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CULTURE HERO

JILL JOHNSTON EXPOSED: SPECIAL ISSUE

A life dominated by Strange Arts, Consuming Desires, and Ego-Eroticism...

IN THIS ISSUE
LUCAS SAMARAS
GREGORY BATTCOCK
DAVID BOURDON
YVONNE RAINER
MEREDITH MONK
REMY CHARLIP
WALTER GUTMAN
ARAM SAROYAN
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Cover by Les Levine
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Publisher Note
Of all the special people inhabiting the New York cultural zoo, Jill Johnston is in some ways the most special. Not, oddly enough, so much for what she is and does, though in both she is plenty noteworthy, as for the galvanizing effect she has had in the course of her being and doing on all sorts of other special people. Somehow she seems to represent, and in a vicarious way express, a lot of secret feelings, fears, and aspirations these people (as included) think are characteristic of themselves, their art(s), and their times. Because Jill has been a number one topic for gossip and discussion for many years, Culture Hero decided to find out if any of the assorted gossipers and discussers had anything to say about her for the record. Thirty-four of them did, and what follows is a collection of their testimony. We wish to express our gratitude to Peter Schjeldahl for his special assistance on this issue.

Les Levine

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Sonnabend
924 Madison
It’s a joyous event when Jill Johnston comes to town. The last time she was in New York for the day she invited me to brunch. I arrived at the appointed hour and found her sprawled out on top of a desk, clad only in a hula hoop and fast asleep. When I awoke her, she rubbed her eyes, inquired what country she was in, and said she would get brunch going in a jiffy.

Suddenly Robert Rauschenberg sauntered in. Whenever Jill is in town, you can always count on troublemakers to show up and take advantage of her. If Jill’s needy artist friends aren’t asking for a handout, they’re after her to get them a show or some kind of publicity. Rauschenberg once prodded Jill at gunpoint into a gondola and made her row him into the Painters’ Pavilion at the Venice Biennale. But that was nothing compared to Les Levine who had tried to rape and set fire to her in her desperate attempt to get a show at the Architectural League. But Jill, whose generosity is boundless, is never one to harbor a grudge. And she keeps her tribulations to herself, never burdening others with her problems. So though I still marvel at her untingling willingness to help out her friends, I wasn’t surprised when she asked Rauschenberg to stay for brunch.

In a moment’s time, she returned from the kitchen laden down with a fish mouse, roast goose, a cheese soufflé, strawberry tarts and home-made mayonnaise. Rauschenberg, who obviously hadn’t eaten in days, wolfed it down. Immediately Jill was washing dishes and scrubbing the floor, attacking stubborn dirt with her bare hands and leaving the place tidier than it had ever been before.

Jill and Rauschenberg teased the daylight out of each other’s hair for awhile and, when I reminded her we were late for our next appointment, she quickly threw on a few animal skins and we were set to go. But she suddenly became distraught at the thought of going out.

“It’s too dangerous,” she said. “I don’t like complete strangers walking up, saying: Hellow, Jill! I don’t like being followed. How do I know they won’t molest me?” So she sent Rauschenberg out to fetch a taxi for us.

As we jumped into the waiting taxi, Jill flung a hundred dollar bill at Rauschenberg, saying: “Buy yourself a newspaper.”

We dashed to the Plaza Hotel to attend a press conference being given by our good friend Gregory Battcock. The Plaza had been alerted to our arrival and the secret entrance sprang open on cue. We took the freight elevator to the kitchen cut through the service quarters and, disguised as bellhops, made our way unobserved into the Grand Ballroom.

As we were the last to arrive, we had to stand in the rear. The ballroom was overflowing with some of the most illustrious names in journalism: Walter Lipman, Gloria Steinem, Hilton Kramer, Max Kozloff, Charlotte Curtis, Clay Felker, Rosalind Comstocks, Grace Glueck, Scotty Reston, Fred W. McFeely, Rex Reed, Leonard Lyons, Craig Claiborne, Eugenia Sheppard, Candice Bergen and John Wilcock. There was a visible stir when Jill was recognized and a hundred ballpoints moved in unison.

Gregory Battcock sat at the podium with a bottle of wine. He took a swig and gavelled for silence. “I have summoned you here,” he said in a shrill voice, “to announce the subject of my next column. But first I would like to introduce my guests. On my left is Andy Warhol, the most important artist in the entire history of the world. On my right is Tonyo, a 16-year-old sophomore at San Juan High and the best houseboy I’ve ever had. In next week’s column, I will publish exclusive nude photos of Mr. Warhol practicing the art of shooting. I shall compare his aim to the position of the planets in the sign Leo at the time of my birth, and..."

leaked out that Jill would be there, and thousands of fans were lining the streets. Six blocks from the theatre, a group of them spotted Jill and quickly surrounded our limousine. We couldn’t get out of the car (they would have torn us to shreds), so we urged the chauffeur to inch the car cautiously to the theatre, even though it meant holding up the screening for two hours. When we finally got there with the help of mounted police, the TPF formed a flying wedge to get Jill inside. God, what a bloody scene! Earl Wilson was clubbed by a cop. Susan Sontag, Lil Picard and John Perreault were sent smashing into a mirror. “I’m ashamed to be an American,” sneered Sontag. “It reminds me of Berlin in the ’30s,” weeped Picard. As a bayonet grazed his head, Perreault proclaimed: “It’s more than routine interest.” At the height of the melee, Ultra Violet broke through the police line to greet Jill. To polite photographers, she implored: “Please! No pictures!”

Inside the theatre, Walter Gutman blubbered something about how nice it was for us to come. He introduced us to his new star, a cross-eyed singer named Barba. Barba eyed Jill admiringly and invited her to the after-movie party at the St. Regis. Jill guffawed: “Sorry, kid, I don’t dig Jewish chicks in Brooklyn.” Gutman laughed nervously and led us to our seats.

As soon as the lights went down, we slipped out a side door, commandeered two horses from the riot squad and galloped up Broadway into Central Park where we cantered around for a few hours to clear our heads.

We finally disbanded at the reservoir. Jill took her clothes off and approached me slowly. “It’s time to go,” she said, wiping her lips across mine. Then she dove into the reservoir. An eerie silhouette rose out of the moonlit water and I saw that she was swimming to a waiting submarine. I could only assume it was taking her out to sea.
Andy Warhol

Andy Warhol Factory Foto

David: ... who has been reviewing dance for the Village Voice for ten years. Um, in the beginning Miss Johnston restricted herself to fairly routine dance reviews. Uh, after a short time, uh, she branched out to, uh, pursue more unconventional pursuits. Um, she was one of the first to recognize and write about the new forms of the medium, was one of the earliest and most sympathetic interpreters of happenings in the theatre. Her critical writings played an integral part in the development and flowering of the Judson Dance Theatre in the early Sixties. Um, she was a really specialized in so-called avant-garde or underground activities—never felt compelled to worry about what was going to be the going thing during the coming season, uh, in fact she was often unaware of what was ostensibly avant-garde. The reason that we do not pay so much attention to her tonight—and every night—is that her past writings have proved to be so prophetic that we can't really ignore her. However, during recent years, her writing has become increasingly poetic. Her writing has become increasingly direct and personal, and professionally on an enormous scale. Quite long ago—as long ago as I can recall, in fact—I ceased feeling any obligation to report on dance concerts. Um, no one can blame her for not wanting to waste her time reviewing the great number of conventional dance concerts that take place in the city. However, her column had, uh, so little to do with dance even the rather far, far-out dancers that she had promoted that it became questionnable just what she was doing writing under this Dance Column. The Village Voice was at my disposal at anyone else. Um, those people in that marvelous little Ivory Tower over on Sheridan Square who are so aware of what's going on across the street from them, um, uh, it took them a couple of years to catch on to the fact that Jill really wasn't reviewing dance at all. Around 1965 or 1967 they decided after months of contemplation to change the title of her column. They decided to call it Dance Journal—an ambiguous word that doesn't sound as if it has anything to do with criticism at all. Um, so we're here to discuss the personal and professional disintergration, um, um. I'll begin with the personal first, which is probably more—maybe I should begin with professional, um, oh, um, well, ... Actually, she began writing this autobiography, um, sparing us very little of her personal life, though not giving us enough of the details to really make sense out of her column. Um, uh, her writing around the mid-Sixties began to include her sharply critical observations of people's behavior at parties and her perceptive comments on English cathedral and lesbian movies and any number of other subjects that appeal to her. She gave up any pretense of the third-person detachment that characterizes most personal writing, and began making intimate use of the first-person singular. As she began writing about her incredible life in weekly installments, she revealed to us a cliffhanger such as we had not seen since the Perils of Pauline. Um, her writing had always tried toward the subjective and in retrospect was always autobiographical. She couldn't review a concert without telling us how the got there, what happened to her on the way, her trouble with the taxi driver, um—she never takes subways so she spared us that—um, she obviously saw her own travelling to and from the theatre as equally important as any of the choreography that she ostensibly went to review. I don't know how many of the people here are interested in Miss Johnston's personal biography. I've made several phone calls over the last few weeks to uh, get certain facts on her, but I think I may skip that for now Um, I would like to say that, um, uh, about her writing—it really is quite, uh, real—her writing style is comparable to (a) from a quaint um, she turns it on a few hours before her column is due at the Voice, and um, after a couple of hours the turn it off. Uh, she makes very few revisions. In her column she talks about notebooks. You might get the impression that she takes notes. Uh, I have seen her without a notebook, although she is usually writing down very elementary things like, uh, "No's," "M.A.X. apostrophes." Um, I presume that many of the people here know about her style, so I won’t go into that, because I would like to mention that Esquire magazine last year did give her one of its dubious achievement awards, giving her the "Oh, Shut Up" Prize for the sentence which reads, " Telling it like it is means 'telling it like it was and how it is now that it isn't what it was to the Is Now People." Um, I do have—I spent the last months going through Jill Johnston's columns, and I have recalled a few sentences that she has written on criticism and I would like to read them. It's a timely subject which clarifies what follows later. Uh, the first one was written in her September 16 column in 1965 in which she wrote, "Criticism working out is like riding a bike up and down a country hill in a race against a phantom judge. I'll take a plot of level territory and stake out a claim to lie down on it, and criticize a constellation if that's what I happen to be looking at. I also stake out claim to be an artist—writer—if that's what I'm doing when I get to the typewriter and decide that I like something well enough to say what I think it's all about." Um, 1963 she said, "I like to think the critic is a corporate sensibility. I don't think the critic would be a transparent medium giving off vapors of ideas and opinions, constantly clapping to its hand. To mean exactly what you say that I mean, is to say that I mean exactly what you say that you mean, or any other variations on the phrase expressing the illusion of the single mentality. Collecting marbles, and the critic is a scavenger of the junk gardens of the mind, strung out from house to house in the telepathy of connected—connecting clothelines, sorting our signals, selecting and concocting the pages back together is simply a compositional problem. You can see that she received ten dollars on that column. Um, in November 7, 1968, she wrote, "One of my preferences is to write about single thing for each column, like to work out a single thing into a mess of stuff about that single thing. I'm not crazy about trying to make a single thing out of a mess of stuff. Nor am I ..." Paul: Na na na very good. David: One of her most illuminating pieces on criticism appeared this year—January 20, 1969. "I enjoy talking for the sake of my talking, until they say, 'Shut up,' and then I start thinking which can get you in trouble, too. What I am saying is not high-handed. When I criticize, I am never to blame anybody over, in particular, actually—only myself... except for my imagination or yours... riding on a train... the lost and found... when I got there..." Um, then, February 20, 1969. ... the end of criticism which she recalls in a serious article about criticism, she says, "I'm a critic myself—plants and meaning—thou art head—picture postcard—not an original... and I suppose it's true... criticism... illustrates... talking about it... talking about ourselves for a change... whatever we're talking about is certain how everyone else is doing it... I didn't mean to be called a critic in the first place... three years ago I said that I was a cryptic... what I started off was as a dance-lover just like that... a long story... the literature aspect of it... dancer long before I was a true book nut... although I read plenty of book stuff long before I was an artist and a dancer... Those were just selections that I came across. There are a few questions that I wanted to ask the panel on topics that I hope we will touch upon today, one of which is, uh—they're all on something new um, uh, and things that doesn't guide nor to the vision where is the vision... uh, in 1963, uh, she was under intensive for uh, uh, she had a—Paul: Very good. David: she wrote that, "one aspect of my vision—" in the article, "it is in the form of a command to relinquish the role of judge." I hope that we will get on to that later and perhaps discuss her trip to Ann Arbor; via Houston, Santa Barbara. Uh, I would like to ask members of the panel whether they think Miss Johnston represents, uh, future criticism, what sort of criticism we can look forward to. Uh, I did want to make a few remarks about the merits and demerits of criticism, but I think I'll let that pass for now. I'm sure it will come out soon enough. So, I'll interview the panel beginning from my left. At my extreme left we have—it is a very distinguished panel by the way—not as distinguished as the audience—we have to distinguish ourselves—at our extreme left we have—Walter Gutman... Walter received a very wide fame and notoriety a few years back which caused him to be profiled in the New Yorker magazine. Very happy to say have been republished by Grove Press... I received my copy of that book—again—marvellous book... I recommend it to you all—look at it—Walter is the real reason Walter was invited. The real reason is that in this panel is that he was a former art critic fifty or sixty years ago, and—well, also a painter and a filmmaker whose career had underground films goes back next to Walter is Lil Picard, an artist— painter and writer and art critic... Lil Picard is Village Other... I'll have done many Happenings lately and is into destruction art and street works. She has written a fascinating show for this week's East Village Other which some of you may have seen—sitting to the
ANDY WARHOL

night of Lil is Bradle Polk, a brilliant actor, best known for her startling performance in the Chelsea Club. She has another important part in the upcoming miniseries "12 Angry Men." Christ...she's also a very important part of the British tabloid scene. But what does this have to do with anything? Which of you may have read about her will soon appear on the cover of the front page of the London Times.

Next to Bradle we have a young man who is impersonating the famous Senor Cabeza, a lascivious character who wears a mustache. It's very kind to come tonight and we're very grateful, and next to him is Gregory Bittstock. Gregory is a character in the book "A Suitable Field" by Thomas Wolfe, and he is a very wise man. I...I'm not sure I want to mention him. Um, he did want me to say that he is an assistant professor of art history at Farleigh Dickinson University...I'd like to mention the number of times he's put out books which I'd like to mention. And he's written articles for art magazines...and I'm not sure if I want to mention him. His most important job right now is that he is art critic for the Village Voice. He's a marvelous job there...editor of Jill Johnston's forthcoming book Selected Criticism from the Village Voice. He put it together as a gift to his friend Miss Violet who is, uh, noted for a great many things like most of the members of the panel, and uh, she's perhaps best known for her rather declining, persistent appearances on the New York TV show, it is, of course, an actress who has appeared in many distinguished films, the most recent being John Cassavetes' "The Lenny." "The Lenny," Fernando Cortez in which she made her screen debut, and uh, a...a...of note, uh, is to the right of Miss Violet we have another distinguished member of the panel, John de Menil of the De Menil Foundation in New York City. John de Menil is chairman of the De Menil Foundation, an international company that specializes in oil fields for engineering maintenance...a very viceroyed, man, a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, a trustee of the Whitney Museum of American Art, a trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston. And I would like to say that one of the greatest collections of the finest art collections in the United States that I have seen and to my knowledge has not been seen in the United States is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...is...i
HENDRIK RUITENBEEK

in the last three months. Can we have some more months? They've been a lot of fun.

Ugh, that's very impressive.

Bridget, perhaps you'd like to tell us how you got your name dropped in the last three months.

Would you like to give me some comment on that?

Bridget: Well, if you call Friday morning about eleven o'clock, this is a writer's call-in hour in the afternoon. I was there last week about a hundred postcards to the voice of the voice, said I was the voice of the voice, thought of Jill Johnston, and signed millions of people's names.

Downtown Dwight D. Eisenhower, signed one Ted Kennedy that said, "I want Jill Johnston to run my next campaign." Did you know you two can still meet on Charlotte? Are you going to do a costume change for us? I was wondering if you don't have a costume, your yello cello you have with you.

Are you going to perform for us at now? Charlotte: I've been performing since shhhhhhh. I've been doing it for a while.

You have a question on this panel have anything to say? Uh, I have not managed things very well, though I spent the last few days on this. I've been making promises and I've been making promises... everyone on the panel would be here, and, uh, ummm. Perhaps we can ask the audience some questions.

Jill: If you're here you may have to answer the question. What kind of question is that? "What made Jill Johnston flip out?" Member of a small group.

WARRIOR THINK ABOUT MISS JOHNSTON? Dr. Warkhol has not been paid to think tonight and has not been paid to think what Jill: Would you like to answer that question? Of course, I would like to know that Jill doesn't have that.

What kind of questions would you like to ask yourselves? What kind of question is there to be asked? Oh, you've been reading too much Gertrude Stein. Oh me God she has her whole column here! Every one!

I have managed to cut off Gregory tonight who wanted to read all of his column, and then I cut off Jill who wanted to read all of her column, so we have four columns here one can read a column simultaneously.

Jill: Actually, I thought that maybe I should comment I read something in a newspaper today called "Real Me." And, I thought maybe I should reveal the real me.

Jill: Extremely retrospective, um, this panel is a contradiction in terms.

Jill: We have four columns here one can read a column simultaneously.

Jill: I can't wait to see you. But I won't, I don't look at the internal antagonism of what we have to divide...

Jill: We can say we are not going to do that. We have three days to go before the election. It's a question of whether or not we can divide.

Jill: The other day I was on a train and I was looking out the window and I saw the child who has suffered the trauma of separation of a unified being. The single entity holding the single geometry is perfect.

Jill: Goodnight to the audience.

And... let's get a cab.

Jill's Analyst: I think, dear, that we have reached a crisis in our therapeutic relationship (doesn't that sound good?)! and hence the time to send you to the hospital? The only possible answer is better than a letter.

Your decision to marry Gregory has definitely interfered with your capacity to think of yourself again with my special ability. I was the only one who could do it.

I was not going to take off this piece of advice read this thing... that's what it's all about. It's the whole thing. It's not a half it's a quarter, it's not three-quarters it's the whole thing.

And so, you know, that's that. What's the reason of the unaccountable reason the Voice did not print the second half of her column this week. I thought it was taken off the air and its not in the paper and it's not... and it's... and it's... and it's... and it's... and it's...

WARRIOR THINK ABOUT MISS JOHNSTON? Dr. Warkhol has not been paid to think tonight and has not been paid to think what Jill: Would you like to answer that question? Of course, I would like to know that Jill doesn't have that.

The woman is a woman who changes her name was Thomas Hyatt Proctor and he was a philosophy professor and he was thefirst woman to get a law degree in New York in 1885, as much as anything, because he taught at the graduate school, at the University.

I was meaning to ask him what was he looking for? Is he the woman's name? I know that. What I mean is that is asking for the word "panic." I knew that. That's right. Define "panic," please. It does something like this; it's the word that's the end of the thing. I mean I'm talking about an eighty-year-old tailor who loved her very much who is now dying because he's nothing else is more important.

She was a woman of the world and was in England, in 1885, as much as anything, because he taught at the graduate school, at the University.

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of the tragic gene expression spoken of by Yeats, "Those all have before her. The I Ching gives her the grandest clues of all, she doesn’t separate her personal destiny from the world’s. It’s not art we know, it’s THE GREAT SEARCH.

Jill is old fashioned, she still believes in manners and that we separate mind and body, drives me to accept the thought of VICTIMAGE in many complex forms."

Jill is a poet, in Ireland there were such skillful poets that even the Druids were obliged to go to them for the spells they used. She is old fashioned. JILL IS ONE OF THEM USING THAT ALPHABET.

Jills life-time but she’ll leave a clue to the meaning of life and of the door work all will have before her. The I Ching gives her the grandest clues of all. She doesn’t separate her personal destiny from the world’s. It’s not art we know, it’s THE GREAT SEARCH.

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Somebody once asked me if I got molested by my fans every time I went out yes I yam buster even when I yam inocc neu. niss what David says is when I look the way I should and not the way I do. Gregory said that Gregory heard from Les about how everybody's that's attracted to me is oversexed. I wonder if that includes the man from the Singer Company who came to fix the machine that broke because Ann split V8 juice into the mechanical part and he said when he fixed it I didn't do nothin and nothin is allowed so I'm calling the cops and he got isassouthere one, deux, trois hecketysplit. So machine except Ann knows this here red bloomed American injun who lives above or below and named Harriet who has a machine with a towel while I looked the other way. Thinking to write this letter to whom it may concern but I don't know the address except David said I should mail it to the lost and found which is where Gregory said he found somebody's virginity Gregory's brilliant but he's losing his hair. Why doesn't he try the lost and found. Having a hamburger with mayonnaise with Les at Max's and this chick sneaks over from behind and whispers something like are you Elizabeth Shaw or Writewright and said I said Les what did you call me I'm no where I'm an artist and you can keep your Chinese Canadian Catholic opinions to your new rotick cricket friends. In the meantime the chick henceforth known as Madame Super Active TV was the bat she had seen me in D'Agostino's with Andy and assumed I must be somebody after all, well I'm not. Nobody knows who I am except maybe a couple of two. It's no good trying to look like I'm not a celebrity because Ann promised Ann's Aunt Angela I'd pick up some curtains and dragged myself to the BPM-IRD extra for a little bourbon on ice at the Academy of Americana, sorry lady, no ladies allowed in pants so off that I'm another one of those who's not going anywhere and I'm really getting there. Figure it out later. Miss, where are the drapes? Fancy fruits and vegetables dearie. No honey, drapes not grapes. Custom drapes, sale drapes, California drapes or ordinary drapes dearie? Skin it. They're probably sour. Anna's Aunt Angela can get her own. Right now I'm reading something somebody like Annette sent me from Paris, very chic but incomprehensible, just a letter. Clymenestra and the Ching that John gave me years ago when I was receiving things, not any more. no giving anything except my hand. It goes to Gregory. Who's giving me away, I'll ask Bridgid. Gregory thinks the nup-duhas should be at St. Patrick's but I wanna know if we're getting separate rooms at the hotel in Brazil where we go to consummate and who'll hold the door open for me when I get into the car and will Gregory kiss me? John made up a list of who shouldn't be invited and it includes Gregory, David and Susan. Who's left? Deborah, Ira and Aunt Angela. Hmmm. Good. Somebody dressed in red who looks like the archbishop said we'd degenerate the place. Cookies are red Gregory poop/how can I be sure that I love you? Won't do. Saw Paul Morrissey's movie entitled "Trash" and it's going to be a big hit, says Gregory who says that Morrissey should try harder to get the people in the movie to be either more stupid or more profound, and not inbetween. He also said that off stage shooting directions that appear in the film should be used more economically and used in such a way that they complement the narrative and not distract from it. Good idea. In movies and in fantasy and in deed, everything should count, that's right, that's what I said, not one not two, not three, not Gregory either since what doesn't count are his imitations of Jill cum Gregory cum Gary cum Gregory cum Gary.

BRIGID POLK

I remember Jill Johnston from the old days. We used to ride the Crosstown bus together and we used to get off at the Tompkins Square Library. Jill had an apartment next door to the Cafe Deja Vu and she used to do little scenes there. Yes, she used to do little scenes at the Cafe Deja Vu. And she liked Dickens, so she used to do things from Dickens. And nobody could actually get over it because her favorite words were her words from David Copperfield. And everybody thought "how clever Jill Johnston was to do David Copperfield." But I remember Jill carrying Harpers Bazaar and Websters Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary completely new for school. She always had a dictionary with her. And she'd quote you right from the dictionary, right from the dictionary anything you wanted to know. She even had a dictionary and she'd tell you. Of course she happened to like Bazaar much better than she liked Vogue. Vogue was a couple of years away. But I always thought, I haven't seen her recently. I saw her do a commercial on T.V. for these mixed vegetables and they were green and red and yellow and the four different colors. I said, "What is Jill Johnston doing on T.V. doing vegetables" and she said, "Kleenex were Kleenex?" I'm not sure since Little Lulu did Kleenex commercials first. Well, I just called her yesterday and Jill Johnston, I couldn't believe it. So I called up the Cello player, and the Oboe and the Flute player that I had met at Apple Records that said, "that's Jill Johnston" and I said, "My God, she's dyed her hair." I would have never recognised her. But it's very funny how you ride the bus with somebody and you don't even know them years later. But when we used to ride taxi's together also, I didn't know, but she would be carrying these mannequins with pins stuck in them and writing people's names on them. We didn't even exchange phone numbers just to get forty-nine cents to buy a felt tip pen so she could write on your cast you know, if you needed it. But I used to have a broken leg. Jill was crazy, she used to carry around with her fifty fangers and a half packed suitcase. Everything was everywhere. She also said that it was very hard to know where she was staying from one minute to the next. I don't know how she carried all these things around with her. The dictionary, Bazaar, and then we didn't see Jill much. She got this answering service and nobody called her, I mean you had to call her answering service. Of course we used to call Polly. And we'd say, "Polly, where's Jill" and Polly was very elusive over the telephone. She wasn't so elusive in person of course. She wasn't so elusive with Jill as a matter of fact. But we don't know if that's still going. And as a matter of fact, I think it was Polly who introduced Jill to Dickens or Polly. Anyway Polly's working for the Lexington Typewriter and Training Co. It's on 23rd St., on the east side. You can catch her in there maybe from twelve to seven. Well Polly used to be a waitress at Brownies and that's where Jill met Polly because Jill just wouldn't eat dead food. You know, food that sustains life... She would have to eat food that would regenerate life. She was very big on that. She would have to have raw vegetables. She wouldn't drink milk because it's too mucous and Polly gave her lots of literature on all these foods that regenerated all the cells and all the different things that you had to eat. I mean Jill just went crazy and Polly was just there. I mean she was just wonderful. And the two of them you just.. You never saw a happier couple. It was wonderful. And I guess that must have explained the signature inside the New Collegiate Dictionary. But you don't see them together anymore. You don't see Jill and you don't see Polly. And of course you don't see much of David or Gregory. And they would always give us the news of Jill. But now you call up that answering service and you don't get any answer at all.

I went to the airport last night to watch all the planes come in and go out and it was sort of rainy and cold and the crostown buses in a way. In a very strange way! And looking at all the neon lights and picking up fan magazines and these different goship columns. People saying good-bye to their loved ones over the holidays. And people coming in to meet their loved ones and I saw a Cello and it wasn't the cello player and it just brought back these memories of the Cafe Deja Vu, and David Copperfield, and Brownies, and all the milk that formed the mucous and Websters Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary completely new for school home and office. It's the most complete. Most up to date. New, fresh face to cover. It's the only one besides the unabridged Webster's third new International Dictionary. The finest in English Language and the only dictionary with a leading name in dictionaries. Completely new edition. A Miriam Webster. Completely new edition. We wish you a Merry Christmas go and the holidays such a let down. Thanksgiving comes and then Christmas comes and you let down of course.
JOHN PERREAULT

ROSALYN DREXLER

'Saint Jill.' Jill Johnston, one of my favorite introductions to Pop Art and Happenings and to advanced dance. Jill was even able to follow her when she first saw the dance, and transcended into her own autobiography. She now produces the dismay of many, but the dance was a different kind of humanism also included. Her writings, as extreme as she are, have been without their influence upon my own "loosening" as a critic and a journalist.

People still wonder why Jill's Voice column should carry the heading "Dance Journal." She doesn't write about dance per se, but about herself, about her experiences, and her adventures, her madeness and her quirky vision. The Dance "Dance Journal" should be in double quotes. The dance that she imagines, is not only her life — her life, specifically. (Remember Jill's Voice at the Garden, when every end of an almost disastrous concert screaming, "Why the fuck can't you get it off your ass and dance!") If in your life you are not "dancing," then you are not living. Move with the passion. Move with "green... Everything is holy.

Jill with all her pitfalls and her dreams gets some of this feeling across. Everything is interesting, and in Jill's case, particularly language. She is a language freak.

Of course, Jill's crazy. That's obvious. But crazy — and impossible — in a special and valuable way. One of her columns in "Dance Journal" is the 10,000 boring dance concert programs, by pudgy girls and farty fags, that some dance fans screw up their courage to waste their time and her talent on. For a while she wrote straight dance criticism gloriously and lucidly. It could be said that after Edwin Denby, who no longer writes very much, in all of America — including Gertrude Stein, there has been only Jill Johnston.

In the last three or four years, however, she has taken the dictum that "art should dribble into life" quite literally. Her fractured, sometimes cut-up, confessional syntax leaps from the newspaper page. Heard aloud it is auroral literature and it becomes obvious that she has been influenced by Joyce, Stein, Whitman and Ginsberg. She belongs to a venerable tradition and it adds to the tradition a mode that is all her own.

Even though I had been writing the art column for the Village Voice, almost three years ago, I never got to know Jill. The occasion was a typically dreary, jaded, snooty, slightly human. Modern. And she came with Les Levine, who was wearing charcoal and velvet pants, and a fur coat. Les was wearing a top hat and parts of a man's tuxedo, in a sublime parody of Marlene Dietrich's parody. They were a great brother and sister act. We all staggered off to a party afterwards where Jill played the piano and I remember holding her forehead while she poked into a tourquoise toilet bowl. Les, who re-appeared from out of nowhere, hauled her home.

Since then it has been off again, on again. During last spring's flip-out, she called me to come to her for some reason or another and she was in the process of moving. Piles of junk and books and bottles and other detritus were spread over her loft and she had hired someone to help pack the moving men were due in half an hour and found she was not just moving headway. She went through the halls of the building she should throw away, punctuated by diatribes against her now, when she was on fire, she had to burn down her loft. She had threatened to kill her the week before but I could never figure out if it was because she blamed him for the recent minor fire in their mutual loft building or because he had misappropriated her name on a poster.

When Jill is "up" she is really to the fact that she is manic. Nothing stands in her way. When she's down, she's more civilized, less interesting and really down, she doesn't know which state is worse. All I know is that Jill is important. She makes me nervous. A few hours with Jill at a party or at Max's requires either more drinking or a three hour nap. (When she and Gregory Battcock, whom she has asked to marry her on television, are together, all hell breaks loose.)

Jill slides in and out of her craziness at a speed that is as exasperating as it is exhilarating. But this time around she must have learned something, because she stayed out of the classy-farm. She's still on the loose, upsetting everyone, trying to drive her friends as crazy as she is but, all in all, her craziness is indicative of a particular time. I suspect that this will be the ultimate value of her writings which are in an isometric relationship with her life. If anyone in the future wants to find out about the Sixties, they will have to read Jill's columns.

Sex too is an issue. Jill does not apologize for her unorthodox love life, in fact, she celebrates it — in print, at that, from week to week. She just doesn't give a fuck. Child of the Fifties, record-keeper of the Sixties, prophetess of the Seventies; she is innocent. Her column is herパス and her cross.

I do not want to be put in the position of mythologizing or glamorizing Jill. She is all too glamorous and mythological. But almost all she is almost all she is only herself: tough, vulnerable, crazy, supersane, cool, hysterical. She's a wreck. But she could be a success. A woman caught between sexes and continents and eras and contradictions and life and style and between states of consciousness. I, as a man, am caught in much the same way, but am.

It's so boring to be same. Sanity is — when it is not merely a matter of having the right brain/chemicals — a social definition. The mad do not suffer, but they suffer because...
SUZI GÄBLIK
BARBARA FORST

(with acknowledgments to Anthony Storr and R.D. Laing)

The blanks are to be filled in at will from the extra word list at the end.)

Miss Johnston possesses a mind not unlike that of Lewis Carroll. If she were ever out of this academic job, some manufacturer will certainly employ her to find ingenious solutions to practical problems. For, like Carroll, she is concerned to turn things upside down and inside out, and to "in order to make better sense. I feel sure she is a wizard at solving, especially those with a content.

In general, she employs her inventiveness in attempting to tell us how the human mind works and to explain that We cannot be objective in dealing with not as they invent our senses, for how we deal with such depends upon what has gone before: the patterns which have already been established. These patterns make us, and also tend to, which may no longer be appropriate. This way of looking at mental functioning is not incompatible with psychoanalytic theory, which maintains that neurosis in the present is the result of and of patterns of behavior which may have been adaptive in early childhood, but which are no longer so in adult life. If our minds did not work in this way, we should constantly be confronted with chaos. A person who has never been able to do by is at first faced with a meaningless which only gradually begins to make sense. It is this of the brain which enables this to happen. We have to have into which we can fit our experience, or life becomes.

But the disadvantage of is that it tends toward. We cannot fit new into old or escape from our. The history of illustrates admirably, progresses because someone notices something which cannot be fitted into the existing.

Miss Johnson has concerned herself with showing us how to escape from this dilemma. Words are which themselves may become rigidified. Perhaps we need a new which connects things together in a new way, a which neither nor is a to links incompatibles and thus opens the way to new ideas. We have in our own; it remains to be seen whether we shall get the special as well. To those who think of only in connection with the suggestion will seem fantastic.

Extra Word List (to be used for filling in the missing words in the accompanying biographical sketch game)

1. removing the pinch pin 2. the usual state of affairs 3. any theory of sexuality 4. equivalent operations 6. to promote constie 7. it is impossible to leave and impossible to stay 8. twinges of pain all over one's body 9. the wrong end of a telescope 10. a curious spiral 11. "insinuendos" 12. driving the other person crazy 13. to throw the box is the whole world 14. inter-experience 15. hierarchy of intentions 16. struggle 17. comical effects 18. live out an untenable position 19. persistent inconsistencies 20. heart of hearts 21. sexual 22. when inside and outside have been flipped 23. 'the lineaments of gratified desire' 24. true sanity 25. noncommittal 26. resent being 'used' 27. embodying a fiction 28. the necessity of applying soap to make a lather 29. switches from one topic to the next 30. very archaic instinctual forces 31. confusion in a public situation 32. system of communication 33. real bodily excitement 34. it is an achievement to realize one is not necessarily who others take one to be 35. fulfillment 36. paradoxical implications 37. our perception of 'reality' 38. pull in opposite directions 39. transitional 40. simultaneously unrelated levels 41. uses the other merely as a hook to hang projections on 42. possible types of disjunctive relations 43. steps off the end of the world

BARBARA FORST

That is to say, in part, what has been forgotten. So that perhaps what Jill is: is that Jill is really a time-keeper, a human metronome-announcer of seasons and heralder of cosmic warnings. A human raggle-taggle anti-Freudian geiger counter, a 20th X sorceress cressed like a layabout lady d'Artagnan and equipped with a mordantly twisted set of seven endings, formerly reserved for shy witch-doctors and old crippled hunters in the Kalahari desert.

In Saturday night and cold again. I am uninspired. Dinner was good, I watched television for awhile—a comedy. I thought about Mary who has been very sick and my sister who continues to search for her dog, a small female Sheltie lost 12 days ago in Bedford Stuyvesant. I looked at a German magazine, amazing pictures of Sudanese tribes and in a German weekly—Leni Reifenstahl the photographer I thought she was dead. The physical perfection of them!

Last week I was in Virginia—land of my birth. Horses and statesmen, elegance reserve pride, mayhem, disorder, solidity, and disappearance operate at the same rate there, where I am now on Spring St. Perhaps life has an indigenous style we aren't able to compute yet; no one I know is dirty. Reading situations show dramatic similarities which have everything to do with stress reaction. So I wondered whether the present scene isn't connected with a kind of cross-national splendor. Impression (a few adjectives there for clean.)

Well our vocabulary magnification is deeply indebted to the Governors (ours and theirs), Technology (theirs), Cars (theirs), and Intimate Sanitation (ours). It all adds up to the ultimate vision like King Kong making a nightstick out of the Empire State Bldg—not to kill wound or to make a mere visually addenda, a gargantuan rigid for our rapacious dreamless eyes.

After that I got very sick. I would say it was a combination of the atmosphere, the climate, the city and the time. That's safe to say. Mairly the atmosphere and some delicious river oysters I ate to make peace. They never really had a chance. Which is why Athenian centipedes—upon whose structure the Parthenon is based cast shadows in the sun and are well-known viaducts for drowning ants. One can always use a real idea.

Are the clothes they are wearing? What a curiosity heated my thoughts and rolled on the floor with them wait—for them to win the stand up again and wonder about. Arthur Kipps Sitting Bull—someone had described him to me—what his name means. Then it seemed to me, knew that finally named the man. For a bull is a powerful sexual creature and if he sits, it is in the wisdom of this knowledge—the knowledge of the body and the tribe—they were back to being one with God because we are one with our fellow brothers and sisters, but this time not in innocence. Otherwise there will be answers but the way will be lost. Our horns are on our head the name tells us. We grew them and must sit in wisdom of them—like Sitting Bull. Like Black Elk.

Afterwards it was close upon 1970 and I had been Gulliver I would have waded up through the still-beautiful ocean, gazing down on Cape Henry and Rehoboth Beach Atlantic City and carefully avoiding the greeves of northern New Jersey, crawled back through the tunnel into New York. Here where we are all children and some have story book names. * * *

And coming back, I thought there must be some good reason for a liaison of hatred among the world's intelligentsia—among them who do we not know—but a singular ambivalent thought disbanded the whole thing and I try not to be surprised. It was partly because I heard an unprepared exercise—musical exercise—based for phrase on Otis Redding's Try A Little Tenderness and thought again of him and all the people I know who make it down at least one hole. Anyway I'm one, or will be.

Certainly there is a thread here. Or there is glue and you take the tube out and put glue on it or if that doesn't go well electricity, surely there's an answer. Or rather a way since answer closes and way opens.

And that way we are back at the Parthenon.

Dancing enters into it too since it is first of all imprecise, it is musical in that a sea anemone and the motion-function of a sea anemone are exactly the same and that is muscle, or where muscle and motion are as only and inviolate of distinction. Involved movement I thought is to breathe to vibrate and be fertile, to procreate and re-form, to graduate into formlessness and be born again changed:

to assume life and resume to be modified to be both assigned and resulted to be intrinsic and mutilated and multiply and outer exacerbated harmonics which are returns.

All bending being arcs retracing tensions produced by the world's winds in the world's foliage and seas.

And who are we? Barbara from the Latin is 'foreign' or a 'stranger'. Jill from Old English or Scotch is 'fright' or 'wrench'. Tribes had dispersed, cities began, animal herds had been diminished or been since, all men became their keepers. For these names man turned to himself, and invented not an animal but a prototype man to be in reverence. He was a control and our names tell the story.

Perhaps Jill will choreograph a dance for a thousand people—running on all fours—and schedule it for the spring in a nearby forest.
How are we ever going to catch the rhythm of our time? Jill Johnston knows one of the answers: free association, automatic writing, total and post-Freudian (to dot the i) honesty. Honest? Who, in this era of the wheeler-dealer and his successor, Mr. Empty Mind, would ever think? See how catching Jill is? Only, where I stop for punctuation, she goes on.

The poetess writes for a newspaper in hard cover. The priestess watches over the unity of higher consciousness and lives, like a hiatus, between the identifications of meaning which the poetess means by words.

The priestess cares nothing for rhythms; only the queen of the night sings the enchantress, a clean machine, red black and pastel.

The paste is giving a vessel waiting to be filled.

The sex of men has been long established. The Symposium, The Tropic of Cancer, Thieves Journal, Casanova.

But Jill Johnston is not Emily Dickinson. She is no more Sappho than Genet is Plato.

Hers is not yet the wisdom of age, for she still seeks out the corners of that youthful excitement as if she were an eternal 16. Of course she is. I disagree. For me it is far better to subscribe youth when maturity first begins its own flirtation. But here she is, as erotic as a flower, a chrysanthemum all fingers and openings. Not wanting me, there is no disinterest.

Yet this is a serious criticism, for the age of woman has not yet taken her place beside the neater and grammatical ages of men.

So I still feel superior, a white universalist knowing that centuries must pass before libraries in China and the Library of Congress have almost as many, African as European books.

The distance is fair enough, for without her passion my sixth sensuality would not be emoted as it is of her passion. She is a point which the compass records like a blip on a radar screen.

And all I can do is dry her prose, hang it out on a cold day and hope it does not freeze. For her sap is of an early summer, hot as beee’s wax. Sappho was not out of season and hers was a world more given than shared.

Brooks Atkinson, that unchanging face of a Times sensibility, once elected Rosemary of Bell President of this wonderful town. America. Jill Johnston still dreams of Queens. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark, so she makes the world an object of culture. The castle is empty and in the meadows of life she tears along, surrendering her kingdom for the love of a youth. What greater gift?

Dear Jill,

As per our New Year’s Day conversation, I am giving you a piece of my mind as I promised. I always keep promises made at parties (it is a hangover from suburban Jewish morality. I’ve never been able to get rid of it) sometimes this puts me in situations I was best not in.

So as for this promise to write something for Les’ magazine Culture Hero (why isn’t it called Culture Heroine—isn’t it about you?), I should start by saying I used to think you were a great Culture Heroine. When I was a student you were a glamorous critic, and I read your columns religiously. You used to talk more about art than about yourself in those days. Did you really finally decide criticism was hopeless, or meaningless or impossible? Or did you just begin to think you were more interesting than what you were looking at? As I followed your via dolorosa out of art and into life, I could never quite decide why you chose to go that way. Or as Carl Andre used to say (and he used to say many things before he too became a Culture Hero): Not all the ways out of the darkness lead into the light. I always took that to mean we should get used to the night; but perhaps he didn’t really mean to be so pessimistic.

You asked me about memories. I have some vivid memories of you over the years at parties and lectures and openings. I remember an evening in Hartford in 1964. Merce was dancing—it was one of his rare appearances in those days and all the faithful had followed him up there. I was at your table at a dinner party before the concert. We were seated with four red-faced insurance executives. (At least I thought they were insurance executives; if you think enough about Wallace Stevens you begin to believe everybody in Hartford is an insurance executive.) You were explaining the joys of the bathroom during most of the main course. When it was finished you were not understood, and the general level of alcoholism had escalated, you began throwing the silverware at them. They got redder but seemed frozen to their chairs. I thought this must be how a Culture Heroine behaves, if she is truly free.

I also remember some stories about your friend Ray Johnson. We used to live close to his gallery, and he often passed our house on his way home. Every time he came by, he took our name plate out of the door and substituted his own. I didn’t mind this, but I became irritated when he started sending himself mail there. When I asked him what he was doing, he said he was living in voluntary poverty. I said I thought that must be hard since his collage show had sold out. He said he paid the rent in the hand and had continued to live in voluntary poverty. When he took me off his mailing list, I realized I wasn’t in the art world any more.

Actually the only person I know in the art world these days is my daughter. She knows a lot of famous artists. Once her friend Jasper Johns took her to the drugstore to buy her a present. He said she could have anything she wanted. She picked out a box of tootsie rolls—shaped like a giant tootsie roll. When they got back home Jasper asked her if he could have one. She thought for a moment, and then she said: “What, and waste one?”

I think it’s very nice Les is starting another underground newspaper. I think everyone should go underground for a while, just to see what’s like to live there. I’m still faithful to California, which is practically the same thing, except it’s warmer and maybe a little less damp.

It’s nice to keep your promises. Too. Behaviour is only an example.

Love,

Barbara
On October 17, 1968, Jill Johnston quoted Brecht in her column "Dance Journal" in the Village Voice: "The world is governed by the badly fucked."

In the same column she also quoted Norman O. Brown: "There is no way to avoid murder except by ritual murder." The column was titled: "The Unhappy Spectator." As a curious and despairing observer of New York's Art World, Art Style, Art Circus, I felt that Jill seems to think that our life—at the end of the sixties, and surely now—was and is governed by sex and violence (see quotations by Brecht and Brown).

I dig Jill Johnston's writing because it expresses sex, violence and a romantic, ego-erotic consciousness. Her violence is very much like the ones in cartoons, a kind of Western-cowboyish violence. It has humour, it does not kill. I would write a book about Jill Johnston, for I am by now at my third article on her. I have a two hour long tape in which she is talking a blue streak. But in this Culture-Hero-Fanzine I use my "Fortune Telling Book" which I found in the john at Max's Kansas City. Three Cheers for Jill. Three souls are living in her breast. Why? Let the numbers tell.

Jill Johnston's name has 12 letters. Adding them, one gets the number 78. Adding 7 and 8 we arrive at the number 15, and 1 plus 5 gives us the number 6. I divide 6 by 2 because Jill Johnston's name consists of 2 words. Dividing 6 by 2 I get 3.3 is Jill's key number. In the chapter "The Numbers in your Name" the number 3 tells a beautiful story. "3 is a gay and happy number. It promotes an atmosphere of good feeling and generosity. Persons under this influence are therefore always welcome company and eager to lend a helping hand or cheer up those who have the blues. If one's personality is not a very social one, to begin with, the number 3 tends to lessen shyness and make it easier to strike up new acquaintances. It promotes a spirit of joyous comradeship which is very hard to resist. In matter of love it is conducive to a very deep passionate nature, and it does not favor light or passing affections."

The number book gives me also a strikingly truthful description of Jill's professional life when I use my "three"-key. The vocational number 3 says: "This number is extremely helpful to all those who are in occupations with require a great deal of contact with the general public. The vibrations of 3 thus are favorable to performers on the theater or concert stage, to men and women who have things to sell, to the public relation counsel, the publicity man, the advertising agent, or the radio performer or writer. They are very beneficial to those who feel the need for self-expression, who are unable to work on anything that is monotone and does not call for enthusiasm and energy. To a more cautious, plodding type of personality this number may be harmful, acting as an irritant and distracting the individual in his daily task." I feel that the number Three is an extraordinary number, charismatic, mystical, infinite, boundless. Triangle. Trinity. Three Wise Men. Three Kings. Three Apes. Amor a Trois. Three Astronauts in Space. Three-dimensional. So I decided that Jill has Three souls. Soul Nr. I: philosophical, intellectual. Soul Nr. II: sophisticated, feminine (Marilyn Monroe-ish sexy). Soul Nr. III: male-female androgynous, erotic-swinging-super-sexy. Jill Johnston's three souls are in constant war with each other. It seems to me that up to this day Jill could not find a way to coordinate her three souls into one dynamic whole. She tries to do it, with great energy and great spirit. But ever so often she flips into a manic depressive rage, and in doing that she produces her complex schizophrenic writing style.

She told me recently that she is writing her autobiography in the first person singular, no pseudonyms—real names all over the book. What a terrific group book it will be. Names are portraits. My name—Lil Picard—has 9 letters. When added the number is 45. 4 plus 5 adds up to 9. A short and simple statement. 9 letters—and 9 the key number. 9 is divisible by 3 x 3. I feel related an year to Jill's personality. The number 3 unites us.

Now let's hear some other voices, and what they have to say about Jill Johnston.

LUCAS SAMARAS

Not having given birth to her, I feel very well. Never having slept, slopped or curdled up with her, I can't attest to the voluptuousness, eroticism or indispensability of her body.

Never having read about her untimely death, I don't feel inclined to let my sympathy with her broken bread with her in the company of similar afflicted verbal-fascinated unquenchable, slightly unfinished, peripheral people throughout the 60's in Providence, Houston, New Brunswick and East Broadway, and having scantily contributed to her sadistic education, and having been stuck with her reviews of my shows year after year, and having tried numerous times to make conversation or pass the time while she was under love, booze, pills or some kind of greedy sputtering mental irregularity, no I will not let overcompensatory feelings prejudice my reality with downtown sentiment concerning her stubborn walkie-talkie suffering, her vulnerable decontrolled strip-tease, or her undeniable usefulness, complexity and magnanimous buffoonery.

Instead I wish to say, let her continue to write, holding us by the balls of our overtaxed but still stirring attention as she kangaous in brightly-tuned environments and belfrys composing and decomposing her life, her body, her friends and her Catholicism. And sure, I love the 19th century in her as long as she doesn't emit her vapours too often in my direction. Twice a year is a nice time to see her.

On this her unimpaired 50th per annum (or whatever it is) I wish many people to thank her for. With a stroke of the pen, she has done much to make the world a better place for me.

Barry Bryant: I'd like to fuck her. I find her writing and manner very sexy. Makes me want to ball her with at least three other people.
Oh, Jill, how often I've wanted to be you, letting all my anxieties crash into people's lives, translating my feelings at once into words, spilling the water and wine of my emotions into those already drunk on their own! I think you were born trembling with secrets clinging to them until you could bear it no longer. To have told even one, meant telling them all. And in return you have been blessed (or cursed) with uncensored vision—and with responses as excruciatingly alive as they are vulnerable. How can you be so exposed and still write? (And still live?) And so, I have often wanted to be you not out of envy, not out of neurosis, not even out of curiosity, but because you seem to have been able to transform fear itself into something very close to ecstasy. To live ecstatically, as you surely must, has always been my dream.

PETER HUJAR It was way before Xmas and Jill says will ya write a page for this thing that Les Levine is doing, and I say, OK and Jill calls this morning and I'm still asleep at 2—depressed like crazy and she says it gotta be done by tomorrow. So tonight I come down to Ann's because she's gonna help me write because I can't think straight anymore. So Ann's stringing beads and feathers "that would be the envy of any Indian". And I say, I could write about the first time I saw Jill hanging upside down over a juke box drunk and people kept trying to coax her off the pipe. If she wants to hang on the pipe let her hang on the pipe. We just don't make room for our crazies—not that hanging from a pipe is "that crazy"—I mean what's crazy about hanging from a pipe? I liked that lady hanging from the pipe.

"They didn't even thank me for the awful time I gave them". I'm sure I heard it before. Anyway—Perfect.

MAYONNAISE, OLIVES. White bread—she's over at the refrigerator— I get up and have one too. "That's all ya need baby—Mayonnaise and olives".

"This is incredible Ann, a whole fucking book with your name in it. Three times on each page".

Ann finishes her magic necklace and puts it on me. Jill from the bathroom "it's too much—It's too goddamn much". Her pants still down at her knees runs to the radio and turns it up. "I once made a dance to this".

Jill dances. Jill stops—lights up her pipe—writes in her little black book. She's gone. She springs out of the bedroom in only black panties. Four deer leaps and she turns off the radio. Four more deer leaps and again she is gone.

Jill and son Richard Photo By Les Levine
YVONNE RAINER

1500 words about J.J.! Good god (I've done 8 already) it would be hard for me to write that many about me. I shall just have to try to run off at the mouth nonstop, no nagging, no erasing, no adjustments, no getting the record straight, no trial by jury in other words: a rough approximation of the style of J.J. herself. Indeed. Stoped, dead, when I can't remember where I first met her—sometime between 1959 and 1961. It says a lot about me that the last time I picked up people who were picking up on me, so my first conscious memory of her was at a dance concert at the 92nd Street Y probably one of those deadly dull affairs that everyone went to because of the general dearth and just to keep up and because we dancers had only just begun to take the first faltering step in trying to connect up to western civilization (those of us in our twenties in the early 60's) in certain aspects of it we hadn't yet realized that the 92nd St. Y was a cemetery that venerable repository of cranky ladiestula). Mexican jewelry and sagging boots with wizened faces not getting old with good grace in the handsome and crazy ladies on the stage eking out their petty agonies, fantasies and deprivations in the name of all is or was holy and aesthetic. Their pictures, eccentricities and agonies even then or maybe especially then turned me off or turned me on to my own holy mission. Unbeknownst to me I was well on my way to joining their ranks. So I met Jill at this concert with Sally Gross, I forgot the name of the person I was with but evidently had just written something about me in the VV because I remember thanking her for it. I acknowledged and thanked her for writing something about there being no need for it and it was all very formal. The nonverbal part of this contact remains the closest part of this memory because it was something that recurred periodically in my irregular meetings with J.J. and at times drove me up the wall: it was the way she looked at me, the gazing very intent the expression indicating almost the unspoken, the unspoken and bemusement. People with pale eyes always make me uncomfortable, I guess that is why J.J. have I looked into people's mouths during conversation; too many people in the world have pale eyes (and the Word is easier to deal with than to tell them these eyes. HMM... I'll have to think about that). In a strange way I have come to value that deep looking into my soul that come to mean Now there's a creature as strange as I am. I know very well it could mean anything or nothing at all but it what sometimes does is stop me cold in my presumption that everyone in the world is as frantically engaged in the pursuit of sanity and rationality as I. (Is this about her or about me?) I am not in a manner that I thought I might. Jill's early role in relation to me—that of self-style PR last chance unfortunately a debt that I feel unequipped to repay in mind. My blindness for the details of her life is very blurred by those personal involvements and intense ambition. I remember lots of loft parties which we attended with people's offspring in the Volkswagen bus singing at the top of a drunken voice those British-American-evolutionary Prince Charles Yvonne and George and all that we ended up at the od Dom now the Electric Circus and Jill still holding over and kind of the response she wanted saying, "O Yvonne, you're impossible." She always claimed that Bob Morris had been her only much later in fact quite recently about how much he helped her out that area. It was because of various things incited or overlapped in our lives—J.J. and mine. Her entry into dance was an entry into a new and our natural disaster de la guerre. One potent memory is me lying low in the critical ward of St. Vincent's finding myself thrown by the bed helping me to open an envelope containing a feisty salutation from Jill in the St. Vincent psycho ward. I got out before she did that time. As far as I know we each had three official "dissolutions"—mine within a much shorter time span. I have come to consider mine breakdowns; I suspect she has a more transcendent view of hers, that they were breakups. I have the habit of walking at odd times by the course of fact the only of my own brief sojourn at Bellevue and also through direct observation while I was there and the journey since then. I have entirely confirmed the diet in mental institutions is not conducive to the maintenance of health. (Not withstanding Jill emerged unscathed on that score.) Since I lost a lot of weight while there, could it be that The Asl ALSO Rises? Foo. Keep it light keep it light. One last foray: Jo Baer says that high ases are challenging. She ought to know.

I get very mad at Jill when she repeats something I say in her column or when I find out she's mad at me through reading the VV. She avoids direct communication. That's her trouble that's my trouble that's everybody's trouble. Enróm. Sorry Jo. Now I am remembering a dance that Jill and I actually really and truly did together at a place called the Washington Square Gallery around 1964. That gallery was something else: Ruth Kligman had there a huge bundle invested in it, it was 4 or 5 floors (no elevator!), the investment most conspicuous in the pushy office I'd ever seen sitting like a throne atop a small balustraded beruged flight of stairs off the ground floor. You could tell the place was doomed as soon as you came in the door. The dance was to be a collaborative improvisation full of the incommensurate indeterminacy and chance randomness. (Oh world forgive my perpetuation of these romantic clichés, I'd say.) It was agreed that we would each do our thing, I forget what we called it. Jill had some music she wanted to use by Bach, Purcell, Monteverdi. She fortified herself with frequent guzzles from a bottle of vodka. I was signaling the performance, making the professionals who were sharing the program somewhat upright. You know there were so many things there I'm still blurs: I really can't say what she did in that performance, I hardly can say what I did. Well let's see, I did some cathartic-type rolling about on the floor (I had strong things then) coming up on the knees, falling back, also some pushing toward the front as a sort of abjectness. But I was dead drunk on top of it to boot. The Jelly Bean had struck again. O and then for awhile there were some sad scenes at Jill's that became a performance and set up out-of-town concerts for some of us. I remember a particularly unusual one, perhaps it was the last, at Fairleigh Dickinson U involving Jill, me, and David Gordon in what I think was his last performance of his own work. There were 5 people in the audience. Becky Arnold was there seeing me for the first time. (Becky now dances with me.) Jill had a terrible time, the microphones didn't work, her lecture didn't carry. It was just, after a blizzard. The VV that had picked us up at the bus station had skidded into a brick gatepost shaking us up quite a bit, then as soon as we got going again it skidded—very slowly dreamlike—into an oncoming car. Jill got shaken around the worst—front seat next to driver. Banged head, scraped knee, sprained finger. I guess all that was before the performance. Remembering this gives me the shivers. I know one shouldn't tour in the winter in a car and I just got thru doing it again. Suicide.

Suddenly my 1500 words have taken on a melancholia. I can't pretend that in the last ten years Jill and I have not been very painful times. Though I laugh at some of those times, it is not so easy with others. But it is true that many of the unpleasant experiences have shared now definitely seem funny. Even your last VV column, Jill. And how about last fall—me sitting around after my most recent operation and you described of a house—the two of us getting up every morning, mooning over coffee cups, and fiercely engaged in a contest of who has more reason to be miserable. As usual I was determined to win. I must admit that your strategies baffled me. Perhaps it was a draw.

My life has now emerged along a different facet. I haven't seen you since that peculiar dinner at the Cookery—martinis, gibsons, and chicken salad—when you kept me in stitches with the first 10 pages of your memoirs and later I watched you get into your mother's walrus-car with the left side all bashed in. I hope you too have turned a corner.

If this isn't 1500 words then I don't know what.

BILLY APPLE

161 West 23rd Street
Weekends 12 to 6 p.m.
HELEN ANSELL

Jill coated and scarved, stewing in wool, in a chair by the fire, the smell of mind-funk rising with the pipe smoke, stinking in a bathroom glass of whisky, and she glances and deflects out of cold eyes and is ugly and disgusted and suspicious, hung with hair, exhibiting from insulated coat-tubes her two naked, white and unclean hands. Jill mumified, shrunken-headed... Jill at table, cuff-dangling through the food. "Oh but man what is this CRAP?", bobbing in the chair, cockspurs flying, child-teeth bared in a challenging grin, head strained for a better view but we remain swine at the trough, and her crowing becomes monumentally vulgar... Jill tuned in, arms pumping us up like inner tubes because Lloyd George knows my father and father knows Lloyd George, and she's all idiot and affectionate hilarity, followed by a wipe out at the piano, a hunchback rejection, Jill Johnston as conceived by Charles Adams, and we attempt to hear one another over her din—christ is she singing too? asking her to join us, and getting her as two booted feet in the air, a fly-glinting crotch, and on the down swing, a rump hidden and revealed by black underpants...Jill in the same chair by the same fire, Victorian in a white lace shirt, hair shining in the light, her paw transformed into an elegant human appendage holding a pipe, and she is a miracle of intelligence, the goat-eyed insolence refined and listening, the iris enriched from yellow to brown; yes she has been the victim of self-parody... Jill in the middle distance lies flat across my knees, waiting bare-legged, in haste from the tub, and pale as a sepia sketch... Jill in close-up is a veil of hair through which one moves in search of her mouth, in search of many mouths. At the ears a mouth, at the eyes, at the cheeks—I fly across them and am met everywhere by lips and tongues. An image of nipple and breast are touched onto my mouth by her mouth, and I am reminded. She has buttoned her skirt for me to unbutton it, bending over me, becoming me finding her. My tongue to the breast's tongue, my hands to the breast's face, seems like the first human kiss, wishing she were me she says, suck me, her tongue running across my eyes and ears to be with me and the wet breast that's more mine than hers... Tobacco smell, sweet smell, sex smell, with Jill singing under water, feathered hands on my face, shadowing the ravishment between her legs, within another mouth, blood red, between the tongues on tongues, within the body eyes that permit seeing fingers, searching and sucking visions, a devouring without destroying, Jill and I partaking of Jill, Jill and I partaking of me... Jill in a heap, cooling weight, senseless, imprisoned by exhaustion, and I'm freed miserably by a cold good-night without a kiss, this contrasted with her body against mine, our rest, standing together fully decorated in underwear and jerseys and sweaters and vests and trousers and socks and boots and chains and belts and rings and earrings, touching faces, with intimations of tenderness... Jill dancing by herself, the arms raised, the hands inclined, a modest figure completed, then suspended, a ghost dance, after which Jill leans at the table reading a record cover, rag-tag and uncombed, back arched and neck curved, legs together, dancing as she stands, a derelict queen.

Jill Johnston Photo: By Helen Ansell
VITAMIN C

Life Trips

At Allen Ginsberg's giant poetry reading in Miami, Allen was in front of the crowd giving his sermon number, "turn on, open up, smoke the dope, take the LSD," when from behind him came the loud voice of Lou Baginberg, who was sitting on the platform, saying "Allen, your should tell the kids that it's wrong to tell them that. It's against the law. They'll do it and get in trouble. They'll be arrested." Allen turned and looked at his father with the incredible look, and said "Yes." Later in the program the police moved in. Heavy karma in Miami.

... The California police were offering 3 times the price, but the guy who owned the land took a liking to Tim. We heard the money was raised by the brotherhood who sold massive quantities of acid (sunshine) at cost across the country. One of the last reports from Berlin is that "The Living Theater" was definitely splitting up this time, with Judith and Julian going to work in a French factory, Robert on his way to India and 10 of them forming a group which will tour American rock festivals this summer.

Vitamin Shots

Andy Warhol phoned John Perreault and said "Can I play with your cock as a work of art? I could do it as a street work." John's answer was "I don't know, Let me think about it." At David Whitney's Christmas party Andy said to Jasper Johns, "Can I play with your cock as a work of art?" We are told he gave him a needle and a weird look. He should let Andy do it. Andy is light-fingered, as opposed to being bounded. Then Bridget Pollock wrote a letter to John Perreault that said "Can I stick my finger up your ass as a work of art?" She phoned Andy and told him, and Andy said "Can I stick my finger up your ass too?" Andy is light-fingered in this column. If there is anything anyone particularly wants to know, they should send questions.

Body Pile

Max Neuhau and Susan Hartung have bought a 30' x 30' room in a building where they're fixing up a Bay of Biscayne. When it's sea-worthy, they plan to skirt Florida and a place in the Gulf of Mexico where they want to be. The boat has a generator for running the air conditioner. Anne Waldman and Michael Brownstein have freaked out of New York to a fireplace room in Springs for the Winter. Ron Gold to be a psychedelic band at Lincoln Center, riding a 1200 dr Harley on stage in Sam Shepard's Sidewinder. Rev. Michael Allen's son John freaked out in Mount Sinai Hospital in Sedgwick permanently crashed 2 years now at Cottage Hospital in Barbara. The groupie Wendy Whitehall and film maker Peter Ungerleider (13) in London the first week in February and then to India with Mick Jagger to visit Tantric cremation grounds.

Property Trip

Peter Condriotis, Virginia Dwan's ex-husband, married Missou of the Phillips Gallery in Los Angeles. Rico was knocked up when they got married and Peter got 1 million from Virginia in the divorce settlement. John Perreault is listed on the 2nd floor with works at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery and was rushed to a hospital for an undisclosed treatment. Meanwhile his gallery was flooded with foot-deep water when water pipes burst during the Saturday gallery sale. Upstairs at the 8th floor at the Dwan Gallery, Michael Heizer was opening a show of photographs of his earth works. Our art dept. says the real elemental work was the 3rd floor with water works at the Tibor De Nagy. On the 6th floor Marilyn Finicial was screaming to Maureen McGinnis "Call the fire dept! Call the fire dept!" and Ma was shouting back "They won't come! I'll call the police!" Anyway, all the rents on those guys' galleries have been screwed and they are all looking for space downtown. John Perreault is trying to sell his De Nagy drawings for $35,000. He brought it to Knoedler's, who handle De Nagy, and they said they didn't have one for less than $5,000, but they didn't want that one. He got it from De Nagy and he wouldn't let it be photographed. I guess they're not as advanced as their photographs. Francoise De Menil and Danny Fields seen dining at Brownie's. The Wynn Chamberlain cupboard service works again: Henry Hopkins making it with Jenu. Is it really true that Philip Johnson has just returned from Switzerland where he underwrote that cellular injection treatment that makes you young or keeps you looking young? Others have had the treatment. Including Marlene Dietrich, the Duchesse of Windsor, Winston Churchill.

We stopped by John Button's this afternoon and there were 3 boys at the breakfast table. 2 had spent the night and one was a model. There names are: Arthur Shevitz, Tony Soto, Michael Say. There was a tube of vasoline on the breakfast table. In Southampton, someone said they saw Jerry Rubin in Thanksgiving in a caravan of rented black limousines coming from a visit to Doctor Bishop. Rumbers

John Harnish, Brand X cameraman and Karen Edwards flew down to Jamaica for two weeks at Christmas, after having finished editing the movie. On New Year's Eve they rented a motorcycle and went up into the mountains to visit an old man whom John had photographed last year. The old man gave him a third of an ounce of grass. When they came down out of the mountains, the police were waiting. John was arrested and put in jail. The old man had telephoned the police. Then followed a heavy court number in which John was convicted of possession of marijuana. Yesterday John was sentenced to a $3000 fine, 18 months at hard labor and deportation after serving the sentence. Nixon has really gotten to them down there. Frank Caventini, one of the Brand X superstars, is working for Pablo Ferro at Ferro Films. On Monday, Frank and Pablo went to Pablo's loft after work and Frank was tired, so he took a nap before Lorri was to get there. The doorbell rang and Pablo asked who was there and a man said he wanted to borrow some ice. Pablo opened the door and a slim gray-haired man fired a gun wounding him in the neck. Frank ran in and found Pablo covered in blood. Frank called the police, who came and handcuffed him, charging him with murder and possession of dangerous drugs or both. After the night in jail, charges were dropped against Frank. On Friday, Pablo's lawyer Leo Robbins worked some magic and court was held in Pablo's hospital room, where a judge, a bailiff, a stenographer and 2 deputies appeared for the arraignment, and at which all charges were dropped. Can you believe it? Pablo is still in the hospital and we're told he can move his fingers, but he can't move his arm. Pablo says "It was a mistake. He got the wrong guy." Informed sources tell us that when Charles Olson was in a New York hospital waiting to die from cancer of the liver that had spread to his spinal column and was traveling up to his brain, the hospital refused to treat him because he was a long-haired freak, refused to give him any pain killers or gave him the wrong ones because he was a long-haired freak. Charles' room at the hospital was hung with Mexican blankets, pictures, beads and presents from people who came from all over the world to be with him for the last time. Finally someone got a specialist from St. Louis and a treatment was started and they were planning to move him to another hospital, but Charles Olson is dead. A similar number went down last year when Allen Ginsberg broke his leg in an automobile crash and was taken to an Albany hospital, where we were told they refused to give him at first any pain-killers and eventually only tiny doses, because he was another dirty long-hair hippie.
It's surprising that someone hasn't already made at least one whole movie devoted to JJ. A single day in her life would be more mind-blowing than anything you could see in a 42nd Street movie; there'd be enough material to keep a dedicated filmmaker cutting and splicing for years. The film could be shot in 16mm and Super 8 and shown on two screens with double sound track.

Cast (subject to release)
Jill Johnston
Winnie
Richard
Levine
David Bourdon
Ann Wilson
Gene Swenson
Yvonne Rainer
Clive Barnes
John Cage
Polly
John Perreault
Gregory Batcock
John Oppera
Tom Hess
Georges Segal
Fred Herko
Viva
Danny Moses
Cy Twombly
John Brockman
Steve Paxton
Bob Rauschenberg
Léo Castelli
The de Menils
Andy
Gerard Malangé
Bridget Polk
John Giorno
Joy Bang others

Sound A
Sequence 1
Silt
Sequence 2
Wind and moving sand. Gradual increase in volume until camera leaves ground level. Then sound of waves breaking on shore, seagulls and wind.
Sequence 3

Jill: "Don't count your goings before your comings."

Repeate times four.

Sequence 4
Jill's voice: "All my booklets all my book knowing my book book was a beautiful face.

They said I was a frustrated performer by being a critic. I was.

"Criticism is an outdated form of communication."
JJ's voice "is all of art about putting other people's art works together."
"I changed my failure into funny little failed dreams."
"I never look for anything."
"I never look for anything."

"Some of my best friends have bodies.

I'm a critic myself but of myself and my own lakes and plants and mountains and there's all in my head, it's a picture postcard."
"I often think I'm following others. I don't exist either explicit or in my imagination, or yours."

"How can we be what we are if we're trying to do it somehow?"
"I've been told before and foremost."
"Most of the words and pictures are images of persuasion."

Sequence 5
Sync sound at party. People talking, dancing to radio music.

Sequence 6
Silent.

Sequence 7
Country sounds.

Screen A
Sequence 1
One-minute wide angle shot of a cloudless blue sky, abstract and undifferentiated. Title.

Sequence 2
LIMITED SEEING (individual visible facing). Movement from bottom to top of screen. Camera shifts to another position, and a small girl, holding a doll, is seen from the back. Focus in on the doll's head. Dissolve.

Sequence 3
Four quick scenes of JJ's dance journeys:

Riding Ship in Big Bend, New Mexico through a rock cavern.
Jill in black, plumed purple, and knotted pink striped tie passes through the shot right to right.

Driving up to Amherst for Yvonne's concert in the old red bar at Pontiac that Jill brought from Miles Frost for $50. She смысл movement — uninterrupted take.

Flying over the Atlantic with two passports in her teddy boy jacket, writing an April Atlantic column in red ink.

Random takes from JJ's life:


Discussing a new work with Gregory Herko at Judson. Richard to the zoo. Watching (and loving) Viva in Lion's Lion.

Being shot by David Bourdon for a home movie. Meeting Danny Moses and Simon and Schuster's Cy Twombly on a field trip to sign contracts for new books. Attending the Ann Arbor film festival. Arguing art criticism with John Brockman.

Buying, borrowing, lending, giving, and stealing books.

Discussing sex and Zen philosophy with John Cage at his Stony Point studio. Dancing with everyone at her last party.

Writing letters to her men friends Bob, David, Leo, Steve, Gene, George, and Gregory. Taking Winnie to the zoo. Flying to Houston in the de Menils' plane to see the Machine show. Studying at Columbia University. Having dinner at Max's with Andy, Viva, Gerard, and John and looking at Bridget's cocktail book. Getting her birth certificate from Somerset House in London. Playing the piano at Ann Wilson's, working at the Public Library. Talking with Gene Swenson who is picking out the Modernist with a blue plastic question mark. Reading an article to a friend at John Giorno's benefit at St. Mark's Church in the Boweries. Editing this issue of Culture Hero.

Sequence 5
A JJ party at the Bowery. Short, hand-held takes of faces.

Movements of pan on wooden folding chairs, desk, books in bookcase, ice box, kitchen utensils, food drinks on long wooden table.

Sequence 6
Same scene. No one. Polly and John in bed.

Sequence 7
Dead shot of rock pile. Black-out.

Screen B
Sequence 1
Same as A. Double screen.

Sequence 2
Aerial shot of water taken from glider following direction of waves from shore. The same girl stands ankle deep at the edge of the sea. She holds her doll by the right hand and they face in opposite directions. Zoom to girl's face. Dissolve.

Sequence 3
JJ practicing at the bar.

Camping on the beach.

Attitude.

Grande jeté.

Sequence 4
A tall tree. Camera still. 26 minute take.

Sequence 5
Waterfall near Amherst, Mass. Shot in Super 8 color. Three continuous takes spliced together (150 feet 10 minutes).

Sequence 6
Blank white screen.

Sequence 7
Dust storm. Dissolve to black.

Sound B
Sequence 1
Silent. Sky sounds.

Wind in sea steady velocity.

JJ (played by Winnie) huns.

"Femme Fatale" — Nico

Track overlapped with car, horse, plane, people sounds.

Sequence 4
Sound of breeze through leaves.

Sequence 5
Walking through hedges.

Rushing water. (3 minutes)

People talking over water sound (3 minutes)

Coming in on top for last 4 minutes, "Rain" — The Beatles.

Sequence 6
Silence.

Sequence 7
Dust storm sync sound.

January 22, 1970

Jill Johnston
119 Bowery
New York

Dear Jill:
Many thanks for your invitation to contribute to Les Levine's show at The Public Library. Talking with Gene Swenson who is picking out the Modernist with a blue plastic question mark. Reading an article to friends at John Giorno's benefit at St. Mark's Church in the Boweries. Editing this issue of Culture Hero.

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Sequence 6
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Dust storm sync sound.

January 22, 1970

Jill Johnston
119 Bowery
New York City

Dear Jill:
Just returned to town and am busy working on my show at Leo's and then I have to start work immediately on the lithographs and poster for a show in Philadelphia. So it's impossible to do a piece that you mentioned.

Are you in town, if so give me a call after next week and we can have lunch or a drink.

Happy new year.

Love, Jasper (Johns)

KENNETH KING

Dear Jill,
Doesn't the really indelible, juicy part begin (I think) after one coin comes up? It's hard to find those bubbles at your shoulder? Then later that cancellation performance where you're in a rush to get to something with polished boots that never to be and finally Marcel and wife step calmly, expectantly out of the cab only to get back in again and disappear into the night. I remember it all. I guess that's how I feel about you. But then, you pass through that Holy Hurricane and a world of other moments: like telling George for instance after making you stiffly immortal that his trouble is he doesn't transcend himself. Really Jill! Or freaking out that Texas businessman with your sticky fingers racing through an asparagus salad to fulfill your promise to somehow have! Really! No doubt about it. Your Super. But, if I had to pin you down I'd have (in all fairness) to say I am imp-posSIBLY: Jill's a Magic Lady in the perpetual process of unmaking herself (like the Lady on my wall) erasing the stand selling the catalogue. Sergei, Zora, the rest, they're gone. Disappeared. Leaving me standing with an empty cup. Some frame-up, no? I've finally decided to make the Big Move and return to school and do philosophy if the buildings are still standing and if I ever manage to finish all the books. Also think you know how much I appreciate you keeping my secret; even this. (Richard K. didn't understand the signals: he includes me in his new book of the 60's under "dilemma mistakes.") The sign, No, not yet. Something about the throne in total some being empty and a band of troubadours or something. It's all, close. Haircut: in times of folly, you're in our cups. Something like that, anyway. Anyhow, till we meet up in Up or Paradise intimately strangers passing through the other bodies much much much much much much and then more Love remember, Kenneth.
He and she saw eye to eye.
Express and local passing by
That's still my problem—her express and my local are still passing by. I realize that poetry and prose have progressed substantially since the subway ride of my great inspiration and also, of course, it is uncertain which is which—whether a poem is a picture or a picture a poem, or a piece of concrete a poem or a poem a piece of concrete.

Jill suggested that I take a theme, like "How I am not strong enough—meaning Jill— for me, etc." Well, I am not sure that this is a fascinating theme for the devotees of Jill Johnston, who certainly think she is strong enough. But then, they don't know what she and I mean by that. It's like beef Stroganoff. Did the Russians really invent that, or is it Irish stew? Well, beef Stroganoff is not strong enough for me either, and I like Jill Johnston better than beef Stroganoff, even if she isn't a muscle moll.

Jill claims she was a very good athlete in school, and I claim I was a very bad athlete. My claim, I think could be more heavily documented than her, but hers may be valid nonetheless. The only athletic action I ever saw take was at least a half dozen years ago, following a dance concert at Woodstock after which we went to some joint of nightly recreation. Well, joint is not actually the right description for the physical charm of this place, which was physically charming, but not a bad description of its psychology. There was a swimming pool, and after a number of hours of jointly celebration quite a few went swimming. Jill went swimming in her clothes. She did it by standing on the diving board facing the audience and jumping up and down on it until she fell off. I believe that if she were on the Olympic program she would have the all-time Olympic championship for jumping up and down on a diving board. The abandon with which she did this makes me feel that she probably was a very good athlete in school—or at least that nobody would argue with her.

I suppose I should say, as an odious poet, how Jill first came into my ken, or how above the horizon. It was in Wellfleet where I had a house on a bluff overlooking the sea and where I was trying to write a book, also a half dozen years ago. I felt I needed editorial assistance, and Shenidy Tokayer told me about Jill, who had just arrived in Provincetown and had no place to stay. So she hove above the horizon and stayed another place in Wellfleet and ate the brownies made by my fourteen-year-old, four-foot-nine-inch maid. This maid was the ideal Lolita for me, since she bicycled two miles uphill every morning, and you can imagine what sort of legs she had. Well, between my possible Lolita and my editor, everything was swinging in Wellfleet and on the road back to Provincetown. Jill, as you know, prefers women, and while I prefer women also, I have very strict standards in certain ways, such as twenty well-done push-ups before breakfast and Tarzan from the trees at cocktails. I think Jill could probably be Tarzan from the trees—Jill really like to see that long hair flowing and hear that screech screeching as she swung from limb to limb and landed among the male guests. But you know, the trees on the dunes are very short, and this possibility didn't occur to either of us at the time, so we just became friends. The book was never published.

I don't know why me the muscle moll is the supreme example of the moll—I tried to explain this to Joe Gelis of Newsday, who interviewed me for seven hours on the night before Christmas, by telling him that I had spent ten years under two analysts and still didn't know why. But then it occurred to me later that so man knows why he really likes women, nor do women know why they like men. It's just something that works.

But at any rate this female force—it's the force of charm—is a very powerful force—in fact, overwhelming in a nation that prides itself on small percentage of women who express this force with clear, visual brutality. I didn't invent this expression. I got hooked by it.

But obviously, Jill also expresses this force by her talent as a writer, by her sudden perceptions, by her interesting. That's why we are all writing these odes to her. I don't know how many ode-makers are going to make her writing her writing available after her, and why is Jill Johnston to so many people. I knew her first when she was a dance critic, and as we'd all agree, she played a very creative part in sponsoring and explaining the exciting dance developments of the 1960's. I miss her dance reviews because they were more than just reviews. On the other hand, were I a dancer, I might be glad that Deborah Jewett was doing it now because I might be a minor talent. Jill is really only interested in major talents—talents in some form—like laying a mile-long strip of red plastic on a street to cover the black asphalt, which is a form of plastic too, actually. I really like red vinyl in a mandarin better, and I think there are moments of charm in minor talents which balance more than they get recognition for, the moments of bathos in major talents. I don't admire Deborah Jewett's writing as I do Jill's, but I think a salute should be given to her now because she is pretty near the only village voice left in the Village Voice.

The thing is that it's not what Jill writes about that is important as that she really is a writer. Sometimes what she writes about is actually important—but then, Marcel Proust's family and their friends weren't innately important. They probably were dreadful pretentious bores for the most part—like you can meet any time among the Friends of the Whitney Museum or the Modern wrote me and said I had an opportunity to become a patron if I wanted—and, in fact, the Merce Cunningham Foundation has given me and a similar patronizing opportunity. I probably will take this one up, because I am always thinking of odes to legs—and here I should mention the behind of Laura de Freitas. Laura danced with June Ekman and Sally Gross at the Woodstock performance of Elaine Summerson's group, after which Jill fell off the diving board. Laura attempted to introduce a variation into the general dance cept, that is, the dance should be based on some dynamic force coming from some fragment of the feet—like a toe—or both feet, by falling on her behind. As I watched her deliberately fall backward on her behind—not once but several times, I could not help but feel that here was my dream woman—who Jill said I should write about. You have to have a powerful behind in order to make falling on it a deliberately important part of a highly intellectual dance concept, and Laura—a beautiful and powerful—but feminine and seductive as well as intellectual—had it. Her effort to bring behinds into the dance did not succeed beyond this concert. That is why I am commemorating it here. If falling on their behinds had become as common—anywhere near that is—standing, walking or toeing in their feet, Laura would long ago have been recognized as one of the powerfully original minds of the dance world. But the dance world—even the most avant garde—still has certain set ideas. There are parts of the body which convey the soul and others which upset the soul and the behind—a very great behind, that is—is still considered to be these. My soul was upset by Laura, and it tingles now as I write about it.

Well, I am sort of imitating Jill by digressing to Laura, but then Jill claims that she got some stylistic ideas from the way I wrote when she was doing some editing for me. Actually there are a number of resemblances between Jill and me. The two women that she liked the most that I know were actually pretty strong women. We each have our Mt. Palomar inside ourselves. Jill discovered the bigger view for her telescope when she went to Bellevue. The bigger view was developing before—she was becoming less interested in the dance world—but it seems to have become much bigger during her stay in Bellevue. Her writing now has the astronomer's excitement over every little star she sees. But it takes a writer to make any star the telescope seems interesting to non-astronomers, and that's what Jill does.
Jill really hates to have plaster put on her. The last time she posed, she was straddling a mattress on the floor, encased in white armor from neck to vagina, bellowing schoolgirlishly against the You Must Sit Still.Dearie-It’s Good For Your Soul injunction. She had had only a few drinks, eyes shut, head back, pinned hair straggling, sustained notes, sentiment Scotch and English songs, gray wall. I thought she looked like a paralytic, drunken Dame Edith in a BBC TV studio causing a scandal.

The first time she posed was at the Diner Table. It was back. The figure of Kaprow was already there and she’d been feuding with him. She absolutely refused to sit next to him, sat opposite, and grotesquely averted her face from the cross legged plaster man.

When Jill comes to our house to visit, she is regarded as a natural force that erupts and ebbs, to be feared, coaxed, contained, jousted with, enjoyed, never ignored. Normal human passions, like disappointment in love, trigger in her a response of electrical intensity, with words and ideas tumbling in a torrent of notecards, spiral bound notebooks, poetic harangue. All the books and ideas she ever read that have to do with wondering about yourself and the world she takes personally. So personally that, in a time of electric excitement, she worked out a complex family tree proving Einstein, Freud and Brown related to her, with Appolonia as her real father. Absolutely sensible when disembodied ideas and spirit are moving and palpable, and your body doesn’t want to do what you tell it to and sometimes you hate it.

Spirit and cosmos involves ego and her last visit here had something to do with that. Arrival: 9 pm. Slid into Old Testament talk: Lot and Abraham, human sacrifice, Kierkegaard: Fear and Tumbling images, cinema, stream of consciousness, Dionysus, Manichaean light and dark... Helen got sleepy, went to bed 1:30 am and I screaming at each other about the sculpture I made of her and Polly. She considered the work a three way collaboration and if she suggested a change in gesture and relationship, I should do it. Me roaring that relationships are one thing, when I was putting those pieces together. I was alone and had to do it my own way, she wrote her column, she could write whatever she damn well wanted. Helen came stumbling out and ordered everybody to sleep. Then it dawned on me that all this talk about the Disintegration of Jill Johnston, As A Critic is really about the transformation of Jill Johnston into an artist.

upright decent thing, like making a whole issue on Jill. That’s really something. I know how you have felt calling me about her and then having to call her other friends (and enemies) and the others like David and Merve and Jasper and Robert and Polly and even Diane. We all knew after this it’s gonna be hard to put her down anymore and now that it’s finally come to this I guess we all feel a little rotten inside. I ask you Les did you really treat her right. Gives you second thoughts doesn’t it pal. We all could have had more respect for her and maybe praised her more at that damned panel when everybody was pickin on her. (And what did you say about her in Philadelphia Les). And all those strangers chopping up her beautiful words. Well now they’re sorry. And that damn Ray all the time with his evil, mysterious correspondence and never even a return address. I bet he’s sorry too. I guess we’re all thinking back now and recalling fondly the first time we met Jill and cherishing all those beautiful thoughts I know damn well I am. I mean how else should a guy feel at a time like this. I just don’t have any more dirty thoughts about Jill. I’ve bet that lousy Willoughby does, though, and you know how he is. Les. I still don’t know why he took off his pants at the panel... I like to remember Jill from the good old days. Remember in ’63 at Judon and when she did her world thing with Sally and George and Red and that nutty green dinosaur on the ladder and the whole place from end to end tied up in longshoreman’s rope. Wow! That sure was an evening. And remember the time in ’64 when Andy gave that quiet little party and Jill showed up stoned and climbed up the wall in her black velvet maxi-dress and just like a monkey hung upside down on the ceiling water pipe all covered with aluminum foil. Poor Andy and Claes and Roy and Tom and James just stood below staring and looking aghast that she should fall and bust her nutty head. I guess at a time like this Les a guy kind of remembers all the good things. But how can I extract those certain memories of Jill and say that that was the real Jill. I could go on and on but you know what the others will say. And I don’t want to get into that because this is a time for reverence that we put aside and a time when we can all be filled with a certain pride. Yes dammit there should be poetry and music and dancing as each word goes down here, for isn’t that the real Jill. And doesn’t it put a lump in your throat Les to think that when your turn comes that maybe we’ll do the same thing for you. Kind of gives a guy something to look forward to doesn’t it. Yours truly, Fred W. McDarragh.
Jill Johnston is a genius in the fields of machine, marine, natural science, invention, design, and execution. Her work on the scullery and in the garden is as admired as her performance in the kitchen. Her passion for design extends to all aspects of her work, from the layout of her garden to the design of her home. She is a true master of her craft, and her dedication to excellence is evident in everything she does.

The Village Voice is a good place to find out about things like that. After all, there is no such thing as private information anymore. A man came to the 3rd installment of the Village Voice, which consisted of a video-tape of the four people talking about themselves for two minutes. The camera was so close that you could see the faces of the area from the eyepieces just below the mouth. You were so close that you could almost see the tiniest change in their expressions. The voices were so clear that you could even hear the sound of their breathing.

Meredith Monk

The Village Voice seems like a good place to find out about things like that. After all, there is no such thing as private information anymore. A man came to the Village Voice, which consisted of a video-tape of the four people talking about themselves for two minutes. The camera was so close that you could see the faces of the area from the eyepieces just below the mouth. You were so close that you could almost see the tiniest change in their expressions. The voices were so clear that you could even hear the sound of their breathing.

A story: The witch lives. On the street she was sending rays. Followed by a follower with one blue eye looking in one direction. One who is learning witchcraft. The game of hide-and-seek with the cats and the dogs and the children.

Mark report cards for research papers although they are not aware of the research. I'm glad about your decision to relinquish that role and also not to see demolition or theater going as a waste of time. It is difficult to re-program yourself to see something without a pad and pencil. Lots of us are so busy writing that they never get a chance to experience, what is happening in the performance. Once I was sitting next to a critic who was asleep during most of the performance but every once in awhile he would wake up, look around, write something furiously on his pad, then go back to sleep.

"The comic strip is me, just as we caught the bus," Bob Dylan

We were all shuckin' up together and working together. Yes, Jill, shuckin' up with those freaks. The House of the Seven Gables is a place where people in love, and sometimes Serge. Everyone brought additional people to fuck with. I never knew what to expect when I got home. Lots of characters, one to one, movement. I still think a commune can work as an alternative to the single family. The relationship that has been declared the answer to all our problems. "The closer we get, the more I am wondering how living with all those artists in the country is working for you."

When Madelyn was 20, she seemed very much like a woman. Now that she is 28, she is doing adolescence.

A story: The witch lives. On the street she was sending rays. Followed by a follower with one blue eye looking in one direction. One who is learning witchcraft. The game of hide-and-seek with the cats and the dogs and the children.
by Stephen Dunn (aged 12) for Byrd Hoffman.

The Life And Times of Sigmund Freud had me seeing the world through a different lens. It's a book that made me realize that there are other ways of looking at things and how our perspectives can shape our understanding of the world.

The book starts with a conversation between Sigmund Freud and his patient, Anna O. Anna O. is a woman who has been suffering from a mysterious illness, and Freud is trying to understand her condition. Through their conversations, Freud begins to piece together the nature of Anna O.'s illness, and he starts to see the world through her eyes.

The book is also filled with insights into Freud's own life and work. He talks about his early experiments with hypnosis, and how he developed his ideas about the unconscious mind. He also describes the challenges he faced as a young psychologist, and how he overcame them with determination and hard work.

Overall, The Life And Times of Sigmund Freud is a fascinating book that offers a unique perspective on one of the most important thinkers of the 20th century. It's a book that will appeal to anyone interested in psychology, history, or the human condition.
100 WORDS FOR JILL JOHNSTON
By Aram Saroyan

1. those 2. bag 3. ha 4. here 5. mostly 6. music 7. in 8. and 9. were 10. gutbucket 11. phone 12. own 13. been 14. becoming 15. band 16. rough 17. to 18. before 19. finally 20. back 21. come 22. heard 23. get 24. through 25. one 26. although 27. important 28. things 29. writing 30. to 31. don't 32. honor 33. shake 34. concern 35. melody 36. my 37. board 38. change 39. bop 40. perfect 41. first 42. city 43. professional 44. was 45. something 46. during 47. mother 48. common 49. what 50. strikes 51. hours 52. looked 53. talk 54. on 55. seven 56. steep 57. in 58. beautiful 59. off 60. words 61. its 62. thanks 63. great 64. announce 65. relief 66. it 67. today 68. you 69. why 70. like 71. ah 72. not 73. keep 74. friend 75. area 76. which 77. them 78. small 79. kids 80. because 81. see 82. chance 83. worrying 84. wood 85. dusty 86. off 87. my 88. sounds 89. present 90. who 91. run 92. row 93. yes 94. plastic 95. little 96. give 97. months 98. tuned 99. true 100. check

BY JAMES LEE BYARS

RAY JOHNSON
Fifteen Hundred Words About Jill Johnston
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   ✓ MEXICO On 96 A Day  
   ✓ or similar book on the West Coast;  
   ✓ Japan;  
   ✓ Greece & Yugoslavia;  
   ✓ all by John Wilcock.

(John Wilcock's Other Scenes is the most interesting of the so-called "underground" press being published from wherever its publisher happens to be. It is the only paper that has included Tokyo, Hong Kong, London, Athens, Amsterdam, Moscow, Los Angeles and New York. During 1979 more surprises are in store, for only the newspaper has all kinds of other avant-garde gridders from all over the world. John Wilcock's column Other Scenes, a sanitized sampling of the newspaper itself, appears in the L.A. Freep, London OE and 14 other papers throughout the world.)
January

RALPH HUMPHRY

February

D. P. BROWN

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Nova Scotia College of Art and Design
Halifax Nova Scotia Canada

The Everyman Gallery
927 Madison Ave., NYC 10021 (212) 737-7537

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<td>Wunderlich</td>
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<td>Morley</td>
<td>D'Arcangelo</td>
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<td>Dine</td>
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<td>Kawashima</td>
<td>Levy</td>
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<td>Matta</td>
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<td>Davis</td>
<td>Salt</td>
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Bykert Gallery
24 East 81/NY

Spring Palace
119 Spring St./NY
Sundays 11-6

"★" is clothes, mostly shirts, mens & women's. 50 fabric choices. Made by me.  CO7-6571

Susan Hartnett
S5.106.00 NET PROFIT FROM PROFIT SYSTEMS I BY LES LEVINE

On March 27th, 1969, Les Levine purchased 500 common shares of Cassette Cartridge Corporation stock at 4.3/4 dollars per share ($2,375.00). After a period of one year, or at any time which it was deemed profitable prior to that, the Cassette Cartridge shares were to be resold. The profit or loss of the transaction became the work of art.

On November 26th, 1969, Les Levine sold the 500 common shares of Cassette Cartridge Corporation stock at $15.00 per share ($7,481.25) resulting in a net profit of $5,106.00 in a period of 10 months. This amounts to 220 per cent profit on the original investment and completes Profit Systems I.
Babcock
805 Madison Ave.
Clyde Lynds - illuminated constructions
LE 5-9355
Jan. 31-Feb. 27

Banter
23 E. 67th St.
Donald Wurden - watercolors Jan. 25th-Feb. 14th
Group show - gallery artists Feb. 17-28th
RH 4-2044
Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00
Jan. 31-Feb. 27

Bonino
7 W. 57th St.
Eduardo MacEntyre - paintings Feb. 10-March
PB 2-5556
Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00

Bykett
24 E. 81st St.
Brice Marden Bob Duren paintings Feb. 3-26th
988-5220
Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00
Feb. 7-28

Byron
1018 Madison Ave.
Matt - drawings and paintings
YU 8-9570
Tue Sat 10:00-5:30
Jan. 31-Mar. 4

Leo Castelli
44 E. 77th St.
Dan Flavin
PB 5-8280
Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00
Feb. 7-28

Paula Cooper
96 Prince St.
Linda Benglis
Robert Grosvenor
925-1627
Wed-Sat 11:00-6:00
Feb. 8-Mar. 4

Cordico & Kstrom
980 Madison Ave.
Romare Bearden-recent collages
988-8857
Tue Sat 10:00-5:30

Terry Dintenfass
18 E. 67th St.
Robert Berelmnn - paintings and prints
Hans Dorfinger - paintings and water colors
RH 4-1580
Tue-Sat 10:00-5:30
Feb. 17-Mar. 7
18 E. 67th St.
Robert Berelmnn - paintings and prints
Hans Dorfinger - paintings and water colors
RH 4-1580
Tue-Sat 10:00-5:30
Feb. 17-Mar. 7

Dwan
29 W. 57th St.
Dan Flavin
PL 8-4970
Tue-Sat 10:00-5:30
Feb. 7-Mar. 5

East Hampton
22 W. 56th St.
George Dawizan - paintings
Robert Elkon
1063 Madison Ave.
Group show - through February
CI 6-3218
Tue-Sat 10:00-5:30
Jan. 31-Feb. 19
Feb. 21-Mar. 12

Andre Emmerich
41 E. 57th St.
Stancis - paintings
Morris Louis - Unfurleds
PL 2-0124
Tue-Sat 10:00-5:30
Jan. 31-Feb. 19
Feb. 21-Mar. 12

Richard Feigen
27 E. 79th St.
Ray Johnson
Donald Kaufman
628-0700
Mon-Sat 10:00-6:00
Feb. 17-Mar. 21
Feb. 7-28

Fischbach
25 W. 57th St.
Ray Parker
Robert Ryman
PL 9-2345
Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00
Jan. 24-Feb. 14
Mar. 5

Noah Goldowsky
1078 Madison Ave.
1078 Madison Ave.
Andreasvich, Leslie, Tillin
LE 5-5571
Tue-Sat 11:00-6:00
Feb. 3-28
Le 5-5571
Tue-Sat 11:00-6:00
Feb. 3-28

Gothen Book Mart Gallery
41 W. 47th St.
Larry Stanton - paintings
PL 7-0367
Jan 26-Feb. 14

Graham
1014 Madison Ave.
Bird - Bees - group show
LE 5-5767
Mon-Sat 10:00-5:00
Feb. 7-Mar. 5

Grice
35 V. 53rd St.
Cubist paintings - through Feb.
CI 6-1555
Mon-Sat 11:00-6:00

O.K. Harris
465 W. Broadway
Bernard Venet - paintings
Ronald Clark, Soghor, Robert Rome
Marvin Ebra - paintings - through Feb.
777-6806
Tue-Sat 10:00-6:00
Feb. 7-28

Martha Jackson
32 E. 69th St.
Frank Roth
YU 8-1800
Tue-Sat 9:30-5:30
Feb. 7-28

Kornblee
58 E. 79th St.
Larry Zox - paintings
UN 1-2425
Tue-Eri 10:00-5:00
Feb. 7-Mar. 5

Lefebvre
47 E. 77th St.
Asger Jorn
RH 4-3384
Tue-Sat 10:00-5:30
Feb. 10-Mar. 7

Marlborough-Gerson
41 E. 57th St.
Pl 5-3330
Mon-Sat 10:00-6:00
Feb. 7-28

Tibor de Nagy
29 W. 57th St.
Richard Hennesy
EL 5-6269
Tues-Sat 10:00-5:30
Feb. 421-3780
Tues-Sat 10:00-5:00
Jan. 31-Feb. 21

LAMWORKS
BY HOWARD WILLIAMS

Waddell
15 E. 57th St.
Gerald Scarfe
421-4141
Tue-Sat 10:00-5:00
Feb.

Willard
29 W. 57th St.
Philip McCracken - paintings
RH 4-2925
Tues-Sat 10:00-5:00
Feb. 10-Mar. 14

Howard Wise
50 W. 57th St.
Takis - magnetics
CO 5-0465
Tues-Sat 10:00-5:00
Feb. 21-Mar. 21

William Zeiler
956 Madison Ave.
20th cent. American and European artists
879-6212
Tues-Sat 10:00-6:00
through Feb.

Lampworks
Howard Wise
50 W. 57th St.
IRIS LES LEVINE PRINT-OUT

FEB 3 - 23
THE ISAACS GALLERY
832 YONGE ST., TORONTO

IRIS LES LEVINE

DANIEL SOLOMON

FEB 13 - FEB 2
JOHN MACGREGOR

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NANCY SINGER GALLERY
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HARUS IRENAEUS GALLERY
901 KEELE ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

THE KINGS STREET GALLERY
401 KINGS STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

YENTRAL GALLERY
1000 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ROHAN GALLERY
1000 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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