

revolves around slide whistles, clanging metal sounds, short rolls on several different kinds of drums, odd wooden clicking effects, a few well defined squeals on a clarinet mouthpiece, and many violin glissandos. Both pieces are very attractive in a bold, clanging sort of way.

LATER THAT EVENING I stopped by the Kitchen, where Charlotte Moorman was lying on her back on a bed of television screens (sic) scraping on an amplified cello. In another part of the room Nam June Paik was sitting on the floor pushing down piano keys with small lighted candles. His activity produced loud sounds from the amplified piano strings, and patterns of candle flames on four tv monitors. At the other end of the room an unidentified young man stood on a platform, naked except for a big, black penis contraption with a two-inch television screen in the end of it. On the screen was some footage of Michelangelo's David—mostly crotch shots. It was an interesting exhibit in a way, and I stayed for quite a while. But I can't help feeling that something is wrong with an event which can be described in fair detail in one paragraph.

—Tom Johnson