At exactly noon on Friday, November 19, at the 69th regiment Armory on Lexington Avenue and 24th Street, an enormous money-stash was discovered stuffed under the curb and out jumped sculptor Mark di Suvero to lift the white tail. The sculpture grooved against high noise on the street, and the artist dove for it, out of the maelstrom and into the back seat of a velvet roped that entirely surrounded him and the dirt. It was Geoff Hendricks working on stanch and tails. He passed the time by writ- ing in his diary. His relatives Bill and Jon stayed by watching him while they ate. They ordered two chicken sandwiches with pickles. What was Hendricks up to?

Robert Breer’s piece crawled by, a huge bug of mylar that pul- sated and hovered on the floor as though it were a square stringray. Fred Stern computerized the appearance of a thieving rat-a-tat-tat but actually found nothing on the paper as it rolled out of the machine. The afternoon dragged on.

Somebody was offering a feast at a table set with oysters, olives, canapés, eggplant, and mixed greens while, ho-ho, ho-ho stew got into it. When I touched it with my fork, Elizabeth Phillips had created an Elec- tronic Banquet where the electrical cul- tiator frequency was changed. Body painters dragged by. The food was walked by loaded down with her clip-board directions and said, “Don’t touch at 10 1/2 I’m coming out of the cake. Could I last that long? It was only 2 o’clock.”

Lil Picard droopy by in her paper cape and hat. David Hareman was getting ready to present his surrealist life tab- leau, a dream-like womb environ- ment with lots of candela and lemons all over the floor.

I heard “The Star Spangled Banner.” It was the only one on this Corn-butt show that didn’t come in absentia. His contribution was sprayed on a Rino-white ta- blecloths—a loaf of Sicilian fruits, cloves of tripes, skinned and spoofed, plus flesh, plus lips, plus peppers, eyeballs, a piss-filled urinary and bedpan full of ashtray, throwing shit. Not very many could get close to his historic avant garde contribu- tion.

Dear John

Wendy nears the velvet piece of his section with a huge canvas poster. His simulated gleider pilot had a line-up of would-be pilots waiting for a taxi. Some Pulsar people went by with a child’s tinkling pull-toy. "I'm not in charge of the Armory," said the idiotic guard that had no interest, and then his partner Dennis said it was time to ask the sol- diers what the show was about. The answers were predictable. One said it looked weird. Another added that it was a weird gesture. And a man of all the wars who was cov- ered with star patches, a button, and braid summarized his feelings. "It’s ridiculous, I know that. But if some people smoke marijuana back there, I saw them. And using too, "I, like the rest of the damn people, I couldn’t blow them hard enough. The air was getting ready to make the middle of the afternoon.

Shirley started up her electronic ferris wheel. It glowed as though it were an o The piece was the Ultimate Trip. Each seat has a TV monitor hook, the open cover to activate a tionary on the ferris wheel and the grand man who created instant replay sensations of flling, flying, and disintegrating in the air. The space in- space was seen on the individual tubes, projector to the Ferris wheel turned: "You get

Contd on next page

Phebe’s
Bowery at E. 4th St.

In the very heart of the East Village's Off-Broadway Theaters, Cocktails and dinner before and after curtain.

GR-9308, 4:30 p.m. - 4 am
His last mouse
Continued from preceding page
stayed up there," she said.

"Anyway, well, I stared old Tom Carey Segundo, up. Edith continued again, it was the Second Night, and Iru from West 13th St. "I went to the Tombs and the detention center. He has been slowly improved for prison health from the clock struck midnight and I pleaded in my dress uniform."

"It was 5 o'clock. I thought maybe when Metropolitan Life got out the place would fill up The East Village Theatre group put on its show. They were all in mime costumes and clown makeup. They bowed heads, meditated, buddled together with the audience, did acrobatics, and filled in the gaps with Love, Peace, Touch, Liquid Theatre ballet, a great group if you were deep into 1961."

I smelled that unforgettable five- and six-ounce ice cream coming from Jeni Engel's teepee in the middle of the Assembly. It didn't bother Geoff Hendricks, who seemed stoned on top of his mound of dirt. It was 6 p.m., and he still hadn't moved, hadn't eaten, hadn't gone to the toilet. How could he endure such self-torture?"

Finn Jell Johnstone and David Board of Life arrived. The fest-
vival/Voice, November 25, 1971

"I'll have to look into this more carefully. Life is not a frivolous publication. We don't do stories on just anything. We're serious."

Everything was in full swing by 9 a.m. The place was jammed. Neighbors from my building showed up with their kids for a free ride on Shirley's ferry wheel. Alex Gross, with a telephone dial around his neck, greeted every entrance with the same copy of the Art Workers News-
letter. Ely Raman handed out a pho-
tography, a writer, an audio engi-
neer, a poet, aPLANNER, an art director, and a Cass, a 10-year-
old inventor. Howard looked at a picture. He didn't have a film negative."

"They showed in his mouth. Woody and Steina Vasulka twirled the controls of their 15 ty

"It was the Second Coming of Charlotte Moorman, her great big birthday party. Ex-

"The film would jam. The pictures would be blank. The film wouldn't advance. I would forget the lens cap. I began to sweat."

A split second later it was all over. Like a jack-in-the-box, Charlotte had popped up and out of the cake just as the cake lights turned on. The fusion, cake was flying, screams of "lights, where are the lights?" I panicked, butCharlotte was in the sa-

"Charlotte?, I shouted, "stop, come, two people go back into the cake. Was I'll be disgraced." People were climbing all over the cake by then. The air was filled with fuchsia day go into back. It was ugly."

"Charlotte? it's me, Fred, wait, the picture. Have sympathy."

It was 11:30 p.m. Everybody was leaving. The floor was covered with chunks of cake and paper and wire and dirt and lemons and egg shells and coat hangers and broken electrical gadgets. I found a cap from one of my lenses. It was all covered with icing. Billie holding a lamp walked out with his EAT chairs under his arm. Al Hansen left with his silver-coated coal suit.

The clock struck midnight and I thought he has not yet bad a chance to be in his best dress uniform unsmothered with rewards of his heroic past. He marched briskly out onto the balcony, stood front and center, clicked his heels, saluted a mythical flag, looked skyward, and planted in his lowest hollowness to all who would Fusion, cake was flying, screams of "lights, where are the lights?" I panicked, butCharlotte was in the sa-

"These should hold those press conferences over my dinner table."