

Something Else Newscard #1

Ray Johnson's *The Paper Snake* will be bound up by Valentine's Day. There are two editions: the Regular Edition has a printed cover that matches the jacket; it costs \$3.47. The Autograph Edition (unautographed, natch, and limited to 200 unnumbered copies—numbering's vulgar) is bound in Joanna Lacqroid, costs \$12, and is sold only by the PVI Gallery, 173 East 73rd Street, New York.

Camille Gordon says that red will absolutely *not* be worn this spring. She also says she has just discovered shoe buckles.

Al Hansen's *Primer of Happenings & Time/Space Art*, basically a collage of his notebooks since the heroic days of happenings, late in the 50's, will be our next book; we're gunning for late May. Al is now busy directing David Walker's *Cafe Espresso* (a chance opera for actors—sounds good) for the American Theater For Poets, to open 2/11/65. Also, on 2/15/65 he'll do a very tough happening at The New Third Rail Gallery, 5 Great Jones Street, at 8:30 PM: it's called *The Gunboat Panay*.

Something Else Newscard #2

Barbara Moore, wife of the distinguished photographer and chronicler Peter Moore, has joined our staff as Editorial Director. Her first problem will be the editing of Al Hansen's dazzling happenings notebook, *Primer of Happenings and Time/Space Art*. We're also taking new quarters on February 23rd at 160 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. Thanks for offering hospitality and temporary U.S. headquarters to . . .

Dick Higgins, whose vitriolicly humorous étude, *Requiem for Wagner the Criminal Mayor*, will be done at the American Theater for Poets on March 4th: Gloria Graves will direct Dick's *The Tart* at Sunnyside Gardens, a Queens boxing ring, on April 17th and 18th (passover/easter weekend). This is said to be the most ambitious happening ever, since the place seats a minimum of 1200 people!

Camille Gordon says "No," Al Hansen says "Hello." In any case, if you have a mailing list, please add H. Sohm/7254 *Münchingen b. Stuttgart*,/WEST GERMANY to it. He is trying to build up an archive of announcements of all artistic activities.

Something Else Newscard #3

Robert Filliou's *Ample Food for Stupid Thought* is churning its way towards May publication. It's a collection of sublimely useless questions, suitable for two editions: one, a set of postcards, and the other, a book. Filliou is one of France's leading poets.

Higgin's *Postface/Jefferson's Birthday's* and Johnson's *Paper Snake's* slithered in large numbers aboard the good ship Goettingen, on March 5th, bound for 5000 *Koln-Mühlheim*, Rüdeshheimerstr. 14, where Tomas Schmit, our industrious German correspondent, hangs his hat. So the European brethren can finally get our books without a hitch. Schmit is one of *The Four Suits*, a group showing of four unique people which we will publish in the fall, also among whom is:

Philip Corner, whose *Music, Reserved Until Now*, a very intense and maybe joyful music piece, is being done Sunday, March 14th, at 3:30 P.M. at the Bridge Theatre. Phone for reservations.

Something Else Newscard #4

Robert Filliou's *Ample Food for Stupid Thought*, his first work available in the U.S., is apparently only a sequence of delightfully inane or pig-headed questions, till one mulls each over and discovers serious and poetic responses. The regular edition is now in stock for \$5; it is a normal book. By June 10th we'll have the postcard edition for \$9. Each question is printed separately on a postcard, and all the cards come collected in a handsome box. We don't plan another mailing on this title, so we suggest you order it now.

Alison Knowles, one of the *Four Suits* (due late summer '65), is at work on a rather large book—the first, one hopes of many: 4' x 8' x 48 pages. A new tendency?

Marriage has moved Tomas Schmit,—another of the *Four Suits* commandos and our European correspondent, to whom foreign orders should be addressed—to 5 *Koln-Sulz*, Gerolsteinerstr. 86, WEST GERMANY.

Something Else Newscard #5

We'd hate to lose a nickle for everyone who is claimed to have originated happenings, each in his own way. The latest is Red Grooms, (*The Village Voice*, July 15th). Our interest is in the namer and systematizer of the concept, Allan Kaprow, whose masterwork on the subject, *Assemblage, Environments and Happenings* is being published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 6 West 57th Street, New York 10019, on November 22nd.

Philip Corner, Spades in *The Four Suits*, is in Meridian, Mississippi with the Movement. Al Hansen's First World Congress of Happenings at Provincetown, Mass. was a resounding success. Among those attending was Eric Andersen, the terror of Copenhagen, who is best known for having cut off the head of the little mermaid. Camille Gordon is writing a sexy detective novel: her hero's name is Bobsy Kamp. Dick Higgins has a new graphic arts camera, on which we will do all our own halftones and illustrations. This should give us spectacular quality control.

Jackson Mac Low's *Stanzas for Iris Lezak and Other Works* will be one of our next winter titles. Wolf Vostell will do the design. Mac Low is also the author of the very interesting jacket copy on Fillou's *Ample Food for Stupid Thought*, now available as a book for \$5 or as a handsomely boxed set of postcards for \$9.

Something Else Newscard #6

Robert Filliou, whose *Ample Food for Stupid Thought* we brought out a few months ago as postcards, now widely sought-after, \$9, and as a lecture-book, \$5, has moved down to La Cédille qui Sourit, 12 rue de May, Villefranche-sur-Mer (Alpes-Maritimes), FRANCE. He and George Brecht are setting up a shop to handle marvelous things: "everything that has (or does not have) a cédille in its name." George is at work on an economics project, one whose aim is to work out the principles of an economy based on dreams instead of gold and dollars. He's most anxious to receive suggestions.

Erica Abeel, in *The Saturday Review* for 8/28/65, is responsible for the quote of the year, that happenings haven't happened since 1961. Goodness, what unique information! Guess they think they know what's going on.

Tomas Schmit, the *Four Suits* diamond, is running for Reichspräsident on the Blockist ticket in the German elections. Phil Corner, the *Four Suits* spade, will return shortly from Wales. Benjamin Patterson, the *Four Suits* heart, has discovered electricity. Alison Knowles, the *Four Suits* club, has clobbered her way to a new Graphic process to make the originals of her contribution: it's a kind of silverprint. Looks fabulous!

Something Else Newscard #7

Al Hansen's shaped-canvas rockets are taking off, along with his kites. As an ex-paratrooper we note his air-mindedness and are delighted to see it reflected in his work. For the useless-but-interesting fact department: of the more than one hundred illustrations in Al's *Primer of Happenings & Time/Space Art*, sixty-nine are by Peter Moore, twenty are by Harvey Gross, nine are by Terry Schutte, and one (double) by Martha Holmes. Well!

Poor Eric Andersen's cutting off the head of the little mermaid has gotten him in terrible trouble with some of his countrymen. Seems they don't go in for "primitive and unnecessary acts," particularly non-existent ones. They've been calling each other up all night about it, wondering what is the sophisticated attitude to take.

Camille Gordon is wearing red shoe-buckles these days, in spite of her prediction last year that red simply would *not* be worn. She also notes that gold lamé turbans are *it*.

Persons interested in joining *The Tuesday Evening Madison Avenue Skateboard, Chowder and Marching Society* should drop a line to Barbara Moore, 4 East 36th St., New York, N. Y. 10016.

Something Else Newscard #8

The millenium has arrived! *The Four Suits* and Al Hansen's *Primer of Happenings & Time/Space Art* are ready at last! To say nothing of our muchly fun catalog, which you should receive shortly; not to mention the announcement of Alison Knowles' exhibition of her *Four Suits* originals at the Fischbach.

Roll out the beer, boys, Great Bear Pamphlets are born—the best (and least expensive) small documents on the new art. Order, through us, “by Alison Knowles,” which has all her performance pieces to date (40¢), Dick Higgins' “A Book About Love & War & Death, Canto One,” a 60¢ round robin intended only for reading aloud, with each reader picking up where the previous one cracked up laughing or roaring, and George Brecht's “Chance Imagery” (80¢), the best essay on the subject. Future Great Bears will be by Oldenburg, Hansen, Rothenberg, etc. Please include 10¢ handling charge for each pamphlet ordered by mail.

Al Hansen, the well-known rocketeer, is going to do a “visual-visceral happening environment,” *A McLuhan Megillah*, in his huge loft Time/Space Theater late in January and in February. Interested in further details? Drop a self-addressed postcard to Al Hansen, Time/Space Theater, 119 Avenue D, New York, N. Y. 10009. Put him on your mailing list too: there are very few things he's not interested in.

Something Else Newscard #9

Now that Spoerri's *Anecdoted Topography of Chance* is finally bound, we asked Emmett Williams, who translated it, how he felt, and received the anecdoted footnote below.* Incidentally, Emmett will be coming to the states this January. He hasn't spent much time here since 1947, since when he's been active in concrete poetry, Fluxus and everything else that counts in Europe. We'll be doing a book of his own in 1966.

We would like at this time to announce the formation of the All-American Fan Club, which will lend its moral support to all members of all teams, and whose members are spiritually entitled to belong to all of them. Persons interested in obtaining free membership should send in their sweat shirts (plus return postage) to be imprinted "TEAM".

*Reading the galley proofs, I found myself enjoying the chore of re-exploring the lay of the land on Spoerri's blue table. One might imagine the translator would be sick and tired of the "human garbage can" by this time. But who can get sick and tired of a blue table cluttered with eighty heterogeneous everyday objects yoked together and brought violently to life in terms of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Priapus, Marcel Duchamp, Mr. Peanut, Adolf Hitler, G. F. Gillette, the mad Anton Müller and hundreds of others living and dead? As Joe Miller said about the telephone directory, there's not much plot, but what a cast! In Spoerri's case, the author is plugged into a universal switchboard. What a literary predicament!