

ANDREAS PAPANDREOU: "THE BACKGROUND TO THE U. S. COLLABORATION WITH THE GREEK JUNTA", P. 2

PHONE-IN
TO MANHATTAN
DRAFT BOARD
MEMBERS,
SATURDAY,
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WHO THEY ARE— WHERE THEY LIVE:

*First Public Listing
of Manhattan's Absentee Draft Board Members*

Local Board No.	NAME	Address	Phone No.	Local Board No.	NAME	Address	Phone No.	Local Board No.	NAME	Address	Phone No.
1	Bernard F. Farley	1359 Lexington (r) 68 William St. (o)	EN9-5899 WO2-3955	8	Irving S. Wollins*				Charles H. Lambur	41 Park Ave. (r)	MU9-7622
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	Nathan Wirlich	187 E. 4th St. (r)	CA8-7948		I. Jordan Kanik	515 E. 80th St. (r) 521 Fifth Ave. (o)	YU8-9803 687-5480	14	Ted Cohen	620 Ft. Washington Ave. (r)	WA3-7933
2	Joseph Cella	455 Hudson St. (r)	CH3-1353		Eugene J. Rockman*				Louis Beck	817 Fifth Ave. (r) 515 Madison Ave. (o)	749-5575 PL9-9223
	Theodore R. Fieschi	127 W. 96th St. (r)	749-2244 (r) MU3-7746 (o)		Philip Wagner	225 Madison Ave. (r) 233 E. 45th St. (o)	LE2-1676 LE4-7408, 683-3000		Leon Bradford Greene	620 E. 20th St. (r)	982-0219
	John D. Robilotto	1 Bank St. (j) 60 E. 42nd St. (o)	WA4-1175 MU7-6400		Joseph P. Fiori	242 E. 33rd St. (r) 261 Broadway (o)	684-3731 BA7-5646		Dr. Abraham Alfred Kudin	1350 Broadway (o)	WI7-5508
	Peter de Simone	16 E. 8th St. (r)	SP7-8585 SP7-8040		William Greaser	1130 Park Ave. (r)	AT9-8535		Perry Rottenberg	77 Seventh Ave. (r)	OR5-3681
	Paul F. Starace	145 W. 4th St. (r)	GR7-0520		Mervin Levine	150 E. 69th St.	RE4-4315		Emanuel Wolf*		
3	Dick C.C. Campbell*				Jack Nachman	61 St. & C.P.W.	581-6168		Robert Hoffman	310 Riverside Dr. (r) 217 Broadway (o)	864-1700 RE2-4430
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4	Alfred J. Bohlinger	784 Park Ave. (r) 122 E. 42nd St. (o)	TR9-6561 687-6543	10	Al Warren	1 Suckles (r)	LO7-3062		Sol Koenigsberg	910 West End Ave. (r) 115 Broadway (o)	AC2-1776 267-5500
	Joseph Brodsky	20 Laurel Hill Terrace (r)	WA8-6553		Louis M. Weber	115 Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. (r)	895-7100 (o)		Francis Maguire*		
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5	Richard J. Anderson	20 Fifth Ave. (r)	GR7-1062	11	Nathan Bass*				John A. Flores*	701 W. 175th St. (r)	WA7-5832
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6	H. Mott Brennan	39 Broadway (o)	425-3141		Harry Wylan	217 Broadway (o)	964-1837		Edward Felder	10 E. 40th St. (o)	MU4-1625
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	David Zipser	210 W. 78th St. (r) 1440 Broadway (o)	TR4-3923 LW4-3133		Arnold Schwartz*				Samuel Scheff	535 E. 86th St. (r) 515 Madison Ave. (o)	RE7-0661 PL1-6456
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by Gene Swenson

The New York art world is sitting on a time bomb of social revolution. Rumors, reinforced by events such as the massive police demonstration at the recent opening of the Dada and Surrealism show at the Modern Museum, have been spread that America is facing a social revolution of some sort; yet the affluent Experiments in Art and Technology tries desperately to prevent what it calls "the waste of a cultural revolution."

The structure of the art world in America has never been adequately defined. This report attempts to do so in the hope that artists throughout America and the world will rise up and throw off the shackles and chains of that handful of vile money-changers to whom Time and Life listen before they look. (As a victim of televised lies and assorted vilifications, I can testify to some kind of fear behind the scenes.)

The chief villain is a word—Capitalism. Its supporters invented the terms "aesthetic," "avant-garde" and "art for art's sake." I have attacked them all and, for my pains, I have been told to eat cake. America's Colbert believes I do not exist. Elsewhere—in China—a cultural critic such as myself would at least know what charges were being made against him; if recantation seemed conducive to world peace, one could recant. In the Soviet Union, at least one could be assured of white liberal interest during one's stay in prison. If the interests of mankind seemed higher than those of Russian nationalism, one could appeal to the ideals of socialism as one's moral defense. Barbara Rose is our Marie Antoinette, with all that implies.

Who runs the art world? Everyone in it wants most vigorously to deny that there even is an "art world." The artists, like advertisements for private "public utilities," proclaim the superiority of individualism over the gray governmental bureaucracies of Communism and Confucianism. Left to the encouragement of the "private" critics and curators and dealers and LBJ representatives, these artists have produced a vast and

art:

THE CORPORATE STRUCTURE OF THE AMERICAN ART WORLD

disgracefully international Neo-Modern art movement. This new contemporaneity reminds me of a fancy French restaurant in Los Angeles whose specialty is Soup Potage.

Neo-Modern is indeed the supreme cultural achievement of the Johnson Administration. Its chief spokesman in the arts has been Henry Geldzahler. Along with that powerful if squabbling former triumvirate—Greenberg, Rosenberg and Hess—they have succeeded in rooting out what they formerly called the "homosexual and drug addict conspiracy" which, they said, would produce fagged art. They must look with complete satisfaction upon Neo-Modern which, although effete, is simultaneously vulgar. French manners without French substance have produced an art worthy of the civilization which produced canned whipped "cream."

What is the situation today for a

young painter in New York? He has little problem if he is Neo-Modern for he probably came into art by way of "creative advertising." Self-promotion comes easily enough to those who have nothing else to promote. (See Robert Irwin's Pace-setting poster, showing the artist in a bullying hetero pose, which is more interesting and revealing than the works on display.) The administrators of foundation grants (an interlocking directorate with museum and magazine administrators) have a natural sympathy for such men; dealers like Leo Castelli are no longer bothered by matters of conscience, for an essential part of the Neo-Modernist's philosophy is skepticism about everything but the system.

The New York art world, although it receives certain privileges and patronage powers from local and state and federal governments, has remained relatively unaffected and

free of direct domination by bureaucratic inefficiency from elected officials. Like Standard Oil, the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum are bureaucratic and inefficient in the Neo-Modern traditions of the "private" segment of the economic dictatorship.

America is directed from the top. That does not mean by elected officials. This old and very rich oligarchy (1/10 of 1 per cent of Americans, according to N. Emorey's remarkable book "A Serious Call To An American (R)evolution," own more than 70 per cent of U.S. industry) has steadily been losing its grip, thanks to the efforts of such radicals as Harry Truman and John F. Kennedy. This hereditary aristocracy's hatred of social progress has been disguised by a rigged press which dutifully reports every act of liberalism (bread and circuses) which these "enlightened" despots carefully

advertise. How useful would "foundations" be to artists if we had a guaranteed annual wage?

Thanks to the freely given talents of the vieux riche, New York now has the ugliest and most vulgar opera house in the entire world. Mr. John D. Rockefeller's name will be eternally linked with that Roman monument worthy of Vittorio Emmanuele, Philharmonic Hall. The "encouragement" which various wealthy and ancient families continue to give the cultural life of New York City and the world is, or soon will be, infamous throughout the pages of history. What parallels will we find between Hoving's first purchase—Canova's "Perseus"—and the decadent society for which it was made? American culture, as it is now defined by the establishment, can claim a major role in the suppression of decency during the Pox Americana.

The art world can and has played a major role in averting thus far the inevitable social and cultural revolution which our oligarchy—the last bastion against the Bolshevik rabble—so fears. In other words, we in the West—those states in and to the East of the United States—are part of this world revolution whether we like it or not. A different approach may end up as systematic social realism, but what could be worse than Neo-Modern? The time to chart an alternative to the neo-modern tyranny is now. Our concentration camps, you must have heard by now, are planned for the blacks and their friends. Isn't it time white liberals and art per se (or, as Oscar Wilde said, art for art's sake) stopped kidding themselves?

If certain Americans should complain that I don't even want America to be the world leader, I would answer that what is important is that America should first lead the world in virtue. Whatever else that means, it means we cannot continue upon our present course for even one more day.



sound:

THE INDUSTRY LIKES JONI MITCHELL

by Brian Van der Horst
JONI MITCHELL
Reprise 6293

The world is quickly turning on to Joni Mitchell. Judy Collins, Buffy St. Marie, Dave Van Ronk, Tom Rush and other musicians of good taste are recording her songs. WNEW-FM devoted an entire hour to her music the other day. And now, who's finally cut her first album.

Joni wrote "Both Sides Now," "The Circle Game," "Michael from Mountains" and at least ten others we know of. And we're desperately trying to find out all about her. Not that she's made any secret of it. She's been on the coffee house circuit, dropping by Boston, Chicago and N.Y. for years, all the time writing like a gloriously talented fiend.

Tom Rush tried to get Judy Collins to record a few of her songs a couple of years back, but she didn't like them then. It's a quiet irony, because Joni always patterned herself after Judy, so much so that she sounds a bit like her now. So when Judy sings her songs, they have a ghostly mist of reincarnation in the rendition.

The last time the music industry was so worked up over a composer was when Leonard Cohen made the scene. They used to tell budding songwriters, "No, that's not quite it. Times have changed. We want stuff in the Leonard Cohen bag."

Guess who they're pointing to now. Joni has written at least eight modern classics. And for anybody, that's quite a batting average.

"Both Sides Now" is perhaps exemplary of her talent. The song begins to talk of clouds, how one side is "feather canyons," yet the other brings snow and rain. Next love is surveyed, with both its pains and joys; and finally life itself with the realization, "I've looked at life from both sides now / from win and lose / and still somehow / its life's illusions I recall / I really don't know life at all."

What an awesome realization to make; what a difficult, internal awareness anticipated this statement. Above all of Joni Mitchell's songs hovers this crystalline grasp of genuine insight.

Joni accompanies all her songs with

guitar, mostly 12-string, varying between unusual tunings and chord changes. Each of her songs have that quality of melodic freshness that comes from emotional turbulence, burning a harmonic corner or changing key with an upheaval of tenderness, anguish or ebullience generated by the lyrical course of development.

Her voice is primeval, with the purity of a balladeer isolated from society. Dancing delicately from heady outcries in a natural vibrato, her voice dips and skims over emotional waves, frequently flitting over the apogees of shivering soprano trills, only to rebound to a smoky hollow of exhaustion. Sometimes she sings with the pursed lips of a concerned motherliness, tugging at sheltered memories. Her voice may have its rough edge, but it eminently serves her soul.

She has tried to write her first album as a song cycle. Side one is sub-headed, "I came to the city." Side two is "Out of the city and down to the seaside." Although most of the songs do follow a certain drift in these directions, no real plot is described, and some of the songs such as "The Pirate of Penance" seem to be outside the character study.

The mournful chorus of "I Had a King" rings home a key to the sorrow of parturition expressed in the verse: "I can't go back there anymore / You know my keys won't fit the door / You know my thoughts don't fit the man/They never could, they never can."

In "Marcie," there is no apparent chorus, but rather the use of an antiphonal phrase in the verse, "red and green," where, Marcie, waiting for her lover "stops inside a candy store / Reds and sweet and greens are sour," then waits, when "Red is autumn, green is summer." Then "red is stop and green's for going," as she takes a cab (and a decision) prompting her final departure, "Red is angry, green is jealous..."

"Cactus Tree" is a theme song for our times, as Joni describes the girl who loves everyone, only to flee all involvement, caught in a pretense of liberation. "She will love them when she sees them / They will lose her if they follow / And she only means to please them / And her heart is full and hollow / Like a cactus tree / While she's so busy being free..." and here, the last line serving as the chorus, delineates the eternal

teenybopper with uncommon poignancy and concern.

All the selections of this album are good, but these three, along with "Michael from Mountains," stand out as some of the best ballads of our time.

All of Joni Mitchell's songs are woman's music. If they have a haunting folk feel to them, it isn't because they are folk songs. They do not follow the folk patterns, and certainly not the strict folk harmonic structures. They are very simply the highly personal poetry of a modern woman who has put her thoughts to music.

Joni Mitchell could be grouped with those singer-songwriters dubbed "Dylan's Children." If so, it should be a tremendous satisfaction for him to see the third generation doing so well.



sound:

THE INDUSTRY LIKES JONI MITCHELL

by Brian Van der Horst

JONI MITCHELL

Reprise 6293

The world is quickly turning on to Joni Mitchell. Judy Collins, Buffy St. Marie, Dave Van Ronk, Tom Rush and other musicians of good taste are recording her songs. WNEW-FM devoted an entire hour to her music the other day. And now, who's finally cut her first album.

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