

Lynda Morris

Eleana Crippa asked me to talk about two of Donald's interests in the Chelsea Space programme 23.03.10: so I ended up agreeing to talk about:

“Rock and Roll and Jack Wendler”

*Document 1 Art Monthly no 1 October 1976*

I am a lot older than all of you, vintage 1947 and I was already being nostalgic about the sixties in 1976. I wrote an article for the first two issues of *Art Monthly* ‘Just What Made Sixties Art so Successful so Shallow’ it began:

“I bought my first dress at Biba the same afternoon I saw the Duchamp show at the Tate. I was an art student at the fag end of the sixties. If only my parents had made love not war I could have been part of the New Generation too.”

*Document 2 & 3 Duchamp catalogue in biba's bag*

Actually the New Generation is so sad.

Although I could not see it at the time my Generation was the best 1964-76.

Peter Townsend editor of *Art Monthly* (and *Studio International*) told me he got a call in the early nineties from Mick Jagger in the West Indies, thinking he was calling Pete Townsend who ‘who’ also lived in Islington.

*Document 4 5 Stone's autographs and fanzines*

I met Jagger a number of times. The first was the best. My boyfriend who had a pale blue mini was at Folkestone School of Art - with Noel Redding - and he got tickets for me and two school friends to go to see the Stones Whit Saturday 1964 at Folkestone Odeon. We always hitched from Dover to Folkestone. A little red mini going in the opposite direction screeched to a halt, spun round and offered to take us wherever we were going. It was a couple of mod East End boys down for the holiday weekend. In a bomb site car park, chatting waiting around for the theatre to open. a green mini van pulled up beside us. Out got Jagger, Richards, Charlie Watts and Andrew Loog Oldham. “Ow do we get to the sea front? we've got a photo session before the show.” We explained the route, got autographs but it was only as they were getting back in the van that we thought of asking if we could go with them - to show the way. They hesitated but gave us “Another time, girls, bye”. They were only 19 years old at the time.

*Archive footage Mods and Rockers*

<http://newsfilm.bufile.ac.uk/article.php?story=20051008195301217>

It was a great concert and the following day the red mini picked us up and took us to Margate. We sat on the railings over looking the prom watching the first pitched battle on the sands between hundreds of mods and rockers on Whit Sunday 17 May. The battle in Brighton was on Whit Monday a day later than Margate. The Who distorted it. I love putting the historical record straight.

*Music Bob Dylan, Blowing in the wind:*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=69w9rZ4Gw64>

In Dover 63 and 64 we listened to Ray Charles, Joan Baez and Bob Dylan's early LPs. They belonged to a Dukie Boy, Dave Sanderson whose dad was attached to US Forces in West Germany. Later in London I had a boyfriend with a red E type Jaguar who showed me a letter from Dylan, thanking him for giving him a bed in Rome when he was a youth hitch-hiking in Italy.

We joined a CND march on the RSG, Regional Seat of Government in the Napoleonic tunnels we had played in as kids under Dover Castle. I wore a CND badges on my long blue thin nylon mac copied from a French boy at Dover College who introduced me to Satre and French New Wave films shown at the Town Hall.

#### *Document 6 My Dad's Civil Defence Papers*

My Dad had a German friend Gerald who had been a prisoner in his wood work shop in Gent at the end of WW2. I am not sure what happened but my Dad had witnessed atrocities at the end of WW2. He was intensely anti American and we weren't allowed to watch ITV or American programmes. The Cuba Missile Crisis was October 1962.

Dad was in Civil Defence and he went on a exercise, a ten mile hospital corridor on the road between Ashford and Maidstone for the walking wounded from a nuclear bomb on Central London.

Peter Walkin's *War Game* 1965 was filmed in Dover. My friend Judy was an extra. Rice crispies and chocolate spread was used to make her radiation burns. It was only twenty years after the end of WW2. I worked on the cross channel ferries the summer of the 1966 World Cup in London, watching all the Mercedes Benz coming over jubilant and going home crushed.

#### *Music Green Onions Booker T and the MGs:*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bpS-cOBK6Q&feature=related>

Folkestone had a Jazz club Toffs where we saw Long John Baldry, Eric Clapton in his junkie years and John Mayall's Blues Breakers. The Acropolis in Tontine Street had a juke box with Green Onions by Booker T and MGs.

In September 1965 I went to Canterbury College of Art and met a new boyfriend Philip Chung at an all night Manfred Mann concert at Kent University. In 1966 he bought tickets for us to the Otis Redding Soul Show at Billy Walker's Upper Cut Club in Forrest Gate, the backing group was Booker T and the MGs and the show included Sam and Dave. Rows of mod boys in their button down tartan shirts and doc Martins did their line dancing. Phil had a cream mini and we went to an all night Georgie Fame concert on Hastings Pier. My mum did her nut about having Chinese grand children and she went and cut up Phil's suit hanging in my wardrobe in Canterbury.

#### *Documents 7 and 8 Life Drawings of Robert Wyatt and his thank you letter*

Our life model at Canterbury 1965 was Robert Wyatt . We used to groan about his group –the Wild Flowers. Kevin Ayres the lead singer was in love with my friend Geraldine Blanchet and that was the title of one of his hit songs. Wyatt's group became the Soft Machine, Mark Boyle developed the Liquid Light Shows for them which had its roots in Gustav Metzger's experiments at the Arts Lab. Pye Hasting and Caravan were playing at the Ten Bells.

In the 1993 Robert got in touch through Pete Smith to see if I had any Life Drawings left from the days before he was wheelchair bound. I sent him a couple and got this note back. After Robert left Quentin Crisp came to model in Canterbury,

*Document 9 Terry Atkinson Norwich Gallery An Eight Piece Retrospective Dispatch*  
Stephen McKenna brought new lecturers into Canterbury: Jon Thompson had missed conceptualism but was chasing the idea that there was more than hard edge abstraction, Stephen Buckley was out of Hamilton and Duchamp and into the glamour of Hockney. Michael Craig Martin fresh from Albers' influence at Yale had also missed conceptualism but was good at giving parties. Craig Martin soon went off to Goldsmiths and the year I left he was replaced by Ian Dury.

Most influential for me was Terry Atkinson who was collaborating with Michael Baldwin at Coventry College of Art and they were soon to form Art & Language. With a working class accent and a tartan scarf he talked to us about art Post Duchamp and the air conditioning show. In 1967 he had toured the US on a Greyhound bus in 1967. He came from a Yorkshire Mining village where a whole generation had been wiped out by WW1. My great aunt was known as Red Annie and she was the Labour Kent County Councillor for Aylsham the mining village between Dover and Canterbury. My Grandmother had run a free house in Whitehart Lane for men from the North going to fight in the Spanish Civil War. Terry got into philosophy through Bertrand Russell and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. He talked about the sight of thousands of Black US servicemen in California waiting to be transported to Vietnam. In New York he had met Andre, Lewitt, Graham and Weiner and spent a great deal of time talking with Smithson. He saw Jimi Hendrix in a small club in New York and The Doors playing on Santa Monica Pier. He was so cool.

I was shocked by the violence of the anti Vietnam demonstration in Grosvenor Square in March 1968. The Eagle over the US embassy looked so archaic, a science fiction image. In May 1968, the head of fine art called a meeting in Canterbury to find out why we were *not* rebelling. I went to Paris in June 1968 to work on my thesis, I was living at the Cite Universitaire in the Maison Franco Britanique and it was next door the Maison Algerique et Maroc which was still occupied and surrounded by Police. My original Mai 68 poster *La Detent S'Amorce* with a military boot stamping on a factory was too big to bring here.

*Document 9 When Attitudes Become Form leaflet*

I left Canterbury in July 1969 and started work in the box office at the ICA. The first show I worked on was *When Attitudes Become Form*. It had a one week installation period in August 1969. Sue Davis, who later founded the Photographers Gallery, was the exhibition organiser. It was like a hurricane, lots of foreign artists, US artists, polite Germans, Italians speaking hardly any English including Giuseppe Penone who came as Anselmo's assistant. It was above all about people, the artists, their friends, and not about art objects. I had the week of my life. All these boxes of stuff made the ICA look more like a building site than an art gallery. It was an atmosphere I have tried to recreate over the last 20 years in Norwich with EAST to hand on this spirit to another generation.

Charles Harrison was theoretically curator of the London showing. He had proposed another show to the ICA which there was no money for, so the WABF tour which was funded by Philip Morris took its place. Was Philip Morris a front for CIA funding? Rose Martinez was still talking about Philip Morris funding for her biennales in Mexico, Cuba, Istanbul in the late 1990s. I shuddered at Tate Modern when she talked about her plans for a Kabul Biennale. Harrison was allowed to nominate some additional artists including Bruce McLean and Victor Burgin from his original proposal. Charles was more a Greenburgian formalist, and he taught with Anthony Caro at St Martins that a conceptualist as well as being Peter Townsend's deputy editor of *Studio International*. The time he had for the installation was limited. He was deeply enamoured of US artists somewhat to the expense of the lost Italians. People were always asking where is Charles, has anyone seen Charles, what time is Charles arriving? He was preoccupied with off site work, the videos shown on Piccadilly and Smithson's travels. He would turn up mid afternoon. Sue Davies was very busy but she was an administrator, rather than a hands on exhibition organiser. She wore Jean Muir clothes. It was chaos.

*Document 10 EASTinternational Dispatch Bik Van Der Pol 1996 with Konrad Fischer Studio International Interview February 1971.*

I worked in the little gallery office which the box office shared with Brian and John and the installation crew. A phone call came through from Dusseldorf for Konrad Fischer. I remember because it was the first time I had ever taken a foreign phone call. The woman said "just ask anyone, everyone knows him." I took Konrad to the office and I remember he took the call with such a deep guttural German voice. I had not met a German before of my generation. I was at one of the first sales of Contemporary Art at Sotheby's with Konrad in 1973, and just before it started Jagger and Bianca were shown into the row opposite. Jagger bought one of Hamilton's Release pictures of him handcuffed to Groovey Bob - Robert Fraser. As we left Jagger waited for Konrad to go first, it was an instinctive reactions from Jagger, for a stronger human being.

*Document 11 war Office warning to UK forces Germany 1945 to not feed German Children*

My father when he died left this paper.

In 1945 as a seven year old in the ruins of Dusseldorf, Konrad told us he learnt how to beg soft white bread from the English soldiers.

After the chaos, Konrad took control of WABF. He was staying with Charles Harrison so there was on problem with interference. Anyhow there are letters in Konrad's archive from Charles in the months leading up the start of the installation thanking him for his help with the organisation of WABF. Charles knew who was in charge. It was still a tough installation and the Installation crew were still there on the morning of the opening having worked all through the night.

The opening was great. Gilbert and George shy with silver painted faces. Girls in fishnet tights and satin swim suits were handing out Philip Morris cigarettes from trays. And the spirits flowed.

*Document 12 Stephen Kaltenbach Artforum 1970*

There were a lot of Americans around. I wore a cream backless mini dress from Bus-stop made from a new plastic finished material. It was a hot night. Michael Craig Martin had a rubber stamp of red lips and he stamped my bare back giggling with a group of his male american friends. I was furious. I held it against him for years, then someone told me it was a piece by Stephen Kaltenbach. That made me slightly less resentful. Coincidentally I found this piece about it in Artforum yesterday. There was an after party at Charles Harrison's house in Milner Road Islington that went on most of the night.

*Document 13 Harald Szeeman Aktuellen Kunst 1967-70*

Harald Szeeman arrived in London just in time to make his speech at the opening and to leave again soon after. He was working on his Fluxus Book and Exhibition in Koln. As I have said before he was a hairy man not a cool conceptualist. I heard him talk at the Lyon Biennale in 1996 about WABF at the ICA as the showing that mattered most in his great achievement. I had to remind him that he was not there, that Konrad had installed it. "Ah poor Konrad" he said. Konrad was then dying of cancer. The book *Unconcealed* I edited for the late Sophie Richard puts that record straight. Konrad and Klaus Honnef were the curators of the section of Documenta 5 Idea: Idee that was about conceptualism and the reason Documenta 5 is so celebrated. Konrad could not take the credit because he was a dealer.

*Document 14 Fluxus Koln Kunstverein 1970*

Szeeman the hairy man's real enthusiasm was Fluxus. Another Myth revealed.

Satisfaction: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ENdWimCBVRc>

The part of the ICA WABF story I have become fond of over the years is that the installation crew who installed WABF, Brian Croft, Peter Spillsbury, Robin Murray and John (whose name I can't remember but who had a yellow lotus elan) became the roadies for the Rolling Stones. Brian's son is still their tour manager. In 1971 my friend Christine and I went to four Stones concerts in one week through these boys, two at Greens Playhouse in Glasgow where the building throbbed to Satisfaction. We were given big white round badges with the road sign for falling rocks – rolling stones. This let us through the crowds and into the artist's entrance and up to the sound control box. Then the two concerts at the Roundhouse. In all four concerts Jagger's performance was choregraphered down to the slightest wrist movement. Christine was going out with one the ICA crew and she got invited to a private show that was being filmed in the Marquee club in Soho on the Sunday morning. Was I jealous. She also went to an end of tour party at a hotel in Maidenhead, as did another friend from Canterbury, Vicky Cox who was with Robin Murray who became the Stones lighting man and went onto 'work' with Howard Marks.

We met up with the Stones Tour Manager was an American Chip Monk who had worked on Woodstock. Both Christine and I dated his assistant Jerri Pompili who returned to San Francisco to run the legendary Filmore East and Winterland.

The ICA boys also worked for Crosby Stills Nash and Young on their first UK tour in 1970/71. They gave a party at their rented house opposite South Ken tube station with bowls of LSD for us to help ourselves..... but that is another story. The Canadian

contingent from the ICA was also at that party the Penner sisters and the theorist Judith Mastai the editor of Vancouver Papers. Through them I met Jacques Plastique from File magazine and Anna Greutzner. Anna's husband was the editor of the girls magazine Honey. Jeff Wall was a friend of theirs when he studied in London.

The connections between the ICA and Rock and Roll continued. Mike Kustow organised a Comics exhibition. The collection belonged to an American guy Isaac Tigrett who was in London to start the first Hard Rock Café. It opened when Warhol's Pork was at the Roundhouse and the cast would be there all through the night, turning it into a London version of Max's Kansas City. One of the girls at the ICA was going out with Tim Curry who got his break in the Rocky Horror Show.

As Max Kossloff wrote America was violent. Valerie Solanas came and lectured in 1971 on SCUM her society for cutting up men, after her release from prison for shooting Warhol in 1968. The Yippies, Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman arrived with the aura of Mayor Daley attack on the Chicago Convention in 1968 still hanging around. They wore military suits and hats with plastic aeroplanes on their appalettes and hat bands. At first I thought they looked like South American Dictators but it was all about the war in Vietnam. Several US friends were Draft dodgers, including Christine's friend Brian Scobie, the script writer. Gerodias came and lectured on The Olympia Press, *Borroughs Naked Lunch* and the *Story of O*. Bernard Tschumi was dating an older ICA woman and editing the issue of *Architectural Design* on Mai 68. He wore the same kind of white afgahan coat as Richard Neville who was found guilty in the Oz Obscenity trial. One day an old lady with makeup on the collar of her mink croaked "tell Roland Peggy's here". It was Peggy Guggenheim for Roland Penrose.

The rock, celebrity, drugs and violence all got a bit much and anyhow I was more interested in art. In those days before the oil crisis, everytime the ICA gave me a pay rise I cut my hours until I was only working 3 days a week. I had graduated to the book stall and I had turned it into a proper bookshop selling Art & Language, and US poetry imports. Two friends Christine and Janet ran paperbacks at Foyles and the Army and Navy stores and they sent publishing reps to me. Through the Cape rep we organised Borges' reading at Central Hall Westminster and another with Buckminster Fuller. The NY poet Annie Lauterbach ran an anglo US poetry programme. Ted Hughes launched Crow, John Ashbury, Ed Dorne performed Gunslinger, fluxshoe, and we launched the Mai 68 Front Populaire poster book. Around 1969, after the Grosvenor Square demonstration, the US embassy shut their public programme at their USIS United States Information Services gallery and ceased their poetry reading and lecture programme. I am just back from New York where I went to two poetry readings in one week, John Giorno and Ted Berrigan's son.

I decided to get some funding to document everyone leaving fine art courses at art schools across the country in 1971 and so started working with AIR and Space at St Katherine's Dock with Peter Sedgely, Bridget Riley and Letty from Art Monthly. On the strength of that research, Peter de Francia helped me to get an MPhil place at the Royal College of Art starting October 1971.

*Document 15 Ed Keinholz*

The final show I worked on at the ICA was the Ed Keinholz Ten Tableaux. the Korean war memorial with Kate Smith in a dustbin singing "God Bless America", the State Penitentiary, Roxy's a Nevada Whore House. I dyed a candlewick bedspread for him and he came to a party I gave in Islington. He sent a van round with a chair and carpet, rejects from the Brothel that he thought I could use. At the ICA after party I was having married boy friend troubles and I was sitting all alone at the table at the back of Barney's Beanary now in the Stedelijk, when Princess Margaret's then husband, Tony Armstrong Jones walked in. (this is where I descend to Hello journalism). He was trying to look arty in a black polo neck and with his trousers tucked in knee high boots, "Hi my names's Tony. May I join you?" He clicked his fingers to a concerned flunkey: "bring us a bottle of Champagne". We sat there at the table at the back of the Keinholz, drinking, smoking and talking for half an hour and then we went out to join the party. With "Tony's" arm around my shoulder, Nigel Greenwood rolled his eyes at me, so I took the opportunity to ask him for a job? My colleagues were merciless the next day prefacing every phone call with "Lynda, Kensington Palace on the line." One call actually was from Kensington Palace a couple of days later. But that is another story.

*Document 16 The Book as Artwork 1960 to 1972 catalogue and photo*

I got the job working for Nigel Greenwood in Sloane Square two days a week to develop a bookshop and publishing programme. The Librarian at Chelsea was one of my best customers, a guy called Clive Philpot. I had the idea of turning an article in *Data* magazine by Germano Celant into the *Book as Artwork 1960 to 1972* and I increased his list from 160 titles to the saclaimed list of almost 200 titles, not that I ever got any credit for it.

At the RCA I planned a programme of study on models for the future of art education based on Art & Language in Coventry, Joseph Beuys in Dusseldorf and the Projects Class at Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. By the time I finished the thesis all three courses had folded. I nearly failed. But now 40 years later I know I got it right.

*Document 17 Beuys Press cuttings and recent Art Monthly*

Michael Craig Martin and Nick Serota were on the plane I caught to Cologne in September 1972 for the end of Documenta 5 and the Koln Kunstmarkt. Konrad left me in charge of his stand for an hour and by the time he came back Count Panza de Brumi had asked to buy the entire display of work by Jan Dibbets. A few days later I went to Dusseldorf to start the term as a student of Beuys. I was there when he was sacked from the academy. I wrote about Beuys' sacking in *Time Out*. As a result I was invited to talk on the new BBC 2 arts flagship *Second House*. Richard Hamilton tuned into to watch Gladys Knight and the Pips, and found me talking about Beuys. He got Rita to ring Nigel's on Monday morning to offer me the job of assistant for his Guggenheim show in New York. Recently I wrote about Beuys allowing an dishonest interpretation of press images for Art Monthly. The famous image of Beuys being thrown out of the Academy laughing through rows of riot police was actually a photograph of him being brought back into the Academy two days before he was sacked. Another myth over turned.

*Music Walk on the wild side Lou Read*

[:http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4wNknGIKkoA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4wNknGIKkoA)

*Document 18 Original Lawrence Weiner Jack Wendler invite*

In Autumn 1971 Jack Wendler came to visit Nigel. Jack was known as a backer of Seth Sieglaub's *Xerox Book*. Nigel was unsure was Wendler competition as a dealer? Or was he a collector and potential client? Wendler's first exhibition was Lawrence Weiner and we were invited to dinner Jack and Nell's first house in Willes Road, Kentish Town.

The house was just around the corner from Barbara Reise in Alma Street, who until Jack's arrival had been the main contact for US artists in London. She was a radical – leftist - Meyer Shapiro student from Columbia who died in 1977.

*Document 19 Lawrence Weiner Centre Left 1970*

At the dinner that evening between Christmas and New Year 1971, I sat down to ask Weiner a lot of questions. It was a political discussion about socialism, about Europe and the US, about the draft, about Vietnam and about WW2. Weiner talked about living in Amsterdam being easier for him for the time being. About the ease of trans-atlantic flights about an idea of equality between European and US artists. He was charming, articulate and represented some sort of socialist view. He wanted people to think for themselves and hence his work. I tested him out on Art and Language's more substantial texts.

*Document 20 Broodthaers Eagle Museum*

Jack and Nell moved from Willes Road to Greencroft Gardens within a year. This was much grander, out came the family portraits and the US antiques of a couple on the New York Social Register. He also showed Andre's Equivalents and work by the artists he was showing. Marcel Broodthaers and Maria Gilissen and their daughter Marie Puck moved into Willes Road at the time of Marcel's first show with Jack in December 1972. I had a real political conversation there with Marcel in November 1975 and no way did he care about the Eagle Museum as an example of museological categorisation as Mr Buchloh claims in October for the rich collectors of Marian Goodman. Broodthaers Eagle was about that Eagle in Grosvenor Square. Broodthaers Eagle was the mirror image of Picasso's Dove, the bird of wars and empires suited the spirit of the times more than Picasso's Dove of Peace, but their purpose was the same. The US eagles are there on every page along side the Nazi, Napoleonic and Roman Eagles, I still collect images of US eagles for Marcel.

*Document 21 George and Laura Bush Christmas Card 2002 of the White House Piano with Eagle Legs.*

By December 1972 Jack had shown five US artists Weiner, Bob Barry, Ian Wilson, Douglas Heubler and John Baldessari. This Wendler perfectly matched with five European artists Buren, Dibbets, Merz, Darboven and Broodthaers. The following year 1973 he added Peter Downsborough, David Lamelas and as the result of some criticism, three young London artists John Murphy, Bruce Robbins and Darcy Lang.

Peter Downsbrough told the story of receiving his draft papers in the late 1960s. He was horrified and went to Weiner for advice on what to do? Weiner told him to stop washing, rub the ashes from the grate in his hair, wear his oldest ragged clothes, don't shave and just hang loose at your panel like you are some sort of hobo. Act weird." It worked.

We never talked about Vietnam. Jack dismissed any political reference to the US with a wave of the hand, and "I know, I know". Seth's political position, his Marxism and support of Lee Baxendale's book *Marx on Art* took away any lingering doubts I might have had about Jack turning up in London just as the USIS Gallery closed at the American Embassy. Gilbert & George were less certain. Pissed, the hinted: "every artist Jack talks about is from the US. He is here in London to promote US artists."

When I did my articles for the launch of Art Monthly in 1976 there were infact three articles. The third looked at how the US influenced the Tate Gallery collecting policies in the late 1950s and 1960s. Art Monthly would not publish that third section. When I went to collect the typescript Jack had lost it. The copy I gave Art Monthly was my only one.