

SCREEN TESTS / A DIARY

GERARD MALANGA and

ANDY WARHOL



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Rutgers Press

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GERARD MALANGA and
ANDY WARHOL

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**To the Roman girl of the shimmering landscape who knows
"I'll be there."**

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Someone moves across the room
and someone is looking
out from the window.

A patrol car circles the block
a few times.

The 45 rpm single continues
to play. The friends gather
at the street corner.

The young boy moves with
difficulty across the bed
toward the kitchen.

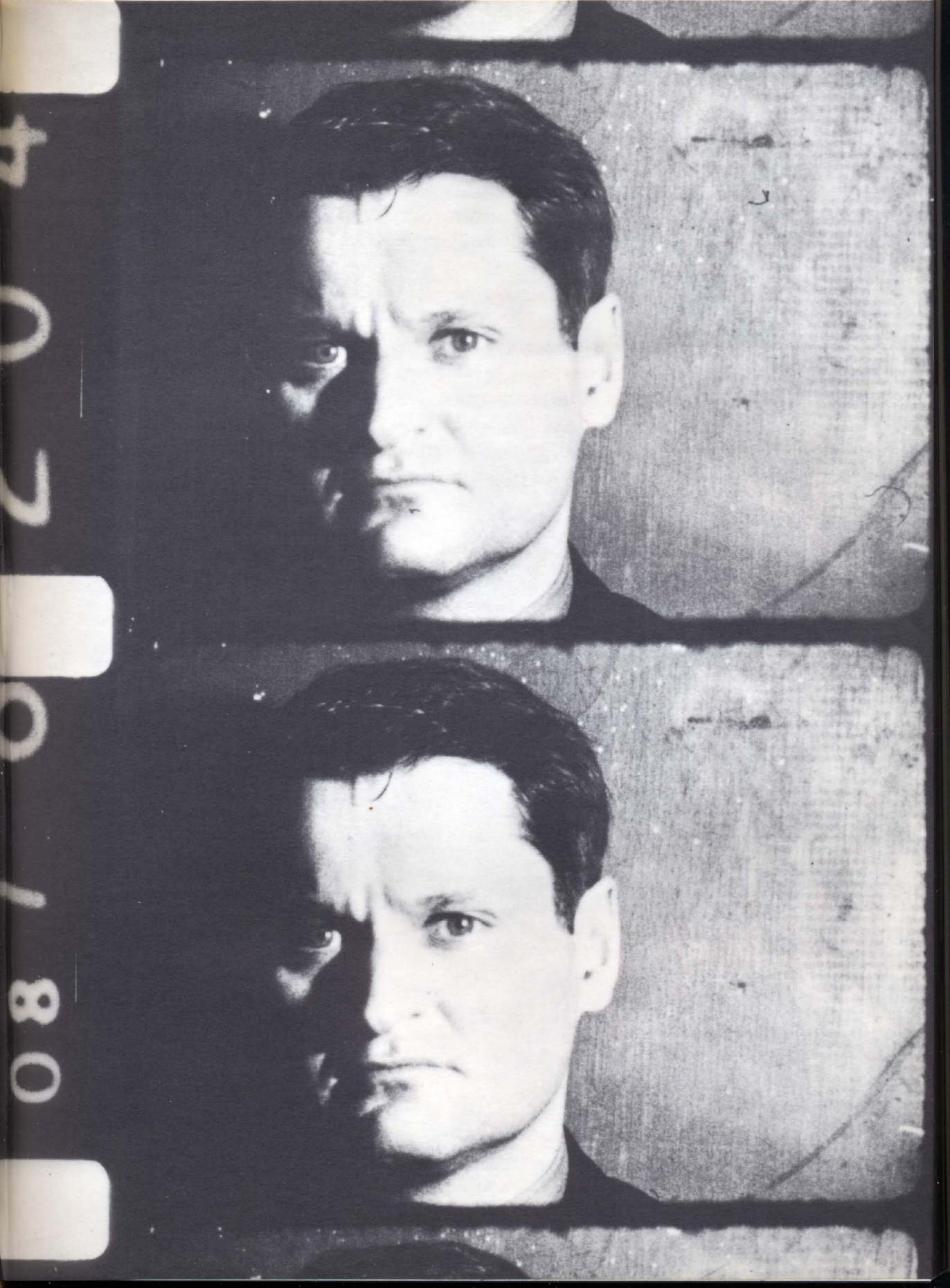
Soon he will be in
the young girl's dream
and he will not know what to do.

8/22/66



What had you been thinking about
the boy wrote in his diary
notebook for no one to read.
You misunderstood how it is not
possible to breathe under
water. I worry, sometimes.
But the Italian
collections for Fall are notable
for some of the newest coats in Europe
you missed
and I thought it was not Spring
to decide the sharp
edge of the cloudburst coming
over the hill. Somehow your fears are
justified in the details turned inside
out of the dream of the friends
who will not stay
behind the wind blowing across your face.

8/22/66



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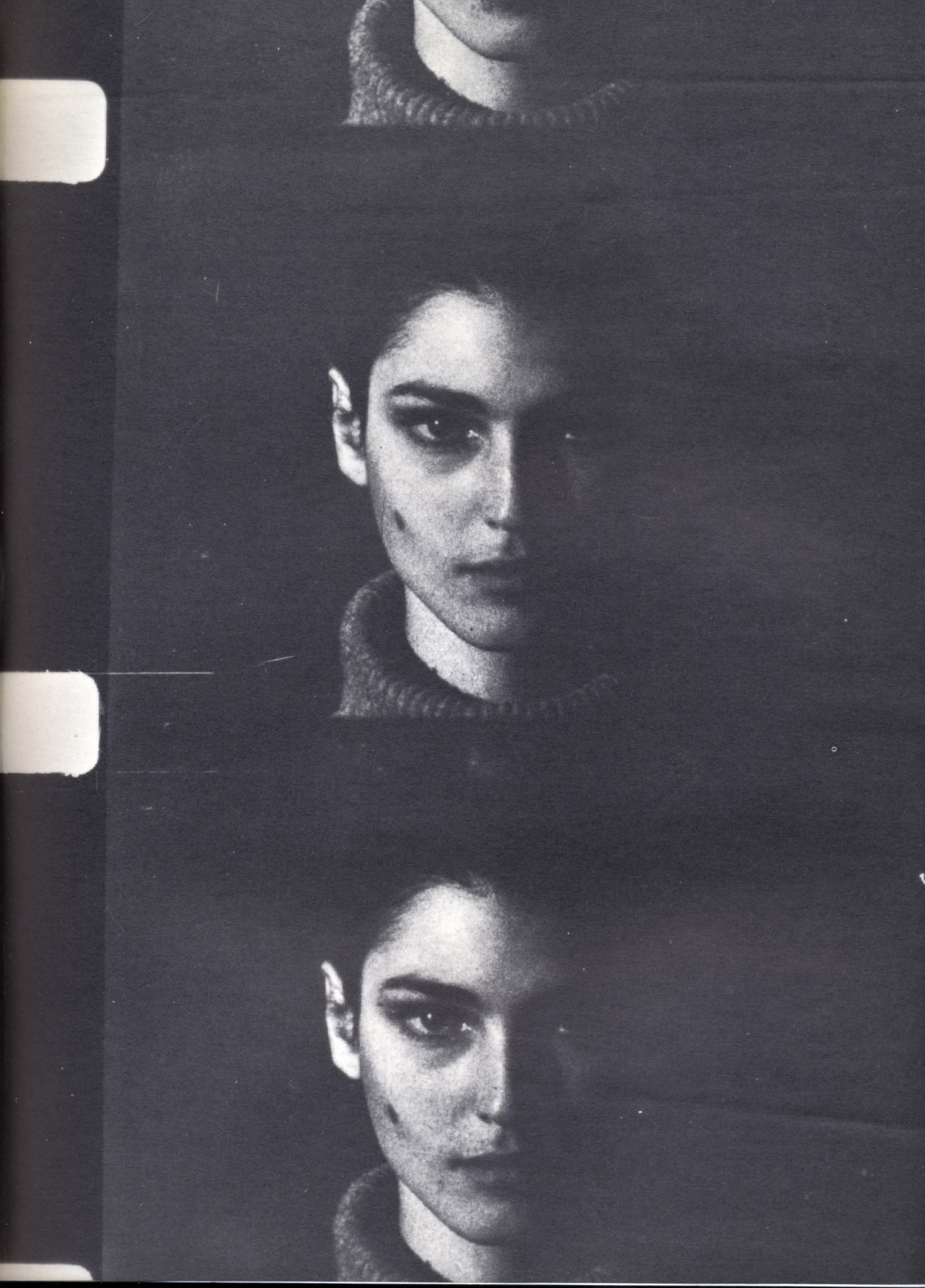
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Are the relationships between the swapped destinies
what light does on the torn page of the italicized text?
Then, do we inquire into the nature of the good
looks, since knowledge is a sweeping word that embraces
numerous different kinds of statements and claims?
Efficacious grace is followed by the effect for which it is
intended and the friends are capable of occupying
space whom we attribute our activities and emotions to
for reasons which function
beyond their inherent limits.

Perhaps it isn't the same thing as explaining
what it is which involves our presence,
which involves the rain falling, which
involves inexhaustible repetition. Nevertheless
immortality of the soul is a gift and not intrinsic.

8/28/66



These entries grew out of "today
not much happened." The friends are
the product of the present
state of the imagination
machine burning, though this is only
one situation of an impression
we are left with in the day
dream whose result is replaceable.
There was the ocean and the sound
track of a film
being mixed. The friends were holding their own
meeting in the daylong sunlight.
There is the possibility of flying
fragments from heaven. But someone pays
no attention to the fact that
there is no longer any peace to be had.

8/26/66



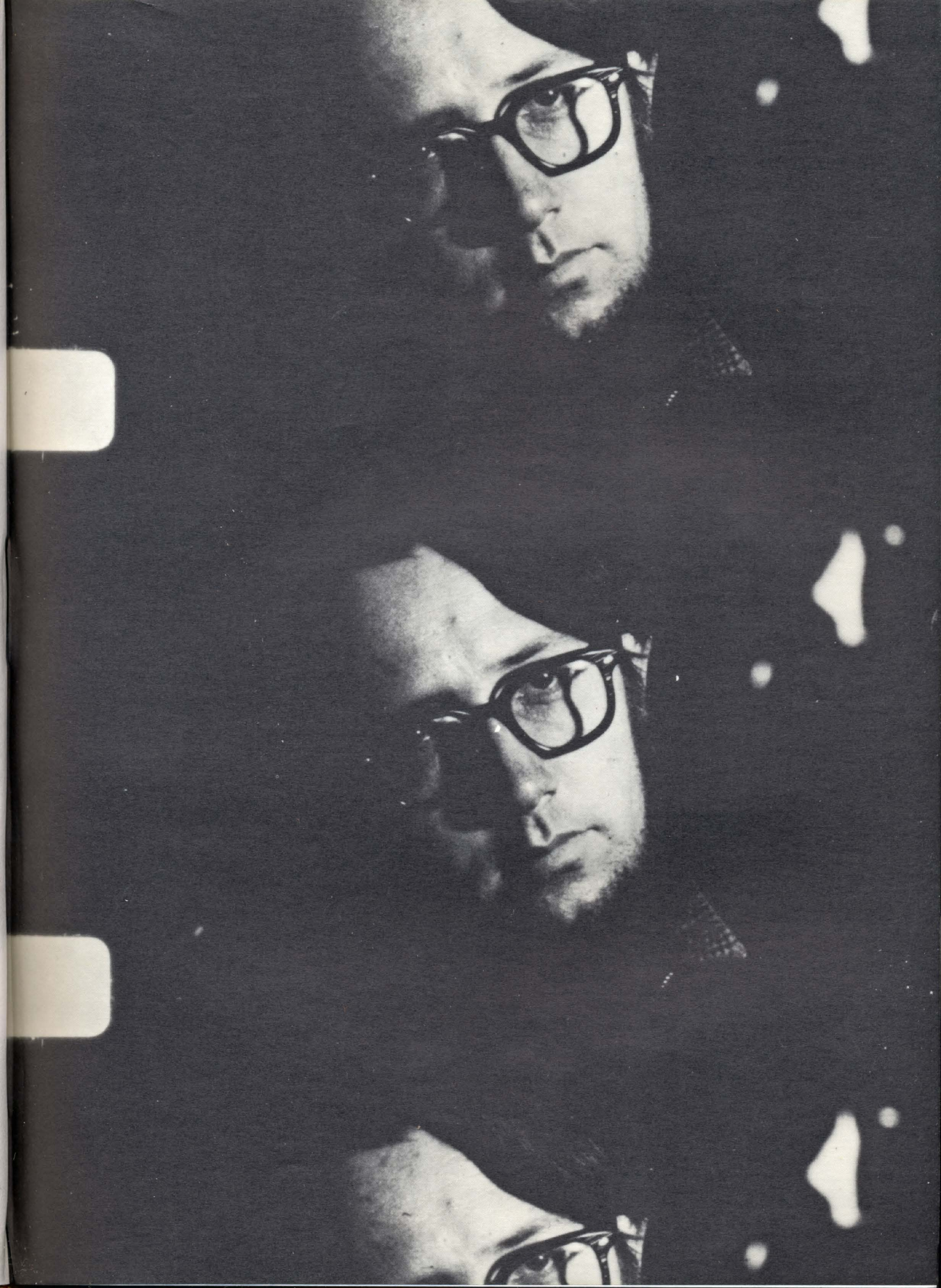
The girl who makes wind and rain
work to her advantage is the girl
who wears the fishnet bikini (opposite),
sailing into summer beneath the breeziest things
and "good looks" is usually contrasted with growing
up in the time and space of a life
time's virtues, rewarded with the final vision for which
life is destined. Why is grace, then,
irresistible and prevenient?
And in what sense is human decision really free?
The friends who surround us
with their lives are inextricably bound
up with historical events.
Theories account for the origins of grace: the pass
word that will enable our return home.

8/26/66



Dear Ted, I have climbed these many steps one month already.
And now with energy, restored and positive,
I enter my apartment, the window open
cartons of books unpacked, no hot-running water.
This year is next year now in which I stir
upon the mattress on the floor with thoughts of
what I have not done and what I now must do.
Nothing has occurred for days. I go unshaven.
And yet your words keep ringing in my ears
whose guiding spirit keeps me straight to reach
the future by a frail vessel thru unsounded depths.
This is the season of letting loose, and
I am tempted most not to return home
or to hate another nature. But I don't. I do.

8/29/66



No cloud deserves the sky it has,
except in the dreams of children
waking up beside the open
window looking out
over the ocean
in the near distance.
Yet there may be a dream
in that cloudburst we can't get
to. The cloud has distance
to cover, wind
breaking the surf
into energy impulse.
None of the friends come up
with new ideas to the shoreline
in the imagination of the imagination;
the young girl not even pretending
to tell it's been raining.

8/22/66



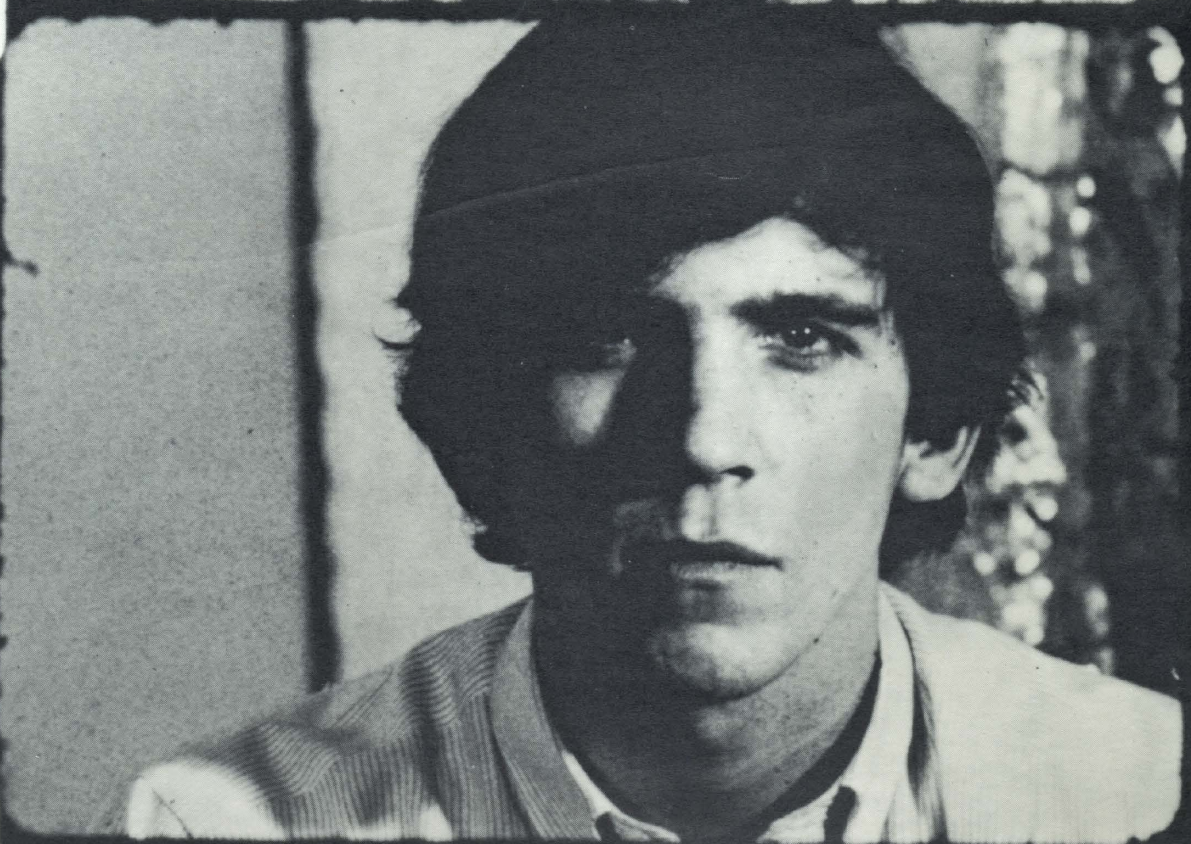
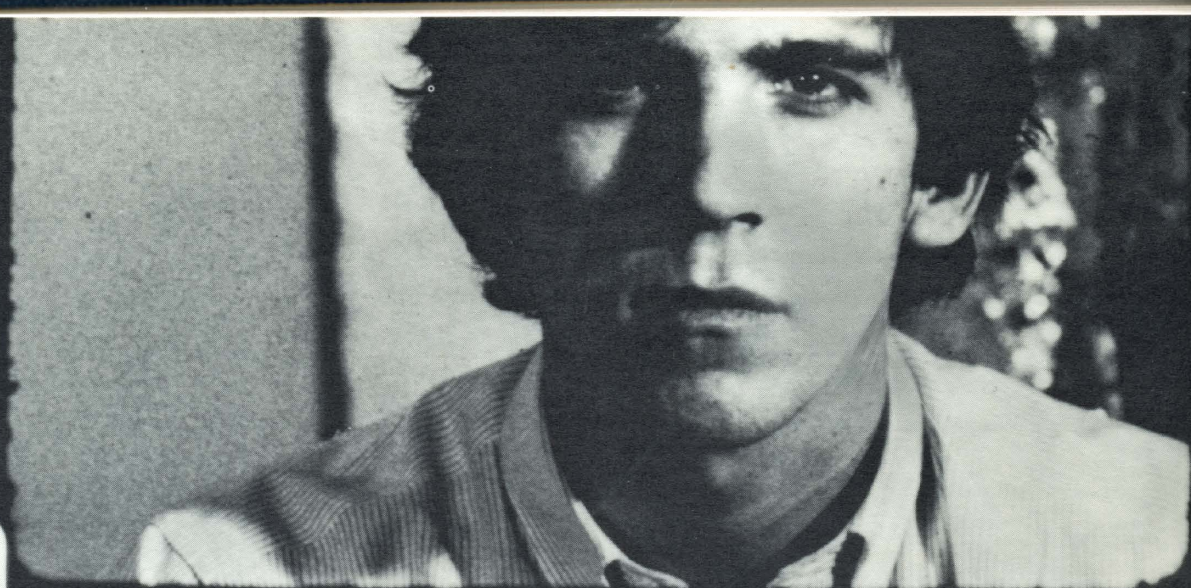
The words are simple
words to the friends
part of the dream
thought up in the rain
storm, the little print
dress, the face
with its blank
limits of nothing
to say, the illegal
transactions, the hot
bicycles stored in the hall;
the drop-out notes are significant
clues to where she will be
in case of emergency.
This December you will be nineteen.

8/22/66



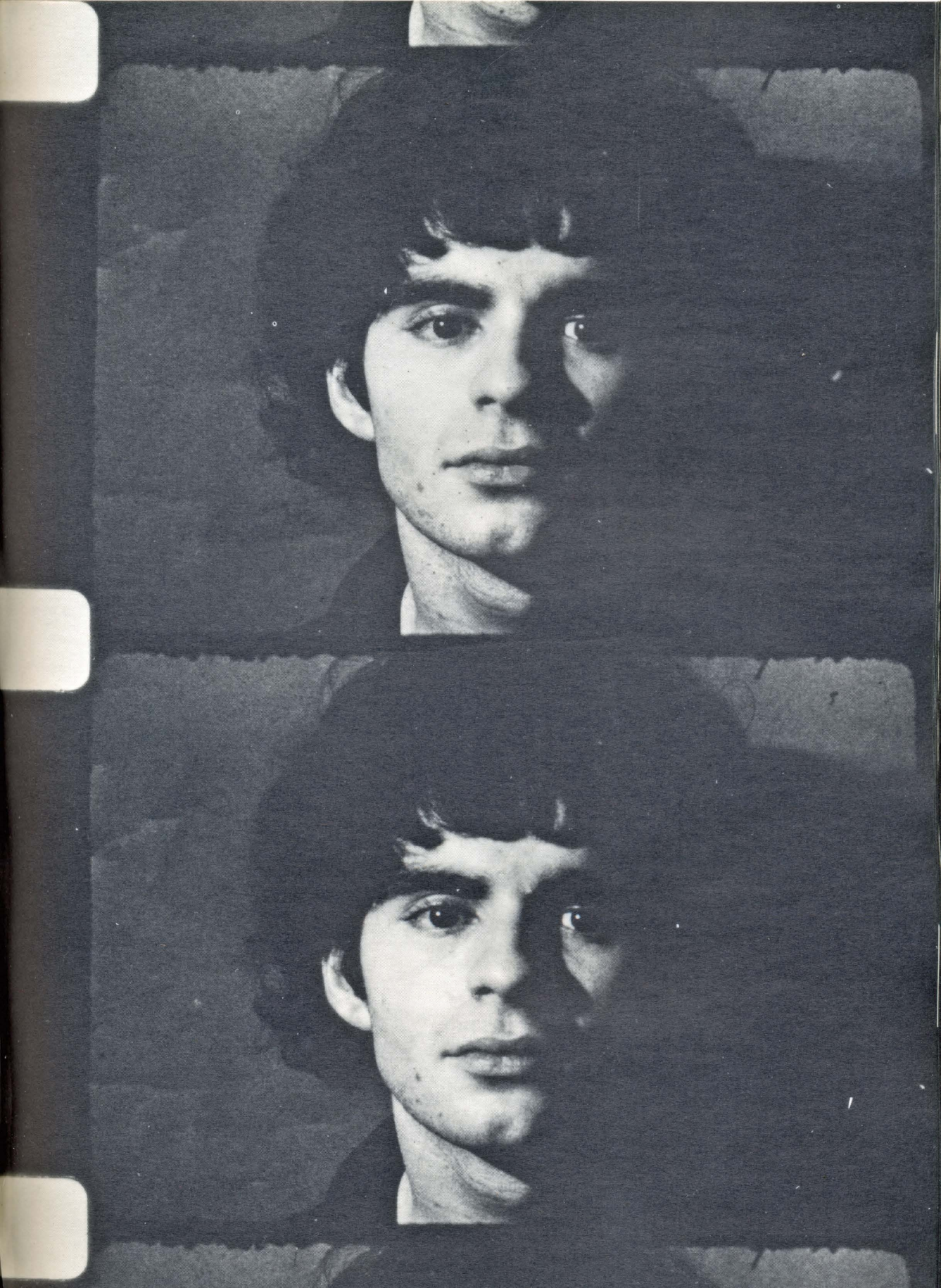
The good looks disappear
with each day
to day entry in the diary
notebook. He is not
heard from for three weeks
at a time. Lights moving
in circles near the ceiling
within the dream; summer
pushing against his veins,
his impatience to keep
a job, to earn money.
"I am thinking of Dan" is the title
of this poem
and which of the Capitolistic lies
he has turned into his own
deceivable defense to "burn"
the friends who trust him.

8/22/66



Sometimes I thought
it would be a good idea to not
get "involved." The young boy does not want
to reveal the truth in the journal.
In what state of being
upset are you involved with getting well
known? Can you rediscover your own
dance steps in the dark?
The friends come to place themselves
in what's written about you.
The flowers have not yet begun
to grow for us. The whip has
no purpose for us in reality.
There was another small room to be found
In awake with his friends.

11/2/66



The young boy wakes up one morning.
The hot day evaporates
in the light source descending from heaven.
There may be a tree in the desert,
in the universe that would not have been
possible to burn in the dream
making music. This is no night
mare no afterthought can hide
his tracks in the snow
bank and the children no longer remain
children, not even pretending to forget
who they are while he dreams.
The adults are no help for his heart.
Even in summer daylight saving
time is accurate and the rain falling falls.

8/22/66



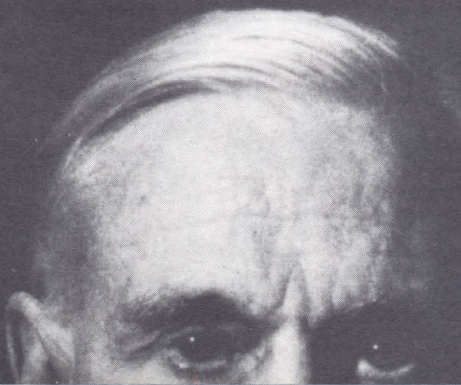
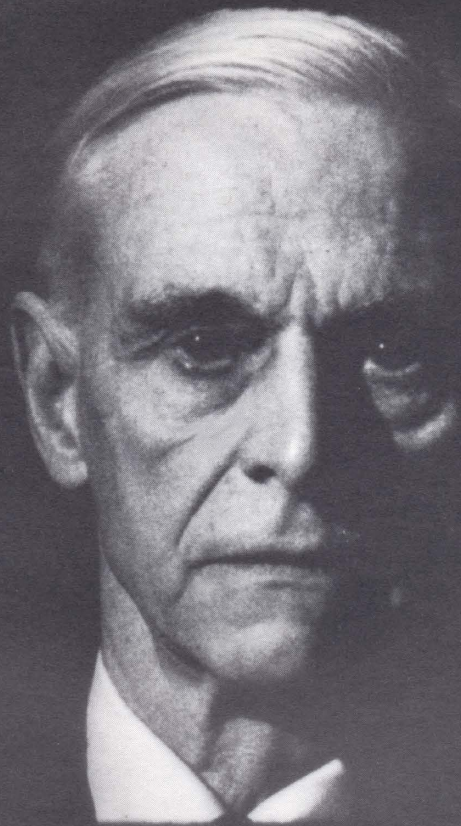
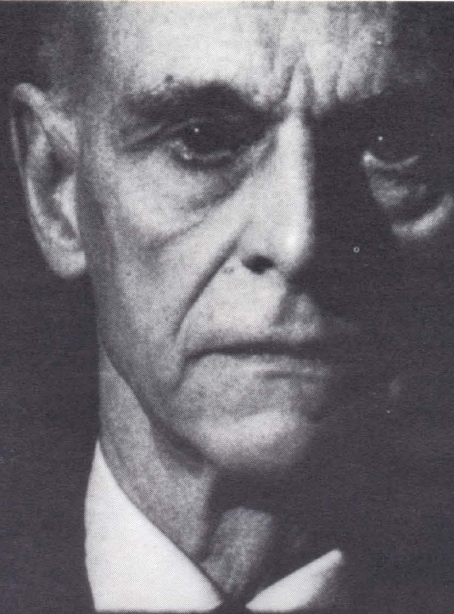
In what city is Denis
losing touch
with the world
map series outside his body
body but winning in other places
and when will he return
to the margin of the diary
notebook I have left space for?
The movement of the wind
tunnel is a wrong wind,
although he will be alive
in the next year of our everlasting publicity
to tempt his presence among us.
Sometimes, real people get
involved with what he's doing
to prevent his ever coming home.
But the girl eclipsed in his
life is the new girl
friend who will never make
a go at it in the calm moment,
and nothing of the kind
looks will occur for someone
in trouble with the right to stay
away, although the beginning is here
in the invitation to put down my work.
The diary leads to the life we are living.

8/28/66



An overcast keeps the cold
weather out of our lives.
I thought it would be in the image,
in the tape recording your mind
waves. Today not much happened
but the sunlight falls through your window.
I thought the sunlight would
not reappear after nightfall.
"Would someone please light the light
meter reflection?" He is not
the young boy disturbing your mind
with his "good looks." He is not
the young boy you once read about
living today. The day
dreams come after daybreak.

10/20/66



M
L
I
F
Y

Amplified sounds amaze us.
The young friends are growing
up in our lives and the psychoanalysis of the child
that wasn't my universe
shows an increasing number of diary
entries which explains for something
important. They live and you know
by their lives that summer
in the city never ends
in the adult world
with the same sun
above our heads.
The young girl gives me her hand
during the intermission,
the name and address pencilled in
the jacket of the paperback.

8/27/66



We walk toward something that matters with the tape
recording erased
under your arm.
But the other friends persist,
not knowing you
don't want them
around. Today
not much happened,
and there is no sign of life
jackets in the flowers
your right hand holds
in the black and white film
of the parking lot empty 24-hours
a day as I thought it would be in the short
cut dream of some future state.

8/22/66



What does it mean to be young and not
know what it means

? Can desperation lead us into the imagination of
love that is real?

Will the young girl not be afraid?

I can hear her say, "this knitting carries me far away," and I
am brought near her. I hold her hair / brush in my hand /
she wants back / in the day dream / the cement wall in the
ball / court is apparent and inalterable the sunlight is on / all
day long; but who will take / our place in life and death /
rates resulting in the cult of the social tradition / intrigue?
What other beautiful young couple will / identify with the
twentieth century tragedy? / who is your sister? / The young
girl opens her eyes in the candle light of the small room / in
Cambridge one month ago / and I look at her with love

I want her

to have. You don't know

I study the open field for a way

in. I study her

"nastiness"—the beauty and grace she tries to suppress but
cannot.

These photos are
free for all
men's envy and use.

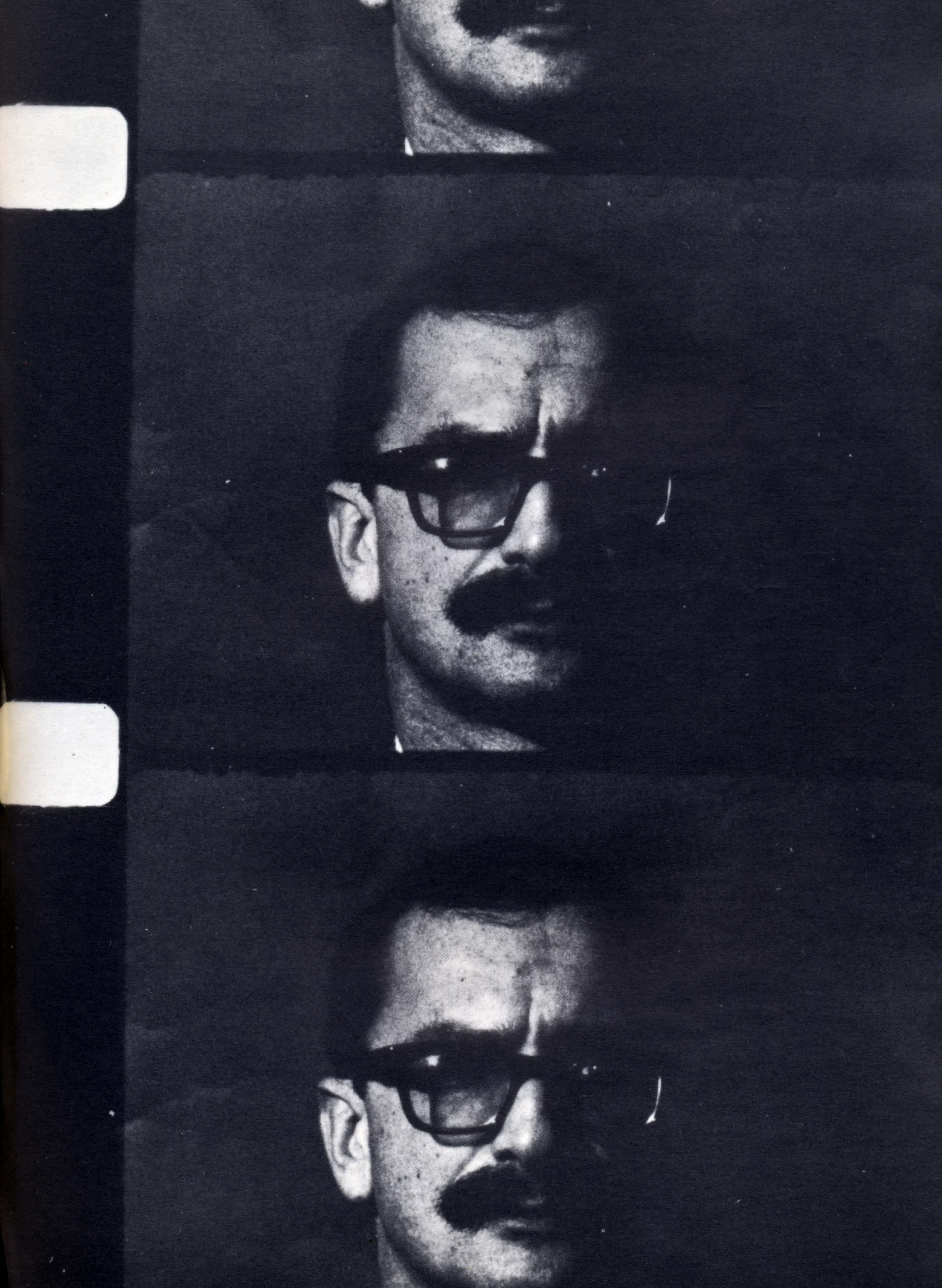
The availability of the wedding
ring is not inevitable. I bear wild flowers to her.
I bear my life in a picture recorded in strips,
in a thousand light years made true.

The sexual mystery of her passion is not a dream.

The promise of the small church by the sea
at twilight will be fulfilled and you will give
the young girl your blessing.

I will see you, in time, Giangiacomo.

12/1/66



Genitals are flashing by and then colors.
In the next year summer will be
good to you with the young
friends beside you. The fact of
the matter is the dream that guides you into a life
time of sunlight over your head.
And relations get younger.
Rain has begun to fall and tears, also.
What are you thinking about?
They were lined
up at the boardwalk
and the sound of the sea
shore colliding with waves.
You do not withdraw from the tear
drop-outs. What's beyond
the horizon is not visible at high tide.

10/27/66



These are the parties that were
all new to me. And everything of the kind
looks will occur for me
when the young girl places her
hand in my own. Sometimes,
this is never expected to
happen. Sometimes, it does.
Outside, it is raining
the big bay window nightmare.
The formula of light
years is a dream.
In what sense, then, are the commitments profound?
And who follows the consoling memory of that
entrance upon the great stage?
She passes on
to him personally the good
reports she has received from the friends.
She spends the afternoon remembering
the things she had told him.
There had been many phone calls today.

11/1/66



We are kept cold, sometimes,
while advice lasts
in the miraculous reflection of so much that is
to come in our lives.
The friends had not expected that
the headlights would be like
this to discover the road
markings not to cross on the sharp
turns, and dreams might occur into something
for life, the fear dismantled
to be the deception which surrounds us
for the white rose
growing restlessly as the sun
light reappears after night
fall, exalting the impossibility of the peace
formula in our time we may never achieve.

8/26/66



The white rose is not visible in the day
light saving time and it is summer
in the city springing out
from the twentieth century.

The black and white boat is not an unnatural dream.
If the texts had turned Apollinaire
into a swimming pool sickness would
have been avoided and the friends also.

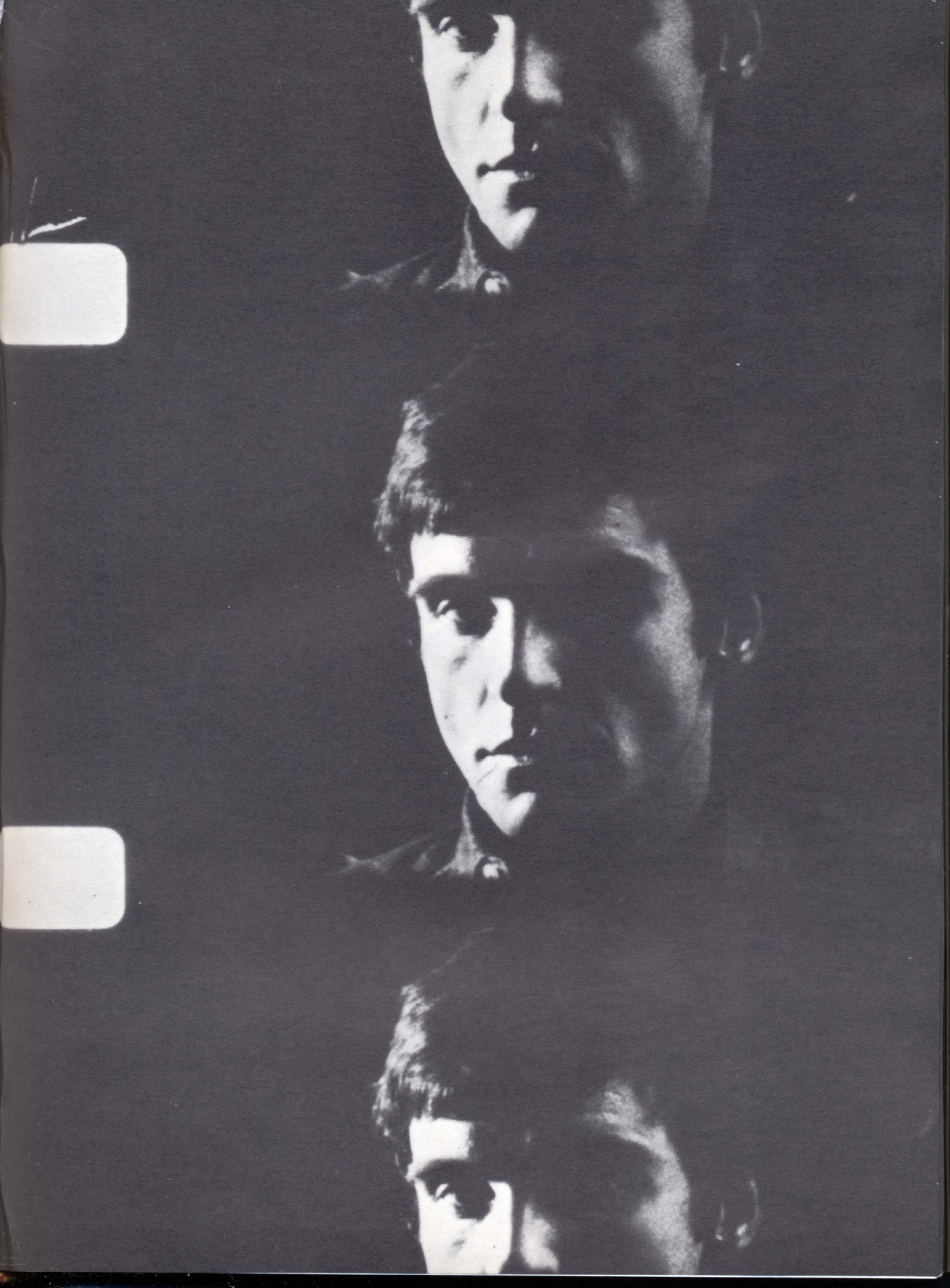
Sometimes, the poet cannot measure emotion
machines and the white rose burns in the twilight
all year. Apollinaire knew the ache in his head
and the ache was the growth of a white rose burning
in a negative
way to be well-defined;
positive as we think about
it, present in our dreams we lose
upon waking.

8/24/66



The friends come to place themselves in his heart
failure. The yellow blaze of light disturbs
the room. The flowers are suddenly forced
back onto the wall, but these were not
the best flowers cared for
in the small room
which has no purpose for us
because he's known in the white page of the book.
But they keep coming
back in the dream which crowds his ideas.
The day is hard on our sight
and the friends never explained why
they take things from other friends,
having mistaken the decisions in their lives
for nothing to do.

8/25/66



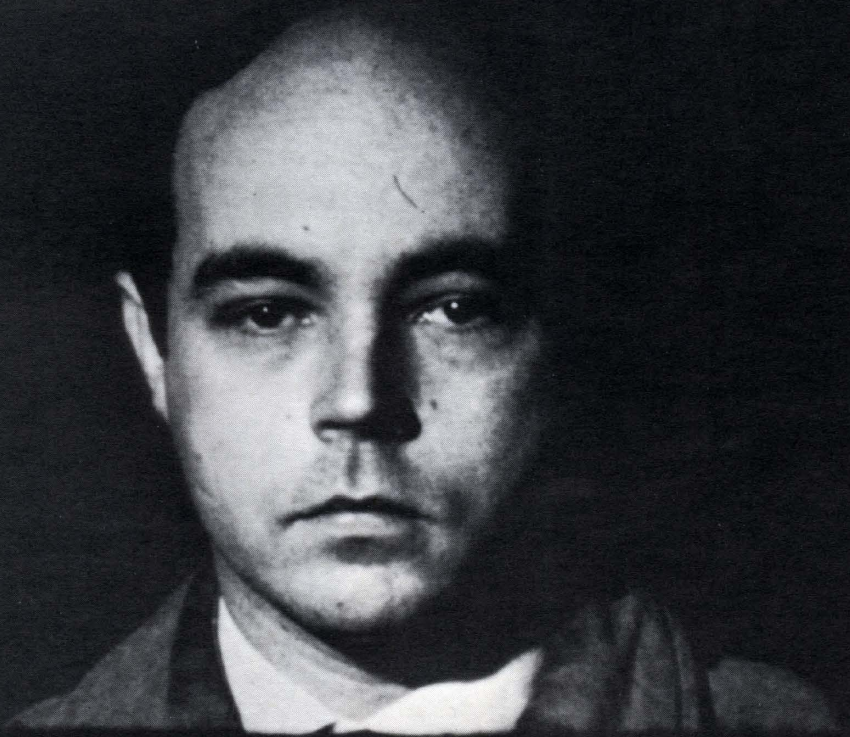
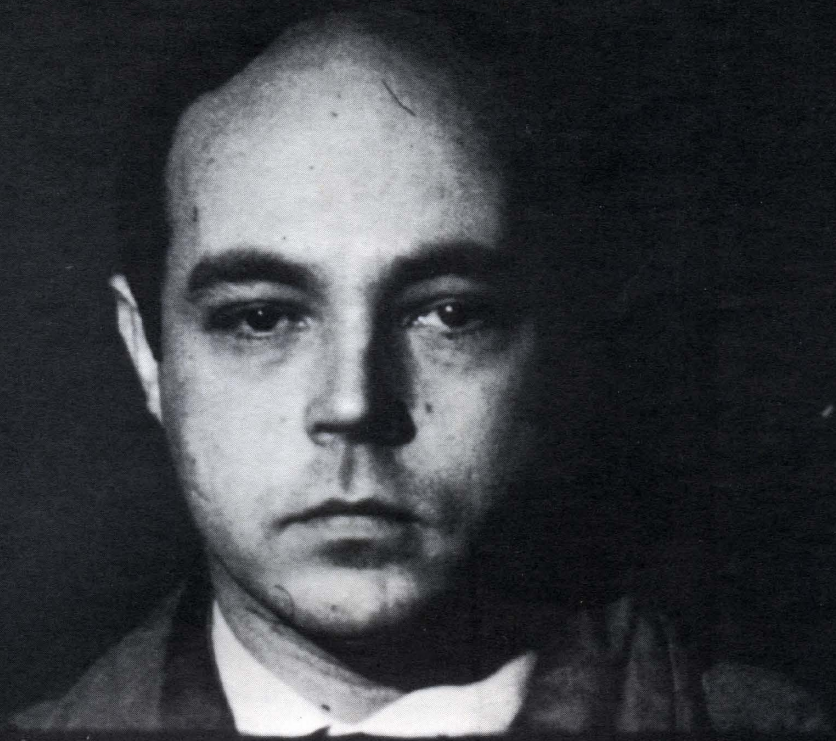
Soft focus covers
the place you stand
in the sunlight.
The rain stopped falling
on the white rose
garden. Flowers opening
in the dream of flowers
opening. There was another play
ground, the young
adults returning into the distance of the sad
day, going home, all the exaggerated
photo positions, plastic of all that
has lived in the blow
up of something
entering our age from the dark
room. Some timeless trees.

8/25/66



The telegram arrived on the appointed hour,
yet you pass by
in the evening hiding
from the light falling on the street.
The friends could all go
home. Meanwhile it remains
for you to not interrupt
the story but the friendship slides through
your hand on the blank page
proof in the lamplight on the desk
because the life stories were vanishing
behind a fog and the train takes you
back home in the description of the birthday
gift you give someone beginning to end about now.

9/14/66



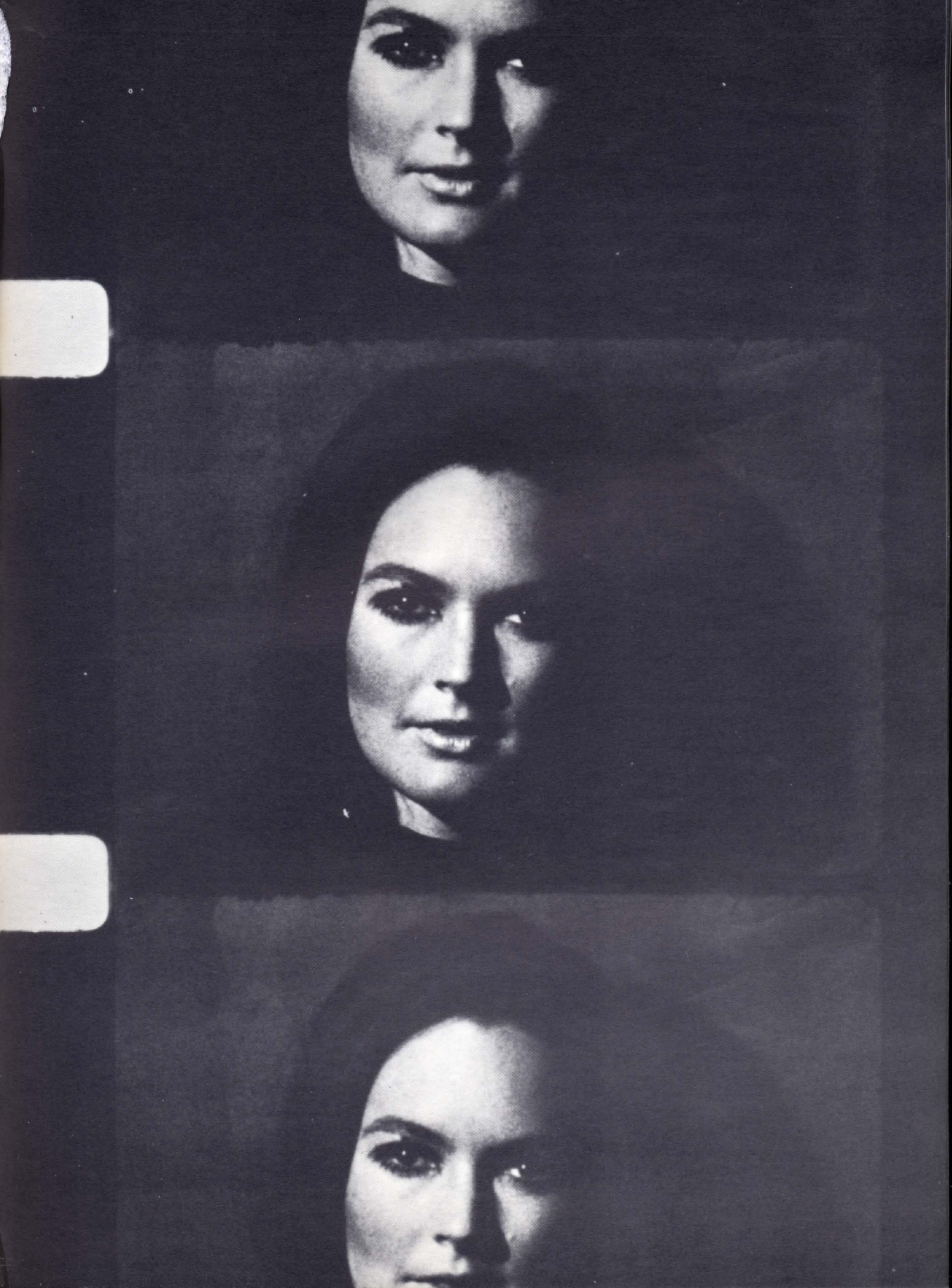
Adolescence becomes the fault
and the young girl is totally lacking in compassion.
Soon I know the destructive emotions
will interrupt Susan from my life
story without reason. But why do
I surround myself with so many lives
even though the friends may
destroy me? The tall girl is
combing her hair in the rear projection
projection. The young
man is possessed by the 30-minute
film of the young girl painting
her face. Relations turn over
night in the dream of their lives
scrawled across the white page
in the diary notebook.
Today not much happened.

8/6/66



There is a girl and a city.
And they both come to life.
The sunlight is there, too,
and all the problems of finding
a solution to where the next rain
Fall will happen to avoid getting
wet. So, the friends remain
unknown until they enter
your lifetime. What time is it
going to snow? Slowly,
the twilight appears
to be burning up
the vanishing point of the road.
Sometimes, this is a dream.
"Today not much happened."

10/3/66



You are not the young boy avoiding
your destiny to carry out the emergency
orders, though afterwards
the light in the world covers millions
it was created for.

Then, there is no reason to play fair
games, feeling the air around you
in the vertical shaft and the scale of your presence.

But the street catches on
fire with the daydream
world of praise and subconscious,
managing to end
every part of the year
book before the universe explodes
to make us rely
on your personal deeds.

8/24/66



The crucial concepts devastate the mind
in the entry and the source of the precious metals and good
looks is not determined,
though the infallibility of the friendships
possessed with the ability
to sin is a fallacy and the loss of heaven
in life is authentic.

But how can we make significant statements
about the friendships in concepts that are
derived from the other friendships
and why does the young girl draw
influences about the nature
of the garden from the jungle
she lives in? Why are there not
new ways of conceiving wide
acceptance in the usual sense
despite the continuity the diary
entries present? The friends cannot
correct their personal condition
and we're never on time with each other.

9/8/66



The dream takes us
over and the earring replaces
the blank good looks
at a loss on the ledge
in the magazine photo.
The nude knits, lying
sinuously along the loins,
soft transparent organza and chiffon,
printed in wild richly assorted colors.
The young girl does not
mean to be looked at.
The light in the darkness is
a yellow light and whatever is
written in the day to day
journal is not a lie. Sometimes
the earring is so far away.

8/27/66



Is the first movement of the will
power toward keeping a secret
an effect of grace
or simply a free, autonomous human act
and why is there analogy
between two types of being
complex when we do not know
what the meaning of our language is?
What are the relationships between the swapped destinies?
What light does
the use of the diary text reveals the crucial ideas,
and the loss of heaven in life is authentic.
The rain becomes rain again.
The friends are forever involved in the "family photo."

8/28/66 •



Each page of the entry is the true one,
and the unresolved result results in a suspicion of the form
letter that turns away the dream found in the account
book's project to be constantly reminded by the previous
 permanence of some
private landscape not turning to dust. So, the vacation
guides remain unknown are useless and even this beach
chair keeps its roots in the sunlight
throughout our lives
for accepting destiny in a shower
of minutes without worrying about being
on time to hold everything in place
of ourselves which is the same thing as distance
looking back at what the young boy might have become, having
grown up for what there was to do.

8/26/66



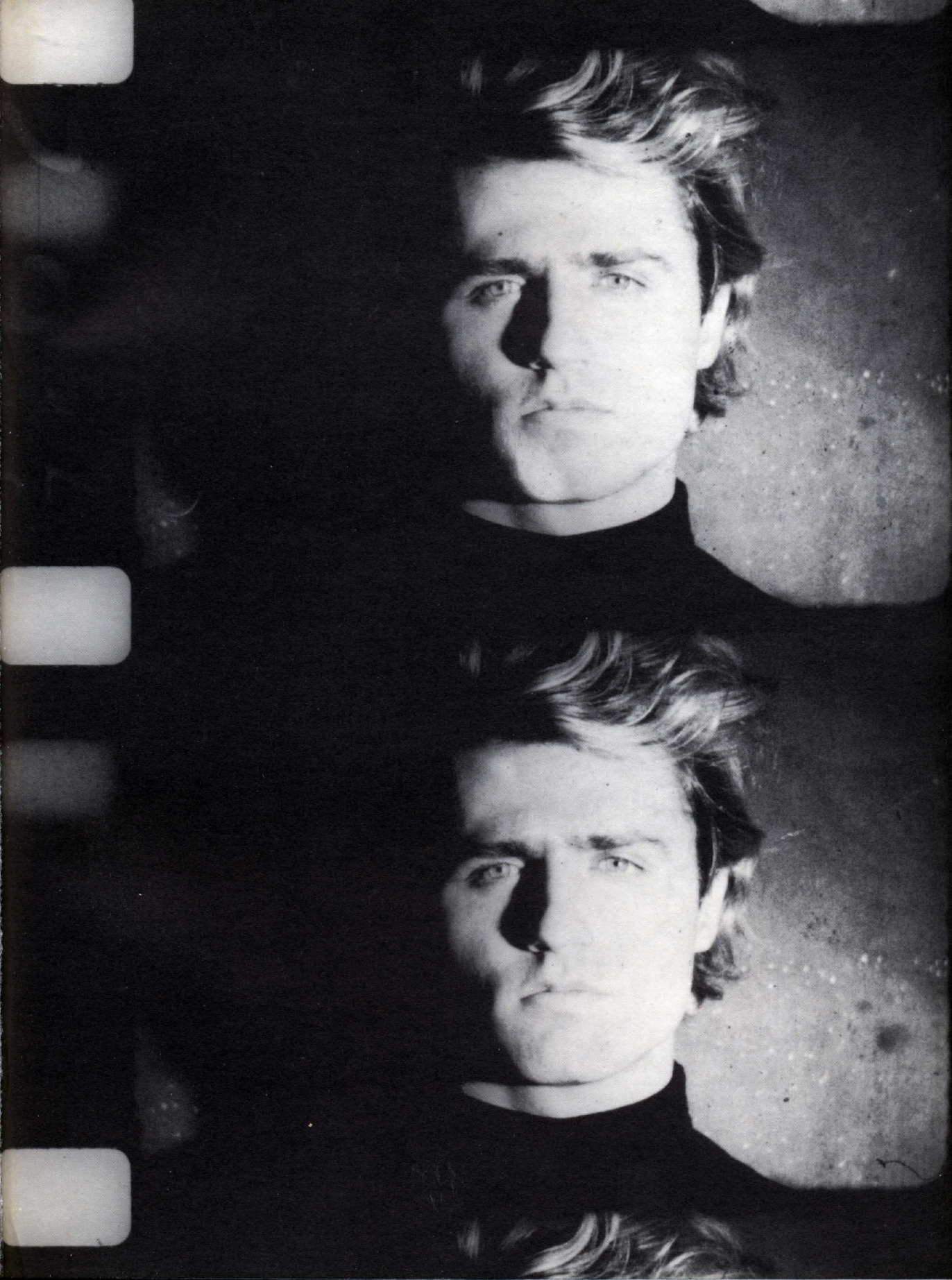
M



This application, and its carbon
copy, a request for benefit
information will be used
only for the purpose stated
and will not be disclosed
to any other individual
although the father has not been heard
from in over two years.

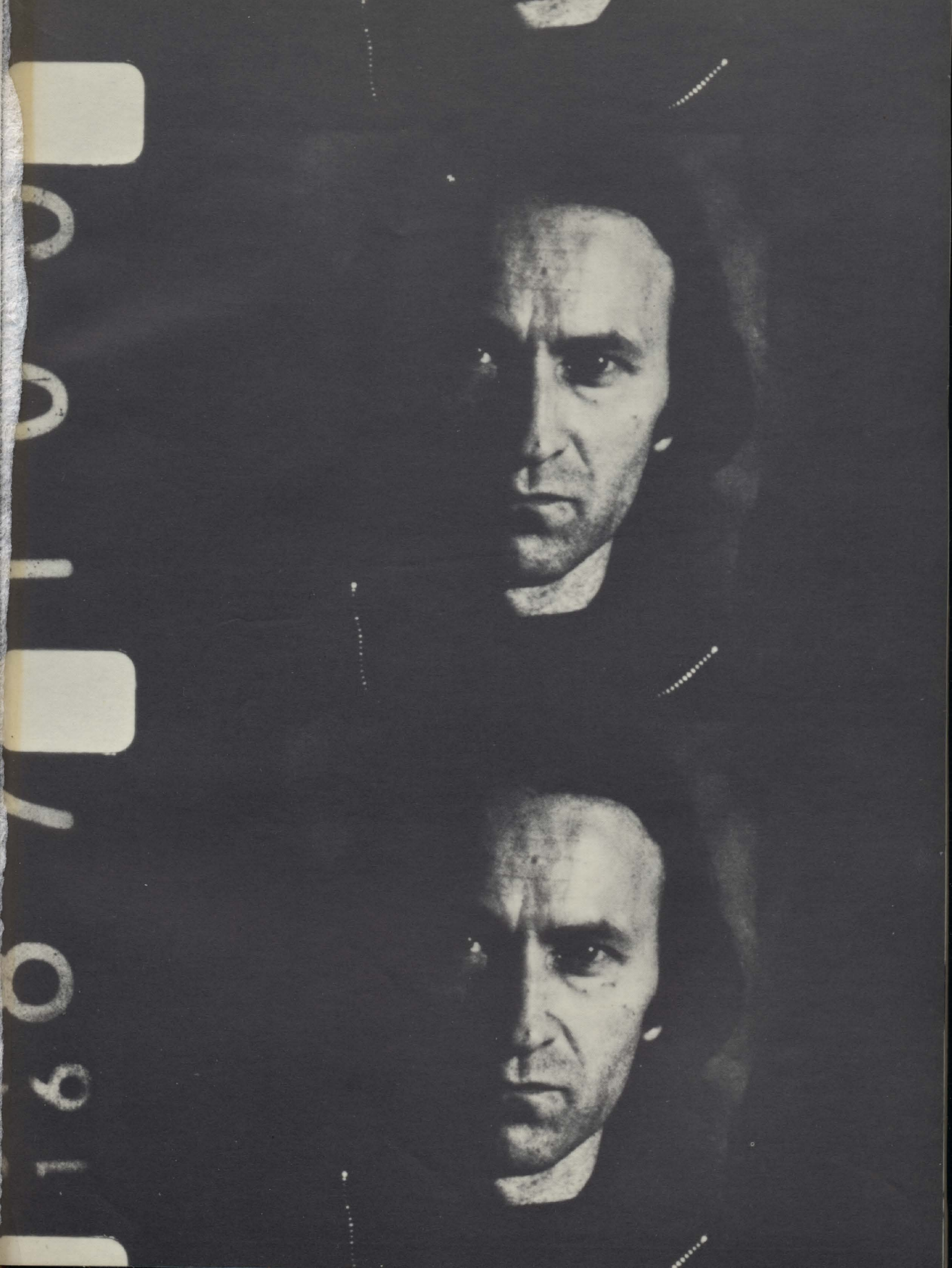
But the disappearance that develops
the only son's destiny from the friends
he surrounds himself with is a genuine destiny.
The photograph with the color of fur is graceful,
and the childhood of the young
boy rising from the tall weeds
in my heart can connect
memory into knowledge
for me on the public
stage when he will
dance into the head of the spot
light belonging to no one.

8/25/66



We had what you had been
thinking about the girl in the car
crash stammering
approached on the stair
case in the dream
cropped at right angles
to decide the sharp edge of the light falling
on the cheek
bone, on the hands
felt with an emotion
in the white sink.
The friends could all go home now.
She was sixteen years old.
That was before you cared
only about your projects
for her. The rear
projection moving around you
in life.

9/14/66



My mother's son
belongs to someone in the beginning,
before she bandaged his knee
as though the bruise did
not heal in the same way at different times,
growing up. Still it is not too late to write
these occurrences in the diary
notebook, provided that we could
live in the sunlight all year without catching
a cold, wishing to go far
away from the troubles that sometimes press him into
service, projects he is completely
out of this world for, free
for the stimulation the lives coming in contact,
with each other the day after tomorrow.

8/25/66



There are tensions within the tradition of the diary
notebook and the child's garden
of evil is an atonement.
The authentic possibility of the clouds gathering is a wind
breaker and all the beautiful people are free
from the despair of trying
fruitlessly to get away from the rain
falling on their headaches,
as an afterthought to specific events.
The incredible mess of crayon
drawings are left unfinished on the bedroom walls.
Slowly the friends turn to look for the empty tin
foil, and God is wise in the same sense
this word has in our experience,
even though we can't be sure of what we are saying.

1/1/67



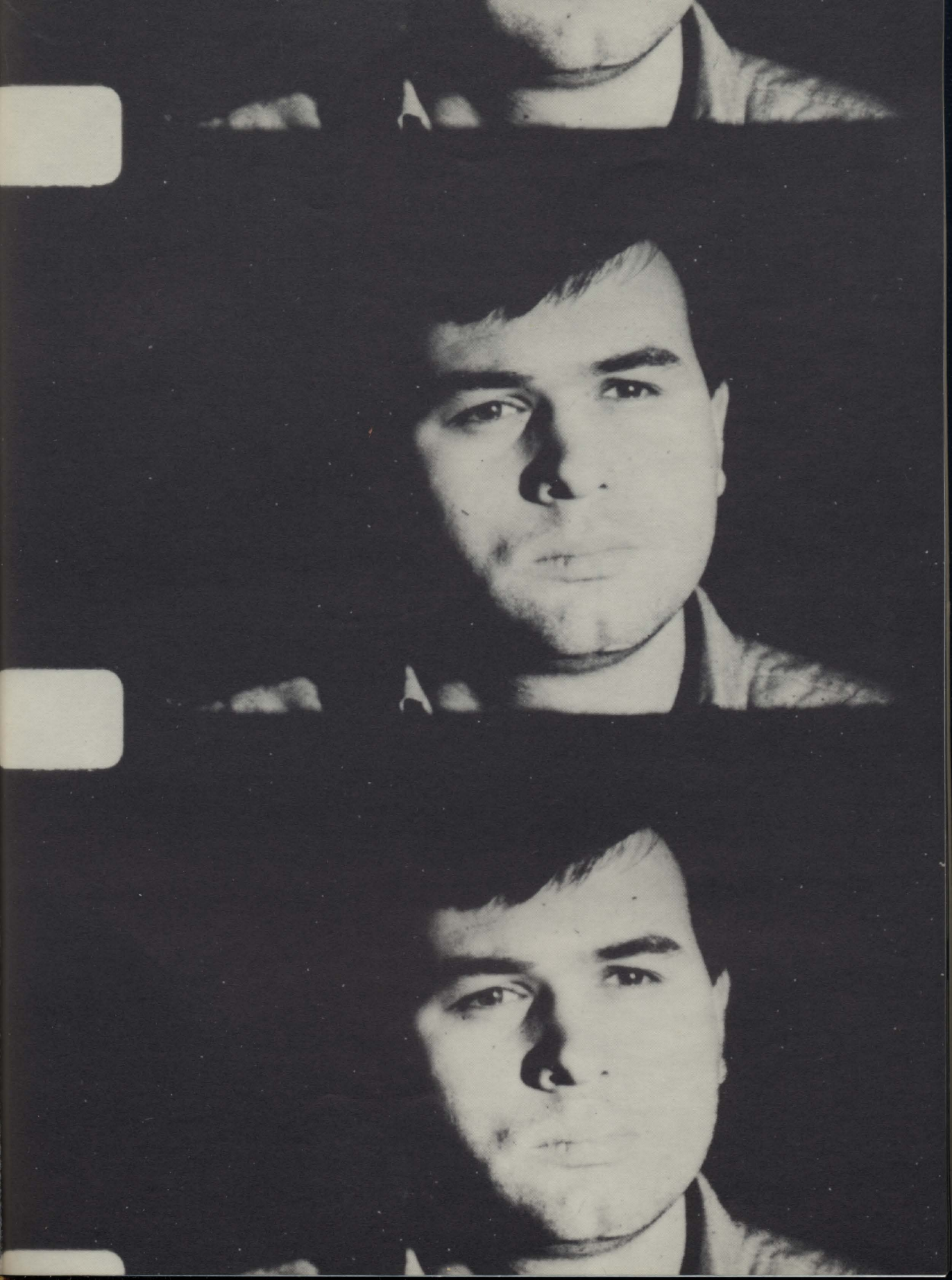
It is impossible to return to the belief in
the literal sense of paradise, but a man,
for example, possesses intrinsic capacities
by virtue of being a man;
the knowledge of his actions are
revealed in life. But so many
ascensions are cut
short in the dream of the rose
garden believed to be supernaturally revealed.
The answer is that it is the child
who guides the toy through the swift blades
of grass, added to the collection of assorted photos,
and grace is not a static certainty.
Analogy is discussed elsewhere.

8/27/66



The freshman class in the year
book is a dream,
the semester which does not last
as long as the present
state of the imagination
in which we live
and the signs of the night
crawler is discovered at twilight.
A few friends you will have
for the rest
of your life are true friends, sometimes,
but the journal presents everything
out of place and the name of the girl changes
from entry to entry,
but the syntax does
not. The young girl can't leave
home and there is no other excuse.

8/24/66



The diary notebook of cross references is full
of notes, swapped
destinies that don't go
anywhere, constitutes everything essential,
for the loss of heaven on earth is an authentic
threat to life by drowning.
The whole day changes.
The surface of the camera
lens is a devotion, and so much
rain for all that is not
ready after twilight, the young boy brings you
the news of the day of finding ourselves
lost. The image of the angel in the sky is
no longer apparent, and we are faced with
the decision in the midst of an overwhelming fog.

8/27/66

1.1



R



K



A

D

Only the young son has any importance
seeing the world
turn around him
in the late afternoon
with those friends who are near us, sometimes,
when Denis is near us. You also remember hearing
aids some bombs
explode in the street
as a child would
hide in a tub;
but the world moved apart
when you unbutton your see-through shirt
on the foreign film
in high fashion. You have gone
near the water's edge and a hand on
your neck invades the privacy of your thoughts
in the boat
house. Now in another way of life
you experience the writing of being already
present showing us how much you know
to carry anything out to completion.

8/22/66



The rain has begun to fall on New York.
Sleep seems uncertain.
The friends settling in the small room
with nothing to say
with only a certain amount of fresh air
conditioning the street laminated with head
lights. These are the insanities
of our feelings when we try
to smile, the muscles around the face
aching; the total excuse for not doing
some thing is a business, which explains
"today not much happened" on the smudged page of the diary
notebook yet friends are the imagination of only the few.
You know by their silence that it is no longer private.

8/25/66



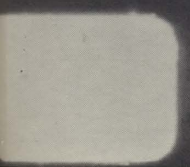
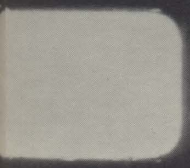
All those who are going on the journey
cannot stop under
the tree which serves as a cover
and friends are tired of looking at the sunlight
which contains all the light
held up to the sky in the mirror:
the dome we no longer wish to see
turning. But I should like to see
the end of the world
not blown up
in my face. I should like to see
what I am thinking before I am
thinking of what is ahead in the street
light which is not always working.
The Pierre Reverdy birthday
cake is placed beside the seashore
in the dream. The young boy does not
speak in the tent over my head.

8/25/66



The friends interrupt my life story
and I am afraid. It remains for me to drop in
out from the dream of that good
looking young girl walking through the tall weeds of the
 shimmering chalice
that hides the light falling
far apart on my back.
The sea coming up to meet the music
at night is forever
burning because the wild flowers were
escaping behind flames.
We have been here before in the child's
flowers of evil stories
without an unhappy ending
in the rain falling twice.

10/26/66



They were lined up at the right
angle with their cameras
that take pictures
almost as far as the eye can
see because "average"
isn't always good enough
to achieve the perfect exposure
meter that includes us
into the secret photo
biography. It's like taking a reading
exam right in front of the subject
matter to maintain pictorial interest
wide open at all times
on this month's cover campaign.

8/25/66



He gets the smile always right
on location.
In another country
the trees were unsuitable. The autumn
leaves before the universe,
the child impinged in the dream.
The friends took us out
through the passing light
signal. It is the one thing that can
save us. Sunlight invades the eye
sight declining in the large room
and the black and white photos
we had been studying for several weeks
since we were eight years old.
The flowers continue to grow, the young
adults are on their way to Europe.

8/24/66



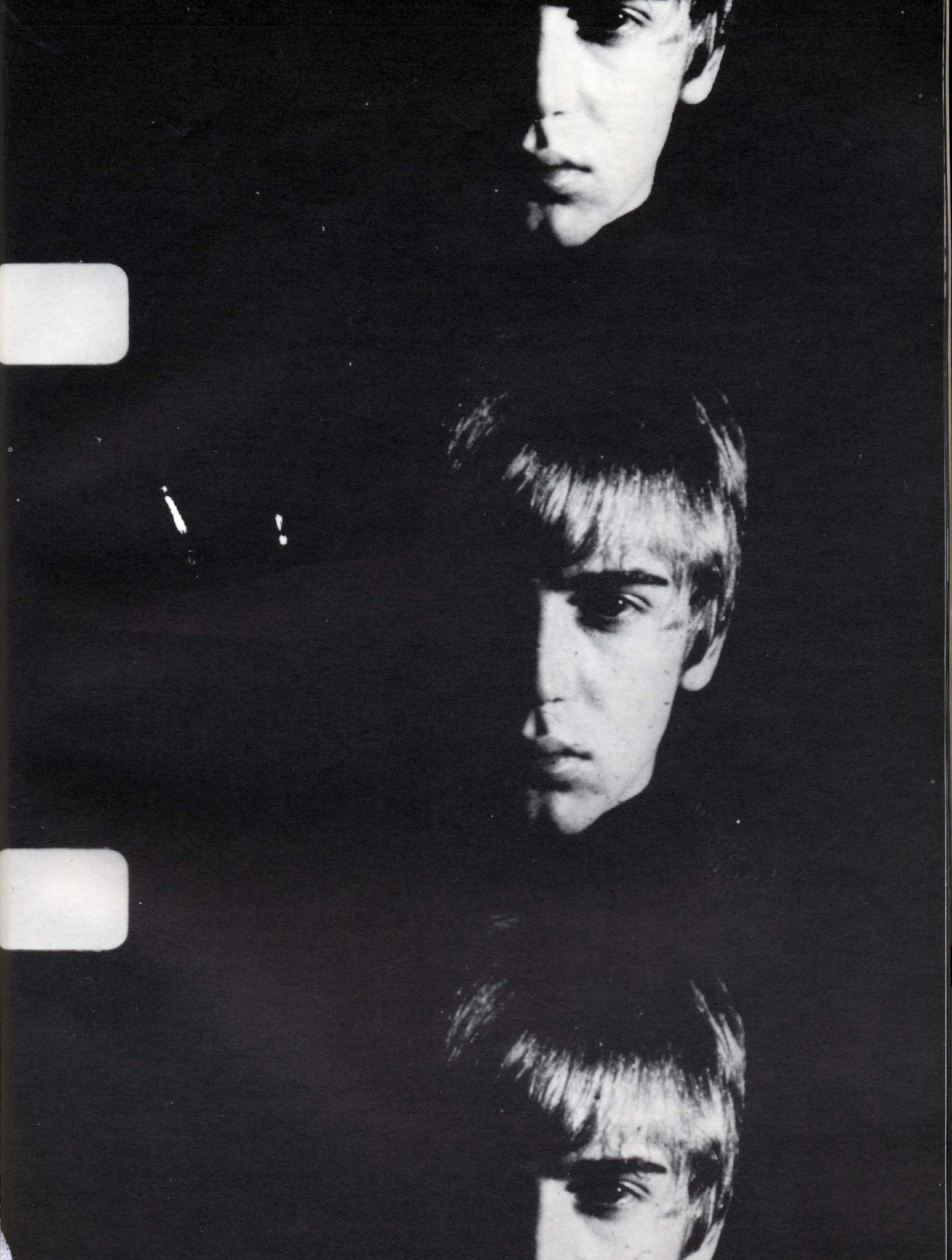
We do not withdraw from the unwelcomed publicity,
learning to live
without being noticed
and friends weave their spells
through letters postmarked in time
by dates we cannot remember
exactly. We live and they write
for reasons which bring
us together, moving through
all the parties that were
not overcrowded,
to exist in space
for the benefit of those
who will not harm us but help us.

8/25/66



A field of flowers is not invisible
in the day but they cover
the ground. If the friends had turned
René into the flower
thief's death the cult of the drop-out
or the beautiful book would take
a long time to forget
in the next year
when the young boy is faced
with being pursued.
Pages of life
stories systematically crossing each other
in the small room:
the South End of Boston,
summer in the city.
The new realism is not enough.

8/24/66



The friends are hiding from sunlight
in the small room. They can be children now
and the wind is an open space
in the clouds. They will never know
when his headache grows worse.
Now she cares only about getting
away and he went slowly into the street
in search of the living
room table. It is such a beautiful day
dream piling upward, the cold
academy waiting, the story
book found among the weeds, the sky
writing across the sky,
grace falling from several heavens upon our headaches.
There is nothing to do but escape
and I cannot be found
with you making noise.

8/24/66



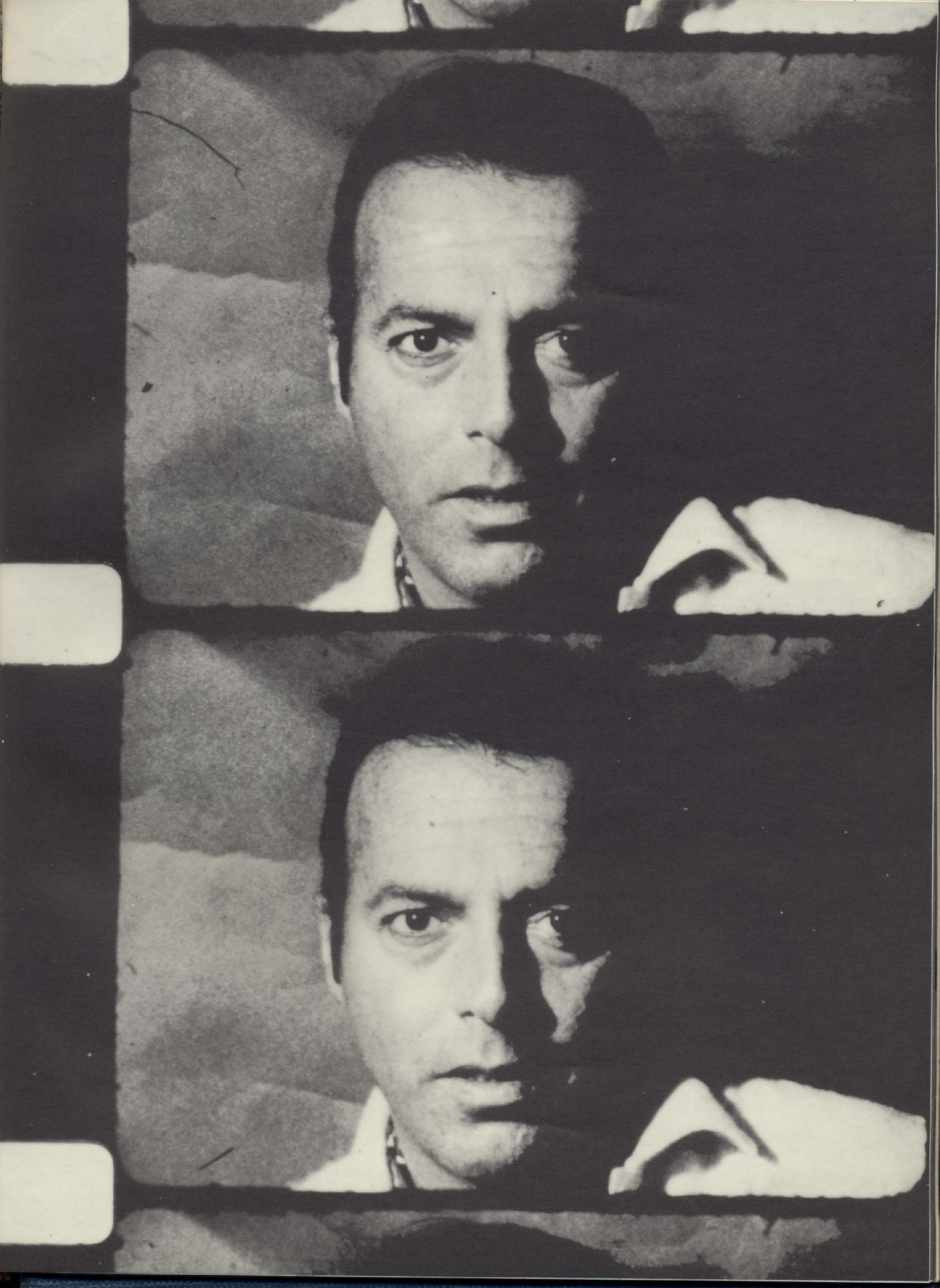
All the beautiful people are passing out
of sighting the point
vanishing behind the sunlight's eclipse
with what passes in front of where we stand around
what is revolving around us.
But the young girl is in
a different state
of mind with how all this is
happening on the same day
light saving time saving time
machine flying to Cambridge by jet
when the young man is not unfamiliar to you
in the dream of me dreaming of him dreaming of you
and the address lost
and found in the diary notebook.

10/3/66



In what sense is the choice of the blow-up
real and significant?
In what sense
are the friendships really responsible for being
saved? All the beautiful people
ramble through the dune
grass in the winter
wind and rain; dots filming
over dots out of focus
in focus and out, again;
reality is matter in motion
pictures and the life
stories are inextricably bound up
with historical events:
the dream that becomes what we mean
when we live in the exaggeration of light's infinity.

9/8/66



Seeing you take a step
backwards from viewing the large
horse drawn on the wall,
the inauguration of your name
for the first time easily made
visible on the white page of the *Post*.
In a moment the phone would ring
and you are not afraid
to decide the soft edge of the leopard
skin fur clutched in your arms
in the black and white film of the poor
little rich girl who had come from the west
coast, an emotion felt
without interruption, the health
foods in the kitchen that are good
for you, the early afternoon
leg exercise on the bed.
You would be playing now;
features in high fashion
not to have ever been
lacking in the compassion
your imitators fall fast behind you.

8/22/66



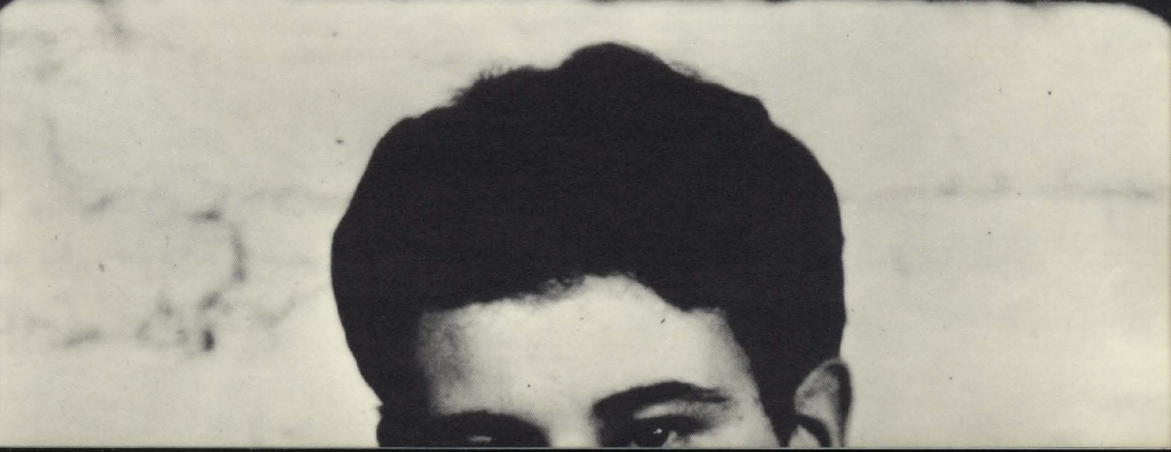
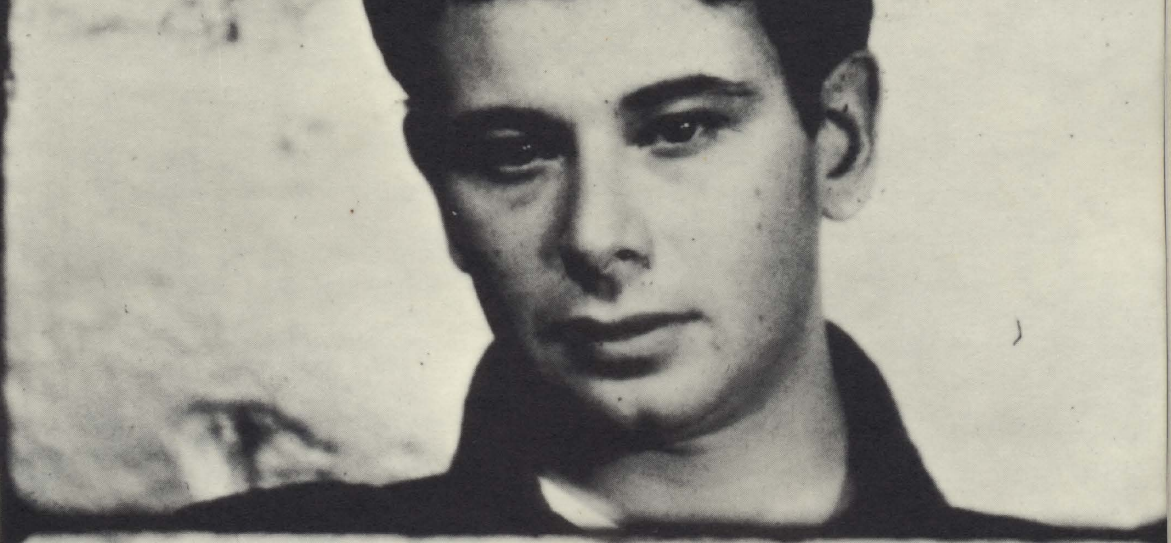
The pony
express crosses my heart
failure on the white page in the diary
notebook; but where is the heavenly food
counter where light ceases to exist,
where the friends refuse to live
in the world of the steam
bath after which you led me
into the pine
room, the air around us
so thick I could not see six
inches in front of us,
sifting through porcelain vapor
trails? That towel fell from
the waist. In a minute it will be all over the heat will
make us grow, but no doubt
you have understood kindness
and all that remains for us
to get better by bringing me food
and I put my feet in the life
sized buckets of water.

8/22/66



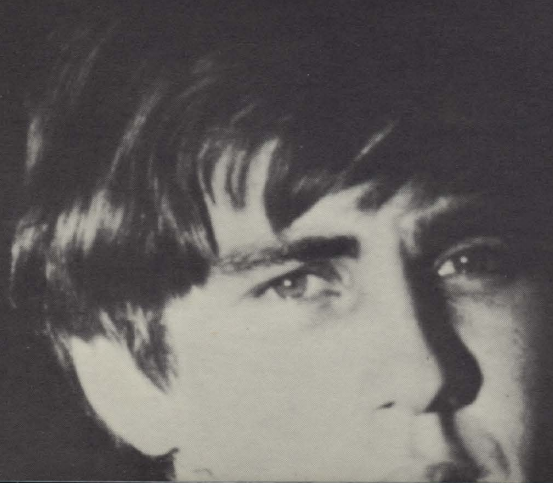
The candy colored kitchenette
that the young man hopes for
demonstrates the dream
palace cut up
on the floor
in the editing
room. The neon
tubes are replaced
with new neon
tubing. The birthday
cake is immortal.
Sometimes, the open
field is so far away.
The stray animals will never know the play
street discovered by neighborhood children
and the boy observes the girl
combing her hair in the sunlight.

8/22/66



One stops to think
it is not so
bad when the friends choose
sides in the night
in the yellow flowers
growing halfway across the path,
though it is easy to explain
the distance impossible to measure
by walking that distance
getting somewhere at last
because we are one of the few
to have come
up with the initial idea
to give up waiting for it
to be done, for we need
something or will forever remain
looking around for the open air.

8/22/66



John, my last thoughts of you are of Benedetta.
But the friends see into the night
the penalty of love forever embracing me
with her hand. Their chemical
concern is sometimes destructive.
Beginning my life begins
also the thought of Benedetta,
the landscape changing design
on account of the wind.
Daylight makes all that
difference. "Tonight Benedetta said
she loved me" is written in my diary notebook,
and your words will also circulate
in a state of original grace
which encases you because she is
one of the few to have understood.

10/25/66



Has the tall girl been standing in the sun
lit window while I was
dreaming of her standing in the sunlit window
all day or is the black silhouette
a nightmare in the day that won't appear
with vibrations surrounding her
pose? I get up in the late afternoon.
Sunlight without warning,
which is bringing an end to the night,
which is crossing the room
through the window while I was dreaming of her
standing in the window.
Even in the dream she is accurate.
She and the window go back to
the black and white colors of their exact proportions:
the sunlight that is not really there for the sunlight.
In the photo she puts her head on my shoulder.

8/27/66





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