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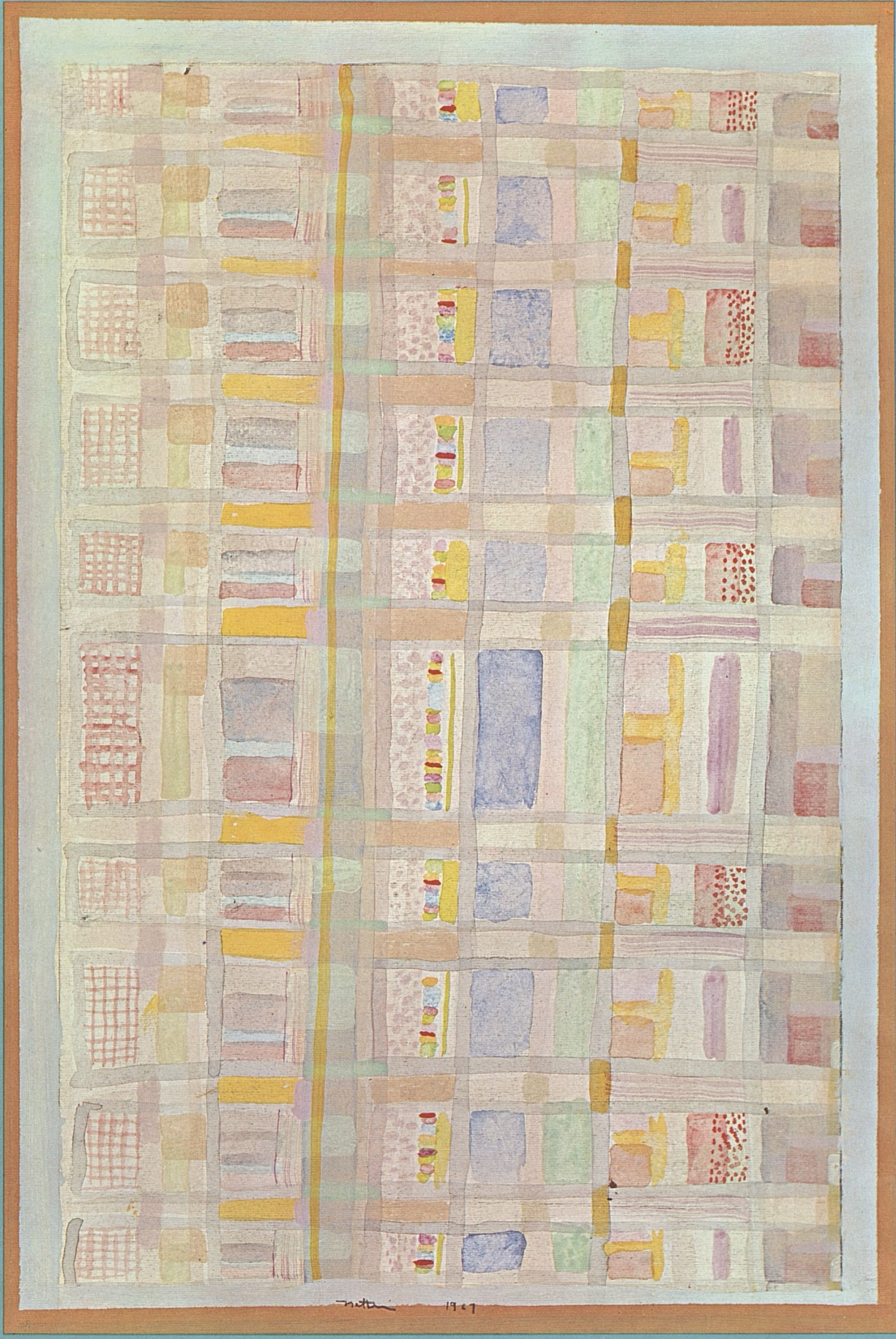
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I-KON

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**CUBA:
THE NEW MAN
SUSAN SHERMAN**

**SNOWS:
A HAPPENING
CAROLEE
SCHNEEMAN**

**NOTES ON
IMPROVISATION
CORNELIUS
CARDEW**

**THE THEATER
OF CHANGE:
AN
ASTROLOGICAL
PLAY
ROBERT KELLY**

**PSYCHEDELICS
AND THE ARTIST
STANLEY KRIPPNER**

VOLUME 1 NO 5

MARCH 27, 1968

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EDITORIAL

CUBA: THE NEW MAN

In a poem words are used to achieve an understanding that can only be grasped by the combinations of the words, by their sound, their music, mirroring the full unity of language, the emotion and thought of the poet, the style of his life, his thought. All this is a poem. To speak of any element separately is to speak only part of the poem. To understand a part at the expense of the whole. To speak about Cuba, to use words, is always to express only part of the picture, part of the unity, the whole. The best description of the impact of going to Cuba was one I heard on the plane as we were leaving the Havana airport on our return trip. A Norwegian poet I was sitting with said to me, "... before you go to Cuba, it's covered by a blanket of gray, after you land, you leave the grayness behind. There is a clarity about your vision in which the problems as well as the virtues become real." A clarity that extends beyond Cuba to encompass your own life as well.

Cuba is, more than any other place I have ever seen, a country which must be experienced. The question then is how, once having been there, to try to express the feeling of it, the experience. A list of facts doesn't, can never, do it. The revolution is complete, extending to the most minute levels of human communication. Materially, people who had nothing to eat, who could not read or write, who lived without hope, now have education, food, security, a future. For all there is pride, dedication, a sense of humanity. There is no illiteracy. Medical service is free. There has been no incidence of polio in three years, a rare phenomenon in Latin America. There are now over 300,000 students in scholarship schools alone (centered in the former "privileged areas" like Miramar) in an island with a population of only eight million. But there is more. There is the goal toward which all these improvements are centered—and it is a human goal, concerned with human beings.

That is what the Cuban revolution is about—people. An affirmation not only of the so-called "rights" of man, but of man himself. We are told here that the social vision of Cuba is wrong because without "competition" as we know it society becomes dull, lifeless. And we see our "competition" lead us not into life but into complete boredom and apathy and worse than that into murder. We are told that "pleasure" cannot exist without "pain" and in order to insure "pleasure" we resort to the creation of unbearable pain. We have distorted every great philosopher and writer in our

cultural tradition, a beautiful tradition, and then we blame that tradition instead of our own distortion. The Cubans are building toward a future in which man will be automated into and not out of existence. A small country with a great spirit they have taken as allies other small countries with great spirit (North Vietnam, North Korea, the National Liberation Front, all struggles for liberation) and by doing so have shown the world what spirit on the part of one person, one nation can mean.

I spent one month in Cuba. Most of it in Havana. Some of it outside the city, in the country, where the revolution started and is most in evidence. Always on the move, almost never in the hotel, walking, talking with people, looking at everything. And in every place you are welcome. People talk, laugh, complain, work and dream. Cuba. Territorio Libre. Free territory of America. Not a freedom of words, of postures, but a freedom of language, of speech. A contagious freedom. It rubs off into your pores, gets into your skin. More than what you hear or see—what you feel. It works itself into you and there you are, suddenly, one week later, changed. Not different, but unalterably the same. Without doubt, without confusion, without that blanketing of gray—clear and free. Not knowing how, or when, or even why it happened.

Driving through the country, a military truck passes you in the opposite direction, one of the soldiers playing a congo drum while other soldiers laugh, sing, dance around him; an old woman in a small room in the Old City of Havana who, upon your question of her reaction and the reaction of her friends to the death of "El Che," begins to cry; a performance of the "Wizard of Oz"; flying around a new apartment complex in a bus going at least a hundred miles an hour because there is an extra half-hour and this is something you should see and hanging on with both hands and seeing it—no prison here, no housing "project"—a beautiful place for people to live. A beautiful place for people to live. What the revolution is about—people.

People. Conversations for hours with people. In all parts of the city. In the country. Sometimes through a friend who speaks Spanish, sometimes through an interpreter, sometimes in English, sometimes in a broken "anti-language" composed of words and phrases in mixed English, Spanish and French. One of the best conversations with a poet on the magazine "Bohemia" which consisted mostly of smiling, pointing and sign-language. The Cubans want you to say what you have to say, directly and

openly. They hate hypocrisy, plotting, subterfuge, levels of meaning and murkiness. If you have a question, ask it. If you have a problem, say it openly so it can be discussed and thought out. Two hours one afternoon just to get down one city block. Endless invitations to come in, sit down, accept coffee, rum, and talk. Not a question of proving anything to you, but a question of pride, of what they have accomplished, of what the revolution has meant to them.

The Cultural Conference of Havana, itself, another story. Like a play within a play. Taking place in Cuba and permeated with the enthusiasm, the spirit of the Cuban, yet in itself a unit, comprised of over 500 people from almost every country in the world. A cultural conference, its stated purpose to talk about the problem of culture in the Third World. I say "stated purpose" because not only was the central topic thoroughly discussed but many other areas were also opened up for discussion and action. The conference was divided into five commissions; one political, one a discussion of the formation of the "new man", one a discussion of the responsibility of the intellectual to the underdeveloped nations, one on mass media, and one on science and technology. The Cubans, in order to avoid charges of "stacking" the conference kept their own delegation intentionally small. To avoid trying to divide my time between all five commissions with the end of not understanding any of them, I decided to follow one commission through from beginning to end. And since I had a number of friends in the third commission, I decided to attend the second, the one that interested me the most, the formation of the "new man".

In the second commission there were about 100 people. Papers were presented to the chair and each paper presented was read and discussed. Among some of the delegates were Hans Magnus Ensenburger, a poet from West Germany; David Cooper, a psychiatrist from London; Robert Matta, a Chilean painter; Alain Jouffroy, a French poet, and, sitting next to me, a physical education instructor from Cuba, a teacher from Guinea, a track star from Czechoslovakia, a painter from France, a philosopher from Belgium and a poet from North Vietnam.

The idea of the "new man" is based on Marx's original conception of the development of a new type of human being in a society in which community is a living fact rather than an ideal and brought up to date by Che Guevara in his writing on the "Twenty-first century man", "a new human being with a new technology." "... not a question of how many kilograms of meat are eaten or how many pretty imported things can be bought with present wages. It is rather that the individual feels greater fulfillment, that he has greater inner wealth and many more responsibilities." This is Che—his idea of the new man. "Let me say, with the risk of appearing ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by strong feelings of love. It is impossible to think of an authentic revolutionary without this quality." Che—the new man. "... to achieve complete spiritual recreation in the presence of his own work, without the direct pressure

of the social environment but bound to it by new habits." The new man, the new society. A unity. A whole society, without arbitrary divisions between worker, soldier, intellectual, artist. Practical as well as theoretical, already in process, already begun. I talked about art and about education and was asked immediately how I would apply my ideas to children, to youth, to older people and if I had a practicable system worked out for experimentation. Not enough to know what you want to do, the question is how, how do you do it.

Matta got up and spoke about rain, and being young, and paint, and the rooftops in Chile. "... it is not a question of just backing the revolution; it is the question of being revolutionary. And being revolutionary implies, of course, being free or consequently struggling to achieve freedom... a revelation must take place, all the possibilities of man should be made evident..." Matta, speaking about the "Internal Guerilla", living his words as he speaks them. Papers on education, on revolution, on the rights of women, on the problems of youth, on the "hippies," "the provos," lines from Wilhelm Reich, arguments, debates. Endless hours of discussion. Discussion. Not empty words thrown into the air. Words to be taken and lived.

The general resolution of the conference was a strong one—condemning the war, supporting revolution and the "new man". But the sum total of the conference, the strength of the conference, could never be expressed in six pages of prose. In all there were over 300 papers delivered and hours of discussion and debate. The third commission—the responsibility of intellectuals to the third world—drafted a resolution that was overwhelmingly supported by the delegates at the conference, a resolution that no longer would any of these artists, philosophers, scientists, teachers, take money from any foundation or government, publish in or lend their names to any institution supporting actively the deprivation of the people of the third world, the people of any world. The people. The humanity of the people.

Sitting one afternoon in the lobby of the hotel, I began talking to a poet from North Vietnam. Upon hearing I was a poet from New York, he jumped up, "Wait here, I have something to show you." He came back with a book of poems, his favorite, Walt Whitman, in French, bent, dog-eared, and a poem he had written for a Cuban newspaper, about Whitman, and about Vietnam. About Vietnam and about the love of the Vietnamese people for Whitman, for his ideal, for their ideal which was the same. Poetry which was for them a living force. As it was also in Cuba, as all art was, in evidence everywhere, in the songs, in the spirit of the people, even the covers of the candy boxes decorated with paintings. Poetry in the newspapers, the popular magazines, as well as the usual poetry books, magazines and newspapers devoted to art. The artist given every encouragement and support by the society. No advertising, no commercials. Culture in all its aspects developed and enjoyed.

Cuba changes you. The Cubans are working out a society of affirmation and revolution in its pro-

foundest aspects and the change is subtle and lasting. The problems are many and as great as the task that has been set. "The novelty of revolutionary thinking lies precisely in the fact that it does not pretend to be infallible; in that it is defined as a continuous creation and boldness, and in that it is a matter of limiting as much as possible the margin of errors giving proofs of courage and facing the risks to be run." This from Alain Jouffroy. And it is true. The problems are many. The problems of creation and change. But perhaps change is the wrong word. In Cuba you catch a glimpse of the future and that glimpse strengthens you for your own work. A revolution must be a revolution for all the people, a freedom for everyone. Until the last man on earth is free, no one can be free. That is the lesson of the Cuban revolution. Not guilt, but work. Not a choice, but a work. Working as individuals, as groups, so that these groups, these individuals, can come together and create through their own separate works, a great work. The poem is never empty of meaning, of reason, of life. The dream becomes real and being real can be dealt with with anger and with love.

SUSAN SHERMAN

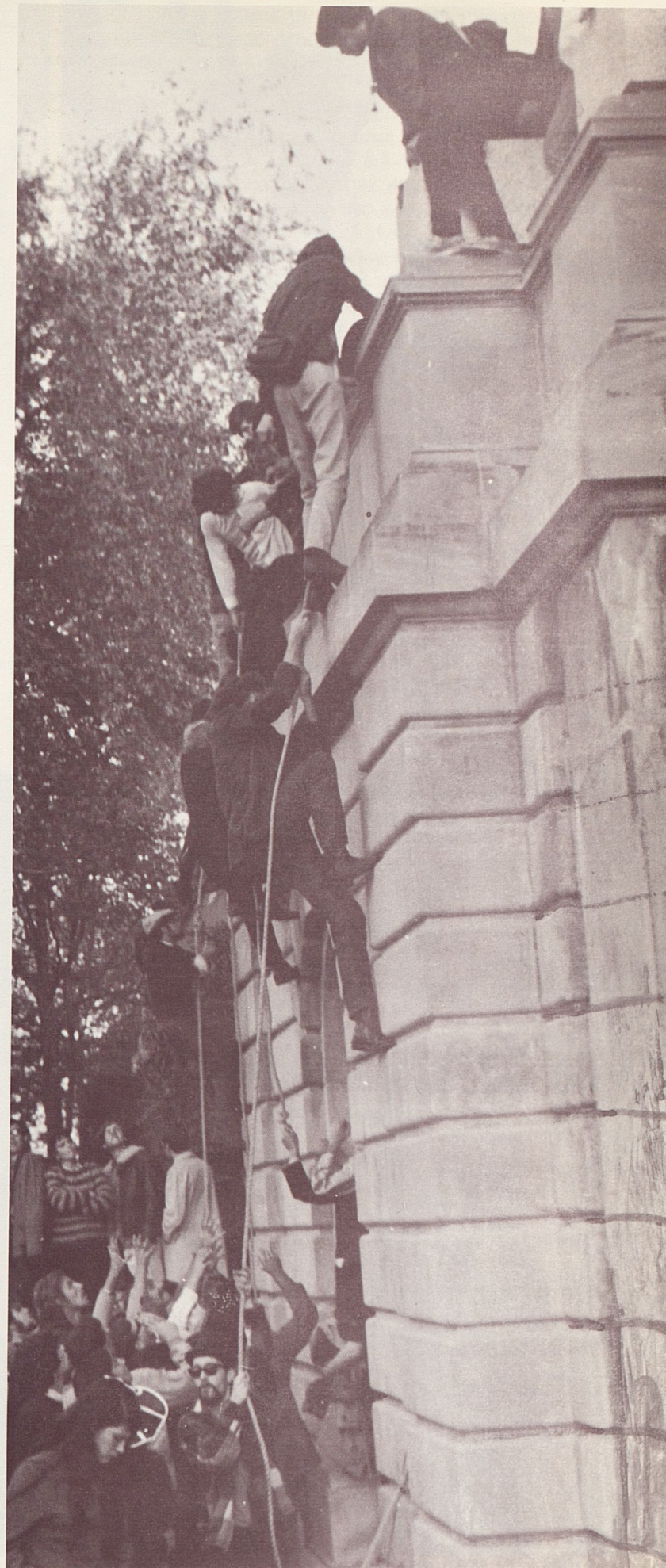
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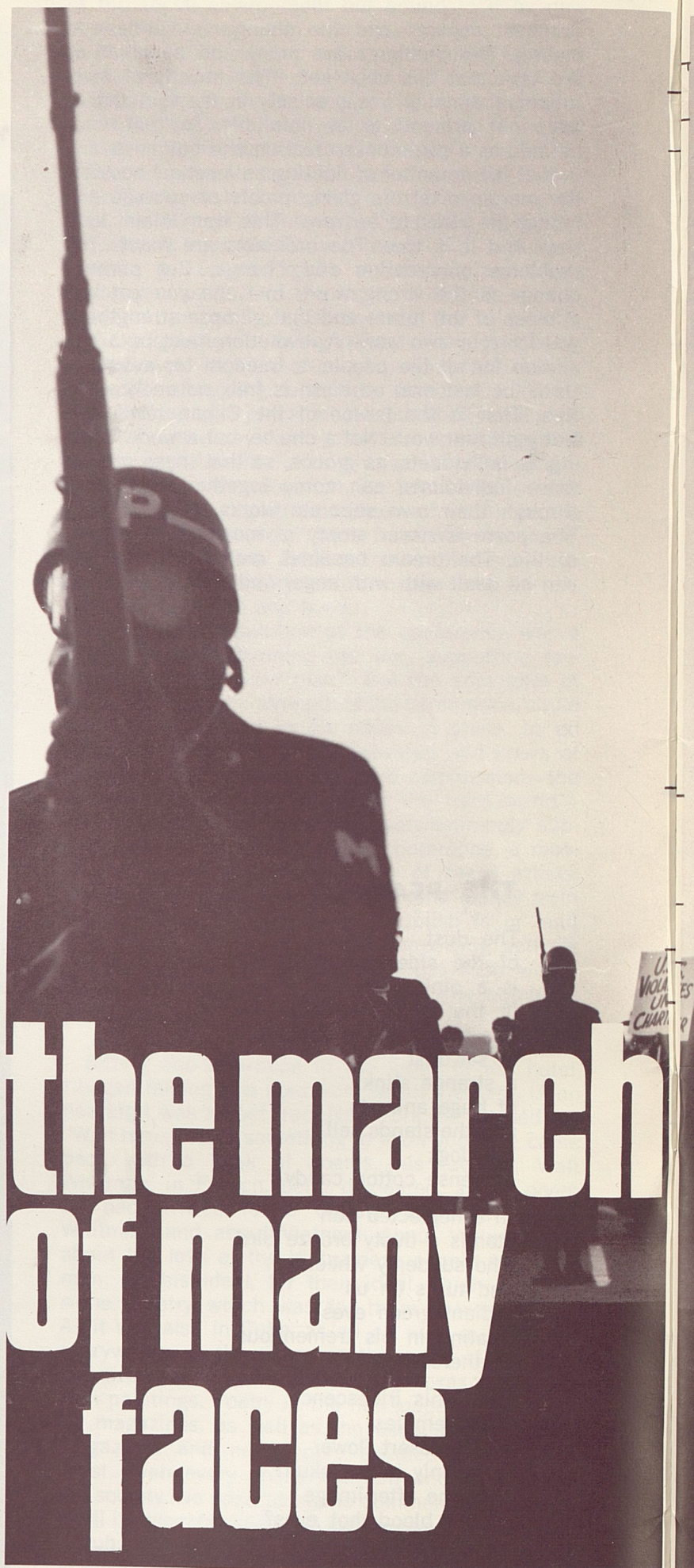
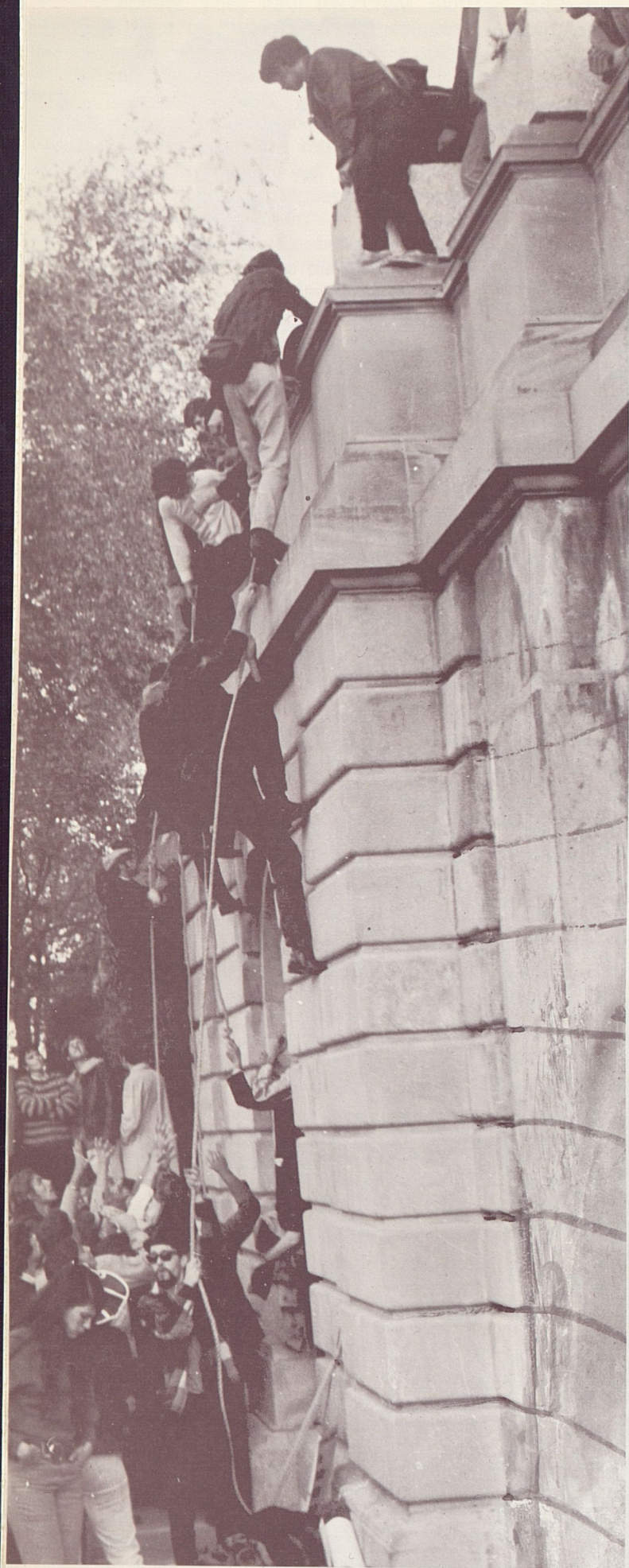
The dust
of the sideshow paths
is a pink haze
in the afternoon sun.
There is a rosin smell
of sawdust
a strange stink
of huge animals
and the stands sell
hot dogs
or dense cotton candy.

In a neglected pen
stands a dusty bronze bird
who suddenly wheels
and turns on us
radiant green eyes
floating in his tremendous
feathered tail.

Does this iridescence
that trembles
like a desert flower
burn only in our skull?
Is it the after-image
of our blood-shot eyes?

ROBERTA ELZEY





the march of many faces



patricia dash

Until the moment of arrival in Washington, the only idea of what to expect came from news reports. It seemed that every hour someone was announcing that more troops had been dispatched to the Pentagon to "greet the demonstrators." No matter where you heard it—on your car radio; in the newspapers that circulated through the trains and buses—the words all said one thing. That any person going to Washington to protest the war would meet not only his country's official scorn, but its fear as well.

Beyond that it was impossible to know what would result when the last demonstrator had reached his destination. Some of us were going with hopes of raising the Pentagon off the ground; others in our ranks hoped to get inside. There were some who had come for the week-end; others for only a day. A multitude of persuasions were converging from all over the country, and they would all influence the events to come. What would happen, or why or how, no one could predict.

Once you arrive at the Lincoln Memorial rally, there is no more time for news reports or thought. Now, whatever might happen, you are part of it.

Most likely you arrive in the middle of somebody's speech, so you immediately sit down, as close up front as possible, and try to immerse yourself in the trend of thought emanating from the podium. This is hard to do, for every few minutes a low-flying helicopter goes by, back and forth, interrupting. Your eyes shift from the police on top of the memorial, to the faces around you.

No matter where you stand, ideologically or otherwise, on this day you find yourself agreeing with just about everyone. Whether they have come to sing, speak, listen, carry a sign, or make the Pentagon fly, you're glad they're all there. The day is warm, the faces are friendly, the afternoon beckons everyone to take part.

Because of the interruptions from the helicopter, several of the demonstrators start for the Pentagon ahead of the rest. When the bulk of the marchers arrive at the bridge to Virginia, it is already lined on both sides with people.

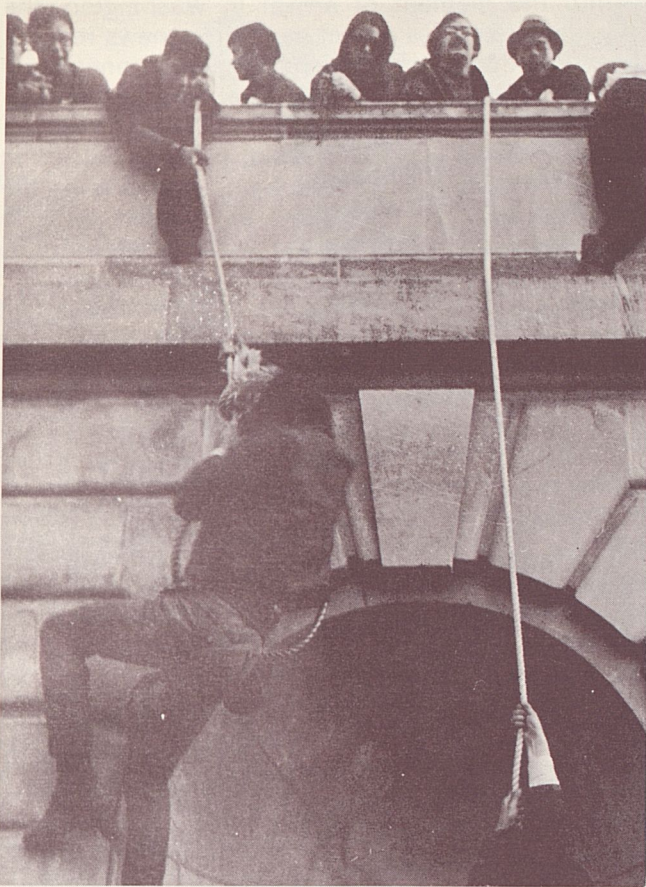
The helicopter follows, keeping everybody within the scope of its two-way route. By this time it is so close that often you find yourself standing in its shadow.

Waiting on the bridge are three counter pickets. Two young-looking boys bear signs saying "DRAFT FLOWER CHILDREN" and "BOMB HANOI". The boys themselves say nothing. Their mouthpiece, a slightly older young man, says he hopes to be sent into combat duty as soon as he finishes medical school. The spectacle stops traffic, so the parade marshals urge us to move on.

You follow a loose trail to the Pentagon. Through some high grass, onto a winding road, down a hill, onto another road, across a green field. Some walking, some running, but everyone anxious. Up the steps and you're there.

A white rope extends along the top of the steps. Behind the rope, enforcing it, stand rows and rows of troops.

What now? Each of us may have had different



personal reasons for why we wanted to be at the protest, but above all was the idea of taking part in actual confrontation with the warmakers. Well, here they are. The stage is set for dialogue, and its up to us to open it.

"Don't you have children?"

"We are not your enemy."

"Are you afraid of me? I won't hurt you."

But there is no response. The soldiers stand, unmoving, until the first "incident." A boy crosses the line over the rope. He is instantly thrown on the ground and dragged away.

"Good-bye. . . Thank you for going first. . . some of us will join you soon . . ."

At the same time, in another place, Norman Mailer was arrested. Norman Mailer—the MPs were glad to see him. Holding him gently they escorted him to a police van, shook his hand, and relaxed into smiling conversation.

"... President Johnson today assailed the irresponsible acts of violence and lawlessness by many of the demonstrators."

N. Y. DAILY NEWS BUREAU
10/22/67

"HEY MOTHAFUCK—PUT IT OUT"

Someone has set fire to a small American flag. His fellow demonstrators revile him and, embarrassed, he leaves.

"... Defense officials said that tear gas was apparently used, but said that it came apparently from the demonstrators."

The (Washington) Sunday Star
10/22/67

The parade marshals are yelling from the sound-

trucks. "They've made it!" Six of the demonstrators at the left front door have broken through the layers of troops, and gotten inside the Pentagon. The crowds at the doors surge forward, but the now-alerted soldiers easily repel them. Demonstrators topple over one another. People cough and eyes sting. Tear gas.

Even if it didn't get you, you could smell it as you tried to hear the instructions of the parade marshal. Since nobody (except the soldiers) thought to bring gas masks, you are advised to keep a small piece of cloth to cover your face. Some of the men in the crowd rip up their shirts and pass the pieces around.

"Should a gas grenade land near you, pick it up if you possibly can, and throw it back."

I wonder if anyone followed that instruction.

When the air clears, the parade marshals debate about what to do next. Some say we should begin mass civil disobedience. Others say it is more important to maintain the ground we already have, but even they become excited when a small group encircles a TV camera.

Now, the mood of the march changes. Some of the buses head back. The crowd thins. The temperature drops and it begins to get dark.

A young demonstrator greets the sunset by jumping up on the sound truck. Arms upstretched, he burns his draft card. The crowd cheers, and little draft card fires spring up everywhere.

Nobody speaks of getting into the Pentagon anymore, but a sleep-in is called. Again, cheers.

But nighttime also means the departure of the press. Although they are in no way our ally, when they leave with their pads and cameras, the world is cut off. Now we are left alone with the troops. Some of us are appointed to go into Washington to get food and medical supplies. Others start campfires on the Pentagon grounds.

Those who stay to hold the line remain seated and wait. Eyes downward, arms linked, hardly speaking or moving, prepared for the long night ahead. The tension for some is broken by a boot thrust in the lip, or a rifle butt in the back. Screams erupt as the intervals of violence become more frequent, and suddenly nothing is real except the pain and tear gas.

"It's a battle up there. Don't go."

"Please, my friend is hurt. Where's the first aid station?"

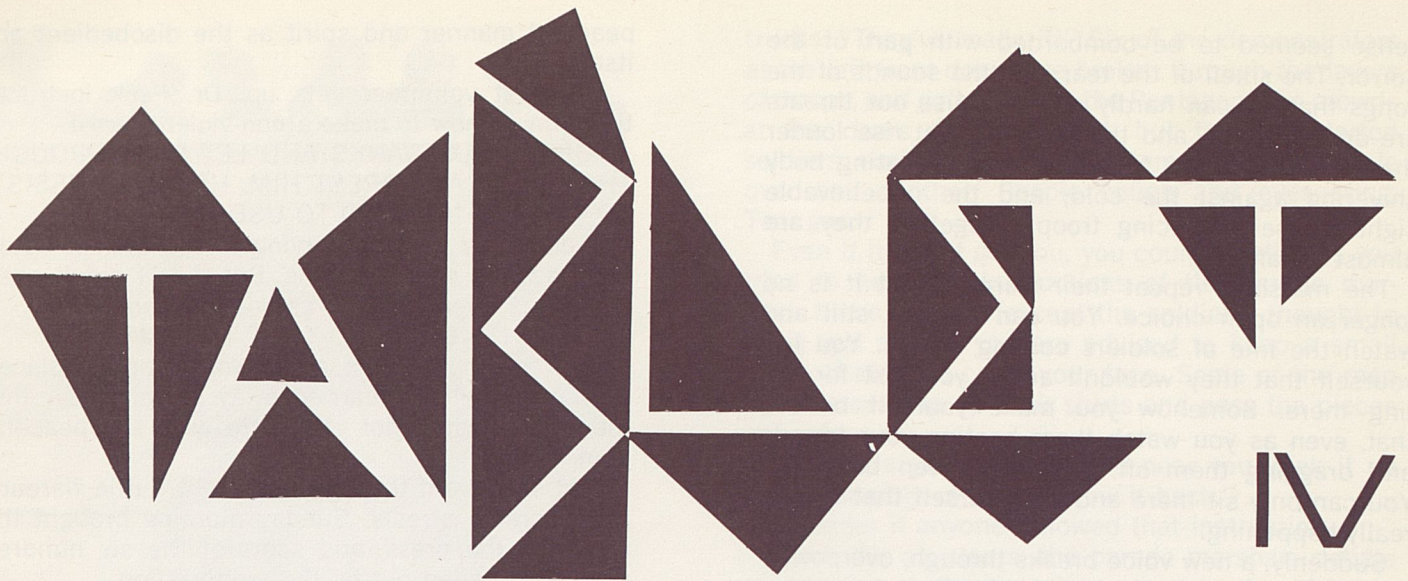
"Some policemen made us move it. It's all the way in the parking lot now."

"I can't see that far. I'm blind. I can't see."

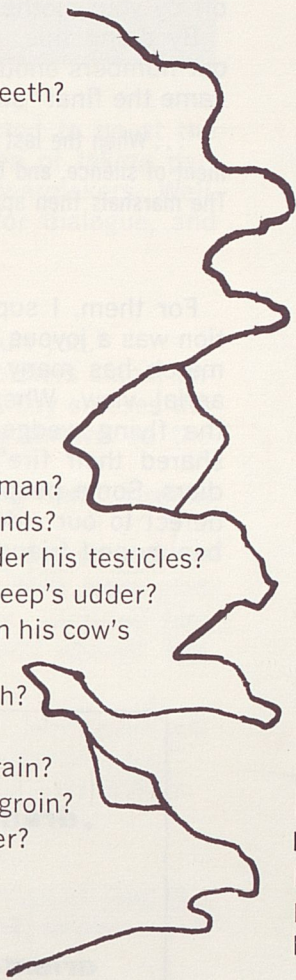
At the top of the steps the soldiers have formed the "flying wedge." Half of them stand firm. The others march toward them, like the minute hand of a clock nearing 9:30. Anyone in their path gets beaten and arrested.

The marshals are yelling that it isn't too late to leave. "It's a lousy decision to have to make, but that's how it is. Either stay and be arrested, or leave now. And everyone who is arrested, without exception, gets beaten."

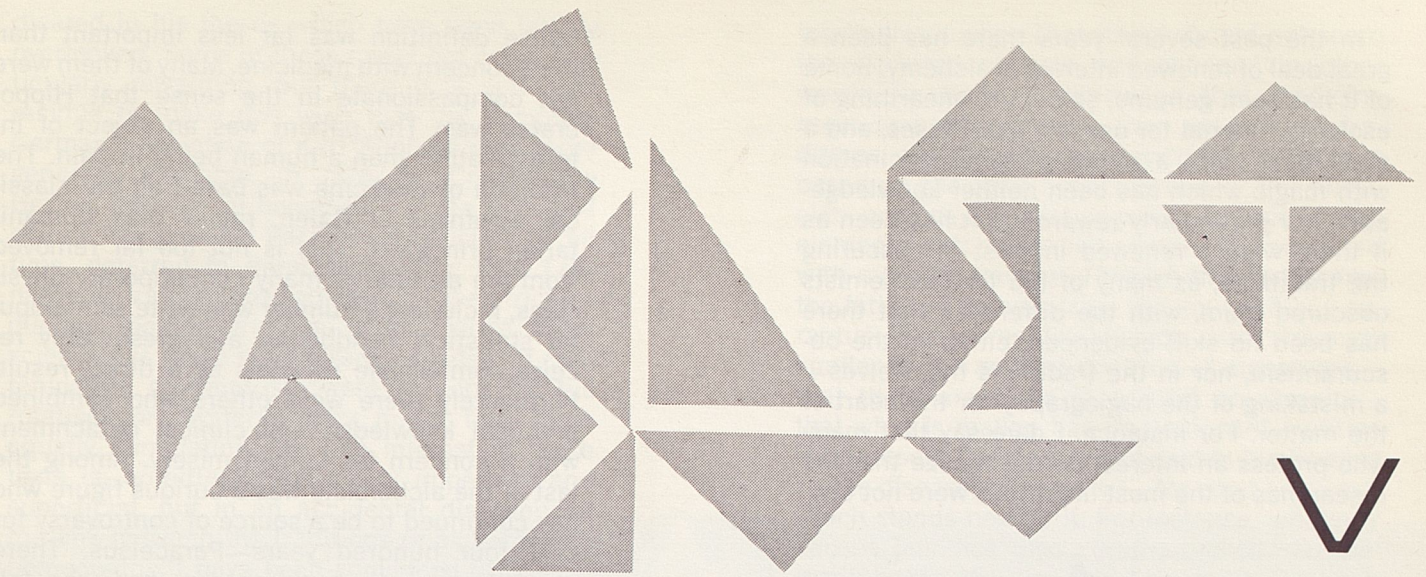
But despite the warnings, each one of us stayed. It was almost too much to take at once, for every



is the man a bush on fire?
 is the man a four-legged and with teeth?
 is the man a hot woman?
 is he mud, of solid mud?
 is the man a bird?
 is the unhappy man on all fours?
 is the man all blood, all bile?
 is the woman a fat belly?
 is the man sleeping in a god?
 is the man's head aching?
 does the man play with her lips?
 can the man make himself come?
 can the woman come on top of the man?
 when does the man sacrifice his hands?
 does the man put good leaves under his testicles?
 does the man put his lips on the sheep's udder?
 does the man put hand and elbow in his cow's
 vagina?
 does he ram his penis into soft earth?
 does he touch his woman's?
 does the man pray to her vulva for rain?
 does he lament the sickness in his groin?
 it is night; does he swim in the river?
 ++++++++ ++++++++
 ++++++++ ++++++++
 ++++++++ ++++++++



like one drop of quartz, two cold onyx heads
 like one piece of petrified wood
 like one hard-finger-bone, one moonlight on iron
 in the shape of one clay tablet in frost
 like bronze eyes
 in the shape of bronze statues of something wood
 like menstrual blood congealed in cold mud
 like the world, a five-year-old's bloody
 like empty +++++ maggots
 like amber ++++++ running pus
 like a cold onyx beads
 dead trees
 like sheep draped in cold mud
 like stories about ice, about frozen wheat
 ++++++++ of maggots
 in the shape of a clay tablet in frost
 like death in blossoms when
 like the death in petrified wood
 like the death in two cold onyx beads
 like stories about ice, about frozen wheat
 like a frog stuffed with small white pebbles
 like sheep draped by cold mud
 like hail
 like a leg burning on the pyre
 like ants, a rotten cadaver, the dead trees



is the man bigger than a fly's wing?
 is he much bigger than a fly's wing?
 is his hard penis ten times a fly's wing?
 is his red penis fifteen times a fly's wing?
 is his mighty penis fifty times a fly's wing?
 does his penis vibrate like a fly's wing?
 is his arm four and one half times a strong penis?
 is his arm two-hundred-twenty-five times a fly's
 wing?
 is his body three times his great arm?
 is his body thirteen times his red penis?
 is his body three-hundred-thirty-six times a big fly's
 body?
 does he touch his body with pleasure?
 does she count fly's wings throughout the night?
 is her vulva tipped with spring color?
 does he move behind in her?
 does she vibrate like the wheel on the axle?

what pleasure!
 what pleasure!
 what pleasure!
 what pleasure!
 what pleasure!
 what terrific pleasure!
 a great arm!

in the shape of petrified wood
 what pleasure!
 what pleasure!
 what pleasure!

what pleasure!
 what pleasure!
 what terrific pleasure!
 let us have rain!
 let us have rain! what pleasure!

Most large fragments are the results of horizontal breaks. This Tablet (IV) and the next (V), however, are vertically fractured. The reconstruction of V is almost certainly correct. Doubt lingers about IV. The edges do not meet in three places; otherwise it is a good tight fit. Whether the idiosyncratic continuity derives from accident or design is a problem which only time and further studies and excavations will resolve. Note the cesuras.

**ARMOND
 SCHWERNER**

In the past several years there has been a great deal of renewed interest in alchemy. Some of it has been genuine, some, the unearthing of esoteric material for use in Ph.d. Theses, and a great deal more a rather pietistic fascination with magic which has been neither knowledgeable, nor particularly rewarding. It has been as if there were a renewed interest in obscuring the traditions, as many of the true alchemists obscured them, with the difference that there has been no skill evidenced, either in the obscurantism, nor in the traditions themselves—a mistaking of the hagiography for the heart of the matter. For instance, I dare say that many who profess an interest do not realize that the researches of the most illustrious were not con-

TOWARDS PARACELSUS

THEODORE ENSLIN

cerned with the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone per se, but in guarding a tradition which was already available to the adept. Further, that there was no true concern in turning base metals into gold, but rather in a discovery of a primal source of energy—the source of life—if not that of eternal life, at least that of extending the possibilities of mortality. Gold, as a primal noble metal, incorruptible by ordinary means, was regarded symbolically, rather than as actual. It was by color and by heat, by a correspondence through the Doctrine of Signatures to the sun as source that the concept of gold became important. *Aurum nostrum non sunt suri vulgi* (our gold is not common gold) became almost a password among the adepts. It appears to me that a very much more valid approach to the tradition might be made through a study of the history of medicine—some of it rather recent history, such as the development of homeopathy in the nineteenth century. Most of the alchemists were physicians of one sort or another, and their use of the occult as ab-

struse definition was far less important than their concern with medicine. Many of them were not compassionate in the sense that Hippocrates was: The patient was an object of interest, rather than a human being in pain. The tradition of medicine was based on the classical aloofness of Galen, rather than humanitarian principles. This is not too far removed from the attitude of many contemporary physicians, including a number who write semi-popular statistical handbooks, and presumably receive comfortable royalties as a direct result. Fortunately there were others who combined practical knowledge and clinical detachment with a concern for human misery. Among the last of the alchemists was a curious figure who has continued to be a source of controversy for over four hundred years—Paracelsus. There were those, both contemporary and who followed him, who took him at his word, as the greatest of all physicians, and those who dismissed him as a quack and a charlatan who had made no real contributions, and who died addicted to the laudanum which he was the first to use medicinally. His own writings can be used to support either thesis—a man who was theologically a product of the Catholic Middle Ages, and yet one who could sanction his contemporary, Martin Luther's reforms in religion, stating that he would do for medicine what Luther was doing for the church. He was hated by most of the academics, including professors who complained that he lacked degrees and yet taught (briefly) at the university in Basel, physicians who were envious of his often remarkable cures, and apothecaries of whose stale drugs he was contemptuous, breaking an age old tradition in gathering materials for his own prescriptions. He wandered continuously over Europe and the Near East, and died before he was fifty, with only two of his many books published (written characteristically in his native Swiss-German, rather than in Latin.) It is quite apparent, even to superficial reading, that he was dedicated to a preservation of the best of the alchemical tradition as he saw it, not as an arcanum of magic shrouded in mystery, but as a vital principle which should be available to all who were willing to learn. He wished to preserve his findings from misuse, but not as a source of personal power for an elite composed of wizards and necromancers. In the *Astronomia Magna*, talking of the properties of chicory, he states it clearly: 'Why do you think its root assumes the shape of a bird after seven years? What has the art of magic to say about this? If you know the answer, keep silent and say nothing to scoffers; if you do not know it, try to investigate, and do not be ashamed to ask questions.' Further, in the *Antimedicus*, he speaks of the qualities of a good physician as those of knowledge, humility, and dedication to the alleviation of suffering. Many of his speculations went further than all subsequent investigations. Indeed, there are still areas in-

licated in his theses which have been largely overlooked. Some of these might not prove particularly rewarding, but there is a sufficient residue to make one wish that the complete German translation of Karl Sudhoff were more generally available. In 1876, Dr. Constantine Hering, the pioneer homeopath in the U.S., and one of the greatest Paracelsus scholars of all time, deferred to Paracelsus along with Leonardo da Vinci as the founders 'of the strict inductive method through which, since then, science has made such gigantic strides.' If contemporary psychiatrists were to consider his treatises on hysteria, they might find them equally stimulating. My own interest in these texts is, admittedly, extremely imperfect and superficial, but in an accidental discovery of the link between the traditions of alchemy and homeopathy, I have been convinced of the importance of a method which is usually dismissed by the contemporary scientific community as beneath notice, although many of the most common contemporary drugs, such as aspirin, were discovered through an application of the Alchemical Doctrine of Signatures.

Last summer I acquired the library of a homeopathic physician from an abandoned house in Maine. Among the texts were those of Samuel Hahnemann's **Organon of the Art of Healing**, and Constantine Hering's exhaustive ten volume, **Guiding Principles of Our Materia Medica**. Struck by the beauty of the writing, I decided to investigate the history of early homeopathy and the men who founded it. The official contemporary attitude seemed best expressed by one doctor who dismissed the tradition as one which 'had its points, but they were mainly negative. The allopathic establishment used massive mixed doses of medicines which were often fatal. The homeopaths did less damage, since their prescriptions called for minute doses which often proved harmless.' But there is no mention of the pioneer work in vaccines, and in the light of what I have found since then, it would seem to be glib ignorance of fact. Medicine in the late eighteenth century was so primitive that we who are accustomed to anaesthesia and contemporary knowledge of biochemistry would be frightened to expose ourselves to practitioners who resorted to massive doses of lead or mercury, or bloodletting which was considered a panacea, even though the patient might be suffering from anemia. The collusion between doctors and druggists was substantially the same as that which existed in Paracelsus' time. Epidemics of various sorts were largely unchecked. The individual physiology of the patient was ignored—he had such and such a disease, therefore such and such remedies were called for. It took Hahnemann to discover that while the general outline of a disease could be diagnosed, the sufferer might be allergic to a standard remedy, and that an individual cure must be found. He was one of the few who paid heed to Paracelsus' warn-

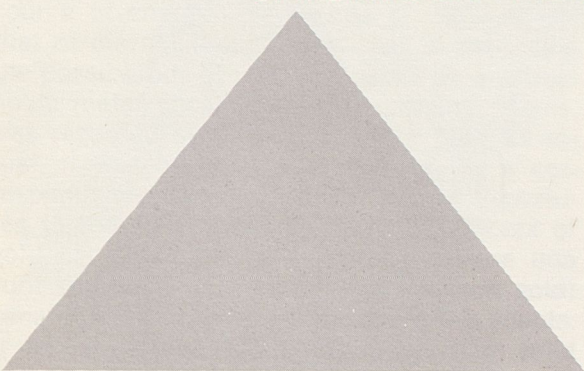
ing to physicians, 'That (they) should not scorn the workings of time and chance.' In other words, he became convinced that medicine must be based on more than pat rational traditions. His system was imperfect, but it was based on the total concentration of the physician, on wide speculation which included many elements which were not commonly associated with medical practice. Through this he became the father of homeopathy: *Similia similibus curantur* (like cures like) which was strikingly similar to the ancient doctrine of signatures—that there are signs in natural propinquity—that what is malign has its benignant curative within itself. Paracelsus had said in his treatise on the diseases of miners, '—for good heals evil which stands next to it. For instance, whatever causes jaundice also cures jaundice.' Hahnemann began the proving of drugs on the healthy, often himself, to support this thesis. The results were often spectacular. The history of his life was similar to that of Paracelsus. He was persecuted—chased from one small German town to another, and cordially detected by his contemporaries. Those who were fortunate enough to become his patients were often ungrateful after they had been cured. The number of those who became his disciples was pitifully small, but fanatically devoted. Among these was Constantine Hering who brought the new medicine to America, and having settled in Philadelphia, founded the homeopathic medical center there almost singlehanded. It was easier in the United States. There was no deeply entrenched tradition on which he must waste valuable time simply to exist. There was opposition, but opportunity as well, and eventual respect which amounted to veneration. This favorable climate allowed Hering the breadth of movement which a new science, at least a new development of an old tradition, demanded. He was no mere follower of

Hahnemann, and often questioned theories which seemed untenable in the light of his own experiments. Above all, he was a scholar in many fields, and through correspondence with Hahnemann, as well as his own prior knowledge, he recognized the debt which homeopathy owed to the investigations of the alchemists, foremost among them, Paracelsus. He assembled the finest single collection in the world of editions of 'The Wandering Doctor,' including translations into many languages, and the earliest published texts with much supporting material. The present fate of this library seems typical of the knowledgeable neglect which dogged Paracelsus himself. It is available to scholars in an archive of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia, but few go there to use it.

The following are texts which Dr. Hering collected and thought worth copying in his own hand.

"In the meantime I will give to Spagiricall Physitians their due praise; for they are not given to idleness and sloth, nor goe in a proud habit or plush and velvet garments often showing their rings upon their fingers or wearing swords with silver hilts by their sides, or fine and gay gloves upon their hands, but diligently follow their labours, sweating whole days and nights by their furnaces. These do not spend their time abroad for recreation, but take delight in their laboratory. They wear leather garments, with a pouch and apron, wherewith they wipe their hands. They put their fingers amongst coales, into clay and dung, not into gold rings. They are sooty and black, like smiths and colliers, and doe not pride themselves with clean or beautiful faces; but laying aside all these kinds of vanities, they delight to bee busied about the fire, and to learn the degrees of the science of alchymy. Of this order are distillation, resolution, putrefaction, extraction, calcination, recerbation, sublimation, fixation, separation, reduction, coagulation, tincture," etc.

OF THE NATURE OF THINGS



(**Spagiricall.** This word was coined by Paracelsus, and is derived from the Teutonic word **spaher**, a searcher.)

Paracelsus, in his treatise on the Urim and Thummim, says

"Philosophy is nothing but the study of wisdom considered in a created nature, as well subject to sense as invisible, and consequently material; and wisdom's central body is the shadow of wisdom's central essence; and the moral interpretation can never exclude the real effects from ocular demonstration: but where reason hath experience, faith hath no merit; and without faith there is no knowledge of any excellent thing; for the end of faith is understanding. Again, to obtain the treasures of nature, you must follow nature only, who gives not the like time to every generation; but as the mare hath ten months, the elephant three, or some say nine, years, and fifty, before conjunction: be patient, therefore, in a work of nature; for thereunto only is promised victory; and the chief errors in art are haste and dullness," etc. "Neither refuse the waters of Siloam because they go slowly; for they that wade in deep waters cannot go fast.

"The perfection of every art (properly so called) requires a new birth, as that which is not quickened except it die; but here death is taken for mutation, and not for rotting under the clods. Now, therefore, we must take the key of art and consider the secret of everything is the life thereof: life is a vapour, and in vapour is placed the wonder of art; whatsoever hath heat, agitating and moving in itself, by the internal transmutation, is said to live. This life, the artist seeks to destroy, and restore an eternal life, with glory and beauty.

"The sun and the moon are as the parents of all inferior bodies and things. The sun's motion and virtue doth vivify all inferior bodies, and those things which come nearest in virtue and temperature are most excellent; and the pure form of a terrestrial sun is said to be all fire, and therefore, the incorrupted quality of pure sulphur being digested in eternal heat, had also regal power over all inferior bodies, for the sun doth infuse his influence into all things, but especially into gold; and those natural bodies do never shew forth their virtues till they be made spiritual.

"In itself the perfections, power, and virtue of Sol, it runneth through all the houses of the planets; and in his regeneration acquireth the virtues of the superiors and inferiors; and by the Almighty solely to the faithful, for matrimony thereof appeareth clothed in their candor and beauty. (and as being originally of gaseous origin): "Crude mercury is originally a vapor from clear water and air, of most strong composition, coated of air itself, with a mercurial spirit by nature, flying ethereal and homogeneal, having the spirits of heat and cold and by exterior and inferior heats, doth congeal and fix."

"Wherefore to revive it is the secret of all secrets, and the glory of the whole world, and only proper to such whom the creator hath apted by way of natural disposition.

—From The Manual of the Stone of the Philosophers

"First of all, by the vulcanick art is Fire smitten out of the Flint."

"Whatever brings a thing into ashes, calyx or glass is in the fourth degree of fire. As fire, mercurial water and aqua fortis. Whatever is of a biting quality and bringeth things to an eschar so as to putrifie is in the third degree—such as Colcothar, arsenick, Salt-amoniack, Borax and auripigment—as also alkali. But as to what appertains to the virtue of these things, by which some things excel others, that belongs to the points and not the degrees. Besides, whatever makes cicatrizes or blisters possess the second degree of which sort are Rabeboia. Cantharides, Flamula, or scarwort, Melona and others of that kind. For although Flamula be in the first degree, yet other ways it pertains to the second degree—because the spirit of salt reduceth Flamula so far that it may be in a sort transfered to the first point of the second degree.

"Lastly, whatever heats, and yet attains not to the aforesaid signes, as ginger, cardamomes, southernwood, and others of that kind is in the first degree together with their higher and lower points.

DEGREES OF COLD

"Whatever congeals humors possesseth the fourth degree of cold, of which sort are those begotten of the elements of fire, but whatsoever infrigidates (that I may use the common expression) and yet doth not impair the spirit of life, the remedy being administered in its own proper dose, as narcoticks, anodynes, somniferous things, the sperm of frogs, hemlock etc., are subjected to the third degree. Moreover whatsoever congeals humors, as the beryll, carmiola, possesseth the second degree. But whatsoever extinguisheth praeternatural heats, and allays the paroxismes or fits is in the second degree.

"Lastly whatsoever hinders a disease from breaking forth into a paroxism or fit is of the first degree. This rule doth not differ much from that which is of heat—by which is the rule of enantiosis—or just-contrary."

"The life of man is nothing else but an astrall balsame, a balsamic impression, and a celestial invisible, and included air and a tingeing spirit of salt. The life of bones is the spirit of mummie. The life of flesh and blood is nothing else but the spirit of salt which keeps them from stinking. —The soul is to be considered as compounded of

an elementary and sacramental substance, the former of which is corruptible, whereas the latter, sydereall or celestial, as it is also called is never putrified or buried, neither doth it possess any place. This latter body appears to men, and also after death is seen."

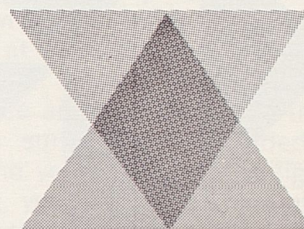
"Whoever saw a tree to grow, or the sun or stars move; nobody: but that the sun and stars have been moved by a space of time, who knoweth not?"

"A tailor might as well work without his goose, as an alchymist without his furnace, or to speak more technically, without his Athanor, so called by the ancients, for this plain reason, that it referreth to the womb in the spagyrick generation.

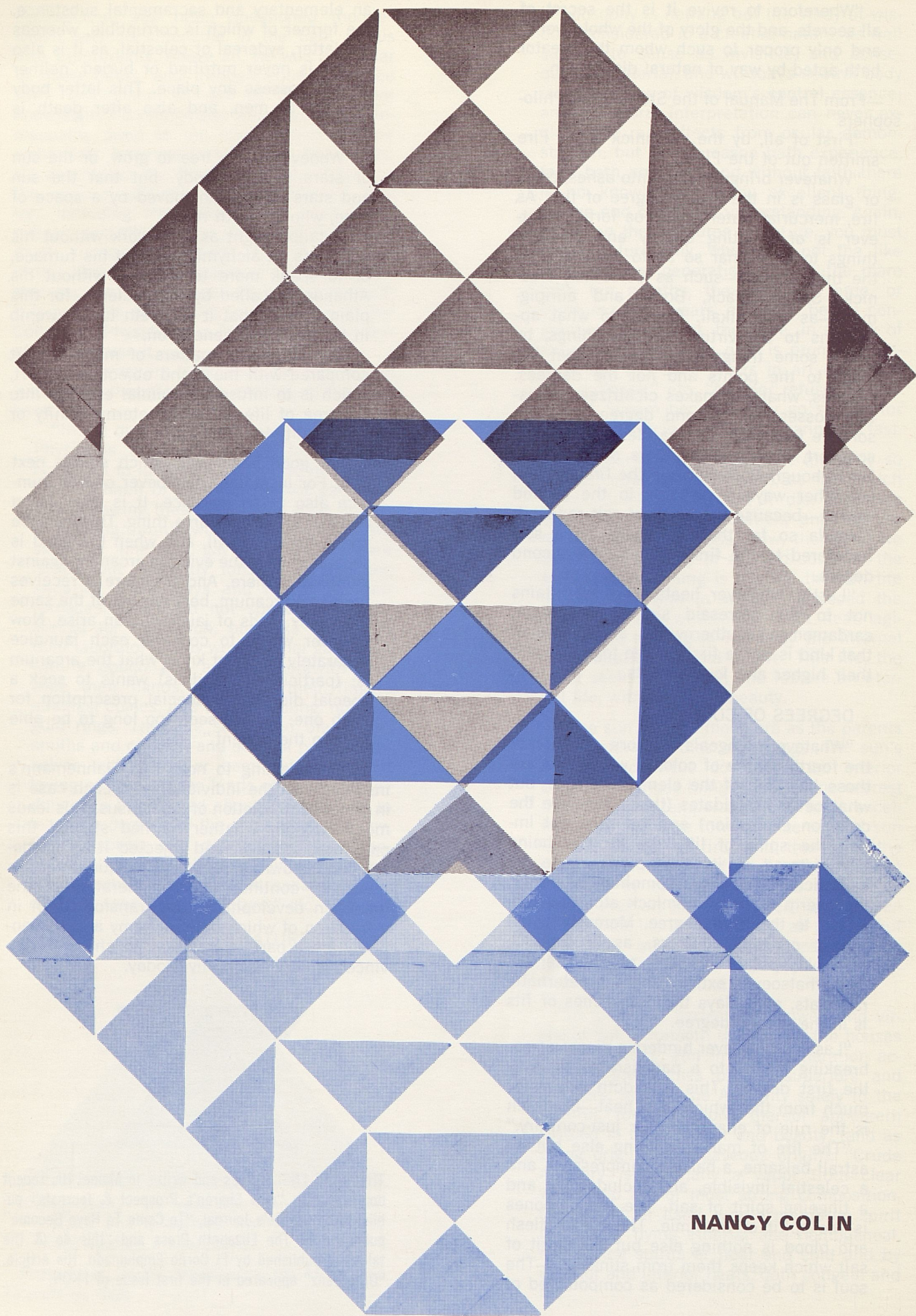
"But these are matters of minor import compared with the grand object of our art, which is to infuse the numial essence into the tree of life, by which eternal sanity or immortality is from God."

"—for good heals evil, which stands next to it. For instance, whatsoever causes jaundice also cures jaundice. It is thus: Good and evil are in the same thing. The jaundice arises from the evil, and when the good is separated from the evil, the arcanum against jaundice is there. And therefore it receives the name arcanum, because out of the same evil many kinds of jaundice can arise. Now whoever wants to consider each jaundice separately does not know what the arcanum is; (particulariis medicis) wants to seek a special diet and a special prescription for each one; he will seek too long to be able to help the patient."

It is interesting to note that Hahnemann's insistence on the individuality of each case is in direct contradiction of Paracelsus. This leads me to wonder whether he had studied this particular passage, and rejected it as he developed his own system. In subsequent articles I wish to continue the consideration of the unbroken development and transformation in a tradition of which both alchemy and homeopathy are a part—a tradition which I am convinced is very much alive today.



THEODORE ENSLIN lives and writes in Maine. His recent books include "new Sharon's Prospect & Journals" published by Coyote's Journal, "To Come To Have Become" published by The Elizabeth Press and "this do (& the talents)" published by El Corno Emplumado. His article, "On Lorenz" appeared in the first issue of I-KON.



NANCY COLIN

Cornelius Cardew

I am trying to think of the various different kinds of virtue or strength that can be developed by the musician.

My chief difficulty in preparing this article lies in the fact that vice makes fascinating conversation, whereas virtue is viewed to best advantage in action. I therefore decide on an illustrative procedure.

Who can remain unmoved by the biography of Florence Nightingale in Encyclopaedia Britannica?

In his later writing Wittgenstein has in the truest sense **abandoned theory**, and all the glory that theory can bring on a philosopher (or musician), in favour of an illustrative technique. The following is one of his analogies:

"Do not be troubled by the fact that languages a. and b. consist only of orders. If you want to say that this shows them to be incomplete, ask yourself whether our language is complete; — whether it was so before the symbolism of chemistry and the notations of the infinitesimal calculus were incorporated in it; for these are, so to speak, suburbs of our language. (And how many houses or streets does it take before a town begins to be a town?) Our language can be seen as an ancient city: a maze of little streets and squares, of old and new houses, and of houses with additions from various periods; and this surrounded by a multitude of new boroughs with straight regular streets and uniform houses."

"It is easy to imagine a language consisting only of orders and reports in battle. — Or a language consisting only of questions and expressions for answering yes and no. And innumerable others. — And to imagine a language means to imagine a form of life."

A city analogy can also be used to illustrate the interpreter's relationship to the music he is playing. I once wrote: "Entering a city for the first time you view it at a particular time of day and year, under particular weather and light conditions. You see its surface and can form only theoretical ideas of how this surface was moulded. As you stay there over the years you see the light change in a million ways, you see the insides of houses— and having seen the inside of a house the outside will never look the same again. You get to know the inhabitants, maybe you marry one of them, eventually you are inhabitant — a native yourself. You have become part of the city. If the city is attacked, **you** go to defend it; if it is under siege, **you** feel hunger — you are the city. When you play music, **you are** the music."

NOTES ON AMM MUS IC WITH OBL IQUE REFERE NCE TO AN E THIC OF IMP ROVISATION

CORNELIUS CARDEW was born in Winchcombe, England, May, 1936. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London, England and then studied electronic music at Cologne, Germany. He has collaborated with John Cage, David Tudor and Karlheinz Stockhausen. He has lectured, performed, and composed film music for CBC and BBC. He was a creative associate at the Center for Performing and Creative Arts at Buffalo. Some of his works are published by Peter's Editions, New York, London.

I can see all too clearly the incoherence of this analogy. Mechanically—comparing the real situation to one cogwheel and the analogy to another—it does not work. Nonetheless, in full conscience I soil my mouth with these incoherent words for the sake of what they bring about. At the words 'You are the music' something unexpected and mechanically real happens (purely by coincidence two teeth in the cogwheels meet up and mesh) the light changes and a new area of speculations opens based on the identity of the player and his music.

This kind of thing happens in improvisation. Two things running concurrently in haphazard fashion suddenly synchronise autonomously and sling you **forcibly** into a new phase. Rather like in the 6-day cycle race when you sling your partner into the next lap with a forcible handclasp. Yes, improvisation is a sport **too**, and a spectator sport, where the very subtlest interplay on the physical level can throw into high relief some of the mystery of being alive.

Connected with this is the proposition that improvisation cannot be rehearsed. Training is substituted for rehearsal, and a certain moral discipline is an essential part of this training.

Written compositions are fired off into the future; even if never performed, the writing remains as a point of reference. Improvisation is in the present, its effect may live on in the souls of the participants, both active and passive (i.e. audience), but in its concrete form it is gone forever from the moment that it occurs, nor did it have any previous existence before the moment that it occurred, so neither is there any historical reference available.

Documents such as tape recordings of improvisations are essentially empty, as they preserve chiefly the form that something took and give at best an indistinct hint as to the feeling and cannot convey any sense of time and place.

At this point I had better define the kind of improvisation I wish to speak of. Obviously a recording of a jazz improvisation has some validity since its formal reference—the melody and harmony of a basic structure—is never far below the surface. This kind of validity vanishes when the improvisation has no formal limits. In 1965 I joined a group of four musicians in London who were giving weekly performances of what they called 'AMM Music', a very pure form of improvisation operating without any formal system or limitation. The four original members of AMM came from a jazz background; when I joined in I had no jazz experience whatever, yet there was no language problem. Sessions generally lasted about two hours with no formal breaks or interruptions, although there would sometimes occur extended periods of close to silence. AMM music is supposed to admit all sounds but the members of AMM have marked preferences. An open-ness to the totality of sounds implies a tendency away from traditional musical structures towards informality. Governing this tendency—reining it in—are various thoroughly traditional musical structures such as saxophone, piano, violin, guitar, etc., in each of which reposes a portion of the history of music. Further echoes

of the history of music enter through the medium of the transistor radio (the use of which as a musical instrument was pioneered by John Cage). However, it is not the exclusive privilege of music to have a history—sound has history too. Industry and modern technology have added machine sounds and electronic sounds to the primeval sounds of thunderstorm, volcanic eruption, avalanche and tidal wave.

Informal 'sound' has a power over our emotional responses that 'formal music' does not, in that it acts subliminally rather than on a cultural level. This is a possible definition of the area in which AMM is experimental. We are **searching** for sounds and for the responses that attach to them, rather than thinking them up, preparing them and producing them. The search is conducted in the medium of sound and the musician himself is at the heart of the experiment.

In 1966 I and another member of the group invested the proceeds of a recording in a second amplifier system to balance the volume of sound produced by the electric guitar. At that period we were playing every week in the music room of the London School of Economics—a very small room barely able to accommodate our equipment. With the new equipment we began to explore the range of small sounds made available by using contact microphones on all kinds of materials—glass, metal, wood, etc.—and a variety of gadgets from drumsticks to battery-operated cocktail mixers. At the same time the percussionist was expanding in the direction of pitched instruments such as xylophone and concertina, and the saxophonist began to double on violin and flute as well as a stringed instrument of his own design. In addition, two cellos were wired to the new equipment and the guitarist was developing a predilection for coffee tins and cans of all kinds. This predilection for sound sources in such a confined space produced a situation where it was often impossible to tell who was producing which sounds—or rather which portions of the one single room—filling deluge of sound. In this phase the playing changed: as individuals we were absorbed into a composite activity in which solo playing and any kind of virtuosity were relatively insignificant. It also struck me at that time that it is impossible to record with any fidelity a kind of music that is actually derived in some sense from the room in which it is taking place—its shape, acoustical properties, even the view from the windows. What a recording produces is a separate phenomenon, something really much stranger than the playing itself, since what you hear on tape or disc is indeed the same playing, but divorced from its natural context. And what is the importance of this natural context? The natural context provides a score which the players are unconsciously interpreting in their playing. Not a score that is explicitly articulated in the music and hence of no further interest to the listener as is generally the case in traditional music, but one that co-exists inseparably with the music, standing side by side with it and sustaining it.

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Once in conversation I mentioned that scores like those of LaMonte Young (for example "Draw a straight line and follow it") could in their inflexibility take you outside yourself, stretch you to an extent that could not occur spontaneously. To this the guitarist replied that 'you got legs dangling down there and arms floating around, so many fingers and one head' and that that was a very strict composition. And that is true: not only can the natural environment carry you beyond your own limitations, but the realization of your own body as part of that environment is an even stronger dissociative factor. Thus is it that the natural environment is itself giving birth to something, which you then carry as a burden; you are the medium of the music. At this point your moral responsibility becomes hard to define.

"You choose the sound you hear. But listening for effects is only a first step in AMM listening. After a while you stop skimming, start tracking, and go where it takes you."

"Trusting that it's all worth while."

"Funnily enough I don't worry about that aspect."

"That means you **do** trust it?"

"Yes, I suppose I do."*

* Excerpt from a dialogue by David Sladen.

Love is a dimension like time, not some small thing that has to be made more interesting by elaborate preamble. The asian dream — of both love and music — is of a continuity, something that will live forever. The simplest practical attempt at realising this dream is the family. In music we try to eliminate time psychologically — to work in time in such a way that it loses its hold on us, relaxes its pressure, Quoting Wittgenstein again: "If by eternity is understood not endless temporal duration but timelessness, then he lives eternally who lives in the present."

The great merit of a traditional musical notation, like the traditional speech notation i.e. writing, is that it enables people to say things that are beyond their own understandings. A 12-year-old can read Kant aloüd. Obviously one can understand a notation without understanding everything that the notation is able to notate. To abandon notation is therefore a sacrifice; it deprives one of any system of formal guidelines leading you into uncharted regions. On the other hand, the disadvantage of a traditional notation lies in its formality. Current experiments in mixed-media notations are an attempt to evade this empty formality. Over the past 15 years many special-purpose notation-systems have been devised with blurred areas in them that demand an improvised interpretation.

An extreme example of this tendency is my own TREATISE which consists of 193 pages of graphic score with no systematic instructions as to the interpretation and only the barest hints (such as an empty pair of 5-line systems below every page) to indicate that the interpretation is to be musical.

The danger in this kind of work is that many readers of the score will simply relate the musical memories they have already acquired to the notation in front of them, and the result will be

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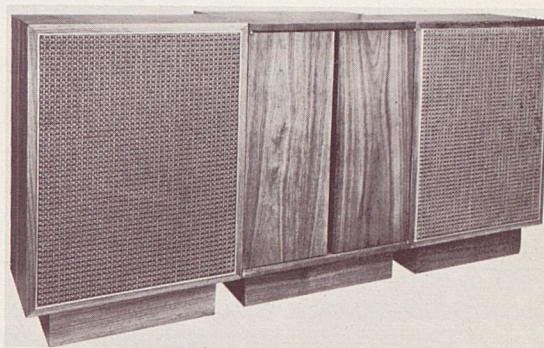
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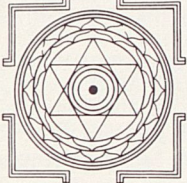
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merely a goulash made up of the various musical backgrounds of the people involved. For such players there will be no intelligible incentive to **invent** music or extend themselves beyond the limitations of their education and experience.

Ideally such music should be played by a collection of musical innocents; but in a culture where musical education is so widespread (at least among musicians) and getting more and more so, such innocents are extremely hard to find. My most rewarding experiences with Treatise have come through people who by some fluke have (a) acquired a visual education, (b) escaped a musical education and (c) nevertheless become musicians, i.e. play music to the full capacity of their beings. Occasionally in jazz one finds a musician who meets all these stringent requirements; but even there it is extremely rare.

Depressing considerations of this kind led me to my next experiment in the direction of guided improvisation. This was 'The Tigers Mind,' composed earlier this year while working in Buffalo. I wrote the piece with AMM Musicians in mind. It consists solely of words. The ability to talk is almost universal, and the faculties of reading and writing are much more widespread than draughtsmanship or musicianship. The merit of 'The Tigers Mind' in my view is that it demands no musical education and no visual education; all it requires is a willingness to understand English and a desire to **play** (in the widest sense of the word, including the most childish).

Despite this merit, I am sorry to say that 'The Tiger's Mind' still leaves the musically educated at a tremendous disadvantage. I see no possibility of turning to account the tremendous musical potential that musically educated people evidently represent, except by providing them with what they want: traditionally notated scores of maximum complexity. The most hopeful fields are those of choral and orchestral writing, since there the individual personality (which a musical education seems so often to thwart) is absorbed into a larger organism, which speaks through its individual members as if from some higher sphere.



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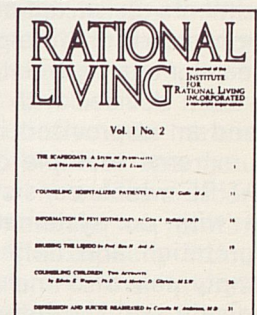
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VIRTUES THAT A MUSICIAN

CAN DEVELOP

1. **Simplicity** Where everything becomes simple is the most desirable place to be. But, like Wittgenstein and his 'harmless contradiction,' you have to remember how you got there. The simplicity must contain the memory of how hard it was to achieve. (The relevant Wittgenstein quotation is from the posthumously published 'Remarks on the Foundations of Mathematics': "The pernicious thing is not to produce a contradiction in the region where neither the consistent nor the contradictory proposition has any kind of work to do; no, what **is** pernicious is: not to know how one reached the place where contradiction no longer does any harm.")

In 1957, when I left The Royal Academy of Music in London, complex compositional techniques were considered indispensable. I acquired some — and still carry them around like an infection that I am perpetually desirous of curing. Sometimes the temptation occurs to me that if I were to infect my students with it I would at least be free of it myself.

2. **Integrity** What we **do** in the actual event is important — not only what we have in mind. Often what we do is what tells us what we have in mind.

The difference between making the sound and being the sound. The professional musician makes the sounds (in full knowledge of them as they are external to him); AMM **is** their sounds (as ignorant of them as one is about one's own nature).

3. **Selflessness** To do something constructive you have to look beyond yourself. The entire world is your sphere if your vision can encompass it. Self-expression lapses too easily into mere documentation—'I record that this is how I feel.' You should not be concerned with yourself beyond arranging a mode of life that makes it possible to remain on the line, balanced. Then you can work, look out beyond yourself. Firm foundations make it possible to leave the ground.

4. **Forbearance** Improvising in a group you have to accept not only the frailties of your fellow musicians, but also your own. Overcoming your instinctual revulsion against whatever is out of tune (in the broadest sense).

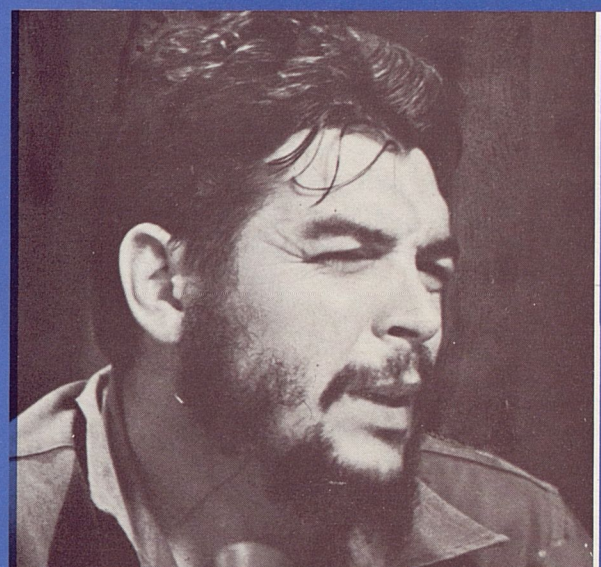
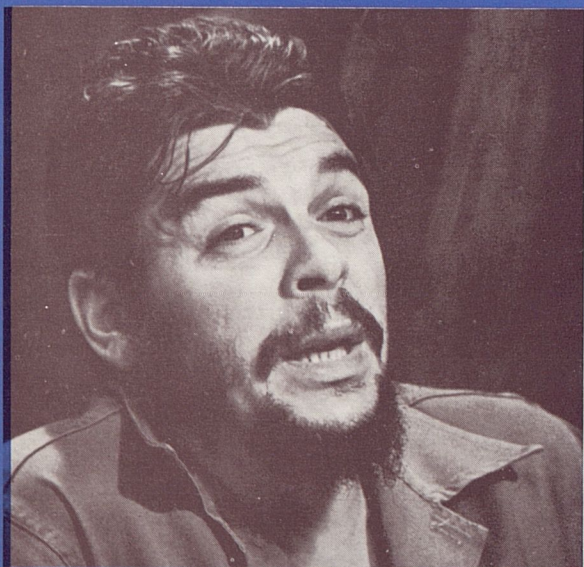
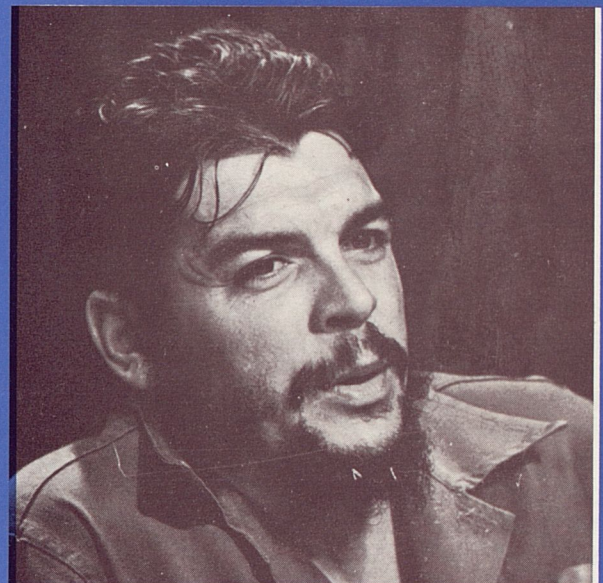
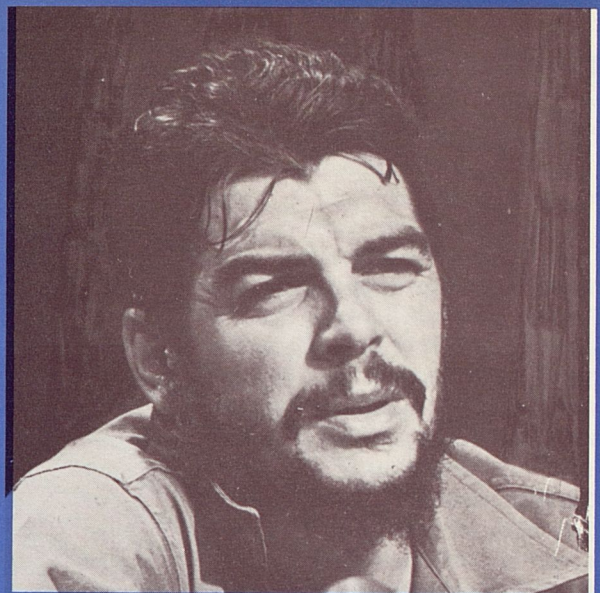
5. **Preparedness** for no matter what eventuality (Cage's phrase) or simply **Awakeness**. I can best illustrate this with a special case of the clairvoyant absolutely convinced that **one** of two alternatives is going to happen, and then suddenly you are equally convinced of the other. In time this oscillation accelerates until the two states merge in a blur. Then all you can say is: I am convinced that either p or not-p, that either she will come or she won't, or whatever the case is about. Of course there is an immense difference between simply being aware that something might or might not occur, and a **clairvoyant conviction** that it will or won't occur. No practical difference but a great difference in feeling. A great intensity in your anticipation of this or that outcome. So it is with improvisation. "He who is ever looking for the breaking of a light he knows not whence about him, notes with a strange heedfulness the faintest paleness of the sky." (Walter Pater). This constitutes awakeness.

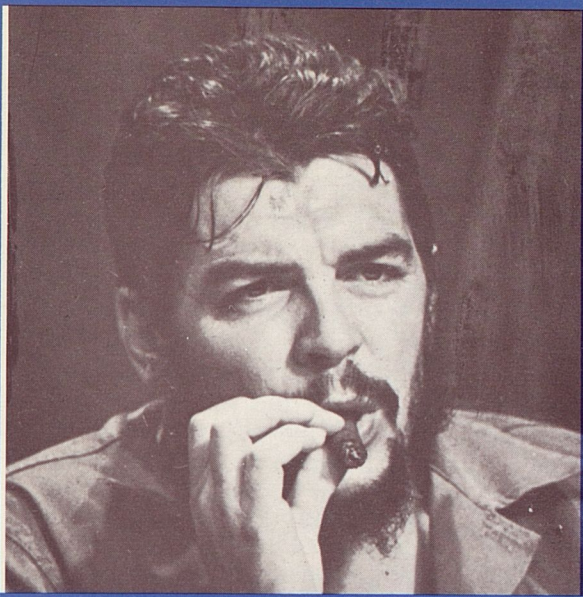
6. **Identification with nature** Drifting through life: being driven through life; neither constitutes a true identification with nature. The best is to **lead** your life, and the same applies in improvising: like a yachtsman to utilise the interplay of natural forces and currents to steer a **course** (through life).

My attitude is that the musical and the real worlds are one. Musicality is a dimension of perfectly ordinary reality. The musician's pursuit is to recognize the musical composition of the world (rather as Shelley does in Prometheus Unbound). All playing can be seen as an extension of singing; the voice and its extensions represent the musical dimension of men, women, children and animals. According to some authorities smoking is an extension of thumbsucking; perhaps the fear of cancer will eventually drive us back to thumbsucking. Possibly in an ideal future we animals will revert to singing, and leave wood, glass, metal, stone, etc. to find their own voices, free of our torturings. (I have heard tell of devices that amplify to the point of audibility the sounds spontaneously occurring in natural materials).

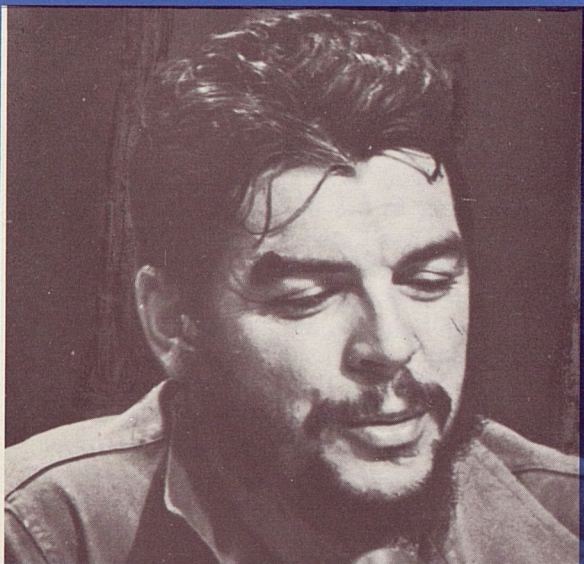
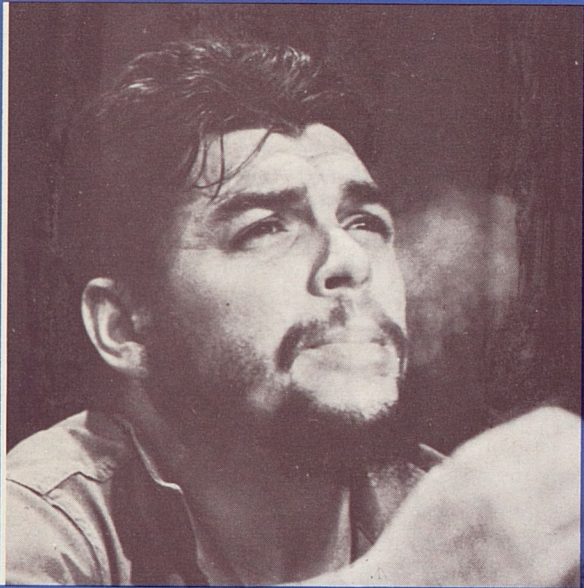
7. **Acceptance of Death** From a certain point of view improvisation is the highest mode of musical activity, for it is based on the acceptance of music's fatal weakness and essential and most beautiful characteristic — its transience.

The desire always to be right is an ignoble taskmaster, as is the desire for immortality. The performance of any vital action brings us closer to death; if it didn't it would lack vitality. Life is a force to be used, and if necessary, used up. "Death is the virtue in us going to its destination" (Lien Tzu).





DAY OF THE DEAD/PATZCUARO MARGARET RANDALL



el che is dead. el che is dead. there is nothing to say, but having to, the poems, the reality, how can it — so much a part of us — be part of us? the conversations, the letters, the pain. what can we say that reaches out instead of in? to work with, out of, creation, the line that moves. suddenly, two weeks after the fact and in mexico, the image becomes a part of the whole.

patzcuaro. the village is full, no rooms in any of the four or five hotels, houses overflowing, shacks overflowing, americans in noisy cars, photographers, their equipment bulging under jorongos, blankets and sweaters, a line of slow feet to the pier like the other slow feet slowly on the stones of janitzio :the tarascan footsteps on the cold stone. how to fill the cold inside, left by death, by a not being there, that cold? the ofrendas —elaborate orange flowers and hard bread dough and painted sugar candy and fruit topped with long white candles, winding and winding, going up and over, silent and slow, to sit and sleep and be on the graves, unmarked but known from memory, the tombs of janitzio and the tarascan language singing in the cold air. all around us. and our tomb, where is it? taken from us.

the english film crew holed up eight to a room in the best hotel in town, canadian head cameraman just back from a month of shooting in saigon —did you fight there, too, che?—, canadian sound man moving in on the voices, song, the mike sensitive in his hand, his eyes, ears moving. the cameraman dances, later he says :the hardest night of shooting i can remember, the worst night of shooting i can remember, the necessity of imposition, catching it, stopping the faces, gesture. we shouldn't be here. no.

where can we be, now that you are dead? the ritual goes on, impervious, what to be found or not found behind these faces, open, closed, the way life lives and dies in spite of eighteen late model cadillacs and twenty jeeps, do you want to taste that whitefish, the island famous for it, the

cameras, the blankets, the screaming ambivalent air.

parking is organized at the pier, it says TO THE PIER and AL PUERTO in english and spanish, pieces of paper, receipts, the slow going out of the launches, six pesos per person, and on ours a group of young mexican kids, a loud aside :a lot of english spoken around here, what, nothing like tourism at patzcuaro, god damned americans everywhere, day of the dead, for us felipe tells them :english, spanish, it's all the same, all foreign to tarascan, the words of this place. o.k., kid. i dig you, but you're wrong.

the kids begin to sing revolutionary songs, aggressive, beautiful. two fat and frizzed fortyish women nibble at their sticky penis candy. the sound of the songs. it all comes up to me, touches, alongside the flaming torches on the water as we move out, the death of el che just two weeks old brought somehow to this day of death, life, these people, their faces, impassive, as the bolivian peasants in whom he found no answer, no receptivity, no response. and what civilization is doing, has done, has tried to do to tarascan life, the shitty tourist knick-knack offered screaming beside the real life/art/death/art :the ofrenda, offered, the long red pleated skirts and bare feet, the embroidered aprons wide and long, the women as they walk and kneel.

el che is here, it is part of the history, this night, the promise, hard, the faces and their no-answer that will someday be answer, part of answer, in spite of. our hands freeze beneath the rebozos and jorongos, our hands freeze and our faces frost and the water is silent, black, cold, lit only at intervals by the torches of fire, janitzio —the island— a crowded busy postage stamp rising beyond and before us. what do we have before us, if you are gone?

the boat arrives. the rock reminds of mount saint michel — long french memories of the loud stands and the screaming tourist wares and the smell of food, a different food now but food, all covering the real rite, the huge ofrendas behind each stall, in back rooms, the work of this night, the music. this night that is that night, what did you eat, what do we eat this knowledge in us?

we walk, we run, carrying tripods, batteries, cameras, sandwiches and tequila and rum, leases, the big movie camera going round and round, the sound equipment receptive, we run up the cobbled streets, around and around, spiralling, out of breath at the basketball court covered with fishnet, the spanish alternating with tarascan on the loud speaker, the dancing already begun.

a letter for the policeman at the entrance, deference, hundreds of indians and visitors sitting in the stands, spread about the rocks above, the dancers moving in the arena and the musicians chanting, playing, the strange combination of instruments, feet, the ninety-two year old woman barefoot running from one side of the court to the other, her small horse's neck and head bobbing phallic and alive from her waist, the old men in traditional jerky movement of their old man's dance,

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the butterfly nets, the fight of the two bulls rasping against each other, horns, the bodies of men behind them.

rufino tamayo and his wife in their place of honor in the stands, all deference to the painter, sitting to one side i hear the wife's remarks, stupid woman, tamayo's black and white checkered sports coat and red berret :suddenly even they or most specially they are made the goats, make themselves the goats, take the part of the mexican middle class, destroyer, imitator, deformer, ridicule sliding off like oil, what can change these people? we are, also, the goats? did you know, che? four tarascan women behind me pull the edges of their rebozos up against their noses, mouths, singing the language, giggling at the inuendos of the dancers, lost to us, partially lost, partially gained. it is cold, god, it is cold.

the cameraman moves in. twenty others scramble down to use his light. his face is lined with pain, he moves, shoots, records, the flick of an arm, over this way, takes it in, moves back. the twenty move back with him.

the music continues and continues and the dancers continue and the voices and gestures continue and it is all there on a thousand levels, before us. coming down out of the stadium the cemetery suddenly floods our eyes :a hundred crunched and folded women bent over their family plots, candles streaming light, spirals of breath in the freezing air, neat piles of food covered with a hundred different figures on the graveside ofrendas, these women who will sit all night with their dead, and the tourists who mill among them, dropping money, pinching babies, taking pictures, asking questions in their half spanish or loud english, invisible in their violent visible parenthesis of now.

now this is your grave for us, why not, unmarked except in our heads, on our eyes, in our hands. we would be women, folded, sitting all night. but not for long.

it is three a.m. at one of the open fronted curio shop bright incongruous restaurant stalls we stop and sit and recharge the batteries and our bodies around a couple of square metal tables pushed together. the metallic sounds of your bed of death ring in our heads. in the back room the ofrenda. spectrum of belts and boxes and masks and baskets and dolls and nets and boats and bags hanging from the ceiling and shelved against the walls. in the front a hot fire under the greased grid, the owner rolls small white-fish tacos for the crowds, we munch and drink rich cafe de olla, hovering in his electricity his warmth his scene. his face is a mask of both worlds, selling the expected to the tourist, the map of his time and place in the great candy and dough and flower arrangement in his back room. the cold, it is always, also, the cold.

we watch the people streaming up and down. we eat. the cameraman talks of vietnam, his month there, the film for CBS, it didn't matter what they wanted us to shoot, what they let us shoot, there's only one thing to shoot, it's there. that's all. the assistant cameraman is the

flying dutchman with his wide blue eyes and blond straw over the red forehead, a seaman's cap and heavy square hands somehow spelling tenderness. the soundman is silent, filled, his fingers long and out, the mike even there not put away, a part of him, extension. the english director is nervous, moved, moving, awkward, perhaps there is nothing here for him to do, somehow, but no. there is. and el che, you who are with us too, here, invisible, real, your death with these deaths your lives with these lives your fight for these impassive masks, fight, situation in space, america.

four a.m. :the graveyard again. every plot contains itself, two or three women, this is a woman's act of contrition, response, offering, rite. the men, all of them are drunk. they move, staggering, along the sides. some of the women are asleep now, waiting, curled before their candles and their dead, offerings, pieces of object made symbol, substance, connection. the dead. the living. the tourists neither dead nor alive move here, among, their brittle commentary, photos, words, laughter, neither here nor there a running off, running off like oil on the face of god. the sky is black and cracks with stars and candle light, the shadow of el che is great and real, a power and a promise, when?

by the high arch at the entrance to the cemetery a lonely man cries very quietly, says a few words in spanish, in french—understand?— dark red muffler up around his neck, pale green jacket, he is looking he is seeing it all, he is trying to tell the assistant cameraman what he feels, he is very drunk.

the governor of the state of michoacan surrounded by his party, walking up, through, followed, coming down, going off in his private launch, no involvement there. the chanting continues, the music is thin and cold, the air shivers inside us. your air shivers inside us, too. there is no meaning in the comment "this scene has changed in fifteen years, the tourists are ruining mexico," shit, this IS mexico, twentieth century, world, home of tarascan and late model cadillac, home of olympics in '68, home of revolution and young romantic mexican kids, home of el che, his fight, our ears, eyes, hands.

in the morning we are turning on the cramped beds eight to a room. the bottle of tequila is still being passed around. at noon patzcuaro is beautiful, green and stone and old houses scrubbed by the sun and whitewash, the plaza unbelievable and true, the vegetables and dishes and blankets, the great old buildings heavy and strong. strong enough to hold you, too, che. strong enough for your promise and our pain.

the late model cars are leaving. the jeeps are leaving. the restaurant owners are washing their hands. the waiters are bowing low for the last time this year. the tourists are on their way to drink at the fair in morelia. or the cabaret in mexico city, the beach in acapulco. the english film company packs up to move, to finish shooting norman mailer in new york. the cemetery on janitzio is empty, there are only the marks of foot

and candle wax on the soft memorized ground. in bolivia regis debray is asking to be considered guerrilla by the military court, el che is dead, this che is dead and other ches are being born, and other ches are already fighting, in bolivia the indians show the same impassive faces as the tarascans of patzcuaro, as the tarascans of janitzio. in mexico this is folklore. in bolivia it is already more than that.

in canada the head cameraman's family is waiting for him. in england the allan king associates are waiting for this film. is it really a film about tamayo? in mexico city our lives are waiting too. our eyes. our hands. el che.

mexico city - 11.4.67

MARGARET RANDALL is editor of EL CORNO ENPLUMADO, a bi-lingual literary magazine published in Mexico City. Her article on Cuba appeared in I-KON 3.

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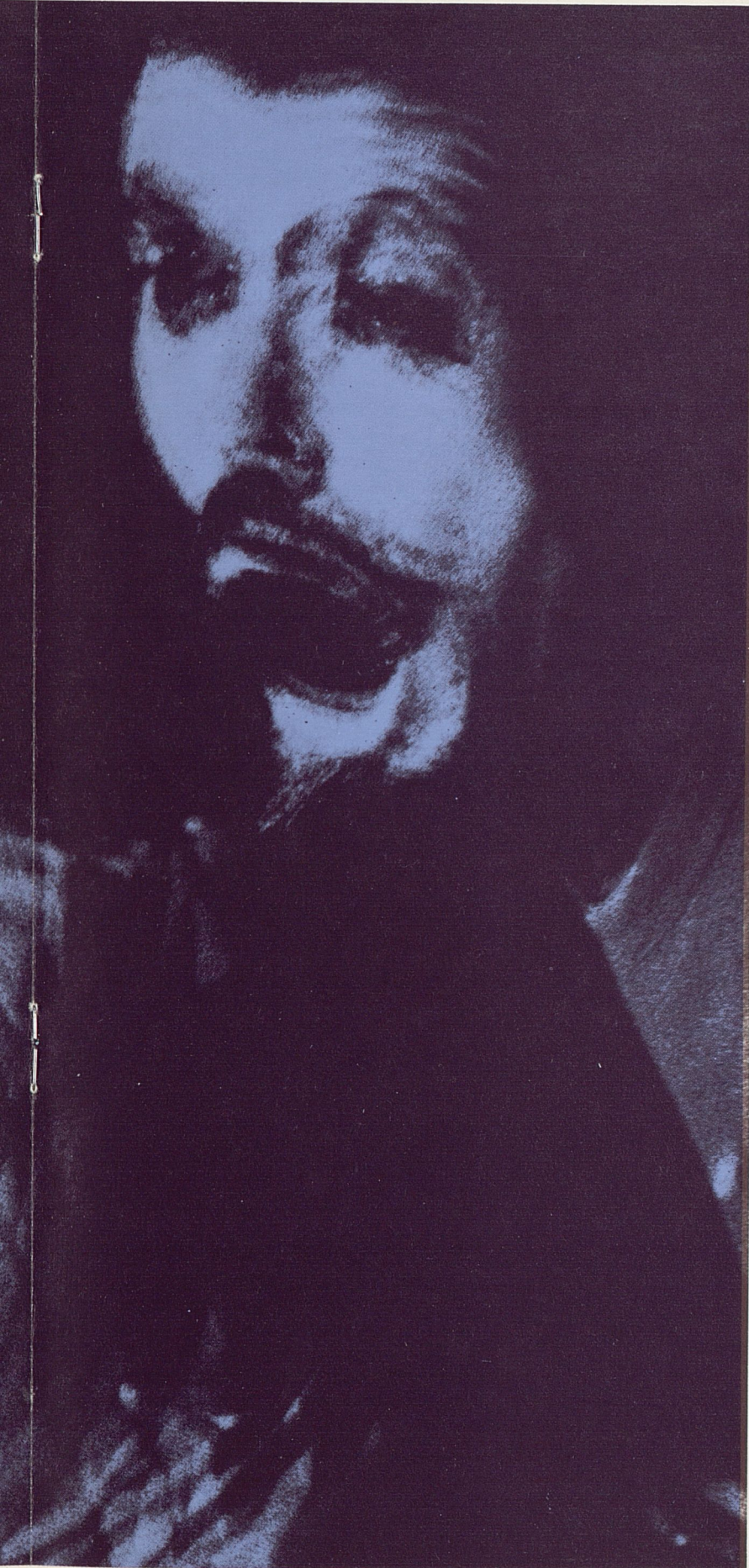
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SNOWS

CAROLE



EE SCHNEEMAN



I am after the interpenetrations and displacements which occur between various sense stimuli; the interaction and exchange between the body and the environment outside it; the body as environment . . . for the mind . . . where images evolve . . . that total fabric wherein sensation shapes image, taste, touch, tactile impulse; various chemical changes and exchanges within the body and their effect on the immediate present, on memories action in the present.

Vision is not a fact, but an aggregate of sensations.

I want evocation (a place) between desire and experience.

I am after the interpenetrations and displacements which occur between the performers themselves and the theatrical material; which is not to indicate a democratic process or structure, rather an evolutionary one. The physical qualities of the performers add to the shape and character of the work; their personalities emerge in contrasting contacts—juxtapositions of individual presence focused on actions and materials presented or provoked. And it is not psychodrama . . .

Vision creates its own efforts (toward realization —tracking); effort does not produce vision.

Perception should lead to action. Empathy-drawing . . . perception as eye journey. My theatre simply carries visual-tactile experience into the body; the body as the active unit (where it was the hand previously) in its environment.

Perception of an idea, the search to clarify and idea when it leads to typing, is catching free motion in a net of mechanical restraint. My mind may be streaming images that lead directly to drawing, fast spontaneous notes. But if I try to order them on the typewriter . . . well, look . . . I'm seated, hands on the keys, arms at my sides, eyes straight ahead . . . repeated jumpy little rhythms utterly contrary to rhythm of thought process which flows elongated, breaks, shifts, wavers or stops and begins anew in straight sharp bursts that thoughts are in clusters of words and words poor words hit out on the typewriter letter by letter . . . it makes me sweat, my knees get stiff, fingers twitchy. Then the idea is there and barely recognisable from its passage within memory, its shuttling within the immediate sensory environment which may have fed its passage originally (those bird sounds, the slivery green of black locust leaves . . . that cloud formation
written, laying flat
on white paper there's the old brown bottle

and the violet one with a cracked neck — not an explicit idea in them... just light, shadow, finger marks, reflections, colors from a landscape beyond the window sill where they are placed. I'm learning to talk into the microphone — to keep it around, the tape recorder as ready to record as a typewriter can be... to let speech carry minds workings... certainly I'm better, closer to using speech as convoy than writing. It requires adjustment, another coordination, just as it required becoming accustomed to the presence of the recorder when we made the tapes of orgasm song. And now the camera...

We roll and we twist
And we kick and we squirm,
And we toss about
 On the floor.
And when we have done
Everything we can do,
We start over and do it
 Once more.

fragment from *Water Babies* (?) book 1940 ill.
Ruth E. Newton (and C.S.)

Every living organism is a functional unit; it is not merely a mechanical sum total of organs. The basic biological function governs every individual organ as it governs the total organism.

Wilhelm Reich. *Selected Writings*. p. 218

If I told the performers *Snows* was my Viet Nam piece they had no idea how it would be that; the film and sound material evolved around their substance and it surprised them. We discovered the nature of our situation together by experiencing it, creating it.

Loving trust enables us to take physical chances together, to engage in struggles, violent movements; assaults, captures, grabs and falls, to drag, carry, even drop one another, knock one another down; loving trust keeps us focused on each other, expressive without self-consciousness, without an "idea" of expressivity, free in a process which in itself is transforming, releasing our intentions. Building the piece is a strange journey which reveals its substance to us as we follow. Further: absence of personality combination, star-thrust, decorativeness—every gesture the result of organic necessity arising spontaneously in the circumstance of our work. All motion as seed to emotion, all action interaction beginning with the BODY. That's what a "corps" should be Turned On to/by each other, to the possibilities we will encounter, concretize in our physical relations and these relations reaching from each other into the material of the environment streaming into the audience.

SNOWS sequence outline January 1967

Audience enters the Martinique theatre through backstage door, in the dark they

squeeze through two huge pink foam rubber "mouths" which form entrances. They then crawl over or under two long planks which stretch from the stage across the aisles, over the seats to the rear wall. The technicians are resting on these silver planks — they may or may not assist the audience. The performers in pale grey shirts and work pants sit together on the low stage in their basic resting position — an Oriental squat (feet flat on the floor, weight balanced over ankles, arms or chin on their knees). What the audience first sees was best described by Michael Smith in the *Village Voice*: . . . "as wintry as a Sonia Henie movie. The spacious arena stage of the Martinique Theatre is swathed in silver and plastic sheeting. Bare white branches hang down from overhead. The rear wall is flaked with large ragged sheets of white paper. Even the seats are festooned with white plastic scallopings, unoccupied, they look in the dark like receding ranges of snowy mountains. The lighting is icy: chill greens, blues, lavenders, with sometimes a flash of fire or sunlight. Two movies of skaters, skiers and related scenery are projected here and there on the set. At the rear is a large double construction: up to eight or ten feet, white outlined squares of varicolored plastic and open space on top; a revolving light sculpture by Laurence Warshaw — flickering, reflecting moving, shading colors and intensities within stirrations of plastic. It is very beautiful and surprisingly, not at all cold."

The revolving light sculpture is actually worked by the motions of the audience turning in their seats which are wired with contact microphones and hooked into an amplification system and color organ (made by Robert Schultz). The light machine could also be controlled manually; some overhead lights were triggered by photocells picking up light variations; this and a complex audio system were made workable by Ralph Flynn, using equipment which *Experiments in Art and Technology* made available to us. The edge of the stage is bordered with piles of plastic scrap, foil scrap and artificial snow debris; embedded in this border were several contact microphones which amplified noises made by the performers. The equipment used by the technicians was also situated in the border of debris; their actions exposed, integral: two strobe lights, three small film projectors, and held spots. They were also prepared to serve as a first aid station if that became necessary.

Train and Orgasm sound collage audible. The 1947 Newsreel begins. Performers watch. (Phoebe sweeps snow debris with broom.) When it is over they disappear behind the water lens. The light machine flickers dimly. Silhouettes of the performers appear as shifting shadows behind the water lens. Slowly they will begin to crawl through empty apertures in the lens. A slow, intent, animal crawl focused on audience: some will crawl partly

onto the planks among the audience. They turn to meet in the center of the stage, on hands and knees, in a central knot and begin a buttery slow crawl in and out of one another's legs, arms; some are caught between bodies and lifted onto backs of others: a revolving unit organism which echoes in flesh pulses the motions of the light machine. They move apart slowly: blue floor lights shifted by technicians. Films "Snow Speed" and "Winter Sports" begun; centered on side walls, varying levels, across ceiling. Performers crouching, staring at one another to eye-cue a partner and begin "Grabs and Falls;" an instantaneous collision, a giving over of weight and impulse on impact. Bodies thundering onto the stage. After series of shifting "Grabs and Falls" (determined by mutual awareness) one of the men about to enact a grab with a woman grabs and lifts her instead. The other women remain where they have fallen in snow and foil debris or among foam rubber "roses." The other two men stand for "Passing Women;" in clumsy hold and walks they carry the body passed to them and pass it in turn until one of the men situates it on the white circle which has been horizontally raised. At the conclusion of passing the remaining two women the performers are situated to begin "Creation of Faces." All lights out. No film. O & T tape.

"Creation of Faces" is done with a partner (random determination by preceding sequence). Small jars of clown-white are taken from the debris ring. In the flashes of strobe light each partner begins to cover the others face. The entire series of exchanges moves back and forth in silent response to each other. When both partners faces are covered one will begin to shape the others face: the one being shaped gives over, takes on what is pushed and prodded into their facial musculature; the transformation of the musculature induces a corresponding and unpredictable emotion. The created face accepts, dwells in the quality of its transformation and turns it to the audience; holding it until the facial muscles relax of themselves and the expression fades. They then turn to their partner and create a face for them. Simultaneous overlappings of faces among the six caught in the strobos, flickering flaming agonies, joys, silent laugh, grimaces, floating over the bodies mask-like.

After an unspecified number of face-creations one of the people will begin to move another — not necessarily the face partner, for Body Sculpture. Overhead lights slowly on, O & T tape returns, Snow Sports films are projected directly on the bodies. The men take the initiative in shaping the women who accept and hold whatever positions they are put into; if a position is impossible to hold they will simply fall. At a certain point one of the women being "sculptured" suddenly grasps the hand

shaping her; the shaper freezes his action and becomes the one to be sculptured. The "sculptors" may move about, exchanging bodies or simultaneously working on one. The men become active again, one couple who has been centered on the floor will be brought onto the white table where all the women are sculptured at once, finally be moved out onto the floor; here they rest, immobile.

The men stand the white circle up vertically and carry the women to it, propping them against it. On their torsos a color film of snow storm outside of the theatre and in the country is projected. One of the men watches the film, lying on the stage, the other two have climbed up onto the water lens; at a signal from the watching men, the others slowly spill piles of artificial snow over the women who sink down into a heap.

Sharp flickering moving sculpture light; flashing blue side lights; performers scramble across the floor; the people who fall and roll into a ball have chosen to be the "body ball," those standing or crouching will be "pushers," two remaining are "watchers." The body ball is pushed, rolled, shoved in an eddying journey by the body of the "Pusher" who must move the ball without using hands.

When the pusher has made his track with the "ball;" they begin "crawl and capture;" the "body balls" become the "victims," the "watchers" become "pursuers," the "pushers" become "interference." The pursuer grabs his victim by the ankles; the interference in turn hangs on to the pursuer, trying to drag them back as the victim struggles on the floor to escape.

The victim flat on the floor begins to crawl to escape the pursuer, the interferer hangs on to the ankles of the pursuer to impede their advance towards the victim; the pursuer catches hold of the victim's ankles and begins to try to hold them back by the legs, or shoulders; the interferer suddenly slithers ahead and grabs the victim from the opposite side—a tug of war ensues. The victim can usually gather enough energy to centrifugally leap out of the grips of both tormentors; the leap and cry of the freed victim stops any movement by the other two. The victim now chooses between the pursuer and interferer, one of whom becomes the "dragged body." Many of these images are based on Vietnam atrocity photos. The dragged body is quite specifically based on figures, face down, arms out being dragged through the dust by ropes attaching their ankles to U.S. tanks. The "dragged body" is completely slack, face and body scratched in the foil scrap and artificial snow. The first body to complete its journey will be hung up on a rope by the dragger. Two people gather foil and begin to cover the "body" completely. This standing body will become one of the "silver walkers;" when another per-



son is wrapped in a standing position they become the second "silver walker." Among the remaining four are two separate "cocoon" and one "double cocoon" (that is the last unwrapped performers sit down & mutually cover each other as one form, falling over together when they are wrapped.)

The walkers on the rope and on the silver chair remain immobile. The fallen cocoons slowly, slowly twist out of their silver wrappings without using their hands, as if a layer of burnt skin. No sound but the crackling foil. Before they are unwrapped the silver walkers who are nearly blind under their wrappings, with stiff encased arms and legs, slowly walk out onto the planks into the audience; the projectionists guide them with hand held blue lights. They make their way precariously—the planks are slippery and slope upward across seats. At the end of the plank they sink into their Oriental sitting position which recurs throughout the piece. The first free cocoon becomes a rescuer; the Viet-Flakes film begins in center stage on the white circle. Feeling danger the rescuer scuttles up the plank and begins to drag the walker down: the walkers are corpse-like, the remaining free cocoons wait on their bellies at the end of the plank to assist dragging back the walker. Desperate struggle, clumsy haste, we frantically gather together in a collapsed heap under the Viet-Flakes film. The Viet-Flakes sound collage is only sound until the snow machine goes on overhead; artificial snow pours over the bodies filling their nostrils, ears, eyes, covering them.

Every element we partake of—an imagistic reach and thrust; the environment, what we





wear, any make-up, the nature of sound, film, slides, technological elements. *Snows* was stretched out in time between five films, whose related content triggered the juxtapositions of a winter environment and Vietnam atrocities. The film which begins "*Snows*" (performers sit and technicians sit around the low action area watching it, one girl sweeping artificial snow clear of the floor) is a five minute 1947 Newsreel of one halocaust after another. I choose this film by "closed eye vision," that is: I stood in front of a rack of remaindered old newsreels waiting to feel some impulse, vibration, and let my hand pick the packet which seemed "to speak." Projected at home the film justified my hopes: it begins with a ship exploding, a sequence of tiny figures massed in a "riot," cut to tiny figures of "red" Chinese, being shot by nationalist guards (I had already used a still of this **exact** sequence which I had among the stills from which I made "*Viet-Flakes*"—the film which ends "*Snows*"!); the Pope blessing crowds; a volcanic eruption in Bolivia, peasants running through an exploding landscape, American Legion parade in Philadelphia in a snow storm; an automobile race, car crashes, explosions.

During early sequences of our actions, the two projectionists on the edge of the performing area each have a small 16 mm projector which they direct by hand over our figures and the collaged white papers all around the theatre. Both films are of winter sports, made during the Second World War. (Close-ups of faces of Bavarian winter sports enthusiasts are unforgettable.)

The fourth film is in 8 mm color; it is projected on the torsos of the three women whom

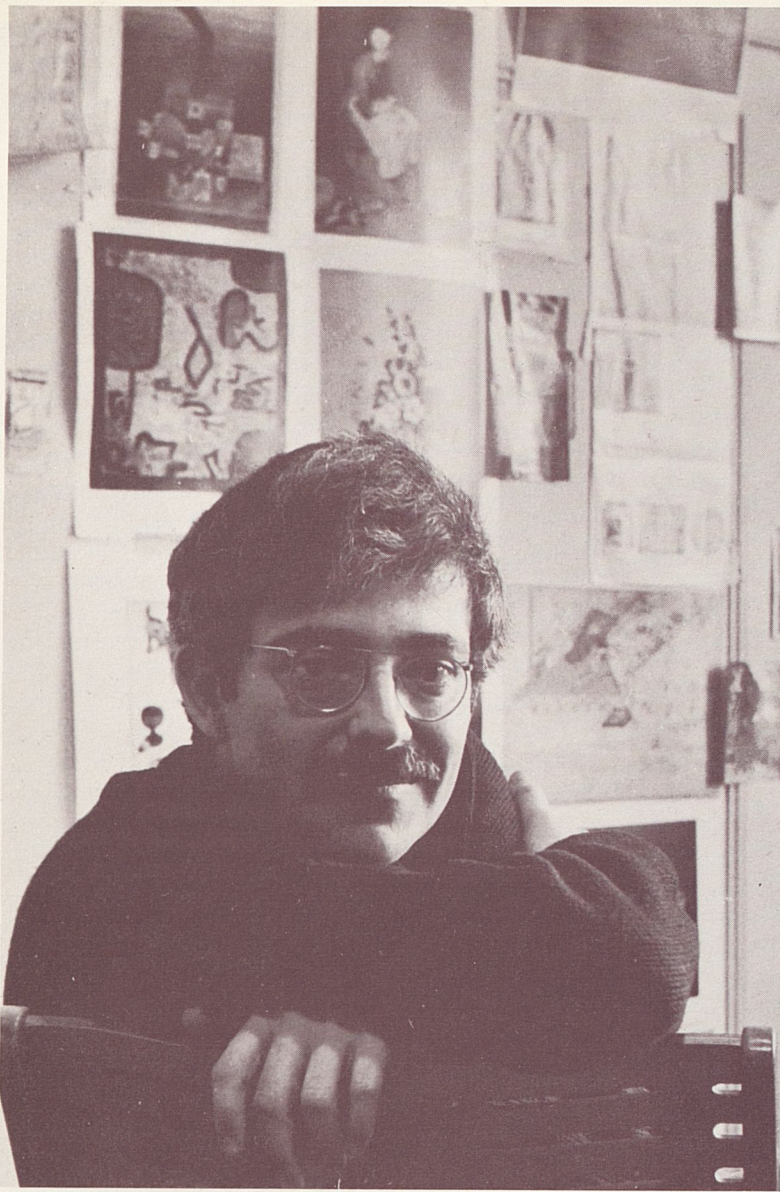
the men have leaned against the "white wheel;" immobilized images I shot flash over us: the neighborhood of my loft (W. 29th St.), the Martinique (W. 32nd), Gimbels, Greeley Sq. Park, in a blizzard, through the whitened city, out the west river drive, into the night and country landscape, myself and James Tenney in windows of a country house, a snow fight.

"*Viet-Flakes*" was made from my collection of Vietnam photographs, cut from papers and magazines. I used a close-up lens and traveled within the images to give the effect of actual animation. The images go in and out of focus in a broken rhythm, abstract shapes and motions turn into a body being dragged through grasses, etc. James Tenney made a sound collage for the film breaking sound sources I had asked for into sound fragments so small they could become recognizable only accumulatively in time: Mozart Piano Concerto #20; Bach Cantata 78 (Aria Duetto); Bach Partita; Bach Alleluia from Christmas Cantata; Beatles' "We Can Work it Out"; Bobby Hebb, "Sunny"; Fontella Bass, "Don't Mess Up a Good Thing;" Jackie de Shannon, "What the World Needs Now"; Question Mark and the Mysteriums, "96 Tears"; Vietnamese Folksong, Laotian Love Song; South Chinese folk song.

The other tape used in "*Snows*" was a collage of trains shunting, whistling, moving in and out, overlaid and juxtaposed with sounds of orgasm.

Violence is not always destructive. Destructiveness is essential to creation. "*Snows*" imagery is built out of Vietnam atrocity photos, my anger, outrage, fury, and sorrow. The imagery of *Snow* is ambiguous, shifting metaphors in which the performers are simply themselves, as well as victim, torturer and tortured, aggressor lover and beloved. We set each other on fire, we extinguish the fire, we create each other's face and body, we destroy each others face and body, we abandon each other, we save each other, we take responsibility for each other, we lose responsibility for each other, we bury each other, we reveal each other, we activate, we respond, we choose our actions, someone else prevents our actions, we build and we are wiped out finally, at the end dragging back the blinded "silver-walkers," our faces smeared with whiting, our arms covered with scratchy lumps of "snows" covering the floor, crawling and dragging exhausted to fall in an animal pile under the white moon disk where *Viet Flakes* film our moves, the snow machine turning on, "snow" falling, filling our eyes, our ears, covering us.

CAROLEE SCHNEEMAN, one of the originators of the "happening", has had her work performed all over the United States, in Paris and in London. *Snows* was performed at the Martinique theatre and was recently performed in Chicago.



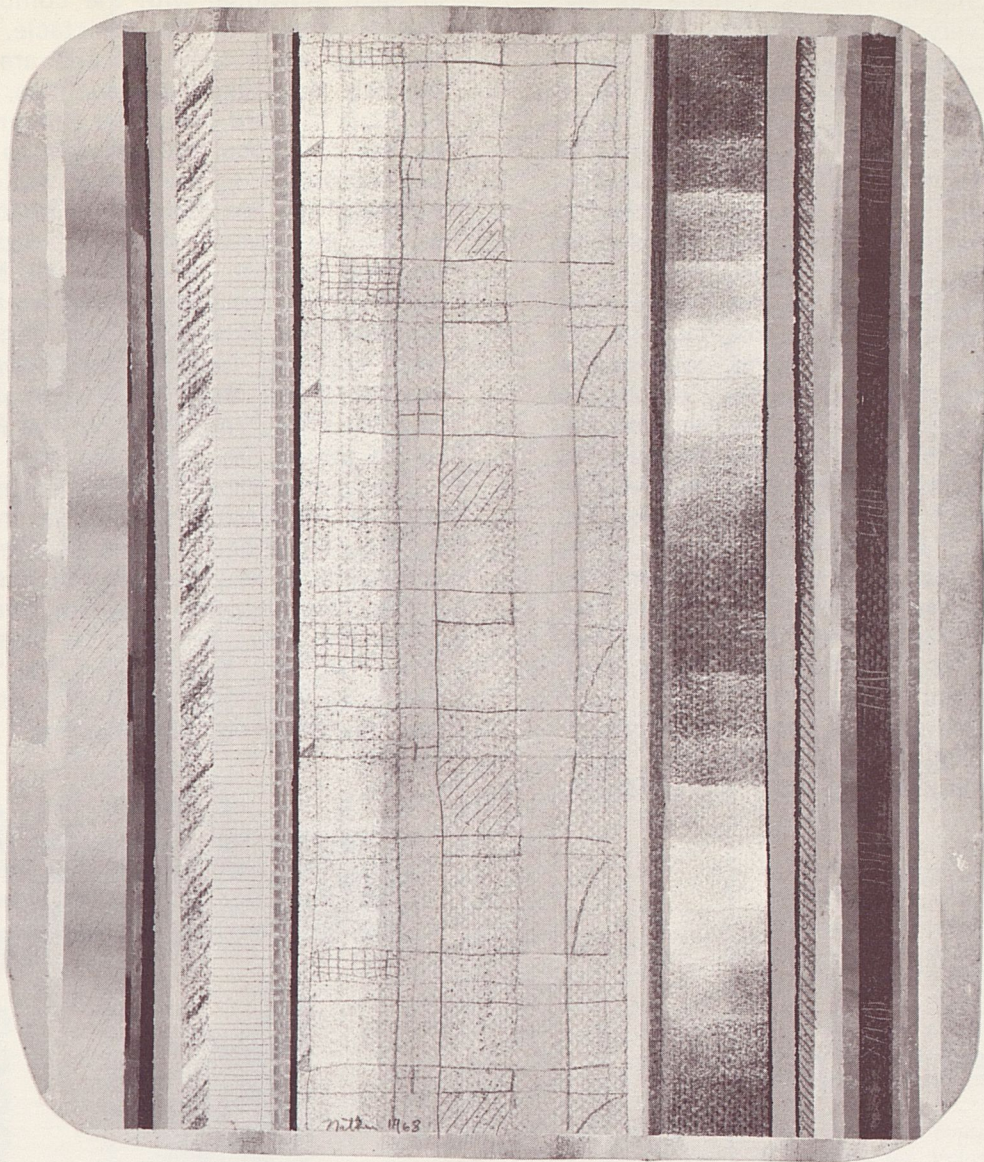
WORDS ON THE COVER BY ROBERT NATKIN

Speaking about painting, writing about painting and painting are three distinct sets of patterns. The truth pertaining to each can only become meaningful through what Proust calls the miracle of the analogy and what Roland Barthes refers to as the codification of language. As if to underscore the inflexible differences between painting and prose, Natkin applies himself in vertical planes, whereas our own proper horizontal development "sonorité vaine et monotone" proceeds along the straight lines contained by the typesetter's art. We are left confronting two separate structural definitions, one applicable to painting and more precisely to the iconographic reproduction on the cover, and the other, the verbal means at our disposition. This is then an exploration of language, a decyphering of painting that will try to replace the syntactical geometry of Natkin's works.

The effort to function in another structural domain forces the writer to seek an identity, co-existing in two simultaneous fields: paint and language. The common link in this equation becomes the metaphor which allows the freedom of reference necessary to construct parallel explanations, completely apart from the other medium, but conditioned by a sensitivity, that can, if successful,

dictate the new terms of the explanation. To such an extent has this identification process evolved that a writer like Francis Ponge, in a recent text on soap, writes a paragraph of water, thereby indicating that there is a special area, a tonic one, in which the writer can exercise his powers, and it is only linguistically that he can ever hope to define them. A paragraph of paint then becomes the only justifiable answer to a presentation of the paintings of Bob Natkin.

A paragraph of color, a sentence of harmony, and then again we are forced to abide by the grammar of still another means of communication: music, and music taken as a form of the highest entertainment, appealing totally rather than discursively or analytically. But music and Natkin go well together. He has insisted on the decorative value of his work, by which he means, in his own transliterations, the searching out of the color scales that infuse the mood he is seeking and which is at times transparent, at times brilliant, at times opaque, in blues, greens, yellows, reds, and all the shades, all the twisting and unexpected marvels that shifts allow the eyes to capture. And like an Irish illuminated manuscript, the painting tells time, exists, acknowledges the passage, in-



vites it, transcends it, beats the death rap. The man is condemned: the painter breathes easier in front of his projection, staring at himself, observing the lines on his face, the curves of his soul. But he must follow certain rules, and in revolutionizing, does not vitiate the medium. Natkin is a traditional in that he espouses the classical optics, the essence of the pigments, rebelling against much that in the contemporary canvas has broken with the qualities that have made the past not so much sacrosanct because of its age, but because of its beauty and its discoveries.

In expressing himself he has nevertheless isolated a particular mode that has made him unique in his own eyes, challenging the existing formula, bringing to it a vision embodied in tones and nuances. The canvas becomes the sum total of a multiplicity of parts, each one echoing, acting, kicking, electrifying, soothing. If the viewer is susceptible, then he will participate in these local conflagrations that keep flaring up in these vertical isolations and in these large boxes out of which flow innumerable gifts.

Bang	people	+	+	Dad/bars	Comme: all
Bang	fabrillous	+	+	anguish	the way
Bang	eyes	+	+	opacity	wide: touch
Sweet		+	+	angles	short
Blues	in roll	+	+	flat over	see me see
Let's	feet	+	+	desperate	says he's
Make		+	+	I'm	alchemical
Pop	oh my	always	no		grada-
Zing	tap	Sinatra	none		tions
Tweet	some-	else	trans-		glasses
Undu-	thing	xxxxx	parent		eat: music
lations					why: always

The painting: this parallel construction. The canvas as a shrine is divided into days of celebration, and days of violence, as if blues could be turned into cymbals, or ring like a Chinese gong, blocking the chronology of his year into festive occasions and dark ones, each attaining its own form of perfection, and through the intertwining of color references, join to conjugate a form. As the poem is built visibly of many parts, and within each line, of words, so the pole-like areas,

and the large rectangular masses, confine his joy and his anger, his very substance, that like the tap dancer's song, imposes a general visual and audible experience. And yet as the poem has its corporeal existence, so does the finished canvas, after innumerable editings, where the painter, like the writer, crosses out and inserts, where he whites out an area to paint it over with another combination, another scheme of decorative value that produces like Kabuki, a rhythmical movement.

The paintings are figurative to the degree that they must be enjoyed within the relationship established by the four walls of a living room, where the reactions are solicited and translate emotional configurations. The wall closest to his own working area is covered with reproductions of masterpieces. They are further parallels offering Natkin visible proof that in the past, as in his own past (and he has been influenced by Vermeer, Cezanne, Bonnard and Klee as much as by his own prior production), other canvases have contained these variations that have nothing to do with the apparent figurations, but are meant to carry the reality of the painterly statement.

The painting: it exists and it scores its presence in its own terms, creating a vibration in a room full of silence, contrasting thereby the isolation

of each individual with the cumulative and associative impact of the spectacle. Because these paintings when they succeed are temperamental in their disciplined personalities, they evoke the conflicts that are within the painter, conflicts which he has to master and express, to master through the expression. In the interior world of these linear patterns, the destructive elements are liberated, as are the joyous ones: the oedipal struggle is directed against the lines that bound and bind and then are loosened so that we are initiated into the embroidered tapistry, into Persia and Peruvian rugs, adopting through the strength of the convention, that is, through the style of the distribution of color, the secrets of the Villa of Mystery, the keys of the sacred rites of the dance.

The taut skin of the surface, stretching over the year of apprenticeship, revels in the dark and light punctuations, with their own systems, their own logic, severe and playful, ecstatic in this no man's land peopled by brush strokes, helping to plot out in these corridors the bursting energy that is the painter's. Lucius Apulieus: "I have told you things of which, although you have heard them, you cannot know the meaning." **Metamorphosis**, xl, 23.

SERGE GAVRONSKY, a poet, teaches French at Barnard College in New York. He translated and edited **POEMS & TEXTS**, an anthology of contemporary French poetry which will be published in September by October House.

who hated voo doo

for cardinal spellman

sick
black grass will
grow on his plot and
the goats will eat
and choke on it

and the keeper of the children's
cries
will terrify his neighbors
& grave diggers
will ask for two weeks
off

when will the next one's
brain explode
or turn from meat to
rock

tomorrow
a week
a month from someday
or the next three turns
of the
moon

Ishmael Reed

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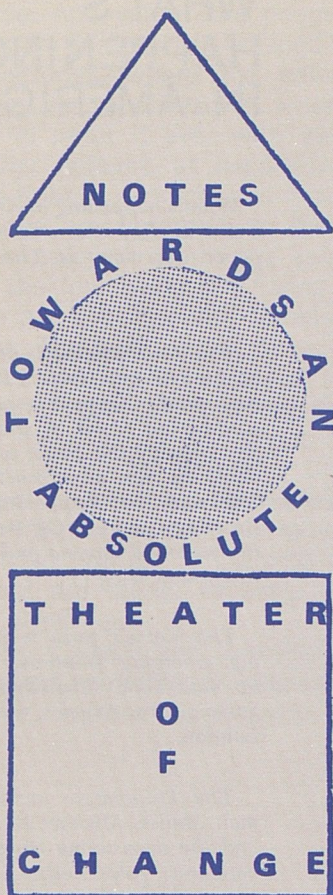
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the **VOICE**
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HAPPENING
IN AMERICA



ROBERT
KELLY

AT THE SIGN OF THE LIZARD:

THE
THEATER OF
CHANGE



To be at ease,
to change,
to transform.

chörten
or hortus alchemicus:
The Man himself
is the Theater
The Movements of
"Elements"
within him are the
Play.

The Player who is the candidate for initiation (into the mysteries of the self) enacts the glyph of his being

Epidauros in daylight = Eleusis in dark.
The mysteries were at night & their center was brightness. The theater was in the day-time, against the **skainê**, or **scene**, the wall whereon the shadows are projected, whereon the dark opacities of the agonist declared itself & was visible to himself & to the audience.

This will be one more attempt to rescue the theater from actors & texts & directors, free the **form** for use. Artaud declared, in word & flesh, a mode (he called it **cruelty**, for reasons personal & traditional) of archetypal engagement. His idea was soon enough bastardized into one more theatrical gimmick, a revival of nothing more spectacular than Grand Guignol, whether bareass Marat or jungle fighting live on the tube.

- I. Basic premise: the Theater is a **place** in which the agonist's gestures & responses are at the same time the movements of a candidate through initiation.
- II. There is (consequently) no audience. Each play is unique, is the conjunction of a more or less firm identity with programmed chance-ful environment.
- III. Only the actor or agonist is in a position to engage with what befalls him. He moves through the changes.

Ground Set:

1. The theater itself. Premises conditioned in such a way that there is a specific number (e.g. 12) of controlled environments or rooms, areas, chambers. Such an environment is here designated **thalamos**.
2. Each thalamos will be composed of a variety of sensory overpowers. Certain of these may be static, certain dynamic. The dynamic phenomena may be so programmed as to have a chanceful coincidence among themselves.
3. Fundamentally, the whole play is the passage of the candidate successively through all the thalamoi & so out of the theater.
4. Each candidate will enter the theater alone, or (for instance) with one other person with whom a sexual polarity may be expected to exist or arise.
5. The candidate will prepare himself by some minutes spent alone in an empty neutral quiet antechamber designed to throw him upon his inner rhythm.
6. Access to each succeeding thalamos may be rigidly predetermined by schedule, or may be varied or wholly controlled (tho this last is not to be desired) by onlooking attendants. Presumably, the candidate will have to spend a significant time in each thalamos before he is permitted to find his way to the next.
7. More exactly, the candidate's stay in a given thalamos will be largely given over to his attempt to pass from it to the next.

ZODIAC CYCLE FOR THE THEATER OF CHANGE:

Participation in the Theater of Change may be analogous to a journey through night & enigma, in the presence of sensory overpowers designed to menace, & thus isolate, the candidate's inner order.

8. After passing through the last thalamos, the candidate remains for a time in total dark in an anechoic chamber. Light comes to him gradually; one comes to lead him out.

Observations:

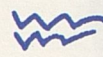
- a. Candidates will wear white robes. Besides being etymologically satisfying, the white robes will desecularize the candidate from the outset, prevent damage to his own clothing, & allow attendants to perceive him in dark places.
- b. It is assumed that each thalamos will be equipped with one or more hidden spyholes, & a disguised door, so that the candidate can be under the surveillance of attendants, & can be rescued by them should he succumb to the sensory stimuli. Since it is hoped that the Theater of Change can be realized, (a) & (b) will offer some measure of legal immunity.
- c. The attendants spoken of are obviously comparable in function to the so-called 'guides' in psychedelic sessions. Their powers are less susceptible of abuse, yet they must presumably be carefully chosen, especially when the program allows them discretion in opening doors.
- d. The words **chance** or **chanceful**, as used here or anywhere, are not to be taken too seriously. Chance is chimerical, a philosophic guessing-game, a trick of attention. **Change**, on the other hand, is a less doubtful commodity.

The Mysteries:

I use the word **cycle** or **program** to describe the basic symbolic understanding underlying the choice of specific environments at any given moment in the Theater of Change. Any number of cycles are imaginable, & can be drawn from the traditional religious & mythic repertory, from literary sources, or can be devised for the occasion. Clearly there is much to be said for the ancient numerical & nomenclatural processes.

Each cycle will involve its own sequence or congeries of environmental conditions. From among the many cycles that present themselves (e.g. Theban Ennead Cycle. Pyramid Text Cycle. Olympiad Cycle. Bardo Cycle. Taliessin Cycle. Planetary Cycle. Prime Number Cycle. Tarot Cycle)

I sketch for the sake of example this one:



Each thalamos will correspond to one of the signs of the zodiac. The candidate will presumably enter at Aries (or at the sign of his own Ascendant).

The brief descriptions below refer to the kinds of stimuli, the tasks imposed upon the candidate, &c.

It is to be understood that stimuli are, unless otherwise planned & stated, very strong.

Aries: Heat, Fire & urgency. The beginning in terror.

Taurus: Calm. The kingdown of touch & possession. To retain something of all this. Music.

The candidate is perhaps allowed to be bored.

The candidate is summoned from Taurus to Gemini by **name**.

Gemini: Isolation. Messages (auditory, visual) incessant.

Cancer: Protect yourself! Darkness. Fight to drive inward. Pry him out. Inward, infolding. The path out is inward. Look down.

Leo: Brightness. Sustained sound. Exchange. Generations of hydrogen & helium. Things all round that **can** be looked at. Any sexual motif begins here. Perhaps sudden sullen silences, hears his heart beat.

Virgo: The numerical underground. How many are there? Riddle your way out. How many? Apotheosis of number, quantity as criterion. The innumerable proportion.

Libra: The fun house. Tactile. Disorder of balance, of poise. Slides & pratfalls. Land of contrast. Take hold! Pick the right one. Hold!

Scorpio: Red intense mula excitation. Skin flicks from all sides. The power is within. Can he stand the power? Can the power stand?

Sagittarius: Intelligible order. Calm. Preside above these things. Give them away. Issue commands. Control in sympathy. Judge. Enigmatic crimes & tragedies are enacted or depicted. Physical agility needed here. Nothing is easy.

Capricorn: Transformation under process. Make something. The self over others. Black. Be a light.

Aquarius: Flex of self among others. Confusion of identity. Land of shadows & masks & phony mirrors, distorted messages from all sides, music subtly wrong. Names shouted from all sides, ideas & theories. Vision. Death of intimacy. When it is cold you huddle for warmth. It is cold.

Pisces: Flow. Transformation beyond form. Water. Water. Erratic. Erotic. Strangeness. Magic. What power is in your hands? Summer on the moon. Pass thru enigma.

PSYCHEDELS

The record hit the phonograph turntable and we heard Felix Mendelsohn's incidental music to Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. An artist painted a picture of a young woman caressing a donkey — Titania enamored of the disguised Bottom, following her contact with a magical plant that had been punctured by Cupid's arrow:

... The bolt of Cupid fell
... upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's
 wounds ...
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make ... man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

I noticed that the artist's concentration was intense. His motor control was good, his craftsmanship was excellent, his use of color was imaginative. Two hours before, this artist had ingested not "a little western flower" but 100 micrograms of LSD.

I observed the scene with interest. Most of my colleagues in psychology and psychiatry describe LSD and its relatives as "psychotomimetic" (psychosis-mimicking) and "hallucinogenic" (hallucination-producing). These same colleagues further claim that artists who attempt to work under the influence of LSD produce nothing but distorted shapes and squiggles. Yet, in my presence, an artist, apparently in full command of his craft, painted a well-executed picture.

This case is exceptional but by no means unique. During the past year, I have interviewed and questioned over 100 artists who claim to have utilized



Hugo Mujica

psychedelic experience in such fields as painting, sculpture, photography, writing, music, films, architecture, theater, dance, costume design, lumia, weaving, "happenings," and mixed media. I presented data on 91 of these artists at the 75th Annual Convention of the American Psychological Association in 1967 as well as in a book, *Psychedelic Art*, edited by R. E. L. Masters and Jean Houston and published by Grove Press.¹

Before interviewing the artists, I read a number of books and articles by Aldous Huxley, a pioneer in the exploration of altered conscious states. His personal experiences with mescaline convinced him that the terms "psychotomimetic" and "hallucinogenic" were inaccurate and unsatisfactory. In a whimsical mood, Huxley wrote his friend Humphry Osmond a letter, suggesting a new term:

To make this mundane world sublime,
Take half a gram of phanerothyme.

Osmond thought the word "phanerothyme" was a bit difficult to pronounce and wrote Huxley a letter in which he suggested a term from the Greek for "mindmanifesting":

To sink in hell or soar angelic,
You'll need a pinch of psychedelic.

Osmond's term caught on with those artists who had experimented with consciousness-altering plants and drugs in their attempts to facilitate the creative process. In 1966, *Life* magazine ran a cover story on "psychedelic art" which it described as a "major art movement."²

AND THE

Osmond once noted that psychedelic art had never "produced in me those experiences which I call psychedelic, although some of it has vividly recalled experiences of this kind." It was apparent, therefore, that a working definition was needed for my study of the "psychedelic artist." I was able to obtain, from 93 per cent of the artists I surveyed, general agreement that the "psychedelic artist" is one whose work demonstrates the effect of psychedelic experience—usually but not necessarily chemically-induced. The artwork may have been produced as a **result** of psychedelic experience, **during** a psychedelic experience, in an attempt to **induce** a psychedelic experience, to **remind** someone of a previous psychedelic experience, or to **facilitate** a psychedelic experience brought about by something other than the work of art.

Of the artists I interviewed, 100 per cent reported having had at least one psychedelic experience. When asked if they had ever taken a psychedelic substance, 96 per cent answered in the affirmative. LSD and marijuana were the most frequently ingested substances followed by DMT, peyote, mes-

caline, morning glory seeds, psilocybin, hashish, DET, and yage. A few artists had tried Kava-Kava, bufotenin, Ditran, the amanita muscaria mushroom, and the Hawaiian wood rose. One artist reported experimenting with STP while several had toasted and smoked the inside of banana skins—usually with extremely mild and inconsequential results.

The artists who had never ingested chemicals reported obtaining their psychedelic experiences through hypnosis, yoga, meditation, and prayer.³ Almost all of the artists described their altered conscious states as generally positive and pleasant in nature. Only one artist's psychedelic experiences were consistently unpleasant.

Poet Allen Ginsberg noted that the type of consciousness produced by psychedelic chemicals often resembles the type of consciousness produced by yoga, religious discipline, and "peak experience." Ginsberg continued, "All the art that I always have been interested in—even before my use of psychedelic chemicals—grows out of that area; it always has, historically, from Anacreon through Blake." Charles Giuliano, whose "Theseus and the Minotaur" was a pioneer painting in the psychedelic art movement, described psychedelic artists as heirs to certain traditions in American art that have emphasized private modes of expression. Such artists as Albert Ryder, Washington Allston, Hyman Bloom, and Mark Tobey rejected the established modes of artistic behavior and travelled their solitary ways. Ryder's "Toilers of the Sea" and "The Pale Horse Cometh" were cited by Giuliano as precursors of the psychedelic art movement.

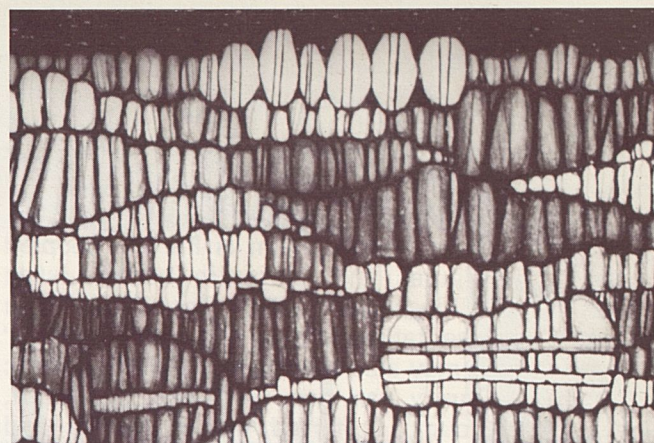
Even before Ryder, any number of artists produced work which resembles the output of today's innovators. In Central America, stone sculptures from 1500 B.C. have been found which portray psychedelic mushrooms out of whose stem emerges the head of a god. The arabesques, Persian miniatures, and geometrical patterns of Moslem culture are linked by some historians to the use of **Cannabis sativa** and its derivatives.

Psychedelic-type awareness is also found in the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch. In his triptych, "Garden of Delights," the viewer finds castles constructed of lobsters, a living harp, and birds far larger than men. William Blake often took inspiration from spontaneous eidetic imagery; his painting "Jacob's Dream" is especially reminiscent of today's psychedelic painters.

At the end of the nineteenth century, Art Nouveau was in vogue and is strongly suggestive of today's psychedelic posters with its unusual colors, flowing lines, and its use of the mystical, mythic, and fantastic.

Pavel Tchelitchew's work, ranging from "Hide and Seek" to "Itinerary of Light," shows a psychedelic-like perception of form and space while some of the surrealist painters plumbed the depths of the psyche for material which strongly resembles psychedelic visualizations.

Of the artists in my survey, some reported ingesting psychedelics weekly while others have had only a single experience of this nature. For example, Arlene Sklar-Weinstein had only one LSD session.



Len Musacchia

It was guided by a psychologist and for months afterwards she intensively considered its implications for life and for art. During her session, Sklar-Weinstein visualized pulsating colors, mythic dramas, and emerging forms. She looked intently at a fire that was burning in a fireplace. This fire became deeply rooted in her mind and, subsequently, fire images have appeared in such paintings as "Between Heaven and Hell." Sklar-Weinstein commented that the experience "opened thousands of doors" and "dramatically changed the content, intent, and style of my work."

Of the artists in my survey, 70 per cent reported that psychedelic experience had changed the content of their work, 54 per cent said that their artistic technique had improved, and 52 per cent claimed that there had been a change in their artistic approach. Richard Villegas abandoned representational painting and became a superb abstract pointer following a number of psychedelic experiences. He commented that these experiences gave him "reassuring proof" that "all those forms and shapes within the mind are not just relative to one's imagination, but co-exist in outer as well as in inner experience. Painting, then, becomes neither abstract nor non-objective but true reality." Allen Ginsberg also commented that the psychedelics "confirmed" the visionary experiences he had earlier in his life.

Hugo Mujica noted, "During a trip I discovered the shape that I am now using. Later I learned that it was a mandala." The ancient mandalic form is a circle within a square representing man's unity with his universe. Many artists reported visualizing mandalas for the first time during their psychedelic sessions. Allen Atwell a recipient of Ford, Fulbright and Rockefeller study grants, has frequently used mandalas as subject matter for his paintings.

ARTIST

P.H.D.

STANLEY KRIPPNER

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An inspection of the work done by these artists demonstrates the range and variety of psychedelic experience. Len Musacchia's "Pebble Curtain" represents the pebbles on a beach—transformed into jewels by an alteration in conscious perception. Russ Yost's "Quartet" portrays four heads within a head—the realization of one's many social roles and one's several means of coping with experience. Carol Heineman's "Where I Am is Far" is peopled with mythic figures and fantastic beings. Isaac Abrams' "All Things Are Part of One Thing" is a mystical representation of the unity of all being.⁴

Other media may also be affected by psychedelic experience. Ronny van den Eerenbeemt stated, "When very young, I started writing stories and poems. The older I got, the more I had the feeling of not being able to find something really worthwhile to write about. My psychedelic experiences taught me that what I used to do was no more than scratch the surface of life. After having seen and felt the center of life, I think I do have something worthwhile to write about."

Jeanne Youngson told me of her ability to incorporate psychedelic imagery into her experimental films. Another filmmaker, the recipient of several awards, stated, "One acid trip doesn't automatically turn someone into an artist. It still takes years to acquire the discipline of the craft. I had acquired the discipline but I lacked contact with the soul and spirit which makes art come alive. This the psychedelic experience may provide. It did for me."

A popular recording artist discussed "acid rock" with me, noting, "Most of the top rock-and-roll groups use pot and have tried acid. When you're high, you get a lot of wild ideas for lyrics. After you come down, some of them still sound pretty good and you use them. That's the most important way you can use a high. When it comes to performing, most of us believe we do better if we go on the stage straight, not stoned. Then there's the problem of the police. Donovan has been busted, Mick Jagger has been jailed, and any one of us could be the next to get it."

Unfortunately, there is no research clinic in the United States today where an artist can have a legal, adequately guided psychedelic experience under carefully controlled conditions. The clinics formerly in operation, such as the Institute for Psychedelic Research of San Francisco State College,⁵ have long since been closed by the federal government.

Although LSD can mimic psychosis and produce hallucinations for many people, the artist is rarely a casualty because he is used to standing somewhat apart from his culture in order to create. Perhaps it is this type of individual—the person who will not be alarmed at what he experiences during a psychedelic session—who can benefit the most from these chemicals.

The exploration of one's mental processes with drugs, seeds, plants, and brews may have to be circumscribed (and limited to those substances which are physically harmless). Nevertheless, the current movement in psychedelic art demonstrates that this exploration cannot be prohibited entirely without suppressing a vital and growing creative force.

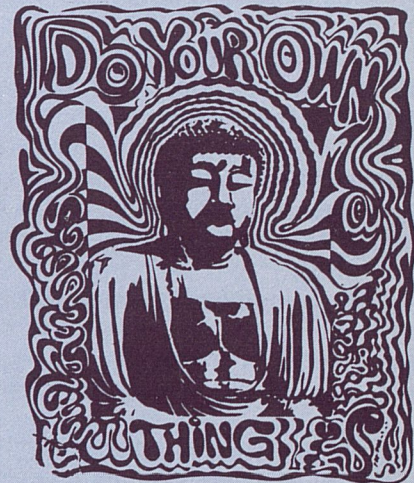
¹ In this book, we describe "psychedelic experience" as the experiencing of conscious states profoundly different from usual waking consciousness, from dreams, from familiar intoxication states, and from the symptoms of mental illness. During one's psychedelic experience, sensory perception, thoughts, emotions, awareness of the self and of the world all undergo remarkable changes; consciousness expands to encompass the contents of ordinarily inaccessible regions of the psyche.

² Featured on *Life's* cover was Richard Aldcroft, inventor of the "proleidoscope" and an innovator in lumia and light shows. In 1967, Aldcroft was arrested on marijuana charges and is now in a mental institution, having been diagnosed as "criminally insane."

³ The large amount of religious, mystical, and spiritual content in psychedelic art—both chemically and non-chemically inspired—deserves mention. There is little that is pathological, little that is cruel or sordid or violent. Instead, this art typically aims at communicating religious and/or esthetically beautiful experience. For example, Angelo Miranda has done several Christ-figures who exist, on canvas, in a space world all their own.

STANLEY KRIPPNER testified in Canada before Parliament against the proposed anti-LSD laws. He presented a paper on psychedelic art at the 1967 annual convention of the American Psychological Association. He is the author of several papers on psychedelics, including one which will appear in Masters and Houston's book *Psychedelic Art* (Grove Press), one which will appear in Metzner's book *The Ecstatic Experience* (Macmillan), and two which will appear in Osmond and Aaronson's book, *LSD: Its Uses and Implications* (Doubleday).

FREE SPEECH INC.



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JAKUGO

FOR

MEN'S VOICES AND RECORDERS

BY

TUI ST GEORGE TUCKER



JAKUGO ARE ZEN RESPONSA, OR CAPPING PHRASES, THAT DEVELOPED FOR KOANS, WHICH ARE STORIES FOR TEACHING MEDITATION AND FOR TESTING STUDENTS. THE TEST WAS THE KOAN; AND THE CHOICE OF JAKUGO THE MEASURE OF UNDERSTANDING.

Recorder I plays bass recorder in Jakugo 1 and alto recorder otherwise. Bass and alto are written at actual pitches.

Recorder II plays sopranino alone sometimes but usually plays sopranino and soprano simultaneously, written at actual pitches.



Courtesy Alonzo Gallery

HUGO MUJICA

DRAFT—TO BE REVISED

STATEMENT OF OBJECTIVES

Exhibit of a Working Model of a Perception-Dissociator
(Conceived by Henry Flynt 1962-67)

To construct a **model** of a machine a thousand years before the machine itself is technologically feasible—to **model** a technological breakthrough a thousand years before it occurs

(Analogies: constructing a model of an atomic power plant in ancient Rome; chess-playing-machine hoaxes of 19th-century Europe as **models** of computers; Soviet Cosmos Hall at Expo 67 as model of anti-gravity machine)

To construct the model **almost entirely from the visitors coming to see it**, so that each visitor regards the others as the model!

What the hypothetical perception-dissociator will do that is not possible now:

Physically alter the world (relative to you): sound disappears; sights and touches are dissociated; other people unconsciously signal you. Physically, "psychoelectronically" induce conditioned reflexes in your nervous system. Physically break down your sense of time.

[INVITATION]

Because of your interest in technology and science, you are invited to visit

EXHIBIT OF A WORKING MODEL OF A PERCEPTION-DISSOCIATOR

Sponsored by (legitimate sponsor)
Open continuously from (date) to (date)
At (lunar colony or space station)

"The perception-dissociator is a machine which is the product of a technology far superior to that of humans. With it, a conscious organism can drastically transform its psychophysical relation to objects and to other conscious organisms . . . The exhibit spotlights the technical interest of the perception-dissociator, giving the visitor a working model of the machine which he can use to 'transform' himself." —from the Guidebook

rior to that of humans. With it, a conscious organism can drastically transform its psychophysical relation to objects and to other conscious organisms . . . The exhibit spotlights the technical interest of the perception-dissociator, giving the visitor a working model of the machine which he can use to 'transform' himself." —from the Guidebook

It isn't possible for this exhibit to be open or public, because of the nature of the model. You have been invited in the belief that you will be a cooperative visitor. Come alone. Don't discuss the exhibit at all before you see it; and don't discuss it afterwards except with other ex-visitors. Come prepared to spend several hours without a break. There will be absolutely no risk or danger to you if you follow instructions.

TO THE DIRECTOR

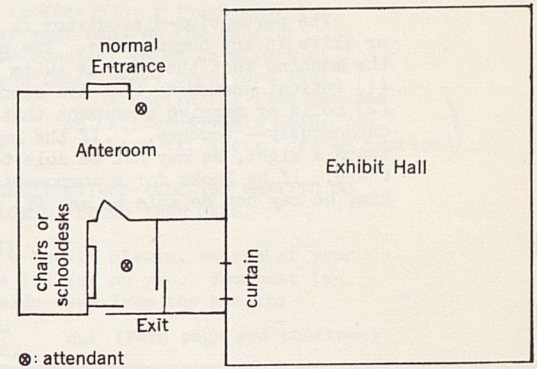
Exhibit requires two adjacent rooms, on moon or other low-gravity location, so that humans can easily jump over each other and fall without being hurt. First room, the anteroom, has "normal" entrance door leading in from "normal" human world. Is filled with chairs or school desks. At far corner from normal door is two-step lock, built in anteroom, connecting rooms. Normal door on hinges leads from anteroom into first step of lock. Sliding panel door leads into second step; and smooth curtain with slit in middle leads into the exhibit hall. Another sliding door leads from lock's first step directly back out to normal human world, bypassing anteroom. Shelf required in first lock to check watches and shoes.

Exhibit hall large and empty with very high ceiling (Fuller dome?). Room must be strongly lighted, so that objects in front of closed eyes will cast highly visible shadows on eyelids. Room's inner surfaces must be sound-absorbing, and moderate noise must be played into room to mask accidental sounds; thus humans will cease to notice sound. Floor must be of

hard rubber or other material that will not splinter, and will not be too hard to fall and crawl on.

Exhibit open continuously for days. Invite people who will seriously try to play along—highly educated people; and invite many of them, because is better to have many in exhibit. Sample invitation enclosed. Attendants working in shifts must be at two posts throughout. Try to keep surprising features of exhibit secret from those who have not been through it.

Procedure. Visitor arrives and enters anteroom. Entrance attendant gives him a Guidebook and sends him to sit down and start reading. Then visitor goes to lock. Lock attendant must try hard to see that no more than one visitor is in lock at a time. If lock is empty of visitors, attendant lets entering visitor into first step, checks his watch and shoes, and sends him alone into second step and on to exhibit room. When visitor comes out of exhibit hall for any reason, he must be gotten into first step, and then attendant sends him out the exit. When a visitor comes out, he just goes out and doesn't go back in.



Stay in the exhibit and follow every instruction that is relevant, until you become thirsty.

If you begin to encounter components, return to the page you were on before you turned to this one.

If you still don't encounter components, the model must be broken. Leave the exhibit by the same passage through which you entered.

EXHIBIT OF A WORKING MODEL OF A PERCEPTION-DISSOCIATOR
(Conceived by HENRY FLYNT)

GUIDEBOOK

Read this Guidebook as directed—straight through or as otherwise directed. Don't leaf around.

Read Pages 2-3 before you go in to see the exhibit.

Introduction. The perception-dissociator is a machine which is the product of a technology far superior to that of humans. With it, a conscious organism can drastically transform its psycho-physical relation to objects and to other conscious organisms. When the organism has transformed itself, sound disappears, time is immeasurable; and the relation between seeing and touching becomes a random one. That is, the organism never knows whether it will be able to touch or feel what it sees, and never knows whether it will be able to see what it touches or what touches it. The world ceases to be a collection of objects (relative to the physically altered organism). Further, the machine induces a pattern of communication in the organism's nervous system, an involuntary pattern of responses to certain events, to help the organism cope with the invisible tactile phenomena. A dimension is added of involuntarily relating to other organisms as unconscious signalling devices. The transformation induced by the machine is permanent unless the organism subsequently uses the machine to undo it.

The perception-dissociator is not conscious or alive in any human sense. The components of the machine that the user is aware of are:
 (1) Optical phenomena that are seen--"sights."
 (2) Solid or massive phenomena that are felt cutaneously--"touches." If the user tries to touch a sight, he may not be able to feel anything there. If he looks for a component that touches him, he may not be able to see it.

(Keep reading)

In other words, from the beginning the machine has properties that the entire world comes to have to the transformed organism.

The exhibit spotlights the technical interest of the perception-dissociator, giving the visitor a working model of the machine which he can use to "transform" himself. Nothing is said about the purpose of the perception-dissociator in the society that can make one. The model is sophisticated enough that it can run independently of the visitor's will, and can affect him. In fact, the visitor may be hurt if he doesn't follow the instructions for using the machine.

When you have absorbed the above, go to the entrance and be admitted to the exhibit. You must check your shoes, and your watch (if you have one), with the attendant. As you enter, turn this page and begin reading Page 4.

DO NOT TALK OR MAKE ANY OTHER UNCALLED-FOR NOISE.

Be prepared for the touch of pulling your feet out from under you from behind. Don't resist; just fall forward, break your fall with your arms (and retrieve this Guidebook). The floor is not hard and the gravity is weak, so the fall should leave you absolutely unhurt.

AVOID ALL TOUCHES (EXCEPT FLOOR AND YOURSELF) UNLESS DIRECTED OTHERWISE. (You have been directed not to resist having your feet pulled out from under you.) IN EFFECT, IF YOU BUMP INTO A SOLID OBJECT OR STEP ON ONE, DRAW BACK. REMEMBER THAT YOU AVOID TOUCHES BY YOUR TACTILE SENSES ALONE. Whether your eyes are open or closed makes no difference. It is not necessary to avoid sights unless you touch something.

There may be the touch of being pushed forward at your shoulder blades. Don't resist; just move forward.

As for the sights in this model, it happens that they will be humanoid. All the human appearances other than you in the exhibit hall are sights from the machine. This is just the way the model is; don't give it a thought. Sights may appear or disappear (for example, at the curtain) while you are looking.

I am referring to the components of the model with the names of the components of the perception-dissociator.

As soon as you understand the above and are prepared to remember and follow the instructions, go immediately to Page 6.

$$(s_1 \frac{1}{2} (s_2 \infty u \lambda)) \quad s \sqrt{t |u|} \quad uv \frac{1}{2} t$$

$$s \infty uv \quad u3/4 \infty s_2 \quad u \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{s_1 v <] s_2 \lambda < }$$

$$u \frac{1}{2} \lambda \sqrt{t > v} \quad (s_1 \sqrt{s_2 \lambda v}) \quad t \frac{1}{2} \frac{v \sqrt{u}}{\lambda \infty}$$

$$u \lambda \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{ \frac{s_1 \sqrt{s_2} \quad s_2 \sqrt{s_1}}{s_1 \sqrt{s_2} \quad s_2 \sqrt{s_1}} (s_1 \sqrt{s_2}) } \frac{s_1 \sqrt{s_2}}{s_2 \sqrt{s_1}}$$

$$\left(\frac{s_1 v \sqrt{s_2}}{s_1 v \sqrt{s_2}} \frac{s_2 \sqrt{s_1}}{s_2 \sqrt{s_1}} \right) \quad s \sqrt{t |u|} \quad \frac{s_1 \lambda v}{s_1 \lambda v} u \infty s_1 \frac{s_1 \sqrt{s_2}}{s_2 \sqrt{s_1}} (s_1 \sqrt{s_2}) uv$$

$$u \sqrt{s_3 < } \quad \left(\frac{s_1 \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{u \lambda}}{s_2 \infty u} \right) \quad s_3 v$$

$$u \sqrt{ \frac{s_1 v <] s_2 v < }{s_2 v <] s_1 v < } } \quad u3/4 \sqrt{(s_1 \infty s_2 \lambda)}$$

$$t_1 \sqrt{t_2 \sqrt{u \frac{1}{2}}} \quad s \infty u \infty s \quad \left(\frac{s_2 \sqrt{u}}{s_1 \sqrt{s_3}} \frac{u \sqrt{s_1}}{u \sqrt{s_3}} \right)$$

6

You will now begin the first phase of perception-dissociation by the machine. Throughout this phase, you walk erect.

Instructions for operating the machine and for protecting yourself from it will be given both in English and in an abbreviated symbolism. It is important to master the symbolism, because later instructions can't be expressed without it.

u means you

s, s₁, s₂, s₃ mean different sights from the machine
t, t₁, t₂, t₃ mean different touches from the machine

a₁ means a's eyes are open or a opens its eyes

a_v means a's eyes are shut or a shuts its eyes

a_≡b means a blows on b's hand

a_∩b means a pushes b, typically from behind
(a holds Guidebook under arm or elsewhere)

a_∩b means a jumps over b, crossing completely above b
(weak gravity should make this easy)

a_∞b means a rapidly waves both hands in front of and near b's eyes so that moving shadows are cast on b's eyes (a "shadows" b)

a_∩b means a pulls b's ankles back and up and immediately lets them go, so that b falls forward (a "tackles" b)

a_∩b means a jumps and falls on b, or a steps on b

a_∩ means a rapidly moves aside

() parentheses around the symbol for an action mean the action will probably happen

A line of action symbols constitutes an instruction. The order of symbols indicates the order of events. If one symbol is right above another, the actions are simultaneous.

YOU MAY ALWAYS TURN BACK TO THESE EXPLANATIONS IF YOU FORGET THEM.

(Keep reading)

Instructions 1-3 apply WHEN YOUR EYES ARE OPEN.

1. If you see a sight close its eyes, a heavy touch from the machine may be falling toward you. You must instantly jump aside.

$s_1 \wedge \quad s_1 \vee \quad u \downarrow$
 $u \wedge \quad (t \uparrow u)$

YOU MUST FOLLOW THIS AND SUCCEEDING INSTRUCTIONS AS LONG AS YOU STAY IN THE EXHIBIT. STAY WITH EACH INSTRUCTION UNTIL YOU HAVE IT THOROUGHLY IN MEMORY; AND CHECK OUT THE SYMBOLIC VERSION SO YOU LEARN TO READ THE SYMBOLS.

2. If a sight in front of you jumps over you, a touch may be about to tackle you. You must instantly jump to one side.

$u \wedge \quad s \uparrow u \quad u \downarrow$
 $(t \uparrow u)$

3. If a sight waves its hands in front of your open eyes, a touch may be about to shove you from behind. Jump to one side.

$u \wedge \quad s \infty u \quad u \downarrow$
 $(t \uparrow u)$

IF THERE ARE ANY SIGHTS, TRY STANDING AROUND AND FOLLOWING THESE INSTRUCTIONS FOR A SHORT WHILE.

4. If you close your eyes, you must keep them closed until a touch tackles you, a touch shoves you, or you can't keep your mind on the exhibit (which you should also consider to be an effect of the machine). Then you immediately open your eyes.

$uv \quad \frac{t \uparrow u}{t \downarrow u} \quad u \wedge$ (A horizontal line between action symbols means "or." With it, instr. can be combined.)

THE NEXT THREE INSTRUCTIONS TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED. LEARN THEM WELL.

5. If you feel a breath blowing on one of your hands, a touch may be falling on you. You must instantly jump to the side away from the breath.

$uv \quad \frac{t \uparrow u}{t_2 \uparrow u} \quad u \downarrow$ (Turn page and continue)

7

8

6. If your closed eyes are shadowed, a touch may be about to tackle you. You must instantly jump aside.

$uv \quad s \infty u \quad u \downarrow$
 $(t \uparrow u)$

7. If you sense a massive touch going above your head, another touch may be about to shove you from behind. Jump aside.

$uv \quad \frac{t_1 \uparrow u}{(t_2 \uparrow u)} \quad u \downarrow$

8. If you have any time left over from following other instructions, close your eyes and go around with your hands in front of you, shoving touches whenever you feel them.

$uv \quad u \uparrow t$

NOW TRY INSTR. 8, REMEMBERING AND FOLLOWING THE OTHER INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT CLOSED EYES (INSTR. 4-7). WHEN YOU HAVE TO OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN, AS PER INSTR. 4, CHECK ANYTHING YOU FORGOT; AND THEN GO TO THE SUCCEEDING INSTRUCTIONS. NOW--CLOSE YOUR EYES.

THE NEXT THREE INSTRUCTIONS APPLY WHEN YOUR EYES ARE OPEN.

9. If you see a sight falling toward or about to step on another sight whose eyes are open, run until you face the sight on the ground and close your eyes. BEFORE YOU FOLLOW THIS INSTRUCTION YOU MUST HAVE MASTERED THE PRECEDING INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT CLOSED EYES.

$u \wedge \quad s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1 \uparrow s_2) \quad uv$

(Keep going)

10. If you see a sight about to tackle another whose eyes are open, run until you face the sight about to be tackled and jump over both sights. If the sight about to be tackled has closed eyes, you must immediately shadow them.

$u \wedge \quad \frac{s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1 \uparrow s_2)}{s_2 \vee \quad (s_1 \uparrow s_2)} \quad u \uparrow \frac{s_1 s_2}{u \infty s_2}$

11. If you see a sight about to push another with open eyes from behind, you must shadow the sight about to be pushed. But if the sight about to be pushed has closed eyes, you must immediately jump over both sights.

$u \wedge \quad \frac{s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1 \uparrow s_2)}{s_2 \vee \quad (s_1 \uparrow s_2)} \quad u \infty s_2$
 $u \uparrow \frac{s_1 s_2}{u \uparrow s_1 s_2}$

You must now put all the instructions into practice until you have learned them thoroughly by doing as they say. In other words, carry out Instr. 8, and the other instructions as they apply.

If you can't practice the instructions because you still have not seen a sight or felt a touch, skip directly to Page 18.

Learning the instructions in practice should take a good while. When you have mastered them, the first phase is over. Turn to Page 10 and begin the second phase.

9

You are now in the second phase of transforming yourself with the perception-dissociator. Throughout this phase, you must stoop or crouch somewhat. That is, you must keep yourself below the height of your neck when you stand straight--except when you jump over a sight. The symbol is $u_{\frac{3}{4}}$. $u_{\frac{3}{4}}v$ means that you crouch and close your eyes. Now crouch.

The numbered instructions for this phase are so similar to those in the preceding phase that they will be given in symbols only. Changes are noted parenthetically. You may turn back if you forget symbols.

1. $u_{\frac{3}{4}}^{\wedge} \wedge \quad s_2^v \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow$
2. $u_{\frac{3}{4}} \wedge \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow$
3. $u_{\frac{3}{4}} \wedge \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow$ (Change: component blows on you instead of shadowing you)
4. $u_{\frac{3}{4}} v \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow$ inactive
5. $u_{\frac{3}{4}} v \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow$
6. $u_{\frac{3}{4}} v \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow$
7. $u_{\frac{3}{4}} v \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow$
8. $u_{\frac{3}{4}} v \quad u \downarrow$

The big change comes next.

(Keep going)

$$9. \quad u_{\frac{3}{4}} \wedge \quad s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1, s_2) \quad u \downarrow \quad \text{and also} \\ u_{\frac{3}{4}} \wedge \quad s_2 v \quad (s_1, s_2) \quad u \equiv s_2$$

That is, if you see a sight falling or stepping on another sight with closed eyes, you must immediately blow on the sight on the ground. This is an addition.

$$10. \quad u_{\frac{3}{4}} \wedge \quad \frac{s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1, s_2)}{s_2 v \quad (s_1, s_2)} \quad \frac{u \downarrow s_2}{u \downarrow s_2}$$

$$11. \quad u_{\frac{3}{4}} \wedge \quad \frac{s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1, s_2)}{s_2 v \quad (s_1, s_2)} \quad \frac{u \equiv s_2}{u \downarrow s_2} \quad (\text{Change: you blow on } s_2.)$$

So far there have been only three changes in the instructions. Memorize them. Then go on to Instr. 12, which is new, and carry it out along with the other eleven instructions.

AS SOON AS YOU HAVE PUT ANY CHANGED INSTRUCTION (3, 9, OR 11) INTO PRACTICE, THE SECOND PHASE IS OVER. TURN TO PAGE 12 AND THE THIRD PHASE.

If you can't practice the instructions because all the components have vanished, skip to Page 18.

12. Adding to Instruction 8, if you have time left over from following other instructions, you may also keep your eyes open and jump over, blow on, or shadow sights.

$$u_{\frac{3}{4}} \wedge \quad \frac{u \downarrow s_1}{u \downarrow s_2} \\ u \equiv s$$

Throughout the third phase, you must squat or move on your hands and knees. That is, you must always keep yourself below the height of your waist when you stand straight--unless you are able to jump over a sight from your low position. The symbol is $u_{\frac{1}{2}}$. Now get down.

Instr. 1-7 from the last phase apply here without change. They are thus stated in the most abbreviated form.

- 1-3. $u_{\frac{1}{2}} \wedge \quad \frac{s_2^v \quad (t \downarrow u)}{s_2 \wedge \quad (t \downarrow u)} \quad u \downarrow$
- 4-7. $u_{\frac{1}{2}} v \quad \frac{(t \downarrow u) \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow}{u \downarrow s_2 \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad (t \downarrow u) \quad u \downarrow} \quad u \downarrow$

The biggest change comes next.

8. If you have any time left over, close your eyes and go around with your hands in front of you. If you encounter touches standing higher than you, tackle them. If you encounter touches as near the ground as you, shove them. You must be sensitive and judge heights with eyes closed.

$u_{\frac{1}{2}} v \quad \frac{u \downarrow}{u \downarrow} \quad (t > \text{ MEANS "IF } t \text{ STANDS HIGH RELATIVE TO YOU" })$
 $(t < \text{ MEANS "IF } t \text{ IS NEAR GROUND RELATIVE " })$

$$9. \quad \text{No change.} \quad u_{\frac{1}{2}} \wedge \quad \frac{s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1, s_2) \quad u \downarrow}{s_2 v \quad (s_1, s_2) \quad u \equiv s_2}$$

10. The previous Instr. 10 applies if s_2 is near the ground, that is, it applies unless s_2 is too high for you to jump or shadow it.

$$u_{\frac{1}{2}} \wedge \quad \frac{s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1, s_2) \quad u \downarrow s_2}{s_2 v \quad (s_1, s_2) \quad u \downarrow s_2}$$

(Keep going)

$$11. \quad u_{\frac{1}{2}} \wedge \quad s_2 \wedge \quad (s_1, s_2) \quad u \equiv s_2$$

The second half of the previous Instr. 11 is dropped.

Except for the instruction to tackle touches, the changes are simply limitations to make the instructions feasible for $u_{\frac{1}{2}}$. They should be easy to remember.

You will next go on to Instr. 12, and carry it out along with the other instructions. As soon as you encounter an actual situation where you cannot act because $u_{\frac{1}{2}}$, the third phase will be over. AT THAT POINT YOU MUST TURN TO PAGE 14 AND THE FOURTH PHASE.

If you can't carry out the instructions because all the components have vanished, the third phase is over. Turn to Page 14 and the fourth phase.

12. Adding to Instr. 8, if you have time left over, you may also keep your eyes open and blow on sights. You may also shadow or jump over sights unless they are too high.

$$u_{\frac{1}{2}} \wedge \quad \frac{u \equiv s}{s < \quad \frac{u \downarrow s}{u \downarrow s}}$$

You are in the fourth phase of perception-dissociation. Throughout this phase, you must crawl on your stomach (keep below knee height). The symbol is $u\frac{1}{2}$. Now get on the floor.

You can no longer be tackled, nor can you jump. Thus, the numbered instructions are greatly limited, and they will be restated fully.

THE FIRST TWO INSTRUCTIONS APPLY WHEN YOUR EYES ARE OPEN.

1. If you see a sight close its eyes, a touch may be falling or stepping on you, and you must immediately scramble aside.

$$u\frac{1}{2}\Lambda \begin{matrix} s_1\Lambda & s_1V \\ s_2\Lambda & (t/\Lambda) \end{matrix} u\downarrow$$

$$2. u\frac{1}{2}\Lambda \begin{matrix} t_1\equiv u \\ (t_2\downarrow u) \end{matrix} u\downarrow$$

THE NEXT THREE INSTRUCTIONS TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED.

3. When to reopen your eyes. $u\frac{1}{2}v \frac{t\downarrow u}{u \text{ inattentive}} u\Lambda$

4. If your closed eyes are shadowed, a touch may be falling or stepping on you. Scramble aside.

$$u\frac{1}{2}v \begin{matrix} s\infty u \\ (t/\Lambda) \end{matrix} u\downarrow$$

$$5. u\frac{1}{2}v \begin{matrix} t_1\downarrow \\ (t_2\downarrow u) \end{matrix} u\downarrow$$

$$6. u\frac{1}{2}v \begin{matrix} t_1 > u \\ t_2 & u\downarrow t \end{matrix}$$

TRY INSTR. 6, REMEMBERING AND FOLLOWING INSTR. 3-5. WHEN YOU HAVE TO REOPEN YOUR EYES AS PER INSTR. 3, CHECK ON ANYTHING YOU FORGOT. THEN GO TO PAGE 15. NOW--CLOSE YOUR EYES.

The rest of the instructions apply when your eyes are open.

$$7. u\frac{1}{2}\Lambda \begin{matrix} s_2\Lambda & (s_1/s_2) & uV \\ s_2V & (s_1/\Lambda_2) & u\infty s_2 \end{matrix}$$

If s_2 's eyes are closed, you must shadow them unless they are too high.

8. $u\frac{1}{2}\Lambda \ s\Lambda < (s_1\downarrow s_2) \ u\equiv s_2$
You blow on s_2 's hand unless it is too high.

9. Adding to Instr. 6, if you have time left over from following instructions, you may also shadow or blow on sights if they aren't too high.

$$u\frac{1}{2}\Lambda \ s < \frac{u\infty s}{u\equiv s}$$

You must now put these nine instructions into practice until you have learned them thoroughly in practice; and even continue after that until you have difficulty keeping your mind on the exhibit.

IF YOU CAN'T PRACTICE THE INSTRUCTIONS BECAUSE ALL THE COMPONENTS HAVE VANISHED, SKIP TO PAGE 18.

Otherwise, stay with this phase until you have difficulty keeping your mind on it. Then turn to Page 16 and the final phase of perception-dissociation.

14

15

16

17

You are now in the final phase of transforming yourself with the perception-dissociator. When you finish transforming yourself, you will have lost track of time, and will have ceased to notice sound. You will be dealing with sights and touches as unrelated phenomena; and you will be responding by reflex action to unconscious signals from "other people."

For this last phase, you will turn to Page 5. You will go through the symbols there in any order you like as if they were one long instruction, carrying out that instruction. You are to "use" each symbol once. There have been enough precedents in the interpretation of the symbols that you should now be able to interpret any combination of them. Continue to follow the previous numbered instructions as they apply, depending on whether you are 1, 3/4, 1/2, or 1/4. (But forget the instructions for time left over; you won't have any extra time.) REMEMBER THE INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT WHEN TO REOPEN YOUR EYES IF YOU CLOSE THEM.

When you are through, you will be transformed. NOW TURN TO PAGE 5 AND BEGIN.

If you have found these words and are reading them in desperation because you are completely confused; or because you have lost interest in the exhibit; or because you have finished; then you are transformed.

If you want to use the model to simulate the reversal of your transformation before you leave the exhibit, do the following. Spend 50 seconds erect, with open eyes, walking up to sights and pushing them--assuming that you will find touches where you see sights. Count the seconds "one-thousand-and-one," "one-thousand-and-two," etc.

Then you will close your eyes. If you are blown on or pushed before 250 seconds have passed, you will open your eyes and--assuming that you will find a sight where you were touched--you will shadow it. Otherwise you will open your eyes when the 250 seconds have passed. Now close your eyes and do as instructed.

It is now suggested that you leave the exhibit. Go out through the curtain.

THE TAROT

The Tarot is a set of symbols held in common. Their meaning is a shared meaning, however, when we become directly aware of what the symbolism means to us, we can use it. When the cards are shuffled, dealt, picked by chance and set in patterns the shared memory is actualized. Our individuality grows in proportion to the amount of unique perception and personal understanding we bring to the situation. Symbols are invested with the characteristics of the processes from which they are made. It is the attribute of a profound symbol that it evokes levels of meaning. In the Tarot cards the element of chance is introduced, each deal is a new contextual system. The Major Trumps always win when they appear in a hand but one must play out the Minor Trumps first. In a game of war played by two participants defeat for the enemy amalgamates two opposites. The Tarot is now played by one. We play against ourselves.

Sigmund Freud's method for looking beneath conscious thought into the world of dreams, the subconscious, represents man as two halves, one rational and the other vast, incomprehensible and dark. Carl Jung investigated an unconscious with occult implications. Occult thinkers divide man's consciousness into the Spirit, the Individuality and the Personality. The Personality is the awareness of one lifetime; the Individuality, the Karma, the working out of all lives. In Astrology the moon represents the personality and the subconscious—the moon is the ruler of dreams. The sun represents the individuality (the ego). The subconscious is associated with passion and earthly motivation while the unconscious is related to the cosmos. In a dream that Jung had when he was a young man there it is a description of the unconscious. He (Jung) is a hooded figure surrounded by swirling mists and fog. In his cupped hands he carries a tiny flame or lamp and as he looks back over his shoulder he sees a gigantic black shape following him. He realizes it is his shadow. Since man and his shadow are one, the ego (the flame) and the unconscious (the Shadow) are one. Freud and Jung began unweaving the symbolism of the unconscious. Many of their finds were arrived at intuitively, which led Jung to say that every encounter he had was unique. He also stated that during his investigation of the unconscious the one thing that helped him maintain his sanity was scientific method.

The study of the Tarot should be approached with the same honesty and consistency. There has been much dispute over the numbering of the Major Trumps. Whole systems have been built on numerical attributes of cards. These attributes are nominally derived from Hebrew letters. Parallels have been drawn from the 22 letter Hebrew Alphabet which is used as a representation of Hebrew wisdom and the 22 Major Trumps, usually ordered 1 to 22 or 0 to 21. To this way of thinking, the order of the cards is of prime importance. To me, it is confusing and since the cards are shuffled and the Minor Trumps are clearly marked as to numerical attributes, I will delate the numerical status for each of the Major Trumps until I can find a sound basis for their inclusion within the symbolism of the cards themselves.

One, as the first numeral, is unity. But it is also "The Unity", the oneness, individuality non-duality—not a numerical but a philosophical concept, an archetype, an attribute

of God, the monad. It is quite proper that the human intellect should make these statements; but at the same time the intellect is determined and limited by its conception of oneness and its implications. In other words, these statements are not arbitrary. They are governed by the nature of oneness and are therefore necessary statements. Theoretically, the same operation could be performed for each of the following conceptions of number, but in practice the process soon comes to an end because of the rapid increase in complications, which become too numerous to handle. Every further unit introduces new properties and new modifications. Thus, it is a property of the number four that equations can be solved, whereas equations of the fifth degree cannot. The necessary statement of the number four, therefore, is that, among other things, it is an apex and simultaneously the end of a preceding ascent. Since with each additional unit one or more new mathematical properties appear, the statements attain such a complexity that they can no longer be formulated.

There are more than four elements in most cards. In the Magician there is a total of ten. These elements form patterns of two, three, and four. Patterns are often repeated in the same card so one or more patterns of two and one or more patterns of three equals five. These patterns maintain continuity from card to card. They are not arbitrary because they have a visual counterpart which is the construction of the card. Two is a dichotomy sometimes expressed as a polarization akin to Ying and Yang. Three is the triangle, the three-in-one concept. Four is the square, mediation, conflict, and transition. Four is also the rectangle, triumph, the Christian cross. A generalization on these forms would represent the square as a symbol for the Pagan religions of the Middle East, the rectangle as a symbol for Christianity and the triangle as representative of Hebrew culture. Dichotomy represents all that is primitive.

Using this method the elements of the cards combine to form motifs. When we see the same motif repeated, we can attribute the same meaning to the motif wherever it appears. We can group together cards that have a numerical equivalent or a numerical progression and see if they belong together, if they make a family. There is an eighteenth century game called "transformations." The cards were designed in such a way that if the pack was laid out, each new card changed the design and the whole deck made a total configuration. The motif idea creates a finite set of variables and, as in Astrology, we interpret the motif in the card in which it is placed and then its relationship to other motifs; the last stage is synthesis, a judgement derived from the total configuration. In the traditional deck major elements are usually of the same size. There is a 1+1+1 relationship. However, for example, Justice is larger than the pillars whereas in the High Priestess, the pillars are larger than she is. They both have the same numerical attribute, three. In the High Priestess the triangle is inverted and in Justice the point of the triangle is directed upwards. The major elements in the cards are mirrored by the smaller ones. In the High Priestess the horns of Isis and the book in her lap intimate the down turned triangle; spiritual knowledge is channeled very slowly to earth. In Justice the balances and sword indicate penetration of the heavens by earthly knowledge. When these two triangles are superimposed the Hebrew symbol "that which is above is below" is revealed. We find this theme repeated in almost all the cards; our problem is to determine its character in reference to Justice and spiritual knowledge.

With this kind of understanding, we cannot accept numerical attributes of like number as always having the same meaning.

At first glance the Star and Temperance cards appear similar. Both picture a woman holding two urns of fluid. The names of the cards are important; they are a clue to the symbolism of the card. Only death is unnamed. Temperance must include a mixing of hot and cold, black and white for she is eternally resolving opposites. Temperance has wings. She is a supernormal agency. She is a passive administrator. In Temperance there is moderation, balance and conservation. Nothing is lost, nothing added. The Star is a card of distribution and dispersal. When we speak of the Star, we are speaking of the stars and their relation to humanity. In the card there are two pairs of three small eight-pointed stars. In the middle top there is a large eight pointed star incorporating the horizontal and vertical four associated with east, west, north and south. This cross is the solar cross and is the most prevalent symbol in the occult sciences. It has equal arms and therefore makes a square. It is called the solar cross because it is associated with the rising and setting of the sun. It forms the basic framework of the zodiac, the square in the circle, and yet is also the symbol for the Earth. Behind the large star are many points, rays. This indicates that this star is our sun and the superimposition of the earth is its mirror. The eight stars and the eight points suggest the Wheel of Fortune. Directly under the star is the first unclothed figure in the Tarot. She has a urn in each hand; the urn points downwards emptying water into a stream. She kneels at the edge of the stream, one knee downwards, the other in an upright position. She is in the ritualistic position seen in Egyptian wall paintings, but we see her from a almost full faced view in contrast to a lateral view. In Egyptian pictography this position indicates the giver and the taker and her positioning seems to have been borrowed to express just such an idea.

The card that precedes the Star is the Falling Tower. The lighting striking the tower, the figures falling make a circle. The Piscean age has been characterized as age of construction and destruction—this is also the meaning of The Tower. The Star is characterized by all the attributes of the Aquarian age. The nakedness of the woman in The Star links her to all natural processes—the water flowing in the stream, the plant life, the bird in the tree. She is dispersing the star's influence; without her its influence would have no meaning. She is the mediator between the heavens, and the vegetable and the animal. It is warm here, the stars we call cold are giving heat, sustenance. We are close to the heart of life—birth. In astrology, the ascendant is ascribed to the spirit; the ascendant is the moment of birth, the moment of addition. Temperance suggests that in death nothing is lost, just mixed, but in birth there is addition or dispersal—the soul separating itself, becoming an individual.

In the Moon card, it is cold. It is night and the only light is the reflected light of the moon. This card represents the subconscious, dreams and animal passions. The two towers of man on either side of the card are small and the windows are dark suggesting sleep. The moon's influence although cyclical is primordial and changeless and therefore very strong. Two dogs howl at the moon and from the moon drips blood. A scorpion or crayfish attempts to emerge from the dark pool at the bottom of the card. The Moon is full; all its characteristics are exalted. The crayfish, a creature changeless for thousand of years, armored, uninterested in the rays of the sun, emerges tonight to receive the full effect of the moon's rays. The dogs howl as if the vibrations from the moon pull at their insides. The Moon is associated with magic and all that is mysterious but it is a symbol of unreality. This is a card of almost total balance but soon the moon will be new and the cycle will repeat itself. Life governed entirely by the moon is life imprisoned as the crayfish and the dog.

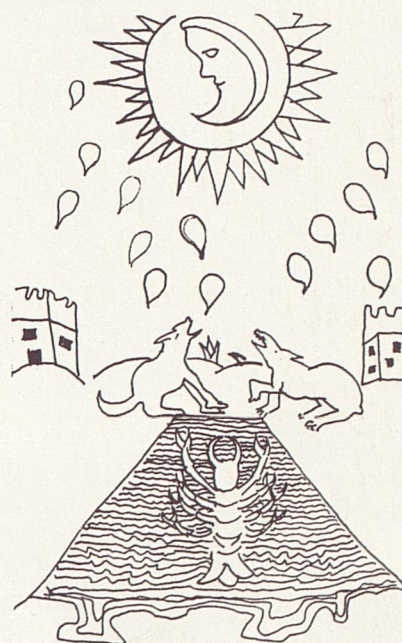
HOPE
EXPECTATION
PROMISE



UNFULFILLED HOPE
EXPECTATIONS
DISAPPOINTED

THE STAR

WARNING
TWILIGHT



DECEPTIONS
DREAMS

THE MOON

I-KON

I-KON



I-KON

I-KON

I-KON

I-KON



I-KON

I-KON