

June 3, 1964

Dear Friend:

The insert to the enclosed National Eagle shows that we really have a mess here in Oregon--illustrating the results of liberalism of leadership and apathy of people.

This copy of the Eagle is the second one of this same edition we have mailed to you. The entire first mailing is now being held up at the Post Office pending a decision from Washington, D. C. whether they want this University of Oregon trash cleared through the mail.

In order to get this to you we are having to send it First Class Mail. But we want to know if you actually received this or not. Will you please write me and let me know? If I don't hear from you I can assume you never received it. This whole thing has been double expense, but to get action we must get the information out across the state. We need your help.

Let us hear from you.

Sincerely,



Walter Huss

P. S. We urge you to order quantities for distribution but it will be necessary to send them by some other means than mail unless they are cleared. Greyhound Express is good, or perhaps you know which method is best for your location. Send instructions with your order.

You can also pick them up at the office, 2230 S. E. Morrison, Portland.

THE
"RESPONSIBLE" PRESS
SAYS

"NORTHWEST REVIEW has been published since 1957, and recently gained STATUS as an official publication of the University of Oregon." -Oregonian, May 5, 1964

"----the publication is a good student effort and presents quality literary material for the most part," says Arthur S. Fleming in the Oregonian and the Ore. Journal of May 5, 1964

So that you may better understand what is happening in Oregon's educational institutions the "material" presented herein is provided by a private citizen--

A.P. "Jack" Roark
7521 S.W. 31st Ave.
Portland 19, Ore.
Ch4-7409

NOTE

The reproduced page facing you (opposite), from NORTHWEST REVIEW, is a mild example of the obscenity and demoralization in the additional reproduced material herewith. It was published by the University of Oregon for students use and paid for from your tax funds.

As you finish reading and turn that page a careful examination of the two 'credit' pages will reveal that Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, President and Chief Administrator, as well as the prime supporter and defender of the filth depicted here, is directly responsible for this state of affairs at our University. Also identified there are others who are the 'tools', encouragers and willing collaborators by which modern education, under the guise of needful progressivism, can infect our young people in student bodies with degeneracy, moral filth and mental depravity.

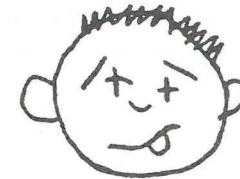
You will want to remember that Oregon's Board of Higher Education is responsible for Dr. Flemming's appointment and for continuing his influence over our students at the University. During this year of NORTHWEST REVIEW'S frontal attack upon decency, 1963, persons serving on that Board were Charles R Holloway, Mrs. E.B. (Cheryl) McNaughton, Doug McKean (political editor of the Oregon Journal), Allan Hart, Ralph Purvine, John Merrifield, Elizabeth Johnson, and the Chairman William Walsh. The authority for their conduct over the affairs of our University is granted to these people through their appointment to the Board by the Governor of the State of Oregon.

A.P. "Jack" Roark

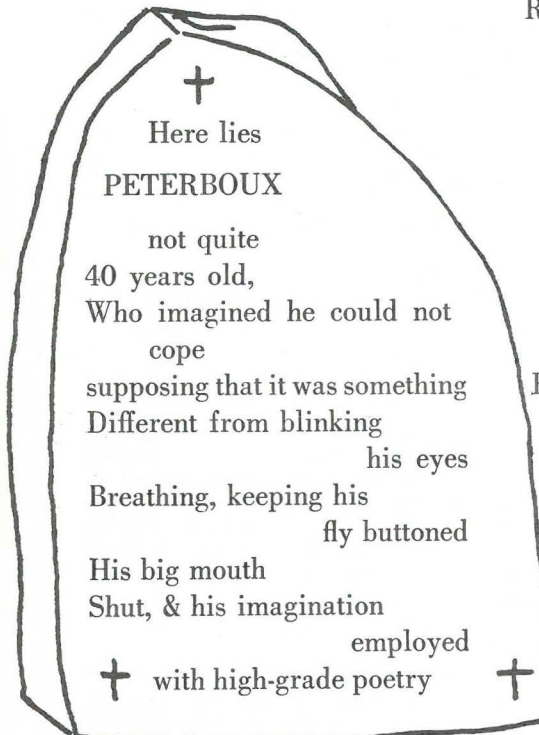


this is the evening star.

this is the end of my life



REQUIESCAT,
Sweetie.



(what's he lying about
now,
for Christ's sake?)

How I love me! How much
I'd give for a divorce
! or simply get very
drunk

PUKE, SPEW,
DEFECATE,
WEEP,

clean up the mess,
take a bath, put on
clean clothing &
start in again upon a
clean sheet of paper

But now, at last, I'll tell you everything,
All that you've always wanted to know,
Those things I've successfully avoided saying,
The innermost secrets, the real W O R D . . .

NORTHWEST

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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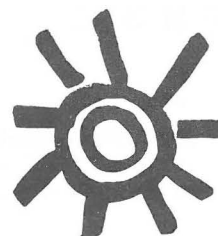
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Published quarterly by the University of Oregon Student Publications Board. All correspondence should be addressed to *Northwest Review*, 129 Nestor, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon, 97403. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Payment for contributions will be made on acceptance. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editors or the University. Subscriptions: one year \$2.00; two years, \$3.50; Donor (two years), \$10.00; Sponsor (two years), \$25.00. Copyright 1964 by the University of Oregon Student Publications Board.

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REVIEW

Volume 6, Number 4

Fall 1963

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NWR NOTES

The defeat, by referendum, of the tax bill in Oregon on last October 15 resulted in losses of funds in many budgets at the University, including *Northwest Review's*. Because of this, we regret to announce that there will be no prize money available to award the best poetry and fiction in *NWR's* Volume 6.

We want to thank Arthur S. Flemming, president of this university, for his continued and generous support of *Northwest Review* at a time when the university's funds were so severely limited, and, too, for his continued defense of the freedom and integrity of editorial judgment.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B. C.

Talk about fellaheen, talk about
the taxi drivers & cops behind the wheel read comic books

A manipulation, a slick robbing job, two thousand years of it
Trade in faience beads, amber
Tin, TOTAL MONOPOLY

(Mr Morgan said, THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED!)

Read Gordon Childe what if he is a commonist

Who knows better
2 thousand years of work yourself to death
building God a house
tending God's ducks & pigs
killing God's enemies
kissing God's ass

Total control of energy, animal & human
"The earth is the Lord's"
also innumerable brains & hands

Keeping fingers busy with God's work
Keeping the books & letters locked up in God's house
Thoughtless holy suffering hands

a tyranny so complete, a captivity, reduction to animal existence
You see the delicacy of it,
Twenty-two hundred years of tyranny, high-grade embalming
& exquisite stonework

Tell me, the big man says,
about millennium 2 BC

Big rocks, fascism & ignorance
manipulation of knowledge to keep them down on the farm
22 hundred years of bad beer & worse onions

We are pleased to publish in this issue, for the first time in *NWR*, poems by Philip Whalen, one of our best and most widely known native poets (he is from The Dalles and graduated from Reed).

COMMENT

Dear Reader:

You are one of the inhabitants, taxpayers and citizens who by their moral convictions, everyday activities and way of life make Oregon all that it is. As friends, neighbors and parents of the children and young people who attend its educational institutions, it is yours to decide whether you like the kind of progressive education revealed in the University of Oregon's own publication, "NORTHWEST REVIEW."

IF YOU LIKE IT:

You owe your gratitude to the Social Leaders and the elected and appointed officials who have fostered and provided it.

IF YOU REJECT IT:

(1) You may use your ballot on election days to discourage and deny additional funds at local, State and Federal levels until you are certain that they will be entrusted only to people who will apply them to educational projects and objectives of which you approve.

(2) You can elect to office people who despise it as much as you do and who are determined to remove from the scene of authority those who perpetrate such perversion on the unwary.

(3) You can make known to social leaders your views.

(4) You can aid and encourage wider distribution of such information as is vital to the well-being of our people and which the responsible press is obviously too busy on other projects to provide.

"Jack" Roark

1963 - 1964

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SOUTHEAST POST NO. 146

American Legion—Department of Oregon

Meets second Monday of each month at

5400-S.E.-84th Avenue

Portland 66, Oregon

May 18, 1964

To Whom It May Concern:

Contained within the mimeographed covers of Mr. A. P. "Jack" Roark's pamphlet are reprints of pages from the magazine "Northwest Review" which is published at the University of Oregon. Mr. Roark has editorial remarks on the mimeographed cover of his pamphlet, as well as on the mimeographed center page.

Other than the exceptions explained above, Mr. Roark's pamphlet is composed of off-set copies of a few pages from the "Northwest Review" which are self-explanatory.

On the reprinted pages from "Northwest Review" Mr. Roark has typed remarks and explanations but in each case he has signed or initialed them, to set them apart from the original text.

In my possession I have a complete copy of the "Northwest Review" mentioned above. It was purchased from the University of Oregon Co-Op Store in Eugene, Oregon. Should you desire unretouched page reproductions of the original issue, we can send them to you as certified reproductions, available at cost of reproduction only.

Yours very truly,

Don E. Johnson

Don E. Johnson
Americanism Chairman
District 8, & Post 146
American Legion
P. O. Box #7013
Portland, Ore., 97219

What he said, after we had gone to all that trouble to bring him back from that vast beyond (A task which we began so happily, facing its difficulties with good cheer & hope, because of our deep admiration for him) called Elysium, the happy Land, etc. I can scarcely begin to describe our subsequent feelings of disappointment, of chagrin that bordered upon total disillusionment, cynicism & despair, after we had heard his voice at last.

"I want popcorn

27

I want a naked friend to play with, all over.

I want a great many cigarettes

I want to read the Greek, Latin & Sanskrit & Chinese classical writings.

I want Icecream

I want the rest of my library

I want a piano, a pipe organ, a harp,

I want a number of books & musical scores added to my present collection

I want to spend a year in Europe & several traveling in the Orient

I want a large new typewriter

I want new teeth, new eyes

I want final perfect enlightenment (i.e., Nirvana)

I don't want to smoke any more

I really shouldn't masturbate so often

I shouldn't eat so much

I want to be left alone . . ."

20

FRIDAY ALREADY HALF-

way shot in the ass, nearly

noontime lunch

Can you remember the things you're supposed to remember:

your past lives, the thoughts of others and the unthinkable

* * * * *

Am I better than you, is that the idea?
(irrelevant)

"Why do you hate me," that's really the question,
& I mean, "Please love me, pay attention to me."

I want to be left alone.

While Mayor Terry D. Schrunck and his Committee
on Clean Literature are yelling loudly through the
megaphone of the "responsible" press about stopping
the bootlegging and sale of filthy and obscene
literature, the thus distracted and unsuspecting
tax payers are providing it FREE to their own chil-
dren through our educational institutions. -APR.

oh dream, O vision of continuous
embrace,

SCRAMBOLA!

"I want cotton candy
I want to visit the church of
St Appolinaire in Classe
I want rare roast beef in London,
greasy baked lamb & olives
in Beirut
I want a vision of the New
Heavens & the New Earth
I want a bottle of rootbeer."

DOWN!

"Exorciso te in
Nomine &c.

AVAUNT!

AVOID!

"I want a dish of Chinese black
mushrooms
I want a lot of hashish & (marijuana) APR
I want to write nine best-seller
novels in a row.
I want everyone to let me alone
except for that naked friend
of whom I've already spoken
I want a little peace & quiet."

TO HAVE DONE WITH THE JUDGMENT OF GOD

BY ANTONIN ARTAUD

There where it smells of dung
it smells of being
Mankind could easily not have dropped dung,
not have opened the anal pouch,
but he chose to drop dung
as he would have chosen to live
rather than consent to living death.

In order not to crap
he would have had to consent
to non-being,
but he was not able to make up his mind to lose his being,
that is to say, to living death.

There is in being
something particularly tempting
for man
and this something is precisely
SHIT.

(Here bellowingly.)

To exist it is enough to permit one's self to approach being,
but to live,
one must be someone,
to be someone,
one must have a BONE,
have no fear of revealing the bone,
and of losing the flesh on the way.

Men have ever loved meat more
than the earth has loved bones.
There has been nothing ever but the earth and a forest of bones
and he has had to earn his meat,
there has been nothing but iron and fire
and no dung,

And he chose the inner infinity.
There where is only to be squeezed
the spleen,
the tongue,
the anus,
or the glans.

And God, God himself, compressed the motion.

Is God a being?
If He is one, He is one of dung.
If He is not one,
He is not,
So He is not,
but as the vacuum advancing in all its shapes
the perfect representation of which
is the parade of an incalculable mass of crab-lice.

(You are insane, Monsieur Artaud—how about the Mass?)

I deny baptism and the Mass.
There is no human action,
which on the plane of inner eroticism,
could be more pernicious than the descent
of so-called Jesus-Christ
upon the altars.
They will not believe me
and here I see the shoulder-shrugging of the public
but the one named Christ is none other than that one
who is the presence of the crablouse God
consented to live bodiless
while an army of men descended from a cross,
where God thought He had them longtime nailed,
rebelled,
and larded with iron,
blood,
fire and skeletons,
advance, reviling the Invisible
in order to have done with the JUDGMENT OF GOD.

and for all to this monkey and if no one believes any more in
God, everyone believes more and more in mankind. So it is Man
who must now decide to emasculate himself.

(How is that again? How?
No matter how one takes you, you are
mad, a straightjacket man.)

By placing him once more, but for the last time,
upon the autopsy table to refabricate
his anatomy.
Man is sick because he is jerrybuilt.
The decision must be made to strip
him naked in order to scratch out that
animalcule that is itching him to death,
God,

and with God,
his organs,
for straightjacket me if you will,
there is nothing more useless than an organ.
When you have given him a body without organs
you will have relieved him of all
his automatisms and rewarded him with
his real freedom.

Then you will have taught him to dance upside down
as in the mania of the dancehalls,
and this upside down
will be his real place.

AN INTRODUCTION BY
MICHAEL MCCLURE

Hidden fears of reality that lie within men have come to the surface in
To Have Done With The Judgement Of God. Milton has said them in
Paradise Lost and Dante has shown them in *Paradiso*. Never before have
they been said with so little pretext. There is an unadmitted science that
we must incorporate. We, new creatures, must accept the admissions of
Artaud and tantric Shakti texts such as *The Serpent Power* and all images
of reality and body. We need not be afraid. Artaud has become a peace
chief battling against the unspoken so that we may have peace . . . we
may be ourselves.

upon the poisonous slopes of the Caucasus, the Carpathians,
the Appenines, the Himalayas,

bestialized beings dance,
they dance the dance of pus and blood,
of exploded lice,
the dance of filthy entrails,
they dance to take that and that away from you
and to inflict that and that upon you
in a word, the sex dance.

Do you wish more sex?
do you wish no more sex at all?
it is all sex.

And this is the whole question
that God go away or that god stay.
this is the question that is asked.

They dance the dance of the infamous friction
of the fuckery with the women
and the union of yoni and vagina.

(I understand nothing of what this means.)

This means that the principle of sexual fecundation
which for centuries has been stated
with the tongue, the spleen and the feet
should *now be regulated*.

Because it is a question of the departure of God, or of His
preservation that confronts the bellyache of our humanity.
Because what God is, is all the microbes released
by the obscene dances of twisted races
and the question arises to find out if we can continue
to let them dance.

Congresswoman Edith Green is a ranking member
of the Congressional Committee on Education headed
by Adam Clayton Powell. She has made Studies for
them at home, in Russia and around the world and
continues to be an outspoken advocate of progressive
Education as well as a strong supporter of the U.S.
Department of Education and Welfare from which
Oregons Department of Higher Education inherited
Arthur S. Fleming. APR.

May, 1964

Fellow Citizen:

These sample pages from NORTHWEST REVIEW
have probably revealed to you for the first time a
convincing example of the immorality and degradation
of literature being published at the University of
Oregon and successfully dedicated to the corruption
of the morals of our students and young people.
When I learned of it I was shocked into this action
to make knowlege of it available to you and I'm sure
your sense of moral decency is likewise shocked and
outraged.

The rate of increase in juvenile delinquency,
mauling, mashing, marijuana, beer and LSD parties,
Mass student rape of children, sex orgies on and
off campus and Seaside riots feeding upon this stimul
cannot do other than continue and accelerate it's
present rapid growth and spread.

Though far too slowly you and some of your
social, moral, political and religious mentors are
now recieving "the W O R D" one by one and I'm sure
you will agree that it is inconceivable that we
maintain silence and continue our reliance upon
those who have brought us to this point while they
continue to make our children, our homes, community
and State all that they are and all that they shall
be.

My action has been determined by my conviction
that you will agree it is now time to separate the
sheep from the Judas goats! Only the depth of your
care can make the final determination.

Sincerely,

A.P. "Jack" Roark

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

FMK:db

June 1, 1964

Mr. Walter Huss
2230 S. E. Morrison Street
Portland, Oregon 97214

Dear Mr. Huss:

We are withholding from the mails 1096 pieces of your publication the "National Eagle" because of the insert with quotations from the "Northwest Review".

The material quoted would appear to be in violation of Section 124.4, Postal Manual, and we have sent a copy to the Mailability Division of the office of the General Counsel at Washington, D. C. for an opinion as to its mailability.

A prompt answer is expected and you will be notified immediately upon receipt of advice from the General Counsel.

Sincerely yours,

Albert Hodler
Postmaster

by *B. R. Mayer*
B. R. Mayer
Chief, Administrative Services