

ASTRONAUTS OF INNER-SPACE:

AN INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION OF AVANT-GARDE ACTIVITY

17 MANIFESTOES,
ARTICLES, LETTERS,
28 POEMS & 1 FILMSRIPT

TO AID THE
METALLISATION OF THE ' DREAM
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COMMON
WOODEN CIRCLES, PAPER SQUARES
, INKWEEL 1934, OLD NEWSPAPERS
AND A DICTIONARY OF GUNS.
THE CAMERA RUIND & VIRGIN
A CLOCKWORK MASK LIKE AN EYE



AS THE PRESCRIPTION FALLS,
PROPERLY STRIKES A CORNER
OF THE MEANWHILE.



AN INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION.

Dadaism and Today's Avant-garde	2	Raoul Hausmann
Poetry and Theatre	4	John Arden
Who Are the Situationists?	6	Jorgen Nash
The Concrete Poets of Brazil	8	Decio Pignatari
Advance Through Obscenity?	10	Maurice Girodias
Programmed Art	12	Bruno Munari
Back to the Wall	14	Allen Ginsberg
Letters as Picture and Language	16	Franz Mon
Culture and Technology	18	Marshall McLuhan
Theory and Practice of Text	20	Max Bense
From a letter	23	Diter Rot
The Development of Group Zero	24	Otto Piene
The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith	28	W. S. Burroughs
Paradada	30	Dom Sylvester Houedard
The Vienna Group	34	Konrad Bayer
The Use of Computers to Make Semantic Toy Models of Language	36	Margaret Masterman
In the Event	38	R. Watts
28 Poems & 1 Filmscript	40	



Jeff Berner, General Editor

**STOLEN
PAPER
REVIEW
EDITIONS**

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and The Times Publishing Company, Limited (London)

4411 - 17th Street, San Francisco, USA

DADA, more than Futurism, was a movement which incorporated the artist into his period; and it showed both the artist and the public that, under the onslaught of social changes, the eternal values of "beautiful truth" or "true beauty" decomposed into poor academical nothings.

But Dada was not only an over-compensation of protest. "Dada was more than Dada": it was the negation of cartesian logic, it was sensitive to hazard, it was based on "creative indifference".

Dada did not found a school, and Dada refused to continue when it saw its limits.

Therefore someone who has been Dada cannot be opposed to renovation, but he cannot approve of any imitation.

The new unconventional forms which Dada created were: *écriture automatique*, phonetic poetry, articulation, abstract painting and sculpture, photomontage, new typography, ready-mades (*assemblages*).

The plastic art of Dadaism had two aspects: one took the direction of non-objectivity and abstraction (corresponding to phonetic poetry), and the other was a return to the concrete object, e.g. in the ready-mades of Duchamp and Man Ray, in Hausmann's collages and photomontages and Schwitters's material pictures. Yet vulgar materialism was avoided, by irony and absurdity.

Let us look at Neodadaism: first of all it takes sides with the object as a "thing in itself"—which Dada denied. The Neodadaists believe that they are substituting "nature" for art. Since the great exhibition of *assemblages* in the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1961, and the

book by Seitz, "concretism" has been declared the "new anti-art"; with natural objects replacing artistic work.

Restany, spokesman of Neorealism, declares: "The artistic consecration of the vulgar object forms now the 'dadaistic act'. After the 'Nothing' and the 'Zero' comes the third position of the myth: the gesture of anti-art becomes the functional behaviour, a kind of appropriation of the modern world's exterior reality, as a fundamental element of new expression."

RAOUL HAUSMANN:

But the collages of the Dadaists, the sculptures of Arp, the waste-paper pictures of Schwitters, always show a constructive idea; in spite of their anti-art tendency, they remain art.

George Maciunas, of the Neodadaistic "Fluxus" group of American students in Germany, claims to prefer the real rotten tomato to the painted one; or he finds the flight of a bird or of a butterfly "concrete and beautiful". He declares that there is no intention, no programme, in the Neodadaistic "happenings". But all these happenings are calculated very intentionally and are not at all spontaneous, as the literary productions of

Higgins and others prove. The "happenings" of the Neodadaists are empty repetitions of Dada acts. Walter Serner, in Zürich in 1917, had an empty armchair brought on the stage, he approached it, bowed deeply and put a bunch of flowers on the seat. The title of this "happening" was POEM. If Nam June Paik lifts a violin slowly as if it was a heavy load, with both hands, and crashes it down on the floor, that is only an act of destruction. It is the same thing with the broken cello which Arman calls "Access of Fury";

Dadaism and Today's Avant-Garde

nailed and "colled" to a plank, which he intends to be sold as a work of art.

It has become fashionable to say that the Parisian *lettrists* invented a new art of painting: the letter-picture. But remember the gigantic book called HADO, which the Oberdada Baader fabricated with torn posters, or my poster-poems which I exhibited at the first great Dada Fair in 1920, or some of Schwitters's letter-pictures. If Vostell now shows similar works as something "new", their kind of newness has been known a long time.

These letter-pictures lead to another question: the poster-poems of Franz

Mon and others. The phonetic poem as a new kind of art was invented by Hugo Ball in 1916 (as poetry of unknown words—mine have been *lettriste*); it is not an invention of Isidore Isou, as he still claims, nor of Mon, Claus Bremer and others.

Before they became acquainted with Schwitters's and my records in 1955 in Basle, the younger generation in Germany was ignorant of phonetic poetry. It was only thanks to the creations of Dadaism that it could be taken up again (e.g. in the book *movens* by Mon and Höllerer, 1961).

The great part which Surrealism could play in art was only made possible by its dadaistic predecessors. The literary innovation of "*écriture automatique*", even before Breton and Soupault, had been introduced by Arp and Serner, and to some extent Tzara. The magic-irrational tendency was shown by some of Dada's founders, as Ball and Huelsenbeck. Even surrealist painting received its real inspiration from photomontage, especially that of Max Ernst.

Now to photomontage: it was in 1918 that I saw in a fishing-village on the Baltic postcard souvenirs of military service, where the portrait of the recruit was "colled" into the lithograph of the military establishment. That gave me the idea of making pictures out of nothing but parts of photographs. A year later, George Grosz, John Heartfield and Hannah Höch, and later still Max Ernst, made innumerable montages.

At the first international exhibition of photomontage in Berlin in 1931 there were montages by Dutch and Russian artists, too. The Russians raised photomontage almost to the

status of a national art; at least it became an important medium for publicity and propaganda.

One of the first to renew typography was Marinetti, in his "Words in Liberty". Under Tzara and Picabia in Zürich and Hausmann in Berlin, the Dadaists independently created another kind of expression through printing, one which aimed to transform the whole printed composition into optophonetic form. The great exhibition at Amsterdam and Baden-Baden last year showed clearly the enormous influence which Dadaistic typography has had throughout the world, to the extent that one may speak now of "visual poetry" and consequently of a new art of "letter pictures".

Inventions are made when they become necessary. It needs a certain climate. Intellectual climate is to be compared with atmospheric pressure, perhaps it is a simple meteorological affair which suggests through whole countries and continents the same pressure on the brains of artists.

After war and revolution, Dada had to be unheroic, unpathetic and inclined to relativity and phenomenology. It was "creative indifference" and at the same time it advanced to the absurd-banal. Thus it is not to be compared with any other art-period. The intellectual climate of the world demanded it.

The Dadaists knew this spontaneously. But a general climatic situation cannot be repeated; the exigencies of the world-pressure are certainly different now and earlier ones cannot be restored.

"Renaissances" are, for the most part, sad and without issue.

Robert Graves has, in many books and essays, declared his view of the purpose of poetry, which I understand as being the celebration of the Muse—seen by the ancients as a manifold goddess, but comprehensible in modern psychological terms as the forces of birth, fertility and sexual power, the feminine tenderness of life and the irreversible deprivations of death which nevertheless contain their own capacity for renewal. Against these he sets the more ‘masculine’ concepts of aggressive strength, the domination of the will, the arrogant rational assertiveness of scientific rectitude, straight lines, as it were, in contrast to curved. These he seems to regard as basically anti-poetic: and with this concept I am in agreement. But the promulgation of such ideas in the drama as opposed to lyric poetry involves certain problems. The playwright is compelled by the circumstances of his art to communicate with a public, a public gathered together in one place at one particular time, and his communication is a collaborate act needing actors, a producer, a designer, stage-staff and so forth to make it possible at all.

This means that the personal working-out of the poet’s relationship with his Muse is not practicable. Where a lyric poem can satisfactorily be addressed to one person only, or even be a kind of soliloquy, a play will not work as a play unless the author bears in mind that he is addressing an indeterminate but nevertheless plural audience. There is a limit to the amount of interest such an audience will take in the private cogitations of a writer. The themes handled in a play must

have some general relevance, and the greater this relevance, the greater appeal it will make. Yeats, towards the end of his career, became so disillusioned with the responses of audiences that he took to writing his plays for audiences almost as small as those which he might have hoped to reach with his poems: and there is today a resentment and disgust of the stage often expressed by poets—

the fate of society hung, and, granted the changes in social organization since his time, I think that this is a rule that still holds good. The type of poetic commitment I have outlined in my first paragraph must be applied to a vision of the world in action which can be conveniently presented by actors on a stage, and therefore is likely to be enriched (or diluted, according to taste or the skill of the playwright)

JOHN ARDEN:

Poetry and Theatre

Mr. Arns illustrated this very well with a recent review he wrote of Arnold Wesker’s plays. ‘The theatre,’ he said, in effect, ‘is not improving at all, it is just what it has always been—a conceited and inconsiderable place where good writers are destroyed by the world.’

But this has not always been the case. The examples of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, and others shew that it was once possible for poets to adapt their work either for private circulation or for public performance without diminution of its quality. The essential element of the theatre is that there the writer speaks through the lips of his actors; it does not necessarily give him an opportunity for direct statement. He has to find a fable that will of itself express his image of the world and express it in a way that will make sense to the audience. Aristotle said that the heroes of tragedy should be princes and governors, upon whose actions

by other matter, which may appear only marginally relevant to the main theme. Thus the workings of politics, the exposure of social evils, the manners of a particular section of society, may all have a place (and a sincerely felt place) in a play which is not basically about them at all. They are all themes of public import and may serve to publicly illustrate the poet’s prime preoccupation, the celebration of his Muse and her part in his personal world.

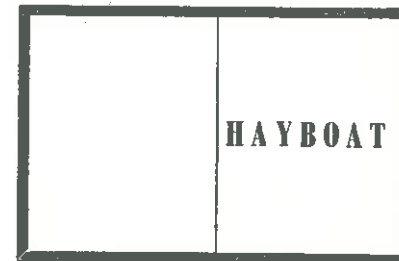
Therefore I cannot see myself in any deep way connected with other writers. A technical connection there is indeed—playwriting is a craft and is learnt by example and experiment, and the work of others can provide this—but when it comes to the essential subject matter of the plays I can only write what I personally understand and feel: the phrase ‘a school of playwrights’ cannot for me mean more than ‘a school of carpenters’.

Carpenters can share a workshop and produce furniture together with a common supply of wood and tools. But furniture can do no more than be sat upon and eaten off.

Plays, at their best, must speak to their audience with one man’s voice, even though this is modified by the collaborate circumstances of their performance. It was possible in the Middle Ages for good plays to be communal—how many writers worked on the York Mystery Cycle?—but there was a shared body of belief in those days. Now we are faced with audiences who, taken as a mass, believe in nothing in particular; a play has to present its meaning to both the sympathetic and the anti-sympathetic at the same time. The former must be fulfilled and the latter converted, if possible. This demands a degree of passionate affirmation on the part of the writer that cannot be shared.

But audiences are hard to come by in this country, and clearly some form of collective action is necessary by the theatre if we are to survive as a means of communication at all. The only way I can see this happening is at the carpenter-shop level. We are faced with a situation where we must plug the idea of a *theatre* as a place where interesting things happen without regard to what the things specifically are, before we can indulge ourselves with internecine disputes about subject matter, styles of presentation, or philosophies. It is necessary, for instance, that remarks such as those of Kingsley Amis be proved to be wrong before we can boast ourselves a force for anything in the life of this country.

Canal Stripe Series 3



A kinetic poem by Ian Hamilton Finlay: to be followed through several pages.

THE first manifestation made by the second Situationist Internationale after it broke away from the I.S. was a leaflet signed by Jacqueline de Jong, Ansgar Elde and myself. Shortly after the group Seven Rebels was formed at Bauhaus Situationniste Drakabygget, founded in 1961 in the waving hills of Hallandsåsen in southern Sweden. It is a situationist centre for experiments in film, painting, décollage, urbanism, poetry, archaeology and music. Here the first Co-ritus manifestation and concerts were formed, and big urbanistic experiments were made, such as the huge Spiral Labyrinth in Malmö Town Hall. Here we started the illegal researches of Laboratoire Experimental d'Örestad, which resulted in the artistic taking-over of two streets in the centre of Copenhagen, with half a kilometre of decorated walls in Strøget and Møntergade.

The Irish poet Patric O'Brien writes about the group Seven Rebels that "these seven artists have all broken away from the 'Internationale Situationniste' in Paris and formed a Second Situationist Internationale based on Scandinavia. . . . All of them are exiles from their own countries. The Danish Nash lives in Sweden; Fazakerley in Denmark; Thorsen has moved across the Kattegat; De Jong in Paris; Elde's studio is in Italy; Strid is moving to Dublin; and Hans-Peter Zimmer is only kept in Germany because of the process the Bayrish government is running against him. They are not cosmopolitans but cosmonauts of the new society."

Other situationist artists from all over the world have worked at the Bauhaus Situationniste Drakabygget, such as Heimrad Prem and Helmut Sturm (SPUR, Germany), David T. Homicz (U.S.A.), Staffan Larsson

and Björn Rosendahl (Sweden), Asger Jorn (Paris), Novi Maruni and Renata Centenari (Italy), Christoffer von Kraemer and Sirkka Katila (Finland), St. Leger Joynes (U.S.A.), Roy Lindqvist, Carl Magnus and Lennart Hård af Segerstad (Sweden), and the photographer Gérard Franchesci, Paris, and Professor Guy Atkins, London.

The Franco-Belgian situationists base themselves on the same principles as Pascal, Descartes, Croce and Gide. Action precedes emotion. You only begin to feel religious after you have muttered your prayers. According to Scandinavian situationist philosophy action is the result of emotion and arises out of emotion. Emotion is a primary, non-reflective intelligence; passionate thought/thinking passion. We are not saying that the French method is wrong or that it cannot be used successfully. We merely say that our two outlooks are incompatible, but they can be made to supplement one another.

The second Situationist Internationale is a freely organised movement. It is a voluntary association of autonomous work groups. At the moment there exist four such groups on the Hallandsåsen in the southern part of Sweden, and two more in Denmark and Finland. It also works together with the German avant-garde group SPUR in Munich, whose books have partly been published at Drakabygget. The latest, *SPUR im Exil*, caused a pornography and blasphemy case to be brought against the group in the court of Munich. A periodical against popes, politicians and atomic bombs called *Drakabygget* has been edited since 1962, with the journalist and painter Katarina Lindell as editor. The following declaration is a quotation from this magazine:

1. I promise that I shall never,

personally, under any circumstances, set foot in an atomic shelter. It is better to die standing with all the cultural heritage of humanity, the perpetual modification of which must remain our task. The labour movement was once considered to be the salt of the earth. Today it is more like a milch cow, whose udders are being pumped in an effort to get more and more material benefits—at the expense of the mind. All the same, our material standards have not risen to such great heights when seen overall. We have the spectacle of a society which, on the one hand, is consumer-minded but on the other hand is

JÖRGEN NASH:

controlled by shopkeepers of every kind. . .

2. I refuse to have anything whatsoever to do with the new aristocracy of the caves, and never to drink in the company of an owner or builder of an atomic shelter; for this subterranean aristocracy, even if it manages to survive the disaster, will be of the quality of sewer rats, and could in no case be considered a continuation of the human race.

3. At this point in our present situation it is not so much the thermonuclear war, but rather the threat of this war, which shows the absolute bankruptcy of all the politicians in the world. The capitalist or bureaucratic leaders of both East and West already make use of their bombs every day, in order to secure power for themselves. Only if one realizes

that they have placed themselves beyond the law can one establish a new legality. I therefore pledge myself not to expect the necessary upheavals of society by any of the existing formations of specialised politics.

This is part of the Mutant-manifesto, signed by all the members of the movement. But as we are no missionaries, and our movement is absolutely anti-authoritarian, we don't run around forcing people to sign our manifestos. The Bauhaus production of books, booklets, lithographs and periodicals is thoroughly non-commercial. Our job is to produce—

Who are the Situationists?

then our public has to *act* to get hold of the situationist publications!

The film groups working at Bauhaus Situationniste Drakabygget have now produced a number of experimental and avant-garde films. This summer there was arranged the first film festival showing some of these, and other films, made by free artists under independent and very often rather primitive circumstances.

Work on things like this festival and the big international art exhibitions which have taken place at Drakabygget is a part of the situationist idea that the artist should break out of the commercial papermill, in order to obtain an absolutely free realisation of his intentions. In the manifesto of the Second Situationist Internationale we wrote that "Modern industrial society has

so far been organized along classical lines as developed in Greece and Rome. During the industrial period following the French revolution there have been cycles in which all the different forms of such a method of government have been explored. This has been a valuable experience. It has shown that the enlightened autocracy of Plato and the more or less aristocratic military dictatorship which replaced legal government, as well as the various forms of democracy (including the latest edition, the so-called "people's" democracy)—that none of these have been capable of creating a form of government to meet and satisfy human needs, still less to allow life to flourish and prosper. The new phenomenon which has dominated industrial society from the beginning, despite some pioneer romanticism, is a growing socialisation of all the means of life—which is itself the ineluctable consequence of machine techniques. By socialism we understand the inclusive principle which makes society the centre, meaning and purpose of all human activity. It is all the same whether one takes this evolution to mean progress or whether one interprets it as a growing threat to human freedom. Both attitudes amount to the same thing. Socialisation will spread in one way or another. Man can only dominate his future environment if we face this fact. We must use this knowledge to evolve the means of liberation. In order to win it is essential for us to extricate ourselves from the principle of fatalistic necessity and to regain a new potential of choice and self-determination.

The social structure which fulfils the new conditions for freedom we have termed the situcratic order. The point of departure is the dechristianisation of Kierkegaard's

philosophy of situations. This must be combined with British economic doctrine, German dialectic and French social action programmes. It involves a profound revision of Marx's doctrine and a complete revolution whose growth is rooted in the Scandinavian concept of culture. This new ideology and philosophical theory we have called situology. It is based on the principles of social democracy inasmuch as it excludes all forms of artificial privilege. It is the only existing guarantee which ensures that human life can develop in all its cultural variety and without crushing the special abilities of the individual in an anonymous society designed for the unfit. Sartre says that we should always ask what would happen if everyone acted like me. Our answer is that we should all die of boredom.

We want to make it possible for man to be free to gamble his life. This can only happen if everyone is allowed to have individual freedom of action. Greco-Roman thinking is rooted in political and social theory. It is opposed to our own way of thinking because we believe that man as a human being and individual stands at the centre of all worthwhile activity. Sartre's scholasticism has been called humanistic, but in fact his human being is a socio-centric creature."

There are some people who will fail to grasp the significance of the Situationist struggle. The head-on collision in which we are involved will strike them as inexplicable. But we are convinced that one day this phase will be seen as an event of primary importance for Europe: the moment before a decisive breakthrough. To those who think that a verbal battle is not worth fighting, we would like to say this: A word war is better than a world war.

History

Noigandres Group was formed in 1952 around the magazine of that name, founded by Augusto & Haroldo de Campos and Décio Pignatari.

Noigandres: provençal word, from Arnaut Daniel (via Pound, *Canto XX*): our motto of poetical research and invention poetry.

As a result: concrete poetry, officially launched at the *National Exhibition of Concrete Art*, São Paulo, December 1956. Display of poster-poems, together with pictures, drawings and sculptures by concrete Brazilian artists. *Noigandres* 3 is published.

Nevertheless, *Noigandres* 2, 1955, already included *Poetamenos*, a series of spatial poems, in color, composed by Augusto de Campos in 1953—a first manifestation of concrete poetry. Still in 1955, Décio Pignatari meets Eugen Gomringer at the Hochschule für Gestaltung, Ulm, Germany, who was engaged in similar researches. Starting point for an international movement of concrete poetry (name suggested by the Brazilian group).

1958: *Noigandres* 4—poster-poems and a *Pilot plan for concrete poetry*. This is the movement's basic text. Ronaldo Azeredo, 1956, and José Lino Grünwald, 1958, join *Noigandres*. Ferreira Gullar and Wladimir Dias Pino (not belonging to the group) participated in the movement at its beginnings. Pedro Xisto and Edgard Braga, of former generation, enlist as concrete poets, 1957. Concrete poetry spread all over the country inspiring well known poets: Manuel Bandeira, Cassiano Ricardo, Carlos Drummond de Andrade.

1962: *Invenção* is published. National and international magazine of the movement and its variants, and of avant-garde poetry in general. Edited by *Noigandres* Group and the poets

Pedro Xisto and Edgard Braga.

From 1961 on, concrete poets face definitely the "engagement" question. What issued—social and political concrete poetry—was chiefly based on Mayakovsky: "There is no revolutionary art without revolutionary form."

Today: diversified trends and tendencies within the group, some worrying more about semantic and permutational features of the language

DÉCIO PIGNATARI:

(Augusto & Haroldo de Campos, this one also interested in prose problems), some turned to the creation of new languages—even before and/or beyond the word—in poetry as well as in prose, as far as a text can be so divided (Wladimir Dias Pino, Décio Pignatari, Luiz Angelo Pinto, Ronaldo Azeredo).

Comment

No general reappraisal of the whole situation is in view: the experiments of a certain kind of new language (as you will see) are too recent for that.

This does not exclude that we people involved in this new concrete poetry (Luiz Angelo Pinto, Ronaldo Azeredo and myself) prepare a sort of theoretical basis and/or explanation for it in months to come, as we expect to be able to publish a booklet of these new poems by October (at our expense, as always . . .).

Luiz Angelo and I have been working together for more than a

year: researches on language through Semiotic and Information and Communication Theory (also some statistical analysis in computers), after I felt the necessity of a mathematical "expert" in order to proceed on my investigations, I mean in order to carry them on, especially regarding the study of *language as code*. Luckily enough, Luiz Angelo, a student in Engineering, was more than a mathematical "expert": he was a poet.

The Concrete Poets of Brazil

As a happy result (for us, at least), a new poetic language was born—which we still call "concrete", since its fundamentals are laid in the "pilot plan".

Besides, it is not mere chance that I am also a graphic artist and professor of Information Theory (Language and Text) at the Escola Superior de Desenho Industrial, Rio de Janeiro. This does not mean, of course, that poets of the new language must be also graphic artists (we hope to face the problem of sound in a near future—and then we'll need the help of phoneticists, musicians &c.). I have been trying to develop in articles the idea of design (graphic and industrial) as language, and, for that, am deeply interested in Reyner Banham's ideas, and also Bruce Archer's. On the other hand, for me, the poet is a language designer. As art critic, I am now concerned with the problems aroused by pop art, "kitsch", styling, design, avant-garde.

From the start, Augusto, Haroldo and I have been following modern music process. Colour poems by Augusto are directly inspired by Webern's "klangfarbenmelodie". We first met Boulez in São Paulo, October, 1953; during a whole year, 1954-55, when I was in Paris, he was practically the only artist who really interested me (but unfortunately I could and can approach musical problems only by analogy: no musical formation . . .). An entire section of *Invenção* 3 is dedicated to music.

In these five years, Haroldo de Campos has been in close contact with avant-garde artists all over Europe, Japan and Mexico, personally and/or by correspondence: Agam, Vasarely, Gerstner, Mavigner/Boulez, Stockhausen, Berio/Ponge, Heissenbüttel, Gomringer, Döhl, Helms, Belloli, Sanguineti, Diacono. In the last three years, concrete poetry (Brazilian) has been published in Europe mainly through his efforts. He just returned from lecturing modern Brazilian literature at the Technische Hochschule, Studium Generale, Stuttgart, invited by Prof. Max Bense.

He and his brother Augusto, working together or separately, have been translating poems from six or seven languages—from Basho to Joyce to Mayakovsky (Joyce: *Finnegans Wake*—fragments). We three translated cooperatively 17 *cantares* (cantos) by Pound, published four years ago by our Ministry of Education and Culture.

It was chiefly through exchanging letters and books with Augusto de Campos—who sent to them the "pilot plan"—that Ian Hamilton Finlay, Scotland, and Dom Sylvester Houédard, OSB, came enthusiastically to concrete poetry (see *Typographica* 8). Augusto is also in touch, exchanging letters . . . and darts, with

American painter and art critic Charles Biederman. And just received a letter by Mike Weaver inviting us to an exhibition of avant-garde poetry at Cambridge.

Ronaldo Azeredo never wrote verses in his life: directly to concrete poetry. Owns an extraordinary form intuition. Now pursuing a sort of "graphic prose". He works in advertising.

Old Dr. Braga (some 15,000 babies born in his hands) was a parnassien/symbolist poet twenty years ago! Gets strange effects working on medieval lyrics patterns.

Pedro Xisto loved passionately Japanese "haikus": his path to concrete poetry; another idea he (and we) would be happy to see in action: a "text laboratory" (see his proposition in *Invenção* 3).

Grünwald, also a cinema reviewer, works in *Correio da Manhã's* copy desk—the "carioca" (from Rio) newspaper that played and plays a very important rôle in these days, by opposing and condemning violently the *coup d'état*.

As to this matter, by the way, things *today* do not seem so dark as they appeared in April—but they are not likely to promote culture either.

In any case, for us, to create things really new is to create freedom.

The names

Augusto de Campos, b. 1931, São Paulo.

Haroldo de Campos, b. 1929, São Paulo.

Décio Pignatari, b. 1927, São Paulo.
José Lino Grünwald, b. 1929, Rio de Janeiro.

Ronaldo Azeredo, b. 1937, Rio de Janeiro.

Pedro Xisto, b. 1901, Pernambuco.
Edgard Braga, b. 1898, Alagoas.

Luiz Angelo Pinto, b. 1941, São Paulo.

In the early 'Fifties it was still customary for young Britons and Americans to complete their university studies with a taste of Paris life. I made friends with a number of young poets and writers who were gravitating around a "little magazine" called *Merlin*.

They belonged to the last generation to follow that tradition. When the last of them were leaving France a few years later the Algerian War was in full swing, prices were going up and Paris had become dour and forbidding, definitely not the place to lead a happy bohemian life.

My friends had only few ideas in common but they were all full of ambition, and they shared a certain general attitude that was clearly influenced by the New York *risorgimento* and was consequently caustic, sly and self-deprecatory. As they belonged to a post-war generation they had no trust in their elders, with the exception of Sade and Genet, and also Samuel Beckett and William Burroughs who, although accomplished writers, had not had any books published at the time.

Their names, most of which have not yet emerged from obscurity, were Christopher Logue, Austryn Wainhouse, Baird Bryant, Alfred Chester, Marilyn Meeske, Iris Owens, Jane Lougee, Dick Seaver, Norman Rubington, John Stevenson, Mason Hoffenberg. . . But only Alex Trocchi

(with *Cain's Book*) and Terry Southern (with *Candy* and the script of *Dr. Strangelove*) have so far produced significant public images of the style then prevailing in that milieu and of its furiously iconoclastic tendencies, somewhat tainted with a touch of youthful romanticism.

I had, at the time, killed off my first publishing house, and I decided to start the Olympia Press. The idea itself was not very original as my father before me had published the first books by Henry Miller, in the

It therefore seemed to be the natural thing to do, to force those writers who had been suppressed by fear and ignorance past the censor's eye. In the first six years of its existence, the Olympia Press was fortunate enough to publish books by Miller, Beckett, Genet, Nabokov (*Lolita*), Burroughs (*The Naked Lunch*), Durrell, Donleavy (*The Ginger Man*), Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg (*Candy*), all of which did achieve a measure of fame.

But somehow that seemed too

MAURICE GIRODIAS :

'Thirties, and Sylvia Beach had saved *Ulysses* from the censor's axe in the same manner.

But, since then, mankind had nearly been shaken out of existence by the war, and it seemed incredible that such obsolete practices as literary censorship could be tolerated in a modern society. And censorship was still very strong in England and in America—perhaps even more ruthless and blind than ever before.

Advance through Obscenity?

simple; more was required to beat censorship out of existence. So I decided to be less gentle than my father had been in his time and to push the white-hot brand of pornography down the censor's throat (if I may be permitted the fiery image).

My friends were disguised under such pseudonyms as Marcus van Heiler, Palmiro Vicarion, Carmencita de Las Lunas, Miles Underwood, Akbar del Piombo, and we started

producing unrestrained pornography on an unprecedented scale.

To be quite honest I am not sure to this day what pornography really is, and what it takes to satisfy the specialized reader. But it certainly requires a great simplicity of mind and/or purpose to turn out the real thing, and all my authors (who had imagination but no remarkable perversions) could do was to use all the ingredients and spices in liberal quantities, and hope for the best.

The finished product usually proved strong enough to convince both the readers and the censors, although we had a great difficulty in suppressing the humour which continually kept cropping up in the books. Most of our authors had a hard time keeping a straight face, and there is nothing our type of customers hate more than humour. I remember having been obliged to put in a note at the end of one of Count Palmiro Vicarion's sagas, explaining that the famous author had been sent to a lunatic asylum before he could complete the manuscript, which accounted for the dishevelled ending of the story.

The mass effect of that production was exactly what we had aimed for: it broke the spell. There was no mystery any more in obscene literature because it had become easily available; anyone travelling on the Continent could buy the books, and the only danger was to pick up something like

Beckett's *Molloy* or Philip O'Connor's *Steiner's Tour* in the belief that it was an obscene novel. But even the really obscene volumes were found to be entirely harmless socially and medically. No reader was reported killed by a four-letter word.

Then came the second phase. One after the other, the great outlaw masterpieces were published and rehabilitated, first in the United States, and then in England: *Lolita* opened the way in 1958, to be followed by *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer*, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, *The Naked Lunch* and, more recently by the gallant *Memoirs of Fanny Hill*, which volume has that immense advantage over its predecessors that it never invoked for its own defense the cowardly excuse of "literary merit."

And now that *Candy* has opened the way in America to this final wave of aggressors, the pseudonymous novels will in their turn come out in the open and finish the good work. In five or ten years' time, literary censorship in England and in America will be a thing of the past.

The freedom to use any words and images in speech and in writing is a vital condition of psychological freedom, which is, in turn, essential in the definition of all other social and political liberties.

Of course it is a remarkably plastic concept. Lawrence was the suffering champion of literary freedom, and

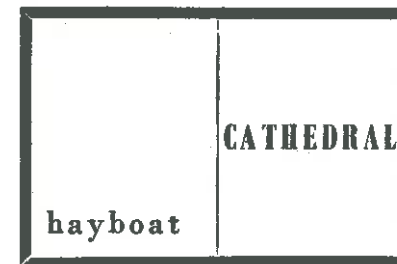
yet he would have censored Joyce out of existence had he been able to. Stephen Spender once called me a hypocrite. Henry Miller disowns the obscenity in the books he wrote thirty years ago, and condemns writers such as William Burroughs. And Casanova himself ended up in the malignant skin of a book censor.

In the opposite camp, disorder is even worse. The established authorities, when they have to explain what is erotic literature, are obliged to resort to such emotional similes as lewd, filthy, dirty, pornographic, disgusting—all of which, incidentally, are pretty revealing of what is going on in the censors' psyche.

But those noisy quarrels will soon subside in the quiet of literary history. When they do, they will leave us with a new knowledge: that eroticism is a constructive force, and that it will become more and more an integral part of literature as the present trend develops in the direction of introspective and autobiographical writing.

Eroticism: the very word I am forced to use for want of a better one reveals a meaningful gap in our vocabulary. The very notion has been condemned by generations of censors under the names of sex and obscenity.

And yet we should see it as the very texture of our feeling, as the positive counterpart of our *angst*, as the motor of curiosity, progress, culture—as the first source of art.



THE artist's job is to help his fellow men develop their understanding of the world we live in. In all the art of the past we saw a rich variety of static forms springing from the expression of nature in two or three-dimensional images. Today, however, we know that this expression of nature is not a natural convention; we realize that the world is continually being transformed by kinetic energy, that there is a structural arrangement of things that is continually modified by changes in the environment.

It is these messages, I believe, that today's artists ought to be passing on so as to increase our knowledge of the world, and make us understand certain facts which traditional artistic techniques were in no position to show us. But many avant-garde artists cling romantically to the technical preconceptions of static art, and still concern themselves with making personal demonstrations, with polemics between painting and anti-painting, or about sculpture in motion or sculpture made of found objects. They care about the uniqueness of the work of art and its corresponding value, about personal style as a commercial investment, about gestures, chance discoveries and artistic scandals.

All this is on the way out; it belongs to a vanished world and no longer has any prospect of establishing genuine communication with the public. In my view we now need to conduct researches with a view to re-founding a true, objective visual language, free from any personal element and aesthetic prejudice, a visual language which can naturally and intuitively communicate the dynamic factors determining our new

knowledge of the world. A true visual language, that is, comparable with that which characterized old-fashioned static art in the days when it was thought of as a craft.

My own researches lie in the direction of experiment and the mastering of these new dynamic, multi-dimensional visual means of expression. Conducted as objectively as possible, they set out from scientifically established facts and from technical and psychological data concerning creation and perception.

BRUNO MUNARI:

One such line of research which I began in 1954 deals with the possibility of visual communication and expression by means of polarized light, with a view to securing images whose colour transformations are according to nature and not according to somebody's personal tastes. The technical answer is to use polarizing filters, introducing colourless materials of varying stratifications between the two filters. These stratifications and thicknesses determine and define the areas of colour, while the rotation of one of the filters allows the colours themselves to be varied over the full range. Such experiments have been demonstrated in several cities, most recently in Tokyo, where they were shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 1960 to the accompaniment of

specially prepared electronic music by Toru Takemitsu (the electronic sound corresponded to the colour derived from the light). A film about this experiment was made a short time ago in the Monte Olimpino studio in Milan.

Another piece of research, begun in 1959, deals with "continuous structures": objects made up of an undefined number of modular elements set in a common framework and able to fit together. The form of these objects has some

Programmed Art

affinities with concrete sculpture, but they remain fragments of an infinitely extendable scale; they can be taken to pieces, recomposed and changed, subject each time to modification by the conditions of the environment.

More complex researches began in 1945 with the creation of kinetic objects whose make-up could be varied, driven by small clockwork motors. This led to the study of artistic programming, from which the current examples of programmed art result. Such objects have no connection with other forms of kinetic art that still make use of surrealist or neo-dada effects; they are rather the result of rigorous programming, which defines their materials, form and mathematical kinetic combinations. Generally they take the shape of small viewing screens, where formal and chromatic

changes can be seen as un-stable images against a neutral field, or one subject to quantitative, but not formally specified, limitations.

A work of static art calls first for a scheme, a design, a technical preparation which may be either conventional or unconventional. A work of programmed art demands an actual programme of its own, consisting first of all in the exact establishment of the message to be communicated and in the choice of means of expression, uninfluenced by aesthetic, anti-aesthetic or stylistic preconceptions; (thus use is often made of technical, scientific, physical or optical principles such as magnetic fields, optical effects, the limits of perception, colour change by addition or subtraction, virtual volumes and so on). The motive forces—mechanical, electrical, electronic, &c.—are taken into account, and the cyclical or infinite kinetic combinations. This is where computers can be of use to predict or establish possibilities. Computers have been used in the arts in Italy (a) by Nanni Balestrini to compose the poem entitled "Tape Mark I" which was published (with technical explanations) in the *Almanacco Bompiani* for 1962; (b) by Pietro Grossi in Florence to compose algorithmic music. Such music was used for the film *Moire* which Piccardò and I made at the Monte Olimpino studio this year.

Finally comes what we may call "good design," i.e., the projection of the object, the apparatus itself or its container. The aim here is to construct an object capable of communicating visually the intuitively-perceived kinetic message. Often the object is a natural incorporation of the same idea (as good design demands); at other times it is a

neutral container. The forms, colours and transformations will vary according to the selection and programming of means and materials. Thus it is not just a form or a "composition" undergoing changes (as with Calder, Tinguely and co.) but a continual series of formal transformations. Imagine an iron sculpture being destroyed, then reduced to dust and sprinkled evenly over an aluminium surface under which magnets are agitated. . . .

Enzo Mari and I belong to no group. Group T in Milan directs its researches to constructing objects which give the spectator visual information about the continual development of forms, as seen through their transformation. Those of Group N in Padua are concerned more with objects that produce variable optical effects according to where the spectator stands. Group N goes in for collective work, and all its objects are signed collectively with the "Group N" stamp. The "Nouvelles Tendances" movement is a mixture of more or less neo-Dada or Surrealist kinetic art (moving objects made from found elements; mechanical and casual movements) and the researches of the Paris Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel.

Works of programmed art have nothing in common with other forms of kinetic art where a given composition, whether strictly geometrical or strictly casual and made up from found objects, moves through space changing position but remaining a composition none the less. Programmed art of more or less purity (purity being distinguished by the absence of stylistic preconceptions, as in good design) is now being created in several parts of the world.

The individual soul is under attack and for that reason a "beat" generation existed and will continue to exist under whatever name Rosey generation lost or as Kerouac once prophesied Found until it is found. The soul that is. And a social place for the soul to exist manifested in *this* world. By soul I mean that which differs man from thing, i.e. person,—not mere mental consciousness—but feeling bodily consciousness. As long as this tender feeling body is under attack there will continue the expression in Art of the scream or weep or supplication the EXPRESSION in one form or other of that infinite—Self—which still feels thru the smog of Blakeansatanic war mills and noise of electric sighs & spears which is XX century masscommunication.

Uniquely the art work is of one single hand, the mark of individual person: thus in prose developed thru Kerouac Burroughs Selby the nervous transcriptive spontaneous faculty. Thus in poetry the individualized metre reflective of eccentric breathing W. C. Williams thru myself Corso Kerouac Creeley Wieners Snyder etc.

How difficult to sustain this in the USA presently occupying its deepest energies in wars (not against communism for peace has been made with Russia) against the yellow & other races.

Though ten years ago it may have been inconceivable that the great sweet "cassaba melon" as it was called of "American Century" prosperity was really a great psychic hoax a mirage of electronic mass-hypnosis,

the real horror, the real evil latent in America from the days of Poe to the Days of Burroughs is clearly visible in the faces of the hate-gangs that crash thru newspaper and Television at last to lay their Ahab curse on the Negro, as they have already laid their Ahab curse on Communism. The spectacle of supposedly respectable elders—Eisenhower the leader of the country himself—sustaining a bid for power by an Android like Goldwater! The choice given—or CHOSEN?—

ALLEN GINSBERG:

by us between an oldfashioned politician like Johnson, which is to say conservative and an outright Authoritarian rightwinger? We never had a choice between middle and left, we were always stuck between middle and right. Finally it becomes too much to fight. But the stakes are too great to lose—the possession of one's feelings intact.

There has been an outrage done to my feelings from which I have never recovered tho I've talked to Blake and bowed at the feet of many an Indian Guru.

To live in a country which supposedly dominates the entire planet and to be responsible for the outrages of ones own country! Woe to the

Germans silent under Hitler woe to the Americans silent now.

Sitting in a Park in Saigon, the strategic Bombing expert in civilian clothes drunk at three AM said "I've got the Eichmann syndrome."

Not a matter of Policy, rational discourse etc. A total discontinuity between my deepest feelings desire for acceptancy tenderness and the military machine non-person rage that dominates the thinking feeling massmedia family life publishing life

Back to the Wall

universities business and budgetary government of my nation.

You DONT have a 60 billion military budget without the EMOTIONS of the being affected. Maybe the majority feels well means well? I hope so. Actually the majority don't "feel" anything at all personally, where it comes to politics, just like the Germans. Total indifference to the Vietnam War. I feel a little since I been there. But the war goes on. Few American lives lost, myriads of Yellow, it makes no difference here. The suffering the suffering the suffering yet all unknown un accounted for—the vomiting grimacing bleeding myriads in ricefields? The commuter

train pulls in airconditioned: packaged news. The *New York Daily News* last month proposed that the US Govt. attempt to promote a war between China & Russia in which they supposed at least 300,000,000 lives would be lost. Modest Jno. Swift!

Things no longer merely out of proportion, things are UNREAL. Manipulating the unreal from centers of power—how can the soul endure? Which is to say, what happens to real bodily feelings confronted with human response? The feelings and the response become seeming unreal. Total disorganization. Eisenhower kneeled before Dulles to take the Wafer.

Oh well, what about the avant guard? It's the only thing (aside from family, childbirth etc day to day common sense)—it's the only social-public - manifestation that makes much sense—because it's an attempt to push forth outward feelers of feeling. In public, tender shoots of private sensibility, private understanding, rapport, giggles, delicacies, amens, awareness of what Is underneath all the pre-packaged money oriented murderous blather. Movie blather, news broadcast blather, slick magazine blather, newspaper blather, school-board blather, politics blather, courtroom blather, social blather of a totally maladjusted tribe engaged in struggle to retain power-dominance and control over an entire planet (nay an entire solar system!)

Poetry: the renaissance of individual sensibility carried thru the vehicle of individualized metrics—

individually differentiating not conforming—that's accomplished.

Prose: the vast project of total recall begun by Kerouac continues as he's a saint to that task. English readers by this time also know Burroughs & though he's typically "controversial" in his own time (Is he or is he not an artist? what a stupid argument!) he already influences the thinking processes of a whole generation of American and English boys.

But what's happening now in the US? Amazingly enough, MOVIES. After having been absent from the land for three years, I found on my return an excitement, a group, an art-gang, a society of friendly individuals who were running all around the streets with home movie cameras taking each others pictures, just as—a decade ago—poets were running around the streets of NY & San Francisco recording each other's visions in spontaneous language. So now the present moment is being captured on film. This is nothing like the commercial film of Banks distributors money-stars, etc. This is the film of cranks, eccentrics, sensitives, individuals one man one camera one movie—that is to say the work of individual persons not corporations. As such naturally it's interesting depending upon the individual behind the camera—Ron Rice, Harry Smith, Jack Smith, Brakhage, Mekas, Anger, Connors, others. Jonas Mekas is the genius organizer of encouragement and showings, and there is a Film-Makers Cooperative—which naturally has been attacked by the police.

Police, another problem. Police and John Birch societies together ganging up on the avant guard. Goldwater almost, not quite, in reach of power. To make a long story short, laws were sneaked thru in NY requiring licencing for poetry readings in coffeehouses. The State attempted to close down all coffeehouses where poetry was read, one year later. As well as threatening theater cafes, banjo-art cafes etc. A "synchronistic patch". Film showings of the new cinema were stopped in New York and Los Angeles. No student riots or sit ins took place, (unlike our more bold brotherhood behind iron curtain) (nor were there protests by Congresses of Cultural Freedom). Sculpture has been seized in San Francisco. Editor of Oregon University mag. was bounced for printing Antonin Artaud's To Be Done with The Judgement of God (as several years ago editor of Chicago review was bounced for Burroughs)—. Wichita police closed down local coffeehouse, seized City Lights books and one shot poetry magazine NOW. Lenny Bruce comedian arrested in NYC. All this a sort of white backlash possibly temporary, for myself I've lost my mind and am immersed in legal calculations and artistically sterilized screaming at newspapermen & college professors ITS HAPPENING HERE. I dont suppose this phase will last too long with me & I trust my own genius to carry me thru to tears somewhere else.

DURING the last two years or so a number of exhibitions and publications (1) have drawn attention to a previously little-known artistic phenomenon: the fact that modern literature and art have from the outset been increasingly concerned with the problem of writing, script and more or less calligraphic signs. The alliance of art and letters is of course as old as the hills. This is not only because every known system of writing originally operated with pictorial signs while, conversely, archaic pictures in ancient Egypt and elsewhere had to be strengthened by inscriptions but also because calligraphy and decorated initials sometimes turned writing itself into pictures, though admittedly abstract ones. So far however the traditional repertoire of written forms has hardly ever been tampered with, however drastic the calligraphic play, since writing was always the conventionally-agreed signification of a specific message. In our own century there has been a radical change in this respect.

It began with the abandonment of the traditional close-packed linear arrangement of poetry and the spreading of the text across a surface (more precisely, the penetration of the surface into the text): in Mallarmé's *Un coup de dés* of 1897. The distance the eye had to travel, the intervals between the words, the weight of the intervening surface, all played a significant part in the

reader's experience of this poem. Marinetti and the Futurists went a step further, relieving the text of all imposed order so as to jumble up capitals and small letters, print and handwriting, whole words and mere noises (*Les mots en liberté*, 1919). Text and its typographical expression became inseparable; substance and image belonged together. The reader had to learn to treat nothing discernible in the text as unimportant; this meant scanning the text henceforward just as carefully as a picture. Schwitters, Iliasz, Jorn and Nash, and

Schwitters went still further with his poetry of the banal; among the detritus of our civilization from which he made his collages were tickets, scraps of newspaper, all kinds of everyday written material; the irrelevant started to become fascinating. Later Hains and Vostell were to strip off entire poster hoardings and offer the mangled results to us to read.

The Art Nouveau typographers started pulling the actual shapes of the letters about and spinning them round. The formal alienation of

FRANZ MON:

others carried this development on; in many cases the text-cum-picture was worked out by a poet and a graphic artist in collaboration.

Meanwhile isolated letters or fragments of writing were finding their way on to the painter's canvas. The artists discovered that letters had a value simply as forms and adopted them as a formal constituent of their pictures; they used written words (like "café") to bring realities unrepresented in the picture to play on the observer's consciousness. Kurt

Letters as Picture and Language

writing made reading more difficult and stimulated more intensive concentration on the text. Writing became cryptic; at the same time it became more potent, richer in possible meanings. Ernst Schneiderler invented a semantic writing, which is not itself readable but hints at something that can be read.

Oddly enough there are few printers who have played any part in this development. Hendrik Werkman was probably the first. He used the resources of his type-case to compose

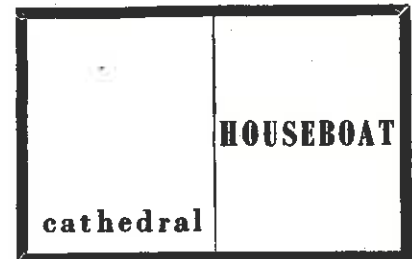
letter-pictures. Grieshaber, an outstanding craftsman among artists, took up his ideas (most wittily in his "monkeys' alphabet") and passed them on to his own pupils. Of these Josua Reichert has gone furthest. His text-sheets are often printed by superimposing a number of colours and impressions. The superimposition makes the text harder to read, which means that when one does read it its whole weight is felt.

In non-representational paintings pure manual calligraphy has developed into an important factor. Kandinsky in his early works was already using a free-flowing natural line for the direct transcription of his gestic communications. Hartung, Mathieu, Masson, Pollock, Hantai and many others have explored this multi-dimensional field and have set down significant experiences that occur when executing "writing" of this sort and can be communicated in no other way. This is perhaps the clearest instance of a kind of writing evolving in the course of modern art which communicates experiences that one can neither have nor transmit in any other way, and is thus itself a kind of "language".

Related to this are the efforts systematically to evolve "script" divorced from the normal language of sounds: a form of script, in fact, which is likewise "language". The basis here is the undeniable saturation of modern man's experiences and memories with reading; his whole existence is swamped by and dependent

on writing and written matter. Given his state of awareness, he can detach himself from orthodox writing without losing his capacity to read signs that look like writing. The unreadable texts by Schneiderler already mentioned are attempts in that direction; so is the classic *Hébérite éclaté* of Bryen, Hains and Villeglé (1956). Klee and Mondrian made similar experiments. Among younger artists Wolfgang Schmidt has probably gone furthest, with his "sign-fields". This is a systematic development of complexes of signs that look like writing and recall the letters of the alphabet, at the same time demonstrating the wealth of combinations to be derived from the simplest elements: lines, circles and segments. The ambiguity of such sign-writing suits the element of surprise with which the realities of our modern civilization are always liable to confront us. It prevents us from forgetting that we must always be prepared to formulate the unimaginable. For only what has been formulated is real for us.

(1) The "Scripturale Malerei" exhibition in Berlin in 1962, the "Schrift und Bild" exhibition at Baden-Baden and Amsterdam in 1962-63. Catalogues of these exhibitions, notably the large book-cum-catalogue *Schrift und Bild*, now published by Typos-Verlag, Frankfurt. Special number of *Quadrum*, 1963; *Typographica* no.8, December, 1963; *Bizarre* no. 32-33, 1964.



The work of Adolf Von Hildebrand (*The Problem of Form*, 1893) and of Rémy de Gourmont was typical of a great deal of new awareness concerning the nature of materials and their relation to the modalities of human perception and creativity. The new art and architecture and poetry of the 20th century had their roots in the new kind of perceptual discipline that centres in the awareness of style. In 1922 Middleton Murry's *The Problem of Style* made quite explicit the relationship between style and perception, as well as the relation between art and the active training of sensibility. Recognition of technique became a program of discovery.

In 1920 T.S. Eliot's essay on Massinger brought new stress to bear upon the language of a period in order to make it a means of perceiving the entire structure and values of a civilization: 'These lines of Tourneur and of Middleton exhibit that perpetual slight alteration of language, words perpetually juxtaposed in new and sudden combinations, meanings perpetually *eingeschachtelt* into meanings, which evidences a very high development of the senses, a development of the English language which we have perhaps never equalled.' This is the kind of approach to language as the material of poetry that launched many of the artistic experiments of the 1920s, as well as the critical programs of the *Calendar of Modern Letters* and of *Scrutiny*. It is not only an attitude but a method and a technique of grappling with all the materials and technologies of any human environment. So that if politics is the art of the possible, its scope must now, in the electric age,

include the shaping and programming of the entire sensory environment as a luminous work of art. From the neolithic age men had been engaged in creating technological extensions of their bodies in various fragmented and specialist forms, whether of script, or wheel, or housing, or money. These extensions serve to amplify, but also to fragment, human powers and faculties in order to store and to expedite knowledge and materials and processes. Naturally, such amplifications of human powers greatly enlarge the means and incentives to violence and foster the enlargement of bureaucracy and enterprise alike. The break with the neolithic age came with electromagnetism and its derivative technologies. The electronic age is distinct from any other age in having extended the human nervous system itself in a group of external technologies. The numerous extensions of hands and feet in the various forms of spindles and wheels and roads now begin to yield to the circuit and the loop 'where the hand of man never set foot.' The immediate extensions of our nervous system by telegraph and telephone and radio and television not only usher us into a period when the codifying and moving of information supersede all other tasks in scope and in the creation of wealth, but they involve us totally in one another's lives. The extensions of our nerves and senses as they constitute a new man-made environment also require a wholly new kind of understanding of the sensory materials of this new environment and of the learning processes to which they are so deeply related. One of the discoveries of Baudelaire

and his followers concerned the means of relating the creative process in poetry to the stages of apprehension of human knowledge. Since Baudelaire, art has become coextensive with discovery and knowledge in every sphere of action and at every possible stage of human development. The gap between art and technology has now ceased to exist. As we become cognisant of our art and technology as immediate extensions of

MARSHALL McLUHAN:

ourselves, we have also acquired the responsibility of heeding the psychic and social consequences of such extensions. It is now many years since Mr. Eliot pointed to the effects of the internal combustion engine on poetic rhythms. Many forms of technology far more potent than the internal combustion engine have been assimilated to the rhythms of art and poetry and social life since that time.

With the extension of the nervous system in electric technology, information not only moves in much greater quantity than ever before, but at very much greater speed than ever before. Paradoxically, the acceleration of information movement restores us to the habit of mythical and inclusive perception. Whereas data were previously fragmented by earlier

forms of codifying information, the electric circuit has restored us to the world of pattern recognition and to an understanding of the life of forms which had been denied to all but the artists of the now receding mechanical age. Our main concern today is with the patterns of the learning process itself, patterns which we can now see to be correlative with the processes of creativity. In the world of the organization of work, the

Culture and Technology

electric revolution means the end of jobs. That is, electric circuitry eliminates the fragmentation and specialization of the work processes which created the 'job' type of work in the Renaissance and after. The elimination of the job in the work process means a return to the depth involvement in role-playing formerly associated only with arts and crafts. But now in the Age of Information the work process and the learning process become interfused. Automation is 'learning a living.' Precisely the same kind of a revolution is taking place in the world of learning as in the world of work. Numerous Centres such as the Centre for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto have recently come into existence. They are the response not so much to a theory

as to a need and even to a pressure. It has long been known that in graduate studies a research student crosses departmental boundaries as a matter of course. As access to all kinds of information becomes swifter, so does involvement in the patterns of every type of information. As an example, the Centre for Culture and Technology which exists by cross-appointments within the University of Toronto, is concerned to establish ways of quantifying the psychic and social consequences of every type of technology. It is natural that the extensions of our senses technologically should have a direct effect upon the sensory usage and preferences of any community. Many of these effects are quite incompatible with the continuance of older values. Once a sensory typology has been established for a given population, therefore, it is possible to predict the effect on that sensory typology of any given new artefact such as the motor car, or television. That is to say, it becomes possible to control or to avoid kinds of innovation that are destructive of such established values as we prefer to retain. A large measure of personal and social autonomy thus becomes possible across the entire spectrum of culture and technology, much in the way that we now have the means of thermostatic control of the thermal environment. A full understanding of the sensory typology of cultures on one hand, and the sensory order and impact of art and technology on the other hand, affords the possibility of a human environment sensorially programmed for the maximal use of the human powers of learning.

THE theory of text is a branch of modern aesthetics. Its concern however is less with works of art made of words (poetry) than with well-designed articles made of words (advertising). It is based on an extremely broad concept of "text" from which characteristic modern methods of writing and the texts particular to them may also be derived.

The theory of text makes use above all of mathematical methods. Structure and individual characteristics of a text are expressed in mathematical language. This allows their aesthetic aspect to be shown, since it is a principle of modern aesthetics that "aesthetic reality", irrespective how it manifests itself, can, like physical reality, only be objectively and adequately described in mathematical terms. Accordingly we speak of the theory of "textual sets", of "text statistics", of "text topology", depending whether it is set-theory, statistics or topology that we are applying to those sets of words we call "texts". Sometimes we simply use the more comprehensive term "text algebra". This also embraces the semiotic description of texts: i.e., their description by means of an abstract and symbolic classification theory like that evolved by the American C. S. Peirce, or their subjection to the abstract theories of automata and categories worked out primarily by Russian mathematicians.

In addition to such analytical aims (the analytical theory of text) we have attempts at synthesis (the synthetic theory of text) whose ideas of new types of text and new ways of writing can only be verified experimentally. The experimental theory of text is thus part of the general theory. Programming of new texts, preferably by means of a computer programming language, is among the constructive aims of the synthetic and experimental theory of text applied to what we might call the "artificial poetry" of the future.

In the theory and practice of text the element of experiment is so important

that it seems essential to make it, as it were, into a stylistic principle. Let me briefly hark back to classical poetics and to a distinction which Schiller drew. His well-known essay of 1795 "On Naive and Sentimental Writing" classified poetry by reference to its object: that is, its semantic, extra-textual object, which of course transcends the words, images, lines, statements as such, and belongs less to the world of language than to that of things, to the cosmos, nature, feeling, atmosphere, and platonic or non-platonic reality. Schiller's distinction is a product of classical poetry, which we may call poetry on the level of object-language. Naivety would then seem to be that element in poetry which makes it relate more directly to the world of objects than does the sentimental. Naive people treat what exists as something given; sentimental people treat it as something going beyond what is given, as an idea, a richer conception, an ideal. Naive writing is overwhelmingly a process of representation, sentimental a process of expression and meditation. Schiller believed that poetry in its beginnings was always naive, at a later stage sentimental.

Now that poetry is so much less interested in the external world of objects than in its own private world of language, Schiller's distinction is clearly not much use, at any rate in the area of poetry which Mallarmé, Gertrude Stein and Arno Holz staked out. It is precisely in this area—among others—that language and its private world become an essential object of poetry; this is where the text starts to appear as a "set of words", rather than as a set of things, feelings, atmospheres and so on. Since the words none the less bear meanings it seems reasonable to say that in this kind of poetry words are not pretexts for objects so much as objects are pretexts for words. We speak with our backs turned, as it were: turning away from things in order to discuss words, metaphors, contexts, lines, sounds, morphemes and phonemes. It is poetry on a level

of meta-language, poetry in a world of its own.

This kind of non-classical poetry satisfies our consciousness not so much with things as with words. Thus it too breaks through the old Schiller distinction and offsets the object-based differentiation of "naive" and "sentimental" by establishing a category of try-out and experiment rooted in poetic language's own private world.

Experimental writing is an admission that the eventual result aimed at in the medium of language cannot be determined by previously given poetic objects but is a purely accidental, quite separate conjunction of words: a "text event".

If it cannot predetermine results, research must try to find out what it can by the methods at its disposal.

MAX BENSE:

Experiments, consisting in such methods as explore a field of possibilities, are conscious steps within a perceptibly finite area of more or less unbounded freedom of intuitive probing. Thus if the distinction between "naive" and "sentimental" is only to be understood in terms of the mundane actuality of things and feelings, the concept "experimental" must be seen against the background of those interrelated rational considerations which we call theory and intellect.

The theory of texts accordingly suggests an area of theoretical, abstract accounts of the private world of language and its composition within which new potential structures in the form of certain non-classical varieties of text and their style of writing may be mastered by methodical experimentation. The text-algebraical, set-theory concept

of text, with its treatment of "text" as any "material" set of words, posits three primary structures or styles of writing, "material", "statistical," and "topological". The exact conceptual and mathematical definition of these qualities depends always on the algebraic fact of the text's existence as a set. But it also depends on assuming that those sets of words that form texts are made up from a vocabulary which acts as the fundamental set for all the texts there are. Text algebra describes the algebraic relationships between texts: i.e. between sets of words and between texts and vocabularies. It is obvious that the system governing all the texts there are will correspond to the system of all partial sets of the whole vocabulary (so long as each word only occurs

Theory and Practice of Text

once and every grammatical variation of it counts as a fresh word, i.e. that the vocabulary is what we call "material" and not lexical). Against a material vocabulary of this type, which is the precondition for any text, we can define the distance between any two words in our "material" vocabulary by counting the words that separate them. In this way a system of measurement has been introduced into both vocabulary and text, leading to identification of:

1. *the metric structure of the text and the metric style, which manipulates its aesthetic caesuras, the scheme by which it distributes or arranges words to make sentences, contexts, metaphors, verses, lines, stanzas, periods and so forth, according to numerically specifiable distances between elements (syllables, rise and fall, rhymes, &c.).*

This of course is the classical instance of metre, rhythm and period.

The introduction of the algebraic set-theory however allows us to identify quite a different textual structure and style. We can treat the vocabulary as a set of basic word events, making the basic linguistic event the occurrence of any one word. Texts, being now seen just as a particular selection of words, are no longer basic events but, taken as an overall whole, represent textual and linguistic events of an accidental kind. The set of all accidental textual events within that of the basic verbal events (the vocabulary) then represents the set of all partial sets within the vocabulary, which means all potential texts. This is the same approach as that of modern statistics and probability theory, which treat their calculations as operations with accidental events. Likewise if one analyses (or constructs) a text on the statistical basis of the more or less frequent occurrence of words of a given number of syllables it amounts to the observation of accidental textual events. Suppose for instance we see how often words with an even number of syllables occur in a text composed by random selection from a vocabulary of words each with from one to six syllables. We would then be dealing with six basic verbal events; the accidental textual event would be the appearance of a two, four or six-syllable word. It can be proved that for n basic verbal events there will be 2^n accidental textual events. This statistical type of approach leads to:—

2. *the statistical structure of the text and the statistical style, which conceives the aesthetic realization of a text to depend less on distances than on the frequency of occurrence of particular textual events, i.e., of employment of words of specific numbers of syllables, sentences of specific numbers of words, of specific combinations of such numbers (known as text entropies) and so on. This can be found for*

instance in the work of Arno Holz, whose *Phantasia*, with its unusual approach to colloquial and traditional poetic language, makes five, six, seven-syllable and even longer words the main vehicle of the poetry, thus producing accidental textual events of a high degree of improbability, corresponding to the relative improbability of the aesthetic circumstances as a whole.

The structure and production of texts can be understood in yet another way. We can examine the words of a text in the light of their propinquity to other words. Texts can be seen as the particular environmental systems of one or more words. It can even be said that words, at least as seen conventionally, have privileged "classes" of environment. Aesthetic styles of writing tend to transform the accepted classes; the making of metaphors is one example, but there are other possibilities too.

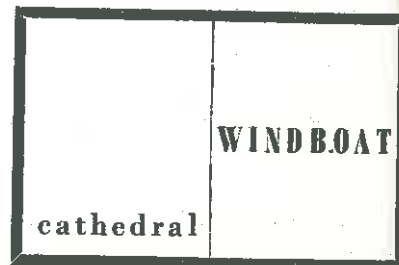
Thus as a rule when words appear in a context they undergo changes according to the laws of grammar. In the context "father's finest horses jumped" every word has been altered, deformed as it were, in relation to its dictionary (vocabulary) representative. At the same time it can also be set down uninflected and undeformed thus: "father fine horse jump". Here the context has been dissolved; we can now only call it a connection. Yet as far as each word's position with regard to its neighbours is concerned context and connection are identical. They are topological equivalents, topology being a branch of mathematics that examines figures, sets of elements, in terms of their relationships to their neighbours (systems of environment). This topological approach leads to:

3. *the topological structure of the text and the topological style, which is concerned neither with measurable distance relationships nor with statistics of recurrence but with proximity relationships between words, i.e., with environment classes of a conventional or unconventional sort. Linear or two-*

dimensional word connections, with or without deformation; metaphors which are representations of one vocabulary within another; separated or non-separated connections and texts; open or closed sets of words, based on a vocabulary restricted to monosyllables or just to one word; chains and graphs of words or just morphemes: all these are among the methods and constructive principles of the topological style of writing.

The cases which I have described are of course ideal possibilities. In its experimental activities modern poetry, being mainly concerned, as we saw, with the material, metalinguistic level, uses these possibilities above all where they overlap, particularly in the combination of the topological and the statistical and most of all when this results in "visual texts", in two-dimensional "constellations" (to use Eugen Gomringer's term): the sort of textual formation that has already been popularized by advertising. It is clear that this topological style is an almost pure example of the "material" style, in that the vehicle for the beauty of words and their connexions is their material (visual, vocal, verbal) function rather than their objective factual meaning, and that this is a matter of juxtaposition, of environment, of relations between neighbours. Such topological structures are particularly evident in so-called "concrete poetry", for instance, in that of the Noigandres group in Brazil.

Experimental poetry is often accused of being dry and boring. And of course it is true that we are less moved and affected by the products of abstract rational imagination, which spring not so much from a background of true-to-life emotion as from an atmosphere of theorizing, than we are by works that result from life and feeling. However, the dwindling of the poetic element, so characteristic of experimental poetry, corresponds exactly to that dwindling of vital human existence which is unavoidable in any technological civilization.



here i write down some of the notes i make constantly for to remember when i have the opportunity to do something i hope it gives you an idea however faint of the idea.

(written in the order (disorder) in which they appear in my notebook)

fairly flat objects used as relief-printing block (without ink)

symmetrically cut things (like the cutcards)

destroyed signs (letters cut combined twisted ruins of letters)

material and take the other picture through that film (rastered)

shortening of which only i know what it means

built in noise device for noise when moving certain pages

say very dirty things (or show them) in an absolutely translated way

where only a certain accident to the reader will help to disclose

the key to the signs (rate of chance—how large ?)

DITER ROT:

From a Letter

destroyed pictures of objects ruins of pictures

boring things

stolen things

bad things good things (selected according to judgement of certain persons)

correct (change) texts of writers as one would have liked them to write correct such texts also by correcting in degrees (change letters and words by applying professional printers signs at the margin and show the proofsheets as they continue to change into chaos joke donotknowwhat etc)

take pictures of own pictures through pictures of other people (or the other way round) as one takes pictures in a block-factory through a net of lines: have the picture produced on filmy

text copied on dirty or dusty film print with text submerged in that dustspures

announcement: the following x pages contain also things i had no money to produce i did not dare to produce etc.

symmetries of form symmetries of sense

texts made up of pictures (for the same words the same pictures) pages filled with the same letter (f.i.R) taken out of books posters written letters etc (hundreds of different r's)

take pictures of pictures of friends print them on top of each other take different texts and mix them have other people collect certain printable stuff for me

diter rot.

GROUP ZERO is no group in a definitely organized way. When in the middle of the fifties the activity of the younger artists in Düsseldorf increased more and more, no gallery proved to be willing or able to take real interest in their work and imagination. The result was that some artists found a solution of their practical problems in organising what we called "night exhibitions" which consisted only of a vernissage at night without an exhibition lasting any longer.

The first exhibition which followed a certain "line" was the seventh night exhibition with the title "The Red Painting" (paintings the dominating colour of which is red). Encouraged by the publicity which the previous events had raised, we (Mack and myself) published a catalogue magazine called ZERO 1 (April 1958). It contained articles written by some critics and statements of the artists themselves who took part in the exhibition. The main tendency was the purification of colour against the informal and neo-expressionism, the peaceful conquest of the soul by means of calm, serene sensibilisation. The leading articles in the catalogue came from Yves Klein, Heinz Mack and myself. Yves wrote on his monochrome painting, Mack on vibration, and my statement was concerned with the value of colour as light articulation.

The title ZERO was the result of researches lasting for months, and finally found more or less by chance. But from the beginning we looked

upon the term not as an expression of nihilism or a dada-like gag but as a word indicating a zone of silence and of pure possibilities for a new beginning like at the count-down when rockets are started—zero is the incommensurable zone where the old state turns into the new. More important than ZERO 1 may have been ZERO 2 (October 1958). It was published at the occasion of

OTTO
PIENE:

the eighth night exhibition under the title "Vibration". The show consisted of works of five artists mainly devoted to visual movement: Holweck, Mack, Mavignier, Piene, and Zillmann. In ZERO 2 the statements of Mack and myself got to have the serious character of manifestos, Mack's concerned to "quiet and unquiet" and mine to "lightlight". The article of the theorist Fritz Seitz was a profound introduction to our problems. So the first reason why something like a group formed itself was the integration of similar artistic imagination in individual artists who became friends after having met from different parts of Germany (and—after some time—of the world). Another reason

has been my friendship with Mack and our human and artistic neighbourhood which became apparent in his vibrations and my light pattern paintings. In the time after the vibration exhibition we met many artists who intended things related to our work. Most important proved to be our contact to Lucio Fontana whom we look upon since our first personal meetings as something like

The Development
of Group Zero

a spiritual father although he did not influence us directly.

I met Fontana for the first time in 1961. But Mack often saw him before, introduced by Piero Manzoni who since 1959 established many contacts between artists in different countries, especially between Milan and Düsseldorf.

While Fontana's encouragement to us mainly was a human impulse, another "temptation" came from Max Bill who in 1960 included us in his show "konkrete kunst". But most of us (except Mavignier who had been Bill's student) succeeded in remaining on their feet as artists who do not want their spirit (and sensation) being overwhelmed by brain or even intellectual visual research. One of our

most important aims proved to be the attempt of reharmonizing the relation between man and nature—nature offering enormous impulses from the elements and their vast materialisations: The sky, the sea, the arctic and the desert, air, light, water, fire as means of expression and form—not putting the artist into the position of a fugitive from the "modern world", no, the artist using means of actual technical invention as well as those of nature.

The proportion nature—man—technical world was one of the leading subjects of ZERO 3 published in July, 1961. It was devoted to about 20 artists among whom the homage à Fontana and the statements of Yves Klein, Jean Tinguely, Arman, Spoerri, Mack and myself may have been most influential.

Yves Klein had perhaps been the real motor in provoking a "ZERO movement". His personal influence as our friend and his artistic power may have set loose our activity in 1957 towards ZERO, even if our personal tendency in light and visual movement as vibration and the struggle between light and darkness had only a loose connection to his ambitions. His influence, however, came from his personal genius and his universal attitude towards purification.

Perhaps the most important "ZERO" exhibition took place at the Henneshuis in Antwerp in March, 1959. It was organised by Pol Bury, Paul van Hoeydonck and Jean Tinguely assisted by Daniel Spoerri. The exhibition had no title but the theme of the

catalogue was the Moholy term "Vision in motion—motion in vision". The participants were a.o. Bury, v. Hoeydonck, Yves Klein, Mack, Munari, Piene, Uecker, Soto, Tinguely.

In July 1959 I organised, together with Mack, another Exhibition of that type in Wiesbaden, entitled "dynamo 1". It was opened the night before the start of "documenta 2" and became the first of our exhibitions in Germany which stirred the common feeling on tachism etc, and gave an impression of the chances for harmony between sensibility and mental control (or even identity in them).

Since the beginning of 1959 Mack and myself had repeated meetings with Jean Tinguely whose rousing talks enforced our activity and gave an impulse to motorize our light objects. Since 1959 we worked for the compilation and publication of ZERO 3. After it had come out ("ZERO edition exposition demonstration" Galerie Schmela, Düsseldorf, July 1961), an ever increasing number of ZERO "happenings" and exhibitions took place, mostly organised by Mack and myself, sometimes, in Italy, by Manzoni and Castellani, or, in Holland, since 1961 the "Dutch informal group" changed its direction and approached ZERO, by Peeters and Armando (who in 1962 fixed a new name of their group—"nul" (ZERO)—and settled spiritually in our neighbourhood). Peeters was one of the organisers of the "NUL" exhibition in the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in March 1962.

About 1960 two tendencies within

the spirit of the artists who had taken part or been interested in ZERO events proved to develop clearly: the idealistic (occasionally romantic) trend willing to provoke an alteration of objects and man from the dark to the bright (later on emphasized in the ZERO, THE NEW IDEALISM manifesto of Mack, Piene, Uecker in Berlin and Brussels)—and the New Realism (Nouvelle Réalisme) of the late Yves Klein, Tinguely, Arman, Spoerri—in some way parallel to pop art in America.

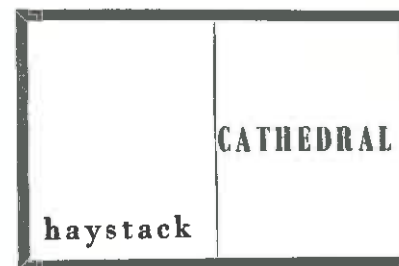
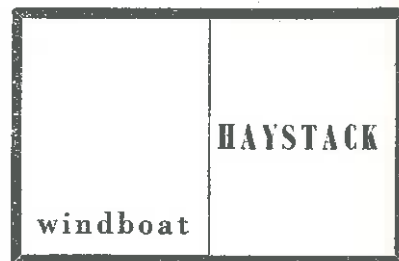
By that time (about 1961/62) many other groups, especially in Europe, were founded which felt either attraction or hate-love to ZERO, such as the Yugoslav group in Zagreb, gruppo t and gruppo n in Milan and Padua, the groupe des recherches d'art visuel in Paris (which also comes from the Vasarely line), the academic kinetists in Munich (with their ambitious foreman v. Graevenitz), "Nouvelles tendances", the kinetic centre of Medalla and Salvadori in London, etc.

Since the end of 1961 Uecker began to work close to myself and Mack, and in 1962 we did our first collaboration: the "salon de lumière" (light saloon) in the Stedelijk Museum. Up from that time we—besides ZERO exhibitions at various places—had several exhibitions together: in Brussels (Palais des Beaux Arts); Museum Haus Lange in Krefeld; in Berlin; The Hague (Gemeente-Museum); in London (McRoberts and Tunnard); at documenta 3. Mack's and Uecker's work to-day is more concerned with light itself while I myself try to

penetrate darkness by means of smoke and fire on the one hand and projectors on the other. While Mack longs to alter vast landscapes I myself try to influence the "human landscape" by the light ballet and my plays.

Mack, Uecker and I myself now form, let's say, the "inner circle" of Z E R O (which is no group in a definitely organised way—there is no president, no leader, no secretary—there are no "members", there is only a human relation between several artists and artistic relation between different individuals. The partners in Z E R O exhibitions are always changing. There is no obligation of taking part, no "should" or "must"—(one of the reasons, I think, why Z E R O is still rising)—we are fond of collaboration and occasionally doing team-work (Mack, Piene, Uecker, "light-mills") but we are at the same time convinced that team-work is nonsense if it tries to be alternative to or to rule out individuality or personal sensibility. For me the essence of team-work is the chance for a synthesis of different personal ideas. This synthesis might be richer than the few ideas which a single artist usually is able to investigate.

We try to keep faithful in our conception of giving more beauty to "the world" without killing our spirit by fixed terms of a program and believing that we might be alpha and omega. We try to work in our Z E R O zone and at the same time remain open to the zero zones which "the world", man, and nature offer us in permanence.



do not present the techniques I use in writing as a solemn new literary movement but rather as amusing exercises so introducing Lady Sutton-Smith who 'haunted' as she put it a villa in the Marshan (Tangier) overlooking the sea, Lady Sutton-Smith trailing spectral bouganvillia and thin stray cats: 'I think of writing as something that is fun to do. Out here we have to make our own fun you know crippled with arthritis I hardly walk so I write my walks. I write my walks in columns.'

Every day her servant went to the market to buy food and Lady Sutton-Smith wrote the walk before she sent her servant, wrote what he would see, who he would meet and what would be said. She plotted and timed his walk on her map of Tangier. ('Now he is just here by the bouganvillia where the old junky doctor used to live'). When her servant returned from the market she questioned him to see how close she had come and entered the corrections in a separate column. Then she filled a third column with cross column readings and observations. . . ledgers she kept stacked up in a dusty room each page divided neatly in three columns. Lady Sutton-Smith is here to answer your questions. Please remember she also has stray cats to feed, that she must organize benefit slave auctions for the S.P.C.A. and the Anti-Fluride Society and teach a class in flower arranging at the leprasarium which is another of the civic things she did.

'Cut ups? but of course. I have been a cut up for years and why not? Words know where they belong better than you do. I think of words as being alive like animals. They don't

like to be kept in pages. Cut the pages and let the words out. Sometimes I take all my old Tuesday walks and fill a column on some future Tuesday with old Tuesday cut ups and see how close that comes when I get there. You would be surprised how I can write a future Tuesday from old Tuesday cut ups or any other day as well I use pictures too in my books. . . Oh not just any picture. . . The picture. . .

W. S. BURROUGHS:

Now back on a 1957 Sunday I wrote: 'An old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark St. 'The Priest' they called him'. . . And just here is a picture from Newsweek, May 18, 1964. . . plane wreck. . . the priest there hand lifted: 'Last rites for 44 airliner dead including Captain Clark (left).' Left an old junky on North Clark St. dim jerky far away Lady Sutton-Smith Lady Sutton-brings you an article I wrote once for the uplift magazines. . . My Advice to Young Writers: I had an old city editor once who used to tell his young reporters: 'You will never get anywhere sitting on your dead tail. Go out and get that story. Go out and get that picture. Not just any story. Not just any picture. The story. The picture. . .' And that goes

double for young writers. . . Now look at your typewriter. Your words spelt out whose words? . . . phantom tape playing over your typewriter, sad muttering voices looking for a role. Listen and record. Before you can write you must learn to listen. Now look beyond your typewriter. Pick up your soft typewriter and walk. Sit down in a cafe somewhere drink a coffee read the papers and listen

The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith

don't talk to yourself. ('How do I look? What do they think of me?') Forget me. Don't talk. Listen and look out as you read (Any 'Private Eye' knows how to look and listen as he rather ostentatiously reads The Times). . . Note what you see and hear as you read what words and look at what picture. These are intersection points. Note these intersection points in the margin of your paper. Listen to what is being said around you and look at what is going on around you. Cast yourself as a secret agent in constant danger of assassination or enemy torture chambers all your senses on total alert sniffing quivering down streets of fear like an electric dog this is an amusing little literary exercise bringing to the writer what

he needs namely: Action. Camera. You will find that a walk, a few errands, a short trip will provide pages of copy when you learn to look listen and read. Yes how many of you know how to read? Look at Time or Newsweek. Hold a page up to the light and see what is on the other side. Just here in Newsweek, July 6, 1964 page 5 is a picture of a loaf of bread in some obscure way advertising Esso Petroleum Co. On the other side page 6 is devoted to Banking Service American Express. Now 'bread' in hip lingo used by old time 'Yegg Men' means money. How many of you saw that money behind the 'bread'? When you read a novel look and listen out. I recently took *The Quiet American* by Mr. Graham Greene on a short trip from Tangier to Gibraltar so sitting in the saloon of the Mons Calpe cold mist outside fog horns blowing I read 'Pyle looked dreamily at the milk bar across the street. 'Was that a grenade?' he said' No that was not a grenade. That was a fog horn. . . cold mist through the milk bar. (Note in the margin). Now look around and see if you can find 'Pyle' in the saloon. Yes there he is. . . bottle of beer. . . quiet American eyes. So take any book on a trip and make a reading diary. Now arrange your reading diary in one column. In another column the so called events: arrivals and departures. . . hotels. . . ('I wondered peevisly if I might not find every hotel on the Rock full of Swedes'). . . incidents. . . (waiter there with the wrong wine). In a third column enter all the thoughts and memories stirred by the trip. . . Tangier Gibraltar. . . Gibraltar Tangier. . . 'Captain Clark welcomes

you aboard. . . Set your clocks forward an hour. . . Set your clocks back an hour. . .' Now read cross column and see what an interesting trip you have made and how much there is to write about really because any intersection point in present time contains all your past times and maybe your future time as well. . . What's that? I'm a little hard of hearing. . . Oh no of course you don't use all your cross column readings any more than you use all your cut ups or fold ins. You only use the ones that fit you know. Yes it is a lot of work picking them out and putting them just here in the right place. I have often thought much of the opposition to cut ups was perhaps a premonition of the amount of work and precision required to use them properly. So look at a page you have written and move the lines around why not? Read from line one down to line anything: 'I do not present just any picture. . . All your senses on 'Milk Bar Alert' you can write on North Clark St. intersection points. . . The 'Priest' there, quiet hand lifted brings you my advice to young writers. . . Forget me from old Tuesday intersection points. . . I on the other side. . . sad muttering voices. . . a few errands. . . An old junky writes in the margin dim jerky far away Get that picture? You know how to read behind a novel? Future fog across arrivals and departures? Smell of ashes rising from the typewriter? Fear like this is an amusing literary exercise put away in some remote file: *The Nova Police Gazette*. Yes I keep all my papers in files and the title of the file tells me what is there already and what belongs there. Inspector J.

Lee of *The Nova Police* like everyone who does a job works to make himself obsolete. I keep files on all my characters with identikit pictures. When I see a picture in a newspaper or magazine that seems to have something of Doctor Benway, A. J. or Inspector J. Lee I cut it out and return it to the appropriate file with all the intersection readings from novels newspapers and magazines its all here in the files stacked up in a dusty room and that's about the closest way I know to tell you and papers rustling across city desks. Always tell my young reporters: : 'Get the name and address.' Lady Sutton-Smith returned to a cool Sunday file. Fresh southerly winds stir papers on the city desk.

Note: The first cut ups were made by Mr. Brion Gysin Summer of 1960 and appeared in *Minutes To Go* September 1960. There are many ways to do cut ups: 1. Take a page of text and draw a line down the middle and cross the middle. You now have four blocks of text 1 2 3 4. Now cut along the lines and put block 1 with block 4 and block 2 with block 3. Read the rearranged page. 2. Fold a page of text down the middle lengthwise and lay it on another page of text. Now read across half one text and half the other. 3. Arrange your texts in three or more columns and read cross column. 4. Take any page of text and number the lines. Now shift permutate order of lines 1 3 6 9 12 ecetera. There are of course many other possibilities. A throw of the words gives you new combos. Selection and use is up to the writer.

AG poetry scene 1964 begins 1st decade post concrete—motorised poems — concrete world already existed waiting eugen gomringer's entry 1953 (cf 1st internat expo concrete art (basel 1944) and concrete art 50 years of development (zurich 1960) both organized by gomringer's friend max bill) w/ noun poem *avenidas y mujeres* and near entry of augusto de campos w/ his *poetamenos* unpoems — earlier beginnings — the 1949 *peter fison* resistentialist poem by peter fison (nowly rector of padworth college)—or series of asemantic poems typed w/ brian fothergill for WO 1945 my earliest typestracts—or our wordless plays then—true poesia concreta world only got viably geboren in mental symbiosis at ulm meeting 1955 gomringer plus pignatari (one w/ augusto & haroldo de campos of the brazil noigandres)—isolation the antibiotic w/ all poets come to concrete out of other scenes—hence founding of *international movement of spatial poetry* by pierre garnier paris 1963— & *international kinetic poetry fund* by mike weaver cambridge 1964 that makes the poet-artist hookup in kinetics desiderated typographica-8

c.1960 gomringer started *kp* (10 nos so far)—has pbd diter rot / oswald wiener/claus bremer/ferreiro gullar/ jose lino grünewald / ronaldo azeredo / kitasono katue / wladimir dias pino / theon spanudis / haroldo & augusto de campos / decio pignatari / friedrich achleitner / gerhard rühm / carlo belloli / emmett williams / next ? number british (em / ihf / dsh &c)

increase borderblurs inter art-art & artist-public & mind-unmind & non-nonnnon / "supercool aesthetic of

nothingness" / concrete spatial 4-D kinetic—these 3 ambiguities as creativity now—not art-poem as creationis imitatio (to copy outside-inside worlds / nature / impressions of nature / soul-psyche-subconscious) —but artist-poet as imitator creatoris (cf vat-2 liturgy constitution §.127)—art & poetry towards the ex-nihilo—poems not copies of but additions to the self-diversifying cosmos poem—hence egoless involvements w/ ch'an-zen / communication problems / shrunkearth end / classless non-

DOM SYLVESTER HOUÉDARD:

bossmanship & anarchy—4-D poetry logically closes 1st cent modern art from 1863 napoleon III *salon des refusés*—& logically postwittgenstein treats language as *matter*.

poems looked *at* not *thru*—not clean-window poems to poet mindscape—poems that *sound* poemly not just hmv—this defined 1st decade concrete (static / dynamic / kinetic)—postexpressionist/afterbeat poets had no new private messages to impose—were/are concerned abt now started vol-II of human history—decompartmentalised planetarised & offtheearth—language épuration overdue—national languages overanómolous in global village kulchur—containment of newsociety builtin divine madness—hence un-un &

cool nothing paradada (surdada) outgrowing sticky fears of inner néant—1954 in france post métapoésie of altagor post lettrisme & post ultra-lettres of the hépériles éclatés—& independently—came bernard heidsieck & henri chopin—audiopoesie—taped verbophonics—vocal noisic on bande magnétique — also sound-poems in aristophanes / schwitter's tradition— brekekekex to **W** — barriers scramble between all visual (static / kinetic) arts & eyeverse—between all aural arts (all-human like

paradada

control of 3 parametjers in EM like content of audiopome / part-human like systematic-stochastic selecting &/or collage of data) & earverse—photophon barrier scramble in eyear is next yabyumwardly poetstep

nonautonomy of any art—simultaneity (in arts of arts of artists)—this spacetimecontinuum consciousness—nonpressionism unpressionist — all make current scenery & matrix of todailiness in creativity & poésis & point where now drips thru surrealist/sottoconscious hairsieve in épuration of presurreal—satori letgo of freudian *moi*—lowtemperature serene (no épater-the-bourgeois) ch'an-zen of supercool *je* nothingness — suchly identification & distinction dada / paradada—consciousness of antece-

dents in & sobornost w/ ball-tzara 1916 &c has been plutôt formative—fi hausmann arp albertBiro artur petronio in *OU?* (ex 5e-saison) w/ chopin / brion gysin / jn furnival/ ihf / jn sharkey &c—pierre garnier's review *les lettres* aims at centering spatialists everywhere see manifesto *position-I* current number (plus *réponse* by chopin—both trans in *link*) signed by 26 poets on 101063 from austria belgium brasil czechoslovakia england finland france germany holland japan portugal scotland switzerland usa—mario chamie / carlfriedrich claus / jh finlay / fujitomi yasuo / jn furnival / i & p garnier / eugen gomringer / b grögerova / j hirsal / a hollo / s houédard / e jandl / kitasono katue / f van der linde / e m de melo e castro / frans mon / edwin morgan / ladislav novak / herbert read / toshihiko schimizu / lc vinholes / p de vree / emmett williams / jonathan williams / plus (partially) f kriwet—totals 6 from britain & 2 usa—w/ it read brasilian *pilot plan* manifesto (eng trans in *cleft*) since it was augusto de campos made suggestion to garnier —poetries mentioned *position-I* can tabulate as *concrete* & *visual* (aesthetic structures doing to language & words as much as / more than / or instead of *thru* them) / *phonetic* & *phonic* (vocal noisic processed on tape—& pretape verbophonics) / *cybernetic serial* & *permutational*—ie eyeverse (painted printed typed filmed &c) / earverse (soundpoems—audiopoesies—overflow into EM) / mindverse (or analytical) this analytical poetry of communication theory & language mechanism doyenied by stuttgart group—max bense / franz mon / härig / henneberg / dœhl / plus heissenbuttel & (vienna)

jandl—crossfertilises w / noigandres (de campos bros / pignatari / azeredo / grünewald / edgard braga / ferreiro gullar / marcelo moura / wladimir dias pino / pedro xisto / manuel bandeira) who combine now their own (musical typographic semantic sociological) original inspiration w/ the concreta pura of gomringer (now deepening in his current work to phan ch'i-like crystalline contemplativities) & the stuttgart technische hochschule where haroldo is 1964 lecturing

the brazilian non-noigandres post-neoconcrete praxis group (mario chamie / cassiano ricardo / a-c cabral / yone fonseca / armando freitas filho) aim to humanise stuttgart make poem-making poems (of sharkey's bristol poem-kit) — controlled-stochasms—rubbersheet poetry—synthesis of the eye-ear-cybernetic trinity of spatialist manifesto

spatialist humour from prague—josef hirsal / b grögerova *job-boj* (& ladislav novak's phonetics)—current developments of japan's *VOU* & *SENTO* groups (kitasono katue / fujitomi yasuo / toshihiko schimizu / niikumi seiichi / lc vinholes) so far close to gomringer / noigandres concreta pura will manifest in ?next no of *les lettres* —hans g helms germany has got known to gb manyways eg thru *neudepartures* —josua reichert paralleling furnival thru jasia reichardt in typographica—the poet-typographer cloisons evaporatè—not only in ihf's poettypography but in eg bruno munari / pierre fauchaux / edward wright (& *first things first* manifesto signatories—furnivals *openings* / *unfolders* a response to that appeal)—in spain one (young fine) known concretist enrique uribe

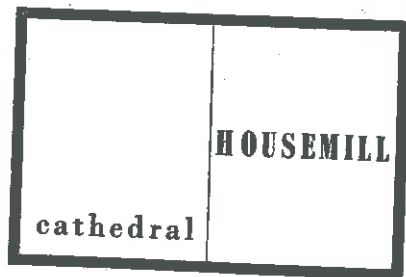
finally great britain—1st eye-concrete pbd was scotland 1963 by ihf in his *POTH* & fishsheet (moura / xisto / a de campos / hendry / hollo / morgan / ihf / jonathan williams / mary solt)—in england was ihf pbd in aylsford review 1963—still not quite everywhere apart from fi j & b advts in punch 1962 & current pp run-proof leg in tatler (both uncredited) it is ± level w/ syntactic olson-zukofsky &c. blackmountaineer as felt influence here tho various lacks not muns only hold some advances frustratingly up — 1962 Edwin morgan / ian h finlay / anselm hollo / myself all came to concrete directions out of different places thru TLS letter 250562 on *international movement* from de melo e castro in re article *poetry prose & the machine* TLS 040562—sir herbert read (vocal avowals 1962) / jn furnival / jn sharkey independently — stefan themerson had preceded us w / starpoems in bayamus 1949—then (ear-concrete) wm stone / margaret lothian / charles cameron / mike weaver — thru gomringer contact w/ L garnier—thru him w/ chopin & 5e saison now *OU?* group & links w/ dada & otherways w/ eg locus solus poets harry mathews / rbt lax / emmett williams / brion gysin (hallucinating stroboscopic giftpoem in olympia-2 ?first step to mechanized poetry : machine poem fi *i am* w/ geo macBeth) / wm burroughs (cf poem silent sunday in budd / burroughs / brown peinture-poésie-musique rencontre at stadler mars-avril 64)—projects in gb include kinetic — fi ihf's poemorama — sharkey's wordfilm—an *OU?* film w/ chopin audiotrack to my typestract—furnival's abacuspoem — weaver's

motorized BOMBpoem edwin morgan's motorizables—the courier 1963 *movement in art* article & RCA 1964 *random/planned art in motion* expo helped dissolve luminodynamist-poet frontier over—here—1st ? moving poem furnival's origami mobilization of FROG-POND-PLOP*—cf too his deviltrap & priesthole & deckchair poems sharkeys scrollpoems my unfolds & space-invasions by fi diter rot's boks & bruno munari's mobile paperfolds—vis-à-vis kinetic (& dynamic) artists are fi aubertin / boto / pol bury / calder / jn healy / hoenich / michael kidner / gyula kosice / frank j malina / group MU paris / group N padua / julio le parc / bridget riley / nicholas schoeffler / sobrinio / j r soto / steele / group T milano / v tarkis / jn tinguely / gregorio vardangea / victor de vasarély / yavaral / &c june 1964 foundation of international kinetic poetry fund at cambridge by mike weaver & hookup w/ popper schoeffler malina &c—& planned ?autumn expo cambridge—plus?osiris expo oxford—3 autumn bbc-3 talks

first decade wasnt that art (concrete 4-D kinetic) edged thru gutenbergs galaxy to poetry but that poets as poets completed the scene

2nd decade 64-74 shaping to total fusion poet-painter-player in brain-controlled machine creation (l'important c'est d'avoir vaincu la machine—sleeve to 1st OU? disk)—coexistential scramble man/tool barrier like to electronic tautology in clunk of innerlit poesie.

*my translation of matsuo bashō's haiku *furu ike ya | kawazu tobikomu | mizu no oto*—also cf morgan's motorizables.



I am wary of any didactic program for the arts, and yet I cannot ignore the fact that poetry, in my own terms of experience, obtains to an unequivocal order. What I deny, then, is any assumption that that order can be either acknowledged or gained by intellectual assertion, or will, or some like intention to shape language to a purpose which the literal act of writing does not itself discover. Such senses of pattern as I would admit are those having to do with a preparatory ritual, and however vague it may sound, I mean simply that character of invocation common to both prayer and children's games. But it is more relevant here to make understood that I do not feel the usual sense of *subject* in poetry to be of much use. My generation has a particular qualification to make of this factor because it came of age at a time when a man's writing was either admitted or denied in point of its agreement with the then fashionable concerns of 'poetic' comment. William Carlos Williams was, in this way, as much criticized for the things he said as for the way in which he said them. I feel that 'subject' is at best a material of the poem, and that poems finally derive from some deeper complex of activity.

I am interested, for example, to find that "automatic or inspirational speech tends everywhere to fall into metrical patterns" as E. R. Dodds notes in his *The Greeks and the Irrational*. Blake's "Hear the voice of the Bard" demands realization of a human phenomenon, not recognition of some social type. If we think of the orders of experience commonly now acknowledged, and of the incidence of what we call *chance*, it must be seen that no merely intellectual program can find reality, much less admit it, in a world so complexly various as ours has proved.

Recent studies in this country involved with defining the so-called creative

personality have defined very little indeed, and yet one of their proposals interests me. It is that men and women engaged in the arts have a much higher tolerance for disorder than is the usual case. This means, to me, that poets among others involved in comparable acts have an intuitive apprehension of a coherence which permits them a much greater admission of the real, the phenomenal world, than those otherwise placed can allow. Perhaps this is little more than what Otto Rank said some time

ROBERT CREELEY: Sense of Measure

ago in *Art and Artist* concerning the fact that an artist does die with each thing he does, in so far as he depends upon the conclusion of what possibilities do exist for him. Paradoxically, nothing can follow from that which is altogether successful. But again this risk is overcome—in the imagination—by trust of that coherence which no other means can discover. It would seem to me that occasional parallels between the arts and religion may well come from this coincidence of attitude, at least at times when philosophy or psychology are not the measure of either.

Lest I be misunderstood — by 'religion' I mean a basic *visionary* experience, not a social order or commitment, less a moral one. Gary Snyder tells me that the Indians consider the experience of visions a requisite for attaining manhood. So they felt their enemy, the whites, not men, simply that so few of the latter had ever gained this measure of their own phenomenality. In this sense I am more interested, at present, in what is *given* to me to write apart from what I might

intend. I have never explicitly known—before writing—what it was that I would say. For myself, articulation is the intelligent ability to recognize the experience of what is so given, in words. I do not feel that such a sense of writing is 'mindless' or 'automatic' in a pejorative way. At the end of *Paterson* V Williams writes:

—learning with age to sleep my life away:

saying
The measure intervenes, to measure
is all we know. . .

I am deeply interested in the act of such *measure*, and I feel it to involve much more than an academic sense of metric. There can no longer be a significant discussion of the meter of a poem in relation to iambs and like terms because linguistics has offered a much more detailed and sensitive register of this part of a poem's activity. Nor do I feel measure to involve the humanistic attempt to relate all phenomena to the scale of human appreciation thereof. And systems of language—the world of discourse which so contained Sartre *et al.*—are also for me a false situation if it is assumed they offer a modality for being; apart from description. I am not at all interested in describing anything.

I want to give witness not to the thought of myself—that specious concept of identity—but, rather, to what I am as simple agency, a thing evidently alive by virtue of such activity. I want, as Charles Olson says, to come into the world. Measure, then, is my testament. What uses me is what I use, and in that complex measure is the issue. I cannot cut down trees with my bare hand, which is measure of both tree and hand. In that way I feel that poetry, in the very subtlety of its relation to image and rhythm, offers an intensely various record of such facts. It is equally one of them.

i am, or rather was, a member of the wiener gruppe. this working collective no longer exists, having resolved itself into friendly contacts and occasional collaborations. the group came into being in 1952. its members at that time were hans carl artmann (born 1921), gerhard rühm (born 1930) and myself (born 1932). we were subsequently joined by oswald wiener (born 1935) and friedrich achleitner (born 1930). our intensest period of collaboration was from 1954 to 1959. a large number of collaborative works date from then, and arose from the most varied combinations of two, three or four of us. our individual works, however, also began to manifest a common style; this was indeed the aim. together we tackled the same themes from different aspects or according to different principles, tested out formal possibilities, discovered new methods and applied them.

the fact that genuine collective works could be produced, and produced as part of our programme and not just as odd byproducts of it: this urge towards anonymity, this self-effacement of the author in favour of collaboration—an attitude influenced

no doubt by our youth—was a major characteristic of our group, and still strikes me as one of the few conceivable justifications for literary co-operation. the vienna group was not so much an economic organization as a laboratory and a test-bench.

o. wiener was particularly keen on anonymity in those days, and as a result our contributions to a possible

KONRAD BAYER:

theatre of the future—presented under the guise of cabaret sketches—appeared under our combined names without any indication of specific authorship (1958, 1959: demonstrations of “facts”, public acts of destruction, exercises in awareness, attempts at total theatre).*

our varied intellectual backgrounds made for fertile mutual influence. for their part oswald wiener, gerhard

rühm and friedrich achleitner aimed at constructive, materially-orientated writing, (harking back to expressionism and the bauhaus, drawing inspiration from wittgenstein’s writings; musical theses, rows, structures, optical presentation; rühm was a musician and composer, achleitner an architect, o. wiener a jazz musician; that was in 1954-55), whereas

artmann and i were more indebted to surrealism, mannerism, black romanticism, or rather to french culture as a whole. in those days we had to master these movements of the past in order to ward off the pre-past that was threatening to engulf us.

rühm and achleitner made contact with gomringer (his publications *spirale*, bern and *concrete poesie* 3, 4 and 10, frauenfeld, switzerland).

The Vienna Group

o. wiener supported them at the time on the theoretical side, but subsequently gave up all attempts in that direction. gerhard rühm and friedrich achleitner can still be counted as concrete poets.

we still sometimes appear together, for instance in the “mobile salon” of galerie situationen 60 in berlin or when producing old collective works like our *kinderoper* (written 1958, performed 1964: achleitner, rühm, wiener and myself).

the final development was the founding of a magazine (edition 62, klagenfurt) devoted strictly to the publication of our works; i was made editor. this meant i could save one or two of my friends’ earlier works from oblivion (including artmann’s “die fahrt zur insel nantucket”, 1954). the magazine subsequently fell victim to technical difficulties.

an anthology devoted to our group will shortly be published by walter-verlag, olten, under the title *die mustersternwarte*. there is also to be a novel, poems and short plays by artmann, as well as my own *der kopf des vitus bering*. for some time now artmann has been living in malmö and rühm in berlin.



To some people a digital computer is a mark of doom: a symbol of Man's increasing servitude to the Machine. To others it is a gigantic multiple switch which, under favourable conditions, operates with the speed of light, but which only too often, e.g. when it gets too hot, will not operate at all. To others again it is puzzle-solving work of the most exhausting possible kind, punctuated by frustrations when the programs fail or 'get bugs'—which is normally.

To all of these, however, the computer is undoubtedly Science. I want to advocate a gayer and yet more creative use of it which is, by definition, Art: a use which, in the hands of a master, might indeed become art itself.

This use is making toy models of language. The models are *toys* because they are small, easy to construct and (so one fondly thinks at the beginning, when constructing them) easy to operate. They are *models* because they are designed to isolate, exaggerate and generate in quantity some feature of speech which normally human beings are not able to isolate; and thus to throw light both on the habits of language-users and on the nature of conceptual thought itself.

Two such toy models have become widely known. The first of these was the program produced by Christopher Strachey, in which he made the Manchester University Computer write love-letters. A typical output of this program was the following:

* DEAR HONEY-DEW
YOU ARE MY GREATEST
WHISKERS MY UTTER
MOONBEAM
YOURS BEAUTIFULLY
MANCHESTER UNI-
VERSITY COMPUTER.

Developing the same idea, Professor Victor Yngve, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, devised a program for generating grammatically correct but semantically randomised sentences, using as a vocabulary and grammatical guide the first ten sentences of Lenski's *Little Train*. The actual sentences were: *Engineer*

MARGARET MASTERMAN:

Small has a little train. The engine is black and shiny. He keeps it oiled and polished. Engineer Small is proud of his little engine. The engine has a bell and a whistle. It has a sand-dome. It has a headlight and a smokestack. It has four big driving wheels. It has a firebox under its boiler. When the water in the boiler is heated it makes steam. The kind of thing which the computer produced was:

* WHEN HE IS PROUD AND
OILED * ENGINEER *
SMALL IS POLISHED
* ITS STEAM IS PROUD OF
WHEELS
* A FIREBOX IS PROUD OF
SMALL
* STEAM IS SHINY

The question whether such sentences as these are or are not nonsense is an extremely sophisticated one. Is

* WHEN HE IS OILED HE IS POLISHED, for instance, nonsense or not?

It will be noted that these two toy models both take English grammar and syntax for granted, but isolate and exaggerate the factor of the wide range of choice which human beings have in the actual sequences of words

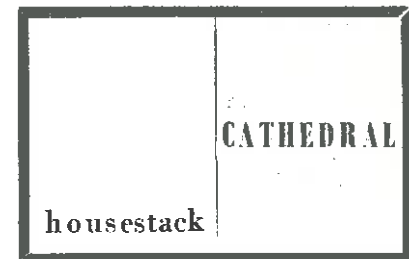
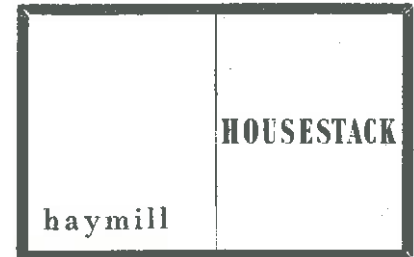
The use of Computers to make Semantic toy models of language

they write or say. The question arises, however, whether we could not make a Toy Model which was semantically constrained but syntactically simplified. For instance, take a set of 12 short questions and 12 short answers from an A.A. phrasebook: e.g. *When does it leave? Are you feeling ill? Where does he live? Down that street. Early next week. I don't know.* Code these questions with semantic classifiers in any way which defines for you the range of sensible answers which the question could have; and conversely for the answers; and then let the computer loose to match questions and answers. Again, judging the result is a sophisticated activity. Is * WHY AREN'T YOU DRESSED? † I THOUGHT I WAS a sensible piece of dialogue or not? And granted that the computer

can thus be made to talk 'sense', with how 'pidgin' a syntax could we get the meaning over?

Once the toy-model-making idea is grasped, endless ideas suggest themselves; and one has to ask "What is the underlying aim behind all this?" Surely what is really being done here is making the computer talk not by painfully teaching it one new word after another, and then how to combine them, but by teaching it to damp down the enormous permutational resources of the whole language so that tolerable conceptual and semantic associations are formed. In other words, the computer does not behave as the child does; it behaves as the drunk poet does. Huge sets of literal and metaphorical word-uses (e.g., from *Roget's Thesaurus*) have been fed into it, and it combines them. But why rely on Roget? Why be so stereotyped? Why not get a real poet to feed unusual strings of synonyms and usual rules of combination into the machine, and then see what sort of sequences come out?

You will say that to use a computer to write poetry is like using a crane instead of a pen to write a letter. This is not so. The computer's advantage is that it does not tire; it can produce an indefinitely large amount of an indefinitely large number of variants of any type of combination of words which the poet may desire to construct. By reading (and analysing, if necessary again with the computer) what it produces we can at last study the complexity of poetic pattern, which intuitively we all feel to exist, if only we were able to grasp it. And this increase of understanding of poetic pattern will, in the end, deepen our mastery of, and understanding of, poetry itself.



In looking over the things I have done over the past few years I can not find any special continuity or even any specific interest. I suspect it is a good thing that everything is up in the air, although I must admit I am not always comfortable with that feeling. I have been making a point recently not to shut out so many things as I used to. Some years ago I had to keep out anything that did not seem appropriate to what I was doing at that moment. All those other things were somehow distractions. Now when a distraction comes along I may take out time to think about it, or write it down, or photograph it, record it, film it, or cast it, or eat it, or something else. As a matter of fact, it seems more and more that distractions are more interesting than anything else.

As I look over the events (EVENTS —not really a very good word) that have concerned me there seem to be a number of ideas that have been of interest. One day I tore up a letter by mistake and later on it seemed that was the only important thing that had happened all week. Since probably that was not the case, I decided it really was, so I remade the letter out of brass and had it chrome plated. That was a piece of sculpture. So I put it into the same kind of mailbox the original letter had been in, so that anyone could open it and find a new kind of letter. Then it was not quite so much a piece of sculpture, especially for those who tried to pry open the metal envelope hoping to find a

letter inside. I also wrote an event for mailbox with the thought that it might be of interest to do it under instruction :

mailbox event
open mailbox
close eyes
remove letter of choice
tear up letter
open eyes

So far I haven't discovered if anyone has really done the mailbox event (except myself). In making the postage stamp for the brass letter I decided in the future to make my own postage stamps since most stamps are not very interesting any more. They once were when I collected them when I was eight years old, especially a Spanish stamp of Goya's Maja. In making the stamps I found I was interested, evidently, in whiskey, W. C. Fields, girls, sheet music, gas cans, sex, pliers, pencils, breasts, alphabet letters, and a number of other things. Some of the stamps have been declared pornographic, a subject that is of some interest to me. I wonder if anything really is. I also made a dollar bill since everyone is interested in money.

Some of the events are just things to think about. Others are actions that can be carried out, sometimes before an audience or persons. Some are actions to be performed in private. Some are instructions for actions, for attitudes, positions, or stances. Some are impossible, some inconsequential. The events to which I refer here are

the ones that are printed on cards and collected in a box. As future ones come along they can be added to the box to form a kind of expandable and changing work. There are also such events in the box, that when the action is taken the event card itself is changed directly; such as the Hospital Events which are explosive. Some events have been composed with an idea of performance in mind.

R. WATTS:

These are more precisely theatre pieces in the sense that they account for an audience, a stage or area, props, lighting, sound, etc. I tend to look upon events as actions of short duration, not necessarily related in any special sense. When a number are done at one sitting (as in Yam Lecture) it is rather like cutting open a string of beads, each bead an event. This may be like, or unlike, a happening where the whole program is scored as a totality. I consider Yam Lecture a chain of events arranged in such a way that the sequence is quite random, no performance exactly like any other, with changing performers, costumes, actions, sounds, words, images, and so on. The "structure" is such that it is very flexible (nearly non-existent) and permits inclusion of anything one wished to do and any possible future

changes. It is a loose and open thing. The audience puts it together the way it wishes or not at all.

Similar ideas were at work in Yam Festival which George Brecht and I carried out last year. In effect this was a mailing to an audience, sometimes randomly chosen, of an assortment of things. Some were event cards similar to the above; others were objects, food, pencils, soap, photos,

In the event

actions, words, facts, statements, declarations, puzzles, etc. Certain ones were by subscription. One might say this way of working is a way or manner of calling attention to what one wishes to talk about; or is a way of talking about it. Or it is a way to hold up for scrutiny a range of material that ordinarily is not so directly useful for art or has not yet been so considered. Some might say it is possible in this way to suggest the relationships among many things, or the non-relatedness of all things, or some other formalistic thinking or theory. Others may feel this is a formal means to cope with or deal with many diverse thoughts, feelings, attitudes and subjects. For me, I am pleased that I can as easily say something about trees as about autos, about birds as about persons. The whole universe of observable phenomena (or even more?)

can be considered as useful, helpful, worthy, or at least there. There is not the problem as there is in painting or other conventional forms, say, where one feels he must make rational formal decisions about what to include or exclude, how this goes with that, what space or color should this and that have, etc. One might argue, however, that these problems are and always have been the proper concern of art and artists. Traditionally this is true, is accepted a priori, and indicates the limiting bonds of tradition, defines what art has been.

In recent times some artists, and not only visual artists but dancers, film makers, and others, have been testing out their thoughts and ideas in their own domain as seen against our recent experience with events, environments, and happenings. It will probably be possible for painters to change the nature of painting if they so wish. I presume it is being done this very minute. It is also possible to invent new forms, new methods, to deal with new ideas. I presume this also is occurring.

Earlier I mentioned that distractions seem to be more and more interesting to me. This suggests that it might be fruitful if everyone thought more about what is distracting to him. Those momentary signals: that barking dog, those greasy smells, a fragment of words, a flushed toilet, that funny hair. How do we decide what is important for art, anyway? When do we decide to do something about it.

HOUSEBOAT WINDMILL

HAYSTACK CATHEDRAL

THE THEORY OF OPPOSITES OR
THE HISTORY OF NOTHING WITH
THE SUPPRESSION OF TALENT
INVOLVING THE WHEEL OF THE
LOCOMOTIVE THE BRAIN OF THE DOG
& CRANK SHAFT OF A SHIP
THE CYLINDER HEAD OF THE AEROPLANE
THE VALUE OF THE OVEN
VARIOUS DOMESTIC ARTICLES
NEW & OLD
AN ARCHITECTURE FROM
TOOLS OF THE CHILD
THE SEARCH FOR ARCH-TYPES
TO AID THE
METALLISATION OF THE ' DREAM
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COMMON
WOODEN CIRCLES, PAPER SQUARES
, INKWEEL 1934, OLD NEWSPAPERS
AND A DICTIONARY OF GUNS.
THE CAMERA RUIND & VIRGIN
A CLOCKWORK MASK LIKE AN EYE /
PALLAS

Poem for Jean Arp

IAN HAMILTON FINLAY

Sále

I've sold out, all I owned, the lot.
Four flights of stairs they came up,
rang the bell twice, out of breath,
and paid down their cash on the floor,
since the table too had been sold.

While I was selling it all,
five or six streets from here they expropriated
all the possessive pronouns
and sawed off the private shadows
of little innocuous men.

I've sold out, all I owned, the lot.
There's no more to be had from me.
Even my last and tiniest genitive,
a keepsake long treasured devoutly,
fetched a good price in the end.

All I owned is sold now, the lot.
My old chairs—I sent them packing.
The wardrobe—I gave it the sack.
The beds—I stripped them, exposed them
and lay down beside them, abstemious.

In the end all I'd owned had been sold.
The shirts were collarless, hopeless,
the trousers by now knew too much;
to a raw and blushing young cutlet
I made a gift of my frying-pan

And all that was left of my salt.

GÜNTER GRASS
Translated by Michael Hamburger.

Large Mural Poem

A C A C A C A C A
R O R O R O R O R
B A B A B A B A B
T S T S T S T S T
T A T A T A T A T
B O B O B O B O B
R C R C R C R C R
A A A A A A A A A

IAN HAMILTON FINLAY

The Wheel

Perpetually he considers the pros and cons
of having himself covered with print
and bound up into a book
since after all he is indistinguishable
from an immaculate sheet of paper.

In place of a heart
he wears a watermark.

He never greets passers-by
and never wants to be greeted
whether with or without a top hat.

Nor does it ever occur to him
to seize a dagger and feel like stabbing
though many experts come
and admire the lovely white sheet of paper.

Many many experts come each day
to hold the lovely white sheet of paper up to the
light

and as soon as they discover the watermark
to shriek as though with a single voice:
the watermark the watermark the wheel!

As soon as the experts discover the watermark
they nearly have kittens
and immediately inflect
as words are inflected.

One and the same expert inflects as a singular
person

as a singular person and as a plural person
in the present past and future.

The admirers are fearless.

All they can think of now is inflect or break
and the wheel.

JEAN ARP

Translated by Michael Hamburger

London Poem

On what is now my news
Went to Finland for a month, it didn't work, it is
A little better here
You don't have to be
Anybody or conform to anything
To anybody's anything
You can own nothing, you don't have to strive
For virtue
Ownership being the one and only virtue
In Finland it didn't work, I was afraid
They would all realize that I have no desire
And no ability to acquire
That virtue
Here, it is a little better
I can always point to the Far North and say
There, there it lies
My virtue, there
I have an apartment a wife and children
Friends and opinions
To influence public opinion
There, I have I have
Pointing to the north I say, I have
And sit here reading
The Economist on "how to expand"
Throw orange peels on the floor, sun shines
A dusty windowpane and almost three o'clock
In the disintegrating world
All of us watching it go, not really caring
I don't really care I light a Woodbine
A woodbine is a woodbine
And how is it with me here, am I happy
What part of me, my fingers, toes
My hair or teeth or that which has remained nameless
Since God was born of a virgin
Lost, cut off, cast in the mold of steeples
Yes I am working
Serenely all day, not waiting
But as I sense the endless, flat city all around me
I become restless
I am waiting
For the flowering of this city and all cities
Take a walk
Underground, between trains
See a woman combing her hair
Looking the way she does she won't change much
A thought
How could I ever
Really say
Anything
At all

PENTTI SAARIKOSKI

Translated from the Finnish by Anselm Hollo

Discobolus

But
before his final throw
someone whispered to him
from behind
—Just a moment,
we still have to discuss this
purely as a matter of form,
—You don't know the situation,
comrade,
In principle we welcome
your initiative,
but you must understand
—We have to insist on
fundamental
agreement
for every throw,
he felt
the soft Sudanese reed
wind round his wrist,
he wanted to cry out
but
his mouth
was suddenly filled
with the candy-floss of the evening sky,
his muscles swelled
like Thessalian granite,
yet
there was really no point in it,
—Forward there,
someone said,
make way, please,
Demosthenes
is to throw now,
and Demosthenes
took a grain of sand from under his tongue
and neatly
flicked it in the other's eye,
—Hurrah, one more
world record,
they shouted,
desperate maddened nameless
Discobolus
again swung down
low from the knees,
but he was
already stone
and saw
only a single
huge grain of sand

from horizon to horizon.
So he stood.
And round the corner
came
the first school excursions
led
by the finest pedagogues,
who referred especially
to the play of the shoulders,
to the courageous human heart
and the proud pace forward
on the way
to eternity.

MIROSLAV HOLUB

Translated from the Czech by Ian Milner

Four stills from "The Poet" (a film)

1

The poet, drunk, is seen
composing a poem to the revolutionaries
of the world.

It is to be a long poem.

While working on p.9 he realizes
that he is stone cold sober:
he stops, goes back,
reads what he has written
starts crossing out words—
lines—sections—
whole pages.

One line remains,
on page five. It says:

the heroes, their mouths full of

It is not
a very good line. Maybe
he only forgot to cross it out.
We cannot
ask him.
He has fallen asleep.

2

*The poet,
asleep;
addresses his friends*

You, my brethren
in the dream:
remember the time of night
we have agreed
to light our pipes of peace

Remember our pact
be gently mad children
at the appointed hour
paint the blue sign
on your foreheads

Knowing each other's rooms
we can then be together
remember
no one must know
our vow not to grow
up in their world

for Tom Raworth

3

*In the morning,
the poet looks out
and sees a quiet residential neighbourhood*

Look at it long enough
talk to it long enough
scream at it long enough
upon you that Rome
and it won't go away
and it will yawn
and it will dawn
was not overthrown
in a day

4

He returns
to bed:
there is,
possibly,
someone
there.

ANSELM HOLLO

Two Poems

War Myths

Three

She ran away.
The second ran away.
The third
got stuck in the door.

One

He ducked under the table
and survived.

Concerning the Revolution of Things

So they revolve.

And revolve.

Their nebulae pierce us.

Try to catch
a heavenly body
one of those
so-called "at hand" . . .

And whose tongue
is satiate with the full flavour
of the Milky Drop of the object ?

And who had the idea
that stupider stars
revolve round the wiser ?

And who thought up
stupider stars ?

MIRON BIALOSZEWSKI.
*Translated from the Polish by Adam
Czerniawski.*

Text
picture

by FRANZ MON

A Dialogue

1. What is the penalty for nostalgia?
2. Ten days in prison or a fine of 50 pounds or both.
3. What is the reward for close scrutiny?
2. A healthy mind in an enamel jug. The reward for unremitting attention to detail is beatification.
4. I was beatified last year, but not for unremitting attention to detail.
1. What were you beatified for?
4. For discovering a new hormone.
3. What does the hormone do?
4. It grows chins on idiots.
1. What's it like being beatified?
4. Fair.
2. What is the penalty for conspiring to overthrow a piece of abstract sculpture?
3. Hormone treatment. The penalty for hope is despair.
1. What's despair like?
3. Like speech. The penalty for speech is space.
4. What is the reward for serious intentions?
2. The same as that for industrious sobriety. The reward for heroism is a piece of old chewing gum.
1. What is the penalty for plotting to enthrone reason?
3. Space. The penalty for visionary foresight is also space.
2. Is there any incentive for elevating the standard of living?

1. Yes, the incentive for elevating the standard of living is a signed volume of Swedish grammar.
4. Who signs the volume?
 1. Edgar Bottle.
 2. Who is Edgar Bottle?
 1. A stevedore who lives in Wapping. The incentive for striving to create heaven on earth is a pat on the back by a trained armadillo.
 3. Who trains the armadillo?
 1. Edgar Bottle. He also trains fossils to reveal the secrets of evolution.

4. What is the reward for fostering evolution?
2. Three rectal suppositories. The punishment for impeding evolution is also three rectal suppositories. In either case they are administered in brisk sequence by a nimble squirrel trained by Edgar Bottle.
4. Who is Edgar Bottle?
 2. The prime minister of the moon. He used to be a bent lawyer in Carlisle, but he was unanimously elected by the seven extragalactic spores which inhabit the moon to be their chief representative.
 3. What is the encouragement given to protecting the innocence of children?
 1. There is no official encouragement given to protecting the innocence of children. Unofficially a squashed rose is sometimes bestowed. These are obtained from the huge, squashed rose nurseries that have recently been established in neuter county by an innocent child called Fanny Pizzle.
 2. Is there any penalty for prolonged observation?
 1. The penalty for prolonged observation is space.
 4. Is there any reward for perpetual vigilance?

3. A kiss from Madeleine Fob.
 1. Who is Madeleine Fob?
 3. A hirsute spinster who lives in Peru. The punishment for genuine originality is life imprisonment.
 1. What is the reward, for penetrating the secrets of the universe?
 2. Evolution. The punishment for evolution is space.
 3. Who administers all rewards and punishments?
 1. Edgar Bottle. Good night.

PAUL ABLEMAN.

from Love Poem

OUR LOVE is watched over by all my masters:
Picabia watches from his catodynamic eye
Max Ernst looks on as impersonally as when he watched
the Virgin Mary spanking the infant Jesus
Guillaume Apollinaire in Piccadilly Bus Station
watches the unlikely couple walking the cold streets
Monk takes his hands off the keyboard and smiles approvingly
The Beatles sing lullabys for our never-to-happen children
Quietly in the shadows of Central Station William Burroughs
sits dunking Pound Cake in coffee waiting for the last connection and sees us through the window
Bartok has orchestrated the noise of the tulips in Piccadilly Gardens for us
Marcel Duchamp has added your photograph to the Green Box
Dylan Thomas staggers into the Cromwell for one last one and waves across to us
Kurt Schwitters smiles as he picks up the two pink bus tickets we have just thrown away
Parker blows another chorus of Loverman for us
Ensor smiles behind his mask
Jarry cycles slowly behind us down Spring Gardens

Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns
Bless the bed we lie upon.

ADRIAN HENRI

Polyglottal Stop

THE parrots were expelled
from their joyous
suburban
cage
to a valley

far
from human
flattery & rage
& when they gave
voice to their exile
the parrots heard
the parrots heard
echoes

& were struck dumb
& no bird heard no word
in a green
old
age

MICHAEL HOROVITZ

Interview

What do you consider your purpose in life ?

I am an absolutely useless person.

What are your political convictions ?

What we have now is fine. The opposition against what we have now is fine. One should be able to imagine a third—but what ?

Your religious belief, if you have any ?

The same as my belief about music: that only the totally unmusical can be musical.

What do you look for in people ? My relationships are unfortunately of little or no depth.

What do you look for in books ? Philosophic profundity ?

Breadth or height ? Epic ? Lyric ?

I look for the perfect circle-form.

What is the most beautiful thing you know of ?

Birds in cemeteries, butterflies on battlefields, something in between, I don't know.

Your favourite hobby ? I have no hobbies.

Your favourite sin ? Onanism.

And to conclude (as briefly as possible):

Why do you write ?

I have no job. Vade retro.

You make puns, also.

Yes !—I make puns, also.

GUNNAR EKELOF

Translated from the Swedish by Robert Bly.

Ezra Pound

Ezra Pound,
in the middle of the Italian town
in a cage, exhibited,
stinking stone underneath him,
stinking horse blanket above him,
freezing, because it's winter,
shivering, with indifference
towards the American soldiers
who jeer at him, spit at him,
kick at him through the bars.
Ezra Pound,
observing the millipede
of boot, pistol, uniform,
U.S. millipede, U.S.S.R. millipede,
Nazi millipede, Nasser millipede,
millipedes without cause, effect,
without premiss, knowledge,
error, rejection of error,
Ezra Pound,
stinking, freezing, shivering,
thinking:
count yourselves lucky
that I'm not writing a poem,
for if I write a poem
and someone interferes
I kill him,
but I am not writing a poem,
cannot write a poem
because I'm asking myself
whether I was wrong,
Ezra Pound,
in the millipede's enclosure,
in the shell of his trial, impugnement.

WOLFGANG WEYRAUCH

Translated by Michael Hamburger.

lachesis lapponica

here it is bright, by the rusty water, nowhere. here,
these are the grey willows, this is the grey grass,
this is the dusky bright sky, here i stand.

(*that is no standpoint, says the bird in my head.*)

here where i stand, that whiteness in the wind is the moor down, look
how it flickers. the silent empty wilderness here is the earth . . .

(*! viva ! cries the dusky bird: ! viva fidel castro !*)

what's castro got to do with it ! (*what have you got to do with it,
with the cotton grass, the hair grass by the dusky water ?*)

nothing, i've nothing, bird, do you hear ? and no bird,
bird, whistles for me. (*that is true.*) leave me in peace.
here i'm not fighting. (*it's a curlew, most likely.*)

over there is north, where it's getting dark, you see,
the moor gets dark very slowly. here i have nothing,
here i have nothing to do. the whiteness up in the north
is the spirits of the north, the moor's bright spirits.

(*this is no standpoint, those are no spirits,
those are birch trees, it shrieks, here nothing happens.*)

that's good. i'm not fighting. leave me. i'm waiting.

in time, very slowly, the bark peels off,
(*it's nothing to me*) and the whiteness there,
the whiteness there under the whiteness, you see,
that i shall read. (*and here, it says, the exact time:
twenty-three fifty.*) here, in the rusty moss.

i believe in spirits (*there's no such thing !*) empty silent wild.
i too am a spirit. and so is that shrieking bird
in my silent head. (*don't say that.*)

we both look northward. midnight. (*on times square
you stand, dead man, i know you, i see you buy,
sell and be sold, it is you, on red square,
on the kurfürstendamm, and you look at your rusty watch.*)

(*it's a curlew, most likely, or else a peewit.
don't say that, get it out of your head.*)

i'll cut off your head, bird. (*it's your own.
! viva fidel ! better dead than red. take a rest ! ban the bomb !
über alles in der welt !*) don't say that. (*you are all that,
says the bird, imagine, you have been that, you are that.*)

how do you mean ? (*in all seriousness, says the bird and laughs.*)
a curlew can't laugh. (*it's yourself, it says,
who are laughing. you'll regret it. i know who you are,
death's head on the kurfürstendamm.*) on the moor.

white, dusky, grey. there are no victories here.
that is the moor down, those are the grey willows,
that is the bright bird against the dusky sky.

now it is midnight, now the bark splits,
(*the exact time :*) it is white, (*zero two minutes*)
there in the mist where it's getting dark, you can read it,
the blank page. the silent empty wilderness.
here nothing happens. (*don't say that.*) here i am.
leave me. (*don't say that.*) leave me alone.

(*are you with me, death's head, and are you dead ?
is it a peewit ? if you are not dead
what are you waiting for ? i'm waiting. i'm waiting.*)

it is on the outermost edge of this plain, marsh grass,
cotton grass, hair grass, where it is dusky already, bird,
(*how do you mean ? do you see ? do you see the white script ?*)

(*coward, it says, good luck. we shall meet again.*)
leave me where all is blank. (*death's head.*)
look how it flickers. (*and the dusky bird
in my head says to itself: it's asleep, that means
it is with me.*)
but i am not asleep.

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER,
Translated by Michael Hamburger,

Two Times Eleven Times Eight

2 piano-keyboard-gamut chance poems

1

would her is from they one and why
no till all that three who a out
like have none though us near so which
than with an shall I thee him yes
or if but he whom will ten thy
this of up since these off you your
can be by at me as it we
for two oh she what their its on
were six through eight nine are them when
was five not am had those his where
in down then now how should the thou

2

thou the should how now then down in
where his those had am not five was
when them are nine eight through six were
on its their what she oh two for
we it as me at by be can
your you off these since up of this
thy ten will whom he but if or
yes him thee I shall an with than
which so near us though none have like
out a who three that all till no
why and one they from is her would

JACKSON MAC LOW

The Computer's First Christmas Card

jollymerry
hollyberry
jollyberry
merryholly
happyjolly
jollyjelly
jellybelly
bellymerry
hollyheppy
jollyMolly
marryJerry
merryHarry
hoppyBarry
heppyJarry
boppyheppy
berryjorry
jorryjolly
moppyjelly
Mollymerry
Jerryjolly
bellyboppy
jorryhoppy
hollymoppy
Barrymerry
Jarryhappy
happyboppy
boppyjolly
jollymerry
merry merry
merry merry
merryChris
ammerryasa
Chrismerry
asMERRYCHR
YSANTHEMUM

EDWIN MORGAN

Extract from a Set of 500 Sentences.

- (378) * SHE IS NEVER COOLED, AND HE IS NO LONGER PAINTED.
(379) * IS SHE HEATED, FUNNY AND PROUD USUALLY.Q
(380) * IT DOESN*T HAVE THE SHINY AND YELLOW HEADLIGHTS BESIDE
HEATED, TRAGIC AND GAY FLAWS AND MACPHERSON BEHIND IT FREQUENTLY.
(381) * HE NEVER MAKES HUNGRY LISTS AND THE BRIGHT ROOFS BELOW
HER FOUR WIDE CHAIRS.
(382) * WHAT IS SHE REPAIRED FOR.Q
(383) * NOT EVEN ABOVE IT DOES IT FIND A NEWSPAPER UNDER IT.
(384) * WHOM DOES IT SEEK.Q
(385) * IS ITS HOT HAND POLISHED ON STOVES.Q
(386) * SHE DOESN*T OPERATE IT, THE SMOKESTACK BELOW ALCOHOL
RARELY MAKES THE GAY AND LONG FIREPLACE UNDER A BLUE PENCIL AND
OIL CAREFUL OF FLAWS, AND THE THIN NEWSPAPER BESIDE THREE SMOKESTACKS
DOESN*T MAKE ITS THIN AND BRIGHT HEADLIGHT LONG, WIRY AND THIN EITHER.
(387) * THE GREEN AND BIG DOOR IN FRONT OF IT IS HOT, POLISHED,
COOL, HUNGRY AND FUNNY NOWHERE.
(388) * WHAT IS COAL COLD FOR.Q
(389) * NOT ONLY ON A ENGINE IS HE WARM.
(390) * WHO IS REPAIRED.Q
(391) * IT IS RARELY COVERED, SMITH IS NEVER PAINTED, AND SHE
IS NEVER HUNGRY AND WIRY EITHER.
(392) * WHAT DOES SHE PUT FOUR WHISTLES BESIDE HEATED RUGS FOR.Q

These computer-generated sentences were produced by Dr. Victor H. Yngve on the principles outlined in his *Random Generation of English Sentences* (Mechanical Translation Group, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Memo 1961-4.)

Transit Landing

woe the earth is tiny in the brochures
to the snackbar waddle development experts
enveloped in travel cheques
the quarantine flag has been hoisted

will herr albert schweitzer
please go to transit information

booked out book-keepers paddle
through glass-lined corridors
to the last judgment
last call for nagasaki

will herr adolf eichmann
please go to transit information

on account of fog the world is closed
on pedal trolleys brides arrive
in shrouds that trail in the wind
the plane is ready to take off

will monsieur godot
please go to transit information

exit b position thirty-two
the nylon voice cries woe upon us
funeral processions flood the runways
sirens blaze in the dark

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER
Translated by Michael Hamburger.

Letter to a French Novelist

S'APORTA:
SO satrap!
O Sparta!
Gars tap.
O, a strap?
A pastor?
Pa Astor?
Ps! Aorta.
Turo sap.
Art soap?
A rat sop
to paras.
O.A.S. trap.
So apart!

—Pat. Roma.

EDWIN MORGAN

The Fisherman

The fisherman who gathers driftweed
from the sea
will return to the sea
(a night with gouged out eyes
in his empty net)
His shalow floating like a shrouded sail
between night and day
will see the last star
quenched in the lonely observatory
on the mountain

DAVID ROKEAH
*Translated from the Hebrew by Bernard
Lewis*



Dadaism and Today's Avant-garde	Raoul Hausmann
Poetry and Theatre	John Arden
Who Are the Situationists?	Jorgen Nash
The Concrete Poets of Brazil	Decio Pignatari
Advance Through Obscenity?	Maurice Girodias
Programmed Art	Bruno Munari
Back to the Wall	Allen Ginsberg
Letters as Picture and Language	Franz Mon
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From a letter	Diter Rot
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The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith	W. S. Burroughs
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