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## **Arts in society: California Institute of the Arts: prologue to a community. Volume 7, Issue 3 Fall-Winter, 1970**

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Arts in Society

Volume 7 no. 3

fall-winter 1970

2 dollars

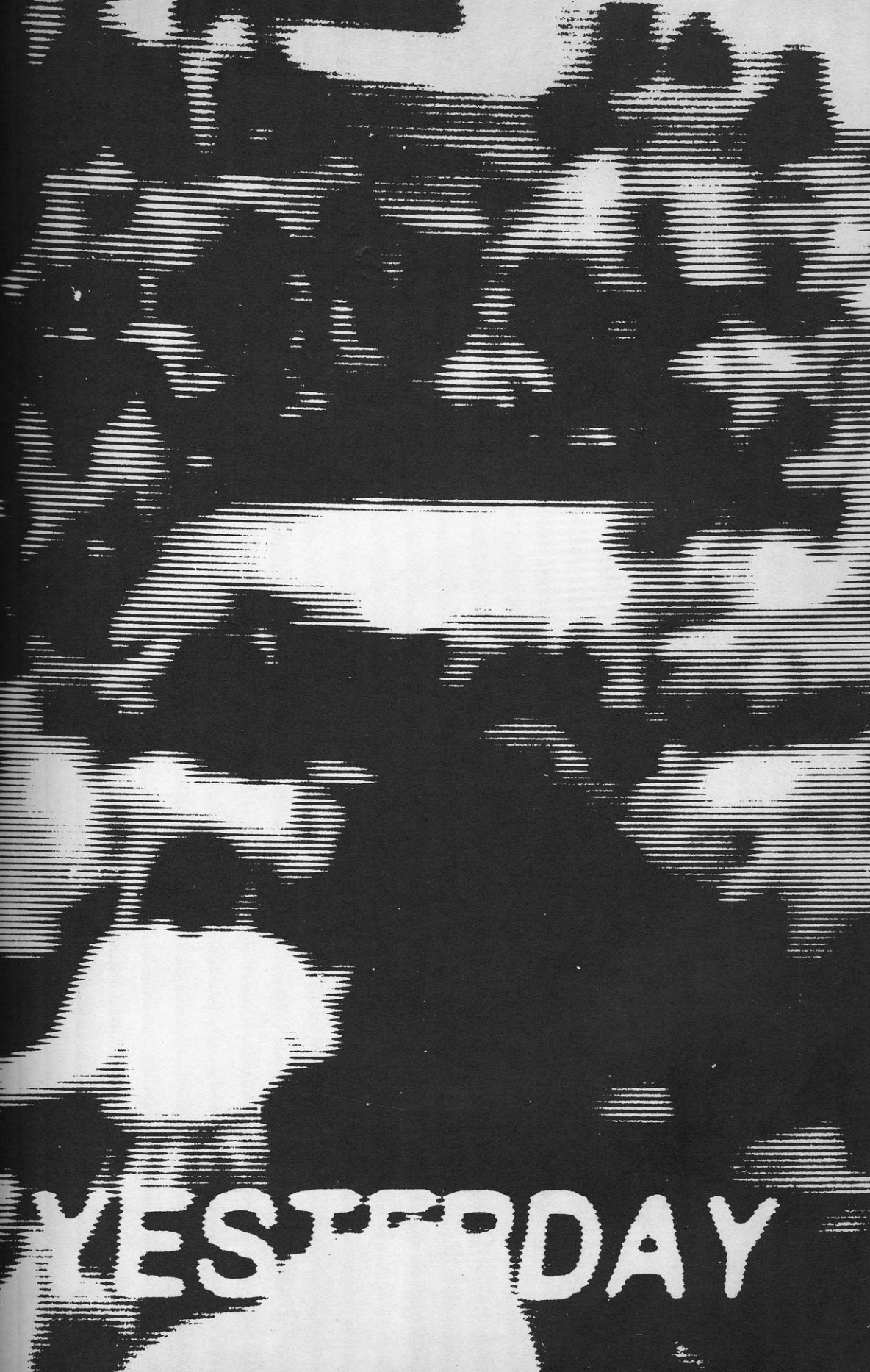
California Institute

of the Arts: Prologue

to a Community







YESTERDAY



Mr. Jones reflects on where he's been, or:

John's in the basement  
mixin' up the medicine  
I'm on the pavement  
talkin' about the government  
and you're upstairs  
kickin' the dog for U-phoria

—Larry Miller

LAST NIGHT

All Writing is Pigshit... especially this "Artand"

I allow marine to write  
additional notes in later  
after the typings done.

primarily status value  
and vicarious fame  
and legitimacy (Hirschman  
for example)

easy phrases from  
an armchair in a  
high tower

each artist and  
the milieu with  
which he conflict

i.e. "literary  
ideas"  
or ideas better  
dealt with in  
literature 75 years ago.

which is really  
true. all writing  
is pigshit

I have had few, if  
any "teachers" + I  
would like some. As  
much my fault as theirs,  
however.

Some Words. I am in search of a community. I have done a lot of different things. I call it dilettantism and it bothers me a lot. I have painted longer than anything else. My attitude toward my painting now is that it is masturbation. It makes me feel good, gives me a confidence/satisfaction high without too much work-I am facile enough (on my own terms) to do something I like in a relatively short time. My puritanism resents this. (I am aware of my "puritanism" which is bound up in that kind of Romanticism that Sidney Hook is always accusing "the counter-culture" of. It doesn't help any.) Painting right now is not intellectually satisfying. It is a decadent form in terms of its cultural role. (I probably resent my painting because I do it out of a need.)

I have done theatre for the last two or so years, just about none before that. I originally got involved in it because the theatre department was where all the misfits ended up and the art department was miserable. I liked it. It seemed less decadent somehow, or at least potentially so, than painting or serious music or "literature" (as opposed to "entertainment"). I am discouraged with it after this semester at N.Y.U. I had a lot of trouble coping with the actors and the "show business" atmosphere. I think I must approach theatre as a visual artist. The thrust at School of the Arts seems to be towards Lincoln Center and the regional theatres, which are nothing if not decadent (as far as they seem to function) to reassure their audiences, their whole role being based on their predictability.)

Recently, I have been hung up about uniting my "art" and my "politics". Ideally, there should be no difference. (there will be when both words fall out of use.) I was a member of SDS from 66-early 68 and finally removed myself from politics when I was unable to resolve this conflict. At the moment, I feel estranged from the Left in that they mostly seem still to be concerned with content (counter-revolutionary concept) rather than form (revolutionary concept). Therefore, the artists who interest me the most at the moment are those who are dynamically involved with a culture and/or those who are interested in effecting political change through truly revolutionary (i.e. formal) means; Abbie Hoffman and the media, Frank Zappa and the recording industry, the Living Theatre and the "Hippy" subculture. And others. Advertising interests me a great deal.

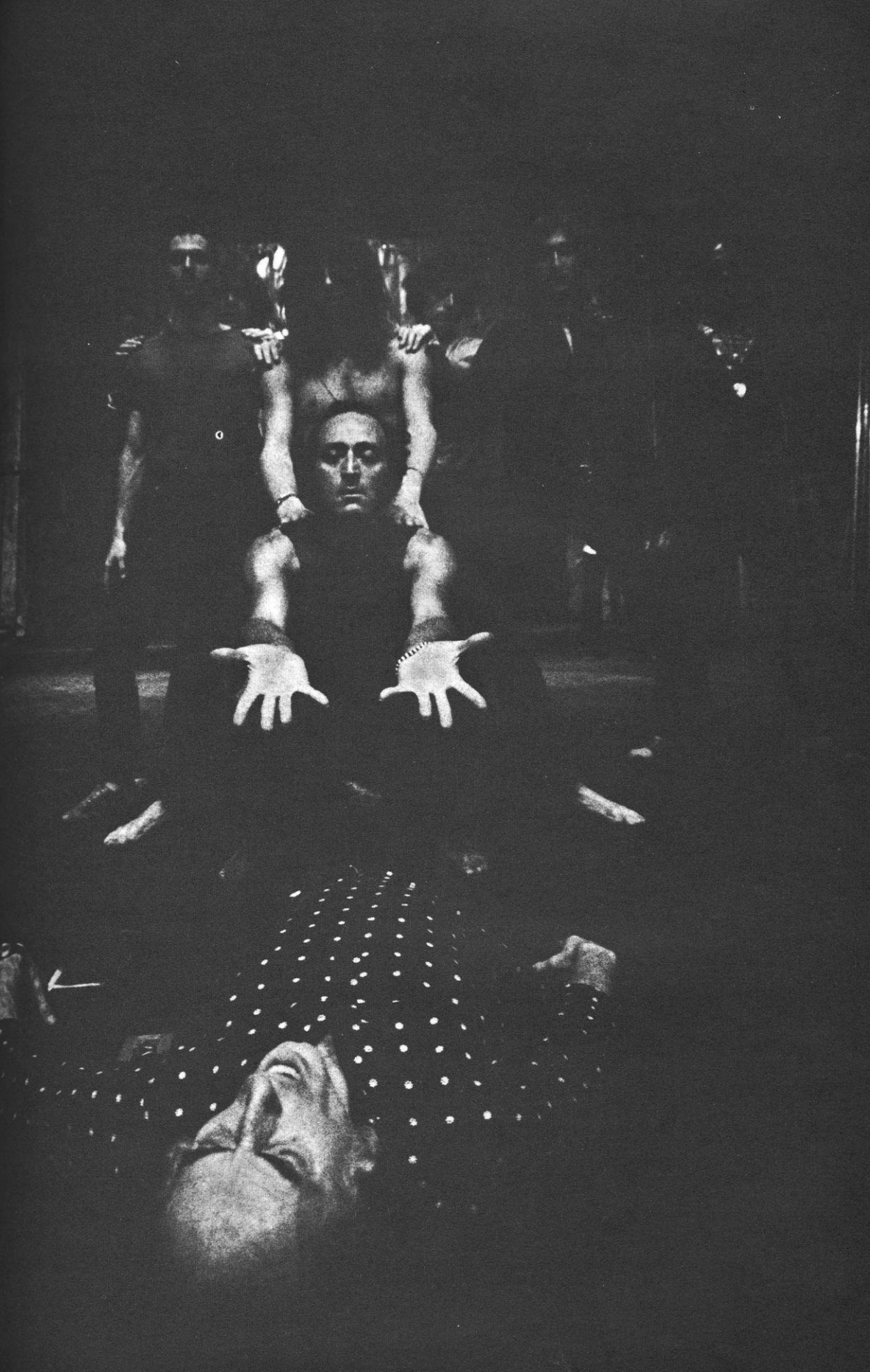
The thing that I dislike (which is too strong a word for what I mean-disinterested would be better, unimpressed) most contemporary theatre is what Sean Kenny calls its "adolescent ideas". Most of the ideas of directing involve formulating an "adolescent" concept of the plays meaning, (this play is about.....the attitude prevalent in the

N.Y.U. Theatre program and the theatres for which it prepares its students.

But all of these intellectual convictions rest on something else, this "community" I mentioned. My need is for intelligent and sensitive criticism by people whose work I can respect on a level that I can call "constructive" (saying with words what can be said with words. Grotowski impressed me more than anything else for this sense of using words to mean what they could mean and not wasting anyone's time.) but more importantly, discussion based on that gut-level feeling of--what?--"understanding", of mutual concerns, of respect. The intellectual convictions I have about "art" are really nothing without this "acceptance" this "community."

It has been a long time, for instance (and a factor in my current attitude towards painting) since someone has said something about my paintings that meant something, since somebody offered me a thought that hadn't





occured to me, or somehow related to what I'd put down. ("You know what it looks like to me. Reminds me of a dark forest..."—not necessarily on an intellectual/art critical/bullshit level, but just a human response.) At Lawrence I was respected, even (I think) feared by ~~the~~ faculty, but there was never that sense of relating the respect was unearned, or earned at the expense of the teachers' insecurities. They are remarkably similar, from sixth grade to seventeen. The teacher talks to me about the necessity of discipline (or "order" or "craft" or "technique") and how he doesn't want to see a bright, talented kid like me wasting my time with silly avant-garde notions like John Cage's "indeterminacy." He keeps on saying "You understand what I mean, don't you?" and I keep on saying yes and, if I'm prodded, coming up with some reasons that disallow the whole concept of what "craft" is. What's a problem is that my intellectual bullshitting suusally impresses them and they don't see that I've been through the routine a hundred times before. I don't want to talk about it.

not knowing much about it + knowing I know more i.e. easily intimated

He's kind of a game. I kept waiting for someone to call my bluff.

my mind, instead of developing one idea, hits one idea, one, and spends a lot of time totally relating the two somehow.

Some new kind of self-discipline—craft, sure, but my craft

but it's possible to be a member at large or have an interdisciplinary

And, of course, I immediately continue to lose:

I would really like to be there, which is something I didn't think I'd be saying for a while.

Yep.

(As you might have guessed from looking at the list of things I've done, my biggest problem is deciding what to do. My lady friend told me on the phone the other night "What you need is a little less imagination and a little more guts." She was right. My backlog of ideas runs about four years behind. I'm even asking you to decide for me what I should study—which is why I'm applying in three areas (and I could apply in several areas under Theatre.) I'm the most fascinated with filmmaking—it moves me the most, and I think that's where my eye and my mind really are, but I have done very little work with film—I've done some Harry Smith-type painting on raw stock animation things—I'm very interested in animation and combining it with episodes of human action. I want to get more into still photography, which I haven't done much with in a long time. Unfortunately, I don't have a camera, of any kind. I am also very interested in the possibilities of tape recording (I started doing tape recorded "radio plays" in seventh grade.) and doing things like recording dialog and accompanying it visually (rather than the reverse.) But I don't want to spew forth half-baked ideas and waste your time and mine. I have done a little work with video tape, though and I would like to do some more. I suppose I should comment on the inevitable question of what there is about your new school that attracts me. Well, the hype sounds fantastic, like everything I've ever wanted in one place, but I've been hyped enough so that I can put it in its proper place. A lot of it has to do with the faculty you listed in that New York Times advertisement. I was impressed. But perhaps the question worth asking is why, having had little but disappointing experiences with school up to now, after just finishing a miserable semester of graduate school, should I want to immediately get excited about another school? The answer is pretty simple, probably too simple. I am looking for a community.

J. M. AA





The remarkable thing that's taking place in almost every field of endeavor is an accelerating rate of dynamic growth and change. The arts, which have historically symbolized the advance of human progress, must match this growth if they are going to maintain their value in, and influence on, society.

The talents of musicians, the self expression of the actor, and the techniques and applications of fine and commercial artists are being used more and more in today's business, industry, entertainment and communications – not by themselves, but rather, in close association with each other. What we must have, then, is a completely new approach to training in the arts – an entirely new educational concept which will properly prepare artists and give them the vital tools so necessary for working in, and drawing from, every field of creativity and performance. There is an urgent need for a professional school which will not only give its students thorough training in a specific field but will also allow the widest possible range of artistic growth and expression. To meet this need is exactly why California Institute of the Arts has been created, and why we all believe so strongly in its importance.

–Walt Disney



In all candor, the market process seems to underlie almost every discussion of the problems of the arts. Over and over again, we hear the phrase “the collecting of audiences,” and such a phrase reflects a limited concept of what the arts actually are. It implies that the arts are something to which people go, but today the truth of the matter is that all of the major problems of our society are not dealt with through market processes, but increasingly, if anything, through political processes. Urban redevelopment, the poverty program, the Appalachia program and others like it are political and not market processes, and their revolutionary character – and they really *are* revolutionary – resides precisely in the fact that they are essentially political, no matter what their aims and goals; and in a highly industrialized society, we must think of public and social problems this way, and we must begin to think of the public and social dimension of the arts in this way too. We are dealing with the community and the needs of people and until we first concern ourselves with what people want (not necessarily what people think they want), and how the arts meet these wants, we will not be able to develop scholarship and criticism of the arts which is vital, meaningful, and relevant.

–Robert W. Corrigan

April 8, 1968

Dear Mark:

The killing of King caught me offguard because it came to me across the continent, and with another face blasted away before my eyes.... Desperation piles around my desk, but do I care? yes, I care, the protestant ethic dying everywhere except my dutiful heart.

You listen to the pieties and the self-punishing remorse and it's easy to be cynical about the way America learns. But even the medium-izing of King, sad to say, is a valid testament. In my class one of the hard-nosed kids -- not quite a kid, a pregnant woman -- said, after all deference to his symbolic worth, well King was just a man like the rest of us. But there's something wondrous and archaic in the enlistment of those immense electronic facilities to keep us all from believing that he was no more than that. Like the adulation of Bobby Kennedy in Kansas, there's an Osiris myth in it, hallelujah the corn god!

We require that there be among us some who are not just men. Yet being a man is minimal, and what's vicious is when people are deprived of the means to be at least that. That's why King had to turn his moral crusade into an economic one, altho there was no breach in the moral impetus of his claims. The looting won't last, and there's a healing in his going, even if that doesn't last either. Our tensions are so enormous they require their blood, as it took the death of Kennedy to push civil rights even a moderate way thru Congress. Yet there is something in men that requires more than the drop of blood on the hyacinth; and it amazes me that intelligent men can believe, any way you draw it, that the threat of blood has any lasting value. Terror, no matter where it comes from, brutalizes and makes men less than men. You hear some of the radicals around saying with not-so-suppressed glee, that's scared them now (King's death), and your soul swoons with dismay and outrage -- as if anything can come of fright but fright, except backlash, which is the most contemptible fright of all.

It's a beautiful spring day now, and we're all home mourning Dr. King, the schools being closed... The funeral's on television but nobody's looking.





May 26, 1968

Dear Mark:

I just went for a walk thru Lafayette Park, near the apartment Corrigan and I keep for CIA affairs. Even on a warm and athletic Sunday, there's something wizened, antiseptic, and derelict about people on the streets; maybe even something lunatic -- the thing that supports faith healers and kills presidents.

October 13, 1968

Dear Mark:

Even boredom, seen in retrospect, is a flashing event. The bulk of years is a preparation, a rehearsal or a long silent tape of images unedited, and then it all happens.

Explorations: St. Ignatius and Zen for a spectrum of Method; paintings for radial clues, motifs to spring out of. Nabokov recalls the convex mirrors of a Van Eyck or Peter Christus which gave an interiorized magic to the milieu of the domestic Madonnas.

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

It's autumn weather here, and we appear to have lost the summer. Or shaken it off. I certainly don't miss it. I like the leaves shaking and the soft bustle. It's the only noise around, now that Jona and his friend are off at some distance with their walky-talkies. I was to go with Bea to an opening at a gallery, but I couldn't bear it. Too many people during the week. I'm saving myself this Sunday, even if I haven't quite saved the Sunday for myself...

I am reading St. Ignatius. I'm not sure why. It has something to do with intuitions about acting theory. Maybe I want to save my soul. I like the feel of the exercises. The Jesuits were successful because they were so specific. You have to be right there in the Valley of Jehosophat or up there on the cross, else you can feel nothing, neither depression nor joy. I also like the cautions: pain for humility's sake but not to the point of sickness. But like any method, it has the danger that somebody will get carried away.

The election is depressing. We're not eligible to vote having no official place of residence or insufficient longevity for that purpose. I'd use it as an excuse for not thinking about all the nonentity involved, but I'm not made that way. I have to know even what I would do if I were eligible to do it, tho I'm not. I don't think, at the moment, I would vote at all. It's clear that Humphrey is out of it, and he deserves it, the Democratic Party deserves it, and the country deserves, as it always does, precisely what it will get. My going in for Humphrey won't change that fact, and I can't bear giving impotency a vote. If that deceives everybody about the power of the radical right or the impotence of Nixon, so be it. My unregistered vote will be a dark surprise at a later tally....



I'm glad your black (Negro) course came in, but too bad it's lily white. Are there many blacks (Negroes) at Purdue? If so, did they stir up anything about a white man teaching it? That's a sore point at State. I saw Weingarten's article, and he's basically right; a lot of fair people and good intentions down the bureaucratic drain. Also time taking its toll with expansion. I was up in SF a couple of weeks ago. Kay has been doing reportage on the Huey Newton case, utterly convinced of his innocence. I'm not utterly convinced of anybody's innocence -- and I'm certain that if the cops are as uptight as the militants say then there's going to be violence if there's even a suggestion of a gun in the vicinity no less the cold hard fact. The Cleaver case is another affair; I mean at Berkeley. Once again the Regents behaved like the moral idiots they are. Is he qualified, for shit's sake! Time qualifies. This year a Cleaver is qualified beyond dispute -- and to unqualify him is to prove nothing. Of course I thought Dow Chemical was qualified too. That was a big surprise to my radical students who thought I was pure of heart.

I don't like bullies whatever side they're on. The methods of militancy are shot thru with the same old cruel hazards. Hardening of hearts. Sinful. Humphrey is his own worst enemy -- let the poor ineffectual bastard speak. Not that his heart isn't now and then in the right place. Domestically, he's light-years from Nixon. But they're both paste-up personalities, one slush, one slick. They remind me of the provincial wardheelers out of Gogol -- the ones who were aghast at Tolstoy's educational practices. We still haven't caught up to them ideas. I wish we have the courage at our school. But it takes his mastery and encyclopedic knowledge. The only alternative is to learn as you go, letting what you know serve you as best it can. Even the best of us talk down, from the Archimedean point where we have the leverage. That's better than nothing, but his way is bravest and truest.

Even so, ideas flourish for the school. And we've appointed a second dean. Paul Brach in Art. Good mind, good painter, knows what we're after. I have thought of you for the theater program. No reason why not. I do want to think out what we're going to do with writing in general, and that will depend on what happens in General Studies (lousy name, we can't think of another that's right....)





The Cal Arts concept also embraces an attitude toward the artist's role in society. It is no part of the concept to insist upon this attitude in the case of the individual student, since the student artist is viewed as an especially autonomous creature whose very function is to assert his individual insights and perceptions. Nevertheless, Cal Arts believes in the usefulness of the artist to society and therefore believes that the artist should apply his gifts and talents to the furthest extent possible to socially useful purposes. The artist's responsibility to the community and the influence he wields by virtue of his abilities are continually stressed throughout the training period at the school.

—Economics Research Associates,  
*"The Need and the Concept,"* 1966

The need to stretch the limits, the boundaries, of the human imagination is greater right now than it has ever been before in history. And it is for this reason that I believe the arts are not just valuable in the broad cultural sense that they enhance and shape the quality of the life we lead but that they are essential to our survival as a human race.

I have often described the artist as the seismograph of his age. He is the rabbit in the submarine or the canary in the coal mine. And what he creates is an act of discovery, an act of discovery which simultaneously reveals and reflects the reality of the present moment. But on this occasion I should like to describe him somewhat differently: I want to think of the artist as a maker of maps.

Whether we talk about Watts or the Watusi, methedrine or the moon, our everyday experience underscores the fact that we are constantly moving into uncharted areas of experience which are as difficult for us to travel as the frontier wilderness was for our forefathers. And it has always been the artist's unique function to provide the maps to these unknown areas of the spirit's life. The artist is an explorer, and through his explorations, he brings us into direct touch with the naked landscape.

Just as the frontier was not usually pleasant for the pioneers to experience, so too the immediate perception of reality on the part of artists may not always be pleasant either. But without his willingness to enter into what Karl Jasper called "boundary situations," without his commitment to chart the landscape that we all must travel, we are certain to get lost, if not be destroyed, as we move across the many new frontiers which we must conquer if we are to survive.

—Dr. Robert W. Corrigan, Statement upon Acceptance  
of the Presidency of California Institute of the Arts

California Institute of the Arts is more than a professional school; it is a community with a new concept.

Our students will be accepted as artists. We assume they have come to develop the talents they bring. They will be treated accordingly and be encouraged in the independence that this implies.

The emphasis will be on projects or individual work under faculty guidance. Methodology will vary with purpose so that craft will inform knowledge and knowledge may work its way into craft. There will be no grades. Progress will be measured as it is in the arts themselves: by what's done as it's done, with evaluation as an organic aspect of the process. Continuance in the programs will be dependent on demonstrated ability.

Interaction among the schools is fundamental to the Institute and the resources of each school will be available to all students. As a community of the arts, the Institute has no intention of being hermetic. Its immediate concerns will extend to the environment of the new city in which it is being built and to the surrounding megalopolis. Research and performance will move into the wider community and beyond it, for the most basic commitment of the Institute, in a radically changing time, is to the development of artists with singular gifts, willing to risk private vision in the urgencies of our common life.







October 20, 1968

Dear Herb:

... No, the blacks here have not raised the question of my teaching the Negro course. They haven't raised a lot of questions they might, partly because they're just kids, of course, and partly because they aren't numerous at Purdue. Yesterday Charles Simpson and I bought gas for my car. It was halftime, Purdue was losing (its Negro star had fumbled several times), and my gas station man said, "Black power," hoping we'd understand what he meant, since he knew that he didn't. Charles asked him to explain. Well, they're down from Gary. Well (Charles asked) who's down from Gary? The gas man means that the gamblers came down from Gary and bought off the Purdue star. That's our gas man's interpretation of the phrase. (In the second half our black star brought us victory.)

The gas man and many others (maybe enough to win) will vote for George Wallace. I don't really fear Wallace, but I fear the meaning of it, the true emotions he evokes, and I recall your rightly saying Election Night 1964 or maybe Convention Night 1964 how Goldwater, win or lose, sets it up for the next time. Done. But it's not all emotion, either: it's the poor man's, the working man's way of expressing a lot of hard material objections to war, poverty, and personal debt, whose misfortune it is that he doesn't assign blame to the right place. But he is at least, I think, repudiating the two-party system for its inability to react this year. He'd have voted for McCarthy, I think--it's all so unhealthy.

Like you, I probably won't vote for a major-party candidate. If I do vote for Humphrey it will be because I think on Election Day that he has some chance of winning. If he can't win, let him lose very big. I keep wondering if I'd rather see Wallace win than Nixon. I think it's possible that I do, but I don't trust my feelings there.

Many thanks for being in touch with Hester....

November 3, 1968

Dear Herb:

I have no opinions on the election you haven't heard. If Nixon has managed to lose this one after all I'll smile for days. He'll have outsmarted himself, and more or less proved that all the mechanical calculation and all the moneyed manipulation and all the electronic



packaging still can't quite do it. I feel a strong respect for Nixon, too, where he took his commitment and his nature and his own dirty past and opened himself to them: he knows the limits of his own mind, and has learned to use the minds of others. That is, he rose at least above his prejudices, if only for opportunistic reasons. I don't think he should be simply President because he has shown skill at running for nominations, but the skill is awesome, requiring at least a close appreciation of how things work, how certain types of people respond, and how one must live above the insistence upon last time's methods.

Too bad he has no ends in view -- no vision of the end, I think I said. Several of his recent actions are based upon real apprehensions of his own past mistakes. One of the things that may be bringing him down, if down he's coming, is just that shortcoming he's betrayed -- he can't give and take. Oh, these rigged question-and-answer sessions, they're as fake as his family devotion. Wise enough not to trust his tongue in public, he calculated himself, too, into Spiro Agnew, who hadn't yet learned to put himself on film for editing before appearing anywhere: maybe Agnew had a tongue transplant from Nixon of old. Could that be? Then whose tongue is in Nixon's head now? Maybe nobody's. Maybe it's all dubbed in.

Jo says, "Ask Herb if he'd really like to change places."

We all know, as professional and competent phrasemakers, how easy it is to come up with terms.  
It is another thing to make them a reality.

— Robert W. Corrigan

We still have the habitual way of thinking about a student body, a faculty, and some administrators who are going abstractly to make decisions.

We are the administrators, let's face it.

But when the students are here, I'm going to say, "You are the administrators."

—Herbert Blau

There is a linear structure here.

We have to be respectful of the linear line.

Everything that lives is holy, even linearity.

We will have to protect the student who is addicted to it; he has to be allowed some of his narcotic.

We are not going to deep breathe everybody instantly.

It may take four years and we'll deep breathe nobody.

— Maurice Stein

Some of our students are going to come with certain expectations and certain demands for structures and for disciplines and they are going to expect this of us.

They are going to say we don't want all that freedom.

— Robert W. Corrigan

I view the totality of the universe as a definite maybe.

— Mel Powel



Having been affiliated with universities, each of us may be suffering from irreversible brain damage.  
Part of that brain damage is the habit of saying *they*; one of the scary things is that now we are *they*.

—Paul Brach

In a simplistic way, I would say structure is freedom; anarchy is not freedom.

All structures aren't freedom; a good structure is equal to freedom.

We tend to make moral issues out of things that are linear versus things that are non-linear.

My position is that we've got to be non-western and not think in binary systems; we've got to say that linear sequential hierarchal systems are very useful for some things but not useful for other things: we have to bring to bear all of the good aspects of all these things we have known, all the historical precedents, and stay away from the aspects that don't work that becomes oppressive.

It's hard to think both ways.

— Peter Pearce

The kids we are not really talking about *the kids*.

Someone who is likely to enter our School of Music or School of Art is not one of *the kids*.

We're talking about a school in which there is little distinction between faculty and students.

In that respect neither you nor I would qualify as a kid.

—Mel Powell

If we don't let the students share in inventing their futures, they'll invent a future for us that will be a dandy.  
We have to share the visions of the future we all have.

—Maurice Stein

Let us keep our objectives at the very highest level of aspiration.

Think what you would really like to do, so that we can then see amongst us what things would really prevent us from doing it.

Let's not assume that we can't do it; let's say what we'd like to do and then see why we can't do it or whether we are deluding ourselves about obstacles or whether what we take to be obstacles are simply delusions.

—Herbert Blau

Inter-Office Memorandum

To: All Deans

From: Allan Kaprow

Date: 1-6-70

Subject:

Our Educational Planning

Two weeks ago, Barbara Howard applied in person for admission to Cal Arts. Donald Biggs' staff was impressed and asked her to speak to me. Her background interested me: participation in the Experimental Colleges at San Francisco State and U.C. Berkeley; studied dance with Ann Halprin, and sculpture with Bob Tharsing (a young artist in the department at Berkeley); conducted encounter groups and did a lot of writing on her own. Said that though she'd gone to college for some time, she had the wrong credits for a degree. But this didn't matter. Something else was important, and Cal Arts seemed to offer her that prospect.

She said, "I don't want to submit a portfolio of art, I don't want to present a dance, or a short play, or a film. I want simply to be here to benefit from the whole Institute; not to make "art objects", but to become something I can't become elsewhere."

The Admissions Office is beginning to get increasing requests like these. Some applicants want to come for no particular professional purpose, perhaps seeking that more relevant life style which we seem to hint at. Others want to focus on something a bit unusual (like cooking) for which we make no provision, but which might well play a vital part in the Institute's life and personality. Still others would like to enroll in two or more of our schools, or would like to tie in their education in the world at large with what we do in Valencia.

They have heard us enthusiastically describe the possibilities for interrelation amongst the six schools. They have heard us talk about the importance of environmental ecology. They have read The Concept, our official declaration to the public, which says, "Interaction among the schools is fundamental to the Institute.... The resources of each school will be available to the students of all the others.... As a community of the arts, the Institute has no intention of being hermetic.... Research and performance will move into the wider community and beyond it...."

The reason: The six schools of the Institute have not tackled the job of providing the maverick (who may be a hint of the future's new kind of student) with an educational program that backs up what it promises in print; a program which is equivalent in opportunity to those currently being formulated by us for professional training in the traditional fine arts areas and in social studies.

We have, to be sure, made some commendable efforts at crossover planning. Art, Critical Studies and Design are sharing some staff appointments. Certain portions of respective operating and equipment budgets are being pooled by Music and Art, and Art and Design. Critical Studies and Design conceiving a course together. Critical Studies also will offer its lectures to the entire student body. Theater, Design and Art (vis-a-vis Happenings and stagecraft) will provide opportunity for certain students, facilities and staff to work together. There were other proposals involving Dance and Film-TV, but these have not materialized for one reason or other.

But altogether, such interdisciplines represent less than 5% of the Institute's educational thought. And very little attention has been given to endeavors beyond the pale of the traditional categories.

Possibility: The California Institute of the Arts may become in no time flat, almost without our noticing, just one more conventional college of separate, though excellent, departments, each fighting for the biggest piece of pie, the brightest spot in the limelight, the greatest number of graduates....

It is perhaps permissible for me, a sort of professional non-professional, to raise this warning flag. I was drawn to Cal Arts precisely because here was a chance to have a school that was all of one piece, and that was going to experiment educationally, creatively and socially -- I now see some of these qualities being lost, perhaps more acutely than others view the situation, but I do not believe my concern is merely private. All of us have much to lose.

Granted these thrilling prospects, the fact is that the Admissions Office has no machinery to accept or reject students who respond to the call. The intermedial student; the would-be professional in cooking (or fancy rope-twirling, lovemaking, brainwave feedback research, among other possibilities); the young person who wants to "major" in nothing and everything; each is welcomed from the heart by a quite sensitive staff, but cannot be given assurances that there is indeed a place here at Cal Arts.

Inter-Office Memorandum      To: All Deans  
                                    From: Mel Powell  
                                    Date 3-2-70  
                                    Subject: Admissions

Is it possible that only statements containing numbers are worth taking seriously?

For instance: "We want genuinely fine students; talent is the criterion for admission to the community; we seek excellence, and we know that standards appropriate to such a quest are defined, sustained, ultimately reflected, by the quality of the students." as opposed to "We must have n students."

Now, I think it's fair to say that the first statement wins the support of almost everyone almost immediately. No question about it, affirming nods of the head abound. Morally, spiritually, aesthetically, intellectually, it's an utterly grand thing.

Yet, mission impossible: how quickly such an assertion can self-destruct! Suddenly it positions itself in an honorable oblivion alongside other noble sentiments and high purposes, removing all obstacles from the path of the quantitative edict -- in the name of "reality," "administrative necessity," "fiscal responsibility."

So, the wrong path: locked-in by the second statement, freed from the first. Let's not go that way.



On the basis of written material and an interview, this student appears intelligent, talented and exceptionally capable of functioning in the program of the school of critical studies. In this highly speculative matter of selecting students for a school that is not yet there and that is bound to be anarchic he is one of the few students I have seen here who leaves me absolutely certain that he will be both teaching and learning enthusiastically in the midst of expected chaos. *JZ 7th*

## School of Film

*Very humorous, entertaining and intelligent. Shooting, continuity, everything very professional.*

## School of Music

There's a small chance in a thousand, or million, that accepting this applicant reflects prudent judgment. He knows pitifully little. He can do pitifully little. Which is to say, neither his education in music nor his independent accomplishments betray much "skill," or even "promise." The small chance is suggested by the statement he's submitted along with his application. Maybe -- so help me, I mean only maybe -- he wants desperately to learn a great deal. And maybe, since he's now 18, several years of intensive training could trigger miracles. That's what it would take: miracles. But at the moment, I'm terribly expansive, so let's have a kind of experimental, provisional acceptance. He should have a letter making it clear (as Nixon makes it clear) that the acceptance is conditional: we'll try it if he's willing to submit to a special, intensive, rigorous program of technique and theoretic musical training, with no fun and games, which might magically make up for his having blown too many years.

## School of Art

*Let's start her in the art school and let her disappear -*

## School of Theater and Dance

The problem with this girl as an actress is that she is already a performance. Overflowing with energy, love, body, aspiration, and multiply talented besides. She probably could be an actress once she reined in her ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ competing ambitions. But maybe the ambition wouldn't compete so much if she were to be reconsidered as an Institute member. She acts, she paints (somewhat psychedelically but lively), she writes poems, she can probably conduct an orchestra without having seen the score. She may even be the Vice-Provost we need. *7th,*

## School of Design

*Obviously an advanced student with well developed skills -- not fresh yet, but we'll do our best. C.H.*

## School of Critical Studies

This student was accepted on the basis of written work submitted and recommendations. Both suggest that he is intelligent and promising. (N.B. IN the above line the extra l is to make up for the missing g). *JZ 7th*





*Arts in Society* was founded at the University of Wisconsin in 1958. It is dedicated to the augmenting of the arts in society and to the advancement of education in the arts. These publications are to be of interest, therefore, both to professionals and the lay public. *Arts in Society* exists to discuss, interpret, and illustrate the various functions of the arts in contemporary civilization. Its purpose is to present the insights of experience, research and theory in support of educational and organizational efforts to enhance the position of the arts in America. In general, four areas are dealt with: the teaching and learning of the arts; aesthetics and philosophy; social analysis; and significant examples of creative expression in a media which may be served by the printing process.

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Guest Editors

Sheila de Bretteville  
Barry Hyams  
Marianne Partridge

We are proud in this issue of *Arts in Society* to present the genesis of California Institute of the Arts, a remarkable new enterprise which opened its doors this fall. This issue really carries a single credit line: It was planned, written, designed, and produced by the faculty and staff of the Institute. We have given them the free run of our journal, because we felt that the important story of their two-year planning effort should be told with full creative latitude. And, indeed, the omnium-gatherum of materials which follows eloquently suggests both the tenor and scope of their dialectic: one cogently tied, in large dimension, to those imperatives of leadership now challenging all institutions of higher learning. It is for that reason that this issue merits the close attention of educators, artists, and cultural leaders everywhere.

This is the moment of destiny for the arts in the university—and for those other disciplines and studies which speak most directly for man. The evidence is every day mounting that universities have recklessly indulged their scientific and technological endeavors to the detriment of their humanistic concerns. How else can one account for their heavy-footed response to devastating social change? A radical shift in priorities is long overdue, and that shift must come in the immediate future if society is ever to control the monstrous technologies which now threaten even existence itself. While it might sound extravagant to suggest also that the arts could be the chief means of revitalizing the universities in their present moment of peril, one can presume that that thought has of late frequently crossed the minds of our best arts educators. Certainly in the brave new institutions of tomorrow the arts must provide the very cutting edge of leadership, etching in bold lines those human concerns from which all other positions must emanate.

The agenda for reform of the arts in the university has long been clearly evident: they must be liberated from their present debased, fragmented, largely decorative role and given the freedom and encouragement to grow to mature stature, their creative outlook and sense of purpose intimately related to a dynamic and wholistic vision of man. All that, of course, is much more easily said than done. In recent years, we have seen many efforts—a few of them commendably enterprising and imaginative—to break with the archaic and restrictive molds of academe. But it must be acknowledged that none as yet has been sufficiently insightful and vigorous to have achieved a significant alteration in the ambience itself. Because these efforts have had only limited objectives, they have achieved only limited impact, and campus vision in the arts remains small. But large visions evolve only from the asking of large questions. And perhaps the single, most encompassing question of our time is, to paraphrase Bertolt Brecht:

How can the shackled, ignorant, freedom-and-knowledge-seeking human being of our century, the tormented and heroic, abused and ingenious, the changeable and the world-changing human being of this frightful and important century achieve his own (art), which will help him to master, not only himself but the world?

From the evidence of this issue, there has been circumspection yet urgency on the part of the faculty and staff of California Institute of the Arts to confront that central question. It is what accounts for their determination to push for nothing less than total reform—to project, as were, a radically different prototype for training the artist of the future.

Edward L. Kama



# Contributors

73	Michael Aldrich <i>Faculty, Critical Studies</i>
114-115	John Baldessari <i>Faculty, Art</i>
124	Jim Baumann <i>Student, Art</i>
163	Michael Bell <i>Student, Critical Studies</i>
10, 12, 14, 20, 21, 24, 40, 41, 59, 60, 65-72, 86, 88, 90, 103-4, 108, 118, 124, 138, 142, 146, 156, 159, 174	Herbert Blau, <i>Provost; Dean, Theater and Dance</i>
21, 37, 54, 55, 65-69, 70, 72, 172	Paul Brach <i>Dean, Art</i>
8	Walt Disney <i>Founder, California Institute of the Arts</i>
85, 161	Roger Conrad <i>Faculty, Design</i>
9, 16, 20, 83, 84, 91-93, 174	Robert W. Corrigan <i>President, California Institute of the Arts</i>
168, 169	Leonard Cottrell <i>Faculty, Design</i>
122, 123, 168, 169	Peter de Bretteville <i>Faculty, Design</i>
153-155	Sheila de Bretteville <i>Faculty, Design</i>
148-9	Farquahar Productions: Stephen Boyd <i>Student, Film</i> Marshall Harvey <i>Student, Film</i> Robert Rogers <i>Student, Film</i>
36, 153-155	Richard E. Farson <i>Dean, Design</i>
66, 71	Steve Gillmor <i>Student, Film</i>
94	Mrs. Thayer Gilpatric <i>Trustee, Board of Trustees</i>
94	Stanley M. Gortikov <i>Trustee, Board of Trustees</i>
100	Leo Hamalian <i>Dean, Institute Affairs</i>
15, 18, 19, 60, 62, 78, 102	Mark Harris <i>Faculty, Critical Studies</i>
110	Dick Higgins <i>Faculty, Critical Studies</i>
24, 65-68, 129-135, 156, 168, 169	Craig Hodgetts <i>Associate Dean, Design</i>
4, 6, 38, 39	Albert Innaurato <i>Student, Theater and Dance</i>
105, 147	Stonewall Jackson <i>Student, Institute Studies</i>
22-24, 56-7, 70, 82, 125-128, 166-7	Allan Kaprow <i>Associate Dean, Art</i>
51	David Kirkpatrick <i>Student, Film</i>
58	Alison Knowles <i>Faculty, Art</i>
33	Kenneth Levey <i>Student, Design</i>
86, 108	Bella Lewitzky <i>Associate Dean, Theater &amp; Dance</i>
1-3, 5, 101, 108, 139-141	Ben Lifson <i>Faculty, Design</i>
94	William S. Lund <i>Trustee, Board of Trustees</i>
22, 23, 36, 48-50, 52	Alexander MacKendrick <i>Dean, Film</i>
75, 89	Kris Malkiewicz <i>Assistant to Dean, Film</i>
168-9	Ron McDowell <i>Student, Design</i>
112, 113, 170	George Miller <i>Faculty, Art</i>
3, 24, 66, 71	Larry Miller <i>Assistant to Dean, Critical Studies</i>
94	Scott Newhall <i>Trustee, Board of Trustees</i>
159	Nam June Paik <i>Faculty, Art</i>
118, 119, 124, 156, 159	Victor Papanek <i>Faculty, Design</i>
21, 37, 150-152	Peter Pearce <i>Associate Dean, Design</i>
0, 21, 23, 24, 37, 42, 44-7, 144, 147	Mel Powell <i>Dean, Music</i>
4, 6	Thomas Radloff <i>Student, Institute Studies</i>
76, 124	Ravi Shankar <i>Faculty, Music</i>
165	Susan Starbird <i>Student, Art</i>
20, 21, 64-72	Maurice Stein <i>Dean, Critical Studies</i>
36, 43, 66, 69, 71	Morton Subotnik <i>Associate Dean, Music</i>
80	Lewis Tanner <i>Student, Critical Studies</i>
82	Kenneth Versand <i>Student, Design</i>
39, 40	Denene von Glan <i>Student, Theater and Dance</i>
157	David Wing <i>Student, Design</i>
83	Mamako Yoneyama <i>Faculty, Theater &amp; Dance</i>
86, 138, 141, 142, 170	Gene Youngblood <i>Faculty, Critical Studies</i>



## Photo Credits

- 1-3 Ben Lifson *TV News*
- 5 Ben Lifson *Living Theater*
- 7 Chip Lloyd *Actors Workshop*
- 53 Kay McRee *Video*
- 65, 67 Barry Hyams *Maurice R. Stein*
- 68 Barry Hyams *Paul Brach, Maurice R. Stein*
- 72 Barry Hyams *Herbert Blau, Maurice R. Stein, Craig Hodgetts*
- 75 Kris Malkiewicz *Student Be-In*
- 83 William Ganslen *Mamako Yoneyama*
- 85 Roger Conrad *Saran wrapped handshake*
- 89 Kris Malkiewicz *Groundbreaking at Valencia*
- 101 Ben Lifson *Kent State*
- 106-107 Larry Leach *Altamont*
- 109 A Spectator *Lifson at Living Theater*
- 113 George Miller *"Self Audio #27-101"*
- 114 John Baldessari *CALIFORNIA*
- 125-128 Allan Kaprow *Roundtrip through LA between home and Institute*
- 139 Ben Lifson *Solar Eclipse*
- 140-141 Ben Lifson *Cronkite on TV Washington, DC*
- 148-149 Farquahar from film *"Old Glory"*
- 157 David Wing *Beauty Salon*
- 161 Roger Conrad *Masked Lady*
- 168-169 Ann Cottrell *Interstellar Communication and earthwork: Peter de Bretteville, Leonard Cottrell, Craig Hodgetts*

## Newsphotos

- 11 *Ethel Kennedy*
- 13 *Hubert Humphrey*
- 15 *May Day-Yale University*
- 17 *Woodstock*
- 19 *George Wallace*
- 34-35 *Godzilla*
- 47 *Mel Powell*
- 61 *Stokely Carmichael*
- 63 *Ronald Reagan*
- 79 *Chicago Convention*
- 81 *Soldiers in Vietnam*
- 87 *Mick Jagger*
- 95 *Berkeley*
- 111 *Exiting from fallout shelter*
- 116-117 *Mobile Home*
- 120-121 *Tract Homes-San Bernardino*
- 143 *LA Freeway thru smog*
- 144-145 *Atomic Mushroom*
- 170 *Instant Identity*



## Acknowledgements

*I Ching*, R. Wilhelm and C. F. Baynes, trs., (Princeton, Princeton University Press, 1967);

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"He that is not busy being born  
is busy dying."

- Dylan

Born: 1952

To a white middle class family.

Instilled within  
This stagnant bin  
My mind cries out its pain.

Presently attending Baldwin High School of New York City,  
Kenneth Michael Levey is charged with evasion of  
irrelevant compilation of facts, and I, pending principle,  
suggest an institution of Art, specializing in

R E B I R T H



We are interested in an array of experiences: learning about one's self as an instrument, social environments, social systems, the dynamic of change, the small group process, organizational behavior, information and communication systems.

If you want to improve life for people and organizations, you have to look at the organizations through which that organization articulates, and pretty soon you're looking at the larger picture, and you begin to see that the human situation—the relationships that exist among people—while they are dominant in determining the behavior and experience of people—are not sufficient either, because you have to look at the physical arrangements. The environment.

Equal and opposite is the field of architecture and design where the designers deal with the physical environment, unable to bring it to human scale, human dimensions, to considerations of social and human architecture as well as physical architecture.

The way I see the design school is an effort to reduce the frustration of the designer and the social scientist, to come together and see how we can marry our disciplines so that we can combine the social and physical architectures into one discipline, to lead industry rather than follow it, to lead our society.

—Richard E. Farson

When you show your film to the public for the first time, as you come out you're usually arguing only over detail. The main issue, whether it works or not, you know instantly; you sense it as you sit among the audience sharing the responses.

I believe the major learning experience for young filmmakers comes at this moment, watching their own work and that of their colleagues as it is seen by the rest of the students. The faculty? Standing on the sidelines. The important reaction will come from the other students.

What the Institute ought to have is a regular video program, run by the students: news and events, student comment and an outlet for student talent, broadcasts to the campus on what's happening on the campus. In this way the "community of the arts" can be something material, electronic and immediate.

—Alexander Mackendrick

In the process of developing, I began to understand there was something called music, a meditative art, something you listened to in the old sense.

I didn't come to music in order to finish music.

I came to it to continue in some way, but I found no place to continue; it was gone.

I couldn't with a right mind—a moral mind—go into it, simply to add pieces to a dying structure.

There's no other institution where the people are still wearing tails.

Tails are a joke, and they're still up there wearing tails.

When I tried to deduct my tails from my income tax, they told me I could wear them at cocktail parties.

—Morton Subotnick



We should try a number of things simultaneously.

Certain groups of students are thrown together for performance-oriented, art-life games from the start.

More sophisticated mixes will come when the students have some sense of competence in their own areas.

An artist who begins to know where he is, has a much sense of courage.

—Paul Brach

Almost always a music school or department will focus its work on the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries derived from Europe. Virtually everything else will tend to be peripheral, to be played with occasionally and not taken too seriously.

We will make a mix of what have been conventionally discrete disciplines.

If I could arrange to take courses in every one of the schools, I might consider a slight cut in salary.

I am the school, my attitude, my orientation, my eccentricity.

I will have to prescribe how much is prescriptive. The composer will not get away with coming in here,

zipping down his fly, pee-ing on a cellist who has no brassiere on, and calling it Opus #4.

If he turned out to be deaf, I would then ask for equal time from the other side.

What in principle do we want to rule out?

Conservatism that is not the result of reasoned judgment, and radicalism that is rooted in ignorance.

The rest is an act of faith.

—Mel Powell

The most pervasive skill the designer learns is how to pass down renderings.

The most important thing which is very weak in almost all schools is a sense of how things are made, how things are produced. An intense and exciting program, something which mundane, is production methods. They can be deadly.

But it has fantastic resources in the way of taking the kids down and watching an extrusion, how you make a glass bottle, how a coke bottle is made, or a toothpaste tube; it begins to open an array of options, so that you don't feel intimidated by technology.

I'm a real bug on technical competence of the student.

My position is that the reason why he might not get a job at General Motors is not because he won't have the skill, it's that he wouldn't be caught dead there.

His skills will put to shame the guys from other institutions who have no philosophical goal.

There are a lot of things that need to be done.

Our self-defined role as a school of design is to find things that need to be done so the school itself has a going curriculum, an array of possibilities.

There's a lot of places you can go, good places, to learn a lot of things.

There is no place in the world that can do what we're talking about.

I'm operating out of what I think I can do personally, and my anticipation is that this will be far more revolutionary; and God knows what will happen.

—Peter Pearce

Gentlemen: This will be slightly to the left of auto-biographical, mostly because I am terribly egocentric and secondly because I am sadistic--I can neither type nor spell and am inflicting my highly imaginative (But not Anglo-Saxon) handling of the written language on you.

I have always written and it seems to me mostly stories to be dramatized. At thirteen there was a brief interval for a suicide attempt and two opera libretti (which I thereupon set to dolorous music.) One of the operas addressed itself to the tantalizing possibility that Queen Elizabeth the first was really a man. I sighted in the text her inability to bear children despite many lovers and no birth control, her deep voice, hairy legs, premature baldness, her beard and fondness for shaving it, and her penchant for riding astride and not side saddle. I liked it, but assigning the prima donna role to a Bass-baritone, did not go down well in Phila for some reason. Thereafter I wrote two films and tried to write two novels. One of the films was actually made and even one a prize--not for me for the director. It was about Cannabulism. It concerned a lusty English teacher who lured his best student into the woods and ate him--literally, starting at the neck and working down. It was slightly abridged in the directing. The title was one of my favorites--The Rimming of Tom Gradwell.

The novels were not successful. One at sixteen written along with the Rimming got nowhere, the second two years later, likewise got nowhere. There were also short stories and bad poems. But mostly, after my fifteenth year there were plays. I am a firm believer in non realistic theatre; particularly that involving other media, thrust or no stages, and using nudity when it's effect will tell. To survive--how simple minded it sounds in the verbalization!--theatre must evolve a new set of non-nineteenth century conventions; or else concede the contest to the commercials on t.v. or the commercialization of the movies, both of which do 'reality' better.

The theatre then must be an audience active experience the audience must feel impelled to scream stamp, whistle, join in, boo, strip, weep or walk out. They must not be let to doze during the exposition to wake wondering where the songs are, neck during the passion, masterbate at the climax and go home to fall peacefully asleep. If they do (and they do with frightening frequency) then we must all pack up and become sisters -of- mercy!

Everything: the script, the actors and their bodies, the ears and eyes of the audience, the lights and the set (If there is one--there is nothing I detest more than the self sufficient, quasi movie 'setting' inflicted on the stage so often) must be harnessed to the theatre experience. Nothing can be set or decided on before the first rehearsal--whether the play be Hamlet by Bacon, or Ulight by Innaurato.

We must, through motion and music, song and speech, chant and dance unroll our theatre backwards to the power and meaningfulness of it's beginnings. There must be a total kenises in the audience, a rhythm involving every sense and propelling those senses to some perception beyond the discomfort of aunt Tillies' hoomoroids, or whether brother would look better in drag...the twin themes of most of the plays and movies encountered on the market today.

Before my next lecture perhaps, I should move on to my other experience. I have done a good deal of acting (or so it seems to me) most of it bad. I like to act (or as some one once described what I do--to 'flail my arms and monopolize center stage)--and could probably never turn down a part I really wanted to do (it would be hard anyway) but right now writing and directing mean more to me.

I'm tired for one thing. I've been in so many bad productions and unproductive acting courses, that I feel like I've been jabbing my make up into my navel. I haven't developed very far as an actor--to be good I'd need far more work in movement and diction than I've gotten, and a chance to work on honesty and directness and simplicity versus style and affectation. I'm am not very free and consequently my range is narrow.

For another thing, the purely egotistical thrill of acting has begun to fade in favor of the different kind of fulfillment writing and directing afford.

As to my marks at Temple--they are horrible! They indicate a gradual retardation over the past five--not four alas, alas!--at Temple. Failure to survive Geology and mathematics not to mention gym have kept me chained all unwilling to that Petrus in Philly. I will leave in June if I have to blow the place up (luckily as of this writing it does not appear that that will be necessary).

And so, what more is there to say? I have a number of other scripts besides the three I'm sending--if you'd like to see more of my work, I'd be happy to send them. I'd like to work for a while in a place where my scripts will be done (the only way a writer can learn) and not ignored. And where, if possible, I could direct--as I want to and not be punished for it, but learn whether I fail or not.

I certainly want a professional career--if possible as a writer-director. I am not sanguine ~~or~~ or childish (I hope!!) about the difficulties of bringing something like that off. I am not in it for the money--as long as I can make enough to eat and buy opera records I'll be happy. But I want to try. I may fail certainly; I may starve certainly (I lost one hundred pounds one Summer, so I'm used to that in a sense) but there will be no meaning to my life without a long and hard attempt. There has been little of meaning in my life as it is--and all the meaning has been wrapped in theatre in some way. I certainly don't intend to resign myself to a white middle class kind of death, without a long fight!

Dear Mr. Blau,

Some weeks ago I received a letter from you accepting me as an acting student in the School of Theatre and Dance for next Fall. I want to thank you for the time you took to audition me and for your kindness in writing to me personally and so promptly.

Since I've returned from California, I have been accepted at Stanford with a scholarship and it looks promising at NYU. I've put a lot of thought into these schools in the past weeks, talked to knowledgeable students and instructors, and mostly tried to discern what I want out of a school for my particular talents and aspirations. My first choice is CIA.

I do have a question though: my real favorite in the theatre is Shakespeare, and I do prefer the classics in general to contemporary drama. I'm wondering if I will receive the particular voice and movement training at CIA that the classical stage requires. I ask this because it 'feels' to me that CIA's approach is very un-traditional and innovative. I know very well that an innovative program does not at all rule out classical training; I just wonder how extensive that classical training might be. Could you cast a little light on this for me please?

I hope to hear from CIA soon.

Thank you very much

Sincerely,

*Denene von Glan*  
Denene von Glan



April 21, 1970

Dear Miss Von Glan:

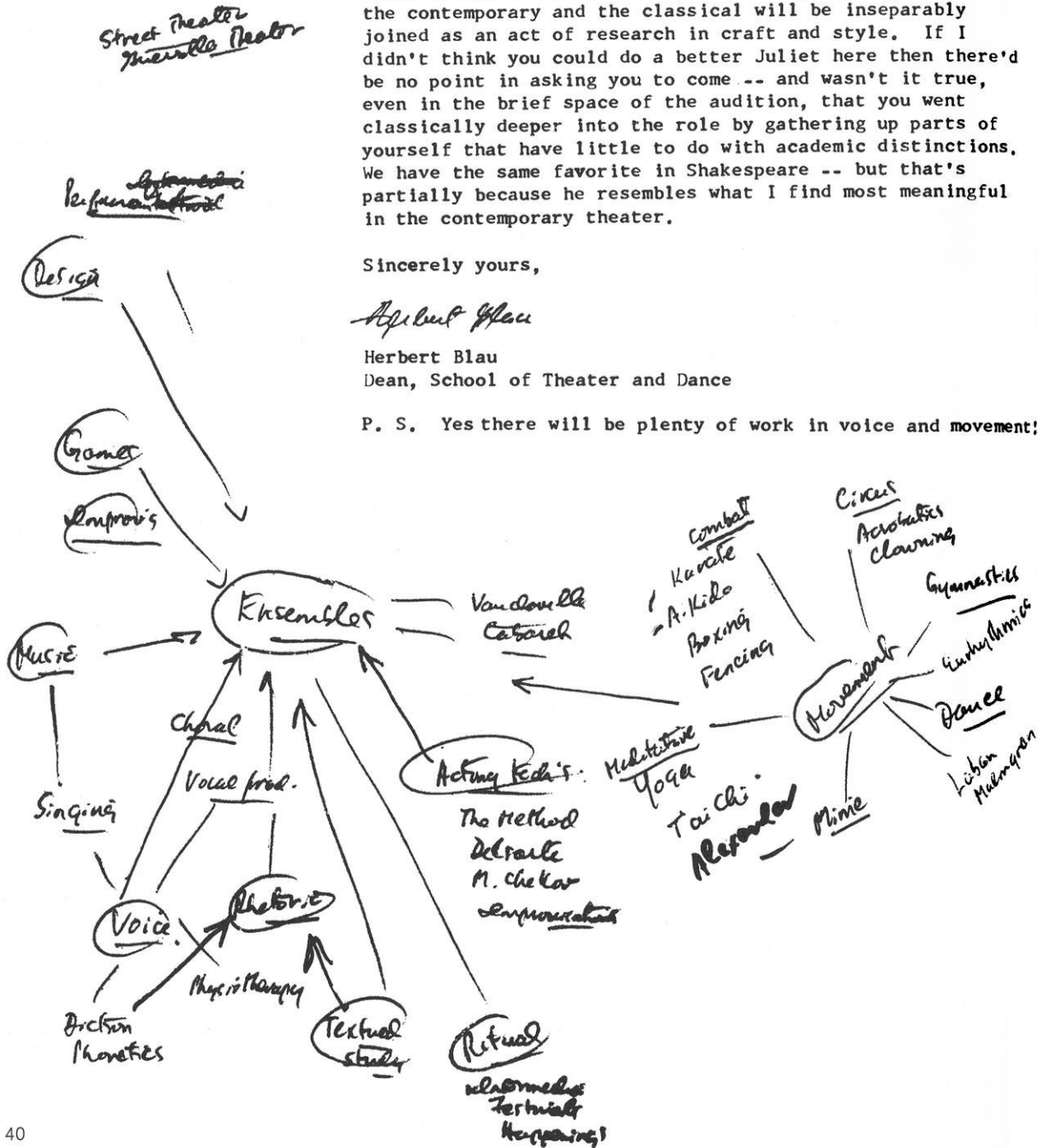
With the question about classical training, you're back to an old paradox: innovative is classical, as you can easily see from the recent work of the Royal Shakespeare Theater in England. They'd hardly be doing what they're doing at Stratford if it were not for the investigations of Beckett, Pinter, and Artaud. That aside, we're interested in our own way of working, what's apt for us. What passes for classical, say in our Shakespeare Festivals (and most schools), is usually banal, isn't it?, and mostly irrelevant, neither true nor ample nor boldly formed. I can't promise that we'll be doing whole seasons of Shakespearean plays; we won't be doing whole seasons of anything, in fact. We shall rather be doing constant work-in-progress, in which the contemporary and the classical will be inseparably joined as an act of research in craft and style. If I didn't think you could do a better Juliet here than there'd be no point in asking you to come -- and wasn't it true, even in the brief space of the audition, that you went classically deeper into the role by gathering up parts of yourself that have little to do with academic distinctions. We have the same favorite in Shakespeare -- but that's partially because he resembles what I find most meaningful in the contemporary theater.

Sincerely yours,

*Herbert Blau*

Herbert Blau  
Dean, School of Theater and Dance

P. S. Yes there will be plenty of work in voice and movement!



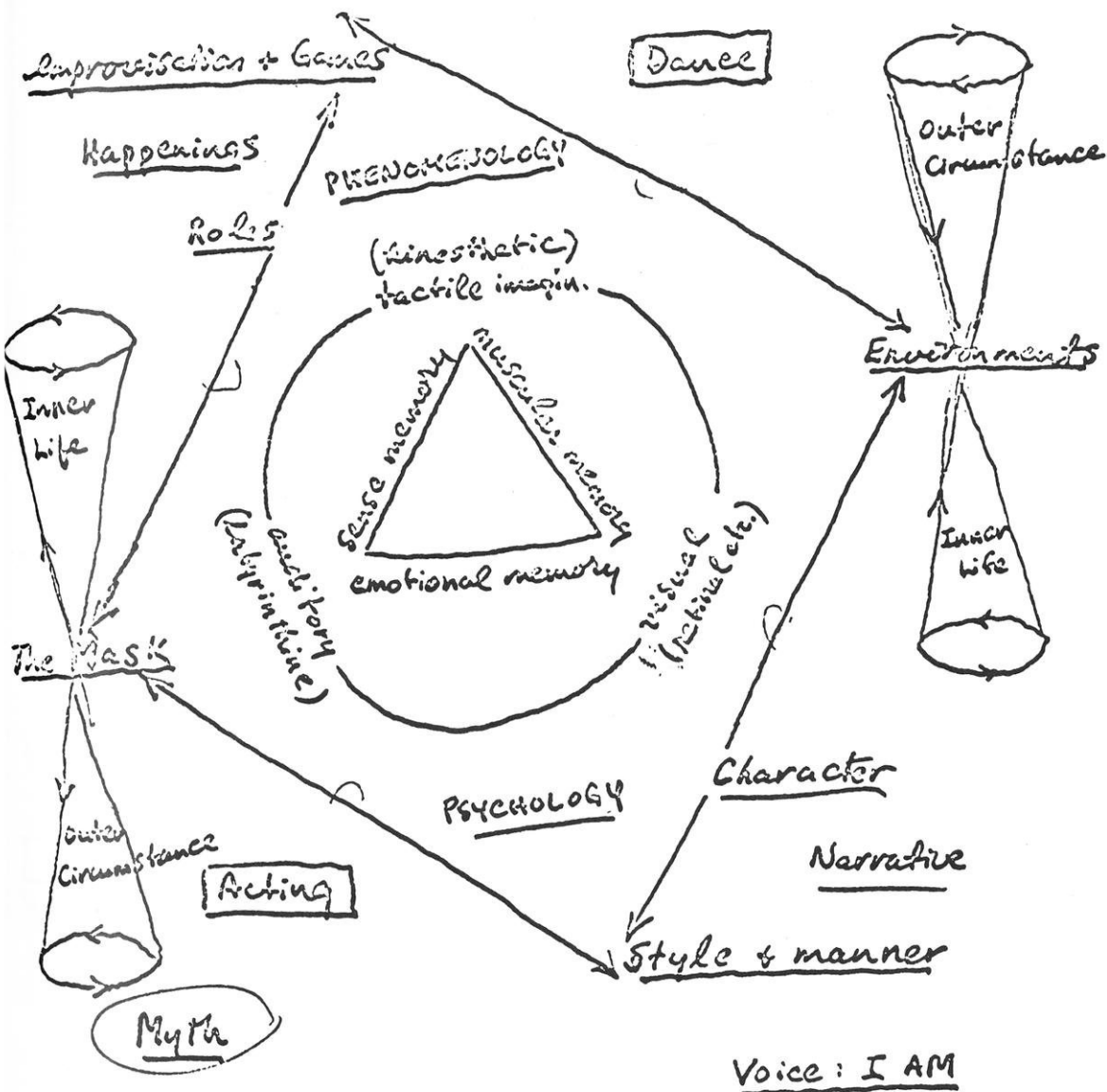
Gratuitous play: order, fusion,  
motion, change, solemnity, rapture;  
methectic, rhythmic

Non-verbal techniques:

"The body is the book"

Sound: OM

Ritual



"In the beginning was The Word"

Verbal: textual study

Representational play: meaning +  
purpose; expression of "life" or  
"nature" - mimetic, rational,  
calculated; play-as-form

Inter-Office Memorandum    To: Anyone who might give a damn  
                                 From: Mel Powell  
                                 Date: 11-4-69  
                                 Subject: Amplification of one of my bromides

My comment about the orchestra being dead and therefore more fascinating than ever . . . . it's not a matter of necrophilia.

The idea is that the conventional attitudes and conventional objectives, the milieu -- the familiar usage has gone stale. It can be put aside.

What counts, what's remarkable -- "acoustically", if you please -- is that the orchestra, despite everything, emerges as potentially the subtlest, most sophisticated, flexible, boundlessly complex sound-making machine available. And just now from the compositional point of view there's no tougher, more "radical" job than making sense of a very large collection of highly differentiated entities -- exactly when sensibility and syntax are so easily attuned to something else.



flute *ff* repeat to crash

oboe *ff* hold to crash

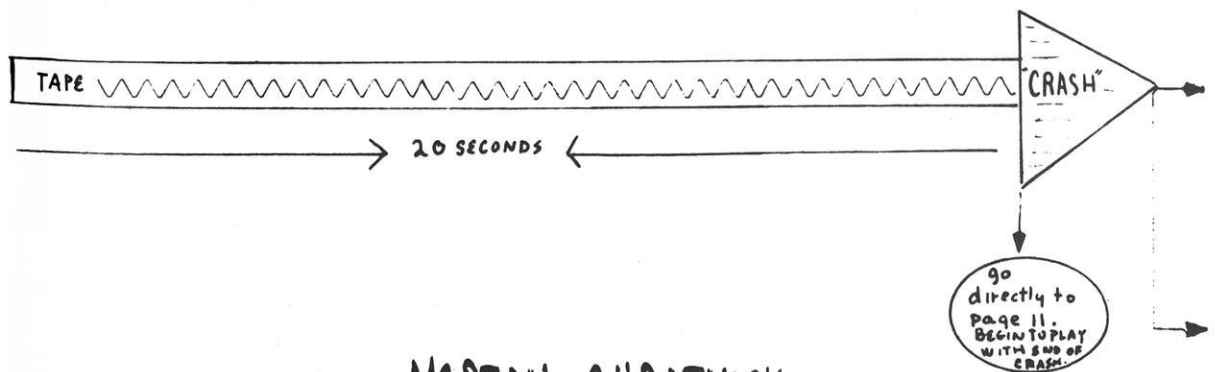
clar. *ff* repeat to crash

horn *ff* repeat to crash

bassoon *ff* repeat to crash

piano *ff* PED — # PED — # repeat to crash

DO NOT PLAY 1st TIME THROUGH



MORTON SUBOTNICK

Handwritten musical score for **IMMOBILE V** for ORCHESTRA and TAPE. The score is written on multiple staves, including:

- Fls.** (Flutes) - Staves 1-4
- Oboes** - Staves 5-6
- Eng. Harp** - Staff 7
- Clars. (Bb)** - Staves 8-9
- Bas. Clar.** - Staff 10
- Bsns.** (Bassoons) - Staves 11-12
- Horns (F)** - Staves 13-14
- Trpts (Bb)** - Staves 15-16
- Trbns** - Staves 17-18
- Tuba** - Staff 19
- Timp.** (Timpani) - Staff 20
- Perc.** (Percussion) - Staves 21-23
- Harp I** - Staff 24
- Harp II** - Staff 25
- Violins I** - Staff 26
- Violins II** - Staff 27
- Violas** - Staff 28
- Cellos** - Staff 29
- Double Basses** - Staff 30

The score includes various musical notations, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings (e.g., *p*, *pp*, *mp*, *f*, *ff*). It also features tempo markings such as *Ad lib.*, *Allegro*, and *Andante*. The score is divided into measures, with some measures containing multiple staves. The overall structure is complex, with many staves and a large number of measures.

# **IMMOBILE V** for ORCHESTRA and TAPE Use to

# The Night That Mel Powell Packed Up and Went Home

• Serious new music, like serious old music, isn't made to be dribbled around in a basketball arena. Nor is it conceivable as an introductory time-filler for a rock festival featuring Frank Zappa. What boggles the mind, then, is the indisputable fact that the third event of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra's Contempo '70 series, which took place on May 15, attempted to amalgamate the compositional nuances of serious new music, the acoustical charms of Pauley Pavilion and the musical tastes of what must have been a road company of the Woodstock Nation. As a disaster, it worked beautifully. An evening long to be forgotten.

Having been seduced by diverse blandishments, I was supposed to participate, and in fact did, for a few awkward minutes. A work of mine for orchestra and tape was to receive its local premiere. Though Zubin Mehta and the orchestra tried to get under way, the tape didn't. What with the sonic and psychic conditions imposed by the vast sports palace and the immense, unsettled and unsettling audience, no one knew that there had been a mechanical failure.

For that matter, no one could have distinguished between one kind of failure and another, and I suppose if the tape machine had not been at hand, I'd have continued to address my own attention to the one significant sonority available, a peculiar steady-state murmur of 15,000 people huddling together. However, commandeering one of the microphones, I interrupted, and advised Mehta of our inelegant situation. He, in turn, agreed to go on to the next piece and to come back to my composition after intermission. The postponement would thus give technicians time to set things in order.

Happily, it also gave me time to set things in order, which is to say, soon after the Mothers of Invention began to define what the evening really was about, I got out of there. There was no point waiting for intermission. "The main attraction, what you've all really come here for" (Mehta's introduction of Zappa's band), was already on stage purveying its wares, a pop melange of cabaret wit and electrified oom-pah.

The faulty cable (that's what it was; one of the tribal villagers had done in a wire) proved to be, from my viewpoint, the most felicitous technological breakdown in the chronicle of serious contemporary music. It provided a reprieve, the opportunity to extricate myself from a foolish fiasco into which I'd inadvertently wandered, having been told earlier that estimable standards and noble purposes were to govern the evening's pursuits. As Mar-

tin Bernheimer subsequently reported: "Mel Powell packed up his tape and went home. He later explained his action in terms of 'revulsion at the wretched debasement of new music... exploitation of pop mobs... mockery of art... cynical attitude of the Philharmonic management.' He insisted his displeasure had little to do with the technical mishap." Precisely so.

Among the inducements set before me at a much earlier date was the assurance the evening of May 15 was to be a concert. I was also told by my "Immobiles," the piece involved in the debacle, would be given its New York premiere next season in one of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra's programs there. But now as I prepared to depart, the executive director of the Philharmonic, Ernest Fleischmann, who had been sitting next to me in what, under the circumstance, was an admirably stoic mood, became very angry.

He attempted physically to prevent my egress and intellectually to do so by promising that never again would the orchestra perform a composition of mine. That gracious farewell was altogether at home among the other aberrations being generated by professional immorality. For instance, as I was heading for the exit, the Zappa group was oscillating between verbal and musical obscenities.

What brings about such folly? For one thing, there is the theory, widespread these days and brain-damaging, that music is music and all of it belongs in the same pot. Even to speak of "serious" as opposed to "popular" art is, according to that theory, to violate the spirit of the age with its beautiful young people and their beautiful egalitarian ideals. But though an outraged protest against snobbery is rooted in the best social instincts, sociology and music do not share the same criteria. And, anyway, it's not snobbery to register your own outraged protest against musical fatuousness and vulgarity.

America's pop music culture does what it does very efficiently, needs no counterfeit high-culture credentials, and is manifestly in the wrong zone when set beside the symphony orchestra. Pop and folk elements, as everyone knows, have been transformed and idealized with great subtlety by master composers (as early as Machaut; as recent as Bartok), but it's something else—and reprehensible—to project the unadorned colloquial as though it were sublime.

Minimal musical awareness informs us that there isn't an instrumental, vocal or compositional entity presented nowadays by the majority of rock groups to their millions of devotees that is so much as an inch beyond the reach of an utterly unaccomplished amateur. Except for the handful of genuinely gifted in this field, its "profession" becomes a form of participatory democracy in which the talentless kid in the living room plunking away on his guitar idolizes the equally talentless kid on the tube or recording plunking away on his guitar. If the medium is the message, the message here is that the medium is an ego-trip mirror; it scarcely matters who is transmitting, who is receiving.

The perennial *Kitsch* about the "fu-



sion" of such stuff with art music exposes a bad transplant of a good democratic notion. The idea of egalitarianism, lovely and humane within the world of political and social structures, becomes foolish in connection with the high art of music. In this latter domain too many undemocratic whims of nature take control; there simply aren't equal rights to be had there, or free speech, or fair housing, or legal recourse, or anything of the sort. Least of all, majority rule.

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**"Pop music . . . is manifestly  
in the wrong zone when set  
beside a symphony orchestra"**

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Still, the great populist stream knows no boundaries and inevitably gathers force enough to override everything, rushing on to become an ocean of lunacy. The rule then becomes either Beethoven was black or he wasn't beautiful. Mozart does his thing and so does Ringo. ("Man, it's the same, don't you dig?") Bach and those cats got their own scene just like Snooty Sam and the Father-Grabbing Anti-Oinkers got their own scene. ("Dig: Brotherhood, man, Equality.") And—to cite a high-point of the Contempo '70 spectacular of May 15—Frank Zappa tells it like it is rappin' about bedsheets of teenagers in heat and swinging girlie magazines made for middle aged masturbation and gets it on with some groovy riffs out of Stravinsky's "Agon." (Yeah! Igor and the Mothers! All equal. Right on. Dig it, man!")

An immediate consequence of this conceptual garbage is the commercial exploitation of genuinely well-intentioned young innocents whose deep devotion to social justice somehow renders them so vulnerable to music-hustling demagogues. The very hypocrisy young people abhor is everywhere at work ensnaring them, seducing them, stealing from them. Two days after the Philharmonic management had a crack at it, there was a front page story in this newspaper under the heading: "Mobsters Turn Monied Eye on Rock Festivals."

Still, I wonder if young people wise enough to see through the maze of societal abuses are destined to remain patsies for any length of time. Those who want a piece of the action are referred to the wildest of the Harvard Square riots, scarcely more than a month ago, when the hippie boutiques were hardest hit of all. The kids had caught on to how "their thing" is mutated into the wheeler-dealer's thing. Cynics, beware!

Of course, at bottom, money. The symphony orchestra needs support, needs new audiences, needs, needs, needs. Anything is worth trying, even dragging in the wrong people to the wrong place for the wrong reason. I've heard that the May 15 thing (who knows what to call it?) was a financial success. Good. May it be beginner's luck and end there. Or at least, may it not initiate a new system of financing symphony orchestras.

That would be the pathetic old story of winning survival at the price of los-

ing that which was to survive. Better to go openly into the business of merchandizing negotiable items, whether this entails promotions of rock festivals, or prizefights, or topless waitresses, or gambling casinos, or whatever. After all, the word is around that nobler institutions than symphony orchestras are sustained by, say, questionable modes of subvention. But then the noble institution is expected to sustain its noble function.

With respect to our collective guilt, community finally defines its own aspirations, its own character. If a cultural institution is absolutely necessary but too expensive, then either it's not essential or it's not too expensive. To my mind, the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra is in every sense indispensable so long as it's not obliged to become the bedfellow of precisely those mass-minded musical perversities to which it ought to be applying genuine antidotes.

Being now persona non grata where the enterprises of Ernest Fleischmann and Zubin Mehta unfold, I suppose there's a certain irony in my arguing that the abilities of such men are being used in behalf of our profession, that is in behalf of the disciplined and difficult, and in opposition to this Age of Ineptness and the cynical contempt for exemplary musical conduct.

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**"The very hypocrisy young  
people abhor is at work  
ensnaring them, seducing them"**

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Virtuous chores await. A responsible approach to serious new music actually calls for very, very hard work, for it doesn't play itself any more than Mozart does. The demands are far too severe to be met by the conventional attitudes of those entrepreneurs who believe that whenever they present a contemporary piece, in whatever context, however perfunctorily, they render grand, heroic, self-sacrificial service to the cause of music. Our profession wants other outlooks, truly professional outlooks, and it may finally turn out that the first step in winning support for excellent policies is simply to begin implementing them.



Inter-Office Memorandum      To: Larry Miller  
From: Sandy Mackendrick  
Date: 1-30-70

Your point about possible contradiction in the philosophy for the Film School impresses me. I believe I have the answer. But I'm glad to be challenged.

As I understand, you say: the Film/Video School seems to want to train students in the operation of facilities like those available only to professionals in the mass media: yet we denounce the mass media; we deplore Hollywood and Madison Avenue, and we say they won't even employ the kind of students we want to enroll. How can this be reconciled?

Ironically, the answer comes out of an article in the magazine you just gave me - "Is Print Dead?", in Designcourse by Dr. K. H. Fishbeck.

Fishbeck speaks for me ....

(1) "A discriminating (TV) viewer may find only occasional programs of interest, and these will occur in their unique and singular time period, forcing viewer to conform to the constraints of the TV schedule. Minority interests cannot be totally served since such service is proportionately a disservice to the majority ..." (my underlining)

And :-

"... the problems of inventory and distribution limit the availability of special interest publications ..."

Fishbeck quotes Jim Hillier, R.C.A.'s Vice President for Research and Development:-

"The problem is not technological but entrepreneurial ..." (my underlining)

(2) When Fishbeck describes 'the New Information Media', he refers to cassettes and Cable TV, with computerized selection from a vast library of material that can be disseminated electronically. He says:-

"The costs of inventory and distribution will be negligible" (- as compared with costs of producing the original material).

Implication: this new, now-existing but not yet operating, technology will break the stranglehold of the distributing agencies - namely the Hollywood Distributing financiers who back all movies, and the Madison Avenue advertisers who control the network dictatorship over all independent TV productions.

"... the cost of the mechanics of publishing and distribution will become trivial, and the opportunity for a vast variety of material from a diversity of sources will be obtained ..."

Peter Pearce, please note: Maximum diversity and maximum inventory. That's what computers and cable TV could achieve.



(3) "... (TV now) lacks the personal, individually tailored communication that is now much sought for in our mass production, depersonalized world..."

"... the college student, ghetto resident or suburbanite, reacts against this pressure, not so much to become a loner (\*see later), but to identify with a manageable group - one in which he can feel to be significant and one which he can hope to influence."

My translation: Cal Arts students should practice a rehearsal of the 'New Information Media' within the campus community at Valencia.

Note that this does require genuine technical understanding and real practical experience in the use of the hardware. Institute students need to work with quadruplex tape and sophisticated computer editing. But they use this not for communication with the 'Admass' audience. They use the latest technical hardware, addressing themselves to all their fellow students at Valencia - and, soon to students at Brandeis and Berkley.

Valencia can become a counter-institution. Definition: a counter-institution is not a retreat from the technology of Establishment institutions; it is a new use of that technology for a 'counter' purpose.

(4) Fishbeck even spells out the issues which should concern us - every one of them a political hot potato.

"How will writers and artists be compensated for their creative efforts?"

"Will the monies to make the system go come from taxes, subscriptions, billings or advertising?"

My tentative proposition: please, let's not see the system fall wholly into the hands of 'entrepreneurs' who are motivated by the concept of maximum profit over the shortest period. Maximum distribution mustn't mean a lowest common-denominator product for a mass audience. Rather a maximum diversity of products for the widest range of minority interest audiences.

Also, can we support the principles of the Geneva Convention on copyright? - the concept that it is illegal to require an author (in film also the director as 'auteur') to sell outright the copyright in his original creation.

"Should electronic libraries be free?"

My tentative proposition: yes. But maybe this won't work. In which case, retreat to the position that educational material is free: and all other creative product will be organized to assure the rights of the originator, the 'auteur' to have 'free' access to the channels of distribution, i.e. keep the control of the distribution of information and imagination out of the hands of commercial entrepreneurs (like [REDACTED], who is currently moving into the profitable racket of producing education material for high profit).

"Should the receiving sets have meters?"

"Should there be a toll system with charges depending on the copy selected?"

Proposition: though this sounds 'commercial', it may be worth trying. Possibly an 'economic democracy', designed to encourage selection by means of a consumer-producer relationship, is more desirable than other alternatives. Better that the viewer-reader-audience decide what gets into the library than that there is any 'establishment body' making selections. Down with private ownership of the means of communication - but down with public ownership of it, too!

(5) I repudiate the idea that these are not fit subjects for our Art School. Only at a place like ours, is there a chance to tackle the issues defined by Fishbeck. Every other context has a vested interest, commercial or political.

I also have some doubts about 'loners'\*. I am certain that you, like Alan Kaprow, are right in assuming that Cal Arts will appeal to poetic youngsters who despise the sordid Rat Race and all its rules. Alan would have us offer shelter to those idealists who want to do nothing very specific and don't need much to do it with. With sympathy, with respect, even with affection, I'd prefer them to go some place else. I'm looking for less lovable types - Rats who want to be fast in a new kind of Race.

(6) As regards 'philosophy' my prejudices will be clear from the above. So I declare them and offer myself to critical attack.

There are attitudes that depress me. For instance:-

'Primitive is more Pure'. 'What Matters is People, not Equipment'. 'The Power Structure is corrupt, so let's just smash it - why bother to find out how it works?'

Temperamentally, I reject the above. It feels like Ghandi-stuff. I think it's reactionary ("If God had meant us to fly, he'd have given us wings, so let's travel by train as God intended). I feel even more strongly than anyone that the 'Technological Society' is corrupt. (I've lived in it, remember). But, as Fishbeck points out, it's the Society that is at fault (the People) not the Technology (the Equipment).

'The problem is enterpreneurial.'

The challenge to our students is learn more about the technology than 'they' do.

I have an unhappy feeling that 'Protesters' enjoy the sound of their own moral indignation so much that they don't really want to make constructive change - it's much more fun to bitch about the way things are: being constructive is hard work and a drag. Obviously, I will be accused of the ultimate obscenity, a liberal attitude. I prefer to think of myself as a member of the Silent Minority who will waste no breath in complaint that can better be used simply to get the system totally changed.

This is not Protest or Dissent - it's plain Revolution. Normally, it would be really dangerous. Fortunately - as the Designcourse article indicates - we don't need to propose Revolution: it's happening of its own accord. The technicians have done their stuff and, now that the equipment is in prototype - visible - it can't be any longer suppressed. Cal Arts can show to the students (and everybody else) the way that a sensible society could employ the technology in an uncorrupt way.

As a member of the Margret Mead under-25 generation, I was raised on popcorn and the movie matinee. I loved movies and saw everyone that played at our town theatre except Thirteen Ghosts because my big brother (who saw it) said I would be too spooked by it.

I also had an obsession with television. When I was in kindergarten, our family got this big t.v set from my Grandpa. I wanted so bad to be on t.v. Roger, (from down the street), had been on the Uncle Ralph show. One night, when the babysitter was reading to my little sister, (or pretending to read to her, after-all my sister was only two), I snuck into the family room and took out the tube. Then, I invited my sister and babysitter and brothers to watch me and my puppets on t.v.

In my senior year, I was part of an experimental program in the school. The aims of the program were geared to the individual's own interests and growth. It is hard to explain the significance of this program to my life, I can only say that there was an immense impact. For the first time I was able to devote myself to things that I really wanted to do without the sterile mark of a grade upon it.

I failed miserably.

For two months, I spent most of my open-eye time writing a play about adolescence and the pains of growth. I wrote in abstractions with five central characters and long narrations: it was a complete mess. It had no feeling: it had become lost in the abstractions. I was so upset by it. I couldn't sleep, I felt black porcupine stickles boring my flesh. One day, I took the script from the independent study shelf, threw it to the sky in tiny pieces.

My last Independent Study project dealt with a film study of three songs from the white Beatles album: Why Don't We Do It In The Road? Julia, and Rocky Raccoon. For the first time in Independent Study I was really proud of what I had done. I was really excited when it was my turn to explain my Independent Study to the group. For the first time, I was able to give them a part of me. When the lights went off and the screen lit up with Julia's sea shell eyes, I felt myself grow almost whole.

When the three films were over and the lights came back on, my Independent Study advisor leaned over, kissed me, and said: "Now you know you can't go into politics."

I knew that, the first time I put my finger on the little black button and sensed the absolute.



Inter-Office Memorandum

To: Dick Farson  
All Deans & Associates  
From: Sandy MacKendrick  
Date: 2-11-70  
Subject: Film School

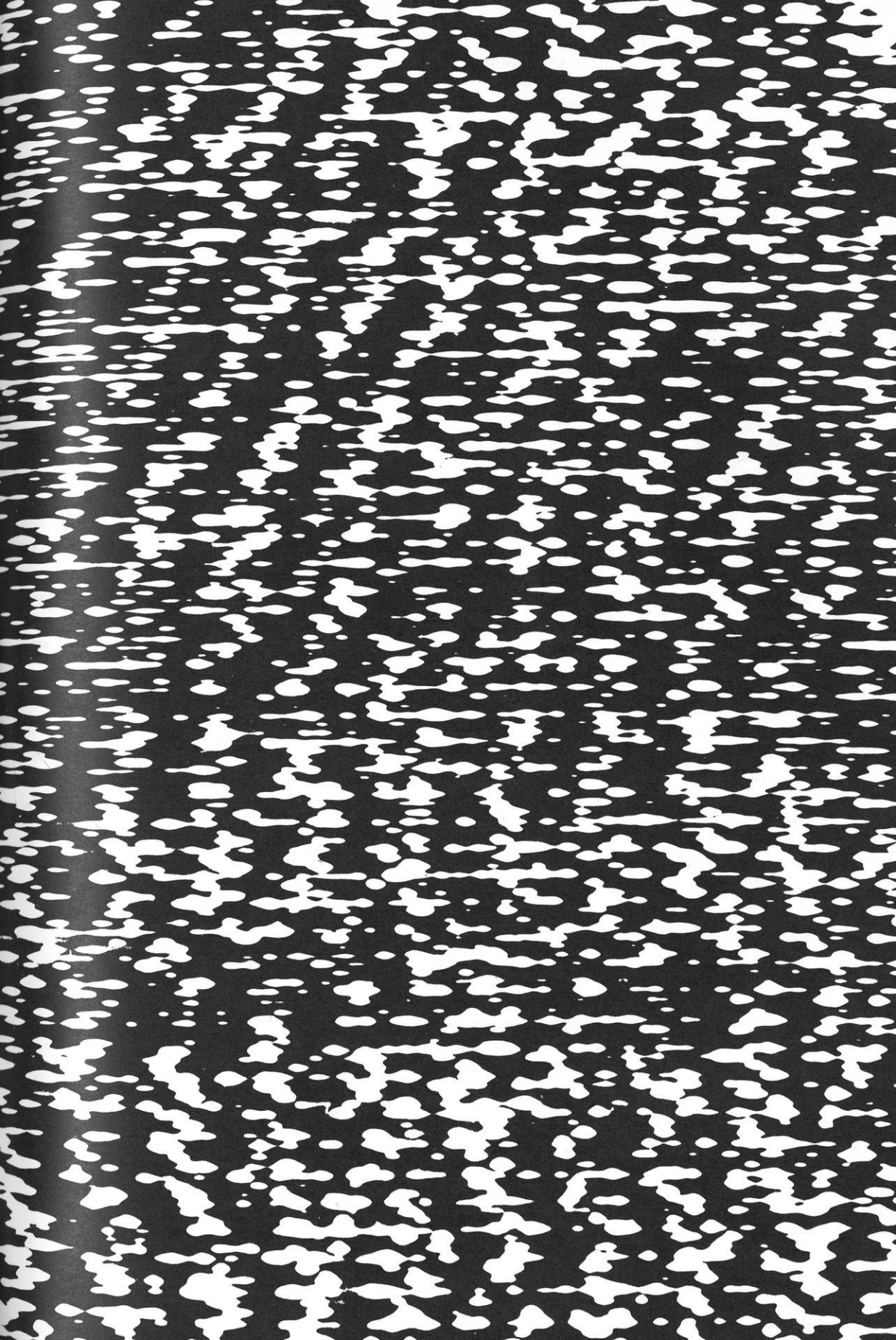
Verbal communication may not be my strong suit. I'm getting the horrid feeling that what I say doesn't mean to my listeners what I hope it means. You ask: "What kind of Film School could you begin with if you had no equipment? -- because surely there are lots of things about film-making you could still teach".

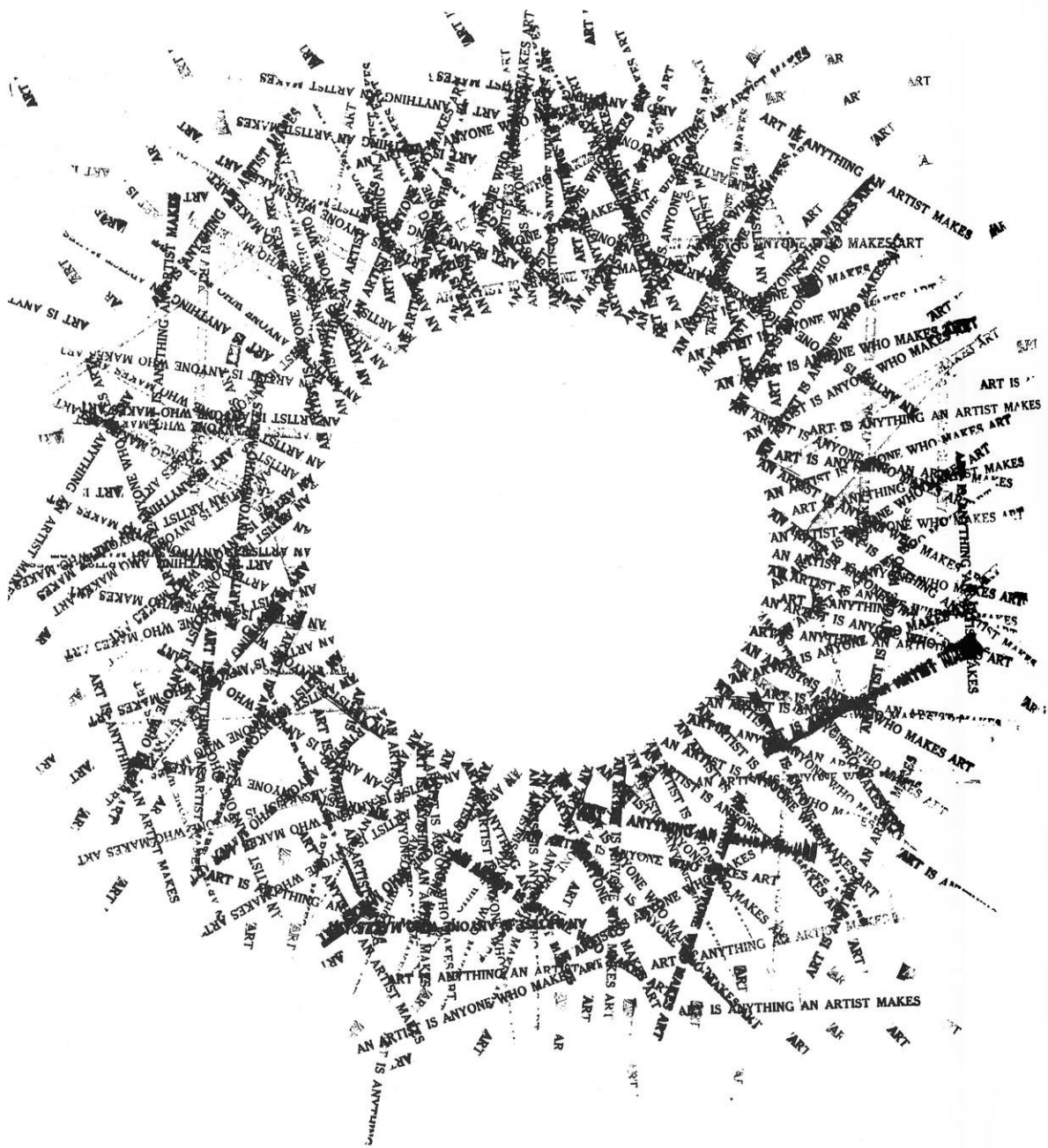
This rocks me. You mean it seriously, yet I am shaken to the core -- because it makes me feel that all I've been talking about has been misunderstood. You want a genuine answer, this is it: I'd apply to Critical Studies to offer myself as a lecturer, I'd align myself with Gene Youngblood to offer alternative seminars, discussions, debates, classes etc., concerning 'The History of Motion Pictures', 'Theories of Cinema', 'Aesthetics of Film', 'My Life in Movies And Funny Things That Happened to Me When Working with Peter Sellers And Others'.

As it happens, I can't teach students a lot about cinema photography: I've never worked as a cameraman. I've been a Production Designer, I've worked with Special Effects including Animation, I've written films, I've directed films of a very wide variety, I know something about handling actors, staging scenes, editing material that has been shot. In all these fields I think I can contribute.

Dilemma: with limited amounts of film stock I can't teach this stuff. It needs a three-camera video unit. One example: I had hoped to organize a work-study group in which writing for the big or small screen could be studied in the only way that makes sense to me, as a process in which Writing for Performance, Directing and Staging, and Screen Acting are viewed as an integral business. Rightly or wrongly, I think this could deal with some important aspects of creative film making. Maybe only a minority of film students will be interested in dramatic cinema, but there will be a few. And it's significant enough as a part of the spectrum to be almost essential -- unless we drastically limit our definition of Film.

Talk about this process may be interesting to many people. But it will be meaningless talk to me unless it is talk directly connected with the act of producing specific film or video sound images.







Non-freedom is:  
to make icons of our compulsions,  
to abolish choice and chance,  
to forbid autobiography and confession,  
to reject action and find precision.

If paintings are to be more than records of the things done to them, they must have absolute precision of meaning. The precision of intent or the precision of rectangles, edges and primary colors will not guarantee precision of meaning.

Clarity is the end, never the beginning. It comes after facing all the absurdities of choice and action. Only then does there occur that state of omniscience that is true non-freedom, a condition of detachment and nobility, enthroning the painter as master of his commitment.

Meaning is the currency of communication, once transacted through symbols or likeness. The symbols existed through collective investment and likeness was apparent. Now the symbol is interior, stripped of collective consent. Can it retain its precision? It must, for without the symbol, painting becomes but a series of footprints indicating nothing more than the passage of the painter.

The true inner symbol can only arise from the compulsive state of non-freedom, when the most private is made the most public. The gamble is with unintelligibility, which is insanity, one's own or the world's, a risk that is always present. Only in the state of omniscience that is non-freedom can the artist be sure that the insanity is not his own.

Paul Brach

If it is a truism that art, like everything else, has its past, modern art until recently has acted as if it were an exception. It was New, Brand New, without antecedents. It wiped away the past in a marvelous gesture of self-sufficiency. History was Bunk and influences were usually denied in spite of evidence to the contrary. For the public, urged on by talk in vanguard circles of the early twentieth century, contemporary art as a whole became known as "experimental." Now we know better. Like popular soaps, the same lather comes out in shades of blue, turquoise and lilac, each dramatically novel . . . Still, if the characterization of modern art as "experimental" was incorrect, it remains intriguing to speculate on what an experimental art might be. The idea has the inescapable flavor of daredeviltry.

To Experiment: schoolboy memories of oddballs puttering in their garages with twisted wires, clanking gadgets, sudden explosions . . . Tom Swift, Jules Verne and now the astronauts. Imagine something never before done; by a method never before used; whose outcome is unforeseen. Modern art is not like this, it is always Art.

This is the adventurer's side. Couple it with the professional view that nowadays young artists are schooled historically to an extraordinary degree, and their knowledge of what is going on is staggering. Among the cognoscenti, whose number is steadily growing, innovations are met with nods of expectation as though they were foregone conclusions. Predictions of things to come are not the business of prophets and quacks; they approach computability on the basis of the abundance of data made available at every minute to the communications systems.

But if something were to occur in which the historical references were missing, even for a short time, then that situation would become experimental. Certain lines of thought would be cut or shorted-out, and normally sophisticated minds would find themselves aghast. Such a position must be willed, worked at. It shares with the tradition of militant modernity that one essential ingredient of newness which has been confused with experimentation: *extremism*. For the experimenter, being at the outer limits is an important condition for jarring into focus attention upon urgent issues, but the experimenter's issues are philosophical rather than esthetic. They speak to questions of Being rather than to matters of Art. In contrast, extremist painting—Cubism, for instance—need not be experimental at all; it may be no more than (to the public) an uncomfortably rapid evolution of a prior mode. The leaps taken by the painter are simply too large for the public to follow quickly.

The developmental artist knows what art is. At least he has faith in it as a discipline whose horizons can be extended. The experimentalist has no such faith. The one thing that keeps him from becoming a barber or cattleman is his persistent curiosity about what art might be in addition to what everyone else has made it.

The experimental artist always denies art within the circle of art, submitting his alternative actions for acceptance as the preferable form of what he has rejected. Even if he occasionally refuses the accreditation when it is given, he does so to prolong the experimental atmosphere since the experiment could not be performed elsewhere without losing its identity and the issues it proposes to tackle. This acceptance as art, no matter how late it comes, is in my view the goal. The temporary ambiguity of experimental action is quite appropriate, for in leaving art, nothing is really escaped from; as it is suppressed it

emerges in disguise. The task is to build up sufficient psychological pressure to release from the transformation of this material the *energy* of art without its earmarks. Shredding newspaper into a shop window need not be merely making litter for puppies; it could become an Environment in which the dogs might play roles. The thuddings of raindrops in the dust could become fabulous sound-paintings; ant hills could become great architecture in motion; the screeching of a thousand starlings blotched against the treetops could turn into an unbelievable opera. The art terms "painting," "architecture," "opera," etc., are used advisedly to point up the ease by which displacement can occur between one mode of reference and another. It is the process of metaphor-making, approved as the way life is poetized, but deplored when, in the domain of the arts, metaphors are mixed. This is called confusion; but it is exactly what I recommend. Once this is understood, namely that the objective is to raise the pitch of that inner tension to such a degree that the conversion of non-art to art will be electrifying, it should be further understandable why the experimenter must be ruthless in ripping out the last shred of artistry in his every thought and enthusiasm. It is not enough to refuse contact with museums, concert halls, book shops and galleries. Nor is it enough to put out of one's mind actual paintings, poems, architecture, musical pieces, dances and movies. It is compulsory to put aside from conscious thought all echoes of art mediums, art subject matter, art's methods of formation.

Let us imagine the suicide of an obscure painter. It is around 1950. He lives in a railroad flat in New York and is painting large, all-black canvases. He covers most of the walls with them and it is quite dark in his place. Shortly thereafter, he changes to all-white pictures. But he does a curious thing: he proceeds to seal off each of his rooms with four paintings constructed to just fit their space, edging the final one into position as he moves to the next room. He starts in the bedroom and ends in the kitchen (which lets out to the hallway). There he paints the same four white panels, but doesn't leave. He builds a series of such cubicles each within the other, each smaller. He is found dead sitting in the innermost one. His act is tragic, because the man could not forget art.

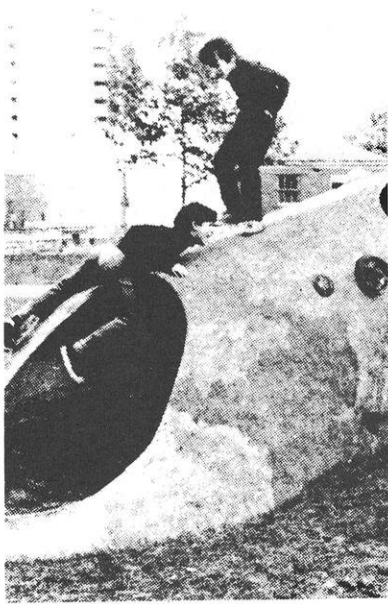
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Actually, the painter is telling this story to his friends as a project he has had in mind. He sees how attentively they listen to him and he is satisfied. This act is tragic, because the man could not forget art. Experimental art is never tragic. It is a prelude.

—Allan Kaprow



## Sculpture Is Burned On Penn South Lawn



A large sculptural work by Chelsea artist Allison Knowles was almost destroyed by fire last Thursday evening as it sat on a Penn Station South lawn at 26th Street near Eighth Avenue.

A guard from the co-operative who witnessed the fire said that dense black smoke billowed out of the burning fiberglass work and flames shot up as high as the two-story power house building behind which the sculpture had been placed.

Firemen found evidence—kerosene-drenched trash—that the fire had been started deliberately.

Mrs. Knowles, who lives on West 22nd Street, said there was 'no question' in her mind that the fire had been set by a Penn South resident who was angry that the sculptural work had been placed on that lawn.

Charging that residents had been 'absolutely vicious to me' ever since the piece was first put there two weeks prior to the fire, the artist said that even before the eventual burning of the work there was evidence that people had been attempting to destroy it.

Three small electric eyes buried in the surface had been hacked at with an instrument Mrs. Knowles believes was a chisel.

A second piece of sculpture three times as large as the first and weighing about four tons was to have been placed nearby, but the artist has decided against it. She has also decided to remove the first work from Penn South as quickly as possible.

On Wednesday morning, it was to be hoisted from the lawn and placed on a flat-bed truck which would transport it to Philadelphia. There it will undergo extensive repairs before it is shipped to its permanent home at the California Institute of Arts.

The work, an unusual piece of play sculpture that was meant

to have children clambering all over and in it, was a year in the making. The actual physical construction took about three or four months. Mrs. Knowles said she had asked neighborhood school children to contribute objects, like old shoes, to be affixed in the surface of the work. The placement of the objects was to be determined by computer.

Sound equipment had been set into the walls and the electric eyes were to trigger tiny sounds inside the work as light reached different levels of intensity. But the destruction of the tiny pink bubbles containing the electric eyes made the sound system useless.

The whole project was based on a poem called 'House of Dust.' It had been financed by a grant from the Carnegie Foundation. A film about the work by a Penn South resident, Gladys Washburn, was being shot.

Henry Margulies, the manager of Penn South who died recently, had liked the idea of placing the sculpture in Penn South when it was first suggested to him. The Board of Directors had also approved the idea last spring.

But they failed to foresee the amount of opposition that would be generated. As soon as it became known that the work would be placed behind Building 4, residents began to complain. They said the lawn would be destroyed; they worried that the already high noise level would be increased.

When the sculpture arrived, they warned that the hollowed-out work would make a convenient hiding spot for muggers on a street that had had muggings before.

Two days before the fire, the Board of Directors met again and rescinded their previous commitment to the artist's work. They decided to ask Mrs. Knowles to take her sculpture out of Penn South, since they couldn't see any place in the co-op where it could be located without sparking opposition.

December 25, 1968

Dear Mark:

We have rain for Christmas, but good weather in the heart. And I am grateful for the rain for the sake of my dry lawn. I nurtured it thru the summer but am very erratic about it now. I should have a Japanese gardener but I suppose it's my last futile gesture at relating to Nature. There is one savage grace note at the bottom of the lawn this day of Peace. Somebody ran over it with a tire. I thought it might have been a slip of the wheel, but then we saw another track yesterday, and immediately conspiracy slipped thru my mind. Tara is here, our resident radical, and she encourages my suspicions. She says let's think about it romantically -- somebody's out to get you! I'm ready to believe anything, though we are neighborly and quiet, just like anybody around who might have voted for Nixon.

Tara is full of SDS, as she was when I saw her and Dickie in Buffalo a few weeks back. From that perspective, ideologically, Cornell is hopeless -- delinquent about housing in Ithaca, implicated with the military-industrial complex, and with stock in South Africa. Cosmic injustices aside, it's not a bad place to be.... She drummed up a course in middle Gaelic for next term in honor of the IRA, and she wants to study Spanish, "Viva Che!" I can't vouch for the political theory but she may turn out a good linguist.

Any way our kids go, they've gone interestingly beyond us. I mean in very specific ways.... As I see them in action or managing things that bewildered me, I'm full of admiration. Also some envy. As for the political scene, however they've moved it, politics remains one of the older professions. The young have driven our generation back to principle, but mainly that part of our generation that was without principle to begin with, or ready to equivocate at the first crisis.... If one thinks back, one can see all the conditions congealing for the current impasse. The failure to act when action was possible leading to repressive action when everything is impossible....

If there's one thing to which there's no alternative these days, that one is to resist the brutes wherever they come from, even from the profoundest trough of historical oppression. The black studies programs -- mere sealing wax over the abyss. Revolutions fail the instant

the first lie appears, and that one's bound to be a whopper. Meanwhile there are liars all over the radical Left denouncing the credibility gap. I say nothing about those on the Right because one assumes those lies are built into the nature of things. From the perspective of moon orbit, it all seems grayer than gray, some paltry vanity before the Eternal. But from where I sit, the only thing I can trust is my instinct for distrust -- which is to say whatever's there of my intelligence, and my ear. I look for the thuggery and listen for the dishonest voice -- and I don't care what it's representing then, I don't want it. I think ideas need adjusting to facts, but I'd like to see a little more steadfast principle from men who have them ....

The trip east turned up candidates for general studies and design ... In design the problem is like that in film -- the people you want are making a lot of money. Some of them are also accumulating guilt and want out, since they make the money in industry or the media. Education is where they want to pasture. The student rebellions have made it appealing for "creative thought."

December 31, 1968

Dear Herb:

Jo says it was Bea who ran the tire over your lawn, and Tara in conspiracy to hush it up. I have no theories of my own, though I begin to wonder whether anybody's politics is political, so psychological have I become. In Twentyone Twice I notice how I leaped off the St. Louis trolley and into the Communist storefront because the girls and the Negroes were there. I wanted to set them all free with my presence.... On the whole, I'm disengaged....

Most people would think I'm lying, but I can truly say I'd rather have had the engagement with this book than have been the first man around the moon.... Even my limitations become acceptable. Themes and configurations familiar to me from my past work are inevitable.... I smile at them and let them serve me if possible. You don't grow all at once, but just keep changing skins until finally no skin is there at Book Eleven that was there at Book One, like the gradual turnover.... in an institution, as upon a ball club, where one day nobody is there any longer of the people who were there XYZ years before....





February 1, 1969

Dear Herbert:

It seems to me that if it's true, as I mostly believe, that the students are acting out things first heard about in our very books, it's also true that the acting-out is wordless; put another way, the students ~~xxxx~~ don't know their own sources. (I had the word often there but took it out.) Suppose they were to know? Would knowing cripple their instincts? Or would it help make their actions less instinctual, more rational, and therefore wiser; or less wise? I don't know. Frost says students know. Maybe, at that age, you can't; nobody can; or maybe most kids, like most Hoosier kids, know and accept. I think we need to accept the fact of biological inevitability, and work from there; certain students we know are going to have that proportion of instincts to reason at that age, which by age X is going to change to that new proportion as students marry and become parents. One tendency of mine is to urge without saying so the very practical line of avoiding self-destruction at one age so that he or she may be a more useful revolutionary at another. On the other hand, I hate to teach caution.

The activist drama becoming melodrama is the counterpart of the institution's use of force -- anyhow, the two occur more or less in a dance. You can't tell the students to stop, because you know (I know) that the institution won't keep its promises. I think you may err to say that "everybody is listening" because I think I can name several persons who aren't, such as Hayakawa, Reagan, or Nixon; or they're listening to somebody else, usually public-opinion polls. I think that we must hope for ceaseless and expanding discontent from students, reaching down into the high-schools now, and constantly pushing upward at new graduates just this year taking their place in the working world. If you and I in our skepticism of the status quo are products, after all, of the 'thirties we breathed in even before we breathed in books, then we can hope that the process will be constant, feeding upward out of a tradition of dissent: whether the dissent accomplishes anything immediate is irrelevant, just as it is irrelevant whether a student writer "accomplishes" anything. The point is to have him know what he might need to know, have him be active, but not have him be ruined in the process (not ruined by drugs or clubs or by teachers matching his melodrama with their own.)





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IOUSNESS UNCONSCIOUS

RATIONALIZATION

CLASS STRUCTURE

TRADITION OF THE NEW

DISENCHANTMENT

DISSOCIATION OF SENSIBILITY

PRIMARY PROCESS

VANGUARDISM

TION IZATION

Suppose I'm talking to a student and he asks me what's going to happen at the CIA with those charts he's heard about. Where do you begin with charts?

— Herbert Blau

With who needs what.

Each person would need something different.

If I were starting a dialogue with Paul Brach, I might go back to Freud, to *Eros and Civilization*, to Dada, to Surrealism, or to those artists and thinkers clustered on the Post Modern faculty. Paul would be more related to Albers or Vasarely and less to Oldenburg or Rauchenberg.

— Maury Stein

Are you saying the charts provide a map of my mind?

— Paul Brach

More a map of Maury's mind.

— Craig Hodgetts

What always disturbed me about the charts is also what disturbs me about Maury when he's free associating. The charts discourage distinctions.

Isn't one of the problems of the charts that they're projecting a condition at the same time they are the victims of the condition?

The desperation to communicate through the spaced-out inadequacy of communication—I think this is one of the liabilities of the charts and all nonlinear techniques.

The charts encourage a lot of reading.

— Herbert Blau

Right.

— Maury Stein

Yet, the technique of the charts discourages reading.

— Herbert Blau

I think it discourages reading, which is an orderly invasion of participation.

The issue here is really this: Does it discourage academic reading—the reason books are dead—or does it encourage reading of a high energy source?

— Maury Stein





Take the stuff on modern theater: the terrain is laid out, but there's no way to make judgments about terrain. There's a geography in the charts, but we don't know the nature of the landscape. I'd quarrel with Maury about the quality of the people he selected in certain areas.

— Herbert Blau

What's wrong with that? The charts are supposed to reflect a post-modern educational process. People are always learning things the way they've always been taught to learn things. Here they are going to have to make their own decisions.

— Steve Gillmor

The point is that the charts are tendentious where they claim not to be, and the tendentiousness is political. The thing that continually bugs me about the charts is that here you have a cluster, there you have a cluster. Like germ warfare. The clusters seem to be impartial, but they favor radical consciousness. But radical consciousness lapses when there are no real distinctions.

— Herbert Blau

The student makes the distinctions.

— Larry Miller

Can I make an observation?

I never saw the charts in the ways we've discussed them.

I see them in the same way that I use constellations in a piece of music.

If I were to write a piece requiring a kind of homophony, say mostly major triads, I would produce on the charts a piece of music made of only those notes that were available.

For any kind of harmonic structure you would build up a particular place on the charts.

You can read them literally anyway you want, but you always end up with some harmonic structure.

Now what you are saying to the performer is: I, as the composer, don't really care what the choices are.

The charts give us an unlimited number of choices.

But if, in your head, you are anywhere near the McLuhan side of things, then choose something in that area on the charts, anything you want in any direction, and any order.

What happens musically happens to the reader.

If you leave him alone, without a directive from a teacher, he is apt to find new relationships.

McLuhan guides him to clusters, and the clusters as I see them are Pop Art clusters essentially.

Just as homophony is a very superficial concept, it is also a very useful tag.

If I were teaching the charts, I would say to a student after I handed him some triangles, put the triangles anywhere you want and read from there.

Two months or two weeks later I would use circles, all different shapes,

because the point of the charts is that we don't know the best way to go.

— Morton Subotnick

Or you could use the *I Ching* and throw the dice.

— Maury Stein



Maury really knows a great deal about poetry.

But sometimes I feel he doesn't know a good poem from a bad poem.  
—Herbert Blau

The issue in knowledge now is not to know a good poem but what is happening in poetry.  
—Maury Stein

The issue isn't qualitative at all; it depends upon the value structure that you bring as a working artist.  
We have clusters of value systems—there's the technoanarchist pole and the mythopoetic pole and so on.  
—Craig Hodgetts

But they are all laid out equally. The major trouble is that two major figures are poised: McLuhan and Marcuse.  
The implication is that they have equal intellectual stature. I would certainly question that.  
—Herbert Blau

The media radicalized McLuhan—see his latest books.  
There is a unifying drift on the charts between McLuhan's communitarianism and Marcuse's radicalism.  
McLuhan is used exactly for his epistemological power rather than an orientative power.  
That's the meaning of the McLuhan ideogram. Marcuse is an orienting power; he orients thought more powerfully than Benjamin, Adorno, or Loewenthal.  
In some sense the thing is really hierarchial.  
We've made our choices. They're even in the gaps, and, yes, they have to do with the political motive.  
Let's jump to some of the arts.  
We pick Merce Cunningham, despite his formal relationship to dance. *Winter Branch* expresses a new mood.  
We've picked people who are moving toward politics in very odd ways.  
Vasarely is either the most abstract painter or, with the "Polychrome City," a continuation of Mondrian—  
blowing the whole thing up by multiples.  
The abstractness goes political. His manifestoes are political manifestoes.  
The same thing in a nutty way is true of the poet, Charles Olson, who seems to be out of politics.  
That became our technique too: blow the whole thing up by multiples.

The structure of the charts is politics.  
—Maury Stein





But you see, I have this feeling that I'm reading the charts as if I'm reading *Life* magazine.

— Paul Brach

That's your experience.

— Maury Stein

Well, when I read *Life* magazine,

I assume that everything they write about football is accurate, because I'm not involved with it.

When they write about the art world, they always get it wrong.

So, then I go back and assume the articles on General Motors, on pro football are equally wrong.

I can't always read politics where you read politics and I don't always read artist where you read artist.

You take a decorative type like Vasarely, then I say you haven't looked at the field widely enough.

You have to bend to make Vasarely political. Oldenburg as political, you don't have to bend at all.

You are bending the field that I know about, that I'm paid to specialize in. Then, I begin to say, my God, are all the other descriptions the same? Merce Cunningham as a politician is a very attenuated idea.

— Paul Brach

Wait a minute, I think you are stretching that out.

The way I read the charts, the participatory becomes political action.

Maury is stressing the participatory side of these artists—not art as contemplation.

In other words, participation as opposed to meditation.

— Craig Hodgetts

If I can't sense the logic in the choices of the people in my field, can I trust the choices in dance?

— Paul Brach

I can see the logic but I think the logic has certain limits.

— Herbert Blau

I don't sense the logic at all. Then I have a problem both intellectually and in my own field.

What's going to happen to the students with these charts?

What's going to happen to the kids who have no intellectual map at all and take this as the gospel?

— Paul Brach





Paul, I think you're missing the point.

The music thing would be equal to what you are saying about the art thing.

For instance, Cage doesn't represent very much really in terms of the music world.

On the other hand, when I have been confronted with students with no backgrounds and I want them to go farthest in the shortest length of time, Cage is always the first person I direct them towards; he is the most provocative, also the one that the student is going to run into most.

They can go from Cage in any direction that they want to go. If I start with Webern, they are lost.

—Morton Subotnick

I didn't think Vasarely was apt for exactly that reason.

—Paul Brach

We said we started with a Vasarely book, not a Vasarely painting.

I think the issue here is a very deep one though that Paul raises.

We must see this thing from the perspective of a student caught in five courses in a normal school setup.

Start there. The purpose of this is to blow that lineal mind.

The purpose is to say: The art courses, the political courses, the design courses, the general modernist courses—you're learning them the wrong way.

They're isolated or fragmented. We're suggesting an assemblage process.

New configurations are possible new linkages—the arts are knowledge and tell us how to know. Come now.

Modernism assembles itself in a series of reflexive images. The names seem randomly scattered.

But what does it mean to know a name? What does it mean to know a forgotten style?

What is your visual IQ?

We are back into other orders of intelligence. We are back into what it means to know Pound.

Think of the structure of the *Cantos*, which a person penetrates periodically, episodically, casually, complexly. Why?

What does it mean to know Wallace Stevens?

In *Ordinary Night in New Haven* is a structure about structure—the words explode the ordinary consciousness.

McLuhan is much more interesting for explosive purposes, but elegantly.

Marcuse is interesting for reorganizing purposes.

McLuhan's *Gutenberg Galaxy* blows people's minds for some crazy reason.

The year it came out, I had Abbie Hoffman in class, and he said

"It's a much better book than *Eros and Civilization*."

—Maury Stein

What Maury's saying now—that's the most imaginative thing about the charts.

They derive their structure from the works they are studying. They found a teaching method in the structure.

—Herbert Blau

The *Gutenberg Galaxy* better than *Eros and Civilization*! That made me absolutely mad.

I told him that book is totally unreliable in comparison to *Eros and Civilization*.

My last academic moment, ten years ago. I was making distinctions. I said, "Abbie Hoffman, you're crazy."

I was mediating between Abbie Hoffman and Herbert Marcuse who was around Brandeis then.

Abbie was improvising toward the style of revolution for the hell of it.

I was still struggling to remain a sociologist. Marcuse had projected but not yet defined—as he did in the *Essay on Liberation*—the revolution of aesthetic sensibility. But that's the revolution we're into.

The Woodstock nation becomes part of the conspiracy.

I told Abbie then, "You get an ambiguous stimulus like this book and you can't manage."

Abbie was on his feet as he was on the David Frost show, and at the trials.

I threw him out of class.

Is it theater?

Is it revolution?

—Maury Stein







If someone is using the charts properly, the first step is the identification of all these names. Then you go out to the nearest chapter of Progressive Labor and you buy the books.

—Larry Miller

I see the charts as two things:

One, it's a lecture. It's a lecture in four dimensions that never stops.

As a teaching device, unless Maury is doing the teaching, it becomes a constellation score game.

Now, my objection to it as a teaching device is that it is too much of a lecture.

I would like the visuals to be more neutral so that you could use it with triangles and circles.

—Morton Subotnick

I think it's true to a certain extent that some young people who look at this thing for the first time will be totally lost. But they'll be picking up very slowly in all of the things you are afraid are authoritarian.

—Steve Gillmor

That wasn't my point. My point was that in terms of a lecture the layout is great.

It leads you to constant rediscovery of the names dropped and their relations.

As a teaching device for getting the names on your own, it hedges its bets because some of the names are bigger and the charts are not equal.

—Morton Subotnick

Maury, you were working on modernism for years—what made you throw over the book for the charts?

Larry, when did you come in and why were you required?

—Herbert Blau

I first met Maury when he was teaching the class on which the manuscript is based.

He used to stand in front of the class and scribble on the blackboard.

You couldn't read the writing, the room was too big for the handwriting.

I would copy down a lot of his writings to amuse myself, on big, yellow, legal paper.

One of the things I always wanted to do when he was teaching was to organize that damn blackboard.

—Larry Miller

The charts are educational environments.

I'm a sociologist, and I'm speaking as a sociologist. I was trying to write a book on Marx, Weber and Freud.

But there's the swallowing process we spoke of before. Sociology is being swallowed up too.

The issue is, where is sociology?

The whole thing is really about the hidden book which isn't written which is about social theory.

You go to other sources, unexpected sources, like films and poems.

Marx, Weber and Freud are alive—again in odd places.

You realize these names and sizes are totally random. They are just chance.

For instance, it is chance that Duchamp comes up so large and Lissitsky so small.

It has no meaning at all, except the meaning you want to give it.

All the big mistakes! Jung should not be bulging out of Ghandi's head.

If he does have to, it is the fascist side of both of them. It should have been Buber.

Anyhow, if we hadn't had a two years argument before we got to the visual stage,

we couldn't have got to the visual stage. Now, what is it really? Is it a book about Marx, Weber and Freud?

—Maury Stein

Maybe it's a book about why I left the SDS office and went back to college.

—Larry Miller

It's also a book about why the poets and painters are the ideologists of the revolution.

You taught me a lot, Allan. On the environmental edge of art is a resurrected sociology.

—Maury Stein



I think the interesting thing is, though the mind blows in a number of different ways, it blows through the problems of the sixties. The charts have very little relevance to the seventies.

— Maury Stein

What is going to work in the seventies?

— Paul Brach

Well, they still read Fuller.

They're into domes.

They are reading Dubos, Goodman,

They're reading Gary Synder; they're reading the *Whole Earth Catalog*; they are reading the occult, which is big, but the occult was also big in the sixteenth century, and we keep rediscovering.

You know it really isn't clear whether Bacon was a magus or a scientist.

He was ambivalent; *The New Atlantis* was one of the most ambiguous.

— Maury Stein

Did Blake really have conversations with angels?

— Herbert Blau

Of course, obviously.

— Maury Stein

Would an angel talk to a liar?

You know I think the charts will require new editions.

I think it should be Dean Rusk and Dean Stein and different Deans. It would be very nice.

— Paul Brach

The only Stein on there was Gertrude Stein.

— Maury Stein





Feb 17 70

Mamie -

Thanks for sending me or having Double Day send me Blue Printer for Counting Association it's far out - though the Posters emphasize McFadden too much - and some people are atrociously mispelled like Bandhi and Lafargue and Esalen - but as my chick comments so what? - There should have been with it a record, either of heavy rock or tamboura drone or perhaps "white music" static alpha wave tones - all in all I really dug it and was delighted to find my name included (p. Chelsea 24/25 contents) in the shooting script. However I wonder if you really know what you're saying with #1 of 101 cablegram instructions (Don K rohn) "Drop acid and fuck the charts" imagine the ancient mariner saying that about the Moby Dick maps or about, well, the South Sea Islands navigator could say it and get away with it (know where home is to go).

I'm stomping hard here myself - have 40 pages of book due March 2 "Legalize Marijuana!" with Workman Press, trying to get it out before the situation jerks rug from beneath us again, a quackie. Chapter outline: Hist of LeMar, Why Pot's Illegal, Chik Myths, New Myths, Hope in Revolution, The Maryann War, ~~But~~ Bust Measurements, Atrocities in the War, Perils of Prohibition II, Plans for Legalization, etc. That'll be first book, to be followed by a month reserved for dissertation on Joyce, then another quackie "A LeMar Anthology" edited by me pieces from docs and lawyers, then out to South Duck sta this summer to build a log cabin on parents' land in Black Hills and write the really good book "The Marijuana Religion" starting in South Central China circa 1500 BC and moving South with Aryans, West with Scythians for 10 centuries as part of the folk religion underlying the high Brahmin religion of the Vedas. Even much archeological evidence from 6<sup>th</sup> cty BC Scythian tombs in S. Siberia Altai Mts. Anyway that's the book to compete with Baudelaire's.

I'm a bit at a loss as to how I'm going to get my tons of books across Our Land to L.A. - plus little household stuff - and is Valencia developed enough to have a place to move into when I do? Please drop me a line tell me the scene there and all ..

Honkety hank -

Mike Aldrich

also a long post-Mamie post-daily chapter on Joyce in the Revolution

Robert Bolt  
Fermoy House  
Castlegregory  
Co Kerry

1st August 69

Dear Robert ,

Yes , I have been receiving the material about your work , and it shameful of me not to have acknowledged it before this . I have found it both very exciting and rather disturbing . Every healthy community has to support a genuine conflict between the traditional and the new . Of course the balance of forces alters all the time . The most fruitful times are those , I think , when the balance is more or less equal , as with the Elizabethans who had total respect for tradition yet total confidence in themselves . At such a time of course , the tension between the two forces is scarcely felt and therefore not much talked about . Ours , alas , is no such time and there can be no doubt which force is dominant . Tradition is so much discounted with us that it is scarcely possible to use the word "traditional" other than pejoratively , and scarcely possible to use the word "contemporary" other than as a term of approbation . Indeed even words like "revolutionary" , "explosive" , and "savage" figure in critical writing as automatic words of praise , as though revolution , explosion and savagery were automatically desirable . And hence I find myself figuring in the minds of the young (in so far as I figure in their minds at all) as a backsliding or even reactionary person who , at best , doesn't know where it's at . In my own estimation of course I do know damn well where it's at and have a shrewd suspicion where they're taking it , and I don't much like it . There seems to me something in their reliance on spontaneity , tenderness , their own integrity and the goodness of their own hearts , which is so simple minded and ignorant of actuality as to bring my heart into my mouth . Their wholesale rejection of the society actually confronting them is not to my mind preparing the way for a Golden Age but for an Age of Horror , and that right soon . If , in your contempt for the manifest evils , hypocrisies and brutalities of our society you say "I withdrew respect from my society in any shape or form" then you have razed defences which have been painfully erected over centuries by strong , self-sacrificing , freedom-loving men , for your benefit - not society's . If , for example , you want to improve the curriculum of your University and do it by threatening the Principal with shotguns and justify this by saying "This is honest , this is the reality , the vote and the petition are merely stalking-horses of the Establishment ; force is , was and always will be the actual arbiter disguise it as you may" then OK , the Establishment in its worst , most brutally hypocritical aspect will be only too ready to oblige . If force is your liking , leave it to the Chicago Police , the Royal Ulster Constabulary , the French Special Division , the Paratroops . They are the boys who know about force ; love and long to use it . All that restrains them is this despised Law . And these children are busily pouring corrosive contempt over the Law . How is it that they can't see what they're asking for and will surely get ? And similarly with the Arts . So OK about ten years ago an actor said "fuck" right out loud on stage , daring fellow . And it reverberated like a drum-stroke . Why did it so reverberate ? After all we all say it every day , see it written on the walls of public urinals every day . It reverberated because the Theatre has a tight convention , like the skin of a drum , so beautifully stretched and adjusted over generations that the pretended suffering of pretended persons in pretended situations could move an audience like a real experience and illuminate it like a passionate sermon . "Fuck" in the theatre reverberates not because of any value in the word but because the word is (was) unexpected . It's as though you'd struck the drum not with a drumstick but with a log of wood . Naturally you get a loud noise . But the drumskin wasn't intended for it ; it gives off the loud noise all right but is now a little less taut than it was before . To produce an equivalent noise next time you will have to use an even heavier log of wood , say "fuck" while picking your nose , and then "cunt" with your trousers off ; presently there must be no question of trousers at all , and presently just saying "fuck" won't do , there must be actual fucking , and after fucking presumably buggery , incest , copulation with goats ; when that gamut has run its course there will be a little whipping , then a little bloodletting and finally I suppose we shall be back to that never-failing standby of showbiz : throwing people to lions . In short I fear that these youngsters (chronological youngsters and mental youngsters of all ages) are busily sawing through the branch on which we are all sitting ; and of course it's the greatest possible fun for them ; they can simultaneously release their most infantile and destructive fantasies and also their fantasies of purity , selflessness and general omnipotence . But boy oh boy I hope I'm not here when they finally get through . We're a high civilization ; it's a high branch and a long way down . I don't regard these kiddies as monsters , and I understand very well what it is that disgusts them in our society (the gap between our stated values and our behaviour has probably never been so wide) but I'm damned if I'm going to cheer them on while they destroy society ; I don't think they're a generation of Jean d'Arcs , I think they're confused , naive and self-righteous . They despise civilization and I think civilization is all , but all , that we have . My concern is to close that gap between what we say and what we do . I sympathise with anyone who has lost patience with this slow , messy process , with all its opportunities for equivocation , and wants to blow up the whole predicament , but though I sympathise , he is my enemy .

Robert





I have found some remarkable people among the somewhat more mature hippies. These are the people, many of them with an excellent education or practicing knowledge of one of the arts, who after years of academic and disciplined lives, have tried to "expand their minds," as they put it, trying to find a more meaningful experience through drugs. Personally, I have *never* considered drugs to be any help in understanding oneself and the world around one, but I can now accept some of these people because of the maturity of their attitude and the awareness of what they are doing. But even so, it hurts me deeply to see young people take to this easy escape from any *sadhana* found in disciplined hard work.

Often I, too, am overcome by the hatred, the jealousy and envy, the wars, all the ugliness that is part of our world. I try to live in beauty and goodness; I seek out all that has a quality of inner beauty, and I am immediately repulsed by anything ugly that sends out bad vibrations. Over the years, with the help of my *Guru*, I have tried very hard to create and build up within me a kind of beauty and spiritual strength, so that I always have this to turn to when the harshness of the world becomes too depressing. It is this inner beauty that I have worked so long to create that I try to reveal through my music and share with all my listeners.

— Ravi Shankar

#### The Judgement

Youthful Folly has success.  
It is not I who seek the young fool;  
The young fool seeks me.  
At the first oracle I inform him.  
If he asks two or three times, it is  
importunity.  
If he importunes, I give him no  
information.  
Perseverance furthers.

#### Commentary

In the time of youth, folly is not an evil. One may succeed in spite of it, provided one finds an experienced teacher and has the right attitude toward him. This means, first of all, that the youth must be conscious of his lack of experience and must seek out the teacher. Without this modesty and this interest there is no guarantee that he has the necessary receptivity, which should express itself in respectful acceptance of the teacher. This is the reason why the teacher must wait to be sought out instead of offering himself. Only thus can the instruction take place at the right time in the right way.

A teacher's answer to the question of a pupil ought to be clear and definite like that expected from an oracle; thereupon it ought to be accepted as a key for resolution of doubts and a basis for decision. If mistrustful or unintelligent questioning is kept up, it serves only to annoy the teacher. He does well to ignore it in silence, just as the oracle gives one answer only and refuses to be tempted by questions implying doubt.

— I Ching

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

April 26, 1969

Dear Herbert,

Day after tomorrow we're either going to have peace or slaughter here (revolution lets out for the weekend), and I find myself a clear case of a dual personality -- entirely committed emotionally to the students, entirely committed rationally to keeping open all channels of dialogue as long as possible. I don't deceive myself, however; that most people (left or right, old terms) want dialogue; most want action one way or the other. The blood is hot. The Left wants to take the buildings, and the Right wants to club them on the head. Your intimate friend Smoot was carried off to jail the other day, having dropped my course to join the battle. I believe in both ways of doing it, and I suppose, given the present moment of the world and Purdue, I'd rather see the students in motion than sitting meekly in my classroom, because I think it may be that the only way to stop the United States from repeatedly engaging in warfare is to increase the power of the young. For two weeks the students have boycotted the Union. Lunch is hot dogs and hamburgers cooked out on the Mall, a very good smell, and not bad food at that, and Coca-Cola in cans because the Revolution can't really be carried on without Coca-Cola and various other standard brands to wrap and fry in. Harassing action included visitations from the Health Service, who kept trying to make the students refrigerate meat and install "hand-washing facilities", and the cooks wear hats, and what-not. The humor of the students far exceeds their foes' humor. I think I'll not forget the moment when the Health Service man, having asked who's in charge here, was told that nobody was. He just couldn't believe it. Meanwhile the students brought from somewhere in a twinkling a refrigerator and a generator, and hooked it up and set it going, and so they have a refrigerator--in which they keep nothing. As for hand-washing, well, it seems that if you call yourself a private not a public group you needn't wash your hands after all, and so it goes, a nice private cook-out with graffiti on their white hats and peace symbols approved by Good Housekeeping (the sign says). I have eaten for two weeks hamburgers advertised as Dirty Fucking Meat--which reminds me to mention my astonishment that some of the stalwart old-time New Deal liberals on campus are put off in shock by the students' language. Quite fantastic from men who have fought the battle of the right of literature to dirty language.





I am  
seeing worlds roll by my window  
and I am  
trying to leave my mark on each  
but sometimes the stamp is shaky  
and I think I will settle  
on only touching one

and I am trying  
understanding when the smile  
is not returned by the stranger  
and I am trying  
smiling anyway

I am  
hearing all their words  
shouting nothing in the night  
could frighten someone  
finding his own voice  
so small

and I am leaning  
on my own words  
trying to stand  
tall enough to call  
myself a poet

I am  
smelling the madman's sweat  
as I'm pushed against the wall  
and I notice  
his guns are rusty  
and his hands are cut

and I am reading  
revolution always standing  
somewhere in the wings

I am  
tasting the waters of our time  
and I notice  
some dead fish floating  
in the polluted stream  
someone else's dream  
is wasted and dying

and I am dreaming  
finding the new  
clean waters

I am  
touching the clouds  
and I can feel  
they're swelled with rain  
someone better get  
all the alarms ringing  
right away

the opened senses  
bring more questions  
and I am ready  
to begin with the sixth

the numbers  
never really meant too much  
even with the pictures  
the men  
dying far away  
were never really felt

until  
that time on television  
when it was the guy down the block  
who got it.

For no apparent reason I started trying to put part of my mind  
on paper sometime in high school. The reasons remained unclear  
but I continued the practice and it became more of a habit and  
the notebooks were filled and so many letters were written  
and finally with so many words behind me, some of the reasons  
begin to surface.

I write because when it works I am the happiest and because  
when it works sometimes it can move someone else too. And as  
it begins to work more often, as I find myself trying to  
translate every thought into the perfect words (and getting  
close enough to feel I can do it), writing becomes a serious  
effort and not just an exercise, a game for myself.

I am eager to explore all the possibilities for putting one's  
thoughts in black and white and maybe even flashing it with  
some color. Trying to move in these directions, I find  
conventional education singularly unsuited for my needs.  
A community of the arts seems the perfect atmosphere for the  
propagation of ideas run through creative channels. I want  
very much to be a part of this growth process.

As I have not received any specific information regarding  
application to the school of Critical Studies, I am sending the  
following poems in an attempt to tell you about myself in the  
best way I know how. I will be happy to supply additional  
material if it is needed.







The following words were first regularly used, as evident in the media, during the years given.

- 1959 atomic time, balloon astronomy, closed ecological system, dialyser, ekistics, ferroelectric converter, fuel cell, geoscope, intellectronics, laser, molecular electronics, recycling, ruby maser
- 1960 Algorithmic Language, chemical blanket, Ground-Effect Machine, lawrencium, magnetic card, moon-crawler, Mohole, nuclear clock, photopolymer, solar wind
- 1961 antimatter, antineutrino, Apollo, ATGC code, AUGC code, black box, computer revolution, fail-safe, flight recorder, freeze-drying, gas laser, genetic code, heat shield, ion engine, LEM, magnetosphere, messenger RNA, plasma engine, ribosome, Telstar, thalidomide, voiceprint
- 1962 aleatoric (music,) biodegradable, found object, genetic surgery, happening, hard detergent, nonevent, paleomagnetism, psychedelic, soft detergent, solid-state, storage ring
- 1963 aerolastic, autobiotic, baropacer, biological battery, biological electricity, cyborg, datamation, dermo-optical perception, fluid amplifier, isometrics, neutron star, plasmajet, quasar, Triodetic Structures
- 1964 aeronomy, biological clock, communications theory, electronic music, logic, photocoagulation, printout, radar astronomy, real time, solar cell, teach-in
- 1965 biosensor, biotelemetry, euphenics, extravehicular, fluidics, fog broom, integrated circuit, intrauterine device, LSD, microcapsule, space walk

Philosophy will become steadily more impotent in its search for verbal knowledge, so long as it fails to recognize its own findings: that only a small fraction of the words we use are precise in meaning; and only a smaller proportion of these contain meanings in which we are vitally interested. When words alone are no true index of thought, and when sense and nonsense today rapidly become allusive and layered with implication rather than description, the use of words as tools to precisely delimit sense and nonsense may be a worthless endeavor. LSD and LBJ invoke different meaning clusters, but both partake of a need for code; and code performs the same condensing function as symbol in poetry. TV "snow" and Muzak in restaurants are accompaniments to conscious activity which, if suddenly withdrawn, produce a feeling of void in the human situation. Contemporary art, which tends to "think" in multi-media, intermedia, overlays, fusions and hybridizations, is a closer parallel to modern mental life than we have realized. Its judgements, therefore, may be acute. "Art" may soon become a meaningless word. In its place, "communications programming" would be a more imaginative label, attesting to our new jargon, our technological and managerial fantasies, and to our pervasive electronic contact with one another.

— Allan Kaprow

(Adapted from a lexicon of new words and meanings added to the English language since World War II, which I am now finishing.)



The avant-garde's concern with man's ontological solitude and its rebellion against psychology is its attitude toward language. Each of their playwrights is revolting against the tyranny of words in the modern theater. As a result, their plays—at least until very recently—have no "message;" the dialogue is not a monologue apportioned out to several characters; they are packed with symbols, but these symbols don't mean anything in particular and they suggest many things.

It is no wonder, then, that these playwrights feel a great affinity to the mimes—Etienne Decroux, Marcel Marceau, and Jacques Tati; no wonder that they turn for inspiration to the early films of Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, the Keystone Cops, Laurel and Hardy, and the Marx Brothers; no wonder, finally, that they are all under the influence of Jacques Copeau and Antonin Artaud. It is only with the recent translation into English of Artaud's book, *The Theater and Its Double* (the earlier and more seminal work of Copeau has not as yet been translated), that most of us have been able to discover what the aesthetic of this whole avant-garde theater movement is. Artaud's basic premise is that it is a mistake in the theater to assume that "In the beginning was the word." And our theater does make just that assumption. For most of us, critics as well as playwrights, the word is everything; there is no possibility of expression without it; the theater is thought of as a branch of literature, and even if we admit a difference between the text spoken on the stage and the text read by the eyes, we have still not managed to separate it from the idea of a *performed text*. Artaud and the playwrights who have followed him maintain that our modern psychologically oriented theater denies the theater's historical nature. For them, as Artaud put it, "the stage is a concrete physical place which must speak its own language—a language that goes deeper than spoken language, a language that speaks directly to our senses rather than primarily to the mind as is the case with the language of words."

It is this insistence on restoring the gestural basis to theater that has resulted in the renaissance of pantomime in such plays as *The Chairs*, *Waiting for Godot*, *Ping-Pong*, *Endgame*, *The Balcony*, and *Escorial*. But how different this pantomime is from pantomime as most moderns conceive it! For most of us, pantomime is a game of charades. But this is not the pantomime of history. For the great mimes, as Artaud points out, gestures represent ideas, attitudes of mind, aspects of nature which are realized in an effective, concrete way, by constantly evoking objects or natural details in a manner much like that Oriental language which represents night by a tree on which a bird that has already closed one eye is beginning to close the other.

Now, up to a point this attitude is valid and certainly it is a much needed antidote to the worn-out and expressionless language and structure of most modern plays in the well-made-play tradition of naturalism. However, as is the case with most revolutionaries, the cause is just, but they go too far. The answer to the problem doesn't lie in the defiant rejection of language, but rather in the revitalization of it, the language of the theater once again dramatic. If we are to revitalize the theater, we must take the case of articulateness and imagination. We must have plays that are essentially true to human nature, but don't attempt to convince the audience that they are watching a piece of real life. Dramatic poetry or real dramatic prose is not lifelike; it is larger than life, it employs all the resources of language to illuminate

the short hour of experience in which the dramatist has caught his figures and which may bring to a climax the events of a lifetime. In language what the dramatist seeks above all is concentration. Imagery and metaphor, by appealing to our memory or our senses, by relating the concrete to the abstract, are the most highly charged forms of language he can use. And more important, they enable the dramatist to solve the most difficult of his problems: those revelations of the inner life of his characters which may not relate directly to the action of the plot, but are nonetheless significant parts of the play. It is for this reason that our playwrights need to realize again the basis of their art—the living word. Of all language, that which I've called imaginative is the fullest and most intense, and unless the theater relates itself to the most vital expression of the modern sensibility it will become as it too often has—superficial.

In their use of language the Absurdists would deny this, and it is very possible that the theater they would revive will turn out to be stillborn. If the dialogue in their plays consists of meaningless clichés and stereotyped phrases, they would insist that this is the way we talk. If their characters are constantly changing personalities, these playwrights would point out that no one today is really consistent or truly integrated. If the people in their plays seem to be helpless puppets, the Absurdists would argue that we are all passively at the mercy of blind fate and meaningless circumstance; that their theater is the true theater of our time.

But if it is true—and I believe it is—that man is a creature of his language, that by his use of it he defines himself, then ours is a civilization that has lost its nerve. It has lost its trust in the possibility of words to communicate meaningfully. I am sure the Absurdists would agree with this, and their plays are persuasive documents of the fact. Whenever an age loses its nerve, more and more it reduces its language to the verb, that verbal expression which denotes action in its simplest and most concrete form. On the other hand, a more confident age uses nouns and adjectives—those verbal forms which express the quality of action. This is the irony and the danger of the avant-garde theater. They would "fix" our theater by "connecting" it with the vital theater of former ages; but they forget that the source of vitality of this enduring theater is in that language which they would deny. By all means let's revitalize the theater and its language. But we must never forget that the theater in its most embracing form begins with the play, and if you eliminate the spoken language, the play will not exist. It can be admitted that words are limited in what they can express, but they are finally all we've got.

The Theater of the Absurd has done us a great service by experimenting with nonverbal techniques. But the final irony is appropriately directed to the playwrights themselves. They are seeking ways to link the contemporary theater with the traditional theater, and the traditional theater is first and foremost a celebration of life, that life which the Absurdists would deny.

The real answer to the despair of the Absurdists, and this is the affirmation of our theater, is that our playwrights—and I include Beckett, Ionesco, and Adamov—still find human action significant, still find it necessary to *write* plays, and in the very writing attest to the miracle of life that their philosophy would deny.

—Robert W. Corrigan





The T'ai Chi stresses clarity—  
movements which are exact, clean and  
pure, even while inseparable  
and continuous. I grow impatient with  
performance uncleansed of  
irregularities and carelessness, as  
if artlessness were a thing of the spirit.  
The spirit is exact. Like thunder.  
Like gravity. Like grace.

Life goes without saying. The end  
of technique is to create the gesture  
that will induce silence. They are  
deafened by names and desire the  
cessation of naming. Because things  
speak, we must subvert them into  
stillness. There is an aesthetic in this,  
but it is too aesthetic.

As people impose roles, the only  
integrity is to get out from under, to  
resist every projection, the only roles  
worth playing are those one assumes,  
and then only to take a measure.  
No role is a priori or eternally valid.  
The tension of theater is still most  
powerfully in the discrepancy between  
the demands of role and the  
obstinacy of being.

The end of method: to impersonate  
the secret poetic content of the group.  
Without releasing this content with  
objective clarity we are not enlightened  
and we are not free.

In a psychological age we place  
the highest premium on confession,  
thinking to locate the truth in  
what is hidden. But as Valéry suggests,  
what is hidden is the least interesting  
part of a person. All men tend  
to hide the same things; it's in what  
they show that they differ. We  
brace ourselves for an exposure and  
see just about what we guessed  
was there.

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

No theater in the world—not The Living, not Grotowski—no theater in  
the world even comes close to the magnitude, the reality, the  
monumental, surrealistic terror of the Rolling Stones Media Theater.  
Not even Artaud could have devised a transformation of the flesh so  
astonishing as the realization that the Stones actually are as evil as  
their image.

—Gene Youngblood

In our highly verbal society one is familiar with movement closest to  
the word. Communication exists at many levels. The least important  
one may be the one which is most specific. In dance, one must return  
to long-forgotten basics; the revelations of nonverbal symbology, the  
shape of things, the assessment of one's spacial world, the physical  
knowledge of emotions.

Dance has the body as its sole instrument. This means that self-identity  
is natural and unavoidable. In the act of discovery and perfection of  
the instrument of dance, one must reaffirm the miracle of self. One  
relocates the individual as meaningful, deeply communicative and useful.

Change is never conceived out of where you are now—always set the  
goal at the impossible edge—strive to achieve it.

Muscle must encounter resistance in order to develop. Learn to oppose  
—learn to push against something mentally as well as physically.

The amount of tension, stress, or force applied to movement will  
significantly alter its meaning.

We draw information as much from gesture as from word.

—Bella Lewitz





May 10, 1969

Dear Mark:

We had the groundbreaking on my birthday. As ceremonials go, it was a gallant affair. There were tents on the site, good food, short speeches. Actually the dirt had been moved sometime before, and there was a huge pit where the school is to be. Vast. There was a band from Guadalajara (Valencia, get it?). They apparently came there early in the morning, and the youngest player, about eight, asked if it was a cemetery. That boy has holocaust on the brain. Do you suppose it was oracular? He had a better name for it -- or one of them did -- when told it was a groundbreaking. The Spanish phrase for it means "the first stone." Which is a modest proposition.

The main speaker was Robert Finch of HEW. He sounded as sensible as he does in the papers, even when he was quoting people culled for him by his speechmakers. There were McLuhan and Pound for modernity's sake and John Ruskin in a peroration about one generation leaving something enduring for the next. That was as close as he came to the student disruptions. I was anticipating the worst, Nixon's and Mitchell's statements having preceded his appearance, and things busting out all over. Corrigan quotes Casey Stengel. Somehow it all seemed appropriate nothing we wouldn't want to be committed to. Finch even went further. He made a good statement about the arts revising notions of teaching the disadvantaged. So with the rhetoric in order, the landscape really impressive from the mesa, green and rich after the long rains, mountains visible over the canyons -- it was a promising afternoon. Even the ritual digging was a gala little event, rows of colored shovels and a mound of earth for anybody who wanted his piece of the action.

How to give the students their piece when the action really begins...? The doing can be a drag. What I want to avoid is what happened at Berkeley and is now happening elsewhere, the creation of a super-structure of participation in which we all wind up meeting endlessly -- as you are probably doing now. Your account of the barricades at Purdue is worth circulating. It does give some sense that all the disturbances aren't merely diehard, solemnly aggressive, and obscene. There must be an accumulating comic folklore of protest, of which the graffiti is maybe the most circulated part.



But the whole thing also grows serious, and the summer looks turbulent ahead. If Nixon is really pulling troops out of Vietnam to allay disruptions on that count -- school out, the protest may shift back to the war -- I hope he doesn't send the same troops into the ghettos. That would be disaster. Can you imagine what the boys from Vietnam are likely to feel when they meet the blacks and white radicals they've been either bewildered by or cursing from a distance. Sometimes, when I despair over the meaning and direction of militancy, I truss it up by resorting to your faith in the persistent good sense of democratic process, madness cancelling itself in the general welfare, altho that process seems utterly demoralized by the newest countervailing powers. I'm sure it will all run its course -- but from what to what I can't say. Certainly we need all this wild energy released on the impending disasters -- pollution, population and the wars to follow the war in Vietnam.

If it wasn't before it's surely clear now what the pattern of repercussion will be. I guess we're in an era when it's only possible for the right actions to come too late. Now that moderates are thinking their way to power, in order to take action against excess, it's also too late. One particular aspect of this is that they're likely to organize against the militants the way they never organized against the system. Despite the patterns of repercussion, every campus is different, and it's hard to predict your own pattern, I suppose, until you're really there.



To: Governance Committee

From: Robert W. Corrigan

Date: 6-16-70

Subject: University Governance

Any approach to the problems of university governance which treats the subject as a local problem is bound to be inadequate. While it is true that each institution may have characteristics unique unto itself, they can only be adequately understood, and therefore adequately dealt with, if they are considered within the larger context of what's happening in our national life. The breakdown of governance procedures in American universities has not stemmed initially from local inadequacies, but rather from a failure to recognize that even the smallest, most specialized and most remote kind of institution is directly affected by the crosscurrents of change which are taking place everywhere. We have discovered, to our dismay, that the attacks on the Bank of America at Isla Vista cannot be treated as an isolated incident. The pattern of campus disruption which has emerged this past spring clearly underscores the fact that no institution is exempt from the pressures of the world beyond its boundaries. Therefore to discuss the Institute's governance problems as if they were going to be unique or as if they could be free from the pressures exerted by what's happening on other campuses would be a grave mistake.

One of the biggest illusions in American education is the idea that the Board of Trustees makes those decisions which determine the policies, programs, and quality of the institution's life. Traditionally, trustees have delegated this responsibility (and its attendant authority) to the president, and so long as he retains the Board's confidence, the trustees are, for the most part, advisory and, more often than not, only a rubber stamp. This explains why trustees have usually failed to be imaginative in times of institutional crisis. As the institution's legally responsible body, they feel it incumbent upon themselves to resolve the difficulties. But because individual Board members are seldom involved in the day to day events which usually lead to crisis, it is difficult for them to understand the issues involved. Furthermore, since they are usually not in personal contact with the people who participate in the issues, they consider the problems in only the most abstract ways or, what's worse, with their own biases, regardless of how appropriate these might be. At such times there is usually a crash program of indoctrination. Then, after a relatively brief discussion, under the worst possible conditions, decisions are made. These decisions are usually based on barely adequate information. Indeed, they are often based on pseudo-information acquired through the press, television, staff assistants, disgruntled faculty members, or irate parents. No matter how wise and well-intentioned Board members may be, such decisions are usually unsatisfactory.

Perhaps the inadequacies of our traditional institutional structures of governance spring from the widely held belief that educational institutions should be isolated from the rest of society. We all know the old term "town and gown", and we know that this term (it seems so mild today) expresses a belief that there are irreconcilable differences between academe (where every voice and attitude must be heard and protected) and the rest of society. We have tended to perpetuate this split by building educational institutions which are conceived as independent entities, completely cut off from the rest of society. We have, literally, put walls around our institutions. Today our young people are determined that these

walls must come down, and this is one of the reasons why our institutions are in such trouble. Students sense that our campuses may be a ghetto -- and one of our most underprivileged ones at that. They believe that learning must be much more than a preparation for life; it must be an on-going process that is directly related to life. Most important, they are more aware than anyone of the associational character of American life. Everything is related.

But to bring down the walls -- which I believe is necessary and desirable -- only increases our problems. It means that trustees, as the representatives of the larger community of which the institution is a part must become both more involved with and more responsive to all the activities of the school, so they can know its strengths, weaknesses, and its potential for positive and negative action. Conversely, the students, faculty, and administration must be equally responsive to the attitudes, needs, yes, even the demands of the community. This is a two-way street and all of the constituents of the institutional community have legitimate claims. All too often these claims are not recognized. There is a tendency for each of the institutions' constituencies (trustees, administration, faculties, students) to think of the other constituencies as abstract "theys". Our first educational task is to teach each other. And just as our faculties are discovering the student in the role of teacher, so they must recognize that they have much to learn from the trustees as well. Frankly, I believe that one of the chief reasons our universities are in crisis is due to the fact that during the past two decades so many of our faculty members have isolated themselves from their most important constituencies. Indeed, many of them have actually abdicated their responsibilities as full-time teachers -- not only of the students, but of the whole community. As a result, today many students are rejecting their teachers as irrelevant and the community has increasingly withdrawn its confidence (and its funds) in education. In any event, the walls are coming down -- whether we like it or not -- and we must recognize that henceforth all educational institutions will be different.

Perhaps the very concept of a Board of Trustees, as we generally know it, should be modified. Its present form certainly reflects a hierarchical view of society at a time when hierarchies are dissolving into more participatory structures. The idea that a small, single body which is, for the most part, divorced from the on-going process of institutional life, can be ultimately responsible for the well-being of that institution is a questionable one. The assumption that fiscal responsibility is synonymous with institutional responsibility is a limited view of governance. The unwillingness to believe that everyone involved with the life of an institution can and should accept the responsibility for that institution, may be justified by experience, but we must make the act of faith that it is possible -- indeed, mandatory -- if our educational institutions are going to continue to have a positive and constructive influence on society.

Quite frankly, one of the biggest stumbling blocks preventing the modification of governance systems in our educational institutions is the attitude of many faculty members. It has been my experience that most faculties want all of the prerogatives of power, but are all too often unwilling to accept its attendant responsibilities. Generally, the faculties' attitude is: The Board of Trustees provides the money -- or the president raises it -- and we'll spend it with as few strings attached as possible. Until individual faculty members show real evidence that they

can and do shepherd an institution's resources and, further, are willing to assume some responsibility in obtaining these resources, they cannot expect trustees or the president to relinquish governing powers. I could cite countless examples, here and elsewhere, to document the fact that the individual faculty member seldom accepts such responsibility. Frankly, there are times when I question whether our own faculty really desires a community of the arts; rather, I think, they want a patron. For all their talk about a changing society and radical social concepts, it seems to me that their most basic concerns have a tendency to be blatantly bourgeois. There is talk of communes, but the underlying attitudes are much more aristocratic. And there is no question who is the elite. There is nothing particularly new in this contradiction, but if a faculty insists on more participatory forms of governance, it must also acknowledge the limitations of its own attitudes. In principle I believe faculties should have powerful prerogatives, but I doubt if they will get what they are asking for unless they're also willing to accept the responsibility of those powers. It is common knowledge that the duties of a university president have become increasingly difficult to perform. I do not believe that a modern educational institution can be administered through the authority of a single person. Unless the college president is relieved of his role as sole agent of governance, our university structures will break down and our university presidents will either collapse or get out. If we are going to develop a workable system of governance, we must make certain that the system reflects both the associational nature of our life and the fact that all systems should be participatory. Everyone who is in an institution is affected by it and should be responsible for it. Ideally, the governance of the university would begin by dissolving the Board of Trustees. A group of standing committees would take its place. Trustees, together with other representatives of the larger community of which the institution is a part, would act in concert. In fact, I think that is where the whole idea of trustee came from in the first place: members of the community who hold the institution (including its assets) in trust for the benefit of the community. We must recognize that if our institutions are going to survive, we must broaden our concept of community; we must acknowledge the fact that all those participating in the life of the institution are equally important members of the community and must therefore share in the decision-making process. I'm not so naive as to think that the trustees of American educational institutions are going to dissolve the Board structure of institutional authority in the near future. Legally, it may be impossible for them to do so even if they were so inclined. More's the pity. But I think trustees should face up to the fact that their role has always been essentially a confirming one, not a decision-making one. If they accept that role then they should develop ways in which other parts of the community -- faculty, administration, staff, students, and the community at large -- can also have an opportunity to confirm decisions concerning the institution.

We have said that in building Cal Arts we are not creating just another school. Rather, we claim to be creating a community of the arts based on a rigorous discipline and validated by the application of high critical standards. I would hope that any governance system which we adopt will reflect the nature of community as it actually is rather than some outmoded system of academic leadership. If we fail to achieve this, all of the other breakthroughs which we might make will prove to be rather insignificant, and it is unlikely that our magnificent aspirations will be realized.



I would be governed by what the faculty and students want.

They will be here long after we are gone—and if we endeavor to mold them after ourselves we will have failed.

We are building a school to give of ourselves—not to set up a factory.

The greatest danger of institutions of higher education today is having the Board of Trustees at odds with the faculty and students.

—Scott Newhall

The rules and regulations should be exposed and discussed with the surrounding community;

even counseling with them at the start—even if we disagree—

the most important thing is that we do not “surprise” them in a moment of crisis.

—Stanley Gortiko

We have gone to a great deal of trouble to find truly unique and creative students who do not fit into a mold and because of this, the Board of Trustees must also be creative and have a flexibility of thought and opinion second to none.

We must learn to listen and learn from students whom we are seeking by design.

We must keep a positive approach.

Our students will have come to learn, not to be preached to.

—William S. Lund

How can we protect ourselves from complete destruction?

Only if we win the respect of faculty and students.

No government, no police force, no security guard will be able to protect the campus—unless the students and faculty feel that it is their campus and choose to protect it from violence—outside and inside.

Channeling pride with involvement is the best defense.

—Mrs. Thayer Gilpatrick



Article VI Committees

Section 1.

Standing Committees of the Institute

There shall be the following Standing Committees of the Institute:

Academic Affairs  
Board Affairs  
Building and Grounds  
Development  
Financial Affairs  
Governance  
Institute Affairs

Section 2.

Procedures Relating to Standing Committees

1. The Standing Committees will be made up according to the following table. The Chairman of the Board and the President will appoint the Chairman of each Standing Committee, who shall come from the group indicated by the asterisk. In addition, the Chairman of the Board and the President will serve ex officio on all Standing Committees.

<u>Committee</u>	<u>Trustees</u>	<u>Admin. &amp; Staff</u>	<u>Deans &amp; Faculty</u>	<u>Stu- dents</u>	<u>Total</u>
Academic Affairs	5	1	6*	4	16
Board Affairs	4*	1	2	2	9
Building & Grounds	5*	2	2	2	11
Development	6*	3	2	2	13
Financial Affairs	5*	3	2	2	12
Governance	4*	1	3	3	11
Institute Affairs	5	3	5*	5	18

2. Members of the Standing Committees will be selected from the Institute's constituencies in the following manner:
  - a. Trustees: Chosen by the Chairman of the Board in consultation with the President and the Chairman of each Standing Committee.
  - b. Administration and Staff: Chosen by the President in consultation with the Chairman of the Board and the Chairman of the Standing Committee.
  - c. Deans and Faculty: Chosen initially by the President in consultation with the Provost and the Chairman of the Standing Committee. During the first year, a process of election



will be developed for the faculty similar to that for the students.

- d. Students: 1. Two students will be elected by the student body of each of the seven student divisions (Art, Critical Studies, Design, Film, Music, Theater and Dance, and Institute students) to form a pool of 14 students. From this pool, each student will be assigned to a Standing Committee by the President in consultation with the Dean of Institute Affairs and the Chairman of the Standing Committee involved. 2. Six students will be chosen at large by the Provost in consultation with the Deans. Each of these students will be assigned to a Standing Committee by the President in consultation with the Dean of Institute Affairs and the Chairman of the Standing Committee involved.
3. No one except an ex officio member may serve on more than two Standing Committees. Members of Standing Committees shall serve for one year, but may be reappointed.
4. No one constituency shall have a majority on any Standing Committee.
5. The Standing Committees shall have the responsibilities defined below. Policies established and actions taken by the Committees are subject to timely Board review. Any revision of Committee policy or action shall be by a majority vote of the full Board of Trustees.

### Section 3.

Areas of Responsibility of Standing Committees  
The Respective Standing Committees shall have the following areas of responsibility:

#### Academic Affairs

1. Establishment of guidelines for educational policy.
2. Approval of any major program or curriculum change, such as the addition or deletion of a school or program.
3. Establishment of guidelines for research projects sponsored by non-Institute funds.
4. Authorization of degrees.
5. Approval of the appointments of all Deans or Associate Deans.

6. Establishment of policies for hiring and retention of faculty.

7. Review of annual academic calendar.

8. Review of Admissions policies.

9. Review of Accreditation procedures.

#### Board Affairs

1. Nomination to the Board of Trustees of new and continuing members for the Board.

2. Confirmation of the faculty-nominated member of the Board.

3. Continuing appraisal of Board functioning and effectiveness.

#### Building and Grounds

1. Supervision and review of all new construction or alterations to the physical plant.

2. Supervision and review of the purchase of all major equipment.

3. Supervision and review of the maintenance and upkeep of the buildings and the grounds of the campus.

4. Review of the campus security system.

#### Development

1. Capital and Operational fund raising.

2. Coordination of programs of Institute support groups.

#### Financial Affairs

1. Establishment of general budget guidelines.

2. Supervision of Institute investment policies.

3. Establishment of general salary guidelines.

4. Review of all non-academic government contracts.

5. Supervision of general audit.

6. Establishment of rates of tuition.

7. Review of financing for student aid programs.

8. Review of activities of Institute Credit Union.

#### Governance

1. Review of all aspects of Institute governance.

2. Service as collective ombudsman to all of the Institute's constituencies.
3. Annual evaluation of the operation of the Standing Committees and recommending changes of procedure (as well as future size and membership) of any Standing Committee.
4. Review of rights and duties of all classes of constituents.

#### Institute Affairs

1. Supervision of all internal judicial procedures.
2. Recommendation of any all-Institute regulations concerning the conduct and behavior of students and faculty.
3. Review of all programs in community relations, and recommendations for community involvement in Institute governance.
4. Review of all programs in continuing education.
5. Review of all public events, and coordination where appropriate.
6. Review of the programs and operations of the gallery, library, bookstore, and dormitories.
7. Review of all Institute publication programs and of the activities of the Office of Information.
8. Recommendation regarding personnel benefit programs.
9. Review of activities of counseling and health services.
10. Review of all Institute housing programs.

#### Section 4.

##### Other Committees

The Board of Trustees may create and define the duties of such other committees as it shall from time to time determine. Each such committee shall have such composition, life and procedures as the Board shall in each instance specify or authorize.



Cal Arts will be seeking much the opposite of the usual academic environment, one of whose acute problems is a creeping bureaucratic standardization and depersonalization which, an irritant to any student, is anathema to the artist.

—Economic Research Associates,  
*"The Need and the Concept,"* 1966

I can't remember any generation of students so concerned, so committed, so active as this one over the social issues of our time. This generation is the first to see clearly that it is impossible to settle political questions by military means. They have made it necessary for most Americans to repudiate the most senseless, the cruellest war in modern history. They have done it because they have refused to be blindly nationalistic; they dare to question the presence of ROTC and uniforms on a college campus; they have the personal courage to oppose recruiting by companies that they see as the symbols of the war machine (an erroneous assumption, perhaps, and in the end, a bad tactic, but preferable to the terrible silence of the decent). They have read Shelley, Ginsberg, Camus, and Malraux, and they believe the poets, the novelists, the artists who tell them that all men are brothers, that any man's death should diminish us; and in their own way, they are fumbling toward a membership in the human family. They demand to live in the soul of the world.

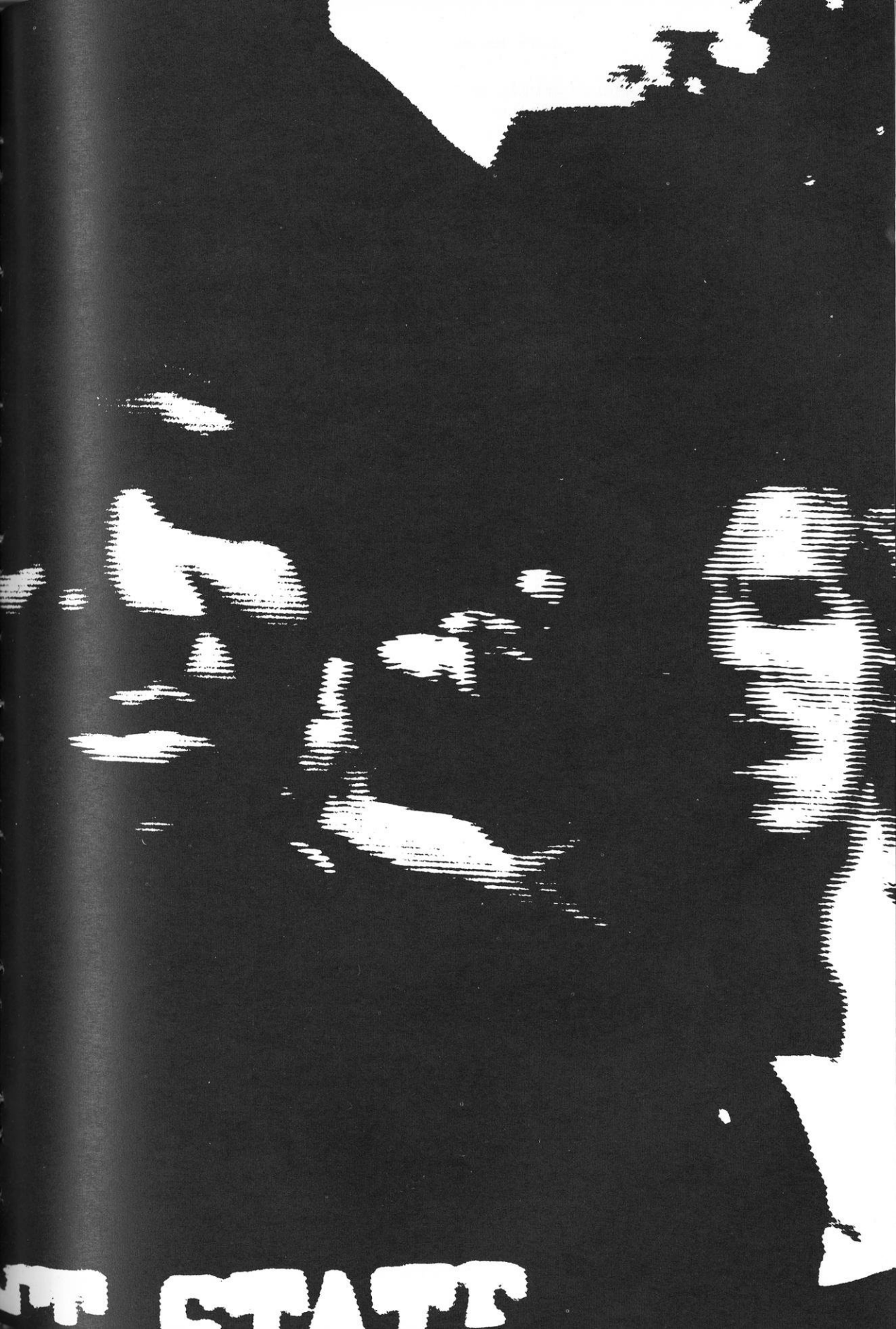
If each country gets the politics it deserves, then each generation of parents and teachers gets the students it deserves. And what have we deserved? Kids who listened to what we said when they were in the cradle, when they were in elementary school, maybe when they were in high school, and possibly when they came to college. We were so busy talking about Thoreau, Ghandi, and civil disobedience that we almost passed out in amazement when the kids began to practice it. We became apoplectic when, in the middle of a sermon on the futility of dying in foreign adventure, they began to burn their draft cards and to call upon the university to disassociate itself from the military.

I can't remember any time in my career when I've been prouder of our students. They have poked and prodded nagged and nudged, and moved small mountains. We adults might do well to remember that when we study people or students as "problems," we stigmatize them. If we apply this perspective to the "new forms of protest," we may observe that the very posing of the issue may bias the answer. The issue as presented assumes that what is problematic is the failure to protest, the failure to dissent; that more concern should be generated over political and academic apathy, in light of contemporary political and academic events (or non-events) than over political or academic activism.

We might also consider the possibility that the student generation is not a generation of "romantics," a charge often hurled at them by their well-wishers. The older generation that waves the flag, that sees America as a country of manifest destiny saving the world for democracy, that sees the university isolated and inviolable—they are the romantics. By contrast, our students are realists who are not willing to kill or to be killed unless the cause is unmistakably honorable.

Perhaps the questions I have asked ought to be summarized: not as "what is wrong with the younger generation trying to overturn established institutions and to challenge authority," but as "what is wrong with the older generation that wants to conduct business as usual when the heavens are falling?"

—Leo Hamalik



ATT STATT

September 26, 1969

Dear Herb:

People get broken heads today for principles soon adopted by people whose main interest appears to be only that they appear to be boss of the situation. My intimate friend RM Nixon said at his news conference today that he will in no way allow the peace demonstrations scheduled for October to influence his actions; but of course they have been influencing actions for several years now. Nixon cares only that things look voluntary on his part. It's like his not wanting me or anyone to point a finger at him -- not wanting it to appear to the distant observers that anyone is telling him anything. I think he's as I saw him, though Jo said after she saw you in LA that you felt not. For awhile I felt not, too. But now he appears to me not only the same old dreary Dick but not even clever and ingenious, as his administration gave promise of being during the early weeks. I cannot at all say that I am pleased to foresee that within a short time he will be in a disgrace almost equal to LB Johnson's. To that I must add that I do not think any President ever again in the foreseeable future can last more than a year or two before his own personal disaster. It has something to do with the appetite of the media for live bodies to fry in public, but also with a public intelligence old-fashioned political machinery can no longer accommodate.

I want to work at some writing but I am having a hard time getting started. Boswell expands to the point of the impossible -- the best reason I know for staying with him. So I am trying to withdraw from campus political life here for that reason, and also because, much as I tell myself that the problems here are world problems, all things linked, I can't entirely persuade myself that that is true; even if it is true, maybe my work in the world is writing. Maybe all would be solved if I took up smoking again.



September 30, 1969

Dear Mark:

If you don't want to be counted out, it might be a good thing if you detoured this way when you go to Oregon. I don't think all the property will be gone and you can look for yourself. I can call the land people to maybe hold on to a piece for you, but the way it looks now none of the deans is going to be there because of the high down payment etc.

The disaster of Nixon, I fear, is that he will persist and stay in office just as he is. I do retract my expectations about him, though I think he is a shrewder man. Johnson's disaster came from a bigger mouth and a coarser style. I find Nixon's more offensive now because he's apparently got no scruple but that of power, and he hasn't even the temerity to make power look like power. At the moment, however, he's calling the shots and reading the signs. I don't think the demonstrations will seriously influence policy because the country's atmosphere won't support the demonstrations the way it has done. They've tired people out, and besides, the going thing on the media is mediation. Note how the newscasters have learned to say cool it. They adopt the vocabulary of dissent for reverse reasons. I think there will be rumbles on the campuses but I've predicted to my radical friends that there won't be anything approaching insurrection, and if there is there won't be much indecision about what to do about it, and it will be contained more effectively than it was at Columbia. This is not to say that conditions won't improve at all, I think they will. It's my turn to be ameliorist. I didn't think there would be any riots in the ghettos this summer and had a big argument with Dickie about it. There were more disturbances there than the press made us aware of, but nothing resembling a riot. It's not in the air, and no escalated apocalyptic projections by the Left will make it happen, and I suspect they become more dire in prophecy the more they know the restraints are on. I'm not sure that's bad. There were times I used to feel that you can only charge so much that a society is sick. If it is sick, and it is, it's the kind of sickness that can stand only so much shock treatment. And if it's a matter of effecting a cure by psychiatric means, then we have to remember how long a therapy takes.

There my pessimism throbs again. I'm not sure there is a therapy. There's either something demonic at the heart of things (a lesson we

Cal Arts will thus hope to graduate not high priests prepared to engage in occult rites and mysteries, by which they seek to impress rather than to instruct the public, but citizen artists, or artist citizens, prepared to become engaged in the high purposes of human society.

—Economic Research Associates,  
"The Need and the Concept," 1966

Politics in the arts, theater in the parks.  
All power to the people, yes, yes.  
Finally people fail people, not systems.  
Nobody owns the revolution. The true revolution antedates us all, secret and persistent through time, awaiting its successive incarnations. It is brought into being, out of necessity, by a conspiracy of history and the highest intelligence; the rest is Panic, and impermanence. The revolution, subject to distortion and murder, withdraws into secrecy and bides its time.

We falsify when we do not keep the individual in focus. All belligerence generalizes. Aggression is abstract. No one strikes a single living face. Every blow is delivered at a mask.

To turn away totally—impossible.

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

dutifully absorbed during the fifties) or something plain idiot -- unless they're the same. I suppose, tapering that off, there is something forever seeking an equilibrium too, and the question is which happens faster. One hopes for the balances of power -- that somehow all the good will will muster itself in the same place at the propitious time. But if we can't get any bloody automobiles off the highways and city streets, how in the world are we going to get the destructive impulse out of our souls? Maybe Anthony and Jona can figure it out, they've got all the right impulses going, but then the system seems impenetrable, and one wonders if their stamina is any greater than ours.

All things are linked, your writing and world politics, but the simple truth is you have a lot more control of your writing even when you're not.



# ★ FORGOTTEN FOREVER

What is your present draft status?

I'm sorry I don't have an 8x10 picture to send you, but I have one 1 1/4" x .75" I could send, but it's very blurry and is fading the more I leave it laying around. ~~Therefore~~

~~Consequently~~  
I know that I have never been in a violent riot except at an out and when I played football at Carnegie Park N.Y.

Also, I had to tie my hair down and wear a disguise to get into Disneyland last summer.  
I paid my dues.





The released desublimating promise of the young: we are going, they say, beyond sexual equality. This is a more sophisticated version of the popular notion of going beyond Freud. Beyond Freud? We can't go beyond what we've never reached. On breaking all the restraints: forgive my puritanism, but the score is not in.

Encounter technique is the therapy of Wasps. Release is only temporary and continually depends on support, the constant laying on of hands. As self-revelation, it is — compared to orthodox therapies — skin deep.

— Herbert Blau *Journal Note*

While photographing the spectator-participants and actors in the Living Theatre's performance of *Paradise Now* (at Yale in September, 1968), a spectator came up to me while I was on stage. He mimed the action of photographing me, I guess to say, "Doesn't it look foolish to be taking pictures when we're all liberating ourselves and participating (cf., Blau on encounter groups)?" There aren't any distinctions between players and audience. Drop your cameras and join us. I gave him my camera, and he photographed. The energy is obvious, and inseparable from the technical faults (out of focus, over exposed, etc.). My photographs of the spectators and the players share some of the technical failings with his negatives. Accidents? Order? Energy? Everyman his own photographer when the energy is liberated? Or just not artistic enough?

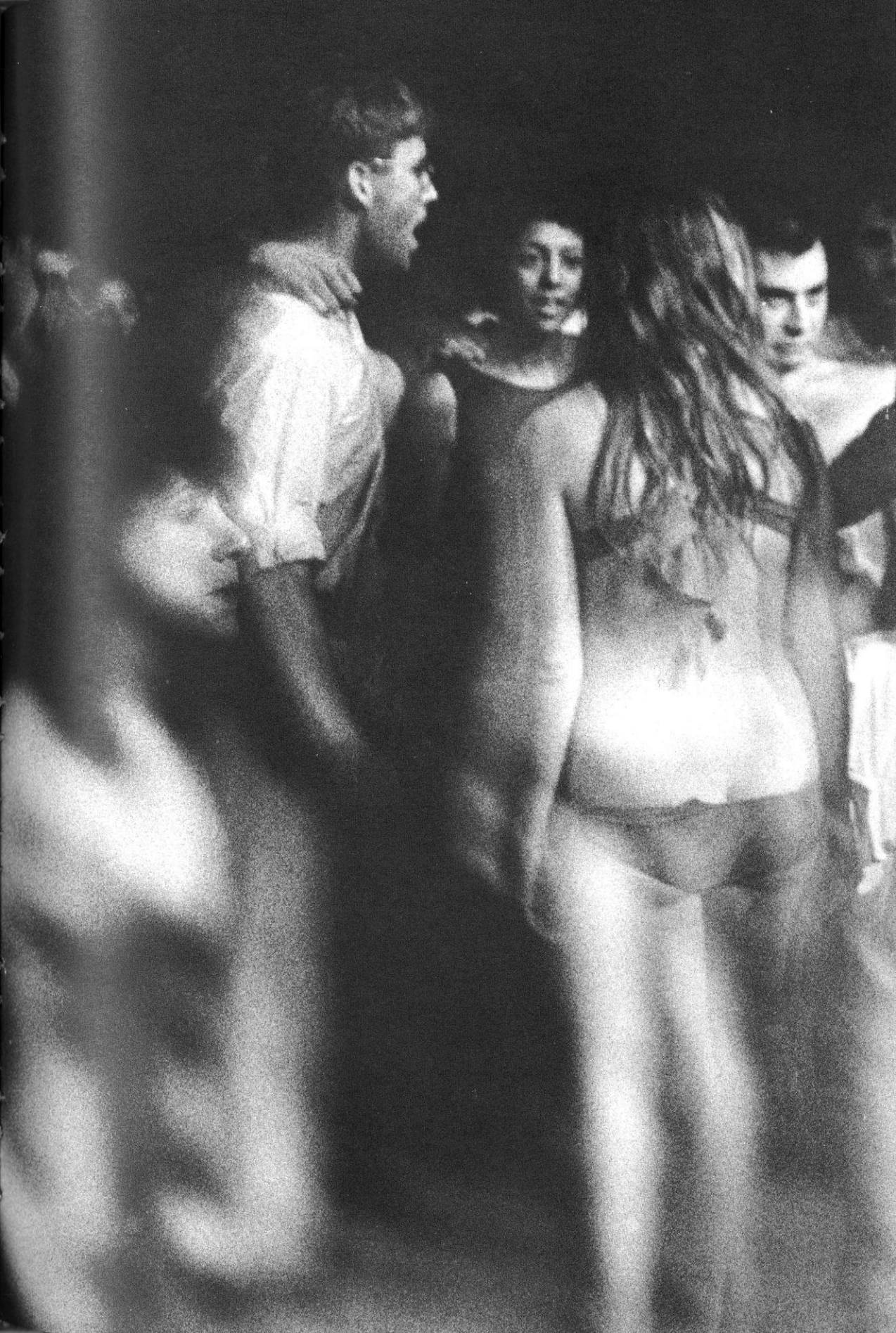
I also photographed Julian Beck in preparation, on stage, with the bail-bondsman ("The finished man among his enemies") at the New Haven jail after they were busted. It's two years later and there are new revolutionaries in that jail.

— Ben Lifson

Because movement is a common kinesthetic experience, it involves the spectator.

— Bella Lewitzky







## General Performance Workshop

Doing not drama, not dance, not happenings, but general performances, or just performing generally.

The interplay between observation and participation.

Applying general design principles to all forms of action including existence.

Taking inventory of what exists and augmenting it with new entities.

Considering subjects and viewpoints, making new forms to fit these or to accompany them, or else filling in forms and designs with appropriate or incongruous subject matters.

For instance:

Members of the workshop following a chance person down the street doing everything he does.

Members of the workshop redesigning religious services according to other principles (eg. more moral or more decorative ones) and superimposing these over an existent and perhaps involuntary congregation.

Members of the workshop redesigning their own lives or communities and performing this.

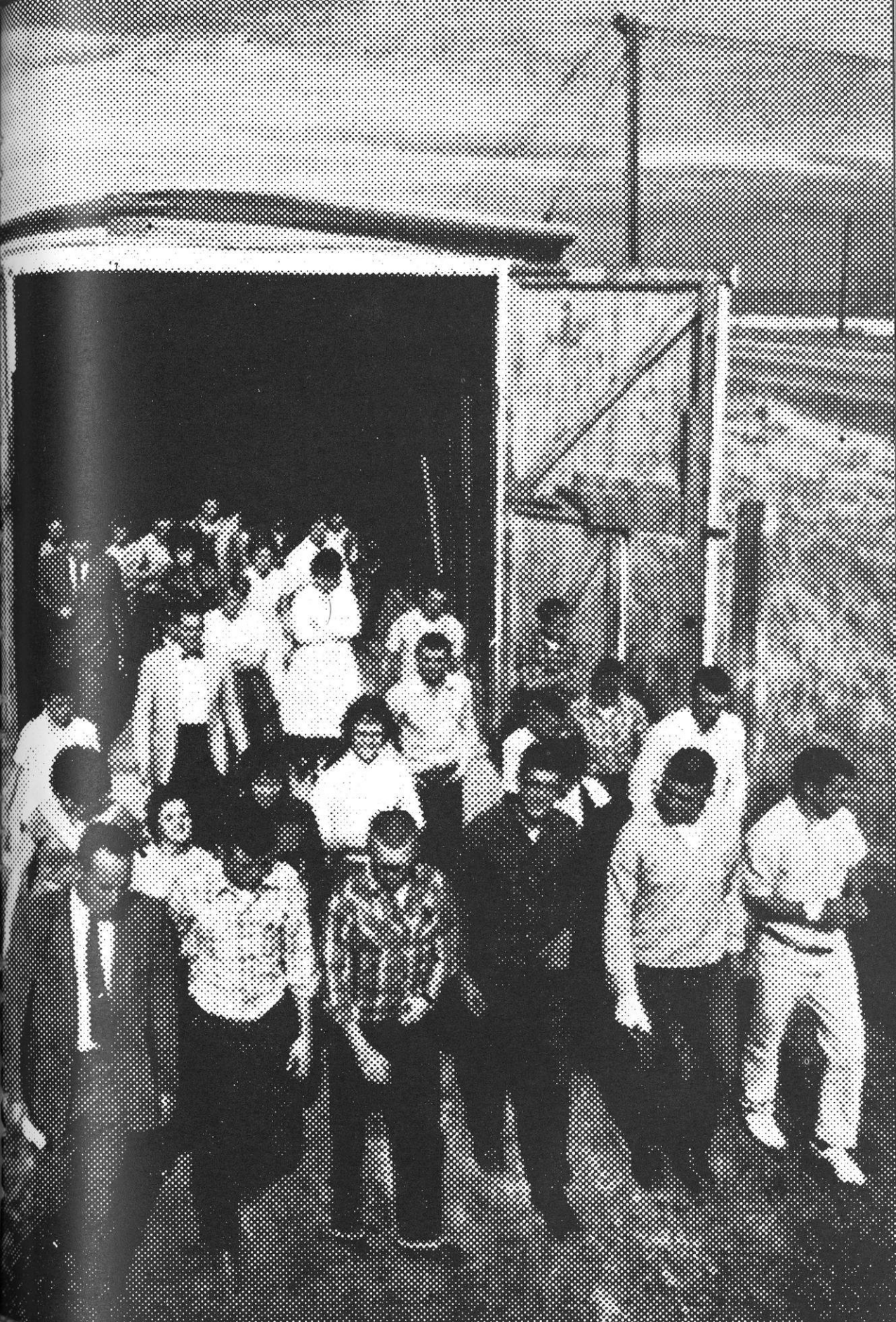
Members of the workshop exhibiting a performance in which a painting is treated as a musical or general performance notation, or in which an event becomes a notation for something else.

Members of the workshop contributing to destroying, altering or simply cleaning up existing structures.

Members of the workshop developing new forms of time matrices to expand methods of experience (eg., eating all day long for one day and fasting the next, eating foods in alphabetical order to stress their names and connotations and only eating while the sun is up, never after dark).

Members of the workshop working out their own forms and matrices, attitudes towards technique, and making general performances which are either concrete or discrete with the traditional arts or with daily experience.

—Dick Higgins



GEORGE MILLER

Born - June, 1944, Wooster, Ohio

B.F.A. - 1966, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio

M.F.A. - 1968, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey

Assistant Professor - 1968-1969, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon  
Shows:

1967 Judson Gallery, New York City, New York

1968 Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey

1968 Trenton Museum, Trenton, New Jersey

1968 Iowa University, Iowa City, Iowa

1968 Henri Gallery, Washington D.C.

1968 Maude Kerns Gallery, Eugene, Oregon

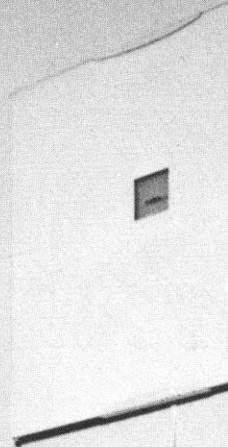
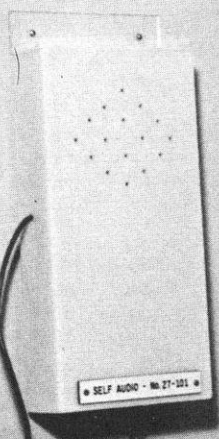
1968 Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey

I am dealing with a complex of information that is concerned with systems that deal with the environment. I am not concerned with attributing values to these systems, but just to present them as experience. I want this experience to be among other things, real, and immediate. I have ceased giving my work a focus (picture making). There is no one place where the spectator can stand, sit or lay that will enable him to observe the entire piece and all its functions. Each piece splits the experience between visual and audio. Both cannot be experienced at the same time, one inevitably gives way to the other and visa-versa. In a sense I am trying to deal with the environment not by illusion but by the use of the senses, knowing the reality by awareness, relating the observer to the observed, resulting in the phenomenon of the experience itself. Each piece, which I call audio systems, duplicates what the observer/participant already knows. Thus the visual and audio experience is created as one becomes involved in the system. By attempting to create the different parts of a particular phenomenon such as the "Grass Audio System", I am creating an experience by giving it all parts of that experience. My work possesses content and context, subject and object, all simultaneously. They are systems.

George Miller



SELF-AUDIO No.27-101 : this piece amplifies the sounds in the environment



CALIFORNIA MAP PROJECT  
PART I: CALIFORNIA

John Baldessari  
George Nicolaidis

September, 1969

The following are photographs of letters that spell CALIFORNIA and of the map used for locating the site for each letter. The letters vary in scale from 1" to approximately 100', and in materials used. The letters are located as nearly as possible within the area occupied by the letters on the map.



C. Off Jones Valley Road. 9 miles from Hiway 299 leading from Redding. On bank of finger of Shasta Lake.  
Materials: Found logs.



A. On road to Paradise. 7 miles from intersection of Paradise Road and Hiway 99 (near Chico).  
Materials: paint on rock.



L. 3.6 miles from Newcastle on California 193.  
Materials: telephone pole and faked shadow.



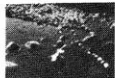
I. 5 miles from San Andreas on Hiway 49. Near Angel's Camp.  
Materials: Non-toxic color in creek.



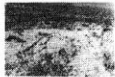
F. Ben Hur Road. South of Mariposa.  
3.4 miles from California 49.  
Materials: scattered bits of red cloth.



O. 3.4 miles on Reed Road from junction 180. Near Minkler.  
Materials: red yarn.



R. 14 miles north of Kernville in Sequoia National Forrest.  
In Kern River.  
Materials: Found rocks.



N. 4.10 miles from Hiway 395 on Death Valley Road.  
.6 miles on south side of road.  
Materials: rocks and dry color.



I. Outside Lucerne. 11.8 miles from Lucerne fire station.  
2 miles off Old Womans Spring Road.  
Turn at sign reading Partin Limestone Products.  
Materials: white dry color.  
(The letter is nearly invisible).



A. In Joshua Tree National Monument.  
15 miles from Twenty nine Palms Visitor Center on road to Cottonwood.  
Materials: dry color, rocks, dessert wildflower seed.







CALIFORNIA  
CT  
710



The ecology of the earth is anti-entropic. It eats the sun. An old birth in the dying of a leaf. But what has that to do with the millions of numbered and systematic deaths, deaths before the will of dying, or nature's fall. Is the upcropping grass or the pulsing bush ample compensation, a true equity of the earth?

When we knock on any door, do we really prefer no answer, so we can legitimately walk in?

In real time there is no backward, only a movement forward to our beginnings. All disorder comes from resistance to the return; awareness responds to a system of repetitions. The French word for rehearsal: repetition.

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

We must change the direction in which design is going. Obviously styling can't be part of the future. "Cosmetic design" creates visual pollution, obsolescence, wastes irreplaceable resources and is based on people being turned on by possessions and gadgets. The truth is simple: the environmental quality of life on earth and the gulf dividing the haves and have-nots is what war and survival are about. Through design man can positively participate in society. Most designers love design, not people. Just stopping design completely might help. Working in interdisciplinary teams away from the "Disneyland" of marketing, with needs *real* to people, design can become a meaningful moral act.

We must attempt to place the problem in its social perspective. We have paid lip-service to the concept that the entire factory system and automation (both are, as of this writing, supreme extensions of man) will result in making all that we feel we need available without effort, to all people, in all places, and at all times. But as our living patterns (and what we now think of as needs) change radically, the ultimate consumer values may no longer be "availability" and "effortlessness." Taking the long view, our attempts to remove all of our activities from the manual to the mechanical and then to the automatic, indiscriminantly, may be quite wrong.

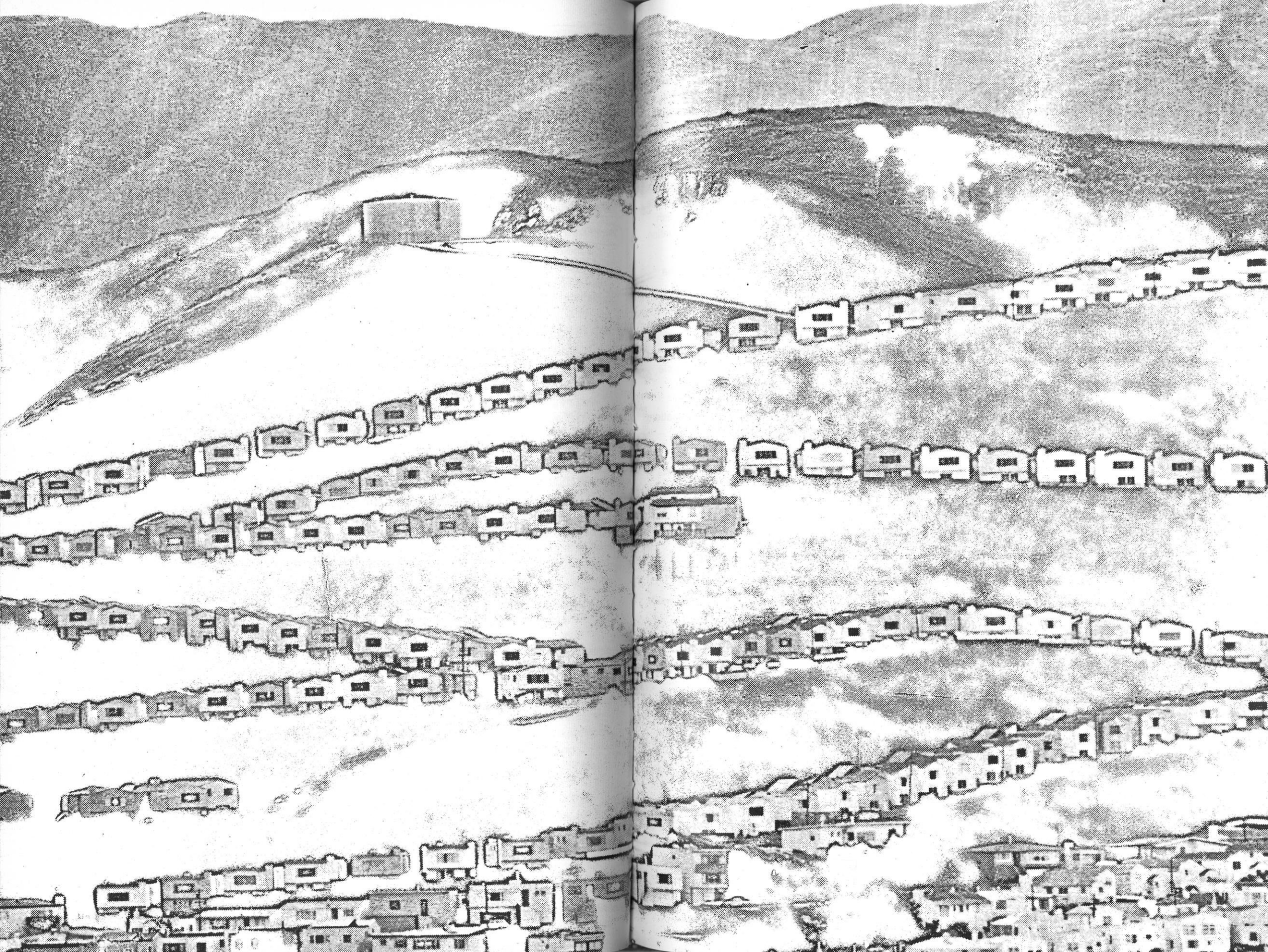
Design education today blends a study of forced obsolescence with a study of aesthetics, labels the idiot progeny of this miscegenation "Good Taste" and leaves it at that. "Good Taste" is the means a profit-oriented system uses to establish fads and fashions, to persuade people (with its ever-helpful ally, advertising) to throw goods away even *before* they wear out. The main trouble with design schools seems to be that they teach too much design and not enough about the social and political environment in which design takes place. But it is impossible to teach anything *in vacuo*, least of all a system as deeply involved with man's basic needs as we have seen design to be. An experience in working as part of a multi-disciplinary team is essential. This may be one of the hardest things of all to teach.

For millions of years man's "little red schoolhouse" was earth itself. Mankind was taught to react and to behave by the environment, disasters, and predators. But now we have replaced our "natural enemies" with *educators*, and we try to learn from them. To thus brutally twist man away from his natural heritage of non-specialization can only have brutal results. It is in this area, of driving men into ever-narrowing fields of specialization, that the schools and universities have made their greatest mistakes. Today's "revolution on the campus" is the students' intuitive reaction. Modern technology is beginning to give mankind a chance to return to the interactive learning experience, the sensory awakening of the early hunter. Hydroponic farming, "fish-herding," protein-manufacture and sky-scraper farms will also help. Education can then again become relevant to a society of *generalists*, in other words, designers-planners. We can show that designers especially must operate on a non-specialized basis; for the designer shapes the environments in which we all live, the tools which we all use. And from the unpalatable manifestations of bad design in our society, the design student cannot for long remain aloof. Design is never a job; it is a way of looking at the world and changing it.

—Victor Papanek







The ethos of individualism which once provided the inspiration to open new land to settlement has become the major destructive force in the environment. The uncontrolled exploitation of land at the city's center for strictly commercial purposes has forced people out of the center to live and back again to work. The continuing effort to move away from the problems of the center—congestion, noise, smog—adds to these problems and to the destruction of both the environment and the society.

In Los Angeles this insistence on private ownership of property has created an extensive sprawl, a proliferation of individual solutions, in broadening bands around the city. Major expansion beyond reach of the center began ten years ago with the transformation of the San Fernando Valley from orange groves into an endless tract. The pseudo-Spanish cosmetics of Valencia do not conceal the fact that it is but a continuation, in both form and process, of the San Fernando Valley.

The viable alternative to concentric expansion is linear growth in the form of increased density appearing along major thoroughfares such as Wilshire Boulevard. This linear development is in danger of being overwhelmed by the momentum of the speculative effort in downtown Los Angeles. The resulting concentric growth creates an increasingly exclusive center, inaccessible to the majority of people who, having placed themselves at the fringes, are locked into a cycle of commutation and isolation. The loss of human interaction and the continued destruction of land is based on the process of each individual claiming "his" piece of the earth. The direction of this pattern must be questioned; these attitudes toward ownership must be reworked to include responsibility for the long-range effects.

Study of the whole environmental process should lead to a halt in the proliferation of human artifacts and to a reappraisal of our goals. Ecological studies address the problem of the interaction of all systems based on the effectiveness of reciprocal support functions. Before the conclusions of such studies can be fully realized, our philosophical goals, presently directed toward maximizing consumption, must be redefined. In dealing with unique or isolated problems, rather than with the interrelated problems of the whole environment, architects, planners and designers have contributed to the consumption and waste cycle. While it is not impossible to devise a context in which an individual design solution might be meaningful, the present direction makes such solutions not only irrelevant but destructive. Buildings based on formal fads or fashions suggest no solutions. Recent plans for "new towns" are tattered-up versions of typical tract developments and contribute directly to the destruction of the environment. We must engage in a process of reappraisal directed more in terms of where we are going than where we are, more in terms of ideas themselves, their limits and the directions implied in them.

The primary factors which must be considered in this reappraisal and which have shifted the study of the environment from individual structures to whole systems are growth, creating the enormous physical dimension of cities, and change, creating the high rate of obsolescence. Growth and change describe a system which can be defined only in terms of the interconnected processes that shape it and result from it. Primarily analytical use-programs tend to ignore processes and to isolate units in terms of use and area only, rather than confronting the problem of whether and how these units should be assembled.



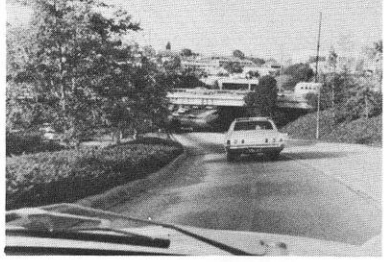
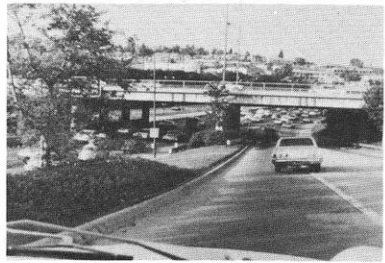
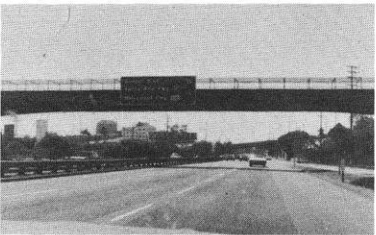
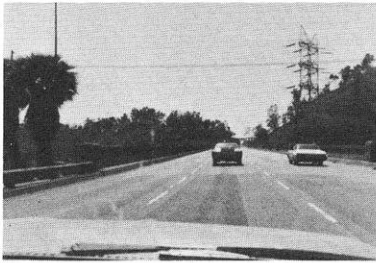
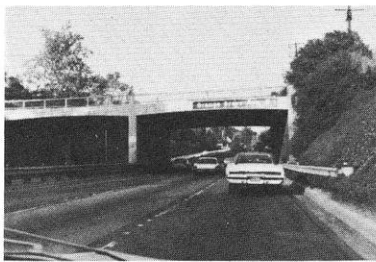
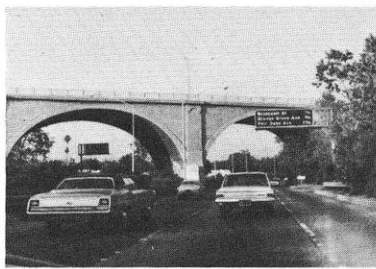
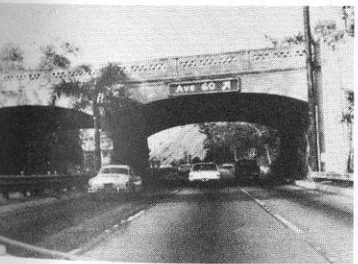
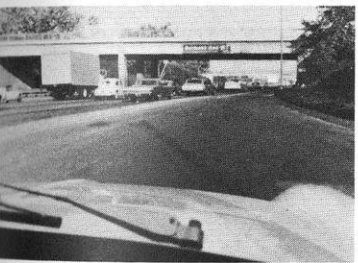
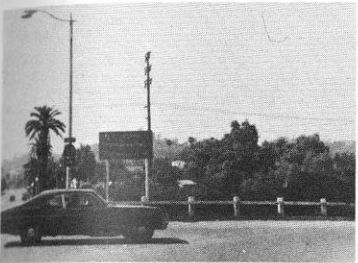
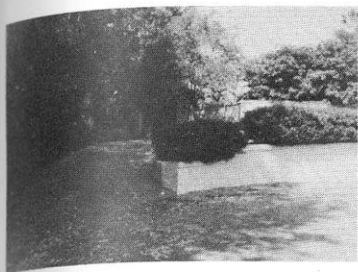
Because design has taken place based upon such limited conceptions, the life cycles of our most recent structures are getting shorter. If the conceptual framework were expanded, it would be possible to design systems in which non-functioning parts could be eliminated and new parts could be added without disrupting or destroying the entire system. *The ability to change and adapt must be built in at the beginning.* If not, the system will break down with increasing frequency. To avoid this we must learn to identify and distinguish between those relationships which are relatively fixed and those which are more generalized—allowing places to be defined by the activities that occur within them and by the interrelation of those activities.

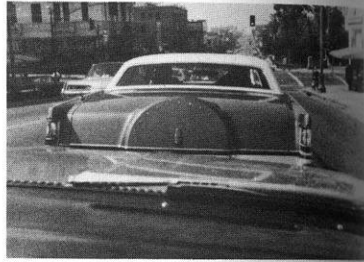
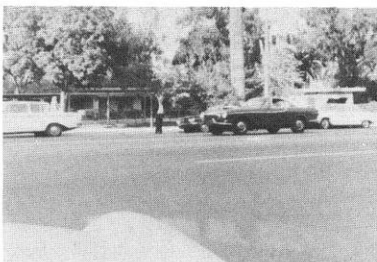
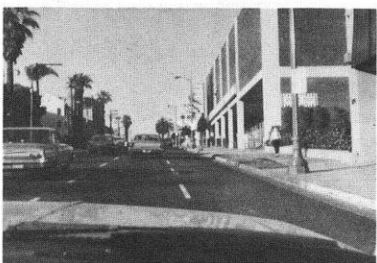
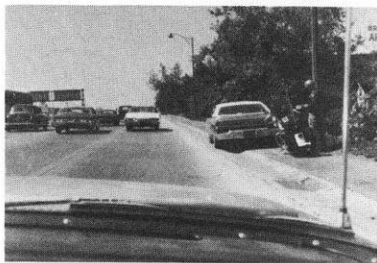
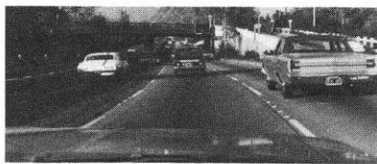
The rectilinear grid of New York City maintains a readily apprehensible order yet allows all things to occur in all parts of the city while accommodating idiosyncratic neighborhoods and exceptional variations. Berlin Free University, designed by Shadrach Woods, uses a multi-layered, pedestrian circulation net as a fixed ordering device along which are connected a variety of spaces. The decision to adopt a highly rationalized order, based on the movement of man on foot and allowing all other specialized functions to take on their own form, creates both continuity and variety, regularity and randomness. Superficially the order of New York City and Berlin Free University appears quite rigid but, in fact, achieves far more varied and complex relationships than are found in any of the picturesque plans of recent “new towns” such as Reston, Irvine and Valencia.

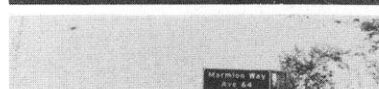
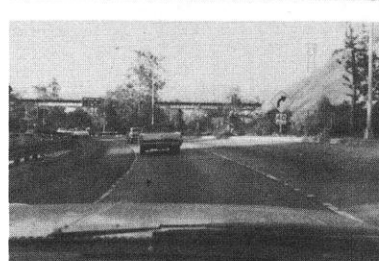
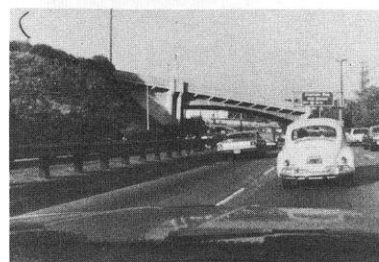
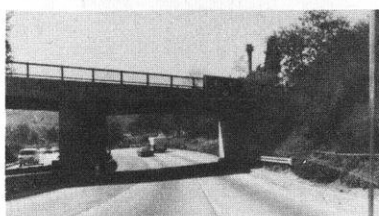
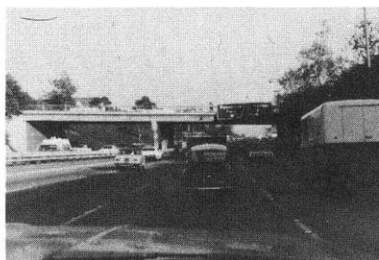
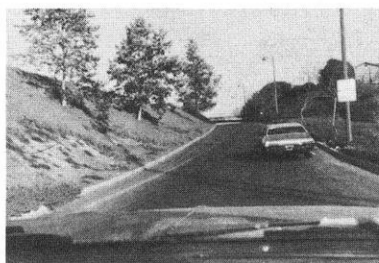
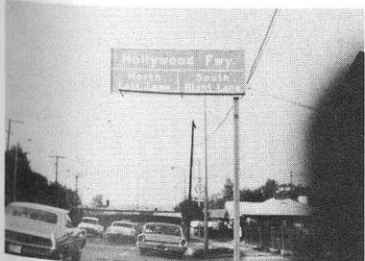
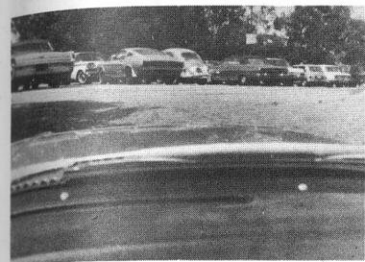
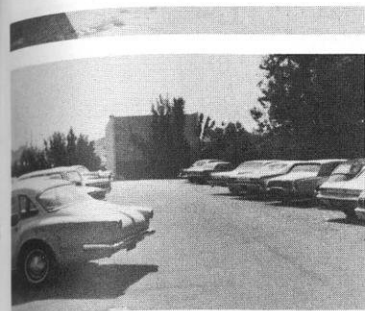
It is not always possible to predict how a system of relationships will be understood or used, but the synthesizing requirements can be defined while allowing enough variability in all parts to permit the entire system to be used in different ways. Given a dynamic definition of function based on the processes of use, growth, and change, this would be possible. These requirements, resulting in part from the enormous expansion of technology, are appropriate to a pluralistic society in which things are potentially free to move and change according to their needs. However much technology has altered our life styles and reshaped the environment, it is currently directed toward conventional social and revolutionary *scientific* programs. Instead, new and existing technology must be directed toward revolutionary *social* goals leading to a more efficient use and a more equitable distribution of resources. This is not simply optimism; it is an awareness of what is dying and what is beginning, of possibility and of risk. If we are not to go on destroying the earth at an ever increasing rate, definition must be restored to the larger unit, making it possible to arrive at intelligent, individual choices.

—Peter de Bretteville

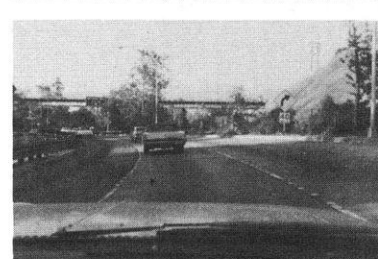
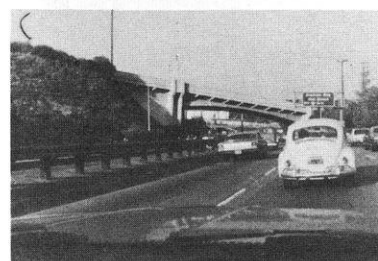
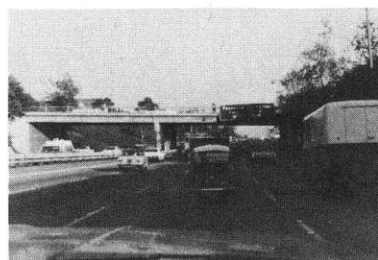
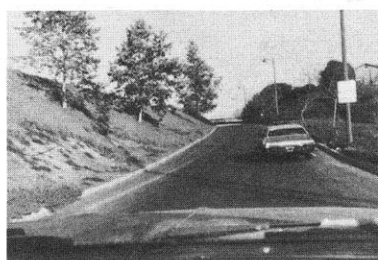
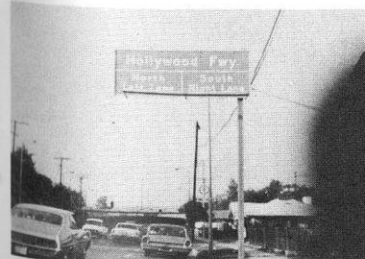
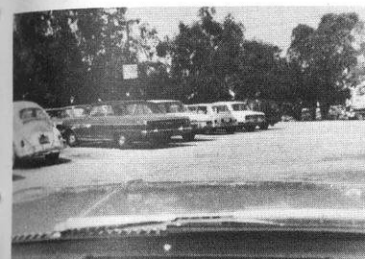
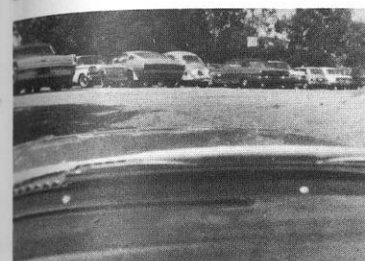
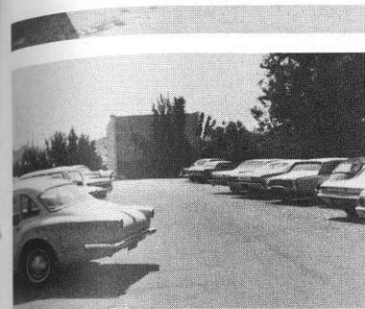


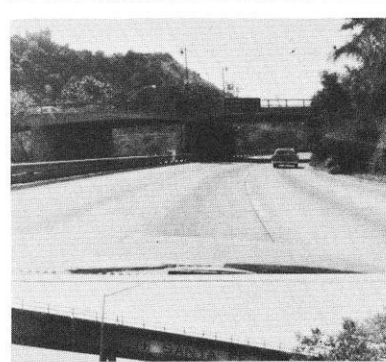
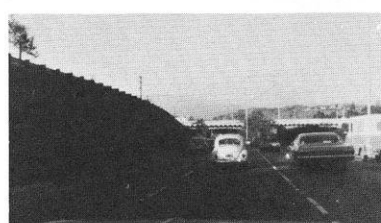
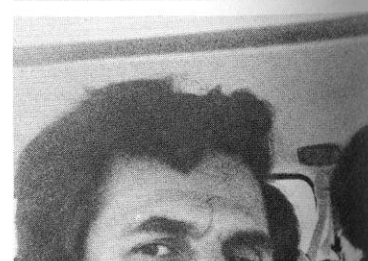
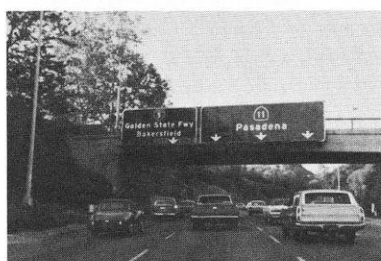
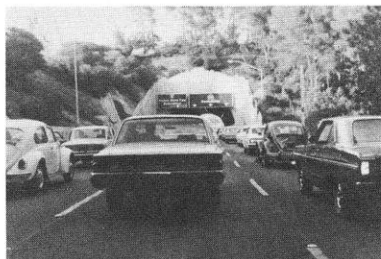
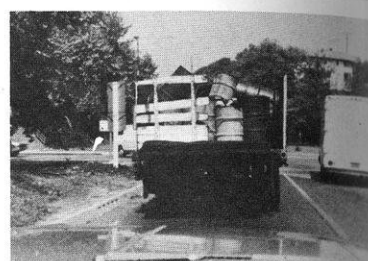
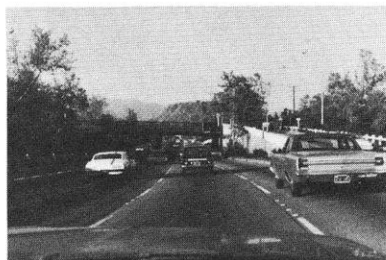
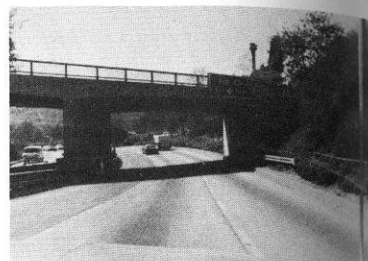
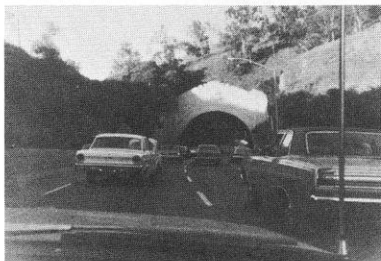
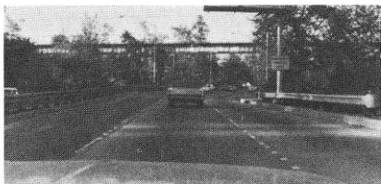












We stand on the threshold of a post-organic landscape we already know  
but cannot see, with induction hums instead of mechanical rattles, the  
secret interiors of solid-state diodes instead of the livid glow of the  
vacuum tube, the seamless box instead of the bolted contraption.

An orchestra recorded without an

audience and made perceptual to

individuals from time to time

through the medium of

The slow evolution of natural forms and materials characteristic of an  
loudspeakers is an evolution of the  
organic order has been supercharged by conceptual abstraction and the  
concert hall situation, while the  
synthesis of fundamental bits. In a synthetic environment, abstract and  
electronically generated and  
revolutionary, the relationship of man to the organic system may be  
recorded compositions of  
viewed as constant (i.e., we must still breathe an oxygen-inert gas mixture)  
Stockhausen are more nearly  
while that of man to his surroundings is a constant variable.  
synthetic. Consequently the tonal

Already painters like Rauschenberg have recognized that wrenching an  
object loose of its systematic use and projecting it into harsh conflict with  
other objects and images no longer produces the intense dislocation  
characteristic of surrealism, but instead mutes the identity of each object,  
merging it with the overall structure. There is no implicit outrage in the  
manipulation of objects which are programmatically reproduced since  
their character is non-assertive and open-ended. The object, by  
sublimating identity to context, needs only the smallest persuasion to  
become an integer in a new fabric.

a secret universe, line eyes, ears,

hands, to atomic interstices—the

mechanical parallel with our own

bodies has been short-circuited

work, particularly that of Stankiewicz, sought to amplify an animism only

into an electroencephalic

reproduction of our nervous

system.

our own making when technology lurched out of our control, and seemed

aimed at the atomic disintegration of the entire race; to fondle a

mechanistic icon in a time of technological oppression rather than a

human idol in a time of human oppression.

Through these halls, these

galleries of another century, this

enormous, luxurious, baroque

lugubrious hotel—overloaded with

a dark and cold ornamentation of

woodwork, stucco, moldings—

marble, black mirrors, dark

paintings, columns, heavy

hangings

—Last Year at Marienbad

by Alain Robbe-Grillet

clarity. There is no transposition

from system to system—we hear

precisely what we were meant

to hear—An ersatz symphony reels

from an ersatz cabinet. We wear

Coca-Cola trademarks woven into

the authentic Oriental engraving,

uppers in our comfortable fake

sponge chair, nibbling on pseudo-

Army Ordnance pressed into the

base of a bronze vessel from

counterfeit sunlight silhouettes the

pretend lace of the curtains as a

bought such a vase that I would be

happier with the shell casing

into the room—

itself than with its handmade

Doppelgänger. He did not agree.





It's a retreat. It's a place to go for rest and peace. So you want quiet decoration. For instance . . . this room. This room you could have as a kitchen. Right size, nice sun comes in. I'd have teal blue, copper and parchment linoleum squares. I'd have them echoed in the walls. I'd offset the kitchen units with charcoal grey worktops. You'd have a small wall cupboard, a large wall cupboard, a corner wall cupboard with revolving shelves. Our senses plug into high-speed printers and gauges for the latest decoded state-of-the-world before retiring to contemplate Ford and Le Corbusier and the world that was.

"Everything is or can be" says

Cesar Vivaldi—the scars of research, the pock-marks of technology have disappeared. At

a stage of systematic probability The synthetic object is, after all, capable of rapid and revolutionary the great accomplishments of change, during which man and nature alike effect only rudimentary and science and engineering have been evolutionary changes.

in the creation of devices with no physiologic analogue. Our

conceptual models, metaphors for a secret universe, line eyes, ears,

hands, to atomic interstices—the organization. The building might

mechanical parallel with our own bodies has been short-circuited into an electroencephalic reproduction of our nervous system.

our own making when technology lurched out of our control, and seemed aimed at the atomic disintegration of the entire race; to fondle a

mechanistic icon in a time of technological oppression rather than a

human idol in a time of human oppression.

"Through these halls, these galleries of another century, this enormous, luxurious, baroque lugubrious hotel—overloaded with a dark and cold ornamentation of woodwork, stucco, moldings—marble, black mirrors, dark paintings, columns, heavy hangings . . ."

—*Last Year at Marienbad*

by Alain Robbe-Grillet

or Le Corbusier whose architecture explicitly outlined the heroic acts of the twenties, were succeeded by the anti-hero of the sixties.

If you look closely at a brass

elephant from contemporary

Ceylon you might see a *leit-motif* of

Coca-Cola trademarks woven into

the authentic Oriental engraving,

or an obscure but still legible "U.S.

Army Ordnance" pressed into the

base of a bronze vessel from

Korea. I told my friend who had

bought such a vase that I would be

happier with the shell casing

itself than with its handmade

*Doppelgänger*. He did not agree.





We'd have a small wall cupboard, a large wall cupboard, a corner wall cupboard with revolving shelves. You won't be short of cupboards . . . You could have an off-white pile linen rug, a table in . . . veneer, sideboard with matte black drawers, curved chairs with cushioned seats, armchairs in oatmeal tweed, a beech . . .

We see, smell, taste, touch and hear only remnants and by-products of systems born of the reunification of sub-microscopic, non-corporeal particles. Chemistry and physics are the new midwives, delivering parthenogenetic objects on a geometric timetable.

Superdresses, microminiature electronic circuits, cera-metallic cooking ware, three-dimensional holographic projections and instant igloos signal the end of an era in which we desperately picked, cut, cleaned, twisted and wove natural materials into useful configurations. Mumford's fear of a machine fetish becomes more and more imminent. The quality of each part of as machines become less and less Saanen's G. M. Technical Center like animals — as a perfectly machined, integral, Fuller's hypothesis, that man is in effect carrying his own evolution forward but anonymous system imposes no by technological advances is valid only if he can assimilate the change. fixed, pictorial limits to the

organization. The building might extend indefinitely along its axis according to demand, pushing, extruding hallways deeper and deeper into action. Those hallways, lucid, pragmatic, and vital, are the avenues of what is happening, not the ramblings of boredom. They rush from room to room, demountable, hermetic, self-contained.

The Peruvian Indian who constructs a dwelling in an electric transmission tower precisely as he would in a tree and taps the lines for power as he might tap a tree for latex demonstrates an awareness of systems-overlap which we have yet to grasp.

— adapted from *The Caretaker* by Harold Pinter

Men like Lindbergh who fixed a borrowed mirror to the bulkhead with chewing gum in order to see his compass, or St. Exupery whose night mail flights were poetic explorations of man and machine, or Le Corbusier whose architecture explicitly outlined the heroic acts of the twenties, were succeeded by the anti-hero of the sixties.

A poet in San Francisco gave his long medieval refectory table to the objects which, if they don't hum, or whirr, Salvation Army. He now eats from "presence." Even John Glenn was styled a plastic and chromium dinette science-fiction mystique, yet during set with his son, who is named program the televised coverage of a Aluminium.

so interesting to the television artificial heroes. The California boy who hours in a carnival ferris wheel was closer to their team heroes.

— Craig Hodgetts



The organs with which we  
understood the operation of  
devices which were the "ablative  
absolute" of our bodies are dead  
appendages. A vast fissure splits  
senses from concept. We might  
learn to intuit the malfunction of  
a mechanical device, but the solid  
state computer must tell us. Our  
relation to a growing lattice of  
autonomous systems is defined by  
nodal links which avoid kinesthesia  
and replace sensuality.

Paper dresses, microminiature electronic circuits, cera-metallic cooking  
ware, three-dimensional holographic projections and instant igloos signal  
the end of an era in which we desperately picked, cut, cleaned, twisted  
and wove natural materials into useful configurations.  
Mumford's fear of a machine fetish  
becomes more and more imminent  
as machines become less and less  
like animals—



A poet in San Francisco gave his

long medieval refectory table to the  
Designers create iconographic objects which, if they don't hum, or whirr,  
or buzz, still pursue an elusive "presence." Even John Glenn was styled  
to conform to our own private science-fiction mystique, yet during  
docking maneuvers in the Gemini program the televised coverage of a  
near catastrophe in space was not so interesting to the television

But the machine, being recognizably mindless, or at least soul-less, must  
be demonic if it is animate. The extension of self-awareness to an object  
supposed to be animate is a gesture which prompts even McLuhan to  
call us the sex organs of the machine.

— Craig Hodgetts







Nobody yet has been lost in space, so we are spared the horror of guilt spinning in the skies. But immaculate conceptions do fail.

How used the world is! The earth is a cliché. It's been too much stepped on and rolled around on the tongue. Everywhere, in our rapacity over space, we've thrown our filth to the winds. Nothing is as it was, nor will be. Already refuse floats in Space. It arouses Luther's sense of ordure and mine: the earth as a worm bag. The whole universe?

Photographs have been made through the lenses of a plant called the wandering Jew. E. A. Robinson: "I saw by looking in his eyes, that he remembered everything."

The going out of Energy, always to another system. The random element may increase in one system; if it becomes anarchic the system may even explode but power goes into another system. One wants to be there when.

Report from the Geophysical Year: we are receiving 100,000 tons of stardust daily. What does that do to the ecological balance?

Is it consoling to think that, to the potential humans on other stars with the conditions to support life, I may not be here when they see me there?

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

I have found the term *videosphere* valuable as a conceptual tool to indicate the vast scope and influence of television on a global scale in many simultaneous fields of sense-extension. Like the computer, television is a powerful extension of humanity's central nervous system. Just as the human nervous system is the analogue of the brain, television interfaced with the computer becomes the analogue of the total brain of world man.

The first Moon landing was the first global holiday in history. We were watching nothing but videospace, and they even mounted the camera at an Orson Welles heroic low-angle to catch Beautiful Buzz Armstrong, the Archetypal Spaceman, coming down the ladder to recite his historical speech: "... one giant step for mankind." But few commentators remarked, then or later, that mankind hadn't moved an inch.

Just as cinema had imitated theater for seventy years, television has imitated cinema imitating theater for twenty years. But the new generation with its transnational interplanetary video consciousness will not tolerate the miniaturized vaudeville that is television as presently employed.

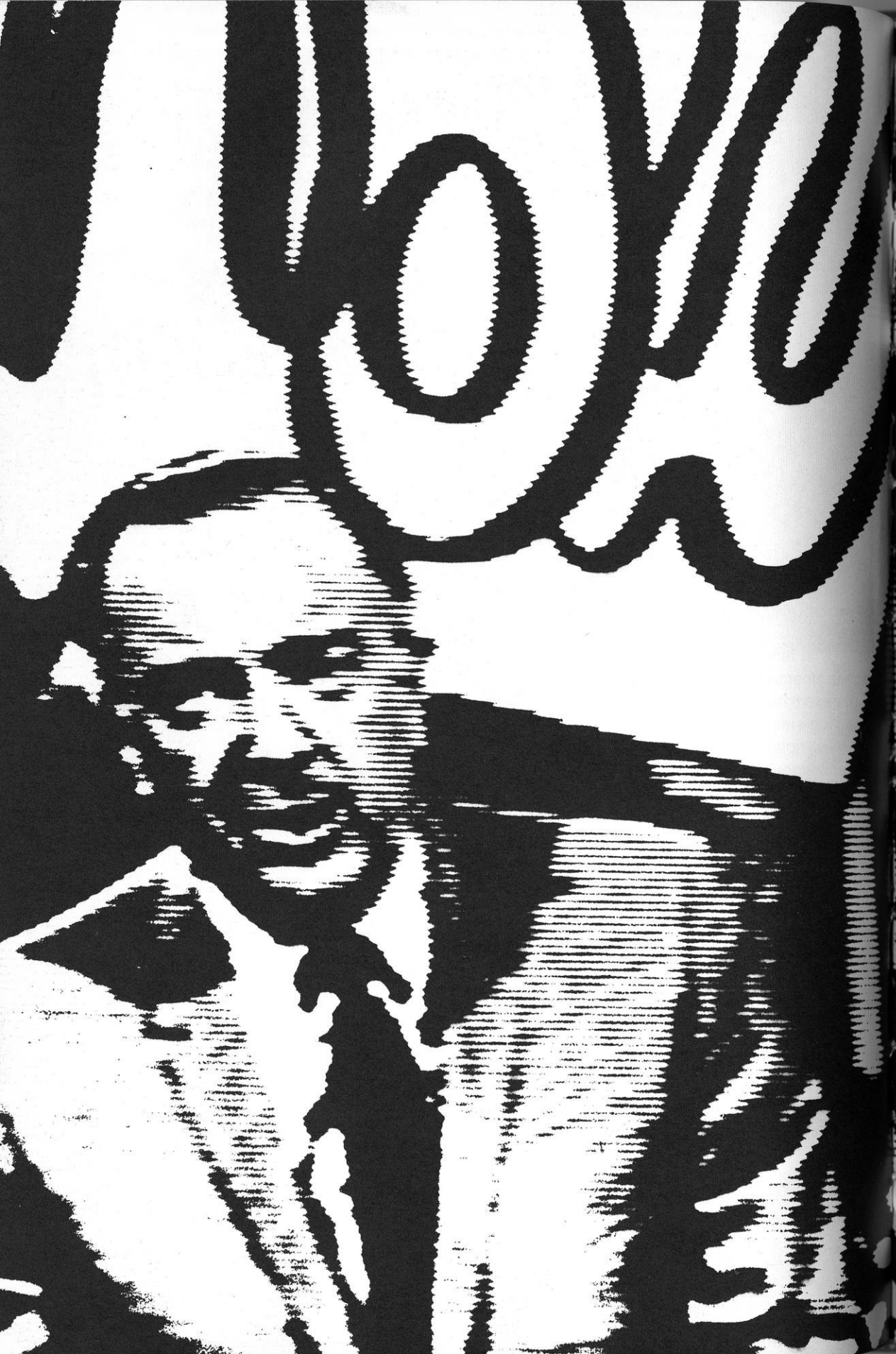
A culture is dead when its myths have been exposed. Television is exposing the myths of the republic. Television reveals the observed, the observer, the process of observing. There can be no secrets in the Paleocybernetic Age.

Global information is the natural enemy of local government, for it reveals the true context in which that government is operating. Global television is directly responsible for the political turmoil that is increasing around the world today. The political establishments sense this and are beginning to react. But it's too late. Television makes it impossible for governments to maintain the illusion of sovereignty and separatism which are essential for their existence. Television is one of the most revolutionary tools in the entire spectrum of technoanarchy. We will liberate the media.

—Gene Youngblood







The world's not a stage, it's a TV documentary.

—Gene Youngblood





In the unstable life of evolving forms we are perilous mutations of open possibility, one linked to the other by we know not what—but what, for survival, we must seize upon. Not seizing but being seized.

One day I came to the theater to find that our lobby had been designated by Civil Defense officials as a fallout shelter. There was no warning. But whatever they make of our lobby, I am more and more determined that nobody be able to take shelter in our theater.

As the Oedipus complex is clinically surpassed, we are nevertheless back in Thebes with Oedipus, clubfoot dragging, where the major real and symbolic concern was pollution.

The metaphysics of throw-away: qualification is not in the American grain. We deal with incapacities by starting all over. Is that why the Bomb developed here? It is the consummate instrument of the tabula rasa. So with intellect—when the American intellectual discovered inadequacy of intellect he directed it to cancelling out intelligence. We think of a return to preconscious behavior instead of a thrust of greater intelligence. Reflection disappears in regression.

—Herbert Blau *Journal Note*

Something very important is happening on our planet. Our young souls are buffeted by the shockwaves of radical evolution. The first dissident students at Berkeley were born the year commercial television began. The ghost of electricity howls in the bones of their faces. They could see for themselves that the world is not an inn, it's a hospital. Television brought us the human condition and a commercial message, and we intuited that all old customs were treacherous.

But our parents had bequeathed us only one model of behavior under such conditions. With Auschwitz and Hiroshima encoded in our molecular memory, we hold no credit in the past; with the biochemical gears of our life support system stripped to the point of collapse we are intimidated by the future. Suddenly the tremendous emotion of two million years of economic slavery welled up within us and produced violence.

So now that we've ransacked the halls of academe, and now that we've wounded our parents mortally with bitter recriminations and tales of betrayal and other sad complaints, now what? All around Earth the new life is singing the blues and returning to the wilderness and looking to the stars for an answer. There is anger in our hearts and hatred in our eyes and we dare to speak of love. We cry fascism as cops club our longhaired heads, forgetting that in 1950 we weren't permitted to have hair long enough to beat on. Things are not getting worse; they're getting better all the time.

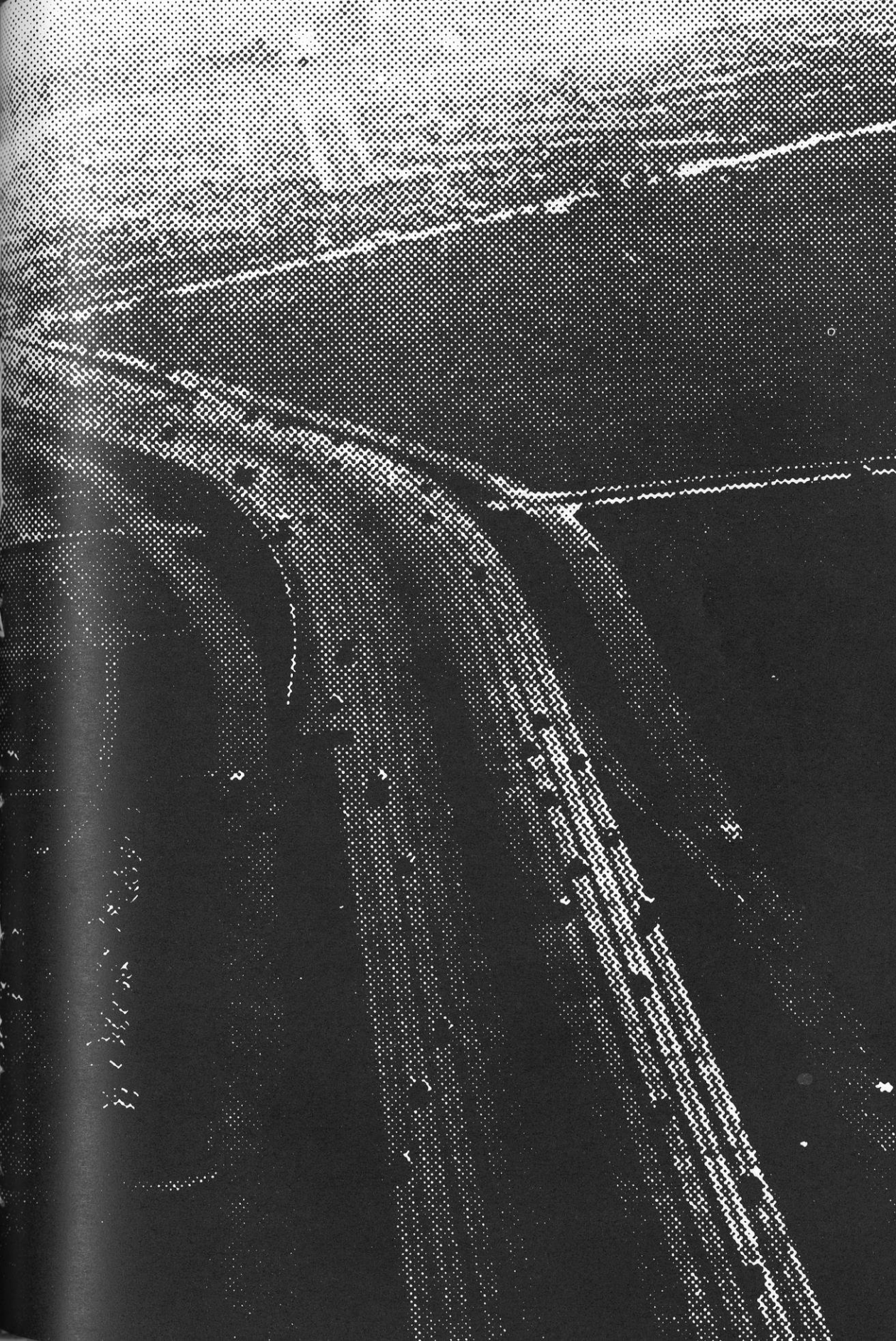
Yesterday, violent revolution was the only option available to a society in need of change. But change was superficial because political revolutions merely replace one *status quo* with another, never altering the fundamental inadequacy of life support resources. Revolution is a circle that constantly turns back upon itself, repeating history. Evolution never repeats history; evolution is always at the frontier. But until today the evolutionist was the enemy of the revolution: after all, it was evolution that was driving us all to starvation, and we had no control over it. Today, however, young people everywhere are beginning to realize that man directly participates in the evolutionary process. Consciously or unconsciously, we now invent the future. Revolution has become radical evolution.

Not until recently has man been aware of his capacity to interfere on a large scale with natural environmental processes as a result of that technology. Nevertheless, our ongoing change patterns now constitute an Ecological Revolution that is global in scale, potentially affecting the physical balance of all life on Earth, reaching into every aspect of individual life and society.

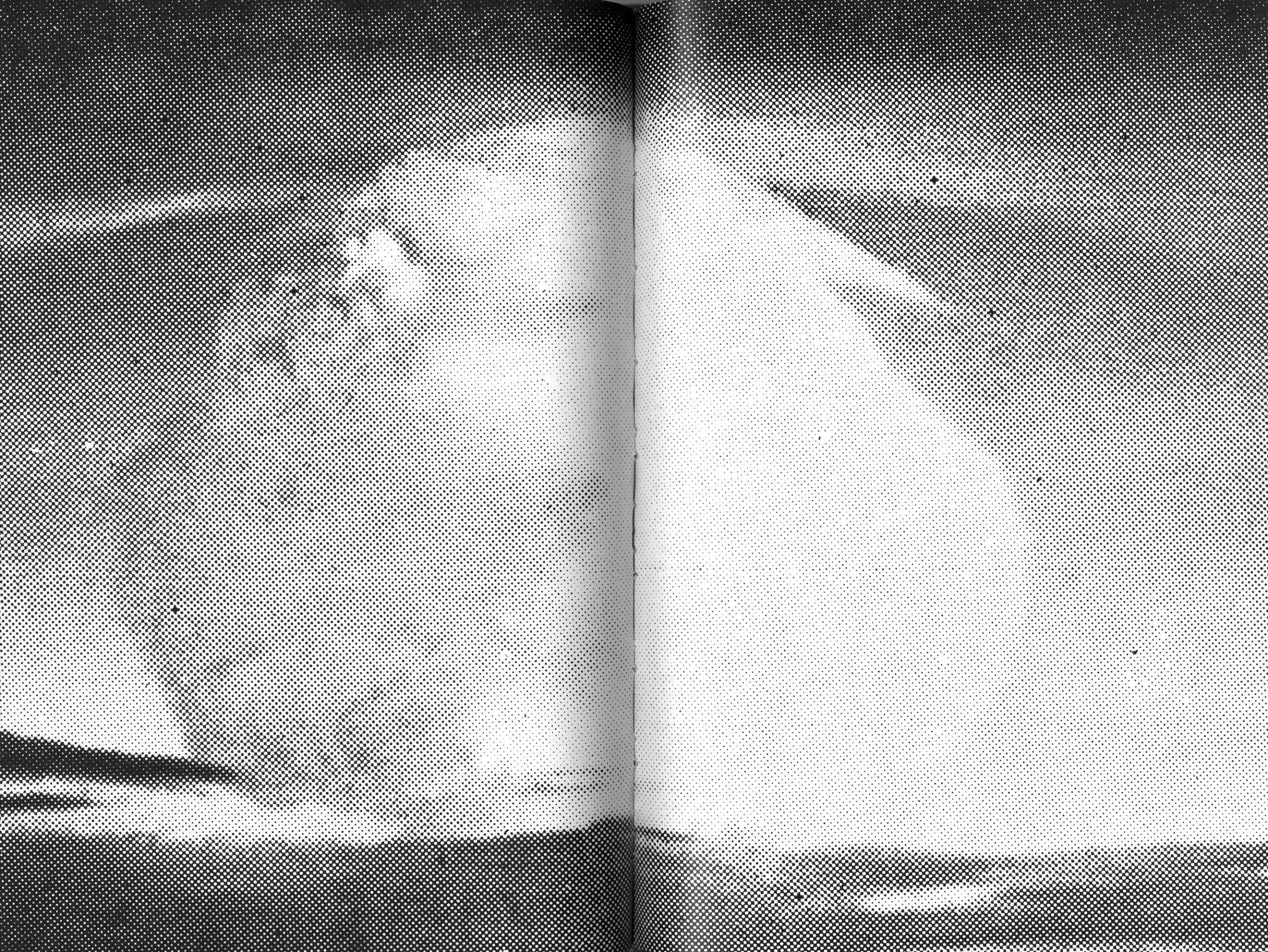
Previous to today's electronic information network, Earth could be considered an open system as regards communication. The circuits weren't connected. Humanity had no way of coordinating its own ecological pattern behavior. But the global intermedia network has closed the system. We're seeing ourselves for the first time in history, and we're beginning to realize that our behavior is evolution itself in operation. We do not live of our own volition; we are *lived by* a force that we call evolution. The young of the world are demonstrating their Whole Earth Consciousness.

—Gene Youngblood











June 28, 1970

Dear Mark:

The search for alternatives trips on the lack of answers. We ask all the right questions of all the wrong people — nor do we know, really, whom to ask. Thus, we intensify the demands on ourselves to the point of hysteria, not really believing in that.

You need a passion for judgment and the instincts of a killer to pursue the Absolute.

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

The space is taken care of. I mean yours. You have an office. Otherwise, the negotiations proceed for the Villa Carbrini as if we were divvying up the unoccupied portion of Cambodia. Still, the proceedings are equable and good-spirited. We're putting a program designed for a fortress into a cloister, but it's surprising as always to find out how much you can really do without, which probably points to how much more everybody was asking for than he really needed. Well, I'm not sure of that. There will probably be a squeeze, and we're counting on everybody's good humor to keep the equilibrium. Since we're divesting the students of the normal structural reasons for dissent, the easiest grounds of disruption would be bad allocation of the available space.

The heat is here now, dry and variable. The evenings are fine. I like reading in the yard. I'm struggling thru in my mind about where to start when we do. It's like putting the first word down on paper. It will take off from there, since there must be more stored up than I'm aware of. What's disturbing, even as we invite them in, is where the young are, some of them. I saw a group called the Earthlight last night, celebrated locally, but pathetic. Full of unity and love, but naive, untrained (a word one hesitates to use). Full of reference to the large and ugly world, saying nothing about it (word or body, touch the touchstone) that would do the world any good. They invited the audience up for an Om at the conclusion (we started naturally with ragas) and offered oranges and affection. Even the squares gave in, and that was sweet. Even if all their hesitations were down, however, and they weren't, there was the bleak outside to return to -- and vast territories of the self unsearched. The Om was really not much different, Woodstock nation and all, than the conviviality at the Borscht Circuit (that's how I remember White Lake) when everybody gave in to the entreaties of the MC and danced. The sense of value is surely different, yes, and again yes, Shiva bless it, tho it's not wisdom dancing, that's for sure. Given the sweetness of the illusions, any second thought is unbearable.

In the yard, this moment, some hummingbirds in the hibiscus. I expect, when you're settled in your office at the Villa Cabrini, you'll come up with deep answers to these things.

And if not, nonetheless, yours,



Telephone .....

by William E. Stonewall Jackson II  
(Keep space Above Clear for Clerk's Filing Stamp)

IN THE MUNICIPAL COURT, CENTRAL JUDICIAL DISTRICT,  
COUNTY OF SAN MATEO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
vs. Plaintiff,

**WILLIAM EDWARD JACKSON, II**  
**ELAINE MAUREEN CUBBINS**  
**LYNDA GENE BASSETT**  
Addresses unknown Defendant.

*M* 19368  
No. ....

COMPLAINT—CRIMINAL  
MISDEMEANOR  
SEC. 653g PC

Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of January, 1969,  
**SGT. DONALD DAVIS OF BELMONT POLICE DEPARTMENT**, who, first  
on information and belief,  
being duly sworn, complains and says: That on the 14th day of January, 1969,  
**Central Judicial District**  
in the ....., in the County of San Mateo, State of California, a misdemeanor was  
committed, to-wit: **VIOLATION OF SECTION 653g, PENAL CODE, CALIF.;**

by **WILLIAM EDWARD JACKSON, II, ELAINE MAUREEN CUBBINS, and LYNDA GENE**  
**BASSETT, AND EACH OF THEM,** who, at the time and place last aforesaid, did willfully and unlawfully **loiter about a school or**  
**a public place at or near which children attend or normally congregate,**  
to wit: **Carlmont High School.**



All of which is contrary to the forms of the Statute in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the People of the State of California.

Said Complainant therefore prays that a warrant may be issued for the arrest of said **WILLIAM EDWARD JACKSON, II, ELAINE MAUREEN CUBBINS, and LYNDA GENE BASSETT, AND EACH OF THEM,** and that they may be dealt with according to law.

*Sgt. Donald Davis*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of January, 1969.

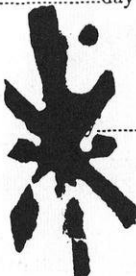
HELEN PRARA,  
Clerk of the Municipal Court, Central Judicial District,  
County of San Mateo, State of California.

V. KINSMAN

Deputy.

DBB:hc 1/15/69

SEAL



FARQUAHAR PRODUCTIONS

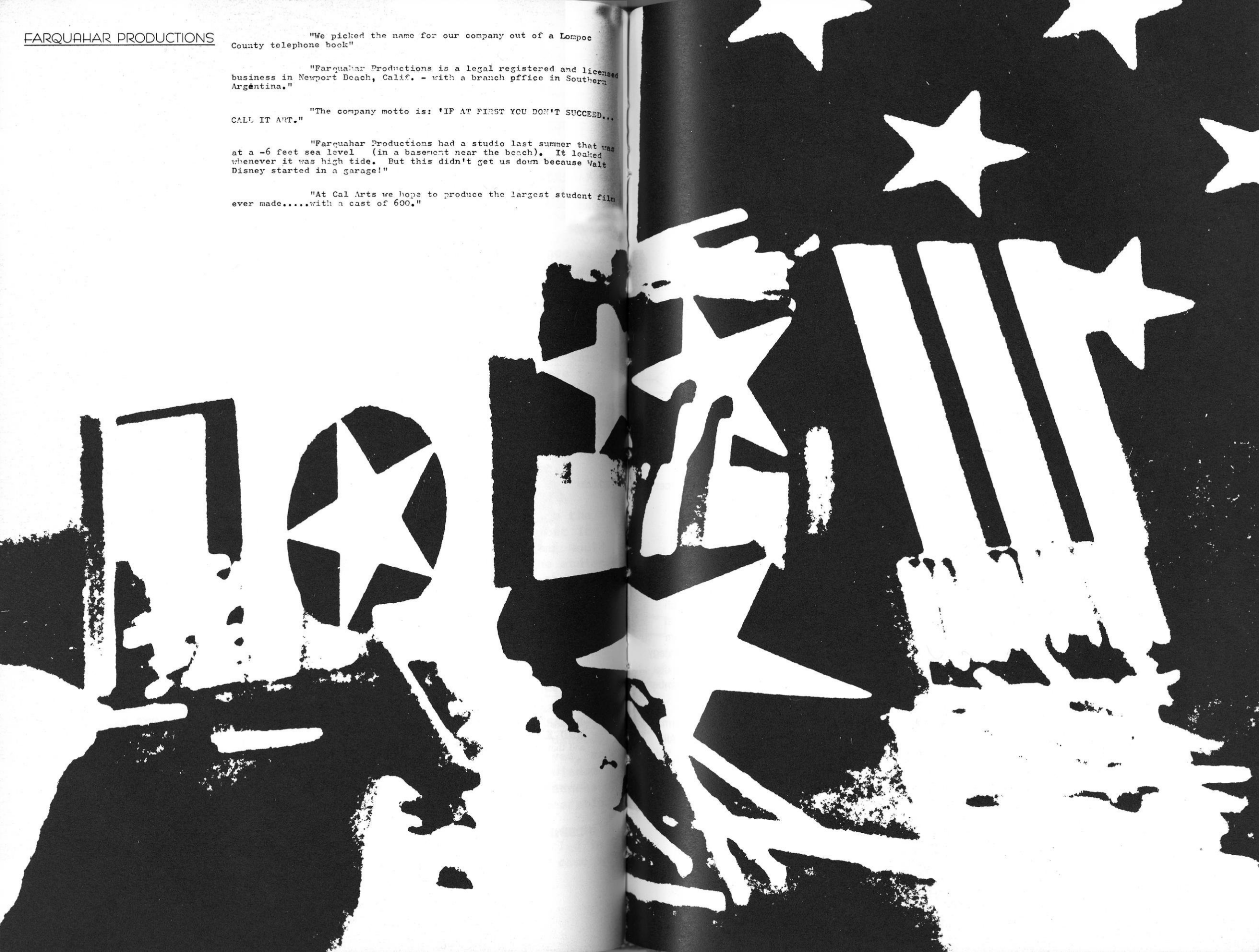
"We picked the name for our company out of a Lompoc County telephone book"

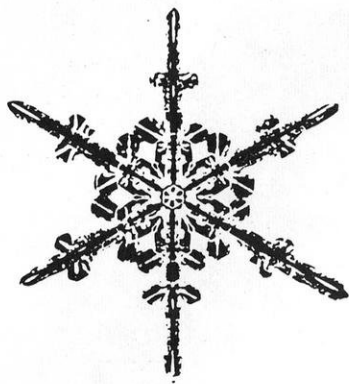
"Farquahar Productions is a legal registered and licensed business in Newport Beach, Calif. - with a branch office in Southern Argentina."

"The company motto is: 'IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED...  
CALL IT ART.'"

"Farquahar Productions had a studio last summer that was at a -6 feet sea level (in a basement near the beach). It leaked whenever it was high tide. But this didn't get us down because Walt Disney started in a garage!"

"At Cal Arts we hope to produce the largest student film ever made.....with a cast of 600."





Man-made environment tends to be oppressive and unresponsive to man's changing needs and diverse requirements. That man changes and that his needs are diverse are perhaps the only assumptions we can adopt which have a certainty comparable to what science is able to assume about the physical phenomena it investigates. We need environments that can accommodate change and diversity.

The natural environment is being destroyed by a man-made environment which is unresponsive to the requirements of nature's ecology. Since man's prosperity is a function of the condition and potential of the natural environment, man is also destroying himself. Human requirements and natural requirements are essentially congruent. From these observations we may deduce four goals for environmental design:

1. We must conserve our natural resources.
2. We must develop strategies which enable us to efficiently and quickly mobilize the installation of new environments as need requires.
3. We must be able to provide diversity governed by human needs and ecological requirements.
4. We must be able to facilitate change and adaptation as necessities of successful human and natural ecology.

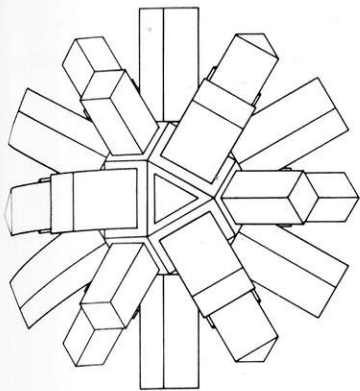
To cope with such goals is to face head-on the problems and potentials of technology. The long-standing humanistic argument that the technological production principle of standardization is irreconcilable with the need for change and diversity can be challenged by the concept of *minimum inventory/maximum diversity systems*. When properly used, the principle of component standardization is a system of great production and distribution efficiency. It can also be a system which conserves natural resources and allows for the development of a strategy with which diversity and change can be accomplished by modular systems.

To the extent that we are concerned with the formation of physical environmental structures, the concept of minimum inventory/maximum diversity systems may most easily be defined in terms of physico-geometric phenomena. Systems can be envisaged which consist of some minimum inventory of component types (a kit of parts) which can alternatively be combined to yield a great diversity of structural form. We are drawn to nature in an attempt to understand minimum inventory/maximum diversity systems since this seems to be a strategy effectively employed by nature. Consider the vast array of substances formed by combinations and permutations of a relatively small number of chemical elements.

As another example, snowflakes may be considered canonical forms in nature of the minimum inventory/maximum diversity principle. All snowflakes are found to have the symmetry of a regular hexagon. Yet, no two snowflakes have ever been alike. The infinite variety of the snowflake results from the interaction of the environment in which the snowflake is formed with a highly adaptive molecular "kit of parts." If a modular system could be developed with as much adaptive capability as the molecular structure of the snowflake, the art and science of environmental design would be advanced considerably.

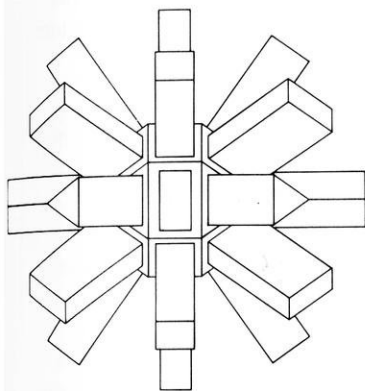
Since our concern is the modular organization of physical components that will enable regions and functions of space to be differentiated and/or enclosed, we must understand in a fundamental way the principles which govern modular order in three-dimensional space.



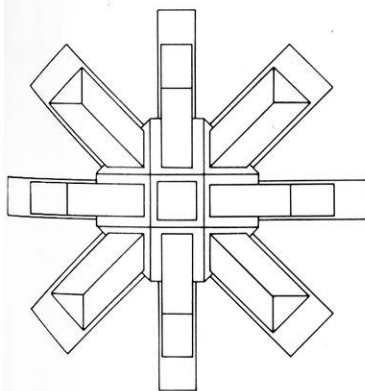


In an attempt to view holistically an inventory of periodic infinite three-dimensional networks, an integrative morphological system has been developed. To be useful in the formation of environmental structures we have attempted to understand such modular geometry from an essentially physical point of view. Such a view requires that geometric systems be considered as assemblies of physical components which have size and weight, rather than in terms of the relatively abstract mathematical notions of points and lines.

The principles of symmetry which govern modular order in three-dimensional space have been embodied in a physical model system called the Universal Node System. It was developed so that certain ordering principles in nature could be understood in a direct empirical sensorially apprehended way.



Whatever the components—atoms, spheres, cells, linear members, or surfaces—certain physico-geometric laws of nature govern how they must fit together in orderly arrangements. With the Universal Node System it is possible to understand in a very fundamental way such natural morphological principles. This system is not analogous to nature—it is absolutely congruent with nature. As a physical model system it is also a machine, but a machine whose operation and mechanisms can be easily understood by its use. Therefore, we have in the device a means by which both man/nature interaction and man/machine interaction are enhanced. We will see that the Universal Node System is not only playful, but that it becomes a very serious morphological scheme for the classification and integration of a diverse array of modular structures and that it also constitutes a powerful example of a minimum inventory/maximum diversity system.

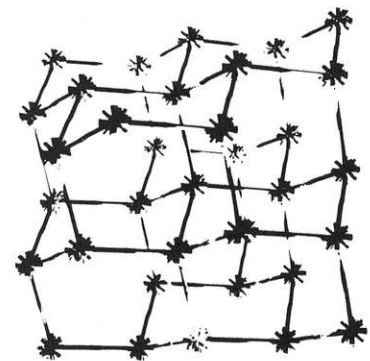
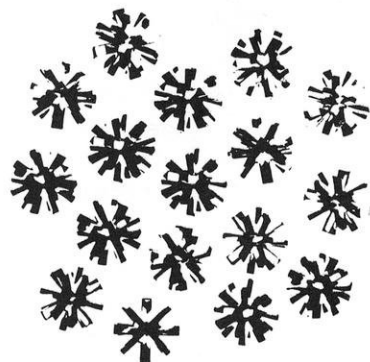


The Universal Node can be any size as the phenomena which it embodies do not recognize scale. We have developed a specific model system for use by children and adults as a hand-manipulative tabletop apparatus. The Node (in this case, a 1¼" diameter, injection-molded plastic unit) is a multidirectional joint having 26 spokes emanating from a common center such that 6 spokes are square in cross-section, 8 spokes are triangular in cross-section, and 12 spokes are rectangular in cross-section. There are square, rectangular and triangular extruded branches of varying lengths which are designed to fit snugly over the spokes of corresponding shape.

The three different shaped spokes of the Universal Node represent axes of rotational symmetry which represents the set of interrelated coordinates which govern the most symmetrical cases of three-dimensional structures.

Complex three-dimensional structures of great diversity can be assembled of both orderly and disorderly configurations. In either case, and no matter how random a given structure, the nodes always remain parallel in every respect simply because the spoke and branch shapes correspond in symmetry to the directions they represent.

A vast collection of alternative structures can be assembled by combinations and permutations of the 14 possible bond angles at each node in a periodic three-dimensional array. The simplest cases are formed by the use of one type of branch. If all the square spokes only are filled in a periodic array a simple cubic framework results. If all the rectangular spokes only are filled a structure composed of equilateral triangles results.



If all triangular spokes only are filled a structure is formed in which 8 triangular branches meet at every node, but in which no familiar simple plane polygons are formed.

Other structures can be assembled by using specific subsets of the nodal spokes. One, which is the structure of a diamond in which the nodes are at the sites of the carbon atoms and the branches form the bonds, is assembled by filling every other triangular spoke on each node.

It is a curious fact that it is impossible to form a network in which all nodes have 26 branches meeting. The nearest approximation to a 26-connected uniform network is one in which for every 26-connected node, there are 3 nodes which have only 6 branches meeting. It is called the Universal Network because it combines in one holistic structure all of the possible configurations of symmetrical networks that may be assembled with the Universal Node System. Any simpler structure may be considered a subset of the Universal Network. This becomes the basis of the integrative morphological classifying system which we alluded to earlier.

It becomes apparent that the Universal Node System has much to teach us about modular systems for facilitating change and diversity in response to both human and natural requirements. The industrial modality of standardization and modularity is not necessarily anathema to man and nature upon which he depends. With a deep understanding of structure in nature, we can begin to have a vision of the richness, responsiveness and diversity which can be provided by systems of order and modularity. We do not claim that we have fulfilled all the human and ecological goals outlined at the beginning of this article. There is much more work to do, both of a fundamental kind and at the level of reduction to practice. However, we have moved far enough in our studies of minimum inventory/maximum diversity systems to be convinced of their application in the design of responsive, adaptive, diverse and economical environments for human use.

—Peter Pearce



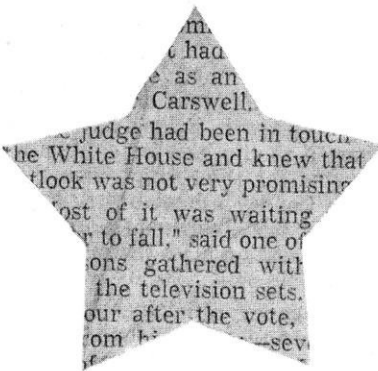


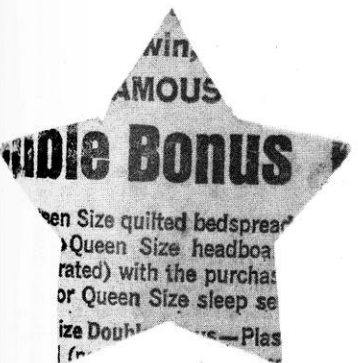
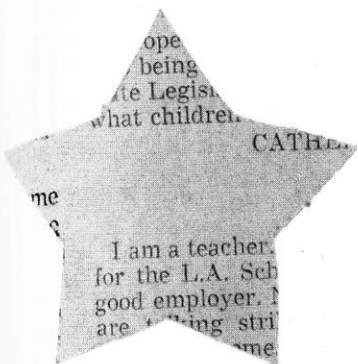
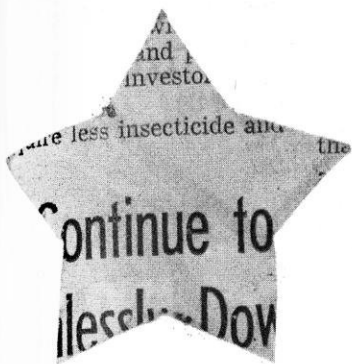
We've always designed for efficiency and productivity and economy, but we haven't really designed for life yet. We haven't improved human relationships. I'm always impressed when I get on an elevator to see how beautiful the elevator is, how the ride is now almost perfect, but the experience remains for me, and I think probably for everybody, an embarrassing, difficult, anxious inter-personal situation. You never know quite what to do. Elevators hardly supply moments of joy. But they could. We must somehow see that it's possible for us to design situations which would enable good relationships to happen, to create joyful moments which would happen between floors. It's social architecture that we need to get into. The only way a designer can become a potent force in our society is to attack the problems that really need our attention. To do this we must develop an understanding of behavioral science, politics, economics, system design and future forecasts.

Another major area in which we will need to work is in designing opportunities for women to enter the mainstream of American life. If there is a significant movement on the horizon, one that has a high potential to bring about all the revolutions that need to happen, it is the women's liberation movement. None of the other black, brown and red revolutions have yet worked or they have worked only to make us aware of the problem. They have not really produced the necessary changes. We deal with the black problem in our rhetoric, we do not deal with it in our organizations.

A future condition which should get the attention of designers is an addition to our Bill of Rights. I think we're seeing a new set of rights emerging which have to do with individual liberty, both toward individual liberty and away from it. In a sense, those new rights which move us towards individual liberty have to do with the right to own our own bodies, to be able to say what we want to do with them—whether we have abortions, take drugs, commit suicide, or whatever. We will be free to do what we will with consenting adults. On the other hand, we're going to see new rights for the group which will curtail some of our cherished individual liberties. For example, we won't be free to drive our cars into Manhattan. We may not be permitted to drive alone anywhere; we'll have to operate in car pools or pick up hitchhikers. We won't be able to pollute the environment as we have been able to do. We won't be able to enjoy unrestricted family size. We can expect legislation in all of these areas, but more to the point, these are legitimate concerns for designers. We have to come to terms with the idea that it is legitimate for us to be involved professionally with the most profound, the most intimate, the most global of human affairs. In this new role it may be helpful to recognize that we can be dyadic in our approach, in our thinking. We can embrace paradox, we can go both ways at one. We can look at the large system and the microsystem simultaneously. We can look at wholes and parts. We can both focus on contemporary issues and do fundamental research. We can concentrate on the "now" and also look to the distant future. And if this all seems contradictory, it's because it is contradictory. These are opposites, paradoxes. But perhaps we can take comfort in the ancient wisdom which says that no two things are as similar as opposites.

The basic design issue we face is that we must design our relationship to those we want to serve. We've become, inadvertently perhaps, an elitist group. We're separated from people who look to us for help. It's not just because we're greedy, or that we want only status.





**L.A. Times**

Thursday Morning, Apr. 9, 1970

It's because we've not paid enough attention to defining our role with the people with whom we're trying to work. Designers often develop the feeling their clients have very little taste or judgment or style. I suggest that happens because we've defined our relationships incorrectly. We don't see the best in people because we set up a situation where the best simply can't appear. It has to do with the way we ask our questions. Design must move from problem solving to question asking. I define question asking rather broadly to include the ability to create options, to make intelligent selections possible. No longer should we operate so that, "you bring your problem to me and I solve it," but instead perhaps we can learn to define our role in such a way that we turn people on to their own solutions, we enable them to be more self-determining, to expand their freedom, to become designers themselves—designers of their own environment, their own lives, their own futures. After all the greatest resource we have for the solution of any problem is the very population that has the problem. We can rely on that resource. That is one way we can give special meaning to the idea of "power to the people."

Democratizing design is understandably threatening to us. We all like to think of ourselves as necessary professional resources, as having particular skills and talents and individual styles that are vital to the solution of problems. Every professional must redefine his role to become a facilitator, manager, an arranger of experiences. We are needed, but for something we probably weren't trained for. When you really face it, anybody who's doing what he was trained to do is really behind the times. There's so much more that we can do, most of which requires changing careers, fundamentally changing the way in which we relate to each other and to our clients. It means the end, I think, of signature design, of individually stylized work. It means that we have to learn to work in teams. It means giving up individual ego trips for the chance to make important things happen. Things that can't be done by one individual or one discipline. If we succeed, we'll see an emergence of a new group of designers, not just employees, but leaders. Designers who are making major contributions to the improvement of our world. We're awakening to find that it's up to us. There is no one else, no one above us, or behind us, or beyond us with the answers. But we can rely on the people who have the problems. If we can learn to ask the right questions of people, if we can become truly comprehensive designers, if we are willing to wade into places we haven't been before, and if we're unwilling to return to some of the places we have been; then I think there is a chance we might succeed.

—Richard E. Farson

There's an omnipresent ugliness in the very forms that life has invented for survival in the modern world. Among the ugly things is the falsification that comes, out of highest virtue, from the ugliness of helplessness.

Rudi Gernreich's fashions, abstracting away from age: caftans and bald heads; for the young, easy access to nudity, the body shaven except for the eyebrows. Unisex. The claim is more efficiency and less decoration; for the elderly a substitution of the cult of age for the current "dishonest" cult of youth. But though it's a solution, and not necessarily dishonest, it is still *décor*: fine art's way of dealing with what is disgusting in nature. But why disgusting? The response is not to the natural aging process but to the frightened and dishonest strategies that lead to disguising age. It's not a question of garments or nudity or abstraction, but of what one finally feels about himself as an organic being. There are societies in which old age is not only duly honored but even exposed. While one might be inclined to cover a blemish or minimize a wrinkle, as a flourish against dying, total abstraction is another Final Solution (making Palm Springs portable). It will inevitably fail, fail at choice, even if there's a precedent in the East, for that's only a seeming.

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

In the case of the reflective structure, there is an inability to create a form consistent with either the demands of its surroundings, or the requirements of its interior. Functions are handed a mathematically efficient floor area and piled one on the other like so many pages. The buildings' inhabitants, pressed like dead leaves between these pages, have only one vista, one environment—the view outdoors—odorless, tasteless, breezeless, colorless, save for the architect's choice of tinted glass and air systems, and interrupted every few feet or every ten, as the architect deems graceful for the building's exterior, by his choice of mullions—aluminum, bronze, or steel. For the worth of his contribution has come to be appraised by the explicit and monotonous progress of these interrupters; the beauty of his building, like the beauty of the cinema queens, by the absence of facial blemishes! This Max Factor Architect has become so jealous of perfection that he has eradicated mouth, eyes, lips, all and even given us vacant Cyclopean billboards literally acres in area: advertisements for conformity. No life remains. Only a supercilious skin covers the bone. In short, these buildings, chic as new evening gowns, already have the patination of decay. Each has become what it intended to be: a detailed post-mortem of exhausted ideas.

—Craig Hodgett

Throughout most of human history materials have aged gracefully, being organic. Thatched roofs, wooden furniture, copper kettles, leather aprons, ceramic bowls, all these and more would acquire small nicks, scratches and dents, gently discolor and acquire a thin patina as part of the natural process of oxidation. Ultimately they would again disintegrate into their organic components. Today we are taught that aging (be it of products or individuals) is subtly wrong. We wear, use, enjoy things as long as they look as if they had just been bought. But once the plastic bucket deforms under sunlight, however slightly, once the fake walnut tabletop melts under a cigarette, the anodization on a tumbler slips, we are taught to throw the offending object out. Accidentally even the lowly stylist may strike some common associational or telesic chord that makes the consumer wish to hold on to the product, rather than trade it in for the latest version. (The most recent examples of this are the 1961 Mustang and the 1954 Porsche). To break down even this accidental unwillingness on the part of the consumer to throw away things, we have evolved materials that age badly.

—Victor Papan



**MAGIC FINGERS** BEAUTY  
SALON

BEAUTY SALON







The cunning of the present! How it tries to misrepresent us, coming to us as we come to it, as if we stepped out of a mirror—instead of in.

The illusion of reality has been replaced by the reality of illusion. The mirror mirroring the mirror is all the show.

It is at the intersection of life and art that life is always refreshed and art jeopardized.

The experience of illusion is a real part of history. A sense of history as illusion makes history real. Chance is what keeps history from being a ghost. Ideally, we want to own ourselves and not things. We are, however, the things we finally own, our own real property. We are not the sum of things we own, but they help to describe us. We are what we choose to divest ourselves of. At the minimal base of freedom, consumer and proprietor. "Consumed by that which we were nourished by."

—Herbert Blau *Journal Notes*

Seven billion dollars is spent annually in America for the beauty business. Mirrors follow us from morning to midnight, from bedroom to bedroom, even at the subway vending machine. But where is the mirror for our soul?

How can we see our mental, intellectual and moral makeups? It is a blunder bordering on a miracle that a 900-billion-dollar GNP failed to produce even a single mirror for five dollars. Sartre's paradox, "I am always what I am not, I am always not what I am," becomes sadly accurate in a new context.

We are living in an image-oriented age inside a package-oriented society. "The Russians had only to adapt their tradition of Eastern Icon and image building to the new electric media in order to be aggressively effective in the modern world of information" (Marshall McLuhan). The War of Icons is being waged on a global scale. America, which is destined to be the world policeman of this century, has to polish her image mentally and physically. She should even sleep in front of the mirror, removing carefully the lunch hour's ketchup, erasing the kiss mark of the neighbor's wife, putting on a big Lindsay-smile, brooding over the necessary evil of carrots and sticks, pigs and cops. "The meaning of a message is the change which is produced in the image." (Kenneth Boulding)

The greater the calling for restraint and responsibility by the super-powers, the greater the need for self-view and self-analysis. It is not a pure chance that de Tocqueville, a French traveller to America, and Ruth Benedict, an American traveller to Japan, have had more penetrating insights into both host lands than the hosts had of themselves. Both used the principle of radar scanning, two-way communication. Needless to say, communication always means two-way communication. One-way communication is a dictate. And what would make a sharper mirror, or a better radar for Americans than a comprehensive anthology of Japanese writings on this country—from Prime Minister to prostitute, from the time of Admiral Perry to Neil Armstrong, but especially centered on the time of fateful confrontation, WW II and the U.S. occupation? The U.S. has shocked and soothed, scared and educated, allied and ambushed, helped and snubbed, flattered and flattened, choo-choo-loved and atom-bombed, contemplated and competed, admired and assimilated, pacified, hippified and pop-arted her strangest bedfellow, Japan. Accordingly Japanese responses have reached the outer-limit of extensive and intensive stresses, which has made the complex image of the U.S. bare and stripped, through making Japan's own self bare and stripped... like Yoko and Lennon... On a global scale Socrates' dialectic is endorsed by electronic technology.

Ian Fleming wrote in *Goldfinger*,  
"Koreans eat cat!"  
we eat only dog.

—Nam June Paik









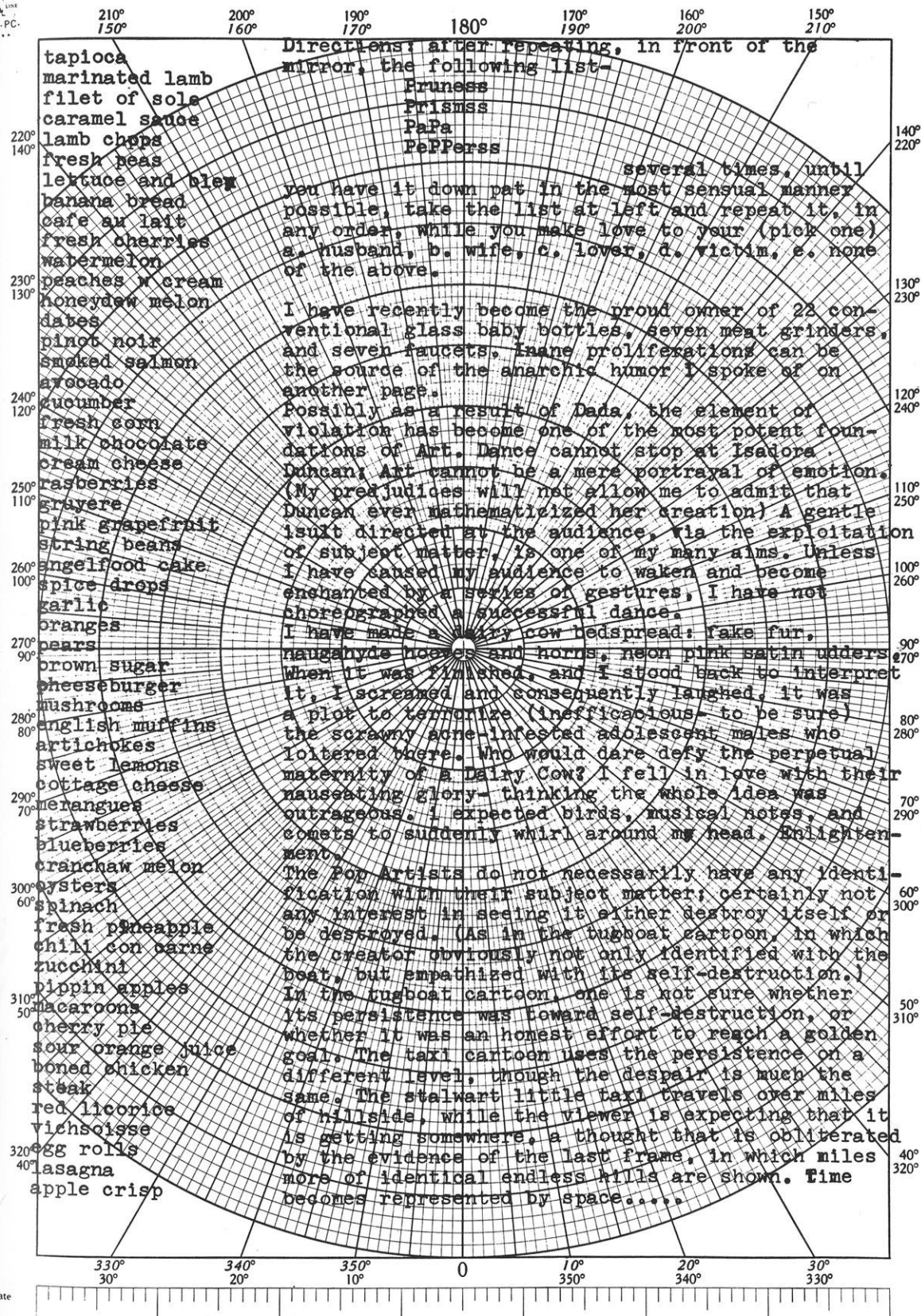










R 2470-PC  
 R 2470-PC  
 R 2470-PC

 Polar  
 Co-ordinate

No pg. missing here.



(desert      dry lake bed      moon sounds)

the couple finds its PLACE  
(makes a large silver disc)  
(sits in center)  
(looks at moon in mirrors)

each other one finds his PLACE  
(makes a large silver disc)  
(sits in center)  
(looks at moon in his mirror)

moon sounds      moon lights

at the right time each one goes to find the couple  
at the right time the couple turns on a blinking light

each one sits near couple's silver disc  
(looks at couple in his mirror)

couple looks at one another  
(listens to the moonsoaked ground      listens)

when the right time comes the couple leaves  
at that time each other one leaves

(desert      dry lake bed      night)

(cloud sounds) (rain sounds)      looking

the couple finds their PLACE  
(waits      watches)

each other one finds his PLACE  
(ignites flare      looks at it      listens)

lights burn out      night sounds

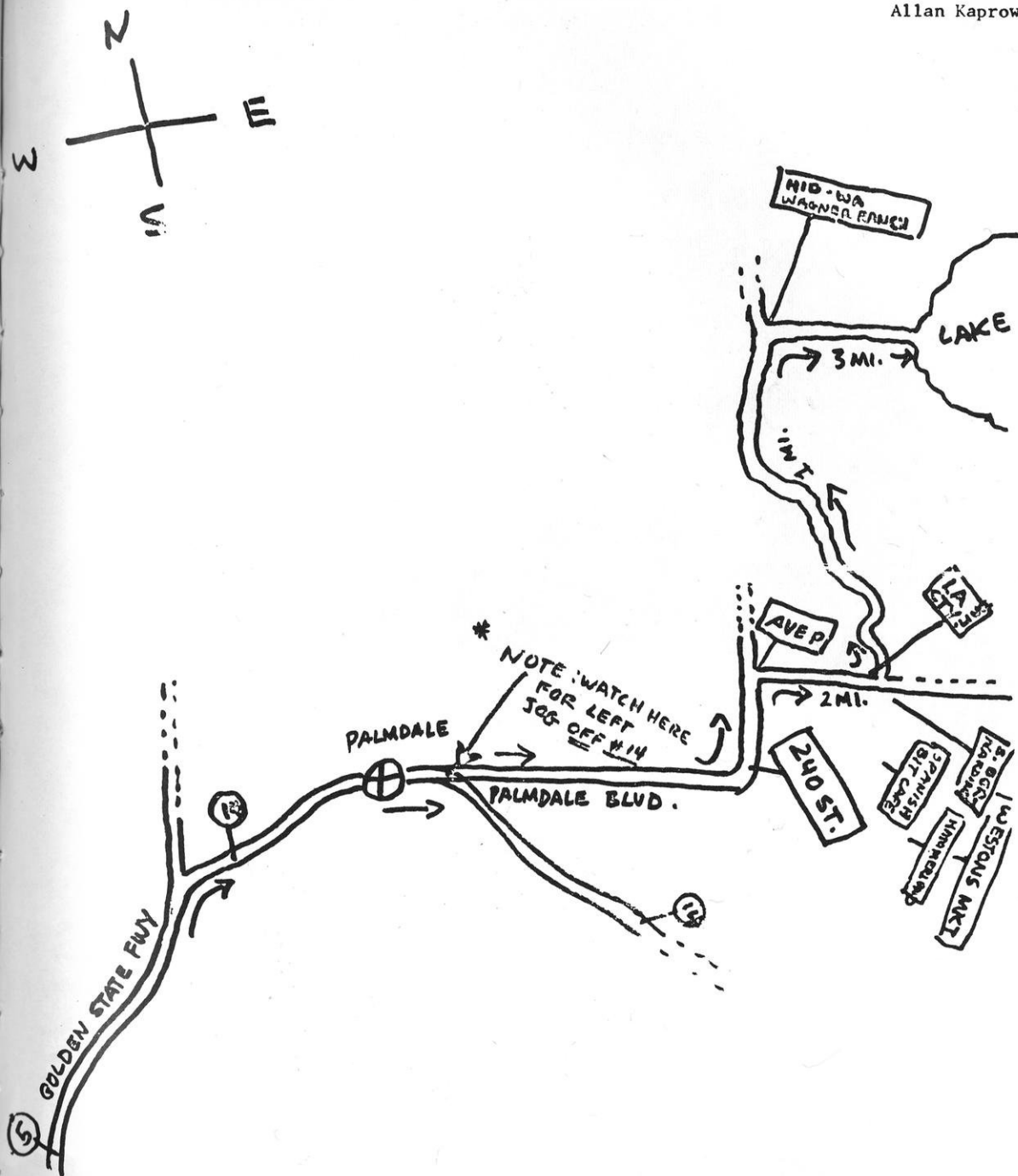
couple ignites two flares  
(looks at one another)

the others come to couple      sit and watch

flares burn out

listening      listening

departure



MAP TO  MIRAGE DRY LAKE

California Institute of the Arts  
and Radio Earth,  
builders of Stonehenge 12  
the Galactic Earthwork

Leonard & Ann Cotrell  
Peter de Bretteville  
Craig Hodgetts  
Kent & Tanny Hodgetts  
Ron McDowell

Runs continuously S M T W T F S Leave a mirror out in the sun on days indicated

starting June 21

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July 19

Aug. 2

Aug. 16

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Sept. 27

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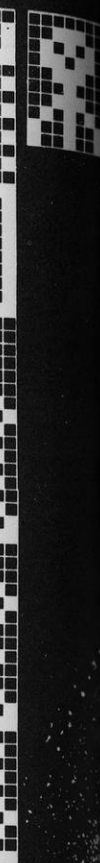
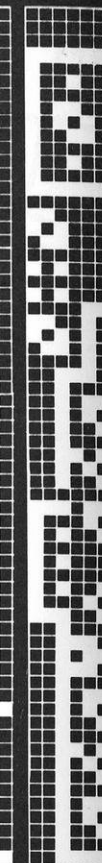
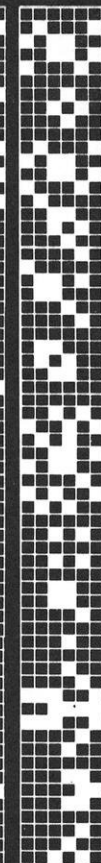
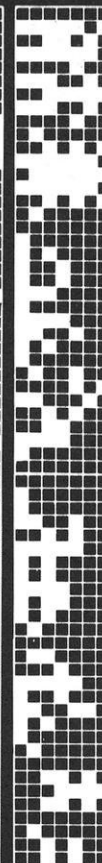
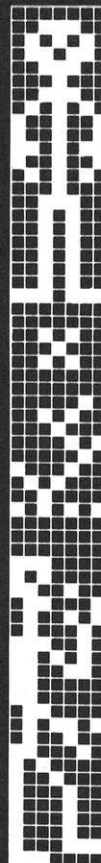
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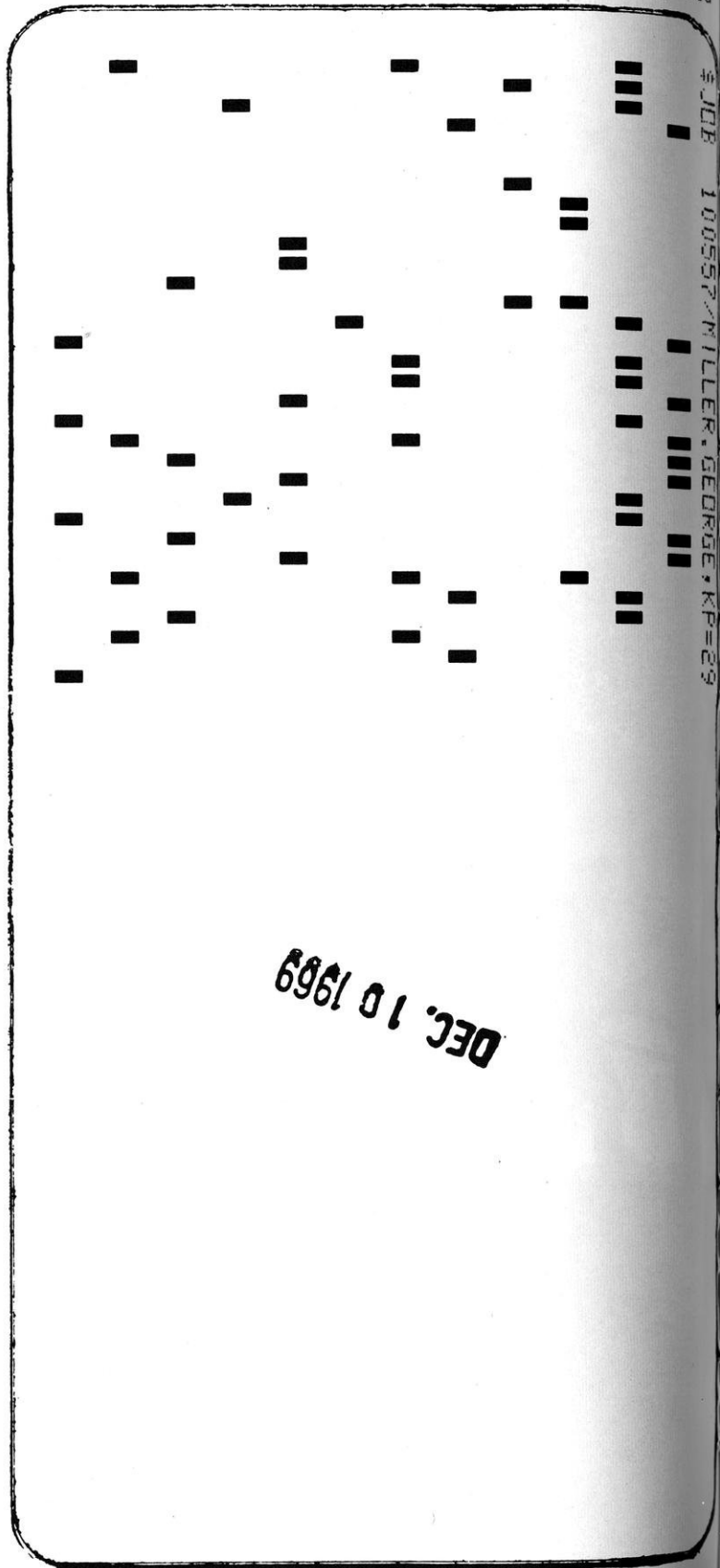
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We of the new consciousness intuitively understand that the birth certificate is the only credit card.

— Gene Youngblood



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YOUR PORTRAIT, WHICH FOLLOWS, WAS DRAWN UP FROM THE POSITIONS OF THE SUN, MOON, MERCURY AND VENUS.

THE SIGN OF THE ASCENDANT, THAT IS TO SAY THE ZODIACAL POSITION OF THE EASTERN HORIZON IN THE SKY AT YOUR BIRTH, HAS ALSO BEEN TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT.

THE INTERPRETATION CONFORMS WITH MODERN ASTROLOGY'S LATEST RESEARCH.

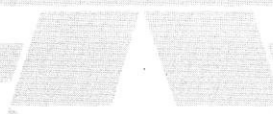


# ASTROFLASH

FIRST OF ALL, HERE ARE THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF YOUR PERSONALITY AND THE BACKDROP OF YOUR EXISTENCE AS DEFINED BY THE POSITIONS OF THE SUN AND THE ASCENDANT.

TAKING THE POSITION OF THE SUN AND THE ASCENDANT INTO CONSIDERATION, WHAT FOLLOWS REPRESENTS THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF YOUR PERSONALITY AND THE CHARACTER TRAITS WHICH FORM THE BACKGROUND OF YOUR EXISTENCE.

SUBJECT'S SIGN OF BIRTH= CANCER  
SIGN OF HIS ASCENDANT= SCORPIO



THIS COMBINATION OF SIGNS INDICATES YOUR COMPLEX NATURE, WHOSE INNER LIFE IS A RICH WEAVE OF DEEP AND SOMETIMES PAINFUL PASSIONS. YOU HAVE A LIVELY IMAGINATION WHICH IS FREQUENTLY IN CONFLICT WITH THE POWERFUL YEN FOR LIFE WHICH PUSHES YOU OUT OF YOURSELF, OFTEN AGAINST YOUR OWN WILL. SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE, YOU ARE AN ENIGMA TO THOSE AROUND YOU WHO SOMEHOW FEEL THAT YOU HAVE CAREFULLY HIDDEN AND UNSPOKEN THOUGHTS DEEP IN YOUR SOUL, AND THEY SENSE THAT YOU ARE FEELING SOME SORT OF LEFTOVER EMOTION FROM YOUR PAST. FURTHERMORE, YOUR REACTIONS ARE UNPREDICTABLE, AND FROM A BEING WHO APPEARS FRAGILE, DELICATE AND EVEN DEPENDENT, YOU SEEM TO TRANSFORM YOURSELF INTO A STRONG, RUGGED CHARACTER CAPABLE OF COURAGE AND EVEN HEROISM. MARIE ANTOINETTE TOO WAS A CANCER-SCORPIO, FRIVOLOUS AND GAY IN THE HAPPY YEARS OF HER LIFE BUT WHO AT THE END SHOWED HEROIC DIGNITY. YOU HAVE A PENETRATING INTUITION WHICH ENABLES YOU TO SEE THE HIDDEN MEANINGS BEHIND EVENTS. THE RICH STOREHOUSE OF YOUR MEMORY HOLDS INEXHAUSTIBLE RESOURCES. YOUR SCORPIO SIDE GIVES YOU RESOLUTION AND A SENSE OF CONTINUITY--IN SHORT, A MENTAL ORGANISATION WHICH PROTECTS AND SHELTERS YOU. NONETHELESS, THE DOUBLE SIGN OF THE ZODIAC MAY EXACERBATE THE STRONG CRITICAL SPIRIT TYPICAL OF BOTH SIGNS. IN THIS CASE, CANCER'S SUSCEPTIBILITY IS POISONED BY ALL OF SCORPIO'S IRRITABILITY.



## YOUR STRENGTH LIES IN=

- YOUR SUPPLIES OF COURAGE AND TENACITY. IF YOU KNOW HOW TO SURMOUNT CHARACTERISTIC PHASES OF HESITATION, YOU SHOULD MOVE FORWARD SLOWLY BUT SURELY.
- YOUR INTELLIGENCE WHICH PENETRATES THE HIDDEN MEANING OF THINGS AND PEOPLE. YOU ARE INTELLECTUALLY WELL-EQUIPPED--WITH AN INTUITIVE IMAGINATION AIMED AT THE UNKNOWN, TOWARD WHATEVER IS SECRET, WITH AN ABLE INTELLECT, WITH STRONG MAGNETIC POWERS AND WITH A MEMORY WHICH SLOWLY STORES THE MATERIALS OF ITS REFLECTION. YOU ARE GIFTED AS AN ORGANISER, A COMMANDER.

## YOUR WEAKNESSES=

YOU HAVE A TENDENCY TO WITHDRAW INTO YOURSELF, FOR YOUR SOUL CAN BE SATISFIED IN THIS ATTITUDE TO THE POINT OF NEUROSIS. FAILURE WILL SPARK OFF YOUR CRITICAL SPIRIT, YOU WILL TEND TO LAY THE BLAME ON OTHERS OR SAY THE FAULT IS IN LIFE ITSELF, WHICH IS A MESS.

## SEEKING EQUILIBRIUM=

YOU WILL FIND YOUR BALANCE IN MAKING FULL USE OF YOUR MENTAL ABILITIES. THE PLEASURE SYNDROME TOWARD WHICH YOUR IMAGINATION IMPELS YOU CAN CONFLICT WITH YOUR SENSE OF HIGHER VALUES.

BEWARE OF DISAPPOINTMENTS, EVEN OF AN IMAGINARY NATURE, WHICH COULD RESULT IN PSYCHOSOMATIC TROUBLES SUCH AS A SENSATION OF BEING STIFLED, SWELLING STOMACH, ETC.

YOUR FUTURE= YOU WILL FULFILL YOURSELF ONLY BY SELF-CONTROL. YOU MUST TRY ALWAYS TO OUTDO YOURSELF AND FORGET YOURSELF, FOR THE INFLUENCE OF THE DOUBLE SIGN MAKES YOU HIGHLY PERSONAL AND INDIVIDUALLY SELF-CENTERED. HOWEVER, YOU ARE WELL EQUIPPED TO MAKE SUCH AN ADJUSTMENT.

NOW LET US CONSIDER THE POSITION OF THE MOON, THE EARTH'S CLOSE SATELLITE. IT HAS A PREDOMINATING INFLUENCE ON OUR DEEPEST INSTINCTS AND OUR HIDDEN TENDENCIES. IT REIGNS OVER OUR DREAMS AND MEDITATIONS, OUR INTUITION AND THE MANIFESTATIONS OF OUR UNCONSCIOUS.

## THE MOON IN THE SIGN OF SCORPIO AT THE SUBJECT'S BIRTH.

YOUR INNER LIFE IS DEEPLY FELT. YOU HAVE THE KNACK OF DETECTING THE SECRET UNDERCURRENTS OF BEINGS, THE BATTLEGROUND OF SOULS WHERE DARK PASSIONS OF HATE AND DEATH ALTERNATE WITH UNBOUNDED LOVE. THE HEALTHY EGO REJECTS SUCH EQUIVOCAL SHADOWS, PART EROTIC, PART MORBID, THROWING THEM BACK INTO THE GLOOMY DEPTHS FROM WHICH THEY EMERGED AND FROM WHICH THEY SHOULD NEVER RETURN. THESE OCCULT, POWERFUL THREATENING FORCES MUST BE TAMED AND DOMESTICATED. EITHER THE SOUL MUST CONQUER THESE POWERS OF DARKNESS OR HUMILIATE ITSELF IN GUILT OVER SOME UNKNOWN SIN AND BE PREPARED TO DO PENANCE TO REGAIN ITS LOST INNOCENCE. IT WILL HAVE TO CONJURE, SACRIFICE AND SANCTIFY, RELYING ON SUPERSTITIOUS RITES, CEREMONIAL MAGIC AND A STRICT, ALMOST ASCETIC WAY OF LIFE, A FRIGHTENED SENSE OF DUTY. YOU WILL RESORT FIRST TO ONE, THEN ANOTHER OF THESE REMEDIES. THE SUBTERRANEAN BATTLE BEING WAGED IN THIS INSTANCE WILL NATURALLY AFFECT THE FIGHTER, EITHER PLUMMETING HIM INTO A HELL OF PERVERSE PASSIONS OR LIFTING HIM TO THE SUMMITS OF SPIRITUAL ECTASY. ALL EXTREMES ARE POSSIBLE IN SUCH A CASE.

ABOVE ALL, BE SURE TO INTERPRET YOUR ASTROLOGICAL DESCRIPTION PROPERLY BY MAKING A SYNTHESIS OF ITS DIFFERENT COMPONENTS--YOUR BASIC PERSONALITY, YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS, YOUR EMOTIONS AND YOUR INTELLECTUAL CAPACITIES.

ALSO, DON'T FAIL TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT YOUR OWN PERSONAL SITUATION--YOUR INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT, WAY OF LIFE AND ENVIRONMENT. IF, IN ADDITION, YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF LUCKY OR UNLUCKY PERIODS TO LOOK FORWARD TO FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, JUST ORDER AN ASTROFLASH CALENDAR-FORCAST. SIMPLY FILL IN AND SEND THE ATTACHED ORDER BLANK.

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AGAIN, THANK YOU FOR YOUR VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

What aspirations of your original vision of the Institute have been clouded or compromised in the last year?

—Robert W. Corrigan

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The crucial point is that we must focus on the mission, not the circumstances of the situation.

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We are all frail.

—Herbert Blau





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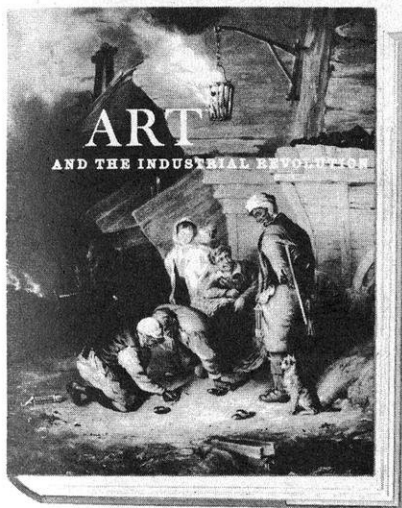


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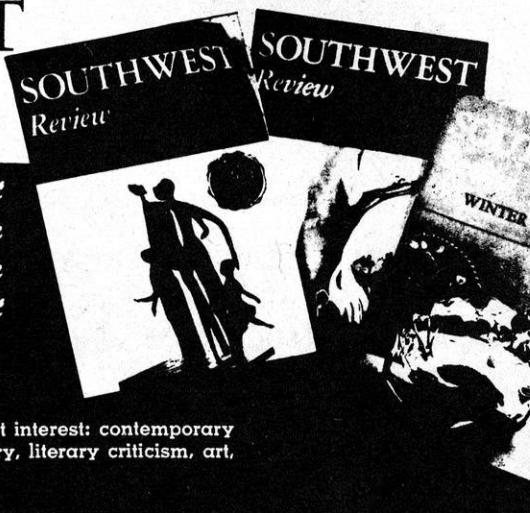
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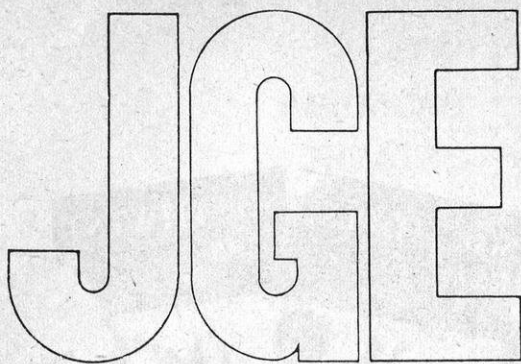
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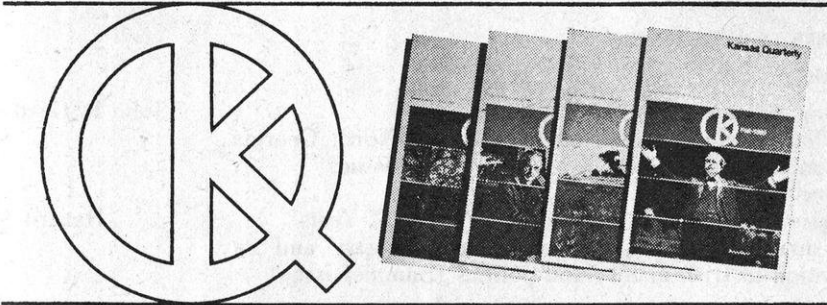
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**INDEX TO ARTS IN SOCIETY**  
**Volume 7**

Adaptations from a Lexicon. Kenneth Versand. 3:82.

Aesthetics of a Black Choreographer, The. Eleo Pomare. 1:110-113.

**AHLSTROM, DAVID.** Mrs. Coits Great Monument. 2:209-212.

**ALDRICH, MICHAEL.** Letter. 3:73.

**ALLEN, JOHN.** On Scrapping All Our Traditions in Favor of Older Ones.  
 2:157-161.

Apples Are Ripe Now: No One Picks Them. Peter Yates. 2:240-250.

Book Review of: *Occasions in a World* by Peyton Houston.

*The Collected Poems* by Lorine Niedecker.

Application Statement. Kenneth Levey. 3:33.

Arkansas Experiential Labs in the Arts. Cleveland Harrison. 2:280-282.

Art and the Youth Scene. Donald M. Kaplan. 2:178-180.

Art Education and Environmental Development. Max Kaplan. 2:218-227.

Art in America, 1970-1985. Albert Bush-Brown. 2:189-192.

Astroflash. Paul Brach. 3:172.

**BALDESSARI, JOHN.** California Map Project. 3:114-115.

**BAUMANN, JIM.** Letter. 3:124.

**BELL, MICHAEL.** How Would It Be. 3:163.

**BLAU, HERBERT.** Comments. 3:41, 65-72, 174.

Journal Notes. 3:86, 104, 108, 118, 124, 138, 142, 146,  
 156, 159.

Letters. 3:10, 12, 14, 24, 40, 59, 60, 88, 90, 103-4, 146.

**BOGARTTE, JEFFREY.** Childhood in the Sun, poem. 2:260.

Book Reviews: **BURKE, JACK.** The Story of U. S. Vernacular Dance. 2:237-  
 239.

Review of: *Jazz Dance* by Marshall and Jean Stearns.

**CHASE, GILBERT.** New Contents for Old Shells. 2:251-257.

Review of: *Foew & ombwhnw* by Dick Higgins.

**GUSHEE, LAWRENCE,** Musicology Rhymes with Ideology.  
 2:230-236.

Review of: *Early Jazz: It's Roots and Music Development*  
 by Gunther Schuller.

**JEHRING, J. J.** Survival of Art in the New Industrial State:  
 An Optimistic View. 1:90-92.



Review of: *Business and the Arts* by Arnold Gingrich.  
*Science, Art and Communication* by John R. Pierce.

**ROBISCHON, TOM.** Chronicle of Rear-Guard Action. 1:85-89.

Review of: *Tropic of Cancer on Trial* by E. R. Hutchison.

**YATES, PETER.** Apples are Ripe Now: No One Picks Them. 2:240-250.

Review of: *Occasions in a World* by Peyton Houston.  
*The Collected Poems* by Lorine Niedecker.

Bone Talk, poem. Dennis Schmitz. 2:265.

**BRACH, PAUL.** Astroflash. 3:172.  
 Comments. 3:21, 37, 65-69, 70, 72.  
 Non-Freedom Is. 3:54-55.

**BURKE, JACK.** The Story of U. S. Vernacular Dance. 2:237-239.  
 Book Review of: *Jazz Dance* by Marshall and Jean Stearns.

**BUSH-BROWN, ALBERT.** Art in America 1970-1985. 2:189-192.

But It's Not Shakespeare. Allan Lewis. 1:77-84.

California Map Project. John Baldessari. 3:114-115.

Charted Essay. Susan Starbird. 3:165.

**CHASE, GILBERT.** A Visit to the Aquarium: An Introduction to This Issue. 1:1-19.

New Contents for Old Shells. 2:251-257.  
 Book Review of: *Foew & ombwhnw* by Dick Higgins.

Childhood in the Sun, poem. Jeffrey Bogartte. 2:260.

Chronicle of A Rear-Guard Action. Thomas Robischon. 1:85-89.  
 Book Review of: *Tropic of Cancer on Trial* by E. R. Hutchison.

Comments — California Institute of the Arts: Herbert Blau, Paul Brach, Robert Corrigan, Richard E. Farson, Steve Gillmor, Thayer Gilpatric, Stanley Gortikov, Craig Hodgetts, Allan Kaprow, William Lund, Alexander MacKendrick, Larry Miller, Scott Newhall, Victor Papanek, Peter Pearce, Mel Powell, Ravi Shankar, Maurice Stein, Morton Subotnick, Gene Youngblood. 3:20, 21, 24, 36, 37, 41, 64-72, 76, 82, 94, 124, 156, 168-169, 174.

Complaint — Criminal Misdemeanor. Stonewall Jackson. 3:147.

**CORRIGAN, ROBERT.** Commens. 3:20, 174.  
Essay. 3:83-84.  
Inter-Office Memorandum to Governance Committee.  
3:91-93.  
Statement. 3:9.  
Statement Upon Acceptance of the Presidency of  
California Institute of the Arts. 3:16.  
This Gifted Age. 2:172-177.

**COTTRELL, LEONARD.** Stonehenge 12. 3:168-169.

**DE BRETTEVILLE, PETER.** Ethos of Individualism, The. 3:122-123.  
Stonehenge 12. 3:168-169.

Design. Richard E. Farson. 3:153-155.

Design. Victor Papanek. 3:118-119.

**DISNEY, WALT.** Statement. 3:8.

Does Avant Garde Mean Anything. Dick Higgins. 1:27-31.

Editorial. Edward L. Kamarck. 3:28.

Electric Esthetic and the Short Circuit Ethics of the Current Populist  
Culture, The. Kingsley Widmer. 2:163-168.

Electrotechnology of Modern Music, The. Otto W. Henry. 1:19-26.

End of Esthetics, The. Leslie Woolf Hedley. 2:195-198.

**ESHLEMAN, CLAYTON.** Kansas-Illinois, poem. 2:261.

Essay. Robert Corrigan. 3:83-84.

Essay. Nam June Paik. 3:159.

four fragments, poem. Bruce Renner. 2:266.

General Performance Workshop. Dick Higgins. 3:110.

**GILLMOR, STEVE.** Comments. 3:66, 71.

**GILPATRICK, THAYER.** Comment. 3:94.

Goodby Jack, poem. Michael McLure. 2:264.

**GORTIKOV, STANLEY.** Comment. 3:94.

**GUSHEE, LAWRENCE.** Musicology Rhymes with Ideology. 2:230-236.  
Book Review of: *Early Jazz: It's Roots and Music Development* by  
Gunther Schuller.

**HAMALIAN, LEO.** Statement. 3:100.

**HARRISON, CLEVELAND.** Arkansas Experiential Labs in the Arts. 2:280-  
282.

**HEDLEY, LESLIE WOLFF.** The End of Esthetics. 2:195-198.

**HENRY, OTTO W.** Electrotechnology of Modern Music, The. 1:19-26.

**HIGGINS, DICK.** Does Avant Garde Mean Anything? 1:27-31.  
General Performance Workshop. 3:110.

**HODGETTS, CRAIG.** Comments. 3:24, 65-68, 156, 168-169.  
We Stand on the Threshold. 3:129-135.

How to Cook an Albatross. Ben Johnston. 1:33-38.

How Would It Be. Michael Bell. 3:163.

**HUGHES, CATHARINE.** New Ritual and New Theatre. 1:61-68.

I Am. Lewis Tanner. 3:80.

**INNAURATO, ALBERT.** Letters. 3:4, 6, 38, 39.

Inter-Office Memorandum to Governance Committee. Robert Corrigan.  
3:91-93.

Inter-Office Memorandum on Our Educational Planning. Allan Kaprow.  
3:22-24.

Inter-Office Memorandum. Alexander MacKendrick. 3:48-50, 52.

Inter-Office Memorandum. Mel Powell. 3:23, 42.

**JACKSON, STONEWALL.** Complaint — Criminal Misdeameanor. 3:147.  
Letter. 3:105.

**JEHRING, J. J.** Survival of Art in the New Industrial States: An Optimistic  
View. 1:90-92.

Book Review of: *Business and the Arts: An Answer to Tomorrow*  
by Arnold Gingrich.

*Science, Art and Communication* by John R. Pierce.

**JOHNSTON, BEN.** How to Cook an Albatross. 1:33-38.

Journal Notes. Herbert Blau. 3:86, 104, 108, 118, 124, 138, 142, 146,  
156, 159.

**KAMARCK, EDWARD.** Editorial. 3:28.

Kansas-Illinois, poem. Clayton Eshleman. 2:261.

**KAPLAN, DONALD M.** Art and the Youth Scene. 2:178-180.

**KAPLAN, MAX.** Art Education and Environmental Development. 2:218-227.

**KAPROW, ALLAN.** Comments. 3:70, 82.  
Inter-Office Memorandum on Our Educational Planning.  
3:22-24.  
Statement. 3:56-57.

**KAVOLIS, VYTAUTAS.** On the Crisis of Creativity in Contemporary Art.  
2:205-207.

**KAZAR, MICHAEL.** Operation Area Arts: An Experimental Program in Arts  
Education. 2:283-286.



**KILPATRICK, DAVID.** Letter. 3:51.

437

**KOSTELANETZ, RICHARD.** The New Arts and Their Scenes. 1:49-60.

**KREUTZ, IRVING.** Life in a Leyden Jar. 2:155.

Letters — California Institute of the Arts: Michael Aldrich, Jim Baumann,  
Herbert Blau, Mark Harris,  
Albert Innaurato, Stonewall  
Jackson, David Kilpatrick,  
George Miller, Larry Miller,  
Thomas Radloff, Denene von  
Glan.

3:4-6, 10, 12, 14, 18-19, 24,  
38-40, 51, 59, 60, 62, 78, 88,  
90, 102, 105.

**LEVEY, KENNETH.** Application Statement. 3:33.

**LEWIS, ALLAN.** But It's Not Shakespeare. 1:77-84.

**LEWITZKY, BELLA.** Statements. 3:86, 108.

Life in a Leyden Jar. Irving Kreutz. 2:155.

**LIFSON, BEN.** Statement. 3:108.

**LUND, WILLIAM.** Comment. 3:94.

**MAC KENDRICK, ALEXANDER.** Comments. 3:36.  
Inter-Office Memorandums, 3:48-50, 52.

**MALANGA, GERARD.** Notes in Place of a Poem, poem. 1:93-108.

Man-Made Environment. Peter Pearce. 3:150-152.

Marcus Behmer, A Master of Art Nouveau. Edouard Roditi. 2:268-275.

**MCLURE, MICHAEL.** Goodby Jack, poem. 2:264.

**MELTZER, R.** Recent Reinstantiations of Pumice in the Mustard Tusk  
Scene. 1:39-48.

**METSON, GRAHAM.** Typographic Happenings. 2:199-204, 212-217.

**MILLER, GEORGE.** Letter. 3:112.

**MILLER, JOAN.** On November Plains, poem. 2:265.

**MILLER, LARRY.** Comments. 3:66, 71.  
Letter. 3:24.  
Mr. Jones Reflects. 3:3.

Mr. Jones Reflects. Larry Miller. 3:3.

Mrs. Coits Great Monument. David Ahlstrom. 2:209-212.

Musical Composition. Morton Subotnick. 3:43.

Musicology Rhymes with Ideology. Lawrence Gushee. 2:230-236.

Book Review of: *Early Jazz: It's Roots and Music Development*  
by Gunther Schuller.

New Arts and Their Scenes, The. Richard Kostelanetz. 1:49-60.

New Content for Old Shells. Gilbert Chase. 2:251-257.

Book Review of: *Foew & ombwhnw* by Dick Higgins.

New Drama: Starshine and Sunshine, The. Ronn Spargur. 2:182-184.

New Ritual and New Theatre. Catharine Hughes. 1:61-68.

**NEWHALL, SCOTT.** Comment. 3:94.

Night That Mel Powell Packed Up and Went Home, The. Mel Powell.  
3:44-47.

Non-Freedom Is. Paul Brach. 3:54-55.

Notes in Place of a Poem, poem. Gerard Malanga. 1:93-108.

On November Plains, poem. Joan Miller. 2:265.

On Scrapping All Our Traditions in Favor of Older Ones. John Allen.  
2:157-161.

On the Crisis of Creativity in Contemporary Art. Vytautas Kavolis.  
2:205-207.

Operation Area Arts: An Experimental Program in Arts Education. Michael  
Kazar. 2:283-286.

**PAIK, NAM JUNE.** Essay. 3:159.

**PAPANKEK, VICTOR.** Comments. 3:124, 156.  
Design. 3:118-119.

**PEARCE, PETER.** Comments. 3:21, 37.  
Man-Made Environment. 3:150-152.

Poet, poem. Dennis Schmitz. 2:265.

**POMARE, ELEO.** The Aesthetics of a Black Choreographer. 1:110-113.

**POWELL, MEL.** Comments. 3:20, 21, 24, 37.  
Inter-Office Memoranda. 3:23, 42.  
Night That Mel Powell Packed Up and Went Home, The.  
3:44-47.

**RADLOFF, THOMAS.** Letter. 3:4-6.

Recent Reinstantiations of Pumice in the Mustard Tusk Scene. R. Meltzer.  
1:39-48.

**RENNER, BRUCE.** Four fragments, poem. 2:266.

**ROBISCHON, THOMAS.** Chronicle of a Rear-Guard Action. 1:85-89.  
Book Review of: *Tropic of Cancer on Trial* by E. R. Hutchison.

**RODITI, EDOUARD.** Marcus Behmer, A Master of Art Nouveau. 2:268-275.

Saga of Clayton Bailey: Beyond Criticism and the Nose Pot Aesthetic.  
David Zack. 1:114-118.

**SCHMITZ, DENNIS.** Poet, poem. 2:265.  
Bone Talk, poem. 2:265.

**SHANKAR, RAVI.** Comments. 3:76, 124.

Something Very Important is Happening on Our Planet. Gene Youngblood.  
3:142.

**SPARGUR, RONN.** The New Drama: Starshine and Sunshine. 2:182-184.

**STARBIRD, SUSAN.** Charted Essay. 3:165.

Statements — California Institute of the Arts: Robert Corrigan, Walt Disney,  
Leo Hamalian, Allan Kaprow,  
Bella Lewitzky, Ben Lifson.  
3:8, 9, 56-57, 86, 100, 108.

Statement Upon Acceptance of the Presidency of California Institute of the  
Arts. Robert Corrigan. 3:16.

**STEIN, MAURICE.** Comments. 3:20, 21, 64-72.

Stonehenge 12. Peter de Bretteville. 3:168-169.

Stonehenge 12. Leonard Cottrell. 3:168-169.

Story of U. S. Vernacular Dance, The. Jack Burke. 2:237-239.  
Book Review of: *Jazz Dance* by Marshall and Jean Stearns.

**SUBOTNICK, MORTON.** Comments. 3:36, 66, 69, 71.  
Musical Composition. 3:43.

Survival of Art in the New Industrial States: An Optimistic View.  
J. J. Jehring. 1:90-92.

Book Review of: *Business and the Arts: An Answer to Tomorrow* by  
Arnold Gingrich  
*Science, Art and Communication* by John R. Pierce.

**TANNER, LEWIS.** I Am. 3:80.

The Ethos of Individualism. Peter de Bretteville. 3:122-123.

This Gifted Age. Robert Corrigan. 2:172-177.

**VERSAND, KENNETH.** Adaptations from a Lexicon. 3:82.

Visit to the Aquarium: An Introduction to This Issue, A. Gilbert Chase.  
1:1-19.

**VON GLAN, DENENE.** Letter. 3:39-40.

We Stand on the Threshold. Craig Hodgetts. 3:129-135.



**WIDMER, KINGSLEY.** The Electric Esthetic and the Short Circuit Eethics of the Current Populist Culture. 2:163-168.

**YATES, PETER.** Apples Are Ripe Now: No One Picks Them. 2:240-250.

Book Review of: *Occasions in a World* by Peyton Houston.  
*The Collected Poems* by Lorine Niedecker.

**YOUNGBLOOD, GENE.** Comments. 3:86, 138.  
Something Very Important is Happening on Our Planet. 3:142.

Youth Music Institute. 2:276-279.

**ZACK, DAVID.** Saga of Clayton Bailey: Beyond Criticism and the Nose-Pot Aesthetic. 1:114-118.





