"Muskrat Ramble," one musician to play "Proud Mary," three musicians to play "Bad Girl," the same three musicians to play "Hot Stuff," four musicians to play "Macho Man," one musician to play "Freak Out," ten musicians to play "Hello, Dolly!," one musician to play "Ease On Down the Road," two musicians to play "Just the Way You Are," and one musician to play "Moonlight Becomes You." When any of the musicians didn't know the tunes to the songs, Lester Lanin told them to go out and buy a certain songbook, which had over five hundred songs in it, and learn all the songs in the book. He told them that in his orchestras, of which he sometimes had as many as forty, no one played from sheet music—only from memory. To a man who was a very good trombone player but knew only one of the tunes he was asked to play, Lester Lanin said, "Many famous orchestra musicians have played with me, but they weren't qualified to play a deb party or other social event, because they couldn't play the tunes without charts."

At the end of the audition, Lester Lanin said he thought he would use men who had played the clarinet, the flute, the guitar, and the trombone, and the two sisters who had just come off the QE2 tour.

"Well, it could be hog butcher for the world, tool maker, stacker of wheat, player with railroads and the nation's freight handler, stormy, husky, brawling, city of the big shoulders—but I think it's just Fire Island."

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Copies

A FRIEND visiting France has sent us this report:

Pati Hill is an American whose present ambition is, in her words, to photocopy Versailles. Born in Kentucky and raised in Virginia, Miss Hill was a fashion model in Paris in the early fifties, since when she has written poems, stories, and novels, invented a modern hieroglyphic language, and been a housewife in Stonington, Connecticut. She is now living in Paris again, with her husband—a Frenchman named Paul Bianchini—and has a two-room office, reeking of photocopying chemicals, on a side street off the square called the Madeleine. For the past five years, she has been using photocopiers to reproduce all sorts of likely and unlikely objects, and some of this work has been exhibited in New York and is being exhibited right now at the Pompidou Center, in Paris. Other artists, too, are currently working with copying machines, fascinated by a process that can take an utterly ordinary thing and dissociate it from the context in which we normally see it, thereby making it particular and sometimes magical again—an effect, it seems, of the shallow yet dramatic depth perception of photocopiers, which give the copied object the effect of floating in space.

"For me, it started one day in Stonington when I was cleaning out a drawer," says Miss Hill, who has a gamin air, well matched by a wry manner of speech. "Most of it was stuff I was going to throw away, but I decided I wanted to remember some things, like buttons and gloves, so I took them over to New London and got the copying service to copy them for me. Pretty soon, I was working their machine myself. I copied bars of soap, zippers, fruit, a light bulb, swan feathers, and parts of old clothes—underwear and linen dresses. I began to experiment with the machine, and I learned that just after a new supply of toner had been put in, you could get a really deep black from it. Jill Kornblee gave me the first of several shows I've had at her gallery, on Fifty-seventh Street, in New York, but the New London people thought I wasn't doing their machine much good, so I approached I.B.M. They weren't very interested. But I had a friend whose husband worked for them, and one Friday afternoon he invited me into I.B.M.'s New York offices. I stayed there on my own all weekend. I took some cheese sandwiches and apples and worked the drink-dispensing machines. I ran into a cleaning woman, who asked was I from upstairs, and I replied, 'More or less.' Anyway, I got a lot of copies made, and walked out on Monday morning when everyone came in."

Not long afterward, Miss Hill sat next to the late Charles Eames, the designer, on a flight from Paris to New York, and she showed him some of her work. As a result, he formally introduced her to I.B.M., which gave her a grant and lent her a machine for two and a half years. Right now, she has a Rank Xerox 2600. She says, "On the small range of machines I've

worked with, the differences are that I.B.M. is grainier and seems to offer me a greater range of tones and greater depth perception. Xerox prints a more photographically realistic copy and, on a small machine, can make a print on both sides of any suitable paper. You can spray the black afterward with fixative to intensify the tone."

Miss Hill has achieved some of her effects by moving the object around as the copy is being made; by once in a while using blue, yellow, or green paper; and by spooning in extra quantities of toner (tiny black particles that are attracted to the paper electrostatically and are bonded to it by heat), thus creating various profundities of dark. Her present machine takes about five minutes to warm up in the morning, and when Miss Hill is in full swing she may press the button as many as fifty times in an hour—a figure that is registered, like car mileage, and is added to the cost of the machine. "A copier works like a magnet, attracting or rejecting things," she says. "It separates things, gives them an edge. On the grays, it's always making up its mind which way it will go, toward black or toward white. A photocopy seems to me much more truthful to detail than a photograph. On a copier, the actualities of something become quite marvellous. Everything is symbolic. This makes it difficult when it comes to giving a copy as a present—people think the reason you have given it to them is connected with whatever it is you've copied. A copier also allows you to go on and on making copies without limit. You can put copies together like a mosaic—forever, if you want to. And copy subjects are not necessarily right side up. The very image of space! In a way, of course, you're working with accidents. You don't see the side of the object that is being copied—that side is suddenly illuminated, as though struck by lightning."

And why Versailles? Why this vast, extremely formal palace, which Louis XIV, the Sun King, held court in and extended to commemorate his own reign and the glories of France? Pati Hill says she has various reasons. "One is that I admire the splendid style of Versailles—the fact that it expresses Louis's statement *'L'état, c'est moi.'* It's both a very self-centered and a very public-spirited place. Secondly, there's the American connection. Ben Franklin was there. John D. Rockefeller and other Americans have given oodles to help restore it. I wanted to do a bi-national project, French and American, since that's how I feel right now. And I wanted to do something big—something that could be done only by an industrial machine with the help of people in industry. I wanted to see what the copier, a modern device, would make of something old. I wanted to show how many of Versailles's possessions, which had been dispersed, are now being brought together again, and to show its elegance again by copying many small things in it. When I remember places I have been, I mostly remember very sharp little details. I thought it would be exciting to do that remembering with a copier—which, with its eye-accurate view of details and its human-vision-sized pictures, would report back something like what human beings see when they visit a place, whose parts are linked principally by the fact that people know they are linked. I will do details. I want to copy a cobblestone, parts of espaliered trees, anti-damp grilles, graffiti, lollipop sticks, the embroidery on Marie Antoinette's bedspreads and draperies, and the King's left foot from the equestrian statue in the front yard. I know that all this will mean lugging a photocopying machine around and propping it up in all sorts of strange ways, but that doesn't scare me. I would like to copy the key to the main gate, but I don't think they'll let me. I want to display the copies in picture-mounting card, one recessed rectangle next to another—something like the tall windows of Versailles. Gerald van der Kemp, who has just retired from the post of Curator in Chief of Versailles, was a bit puzzled when I first proposed the project to him, so I sent him some copies I'd done of flowers. He said they were *féerique*—fairylike. I think Louis Quatorze would have had Versailles filled with photocopiers."

Miss Hill believes that for the moment—which, technology being what it is, may not last long—the photocopier is one of the most powerful instruments for self-expression around. She says, "Photocopiers enable every person in every office to be an artist—though I know that when I say that sort of thing it troubles I.B.M. and Xerox. They can visualize all the problems that will result from art and experiment—the burnups and paper jams, and copier repairmen submitting huge bills. I think it's wonderful that there are copy places like laundromats, where artists can go and use the machines for not much money. Copiers bring artists and writers together. Copies are an international visual language, which talks to people in Los Angeles and people in Prague the same way. Making copies is very near to speaking."

At the Brass Moon Café

Michael Cummins, one of the proprietors of the Brass Moon Café, on Duane Street, and its principal builder, told us a story during the crowded opening party for his bar-restaurant on a recent evening:

"I love joints. I love bars of all kinds. One of my favorite bars is the White Horse, in the Village. When I was sixteen, I used to sneak into Manhattan from Queens and drink there. The owner was this Dutch guy who lived upstairs, and when he sold the place to two of his bartenders he cancelled everybody's tab, including mine. What a gentleman. Made me feel really grown-up, having a bar tab and then having it cancelled. So when I went to work, the first place I tended bar was the White Horse—"

"Excuse me, Michael, I just have to tell you I love your ceiling. Where's it from?"

"That's a pressed-tin ceiling, and it comes from one of the last places in the city to do that kind of ceiling—Standard Tinsmith, on Chrystie Street. They coat the tin to keep it from rusting. I had to wash it with vinegar before I put it up.

"Anyway, I was working in the White Horse—I was filling in for somebody on one of my days off, actually—and I came back to my apartment and I had been totally cleaned out. They stole my stereo, my television, a lot of other stuff, and—the worst thing—they got my guitar, which was a gift to me from a friend, and which had once belonged to Mississippi John Hurt. Irreplaceable guitar. So—"

"Excuse me, Michael. That girl is chaining her bicycle to your sandwich board. Is that O.K.?"

"Sure, yeah, that's O.K.

"So I go back into the White Horse, and I'm sitting there drinking, trying to forget—"

"Michael! Incredible panelling! Who did it?"

"All the architectural woodwork was done by Bob Biondi. That panelling we bought at the exotic-wood store on Park Avenue South. It's an esoteric African mahogany called pomele.