

January 12, 1982

Dear Tony,

So last night was our big big apple opening. It was packed; the installation looked good; ~~and~~ it was generally successful. I'm one of those people who is never ~~happy with~~ completely happy with the final product, so have I keep obsessing about the things that didn't go well. Grey got a new publicity person just before the show opened so the publicity wasn't as complete or as prompt as it should have been. But then we didn't know the January date until November ~~xxxxxxx~~ I think, so we just didn't have that much time. The press release that went out to press and critics didn't mention the opening night preview, and the invitation didn't mention that the ~~original~~ originator was the Benn Coll Jud Pro. (as you must have seen because I mailed you an invitation.) Anyway, there have been complaints all around--Peter was pissed that the photographers' names didn't appear on the invitation etc.etc. Actually Peter's been a doll. Barbara has not. She's been chasing all of us on the phone. She arrived $\frac{1}{2}$ hr early at the opening last night, ostensibly to ~~go~~ look at the show before the crowd came, She marched downstairs to Littman and told him the flyers and programs we'd borrowed from Backworks weren't credited properly, at which point Bob just took them all off the walls. I don't know whom she'd ~~given~~ given her instructions to--Dan or Bob ~~or who--~~ and I don't care. Today on the phone I finally told ~~he~~ she was being unnecessarily ~~diff~~ ~~in~~ dif ~~1~~ ~~in~~

(like this typewriter) and then she was sweet to me. I told her what I've come to know; that in a show that involves this many artists, someone--and most like a lot of someones--is bound to be unhappy about something. For instance, Malcolm Goldsteing gave us xerox of his scores and asked if we thought they were good enough. We let it pass, but when he saw them last night next to Yvonne's and Steve's originals, he was upset. Stuff like that.

Arlene Carmen at Judson Church was upset because we hadn't given her enough notice (again the publicity) so I spent an hour talking to her last week, at the end of which she offered the church's garden room for our party. That was quite a coup, I thought. Anyway, we had a good party (after a somewhat alarming mishap, which was that the key to the garden room froze and twisted in the lock, so we had to wait around and wonder if we could even get in).

The Judson artists whose faces and bodies were plastered all over the tastefully buff-colored walls seemed a bit ambivalent to me. Steve Paxton was the most supportive to me personally; Elaine, Dan no iced, was unhappy but wouldn't squawk. Sally Gross seemed fearful; Jill was as normal as I've ever seen her etc etc. Yvonne planned to come but I don't know what happened. Trisha and Lucinda all busy or out of town. Valda and Ain looked smashing. I finally met Al Giese but forgot to tell him how much I liked his photos (more action, more visual clutter than Peter's, but I still hope Peter will ~~just give~~ give me one of his in the end). There are SO many things that are unresolved, like who takes what cut if a purchase is made, ~~what~~ ~~who~~ who pays for the party (some friend of Dan's at Hamilton Gallery (?) pledged to cover it, but I'll wait to see the cash before I get happy about it).

Although Bob Littman acted like he didn't trust Dan at the beginning, they got along well since then. Bob even offered Dan the job that Michael Boodro was doing (and has since quit), but it would be more of an assistantship than a bookkeeper. Dan needs a better job than the one he has at the Institute, but I don't know if he'll take it. I, on the other hand, arrived at a new low with Bob just today. He's been treating me like shit and I told him so and of course he didn't want to hear it. I was so pissed that I vowed I'd never set foot in the gallery again. Maybe things will change in the morning.

Enough of this pettiness. The main thing is, Mr. Carruthers, YOU BETTER GET YOUR ASS IN THIS COUNTRY, MORE EXPLICITLY, TO 33 WASHINGTON PLACE, BEFORE FEBRUARY 13, when the show closes. The show might go to Bard College in April, but it's not definite, and it might not include all the scores and everything. It really is a beautiful show. I'd be very sad if you didn't get to see it. Please try to arrange things so that you can see it while it's still at Grey.

Videotapes: were edited over and over, driving Meg and Michael crazy. Meg, at this moment (Unless barred by Dave Beach) is in the Vid Stud editing the rest of the tapes. Dan Froot dubbed copies at a NYC studio, in hopes of getting better image and sound than we had. At high cost (something I didn't anticipate) we transferred two films to tape: Oldenburg's THE BIRTH OF THE FLAG and Whitman's FLOWERS. I've seen neither.

Crates: A carpenter in Bennington named Eric Niles made about 6 very solid crates, to be packed with cardboard in between every two frames. Shauna worked on the packing with him and wrote out packing instructions for shows to follow. His bill is \$925. (Oh another mishapp: Eric suggested padlocks for security. Dan said no, but Shauna and I said go ahead. On the morning of the 6th, Cliff Grout drove the crates down in the school van, but didn't wait long enough before leaving to ~~take~~ get the key from Shauna! That's how thingsve been going. (So the Grey people neatly picked the locks.))

~~Extra photos~~

Extra photos: one by Bob Morris, of Bob Huot in costume for WAR; two by Hans Namuth; one of Whitman's Nighttime Sky by Charles Rotenberg. Two by "anonymous" - really Barbara Moore! of Paxton's AFTERNOON.

International touring: What's happened from your end? Some Amsterdam woman wants a condensed version in April; someone else said he'd send Val somebody of Riverside to check it out. Also, Denise Luccioni, my Paris friend, might drop by.

School stuff: only this: I recommend that Dan Froot teach a begin video course, much the same as Michael did. A lot of students are interested (maybe me too) and he's good I think in all ways necessary. He's made some wonderful tapes of his own, which he might show the first week of school. Will you "sign" for it? Talking about signing, I gotta go now. Shauna should be sending you a catalog in the mail.

Love Meg