THE FLOATING BEAR
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RETURN REQUESTED

THE FLOATING BEAR
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TME ART OF LITERATURE
for Lewis Welch
THE ART OF LITERATURE

I went to the door
And who do I see
Deputy Sheriff with a
paper for me

It's
The Angel of Death
Wiggles of Life
tremors of elegance

Come down from that hayloft
Come you down for me
I'm here in the oatbin
Rebbling the glee

Death Angel fungus turn-on

flap.

18:X:62
THE SATURDAY VISITATIONS

I.

Belligerence!

Mixed bathing, &
That was the end of the Roman Empire
Which ought to have lasted
at least three weeks longer
?

Oh yes.

19 people, cars, a GREAT BIG
Highway Patrolman
on purpose,
in cars.

II.

ALL PEOPLE
they love the/they
try to tell
us/we may sue
!

Very tiring.

*

FORGET IT

.

29:41:62
SUNDAY AFTERNOON DINNER FUNG LOY RESTAURANT SAN FRANCISCO 25:XI:62

BUS
WAGON

7 o'clock trip to kitchen

INK
By the pocketful
Ink in jars, tubes, blocks and dishes
Never (or seldom) where it belongs

[298]
More ink misplaced.
*
cuttlefish in sepia sauce
*
chop suey
eggs fu-yung
pork newdrilles
fortunate kookies
fly shlimp
bosatsu pudding
*

When the smoke of the cooking flies away
All that's left we
consumes what may.
a very Chinese interest.
plastic. Do I bore you.
coriander leaves.
*

A pot, apart from which
as, precious unguents, herbal
wines & essential oils,
soot & ooze, collect
a powder of gone spiders.

PORTENTOUSLY
SUNDAY

FOOD SMOKE

as if we were gods &c cherubic
presences
HELLO TO ALL THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Many's the time I've rocked you to sleep in that chair, many's the hour he had to walk the floor while you bellowed and squalled now you have to act up ugly now you are sorry now we are dead and gone now you will say to yourself O, I'D GIVE ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD IF I'D ONLY NOT DONE THAT WAY THEN.

Sure enough, here I sit, bereft of those who truly cared for me, penniless because, against their injunctions I've practised laziness instead of industry and thrift, covered with shame, overwhelmed with remorse and horrid guilt, another miserable derelict washed up on the sleazy shoddy coast of Bohemia after the shipwreck of my passionate lusts and pridefulness and perversity among the raging seas of the actual world, sure as God made little green apples.

Now I'm trying very hard to think of lines to speak in the Third Act, What to put into Chapter XI. What to play for an encore,, Because although I'm through I'm not finished. What better persons, what more elevated thought and speech than yours, my ancestors,what more elegant blood shall I spill on these plebeian scaffolds, what greater heroes, queens than you undigested, degraded ghosts,

(deus ex ceterae)

13: XII: 62
THE ART OF LITERATURE, 2nd Part.

Gull flies ahead of his reflection in the wave.
HAIGHO, NOBODY'S AT HOME

Certain teachings are whispered into the right ear, others are murmured into the left; but the most sacred & arcane of all must be blown into the crown of the head & down through the sutures of the skull bone. When the recipient of this wisdom is able to convey it to another human being, to a horse, to an ant, a spider, an owl, a goldfish & a high cliff by words, gestures, actions which probably affect the lives of any such beings I'll be happy to call him a wise man, saint, successful poet, living man, etc.

Why not now?

What's the reason I'm not reaching you? (Since I think of you, your presence-- your existence-- is unquestionable)

But reasons and ontologies are generally uninteresting. I've chosen the wrong way to amuse or instruct. This is a subject, a topic, a locus, & you have been trained to interpret such items of discourse as implying certain conventional stances.

How many times have I told you, Milicent, that "blow" is only a figure of speech?

12:41I:62
IGNORANTACCOLO

Where do you suppose the world begins
It wakes up every morning brooding sins of dreams
Tree heavens, mouse fears, it contemplates a punishment condign
For living criminally... although that criminal should have lived
But twenty seconds he must suffer infinitely

& up, & up, let's pack our leather clothes and be off
To the bondage freak ball!

7:VII:61
THE ART OF LITERATURE, #3, A Total Explanation, for Dr. A.

Busts out, at last, in spite of impossible conditions, all the magic performed to keep it down and in -- or a Caesarian section -- even while She sits at the threshold, her legs crossed & knots tied in her hair & clothing, as Judas his guts burst out through his own restraining fingers, as Jonah thrown ashore

as myself puking up the present, the past, the future, drunk & sweating & endlessly weeping, puking up lungs nuts kidneys & all my brains come spraying out through my eyes & ears & nose

What has money or the lack of it
How does the dollar apply?

Invest your money in the stock market what
I need is to write this which I have done,

And this perhaps unnecessary but curious college kid Wednesday explaining with delight there were now 2 beautiful girls in a hitherto boring & profitless class how the sight of them roused his pecker, how he tried & tried to restrain it, how it very nearly exceeded all convention, embarrassed, nobody having let him know he is a man, nobody having told the ladies it was a compliment to their beauty

21:4:62
without gills or lungs or brain
making its way
"ahead"
& getting all it wants via skin osmosis

the spinal fluid oozed away & the bones sealed
themselves over, straight AHEAD, I don't mean it went in
a circle any smaller than the diameter of the earth
the density

frozen krypton atmosphere!

.center.
repeat from "oozed away & the bones sealed"

(OUT?)

(OUT?)

13:IX:62
SATURDAY 15:IX:62

No help for it. I'm so funny-looking that I can't see the trees.
FILLMORE HOB NOB CARBURETOR

"Carburetors now
Almost like a cat fishing
Almost like a wing flying
Just like a propellor."

15:X:62
THE ART OF LITERATURE, Part 4th.

What do they do together, that's what I never could figure out, what can they do, do they actually..............

......I don't believe it, it's too foolish, too ugly, anaesthetic, I don't like to think about it but when people talk about them as everyone does all the time I wonder how they do it. Let's talk about something else.
THE GALLERY, MILL VALLEY

Do we have sandwiches is there a menu
Everything is going to start.
We have going to change it all.

11:42:62
APPLEGRAVY

Finally, after long observation of that person shouting, waving his arms, flapping banners, exploding rockets, launching illuminated fire balloons,

I ask you, "what does he want?" & you answer that it was obvious to everyone that he was the official pryotechnician, producing a command performance & furthermore today is the Fourth of July (although it is winter & we're eating turkey and cranberry sherbet)

What does anyone want

The hand reaches down to the gravel on the ground & picks up a shiny surgical tool which had lain there, I hadn't seen it all this time.

.... want, wish, try to get hold of!

- ? -

23:XI:62
THE PROFESSOR COMES TO CALL

Cet homme ci

B} B} Bernard B} B} bread
booze B} B} Berenson B} B} beer

Cet homme là

ONIONS

New York, an abandonment

anguished literature, an
OK hero, who deserves it. When it pops
into his head. If it pops. Who
cares about punctuation, after one is
thirty-five.

THE RULES OF GRAMMAR
Who can forget them?

Present a piece composed of ambiguous existentialism.
Prepare a paper which is concerned solely with the ambiguities
of Existentialism. Nobody can understand it.

6:1:63
THE ART OF LITERATURE, Concluded.

WHAT I MUST CARRY: THE ENTIRE PAST,
Mother & father & sister & grandmother,
Wherever I go, a generation of men & women yet unborn,
The book I'm reading, the book I'm writing,
A list of addresses and telephone numbers
Hair-comb, keys to return for the night for my
toothbrush and razor
Pens (& in case they fail, pencils) & for amusement,
a lead-holder with 7B graphite nearly black as ink
And quite often I have a map of the place I intend to visit

Some sort of Government paper that says I am he,
More government paper & metal I trade for bus rides
Animal hairs & hides, fibres of plant or synthetic origin
2 lenses fixed in plastic frame to light my weak eyes
All dark & wet inside, hot & slippery, rivers, lakes,
& bays & gulfs & voids & sand & mountains & stars &

The sunglasses, forgotten, lie on my desk.

21:4:32
HOW WE LIVE THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE IN AMERICA

"O-TELI"

A NICI quiet family hotel:

Redmond, Oregon, except for the blackjack game a gang of rusty shepherders all night half a dozen rooms away the walls are Thin I can hear the smack of cards & rattle of chips on their table

------------------------------

Vegetable soup with barley or Tomato Juice Breasted Veal Cutlets with Country Gravy Smashed Carrots OBrian Potatoes Froz Peas hearty Lettuce Salad Thousand Island Dressing Minced Pie Bred Pudding Jell o Ice Cream Coffee Teee Milk Soft Drinks Candy and chewing gum Cigars, cigarettes, tobacco

9PM go take a cold bath & go to bed alone 9:45PM wake up & read the Gideon Bible until 10:10PM turn off the light, have one last cigarette, etc.

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Probably the view of the main Cascade Range from this place on a summer morning is worth the trouble of getting here & the inconvenience of staying over night & getting up traumatically early & looking

If one isn't a landscape queen, what then? the eggs are fresh & trout fishing is fairly good not too far from here

Don't bother the stock, don't dabble in the irrigation ditches, don't try to get too friendly with the natives.

Fruit Juice 2 eggs any style hot MASH hash brown potatoes pancakes or waffles (syrup or jam) Toast ham or bacon. Little pig sausages Coffee milk

My father says don't ever try to order steak up there in that cattle country

In Redmond the drinking water still tastes like it had flowers dying in it three weeks too late, they should have been thrown out long ago. I thought the irrigation ditches looked like Dutch canals, years ago.

17:11:63
--Philip Whalen
R I P

put it this way. for the past four or so years, like it or no, i've eaten breakfast alone, weekdays. no self-pity: just that i've gained a certain proficiency in my trade, and can therefore make certain demands in terms of hours, and i hate starting at nine. so there i am starting my day a long time after most of the lovely women i've known start theirs. and i also need a wake-up period before i eat. so go uptown a little early and i sit in rikers or the blossom or benny's in the hole or any of a succession of greasy spoons and eat breakfast. and again, willy-nilly, i'm a product of a newspaper culture . . . celine: voltaire is the culprit; he told us if we had a free press and free elections, we'd be free; we have them, and we're more slaves than ever (sic) . . . and also i'm a compulsive reader. so what do you read during breakfast alone in a greasy spoon? the times is out, your pride won't allow that, aside from the fact that it's unmanageable at a counter; the trib also, unmanageable, and up til a couple of months ago completely unreadable; except for b.c., and now, just barely. the news is too fucking irritating, how can you eat happily reading a newspaper which not only runs the voice of the people, but smilin' jack too.

finally you settle on the mirror. the editorials are mildly irritating; set up a good digestive flow; but silly enough that they can't really shake you -- wait, i'm going at it dishonestly; here's how i read the mirror:

first, the back page, whatever sports pictures, or baseball scores, or whatever's in season. (and the mirror had really lousy sports coverage, except for horses, which, like lester used to say, a good man can chase two of the three, women, booze, or horses, but nobody can chase all three, and i made my choice). then pile through the car ads and the charter boats in fishing season -- i could never stand to read jim hurley, but he sure had a following, remember this is all going backwards. despite the lousy coverage, for example, the one box score i really wanted to see was always the one that got pushed out, there was dan parker with all those lovely people writing in good puns and bad poems, and his crusade against boxing; and there was joe and asbestos which i read without the slightest interest, but in a continual bewilderment, because i knew there was a code of tips and i wasn't going to pay the extra bread to get the code because i didn't want to bet, but i kept trying to figure out if the bold lettering meant it, or the words, or the gags or what, and there was toney betts, whom i skipped over most of the time, but sometimes got unintentionally involved, and then said, wait, what the fuck is this cat writing about, a rather astonishing column which always went pretty deep into what it is to be a human being, even hooked on horses, and i thought, shit, man, he knows something i don't know, which i never really thought about dan parker, or murray kempton for that matter.

then came the comics, one page, with henry running vertically, joe palooka, mickey finn, rex morgan, kerry drake, et al. but even here the mirror had a gimmick going -- a full page like the post, but also single strips spotted through like the news, and sometimes
R I P continued

kerry drake ran single instead of on the full page, so there was that little shake. the best comics in the city perhaps -- no greats, no peanuts, b.c., pogo, but good consistency, and no horrors like don't gesture hypnotically mandrake, or terry and the peers, etc etc etc. not that steve canyon was that much better, but the chicks were sexier, and at least i could think he got laid.

then i sort of slid by entertainment; slashed past the center spread. the caption writers kept trying to catch up to the news and never made it, and zoomed to editorial. incidentally, that was another gas -- you knew where the editorial page is in every other paper, but the mirror kept you guessing.

but the double spread had, dig, drew pearson and/or edgar ansel mowrer and/or fulton lewis, jr., which is a claim i don't think any other paper has ever been able to make. also dear george which could get pretty groovy; antivisition editorial; funnier letters than the news; a very good comic strip; sidney fields, with the most inane human interest column i have ever read; victor riessel, who wrote labor columns that i used to bet how far i could read before falling into my coffee; a daily thought (religious); a three line book re-
view; and suchlike goodies.

they also had walter winchell to get me really mad; sheila graham, so i could wonder about f scott fitz-gee and say, oh well, maybe i ain't as screwed up as i think, being a writer-type; society by suzy, which was pretty funny; dear abby, which either was hilarious or very buggy, but could let you comment on today's society -- imagine a concept, or philosophy, which lets you ask a chick about life, and not only that but a 1963 type american type career type chick yet; and bill slocum, who is probably the best reporter, aside from a j liebling, in america today.

the news coverage stank, but at least you knew enough not to trust it. and they stuck to the classic style in their series -- sex, stars, suspense, etc -- no reform like the post; no crusade like the news; no erudition like the times; etc.; etc.; etc. and i didn't even think about entering the contests, like i did sometimes about the journal and the post and the telly.

so, it was a very good paper for reading in the morning eating break-
fast alone, if you had another universe to live in, and didn't have to believe it. if you need a newspaper for that sort of thing i don't what you could read.

aquarian
REVIEW BY RAY JOHNSTON (IN THE STYLE OF FLOATING BEAR)

BOB MORRIS AT GREEN OPENING OCT. 13TH

My sister Jill has already described quite well in Art News the Morris work. I will describe what happened.
It was David Bourdon's birthday and Ann Wilson who also was there had her birthday the day before and I was to have mine the day following.
Mark di Suvero got a bucket of water dumped on his head from the David Hayes Collection. Mark was wearing a terrific mustard colored wool shirt he said he got at Fulton Market.
There was gray paint smell. A psychiatrist was smoking Edgewood tobacco.
John and Dorothy and Dale and Mark and Billy and Le Roi and Alan and Nick and Diana and Jack and FRED HERKO were not there but Michael Malice of the Ruben Gallery showed up.
And then there was John Cage and Morton Feldman and Earle Brown and Lois Long and Jasper Johns was wearing a brilliant necktie.
The beautiful Barbara Rose.
I'll repeat that. The beautiful Barbara Rose.
It was a pleasure to see an old friend Marilyn. Pereira.
Just back from Reno. Such a misfit.
George Brecht appeared wearing a black ring with a wealthy woman wearing an expensive Sung dynasty jade necklace that looked like a huge ghoungut on black leather.
That snazzy painter Edward Avedisian was there in a red sweater.
It was difficult to see the Morris works there were so many celebs in the way. I didn't know where to park my gum.
Jack and Jill were there and Fred Herko.

REVIEW

Norman Solomon told me that there was an advertisement in the Voice about a Brooklyn Bridge Happening Event: A Happening on Sunday 13th October at 7 PM and that it was free; sponsored by the Lurie Mortgage Relay Team, from 41st St. It was to be held on the Brooklyn Bridge.
One was instructed in the advertisement to walk out to middle.
I arrived at the Brooklyn Bridge by subway on-the-13th-about around 6:30 and walked across the Bridge towards Brooklyn. It was a beautiful view, near-sundown and a large clock in Brooklyn kept blinking the time and weather. It remained 61 degrees. There were a few scattered people walking on the bridge, but no evidence of an elaborate happening in preparation. There didn't seem to be any toilet paper thrown off the bridge or balloons or thrown paint. I noticed two interesting signs on-the-bridge, which later were remembered. They read: Photographs Prohibited and No Bicycle Riding. The inscription 1876 on-the-stone-part-of-the-bridge-looked-impressive. A sign WITTY BROS. flashed red-orange in the Manhattan lower East side, section.
The Hotel St. George neon sign had a missing, or rather burnt out E so it read

HOT L
ST. GEORGE

Having drunk a lot of tea that afternoon and having to take a leak
REVIEW continued

I walked to a bar in Brooklyn to use their facilities. As I returned to the Bridge to be in time for the 7 PM Event I passed a young lady emerging from the bridge entrance on a bicycle with a camera strapped to her shoulder and a tennis racquet on the back of the bicycle.

It was getting dark. There were more people on the bridge. I was in the middle of the bridge a few minutes before 7. I was having to divide the bridge in half. The Brooklyn side said 415 East and the Manhattan side said 415 West. At exactly seven o'clock and 61 degrees I placed on the metal plate in the exact center of the bridge a small bulky envelope and walked away from it. It was left there having been addressed to Dick Higgins. It contained four plastic round tear shapes: a large mama one and three baby ones.

I walked back to Manhattan having enjoyed the whole thing. Oh, there were very severe series of three bright lights illuminating the stone structures holding up the cables. There were nine such lights in all. Very harsh and hard on the eyes.

And then there was another person on a bicycle on the bridge (Relay Team?).

There were two very interesting people: a man and woman both wearing black leather coats. I noticed that the black shiny tar in the cracks between the pavement made beautiful swirling shapes.

Later that evening I was again in Brooklyn and got a St. George Hotel envelope and made for George Brecht a photostat (there is a 25¢ photostat machine in the lobby, St. George Hotel. The photostat was of simply the BLINK stationery plus St. George Hotel envelope which came out black on black. And on the sheet I wrote in green ink

Ray Johnson
October 14, 1963

Presented by the Judson Poets Theatre
Directed by Larry Kornfeld.

"What Happened" was what happened to Gertrude Stein's lovely sonorous sentences with a charming piano score by Al Carmines. There was singing sung by the cast of light, and dance movement and games by the Waring girls. Everyone had a good time and produced a delightful theatre piece.

"Asphodel, In Hell's Despair" by John Wieners which accompanied the Stein was a piece of John Wieners' very special reality. The production by Jerry Benjamin did little to benefit the piece, but Wieners' words are always a delight to hear.

The Church is again fostering The Arts. The Judson Dance Theatre which in its series of programs has introduced many new dance works and performers, the Judson Poets' Theatre, a group sculpture and painting show in the Parrish House and gardens of beautiful St. Mark's on the Bouerie, and its summer series of poetry readings and music concerts have brightened up the scene considerably.

Alan Warlowe
When I first read John Wieners' play "Asphodel" several years ago I wondered is it, what they used to call in school, a "closet" drama only? Or could it be staged for the eye and ear? The question is now resolved in my mind after seeing Jerry Benjamin's direction of the play at the Judson Church: it can be done but was not done this night.

Wieners' language is still netherworldly fresh and evocatively magical. It touches regions of the heart and mind, like ambushes of what had been slumbering there, strange blossomings of fire in sleep. The voices seem to come from regions of sleep, neither fully awake nor fully dreaming - Perhaps that's the secret of its power, of its language, arising from shadow.

But last night's performance seemed a flapper thing, an anachronism. It was brittle and hard and all the magic of its evocations lost. It came through and touched only here and there when a line was audible over the tape recorded laughter or sobbing; when one was not distracted by that or by the itchy, jerky movements of the actors; distracted by peering around corners to see where the action was, what the actors were doing; their harsh and whining voices.

"Asphodel" is a play that needs a severe focus, an orphic cohesion, sharp and bright and central, with all voices present (What a beautiful evening it could have been, pitted dryly and uprightly in its cohesion against the brilliant 'looseness' of Kornfeld's Stein!).

What more did the play need than what the language had already given? Only movement, perhaps, as a slow and measured dance; movement almost effaced so as not to interfere with the action of the language.

Benjamin makes the same mistake as Kazan so often does (for instance, "On the Waterfront"): blasting to oblivion the natural roots of the richness and depth of a human voice and body with the capriciousness and unnaturalness of purely arbitrary sounds and movement - as though this were somehow an 'improvement' on reality; as if it ever were.

And it was in spots funny, but another play. It was a sophisticated play of boredom and jaded, narcissistic love. It was not asphodel, "that greeney flower," carpeting beautifully and horribly the black meadows of Hades. It didn't even get to the door of that hell.

It was not the playwright's play.

Gertrude Stein is now a saint in heaven; or maybe not a saint but a grand old matriarchal angel in rough tweed suit and cropped hair, no wings, and is as she always is, and was and will be; and maybe, after all, being eminently sensible, she summers in heaven and winters in hell.

I'm sure she was smiling down (or up) last night as she must have been smiling down the past two weekends and will smile down on the weekend to come on the dearer-to-God Judson Church, on Larry Kornfeld and Reverend Carmine and the rest of the whole delightful and whacky cast of "What Happened?"

So many things to sing high praises of: the skillfully comic actors mugging at the audience, mugging at each other, the entire cast
singing and chanting as they push the piano back and forth across the stage, a solemn little knot of the women marching in from the wings - all the child-likeness and queerly logical sensibility of Saint Gertrude Stein pervading the entire piece and the music, by Reverend Carmines, as bouncing and lively as a new-born baby - all that Miss Stein could have wished for - and more.

Among his other enormous talents, Larry Kornfeld has a positive genius for staging. As in Joel Oppenheimer's "The Great American Desert," Kornfeld made incredibly imaginative use of a small area of the choir loft to successfully convey a vast sense of the desert, so here, with the Stein play, performed downstairs in the main part of the church, with a dozen times more stage space, he brilliantly makes long use of it: his actor/dancers snap smartly across the length of it like banners (the most delightful dancing you would ever want to see). They are everywhere, filling the stage with a life and movement that is an absolute pleasure to watch. And there is the pristine-fresh music, and singing - a thoroughly joyous and flawless production.

God bless wit and intelligence and the impish humor alight in the cherubic eyes of Larry Kornfeld. Surely he, too, is the beloved of the angels and devils and Saint Gertrude Stein, and this is an unabashed Valentine to him and Reverend Carmines and all of the cast.

The Island, by Robert Creeley -- Charles Scribners Sons, New York, 190 pages, $3.50 hardcover; $1.45 soft.

It's very beautiful the way Robert Creeley evokes darkness and pain and the poignant stumblings of the man, John, in his first novel, "The Island," - the whirligigs in his head, and the vividness of terrain and sea, the island people in their landscape, walking in it and a part of it, rough figures against the sky.

And lovely the way he never gives anything more than it needs, the bare frame upon which the story hangs, and the prose like polished bone - Or not quite like that, but not lush, juice - rather, tempered and wrought, beat out on the hardness of flat surfaces - this dryness done in the intense heat and cold of imagination and intelligence.

I liked Artie, and the Australian woman, very much. And the sad Englishman, Robert Willis: even the sea not wanting him, or anyone - His vivid batting in the sea.

How the place is there, now here, in my eyes - The book to be read slowly, word by word, in its dense richness - the land and the sea, the towns; and John's dark torment threading, cleaving like membrane - out of the blood and darkness - the tight tumorous fist of love's sickness and despair - to find there, again, where it had always been: a splinter of glass in the eye, the way and cure hidden in darkness with only the pain and unseeing, the bending distortions.

It's the pain that makes "The Island" true, and the joy; the seeing and not seeing it gives, over and over.
THE REPORTERS  a review by John Wieners

Dear City Of Night: I know you too well. I think your men's rooms stink. I was arrested in one. Which is more than you can say. I think that if you were arrested in one, you would have written a different book.

I don't think that is your language at all, in City of Night. I think the City of Night is very articulate, or not articulate at all, whichever way you want to look at it.

And a man who reads Colette should look at it a different way, than say, a journeying longshoreman. I admit I haven't read you all yet, but that is because you are so hard to do. There is no difference in you, whether you happen to be in New York or San Francisco, the place doesn't seem to affect any difference in your articulateness. The city is a loose, sprawling place. It doesn't seem to bunch you up so you can communicate anything to anyone else except desparateness, or articulate frenzy. The place doesn't change, only the people do. And you know, after a while, that they are all going to act the same way. But to get back to language. How can anyone straight read your book?

If only from a morbid curiousity. For it's morally corrupting. I don't mean in a moral sense, but in the sense that your senses are impaired by coming into contact with that sort of artificial, hysterical neon-lit cheap glamour, that has no mystery to it, only the drabness of daylight at dawn. Like the dawn, it has no impulse to it at all. It just drifts in, and makes one impatient. To be out, spreading his own light. And I didn't like your book, because I just wanted to go to bed, and pretend that your world didn't exist, and that I would not have bad dreams because of it.

And I didn't. That is how real your book is. It didn't even affect the unconscious. Of course, it does affect the real conscious. I can see Harvard seniors running off to Times Square after they finish reading it. Or myself even; I never see a boot but I think of the man who turned around and rolled his tongue along yours. But who cares. It is not a work of the imagination, despite the carefully worded descriptions, and carefully built up artificially recorded conversations.

It is a world of false holocaust. The desert and the wind are within you. And the dead dog. They die in Dr. Faustus, too, but she, a real master of the flux and fall of reality, its true glamour, and light, knows there is no real tragedy in that. Tragedy is dead, along with us, if we perpetuate that valley of shadows amongst us. Oh, somebody, please turn off the lights. There is no true City of Night with them on. There is no truth of darkness. The snake does appear but we wouldn't know, with this all-seeing One with his all-seeing eye about us. Go blind first, Mr. City of Night, and then tell us of the darkness.

We know you have been dragged along the streets, and rousted, and hustled, and shook down, and blown but have you ever opened the windows to let the night come in. And you were nowhere to be found, and record it for us.
THE REPORTERS continued

That is the way we want it. Some boy might say: "It's the story of my life." But it's the story of all our lives, and nobody cares but ourselves. I admit it's better than the newspapers, and a record of the times, but of the true rhythm and destruction of life, our truth as we live it, maybe in an instant apart from others, is there any of that?

Is there any true contemplation or revelation in it? Or merely just a record that is pretty scratched and lightly worn. One does not feel changed, by your art or life, Mr. City of Night. One does not feel disgusted or shocked. One does not seem any part of it. It is a becoming and a going apart from all of us. It is what we do with our daytimes and nights. It does not touch the depths, much as McClure's Meat Science Essays do not reveal any truth about heroin, or cocaine, or peyote, other than what he finds. What else can we hope for? From them. Only that they touch a spot we have all encountered. Not just a surface reporting. A reportage of the depths. A dimension that is limited to one. Not a moon-shot. Not a hot shot. Not death.

I don't want it. I only know The Rainbow Comes and Goes by Diana Cooper tells me more about morphine and addiction than William Burroughs. But there you go again. Clawing at your masters. Let them be. Let women speak. They know. They speak so seldom about such matters. But they know. That is why they get shot, and never appear in your City of Night, except as shadowy creatures, like Gene De Lancey, and all she does is provoke tears in you. Dear City of Night, come home, sleep with them, find what joy it is. Just to sleep, not to touch. Let us touch hands. Let us pass the book back and forth. We only want to know. What is there is know but the unknown. The known is here before us. We don't need that, except as it appears in beauty out of your eye. It doesn't have to be reported. It can be caught in a word, an image, not in well-developed phrases, and well-thought of words alone. Let madness come. It doesn't teach anything. It merely says, beware, the men are around. Near you the depths. Disaster and disease await. Avoid them, at all cost. You have to surrender yourself to attain self.

That flows through the universe, activating the stars.

II

Well, we all have been through the City of Night, we all have used peyote; and had nightmares and delusions; there isn't even any madness anymore, because the attendants are always around, and see to it that no one goes mad. They also give us bills for it. And pills. So hallucinogen world I don't want. It's been Hallucinogen? all along. Even in childhood. What greater hallucination is there than that.

So City of Night, you don't terrify, you don't inform, you don't affect us, you just mystify, bring back unpleasant contaminated memories, that doesn't cleanse, purify, cost us, anything at all.
THE REPORTERS continued

All we do is boring, all we can do is expect someone will come along to terrify us, bore us, become us, betray us, be anything to us. But be close, be the thing the way it is, or isn't, but be something, don't be dull, flat, one-dimensional landscape, that even doesn't occupy yourself, except that it holds out an easy way to attain something that you think will fill us or you with despair, nausea, moral learning, disgust, hallucination, evoke memories of our past, show us the thing the way it is, the way you see it, when all it does, is bore us, and send shivers along our skin, our ears fill up with bloat and bilge; it's no wonder Cain's Book is on a houseboat-barge although it does have some interesting things to say on firelight, Fay, the scene, and the orchid-bulb in the dropper. We float among them. We don't need to be told. It is done for us, anyway. You don't mean a thing, for you ain't got the thing by its tail, swung as we are, above our own heads, by that mysterious force which is so evident in some or all of us, but so missing in yours or them. For I classify you together: the reporters.

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BILLY LINICH'S PARTY

The pronouns in the following review are dedicated to Yvonne Rainer.

First Haircut

The worst thing about Billy Linich's party was that Dorothy Poqber (the meanest girl in town) had removed M. C. Richards' ashtray.

The next worst thing was that Lucinda Childs didn't come.

Alan Marlowe had a new gleam in his eye and a new gash above it. Diane Di Prima wore black and blue velvet. Who should be angry?

Ralph Di Padova made declarative sentences without alluding to Ouspensky. He said, "I want a cowboy haircut."

Ralph Strauss's haircut took longer.
Second Haircut

Timothy Baum prefers shoulder holsters: they’re especially useful at the Automat. He resents Eleanor Roosevelt: she packed a pistol in her purse.

James Bond prefers a Beretta .25.

Joanne Beretta prefers Ferrara. She is going to Chicago for six months.

Claire and Jean-Jacques Tschudin live upstairs from a holster you can wear under your shorts.

Painters in fourteenth-century Florence belonged to the apothecaries’ guild.

Third Haircut

Why are you so mysterious?

I have no wish to be indiscreet.

Fourth Haircut

Corrosive? I don’t even sweat.

- Timothy Baum

Fifth Haircut

"Simone Weil died on August 24, 1943. Her death, like her life, was exemplary: practically unknown, with four-fifths of her writings, and the best part, unread and unpublished, a victim of war and of her own love of peace! A recurrent theme in her thinking was that evil and pain were a false currency which was passed from hand to hand until it reached one who receives it but does not pass it on. Through such a one the world was made better...."

A very sexy party.

- Michael Katz

A timeless and sexy party.

- James Waring
Sixth Haircut
Well, Gerry Malanga
was a-doin' the conga
in a little cabana
in old Havana

and someone* stuffed his hair** into his fly.

Lester: This party isn't quite ready yet. Let's come back later.
Malka: Yeah, later.

John: But how does Chris think people treat Dorothy?
Ralph: He takes a lot of bennies.

De Flores: I'm up to the chin in Heaven!

Hark! by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two!

Seventh Haircut
A Brescia,
mentre la pioggia
scroscia,
e sulla strada la biscia
striscia,
Natacias,
lac bagascia,
alza la coscia
e piscia.

—attributed to Carlo Dolcini

Eighth Haircut
Cerberus, not Cerebus.
Binghamton, not Binghampton.
Biotin, not inositol.

Ninth Haircut
Ask Remy Charlip to sing the Snip Snip song from Samson and Delilah.
He sang it on June 10, 1961, the night my grandmother died. I first
saw La Dolce Vita, and George Zahn broke Malka Safro's leg.

*who requests anonymity and wants his beard trimmed
**it may have been a mushroom

--John Daley

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MSS. FOUND IN THE DEBRIS AT THE LIVING THEATRE: THE JOURNAL OF AN I.R.S. AGENT.

They decided not to leave and prepared a list for themselves as to those that will agree to be arrested. The Special Agents carried off some of the people & others voluntarily walked into the Patrol Wagons. The were (inresorted) in the Federal House of Detention. I remained on duty thought Saturday night with a few R O I assigned to remain with me. During the night we padlocked the various entrances & the Roof and to the premises in general. We checked as to the location of inventory. Arranged for relief crews for Sunday & Sunday night and Monday morning. We also made arrangements by calling Mr. (Murin) for removal of all the seized portable items. During the night I kept Sunday & Sunday I maintained telephone contact with the R.O. assigned to the Premises. On Sunday the removable (Reyed) assets were removed to 245 West Houston St.

On Monday morning I personally visited the (area) at 245 to determine locations of assets and what security measures might be necessary. I then went to the theater premises at which time I arranged for the premises in order to (etingle) the probable cost to dismantle the air-conditioner and theater seats.

for sales engineers to evaluate the cost of removing the air conditioner & theater seats. In addition to the above an appointment was made with the landlord for 3pm. Mr Sprintzer (OP) & Mr (Haselib) Regional Council arrived and discussed with the landlord his leasehold in the property. The landlord agreed that he is willing to pay $1000 which he considers to be the value of the air conditioner & seats (prnciling) he names a partial (charge) the lien. Mr. (Murlux) Regional Council agreed that this would be the best solution & informed the landlord to submit his request of a partial discharge fo consideration. He informed the landlord the this is an informal agreement subject to approval. Monday night R. O. was on the premises. On Tuesday morning I again went to the premises & made arrangements to send a RO to the landlord with application fo partial discharge for processing. Mr. (Jenj) was informed asked that this be done.

---The above, handwritten on a payroll ledger sheet, was received from Julian Beck. Words in parentheses were not clearly legible and appeared similar to the attempted reconstructions. Words crossed out here had originally been crossed out by the author. Spelling is as was.

The third line of the Sixth Haircut in John Daley's BILLY LINICH'S PARTY should read as follows:

...in a little cabaña
Choreographer James Waring is attempting to organize America's first modern dance repertory company, The New Choreographers Company. The company would commission and perform works by the leading young modern dance choreographers. The project has already received the nominal sponsorship of the Brooklyn Academy and a good-sized theatre has been made available for the company's first season.

So far there are no funds available for the project. The Foundation for the Contemporary Performing Arts was approached, but John Cage, who seems to make most of the decisions for the foundation, apparently did not feel that Mr. Waring and the company were a worthy part of the contemporary performing arts. At any rate, no funds were forthcoming.

We are trying to raise funds for the project. An art sale will be held at a leading gallery in mid-December; contributions of cash, art works, or manuscripts will be greatly appreciated. Make contributions to the American Theatre for Poets, Inc. The ATPP is a literary educational non-profit organization also interested in the welfare of the performing arts. Contributions will be tax-deductible by January 1, 1961.

The New Choreographers Company will represent the works of all of the leading modern dance choreographers. Its performances will be free in hopes of considerably enlarging the modern dance audience.

Alan Marlowe
Diane Di Prima

MANDRAKE is being set up in order to distribute books and little magazines. We now have a mailing list of over 750 bookstores which handle such publications as Locus Solus, Pa'lante, Yugen, etc.

Announcements of titles available through MANDRAKE will be sent out quarterly. Orders will be followed up with inquiries about reorders. Our first mailout is scheduled for December 1st.

MANDRAKE will collect 10% of the price of the books it distributes in order to cover costs.

If you are interested in having us act as distributor, please send 100 copies of each book to be distributed. If you wish to prepare your own announcements or flyers, please forward those to us for inclusion in our regular mailout. We will appreciate new additions to our mailing list of interested bookstores, libraries, and individuals.

MANDRAKE is now acting as distributor for Pa'lante, Locus Solus, Signal (first issue available November 1st), Brownstone Press, and Thing Press. We hope this action may help to enlarge the market for little magazines and small press books.

MANDRAKE - 21½ Shippan Avenue - Stamford, Connecticut
The Ballad Opera, SAN FRANCISCO'S BURNING by Helen Adam, illustrated by Jess - subscriptions: $1.50 - mailed to yr address by Oannes (sylkie), 1102 tenth st., Berkeley, Calif. Said to be a very beautiful book.


THIS KIND OF BIRD FLIES BACKWARD by Diane Di Prima has been reprinted in paper - $0.95. Paper Book Gallery Edition 1963.

WHY HASN'T JOHN WIENER'S BOOK, THE HOTEL WENTLEY POEMS, BEEN AVAILABLE AT THE EIGHTH STREET BOOKSHOP FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS?

BLUE BEAT - late Nov or early Dec 1963, price still unknown, lst issue to include: Moraff, Sanders, kupferberg, Solomon, Bremer, Malanga. Blue Beat Publ., 331 East 5 St., New York 3.

AN ANTHOLOGY of work by BRECHT BREMER BROWN BYRD CAGE DEGENER DEMARITA FLYNT ONO HIGGINS ICHIYANAGI JENNINGS JOHNON LONH JONSON MAC LOW MAXFIELD MORRIS MORRIS PAIK RILEY ROT WARING WILLIAMS WOLFF YOUNG La Monte Young, Editor George Maciunas, Designer AN ANTHOLOGY $3.98 checks payable to La Monte Young, P.O. Box 190, Canal Street Station, New York NY10013

La Monte Young: Soprano Saxophone
Angus MacIse: Hand Drums
Marian Zazeela: Voice Drone
Tony Conrad: Strings
Hour Tape $10.00 Checks payable to R. Adler 333 West 14 St. NY 14 NY (indicate $ or 1/4 track)

THE PAPER BAG PLAYERS

JUDSON DANCE THEATRE - A CONCERT OF DANCE Nov. 19 & 20, at 8:30 pm.
JUDSON POETS' THEATRE - Bust of a Lunatic by Donald Kvares, directed by Marilyn Chris & Hurrah; It's Lewis Carroll Day by Don Katzman, directed by Larry Kornfeld - Nov 22-25; Nov 29-Dec 2 at 8:30 pm.
SP 7 0033 for reservations (necessary) for dance & plays, after 7 pm.
Drama workshop, Tues Nov 26 at 8 pm in the church lounge, interested welcome.
JUDSON GALLERY - Paintings by New York artists - Nov 6-Nov 8, to be auctioned on Sat, Nov 9 - proceeds to secure a retrial for poet, Ray Bremer.
The Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square, South, N.Y.C.
J. Waring has said “don’t miss the Schwitters Show” at the Galeria Chalette (looks like an apartment house) 1100 Madison Ave., NYC. “steal a copy of the catalogue for very good Schwitters quotes.” Runs til end of Nov. “You’ll want to go twice, at least.”


Fred Herko’s kind of ballet class by Fred Herko at the Waring Studio Saturdays at 11:00 AM in the St. Mark’s Playhouse Bldg., 2nd Ave. & St. Mark’s Place, NYC (up the stairs — 4th or 5th floor)

THE WORLD OF THE LIE — The new book of poems (1958-61) by Ron Loewinsohn 250 ltd ed signed. Check or money order for $1.25 payable to author. from Change Press, 1056 14th St., San Francisco, California

SIGNAL: a quarterly review — new work by Hart Crane, Dawson, Di Prima Jones O’Hara Oppenheimer Rumaker Wieners. $1.00, from The Brownstone Press, 57 West 82nd St., NYC.

WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE — #4 Special Poetry Issue. Out Jan 1. $1.00
The Found-Lost Poems of Willard Maas, Interviews with Marie Menken & Stan Brakhage, Marilyn at the Palace by Stuart Byron w/paintings by Andy Warhol, New Translation of George Herbert’s Triumphus Mortis by Mark McCloskey, Oscar Kokoshka: Poeme en Critique by Anne Fessenden, Cassius Marcellus Clay: The Cockatoo in Freedomland by Angelica Farfalla & Gerard Malanga, 20 p. of photos, and more. $1.00 & 10¢ postage to Gerard Malanga, 269 East 194 St., Bronx 58, N.Y.

STABLE — a literary-arts magazine. 1st issue Feb. 1. New work by Berrigan, Di Prima, Ceravolo, Shapiro, Malanga, Ashbery, Agnoux, Brodey, et al. designed by Andy Warhol; edited by Gerard Malanga. $1.00 Mss. & orders to Gerard Malanga, c/o Andy Warhol, 1342 Lexington Ave., NYC (published by Eleanor Ward of Stable Art Gallery)

C: A Journal of Poetry. 4th issue — the poems of Edwin Denby, intro by Wieners, Edwin’s Hand by Frank O’Hara. Each issue contains a different painting on the cover by Andy Warhol. 25¢ & 5¢ postage to Ted Berrigan, C, 360 East 9th St., NYC.

The Bear is looking for copies of issue #24 to complete its own files/If you have & don’t still need, send it back.

Dear Harriet Rohmer: On what frequency did you get that new work by Hart Crane? — F. S. Fitzgerald

October 16th
Dear Floating Bear,
Today is my birthday. Please take me off you mailing list for personal reasons.
A blind negro man on Madison Avenue had a seeing-eye dog whose toe nails were painted bright red.

Ray Johnson