

His last mouse

Continued from preceding page

stoned up there," she said.

Lots of familiar faces showed up—Edith Stephen, Larry Calgano, Rose Slivka, Bridgit Murnaghan, Irving Sandler, Ruth Segundo, Calvin Tompkins, Lenny Horowitz. Lots of new faces too—Carey Fisher, Jo-Ann Cross, Frank Gillette, Leonard Dworkin, Ellen Thomas, Michael Cooper. But where were Tom Hoving, Doris Freedman, Leonard Harris, Tom Hess, Andy Warhol, Ivan Karp, and John Canaday? Oh, well, they couldn't be everywhere.

Anyway, Howard Smith came with his entourage: a photographer, a writer, a sound engineer, a wardrobe mistress, an art interpreter, and Cass, a 10-year-old inventor. Howard looked around and said the festival needed a frankfurter stand. "They could call them Art Dogs."

Charles Henri Ford invited me to Greece. He didn't have a film or even a poem in the festival this year. Rosalind Constable interviewed me and then I interviewed her. It was only fair. Nam June Paik called me over and put me on color tv. I stood there and stared at myself. Everybody was on tv.

Gregory Battcock was in his expensive cashmere suit from Jean Roll of Paris. He put on a demonstration of mayonnaise making. Gregory cracked an egg and slid it into the mixing bowl. He wiped his hands immediately. Then he poured the olive oil, wiped his hands again, stirred, wiped, cut and squeezed the lemon, wiped again, stirred, wiped, more stirring, more wiping, and then

AT TABLE

The Inca

A CROSS BETWEEN MAX'S KANSAS CITY and Elaine's (minus the pretensions), the Inca Bar & Restaurant at 399 West 12th Street is the new hangout for Westbeth residents and other artist and writer types.

A former longshoremen's bar, the Inca has authentic dock-of-the-bay atmosphere and decor. Sandwiched between the Sixth Precinct, gay bars and meat packing houses, it's open seven days a week for dinner from 6 p.m. until 2 a.m. and specializes in reasonably priced fish and meat dishes, prepared by a cook from Thailand.

Entries at \$2.95 to \$3.95 include East Indian curry, ham and asparagus mornay and shrimp à la Tu. The house favorites are Inca salad, which guests are invited to have seconds of by getting it themselves from the communal salad bowl, and homemade ice creams like grapefruit and quince.

Owned by Bill Gottlieb, a neighborhood real estate entrepreneur, the Inca is considered by patrons and the friendly waiters and bartenders to be more of a family dining room than a restaurant. Lingered over dinner is encouraged at the Inca and the jukebox doesn't damage your eardrums.

—DAPHNE DAVIS

presto—Avant Garde Instant Mayonnaise.

It was 5 o'clock. I thought maybe when Metropolitan Life got out the place would fill up. The East Village Theatre group put on its show. They were all in mime costumes and clown make-up. They bowed heads, meditated, huddled together with the audience, did acrobatics, and filled in the gaps with Love, Peace, Touch, Liquid Theatre bullshit, a great group if you were deep into 1964.

I smelled that unbearable five-and-dime incense coming from Jeni Engels's teepee in the middle of the Armory. It didn't bother Geoff Hendricks, who seemed stoned on silence on top of his mound of dirt. It was 6 p.m. and he still hadn't moved, hadn't eaten, hadn't gone to the toilet. How could he endure such self-torture?

Finally Jill Johnston and David Bourdon of Life arrived. The festival was then declared an official event. The orchestra in the balcony struck up "Hail to the Chiefs," but the fan flipped the pages to "My Funny Valentine." David cleared his throat and spoke. "I'll have to look into this more carefully. Life is not a frivolous publication. We don't do stories on just anything. We're serious."

Everything was in full swing by 8. The place was jammed. Neighbors from my building showed up with their kids for a free ride on Shirley's ferris wheel.

Alex Gross, with a telephone dial around his neck, greeted everybody at the entrance with a copy of the Art Workers Newsletter. Ely Raman handed out money from an orange crate. Gary Rieveschel watched his ice melt. Woody and Steina Vasulka twirled the controls of their 15 tv monitors. Jackson MacLow shouted his word event. Jud Yalkut stared at his propane flame through the looking glass. Dominic Capobianco stuck his head into a silver-covered box and listened to all the AM stations at once. Steve Reich sat cross-legged in the corner and mixed his "ohms" into the abysmal hum and drone of 1000 sounds. Geoff Hendricks, joined by all of Higgins's white mice, continued his painful plight into numbsville. And Willoughby Sharp walked invisibly.

Time passed and tension mounted. It was the Second Coming of Charlotte Moorman, her great big birthday party. Everyone gathered around a 20-foot plywood cake decorated with real frosting and a few real cakes on top for the ceremony. I went up on the balcony and stood directly over the cake. Here was the ideal picture. It would be a masterpiece. I stood, I waited, I practiced aim. Had I waited only 10 hours for the picture, I asked myself? What could go wrong? The film would jam. The pictures would be blank. The film wouldn't advance. I would forget the lens cap. I began to sweat.

A split second later it was all over. Like a jack-in-the-box, Charlotte had popped up and out of the cake just as the cake lights blew out. There was turmoil, con-



Voice: Fred W. McDarrah
CHARLOTTE MOORMAN emerging from birthday cake.

fusion, cake was flying, screams of "lights, where are the lights?" I panicked. Cake flew everywhere. "Charlotte," I shouted, "stop, come back, don't go back into the cake. Wait. I'll be disgraced." People were climbing all over the cake by then. The air was filled with fuchsia day-glo icing. I ran downstairs, yelling "Charlotte, it's me, Fred, wait, the picture. Have sympathy."

It was 11:30 p.m. Everybody was leaving. The floor was covered with chunks of cake and paper and wire and dirt and lemons and egg shells and coat hangers and broken electrical gadgets. I found a cap from one of my lenses. It was all covered with icing. Billy Kluger walked out with his EAT chairs under his arms. Al Hansen left with his silver-coated zoot suit.

The clock struck midnight and I thought I saw the Colonel. I think he was in his best dress uniform smothered with rewards of his heroic past. He marched briskly out onto the balcony, stood front and center, clicked his heels, saluted a mythical flag, looked skyward, and pleaded in his loudest bellow to all who would

My Back Pages

Continued from page 16

Gordon Chase took over responsibility for prison health from the Correction Department. Since then he has been slowly improving the medical system, one jail at a time. He has already "greened" the Tombs and the Brooklyn and Queens Houses of Detention. By all accounts, Chase has moved in competent doctors and nurses, improved the physical examinations all incoming inmates receive, and recruited much better psychological staff. But he has not yet had a chance to reform Rikers Island, or the new women's prison. They are next on Chase's agenda.

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listen, "Oh, Lord, forgive them all, for they know not what they have done."



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ENTREES (Choice)	
Roast Young Tom Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing, Giblet Gravy, Fresh Cranberry Sauce	\$6.95
Roast Leg of Spring Lamb au Jus, Mint Jelly	\$7.75
Roast Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus	\$8.25
Broiled Fresh Filet of Lemon Sole, Parsley Butter	\$8.50
Broiled Whole Live Maine Lobster, Drawn Butter	\$8.50
Broiled Prime Sirloin Steak	\$8.50
CHILDREN'S DINNER: Roast Turkey or Roast Lamb	\$4.95
VEGETABLES (Choice of Two)	
Broccoli, Supreme Sauce	New String Beans
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