Miracles, Information, 'Recommended Reading'.

By HILTON KRAMER

The other day I went over to the Museum of Modern Art for the press preview of the new "Information" show. As it happened, the show was not yet fully installed. Much of the machinery wasn't working. Some of the - what shall we call it? - visual data was not yet in place. There were few wall labels identifying the - what shall we call them? - installations. Being the message I had been personally observed.

There was, for me, a further thrill to be had from Mr. Green's remarks. They suddenly reminded me that I, too, am in the "Information" business, even as Mr. Green and a few million other people are. And - just imagined - here are "new young artists" doing what I long ago promised to do, their minds being made up, their thinking and communicating to be hand, I don't know them, don't know the holes in their programs, the vacant places, the things they are not doing, the things they are doing, the things they have found. I know what I have found, and I know what I have not found. I know what I have not found, and I know what I have found. Mr. McShine himself read the "Recommended Reading". Had Mr. McShine himself read the "Recommended Reading"? Did it have any relation to the exhibition? I was too embarrassed to ask. After all, Mr. McShine has been very busy assembling this exhibition, which brings together more than 150 "artists" - amazing, isn't it, how people will cling to these outmoded expressions? - from 15 countries. When could he have found the time to read Jurgen Ruesch and Gregory Bateson's "Communication: The Social Matrix of Mr. McShine's "Essay" for the Saturday night album was on this question, to help at all. But it did raise another interesting question. "If you are an artist in Brazil, you know of at least one friend who is being tortured; if you are in Argentina, you probably have had a neighbor who has been in jail for having long hair; or for not being 'dressed' properly; and if you are living in the United States, you may feel that you will be shot at, either in the universities, in your bed, or more formally in Indiana. It may seem too inappropriate, if not absurd, to get up in the morning, walk into a room, and apply dyes of paint from a little tube to a square of canvas. What can we as a young artist do that the face of this grave political crisis in apparently, to look at these films through an Olivetti 'visual jukebox' ask spectators questions on closed-circuit delayed tape television, arrange circles and other graffiti on the walls, go to town with the Xerox machine, collect a lot of pointless photographic junk, listen to a poem on the telephone, or simply go to sleep. Never mind what any of this has to do with Claude Levi-Strauss's "Structural Anthropology" or Herbert Marcuse's "Eros and Civilization" or George Steiner's "Language and Silence" — more of the "Recommended Reading." Such questions are, I guess, irrelevant and impertinent. For Mr. McShine and his "artists," they don't apply.
The Museum of Modern Art

What do telephones, poetry and The Museum of Modern Art have in common? The answer is to be found in the INFORMATION show on view this summer at the Museum. By dialing (212) 956-7032 from any phone in the world or one of four phones installed in the gallery itself, you can hear one of fifty poets reciting his poetry.

Arranged by Giorno Poetry Systems, Dial-a-Poem is the creation of John Giorno, a 33-year-old New York poet-artist. Mr. Giorno conceived the Dial-a-Poem idea one day while dialing the weather. "Using the telephone as a new media, I wanted to expand our conception of art and expose poetry to a public who would otherwise not be responsive to it. Also, much poetry is meant to be heard, not merely read."

Twelve telephone lines with different poetry on each line have been installed in the Museum for the duration of the exhibition. Some of the poems were written specifically for the INFORMATION show. Each is about two minutes long and falls within the categories of found poetry, black poetry, New York school poetry, chance poetry or pop poetry.

A graduate of Columbia University, Mr. Giorno's career has included working as a seaman and stockbroker. He writes found poetry. "The found poetry school takes images from newspapers and magazines and arranges these images visually." Some of Mr. Giorno's found poetry can be seen on silkscreen in the Museum. The poet contends, however, that found poetry is also exciting aurally. Mr. Giorno is presently spending his time recording new poems and finding new poets for the INFORMATION show. "My work," he says, "is at times a collage of other poets which becomes a work of art itself that changes daily."

Selected by Kynaston McShine, Associate Curator, Department of Painting and Sculpture, INFORMATION will run through September 20. He says:

"Many of the highly intellectual and serious young artists represented here have addressed themselves to the question of how to create an art that reaches out to an audience larger than that which has been interested in contemporary art in the last few decades. Their attempt to be poetic and imaginative, without being either aloof or condescending, has led them into the communications areas that INFORMATION reflects."

Additional information available from Linda K. Nathan, Associate, or Elizabeth Shaw, Director, Department of Public Information, The Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, New York, 10019. Telephone (212) 956-7501.
THE ASSOCIATION FOR the Psycho-physiological Study of Sleep started with only 37 members in 1961; now more than 400 specialists are working in what has virtually become an industry of sleep exploration, with strong support from the National Institute of Mental Health. But sleep doctors, like sex doctors, often have trouble finding enough people who are willing to do it in the lab, especially if they're investigating marked abnormalities. That's the problem facing Dr. Charles Fisher, a nightmare researcher at Mt. Sinai Hospital's Sleep Lab.

His current specific area of study is where the identical dream horror re-occurs night after night, and he needs a lot more people who suffer from this problem. Soldiers in particular, he says, have severe shocks with which they mentally wrestle for years, and Dr. Fisher would like to study the most recent crop of traumaees, namely veterans of the Korean and Vietnam wars. He has found GIs who have had the same nightmare every night for as long as 20 years, and each night it's a photographic duplication of the wartime experience. He found similar trauma-induced patterns in a man who survived a German concentration camp that ran a lot of medical experiments. Each night the man would dream of doctors coming to draw more blood from his arm and of the smoke coming from the gas chambers. For some lucky people, things get better. They eventually stop re-living the entire original shock in their nightmares and start dreaming less terrifying, more acceptable versions, which shows that they're having some success in conquering their own deep-seated fears.

People selected as subjects in Dr. Fisher's program will sleep in his lab one or more nights a week. He will pay each person $10 a night to observe them, and while Dr. Fisher may have some new kinds of treatment to try on nightmare sufferers, his main purpose at this point is study. Call 876-100, extension 8380 or 8387. He guarantees there will be no pain and no sleep interference.

I'M TOLD that whenever they build a house in Yucatan, special hooks are fitted into the wall for hammocks; in fact, many Yucatecans are so taken with 'hammacas' that they call them 'the gift of the gods.' It takes two weeks of knotting to make a good hammock. One hammock stretched out to a full length of 15 feet can comfortably fit two people even on hot, tropical nights, with plenty of room for each sticky body.

The man who told me all this has a vested interest in the Yucatecan way, because he just opened up two shops that will sell nothing but the Yucatan models, one at 304 East 6th Street and the other at 326 Seventh Avenue. Sandy Cohen, who would rather be known by the shop's name, Hammock Master, decided that his bed could be his business while deep-sea diving, writing poetry, and eating fish and lobster everyday,
Dial-a-Radical
Gives Leftists
New Soap Box

By JOSEPH MORZELEWSKI

Museo Leonard Bernstein was
envious of the attention the
Black Panthers were receiving.

Now Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby
Seale, Abbie Hoffman, and others have
attracted the curiosity of the
upper crust.

It's all part of an exhibition
at the Museum of Modern Art
called Dial-a-Poem, which gives

The museum, which has banker
David Rockefeller as its chair-
man, pays $284 a month
for the tapes and telephones,
which are the brainchild of Vin-

gio, poet John Giorno, 30.

According to Giorno, the

The revolutionary rhetoric can
also be heard from inside the
museum by dialing 956-7024, 956-
2027 and 956-7074. Arriving rad-
icals should be patient, though, as
the numbers are usually busy or
do not work. (The revolution
you have dialed is not a working
number.)

Man of the Americas

George S. Moore, retired chair-
man of the First National City
Bank, has been named Man of the
Americas for 1970 by the Ameri-
cas Foundation. He will be guest
of honor at the foundation's an-
ual dinner on Oct. 14 in the Hotel Pierre.
Ronan Challenged: Hold 2d Av. Hearing

By JOHN MULLANE

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

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

He said the TA was continuing to plan the line with just six stops—only two of them between 57th and 135th Sts.—and voiced fear that public hearings would be held only after “it’s either too late or too costly to correct the error.”

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

Ronan said there could be seven or eight stops on the line, seemingly contradicting data from the TA indicating that more than six stops were impossible because of monetary restrictions.

“The Board of Estimate made $135 million available for the route,” the lawmaker said. “Nearly $50 million will go toward digging the underground line, which underlies Second Avenue. The remaining $7 million will go toward tunneling between the stations. The cost of two additional stations would be $16 million.”

Ronan indicated that location of some stations would benefit private developers. He said developers seeking zoning variances on York, First, Second and Third Aves., might be asked to work with the MTA and the City Planning Commission in building stations as underground complexes including shops and passageways to key buildings.

Calling the new line “a great opportunity to develop the East Side in a positive way,” he said: “We want people who will benefit from the location of stations to contribute to that development.”

Hansen said storekeepers and residents of his district, which runs along both sides of Central Park, were “outraged and astonished” to learn of the presently proposed subway stops at 24th, 34th, 57th, 72nd, and 86th Sts.

Oppressed?

Dial 956-7032

By LINDSEY VAN GELDER

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

You can, for example, hear Kathleen Cleaver give her version of the slaying of Black Panther Bobby Hutton in a confrontation with West Coast police: “A tear gas canister hit Edridge . . . Bobby Hutton came out first with his hands up in the air . . . He was viciously shot down by a volley of machine gun fire. Nobody knows as to whether he had a gun or not. He was murdered.”

Or you can hear Allen Ginsberg chant Mantra. Weatherwoman Bernardine Dohrn announce that her group will be a symbol of “American imperialism,” Abbie Hoffman tell college kids to get their guns.

The dial-a-radical service was organized by poet John Giorno, author of the short story, “Information,” in the Museum of Modern Art.

According to Giorno, the program costs the museum $20 a month for phone bills and tape decks to donate their services.

“At this point, with the war and the repression and everything, we thought this was a good way for the Movement to reach people,” said Giorno. He reported that the service had logged some 7,000 calls in less than two months and would be continued by the Museum after the exhibit closed later this month.

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

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

One poem, “Revolutionary Letter No. 2,” by Diane Di Prima, gives young revolutionaries some special advice:

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

Giorno said that the dial-a-poem concept was inaugurated in early 1968 under the sponsorship of the Architectural League and was later taken over in Chicago by the Museum of Contemporary Art.

Revised by the Museum of Modern Art for the exhibit, the service offers 32 different tapes daily.

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

See Labor OK o

By STEVEN MARCUS

N. Y. Post Correspondent

KIAMOSHA LANGE, N. Y. (AP) — Rockefeller appeared today to have the New York State AFL-CIO’s endorsement served up.

But supporters of Arthur J. Goldberg, the Democratic Liberal candidate for Governor, were not giving up without a fight at the labor federation’s annual convention at the Concord Hotel. Some 300 Goldberg supporters have planned a vortex demonstration complete with signs and banners to welcome the Democratic gubernatorial candidate when he comes here today to seek a third term.

Busby Berkeley's 1

Rusty E-kerley, the Hollywood director who made past '50s, looks over some of the talent of the '70s for the "reviving on Broadway next January. Story on Page 58.

Sweet Drop
AMERICAN NOTES
According to Lindy

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

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

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

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

Not to the Swift
Like Hapakong Cassidy sipping sarsaparilla in a riotous saloon, the entrants in the Clean-Air Car Race picked their way across the nation inhaling volumes of exhaust from other travelers. Their own machines were ingenious contraptions of varying degrees of purity powered by gasoline, batteries, propane gas or even steam.

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

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

One of them is "Revolutionary Letter No. 7," which advises the caller: "There are those who can tell you how to make Molotov cocktails, flame-throwers, bombs, whatever might be needed. Find them and learn..."

Post Allen Ginsberg chants mantras; Weatherman Activist Bernardine Dohrn announces that her group will bomb a symbol of "American imperialism."

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

THE NATION

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

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

Dial a revolution of your choice

NEW YORK, Thursday

FEELING a little oppressed today I rang the latest New York service—Dial-a-Revolution at 958-7032. I heard every permutation of rebellion from Chicago Seven conspirator Abbie Hoffman telling college kids to get their guns to beat poet Allen Ginsberg philosophizing about revolution.

Kathleen Cleaver, wife of exiled Black Panther field marshal Eldridge Cleaver, gave her version of the death of Panther Robby Hutton in a confrontation with west coast police.

Lennert Chancer, brother Edridge, Robby Hutton came out first with his hands up in the air... he was violently shot down by a volley of machine gun fire. No question as to whether he had a gun or not. He was murdered.

* * *

I was through to the museum of modern art, for this era of art is tantamount to treason. Since many recordings of works by revolutionary poets form part of a current exhibition “information” and may now become a permanent feature of the museum.

It was the inspiration of John Giorno who, I suppose unfortunately, these bear market days, has managed to drift from a Wall Street brokerage house to a poet’s attic in the Bowery.

With the war and the repression and everything I thought it was a good way for the radical movement to reach the people. He says.

THE RIVALS: Neil Abercrombie, a bearded activist, said he planned to spend only K12 on his political campaign to unseat Hawaii’s Republican Senator Hiram Fong.

There was only one problem—Mr. Abercrombie didn’t have any money. This week he get a loan—from a firm in Honolulu owned by Senator Fong.

PRAISE INDEED:

Despite all his critics President Nixon has found time to write a fan letter to actress Rosalind Russell. He showed her his “Auntie Mame” at the San Clemente White House, California, one night recently.

“It was just as good as the stage version and that is the highest praise I can give it,” wrote Nixon.

“And to demonstrate that all of the young have not joined the crazies. Toots, Lily and David, his daughters and son-in-law, enjoyed it as much if not more than Pat and I did.”

CUT: Those in-flight movies introduced by most big American airlines in the affluent ‘60s may well become the next casualty of the austerity 70s. American airlines have already cut the service in the United States and TWA may follow. The airlines spent up to $2 million for the service.

PARK PATROL: In order to prevent any trouble, 65 additional park rangers have been added to the usual contingent of park rangers at California’s Yosemite National Park this Labour Day holiday weekend.

Last July 4, rangers on horseback battled with hippie campers and there were nearly 250 arrests.

SERVICE POINT: The waitresses at the Hotel del Coronado in San Diego, California, have won their battle for equality.

Last week the White House said they would be given the night off and replaced by waiters for a banquet tonight given by President Nixon.

However, after some backstage discussions, the women, who had been denied shape and getting facial, will now be retained to serve some of the 600 guests.

SPECULATOR: A wealthy Californian promoter plans to build a $1,250,000 tourist centre next door to the Spahn movie ranch, once the home of Charles Manson and his hippie band, accused of the murder of Sharon Tate.

COUNTRY STYLE:

Two legal aid service lawyers in Portland, Oregon, hiked six miles into a mountain wilderness in central Washington State to present a legal petition to holding Supreme Court Justice William Douglas.

“Come back tomorrow. I’ll have the decision on that tree stump over there,” said courtroom Douglas. But only one of the lawyers struggled back to discover that the petition they had sought from the justice in a campus dispute had been denied.

DONORS, PLEASE: New York is suffering from a blood famine due to donors’ absence on summer vacations, says Dr. Joseph English, chief of the municipal hospital system.

“The shortage is critical that we have less than one day’s supply.” The city’s public and private hospitals need 1,000 pints of blood a day.

Brian Van
No dialogue in Dial-a-Culture

If you asked a cat about nine and a half million times, you generate enough electricity to light up the largest American flag for about one minute.

I heard these statistics the other day over my telephone, through a service called Dial-a-Poem which is temporarily turned off but is bound to crop up again soon. Since my phone had broken down three times last summer, due to overloading of lines and equipment, I have doubts about the utility of such enterprises. But thousands of recorded services are now in use across the country, including more than 3,000 in New York City. Like some modern Delphi oracle, the telephone not only offers bulletins on traffic jams, weather and bargain sales, but reaches out to fortify the Inner Man. For crusaders who want to locate a crib line there is Dial-a-Demonstration; for artists, Dial-a-Model; and for souls in distress, Dial-a-Shoulder. For stargazers, there is Dial-a-Satellite, telling you where to look for flying hardware; and similarly, for ornithologists, Dial-a-Bird.

Of the lot, Dial-a-Poem is at once the most sophisticated and controversial. The service was installed in New York’s Museum of Modern Art as part of its recent show Information, a display of ways and devices for servicing information. The lines about car-stroking are from a poem by Ted Berrigan, one of 30 New York bardspolishing their own works—who could be dialed 24 hours a day.

The poetry geyser in fact emerged from a row of 12 unattended phones in the museum’s atrium. Each had its own tape-recorder box, playing a single poem when dialed. The tapes were changed daily. Your call went first to phone No. 1. If it was busy, your call was switched automatically to No. 2, and so on to No. 12. The only hitch was that if you wanted to hear several poets, you might get stuck helplessly on No. 1. I began dialing early one morning and heard Bobby Seale over again seven times. And he isn’t even a poet.

The phone company charged the museum $284 for the 12 installations and in addition collected a monthly rent plus the standard 10¢ a call. The poets, as usual, didn’t collect a cent. On some days, astonishingly, 8,000 people called, taking poetic potluck with whatever line was open. Most of them came during office hours when employees could call and listen at the box’s expense.

Dial-a-Poem has been installed twice before (by the Architectural League of New York and by Chicago’s Museum of Contemporary Art) and each time it has kicked up a ruckus, either because of its occasional use of taboo words or its sprouts of radical propaganda. This time in itself, I think, is a backhanded tribute to the power of Dial-a-Poem. Most of the transmitted material had already been printed, with no public outcry. But over the phone it sounds so much more direct that steps were taken to abolish it. At least four members of the Modern Museum resigned in disgust.

The originator of Dial-a-Poem is a young underground poet, John Giorno, who makes tapes of his poet friends. Not too fussy about what poetry is, or is not, he includes bits from William Burroughs novels and speeches from Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman and Bobby Seale. Yet the bulk of Giorno’s grab bag is actual poetry from such hands as Allen Ginsberg and, unexpectedly, John Cage.

In principle I am receptive to such electronic blessings as Dial-a-Poem, receptive but wary. When fears beset me that, typical of our age, the contraption is outrunning its content, I take heart from a recorded phone encounter I had with Dial-a-Prayer, a booming service that is sponsored now by many churches throughout America. “Oh, God,” said the voice of Reverend Donald McFerren of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, praying into a tape machine, “let us never be afraid of a new idea or unorthodox thought; lest we pull down the shades of our mind and exclude Thy light.”

But I’m still wary. The trouble with dialing any recorded voice is that it doesn’t give us a chance to talk back. It doesn’t even know we exist. The phone system is sometimes called an exchange. But there’s no exchange. Ironically, the glorious gadget that promotes human communication serves also to emphasize human isolation. If you had had Homer in your house, reciting the Odyssey, you could cheer or boo him, or ask him to recite over that bit about the Cyclops eating the sailors. Or if you needed spiritual solace, you could probably persuade your local Reverend to visit you. But the taped phone call doesn’t hear your invitations.

Dial-a-Poem, and such, suggests the little man who was there. And the little man is the listener himself.

by Tom Prideaux
The Museum of Modern Art Members Newsletter November 1970

11 West 53 Street: from the Director

An issue that has become of particular concern this year is the willingness as well as the appropriateness for the Museum to become politically involved. Aside from some fairly explicit language on the subject by the Internal Revenue Service, the question is no longer easily dismissed, largely due to the fact that the work of artists is increasingly oriented to political issues.

There is a significant reason why this is so. Most of the seemingly intractable human dilemmas facing the country today—drugs, housing, crime, poverty, pollution of every conceivable variety, the war—are ones which will be solved, if at all, politically rather than morally, ethically, aesthetically, or even educational. Many of the nation’s problems are aesthetic, as evidenced by the glut of neon down every main street in America.

The solution for America’s main street blight, however, will not be made aesthetically. It will be made politically. Despite this literally glaring fact, no museum in the country is willing to take a stand on an issue which in any way involves a political commitment.

Artists have traditionally been the most conscientious and, at times, the most provocative critics of society, and our obligation as a museum, is to reflect the concern and work of the artist. As a modern museum, our responsibility is more complicated, for we must reflect most importantly the work and concerns of the artists of the present day, who feel that their work cannot be divorced from the humanism that provokes it.

This concern was most particularly raised by the recent exhibition Information, in which many of the artists represented had strong feelings regarding many political issues, especially the Indochina War. The reason behind the artists’ concern over such a political issue is both complicated and profound. There is a very real concern among contemporary artists—‘the antenna of society,’ as Ezra Pound has described them—that we are collectively, systematically, and yet unwittingly destroying ourselves. Their art strongly reflects their feelings, as indeed it must. The war in Southeast Asia, they claim, is the culmination of a whole pattern of cultural excess—over-population, the automobile, neon blight, putrid water and air—as well as the frustrating unwillingness of our society to even recognize, much less correct, its own abuses. Focused against the Establishment, as was the case in some of the material in the Information show, the artist feels that if the Establishment were really committed to correcting societal excess and ending the war, collectively it could do so.

The artists also feel, and I share this belief, that death pervades almost everything we do in this country these days. One hundred billion dollars a year has been designated by our government for “Defense.” A single destroyer, for example, costs $5 million dollars—four times the amount allocated for the arts. The strangulation of this financial input on our economy is so pervasive we can no longer even detect it.

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

I think the Information show, brilliantly assembled by Kyra Schwab, Associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture, over a period of many months, was a benchmark exhibition for the Museum. The palette of this part of the 20th Century is technology, and the artist is experimenting with this palette. Were we, as The Museum of Modern Art, to wait fifty years from now to reflect on what was artistically valid in terms of this work, we would cease to be a museum of modern art.

Through new technology the artist is expressing those concerns uppermost on his mind and most antithetical to what he considers art—or life. At the same time artists are saying, through some of the technological media, that art is not property; it is not solely an adornment; it is not an object to be either revered like an icon or traded like a commodity. In many ways, though, this is what art has become, and the Museum has played a role in its treatment as such. Both art and man are diminished.

Perhaps the aspect of Information which elicited the greatest comment from our members was the Dial-a-Poem section of that exhibition. In the context of the show, Dial-a-Poem was no more than a verbal anthology of poetry and statements made by a number of people in the last few years. As such, it was one of several hundred events, objects, films, and “exhibits” of various kinds created by artists from all over the world. The Museum presented the show as a report on one phase of current development in the international art world. Much of that, of course, was political.

We did not censor the work of any of the artists after they were chosen for the show, nor did we censor the selection of poets by John Giorno, the artist who originated Dial-A-Poem. The original list ranged from work by poets such as Frank O’Hara and Barbara Guest to radical “concrete” poetry composed almost as a collage from newspaper headlines. In other words, only some of the artists selected could be called—or would call themselves—either “radicals” or “revolutionaries.”

Congressman Shirley of Iowa was one person who took exception. His aide called to find out the reasoning behind including statements by Elbridge Cleaver and Bobby Shale on a taped anthology of important contemporary poetry and statements of the last decade. The curious question that lingered after the telephone conversation was whether or not the Museum enjoyed a federal tax exemption. On another occasion, several FBI agents spent the day at the Museum on the Dial-a-Poem phones.

Parenthetically, the most impressive moment of the entire exhibition for me came as a consequence of it rather than an element in it, which, to be sure, was very much a part of the show’s design. One evening at six o’clock I received a call from South Australia. It turned out that I was being questioned about the show by Mr. Ormsby Wiltens of Australian radio for the
benefit of his early morning (Australian time) listening audience—right then and there over the telephone in my office. His closing line seemed unusually memorable in the context of evoking, art, and the concept of information. As he signed me off to his radio listeners by thanking and identifying me, he said, "Now, on to Beirut." The mind boggled.

In the interest of free expression, not to mention tolerance of diversity, we did not delete any of the statements in Dial-a-Poem by subjecting Giorno to what the Museum might think more acceptable. The Museum does not, however, as some actually seem to have inferred from part of the material on Dial-a-Poem, espouse violence. We will continue to try to encourage awareness of human expression through art, whether that expression is pleasing or painful. As a museum of modern art, and particularly as a modern museum, we have no other choice.

—John B. Hightower

Picasso: Master Printmaker

Why does Picasso continue to generate excitement? In late 1969 the appearance of a large quantity of new prints by the artist certainly had that effect. During a seven-month period that year he had produced 347 etchings; these were shown concurrently at the Galerie Louise Leiris in Paris and at the Art Institute in Chicago, immediately after the last proof was pulled, and shortly thereafter in London. As with all miracles, the news of these prints spread rapidly. This news, however, was not only of the prodigious creation of a large body of work in such a short period of time, but also concerned the fact that a good portion of the prints were of a nature popularly called "erotic." Indeed, there was interest as to whether or not any of the prints could be shown publicly, and in fact the English version of the catalogue for the exhibition was issued without illustrations of the more controversial etchings. It did not take long before one magazine in America announced to readers and prospective subscribers that it would devote an entire issue to an album of these so-called "erotic" prints. Probably no works of art have received such widespread reproduction in the relatively short period of two years as some of the prints in the "347" group. In 1969 the etchings were displayed in Toronto, and during that showing The Museum of Modern Art negotiated to exhibit them both nationally and abroad.

Why another Picasso exhibition? Certainly the "347" etchings warrant a showing in New York. As with most of Picasso's work, they dwell on a select group of themes carried to almost interminable variation by the minute examination, through a few characters, of the vagaries of human life. They appear as penetrating visions of what we all know the other person to be and hope that we, in turn, are not.

But then, why Picasso: Master Printmaker? Why not simply display the "347" group? After all, the Museum has been showing Picasso prints since 1931. But it has been usual to select those prints from an artist's work which were thought to be most illustrative of his intention or of importance in other contexts. To take such a body of work as the "347" and show it in its entirety, without critical decision except in placement, would be a departure from that sort of tradition. Thus it was thought that a larger show, perhaps showing part of the "347" in the context of Picasso's total output, would renew our understanding of the artist. With this in mind the exhibition was divided into two sections: on the main floor of the Museum is a retrospective of Picasso's major prints, including part of the "347"; and on the third floor in the Paul J. Sachs Galleries the major portion of the "347" prints are shown or are available for viewing in an adjoining study room in the group published by Ambroise Vollard in the early 1930s, the fresh inspiration of the color aquatint of 1939 designed for Picasso's autobiography, on and on—each room divulged something entirely unexpected. Surprisingly, there was no boredom. It was like examining each stone of a fantastically carved cathedral.

My interest was perhaps more finely attuned to what I was seeing since I knew of the formidable task collector Georges Bloch had undertaken, not only in the acquisition of each and every print that Picasso had made but also in the mounting of the exhibition.

In 1867 I had selected fifty Picasso prints from the Museum's collection as a complementary exhibition to The Sculpture of Picasso (on view at the Museum from October 11, 1967 through January 1, 1968) and I felt that on the basis of the Museum's collection a great deal of what I was seeing was familiar. Looking back at the chronological catalogue for the Zurich exhibition, I find that I made many notes such as "printed in sanguine," "five different proofs," and more, all the kinds of comments a print curator might make in comparing his own collection with that of another. One engraving that I saw for the first time and admired was found a month later in Paris by William S. Lieberman, now Director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture at the Museum and primarily responsible for having built the Museum's collection of Picasso's printed work, and is now in the Museum collection.

When, finally, it was determined that we would show the "347" with all the rest of Picasso's major prints, the idea was essentially that we would exhibit selections only from our collection. However, to really pay homage to a great printmaker it seemed that one should show the finest impressions of some of his great prints, particularly those that had never been seen in New York. That, of course, was one of the reasons to have the
What EMF really needs now is the land itself. They are willing to pay rent or taxes, but they can't afford to buy it—it must be donated. They also need surplus farm equipment, trucks, and jeeps. Write to them at 150 Fifth Avenue, or call 673-5740.

I'VE WRITTEN several times about the confrontation between the curators of the Whitney Museum and the coalition of artists who have been demanding that 50 per cent of the artists represented in this year's annual Entries be women. The controversy opened last week, 21 per cent of the entries exhibited were by women. The artists consider this a partial victory—it's quite an improvement over last year's annual, when women accounted for only five per cent of the artists represented in the show.

Now the women are making plans for further action. They contend that women artists are discriminated against by all the museums in the city, not just the Whitney. A group called Women Artists in Revolution has announced a three-year program that has as its goal complete equality for women in the art world.

The plan has three main objectives: first, that every museum in the city have some form of women's exhibition during the 1970-71 year; second, that representatives from WAR be given interviews at each museum in New York, in order to discuss their demands; third, that every museum and gallery include no less than 50 per cent women artists in all their collections by 1973.

The WAR women are working in several ways to force their demands. First, they are applying pressure directly to the museums through actions and demonstrations, just as they did at the Whitney. Second, they are setting up an alternate museum that will provide women with a place to exhibit their works until the museums give in. (They are trying to get a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts to set up their center.) Third, they're discussing the possibility of taking legal action against the museums with the Commission on Human Rights. They feel that pressure alone cannot bring the results on a short-range basis, but that only legal action can be effective in the long run.

WAR has made the decision to devote all its efforts topressing museums rather than galleries, reasoning that if museums begin to demand women's art in their collections, galleries will begin handling their work. WAR also feels that museums bear more of a responsibility for trying to reform social inequities in the art world, since they are public institutions rather than businesses run for private profit.

the village VOICE, December 24, 1970

Everyone in New York is anxious about the phone company. John Giorno is no exception—he thinks they're out to get him. Giorno, whose project Dial-A-Poem was a big success at MOMA and the Architectural League, wanted to have an automatic answering set installed in his studio to make a master tape for a Dial-A-Poem LP. It seems like a reasonable request. But Giorno had to go through the hassles that have become an everyday thing in the lives of so many New Yorkers.

When the equipment arrived (three months later) it was of such bad quality that it was useless. After numerous calls and complaints, he was told that it would be an indefinite amount of time before the phone company could even tell him when they'd be able to install another line. So much for the LP.

What are we going to do when he is being deliberately harassed. He figures the phone company is trying to discourage and ruin his project, because it stands for the kind of freedom-of-the-wires they have always fought against. It could be. But this kind of thing has happened to so many New Yorkers whom the phone company couldn't possibly have anything against. Whether it is maliciousness or just mere incompetence on their part doesn't really matter now.

Giorno, his recording contract jeopardized, is just another frustrated victim of Ma Bell. And a pretty big victim. Giorno's Dial-A-Poem project has so far received 1,918,528 calls.

MORE SCENES: The Children's Art Workshop, which has been teaching more than 100 neighborhood children skills like silk-screening, photography, and pottery-making after school every since last May, has acquired a printing press, and published a really professional looking 1971 calendar. All the art work and photography for the calendar was done by the children, and the over-all design was conceived by them as a group. It can be ordered directly from the workshop, at 533 East 6th Street, or at a number of bookshops throughout the city. The cost is $2, and all the money goes to buying a movie projector.

Music for Peace, a group founded by the graduate students in the Music Depart-
BEST BETS

The next issue of "New York" will be our annual Fall Catalog—no room for Best Bets. So here we have included Bests running through September 17.

But Could a Computer Smile Like Mona Lisa?
The Museum of Modern Art had its "Information" show; now there is "Software" at the Jewish Museum, a show full of the wonders of technology, conceptual art and information processing systems ("systems" is the big word of the show). There'll be much visitor participation, starting with the catalogue, which is called a "hypertext" and which appears on televizor sets ("video terminals"). If you want more information than the hypertext gives, you can request it and it will appear on the screen. There's a computer called Labyrinth with nine terminals. In a piece called Seek there are 40 furry gerbils running around, disarranging 2,000 plastic cubes while a mechanical gripper rearranges the cubes to form them in (get ready, Cleveland Amory). The gerbils, if things work out, are supposed to indicate to urban planners how humans react to a changing environment. Giorno Poetry Systems, which is John Giorno's new name, will be doing Radio Free Poetry, with poets reading their work on transistor sets. In Vision Substitution System, blindfolded persons intent upon esthetic inervation are backed up against 400 plastic-dipped vibrators. The most dramatic statement belongs to artist John Baldessari. In his Cremation Piece he has cremated his entire lifetime oeuvre, which will be entombed in a wall of the Jewish Museum and covered with a plaque. We'll leave the last word to Marshall McLuhan: "The difference between the artist and the organization man . . . is that the artist senses at once the creative possibilities in new media, even when they are alien to his own medium, whereas the bureaucrat of art and letters remains a spectator of the present."
DR. JACQUELINE YERBETT.

opposite, crusader for consumer protection. A biochemist with the Food and Drug Administration in Washington, she revealed the possible cancer and genetic damage that helped doom cyclamates. Now her findings of deformities in embryo chicks injected with the dioxin contaminant contained in the controversial herbicide 2,4,5-T may ban its use in household gardening products. Dr. Verrett's quick-screening technique with embryo chicks that produces tangible, often terrifying results in twenty-one days is unique in the world. Undaunted by Senate hearings, but scared of herbicides, pesticides, additives, and empty calories, Dr. Verrett, when asked what she ate, replied, "Very little."

JOHN GIORNO, near left, thirty-three, whose shortwave broadcasts of poets are part of the "Software" exhibition in New York at The Jewish Museum and whose dial-a-poem telephone poetry service, begun last year, was part of the "Information" show at The Museum of Modern Art. Brown-eyed, with monkey-puzzle hair, Giorno puts poems anywhere but on paper—records, matchbooks, radio, telephone, posters, plastic sheets. A stockbroker until six years ago, Giorno operates Giorno Poetry Systems from the Bowery loft Fernand Léger, the French painter, occupied during World War II. There, Giorno watches three television sets at once, writes a gossip column for Culture Hero, an underground newspa-

per, and strings beads into ornaments for friends.

RAY JOHNSON, centre, and the exhibition of his New York "Correspondence" School at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. This nutsy collection of worn envelopes, stickers, oddments, and small collages (some shown here with two photographs of Johnson) is the assembled remnants left by John Cage after
art
Continued from preceding page

An abstract film are transmitted to your back by hundreds of busy vibrating little fingers. "Interactive Paper Systems" by Sonia Sheridan demonstrates the new three-color copy machine made by 3M Instant prints! David Anitin's "Conversationalist" is a piece that requires the participant to make up a story around one specific word; this is then compared with other stories made up by previous participants.

I liked Hans Haacke's "News"; five teletype machines spewing out news. His "Visitors' Profile" piece, once it is debugged, will consist of the constantly changing results of a survey of the visitors to the show.

Not all of the pieces are directly involved with hardware. Many "conceptual" pieces are included. Of these I particularly liked Donald Burgy's "Documentation of Selected Mental and Physical Characteristics of Donald Burgy." Robert Barry's "Ultrasonic Wave Piece" is just that, and is totally invisible. Vito Acconci's "Room Situation (Proximally)" involves Acconci or a substitute standing near a person and intruding on his personal space. A ghostly presence! The ghost within the Jewish Machine?

And now we come to the pieces that you will not be able to see, for various reasons. At the preview I was able to see Van Swearingen's multi-screen film of interviews with the artists in the show. I thought it was a pleasant and ambiguous introduction to the show. But you won't be able to see it because it was destroyed. The editor had inserted political slogans. Schley objected. The slogans were removed. On the opening day of the exhibit someone came into the museum and destroyed the film loops. It's a confusing story and because there are legal problems, I'd better not comment any further except to say that I liked what I saw. But then again I didn't see the films with the political slogans, which I might have liked better. But I don't know. It's a mess.

Another piece no longer in the show is Les Levine's "A. I. E. . . ." a series of video tapes of Levine in his loft, all the articles written about him, and photographs of all his works. I saw it at the preview and, while it is not Levine's strongest effort, I find it hard to believe that the shots from "John and Mimi's Book of Love" were in any way objectionable. They weren't even sexy. The museum wanted them removed or removed them. It's not very clear. At any rate, Levine withdrew his piece. I asked him why he thought his piece had (apparently) been censored. "To please the Jewish Theological Seminary and American Motors," he answered. (The Jewish Theological Seminary sponsors the museum.) "Artists are being treated like children. The name of the show is Software and what they are doing is editing the Software." The show was named Software, incidentally, at Levine's suggestion.

Gioorno Poetry Systems (formerly John Giorno, author of the forthcoming 'Balling Buddha' collection of poems) withdrew his "Radio Free Poetry"-tapes broadcast in the museum to transistor radios. This was done partly in sympathy for Levine and because the museum allegedly objected to the inclusion of a speech by Eldridge Cleaver.

Yes, the software is getting harder. Welcome back to the art season. It looks like it's going to be a rough year.
Varied Problems Beset Opening Of Jewish Museum's 'Software'

By GRACE GLUCK

"Temporarily Out of Order," called "Sick" and prepared by the architect Nicholas Negroponte and his Architecture Machine Group at M.I.T., is designed to see if the animals' reaction to a changing environment can be used to urban planners.

Several Works Affected

As of yesterday however, it seemed that several works prepared for the show would not be viewable—at least, in their original state. Shortly after the exhibition opened, a series of five filmed discussions on "Software," by participating artists was destroyed. The action was allegedly taken after a dispute over unauthorized additions to the films of exhibitions by Mao Tse-Tung. When both the film's maker and the museum insisted they be deleted, the films were scissors into snippets. The remains, together with documents relating to their destruction, will be exhibited by the museum.

Two artists, Les Levine and John Giorno, also said yesterday that they would withdraw their work from the show because the museum had "encouraged" them. Mr. Levine charged that the museum had edited "a little nudity" out of a videotape series he had made for simultaneous projection on a large number of TV sets.

But Mr. Katz said that the nudity in the work, one of three contributed to the show by Mr. Levine, consisted of only eight minutes of taped scenes of sexual intercourse. He added that the artist had originally agreed to whatever decision was made about deleting or retaining the footage. Mr. Giorno said that he was withdrawing his work, a series of continuous poetry reading broadcast within the museum over small transistor radios partly in support of Mr. Levine and partly because he had learned that the museum would not allow him to broadcast a tape of writings by Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panther leader.

Mr. Katz said yesterday that he knew nothing about the change and had never discussed it with Mr. Giorno.

"Engrossing and always interesting. 'Eldridge Cleaver' is by far the best buy in town."

—David Goldman, CBS Radio

All Seats $1 12.10, 1.12, 2.30, 4.10, 5.35, 6.55, 8.30, 8.45, 11.10 Cinema II
Such provisions would be as difficult to agree on or enforce as any renunciation of power always is. But one has to begin somewhere. A recommendation by the Metropolitan Museum that the Lehman or Rockefeller Collections be internationally redistributed would be a fantastic symbolic relinquishment of power.\(^1\)

Addendum: Thomas P. F. Hoving, Director of the Metropolitan, reported to the June annual meeting of the American Association of Museums (AAM) of a “Unesco draft convention . . . against the despoiling of architectural sites and thefts of national art treasures.” (New York Times, June 3, 1970.) In a report from Ankara (New York Times, August 27, 1970), the Turkish government is recorded as asking the Metropolitan Museum “to supply details on a hoard of antiquities, including gold said to come from the kingdom of Croesus, that is alleged to be in the museum’s basement after having been illegally exported from Turkey . . . .” The first inkling of the treasures’ existence came soon after a disclosure by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts that it had acquired for a “six-figure sum” a hoard of royal gold from an unknown site in the Middle East . . . . Shortly afterward The Boston Globe reported that an even more spectacular hoard, including what it described as the gold of Croesus, tomb paintings, jewelry and Greek vases, was in the basement of the Metropolitan . . . . The list of illegally exported art objects consists of “nearly a thousand [im]portant items removed over the last 10-15 years . . . .” Theodore Rousseau, director and chief curator of the Metropolitan is then quoted: “Certainly we have not exported anything illegally from Turkey,” he said, adding that much of what he had heard “seemed to be hearsay fabrication around something that might have a kernel of [truth] in it.”

—Leon Golub

1. Not one argues that the provisions of the Lehman will forbid such action, the typical “legal” argument to avoid action. Regardless of the legal status of the Lehman Collection, the Metropolitan is still a free agent in its own proper purposes.

SOFTWARE BATTLE

Software can be loosely defined as information that results from the use of technology. An immediate practical problem of software is that the system that controls the technology (hardware) tries to control the resulting information (software). The “Software” show at the Jewish Museum is put on by the public relations firm of Ruder and Finn for their client, American Motors, who paid most of the $100,000 show cost. The show is also sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, where it will be installed next. A so-called cultural institution has been invaded by a business and government amalgam for public relations purposes, with little concern or regard for art. In this case, the Jewish Museum has willingly abandoned its position of cultural independence to serve the interests of business/government.

We put together five films about the artists in the show. The films were shown in the museum as part of the show. During the editing, we came to question the concept of the show. We came to understand that the museum was being used to promote technology rather than art. We wanted to impose this understanding onto the films, to improve and focus their content, and express our point of view. We placed our information in the films in a deliberate way with super-imposed, spoken titles. We either scratched away the image to make room for the title or we burned the title through the image. We anticipated that the system might meet any such challenge to its authority with repression and censorship.

The “Software” show enhances the authority of the present use of technology by making a prominent and impressive display of the hardware. Our titles are: “Software is the illusion of the effectiveness of technology” and “The system promotes software to postpone its own collapse.” If the technology is suspect, then the information resulting from technology is suspect also, and the system cannot allow that suspicion to be widely held.

In the show, the artists are also intended to enhance the technology, by estheticizing it. If they resisted being used that way, they were also censored. Les Levine, for example, tried to erode video technology by showing a couple fucking. This was labelled pornography and the fucking scenes were cut out of his tapes without his knowledge or consent.

John Giorno tried to politicize radio technology, by broadcasting political speeches in the museum. He was not allowed to broadcast a speech by Eldridge Cleaver (partly because Cleaver is associated with the Black Panthers, which is a direct subject at the Jewish Museum). The threat of bad publicity caused the museum to give in on both of these issues, and allow the artists’ original intentions.

“Cultural revolution is a weapon of the social revolution” was the third title. And in another film where two artists are discussing the relationship of an artist to the revolution, we placed a quote from Mao: “If you want to know the theory and methods of revolution, you must take part in it.”

All four titles were cut out of the films. The Mao quote in particular incited the repressive wrath of the museum. Karl Katz, the museum director, said: “I am suppressing your films because I don’t believe in Maoism.”

The situation is complicated further by the fact that we were making the films in conjunction with Van Schley’s, the cooperative nature of our working situation disintegrated. So we put the titles into the film without Van Schley’s knowledge, as we knew he would try to prevent us from doing it. When we showed him the titles in the finished film, Van Schley freaked.

Later, he cut the titles out, and the museum supported him. Van Schley was in a delicate position, because he had allowed the museum to believe he was the sole maker of the films, and the museum completed the rip-off by crediting Van Schley exclusively as the artist. Our titles prevented Van from calling the films exclusively his. And, regardless of the authorship, the museum was bound to respect the integrity of the art product, once they had identified it as art.

At first, Karl Katz was adamant: “I’m the director of this museum. I decide what goes in this museum, and what does not. I decide who the artist is, and you are not the artist.”

Jack Burnham, the show’s curator, had a better grasp of the situation. He finally agreed that, “It’s not that offensive, in fact it fits into the whole theme of the show.”

With Jack Burnham, we worked out a compromise: the museum would show both versions, the cut version on the loop projectors, and the integral version, as one long film, in a different section of the room. We accepted the compromise. But Burnham could not get Katz to agree. He absolutely refused to discuss the matter, and when he saw that I was taping the conversation we had been taping everything that happened at the museum, he also freaked out. “I will not be intimidated by anything, bullshit on that kind of crap. It’s a lot of horseshit to start taping conversations.” And he stalked away.

We were left with no alternative but to refuse to let the museum show the films. The next morning, the films were found cut to pieces, and there was a sign posted which read: “If the museum will not show these films the way they were made, then they will not be shown at all.”

With no films to show, and their vulnerability exposed, the museum had to accept that we existed, and that we had to be dealt with in a reasonable manner. We submitted our proposals and they responded. Finally, we all met in Katz’s fourth floor office, and agreed that the films would be shown in two versions. All credits to the film would be to “Great Balls of Fire.”

At this meeting, Karl Katz again noticed my tape recorder and asked me to turn it off. When I asked why, he replied: “Because I think it is childish and also, a form of software which, beyond the third floor, does not exist.”

The irony of it all is that this article is exactly the kind of software which Katz Katz tried so vainly to prevent. It is information in a different system over which he has no control. As filmmakers, we have had to revert to print to clarify our position, because in electric technology we encountered resistance and censorship at every level of activity in circumstances. McLuhan’s electric euphoria does not consider. Free, relevant self-expression in electric software is constantly threatened, and undermined, as in our experience with the Jewish Museum, by self-serving, autocratic bureaucrats, who are agents of a collapsing system’s struggle for self-preservation.

—Bob Fiore
—Barbara Jarvis
Van Schley, President of Great Balls of Fire, Inc., recently screened the rushes of "Movie," his Software film at Broadway's Preview Theatre. In the small audience were Dr. Karl Katz, Director of the Jewish Museum, Software's organizer Professor Jack Burnham, Joanne Lupton, senior associate of Ruder & Finn International, Architectural League consultant John Margolies and Les Levine who suggested the exhibition's title last spring. Software, underwritten by American Motors, the country's fourth largest auto manufacturer (Ambassador, Rebel, Javelin, Hornet, Gremlin, Jeep, etc.) opens on Friday, September 16, at the Jewish Museum. Hardware for this show includes teletypes, solar-powered radios, high-speed copiers, closed circuit TV and Labyrinth, a DEC PDP-8 time-sharing computer. Four programs have been written by Art and Technology, Inc. of Boston and one by Hans Haacke. Seek, by N. Negroponte and his MIT Architectural Machine Group, will use forty furry gerbils interacting with 2000 plastic cubes to test the accuracy of computer 'memories,' and the learning power of the computer. This summer John Baldessari is burning all his paintings in a California crematorium. The ashes will be sealed into a Jewish Museum wall and marked by a memorial plaque. New York poet and artist John Giorno, who just changed his name to Giorno Poetry Systems (below), will present Radio Free Poetry, which will be broadcast on low frequency AM wavelengths, is part of the nationwide Guerrilla Radio, an operation in which people are instructed on how to set up their own radio stations. This exhibition, Burnham says, "demonstrates the effect of contemporary control and communication techniques in the hands of artists." A special feature will be the individual computer printouts which spectators can obtain to supplement the catalogue. Other participants are Vito Acconci, David Antin, Robert Barry, Donald Burgy, Agnes Denes, Carl Fernbach-Flarheim, John Goodyear, Douglas Huebler, Allan Kaprow, Joseph Kosuth, Les Levine, Sonia Sheridan, Ted Victoria, and Lawrence Weiner.

William Wegman performed Three Speeches, Three Temperatures (right) this May in the faculty men's room at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, where he taught last year. Since his participation in When Attitudes Become Form at Bern, Wegman has executed an unusual range of works including outdoor projects, floor arrangements, punning sculpture, body works, and a piece involving a sleeping girl and a dog. "They're always asking me what my work stands for and I always tell them it doesn't stand, it sits."
Art Notes

A Healthy and Arty New Year

BY GRACE GLUECK

MAY cultural bigots seek analysis out, May art make more human connections, May Establishment people indulge in self-doubt, And museums seek westermer directions, May more women artists give critics good vibes, May new people join beautiful blocks, May the Whitney be spared trying donating And collectors still part with their luck, As the baby New Year breaks out of its yolk And bids the old one adieu,

These wishes are wished by newsmen worthy art folk—

They would like: Happy decade to you!

Stephen Rudich, dealer, whose arrest for showing work by an artist that made "distorted" use of the American flag will soon be reviewed by the Supreme Court: "For the 1970s I wish for a greater degree of understanding that freedom of expression must exist in the arts, and that artists and those who exhibit their work will not be persecuted for whatever materials are used in it, including the American flag."

Larry Rivers, artist, whose current show is at the Marlborough Gallery: "Out of some heavy weather in the past, at last we have beautiful black. For ’71, I’m hoping for a new pink."


John Righthower, director of the Museum of Modern Art: "I wish the arts could be freed from the pignoidalness our horseless European culture has put them in so that they can and do make the human connections for which they have such infinite capacity. I wish Paul Bunyan and Janis Joplin were still alive."

Robert Morris, a leader of the New York Art Strike Against Racism, Sexism, Repression and War, which seeks major art world reforms: "I wish that artists would sit on the boards of trustees of all museums in the city dealing with contemporary art."

Lucy Lippard, spokeswoman for reformist art groups; a leader of the Ad Hoc Committee of Women Artists which demonstrated recently against the Whitney Museum: "I wish that artists and their friends could get it together enough effectively to combat the war, sexual and racial discrimination in the art world and the real world instead of each other; that art would become a human activity instead of a commodity; that museums would be free; that trustees with conflicts of interest would be forced to quit and that all surveys show next year won’t be 99 per cent women."

John J. L. Barr, director of the Whitney Museum: "As our 40th year dawns, may the Lord deliver us from deficits, disgraces, disturbances, beleaguerment and distress demands."

Ralph Ortiz, Puerto Rican cultural activist who is currently assembling Berta Quey y Atle, a show of contemporary Puerto Rican culture at the American Museum of Natural History: "I wish all the people in the power structures would see good Socialistist analysis, especially the culture bigots."

Carter Burden, New York City Councilman, who has contested the Metropolitan Museum’s expansion plans: "I wish that the city of New York would finally undertake to study and identify its over-all cultural and recreational needs and reshape its budget and planning priorities accordingly."

Thomas P. F. Hoving, director of the Metropolitan: "I hope we can fully concentrate this year on the tasks of making the institution even more beautiful, even more hospitable, even more excellent in public service, even richer in providing enjoyment and education from the infinite variety of its treasures—which are after all the possessions of every citizen."

Ivan Karp, proprietor of the O.K. Harris Gallery in downtown Soho: "I wish that Clement Greenberg’s face would be carved on Mt. Rushmore by the estate of Ernst Hirsch Is.

John Sloan, whose Dial-A-Poem projects have caused ruckuses at several museums for their "revolutionary" content: "I hope that in the next two years the art scene doesn’t become a ghost town, thanks to the 1970’s Depression."

Louise Nevelson, artist, whose recent gift of her works to the Whitney Museum was shown in a dazzling exhibition there: "I just wish for another great show."

SWITCH-OFF.

In what may be a sign of the times, the switched-on Howard Wise Gallery, a holder for technologically oriented artists at 50 West 57th Street, will turn off the juice and bow out. Resurrection? No, says Wise. The problem, he notes in a letter to friends of the gallery, is the fact that many of his artists are working outside of the gallery situation “into the environment, the sky, the ocean, even outer space, producing works of such scope that they can only be hired at in the gallery.”

What’s more, he adds, thanks to the increasing sophistication of technology, works of lesser dimensions produced by the artists are as complex that they strain the gallery’s resources of time and money. Yet, he notes, “these improvised visionary projects” are of great importance, for they suggest what might be done if intelligence was applied to making this a better world. Wise, who has a background in constitutional law and ran a profitable family paint business for 17 years before opening his first gallery in Cleveland, plans to become more active in societal affairs. “I cannot stand idly by when the existence of our society and ourselves as individuals is so darkly threatened,” he says. Wise, still contributing to the realization of some of his artists more cosmic projects, he says he’ll work on a program for the kind of “constituent change” he feels the country needs. “People who are interested in art today are so much more interested in the world around them.”

Wise’s space, however, will be taken over by the the still object-oriented Wadsworth Gallery, formerly at 15 East 77th St.

COLLAGE.

Marshall Bruce’s bed from “Let’s Make Love,” Shirley Temple’s Teddy bear and Yul Brynner’s throne from “The King and I” will be gavelled off by Sotheby, Parke-Bernet, Los Angeles in a sale of 1,900 20th Century Fox properties Feb. 25-26... The Philadelphia Museum has launched a new program “designed to extend the experiences of art into the life of the city and its many neighborhoods” It will be administered by a new museum unit called—euph—the Department of Urban Outreach...

Art work as background in “Give My Regards to Broadway,” a TV series depicting the history of the Civil Rights Movement, will be exhibited at M.Y.U.’s Loeb Student Center, 64 Washington Square South, beginning Tuesday.
The stereo LP was produced by Giorno Poetry Systems, and has been chosen as the May selection by The Record Club of America for its 4 million members. It is also being distributed to record and bookstores throughout the country, and is available directly from GPS by sending $5.98 to Giorno Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, New York, N.Y. 10012.

GPS Records will release in the near future 3 other new albums: Allen Ginsberg singing; a 2-record album of the rare existing tapes of Frank O'Hara; and another of The Dial-A-Poem Poets called *disconnected*.

The Dial-A-Poem Poets are a group, organized by poet John Giorno, representing the essence of poetry and the essence of important styles in these times. The recordings were made over the last 20 years (1955-1975). The 21 electronic poets are: Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, La Guardia, Frank O'Hara, Robert Creeley, John Cage, John Giorno, Nobuyuki Abe, Diane di Prima, Anna Halprin, John Giorno, Philip Whalen, Aram Saroyan, David Niedermier, Arlene Game, Joe Brainard, Kenneth McIntyre, Bernstein Mayer, Michael Brownstein, Warren Schiff, Benét Williams, Ted Joans, Jim Carroll, Beatrice Williams, Lesley Keshar, Clark Coolidge, Taylor Mead.

The 2-record anthology particularly shows the phenomena that happened to poetry in the 1960's in America, where along with painting, sculpture, music, and dance, poetry made a great effort to open up consciousness, to explore the use of words and sound, representing many different approaches. The poems are from the New York School, the New Jersey and West Coast Schools, Chelsea Poetry, Black Mountain Poetry, Black Sparrow Poetry, Black Uhuru Poetry, Black and Movement Poetry.

It is important that these poems be on a record, because hearing the sound of a poet's voice, the quality, tone, inflection and emotional inflection in relation with understanding the work. Each record side as a whole, contains the following experience, composed of short selections of poets reading their work, juxtaposed to each other, giving each voice an own space: Politically radical poems, love experiences, light and love, technically experimental poems, and general madness.
THE DIAL-A-POEM POETS LP

For the first time in America, 27 important poets have been put together on a 2-record stereo LP album called The Dial-A-Poem Poets. 1 hour and 50 minutes of The Greatest Hits Of Dial-A-Poem.

The Dial-A-Poem Poets are a group, organized by Poet John Giorno, representing the essence of poetry and the nucleus of important styles in these times. The recordings were made over the last 20 years (1953-1972). The 27 electronic words are: Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Ed Sanders, Frank O'Hara, Robert Creeley, John Cage, John Sinclair, Bobby Seale, Diane Di Prima, Anne Waldman, John Giorno, Philip Whalen, Aram Saroyan, David Henderson, Bripn Gysin, Joe Brainard, Kathleen Cleaver, Bernadette Mayer, Michael Brownstein, Harris Schiff, Emmett Williams, Ted Berrigan, Jim Carroll, Heatncote Williams, Lenore Kandel, Clark Coolidge, Taylor Mead.

The 2-record anthology particularly shows the phenomena that happened in poetry in the 1960's in America, where along with painting, sculpture, music and dance, poetry made a giant effort to open up consciousness, by exploring the use of words and sound. Representing many different approaches, the poets are from the New York School, the Bollinas and West Coast Schools, Concrete Poetry, Buddha Dharma Poetry, Black and Movement Poetry.

It is important that these poems be on a record, because hearing the sound of a poet's voice, the quality, tone, volume and emotional vibration is integral with understanding the work. Each recorded side is a wholly contained listening experience, composed of short selections of poets reading their work, juxtaposed to each other, with each side having its own tone: politically radical poems, heavy hopelessness, light and love, technically experimental poems, and general madness.
The Dial-A-Poem Poets

2-record stereo LP album

Ted Berrigan
Joe Brainard
Michael Brownstein
William Burroughs
John Cage
Jim Carroll
Kathleen Cleaver
Clark Coolidge
Robert Creeley
Diane DiPrima
Allen Ginsberg
John Giorno
Brion Gysin
David Henderson
Lenore Kandel
Bernadette Mayer
Taylor Mead
Frank O'Hara
Ed Sanders
Aram Saroyan
Harris Schiff
Bobby Seale
John Sinclair
Anne Waldman
Philip Whalen
Emmett Williams
Heathcote Williams

$5.98

The Dial-A-Poem Poets are an open-ended poetry group. This LP features 27 poets & The Greatest Hits Of Dial-A-Poem. 1 hour & 50 minutes chosen from 48 hours of GPS tapes recorded over the last 20 years. Each side of this double album is a wholly contained sound experience constructed of short selections of poets reading their work.

Giorno Poetry Systems
222 Bowery
New York, N. Y. 10012

Dear Poets,
Please send me ____ copies of The Dial-A-Poem Poets LP stereo album. ($5.98 each) I am enclosing $_____.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

City/State/Zip ______________________
མཐོང་ཙུ
ཙུམ
གཙུན་གཙུན་ཙུམ་གཙུན་གཙུན་གཙུན་གཙུན་
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གཙུན་
གཙུན་
གཙུན་
གཙུན་
གཙུན་
Miracles, Information, 'Recommended Reading'

By HILTON KRAMER

The other day I went over to the Museum of Modern Art for the press preview of the new 'Information' show. As it happened, the show was not yet fully installed. Much of the machinery wasn't working. Some of the — what shall we call it? — visual data was not yet in place. There were few wall labels identifying the — what shall we call them? — categories being the message I had seen personally observed.

There was, for me, a further thrill to be had from Mr. Green's reminder. They suddenly reminded me that I, too, am in the 'information' business, even as Mr. Green and a few million other people are. And — just imagined — here were 'new young artists' doing their thing, our ugly minds taken by the encroaching machine, uncharted to be heard. I was to whom the director of the museum had said, 'You can be very helpful. If you write an article on this exhibition I will have it put in the New York Times.'

The Museum of Modern Art

DIAL-A-POEM
by Giorno Poetry Systems
12 lines, 50 poets
(212) 956-7032

Installation view of 'Information' show at the Museum of Modern Art.

Finding a 'relevant' response to the current crisis

Mr. McShine's 'Essay' for the sometime exhibition was on this question, so help at all. But it did raise another interesting question. If you are an artist in Brazil, you know that you are being tortured; if you are in Argentina, you probably have had a neighbor, who has been in jail for having long hair, or for not being 'dressed' properly; and if you are living in the United States, you may fear that you will be shot, either in the universities, in your bed, or more formally in Indochina. It may seem too inappropriate, if not absurd, to get up in the morning, walk into a room, and apply dabs of paint from a little tube to a square of canvas. What can one call it? A new kind of painting and sculpture, who organized the show, was good enough to take me on a lengthy guided tour of the exhibition, explaining the rationale of the show. If one is looking for an answer to the question of what can we call it? — the souvenir album which Mr. McShine had put together is a catalogue of the exhibition. I was particularly struck by the list of 'Recommended Reading.' Had Mr. McShine himself read the 'Recommended Reading'? Did it have any relation to the exhibition? I was too embarrassed to ask. After all, Mr. McShine has been very busy assembling this exhibition, which brings together more than 150 'artists' — amazing, isn't it, how people will cling to these outmoded expressions? — from 13 countries. When could he have found the time to read Jurgen Ruesch and Gregory Bateson's "Communication: The Social Matrix of Mr. McShine's "Essay" for the somewhat exhibition was on this question, so help at all. But it did raise another interesting question. If you are an artist in Brazil, you know that you are being tortured; if you are in Argentina, you probably have had a neighbor, who has been in jail for having long hair, or for not being 'dressed' properly; and if you are living in the United States, you may fear that you will be shot, either in the universities, in your bed, or more formally in Indochina. It may seem too inappropriate, if not absurd, to get up in the morning, walk into a room, and apply dabs of paint from a little tube to a square of canvas. What can one call it? — the souvenir album which Mr. McShine had put together is a catalogue of the exhibition. I was particularly struck by the list of 'Recommended Reading.' Had Mr. McShine himself read the 'Recommended Reading'? Did it have any relation to the exhibition? I was too embarrassed to ask. After all, Mr. McShine has been very busy assembling this exhibition, which brings together more than 150 'artists' — amazing, isn't it, how people will cling to these outmoded expressions? — from 13 countries. When could he have found the time to read Jurgen Ruesch and Gregory Bateson's "Communication: The Social Matrix of..."
What do telephones, poetry and The Museum of Modern Art have in common? The answer is to be found in the INFORMATION show on view this summer at the Museum. By dialing (212) 956-7032 from any phone in the world or one of four phones installed in the gallery itself, you can hear one of fifty poets reciting his poetry.

Arranged by Giorno Poetry Systems, Dial-a-Poem is the creation of John Giorno, a 33-year-old New York poet-artist. Mr. Giorno conceived the Dial-a-Poem idea one day while dialing the weather. "Using the telephone as a new media, I wanted to expand our conception of art and expose poetry to a public who would otherwise not be responsive to it. Also, much poetry is meant to be heard, not merely read."

Twelve telephone lines with different poetry on each line have been installed in the Museum for the duration of the exhibition. Some of the poems were written specifically for the INFORMATION show. Each is about two minutes long and falls within the categories of found poetry, black poetry, New York school poetry, chance poetry or pop poetry.

A graduate of Columbia University, Mr. Giorno's career has included working as a seaman and stockbroker. He writes found poetry. "The found poetry school takes images from newspapers and magazines and arranges these images visually."

Some of Mr. Giorno's found poetry can be seen on silkscreen in the Museum. The poet contends, however, that found poetry is also exciting aurally. Mr. Giorno is presently spending his time recording new poems and finding new poets for the INFORMATION show. "My work," he says, "is at times a collage of other poets which becomes a work of art itself that changes daily."

Selected by Kynaston McShine, Associate Curator, Department of Painting and Sculpture, INFORMATION will run through September 20. He says:

"Many of the highly intellectual and serious young artists represented here have addressed themselves to the question of how to create an art that reaches out to an audience larger than that which has been interested in contemporary art in the last few decades. Their attempt to be poetic and imaginative, without being either aloof or condescending, has led them into the communications areas that INFORMATION reflects."

Additional information available from Linda K. Nathan, Associate, or Elizabeth Shaw, Director, Department of Public Information, The Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, New York, 10019. Telephone (212) 956-7501.
THE ASSOCIATION FOR the Psycho-physiological Study of Sleep started with only 37 members in 1961; now more than 400 specialists are working in what has virtually become an industry of sleep exploration. The current specific area of study is where the identical dream horror re-occurs night after night, and he needs a lot more people who suffer from this problem. People who suffer from the "gift of the gods." It takes two weeks of knotting to make a good hammock. One hammock stretched out to a full length of 15 feet can comfortably fit two people even on hot, tropical nights, without any room for each sticky body.

The man who told me all this has a vested interest in the Yucatan way, because he just opened up two shops that at first will sell nothing but the Yucatan models, one at 304 East 34th Street and the other at 325 Seventh Avenue. Sandy Cohen, who would rather be known by the shop's name, Hammock Master, decided that his bed could be his business while deep-sea diving, writing poetry, and "eating fish and lobster everyday," in Central America.

At his East Village hammockaria, he plans to have a pretty girl sleeping in the window to attract customers, and once inside they can wake her up and buy hammocks in colors or plain white for $50 (hooks and ropes included). Cohen says he thinks the whole thing can take off, not just as a colorful fad, but because the hammocks are really better than a mattress—they are portable, folding down to a little two-kilowatt pack, they are more restful because they rock, and are also sexier than conventional beds; he mumbled something about a flying fuck.

THE MEMORY of Diahn's poem has been somewhat vindicated since they got back. $103.96 from the phone company for five months of over-charges. Now Mr. Giorno Poetry Systems has announced the return of his brainchild, Son of Diahn's Poem, as part of the "Information" show that just opened at the Museum of Modern Art. There are 12 phone lines (with four extensions in the Museum itself), which means that if you call 948-7032 12 times you should be able to hear 12 different poems. Also Giorno feels that the mood of the times demands more political commitment, so at the same numbers you can dial-a-dialectic, because interplayed with the poets are Bobby Seale, Eldridge Cleaver, John Sinclair, and Bernardine Dorn.

If you get no answer, you can dial-a-credit at 811 or 0.

BY THE TIME you read this, a lot of campers will already have left home, but I've heard about two camps that are offering a kind of alternate summer camp. Considering how politically involved and militant students are...
Dial-a-Radical
\* Gives Leftists
\* New Soap Box

By JOSEPH M. MORZELEWSKI

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

Now Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby
\* Seale, Abbie Hoffman, Kathleen
\* Cleaver and lesser radical lumin-
\* aries are using the Rockefellers' 
\* telephone, sort of.

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

\$384 a Month

The museum, which has banker
\* David Rockefeller as its chair-
\* man and Gov. Rockefeller as one
\* of its trustees, pays \$384 a month 
\* for the tapes and telephones, 
\* which are the brainchild of Vil-
\* lage poet John Giorno.

Giorno reasons that all revolu-
\* tionaries are, at heart, poets, and
\* should be heard by as wide an
\* audience as possible.

Since the opening of the ex-
\* hibition on June 13, more than 70,
\* 000 art devotees have used the
\* four olive-drab telephones on the
\* first floor of the museum at 11 
\* E. 51st St.

"Trustees Freaking Out"

According to Giorno, the mu-
\* seum was thinking of extending
\* the Dial-a-Radical show past the
\* Sept. 13 closing date for the rest
\* of the exhibits, but now, he says,
\* "some of the trustees are freak-
\* ing out."

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

The revolutionary rhetoric can
\* also be heard from outside the
\* museum by dialing 265-7032, 265-
\* 2037 and 946-5074. Annoying rad-
\* icals should be patient, though, as
\* the numbers are usually busy or
\* not operative. (The revolution
\* you have dialed is not a working 
\* number.)

Man of the Americas

George S. Moore, retired chair-
\* man of the First National City 
\* Bank, has been named Man of the
\* Americas for 1970 by the Ameri-
\* cas Foundation. He will be guest 
\* of honor at the foundation's an-
\* nual dinner at 7 p.m. on Oct. 14 
\* in the Hotel Pierre.
Ronan Challenged: Hold 2d Av. Hearing

By JOHN MULLANE

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

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

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

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

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

Ronan said there could be seven or eight stops on the line, seemingly contradicting data from the TA indicating that more than six stops were impossible because of monetary restrictions.

“The Board of Estimate made $237 million available for the route,” the spokesman said. “Nearly $50 million will go toward digging the tunnel itself, which underlies Second Ave.

The remaining $7 million will go toward tunneling between the stations. The cost of two additional stations would be $16 million.”

Ronan indicated that location of some stations would benefit private developers. He said developers seeking zoning variances on York, First, Second and Third Aves., might be asked to work with the MTA and the City Planning Commission in building stations as underground complexes including shops and passageways to key buildings.

Calling the new line “a great opportunity to develop the East Side in a positive way,” he said: “We want people who will benefit from the location of stations to contribute to that development.”

Hansen said storekeepers and residents of his district, which runs along both sides of Central Park, were “outraged and astonished” to learn of the presently proposed subway stops at 24th, 34th and 42nd Sts., 84th St., and 110th St.

Oppressed? Dial 956-7032

By LINDSY VAN GELDER

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

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

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

Or you can hear Allen Ginsberg chant Mantras Weather woman Bernardine Dohrn announce that her group will launch a symbolic “American imperialism” Abbie Hoffman by sending college kids to get their guns.

The dial-a-radical service was organized by poet John Giorno, whose latest book is an exhibit on “Information” by the Museum of Modern Art.

According to Giorno, the program costs the museum $200 a month for phone bills and tape cassettes; his cadre have already created an underground network in the East Coast which underlies Second Ave.

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By STEVEN MARCUS

N. Y. Post Correspondent

KIAMESHA LAKE, N. Y. — Lodge of Leifdefter appeared today to have the New York State AFL-CIO’s endorsement secured up.

But supporters of Arthur J. Goldberg, the Democratic Liberal candidate for Governor, were not going up without a fight at the labor federation’s annual convention at the Concord hotel.

Some 300 Goldberg supporters have planned a vociferous demonstration complete with signs and banners to welcome the Democratic gubernatorial candidate when he comes here today to seek

See Labor OK o

higher than the national average.

Goldberg’s supporters have their drive to block his endorsement of his Republic opponent, have set up a head quarters in a small room of the main lobby of the Concord Hotel and are busling distributing pamphlets and buttons and holding extensive strategy meetings with many of the 1300 delegates.

“There has never been any contest, never any conflict,

Sweet Drop
Screen: Stranger With a Fast Draw

Van Cleef Heads Cast in 'Sabata' at De Mille

By ROGER GREENSPAN

"Sabata," which opened yesterday at the De Mille and neighborhood theaters, is a very long, hugely eventful, moderately bloody, immoderately inventive, generally good-humored Italian Western that succeeds in a lot of the areas that better, or at least more serious, movies tend to ignore. As heroic fiction, it is stronger on colorful success than on noble character, but it is so energetic and at the same time so taciturn about its achievements that I find it impossible not to credit most of its ideas at face value and sometimes a little more.

"Sabata" (Lee Van Cleef) is a black-clad, mysterious stranger, with looks of Jude and the manner of Fearless Fosdick, who falls in love with a $100,000 bank robbery by the simple expedient of single-handedly shooting to death all seven robbers, and then blackmailing their employers into paying him a like amount in hideous manner.

The employers ultimately pay the blackmail—both because they are ostensibly respectable men who in the first place only wanted the money so they could buy Texas with it, which they would then sell to the railroad; and because Sabata, against the usual overwhelming odds, eventually does them all in, and where they're going they won't need it.

"Sabata" is a one of those rarities (even among mysterious strangers) who absolutely never make mistakes, never is surprised, and always wins, usually by superior fire power, even when their enemies number an army. He is assisted (not that he needs it) by a Mexican ne'er-do-well (Pietro Sandro) and an acrobatic Indian (Nick Jordan) whose leaps and somersaults wonderfully extend the eccentric agility that is central to Sabata's enterprise and to the film's style.

The Cast

Barbara Streisand
Yves Montand

On A Clear Day You Can See Forever

Paramount Pictures Presents
A Howard W. Koch
Alan Jay Lerner Production

Based upon the Musical Play On A Clear Day You Can See Forever

Written by Bob Newhart, Larry Byrd, Simon Oakland, Jack Nicholson

Produced by Howard W. Koch
Directed by Vincente Minnelli
Musical Staging by Ann J. Berman

Look Into My Eyes

HIG RAT

Dial-a-Poem Phones

Public response to a novel telephone service, part of a current art show, "Informa-
tion," at the Museum of Modern Art, may induce museum officials to retain the service after the show closes on Sept. 28.

Since July 2, when the exhibitors began, patrons using four museum house telephones and outsiders calling 956-7003 have heard some startling messages from well-known figures through Dial-a-Poem, as the system was called when first used last year at the Architectural League of New York. The Dial-a-Poem roster of contributors now includes many radical figures and writers, many of them denouncing government policy and advocating violence, some in poetry, others in prose.

The service was organized by John Giorno, a 33-year-old New York poet, as part of the museum exhibition in which 150 international avant-garde artists are taking part. A museum spokesman said that the telephone service, recording messages by 50 left-wing contributors, had drawn only one letter of complaint.

FINER FUTURES BEGIN WITH FRESH AIR FUND.

TOMORROW!

JERRY LEWIS
AMERICAN NOTES

According to Lindy

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

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

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

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

Not to the Swift

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

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

Dial-a-Radical

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

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

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

The Bear Conspiracy

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

But there is a happier explanation. Since last year, the rangers have issued dozens of summonses and warnings to tourists who tried to feed bears. Finding their stocks of ham-and-cheese sandwiches diminishing, the bears, which seem quicker to learn than the tourists in this respect, have pulled back into the wilderness. They are eating well there; because of a late, wet spring, it is a vintage year for berries.
FEELING a little oppressed today I rang the latest
New York service: Dial-a-Revolutionary at
958-7032. I heard every permutation of rebellion
from Chicago Seven conspirator Abbie Hoffman telling
college kids to get their guns to beat poet Allen Ginsberg
philosophizing about revolution.

Kathleen Cleaver, wife of
exiled Black Panther field
marshal Eldridge Cleaver,
gave her version of the death
of Panther Bobby Hutton in
confrontation with west
coast police.

"Black panthers had just
killed Bobbie Hutton. I
walked in and his body was
down by a volley of machine
fire. I knew he was shot,
whether he had a gun or not. He
was murdered."

I was through to the museum
of modern art, for this serial of
what is tantamount to treason:
the new wave of poetry by
revolutionary poets form part
of a current exhibition of
information and may now become a
permanent feature of the
museum.

It was the inspiration of John
Gioioso who, I suppose un-
fortunately these bear market
days has managed to drift from
the Wall Street brokerage house
to a poet's attic in the Bowery.

With the war and the repression
and everything I thought it
was a good way for the radical
movement to reach the people," he
said.

THE RIVALS: Neil
Abercrombie, a bearded activist,
said he planned to spend only
$5 on his political campaign
to unseat Hawaii's Republi-
can Senator Hiram Fong.
There was only one problem-
Mr. Abercrombie didn't have
any money. This week
he get a loan—from a firm in
Honolulu owned by Senator
Fong.

PRAISE INDEED:
Despite all his critics
President Nixon has
found time to write a fan
letter to actress Rosalind
Russell. He showed her his
play "Auntie Mame" at the San
Clemente White House, Cali-
ifornia, one night recently.
"It was just as good as the
stage version and that is the
highest praise I can give to it,"
quoted Nixon.
"And to demonstrate that all
of the young have not joined
the crazies. Tracy, Julie and
David and their children and son-
and-nephew enjoyed it as much
if not more than Pat and I did."

CUT: Those in-flight movies
introduced by most big
American airlines in the afflu-
en '60s may well become the
next casualty of the austerity
'70s. American airlines have
already cut the service in the
United States and TWA may
follow. The airlines spent up to $2 million for the
service.
No dialogue in Dial-a-Culture

If you stroke a cat about nine and a half million times, you generate enough electricity to light up the largest American flag for about one minute."

I heard these statistics the other day over my telephone, through a service called Dial-a-Poem which is temporarily turned off, but is bound to crop up again soon. Since my phone had broken down three times last summer, due to overloading of lines and equipment, I have doubts about the utility of such enterprises. But thousands of recorded services are now in use across the country, including more than 3,000 in New York City. Like some modern Delphi oracle, the telephone not only offers bulletins on traffic jams, weather and bargain sales, but reaches out to fortify the inner man. For crusaders who want to locate a pickup line there is Dial-a-Demonstration; for artists, Dial-a-Model; and for souls in distress, Dial-a-Shoulder. For stargazers, there is Dial-a-Satellite, telling you where to look for flying hardware; and similarly, for ornithologists, Dial-a-Bird.

Of the lot, Dial-a-Poem is at once the most sophisticated and controversial. The service was installed in New York's Museum of Modern Art as part of its recent show Information, a display of ways and devices for servicing information. The lines about cat-stroking are from a poem by Ted Berrigan, one of 50 New York poets—spouting their own works—who could be dialed 24 hours a day.

The poetry geyser in fact emerged from a room of 12 unattended phones in the museum's attic. Each had its own tape-recorder box, playing a single poem when dialed. The tapes were changed daily. Your call went first to phone No. 1. If it was busy, your call was switched automatically to No. 2, and so on to No. 12. The only hitch was that if you wanted to hear several poets, you might get stuck helplessly on No. 1. I began dialing early one morning and heard Bobby Seale over again seven times. And he isn't even a poet.

The phone company charged the museum $284 for the 12 installations and in addition collected a monthly rent plus the standard 10¢ a call. The poets, as usual, didn't collect a cent. On some days, astonishingly, 8,000 people called, taking poetic potluck with whatever line was open. Most of them came during office hours when employees could call and listen at the boss's expense.

Dial-a-Poem has been installed twice before (by the Architectural League of New York and by Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art) and each time it has kicked up a ruckus, either because of its occasional use of taboo words or its sprouts of radical propagandism. This in itself, I think, is a backhanded tribute to the power of Dial-a-Poem. Most of the transmitted material had already been printed, with no public outcry. But on the telephone it sounds so much more direct that steps were taken to abolish it. At least four members of the Modern Museum resigned in disgust.

The originator of Dial-a-Poem is a young underground poet, John Giorno, who makes tapes of his poet friends. Not too fuzzy about what poetry is, or is not, he includes bits from William Burroughs' novels and speeches from Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman and Bobby Seale. Yet the bulk of Giorno's grab bag is actual poetry from such hands as Allen Ginsberg and, unexpectedly, John Cage.

In principle I am receptive to such electronic blessings as Dial-a-Poem, receptive but wary. When fears beset me that, typical of our age, the contraption is outshining its content, I take heart from a recorded phone encounter I had with Dial-a-Prayer, a booming service that is sponsored now by many churches throughout America. "Oh, God," said the voice of Reverend Donald McFerrel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, praying into a tape machine, "let us never be afraid of a new idea or unperceptive to a new thought, lest we pull down the shades of our mind and exclude Thy light."

But I'm still wary. The trouble with dialing any recorded voice is that it doesn't give us a chance to talk back. It doesn't even know we exist. The phone system is sometimes called an exchange. But there's no exchange. Ironically, the glorious gadget that promotes human communication serves also to emphasize human isolation. If you had had Homer in your house, reciting the Odyssey, you could cheer or boo him, or ask him to recite over that bit about the Cyclops eating the sailors. Or if you needed spiritual solace, you could probably persuade your local Reverend to visit you. But the taped phone call doesn't hear your invitations.

Dial-a-Poem, and such, suggests the little man who wasn't there. And the little man is the listener himself.
The Museum of Modern Art Members Newsletter November 1970

11 West 53 Street: from the Director

An issue that has become of particular concern this year is the willingness as well as the appropriateness for the Museum to become politically involved. Aside from some fairly explicit language on the subject by the Internal Revenue Service, the question is no longer easily dismissible, largely due to the fact that the work of artists is increasingly oriented to political issues.

There is a significant reason why this is so. Most of the seemingly intractable human dilemmas facing the country today—drugs, housing, crime, poverty, pollution of every conceivable variety, the war—are ones which will be solved, if at all, politically rather than morally, ethically, aesthetically, or even educationally. Many of the nation's problems are aesthetic, as evidenced by the glut of neon down every main street in America. The solution for America's main street blight, however, will not be made aesthetically. It will be made politically. Despite this literally glaring fact, no museum in the country is willing to take a stand on an issue which in any way involves a political commitment.

Artists have traditionally been the most conscientious and, at times, the most provocative critics of society, and our obligation, as a museum, is to reflect the concern and work of the artist. As a modern museum, our responsibility is more complicated, for we must reflect most importantly the work and concerns of the artists of the present day, who feel that their work cannot be divorced from the humanism that provokes it.

This concern was most particularly raised by the recent exhibition Information, in which many of the artists represented had strong feelings regarding many political issues, especially the Indochina War. The reasoning behind the artists' concern over such a political issue is both complicated and profound. There is a very real concern among contemporary artists—"the antenna of society," as Ezra Pound has described them—that we are collectively, systematically, and yet unwittingly destroying ourselves. Their art strongly reflects their feelings, as indeed it must. The war in Southeast Asia, they claim, is the culmination of a whole pattern of cultural excess—over-population, the automobile, neon blight, putrid water and air—as well as the frustrating unwillingness of our society to even recognize, much less correct, its own abuses. Focused against the Establishment, as was the case in some of the material in the Information show, the artist feels that if the Establishment were really committed to correcting societal excess and ending the war, collectively it could do so.

The artists also feel, and I share this belief, that death pervades almost everything we do in this country these days. One hundred billion dollars a year has been designated by our government for "Defense." A single destroyer, for example, costs 85 million dollars—four times the amount allocated for the arts. The stranglehold of this financial input on our economy is so pervasive we can no longer even detect it.

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

I think the Information show, brilliantly assembled by Kyra Whitson, Associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture, over a period of many months, was a benchmark exhibition for the Museum. The palette of this part of the 20th Century is technology, and the artist is experimenting with this palette. Were we, as The Museum of Modern Art, to wait fifty years from now to reflect on what was artistically valid in terms of this work, we would cease to be a museum of modern art. Through new technology the artist is expressing those concerns uppermost on his mind and most antithetical to what he considers art—or life. At the same time artists are saying, through some of the technological media, that art is not property; it is not solely an adornment; it is not an object to be either revered like an icon or traded like a commodity. In many ways, though, this is what art has become, and the Museum has played a role in its treatment as such. Both art and men are diminished.

Perhaps the aspect of Information which elicited the greatest comment from our members was the Dial-a-Poem section of that exhibition. In the context of the show, Dial-a-Poem was no more than a verbal anthology of poetry and statements made by a number of people in the last few years. As such, it was one of several hundred events, objects, films, and "exhibits" of various kinds created by artists from all over the world. The Museum presented the show as a report on one phase of current development in the international art world. Much of that, of course, was political.

We did not censor the work of any of the artists after they were chosen for the show, nor did we censor the selection of poets by John Giorno, the artist who originated Dial-A-Poem. The original list ranged from work by poets such as Frank O'Hara and Barbara Guest to radical "concrete" poetry composed almost as a collage from newspaper headlines. In other words, only some of the artists selected could be called—or would call themselves—either "radicals" or "revolutionaries."

Congressman Shirley of Iowa was one person who took exception. His aide called to find out the reasoning behind including statements by Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale on a taped anthology of important contemporary poetry and statements of the last decade. The curious question that lingered after the telephone conversation was whether or not the Museum enjoyed a federal tax exemption. On another occasion, several FBI agents spent the day at the Museum on the Dial-a-Poem phones.

Parenthetically, the most impressive moment of the entire exhibition for me came as a consequence of it rather than an element in it, which, to be sure, was very much a part of the show's design. One evening at six o'clock I received a call from South Australia. It turned out that I was being questioned about the show by Mr. Ormsby Wilkins of Australian radio for the
benefit of his early morning (Australian time) listening audience—right then and there over the telephone in my office. His closing line seemed unusually memorable in the context of my emotions, communications speed, and the concept of Information, as he signed me off to his radio listeners by thanking and identifying me:“Now, on to Beirut.” The mind boggled.

In the interest of free expression, not to mention tolerance of diversity, we did not delete any of the statements in Dial-a-Poem by subjecting Giorno to what the Museum might think more acceptable. The Museum does not, however, as some actually seem to have inferred from part of the material on Dial-a-Poem, espouse violence. We will continue to try to encourage awareness of human expression through art, whether that expression is pleasing or painful. As a museum of modern art, and particularly as a modern museum, we have no other "choice."

—John B. Hightower

**Picasso: Master Printmaker**

Why does Picasso continue to generate excitement? In late 1989 the appearance of a large quantity of new prints by the artist certainly had that effect. During a seven month period that year he had produced 347 etchings; these were shown concurrently at the Galerie Louise Leiris in Paris and at the Art Institute in Chicago, immediately after the last proof was pulled, and shortly thereafter in London. As with all miracles, the news of these prints spread rapidly. This news, however, was not only of the prodigious creation of a large body of work in such a short period of time, but also concerned the fact that a good portion of the prints were of a nature popularly called erotic. Indeed, there was nothing as to whether or not twopence of the prints could be shown publicly, and in fact the English version of the catalogue for the exhibition was issued without illustrations of the more controversial etchings. It did not take long before one magazine in America announced to readers and prospective subscribers that it would devote an entire issue to an album of those so-called erotic prints. Probably no works of art have received such widespread reproduction in the relatively short period of two years as some of the prints in the "347" group. In 1969 the etchings were displayed in Toronto, and during that showing The Museum of Modern Art negotiated to exhibit them both nationally and abroad.

Why another Picasso exhibition? Certainly the "347" etchings warrant a showing in New York. As with most of Picasso's work, they dwell on a select group of themes carried to almost invariable variation by the minute examination, through a few characters, of the vagaries of human life. They appear as penetrating visions of what we all know of the other person to be and hope that we, in turn, are not.

But then, why Picasso: Master Printmaker? Why not simply display the "347" group? After all, the Museum has been showing Picasso prints since 1931. But it has been usual to select those prints from an artist's work which were thought to be most illustrative of his intention or of importance in other contexts. To take such a body of work as the "347" and show it in its entirety, without critical decision except in placement, would be a departure from that sort of tradition. Thus it was thought that a larger show, perhaps showing part of the "347" in the context of Picasso's total output, would renew our understanding of the artist. With this in mind the exhibition was divided into two sections: on the main floor of the Museum is a retrospective of Picasso's major prints, including part of the "347"; and on the third floor in the Paul J. Sachs Galleries the major portion of the "347" prints are shown or are available for viewing in an adjoining study room. The show Picasso finished his "347" I was on my way to Yugoslavia to select a print show by contemporary artists in that country. On the way I had planned to stop in Paris in order to continue research on the Louis E. Stern Collection of Illustrated Books. Before I set out, however, I had a visitor—Mme. Roger Lacourière, the widow of one of Picasso's painters. She told me very enthusiastically about an exhibition of Picasso's prints to take place in Zurich, for which she was preparing a considerable amount of work, at which there would be an attempt to show every original printed composition by Picasso. She told me more about editions, pulled in the last 10 years, of prints that were done in the early 1930s which had never been published. They, too, would be in the exhibition. Accordingly, in May of 1988, when the students of Paris were in revolt and the city was impossible to get into or out of, I decided to stop in Zurich instead to see this phenomenal exhibition, knowing that over 7,000 prints would have to be included just to show those works which had been actually published.

At every turn in the exhibition there was a surprise. A few early printings of the Satisnabaque series were of a beauty not even alluded to in the more familiar later prints, made from steel-faced plates. The expressionist woodcuts of 1906, a quality of print never seen in the group published by Ambroise Vollard in the early 1920s, the fresh inspiration of the color aquatints of 1939 designed for Picasso's autobiography, and on and on—each room divulged something entirely unexpected. Surprisingly, there was no boredom. It was like examining each stone of a fantastically carved cathedral.

My interest was perhaps most keenly attuned to what I was seeing since I knew of the formidable task collector Georges Bloch had undertaken, not only in the acquisition of each and every print that Picasso had made but also in the mounting of the exhibition.

In 1887 I had selected fifty Picasso prints from the Museum's collection as a complementary exhibition to The Sculpture of Picasso (on view at the Museum from October 11, 1987 through January 1, 1988) and I felt that on the basis of the Museum's collection a great deal of what I was seeing was familiar. Looking back at the chronological catalogue for the Zurich exhibition, I find that I made many notes such as "printed in sanguine," "five different proofs," and so forth, thus a print curator might make in comparing his own collection with that of another. One engraving that I saw for the first time and admired was found a month later in Paris by William S. Lieberman, now Director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture at the Museum and primarily responsible for having built the Museum's collection of Picasso's printed work, and is now in the Museum collection.

When, finally, it was determined that we would show the "347" with all the rest of Picasso's major prints, the idea was essentially that we would exhibit selections only from our collection. However, to really pay homage to a great printmaker it seemed that one should show the finest impressions of some of his great prints, particularly those that had never been seen in New York. That, of course, was one of the reasons to have the
What EMF really needs now is the land itself. They are willing to pay rent or taxes, but they can’t afford to buy it—it must be donated. They also need surplus farm equipment, trucks, and jeeps. Write to them at 150 Fifth Avenue, or call 673-5740.

I’VE WRITTEN several times about the confrontation between the curators of the Whitney Museum and the coalition of artists who have been demanding that 50 per cent of the artists represented in this year’s annual—opened last week—be women. By the time this is published, about 25 per cent of the entries exhibited were by women. The press has considered this a partial victory—it’s quite an improvement over last year’s annual, when women accounted for only five per cent of the artists represented in the show.

Now the women are making plans for further action. They contend that women artists are discriminated against by all the museums in the city, not just the Whitney. A group called Women Artists in Revolution has announced a three-year program that has as its goal complete equality for women in the art world.

The plan has three main objectives: first, that every museum in the city have some form of women’s exhibition during the 1970-71 year; second, that representatives from WAR be given interviews at each museum in New York, in order to discuss their demands; third, that every museum and gallery include no less than 50 per cent women artists in all their collections by 1973.

The WAR women are working in several ways to force their demands. First, they are applying pressure directly to the museums through actions and demonstrations, just as they did at the Whitney. Second, they are setting up an alternate museum that will provide women with a place to exhibit their works until the museums give in. They are trying to get a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts to set up their center. Third, they’re discussing the possibility of taking legal action against the museums with the Commission on Human Rights. They feel that pressure will bring results on a short-range basis, but that only legal action can be effective in the long run.

WAR has made the decision to devote all its efforts to pressuring museums rather than galleries, reasoning that if museums begin to demand women’s art in their collections, galleries will begin handling their work. WAR also feels that museums bear more of a responsibility for trying to reform social inequities in the art world, since they are public institutions rather than businesses run for private profit.
Barefoot Brides: New Styles in Marriage Ceremonies

40 CENTS

SEPTMBER 7, 1970

BEST BETS

The next issue of “New York” will be our annual Fall Catalog—no room
for Best Bets. So here we have included Bets running through September 17.

But Could a Computer Smiles Like Mona Lisa?
The Museum of Modern Art had its “Information” show; now there is “Soft-
ware” at the Jewish Museum, a show full of the wonders of technology, con-
ceptual art and information processing systems (“software” is the big word of
the show). There’ll be much visitor participation, starting with the catalogue,
which is called a “hyperbook” and which appears on television sets (“video
terminals”). If you want more information than the hyperbook gives, you can
request it and it will appear on the screen. There’s a computer called Labyrinth
with nine terminals. In a piece called Synch there are 40 fury gerbils running
amok, disarranging 2,000 plastic cubes while a mechanical grapple rearranges
the cubes to form them in (get ready, Cleveland Amory). The gerbils, if things
work out, are supposed to indicate to urban planners how humans react to a
changing environment. Giorno Poetry Systems, which is John Giorno’s new
name, will be doing Radio Free Poetry, with poets reading their work on trans-
sistor sets. In Vision Substitution System, blindfolded persons intent upon
esthetic inverion are backed up against 400 plastic-dipped vibrators. The most
dramatic statement belongs to artist John Baldessari. In his Cremation Piece
he has cremated his entire lifetime oeuvre, which will be entombed in a wall
of the Jewish Museum and covered with a plaque. We’ll leave the last word to
Marshall McLuhan: “The difference between the artist and the organization
man...is...that the artist senses at once the creative possibilities of new
media, even when they are alien to his own medium, whereas the bureaucrat
of art and letters rooms and bristles whenever his museum of exhibits is
threatened by invasion or desertion. The artist is the historian of the histor-
ian of the future(sic) because he uses unnoticed possibilities of the present.”

SOFTWARE/The Jewish Museum/September 16-November 8

“Cremation Piece,” at the Jewish Museum
DR. JACQUELINE VERRETT,
opposite, crusader for consumer protection. A biochemist with the Food and Drug Administra-
tion in Washington, she revealed the possible cancer and genetic damage that helped doom cyclamates. Now her findings of deformities in embryo chicks injected with the dioxin contaminant contained in the controversial herbicide 2, 4, 5-T may ban its use in household gardening products. Dr. Verrett's quick-screening technique with embryo chicks that produces tangible, often terrifying results in twenty-one days is unique in the world. Undaunted by Senate hearings, but scared of herbicides, pesticides, additives, and empty calories, Dr. Verrett, when asked what she ate, replied, "Very little."

JOHN GIORNO, far left, thirty-three, whose shortwave broadcasts of poets are part of the "Software" exhibition in New York at The Jewish Museum and whose dial-a-poem telephone poetry service, begun last year, was part of the "Information" show at The Museum of Modern Art. Brown-eyed, with monkey-puzzle hair, Giorno puts poems anywhere but on paper—records, matchbooks, radio, telephone, posters, plastic sheets. A stockbroker until six years ago, Giorno operates Giorno Poetry Systems from the Bowery loft Fernand Léger, the French painter, occupied during World War II. There, Giorno watches three television sets at once, writes a gossip column for "Culture Hero," an underground newspa-

per, and strings beads into ornaments for friends.

RAY JOHNSON, centre, and the exhibition of his New York "Correspondence" School at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. This nasty collection of worn envelopes, stickers, oddments, and small collages (some shown here with two photographs of Johnson) is the assembled scrapbook of Johnson, Charles Ives.
art

Continued from preceding page

an abstract film are transmitted to your back by hundreds of lacy vibrating little fingers. "Interactive Paper Systems" by Sonia Sheridan demonstrates the new three-color copy machine made by S.M. Instant Print. David Antin's "Conversationists" is a piece that requires the participant to make up a story around one specific word; this is then compared with other stories made up by previous participants.

I liked Hans Haacke's "News"; five teleotype machines spewing out news. His "Visitors Profile" piece, once it is debugged, will consist of the constantly changing results of a survey of the visitors to the show. Not all of the pieces are directly involved with hardware. Many "conceptual" pieces are included. Of these I particularly liked Donald Burgy's "Documentation of Selected Mental and Physical Characteristics of Donald Burgy." Robert Barry's "Ultrasonic Wave Piece" is just that, and is totally invisible. Vito Acconci's "Room Situation (Proximity)" involves Acconci or a substitute standing near a person and intruding on his personal space. A ghostly presence? The ghost within the Jewish Machine?

And now we come to the pieces that you will not be able to see, for various reasons. At the preview I was able to see Van Swinden's multi-screen film of interviews with the artists in the show. I thought it was a pleasant and ambiguous introduction to the show. But you won't be able to see it because it was destroyed. The editor had inserted political slogans, Schley objected. The slogans were removed. On the opening day of the exhibit someone came into the museum and destroyed the film loops. It's a confusing story and because there are legal problems, I'd better not comment any further except to say that I liked what I saw. But then again I didn't see the films with the political slogans, which I might have liked better. But I don't know. It's a mess.

Another piece no longer in the show is Les Levine's "A. L. B.," a series of video tapes of Levine in his loft, all the articles written about him, and photographs of all his works. I saw it at the preview and, while it is not Levine's strongest effort, I find it hard to believe that the shots from "John and Mirs' Book of Love" were in any way offensive. They weren't even sexy. The museum wanted them removed or removed them. It's not very clear. At any rate, Levine withdrew his piece. I asked him why he thought his piece had (apparently) been censored. "To please the Jewish Theological Seminary and American Motors," he answered. (The Jewish Theological Seminary sponsors the museum.) "Artists are being treated like children. The name of the show is Software and what they are doing is editing the Software." The show was named Software, incidentally, at Levine's suggestion.

Gioio Poetry Systems (formerly John Giorno, author of the forthcoming "Balling Buddha" collection of poems) withdrew his "Radio Free Poetry" tapes broadcast in the museum to transistor radios. This was done partly in sympathy for Levine and because the museum allegedly objected to the inclusion of a speech by Eldridge Cleaver.

Yes, the software is getting harder. Welcome back to the art season. It looks like it's going to be a rough year.
Varied Problems Beset Opening
Of Jewish Museum's 'Software'

By GRACE GLUCK

"Temporarily Out of Order" was the operative phrase yesterday at "Software," the Jewish Museum's new computer-oriented information processing systems. On its opening day, the exhibition was plagued by a short-circuited computer that crippled some electronic gear, the destruction of a series of films about participating artists, and charges by two of the show's contributors that the museum had censored their work.

The difficulties, however, didn't faze Karl Katz, the museum's director, who hatched the idea for the $125,000 show more than a year and a half ago. "There's no understimating the difficulties in communication and when they're compounded by artists, computer engineers, electricians and animal, it's rough," he said. "But almost all of our problems have now been debugged and I'm confident the show will prove worthy of the money, time, energy and power—both electrical and human—that's gone into it."

The exhibition, organized by Jack Burman at Northwestern University and a leading theorist of the art-technology movement, is sponsored by American Motors. It displays work by 20 artists, who employ such hardware as time-sharing computers, telephoto equipment, color-powered radios, high-speed copying machines, radio transmitters, closed-circuit television and 40 gerbils—small squirrellike animals—involved in an archetypal experiment.

Origin of Software

Its aim, according to Mr. Burman, is to demonstrate the effects of contemporary control and communication techniques in the hands of artists. He notes that the title "Software," taken from computer terminology, refers to changeable programs and systems, as differentiated from the "hardware" of machines. By extension, "Software" has come to serve as a synonym for communication.

A work by Hans Haacke, for example, called "Visitor Profile" (and inoperative as of yesterday), is designed to project a statistical profile of visitors to the show. Each participant types answers to a prepared questionnaire on an electronic keyboard. The answers, compiled by a computer, are compared with information received from other participants, and the constantly changing data is projected continuously on a large, closed-circuit TV screen.

The exhibit displaying the gerbils is a huge box on legs filled with 3,000 plastic cubes. As fast as the animals disappear, a mechanical grappler replaces them to fill the mazmorran in. The work...

"Engrossing and always interesting. 'Eldridge Cleaver' is by far the best buy in town."

—David Goldman, CBS Radio

All Seats $1
12:10, 1:25, 2:30, 4:10, 5:35, 6:55, 8:20, 8:45, 11:15 Cinema II
Such provisions would be as difficult to agree on or enforce as any renunciation of power always is. But one has to begin somewhere. A recommendation by the Metropolitan Museum that the Lehman Rockefeller Collections be internationally distributed would be a fantastic symbolic relinquishment of power.

Addendum: Thomas P. F. Hoving, Director of the Metropolitan, reported to the June annual meeting of the American Association of Museums (AAM) of a "Unesco draft convention . . . against the despoiling of architectural sites and thefts of national art treasures." (New York Times, June 3, 1970.) In a report from Ankara (New York Times, August 27, 1970), the Turkish government is recorded as asking the Metropolitan Museum "to supply details on a hoard of antiquities, including gold said to come from the kingdom of Croues, that is alleged to be in the museum's basement after having been illegally exported from Turkey . . . . The first inquiry of the museum's existence came soon after the disclosure by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts that it had acquired for a "six-figure sum" a hoard of royal gold from an unknown site in the Middle East . . . . Shortly afterward The Boston Globe reported that an even more spectacular hoard, including what it described as the gold of Croues, tomb paintings, jewelry and Greek vases, was in the basement of the Metropolitan . . . . The list of illegally exported art objects consists of "nearly a thousand important items removed over the last 10-15 years . . . ." Theodore Rousseau, vice director and chief curator of the Metropolitan is then quoted: "Certainly we have not exported anything illegally from Turkey," he said, adding that much of what he had heard "seemed to be hearsay fabrication around something that might have a kernel of truth to it."

—Leon Golub

1. Nor need one argue that the provisions of the Lehman will forbid such action, the typical "legal" argument to avoid action. Regardless of the legal status of the Lehman Collection, the Museum is still a free agent in regard to its own proper purposes.

SOFTWARE BATTLE

Software can be loosely defined as information that results from the use of technology. An immediate practical problem of software is that the system that controls the technology (hardware) tries to control the resulting information (software).

The "Software" show at the Jewish Museum is put on by the public relations firm of Ruder and Finn for their client, American Motors, who paid most of the $100,000 the show cost. The show is also sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, where it will be installed next. A so-called cultural institution has been invaded by a business and government amalgam for public relations purposes, with little concern or regard for art.

In this case, the Jewish Museum has willingly abandoned its position of cultural independence to serve the interests of business/government.

We put together five films about the artists in the show. The films were to be shown in the museum as part of the show. During the editing, we came to question the concept of the show. We came to understand that the museum was being used to promote technology rather than art. We wanted to impose this understanding onto the films, to improve and focus their content, and express our point of view. We placed our information in the films in a deliberate way with superimposed, spoken titles. We either scratched away the image to make room for the title or we burned the title through the image. We anticipated that the system might meet any such challenge to its authority with repression and censorship.

The "Software" show enhances the authority of the present use of technology by making a prominent and impressive display of the hardware. Our titles are: "Software is the illusion of the effectiveness of technology" and "The system promotes software to postpone its own collapse." If the technology is suspect, then the information resulting from technology is suspect also, and the system cannot allow that suspicion to be widely held.

In the show, the artists are also intended to enhance the technology, by estheticizing it. If they resisted being used that way, they were also censored. Les Levine, for example, tried to eroticize video technology by showing a couple fucking. This was labelled pornography and the fucking scenes were cut out of his tapes without his knowledge or consent. John Giorno tried to politicize radio technology, by broadcasting political speeches in the museum. He was not allowed to broadcast a speech by Eldridge Cleaver (partly because Cleaver is associated with anti-Zionism, which is a delicate subject at the Jewish Museum). The threat of bad publicity caused the museum to give in on both of these issues, and allow the artists' original intentions.

"Cultural revolution is a weapon of the social revolution" was the third title. And in another film where two artists are discussing the relationship of an artist to the revolution, we placed a quote from Mao: "If you want to know the theory and methods of revolution, you must take part in revolution."

All four titles were cut out of the films. The Mao quote in particular incited the suppressive wrath of the museum's director, Jack Burnham, who stated, "I am suppressing your films because I don't believe in Maoism."

The situation is complicated further by the fact that we were making the films in conjunction with Van Schley. The cooperative nature of our working situation disintegrated. So we put the titles into the film without Van Schley's knowledge, as we knew he would try to prevent us from doing it. When we showed him the titles in the finished film, Van freaked.

Later, he cut the titles out, and the museum is credited to Van Schley. He was in a delicate position, because he had allowed the museum to believe he was the sole maker of the films, and the museum completed the rip-off by crediting Van Schley exclusively as the artist. Our titles prevented Van from calling the films exclusively his. And, regardless of the authorship, the museum was bound to respect the integrity of the art product, once they had identified it as art.

At first, Karl Katz was adamant: "I'm the director of this museum. I decide what goes in this museum, and what does not. I decide who the artist is, and you are not the artist." Jack Burnham, the show's curator, had a better grasp of the situation. He finally agreed that, "It's not that offensive, in fact it fits into the whole theme of the show."

With Jack Burnham, we worked out a compromise: the museum would show both versions, the cut version on the loop projectors, and the integral version, as one long film, in a different section of the room. We accepted the compromise. But Burnham could not get Katz to agree. He absolutely refused to discuss the matter. And when he saw that I was taping the conversation (we had been taping everything that happened at the museum), he also freaked out. "I will not be intimidated by anything, bullshit on that kind of crap. It's a lot of horseshit to start taping conversations." And he stalked away.

We were left with no alternative but to refuse to let the museum show the films. The next morning, the films were cut out to pieces, and there was a sign posted which read: "If the museum will not show these films the way they were made, then they will not be shown at all."

With no films to show, and their vulnerability exposed, the museum had to accept that we existed, and that we had to be dealt with in a reasonable manner. We submitted our proposals and they responded. Finally, we all met at Katz's fourth floor office, and agreed that the films would be shown in two versions. All credits to the film would be to "Great Balls of Fire."

After this meeting, Karl Katz again noticed my tape recorder and asked me to turn it off. When I asked why, he replied: "Because I think it is childish and also, a form of software which, beyond the third floor, does not exist."

The irony of it all is that this article is exactly the kind of software which Karl Katz tried so vainly to prevent. It is information in a different system over which he has no control. As filmmakers, we have had to revert to print to clarify our position, because in electric technology we encountered resistance and censorship at every level of activity in circumstances McLuhan's electric euphoria does not consider. Free, relevant self-expression in electronic software is constantly threatened, and undermined, as in our experience with the Jewish Museum, by self-serving, autocratic bureaucrats, who are agents of a collapsing system's struggle for self-preservation.

—Bob Fiore
—Barbara Jarvis
Van Schley, President of Great Balls of Fire, Inc., recently screened the rushes of "Movie," his Software film at Broadway's Preview Theatre. In the small audience were Dr. Karl Katz, Director of the Jewish Museum, Software's organizer Professor Jack Burnham, Joanne Lupton, senior associate of Ruder & Finn International, Architectural League consultant John Margolies and Les Levine who suggested the exhibition's title last spring. Software, underwritten by American Motors, the country's fourth largest auto manufacturer (Ambassador, Rebel, Javelin, Hornet, Gremlin, Jeep, etc.) opens on Friday, September 16, at the Jewish Museum. Hardware for this show includes teletypes, solar-powered radios, high-speed copiers, closed circuit TV and Labyrinth, a DEC PDP-8 time-sharing computer. Four programs have been written by Art and Technology, Inc. of Boston and one by Hans Haacke. Seek, by N. Negroponte and his MIT Architectural Machine Group, will use forty furry gerbils interacting with 2000 plastic cubes to test the accuracy of computer 'memories,' and the learning power of the computer. This summer John Baldessari is burning all his paintings in a California crematorium. The ashes will be sealed into a Jewish Museum wall and marked by a memorial plaque. New York poet and artist John Giorno, who just changed his name to Giorno Poetry Systems (below), will present Radio Free Poetry Systems, which will be broadcast on low frequency AM wavelengths, is part of the nationwide Guerrilla Radio, an operation in which people are instructed on how to set up their own radio stations. This exhibition, Burnham says; "demonstrates the effect of contemporary control and communication techniques in the hands of artists." A special feature will be the individual computer printouts which spectators can obtain to supplement the catalogue. Other participants are Vito Acconci, David Antin, Robert Barry, Donald Burgy, Agnes Denes, Carl Fernbach-Flarsheim, John Goodyear, Douglas Huebler, Allan Kaprow, Joseph Kosuth, Les Levine, Sonia Sheridan, Ted Victoria, and Lawrence Weiner.

William Wegman performed Three Speeches, Three Temperatures (right) this May in the faculty man's room at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, where he taught last year. Since his participation in When Attitudes Become Form at Bern, Wegman has executed an unusual range of works including outdoor projects, floor arrangements, punning sculpture, body works, and a piece involving a sleeping girl and a dog. "They're always asking me what my work stands for and I always tell them it doesn't stand, it sits."
Art Notes

A Healthy and Arty New Year

By Grace Glueck

My cultural bigot goes analytic out, may art make more human connections, May Establishment people indulge in self-doubt, and museums seek counter directions. May more women artists give critics good vibes, May new push join beautiful black. May the Whitney be spared trying distribrues Arty collectors still part with their junk. As the baby New Year breaks out of its yolk, and bids the old adieu, These wishes are wished by newsmongers art folk— As would make: Happy decade to you.

Stephen Raditch, dealer, whose arrest for showing work by an artist that made "distorted" use of the American flag will soon be reviewed by the Supreme Court: "For the 1970s I wish for a greater degree of understanding that freedom of expression must exist in the arts; and that artists and those who exhibit their work will not be persecuted for whatever materials are used in it, including the American flag."

Larry Rivers, artist, whose current show is at the Marlborough Gallery: "Out of some heavy weighting in the past, at last we have beautiful black. For '71, I'm hoping for a new pink."


John Nightower, director of the Museum of Modern Art: "I wish the arts could be freed from the pigtails on our hitherto European culture has put them in so that they could make the human connections for which they have such infinite capacity. I wish Neil Hendrick and Janis Joplin were still alive!"

Robert Morris, a leader of the New Art Strike Against Racism, Sexism, Repression and War, which seeks major art world reforms: "I wish that artists would sit on the boards of trustees of all museums in the city dealing with contemporary art."

Lucy Lippard, spokeswoman for reformist art groups: a leader of the Ad Hoc Committee of Women Artists which demonstrated recently against the Whitney Museum: "I wish that artists and their friends could get it together enough effectively to combat the war, sexual and racial discrimination in the art world and the real world instead of each other; that art would become a human activity instead of a commodity; that museums would be free; that trustees with conflicts of interest would be forced to quit and that all surveys show next week's news $9 per cent women."

John L. H. Bear, director of the Whitney Museum: "As our 40th year dawns, may the Lord deliver us from deficients, distribrues, disturbances, belevomment and distaff demands."

Ralph Ortiz, Puerto Rican cultural activist who is currently assembling Boricua Aquí y Allí, a show of contemporary Puerto Rican culture at the American Museum of Natural History: "I wish all the people in the power structure would see good Subversive artists, especially the culture bugs."

Carter Burden, New York City Councilman, who has contested the Metropolitan Museum's expansion plans: "I wish that the city of New York would finally undertake to study and identify its over-all cultural and recreational needs and reshape its budget and planning priorities accordingly."

Thomas P. Fleming, director of the Metropolitan: "I hope to make this year an art for the arts, the institution even more beautiful, even more hospitable, even more excellent in public service, even richer in providing enjoyment and education from the infinite variety of its treasures—which are after all the possessions of every citizen."

Ivan Karp, proprietor of the O.K. Harris Gallery in downtown SoHo: "I wish that Clement Greenberg's face would be carved on Mt. Tammsko by the estate of Ernst Barlach."

John Sloane, whose Dial-a-Poem projects have caused much fog at several museums for their "revolutionary" content: "I hope that in the next two years the art scene doesn't become a ghost town, thanks to the 1970's Depression."

Louise Nevelson, artist, whose recent gift of her works to the Whitney Museum was shown in a dazzling exhibition there: "I just wish for another great show."

SWITCH-OFF

In what may be a sign of the times, the switched-on Howard Wise Gallery, a haven for technology-oriented artists at 50 West 57th Street, will turn off the juice and bow out. Recession? No, says Wise. The problem, he notes in a letter to friends of the gallery, is the fear that many of his artists are working outside of the gallery's attention "the environment, the sky, the ocean, even outer space, producing works of such scope that they can only be hit at in the gallery."

What's more, he adds, thanks to the increasing sophistication of technology, works of lesser dimensions produced by the artists are so complex that they strain the gallery's resources of time and money. Yet, he notes, "these improvisational visionary projects" are of great importance, for they suggest what might be done if intelligence were applied to making this a better world.

Wise, who has a background in constitutional law and ran a profitable family paint business for 17 years before opening his first gallery in Cleveland, plans to become more active in societal affairs. "I cannot stand idly by when the existence of our society and ourselves as individuals is so dimly threatened," he says. While still contributing to the realization of some of his artists' more cosmic projects, he says he'll work on a program for the kind of "constitutinal change" he feels the country needs. "People who are interested in art today are so much more interested in the world around them."

Wise's space, however, will be taken over by the the still object-oriented Waddell Gallery, formerly at 15 East 67th St.

COLLAGE

Marilyn Monroe's bed from "Let's Make Love," Shirley Temple's Teddy bear and Yul Brynner's throne from "The King and I" will be gavelled off by Sotheby, Parke-Bernet Los Angeles in a sale of 1,000 20th-Century Fox properties Feb. 25-26. . . . The Philadelphia Museum has launched a new program "designed to extend the experience of art into the life of the city and its many neighborhoods" it will be administered by a new museum unit called—phil—the Department of Urban Outreach. . . . Art used as background in "Rush Toward Freedom," a TV series depicting the history of the civil rights movement, will be exhibited at N.Y.U.'s Loeb Student Center, 64 Washington Square South, beginning Tuesday.
The stereo LP was produced by Giorno Poetry Systems, and has been chosen as the May selection by The Record Club of America for its 4 million members. It is also being distributed to record and bookstores throughout the country, and is available directly from GPS by sending $5.98 to Giorno Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, New York, N. Y. 10012.

GPS Records will release in the near future 3 other new albums: Allen Ginsberg singing; a 2-record album of the rare existing tapes of Frank O'Hara; and another of The Dial-A-Poem Poets called *Disconnected*.

The Dial-A-Poem Poets are a group, organized by Paul John Giorno, representing the essence of poetry and the essence of important styles in those times. The recordings were made over the past 27 years (1945-1972). The 21 electronic poets are: Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, La Sands, Frank O'Hara, Robert Creeley, John Cage, John Sinclair, Bobby Seale, Diane di Prima, Anna Halprin, John Giorno, Tish Berman, Aram Saroyan, David Hinson, Artaud Card, Joe Brainard, Leland Yee, Christine Wagner, Wane Dean, Michael Brownstein, Darra Schilt, Robert Williams, Ted Berrigan, J.D. Carroll, Beatrice Williams, Sanders Newman, Clark Coolidge, Taylor Mead.

The 2-record anthology particularly mues the phenomena that happened to poetry in the 1960's in America, where along with painting, sculpture, music, and dance, poetry made a great effort to open up communications, to exploring the use of words and sound, representing many different approaches, the poets are from the New York School, the Boston and West Coast schools, Oodrive Poetry, Katieism, Drume Poetry, Black and Mountain Poetry.

It is important lest these poets be seen as a group, because each poet's voice, the quality, tone, vehicles and additional variation in keeping with understanding the work. Each recorded side is a vocal, acoustic, listening experience, composed of short selections of poets reading that work, juxtaposed to each other, with each also having its own special and relatively radical poems, funny incursions, light and love, technically experimental poems, and general madness.
THE DIAL-A-POEM POETS LP

For the first time in America, 27 important poets have been put together on a 2-record stereo LP album called The Dial-A-Poem Poets. 1 hour and 50 minutes of The Greatest Hits Of Dial-A-Poem.

The Dial-A-Poem Poets are a group, organized by Poet John Giorno, representing the essence of poetry and the nucleus of important styles in these times. The recordings were made over the last 20 years (1953-1972). The 27 electronic cards are: Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Ed Sanders, Frank O'Hara, Robert Creeley, John Cage, John Sinclair, Bobby Seale, Diane Di Prima, Anne Waldman, John Giorno, Philip Whalen, Aram Saroyan, David Henderson, Briam Gysin, Joe Brainard, Kathleen Cleaver, Bernadette Mayer, Michael Brownstein, Harris Schiff, Emmett Williams, Ted Berrigan, Jim Carroll, Heatncote Williams, Lenore Kandel, Clark Coolidge, Taylor Mead.

The 2-record anthology particularly shows the phenomena that happened in poetry in the 1960's in America, where along with painting, sculpture, music and dance, poetry made a giant effort to open up consciousness, by exploring the use of words and sound. Representing many different approaches, the poets are from the New York School, the Bolinas and West Coast Schools, Concrete Poetry, Buddha Dharma Poetry, Black and Movement Poetry.

It is important that these poems be on a record, because hearing the sound of a poet's voice, the quality, tone, volume and emotional vibration is integral with understanding the work. Each recorded side is a wholly contained listening experience, composed of short selections of poets reading their work, juxtaposed to each other, with each side having its own tone: politically radical poems, heavy hopelessness, light and love, technically experimental poems, and general madness.
The Dial-A-Poem Poets

2-record stereo LP album

Ted Berrigan
Joe Brainard
Michael Brownstein
William Burroughs
John Cage
Jim Carroll
Kathleen Cleaver
Clark Coolidge
Robert Creeley
Diane DiPrima
Allen Ginsberg
John Giorno
Brion Gysin
David Henderson
Lenore Kandel
Bernadette Mayer
Taylor Mead
Frank O'Hara
Ed Sanders
Aram Saroyan
Harris Schiff
Bobby Seale
John Sinclair
Anne Waldman
Philip Whalen
Emmett Williams
Heathcote Williams

The Dial-A-Poem Poets are an open-ended poetry group.
This LP features 27 poets & The Greatest Hits Of Dial-A-Poem.
1 hour & 50 minutes chosen from 48 hours of GPS tapes recorded over the last 20 years.
Each side of this double album is a wholly contained sound experience constructed of
short selections of poets reading their work.

Giorno Poetry Systems
222 Bowery
New York, N. Y. 10012

Dear Poets,
Please send me ___ copies of The Dial-A-Poem Poets LP stereo album.
($5.98 each) I am enclosing $____.

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Address
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