John Giorno's "Dial-A-Poem" (212) 628-0400

The Architectural League of New York
91 East 65th Street
New York, New York 10021

DIAL (212) 628-0400 NOW!

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

presents

DIAL-A-POEM

edited by

JOHN GIORNO

(212) 628-0400

POETS:
BILL BERKSON
WILLIAM BURROUGHS
ALLEN GINSBERG
JOHN GIORNO
DAVID HENDERSON
TAYLOR MEAD

RON PADGETT
JOHN PERREault
ED SANDERS
PETER SCHJELDAHL
ANNE WALDMAN
LEWIS WARSH
EMMETT WILLIAMS

6 POETS SIMULTANEously OVER 6 LINES CHANGED DAILY

DIAL (212) 628-0400 NOW!

Cover by Les Levine
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
JANUARY 8, 1969
FOR POEMS, PLEASE DIAL
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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,
"DIAL-A-POEM"
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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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**Random Notes**

Until Bobbie Gentry (and "Ode to Billie Joe") popularized the idea, nobody much ever jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge at Greenwood, Mississippi. It isn’t much of a jump, anyway—it’s only 20 feet to the muddy Tallahatchie River below—and the chances of being killed (or even getting hurt) are minimal. But since Billie Joe MacAllister did it, dozens have taken the plunge. Finally, the LeFlore County Board of Supervisors decided enough was enough, passed a law against the leap—and tacked on a fine. Unless you are fortunate enough to die, it will cost you $100.

* * *

Spanky McFarland, of Our Gang, became Mrs. Madison Charlie on December 30, when she and Mr. Charlie (who’s road manager for the Turtles) were wed in Miami, following the Pop Festival. The bride wore a simple African wedding gown and yellow bell bottoms. She carried a spray of pink roses. The groom wore funky road manager attire. On stage for the ceremony at the Assembly, a Miami folk and rock club, were the Turtles, Our Gang, Mr. Tiny Tim and Mr. Richie Havens, who sang a set while champagne corks popped.

Mr. Tiny Tim will star in a one-hour TV spectacular entitled "Tiny Tim’s Baseball," patterned along the lines of "Sophia Loren’s Rome," "Jackie Kennedy’s White House," and "Elizabeth Taylor’s London." Mr. Sandy Koufax and Mr. Don Drysdale will co-star with Mr. Tim. Filming will begin April 6.

Those readers living in New York City can now partake of free poetry readings in the splendor of their own cold-water flats by simply dialing a telephone number, thanks to the Architectural League of New York’s sponsorship of poet John Giorno’s Dial-A-Poem project.

Simply dial 628-0400 and you may hear verse written and read by Allen Ginsburg, David Henderson, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, Ron Fiddler, Bill Burroughs, Taylor Mead, John Perreault, Ed Sanders, Peter Schjeldahl, Emmett Williams and Giorno himself. Each poet contributed twelve verses, so there are 156 separate works available; the poems are changed every day. Giorno, who organized several poetry readings in Central Park last summer, got the Dial-A-Poem idea while telephoning for weather information.

* * *

Hair today and gone tomorrow? That may finally be the story on the installment-plan break-up of the Lovin’ Spoonful, a group which has taken longer to become defunct than any within recent rock and roll memory. Their latest LP, *Revelation Revolution 69* (on which Joe Butler and Steve Boone appear), was made primarily to fulfill contractual obligations. Neither Butler nor Boone have any immediate plans to do another Spoonful album, although both will continue in music.

Butler made his debut as an actor. He plays the part of the lead, Claudia, in the New York production of *Hair* and will continue to do so for the next few months. "I was getting bored with singing," he said. "After doing a song two or three hundred times it got to be an effort to look like you were really enjoying it and having fun on stage. While singing with the group had once been fun, it had become a business and, as such, boring."

* * *

Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, a bluegrass-funk-rock-unk-wow group from San Francisco led by the ex-Christian, has signed a recording contract with Epic Records. Columbia, which owns Epic, is also supposed to be signing two other San Francisco groups (in a turndown ‘n’ turtleneck race with Mercury Records for local product), Santana Blues Band and It’s A Beautiful Day. But now we hear talk of them somehow reeving on the deals and waiting for a "Fillmore" record label that Bill Graham wants to start.

In other signings, Jethro Tull, a British quartet of whom very good things are said, have signed in this country with Reprise Records. They all hope to have out their first American album *This Was* (already on release in Britain) before the end of January to coincide with Jethro Tull’s first tour of this country.

Jimi Hendrix bassist Noel Redding...
Dial-A-Poem, or Even a Hindu Chant

John Giorno, poet and organizer of the Dial-A-Poem project, setting up a reel of recorded poetry on a tape recorder at the Architectural League of New York headquarters.

by RICHARD F. SHEPARD

A new service, poking the genius of the telephone company to the genius of living poets, now makes it possible for anyone with access to a dial to listen to ready-to-roll verse at any hour of the day or night.

Dial-A-Poem went into action officially yesterday, although it has been previewing since last Thursday from the six phones — each one has a recording by a different poet — on the fifth floor of 41 East 65th Street, the office of the Architectural League of New York, sponsor of the project, which will pay the phone bill.

The number to call is 628-0400. Yesterday you would have heard Allen Ginsberg doing his "Cannibalita" and chanting something Hindu, David Henderson reading a poem about the police and the blacks, Anne Waldman reciting "Generations," William Everson with an ad lib "Laugh," Lewis Warsh reciting "Home," which is about New York, Ron Padgett on "Wonderful Things," and John Giorno doing "Lucky Man" with an echoing feedback that is not a technical difficulty, but part of the work itself.

Mr. Giorno, who created the project, was standing by the phone bank yesterday, watching lights go out as calls came in and then flash on again as the spiritually restored caller hung up.

"Someone called us to say they disliked a number almost like this one," he said. "The man must have been getting a lot of calls because he just shouted into the phone, "I'm not a poet.'"

Mr. Giorno, who has worked in electronic and theatrical poetry presentations, though of the idea while dialing the weather last year. He had put on several nights of poetry readings in Central Park, drawn 400 persons a night and was thoroughly exhausted from the effort.

"I thought the telephone would be a way to reach a huge public," he said. "Anyone anywhere in the world can telephone and hear a poem of up to about two minutes."

He approached the Archi-
Nygaard to Conduct

A chamber concert under the direction of Jens Nygaard will be presented on Wednesday, January 29, at 8:30 p.m. at Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow Street. The program will include Reger’s “Canon and Fugue in the Olden Style for Two Solo Violins,” Hindemith’s English Horn Sonata, Schumann’s “Four Duets for Two Sopranos and Piano,” and Mozart’s “Five Country Dances.” K. 699. Livo Caroli will be soloist in the Hindemith. Admission is free.

Phone for Poetry

The Architectural League of New York has instituted “Dial-a-Poem,” arranged by John Giorno. Two-minute recorded poems by Bill Berkson, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, John Giorno, David Henderson, Taylor Mead, Ron Padgett, John Perreault, Ed Sanders, Peter Schjeldahl, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, and Emmett Williams can be heard by calling (212) MA 8-0400. The telephone number is connected by six lines to the same number of automatic-answer sets, each containing one taped poem. Poems will be changed daily and will be available at any time during the day for two months.

In Bloom

The Chinese witch-hazel has begun to bloom at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. The delicate, spidery, yellow flowers of the fragrant shrub are appearing much earlier than usual this year and will probably last for at least a month even with snow.

Kossoys in Concert

The Kossoy Sisters, popular folk singers in Greenwich Village in the early ’60s, will give their first New York concert in five years on Wednesday, February 5, at 8:30 p.m. at Washington Square Methodist Church, 136 West 4th Street. Admission is $2.

Brazilian Fete

The Brazilian Cultural Society will hold its 1969 Carnival Celebration on Friday, January 31, at the Grand Ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel. For information call PL 7-4221.

Weather, Time, Prayer ... Now It’s Dial-a-Poem

A year ago Marshall McLuhan, electric prophet, was roundly put down by The New York Times Book Review for using the poor old obsolete medium, print, to hand out his ear-and-touch-over-eye message. The Book Review suggested the right way to get McLuhan’s message, since he wasn’t due to be televised, was to call him up on the phone and ask for it, and they published his phone number.

Now some people generally engaged on the visual side, those in the Architectural League of New York, have picked up on the medium and by dialing 628-0400 you can dial-a-poem, and be messaged by Allen Ginsberg singing Hare Krishna, or messaged by the works of the 12 other contributing poets.

Among the 12 are William Burroughs, Taylor Mead, Ron Padgett, John Perreault, John Giorno, who thought up the idea and Ed Sanders of the Pugs. There are supposed to be six poets simultaneously over six lines that are changed daily, but the opening day, they provided only hare krishnas and boxes of signals.

Mr. Giorno was struck with the idea while dialing the weather one day, and conceived of it as “extending the poets’ work through technology to a huge audience all over the world.”

The system will run 24 hours a day for those in need, and extend over the next two months.
Poem Phone

With all the monstrous messages facing one at the push of seven buttons or the touch of a dial, John Giorno and the Architectural League have provided us with a Dial-a-Poem service. Just call 628-0400 and listen to a two-minute recorded work by such dashing types as Bill Berkson or William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, David Henderson, Taylor Mead, Ron Padgett, John Perreault, Ed Sanders (we can imagine!), Peter Schjeldahl, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, Emmett Williams or Giorno himself. Poems are changed daily. The idea occurred to Mr. Giorno as he was dialing the weather. The form permits participating poets to be heard as well as read, a development which—with the cooperation of AT & T—should help keep their art from becoming static.
VALERIE SOLANIS shot Andy Warhol, nearly killing him, last June. Charged with attempted murder, carrying a concealed weapon, and assault, she was committed to Mattawan State Hospital by the State Supreme Court as unfit to stand trial. End of chapter.

When a mental patient facing criminal charges is found to be recovered enough to understand the charges and participate in his defense, he is released to a court. Mattawan returned Valerie to court on December 12. Obviously not satisfied with her release, the D. A.'s office asked for a re-examination. Judge Schweitzer ordered another psychiatric examination by a court-appointed doctor and set her bail at $10,000. The next day, according to the D. A.'s office, a Mr. Jeffrey Le Gear popped up and plunked down the full $10,000 in cash. Exit Valerie.

Not even aware that his attacker had been released, Andy Warhol answered the phone on Christmas Eve and was horrified to hear Valerie demanding to see him. He handed the phone to Paul Morrissey who says she wanted them to drop all criminal charges, put her in more Warhol movies, buy all her manuscripts for $20,000, and arrange for her to appear as a guest on television shows. Morrissey says when he explained they didn't want anything to do with her, she answered, "I can always do what I did before."

The D. A.'s office, informed of the call, went to court and got a warrant for her re-arrest for aggravated harassment, but the cops couldn't find her.

Obvious of the warrant Valerie came into court on January 10, the date that had been set when she was let out on bail. This time her bail was revoked and she was remanded to the Women's House of Detention where she will stay while being re-examined. On January 17, her next court appearance, it will be decided whether she is to stand trial or be sent back to Mattawan.

NO NEED TO CALL WE 8-1212 or N.E.R-V-O-U-S any more just to hear the sound of a human voice. Now you can get a poem for the price of a phone call. If you wake up sad and dial MA 8-0400, you might hear Allen Ginsberg singing a cheery mantra accompanied by his harmonium. Or you might hear another poet matter verses that will make you sadder.

That's the curious chance you take when you Dial-a-Poem. Brainchild of poet-environmentalist John Giorno, this unique telephone-art is sponsored by the Architectural League of New York. Twelve poets including William Burroughs, Ed Sanders, and Taylor Mead cover a range of very current poetry from concrete to found to black. Twenty-four hours a day six taped poems are on six lines and they are changed daily.

If media-overload is your thing, you can dial on two phones simultaneously and listen to a different poem in each ear at the same time.

Not satisfied to just show these films, they will also make some and are looking for actors, models, and film-makers. The first feature will be what might be called camp on camp, "Gay Dracula."

For memberships and further information, call GH 3-3100.

PRESIDENT-ELECT NIXON is going to solve the war in Vietnam by relinquishing to Hanoi a franchise in the National Football League and at the same time giving Saigon a team in the American Football League. He will then let them fight it out over who gets the biggest piece of the tv rights.

TRADE MAGAZINES can really be interesting, especially if you're not in that trade, and Amusement Business (15 for 52 weeks from 2160 Patterson Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214) is one of those industry publications that makes for great amateur reading. It reports the news about state fairs, carnivals, fun parks, and the concert part of rock and roll.

The best section of Amusement Business, from a layman's point of curiosity, are the ads. They sell everything from game prizes and midway rides to animal acts. A special carry language that evokes some pretty colorful images is sprinkled throughout the magazine, especially in the classifieds:

"Agent: Hankies and Alibis. Make good living now. Get rich this spring. We need heads for 30 joints."

"Two phonemen for all police or sheriffs' deals. Lots of repeats."

"Six 300 lb. plus girls to work in Beef Trust chorus line. Top pay. Send full-length picture, age, height, weight, and experience."

"Zebra Grant stud, 10 years old, good breeder. Have offspring to show."

EVERY MONTH California-based Carta Editorial tells Mexican-Americans what's happening politically of interest to them. A recent issue of the newsletter put down a proposed Hispanic Heritage Week, strongly condemning it for reinforcing the it's-bad-to-be-Mexican-good-to-be-Spanish concept. Three dollars for one year from P. O. Box 84624, T. A., Los Angeles 90054.

—Howard Smith
What hath God wrought?

New York that, by its own admission has everything—and Allen Ginsberg too—now has a telephone number you can call and hear Allen Ginsberg chant a mantra accompanying himself on his bar- monium. Also, if you dial Dial-a-Poem you can hear a poet reading a poem, including such Great Poets as William Burroughs, Ed Sanders and Taylor Mead. This unique contribution to culture is sponsored by the Architectural League of New York and is the brainchild of John Oloro, the poet-environmentalist, Howard Smith the columnist of "Scenes" in the VILLAGE VOICE, who is the source of my information of this world-shaking news, suggests that if media-overload is your thing, you can dial on two telephones simultaneously and listen to a different poem in each ear at the same time.

New York is first with everything, of course—any New Yorker will tell you that, if you still doubt it—but in this case only the telephone angle is new and first, and only where Dial-a-Poem is concerned, just as it was first in 1959 or 60 with Rent-a-Beatnik (for parties).

Here in L.A., which we all know is the backwash and the back-lash of everything, simultaneous poetry was being heard publicly as far back as August, 1965, and not only simultaneously but WITH ROBOT as a third member, with music added. That was when an Arts Festival was held at the Bowman Gallery on La Cienega, with John Thomas and myself reading with random-store-thought from our poems, in alternating verses, and simultaneously, with Mike Appello and fellow musicians providing music on a wide variety of exotic kitchen instruments. And for good measure, DUHAB, my robot genius, moved in an out of the reading, solo and simultaneously with a poetic-prose rendition in his own computerized monologue. The effect on the audience was electrifying, not unlike the effect of early amplified rock environmental concerts.

If anyone reading this wants to try putting a tape of the event on a dial-a-robot telephone hook-up he's welcome to my tape of the event. It runs nearly three hours but maybe it could be cut down into three minute acts or something. Anyway, it would serve as a good test case to find out if the telephone company still has, if it ever had, the right to censorship. Which reminds me to ask our New York first-in-everything telephone-art geniuses if they had to CLEAN UP their material to get the phone company off their backs. Anyway, as our 19th century forebears used to say: "Wonders never cease!"

The Switch is on to sex

The sexual revolution, I can now reveal to a panting world, has reached the point where millions would rather fuck than fight. I hope this does not become confused by some loving souls with the notion that we are expected to LOVE EVERYBODY, like, say, Elliot Mintz used to advise his minhopper listeners on KPXY. The trouble is that if you try to LOVE EVERYBODY you might end up in bed with your enemies. You might say: "Well, isn't that as good a place as any to talk things over?" Sure, but by the time you get through you might find that you've been screwed. Screwed by the seductive power of money, for instance, to say nothing of the power of police, press, radio-TV, and the habit-forming addictions of ego-satisfaction. Flower power love, like virginity, may be a big issue about a little tissue, but the alternative doesn't necessarily have to be whoredom. You might wake up to find that you weren't giving love away, you were selling it. And speaking of selling love—

How about the celebrities on commercials?

—WHICH IS SOMETHING THAT I suggest Harlan Ellison might look into in his GLASS TRAY column. Have you noticed, Harlan, how many of Jack Paar's great talent discoveries who never made it on the legi have ended up in television commercials? And are getting filthy rich on residuals—or is that just another show biz superstition? Am I right, Harlan, in my suspicion that what the sponsor is buying in "talent" is the actor's or actress's endorsing personality, because they hope it will rub off on the product and hype sales? And am I nit-picking when I further suspect that for a show biz personality to sell his fans' love and trust to hype a product is to sell him or herself for money—like prostitution, but I hesitate to use the word because I've known some very sincere and loving prostitutes, and not all of them, by the way, sold it for money. There are some honorable ways of selling love as well as sex. I've seen a lot of television shows show biz folk
have been fear for years has non-artists with non-artists with space bargains lower Manhatta of life. There steady psych hip yearning avant-garde are renting up fast and at a fast and at a most artists They have four plumbing, pipe improvements

scenes

Continued from preceding page
that's what's happening. And the movement is back to Memphis, which although close to crowded with sessions by people like Carla Thomas, Box Tops, Arthur Conley, Joe Tex, and Dusty Springfield, still has that warm "sit down and pick awhile" feeling.

Interestingly, Elvis Presley has just recorded two albums in Memphis after being away 14 years. He helped put it on the recording map back in the early '60s.

If Memphis gets eulogized there is always Muscle Shoals, Alabama, where Atlantic Records has already been buy for a few years.

**PRESIDENT NIXON** is going to end the war in Vietnam by uniting North and South and then redviding them into East and West Vietnam.

**UNDERGROUND HOUSING.**

That is left to issue in the rent control rent spiral.

from under you.

Because of everything, musicians and artists who have their brains in the future and the money to back it up are betting more often on cooperatively purchased buildings. Working odd hours, making noise, needing space, and living on no money eliminate practically any other living-working type situation for them, and everyone isn't ready for that move to a house in the country. Therefore, it continues tough and "do you know of a loft for rent?" is the most common conversational crop-up. Clever real estate men are buying up run-down loft buildings, mostly on and near the Bowery. Ten years isn't too long a wait for these men until the whole Allen Street to Bowery area turns into the new Village. In fact it has already been happening. A slow drive down the Bowery at night gives glowing glimpses of sculpture, paintings, and avocado plants seen through flow-curtained windows, and many other domestic indicators you can be certain the Bowery Bums just aren't into producing.

**THIS LAST YEAR** has been the year of the break-up for rock groups. Success is no protection. Some of the hottest groups have split, from Cream to Traffic. The Rascals, now really enjoying artistic success as well as commercial, have had their bad times too. But they seem to have hit on a solution that works. They had Swami Satchidananda arbitrate their differences and are doing fine.

628-0400—remember Dial a Poem? They have received more than 250,000 calls. And although they have added a new number, 628-0574, to make a total of 10 separate lines, the phones have not been able to keep up and are continually breaking down from the overload. Landlords quickly caught on to the situation and increased the rents about 50 per cent. So now even if you could find the space it would cost a lot more. The loft scene even a year ago might have averaged out something like less than $100 a month for a cheap floor and no more than $200 for a clean and light 2000 square feet. Today it is going from $200 to $300 for practically anything. Three years ago key fee (money put in by the previous tenant for such improvements as hot water.

**WHATEVER HAPPENED to 3-D movies, the kind you had to wear special glasses for? Did they creep off to die in some macabre junk heap or are they alive and well on a cobwebby shelf?** I received a letter asking where and if they are still shown. Anyone know?

**IF YOU'RE INTERESTED in civil liberty causes, there is the depressing case of an outspoken SNCC student at Texas Southern University. Apparently his political actions were too radical and too loud for dusty Texas. After an incredible series of harassment, he ended up in jail on an unbelievable 30-year pot

Page Thirteen
In what appears to be an effort to prove that cities are now obsolete, the Architectural League of New York a month ago initiated a program that has, in any event, demonstrated that recital halls are obsolete. The program—"Dial-A-Poem"—was initiated by Poet John Giorno (below) who recorded several dozen short tapes by young poets reading their own works, plugged the tapes into half a dozen telephones, and then announced that anyone, anywhere, willing to dial (212) 225-0409, could get an enufal of Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Taylor Mead, or others.

The response to Mr. Giorno’s announcement has been absolutely phenomenal: during the first several days, the six phones were busy day and night, clocking about 4,000 calls every 24 hours. The Telephone Co., unlike the poets, was getting richer by the minute, estimated that another 12,000 callers a day tried, but failed to dial the Muse.) After the first week, the League found it necessary to install an additional four telephones, and Mr. Giorno was going frantic tapping additional verse. As this is written, Dial-A-Poem is being called by around 50,000 theophiles a week—or more than have ever heard poetry recited by real-life poets before in the entire history of the United States! (This is the sort of sweeping statistic that we challenge anybody to dispute...). In any event, if funds hold out, Dial-A-Poem will still be operational when you read this.

What it all means, of course, is that architecture for communication—in the traditional manner—may well be on its way out. The Austrian architect, Hans Hollein, once made the point succinctly when asked to design an addition to a Vienna museum: he just drew the old building with a giant TV-set plugged into its side! And if the prime need of cities is to facilitate communication between people, the Architectural League and Mr. Giorno have rather dramatically questioned that need.

CRISIS POLITICS
Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel was given a sudsy promo test last month in Conservation vs. Exploitation. The oil-slick disaster at a Union Oil Co. well off the Santa Barbara, Calif., coast covered the course quite thoroughly: leasing of natural resources, water pollution, wildlife protection, and scenic conservation. Hickel (viewing disaster scene, below) passed the test onto his department for further study, which was, of course, the right thing to do.

In 1967, the Santa Barbara County Supervisors petitioned the Interior Department, on four separate occasions, to declare a one-year leasing moratorium until the possibility of oil pollution from drilling blowouts could be further studied. They cited a long history of earthquake tremors from Land’s End Fault, near which the ruptured well was eventually drilled. But they proved a
BOOKS

The Young Poets

Hills America, let's tell the truth! Robert Lowell is the least distinguished poet alive.
And that's just a sample. Of what's going to be like now that we poets are in charge:
Of poetry, at last ... from now on it
You want literature you've got to come to us
And ask for it, nicely, and with a steady checkbook.
- Peter Schieffelin

Some poets who agree with Saroyan that literature is dead are trying to prolong the art of poetry by turning the act of reading into an event or happening. Dick Higgins calls this kind of art "intermedia," and he parodies a "poetry reading" by inviting before an audience copies down only the words he hears, while volunteer poets read these poem-snapshots off the wall, the furniture, and limbs of the audience.

And if that sounds like poetic license consider Dial-A-Poem, poet John Giorno's current project at Manhattan's hip Architectural League. Giorno recorded works by a dozen colleagues, hooked the tapes to automatic phonographs, and announced the number: (212) 628-0400. More than 300,000 people have called Dial-A-Poem in its first six weeks, thus satisfying Giorno's desire to short-circuit the dreary routine of conventional poetry readings.

Saroyan and wife, Wakoaki (top), Gluck (middle) and Berrigan: Poetry is something you do among cultural, but something else, left to flounder for himself: "This could have been my town, with light steps that could stand a tempo. Now, it's the end of an ethnic dream. I've grown intellectual, gone on accumulating furniture and books... calculating the possibilities that someone will love me, or sleep with me."

One common ground for young poets, white and black, is rock. "My poems are involved with the spoken voice and with melody," insists Tom Clark, 27. "My listening to rock—its spirit and gaiety—is bound to affect what I write." The extraordinary popularity, and talent, of the rock poets—Leonard Cohen, the Beatles, Jim Morrison and Bob Dylan (sometimes called "the major poet of his generation")—has prompted some word-poets to incorporate rock lyrics in their work. Dan Graham has transformed the Beatles' "All You Need Is Love" into a concrete wasteland, intercutting a concordance of the Beatles' use of "yeah" with lyrics, comments by critics and excerpts from counterculture papers.

On the other hand, Clark Coolidge, sometime drummer for the San Francisco group, Serpent Power, has abandoned the musical shape of language—and the notion of poetry as discourse altogether. Coolidge now selects his words from dictionaries and other texts, then spreads them, almost at random, about the page. "Each word is a state," explains Coolidge. "Each word has its own vibration."

Mini-works: Another anti-language experiment has been waged by Aram Saroyan, 25, who has specialized in the minimal poem. Saroyan's mini-works include: "eye" (that's the whole poem), and a single-column list of all the New York FM stations. "I was trying to make use technology to make poetry universally available.

So in this way, too, poetry refuses to die. Pre-eminently the art form enmeshed with verbal communication, poetry is now being scrutinized for possibly fruitful amplifications. Words, yes, but perhaps not on the page, perhaps bolstered by films, slides and light machines. Or if on the page, perhaps used as a material—like the way a painter manipulates oils. Or if arranged in phrases, sentences, on paper, perhaps in some new rhythm, backed by some new force that will redirect our notion of language, feeling and meaning.

Shape of Tomorrow

The Age of Discontent: Guidelines to Our Changing Society.

by, 394 pages.

MR. NIXON GOES TO EUROPE

MARCH 3, 1969

NEWSWEEK
Dial-A-Poem, "new poetry" rather than weather tips on the telephone

Have you heard any good poems over the New York telephone lately? If not, why not dial 626-0400 (area code 212), and hear the voices of thirteen of today's most experimental poets reading a two-minute poem each? Dial-A-Poem is an experiment by John Giorno, a poet responsible for electronic and theatrical poetry presentations in various outposts of the New York underground.

A charming, soft-spoken man, Giorno thought of the idea while dialing the weather number. It occurred to him that to pre-tape poetry and connect it to six automatic answering sets would extend a poet's work to a huge audience all over the world.

He approached the lively Architectural League of New York, which promptly agreed to put on the project. Ever receptive to new and experimental events dealing with many sides of contemporary life, the League arranged for a telephone number, connecting ten lines to an equal number of answering sets, each containing one taped poem. The poems, changed each day, are ready for hearing twenty-four hours a day through March.

In rounding up his poets, John Giorno chose a broad view of the various kinds of new poetry: found poetry, black poetry, New York School poetry, chance poetry, and pop poetry. The poets whose voices are heard are the phone are: Bill Berkson, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, David Henderson, Taylor Mead, Ron Padgett, John Perreault, Ed Sanders, Peter Schjeldahl, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, Emmett Williams, and, of course, John Giorno.

Each poet intones his work in his characteristic way, which may include the lugubrious, score-knowing voice of William Burroughs or the impassioned, moving voice of Allen Ginsberg.

Giorno said: "The use of the telephone as a new form of 'publication' is an opportunity for the poets to achieve worldwide exposure, and for their poetry to be heard rather than just read." John Perreault, one of the recorded poets, added, "Poetry is not, should not, and can not be confined to the printed word."

The prophecies of McLuhan are obviously taking root in audio-visual manifestations springing up in unexpected places. The telephone has not been used before this as a medium for an artist. Poetry on ear by picking up a phone does away with the yawn-provoking atmosphere of the lecture hall and, at the same time, makes this "art experience" a somewhat more integral part of life.

"By using new media and technology," John Giorno said, "I have attempted to create environments in which the audience can have a sense-experience that enables it to become more involved and responsive to poetry."

Indeed, Marcel Duchamp once said, "What I really want to do is send art over the telephone."
BOYS AND THE PILL:

Judson Memorial Church on Washington Square, best known for its exciting avant-garde theater and art and dance presentations, has been quietly running a much-needed runaway crisis center since last June.

Winter is tough in New York. It's cold, unfriendly and barren. Particularly if you're fifteen, hungry and living on the streets, which are no longer graced with summer's warming sun. What the streets do offer is an abundance of speed and drugs. They trick your head into thinking your body is warm and fed and restful until you've collapsed from malnutrition or hepatitis, or have plain burned your mind out—the cumulative effects of amphetamines.

Survival is a real challenge. When winter comes, the less you know or care, the worse it is. The crush pads disappear, the police crack down and the social workers vanish.

Ironically, the street situation has been compounded by city laws. Legally, you cannot help a runaway minor without assuming responsibility for his welfare and actions; you are required by law to notify the parents. If you don't, you are judged to be in compliance with an illegal act—by which the parents can, if they so desire, file a suit against you. As a result, minors who have left home have no rights or protection under city laws.

This is where Judson Church stepped in. John Mage, a young ACLU lawyer who has been involved in many lower East Side drug, draft and hippie court cases, and Arthur Levin, a lay assistant at Judson, recognized the runaways' need for protection. They convinced the elders of the church to fund a center where a runaway could come without threat of being returned to his parents until he had time to decide what he wanted to do. The young people who come to the center know their parents will not be called until they give their permission. According to Levin, about 90 percent permit the center's workers to call their parents and bridge the gap between generations by acting as liaisons between parents and children. Most runaways return home, stabilized by the knowledge that they can fall back on the church center and its workers if situations at home once again become too difficult to handle.

For the handful who have no homes to return to, the church formed a commune in a nearby building. Here, these young people live and work together with a staff member from the crisis center. Now members of a new family, they either return to school or go to work while living in the commune. Outside interests are encouraged and directed by the center. Mage, speaking of the success of the program over the winter, said that in almost all instances, the runaway was looking for a way to feel his individuality as a responsible adult, and the family he found at the commune became more important than any street activity.

To combat the problem of financing the project, Judson successfully established a memorial fund for Don McNeill, a young staff writer for the Village Voice who drowned last August. McNeill had envisioned just such a crisis center with Mage. Now that spring is approaching, the commune members have taken to the streets to help other runaways avoid the pitfalls—speed, VD and malnutrition—by which themselves dealt with before coming to Judson.

Poetry at the Turn of a Dial

Add this to your list of important New York telephone numbers, which already should include Dial-a-Prayer (CI 6-6200), Time (nervous), Save-a-Life (687-2142), Dial-a-Demonstration (923-6318) and Weather (WE 6-1212). It's Dial-a-Poem (628-0909), the latest technological hook-up with art. Conceived by poet John Giorno and sponsored by the Architectural League of New York (which often sponsors grants to artists and artistic endeavors in all phases), Dial-a-Poem includes recordings by twelve poets. At the turn of a dial you can hear Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Ed Sanders, Taylor Mead and David Henderson, among others, reading their own poetry. Ah, culture may soon be everywhere.

Thompson's Head Toys

Puzzles, Inc., is now producing a new line of head toys, the brainchild of Betty Thompson. PD's best bet to become a hip millionnaire. Betty was discovered purely by accident by the Museum of Modern Art when her art dealer jokingly sur-
By now everybody’s got the message that in the newest theatre, you don’t just sit there cocooned in your expensive finery like a dumb-dumb, you wear your way-out clothes and you participate. At Dionysus in 69, you are prodded to take them off, and at The Living Theatre you may be shouted down, condescended to, hissed at—and as I witnessed one evening, if you can believe it—spat on. This works beautifully, as they say, if masochism is your bag. It’s not mine, and, frankly, if I’m going to contribute to the performance in any meaningful way (a favorite cliche from the new jargon), what I want to know is when do I get paid my Equity scale?

In this genre, Big Time Buck White, which came out of Watts and had an enormous West Coast success before hitting New York, is one of the most interesting current off-Broadway plays, if indeed it is a play; the second half is a sort of simplistic schoolroom scene of questions and answers with the audience asking and Buck White answering. The cast is all black including Buck White, played with great, acerbic style by Dick Williams (far right) who is also the director. The frame of reference is black, except for the curious fact that the playwright, Joseph Dolen Tuitti (near right), is Irish-American and white. Reports from London confirm earlier suspicions that The Establishment has begun to show through the lightly-woven overlay of the swinging scene. Those suddenly-chic cockney types had better watch it. One day soon they are going to turn a corner and find, to their horror, that no one is following; the parade has gone on its own traditionally stuffy way. Despite the excellence of the Broadway production of Peter Luke’s play Hadrian VII, and especially Alec McCowen’s fine performance, there is one near-giddy point in Act II when the red-robed cardinals—in any case, just a bit campy—are expectantly standing around the Pope’s throne awaiting his arrival and for one awful moment you think they might be going to sing Hello, Hadrian! In this new space age, how long will it take us to get used to the concept of a bright shiny world rising over a dusty-dull moon? Da Vinci must be whirling in his grave like a bobbin. It’s come to the ridiculous exaggeration where almost anyone who can flip an omelette, take a snapshot and drive a sportscar is described as a Renaissance man. Let’s face it, real Renaissance men are scarce—they were, even in the Renaissance. The response to John Ciardi’s Dial-A-Poem was so terrific that during the first week of operations, all six phones gave busy signals by nine o’clock in the morning although the service, sponsored by the Architectural League of New York, is available right around the clock by dialing 628-0400. For one thin dime, anyone in town can hear two minutes of poetry by such notable moderns as William Burroughs, Allen Ginsburg and Ciardi. Still, concealed in this success is the seed of danger. Remembering the unnerving brilliance of the poems automatically concocted by computer several years ago, who is to say that when technology and the artist collaborate, the machine won’t eventually dominate? The Negro Ensemble Company, New York’s exhilarating black repertory theatre, is presenting Ceremonies in Dark Old Men by Lonne Elder, also its playwright coordinator and workshop director. The play makes its own gentle but incisive revelations, a relief from all the contemporary polemics and bombast.
about making the 'art experience' an integral part of life, as though reading a poem or hearing a poet declaim it in person were not a part of life. What they are really saying is that absorption and contemplation seem impossible for a sizeable portion of the population, and that they must use substifuges to claim its attention, or content themselves with a very small audience indeed. They are turning a situation to their advantage, and there is no objection to that. The objection enters only when they heap banal explanations over the hard facts. There is nothing 'environmental' about a telephone. The bad poems, of which there are several, sound just as bad, and the good ones (Ginsberg among those I was able to catch) just as alive as if they were read in a book or listened to in an auditorium. I should add that I like the idea and have spent considerable time trying to get one of the six lines when it wasn't busy, which it almost always is. Better poetry than prayers!

Quite another form of disembodiment occurs in an 'event' which is called an exhibition, and whose makers are, or consider themselves, visual artists. The exhibition, as Seth Siegelaub announces it, 'consists of [the ideas communicated in] the catalog,' which is a spiral-bound opus of some twelve pages. As for the (ideas communicated in) the catalogue, they are rather limited, and do not bear the strain of constant repetition. Basically, these four artists are bored with art, as perhaps the poets are bored with poetry, and are looking for the nearest way out. The nearest way out for the visual artist is the word. He, however, being traditionally avowed by verbalization, revives what he calls 'ideas,' and so his favourite words are designed to suggest that they conceal some real ideas.

The world is full of objects, writes Douglas Huebler, I do not wish to add any more. Instead, he adds a few inarticulate notions accompanied by documentation that 'takes the form of photographs, maps, drawings and descriptive language.' Joseph Kosuth, who has gotten a lot of mileage out of his 'Art as Idea as Idea' by inserting thesaurus definitions into the newspaper, is too bored or muddled to make even that much of a statement and is content to repeat a dadaist formula ad nauseam. Lawrence Weiner in a stylized little entry in this clever logbook of futility notes: '1. The artist may construct the piece. 2. The piece may be fabricated. 3. The piece need not be built. Each being equal and consistent with the intent of the artist the decision as to condition rests with the receiver upon the occasion of reception.'

All this may be interpreted as a criticism of certain contemporary 'ideas' concerning the nature of a work of art, but it is weak criticism, and not amusing enough to hold attention. We now know what these artists are unwilling to do (why?) but we don't know what they can do. Doing is out, but is thinking in?

THE WHITNEY ANNUAL is an antidote to the
charging patients outrageous sums for such lab tests as blood count, urine analysis, sedimentation rate, blood sugar, and all the other tests considered necessary for a thorough physical exam.

In New York State several legislators, shocked by physician profiteering in lab tests--evidence shows in some cases their markups have ranged from 1000 to 10,000%--have sponsored legislation making it illegal for doctors to bill patients for lab tests not performed in the doctors' offices.

In California the state legislature decided that physicians should not be allowed to own prescription pharmacies after 1967. Several of them had been sending their patients into their pharmacies to buy overpriced or unneeded drugs or drugs in which they held a proprietary interest.

The courts have now ruled, however, that while California physicians may no longer own pharmacies, it is perfectly legal if they form a corporation and the corporation owns the pharmacy, which, of course, violates the intent of the original law.

Physicians in the U.S. have effective lobbies in state capitals as well as Washington, D.C., and the moment doctors are criticized, the lobbyists go to work.

It may well be that in this day and age, physicians are no more noble than the rest of us. Is there any reason that they should be? They are after all subject to the same pressures, desires, status symbols, and total environment.

**POEM A DAY**

The Architectural League of New York has set up a "dial-a-poem" service in New York City. It's available to anyone who's willing to pay for a call to (212) 628-0400.

Poet John Giorno arranged for several poets to cut tapes of their own works. His first selections include Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Taylor Mead, and others. Right away the six phones rang with about 4000 calls each 24 hours.

Since then the League has added four more phones to handle 60,000 calls per week. The League and Giorno believe that poems have a beneficial effect on people and will continue the dial-a-poem service until funds run out.

**BEER FOR BRUSSELS**

Three years ago the Justice Department ordered the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company to divest itself of Busch and its 39% interest in John Labatt, a Canadian brewing company.

Schlitz, determined to overtake Anheuser-Busch, number one in the brewing industry, was naturally disappointed. The disappointment, however, was domestic. Schlitz is doing great overseas. It not only owns the Puerto Rico Brewing Company, and interests in three Spanish breweries, but it has recently moved into the Belgian market, acquiring control of S.A. Brasserie de Ghlin, third largest beer outfit in Belgium.

Belgians have a tremendous capacity for beer. They consume 32.4 gallons per capita compared to the U.S. consumption of 16.7.


Nach den ersten Resultaten zu schließen, reagiert das Publikum gut auf die telephonische Poesieverbreitung. Umfang 150 Anrufe pro Stunde registrierte der automatische Zähler in der ersten Betriebszeit.
エロスのニュー・イメージ
フィリップ・キング

1969年

美術手帖

特集
エロスのニュー・イメージ
フィリップ・キング

1969年

福地靖展

詩画集発刊 ジョルジュ・バティエ

5月6日—18日

ペン画

シロタ画廊
東京・錦糸2-1-17 Phone (511) 0316
A new electronic genie may soon be helping students get better grades. Called a Digivue, it is a display panel that will bring information into the classroom from a large central computer, with which the students will be able to communicate by way of an electric keyboard. Here Mike Meyers of Toledo, Ohio, makes a selection from a multiple choice question.

Communication centers

Dial-a-poem system prepared and operated by poet John Giorno has been receiving over 60,000 calls a week since it was begun by the Architectural League in New York. By dialing 628-0400, callers can hear taped selections from the works of Giorno and other contemporary poets.
HE WANTED ME to take a bath with them. That's the newest craze with all the English—they want you to take a bath with them and rub their back.

"Rub their back, what about when he played with himself?"

"Oh, he played with... when? when was that?"

"When you wouldn't make pigeons with him."

"I wouldn't make pigeons with him, so he went in the bathroom and whacked off. He's really crazy, he's really horny."

"Randy is what they call it, Randy."

"He's crazy too."

"These English groups are so kink, God, she was a well-known English guitarist—loves being beaten. I mean, like, little Lyman who's about three feet tall gets on top of him with a whip, really, I mean a real whip and beats the shit out of him."

"The English groups are so pure and good, they come over here and get closed up. He went back with the lap. They all do."

That conversation, as you may have guessed, took place between two groups. What may surprise you is that it happened in a recording studio. The tape wound around for 12 hours inscribing the views of four girls, 17 to 22, all adept in the world of star-fucking. The result will be an album called "The Groupies" that will be released in a month and probably be a big seller.

It was done by Alan Lober, an arranger and producer who has been responsible for over $1 million worth of Neil Sedaka, Shirelles, Connie Francis, and Anthony Newley records. Lober had been reading the proliferation of groupie stories in magazines like the Realist, Rolling Stone, and Time and thought, "Why not?" He chose six girls, flying some of them in from California and ended up using four in the sessions.

Bringing two girls in at a time, he put them in separate booths facing each other but eight feet apart for a lifelike stereo effect. Then they just rapped. Lober asked them to talk to each other about the things that are important to them and their lives. I heard some of the tapes and the results were sometimes devastating but always interesting.

One thing that came across is the ambivalence in the groupie's sexual habits. On one hand, you have the living, walking result of the sexual revolution. They take the pill. They feel that there is nothing to lose and don't bother counting how many guys they make it with in a day. But rather than being free to do what pleases them most, they are free to submit completely to what the musician wants. The conversations described how the groupie will totally degrade herself in complying with her idol's wishes. Sort of a Libertine O. Another facet of the groupie-group relationship is its symbiotic quality. Of course the groupies are all in it for the sex. Musicians find touring very disorienting and tiring. Whirling from one unfamiliar town to another, sometimes playing two places in one day, they get lonely. I've spoken with a lot of top groupies lately and without exception they all say they feel isolated or desolate on tour. Whether or not they like to admit it, they need the comfort of a warm body and the reassurance of unreserved affection.

Lober spent 100 hours editing the tape. Sometimes he just did quick cuts to create a mood, four or five sentences piling up on each other. Sometimes he followed one idea with another that contrasted the contradictions in their lives. The girls' voices, clearly cut from one speaker to the other, conjured up a very vivid image of the whole life-style.

I think "The Groupies" will sell for a lot of reasons. For those on the scene but removed from this particular activity, there is a double-edged fascination. It is both morbid and vicarious in an attraction-repulsion way. The

something new."

"Something new, so he stuck a sausage up her."

And then they stuck it back in the refrigerator. And then they put a cucumber and they put a... what else? (Giggles) They put something else... (Laughter) it's really killing me."

"Pickle!"

"A pickle..."

"Pickle, cucumbers, and sausages."

"I don't know what this girl's made of."

"WE NEED SOMEONE to come along and exploit us, says John Giorno of his brainchild Dial-A-Poem, "for our own survival." Paradoxically, at the same time that the five-month-old poetry project has received more than one million calls, it is most likely to go out of existence. It costs $440 a month to maintain the 10 lines and automatic answering sets that play you a poem when you dial 628-0400. The first two months were paid for by the New York Architectural League, the rest by the poets (Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Anne Waldman, Diane Di Prima, and others) and their friends. The poets aren't making anything from Dial-A-Poem, but the phone company is getting that $440 a month plus whatever they get for those 1,050,000 phone calls they've gotten to date—at as low as three cents per, that would be $31,500.

Even so, last Wednesday, the telephone service was cut off. Giorno says there wasn't a word of warning. Next day, the phone company told them it was because the POC prohibits obscenity and pornography over the wires. To be able to raise money to keep the publicly successful but financially bankrupt program going, Giorno felt they needed to be functioning. He signed a "pledge under protest" promising no pornography. They went back on the telephone wires on Friday.

If you want to help, it is also a tax-deductible Rem—write to Dial-A-Poem, 41 East 55th Street, New York.

THAT CENTRAL PARK walk-in film festival scattered along the Sheep Meadow that I wrote about recently has been postponed from the original dates of May 23, 24, and 25. This
How and why... 

Pick up a phone on a dull day and call up a poem.

New York's Dial-A-Poem must be one of the most imaginative uses yet found for a machine. Already, in its first five months of existence, more than a million people have dialed 628-0400.

The woman's voice on the other end of the line is matter-of-fact rather than poetic, repeating the lines briskly and quickly in the manner of an executive checking off a laundry list.

A faint hint of romance creeps in only when the voice says that the New York Architectural League is one of the sponsors (others include poets—Allen Ginsburg, William Burroughs, Anne Waldman).

Dial-A-Poem should send callers to the poetry books—if not to feed a newly created appetite for poetry then to check exactly what that low, quick telephone voice had to say.

Despite the large number of calls, Dial-A-Poem is having money troubles. It costs $440 a month to keep the 10 lines open.

Strike leaves

By John K. Cooley
Staff correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

Ankara, Turkey

A six-week strike of Turkish workers on United States military installations ended last weekend, but not without leaving a new rip in the already tattered fabric of U.S.-Turkish relations.

Like the U.S. Sixth Fleet's visit to Turkey last year, the strike was attended by ugly incidents.

Turks stabbed Americans. Americans punched Turks. U.S. Air Force Exchange trucks carrying food were hijacked. Turkish teenage girl reportedly shook lye powder in the face of the 16-year-old child of an American sergeant, and school buses were sabotaged.
ISLAND FOR COMMUNICATION

Motorists and pedestrians attempting to circumnavigate a small pie-shaped island in downtown Boston's Park Square recently scored a high "confusion count." It was an ideal place for the experiment in communications called "Signs/Lights/Boston," a pilot project funded by a $300,000 grant from HUD.

The project was in two parts-redesigned road signs based on European symbols for the motorists, and a new street environment and information center for pedestrians. Both were under the design supervision of Architects Ashley/Meyer/Smith Inc of Cambridge, with consultants from MIT and the MIT-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies.

The information center site was created by laying a temporary paving over a portion of street 42 by 55 ft. Painted with flowing yellow stripes, the pavement extended one sidewalk to the island, forming a pedestrian peninsula (above). Here a number of kiosks were erected—51 1/4 to 15 ft. high and 3 to 4 ft. in diameter. These were covered with silver mylar, imprinted with graphics to indicate their use (below), and topped with 12 ft.-wide polyethylene balloons.

Each kiosk supplied different information by different automated means: a large map of Boston with recorded events of the day; a print-out machine that answered 129 frequently asked questions; push-button movies clearly viewed in full sunlight; slide shows; and a teletype machine with the day's news.

Communication was not all one-way. A phone recorded visitors' comments and evaluations for playback. These, say Ashley/Meyer/Smith, were overwhelmingly favorable.

By the end of June, all had come down and the old dull confusion had returned.

FOOTNOTE

May, the New York Telephone Co. cut off the ten programs recorded by the poets. Reason: too much taped obscenity.

The Telephone Co. was willing to turn the poets on again if Giorno promised to bleep out what he found offensive in the works of Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and John Giorno.

Giorno, of course, was offended only by the Telephone Co. As it happened, there was not enough money left to pay the phone bill for another month anyway, so Giorno bleeped out the entire project rather than allow the phone company to bleep in their own sense of morality, which would certainly have had to do with the meter.

Since the Telephone Co. operates under a monopoly granted by the public, what constitutes telephoned obscenity should, perhaps, be left to the courts. Meanwhile, the Public Service Commission might look into the "morality" involved in the actions of a corporation that calmly collects at the call—over $100,000 from the works of you poets, while the poets get not a cent. In fact, when the New York State Council on the Arts stepped in on Giorno's behalf, they discovered that while Dial-A-Poem was paying $25 per line per month for the service, Dial-A-Prayer was paying only $1.75.

If the Council on the Arts can recover the overcharges and can interest some private contributors in subsidizing a revival, Dial-A-Poem may return in the fall. St. Mark's Church has donated a room for that purpose. Perhaps somebody up there—and we don't mean at Dial-A-Prayer—protests poems after all.

UPS & DOWNS

FAREWELL, BUT NOT GOODBYE

"A kind of member of the family to us," mourned Composer Benjamin Britten on June 8. He was referring to the Maltings at Snape, in Suffolk, England, which had been destroyed by fire a few hours earlier.

The acoustically superb structure, which Arup Associates had created from the shell of a cen-
That was Paul Krasner (Wooster), and Ed Sanders (Flag) shouting the loudest at the roof party thrown by the Hall of Fame. Bob Fass (Wooster Super Star) and Ed Sanders (Flag) brought the event to a peak with a reading of "The Happening". Many other poets also gave readings, including "Jack Kikuchi" on his way to London's "Happenin'". "Village Voice" art critic John Perle called the event "a happening".

Tennessee Williams has the role of "Paris" in "Suddenly Last Summer". It has been announced that "Paris" will be played by Robert Mitchum. The play opens next week in Los Angeles, and then goes on to Broadway.

"Bangkok"/"Bangkok" by Tennessee Williams has one of the most exciting opening scenes ever seen on Broadway. A man in a nightcap and bathrobe is lying on a bed with a knife in his chest. He is saying, "I give up. I give up. I give up."

The New York Times, in a review which is expected to be popular among newspaper readers, said, "Tennessee Williams has written a great novel called "Suddenly Last Summer". The play is a triumph of dramatic writing."

The poet's tree is used by the New York Poets' Tree. The tree is a symbol of the poet's struggle for recognition. It is located in a park in the East Village.

Under Shelley's Poets' Tree...
ELLE DONNE MI HANNO STANCATO

mentato di colpo sulla tastiera, eseguendo una berceuse di Franz Liszt.

L'arco del benzinaio

Robert Savage, un benzinaio diciottenne di Baltimore, ha con-
seguito senza fatica tutto il de-
naro che aveva, quando un uomo lo ha minacciato con un coltellino,
chiedendogli l'incasso della giornata. Ma mentre l'uomo si allon-
tanava, Robert, che ha l'habbito
del tiro con l'arco, ha incoccato una freccia e ha tirato, colpendo
il rapinatore a una spalla. Poche
ore dopo, la stazione di servizio
di Savage è stata di nuovo presa
di mira da un malvivente. Alla
polizia, che gli ha chiesto come
mai questa volta non si è difeso
con il suo solito sistema, il benzi-
nato ha risposto ironicamente:
«Non potevo: quel maledetto mi
ha rubato anche l'arco».

Posto squillo: 62 80 400

Le compagne telefoniche di
tutto il mondo sono teze in una
nobile gara per soddisfare sem-
pre più gli utenti, fornendo servizi
umani ogni giorno. Ormai è
un fatto abituale telefonare per
demandare l'ora esatta, ascoltare
la ultime notizie, sapere che tem-
po farà, e così via. Ma a New
York, bisogna ammettere, sono
un passo avanti a tutti: ogni cittadino può, formando un nume-
ro telefonico, ascoltare una pro-
ghiera ed ulteriori una «ditta di-
ugnante personale». E d'ora in
poi, telefonando ai 62 80 400, ascol-
tare un po' mentre declama una sua poesia inedita.

Blanchi e neri

L'isolamento razziale non è
una triste prerogativa solo degli esseri umani. Anche gli animali,
talvolta, sono razzisti, con una al-
titudine e una crudeltà che crede-
vamo fosse una caratteristica umana. Lo hanno dimostrato i ci-
gi bianchi di un lago di Rio de
Janeiro; vedendo arrivare dei
loro fratelli dal piumaggio nero, i
bianchi si sono scagliati contro
gli intrusi beccandoli ferocemente.
Alcuni cigni neri sono stati
uccisi, gli altri hanno dovuto es-
sere trasportati altrove.

Automobilista di ramazz

A Santiago del Cile, la polizia ha trovato un modo nuovo, e
molto utile, per punire i colpevoli
di infrrazioni stradali. Gli auto-
mobiliti, invece di pagare una multa,
tengono condannati a ramazzare
per un certo numero di giorni gli uffici della polizia. I reccidi-
i, naturalmente, ricevono con-
danne più dure. Quella più grave,
per ora, è stata inflitta a un auto-
mobilito sorpreso per tre volte a
udire braccio e senza patente;
dovrà, nei giorni festivi, imbian-
care tutte le porre delle stanze
del commissariato; è stato calcio-
lato che gli occorreranno cinque
anni per scontare la pena.

Carlo Palumbo

TANTI AUGURI A...

DAL 30-1 AL 5-2-1969

GIOVEDÌ 20 - Onomastici:
Martina, Ippolito, Savina.
Complessi: Augusto Scala, calciatore; Michael Anderson, regista; Doro-
thy Malone, attrice.
VENERDÌ 31 - Onomastici:
Geminiano, Ora.
Complessi: Jean Sim-
mon, attrice; Daniela
Bianchi, attrice; Susanne Fischetti, attrice.
SABATO 1 - Onomastici:
Ignazio, Virgiana.
Complessi: John Ford, regista; Renata Tebbaldi, attrice.
DOMENICA 2 - Onomastici:
Cornelio, Teodoro.
Complessi: Antonio Se-
gni, statista; Stefania Grimaldi, principessa di Monaco; Maria Beatrice, princi-pessa di Savola; Carlo D'Angelo, attrice.
Dear Price Keating

Thank you very much.

BY NORMAN NADAL
Scripps-Howard staff writer

NEW YORK—If you were lucky enough to live here in Fun City, you could listen to a poem any time the mood struck you, simply by picking up your phone and dialing: 628-0400 (from out-of-town first dial the area code, 212).

This service comes to the citizenry through the good offices of the Architectural League of New York, which, despite its name, will take a chance on anything in the arts. For example, recently they sponsored James Lee Byars' "environmental" called "A Garment for 1000 People." He made a garment so big that it went around the block, and they rounded up 1000 people to get into it. That's the prevailing spirit of the ALNY.

"Dial-a-poem," their latest project, was suggested and executed by John Giorno, a poet who believes in making poetry both interesting and accessible. With the ALNY sponsorship, and the happy connivance of the telephone company, which stands to make money out of it, Giorno rounded up a dozen of his poetic pals and had them read their stuff, for taping, in his studio on The Bowery. Each made 12 two-minute tapes. Free.

Then he hooked up tape players to six phones installed at the ALNY, so that each phone automatically answers a call with two minutes of poetry by one poet. Thus each day six poets are available to dialers, with the poets and poems changed daily. More
Do not expect to hear Keats, Tennyson, Whitman or Whittier when you dial-a-poem. These bards are young, and theirs is a far different scene. You might pick up Allen Ginsberg doing a Hindu chant, David Henderson warning that "...a gang of monkeys have surrounded the shopping center", or 23-year-old Anne Waldman apparently on the verge of something in "Generation":

"And now it's time
And now it's really time
And now I'm ready
And now I'm going to do it, really do it, once and for all.
Yes I am Yes I am Yes I am Yes I am." — Giorno himself.

Other poets represented are Bill Berkson, William Burroughs, Taylor Mead, Ron Padgett, John Perreault, Ed Sanders, Peter Schjeldahl, Lewis Warsh and Emmett Williams. Popular subjects include Viet Nam, race and love.

Giorno hit on the dial-a-poem idea last year, after doing several poetry readings which were, to say the least, unusual. Skilled in electronics, he rigged equipment which would translate his spoken sound into lights of different colors and intensities, and he got a perfume-brewing friend named Suzanne to make a strawberry-scented incense. He turned the combination loose on an audience in Central Park.

Later he repeated this in an auditorium, but added a fog-making machine. So the poetry-lovers (and you have to have courage to listen to poetry here) sat in a dense, colored, strawberry-scented fog as they listened to Giorno reading his poems.

"It made it more groovy and interesting," he recollected, modestly.

But that was a lot of work, just to reach one group of people. So he hit on dial-a-poem in the hope of bringing poetry to thousands. It seems to be working. The phones haven't stopped lighting up with incoming calls since the enterprise began a few days ago.

Marcel Duchamp, the French painter and mobile sculptor, once said: "What I really want to do is send art over the telephone."

Mr. Duchamp, meet Mr. Giorno.
There is a certain kind of woman who's memorized the numbers for the time, the weather, and Dial-A-Poem. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.
Giorno says he has no figures on how much the phone company has profited on the one million calls DIAL-A-POEM has so far received -- many from out of the city -- but as he puts it, "Even if it were merely 3 cents a call, the phone company has made $30,000 plus long distance charges. And though the facts are hard to prove, it does seem that the one million callers who have heard two minutes of poetry so far this year, represent more poetry-listening than the past ten years combined."

Giorno readily admits he and poets such as Allen Ginsburg, William Burroughs, Anne Waldman, Diane Di Prima, Jim Carroll, John Cage and the 28 others who are on DIAL-A-POEM'S tapes, are not astute businessmen. "There must be a way to expand on this extraordinary acceptance of DIAL-A-POEM," Giorno remarked, "At least long enough to keep the project going. We need someone to come along and exploit us -- for our own survival."

Giorno adds he'd like to conduct a survey to discover who makes us the 10,000 callers DIAL-A-POEM serves each day.

"What amazes me," he says, "is the tremendous volume between 9:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. It seems as if there are a lot of smart, bored people working away at desks all over the city who depend upon DIAL-A-POEM for their daily dose of culture."
DIAL-A-POEM -- the four-month old experiment offering instant poetry to anyone calling (212) 628-0400 -- has just received its one-millionth call but is doomed to end May 25th unless some way is found to transform this tremendous acceptance into money.

Poet John Giorno, founder of the project, wryly admits DIAL-A-POEM has succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. "But unlike the New York Telephone Company, which is getting richer by the minute off the poets," Giorno adds, "We get nothing for our service and in fact, pay the phone company some $400 a month."

The Architectural League of New York contributed space to house Giorno's ten telephones and automatic answering sets and backed the project for the first two months. The poets themselves and Giorno's friends have kept it alive ever since. "But I'm about out of friends," Giorno says, "And it bugs me to watch the phone company get fatter while the poets go out of business."