

Camille's Reports #1

I'm back from Afghanistan in my new hat—sort of a Puritan gentleman's affair with one of the silver buckles on it that used to be on my shoes. Off and on I'll be doing the cards again—except now it's a newsletter. Usually.

I must be getting old, because I can remember way back to the early 1960's when, at the Judson Poets' Theatre, Florence Tarlow bounded and grinned, Mae West-like, to Al Carmine's music in Ruth Krauss's "This Breast." It was glorious, and looks it too in Ruth's *There's a little ambiguity over there among the bluebells*. Count the colors in the book, by the way. They're all made from blue and yellow, but because of tints and secondary reflectances they make ochres, blacks, even a brown at one point. Cloth, \$3.95.

Technically, historically, it is said, Eugen Gomringer (a Bolivian Swiss living in Germany) is the papa of Concrete Poetry, and that his "Constellations" series is the beginning of the medium. Actually his *Book of the Hours and Constellations* is so gentle, so unpretentious that it's hard to realize one is reading a historic work. Seems too perfect for that. And hats off to Jerome Rothenberg for his selection and translation. Cloth, \$4.50. Paper, \$1.95.

What do Columbus, Melville, and Carl Mills (the kidnapper) have in common? Well, for one thing they're all in the sentence you just read. And they're all obsessional personalities—documented and reacted to—in Paul Metcalf's GENOA, published by Jargon and available through the SMALL PUBLISHERS COMPANY, 175 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10010. It's the most exciting big prose work I've come across, since, well, since Afghanistan.

CAMILLE GORDON

Camille's Reports #2

Ay-o's down at the University of Kentucky at Lexington this year. That's one bunch of colonels who won't be sitting back with their mint juleps ever again.

On the wall facing my door there hangs a poster, Robert Filliou's *L'Immortelle Mort du Monde* (in English, in spite of the name). Not only is it really pretty, but I have yet to see a visitor to my place come or go without noticing it and maybe doing a brief performance from it. The Press sells it, hand-colored in 10 colors, for \$5.00.

246 Little Clouds, Diter Rot's newest book—his first published here—is a very cloud colored object. Grey top, grey pages, grey cloth, grey everything. Probably a surprised reader will think he has a defective copy when he first picks it up. But no, it's the style, and no, it's not all grey: Diter's drawings and handwritten texts are often sunny. It's a beaut! Clothbound, \$5.95.

Remember *Poor Old Tired Horse*? The most exciting little mag on the Scottish scene in years? Seems Ian Hamilton Finlay signed a contract with a New York publisher to reissue the whole series, but ill health and a number of moves have destroyed his records of just who he signed with. Ian says he just can't find it. We'd like to know so we can find those mags around again. They're still very fresh eggs.

It took over 1400 letters to settle all the rights and permissions questions in John Cage's new *Notations*, ready in December. A very interesting book could be made of all that correspondence!

CAMILLE GORDON

Camille Reports #3

From Afghanistan: "The cat ate it, all three pounds of it," she said. Nasrudin put the cat on the scales. It weighed three pounds.

"If this is the cat," said Nasrudin, "where is the meat? If, on the other hand, this is the meat, where is the cat?"

Alison Knowles, James Tenney and the Siemens 4004 computer came together, and the result is an edition of 500 different fifteen-page poems, all entitled *A House of Dust*. Four categories of lists of elements are joined in random juxtapositions by chance operations. Over 10,000 combinations are possible for each stanza. Imported from Verlag Gebr. König, but auf Englisch. \$6.50 per original 15-page printout.

Merce Cunningham's *Changes: Notes on Choreography* goes to press finally. Put together by Frances Starr from Merce's notebooks, articles and notations, the structure of the book, the placement of texts and illustrations, parallels the forms of Merce's dances. None of that static memorabilia stuff more suited to the biography of an industrialist than an artist. This one really reads like a dance. The book will be manufactured by the beginning of the summer, for September 1, 1969 pub date. You can order in advance, \$8.95.

Guess who else has been through changes? Daniel Spoerri's back from Greece, after his *Petit Colosse de Simi* episode. Back to Düsseldorf, that is. And what's he got there? A gourmet restaurant that sells such goodies as elephant steaks and curried cutlets, but where the real tour de force is—hamburgers. Well, that's to be expected since he's written a book on the subject which is to be part of a big book we're doing of his this coming fall.

"The constellation is a system.... It disposes its groups of words as if they were clusters of stars." Eugen Gomringer's *The Book of Hours and Constellations*, translated and presented by Jerome Rothenberg, will take you someplace else. Jerome Cushman, in *Library Journal*, said various kind words about the book, including that it "is recommended for any library, including high school, because it is the work of a founder of a significant poetry movement." Personally I just think it's groovy. Available in cloth, \$4.50 and paperback. \$1.95.

"There's no satisfying the people!" he claimed.

"Now, now, my friend," intervened the Hodja, "Don't rush to false conclusions! Whoever heard of anybody complaining about the sweet spring weather?"

We're scrapping our Max Bense reader. It was to be the deepest statement of the philosophical bases underlying "primary cool." Alas, the book has minimized itself out of existence. The ironic fulfillment? Only 306 days to 1970.

Our *Something Else Newsletters* have gone fishing. We'll be doing more of them, but not for a while. They've gotten pretty expensive to do. And right now we're concentrating on doing books. But if you liked the old newsletters, all those articles Dick Higgins wrote for the newsletters will be included in his new book, *FOEW&OMBWHNW* (say that again, will you?), due out in May. Just in case you're missing any issues. It'll cost \$5.95, and will look just like a prayer book.