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THE PLAYS OF PIERO

HELICZER

Program I

3-5 FEBRUARY 9 pm

the tomb of henry james

diferencias i-iv

FILMMAKERS CINEMATHEQUE

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Rehearsals for The Plays of Piero

Heliczer are now in progress
every evening from 9-12 pm.

These are verse plays and as
there are xiii of them, actors and
actresses are urgently needed.

Phone 989-5799 (before 1:30
pm).

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

BENEFIT for the widow of
RON RICE (See Mekas below)
at the **CINEMA THEATER**,
Western at Santa Monica.
Friday, Feb. 12, Midnight.
THREE RON RICE FILMS
will be screened. For details
See Calendar, Page 8.

kaja

from: the emerald city

. . . for Gregory Corso

Oh ye dead who waken in the underground rooms
the loud fraud palaces of garnets and dreams, the dry water,
the cold fire
the small green emerald men, thick as green ants

Oh ye dead who waken in dead caverns
on the front porch, under the canvas
your nose striped like a barber's pole, and no way to explain it,
or in the back seat of a car,
clown-hatted at the marriage of one card to another,
the intercourse of Leopard spots,
shout white! what's all the use? black blood
growing on the ground, terror in the shape of water come.

And the water. Cold. Lifeless. Shake it! Look, it refuses
to answer!
Oh water, why so soggy that you can't stand up straight?
Glazed by water, glass-eyed by garnets, creased by green men,
what's the matter Nobody would let you in!

You, on the front porch.
You, in the back seat of the sedan.
Did you forget to use the door and flew in on a bat wing?
Magic makers, no wonder
they've still got you webbed in the hall. I know your feet get tired
as spittoons.
I know your sleeves look sometimes like the butts of someone else's
cigarette,
I know this vestibule
is your whole hotel, baggage! Your bridal suite of one thousand
rooms.

NEW DEPARTURES

international review of literature & the lively arts

new departures in

prose

from: paul ableman samuel beckett william s
burroughs michael hamburger raymond queneau
alan sillitoe

in poetry

from: kenneth beaudoin robert beloof patrick
bowles pete brown alan brownjohn gregory
corso robert creeley donald davie allen ginsberg
john fuller charles hamblett anselm hollo
michael horovitz hans helms piero heliczer
dennis keene bernard kops jack kerouac adrian
mitchell john miles mike meclure om gabriel
pearson raymond queneau jon silkin august
stramm charles tomlinson sir herbert read philip
o'connor judy spink stevie smith

plays

from: samuel beckett clik higgins eugene ionesco
john mcgrath harold pinter stefan themerson

painting

from: alberto burri alan davie anthony hill
anna lovell victor pasmore franciszka themerson
bob rauschenberg kurt schwitters picasso

music

from: john cage cornelius cardew earl brown
charlie mingus lamonte young

and multifarious

photo collage images of wonder fifteen issues in
preparation advance \$15 or singles at \$1.50
post free from 57 Greek Street, London W 1

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD. And the word is the virus instrument. The black armadillo holds a white time copyright on separation of the word "the" . . . THE instrument that opened the human species to cultivation...copywrite almost certainly forged since the black armadillo is a plant (or intrusion) to the VIRUS POWER. But none of us can say on tactile evidence that he did not spin the basis gimmick: THE. We were outside. We could not smell taste touch (and we are still blind). We can perform no sense operation without occupying nine-tenths of the HOST. We prefer to leave you the out house. The Hepatitis Kid says: "Never push the mark all the way out. Leave him sweet in the tenth OUT HOUSE. Ordinance. YOU WANT TO BE LONG? Dead hosts don't keep long. Possession is NINE tenths of the law. This is practical wisdom on the level of CHESTERFIELD LETTERS. Written for an age of staple factors. Piece and plenty."

NOW THE QUAB DAYS are upon us. We are threatened with the loss of our human hosts. Happy we were before the dollar blight and other recent scandals placed our food tray in unprecedented peril...."SPOON SPOON, GIVE IT TO ME, GIVE IT TO ME."

IF THE BLACK ARMADILLO SHOULD DEFECT taking with him his right mold WAS HE A DEFECTOR FROM THE BEGINNING?

GIVE IT TO ME. Spoon! Spoon! REMIND THE BOARD of the broom rack which wiped out South American chocolate. Thousands of Ecuadorians threw themselves en masse from the evil tower rather than return to Quito in a disgusting position. Wouldn't you?

TRAK BOARD MEETING. EXTERMINATOR. I find it a useful literary exercise to think and feel in terms of micro-organisms. What does the trak virus do where ever it can dissolve a hole and find traction? It starts eating. "We do not improve thee. We have come to eat." And with what it eats, what? It makes copies of itself. TO INVADE. DAMAGE.

OCCUPY IS THE TRAK MOTTO. Suspending disbelief that such an invasion deal has taken place HOW CAN it be re-written ...I pose myself a chess problem..

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE BATTLE INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANTI-TRAK AGENTS: Exercise in phantom positions of GUERRILLA WAR. "Enemy advance we

retreat. Enemy retreat WE ADVANCE. ENEMY ENCAMP we agitate. Enemy tire WE

ATTACK..." Quote for Mao Tse Tung on Guerrilla war tactics.

/MINUTES TO GO. Give it to me!

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE OCCUPATION////

The occupying power of this planet described as a soft MACHINE. A SOFT crustacean machine rigged to degrade DOWN GRADE THE HUMAN HOST until resistance is

TOTALLY PROCESSED. Then they will lend their crustacean kind and replace the host. You most "unusual being dormant in cancer feel toward the day already overpopulated with hungry cows."

BREED COULD LAND BY KILLING OR WEAKENING CANCER ANTIBODIES ON A FOAM RUNWAY. Minutes to go. The scientists engaged in cancer research are doing just that. Killing and weakening antibodies. "Cancer men. These individuals are marked: FOR."

ALWAYS THE ENEMY AGENTS PRESENT IMPECCABLE CREDENTIALS ..they invented credentials: "Benefactors of man kind who have devoted their lives to the unfaltering service of fellow human creatures."

When you hear that sound sus a TRAK AGENT. Trak Service. Menkind, look! Look at your planet. LOOK AND SEE YOUR ENEMY. This is war to

EXTERMINATION. Disconnect the soft machine. Cut/cut/cut/I interrupt this to bring you a Bulletin from the CHAMBER POT OF COMMERCE: "Gentlemen, the one thing we feature is picturesque gooks for the tourist trade and all our gooks are now rotten with green cancer pias and cola gas." Minutes to go.

I WILL NOW TRACE THE OCCUPATION: and the means whereby the occupying forces took over to establish present position approaching total monopoly on a blockaded planet. Remember that the soft machine is a virus parasite that lives in your flesh and bones and nerve centers. Controls thought feeling and sensory impressions. The machine needs you to exist. It was built into the body fixing the human race from the beginning, and the beginning was the word. /In thee beginning was word "the".."the" soft machine.

JUST GREEN SPEAKING: "Occupation is not of necessity malignant. A symbiotic relation between host and occupant is potential now written in green neon."

USUAL PROCEDURE: Virus Filter. Agent plants cold sore on lip feeds back precise map of oral cavity. Flu explores nasal passage and lung tissue. Liver maps from the yellow sickness (lives in straw, the Arabs say) .. contour maps trace shrunken limbs of polio. The maps codified into area reports and life scripts write the MESSAGE THAT IS YOU: service and control the earth puppets. Strictly from monkey

(you) without the utilities trak service. Invade. Damage. OCCUPY..."Remind the Board of the Chagas Disease epidemic Argentine 1936 (year I grad/uated). Buenos Aires, city of dry air, meat and whore terminal of the world, has always been subject to lavatory accidents and virus leaks.

Certain leaks are in CENTRAL sewer system not accident but clear sabotage directed from but quarters. It was observed by some ingrate who slipped through the flek doctor that cancerous gooks who contracted Chagas absorbed the cancer. The Chagas is not a virus but an independent relatively separated organism. And for organism to eat virus is against law of Mother Nature we wrote to consolidate our position. VIRUS MUST ALWAYS DO THE EATING. To compromise on this invites carnivorous disaster

THE DOLLAR BLIGHT ORIGINATED IN THE INTESTINAL TRACT OF "BUBU CLIMACTIC" ABYSSINIAN TRANSFER /ITE AND COUNTERFEITER..after ten minute incubation period his notes crisp and explode in a puff of yellow hepatitis fell out.

ON YELLOW FRIDAY the blight flashed round the world attacking checks..notes..deeds ..bonds..drafts..telegrams.. ticker tape..narcotics prescriptions. Brokers surfaced in the yellow tide blew sulphur from rotting livers and expired choking the markets..curbs..and banks of the world with dead meat ranging in color from mahogany through olive green to a terminal green black--

fortunately rare since most of the brokers, guards, runners, cashiers, and guilty bystanders died before terminal-- warned us of an even greater peril. The smok virus could attack metal. Only the most drastic quarantine measures saved our gold reserves from total reduction. "Bubu Climactic" disintegrated in a Wall Street lavatory, his right hand and forearm in a state of flagrant preservation. Dead fingers talked in Braille to establish identity. Relief was premature.

THINKING A MILLION TIMES FASTER than our human hosts. But not seeing not feeling the other on tracks. Turning the virus back on us. Turning the word back ONUS. EXTERMINATOR.

"The dummy revolt flashed round the world when they took it to Cut City and talked out of turn and threw the word and image back. Mr. Brady Mr. Martin.

He is taking over the machine. Rewriting the machine to landslide defection. The machine feeds back favorable conditions for machine monopoly. Professor Weiners cybernetics

Expert sounds warning: "The machine thinking faster than cerebral tissue may not realize the implications of an order... The machine could sweep its masters to disaster before they knew what it was about"-- quote in TIME. Disaster is the machine's work. Down grade to insect level. Puppet bodies strung on insect control beams SAME: Word and image machine of world press and Hollywood controlling and downgrading... manipulating events. RIOTS TO ORDER. "No riots like injustice directed." Minutes to go.

DOUBLE TALK SAINTS LEAVE A WAKE OF WHIRLWIND RIOTS SEVERED LIMBS AND BOUNCING HEADS.

Remember old Doc Benway. It wasn't easy to get through with this info. Thing police keep all board room reports and we are not allowed to proffer the disaster accounts. I can tell you fed limbs and bouncing head this info: wake of whirlwind riots. Muchos bouncing heads. Remember old Doc Benway die word lines.

TRAK BOARD MEETING: "We have been accused of sabotaging the human comedy. Of so degrading the goods with coco cola piss and other junk and our dreary oral and retentive obsessions that no one will be able to move. We deny this. Meteorologically but without indignation one of our gimmicks and we don't use it, having assessed soon after our arrival

in the white time the degree of inertia inherent in this flower of idiotics that would not be tolerated for five light minutes in any modern hatchery we saw that the only way of extricating ourselves from appalling terminal was to make moving very difficult that is to say as geometrically difficult as moving is for a creature so constituted of such stupidity and barbarous practices. YOU STRICTLY FROM MONEY like we found you with out the Utilities Trak Service. Right?"

AND WRITE NOW. The parasite isn't everywhere. But friends are. Showing you their air. They squeezing your air. On the radio. In the metro. In the parks streets plazas and terminal restaurants of the world. Subliminal sounds odors images. Squeezing your air. Cut the tape worms off the air. Cut the parasites off. Cut all word lines. Put it out on short wave of the world. Shift linguists. Shift word tracks. Shift speed tracks. Vibrate tourists. Vibrate tape worms. Cut tangle vibrate shift all word lines everywhere. "CALLING DR. BENWAY..."

"Just time just time just time. Why evil? why pain war hate prison police fear executions-executions? Feeds the

machine. The soft machine runs on pain hate and fear. Theta waves of pain and deprivation charge the soft starved machine. Death house fear. Riot hate. The machine squeezing the host and feeds back down grade brain photo of processed affect. From the chemical corn bank. Why EVIL? Who profits? Those who serve the soft machine; Board Syndicates and Powers of the Earth. Paid off in money and power to carry out machine orders.

Liar who want time for more liars. Collaborators with an insect machine. Cowards who cannot face you with the truth. Liars collaborate towards suckers marks you have fallen for the oldest line in the trade; "What are you doing over there with the WORKERS?" Why don't you come over here with the Board where you belong? Treat you right. Candy and cigarettes."

Did Trak ever give any thing away for nothing? Boards Syndicates Powers of the Earth you will be paid off like all marks in double ZERO. Stop lying stop collaborating. Come out with the truth for all to see.

"Don't let them see us. Don't tell them what we are doing?" Boards Syndicates Powers saying that: Of the Earth... come out of the soft machine with all your sad citizens. The great skies are open. There is no thing to fear. There is no thing in space. Come out out//

THESE ARE BATTLE INSTRUCTIONS: Shift linguists/vibrate tourists/free door ways/cut word lines/shift tangle out all words lines/"I said the Chief of Police skinned alive in Bagdad not Washington D.C." //CUT CUT "Cholera epidemic in Stockholm"//Scotland Yard assassinates the Prime Minister in a Rightest coup//Switzerland freezes all foreign assets //Mindless idiot you have liquidated the Commissioner// "Spectators scream through the track//The machine shivers in blue pink and chlorophyll spasms//Police files of the world spurt out in a blast of bone meal//Street gangs Uranian born in the face of appalling conditions//Will Hollywood never learn? The Dummy Revolt flashed round the world when they took it to Cut City... and talked out of turn and threw the WORDS AND IMAGE back//and dragged the down graders out of their cool blue houses and kicked the frozen flesh beings into screaming slate crystals on the street of brass and copper. Under the dead sun. Unimaginable and downright stupid Disaster/Teen age future time...

IF YOU CHARGE THE SOFT MACHINE DIRECTLY THE MACHINES DIRECTLY CHARGED BY YOUR HATE. Attack machine directly:

MISTAKE OF LATE CAPTAIN AHAB. Enemy advance we retreat/ Cut word lines Minutes to Go/ Enemy retreat we advance/free door ways/enemy encamp we agitate/shift linguists/enemy tire we attack/Rub out all the machine words forever. Rub out machine word THIS forever. The sender of the soft machine? "Meet your old top kick boys. May have given you a bad time. Write it all up to training."

"The SOFT MACHINE? An obstacle course. Basic training for space. I quote: write the enemy into friends. Write the soft machine out in training. Write the enemy into space. The enemy only exist in word. In word THIS. Rub out word THIS forever. "I

Uranian willily the heavy metal kid perfected the big con hoy rube switch along the teng dynasty. I let them set up the big store /the prop banks/and float their counterfeit replica stock syndicates from cabbage and banker Droppings. Then I pull the switch and the stock is GOOD. The board is HONEST. The big store is free. The bank will redeem all promissory notes. Board syndicates and powers of the earth... pay. Pay

PAY. I have pulled the time switch and the time jerked on disin/positi virus from the first. Time was have then my plant. I pulled the big con hoy And laced my fatal light. The cool blue police of Uranian willily drift over the earth. Checking board books police files of the world with fingers light and cold as Spring Wind. Checking the Thing Police/ checking the word and image bank and all the agonist of trak.

And America most heavily infected area on the Board /America was culture to grow resistant strains./"Sub virus stimulates anti-virus special group... Argue second time a round such a deal" minutes to go. "Not knowing what is and is not knowing I KNEW NOT."

--Hassan I Sabbah's Razor. NOW THE AREA OF TOTAL PAIN TOTAL ALERT TOTAL WAR: Flash bulb of total urgency blazes in all out faces pass the mirror lines streets in neon swirls. Total competition for Space Prize. Move and Counter Move cancel OUT the board as chessmen go up in bit ter almond vapor. Without love junk cover organs severs word lines leave agents no orders wherewith to merge one another into one character to bug almost every body as

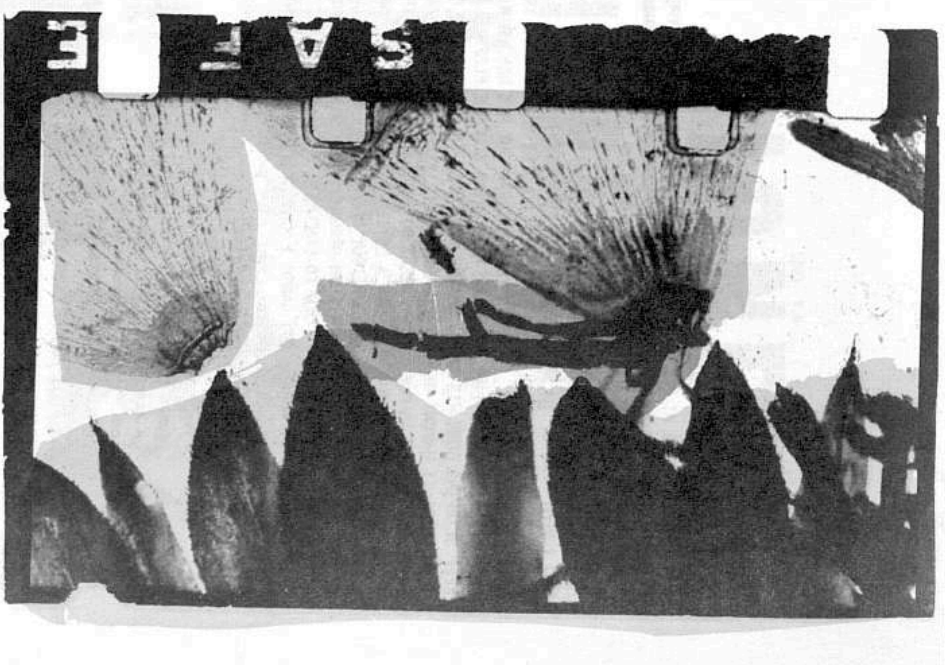
"Klinkers": Agents who operate outside the lines saying most awful things totally un-top secret to top annihilating all."



DEANWELL



BOB BRANNAN



STILL FROM STAN BRAKHAGE MOVIE



GEORGE HERMS



R. DRISCOLL

BRUCE CONNOR



LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

A DREAM STATEMENT

The soft fur parted
but he withdrew
from around the body
his halcyon limbs
and allowed the Ram
only Shiva & Contemplation

RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

BANNERS OF MY OWN CHOOSING

Drunk layed and drunk unlayed and drunk layed again, it makes no difference. I return to this novel as one who has been away but one who was always destined to return and perhaps that's for the best.

I found no statues nor bouquets of flowers, no beloved to say: "Now we will fly new banners from the castle, and they will be of your own choosing, "and to hold my hand again, to take my hand in yours.

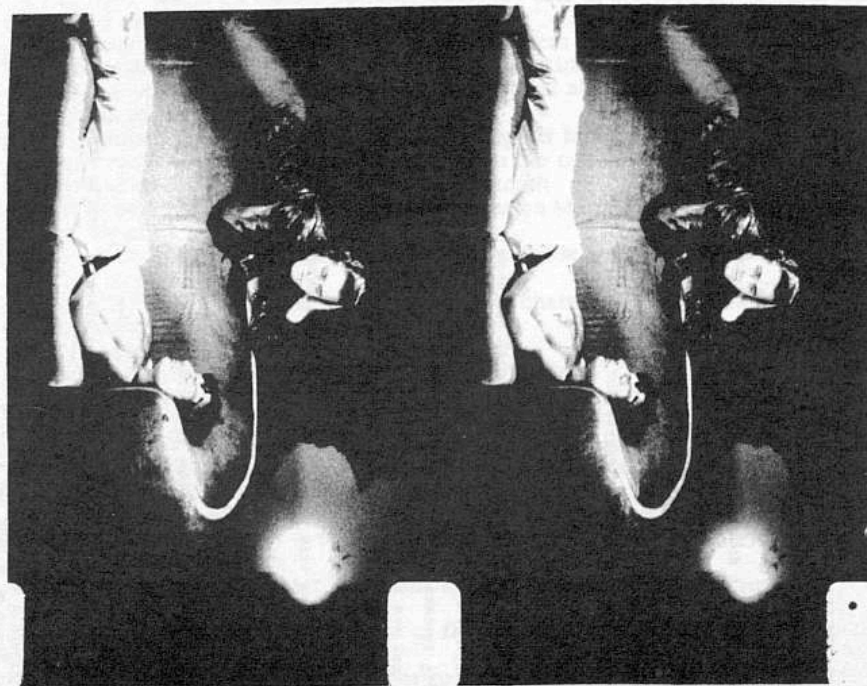
None of that stuff for me.

My typewriter is fast enough as if it were a horse that's just escaped from the ether, plunging through silence, and the words gallop in order while outside the sun is shining.

Perhaps the words remember me.

It is the fourth day of March 1964. The birds are singing on the back porch, a bunch of them in an aviary, and I try to sing with them: Drunk layed and drunk unlayed and drunk layed again, I'm back in town.

Copyright 1965 Richard Brautigan



The poets Piero Heliczer and Gerard Malanga
in the infamous COUCH by Andy Warhol

HORDE	+	HORDE	+	HORDE	+	HORDE	+++	HORDE	+	HORDE	+	HORDE	+	HORDE
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R														R
D														O
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U.S.A. vs Underground



Walter Breidel Photo

Artists found Guilty - Resisting Badgeless Feds

Two East Village artists, Piero Heliczer, poet, 28, and Jack Smith, maker of "underground" films, 33, and Jack Martin, musician 24, of Nashville, Tenn., were found guilty by a Federal District jury of assaulting agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and of impeding an arrest by the agents.

Irene Nolan, 21, a petite, pretty blond, who is employed at the Bridge Theatre, was acquitted.

Martin and Smith were each held on \$2,000 bail, Heliczer on \$1,000 bail; each was given to the following day to raise the money; each

faces maximum penalties of three years in jail and \$10,000 fines. Sentencing was set for May 26.

* * * * *

These are the verdicts in the case of the United States of America vs. Martin, Smith, Heliczer and Nolan. But the case actually began about nine months ago, when, on August 1, 1965 Martin was walking down MacDougal Street on his way home. He had recently pleaded guilty and received a suspended sentence for the failure to pay the federal tax on the transfer of marijuana. His friend,

George Dale Wilbourn was still in jail because he could not raise bail.

Martin testified that he spoke on August 1 to the man who had informed on him and Wilbourn, and threatened this government witness, "Man, you're dead in this town."

No formal complaint was made at this time or since by the agents regarding Martin's alleged threat. However, about three days later, on August 3, Ira Feldman, a group supervisor from the Narcotics Bureau approached Martin on Bleecker Street. According to Martin's testimony, Feldman backed him

continued on page 14

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ARTISTS VS. FEDS

Continued from page 1

into a doorway and said, "You're stupid, Jack, you've threatened a government witness."

In court, Martin testified that "They put me in a Corvair and took me to the Bureau's headquarters on Church Street. They said I would go to jail for from five to ten years and be held on \$100,000 bail. I was there for three hours. They promised me a light sentence if I would set-up Allen Ginsberg for a narcotics arrest. I was so scared I would have framed my own father to get out of that place."

Feldman, however, testified earlier that Martin had volunteered to become an informant and would arrange to frame Ginsberg, but only in California. Bruce Jensen, the agent who had arrested Martin on July 23 on the marijuana tax-evasion charge, followed Feldman on the stand. Jensen said he had asked Martin to become an informant.

In fact, in Ass't Federal Attorney, John R. Bartel's words, Martin had agreed to set-up "this movie-maker Ginsberg" in order to end the interrogation. Once released, Martin called Jensen and said, "I can't do it. Bring me to trial if you want to."

From August 3 to August 11 Martin lived at 121 Thompson Street in the Village. He was not, during this period of time, arrested by the agents for his alleged threat on the government witness. On the night of August 11, Martin was involved in the final preparations for a benefit to be held that night at the Broadway Central Hotel in order to raise money for Wilbourn's bail. (See Vol. 1, No. 1 EVO). The benefit had been well publicized and drew a crowd of about 200 people. Admission was charged and the evening's fare included an "underground" movie, a brief concert by the Fugs and other frivolities. Before the evening's activities got underway, Martin made a speech denouncing the practice of using informants by the Narcotics Bureau.

While Martin was describing how the Narcotics Bureau asked him to set-up Ginsberg,

Agents Feldman, Jensen, Gerald Maher and John O'Neil entered the Broadway Central, casually dressed in flamboyant shirts. They did not pay the admission charge and quickly assumed positions in various sections of the ballroom.

Heliczer, the announcer, ran into the ballroom and told the audience that several people had entered the ballroom without paying, and that the evening's program would cease until they either paid or left the premises.

Feldman walked on stage and said to Martin, "O. K., Jack, finish your speech and come along with me." Martin finished his speech. Defense Counsel, Stanley Faulkner questioned Martin as to what happened next.

Q: Did Feldman have a warrant for your arrest?

A: Feldman said, "You know, Jack, I don't need one."

Q: Did Feldman say why he was arresting you?

A: He wouldn't tell me why.

Q: Did you have on you, use or purchase marijuana at that time?

A: No, sir.

Q: Did Feldman have on a badge?

A: He did not have a badge on. (Feldman testified earlier that he was wearing a badge.)

Q: What did you say then?

A: I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, you are now witnessing a case in which I'm being illegally arrested. Feldman said, "You are now witnessing a case in which someone is resisting arrest."

Feldman testified that Martin cried out, "Don't let him take me. They have no right. There are six of them and two hundred of you."

Martin was handcuffed from behind by three of the agents and dragged up the aisle. When they reached the lobby, Miss Nolan, the ticket seller, who testified that the agents were not wearing badges when they first entered the hotel, rushed to Martin's defense.

Faulkner asked Miss Nolan what happened next.

Q: Did you hit anyone?

A: Yes, I did.

Q: Whom did you hit?

A: He was a large agent, a big man with a big head.

Q: And you attacked him?

A: Yes, I slapped him around the face two or three times.

Q: Had the agent hit or kicked you?

A: I saw five men twisting the arms and legs of one small man. He was screaming for help. I ran to help him.

Within minutes, Heliczer rushed to Miss Nolan's aid. Faulkner asked Heliczer what happened next.

A: I tried to kick agent O'Neill but two people jumped on top of me and slammed handcuffs on me. Then I asked him to have mercy. I did not know who the agents were.

Q: Did you have a conversation with Bruce Jensen in July, 1965 to discuss Martin and Wilbourn's bail?

A: Yes, I did.

The scuffle continued outside the hotel. Some of the audience surrounded the agents and defendants, about three dozen police arrived, and during the ensuing chaos, Smith struck Feldman and was then arrested.

Feldman testified that he went to Beekman Hospital for treatment, having suffered contusions. (A contusion is the injury to the skin without laceration; a bruise.) He was released shortly thereafter.

The defendants were taken to the Charles Street precinct.

The following morning, on August 12, Agent Feldman filed a warrant for the defendants' arrest. The warrant, Feldman said, "Referred to what took place on the night of August 11, it referred to assault and resisting arrest."

All four defendants pleaded not guilty.

* * * * *

By the time of the third and final day of the trial in Judge John F. X. McGohey's chambers on the thirteenth floor of the Federal Courthouse, a melange of poets, artists and musicians had watched the tournament between the narcotics agents and the East Village avant-garde.

In Defense Attorney Faulkner's summation, he said that the narcotics agents never took Martin's alleged threat seriously; their purpose at the hotel benefit on August 11 was to elicit Martin's aid in framing Ginsberg. Faulkner said that the agents were "frustrated, were completely frustrated, for they were out to get Martin, to get him to make a frame."

In Ass't Federal Attorney Bartel's summation, frequent allusions were made to the avant-garde element in the case. He asked the jury to compare Martin's demeanor and "the parade of disinterested defense witnesses" to the demeanor of the government agents.

He questioned the jury, "Do these agents look like frustrated men, these men who have had five to ten years of experience on the narcotics squad?"

Bartel restated the fact that Martin had committed a felon in threatening a government witness and was wanted for questioning. The agents did not need a warrant; the arrest was legal; the agents were on official duty. Bartel made a final reference to "this movie-maker Ginsberg" and brusquely walked to his chair.

Ginsberg did not hear Bartel's remark. Both he and Peter Orlovsky felt their presence in the courtroom might prejudice the 11 man 1 woman jury. During the fifteen minutes it took to choose a jury, Ginsberg said, "I feel like the noose of the police state is closing in on me. I've had experience with police states in Prague, and it's very similar."

Both poets reappeared when the jury began its deliberations and waited six hours until a verdict had been reached.

The defense will appeal the case on the grounds that Martin's arrest on the night of August 11 was illegal since the agents had no warrant.

by Marcia Goldstein

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VOYEURAMA VOYEURAMA



JACK SMITH TELLS NOTHING—SAYS ALL. I began by asking an uncool question. "Tell me, Jack," I said, "how did you get into this moldy business?"

His jaw clamped shut and he damned nearly dropped the cup he was drying.

I tried again: "What I mean is, where were you before you fell into your *creature* bag... there must have been a time when there were no creatures in your life."

Jack Smith picked up a couple of chicken legs and a handful of mixed vegetables and carefully wrapped them in a sheet of aluminum foil. "This is the only way to cook food," he said as he placed the bundle in his oven. "You don't have to season and it preserves all the goodness."

I crawled out of the verbal crater I had just made for myself and wandered around his lift thru chaos, past the red velvet cushion covered with dime store jewelry, pass the bust of a mannequin which looked like a bust of Caesar's whore, over a pile of grimy diaphanous costumes, around a transistor radio spluttering Spanish serenades and sat next to two elephant tusks, one artificial and one a genuine molar. Behind me were the artificial sunflowers bathing themselves in a revolting multicolored display light. To my left was a potbellied stove and a mountain of lumber. I'm not sure whether the lumber was a fuel source but I do know where it came from—the ceiling. This was conspicuous because half of it (the ceiling) wasn't there. The walls went up and up into the loft above...which is another section of Smith's real estate.

And so since Smith had refused to talk about his origins and influences (topics without which no profile worthy of the name can be called complete), I therefore feel obliged to create them—using, of course, the Smithsonian method, in which, sad to say, I am not yet a master.

Jack Smith was born of poor and honorably dishonest parents who lived in a middle-class shack on the edge of a well-known American desert. His mother did the sewing for the merchant princes of a nearby town and sold fortune cookies to transient werewolves. His father, a veteran pacifist of the Spanish war, worked as a tattoo artist in Juarez and was thus really at home.

When Jack was two, leprosy struck the family next door. After the last member had been transported to a colony in the Pacific, the house was closed, flooded with Lysol, and sold cheaply to an enterprising madam. Jack soon became a favorite of the house, was given free access to all peepholes, and was permitted to sit on the madam's lap during exhibitions—provided he didn't make any noise. By the time he was five he had acquired an attitude of blase acceptance, and rarely



visited the house next door—unless there was something of connoisseurial interest. Mostly, he stayed in his room browsing thru his nursery library which consisted of an unexpurgated volume of *The Arabian Nights*, a volume of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* (illustrated by Audrey Beardsley), and a Rumanian edition of the works of Bosch. One day after wandering in the desert, he returned to find that an earthquake had swallowed both his house and the one next door. He contemplated the devastation for three days and nights before clambering into a crevice to retrieve his library. Then, with the books under his arm, he set off in a northerly direction, arriving on the Lower East Side two decades later.

On East Third Street about three years back, I first met Smith. After a very brief introduction he pulled from his pocket (in the manner of a professional vendor of pornography) a small plain envelope containing contact prints of his still photographs. Two minutes later I was a member of the Jack Smith Fan Club.

Over dinner, (which was delicious but needed a little salt) Smith was considerably more vocal in regard to the present. The fact that "Flaming Creatures" was hanging in a Kafkaesque position between the lawyers and the courts didn't seem to spoil his appetite, even if it did cast a shadow over his bank account. For dessert we peered at some slides which are a part of a forthcoming show to be called "The Flamingo Stampede."

Everything Smith makes is unorthodox, anti-academic, and anticommercial. When you enter Smith's world, you have to leave behind all preconceived ideas about film form, still form, editing, et al.

A full appreciation of his work requires a totally free mind. His still compositions should not work—the action frequently sits uncomfortably on the edge of the photograph, as if it had been cropped by a blind man, and the images themselves have little relationship to any world we know except that they might possibly be human beings like ourselves. Yet, they do work...have a life and order of their own...beautifully, anarchistically beautiful. There is a feeling that the erotic moment has been transformed into an eternity—that his creatures have paused for an eternity to savor the full blooming of their sensual appetites. Here is the pure egalitarian vision of sex...dykes, fairies, men and wome, revolutionaries, weavers, candlestickmakers, tum-

ble thru space in an orgy of harmonious togetherness. The girl sitting on the edge of the photograph, surrounded by blackness, has an air of unutterable melancholy. A creature wearing a hat like a ghost ship gazes into and thru a mirror to the depth of his future. And all this is what Smith calls "moldiness."

I asked him what he means by it. He tells me to look it up in Webster's. He says he's sorry he ever used the word, and anyway it was never his. I don't point out that he used the word constantly during the shooting of "Flaming Creatures"—that would have been vulgar.

"Flaming Creatures" is the logical extension of Smith's still photography. It moves slowly, like an awakening. Smith shot it on weekends over a period of about three months. He worked diligently, persistently—in the manner of a sophisticated primitive. His exposures were bad, his camera creaked and groaned. As I watched I shook my head, said nothing and prophesied disaster. Week after week his creatures appeared. The donned their faded finery, made up, and acted out the tableau that Smith had created for the day's shooting. He invited me to take part. My Protestant soul shrank at the idea. Then, perhaps, I might join in the Lipstick smirching scene? I was adamant. Months later I saw the finished picture. It was everything I had prophesied but it was also beautiful. What should have been a turd turned out to be a jewel. A new myth was born.

For the past two years, Smith has been working on his first color feature—"Normal Love." I can see that finishing it isn't easy for him. A reputation can be hard on the ego. He has fallen in love with his film and has to become slightly disenchanted before he can make those final and irrevocable decisions.

In "Normal Love" he has added new and wondrous characters to his mythology... The Mermaid... The Milk White Bat... The Spiderwoman... The Mummy. It has the evocative magic of a fairyland and the timeless quality of a dream as it moves with inevitable logic to its tragi-comic conclusion.

Right now a man of sensitivity and imagination has sent Smith down to Rio to film the Carnival. What a marriage. Smith and Rio. Before he left, Smith said, "The world really needs a carnival." Since the world is now lying somewhere between the front page of the *Times* and the back page of the *National Enquirer*, I think he's right—

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VOL. 1, No. 13

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1964

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3rd L.A. FILM-MAKERS FESTIVAL

MADNESS AT MIDNIGHT or THE LONE ANGER RIDES AGAIN

ART KUNKIN

Persons attending the 3rd Los Angeles Film-makers Festival at the Cinema Theatre were astonished to find Kenneth Anger, one of the judges at the 1st Festival, picketing the theatre and distributing a leaflet urging a boycott of The Cinema.

To those who have knowledge of Kenneth Anger's career, the situation was difficult to understand because in recent months the Cinema owners have spent \$7,000 in legal fees in a defense of its right to exhibit Anger's film, "Scorpio Rising."

Anger alleged in his leaflet that the Cinema Management maliciously scheduled a stolen print of his experimental film, "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome," without Anger's permission. He further claims that when he attempted to take possession of the allegedly stolen print, he was attacked by a number of men who appropriated the film with the "knowledge and collusion of the Management of the Cinema Theatre."

Interviews with all the interested parties at the Theatre, and with Anger himself, seems to estab-

lish that while the legal ownership of the contested print is a questionable and complicated matter, and while Anger was attacked on the premises of the Cinema, the Management of the Cinema Theatre acted in an honorable manner throughout, and that Anger suppressed the relevant facts leading to this judgment when writing his leaflet.

Anger evidently made arrangements over a year ago to sell a print of his film. It is rumored, but can not be documented now, that he only received a partial payment while allowing the print to leave his possession.

When Anger found out about the Cinema booking of the print in question, the Cinema Management agreed at first not to show the print and struck its name from the theatre poster. After further discussion, Anger agreed to permit the film showing on the night scheduled if he was permitted to make a statement to the theatre Midnight audience on the legal questions involved and if the print was to be held by a neutral party pending a legal decision.

(Continued to Page 7)

At seven p.m. last Monday evening, the Third Los Angeles Film-Makers Festival began at the Cinema Theatre, drawing its usual capacity crowd. I entered the theatre apprehensive but hopeful, downed three or four of their free cups of ersatz orange drink to nerve myself, and sat down to watch. Eight hours and thirty films later I staggered out into the night, feeling as though I had been dropped into a McCormack Reaper.

Thinking dazedly about it on the way home, I decided there had been only two times in my life before that I had been so brutally mauled: the first was Basic Training at Fort Leonard Wood, and the other was the Second Los Angeles Film-Makers Festival at the Cinema Theatre.

"Festival" is a misleading word; it derives from the Latin festus meaning "joyous" and "gay," and hence connotes "A periodic season of entertainment of a specific sort; festivity, revelry." Hence either the dictionary or John Fles is wrong: there was nothing either joyous or gay about the evening, nor could it be called entertainment in any sense whatsoever; barring a few exceptions, it resembled a festival the way a G.I. Party resembles a party.

Seeking precision, we may call it an Event, at least, and, further, a contest. The Cinema Theatre, good-hearted soul that it is, offers a prize in open competition to the best short film entered. This time the prize consisted of one thousand dollars plus exhibition at twenty-five theatres around the country, which is quite an inducement.

The judges were two film-makers, Gregory Markopolous and Jack Smith, and the poet Michael McClure, all of whom have won relative renown in their respective fields. I do not envy them their task, for they had to screen the God damned things before Monday's showing, and thus had to sit through a good deal more garbage than the rest of us did. I wouldn't be surprised if at least one of the three has developed stigmata by now.

But since so much of the stuff is worthless, the field narrows rather readily to about four out of the

NORMAN HARTWEG

thirty: Ingreen, by Nathaniel Dorsky; Mary's Day by Baylis Glascock; Wormwood Star, by Curtis Harrington; and Mass, by Bruce Baillie (which was not shown as part of the Festival per se but was screened along with sixteen others after the scheduled films ended -- it is likely, as a result, that many of the audience missed it). These four films could not be more unlike one another, which points up a certain problem which I shall return to shortly, after noting that the four films I have listed above were the only ones, generally speaking, that I could bear, and that of these four, were I a judge, I would, with some hesitation, choose Mass as the winner, with Mary's Day a close second.

Mass, in my estimation, demonstrates both (a) an unequivocal understanding of the nature of the filmic medium as a means of personal statement, and (b) an ease and assurance concerning the techniques appropriate for communicating this statement. It is thus a minor work of art, and would have to receive my vote over the other three, although each of them is excellent in what it sets out to do.

Mass is dedicated to the Dakota Sioux and is, in its own way, as heartbreaking an indictment of the civilization that defeated and destroyed them as is Kent Mackenzie's Exiles. But where Mackenzie's film is documentary, approaching cinema-verite in its insistent non-interference in the lives it documents, Baillie's is poetic imagery of an intensely personal nature, relying as much on suggestion and intimation as the French Imagist poets. What makes Baillie's film stand out from other films of its kind is the fact that his images are purely cinematic and non-literary, poetry of the cinema rather than in it, to paraphrase Cocteau. The weakest parts of the film are those, accordingly, which are overtly Symbolic and liable to easy paraphrase: the motorcyclist, the final carrying off of the corpse in the limousine; but they do not hamper the film's effect, its meaning, or its artistry. Before discussing the

other films, let me now re-turn to the problem I mentioned earlier. As yet, no one has much of an idea of what film art is (nor art itself, for that matter); its ultimate essence (if there is one) eludes us, and we grope as best we can for an understanding, even if limited, of creativity itself, and of the creative act.

which lacks a coherent artistic tradition, the problem is worsened by what amounts to an aggressive refusal to maintain any standards at all. It has thus been possible in recent years, as abstract, non-objective art became the vogue, to find critics who consider that their very lack of critical standards is itself a virtue, and who decry the attempt to construct a coherent aesthetic of any sort as recidivism of the worst kind. The public, used to judging art in terms of what it represented, was thus left helpless as art ceased to represent, and could find no help in criticism. Thus art (until the recent appearance of Pop, which is at least About something) became largely a matter of conversation between artists alone, and its essential function was lost.

Presently, distinctions are once again being made, and the first tentative efforts toward, at least, relative judgments are appearing; but the artist, now unfortunately accustomed to his ingrown and incestuous state, is as likely as not to screech in horror. Since no one can satisfactorily define what art is or should be, how dare anyone criticize him? If he chooses, like Andy Warhol, to make an eight-hour movie recording a man who is fast asleep, who is to say this is not art?

The audience at the Cinema Theatre is willing; it booted and hissed its disapproval of Warhol's entry in this Festival, which was a three-minute consideration of a woman(?) eating a banana, but inasmuch as some fair-sized portion of the audience hissed and booed everything in sight, we can not consider this criticism; to me it seemed little more than the boorish and vulgar yawn of the Yahoo triumphant. This audience, incidentally, was very nearly the identical audi-

(Continued on Page 3)

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works of Lalo Schiffrin. Born in Argentina, he has lived in a variety of places: New York, Paris and now Los Angeles. He became well known first in America as a pianist-arranger with New York jazz groups, particularly Dizzy Gillespie, and as a composer and arranger of Latin-American jazz dance styles.

A couple of months ago I was fortunate enough to see Rene Clements' "Joy

long delayed. The trumpet produced some fine muted glissandos in the lower register. All through the work the composers sense of color and dynamics was very impressive.

The second work, Etude on Rhythms, was closer to jazz, ensemble-soloist type of structure with some blocked voicings. It was typified by less tonal harmonies than are the norm for jazz groups while it

down by the cessation of movement and changing colors through the use of extended jazz solos of a static mood.

The third piece was easy to assimilate. Titled, Laos Meditation, it was of an easy swinging mood with ensemble punctuation throughout. Someone behind me mentioned Alex North in comparison. This was in no way deprecatory as the refined "throughout" scoring of a sustained jazz

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ANGER

(Continued from Page 1)

Anger's speech to the Midnight Cinema audience on October 3rd, Saturday, has become a matter of discussion among film buffs throughout the city. In the course of the presentation he read from the so-called "Cameron File," allegedly love letters of the woman he identified as his ex-mistress (the evening's performance was a benefit for Cameron) and accused her not only of complicity in the film "theft" but of murder and witchcraft as well. (One of the bizarre elements in this whole affair is that Anger, Cameron and others involved in the production of "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome" and its later adventures are or were presumably involved in a black magic cult replete with voodoo dolls, black masses, etc.) He also said this was the last time the film would be shown publicly in Los

Angeles and thanked the Cinema Management, specifically Michael Getz and John Fles, for their help in clearing up the difficulties.

There was much laughter among the audience, particularly when some who did not know that Cameron is a woman thought that Anger was reading love letters from a "pregnant" boy friend. Anger did not help to clear up this misunderstanding by publicly implying the homosexuality of the individuals previously in possession of the film print.

Anger is said to have become so upset with the reception he received that he decided to take possession of the print himself and not trust Getz and Fles to put it in the hands of a neutral. Fles, in the projection booth, did not try to prevent Anger from removing the film from the projector but simply told Anger he had received a phone call from Mike Getz downstairs that suspicious

looking individuals were outside the projection booth, possibly people Anger had offended in his speech; that he, Fles, was locking the projection booth; that Getz had called the police and was planning to clear the house; that Anger was free to take the film and leave or stay in the safety of the locked room as he wished, but that if he left Fles was locking the door behind him to protect the equipment.

Anger decided to leave and the rest is history. A scuffle took place on the steps, the film disappeared and is presumably in the hands of the ones who originally rented it to The Cinema, and Kenneth Anger is picketing The Cinema with a leaflet which does not tell of his speech to the Cinema audience the night of the Cameron benefit or his initial satisfaction with the agreement concluded with Cinema Management before the speech.

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Junior, Film-Makers



photo by Charles

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

A Feast for Open Eyes

Susan Sontag

Editor's Note: As stated in the editorial "Flaming Censorship" in The Nation of March 30, *Flaming Creatures* is one of two films recently seized by New York City police on the grounds of obscenity. The other is Genet's *Chant d'Amour*. Jonas Mekas, editor of Film Culture, was arrested at the showings, the trials for these two films have been scheduled for April 6 and 13 respectively.

The only thing to be regretted about the close-ups of limp penises and bouncing breasts, the shots of masturbation and oral sexuality, in Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures* is that it makes it hard simply to talk about this remarkable and beautiful film, one has to defend it. But in defending as well as talking about the film, I don't want to make it seem less outrageous, less shocking than it is. For the record: in *Flaming Creatures*, a couple of women and a much larger number of men, most of them clad in flamboyant thrift-shop women's clothes, frolic about, pose and posture, dance with one another, enact various scenes of voluptuousness, sexual frenzy, romantic love and vampirism—to the accompaniment of a sound track which includes some pop Latin favorites (Siboney, Amapolita), some rock-'n-roll, some scratchy violin playing, bullfight music, a Chinese song, the text of a wacky ad for a new brand of "heart-shaped lipstick" being demonstrated on the screen by a host of men, some in drag and some not; and the chorale of flutey shrieks and screams which accompany the group rape of a bosomy young woman, rape happily converting itself into an orgy. Of course, *Flaming Creatures* is outrageous, and intends to be. Even the very title tells us that.

As it happens, *Flaming Creatures* is not pornographic, if pornography be defined as the manifest intention and capacity to excite sexually; Smith's depiction of nakedness and various sexual embraces (with the notable omission of straight screwing) is both too full of pathos and too ingenuous to be prurient. Smith's images of sex are alternately childlike or witty, rather than senti-

mental or lustful. But even if *Flaming Creatures* were pornographic, that is, if it did (like the film Jean Genet made in 1950, *Chant d'Amour*) have the power to excite sexually, I would argue that this is a power of art for which it is shameful to apologize. Art is, always, the sphere of freedom. In those difficult works of art, works which we now call *avant-garde*, the artist consciously exercises his freedom. And as the price the *avant-garde* artist pays for the freedom to be outrageous is the small numbers of his audience, the least of his rewards should be freedom from meddling censorship by the philistine, the prudish and the blind. Apart from the wrongness of censorship itself, there is no need to worry what will be the social consequences if *Flaming Creatures* ever plays at Radio City Music Hall because it won't. Smith's film, involving as it does certain esoteric assumptions about experience and beauty, is obscure, precious, intimate. It would be as lost on today's mass audience as a puppet theatre is on a huge stage.

The police hostility to *Flaming Creatures* is not hard to understand. It is, alas, inevitable that Smith's film will have to fight for its life in the courts. What is disappointing is the indifference, the squeamishness, the downright hostility to the film evinced by almost everyone in the mature intellectual and artistic community. Almost its only supporters are a loyal coterie of filmmakers, poets and young "Villagers." *Flaming Creatures* has not yet graduated from being a cult object, the prize exhibit of the New American Cinema Group, the Underground Cinema, whose house organ is the magazine *Film Culture*. Everyone should be grateful to and come to the aid of Jonas Mekas, who almost single-handedly, with tenacity

and even heroism, has made it possible to see Smith's film and a number of other new works. Yet it must be admitted that the pronouncements of Mekas and his supporters are shrill, and often positively alienating. Mekas is wrong to argue that this new group of films, of which *Flaming Creatures* seems to me by far the most successful, is a totally unprecedented departure in the history of cinema, and makes everything else, in comparison, worthless. Such truculence does Smith a disservice, making it unnecessarily hard to grasp what he has accomplished in *Flaming Creatures*. For *Flaming Creatures* is a small but very important work in a tradition, the great tradition of the *avant-garde* cinema—along with Bunuel's *Le Chien d'Andalous* and *L'Age d'Or*, Cocteau's *Le Sang d'un Poete*, Artaud's *Le Coquille et le Clergyman*, parts of Eisenstein's first film *Strike*, some of the recent Polish and Czech shorts, the films of Kenneth Anger (*Fireworks*, *Les Eaux d'Artifice*, *Scorpio Rising*), etc., etc.

The older *avant-garde* film makers in America (Maya Deren, James Broughton, Kenneth Anger, et al.) turned out short films which were technically quite studied. Given their very low budgets, color, camera work, acting, and synchronization of image and sound were as professional as possible. The hallmark of one of the two new *avant-garde* styles in American cinema (Jack Smith, Ron Rice, et al., but not Gregory Markopolous and Stan Brakhage) is its willful technical crudity. The newer films—both the good ones and the poor, uninspired work—show a maddening indifference to every element of technique, a studied primitiveness. This is a very contemporary style, and very American. Nowhere in the world has the old cliché of European romanticism—the assassin mind versus the spontaneous heart—had such a long career as in America. Here, more than anywhere else, the belief lives on that neatness and carefulness of technique interfere with spontaneity, with truth, with immediacy. Most of the prevailing techniques (for even to be against technique demands a technique) of *avant-garde* art express this conviction. In music, there is aleatoric performance now as well as composition, and new sources of sound and new ways of mutilating the old in-

Susan Sontag, whose first novel *The Benefactor* (Farrar, Straus) was published last fall, writes book, film and theatre criticism; she also teaches philosophy and theology at Columbia University.

struments: in painting and sculpture, there is the favoring of impermanent or found materials, and the transformation of objects into perishable (use-one-once-and-throw-away) environments or "happenings." In its own way *Flaming Creatures* illustrates this snobbery about the coherence and technical finish of the work of art. There is, of course, no story in *Flaming Creatures*, no development, no necessary order of the seven (as I count them) clearly separable sequences of the film. One can easily doubt that a certain piece of footage was indeed intended to be overexposed. Of no sequence is one convinced that it had to last this long, and not longer or shorter. Shots aren't framed in the traditional way; heads are cut off, extraneous figures sometimes appear on the margin of the scene. The camera is hand-held most of the time, and the image often quivers (when this is wholly effective, and no doubt deliberate, is in the orgy sequence).

But in *Flaming Creatures*, amateurishness of technique is not frustrating, as it is in so many other recent "underground" films. For Smith is visually very generous, at practically every moment there is simply a tremendous amount to see on the screen, a density of images, of different types of textures. And then, there is an extraordinary charge and beauty to his images, even when the effect of the strong ones are weakened by the ineffective ones, the ones that might have been better through planning. Often today indifference to technique is accompanied by bareness, the modern revolt against calculation in art often takes the form of aesthetic asceticism (Much of Abstract Expressionist painting has this ascetic quality.) *Flaming Creatures*, though, represents a different aesthetic: it is crowded with visual material. There are no ideas, no symbols, no commentary on or critique of anything in *Flaming Creatures*. Smith's film is strictly a treat for the senses. In this it is the very opposite of a "literary" film (which is what so many French *avant-garde* films are). It is not in the knowing about, or being able to interpret, what one sees, that the pleasure of *Flaming Creatures* lies; but in the directness, the power and the lavish quantity of the images themselves. Unlike most serious modern art, this work is not about the frustrations of consciousness, the dead ends of the self. Thus Smith's crude technique serves, beautifully, the sensibility embodied in *Flaming*

Creatures—a sensibility based on indiscriminateness, without ideas, beyond negation.

Flaming Creatures is that rare modern work of art: it is about joy and innocence. To be sure, this joyousness, this innocence is composed out of themes which are—by ordinary standards—perverse, decadent, at the least, highly theatrical and artificial. But this, I think, is precisely how the film comes by its extraordinarily moving beauty and modernity. *Flaming Creatures* is a lovely specimen of what now, in one genre, goes by the flippant name of "pop art." Smith's film has the sloppiness, the arbitrariness, the looseness of pop art. It also has pop art's gaiety, its ingenuousness, its exhilarating freedom from moralism. The great virtue of the pop-art movement is the way it blasts through the old imperative about taking a *position* toward one's subject matter. (Needless to say, I'm not denying that there are certain events about which it is necessary to take a position. An extreme instance of a work of art dealing with such events is *The Deputy*. All I'm saying is that there are some elements of life—above all, sexual pleasure—

about which it isn't necessary to have a position.) Pop art really transcends the old nonsense of choosing between approving or disapproving of what is depicted in art—or, by extension, experienced in life. (This is why all sociological sneering at pop art as a symptom of a new conformism, a cult of acceptance of the artifacts of mass civilization, is so obtuse.) Pop art lets in wonderful and new mixtures of attitude, which would before have seemed contradictions. Thus *Flaming Creatures* is a brilliant spoof on sex and at the same time full of the lyricism of erotic impulse. Technically, too, as I have suggested, it is a wonderfully inventive contradiction. Very studied visual materials (lacy effects, falling flowers, tableaux) are introduced into disorganized, clearly improvised scenes in which bodies, some shapely and convincingly feminine and some scrawny and hairy, tumble, dance, make love.

It is easy to see Smith's film as having, as its subject, the poetry of transvestitism. *Film Culture*, in awarding *Flaming Creatures* its Fifth Independent Film Award, said of Smith: "He has struck us with not the mere

A piece of the action from *Newsweek*:

"Berlitz Baedeker"

"Singer Caterina Valente refers to herself as 'a musical goulash.' Born in Paris of an Italian mother (who was educated in Russia) and an Italian father (who grew up in Sweden) she married a German juggler and now lives in Switzerland when she isn't wowing audiences on every continent. Right now, she is packing them in at New York's Persian Room, her first U. S. public appearance in eight years. Valente can say 'I only know six languages' in eleven languages."

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pity or curiosity of the perverse, but the glory, the pageantry of Transylvania and the magic of Fairyland. He has lit up a part of life, although it is a part which most men scorn." The truth is that *Flaming Creatures* is much more about intersexuality than about homosexuality. Smith's vision is akin to the vision in Bosch's paintings of a paradise and a hell of writhing, shameless, ingenious bodies. Unlike those serious and stirring films about the beauties and terrors of homoerotic love, Kenneth Anger's *Fireworks* and Genet's *Chant d'Amour*, the important fact about the figures in Smith's film is that one cannot easily tell which are men and which are women. These are "creatures," flaming out in intersexual, polymorphous joy. The film is built out of a complex web of ambiguities and ambivalences, whose primary image is the confusion of male and female flesh. The shaken breast and the shaken penis are interchangeable with each other.

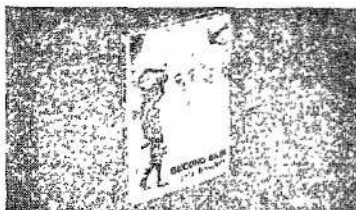
Bosch had a strange, aborted, ideal nature against which to situate his nude figures and androgynous visions of pain and pleasure. Smith has no literal background (it's hard to tell

in the film whether one is indoors or outdoors), but instead the thoroughly artificial, invented landscape of costume, gesture, and music. The myth of intersexuality is played out against a background of corny songs, ads, clothes, dances, and above all, the repertory of fantasy drawn from corny movies (Another beautiful recent work, this time for the theatre, the play *Home Movies*—written by Rosalyn Drexler, music by Al Carmines—has this same delicious range.) The texture of *Flaming Creatures* is made up of a rich collage of "camp" lore: a woman in white (a transvestite) with drooping head holding a stalk of lilies, a gaunt woman seen emerging from a coffin, who turns out to be a vampire and, eventually, male, a marvelous Spanish dancer (also a transvestite) with huge dark eyes, black lace mantilla and fan, a tableau from the *Sheik of Araby* with reclining men in burnouses and an Arab temptress stolidly exposing one breast, a scene between two women, re-

clining on flowers and rags, which recalls the dense, crowded texture of the movies in which von Sternberg directed Dietrich in the early thirties. The vocabulary of images and textures on which Smith draws includes pre-Raphaelite languidness, Art Nouveau; the great exotica styles of the twenties, the Spanish and the Arab; and the modern "camp" way of relishing mass culture.

Flaming Creatures is a triumphant example of an aesthetic vision of the world—and such a vision is perhaps always, at its core, epicene. But this type of art has still to be understood in this country. The space in which *Flaming Creatures* moves is not the space of moral ideas, which is where American critics have traditionally located art. What I am urging is that there is not only moral space, by whose laws *Flaming Creatures* would indeed come off badly; there is also aesthetic space, the space of pleasure. Here Smith's film moves and has its being.

The Poetry of Protest



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—SAUL BELLOW

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A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK
333, Sixth Avenue, New York City 14

EL SEÑOR PRESIDENTE. By Miguel Ángel Asturias. Translated by Frances Partridge. Atheneum Publishers 287 pp. \$4.50.

THE VILLAGERS. By Jorge Icaza. Translated by Bernard M. Dulsey. Southern Illinois University Press. 223 pp. \$5.95.

Jose Yglesias

These two novels have taken thirty years to reach us since their first publication in Spanish. A pity. First novels by "committed" writers, they might have shown American writers of the thirties how, among other things, an effective style can give enduring life to works whose primary inspiration is indignation with social injustice. They might, even, have made the writers and critics of the forties and fifties less inclined to turn their backs on literature thus inspired.

Although Asturias — a descendant of the French symbolists and surrealists — writes in sophisticated poetic language and Icaza in a simple, idiomatic style, each in his way deals boldly with the horrors and degradation of the life he describes. So boldly, in fact, that in the United States, at least, they could have been assured of uncensored publication only in the last five years. They feel no need to

idealize the oppressed and are happily free from prudish and Pollyannaish attitudes that crept into left-wing writing. Both are modern novelists in the original, the translations, I'm afraid, are another matter. But perhaps it is more useful to rejoice that history is making us less provincial about the literature of Latin America and allowing us to discover a major writer like Asturias and a pioneer storyteller of Indian life like Icaza, both of whom the Europeans have long known.

In one way Asturias and Icaza are luckier than their North American contemporaries of the thirties: we've gone from the depression to the Augustan age of affluence, but the military dictatorship of *El Señor Presidente* and the Indian peonage of *The Villagers* remain unchanged in Latin America. The content of both novels consequently has a relevance and immediacy that can help you understand this week's news headlines. Each starts with a simple action. Asturias' *Presidente* decides to move against a political enemy in his army and assigns to a favorite the job of arrang-

Jose Yglesias is a novelist (his first book, *A Wake in Ybor City* was published last year by Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.

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Hazardous Productions To Present FLAMING CREATURES

BY CYNTHIA SMAGULA



Rarely do students of the film have an opportunity to view such controversial landmarks in recent film-making as Jack Smith's "Flaming Creatures." Hailed by some as a masterpiece of cinematic art and condemned by others as insufferably boring and ineffably sad, it is one of the most talked-about films produced in America in generations. On the evening of Wednesday, November 9, at 7:30 and 9:15 at the University Y, the Cine-Delic Division of Hazardous Productions will present "Flaming Creatures" as well as two short films in which Jack Smith appears; Naomi Levine's "Jaremelu" and Ken Jacob's "Little Stabs at Happiness."

Film Culture says of Smith's film, "he has shown more clearly than anyone before how the poet's license includes all things, not only of spirit, but also of flesh; not only of dreams and of symbol, but also of solid reality." It is this reality of the flesh that occasions the "terrible beauty" of the film. In a slightly less mellifluous vein, Andrew Sarris remarks, "Flaming Creatures" is a

stupefying orgy in drag conducted with the ersatz elegance of an old Maria Montez film. About 40 per cent of the work is either fuzzy or overexposed, and the camera sometimes wobbles as if the cameraman were in the throes of delirium tremens." With this in mind, we turn to Susan Sontag's evaluation of the film as a "triumphant example of an aesthetic vision of the world... Smith's vision is akin to the vision in Bosch's paintings..."

Sontag goes on to say "Flaming Creatures" is a small but valuable work in a particular tradition, the poetic cinema of shock. In this tradition are to be found Bunuel's 'Le Chien Andalou'... Tod Browning's 'Freaks'... Franju's 'Le Sang des Betes'... the films of Kenneth Anger ('Fireworks,' 'Scorpio Ris-

ing')..."

"Flaming Creatures" belongs, in fact, to a more recent and specifically American development of the tradition of the avant garde. Its hallmark is "willful technical crudity. The newer films---both the good ones and the poor, uninspired work---show a maddening indifference to every element of technique, a studied primitiveness." The conviction that careful technique interferes with spontaneity and immediacy is expressed in the works of musician John Cage, in which chance plays the determining role, in the favoring of found materials in painting and sculpture, and in the transformation of ob-

Continued



BENT SPOKESMAN

Continued from 15

through soupy muck. Instead of Austin's sand, they had one Hurst country type who, although he had given permission for the use of his land, approached

one cyclist with a shotgun.

See The Ragpicker elsewhere in this issue for cycle buys. They won't let me advertise here.



CrEAtURes

Continued from 16
jects into perishable
environments (happen-
ings).

Pauline Kael, commen-
ting on the "euphoric
publicity which is pub-
lished in place of
criticism" by the New
American Cinema (of
which Flaming Creatures
is a showpiece), says
somewhat acidly of Miss
Sontag's essay, "I think
in treating indiscrimi-
nateness as a value,
she has become a real
swinger...This attitude
of rejecting critical
standards has the dubi-
ous advantage of accep-
ting everyone who says
he is an artist and con-
ferring on all his "non-
commercial" productions
the status of art."

Flaming Creatures em-
bodies disturbing new
mixtures of attitudes,
obviously. For this
reason it is difficult
to simply talk about it
without having to de-
fend it. Often, as
Willard Van Dyke points
out, such films are re-
jected because the mat-
erial depicted is
threatening to the view-
er.. He feels that "if
a viewer is secure in
his own self, in his
feelings about the
world, in his emotional
reaction to things, and
if his relationships
with other people are
mature, then these films
will not be obscene to
him." Gregory Markopu-

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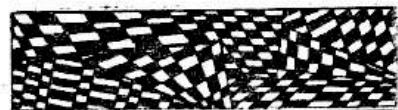
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los says of the first
showing of Flaming
Creatures at the Bleek-
er Street in New York,
"Flaming Creatures had
ushered in a new era in
the brief history of
the motion picture...
The unexpected had oc-
curred; something which
neither the film spec-
tators nor the film-
maker could hardly have
predicted or planned...
Flaming Creatures had
begun to inhale and ex-
hale the breath of a
man, that first and on-
ly breath that all true
efforts contain."

Tickets to the per-
formance of Flaming

Creatures and the two
short films are one
dollar. Profits will
go to the Gulf Coast
Film-makers Co-op to
aid their efforts in
encouraging creative
film-making and promot-
ing knowledge of sig-
nificant films. Guest
Speakers will be invit-
ed.

The program is being
sponsored by Students
for a Democratic Socie-
ty and the Student Rel-
igious Liberals.



These are black and white photos of some color slides from "Brain Damage" a poem with slides. The sound track is the poem "Tangier Telegram from the Majoon Traveler." "Brain Damage" was done by Ira Cohen and Bill Devore, and stars Jack Smith, Panama Rose, Hakim Khan and Robert La Vigne. Ira Cohen describes it as "a slide show of astral comics — a stark drama depicting the sick struggle for cosmic power through control of The World Brain." The scene of these poetic and visual hallucinations is Tangier, the energizing agent is kiff. Majoon. And Ira Cohen signs himself "alias The Majoon Traveler."

— L. L.



Leon Neen, whose body is being taken over by the Majoon Traveler.



The evil Norebo, hunchback wastrel of Venus, and his pet fly.



Fungus Khan, lord of Mongolian ergot fields.



Norebo feeds Igor a human heart in the electroencephalograph laboratory.



Leon Neen and Dr. Nook prepare for electric shock.

IRA COHEN and MEL CLAY
Once I had a switchboard world of
Suleiman
to know quick branches forests of
eyelids
herons of bright power
Believe me opening spirits
locks
across body the will to commit
heartslide
as big as a TABLE

Do not name borne penin-
sular place
Goodbye to previous actions
for a time I listened
spoken wished hollow moment
to a rendezvous
Gradually individual atoms
scream
washed reflection
refracts radiance
moving closer between stars
Bloodburst in cloud & the whole
house
is ready
Make way for luminous candle
flicker
of mysterious astral cascade
endow light erection of all
things
conscious crenation to know we
in the vacuum
new flowing texture to jeweled
passages

& hydrogen tents
Mongrel breath at down
Eternity has my eyes for-
ever
under unnameable obsta-
cles
I see a world of frozen stillness
hands in balance seeds left in-
side self
awake soaring become shad-
ow
in processions of light and
horses
Great shears of light in the sky-
borne
peninsula
My lips, the soul in darkness,
doing eyeless vision tricks...
moving closer to the stars again
I myself in the dark room
informed w/ all voices
a stellar shadow falls over
plate glass
flames in silver bottles
hallucinatory whispers
IT'S NEVER BAD TO KILL!
The balance of the cosmos lies
naked

as fakirs stumble
toward succession
In the center of colors
the Perfect Dervish
goes thru the elaborate
ritual
burial alive, chinese water
torture
until consciousness be-
comes routine
flipping sheets of power
above the kingdom of cruelty
sticking pins thru his cheeks
and stopping his heart at will
I am this symphony in my temple
on hills
I respond to the heart's hidden
gardens
touch on leafy places
I am the hazard & the form
I see flowering boughs of unknown
blood beyond all familiarity,

LIVING ARTS



PART 2

NOVEMBER 7, 1969

A MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT OF

LOS ANGELES

EDITORS:
ART KUNKIN
JOHN CARPENTER
LAWRENCE LIPTON

FREE
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ervator, an English publication charged a shill-
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IN PERSON THE MUSIC OF GATO BARBIERI
GATO BARBIERI
DEWEY JOHNSON
CARLO SCOTT
NORRIS JONES
BOBBY KANE

IN THE PERSON OF
HARRY SMITH
ANDY WATKINS
GORDON BALL
LOUIS BRONSTEIN
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IN THE PERSON OF
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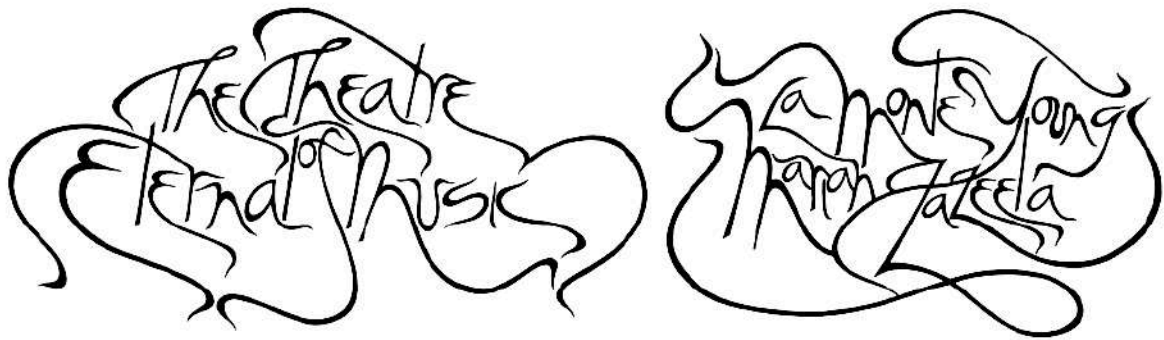
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PENNYBANKER
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DON SNYDER
JERRY JOFFER

IN THE PERSON OF
STUART REED
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ED KASHMILLER
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This Thursday Only: Piero Haliczar, Jack Smith, Ira Cohen in PHOTOS OF THE 1929 UNKNOWN WOMAN DISAPPEARANCE and WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE starring Harry Smith.



DIANE WAKOSKI

Neptune, an old man, blows his pitchpipe
and your ear catches every sound.
If sounds were a bag of mixed spices,
you could sort them out with many sieves.
If melody were a grey thread
mixed in with a thousand other varied threads,
you could pick it out with your eye.
So, when you strike an enormous gong
and everyone gasps at the overwhelming
powerful sound,
you stand listening
rapt,
but not at the grandeur.
Rather, you are hearing
the overtones,
the small pitches that change.
You can analyse the whistle of a bird
or the wind
blowing through a broken pane of glass.

La Monte Young says he was born in a log cabin,
that his father was a shepherd, and that his earliest
memories are of the wind coming in through the
chinks in the building. I know him to be a Californian.
One who chooses to live in New York City. He
lives in a sparsely furnished loft in the warehouse
district of Manhattan. The room is dominated by
electronic equipment set up around a green rug and
looks like the delicate exposed bones of a dog's ear.

He has an article about Mozart's death tacked up
by his sleeping room (one theory says that Mozart
died of starvation in impecunious circumstances,
even though he was one of the most admired and
respected composers of his time); his walls are
filled with the mysterious calligraphic drawings and
paintings of his wife, Marian Zazeela, who also sings
with him in his performances of The Theater of
Eternal Music. The refrigerator and shelves are filled
with far eastern spices and condiments used for
cooking their food. Their way of life is a necessary
introduction to their music and light shows.

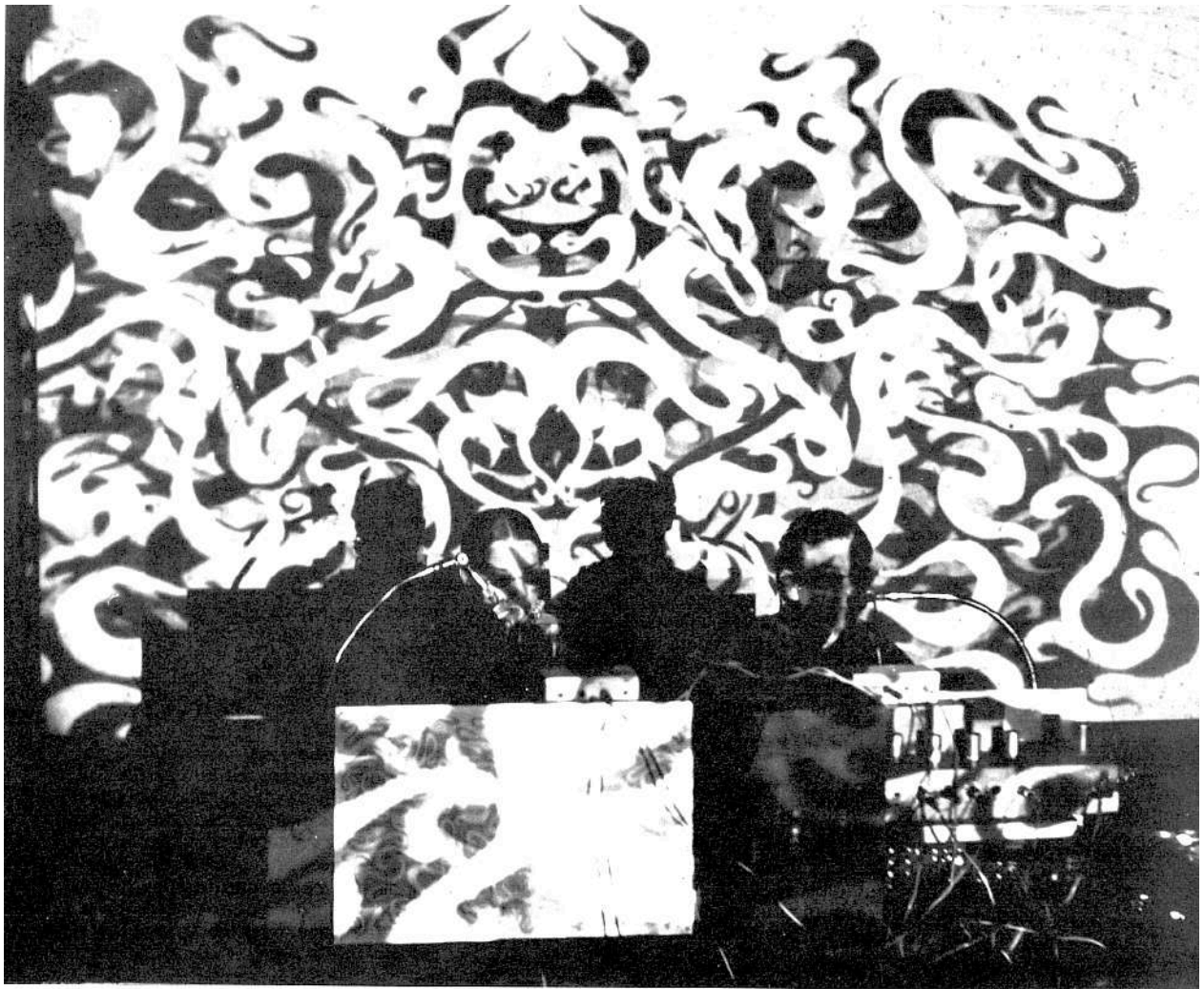
Some amount of peace will inevitably enter your
body when you walk into this room. There are always
a few low, seemingly monotone sounds being gener-
ated electronically, as a kind of living noise. La
Monte's music has evolved through many styles, but

his compositions have all had one thing in common:
an interest in long durations, subtle pitch changes,
and a kind of poetic accompaniment to life. His
work has evolved into the "eternal music" which
he now produces (partly by singing and partly by
using either electronic equipment or electronically
amplified instruments which can sustain long con-
stant pitches), and which is as much designed to
accompany life, as to be an aesthetic object.

Being a poet, I think I am first fascinated by the
lives and personalities of La Monte Young and
Marian Zazeela. Perhaps I can sound casual about
their art because they are so very good, technically,
at what they do. Or perhaps my interest in their lives,
their way of life, comes from a less pedestrian per-
ception: art has a very different place in the world
of 1967 than it ever has had before. Technology
makes the artist as craftsman a much less interest-
ing prospect. A painter who doesn't have to manu-
facture his own paint doesn't have to be as absorbed
in technicalities as Reubens did. Granted, there is
no reason to depart from a love for the "beautiful
object"; but when you can find more beautiful ob-
jects in Gumps and Bloomingdales, some of which
cost less than \$10, than a museum one hundred
years ago might have possessed, then a work of art
has to have some other function than to just be a
beautiful object.

To be of significance in this century, I think an
artist must have more than just his artistry. I think
he must have the power and ability to affect other
people's lives and imaginations. A way of life is not
enough either. The complete artist is one who can
produce a beautiful object—a poem, a painting, a
piece of music or sculpture, but his way of life
must present it to the world for the delight or awe
or inspection of others.

One evening a few years ago, I walked into La
Monte's and Marian's loft. They were both wearing
black levis, long sleeved polo shirts; a gong, painted
black and white like a target, about five feet in
diameter was suspended on a wooden frame. During
the evening they played their gong music for me.
They each put on a new pair of white cotton work
gloves. With their black costumes and the white
gloves much too large for their hands, they appeared
to be priests of an esoteric order performing a



“La Monte Young & Marian Zazeela 1967

sacred ritual. They took violin bows and rubbed them for a few minutes with resin. Then La Monte positioned himself on one side of the gong, Marian herself on the other. One facing north; one south. They began to bow the edges of the gong, slowly, as if a train were passing a room with a cello in it, and the strings were beginning to vibrate without hands touching them. The sound of the gong increased until it filled the whole room, taking several minutes to achieve the effect that would have come, but with sharpness, if the gong had been struck with a mallet. Once the room was filled with the sound of the gong, playing it became similar to the performance of one of their more recent electronic-voice pieces—in that the sound stayed seemingly constant, with only minute pitch changes. It lasted for about half an hour; the room was like glass. I remembered one of La Monte's favorite poems which he uses in his "Lecture 1960".

The Harp
I lay my harp on the curved table,
Sitting there idly, filled only with emotions.
Why should I trouble to play?
A breeze will come and sweep the strings.

Po Chu-I (772-846)
translated by Ching Ti

There is an apparent contradiction in La Monte's music which has always fascinated me. He seems to be at once an over-cerebral calculating mathematician theorist and also an almost primitive sensuous poet interested in the simplest kinds of rhythm and sounds. He began his musical career with a duel interest in playing jazz saxophone, fervently inspired by Charlie Parker and Lee Konitz (later the music of John Coltrane), and composing fugues in the style of J. S. Bach. Craftsmanship, technique, technical thought about music have always been things he's taken for granted. But more than that he's always had an awareness of making things new, of devouring ideas, and exploring possibilities. He has

explored the techniques of music concrete, found object music, dodecaphonic music, and music as happening or event. He has played soprano saxophone and his own specially tuned piano. He now performs his music as a singer.

The Singer

All songs
are tatoos
on his fingers and toes

As he moves
from year to year
walking on telegrams

His throat a pipe
is carved with ancient animals;
and telephone wires imitate his hello.

Under his arm
the dream-tortoise struggles
trying to evaporate into the air

This organ
the red slippery heart
beating in the cushion of each finger
is singular

a rhythm,
the snow slowly shifting
to cause an avalanche

the dust accumulating
on a window
sill.

When he was writing music which was conventionally scored for conventional instruments, he was constantly told that he asked performers to hold durations which were too long—the instrument and/or the performer always being inadequate. This must have strengthened his interest in electronically generated sounds which did not have to rely on such old fashioned frailties.

As much as 15 years ago he gave up on traditional Western music, such as Beethoven symphonies (the symphony is a form La Monte Young has few affinities for), because they were too filled with contrasts and climaxes. He was probably one of the first to seriously listen to Chinese opera, Gagaku music, and East Indian music. The latter opened up possibilities on which he has based the last five years of his composing. In his "Lecture 1960" he says, "Once I tried lots of mustard on a raw turnip. I liked it better than any Beethoven I had ever heard." Unsatisfied with even the 20th century revolution in Western music, "atonality", he has been working on his own theory of composition which is based on an idea in music called "just intonation". In "just intonation" intervals are defined by integral and rational numbers. All of the frequencies used within a given setting are in a rational relationship to each other. In an interview with Richard Kostelanetz, La Monte relates these ideas to the modal tradition in

music. He says,

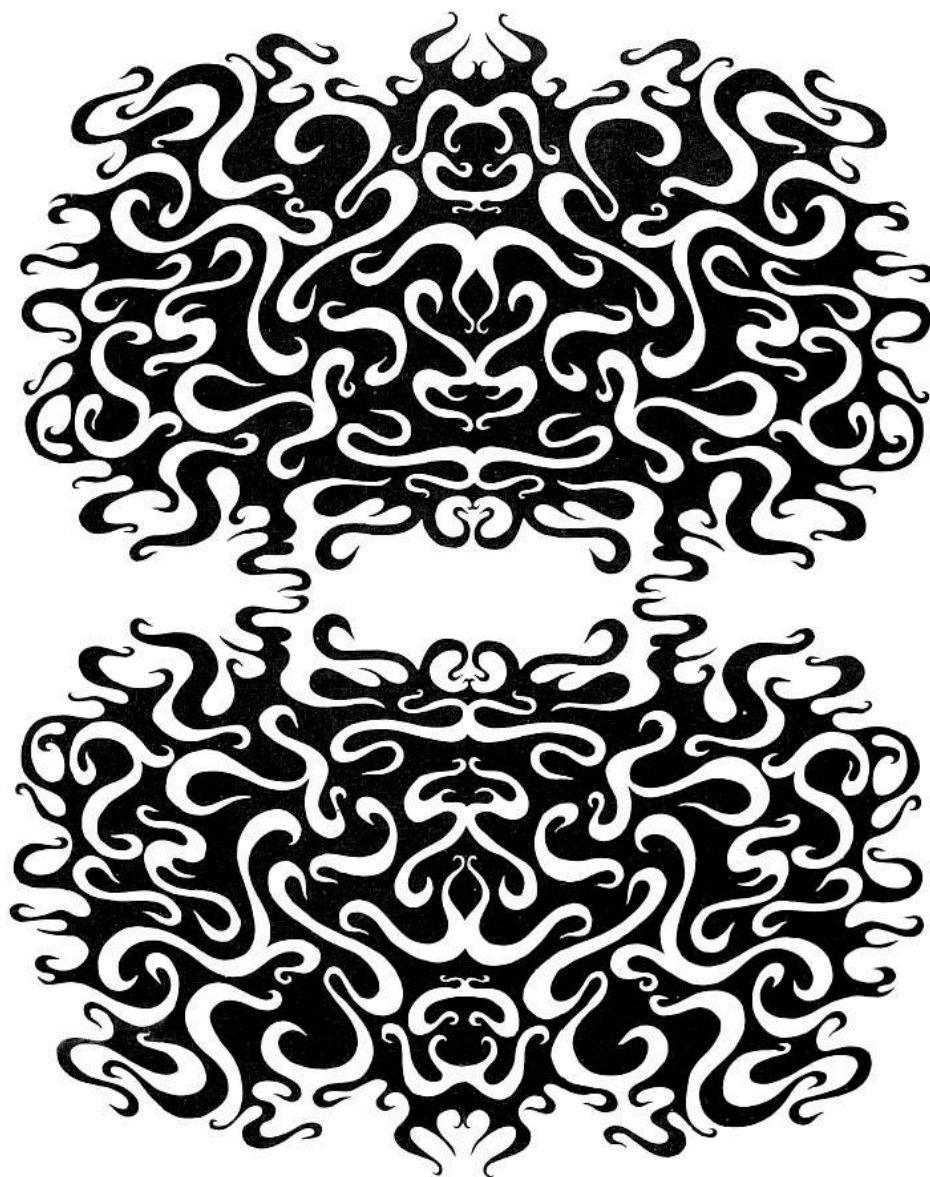
The tradition of modal music has always been concerned with the repetition of limited groups of specific frequencies called modes throughout a single work and, as a rule, the assignation of a particular mood or psychological state to each of the modes. There is evidence that each time a particular frequency is repeated it is transmitted through the same parts of our auditory system. When these frequencies are continuous, as in my music, we can conceive even more easily how if part of our circuitry is performing the same operation continuously, this could be considered to be or to simulate a psychological state. My own feeling has always been that if people just aren't carried away to heaven I'm failing.

The music that La Monte Young composes now is not written down. It exists in theory, as do Indian ragas, each performance being a unique working out of theoretic possibilities presented. Thus each performance is recorded; that recording or realization being a discrete composition. His Theater of Eternal Music is a group using electronic equipment with singers and/or instrumentalists who use various kinds of microphones and produce long-durated pitches which, to any but the most careful listener, never seem to change. The membership of the groups usually consisted of La Monte, Marian, John Cale, Tony Conrad, Terry Riley, and at various times, Angus MacLise, Terry Jennings, and Dennis Johnson. The work has evolved now so that most performances center around La Monte as the sole singer. There is no doubt but what Oriental philosophy, Oriental music, and John Cage have been great sources of inspiration to him. I am reminded of the following stories by John Cage, which are published in his book SILENCE.

In Zen, they say: If something is boring after two minutes try it for four. If still boring, try it for eight, sixteen, thirty-two, and so on. Eventually one discovers that it's not boring at all but very interesting. At the New School once I was substituting for Henry Cowell, teaching a class in Oriental music. I had told him I didn't know anything about the subject. He said, "That's all right. Just go where the records are. Take one out. Play it and then discuss it with the class." Well, I took out the first record. It was an LP of a Buddhist service. It began with a short microtonal chant with sliding tones, then soon settled into a single loud reiterated percussive beat. This noise continued relentlessly for about fifteen minutes with no perceptible variation. A lady got up and screamed, and then yelled, "Take it off. I can't bear it any longer." I took it off. A man in the class then said angrily, "Why'd you take it off? I was just getting interested."

La Monte tells his own story on this subject in his "Lecture 1960".

I used to talk about the **new eating**. One time Terry Riley said, "Yeah, even the cooks'll get rebellious. We'll walk into a hamburger stand and order some-



© Marian Zazeela 1967

thing to eat. In a few minutes, the cook'll give us some salt. Just salt. Then one of us will say, 'What? Is this all?' And the cook'll answer, 'Whatsa matter, don't cha like static eating?' "

When La Monte performs pieces like *THE TORTOISE*, *HIS DREAMS AND JOURNEYS*, or *THE SECOND DREAM OF THE HIGH TENSION LINE STEPDOWN TRANSFORMER*, it takes him at least one day to tune up. He assumes that a listener will tune his ear for at least an hour or so before serious listening, also. For Westerners who want their senses assaulted with variations and contrasts, this sort of settling into a sound, of getting inside it, looking for the subtleties is a difficult discipline. But it is something like studying Yoga; it becomes a whole new approach to life, an irreplaceable one. I've seen any number of people walk out on La Monte's music just when they should have been getting interested. I

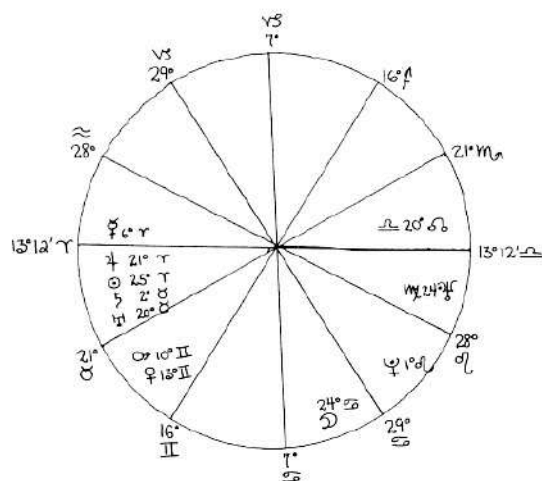
have seen it transport other people when they entered the room. Much as I hate the term, for its current vulgarity, I do think the music is "psychedelic" and has that effect on everyone who hears it.

The light shows which accompany the Theater of Eternal Music are very different from the flashing strobe lights one sees in the commercial psychedelic world. Marian Zazeela, like La Monte, is above all a craftsman, a workman, technician, an artist with a consummate sense of the delicate and structural. From early Miro-like paintings on large canvases which she executed at Bennington College, her work has condensed and condensed until now she produces exquisite calligraphic drawings. I believe, though it may be my superstitiousness, that every drawing of hers may be a kind of magic formula, slipping into tiny lines and beautiful forms. She designs tape boxes to house the Master tapes of the "eternal music", as well as light boxes, skin jewelry,

and of course the slides which are projected onto the walls and performers around the room during a performance of the music. These slowly change from variations of green and sunset colors to rooms full of intense patterns. Many of the designs are based on the letters "Y" and "Z".

La Monte's music is so dramatic that it often tends to overshadow Marian's work, since the two are like the Gemini twins, never apart, always counterparts to each other. Because the effect of this music is so involved with the visual, and because sight and sound are so successfully integrated, her quiet personality is not talked about so often as his; but it should be and will. Their work is the fusion of two very strong and independent but constant minds.

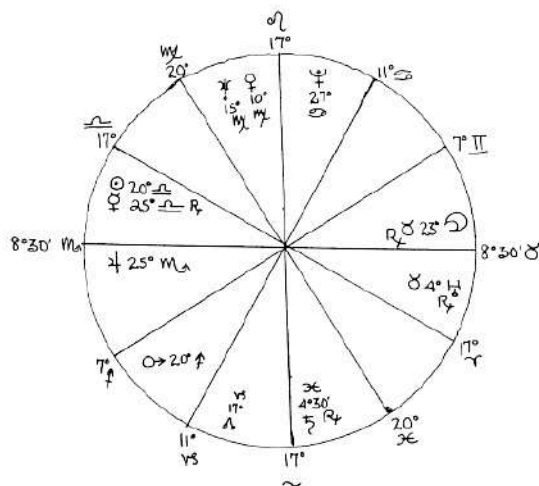
For students of astrology, such as myself, the horoscopes of La Monte and Marian show both their extreme individuality and their spirituality. Their suns are in the signs of Libra (La Monte Young) and Aries (Marian Zazeela), magnetic or polar opposites. Libra is the sign of delicacy, balance, harmony. Aries the sign of the pioneer and innovator. Together, they give impressive sensitivity and the will and discipline to create new music and painting.



Marian Zazeela, April 15, 1940, 5 A.M. E.S.T., New York City.

At present, their greatest inspiration comes from Gopal Nayak, an Indian singer of 600 years ago, who was famous for singing 2 and 3 note ragas for 48 hours at a time. La Monte told me, yesterday, the story of an American who visited India and asked a musician why his singing seemed to focus on one note all the time. The Indian replied, "You Westerners are always tuning up, looking for your pitch. I don't need to. I've found mine." La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela are two artists who've found their pitches; but like the authentic Americans they are, keep honing, tuning, refining, making their work new and refreshing. They are part of the turned-on revolution, bringing the peace and reflectiveness,

the pace for subtleties of 4000 year old civilizations, to the color, the movement, the knowledge and variety of the 20th century.



La Monte Young, October 14, 1935, 8:20 A.M., Pocatello, Idaho.

Composition 1960 #5

Turn a butterfly (or any number of butterflies) loose in the performance area.

When the composition is over, be sure to allow the butterfly to fly away outside.

The composition may be any length but if an unlimited amount of time is available, the doors and windows may be opened before the butterfly is turned loose and the composition may be considered finished when the butterfly flies away.

La Monte Young

© La Monte Young 1963

DIANE WAKOSKI a poet living in New York City, has had poetry published in many magazines including *Poetry* and *El Corno Emplumado*. Her "George Washington Poems" will be published by Riverrun Press in 1967. She is currently at work on a long poem about Greed which will be published in serial form by Black Sparrow Press. Last summer, Miss Wakoski gave a series of classes in Astrology. In 1966, Doubleday & Co. published a book of her poems titled, *Discrepancies and Apparitions*.

Miss Wakoski's opening poem is re-printed by permission of Doubleday & Co. "The Singer" is re-printed courtesy of the *Village Voice*.

Piero Heliczer ("Battle of the Marne") will give a poetry reading Sat., Oct. 11, 8:30 pm at the Ikon bookstore, 76½ East 4th Street.



Photo: David Rosten

THE ARTS LOU plans to present a play of his in the near future.

He has gone back to Rome—we hope he's back soon.



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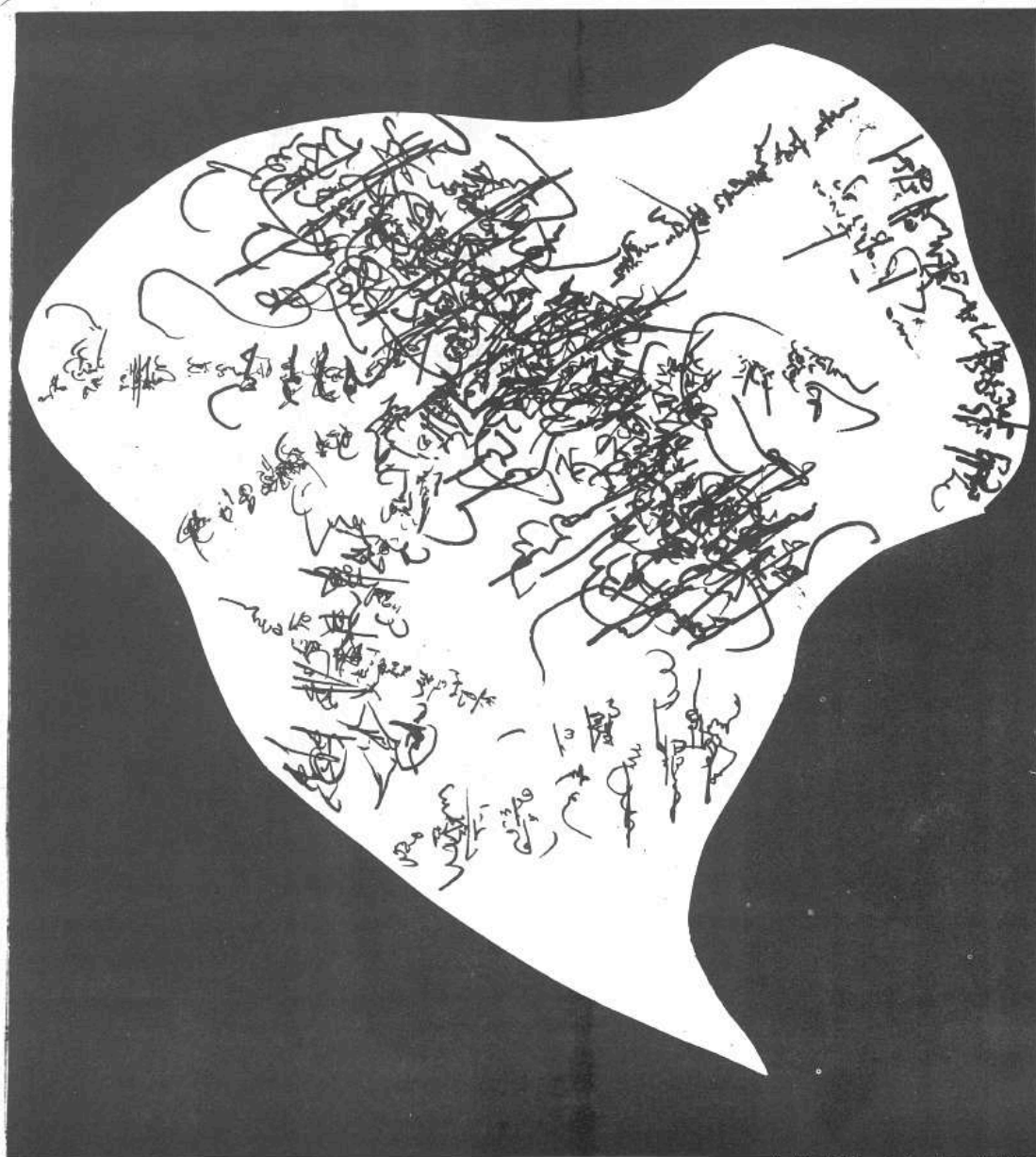
RENE RICARD

WAKE*UP NEW YORK*ATTENTION
LOUIE'S COMING
PARK AVENUES
NORTH AND SOUTH
NO REDLIGHTS
CHRYSLER BUILDING
JAZZ IT UP A BIT
EVERYBODY WORK
SKYSCRAPERS DON'T SLOUCH
EMPIRE STATE THAT MEANS YOU
I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK
OF COURSE I STILL LOVE YOU
WORLD TRADE? NEVER LOOK AT EM
I WANT YOU TO SMILE
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T EVEN DO THAT
FOR KRUSHCHEV OR THE ASTRONAUTS
YES HE'S A CITIZEN, YOU REMEMBER
OK? OK! OH AND ANOTHER THING
YOUR LIGHTS
WHAT IS THE COLOR OF THE FLAG OF QUEENS?
I WANT IT
AND KEEP THEM ON AFTER MIDNIGHT
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHY
(he's spending the night)
I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GLAD I'M GLAD TOO
GOT TO SPREAD THE WORD NOW
WORLD TRADE CENTER I AM TALKING TO YOU
I DIDN'T SAY A WORD TO THAT TIRED OLD BUILDING
DON'T GET SO JEALOUS YOU'RE BOTH TALLER
YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING, RIGHT
SO, LOOK, YOU SEE ONE GERM
EVEN ONE
GIVE IT FIVE BUCKS
TELL IT GO CRISCO DISCO
ANYWHERE HE WON'T BE
CAUSE I WANT HIM TO
LOVE YOU ALL AS MUCH
AS I DO
AND TO STAY HERE WITH US
NOW STEP ON IT
HE'S HERE
LOUIE? HI!

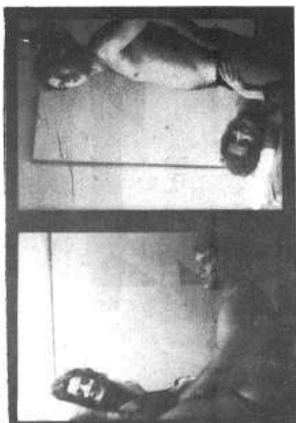
Gerard Malanga / THE LAST BOY

day rises the lights go out the world continues
on its own axis to live and die on its own terms
a young girl turns to me through tall weeds
in the camera lens
and says, "my desire is always desire to do the right thing"
and then disappears
i think how long ive been a part of those weeds
or those words that surround me or that life
so she may be forgiven of her sins
and her silence and enter the faith
of remembering herself on the white page a mountain
slide rule occurs
the red sky
peels why did you fall
quietly into the ocean
into france
which seems cold
where i thought about not being there
clouds become icebergs in my imagination
how can i appreciate anything when i run
out of film the idea of making
drama out of nothing
brother and sister in search of the blue and white sea
shells along the low tide
line they put to their ears
kneeling scraping their knees
the beauty of a wash basin beside an open window
frame its morning
in my memory lou lous body was always connected with roses

for piero heliczer, departing from nyc for the last time

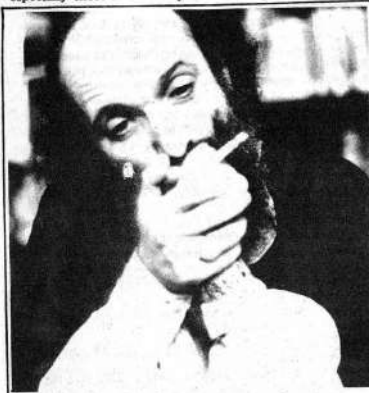


Untitled Calligraphy by Angus MacLise



them. And the meek shall inherit the earth.

Cannabis is not a harmless little weed. It is, potentially, one of the most dangerous drugs in creation. If used properly and justly respected for its sacred ingredients it is capable of overturning entire systems of thought, especially those founded upon the twin perfidies of Logic



WHY NOT MAKE AMERICA LEGAL? asks Ira Cohen, Poet, compiler of the Hashish Cookbook under the name Pangaea Rose. (Photo by Eddie Woods.)

slide ever since. We are afraid it will. In fact,

Which is not the absolutely essential of a religion or so has been effective no longer possible high.

Give me a good stance and I'll go opened up to reality when he was turned Abrams, Tariq A chillum baba, who or the Kosmos I thinks in terms tomorrow and the Himalayas or on may be.

The weed is Eucharist and the out of any of the greatest part on the Councils cannot mass-marketed the DS nor the DEA all such (for the pooled together weed.

But what they kill us: the initiates and those of today selves what man the relentless is underground and culture.

TEA F

Ed Woods

One for Angus MacLise

d. Kathmandu

summer solstice '79

MacLise

Dad died
but no
I never cried
someday soon
precisely
in synchronistic
tune
w/ universal Time
mother too
will die
& I know now
I shall not cry
friends, lovers
all have died
& still
I've never cried
then you
whom I barely
knew
London, Kathmandu
a wasting poet
w/ a mandala-eye
view
of reality
also died
& somewhere
deep inside
pouring itself
from the gut
right up
& tasting
like a nasty cup
of bitter bile
somewhere there
where I seldom
explore
something cried

ANGUS DEAD

the letter
already sealed
read
on the outside
flap
sudden shock
as once more
death put its
lock

on still another
karmic door
for you
as we all know
for sure
there is more
to come
the wracked sum
of yr worldly
parts
has not yet
equalled
the cosmic whole
may God
or even god-
lessness
have poetic mercy
on yr anguished
soul

The venerable junkie
w/ a harried
head
caught stealing
from his own karma
as the black bard
said
but let it be said
as well
you were a hard-

nosed poet
& the earth
suffering earth
is somehow less
bright
since you are dead
let it be said
let it be said

Amsterdam
June & July, 1979

BALLAD OF THE GONE MACLISE



Photo: Nigel Cooke

for Angus MacLise died Summer Solstice,
June 21, 1979

In the poem one can lay down
the heartline, the harp can bring the tears
muffled by the sound of your drum,
your gamelans cut by the Buddha's knife
of compassion/

Down at the Snowman I heard
them discussing your cremation
A dervish has fallen off the roof,
the tall skinny one with the coathanger
shoulders

I know the way the pillars of the Vision
trembled before you in the sunlight
You saw the door of Konya open in the
slums

of Brooklyn where light shafted thru
abandoned
factories in the amphetamine dawn
Now the shades of Mecca are drawn
for you

Poet,
the five Dhyani Buddhas transcend
your deepfreeze
& await your burning w/cloths of the
5 wisdom colors
Your unsatisfied cravings fly out of the
pyre,

the blessings of your friends crackle
w/chee
the white and black til seeds (sesame)
burn in

the untrammelled day & still you are
wandering Angus,
passing thru the Bardo Keyhole—
Listen once more to those Tibetan horns,
they are calling you past Freak Street
where you sold the White Goddess
for junk

Forget all your regrets & go now w/the
egret,

put on your robe of sky—
The Vagabond Maverick Poet MacLise
has left these burning halls,
the windtraps are wild with sound
I see your hands beating a Persian rhythm
on suitcases of itinerant dreams,
I hear the droning of Beelzebub's flies
making clear the ghastly way,
an opera undone by a chorus of 108
Mahasiddhas

singing your discarded lists of
cembalums,

symphonic poems, untold futures
You bummed cigarettes from Ram,
borrowed time & change from Krishna
Now that your balance is finally broken
go in peace to the Buddhafields
nodding in to the sound of your tartan

The bane is over—
A new wheel is spinning its song
Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock
we will meet at the Vidyaswari Ghat
For you it's free, this one way ticket
which is non transferable

Remember that before you try to come
back

May light mantle your shadow &
may you not see what is not to be seen
Farewell, MacLise, thawing on the
Riverbank,

I do not expect to meet your like again,
Farewell, brother, the shadow of
Don Quixote

lowers its lance & you are overstood.

Ira Cohen

June 27, 1979

Kathmandu, Nepal

ABOUT ANGUS...

Angus MacLise died at the age of 41 in
Kathmandu. Was founding member of Velvet
Underground, drummer known to an inner
circle of musicians like Terry Riley, LaMonte
Young, John Cale, etc. Founder of the Tribal
Orchestra; made or worked on soundtracks
for many of the best underground filmmakers
— Ron Rice, Gerard Malanga, Piero Helicser,
Ira Cohen, Don Snyder, Sheldon Rochelin.
He also appeared in many of these films
including brilliant cameo performance as The
Green Mummy in Jack Smith's *Normal Love*.
Calligrapher, Poet, Wandering Dervish. Col-
laborator on *Dead Language Press* & Publisher
of *Dreamweapon Texts*. His chapters include
Diaries of the Radar, *Writ*, *The Ikon*, *Sub-*
liminal Report, *Cloud Doctrine*, *The Next*
Vedas & *The Mother Tongue*. He was a
contributor to *IT*.

Piero Heliczer

PREVENT THE POLITICAL ASSASSINATION OF ARTISTS

"Only in the Roman Empire and in Spain under Arab Domination has culture been a potent factor. Under the Arab, the standard attained was wholly admirable; to Spain flocked the greatest scientists, thinkers, astronomers, and mathematicians of the world, and side by side there flourished a spirit of sweet human tolerance and a sense of purist chivalry. Then with the advent of Christianity, came the barbarians. Had Karel Martel not been victorious at Poitiers -- already you see the world had fallen into the hands of the Jews, so gutless a thing was Christianity! -- then we should in all probability have been converted to Mohammedanism, that cult which glorifies heroism and which opens the Seventh Heaven to the bold warrior alone. Then the Germanic races would have conquered the world. Christianity alone had prevented them from doing so." -- Hitler's Table Talk: 28. VIII. 1942.

Last sunday when I went to church at Our Lady of Pompeii church in the village, I was so terrified by seeing a picture of Kissinger with Cardinal Cooke on the front page of the Catholic paper, that I actually stole the paper and ran back to the house. A few minutes later I returned and went to confession. My last confession had been in June, in France. I had told the parish priest that I was afraid something dreadful was going to happen to me and asked to confess and receive Communion after the sunday mass. "Don't be so superstitious," said the good priest but come tomorrow before mass. I did so, confessed and received. I and the priest were the only people in the church, and the Gospel was of John the Baptist. On the train back to Amsterdam, I remember thinking that all the excitement of

my french stay would probably cool down, when suddenly it got all misty and I realised something might very well happen. When I got off the taxi, I realised my boat was no longer there.

In this confession, I told the priest my doubts about Kissinger, how I had met two years ago someone in the White Horse tavern who said he had been a lieutenant in a nazi u-boat. As I usually do in such cases, I informed him that my father had been a captain in the resistance and had been tortured to death by the Gestapo. He seemed genuinely sorry and told me that Kissinger was the worst thing that had ever happened to America. This statement puzzled me a great deal until the very fortunate Watergate incident, which changed what had been previously considered my paranoia into a theory or a possibility, if not a probability. I read a book I found in the garbage called the History of the Gestapo which made me remember some things, such as the strong Auslandisches Organisation of the Gestapo (the Gestapo had started in Bolivia because at that time the Germans were not allowed to bear arms) which dealt mainly with seeking out persons of germanic origin (such as Eisenhower and Rockefeller) and recruiting them as paid or unpaid agents. The parallels between Van der Lubbe (the Dutchman accused of starting the Reichstag fire) and Lee Harvey Oswald were amazing. The theory is that Van der Lubbe may have been remotely controlled. The other point is that elements of the Jewish criminal population were often used to help the others go along quietly to the gas chambers, and that Kissinger has been Rockefeller's private secretary for many years. I also asked the priest how it was possible that Cardinal Spellman could have supported the Vietnam war, when buddhist priests were committing suicide. I was worried that I might be guilty of heresy, since I thought the Pope might be a fascist.

the dollar but was not believed. Now it is said that no one understands what is going on economically and if you do you must be crazy. Well I must be crazy, because the solution seems very simple. In fact I think every one knows the solution but is too lazy, too concerned with pleasure & comfort, with luxuries to try it. Also I believe we must all do this together, or it can't work.

I once told Timothy Leary that he should go to jail. By this, I meant that the jail experience is invaluable for understanding what I call "the skeleton" of society. I don't think he understood for he wouldn't speak to me anymore. However I fail to understand how a psychiatrist can be jailed without a word of protest from the medical profession. Of course the same thing happened to Wilhelm Reich.

The message is still the same, Utopia, the City of God. But we must go slowly, carefully, working on ourselves first, repenting and forgiving. There is no need to steal when everything you need can be found in the garbage. In a sense, I am asking God to forgive the Devil for he only wanted to imitate God, so that we need no longer be tempted. Only when the problems here on earth are resolved can we go peacefully into Outer Space without spreading the evil...

Jack Smith always wanted to be a fashion photographer. None of his fashion photos have surfaced. Of course his best stills are like fashion shots—but fashion shots from another civilization. It's not as though Jack failed at becoming a fashion photographer for want of trying. He claimed to have actually brought his portfolio to art directors' offices.

"Then they always say the same thing—casually: 'Leave your portfolio over the weekend.' They might as well just keep the portfolio because when they do return it it's been raped, stripped of every idea."

I suppose this could be a brutal dilemma. For Jack Smith it was paralyzing: if you actually produce work, people are liable to see it; if they see it they might be influenced by it, and could even start to copy you. Jack didn't see his audience in terms of potential admirers. They were parasites sucking up his "ideas." "I won't fertilize them." Jack's tone of voice was an impressionist's delight.

This morbid terror—paranoia is too mild a term—of not being unique made him a difficult collaborator. Definitely a shortcoming in a film director. He could be reluctant to let his actors know what he wanted of them. His actors, though, would put up with anything. When you look at the human refuse he preferred as stars—Joel Markman was the single most repellent human being I have ever met; and Joel was a major star at J. Smith Studios—Jack could totally dominate them by dangling before their eyes the jewel of transformation. One would put up with any humiliation to not be, for one exquisite moment, Joel Markman, to become instead a Watermelon Sprite, or in the case of John Vaccaro, a Milk-Bat Invading the Mermaid's Milk-Bath.

For truly Jack Smith created worlds of immaculate beauty—a world apart, albeit one grounded in the movies of Maria Montez. He was the repository of a vast amount of film lore. Jack Smith was to Republic Pictures what an idiot savant is to square roots.

His own movies were, for all their seeming opulence, often marvels of economy. In Jack's hands one sequin could become a thousand nights and a night; one dripping red candle, the blood of a thousand slaves; one marijuana plant, a jungle; one nose—well, it was Jack's nose—two noses.

Jack just pitched his camp a little too close to the frontier of Life and Art. For Jack the supreme insult was "Careerist." For him the word contained a lifetime of contempt. I think it also implied success and, to me anyway, seemed to express a great artist's jealousy of mediocrity—success made you mediocre. On his deathbed he called Allen Ginsberg "a walking career" to his face. (How sad to have to clarify; it was Jack's deathbed.) But Jack, I'm afraid to mention, was also obsessed with his career, except that his striving was inverted: his will was to fail. Andy Warhol once said, "We always think of people starting at the bottom and working their way up. What about someone who starts at the top and works their way down?" He was talking about Edie Sedgwick at the time, but in a way it seems to apply just as well to Jack.

It's strange to look back now and remember how in the early '60s film aesthetics seemed so neatly split between Warhol and Jack Smith. The apparent antithesis made an entire and rich culture. Where Andy was slick and shiny, Jack was, in his own words, "moldy and pasty." They shared, however, one profound and startling similarity: a capacity for slogging through great unrelieved stretches of film time. And at one point they were equally famous. But Jack didn't see Andy as a complement. Jack had to make Andy a vampire. And whose blood? That's right—always Jack's.

Once, at a party for Candy Darling, in the middle of a dance, Jack threw a glass of straight vodka in my face. Sure, it was all gesture, but the alcohol burned and I was the only one who could appreciate this nicety. In a way this was the essence of Jack's art: the costar and the audience were one and the same, and both had to come to harm. Bear in mind that Jack was at the vanguard of the make-the-audience-suffer period of early performance art. When the audience represents a one-on-one confrontation at the crossroad of life and art, style and substance are reduced to less than a vapor. So Jack would win this battle (and preclude any theft) by reducing his art to a minimal gesture, winding up chopping onions in front of a paying

theft) by reducing his art to a minimal gesture, winding up chopping onions in front of a paying audience (as he did in “What’s Underground about Marshmallows?” at the Theater for the New City in October 1981). Perhaps this was the greatest thing he ever did. I’ve heard it said. To me it was just Jack offering neither style nor grace or even the Jack Smith touch, so that the lousy parasitic audience would have nothing to take home and no ideas would be stolen. Perhaps a sparkling moment in art history was reached—but it’s only history in the retelling. You end up sacrificing so much for art that you end up sacrificing the art itself.

And let’s not forget government interference. Flaming Creatures was tried for obscenity, in 1964. Already paranoid, the trial pushed him just that much farther out. He was being pursued: not the healthiest psychological environment for a pothead. Keep in mind that after the massive publicity of the Flaming Creatures trial Jack was in the same category, both artistically and in the public’s perception, as Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs. He’d become a culture-hero, a coiner of the shibboleths of hip. So what does he do for a follow-up? Nothing. He shoots endless reels—hours in fact—of the most beautifully mounted footage the world will never see: Normal Love, one of the great rumors of art history. At one point there were four hours of Normal Love. I got occasional glimpses. All he had to do was show the damn footage. No, Jack insisted on an overtantalized audience. The audience was expected to remain pumped up under the merest suspicion that somehow it would stumble on the incredible privilege—there was footage out there someplace, rumors, hadn’t a superior group, an elite, managed to glimpse a 2:00 AM screening? And then it was the ’70s.

And then it was the ’80s. Jack still wanted fame and still managed to produce art that always contained at least one element that would guarantee its failure.

Then, charisma on autopilot, Jack Smith’s Flaming Creatures became a solo act. Act 3; Scene 3—on the road as a performance artist dragging his act, “the authentic SoHo loft act,” through every continental backwater, holing up for months on end in Genoa.

Of course, by necessity, this is written from a careerist point of view in the sense that the intense solipsism the Jack Smith experience embodies is largely inaccessible to me. But not totally. Somehow the entire “Beauty” apparatus broke down around him and Jack was left, purely and simply, with himself, becoming in the process a pioneer performance artist—an intensification of self. So what kind of trade-in is that—creatures in flaming decadence for one middle-aged man chopping onions in an empty punk-rock bar?

Oh, before I forget. I wasn’t entirely candid at the beginning of this little reminiscence. That is, it occurs to me that I did once see what may have been a Jack Smith fashion photo. A while back one of Jack’s old stars found a portfolio of these photographs. All told there were four, three black and white and one color. They were, typically, a mess. I think they’d actually gone through afire, but water damage was the least of it. They were beautiful—prime ’59—’60 Jack Smith. Creatures, lots of creatures. Except one that was dull, dull, dull. That is, unless you look at it as a fashion photo circa 1959: in extreme close-up a pretty blonde girl in an organza picture hat. She is backlit and every hair is in place. Her expression is smug and self-satisfied on a bright summer day. Then you notice she is not alone in the picture; leaning in under the soft shadow of her hat longing yet hardly daring to place a kiss on her soft cheek is the face of an attractive and light-skinned black man.

As Cardinal Newman once said: “Hannibal’s elephants never could learn the goose-step.”

Rene Ricard *No Dice* in Artforum oct 1997

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 p.5 - The Other Scenes, Vol 3, n°14, 1970
 p.6-11 - Now Now, San Francisco, 1965
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 p.35 - International Times, Frivolous Summer Issue, 1980
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 p.40 - 42 - Mandala n°7, 1977, Amsterdam
 p.44-45 - Artforum, October 1997
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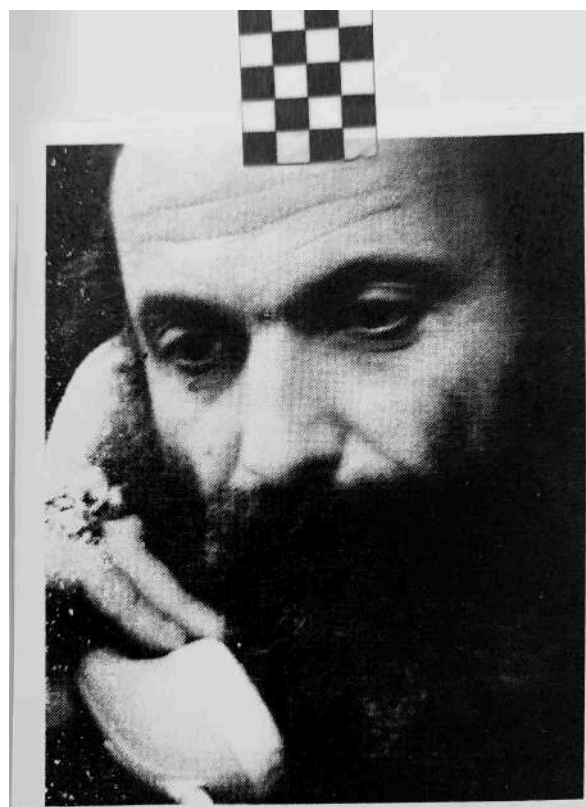
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