

A FORD TO TRAVEL 4: ONCE in Ann Arbor.

"EST IN SYMPHONIARUM MIRA QUAEDAM DIVERSITAS: MUGIUNT CLASSICA, ULULANT TIBIAE, TYMPANA TENTA TONANT, TUBA TERRIBILI SONITU TARATANTARA DICIT. SED AUDITORUM PRAECIPUE MULCENT AURES ANIMOSQUE MUSAEA MELE PER CHORDAS ORGANICI QUAE MOBILIBUS DIGITIS EXPERGEFACTA FIGURANT. (The symphony orchestra is an harmonious blend of many instruments each with its own distinctive quality: the oboe wails, the drums thunder, the trumpet brays taratantara. But the caressing tone of the strings ravishes the ear and mind of the listener—

'those melodies

the players waken as they nimbly move

their fingers o'er the strings and shape the notes.'")

From the eulogy conferring an honorary degree on Michael Joseph McNamara, Director of the Dublin College of Music. (DIE TERTIO DECEMBRIS MCMLXIV).

So much, you see, depends on the esthetic character of the medium, not its meaning. The Latin mingles magnificence with laughter; the English is pretty, flat. I have offered this to Gordon Mumma, a leader of the ONCE Group at Ann Arbor, to set for voice accompanied by musical tape. It could merit several settings; it is free for the use of all composers, to the greater glory of Michael Joseph McNamara as well as the unknown author of the lines. I plan to set it myself as part of a spoken motet for several electronic transducers (loudspeakers) as a part of my *Second Composite Lecture*.

I composed the first *Composite Lecture* as the last of my third series of lectures for the Contemporary Arts Association at Houston. For my previous lectures I had used the ordinary method of talk interspersed with music; and since I believe that musical examples suffer by being cut too short, though I have found some powerful exceptions, one of my previous CAA presentations had run from 7:30 to 11:30 p.m. and another from 8 until nearly 1 a.m. (I was let down when some told me that Buckminster Fuller a few weeks earlier had held on for seven hours.)

I proposed therefore to overlap talk and music by recording them on tapes (one stereo, one monaural) to be heard via three loudspeakers. This was successfully accomplished, despite inadequate equipment, by the skill of my young recording engineer, Michael Dayton. And because disembodied sound in a darkened auditorium may not hold attention, I planned to project slides, made by another young associate, Baylis Glascock, of railway cars, track, equipment, fire engines, street surfaces, earth-movers, and other objects requiring no explanation though in framed appearance by no means always self-evident, to keep the eye occupied with its half-conscious querying—plus his rotating, semi-abstract film (in high-contrast with color transparencies) of the Watts Tower in Los Angeles, accompanied partly by speaking voice and partly by silence.

The lecture begins with an argument between two of the loudspeakers, leads into an 8th century solo for the Japanese bamboo flute (*shakuhachi*), then part of a composition by Toshi Ichyanagi of very modern type yet retaining an instinctual grasp of traditional Japanese line, then a rather shocking composition by Richard Maxfield for sound-tape with composer LaMonte Young in the foreground scratching a violin, and on into a climactic piling up of Maxfield's *Night Music* (electronic sound generation) and *Steam* (a multiflex roaring, from the valve of a radiator) with Robert Ashley's *Heat* (vocal sound and electronic sound further altered by electronic means), all heard together as a many-textured aural composite, which is followed by silence and the color film. Mumma's *Densities* explodes across and nearly obliterates Ichyanagi's thread of tone, which continues more poignantly threadlike after the explosions cease. The extremes of sound-perception intensify the color of the slides and film, these at the same time holding attention to a focus, the concentration eased by an approximate ten seconds of black screen between each slide. If this recurrent period of black screen is reduced, both sound and color seem in retrospect over-rich. The relatively few spoken comments be-

tween loudspeakers release energy like a safety-valve: "Did you like it? . . . No . . . Should I like it? . . . Nobody asked you to like it." (Let me note here that experimental composers in the field of sound, from Varese on, rejoice more in barely endurable extremes of loudness than in barely perceptible degrees of softness. The Ichyanagi tape and Morton Feldman's scores, like *The King of Denmark* which I heard at the ONCE Festival, explore the near-threshold of silence, provoking an intense, emotionalized concentration.)

This first part of the *Composite Lecture*, which can stand alone, runs some 50 minutes and when shown at San Fernando Valley State College held the attention of even a captive audience of non-music-majors without break. The second part consists of a complete reading of Schoenberg's *Wind Quintet* (35 minutes—which could never be managed in an ordinary lecture), the Continental Divide of 20th century music, played from a Warsaw Festival tape, with periodic spoken interjections of short passages from Gertrude Stein's *Composition as Explanation* and my own *What Is It Is That What It Is*, and the projected slides. By this periodic but occasional shifting of attention one of the most difficult masterpieces in the repertory can be heard almost without strain, in fact, as I have observed, with increasing relaxation, depending in some degree on the pacing of the slides.

The lights go up, and I appear carrying a frying pan and wooden spoon in the manner of a violinist. I explain that Bach's *Chaconne* for violin alone has been transcribed for piano, orchestra, guitar, and I shall now play part of it on the frying pan. Ending this exemplary racket I settle down to perform LaMonte Young's composition consisting of some 1000 even strokes on the frying pan, proving that a frying pan heard in its own speech can be musical; after some two dozen strokes, the three loudspeakers start answering questions, while I go on beating. Some of the answers to questions include music.

This experiment in overlapping information compresses an interminable lecture-with-music into an acceptable concentration of experience. I have learned that a program or sequence of musical examples can convey, if properly organized, dimensions of relationship and meaning beyond reach of any lecturer's words. By this means also, the significance of the occasional spoken word is heightened. The *Composite Lecture* demonstrates how a great variety of material can be dramatized and the accumulating tension diverted or released; attention shifts but is less likely to, break and fade into vacuity. The cross-relationships become so acute that, although the placing of the projected slides with the sound is entirely fortuitous both in timing and sequence, a number of persons have been able to convince themselves that there is or must be a symbolic dialogue between them.

Where John Cage uses the lecture medium for a composition apart from any incidental information or argument, I use it to dramatize the experiences it conveys. This is a deliberately educational experience, with overtones of ritual; the audience is *in* it, rather than sitting apart from it in its presence.

I have given the *Composite Lecture* complete, or the first part of it alone, in recent months at the San Francisco Tape Music Center; at San Fernando Valley State College; at the University of Michigan (in conjunction with the ONCE Festival); at Wesleyan University; at Roosevelt University in Chicago as part of a program shared with Robert Ashley and Gordon Mumma—that elder aristocrat of the piano, Rudolf Ganz, as soon as I met him there, commenced speaking enthusiastically about electronic music—and at the University of Illinois, where Josef Patkowski, visiting Director of the Polish Radio Experimental Studio, asked for a copy of the text and dubs of the tapes to present the lecture in Polish at Warsaw.

We think too much of a work of art and not often enough *in* and *through* it. Certain younger artists today, in several fields, are rejecting the more abstract comprehending of works of art and provoking us instead to see and hear, that is, to participate *in* and *through* them. The "generation after Cage," as I call it, comprises a large body of composers, dancers, poets and infiltrators in the other arts who work with tape and sound-experimentation and with what some of them call, in Cage's term, "theater" or "theatrical music"—a type of performance that I prefer to call "play"—which contains elements of game, information theory, dead-pan comedy, and ritual, as well as the entire field of sound. Cage's influence has also reached widely among his own generation, in the use of percussion, electronic sound, pre-

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pared piano, indeterminacy (aleatory music), and noise. My *Composite Lecture* is profoundly, though by no means entirely, indebted to his example. His feeling for the purpose of such an event differs from mine; he would contend that it should be purposeless.

One obvious aspect of this world-wide movement is a rejection of all rules and, frequently, explanations.

"BUT DEFINITION IS LIMITATION & I
am without bounds

no skin

IN DARK RAIN WHICH IS NOWHERE WHICH IS NO

definition . . ." (*Plain Song*, from *Two Hands* by James Koller)

Or to put it in reticulated aleatoric: We wear no man's parameters. Many of these composers are now well enough established to impute a rejection of Cage's influence—a condition not arguable as soon as any artist's work speaks for itself. Cage at one time outspokenly rejected Schoenberg, like an ostrich attributing his origin to his egg-shell. He nowadays more considerately gives credit to all his teachers. To learn how experts in "theatrical music"—they call it "Spectacular Music Theater"—who break most of the rules and provide no explanations present themselves and their ideas in performance, I went this year to Ann Arbor to attend the ONCE Festival.

For their performance at the First Annual Theater Rally in May this year the members of the group prepared a summary of their origin: "The ONCE group is a performing ensemble of composers, artists, film-makers, and architects which has evolved during the past several years from the contemporary performance-arts activities of the Dramatic Arts Center in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Though the ONCE Festival of Contemporary Music (1961-1965) is probably the best-known of these activities, the collaborative nature of the ONCE group began several years earlier with the light-sculpture and Space Theater innovations of Milton Cohen and Harold Borkin, the films of George Manupelli, and the establishment of the Cooperative Studio for Electronic Music by Robert Ashley and Gordon Mumma during 1957-1958.

" . . . The dynamics of recent musical evolution have led creative artists to consciously explore those performance elements which extend beyond the realm of 'pure music' and sound.

"These performance elements can be included in the category of 'theater,' and include *dance* (physical activity, human gesture and movement of all sorts), *staging* (lighting, the juxtaposition and manipulation of stage properties), *natural sounds* (the artistic integration of stage-activity sounds and speech), and the *spatial disposition* of performance (the means of involvement and confrontation of the audience-spectator with the performance activities).

"The structural and temporal aspects of contemporary music have also taken new directions with the ONCE group. Particularly noteworthy is the development of compositions which are created by a collaboration of individual artists. To date these 'ensemble' compositions have taken two forms: works which can be performed as complete compositional entities by themselves; and works which can be performed separately, in sequence, or simultaneously with each other . . .

"The impetus for the creation of works which can be performed in various arrangements separately, sequentially, or simultaneously (and often requiring improvisation during the course of performance) came from several sources, but particularly from issues of programming and presentation involving electronic-music and light-projection means. Milton Cohen's 'Space Theater' productions (starting in Ann Arbor in 1958), Robert Ashley's 'Public Opinion Descends Upon the Demonstrators' (1962) and 'In Memoriam Kit Carson' (1963), and Gordon Mumma's 'Epoxy' (1962) and 'Megaton for William Burroughs' (1963) are early examples with the ONCE group. . . . The primary dramatic issues are those of the entire program: where the work of one composer ends and the next begins is of less significance than the context of the total experience."

Among the personnel of the ONCE group, Robert Ashley and Gordon Mumma are both composers and performers. They organized the ONCE Festival, in collaboration with composer Roger Reynolds, who afterwards went to Europe on a Fulbright award and is still there on a subsequent Guggenheim Fellowship. Since 1962 Ashley and Mumma, alone and with members of the group, have organized programs, at first called "New Music for Pianos" and later the "Spectacular

Music Theater," to be given outside Ann Arbor; they have appeared at many universities and in several cities. Last September they were invited with Milton Cohen to give three programs on the New Music series at the Venice Biennale; this summer they will appear with the Judson Dance Theater from New York at the Meadowbrook Festival of Michigan State University; they have been invited to the São Paulo Biennale in Brazil this autumn.

Harold Borkin and Joseph Wehrer are architects and theatrical designers on the faculty of the Michigan University School of Architecture; they collaborated with Ashley in arranging the Performance Arts Research Laboratory Conference which I attended at the university in 1963. Manupelli is also on the faculty of the School of Architecture. Each year, after the ONCE Festival, the group joins him in presenting the Ann Arbor Film Festival.

Another potent member of the group is Mary Ashley, who has designed several of the more astonishing productions of the ONCE Festivals and whose publicity designs and posters for ONCE are on the way to becoming collectors' items. In Paris of the great days Mary Ashley would have been, as in the less focused light of America she already is, a renowned "artist-personality."

The atmosphere of Ann Arbor was alive with projects, poetry and theatre, the active spirits all young and seeking a direction. Bernard Waldrop, poet proprietor of *The Burning Deck*, a little magazine, found on a shelf of used books a volume containing the unknown writings of John Barton Wolgamot. I have held this book in my hands and read it: page upon page of invocation, each page in a similar form of words, crowded with names of literary and esthetic personages, fervent yet impersonal and liberated of comprehensible intent. One thinks of Christopher Smart. The volume exists in two editions having only slight changes in text.

Bernard Waldrop projected the John Barton Wolgamot Society. "The organization's outward history began in May, 1959," I quote from *The Wolgamot Interstice*, a paperback anthology of poems, "when it sponsored a reading—a little illegally—at the University of Michigan. Three poets of the San Francisco Renaissance, posters announced, would read their own poems . . . If the poets had been real, it would have been a more interesting evening than that campus is used to, and the hall filled up with local beats and curious students. I suppose there were psychology majors thinking of it as a field trip . . . Felicia Borden ('the most authentic woman voice of the late school' — a poster attributed this to Henry Miller) took off her trench coat to show a black sheath with sequins . . . Kenneth Kant, the third poet, had been arrested in San Francisco for petty larceny and narcotics violation. Grand applause . . . The nearly stated, the barely concealed question in the air was, 'Why do we have to go to San Francisco to be beat; why can't we be beat right here in Ann Arbor, Michigan?' " Some group should be challenging torpor with that question in every American community. Among the contributing poets to *The Wolgamot Interstice* whose work I know are Donald Hall, James Camp, W. D. Snodgrass, and X. J. Kennedy.

The members of the Society learned that John Barton Wolgamot was in New York, living above a small movie house, which he may own. A delegation of two members went from the Wolgamot Society to discover him and offer homage. At the door of his residence they halted, hesitated, then turned back—to preserve their myth. (Admirers of John Barton Wolgamot, reveal yourselves!)

I first learned of ONCE when Roger Reynolds wrote me, and the publicity started coming, far-out to begin and farther out each season. For 1964 a real nude on a bar, head against the cash register, behind her under hats the four inexpressive leaders of ONCE. Blown up to wall-size in *Police Gazette* pink a collector's item. I received it fan-folded, to be opened gradually. This year a packet of bubble-gum cards, program material on one side to be shuffled into order before reading, inexpressive ONCE faces on the other side. Some receive the publicity with delight; some think it vulgar.

The local music critic reviewed each program of the first ONCE Festival, to sold out houses, his horror mounting to the apocalyptic evening when LaMonte Young, brought from New York, dropped the guillotine on audience expectation. The critic has never returned. With each season the audiences, continuing to pack the available space, have proved less capable of shock and more involved. The university School of Music, though dodging outright combat, withdrew approval,

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but this year, when no hall could be found for my *Composite Lecture*, supplied one under their official sponsorship: none of my official hosts stayed to shake my hand at the end.

Ross Lee Finney invited a delegation of ONCE participants to attend his Composition Seminar. We came in on them, as I saw it, like the gangsters moving in on the gents. The two groups spoke distinct idioms, almost without communication, though I thought that Philip Corner and Malcolm Goldstein, visiting composer-performers from New York, held forth brilliantly, Goldstein even going to the blackboard to delineate his method of linear script notation: the rise and fall of the line indicating relative pitch between limits, in this example of vocal music the normal limits of the human voice. Other elements of the script showed how the words should be sounded and in what relationship. In the newer conception of music all sounds have an equal validity, without being espaliered to the traditional scaffolding of fixed pitches.

At the concert the evening before, Max Neuhaus had performed Morton Feldman's *The King of Denmark*, playing with his fingertips on a collection of percussive sound-producers mounted on light pipe frames, music of an extraordinary softness and delicacy. He then performed *Everything Max Has, Including Beforehand and Afterward*, a composition attributed to Corner: rushing before the audience, his hands in black gloves, Max almost tore apart the percussion equipment and its frames, dumping the pieces into traveling boxes and cases, wrapping the more delicate in cloth containers, a display of energy, rattles, bangs, whishes, and purposive movements which the audience, pushing forward from its seats, watched with amused but undeviating attention, then applause. This is a task Max performs, it may be, several times a day, incidental to every rehearsal and performance; the black gloves belong to it, to protect his hands. Corner's composition, a scheme of instructions, gives these acts a rationale, to direct attention to them.

I raised the obvious question: in what way is this a composition? Neuhaus and Corner together rush to answer. Previously, in performance, contact microphones were attached to various portions of the equipment, to amplify the sounds; this time there were not enough microphones, so they did without and now prefer it this way. The incidental sounds no longer lead but accompany the events. Corner told us that he plans to rewrite the already generalized set of instructions, to make it still more generalized. By doing without the contact microphones the composition has become at last, with no exaggeration, what it is.

One of the more burdensome requirements of the percussionist's profession has been dramatized as a peculiar skill, to be enjoyed as the mythical Oriental potentate, at his first orchestral concert who "liked the first piece best"—that is, the preliminary tuning. Nobody who was in the audience could doubt that most of us enjoyed our share of this performance. An action commonplace for the performer had become particular for us—as the pianist playing in public what he practices at home "gives a recital"—but instead of sitting back to listen once more to familiar music—we were *in* it.

Listening all expectant but too well informed, the score figuratively in our laps, we often forget that the height of enjoyment, in our formative period, was *discovering* the music.

Let me close, cautiously, with the dubious "It may be transitional." It is for many the immediately present.

ART

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involved in areas of visual, tactile, and aesthetic learning. In the seventh and eighth grades, all students should become involved with materials and tools that provide greater physical and intellectual challenge. To do so, there is the requirement of specialized art facilities and there is the need for more extended blocks of time. At all points there is the need to provide students with a rich and abiding sense of their own power and responsibility to think and act utilizing images as well as words. In this way, education in art at the junior and senior high school levels continues to foster the values and aims introduced in the earlier grades.

The study of art in our secondary schools should be seen as fulfilling



Q: My client has seen blocks of wood used effectively as room dividers and would like similar dividers in the apartment house we are now designing. Do you have information on such an installation?

A: The new redwood bricks are probably what your client has in mind. Not only are they effective as dividers but with their components they can be used as load bearing or non-load bearing wall construction, either in exterior or interior installations. Both the bricks and the component parts are precision milled units. The four basic units in conjunction with the brick can produce any desired structure. Each brick is pre-drilled and a hammer is the only work tool necessary for installation. Exterior construction requires 30 penny nails; interior construction, 20 penny common nails. Inside measurements can be obtained in any one foot multiple. The insulating, acoustical and fire-resistant qualities are typical of the high quality of these characteristics in solid redwood construction. As this certified redwood brick offers a new concept of construction, you will probably be interested in the display just completed at the Building Center and may want to consider its use for more than room dividers.

Q: What is included in the manufactured material that resembles marble and how durable is it?

A: The one on display at the Building Center is produced from a blend of selected petrochemicals, silica, resins and other compounds known for their ability to impart a hard, smooth, lustrous surface. The resulting material is impervious to any stains including alcohol, cosmetics and medicinal preparations, is non-water-spotting, non-warping, won't crack or shatter, and is weather-resistant. Flexibility is another of its characteristics as it comes in rectangular, square and round sizes and can also be had in free-form and other custom specified shapes. Colors include eight standards plus decorator and architect specified subtle shades.

Q: I heard of a ready-mixed concrete job the other day that was quite faulty. Is this avoidable?

A: When ready-mixed concrete is delivered to your job it has been carefully proportioned and thoroughly mixed to produce the strength you ordered. Bulletin No. 3 of the Technical Service Department of Kaiser Cement and Gypsum Company lists the many precautions in the site preparation, placement, finishing and curing necessary in order that a satisfactory, quality finished product may be obtained. All of these are important and any one, if neglected, could cause problems for which the ready-mixed concrete itself could not be blamed.

Q: I want an easily applied material to color a concrete block garden wall and an adjoining concrete terrace. I would like something with interesting color possibilities. What do you suggest?

A: The time-proven penetrating stain for wood has been found to be an excellent, permanent coloring for all types of concrete, indoors and out. Color selection includes not only the wide range of ready-mixed hues but the variation in shade between one coat and two, intermixing of these hues for a variety of tinting shades and effects, and the use of white as a base with any universal colorant.

music

PETER YATES

A FORD TO TRAVEL 5: ONCE at Ann Arbor

When I had drafted *A Ford to Travel* #4, printed here last month, I sent it off to Gordon Mumma and Bob Ashley of ONCE for their correction. After the copy was returned I wrote this letter, which I quote in part. "Lucky I didn't answer your yesterday's letter last night, because the ms etc. arrived today, with your controversial criticisms which are pure delight. This is how I get educated, by putting together the best information I have, plus corollary opinions, guesses, etc., and firing it off to the concerned parties, who in desperation but politely, to avoid slander, libel, myth, a blighted future, etc., rewrite it for me and send it back . . ."

"Oh it is tempting to publish you as wholly writ! . . . You have added to my information and I am therefore better educated. You glare at me like the bust of Beethoven. You have not solved the amateur vs. pro issue: the [Rockefeller Brothers Fund *Report on the Performing Arts*] says there are 60,000 amateur musicians in U. S. orchestras and only 7200 pros. How do they count you? Gerald Strang praised you as the best amateurs in the electronic music business. But you are right and I have mulled the issue too often. You shall therefore be as professional as a white-tiled men's room . . . The truth is you will neither ever be professional. You are enthusiasts, you are mad, you by-pass safety, you keep falling over one or another of your facets. I love you."

Gerald Strang said to me more recently: "What we need in electronic music, to enable it to speak its own language, is to have many more skilled amateurs and far fewer musically trained professionals."

In February this year I visited the ONCE Festival, presided over by Bob and Gordon, in the VFW Hall at Ann Arbor. Last month I gave the background of the leading members of ONCE and of their festival. I shall try now to describe what happened there.

Thursday 2/11/65. *Signposts* by Robert Falck (Brandeis University Electronic Music Studio). Long, sustained, harsh noise-sounds. No great piece but a good "trumpet overture" for a start. *My Piece* by Richard Waters (Ann Arbor composer) performed by ONCE Theater Ensemble: 5 episodes rather like charades, solemn-pompous, performed inside a plastic-enclosed room, using candles, old tunes from phonograph records, vocal sound with throat-mikes. Done like all at ONCE, with care. One can never tell from the presentation how the performers estimate the worth of what they are doing — reminds of Schoenberg's Vienna programs (*Verein für Musikalische Privataufführungen*), but there the bad examples were deliberately selected. I feel that ONCE, providing opportunity, reserves judgment. Programs do run too long. (These notes were written the next day from memory.)

Fragment by George Wilson, composed 1964 at University of Michigan Electronic Music Studio. Quick, smart, neat, short. (Ross Lee Finney took me through the new Electronic Music Studio — \$17,000 with more to come — temporarily located in the new School of Music building, University of Michigan, North Campus, later to be installed in a space designed for it. Will have computers available for composing. Not a convenience but a creative workshop like those in the School of Art. The building itself brought to my mind the *Hohofestung* at Salzburg, what the British sculptor, Reg Butler, calls "the neo-fascism of Eero Saarinen.")

Voce 1 by Harley Gabor (New York). A soprano made occasional voice and mouth noises while a pianist played, pounded, prepared (metal sheet, coat hanger, and other objects on strings) and plucked a piano. An outstanding virtue of ONCE is inclusion of many composers not confined to accredited names, allowing wide range and variety of exhibition, as at a well-run gallery of modern art, some ill-conceived, beginnerish, obsolete. This was all three.

The King of Denmark by Morton Feldman, played by Max Neuhaus. Accredited composer — I met him later in these travels, when Dore Ashton kindly invited us both to dinner at her home in New York — and accredited young percussionist (presently a member of the Rockefeller Foundation-sponsored new music performance nucleus directed

by Ralph Shapey at the University of Chicago). Neuhaus played very softly with fingertips on a large collection of percussive sound-producers supported on metal pipe-frames. Charming, in the real sense of the word, delicate, at the threshold of silence. I anticipated a return of the "ghost" by way of tape-loops, but the piece ended gratefully without change of dynamics or use of tape. Then followed *Everything Max Has* by Philip Corner: Max Neuhaus taking apart and boxing the percussion equipment, while we all gawked (which I wrote about last month).

I Spent the Whole Day Shopping: Jackie Mumma on hands and knees (cartoon of title) dragging two small tables, one roped to each ankle. Scraping sounds magnified via contact mikes. Later stood and maneuvered tables. Return of amplified sounds delayed, then actual sounds only. After Neuhaus an unnecessary diversion, but the group tries anything once. They admit many failures, changes of taste and sophistication. They never apologize. Bob complains: Our audience is so sophisticated we can no longer shock them. Is this the true purpose? At Finney's composition seminar we discussed the role of shock. Comedy a better term? Vaudeville? Composers discount shock yet do use it as dramatic means: Beethoven did often — or like Chaplin falling downstairs. Intermission.

The Jelloman by Mary Ashley, creator of ONCE publicity, some of the most provocative, arresting, imaginative in recent years. Has brought ONCE fame from afar. A melo-vaudeville including a wrapped creature in a wheelchair, later, when unwrapped, holding a clear plastic umbrella, afterwards bound with ropes; a naked, narcissistic savage with a mirror smearing himself with a body-lotion; a semi-uniformed handyman; a body on a wheeled stretcher; a blank-faced robot in diver's boots; four judo wrestlers (one a black belt master) who tossed one another with mighty thumps but not the master (too diverting, we all agreed afterwards); two fencers inept because fencing left-handed (trying I suppose to be funny: going down the aisle they nearly pinked a few spectators); a candy-foam machine and proud proprietor operating it. Many combinations, among them fight of savage and handyman and collapse under candy-foam tree. The event ended when all participants had been wheeled or dragged or gone on their own power down the aisle; and without pause a hard-beat trio, who had been splattering jazz throughout, drew a bevy of dancers from the audience to the cleared floor. (There was only a small elevated platform in one corner; most of the action occurred on the same level as the audience).

Inexplicable fun in the current humor, no why, with sexuality, sadism, psychos, and dead-pan action, set off against the thumping grace of judo. Make of it what you please. Igor Stravinsky, commenting on reviewers (*New York Review*, June 3, 1965): "The reader deserves the dignity of argument, and if the reviewer cannot supply one he should give the facts of the concert and other bits of reportage about it, and no more . . . Perhaps the central problem is to measure the individuating newness." I give here the reportage, last month the argument.

February 12, 1965, Friday: Began with *Vectors*, an electronic practice piece by my friend Aurelio de la Vega of San Fernando Valley State. Then *Trigon* by Udo Kasamets of Toronto. A large number of vocalists and instrumentalists spread around room walls, continually changing places; great variety of small and large *klangfarben* (clangor-making) patterns. Two conductors used gestures and displayed time-intervals printed on cards. The low ceiling with acoustical tiles absorbed sound, prevented mixing. Gerald Warfield's *January '65*, which I heard later at North Texas State University, used smaller forces in a good auditorium and succeeded.

A Lion's Share by Russell Peck. Audible *Op.* Light vibrating in synchronization with a slowly accelerating motorcycle motor — a noise-irritant with eye-irritation added. Irritation brings up a major problem: what to make of Bob Ashley's *The Wolfman*, performed at this point in the festival and a fixture in recent ONCE traveling productions. In the first place, my description of it is incorrect, because at Ann Arbor, from my seat in the back of the hall that night, I couldn't make out what he was doing. At Roosevelt University in Chicago, where I shared an evening with Mumma and Ashley, I could see what Bob was doing so clearly I choked up watching his red-faced effort to produce more sound, because the amplification was inadequate. Simply,

Bob Ashley, his face lit from below (horror movies) stands at a floor mike giving out a skilled variety of throat sounds (singer in a night-club) to the accompaniment of noises from tape. With the right conditions and enough amplification I presume that this conveys a horror-movie parody of Wolfman as night-club singer. At Ann Arbor, the ring of speakers about the walls gave insufficient volume and much of that was taken up by the low, acoustical-tile ceiling.

.pc by George Crevoshay. The naked savage of *Jelloman*, now hairily resembling the young Einstein, performed on clavichord, and alternately, by shifting around, on upright piano and its open action, accompanied by a second piano played and plucked. Some nice sounds and occasional use of *bebung* (vibrato on clavichord) but insufficient invention to sustain its length. Mere oddity or unusualness of sound without some sort of idiomatic device to sustain attention soon cancels in the ears. The listener most often loses interest in such devices before the composer is willing to let up.

By contrast, sound relatively unvaried but idiomatic can sustain attention for a long time; I learned this while listening to the first half of one of LaMonte Young's *Dream Tortoise* performances in Greenwich Village. This consisted of two string players devotedly sustaining a single tone each (in just intonation) for two hours — no slight task of concentration, I would guess — while Young and his wife vocally produced several other tones (in equally strict just intonation) so accurately that the resulting accumulation of never more than four tones in correct acoustical relationship produced a play of overtones and difference tones which, via loudspeaker, seemed almost orchestral. Nothing else happened, except the moment of impact when Young from time to time would come in with the lowest tone of the ensemble, having the effect of the long "Om" of Hindu ritual. The small audience sat without shuffling its feet or coughing, seemingly as relaxed as I became; and the two hours I sat there paid tribute to a unique musical experience — no tribulation. At 11 p.m. we were invited to enjoy a 15-minute break and return for another 1½ hours of the same thing. Regretfully — I mean it — I apologized to the performers that I must leave. In sound at least, Young has got very close to a psychological nerve of ritual.

What most fascinates me about all of these experiences, barring a few presumptuous outright failures, is the determination of the performers and the difficulty I encounter when trying to assimilate what occurred by means of words describing positive experience. Because the experience is not negative — only that the older aristocracy of our tradition has lost its heads. (We are passing through and across one of the great watersheds of esthetic history, a succession of high, barren, forbidding mountainous ridges; I place the Continental Divide around 1925, when Schoenberg composed his *Wind Quintet*. After that, transmutation of a tone into any sound became possible, and we crossed another high plateau preparatory to attempting the steep gradients of Cage.) If I had doubted my own judgment that what was happening was worth my time, the generally positive audience reaction could not be doubted. Those who came to be in it enjoyed themselves; their attention told me that. I'm an experienced listener to audiences; their rustlings can tell more than the show. A few among the ONCE audience were not in it, a small unhappy minority.

If a tone can be transmuted into any sound, it can be replaced by a noise or, as I am starting to perceive, an action. We know that a sound can suffice for an action, as we sometimes hear more than we see in television drama: the question is to what extent an action can do the work of a sound. One twist of the rugged pass in esthetics we are now traveling.

Intermission. Then *Omaggio a Emilio Vedova* by Luigi Nono, one of the younger European big names. Like each of Nono's compositions that I have heard this is plainly meant to be "work of art" in the accustomed meaning of the term. The composer seeks to give the impression of a daring originality but takes few real chances. Though he is a declared Communist, like Picasso and Sartre, I doubt that his work is conservative enough for Russia. Some of our vestigial isolationists in high places had denied him admission to this country to attend the Boston premiere of his *Intolleranza*, but a flood of letters from his musical friends, and a general feeling of outrage, broke the barrier. Gordon Mumma told me that when the ONCE group performed at the Venice Biennale last year it was Nono who smoothed

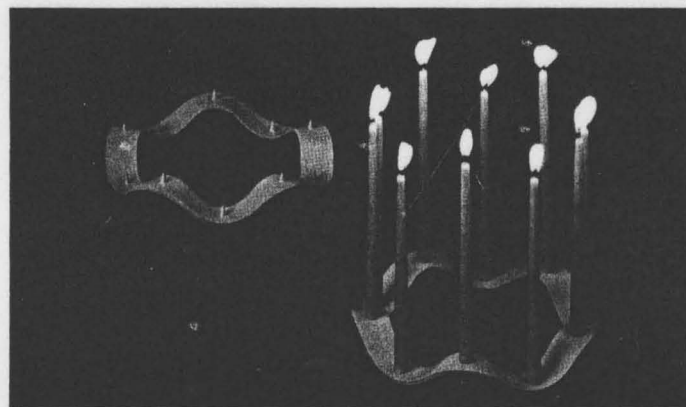
their path by many courtesies.

time on time In miracles by George Cacioppo of ONCE. An instrumental piece. I like George Cacioppo, but the next day I could recall nothing of his composition, nor could anyone describe it for me, and the score, as so often, was a graph too complex to convey its sound. Either the work or the performance must have been "neutral." George, I'm sorry. Perhaps it was swallowed up in the next composition, *Just Walk On In* by Robert Sheff, also of ONCE, which I have noted as a magnificently achieved theatrical sound-clangor sustained with many variants of interplay over a long period. Gordon was playing sax and clarinet and sometimes one *through* the other. Bob held a lighted bulb in his mouth, later used a slingshot (notes don't indicate how or why). The players exchanged scores, objects, crumpled paper. Contact mikes widely distributed, including one "soloist" who rubbed table, combed hair and body with it. When the time came to stop, one of the players would not let go, and the thing sort of frayed out. But best of evening. The second time around it might seem no more portentous than Sonny Liston.

Saturday, 2/13/5. *Compositions* by Gerald Strang, very short, composed with an IBM 7090 computer (hence the title) during his two-month stay at the Bell Laboratories in 1963. Smilingly delightful, but probably the farthest out in technique of all the electronic works offered (using, for example, two arbitrarily derived equal-tempered scales). Proving that genuine difficulty need not sound so. *Dialogue* by James Tenney, formerly of Bell Labs now doing research at the Yale Electronic Studio, a good electronic composition. *Study Three* by Edward Zajda of Chicago showed more character, dark, hard electronic sound, distinct and compelling.

Majority, quartet for three instruments and piano using indeterminate means, by Malcolm Goldstein of New York. "How Charley Ives would have loved that!" I exclaimed; and my words got back to the composer, who valued them because the piece is a tribute to Ives. I didn't know that, or that it was composed of fragments from Ives'

(Continued on page 37)



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compositions. (It was played instead of the programmed *For Once*, which was unfinished.) Finely weaving instrumental sound against a powerfully reiterated single piano chord. A hint of Ives quotation only; the sonorities and character make it unmistakable in reference, but it does not imitate. Then the instruments become less active, while the pianist bounces chords all over the keyboard—a superb display by Philip Corner, also from New York. The composer played violin. *Caterpillar* by Donald Scavarda of ONCE. Projected single colors on a columnar surface, side-angled, while a professorial voice solemnly lectures on The Caterpillar. The word "Spring" summons that Beethoven sonata, while the light-projection starts playing tricks on the columns. A weather broadcast overruns the music, then hog market figures, a meat company advertisement, the lights still more elaborate. Amusing, not fused. *Track* by David Behrman of New York, another sound-clangor piece for instruments, while tapes play talk. Hard to evaluate such an unassertive piece on an assertive program. Here too the composer played violin.

Mograph-interleaf-Mograph by Gordon Mumma opened as a composition for two pianos played by Gordon and Bob; tape loops took over, then electronic circuitry picking up the sound at various distances and transforming it. The *interleaf* was In Memoriam the Dresden firestorm exactly 20 years before; this became an overwhelming tone and sound evocation of the bombing and fire. Each part began in new keyboard-originated tones. Powerful, moving, and fully achieved, except one technical detail, which brought about an improvement for this section which I heard during our joint program at Roosevelt University, Chicago.

Variations IV by John Cage. Before leaving Los Angeles I heard John and David Tudor perform this for more than three hours in a Hollywood art gallery, each using a portable phonograph, tape players, and radio, through speakers located at various places in the building, the musical selections and sounds at random. The audience wandered about not "with it."

At ONCE the theatrical possibilities were emphasized. On the small platform an interview was being mimed (an American composer interviewing another American composer), while a tape of the actual interview, taken from the air, played through an inconspicuous speaker. The interviewee blasted several of his more popular contemporaries (all "gimmicky" but hitting also real flaws); Leonard Bernstein and his short, destructive, preliminary talks; said many things about musical conditions and personalities as true as embarrassing; while the mimed "feedback" turned it all to parodic comedy, the audience laughing at truth and parody at once. Meanwhile a girl was tied to a table and elevated by two men to the top of a metal pole. Firecrackers are exploding, an automobile motor is running outside an open door. George Cacioppo appears, bemused and carrying a baton, as if expecting an orchestra. Mary Ashley approaching with a scarf winds it round his neck, returns with an overcoat to put it on him, returns to exchange his glasses for dark glasses, to outfit him with a piano accordion, finally exchanges a blind man's white, red-tipped cane for his baton. The image of the reduced "conductor" is led down the aisle, bleating his accordion, as he continues doing in the lobby while the audience files by and down to beer and dancing in the basement. During *Variations IV* a reproduced letter from composer Nam June Paik of New York was distributed: his composition. A likeable fellow, a "character": I met him afterwards in New York.

It should be evident that in expanding these notes made at the time I have not tried to gloss over my difficulties. But the evidence in favor of ONCE piled up during the fourth program, Sunday evening, when Lukas Foss came with his performing nucleus from the University of Buffalo, all duly clothed in formal black but tailless, and played a "theatrical music" program that was stiff and unnatural with over-rehearsal, as well as, I suspect, professional reluctance on the part of the players, who were required in several places to engage in nonsense dialogue. If the spirit is unwilling, the show is weak. The program ended with Foss's *Echoi*, a compilation of borrowed technical and "theatrical music" devices worked up to the insistence of a masterpiece, unnecessarily troublesome to perform and played with excruciating precision, the unrelenting cascades of notes not dissonance but discordance, as in so many serial composition which obey arbitrary laws but disregard acoustics. A drop of discord may be good to sharpen flavor

but is bad by the cup. Noise is more musical, because of the far wider interplay of overtones. Listening to the audience I was aware that they, too, felt the difference. Richard Duffalo's *Improvisation* for flute, clarinet, viola, cello, percussion, probably because it seemed to be the least rehearsed, went best—as much talk as notes. How does one take credit as composer of an "Improvisation"? You can improvise it first, then write it out; I doubt that was done in this instance. A title as unrealistic as "Impromptu."

Let me say, to avoid controversy, that *this* article has *not* been read in advance nor have its contents or comments been approved by any members of ONCE.

books

CARLOS RAUL VILLANUEVA AND THE ARCHITECTURE OF VENEZUELA by Sibyl Moholy-Nagy (Praeger, \$12.50)

Sibyl Moholy-Nagy's books are always larger than the subject: she lifts it from the narrow to the historical with patience, sometimes with scolding, and always an occulting architectural eye that sees both the part and the whole. She notes that the King of Spain's Law of the Indies, by which South American towns of the Colonial period were pre-planned and executed in one piece, varies little from the Castrum Romanum; and that the "unlimited power of the 'Alarife,' the town builder, sent by the King of Spain, lives on in the supreme independence still enjoyed by South American architects and planners in their work."

In defense of this freedom from interference of the planner, she quotes Villanueva himself: "It is a curious cultural sidelight that the much deplored semi-feudal state capitalism of South America guarantees to architects of gigantic works the supremacy of their decisions, while the democratic, free-enterprise states of Europe and North America established long ago the strangling interference of the lowest 'common' design denominator."

Mrs. Moholy-Nagy's claims for Villanueva are based on his influence as an initiator, an educator, and a transformer of Renaissance tradition to fit the new social, technological and esthetic landscape as much as upon his planning and buildings for the new University City in Caracas and other large public works; these she calls "tentative statements arbitrating between historical man and the age of technology," which somehow strengthens the claims for Villanueva's powerful concrete structures. The human scale of the covered walk and plaza on the campus, the remarkable talent displayed in the integration of works of art into the architecture, and the way he has used landscaping to support the architecture speak of his acceptance of the total responsibility—rather than a divided one—of the architect.

But the book itself demonstrates the responsibility the author feels to the reader, for it is a book to be read as much as looked at. Her selection of handsome photographs brings history within close range and provides a wide-angle view of Villanueva's major works—and all of them are major in the planning sense and often in the architectural.

—ESTHER McCOY

TOWN PLANNING IN THE NETHERLANDS SINCE 1900 by J. Blijstra (P. N. van Kampen & Zoon nv Amsterdam, no price listed)

The relation between town planning and town development in America is highly tenuous in comparison to conditions that exist in Europe. Our planners will often say, with training, experience, and statistics to back them up, that development should take place in a certain way, but commercial interests almost always rule; or perhaps it is more truthful to say that what commerce feels to be its immediate interest rules, for we seldom go so far as to experiment to find out whether a beautiful area, one easy to approach and pleasant to move through, might not also be a more rousing commercial success than the deadly downtowns and shopping centers that are commonplace everywhere.

In the Netherlands the planners have far more control; indeed, their

fighting them for the food. The zombies are the fattest of the rats, with the sleekest fur. I have an uneasy feeling that I should recognize these unfortunate characters in our own society too.

These deviationists among the rats may help us to understand better the aberrant members of our own species and the circumstances that lead to their presence in significant numbers. But of more immediate interest to our discussion is Calhoun's report that even the dominant males that retained the most normal behavior also in the over-crowded population exhibit occasional signs of pathology by "going berserk," attacking females, juveniles, and others toward whom they would normally act in a peaceful manner. Such observations suggest the terrible possibility that the population explosion by itself alone may bring about behavioral and emotional instability at the very time when the need for calmness and constancy of attitude and action reaches a maximum.

The relatively phlegmatic way of life in rural solitude is accepted as a fact of human experience everywhere. It is a trait that has been featured in stories and jokes as long as there have been cities to compare with the rustic condition. By reverse implication this also ascribes a more choleric temper to the crowded multitude of the urban centers. Man seems to follow the example of the rats in this, as in so many other things having to do with behavior.

At this point we may seem to be preparing a case for the control of population growth, and the evidence certainly points very strongly toward the need for such action. But this important topic is not the subject of these comments, which have merely been building up to the almost casual remark by Calhoun, confirmed by other investigators, that "space requirements may be restricted with appropriate structural configurations." In other words, environmental design may ameliorate or, at least, defer the psychopathological effects "directly attributable to overcrowding" (Hudson Hoagland), thereby, perhaps, giving the world time to ward off the even more drastic consequences that might flow from the untimely development of mass irritability and pugnacity. In the life of man, and probably also in the life of the rats, we shall undoubtedly find that among the most important factors in the spatial pattern that makes population pressures less intolerable and exasperating, are the chances the environment offers for privacy. It is hardly a coincidence that the nation particularly noted for its ability to maintain privacy in congestion is also rightly famous for its capacity to remain calm under stress.

At the human level, at least, the need for privacy is a complex desire which cannot be satisfactorily fulfilled by simple isolation in the anonymity of featureless cubicles. It also demands opportunity to identify with a distinctive personal domain, which, in turn, puts a premium on diversity. Wherever we pry we seem to uncover some good reason to suspect that diversity may, indeed, be a great virtue in itself, and should, perhaps, be made one of the crucial tests of true functionalism. However this may be, it is time to recognize that design is a communication from mind to mind, not from mind to body. Functionalism of structure and physical purpose is essential, but only as the inert matrix on which the higher values and utilities serving our mental needs must be impressed.

The challenge to environmental design is obvious in the statement by Searles that "whether in surroundings that are largely natural or largely manmade . . . this environment, far from being of little or no account to human personality development, constitutes one of the most basically important ingredients of human psychological existence". The psychologists can not design our surroundings. That is not the field in which their talents and training lie. Nor do they, as yet, have very much to contribute of concrete and applicable information concerning specifically human demands upon the structural configuration of space. But, with a little incentive and more support, a usable body of knowledge could be rapidly developed, so that factual psychological information can begin to replace fatuous esthetic doctrine as a tool of the designer's art.

If we wish to achieve a lasting peace among all people, safe against the emotional epidemics of a crowded planet, we must learn to design our environment for mental health and peace of mind. Summit conferences may not be enough.

First appeared in THE YALE REVIEW, Autumn 1965

music

PETER YATES

CORRESPONDENCE

In *A Ford to Travel* #5 (October 1965) I wrote: "... sound relatively unvaried but idiomatic can sustain attention for a long time; I learned this while listening to the first half of one of LaMonte Young's *Dream Tortoise* performances in Greenwich Village. This consisted of two string players devotedly sustaining a single tone each (in just intonation) for two hours—no slight task of concentration, I would guess—while Young and his wife vocally produced several other tones (in equally strict just intonation) so accurately that the resulting accumulation of never more than four tones in correct acoustical relationship produced a play of overtones and difference tones which, via loudspeaker, seemed almost orchestral. . ."

Dear Mr. Yates,

I was pleased to read in your encyclopedic "Travels" (No. 5), among much other . . . significant reportage, that you had been so favorably impressed by the work that I have been involved in for the last several years in collaboration with LaMonte Young, Marian Zazeela, & John Cale. I am also happy to hear from LaMonte that you intend to disseminate your opinions further in a forthcoming book.* I understand that he, as leader of the group, is presently wording a reply to you in which he will clarify certain points as to titles, etc.; upon the importance of which we all agree. However, as a string player, I feel compelled to try to clarify a few points myself, since I feel somewhat responsible for the development of the most radical and effective new technique of violin playing since the time of Biber, or at least Paganini.

The crux of the matter is the "play of overtones and difference tones which, via loudspeaker, seemed almost orchestral." No more concise and inspired description of the sound we work toward has yet appeared, yet because we do achieve exactly this, it is practically impossible for the uninitiated listener to decipher the inter-instrumental rapport and follow the motion of a single part. It is actually a tribute to the smoothness of the string players tone that you found us each to be sustaining a single note, whereas in fact between us we almost always sound five discrete pitches! John plays a viola that has been modified to allow the production of sound from three strings at once with essentially equal intensity, and I play nothing but double-stops on the violin, with the additional reinforcement of a substantially audible resonating string. The effect is all the more remarkable when one considers that we play harmonies selected from a gamut of up to 20 or more tones to the octave. The only way to convert such a bewildering array of material into a mosaic so fine that it seems nobody even changes pitch is to maintain extremely exact intonation. When overtones and especially difference tones are artificially made loud enough to contribute significantly to the total sound, they must be kept in tune as surely as the fundamentals, or their audibly recognizable relationships will be lost in a torrent of pulsating arbitrary beat rhythms. For the performer, this means a number of things. First, every nuance of bowing or breathing will be amplified along with the combination tones, so that one's style is already unusually constricted—"no slight task of concentration." Second, it means that a carefully articulated balance must be maintained among the fundamentals so that the combination tones will keep fairly stable. And primarily, since difference tones move out of tune 6 to 12 times as easily as the fundamentals that are actually fingered, it means that the accuracy and stability of intonation demanded is about 6 to 12 times more precise than even the usual type of just-intonation playing.

It took me more than six months at first before I felt confident enough about my intonation of the *first two* fingered notes that I attempted, to go on to others. Even now, we must maintain a regular daily group rehearsal schedule, to keep in shape enough to avoid being completely absorbed in the problems of technique confronting each of us, and to work effectively on the problems of coordinating ensemble playing.

I hope that this glimpse of our dedication to "Dream Music", which

*The book, *Twentieth Century Music to the Present Day, A Personal Survey*, is written and out for reading before revision. PY

may not be readily apparent on stage, will help to substantiate the impression which our end-product has created.

Sincerely yours,
Tony Conrad

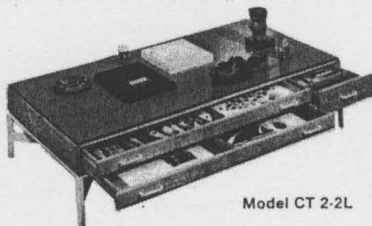
For the remainder of this space, a long series of excerpts from critical but friendly comments by Gordon Mumma; these were in reply to the draft of *A Ford to Travel #4* (September 1965), which I sent him before publishing it. Though some passages may be cryptic, the whole gives a good picture of an important theatrical music activity fighting its way to recognition with no money of its own, fighting by doing: "Personally, I *insist* that the problems at hand find their solutions by doing rather than talking, that an open-forum of activity for the contemporary performance arts must be established, nourished, and spread far and wide . . . You know, Peter, that I don't basically believe that foundations should support community ventures into the arts: I believe that is the community's responsibility. I only think about the (foundation) alternative when I am personally desperate. But there is a problem here in separating the community from the group and the individual. The group (our ONCE group) exists outside of the community (tragically in some respects) and this is clear from the fact that we have to fight to survive in Ann Arbor while at the same time scuffling to meet the requests and engagements from elsewhere . . ." (The ONCE group performed three times on the contemporary music series at the 1964 Venice Biennale, but they had to raise the money to pay for their travel. In 1965, invited to appear at the São Paulo Biennale, Brazil, and in several other South American cities, for good fees but the travel costs not provided, they stayed home and gave an extra ONCE Festival at Ann Arbor.)

"The setting, top level of the Maynard Street Parking Structure, was really beautiful: outdoors, and marvelous weather. We sold out the first two concerts in advance! But because of the nature of the space we were able to sell standing room. We sold as much of that as we had. The final concert (Cage & Tudor) sold out by the time of its beginning . . . We had 500 seats, and sold an average of 200 standing room for each concert. So for the first time in our little history . . . ONCE broke even financially! The local papers covered it very well, the Ann Arbor News even reviewed it (the first time in four years). The place was swarming with news photographers, film cameramen (Ed Emshwiler filmed it for the USIA) and people from all over the place . . . There were people from Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, DC, New York City, Cleveland, Dallas . . . I mean students mostly, who came to Ann Arbor for it.

"Working with Cage and Tudor was a particular pleasure. They came here several days early, so we worked out TALK I (Cage's newest composition) with some elaboration. David Tudor and I spent several days together, designing electronic music projects to work out in the forthcoming months. Cage was, as usual, absolutely magnificent. It's been two years since I saw him in performance (and rehearsal, and with the question-askers following the performance), and I was again reminded what a giant he is, musically and personally.

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"The dancers have, generally, gone farther than I would have dreamed possible with the implications of what they were doing two years ago. (This is the collaborating Judson Theater group from New York.) In some examples they have almost eliminated dance from their dance. Some of the pieces, in particular one of Lucinda Childs, nearly eliminated movement altogether, and furthermore eliminated from the event the barest semblance of the *ritual* of dance. Their use of sound, always of their own composition, has become almost perfect. They use it rarely, and when they use it at all it doesn't any longer seem like music or for that matter even sound but simply like dance. It sounds like sound which is a part of dance. Or better, it is like sound which is a part of what they are doing."

(So I wrote asking what they did to justify such language.) "Lucinda Childs' 'Agriculture' was performed in the context of a concert of modern dance. What preceded it, and the expectation . . . of what actually followed formed the basis of the context. Six or seven performers entered the performance area and sat in chairs arranged in rows in front of a movie screen. A final person entered and started the projector. The entire film and the performers were in view of the audience. The film was made up of sequences, not evidently related, from old Gene Autry films. After a time the projectionist stopped the film; 'an intermission.' Intermission-type fidgeting and restlessness on the part of 'the performers.' No different from how the audience feels and reacts in the same 'real' situation. Shortly, the projector started again and ran to the end of the film. The 'house lights' of the performance area were raised and, displaying a strangely unexaggerated embarrassment, the 'performers' moved off stage—that is, left the movie theater.

"The 'live' action of the dance was that of audience (personal and communal) discomfort resulting from the interruption of the ritual of watching a film in the presence of others. This 'audience' was the performers, but this interruption-of-ritual discomfort was also transferred to the dance-concert audience . . . It was this play on the ambiguities of the performance-audience ritual, a multiple-layered but simple play, presented in the context of a dance concert, that I found so stunning . . ."

I've gone beyond the original comments to describe subsequent events; now, returning, we pick up a history of the ONCE group and festival: " . . . the origins are somewhat different."

"To move backward from the first ONCE festival a bit (1961, Feb & March), the Dramatic Arts Center sponsored, with ONCE group organization, a concert by John Cage and David Tudor at the Ann Arbor High School in May of 1960. We also enlisted the support of the School of Architecture and Design since the School of Music vetoed our proposal (both of the University of Michigan) and presented Cage and Tudor in a performance of the complete (180 story) *Indeterminacy* (one story a minute told by Cage, accompanied by Tudor giving out random noises) two days following the High School concert.

"Previous to that time the ONCE group had been heavily involved in performance and general artistic activities in Ann Arbor, but not in the sense of formal . . . concerts like those of the ONCE Festival. I started working with Milton Cohen and the Manifestations: Light and Sound productions in late 1957. Ashley appeared with Manupelli in the same time and did his first electronic music soundtrack for Manupelli in late 1957. The Cooperative Studio for Electronic Music was organized during 1958, and Ashley joined the group (including the architect Harold Borkin) working with Cohen also at that time. We gave regular performances in Cohen's studio of the Manifestations project and several performances in art galleries elsewhere (Detroit, New York City, etc.). In 1959 Manupelli, Ashley, and I collaborated on a project of special films and electronic music which was presented at the 5th Annual National Art Education Conference in New York. Cohen and I did electronic music for a Dramatic Arts Center production of Ionesco's 'The Bald Soprano' in 1959. . .

"So, my point is that there was considerable activity here in Ann Arbor by various individuals and 'groups' who were basically on the University academic 'fringe' . . ." Gordon Mumma goes on to describe several dramatic events and the struggle to obtain or resist installation of a permanent theatrical unit at the university. Guthrie went to Minneapolis

and the APA came to Ann Arbor, where it is still based, though presenting annual seasons in New York. "The Dramatic Arts Center was organized . . . to establish a more secure financial and social base for professional theater in Ann Arbor . . . They started in trouble . . . and continued in trouble by showing the work of the budding independent 16mm filmmakers at the YMCA 'open to the public' during the late 50s, becoming embroiled in the Guthrie Theater deliberations, then in the APA deliberations, then into the ONCE Festival, and most recently in the (locally but not otherwise) controversial Ann Arbor Film Festival. The Dramatic Arts Center's quiet (very quiet!) hero has been . . . Prof. Wilfred Kaplan of the Mathematics Department.

"Now to the second issue: that of 'amateur' and 'professional'. I am here treading on dangerous ground: 'amateur' and 'professional' are to a great extent words like 'communist' and 'fascist'. They mean what individuals want them to mean.

"I made some sort of joke to you about Barry Goldwater being an amateur radio operator when you wrote me about your book 'An Amateur at the Keyboard.' I thought it was probably an irrelevant title. Of course, after reading the book it is so terribly relevant that the book has to be considered a kind of major musical-social document of our time. It defines the word 'amateur' in a very significant way, in a very elaborate and ultimately very useful way.

"My only fear is that you are using the words in a sense which will not be definitive to most of your readers. For me the words are still irrelevant. I don't think 'amateur' or 'professional' have anything to do with my being a musician, a composer, or an electronics technician . . .

"You have one sentence which comes close to defining, in the Ford 4 article, what 'amateur' may mean: 'They are genuine amateurs; until lately they did not make their living by their arts.' I raise the question that if we do *now* make our living by our arts are we any longer 'genuine amateurs'? . . . Some of the really *best* musicians I know don't care about making a living at the art of music, or they don't want to make a living by it, or they don't have to . . . They, perhaps, are amateurs.

"So in this sense I am not really an amateur. Even though I am not paid to perform in the ONCE Festival (this is part of the nature of my commitment to a real cause) my striving for the past 15 years of my life is to earn a living at my art. There was a time when I played in Massenet operas for money and I earned a living at my art. But it was really somebody else's art, and I did it because it was an immediately easy avenue to 'earning a living at my art.' The first cause was to earn a living at my *own* art, and this, it soon became clear, would only happen if my (and our) efforts were directed to improving the entire contemporary music scene so that it was more possible for anyone to be able to earn a living at his own art.

"I'll raise right here the one point to which I firmly object: that is in referring to me (or us) as 'amateur electronic technicians.' This is an occupation in which the distinctions . . . are quite clear: an amateur wires his own doorbell and replaces his neighbor's automobile headlight for free. He climbs up on his roof to readjust his TV antenna and falls off breaking his leg. The professional earns money (quite good money) at his skill, trade, or whatever. This is what Ashley is doing with his film-sound-work, and it is what I do with my studio-equipment design for other studios. I am paid as a consultant to various institutions concerning their studio facilities, and have developed unique circuitry which I build on a custom basis for electronic music and sound-processing studios (independent and institutional as well).

"I've just finished a miniaturized, transistor sine-wave oscillator which is so small that it can be built on the surface of a postcard and no thicker than a piece of corrugated cardboard. I'm considering building more of them to send out as Christmas cards for my friends . . ."

"You have probably received a flyer from 'Cybersonics.' I don't recall if I mentioned the project to you before. It's quite for real, and we have received some very interesting inquiries about the gadgets. Much inquiry about the Spectrum Processor . . . It's probably the most elaborate single electronic-music device in one package (outside of monsters like the Synthesizer and computerized digital-to-analog apparatus). You've already heard something of what it does . . ."

(Here, parenthetically, I might say that the San Francisco Tape Music Center, which moves in April to become a part of Mills College, has developed a "box" that will do the work of a small roomful of current conventional electronic equipment. The creative art of sound is just at a beginning.)

Finally, a few paragraphs about a ONCE performance at an art festival in Milwaukee. "The Milwaukee production was sponsored by Joe Schlitz, the total budget being \$5,000 . . . The attendance was between 50,000 and 100,000 people! It was spread all over the grounds and within the War Memorial. What a pleasure to see a municipal facility really being *used*. It had a sense of 'state-fair' about it . . . Hundreds of artists had spread their works out for view under tents around the War Memorial. There was everything from ashtrays and dumb pots to the most elegant abstract paint I have seen anywhere. The affair was wide open; evidently anyone could show their work . . .

"But it was the feeling of open and general community interest which did my morale the most good. I have always had a fantasy about it being possible. The most diversely responded audience I have encountered since our Detroit Shopping Center performance of two years ago. A great and healthy audience . . .

"We had one interesting experience in Milwaukee which I want to comment upon. Because the nature of the Lakefront Festival was somewhat carnival-like, the attendants (the public, our audience) had assumed the ritual of carnival attendance: they moved about at will from exhibit to exhibit. We arranged our own performance, which was given in the large hall of the War Memorial, so that the audience could have as much freedom to choose their physical places and audience 'roles' as was possible. They bought it, unashamedly, and with very little of the usual discomfort which seems to accompany the 'ambiguity of the ritual' in contemporary performance situations. They moved about the space, those who didn't enjoy it left, half of those who left shortly after the beginning returned within 10 or 15 minutes bringing with them at least twice their number. I was interested to see that by the second performance, on the second day, the audience, basically a different audience from the first performance, had evidently wearied of their 'free choice' possibilities, and they were more like our usual audiences: they treated the production more like a concert-ritual."

So in these passages from letters written me by Gordon Mumma of ONCE, Ann Arbor, one reads the growth of new types of performance, new ideas, new techniques and technical means, free of the customary professional performing arts routines that public advocates of the arts insist on defending. The routine is a survival; what we have read of here describes a new, spontaneous growth.

That, fundamentally, is what I mean by distinguishing between *amateur* (lover of art) and *professional* (routine executant).

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