

ALL PETITIONERS COMPLETE ITEMS 12A through 20. If petition is for more than one H alien, give required information for each additional alien in space provided on page 3. If the identity of the H aliens is not known at present, you must furnish information concerning them as soon as that information becomes known to you.

12A. ALIEN'S NAME (Family name in capital letters) LENNON (First name) John (Middle name)

12B. OTHER NAMES (Show all other past and present names, including maiden name if married woman.) None 12C. NUMBER OF ALIENS INCLUDED IN THIS PETITION Two

13. ADDRESS TO WHICH ALIEN WILL RETURN (Street and Number) (City) (Province) (Country)
Pittanhurst Park Ascott Berkshire, England

14. PRESENT ADDRESS St. Regis Hotel 5th Avenue & 55th Street N.Y. JFK

16. DATE OF BIRTH 10/9/40 17. PLACE OF BIRTH Britain 18. PRESENT NATIONALITY OR CITIZENSHIP British 19. OCCUPATION Singer

20. TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE, HAS ANY VISA PETITION FILED BY YOU OR ANY OTHER PERSON OR ORGANIZATION FOR THE NAMED ALIEN(S) BEEN DENIED? YES NO
If you answered "yes", complete the following: Date of filing of each denied petition _____
Place of filing of each denied petition (city) _____

TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE, HAS ANY OF THE NAMED ALIEN(S) EVER BEEN IN THE U.S. YES NO (If "yes" identify each on Page 3)

21. NONTECHNICAL DESCRIPTION OF SERVICES TO BE PERFORMED BY OR TRAINING TO BE RECEIVED BY ALIEN(S) (THIS BLOCK NEED NOT BE COMPLETED IF PETITION IS FOR H-2 WORKERS)
See attached affidavit.

22. (If you are petitioning for a trainee complete this block) IS SIMILAR TRAINING AVAILABLE IN ALIEN'S COUNTRY? YES NO

23. (If you are petitioning for an L-1 alien complete this block.) (Check appropriate boxes.)
a. The alien has been employed in an executive; managerial capacity; in a capacity which involves specialized knowledge
by _____ since _____ (date)
(name and address of employer)

b. The petitioner is the same employer subsidiary an affiliate of the employer abroad.

FILL IN ITEMS 24 THROUGH 27 INCLUSIVE ONLY IF PETITION IS FOR H-2 ALIEN(S)

24. DESCRIPTIVE JOB TITLE OF WORK TO BE PERFORMED BY ALIEN(S) (Use title which corresponds to that used in job order placed with state Employment Service or Agency by petitioner for same type of labor. Where work in more than one job classification is to be performed by aliens, state number to be employed in each job classification.)

25. IS (ARE) ALIEN(S) SKILLED IN WORK TO BE PERFORMED? YES NO UNKNOWN

26. IS ANY LABOR ORGANIZATION ACTIVE IN THE LABOR FIELD(S) SPECIFIED IN ITEM 23 YES NO
(If "Yes", specify organization(s) and labor field(s).)

27. IS THE PETITIONER INVOLVED IN, OR ARE THERE THREATENED, ANY LABOR RELATIONS DIFFICULTIES, INCLUDING STRIKES OR LOCKOUTS? (Specify)

28. I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIND IN THE UNITED STATES ANY UNEMPLOYED PERSON(S) CAPABLE OF PERFORMING THE DUTIES OF THE POSITION(S) TO BE FILLED. THE FOLLOWING EFFORTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO FIND SUCH PERSON(S): (Complete only if labor certification not attached.)

ALL PETITIONERS FILL IN ITEMS 29 THROUGH 31B.

29. LIST DOCUMENTS SUBMITTED IN SUPPORT OF THIS PETITION Copy of contract between Daphne & John Lennon. Form G-28, I-506, I-94 and Producer's affidavit.

30. THE DOCUMENTS SUBMITTED HERewith ARE HEREBY MADE A PART OF THIS PETITION.
I am willing (unwilling) to post any bond required as a condition to the approval of this petition.
I agree that as soon as known I shall furnish the District Director to whom this petition is being submitted with the names of those alien(s) not named herein.
If the petition is for temporary worker(s), I certify that I have a bona fide need of such worker(s).
If the petition is for trainee(s), I certify he is coming to the United States to participate in a bona fide training program.
I certify that the statements and representations made in this petition are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

31A. SIGNATURE OF PETITIONER DAPHNE PRODUCTIONS 31B. TITLE (Must be petitioner or authorized agent of petitioner)
BY Robert N. Gold Secretary

32. I declare that this document was prepared by me at the request of the petitioner and is based on all information of which I have any knowledge.

Michael Corby 515 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 9-1-71
(Signature) (Address) (Date)

**DAPHNE
PRODUCTIONS
INC.**

The Dick Cavett Show

**RICHARD ROMAGNOLA
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER**

August 30, 1971

To Whom It May Concern:

I, the undersigned, represent that I am the Associate Producer of The Dick Cavett Show, and ABC network television program, shown five times a week and that John Lennon, of Beatle fame, singer, composer, author and actor is scheduled to appear on this program on Wednesday, September 8, 1971. Appearing with Mr. Lennon will be his wife, Yoko Ono, a famous poetess and musician in her own right.

John and Yoko will discuss their music careers, her books and their latest album, "Imagine."

Sincerely,



**Richard Romagnola
Associate Producer**



Newspaper / Magazine
Clippings
1969-71

after rehearsal," said Country Funk's guitarist. "The Fillmore's a great place to play," piped up another musician. "Great sound. They even provide free beer."

—S. K. OREBECK

The Peace Anthem

Folk singer Pete Seeger stepped to the microphone at the Washington Monument last week to sing the John Lennon-Yoko Ono song "Give Peace a Chance." A handful of the quarter of a million peace marchers joined in. Soon the entire assemblage was chanting the plaintive hymn—"All we are saying/Is give peace a chance"—over and over. The peace movement had found an anthem.

Unlike the anthems of most mass protests, from the "Marseillaise" to "We Shall Overcome," "Give Peace a Chance" is not rooted in a folk tradition, but was written in bed over a four-day period last spring by Beatles bard Lennon and his bride, Yoko Ono, to kick off their American crusade for peace. They were lodged snugly (cost: \$1,100 a day) at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal as they worked out the lyrics which mentioned such luminaries as Timothy Leary and Norman Mailer, with whom Lennon had been in contact on the phone.

An eight-track portable recording machine was hauled to the hotel and the song was cut—with John and Tommy Smothers on guitar, Yoko pounding on a wardrobe for percussion and a Toronto rabbi named Abraham L. Feinberg lending his voice to the chorus. The group was called the "Plastic Ono Band," which Lennon plans to use as identification for any of his non-Beatles productions. (The latest of these is the Lennon-Ono wedding album which includes wedding pictures, cartoons by John, a postcard and generous samplings of John and Yoko's heartbeats, mutterings, screams and cajolings, for \$8.40.)

Big Business: "Give Peace a Chance" has more than earned back its lavish production costs with a sale of 1.3 million copies, 900,000 in the U.S. alone. Although surprised by the sudden emergence of the song as America's peace anthem, Lennon calculated from the beginning to market "the product called peace." "It's got to be sold," he said, "to the man in the street. We want to make peace big business for everybody."

The song was first picked up on the street by marchers fling past the White House during the Oct. 15 moratorium in Washington and on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The organizers of the marches did not promote the song—it just happened. Now it will serve as the centerpiece for sing-ins at shopping centers planned in Washington and will join the list of carols to be sung in projected nationwide Christmas Eve demonstrations. "We might not have a leader," one protester in Washington said last week, "but now at least, we have a song—and a mass movement doesn't go anywhere without a song."

MOVIE JOURNAL

by Jonas Mekas

Seven movies by John Lennon and Yoko Ono were projected at the Elgin Theatre Christmas week. Two of them, "The Fly" and "Legs," were made in New York, the same week, in a crash movie-making program; others were older. "Give Peace a Chance" is a feature length documentary on the Toronto Bed-In. It is enlightening and entertaining, particularly the part with Al Capp. "The Ballad of John and Yoko" and "The Cold Turkey" were song-music films, both very short.

Mostly I'd like to talk about "Apotheosis," "Rape," "The Fly," and "Legs." I don't know what to call these films. They are neither fiction, nor documentaries, nor poems. They are film objects, film things. Their en-

joyment will depend on a number of unpredictable reasons and circumstances.

"Rape" is an 80-minute film where the cameramen follow a German girl on her visit to London. She doesn't speak English. They don't let her go, they don't answer any of her questions, they don't talk to her, they follow her close to her heels through the streets, and into her room. The girl was chosen by chance, in the street, she was never told what was "going on," they swindled the key to her apartment from her sister—and so it goes, a perfect camera rape, a psychological assault, and it goes and nothing much happens in the film, only that the girl gradually becomes more and more frantic about the unclear situation. Two things become interesting to watch, as the film progresses: one is the girl herself and the other is the audience. At the Elgin, the audience gradually became more and more outraged that nothing was happening to the girl: they were waiting for a rape, they wanted a rape, a carnal rape, not the camera rape. Hollywood is raping them every day, businessmen

are raping them every day, politicians are raping them every day—that's all very fine. We want rape! We want rape!

"Legs" is a series of 331 pairs of legs filmed in New York. These are mostly legs of New York artists and "intellectuals." The thing that shocked me when I saw the film was how ugly, abnormal, distorted, crooked, uneven, sickly most of the legs were. Now the world can see on what legs the whole New York art, intellect, and culture rest. What a document for future historians! Honestly, no two legs were alike, though they were always presented in pairs. If the right leg was straight, then the left one was crooked; if both were straight, then the right one had a big pimple; if there was no pimple, both legs were like two sickly sticks. Etc. Etc. It's a very bad state of legs in New York. I wish someone made a 331-leg film in Mexico, in Moscow, in Sidney. Three hundred thirty-one farmer legs. Three hundred thirty-one musician legs. Three hundred thirty-one factory worker legs. Three hundred thirty-one chimney sweeper legs.

"The Fly" is a 45-minute film showing a fly crawling or sitting on a nude female body. As the film went, with Yoko Ono singing and John's guitar, it gradually became a film opera, a film opera with a fly in it. Toward the end of the film more flies join in the crawling trip and the film begins to take a grim and foreboding aspect. Fat then the film ends.

"Apotheosis," I was told, is John's film, although clearly it's in Yoko's spirit of concept art. The film begins with a close-up of John and Yoko, but then it immediately opens on an air view of a snow village, a small mediievally looking old village. The camera (in a balloon) slowly floats up, we hear the sounds of the village, dogs barking, voices (actual recording from the balloon), they gradually disappear as we go higher, as the balloon softly floats along—and then it goes into a cloud. For five minutes we see nothing but the white screen, as the cloud encloses the balloon. This part of the film sent the theatre into loud cries and exclamations and whistles: the peace & love gener-

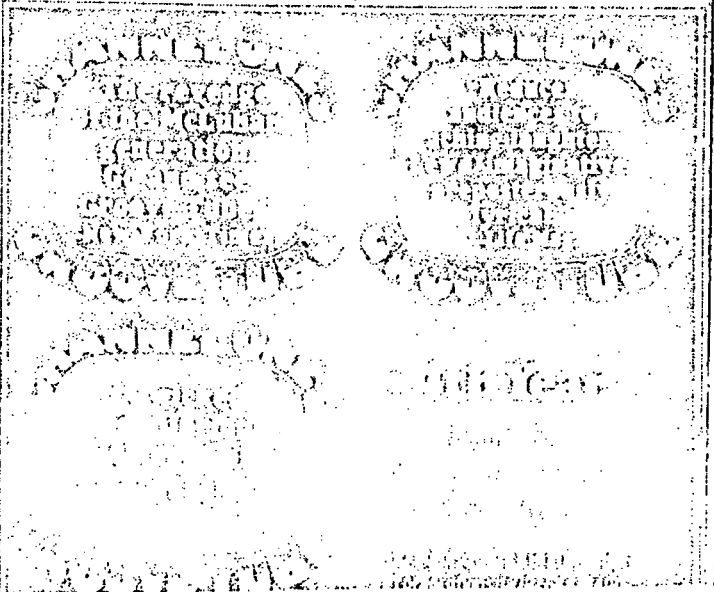
Andrew Sarris
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Preston Sturges
in

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ation couldn't face the power of the white screen, they couldn't face themselves. They thought that John and Yoko were playing a joke on them. Mistrust is the first sign of a bad conscience. So they went into a rage. At that point, however, the balloon left the cloud, and suddenly the cloud landscape opened up like a huge poem, you could see the tops of the clouds, all beautifully enveloped by sun, stretching into infinity, as the balloon kept moving up above the soft woolly cloudscape. The film gained an ecstatic tone and scope—like very few films I've ever seen. It's a perfectly beautiful film, simple and beautiful.

Sandberg Reading
 An evening of Carl Sandberg poems, recordings, and stories will be presented on the poet's birthday, Wednesday, January 6, at 7:30 p. m. at the Jefferson Market Library, 35 Sixth Avenue. Members of the audience are welcome to bring a favorite Sandberg poem to read. Admission is free.

January 7, 1971

13
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FRI	JAN 8	HARRY SMITH LENI RIEPSTEIN	NO. 1-8, 7, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 1941-1959 OLYMPIA, 1929
SAT	JAN 9	HARRY SMITH MICHAEL SNOW	NO. 12—MAYHEW AND BARRY BLACIC, 1951-61 EMPLOYER'S APPROPRIATION, 1959 WAVELENGTH, 1971
SUN	JAN 10	JEAN VIGO	THEY, 1921 ZERO DE CONDUCTE, 1933 TIN PENCIL LEONIDE, 1934 (THREE SUMMERS OF GEMINI) 1939-1939
TUE	JAN 12	DECCA VERTOV MICHAEL SNOW WALTER WESER	THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, 1928
WED	JAN 13	JEAN VIGO ADOLPH WARD	L'ATLANTIDE, 1928 L'ATLANTIDE, 1928 L'ATLANTIDE, 1928 L'ATLANTIDE, 1928

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QUE-2

emotional responses in a dialogue on... Like John and Yoko's relationship...

Only recently, however, is the deep... John and Yoko's relationship...

"Mother," the first song on his new... album, begins with Dig Byon talking...

MOTHER YOU HAD ME, but I never... I wanted you, but you didn't want me...

One of the trepidations of this decade... been the bombed, violated, demilitarized...

So I just got to tell you... members, parents, grandpa...

What John has been through, inside... him, is in the song "Working Class...

Hero" that has been banned from the... radian in the United States...

As seen on you've been they make you... By giving you an idea behind of it...

Of course the majority of people do... get beyond this moment of crisis...

And you think you're an above and... but you're not...



songs (like "The Ballad of Hattie Car... roll"), "Working Class Hero" is a...

As you can see, what is happening... with John and Yoko is a spiritual...

QUE-2

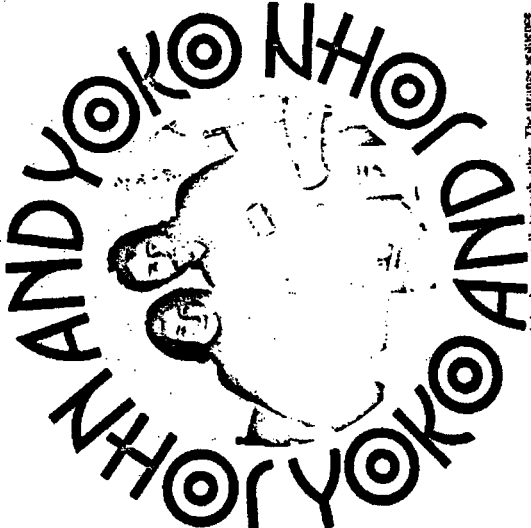
The dream is over... The dream is over... The dream is over...

Junono from an album of old tapes... most recently re-released by Polygram...

Within their common bond, John... Lennon distinguished himself by his...

The Beatles are such an intricate set... of phenomena that nothing short of a...

For the most part, Beatles fan, the... can't seem to...



talk to each other. The strange... of albums... The Beatles' "The White Album"...

When I find myself in times of trouble... Beatles' "Let It Be"...

Yoko and John are lovers, Yoko and... John are friends, Yoko and John are...

y 18, 1971

Voice 9/18/71

new time

SO HEAVY

by Carman Moore

Popular music is both fortunate and blessed, since it is created only because everybody needs it. Classical music, back when the nobility were placing the orders, was also social-need music. Since the late 18th century revolutions, classical music has moved into the state of being music only needed by the composers or else music to be admired. At any rate, though, the composer places and fills the order himself.

With the coming of Yoko Ono to the Beatles household, the central problem of the modern unloved classical composer (how

to make the public ask you for exactly the same music you've commissioned yourself to do) was placed before a performer more popular than Jesus. Yoko's style mentor is John Cage, and that means several things to her, presumably. First, she is not restricted to being a poet simply because that is what she was known as in New York avant-garde days. Second, since Cagean music is not separate from life, her sound may organize itself out of just about anything that vibrates. Third, the principle of chance as an organizer of pieces is available and thinkable when needed. People probably think she's crazy. People probably think that Lennon's been led astray by another Far Easterner. Either may be true, but a serious listen to the "Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band" record shows that real music is going down—a true fusion of rock and avant-garde classicism.

It might seem that a plastic artist from art music land, when approaching the rock thing, would simply start up rock clichés in the band and do her weird activities against it. But Yoko goes further. If her music makes any fresh contribution to the progress of art it is in the area of bringing life into your cars. With Ornette Coleman sputtering little half-valve smears behind her, Yoko wails long siren phrases (which do come off as boring and typical new-music tricks) on a cut called "AOS," but toward the end of the piece she gets into languid, breath-long, suffering kinds of sounds against a still background and all

is transformed. On "Why Not" John and Yoko engage in a long stretch of call and response exchanges—she vocalizing and he guitar sneering—over a medium blues background. Insinuations of flickering tongues, probing fingers, and dazzling new sexual experiments seem to crackle forth from the intimate and heady musical tradings. Then she calls "John, touch me," and the tempo leaps too fast and suddenly from the racket a train comes, snuffs out her cries, and fades into the distance. Even more brilliant is "Paper Shoes" which, weird as its component sounds are, struck me as a strange kind of blues recipe. The sound of the passing train, rain falling, Yoko wailing over an imitation train created by echo-y bass, drums, and guitar makes for some very heavy art. She may not be able to write "Paperback Writer," but I am starting to believe that she's so heavy.

of thing that had made him famous, and turned down countless offers to play the places that were most ready to accept him as a live performer: American nightclubs. He has now resurfaced with longish hair, a tour that has taken him to places like the Bitter End, and *Words and Music*.

It's a funny change for a man who, if he never wrote anything more than "Galveston," "Witchita Lineman," and "Where's the Playground Suzie," would have to be regarded as one of the fine songwriters of the Sixties. To some, it may sound as if he pushed the plastic switch to adjust to the times, but the album is proof that that isn't so. Jim Webb had exhausted one avenue of musical expression and he has now shifted into a context that allows him more personal freedom. It's unlikely that he will achieve comparable popularity in his new surroundings, but his music has never sounded better than it does on *Words and Music*.

Webb produced the album and has done a beautiful job. Without resorting to big, obvious arrangements he gets an amazing variety and complexity of sound from what is mainly rhythm section instrumentation. He also knows how to be eclectic without being boring. On "P.F. Sloan," both an accordion and a fiddle pop up just at the right moment and then vanish when they are no longer needed. Webb wound up playing half the instruments and arranging the often astounding harmony voices while Freddy Tackett did a fine job of playing the other half, including bass, drums, and guitars.

Unfortunately, Webb's metamorphosis is not exactly complete. His lyrics, which were excellent in the pop song context, are now often overdone, pretentious and empty. It is here, and only here, that Webb sounds like a man trying to be something he really isn't. A sample of his new, more "honest," approach is found in the album's low point, "Music for an Unmade Movie (in three parts)"

ranged on top of each other) is a brilliant example of what he can do with both melody and, especially, harmony. The multi-leveled vocal arrangement so out-classes what we have come to expect from even the best rock vocal groups that comparisons become embarrassing.

"Lovesong" and "Careless Weed" both have flashes of this kind of inspiration but all of the talents of Jim Webb come to a focus on the album's masterpiece, "P.F. Sloan." P.F. Sloan was, of course, a very popular song-writer in the middle Sixties ("Eve of Destruction") who was, in Webb's mind, slighted by "hip" people ("But you just smiled and read the ROLLING STONE while he continued singing"). The words are hard to follow but, happily, work perfectly as lyrics. And the track! With its restrained melodiousness, its pure imagination, its total perfection - it could not be improved upon. Webb's lead voice, which works fine throughout the album, is charged with greater confidence and authority here than anywhere else, and the use of the harmony voices is superb. Every level of the song falls together to offer us a powerful expression of feeling and mood. The sheer musicality of the cut is exhilarating.

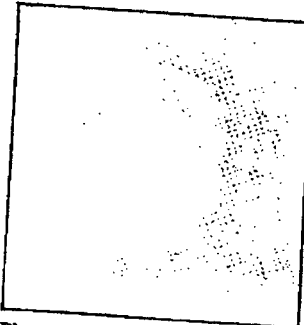
Words and Music is the statement of a man who is changing and, in most ways, growing. It has some very obvious faults but we would be foolish to let them blind us to Jimmy Webb's strengths. Here is a man who is engaged in the act of creating music at a very personal level. He has created some very fine things here. And I suspect there is a lot more where they have come from.

- JON LANDAU



hot-shot rock critics. That someone is Mrs. Hazel R. Spark, a 58-year-old parochial high-school teacher from lovely Decatur, Illinois, who faithfully purchases every new Bee Gees album as it is released, this loyalty notwithstanding that they have fallen to number two in her list of fave-raves behind Mountain.

- JOHN MENDELSON



Plastic Ono Band
Yoko Ono
Apple SW-3373

Anyone performing avant-garde music is laying themselves open to a certain amount of hostility and derision at the outset. And if that person also happens to be Yoko Ono, who has not only displayed a gift for hyping herself with cloying "happenings" but also led poor John astray and been credited by more than one Insider with "breaking up the Beatles," why, the barbs and jeers can only be expected to increase proportionately. Not only do most people have no taste for the kind of far-out warbling Yoko specializes in; they probably wouldn't give her the time of day if she looked like Paula Prentiss and sang like Aretha.

On the other hand, not much of her recorded product inspires any sympathy. What it mostly inspires is irritation, even in hardened fans of free music and electronic noise. *Two Virgins*, *Unfinished Music No. One*, and the distinctly uncatchy Peace jingles on *Wedding Album* were the ego-trips of two rich waifs adrift

The cut takes up most of the second side and in it Webb gives his account of the hypocrisy and inanity of the music business. Of critics he writes in "Dorothy Chandler Blues":

How many songs have you written in your life sir,
How many have you destroyed?
Who is the man who doesn't pay to see the play sir
And angry with his wife, takes out his knife and puts the show away.
Now some are spastic, and some bombastic,
And some are still-born Mozart children, but they're all made out of plastic.

And in "Once Before I Die," he writes in what seems to be a reprise of "I've Gotta Be Me": "And I will steer my star by my own course or I will fall. You know they'll never make me crawl. / And you can write that on the wall, / Once before I die, I'm gonna be free."

But this last quotation sums up the paradox of this album perfectly. For, while I find this kind of lyric ludicrously barren, the music Webb chooses to express it with is superb. "Once Before I Die" is done at ballad tempo, over beautiful piano and guitar. The vocals, here and elsewhere, are enhanced by some luscious harmony from the women background singers. And the melody is pure and rich and endlessly listenable.

"Once Before I Die" is an example of the album's pretty style and it is generally on the mellow tunes that Webb's virtues emerge. While the up-tempo cuts, like "Sleepin' In the Daytime," are generally well-done, they are undistinguished and frequently used as vehicles for Webb's more pretentious and self-righteous moods. Webb is at his best when dealing with almost pure melody. "Three Songs" (which is nothing less than "Let It Be Me," "Never My Love," and "I Wanna Be Free" all ar-

Two Years On Bee Gees Atco SD 33 153

This won't be a review so much as an attempt to deal with the rumor that the Bee Gees were strong-armed into re-forming by a coalition of pharmaceutical houses, specializing in the manufacture of insulin.

No, only kidding, although it might as well be for all there is to say about *Two Years On* beyond the boring obvious. Suffice it to say that "Lonely Days" was a single so monumentally inconsequential in every way that even the likes of the horrifying and dreaded "Klock Three Times" cut it solely on the basis of having a repulsive personality rather than no personality at all pretty much defines the album's norm. It's all just so incredibly blah.

(Did you ever, incidentally, think about their "Massachusetts" about how there was some poor sentimental sap with a vibrato he couldn't keep in hand standing on an expressway on-ramp in New England haling passing motorists, "Hey, hub, San Francisco?" Can you do a kinder imitation of Robin singing "I Can't See Nobody?" Did you ever feel just a little bit safer because that pathetic little voice had the balls to warble, "It's only words, and words are all I ha-ha-ha-have to steal your heart away-ay-ay-ay-ay," right in the midst of all that heavy power trio speed blues?)

Two Years On looks to have a great chance of becoming the first Bee Gees album to be deemed too dull for adaptation by the Muzak people.

In conclusion, I will point out that, contrary to what you've probably suspected, someone does still listen to the Bee Gees beside

on the musical revolutions of the Sixties, as if Saul Bellow had suddenly discovered the cut-ups of William Burroughs and recruited Lenore Kandel to help him forge them in the void.

Dilettante garbage, simply. The electronic/collage stuff, like the radio bit and the silent grooves, was a John Cage takeoff equaled by precocious teenagers with tape recorders everywhere, and the screaming had been explored much more effectively by Abbey Lincoln in Max Roach's 1960 *We Insist: Freedom Now Suite* (ditto Yoko's pre-/post-coital sighs) and Patty Waters in a weird 1965 ESP-Disk recording (a classic rendition of "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair" which found her shrieking the word "black" through every possible distention for 15 minutes).

It wasn't until the long freak-out on the back of the live Toronto LP that Yoko began to show some signs that she was learning to control and direct her vocal spasms, and John finally evidenced a nascent understanding of the Velvet Underground-type feedback discipline that would best underscore her histrionics. That record began to be listenable, even exciting, and the version of "Don't Worry Kyoko" on the back of the "Cold Turkey" single was even better.

Now Yoko finally has an album all her own out, and it bodes well for future experiments by the Murk Twins along these lines. For one thing, Yoko has excellent backup this time: one track features an Ornette Coleman quartet, and the rest find John, Ringo and bassist Klaus Voormann working out accompaniments that are by turns as frenzied as Yoko herself and quite restrained. It always sounds thought-out, carefully arranged, *appropriate*; and with Yoko's music that's saying something.

Another strong plus is that all the songs are kept relatively short, make distinct statements, and seldom degenerate into the kind of pointless, prolix yammering

ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

BY JON LANDAU

The question before us is, what is the function of the *ROLLING STONE* review section. Rather than answer the question directly, I prefer to use it as a pretext for surveying the recent history of rock writing. For, strange as it may seem, rock reviewing already has a history. A brief and none too glorious one. And that history has had a good deal to do with determining the shape of the writing done today, particularly the writing in the pages of the review section.

At the time of the Beatles' emergence in America, in 1964, the only regular writing about rock as music appeared in the mimeographed journals of the record collector and in the trade journals of the music's men of commerce. There was always the occasional freelance article in the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* that would analyze it sociologically, evaluate it politically, or condemn it morally. But no one discussed the music as music in these places—just as for many years no one discussed film as film.

of Rock; Sandy Pearlman, king of the perversely idiosyncratic, current whereabouts unknown; Robert Somma, noted for his precise and consistent intelligence and his almost unbearable sanity, currently editor of *Fusion* magazine; and yours truly, about whose past the less said the better, and currently the editor of the *ROLLING STONE* records section.

The style of writing in *Crawdaddy!* befitted people's notions about rock at the time. Almost everything was long, serious, and filled with distinctions about what now seem to be less than earth shattering thoughts and ideas. Rock was the most important thing in the world to us at the time and it was reflected in the writing of each critic. This attitude led to unbearable pretensions in both style and content and helped account for the ultimate demise of the magazine. After a while, who wanted to read that kind of thing?

The other major Eastern outlet for rock writing that sprung up during these years was *Cheetah*, a fairly slick attempt at a mass circulation monthly. That mag-

RECORDS

— *Continued from preceding page* that characterized her earlier work. In a way, the track with Coleman is the weakest: Yoko is into her "Ohh, John!" riff, and Ornette's band is laying down the kind of a rhythmic noodling that seldom finds them at their peaks. It was a rehearsal tape anyway; what would be really nice would be to hear Yoko with new madmen the likes of Gato Barbieri and Mike Mantler.

The other tracks, however, are something else again. John's guitar is strong and sizzling, a crazed file cutting through with some of the most eloquent distortions heard in a long time. He's really learning this language now, and his singing high notes and guttural rhythms speak with the same authoritative voice he showed with the Beatles. And when he suddenly shifts down from those flurries into an expertly abstracted guitar line straight out of Chuck Berry (as in "Why"), it just takes your breath away.

There are also two experiments in electronics here: Side One closes with a haunting juxtaposition of "Tomorrow Never Knows" guitar and vocal sounding like one of the modal choirs off the *Music of Bulgaria* album electronically distorted; and "Paper Shoes" opens with tides of noise and railroad clacks, then moves into a sequence where Yoko's voice, cut up by machine and melted into itself, flashes in wierd echoes around the trestles.

This one will grow on you. They haven't ironed out all the awkwardness yet, but this is the first J&Y album that doesn't insult the intelligence—in fact, in its dark confounding way, it's nearly as beautiful as John's album. Give it a try, and at least a handful of listenings before your verdict. There's something hap-

In the mid-Sixties the base of popularity for the music broadened. College kids and college age kids now treated it with the interest and respect that had formerly been reserved for folk music. Young people started rediscovering their preadolescent love affairs with Little Richard and Chuck Berry. People started talking about rock in serious terms.

Richard Goldstein's Village Voice column, *Popeye*, was the first regular forum for a new kind of writing about rock. Goldstein never separated aesthetics from journalism and covered the subject by using both within the context of a modern, flexible, descriptive style. Because he was always a better journalist than a critic, Goldstein never became important as a rock critic *per se* although I think that time has proven him right about a surprising number of things.

The first gang of pure rock critics, writers who self-consciously eschewed reportage for evaluation, appeared in that most eccentric and at times wonderful rock magazine, the original *Crawdaddy!* *Crawdaddy!* was the brain child of the then 18-year-old Paul Williams, long recognized as rock's most sincere person. He started it while at Swarthmore College and in the spring of 1966 moved it to Cambridge, Mass., where he used to write, edit, mimeograph, and personally sell it to magazine stands. Through 1966 he picked up a variety of contributors, all of them students at Eastern colleges, and by early 1967, with the magazine now published in New York City, *Crawdaddy!* reached its peak as a critical journal.

It was in the pages of *Crawdaddy!* that a number of writers developed distinctive, personal points of view about the music. Foremost among them was Williams himself who became the all-time champion of the *joie de rock* school of criticism; R. Meltzer, who continues to torture people with his delightfully maddening obscurantism in these pages and is the author of the much acclaimed *The Aesthetics*

azine became the forum for the name young writers in New York City. Concentrating more on reportage than criticism, it helped launch the careers of Robert Christgau, Ellen Willis, Jules Siegel, and a whole lot of others. But just as *Crawdaddy!* inevitably suffered from the excesses of its critical style, so *Cheetah* suffered from the excesses of its pop orientation. Everything read very well, but you never remembered anything when you finished reading it.

The response of the West Coast—the area along with England where most of the actual music was coming from to all this sound and thunder signifying less than one might have hoped for, was mixed. For years Ralph Gleason had been writing the only jazz column appearing regularly in a national newspaper. He had already turned his attention increasingly towards rock. The *Mojo-Navigator* was a witty little journal that sought to combat the obvious and limiting pretensions of *Crawdaddy!* The *L.A. Free Press* had a variety of approaches to rock writing, none of which proved to be very interesting.

In the fall of 1967, the major revolution in rock writing took place, with the publication of the first issue of this newspaper. For *ROLLING STONE* looked right, and it felt right, and it had the one thing that the other outlets had never, in their often painstaking intellectuality, fully caught: the spirit of rock and roll.

All of which is not to say that *ROLLING STONE* immediately provided the best outlet for the critical evaluation of the music. *ROLLING STONE* is now three years old and, like rock writing itself, has a history. Next issue we'll get to how and why the record review section has developed over the years, what its present form is, and what the best way to present rock criticism today is. And we'll also get to who some of the people are who write all these things and why it is we think that they know what they're talking about.

pening here.

LESTER BARNES



In God We Trust

Don Nix
Shelter 8902

In God We Trust is another tambourine-whapping, Sunday-mornin'-down-South, gospel-funk record, by another one of Leon Russell's pals, Don Nix. Appropriately, it is the first release on Leon's Shelter label since Leon Russell's own album.

Don Nix is a session man at Muscle Shoals Sound Studios in Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Like other session men, Ry Cooder, Joe South, and Leon Russell, he has left the studio to go it alone as a solo artist. Don, though blessed with a friendly voice (not unlike a slightly effeminate Leon Russell), would have been better off staying behind the scenes. scenes.

In God We Trust does have some things going for it. Don uses the rather novel idea of taking the great slide guitarist from Memphis, Furry Lewis, and putting him into a rock band context. It works, in a synthetic sort of way, and the high point of Don Nix's first album isn't Don Nix at all, but Furry Lewis singing a transcendental "Nero My God to Thee" solo for only a minute.

Most of *In God We Trust* is a mixture of traditional and original country-gospel songs, sung with tepid fervor by Don and his backup group, the Mt. Zion Singers. Don occasionally will get it on with one of his own compositions, like "Amos Burke" or the title song, but when he does, some sloppy bit of production, like the



YOKO ONO and her Sixteen-Track Voice

by
Jonathan Cott
Photographs by
Annie Leibovitz

In December, 1970, John Lennon and Yoko Ono came to New York City their first time as a couple . . . where they visited some of Yoko's old friends, went out, as they rarely do in London, to some "entertainment" films like *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *Lovers and Other Strangers* and to the Muhammad Ali fight, made two new films—*Up Your Legs Forever* and *The Fly* for inclusion in a three night John and Yoko minifilm festival at the Elgin Theater, and did some publicity for their two extraordinary new albums.

The following scene takes place in a hotel room one Sunday evening. John is turning on the radio to hear Alex Bennett's WMCA phone-in program on which tonight he's playing tracks from Yoko's album — the first time Yoko's music has been featured on AM radio.

"There are people who are going to love it and people who are going to hate it," Bennett says enthusiastically. "I think that in 1980 music will probably sound like this. Here's a track called 'Why,' so phone in and tell us what you think of it."

"IT'S TODAY'S TUTTI FRUTTI," John writes on a note pad, so as not to interrupt the music.

"I'm 49 years old," a listener phones in, after listening to "Why Not." "Forty-nine and I dig it. I heard trains going through a tunnel, then rain—I'm just using my imagination—then what sounded like a bunch of Indians. I dig it, but I really like songs with a melody."

"It was truly disastrous," a nasal-voiced listener calls up to say.

"It's music, you idiot!" John exclaims in

scream, to go back to my voice. And I came to a point where I believed that the idea of avant-garde purity was just as stifling as just doing a rock beat over and over."

"Dear," John interrupts. "one thing that's going to throw you, Henry Flynt is talking about 'Sweets from My Sweet' by the Drifters, he's been rocking for a long time. You know, he played us some fantastic stuff the other night when we saw him. 'Sweets from My Sweet' was a big rock and roll hit, so he's been aware of that for a long time. I don't think he got to that sound pissing about with mathematics. I had to interrupt since I was just reading something he wrote about concept art and it's bloody hard, but he gets to 'Sweets from My Sweet' and I understood him."

"Probably I was the only one who didn't hear it," Yoko says.

"Right," says John, singing. "Dun de dun dun! I'm not putting you down, I'm just very surprised to read this."

"I know you mean well," Yoko replies, "but I get sort of lost."

"You were talking about the 4:4 beat."

"I realized," Yoko continues. "that the classics, when they went from 4:4 to 4:3, lost the heart beat. It's as if they left the ground and lived on the 40th floor. Schoenberg and Webern — Webern's on the top of the Empire State Building. But that's all right. Our conceptual rhythm got complex, but we still have the body and the beat. Conceptual rhythm I carry on with my voice, which has a very complicated rhythm even in 'Why,' but the bass and the drum is the heartbeat. So the

"You don't mind hearing the program?"

Yoko asks.

"I want to," John says. "You see, with Yoko's and my album, we're both looking at the same thing from different sides of the table. Mine is literate, hers is revolutionary."

"Paper Shoes" comes on the air with its train sounds.

"On one side, at the end of 'Why Not,' you're in the train itself."

"Life is a train, and train is a life," Yoko says.

"The shadows of a train of thought," someone mutters in the hotel corridor outside.

"She's got a 16-track voice," adds John.

The radio program ends, and John and Yoko are relaxing on their bed. John half-watching the soundless television screen and reading an essay called "Concept Art" by violinist and composer Henry Flynt whom John and Yoko have just visited in New York.

"The notion of a concept," John is reading, "is a vestige of the notion of a platonic form (the thing which e.g. all tables have in common: tableness), which notion is replaced by the notion of a name objectively, metaphysically related to its incantation (so that all tables now have in common their objective relation to *table*)." "

"Before I met John," Yoko is saying, "and when I had become sort of famous because of my bottoms film shots of 365 backwards for one hour, a film John describes as *Many Happy Endings*, that was the loneliest time in my life. Some people resented me because of my fame and made me feel isolated. Now when my record is played on the radio, I've got someone who's pleased."

"When I met John originally, he said it was OK for me to listen to the Beatles' sessions...."

John: "I had to get permission!"

"So I asked John, why don't you use different rhythms, not just going ba-ha-be-be. It was a kind of avant-garde snobbery on my part, because my voice was going [vibrating: oughh... ghuhhh], but there was no beat. So I thought to myself (simpering tone) 'Well, simple music!' You see, I was doing music of the mind -- no sound at all, and everybody sitting around just imagining sounds. At the Chamber Street Loft concerts I was throwing peas from a bag at the people and I had long hair and I was circling my hair and the movement was a sound. Even then, some people were saying that maybe it was too dramatic. Then there was my 'Wall Piece' which instructed you to hit the wall with your head, and that was called too dramatic as well. But I felt stifled even with that, I was dying to

thing I do."

"Yoko and I have clashed artistically," John laughs. "Our egos have smashed once or twice. But if I know what I'm doing as an artist, then I can see if I'm being hypocritical in my reactions. I sometimes am overawed by her talent. I think, fuck, I better watch out, she is taking over, I better get myself in here. And I say, are you taking over? And then say all right, all right, and I relax again. I mean, she's going to haul 365 legs and make a bloody film about a fly crawling over some woman's body, what is it? But it's all right, I know her."

"An artist couple is the most difficult thing," Yoko continues. "On the David Frost program, some guy was saying, 'I like to write music and my fiancé likes to write poetry.' The fact is that we both paint, compose, and write poetry, and on that basis, I think we're doing pretty well."

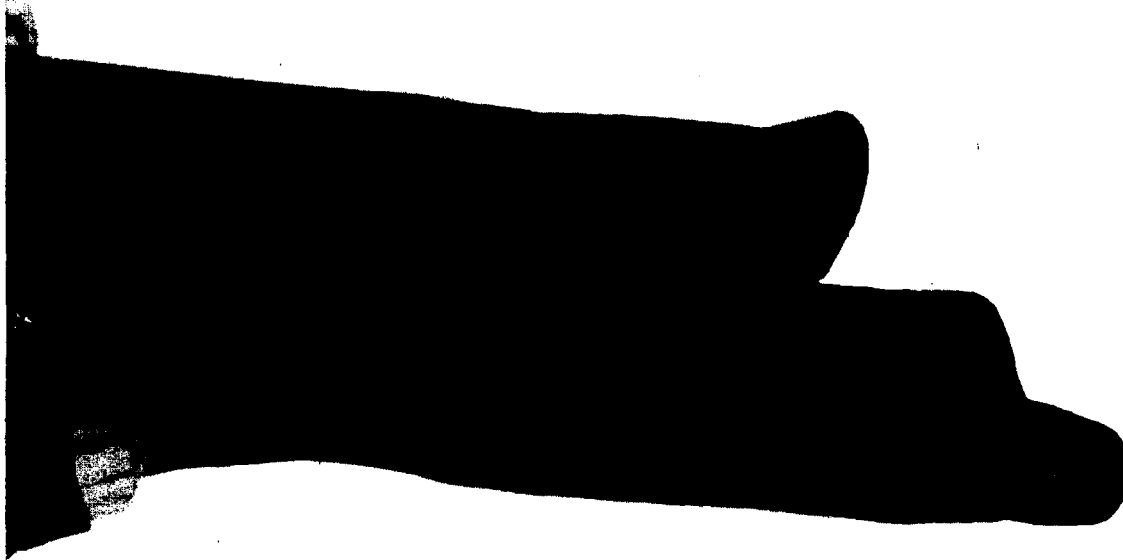
"If you do two 1.P.s there might be a little change!" John laughs. "But until then I don't mind. When she wants the A side, that's when we start fighting. The reason the covers of our albums are similar is that I wanted us to be separate and to be together, too, not to have it appear that old John-and-Yoko is over, because they're dying for us to fall apart, for God knows what reason. It's just that everybody doesn't want anybody else to be happy, because nobody's happy."

"I think it's a miracle that we're doing all right. But we are doing all right, don't you think, John?"

"It's just handy to fuck your best friend. That's what it is. And once I resolved the fact that it was a woman as well, it's all right. We go through the trauma of life and death every day so it's not so much of a worry about what sex we are anymore. I'm living with an artist, who's inspiring me to work. And you know, Yoko is the most famous unknown artist. Everybody knows her name, but nobody knows what she does."

Yoko (the Japanese word for "ocean child") Ono ("small field") was born in 1933 and stands five feet two, weighs ninety-five pounds, more or less. "It is nice to keep oneself small," she once wrote, "like a grain of rice, instead of expanding. Make yourself dispensable, like paper. See little, hear little, and think little."

Her life in Japan as the daughter of a patrician family — a banker father, a beautiful hostess mother — which was dispossessed after the war, her education at a school that was the aristocratic equivalent of Eton which was attended also by Crown Prince Akihito and the late brilliant novelist Mishima who



PERSPECTIVES: A LEGACY OF THE THIRTIES

By Ralph J. Gleason

The New Yorker is perhaps the one American literary institution from the Thirties that seems as fresh today as when it began. Despite all the ritual trappings it has accumulated over the years, you never know when you are going to open a copy and find something which is essential to your world.

In between all the ads for diamonds and exotic clothes, the New Yorker has continued to maintain an increasingly radical political editorial position, even if that position is couched in the almost courtly phraseology Talk of the Town employs. Rachel Carson, James Baldwin, and John Hersey are just three of the people who have managed to say important things, highly important things, in its pages. There are many others.

When I picked up the February 20th New Yorker, I found another of those literary goodies which I cannot do without and which I want to tell you about. It is the first of two articles (hence the February 27th New Yorker is part two and just as essential) by Pauline Kael on the subject of *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles and the man who wrote *Citizen Kane*, Herman J. Mankiewicz. In the course of this, in Part I alone, she has made a singular contribution to an interpretation of the Thirties, to the literature of that time (as well as the films), to the whole world of newspapers and writers and to the Hollywood of that period as well.

Today we are just picking up on the things which the Thirties produced that can now be granted the status of art. *Citizen Kane*, though made in the first year of the decade of the Forties, belongs to that earlier period which is really set off from us today less by the decade mark of 1940 than by the event of World War II.

The stock market boom, the Dust Bowl, the migration to California, the Swing Era, the movies becoming talkies and the rest of it all belong together. Newspapers then were bohoses for a kind of talent that is rare today for many reasons, not the least of which is the change in the nature of newspapers themselves. And the glory of *Citizen Kane* has got to be seen in the context of the time itself.

And really that is what Pauline Kael has done. She has set that film for us, enabling those who were not there to see it now through her eyes. Her story involves not only the fact that Welles didn't write a line

McCarthy era (the despicable Senator, not the presidential candidate). In short, the loose ends are tied up. I know of no work in music, for instance, that does this. Francis Newton's *The Jazz Scene* has a bit of it for the jazz world. Leroy Jones' *Blues People* and Charles Kell's *Urban Blues* are headed that way and *Sounds of the City* has some of the same kind of stage setting. But Pauline Kael has monumental gifts for the job. She went through the time herself, saw the films as entertainment on Saturday afternoons, read the newspapers and knew the names of the characters involved in all of it.

To have set, as she does, the idea of *Citizen Kane* in the context of the other newspaper films of the time and to relate its mysteries to the kind of mysteries served up weekly in Hearst's American Weekly (of which there is no counterpart today) was brilliant. The American Weekly was a tabloid magazine lunked into the Sunday editions of the Hearst papers around the country. Its main fare was a marvelous kind of science fiction/detective/horror story, ostensibly based on a news item, but in reality the product of the lively imaginations of some of the best writers of the time. Men who were to be screen writers and novelists supported themselves all during that period (at rock critics do today with various magazines) writing free-lance 1500 word stories for American Weekly, each the product of a day's research in the New York Public Library either digging out old Egyptian archeological expedition accounts and updating them, or revising and expanding stories from papers around the world.

Just as the Carter Family, yes and Robert Johnson, too, did what they did to make money, *Citizen Kane* was conceived as a commercially viable product. Welles wanted money from Hollywood to support the theater.

Today we are in the midst of an Orson Welles revival. Like everyone else, I am enjoying it because no film he ever touched is a waste of time to see. There is something in every one of them, no matter how slight, that is worth seeing. He himself may be forgiven if, as Miss Kael suggests, time and the frustrations of his career allow him to let some of the mythology about *Citizen Kane* thrive in the minds of interviewers and the critics. After all, he directed that film even if directing a film at that time (and even for Orson Welles) was not the improvisatory process it has become in recent years and instead was a process much closer to the written script. And *Citizen Kane*

and nearer to the hands of those who dream of it. I have no wish to see the myth of Orson Welles shrink. I don't think that it will in any case. But it is absolutely imperative that we know as much about all of this as we can find out and Pauline Kael's work has added a very great deal to the knowledge we have of what exactly was involved in the making of this masterpiece. I do not think either that Toby Thompson's fascinating book on Bob Dylan, so rightly called "An Unorthodox View" (its title is *Positively Main Street*) and Coward McCann & Geopagan publishes it) will diminish Dylan's stature one tiny bit, although it certainly does cut away a good deal of the myth with which Dylan surrounded himself in his own writings.

Herman J. Mankiewicz wrote *Citizen Kane*. Hearst did try to stop it, but on its release it got what can only be called rave reviews and what killed it commercially was the difficulty of distribution. The irony of it all was that the only Academy Award Welles ever got was as co-author of its script, the one thing he didn't do.

It is fascinating to apply what we learn here to all of history. It took 20 years for the historians to find out that the crucial battle of Tannenberg of World War I in which the Germans defeated the Russians was not at all the work of either Hindenburg or Ludendorff (the latter became head of the German army and Hindenburg eventually became chancellor) both of whom got the credit, but the work of a still relatively unknown military genius named Hans Hofmann. We are only now finding out that the great Chinese victories over Japan, described in detail in millions of words in the days of World War II, were almost entirely fictitious and the product of Chiang Kai-shek's propaganda team. Columbus didn't discover America, either, and the great battle of El Alamein which made Montgomery's reputation by its defeat of Rommel was actually no battle at all; the real one having taken place much earlier under another commander.

All of history is quite probably like that and it doesn't make much difference in the long run, I suppose. With art the situation is generally different, although some great painters did use the talents of others and some great writers were not above stealing an idea here and there.

However, the importance of Orson Welles and *Citizen Kane* is certainly different and probably even greater in the context of its field. Most especially since

backs where we can't see him, out onto the tape where we can see him."

A person's response to themselves on video is as revealing as the video, and many psychologists are using both in therapy. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic (for drug freakouts) during the heyday of the hippie, Lee Kaminski, a San Francisco video artist now on assignment in New York, reminisces, "freaks who needed help talked into a videotape recorder, in little rooms called carels, and played them back for themselves and/or for a psychologist." Athletes, dancers, actors, all use video extensively for this purpose—to understand and improve their performance, and it works.

One group that seems to have a refreshingly absurd outlook on everything in general (and video in particular) is Video Free America, hailing from San Francisco. "I've yet to meet anyone in underground video who's in it for any reason but to get rich and/or famous," rollicking round Art Ginsberg declared several times during a very informal interview. "I'm not in it to get rich or famous," his partner Skip Sweeney protested, "You're lying." Art retorted, adding, "fame is more important than money."

Video Free America is in New York doing the video for the Chelsea Theatre's production of Heathcote Williams' amazing play: *AC/DC*, which explores the destruction wreaked by media on the human psyche. The main characters are Perowne, described in the International Herald Tribune review of the London production as "an alcoholic stupefied by media," Maurice, a schizophrenic, and Sadie, an American black who is somehow vulgarly sane.

Perowne: I've been watching a lot of television.

Maurice: You've got fuckin' radiated, haven't you? You've got fuckin' media rash, haven't you?

Perowne: I feel a little over-loaded.

The play mercilessly indicts media cult-heroes like Mick Jagger and the Beatles for extracting immeasurable quantities of energy from millions of dotting kids:

Sadie: Think of all that energy that went into the Beattlemachine. Think if

you'd had a Cosmic Energy Transformer when they first surfaced in Hamburg, 1960. Think what might have been created.

Think. Ironically, the play is the first to make video (and a museum) an integral part of its structure, in the form of 18 on-stage monitors. (Curious also was the playwright's recent disembarkation in our naked city with fashion model Jenn Shrimpton strung on his arm. Media rash?)

AC/DC is not the only remarkable venture that Video Free America is into. There is also Video Gum. "Did you ever have bubble gum with trading cards of all the athletes?" Art asks. "Our gum will have pictures (in the shape of TV screens) of all the people in underground video, with their resumes on the back. It'll be instant nostalgia. You won't even have to make tapes. We'll be very powerful because we'll be printing them and if you print a lot of stamps they're not valuable at all. So we'll probably print very few of ourselves and lots of everyone else." He is dead serious.

Another charming pair of video personalities are the Vasulikas, Woody and Steina, who work together on almost all projects. Much of their work is abstract, utilizing a synthesizer that converts sound frequencies into video images and vice-versa. They also do abstract tapes composed of mixes of real-time tapes sent through a special-effects generator, and some real-time tapes. Steina, in fact, has put together the first feature-length video "special" (the likes of which television could only imagine), on Jackie Curtis, one of Andy Warhol's drug superstars, who really does look like Greta Garbo.

Pointedly, none of the Vasulikas' tapes are political. "We lived through revolutions in Poland and Czechoslovakia," they told me. "We were very involved in those revolutions. We saw that afterwards it was the same thing. Now we are not involved." The Vasulikas' tapes are, by any definition, high art, and after the deprecation to which high art has been subjected recently, it was delightful to see the crowds mass in Max's Kansas City last week, on three consecutive nights, to see the Vasulikas' work. Art, like God, lives.

Interestingly, the most important political use of video so far was made not by an American group, but by Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers, where the Panthers were holding Tim and Rosemary Leary captive. Video artist Guy Pignolet had accompanied Michael Zwerner of the Village Voice to Leary's quarters, with his portapak. Panthers guarded the apartment, and Zwerner reports that Leary related a fantastic tale of Panther elusiveness and strong-arm tactics. Cleaver allowed Guy to shoot the tape, and the video remains essentially intact, but he completely dubbed over Tim and Rosemary's audio track with his own; a manifesto impugning Leary as counter-revolutionary in his adherence to the drug culture and dangerous in his weakness of mind (drug-induced).

The tape is a brilliant piece of political propaganda. Cleaver saw clearly the power inherent in the immediacy of video—also significant that he released the tape to the video underground, not to the established media. Guy has left his portapak with the Panthers and we can expect to see more tapes from them in the coming months.

Despite the absence of humor in most sober and lofty video tapes, much of the tape is plain funny. Humor is infectious and perhaps needs no help from communications theory.

Henri Bergson in his book *Laughter* says that the essence of humor lies in the presentation of the human as the mechanical—making a person come off as a machine. (Hence Charlie Chaplin, etc.) Video is really good at doing that: All the awkwardness of spontaneity is captured. An uncanny resemblance to Smokey the Bear is immortalized by placing a Smokey the Bear hat on one Freex head; or the androgynous confusion of Jackie Curtis is captured, in a similarly mind-blowing way, in his/her rendition (donning ostrich feathers and flexing muscles) of "My Sweet Old English Rose." Television understood very early the potential video held for comedy. (Remember Ernie Kovacs?) But it soon forgot.

Outside of production, there is a whole other aspect of video—dissemination, and

the major outlets will apparently be cable TV and video cassette, at least for the time being. (Satellite broadcast will eventually provide unlimited channel capability.)

Cable, as of April 1st, will be required by the FCC to originate local programming, providing some opportunity for video artists to air their work in cable-supplied communities. If, as FCC officials have recommended, cable systems are declared "common carriers," on the model of Bell Telephone, they will be required to lease time to anyone and everyone who wants it.

Cassette systems, of which there are a superabundance of incompatible types and some compatible ones, will start coming out in a few months. People will be able to rent or buy whatever tapes they want—in stores or through the mail. Hopefully, the market will prove more enlightened than the Neilsen numbers would indicate.

Some video artists, such as Jackie Cassen, who has a grant to work with NET in New York producing experimental tapes, believe that the networks will also open up. "Television has a younger and younger audience," Jackie says, "an increasingly sophisticated audience. My two-year-old daughter sat through a two-hour TV performance of the Royal Ballet just recently. If she can do that, then television will have to change."

In any case, most video artists are not worried about the market. As Art Ginsburg says, "Video will flourish by producing tapes. Don't worry about the market. Have video images. Think video events; video happenings. Take the equipment there and do them."

Despite the vicissitudes of life and strife in the video community, largely centering around that major evil, money, a community "spirit" does still exist. Reimance, Freex and People's Video have gotten together to put on a joint program Saturday nights, and at just about every studio or loft in town, calls keep pouring in from other video artists. Will it survive success? Will it survive failure? Both are inevitable. The power of communication has been given to the people. It is up to the people to use it.

had committed hari-kari ("I knew him," Yoko says, "and he was as popular as Mick Jagger in Japan"), her *Come with the Wind* life during the war when she was selling jewels for food from farmers in the country—and her relationships with her two previous husbands—Tochi Ichiyama and Antony Cox, all have been recounted in several magazines, most recently in *Esquire*, in which she is quoted as saying: "I saw that nothing was permanent. You don't want to possess anything that is dear to you because you might lose it. So I became extremely disinterested in anything material, or in any relationship, in fact. I just kept everything sort of far away."

She seems to like the color *yellow* ("if the butterflies in your stomach die, send yellow death announcements to your friends"), *snow* ("Send snow sounds to a person you like"; "Walk in the snow without making footprints"; "Find a hand in the snow"—"Three More Snow Pieces for Nam June Paik"), and *wind* ("Make a hole. Leave it in the Wind"—"Painting for the Wind"). The biography she once wrote describes one self image: born: Bird Year
early childhood: collected skyscrapers
adolescence: collected sea-weeds
late adolescence: gave birth to a grapefruit, collected snails, clouds, garbage cans etc.
Have graduated many schools
specializing in these subjects.
"I dropped out in my third year at Sarah Lawrence," Yoko narrates, "and I started living in New York around 86th and Amsterdam

Piece. And those events that I was doing in New York were very much connected with necessity."

This sense of disappearing, flying away, flames going out, suggests what David Cooper writes about in his brilliant and disturbing *The Death of the Family*, the effort not to see oneself anymore, "to see through oneself as a person limited to relative being... Few people can sustain this nonrelative self-regard for more than one minute or two without feeling that they are going mad in the sense of disappearing. That is why people use mirrors in order not to see their selves with the possibility of seeing through, but to see fragmentary manifestations like their hair, eye make-up, and so on. If one did not effect their evasive fragmentation of the mirror image, one would be left with the experience of knowing that seeing oneself means seeing through oneself. There can be nothing more terrifying than that."

"Draw a line with yourself," Yoko writes in her Line Piece. "Go on drawing until you disappear." Many of these "pieces" are printed in *Grapefruit* (Simon and Shuster) — compositions of "Music, Painting, Event, Poetry, and Object" — in which the idea of disappearing and disrobing is seminal. Thus in one of her Events, Yoko asks each participant to cut off a piece of her dress until she is naked. And one remembers John and Yoko naked on the cover of *Two Virgins* and in their two *Self-Portrait* films. Yoko once wrote: "People went on cutting the parts they do not like of me finally there was only the stone

The childlike gestures and awarenesses reveal themselves in Yoko's ways of seeing everything: "An intensity of a wink is: two cars smashed head on. A storm turned into a breeze. A water drop from a loose faucet" ("Wink Talk"). And in her "Touch Poem" Yoko writes: "Give birth to a child/See the world through its eye/Let it touch everything possible/and leave its fingerprint there/in place of a signature."

"Sometimes," Yoko says, "I think that some of the things I've done could have been done by John, and vice versa." Together they have collaborated on a number of lovely films (distributed in the US by Film Makers' Cooperative) which, among other things, seem to be about seeing things as if for the first time — the "love that has no past."

Two Virgins shows both of their faces superimposed, separating and merging, revealing love to be the interpenetration of anima and animus; and this scene is followed by a slow motion kiss of the lovers limned against the sky. "When we met," Yoko recalls, "we were so involved with each other that we couldn't see anybody around us. We were just looking at each other and sometimes noticed that people were around us. We didn't have time or space to consider what was looked like to others. We were really in a dream."

Apparitions is filmed by a camera floating gently upwards in a balloon, rising above a snowy English village, the sounds of dogs barking carried up by the snow falling into the counts of the wind, as the camera watches the white radiant particles of clouds vibrating on

At the film's conclusion, you see a long shot of the entire body, seven flies standing here and there, as if on a dead Christ. And this amazing Bunuelian shot implies the idea of the fly as a metaphor for pain. The flies finally fly away, and we're left with a shot through the window of a New York Bowery roof, veiled in a diaphanous blue light like St. Elmo's fire, suggesting the beauty of seeing things anew.

"The idea of the film came to me," Yoko says, "when I thought about that joke where someone says to a man: 'Did you notice that woman's hat?' and he's looking at her bosom instead. I wondered how many people would look at the fly or at the body. I tried when filming to accept all the things that showed up, but at the same time tried not to make the film too dramatic. It would have been very easy for me to have made it become pornographic, and I didn't want that. Each shot had to project more than a pretty image of a body, so it was used more as an abstract line."

Yoko's voice on *The Fly's* soundtrack is a subtle rhythmic embodiment of the fly's excursions — interspersed by John's forward and backward guitar track. And these amazing sounds reveal again those childlike gestures and archaic resonances. For it is most obviously in what John calls her "16-track voice" that Yoko displays her extraordinary art. It is the true distillation of her *own films* — a kind of psychophysical instrument of amazing dispassionate refinement and range. Yoko's voice is a kind of very tactile score that she has made in her own hand in that precise language of a thousandth of a second,

was very exciting for me, because I was living next to a meat market and I felt as if I had a house with a delicatessen in it. The only thing is that I couldn't figure out how to present my work because I didn't know how to communicate with people. And I didn't know how to explain to people how shy I was. When people visited I wanted to be in a big sort of box with little holes where nobody could see me, but I could see through the holes. So later, that developed into my Bag Piece where you can be inside, and see outside, but they can't see you.

"When I was going to Sarah Lawrence, I was mainly staying in the music library and listening to Schoenberg and Webern; they thrilled me, really. And I was writing some serial works at that time. But I was lazy writing out a whole score. And further I was doing the Match Piece in those days, just lighting the match and watching until it disappeared. And I even thought that maybe there was something in me that was going to go crazy, like a pyromaniac. See, I was writing poetry and music and painting, and none of that satisfied me; I knew that the medium was wrong. Whenever I wrote a poem, they said it was too long, it was like a short story; a novel was like a short story, and a short story was like a poem. I felt that I was like a misfit in every medium.

"I just stayed in Scarsdale at my parents' home, and I was going crazy because I could not communicate with them very well. I was lighting matches, afraid of becoming a pyromaniac. But then I thought that there might be some people who needed something more than painting, poetry, and music, something I called an 'additional act' that you needed in life. And I was doing all that just to prevent myself from going mad, really. And when I had this apartment in New York, what happened was that instead of drying my face with a towel, I used my best cocktail dress. And then I was imagining myself all the time as a kite, holding on to a kite, and when I was sleeping, I'd lose my string, go off floating. That's the time I thought: I'll go crazy. So I just imagined myself holding on to a kite, and the kite was me.

"People asked me what I was doing. I didn't know how to explain that, actually I was just holding the string, making sure that I wouldn't let go. This was a trait I had when I was a little girl, too, when my mother asked me what I was doing all by myself, and I would say: I'm breathing, and I was really counting my breathings, and thinking, 'My God, if I don't count them, would I not breathe?' That later became my Breathing

it's like in the stone." The point is that the act of taking off one's clothes is merely a metaphor for the uncovering of the self.

And what does it mean to be "naked"? The American sociologist Erving Goffman writes: "The self is not an organic thing that has a specific location, whose fundamental fate is to be born, to mature, to die; it is a dramatic effect arising diffusely from a scene that is presented." And Yoko finally existed in her "scene" by means of a fantastic humor, by transforming her obsessions, memories, and ideas into her special art, and thus realizing herself in her work. "Crapsfruit" was like a cure for myself without knowing it. It was like saying, "Please accept me. I am mad." Those instructions are like that — a real need to do something to act out your madness. As long as you are behaving properly, you don't realize your madness and you go crazy." She was accepted also by someone who once sang: "I am he as you are he as you are me as we are all together."

Yoko once wrote: "After unblocking one's mind, by dispensing with visual, auditory and kinetic perceptions, what will come out of us? Would there be anything? I wonder. And my Events are mostly spent in wonderment."

Before they are anything else, Yoko's poems, events, films, and music exemplify a wonderment, which, in some accepted way, suggests childlike awe, a way of seeing things as if you were entering a strange street, invisible until now, for the first time; or as if, for example, you were watching a Western—the sheriff, rustlers, corral fights — through the eyes of one of the horses. More than that, wonderment implies intensity of perception resulting in one's identification with what is seen, not as the "utterly other," but as the utterly same. Thus the inescapable modality of the visible becomes the numinous. And eventually, through hyperesthesia, the perceived object or person disintegrates, for when you see something at this level of clarity, it disappears, and you find yourself asking, what really is there? ("Not the same just a bit," said the Hatter. "You might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same as 'I eat what I see.'")

David Cooper writes: "To commence the unuse of the word 'neurosis,' let us regard it as a way of being that is made to seem childish by one's fear of others about one's becoming childlike. . . . The fear is the fear of madness, of being childlike or even being before one's-origins, so that any act may cohere others against oneself to suppress a spurious gesture that has socially private, archaic resonances."

\$ Up Your Legs. *Favorite* made in New York in one day, shows 31 pairs of legs (those of New York artists, friends, of John's and Yoko's, and their friends, all legs donated for one dollar and 13¢) shot from the toes up to the thigh. The film forces you to see how different one leg is from its partner and how leg dimples, moles, and scratches suggest idiosyncratic leg personalities, while at the same time the movie exercises almost anyone's fetishist leg fantasy forever. "When we're counted as legs," Yoko says, "we're very ordinary. We wanted to show we have peaceful legs. And legs are powerful."

\$ *Rape* wonders what would happen if a person were followed by a camera to distraction. The camera tracks a German girl through a cemetery, down London streets, into a flat where she runs around screaming "Why me?" At the Elgin Theater, the audience not only waited anxiously for the "rape," which never came, but also felt raped by the film's progression as they screamed and called for help, hoping the projector would break down.

\$ *Number Five* has John smiling for one hour. His smile was shot with a high speed camera (20,000 frames per minute) often used to film rockets. A three-minute smile was then slowed down to its present length. "It originally started out," John says, "that Yoko wanted a million people all over the world to send in a snapshot of themselves smiling, and then it got down to lots of people smiling, and then maybe one or two and then me smiling as a symbol of today smiling. And so it's me smiling, and that's the hang-up of course because it's me again. But I mean they've got to see it someday — it's only me. The idea of the film won't be dug for another fifty or a hundred years probably. That's what it's all about. I just happen to be that face."

\$ *The Fly*. John's and Yoko's most recent film made in New York in two days, shows a naked woman lying motionless on her back as one fly at a time settles on different parts of her body to go about its business — mainly legs tasting and feeling. Some of the flies were stunned with CO₂, having failed to keep calm on sugar water. The woman's catatonia remains a mystery.

It's as if Walt Disney and Jean-Marie Straub had collaborated, for the film's magnified focus on what a fly does if you don't brush it off is shot in long takes, with the camera obliquely observing the transformed landscape of a mountainous breast, a hillock nipple, or a desert of fingers on which a fly stands, legs investigating the scene.

smallest elements of sound, reminding you of the screams, wails, laughter, groans, caterwauls of both a circumstantial, pre-birth, pre-mammalian post, as well as of the fogged-over painted innocence of childhood.

Musically, what happens is that nasal, fricatives, "gestural" variants, pitch inflections, and various timbres all combine, interpenetrate, and permeate to convey the impression of anything from a Japanese *shakuhachi* to banquets of blue winds to swabai animals' midriffs to the feeling of being inside of one's own body cavities. Yoko's voice enters sound to reveal its most basic, frequent characteristics and proposes to the listener that if he wants to hear, he might as well stop trying. "She becomes her voice," John says, "and you get touched."

This vocal quality can be heard most powerfully on "Don't Worry, Koko (Mummu's only looking for her hand in the snow)" the soundtrack for *The Fly*, and her new album on which Yoko is supported by John on guitar, Klaus Voorman on bass, Ringo on drums, and on "AOS" by Charles Haden, David Irlenzon, Ed Blackwell, and Ornette Coleman. Yoko thus brings together and combines the best elements of rock, recent jazz tone roads, and avant-garde musical materials, using them to sustain her adventurous realization.

With the exceptions of "Paper Shoes" and "Greenfield Morning," which Yoko constructed from one or two lines and then edited and reassembled and added some overdubbing, all the songs in the album are performed and recorded live, most in one session without, it's hard to believe, any voice transcription except for the slightest of echoes.

"First of all," Yoko explains, "John and I were going to make individual LPs, and John started his session first. When he was recording, I was in the control room. Sometimes he had to fool around with his instrument just to get inspired or to get into his music, and I'd be thinking, well, he should be doing his song, not fooling about — that's the feeling you get in the control room — but he just kept jamming and then suddenly I realized how beautiful the jamming was. He started something very unusual with the guitar like (high-pitched call). So I couldn't help it. I had to join them. John had said: 'Whenever you feel like joining, join us, and all I have to say is no if I don't want it.' In 'Why,' he inspired me, and I jumped into the room. John sang 'Eyugh-eyugh!' He was trying to tell me to get in and join them, and I just joined in. I liked the

—Continued on Next Page

YOKO ONO

—Continued from Preceding Page
idea of improvisation, going somewhere you don't know, just having something vague planned, like doing something that's slow or quiet and the rest of it decided by the wind or whatever. So I went in and started to scream, and then John's guitar was going a long frantic. And I realized that John and I have a very mean streak, it was similar in that sense. There's something about us that's saying: Fuck you, I couldn't care less, and I go mad with my voice and John does it with his guitar. Both of us have that side."

"I have that side," John says. "but it's hard to get it on a two minute single with a technician like George sitting around."

"You see," Yoko continues, "it became a dialogue, we stimulated each other. You don't know who inspired whom, it just goes on. Klaus told me later that he'd realized that I knew about rhythm perfectly, it was right on spot. Of course I knew. In Toronto, Klaus and Ringo were pretty silent about what I was doing, but this time they got really turned on."

"When I say things I stutter a little bit. Most of us kill off our real emotions, and on top of them you have your smooth self. It's like the guy in the film *Diary of a Mad Housewife* with his sing-song voice. There's that unreal tone. But when I want to say 'I'm sorry' in a song — because music to me is something so honest and so real — I don't feel like saying (sing-song) 'I'm sorry, mother,' but rather as an emotion should be



togetherness but a togetherness based on alienation, since no one knew the other person's instructions.

"So everybody was moving without making any sounds on stage. There was a point where two men were tied up together with lots of empty cans and bottles around them, and they had to move from one end of the stage to the other very quietly and slowly without making any sounds. What I was trying to attain was a sound that almost doesn't come out. I told you about stuttering. Actually I don't really stutter, but before I speak I stutter in my mind, and then my cultured self tries to correct that stutter into a clean sentence. And then it comes out like 'Oh, and how are you today?' instead of 'O-O-Oh-h-how are you?' But before it comes out like that you have this stuttering in you. And I wanted to deal with those sounds of people's fears and stutters."

"So I thought that if everything was set up in a lighted room and suddenly the light was turned off, you might start to see things beyond the shapes. Or the kind of sounds that you hear in silence. You would start to feel the environment and tension and people's vibrations. Those were the sounds that I wanted to deal with, the sound of fear and of darkness, like a child's fear that someone is behind him, but he can't speak and communicate this. And so I asked one guy to stand behind the audience for the duration of the concert."

"I wanted the sound of people perspiring to be in it, too, so I had all the dancers wear contact microphones, and the instructions were

"The older you get the more frustrated you feel. And it gets to a point where you don't have time to utter a lot of intellectual bullshit, if you were drowning you wouldn't say: 'I'd like to be helped because I have just a moment to live.' You'd say, 'Help!' but if you were more desperate you'd say, 'Enough-hhhhh,' or something like that. And the desperation of life is really life itself, the core of life, what's really driving us forth. When you're really desperate it's phony to use descriptive and decorative adjectives to express yourself."

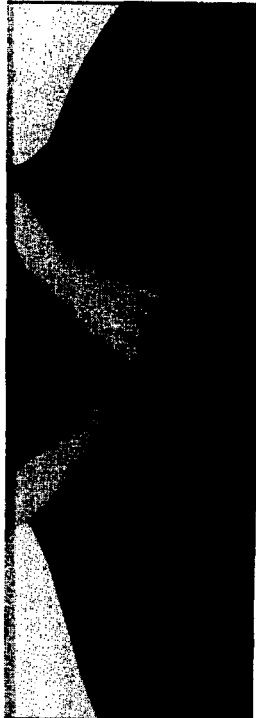
But isn't there another side, such as the seeming gentleness of "Who Has Seen the Wind?" — the quiet little song Yoko presents on the B side of John's "Instant Karma?"

"On that song," Yoko says, "the voice is wavering a little, there are shrills and cracks, it's not professional pop singing, the background is going off a little. There was something of a lost little girl about it. What I was aiming at was the effect you get in Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, where the drunkard sings, a slightly crazed voice, a bit of a broken toy. In that sense it was a quiet desperation."

Religion is what you do with your aloneness, a philosopher once said. Or with your pain and desperation, one could add. Yoko's music pushes pain into a kind of invigorating and liberated energy, just as a stutterer finally gives birth to a difficult word, since it existed originally at the fine edge between inaudibility and the sound waves of dreams. About her music for *The Fly*, she says, "It's nice to go into that very very fine intricate mixture of sounds and rhythm. It's almost like going into a dream, getting something that doesn't exist in the physical world, unutterable sounds—a kind of metaphysical rhythm."

What Yoko calls "metaphysical sound" seems at first to be the true opposition of her recent unblocked music. Yet it is less an opposition than the idea of the dream of a sound from which her new art emerges, a music which Max Picard tells us is "silence, which in dreaming begins to sound."

Yoko's "Music of the Mind" — e.g., "Peel Peek. Take off." ("Pieces for Orchestra," 1962) — came to fruition in the winter of 1960. She rented a loft on Chambers Street in New York. "All the windows were smoked glass so that you couldn't really see outside, but there was the skylight, and when you were in the loft you almost felt more connected to the sky than to the city outside. It was a cold water flat, \$50.50, and it was great. I didn't have chairs of beds, and so people downstairs gave me orange crates and I put all the crates to-



gether to make a large table, crates for the chairs, and at night I just collected them and made a bed out of them. And I started to live there.

"A friend of mine told me that there was a group of artists who were thinking of putting on their works and would I mind if they joined me and did things together. And I said, no, I wouldn't mind, and perhaps they wouldn't mind painting my loft for free. But everyone was lazy and didn't get around to painting it white, but I got used to the grey."

The famous Chambers Street loft concerts featured artists, musicians, poets, a list of whose names reads like a roster of the avant garde hall of fame: Ray Johnson, Walter De Maria, Joseph Byrd, Al Hansen, La Monte Young, Jackson MacLow, Iris Levak, George Maciunas, Phillip Corner, George Brecht, Diane Wakoski, Simone Morris, Yvonne Rainer, Terry Jennings, Bob Morris, Henry Flynt, David Tudor, and Richard Maxfield.

"But there was no mention that I should have a concert there, and I wasn't going to be the one to mention it," Yoko says. "Somehow my work was still suffering. The idea had been to stop my suffering by getting a place to present my work and at last letting everybody know what I was doing. But it just went on like that. Many people thought that I was a very rich girl who was just 'playing avant-garde.' And some others thought that I was a mistress of some very rich man, which wasn't true either. I think that the reason that some people thought the whole thing was organized by some Chinese man was because La Monte's name is Young. And meanwhile I was just surviving by teaching Japanese folk art."

Within the next couple of years, Yoko had concerts featuring her own work at the Village Gate, the Bridge Theater, and Carnegie Recital Hall. Her first art exhibition took place at the Agnus Gallery, owned by Fluxus originator George Maciunas. And among the

instruction paintings there were: "Painting for the Wind," which featured a bag full of seeds hanging in front of a blank canvas, and when the wind blew, seeds would fall out through the bag's small holes; "Smoke Painting," where you lit a match and watched the smoke against the canvas; and "Painting to Be Stepped On," where you stepped on the canvas and made a mark until many marks made up the painting. It was this element of participation, of adding things, of watching things grow and change that enabled you to see Yoko's instructions as a way of "getting together, as in a chain letter." And following this exhibition, Yoko's lecture-concert at Wesleyan College, events in Japan, exhibitions in London like the one in 1966 at the Indica Gallery where she met John, all created a growing interest in her work and an equal amount of incomprehension.

And it was Yoko's and John's extensions of the idea of participating, the "additional act" that would suggest to others how reciprocally to involve *themselves*, that led to the famous Peace events, filmed and reported on many times — the Bed-Ins, the "War is Over" poster that appeared in hundreds of newspapers around the world, and the sending of scores to world leaders, who were invited by John and Yoko to plant them and watch them grow.

Yoko's first important concert took place at the end of 1961 at Carnegie Recital Hall. "It was a big moment for me," Yoko recalls. "George Brecht, Jonas Mekas, La Monte Young, Jackson MacLow, just about everyone performed in it. And Richard Maxfield helped me on the electronic side. I set up everything and then made the stage very dim, so you had to strain your eyes—because life is like that. You always have to strain to read other people's minds. And then it went into complete darkness. The week before I had given instructions to everyone as to what they should do, so that there would be a feeling of

that they were participating a little. There was one guy who was asthmatic and it was fantastic. And in the toilet there was somebody standing throughout the evening. Whenever I go to a toilet in a film theater, I always feel very scared. If nobody's there I'm scared, but if somebody is there it's even more scary. So I wanted people to have this experience of fear. There are unknown areas of sound and experience that people can't really mention in words. Like the stuttering in your mind. I was interested not in the noise you make but the noise that happens when you try not to make it, just that tension going back and forth."

"I think I would never want to go back again to where I was, doing things like that, even though few people have touched this area. Where I'd be so lonely and miserable that nobody understood. And the kind of thing I'm doing now is more understandable. I'm not saying it's better or worse. But now I just want to feel sort of playful sometimes. And when I feel playful, to do something. That's when people seem to understand more or at least accept more."

"I'm starting to think that maybe I can live. Before it seemed impossible. I was just about at the vanishing point, and all my things were too conceptual. But John came in and said, 'All right, I understand you.' And just by saying that all those things which were supposed to vanish stayed."

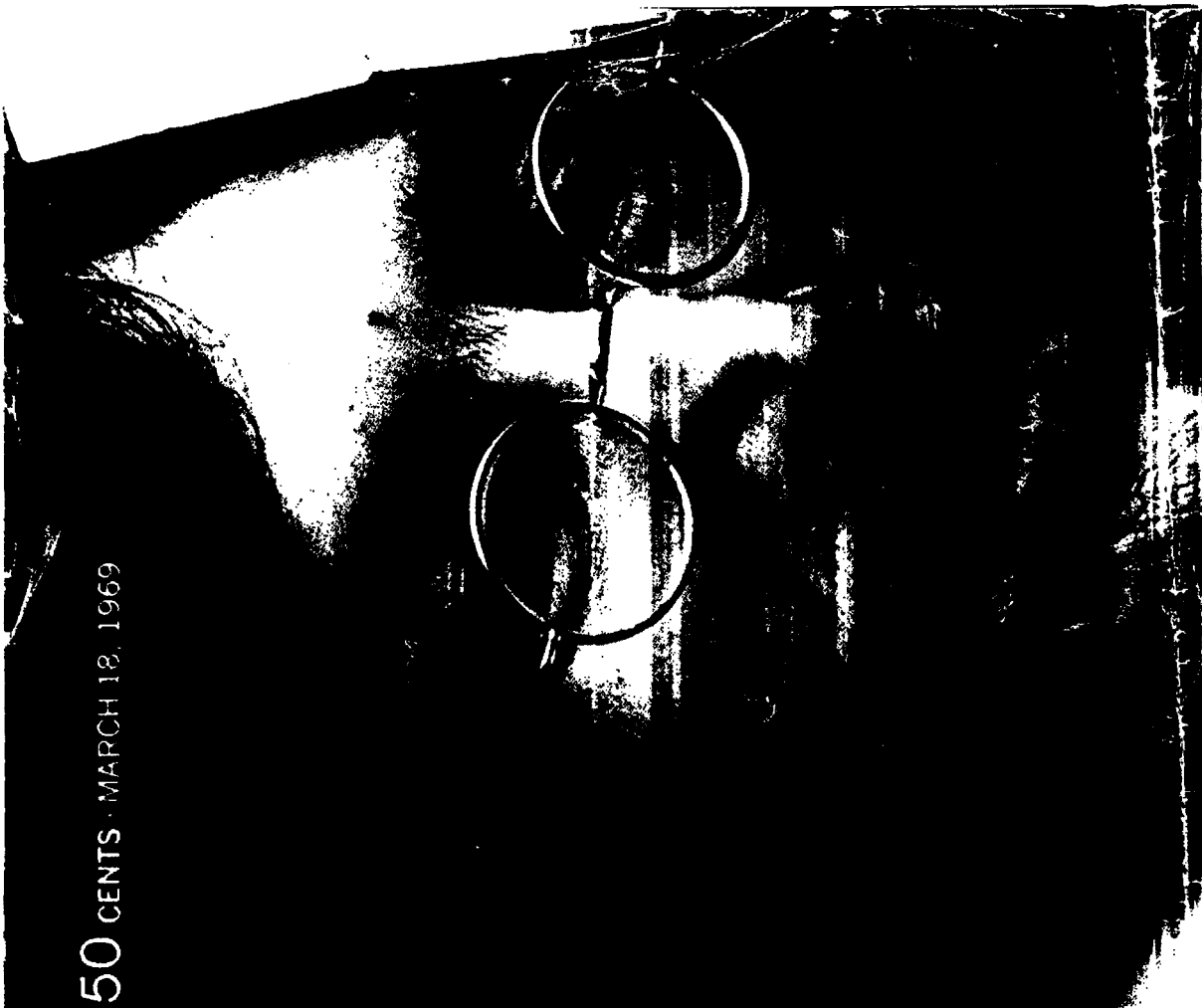
"Around the time that I met John, I went to a palmtist — John would probably laugh at this—and he said: 'You're like a very fast wind that goes speeding around the world.' And I had a line that signified astral projection. The only thing I didn't have was a root. But, the palmtist said, you've met a person who's fixed like a mountain, and if you get connected with that mountain you might get materialized. And John is like a frail wind, too, so he understands all of these aspects."

Instead of Yoko's self disappearing, she now disappears more into her self. "Everybody wants to be invisible," John says. "Yoko just expresses it."

"When the mouth speaks it is as if not the mouth itself but the silence behind it were pressing it into speech," writes Max Picard. "The silence is so full that it would drive the face upwards if it could not relax and release itself in language. It is as though silence itself were whispering words to the mouth. . . . In silence the lines of the mouth are like the closed wings of a butterfly. When the word starts moving, the wings open and the butterfly flies away."

50 CENTS · MARCH 18, 1969

THE BEATLES



**LENNON
& ONO, INC.**

Beatle John and
his girl friend

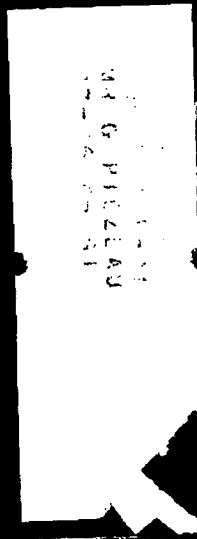
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MICKEY MANTLE CONTINUED

“You can’t imagine how embarrassing it is to take a third strike.”

been somethin’ like that for him in football, in basketball, when he tries out for things in school. Even when he’s playing golf, people hear he’s there and they come over to watch. He hits a golf ball pretty good until people start to watch him, and then he folds up. I think he’ll get over it. They’ve begun to accept him more in school, and after his friends have met me a while, they stop thinking about me as Mickey Mantle the ball-player, and I’m just a friend’s father. The older little Mickey gets, the better it’ll be for him, I think.

I guess baseball has been toughest for Merlyn. When I quit playing, it will be the happiest minute of her life. She’s been like baseball’s equivalent of a golf widow. The first few years weren’t too bad ‘cause we only had little Mickey and David, and we could take ‘em to New York and then bring them home. But then little Mickey and David became old enough to have their own friends in Dallas, and along came Billy and Danny. There were too many kids to move back and forth. It became easier for Merlyn to stay home and then just come to New York for a visit of a couple of weeks. I think that we’ve got the best part of our lives before us, and I feel real good—well, I don’t feel that good about getting ready to quit baseball, but Merlyn is going to enjoy it.

The big game at home for me, aside from golf, has been touch football. Weekday afternoons after school, I’m usually in the backyard with the boys and some of their friends. On weekends, other adults get in the

game. It’s one way of keeping in shape, and if I watch myself, I can keep my knees out of trouble. It’s gettin’ harder to keep up with little Mickey. Either he gets faster or I get slower all the time. What I have to do is hit him, if I really want to win. I don’t let him get past me; I knock him down if I have to. That’s the way to play the game. I always think of Early Wynn when he pitched for Cleveland and the White Sox. I hit a couple of balls back through the mound off him. And when I did, he always told the first baseman to stand right behind me, and then he’d throw over there, tryin’ to hit me while I was on first base. . . .

The only thing that’s gonna make me retire is if I feel like I can’t play any more. I know that every February, I get an itch to play. I’ll give spring training one more shot; but I’ve had like two bad years in a row, and it’s getting embarrassing: like I go to the All-Star Game twice, flew all the way to California, to strike out. Last year, I flew all the way to Houston, Texas, to strike out. Both times, they gave me standing ovations, and you can’t imagine how embarrassing it is to take a third strike. I just can’t produce any more, and that’s gonna be the only thing that will make me retire. I don’t think I could be a pinch hitter because I enjoy playing, and when I get to where I can’t run like I used to, which I can’t, and I can’t slide into second base without hurting my knee—I’ll be out for two or three days after I do it sometimes—I just feel like I’ve gotta quit, and I feel like I’ve waited a little too long already.



Still cheerleader slim,
 platinum blonde Marilyn fries
 up a steak for the family.
 "When I quit playing, it will
 be the happiest minute of her
 life," says Mickey.



Executive Mantle swivels and deals at his Dallas business office.



The pro-am contestant savors a putt
 in Las Vegas. A 7-to-10 handicapper,
 Mantle uses a golf cart unless the
 course is too wet. "If I walk
 18 holes, my legs hurt too much."

TOP
POP
MERGER

LENNON

WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE under Beatle John's comfy, unmade bed is a wood floor with a border of tacks. The tacks are there, John explains, because his wife and his mother-in-law came over one day and ripped out the wall-to-wall carpeting. Not that the act was executed in the presence of the husband/son-in-law. Such a fine creative rage requires no audience. You simply go in very quiet, very dignified, like the decent people you are—maybe a rug man is along to do the heavy pulling—and you simply pull out the rug. You pull the rug out and leave the tacks.

Of course, a fine act of rage is often wasted on the object of the rage. Like John thinks the tacks are funny, and Yoko doesn't even know they're there. Anyway, John hates the house—it's a sprawly, ponderous Tudor thing in Weybridge, a suburb of London, in an area that John calls The Stockbroker Belt, and he and Yoko plan to move soon to a glass job nearby. "I was besieged in me flat in London, so I just took the third house I saw. This was it," John says, in the old Liverpool lilt, casting his beady four eyes at the mess. The mess turns out to be four things: what his wife left, what his mother-in-law wrought, what he kept and what his mistress brought. Cynthia Lennon's belongings are mostly garden furniture dropped at random in the living room. She also left



intact an acre of purple felt that covers the dining-room wall. In addition to the carpet purge, John swears that his mother-in-law emptied the sherry bottles and chewed the silverware. John's own stuff falls into two categories: equipment, like tapes and hi-fi, and bits of whimsy, for instance, a clock on a pedestal with a stethoscope wrapped around it like a necktie. Yoko, having just split from the hospital, has brought, besides herself, a pile of macrobiotic food and an unwatered hospital orchid plant, which sits dying in the dark. Moorish, mirrored fover.

"Welcome to Beverly Hills," calls our host, waving us (the photographer, Susan Wood, and me) into the kitchen. It's one of those vast, obviously remodeled models with the sink in the center, and, come to think of it, it is Beverly Hillsy. Except, instead of a gilded spice rack, there is a campy portrait of Queen Victoria; and instead of an adorable calendar, there's a sign that says, "The drunk and the glutton shall come to poverty"; and instead of Sandra Dee, there's Yoko Ono. Yoko is short, not small. Her face—what you can see of it in the middle of a bushy outburst of black hair—is almost fierce, her chest is barreled. So, except for her fingers, which are sweet and small, she looks about as fragile as, say, Ernest Borgnine. Not that Yoko pretends to be a Japanese flower. Later that day, she tells me that when John expresses the fear that perhaps she will die before him, she tells him not to worry, that she is "as strong as a horse." Anyway, there they are—the Elvira Madigans of the pop world—their heads smelling of shampoo; she, madly working over some vegetable patties; he, running about looking for something (he's always looking for something); and both are extolling the virtues and pleasures of the no-meat, pure-food thing, which John says gives him a better high than drugs.

After a while, we all sit cross-legged on the floor of the sun-room around a Persian sort of tray table and begin wolfing the patties, which taste like first-



THIS IS JOHN.
THAT IS YOKO.
JOHN IS A BEATLE.
YOKO IS A MIXED-
MEDIA ARTIST.
NOW, THEY DO
THINGS TOGETHER.

rate egg rolls. "It was the Indica Gallery," says Yoko, answering a question about where they met. "I was having a very important show there. It was damn successful. John came the night before the opening."

John: "I knew the guy who ran the gallery, Yoko, and he'd tell me when somethin' was worth seein'."

Yoko: "John asked if he could hammer one of the nails of the *Hammer a Nail In* piece in. It's so symbolic, you see—the virginal board—for a man to hammer a nail in. . . . I decided that people should pay five shillings to hammer each nail. But when the gallery owner told John he had to pay, he stopped a moment and asked if he could just hammer an imaginary nail! It was fantastic! That is what my art is

BY BETTY ROLLIN

LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

bring her out to the house when my wife was here. I mean we were just friends. I respected her work, y'know, and she was havin' trouble with her husband. I tried to teach her how to meditate."

Yoko is now pouring tea from a pot that says, "This is a very beautiful pot for afternoon tea."

"I was getting very famous," Yoko reminds us.

"My career was going well, but my husband and I were fighting about who would answer the phone. He wanted always to answer the phone so that he would be into everything. I always thought of him as my assistant, you see. But he wanted it to be like Judith Malina and her husband [of the Living Theater]. He wanted it to be both of us. You see, *then* all I wanted was someone who would be interested in my work. I needed a producer. The only thing about being in love"—she looks at John sideways with a fishy little smile—"it takes so much time. The work suffers. I am not working enough now."

"What do ya mean!" yelps John, sitting up as if he'd been goosed. "It's never been *easier* for you to work. Because if no one else will produce what you do, I will. Whenever I'm not doing my Beatle work, I'll do her work completely, y' see. There's not much Beatle stuff now anyway." I reach for a dried apricot and ask him when he will stop all Beatles activity. "When I get fed up," he says.

Later, a large fidgety girl with a puffy face comes to be interviewed for a job as secretary. But John and Yoko have disappeared. It's taken her all morning to come out on the train, the girl explains to us (since there is no one else to tell). She stands in the kitchen, poor thing, in her mini-dress and city shoes, wondering what is the proper thing to do.

Yoko reappears at last and takes her off to some

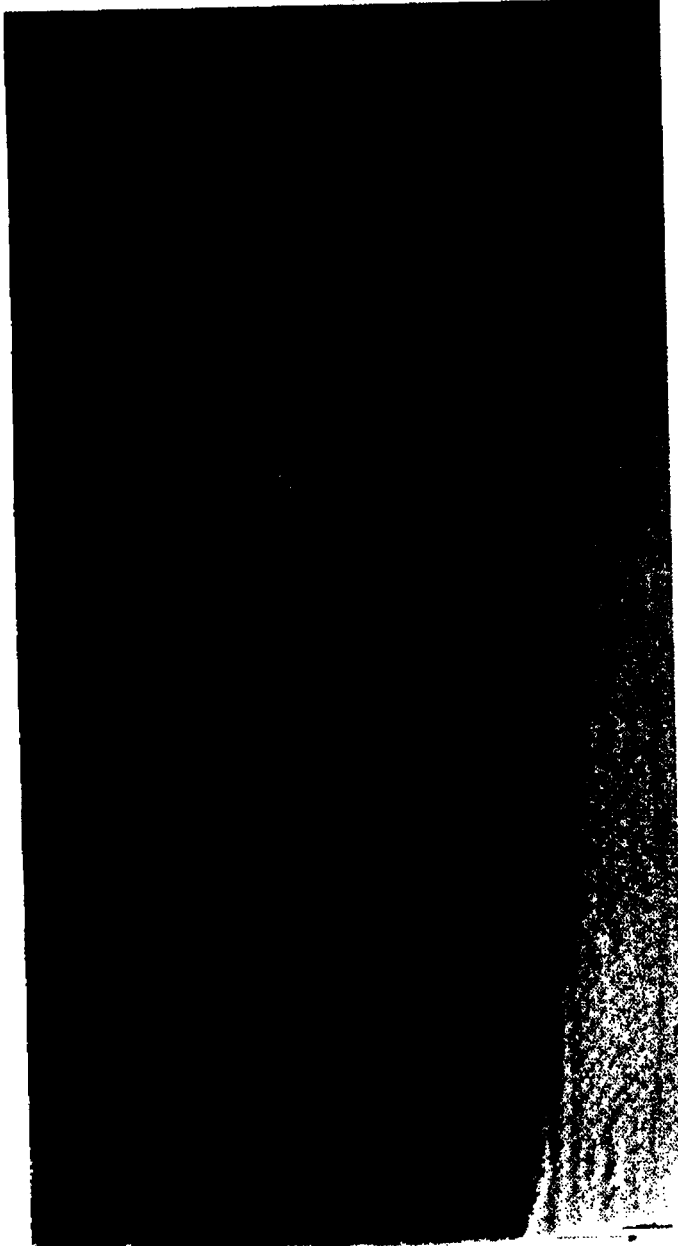
JOHN



other room, and John flops back on the yellow sofa. He really is so pale. But he seems so tranquil, so settled in a nice way. I start thinking that if I were his mother, maybe I shouldn't be upset after all.

"We both think alike," he is saying. "And we've both been alone. We both had these dreams, the same kind of dreams. I had this dream of this woman comin'. I knew it wouldn't be someone buyin' the Beatle records. . . . The way it was with Cyn was she got pregnant, we got married. We never had much to say to each other. But the vibrations didn't upset me because she was quiet, y' know, and I was away all the time. I'd get fed up every now and then, and I'd start thinkin' this 'Where Is She' bit. I'd hope that the 'one' would come. Then I'd get past it. I mean every-body's got that thinkin' of the one. The one what? Well, I suppose I was hopin' for a woman who would give me what I got from a man intellectually. I wanted someone I could be meself with. . . . Of course, I'm a coward. I wasn't goin' to go off and leave Cyn and be by meself. But it was no good. Now Cyn keeps sayin' in the papers she didn't know anythin' was wrong. I don't understand that. At the beginnin', I was just enjoyin' her company [Yoko's], y' know. I mean I didn't know what was really happenin'. Pretty soon after we knew one another, I had given up about the one-woman thing. It was gonna be the holy thing, y' know. I went to the Maharishi. Yoko stayed here. I kept tellin' her to meditate, too, y' know. But I still had no idea about us. Then in India, she wrote me these letters—I'm a cloud. Watch for me in the sky. I'd get so excited about her letters. There was nuthin' in them that wives or mother-in-laws could've understood—and from India, I started thinkin' of her as a woman, not just as an intellectual woman. I wasn't gonna write her back or anything like that, though. Bein' a Beattie, anything you write goes right to Confidential in America. But then, when I got back, well, that's when it began. . . ."

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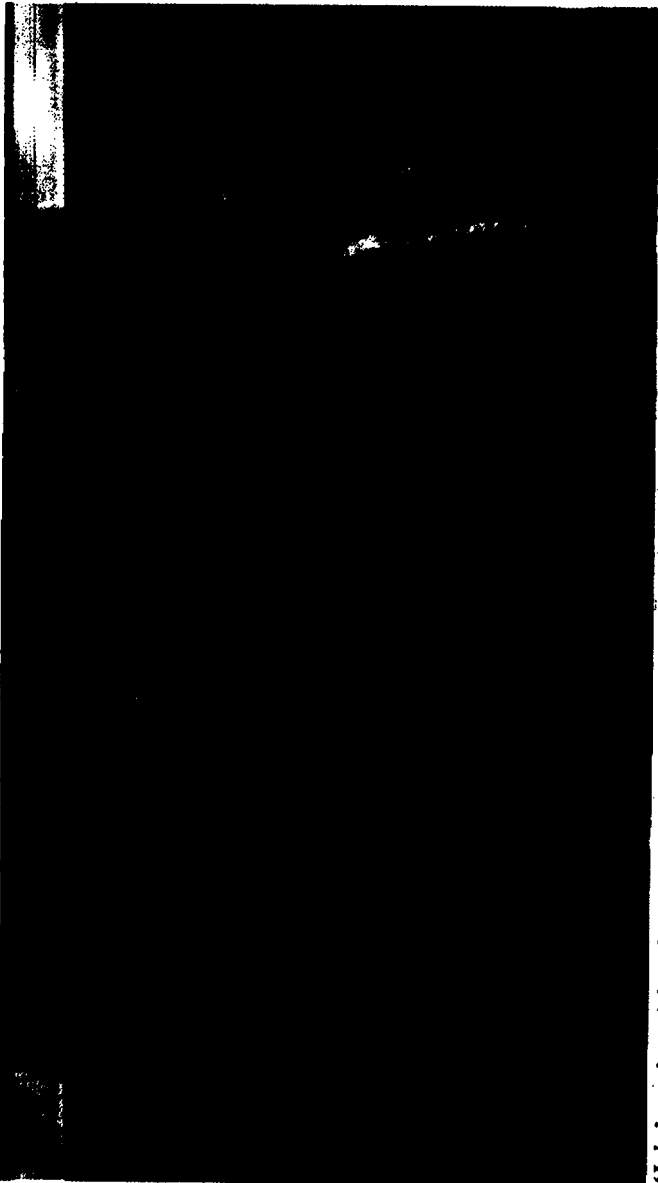


Yoko: "You're always changing the story."
John: "But I didn't have scores, y' know."
Yoko: "I'm getting uptight."
John: "What're you gettin' uptight about? Because I didn't remember you at the Indica Gallery? Serves you right. After sayin' I looked just like a bank-clerk."
The photographer and I look at each other. John gets up from the floor and flops on a yellow couch, his sockless, sneakered foot dangling over a Queen Anne-ish arm. The light on his face is cold and flat. I keep thinking if I were his mother, I'd be upset. But I'm not, so I listen.
"We were friends, y' see," he goes on. "I used to

about. It was my game. The two of us were playing the same game. I didn't know who he was. And when I found out, I didn't care. I mean in the art world, a Beatle is—well, you know. Also, he was in a suit. He looked so ordinary."
John: "I was not! I was in a highly unshaved and tatty state. I was up three nights. I was always up in those days, trippin'. I was stoned. I wasn't in a suit! That was my psychedelic period. It's disgustin', takin' me for a clean-cut lad."
Yoko: "OK, I take it back."
John: "I don't remember her at all at the gallery. I was stoned. Then she called me up. She wanted scores of my songs for John Cage for some book."

JOHN PERMITS THE STORY SO THE WORLD WILL KNOW YOKO INVENTED "CONCEPT"

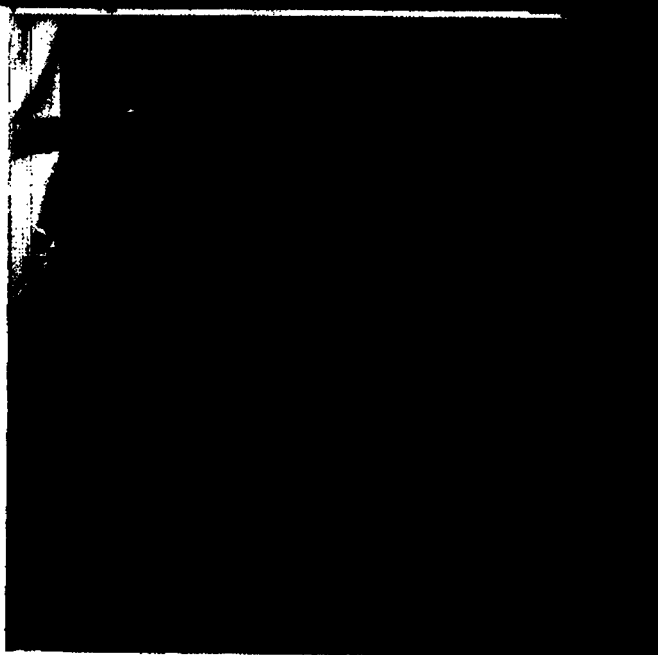




"John's art is social, and my art has always been social," says Yoko. "I do not believe in examining the navel. Now that we love each other, we show that love to the world. It is an art too." Besides her bottoms film, Yoko did another film, Smile, in which John smiles.

N **HREE DAYS EARLIER.** The walls of the room, at the end of the corridor on the second floor of Queen Charlotte Hospital in London are thicketed with photographs. There's Ringo dancing with Elizabeth Taylor; there's Bob Dylan in the grass; and there's the infamous *Two Virgins* album sleeve of John and Yoko naked. Ed Sullivan, clothed, is on the cupboard door. "Lots of food in the cupboard," bellows John, doing an imitation of a Cockney tour guide. "No expense spared by Beatle John!"

Yoko blames the day before yesterday's miscarriage on the "strain of our two divorces." But today, at any rate, it's business as usual. Totally absorbed,

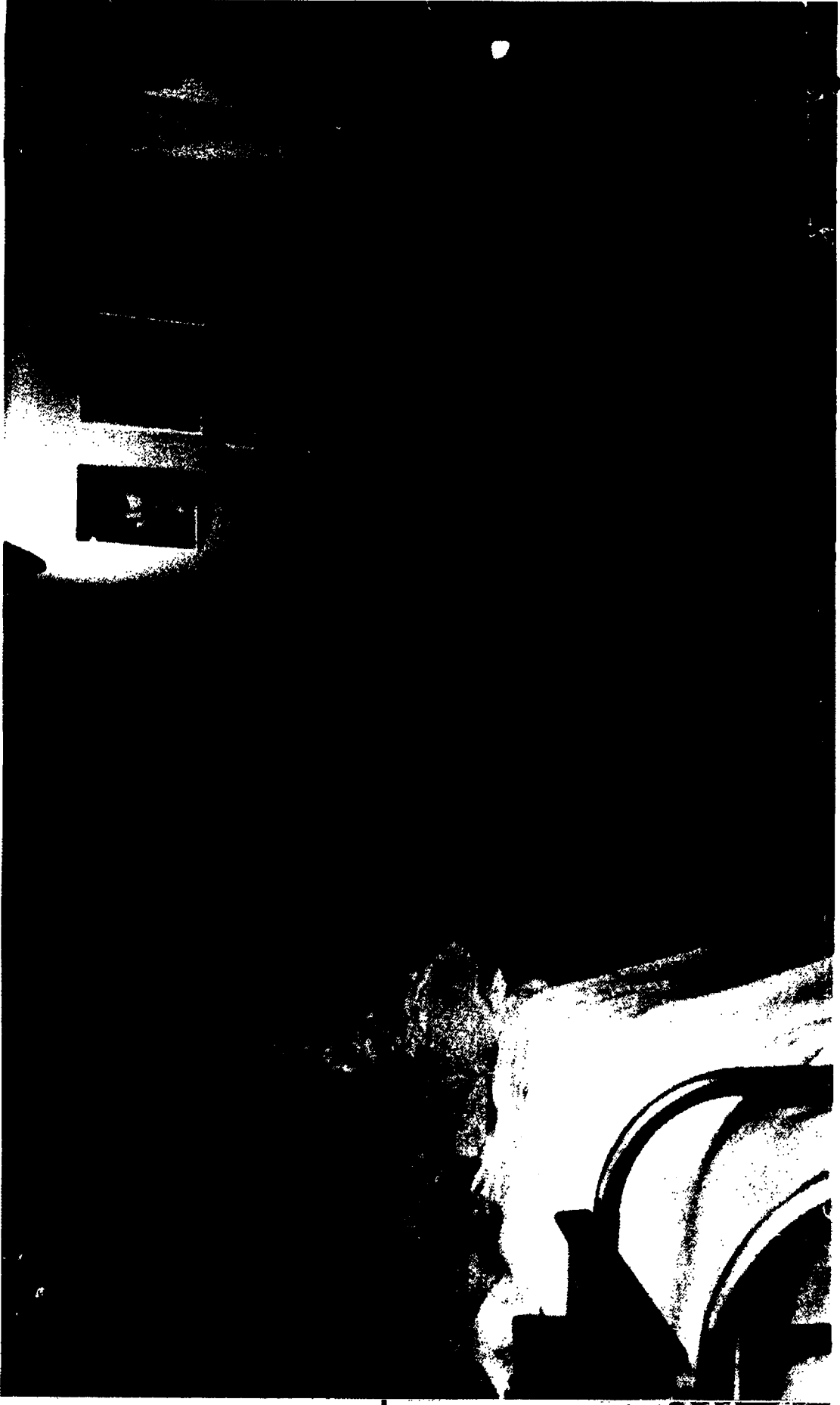


Yoko sits up in bed, her fingers like little hammers tapping the typewriter keys. Newspaper clippings about her and John are spread across the bed. She is composing songs from them.

John, meanwhile, is tearing about the room, slightly wild-eyed, looking for something, as usual. "Where is it? Where is it?" he yelps, scrambling under the bed. In the background, a tape is spinning of Yoko singing some of her newspaper compositions. "Where his girl friend Yoooooko Ono was beeeeing kept under observation," croons the taped Yoko in a shrill monotone. Suddenly, there is a birdlike tapping. The door opens and a terrified female head appears. "The bill for Mr. Lennon," the lady whis-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUSAN WOOD

ART, AND YOKO WANTS IT SO THE WORLD WILL KNOW YOKO INVENTED "CONCEPT" ART



pers, indicating a paper hanging from her hand. "Thanks veddy much," says John, bright as an apple. Then, his nose in the bill, "How do they know what calls we'll make before we leave?" Nobody answers, so he drops it and goes and leans over Yoko's shoulder: "You're doing veddy well." "I know, my dear," she says, not quite liking his unserious mood.

At the foot of the bed, I am studying a fat, square book of Yoko's called *Grapefruit*, with some very nice "instruction poems" ("Steal a moon on the water with a bucket. Keep stealing until no moon is seen on the water."). Yoko interrupts her composing now and then to explain her art to me—all for the LOOK story, which John is permitting "so that the world

will know Yoko invented 'concept' art," and which Yoko wants so that the world will know that Yoko invented concept art. I'm not quite sure what "concept" art is, so the next day, I go to see an art critic who, Yoko says, will explain it to me.

"It is a work of art that exists in your mind," he says. Then I ask him about Yoko's film, which is of 365 naked bottoms. "That you can get such variety in the human behind, it's fantastic," he says. "And her *Cut Piece*. She sat in her best dress and invited the audience to cut it up with a pair of scissors. At first, there was an awful silence. Then—well—it was terrible. Once they started, they couldn't stop. They went wild. She was left naked, of course."

While Yoko was in the hospital—for a couple of weeks before, and three days after her miscarriage—John camped on an air mattress on the floor of her room. "For three weeks, I didn't have one proper bath," he says, "only the stand-up working-class kind."

continued