



# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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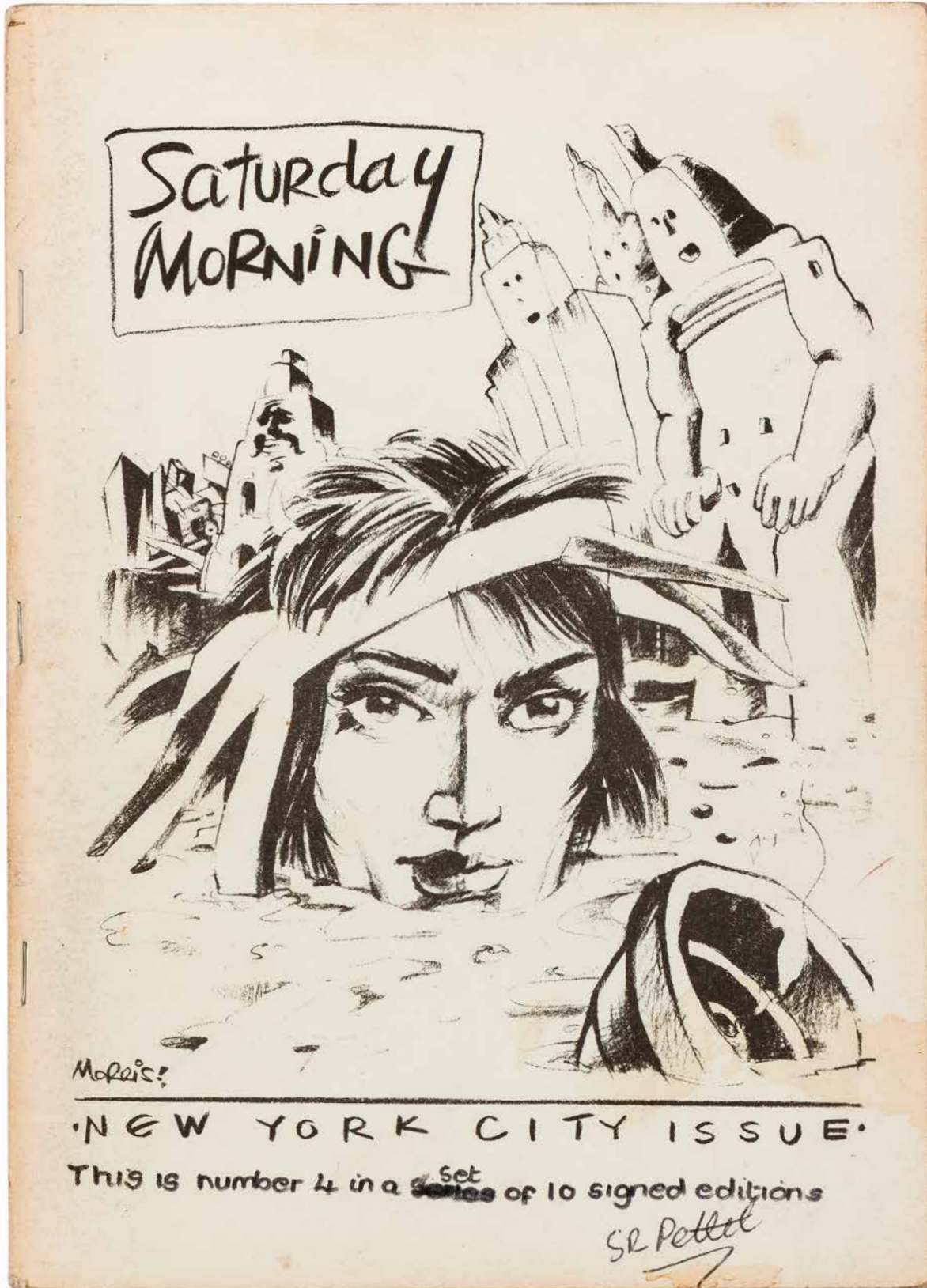
## *Herding Cats*

**Simon Pettet, editor**

*Saturday Morning. Vol. II, No. 1 & 2 ( New York City Issue). Summer, 1978*

New York: Saturday Morning (1978)

\$2900



First edition. Edited by Simon Pettet. Tall octavo. Unpaginated. Stapled wrappers with illustrated covers by David Morris. Some modest age-toning on the wrappers, else near fine. This copy with a printed limitation at the bottom of the front cover: "This is number 4 in a set of 10 signed editions."

NEW YORK CITY ISSUE  
This is number 4 in a ~~series~~<sup>set</sup> of 10 signed editions

SR Pettet

Signed by virtually all of the contributors including John Cage, Ted Berrigan, Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, Peter Orlovsky, Gerard Malanga, Alice Notley, John Giorno, Dick Higgins, Ron Padgett, Carl Solomon, Eileen Myles, Maggie Dubris, John Godfrey, Jim Brodkey, Bob Rosenthal, Michael Scholnick, Gary Lenhart, Harris Schiff, Annabel Levitt, Michael Lally, Maureen Owen, Greg Masters, Bob Holman, Rose Lesniak, Paul Violi, Tom Savage, Steve Carey, editor Simon Pettet, and artist David Morris. Perhaps most amusingly is an angry contribution by Kathy Acker purporting to be a public service announcement by the Chase Manhattan Bank of North America, signed by Acker as "The Chase Manhattan Bank of North America." Berrigan's signature notes himself as "Ted Berrigan on Ibogaine". The only signature that appears to be lacking is that of contributor Ray Bremser. Seemingly the last issue of this shortlived poetry zine. *OCLC* locates just two runs (four issues of Vol. I and this single issue of Vol. II) and only one in the U.S., with no mention of the limitation. Undoubtedly rare and an admirable achievement in corralling so many of the contributors to sign the issue, in what might be considered an exercise in "herding cats." [BTC#420881]

for E. Johnson who restored the Orchard House by Frank Lloyd Wright

you wEre right  
not to incLude  
the detaiL  
of thE  
piaNo.

house  
itseLf  
is musicaL:  
sound of thE  
wiNd.

## TROUBLE AT TREE

The last Empress of China is standing in front of her cave  
A red ball bobs up above the one chair  
The twins are fighting to be born again  
The human animal young in the day's events  
Winter's terrific chemistry gathers it up  
As the last remaining butterflies invade simple tightness  
Fluttering a new sharpness, there is bloody water everywhere you look  
But they change with each completion of each act-as-unit  
Into woodpecker costumes & coffee  
Keeps them warm. They are Her suns. Double-Sun.  
And Now My Mother's Apron Unfolds Again In My Life  
She takes off her flowery dress for London's purple one  
Up in a blue window a white woman is reeling out her laundry  
Spread atop the bed a red head sees  
Two hands, one writing, one holding on  
In the air, in the house, in the night, bear with me.

Jed Burryon  
on  
Bogame

"WE DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU IT'S NOT THAT WE WANT YOUR MONEY, YOU HAVE MORE MONEY THAN US, YOU HAVE MORE EVERYTHING THAN US, YOU THINK WE WANT YOUR MONEY AND WE WANT TO KILL YOU, WE DON'T

"WE DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING WE'RE TOO SCREWED UP WE LIVE ON THE EDGE WE LIVE ON EVERY EDGE CONCEIVABLE AND ADD A FEW WE ARE SHIT

"THIS'S NOT ANGER

"THIS IS NOT ANY EMOTION IT IS LIVING AT THE EDGE, AT EVERY EDGE, MIGHT AS WELL HATE EVERYBODY. WE DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY WE WANT

- (1) TO BE SCREWED NOW AND THEN
- (2) TO GET SOME LOVE IN OUR LIVES
- (3) TO HAVE FREE HOSPITALS
- (4) TO HAVE THE CONSTANT OPTION OF ONE UNPOISONED MEAL A DAY

WE ARE ALL SCREWED-UP AND WE HAVE WANTS. WE HAVE OTHER WANTS. LOVE LOVE LOVE. THAT'S WHY WE ARE SCREWED UP.

OH YES

LOVE LEADS TO DEATH.

"YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THIS BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIVE HOW WE LIVE. ACTUALLY YOU DO, BUT YOUR DIET PILLS, AND ADULTEROUS SNEAKY ONE-MINUTE GENITAL DRIBBLES, AND MONEY-FRANTICNESS AND LOVE OF MEDIA AND PSYCHIATRISTS AND EVERYTHING THAT IS ANYTHING HAVE SO TAKEN OVER YOUR MINDS THAT YOU CAN'T SEE AROUND THEM, SEE THAT YOU ARE ACTUALLY SCUM, TYPICAL NOthings WHO CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW EVEN TO ALLOW BEING LOVED WITHOUT TOTALLY FREAKING AND GETTING HYSTERICAL AND DESTROYING BUILT-UP ROOMS, SCREWED CAUSE WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO BE ALWAYS DIFFERENT (WITHOUT HABITS) — JUST LIKE YOU. WE ARE ALL ALIKE WE ARE ALL IMMACULATELY CRAZY.

"NOW THAT THIS IS THE NATURE OF REALITY THIS IS WHAT HAS TO HAPPEN:

- (1) I NEED LOTS OF LOVE
  - (2) YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE US ALL YOUR MONEY CAUSE YOU HATE YOURSELVES AND CAUSE YOU KNOW
  - (3) ALL POWER SYSTEMS SELF-DESTRUCT WITH THE ADVENT OF ROBOT CANASTA PLAYERS WHO SHOW THE GIRLS WHAT THEY'RE REALLY LIKE.
- I'M GOING TO SLEEP. GOODNIGHT.

— THIS MESSAGE IS A PUBLIC SERVICE PAID FOR BY THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK OF NORTH AMERICA

*The Chase Manhattan Bank of North America*

ALLEN GINSBERG

PUNK ROCK YOUR MY BIG CRYBABY

I'll tell my deaf mother on you, fall on the floor

and eat your grandmother's diapers! Drums!

Whatta lotta Noise you want a Revolution?

Wanna Apocalypse? Blow up in Dynamite Sound?

I can't get excited, Louder! Viciouser!

Fuck me in the ass! Suck me! Come in my ears!

I want those pink Abdominal bellybuttons!

Promise you'll murder me in the gutter with Orgasms!

I'll buy a ticket to your nightclub, I wanna get busted!

50 years old I wanna Go! with whips & chains & leather!

Spank me! Kiss me in the eye! Suck me all over

from Mabuhay Gardens to CBGB's coast to coast

Skull to toe Gimme yr electric guitar naked,

Punk President, eat up the FBI w/yr big mouth.

Mabuhay Gardens, May 1977

Allen Ginsberg

Who shall have my fair lord  
Who but I who but I who but Alice  
By the black window  
Softly in November  
Who but I who but I who but Alice

Alice Notley

HEART for Annabel

Are feelings  
from different  
times  
the same  
ever

when  
the same words  
are used

What we feel, we think  
we will feel again

recurrence

or else

how  
not to

for  
fear of  
being hurt  
again

Can it  
ever  
be  
made right

Can it ever  
be agreeable

sufficient

and for  
a long time

some thing  
fixed --

as, say,  
telephone poles  
in a field

the mind,

rather, words

but, very simply,  
what I know  
is words

Is there  
something  
to turn from  
or to,

this or that,

when this  
fact of  
choice enters

not simply forward, backward  
but present now  
to place you

some way  
other  
than words, etc.

all words

What is  
before  
or behind

What is experience,  
finally

What makes it possible

Crossing streets  
echo in my mind

darkened doorways

cat on rooftop

pre-dawn light

we are talking

we are not talking,  
etc.

12:xi:77 nyc

*Gerard Malanga*



More Memories and Random Thoughts

Walking up the Butte de Montmartre with Ann K. She advises me to read a book called "The Function of the Orgasm" by Wilhelm Reich — 1947.

Reading the other day of the death of Charlie Keith, who had been one of the most effective orators for the Curran\* faction in the National Maritime Union split in 1946.

Today my mother heard on the radio that it was the anniversary of the death of Stephen Decatur who had said "May she always be in the right, but right or wrong — my country." A phrase often repeated to me by my father.

A dream last night in which both Olive and Elaine appear.  
Bought the paper with latest Begin — Carter doings.

Thinking back this morning to Pilgrim State Hospital. Wonder if Porter is still there with his thriving little enterprise of selling candy to the patients on the ward. Did Tony Taddeo go to Catholic heaven after he died of a heart attack? Is Jim Bendere still alive? And Justin and Benny and Big Ears and all the rest? Scene at Korvettes so full of gays that 'tother night when I came back from work, I took Proust's "Cities of the Plain" from the bookshelf and re-read a passage about relationship between Charlus and Jupien.

Squirrels out for the first time today on this first Spring day.  
I take off my hat to Michael Geste and to Sidney Carton.  
Am I Lot in Sodom?

The international scene, the politics, is too fucking confusing for me to cope with. I resign.

Thank God the baseball season is going to begin soon.

March 1978

\* Curran — Kicked out the "Communists" with secret CIA FBI help.  
(A.G.)