn—I like that. Think of the like that. Think of the perversions... Anyway about being fat, sure I'd like to be thin because it would make me a better lay in bed, but it's not necessary because girls who go out with me because of SCREW or because of the connotation of the celebrity thing—well, it doesn't matter to them. They just want to fuck me so that they can tell their girlfriends about it and it doesn't matter to them whether I'm fat or thin.

CD: HAVE YOU BECOME A HOT NUMBER WITH THE GROUPIES?

AG: Groupies do seek me out at parties. But I did get my cock pulled—eh—molded last week. That's a big status symbol in the chick, groupie-world. This chick, Nancy, she works at Max's

Kansas City and she's a cock molder. Honestly, she charges \$45 for non-celebs.

CD: SHE CHARGES???

AG: Well, yeah. But, she does it in Lucite! And it certainly was fun. And afterwards she put the mold on display at the Gallery of Erotica. They put my cock right along side Jim Buckley's cock. But Jim's was bigger than mine so I insisted that our names not be put on to identify us. So, there are two cocks sitting at the Gallery of Erotica labeled "SCREW Publishers" and nothing else. Having your cock molded in clear Lucite is really a fantastic status symbol.

CD: FOR ALL THOSE VOYEURS OUT IN CULTURE HERO-LAND, WHY DON'T YOU DESCRIBE WHAT THE COCK-MOLDING WAS LIKE?

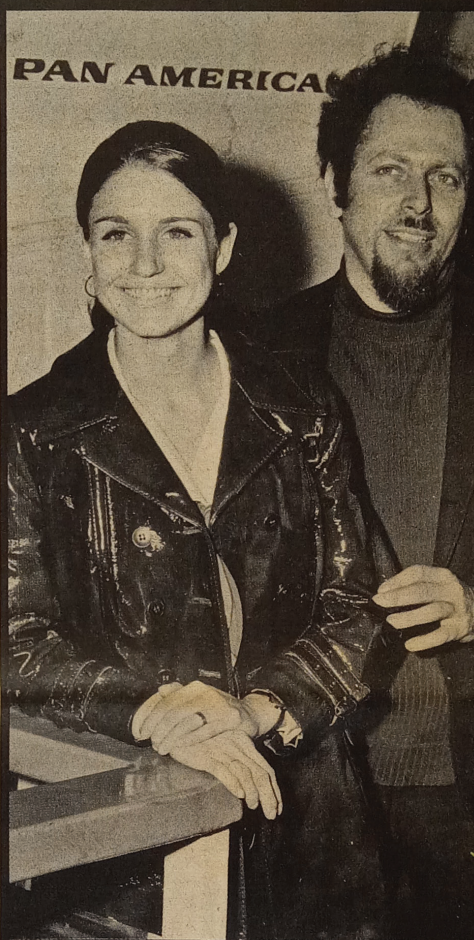
AG: It was really interesting. You sort of get a hard-on. Nancy told me enact any fantasy I wanted to. So, we were sucking and kissing. Nancy was blowing in my ear. I was sucking on her tits. It was a lot of fun. I finally got a hard on, and she poured the plastic on. We just continued our extended foreplay to keep the cock hard. And then, to lose the hard-on—so that they could get the plastic off, Nancy told me to think of "old men's legs." Well, my hard on just didn't go down. Maybe old men's legs really turn me on. But looking at my cock, with that white plastic thing around it—it looked so ludicrous that the whole thing shriveled to nothing. Yeah, that was fun and you gotta admit that is a BIG status symbol.

CD: NOW THA YOU ARE A FAVORITE WITH PARTY-GROUPIES AND COCK MOLDERS, DO YOU FIND THAT YOU HAVE MANY WOMEN CALLING YOU WITH OFFERS OF THEIR BODIES?

AG: I do get a lot of calls. But mostly from chicks that just want to talk dirty and do nothing else. But the thing is that I'm still horny enough to want to talk with them—just on the chance. By the way, if anyone out there is interested in more than talk, the number is 989-1660. If a woman answers, hang up!

CD: HOW DOES YOUR WIFE MARY TAKE TO YOUR BEING A SEX HERO TO HUNDREDS OF HUNGRY WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE CITY? I MEAN, I KNOW MARY, AND I WOULD THINK SHE WOULD HAVE SOME OBJECTIONS TO YOUR FUN AND GAMES WITH THE GROUPIE SCENE—NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT YOU CONSTANTLY INTRODUCE HER TO STRANGERS AS YOUR MISTRESS AND NOT YOUR WIFE.

AG: She's been an absolute shit. And you know Claudia, I kind of blame you for that. You and all your talk about "women's liberation." Now she's really acting up. I mean, she even tried to censor SCREW last week. There was one section where I said that my new sex goddess was Faye Dunaway. I left the



original copy at home. Well, dig it: she crossed out Faye Dunaway's name and put in her own! Man, that woman certainly doesn't know her place! Luckily, I caught the thing while proof reading copy at the printers. But I had a fit. I wanted to kill her. Lucky for her she was flying at the time. (Mrs. Goldstein is a stewardess—CD) And when she got back, she was so GOD-DAMNED proud of herself. She just glowed with delight. I just couldn't believe that she would ever rise in that kind of rebellion.

CD: SO GROUPIES, AS A STATUS SYMBOL, DO HAVE THEIR DRAWBACKS?

AG: They sure do. But seriously, ever since SCREW started, my life has been fantastic. It's the one brave thing I ever did in my life and I really respect myself for it. I mean two years ago, I was on Welfare and before that I was spying on working people for the Bendix Corporation. I was just a whore, a real whore. Just a no one—no where. Nothing really good ever happened to me until I saw an ad in the VOICE for somebody to write for one of those sex and violence rags. So, I went to this

interview and was asked to write a story to justify this with the following headline: "GIRL GIVES BIRTH TO PUPPIES!" I wrote this really fantastic story, but I still didn't get the job. The next week, there was another ad in the VOICE, so I tried again. Turned out that the guy who had rejected me had been fired and there was this new editor, Lester Grady, formerly of CONFIDENTIAL. He liked me and I was hired. That lasted ten months till I was fired and then I started SCREW with Jim Buckley. We've come to the point now where I have nineteen men working under me and where we've had to rent two whole floors of office space to accommodate the paper. Sometimes I can't believe it.

CD: SO NOW THAT YOU HAVE EVERYTHING: RICHES, EMPIRE, COCK-MOLDS, HUGE AUTOMOBILES WITH GADGETS, GROUPIES, CRANK CALLS, AND A DISGRUNTLED WIFE, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO NEXT?

AG: Well, I've been thinking about it and I've decided to buy you.

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## TRIAL NOTES

ANNE WALDMAN

SOME (PERSONAL) NOTES  
ON THE OPENING OF THE  
CHICAGO CONSPIRACY  
TRIAL

Anne Waldman

Sunday, Sept. 21, 1969

Wake up it's 9:30 & you're supposed to be at the East Side Air Terminal at this very moment! Wake up! Get packed, get ready, get going. Take dope along? Certainly not! A swift cab ride. Whew, not too late. Half-fare card "trip" (I'm over 21) Wendy, Abbie Hoffman's secretary (terrific booming voice Florida blond actress), has already taken care of, so NO HASSLES. Ride in Yippie wagon with Arthur & others to airport. Meet Abbie & Anita & boxes of bright red World Series of Injustice paraphernalia & John Giorno with 5,000 colored candles. Shakers, buttons, caps, plastic baseball bats outta sight. Giant send-off committee. Wynn Chamberlain, Karen Edwards, Daria, Dennis. On our way. Slight uptight vibrations from airport personnel. When you're being followed you know you're being followed. It's so obvious. Incredible. John Giorno, Mike (Brownstein) & I stick together, get on plane. Girl reporter with UHER from Canada in sari (bare mid-drift) asks us what we think? out the window, gaze... feel stoned... eat-chicken? on the verge of sleep... but we're getting there... 12 of us in one piece. Take a pill. Go up...

Giant reception from Chicago Yippie Chapter. Cheerleaders do a dance & cheer & toss empty colored bullet shells on the large number of police surrounding us. Cops surprisingly casual though one is "blinded" it's reported later (doubt it). Incredible MEDIA present. Inquiring reporters, huge TV cameras, microphones, tossing about in the shuffle. Abbie launches with glee into delightful madman rap: "World Series of Injustice: Chicago Conspiracy versus the Washington Kangeros." "We're going to make Chicago into the People's Park of the World!" "Judge Hoffman thinks I'm his illegitimate son—he's crazy! He needs some Geritol for his tired blood and we've brought him some" (produces giant bottle of Geritol) Abbie's a gas to watch in action. Endless speedy quips:

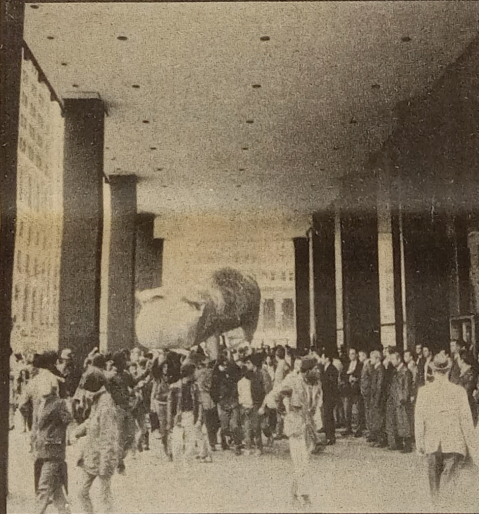
Cop: Where you going first Abbie?

A: To have a drink with the mayor.

His final blast into the microphone before we leave the building:

"fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck..."

A wait outside the terminal. Reporters, plainclothesmen, cops all over the place. Gretchen (key Chicago figure) finally pulls up in bus. Hash. Twenty minutes later into the City. Giant strategy meeting at G's. Plans of action. Abbie full of ideas, in command, needs extensions to carry them out—like Andy (Warhol). An artist, leader, ball of fire. Our concern: Where to have candlelight procession? Do we need a permit? How to get a sound system? Study out the



park, the Federal Building etc. Divide into groups. Guerrilla Theatre. Organizers. Followers. A lot of work to be done. Plans for giant rally opening day. Witches. Music. etc... Where's Ed Sanders? Can we help start a daily publication? talk talk... John, Mike & I wonder where to stay? Call Lorenz Gude (famed "C" magazine publisher who lives way across town) & costs us 5 dollars to get to him by cab through rich & powerful Chicago City. A lovely wife & two lovely kids. Chinese food to go for dinner. Talk of poetry scene, people etc. He feels very paranoid about Chicago & not even involved politically. "Vibrations". John calls Lewis (Warsh) in NYC to ask him to bring "Johnny Guitar" tape when he comes on Tuesday. Things taking shape, but still where to spend the night? Feel we should be closer to the action. Call Gretchen who says we can stay with a fellow named Skip Burns—just go over. First we visit the Federal Building & are amazed by how huge & modern it is! ack! We case the exterior

trying to figure out the best plan for procession/rally: THE DEATH OF THE PAST. Abbie's idea is to gather in Lincoln Park, by the statue, lay a wreath & march with lit candles to building. Yes! Only about 3 miles. Arrive at Skip's: giant dogs, friendly people, fresh Rhode Island Swordfish & fine wine. A beautiful big apartment with terrific view from roof. Skip: former Yalie, works for IBM, a lovely nut. An old friend of Mike's there by coincidence. We're very tired by this time & fade out quickly...

Monday, Sept. 22

Get up, go to Conspiracy office in Loop. Chaotic. But a lot of work being done there. Type stencil staging candlelight scene & run off in time for Press Conference at Park Sheraton Hotel. THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE, THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE! 5,000 candles, 5,000 candles!... Impressive Press Conference. Lawyers Weinglass & Kuntzler speak intelligently about the case—its' unusual characteristics etc. How

defendants are being tried on their STATE OF MIND. Go into history of case—barriers & enormous prejudice already encountered. Story of Bobby Seale's fantastic kidnapping. A lot of stuff I know already. What I don't—fascinating. TV interview afterwards in next room. Dave Dellinger (calm & clear) & Di Antonio ("Year Of The Pig") on camera. Then Abbie does a beautiful number about a kid robbing a bank to support the Conspiracy, producing \$500 in crisp bills with a grand flourish from his boot. Meet Marshall Rosenthal, Editor of Chicago SEED and Abe Peck, former editor now with RAT. Go off to eat, then drive with a guy named Dave to park to check it out. Start handing out flyers. Visit famed Barbara's Bookstore. Eventually find ourselves on the way to a cocktail party given by editor of Chicago SUN TIMES and his wife for Di Antonio. The cream of Chicago present, I presume. Money. Talk at length with Marshall Field (notable millionaire) whose foot is in a cast (stepped on by a dog) "We don't owe these kids a dime! Coming in here without a place to stay, holding up traffic!" he complains. How can someone so young be so stiff? I wonder. "I'm a businessman". Try to get something across to him. Useless. Talk talk talk. Mine & John & I leave with Abe and Marshall & go with a pleasant guy named Barry to get high. Dope is very tight in Chicago! Smashed. John Mike & I get back to Skip's & decide to go out for dinner. Turkish place nearby. Good food. Wine. Friendly proprietor.

Back at Skip's. Write a letter. Settled into the library. Mike & I spend an hour trying to remember the title of Gogol's DEAD SOULS.

Tuesday, Sept. 23

Everything comes into focus at night. At last! Reality of thousands of people converging on Lincoln Park Monument. Earlier hassle scene picking up candles at office. Lewis & John off in one cab. Mike & I standing on corner for nearly half an hour waiting for cab with giant boxes of candles. We're photographed by police who pull up in car close to us & one cop even walks into camera store (to buy more film? Blows my mind!) I'm flipping out. Want to get things rolling, get to park etc. But when we do—exhilarating! Never get the "poetry" thing together, as Mike, Lewis & I feel strange about reading our own works & there's no sound system for John's "Johnny Guitar". But unimportant. Guerrilla Theatre performs while Wendy shouts Lenore Kandell poem into megaphone. I try to get Allen Ginsberg mantras going but too hard with so many people & no sound system. Many candles already handed out by this time. Spectacular sight. Start wandering around back of crowd, handing out more candles. Abbie says a few inspiring words, lifts wreath &

begins leading march to the Loop. Cops start hassling once we get on the street. Nab some kids for throwing candle sticks. Run into Larry Bensky. A solid stream of people heading toward one point, lighting the way, is beautiful. Line of light. At the Federal Building (3 miles later) chanting, singing around fire of burning candles. Cops lining the building. Scuffles. The night wears on. We go to a big house somewhere in the sticks with Wendy. Cabbie gets stopped somewhere near Winnetka, as he hasn't renewed his license but we know it has something to do with how we look. We have a bite to eat, visit with hostess (elderly very "involved" womanHettie), and quickly fall asleep. Totally wiped out...

Wednesday Sept. 24

Awake in the country, eat eggs, drive into city by 11 reading newspapers on our "scene" the night before (they never get it all right!) Giant crowd around the Federal Building. Looks like the Panthers have completely taken over. Yippie witches moving through crowd & huge gold pig on display, but Panthers have taken the sound system from them. CONFLICT. Seems like everyone should be able to do their thing on this day, but can understand differing opinions. Yips too lighthearted for Panthers. Endless speeches followed by grand march to Grant Park for Panther Rally, though Abbie & Rennie Davis both speak briefly. Fred Hampton murdered Dec. 4 by Chicago pigs) then head of Illinois Chapters gives fire & convincing speech. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE PARK. THOUSANDS OF BLACK PEOPLE IN THE PARK. It's all happening right here in Chicago. Nothing like this in NYC! Don't like being policed by Panthers ("sit here, not there" "move over" etc.) but impressed with their organization. Back to Federal building. More action and speeches & run-ins with pigs.

That night—a Conspiracy benefit showing of "The Year Of The Pig". Some of the footage fantastic! Learn that SDS kids have just been busted. Dave Dellinger gives a rousing speech. Lewis heads back to Ann Arbor. Visit Barry's again.

Thursday, Sept. 25

On our way to Federal Bldg. stop and visit Poetry magazine office. Coffee & chat with Daryl Hine (now editor). Tells us he is going to revolutionize the magazine. We wonder.

Want to know whats happening in courtroom. Determined to get in somehow. Mike & I try, say we have to get passports. Actually get to 25th floor but not beyond door. Able to look down and observe construction workers protest. Shining helmets in the sun. Downstairs. Usual commotion. Kids & cops. Yips are having a baseball game. We go to aquarium to dig the fish.

Strategy meeting that night.

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## JACK KIRIACON, VETERAN HAIR STYLIST

LES LEVINE

JACK KIRIACON, VETERAN HAIR STYLIST, NAMED "MAN OF THE YEAR IN BEAUTY WORLD" BY ADVENTURE IN JOBS CLUB \* FAMED FOR SINGEING HAIR WITH A TORCH AND OTHER SPECIAL TECHNIQUES IN HIS FIELD \*

Jack Kiriakon, veteran hair stylist, was named "Man of the Year in the Beauty World" by the Adventure in Jobs Club at a reception held at the Lotus Eaters Royale restaurant, 59 East 56th St., it was announced.

Cutting and singeing the hair of Turkish soldiers all the way back to the time he was 11 years old under the Moslem empire, Kiriakon is now associated with the Diane Beauty Salon at 50 East 42nd St., Manhattan, where notables from all walks of life,

including the theatre, are amongst his numerous patrons.

"Mr. Jack," as he is known in the trade and to his devoted customers, has developed a unique, top-level reputation in this business; we salute him on this occasion for his pioneering approach and his excellent over-all work," declared Dr. Murray C. Kaye, civic leader, himself a beauty-world industrialist, and chairman of an award selections for the Adventure in Jobs Club.

Originator of the Five-in-One hair shaping and singe, Kiriakon was born on Mt. Olympus, Macedonia, in the period of the rule of Sultan Hamid. He had five brothers, one of whom started to work as a farmer for \$20 a year. Three of them came to the United States before Jack,

who stayed behind, cutting and singeing hair for soldiers. At the age of 11, he did attend formal school classes for three years but when it came to compulsory army service, he decided to choose another course, coming to America with 18 other boys. He docked at Manchester, New Hampshire, immediately getting a position with the Amoskeag cotton mills at \$5.40 per week. Several brothers, a bit older, had opened a barber shop in Manchester and so Jack started his long career by going to work for his family.

In 1918, he entered the army where he continued to cut soldiers' hair. When the brother who owned the barber shop was killed in the Greek armed forces, Jack became full owner-operator of the tonsorial parlor. It was at

this time, in 1921, that he met his wife, the former Winefred Downe, then 19, daughter of a regular customer. They were soon married and when Manchester had serious economic problems they left, travelling around the country, visiting for a time Jack's brother, Nick, a farmer by choice but at that point light heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, in addition, residing then in Battle Creek, Michigan. The happy couple continued moving about, visiting relatives in Michigan, Martha's Vineyard, Willimantic in Connecticut, and finally on to New York City.

He had soon located a job in the Pershing Square building Federal Barber and Beauty Shop, meeting prominent people from all fields and while here he

created the Five-in-One Blunt Cut which has gotten him quite a bit of attention in his professional "world". He remained there for a decade, then opened with Mr. Placid Flore a shop called the Diane Beauty Parlor. The Blunt Cut was one of the distinctive features which helped to make it eminently successful, the volume of business being considerably larger than the average from the very beginning.

The proof of his fine service is that some of his customers have been coming to him for four decades, believe it or not. He has also discovered Prolein permanent waves by using yogurt in the hair before starting to wave the hair, the results being "very superior".

## DR. MURRAY C. KAYE; COMMUNITY LEADER

LES LEVINE

DR. MURRAY C. KAYE, COMMUNITY LEADER AND MAJOR RETAILER BEAUTY WORLD INDUSTRIALIST, HONORED FOR "OUTSTANDING PUBLIC SERVICE" BY GREATER NEW YORK CITIZENS SOCIETY\*

New York, N.Y. \* Dr. Murray C. Kaye, community leader and major retail beauty-world industrialist, today had been honored for "outstanding public service" by the Greater New York Citizens Society. The citation was tendered to him at a reception held at the Lotus Eaters Chinese restaurant, 880 Third Ave. at which Herman Jaffe, creative printer, and chairman of the society, presided. "Few people in my entire life of activities in the public "arena" have been as active in a more sensible way and in a more constructive manner in projects of local, state, and broad regional, national and international interests, as has Dr. Murray C. Kaye," stated Mr. Jaffe.

"His whole existence has

been one of dedication; he combines numerous aspects of public service in his life and work every day. He has qualities of leadership and guidance for others which are outstanding, in fact, phenomenal".

Dr. Kaye, Brooklyn-born, left school in his early teens to go into business, first for others and soon thereafter, for himself. He sold hard-goods and soft-goods, as a salesman and also as a young "promotional administrator" developing neighborhood door-to-door and other markets for his wares. Soon when he was in his early twenties, he headed a large national organization which soon appeared on the credit side of the ledger in a substantial way.

Investments of various kinds brought him other suitable return until about eight years back, he invested in a retail beauty-salon in Manhattan on the "Swinging First Avenue strip" and decided to concentrate on solving the challenging problems that arose as a consequence of its being a

market area which was replete with competitors. Now dividing his time between this very successful basic business and his community work, Dr. Kaye has frequent meetings of his own non-profit civic-entertainment group called COHOS (Council of Helping Ourselves) right on the premises of the salon which is quite large.

In the beauty industry itself, he is working on some reforms such as stimulating interest in the idea of having manicurists licensed in view of the fact that they deal in "penetration of the skin", also that all wigs and other artificial hairpieces that can burn should be appropriately marked with a warning notice of the fire possibilities if carelessly handled. Outside of his current basic business interests, Dr. Kaye has been working on reforms in a variety of fields relating to crime on the streets, juvenile delinquency, the deterioration of relationships between landlord and tenant, the rising costs of living and other related

inflationary trends, and so forth.

He has been instrumental in conducting street festivals and block parties which helped to "cool" the city during the summer and also has sponsored other theatrical events for children and adults in public parks and private locations. Some of his views about changes in current laws affecting the daily lives of citizens have been picked up for further inquiry by men and women in public life, officially and some of his plans and projects carried out by others through an extension of his precepts have been eminently gratifying. One such angle is the dramatization of how the cost of drugs, for example, bought via their trade-mark names is difficult for so many families in lower-income brackets to bear and therefore the generic name of these pharmaceutical items should be readily available to those who are concerned.

He has likewise sponsored a number of theatrical endeavors, off-off and off-Broadway plays and talent revues, and organized

beauty and talent contests which have given promotion and focussed attention on the availability of new performers who had the qualities for working assignments but were not getting the opportunity to work.

"I am merely trying to follow out a principle of GIVING A DAMN which is logically a precept that should be all through our lives these days of difficult problems facing the community here and everywhere," said Dr. Kaye, an intensive, handsome man of medium height with a fine gift of conversation. "I am happy when what I do encourages others to follow my example. I seek no awards, really and while I have no immediate plans for public life pursuits, that would be a logical step in the not-too-distant future, to run for some suitable public office."

With the basic capabilities of a management consultant, and personal counsellor, he is very adept at giving sensible advice to the many people who seek his aid and opinion.

### TRIAL

Plans for artshow, fashion show, and hair-in for Jerry Rubin who's had his head shaved in jail. Looks like we (John, Mike & I) have to get back to New York, but want to be clear about what we can do to help. Abbie seems exhausted by trial proceedings already... Visit Mike's old friend from Antioch. Terrific stereo.

Friday, Sept. 26

Really have to get inside courtroom as observers today. It's the first official day of trial (as jury has finally been selected). Get up early, try to dress "straighter" than yesterday. Get down to Bldg. by 9:15 (trial starts at 10). Constant flock of police guards. "No not this door got to go to

that one around the corner." "Sorry but we can only let a certain number in." "Sorry but jury has been selected already." Ect. About ready to give up but we'll try one more time—that door. A line forming. "Guess we can let about 8 people in. John, Mike & I make it upstairs, but we're down some more & John doesn't get in so he decides to go back to N.Y. Wait in line. I'm searched by lady cop hard too. "Have too empty pocket book". Can't take pen, pencil, address book in with me. Incredible club of old ladies, "Friends of the judges." "We come to everyone of his big cases" crowding the place. A few token freaks like us. Jury not allowed in while business about lawyers being settled. Bobby Seale getting up saying "I'm not being represented" & beaten down by

judge. This Julius Hoffman (Mr. Maggo) sure is a self-involved totally out of this world comic book character. He thinks he has the greatest sense of humor in the world. Digs the control scene, making these guys squirm. Mickey Mouse voice. His prejudice is so blatant toward the case, you have to see/hear it to believe it. I'm convinced immediately. Senile, incompetent. What is he doing here? Wish I could get his words, but I'm not allowed to write a word. Shit. Why isn't anyone taping, filming, this whole circus? Defendants look alert clear & hminest comared to rest of court personnel. All completely different looking-acting. Introductions to jury are FAR OUT. Tom Hayden raises his fist (his customary greeting) & Judge

Hoffman sends the jury out (first telling them not to read the papers, watch TV or discuss case with anyone) while he reprimands Tom. Abbie blows the jury a kiss and Judge bellows out, "I ignore that kiss." Prior to this, the prosecuting attorney has read the indictment. Can tell this guy is an evil sob! Weinglass (defense attorney) giving his opening address appealing to the reason of the jury, saying if the truth is known, the police and mayor will be found the guilty ones. Jury looks like cartoon-middle aged ladies for the mos part. Passive not too perceptive faces. But who knows.

Whole scene so unreal (everything with the same warning, "Don't read the papers, etc.") Jury sent out innumerable times while Hoffman

reprimands lawyers and defendants for this or that. Bobby Seale looks exhausted. The judge tells us what a good record he is in civil rights, goes out of his way to be totally difficult and insane. Break for lunch. Have to get back in line so we can get back in. Mike and I take turns eating in cafeteria below. By afternoon getting nausea this is for real, this trial. Ties up energy, money, and usefulness; 8 talented people. Not to mention possible prison sentence: 10 years. If the whole world could see this, could see this scene, surely it would change. The birth of a new nation which is a "... true state of mind" nation where kangaroo courts, judges, pigs, can't apply. If this trial in Chicago is what's going on in America anything is possible

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# SUPERSEX: MARRIAGE IN THE 70'S JOHN AND MIMI LOBELL

JOHN by Mimi Lobell

John feels that "when sex is no longer illicit the whole point is destroyed". He likes the French attitude "Les Liasons Dangereuse", and thinks the Swedish approach treats sex like caelesthenics.

He looks forward to the availability of magnetic tape cassettes which will have recorded the sexual responses of celebrities to be played back through a computer. Thus one would enter a machine, attach the appropriate stimulating devices to the body (such as the motorized penile camera used in the Masters and Johnson experiments), and drop in the cassette of one's choice. "Everybody wants to fuck Jane Fonda, and such tapes would make this possible." The equipment is now being perfected in Japan (initially under a United States Air Force grant), and may soon replace the hi-fi and television as a favorite diversion. John observes that "The idea is quite simple. A person's actions and responses are programmed on the tape, and a computer sorts out those appropriate to your actions and responses. Obviously there will be a great demand for tapes by such people as Jane Fonda, Mick Jagger, and perhaps a composite Beatles tape. Since such tapes could be preserved indefinitely and sent anywhere by microwave, they imply the transcendence of physical location and even death."

John would just as soon do it with one of his students. He says there is a great girl in one of his classes, but "if I brought her home to my wife and we did it with her we'd get into trouble. She wouldn't understand or enjoy it. She's just too young. You need someone jaded, maybe someone who has been married three or four years."

Refraining from a career which will "type-cast" him, John, initially an architectural designer, has been successful in a half a dozen ventures at age 28, and is embarking on half a dozen more. His current activities, including creating a consulting corporation in urban and ecological public problem solving, a venture in sculpture fabrication, and writing several articles (as well as teaching and events for the Architectural League) are reflected in his eight foot long desk which is always half a foot deep with papers, messages, mail, magazines, slides, cameras, books, and pornography.

John has a conventional view about incest. He has nothing against it for other people but he doesn't find his sister arousing although she is very beautiful. However he says sex with children is fine. "Children can share sexual experience with parents as a matter of warmth and affection, and its a good idea if it works. The children of millions of poor people sleep with their parents and are not horrified or brutalized." He says "If a child was nursing and would just as soon suck my

cock, fine."

He describes himself as a heterosexual and would have misgivings about being involved with other males. In fantasies he sees all men acting actively on the girls and his part would be non-genital toward the other men, rubbing their backs for instance. "If two guys are on one girl, I assume each takes an end and are not involved with each other." He prefers the idea of one man and several women. He doesn't fantasize while fucking except when telling stories to excite both of us. He does when masturbating which releases different levels of psychic energy.

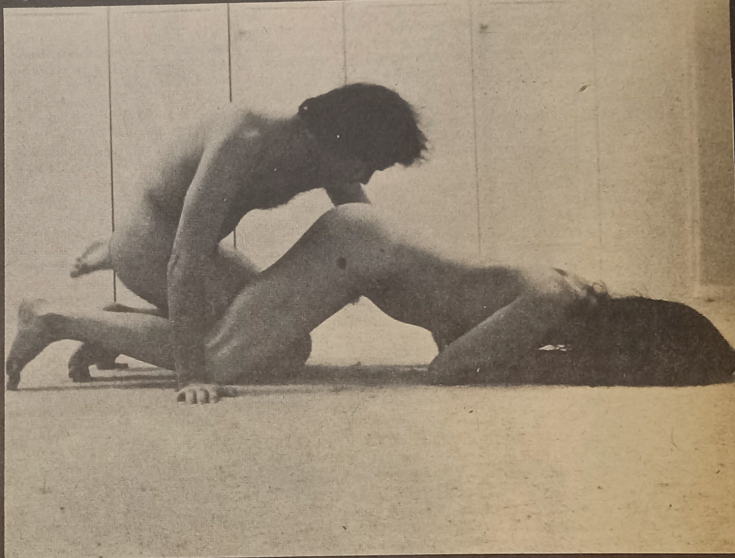
John feels that women prefer the idea of sex with emotional involvement and that men prefer it as a physical involvement.

He likes traffic jams, motorcycling, rain and snow, Eight Street Bookshop, subways, Canal Street, automobile burglar alarm sirens, the telephone system, Alberti, New York's seven owner-builders, Le Ricolais, Long Island ranch houses, Instant Cities-Barrios-Woodstock, xerography, all forms of fucking, pornography, fantasies, buttocks, BMW and Indian motorcycles, chamber music, telephoning, confusing people, "sitting around the Pool", talking, American cars from 1954 to 1961, "Lion's Love".

John was asked what does it mean to be a Supersexstar as a married man? We both feel it can add a lot to our marriage to be sexually involved with other people. John often says he would find it very erotic to come home and find me on the rug fucking somebody. Not just anyone, since John has a strong ego, he would have to like him, feel he was worthwhile. Also he recognizes the risk that the man might be better in some ways but assumes that the marriage is secure. He likes the idea of orgies and sees them as falling into two categories; those which are completely anonymous, where you don't know the people and will never see them again, and those involving close friends. He is more interested in the second type because it can be an exciting extension of warm feelings.

John is warm and funny and a great source of security to me. We enjoy each other and have a "you only live once" attitude toward life. We do not feel that we lead double lives, rather that our lives are omnidirectional. We pursue whatever interests us. We make no effort to restrict our lives toward one future goal. Sometimes our activities are contradictory which is exciting and even dangerous. We believe in "complexity and contradiction" in life as well as in architecture.

John was the first man who did not put me on a pedestal, the first man I knew who was secure about his own sexuality. He just did it. He did not discuss it or apologize or coerce. Sometimes he was rough or bizarre. I felt I could be



absolutely honest, initiate anything that intrigued me.

MIMI by John Lobell

Mimi would like to see as much physical contact among adults as there is between adults and children. She would like to be able to make it with anybody anywhere (such as with "Different Drummer" salesboys in the dressingrooms). "Problems arise between people when this contact does not occur. Children cease to get along with their parents when the parents reject their sexual needs. Just when children are becoming aware of themselves as sexual, genitally-oriented beings, parents get uptight and stop their fondling and caressing. The now-surfacing sex among couples was taboo in the last generation. Maybe the next

generation will be having sex with its children."

Her apartment is expressive of her life. The bedroom is cozy and feminine, but the large livingroom is totally unfurnished except for wall to wall natural wool carpeting, numerous pillows, and a six foot diameter acrylic hemisphere. Scattered about the livingroom are records, tapes, projectors, films, books, TV's and other remnants from entertaining, posing for photographs, etc.

Mimi spends her time at home naked. She sews, plays records, makes movies, dances and exercises, collects tapes of diaries, fucks, and collects and cries on clothes. Despite everything she usually cooks dinner (experimenting with French recipes) and enjoys

having dinner guests.

When we were becoming sexually more open, Mimi went thru a period of wondering where does it lead. Do you become jaded? Then she realized that you should do what is fun, whatever you enjoy. If it diminishes you as a person then you just don't do it. She feels that marriage is viable in the 20th century and wants to sustain our relationship. "Marriage is for things beyond sex." She could be happy making it with one person for 50 years but feels that having sex with others is no big deal and is not a threat to our marriage. "A variety of sexual partners eliminates the need for such artificial activities as encounter groups." She sees sex as a way of communicating about herself, of having more outlets for love and

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# STONES PRESS CONFERENCE

CATHY MCCAULEY

(Clapping)  
 Voices: ... in the foreground, please ... In the foreground ... let' em come in ... Down in front! ... QUIET! Off the Press! (Laughter)  
 Voices: That guy can help you ... If you owe him some money ... Obviously ... that isn't civilized ... Is he gonna come in through the corner? Yes.  
 (Whistle)  
 Voices: Quiet! Quiet please ... how about some water ...  
 Manager: Please, can we have some quiet for a moment, please?  
 Girl: Excuse me ...  
 Voice: Quiet!!  
 Manager: Thank you. If the gentlemen that arrived in front would like to sit down ...  
 Voices: Yeah. Yeah!  
 (Applause)  
 Voice: Sit down, mac.  
 Voice: It seems like it must be ...  
 Manager: From right to left—your right to left—Mick Taylor, Charlie Watts, Keith Richard, Mick Jagger, Bill Wyman—The Rolling Stones!  
 (Applause, whistling)  
 Manager: Could I ask—  
 Voice: What's your name?  
 Manager: What's your name, man?  
 Manager: That people ask questions one at a time, please, and we'll take as many questions as we can.  
 (Pandemonium)  
 Voice: If we get our stills we'll move back.  
 Voice: As soon as we can take the photos we'll move the wireless stuff as well.  
 (Complaints)  
 Manager: The first question—  
 Voice: Put some lights on and let's get some stills.  
 Reporter: Mr. Jagger—  
 Voice: We can't give you any coverage unless we have lights. We can't give you lights if we don't have the room.  
 Voice: Lights. Lights! LIGHTS!  
 Voice: We want to get some stills.  
 One of the Stones: Could we scream at you the way you scream at us?  
 Voice: I certainly hope not.  
 Voice: Can I just — can I just ...

## SUPERSEX

appreciating people and for being appreciated herself. She is upset when my fantasies treat her as an object, passive to use by numerous men. Being intimately sensitive to people, she would rather "do one person well than deal in numbers" and is not that interested in the idea of orgies. She feels that being married has improved her relationship with other men since she can pursue a friendship without feeling aggressive, without feeling the man may be on guard.  
 "Sex is not a substitute for professional competence." An architectural designer, Mimi works hard out of a serious interest in the urban environment, technology, and challenging situations. She likes pornography but she also likes ecology, Robert Venturi, Louis Kahn, dams and powerplants,

One of the Stones: You don't have to screech here, baby. I mean, we—we're just sitting in here. What do you want us to do?  
 Voices: Everybody sit down ... shhh ... sit down, man.  
 Manager: Before we take the first question can I just say that if this is an example of how organized everybody is—  
 Voices: Right ... yeh ... very good ...  
 Manager: If people just sort of relax and just take it calmly we'll be able to get through the whole thing. It doesn't help if everyone shouts. Now if everyone would like to take it nice and calmly—we'd rather hear the questions and answer them. The first question is down there ...  
 Reporter: Mr. Jagger, on Monday in the Presidential convention on the cause and intervention of violence they issued a report in which it said, among other things, that one of the essential ways to reduce the level of violence and antagonism in the United States is to back off—  
 Voice: Communist!  
 Reporter: on the penalties imposed on the use of marijuana. Can you give us your perspective on this?  
 Mick Jagger: It seems very wise to me. I mean, the only thing that the change in that law will help is the antagonism between the young people and the old.  
 Reporter: Do you think it would be a significant change?  
 Mick Jagger: Yeah, I think so. I think it would stop the—it would stop the running violence between the young people and the old.  
 Reporter: Mr. Jagger, what are your impressions of the United States? You've gotten back, does it look any different?  
 Mick Jagger: Yeah, we were—I was back here last year. It was great, it changes, I mean, that's its—it just explodes all the time.  
 Reporter: When you're up there and you're looking what are you feeling?  
 Mick Jagger: You're looking more beautiful than ever.  
 Reporter: Can you give us your views on the current war in Viet Nam?

expressways, construction sites, gaudy neon signs, oil refineries, industrial processes.

In her office she feels the presence of an underlying erotic awareness that is exciting and liberating. One colleague showed an interest in braless women so Mimi obliged by progressing from no-bra bras, to body stockings, to no underwear at all. Their working relationship improved by their mutual recognition as sexual beings.

Fantasies which violate established roles excite her, like being a little girl seduced by an old man, or like the situations in *Candy* because they dealt with the perversion of Candy's relationships with her Father, Uncle, Gardener, Aunt, Doctor, Professor, Gynecologist, Guru, etc. She is fascinated by rape movies the way men may be fascinated by action movies. She

(Groans)  
 Mick Jagger: Just leave, you know, just get it over as soon as you can.  
 Manager: There is a question over there.  
 Reporter: The question is for Mick. Are you—I assume you're aware that Ed Sullivan blocked your vocal out on TV Sunday night?  
 Mick Jagger: I think so, yeh, I did manage to catch a glimpse ...  
 Reporter: I mean, is anything going to be done about that?  
 Mick Jagger: No. You have to apply to Ed Sullivan Productions.  
 (Laughter)  
 Mick Jagger: They blocked the vocal out because they allowed us to say the words then when we said the words they blocked it out. But, you know, I mean, it doesn't really matter. I mean, it's a washing machine and then it's your and then it's a soap powder and then it's you ...  
 Reporter: How do you like mob scenes like this one?  
 Mick Jagger: Well, you're very polite. No—this is like being in the front row of a concert in Philadelphia or something.  
 Reporter: One of your most famous songs is *I Can't Get No Satisfaction*. I wonder if that's the truth. Are you a little more satisfied now?  
 Mick Jagger: D'you mean sexually or philosophically?  
 Reporter: Both.  
 Mick Jagger: Yeah, well, I'm satisfied now sexually, not philosophically.  
 Reporter: Financially?  
 Mick Jagger: Financially dissatisfied, you know, sexually satisfied, philosophically trying.  
 Reporter: The Rolling Stones have gotten older since they started—  
 Mick Jagger: Yeh, inevitably—(Laughter)  
 Reporter: The point is, uh, has this particular fact in itself changed you any at all? I mean, the problem is like this—certainly at one time, for instance, at press conferences like this one, Frank Sinatra used to say—  
 Mick Jagger: What did he used to say? Did he burst into song?

watches "Two Women", "Virgin Spring", "Something Wild" and "Town Without Pity" whenever they are on TV.

She has a collection of stories which she calls "Erotic Episodes" which have happened to her in everyday life. Like once when she was in the hospital overnight and was sexually examined by a group of medical students while having a conversation with them about architecture and urban planning. Or a ride with a handsome black cab driver during which he coaxed out of her intimate secrets of her sex life.

She likes FDR Drive and West Side Highway, Con-Ed repair sites, motorcycling down Broadway at night, Alexanders, strip development (hamburger stands, gas stations, drive-in banks, etc), turnpikes, all forms of fucking, after dinner, on the

Reporter: But the question I wanted to ask was—how much—how the years have affected you—  
 Mick Jagger: We're wiser, wiser ... wiser, wiser ... a little sadder ... sourer.  
 Manager: We have a question on the right.  
 Reporter: For Mick Taylor—how do you feel in the place of someone who was so much loved by the people, like Brian Jones. How do you feel in his place right now?  
 (Whistling, booing)  
 Same Reporter: He should feel great, right? That's what I think.  
 Voice: Down in front.  
 Manager: Question on the right.  
 Reporter: I read in one of the papers today that you'd be giving a free concert. Is there any truth to that?  
 Mick Jagger: Yes, we are doing a free concert in San Francisco.  
 Reporter: When?  
 Mick Jagger: On December 6th and the location is not Golden Gate Park, unfortunately. It will be some place adjacent to it which is a bit larger. I won't know until 7:30 this evening, but it's definitely on and it's December the 6th.  
 Reporter: Why not a free concert in New York?  
 Mick Jagger: Because New York is too cold and we want to do it outside.  
 Reporter: What was your reaction to your concert that you had in Hyde Park back in June?  
 Mick Jagger: It was great. I mean, it was very weird. We never played to that many people before.  
 Reporter: What do you think of John Lennon returning the medal, the O.B.E.?  
 Mick Jagger: At last. He should have returned it as soon as he got it. I mean, you know, it was a good thing to do.  
 Reporter: Do you think that Paul and George and, and—  
 Mick Jagger: Ringo.  
 Reporter: and Ringo should—  
 Mick Jagger: They should wear it. They, they should—yeeees, I mean, they're individuals. John's very into that and the others just couldn't care less about it.  
 Reporter: What do you think about it? Do you agree? Would you have done it yourself?

beach at the Hamptons (also on the bay), vibrators, stag films, rock music, "Abbey Road" (second side), John Cage's "Indeterminacy" record, sound of astronaut telecasts, tripping, driving, perfume, TV dinners, "Lion's Love".

She commissioned a pornographic painting by Artist Richard Artschwager for my birthday and arranged for a portfolio of photographs and watercolors of ourselves making love.  
 "A day in the life" would find Mimi finishing detailed design drawings for a major New York office tower, rushing home (stopping at Bloomingdale's on the way) to the twentieth floor apartment we share, taking acid, and making love for six hours.

When she sees that I am interested in someone she usually tries to fall in love with

Mick Jagger: Well, we would never have got it in the first place, man. It just doesn't occur to us.  
 Reporter: Your concert in Hyde Park was the forerunner of what happened in Woodstock.  
 Mick Jagger: Well, it all happened in the same year.  
 Reporter: Exactly, this is now the forerunner of what's happening in pop concerts.  
 Mick Jagger: Well, I think next year it may get even huger and better organized.  
 Reporter: In the context of Lennon's action and some of your material how do you see yourself manifesting you; apparent revolutionary commitment outside your music?  
 Mick Jagger: ... outside the music ... revolutionary commitment ...  
 Reporter: You wore that Omega button in L.A. In the States that means you support draft resistance.  
 Mick Jagger: I don't understand, I'm sorry.  
 Reporter: What you wore in L.A., the Omega button—in the States that stands for draft resistance.  
 Mick Jagger: Oh. I thought it stood for infinity ... or a watch.  
 Reporter: What do you think of Tom Jones as a singer?  
 Mick Jagger: I think Tom is a very good singer, but he's a bit stiff when it comes down to the nitty-gritty.  
 Reporter: He's not in the same bag you are.  
 Mick Jagger: Well, he's about ten years older.  
 Reporter: In these press conferences you seem to be called upon to play a kind of philosopher-king role, uh, how do you feel about being placed in that position?  
 Mick Jagger: I withdraw ... totally renounce ... The lady with the—the guy with the two fingers—the lady—  
 Reporter: What do you think of the new morality as reflected in the new American sex papers and other phenomena? Do you think it's catching up with you?  
 Mick Jagger: What?  
 Reporter: What do you think it's catching up with you?  
 Mick Jagger: No.

her too, and this can work as long as the girl is not a bitch. She has never had homosexual relationships but thinks they are not out of the question as long as she could take the feminine role. She would probably do anything that turns me on and vice versa. Sometimes she likes fucking me for the shift of energies that occurs.

Mimi doesn't think the myth that says "she lies on her back, spreads her legs, he goes up and down until she's coming, then he comes" befits a Supersexstar. She thinks it's common for women to have orgasms from many other stimulations than straight fucking. She enjoys different kinds and intensities of climaxes by straight fucking, fucking in the ass, hands (hers and mine), mouth, vibrators, running bathwater.

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# Hal Jackson

# Dan Mouer

When I first came to New York two years ago, I had a job that, among other things, included writing Public Relations copy for a syndicated radio program with Hal Jackson. Before this time, I hadn't heard of Hal. I had written a few of the spots long before I ever met him, and my first opinions of the man were prejudiced by my feelings towards the whole PR bullshit syndrome.

You see, the nature of the shows were cleverly disguised advertising in the form of commentary and interviews with Hal. The show's producers earned their bread by sitting around trying to dig up "angles" for best reaching the "colored market". I had little respect for their endeavors, and somehow, even less respect for Hal Jackson for relating to his fellow blacks as consumers, just so he could make a few crummy (very few) bucks on the side.

What else did I know about him? I knew he did a good old hard core Negro radio show out of Newark, but that's about all. The first time I met him in person, I was confused. He fit my image of him perfectly in appearance—suede shoes, turtle neck, big wooden beads, lots of "baby's" and "cool's," and other typical talk for "his type" filled his speech. But, in all, I was impressed by his total lack of belligerence or snottiness. He was, it turned out, a pretty nice guy. I've got a thing about nice guys. They're so hard to find these days, that I treasure each one as a deeply personal friend.

The more I got to know Hal, the more I liked him. He had to be the busiest person I'd ever met. Besides his radio show he was working as resident personality at Palisades Amusement Park, emcee at Madison Square Gardens Felt Forum, collecting toys for needy kids, working with high school dropouts, etc. Not to mention knocking out periodic syndicated PR shows for my employer.

I suppose that latter gig kept me a bit uptight about him, though. I was doing that job because I was here to learn the radio, TV, and film business and the job suited the purpose. But, why would he do it? There wasn't much bread in it for him? I realized after a while that he probably had no motives. Hal Jackson is just one of those people who will extend himself completely. He will commit himself to anyone for nearly anything 24 hours a day. He is driven by an unhuman compulsion to keep going.

I've met quite a few broadcasters in the last couple years, and I've noticed that they fall into two categories. First there are those who cultivate their on-the-air personalities and voices to the extent that they become that personality and assume that voice at all times. The other, obviously, is the broadcaster who retains two identities. Hal is one of the latter. It is devastating to call him at the studio. A conversation may go like this:

"Hi, Dan. How's it going?"

Gosh, I haven't heard from you in a long time. What are you doing, these days? Oh, tell me, Dan, can you hold the line for a second? Thanks . . . Allright boys&girls we'regonnagowithabigonebythefantasticfabulousimpressions,coolnessodigitbaby-andpickuponthiscrazysound . . . Now, where were we, Dan?"

What's more, the man lives that way. When you talk to him he is calm and cool, but you know that he has just come from something and he's on his way to something else. He's a ball of lightning that never burns out.

Hal came from D.C. originally. He was an orphan at six and working his head off by the time he was twelve, just to make a living. He was deeply affected by those who were kind to him when he was young, and in a very real way, he has channeled all of his energies into trying to do the same for others. He attended college at Howard University, then worked as a sports writer for the Washington Afro-American newspaper.

He began broadcasting sports, play-by-play for the American Negro Baseball League and then for the Washington Bears Basketball team, which he himself organized and owned. His team won the World's Championship in 1943-44. At the same time, he was doing a night show which meant he was on-the-air a good 15 hours a day.

Hal was the man who first introduced Sammy Davis, Jr. to the stage, and he was the first Negro to break into Network TV. He emceed 32 jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall and introduced the first rock 'n roll concert to that hallowed stage. In 1952, he picked up stakes and moved on New York. I say he moved on rather than moved to, because he immediately picked up simultaneous shows on WABC, WMCA, and WPIX. He was also to do shows on WLIB, which was New York's most popular Negro station (when Hal moved his show to WNJR in Newark, he took an awful lot of the LIB audience with him). Then he's done shows on WQXR and WWRL as well as WDAS in Philly. He broadcasts many of his NJR shows live from Palisades Amusement Park, as well as from locations like YMCA's in Newark, High Schools, Harlem Cultural festivals, etc.

With respect to his desires to be helpful to those who need help, Hal is constantly carrying on diverse programs with drop-outs, dope addicts, hospitals, needy children etc. Every Christmas he runs drives to collect toys for kids who wouldn't get them any other way. He is what Leroi Jones would call a nigger.

There are very few causes for which Hal Jackson hasn't donated his time and energies. Back in the days of the movement, he was doing some work for New York CORE. But Rap Brown would call him a nigger. In my work, I have frequent contact with Black Panthers, all hard-working, true-believing Revolutionaries, any of whom would consider



Hal Jackson a nigger.

There are a lot of things that need to be taken care of in this sick country and Hal is taking care of business on a scale that staggers the imagination. I don't mean to put down Leroi Jones (although I might be happy to do that at another time in another place), Rap Brown (who could probably use a few more sincere raps himself) or the Black Panthers (If I were Black I'd be one), but it seems to me that a very simple observation about people is in order. In the last issue of *Culture Hero*, I interviewed Lennox Raphael, and at that time I said that I knew a revolutionary when I meet a nice guy. Hal Jackson is all heart.

I've never seen him angry. If he isn't smiling and bubbling kind words to everyone around him, it's because he's more than likely distracted. He often appears to have pushed himself a

little further than he should have. But when you ask him about it, he'll say something like, "Well, you know, you gotta do what you gotta do."

Hal has a beautiful wife, lives in Upper Manhattan and, according to one source has friendly ties with the Mafia. This latter allegation I can neither answer, nor bring myself to asking Hal about. Somehow I can almost believe it. Just like he had ties with that PR radio show producer. Hal Jackson is one person who can't say "no" to any involvement. I also believe that the connotations of the phrase "friendly ties with the Mafia" will conjure up a type of hysterical reaction in most people that will be totally out of character with Hal Jackson's human dedication. Anyway, there are few businesses of any sort in Newark that aren't brushed by the Syndicate.

I like Hal, although I can't

stand to listen to his radio show for very long, but that's my bag. Apparently I'm in good company. At least three presidents have found him likeable enough to cite him for his outstanding contributions to his fellow man. He has also been named Disk Jockey of the Year in both 1963 and 1969. In 1964 he received over 50% of the votes in a national poll taken by Billboard for the most popular radio personality. At one point, 26 New York organizations honored him with a testimonial dinner for having personally raised over three million dollars for charity.

I'm not a very old-fashioned person, and these sentiments may be sort of schmaltzy, but I dig that kind of thing. We all could use a lot more of Hal's kind of nice guy in our lives. I just hope he doesn't burn out or forget to stop to take a breath.

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# FILM COLUMN

## JEANNE FIELD

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING, a film by Marty Scorsese, opened this fall at the Carnegie Hall Cinema. Scorsese spent four years on the film, digging into his own past life, living his present and future life, and the continuity/conflict has produced a radical film. It's anti-hero, anti-culture, anti-social. It is being Italian in the 8th Ward Pleasure Club in Lower Manhattan; horny, a little drunk, Catholic, and afraid to go outside. It's being bright at the age of 25 in New York City. It will be misunderstood by everyone who sees it.

Following are excerpts from an extensive interview conducted with Marty in an Italian restaurant off Times Square.

The American Culture is bullshit. The AFL, the MOMA—who are very nice to me—but they are a certain bourgeois culture. It's incredibly bourgeois. There is too much of this business of phony culture, surface values, and especially in New York.

Back in the mid '60's, I began to realize that there was going to be no New Wave in America but that there is always this New York film somehow. Somehow, it's going to reach a renaissance. There's going to be enough filmmakers coming out of New York with enough to say. Some will be a little more superficial than others; some will last longer than others; but basically there will be some sort of movement coming out.

New York City is a life style. New York is very important to me. I know I'm a product of the city. One night sleeping in the country outdoors, the tent fell on me. I can't do anything outdoors except for shooting a movie. It's a different thing.

I usually don't talk much about my ideas of sociological things, but in WHO'S THAT KNOCKING, I was just displaying my own ego, my own changing. I was afraid to state exactly the way I saw everything because it was too personal. It's like standing naked in Macy's window. As it is now, I go up to the Carnegie Hall Cinema and I see this little thing, this poster outside—it's embarrassing to me.

My life was really just too melodramatic. It's really the way things happened. But just because it's the way things happened doesn't mean you can put it in a movie.

We used to—I still do—like a lot of black music, really black, like the Temptations, The Miracles. We used to listen to Jocko all the time. We used to be the original guys on the corner singing under the lamppost. That whole bit. Kurty, and the guy with the gun, myself and Joey, the real Joey, and Sally who was always the Kid. We used to hit him around.

But Joey, the real Joey, has

always been my best friend, and probably my most disappointing. I grew up; he grew up; and then we split.

He's refused to see it (WHO'S THAT KNOCKING) because people from The Neighborhood saw it and said that I'd made a fool of him and Sally. I didn't get 1/10th of his character. The Joey in the film is a loudmouth. The Joey I know is, well, you know, a whole different thing. He's loud but I'm louder. We were loud together. I used to con him all the time and he used to con me. He's the most incredible con man in the world.

When we were climbing up the mountain, in reality, he kept saying, "This is ridiculous. This is ridiculous." We were climbing up there and I turn around and he was writing Fuck You on a tree, in the middle of nowhere. A little city influence on it.

I remember some very hard moral decisions we made—certain things. Everything splits up. If you're Italian it doesn't mean that you can make it if you're East Side on the West Side.

NYU and a girl I knew who was from outside the area put me through the biggest changes.

*Get born, keep warm, shortpants, romance, learn to dance, get dressed, get blessed, try to be a success. Tease her, please him, buy a kiss 'don't steal. 20 years of schooling and they put you on the day shift. B. Dylan.*

So why 20 years and they put you on the day shift. Go around it. Beat the system. Steal. Kill. Whatever you can. This whole idea. This whole attitude in this country. 20 years of schooling and they put you on the day shift. No, it's got to end. End somehow. THREE PENNY OPERA is really the thing. What's a crowbar compared to a share of stock. What's the founding of a bank to the robbing of one. What's the gainful employment of a man to the murder of a man.

Just from reading Marcuse, it gets very upsetting because you realize that before it's going to get any better it's got to be burned down. Maybe. It's always that maybe. There are times like now, like I feel like now, that it may just have to go. And I'll go with it because I'm in that city, that culture. I'm in it. I know I'm like foreseeing my own end maybe. I don't know. But it's got to be done if that's the way it is. I mean really. It gets that serious for me.

I'm definitely not going to stop making movies like Bellochio and say I'm only going to make movies which are going to further the revolution. That's bullshit. I have to further my own revolution first before I can be of any assistance to any sort of revolution.

Shirley Clarke was saying that

she gave up films because she thought it was a crock of shit. That's what she said... on the air... they beeped it out. But she's giving up films in the sense that I'm giving up films: I'm giving up "Song and Dance". "Song and Dance" is when a guy says, "Hey, you're Marty Scorsese. I saw the third reel of your feature. I love it. You want to come in and talk about a few ideas." You go in, you sing. You go in, you dance. The guy says, "Gimme a few more ideas." And you do. "Hey, I'll call you in a week." He calls you in a week and you go into negotiations and you may get as far as a contractual negotiation which might last maybe 3 months, and when you're just about to sign it falls through. For one reason or another. This happens to me twice a year. It happened to me this week.

The only Hollywood people for me today are Peckinpah and Arthur Penn. Definitely Kubrick and he's not really Hollywood now.

THE WILD BUNCH is the end of a life style. When I saw it the first week it opened in New York, it was like being a Roman at the Coliseum. They were really enjoying the violence and really going mad. But I enjoy it too. I'm a violent guy and I enjoyed watching that kind of thing. It gets a lot out of me. But when you see William Holden and you realize what the point is you begin to feel ashamed because that's the point of Sam Peckinpah's movie. It's like the gun scene (in WHO'S THAT KNOCKING). Four years ago I did that gun scene. It's the whole concept of slow motion.

IN THE WILD BUNCH everyone dies in slow motion. Everybody. The guys down in The Neighborhood loved THE WILD BUNCH.

Asked about Godard and Bergman:

If you're interested in film at all, you've got to see their movies. You can't miss them. Like WEEKEND, I think there are a lot of problems but I saw it in Dutch the first time—in Dutch subtitles. Didn't understand a thing that was going on, but I liked it.

You go through three periods with Bergman: First, when you really discover him and you love him. But I discovered him back when I was 15. Like THE SEVENTH SEAL. I was floored by it. Of course, that was the best time to discover him because he was just coming into his own. THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT, THE SILENCE. After THE SILENCE, I kind of broke off. Then you get to the second period where you reject it completely: it's too heavy. And now you're in a third period where you say he is a master and you must see his work, whether you like it or not.

Arthur Knight, in this last week's Saturday Review (Aug. 23), killed this movie (WHO'S THAT KNOCKING). Didn't kill it, but gave the very silly criticism that he couldn't get into the characters which is ridiculous. Couldn't get into the characters. He said he didn't understand why young filmmakers pick up any characters they see and think they're interesting, and think they're going to be interesting to a large audience. No, they're not

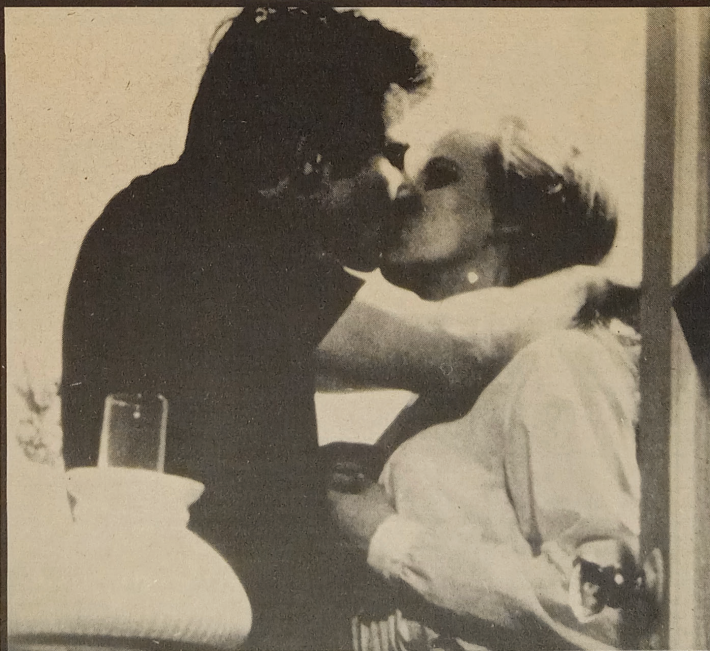
going to be interesting to a large audience, I know that damn well. But when I started making that film, I wanted to make one film that I knew was going to be like what I was never going to have a chance to make again.

Marty was assistant director on Mike Wadley's Woodstock Festival film.

This Woodstock thing was the most incredible thing for me in my life. I wasn't behind a camera, yes, but, wow, when I was behind those earphones, I was really enjoying myself because it was, "Hey, get a shot of this, get a shot of that." I was really going wild. I don't know what the hell I'm in for in the editing but I know mostly it will be pretty wild. I really like rock. Rock for me, that kind of music, for me, is an affirmation for the revolution. It really is. Like Ten Years After. Beautifully, elegantly depraved. The Who, they're obviously depraved. But Ten Years After are even more dangerous in a way. The Who is very theatrical. Ten Years After aren't. They're nice guys.

The first day I began to realize when I looked at the roads, the first revolutionary thing I felt, was that the machine was gone. Cars were destroyed, and everybody was walking. And it was 1969. Everybody was walking. And we destroyed the automobile. It was of absolutely no use. Completely obsolete. That was the first thing.

Then Mike Wadley got up. I called, "Mike, come over here. Do you realize what this is? This is the end of the '60's. The end of the decade. The bloody '60's. The assassinations. The War. This is the topping of it."



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# "DIAL-A-SMELL"

LIL PICARD

"I lend you my 'Sweat' " said John Giorno.

"I counted two and seventy stenchers all well defined and several stinks."

(Coleridge)

"Directory assistance"

"Please give me the number of N.Y. Smell Art, Inc."

"One moment please. The number is 697-6355"

"Is that Smell Art, Inc.?"

"Yes, Can we help you?"

"Indeed you can. I'd like to subscribe to your service 'Dial-a-Smell'?"

"Which one of our services would you like? We have four special services. The average Smell Service goes for \$10 a year, the special refined service for \$20 a year, the luxury service for \$35 and the Super service in N.Y. Culture Stink for \$45 a year. For \$100 a year you can subscribe to all our four services and you are getting your money's worth of smells and stinks.

The \$10 service supplies our customers with smoke, smog, gasoline, incinerator, air pollution, detergent—and cleaning fluid smells and the exhaust fumes from air ventilators, cooking and food smells and the wet stench from gutters, sewers and subways on rainy days. The refined service, the \$20 one, provides more complicated mixtures which have a slightly intoxicating effect. They are not too disturbing, but very effective, including chemicals, paints, lacquers, plastics, glues. The luxury service for \$35 includes the "effete snob" smells of newsprint, books freshly off the

printing press, Pot, furs, perfumes, leather, the scent of cigarettes, expensive cigars, wine, champagne, sex, mating, bathroom salts, soaps and sprays against bad breath. The Cultural Stink service for \$45 is the most intangible one. It's really groovy in an abstract way. One gets a kind of culture cocktail bouquet of air pollution mixed with fumes and essences of free expression, self admiration and self advertising, poetic name-dropping in the form of personal essays, and if one sometimes seems to detect a whiff of corruption it is only seemingly so because only the friends and friends of friends of friends are indulging in sniffs and snuffs of that kind of ego indulging behavior. We therefore don't stress the service of cultural stink for beginning subscribers of Dial-a-Smell."

"When does the service start?"  
 "At once, if you want to."  
 "I do!"

Hanging up my phone I lay on my bed and waited for Dial-a-Smell to start. It worked like magic.

My bedroom filled with a bitter sweet aroma, reminding me of the subway in rush hours, a mixture of food, burps, urine, dirt, hair and wet cloth. I detected a whiff of cheap perfume, the Forty-Second Street-Times Square kind, and hairspray scent and some strange rancid odor of garlic, mixed with burnt vegetable, a smell I always get when I pass a certain Italian restaurant on University Place.

But now all these smells, odors, reeking scents and stinks came to me for a measly ten

bucks—cheaper even than the membership at MOMA—and all that through my cultural gadget, the white Princess Telephone. I thought, Smell Culture is great, and I am a very lucky New York Cultural Heroine, so elegantly served by smells and stinks, lying here in my bed, enjoying this great city's combined air smells, breathing in Air Art by the second.

Every time I get to the seashore or to the country I feel at once dizzy. I seem not to be used to ozone anymore. I suffer from fresh air poisoning. Once used to a certain cultural stench one can't be without it anymore. Commuting in New York's taxis, Busses and Subways between the Village and Uptown 57th Street East and West—Dwan, Fischbach and Emmerich Culture area and up to Stark's Restaurant Castelli, Cordier & Ekstrom, 79th Street, one gets filled with Culture Smog. Trees, fields, earth, water all act like poison on one's system; the culture lover thrives only on art smells. Lying in my bed, using the Dial-a-Smell Service for stimulation, I can follow the trends and currents, and my soul becomes peaceful. I don't have to run around anymore to get into the swing of things. The smells have the quality of revitalizing my nervous system. There is nothing like an odor to stimulate memories.

"Smells are surer than sounds or sights," I read somewhere. How true that is. The smell of mouldering grapes for sale in the supermarket for 89¢ a pound revives early childhood experiences in the wine yards of the Palatinat. The German poet Friedrich Schiller kept old



rotten apples in his desk drawer; they inspired him for his best works. Only rotten apples did the job for him. Today rotten apples turned on Spiro Agnew to one of his most involved speeches against protesting youth. A writer friend of mine once told me that my writing style reminded him of the warmth of a bed and he advised me never to lose this sexy bed-warmth style. So, I write in 'bed and dial a smell! I can do everything now from this strategic point, the bed. With two phones I can dial a poem and a smell simultaneously and inhale the imaginary sublime eroticism of phantasy smell Art. So I am able to meet New York cultural stench. This is often hard and heavy going. Culture smells are like tableaux of realism. I wonder why so few people get turned on by them. I was told by a political acquaintance that the smell of corruption provided by the super service often provokes vomiting spells with the subscribers. Just think about the smelly stuff City Commissioners,



Justices, Senators, the Mafia, et al sometimes produce. The delicious odor of decay, the pungent energizers, smelling salts and crystals, fragrant air currents, burning sensations titillating the noses filtered through the telephone, soon also through TV will help us not only to see and hear, but also to smell the city, the streets, gardens, rooms, vehicles, humans, animals—and this total experience will be the final and complete ART. We can all indulge in fragrances, essences, fumes, odors, aromas, savory smells, aromatic perfumes, incense, and can imagine the fragrant fertile earth after soft showers, the tuberose, hyacinth, heliotrope, jasmine, lavender and lily of the valley, the flowery perfumes, but also in this theatre of smells the foul breath of noisy ugliness mingles with beauty. There is no boredom with Dial-a-Smell. The poetry of smell has its aesthetics of ugliness and cruelty and the smell of corruption is a reality we can't shut off.

# VITAMINE G

JOHN GIORNO

**Body Pile**  
 Extra: Les Levine's wife Atsuko had a baby. He's a boy and his name is Sean. That should put our old man through some changes. . . . Exclusive: Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh are on the rocks. Informed sources say Claes and Patty Oldenberg have gotten a divorce. They also say that Patty is now in love with a poet. Other informed sources say that Claes is still in love with a prominent gallery owners' ex-girlfriend. More break-ups: It is rumored that Didi and John Ryan are splitting up. . . . We have it from reliable authority that Paul Krassner is making it with the blond chick from afternoon TV *Secret Storm*. . . . An unbelievable rumor we heard this week is that Julie Martin is making it with Billy Kluber. One of their friends said about all those trips they made to Japan together "Isn't that like bringing a ham sandwich to a banquet?" . . . The grape vine has it that Frank Stella and Kaye Berman are still making it. . . .

Peter Schjedahl says he's going to Mexico for a divorce. . . . Is it really true that Joe Brainard sends red roses and champagne to J.J. Mitchell? . . . Does Dan Flavin have a girlfriend in Canada? . . . Is Lucy Lippard making it conceptually with Seth Siegelau? . . . Shelly Lustig says she almost fucked David Merrick in Southampton this summer. . . . Jasper Johns and John Giorno have split up. That's straight from the horse's mouth. . . . The word is Wynn Chamberlin and the Brand X crew have formed a commune, living, and working and balling together. . . . Culture Heroine Joy Bang and Culture Hero Michael McClanathan jetted to Jamaica recently allegedly just to make love in the water.

**Property Trip**  
 Grosse Point Heiress Taylor Mead's father died leaving \$6 million to him, his brother Hudson Mead and his mother. It

is rumored that maybe done out of his share by a jealous relative. . . . Informed sources tell us that millionaire Andy Warhol has bought Bob Dylan's house in Woodstock and that Dylan has bought one further up the mountain. Dylan also has bought a house on MacDougal Street and Andy is trying to buy 222 Bowers (price: \$250,000). Andy still asks us "Oh, oh, give me an idea for a movie!" but now also asks "Oh, oh, give me an idea to make money!" . . . Paul Morrissey has bought a house on East 6th St. for \$60,000. . . . viva lost her baby. . . . Barney Newman has bought a building on Spring and Elizabeth Streets. . . . Donald Droll left Fischbach for Knoedler's taking Tony Smith with him. . . . Les Levine was supposed to do the lighting for Henry Geldzahler's historical show at the Metropolitan Museum, but Henry said "No, Les will get all the publicity!" . . . Dial-A-Poem is on in

Chicago, telephone no. (312) 944-3640.  
**Speed Talks**  
 Brion Gysin, whose totally great novel *The Process* is the master-adept-game situation handbook, had his foot crushed in a motorcycle crash in Morocco and had three toes amputated. . . . William Burroughs, who has just finished a new novel called *The Wild Boys*, is in New York to make a movie on Dutch Schultz. He said he saw Tim Leary in Tangier looking like he'd been through some changes. "Yeah, he looked drawn and down." . . . Informed sources told Vitamine G that crashed speed freak Doctor Bishop's wife ran off with his formulas and his partner got the Mafia to close him down, then opened a new place called TCB with Bishop's nurse. *Take Care Of Bishop or Tough Crap On Bishop*. We won't call that being paranoid. What a way to crash! . . . Was Teddy Kennedy on acid the night he crashed?

. . . . We saw Simone Whitman in Great Barrington on her first acid trip being attacked by a swarm of bees, then we saw her a week later chopping vegetables at the hog farm kitchen in WhiteLake, and now we hear she's sold her loft for \$4,000 and joined a commune in Woodstock. Simone Whitman gets this months award for bridging the vitamine gap. . . . Emmett Williams is Poet-in-residence at the University of Kentucky. . . . Les Levine heard saying in Max's "What I want for Christmas is for Jill Johnston and Norman Mailer to bite each others ears off." . . . Hold onto your seats for a dynamite scoop on Michael and Emily Zimmer in the next issue. Riff from a commune in Stockbridge: "When me and Marion are balling the kids are riding on our back." Health Hint: Did you know there are only 90 calories in a mouthful of sperm.

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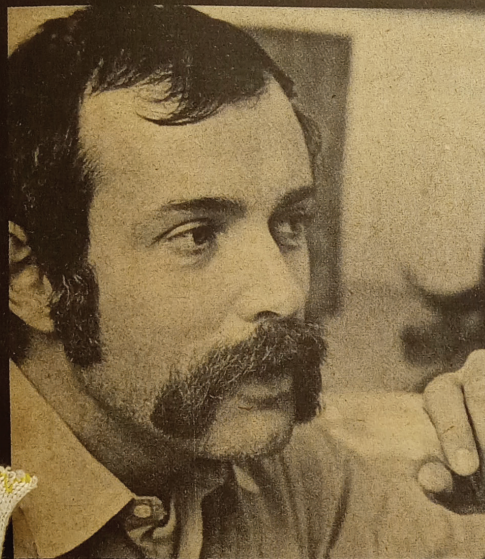
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## INTERVIEW WITH G. BABCOCK

J. PERREAULT



An Interview with Gregory Battcock by John Perreault  
Headline: "They're all jealous!" says Battcock

(Gregory Battcock writes for Arts, The New York Review of Sex and Politics, Art and Artists, and the College Art Journal. He is also a teacher and was once the vice-president of a local chapter of the Association of College and University Professors. Anthologies he has edited include The New Art, Minimal Art, and The New American Cinema, all published by E.P. Dutton. He is one of the most energetic people I know. He is also one of the most charming. He is a trouble-maker and a non-stop talker. He drives a yellow MG and owns at least one Cardin suit. Arriving too late to board a plane from Miami to Puerto Rico, he successfully stopped the airplane from taking off by running out into the airstrip, shouting and waving his arms. What follows is a transcript of a taped interview I had with him in my apartment recently—catching him, as it were, between trips to Europe. John Perreault.)

Battcock: So have you finally gotten this machine in order? That's what I want to know.  
Perreault: Yes. It's working. It's working.  
Battcock: Tell me, do you think I should get a machine like this?  
Perreault: I don't know. Why should you? It's very bad for interviewing artists. Stick a microphone in their faces and they clam up. They can't talk. Although I did use it once to interview Bob Smithson.  
Battcock: I've always wanted one, really... So you were saying?  
Perreault: How old are you? And you evaded the question.  
Battcock: Well, I'm 32. And did you know I used to live just around the corner from you on Christopher Street? On the top floor. Yes. Sixth floor walk-up... Tell me how you can stand

to live in a small place like this.  
Perreault: It's financial. As I said before the rent is only \$50 and since I make so little money as an art critic, I don't think I could have survived without it.  
Battcock: Were you asking me any questions?  
Perreault: Yes. I was asking you how old you were... Yes. I wanted to know about... well... most people are interested in your... uh... financial life... and... your sexual life.  
Battcock: Really? I can't imagine.

Perreault: People are always accusing you of making a lot of money on your various anthologies.

Battcock: Really? I'm penniless.  
Perreault: I saw your apartment.  
Battcock: It's a large apartment but its rent-controlled and it's a run-down building. A shabby block. I'm really quite penniless.  
Perreault: So that's why you do all those anthologies?

Battcock: I don't do the anthologies for money.

Perreault: What for then? Glory?  
Battcock: Not for glory either. Certainly not for prestige. Everyone laughs at them.

Perreault: Who laughs at them?  
Battcock: People. They make snide comments all the time.

Perreault: You write for that nefarious publication the New York Review of Sex and I understand this has gotten you into several difficulties.

Battcock: It has. Into quite a few difficulties, as a matter of fact. People are very jealous.

Perreault: What do you mean?  
Battcock: Well, they try to put all kinds of pressure on me to stop writing. My publisher, my university, my colleagues. They all do this under the guise of reputation and scholarship. All of those questionable values.

Perreault: Yes. Which you pay no attention to at all?

Battcock: Yes. I do pay attention to them. The more pressure I get for writing in that paper the more determined I am

to continue writing for it. Very likely I would have stopped a long time ago if I hadn't met this extraordinary hostility.

Perreault: It seems like a perfectly harmless newspaper to me.

Battcock: It is perfectly harmless. As a matter of fact, my objection to the newspaper...

Perreault: Is that it is perfectly harmless?

Battcock: Yes, just that. I had a discussion with Sam Edwards. You know Sam Edwards. He's the editor... Is that a Franz Kline on the wall? That thing?

Perreault: No, it isn't. Continue talking!

Battcock: Sam... what's his name? Sam Edwards. And my objections are that it is a little too tame. It should be a little more outrageous.

Perreault: I'm sure no one reads your column.

Battcock: I have an enormous following in the Midwest. Ohio, Michigan.

Perreault: Do you get letters from people?

Battcock: Yes. But at the N.Y. Review of Sex they never give me my mail. They throw it away... No one in New York seems to read me but they sell 30,000 copies every week.

Perreault: How did you ever get into the art criticism racket?

Battcock: Well, I was a painter and I didn't have enough room in my apartment. Too small, and everybody was painting bigger and bigger. Really that's the reason. So I found that all I could do was type a little bit, because after all my typewriter really doesn't take up that much room.

Perreault: So you consider yourself primarily a critic rather than an artist?

Battcock: I don't know.

Perreault: What do you consider yourself?

Battcock: I'm something of a yachtsman, you know. I enjoy boat travel. I traveled this summer out in the Mediterranean on Pacut Lines for five days. It was really quite an experience. I got sprayed by hot oil while I was studying my French on the upper deck. The company sent me \$170. I should have asked for more. I also promised I wouldn't mention the incident in my column.

Perreault: Some people lump us all together. You, me, Jill Johnston, Lil Picard.

Battcock: They lump us all together? Me with Lil Picard?  
Perreault: People who are doing criticism that no longer seems to be art criticism but just writing about themselves.

Battcock: Just before she died, they asked Ivy Compton-Burnet about criticism and she said that the critics today are rather boyish. Boyish because all they do is write about themselves.

Perreault: So you think we're all boyish, including Jill.

Battcock: No. I'm just saying what she said and she was a fool. So it doesn't matter. Yes, all critics write about themselves. They always have. Is that anything new really?

Perreault: Are there any galleries

or gallery people that you find loathsome and offensive and that have treated you badly?

Battcock: Ghastly. The worse thing about being an art critic is the treatment one gets from the galleries. It's insufferable. They really don't want you around. They don't want you to write about the artist. The gallery management might have to admit that the artist was good. I think basically most gallery people don't like the artists. If you write something good about the artist it puts the gallery person in an embarrassing position. His business relationship with the artist. It is like the editor and his author. An editor knows his author is a fool. Or a college professor and his students. The professor knows his students are idiots. Well, the gallery person knows the painter is worthless. And he resents a critic coming around and this is why they do everything they possibly can to discourage you from coming into the gallery to keep you from getting the kind of information that you need. And maneuver in any possible way they can to try to turn the critic into a cheap clerk. Which is what they think critics are anyway.

Clerks... I think the gallery people get very confused sometimes and they can't tell their messenger service from the critics. They never keep appointments.  
Perreault: I have heard that on some occasions, when pressed with a deadline, you have reviewed shows by telephone with the excuse that if artists can make art by telephone then critics should be able to review by telephone. Is this true?

Battcock: I've never admitted doing that. You can't believe anything you hear nowadays. They're just jealous that's all.

Perreault: It was once the custom for artists to reward critics for favorable reviews by a gift of a drawing or some small work.

Battcock: That was certainly before my time. All they ever give me is... Franco-American spaghetti. They think we are all fools.

Perreault: You don't think artists really like critics?

Battcock: Of course not. They resent the critics terribly. It

seems to me that the whole direction of art is moving towards criticism. Conceptual Art is really nothing but refined art criticism. And the painters realize it and are taking it out on the critics. Artists seem to think that they're doing the critics a favor merely by existing. What they don't realize is that the critic and his criticism don't need their art to exist.

Perreault: What would the critic write about?

Battcock: The critic will continue doing as he has been doing, writing about ideas, concepts, theories. The art is just the vehicle. We have to make a distinction between a critic and the man who writes the copy for Macy's advertisements in the New York Post.

Perreault: You recently had an article in Arts about anti-art, with particular emphasis on the thoughts of Marcuse. Didn't you meet Marcuse this past summer?

Battcock: Yes. I wrote the article and then I met Marcuse. It turned out I was completely wrong in my article. I took Marcuse's theories and I led them to their inevitable conclusions. But at least when it comes to art, in other words, to applying his theories, Marcuse is a total reactionary. He knows nothing. He's just an... He has old-fashioned conservative taste. He likes paintings of flowers and things.

Perreault: What do you think of Les Levine?

Battcock: Pleasant chap. Oh. Les Levine. From everything I've heard he's charming.

Perreault: Lucy Lippard?

Battcock: Energetic and charming.

Perreault: Lil Picard.

Battcock: Charming.

Perreault: Jill Johnston?

Battcock: Jill is a little bit difficult, you know.

Perreault: How should I know?

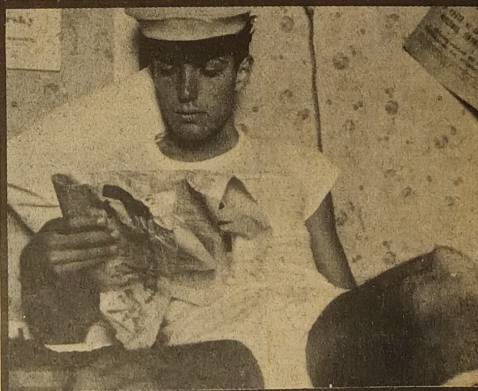
Battcock: Because you know her as well as I do.

Perreault: Nicholas Calas?

Battcock: Who?

Perreault: Andy Warhol?

Battcock: Oh, yes. He's a very good artist. Met him about 1962. I was in some of his movies, but none of them ever get shown. I think Gerard Malanga deliberately hid them.



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# CULTURE HERO OF THE MONTH

## MICHAEL MCCLANATHAN

JOY BANG

### THE JOB AT HAND: GETTING TO KNOW MICHAEL MCCLANATHAN

Let me tell you how he sleeps: he wraps the top sheet around his rear and his thighs and lets his feet hang over the edge or else curled around me. He is hardly ever on his back. Early morning depends on what drug he took last night but he always lights a Camel before trying to stand up. He usually eats just the yellow of the egg and then only if it's fried or boiled soft enough to 'run'. And then coffee. The first of uncountable cups . . . for if anything is his drug, it is that.

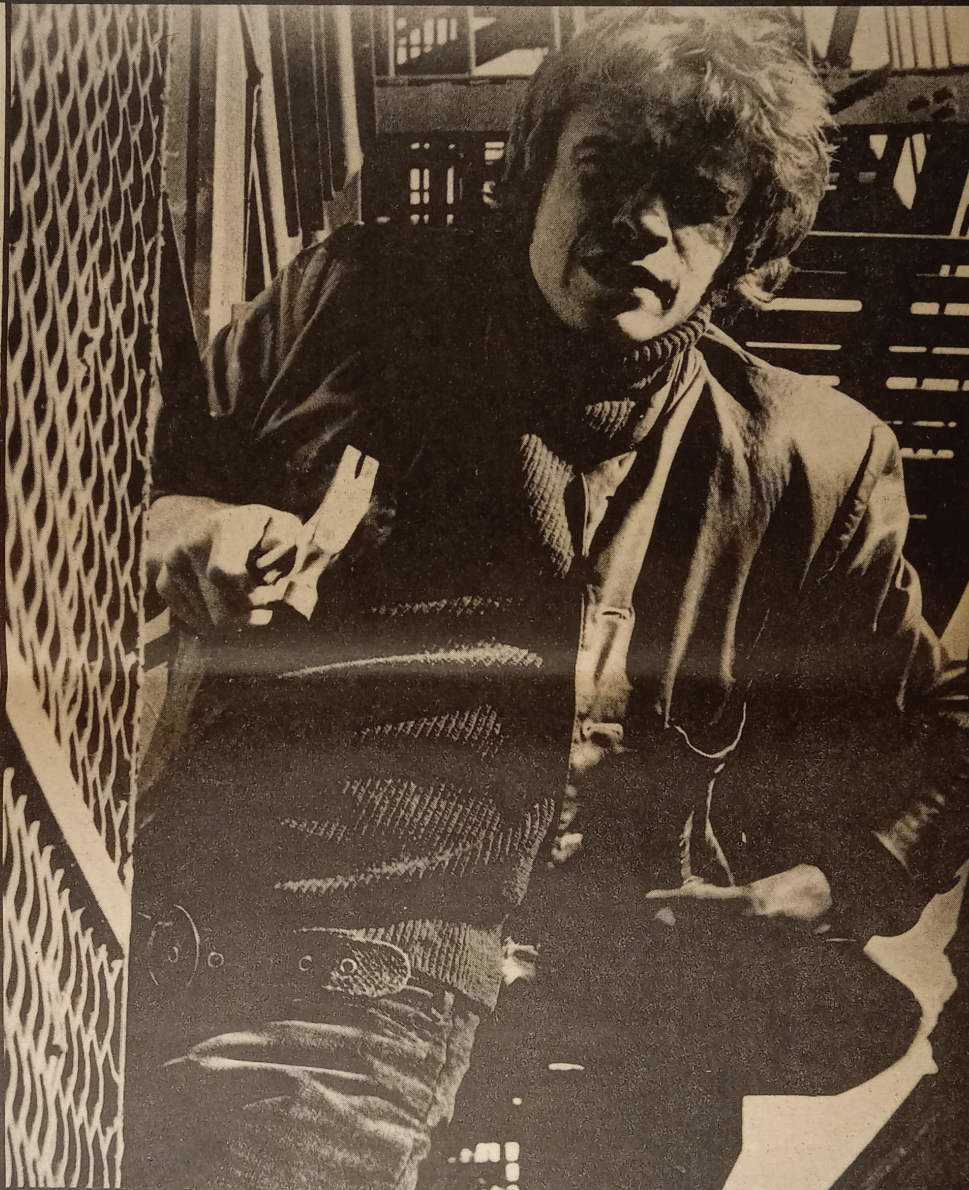
You get the feeling he's been drifting in and out of countless adventures, having a Camel and a coffee on many mornings, in many rooms, in many cities, in a lot of worlds. He is not from one place or of one scene but belongs totally to the world and to Michael. He writes poems about that loneliness but is never alone.

On one level he is his image—a drug using, motorcycle riding Angry Young Man educated on the highways of America. Talk to him, and you can dig he's a poet, an artist, a lover and a dedicated (that is to say, REALLY hardworking) actor. Drop some acid with him and he's a guru, a prophet, a priest—St. Michael truly.

He had come from Chicago slums, four years in the Navy, two marriages, a year in Europe, and art school in Rhode Island to New York to find a loft, make money to paint and try it acting. He said a funny thing about being an actor once—that is was the last thing he tried because it was the easiest . . . he knew he could do it well. The only challenge would be if he decided to be the *best* actor.

He reunited with his old friend John Giorno who he'd met on a steamer en route to Europe, found the Cafe LaMama and became a fast favorite with Ellen Stewart and became, that first year, the darling of Off Off Broadway, starring in Lanford Wilson's *Sand Castle* and Marshall Mason's *Untitled Play*. Then, effortlessly, he got a role in a fiasco Broadway show, *The Freaking Out of Stephanie Blake* which, from the moment it started, challenged his ethics and bothered his values.

That's the thing about Michael. It would seem his only problem is in compromising his artistic ideals or his philosophy in order to eat. He sets his own standards so high—never for others, merely for himself—that a superhuman effort is needed for Michael to satisfy Michael. He has always known he could do certain things just because he is so handsome, but to use that factor, which in our sick society is a ticket to success, would bore the hell out of him and he invariably chooses the hardest way to do something and it would seem that for him, to suffer is the joy in life. He agrees with Artaud. To be comfortable and secure to Michael means to grow fat and die.



Incredible poetry comes out of these wars he sets up to fight with himself. Great paintings to follow his most suicidal periods. But he doesn't try to be a poet or be an artist. Why he does these pieces has nothing to do with an identity trip or role game like "I'd best paint, I'm a painter" No . . . each piece is usually Michael's solution to some conflict he's created and it's done for no reason except to solve that problem. He never does a, b and c to get to d. That's why he's so incredible an actor—he succeeds like the Zen archer who doesn't give a shit for getting the target but rather, gets into the joys and challenge

of stretching the bow and letting fly the arrow. In *Alice's Restaurant* his entire involvement was with the work day to day. He set up problems for himself to solve which involved him totally in the *now* never giving a thought to career or image. Arthur Penn was awed by the way he worked. Nothing less than the performance he gave would have satisfied Michael.

Besides all that there is magic to Michael. No doubt about it. People don't become stars, they are stars. Not in the Hollywood sense only, but in the true sense of the word—a gigantic energy force that attracts people to

watch him. There are very few women who would not love to touch him and stroke his skin whether they admit it or not. And that is as it should be because he has something to give. It is clearly his Karma to become part of many people's lives. He has messages to bring. And there is no better or best to him—he rarely is guilty of judging or classing people and is therefore the kindest, gentlest, most honest of friends. He asks nothing of another man and is confused when someone puts demands on him. He's the fiercest champion of freedom—and moreso because he understands its consequences and believes each man had better

learn to bear the brunt of his own actions.

Sometimes he goes away in his head and you think of Steppenwolf whose sign, Aquarius, Hesse calls the dark, humid sign! But as dark and humid as Michael gets he can get bored with that and become pretty funny.

He's not scared of death and rides his 650cc Triumph at 100mph on the Taconic with one hand in his girlfriend's pants. He'll stop the bike suddenly, by the roadside, lead me into the woods and make love to me like a gentle prince, then have a beer and go roaring back onto the highway doing 95 like a Hell's Angel.

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# NO COMMERCIAL POTENTIAL?

DAVID WALLEY

No Commercial Potential—A Speculative Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention by David Walley

There was a time when he used to come on stage, surrounded by banks of amplifiers and brass instruments and ceremoniously pick his nose. He slopped his coffee all over his guitar and peppered his conversation with miscellaneous "fucks", "craps", and "shits". The group he conducted used to saunter on stage, rag-tag fashion like they weren't supposed to play at all—rather like they wandered in off the street, and seeing that there was a warm place to collect, gathered haphazardly waiting for something to happen. For those of us who were fortunate enough to see it, Frank Zappa with the Mothers of Invention were extraordinary as musicians and cultural seers.

Recently the Mothers disbanded because Zappa was tired of having people ask him to play "Louie, Louie" or its pop equivalent for hours on end. This may be an exaggeration, but Frank railed against the inability of a rock audience to comprehend art in a pop context. Zappa, ever since his first album, *Freak Out*, has been attempting to fuse the "cultural" with the "popular." He maintained through his music that it could be both relevant and a work of art without any sacrifices being made on the part of an audience or a composer. Anyone who has listened to his records can only marvel at his technique of quoting various old masters while interspersing their ideas with his own. Zappa's genius lay in his ability to musically allude to all forms of music, be it classical, folk or a capella pimple rock to make them all relevant to the culture of the 60's.

The invitation to listen to criticism on Frank's part was not straightforward, rather in the manner of the anti-hip hipster. His music presently is a challenge to the listener couched in negative terms. "Don't listen to me, it sucks, you suck." No matter how outrageous, you are forced to marvel. Zappa is a con artist of the best sort—the image is misleading. (After all, no one would have been aware of the Mothers if they have come out wearing powder blue tuxedos with gold lame lapels, purple stovepipe pants and DA haircuts, would one???) He wants to get your attention because he knows his music is America, plastic automobiles, eye make-up, hairspray, day-glo vaginas *et al*. He comes from Los Angeles, the Forest Lawn of the soul—he is the product of and the reaction against it. Few listened to him because he farted around on stage, spent 30 minutes tuning up and then gave the audience the finger for patiently enduring the whole performance. The finger, well-raised, meant more than Zappa contemplated and has caused him many problems.

It has been very difficult for Zappa to get anywhere with his music for the express reason that

he refuses to use the normal channels of musical appeal. Anyone who has listened to his albums has been impressed, or at least mildly shocked by the way in which he makes his presence known. In fact, the effect of most of his material is similar to being bludgeoned to death with a logger's chain—anyway, he has never been noted for his tact. Musically he resembles his Dadaist compatriots. Intellectually, he is far away from mundane considerations... like taste. Maybe for Zappa, the medium is the message. His contorted and jangling rhythms speak of a culture which has lost its ability to reason intelligently, a society which values plastic for "with-it" look rather than wood for its aesthetic properties. How to translate these feelings into commercial music has always been Zappa's major problem. It's not that people haven't followed Zappa's Mothers, hardly, the Mothers were a popular performing group. That wasn't the problem at all, rather a question of ends over means. In order to get a message through, the message has to be packaged within an image. In the case of the Mothers, the image was ugliness, an ugliness which reflected the society of America, the super culture of Los Angeles.

The ugliness concept backfired tragically. It even made Frank discouraged. People instead of going behind the image, took it to be the sum total of the Mothers. The more outrageous the Mothers became, the more people flocked to see them. It was not a case of what they played as much as how they acted while they were playing. People went to see freaks freak out instead of listening to serious musicians perform. Although there have been five fine albums featuring the Mothers, none of them have really sold because the message never got through despite the package. Basically, Zappa caused his band to be products of a peculiar kind of cultural overload, the medium (ugliness) being more important than the message of spiritual and industrial decadence. To add to this quandary, Zappa purposely downgraded his music in an attempt to get people to listen—hence the frequent references to that now famous slogan, "No Commercial Potential."

If an artist starts off with the public premise that his work has no relevance—at least if an artist says this publicly, the whole impact of the creation is lost. In the case of Frank Zappa, "no commercial potential" had become a death wish with no way out except in the dissolution of his band. Where does one go? Zappa, since the beginning of his career, had become involved in aspects of record production. His lp's were creations of his whole art concept from editing, to art direction, to the music itself. He formed a record company, Bizarre, and has commenced to make his message felt in other ways, using the same

components, but with different artists, notably the G.T.O.'s and Alice Cooper (to name some more extraordinary artists). By changing his mode of attack, he has been able to reach a wider segment of the pop audience.

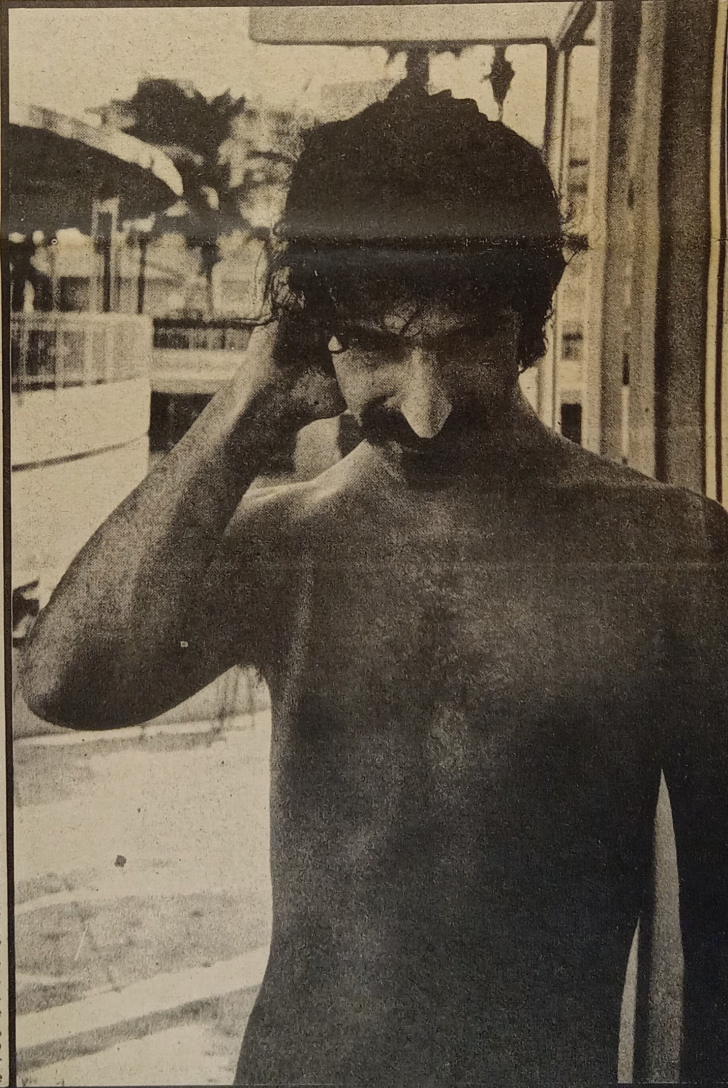
Again, the anti-message of "no commercial potential" has hurt Zappa's own artistic aspirations, not to say that his more recent efforts haven't been successful. Although he takes a back seat in performing, in producing others his ideals are in many ways carried forward. Make no mistake, everything Zappa does has his peculiar stamp of disapproval—the meanness of his musical structure, the pungent satire of his lyrics, the nerve-jarring atonal harmonies of his music go a long way. Perhaps he still taxes his listeners and fans too much. Possibly he overestimates his

audience's capacity to endure mental torture for the sake of enlightenment, perhaps his message is too powerful to be commercially successful—it all makes no difference to him.

Cultural prophets have never been popular in a society which thrives on junk. People aren't willing to have their ideals turned inside out before their eyes. Certainly no one who goes to a concert expects to be insulted or attacked. Zappa however, revels in this type of cultural confrontation. If the only way one can learn is by being attacked and stripped of his defenses, then Zappa cannot complain about the treatment he has been accorded by the media—a strange mixture of respect shadowed by a faint tinge of suspicion.

One sometimes wonders just exactly what Zappa hopes to

prove with his music. It is more a case of what Zappa wants to prove to himself. He has the ability and the technique to be the best composer/arranger of this generation while having the distinction of being the ultimate example of the cultural anti-hero, the anti-musical musician, the anti-academic academic. The rest of us can only watch him with a certain air of bemusement and respect while hoping that sometime, somehow, Zappa will be accepted not for what he appears to be, but for what he is. Since the Mothers are no longer a performing unit, it is hoped that the spirit of the Mothers' iconoclasm will continue to refresh a rather staid and commercial music scene, and the label of "no commercial potential" will be applied to less exalted musical figures than Frank Zappa.



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## TELEPHONE ART IN CHICAGO

Some sort of high (or long-distance) point in the history of Conceptual Art was reached by Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art in November with the exhibition, "Art by Telephone." Thirty-nine American and European artists phoned in proposals which were duly carried out by museum personnel. For some reason this terrific show hasn't received much attention in New York. The following is an alphabetical list of the participating artists with descriptions of their contributions.

**SHAH ARMAJANI**, who lives and works in Minneapolis, will phone in to a computer firm the program for a 1,000,000 digit number. The print-out will cover 30 pages and occupy a wall space approximately ten feet square. The work is entitled "A Fairly Large Number." Armajani has recently been working with computer-generated images.

**ARMAN**, the French assemblage, will enlist museum visitors to create a work in the spirit of his 1961 "trashcans" and the "fill-up" of the Iris Clert Gallery. An 8 x 8 foot square of plexiglass will close off a corner of the low gallery and people in the museum will be invited to fill it with objects and refuse of their choice.

**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER**, known for scattering bips at random, will telephone a friend who will steal an oriental rug and have it delivered to the museum. The rug will be exhibited along with a label reading "Stolen Oriental Rug." Says Arschwager, "The rug would be okay. The label would be not okay. You don't have stolen things labeled as such in a museum. It's tripping people up. So where is it? In the rug? In the label? In the interaction between the two and the viewer? Or in the interaction between the rug, the label, the viewer and the museum?"

**JOHN BALDESSARI**, West Coast painter, will enlist three people to create a painting: 1) someone to select 12 objects which interest him and indicate them to 2) a photographer who will shoot them and give the prints to 3) an academic painter. Baldessari will roll dice to determine which of the 12 images is to be reproduced by the painter. Each will show the pointing hand.

**IAIN BAXTER**, President of the N.E. Thing Co. which operates out of Vancouver, B.C., will send the museum photographs of his travels by xerox, telecopier. In addition he will telegraph thoughts from time to time and will provide museum guards with a weekly N.E. Thing Co. word to pronounce upon request. The N.E. Thing Co. was featured in a recent exhibition at the National Gallery of Canada.

**MEL BOCHNER's** "Transduction: Language Series" resembles an international version of the game

"Telephone." Bochner, who has been exploring the variance of structure in written and spoken language, will relate a dense piece of art criticism by telephone to a museum staff member who will phone Milan where the paragraph will be translated into Italian. From there it will be relayed by telephone to Germany, Sweden, England, and back to the museum, being translated in each case. Copies of the initial and ultimate versions, plus all the intermediate translations, will be displayed.

**GEORGE BRECHT**, founder of Brecht & MacDiarmid, Research Associates, has been exploring the possibilities of floating land masses across the surface of the earth. For this exhibition he will solicit ideas on how to float England to a location near the Canary Islands. Suggestions may be phoned in by museum visitors to Brecht's Chicago answering service, MI 2-6322. Viewer responses will be displayed in the museum along with Brecht's proposal.

**JACK BURNHAM**, associate professor of art at Northwestern University and an artist working with light, is currently interested in "Washed-out light." He has instructed the museum to hang 40 to 60 three-foot strips of green tape lights in a dark room. A stronglamp covered with a violet gelatin will be at the other end of the room. It will be timed to go on and off in 30-second cycles, in the process washing out the illumination from the tape lights. The work is entitled "Ultravioletence."

**JAMES LEE BYARSS**, currently flying through Europe in a red patent leather plane, will come to the museum on November 13 to make a series of ceremonial phone calls. The first will consist of 30 seconds of silent communication with French writer Alain Robbe-Grillet. The next calls will be to U.S. celebrities to record the sound of their "hellos." Byars comments, "Robbe-Grillet and I will simultaneously pick up the phone and say nothing as, in essence, a first meeting—to me an incredible dramatization of the first meeting. 'Hello' is a ritualistic question and I love it."

**ROBERT CUMMING**, who lives in Milwaukee, has instructed the museum to arrange eight-foot long parallel troughs of wood with cross bars of cedar fence posts. The ends of the axes will be swabbed with foam rubber and one end of the piece will be suspended one foot off the ground. Cummings likes to make objects that look utilitarian but aren't.

**FRANCOIS DALLEGRET**, a French artist dividing his time between Montreal and New York, has devised a work called "Hot Line." A 30-foot length of nichrome wire, protected by glass, will be plugged in to a cycle timer. Every three minutes the wire will be heated to about

1,500 watts of power, turn red, stretch and sag. When the current goes off, the wire straightens and regains its silver color.

**JAN DIBBETS**, a Dutch land artist, has chosen to document a strip of the Gary-Indianapolis highway. A car with a camera on its dashboard will drive along the highway, stop to photograph at half-mile intervals over a five-mile stretch and record the highway noises on tape. Says Dibbets, "The visual thing is the photos, but they are connected by a time process: you can hear the connection, but you can't see anything. When the car stops, you can't hear anything but you can see the photograph."

**JOHN GIORNO**, a New York poet, has contributed his dial-A-Poem service, which, when set up last year in New York City, became a huge popular success. Dial-A-Poem will be available at the Osaka World's Fair and will be part of the Jewish Museum's Software show next spring. Twenty-eight poets have each contributed twelve two-minute recordings which will be changed daily. They may be listened to by dialing 944-3640 during the exhibition.

**ROBERT GROSVENOR**, a minimal sculptor frequently working with cantilevered pieces, has instructed the museum to stretch a length of plastic-covered wire horizontally one-foot below the museum's ceiling from one corner to another at a 45° angle. One-foot away from the corner the wire will turn and run perpendicularly into the floor. A nearly invisible line will mark three points in the room.

**HANS HAACKE**, a German artist now living in New York, has done a series of works with a meteorological basis. He has asked the museum to establish an area in which the temperature will be noticeably lower than that in the rest of the galleries.

**RICHARD HAMILTON**, an English progenitor of pop art proposes to explore the conflict between a photographically-reproduced image and a hand-made one—a subject that has interested him for years. He has instructed Chicago painter Ed Paschke to enlarge a corner of a picture postcard of Chicago and make a painting from it. Hamilton says he may work with the same image in London to compare the results.

**DAVI DET HOMPSON** (pronounced David E. Thompson) has commissioned a visual pun called "Reverse Charges." A sign painter has been assigned to paint two canvas panels one yellow and one white, and letter, in black, the word "Reverse" on one panel and the word "Charges" on the other. The effect of the panels, Hompson says, will be to cancel each other out.

**DICK HIGGINS**, New York poet, composer and founder of the Something Else Press, has contributed "Deja Vu." Museum visitors will record via telephone onto a tape loop. As the voices are overlaid the sound will become denser so that finally no individual voices or words will be distinguishable. About it Higgins comments, "You will gradually get a vocal collage built up... it's essentially a musical piece."

**ROBERT HUOT's** work is quite literally "Art by Telephone." The museum will post a listing of the names of 26 people named "Arthur" in 26 cities in the United States. Each city name will begin with a different letter in the alphabet and each Arthur's last name is to be the first listing under that letter. (For instance, in Atlanta the name might be Arthur Aaron, in Boston, Arthur Baar.) Their phone numbers will be listed. Museum visitors are invited to call, ask for "Art" and from then on the execution of "Art by Telephone" will be up to them.

**ALAIN JACQUET**, a French artist who has recently been reproducing the texture of one material (inferior) on another material (superior), will now reproduce one material on the same material. He has asked that ten floor to ceiling strips of museum wall, each two feet wide, be painted with transparent paint. The first strip will get one coat, the second two coats and so on.

**ED KIENHOLZ** has asked that the doors to the museum's men's and women's rooms be photographed, that the photographs be blown up door-size and that they be placed over the doors in reverse, so that the men's room will be the women's room and vice versa during the exhibition. Kickplates and pushplates will be remounted over the photographs. Says Kienholz, "The environment inside is one that people get uptight about anyway and if there's any confusion about it it'll shake them."

**JOSEPH KOSUTH**, a New York artist who works with data dispersion through mass media, will have an exhibition in ten to fifteen cities around the world. A museum or gallery in each city will place an ad in a local newspaper or periodical or, in one instance, sponsor television time. Afterwards the ads, each in the language of the locality, will be assembled in poster form for display. The Chicago portion will appear in the Panorama section of the *Chicago Daily News* on November 1. Kosuth comments, "My current work, which consists of categories from the Thesaurus, deals with the multiple aspects of an idea of something."

**LES LEVINE's** piece is entitled "Auction." Five museum staff members have received instamatic cameras, flash cubes

and film and have been instructed to take 20 pictures of anything that interests them in the museum for the period of a week. The photographs will be mounted and auctioned off the night of the opening. The same staff members will each shoot 20 more photographs of the auction for later exhibition. Levine, who is interested in making "energy flow," explains, "What you get in the long run is a whole group of events for the sole purpose of making something happen. But afterwards it had no reason for happening."

**SOL LEWITT**, a New York minimal artist, has provided instructions for a 60 x 60" drawing to be executed in pencil on a museum wall by a local draughtsman. A grid of one-inch squares will be constructed and the draughtsman may, at his discretion, fill in the squares with diagonal, horizontal or vertical lines.

**CHARLOTTE MOORMAN:** see separate news release

**ROBERT MORRIS**, an early practitioner of "anti-form," is also known as a dancer and choreographer. He has given precise instructions by telephone for a movie to be made of a shirtless muscular male colliding with a glass door. The movie, which is to be shown in slow motion, shows the impact of the muscles flattening as they hit the glass. Morris has made other films which, as he explains, "have nothing to do with my holding the camera."

**BRUCE NAUMAN**, a California artist working now with film, instructed by phone a museum staff member to carry out a movement to be recorded on videotape. The movement—a jump—was repeated, unchanging, at regular intervals, called by Nauman, until the tape ran out. During the exhibition the videotape will be replayed in the exact spot where the action was recorded.

**CLAES OLDENBURG** will phone in daily messages to be posted on a black board. He explains, "In one sense it would be a way to keep up with what I am doing. It would be a kind of living with me—something like Oppenheim's weight piece. You could call it "Today with Claes Oldenburg" if you want. One thing I wanted to get in is the idea of seances and spirit writing."

**DENNIS OPPENHEIM**, a New York land artist last year staged an exhibition of refuse from the New York Stock Exchange on the roof of a midtown Manhattan skyscraper. For this exhibition he has asked the piles of five materials prominent in the construction of the museum—insulation, sawdust, gypsum, cement and metal filings—be distributed on the museum floor in piles equal to Oppenheim's weight (158 lbs). Each week the museum is to call Oppenheim who will report his exact weight at that time. The

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# ROCK IN TORONTO

VAN SCHLEY

Bo Diddley got the crowd of 30,000 kids dancing to his driving guitar beat. In the best Diddley fashion sexy dancing/dry humping his girl singer, guitar player and himself had everyone on their feet clapping and yelling "Go, Go, Bo Diddley". To the delight of all he even hung around for a spell and did a second set.

Jerry Lee Lewis, who is best known for marrying his thirteen year old cousin and subsequently getting blackballed, seemed to be having a better time than his audience. With his foot on the piano, he asked his admirers to "Just stand

in one spot, and wiggle around just a little bit". Hair combed back in curly neatness, with the comb in the back pocket, Jerry Lee was having the time of his life.

Late in the afternoon came Chuck Berry in tapestry pants and vest appearing before his favorite crowd. Chuck Berry loves Toronto because Toronto loves him, and it didn't take long to get the crowd into a camp-fire style duet of that filthy old stand-by "My Ding-A-Ling". Thousands on the left chanted "He was playing with my..." and then the right—with the help of the choir master chimed in

with an enthusiastic "Ding-A-Ling". None of the classics were overlooked: Sweet Little Sixteen; Nadine; Johnny B. Goode; Roll Over Beethoven; Maybelline. Between songs Chuck would chant "Ole" and be drowned out by the return "Ole".

Alice Cooper is a Toronto rock group and also the name of its male leader. They specialize in breaking pillows, throwing live chickens around, and generally making asses of themselves. Gene Vincent used them as his back-up group and it was a marriage made in heaven. Introduced by oh-so-mod M.C. Kim Fowley as the first rock

performer to appear all in leather, he performed his big hits Be-Bop-a-Lula and Lotta Lovin' and seemed to tire. Members of the Vagabonds, a Toronto motorcycle club, were invited on stage to dance 50s' style during the set.

"No stage lights or the next act will not go on". Little Richard, the rock singer your parents could never tolerate, appeared in reflecting silver. He announced that he was going to play "rock n roll 1956 style". He also removed most of his clothes, throwing each piece to the audience from the top of the piano. After each song the

crowd screamed. He asked them, "Did you like it?" More screams. "Did you really like it?" More screams. "Do you want to hear some more?" "Yeh!"

John Lennon arrived with a limousine, police escort, and a resurgence of that old Beatlemania. In the spirit of the occasion he started with "Blue Suede Shoes" and eventually brought Yoko Ono out and the crowd down.

The featured group, Jim Morrison and the Doors, closed things out with an uninspiring set preceded by a short sincere spiel on how much rock meant to him as a teenager.



## TELEPHONE ART IN CHICAGO

piles will be adjusted accordingly.

NAM JUNE PAIK: see separate news release.

RICHARD SERRA, known for his permutations of lead, has asked the museum to project an empty movie projector at a white wall so that the blank image is 6' x 8'. A color film is to be made of the image and the resultant movie will be projected on the wall next to the original image. Serra says that "the media is the subject rather than the light."

ROBERT SMITHSON, a New York land artist has asked that a truckload of cement be poured

down a steeply inclined hill that the event be photographed and the prints displayed in the museum. Smithson, who wishes to keep his works out of an interior space, is interested in the flow of the materials rather than the event.

GUENTHER UECKER, known for creating patterns of upright nails, will have a large-scale "Plantation" built in the museum. Five-foot high sticks will be placed upright at 6" intervals in 20 beams, each 20' long. The tops of the poles will be at the mean eye level of the audience. Uecker says it is an "artificial space creation, a transposition of perspective from the natural world into the museum."

STAN VANDERBEEK has been working on the concept of a

large telephone mural composed of images transmitted from city to city. A small version will be on view in the museum and visitors will be able to send collages conceived by VanDerBeek through two xerox telecopiers.

BERNAR VENET, a French artist living in New York, presents scientific data as art in an expository way. He had a physics professor at Columbia University send the museum a four-page article on astrophysics to be photographed and exhibited. Venet explains, "My work is involved with objectivity, not subjective interpretation of things. I don't do any work, but ask a specialist."

FRANK LINCOLN VINER,

who works with soft and malleable plastics has indicated sizes and colors for vinyl squares to be made three-dimensional by diagonal strips of tape and distributed at random across the museum floor.

WOLF VOSTELL, German happenings artist, has made some of his ideas available to museum visitors who may pick up a telephone and get an instant happening plan, the point of which, Vostell says "is to make a daily-life action conscious."

WILLIAM WEGMAN, who teaches at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee has asked that a metal box be filled with vermiculite. Letters spelling the words "Third Day" are also to be fabricated, filled with water and placed in the box. As the

water evaporates, the words "Third Day" will appear on the third day of the exhibition.

WILLIAM T. WILEY, a California artist has submitted sayings to be engraved on eight plaques. Two plaques will be on exhibition and six will be available to museum visitors if they agree to mount the plaque, photograph it as installed and send a print to Wiley. Half of the plaques will read "We live in a world burdened by miracles" and the other half will read "We live in a miracle burdened by world."

A catalog in the form of a record will contain segments of the museum's conversations with the artists. For further information: Karen Rosenberg 312 943-7755

to show my bag, good three d him for ions to so been he Year In 1964 of the aken by popular e point, izations imonial rsonally dollars shioned tments y, but I We all of Hal's lives. I out or breath.

# GEORGE SCHNEEMAN

CARTER RATCLIFF

## ARLO GUTHRIE — STAR GUT IN THE WORKS OF GEORGE SCHNEEMAN

by Carter Ratcliff

George Schneeman, the painter, lives on St. Mark's Place with his wife Katy and their three young boys. He paints mostly portraits. Recently, his sitters have posed in the nude. He also does collages, covers for books and magazines of poetry, posters, announcements, and collaborations with New York poets. Before coming to New York, the Schneemans lived in Italy, near Sienna, where George painted mostly landscapes. One day, in town, he was sitting in a cafe. A man came in and ordered a cup of coffee. He drank it and said, "I'm not afraid of anyone so don't expect me to pay for this coffee." The man got up and left without paying. The next day he came in and ordered a cup of coffee and left the same way. The owner of the cafe decided he wouldn't try to make the man pay for his two cups of coffee but he didn't want the same thing to happen again so he hired a bouncer to make sure the man paid if he ever came back. The next day the man came in and ordered a cup of coffee. He said, "I'm not afraid of anything so don't expect me to pay". The bouncer came over to the man's table and said, "I'm not afraid of anything either". The man looked at him and said, "Make that two cups of coffee".

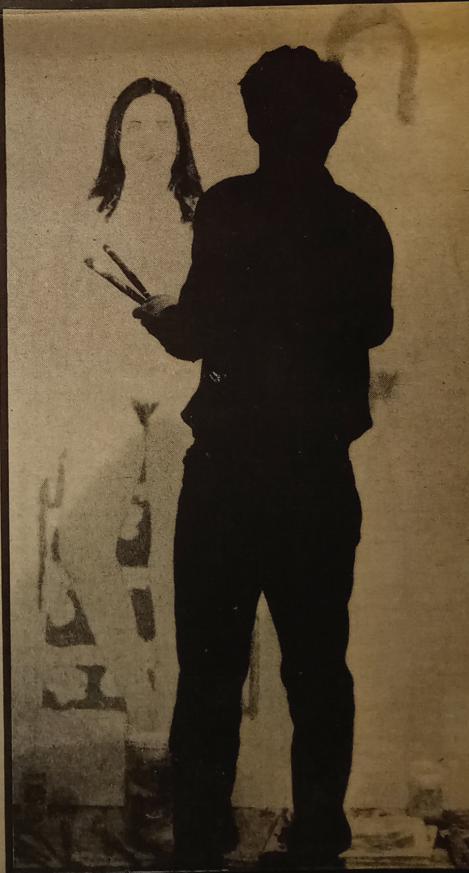
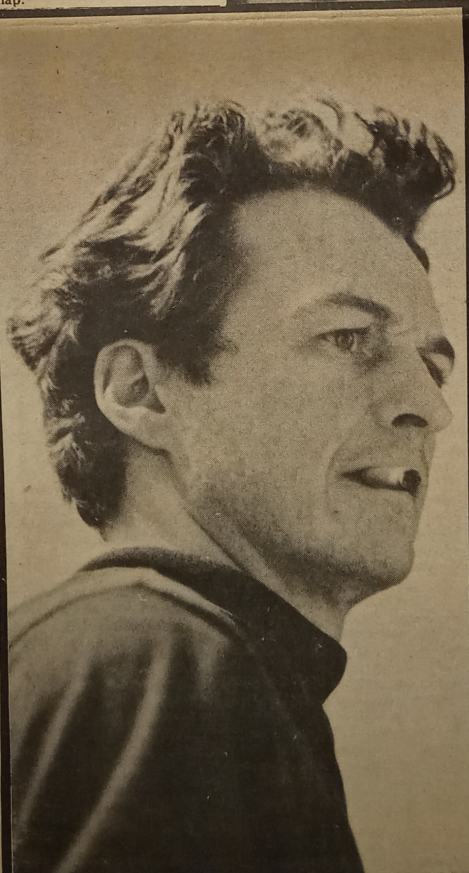
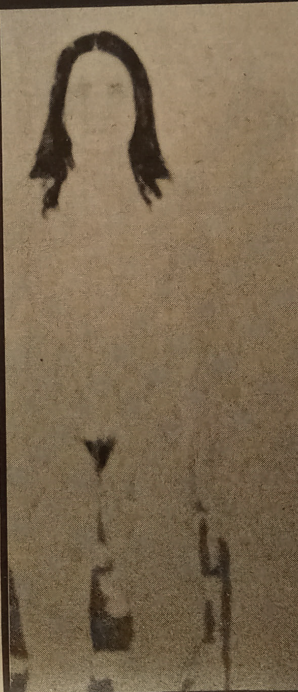
When George and his family came back to the States they lived on East 7th St. Dick Gallup, the poet, said, "When George came back to New York it was as if he was just returning although none of us had ever met him before." George had already done a cover for *Mother* magazine. He has painted Dick Gallup a number of times, at first fully clothed and later in the nude. George said, "People always like to sit nude for their portrait. It's easier to get them to relax that way. It's the opposite of what people might expect. It creates a new situation for them—that doesn't get boring. They're more conscious of having their portraits painted. If you just say 'Sit for me' and a person sits over there and you try to make a painting of them, they get bored very quickly unless you entertain them. If you create a situation with two or three people sitting around in the nude, somehow they relax very quickly. I prefer to paint two or three people at a time instead of just one. It's more interesting for them and so it's more interesting for me. In a way a nude portrait is a kind of collaboration".

In his portraits, George's sitters are provided with just enough decor—some furniture to sit or lean on, perhaps some books or a painted excerpt from a poem. "I don't really think of a poet's works when I'm painting his portrait—the other things in the work, like furniture—I usually start with what I see and then improvise. In order to avoid doing a "study" I paint a person I know—I create a situation where

I paint something very definite, not abstract or ideal. I life study is boring. You paint something you want to do with figurative painting, I don't know. I'm interested in likenesses, but also in shapes—fixing them on the canvas."

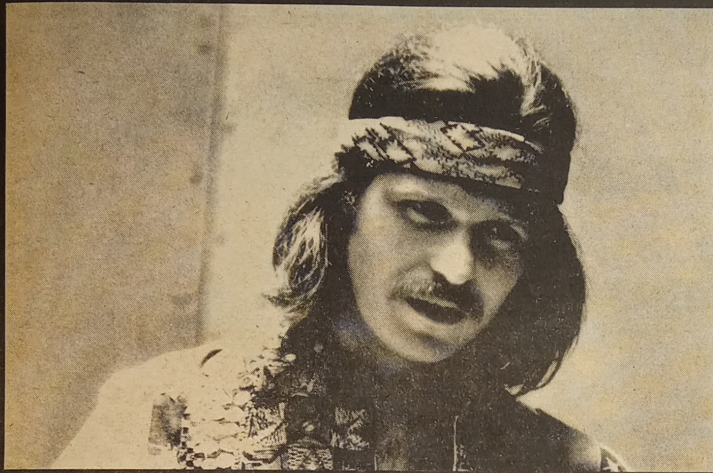
George recently showed a large selection of his nude portraits downtown at the Star Turtle Gallery. It was a terrific show which included collages like stills from your favorite movie filmed in some fabulous process that hasn't been invented yet.

George smokes cigarillos and wears turtle neck jerseys sometimes. His favorite novelists are Dashiell Hammett Raymond Chandler and Ross MacDonald, in that order. He loves New York and wouldn't live anywhere else in the States—if he had to move it would probably be to Italy because he knows the language though his sons have forgotten it. They were born in Italy but they've lived here for three years. George looks like a movie star. So do Katy and the three boys. In fact, they starred with Edwin Denby in Rudy Burckhardt's movie *Money*. George takes a nap in the evening, paints until four in the morning and afterwards, he takes another nap.



## HAWAIIAN WEEKS

## COUNTRY JOE



## TINY SCREEN

## PEGGY CLIFFORD

on sponsors  
A few weeks ago, in a display of printed graffiti in the *New York Times* Mason Williams' songs, composer, guitar player, writer, inventor of giant creations like sunflowers of air and paper buses, late of the Smothers Brothers' 26-week videotaped protest—said "If only life could find a sponsor in America."

It has a nice angry-sad ring to it, that sentiment. And Mr. Williams is a talented, complicated and concerned man. But he is overlooking something. Middle American life is sponsored. On the tube and off. In fact, it is not only sponsored, it is promoted—like all products of promise. Its more zealous pitchmen include President R.M. (Really Middle) Nixon, Billy Graham, Senator Everett Dirksen, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, Art Linkletter and the *New York Times* itself.

It's only Lower America life that can't find a sponsor. And Lower America, of course, includes the blacks, the Mexican-Americans, the Puerto Ricans and the young. I mean, we have situation comedies based on very unlikely comedic topics—such as POW camps, nuns and Marines—but there has never been a sitcom set in the ghetto. Apparently, rats aren't as inherently amusing as Nazis. And we have dramas set in law offices and hospitals and Hollywood (all enclaves of Middle America), but none set in the streets, the migrant worker camps or a commune. Our heroes in Videoland include doctors and lawyers and cops. They do not include artists, grape pickers or garbagemen. Middle America has very little time for artists, grape pickers and garbagemen.

What do you suppose would

happen if one day Lucy turned up married to a fat, bald, but brilliant sculptor? Or if Pa Cartwright discovered that, on the side, Hoss was organizing the Mexican-Americans on the Ponderosa? Or if "That Girl" woke up on 125th Street? Given the toxic mood of the country, Middle America would stage a mass execution of its television sets. Kill the scurvy traitors, aim for the picture tube!

You see, there's a tight little circle that connects the box to its most loyal viewers. Middle America is sponsored—in real life with living crab grass and Exedrin tensions—by Carte Blanche and the First National City Bank and Chase Manhattan and Prudential Life and General Motors and General Electric. Then, knowing its role and playing it with remarkable skill and consistency, Middle America goes, as one, to its supermarkets and automobile dealers and buys FAB and Wheaties and Ford Galaxies and all the other equipage of the good life. Finally, FAB and Wheaties and Ford use their ad budgets to sponsor programs that celebrate the virtues of Middle America. Full circle. Full sponsorship.

Lower America isn't sponsored. On the streets or on the tube, FAB and Wheaties and Ford aren't interested in them. Neither are Carte Blanche and GE. They simply have to muck through as best they can.

As books—real books, not fake books like THE LOVE MACHINE—are the medium of the intellectuals and records are the medium of the young, television is the medium of Middle America. It's their property. It speaks to them and about them. Observe any super market checkout counter in the suburbs and you will see covets of ersatz Lucys and Doris Days. Hang around a big office

building and you'll see regiments of the real life stand-ins of Fred MacMurray, Brian Keith and Martin Milner. They are all clean, well-dressed, unshaved and unconfused. They know what matters and so do their TV twins. One small example: whenever television's Middle Americans get out of bed, they put on bathrobes and slippers immediately. It could be 110 degrees. It could be a fire. But they'll get those bathrobes and slippers on before they move. Because they have standards, for one thing. Because there is no room in their value system for bare feet and wrinkled pajamas, for another. Observe the proprieties, dig Emily Post, and life will take care of itself.

And Middle America—on the tube or off—has no time for losers. The world is full of losers, but they are black, poor, young or very old. Extremists! Everyone is a winner on television. The three leading Big Daddies of television—Pa Cartwright, Lancer pere and patriarch Cannon—are not smalltime ranchers battling the elements and the Indians. They are frontier board chairmen, running their immense holdings, their video empires with the iron hand and steel will that we associate with such American folk heroes as J.P. Morgan and Andrew Mellon. No beans and jerky for them at the end of a hard day, NO SIR! While these sagebrush board chairmen bask forever in the warmth of the winner's circle, those lower down on the success ladder—from the good cops in "Adam-12" to POW Hogan and his jolly band, from the ever-so-smooth Mannix to the brainy "Mission: Impossible" team, from Matt Dillon to those dear twins on "Family Affair"—live a life of constant

Dear Les,

Enclosed please find a story entitled "Hawaiian Weeks at Horn & Hardart" which Country Joe MacDonald wrote for me in exchange for an autographed copy of "Tubby the Tuba".

When I met with Joe I had every intention of doing the typical interview bullshit—where were you born, what's your sign, do you fuck chickens (he doesn't), etc.

But I changed my mind, and we played Monopoly instead. Hope you can use the story.

Best,  
Jane

## HAWAIIAN WEEKS AT HORN AND HARDART

1969, Sept. 25 in New York City after three weeks in Europe

In one corner of the restaurant is a cluster of black young people talking and laughing, enjoying themselves in some morning ritual before going off to their classes. I assume that they are students because of their behavior and the portfolios and notebooks they have with them. The rest of the restaurant is filled with middle-aged New Yorkers eating their breakfast. It feels very peaceful and happy, with the new remodeling: bright colors and hanging decorations. Yes, pretty. It is even pretty.

About ten feet away from me the guys with suits who have been standing at the door are scuffling with a bum. They drag him to the swinging doors and push him through. Then they follow after him. In less than a minute's time they bring him back through the same doors only this time he has his hands handcuffed behind his back. They both take him someplace in the back of the restaurant.

Hardly anyone notices this and almost no one goes through changes behind it. This even eludes the detective cats and the bum.

Ah, sweet America! No one wants to rock the boat. Not the bum (he never said a mumbering word). He knew his part and

success, too.

No wonder the scandal of the U.S.S. Pueblo upset and outraged Middle America. After all, video spies like the "Mission" crew have been in far worse pickles than that and they always triumph. If Phelps and Barney and cohorts can outsmart the enemy week after week, why couldn't Boucher and crew? Winning is obligatory in Middle America—video and real. It's not, after all, how you play the game, but whether you win or lose that counts. And you had better not lose lest you be stripped of your turtle-neck shirts and the keys to your Toronado Special.

Of course, videoland's winners are programmed to succeed, but so are their real-life counterparts. If you are a loyal, dues-paying Middle American, only the sheerest foolishness on your part can cause you to fail. Indeed, for Middle America, life has become increasingly like television. Or television like life.

played it perfectly. He was even almost courteous.

I try to imagine this scene taking place in a restaurant in Denmark and find that it is impossible to get the two images together. No. There are hardly any cops in Denmark. There is hardly any poverty. No bums. No riches. No spoils to be had. No big winners and no big losers.

I used to feel compelled to do something about America. About the way she brutalizes herself. Like I tried to stop Nana from shooting opium and speed; causing ruin to her beautiful fourteen year old body and sweet child mind.

NO! She cannot be stopped. She started because they told her to stop. They told her to stop this and stop that. To love someone is not to control them, that is to say . . . Please.

After ten minutes or so three cops come in: one sergeant and two patrolmen. They look very bored. It is a stone drag to be a New York cop. Their uniforms are cheaply made and wrinkled. "But their guns still work," I thought to myself. America gets the job done. They all go into the back and never come out again.

The cops don't want to be told they are underpaid. The bum will become confused if they let him go. The black students are working their way up. The detectives would arrest each other for a price.

No, I don't rock the boat much anymore. I am becoming a watcher. An observer of many worlds. And I am learning from every one that they truly know what they are doing. And they don't need any help. Far be it from me to give what is not wanted.

Young girls are always asking me why I look sad and I never can explain to them that it is because I see people brutalizing each other all around me. I cannot explain that my eyes see pain and my ears hear pain. That it feels unnecessary to me. That I don't understand. That I want it to STOP STOP STOP.

It is hard to say which reality came first. But if you listen to the dialogue at a Middle American cocktail party, you will hear lines that came right off the tube. "Would you believe . . ." "Sorry about that . . ." "How sweet it is . . ." An entire litany of punch-lines for any occasion. So the Lucys watch Lucy and the board chairmen watch the board chairmen and the F.B.I. (Middle America's favorite law enforcer) watches the "F.B.I." and the children watch anything that comes along and go off to school humming commercials. And everybody's happy. In Middle America.

Meantwhile, Lower America rolls on—unsponsored, scrippless. Is it any wonder that they take their protests into the streets? Then, at least, they make the 7 PM news and, for a brief moment, they, too, are sponsored. And sponsorship, it would seem, is the key to everything good in this world.

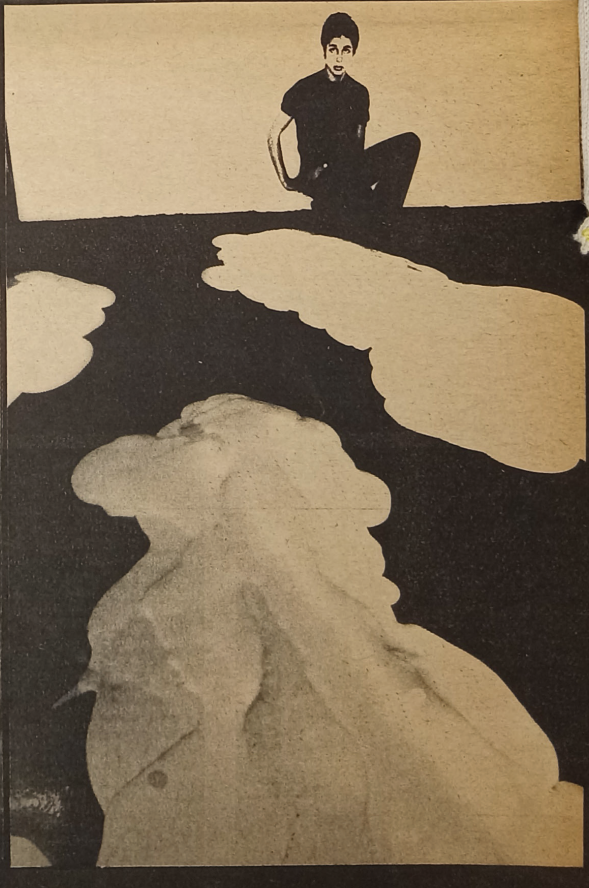
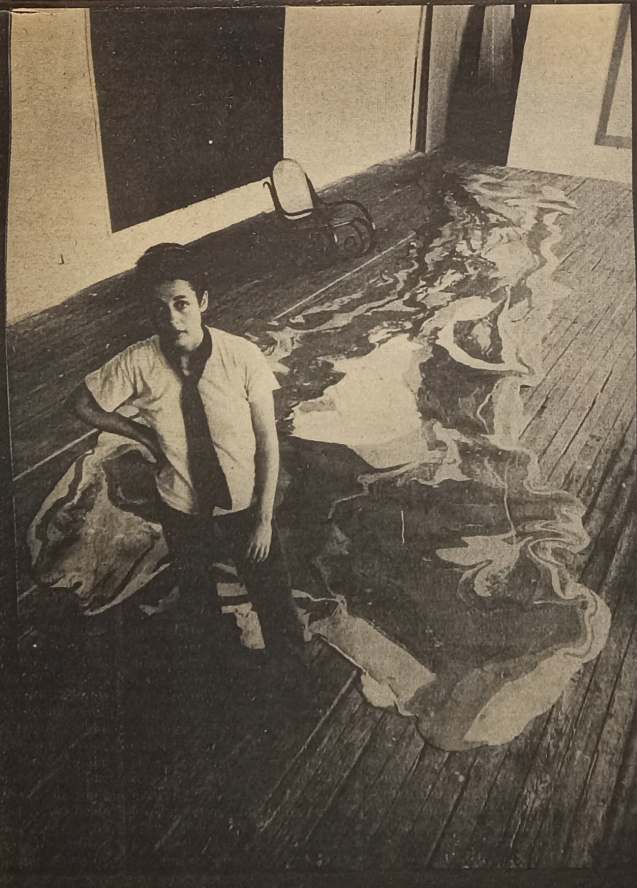
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# ANNOUNCING LYNDA BENGLIS

PETER SCHJELDAHL

In the midst of an "art situation" so mixed up that it's been driving a lot of people half-nuts with anxiety and to which many artists are responding with works of asingular mildness, Lynda Benglis has established a vision of amazing toughness and beauty. She started out a couple of years ago making odd, hanging forms of colored wax, then she began pouring liquid latex onto the floor where it hardened into big irregular rugs. Now she is pouring pigmented plastic foam, building up lumpy, undulant things that exist somewhere between painting and sculpture, being both and neither. The colors are fantastic—by turns seductive and repulsive, gorgeous and disturbing. But what comes across mostly is the sense of an engagement with *material*, an engagement sexy in its directness and, in its intensity, a little harrowing. Anyway, it is impossible to view these works as simple or decorative objects. They are violently alive with a physical, almost organic or radioactive presence, like that of a Pollock. And they resemble nothing. They are so new that they can scarcely be said to resemble themselves.

The person who does this incredible stuff is pretty interesting herself. Lynda Benglis is 28 and from Louisiana. She is very good-looking, very smart, very energetic and mercurial. Lives on the Lower East Side. She talks about art in a way that makes it seem an entirely natural and exciting activity. Her favorite word is "material." Other favorite words are "dangerous" and "peculiar." She is of Mediterranean (Greek) ancestry and a double Scorpio (Scorpio with Scorpio rising), two things about her it may be useful to know. They signify that she 1) loves the sun, and 2) likes to "bury things." She has shown at the Bykert and Paula Cooper Galleries, and was supposed to be in the big and prestigious "Anti-Illusion" show at the Whitney Museum last summer—but she dropped out when the organizers didn't want to display her work in the right way. She is, in fact, quite touchy about the manner in which her work is treated and shown. Which makes sense when you consider that she is one of a very few people who really understand it at this point. Pretty soon everyone will undoubtedly have come to see just how sensational it (like she) truly is.



# ODE TO IMMORTALITY AND DEATH FOR GENEVIEVE WAITE

GARARD MALANGA

"To write poems is not enough if they  
do not keep the life that has gone."

—Louis Zukofsky

I think these days when there is so little to believe in  
I'd rather think of nothing but don't  
remember anything of before  
learning to speak or to walk in this world  
wide affair with the mas  
media syndrome and the future  
fears to which you're somehow left gasping for air  
while somewhere someone is dieing  
from the result of a war  
based on the balance of  
international economy

It makes you wonder who you are in this city  
this very moment

I am thinking of you

I speak as one whose life is like your own  
of immortality and death  
and your beautiful voice  
whose words become this poem  
a spirit eager for acknowledgement  
which is your only confidence

When you turn your head can you feel  
the wind caught in your hair  
where all life is possible?

The mere existence of living in the twentieth century  
is not so difficult after all  
which is a proof in itself of being alive

For instance immortality cannot be had  
without death  
as result  
as transition into the afterlife  
but how can we be sure of immortality  
existing in the afterlife  
for us to be reborn and live as quietly  
as possible  
and think of nothing

What will the future  
tense have in store for us?

We need immortality or will forever remain alive

The wind is interrupting my train  
load of thoughts for the day  
in which I'm involved

Once I walked to the streets of New York  
in a wind  
blast of tears  
I was not blind of my nature

I have not given up  
poetry I have not given up  
the idea of living  
and dieing in the twentieth century  
of all the beautiful people unaware of death  
by fire water and air

I am expressing myself with words  
as a substitute  
measure for connecting the past  
tense with the present  
tense we are living



Normally I don't think of death  
unless I'm feeling a sense of ennui  
with the future falling away  
when we least expect it  
to happen

Last night we went to your movie "Joanna" and came out  
alive

I have not lost sight and sound of the fact that you're beautiful  
in front of the rear screen projection

It's more difficult  
then you think to remember everything  
that we don't forget  
in our lifetime

for death is always intruding on life  
which is the most difficult relationship

Right now I am wondering if our mutual loves in Paris  
Denis Deegan and Susan Dun Whittier Bottomly  
alias "International Velvet" are thinking  
about death with the absolution of being  
already present

Somehow immortality is reminiscent to the lives it immortalizes  
though one cannot hope for immortality  
if one conceals one's life

Did you know it is in the nature of things  
that poets should want to live?

New York City  
is a deadissue for poetry  
anyway

For example  
you must win at the expense of the only thing  
you want in the world  
out of life  
and then you will know what it is to survive

What can I tell you of immortality and death  
Genevieve Waite?

for what is immortality but our lives existing  
without us  
for which our biographies are installed  
in the academies of the future  
which encase us  
leaving rumors of a life devoted to love  
and intense living  
conditions

Where will you find me, Genevieve Waite, since I will be gone?

Make of your life a work of art  
for immortality is exchangeable  
as we ride off into a post card  
sunset of tears  
into which our lives continue  
to live on without us

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# JANUARY ART CALENDAR

Babcock LE 5-9355  
805 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 9:30-5:30  
Group show—landscape artists Jan. 6-31

Banfer RH 4-2044  
23 E. 67th St. Tues-Sat 10:00-6:00  
Joseph Piccolo—mixed media paintings  
and charcoal drawings Jan. 6-24

Bonino PL 2-9556  
7 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00  
Gianni Emilio Simonetti—  
paintings Jan. 13-Feb. 7

Bykert 988-5220  
24 E. 81st St. Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00  
Allen Saret—drawings

Byron YU 8-9570  
1018 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 10:00-5:30  
Matta—surrealist paintings  
& drawings Jan. 10-Feb. 4

Leo Castelli Bu 8-4820  
4 E. 77th St. Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00  
Jasper Johns—drawings Jan. 10-31

Leo Castelli Warehouse BU 8-4822  
103 W. 108th St. Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00  
Richard Serra—Sculpture  
Jan. 10-31

Paula Cooper 925-1627  
96 Prince St. Wed-Sat 11:00-6:00  
Group show—gallery artists—Di Suvero,  
Ginnever, Diao and others  
Jan. 11—Feb. 14

Cordier & Ekstrom 988-8857  
980 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Man Ray  
Jan. 14—Feb. 7

Terry Dintenfass RH 4-1580  
18 E. 67th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Robert Andrew Parker—Recent  
drawings and watercolors Jan. 6-24  
Robert Birmelin—recent paintings  
and prints Jan. 27-Feb. 14

Dwan PL 8-4970  
29 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Michael Heizer Jan. 6-Feb. 5 earthworks

East Hampton CI 6-3218  
22 W. 56th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Sibyl Willson—paintings—Jan. 3-22

Robert Elkon LE 5-3940  
1063 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Tony Delap—sculpture—Jan. 19-Feb. 4

Andre Emmerich PL 2-0124  
41 E. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Hans Hoffmann—paintings—Jan. 3-29

Richard Feigen 628-0700  
27 E. 79th St. Mon-Sat 10-6  
Allen Jones—Jan 6-31

Fischbach PL 9-2345  
29 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-6  
Ronnie Bladen—sculpture—Jan 3-21  
Ray Parker—painting—Jan 24-Feb 12

Noah Goldowsky LE 5-5571  
1078 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 11-6  
Jo Bear—painting—Jan. 3-30

Gotham Book Mart Gallery PL 7-0367  
41 W. 47th St.  
Edward Ruscha—books and drawings—Jan 5-24  
Larry Stanton—painting—Jan 26-Feb 14

Graham LE 5-5766  
1014 Madison Ave. Mon-Sat 10-5  
Anton Van Galen—painting—Jan. 6-31

Greer CI 6-1555  
35 W. 53rd St. Mon-Sat 11-6  
Cubist paintings—Jan 4-31

O.K. Harris 777-6868  
469 W. Broadway Tue-Sat 10-6  
Duane Hansen, William Stewart, Ben  
Yehudin—sculpture—

Martha Jackson YU 8-1800  
32 E. 69th St. Tue-Sat 9:30-5:30  
Fontanta—painting—Jan 3-24

Kornblee UN 1-4245  
58 E. 79th St. Tue-Fri 10-5:30  
Sat 11-6  
Nina Yankowitz—painting—Jan. 3-22

Lefebre RH 4-3384  
47 E. 77th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Rein Houd—sculpture—Jan 13-Feb 17

Marlborough-Gerson PL 2-5353  
41 E. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5  
Morton de May—Jan.

Pierre Matisse EI 5-6269  
41 E. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Modern painters and sculptors—Jan.

Tibor de Nagy 421-3780  
29 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5  
Antoni Milkoski—Jan 10-29

Pace 421-3292  
32 E. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-6  
Larry Bell—sculpture—Jan 10-Feb 4

Batty Parsons CI 7-7480  
24 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Cleve Gray—painting and painted  
forms—Jan 6-24

Perls TR 9-7440  
1016 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Modern Masters (Part I)—Dec 16-Jan 30

Poindexter 628-2844  
24 E. 84th St. Tue-Sat 11-5:30  
Robert Natkin—painting—Jan 3-29

Lawrence Rubin PL 8-5511  
49 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Frank Stella—paintings—Jan 10-Feb 7

A.M. Sachs 421-8686  
29 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Cesar Paternosto—The Oblique Vison,  
paintings—Jan 3-22

Saidenberg BU 8-3387  
1035 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Picasso, Leger, Gris, Masson,  
Klee—drawings—Jan 1-27

Bertha Schaefer PL 5-3330  
41 E. 57th St. Mon-Sat 10-6  
Sydney Butchkes—paintings—Dec 27-Jan 15

Stable RE 7-0100  
33 E. 74th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Dennis McCarthy—Canvas Constructions  
—Jan. 10-30

Staempfli 535-1919  
47 E. 77th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Elmer Bishoff—paintings—Dec 9-Jan 17  
Enrico Donati—paintings—Jan 20-Feb 14

Waddell 421-4141  
15 E. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Tomi Ungerer—Drawings—Jan.  
Gerald Scarf—The 1960's, The Devil's  
Decade—Jan.

Willard Rh 4-2925  
29 E. 72nd St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Hon Chi Fun—paintings—Jan 6-Feb 7

Howard Wise CO 5-0465  
50 W. 57th St. Tue-Sat 10-5:30  
Kinesthetics—Jan 10-17  
Paul Williams—Lamp Works—Jan 10-31

William Zeidler 879-6212  
956 Madison Ave. Tue-Sat 10-6  
Paul Camacho—paintings—Jan 13-31

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# Avalanche is...

*Avalanche* is a photo magazine devoted to the new sculpture.

*Avalanche* presents the work of today's most radical international artists through extensive photographic coverage.

*Avalanche* examines the new sculptural sensibility through intensive interviews with contemporary artists.

*Avalanche* focuses each issue on specific areas of recent artistic activity.

*Avalanche*' [Fall 1969] features the first published interviews with **Carl Andre** and **Jan Dibbets**; discussions between **Mike Heizer**, **Dennis Oppenheim** and **Robert Smithson**; the first article on **Richard Long** with photographs selected by the artist; a photo review of **Robert Morris**' latest New York exhibition; **Joseph Beuys** / *Portrait*, the first in a series of photo features by **Shunk-Kender**; and *Rumbles*, news and notes on significant sculptural projects.

*Avalanche*' [Winter 1969-70] will contain a special feature on **Bruce Nauman**, **Richard Serra** and **Keith Sonnier**; the first interview with **William Wegman**; new work by **Barry Flanagan**; a section on **John Van Saun** and other fire sculptors; Shunk-Kender on **Yves Klein**; and an exclusive report on new sculpture in South America.

*Avalanche*' [Spring 1970] will include a critique of technological art; a **Len Lye** interview with complete documentation of his sculpture; **Jean Tinguely** by Shunk-Kender; a photosurvey of systems sculpture; and an expose of current museum practices.

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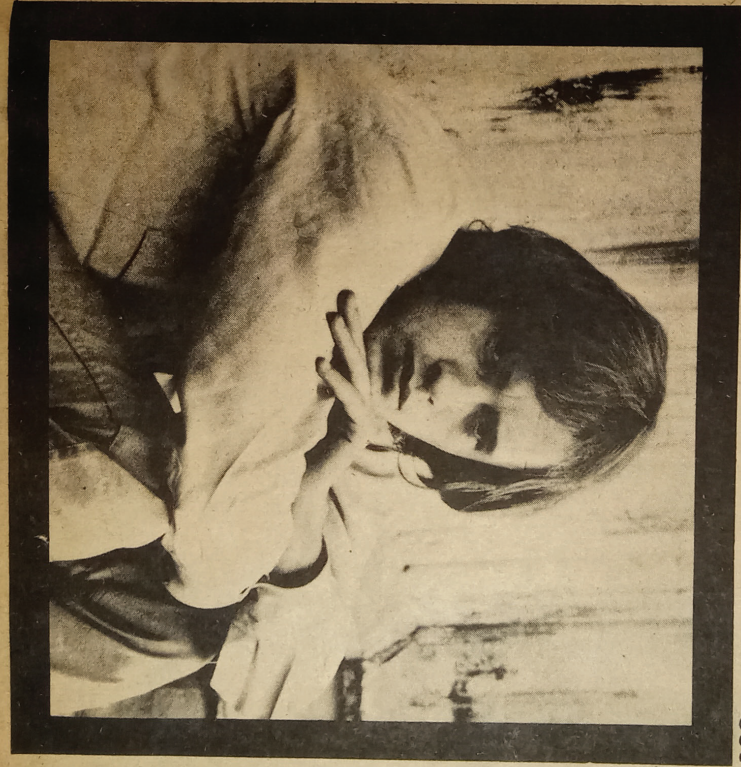
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