

the something else NEWSLETTER

Volume 1, Number 10

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CAMILLE REPORTS AGAIN

Emmett Williams is in Lexington, Kentucky. But not to take the cure. He's teaching at the University of Kentucky, as Artist-in-Residence, and you can reach him at the Department of Art, College of Arts and Sciences. We miss him.

Anybody seen Myer Signer? He's our erstwhile Canadian distributor, who skipped town (Toronto, that is) owing us over \$3000. Darn near did us in. Rumor there is that he's here in New York.

As we noted some time ago, Frances Starr (she's a dancer herself) and Merce Cunningham delved into Merce's notebooks and files of working materials for a number of his most seminal dances, and the result is **Changes: Notes on Choreography** (in 2-colors throughout, except eight 4-color pages. \$8.95). A novel it is not. Most dance books read about like the success bios of famous industrialists. This one doesn't. It's about the dance, not the personalities. Reading it is like watching the dance being rehearsed, or looking over Merce's shoulder as he shapes the work. It's the first time a really major dancer has articulated some of the processes involved in choreography since Doris Humphrey's classic, some twenty years ago.

From Afghanistan: the Hodja was bellowing and caterwauling from the minaret. His friend called, "What do you think you're doing, Nasrudin? Come down from there, it's impious!" "It sounded so great in the bathroom, my friend," the Hodja said, "You'd

think they'd have the sense to build their mosques there."

The Camille Gordon whose doings get reported fairly regularly in the **New York Review of Sex** is NOT, and I do repeat NOT your Newsletter editor. I wonder if I can sue her for damages for using my name — or maybe it's her name too. Anyway, it's pretty embarrassing to me and to my husband.

The main promotion for Dick Higgins' **FOEW&OMBWHNW** (\$5.95) is enigmatic, like the title. It's not even an ad. It's a green and white button, given out free on request, that says FREE DICK HIGGINS in big caps. A kiss from me will be the prize in this year's Camille Gordon Literary Contest, whose alternate subjects are "What does the FREE DICK HIGGINS button mean?" or "Why did Dick want his book bound like a prayer book." All entries should be three hundred words or more, and the best will be published in this Newsletter.

Our Spoerri book with the long name, **The Mythological Travels of a Modern Sir John Mandeville, being an Account of the Magic, Meatballs and other Monkey-Business Peculiar to the Sojourn of Daniel Spoerri upon the Isle of Symi, together with Divers Speculations Thereon**, has been delayed a bit. There's lots of accents over the foreign words, and these had to be drawn in by hand. Which takes time. But now it's off to press, and should be ready by January

(Cloth, \$6.95), along with the paperback edition of his classic, the **Topo (An Anecdoted Topography of Chance, \$2.95)**.

John Giorno's at work on an anthology, **John Giorno's Anthology of New York Poetry**. The cover's being done by Les Levine, and each of the six poets included will have his section on a different-colored stock. So it oughtta be out of sight, visually.

Recently Eugen Gomringer's concrete *Hauptwerk*, **The Book of Hours and Constellations** (translated by Jerome Rothenberg) was accused of being gentle. Is the accusation justified? (Cloth, \$6.95. Paper, \$2.95).

The Hodja's mausoleum has huge, thirteenth century gates, with six giant padlocks on it to keep out thieves and desecrators. A more massive construction one can't really imagine. But don't let it throw you. The mausoleum has no sides.

Another delay: R. Meltzer's **The Aesthetics of Rock**. Originally there were a number of quotes from Bob Dylan, and when we wrote for permission, they told us they wanted \$200 per small quote, and \$1000 per big one. We figured they just had to be kidding, — after all, the Beatles get \$10 a quote, and the Stones gave their permissions for \$15. (Just imagine what the book would have to cost to make up the amount we'd have to pay Dylan!) So we spent the next few months trying to reason with Dylan and his managers. We figured he didn't know what was going on. But he did, and they did, and it seems that's where his head's at these days. So we had to edit out all the Dylan quotes (it's being re-set in type now), so now we can advertise the book as "guaranteed Dylan-free." And oddly enough, it does have a weirdly modern ring without all the liberal-sounding Dylanisms. Anyway, the book will be ready by mid-January, and it's worth waiting for. Much more serious than the other Rock books. Cloth, \$6.95 and Paper, \$2.45.

In music, there weren't too many structural ideas that came up in the Cologne School of the late 50's and early 60's that weren't anticipated in Henry Cowell's **New Musical Resources** back in 1930. The book must have seemed incredibly visionary in its time, and till recently copies were bringing around \$125 or \$150 on the used book market (by way of contrast, out edition costs \$5.95, clothbound only). Our version has a foreword by Joscelyn Godwin, giving some of the background of the book, and Joscelyn's notes at the end detail when, where and by whom Cowell's ideas have been used — if, in fact, means have been found of using them.

The old saws about fame bringing ungraciousness don't seem to apply to the really great ones. What with his triumph at New York's Museum of Modern Art, and the New York papers describing the 1960's as "The Oldenburg Decade," Claes might have been excused if he had seemed a bit preoccupied. But no. Instead he invited to the opening all the artists he could think of who had worked with him in his salad days, performers from his Happenings, old friends from the Lower East Side or Chicago, to come join him. And come they did, by the thousands. Has the dear old MOMA ever had such a happy crowd? Not a sign of pickets, which should be a lesson to them. And then too, there was Oldenburg's speech at dinner. Just a few words, mentioning his debt to his old Reuben Gallery colleagues — Kaprow, Grooms, Whitman and the rest. It was beautiful. Incidentally, don't forget that Claes' two books of his own writings, **Injun** (\$1.00) and **Store Days** (\$12.95) are still available through the Press.

John Cage's **Notations** is out as a paperback (\$4.50). There's an errata sheet to correct the six bloopers, which are few enough, considering the complexity of the book. It was done this way because the sheets are still left over from the first printing. Here they are: "Ernst Bloch" should have been "Ernest Bloch," four people were left out of the listing of the archive at the end — Virgilio F. H. Tosco, David Tudor, Horacio Vaggione and Edgard Varèse, — the manuscript attributed to Henning Christiansen was composed by Eric Andersen, Frederic Rzewski's name was misspelled "Rjewski," Toru Takemitsu's first name was misspelled "Tohru," and the copyright holder of Virgil Thomson's **The Plow that Broke the Plains** is Mr. Thompson himself. Just in case you'd like to correct your copy. Next printing we'll have the book all cleaned up (except for the "dirt" that's part of the structure of the book, and which one reviewer found objectionable).

Robert Filliou has moved, finally, from France to West Germany, where he's teaching at the Kunstakademie in Düsseldorf. Now this really is a mixed blessing — good for Germany but bad for France, — because it means that there are hardly any important avant-garde artists and writers left in France. Just Ben Vautier, Bernhard Heidsieck, Jean-Jacques Lebel, Alice Hutchins, a few others. It's a tremendous change from seven or eight years ago. Only in music does there seem to be much action. But the world and all of us need to have a Paris. But what can one do in a country where one big, commercial publisher,

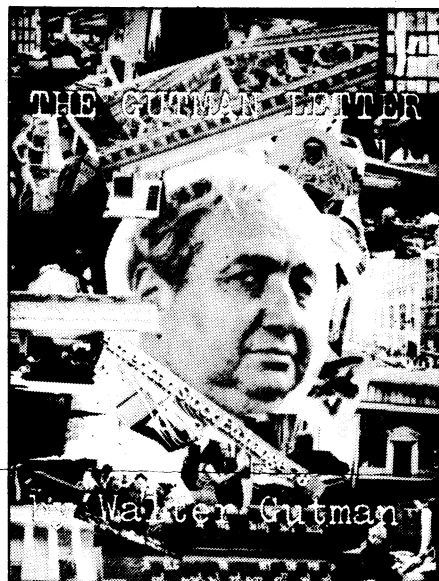
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Hachette, controls not only most of the newspapers but most of the stores? There are no important little mags coming out of Paris these days because of this situation. And so there's no scene left, really. Let's hope that political changes will take place that will bring back both Paris and France, stronger than ever.

Filliou and Brecht's twinkly **Games at the Cedilla** (Cloth, \$5.95) has a favorite department, the Favorite Visitors' Department, in which anecdotes are told about the various people who dropped by the Cédille shop. Well, we haven't got the anecdotes yet, but we can begin to schedule some interesting arrivals. In December Hanns Sohm, the king of the modern book and autograph collectors is coming. And so is Wolf Vostell, the only artist who's really close to the German SDS. And hopefully, in January we'll see Jindřich Chaloupecký, the critic-philosopher from Prague, to give us views that should update the whole aesthetics of the Left, as they did in Prague in '68, with obvious results.

The September issue of **Art in America** has some pretty spooky remarks by one Anna Ellsworth of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Culver-Palms Auxilliary No. 1476, Culver City, Ca. Seems Miss Ellsworth objects to Bici Hendricks' lovely melting ice flag (vegetable coloring in water). Now that's a pretty old tradition to protest. For more years than I like to think, I've been watching firework displays that end with fiery flags. They burn, they sputter and reduce themselves to embers. And how did our patriotic associations used to recommend that we dispose of old flags? It was to burn them, gently and efficiently, and stand at attention. Seems to me Miss Ellsworth should do better than protest about Bici's lovely flag. She ought to be made to stand at attention while a Hendricks flag melts down.

The migration out of New York continues, very largely to the Los Angeles area. James Tenney is leaving. We've heard but haven't been able to confirm that Terry Riley's leaving. Malcolm Goldstein and Max Neuhaus have already left. This isn't going to help the music situation much — no more Tone Roads concerts, fewer opportunities to hear the new music here, etc. In large measure the reason is the failure of the music media to provide coverage, which means that audiences don't get built up. But now the artists are starting to follow suit, which is very dangerous for New York. Allan Kaprow has settled in Pasadena. Joe Jones and Donna Jo Jones are following suit sometime this winter. But unlike the situation in France, the New York emigration is perhaps a good



THE GUTMAN LETTER

Walter Gutman

Edited by Michael Benedikt

The life, loves and stock-market reports of 'the Proust of Wall Street.'

"... the nude models, the friendship with Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and Robert Frank... and the ever-present circus goddesses, female weight-lifters and strongwomen." (*Emmett Williams*).

"A weekly market letter from a brokerage house is not a place one would expect to find a witty, speculative and off-beat writer who has a canny eye for what unites art and industry, the ways of a man with a maid, and a maid with a dollar. (*Thomas Lask, The New York Times*).

144 pages, 70 illustrations, 18 in color,
8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 11". \$7.50 CLOTH

thing. The art scene in the USA has been over-centralized around New York for years, and it's made for an overload situation that makes simply functioning here very difficult. Again, in music the West Coast has become increasingly attractive, with the news that Robert Ashley is setting up in Oakland, with Pauline Oliveros's action at San Diego, and with all the excitement around **Source** magazine up at Davis. The scene, musically—and taking California as a whole,

which may not be reasonable — seems richer than anything New York has seen since the turn of the 50's, and then some.

R. Meltzer dropped by. These days he's writing about California and sports. But using these three pseudonyms: Lar Tusb. Otto Hudson. And Borneo Jimmy. Oh wow!

Jerzy Grotowski is admired in the **NY Times**, 10/5, apparently for only allowing 100 people into the audience at a time. Whether or not, then, this fits the real needs of the specific piece, of course, few of us will ever know. But the article was called, "The Most Avant-Garde of them All." And it does set one wondering if the power structure wants to encourage the idea that "littlest is bestest and avantest" in the face of the mass Happenings that have been done and seen since the more lyric beginnings. Well, of course, if we felt like that, there'd be no more newsletters, and we'd be doing silk screen books for \$1200 a copy instead of books priced competitively (sometimes too much so for comfort- send for a free copy of our profit and loss statement). Okay, Grotowski wants to reach the pro's. Godbless. They can afford it, and they may learn a trick or two. But I guess he doesn't see that the best heads in these parts aren't necessarily the pro's, and it's from these heads that the future will take its recipes. Also, it makes one

wonder what might be going on in Poland in the underground of cast-offs from Grotowski's official scene, among people who couldn't take his elitism or the Sadie and Masie scene that seems implicit in his style.

Available now:

Changes: Notes on Choreography

Merce Cunningham **\$8.95**

FOEW&OMBWHNW

Dick Higgins **\$5.95**

The Book of Hours and Constellations

Eugen Gomringer **Cloth \$6.95**
Paper \$2.95

New Musical Resources

Henry Cowell **\$5.95**

Injun (Great Bear Pamphlet)

Claes Oldenburg **\$1.00**

Store Days

Claes Oldenburg **\$12.95**

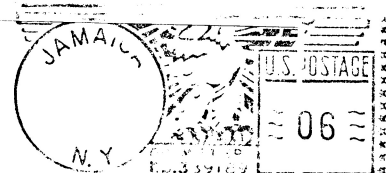
Notations

John Cage **Cloth \$15.00**
Paper \$4.50

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Filliou and Brecht **\$5.95**

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