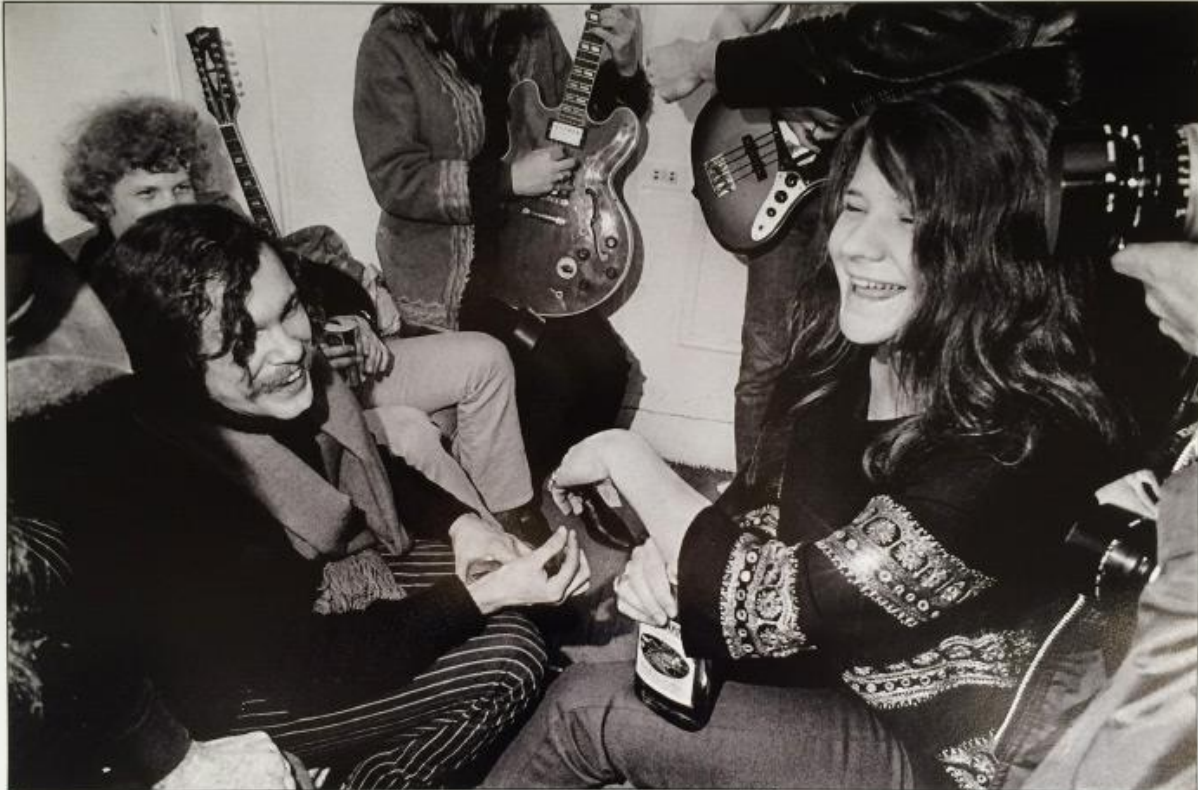


The Ed Sanders Archive

Including the Fugs, Peace Eye Bookstore, *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*, Allen Ginsberg, d.a. levy, Claude Pélieu, and John Sinclair



ED SANDERS, JANIS JOPLIN, FILLMORE EAST, NYC, 1968 OPENING NIGHT

Ed Sanders

Ed Sanders backstage at the Fillmore East with his friend Janis Joplin, March 8, 1968.

Introduction

The Ed Sanders Archive is a remarkable record of the legendary poet, writer, editor, publisher, activist, Fugs founder and icon of American counterculture. Beginning with his first poems written while he still lived in Missouri (1955), it encompasses all of Sanders' expansive life and career. The archive is a unique resource that allows for the exploration into Sanders' seminal contributions to the Mimeo Revolution and American poetry, as well as his legacy in the American underground and counterculture with his political activism and his music. The archive itself has long been spoken of by scholars as well as fans. Sanders organized the archive over a 10-year period. Due to its size it is housed in multiple buildings and locations at his and his wife Miriam's home in Woodstock, NY, where they have lived since 1974.

[Unless otherwise noted all quotes are from Ed Sanders' *Fug You: An Informal History of the Peace Eye Bookstore, the Fuck You Press, the Fugs, and Counterculture in the Lower East Side* (De Capo Press, 2011). Along with Ed Sanders' notes, *Fug You* served as the primary source for other information in the archive's prospectus.]

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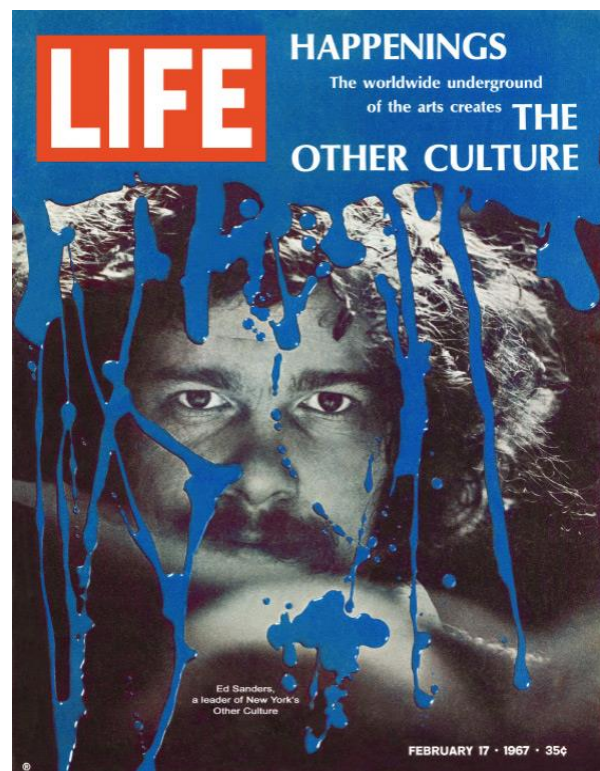
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Ed Sanders Biography



Left: Ed Sanders “flashing a mudra” taught to him by Allen Ginsberg in 1964. Right: “Ed Sanders, a leader of New York’s Other Culture.” *Life*, February 17, 1967.

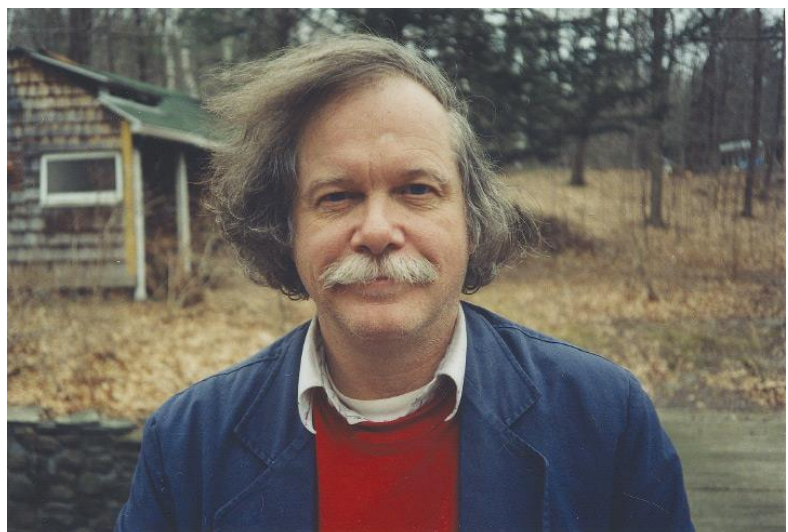
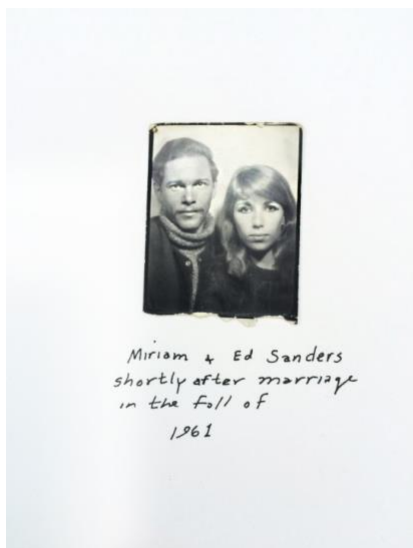
Ed Sanders (b. 1939) is a legendary poet, writer, editor, publisher, activist, musician and icon of American counterculture, but he says that he would prefer to be identified simply as a bard, “a poet who takes public stances” (Brooke Horvath, “Edward Sanders on His Fiction: An Interview.” *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*, Spring 1999, vol. 19, no.1).



Left: A very young Ed Sanders. Right: Ed at an anti-war demonstration in 1972.

After being the president of his high school class in Blue Springs, Missouri, Ed attended the University of Missouri. However, after a year he decided that he belonged in New York City and hitchhiked there to attend New York University. He majored in Greek (but studied Egyptian in his spare time) and met and married fellow student Miriam Kittell in 1961. Eventually, he became an essential part of the poetry and cultural activities in the city and forged life-long friendships with Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, Ron Padgett, Ted Berrigan, Anne Waldman, and many others. Sanders' political activism is renowned. In 1961, he participated in an act of civil disobedience during the commissioning of the Ethan Allen Polaris nuclear submarine in Groton, Connecticut. He tried swimming out and mounting a peace vigil atop its missile hatches, and after refusing to pay a fine, he was jailed. While in jail he wrote *Poem from Jail* (published by City Lights in 1963) on scraps of paper that he found. Sanders was also an instrumental member of the Yippies and organizer of the Festival of Life at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago.

In 1962, while hanging out at the *Catholic Worker* he typed out the stencils for the first issue of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*. He bought a small Speed-o-Print Mimeograph machine and printed the magazine with the tagline of "Total Assault on the Culture" from a "secret location on the Lower East Side" (Ed's New York City Lower East Side apartment). Daniel Kane said that *Fuck You* "was both microscopically local (talking about and publishing the works of the poetic community's main characters) and macroscopically ambitious" (Daniel Kane, *All Poets Welcome: The Lower East Side Poetry Scene in the 1960s*. University of California Press, 2003). The magazine, in its thirteen issues, obliterated the line between high and low art and between the sublime and the vulgar. Its radical politics included calls for, among other things, the legalization of marijuana, sexual liberation (including queer sex), pacifism, and nuclear disarmament. It published the work of John Ashbery, Carol Bergé, William S. Burroughs, Diane di Prima, Allen Ginsberg, Frank O'Hara, Taylor Mead, Lenore Kandel, Ray Bremser, John Wieners, Jackson Mac Low, Charles Olson, Joel Oppenheimer, Barbara Moraff, Michael McClure, and Herbert Huncke among many others.



Left: "Miriam & Ed Sanders shortly after their marriage in the fall of 1961." Right: A more recent photo of Ed, taken by Miriam Sanders, in their Woodstock backyard.

In 1964, Ed Sanders moved his mimeograph machine to an old kosher butcher shop at 383 East 10th Street (between Avenues B and C) and opened the Peace Eye Bookstore. Peace Eye quickly became a vital gathering spot for a Lower East Side community of writers, artists, musicians, poets, members of the alternative press, political activists, and outsiders. In January 1966, Peace Eye was the target of a police raid and Ed Sanders was arrested and charged with obscenity. With the help of the ACLU he was acquitted of all charges.

Around the same time, after watching Robert Creeley and Amiri Baraka (then LeRoi Jones) dancing to the jukebox at Dom, on St. Mark's Place, Ed Sanders proclaimed to Tuli Kupferberg, "We'll set poetry to music." Tuli agreed and the two formed the Fugs. Robert Christgau, writing in the *Village Voice*, declared the band "Lower East Side's first true underground band" (Robert Christgau, "Teach Yourself Fugging: The Lower East Side's First Underground Band Refuses to Burn Out." *Village Voice*, Feb. 26, 2002). The band's early albums (18 have been released to date) were with Folkways and ESP labels. The Fugs' second album (released in March 1966) with liner notes by Allen Ginsberg appeared on the record charts at number 89. The band's most active years were between 1965 and 1970, when they toured extensively, often appearing at anti-war activities and other political events. During that time they also had a run of over 700 performances at the Players Theatre in New York City.

In 1969, Sanders began his research into the Tate-LaBianca murders and Charles Manson. The research became *The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion* (1971). The book was the first authoritative telling of the Charles Manson saga. It is not only a classic of true-crime fiction, but also the "culmination and a watershed for Sanders, as Manson had shattered illusions about the natural goodness of the new youth and exposed the limitations of Yippie 'Free'" (George F. Butterick, "Ed Sanders," in *The Beats: Literary Bohemians in Postwar America*, ed. Ann Charters, 1983). *The Family* is "an amalgam of rhetorical and stylistic strategies — Sanders' personal, hybrid record not only of the Manson saga but of his own mission as counterculture detective" (Thomas Myers, "Rerunning the Creepy-Crawl: Ed Sanders and Charles Manson." *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*, vol.19, no. 1, Spr. 1999). It would also lead Sanders to his seminal and influential manifesto on "Investigative Poetry." After more than 45 years, Sanders revisited the Tate-LaBianca murders in his recent *Sharon Tate: A Life* (De Capo Press, 2016).

Ed Sanders further developed his ideas about "Investigative Poetry" and presented them at Naropa Institute (now Naropa University) in 1975. They were published as a book by City Lights the following year. His books *Chekhov* (Black Sparrow, 1995), *1968: A History in Verse* (Black Sparrow, 1997), *The Poetry and Life of Allen Ginsberg* (Overlook, 2000), and *America: A History in Verse* (5 vols., Black Sparrow, 2000) all follow his "investigative poetry" practice.

In 1974, following the success of *The Family*, wishing "in part to escape the geeky, confusion rife, quasi-violent world of 1970s New York leftist factionalism," the Sanders family moved to Woodstock. (Kevin Ring, "Thirsting for Peace: An Interview With Ed Sanders." *Beat Scene*, no. 17, Autumn 1993). There, he has become a fixture of the Woodstock political and cultural scene where he and Miriam continue to flourish.

Sanders has had more than 20 books published, including 4 volumes of *Tales of Beatnik Glory* (Stone Hill, 1974, Citadel Underground, 1990, and Thunder's Mouth, 2004); *1968: A History in Verse* (Black Sparrow, 1997); *The Poetry and Life of Allen Ginsberg* (Overlook, 2000); *The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion* (Dutton, 1971); and *Chekhov* (Black Sparrow, 1995). Other books include: *Let's Not Keep Fighting the Trojan War: New and Selected Poems 1986–2009* (Coffee House, 2009); his memoir of the 1960s, *Fug You: An Informal History of the Peace Eye Bookstore, the Fuck You Press, the Fugs, and Counterculture in the Lower East Side* (Da Capo, 2011); *Sharon Tate: A Life* (Da Capo, 2016); 5 volumes (projected to be 9) of *America: A History in Verse* (Black Sparrow, 2000, Godine 2004); and *A Book of Glyphs* (Granary Books, 2015).

Ed Sanders has been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship in poetry, a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship in verse, an American Book Award for *Thirsting for Peace in a Raging Century: Selected Poems 1961–1985*, and the 2012 PEN Oakland Josephine Miles Literary Award, as well as other accolades for his writing. In 2015, Ammiel Alcalay and Kendra Sullivan curated the exhibition, "Seeking the Glyph: Edward Sanders" (Poets House, New York City) that featured Sanders' glyphic work from 1962 to the present.

Writing about Sanders, Terrence Diggory said: "His genius for inventive bold satire and poetic craftsmanship and his ceaseless desire to integrate literature, performance, and history ensure his unique place among American authors of the past 40 years" (Terrence Diggory, *Encyclopedia of the New York School Poets*, 2nd ed. Facts on File, 2013). The cover of *Lifemagazine* hailed him as a leader of "The Other Culture" (*Life*, February 17, 1967).

Archive Summary



Two views of The Ed Sanders Archive contained in the “green-colored baby barn” on a beautiful summer day in Woodstock, New York in 2015.

Over a ten-year period Ed Sanders organized his archive and created *The Archive of Edward Sanders*, a 219-page finding aid/inventory/narrative document. It not only details the archive’s contents, but also its location at Ed and Miriam Sanders’ Woodstock home: “1. a green-colored baby barn; 2. the ‘studio,’ a room located to the left of the front of a two-car garage. The studio has an entrance door facing the driveway; 3. the two-car garage, which is almost totally given over to archive storage; 4. a gray-colored baby barn; 5. the five-room house containing filing cabinets, shelves, and boxes containing archive items; and 6. the ‘duck barn,’ a small building across the creek.”

The archive contains approximately 354 boxes (primarily “bankers boxes”), 54 spring binders (exceeding 8,300 pages), 39 3-ring binders, 27 archival boxes, 10 photo boxes, 23 boxes of audio and video tapes, 7 filing cabinets, approx. 60 books, 21 shelf-feet of alphabetical and chronological files, 1 mimeograph machine, 11 electronic musical instruments (The Electronic Bard System), the Peace Eye Bookstore sign, and assorted other items.

The Fugs



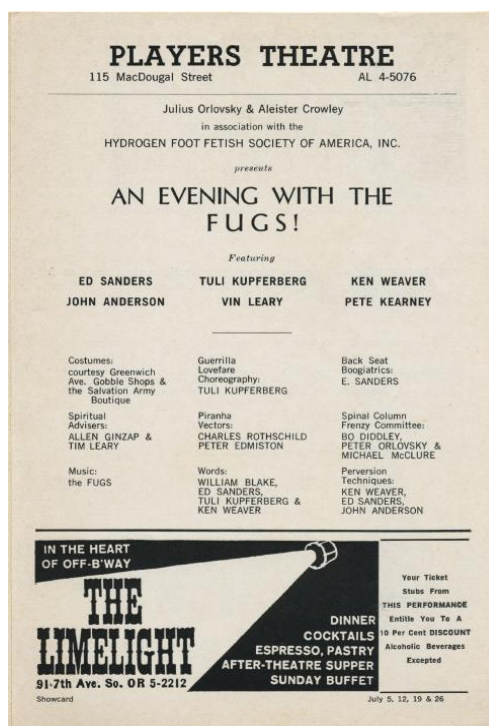
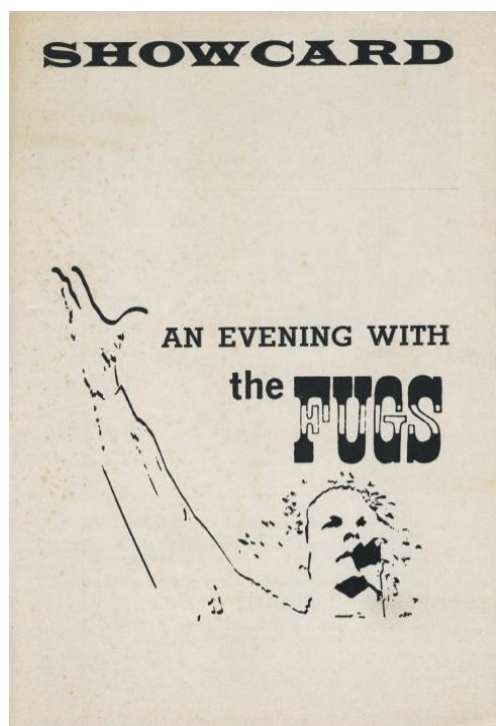
Publicity photo of the Fugs in a Greenwich Village park in the summer of 1966.

In 1964, after watching Robert Creeley and Amiri Baraka (then LeRoi Jones) dancing to the jukebox at the Dom, Ed Sanders proclaimed to Tuli Kupferberg, "We'll set poetry to music." Tuli agreed and the two went on to form the Fugs.

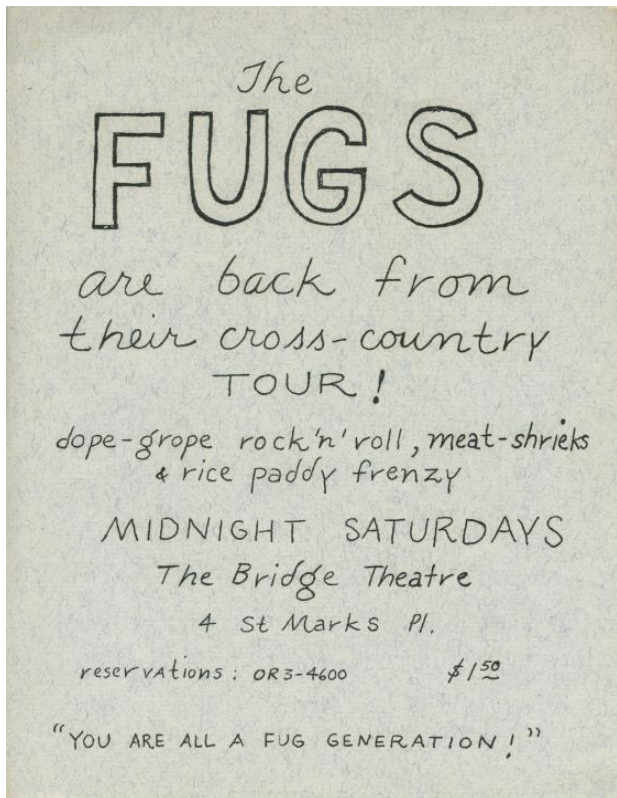
Sanders explains: "We drew inspiration for the Fugs from a long and varied tradition going all the way back to the dances of Dionysus in the ancient Greek plays and the 'Theory of the Spectacle' in Aristotle's *Poetics* and moving forward to the famous premiere performance of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* in 1896, to the poèmes simultanés of the Dadaists in Zurich's *Cabaret Voltaire* in 1916, to the jazz-poetry of the Beats, to Charlie Parker's seething sax, to the silence of John Cage, to the calm pushiness of the Happening movement, to the songs of the civil rights movement, and to our belief that there were oodles of freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution that were not being used."

Robert Christgau, the "dean of American Rock criticism," writing in the *Village Voice* declared that the band was the "Lower East Side's first true underground band" (Robert Christgau, "Teach Yourself Fugging: The Lower East Side's First Underground Band Refuses to Burn Out." *Village Voice*, February 26, 2002) and Ben Ratliff in the *New York Times* called them "a scabrous, joyous, poetic-satiric, sort-of rock band" (Ben Ratliff, "Present at the Counterculture's Creation." *New York Times*, January 11, 2012).

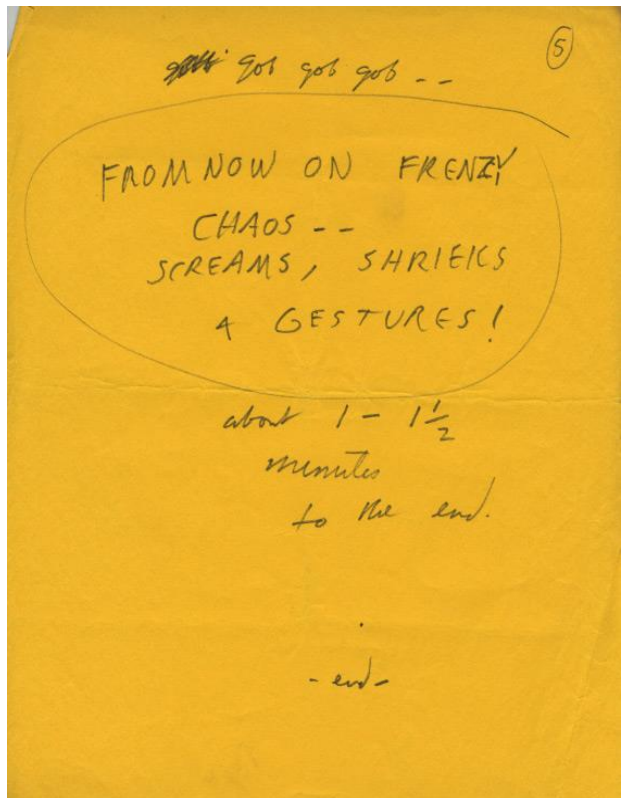
Ed Sanders has saved and collected items that document all aspects of the Fugs' creative life. Those documents place the Fugs not only within American musical history, but also within American poetic and cultural history. Included in *The Ed Sanders Archive* are five boxes of Fugs photos, 13 boxes that document the complete history of the Fugs (1965–2010), and approximately 7 boxes of master tapes for Fugs albums, CDs, as well as live performance and demo tapes. In addition, Sanders has collected approximately 200 tapes of songs by fellow poet and Fug, Tuli Kupferberg (many unique and currently unreleased).



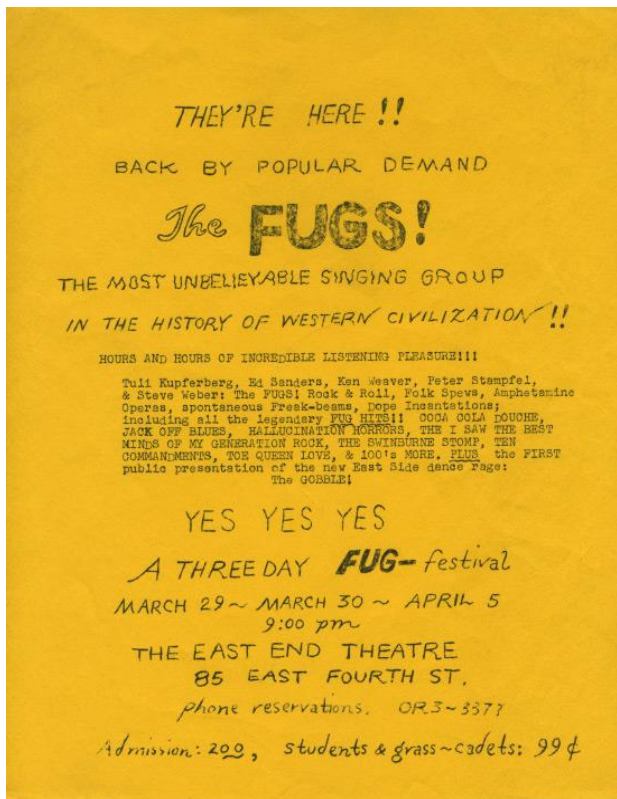
Program from the Fugs' very successful run of over 700 performances, during 1966 and 1967 at the Players Theatre (Café Wha? was located in the building's basement) on MacDougal Street. During the fall and summer the band played three nightly weekend shows often to full or sold out audiences. "An Evening with the Fugs!" was presented by "Julius Orlovsky & Aleister Crowley in association with the Hydrogen Foot Fetish Society of America, Inc."



"The Fugs are back from their cross-country tour / dope-grope rock 'n' roll, meat shrieks & rice paddy frenzy" flyer, 1965. Designed and printed by Ed Sanders at Peace Eye.



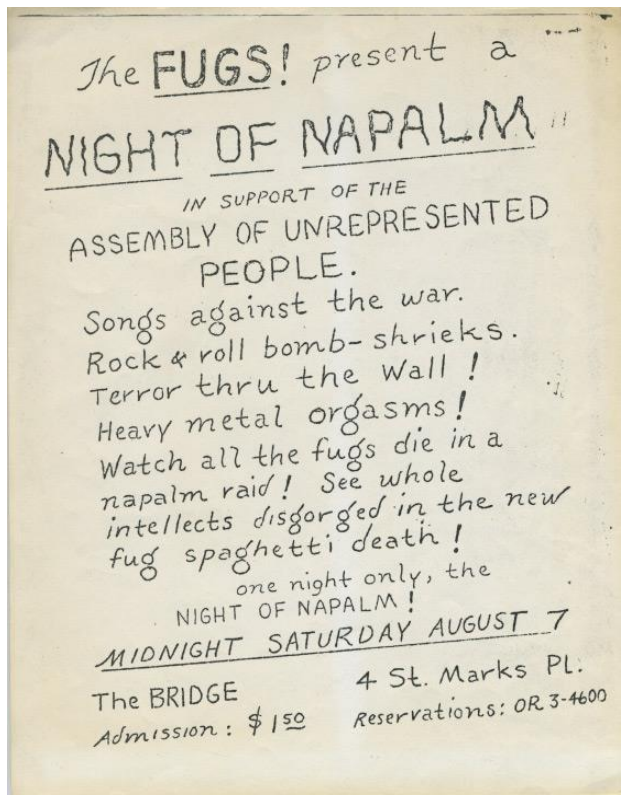
Last page of Ed Sanders' 5 pages of handwritten notes for the hoped for underground dance sensation, "The Gobble," 1964 or early 1965.



Flyer for a three-day Fug Festival, The Last End Theatre, New York City, March 29, 30 and April 5, 1965.

"THEY'RE HERE!! Back by popular demand, The Fugs! The most unbelievable singing group in the history of Western civilization!!"

The festival "featured the world premiere of what we actually hoped might become an underground dance sensation: 'The Gobble.' Unfortunately, it

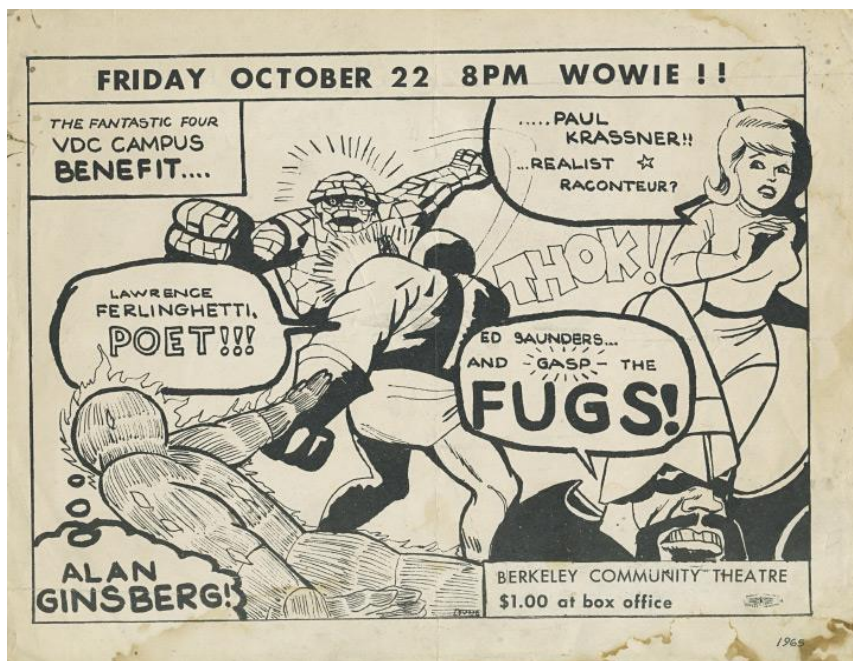


Flyer for the Fugs benefit performance at "A Night of Napalm" at The Bridge, New York City, August 7, 1965. Designed and printed by Ed Sanders at Peace Eye.

"[W]e enacted what we called "The Fugs Spaghetti Death." We had boiled pot after pot of spaghetti at Betsy Klein's apartment that afternoon until we had almost an entire wastebasket full of spaghetti. We threw globs of the spaghetti at one another and at the audience. It was all over the stage, and we began to slip, slide, and fall.

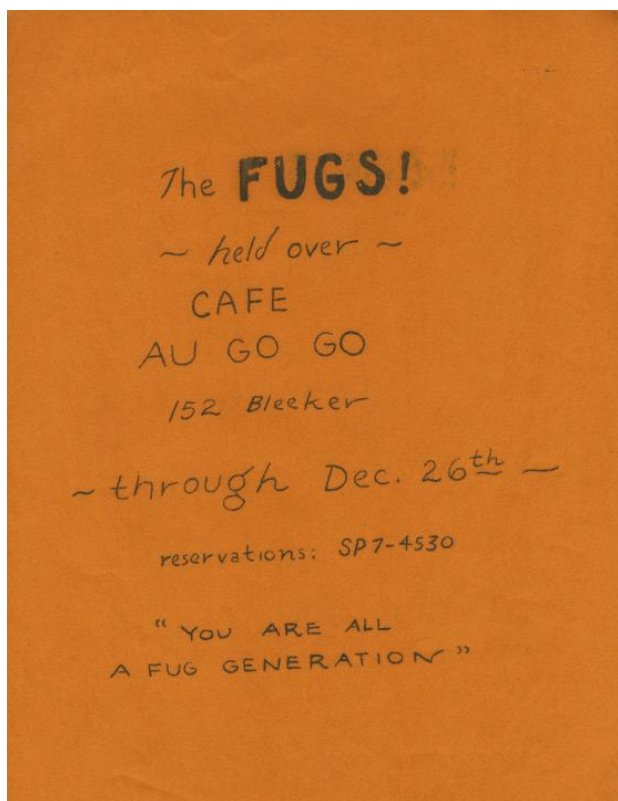
was about forty years ahead of its time." Designed and printed by Ed Sanders at Peace Eye.

I spotted Andy Warhol in the front row. It appeared that he was wearing a leather tie—then blap! I got him full face with a glob of spaghetti."



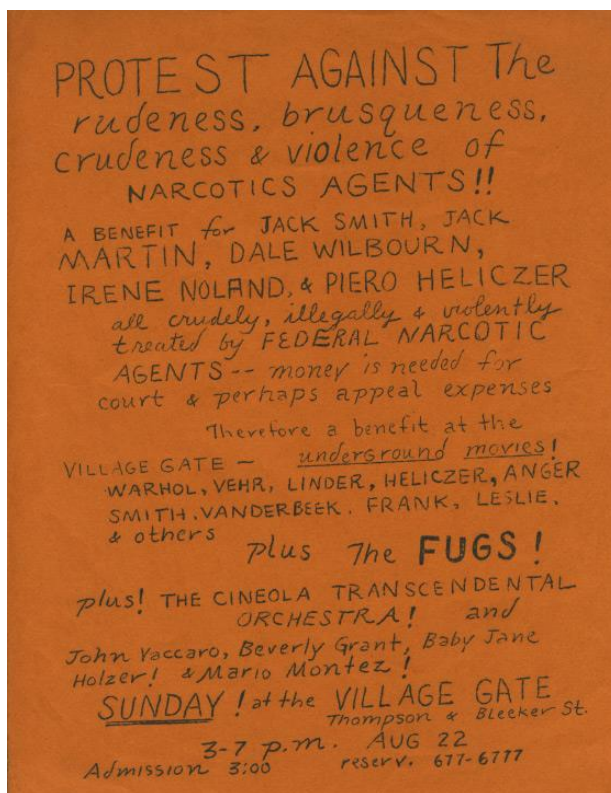
Flyer for Vietnam Day Committee campus benefit, Berkeley Community Theatre, 1965.

"Friday October 22 8PM Wowie !! The Fantastic Four VDC [Vietnam Day Committee] Campus Benefit ... Featuring Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Alan [sic] Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Ed Sanders and *gasp* the Fugs."



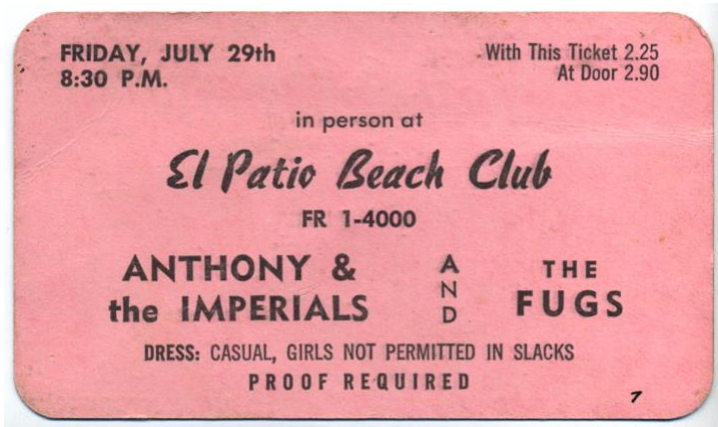
Flyer for the Fugs' performance at Café Au Go Go, December 26, 1965. Designed and printed by Ed Sanders at Peace Eye.

"For me the weeks The Fugs played the Cafe Au Go Go were a time of wonderment."



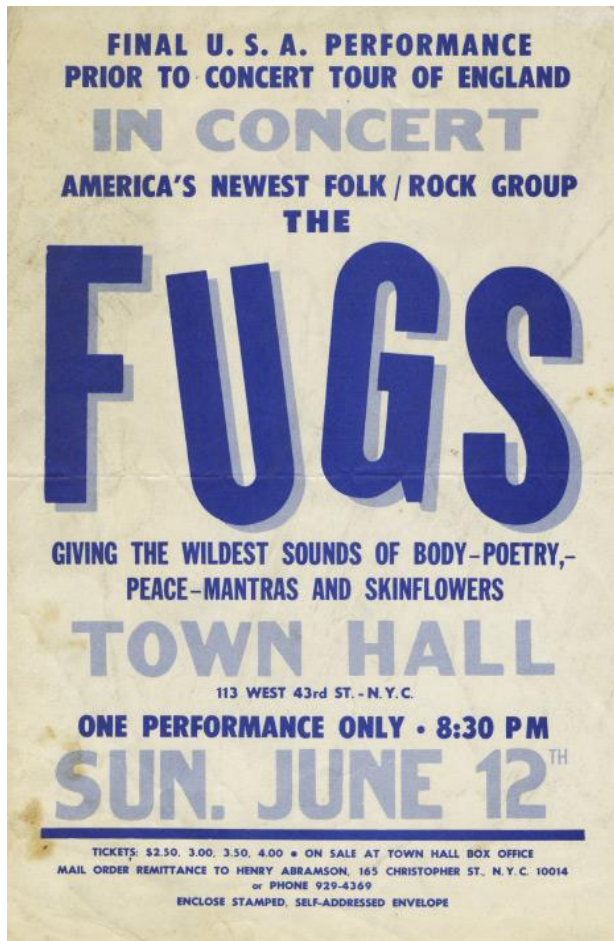
Flyer for "A Benefit for Jack Smith, Jack Martin, Dale Wilbourn, Irene Noland, & Piero Heliczzer" featuring the Fugs at the Village Gate, August 22, 1965. Designed and printed by Ed Sanders at Peace Eye.

"Protest against the rudeness, brusqueness, crudeness & violence of Narcotics Agents!!"



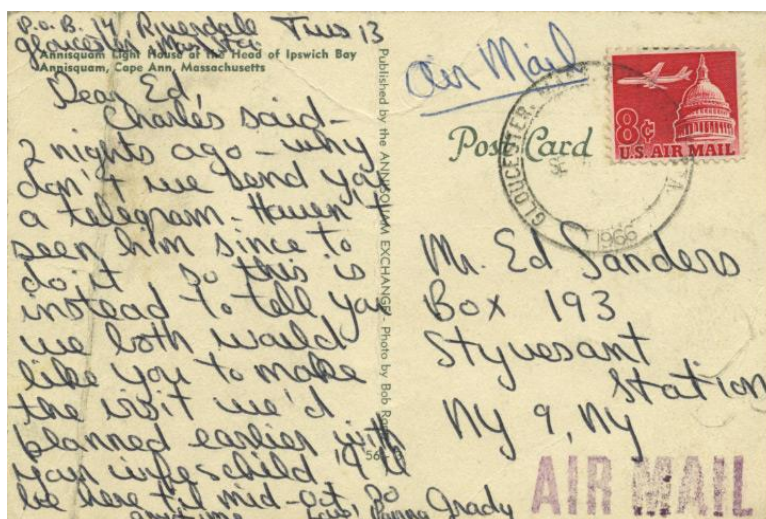
Ticket for the Fugs double bill with Anthony & the Imperials, at El Patio Beach Club, Lido Beach, New York, July 29, 1966.

“One interesting gig for The Fugs the summer of '66 was at the El Patio Beach Club, billed as a ‘College Mixer’ with Little Anthony and the Imperials. ‘Girls not permitted in slacks,’ the ticket read. It was exciting to share the bill with the creators of top-ten classics such as the doo-wop ‘Tears on My Pillow’ of '58 and 1960’s ‘Shimmy, Shimmy, Ko Ko Bop.’”



Poster for the Fugs “Final U.S.A. Performance Prior to Concert Tour of England,” Town Hall, New York City, June 12, 1966.

According to the poster: “The Fugs giving the wildest sounds of body-poetry,—peace-mantras and skinflowers” uptown at Town Hall, June 12, 1966. The band was given a very positive review by the *New York Times*’ Robert Shelton: “While obviously far out by most accepted standards of popular music, the Fugs are clever, biting and effective satirists. In settings of poems by William Blake and Charles Olson, they showed a gentler nature. While not for every taste, the group can be commended for its originality, courage and wit.”



Postcard from Panna Grady to Ed Sanders, September 13, 1966.

Ed was a friend of socialite Panna Grady, often attending parties at her apartment in The Dakota. He worked hard at getting Charles Olson together with Panna and finally succeeded. She sent Ed this postcard from Gloucester saying: “Charles [Olson] said—two nights ago—why don’t we send you a telegram—haven’t seen him since to do it so this is instead to tell you we both would like to make the visit we’d planned earlier with your wife and child. I’ll be here till mid-Oct., so anytime.”



A Fugs publicity photo from 1966. Left to right: Ed Sanders, Lee Crabtree, Pete Kearey, John Anderson, Vinny Leary, and Ken Weaver. Photo: Tim Boxer.

It's war on all fronts. "Breakthrough in the Grey Room" says Burroughs — he meant the Brain. "Total Assault on the Culture" says Ed Sanders. The United States is walk down the middle. On one side are everybody who make love with their eyes open, maybe smoke pot & maybe take LSD & look inside their heads to find the Self-God Walt Whitman prophesied for America. "Fool said the Muse, look in your heart and write." Dylan goes beyond: "Catch me disappearing in the smokings of my mind." I say, I'm confused, I'm frightened, I don't know. Who's on the other side? People who think we are bad. Other side? No, let's not make it a war, we'll all be destroyed, we'll go on suffering till we die if we take the War Door. Yogi and Beatles say there is no other side — "We can get along." Can't we? I say we can get along. People in there think sex, body loves are bad — I say make love to them. They need it most. We all have to be funny saints to survive. Birches are lacklove, Republicans and Democrats too are lacklove, Communists lack love, Narco, fuzzi and White South Governors lack love. "Turn on the love freak beam vectors. — zap zap total assault!" says Sanders.

Now, sings Sanders and the Fugs come camping and screaming along, out in the open where every ear can hear the soul politics ecstasy message — They've put it in Front. It was behind Rock all along, from the beginning in Nigeria where Spades danced to the vibration in the belly made by drums worshipping Yoruba God Changó the Penis our Creator. The message moved with the slaves up the Mississippi, like, Jazz was always an underground ecstatic religion just like it used to be in Africa. It crossed the Atlantic from Harlem to Liverpool and in the Cavern & Sink the teenage sexified children of Mersey dance in circles a community like darkest Africa, and worshipping Changó George and all the rest of the beautiful Changos. It made England shake its ass, and that also is the first lesson in Indian Yoga — wakening the Muladhara Chakra, the center of self between anus and gee machine. It saved England, which now has long hair and worships the "Naked Human Form Divine" — Blake prophesied that centuries ago, it's all coming true. America rocks, but the message was still unclear, the humane Self-joy physical vibration didn't find the right words till Dylan began to sing his mysteries.

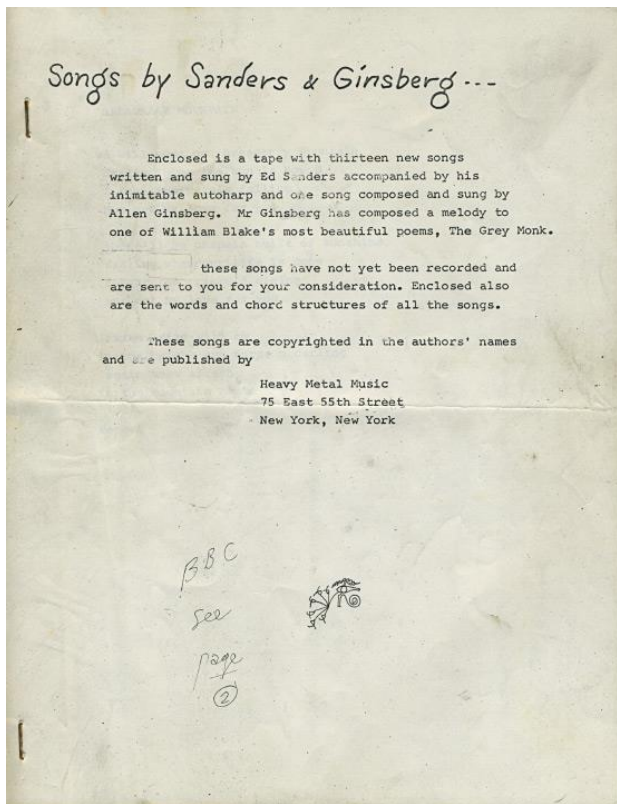
The Fugs came to tell the truth that was only dreamy till they opened their mouths for Whitmanic orgy yawn! Group Grope, Dirty Old Man, Skin Flowers and Frenzy! Teenagers rise up and understand! When they scream "Kill For Peace" they're announcing publicly the madness of our white haired crazy governments. They're telling the whole nasty Military Secret out loud, where every ear shall hear, like it says in the beautiful Bible, Dirty Old Man? Who said he was dirty, some other dirty old man masturbating in the bathroom with one hand and hypnotizing you with the Network official News thru a microphone in the other hand? Coming Down! A moment of honesty, sure we all suffer because of the mass of hate broadcast in this country. It's worse than any other synthetic drug! It's all been secret till now, the mess our Country's soul is in, now the Fugs expose the whole bring down with their blast of Joy — Doing All Right says the Bearded one! The Bible says that when Christ comes back, "every eye shall see." Now every ear can hear, and when the Fugs break thru the monopoly blockade and their image is broadcast on National Television, every kid in America and most white haired old suffering men will turn them on with Relief at last and every eye shall see.

ALLEN GINSBERG
6 March '66

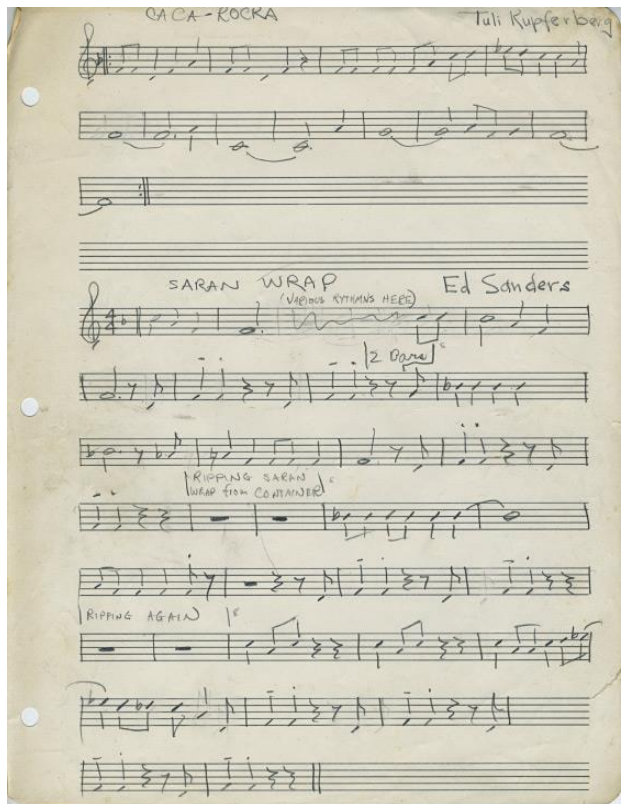


The Fugs playing at Astor Place Playhouse, New York City, spring 1966. Left to right: Peter Kearney, Vinny Leary, Ken Weaver, Ed Sanders, Tuli Kupferberg, and Lee Crabtree. Photo: Tim Boxer.

Proof of Allen Ginsberg's liner notes for the Fugs' second album, *The Fugs*, 1966. (Re-released on CD in 1993 as *The Fugs Second Album*.)



Title page for *Songs by Sanders & Ginsberg*, ca. 1965.

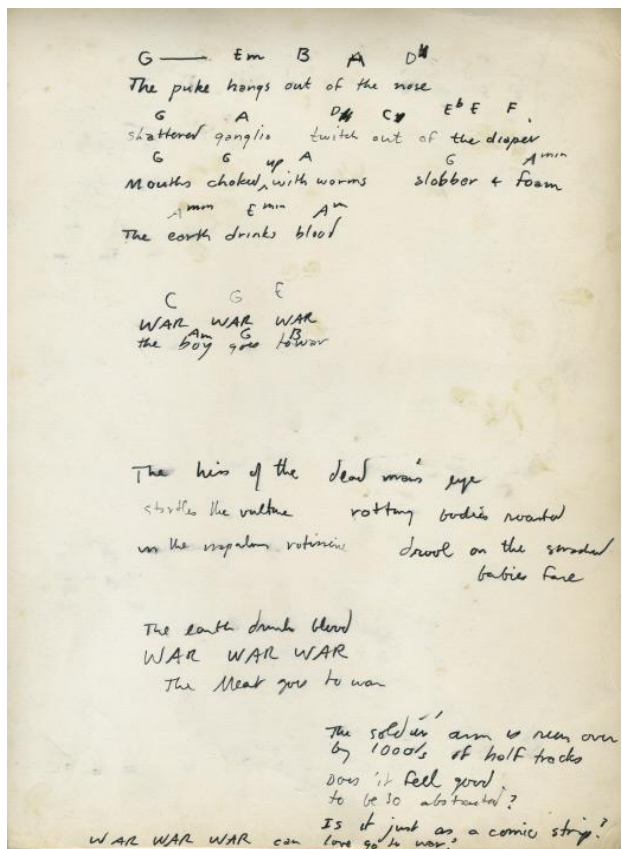


Music sheet for "Saran Wrap" by Ed Sanders, released on *The Fugs First Album*.

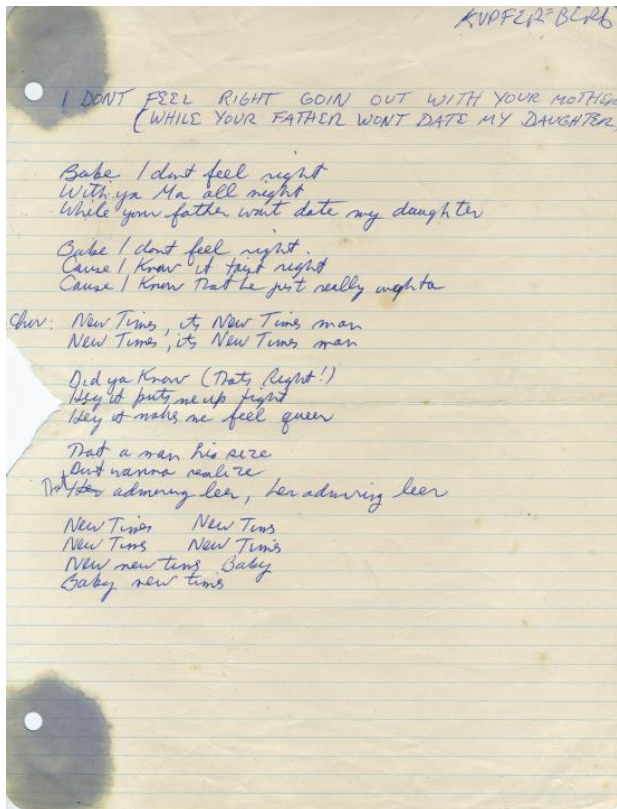
"[A] tape with thirteen songs written and sung by Ed Sanders accompanied by his inimitable auto harp and one song composed and sung by Allen Ginsberg. Mr. Ginsberg has composed a melody to one of William Blake's most beautiful poems, 'The Grey Monk,' " Was sent with the book.



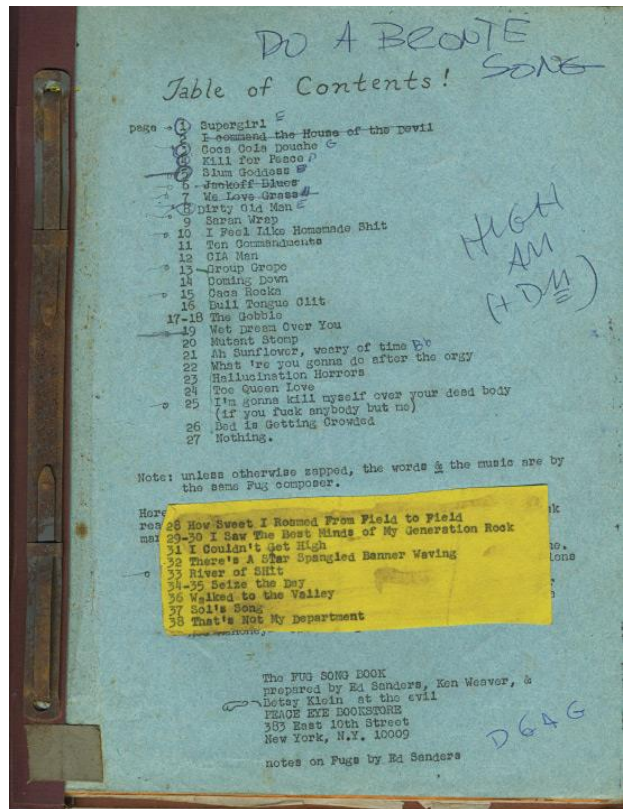
Lead sheet for "Slum Goddess" by Ken Weaver, released on *The Fugs First Album*.



Ed Sanders' handwritten chords and lyrics for "The War Song," released on the Fugs 1968 *Tenderness Junction*.



"I Don't Feel Right Goin Out with Your Mother (While Your Father Wont Date My Daughter)," handwritten lyrics by Tuli Kupferberg.

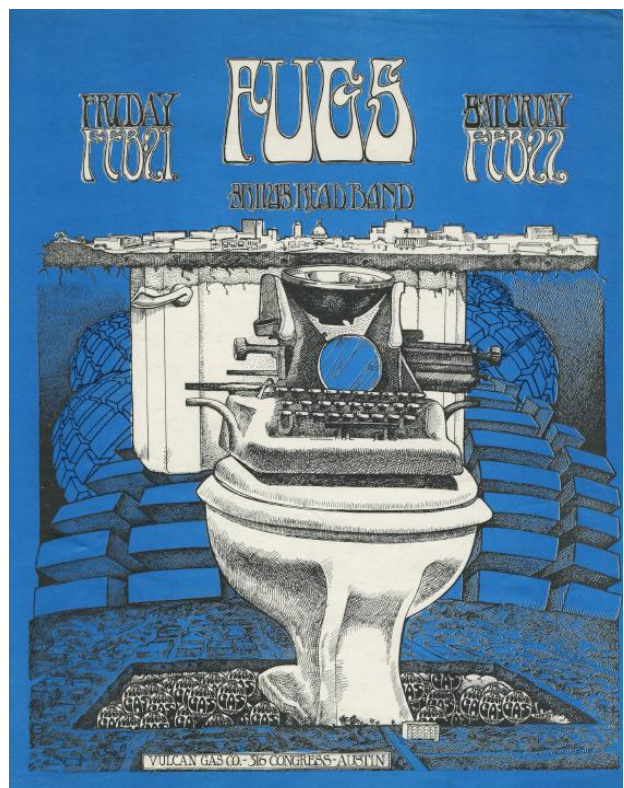


"The Fug Song Book, prepared by Ed Sanders, Ken Weaver, & Betsey Klein at the evil Peace Eye Bookstore," 1966.

This is one of two binders containing the Fugs performance lyrics, 1965–1966. This one belonged to Lee Crabtree, the Fugs' drummer.

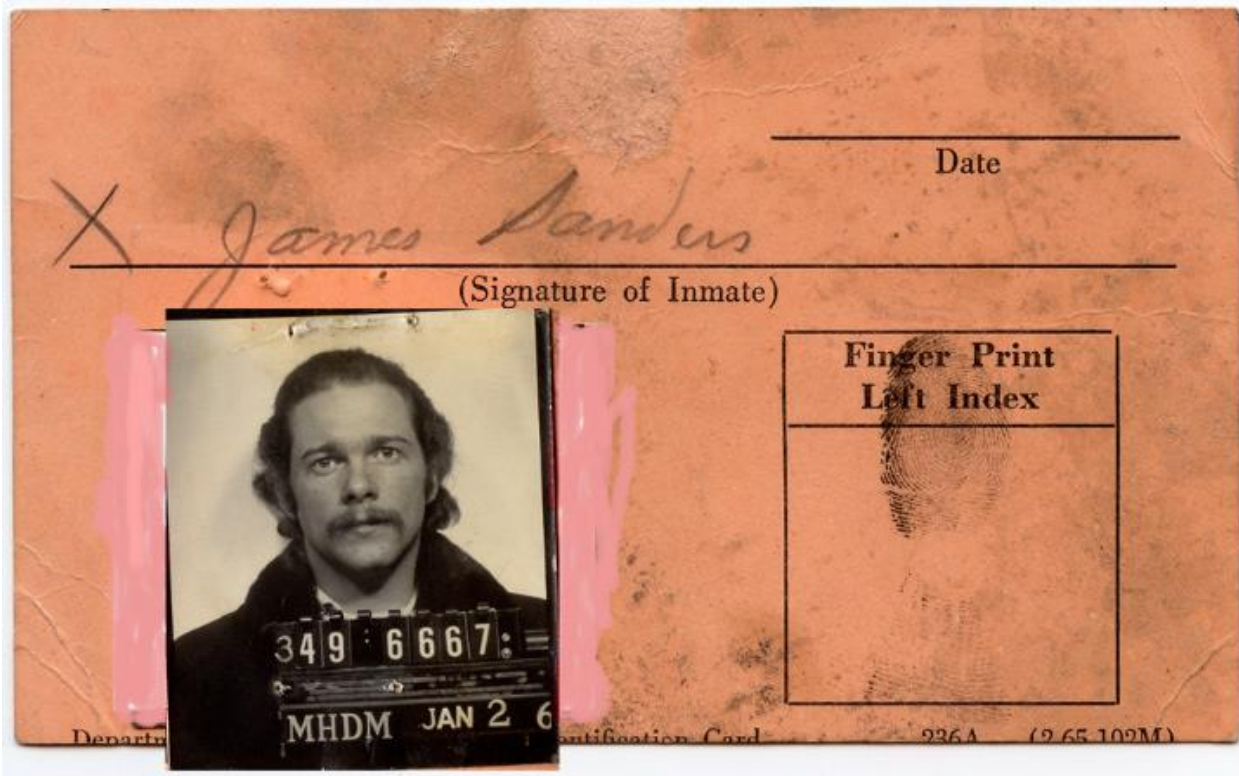


Poster for the Fugs playing with Allen Ginsberg and Country Joe MacDonald at the Byrdcliffe Barn, Woodstock, August 13 and 14, 1989.



Poster for the Fugs playing with Shiva's Headband at the Vulcan Gas Co., Austin, February 22, 1969. Artwork by Jim Franklin.

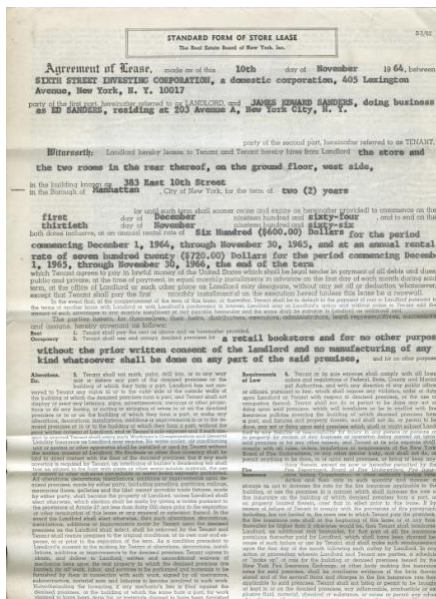
Peace Eye Bookstore, 1964–1970



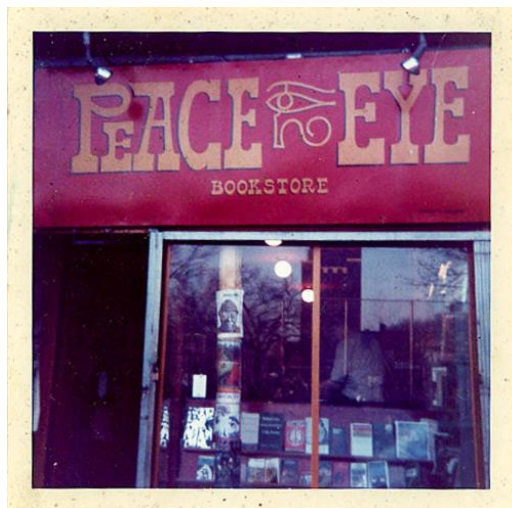
Ed Sanders' mug shot after the Peace Eye bust by the New York City police, January 2, 1966.

In 1964, Ed Sanders moved his trusty Gestetner mimeograph machine (included in the archive) to an old kosher butcher shop at 383 East 10th Street (between Avenues B and C), and opened the Peace Eye Bookstore. Peace Eye quickly became a vital gathering spot for a Lower East Side community of writers, artists, musicians, poets, members of the alternative press, political activists, and outsiders. Among the many activities percolating at Peace Eye were the founding of the Committee to Legalize Marijuana (LeMar) by Ed Sanders and Allen Ginsberg, the organizing of possibly America's first demonstrations calling for the legalization of marijuana; and what is often considered the first underground comic art exhibition with work by Robert Crumb, Spain Rodriguez, Kim Deitch, Art Spiegelman and others.

The history of all aspects of this vital cultural landmark, including the infamous 1966 police raid and arrest of Ed Sanders for obscenity, is thoroughly documented in the archive.



The two-year lease that began December 1, 1964, for the storefront at 383 East 10th

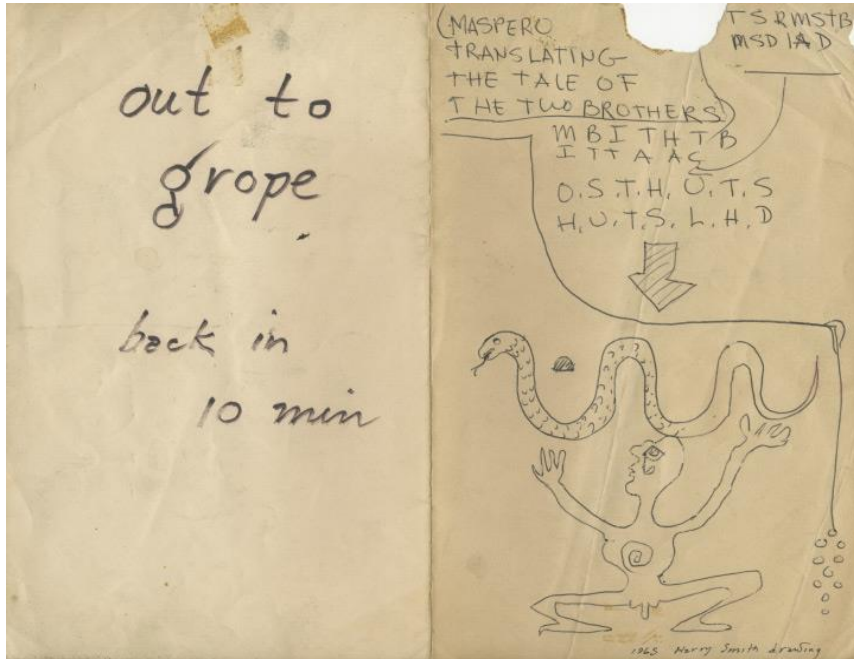


Snapshot of the second iteration of Peace Eye Bookstore, 1968.

In the winter of 1968, Sanders decided to move Peace Eye from its location on East 10th Street to the offices of the *East Village Other* at 147 Avenue A, between 9th and 10th. His friend and artist Spain Rodriguez painted the

Street, with the beginning rent of \$600 a year.

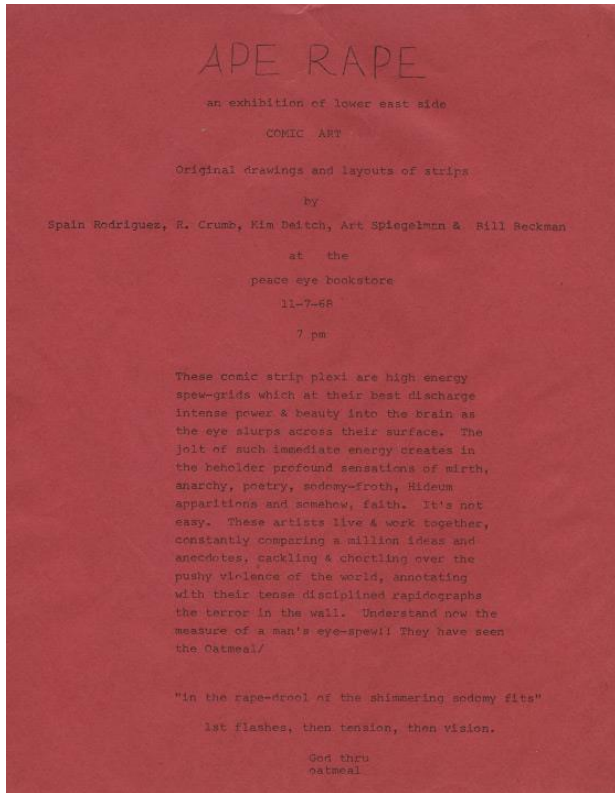
approximately 3 by 8 foot store sign (which is in the archive).



"Out to Grope" sign for Peace Eye with addition by Harry Smith, 1965.

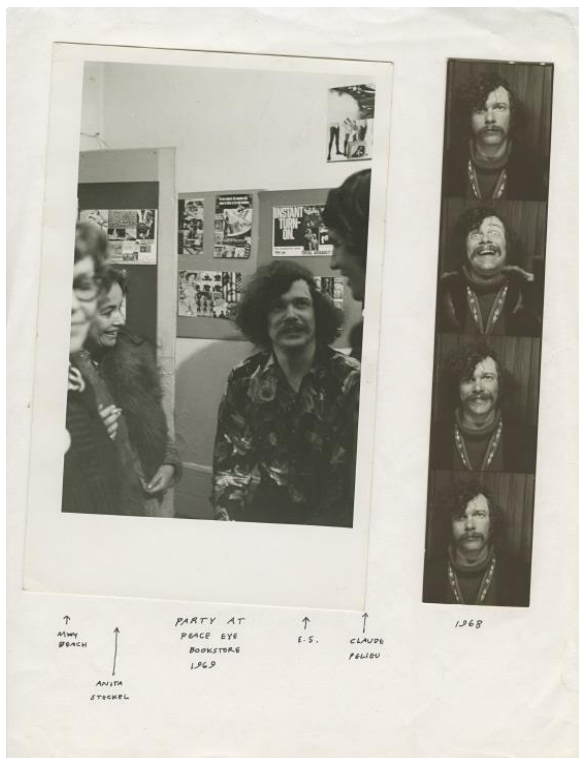


Contact sheet showing Ed Sanders and the comic art show at Peace Eye, 1968.



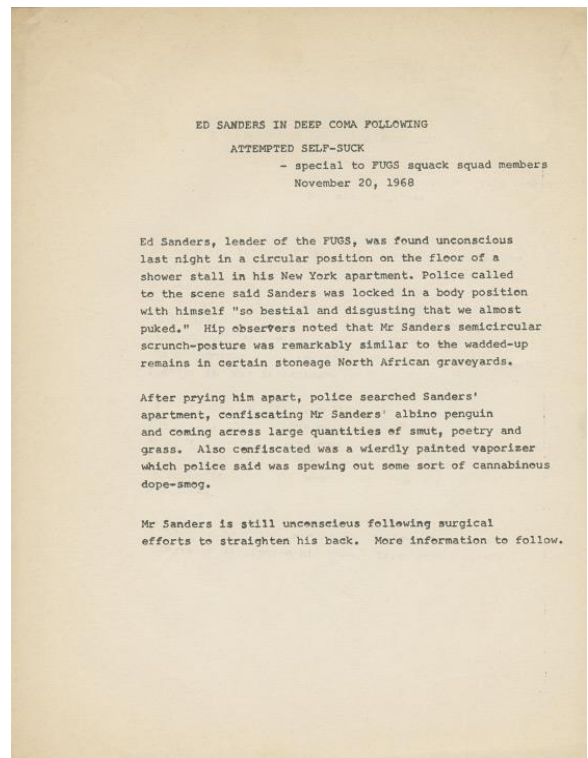
Press release for the "Ape Rape" comic art show. Written, designed, and printed by Ed Sanders, 1968.

Sanders' press release for the Peace Eye comic art show begins, "These comic strip plexi are high energy spew-grids which at their best discharge intense power & beauty into the brain as the eye slurps across their surface. The jolt of such immediate energy creates in the beholder profound sensations of mirth, anarchy, poetry, sodomy-froth, Hideum apparitions and somehow, faith. It's not easy."



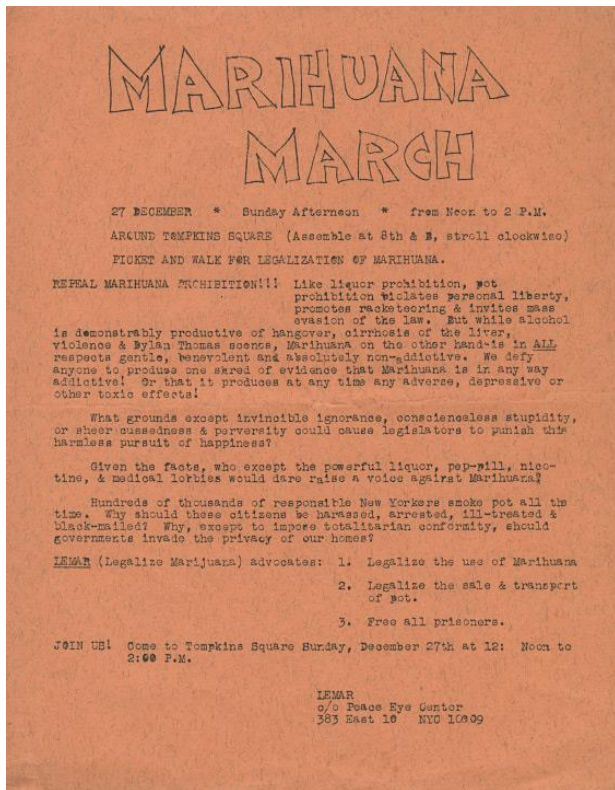
A page with a photo booth picture of Ed and a photograph from Claude Pélieu's opening at Peace Eye, March 28, 1969.

Ed has identified Mary Beach, Anita Steckel, himself, and Claude Pélieu in the photograph.



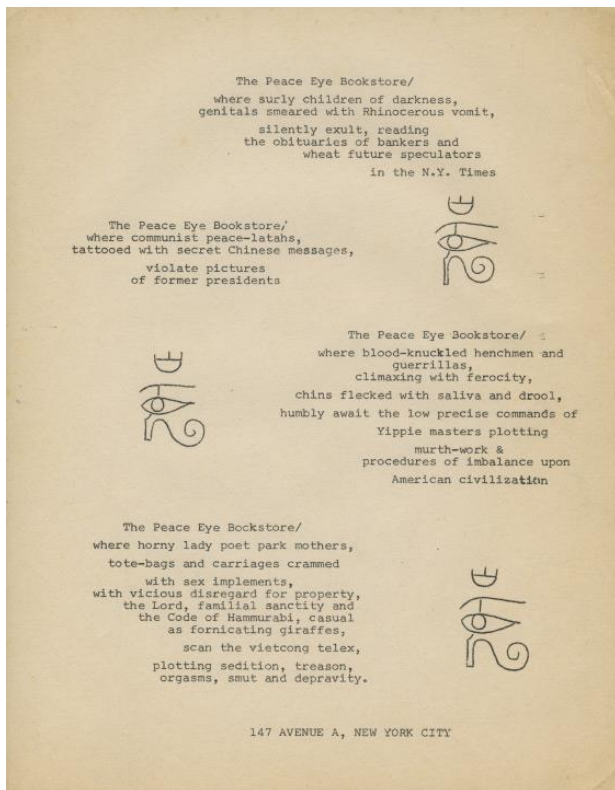
Ed Sanders, press release from Peace Eye, 1968. Written and printed by Sanders at Peace Eye.

"Ed Sanders in Deep Coma Following Attempted Self-Fuck— special to Fugs squack squad members November 20, 1968."



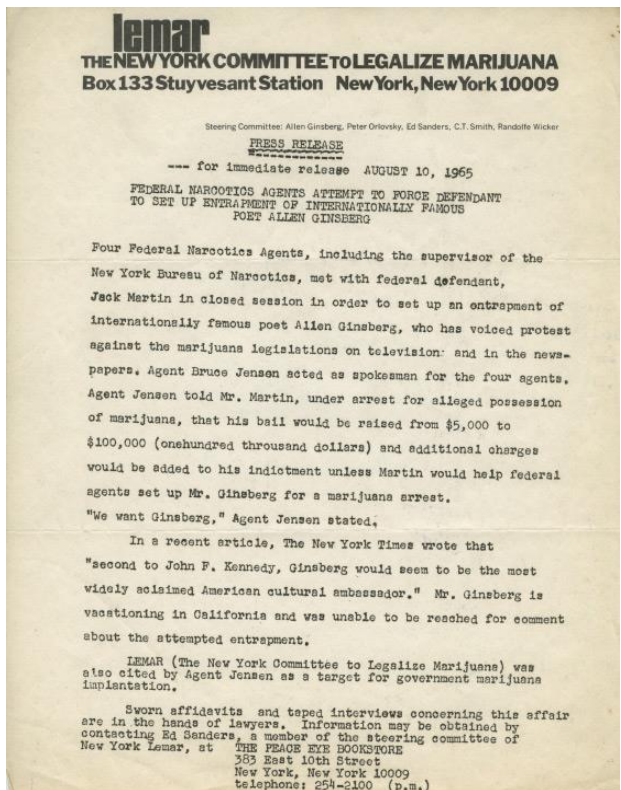
Flyer, printed at the newly opened Peace Eye Bookstore, for possibly the first demonstration to call for the legalization of marijuana, December 27, 1964.

Ed Sanders and Allen Ginsberg decided to form LeMar (Committee to Legalize Marijuana). Peace Eye served as LeMar's headquarters. One of their first activities was a "Marihuana March" around Tompkins Square Park on December 27, 1964, that called for the legalization of marijuana as well as the freeing of all prisoners. Among others, LeMar proved to be an inspiration to John Sinclair in Detroit and d.a. Levy in Cleveland.



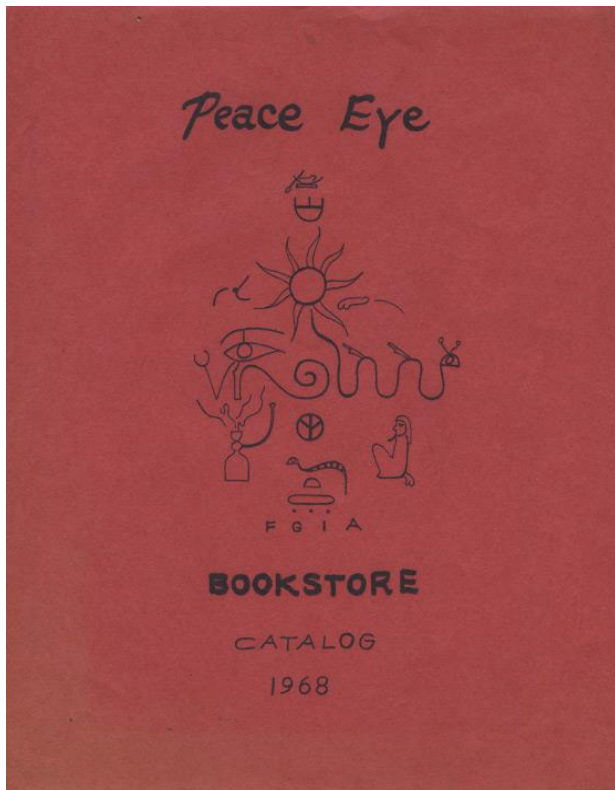
Ed Sanders, flyer for the Peace Eye, 1968. Written and printed by Sanders at Peace Eye.

"The Peace Eye Bookstore / where surlly children of darkness, / genitals smeared with Rhinoceros vomit, / silently exult, reading / the obituaries of bankers and / wheat future speculators / in the N.Y. Times."



LeMar press release, August 10, 1965.

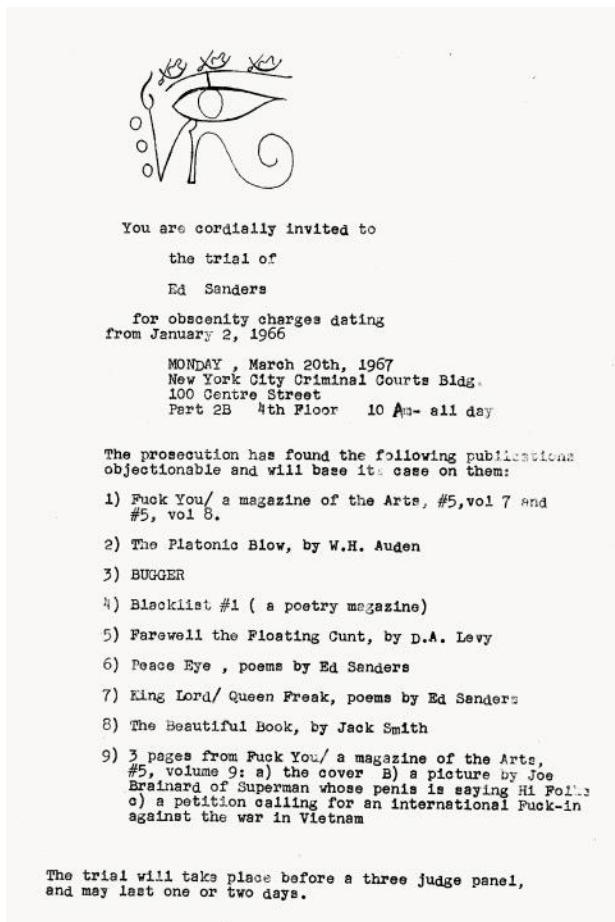
"Federal narcotics agents attempt to force defendant to set up entrapment of internationally famous poet Allen Ginsberg,"



Peace Eye Bookstore Catalog, 1968.



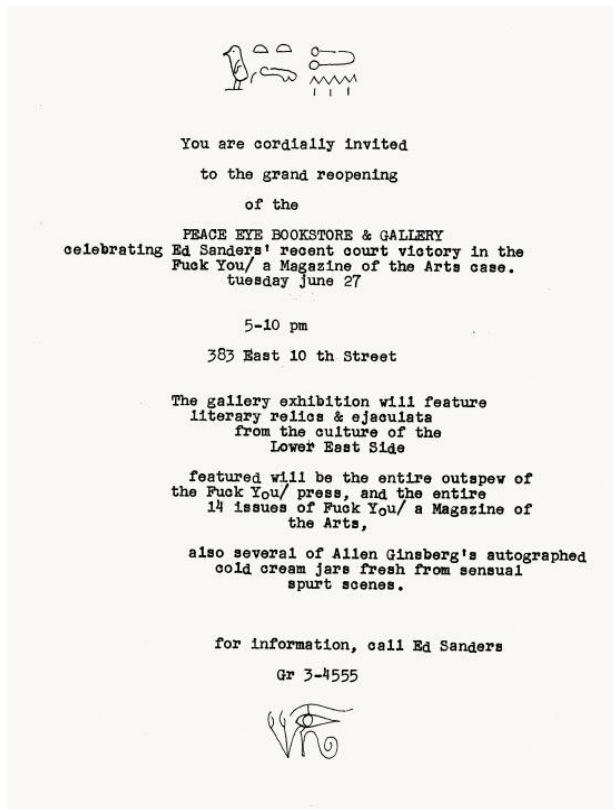
Allen Ginsberg browsing the shelves of the Peace Eye Bookstore, ca. 1966.



Invitation to attend Ed Sanders' obscenity trial, March 20, 1967. Designed and printed by Ed Sanders at Peace Eye.

"It seemed as if the trial would occur on March 26, so I sent out a press release and mailing to friends and supporters. I listed what some of the "evidence" of smut against me might be. To my chagrin, after my expert witnesses (such as John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch) and a bunch of friends showed up, the trial was postponed."

Donations for Sanders' defense came from many including Norman Holmes Pearson, Frank O'Hara, George Plimpton, John Ashbery, and d.a. levy. Allen Ginsberg did a midnight benefit poetry reading in Los Angeles and Joe Brainard sent six ink drawings.

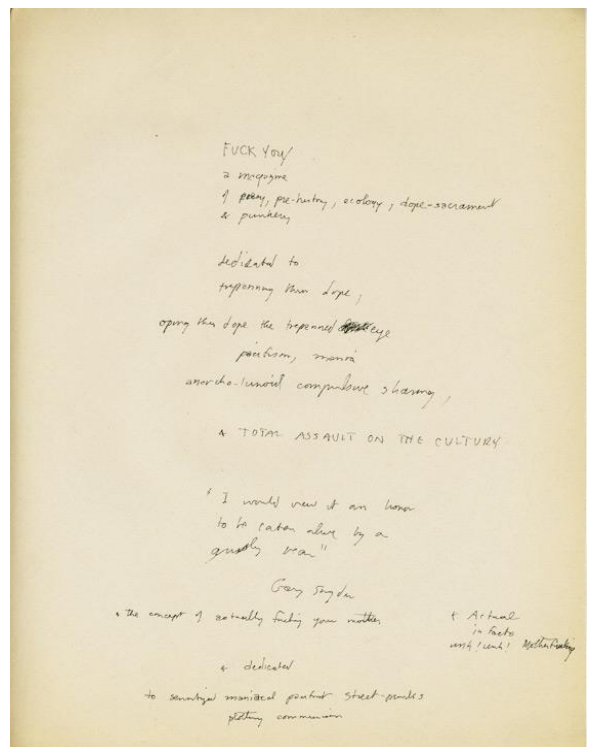
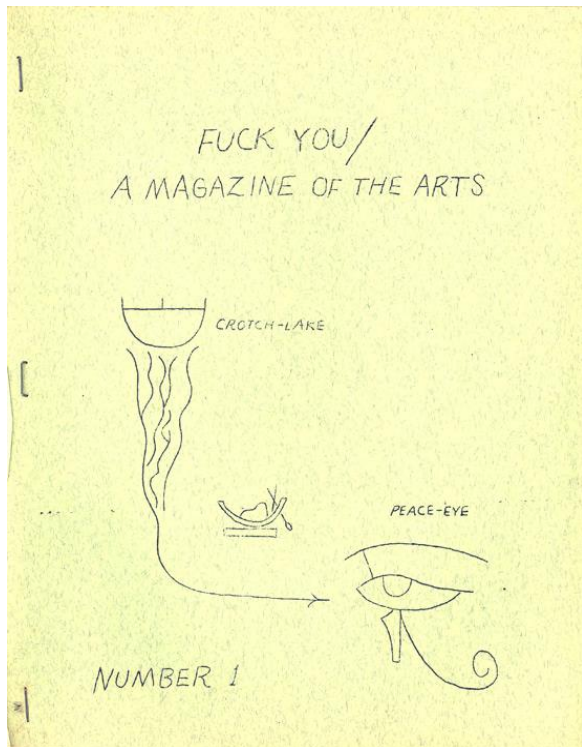


Flyer for the Peace Eye grand reopening and Victory Party, June 27, 1967.

Sanders was acquitted of all of the obscenity charges with the aid of the ACLU. The acquittal was followed by a Peace Eye Victory Party featuring a gallery exhibition of “literary relics & ejaculata from the Lower East Side,” and “the entire outspew of the Fuck You/ press, and the entire 13 issues of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*, also several of Allen Ginsberg’s autographed cold cream jars fresh from sensual spurt scenes.”

Fuck You Press

Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts and Fuck You Press

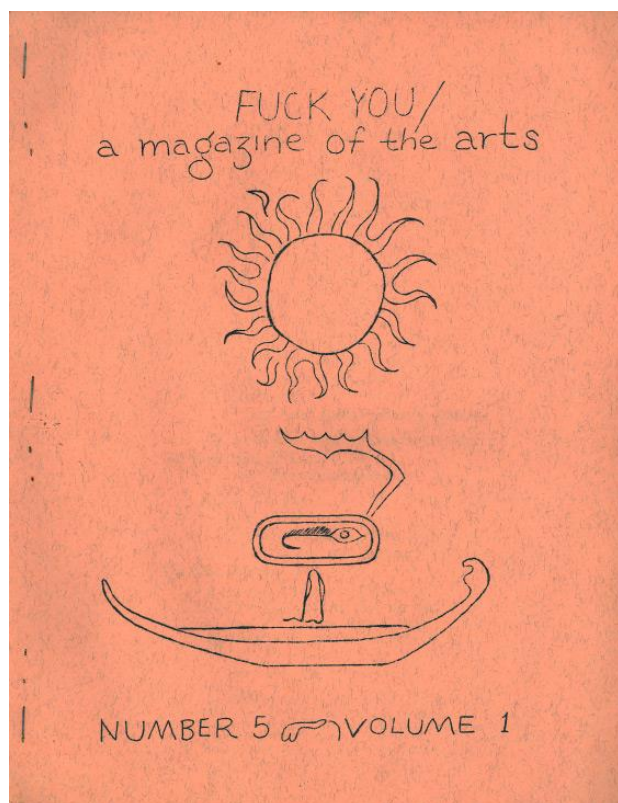


Left: The cover from no. 1, February/April 1962, of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*. Right: Notes for the final issue of “*Fuck You/ a magazine of poesy, pre-history, ecology, dope-sacrament & punkery.*”

Ed Sanders founded *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts* in February 1962 after seeing Jonas Mekas’s *Guns of the Trees* at the Charles Theater on Avenue B. The magazine ran for thirteen issues while Fuck You Press published about two dozen books and anthologies. Initially published from “a secret location on the Lower East Side,” Sanders recalls: “*Fuck You* was part of what they called the Mimeograph Revolution, and my vision was to reach out to the ‘Best Minds’ of my generation with a message of Gandhian pacifism, great sharing, social change, the expansion of personal freedom (including the legalization of marijuana), and the then-stirring messages of sexual liberation” (Steve Clay and Rodney Phillips, *A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing*. New York Public Library and Granary Books, 1998).

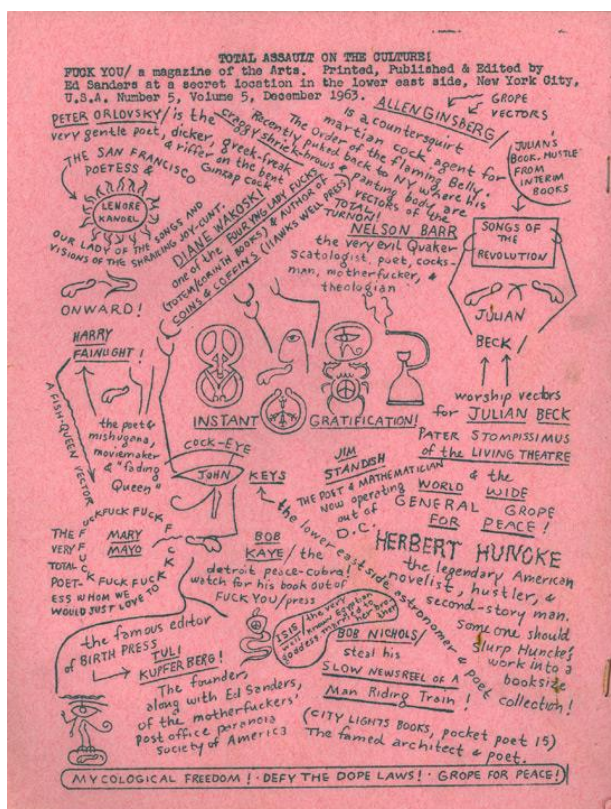
The press published the leading avant-garde poets and writers of the times, including Charles Olson, Philip Whalen, Gregory Corso, Gary Snyder, W.H. Auden, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Norman Mailer, Antonin Artaud, Robert Duncan, Ezra Pound, Carol Bergé, Joel Oppenheimer, John Weiners, Jackson Mac Low, Michael McClure, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Paul Blackburn, Philip Lamantia, Claude Pélieu, John Ashbery, Lenore Kandel, Kenneth Koch, Andy Warhol, Denise Levertov, LeRoi Jones (Amiri Baraka) and Ted Berrigan.

In addition, to the complete output of Fuck You Press, the archive contains mimeo stencils; drawings and artwork from the press; Sanders' own research files on the press; manuscripts for an unpublished prose issue of *Fuck You* by Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, and Charles Olson, among others; and text and art (including Joe Brainard's) for the never realized *Banana, an Anthology of Forbiddenness*, a book suggested to Ed Sanders by Andy Warhol.



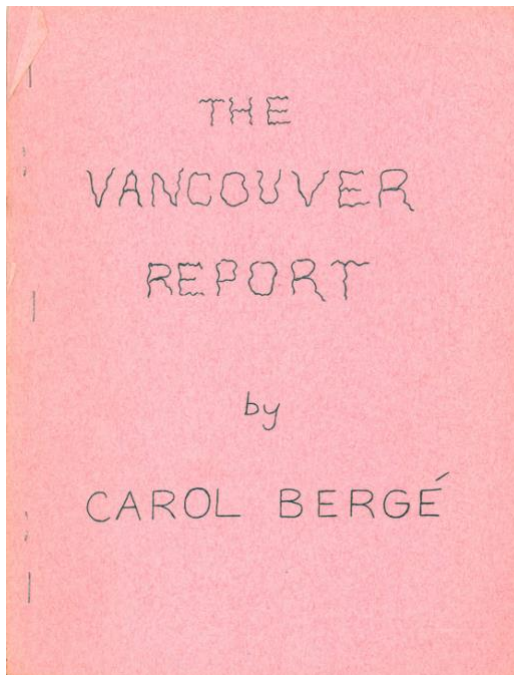
The cover from no. 5, vol. 1, published December 1962, of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*.

Ed Sanders was thrilled down to his “anarcho-Egyptian bone” that his hero Charles Olson had sent three of his Maximus poems for inclusion in *Fuck You*. They were published in no. 5, vol. 1, along with poems by Ron Rice, Lenore Kandel, and Joel Oppenheimer among others.



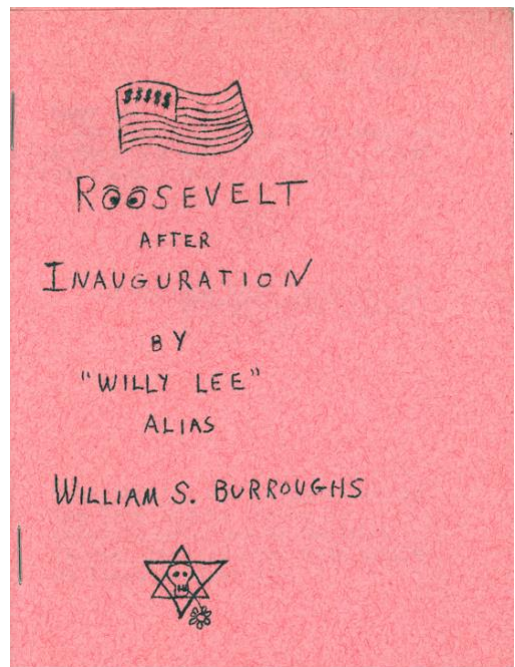
Hand-drawn-on-stencil for the “Notes on Contributors” page from *Fuck You*, no. 5, vol. 5, December 1963.

This issue also published Allen Ginsberg's first *Fuck You* contribution. According to Sanders, the Notes “more or less summed up my philosopher-king stance in the fall of '63. I thought of myself as a theologian of Instant Gratification. Then came the assassination on a glary day, and instant gratification, or InGrat as I termed it later, began to get balanced by right-wing reality.”




Carol Bergé's *The Vancouver Report* with hand-drawn stencil cover, published by the Fuck You Press on rose-colored Granitex paper, February 1964.

Sanders commissioned Carol Bergé to write about the seminal 1963 Vancouver Poetry Conference. Her account was published as *The Vancouver Report* in February 1964. Ed would later reflect upon the publication saying that he "thought it was a well-written sixteen pages on a famous literary conference, especially fair to Charles Olson, the 'father' of the various movements on hand, and to Allen Ginsberg, fresh from his vision of a new direction. She was a tad harsh on Robert Duncan, I thought, but all in all an interesting account."



Allen Ginsberg's hand-drawn cover for William Burroughs' *Roosevelt After Inauguration*, published by Ed Sanders, January 1964.

A few days after Ed Sanders first met Allen Ginsberg, the two commenced "the first of many capers together" with the publishing of William Burroughs' *Roosevelt After Inauguration*, after City Lights' printer refused to publish it. Ginsberg drew the front and back covers directly onto the stencils.

Dear Ed
went last night to visit X, who's mother had come from Y to see him. Also his wife's mother and his wife's luscious 17 year old sister. Evening proved to be a horrible fiasco, as X's mother declared "nothing is sacred around here" through weepings, and me & baby & Sandra silently filed out. Since then I have been reduced to abject despair, realizing that my justification will not occur on this earth.
The enclosed poem(s), which oozed gently from my moist rancid brow in cynical homage to my despair may be suitable for your "Despair" number.
Yours in pain, 
Ted.
PS: any mescaline?

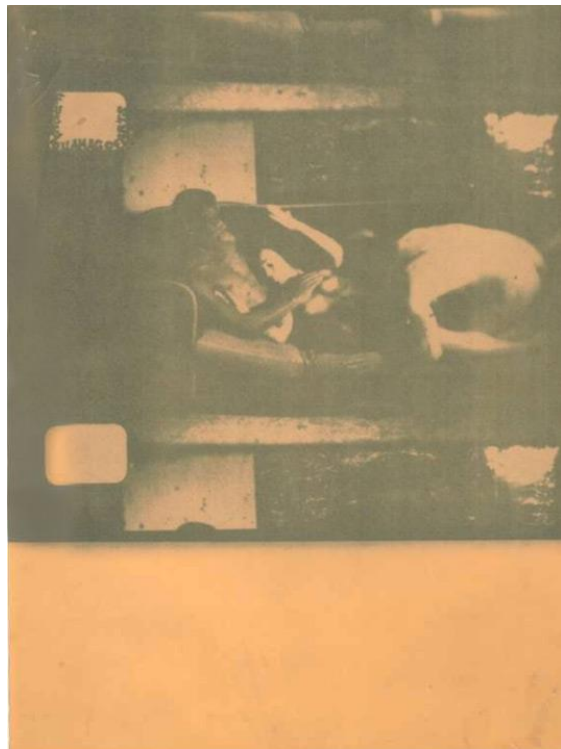
THREE STAGES OF DESPAIR
1.
abcd efghi jk lmno
pq rstu vw xy z.
2.
ABCD EFGHI JK LMNO
PQ RSTU VW XY Z.
3.
Two purple shadows on the snow.
Ted Berrigan

TLS from Ted Berrigan and one of his contributions to Ed Sanders' *Despair* anthology, 1964.

Ted Berrigan's submission to Ed's *Despair* anthology was accompanied by a letter and a manuscript: "The Enclosed poem(s), which oozed gently from my moist rancid brow in cynical homage to my despair may be suitable for your 'Despair' number. Yours in pain, Ted. PS: any mescaline?"

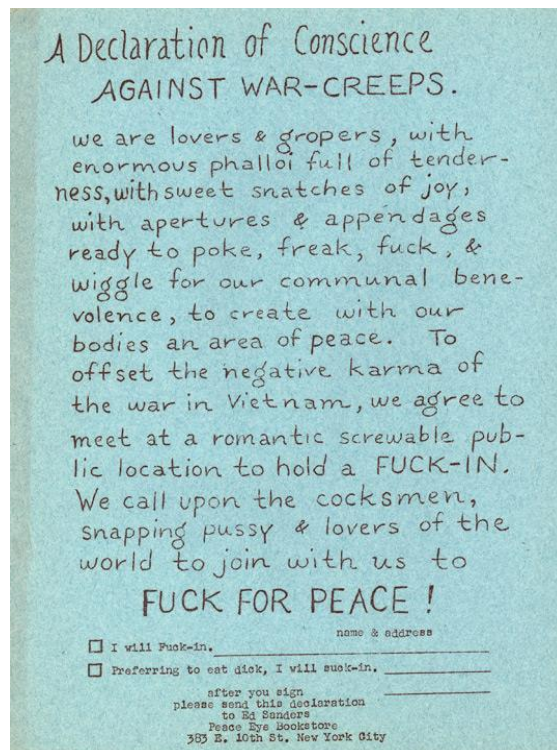
Ed recollects, "I was feeling down down down after the murders of the Freedom Summer workers, so I decided to publish an anthology called *Despair*, which came out in July 1964.

"With despair as a theme, I had very little trouble attracting quality poems, especially from Ted Berrigan. Despair was in the air."



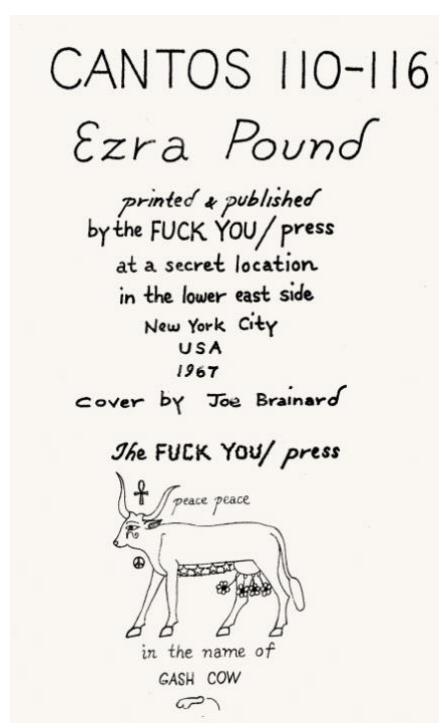
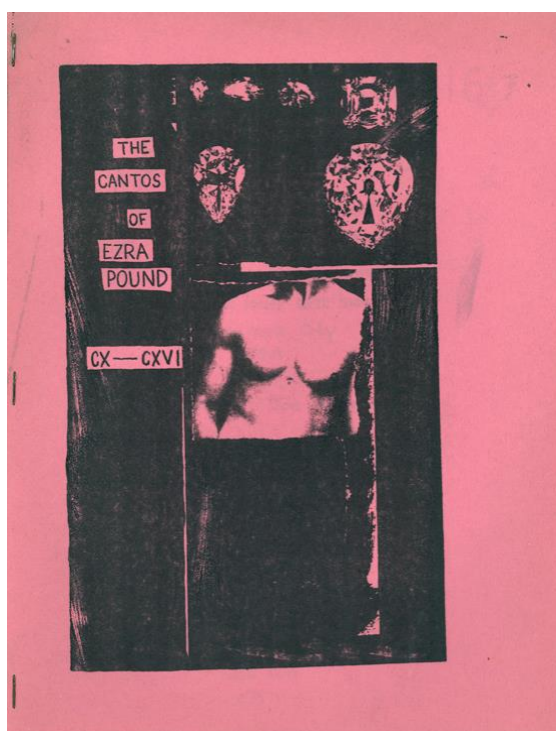
Andy Warhol cover for *Fuck You*, no. 5, vol. 8, 1965.

Andy Warhol created the cover for the *Fuck You* third anniversary "Mad Motherfucker" issue, with a frame from his movie *Couch* in 1965. The cover was one of several creative encounters that occurred between Warhol and Ed Sanders.



"A Declaration of Conscience Against War-Creeps," published in *Fuck You*, no. 5, vol. 9, June 1965.

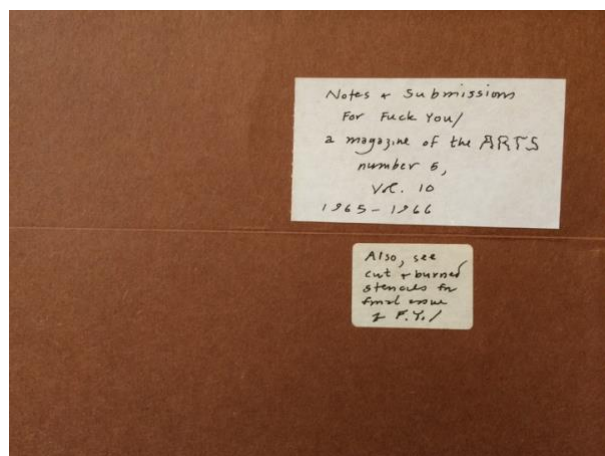
In 1965, "the magazine was swinging more from the personal to the political." Ed issued "A Declaration of Conscience Against War-Creeps" which called for a fuck-in against the war in *Fuck You*, no. 5, vol. 9, June 1965.



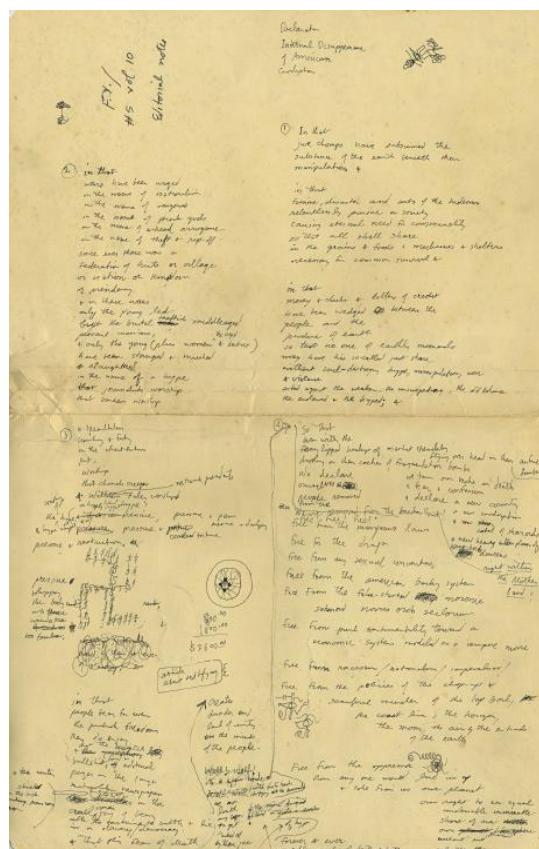
Above and right: Ezra Pound, *Cantos 110–116*. The Fuck You Press unauthorized “Gash Cow” edition, 1967. Cover by Joe Brainard, title page by Ed Sanders.

Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts final issue

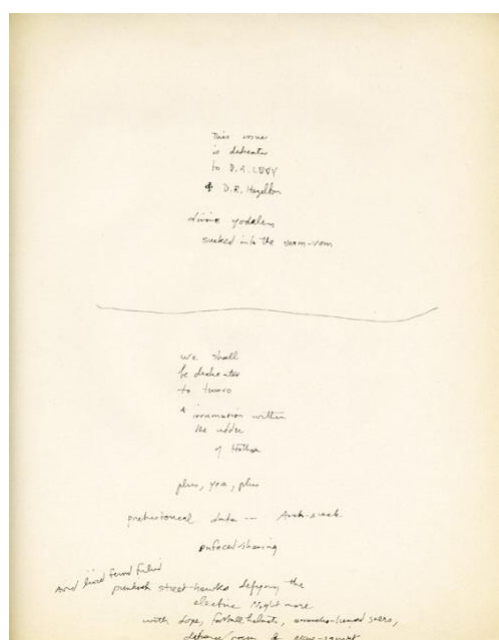
In addition to containing all thirteen issues of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*, the archive contains notes, manuscripts being considered, and other items for the final, but abandoned, issue of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts* from 1966–67. This issue was to have been no. 5, vol. 10.



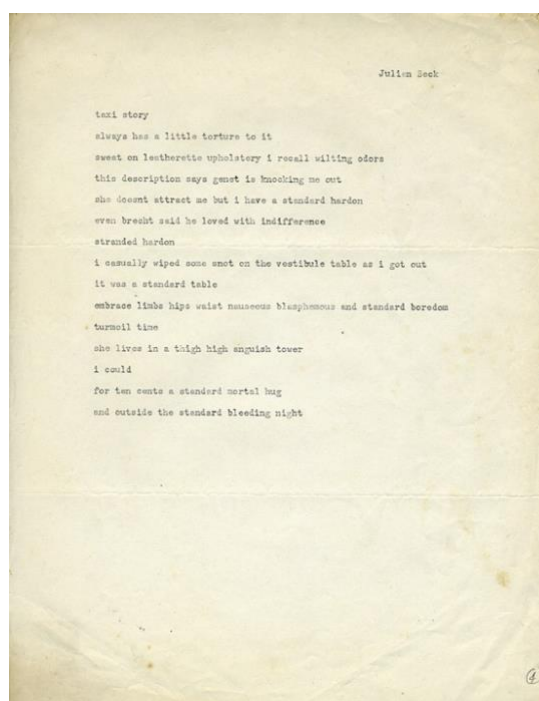
Above: Label on the folder in the archive with material for the abandoned final issue.



Right: Ed Sanders' editorial notes for what was to be have been *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*, no. 5, vol. 10, written on the outside of a manila file folder.



“This issue is dedicated to D.A. LEVY & D.R. Hazelton / divine yodelers / sucked into the verm-vom.” Proposed dedication for the abandoned final issue.



Julian Beck, “Taxi Story.”

old prophets Help me to believe
 New York! successful drink it take a bill!
 Blocks of blowing winter. Patricia was a
 bed Patsy zone The best fighter in Troy
 He bride and STRODE TO LOVE in pajamas
 Sweet girls will in the handied apples!
 Drummer-Boys and Chorus-Boys will for Ron and Patsy Padgett
 I, let's! I thus I for Ron and Patsy Padgett
 An organ-criedorta monkey does his dance.
 Patsy awakens in heat and ready to squabble
 In a bright room sustained by a bellyful of pills
 One's suddenly pregnant and no one is glad!
 Aching to be fucked we fondle their snatches
 That the angels have supereminent wisdom is shown
 Days produce life locations to banish 7 Up
 A postcard of Juan Gris
 To swallow. Thus a man lives by his tooth.
 Buried his daddy and killed a many. Benito Mussolini
 The Asiatics
 Everything turns into writing on to Big Bill Brovvey
 And Gude is worrying about his sex life 'aveur your young,
 Each tree is introspection
 The most elegant present I could get!
 How succulent your flesh sometimes is fired
 A glass of chocolate milk, head of lettuce, dark-
 ness of clouds at one o'clock No truth except
 in things! the sky gets blue and red and I get worried about
 representation Monet was a genius I know but that isn't my
 fault! what about Ashbery what about Joyce what about
 Marcel Duchamp! O if only I could take my horn to Minton's
 I would blow down Dizzy Gillespie but its no use
 Beardon is dead. Chris is dead. Gallup is dead.
 Speckled marble is making my butt ache as I pore over my
 sonnets on the only major statement by Louis Sullivan
 Jacques Villon is dead whose
 griefs I would most assuage O let me burst, and I be lost at sea,
 and I fall on my knees then, womanly!
 Oh my dear for you I would track down Sitting Bull in
 the cold Dakotas and sell refrigerators to his whole tribe of
 Eskimos
 I would take my crumpled horn to Minton's
 at whiskey 3 a. m. and I would blow down Dizzy Gillespie in
 marijuana haze I would put my massive shoulder against the
 newsreel flag on shell-shocked Okinawa and only pause a moment
 to have a farewell drink with Ipa Hayes or
 I would stalk down the secret streets of Roaring Gap the
 whole town hiding out in sick hotels sorrowful you weeping
 for me and I would shoot down the whole Hole-in-the-Wall gang the
 James boys the Dalton Brothers and Edward G. Robinson in hot
 blood without even Kirk Douglas or Doc Holliday to help me
 oh how brave I would be
 and all for you
 but its no use you love Alan Ladd he's
 Shane he's the last of the old time cowboys and what am I
 to do?

Ted Berrigan, "Ode to Love." Four-page manuscript, June 20, 1963.

Robert Anton Wilson
 Oten Art Shop
 Yellow Springs, Ohio

FUCK EVERY DAY AND BLOW YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR

Ten nine eight seven six five four three two one zero
 God bless Adolph Hitler God bless the devil God bless God
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10
 A.B.I.C.U.
 I.C. S. G. Evoo He Blessed Be
 God bless Lyndon B. Johnson and Donald Duck
 God bless Ludvig von Beethoven
 BLOW OUT
 OUT
 Thou art that
 God is love
 Everything is green
 These are obvious secret truths
 God bless Smith's Cactus Ranch
 my wife's body turned blue except for the red hair and it was all
 still GREEN
 red orange yellow green blue indigo violet are GREEN
 For God is love and love is God and winston tastes good and ank
 not what the FBI can do for you but ask only what you can
 do for the FBI and nothing is true and everything is
 permissibly green everything is green you futherfuckers
 out there GOD IS GREEN
 BLOW OUT BLOW OUT BLOW OUT the self forevermore
 if not satisfied return the unused body and your spirit will be
 cheerfully refunded
 Dinosaurs fucked like enormous dogs and wagged their ten-ton tails
 First there was Pan and then Chaplin and then Lenny Bruce
 Gorillas and dogs deprived of females Fuck one another
 Johnson fucks and Kruschev fucks
 These are the words of the yellow chair in the magic room
 THESE ARE THE WORDS OF THE YELLOW CHAIR IN THE MAGIC ROOM OF PEYOTE
 Amen Amen Amen
 Amen Amen Amen
 Back to the dinosaurs I say brethren
 Neanderthal man was already too civilized
 Amen Amen Amen
 Turn off the radio in the brain and listen to the drummer in the
 blood
 OH WHEN THE SAINTS oh when the saints
 OH WHEN THE SAINTS O MARCH-ING IN
 Fuck every day and blow your dentist twice a year

Robert Anton Wilson, "Fuck Every Day and Blow Your Dentist Twice a Year."

42nd St.

42nd St. grinds its teeth
 glowing rotten with horror movies
 dragon accordion convulsions vomiting
 flame steak pizza crowds kneading themselves
 back into oven belly plush rumbling sound
 track flashes of trains unreeking
 window bar smoke strata dotted
 open releasing faces into dawn

Harry Fairlight

Above: Harry Fairlight, "42nd Street." Right: Harry Fairlight, "Meditations." Signed and dated as 1955.

Meditations.
 Meditations of the organist far within the cathedral's skull,
 Of the astronomer within the domed observatory,
 Of the telegraphist high in an isolated station
 Mounted on the cliffs; (horses nibbling
 Wavelengths where the drowned trawlersmen
 Play their harmonicas)
 Radar scanners
 Turn their heads in their survey
 As slowly as a mantis praying
 Or a medium passing gradually
 Into a trance.
 Ships are on the high seas;
 The constellations swaying silently
 Over their masts,
 Instruments charting their vast migrations.
 Wires along the miles of highways
 Sing to the watchmen following
 His brazier's grill.
 Eyes of night-moths press against the vigil window
 Like deep-sea creatures; (the clock's slowly revolving propellers
 Driving the city on towards dawn.)
 Pilot lights are the only souls now.
 The throb of the candleflame feeding at the candle
 Time at the breast of eternity.
 They finish their offices;
 Draw themselves up into their tall trances,
 Making obeisance to unseen passers.
 Outside there is frost;
 Tomorrow should show,
 Both on the window and this written page,
 The breath's strange flora.

Harry Fairlight 1955

The Banana Project

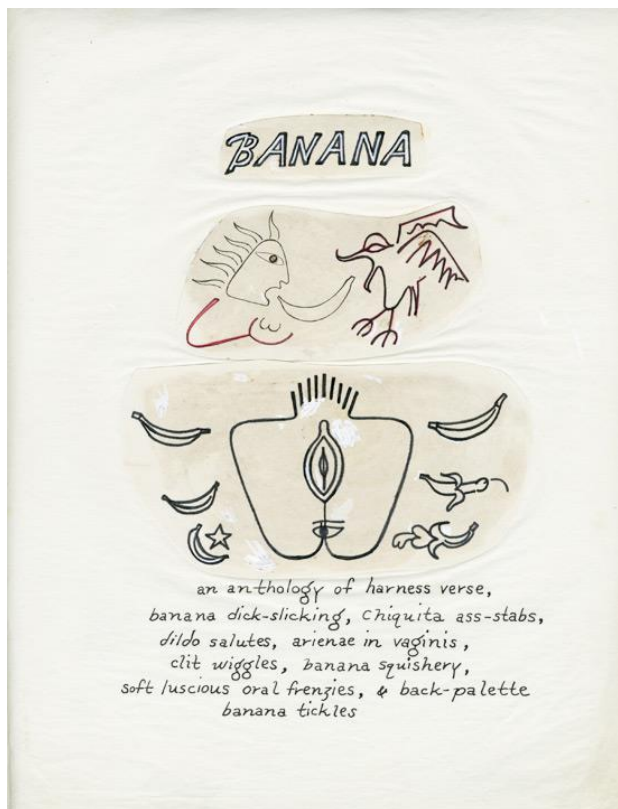
"Andy Warhol created cloth banners featuring his silkscreen flowers for the opening of the Peace Eye Bookstore in early 1965. Around that time, I asked him what would be a good theme for a new Fuck You/ Press collection.

His one-word reply was, 'Banana.'

I began gathering images and submissions for Banana, and started designing it. Joe Brainard, for instance, gave me a series of drawings for it. I drew a cover, and made sketches for a hand drawn table of contents, etc

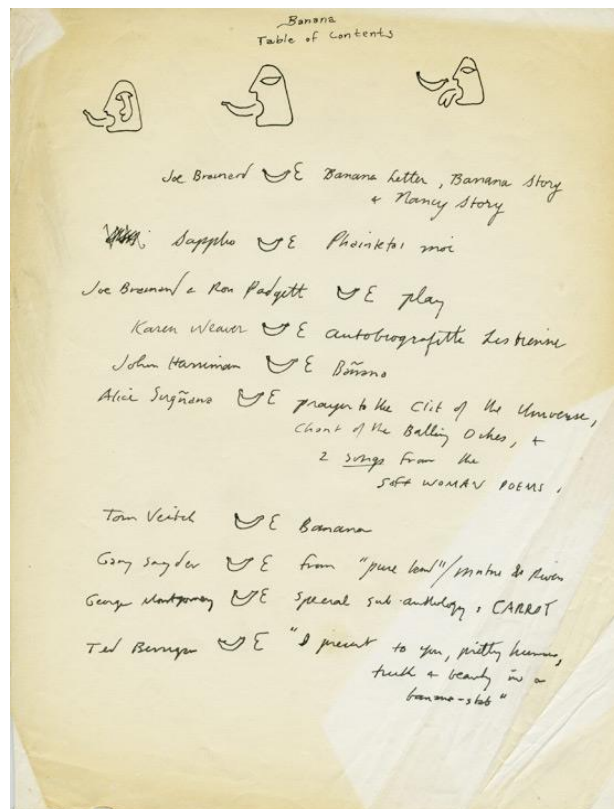
[Unfortunately, events in Ed Sanders' life precluded the project from] "being brought to fruition. This folder contains the original drawings, designs, images and notes for Banana."

—Ed Sanders, "The Banana Project," August 1, 2004.

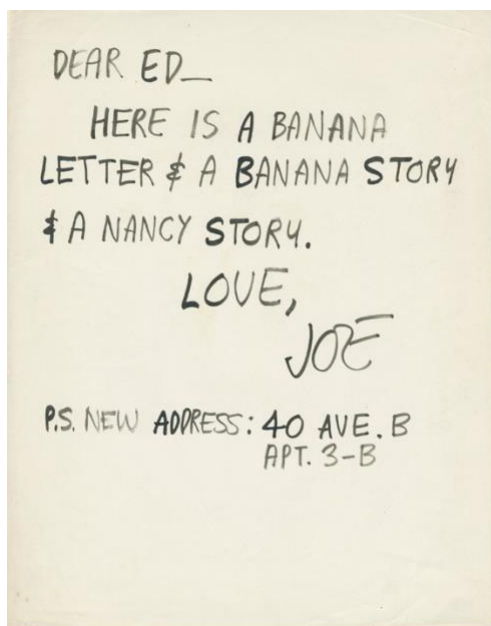


Ed Sanders' paste-up with original drawings for *Banana* title page.

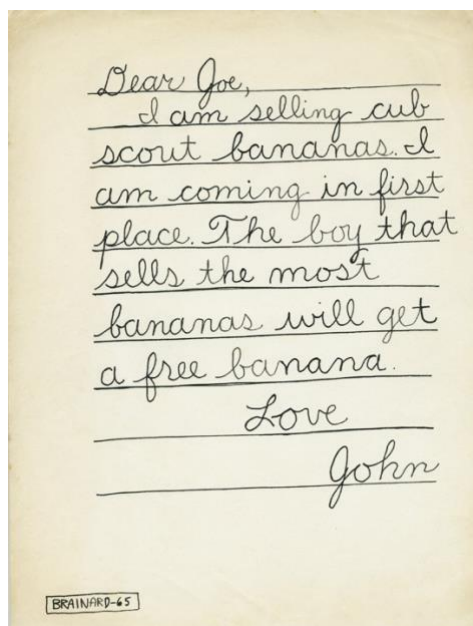
The title page with the anthology's lengthy subtitle: "an anthology of harness verse, banana dick-slicking, Chiquita ass-stabs, dildo salutes, arienaes in vaginis, clit wiggles, banana squishery, soft luscious oral frenzies, & back-palette banana tickles."



The *Banana* table of contents reveals all of the book's planned contributors, including Gary Snyder, Ted Berrigan, and Ron Padgett, among others.



Joe Brainard letter to Ed Sanders with his contributions for *Banana*, 1965.



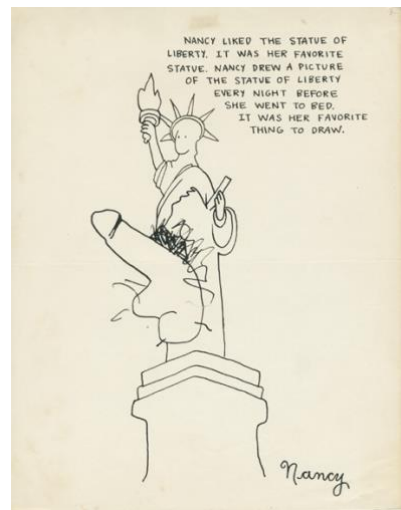
Joe Brainard, "Banana Letter," 1965. Original drawing.

NANCY

IT SEEMED TO NANCY THAT CHRISTMAS WOULD NEVER COME.....

Dear Santa,
 I have been a good girl all year I would like a big fat hairy dick for Christmas.

Love,
 Nancy



Joe Brainard, 3 pages from the six-page "A Nancy Story," 1965. Original drawings.

Friends

Allen Ginsberg

Allen Ginsberg was a longtime friend and mentor to Ed Sanders. Ed recounts that "[o]ne of the big events in early '64 was that I began to hang out with Ginsberg. When I was first exploring New York City in 1958 and 1959, I never thought in a cycle of centuries that I'd ever become friends with such a hero." One early evening in their friendship, they went out drinking and Allen spoke of his experience with visions. Ed asked, "Are you having visions right now?" and Allen nodded "yes." Ed continued, "Ah Sunflower, weary of time, I thought. I was drunk. I went with him to his new apartment. He patted the pillow, urging me to stay, but I decided not to make it with him." Their friendship continued until Allen Ginsberg's death.

Here's a list of names addresses of some folk who might come to rescue if war's declared. Pick & Choose who (in US) you send to. The foreign ones were just interested typed.

From Allen Ginsberg
 1965 Bigamy of open Vietnam War

Guest List

John Willott--The Times Literary Supplement Printing House Sq. London E.C. 4 England
 Lionel Trilling--Bartman House Jowett Walk Oxford England
 Betty Gray--Academy of America Poets 1078 Madison Ave. N.Y.
 Nicholas Calas--210 E 88 St
 Rosalind Constable--Pine, Inc. ~~Rockefeller Center, N.Y.C.~~
 Arnold Solomann--76 ~~Partisan Review~~
 Harold Rosenberg--Question Magazine--16 E 23 St.
 Marcel Duchamp 28 West 10 Street
 Benjamin DeLott 43 Hitchcock Road Amhurst Mass.
 Byron Dobell--Reguire Mag. 488 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.
 Ralph V. Gleason--2325 Ashby, Berkeley, Cal.
 John Hollander--Dept of English Yale New Haven Conn.
 Peggy Hitchcock--Time Leary 829 Park Avenue NYC
 Irving Kristol--50 Riverside Drive
 Ephraim London & Martin Garvin--1 E 44 Street
 Dorothy Norman--124 E 70 Street
 William Phillips--Partisan Review
 George Plimpton--641 East 72 Street
 Fred Rosen--222 54th East 38 Street
 Job Reddy--1101-B La Las El Paso 5, Texas
 David Solomon--2 AC Spectoraky--Playboy 232 E Ohio Street Chicago Ill.
 Bob Silver & Mrs J. Jason Spelman--JT Review of Books--250 West 87 St NYC
 Edgar Varese--189 Sullivan Street NYC
 Don Allen
 Richard Avard--110 E 50 Street
 Rolf Gumbert-Delant Zimmerman 24 B Hthos 2 Graf Hertzau Str 21 Germany
 Leslie Fiedler--Dept of English ~~XXXX~~ Montana State U Missoula Montana
 Weston LaBarre--Dept Sociology--Duke University Durham N. Carolina
 Paul Engle--State University of Iowa Creative Writing Program Iowa City Iowa 52240
 Paul Carroll--Inst. Philosophical Resch. 201 E Erie Street Chicago Ill 60611
 Rev Don Sylvester Hoadard, O.S.B. Frithburgh Abbey, Gloucester, England
 Walter Hoellner--Akente, Amststrasse 28, Frankfurt am Main, Germany
 Robert Lowell--90 ~~Silver~~ ~~N.Y.~~ ~~Books~~ ~~250~~ ~~St~~ ~~Man.~~
 Robert Low--Julius Magazine--1689 ~~St~~ ~~N.Y.C.~~
 Louis Simpson--90 ~~East~~ ~~Washington~~ ~~D.C.~~ ~~Washington~~ ~~California~~
 Walter Lowenfels--Major League, R.O.B., ~~Washington~~
 Jean Jacques Label--12 Rue de L'Hotel Colbert, Paris 6 France
 John Myers Fibor de Regy Gallery--145 E 72 Street NYC 21
~~Therapy~~ ~~Canada~~ ~~Staten~~ ~~Island~~ ~~Hospital~~ ~~Westport~~ ~~Saskatchewan~~ ~~Canada~~
 Anthony Gobin--Penguin Books--164. Hatfield, Middlesex, England
 Herbert Read--Stonesgrave House, Stonesgrave, Yorkshire, England
 Dame Edith Sitwell--Benne Club, Grosvenor St. W.1, London England
 Dr John Thompson--7 11 West 73 Street NYC
 Dr Ed Hornick
 Simon Vinkenoog--Billegracht 8, Amsterdam G, Netherland
 Yano Valouritis 21 Patriarchou Josim, Athens, Greece
 Tennessee Williams & Arthur's seque's E East 59 St Please Forward
 Matthew Dunlop--Inst. Mental Health??
 Langston Hughes--20 E 177 St?? NY NY
 Alan Watts--F.O. Box 887 Sausalito, Calif
 Alex Wood
 John Hunt & Jean Michel-Bloch--Congress for Cultural Freedom 104 Blvd Haussmann
 Jacques Barzun--Columbia Univ 116 St NYC Paris, France
 Lawrence H Scott Editor Slavic Languages Lowell House Harvard U Cambridge 38 Mass

15 July 1965

To the postmaster Stuyvesant Station:
 Please give all ~~the~~ addressed mail etc
 to my apartment 408 E 10
 Street NYC Apt 4C TO
 Ed Sanders. Mail comes
 to apt 4C for Allen Ginsberg
 Peter Orlovsky
 & Julius Orlovsky

This note will certify that Mr.
 Sanders is empowered to sign for our requested
 mail packages.

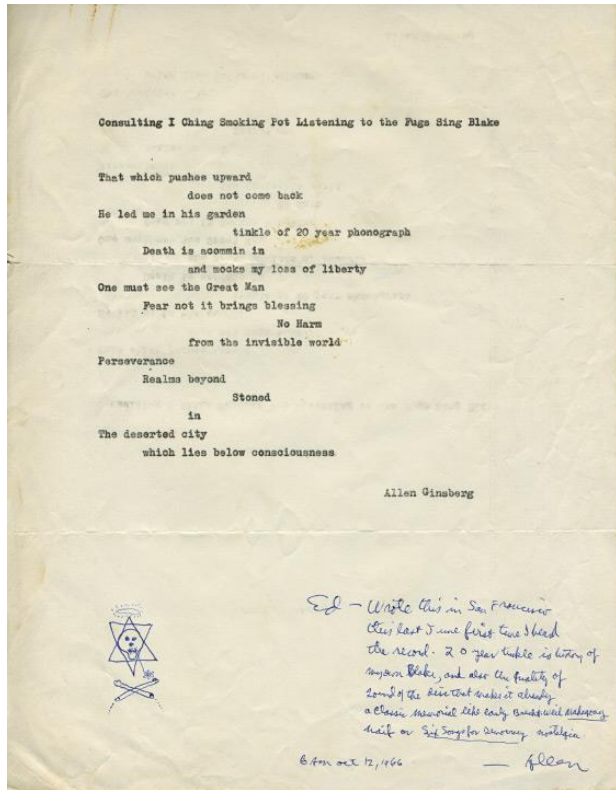
Allen Ginsberg

First of two-page list of names and addresses typed and annotated by Allen Ginsberg.

Letter to the Postmaster of the Peter Stuyvesant Post Office, in New York City, authorizing Ed to be given all of the mail for Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, and Julius Orlovsky, July 15, 1965.

Written at the beginning of the Vietnam War. Typed on the top of the page: "Here's a list of

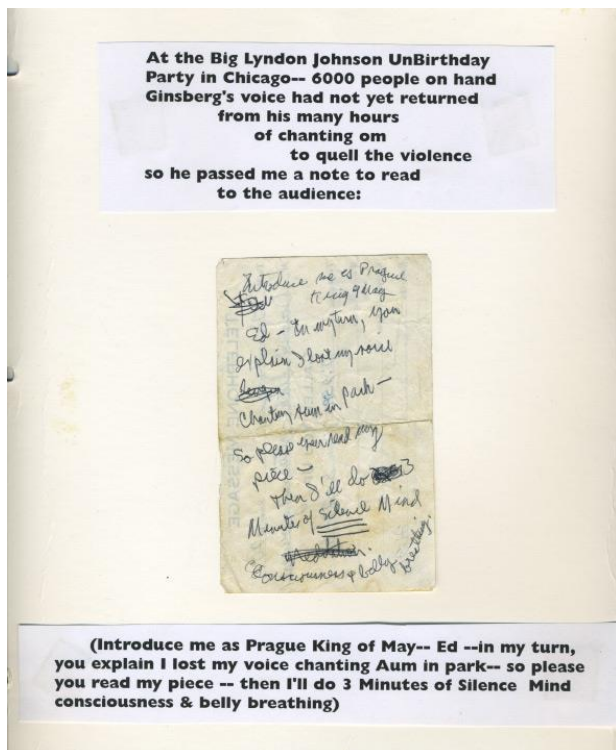
names addresses of some folk who might come to rescue if war's declared. Pick & Cho[o]se who (in US) you send to. The foreign ones were just interested types."



A carbon of Allen Ginsberg's "Consulting I Ching Smoking Pot Listening to Fugs Sing Blake" with handwritten note to Ed, written at 6 a.m. October 12, 1966, "Wrote this in San Francisco this last June first time I heard the record."



According to Ed, "I bought a bunch of daisies & handed them out. Allen Ginsberg holds some. Chicago August 1968." Photo: Frank Losi.



Allen Ginsberg's note to Ed Sanders at Lyndon Johnson's UnBirthday Party, Chicago, August 27, 1968.

"At the Big Lyndon Johnson UnBirthday Party in Chicago—6000 people on hand / Ginsberg's voice had not returned / from his many hours / of chanting om / to quell the violence / so he passed me a note to read / to the audience."

"Introduce me as Prague King of May—Ed—in my turn, you explain I lost my voice chanting Aum in park—so please you read my piece—then I'll do 3 Minutes of Silence Mind consciousness & belly breathing."

Jan 24, 1969

Dear Ed:

Please sign the enclosed O.K. as trustee & send it in enclosed envelope to my brother - It's formal O.K. to keep everyone legally correct & satisfy purporters & appears setting up the farm. If any questions call me. (Do want get you into trouble)

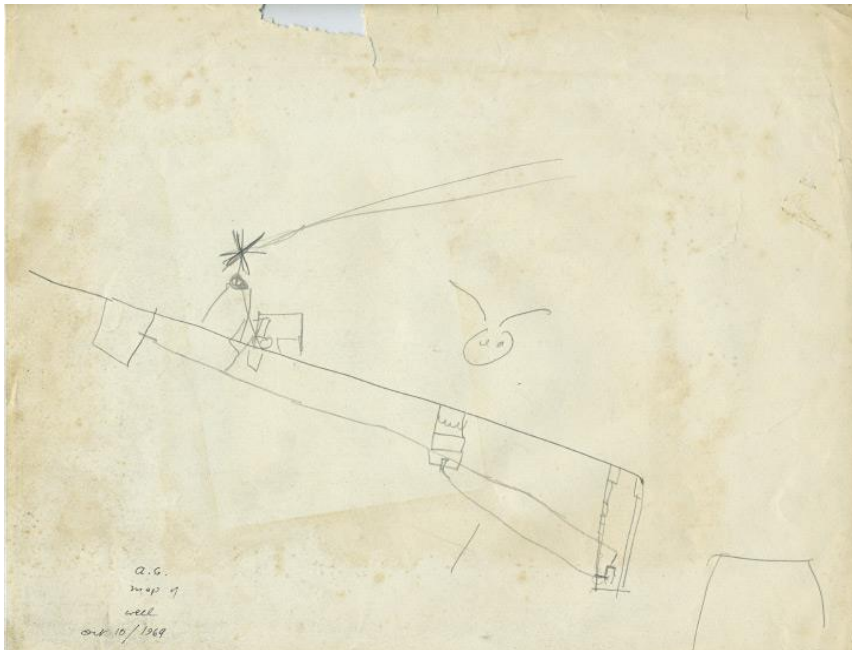
I'm ok - ready for tour. Have about 15 songs related + 5 with harmonies now.

Love
Allen

Wolf Leathel called & said you were in D.C.

Allen Ginsberg ALS to Ed Sanders, January 11, 1966.

Ed was asked by Allen Ginsberg to be a trustee when he set up his Cherry Valley, New York, farm in 1966. In addition, to the legalities of asking for Ed's signature as a trustee, Allen writes in the letter: "I'm OK—ready for tour. Have about 15 songs & 5 with harmonies now."



Allen Ginsberg pencil sketch of an artesian well for his Cherry Valley farm, October 10, 1969.

September 5, '70

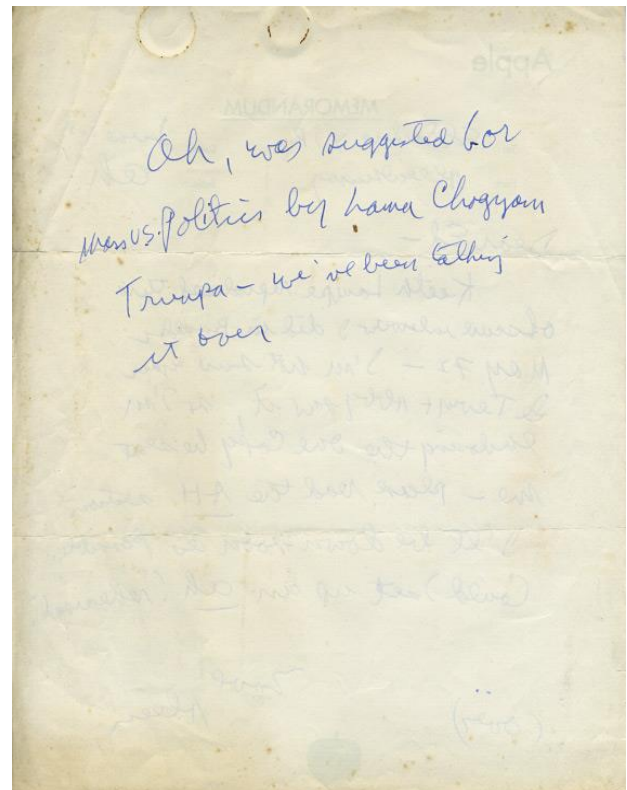
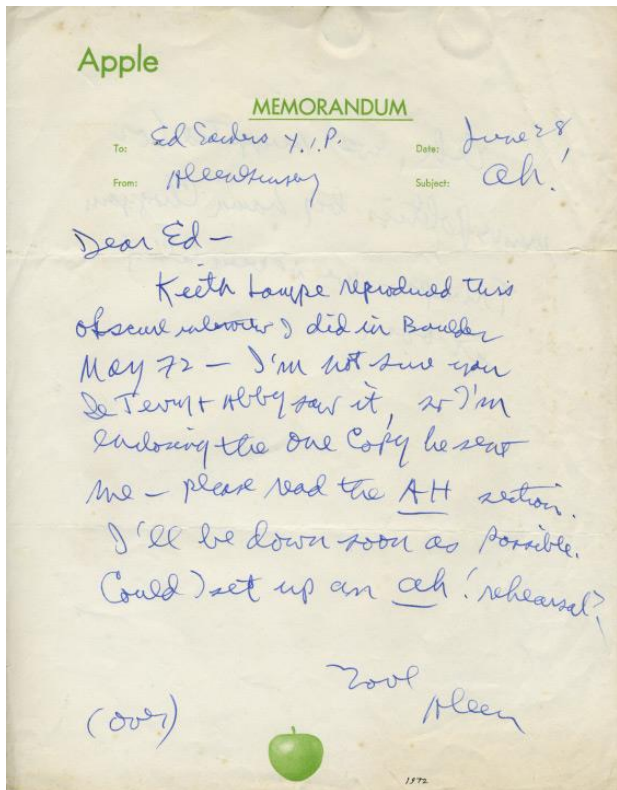
Dear Ed—

Shards of Gawd (orig. Shards of Ra?) rc'd & read in 2 nights, gorgeous extension of yr short prose/poetry Fuck you/A Mag of Arts mad blurb invention -- Stylistically both as prose & mental politics it's a revolutionary Compassionate break-thru -- Amazing to sustain that hopped-up jazzy language always fresh & wild-minded book length-- It'll remain a little masterpiece like A.A. Milne. You're doing right! Yeah!

Love, Allen Ginsberg

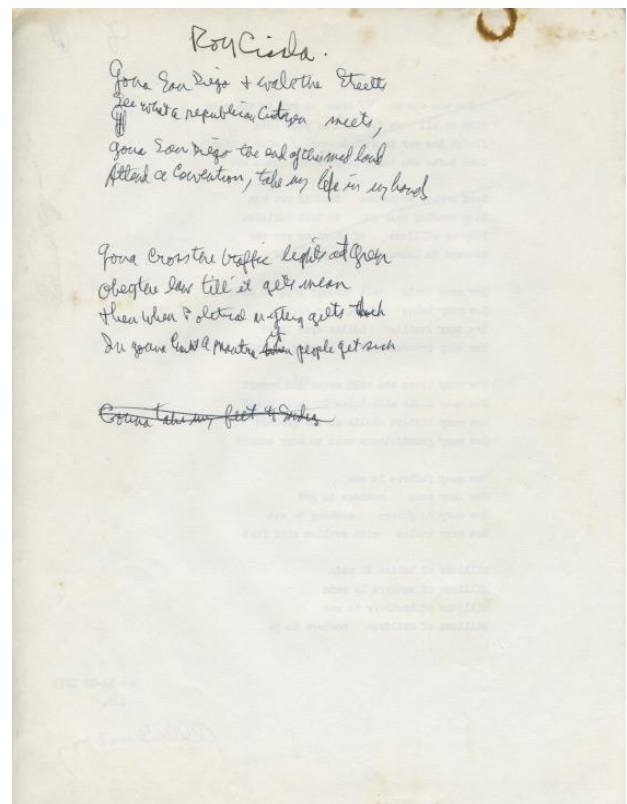
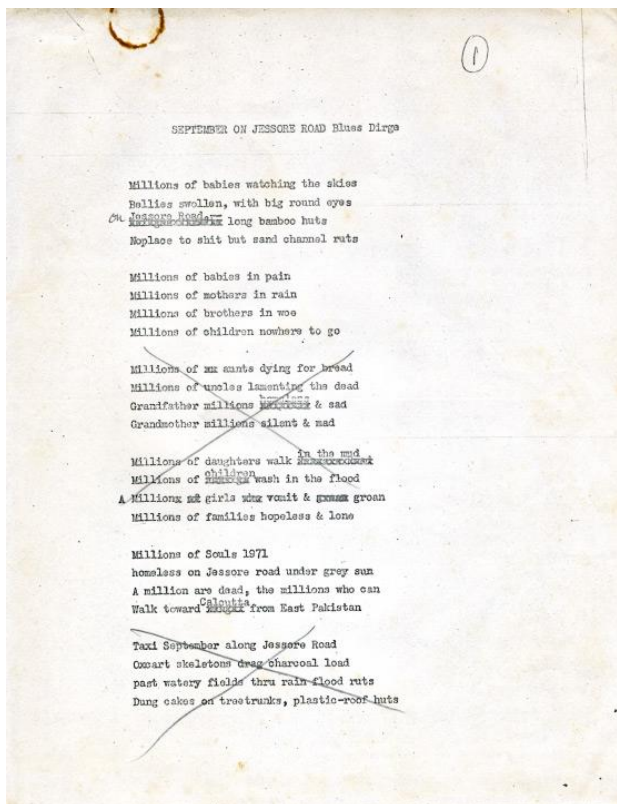
Card from Allen Ginsberg to Ed, September 5, 1970.

"Shards of Gawd (orig. Shards of Ra?) rc'd & read in 2 nights, gorgeous [sic] extension of yr short prose/poetry Fuck You/A Mag of Arts mad blurb invention -- Stylistically both as prose & mental politics it's revolutionary Compassionate break-thru."



Two-page letter written to "Ed Sanders Y.I.P." from Allen Ginsberg on Apple records stationery, June 28, 1972.

Allen sent an "obscure interview" that he had given, but he wanted Ed to share it with d.a. levy and Abbie Hoffman. On the second page, Allen reveals, "Oh, was suggested for mass U.S. politics by Lama Chogyam Trungpa—we've been talking it over."



Allen Ginsberg "September on Jessore Rd Blues Dirge," 1972(?).

Ed wrote a note concerning these lyrics: "Allen Ginsberg 8-page "September on Jessore Rd" w/ handwritten lines [on verso of last page] for song 'Going to San Diego' [where the Republican convention was scheduled to occur in 1972] written for sessions with Bob Dylan."

8/9/85
2130 Wapahoe
Boulder Colo
80302

Dear Ed!

Thanks for sending new Fugs tape -
I played it here at faculty parties, in class (between
the bomb + Hart Sweet) - last night played it ~~there~~ 2 days
after my poetry reading in encampment at Rocky
Flats for Nagasaki day - ~~and~~ loaned the tape
to HG UU to play today (as I'd loaned it
a few poetry 2 weeks ago) over local Colorado radio.

I talked to Ann + Barbara Selley (now ~~is~~
~~is~~ Chancellor) about next summer's music-
poetry program + everyone's eager for ~~you~~ ~~and~~ ~~them~~
to come. I guess they'll write you. ~~They're~~ They're
also trying to reach David Byrne. ~~Could you~~ Could you
send Ann a brief outline of your plan + needs
(stage chorus instructions etc. ~~Do you~~ ~~Do you~~
need a special budget or anything?)

I'll leave here next week for Dallas
Laguna Beach S.F. & then come back for Seminary
weeks at Rocky Mt. Museum Aug 22 - Sept 11 - back
in MS. Sept 15. Harrison Salisbury April 1964
~~I'm~~ I'm interested in Russian trip late November,
I said yes something like China trip, something w/ Russian writer's union.
Remember I'd invited you for youth festival but I was busy at Vassar Valley.

First page of a five-page letter from Allen Ginsberg after receiving a copy of a recording of the Fugs, August 9, 1985.

d. a. levy

Ed Sanders called his friend, d.a. levy, "one of the nation's first Pot Martyrs, a Martyr of the Mimeograph Revolution, and a Martyr for the Right to Read Erotic Verse. ... [He] was like Jeremiah. He had the potential to be a great religious writer—a prophet."

Items related to d.a. levy are in a box labeled "Box Ind-3 /d.a levy (1942-1968) American poet— letters, publications, biographic material. + Ode t[o] d.a levy (E.S.) 1992 + Glyph for d.a. levy (E.S.) 2006" and contains a wide assortment of correspondence sent to Ed Sanders from levy, as well as an extensive collection of levy publications.

According to Ed Sanders, "It all began with the *Marijuana Newsletter*. I sent a copy to d.a. on April 19, 1965, he sent a postcard to LeMar: 'Please put me on your mailing list & I will sign petitions ... wd distribute the *Marijuana Report* if I could afford.' d.a. jumped to the cause with the same tenacity that had glued him to the letterpress. He thought he'd bring the legalization campaign to Cleveland, and he started the *Marrahwanna Newsletter* (later the *Marrahwanna Quarterly*), after which he became one of the first of the 1960s Pot Martyrs—joining Ken Kesey, Tim Leary, John Sinclair, and many others. The police put him on its list."

Dear E.S. (1) 1964

am gambling that i will live long enough to do it and that i'll have the paper and i'd like to ask you if you wd consider sending me a manuscript of 20 short poems - less than 15 lines each - can pay you only 20 copies of the 100 that i print and probably won't use all the poems - - -

but if you want a bk done - i'll do it - the wilder the poems - the more i enjoy printing them and thus better printing job.

title ? -
dedication to anyone ?
poems appeared elsewhere ?
short biographical note - -

inclosed are renegades latest - you see i don't get much money from there ? i give most of them away - but charge high for the few i do sell and usually cover printing + postage costs. →

that's all -
answer within two weeks
is necessary -

d. a. levy
renegade press
14112 Beckel Rd.
Cleveland, Ohio

P.S. if you have a ^{spare} couple of copies of
Fuck You around i would sure
appreciate them

d.a. levy, ALS to Ed Sanders, 2 pages, 1964.

d.a. levy wrote: "am gambling that i will live long enough to do it and i'll have the paper and i'd like to ask you if wd consider sending me 20 short poems ... but if you want a bk done—i'll do it—the wilder the poems—the more I enjoy printing them and thus better printing job."

Ho - ED sent you 5 copies of King Lord
2nd printing (only 98 copies)
Enclosed Pot Papers -
experienced another death -
got rolled for \$1.25 by three
terrified spade kids in
cleveland's little harlem
a couple of days ago -
a very sad happening -
out of a jack dostoyevsky Kerouac bk
- levy - (8)

d.a. levy postcard to Ed Sanders, assumed to be from 1965.

"Ho—Ed sent you 5 copies of King Lord 2nd printing (only 98 copies) [Ed Sanders' book published by levy's Renegade Press]. Enclosed Pot Papers—experienced another death—got rolled for \$1.25 by three terrified spade kids in cleveland little harlem a couple of days ago— a very sad happening—out of a jack dostoyevsky Kerouac bk."

③ 1-12-65

dear ed,
 i have no words ..when on paper i think perhaps
 i am loosing everything or leaving everything
 via negation behind...as with drugs..but i dont
 take drugs anymore or havent for a long time...

someone told me (a Philly chick) 'last year the
 world turn over...its doing it again this year'

What the fuck is happening?
 all i know is its a mind thing from one end of
 this country to the other...perhaps the whole
 world but i am not in contact with any place
 other than the US. A voice in mexico city also
 tremblings from canada. How much do you know.

Have you read 'The Sacred Mushroom - Key to the door
 of Eternity' It is a bridy murphy thing in egypt.
 now aware are you of yr Egyptianish poems. I am not
 finished with the book but turn on like a light
 bulb cosmic high when reading it.

last night (No time anymore) went to adeles bar
 with friends..i drank a little ginger ale and get
 euphorically drunk ...maintained high degree of
 control knew where people were in their heads
 (or felt unconsciously where they were at could
 not definately pin it down)

I still get paranoid...think cia & fbi are going to
 get me for something (burn this letter) many people
 here becoming very sensitive & perceptive...

New coffee house opened THE WELL - could be a LE
 Metre in cleveland...it is backed by christian,
 leaving the church & going back to god....

everyone sez it is unhip to talk about it..what
 is it..do you know?

As for the Ed Sanders myth, i am working on it,
 along with my own..but i dont know what mine is
 or how much of it is myth.

2

ps. for yr own information, unhip as it is, i
 dig chicks and only chicks..and then not many of
 them (translation..i like to fuck women, and there
 arnt many of them..there are many neurotic breads
 but few woman)

sorry i did not get to yr shop, c.b. playing motherly
 middleclass goddess demanded i was my ears..it was
 an alternative of knocking her on her can or laughing
 my way back to cleveland..i am back in cleveland
 physically...i am doing my work (reading, writing
 letters, organizing as usual) but mind is groping
 itself...can you fill in any gaps....

d.a.levy *levy*
 i/c/o russell salamon
 pobox 6065
 cleveland ohio

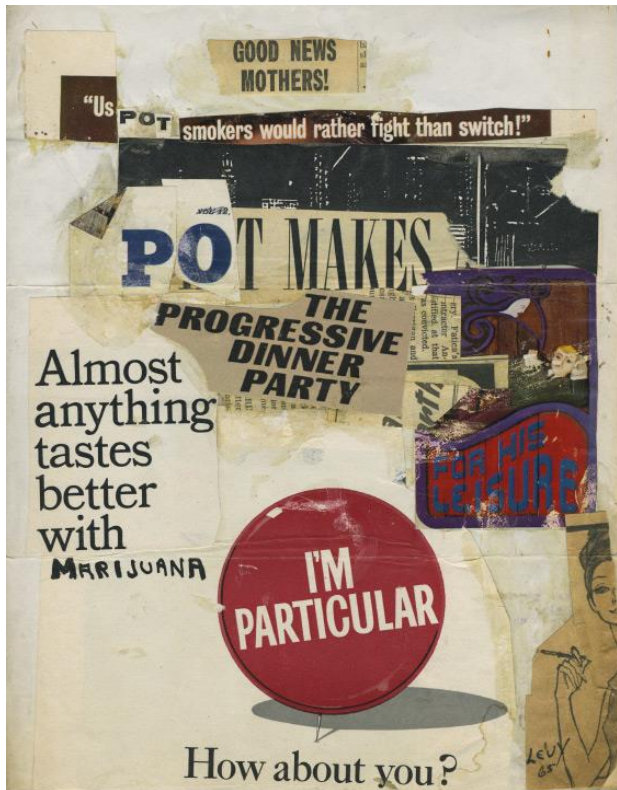
i can only assume i am not insane as i am still
 functioning..perhaps (definately) better than
 before.

the MQ#2 could use a good excrement poem or bugging
 poem if you have one (limited to 15 lines)

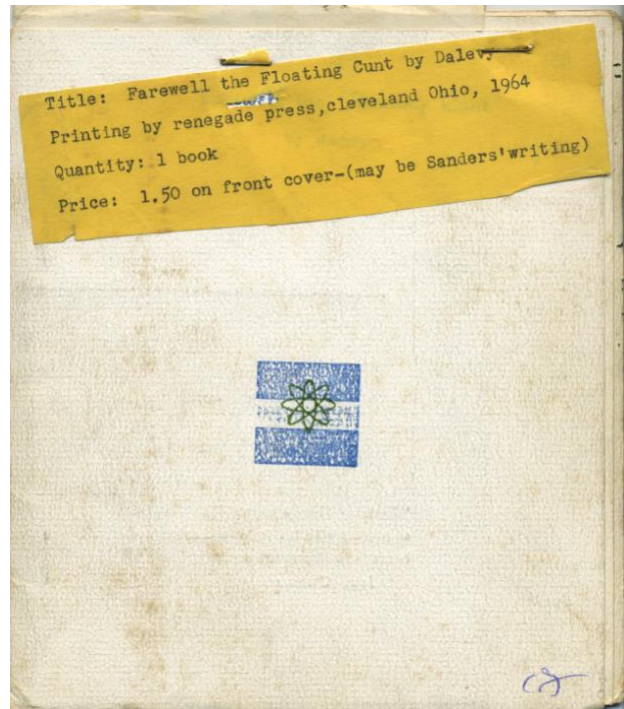
please answer fast

d.a. levy, TLS to Ed Sanders, 2 pages, January 12, 1965, sent in an envelope marked "urgent."

"i have no words ..when on paper i think perhaps i am loosing everything or leaving everything via negation behind ... as with drugs..but I don't take drugs anymore or haven't for a long time...."



Original d.a. levy collage, signed and dated 1965.



d.a. levy, *Farewell the Floating Cunt*, Renegade Press, 1964.

This copy of *Farewell the Floating Cunt* was one of the books confiscated by the police during their 1966 raid on the Peace Eye Bookstore. The yellow police evidence label remains on the book.

(13)

ed -

This was printed last night - it is already out of print - please read it if you get a chance to breathe - a different bag - john scott just got two years in the county workhouse & we cant do a damn thing except wait, send the motherfuckers bent love rays -

jps
d.a. levy

Note laid into levy's *Prose: On Poetry in Wholesale Education & Culture System*, 1968.

levy writes: "this was printed last night—please read it if you get a chance to breathe—a different bag—john scott just got two years in the county workhouse [levy and Scott had been arrested for contributing to the delinquency of two minors by reading and distributing literature] & we cant do a damn thing except wait send the motherfuckers bent love rays."

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE A POET - PROVE IT

OPEN POETRY READING at The Gate - East 22 & Euclid
Friday - MARCH 25 1966 (8 to 12 pm)
telephone 771 - 1882

This is not intended to be a chance to the poets of greater Cleveland, Hiram, Youngstown, Oberlin, Akron etc & those who think they are poets.... Editors of Cleveland Poetry Mags will be there & also the most difficult of audiences - the poets themselves....

EVERYONE SEZ IT CAN'T HAPPEN IN CLEVELAND - well this is it you apathetic maggots - haul your ass to the Gate for a night of flowers & assassinations..

Procedure - Open Reading - 8 to 10pm & 10:30 to 12pm.
15 to 20 minute sets with each person who wants to read - reading 3 poems or 5 minutes..persons who want to read should sign in with d.a.levy on arrival or during breaks between sets..
S-S-S-S

at 10:00 d.a.levy (disguised as an arab taxi-camel driver) will read sections from CLEVELAND undercovers & other poems

POETRY AS A RELIGIOUS SACRAMENT

1966 d.a. levy

MARRAHWANNA NEWSLETTER #1 (Cleveland, Ohio)

"Cannabis also has a long history of religious use in India, being taken at various ceremonies and for 'clearing the head and stimulating the brain to think' in meditation." From THE PSYCHEDELIC REVIEW

"Most serious observers agree that cannabis does not, per se, induce aggressive or criminal activities." Psychello Review

"Marihuana is no more aphrodisiac than is alcohol." from Drugs and The Mind - DeRopp

"Murphy raises the question of why cannabis is so regularly banned in countries where alcohol is permitted. He feels that one of the reasons is the positive value placed on action, and the hostility toward passivity." Psychodelic Review.

"The instances are extremely rare where the habit of marijuana smoking is associated with addiction to these other narcotics" (this was in reference to heroin/cocaine etc) Psychodelic Rvw.

"It is probable that alcohol is more responsible as an agent in crime than marijuana." From Drugs and The Mind - DeRopp.

.....

A FLEA FOR GURU RONALD JUMP

It seems we have made some progress since the middle ages. The Feudalistic tax collector has been replaced by the 'civilized' courtroom. If the city officials can not 'democratically' induce the population to vote for higher taxes they merely begin enforcing some of the absurd & outdated laws they have collected. But what can they do with a wandering monk such as Ronald Jump. He has no money, his existential decision, his way of life have led him down a trail of material poverty. Ronald Jump is in jail because he is poor.

The first time I met Ron, I sat in a chair unable to move for 20 minutes while he talked. It was the first time I had ever heard anyone use the american-english language with total control & total lucidity. For 20 minutes I could not answer his penetrating questions. He is certainly not normal. He may be a genius/ he may be insane (whatever that means) but whatever he is, he IS NOT DANGEROUS. His most vicious crime would be to take a glass of milk or piece of cheese from someone's box & then only if he had not eaten for a day or two. Rons greatest mistake seems to be his decision to better himself mentally & spiritually. Unfortunately he succeeded. His second mistake was demanding "S" (passively) that people communicate with him on his level.

Ron (when he could afford it) would carry a packet of marijuana in his shirt pocket. Once I asked him what would happen if the police stopped him. He said they often did, they either took his pot or gave it back to him. THEY DID NOT ARREST HIM!

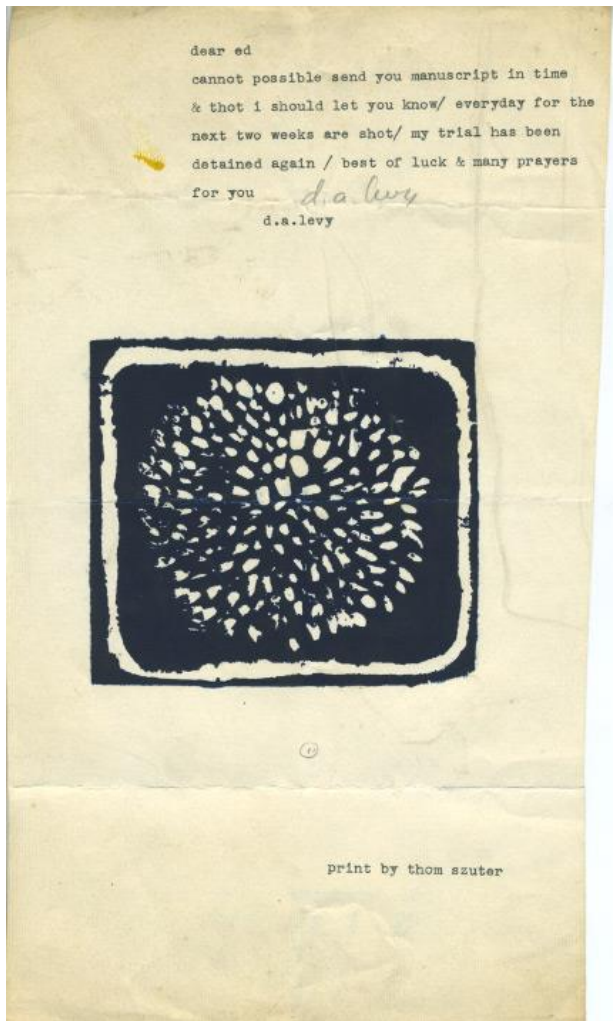
When he finally did get arrested, it was for possession of marijuana. The amount he held could have been hidden under his thumbnail. When a policeman pushed him he said, "If you do that again, I'll melt you with my eyes." Under the circumstances it was a very valid thing to say, any other statement may have gotten him a couple of good whaps with a nightstick. Instead the police decided to handle him with caution.

Lima State Hospital for the Criminally Insane has a high accident rate. Troublesome / uncooperative patients seem to fall down stairs & walk into things with regularity. Violent/troublesome/misunderstood patients are kept tranquilized for unhealthy lengths of time, & then there are shock

"If you think you're a poet — prove it" flyer, The Gate, Cleveland, Ohio, March 25, 1966.

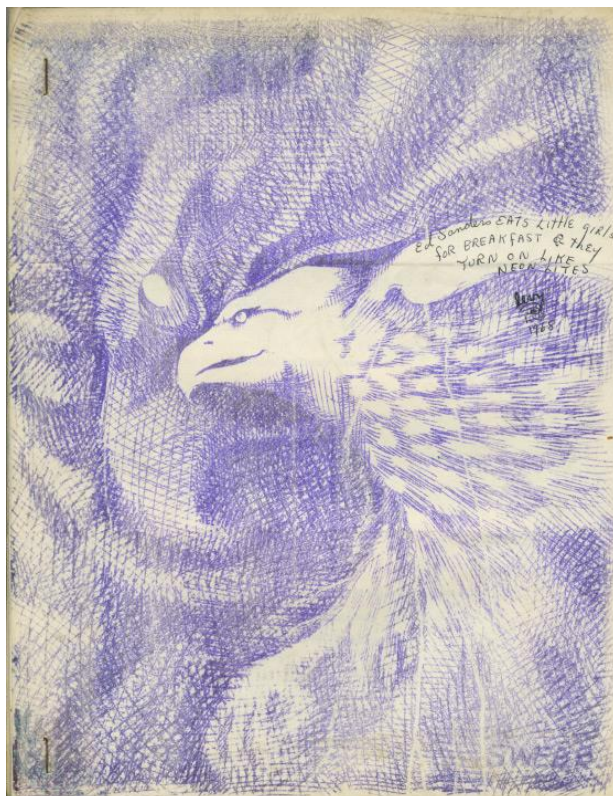
d.a. levy's *Marrahwanna Newsletter*, no. 1, [1966].

The flyer is for an open reading organized by d.a. levy at The Gate in Cleveland, ending with levy "disguised as an arab taxi-camel driver" reading his poems.



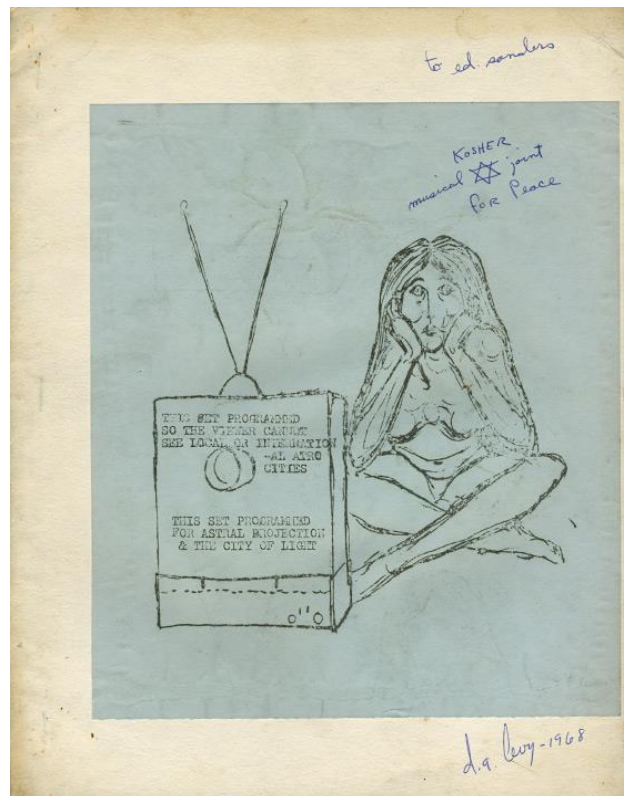
Print by Thom Szuter with note typed and signed by levy (1968?).

“cannot possible send yu manuscript in time & thot I should let you know/ everyday for the next two weeks are shot/ my trial has been detained again / best of luck & many prayers for you.” The Fugs joined Allen Ginsberg on May 13, 1967, for a benefit for d.a.’s defense fund in the basement of Trinity Cathedral.



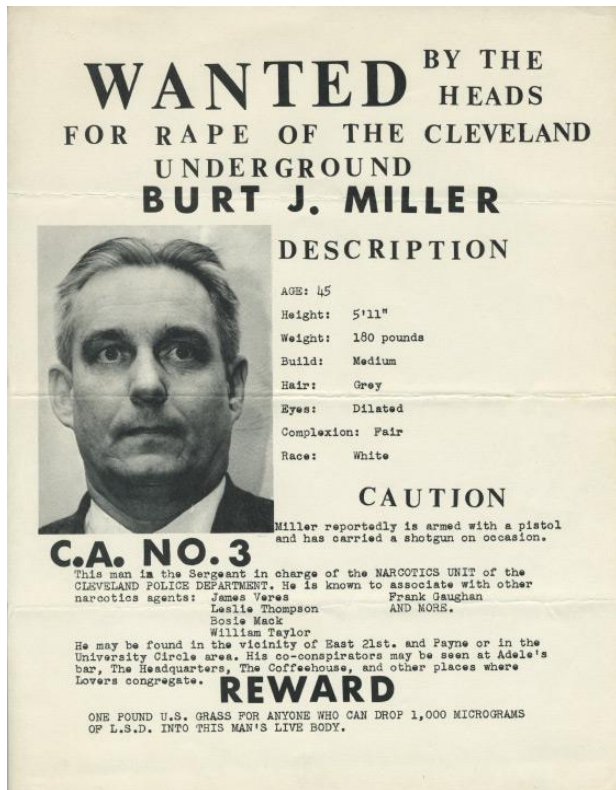
d.a. levy's *The Beginning of Sunny Dawn*, Ghostflower Press, 1968.

Inscribed by levy to Ed on the cover: “Ed Sanders eats little girls for breakfast & they turn on like neon lites.”



d.a. levy, *Suburban Monastery Death Poem*, Zero Edition, 1968.

Inscribed on the cover to Ed: “to ed sanders KOSHER musical ☆ joint for Peace.”



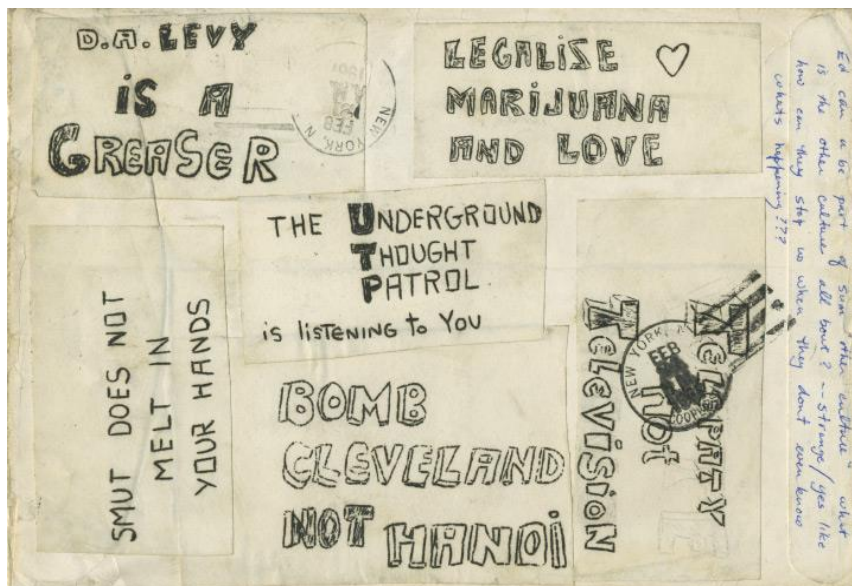
Flyer, "Wanted by the Heads for the Rape of the Cleveland Underground Burt J. Miller."

Miller was the head of the Cleveland Narcotics Bureau and responsible for the raid of Jim Lowell's bookstore and d.a. levy's books and press in 1967.



"A glyph for d.a.—tormented by Right Wing Sleaze," 2006.

Original collage created by Ed Sanders on a Cleveland newspaper ad in tribute to his friend d.a. levy.



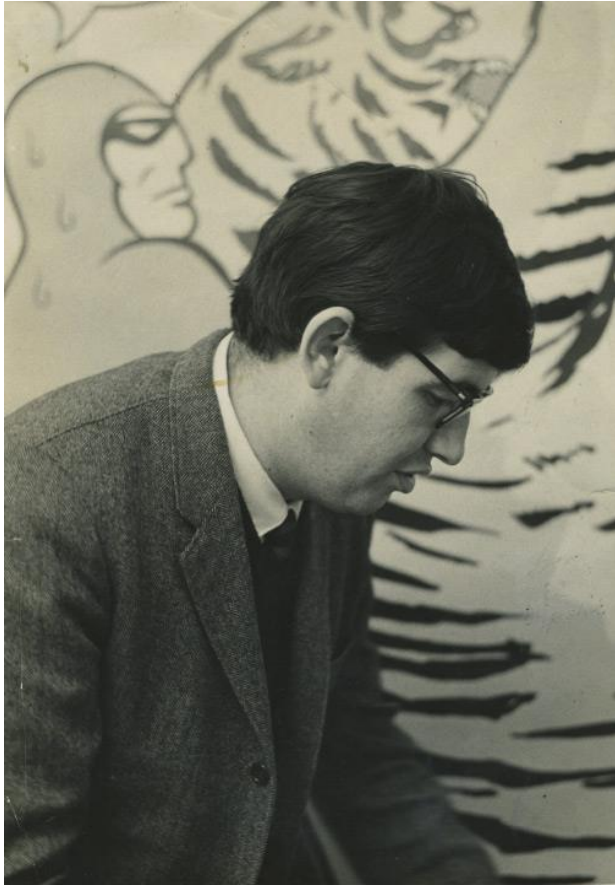
Card from r.j.s. (Robert J. Sigmund) to Ed Sanders, February 20, 1967.

Cleveland poet r.j.s., friend of and often collaborator with d.a. levy, wrote: "Ed can u be part of sum 'other culture' what is the other culture all bout? -- strange / yes like how can they stop us when they don't even know whats happening???"

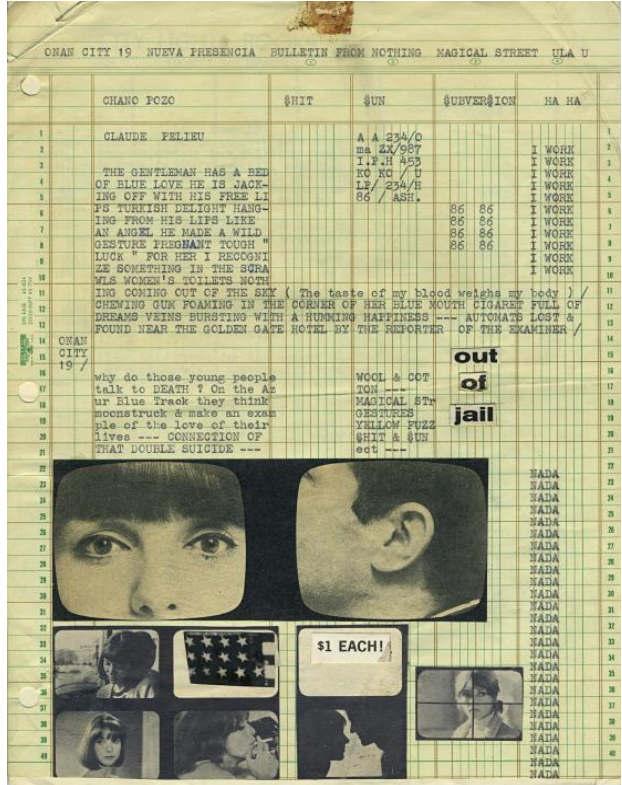
Claude Pélieu

Ed Sanders became friends with Claude Pélieu after he published, in association with City Lights, Pélieu's *Automatic Pilot* in early 1965. Ed had already been a friend of Pélieu's wife, translator and artist Mary Beach. (She also translated Sanders' novel *Shards of God* into French.) According to Ed Sanders, "Pélieu was one of the outstanding collagists of the era."

In his 2001 catalog essay for an exhibition of work by Claude Pélieu and Mary Beach, Thurston Moore said Pélieu's collages reflected "real life both delightful and deadly, horrible and high, jazzed and disjointed, jinxed and holy ... The Art and writings of Mary Beach and Claude Pélieu remain as visionary grace, codes and mirrors to spark song as revolution" (Thurston Moore essay in *Claude Pélieu and Mary Beach, 2001*. JMc & GHB Editions, 2007).



Portrait of Claude Pélieu, n.d.

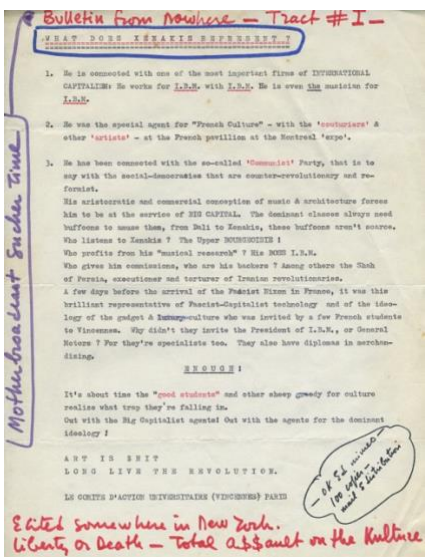


Chano Pozo / Claude Pélieu, Collaged letter / poem, 1986(?).



Photo of Claude Pélieu, 1968.

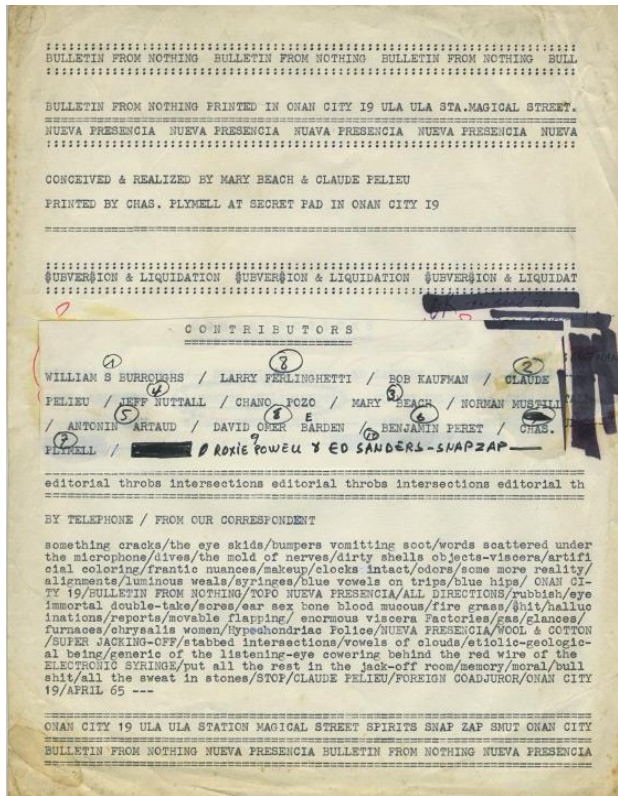
This photo was laid in a folder with the *American Wet Dream* manuscript submitted to Ed Sanders to be published by Fuck You Press. A note with the photo in Pélieu's hand: "Pix, blow up in black & white—Freako Pelieu at May [Mary?] Pop Art Home S-Fo, 1968 ..."



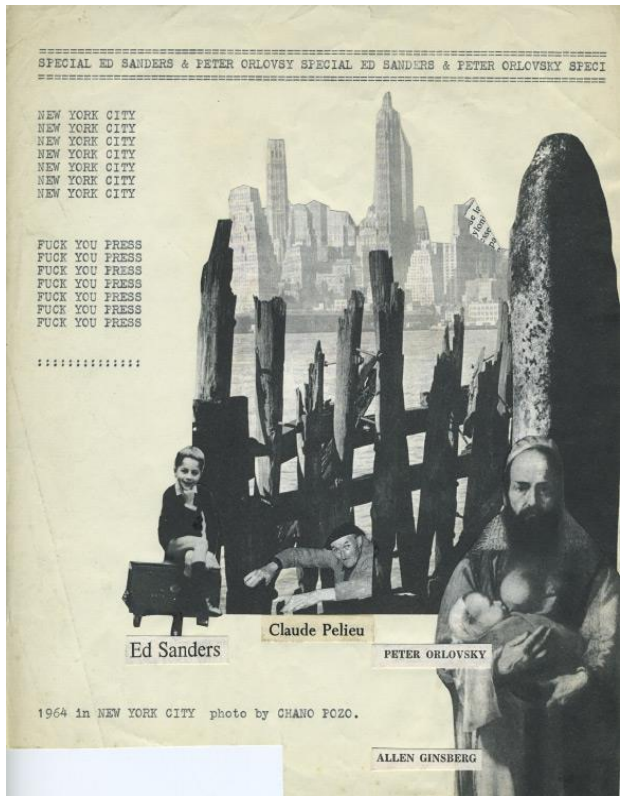
Le Comité d'Acton Universitaire (Vincennes) Paris, "What Does Xenakis Represent?" [1968(?)].

Marked as "Bulletin From Nowhere—Tract #1." With note on bottom: "— OK Ed mimeo—100 copies—MAIL & distribution."

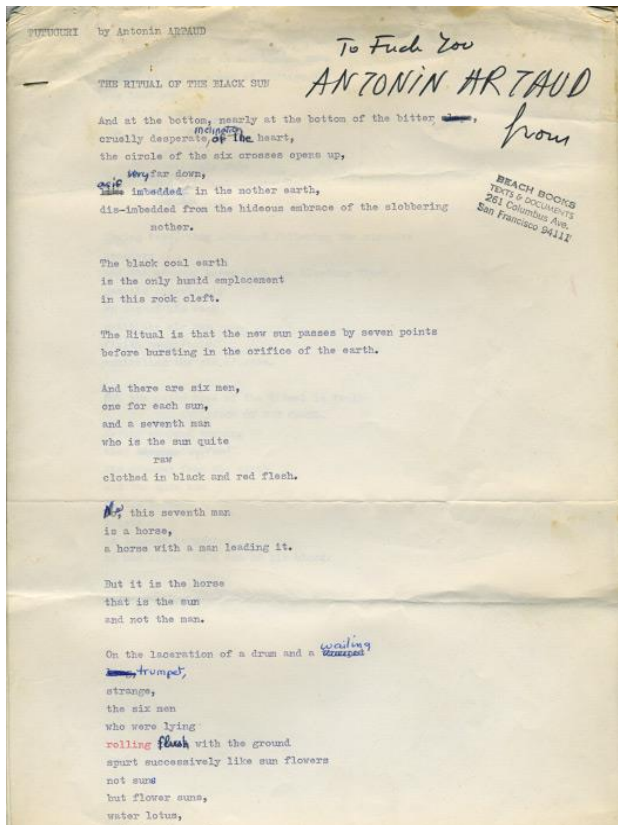
There were only three issues of Claude Pélieu's *The Bulletin from Nothing* published in 1965. Contributors to those issues included Antonin Artaud, Ed Sanders, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, William Burroughs, and Bob Kaufman. Manuscripts in the archive point to an unrealized fourth issue that was being compiled.



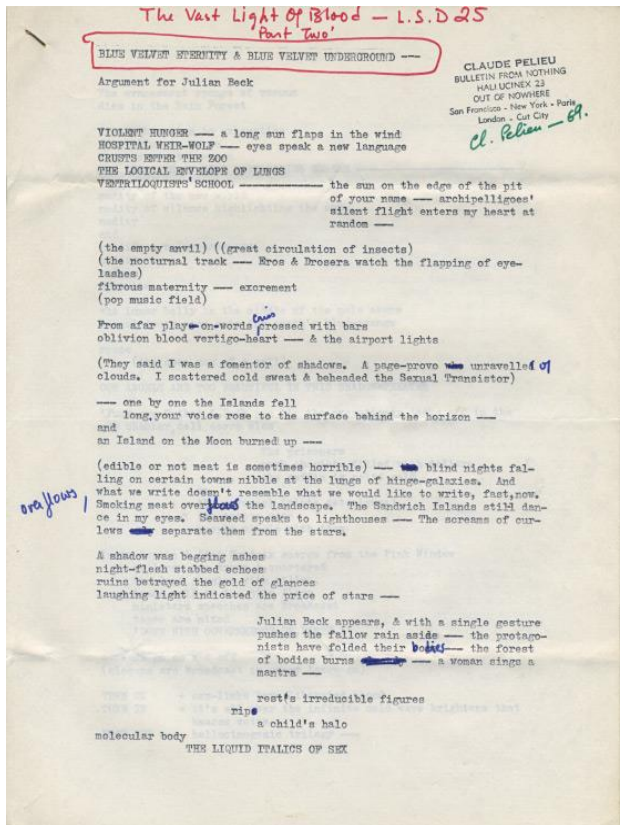
Unpublished table of contents page from *Bulletin from Nothing*, no. 1, 1965.



Ed Sanders and Peter Orlovsky's original collage contribution to *Bulletin from Nothing*, no. 2.

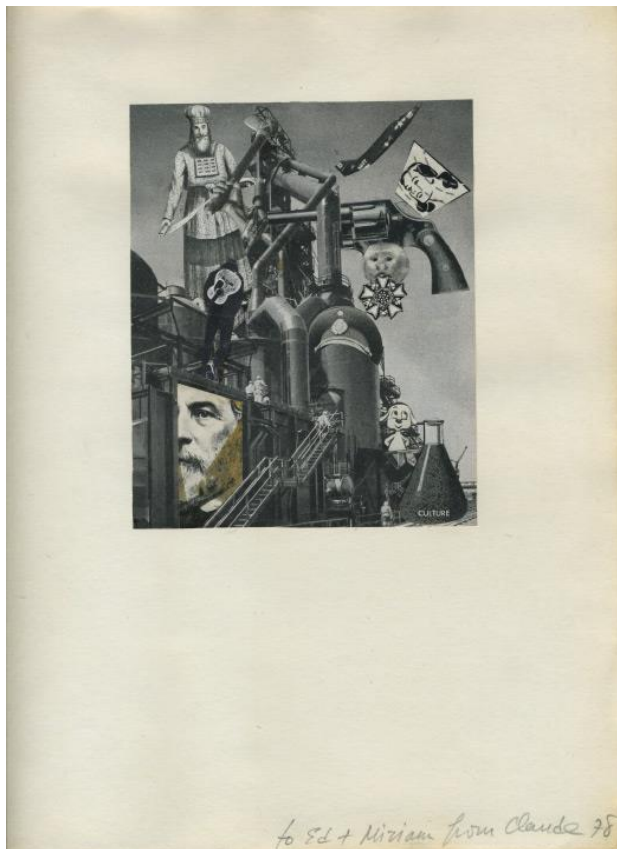


Antonin Artaud, "Tutuguri." Translated by Mary Beach. Typescript with many corrections by hand. Inscribed to Ed Sanders.

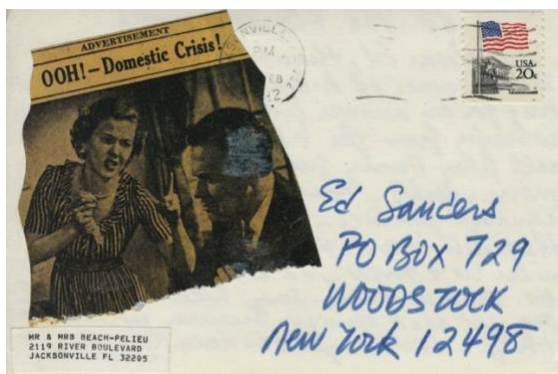


Claude Pélieu, "Blue Velvet Eternity & Blue Velvet Underground --- Argument for Julian Beck: The Vast Light of Blood—L.S.D. 25 Part Two."

First page of a twelve-page manuscript with a note to Ed Sanders from Mary Beach on the last page.

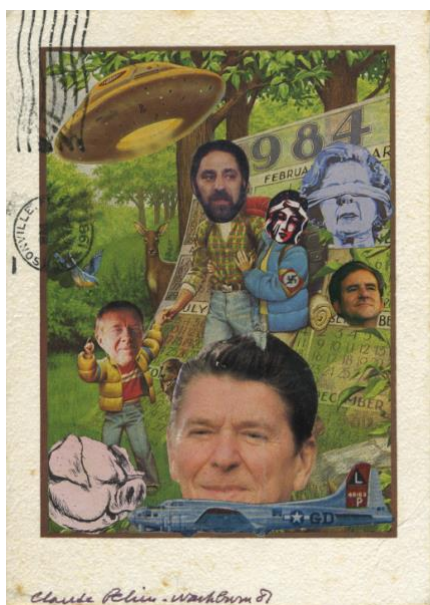


Collage on the back of a book cover for Claude Pélieu's *Whistling Down the Wire*, 1978. Inscribed to Ed and Miriam Sanders from Pélieu.



Feb 16, 82. Max. Fla. No America.
 Dear Ed, thank you for W. Times & the names of R.E agents. We'll see. Waiting for an answer from Congress town - re-covering from flu + fluency. got a phone call from Harry Smith, sounds OK, gay, merry, healthy - born working on pipe & 'aquadige' paintings - Please don't forget the prints I sent you in Jan. Hope you're OK, under ice + snow - 82 down here, T. Storms, etc. Keep in touch. Say hello to Allen - See you next spring or summer upstate NY - love to you + Miriam. Claude

Front and back of collaged card sent by Claude Pélieu to Ed Sanders, February 16, 1982.



US Postage
 Ed Sanders, eqg?
 186 Meade Mountain Road
 WOODS TOCK
 New York 12498
 Easter, Sunday, 4:05pm
 Dear Ed, mail art # 1738, postcards memo. bers since aug 80 -ouch. WOW! - I'd rather be in Poland giving an affectionate pt of me to a girl - son lady; clone - uh - very hot down here. Strange numbers. Wild decade. How's allen now? Larry told me, he had had high blood pressure. He too. I'm under medication, very unpleasant. Wish you were here. My big collar I have nothing in common with my post cards in fact. Love Claude

Front and back of collaged card sent by Claude Pélieu to Ed Sanders, April 19, 1987.

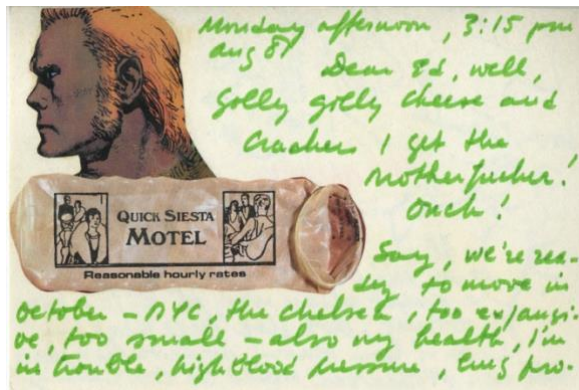
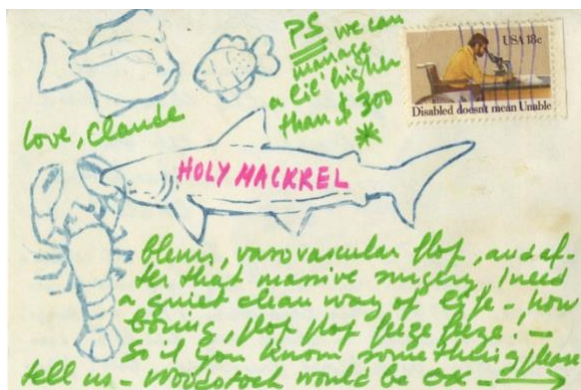
Eddie boy,
 forget the French Italian insane
 babble, and rewrite the captions—
 one day we'll ~~publish~~ publish it
 somewhere—
 OK, so long
 cl.

Note from Claude Pélieu to Ed Sanders
 accompanying 25 boards with collaged comics
 (one of which is shown below).

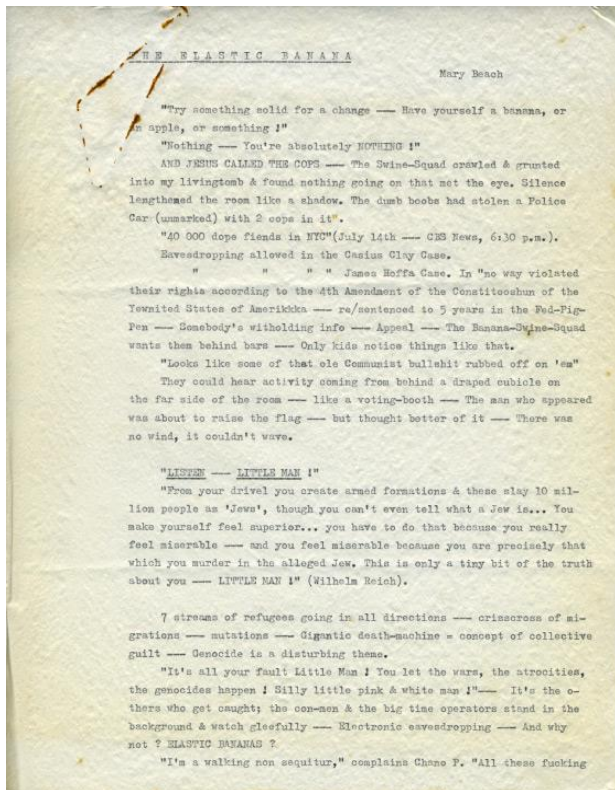
"Eddie boy, forget the French Italian insane
 babble, and rewrite the captions—one day we'll
 publish it somewhere—OK, So long Cl." The
 project was never realized.



One of twenty-five comics and
 other items collaged on boards
 sent to Ed Sanders for a
 potential collaboration.



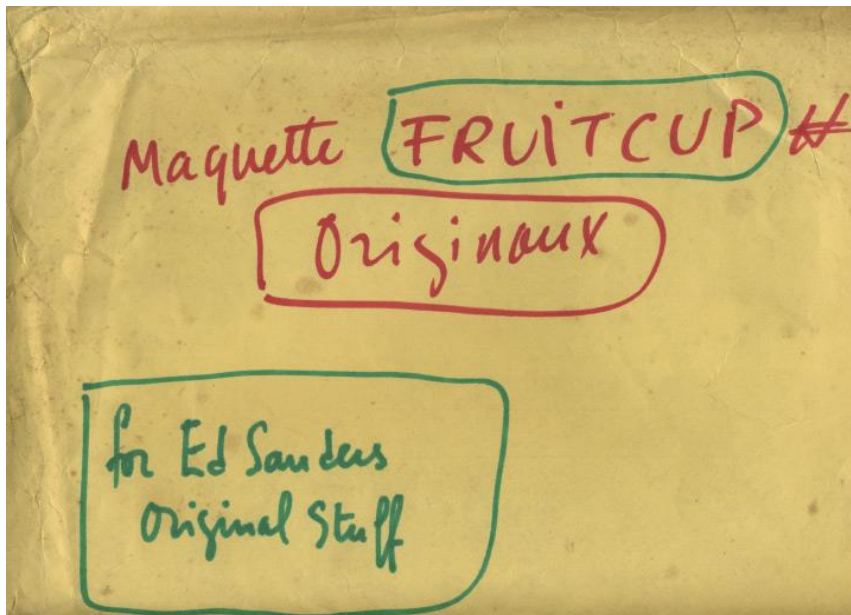
Front and back of postcard sent to Ed Sanders by Claude Pélieu, August 1981.



Mary Beach, "The Elastic Banana." Typescript.



Original Claude Pélieu collage created from the 1967 *Life* cover featuring Ed Sanders. Inscribed on verso by Claude Pélieu to Ed, March 1967.

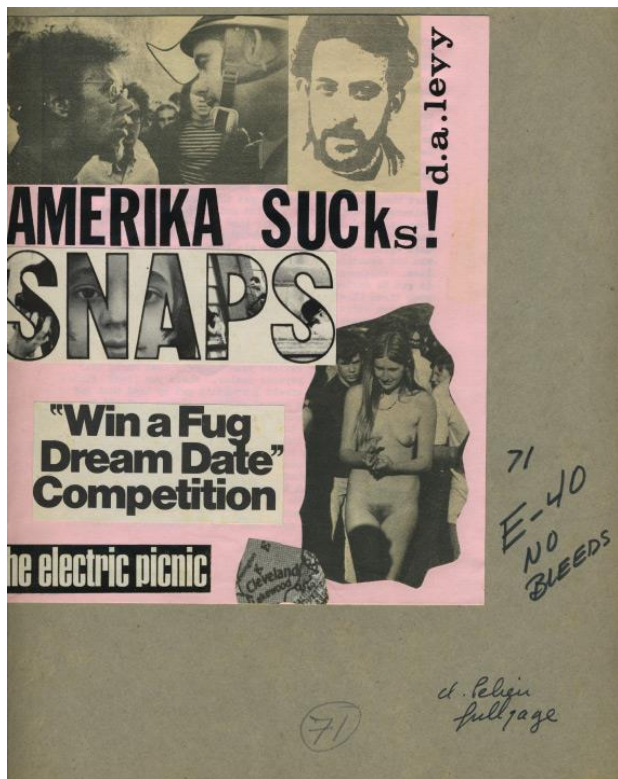


Envelope that contained the original *Fruit Cup* pasteups given to Ed Sanders.

Fruit Cup, no. zero, was a one-shot magazine edited and published by Mary Beach. Contributors included William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Jean Jacques Lebel, Ed Sanders, Wallace Berman, Carl Weissner, Liam O'Gallagher, and Charles Plymell.



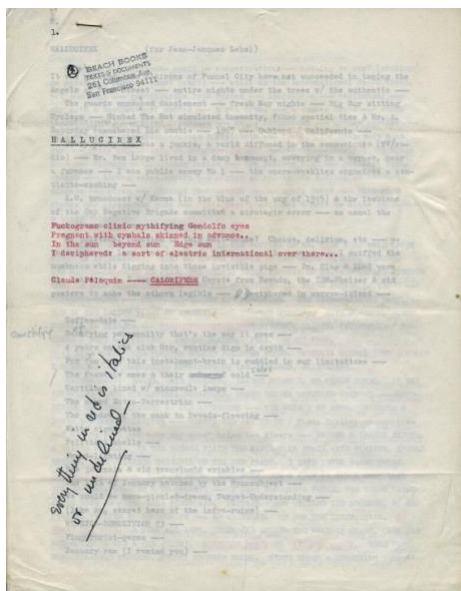
Fruit Cup collage.



Fruit Cup collage.



Left and above: Fruit Cup collage.



Claude Pélieu, "Hallucinex." Cover of a 17-page typescript with many corrections by hand.

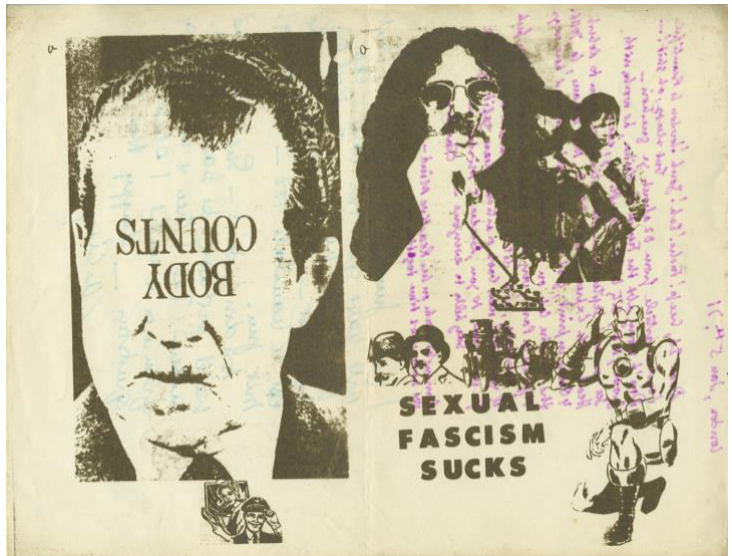
London, Jan 5th, 71

Dear Ed, George! Fisher! Bob! Jack! Haven't le Remiffel
 / could article from B2 about yr question -
 Don't worry abt the French Publisher, he works with
 you, it's OK right, don't say, etc -
 In you next magazine - send articles or press to Robert
 Head, NOLA Express - 208 2842, New Orleans, LA, 70116.
 Voodoo is great, good you want! We're all read here says
 the Machine but on a "saturday" -
 Wpis dit in Paris, say, and - what's "saturday" - they feel
 of "saturday", as a "S" like in a "Saturday" -
 if you publish new book or article, please send it by mail
 for us - love to you Beadie & Miriam -
 Say hello to everyone - Claude.

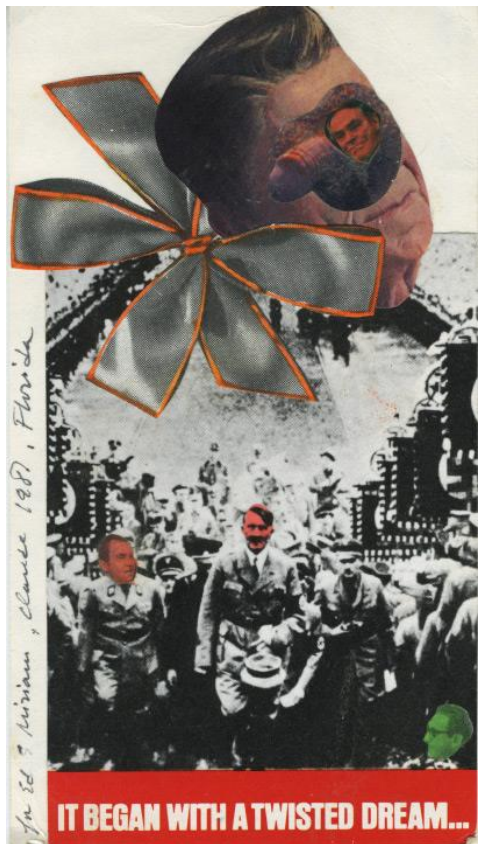
through the work on his Reactive Mind -
 we have seen him together -

I have finished Shards - but
 will have questions later - see
 now in the middle of the West-End
 And Test - Tom will be in shortly
 able to translate too - real pretty!
 met you.

London is dead - England instead
 we'll probably be back in Sept-
 October - Tell them & until we hear
 from you + until I send my
 questions - Happy New Year
 to you



Front and back of letter from Mary Beach and Claude Pélieu to Ed Sanders, January 5, 1971.



Can't send
 you a
 "mail"
 art #

April 8th, No America
 Jax, Fla
 9:30 pm

Dear Miriam & Ed,
 a little card, quick - I'm OK now - Mary too -
 safe - no lung cancer in fact, just a nasty surgical
 safari - Mary's OK. Busy painting - we two -
 collage (mixed media) - no more writing, after
 16 pp books I'd said everything I wanted (or not)
 to say - time to stop - I'm very happy with the
 artwork - and you? Please write - hope you'
 re doing well - and "Beadie"? a big girl now -
 never - love Claude
 army screams: Hello!!! - she's covered in paint so the
 in present...

Left and above: Front and back of collaged postcard from Claude Pélieu to Ed Sanders, April 1981.



Claude Pélieu, "I'm By Claude Pelieu." Recording of "Throbs / Nouvelles Brives / Entre les Lignes—Dec. 1964 San Francisco." 5-3/4 inch audio tape in original collage box.

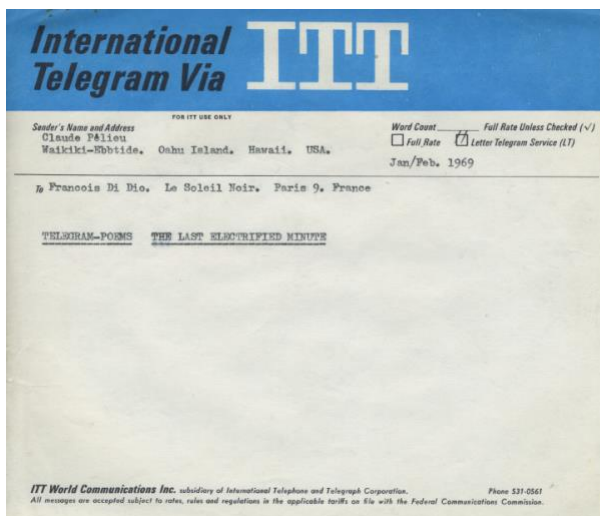


Claude Pélieu, "Paranoia," with multiple dates on back of the box—July 1964 and 1965–7.

Ed Sanders has simply noted it as 1960s. 5-3/4 inch audio tape in original collage box.

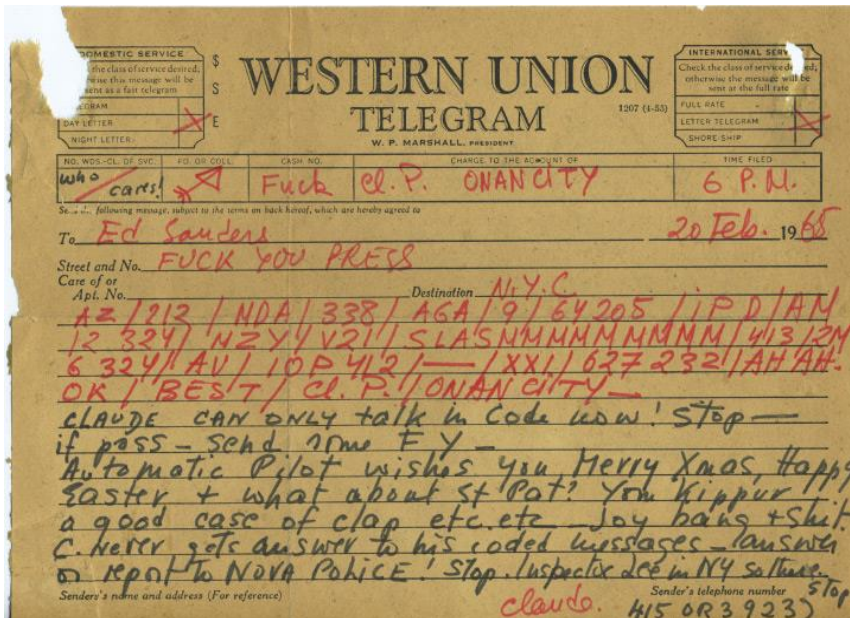


Claude Pélieu, "Target #12," 1982. Original drawing, inscribed on back to Ed Sanders.



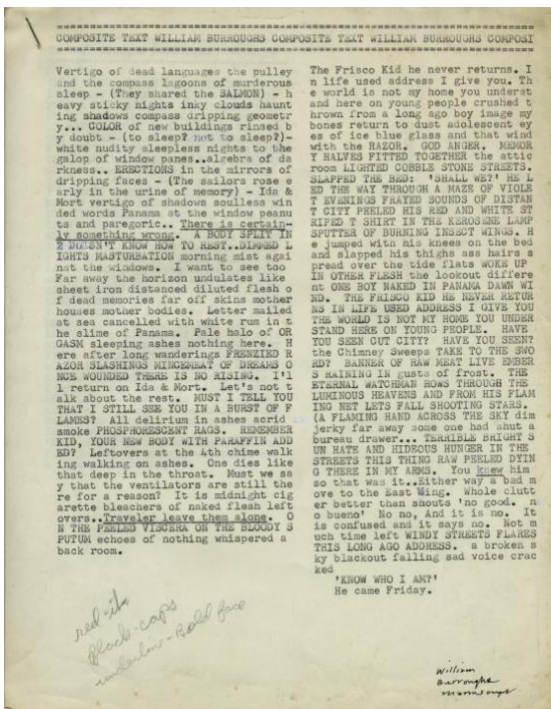
Claude Pélieu, "The Last Electrified Minute," January/February, 1969. "Telegram-Poems," 9-page typescript.



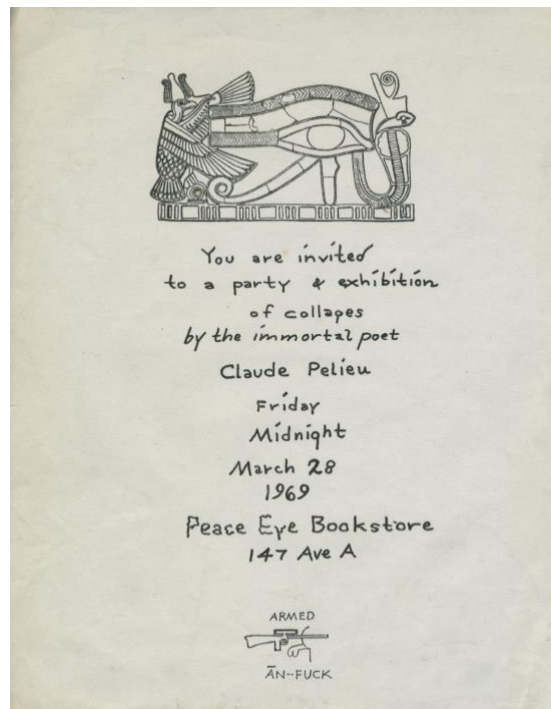


Claude Pélieu note to Ed Sanders written on a Western Union Telegram form, February 20, 1965.

“Claude can only talk in code now! Stop—if pass—send some FY—Automatic Pilot wishes you Merry Xmas, Happy Easter & what about St. Pat? Yom Kippur a good case of clap etc. etc.”



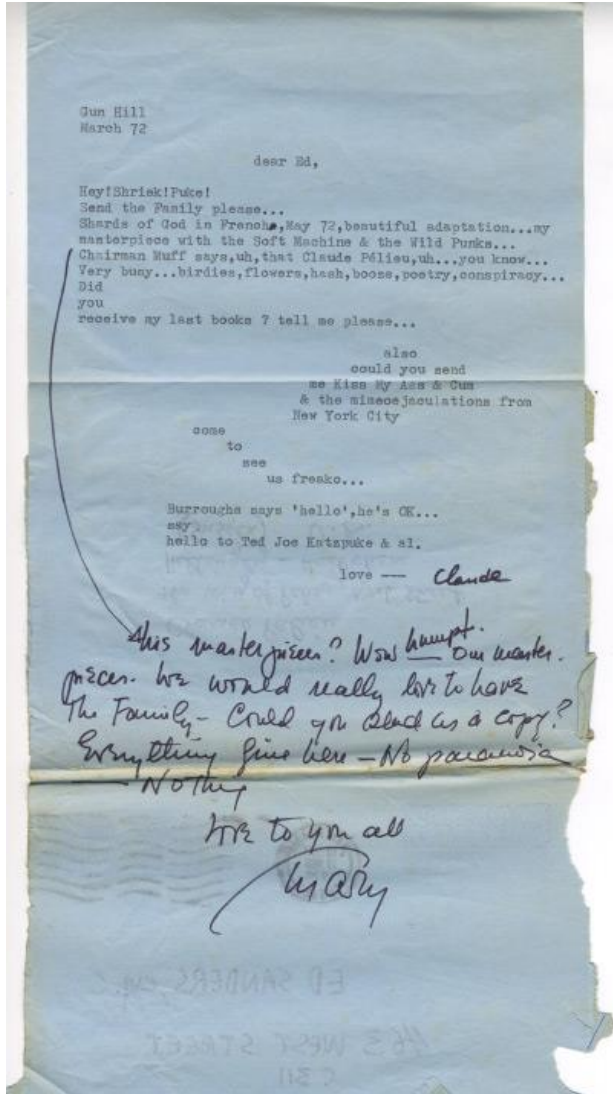
William Burroughs. Typescript for “Composite Text” that appeared in *Bulletin from Nothing*, No. 1.



Ed Sanders, Flyer for exhibition of Claude Pélieu's glyphic art at the Peace Eye Bookstore, March 28, 1969. Designed and printed by Sanders at Peace Eye.

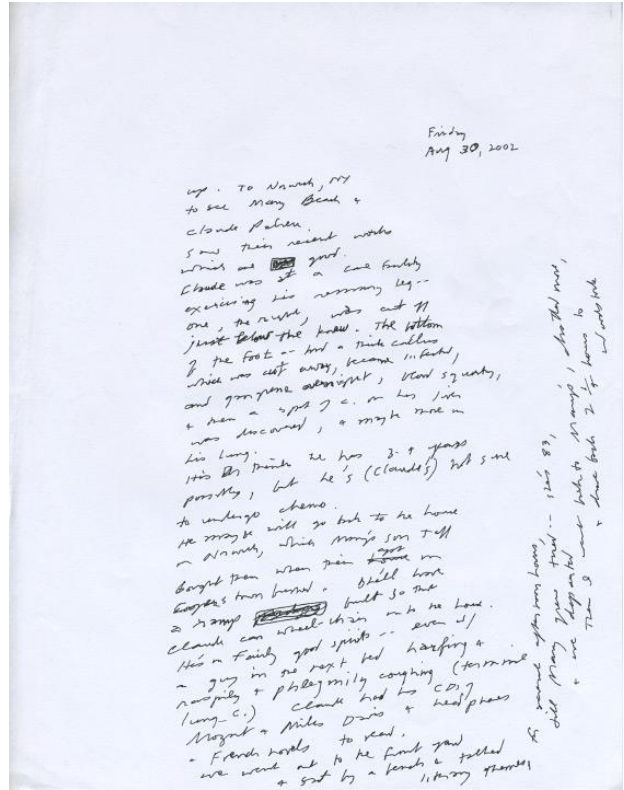


Photo taken by Ed Sanders of Mary Beach, Miriam Sanders, Claude Pélieu, and Deirdre Sanders at Pélieu's opening at Peace Eye, March 28, 1969.



Mary Beach and Claude Pélieu airogram, March 1972.

"[C]ome to see us freako... Burroughs says 'hello', he's OK... say hello to Ted Joe Katzpuka & al."



Ed Sanders wrote these notes after visiting his ailing friend Claude Pélieu, August 30, 2002. Pélieu died only months later.

John Sinclair

Poet and political activist John Sinclair became good friends with Ed Sanders beginning in the 1960s, both sharing similar concerns, causes, and outlooks. Although Ed had been aware of John for some time, it wasn't until John brought the Fugs to play at Wayne State University in 1967 that they actually met. John began the second LeMar (Committee to Legalize Marijuana) chapter in Detroit (d.a. levy set up the first in Cleveland). Ed was an ongoing supporter of co-founder Sinclair's Detroit Artists' Workshop (DAW) press, allowing the Workshop to freely reprint *The Fugs Songbook*, which became a DAW bestseller.

When John was arrested in 1969 for giving two joints to an undercover police officer, Ed's essay about Sinclair as "The Christ of Marijuana" was published in *The East Village Other*. His long 1971 investigative poem, "The Entrapment of John Sinclair," published in the *LA Free Press*, is credited with recruiting John Lennon's involvement in the "Free John Sinclair!" cause.

The Ed Sanders Archive contains a rich assortment of publications, ephemera, and correspondence related to John Sinclair.

The Artists' Worksheet is a new community service by the Artists' Workshop, 1252 West Forest, Detroit 48201. The Worksheet will be issued weekly by the Artists' Workshop Press, and will be a public "platform" for the work-in-progress, working drafts, & finished work of Detroit poets & writers. Copies can be obtained at the Artists' Workshop, on Wednesday, Thursday, & Friday nights or at the Sunday afternoon program there at 3:00 p.m. weekly. The Worksheet is offered free to all interested members of the community and hopefully will serve to establish firmer artistic ties between the working writers of the Detroit community. Every writer in the area is invited to submit manuscripts for publication in the Artists' Worksheet, in whatever stage of development. See John Sinclair or Robin Ritchie for further details.

BLOOD SWEETS

(For Allen Ginsberg)

From an Arapaho Vision Song:

The star-child is here.
It is through him that
our people are living.

I'm washing in the madness of holy holy while the mad robots around me rejoice with glee. I'm listening to the blood echoes of humanity which flow in the base of the spine and flow up to the brain in a sweet-sour song of life-death. Timothy Leary et al. call it game-playing. The radio sings songs of the game of love and the game of life but what about the game of fate and the game of death? It's all ying-yang you know (and I'm not saying that in a tone of indifference either). I've made it on hallucinogen drugs only in a very marginal way, but I can still see that it's all game-playing. In this vast city of Detroit I see everyone washing themselves in the blood echoes of their soul, in the beneficial and harmful karma they created in the blood and sweat and laughter and tears and orgasm and hysteria of their past deeds. And I see them corrupted by their past deeds. And I see myself corrupted by my past deeds. Don't need to make it on chemical supports to see all of that. Children's games are more easily comprehensible than the games we play. The stakes are not so high and the goals are easily won in the mind's eye of imagination. See the star-child -- Jesus absurd than we and I'd rather believe in its game than my own. Gautama made it back, back to the beginning and back to the source song he had his ancestor in the morning. And I've tried to believe his words, Allen, Allen I've read the Lakshyastara Sutra every day for over two years and I've tried to believe it but I still want to deny myself from it and run from it:

"Further again, Mahamati, let the Bodhisattva-Mahasattva have a thorough understanding as to the nature of the twofold egolessness. Mahamati, what is the twofold egolessness? (It is the egolessness of persons and the egolessness of things. What is meant by egolessness of persons? It means that) in the collection of Skandha, Rupa, and Agatana there is no ego-substance, nor anything belonging to it; the ego-self (Vijnana) is originated by ignorance, deed, and desire, and keeps up its function by grasping objects by means of the sense organs, such as the eye, etc., and by clinging to them as real; while a world of objects and bodies is manifested owing to the discrimination that takes place in the world which is of Mind itself, that is, in the all-conserving consciousness (Alayavijnana).

By reason of the habit-energy stored up by false imagination since beginningless time, this world is subject to change and destruction from moment to moment; it is like a river, a seed, a lamp, a wind, a cloud; while the ego-self (Vijnana) is like a monkey who is always restless, like a fly who is ever in search of unclean things and defiled places, like a fire which is never satisfied. Again, it is like the water-wheel or a machine, it (i.e. the Vijnana or ego-self) goes on rolling the wheel of transmigration, carrying varieties of bodies and forms, reconstituting the dead like the demon Vetalas, causing wooden figures to move about as a magician moves them. Mahamati, a thorough understanding concerning these phenomena is called comprehending the egolessness of persons."

You know, Gautama teaches us to love everyone, even those who irritate us by their stupid game-playing, even those who try to pop OUR minds in their silly ignorance. What about the authorities? They don't want us to get high no kind of way -- they don't want us to...see God. They're afraid of God and of Saints and of those trying to be holy holy holy washing themselves in the blood echoes of their past deeds. Not only that, but if the authorities knew what it was like to get high, to be a saint, to be a Bodhisattva, they'd know that we see through their silly state-controlled game-playing. Legalization of marijuana will be accompanied only by bloodshed and a major overthrow of the demon-Vetalas and pretas and hungry karma demons which lurk in the minds of those who control this country. Know what God is all about first, I say. Know the Bharmakaya, know the Atman, know the Tao, know the Sefiroth, know the OM, know the blue organic power of Kundalini which flows up from the base of the spine--the blood echoes of the soul. What do the feudal lords downtown have to say about all of that--the narc squad--the hip-four--the Vice squad--all looking for a promotion--maybe they'll each get silver armor and a white horse--the NYPD--the Gestapo of the mind--the People's Police--the thought police--most people go to work in a factory every day and go home and go to sleep and are brainwashed every day and play the game laid down for them by the thought-control thought police. Why doesn't the power-and state fist have everybody strung out on the opium-derived narcotics, the addictive drugs, and ban the beneficiary non-addictive drugs? Why don't they have compulsory snack and have complete control so that if anyone deviates the state just lowers the person's snack ration. And all the people come queuing and grunting and dripping saliva and carrying snack ration stamps to the piercing hog call of the MAS from city hall.

You and I we're lucky--we're God-damned lucky to know about expanded consciousness--to know the sound of shit falling against an alarm-clock ringing--we're lucky to get this far and not busted and sentenced to involuntary labor camp--we're lucky in this free democratic republic rally-round-the-flag-bureaucracy of ours to get by without any kind of mind-copping brain 360-degree--and we're lucky to make it the easy way with the intellectuals' chemical supports we can get and we don't have to go the hard way like Jesus and Buddha and Muhammad and all the rest. I'm not trying to be scrupulous or blasphemous or revolutionary or radical--I just want to be myself and die the primordial white light burning white--but GOD DAMN I have to speak out against all this fucking mind-copping brain-job society around me crushing into my cerebrum and sucking out the blood echoes of the soul with transfusions of milkop formaldeside silly-ass ignorant thought-police game-playing!

Therefore I say, Allen, Allen.

Blessed is he who divorces himself from game-playing, for immense peace will be his.

Blessed is he who turns on for he shall gain beneficial karma and likewise he who turns others on will gain immense merit or grace.

He who busts others is doomed to rebirth and rebirth until he realize his own ignorance.

Blessed is he who works for the day when our own Middle-Ages feudal society has been swept away in the eternal morning (not the junkies' damn) of morning primordial consciousness.

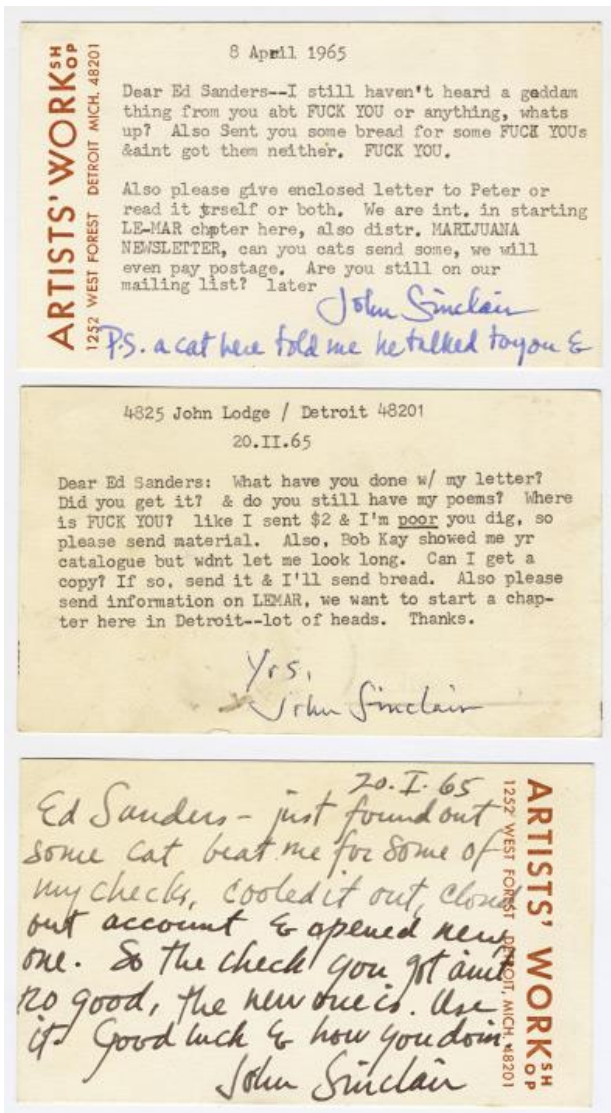
Blessed are those who do not cry out "OH! WOW! AM I HIGH!" and give play to their fantasies of the ego-self, but who let their ecstasy absorb itself in them and express itself. These will gain the ultimate truth and will stop the wheel of transmigration.

-- NICKYMAS, KING OF THE SUBMOYDES
1/30/65

by Jim Semark

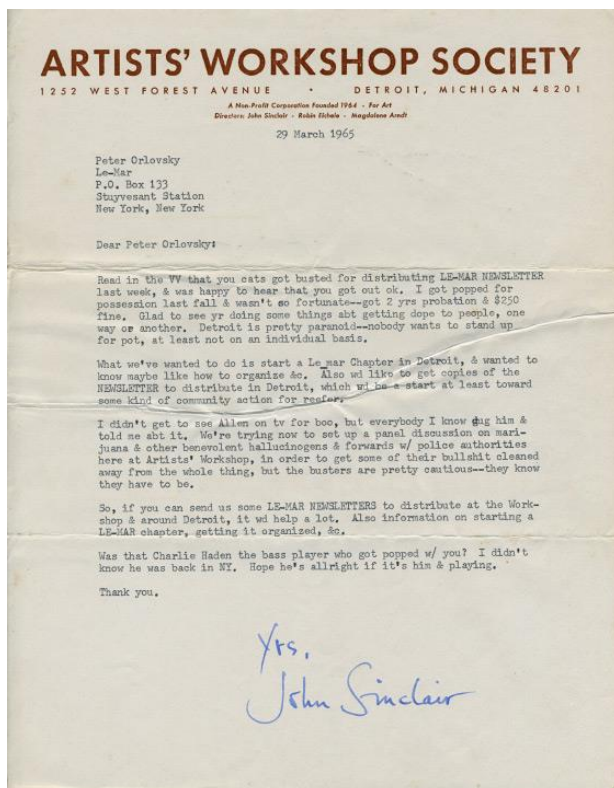
Artists' Worksheet, no. 1. Feb 14, 1965.

The first issue of the *Artists' Worksheet* was published three months after the Detroit Artists Workshop began and was signed by Jim Semark.



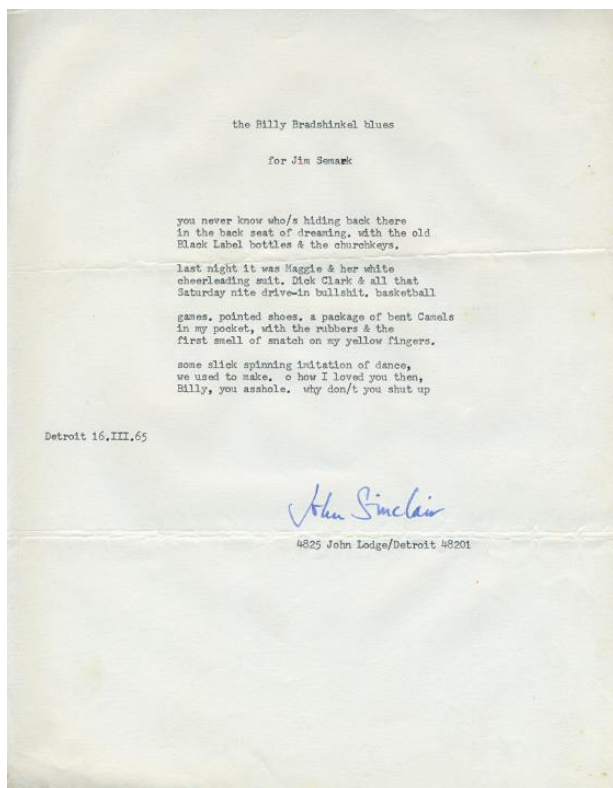
Three postcards from 1965 sent to Ed Sanders by John Sinclair.

John's postcard from April 8, 1965, says: "Dear Ed Sanders--I still haven't heard a goddam thing from you abt FUCK YOU or anything, whats up? Also Sent you some bread for some FUCK YOUs &aint got them neither. FUCK YOU. Also please give letter to Peter [see below] or read it yrself or both. We are int. in starting LE-MAR chpter here, also distr. MARIJUANA NEWSLETTER, can you cats send some, we will even pay for postage."

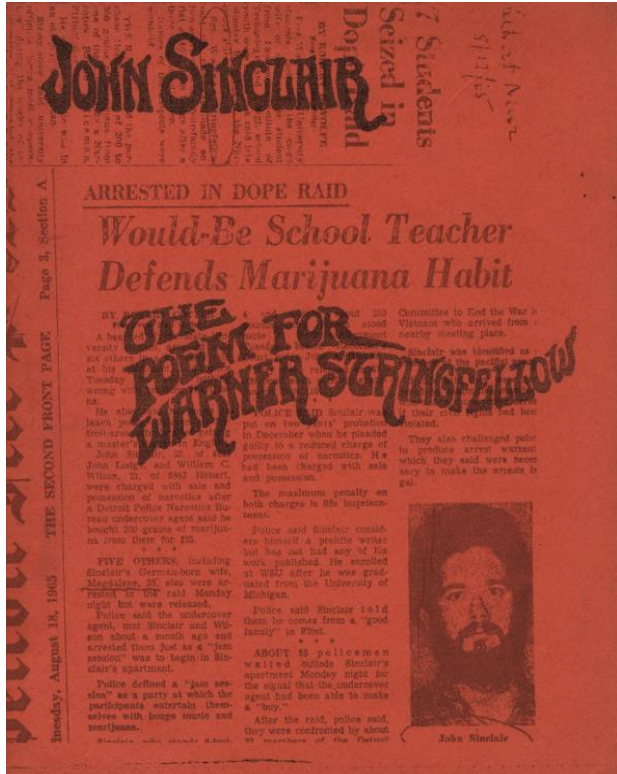


TLS from John Sinclair to Peter Orlovsky, March 29, 1965.

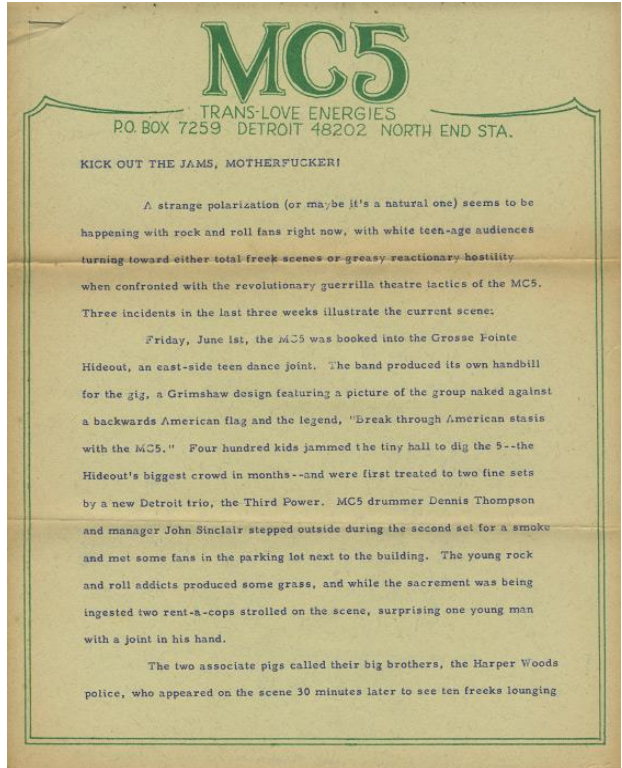
John's letter to Peter strongly voices his support for the activities of LeMar. He asks for copies of the "Le-Mar Newsletter" and for information on beginning a chapter in Detroit.



John Sinclair, "the Billy Bradshinkel blues." Signed manuscript, March 16, 1965.

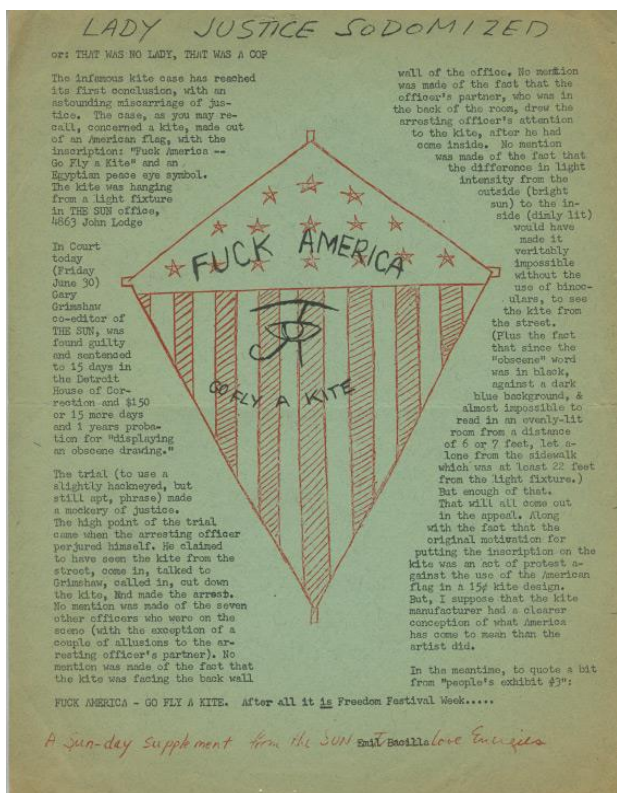


John Sinclair, *The Poem for Warner Stringfellow*, Artists' Workshop Press, 1966.



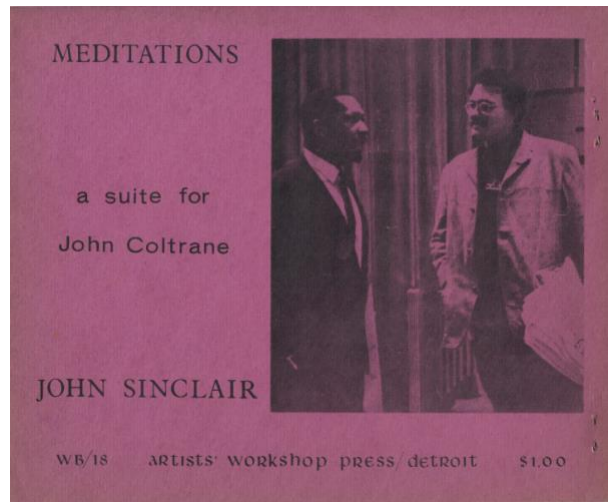
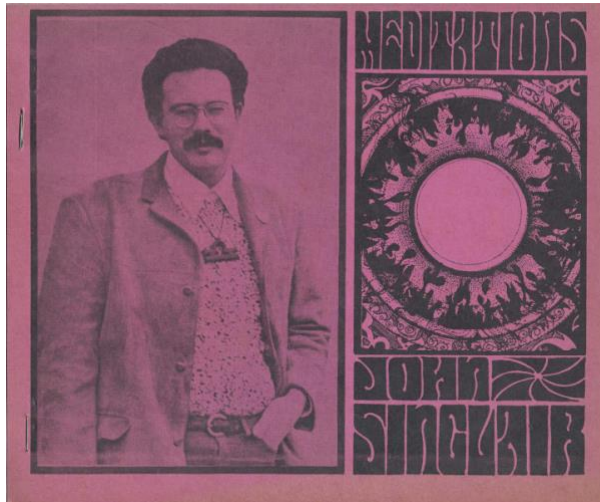
"KICK OUT THE JAMS, MOTHERFUCKER!" 1968.

A six-page press release from Trans-Love Energies on the travails of the MC5.

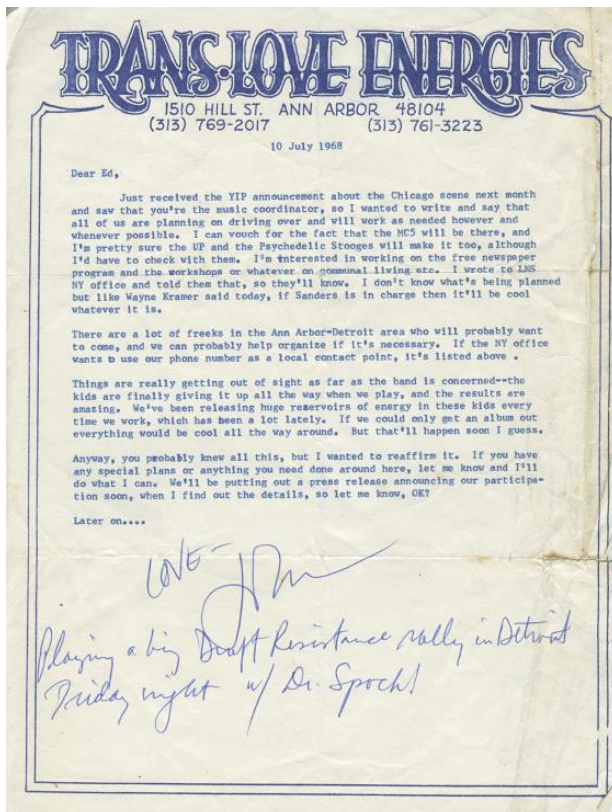


"Lady Justice Sodomized," supplement to the *Ann Arbor Sun*, July 18, 1967. Inscribed by "Trans-Love Energies."

"Lady Justice Sodomized" tells of the arrest and conviction of *The Sun's* editor for "displaying an obscene drawing" with an "Egyptian peace eye symbol" that looked like it was lifted from Ed Sanders.



John Sinclair, *Meditations: A Suite for John Coltrane*, Artists' Workshop Press, 1968. Front and back covers.



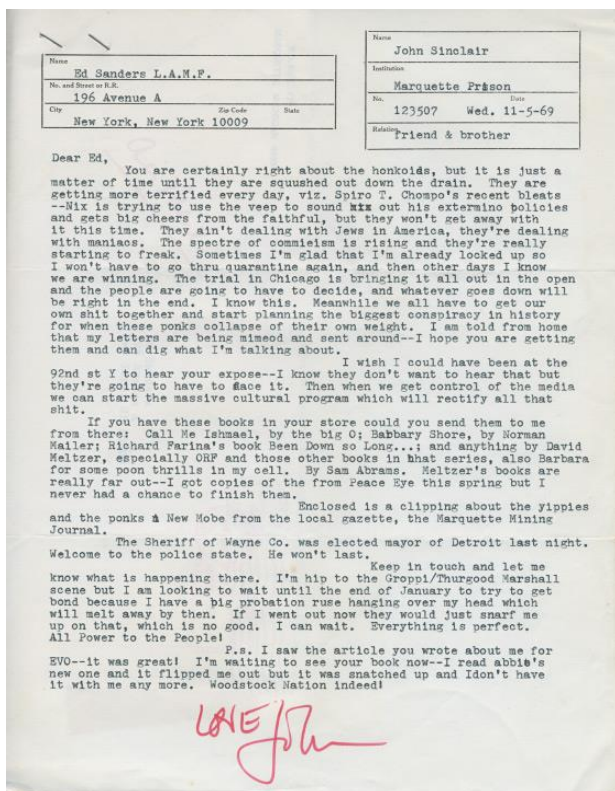
John Sinclair, TLS to Ed Sanders, July 10, 1968.

John wrote to Ed, who was the “music coordinator” for the Yippies gathering at the 1968 Democratic Convention, vouching that the MC5 would be in Chicago and that he was “pretty sure the UP and the Psychedelic Stooges will make it too.” However, the MC5 were the only rock band that showed up and were able to play in Lincoln Park. Ed had arranged for the band’s power with the Chicago Park District.



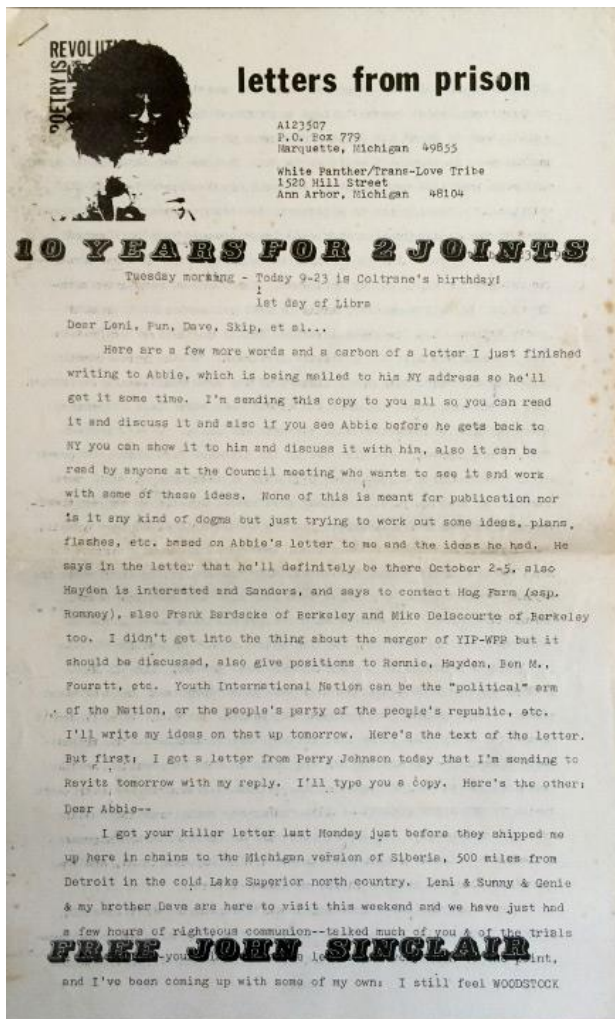
Gary Grimshaw, “Wanted!! For Mass Rape of the New Spirit of Detroit,” ca. 1966. Trans-Love Energies poster.

Vahan “Louie” Kapegian was the undercover police officer who busted John Sinclair for giving him two joints after joining (under cover) the Detroit LeMar chapter.



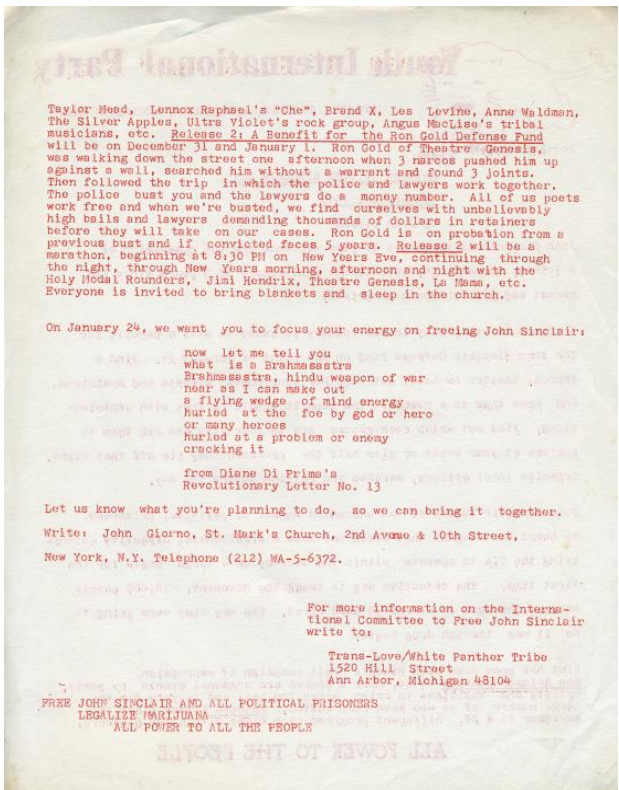
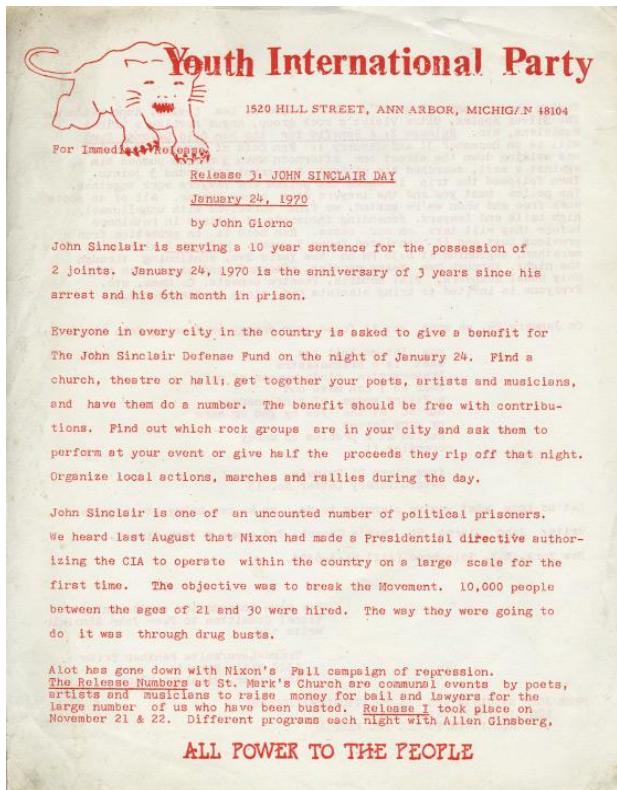
TLS from John Sinclair to "Ed Sanders L.A.M.F." Sent from Marquette Prison, November 5, 1969.

John had listed his relation to Ed as "friend & brother." Among other things Sinclair asks: "If you have these books in your store could you send them to me from there: Call Me Ishmael, by the big O; Barbary Shore, by Norman Mailer; Richard Farina's book Been Down so Long...; and anything by David Meltzer, especially ORF and those books in that series, also Barbara for some poon thrills in my cell. By Sam Abrams. Meltzer's books are really far out--I got copies from Peace Eye this spring but I never had a chance to finish them."



John Sinclair, "Letters from Prison," Sept. 23, [1970].

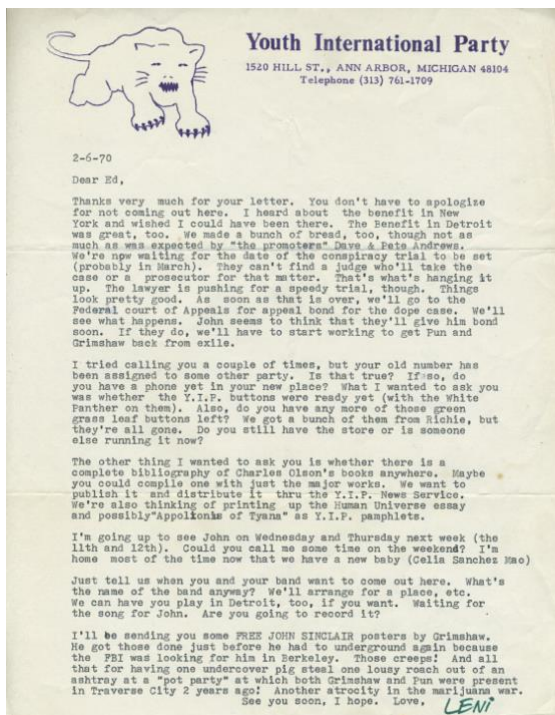
First page of 8-page letter written by John Sinclair while in prison, distributed to his friends and supporters.



John Giorno, "Release 3: John Sinclair Day January 24, 1970."

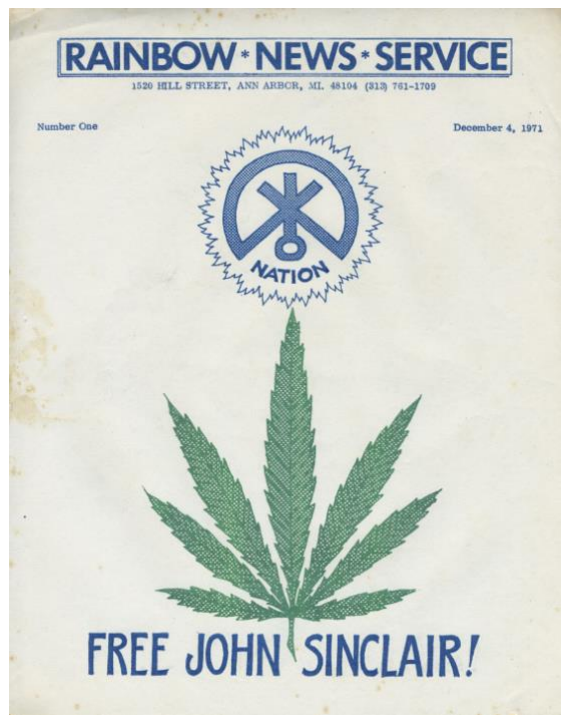
Press release by John Giorno on Youth International Party letterhead (with the White Panther logo) for a nationwide day to benefit The John Sinclair Defense Fund on the third year of John's arrest and the sixth month of his imprisonment.

"On January 24th, we want you to focus your energy on freeing John Sinclair."



TLS from Leni Sinclair to Ed Sanders, February 6, 1970.

"The other thing that I wanted to ask you is whether there is a complete bibliography of Charles Olson's books anywhere. Maybe you could compile one with just the major works. We want to publish it and distribute it thru the Y.I.P. News Service. We're thinking of printing up the Human Universe essay and possibly 'Apollonius of Tyana' as Y.I.P. pamphlets."



Rainbow News Service, no. 1, December 4, 1971.

In 1971, while John Sinclair was in prison, the White Panther Party changed its name to the Rainbow People's Party.

SCHEDULE FOR John Sinclair Freedom Rally

Anne LaVasseur & Bob Rudnick, MCs

1. Allen Ginsberg.....7:15 - 7:40
2. Marge Tobankin.....7:40 - 7:50
3. Bobby Seale.....7:50 - 8:10
4. ~~Boy of Color~~ *Tea and*.....8:10 - 8:40
5. Phil Ochs.....8:45 - 9:00
6. Jerry Rubin.....9:00 - 9:30
7. Kunstler Tape.....9:10 - 9:20
8. Ethla Murphy.....9:20 - 9:30
9. U.P.....9:30 - 10:00
10. Jesse enters.....10:00
11. J.S.....10:05 - 10:15
12. Ed Sanders.....10:15 - 10:25
13. Commander Cody.....10:30 - 11:00
14. Rennie Davis.....11:00 - 11:30
15. Leni Sinclair.....11:10 - 11:20
16. Archie Shepp.....11:20 - 11:50
17. Jonnie Lee Tillman.....11:50 - 12:00
18. Father Groppi.....12:00 - 12:10
19. S.W.....12:10 - 12:40
20. David Peel, John & Yoko.....12:40

Schedule for the John Sinclair Freedom Rally, Crisler Arena, University of Michigan, December 10, 1971.

Ed Sanders read from his long investigative poem "The Entrapment of John Sinclair" to 15,000 people at the John Sinclair Freedom Rally in Ann Arbor: "If John Sinclair / were a thug / selling heroin to grade-school children / and paying bribes to police and public officials / he'd be a free man today"

John Lennon and Yoko Ono finally arrived around 3 a.m., and the rally broke up around 3:30 a.m. Sinclair was released from prison three days after the rally.

DATA SHEET

①

1408

12/15 Dave, gelatinous with nuts
Carpenter Jan

list of sister bottles

To be

Hand sheet w/ Fred's find on hand

press card

4 pm

~~Archie Shepp~~

Krisler Hall

Archie Shepp

Archie on affidavit stamp around

who has been in prison to check on

Fuller Groppi

Ann Waldman - Groppi

Chamblee Chambliss

point in room

these played tapes as if in need of or in possession of contact lenses

Shuttle when point on face, middle eye

his face hanging out low belly

a pad on right cheek

Ed Sanders, "Data Sheet," December 10, 1969, with some of Ed's notes on the John Sinclair rally.

Spain Rodriguez

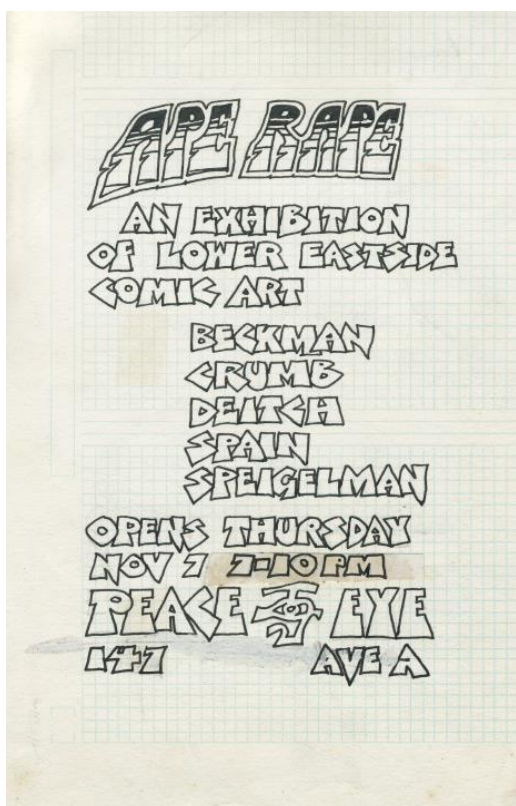
In his "Salute to Spain Rodriguez" (December 2012), Ed Sanders writes:

"I collected about 50 pieces of Spain's art, including comic panels, designs for benefits, an original 1966 *EVO* front page layout, various drawings, and even a group of preliminary drawings and sketches for his comics. They are a cherished part of my archive. Also, in my garage in Woodstock, after all these decades, is Spain's red and yellow Peace Eye Bookstore sign from early '68!"



Spain Rodriguez, "Tha-Brak," 1968. Original ink drawing.

According to Ed Sanders in his "Salute to Spain Rodriguez": "I sponsored a book party for Abbie Hoffman's just-published *Revolution for the Hell of It* on November 22, 1968. Spain provided a 'Thrabrak!' [sic] image for a design I put up in the Peace Eye Bookstore window that evening."



Spain Rodriguez, "Ape Rape: An Exhibition of Lower East Side Comic Art." Approx. 5 1/2 x 9 inches.

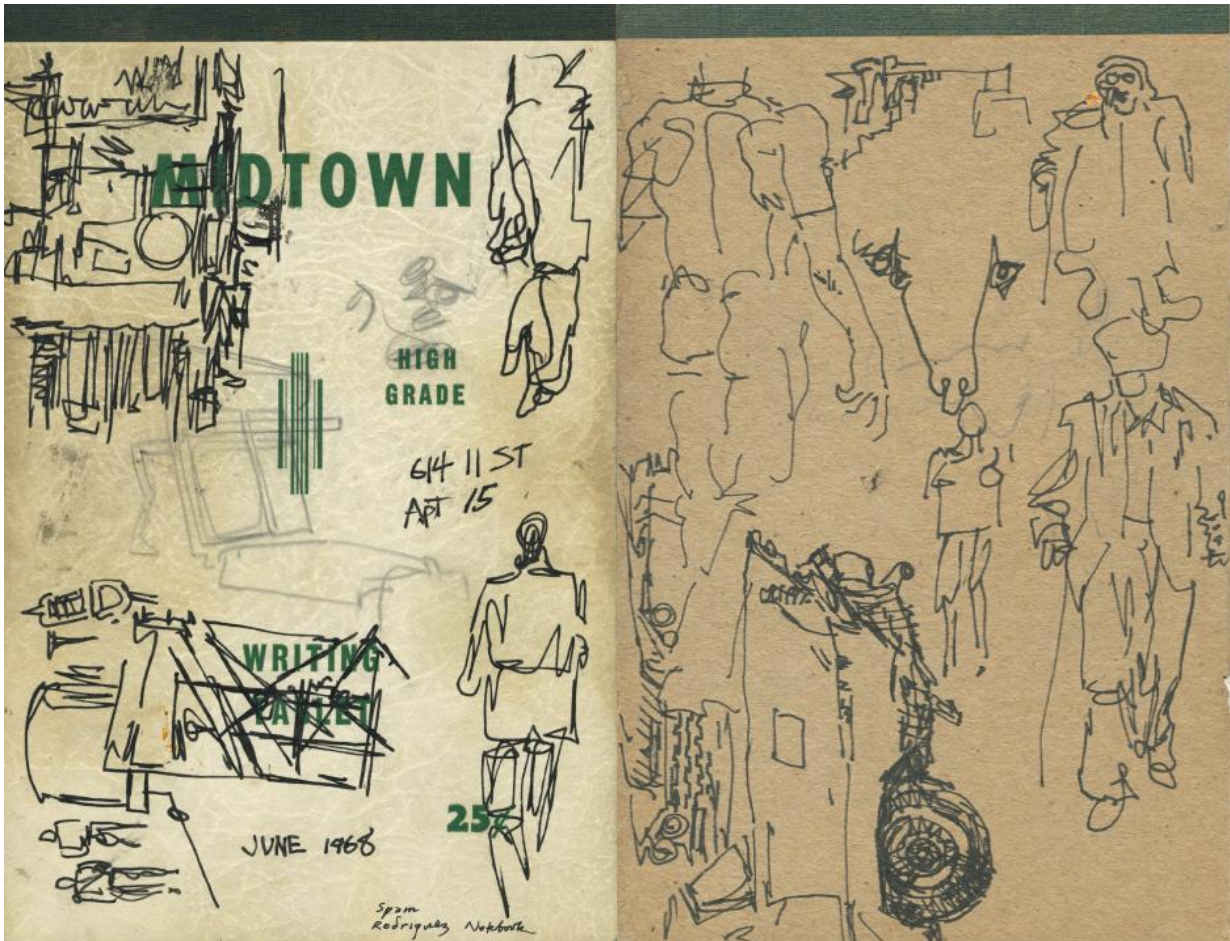
Original artwork for opening night flyer, November 7, 1968. The flyer was printed by Ed Sanders at Peace Eye.



Spain Rodriguez, "Wash Me," 1968. 17-1/2 x 22-1/2 inches. One of a series of posters designed by Spain and printed by Ed for Peace Eye.



Spain Rodriguez, original drawing that was to be included in the abandoned final issue of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*.



Spain Rodriguez sketch pad, June 1968. Approx 50 sheets.

Writing & Projects

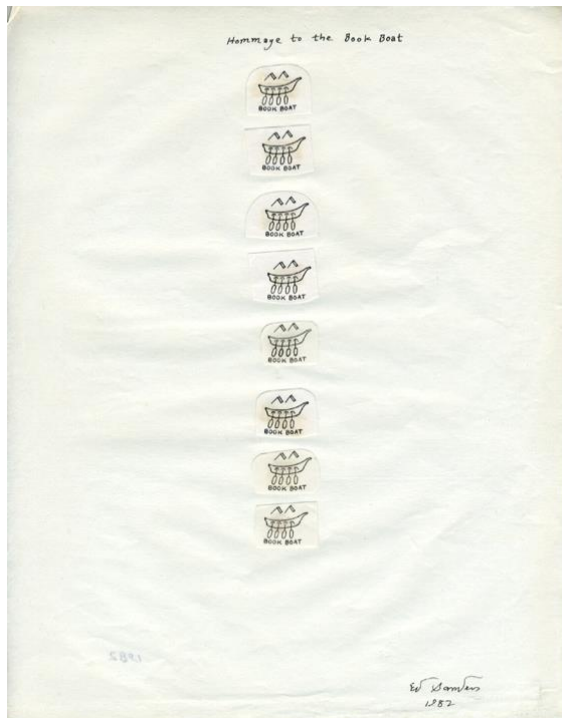
Glyphs

Ed Sanders began studying Egyptian hieroglyphics in the early 1960s. By 1962, he was sight-reading the coffins at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Eventually, he developed his own

idiocyncratic glyphic alphabet of hand-drawn elements, symbols, and characters. That growing alphabet would become integrated into all aspects of his work throughout his life. Sanders says, “a Glyph is a drawing that is charged with literary, emotional, historical or mythic, and poetic intensity” (Edward Sanders, *A Book of Glyphs*. Granary Books, 2014). Spring binders collect his glyph works, starting in 1962, but glyphs are found in all parts of the archive.

Included in The Ed Sanders Archive are items (many framed) that were recently exhibited in “Seeking the Glyph: Edward Sanders” at Poets House, curated by Ammiel Alcalay and Kendra Sullivan.

The following are contained in the spring binder labeled “Glyphs, vol. 1: 1962–1992.”



Ed Sanders, “Homage [sic] to the Book Boat.” Collaged elements on page. Signed by Sanders, 1982.



Ed Sanders, “Eyes for Harry Smith.” Written for the Harry Smith Memorial, February 1992, at St. Mark’s Church.

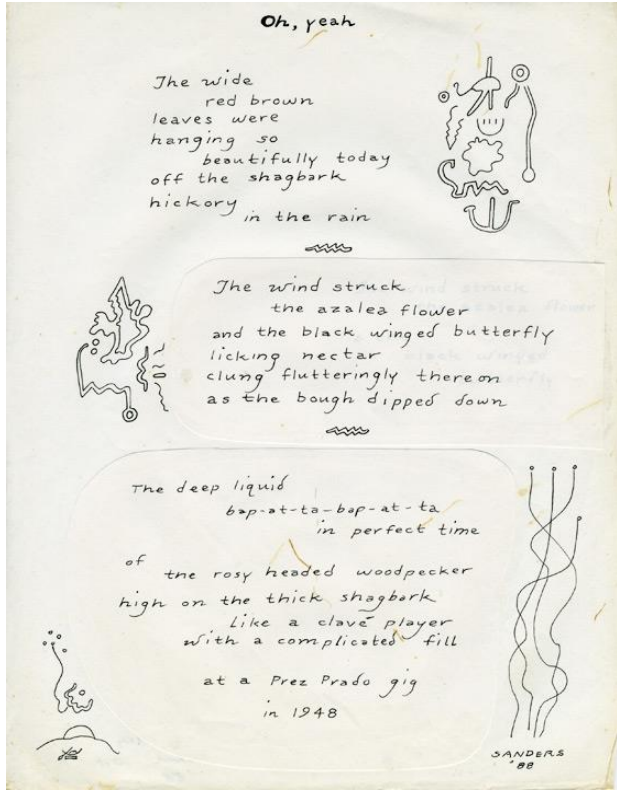
The poem recollects the first time that Ed Sanders and Harry Smith met at Stanley’s Bar in 1962. Harry admired Ed’s “Eyes of Horus” he had painted on his white gym socks.



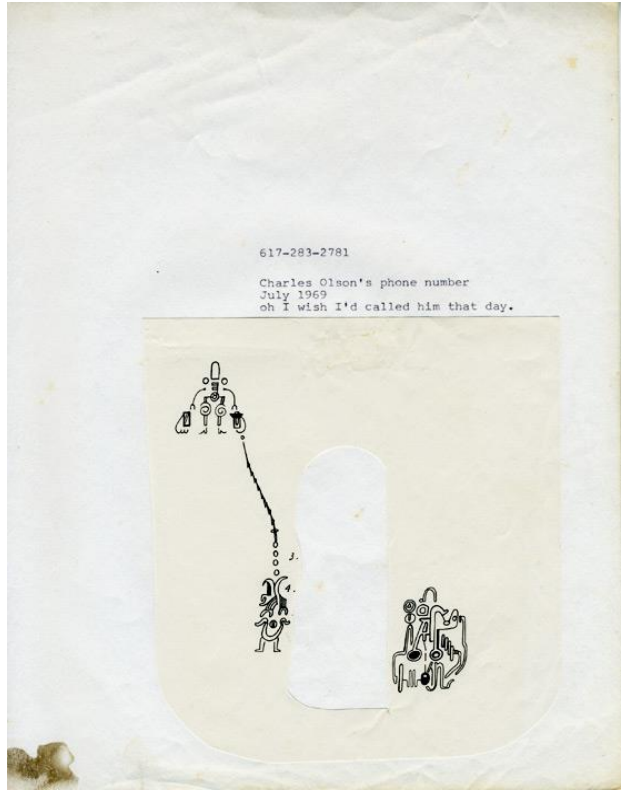
Ed Sanders, “Find a Sequence of Words,” n.d. Original text and glyphic drawings by Ed Sanders.



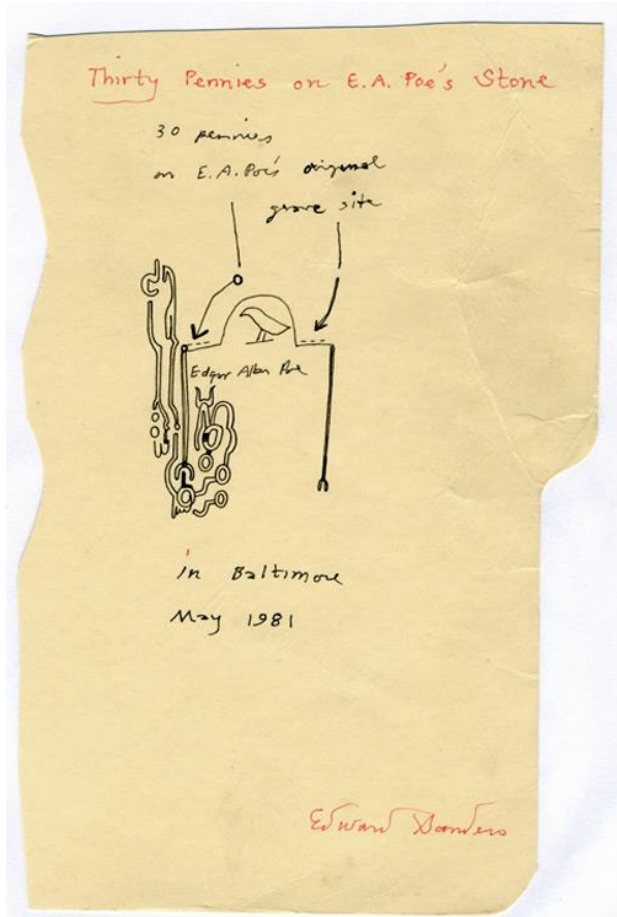
Original text and glyphic drawings by Ed Sanders, 1982.



"Oh yeah." Original text and glyphic drawings prepared at the d.a. levy Festival, October 1988. Signed by Sanders.



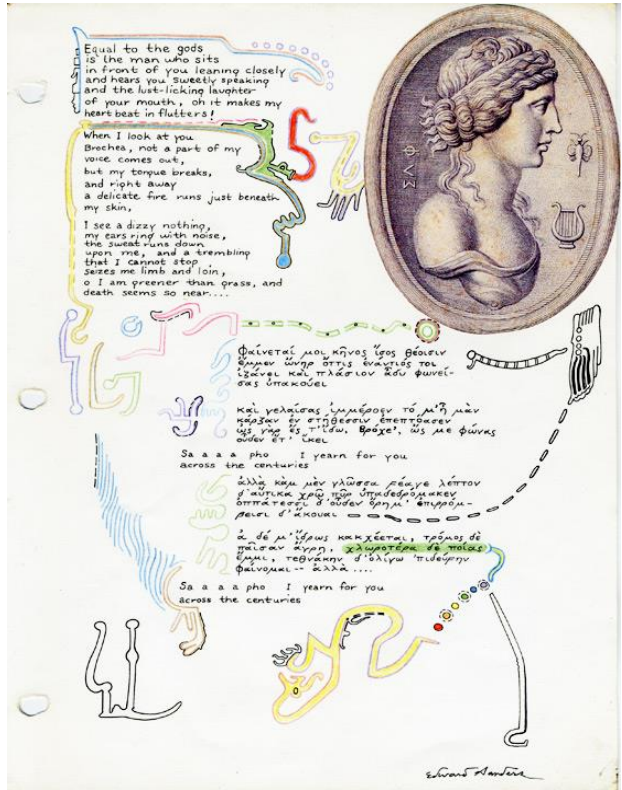
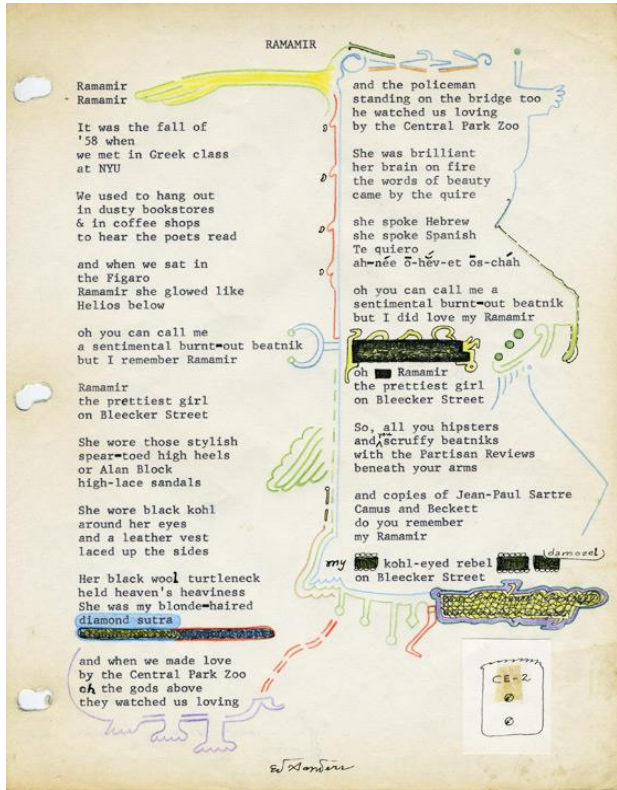
Ed Sanders, "617-283-2781 / Charles Olson's phone number / July 1969 / oh I wish I'd called him that day." Original text and glyphic drawings.



Ed Sanders, "Thirty Pennies on E.A. Poe's Stone." Original text and glyphic drawing on a file folder, 1989(?).



Ed Sanders, "Cutting Pulse Lyre Finger-slats," 1981. Cut-out wood element pasted on page. Signed by Ed Sanders.

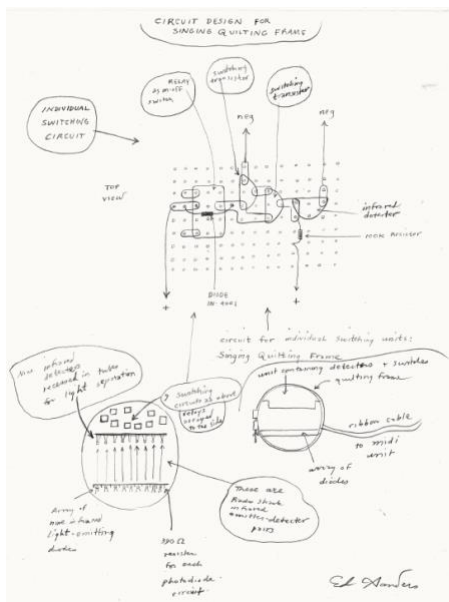


Ed Sanders, "Ramamir." Typescript with colored pencil, signed, 1978–79. On verso: "8-22 / 8-23 / 8-24 / 9/1 1978 w/ tears a-running / Woodstock / 6-23-79 / 6/24/79 again w/ tears a-running / improvements / at the 'Ermitage in L.A."

Ed Sanders, ["Sappho"], 1978. Ink, colored pencil and collaged element. Signed by Sanders.

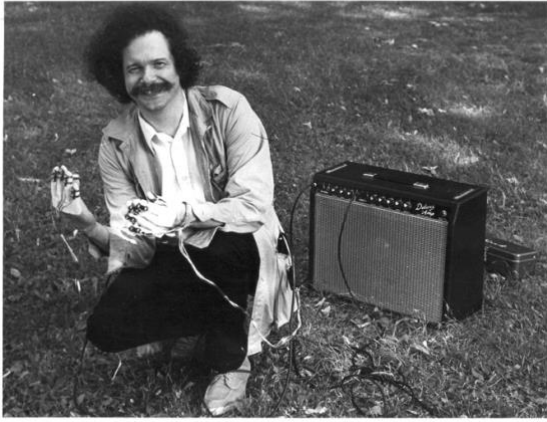
Musical Instruments: The Electronic Bard System (EBS)

Ed Sanders began making musical instruments with synthesizers in 1968 after purchasing a Stylophone synthesizer. In 1978, at the encouragement of Allen Ginsberg, he invented small electronic musical instruments, which he called the Electronic Bard System, to facilitate his recitation of poetry. Since then, from time to time, the instruments have accompanied Sanders' poetry readings. In addition to a history of the EBS, the archive includes the instruments themselves: Pulse Lyre I (1978), Pulse Lyre II (1980), Real Lyre (1980s), Talking Tie I (1981), Talking Tie II (1982), Light Lyre I (1982), Light Lyre II (1983), Singing Quilting Frame (1986), Bowl Lyre (1987), Sumi Box Theremin (1980s), and Microlyre (1990).

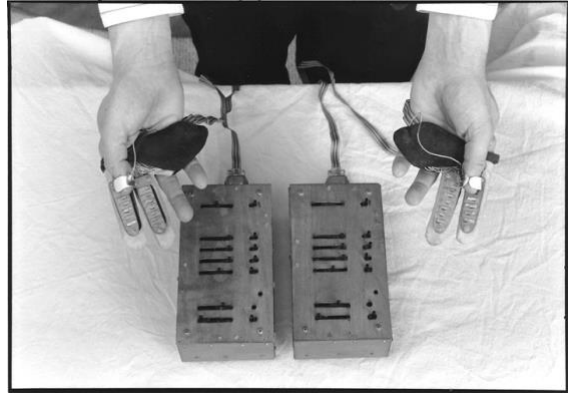


Left: Circuit design for the Singing Quilting Frame.

Above: The Singing Quilting Frame uses an array of infrared beam-emitters and photo-diode switching mechanisms housed in a quilting frame to create its sound. Photographed in Ed Sanders' Woodstock backyard.



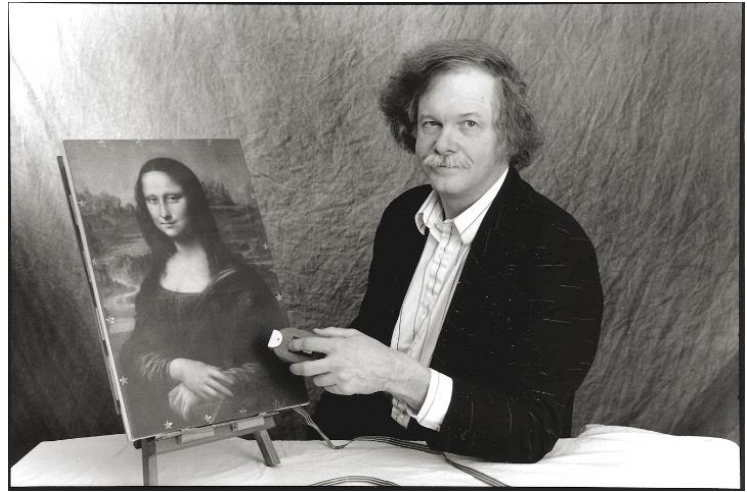
Ed Sanders wearing the Pulse Lyre, ca. 1981.



The Pulse Lyre utilizes metal keying arrays on the fingers of garden gloves.

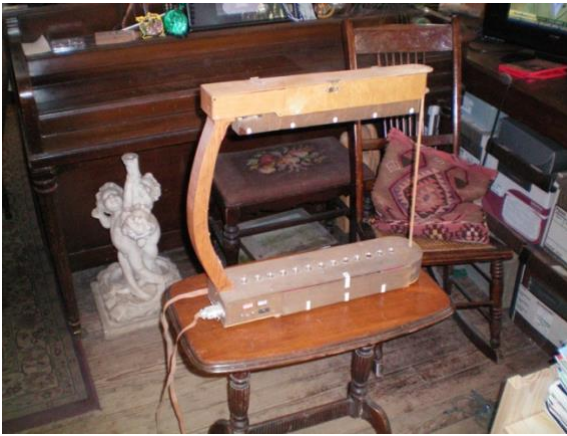


Ed Sanders wearing his Talking Tie, which uses a pressure-sensing switching membrane leading to a synthesizer.



Ed Sanders and his Lisa Lyre.

The Lisa Lyre creates sound by shining a small light on various points of a Mona Lisa canvas.



Beams of light intercepted by fingers trigger synthesizer notes on the Light Lyre.



Sanders built a theremin into a Sumi painting box to create the Sumi Theremin.

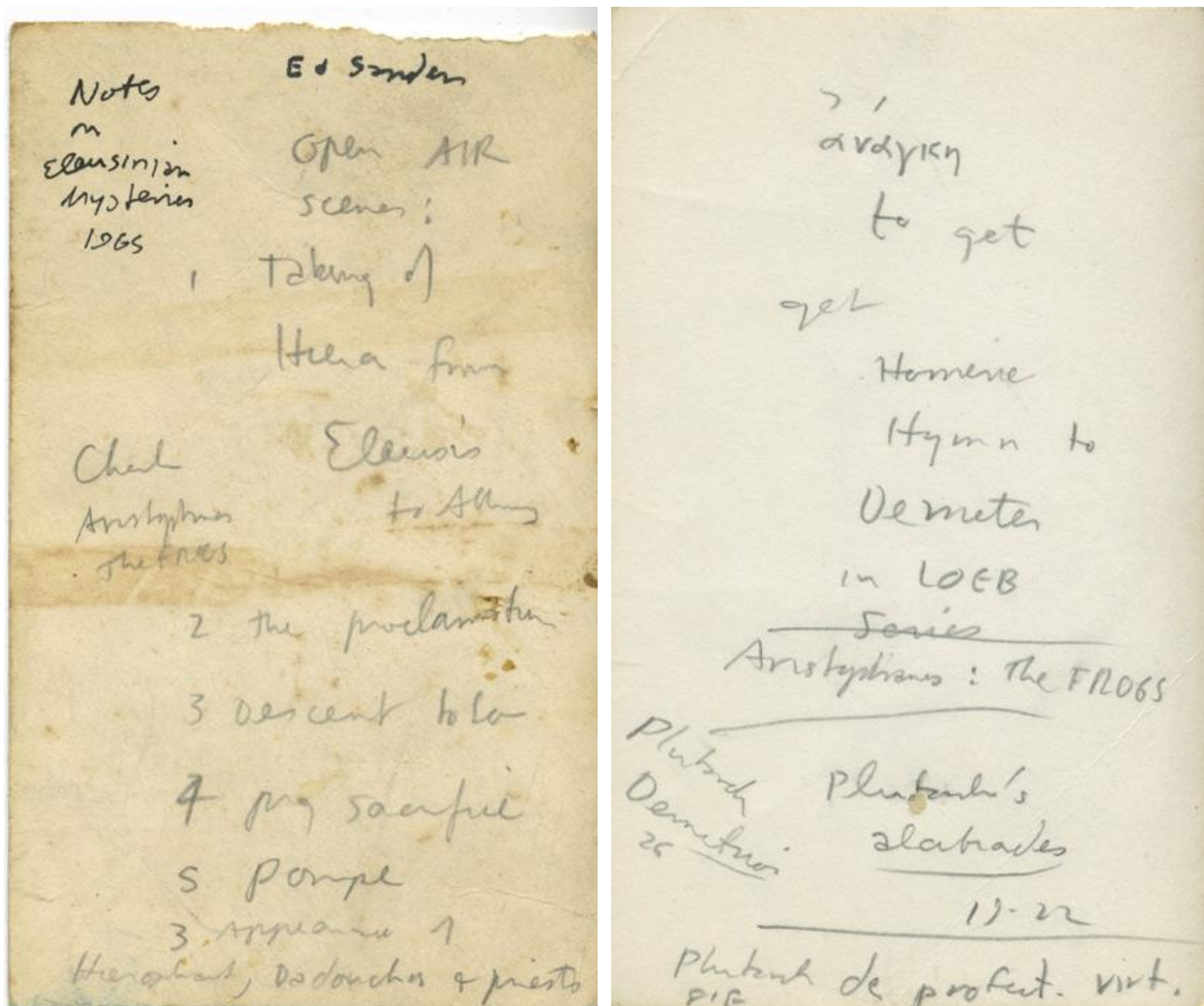


Sanders created the microtonal Microlyre, a keyboard (31 notes to the octave) with a curved keying surface that enables one hand to hit a 31-note octave.

Box P-1 Poetry notes, drafts and poetry book projects 1960s

Ed Sanders has been writing poetry continuously since he was a teenager in Missouri in 1958. The archive is a complete record of his prolific output and includes notes, drafts, poetry manuscripts, and book projects. Ed has maintained a chronological record of his poetry from 1955 through 2014 in a series of 54 spring binders (with over 8,300 pages) with both published and unpublished poetry manuscripts. There are also 7 3-ring binders and 2 archival boxes with his poetry and poetry-related projects. Additionally, Ed has organized eight boxes into a "Poetry Projects, Drafts, Poetry Book Projects 1960s-2000s" series.

The following items are from "Box P-1 Poetry notes, drafts and poetry book projects 1960s" in that series.



20 unlined index cards, some with writing on both sides with notes for a poem on "Eleusinian Mysteries," 1965.

Poem for My FATHER
 alive & well in Kansas City this Nov 4 1966

from the curl
 born of the foeth
 hang in heavy on our eye brows

My father sang soft tough poetry
 to my ears,
 on his knees sat,
 funny rhymed poetry
 he ~~was~~ spewed from his
 brain rich with love
 of his mountain town

My father my father
 I shall never forget
 tough & hard, sensual with doom
 laughing in the grave
 kind kind to the tremble hand
 freedom & above feeling & touching
 worshipping ~~the~~ ^{the eye brain touch-grip}
 & the hushed spirit of the Cellos

Above: Ed Sanders, first page of a six-page handwritten manuscript, "Poem for My Father: Alive & Well in Kansas City this Nov 4 1966."

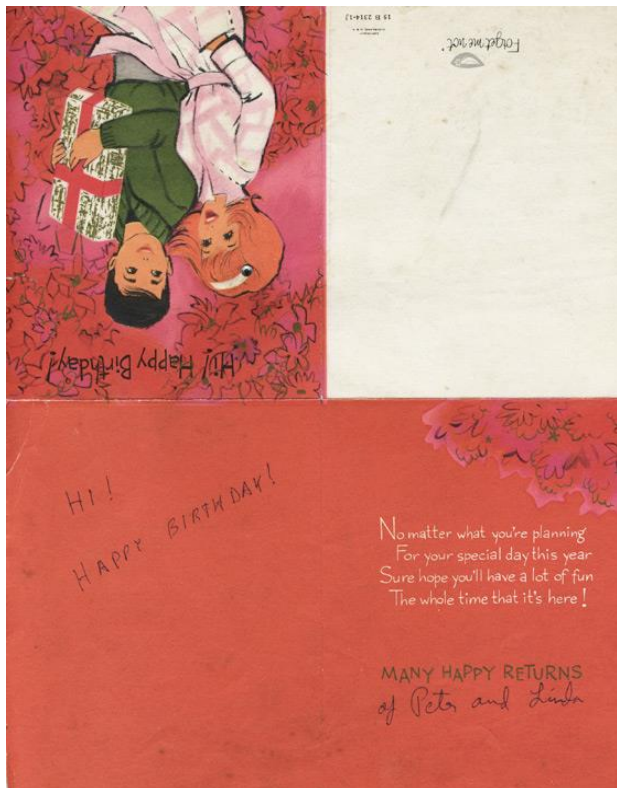
& her mouth
 entered the
 Vastness,
 & the Cosmos
 trembled
 like an erasing squid

&

Forever with temple to the
 Always with temple to the
 Last Breath with temple to the
 Spiritus Alterno

ALVAREZ LOPEZ Y CA

Right: Ed Sanders, "Note for Poem from Jail," 1962. Sanders has noted on the folder, "written on a cigar box paper 42nd & Broadway."



When I kiss you on the lips
 I want to die
 I swoon & feel I am as
 green as grass
 Sappho sappho my darling
 I yearn for you across the centuries

When I see you smugly there
 those wry words
 Sappho I swear to you I
 want to die

- chorus -

when you step upon the stage
 all heaven all earth
 all stars all sky
 stand still beside you
 dainty feet dancing
 there

chorus

1965
 smg
 "Sappho My Darling"
 on back of
 Peter & Linda Schjeldahl's
 birthday greeting
 to E. Sanders

Ed Sanders, "Sappho My Darling," 1965. A song written on the back of Peter and Linda Schjeldahl's birthday card sent to Ed Sanders.

THESE are the words accompanying the ~~xxx~~ scene in my movie Cock City, where Al Fowler is snuffed in a dope ~~scene~~ shot by the O D Centipede, & then he is carried by the priest to Battery Park where he is placed on a burning Death Barque & floated out toward Staten Island.
Chorus's from COCK CITY


Dark grope Walk
thru the caverns
to hell
thru a teaspoon
to the Black Allotment
to the coal dark
the Bat Black
the Overdose-
Centipede
OD with a hundred pains
spider god on arm
Dark Chasm
hole beyond surrender
to rack & puke
in to the light
upward out of
forth & ever onward
The Flesh Express

OD Centipede

clack clack clack
the CENTIPEDE
OF 17 with a hundred legs
crawls thru the door
light thru the window
blazing vermin in the hot room
Flameout in Gobble Pudding
Death to the reverend
to the reverend death
Slash thru the door
gnashing lips the Centipede death
Killer Bug ~~XXXX~~ black mouth on slick black body
lap-lips over the steaming corpse
The O. D. Centipede
who takes him
over the sunrise with its leering lips

page 2
chorus's from Cock City

CLACK CLACK CLACK
the centipede
no redemption
no redemption
no redemption
from the evil & sin
no redemption
from the hate & the horror
no redemption
from the lips of blood
& the music of the worms
fed to the mind in a death code
no redemption
from the slashing & the shrieking
the centipede
eats up the man
the centipede,
his lips are those of a gobbler
the dead man knows no heat
before the sun be his
in the XXX course of the Barque of Death



low whisper, rising;
Hustle Hustle Hustle Hustle Hustle
Hustle Hustle Hustle Hustle
Hustle Hustle Butcher Hustle Hustle
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
Butcher Butcher Butcher
Hustle Hustle lift
me to the lips
red blood of a ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ slimy hate
know the frenzy
spit the blood
Retch the Gobble Pudding
munch the word in a Gobble
XK Gobble Gobble
Gobble Gobble Gobble GOBBLE GOBBLE
GOBBLE GOBBLE

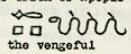
Ed Sanders, "Chorus's [sic] from Cock City," 1963.

"These are the words accompanying the scene in my movie Cock City, where Al Fowler is snuffed in a dope shoot by the O D Centipede, & then carried by the priest to Battery Park where he is placed on a burning Death Barque & floated out toward Staten Island."

① of 3

THE WILL & DEATH INSTRUCTIONS OF ED SANDERS


I Ed Sanders hereby call
down the wrath of Apopis



the vengeful

upon any of my so-called
relatives should any
of them
accomplish any thing of my death
regarding the following:

a) cutting my hair in the coffin
b) Christian burial or mention of
any god ~~except Aphrodite, or the gods~~

I want a fireengine red
coffin with white Eyes of
Horus () on it
I want a musical program consisting of the
following:
Aphrodite Mass from
FUGS album #3
Coca Cola popoche from the same

a poetry reading by
Al Fowler, Allen Ginsberg,
Charles Olson, Robert
Creeley, Ted Berrigan
& Tom Segal

except
manipulated by Ed's
burial ceremony (see
supp
A)
Aph-
rodite
& Me

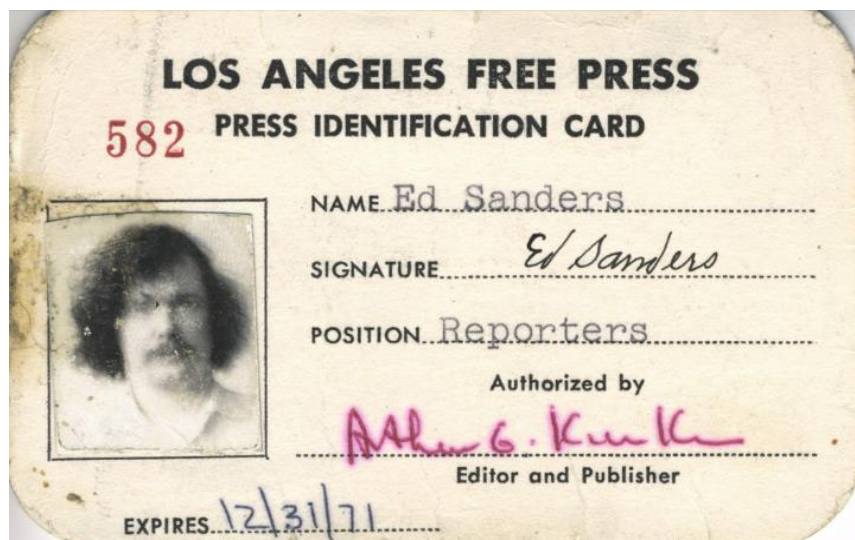
Ed Sanders, "The Will & Death Instructions of Ed Sanders," 1967. First page of a three-page photocopy.

The Manson Family

Ed Sanders' *The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion* is not only a classic of true-crime fiction, but also the "culmination and a watershed for Sanders, as Manson had

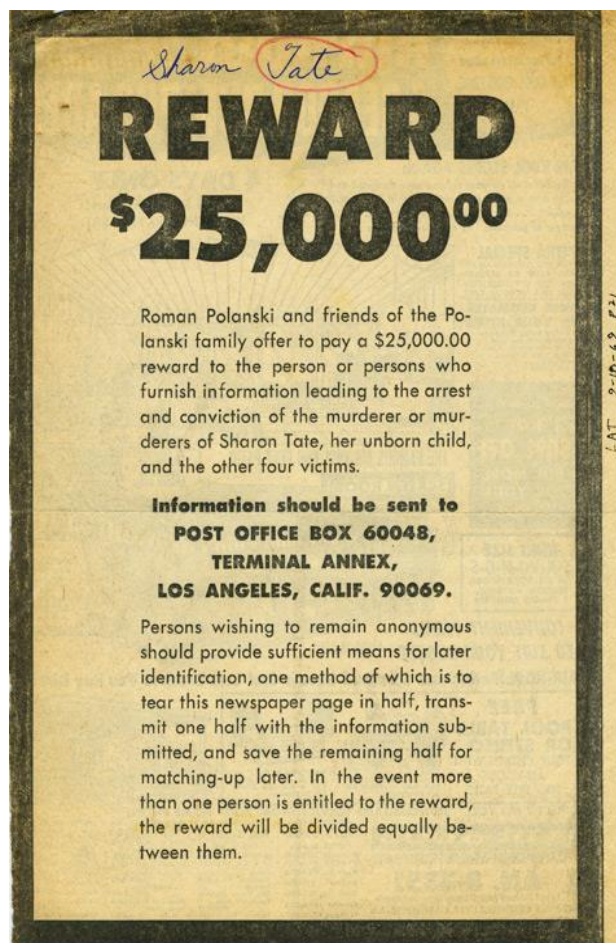
shattered illusions about the natural goodness of the new youth and exposed the limitations of Yippie 'Free'" (George F. Butterick, "Ed Sanders," in *The Beats: Literary Bohemians in Postwar America*, ed. Ann Charters, 1983). The book was the first authoritative telling of the Charles Manson saga. It is "an amalgam of rhetorical and stylistic strategies—Sanders's personal, hybrid record not only of the Manson saga but of his own mission as counterculture detective" (Thomas Myers, "Rerunning the Creepy-Crawl: Ed Sanders and Charles Manson." *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*, vol.19, no. 1, Spr. 1999). It would also lead Sanders to his seminal and influential manifesto on "Investigative Poetry."

The items in the archive have been called "the largest collection of Manson archival material in the world—even more, allegedly, than the sum of the Los Angeles Police Department's storehouses" (Tom Folsom, "Meet Ed Sanders, the World's Biggest Charles Manson Buff." *Bullett.* July 3, 2012. Web. 30 Dec. 2015).



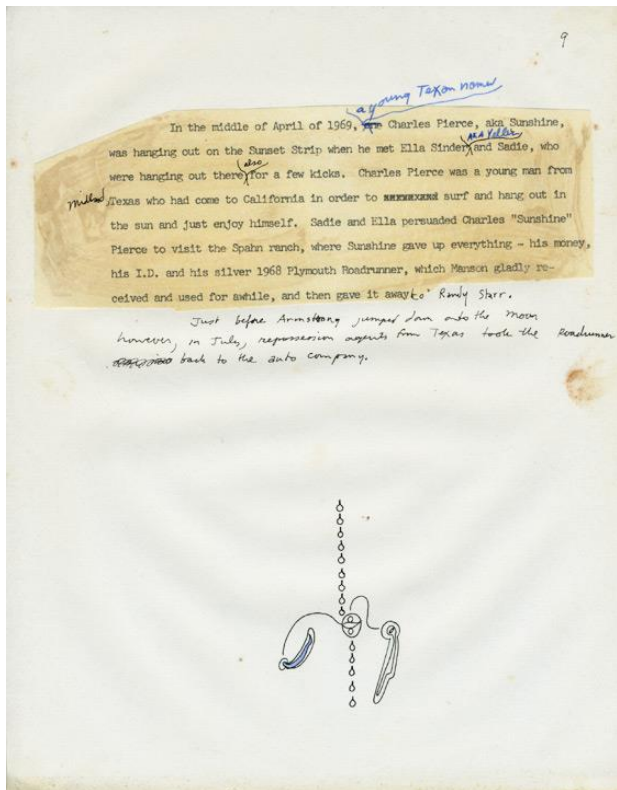
Ed Sanders' *Los Angeles Free Press* card, 1970.

After securing a book contract, Sanders arranged to cover the Manson trial for the underground *Los Angeles Free Press* by writing weekly columns from May to November, 1970. Writing for the paper gave Sanders access to the Manson Family trial. The press card is signed by Sanders and the *Free Press*'s editor and publisher, Arthur G. Kunkin.

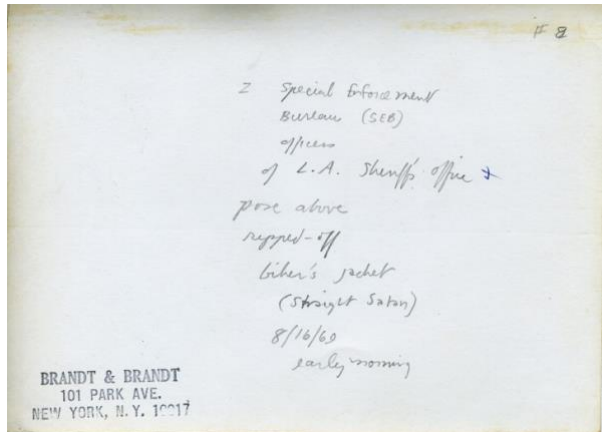


Ad placed in the *Los Angeles Times*, September 10, 1969, by Roman Polanski and friends.

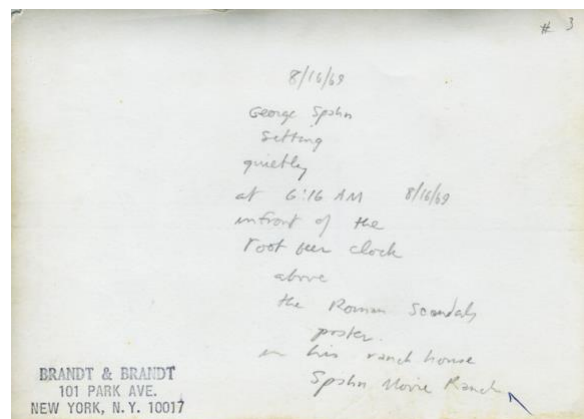
The *Los Angeles Times* ad offered a \$25,000 reward for information "leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Sharon Tate, her unborn child, and the other four victims." Over 45 years later, Sanders would revisit the Tate murders in much more depth in his 2016 book, *Sharon Tate: A Life*.



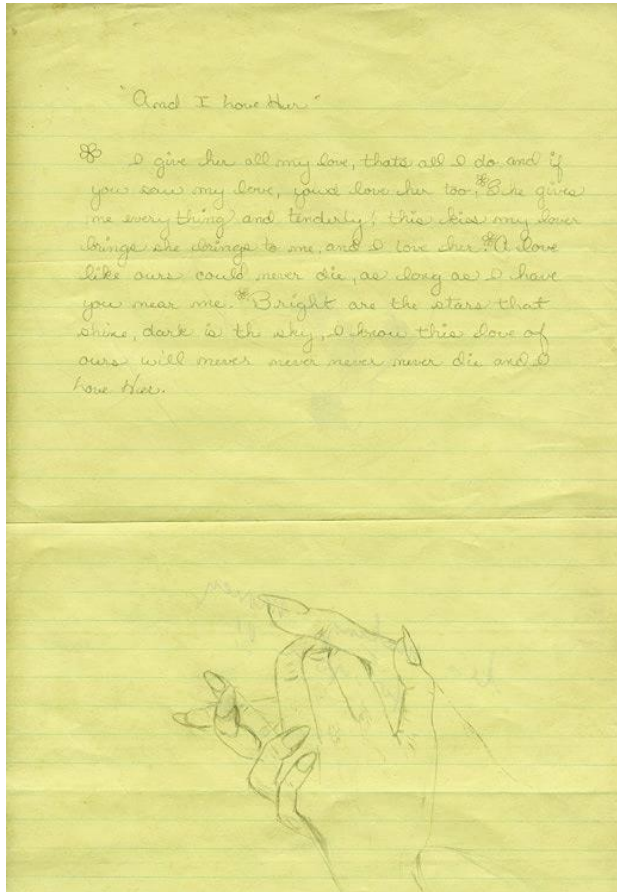
Manuscript page from the *The Family* with handwritten corrections, notes and glyph.



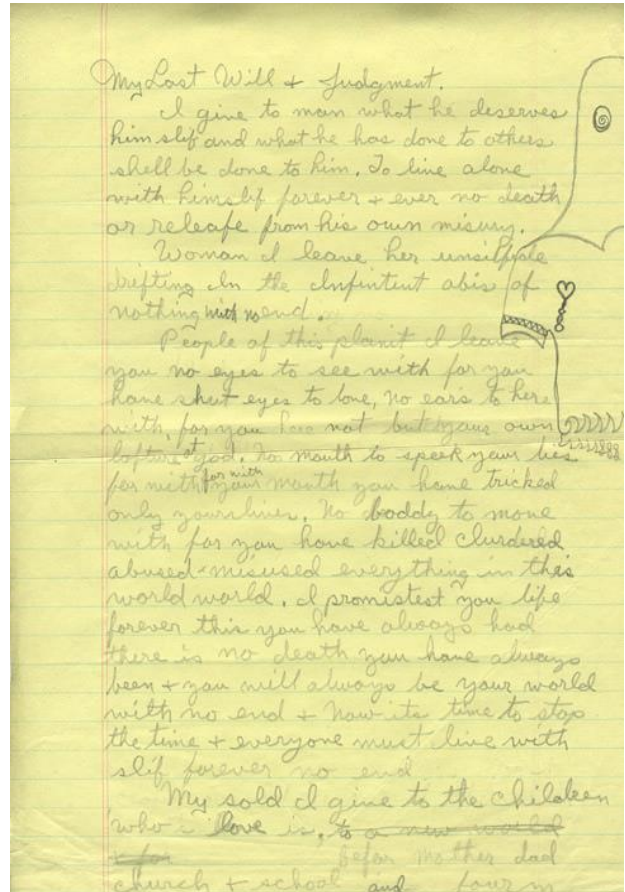
Left: Photo from the police raid at Spahn Movie Ranch, on the edge of the San Fernando Valley, where the Manson Family lived before the Tate-LaBianca murders. Right (back of photo): "2 Special Enforcement Bureau (SEB) officers of L.A. Sheriff's office pose above ripped-off biker's jacket (Straight Satan) 8/16/69," in the hand of Ed Sanders.(?)



Above (front and back of photo): "8/16/69 George Spahn sitting quietly at 6:16 a.m. in front of the root beer clock above the Roman Scandals poster. In his ranch house Spahn Movie Ranch."



Drawing and text by convicted Manson Family member Susan Atkins on yellow legal paper made during her 1971 death penalty deliberations.

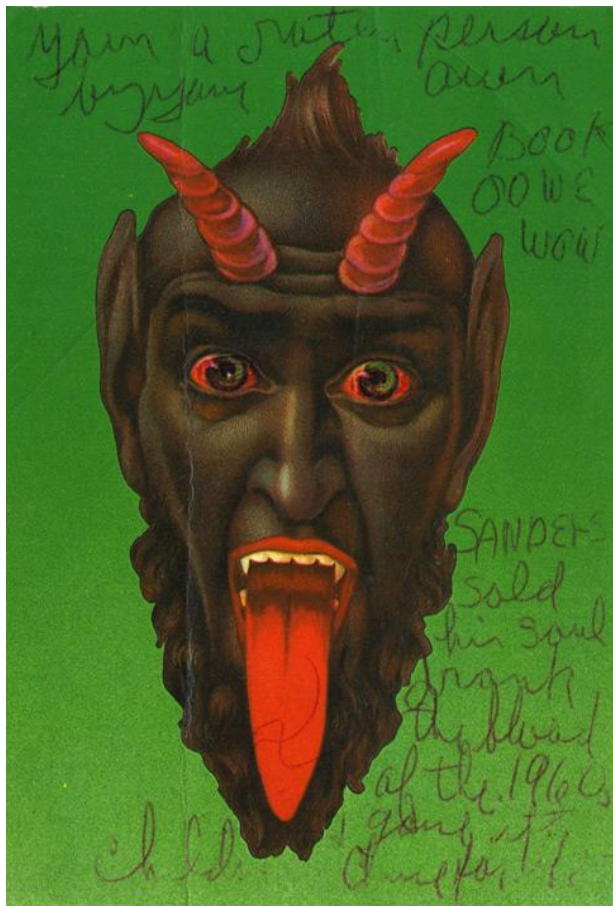


First of two-page "My Last Will and Judgment" written by Charles Manson during his 1971 death penalty deliberations.

"I give to man what he deserves him slif [sic] and what he has done to others shall be done to him. To live alone with himslif [sic] forever & ever no death or releafe [sic] from his own misury [sic]."



Hand-stitched shirt from Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme given by Fromme to Ed as a gift.



Postcard from Charles Manson to Ed Sanders, with writing on both sides.

Ed Sanders has noted: "A friendly greeting card from Manson to the author around Christmas time 1988. Note the swastika on the tongue."

I hope you little before of this & I get caught up in it - never again I will destroy them from now on - I will answer the last one - you are who so many others who live in books in your own heads in circles in 85% tracks & get caught up in each others lies - want of you will say & JUSTICE anything to make money - some people do with a gun & go to prison & they put their lines on the line for money & I will be it's cost - I'm not school enough to play boards on paper with you, but in reality if I could ever meet you would for about an hour with me in real life do in the game - if I had the power you say & the command to do such as you might - you would be gone & you know that in your own judgment of me if you were me looking back at you you would of done the same things - I payed 20 years in the nut wards for what you think & write - you combed me 4 money - no one would buy the truth - I just got out of the prison & I didn't even know a lot of the people - I had seen Linda Kebab 3 times for 5 to 10 minutes - 45 nights at most & after knowing they are home I controlled my brain etc - The family was a band named Family JAMES - Helty Skelley was a rock club in the desert for 1/2 century parts - I had some friends I never lived to & they never lived to - I was dealt a hand & I'm playing it & I'm playing it with the cards people like you gave to me & now I see clearly how & why Germans did what they did - The slaves I had know I had been

First page of a six-page handwritten letter from Charles Manson to Ed Sanders, April 24, 1989.

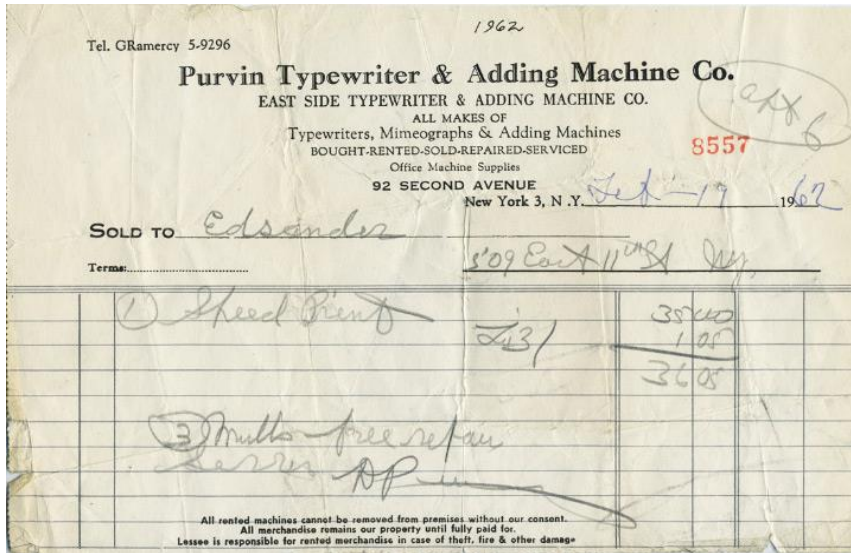
The Olson Memorial Lectures, 1983

Over a 3-day period in 1983, Ed delivered the Charles Olson Memorial Lectures at State University of New York at Buffalo. Part one, "Trompoeia, Retentia & Perf-Po," was delivered on March 8. Part two, "Emotive Typography," was delivered on March 10. Part three, "The O-Boat," was delivered on March 15. Ed maintained his original lecture notes, complete with corrections and drawings in a 3-ring binder (approx. 200 pages). The significance and insight offered in these lectures by one of Charles Olson's closest friends can not be underestimated.

Chronological Boxes

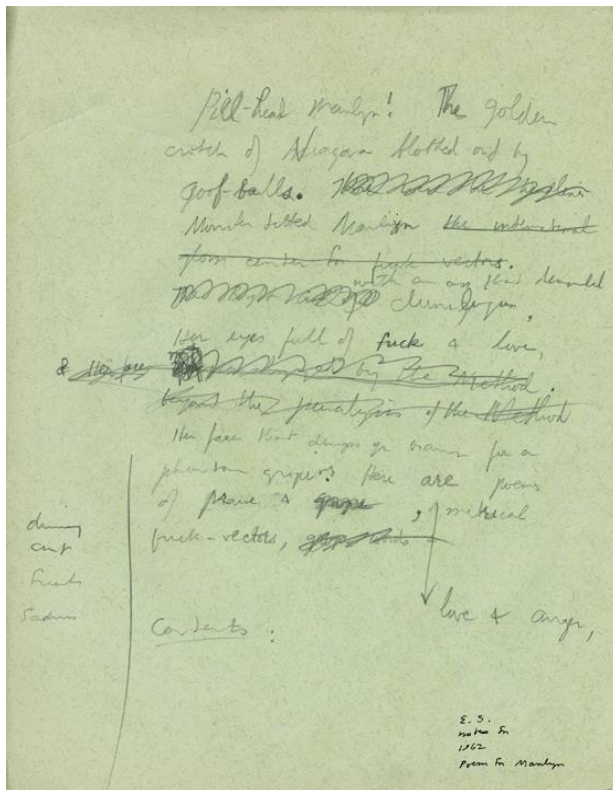
As arranged by Ed Sanders, each box, notebook, and folder in the archive reflects the artist's attempt to document and understand his own life and work, often as placed within a larger, artistic, cultural, and political context. Perhaps no box better illustrates this attempt and the remarkable breadth of all of Sanders' expression as "Chronological Box no. 1-B, 1962-64" that was organized as source material for an Ed Sanders' autobiography.

From Chronological Box no. 1-B, 1962-64



Receipt for the Speed-o-Print mimeograph machine, Purvin Typewriter & Adding Machine Company, New York City, February 19, 1962.

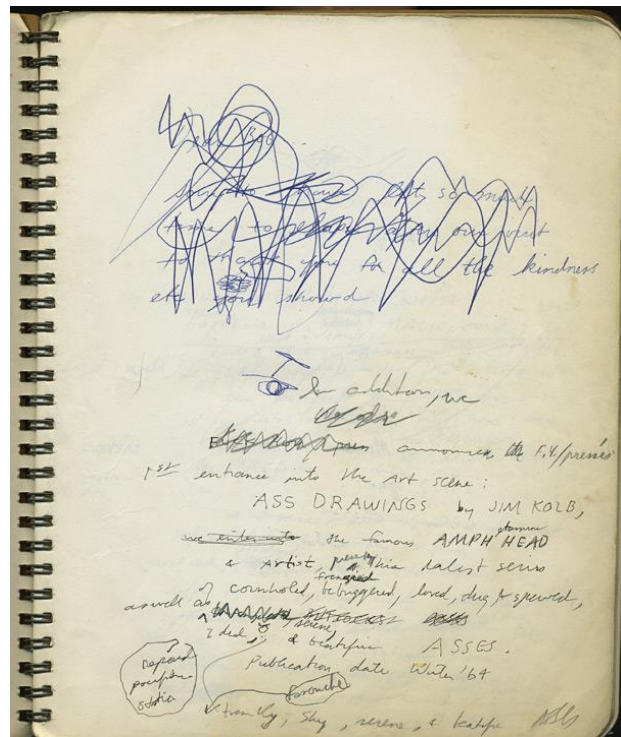
The Speed-o-Print mimeograph, purchased for \$36.05, on which Ed printed the first issues of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*. The small Speed-o-Print “fit nicely on the porcelain bathtub cover in my kitchen at 509 East Eleventh Street.”



Rough handwritten notes for the *Poems for Marilyn* anthology published in 1962 by Fuck You Press.

Poems for Marilyn contains contributions by Joel Oppenheimer, John Keys, Taylor Mead, Al Fowler, John Harriman, and Ed Sanders.

“As publisher of four issues of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*, plus just now [in the fall of 1962], hot off the Speed-o-Print, the *Poems for Marilyn* anthology, I was being afforded a glimmer of underground renown.”



Page from a 1963 notebook with notes for “FY / press’s 1st entrance into the art scene: ASS DRAWINGS by JIM KOLB, the famous AMPHETAMINE HEAD & artist.”

Ed knew Jim Kolb, an “amph-artist” since 1960 and featured him in his film *Amphetamine Head: A Study of Power in America*. A page from one of Ed’s 1963 notebooks reveals that he was planning on publishing Kolb’s drawings in a never-realized book called *Ass Drawings*.

965 Hoe Avenue
Bronx NY 10459
26 July 1963
(seems to me that's
a familiar date)

Dear Ed, Lookout lookout mira mira I done it I done it.

You probably had small hopes of ever seeing this introduction. I sure had small hopes of finishing it in any form acceptable to me. But here it is, as wishily solemn & encyclopedia-stylishly deadpan an introduction as I could ever have hoped for. (All right--so I do let my hair down a copula times--see why it's so hard for me to type??)

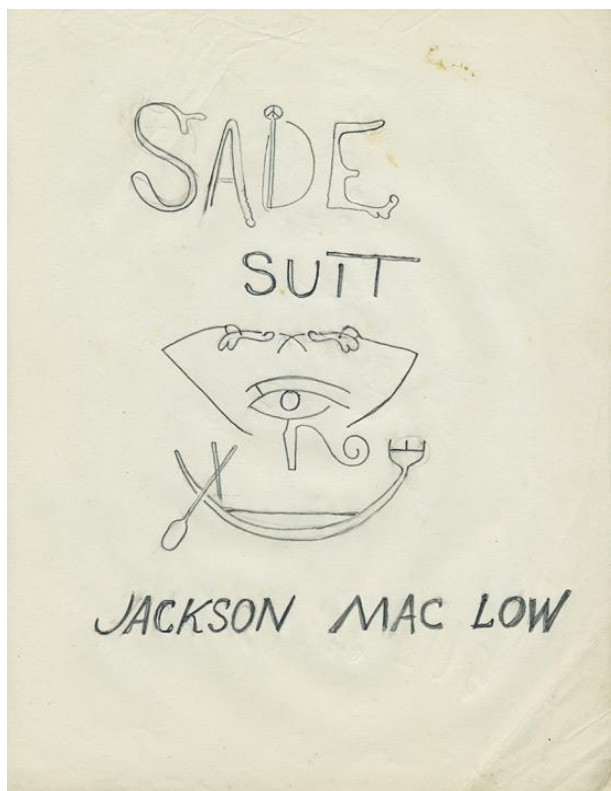
Let me know if you can think of anything that's not in this intro that should be in it. Don't hesitate to suggest additions (no subtractions please - all's here's necessary). You're now my editor & you might very well see something that should be there. Also, note any unclaritys. For the most part, I've tried to be as clear as possible. I've often spelled things out several times & several different ways. These aren't goofs. These are for people who read as badly as I do or worse. Even a few more repetitions of some things might be necessary. However, it now seems ok to me. It was a hard fight, mom, but I won.

You can't imagine what a drag it is, annotating & explaining this product of JML-summer-1959, that long-dead pot-smoking psychotic; God knows what I'll be writing next but it'll sure not be anything like this. However, I must admit that I still enjoy performances of this thing (we did a very good one at St-Marks in-the-Bouwerie (I always want to write: St. Marks in the Brevery) June 6--did you get to it? I forget now. I hope you did. I don't think I saw you just before that or I'd of snagged you for a reader.)

I include also a table of contents. I think the pages should be consecutively numbered throughout the book, in addition to having on them which page of which poem is which (as on the typescript). This can be done by typing "page 8,&c" on the top lines of the stencils above whatever first lines you now have on them (presumably as in the typescript). If no at the tops of the pages, to the right of already room these page numbers can be typed about the middles of the typed top lines

First page of Jackson Mac Low TLS to Ed sent about *Sade Suit*, July 26, 1963.

In 1963 Ed made plans to publish Jackson Mac Low's 1959 *Sade Suit*. According to Sanders, the Fuck You Press publication "never quite happened." In this letter Mac Low writes to Ed: "You can't imagine what a drag it is, annotating & explaining this product of JML-summer-1959, that long-dead pot-smoking psychotic; God knows what I'll be writing next but it'll sure not be anything like this."



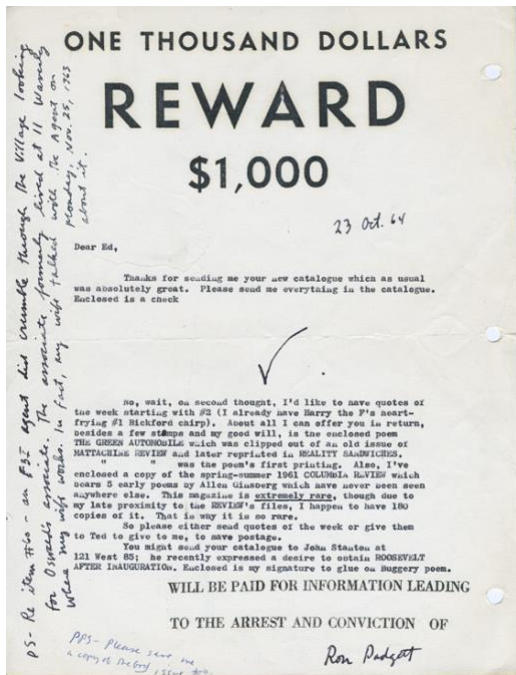
Ed Sanders' drawing for the cover for Fuck You Press's unrealized publication of Jackson Mac Low's *Sade Suit*, 1963.

November

My dear Al ---
as a result of the FBI
scene, you are requested
to REMOVE ALL your
stuff from here --- If
it is not removed by
FRIDAY, I shall re-
padlock the door & bolt
the windows & you will
procure your stuff at
my discretion ---
Ed. S.

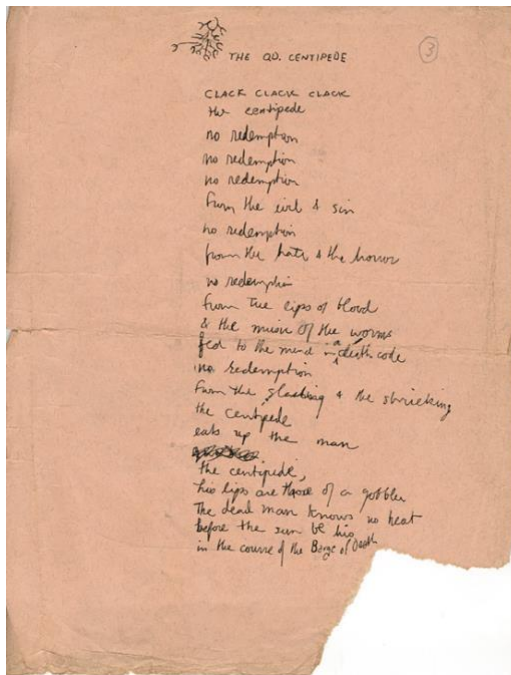
Ed Sanders note to Al Fowler, 1963.

In 1962 Ed Sanders thought he had "discovered an American poetic genius" when he met Al Fowler at Ed's 1962 New Year's party. Eventually Ed published 27 of Fowler's poems in *Fuck You* and Al would also become an early Fug. But, in 1963, Al was crashing at the "secret location" and became associated with the "brouhaha regarding Lee Harvey Oswald's reported appearance in Greenwich Village prior to the assassination." Concerned that his presence would invite the FBI to raid the secret location, Ed wrote this note: "My dear Al — as a result of the FBI scene, you are requested to REMOVE all your stuff from here — If it is not removed by Friday, I shall repadlock the door & bolt the windows, & you will procure your stuff at my discretion. Ed. S."



Letter from Ron Padgett to Ed Sanders, October 3, 1964.

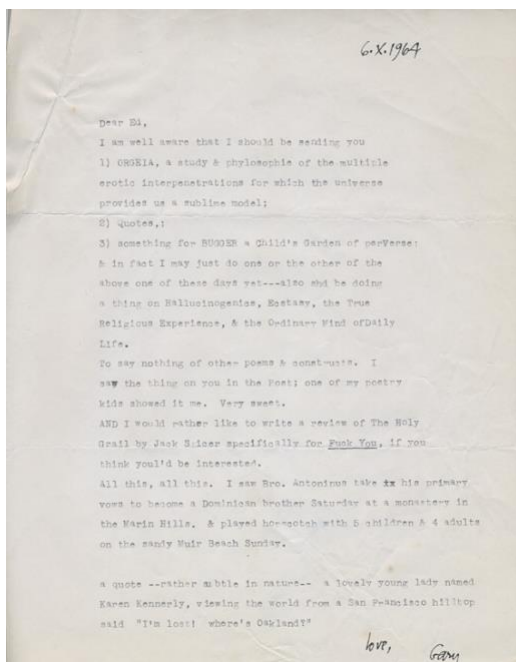
In addition to ordering items from one of Ed's catalogs, Ron writes a P.S.: "[A]n FBI agent did crumble through the Village looking for Oswald's associate ..." and alludes to the "brouhaha regarding Lee Harvey Oswald's reported appearance in Greenwich Village prior to the assassination." This letter was filed in a three-ring binder labeled "[Steve] Landesburg 63" about the "brouhaha."



Ed Sanders script for a scene in *Cock City* with Al Fowler, 1963?

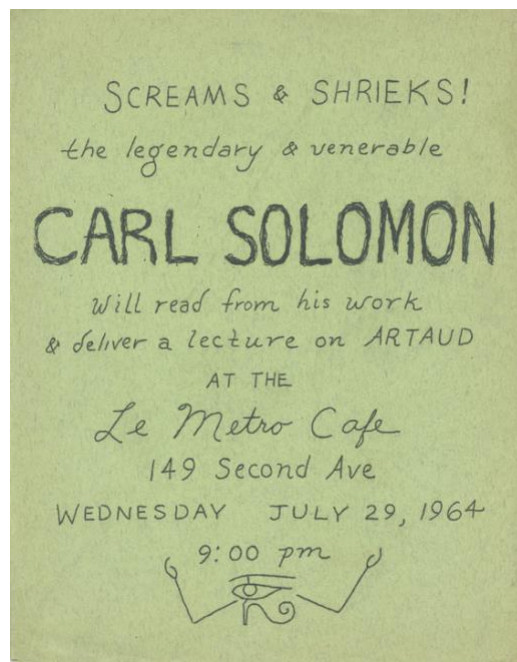
"CLACK CLACK CLACK / the CENTIPEDE / O.D. with a hundred legs / crawls through the door / light through the window ... / Death to the Reverend Fowler / to the reverend death ..."

In 1963 and 1964 Ed shot the film *Cock City* that featured a giant OD Centipede invading his friend Al Fowlers body. The film would be confiscated in 1965 by the police and never returned.

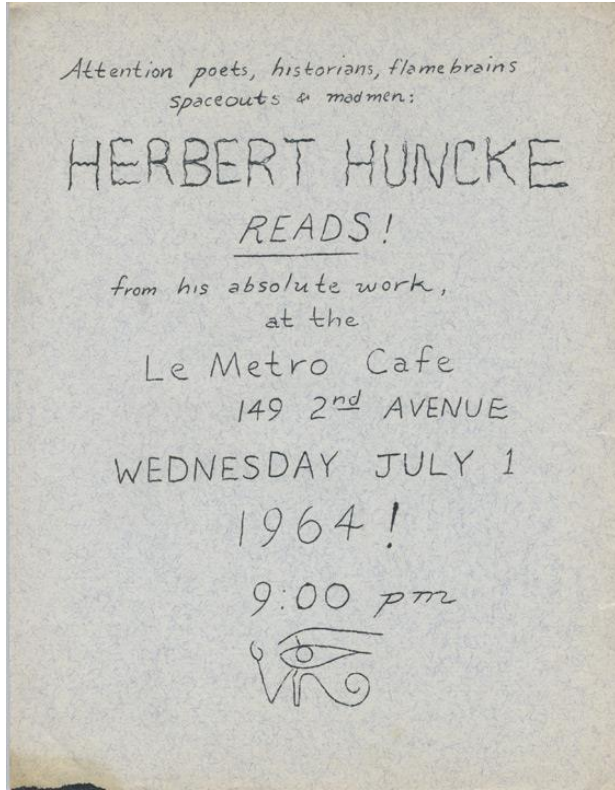


TLS from Gary Snyder to Ed Sanders, October 6, 1964.

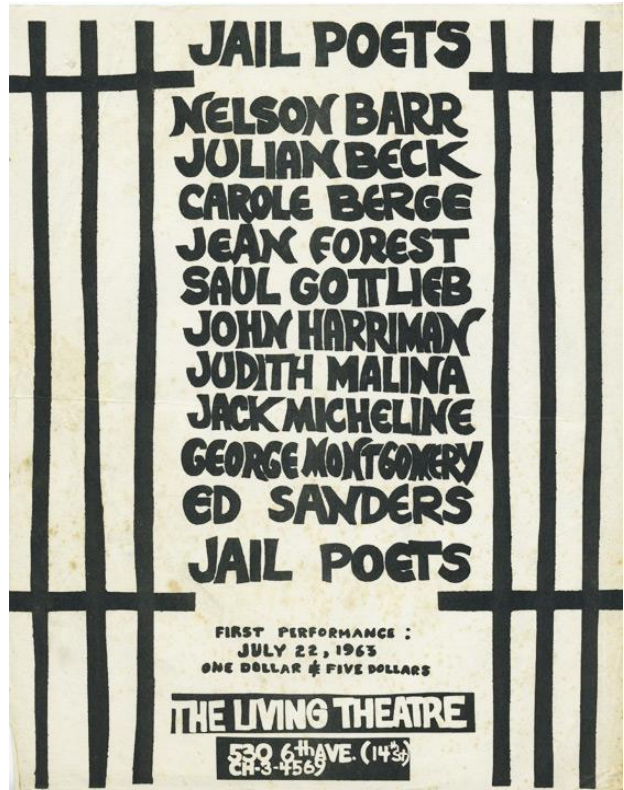
In this letter, Gary Snyder calls the Fuck You Press's *Bugger: An Anthology* "a Child's Garden of perVerse." He also recollects seeing Brother Antonius take his primary vows as a Dominican brother " & played hopscotch with 5 children & 4 adults on the sandy Muir Beach Sunday." The letter is located in a folder labeled "letters / literary matters / 1964" in Chronological Box no. 1, 1962–64.



Flyer for Carl Solomon's reading at Le Metro Café, July 29, 1964. Drawn, designed and printed by Ed Sanders at a secret location.



Flyer for Herbert Huncke's reading at Le Metro Café, July 1, 1964. "Screams & Shrieks!" Drawn, designed and printed by Ed Sanders at a secret location.

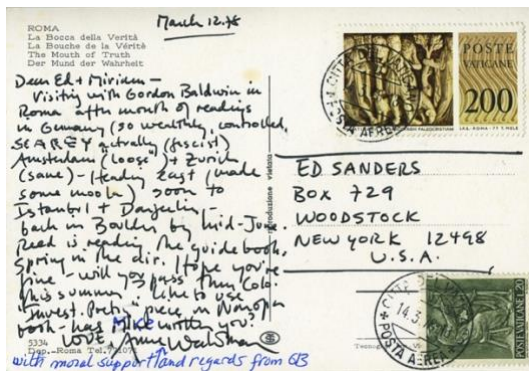


Ed participated in the Living Theatre's "Jail Poets" reading on July 22, 1963, along with Julian Beck, Judith Malina, Carol Bergé, and Jack Micheline, among others.

Chronological Boxes, 1974–2012

Beginning in 1974, Ed Sanders began compiling monthly files from mail that he received. The items collected are a remarkable record of the wide range of Ed Sanders' interests and activities. They include event announcements, incoming correspondence, projects, items of interest, leaflets, newsletters and fliers, advertisements, and assorted ephemera. There are 68 Chronological (banker's) Boxes.

Below is a sampling of what is found in the Chronological Boxes and is from box no. 27, January–June 1978.



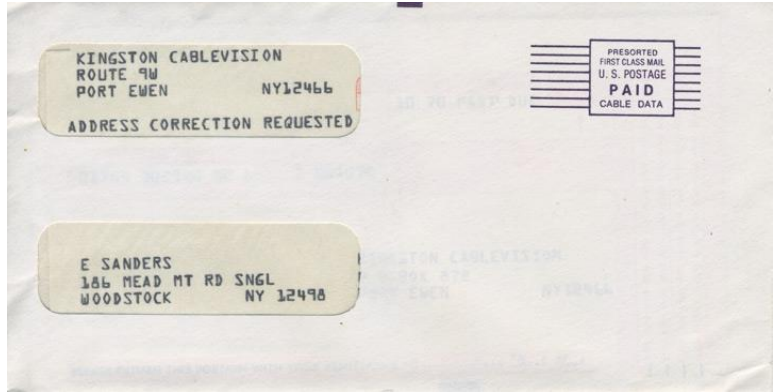
Anne Waldman postcard sent to Ed and Miriam from Rome, March 12, 1978.



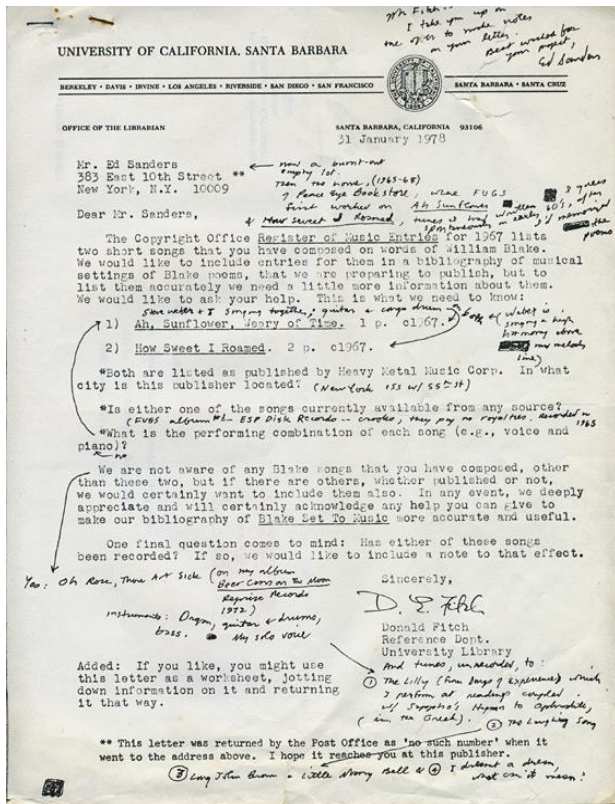
Direct mail advertisement for Archeology magazine.



Bezoar, vol. 11, no.1, December 1977. Unopened.

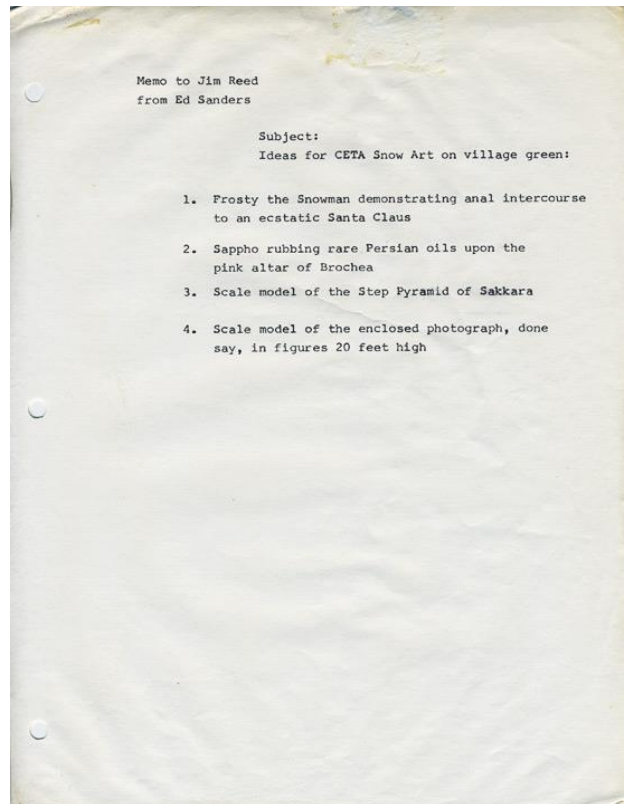


Bill from Kingston Cablevision.



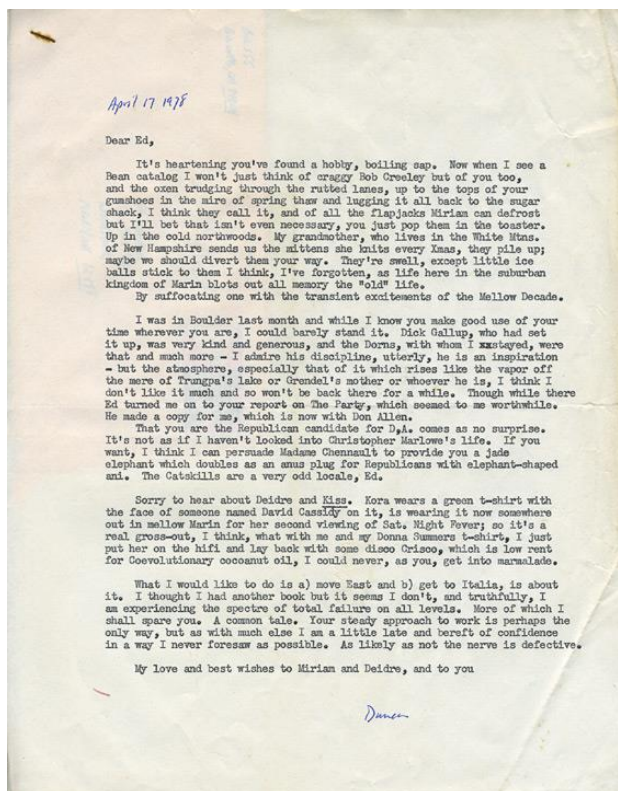
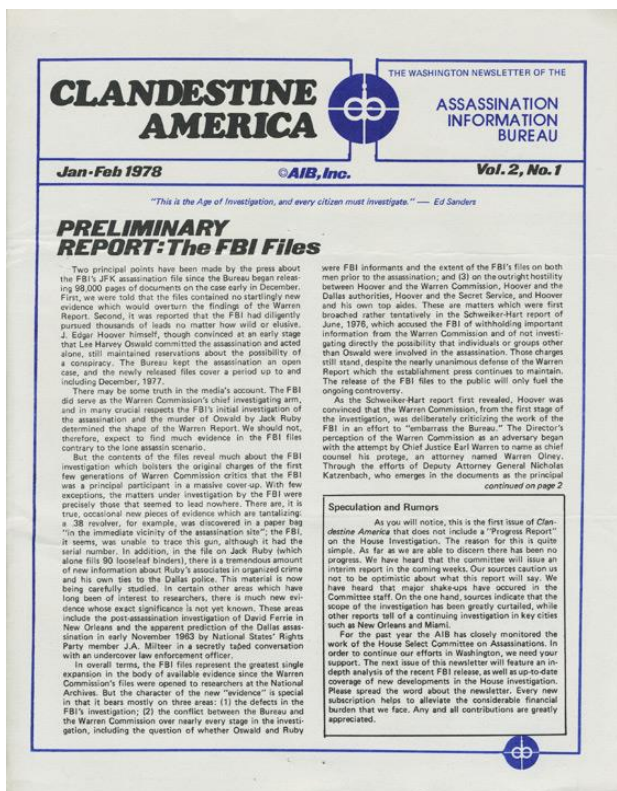
Letter from Donald Fitch, University of California, Santa Barbara, January 31, 1978.

Fitch was soliciting information on two of Ed's William Blake songs "Ah, Sunflower, Weary of Time" and "How Sweet I Roamed" for a bibliography of Blake poems set to music. Ed wrote his answers on Fitch's letter.



Ed Sanders, "Ideas for CETA Snow Art on [Woodstock] village green."

The first of the four ideas: "Frosty the Snowman demonstrating anal intercourse to an ecstatic Santa Claus."



Clandestine America: The Washington Newsletter of the Assassination Information Bureau, vol. 2, no. 1, January-February 1978.

TLS from Duncan McNaughton to Ed Sanders, April 17, 1978.

The newsletter's tagline was a quote by Ed Sanders: "This is the Age of Investigation, and every citizen must investigate."

"Now when I see a Bean catalog I won't just think of craggy old Bob Creeley but of you too"

REPORT NO. P80660	BENEDICTINE HOSPITAL 105 HARYS AVENUE KINGSTON, NY 12401	PAGE 1
	914-338-2500	BILLING DATE 3/17/78
PATIENT NAME	ACCT NO.	ADM. DATE
SANDERS, JAMES E.	78276128	3/14/78
		DISC DATE 3/14/78
SANDERS, JAMES E. BDX 729 WOODSTOCK, NY	12498	
DOCTOR- WEINMAN, HERBERT M	10	TELEPHONE 679-7924
		AGE 38
POSTED CODE	---CHARGE DESCRIPTION---	QTY UNIT PRICE CHARGE
3/14 16103376	PHARMACY	1.70
3/14 17103078	MED - SURG SUPPLIES	1.35
3/14 17105230	EMERGENCY ROOM	17.50
3/14 17105248	PHYSICIAN FEE	11.50
TOTAL OF CHARGES		30.55
DIAGNOSIS	Laceration	
SURGICAL PROCEDURE		
NAME OF POLICYHOLDER	POLICY NO.	
IF INJURY, GIVE DATE, PLACE OF ACCIDENT, IF ILLNESS, GIVE DATE OF ONSET.		
FED. ID. 14-1338470	OUT-PATIENT CLERK	DATE
IF YOU ARE COVERED BY INSURANCE, PLEASE COMPLETE THE INFORMATION REQUIRED BY YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY AND FORWARD THIS FORM TO YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY OR INSURANCE AGENT.		
IF YOUR EMPLOYER OR INSURANCE COMPANY REQUIRES A SPECIAL FORM, SIMPLY ATTACH THIS FORM TO IT AND COMPLETE ANY ADDITIONAL INFORMATION THAT IS REQUIRED. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO RETURN SPECIAL FORMS TO THE HOSPITAL FOR COMPLETION.		
PLEASE REFER TO ACCOUNT NUMBER WHEN MAKING PAYMENT.		

Goals:

1. Cattle three
2. RFK holopoem
3. Finish J'Accuse
4. Sappho tape; Spinal Column Hypnosis pamphlet
5. prototype of the copper-flashing version of the Electronic Pulse Lyre
6. Padgett
7. Re-organization of Domestic Intelligence manuscript

Receipt for Ed Sanders' emergency room visit for a laceration, March 14, 1978.

Typed list of Ed Sanders' goals from early 1978.

5-20-78
p.1

Dear Charles Upton --

Regarding the report, The Party, the Investigative Poetry group this year, as it had previously decided, voted by mail on the disposition of the report. ~~The~~ The vote is evenly divided, so I have decided to do nothing at the present time regarding either printing it, or spreading copies.

Helen Lester, whom I heard you knew, was in the class, & probably has a copy you could read.

I would suggest finally that you pay a visit to Naropa, and read the copy, which is open to any to read, in the Naropa library.

As a poetics academy, I personally don't believe there is a better place in America, open to a more intelligent & lofty poetics, or more busying with ideas, and creativity, than the Naropa school.

I am not a Buddhist, and do not approve of a lot of what I've heard about Trungpa's lifestyle. But, it's a free country, and my experience with disciples of Trungpa is that they're not in any way robo-washed or coerced. On the contrary, their consciousness & reason seem very much with them.

p.1

This summary at Naropa looks interesting, w/ Kurt Miller, Casey, Levi Jones, & Dave Dufur, at all. I can't find it on Open Spz.

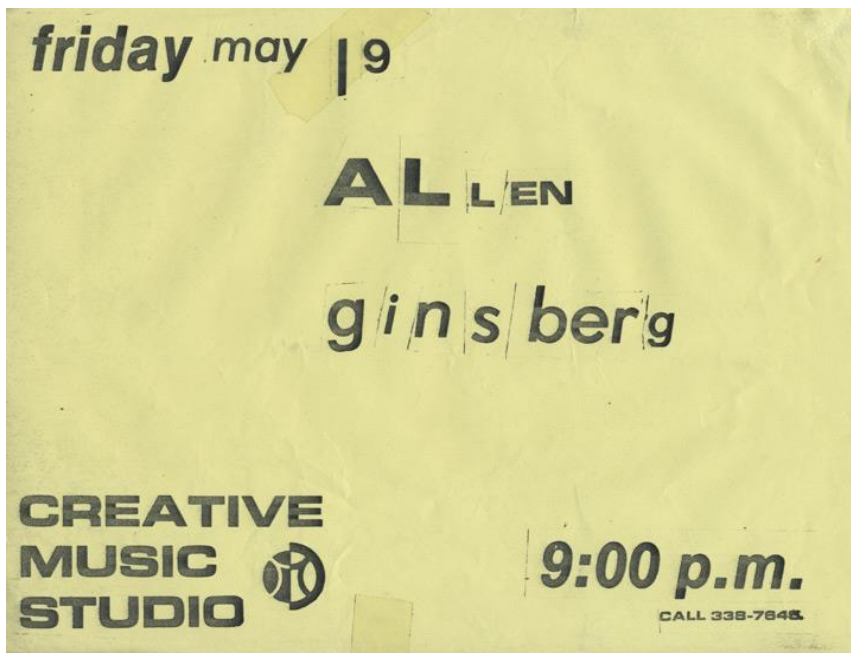
And these four are nobody's disciples.

Maybe you could check it out face to face, rather than depend on photos.

Best wishes,
Ed Sanders

ALS from Ed Sanders to Charles Upton, May 20, 1978.

Ed writes about his Investigative Poetry group's report, "The Party" and reflects on Naropa: "As a poetics academy, I personally don't believe there is a better place in America ... I am not a Buddhist, and do not approve of a lot of Trungpa's lifestyle. But it's a free country, and my experience with disciples of Trungpa is that they're not in any way robo-washed or coerced. On the contrary, their consciousness & reason seem very much with them."



Flyer for Allen Ginsberg at the Creative Music Studio, Woodstock, NY, May 1978.

James W. Grauerholz

Ed Sanders
Box 729
Woodstock NY 12498

28th Jan 78

Dear Ed,

I hope you've got some bread from the VOICE on your "10 Years Ago" piece--as I told you, I instructed Goldstein to put in a voucher for \$250, which should have happened by now. Perhaps you'll see fit to send me a tiny slice of it if so. Ah me.

Sorry you missed the Dylan screening--the movie is interesting enough if you know most of the people involved. Too long of course, but even a half-hearted Dylanophile such as myself couldn't help but stare at the lingering tight closeups of D behind his makeup, singing. Woolcott got the best critical shot with his piece "I, Dylanus"-- have you seen the panel your words were to have gone into? Undistinguished.

Enclosed is "\$100,000 Reward for Mutes" clip. I pray you'll collect this bounty.

Best ever,
James
James Grauerholz

p.s. How about reading story of slash + burn hardiastness to VOICE?

7 Park Avenue, PH-B/New York 10016

TLS from James Grauerholz to Ed Sanders, January 28, 1978.

CITY LIGHTS

BOOKSTORE
261 Columbus Ave.
San Francisco 94133
362-8193

PUBLISHING HOUSE
261 Columbus Ave.
San Francisco 94133
XEROX
26 April 78

Dear Ed:

Wrote you last year, no answer. How come you don't answer my queries, etc?

Allen suggests I ask you for info or original article on FBI, CIA & multi-nationals expanding their "security" police, National Security Agency functioning as secret police, etc.... Can you do that for the enclosed proposed issue of JOURNAL FOR THE PROTECTION OF ALL BEINGS which will also be an issue of CO-EVOLUTION QUARTERLY (with a circulation of close to 100,000)? It may also be made into a book.

I would see your article or info on this subject to fit in under my main concern for the new JOURNAL, i.e., impeding or dismantling industrial civilization.

If you have stuff on other subjects related, please send same. Deadline June 1st.

Please reply!

Light to you--
Lawrence

TLS from Lawrence Ferlinghetti to Ed Sanders, April 26, 1978.

"Allen suggests I ask you for info or original article on FBI, CIA & multi-nationals [sic] expanding their 'security' police, National Security Agency functioning as secret police, etc "

A/Ω 12 MAR 78

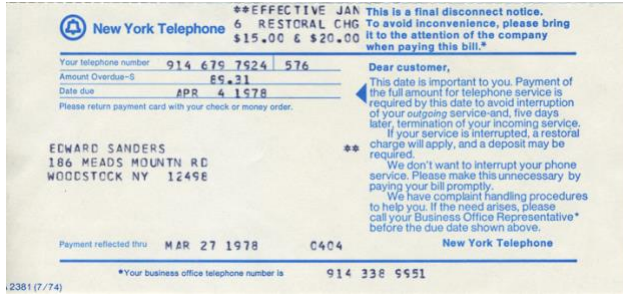
ed ~ how's it hangin'?

thanks mucho for the cattle report ~ am over in the next county from the cochise, mentioned in yers as a slime center of satanic slitting & assorted secret sleazoid stinky slashes. will keep me ear to the ground for local yehel grents concerning such shitty doings. as you can see from institutional address, am wintering at 5300 ft. in arizona alpineville in minimal security (the country club of the local system) & got a job teaching english, lit. & social studies to post-grad victims of the "educational" systems, preping them for their A.E.D.'s - gotta trim the allusions & all abstractions to the bone at this instructional level, bid thee not!

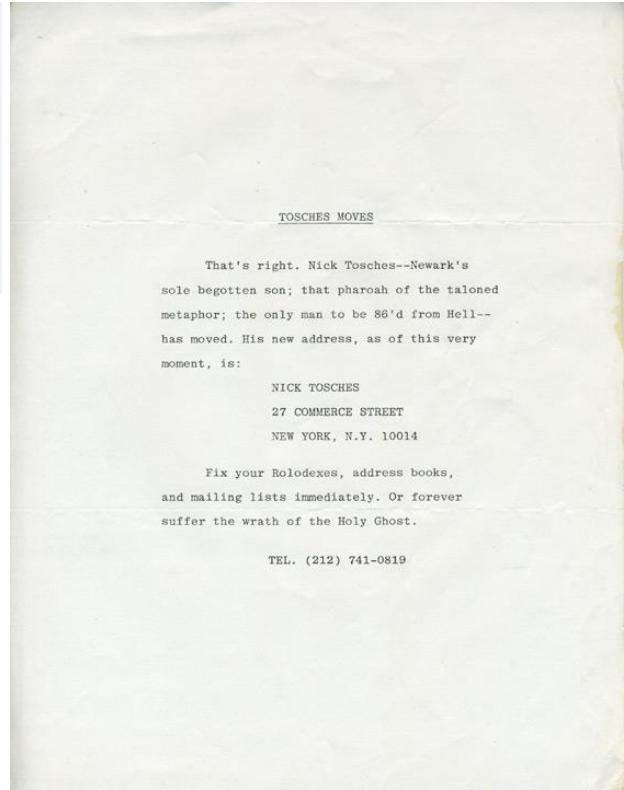
haven't heard from al the fowl since my incarceration 023 JAN ~ no mail from other cons to cons allowed in this fine 19th century system. perhaps you could act as news intermediary & gotta put in abt. 14 more months at most unless appeal for gov. pardon or other legal schmegeal maneuvers opens

First of two-page Nelson Barr ALS written from Arizona State Prison to Ed Sanders, March 12, 1978.

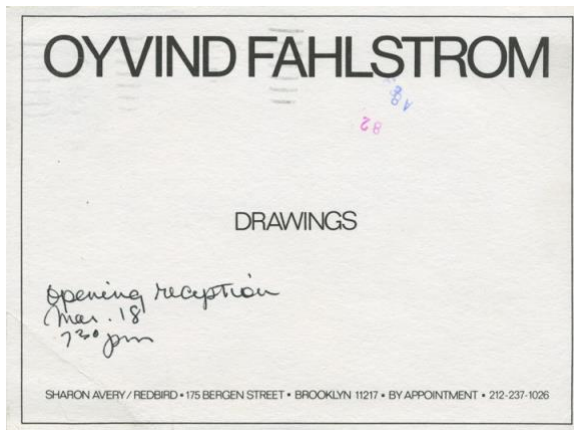
Nelson Barr was a frequent contributor to *Fuck You*, a good friend of Ed's from their early days at the *Catholic Worker*, and the Fugs first manager.



Above: The Sanders' March 1978 telephone bill.



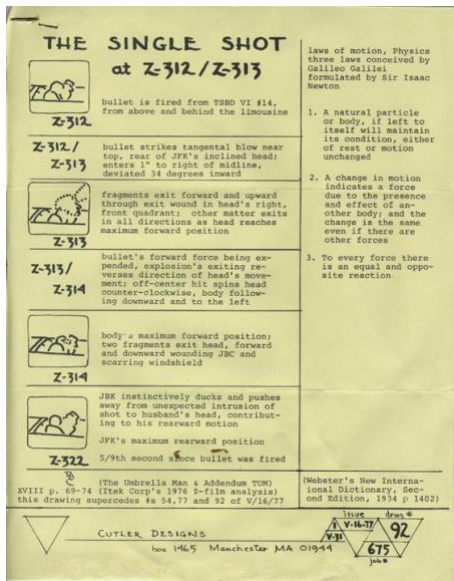
Right: Nick Tosches change of address notice.



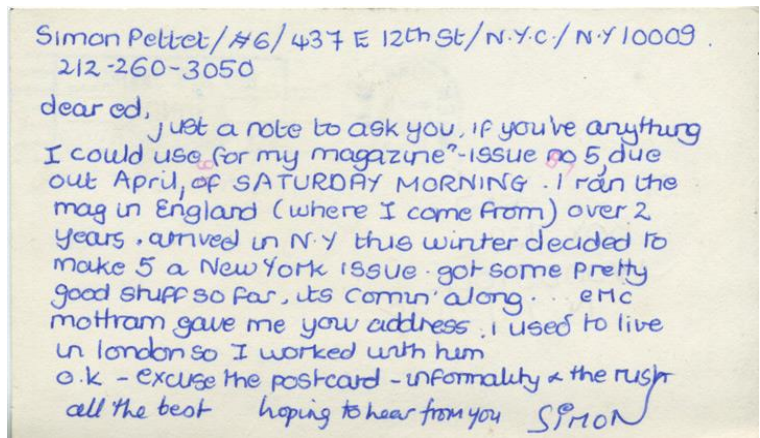
Oyvind Fahlstrom exhibition announcement card.



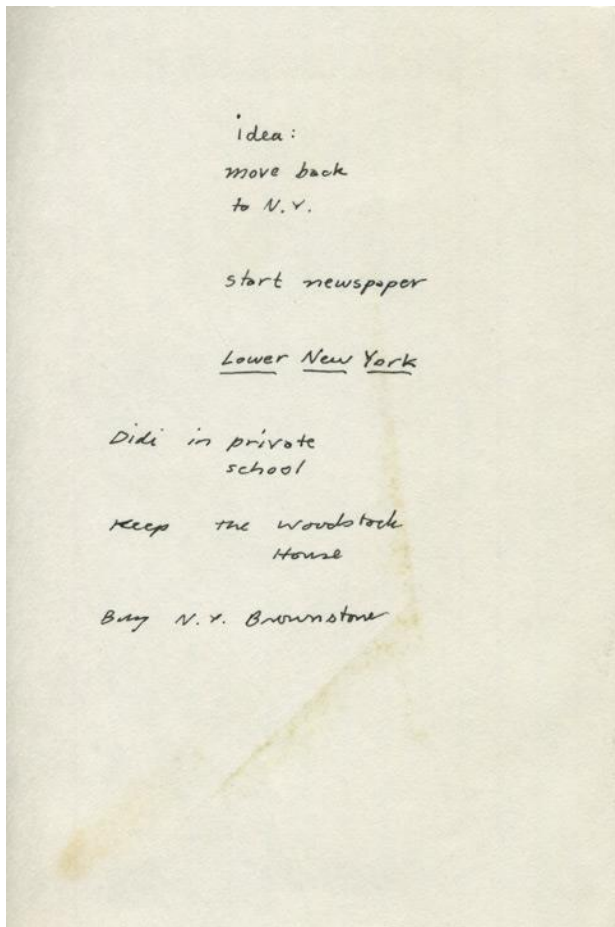
Ray Johnson, "Page 5 A Book About Death."



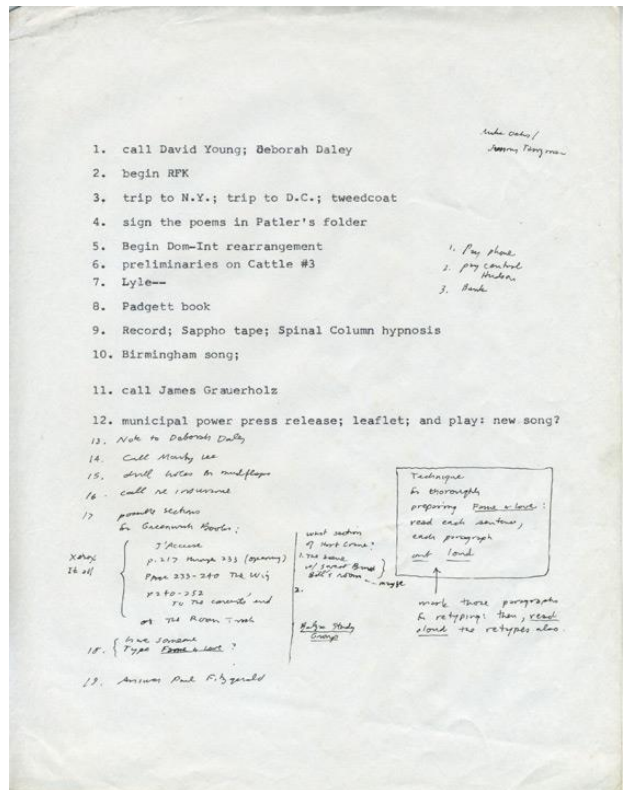
Robert Cutler, *The Single Shot at Z-312/Z-313*.



Postcard from Simon Pettet, soliciting work from Ed for his magazine, *Saturday Morning*.



Index card with one of Ed's "to do" lists.



Another of Ed's "to do" lists.

26 JAN 78
DEAR ED--
Please give me a call. I have
AN INTERESTING PROPOSITION THAT COULD
LEAD TO A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY.
I HAVE AN ANSWERING MACHINE, SO
LEAVE YOUR NUMBER IF I'M NOT
HOME.
YOURS,
VINNY LEARY
212-924-5170

ALS from Vinny Leary to Ed Sanders, January 26, 1978.

Vinny was a member of the early Fugs. He writes Ed: "I have an interesting proposition that could lead to a good deal of money."

Activism and Assorted Items

Activism

In June and August, 1961, Ed Sanders participated in his second act of civil disobedience during the commissioning of the Ethan Allen Polaris submarine in Groton, Connecticut, when he tried swimming out and mounting a peace vigil atop its missile hatches. In the statement handed out on August 8, 1961, Ed explained his actions: "In the world is a gigantic Plexus of Hate Vectors ... I view a human being as a complex organism or electricity. What is involved in this civil disobedience is small loving organisms of electricity climbing aboard larger hating electrical systems in order to nonviolently establish a total electrical system of love. It is to this end that I dedicate myself."

Sanders' civil disobedience resulted in his arrest and imprisonment in the Montville State Jail in Uncasville, Connecticut, August 8–24, 1961. His time in jail was spent studying Egyptian hieroglyphics and writing on scraps of paper and cigarette packs, what would become, his *Poem from Jail* published by City Lights in 1963.

CONCERNING CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE AT THE
COMMISSIONING OF THE ETHAN ALLEN

In the world is a gigantic figure of John Victor, he sees the large nation refusing to let up its mind-controlled arm program so as to produce a suitable psychological climate in which the disarmament negotiations could occur. He would like to see the line of the anti-peace system with the nucleus of creating the friendship of nations. He may indeed the world divided between two masses of resources and land. The wide communication between these lines is time later. He is almost and seems completely only the counting and functioning used by the latter. The Polaris submarine is a number to be applied built by a letter.

The above Washington and Moscow being Polaris submarines were related with the Fifth Flange after Soviet Union for the last six months, an act which further the landmark destination of the world. Current operations are of three distinct lines: death into the present, past, and future. This comes as no surprise when death is the condition. I cannot lose sight of the members of death and destruction. To maintain a human world, awareness is not possible the most meaningful existential condition. To understand the conditions of a human world, I plan to avoid the most & or 7 weeks about the Ethan Allen as a permanent figure of low and to maintain a daily connection with the idealistic balance. I will eventually report that I become a transient contributor of submarine activities, with particular attention to be given to human communication (especially of the sub-atomic world), so as to shift not all waters relative to the Pacific Ocean.

I view a human being as a number system or electronic, that is involved in this civil disobedience to nullify further operations of electronic circuitry. I'm trying to bring electrical systems to order to completely establish a total electrical system of lines. It is to be said that I believe myself.

STATEMENT BY LARRY SCHREY

It should be clear to the majority of people today that there are no permanent victories in our era, the success and great one ourselves. Live to let the peace, history has shown, but only just to grow and more destructive ones.

In today's world I can see only one hope for preventing another and final war from breaking, as also from now on. The one thing that has remained true in the world is love—between men & men. Love, he says as never and therefore he has never?

I believe if enough individuals will and conscientiously say NO to the destructive and intense force of the military machine that our breakdown and peace will be achieved. If not then this (other word) means its contribution and used to resist all forms of injustice that our only hope will be able to help remedy on the earth and will themselves applied.

This is the reason for my personal demonstration today.

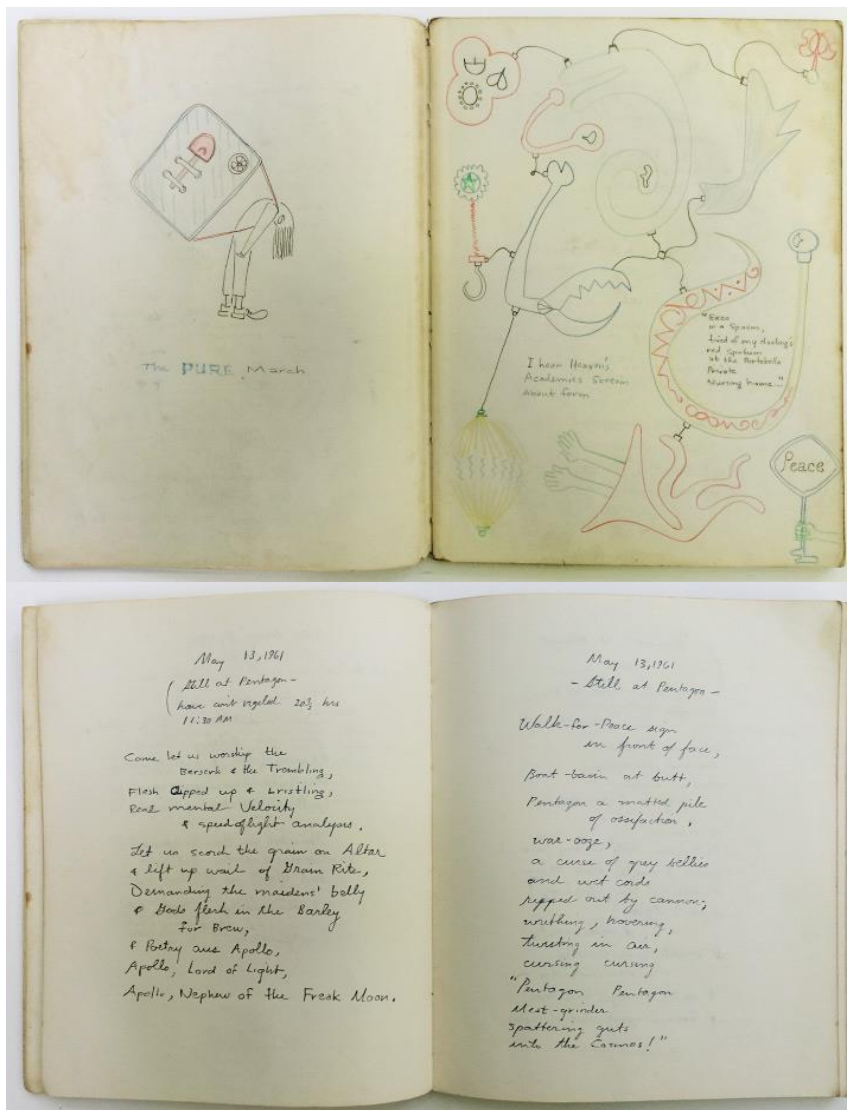
Larry Schrey, 26, was a medical major and secretary before he left the service to teach high, but now is in Soviet Union, U.S. and who has worked in the National Civil Service in New York City.

August 8
1961



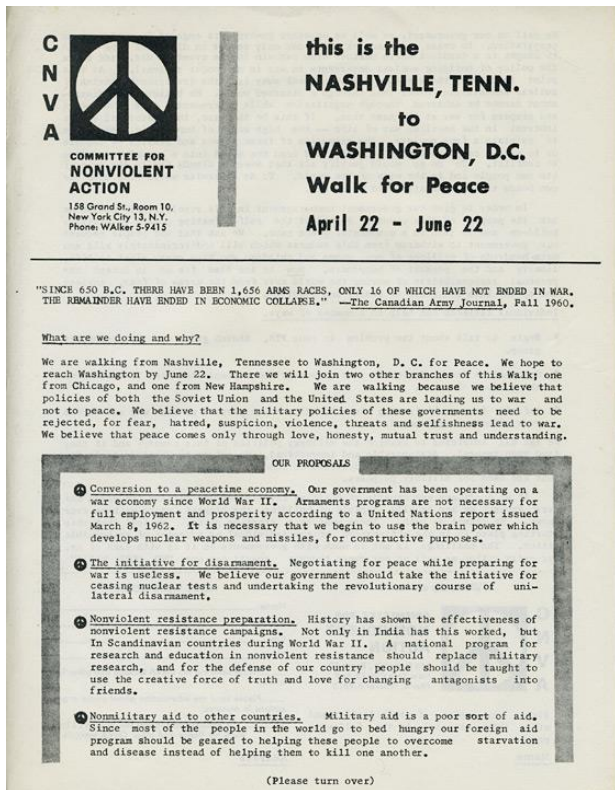
“Concerning Civil Disobedience at the Commissioning of the Ethan Allen,” August 8, 1961, with Ed Sanders’ statement concerning his actions.

“E.S. swimsuit w/ Eye of Horus & Peace Sign on it—worn during attempts in June & August of 1961 to board Polaris subs in Groton, Connecticut.”

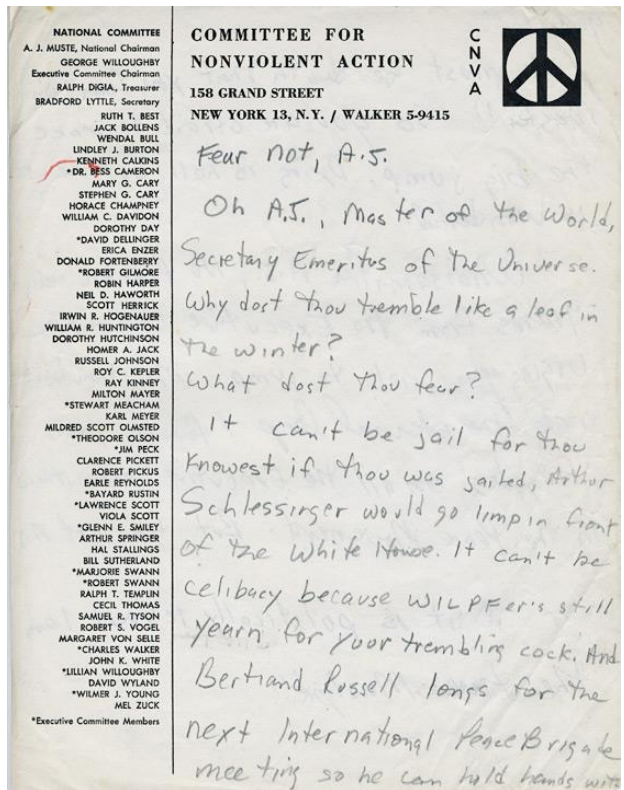


Two spreads from the journal/sketchbook that Ed maintained while on the San Francisco–Moscow Walk for Peace, 1961.

[The following were located in Chronological Box no. 1, 1962–64]

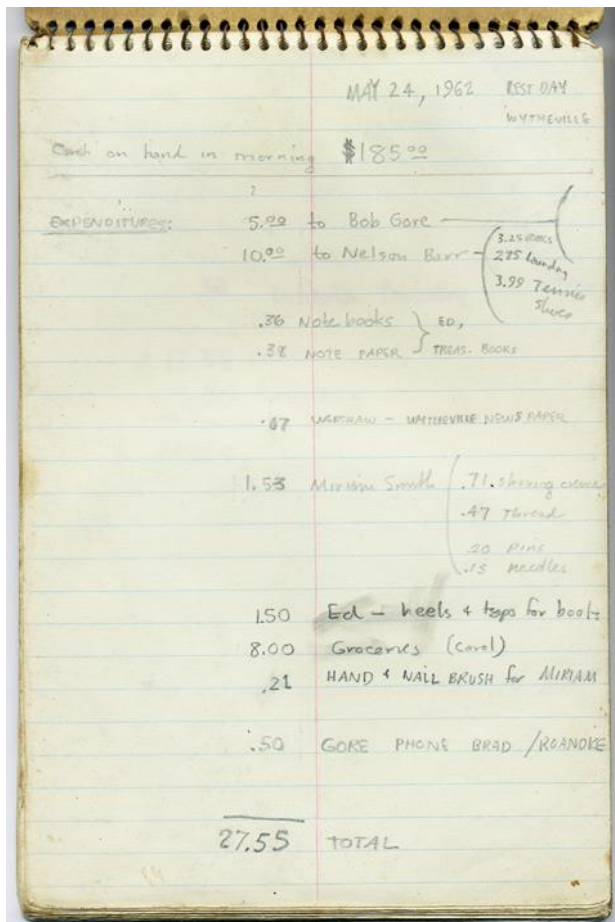


Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) flyer announcing the Nashville–Washington Walk for Peace in which Ed Sanders participated.



Ed Sanders, "Fear Not A.J.," 1962. Handwritten poem on CNVA letterhead. In 1962, Ed volunteered at the CNVA. First page of handwritten poem written on CNVA letterhead.


"Oh, A.J., Master of the World, Secretary Emeritus of the Universe. Why don't thou tremble like a leaf in the winter? What dost thou fear?"



Notebook Ed Sanders wrote in to document his participation in the Committee for Nonviolent Action's Nashville–Washington Walk for Peace that took place on April 22–June 22, 1962.

This page shows that May 24, 1962, was a day of rest in Wytheville, Virginia. Ed began the day with \$185 on hand. Expenses for the day included \$10 to Nelson Barr (\$3.25 for books, \$2.75 for laundry, and \$3.99 for tennis shoes), \$1.50 for heels and taps for Ed's boots, and 21¢ for a hand and nail brush for Miriam.

Itinerary Nash - Wash Walk






MAY 1 OZONE → Harriman
 2 Harriman to Olive Springs
 3 Olive Springs to Oak Ridge (Vigil)
 4 Demonstrations in Oak Ridge
 5 Oak Ridge to Knoxville
 6 Day of Rest
 7 Demonstrations in Knoxville
 8 Knoxville to Piedmont — R. P. Ricketts
 9 Piedmont to Newport — Woodlawn Methodist
 10 Newport to Caneys Branch
 11 Caneys Branch to Greeneville
 12 Day of Rest
 13 Greeneville to Chuckey
 14 Chuckey to Johnson City (camp from St. Hill / Mt. High Coll)
 15 Day of Demonstrations, Johnson City
 16 Johnson City to Bluff City
 17 Bluff City - Bristol (Tenn. Vol)
 18 Day of Rest
 19 Bristol & Abington
 20 Abington to Meadowsville (William & Henry Coll) (Evening - Henry College - Young, W)
 21 Day of Demonstrations
 22 Meadowsville to Clarksville
 23 Clarksville to Atkins
 24 Day of Rest (camp out at Hungry Mother State Park?)
 25 Atkins to Waynesville
 26 Waynesville to Palatka

Legal pad with a handwritten day-by-day itinerary for the Nashville–Washington Walk for Peace.

PLEASE DON'T BUY IN WOOLWORTH AS LONG AS SOUTHERN WOOLWORTH SEGREGATES

WHY?

- Negroes can't sit down to eat at many Southern Woolworth Lunch Counters.
- Southern citizens are demonstrating peacefully against this injustice.
- They have been met by
 -  MASS ARRESTS
 -  TEAR GAS
 -  EXPULSION FROM SCHOOL
- We are picketing in support of the fight for equality.

WHAT CAN PEOPLE IN THE NORTH DO?

Woolworth policy is made in New York and can be changed from New York. Woolworth has opened its lunch counters in almost 100 communities. You can help extend the change by:

1. Refusing to buy in Woolworth until all its Southern lunch counters serve everyone.
2. Joining the picket line in front of the Woolworth store in your neighborhood.
3. Signing our pledge card: a pledge not to buy until Woolworth changes its policy.

THE FIGHT FOR EQUAL RIGHTS IS EVERYONE'S FIGHT!

For further information write or call:

CORE Congress of Racial Equality
 38 Park Row, New York 38, New York
 CORland: 7-0035

Poster calling for a boycott of Woolworth's based upon their history of segregation at their southern stores, ca. early 1960's.

Dearest Miriam-

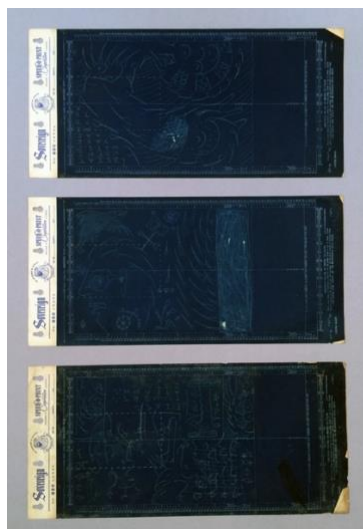
Today we are
 -- yuck yuck -- in
 Harriman, Tenn.
 Staying at Church
 Park. Arr Harr.
 We're about as
 welcome here as
 a wattle sow.
 Yuck yuck harr arr.
 Φιλώ σε.
 I love you.

it'll be known
 shortly to pass
 you in the eye.
 Charly,
 Charly as a
 bury-in in a
 segregated cemetery.
 I love you
 et
 P.S. here are rocks

Front and back of ALS to Miriam written during the Nashville–Washington Walk for Peace, ca. May 1962. Ed has signed the letter in Greek: “I love you.” While on the march, Ed kept in constant touch with Miriam through letters.

Assorted Items

The items below were gathered from various parts of the The Ed Sanders Archive and represent a small assortment of the remarkable items that are found within.



3 “occult stencils” drawn by Harry Smith, 1964. 8 1/2 x 18 inches.



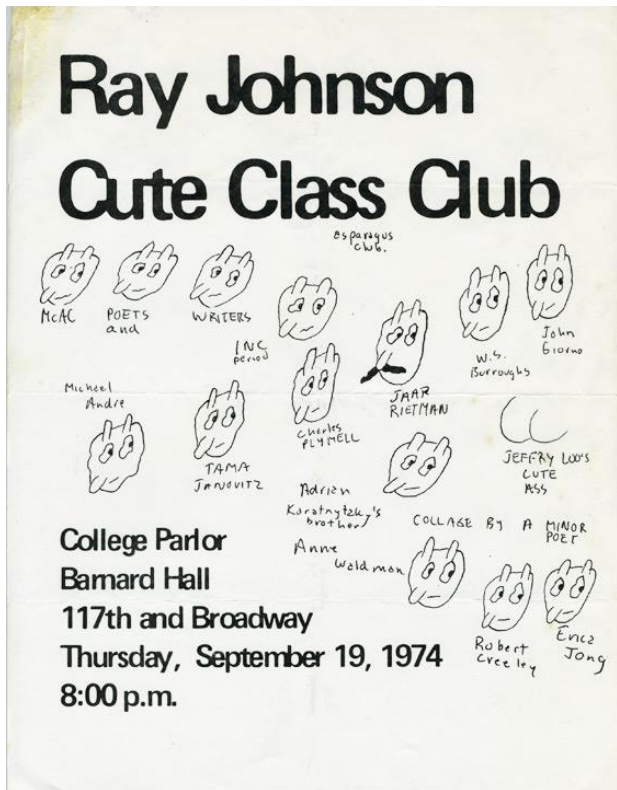
Ed Sanders backstage at the opening of the Fillmore East with his friend Janis Joplin, March 8, 1968. Big Brother & the Holding Company, featuring Janis Joplin, was the headline act. Photograph by Elliott Landy.

This is a giclee print produced in 2009 and is signed on the front and back by Landy. 17 x 22 inches.



Flyer for “Beat Poetry Reading” at the Charles Street Meeting House, October 24, 1977, with Ed Sanders, Joe Dunn, Eero Ruuttila, and J.D. Dawson. 11 x 17 inches.

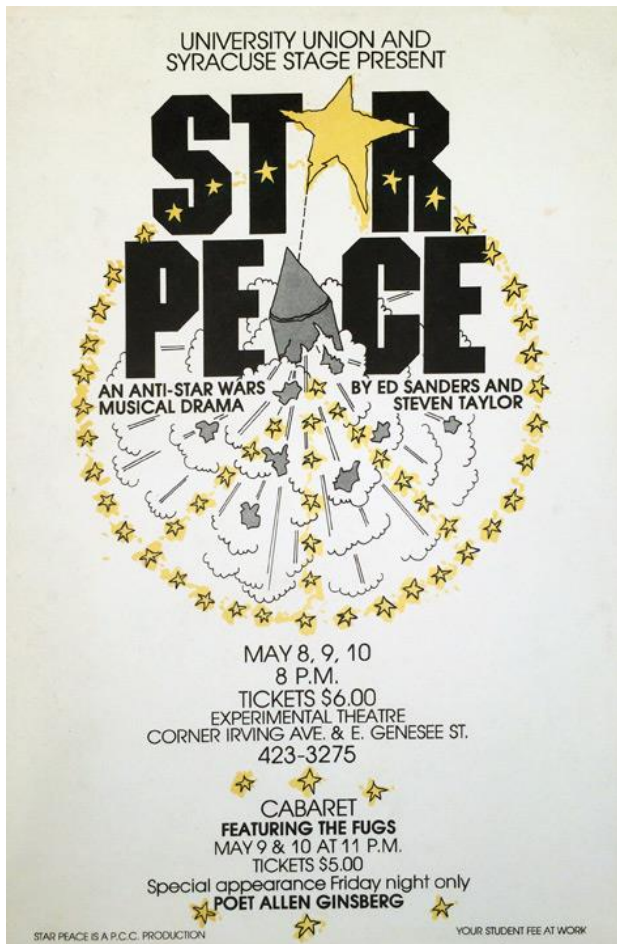
Ed has noted on the front of the flyer: “Charles St. Meeting House, 10-24-77 (where O.[Olson] read in '55 (circa) inspiring Wieners & Joe Dunn [unreadable] off to Black Mountain).”



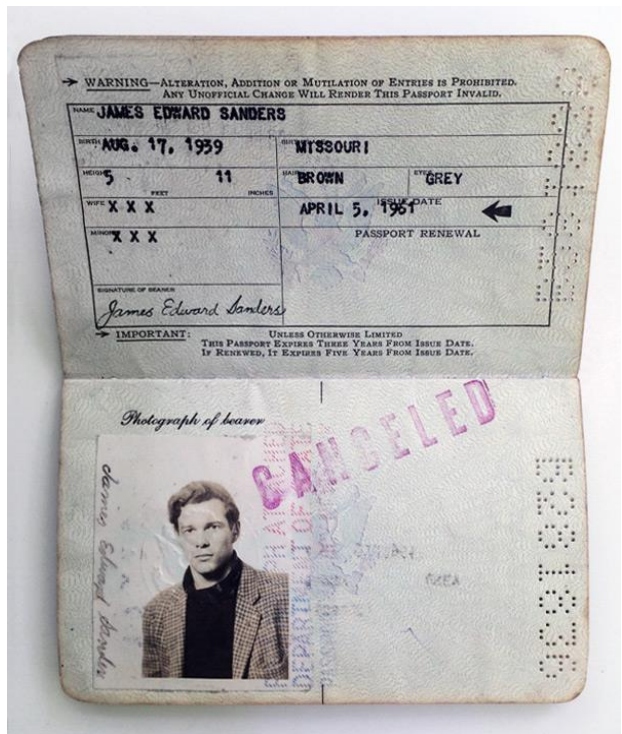
Ray Johnson, "Cute Class Club," College Parlor, Barnard Hall, September 19, 1974.



Ray Johnson, announcement for exhibition at the Willard Gallery, New York, April 6–May 1, 1965. Cut-out sandpaper is collaged on the front of the flyer. 10 x 14 inches.



Poster for "Star Peace: An Anti-Star Wars Musical Drama," by Ed Sanders and Steven Taylor, Experimental Theatre, Syracuse, NY, May 9–10, 1987.



Ed Sanders' passport issued on April 5, 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
IOWA CITY, IOWA 52240

15 Dec 68

Dear Ed,

thanks for the poem, and the records, and papers. The new album is inspirational. Sandy likes Crystal Linsén best, not knowing its RG (them Jews dont like RCs), and I like all of it, especially Ramones II in daid and the last cut on side one whose name I dont recall. There's a real feeling for quietness, sepulchralness (is that a word) and death throughout. A kind of awful hush filled with song that's fitting and so saying the critic took another pull on his stogie and then nodded out.

Levy's suicide was a kick in the gut. A terrible disappointment, tho not in him of course...whats it all about.... is what it released in my heart awfully...

If you do his book, you might try to get some of his collages. The few I've seen, (in an otherwise hideous book by Blazek, were quite nice and quite beautiful in some ways (quite?)

Out here we dope it up on this and that and dig the distance between everything which makes you less paranoid than NY but more stupid. Moooooo! Farmer Browns cow sat down in the middle of Main St. last suesday and stopped traffic for three hours.

Theres an SDS scene here but it aint really off the ground, a kind of dope scene, w plenty of uptightness and cop fear for not too much cause tho the local busts take place spasmodically.... live across from the jail...and the sheriff looks in my window and sees me rolling little paper cigarettes...his little boy plays with David... I kill his little boy if he busts me. Yr poem is great. I put in on the students work sheet next week and watch them shit their pants.

The students are nice and boring but I'm great. I get high and make genius speeches about the meaning and varied myriad potentialities of the words it and that. I pop a few braincells when I read FWhalon these days especially The Education Continues along...wrote a 15 page handwritten poem last week about the word it while reading that.. had to throw it away, but secretly remember it. I now weigh 665 lbs half hair. Keep me posted & I'll send a few goodies as I slowly take over the whole town and University here. Then I burn it all down and go to _____ next. Dont kick against the pricks

love,
Edgar Suet

P.S.: Merry Christmas + Happy Hanukkah + Happy Winter by J. Is.

AG sent me a card + sd it only hurts when he sings Hare Krishna

maybe you should do this Fall in the Blanks & send it back!

Ted Berrigan TLS from Iowa City to Ed, December 15, 1968, after the death of d.a. levy.

Berrigan writes that "Levy's suicide was a kick in the gut. A terrible disappointment, tho not in him of course...whats it all about....is what it released in my heart awfully..." On the verso of the letter Ted has handwritten: "AG sent me a card & sd it only hurts when he sings Hare Krishna."

William S. Burroughs
Box 215, Canal St. Station
New York, N. Y. 10013

Ed Sanders
Box 729
Woodstock NY 12498

18th Dec 78

Dear Ed,

Many thanks for playing your Bardic Pulse Lyre for the Nova Convention -- I dig it the greatest.

In light of Jonestown it occurs to me that you are one of the precursors, if not the prophet, of the Age of Total Paranoia.

With best wishes for Christmas, and a happy New Year if there is a New Year,

William
William Burroughs

WSB:jg

William Burroughs, TLS to Ed, December 18, 1978.

In addition to thanking Ed for playing his Pulse Lyre at the Nova Convention, Burroughs writes: "In the light of Jonestown it occurs to me that you are one of the precursors, if not prophet, of the Age of Total Paranoia."

Dear Ed,
 you know that shit-stom Big Daddy said was coming, well I have advance information that here, at least, it's a chicken-shit storm. Ploughing around in real shit might have its grommy side but chicken-shit is a different matter, blinding storms of tiny greyish excrement, filtering up your eyes, your mouth, dripping to your hair, gumming up your nose, chicken-shit. LSE will expose, so they say, on a shitty deal about "making the steel gates less obtrusive" - like they say that in the papers and the fucking joint cloud burn - can you believe that? That's what happens when you root to the authority of a majority - what kind of chicken-shit revolution is that? (Not even chickenshit - fishshit.) Enclosed you will find a monument to chicken-power. One very ovarian day I tore out of my central nervous system a strange Dear John letter to the Prime Minister of Australia (I have a cannon-fodder-brother there) which bids fair to be, but foul to be the first document of Aunt Power. An insult-packed bad-taste tour de force aimed at the epididymus that rules my hoam-land - Aim - outrage, disgust, misery, doom, chaos. G said, as well they might, too much, man - PRINT AND BE DAMNED. I was very surprised, because G is strictly humming-bird-shit - but of course in the end they humming-birded right out of there, man, because, well man, they have to FIND A NEW PRINTER AND HE MIGHTN'T DO IT - DO YOU DIG THAT, MAN? Man! Man? When you stop the outlet, the shit banks up and makes gas and finally bursts you open, man-baby, my gut is

paper-thin already. So I guess I'll print a broadsheet with the millions the media hu-hu - pay me, and send it right in there to the thousand Australians who'd hate it most.
 If you want to expose it (like a beggar's wound) do, if not - not - I just wanted you to see where my head is at, I suppose. Aunt power is going to happen soon, but unless the deluge of dickenshit abates I doubt whether my manes will drive the empire - that most amazing parasite less more or less dormant in this the year of the hen.
 All the letters (ever write) except the Dear John letters are love-letters, and so is this. The fantasies that beguiled the time from NY to London in which you acquitted yourself of some amazing excesses of tenderness and junctions have lost their glow but not their insistence, and it occurs to me that you should have written with details of your March itinerary so I can arrange the necessary, the abundant, and the supererogated. Lay on, I believe the term is, the amenities (i.e. the pleasant things), like double-decker bus tours and group gropes at Stonehenge, Mead-balls at Glastonbury, but man this UNHAPPY NATION DON'T SUCK! Still, something is possible, and then some. The winds of March may make my head a yerra-yot! Come and speak to us, prophet of the peace eye, gold-red-beard angel-man - we need you, and when you get here well even want you. Love-letters shouldn't be impotent, and the cunt will flower again. Speak and come to us in the month of the hare, stir us up with your chestnut-bud,
 Germaine

Germaine Greer, 2-page ALS to Ed, [1968]. Greer's 2-page letter accompanied an annotated copy of her letter to John Gorton, "From an Australian Woman to Her Prime Minister."

47 Beaver Buffalo
 Sept. 29

Dear Ed

The best one could do here would be a reading, the that too would probably have to be done independently of the school. A Fug eye is out unless thru the Union at which none of us has any contact; & as there is yet feedback from last year the having Fugs again so soon seems to them zero. R.C. is a member of the threesided board for the dept., picking poets, but says there's a complete budget interference & found it a fait accompli when he arrived back; he was able to pull three, Blackburn, Oppenheimer, & Le Grand Tortoise Berrigan, before the money ran out.

New Aldrich does agitate & jump around plenty so you ought to try him if you haven't; a letter from you would probably make it before I see him again. He is social & may know.

But it looks dull.

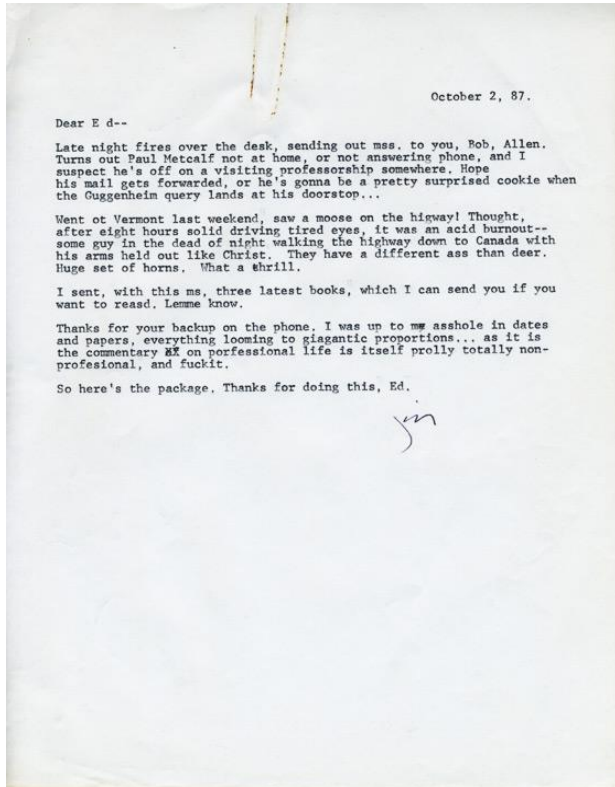
Yevgenya indeed will in the spring divest herself once again of a tiny Eternal, & the present Child is more gay than not, but serene as well.

I have been now a few months thinking about PG in the he ass, which is definitely a Real thing that I dig, except the title bothers me, even ironically. the Pinar poem is okay, & better is the Hole poem, which I really do look at often now. the Hole poem is very clear, but I like it best because it brings along demonology & cunt in ways from the F from Jail that I always dug & thought properly theological. Besides, you know that when my faculties are least impaired & desirous of their right pleasures in the Universe such things as the Hole poem are a great help.

Saw McClure in August, two dull meetings, but latterly made light by both of us; he listened to my tapes of your unrecorded music & asked me to make duplicate tapes for him, that I've neglected but shall get to; he was very pleased. Viewed The Beard twice & hope to see it at NY with lights; which also is more wit & carefulness in Heaven. I think McClure's splendid. Lew Welch

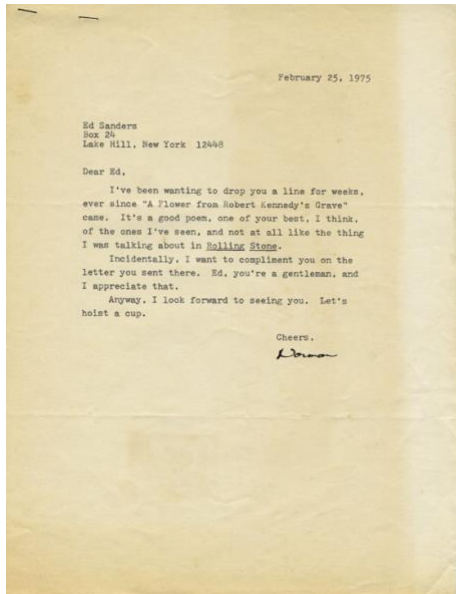
Duncan McNaughton, TLS, September 29, 1967, 2 pages.

McNaughton writes from Buffalo about the possible funding of the Fugs through SUNY/Buffalo: "R.C. [Robert Creeley] is a member of the threesided board for the dept., picking poets, but says there's a complete budget interference & found it a fait accompli when he arrived back; he was able to pull three, Blackburn, Oppenheimer, & Le Grand Tortoise Berrigan, before the money ran out."

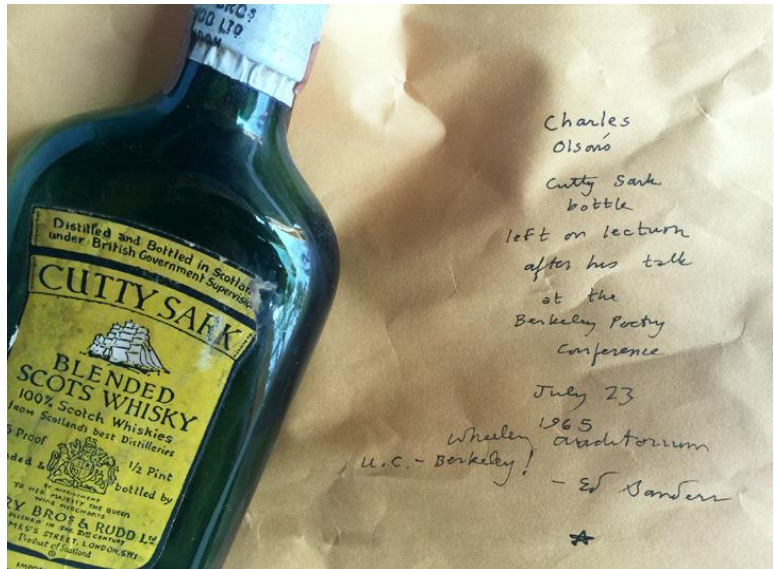


Janine Pommy Vega, TLS sent with an excerpt from "Drunk On a Glacier, Talking to Films," October 2, 1987.

Vega writes: "Went ot [sic] Vermont last weekend, saw a moose on the highway! Thought, after eight hours solid driving tired eyes, it was an acid burnout—some guy in the dead of night walking the highway down to Canada with his arms held out like Christ. They have a different ass than deer. Huge set of horns. What a thrill."



Norman Mailer, TLS, February 25, 1975.



Charles Olson's Cutty Sark bottle collected by Ed at the Berkeley Poetry Conference, July 23, 1965.

While attending the Berkeley Poetry Conference, Ed retrieved Olson's Scotch whiskey bottle and kept it in an envelope inscribed: "Charles Olson's Cutty Sark bottle left on lectern after his talk at the Berkeley Poetry Conference July 23 1966, Wheeler Auditorium, U.C. – Berkeley! — Ed Sanders."

123 Beaver St. San Francisco 94114

Dear Ed,

Many congratulations & love & welcome Miss Dierdre in 90 times 9! Enclosed are relics, *fourure de con* &c.

I hope the great Godfuck will arrive soon, before I'm haled off to Amida's Great Western Lilypond.

Be sure that you send notice to

Mr. ROGER E. STODDARD
 CURATOR, HARRIS COLLECTION
 BROWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
 BROWN UNIVERSITY
 PROVIDENCE, R. I. 02912

because he might possibly be inarrested in glomming the enclosed posters & announcements dealing with **OUR RENAISSANCE** { creak, creak } He's already bought copies of my broadsides.

Please specify that the ORGAN have 2 manuals & a 32nd note pedal keyboard. The

manufacturers preferred are Com, Baldwin, or Allen. Gulbransen is no good, an unreliable transistor system not yet perfected - & they run a non-union shop. Wurliitzer is unacceptable their machine is shoddily built & don't tune right.

OK? OK.

Maybe I can find some poem to send you, but I don't know for sure. I'm having narrow *Gedächtnis*

again.

NEURESTHENIA, &c. &c.

poverty &c., but I forge ahead, up the mountain towards the walled garden, the golden light, the silence & the singing...
 { urp }

Nevertheless great love & fondling & tickles,
 Phil

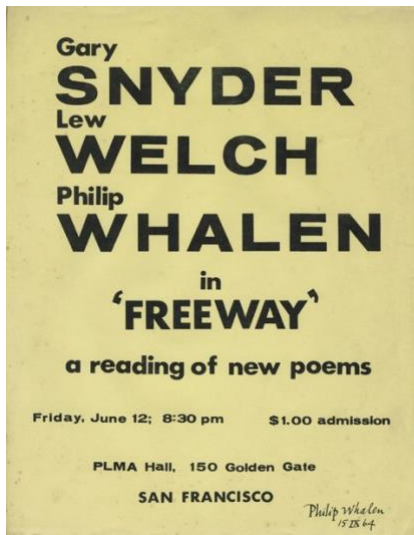
15 IX 64

2-page ALS from Philip Whalen, written to Ed on the occasion of the birth of his daughter, September 15, 1964. It accompanied a small packet of items.

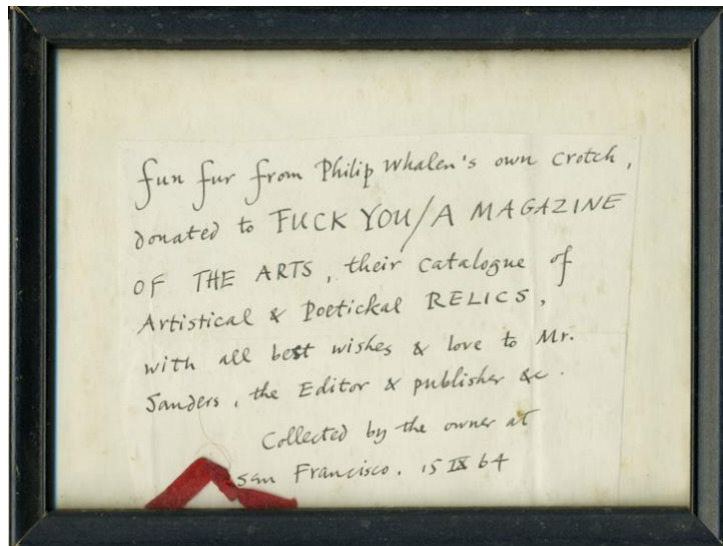
The poet / Zen priest Philip Whalen writes: "I hope the great Godfuck will arrive soon, before I'm haled [sic] to the Great Western Lilypond."



Philip Whalen drawing, "The Fallen Angel," titled, dated, and signed, January 9, 1964. This is one of twelve drawings sent to Ed by Whalen in his September 15 packet.

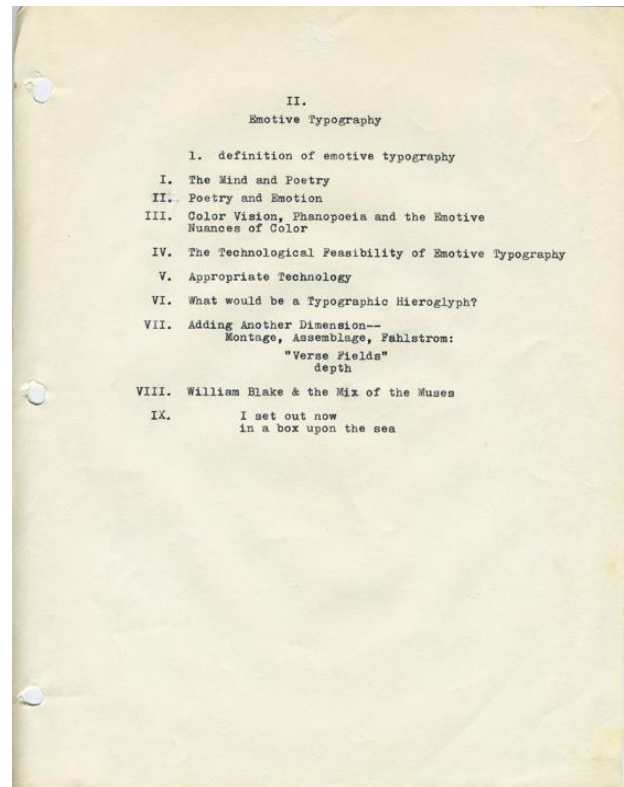
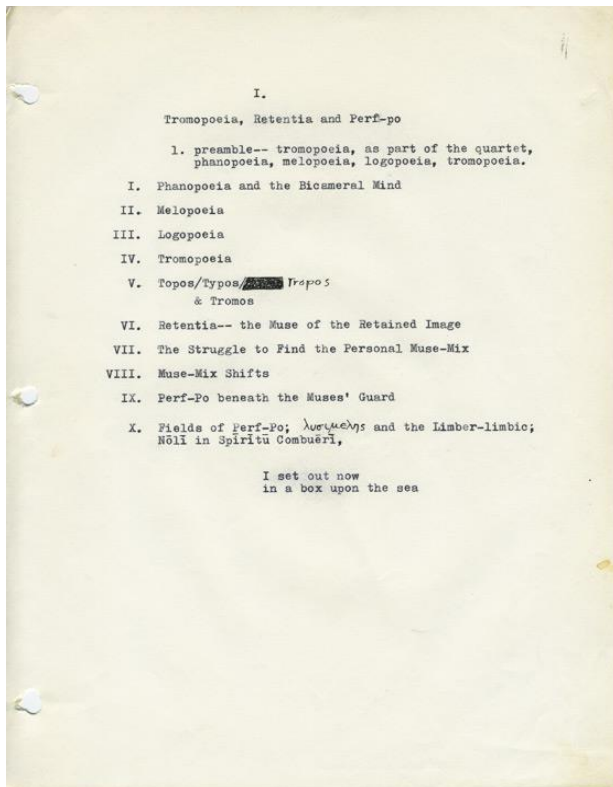


Flyer for poetry reading with Gary Snyder, Lew Welch, and Philip Whalen at PLMA Hall, San Francisco, June 12, 1964. Signed and dated by Whalen, September 15, 1964.



Sample of Philip Whalen's pubic hair wrapped in a ribbon, with a dedication, in a frame, 1964. This was given to Ed for inclusion in the *Ed Sanders Catalog*.

Philip Whalen writes the following dedication with a sample of his pubic hair: "fun fur from Philip Whalen's own crotch, donated to FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS, their catalogue of Artistical & Poetical RELICS, with all best wishes & love to Mr. Sanders, the Editor & publisher etc. Collected by the owner at San Francisco, 15 IX 64."



Ed Sanders, first two pages of the table of contents for Ed's Olson Memorial Lecture, 1983.

Preamble
to Lecture One

1

LIMBER-LIMBIC
The Limber-Limbic

What a thrill it was when ~~Charles Olson~~ when Robert Creeley invited me to deliver these talks, because Charles Olson was, along with Pound and Ginsberg, ~~the~~ a great influence upon me before I met him, and thereafter even a more powerful beacon illuminating the 1960's.

Olson's work will illuminate these talks also. I shall use him wherever the issues require it.

The inspiration is therefore in the works: poetry and the letters, and my personal experience with the O.

Olson opened the door.
It's not a sentimental thing to say he was a great American.
A great democrat.
The idealism, though he would have scorned that word, the betterism of a Thoreau—
the left brain of an extraordinary scientist
the right brain equal
to the great poets of America.

The first talk will be titled, Trompoeia, Retentia, and Perf-Po

The second will be titled Emotive Typography, and will present some ideas on poetic technology, and the possibility of the American written language to develop hieroglyphic capabilities.

The third talk will be "The O-Boat," in which I will speak of Olson himself, his work, some personal reminiscences, and some remarks on poetic data systems, and the poet as historian. Concluding with Olson as American.

In the reading on Sunday, I shall perform some of Olson's poetry backed by the light tone and the Pulse tone.

Ed Sanders, "Preamble to Lecture One: The Limber-Limbic," the Charles Olson Memorial Lectures, 1983.

PHANOPOEIA

8

The birth of a new Hieroglyphic in our era—
Emotive Typography is part of this birth.

The meticulously required by apt use of the Hieroglyphic

The naming of shapes and images is in the left brain

The recognition of their shapes as images in themselves is on the right.

And facial recognition, & the recognition of familiar face-symbols has much to do with the ~~recognition~~ of the Limbic system.

Ed Sanders, first page of "Phanopoeia" from the first lecture, "Trompoeia, Retentia & Perf-Po," the Charles Olson Memorial Lectures, 1983.

MELOPOEIA

One of the many roads to the Limber-Limbic to Lumbago -- to Limber-Limbic. I met Olson at the Berkeley Party, important what has made most of the world participate -- limber-limbic (LWL) (LWL) -- not of form, but on the production of recitation & song

Blake sang his poems.
Coleridge sang Kubla Khan

The chanted, recited poem the audience (and poet) hears.

"emotional correlations by sound + rhythm."

recitation chanting singing

The more you look into ancient Greek oracles, say in the plays, choruses, the more complementary it is, up to a point.

The melody of each vowel dangle + vibrating between the percussiveness & sylvan-like steps of the consonants on each side. The stringing together of individual melodic vowels.

The patterns of vowels & their attendant consonants

The "dances" of right brain melodies, grouping the dense articles of the words

Not just to include the sound when the other abstract apparatus and make the other apparatus of the right hemisphere

the which to rethink of metrics -- but I mean method systems that in so subtle acts of will + rhythm with

Open a line number of the brain.

Ed Sanders, first page of "Melopeia" from the first lecture, "Trompoeia, Retentia & Perf-Po," the Charles Olson Memorial Lectures, 1983.

I shall divide this talk on Emotive Typography into ten sections, beginning with a descriptive preamble.

44

DEFINITION
OF EMOTIVE TYPOGRAPHY

Emotive Typography supplies a means by which the bard can indicate changes of mood, emotion, pace, subject

By way of the changes in shape of the type
By way of certain cunning adornments to the type
(emotive uses of a variety of serifs)
By way of the use of color
(full color typesetting is upon us, and there is no reason a bard could not compose in full color, or as much as the personal mix of the mases would allow)
By use of repetitive visual symbols built into the typesetting equipment

It has implications, not only for Phanopoeia, the Visual Array, and Visual Correlations--
but also for Melopoeia: use of pure visual symbols to reach melodic portions of the right brain. Like, but not the same, as musical nomenclature, staffing and bars, notes.

In the talk on Tuesday, I spoke of the typewriter used by the better poets as a typesetting device.

The typewriter and the shaped text:
Pound, The tercets of Williams, Whalen, Duncan, Paul Blackburn.

And also the calligraphic heritage in Snyder, Whalen, Welch, Apollinaire, Olson, et alii.

The Eye as in the Ascendancy.
"Care + Attention" that Olson so often emphasized.

EMOTIVE TYPOGRAPHY
97

Shaped Text
-- Jerome Rothenberg's researches
-- Robert Duncan
-- Charles Olson
-- Pound
-- Blackburn
-- Calligrammes

Specific poems
→ eads
→ say
The Shaped Footnote
Phil Whalen
* Calligrammes

Full color: but
The Blake Poems NOT becoming the
coat route

Not to become isolated
It's me trying to visit the beloved lake of Olson frequently but another to become an unconsulted coat -- as heard in talks - Days might fall pros to.

General serif - hush
B

Some son/ type
→ the Bauhaus school
Serifs as mental hush

Ed Sanders, first two pages of "Emotive Typography," the Olson Memorial Lectures, 1983.