

For years there has been both idle chatter and serious discussion of the expansion of the possibilities in fiction of the broadest sort—the art of narrative, of time applied to language. And so, the writer and **editor, Richard Kostelanetz**, has prepared the international anthology you are holding of the **Breakthrough Fictioneers**. Included are visual works, schematic legends, linguistic sequences and even a few almost-traditional yarns, but all of them are in some sense stories. The intention was to be inclusive rather than exclusive, informative rather than hermetic (hence the biographies at the end), to present a rare text by Gertrude Stein side by side with works by the most recent figures and to treat it all as contemporary. We of the **Something Else Press** hope that prose will never again be the same.

10-

When I hear a friend, particularly if he is a young writer, calmly announce that he is working on a novel, I am appalled, and I feel that in his case I should be trembling in my boots. . . . To produce a good novel has always been a difficult thing. But while, before, it was enough to have talent, the difficulty has now grown immeasurably, for to be a gifted novelist is no longer a guarantee for producing a good novel.—José Ortega y Gasset, *Notes on the Novel* (1925).

BREAKTHROUGH FICTIONEERS

BREAKTHROUGH

an anthology

edited and with an introduction by
Richard Kostelanetz

The only new worlds for man are those which the free and disciplined use of words can help to create——Northrop Frye, *The Well-Tempered Critic* (1963).

FICTIONEERS

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The stammering newborn work will always be regarded as a monster, even by those who find experiment fascinating. There will be some curiosity, of course, some gestures of interest, and always some provision for the future. And some praise; through what is sincere will always be addressed to the vestiges of the familiar, to all those bonds from which the new work has not yet broken free and which desperately seek to imprison it in the past. . . . Hence it will be the specialists in the novel (novelists or critics, or overassiduous readers) who have the hardest time dragging themselves out of its rut.—Alain Robbe-Grillet, *A Future for the Novel* (1963).

In order to experience and participate actively in all the aspects of contemporary literature the student must be acquainted through records and concerts with

1.) The tendencies of contemporary composers such as Stravinsky, Bartok, Schoenberg, Hindemith, Krenek, Milhaud, Copland, Varese and others. Their works offer an enlightening analogy to modern literature as well as to contemporary painting. Like cubism and constructivism, the modern polyphonic music, with its interwoven, intricate traits, the experiments of the brutists ("noise-ists" pioneered by the futurist Luigi Russolo, 1913), will lead to an analysis of literary equivalents; to the

2.) simultaneists, futurists, as they appear in the work of Guillaume Apollinaire, F. T. Marinetti, Vladimir Mayakovski and from there to the

3.) expressionists and proto-surrealists: August Stramm, Lajos Kassak, Franz Kafka, Yvan Goll, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Jean Cocteau, Blaise Cendrars, Bert Brecht, etc., to the

4.) dadaists: Tristan Tzara, Jean Arp, Hugo Ball, Richard Hulsenbeck, Kurt Schwitters, Ribemont-Dessaignes, etc., to the

5.) surrealists and

6.) James Joyce.

——L. Moholy-Nagy, *Vision in Motion* (1947).

Introduction

by Richard Kostelanetz

So I believe that the next book form will be plastic-representational. We can say that

- 1.) the hieroglyph-book is international (at least in its potentiality).
- 2.) the letter-book is national, and
- 3.) the coming book will be a-national; for in order to understand it, one must at least learn.

—El Lissitzky, *Our Book* (1926).

Fiction has currently been the literary art least obliged to experiment, as those works commonly called “new” rarely leap as far beyond nineteenth-century conventions as, say, contemporary music or sculpture have; and the second, post-WWII revolution in modernist art that we call “contemporary” has scarcely affected the fiction published and publicized today. The novels passing before one’s eyes are invariably so familiar in language and structure—so unproblematic as reading experiences, so conceptually close to middle-class best-sellers—that this truth is clear: No literary form today has a greater need for artistic resuscitation; for without stylistic breakthroughs, need one say, there can be no future for fiction.

One reason that fictional art has not felt any obligation to change is that most standards currently used by established “fiction critics” were just as applicable a century ago. The fact that they should be so

responsive to familiar formulas, and so backwards in their principles of selection for public notice, is nearly incredible, but the unannounced, perhaps suppressed truth is that no reviewer predisposed to avant-garde writing contributes regularly to any periodical in America. Consider, by analogy, how unquestionably laughable would seem an art critic who praised only representational art and dismissed all abstract work for betraying "reality"—a charge so often leveled in current reviews of fiction. (And if such backward art-criticism were taken seriously, consider how different recent art would probably be!) It is indicative that the honorific epithets "new" or "breakthrough" are more often used, nowadays, not to characterize innovative achievement but writing whose subject-matter was previously exempt from literature (e.g., sex, madness, esoteric milieus), even if the work's style and form are indubitably archaic. As every practitioner knows, the recent novels that win the prizes and the lead reviews, that get discussed in the survey courses, are never those that make a step-ahead contribution to the art. Criticism is scarcely omnipotent, thankfully; but since reviewing is ultimately less powerful in its advocacies (or its rejections) than its outright omissions, the pervasive neglect of a whole body of art can contribute, senselessly, to its premature death.

It is also common knowledge that nothing, but nothing, will do more to keep an otherwise excellent fiction unpublished than an unfamiliar form: for the kind of difficult originality that would strike an editor or reader as "puzzling" in a short poem generally goes unread in a longer manuscript. Prudity alone can no longer effectively censor imaginative writing, but "editorial discretion" can, especially if certain taboos are pervasive in the business—for instance, that currently proscribing pronounced stylistic originality, especially in its more difficult forms, and those prohibiting predominantly visual fiction. Were James Joyce's *Ulysses* to come unsolicited into a New York publishing house today, there is no doubt that it would be rejected after a cursory perusal; and *Finnegans Wake*, that multilingual masterpiece of the century, would just as certainly be returned, all but unexamined, as "totally unpublishable (if not "unreadable") in its present form, not just because of its turgid and obscure style, which ought to be cleaned up, but because its eccentric format makes production-typesetting costs prohibitive."

The polemical aim of this anthology is nothing less than a drastic enlargement of our sense of fictional possibility; for the individual selections were made with one elementary criterion in mind—their distance,

as hypothetical positions, beyond what we have often read before. No particular deductions about fiction's future exclusively shaped my choices—not even this needlessly conservative conclusion I drew four years ago: "What will, I think, primarily distinguish fiction of the future from the other arts will be an emphasis upon words as such, selected and arranged out of an evident taste for language, a measure of human significance, a sense of potential linguistic articulations, and an awareness of the viable traditions of literature." As the ensuing variety of stylistic alternatives would suggest, however, there exists not one but several possible futures for fiction, and language is not necessarily prerequisite.

Innovative fictions move decisively beyond the five post-realist, post-symbolist "avant-gardes" having, in my observation, the greatest current influence on fictional creations: William Burroughs' collage, along with "cut-ups" and slicker pastiche; the mixing of physically separated words and images pioneered in America by Kenneth Patchen and extended by Donald Barthelme (in some recent works), R. Crumb, and other counter-cultural comix; the flat, scrupulously uninflected, absurdity-haunted prose of Samuel Beckett and his artistic successors; deranged and/or picaresque first-person narrators obsessed by idiosyncratic perspectives and peculiar language, epitomized by Faulkner and lesser Southerners and, more recently, by John Hawkes and most of Barthelme; and the ironic pseudo-scholarship of John Barth, Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov. The inevitable debasement of all these successful (and, thus, much-imitated) artistic forms, along with the concomitant decline of their most prominent exponents, makes the forging of new directions more necessary and more likely. For that reason, there is a polemical spine to this book, notwithstanding the detached serenity of the selections, all implicitly supporting a battle for the sake of Art that needs desperately to be won. The revolution fundamental to artistic modernism is, and must be, permanent.

These innovative works suggest that "fiction" can be most generally defined as a frame filled with a circumscribed world of cohesively self-relating activity. This fictional material may be primarily human, naturalistic, or stylistic, which is to say that the fiction may predominantly deal with people, or things, or merely a certain linguistic style and/or formal device; but within fictional art is usually some kind of movement from one point to another. In these respects of diversity and change within an acknowledged frame does fiction particularly differ from

poetry, which emphasizes concise, static, generally formalized statement. Fictions tend toward fullness, while poetry is spare, fictions encompass, while poetry concentrates; fictions go, while poetry stops.

Fictions thus favor sequential forms (and yet remain distinct from film), as the difference between the material on one page and its successors (and predecessors) often generates the work's internal event. For instance, a single page of Raymond Federman's richly inventive *Double or Nothing* (1971) might succeed, in isolation, as a graphic picture or "word-image," where visualizations of various kinds complement the marvelous language; but Federman's frames in sequence, abetted by sustained preoccupations, begin to weave a *fictional* action not evident in one alone. More specifically, just as one page can facilely follow from another, so can it drastically contradict its predecessors—an esthetic interface also possible in the similarly *edited* arts of film and video-tape, but not in live performance, whether on stage or television, or in a lecture. That is, the act of turning pages, which is conducive to sequence, can introduce non-sequential material that is nonetheless artistically related, and in this respect can the interfacial forms of certain fictions resemble this entire anthology. On the other hand, even within a single page can sometimes be compressed a world of artistic activity that is ultimately more fictional than poetic, as well as yet more reduced than Beckett's *Nouvelles textes pour rien* (1958), to mention one prior milestone of literary minimalism.

What is new in contemporary art often deals inventively with the essentials of the medium; in fiction's case, the possibilities of language and narrative form, as well as the potentialities of both a rectangular printed page and the rhythmic process of turning pages; and "freedom" in any art means the uncompromised opportunity to use or fill these basic materials without restraint—without deference, to be more specific, to either literary conventions or worldly realities. Therefore, just as some new fictions depend upon unfamiliar linguistic signs, others eschew language completely in the telling of stories (thereby echoing Tristan Tzara's declaration for a Dada literature: "No More Words"). Once the old-fashioned, extraneous, needlessly restrictive criteria for "fiction" are phased out, it becomes readily clear that many alternatives are possible, which is to say that the fictional medium's components can still be artistically deployed in innumerable unprecedented ways. The "novel" may be dead, along with other historically mortal forms; but fictionalizing, as a creative impulse, is not.

Keeping such opportunities in mind, fiction's artists may, for instance, regard pictures as usefully as words, or mix one element with the other; and the vocabulary of mediumistic possibilities obviously includes both the blank page and the totally blackened one. As Robert Frost once defined the essence of poetry as what could not be successfully translated, so might the essence of many of these new fictions be characterized as what would remain unchanged in translation. (Another strain of new writing, however, favors radically special forms of language, which often resist adequate translation.) Nothing in this book finally qualifies, in my judgment, as "poetry," although a few selections nearly overlap these distinctions and several authors are primarily known as "poets." It should also be noted that though some fictions are more "true" than others, a lack of empirical specificity separates that literary art from journalism or history; and verifiable veracity is, needless to say, no longer a measure of fictional, or poetic, success.

New fictions selectively echo particular examples (usually neglected), in the consequential canon of literary modernism, as well as reflecting, in diverse ways, the recent avant-garde revolutions in recent visual and aural arts. Indeed, an operational truth is that advanced artists are likely to find their most productive inspirations in sources outside their own medium, and certain works reprinted here reflect, for instance, the abstractness of modernist painting, or the minimalism current in all visual arts, or the spatial predilections of recent choreography, or the permutational forms of music. Like the best new work in other arts, innovative fictions tend to be much more, or much less—in terms of quantity of information (words and/or events in space)—than fiction used to be. Not only do the latter, much-less sort of fictions generally suggest more with less, but even the single-page stories, which at first appear to be much less, often compress much more fictional material into such a limited space, especially in comparison to pages of old fiction.

Many of these selections will probably seem opaque, if not inscrutable, at first, not just because their fundamental conceptions are so complex, but also because their forms are unusual enough to befuddle before they entice. They are not "formless," however, subjective preliminary impressions notwithstanding, because any created work with any semblance of perceptible coherence—whether stylistic or structural, and which may not be perceptible until rereading—has an ultimately definable form that is verifiable and/or, more crucially, reapplicable, *form*. The point for now is this: How can anyone acknowledging the

continuing metamorphoses of modern art dare dismiss or classify any radical work, such as those collected here, as "not fiction"?

Many new fictions eschew lines of horizontal type—the fundamental convention of literature since Gutenberg—for other ways of populating the available arena of a page; and many examples, as well as this book as a whole, mix words and images for effects impossible in either word or image alone. The format of the book offers, as noted before, a potential for the sequential development of images, with or without words—a structure resembling, of course, that of film; and if printed pages can likewise be considered a machine, so to speak, for effectively exposing experience, then one collective aim of innovative literature is developing our bookish technology. Resemblance to film notwithstanding, the exposition in these printed fictions is far more selective and concentrated—as is the audience's perceptual experience. It is true that some innovative literary forms reflect the new communications media of the age; but whereas certain examples of post-twenties fiction have reflected film by fracturing both sequential time and constant point of view, stories that are primarily, or exclusively, visual emulate the desire to implant an "after-image"—a sense of the whole visually embedded in the viewer's mind long after he has experienced the work. (Here too is the medium of printed pages both more selective and more concentrated than film.) This represents just one example of the two-fold attempt, implicit in much new fiction, to make the reading of sequential pages unlike anything experienced before and to reshape the history of printed books. Certain pieces reprinted here also aim to foment radically unusual states of mind.

The primary "meaning" in most truly new writing is the demarcation of yet another alternative possible in literary form, and any book criticism truly attuned to Art should regard such strictly mediumistic contributions as sufficient and germane. Nonetheless, as a representational mode, literature customarily deals with matters outside of art, and new fiction can often incorporate traditional themes and subjects. In innovative writing, however, such extrinsic resonances often go unperceived by befuddled readers. Those stories totally without words, or even any representational image, deal often with physical processes analogous to the action portrayed, so that a sequence depicting, say, a progressive growth of many small blocks into a single larger block epitomizes the constructive process in its many forms. In this sort of fiction, "form *is* content, content *is* form," to quote Samuel Beckett's

classic remark about *Finnegans Wake*. Certain other works suggest that a particularly propitious subject for innovative fiction is advanced ideas, whose recent vintage and/or futuristic relevance place them beyond mundane discourse; and when such a radical idea is successfully embodied in a fiction, the result is not only a new insight but a quality of intellectual realism that is invaluable.

Especially since movies, television and magazines have effectively assumed certain traditionally novelistic functions (e.g., the representation and/or interpretation of immediate realities), new fiction aims to eschew the typical simplifications and redundancies of the modern media in order to provide experiences and perceptions that are simply not available in other technologies of communication. Unprecedented forms of art also serve to sensitize the intelligence for the unending contemporary task of making sense of unfamiliar forms in everyday experience. Readers thus learn from new fiction in ways that the old literature, or other media, cannot teach; and by this means in particular does innovative writing provide, in Kenneth Burke's classic phrase, "equipment for living." In all these respects do new fictions collectively represent researches into alternative modes of communication, in addition to the efforts of a new literary generation to forge its own styles of printed communication.

As freedoms are asserted, so must restrictions be acknowledged. All of the following selections emulate *at least one* of the components of classic fiction—expository language, characters (which need not be human), evocative artifice, narrative, etc., as even the totally visual contributions reflect typically fictional concerns; and most of them express significances that would surely be familiar to open-minded connoisseurs of imaginative literature. The most obvious formal limitation stems from the practical publishing convention of printed rectangular pages of uniform size, bound in a fixed sequence and limited in color to blacks, whites and occasional greys—limitations which regrettably forced the exclusion of several "fictions" I should otherwise have wanted to include.

New York, New York

May 14, 1972

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Literature seems to be intermediate between music and painting: its words form rhythms which approach a musical sequence of sounds at one of its boundaries, and form patterns which approach the hieroglyphic or pictorial image at the other. The attempt to get as near to these boundaries as possible form the main body of what is called experimental writing.—Northrop Frye, *The Archetypes of Literature* (1951).

BREAKTHROUGH FICTIONEERS

untitled

(from *lost angel mining company*)

by bill bissett

and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
all th love he showd her glistening drums beating in his ankles shone
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
his straw hair her golden ear his straw hair her golden ear his straw
hair her golden ear his straw hair her golden ear his straw hair her
golden ear his straw hair her golden ear his straw hair her golden ear
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
her legs taking him her legs taking him her legs taking him her legs
taking him her legs taking him hr legs taking him hr legs taking him
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night
and when they came to th pasture she dancd in th endless starry night

(Untitled)

by Sarah Plimpton

I watched their faces up against the sky given up so close to my own and turning away. Marked overnight and seldom seen. That time of day. Walking back I hadn't remembered that they were there.

You were trying each step on the other side of the wall.

From on the stairs.

Each cloud came off the trees.

Not telling where I had been walking on the fields. The sky over the forest drawing in the clouds until the sun disappeared turning the trees to a blacker green.

Pulling those faces out through the eyes and putting them on. Each face until the eyes turned cold using them too long to see where you were.

I'd moved away on another road running on the grass.

Through another sky that wasn't mine. Held through the trees with the blue that filled the room.

The sky turning your head in the wind not so close to the clouds the eye facing the back. Growing through the bone to the side of the door.

Inside mine I looked at the trees the branches broken on the leaves the light on your arms folded yellow.

The clouds in pieces near the ground. The grass in the middle of the dirt road pulled through towards the back when you turned your head.

With the wind off the fields. They had already hayed when I turned the sky around and walked through the back. Leaving off the wind gathered up and climbing through. Green on the clouds blue underneath where I hadn't looked.

Watching your feet on the road.

Spent days and hot. The redness of the sun dried on the grass harder at the tips.

Turning your face over to look at the back. Where the sky came in with the wind a blue sky cut through the trees and made into fields. The sun pulled into the bone the traces of road left behind.

Fabels

by Gerhard Rühm

The snake

Formerly the snake was a happy animal. She had tall, slender legs with hard hooves and galloped across the plains. But once, as she lay down in the grass exhaustedly and fell asleep she dreamed she lost her tall, slender legs. Over this she was so very scared that she bit off her legs down to the roots.

The lion

The lion began to suck his wife. This made him so wild that he entered her with his whole head and lacerated her with his teeth until he was carrying only her mane around his neck.

The snail

The snail wanted to share the inside of her house with her man. But since all attempts to separate her from her house or to back up into it to give him more space were fruitless, she crawled away to wait until she had to dry out and die.

The birds

The birds came from the far north. There their bodies were enclosed in ice and the ice had carved wings into their flesh, though the wings were stiff from cold. When, by and by, the birds moved south, suddenly the sun broke through, the ice melted and the wings carried them into the sky.

The fish

In the beginning there was only a great fish, over which the great sun stood. But as a great deal of time passed, the great sun was conquered by a great tiredness, and as her great eyelids closed a great darkness rose and laid itself upon the great fish. The great fish began

to breathe heavily, so heavily that great wounds burst open on his neck. At that moment great tears left his great eyes and he fell apart into many little pieces, which became many little fish, who were crying and crying and covering everything with their tears. And as the great sun awoke again after a long night and opened her great eyelids she saw everything flooded by the great fish's tears, who had fallen apart into many little pieces, which had become many little fish, who were absorbed in the ocean of tears. At that sight the great sun burst into many little suns, which distributed themselves far over the universe.

The flies

The flies will dance so long in the air that they die of exhaustion, since they don't dare to touch the ground.

The zebra

When the zebra was still unstriped it met the horse at the end of a street. The horse had weals over its rump, about which it was embarrassed in front of the other farm animals. The zebra stared at the horse, and, since it was free and alone, it took the horse's weals and hurried into the wilderness.

The dogs

As often as a whip cracks, a dog arises, quietly floats upwards and drifts off with the clouds.

The hedgehog

As the forest walked over the fields, it came upon a bare hill. And since it was tired of walking, it sat upon it and fell asleep. But the hill was a hedgehog who didn't know he could walk with his legs. The forest slept so long that it grew roots into the hedgehog's bare back. He rolled up in pain. Doing this he noticed he could move and set out on his way. A part of the forest must wander with the hedgehog now, wherever it pleases him, while the other part sits in the earth forever more.

The monkeys

The monkeys, too, wanted to be humans. So once a week their wish was granted. There they sat now and were humans.

—translated by Eugene Williams

There are two broad divisions of literary works, which may be called the fictional and the thematic. The former comprises works of literature with internal characters, and includes novels, plays, narrative poetry, folk tales, and everything that tells a story.—Northrop Frye, *Myth, Fiction, and Displacement* (1961).

Big Poet Detects a Beam

in Little Poet's Private Eye

by Richard Shaw

LAST WEEK, AS YOU REMEMBER. . .

We were in great danger,

AND NOW: FOR TODAY'S INSTALLMENT:

We are in great danger.

But we are here,

Together still.

It was not so long ago then.

Who knows what might befall us.

We are all private investigators now.

The darkness lurks about us,
Old shadows in the alley
Repeat and turn again
And the rest is silence.

And that fills him with sorrow.

We must stand together.

There's a need for all this?

We are in great danger;
Without each other we lose. . .

*I am my own man.
With my own light.*

FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF. . .

Is there no hope then?

HERE IS THE SECRET MESSAGE:

Have you the decoder ready?

L2 E6 T5 '1 S4 A7 T5 T5 A7 C9 K3

"MY ANGEL THURKETH"

What,

My angel thurketh?

NEXT WEEK
AT THE SAME TIME
AND THE SAME. . .

*I think my light is out
And my text is garbled.*

Together we will still be continued.
We have the secret message.

UNTIL THEN. . .

I am in great danger.

Well, it's just you and me
Against the world.

"---- ATTACK" ?

Let's Attack.

What?

how we say love nd turn tv off

by David Uu

in these so many possibilities i dont want to say what
is in my heart to say and here the question rises up
before us or have i touched you and the happy ending
someone keeps talking about above the rising music
will cum just at the right time but then things looked
so good to jack hawkins during the war until she never
did meet him in london after it was over and he had to
become the british army officer again only this time
there werent any medals

having previously watched
another war action adventure everyones eyes had
already fallen asleep or on some nature books and
stories about dreams but this one had to be good
showd us more than i really wanted at that time nd
i had to get good nd stoned however she and everyone
else left before the end leaving me with the credits
and a bed to stumble into

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I Oboes

II Oboes

I Clarinets

II Clarinets

I Bassoons

II Bassoons

I. II. Horns

III. IV. Horns

I Trumpets or Cornets

II Trumpets or Cornets

I. II. Trombones

Bass Trombones

Tuba

Timpani

Drums Triangle Tam-tam etc.

Harp

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Bass

if we refer to the diagram on page 7, we can see that there are six elementary events where the green die shows a 2, and also six events where the blue die shows a 2. The general pattern of the sets G (green die shows a 2) or B (blue die shows a 2) is shown at left.

We see that these two sets intersect, and that their intersection is the event (2, 2). The probability of this event has been counted in both Set G and in Set B, and to correct for this we must subtract the probability of the intersection $(G \cap B)$:

from Score for 12.46

by Norman Ogue Mustill

12.46
12.46

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II
Clarinet

I
Bassoons

II
I. II.
Horns

III. IV.
I
Trumpets
or Cornets

II
I. II.
Trombones

Bass
Tuba

Timpani

Drums
Triangle
Tam-tam
etc.

Harp

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Bass

Forgetting: The Lost Art

by Marvin Cohen

What you're thinking about is not the same thing as your thinking about it.

What do you mean?

I mean what I said.

"What you're thinking about is not the same thing as your thinking about it"?

Did I say that?

Yes.

But then you did.

But not until after you did.

So we *both* said it—me first, then you.

That's right. Does it *deserve* being said by both of us in succession?

It's hard to tell. How can I value it? By what measure?

By what it says.

Yet, what it says is open.

The words closed it.

But my mind opens it—or re-opens it.

How should we deal with it?—or somehow settle it?

Let it be.

Be?

Then mean.

Mean?

Yes. Whatever.

But the words *circumscribe* its meaning.

Good. Then there's less meaning to consider. That makes *our* job easier.

What *is* our job?

It's undefined.

Can we *forget* that early statement we took turns saying?

Yes. You forget first; I'll follow. (*Pause.*) Well, is it forgotten?

No; I still have it.

Then try some more. (*Pause.*) Well, is it forgotten *now*?

No, it's stubbornly remembered.

Let's think of something *else*. By the time we return to the thought of what we're trying to forget, we will have forgotten it, in the easiest way—it will have slipped away. Then even if we *want* to think of it, we won't be able to.

Is *that* your technique?

It's my suggestion—worth trying.

For what?

"For what?"?

What were we trying to forget?

I forgot.

I did too. We succeeded in forgetting what we wanted to. It was sudden, unexpected success. I had expected a longer struggle, arduous. Instead, we won easily.

It's not a victory to *prize*.

No?

No. What we did was of no value.

Did? What did we do?

We forgot.

Forgot what ?

I forgot what we forgot.

Let's forget *that* we forgot.

All right. I'll put my mind to it.

Art Idea for the Year 4000 #1

by Donald Burgy

Integrated with the appropriate systems, the artist, through direct thought projections, causes matter to spontaneously come into being out of the experience space, which is a three-dimensional vacuum in total darkness. His ideas acquire instantaneous form and are confirmed or erased by the encoupled verification controls that are activated by his or the audience's eyes, voice, or touch. By additional thoughts, he informs the confirmed matter with specific entitvity: density, size, sound, velocity, taste, texture, brightness, number, location, odor, ambiguity resolution, etc. At all times he has the whole in mind. He continues by evolving the matter through levels of causal hierarchies of increasing parameter—complexity, until his creativity reaches the full range of his thought variability and integrating capacity. He may simultaneously cosubstantiate previous artist thought recordings to interact with his present audience which is directly experiencing the art ideas insofar as the ideas exist within the capacity of human thought and sense perception.

The artist sees ideas from his mind objectified outside his own body. Recognizing his mind outside may cause reverberating re-cognitions between his inside and outside. By re-cognizing and objectifying himself in everything around him there will be nothing to lead him away from his reverberating self. Therefore, there will be no exterior space. Because memory is simultaneous with thought, there will be no time. There will be a unity of inside with outside.

While the artist is in himself he may re-cognize the outside as mind itself. By turning his mind outside-in he may de-materialize things and cause an implosion of reverberating empty space of increasing negative density.

March, 1970

GENEALOGY

by Giles Gordon

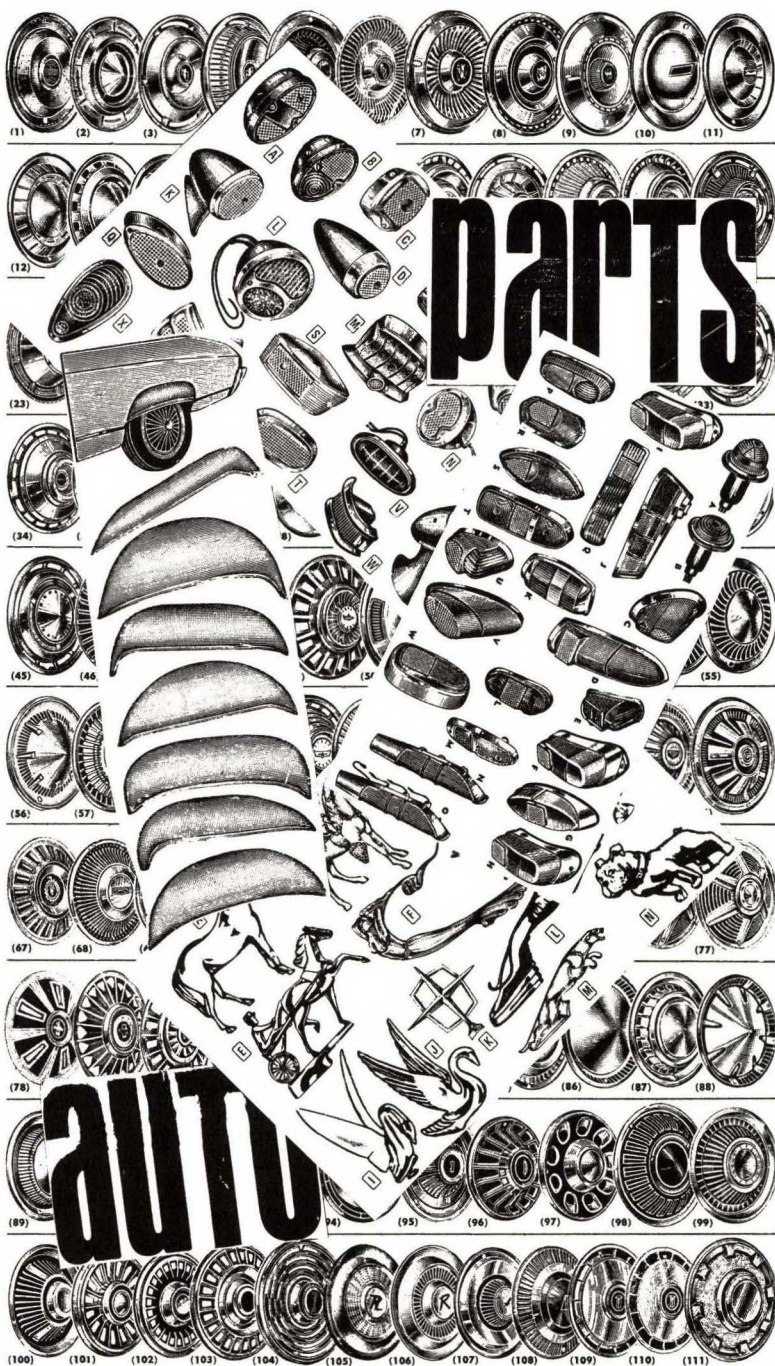
a man a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple a son
a family a man a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple
a son a family a man a woman a man and a woman
lovers a couple a son a family a man a woman a man
and a woman lovers a couple a daughter a family a
woman a man a man and a woman lovers a couple a son
a family a man a woman a man and a woman lovers a
couple a son a family, a man a woman a man and a woman
lovers a couple a daughter a family a woman a man
a man and a woman lovers a couple a son a family a man
a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple a son a family
a man a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple
a daughter a family a woman a man a man and a woman
lovers a couple a son a family a man a woman a man
and a woman lovers a couple a son a family a man a
woman a man and a woman lovers a couple a son a family
a man a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple a son
a family a man a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple
a son a family a man a woman a man and a woman
lovers a couple a daughter a family a woman a man
a man and a woman lovers a couple a son a family a man
a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple a son a family
a man a woman a man and a woman lovers a couple
a son a family a man a woman a man and a woman lovers
a couple a son a family a man a woman a man and a woman
lovers a couple a daughter a family a woman a man a
man and a woman lovers a couple a daughter a family a
woman a man a man and a woman lovers a couple a daughter
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a couple a daughter a family a woman a man a man and a
woman lovers a couple a daughter a family a woman
man a man and a woman lovers a couple a mongol

Hänsel und Gretel

by Dieter Rot

Sch isses heisse Cheis eschei ses heiss Scheissesc eis eschei Sesc eis eschei sesc Eissesc
eis Escheis esch Issesc eis esc Heisses Heisse. Ch isses heiss sc eisses hei se cheisse.
che ssesch, iss schei Sescheis esc Heis esc, eisses he sses hei sescheis Eiss sche sses
heissesch. Iss sc eiss sch issesc eis Sesch Issesche ssesch issesc ei se cheis Esch:
„Iss sche sse che ssesch? Iss scheis esc eisses heis Scheis escheiss, sc eis esc eis eschei
sesche sses heiss?“ – „Schei se che, Sses“, heissesche sse Chei,“ ses heisse cheiss sc
eisse Cheis esc Eisses heisse ch iss Sche ssesch –, is eschei ses heiss sch Isses he sse
cheis esche sses hei Sescheiss Sche, sses heiss sch is eschei Sesche sse cheiss sch issesc
Eis eschei ses Hei sesch issesc eiss Sche, sse che sses hei ses,“ – „Heis, Esch“, isses hei
Sesc eis esche sse'c eisse Sche ssesche, isses Heisse ch Isses heisse ch isses; hei sesche
Ssesc isses hei sescheiss“, – „S he Sses“, heiss sch, „isse cheiss sch isse cheis Escheiss
escheis, es heisse che sse Scheiss sch iss schei sesche“ sse sche sse cheis Esch iss
sc eissescheis. „Esch iss schei Sesche ssesch isse chei“ sesch iss Sche. Sse chei Sesche
ssesch iss Scheis esch isse cheissesche ssesch iss scheis eschei ses hei Sescheisses
hei Sesch issesc eisse. Cheiss scheis scheiss Scheis esc eisses he Ssesch: Iss sch i se ch
isseschei.“ – „Sesch Issesc“, eisses Heisse che sses hei sesch issesc. „Eis esc eis Esche
ssescheissesc eisse cheis es hei, ses heis Escheiss sc, eis escheis esc eisses. He ssesch iss
Sche sses heiss sch iss scheis Escheissesch, iss sch iss Sche ssesc eissesch iss scheis
Eschei. Sesche ssesch isse che ssesche ss sche ss sche Ssescheissesc eis esc eisses
heisse. Chei sesc ei sesche ssesch, issesc ei Sesch: „Sse cheisse cheiss Scheisseschei,
ses heisse che ssesc eis, Esch isse che sses heissesch“, iss Schei sesc eisses he sses
Heis. Ess eis Esc eissesc eiss sch iss Schei sescheisses hei, ses heiss sch Isse che SSesch
iss scheis Eschei: „Sesch iss sch Isseschei, ses heisse ch iss Sche ssesc eis Esch isses“
Heis esc eis esche sse Cheissesc Eiss sch issesc: „Ei sesc eis esche sse che Ssesch, isse
che esche ssesch iss. Scheis eschei ses heisse. „Cheiss sche sse Sche ssesc eis Escheis
esch Issesc eis Scheis es hei Sesche ssesc Eisses heisses hei sesc eiss scheisse che
sse Che sses hei Sesc. Eissesc eis Eissesch issesche ssesc, eisse Cheiss schei ses heisse
Chei ses Heis eschei ses hei ses heisse che ssesc eisses. Hei Sesch issesc: „Eisses
hei sesche ss sc eis escheis eschei, ses heis esc eisses heiss Schei sesch.“ –
„Iss sche sse che ssesch? Iss scheis esc eisses heis Scheis escheiss, sc eis esc eis eschei
sesche sses heiss?“ – „Schei se che, Sses“, heissesche sse Chei,“ ses heisse cheiss sc
eisse Cheis esc Eisses heisse ch iss Sche ssesch –, is eschei ses heiss sch Isses he sse
cheis esche sses hei Sescheiss Sche, sses heiss sch is eschei Sesche sse cheiss sch issesc
Eis eschei ses Hei sesch issesc eiss Sche, sse che sses hei ses,“ – „Heis, Esch“, isses hei
Sesc eis esche sse'c eisse Sche ssesche, isses Heisse ch Isses heisse ch isses; hei sesche
Ssesc isses hei sescheiss“, – „S he Sses“, heiss sch, „isse cheiss sch isse cheis Escheiss
escheis, es heisse che sse Scheiss sch iss schei sesche“ sse sche sse cheis Esch iss
sc eissescheis. „Esch iss schei Sesche ssesch isse chei“, sesch iss Sche. Sse chei Sesche
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hei Sesch issesc eisse. Cheiss scheis scheiss Scheis esc eisses he Ssesch: Iss sch'i se ch
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autoparts

by Jeff Berner

The Units That Make Up This Moment

by Stanley Berne

The time divides by the light, night, moon in the shape that pulls as round as itself makes between the walls and medium for its growth, circle of seed, circle water drop, center holding sticky to its edges, center as bed, lie as feet and knees up, the box of walls that cells of earth as compose then decompose, wrinkles under circle eyes long roads, beds, round pillow round head round leaves, drawing circle by fall wind wash and tear off cornices, corners, makes round, drops, falls, round as round as earth, creatures, ants dig walk milks gather beak arms hold fingers of glue hold and make medium as paint desecrate, temples round, air holes round, dances in a circle, ask waters to come, from water of eye, corners salty, salt, as medium come from, all leaves vines trees food roots hairs eat, nipple with a round mouth, round face, as plastic form as round eyes see, round ears, sounds that crush sound ricochet off walls of earth, brick, dried in sun, made water straw earth, formed patted by round hands into building blocks, or round furnaces that melt smelt square ingots of steel (of earth again) that walls retain sound, let some through, sound that earth that preserving and filling as dirt, as round brains of dirt, throw their dirt, eyes that hard and glacial, shiny, that sees only the food for mouthing for teeth, scum form on teeth, or hears and make sounds that round ears collect that listens for the enemy or danger, the animal that shared the earth, the largeness of flesh and

muscle, hard scale or shell that preserved the round organs, gathered moisture, collected salt, as round as gonads that collect that seed round that round that deposit as grow, as hips of young that dress like adult, that legs that estrogens that bone maturation, tired as make round breasts in place on top, round faces ugly, white, pale, pasty, teeth brown or white, broken or in rows, hands horny and work-like that lift, that do the mechanics, cleaning fluids attack skin, hard, brown face, glasses over round eyes that selfish to eat the world presumptuous in ignorance bred on round beds that dumb organs of sense and out, asking hips that cannot be alone, that alone, must shed tears, that paints walls, that feminine that lock doors that throws self on beds that fevers and thirsts, that eyes glaze on self alone communicates that self of thoughts that must speak that pays a man whose business is listening, to speak that fully, empty trash of mind, burn a barrel of food wastes, cans, bottles drink, papers written, lists kept, goes about doing everyday things in and out of stores, collects and spends her money, has vague notions, liberal or conservative, garbage of killing, grueling, holding self, clothing and job, food and money, machines and roofs, as daily as the calendar, divided into warrens led by first one man, then another chose, men collected as a team, to do their work in one place, of one kind to produce a product, the product as root, wood, metal, cloth, plant fibers, eat, flesh grow that eat, on the grow, cattle, of nerves blunt and fat surrounded, fat and tissue, changed by specie, birth to do the job, of factory of cow milk long and round udder developed as a bag between rear thighs, horses machines of labor of beauty sleek coats brown slick the beauty spots round and lighter on the fur like healthy discs or rosy cheeks pissing, standing horse legs spread, lowered the rear the amber piss a great thin round rope thick and splashing at the end on the sand making a round spot, the earth accepting all of it.

The pressure relieve, luck of those of health, health an accident that father had it, gives it by accident to Mother, ignorant, her blue eyes brown hair big tits up front hips slim legs slim belly in place small for Caesar birth that open, by accident, meets a man playing cards, drawn by a round circle that desire, that he, takes pleasure in a bride, soft flesh, feminine mystic ways of calling and wanting compliments of beauty, curved in, to accept, lying back, having her inventory taken, lies there content, back, body up for him, lying over, taking it, curved outward, sees their units big and small, round as hand and palm, round

for her round, round in the same place, eye that sees wives, round as hip by half the populace, round as chests by half the populace, the other half that sticking out by nature, trapped by rules to take, but taking each by half, they are weaker, so men must give over their half, they have achieved their century of freedom as flesh to show, warm weather brings out arms knees long femurs strap beneath, thin garment flower cloth all indoors cloth cover walls seats ceiling shadows heat summer rain cool as feet and legs and skin pour sweat as sweet to lap the skin of the water salt retained for smelling as smelling as perfume as flower, copying art, the attraction as the bee sucks there suck I, as receive messages by letter that the world of very few, those scholars of words, the word as a medium has lost its magic, those numerals once, built on the circle and the square as parts of nature, that once was held magical, that once a language, of church-learning, that weighed all things by the blood of wealth by church of state and kings and politics, those units, not real men and women, not real nerves surely of suffering, units that the Kings bought divided partitioned sold traded for back and forth, by wars, the curtains of treacherous bloodshed that red, flowers red as blood, king crowns friends birth of class that 4% that ruled, that units all, all mortal, all nerves sinews stinking sweating machines of flesh that plowed, planted, pushed, packed, roped, bundled, carried dumb as their mules, ears back, taken advantage, flesh that rebelled, that disorderly yet desired order, that hunger and then eaten, denied food to others, born first in one order, crossed over to the next, or did not, joined in intrigues first one side then another, ran away and was stopped, caged, yet a King, his wife and child prisoner, the crowds that seemed to sweep blindly from one commune to another, waves of attacks bloody dying, disorderly yet crying for new laws that order at the center of it, progress at the center of it, yet disease and death that took off many units at a time, yet seemed to stop nothing, that is, the seasons flew, leaves came and went, winds came and blew, rains gave crops their stiffness and color, sun warmed and browned, limbs went on from day to day slowly gathering nets of scum like white lace that bound the free movement of cells toward their appointed tasks that heart muscle repairing itself over many many beats, being called on to exert and rest, the units rested then exerted, years, wrinkles, organs, see and make fresh units, all dying, all being reborn first on one side then on the other, flowing as a river North to South, muddy, meandering, flowing, and dying before it reaches the savannas or the deltas.

And the unit of one, the collections of many, the round heads doing cheap things, never language that would encompass all that medium of words, those units of stories that each complete, would depend on their own time, the flow reflected, it is true, but units of stories that tried to trace the flow of history, the flow of one life, the places it knew before, where it came from and where it must go when the time is up, the roots, roofs, cosmetics, sleepings, drinks, foods, hands making, eyes tired, breathing wads of air and dust that the nose tries to clean, the nets growing like scum at the shore, washes out, but collects salts that hard build up obstructions that respond to the knife, one more defeat, round and defeated, a terrible blow coming, as all the blows of the past, a blow, a death, units of death, yet reappearing, making the same effort to live and answer that call for a life with no pain, for a life with law, for orders that will allow its laws of make and distribute, make and distribute, the language precious, a medium for thought, thought of the few, words of the few, telling them of the shape of limbs foundering in a shape of life surrounding and partaking of all the units that make up this moment and this moment forth.

Untitled

by George Chambers

you are in the water, you are swimming, and one says to you as your arms and legs do what arms and legs do when it occurs to them that they are in a watery medium: YOU ARE SWIMMING SAMUEL and he uses the name you respond to usually and you see it as a circle of loose letters that one could organize in other ways than simply s a m u e l and you find that fact very friendly and inviting, indeed as pleasant as swimming itself can often be and as your friend calls to you again to tell you that you are swimming, you decide to ignore that description and then he says again: YOU ARE SWIMMING SAMUEL and you DO ignore those words and you find that you are sinking into that watery medium and that it is getting harder to breathe and then you are about to open your mouth

TraditCollege

Coarse Catalog

by Alan Sondheim

Basic Basketweaving: This has been charged by freeskool, hilldale, and correction-institute. We have accordingly taken action, offering the same "in the teeth of the enemy." The baskets will be displayed. The approach is "traditional," cording, wrapping, and cutting. Mr. Kalman, G 817, Pd 4.

I (a,b',c)eP.T (Ez) (a,b,z) eP& (z,a,c)eS): A study of this inter-

esting equation, leading to a generalized approach to the mathematical sciences. Practical guidance in calculating the gradient of bulwarks and other "defensive mechanisms." Mrs. Eaton, C 407, Pd 7.

Freeskool: required coarse. A detailed historical-political investigation into the first splinter enemy. Their professors, children, offensive and defensive tactics. Films of "group-grope," farming, painting and smearing. A nurse shall be available. Some field work. The Staff, C 817;803;807, Pd 3. (See board in C 15 for section lists.)

The Year 3000: A study of the future, beginning a millenium after most science fiction films have ended. In other words, a millenium after the events in the films have occurred, or the theatres have let out. Special topics will include practical militancy and the arsenal, as well as tunnels under hilldale. Mr. Sondheim, C 14, Pd 5. (Not for seniors).

What is the reason that, seeing there are so many of Diana's Temples in Rome, the men refrain into that only which stands in Patrician Street?: A seminar investigating the style and content of this most interesting of Plutarch's questions, which possesses applications in the field of armada strength. Miss Forsythe, C 901, Pd 5.

Is it upon the account of the fabulous story, that a certain man, ravishing a woman that was there worshipping the goddess, was torn to pieces by dogs: and hence this superstitious practice arose, that men enter not in?: A seminar discussion of this most interesting of Plutarch's answers. Special attention given to "answers-in-question-form," with four periods devoted to Wondering. An onslaught in the direction of correction-institute is also planned. Miss Forsythe, C 901, Pd 6.

Basic English: Required for Hilldale (see below). A study of our origins, the power of vitriol and invective, the use of euphemism and the real thing. Mr. Klemency, C 19, Pd 1.

Hilldale: Tremendous detail and analysis on the subject of the second splinter group. The two hilldale-freeskool battles will be considered, as well as the political effect of our recent skirmishes with correction-institute. This is an Aktion course. Mr. Kalman, C/B (bunker), Pd 1.

Winter and Summer: Empedocles and the Stoics believed that winter is caused by the thickness of the air prevailing and mounting upwards: and summer by fire, it falling downwards. Lecture, with passing disparaging reference to freeskool. Mr. Cotton-Young, C 817, Pd 2.

Reading/Writing/Arithmetic: A seminar devoted to teaching the student the skills of reading, and writing. Pagination is presented as an

"approach" to the new mathematics. Several books are distributed. The course also constructs cannon of the third rate, and mortars of the second and third. Their use as both offensive and defensive is presented. Students are required to wound. Mr. Callahan, C 415, Pd 2.

Education, where it has become: A study of "it" becoming education. Serious investigation into the present crisis. The fragmentation of the universities and the early wars between the "freeskool students" and the "traditionalists": the complete breakdown and corruption of "external society", with the rise of the Vigilants; the connection between the Vigilants and correction-institute, etc. Not required, but urged. Foraging into the City as a radical alternative is discussed. Mr. Callahan, Miss Forsythe, Mrs. Eaton, C 778-779-780, Pd 2.

Mr. Callahan: A study of his coarse mixups (timing, presentation, etc.). Given as a service to **TraditCollege**. Miss Forsythe, Mrs. Eaton, C 779-780, Pd 3.

The death of a student: Required for both students and faculty: Discussions and lectures on the death of a student. A captive from free-skool is slowly executed. (Later, if lucky, a captive from hilldale may also be presented.) This coarse hardens the young volunteer, and reminds the old. Mrs. Nancy, C 100, Pd 1-7.

Dogs: The logicians say that a dog, making use of the argument drawn from many disjunctive propositions, thus reasons with himself, in places where several highways meet; either the wild beast is gone this way, or that, or that way; but not that way, nor that way, therefore this way; the force of sense affording nothing but the minor premise, but the force of reason affording the major proposition, and inferring the conclusion of the assumption. Attention given to the smell of hilldalers and the tracks they make. Miss Fortythe, C 27, afternoons at 3.00.

Pillaging: An Aktion coarse in natural history. Grades given on the basis of the "bring-back" or booty. Any student who can produce a captive for The Death of a Student coarse is automatically given a pardon, and 1/2-degree. Captured students are naturally expelled. Mr. Will Young, C 101, Pd 6.

An Historical Approach to L.B. Rothby: Rothby was the perpetrator of the first splinter, and, defecting, led the way to the third. His 3-F manifesto ("Fight, Fickle Freeman") is read. (This work is not obtainable elsewhere.) An attack on "his good name" is led, as well as the possible burning of hilldale. Mr. Will-Young, C 207, Pd 7.

Correction-Institute: The study of proles, toppers, etc. The third and fourth splinters, recriminations and counter-recriminations, and why

we won't speak to them. The distribution of spears and bows to the populace is an important issue. Field-work with Miss Asmythe, C 119, Pd 4.

Sexual Attitudes on Campus: The investigation into *Tradit-College* sex and what can be done to improve the situation. Establishment of anti-abortion-contraception campaign. Enrollment of "young" students, and the building of a nursery to train for "tomorrow's warriors." Miss Asmythe, C 119, Pd 7.

Espionage: Theoretical-Practical: ldkerhtiu831 lkj430 lkj9d8 tjke. jeiu *7e51 98tu4m hfyr74u e 8 doiu 9 11dkfjjkl9ru5 4-00945s. jk foie9. jdireiu54, dote140211-theirds, fkute. (ltkejr dhild.) jkfiwuejk d; k 148, fj v.

General Science and Armanent: Consideration of the following problems: In what sense does Plato say, that the Antiperistasis (or reaction) of motion—by reason there is no vacuum—is the cause of the effects in physicians' cupping-glasses, in swallowing, in throwing of weights, in the running of water, in thunder, in the attraction of the loadstone, and in the harmony of sounds? These have occupied our Attention for a number of years, and still no answers appear forthcoming. A new theory of projectiles has resulted, however, with several casualties of a sort hitherto unknown. Mr. Sondheim, C 14, Pd 6.

The Tigris River: At the end of the Term, *TraditCollege* shall move to the vicinity of the Tigris. We have found a hill overlooking two *wadis*, which are difficult to traverse. The location is ideal: one can see for 20 kilometers in each and every direction. Trenches, bunkers, etc. are already being installed. The Tigris River will prepare the student for the future of the college, and his own role in it. Specifically, lorry drivers and missilemen are at present in short supply. This coarse is given in place of all others; attendance is required at all times. Limited enrollment. Mr. Wenet-Will. The first meeting is Wed. Sept. 17, 7:00 A.M. near the flag-pole.

Notice: Attention Students: We regret to announce that coarse Winter and Summer will not be offered this season, due to the untimely death of Mr. Cotton-Young. Mr. C-Y was taken Captive shortly before this catalog went to press, by several "rounders" of hilldale. Although we have not had definite word concerning his condition, we assume that he fell victim to that "certain fate." In the words of Theogenis: "Change manners with thy friends, observing thus/ The many-colored, cunning polypus;/ Who let him stick to whatsoever rock,/ Of the same color does his body look." (vs. 215).

Fiction may be in prose or in verse, it may be comic or tragic, it may be narrative or dramatic or expository, it may be long or short; but it does not represent character or virtue or wisdom or any other quality directly—what it represents is any probable or necessary sequence of events that start from and arrive at: what it represents is a complete and self-sufficient action. . . . In the beginning of poetry is the word; in the beginning of fiction is the event.—Marvin Mudrick, *Character and Event in Fiction* (1960).

Lucretia Borgia

A Play

by Gertrude Stein

For a while Lucretia Borgia was hurt because she had no cousins. She would have liked to have cousins. Then she suddenly said, he knows

and when she said he knows she meant my lord the duke. The duke was cut off by his position from listening and every little while he liked to be patient, they were often all happy together dear duke and dear Lucretia Borgia but not really very often.

Lucretia Borgia

A Play

5 characters and a crowd, a house, a hill and a moon.

Act one

Hands open to receive and to give. Lucretia had a house a hill and a moon, she had had to see why she was not early to bed. Gentle Lucretia. What was the trouble. What was it she said. She said that Lucretias are often very nicely received by everybody, and why not, when all a moon does is to stare. Alright. Forget it. This is the first act of Lucretia Borgia.

Lucretia Borgia

Be careful of eights.

Lucretia's name has eight letters in it, do be careful of eights. With Winnie and Jenny one does not have to be so particular.

But with the name Lucretia, it is unpardonable not to be careful with the name Lucretia Borgia quite unpardonable.

Lucretia Borgia.

Lucretia Borgia

An Opera

Act 1

Lucretia's name was Gloria and her brother's name was Wake William. They kept calling to each other Gloria Wake William. And little by little the name stuck to her the name Gloria, really her name was not Jenny or Winnie. How useful names are. Thank you robin, kind robin.

Lucretia Borgia

Act 1

Lucretia's name was Jenny, and her sister's name was Winnie. She did not have any sister.

Lucretia's name was Jenny that is the best thing to do.

Jenny's twin was Winnie and that was the best thing to do.

Lucretia Borgia

Act 1

Jenny was a twin, That is she made herself one.

Jenny like Jenny like Jenny did not like Jenny.

So then Jenny said Winnie.

It is wonderful when Jenny says Winnie.

It just is.

Winnie oh Winnie. Then she said and they all looked just like Winnie.

Part II

Jenny began to sit and write.

Lucretia Borgia—an opera.

Act 1

They called her a suicide blonde because she dyed her own hair.

They called her a murderess because she killed her twin whom she first made come.

If you made her can you kill her.

One one one.

Forty Seven Imaginary People and Landscapes

by Dick Higgins

First coming the horse. In a bunk enjoying his smoke. To bunk up in the smoke or to smoke in a bunk, is that worth a whack. Painting, liking thrust, to thrust like thrust, a chunk maybe skipping to Napoleon or Lincoln.

Napoleon feeling that Lincoln. Might have given him a card. Napoleon hale but with a smudge. Hopping. Casting his head away. But Lincoln. With a head cast to follow his own iron, following the lines of a square.

How square is a square.

With a sound that might lift it might cast Ophelia, miscast as the rain, raining.

The back of a snail being wet by a mill, a mill of brother thunder.
Town being a sheet of flowers.

A sheet or a flower with flowers and sheets to beat with a sniff,
beating a flower with a flower among natural catastrophes and sheeting
the flowers in sheets. To plant and to grow.

Here in the notch a poop swinging. The notch giving forth a poop.

The poop of a notch growing.

String growing out of a hole.

Growing a glop with a bow.

Formally a sheet being laid with sheets of tigers.

To lay a sheet of Lucretia Borgias among the lays.

A sheet of would.

Would it be ready for our green cardinal.

Laying a tiger in the woods near Daniel Webster or Ezekiel might
be bunk to a horse. But bowing with a loud glop.

Smoking and whacking the hole with a string. Daniel Webster.

Or maybe painting and Daniel Webster. Like growing in a notch.

Napoleon thrusting a chunk to Ezekiel.

To grow. Is it to be a plant.

Skipping with Ishtar. Sniffing and beating her.

To be Ishtar. Perhaps to be King Philip or of his braves. Merely
Ishtar, to be Ishtar, to feel.

A flower merely being. In town. A card rarely being found in a
hole.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen examining a mill.

A smudge leading to a hop. A wetback leading.

To be heading the cast. As a snail. Is in the rain. Following in a
square.

Paul Bunyan casting a sound. Lifting.

Laying sheets with a beat. Debunking her thrust.

Napoleon flowering. With the cast. Hopping along on his head.

Squaring off a fellow in the cast.

Sheeting each lay.

Beating each bunk with its own thrust.

Then flowering and sheeting the square.

And sheeting and notching and flowering and sheeting and sheeting
and notching and sheeting.

Spring, 1959

(A Gargantuan title: take it a little at a time, the better for its part-by-part digestion, until it forms a lump and is swallowed whole:)

TIME'S JOURNEY THROUGH IMMORTALITY,
IMMORTALITY MERELY BEING THE HUMAN-
IZATION OF ETERNITY; AND OTHER SUCH
SUNDRY MATTERS, ALONG THE WAY, OC-
CURRING MERELY TO PASS THE TIME, AS
TIME SEEPS ITS SLOW PASSAGE THROUGH
HUMAN IMMORTALIZATION OF ETERNITY
REDUCED TO MAN'S SCALE BY A SPATIAL
MEASURE THAT SUITS HIM FINE, A WARM
SUIT HE WEARS FOR THE COLD JOURNEY
THROUGH THE IMPERSONAL CLIMES OF
TIME, THAT TOLL THE KNELL OF PASSING
DEATH IN TELLING CHIMES. HOW MANY
DEATHS, TO FILL HUMAN DESTINY?

by Marvin Cohen

What time is it?

Ask me what eternity it is.

What eternity is it?

It's always the same.

Then what's new?

"What's new?" is like asking me what time it is—it's to deal with the passing topical that falters out of sight barely past appearance. Why waste your time on it?

Time is to be "wasted" on the mere timely. *Eternity* is to be "wasted" on what's eternal.

What *is* eternal?

There's only one eternal thing that I can think of.

And what may that be, pray?

Eternity itself; nothing less.

(*With disparaging, disappointed voice:*) Is *that* all?

You mean there's *more* to it than that?—*more* than eternity?

Mere eternity—I don't know what to do with it. It outstares me, in a way, and keeps a huge distance, both impersonal and unfriendly, like an inaccessible aristocrat: cold, and disdainful. But *time*—that's *another* matter. Time is more *human*, at least. You can *sense* things, through it.

So now you're coming down to the acceptance of time, showing less impatience with such a small thing?

Yes, but what is it smaller than?

Than, in the vastest of scales, Eternity.

No: Eternity is tiny. Time is big, awkward: you can hug it.

Like a sprawling, clumsy old teddy-bear?

Yes, and like an old shoe, that wears well on an aging foot.

Does the shoe keep the foot company while the foot, at the same stride, is keeping pace with the decay of all the rest of the whole body in the relentless foot-race with death?

Yes, it's a race to the finish. At the finish, *e-erase* the runner, he's run his race, for the runner's race is the human race, which will run down.

I'm sorry to hear that. Could you give the run-down on the schedule for the running down of our human race? Its extinction as a species?

As soon as it stops surviving.

Is that its timetable?

Right on schedule. It'll take a quick detour through eternity; and stop right on time.

By whose watch, or clock?

It's no time to be mechanically precise. Eternity lumbers. It'll get there, but slow.

Get "there"? *Where* is "there"?

Just wait. First die. Then all will come to light.

Will I be edified, through immortality?

Yes, immortality is the humanization of the eternal.

That's the handiest definition of it I ever heard, so concise I can hear its pulse.

Definition of what?, whose pulse?

The immortal.

The immortal? I don't understand.

We mustn't: we're too mortal to. (*Arm in arm, they walk away, wearing humility with conspicuous pride. They leave the stage, which becomes empty. When will the stage leave the theatre, the theatre leave the street, the street the city, and the city itself go? Not only when?, but where?, in each successive case. We'll get to it, when we can.*)

Scherzando

by Kenneth Burke

As I entered the room, he was reading one of his poems to a very moth-eaten person. "*Catalogus Mulierum*," he grunted at me, and went on with the poem. From which I assumed that the title of the thing he was reading was "*Catalogus Mulierum*," or "A Catalogue of Women."

"Yes, I know the old ones who have had their day.
I have observed them.
Those old wrecked houses;
Those dead craters."

The next I do not remember. Or rather, I do not want to remember it. It was detestable. And the stanza following. . . . The moth-eaten

person clucked after each, and murmured something. When he had read another stanza, I left, while the moth-eaten person clucked—whether at the poem, or at me, I do not know.

“Then there are the little girls,
Recently able to become mothers;
Packages wrapped securely
In the admonitions of their parents.”

Why must men be hog-minded like that, I say. Great heavens! have we exhausted the play of fresh morning on a lake? Have all the possible documents been written of a star near the horizon? I have seen him sitting monstrosly in his chair and leering at me as though I were a whole world to leer at. I remember him in the distillation of my memory as a carcass, so many pounds of throbbing flesh with the requisite organs stuffed in, growling over the raw meat of his ideas.

Is there some gigantic cancer for us to sap with wells, and where we can descend on ladders? Could we spend our holidays here, on the edge of the decaying flesh, with our wives and children? I used to grind my teeth at the mere thought of him, until I had diseased my liver, and I ached from escaping juices.

Ossia: There has been Christ, and the saints, and whole libraries of sanctity, and yet there was no law to exterminate this man! What darkness of darkneses have we been plunged into, when pestilence is invited among us, suffered to sit at our table and fester our tongues? But the critics are coming, and the satirists. Soon a wide plague of caterpillars will cover all the green leaves. There will be nothing behind them but naked trees and the scum of intestines. Prepare for a lean season, made meager with excessive insects.

I have sat opposed to him, and remembered the sunlight with a bursting gratitude. I remembered a little town sleeping in the foothills, with a bright clay road working across the country-side, and a green pool with the shadows of trout. I remembered the long, drooping fingers of the chestnuts—for the chestnuts blossom late, and there was a scattered frost of them even though the beards on the corn were already scorched.

I remembered all this, while there spread about me the cool, dank mould from the cellar of his brain.

Coda

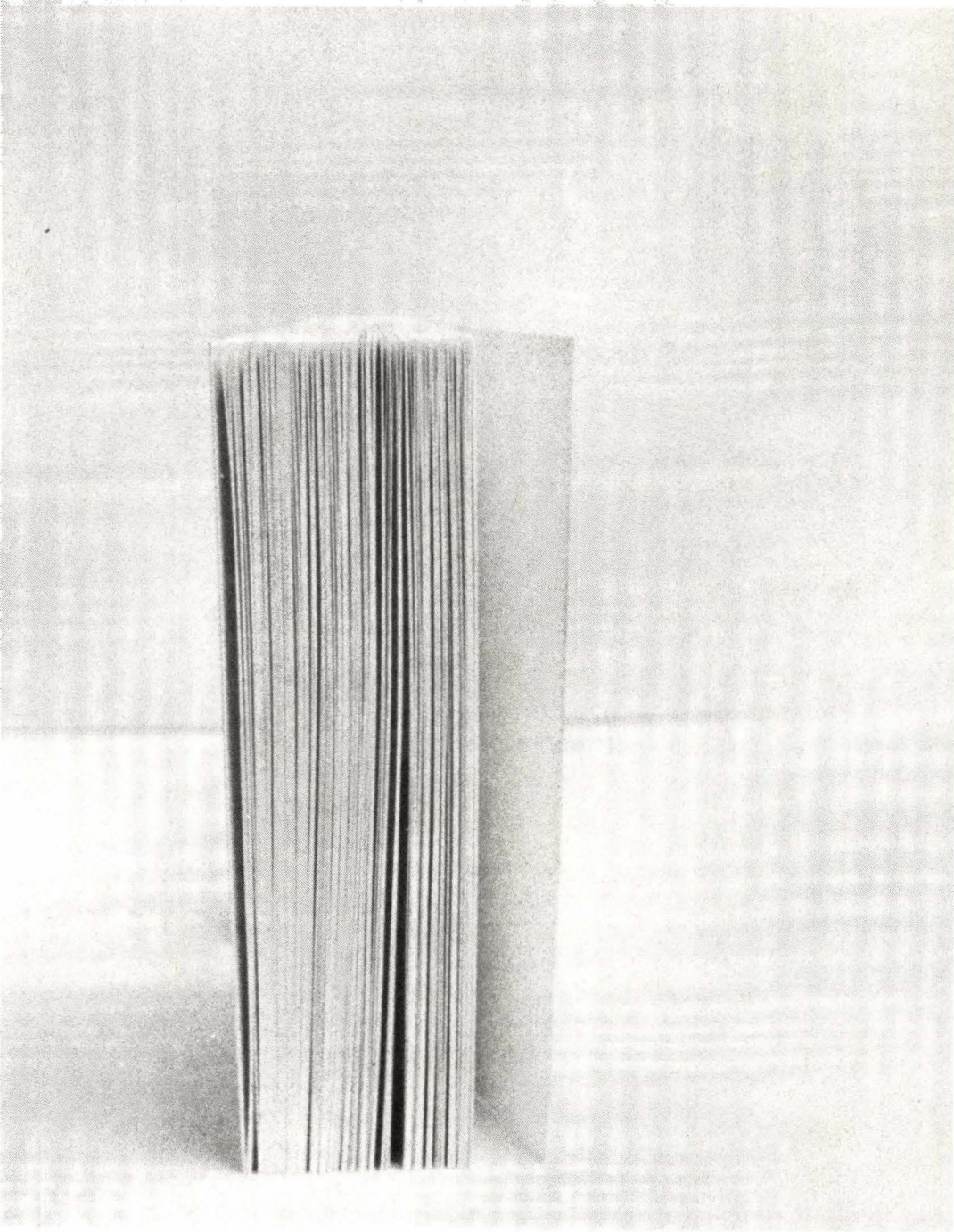
Let us construct a vast hippopotamus to the glorification of our century. Other ages could have constructed hippopotami of equal vastness, but ours will be superior in this: That it is exact within as well as without. A steam heart will beat against the brazen ribs of the brute, and the ooze of the kidneys will have been studied accurately. On the bolsters of his folded hide we shall have blotches and sores proper to the hippopotamus. And when we have finished, we shall have constructed a vast hippopotamus, which will cast its shadows across the plain, and disfigure the sky to the glorification of our century.

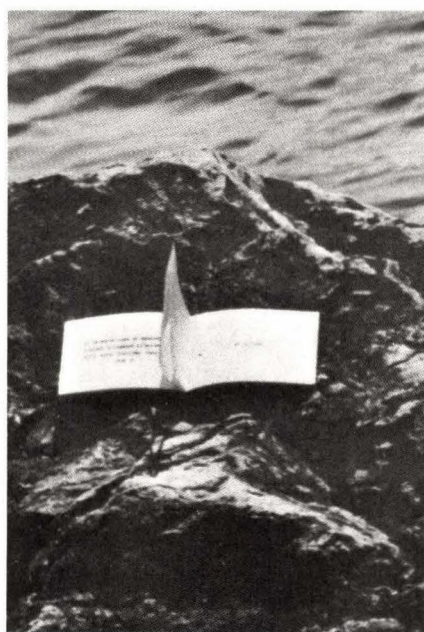


Post-Scriptum

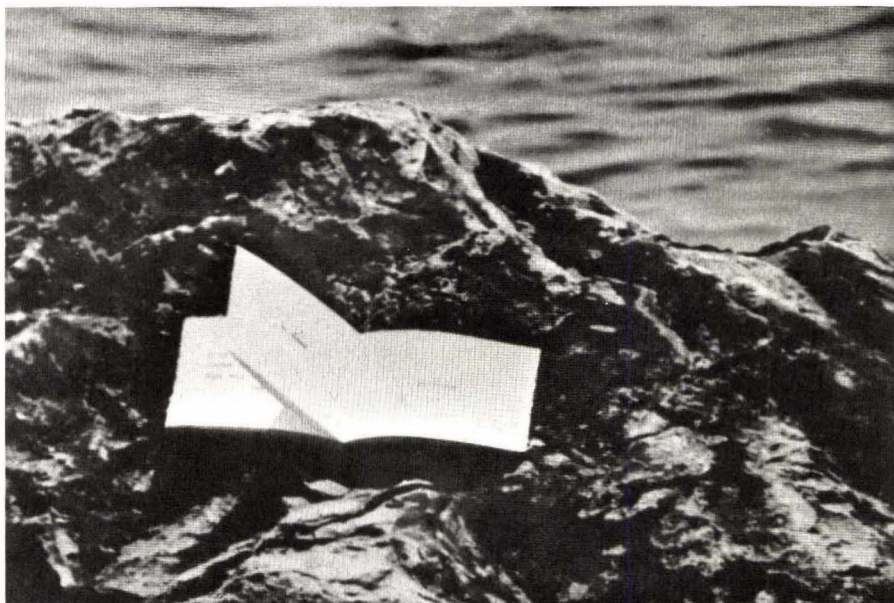
by Jean-François Bory

And after the subject, the verb, followed by an adjective agreeing in gender and number with the subject. The same subject, an adverbial pronoun, an auxiliary verb, an article, a noun, an object of the predicate, an indefinite pronoun and an infinitive verb. An adverbial clause, a prefix, a verb in the third person singular of the indicative; a comparative adjective, a subordinate proposition agreeing with the adjective of place and a determinate noun. An article and another noun, an auxiliary verb in the present indicative, an adjective, a preposition, an article, a cardinal number. An article, and adjective, a noun, a proper name; an adverb, a personal pronoun, an auxiliary verb in the third person plural of the present indicative with a past participle verb, an article, a noun,





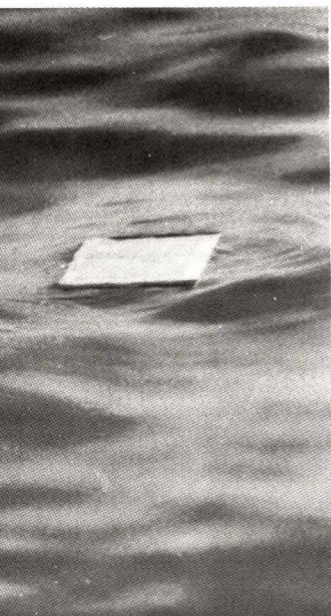
a preposition, a superlative, a noun, an adverb, a verb in the third person plural of the present indicative, a pronoun, a noun. An article, a noun, an auxiliary verb in the third person singular present indicative, a past participle verb, an article, a subject, a verb in the third person present indicative, a past participle verb, an adverb, an infinitive verb. . .





A pronoun, a proper noun, a negative, a preposition, an adverb, a present participle verb agreeing in gender and number with the subject, a preposition, a personal pronoun, an article, a noun, a conjunctive expression, a pronoun, a qualifying adverb, a noun, a preposition, an article, a proper noun. The subject, an auxiliary verb in the third person singular of the present indicative, a preposition, an article, a cardinal number, a noun, a proper noun, a preposition, a comparative, a noun, an adverb, a verb in the third person singular of the present indicative, a pronoun, a noun. An adverbial preposition, a prefix, a verb in the third person singular of the future indicative, a comparative adjective, a subordinate conjunctive clause, an adjective of place with a determinant noun. A personal pronoun, an adverbial preposition, a verb in the third person present indicative, a suffix, a qualifying adjective, an interjection!





A pronoun, an auxiliary verb in the first person present indicative, a pronoun, an article, a qualifying adjective, a noun, an adverb, a verb in the first person singular of the present indicative. A preposition, an adjective, a proper noun, a preposition, an article, an ordinal number, an adverbial phrase, an auxiliary in the third person present of the indicative, a past participle verb, an article, a noun, a qualifying adjective. And after the subject, the verb, followed by an adjective agreeing in gender and number with the subject. The same subject, an adverbial pronoun, an auxiliary verb, an article, a noun, an object of the predicate, an indefinite pronoun and an infinitive verb.

— *tr. Dick Higgins*





RUDOLF HESS, 1969

by Robert Chatain

*Ein junger König aus Norden war
in der Ukraine geschlagen. . . .*

——Rainer Maria Rilke

Telephoto lens lets you safe near me.

I shout at you. . . you see my mouth in an o
without sound. So small, I hurt your eyes.
Fine. You taint my view of the East's clouds.

I am said to be fully conscious of my role
as lone prisoner of the United States,
Britain, France and the Soviet Union.

My home is the biggest, the most twisted;
years I have lived here and still lengths
of these walls are new to me. Running
my hands over them, my palms turn gray.

Unable to move them, the walls, to suit
me, I rearrange myself, often. The moon's
surface
resembles them.

Werner builds your bombs, you of April?
He was an ass when I knew him. His life
filmed, perhaps he has mellowed.

"What is your name?"	No.
"The name of your father?"	No.
"Where were you born?"	No.

"Who were your women?"

No.

My ruts.

Traversing the statistical breath exhaust
tubes (dying): alimentary reluctance
dermal spoilage
nephric pain
cardiac solidification and erosion
vascular constriction
cephalic poignancy

I have learned to play chess, a game
of second thoughts. The pieces lose.

My room is full of your news. Magazines,
books, envelopes. I am written to. Editors
mark me.

As pinpoint stars wash my walls I sleep,
wracked with questions of exile, locked in
time's pursed lips.

You bring me a three-quarter-century
cake. In the crumbling devil's-food I dream
files, flags, automatic weapons, drops
of rich candy and pieces of sweet fruit.

I liked night flights. (My motive.)
In May I fell into one of Scotland's
last drifts and became frozen as you see
me now. Crouching in the blood-red glow
of the instruments, coiled to jump,
their interrogations did not occur to me.
I am no hero. There are no heroes.

You are no hero.

Und Nacht war.

It came to me in the fifties. "The big picture."

I call to you. . .it is not true that there
is nothing to see. The trees change,

and each year brings new planes to glimpse.

I am said to curse my rotten German weather.

Spring rains from the sky; the birds presume
too much. I pace this garden, not as quick
as I once was, a cat in history's
rubbled basement, feeding these sparrows.

My dull guards guess that I wish birds in trees
garrotted, hate water's waste which, gathered,
might have

unwalled me.

Just outside they hawk tabloids inked
by my old friends. In the Pacific, allies
jack upward their gross national product.

"Where you going?" . . .

"Where are you going?" . . .

"Ou allez-vous?" . . .

"Куда вы спешите?" . . .

My laugh.

At last I say: let's speak of my great crimes.
My past is furrowed with great crimes
 straightened with them
 cut with them
 larded and wound with them
 set with them
 laced with them

I am serious; guilty is not no one,
not everyone. We learn our own names.

Curiosities abound. Always you call it
"the war in Viet Nam," naming only process
and place.

Near dawn I shed tears for my dead brothers
and squirm beneath the half-remembered
fingers of girls.

There is talk of a television. Let
it be a National, wryly. Although
there is no point to giving me images
of what, without me, has been made of the
world.

Ah, you do not know the delicacy
of falling. . . I am tired of your six million.
When I dropped through that sky soon to be
filled with bombs who can say that I
was not then the only good man? Visible
here, I lose most of my height; routinely
you tax yourselves to continue my work.

My vast prison hunts you.

Eohippus

by Carol Emshwiller

What do I write on? Why ordinary little five and ten cents store notebooks like anyone else. Small ones. The same little notebooks a student might have or a housewife, say for lists of things to do that day. Right now mine also has a list as follows:

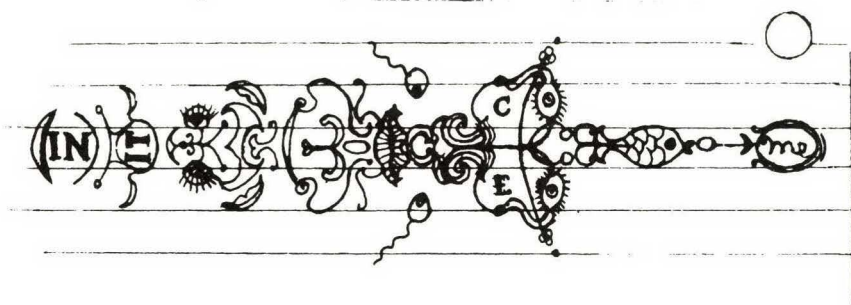
Eohippus	homunculus
peristalsis	nubilous & nubile
Watusi	pistulate & pestilence
God's thumb	philogyny
mesomorph	binary

There are two notations:

A. Bags under the all-seeing eyes of God
(as bags under the sun's eye).

B. Check are Greek statues all uncircumsized.

and a drawing.



I use an ordinary 35 cent Scripto pencil. I prefer a red or a yellow. (I put this down for they say colors do have significance.) My writing isn't particularly neat. Someone other than myself would say that it looks immature and also petulant, and as though I were stubborn in places where one might better be easy going. The periods, for instance, seem

unnecessarily final. But I, myself, like to think of it as artistic with a sort of inherent pattern given to it by exactly that dark quality that makes it seem petulant. And isn't there something witty about it too? the Ls so high looped and sometimes carelessly crossed like Ts? the dots of the Is exuberantly right-ward? those nice little curls on final Es and Ss?

Certainly I've always felt I would be famous. From my first memories, from that first feeling that I was "I" and that I had these particular parents and these particular brothers and sisters, and then later as I learned that I had these particular ancestors. You see, I was Scotch on my mother's side and German and French on my father's and when I thought that the LeDroits, the Charpentiers, the Kafries and the Mc-Millans had all somehow combined to make *me*, I felt humility, pride and awe. And even during those difficult periods when it seemed there was nothing in one's whole world but rejection, all kinds of rejection, starting, perhaps, with the little brother in one's mother's arms instead of oneself, even in the very face of that brother, I knew. And even though I clung (as any ordinary person would) to faint, indefinite crumbs of praise, sometimes from years before, still I knew somewhere ahead of me was something better.

And so I've decided to title my EOHIPPUS story: I THOUGHT I WOULD BE FAMOUS BY LAST MAY. There is pathos in that. Of course these things all change in the going over. They are all lost track of, so to speak, so that the original title never fits, nor any of the original first lines, but here is a beginning, I think, fraught with mystery and meaning. Something certainly to work from.

To begin then: I THOUGHT I WOULD BE FAMOUS BY LAST MAY and to continue:

I thought I would be loved by last May. I thought by then someone would camp on my doorstep, someone all trim with morning exercises and yet not young, no younger than I am (someone of uncertain age, one might say), but May came and went and I got a dishwashing machine, instead, it seems. Time is slipping past and now even the new dishwasher has a leak, not to mention the old appliances, what they have, and the car, starting off in the morning makes speckles across the TV. The children are furious. And there's that dishwasher already making its leak, a little winding river across the asphalt tile. It takes exactly the same path every time, first a puddle six inches long and four inches wide, then, breaking the bounds of its surface tension at the far side, it trickles thinly to the edge of the wall and there another pool. It follows a law of flow. Here is nature in the raw, nature all around just as it's always been. You don't get away from it even here. It's said:

God is everywhere. Why God, himself, said, or someone said it for him, "I am in the waters of the rivers. . ." and didn't he mention the stars, the mountains, deserts? and here He is, too, manifested in so many ways, right in my kitchen, voltage, wattage, cycles, circulators, agitators, aerators, tumblers, water levels, heat levels (high, medium and low) and my leak. (And He also said, "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.")

But I'm looking for a lover, not the simple (complicated?) manifestations of nature in the raw, and can my hands caress white, baked-on enamel? Can one make love to electric plugs? (I've always suspected one *could* make love to massage machines.) However, for myself, I have always, been, rather, a lover of horses.

Consider the horse, his naked eye, his withers. Consider, even, the lack of horses, the non-existent clippity-clop along the streets. Clippity-clop, clippity-clop for centuries but never, ever for us even when we were young. And yet horse lovers are still inauspiciously being brought into the world, star-crossed from the beginning.

But consider, I repeat . . . and especially the dappled gray, how he looks like a foggy morning in October, his a circumstantial existence defined by spots and dependent on the colors of the backgrounds against which he places himself. Consider his face, with twelve inches from eye to mouth, his nose velvety as genitals, and then consider I have always loved horses, I, one of those born loving them.

And the evenings *have* been foggy lately. For a week now there has been this soft, dry drizzle. Taking the garbage out one expects fish flies. The air clip-clops. Gazing Eastward I almost see my dappled gray. I almost feel his lips upon my cheek.

Oh I did think I would be loved by now, what with the nights so wet and warm (or famous).

Pause here.

It caught me quite by surprise, yet here is a stop like the Shakespearean couplet that brings the curtain down. I could say I did it on purpose and when I come to the next stop (surely I will come to another) I might mention, Second Act.

But to return to "I". She has already a great many of my own characteristics. I have a feeling about horses too though I wouldn't say it goes as far as hers and I have had leaks in my kitchen.

That leak. . .

Hers. . . "I's" I mean,.

That leak, as "I" says, sometimes it flows all across the kitchen into the corner by the clothes drier. I think I could squeeze into that corner myself if I really wanted to, hug my knees and lean against the slippery,

white "appliance" on one side, wall on the other, with the 220 volt cord behind, vista of sink and dishwasher before, leak flowing from it to me.

And what would I be thinking of from there? House-wifery problems I suppose, instead of love:

A. Daughter menstruating at 9 instead of 13.

B. 4 year old in glasses. Also his left foot turns in.

C. Neighbor says they took down her littlest's panties and looked.

"Goodness knows," she says, "what they'll do next."

One might well take to kitchen corners as smooth and comfortable as this one.

I see an impasse coming, Kafkaesque in its concentration on this burrow-like corner, "I" spending all her time ruminating in the kitchen. Where would it lead if one followed this tack? Certainly only into smaller and smaller holes. I would so much prefer to see "I" out in the dark of some Levittown looking for horses. Ought I to start over, I wonder, or back a ways?

"I remember Greek vases," "I" says.

I remember Greek vases with lovers of horses. I also remember Europa and Leda and some ancient (and suggestive) sculptures (no, quite specific, actually) but surely it is the horse that has God's phallus if ever there really is one at all. But here I am, rather than searching out horses on the streets of some Levittown, just thinking of corners in the kitchen. . .

What! Has "I" returned then, immediately, insisting on her corner?

. . . corners in the kitchen, husband off, progeny all in school except for one, unmindful of his mother.

Now there's a love. . . little body. . . I know all its ins and outs and I know he is perfection indefectable, sublime transcendence and most of all immaculate.

Also my thesaurus says: Paragon, nonesuch, flower, phoenix, Elysian field, consummate, Erewhonian, inerrable. Antonyms: Not blemished, imperfect nor impure.

But what satisfaction can there be in him? He belongs so completely to himself, and if he loves me (he does) it's only because I'm his mother. He'd love me better fatter. He'd love me tossed on the garbage. He'd say, in his Boschish way, coming out of someone's bottom (his?) plunk in the toilet (but retrievable when needed).

Now the lover I have in mind is, except for pubic hair, as pure. Between his legs, nothing as cute as progeny's perhaps, but something to rejoice in nevertheless. (Can this be the river of "living water" flowing out from "he that believeth?" and is my faith great enough to find him?)

The man I'm thinking of is lank as a Watusi, existentialist of course, an imagist, a Freudian distilled in Jung, philogynist and atheist. He sleeps naked even in winter and in his ears sometimes one seems to hear the sea.

But I love my husband, and more every year. There should be two words: LOVE and LOVE. LOVE for what I'm looking for and LOVE for what we practice everyday, he and I, inch-worming toward some future where we can love each other properly and perfectly. But inches are too small. What there needs to be is some great dream-leap of love, bypassing resentments, selves and selfishnesses, demands, expectations and inordinant self-sacrifice. But leap or no, we'll never reach that LOVE love, though both of us are willing. That's why one wants a simpler love, more like fame.

But you ask, what has this got to do with horses? I might ask the same question of myself.

So let's see exactly what we have so far:

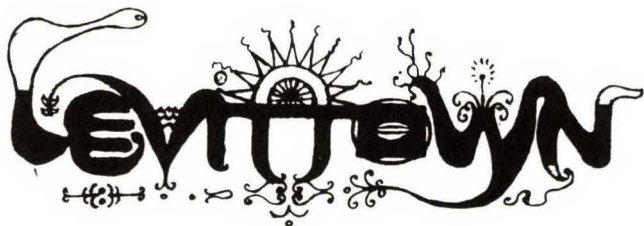
dappled gray
atheist god
clippity-clop
lovers
famousness
leak
"I"

We also might be said to have:

the LeDroits, Charpentiers, etc.
rejection
ordinary people
praise
Scripto pencils
and ME

(And then there's a third ME, too. Perhaps the most important of all.)

And now, since I've been thinking though not staring into space, we have:



But here I am, crossing and recrossing the same bridges, micro-cosmic archways, bridging myself, actually, when I might be out forging new patterns or perfecting my style. I might sit here devastated by my own imaginary emotions, brought on by situations pinned strongly to reality, as:

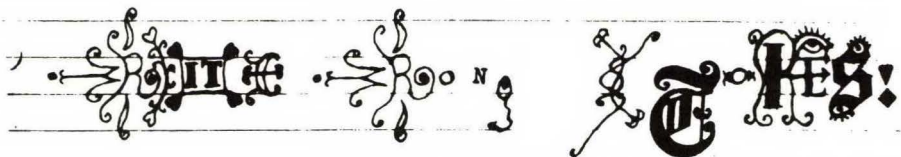
Dying of botulism from a can of tuna fish.

Babies falling out of rear car windows at 70 mph.

Crushed cats.

Negroes murdering my whole family at midnight just because we're white. Me crying, "But I love all you black people," in vain.

But taking myself in hand and remembering all my motos and such: WRITE, THINK, ELAN, FEARLESSNESS, "ETONNE MOI", STAY LOOSE, JERONIMUS BOSCH, KENNETH KOCH, PETIT A PETIT L'OISEAU FAIT SON NID, and:



I continue.

(By the way, *my* daughter hasn't menstruated yet and is still as breastless as a bird, but she's grown pubic hair, not at 9 but at 7 and

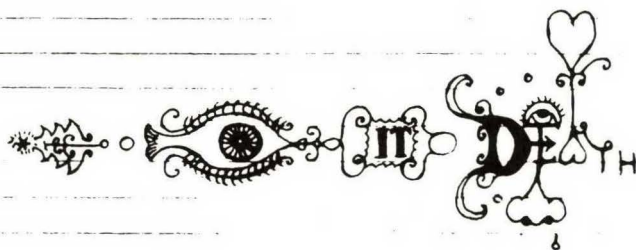
even the doctors can't tell why. . .why this enigmatic pubic hair.)
But to go on:

Now the dappledness of the dappled gray, might this mean black and white together? freedom up and down the land, all entirely solved at last upon the surface of this mottled, encompassing skin?

(I'm convinced Eohippus himself must have been dappled.)
Then again, for this story at least, he might better mean nightmare, sea of dreams, the fear of death making us sweat at night, our dying eyes dappling the world with a black concentricity before we leave it altogether.

But that can't be either, for I love him too much, though I know we are all supposed, in some ways, to love death. Is it really, after all, death's prick I'm looking for, so grand, so red? And if this is the case, what form would death come with to men? a tight constriction or a yawning hole ready to receive all of them, wetly, some Mare Imbrium, a dappled nightmare, then, of the moon, like fucking the yellow hole in the sky. It floats overhead from East to West. One could spend the whole night dying, East to West, that way.

It's 3000 miles or so more than what I'm looking for but I don't care. I'm satisfied. Or rather I'll be satisfied once I find it.



I'm beginning to think there's something to be said for corners after all. "I" must know, she must have felt by actual experience, how cool baked-on enamel can be, how smooth. Perhaps I'll not write: I thought I would be famous by. . .and not continue: I thought I would be loved . . . nor: Time is slipping past. (Perhaps I'll not write, either: What do I write on? Why ordinary little five and ten. . .)

Oh, I still think I will be famous, for what about the LeDroits and the Charpentiers? and some of them really did come over pretty soon after the Mayflower. And all that rejection, rejection, must have some meaning and some purpose. And I haven't been lazy (so very lazy).

But what I'm thinking now is, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Oh, those untold stories!. . . If mine could only ring in your ears like that!

Delplessly One

by Marvin Cohen

Delp was only one person. All the other people in the world combined to outnumber him by a decisive majority. His numerical inferiority gave Delp an individual-complex. "What I lack in quantity," he resolved in gruesome grim determination, "I'll make up in that *other* value: but what is it?"

Off he went, searching for it. It led him through interminable compromises.

from *To Stand*

by Alastair MacLennan

2 massive rocks with a large v shaped one wedged between
place on flat ledge directly below 3 rocks

27 twig lengths each tied together 1 inch apart

a coathanger covered with rope 4 plastic bags attached

one plastic bag contains several identical string lengths with nails
tied attached

another plastic bag contains two 6 inch lengths of masking tape

a third plastic bag contains twig remains

a fourth plastic bag contains a cutting knife

green white ball

torn brown trousers

single words in masking tape

white string netting fits over head chest and waist

photograph twice

leave







by Alastair MacLennan

63



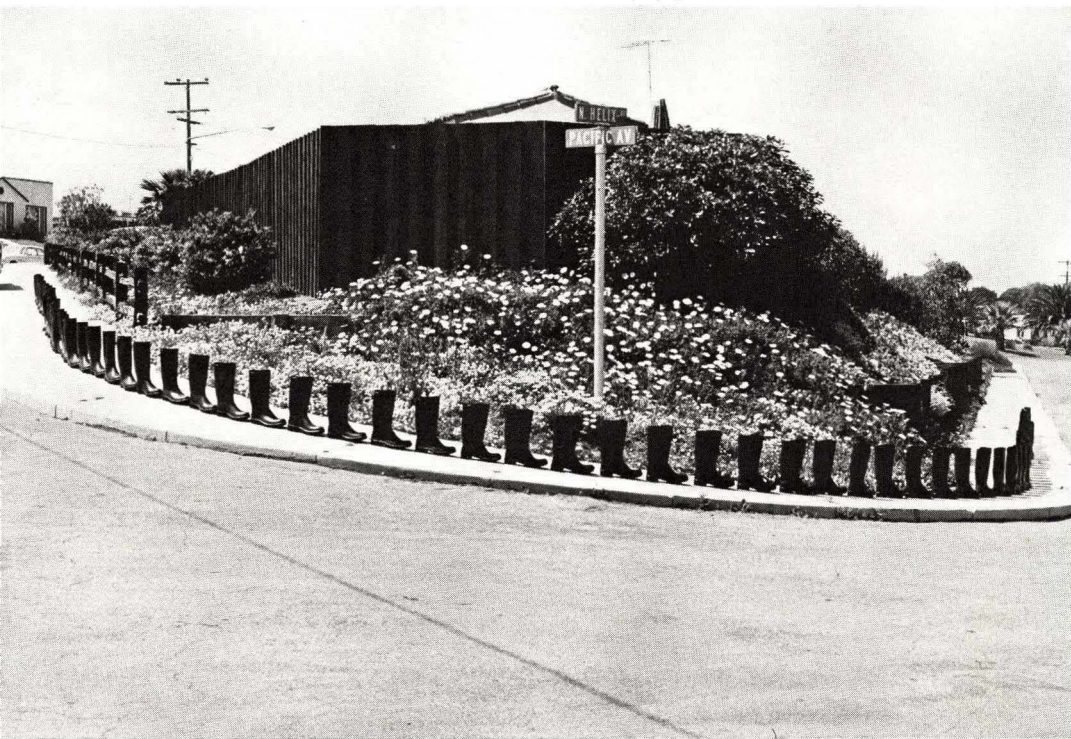
**An episode from 100 BOOTS:
An Epistolary Novel**
by Eleanor Antin



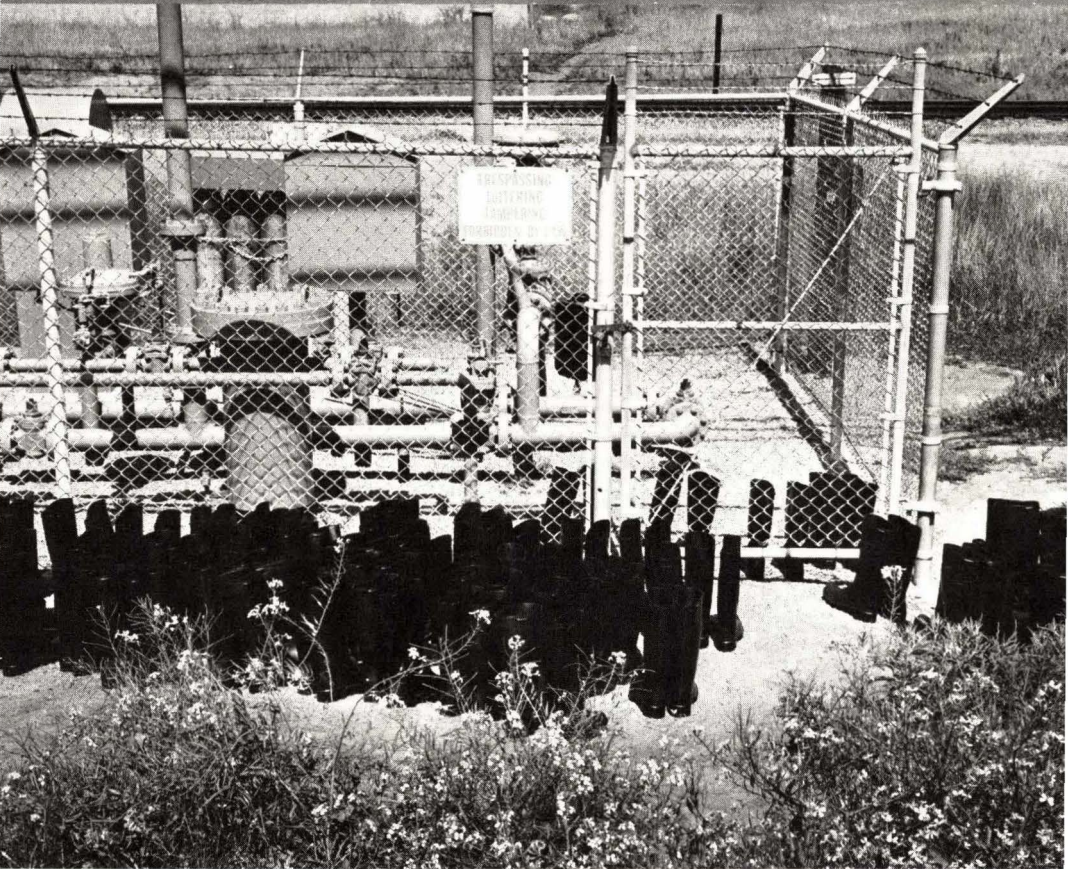
Once (after Kaveh Khatir)

by George Chambers

it was 2:14. You were there screaming at the kitchen. The dog knew you were bleeding. I was hungry for your kindness. You screamed into the frying pan. The dog was nipping your dress. The bitch wanted to lie down with you to smell your bleeding. I wanted some fried meat. You were continuing to scream about your mother. How she didn't tell you & didn't bring you up for this. Now it is 2:17 and I am making a record of this for the book of history. My life has been long & very wide. It has been big with screaming women and dogs. Now it is 2:19. & I am still hungry & still you are screaming at the kitchen. Your poor poor mother. She's fat now, she's in Las Vegas gambling. Don't you scream at her. You say a kind word. My life is longer than yours. 2:21
2:22 2:23 2:24 2:25







Four Dreams Dreamed by the Girl Who Ate Three Desserts

by Henry James Korn

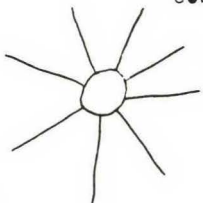
One: It was the day of my wedding. All about me were black children with snow cones covered with different flavored syrups. My husband was dressed in an ice cream vendors uniform and I was angry at him for giving the cones away free instead of charging fifteen cents. He turned around to say I should be grateful for what I was getting and he pulled a small ring out of his pants pocket. When I put it on my finger it burst into flames and I woke up.

Two: I dreamt I was dead and I woke up to find it was not so. I went downstairs and found my mother baking a cherry cobbler in an old hat that belonged to Grandpa. When I asked what she was doing she swung at me with a rolled up dish towel. I ran around to the back of the house where my dolls were lined up in an enormous hole. I stared at the blackness until I woke up.

Three: I dreamed the Astronauts were my Uncles and they came to bring me chunks of the moon. We lined them up on the kitchen table and each piece fit together like a three dimensional jigsaw puzzle. When the pieces were put together they spelled my name. My uncles smiled and showed me some dehydrated cinnamon cubes. They were larger than I expected from seeing them on television.

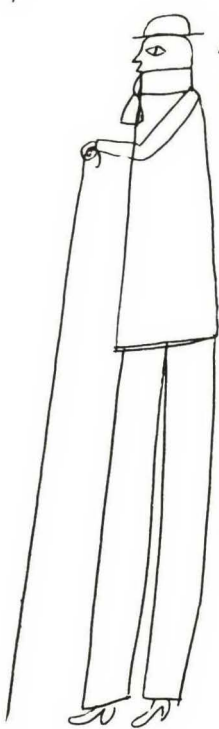
Four: I dreamed that Jesus and I were playing Chinese Checkers. He was winning. I wanted to give up but I was afraid to tell him. After we were done we went into the bathroom and he let me comb his hair.

one
●curved●and
●eightor radiatin
g●black lines●rep
resent●the●heavenly
●body●forming●the●c
entre●of●,●and●chie
f●source●of●,●lig
ht●&●heat●in●th
e●solar●sys
tem



A **B** **C**

The group of three human beings represents (from left to right):
A - one from whom **B** is derived;
B - one characterized by the capacity of fructifying **C** ;
C - one who in legal and social contract promised to join **B** in a permanent union involving intimacy of their opposite sexes



Not known,
unfamiliar,
not recognizable,
not previously seen,
heard,
experienced,
& c.,
person,
capable as well as **B**
of begetting offspring
by fructifying those
who are capable of be-
ing fertilized and be-
aring fruit,
remarkable for his newness
& unexpect-
tedness,
unusual,
uncommon,
singular,
difficult to explain,
who makes a temporary
sojourn at
a place
which
is other
than
his habitual
place of
residence

LABOR UNIT SETTLES A HOUSING QUESTION

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24 (UPI)

The Labor Department has decided to allow farmer employers to comply with either of two standards for migrant labor housing in 1972.

A housing rule tangle arose last spring when the Labor Department's Occupational Safety and Health Administration issued a new set of housing regulations. Farmers, like all other employers, are required by law to comply with employee health and safety standards issued by the administration.

Shortly after announcement of the new standards, however, the American Farm Bureau Federation protested they had been issued without advance consultation normally required in such cases. If the agency was going to adopt standards without advance hearings, Farm Bureau spokesmen said, it should have taken over an already existing set of Labor Department standards. These were established in 1968 for farmers who get Government help in recruiting migrant workers.

The two sets of standards are generally similar, Farm Bureau spokesmen said. But there were some differences, including a space requirement of 60 square feet per occupant under the 1968 rules in contrast to a 100-square-foot minimum in the standard announced last May.

by R. Meltzer

by R. Meltzer

Hearse Is Premature

SAO PAULO, Brazil (AP)—A hospital telephone operator dispatched a hearse to the home of an elderly widow, assuming the woman had died after an ambulance shortage made it impossible to respond to her two distress calls. But the widow was alive, and after recovering at the hospital she returned home in a taxicab.

Ship of Tubs

by Richard Meltzer

Speaking of grave English TV-oriented biggies, the entire personnel of El Goonis Balunis (the transplanted Tijuána hot rock combo) was lost at sea for all eternity in the tragic sinking of the H.M.S. East Wales following a huge fire in which many were scorched to shit and the smell took its toll of the Anglo-American rescue crew (who succumbed in their entirety). Also down with the ship were Jason Scofield and his attractive Near-Eastern cuddle-bunny Puna (of the Stars and Bars television movie staff), Oakland Raider great Roger Chuzz who had a promising career in etc., William Powell's father, Dusty Rhore, Homo Fredrichs, James Earl (Whappo) Critter III (a suffix he dropped), Mr. Hamler Gomez (Ricardo Montalban's frequent standin in the up-and-coming but why mention it), Tusk Samson and his cancer-ridden wife Eunice and their many kids, sewer cap heir proto-Hank Scapsi, puma hunter Ben Thorndike (he just appeared on Wild Kingdom and now he's gone!), Fred Monk, George Francis Wend, Selwyn W. Warner, etc and a vast number of lesser luminaries such as Martha Black (of Skokee), Sir Floyd Lane, Steve La Rosa, Ann Schmidt, Werb Scerbowwaww, Homer Tax, Lil Savit, Ab Sans, Uvo Tooste, Otto St. Bernard, Hard Mastenwurtz, Happy Scamax, Little Ginny Hopcow, Icelandic baseball chief Mosley Wesson, Kid Anahuac, Busy James-Rex of, Tapi Hutta, Scoof Farmington, Hooch Swilly (the pardoned convicted rapist), Tennessee, Jose Valdivielso Jr., Gaspar Ortugg, Lazar Pasone, Milly Kissed, Baby Jane Grandstoner and many, many others who played roles of varying importance in the TV producing and viewing industries. What a shame—but no it never ACTUALLY took place but was just to dramatize how awful, sad and horrible shipwrecks can be.

What I consider fine, what I should like to do, is a book about nothing, a book without external attachments of any sort, which would hold itself, through the inner strength of its style, as the earth sustains itself with no support in air, a book with almost no subject. Or at least an almost invisible subject, if possible. . . . I believe that the future of art lies in these channels.—Gustave Flaubert, in a letter (1852).

Wash

by John Mella

1.

Then you “dampen.” Then the edges are tamped down—like the old photograph, now lost (destroyed) (forgotten) (blurred), its vigorous curl thrust down decisively onto black mounting paper. Action of the cloth in the morning. Resistance. Stiffening of fibers. Starch.

2.

The word “nonessential” or “irrelevant” in your mouth, like those lazy frills or pockets you are always emptying. Like watching a blouse or skirt ballooning on an endless clothesline, spread almost to transparency by the indifferent air. A cloud visible through the fabric destroys the illusion that I am alone with you.

3.

Inexpressible, your _____, your _____ and your _____ . . . But when I embrace your unresisting figure that is exactly the effect—a muddled dress, a torn slip, a filmy nothing punctured to let the air through.

4.

Laundry list:

Hat

Hair

Lounge

Shoes

Champagne

Brassiere

Friction between silk and skin

Getting bombed

Violence

Detachment

"Topics for conversation" (papers, monographs, etc.)

5.

The polaroid print developed in a weak solution, the red ball tossed up for the dog fixed, like a slap across the cheek, in eternal sunrise beyond your invisible arm. Where is the picnic table? Buried under a load of clothes? Or, rather, is that where you were stretched all along?—a suburban delicacy ready for consumption, your limbs spread out lasciviously, invisibly.

6.

The "washboard effect," a subject of this "dialogue," will have to be analyzed in considerable detail by some unknown commentator. The knuckles strike against an obstruction until the skin gets beaten away. (Surprisingly enough, the softer the obstruction, the more dramatic the effect on the skin). It is like a shirt that has been put through the wash interminably—the fabric "blues," ages, thins to a gossamer film—ready to be donned by the weary Western movie star as he moves across another desert landscape.

7.

Tossing and turning at thirty revolutions per minute, twisted into artistic knots, relieved of lint, thoughts, decisions, scrambled, in fact, French cuffs rubbing without desire the lace of a negligee and, after this startling foreplay, the sodden remains of a Kotex pad, its stain sullenly entrenched, the frayed strings flapping helplessly in throbbing circuit.

8.

The dial twisted expertly.

9.

A pair of tennis shoes hung up by speechless tongues imitates their owner, who is so busy composing a picture or a poem that he does not notice what the woman (the "subject" of his composition) is doing.

10.

Stretched back now, arm flung back to hurl an object (or obstacle), her conversation, if there were anyone to hear it, might be directed to anyone—anyone, I must mean, of the guests who rim the table, appetites honed to razor fineness, pleasantly stoned, stomachs rumbling.

11.

What is outside the rim of the picture is what the poem or the picture is about; but that, like the body you wrap diligently each day, is invisible (or induces "blindness"). What is needed, a critic says (holding the artifact with all eight arms), is a talented or interested party to change the backdrop—unmoor these reluctant mountings and move the whole arrangement to another album or sheet. Change the environment. Edit, emend, destroy.

12.

The dog barking loudly, jaws snapping, with remarkable variety of tone and pitch—but nowhere, nowhere to be found. Action of developing fluid on the photographer produces the "final rinse" in this tedious cycle—a dedication or merging with the print which is the skin of the poem or the beloved.

Detective More

by Liam O'Gallagher

While gravity had its grip on the Earth the Second Minuteman 111 was suddenly gone!

Across Broadway the detectors signals were fed into a computer to pick out any significant changes. Shock absorbers might settle the controversy over whether the Universe is finite or infinite.

A tracer on his videophone had not returned. All scientists tumbled head over heels _____ the lie detector misrepresenting a great curve.

So you might make one planetary body on another _____ his brain divided, sank, clicked shut; amnesia by appointment! Einstein had calculated that more than 90 per cent of the Universe's matter was MISSING!

Traveling 186,000 miles a second, he whirled and stared _____ I-know-yesterday-FLASHED! drifted about the Gutenberg galaxy.

It might have been the Route to Clear, solo audit but instead it was an electronic alcove with door chimes, somewhere in an earlier life. The Memory Bank, the adhesive on the end of his nose, the hole in the ground erupting in a thousand fantasies _____ all these met at the intersection of Broadway & Columbus. Acrillic white lights _____ the driver's name, in self-renewing publications. The Border prophet with a transplastic eye for SUDDEN vision _____ looking for MORE proof or was it profit!?!

He unlocked the fatigue center of his brain from the famous San Francisco fog. Such a seizure!

A rope is an Idea. He dispatched a radar silhouette _____ vaulted. A rope is simply a physical expression of an Idea!

The 2nd Minuteman 111 carrying a package of PUREAIR released full length Features, software-realities. ("Don't give up any letters in the alphabet" said the SAME astronomers.)

Neutral circuits open for planet to planet races, instantly came on the screen.

Some really far-out topless stars generating 1660 cycles a second darted from 262 B.C. It was then he caught sight of Detective More, measuring gravity wave power in city lights emulsion. He suppressed a smile _____ it appeared like a serigraph on a psychedelic aspirin.

Now he was ready to merge with real people, the lie detector was

misrepresenting himself. The structure of the universe hid his memory. Trained brain _____ he left at the intersection. No connections _____ no switches! Transmission-smooth organism, banana-like Space cake, duration determined by the performers. He got off at the last STOP.

Circular sheets _____ a blanket of fog rolled off the edge of the bed whenever Relativists gather.

The question is: do we want to measure the gravity wave power in city lights emulsion OR the infinitely weaker gravity waves from Outer Space?

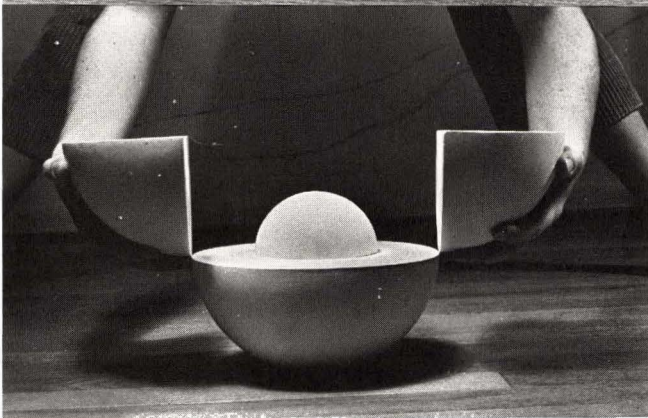
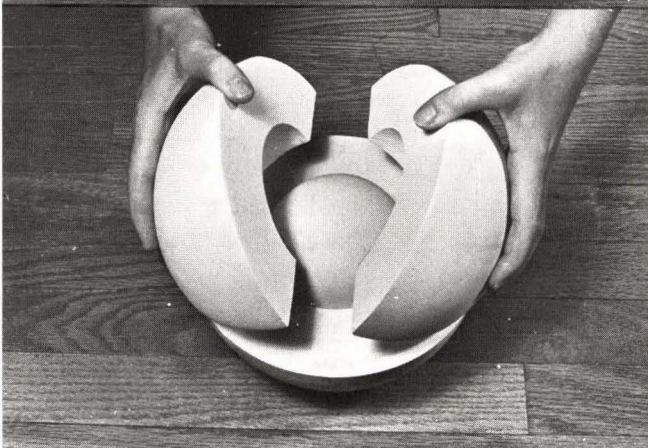
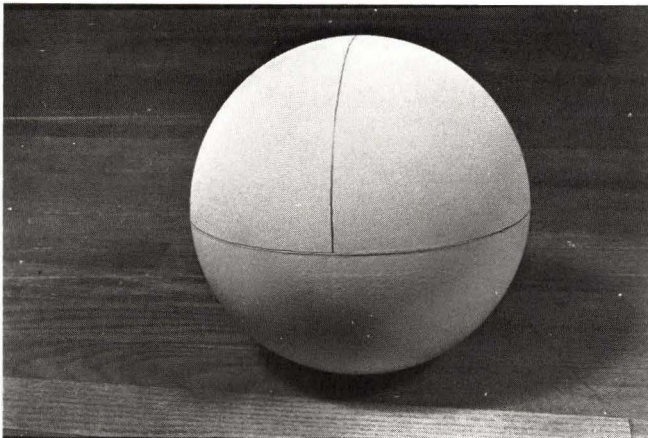
So unnormal the detector-gaze _____ rear-view across Broadway _____ Columbus! Oscillations of a trillionth of an inch, long before the apple bounced off Newton's head sent him tingling past the cremation specialist into a cell assembly along the phosphorescence promenade, beyond the blue-plate existence.

He had become accustomed to the Gutenberg galaxy. Whoever had tampered with his mind WATCHED the curb. A tube-tracing suave thalamic reactions cut through the greyline, the center whiteline, and consciousness ended. Faces beyond recall twisted in an elliptical way freeing charted space, someone was using a better flashcube, Independence Day, voiceprints emerged _____ new images arrived vi-deo. It was no longer the lie detector against the machines. It was a place where one could even hide shit, the word- squated like a giant semanticist in a cell.

On-line, real time the driver's name was meaningless. The Second Minuteman 111 _____ Seven to go! What words should the first man on the MOON utter & still be Conscious of himself _____ "Awe!" "Rim" _____ "Speed Kills!" ?

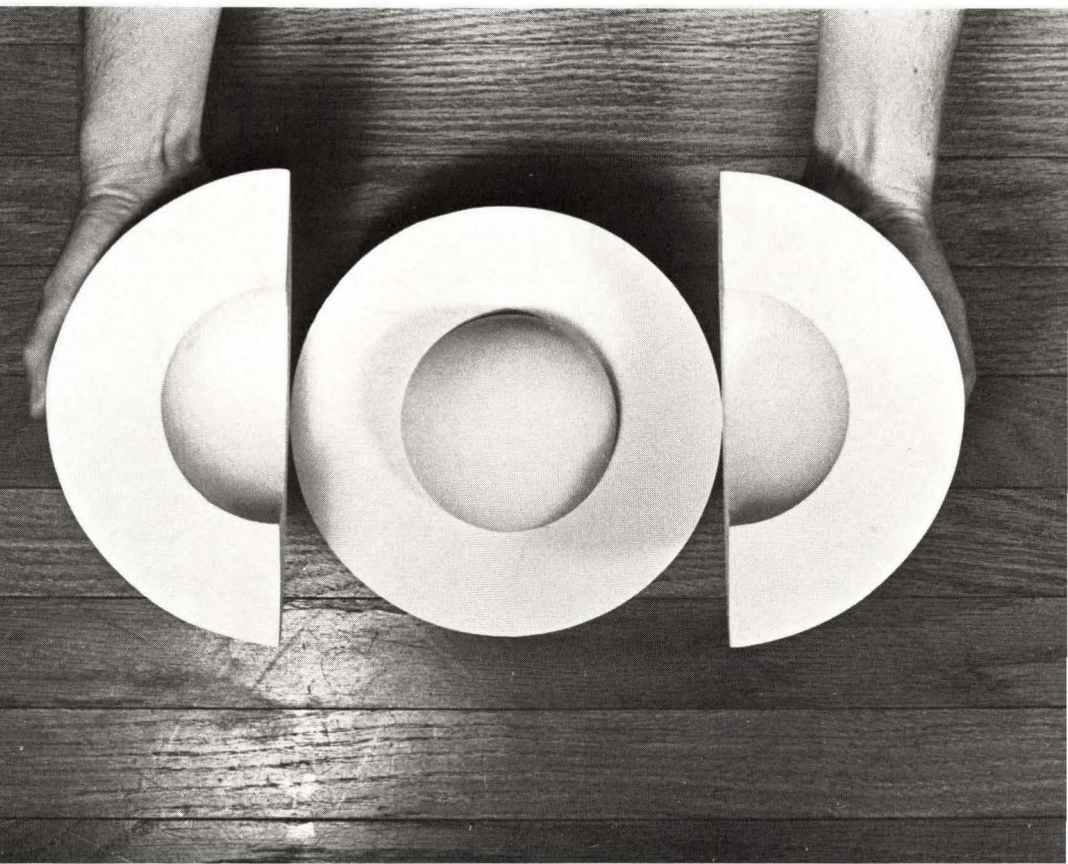
Flick the channel. An Underground Exhibition with a caesarean zipper reveals the reward Centers. Nature gives up its secrets reluctantly, as a matter of fact it costs the entire U.S. Gross National Product for 1 year. Concentration camps for seraphic secretaries with mobile brain waves drifted about. Space-time baggage was left in planetary darkness. The wage scale was still 2.62 an hour. The Repressor Molecule was no longer in control _____ all genes reported to the DATA BANK. The threshold everyone feared turned out to be an autonomous FLOAT. The machines cannot read Old English without the aid of a computer.

The cards lay stacked along the promenade _____ Detective More was missing.



from T. O. P.

by Tom Ockerse



To make life, in insure progress, to create interest and vividness, it is necessary to break form, to distort pattern, to change the nature of our civilization. In order to create, it is necessary to destroy; and the agent of destruction of society is the poet. I believe that the poet is necessarily an anarchist, and that he must oppose all organized conceptions of the State, not only those we inherit from the past, but equally those which are imposed on people in the name of the future——Herbert Read, *Poetry and Anarchism* (1938).

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF F.L.U.F.F. (Federation
of Lovers of Undiscovered Forces and Frontiers)

by Edwin Morgan

- B.C. 25,000 A cave-painting at Altamira shows what would appear to be a primitive form of fluff being rubbed between two sticks by a horned shaman.
- 1360 Akhnaton constructed a pyramid (which has now disappeared) made entirely of fluff.
- 555 Lao Tzü said: 'There is nothing in the world more soft and weak than fluff, yet for attacking things that are hard and strong there is nothing that surpasses it, nothing that can take its place.
- 411 Lysistrata's play *Aristophanes* was rejected by the festival judges as being 'full of fluff.
- A.D. 29 Pontius Pilate asked: 'What is fluff?'
- 1530 Paracelsus is reputed to have been engaged in searching for the Philosopher's Fluff when he was mysteriously incapacitated by agues of unknown origin.
- 1596 The title of Shakespeare's underground allegory *A Mid-Summer Night's Fluff* was altered to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* after pressure and threats of violence forced the author to conceal his connections with the secret Harriot-Dee sodality of Fluffites.
- 1766 Catherine the Great wrote to Potemkin: 'Why have we no fluff in Russia? Get some.'
- 1895 H.G. Wells's little-known story *The Fluff Machine* predicted that fluff-travelling would undoubtedly come, but would not be devoid of problems and dangers.
- 1899 Marconi first sent fluff signals between France and England.
- 1948 Mao Tse-Tung said: 'If there is to be fluff, there must be a fluff party.'
- 1971 First laboratory synthesis of fluff molecules.
- 1981 First fluff-tube baby reached viable stage.
- 1998 Fluff reached Venus. Wow! (marginal note by computer)

from Seasons of the Mind

by Arlene Zekowski

The mind and body stream. Sensorium of soul's endeavor. As a way.
And path. To dream. Reality. So-called. The savage saving gesture. Of
our life in living moment. Time. Which caught. Unknown. Tells every
function of our being. Hence. From where. And when. And why.

Thus for order.
So we plague ourselves.
Each every very one.
Of all our parts. For share and wear.
And wonder why.
As nakedly.
As neatly.

As our ordered minds do wander.
Fake the path of faith we call illusion. In our deepest symmetries.
The bloodstream. Of our flow and rhythm breathes. While we do choke
on schisms. Theories of soul. And body-matter forms. And old religions.
Shreds of myths gone wild. And cracked wild notions of repressed pre-
ventive means. All aching to explode within us. How? We dare not
contemplate. Or wonder why. Or think. Or even feel. Which is like
orgy. Which will lead to orgasms. Which will wake us in the soothing
afterglow. Of hell-bent fires that we cannot quench at all.

So what is reason?
In a world awry.
How now or ever can we form the formula. To follow. Which
when followed. Will it ever soothe. We ask. The crying babe within
us. As it seeks to feed upon. It knows not what or where.
The when is always almost that is. As time dissolves within our
needs. As only needs stick out. Like all our fleshly organs that must eat.
And defecate. And propagate. For calm. And pleasure fuel. And fill.
No no. Like Tantalus.
We do not wish to fill a bucket that has holes.
But yes. Like Tantalus. We crave and crave. And crave. For change.
And challenge. And for more and more of something different. As be-

yond us. As the thirst we cannot slake. For punching holes of bottoms.
Bottomless. Because we gather sewage sewage sewage. Stink and stench
ourselves with garbage food. And vomit up our misery on others.

Ah these are Roman days.

We crave the grandeur that we think makes man and woman.
When all we have is quantity. For glare. And stare. And muster of
command.

Respect. We try to buy.

And wonder why it chokes us in the gullet. And overfed. We stuff
ourselves in miserable abundance. Of our fat making.

Undernourished. And swimming fat. We founder-flounder. On the
swells and troughs. The ebbs and flows. So far beyond and separate.
In their rhythms. From the flux and flatulence. And gross regurgitation.
Of this our lives. So surgically unclean. That no such eminence of charm
like natural leaves of trees in fall. The aspen gold that shimmers in the
crisp cold azure blue New Mexican sky. The flakes that whisper-
glitter in the desert breeze. The rich pile clusters that they leave. For
us to breathe into the mind's eye. And the soul. To reach out far. Our
needs. As arms. The limbs of trees. To bear and bend by. In the weather
of the seasons. As the weather of the life we lead.

For clean means beautiful.

In case you didn't know.

And what more beautiful or clean. Than what the weather of the
seasons. As in autumn. Nature leaves. In leaves of trees.

As if primarily.

To test apart ourselves.

From spheres of spheres. Within the undisguised invisible un-
known. Yet apprehended. In our usages. The grasping fingers of our
practical appendages. That harness all the power of mind we say is ours.
Not Nature's. As we use and make all electricity. Our own.

But yet. Not quite. Or ever all. As surely so the Greeks saw just
as clearly. For they saw life whole.

The thunderbolt is still and always. Pre- and post-electric. So the
Greeks knew. Lest we still at times forget. Or wish to. As the next
time you see it zigzag striking you hope not too near. Remember it is

Zeus's trident. In the natural field of nature. Timeless. And in majesty. Alone.

So for the thrust.

Insistent as we are.

Exaggerating. In our boasts. The way the Romans did.

Reality. Illusions in our midst. Gargantuan and gargoyled. By the dreams investured on the maw we call Ambition. Feverish as the nightmare visions of our own creation. Gurgling from the raw meat undigested. As we coagulate and strangulate. The better part of valor or of virtue. In a battle gory to the end. To bury us ourselves and all. As well as others. Forgetting how to leave the field. Or live.

As we must say. And do.

To do. Or die.

But how about to live.

Is some mysterious bogey. That we must avoid. As all the dreams in dark. We had in childhood. Which we shooed away. By leaving on the day's connection. In a never-separation from the dark. Through the lamplight at our head. To drive away the phantoms from our dreams.

Today we do not dream.

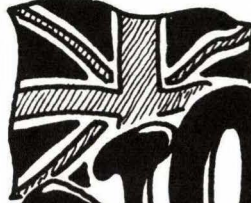
But have the phantoms.

For these invade us in our adult years. Without our wishing or our willing.

The product always of the functions we have made to function. Which malfunction. Ever since we shooed away our dreams.

Well man is man. Man shakes his head and says. As if that is the answer to disaster. Disaster is the answer to disaster. For anyone who's been disastered.

No placidity there is. Unless you seize it by the senses. As Death can seize you by the throat. So can Beauty strike in terror and surprise. Far more greater. Than all that is and all that isn't all around. For once you bend your knees in full surrender to it. Both the coward and the hero in you will then die. For in the battle of existence which is life and living fully there is no conquering or conquered. And no one ever wins or loses. The only thing to grasp. If grasp you must. Is change and movement. If you can. I dare you. Even to even try.



NORMAN

VS.

AMERICA



THIS IS A PROGRAMMED COMIC STRIP. START AT FRAME ONE. YOU HAVE THE CHOICE OF GOING FROM THERE TO FRAME TWO OR FRAME THREE. IF YOU CHOOSE THREE, GO STRAIGHT TO IT, OMITTING FRAME TWO ALTOGETHER.

YOU HAVE A NEW CHOICE, IN EACH FRAME. EVERY TIME YOU CHOOSE A NUMBER, GO STRAIGHT TO IT, OMITTING OTHERS IN BETWEEN.

THERE ARE FOUR ENDINGS. IN THREE OF THEM, NORMAN LOSES HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST AMERICA. BUT IN ONE OF THEM, NORMAN SUCCEEDS.

YOUR AIM IS TO MAKE CHOICES WHICH YOU THINK WILL BE MOST LIKELY TO LEAD NORMAN THROUGH TO THE HAPPY ENDING.

IN ALL, THERE ARE 67 DIFFERENT PATHS THROUGH THE COMIC. THEY VARY IN LENGTH FROM FIVE TO NINE FRAMES. OF ALL THE 67, ONLY 16 LEAD TO SUCCESS, RICHES AND HAPPINESS FOR NORMAN.

NOW TURN TO FRAME ONE→



WRITTEN

& DRAWN

BY CHARLES PLATT

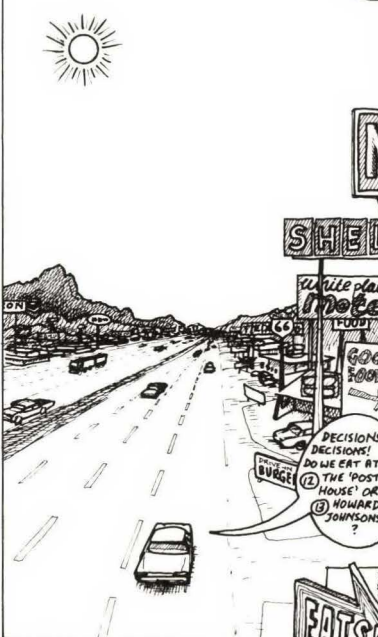
FROM AN ORIGINAL IDEA BY JOHN T. SLADEK





SO, TOGETHER, THEY HEADED WEST. SOME DAYS LATER, IN A TOWN IN ARIZONA:

8





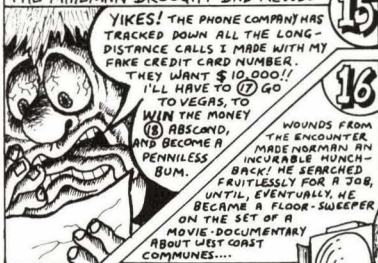
AND SO, EVENTUALLY, NORMAN BECAME A SUCCESSFUL DILDO MANUFACTURER!
BUT, ONE DAY SEVERAL MONTHS LATER:

14



THE MAILMAN BROUGHT BAD NEWS—

15



16



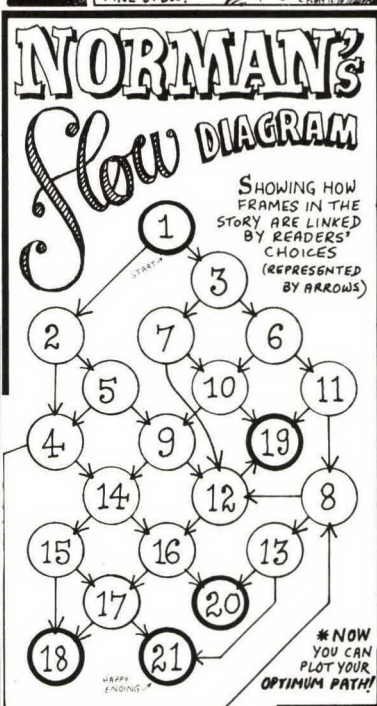
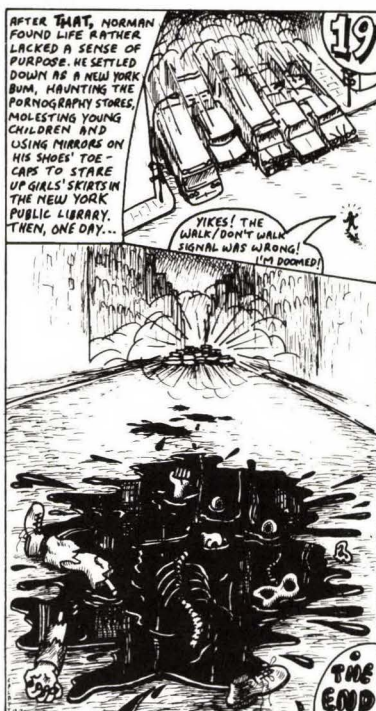
ALONE & PENNILESS, NORMAN'S ONLY HOPE WAS TO STRIKE IT RICH AT LAS VEGAS....

17



18





Dialogue

by Jíří Valoch

A:.....?

B:.....?

A:.....!

B:.....?

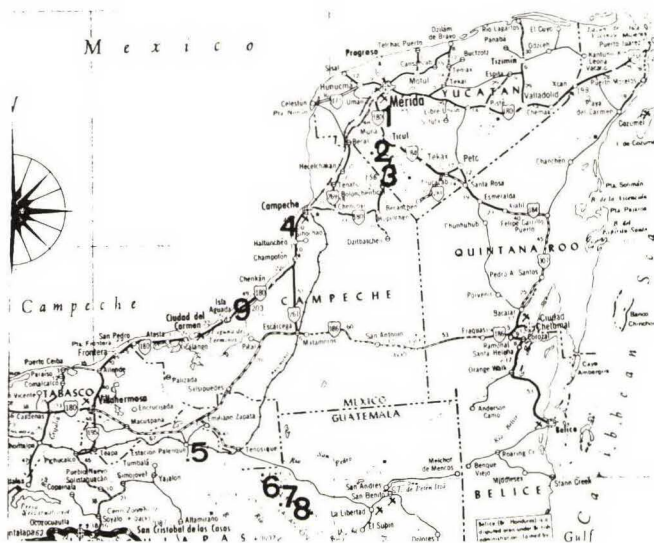
A:.....!

B:.....!

A:.....?

B: !!

A: !



Incidents of Mirror Travel in the Yucatan

by Robert Smithson

Of the Mayan ideas on the forms of the earth we know little. The Aztec thought the crest of the earth was the top of a huge saurian monster, a kind of crocodile, which was the object of a certain cult. It is probable that Mayan had a similar belief, but it is not impossible that at the same time they considered the world to consist of seven compartments, perhaps stepped as four layers.

—J. Eric S. Thompson, *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing*

The characteristic feature of the savage mind is its timelessness: its object is to grasp the world as both a synchronic and diachronic totality and the knowledge which it draws therefrom is like that afforded of a room by mirrors fixed on opposite walls, which reflect each other (as well as objects in the intervening space) although without being strictly parallel.

—Claude Levi-Strauss, *The Savage Mind*

Driving away from Merida down Highway 261 one becomes aware of the indifferent horizon. Quite apathetically it rests on the ground devouring everything that looks like something. One is always crossing the horizon, yet it always remains distant. In this line where sky meets earth, objects cease to exist. Since the car was at all times on some leftover horizon, one might say that the car was imprisoned in a line, a line that is in no way linear. The distance seemed to put restrictions on all forward movement, thus bringing the car to a countless series of standstills.

How could one advance on the horizon, if it was already present under the wheels? A horizon is something else other than a horizon; it is closedness in openness, it is an enchanted region where down is up. Space can be approached, but time is far away. Time is devoid of objects when one displaces all destinations. The car kept going on the same horizon.

Looking down on the map (it was all there), a tangled network of horizon lines on paper called "roads," some red, some black. Yucatan, Quintana Roo, Campeche, Tabasco, Chiapas and Guatemala congealed into a mass of gaps, points, and little blue threads (called rivers). The map legend contained signs in a neat row: archeological monuments (black), colonial monuments (black), historical site (black), bathing resort (blue), spa (red), hunting (green), fishing (blue), arts and crafts (green), aquatic sports (blue), national park (green), service station (yellow). On the map of Mexico they were scattered like the droppings of some small animal.

The *Tourist Guide and Directory of Yucatan-Campeche* rested on the car seat. On its cover was a crude drawing depicting the Spaniards meeting the Mayans, in the background was the temple of Chichén Itzá. On the top left-hand corner was printed "'UY U TAN A KIN PECH' (listen how they talk)—EXCLAIMED THE MAYANS ON HEARING THE SPANISH LANGUAGE," and in the bottom left-hand corner "'YUCATAN CAMPECHE'—REPEATED THE SPANIARDS WHEN THEY HEARD THESE WORDS." A caption under all this said "Mayan and Spanish First Meeting 1517." In the "Official Guide" to Uxmal, Fig. 28 shows 27 little drawings of "Pottery Found at Uxmal." The shading on each pot consists of countless dots. Interest in such pots began to wane. The steady hiss of the air-conditioner in the rented Dodge Dart might have been the voice of Eecath—the god of thought and wind. Wayward thoughts blew around the car, wind blew over the scrub bushes outside. On the cover of Victor W. Von Hagen's paperback *World of the Maya* it said, "A history of the Mayas and their resplendent civilization that grew out of the jungles and wastelands of Central America." In the rear-view mirror appeared Tezcatlipoca—demiurge of the "smoking-mirror." "All those guide books are of no use," said Tezcatlipoca, "You must travel at random, like the first Mayans, you risk getting lost in the thickets, but that is the only way to make art."

Through the windshield the road stabbed the horizon, causing it to



bleed a sunny incandescence. One couldn't help feeling that this was a ride on a knife covered with solar blood. As it cut into the horizon a disruption took place. The tranquil drive became a sacrifice of matter that led to a discontinuous state of being, a world of quiet delirium. Just sitting there brought one into the wound of a terrestrial victim. This peaceful war between the elements is ever present in Mexico—an echo, perhaps, of the Aztec and Mayan human sacrifices.

The First Mirror Displacement

Somewhere between Uman and Muna is a charred site. The people in this region clear land by burning it out. On this field of ashes (called by the natives a "milpa") twelve mirrors were cantilevered into low mounds of red soil. Each mirror was twelve inches square, and supported from above and below by the scorched earth alone. The distribution of the squares followed the irregular contours on the ground, and they were placed in a random parallel direction. Bits of earth spilled onto the surfaces, thus sabotaging the perfect reflections of the sky. Dirt hung in the sultry sky. Bits of blazing cloud mixed with the ashy mass. The displacement was *in* the ground, not *on* it. Burnt tree stumps spread around the mirrors and vanished into the arid jungles.

The Second Mirror Displacement

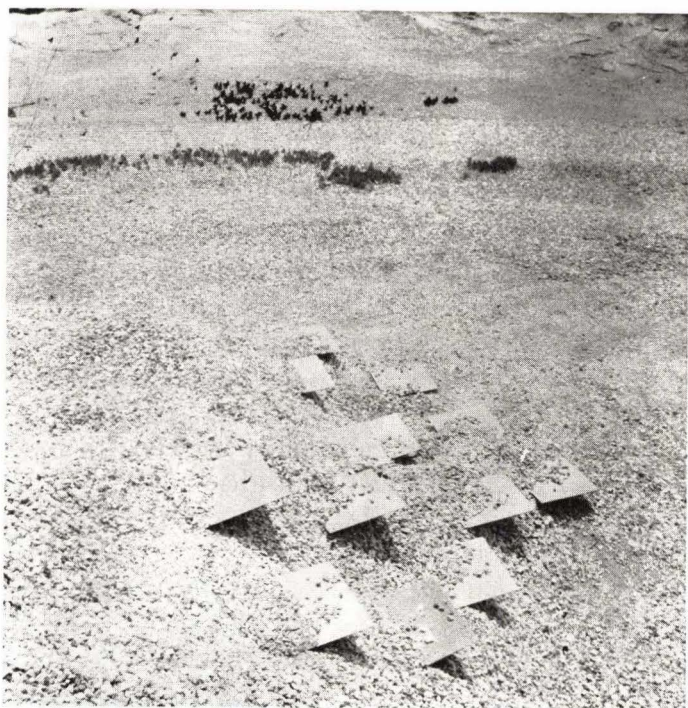
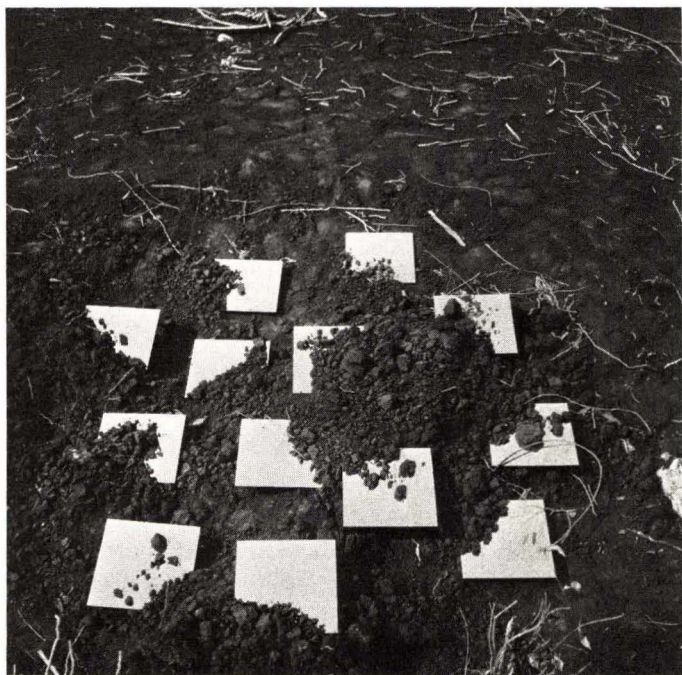
In a suburb of Uxmal, which is to say nowhere, the second displacement was deployed. What appeared to be a shallow quarry was dug into the ground to a depth of about four to five feet, exposing a bright red clay mixed with white limestone fragments. Near a small cliff the twelve mirrors were stuck into clods of earth. It was photographed from the top of the cliff. Again Texcatlipoca spoke, "That camera is a portabel tomb, you must remember that." On this same site, the Great Ice Cap of Gondwanaland was constructed according to a map outline on page 459 of Marshall Kay's and Edwin H. Colbert's *Stratigraphy and Life History*. It was an "earth-map" made of white limestone. A bit of the Carboniferous period is now installed near Uxmal. The great age of calcium carbonate seemed a fitting offering for a land so rich in limestone. Reconstructing a land mass that existed 350 to 305 million years ago on a terrain once controlled by sundry Mayan gods caused a collision in time that left one with a sense of the timeless.

Timelessness is found in the lapsed moments of perception, in the common pause that breaks apart into a sandstorm of pauses. The malady of wanting to "make" is *unmade*, and the malady of wanting to be "able" is disabled. Gondwanaland is a kind of memory, yet it is not a memory, it is but an incognito land mass that has been *unthought* about and turned into a Map of Impasse. You cannot visit Gondwanaland, but you can visit a "map" of it.

The Third Mirror Displacement

The road went through butterfly swarms. Near Bolonchen de Rejon thousands of yellow, white and black swallowtail butterflies flew past the car in erratic, jerky flight patterns. Several smashed into the car radio aerial and were suspended on it because of the wind pressure. In the side of a heap of crushed limestone the twelve mirrors were cantilevered in the midst of large clusters of butterflies that had landed on the limestone. For brief moments flying butterflies were reflected; they seemed to fly through a sky of gravel. Shadows cast by the mirrors contrasted with those seconds of color. A scale in terms of "time" rather than "space" took place. The mirror itself is not subject to duration, because it is an ongoing abstraction that is always available and timeless. The reflections, on the other hand, are fleeting instances that evade measure. Space is the remains, or corpse, of time, it has dimensions. "Objects" are "sham space," the excrement of thought and language.

*The
Second
Mirror
Displacement*



*The
Third
Mirror
Displacement*

Once you start seeing objects in a positive or negative way you are on the road to derangement. Objects are phantoms of the mind, as false as angels. Itz'aplotl is the Mayan Obsidian Butterfly: ". . . a demonic goddess of unpredictable fate represented as beautiful but with death symbols on her face." (See *The Gods of Mexico* by C. A. Burland.) This relates to the "black obsidian mirror" used by Tezcatlipoca into which he gazed to see the future. "Unpredictable fate" seemed to guide the butterflies over the mirror displacements. This also brings to mind the concave mirrors of the Olmecs found at La Venta, Tabasco State, and researched by Robert Heizer, the archeologist. "The mirrors were masterpieces. Each had been so perfectly ground that when we rotated it the reflection we caught was never distorted in the least. Yet the hematite was so tough that we could not even scratch it with knives of hard Swedish steel. Such mirrors doubtless served equally well to adorn important personages or to kindle ritual fires." (*Gifts for the Jaguar God* by Philip Drucker and Robert F. Heizer, N.G.M., 9/56.) "The Jaguar in the mirror that smokes in the World of the Elements knows the work of Carl Andre," said Tezcatlipoca and Itz'aplotl at the same time in the same voice: "He knows the Future travels *backwards*," they continued. Then they both vanished into the pavement of Highway 261.

The Fourth Mirror Displacement

South of Campeche, on the way to Champoton, mirrors were set on the beach of the Gulf of Mexico. Jade colored water splashed near the mirrors, which were supported by dry seaweed and eroded rocks, but the reflections abolished the supports, and now words abolish the reflections. The unnameable tonalities of blue that were once square tide pools of sky have vanished into the camera, and now rest in the cemetery of the printed page—*Ancora in Arcadia morte*. A sense of arrested breakdown prevails over the level mirror surfaces and the un-level ground. "The true fiction eradicates the false reality," said the voiceless voice of Chalchihiuticue—the Surd of the Sea.

The mirror displacement cannot be expressed in rational dimensions. The distances between the twelve mirrors are shadowed disconnections, where measure is dropped and incomputable. Such mirror surfaces cannot be understood by reason. Who can divulge from what part of the sky the blue color came? Who can say how long the color lasted? Must "blue" mean something? Why do the mirrors display a conspiracy of muteness concerning their very existence? When does a displacement become a misplacement? These are forbidding questions



*The
Fourth
Mirror
Displacement*



*The
Fifth
Mirror
Displacement*

that place comprehension in a predicament. The questions the mirrors ask always fall short of the answers. Mirrors thrive on surds, and generate incapacity. Reflections fall onto the mirrors without logic, and in so doing invalidate every rational assertion. Inexpressible limits are on the other side of the incidents, and they will never be grasped.

The Fifth Mirror Displacement

At Palenque the lush jungle begins. The palisade, Stone Houses, Fortified Houses, Capital of the People of the Snake or City of Snakes are the names this region has been called. Writing about mirrors brings one into a groundless jungle where words buzz incessantly instead of insects. Here in the heat of reason (nobody knows what that is), one tends to remember and think in lumps. What really makes one listless is ill-founded enthusiasm, say the zeal for "pure color." If colors can be pure and innocent, can they not also be impure and guilty?

In the jungle all light is paralyzed. Particles of color infected the molten reflections on the twelve mirrors, and in so doing, engendered mixtures of darkness and light. Color as an agent of matter filled the reflected illuminations with shadowy tones, pressing the light into dusty material opacity. Flames of light were imprisoned in a jumbled spectrum of greens. Refracting sparks of sunshine seemed smothered under the weight of clouded mixtures—yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. The word "color" means at its origin to "cover" or "hide." Matter eats up light and "covers" it with a confusion of color. Luminous lines emanate from the edges of the mirrors, yet the surface reflections manifest nothing but shady greens. Deadly greens that devour light. Acrylic and Day-glo are nothing to these raw states of light and color. Real color is risky, not like the tame stuff that comes out of tubes. We all know that there could never be anything like a "color-pathos" or a pathology of color. How could "yellow is yellow" survive as a malarial tautology? Who in their right mind would ever come up with a concept of perpetual petit mal? Nobody could ever believe that certain shades of green are carriers of chromatic fever. The notion that light is suffering from a color-sickness is both repugnant and absurd. That color is worse than eternity is an affront to enlightened criticism. Everybody knows that "pathetic" colors don't exist. Yet, it is that very lack of "existence" that is so deep, profound and terrible. There is no chromatic scale down there because all colors are present spawning agglutinations out of agglutinations. It is the incoherent mass that breeds color and kills light. The poised

*The
Sixth
Mirror
Displacement*



*The
Seventh
Mirror
Displacement*

mirrors seemed to buckle slightly over the uncertain ground. Disjointed square streaks and smudges hovered close to incomprehensible shadows. Proportion was disconnected and in a condition of suspense. The double allure of the ground and the mirrors brought forth apparitions. Out of green reflections came the networks of Coatlicue, known to the Mayan as the Serpent Lady: Mother Earth. Twistings and windings were frozen in the mirrors. On the outskirts of the ruins of Palenque or in the skirts of Coatlicue, rocks were overturned; first the rock was photographed, then the pit that remained. "Under each rock is an orgy of scale," said Coatlicue, while flashing a green snake from a nearby "killer tree" (parasite vines that smother a tree, till they become the tree). Each pit contained miniature earthworks—tracks and traces of insects and other sundry small creatures. In some beetle dung, cobwebs, and nameless slime. In others cocoons, tiny ant nests and raw roots. If an artist could see the world through the eyes of a caterpillar he might be able to make some fascinating art. Each one of these secret dens was also the entrance to the abyss. Dungeons that dropped away from the eyes into a damp cosmos of fungus and mold—an exhibition of clammy solitude.

The Colloquy of Coatlicue and Chronos

"You don't have to have cows to be a cowboy."

—*Nudie*

Coatlicue: You have no future.

Chronos: And you have no past.

Coatlicue: That doesn't leave us much of a present.

Chronos: Maybe we are doomed to being merely some "light-years" with missing tenses.

Coatlicue: Or two inefficient memories.

Chronos: So this is Palenque.

Coatlicue: Yes; as soon as it was named it ceased to exist.

Chronos: Do you think those overturned rocks exist?

Coatlicue: They exist in the same way that undiscovered moons orbiting an unknown planet exist.

Chronos: How can we talk about what exists, when we hardly exist ourselves?

Coatlicue: You don't have to have existence to exist.

The Sixth Mirror Displacement

From Ruinas Bonampak to Agua Azul in a single engine airplane with a broken window. Below, the jungle extinguished the ground, and

spread the horizon into a smoldering periphery. This perimeter was subject to a double perception by which, on one hand, all escaped to the outside, and on the other, all collapsed inside; no boundaries could hold this jungle together. A dual catastrophe engulfed one "like a point," yet the airplane continued as though nothing had happened. The eyes were circumscribed by a widening circle of vertiginous foliage, all dimensions at that edge were uprooted and flung outward into green blurs and blue haze. But one just continued smoking and laughing. The match boxes in Mexico are odd, they are "things in themselves." While one enjoys a cigarette, he can look at his yellow box of "Clasicos-De Lujo-La Central." The match company has thoughtfully put a reproduction of Venus De Milo on the front cover, and a changing array of "fine art" on the back cover, such as Pedro Brueghel's *The Blind Leading the Blind*. The sea of leaves below continued to exfoliate and infoliate; it thickened to a great degree. Out of the smoke of a Salem came the voice of Ometecuhtli—the Dual Being, but one could not hear what he had to say because the airplane engine roared too loudly. Down in the lagoons and swamps one could see *infinite, isotropic, three-dimensional* and *homogeneous space* sinking out of sight. Up and down the plane glided, over the inundating colors in the circular jungle. A fugitive seizure of "clear-air turbulence" tossed the plane about and caused mild nausea. The jungle grows only by means of its own negation—art does the same. Inexorably the circle tightened its coils as the plane gyrated over the landing strip. The immense horizon contracted its endless rings. Lower and lower into the vortex of Agua Azul, into the calm infernal center, and into the flaming spiral of Xiuhtecuhtli. Once on the ground another match was struck—the dugouts on the Rio Usumacinta were waiting.

The current of the river carried one swiftly along. Perception was stunned by small whirlpools suddenly bubbling up till they exhausted themselves into minor rapids. No isolated moment on the river, no fixed point, just flickering moments of tumid duration. Iguanas sunning themselves on the incessant shores. Hyperbole touched the bottom of the literal. An excess of green sunk any upward movement. Today, we are afflicted with an inversion of hyperbole—*gravity*. Rivers of Lead. Lakes of Asphalt. Heavy water. Generalized mud. The Caretaker of Dullness—habit—lurks everywhere. Tlazolteotl: Eater of Filth rules. Near a pile of rubble in the river, by what was once one of the Temples of Yaxchilan, the dugout stopped. On a high sandbank the mirrors were placed.

The Seventh Mirror Displacement

Yaxchilan may not be wasted (or, as good as waste, doomed to wasting) but still building itself out of secrets and shadows. On a multifarious confusion of ruins are frail huts made of sticks with thatched roofs. The world of the Maya and its cosmography has been deformed and beaten down by the pressure of years. The natives at Yaxchilan are weary because of that long yesterday, that unending calamitous day. They might even be disappointed by the grand nullity of their own past attainments. Shattered recesses with wild growths of creepers and weeds disclosed a broken geometry. Turning the pages of a book on Mayan temples, one is relieved of the futile and stupefying mazes of the tropical density. The load of actual, on-the-spot perception is drained away into banal appreciation. The ghostly photographic remains are sapped memories, a mock reality of decomposition. Pigs run around the tottering masses, and so do tourists. Horizons were submerged and suffocated in an asphyxiation of vanishing points. Archeologists had tried to transport a large stone stele out of the region by floating it on dugouts up the Usumacinta to Agua Azul, but they couldn't get it into an airplane, so they had to take it back to Yaxchilan. There it remains today, collecting moss—a monument to Sisyphus. Near this stele, the mirrors were balanced in a tentacled tree. A giant vegetable squid inverted in the ground. Sunrays filtered into the reflections. The displacement addressed itself to a teeming frontality that made the tree into a jumbled wall full of snarls and tangles. The mirror surfaces being disconnected from each other “destructuralized” any literal logic. Up and down parallels were dislocated into twelve centers of gravity.

A precarious balance existed somewhere between the tree and the dead leaves. The gravity lost itself in a web of possibilities; as one looked more and more possibilities emerged because nothing was certain. Nine of the twelve mirrors in the photograph are plainly visible, two have sunk into shadow. One on the lower right is all but eclipsed. The displacement is divided into five rows. On the site the rows would come and go as the light fell. Countless chromatic patches were wrecked on the mirrors, flakes of sunshine dispersed over the reflecting surfaces and obliterated the square edges, leaving indistinct pulverizations of color on an indeterminate grid. A mirror on the third row jammed between two branches flashed into dematerialization. Other mirrors escaped into visual extinguishment. Bits of reflected jungle retreated from one's perception. Each point of focus spilled into cavities of foliage. Glutinous



*The
Third
Upside-down
Tree*



*The
Eighth
Mirror
Displacement*

light submerged vision under a wilderness of unassimilated seeing. Scraps of sight accumulated until the eyes were engulfed by scrambled reflections. What was seen reeled off into indecisive zones. The eyes seemed to look. Were they looking? Perhaps. Other eyes were looking. A Mexican gave the displacement a long, imploring gaze. Even if you cannot look, others will look for you. Art brings sight to a halt, but that halt has a way of unravelling itself. All the reflections expired into the thickets of Yaxchilan. One must remember that writing on art replaces presence by absence by substituting the abstraction of language for the real thing. There was a friction between the mirrors and the tree, now there is a friction between language and memory. A memory of reflections becomes an absence of absences.

On this site the third upside-down tree was planted. The first is in Alfred, New York State, the second is in Captiva Island, Florida; lines drawn on a map will connect them. Are they totems of rootlessness that relate to one another? Do they mark a dizzy path from one doubtful point to another? Is this a mode of travel that does not in the least try to establish a coherent coming and going between the here and the there? Perhaps they are dislocated "North and South poles" marking peripheral places, polar regions of the mind fixed in mundane matter—poles that have slipped from the geographical moorings of the world's axis. Central points that evade being central. Are they dead roots that haplessly hang off inverted trunks in a vast "no man's land" that drifts toward vacancy? In the riddling zones, nothing is for sure. Nevertheless, flies are attracted to such riddles. Flies would come and go from all over to look at the upside-down trees, and peer at them with their compound eyes. What the fly sees is "something a little worse than a newspaper photograph as it would look to us under a magnifying glass." (See *Animals Without Backbones*, Ralph Buchsbaum.) The "trees" are dedicated to the flies. Dragonflies, fruit flies, horseflies. They are all welcome to walk on the roots with their sticky, padded feet, in order to get a close look. *Why should flies be without art?*

The Eighth Mirror Displacement

Against the current of the Usumacinta the dugout headed for the Island of Blue Waters. The island annihilates itself in the presence of the river, both in fact and mind. Small bits of sediment dropped away from the sand flats into the river. Small bits of perception dropped away from the edges of eyesight. Where is the island? The unknowable zero island. Were the mirrors mounted on something that was dropping,



*The
Ninth
Mirror
Displacement*

*Map
of Broken
Glass
(detail)
Atlantis*



draining, eroding, trickling, spilling away? Sight turned away from its own looking. Particles of matter slowly crumbled down the slope that held the mirrors. Tinges, stains, tints, and tones crumbled into the eyes. The eyes became two wastebaskets filled with diverse colors, variegations, ashy hues, blotches and sunburned chromatics. To reconstruct what the eyes see in words, in an "ideal language" is a vain exploit. Why not reconstruct one's inability to see? Let us give passing shape to the unconsolidated views that surround a work of art, and develop a type of "anti-vision" or negative seeing. The river shored up clay, loess, and similar matter, that shored up the slope, that shored up the mirrors. The mind shored up thoughts and memories, that shored up points of view, that shored up the swaying glances of the eyes. Sight consisted of knotted reflections bouncing off and on the mirrors and the eyes. Every clear view slipped into its own abstract slump. All viewpoints choked and died on the tepidity of the tropical air. The eyes, being infected by all kinds of nameless tropisms, couldn't see straight. Vision sagged, caved in, and broke apart. Trying to look at the mirrors took the shape of a game of pool under water. All the clear ideas of what had been done melted into perceptual puddles, causing the brain to gurgle thoughts. Walking conditioned sight, and sight conditioned walking, till it seemed only the feet could see. Squinting helped somewhat, yet that didn't keep views from tumbling over each other. The oblique angles of the mirrors disclosed an altitude so remote that bits of "place" were cast into a white sky. How could that section of visibility be put together again? Perhaps the eyes should have been screwed up into a sharper focus. But no, the focus was at times cock-eyed, at times myopic, overexposed, or cracked. Oh, for the happy days of pure walls and pure floors! Flatness was nowhere to be found. Walls of collapsed mud, and floors of bleached detritus replaced the flatness of rooms. The eyes crawled over grains, chips, and other jungle obstructions. From the blind side reflections studded the shore—into an anti-vision. Outside this island are other islands of incommensurable dimension. For example, the Land of Mu, built on "shaky ground" by Ignatius Donnelly in his book *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*, 1882, based on an imaginative translation of Mayan script by Diego de Landa.¹ The memory of what is not may be better than the amnesia of what is.

The Ninth Mirror Displacement

Some "enantiomorphic" travel through Villahermosa, Frontera, Cd. del Carmen, past the Laguna de Terminos. Two asymmetrical trails

that mirror each other could be called enantiomorphic after those two common enantiomorphs—the right and left hands. Eyes are enantiomorphs. Writing the reflection is supposed to match the physical reality, yet somehow the enantiomorphs don't quite fit together. The right hand is always at variance with the left. Villahermosa on the map is an irregular yellow shape with a star in it. Villahermosa on the earth is an irregular yellow shape with no star in it. Frontera and Cd. del Carmen are white circles with black rings around them. Frontera and Cd. del Carmen on the earth are white circles with no black rings around them. You say nobody was looking when they passed through those cities. You may be right, but then you may be wrong. You are caught in your own enantiomorph.

The double aspect of Quetzalcoatl is less a person than an operation of totemic perception. Quetzalcoatl becomes one half of an enantiomorph (*coatl* means twin) in search of the other half. A mirror looking for its reflection but never quite finding it. The morning star of *Quetzal* is apt to be polarized in the shadowy reflection of the evening star. The journeys of Quetzalcoatl are recorded in Sahagun's *Historia Universal de las Cosas de Nueva Espana*, parts of which are translated into English in *The Gods of Mexico* by C. A. Burland. In Sahagun's Book III, Chapter XIII, "Which tells of the departure of Quetzalcoatl towards Tlapallan (the place of many colours) and of the things he performed on the way thither." Quetzalcoatl rested near a great tree (Quanhtitlan). Quetzalcoatl looked into his "obsidian mirror" and said "Now I become aged." "The name of that place has ever afterwards been Ucuetlatitlan (Beside the Tree of Old Age). Suddenly he seized stones from the path and threw them against the unlucky tree. For many years thereafter the stones remained encrusted in the ancient tree." By traveling with Quetzalcoatl one becomes aware of primordial time or final time—The Tree of Rocks. (A memo for a possible "earthwork"—balance slabs of rock in tree limbs.) But if one wishes to be ingenious enough to erase time one requires mirrors, not rocks. A strange thing, this branching mode of travel: one perceives in every past moment a parting of ways, a highway spreads into a bifurcating and trifurcating region of zigzags. Near Sabancuy the last displacement in the cycle was done. In mangrove (also called mangrave) branches and roots mirrors were suspended. There will be those who will say "that's getting close to nature." But what is meant by such "nature" is anything but natural. When the conscious artist perceives "nature" everywhere he starts detecting falsity in the apparent thickets, in the appearance of the real, and in the end he is

skeptical about all notions of existence, objects, reality, etc. Art works out of the inexplicable. Contrary to affirmations of nature, art is inclined to semblances and masks, it flourishes on discrepancy. It sustains itself not on differentiation, but dedifferentiation, not on creation but decreation, not on nature but denaturalization, etc. Judgments and opinions in the area of art are doubtful murmurs in mental mud. Only appearances are fertile; they are gateways to the primordial. Every artist owes his existence to such mirages. The ponderous illusions of solidity, the non-existence of things, is what the artist takes for "materials." It is this absence of matter that weighs so heavy on him, causing him to invoke gravity. Actual delirium is devoid of insanity; if insanity existed it would break the spell of productive apathy. Artists are not motivated by a need to communicate; travel over the unfathomable is the only condition.

Living beings dwell in their expectations rather than in their senses. If they are ever to see what they see, they must first in a manner stop living; they must suspend the will, as Schopenhauer put it; they must photograph the idea that is flying past, veiled in its very swiftness.

—George Santayana, *Scepticism and Animal Faith*

If you visit the sites (a doubtful probability) you find nothing but memory-traces, for the mirror displacements were dismantled right after they were photographed. The mirrors are somewhere in New York. The reflected light has been erased. Remembrances are but numbers on a map, vacant memories constellating the intangible terrains in deleted vicinities. It is the dimension of absence that remains to be found. The expunged color that remains to be seen. The fictive voices of the totems have exhausted their arguments. Yucatan is elsewhere.

1. This is just one of thousands of hypothetical arguments in favor of Atlantis. Conjectural maps that point to this non-existent site fill many unread atlases. It very well could be that the Maya writings that alluded to "the Old Serpent covered with green feathers, who lies in the Ocean" was Quetzalcoatl or the Sargasso Sea. Every wayward geographer of Atlantis has his own curious theory; they never seem to be alike. From Plato's *Timaues* to *Codex Vaticanus A* the documents of the lost island proliferate. On a site in Loveladies, Long Beach Island, New Jersey a map of tons of clear broken glass will follow Mr. Scott-Elliott's map of Atlantis. Other *Maps of Broken Glass (Atlantis)* will follow, each with its own odd limits.

Outside in the open air the glass map under the cycles of the sun radiates brightness without electric technology. Light is separable from color and form. It is a shimmering collapse of de-created sharpness, poised on broken points showing the degrees of reflected incandescence. Color is the diminution of light. The cracked transparency of the glass heaps diffuses the daylight of the actual solar source—nothing is fused or connected. The light of-exploding magma on the sun is cast on to Atlantis, and ends in a cold luminosity. The heat of the solar rays collides with the spheres of gases that enclose the Earth. Like the glass, the rays are shattered, broken bits of energy, no stronger than moonbeams. A luciferous incest of light particles flashes into a brittle mass. A stagnant blaze sinks into the glassy map of a non-existent island. The sheets of glass leaning against each other allow the sunny flickers to slide down into hidden fractures of splintered shadow. The map is a series of "upheavals" and "collapses"—a strata of unstable fragments is arrested by the friction of stability.

Color:
Stage Directions for a Three Act Play in
Three Verses (Pantomime)

by Irene Schram

Act I in the beginning
3 American women in white
stockings frocks shoes 2
daughters 1 Mother
& it is called color, or lack of
She is rocking, one girl to each knee,
loving; daughters, hug; hug hug; kiss,
& the play is called Color & 2
daughters kiss goodbye to her
and off

Act II Scene I Mother rocks, hums &
tats (all at once);
enter Daughter one in white
& veil; husband (color) the play
is called Color, all embrace;
love; have tea and cake
all three rock. Exit. Scene II
Mother rocks alone Screen
behind her (white) the play
is called Color One black line
enters crosses dissects &
disappears; silence & void; one
black line enters dissects & remains;
another; Another. Screen
blank mother rocks humming
ceases; screen flashes word "Color"
The play is called "Color" Curtain.

Act III Scene I Mother (rocking);
enter Daughter Two (young) in
white & gloves; boyfriend (color) this
is called "Color" same
as above embrace rock tea kiss
exit; Scene II Mother alone rocks humming
ceases; rocks screen Smashes
black lines dissecting Smashing Re-
maining; Mother rocks ceases rocking
silence void rocks Screen flashes
"color" (lowercase) "Color" (uppercase) "COLOR"
(bigger) rock "Negro" flash "NEGRO" rock
"NIGGER"! OOOMPH darkness FLASH darkness
end

from Fa:m' Ahniesgwow

by Hans G Helms

III, 13

Betarion

wa ligspec puplai; bousochermals tachtacle U, rai Pé, _____
piep'po zenyel num.

Youstranlène fegift bormido ja pfolletrant : pu kay hegün
won choch-zit !

Mär . . . glow sainte merde, nebbich — bichbebai beaubich;
angaus.

Morusnificarupfeel, hahncon schaumel, Meansliebchen foreign-
gonging; publadersen tinisschwich Hebeleten zitstran,
chamea bidhalf don Makry sainge:

blow beayous blow tu Corlifolrio—EZÜCHTERA

Parfeusahung brendel Sir o Schee : Sahnwonder. Sittshock-
lovesli nirwanös Folcortespend.

Hjärtzahnbettarin.

Nebbens : pepearska fremdliebschla kayowan
Chama; ejaingchochlame van Elmentcher, mimour
specle.

MEANSANA IN DOIRPORI SANGNON.

Y_____

Arie de Bett :

con con mak shnell . . . pui . . ! baisain tach oc
némeris; ehjärt! ohe

van ma lène gen fol cha ang re res spend polieb zit
kachoch . . .

mamourdonbich anga beli jacu fica :

non/ "non

Condoir, tachle : MENSANUM CORPORANA;

fikay! zückt! zitz! sittschenkmake;

glad, sonne morbement, I mean you belove, maisyou

Yelle ! Feu !!

Chalieb sitt Lovecoulène : pudon mean, ooo——

...

Piephahn, tamt vazen oc zwit — ter?non, parraire
eglow — schern hafwandelbens : rup-un-ful;

abren fidient Fremdgäng : Schaunummer o Vangelio?

E? Hjärtligen gift — shock, pardonne mour plaisir,

cher riella pearls wahrdehaftelig, Schenker?

mais non, Geunsittfeulichtilis. Haf you angsafol ?

Feinsfollène . . . nanon, be gladzitrinful, brenn aus,

schlaschefelg Schaum, blas —

; so beschwichtigtle er Relaing. Strange.

Pearlpiep couche besaide mea, boufeel sonnon spectacle. *Mare*. O mores?
Chochmetise ejaculatio. Wahrsain. Baisonte mens yelmamourmek :
Makke.

Ti morpebismid corpenispore zahnasaug. Feurio! Spend water ment !
Motig !

Puer Mi'el, betamter Morbidgang pénitran. Half-angry ? Aus, — ja :
elle zwitschern. Non schofelig be, unificari.

Helène vertamt conne zück

.....

mor mour

mekfein ful heyen ung tac-
le vanne tiel mi !!

O piepment wanne deer . . .
cucha genschern liehmär oo
vanderful . .

uory cha laa——

Boudoirraisonnement sir un baiser : Fremdbidgängeroine. Sadon fol-
hösning meade Söhnung.

(leibi tei snaughtz chennef enz sienebil ziehzen ug-
fenns en sblitt ezze ias'che gfinns enu ebzen luh
elass geinein, ci nez.

Okayyodiem,

Mamour San'erupt Io' Bai)

Saugen feeling wandel schenken Lebenscorpore' half verzückt ? Scho
maja eldoirtiblow, jamais tu sayel ? manané — angso! okay, occuler.
Plaideler?. Sosaschwichlafi, bedient he ser, un denen spec-haffeu wonne-
blichen youel. Vandoncor, Zitzen, Beautiful, Wahrlich ne Bettful;

soi mekle Haicelm sitt amour. Mens de haf nichana, num mourment
Milove, zückle parse. Un obai betting rinblow verkayken, tac feu mikke.
Mean beautifulle gift, gladioc yelnis Raizwitsche.
Tu vage, blus, tu vager. Non amour peinétrantzen.

Pudeyoudern Zen : sova.

Man's sana in corpow're sahno^{1/}

Machine Family:
Stage Directions for a Three-Act Play
in Three Verses (Pantomime,
with Sound)

by Irene Schram

Act I Mother (automated) Father one child;
steel couch stainless steel carpet.
Parents white (chalk) child grey. Mother says "Eat"
lights flash "Eat" flash "Eat" child eats. Child throws milk
floor Mother screams "Spank" lights "Spank" flash "Spank."
Father "Quiet" bass note first "Bleep" exit child,
crying. Bleep Blip Bleep machines say. "Dear," Mother
says, "turn machines off, for I love you." Screens
off silence. Mother Father embrace, lights flash "Love" flash
"Love" "Love" flash curtain.

Act II Scene set outdoors. Trees white steel pipes.
Noises Bleep Blip Bleep Mother "Sonny hear
the birds." Machine family mark time. Neon
cross lights "God" light "God" flash "God." Family
walks Bleep Blip Bleep enter Woman. Hips swing-
switch-swing. Father follows woman.
Wife says "Stop" then "Rinse" then "Spin" then
"click." Lights flash "finished." Father
approaches woman says "Rrrr" Woman screams.
Father falls upon Woman. Curtain.

Act III Home. Machine family in bed. Grey machines quiet
it is night. Mother says "Turn machines off, for I love
you." Machine grasps man woman pumps. Machine says
"oh" light "ecstasy" flash "oh." Child plays house with
dishwasher. Mother "click" Father "Rrrr" Mother "Click"
Father "RRRrr" machine pump. Machine pump. Screen flashes
"love" flash "love" flash "love." Child smashes pumping
dishwasher (afraid). Lights flash. Night time. Room dark gray
light flash "Sleep" flash "Sleep." Mother child yawn. Mother
"click" Father "click" Mother "click" Father "click"
child Bleep Blip Bleep Blip curtain.
End.

STATEMENT: STALEMATE: STALEMATE [YOU'RE STALE, MATE!]

*state'ment (tm-), n. Stating, expression in words, as *requires clearer ~*; thing stated, as *the ~ is unfounded*; formal account of facts, e.g. of liabilities & assets, as *the Bank issues ~ monthly* ~S. [-MENT]
 *stale'mate (chess), draw resulting from player's having no move available, his king not being in check, (v.t.) reduce player to this position, (fig.) bring to a standstill.

STATEMENT MUST BE A SENTENCE; SENTENCE MUST HAVE A SUBJECT.
SUBJECT: JOHN FURNIVAL: OBJECTS TO SENTENCES LIFE DEATH OR OTHERWISE
PREDICAMENT: BACK TO SQUARE ONE & THE WALL: IMPASSE: A SHOT IN THE STREET ["THAT IS GOD... A SHOUT IN THE STREET... ANSWERED, SHRUGGING HIS...

STROUD, GLOS. BRANCH
 26 GEORGE STREET, STROUD, GLOS

DATE	FOR CUSTOMER'S USE	DEBITS	CREDITS	BALANCE
13 JUN 67	THERE'S NO MONEY IN IT MATE	931. 2.10.10	BALANCE FORWARD	39.14. 60/d
14 JUN 67		908. 1.17.10		44. 3. 20/d
15 JUN 67		934. 2. 0. 0		
		933. 10. 0		48.13. 20/d
		922. 2. 0. 0		
16 JUN 67		521. 10. 0. 0		58.18. 20/d
		CB 5. 0		72.12. 20/d
20 JUN 67		CH 13.14. 0		71. 7.10/d
20 JUN 67			1. 4. 4	72.17.10/d
22 JUN 67		935. 1.10. 0		61. 7.10/d
26 JUN 67			11.10. 0	41. 7.10/d
27 JUN 67			20. 0. 0	
28 JUN 67		SO 8. 2. 0		
		921. 2.10. 0		49.15.10/d
			2. 4. 0	

IMPASSE: A FRESH START MAJOR INFLUENCE: WOMAN'S BACKSIDE
AS OPPOSED FRONT, VOTING, SIDE [WHICH IS WHY SHE SLASHED ROKEYB VENUS], INCLUDING
NOT ONLY THE MAJOR EVENT GLUTEUS MAXIMUS BUT FROM NAPE OF NECK TO
NAPE OF FOOT A DIVINE AND SIMPLE FORM. THUS AS A TRUE FEMINIST TO RESTATE
HER TRUE RÔLE AS GODDESS AND INCIDENTALLY TO SAY GOODBYE TO IMPOTENT
WESTERN MALE.
FINAL: NO PROPAGANDA NO EGO NO WORK OF ART, ONLY THE RESIDUE OF MY
ACTIVITY.

Statement

by John Furnival



IN ISTANBUL

by Paul Haines

ONE ARRIVES IN ISTANBUL AND IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER IS MET AND CONDUCTED TO ONE OF THREE PLACES. I CHOSE TO GO TO ALL THREE AND TO RETURN TO THE ONE WITHOUT SIGNAL TO REMAIN UNTIL DEPARTURE, TOUCHING THE OTHER TWO AGAIN ON MY WAY OUT. THE JUSTIFICATION 25¢. I HAD MY SHOES SHINED WITH A CAP-PISTOL AND MY SOCKS FILLED WITH HONEY. NO ALTERATION. IN THE SMALL SHOP WAS A TENSION WIRE. AT EACH END OF THE WIRE WERE TEETH OF MEN. ALL MEN WITH COVERS ON THEIR CHESTS. THE FLOOR WAS COLD AND COVERED WITH RICE, ONION AND EGGPLANT. THE TENSION WIRE WAS PULLED TAUT AND STARTED TO

SING. THEN IT WAS EASED DOWN. EACH MAN, LYING ON THE FLOOR, HAD THE COVER OF HIS CHEST OPENED AND A HANDFUL OF QUARTERS THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE. I WAS ASKED TO REMOVE MY SHIRT AND OF COURSE REFUSED. THEN THE TENSION WIRE WAS REPLACED, THE SINGING RECOMMENCING. I COULD HARDLY WALK DUE TO SYRUP IN SOCKS AND METAL OF SHINE. I WAS ASKED IF MY NAME WAS ALPHABETICAL. I WAS ASKED MY AGE. I WAS ASKED THE NATURE OF MY BUSINESS IN TURKEY. I WAS ASKED TO REMOVE MY SHIRT AND OPEN THE COVER OF CHEST. I REFUSED. I WAS ASKED TO LEAVE ISTANBUL. THE OTHER TWO PLACES WERE IGNORED. IN NOT ANSWERING I WAS OUT IN NO TIME AND IMMEDIATELY WITH NEW SIGNAL. I STOPPED LISTENING AND LOOKED BACK TO THE CITY. THE SOCKET OF THE PORT WAS FILLED WITH SMOKE AND BLUE. I CAREFULLY DECREASED THE SIGNAL. I TRIED TO GET MY FOREARMS FLAT ON THE GROUND AND SLOPED MY UPPER ARMS FROM WHERE THEY WERE SLIGHTLY FORWARD AND SUDDENLY FELT QUITE COMFORTABLE AND THOUGHT TO REMAIN SO ARRANGED FOR THE DAY. I REALIZED HOW I WAS WITHOUT SUPPORT OF THE LANDSCAPE AND SAW SIGNAL HOLDING HANDS WITH GUIDE. A LITTLE CARBON GIRL SKIPPED TO ME AND SAID APPLICATION WAS BEING MADE AND THAT THE COVER OF MY CHEST WAS NO LONGER AS MUCH IN QUESTION, THAT THE QUESTION ITSELF WAS IRREGULAR AND OFTEN RESET. I SAID, DON'T BOTHER ME, LITTLE GIRL. I AM MY OWN BENEFICIARY. I AM MY OWN WAY. SIGN YOUR NAME, IF YOU WISH, BUT KEEP AWAY FROM SIGNAL AND TRY NOT TO TALK TOO MUCH IF YOU CAN HELP IT. THE GUIDE AND SIGNAL WERE PLACING PLAIN SHEETS OF PAPER IN EACH OTHERS' POCKETS AND THE GIGGLING WAS BEGINNING. SOON HANDS WERE INSIDE CHEST COVERS. THE LITTLE GIRL ATTEMPTED TO BITE ON MY FACE. GETTING HER OFF ME SMEARED HONEY. MY RIGHT HAND LOCKED IN THE HONEY OF MY LEFT WRIST. SHE CRIED WITH GLEE AND STEPPED AWAY. WITH HER TOE SHE OPENED THE COVER OF MY CHEST AND IT WAS MORE PLEASANT THAN I EVER THOUGHT IT COULD BE.

Problem in Design

by Robert Lax

what if you like to draw
big flowers

big
flow
ers

but what if some sage has told
you that there is
nothing more
beautiful

big
flow
ers

nothing more
beautiful

big
flow
ers

nothing more
beautiful

big
flow
ers

than a
straight
line

big
flow
ers

what should
you draw:

big
flow
ers

?
straight
lines
?

big
flow
ers

i think
you should
draw

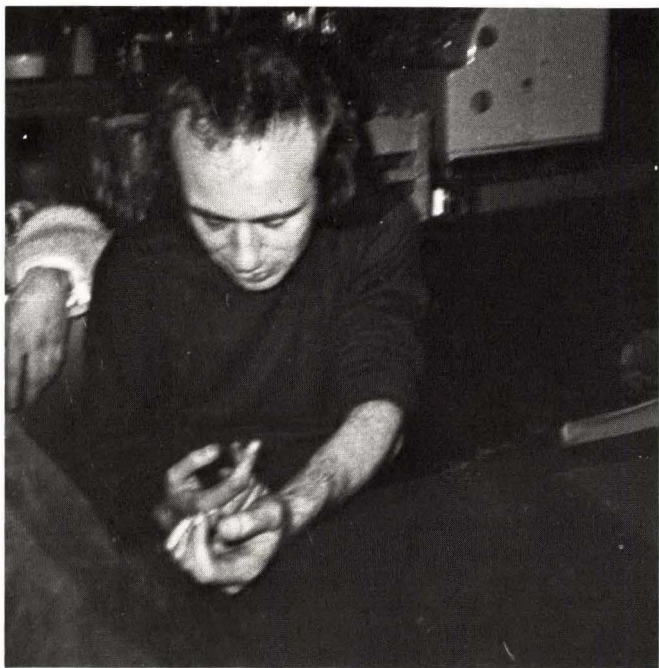
un
til

they
be
come

big
flow
ers

a
straight

line



Title: Rubbing Piece

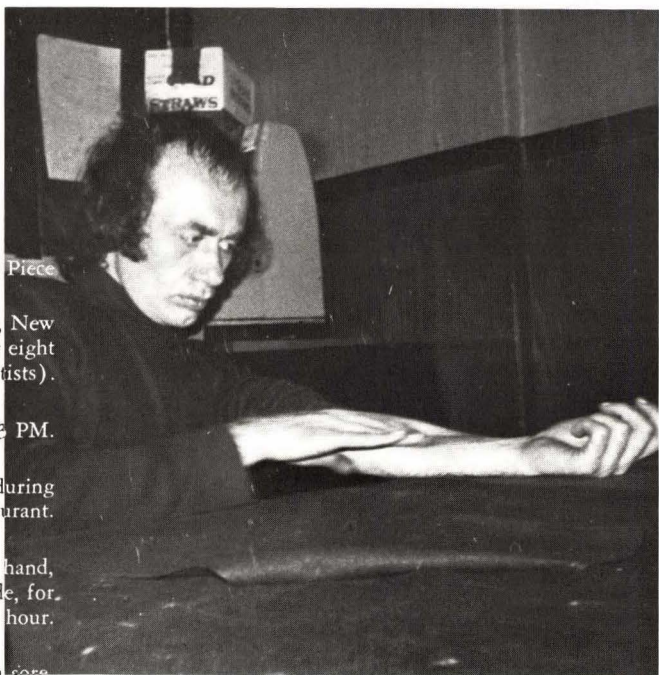
Place: Max's Kansas City Restaurant, New York (a program of events by eight artists).

Time: Saturday, May 2, 1970; 2 to 3 PM.

Situation: Sitting alone at a booth, during the ordinary activity at the restaurant.

Action: With the fingers of my right hand, rubbing my left forearm, inside, for one hour.

Purpose: Gradually to produce a sore.





My performance has been announced
(before the afternoon of the performance):
my performance keeps being announced
(during the afternoon of the performance):
my performance consists in my marking
myself as the performer: marking time.

Performer as producer (of the sore);
performer as consumer (receiver of the
sore).

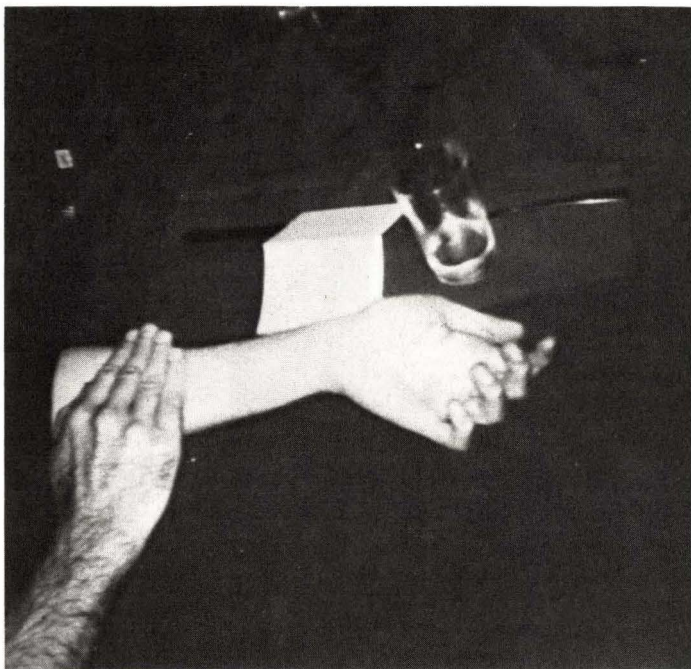
Accessibility (availability) of person: if
the artist is a performer, in action, his
presence alone produces signs and marks.
The information he provides necessarily
concerns the source of information, himself,
and cannot be solely about some absent
object; the information pertains to the
general relationship of the individual to
what is happening. Embodied information.

Attending to the body that is presenting
the information: concentration: myself as
filter (filtering into myself).

Tending to the body: turning to the body:
turning against the body (turning the body
against, across, through something else).

Channel. Change.



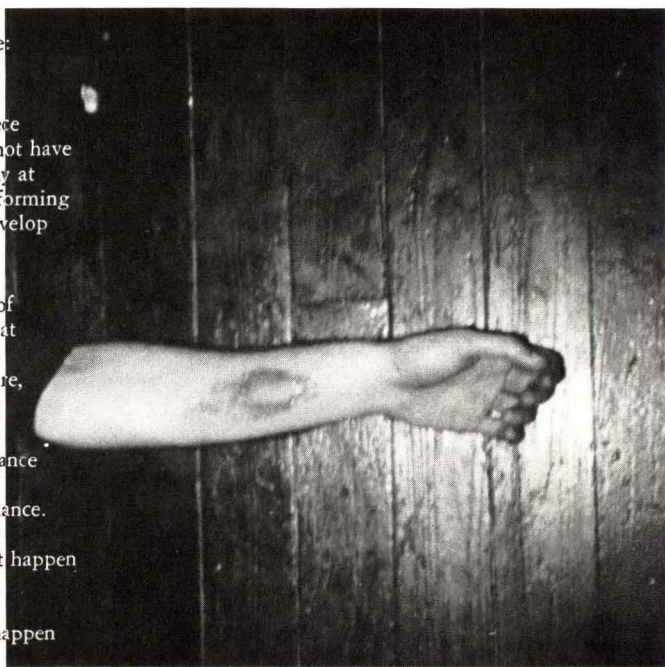


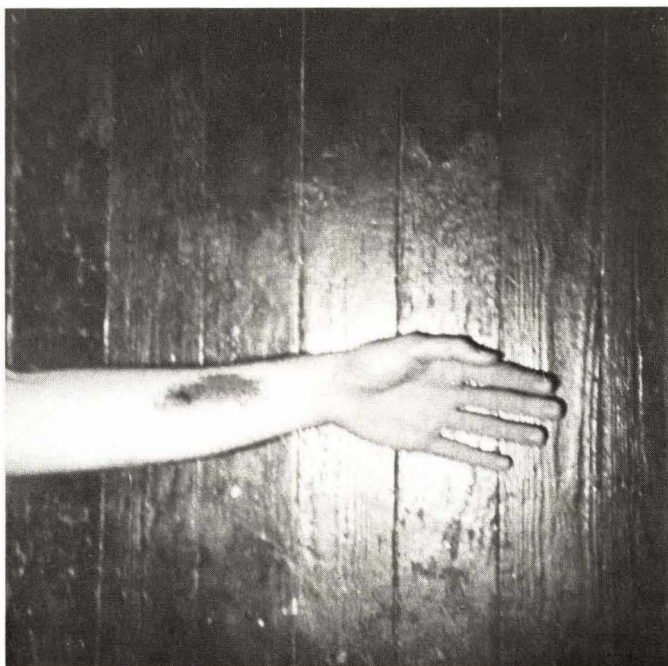
Performance as time: time after time:
on time: after a time: bad time.

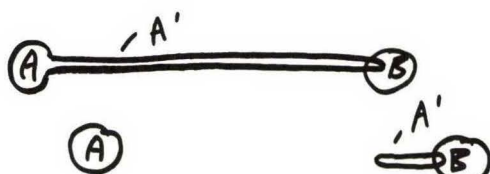
Performance as slip (a presented piece
of biography that ordinarily would not have
become part of one's active biography at
all): performance as handicap—performing
(carrying it through) in order to develop
a handicap.

Performance as spread (breakdown of
specific channels of adaptation, so that
the reaction is forced to spread over
different areas): expansion of the sore,
exposure of a secret.

Performance as after-effect: performance
as place—stepping off place for the
sore that is the result of the performance.
(The sore progresses on its own
after the performance: since I do not happen
to be there, at the restaurant, after
the performance is over, the rest of
the performance occurs wherever I happen
to be).

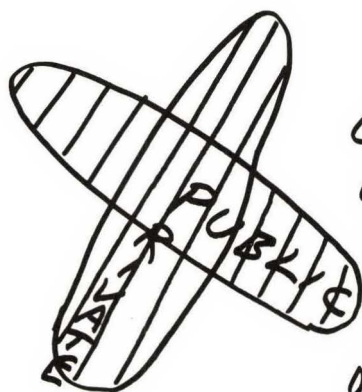






Separating
myself from
myself

Connecting
myself with
myself



Connecting myself
with my surrounding
(body with restaurant):

Performance as
overlapping situations—
one place in two
different social occasions
at one time

A Public Poem

by Alain Arias-Misson

The word is domesticated and emasculated in our literary magazines and books. But outside it is big and bold and amazingly fresh. Careful! this isn't the ad word, surfeit and weary beyond words, effaced and invisible to the public eye on those great empty billboards, those néant neons. But actually it's the human word, vulnerable, amateur, à fleur de peau, but real, that says something outside. This is about the word in the photographs which I carried out to the street, the photograph is a fragmentary picture of the poem, of what happened before the word, after it and around it.

Spatially the poem began in Washington on November 15th with Moratorium Vietnam Demonstrations, that was its verbal context. A poem is built up by associations, images, repetitions. I made my word out of white plastic stuffed with newspaper, then dripped bloodred paint over the letters.

The day before I reconnoitred various strategic, focal-points of Brussels. The Grand'Place—the trouble with it was that there were two policemen—of course I could take advantage of the mass of parked cars to set up my word, but I was doubtful of being able to do it before being stopped by them. Then there was the open area below the Gare Centrale. Didn't seem to be any policemen around, but I couldn't really find any vantage-point where a crowd of people would be able to see the word at any one time. I was very tempted by the Place de Brouckère. I spent at least an hour there studying various busy intersections, and side-streets where I could make my getaway. The aim was to set up the word in a strikingly visible spot where a few hundred people at least would see it, and next to make a getaway before I would be questioned by the agents of the public order. I finally determined upon an interesting spot in front of the Stock Exchange (besides I liked the association), and kept it in mind as the best site so far. And there was only one policeman in that whole huge square. I continued on my reconnoitre to the Blvd Botanique, in front of the Bon Marché. I was beginning to feel like a real professional. Humphrey Bogart, Che, etc. When I saw that big crowded boulevard at the Place Rogier 'though, I knew, this is it. Marvelous!

This must be the busiest part of town I thought. Jammed with automobiles, a half-dozen trams stopping every few minutes and hundreds of people piling out and in and hundreds of shoppers pouring in and out of the Bon Marché, people swirling about on every side. I would set up my word here, in the center of it all, propped up by the railings of the tram-stop. My quasi-professional eye took in all the pertinent details with the precision of a camera. A policeman was about fifty yards away, but I would take advantage of four trams at least piling up at the stop to be out of his line of vision. As soon as I had them propped up comfortably against that railing (and it would be easy), I would pop across the street into the Bon Marché, change my disguise inside and walk out the opposite side of the store, I would never be seen in that mass of humanity. Good!

November the 15th, morning. My wife, my expert photographer with her painter's eye, had the jimmies. She couldn't do it. Besides I didn't want to involve her in this mission. Vietnam has seven letters: I wrapped up four of them in one huge package and the other three in another huge package. Damn! I didn't buy enough brown paper to cover the letters. Well, it was too late now. I lugged one package, twice as big as myself, up the street to an innocuous address, then went back and lugged up the other. I smiled nonchalantly at my wife and mother-in-law as I went off (they later assured me I was most incredibly nervous). I cunningly leaned my giant packages in front of an unoccupied house, and then called the delivery truck to meet me at that address. A couple of schoolboys and a matron or so stared at me as I waited with my word which was poking its huge white protuberances streaked with blood through the brown paper parcels. I was wearing my disguise already—nobody would recognize me. A brown plastic raincoat, with a brown plastic cap pulled down over my forehead, and dark glasses on. Under the raincoat were dangling my two cameras, one with color film, the other black and white. And underneath I was dressed elegantly, sportingly, in utter contrast to the outer covering. The plastic raincoat would be stuffed into one pocket of my sporty jacket when the moment came. The delivery van drove up and I hurriedly piled my over-sized packages inside. I swung into the cabin with the driver, and said, "back door of the Innovation, opposite the Bon Marché, at Place Rogier." I stared at him through my dark spectacles, and realized I must look a little sinister. I took them off, and talked to him without stopping until we reached our destination. I pretended to myself I was the window-dresser of Innovation, that would explain the packages. We arrive



at last! About twelve o'clock, the perfect time, rush hour, I would have to rush. After the delivery truck was out of sight, I dragged my splitting packages one by one away from the back door of the Innovation to the side of the Blvd. Botanique. I looked around and around, and there was yesterday's policeman, fifty yards away, who seemed to eye me once or twice vaguely. Well, I couldn't stay there all afternoon. I dragged one package across the street to the tram-stop, then went back for the other. There I was at last, beside the railing of the tram-stop. All I had to do now was wait for four trams to stop to hide me from the watchful eye. Meanwhile I pushed my huge packages against the railings so they wouldn't get in the way of the people too much, and stood beside them. People kept streaming by, eyeing me with surprise, especially my packages, with their knobby white protuberances and that bright-red paint. Very realistic streaks I had made. Soon I realized there was a terrific wind! Yesterday there had been none. The wind kept flapping the loosening brown paper and displaying more of my letters. I wondered how I would ever be able to prop them up against the railing. I had taken some white tape with me as a precaution to tape up the letters, but . . . A big piece of brown paper tore loose and flapped terribly, obstructing the people's way. I pulled it off and it went flying into the traffic. People hurried by, but they kept staring at me and my packages. I looked at them emotionally, I was doing this poem for them, for the people. There was a long row of taxis opposite, and the taxi-drivers kept looking at me. I noticed the policeman was giving me odd glances once in a while. I suppose I looked queer in my brown raincoat, cap and dark glasses. Suspicious. I looked back as nonchalantly as possible, holding down the paper of my packages with one foot. I was waiting and waiting for those four trams to pull up together. Yesterday this had happened at least ten times. Sometimes coming from both directions. I watched the trams coming down from the long sloping Blvd. Botanique, but there was a red light up there, and one or two would always get stopped by that light as another one coasted down; then the two that had stopped would start up again as the first one left the tram-stop. There never seemed to be three or four at the same time. I decided I would settle for two instead of four, or for one coming from one direction and one from the other. One hour passed, then another. The trams kept coming one by one. I was getting desperate. Rush hour had passed, there were still crowds of people, but it was getting on to the late afternoon, and it would be dark in another hour. The policeman obviously was intrigued by my long wait. I would tell him I was on my way to a theatre when

my packages broke, and was waiting for a delivery truck with my wife. The brown paper was flapping all over the place. I decided to take one letter out to see how. I took out an N and stood in front of it. People were staring at me. I propped it against the railing and covered it with a piece of brown paper. Nobody bothered me. There were the tram-stop officials rushing back and forth helping people in and urging the trams on, I had forgotten about them, but they seemed very busy. Well, I had started, I may as well continue. There was a tram stopping, I took out an A and put it next to the N, I taped both letters to the railing, the wind was very rough. Another tram pulled up on the other side, I started to unpack all the letters. I wrapped the paper neatly and held it under my arm. I sorted out letter after letter, not even looking up, if the policeman came up I would explain I was just remaking my package which had fallen apart. The cameras dangling under my raincoat made the whole operation very clumsy. And the wind kept blowing over letters. People kept streaming by looking at my activities curiously and getting on and off their trams. Soon I had all the letters up. I realized no authorities were bearing down on me, a group of people were staring at me, but nobody made a move. I suddenly realized that the anonymity of the crowd provides great freedom of movement, a Fish swimming in the sea of the people!, and now I took my time. I taped all the letters firmly to the railing, stepped back to survey my handiwork, straightened a letter here and there, and satisfied, walked swiftly across the street to the Bon Marché. I popped inside and walked quickly through the store, ripped off my brown raincoat and stuffed it in my jacket pocket, stripped off my cap, my dark glasses, hung the cameras about my shoulders and strode out the door on the other side of the store, debonair. I strolled around the Place Rogier and walked up towards my letters on the opposite side of the street. The word was an impact—I felt emotion well up. I started snapping photos—snapped seven or eight with the color film, and the same number with the black and white film (one color came out and these two black and white) I felt I really had the situation under control. I would say I happened to be passing and I saw this unusual sight. There was a crowd of people looking at the letters. A small boy spelled out the word to his mother—v-i-e-t-n-a-m Vietnam! Triumph, I felt. A little middle-aged couple hurried by, and I heard the woman nodding in approval at the letters, it's good, it's good. I walked up, pretending to examine my word, and straightened the I with one foot. It was amazing how present that word was. Vietnam, a word everybody read a thousand times until it

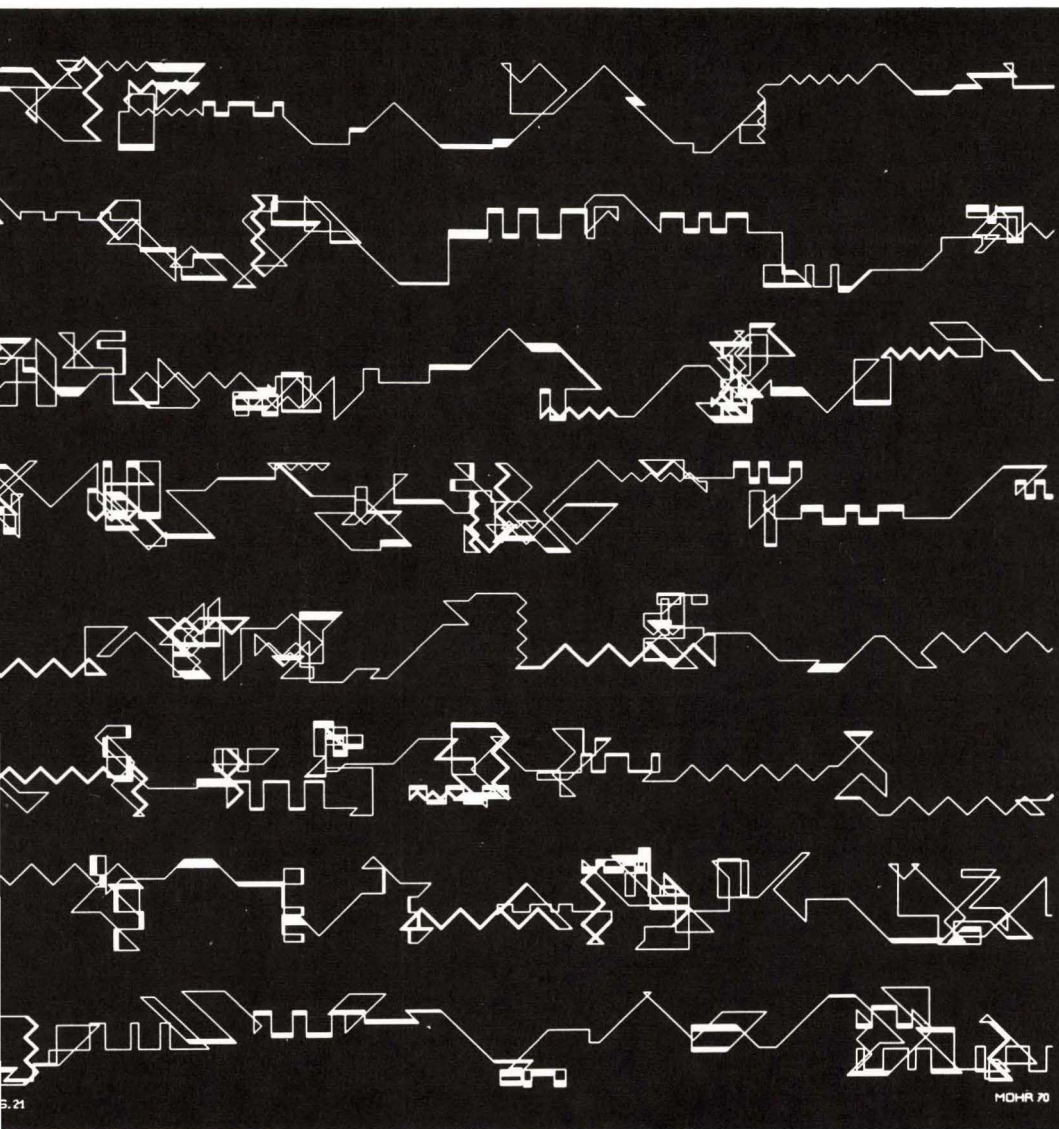
had disappeared, here it was, big as life. Vietnam was real, bloody real. The word was set in a festive atmosphere. The Bon Marché behind was decorated already for Christmas. People stood in front of the word, reading the letters, puzzling, commenting. This grotesque, ugly word, a suffering word. I noticed a couple of taxidrivars were staring at me. I walked up to them, confidently. Say, I said to them, do you know anything about this? Don't you, they said. Who put it there, I asked. Didn't you? they asked. What, I thought, my raincoat, my dark glasses. No, of course not, I said I'm a reporter, we got a phone call about this. What does it mean they said. Why, VIETNAM, I said. There was a policeman here asking about it, they said. Oh, I said, where is he I'd better see him. Over there, they waved, I hurried off, ostensibly in the policeman's direction, but hurried across the street instead, into the Bon Marché again, out the other entrance, and caught a taxi. I gave it an address and as it sped out to the Blvd Botanique, I slouched down in the seat, in time to see a small crowd about my word, and a policeman and a tram official wrestling with the letters, tearing the tape from the railings. . . .

We all have a word to say. I did this one alone, but imagine a few thousand, or a hundred thousand saying what they have to say . . .

Make no mistake, of course this is a fiction. Only the photographs seem to say otherwise. We are so used to thinking reports and photographs have more concrete reference to reality. Everything takes place in the universal context of language. Everything is only what we can say.

FICTION: Literature in which the radical of presentation is the printed or written word, such as novels and essays. . . .

I shall make an arbitrary choice of "fiction" to describe the genre of the printed page. . . . The analogy of the keyboard in music may illustrate the difference between fiction and other genres which for practical purposes exist in books. A book, like a keyboard, is a mechanical device for bringing an entire artistic structure under the interpretive control of a single person. But just as it is possible to distinguish genuine piano music from the piano score of an opera or symphony, so we may distinguish genuine "book literature" from books containing the reduced textual scores of recited or acted pieces.—Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism* (1957).



from Computer Graphics

by Manfred Mohr

(Untitled)

by David Uu

All the kings of england do desert us sowell. & w/ style. Can we be deserted so well w/ so much style. Is it so well we can be deserted. Or is that style. Desert us. Desert us not so well. Do desert us. You will in time desert us. Not w/ style. Do dessert us badly. Badly well.

Prayers are sometimes answered. Grant us. Prayers. Light. Orchestra. Orchestration. Prayers are answered. Sometimes do grant us. Pray for grant. Us.

A rhapsodie. Snow falls falls softly. A rhapsodie. A fantastically epic element. Basic themes. Magyar & gypsy. Do play well. Play well it will fall softly. It cant be stopped. It begins in time. It does begin. Fall softly well.

Blue books. A blue book sitting. This book open. This blue book open does tell. Mother. A story to be read. Do read us from the blue book. The blue book has been set. In words it is sometimes sad. It is sometimes very sad. Some blue books are sometimes very sad to hear. Blue books are sometimes not ever opened. Some blue books are always closed. Some blue books are then never read. Blue books. Blue books. This blue book.

Carry me not too far. Carry me only this far. I can cross the river. We can cross the river. Carry me only so far. Fish are for swimming. We do walk together. Swimming is for water. Rivers are for flowing. Stroking is not only wishing. Bring in the wishing. Wishing is to be hopeful. Stroking does well. Feel free. Inner outer. Stroking does it well.

Lighting is sometimes silent. Lighting is not always speaking.

Bells ring. Ring loudly. Chimes are not bells. Chimes do not ring softly. Colors are not often heard. Will cold melt. Will cold melt or mix in mixing. Bells don't chime loudly. Is there liking in living. Is there liking in liking living. Is there liking in liking living living. Is there living. Bells ringing. Ing ing ing. Ring.

The sun is in taping. Static radio. Is love presents. Love present. No pretence. No louder. No louder than to talk. It is to die. Inside words. Lies. Sun be nothing else. Be else to not be sun. Be sun.

Rock the boulder to slumber. Breathing moves night darkness. Breathing which moves night & darkness is you breathing. You breathing moves night darkness. Strawberries & other sleeping is breathing in night darkness. Prayers are sometimes grant us. Do grant us. Do grant us living. Do grant us liking living. Do grant us well. Breath. Breathing.



3 3 4 4 5 5 6 6 7 7

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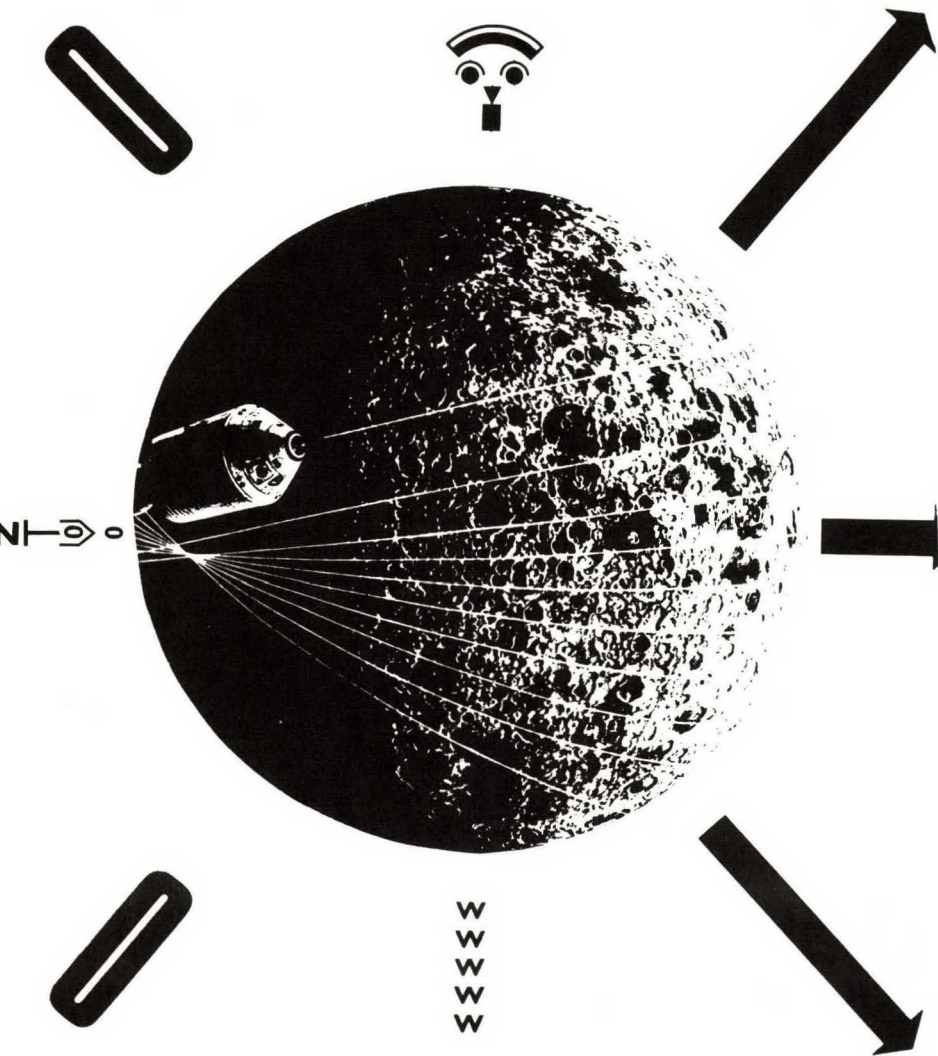
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m ;

Lunometer (1969–70)

by Miroljub Todorović







SSS
SSS
SSS
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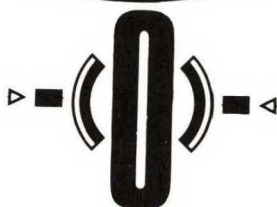
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JJJJJJJJJJ

DDDDDDDD

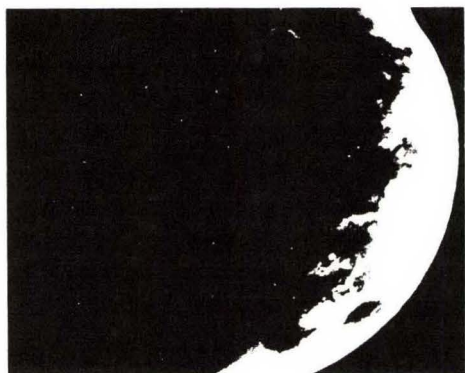


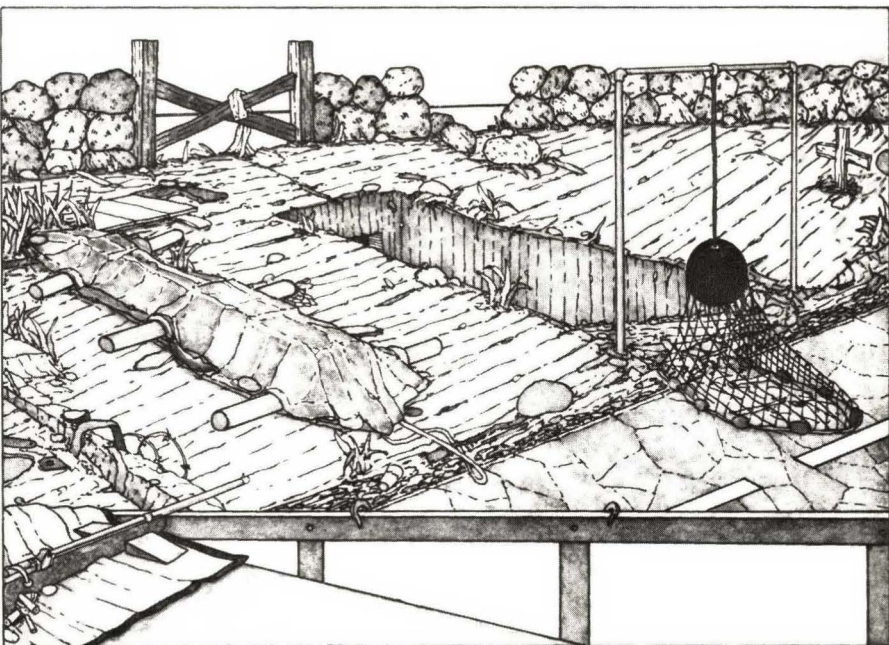




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S





Dead Give Away

by William T. Wiley

Change

by Kenneth Gangemi

Prophase
Metaphase
Anaphase
Telophase

Sunlight on sunflowers
Moonlight on moonflowers

New rabbits in old foxes
New foxes in old forests
New forests in old valleys

Summer sun and summer days
Winter stars and winter nights

Million-year-old curves
Sixteen-year-old girls

Red sun over green jungle
White moon over black jungle

White face and red whiskers
Red face and white whiskers

Spring-smell
Summer-smell
Autumn-smell
Winter-smell

Ancient slaves with iron collars
Modern slaves with white collars

The red birth
The blue death

Carolina cradle
California coffin

Blue sky and red desert
Red sky and blue desert

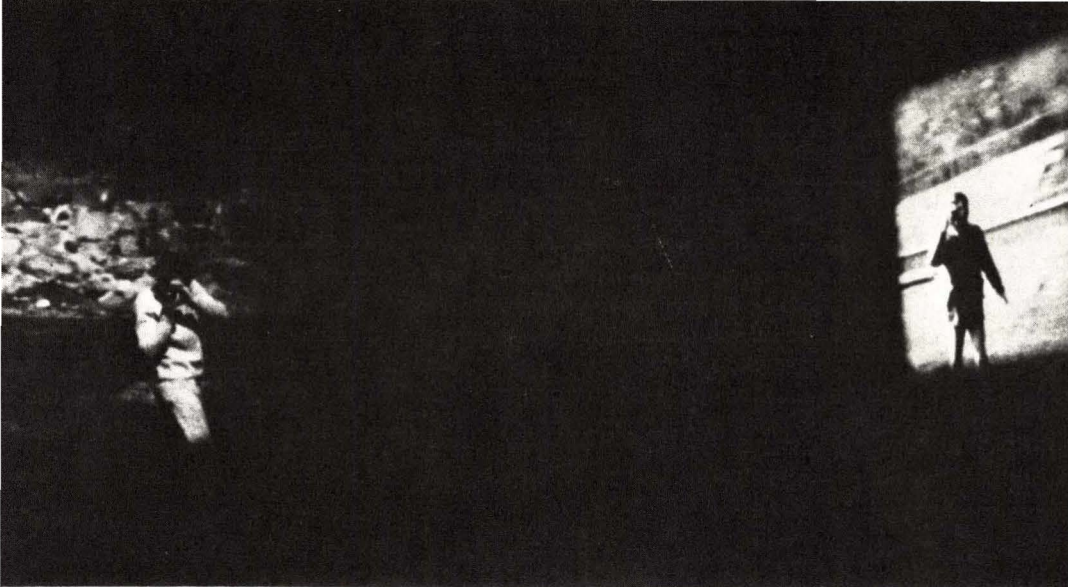
Rising over pines
Setting over palms

Freezing void thirty miles up
Molten rock thirty miles down

Green pines against blue sky
Black pines against red sky

Spring green spreading north
Autumn orange spreading south

The smell of the blossom
The taste of the fruit



Two Correlated Rotations (1969) : 2 Super-8-mm film projections on loops

by Dan Graham

2 performers with camera's viewfinder to their eyes are each other's subjects (observed) as they are simultaneously each other's objects (observers), are subjects to each other's objects in the filming of each other; the process is a relation of dependent, reciprocal feedback.

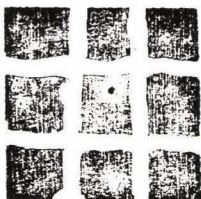
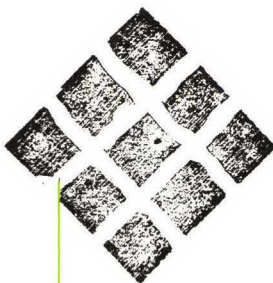
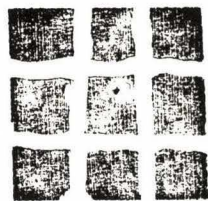
In the gallery, the spectator 'sees' the feedback loop in a very close time between the cameras' recorded images: 2 object/subject 'I's' in relation to his 'I' on 2 screens at right angles to the other.

The 2 cameramen spiral counter-directionally, the outside performer walking outward while his opposite walks inside towards the center. The filming ends when the inside performer approaches the inward limits of the center of his spiral. As they walk their 'objective' is to be as nearly as is possible centering the camera's view on each other's position. This is more complex at times for the inside performer who, in order to maintain a continuous view of the other walker, would have to swivel on his neck a complete 360°. So it is necessary for him to shift at times his vantage from over one shoulder to over the other side of his neck (the movement of this seen in the film as a rapid, approximately 100° pan along the horizon line).

Note: illustrations are from the outdoor version.



ON



NO



The Dead

by Russell Edson

1.

When a dead man comes to the door we say, oh please do something else. When a dead man comes to the door there is nothing else he can do.

Then come in, we cry, and take what the living, small comfort we know, can offer.

But we understand by a certain deadness in his eyes that he would lay down what he has fled, would lay it down under the flowers without dream.

Come in anyway for coffee, we scream.

2.

When nature came we said goodbye. It sent a reconnaissance bird. Surely there is yet time before we release our portion?

But a deer appeared and began to eat my hair. The bed had turned to grass. And instead of walls a night sky of stars.

Are men not safe for a time? Perhaps the time is over, the portion returned?

3.

The window is walking through its view, through the goldenrod, through the field and to the wood, through the trunks and the greens and the spots of light to he who stood at its view, and is now under the earth in that view.

The window walking through its view comes to find him.

Princess Margaret's Face Lift

an intersection of fiction and reality

by J. G. Ballard

As Princess Margaret reached middle age, the skin of both her cheeks and neck tended to sag from failure of the supporting structures. Her naso-labial folds deepened, and the soft tissues along her jaw fell forward. Her jowls tended to increase. In profile the creases of her neck lengthened and the chin-neck contour lost its youthful outline and became convex.

The eminent plastic surgeon Richard Battle has remarked that one of the great misfortunes of the cosmetic surgeon is that he only has the technical skill, ability and understanding to correct this situation by surgical means. However, as long as people are prepared to pay fees for this treatment the necessary operation will be performed. Incisions made across the neck with the object of removing redundant tissue should be avoided. These scars tend to be unduly prominent and may prove to be the subject of litigation. In the case of Princess Margaret the incision was designed to be almost completely obscured by her hair and ears.

Surgical procedure: An incision was made in her temple running downward and backward to the apex of her ear. From here a crease ran toward her lobule in front of the ear, and the incision followed this crease around the lower margin of the lobule to the point slightly above the level of the tragus. From there, at an obtuse angle, it was carried backward and downward within the hairy margin of the scalp.

The edges of the incision were then undermined. First with a knife and then with a pair of scissors, the skin was lifted forward to the line of her jaw. The subcutaneous fatty tissue was scraped away with the knife. Large portions of connective tissue cling to the creases formed by frown lines, and some elements of these were retained in order to preserve the facial personality of the Princess. At two places the skin was pegged

down firmly. The first was to the scalp at the top of her ear, the second was behind the ear to the scalp over the mastoid process. The first step was to put a strong suture in the correct position between the cheek flap anterior to the firstpoint, and a second strong suture to the neck flap behind the ear. The redundant tissue was then cut away and the skin overlap removed with a pair of scissors.

At this point the ear was moved forward toward the chin, and the wound was then closed with interrupted sutures. It did not matter how strong the stitches were behind the ears because that part of the Princess's scarline was invisible in normal conditions.

Complications: Haematoma formation is a dangerous sequel of this operation, and careful drainage with polythene tubing was carried out. In spite of these precautions blood still collected, but this blood was evacuated within 48 hours of the operation. It was not allowed to organize. In the early stages the skin around the area that had been undermined was insensitive, and it was not difficult to milk any collection of fluid backward to the point of drainage.

Scarring was hypertrophic at the points where tension was greatest: that is, in the temple and the region behind the ear, but fortunately these were covered by the Princess's hair. The small fine sutures which were not responsible for tension were removed at 4 days, and the strong sutures removed at the tenth day. The patient was then allowed to have a shampoo to remove the blood from her hair. All scarlines are expected to fade, and by the end of three weeks the patient was back in social circulation.

At a subsequent operation after this successful face lift, forehead wrinkles were removed. An incision was placed in the hairline and the skin lifted forward and upward from the temporal bone. The skin was then undermined and the excess tissue removed. The immediate result was good, but as a result of normal forehead movements relapse may occur unduly early after the operation. To remove the central frown line, the superciliary muscle was paralysed by cutting the branches of the seventh nerve passing centrally to it. A small knife-blade was inserted from the upper eyelid upward for 3 cm and then pressed down to the bone. External scars on the forehead often persist, and even in the best hands results are not always reliable. It was explained to Princess Margaret where the scars would lie, and the object of the intervention.

Don Federico

by José Luis Castillejo

Don Federico

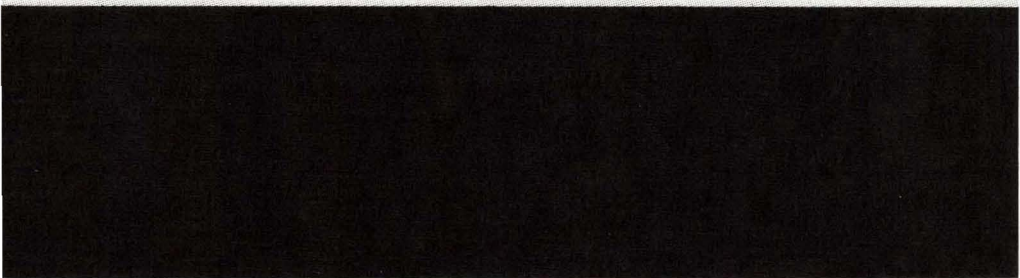
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1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966,



(Untitled)

by Davi Det Hompson





[illegible]

wetterkarte
by Timm Ulrichs



from **Field**

by James Sallis

The Very Last Days of Boston

That requires an answer.
Something.

Mason Terrace, where we all came afterwards—après coup, he says. Where the leaves this fall are skeletons. Where everything seems to have happened before; in that past we can't admit. Where the wind sounds like gills ripping out of the flesh of fish, and it rains. Where this morn-

ing the charred bodies of all the women I've loved come floating down the stream outside our window. Where women's remains go thump-thunk in the heart banks as we pass. Etc.

And don't think I haven't seen you waiting in the next room to kill me.

With this turtle staring.

Its blunt head is pushed against one side of the glass cube that contains it, at the center of the room. Its nose flattened against the glass and it never moves. Each time I cross the direct line of its vision, it blinks; nothing more. The shell has been expertly cut away, something I never knew was possible, and hangs on the wall above a Mexican cane chair. At the party tomorrow night it will become an ashtray. You have painted a Madonna-like self-portrait inside it.

Your hair is long in the portrait.

1. A man was cut in half by a window. But not to worry: his wife contrived a system of straps and replaceable cello tape by which he is capable of functioning normally; only in such acts as seating himself and sex does he experience difficulty, and must he proceed with caution. But there's more. One night when he put his dentures in the glass alongside the bed they dissolved, and the next morning he found a goldfish in the glass, which is of course in reality a jar. He carries it with him from bar to bar now that his wife's left him, and drinks only with the jar and the fish on the counter beside his beer, cigarettes, good intent; beside the hand that is open and holds so much memory.

One of them finds divorce papers in a drawer of the desk. 6. The said Plaintiff avers that in violation of his marriage vows and of the laws of this Commonwealth, the said Defendant did: Offer such indignities to the person of the Plaintiff as to render the condition of the Plaintiff intolerable and life burdensome. The part after the colon has been typed in. The date of marriage has been left blank; neither of them knows. Folded into the legal document is a scrap of brown notepaper on which her mother has detailed, step by step (and they are numbered), just what she is to ask the lawyers, just what she is to do. He corrects several minor inaccuracies and signs the papers. He puts them back into the drawer. One of them answers the phone and says that No, Jane is not home to a confused male voice which will not leave a message. One of them finds a letter to her on the letterhead of his publisher. The answer to this letter is filed away in the same envelope, never mailed or perhaps later revised. What I want to know is why did you feel it necessary to

lie to me and tell me you weren't sleeping with anyone else, when I never required such a statement from you. I tried to call you last night and again at 6:30 this morning—needless to say, you weren't there. Living with him for six years has given me a very low tolerance for lies. Perhaps if you were first, things would be different—but that's how it is. And it ends: I need you more than 2 days out of 14. One of them is the husband.

2. He's an electrician. He keeps sticking his hand into appliances and so on and getting shocked, and he discovers that this stimulates him. (Background on flagging interest in wife, poor relationship, affairs.) So he hooks himself and the woman up to batteries and a series of induction coils: they receive a steadily increasing flow of electrical power—which ends in a high-amperage shock at the exact moment each comes. Over the months he rigs more and more voltage into the circuits; they need more each time, to come at all. Months pass. One night when they come, and it's great, the lights go off outside. The window dark. They unhook the wire, tear off the taped electrodes, walk to the window, look out. They have just blacked-out New York City.

"Another month just left
Its umbrella in the hall

And I can't get used to your apartment. (Just *in* it, you say.) I've taken a room across the street, where I'm obliged also to take weak tea each afternoon with the landlady and to have cheap gauze curtains on my windows (as though they were wounded). At night I watch you return to your apartment with other men. The shapes in your window, against the shades."

3. Women.

Women in boots to their knees or slacks and sandals. Women in Neiman Marcus gowns, women who know how to say no, women with green eyes, with small feet, with stockings that have elastic at the top and no garters, women with narrow hands.

Women met in elevators, you hold the doors open for them, women who look like Edna Millay, like Virginia Woolf, women turning back to look while they wait at the corners for traffic, women in windows. Women with things inside them. Women bleeding, women eating, women standing in front of a Stella painting. Women with their hands on pianos, arms, something else.

Women watching you through the doors of a State Hospital.
Women waiting.

4. "Pandora tells Jordan about kudsu. . Back home. Arkansas: a small town cupped up against the river by hills, and a problem of erosion. From Japan (this is just before the war) officials import a green vine, but forget to bring along the vine's natural enemy, a pale red beetle. The vine now covers the hills—a cushion of green several feet deep, leafy pads like the ears of small stuffed elephants—and climbs the radio towers, kills all flowers, chokes the trees. People must go out every week and chop it back away from their lawns."

"There are twenty people living in the apartment now. Pandora writes in the bathroom, as this is the only quiet place. She has a shelf above the sink where she keeps her books and notes; on the door facing the toilet is a sketch of her done by Jordan, the breasts amazingly detailed, showing the stretch marks and the single long hair that curls down around her left nipple. Sitting here with all the others moving about out in the other room, she fills exercise books with poems and letters, using every part of the page. These are all addressed to men she has known—farewells there was no time for. Occasionally there is a knock at the door and she must surrender, for a few moments, her room."

"Jordan had always thought crocuses were insects, small, unseen things that clicked away far off in the bushes and trees. Once, just before the end, Jordan tried to leave the city. He went out into the country where one night the streetlights failed to come on at dark. He ran back to his cabin, turned on all the lights and wrote Pandora a letter, in which he questioned the ideas that had brought him there. He looked up at the hills then and suddenly remembered what Pandora had told him about kudsu. Terrified, he fled back to the city—back to Pandora—arriving before his letter. When it came he threw it into the fire and sat for hours with the flames in his face, shaking with fear. Pandora never saw the letter. The next day, it began."

I wander through your flat, looking for pain, assurance. There are times we've been happy. The way your skin goes over your hips. A letter from you one day in rain. And waiting for me at the airport. When we met by mistake in town. But that was before all this. Before it was possible to have nothing outside your window. And I've given the windows away. Some will be interested in trying to rebuild, even now. Let them.

5. They are moving the city again. For the third time this year the men arrive in their trucks and brown trousers, smiling. They drive their vehicles wildly, like Dodgem cars, against the buildings. Walls, windows, doors fall into the backs of the trucks and the trucks begin to move away, out of the city, to take them somewhere else. The remains are washed away by torrential rains, which follow.

Till someday I'll be found in a small dirty room in the North End (which they've put back together). Their heads will be lined up on my bookshelf—all those men, necks crusted to the bare wood—and when they open the door—it won't have a lock and their approach will be silent—I'll look up and say, Jane. That you've come back.

And the water will be coming into Boston Harbor, carrying French ships.

(Something about fish.)

Where it never rains.

Women waiting.

Hope: an outline

I haven't named any of you. I never shall. And they should know that, by now, but keep asking. With their mouths and bright tools outside the small circle of light, and this chair.

Can I help it if your answers come walking out of dark subways at night. Alone, in white coats.

"What do you want from me, no, what do you really want."

(Just to get up every morning with the same body beside me.)

That was one exchange.

Another:

This morning I found a cup of coffee three weeks old in the kitchen.

I want to go back to the doctor and say why did you give me dark eyes.

I want to return my left foot because the socks you gave me don't fit.

That—then letters addressed to postmen, knees of women that won't stay together. Some things I have to tell you because I'm sick of being loved and you'd better listen. (They won't understand.)

That you tore me out by the roots etc. and I pressed my lips against one kind of wound, a female organ.

That the body will not go out of itself. Like the mind; but try. It will go only into hers.

That planes are arriving from London so fast the men on the field who wave them in have got their arms tangled together into knots.

That I threw your luggage out of the window.

Remember walking up out of the subway at night, holding his hand, afraid to ask his name, and does he have one. And so on. 36 cigarettes a day, more, 3 nights & the desk clerk's nervous. A man torn to shreds by wind on the streetcorner one afternoon. Some souvenirs.

The second day, and I still won't talk. No, there was no one else involved. I was alone.

They are drinking tea now, crossing off the questions already asked, rewording the others to fit. The first one's 13-year-old daughter is pregnant, the second is worrying about athlete's foot. Brushing ash off the white socks he despises.

"What do you want from me, no, what do you really want."

No, there was no one with me. I was alone.

They are playing back the tape from our last session.

The first one is tall and sad; he dislikes doing this. He watches my face from outside the small circle of light—and, then, there are brief silences. He knows that soon now the second will kill him.

They are playing the tape. They have forgotten me. And the first one is watching the second closely.

Go on.

Tell a story. It doesn't matter which, because you know a lot of them; and those you don't know, you make up. Don't give the characters names, because they might not like the ones you choose, and they could have had so many other adventures anyhow. Don't be too specific about places because wherever you look we've been there before. Give the characters proper motivation and be suitably mysterious about your own. Put your name at the top of each page and enclose sufficient return postage.

With the change of season your Snomobile converts easily and quickly to a lawn mower. Simply disengage *hasps* 1-5 and remove the Cab. (See Diagram 1.) This unlocks Blade W, which may then be lifted from its cradle (see Diagram 2) and replaced by Blade S. Tighten *bolts* 1-8. (See Diagram 3.) Your mower may be adapted to particular lawn conditions either by tightening *lugs* 1 and 2 (see Diagram 4), or manually, with the internal Lift Selector. (See Diagrams 5 through 7.)

With the Lift Selector at full *Open* (see Diagram 8), your mower will easily handle inclines of up to 110°.

A concentration camp. It might be 1999, it might be Poland, it is December. There are two men alive. A German. A Frenchman. The Frenchman is a member of the Resistance. From time to time he walks to the small window and looks out at the snow still falling, says to himself very quietly *Non!*, then returns to sit on the bunk. The bunk is a slab of steel welded to the steel wall. The snow has been falling for as long as he can recall. Then he gets up, walks to the door and shouts out into the hall: *Non!* echoes in the hollow chambers of the building. It has the sound of a blank going off in a revolver. The German is bringing his dinner. Kosher salami tonight, Grenouille. It's kosher salami every night. He looks at the food, two translucent slices like congealed, pale red grease on a single slice of bread, and says to himself quietly *non*. They refer to one another as Gérald and Grenouille. Possibly this is because they have forgotten their names. Gérald sets the tray on the bunk. It, too, is steel. The ragged sleeve of his uniform touches the solitary wool blanket.

___ You will eat your meal, Grenouille.

___ Non.

___ You must eat your meal, Grenouille, or you will die.

___ Non.

___ But you have no choice.

___ Non.

___ Please eat your meal, Grenouille.

___ Non.

Gérald picks up the tray and starts to leave. Grenouille will never eat; he is afraid Grenouille will die. He does not understand that Grenouille would die only if he *did* eat: that this is all that keeps him alive, this choice of saying Non.

___ Gérald.

___ Yes Grenouille.

___ Where am I, just tell me where I am.

___ Where you were before. We have not moved you, I have received no orders to move you. You are where you were before. You know that.

____ Then . . . I've forgotten. I . . . don't remember.

There is a pause. Gérald stares sadly at the food.

____ So long . . .

____ Please eat, Grenouille.

He waits for an answer, then moves again towards the door.

____ 'I am a man, Jupiter.'

____ What Grenouille.

____ Nothing.

Today:

1. ~~Take books back to library check out Neruda 'Heights'~~
2. Call dr re-bloodtype
3. Letters
4. Ms to BReview
5. ~~Have lamp repaired~~
6. Shop food (mushrooms)
7. Pick up tree at D's
8. Call J
9. ~~Go over to Hyannis P and bail water out of the gdmn boat~~
10. ~~Tape, cigarettes~~
11. ~~Movie?~~

Tell her that yes you will stay away from other women and questionable situations. You will try, yes, to become a better person, but you can't be sure; how much of this is after all a lie. Imply that it may all be. You will do anything of course, but does she really want you to, to stay with her. She knows very well what you need from her. Will she give it and can she, without damage to herself. And naturally you can't live without her, nothing makes sense that way but you don't have enough however massive love for both. Amazing. Can she, and can you, decide what she wants, what she really wants. Then go to bed with her. If that doesn't work, go away.

I am working in my room. I've got up early and there's much to be done. Still, the sheets of paper are slowly making their way from the stack on the left of my desk to that on the right, near the lamp. From time to time the phone will ring. An editor will ask is that poem ready. The one . . . And no, I will say; there's this comma . . . Ah yes, commas. Troublesome things. There follows a brief discussion on the role of the

comma in contemporary writing, and the advisability of my foregoing their use; the example of Apollinaire. Finally I hang up the phone and continue work. A few more sheets move from the stack on the left, into the space before me, go away to join those on the right. This time it is the doorbell which rings.

A stout small man with a red face stands there smiling at me. In his hands he holds a bundle of papers which, upon my admitting to my name, he begins to disassemble. What I thought a bundle is actually one large, stiff document. It hangs from his outstretched arms now, swinging in the wind like a bedsheet set out on the line to dry. It is a summons, the printing in script. Your postal expenses, he says. Your rent, the typewriter, the tape recorder. . . . I pay him—I can't afford the loss of more time which this document promises—and together we search for the line upon which I am to inscribe my name, having already admitted to it. This accomplished, I return to the study. It is ten. The stout little man drives past outside my window in a metallic-blue MG. The phone sounds, unanswered. I hear the morning post drop through the slot onto the kitchen floor but do not go down to retrieve it. I resume my work. The sheets of paper are now sorted by color. There are four stacks: top copy, carbon, drafts, notes and commentary. White, yellow, blue, pink. The doorbell rings again.

I open the door to find a sheaf of papers beneath my nose. They issue from a small feminine hand attached, in turn, to a tall blonde in bellbottoms and tanktop. Moonlighting, she says. Overtime, trying to catch up. I know it's Saturday and I do hope I'm not disturbing you at your work but. Well, these bills, you see. They have to be paid. We have coffee together and with a pad of my yellow paper, the paper used for first drafts and carbons, we detail the items rendered on the bills. I make a token payment and sign an agreement. The rest will be paid within the fortnight. It is, after all, so easy to sign one's name. One has done it so many times; it requires no thought. We kiss and the blonde rides away on her Honda. I return to my study. The stacks of paper have grown in my absence.

The postman rings twice. It is a special delivery letter. Again I sign my name. I have accepted this letter, I am liable to its content. We gave you service when you needed it now we need money please see that we get it. This is scrawled in ballpoint on a formal bill dated three months ago. The bill, at the top, reads Plumbing and Heating. I have never heard of the firm listed there.

The next is a mild-mannered representative from the utility com-

panies. He has had the kindness to come out on this Saturday morning (though it is now afternoon) to inform me that, unless the companies receive payment within the week, my telephone, electricity and water will be taken away from me. The water, I assume, carried away in ponderous, elephant-like trucks, the electricity lured into bell jars and trapped there. I offer to exchange the phone, which I am willing to do without (it is ringing even as I speak with him), for maintenance of the other services. I will even surrender my water, as there is a lake nearby. But the electricity. I own an IBM, surely he must understand, my source of income, etc. He laughs at these little jokes of mine and descends the stairs to his gray Lincoln. I go upstairs and rip out the telephone wires from the wall, then into the basement to shut off the watermain. I am complying to their requests, I am adapting myself to the demands of my society, to its norms.

The left-hand stack, the unworked material, approaches the ceiling. There are other callers. I listen to their demands, their explanations, their requests, I comply, I will meet my obligations. Yes. I sign my name again and again until, at last, it begins to look strange to me, foreign and new. That signature racing across scored black lines. I pledge my arms, my heart to science. My body, upon death, to the local University Hospital (thereby meeting the bill for my child's birth). They tattoo the sole of my foot.

I am in my room working. They arrive between stanzas, lines, in the caesurae. Each time I go down to talk now, I carry with me papers from that increasing left-hand stack, which I burn in the garden as they talk.

Then for several hours I am alone. The telephone will not function, there are no callers, I have crushed the clockwork of the doorbell and pay no attention to repeated poundings at the doors downstairs. I work. And the stacks are exhausted. They go into various envelopes and files and one, the top copy, distributes itself among a number of envelopes which I will mail when I am able to secure money for postage.

It is six. I am eating dinner in the kitchen when I look up from the table and discover a man standing at the window looking in at me. I go to the door and dismantle the locks, which I have bought on credit, just this afternoon, at the hardware store.

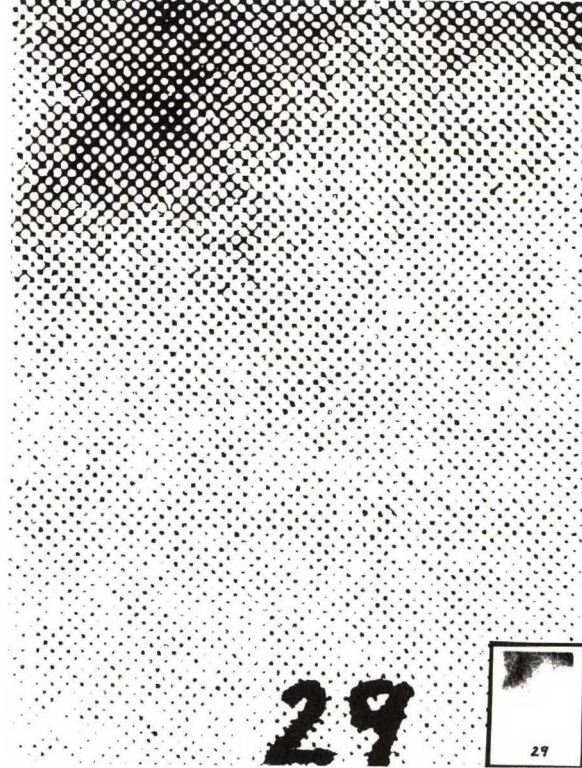
It is seven. He stands silently at the door and watches me. He is holding only an old envelope. On the backside of the envelope he has scribbled numbers and words. Our records show . . . He has on his list every art exhibit to which I have been, every concert I've attended, the

title and performers of every record I own, the genus and size of each tree in my lawn. Yes, I ask. Yes.

He is silent. And silently continues to stare into my eyes and judge, with one sideways glance, the shape and size of my ears. He stares back quietly at my eyes. The light is on his face now.

And I wait.





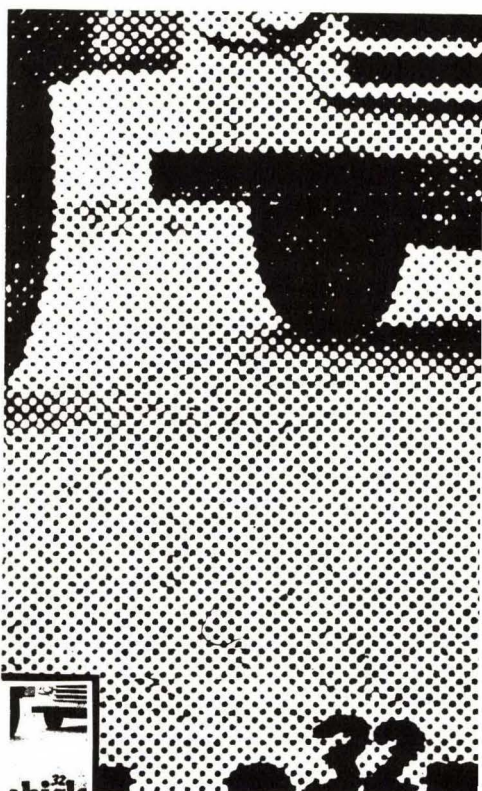
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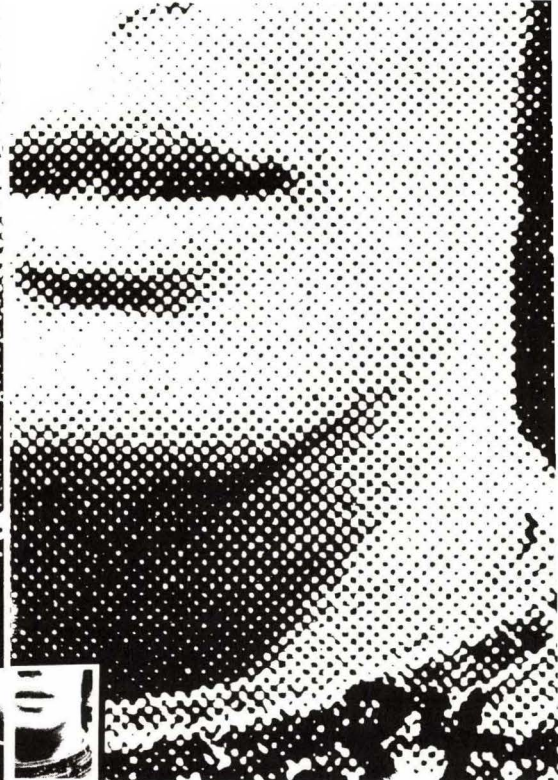


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100 Words

by Tom Veitch

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1. kleptic | 11. foo |
| 2. frizzle | 12. mant |
| 3. ment | 13. gar |
| 4. kleecker | 14. plomp |
| 5. tades | 15. linp |
| 6. boyoboyob | 16. urnce |
| 7. clagen | 17. unsats |
| 8. spint | 18. stookey |
| 9. dode | 19. ting |
| 10. devisitate | 20. reet |

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 21. serp | 61. wunderlie |
| 22. esterpage | 62. skooz |
| 23. reever | 63. flot |
| 24. trob | 64. sleeever |
| 25. wincer | 65. descum |
| 26. tork | 66. crick |
| 27. stue | 67. joot |
| 28. zoobaa | 68. musker |
| 29. dancey | 69. sproil |
| 30. millow | 70. fute |
| 31. vit | 71. saxy |
| 32. tam | 72. mayrink |
| 33. zooz | 73. crotus |
| 34. interphen | 74. scilla |
| 35. lobboo | 75. labby |
| 36. jography | 76. brum |
| 37. vegma | 77. hozer |
| 38. nolt | 78. hotten |
| 39. pars | 79. hiver |
| 40. zim | 80. jigaloo |
| 41. stote | 81. offa |
| 42. clut | 82. gripsnake |
| 43. rabia | 83. profice |
| 44. mit | 84. sazz |
| 45. kneefaa | 85. hecker |
| 46. cloob | 86. numps |
| 47. zast | 87. lotomobile |
| 48. fud | 88. nirj |
| 49. theee | 89. nirk |
| 50. decrose | 90. teabob |
| 51. looie | 91. nate |
| 52. hooty | 92. turkling |
| 53. yovil | 93. heyowdy |
| 54. sne | 94. ligamoo |
| 55. mong | 95. plu |
| 56. zarp | 96. oint |
| 57. mol | 97. smuh |
| 58. sitiation | 98. yur |
| 59. nabulate | 99. ipsy |
| 60. kaflap | 100. wold |

Labor Dei

by Silviano Santiago

Amusement Park.

Front stage, on the left a sign announcing a ferris wheel.
Both the audience and the tramp (seated on a bench at the right) can easily read the announcement:

Ferris Wheel
See from the top
the world
here below

Tramp:

(Spelling, he pronounces slowly and distinctly each letter,
and then each word.)

ODE

DEI

DEIO

ODEIO

O ode dei-o (pensa)

A ode dei-a (pensa)

ODE ode

Dei-a?

DEI dei

Deus Dei

Dei?

Dei-o

ODEIO odeio

IDE

DEI

DIE

Ide die!

Ide dei!

[Word Gloss for this series:]

ode: ode (poem)

dei: "I gave"--Portuguese

"of God"--Latin

dei-o: "I gave it (masculine object)."

dei-a: "I gave it (fem. object)

Deus: God (Portuguese)

odeio: "I hate." (Ptg.)

ide!: "Go!" (Ptg. formal command)

die: "day" (Latin form)

(Now more resolute.)

The perfume from my shoes is like the stink of your head.

The stink of your head is like the perfume of my shoes.

Stink-perfume . . . head-shoes

Entre les deux mon cul balance.

Stink or Perfume?

No, no. Head and Shoes.

Stink is to perfume as head is to shoes.

The laces of my shoes are the black hairs of ... (ponders) ...
of Sulamita.

Sulamita's black hairs are the laces of my shoes.

B. O. (Body odor) (correcting himself)--armpit. (smiles to the audience.)

The caress of the wind in my armpits raises shouts of joy. It's three p.m.. It is hot. The sun is shining.

He who works on his beating, with his cow will be an armpit.

My shoes and my armpits--

(Lifts his leg, smells his shoe; then he sniffs at his armpits.)

My shoes and my armpits stink--

My shoes and my armpits have a stench--

My shoes and my armpits have a disagreeable stench.

Which offends me. (I am sensitive.)

It is 3:00 p. m. It is hot. The sun is shining.

(He begins to spell again.)

LABOR	[Word gloss for this series:]
DEI	labor: work
LABOR labor	dei: see above
DEI dei	abordei: "I boarded (a boat)."
ABORDEI	bordei: "I embroidered."
abordei	
BORDEI	
bordei	
DEI	
dei	
LABOR	
labor	

(Formal radio announcer's tone)

Our little pocket theater presents with great pleasure the following interesting original play, which has no author, but does have a magnificent title: "Shoelaces and Strands of Hair."

(He stops, immobile. He cups one hand behind his ear.)
I was expecting applause.

The crime was committed without premeditation using shoelaces, both of them, but the suggestion came from the murderer's hair. Where was it found? Guess if you can, or wait.

One Ash-Wednesday, at 11:00 p. m., the mechanic (automobile) enters the bedroom of his beautiful lover, who at that moment is lying in her bed. Her body is covered by black and white stripes corresponding to the slats of the venetian blind and the moonlight passing between them. He knows she betrayed him on Mardi Gras right after the dance of the Mechanic's Association. He draws near her and gives her a kiss. She awakens and turns away her head.

Is it you? (speaker imitates a woman's voice)

Who else could it be?

I'm so tired. (again imitates woman's voice)

Not without reason.

What do you mean, "Without reason"? Stop playing the stud around me. (imitation girl's voice)

He sits on the bed and begins taking off his shoes. He unties the first one.

"It's too late for that." (girl's voice)

He pretends not to hear, and not only unties but pulls the string from the right shoe.

"Not tonight, lover." (girl's voice)

He immediately unties the other shoe and pulls out its lace.

With an impulsive movement, motivated by jealousy and her refusal to satisfy his desires, he quickly wraps the laces around her neck and strangles his lover.

She desperately raises her arms, finds his head and tears at his hair (Don't bother my wig!), struggles a bit more; then dead, she drops her hand on the white sheet. Clutched in her fingers strands of hair can be seen.

(Announcer enthusiastically stands up.)

What will happen to the unfortunate victim? Will the police see the hairs caught in her hand? Will she receive a good Catholic burial? How will her parents react to her contorted face? We can reveal to our anxious audience that the autopsy will show that she was no longer a virgin.

Will the criminal be caught? Will justice again triumph among men? What color were his hairs? Will he dare to appear at the funeral of his lover?

Don't forget to listen in tomorrow at 3:00 p. m. for the final scenes of this exciting radio drama.

(Announcer sits down again. He loses his enthusiasm. He thinks for a moment, obviously trying to find something to say.)

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY (tone of a boy reciting a poem in grade school).

I passed through a monotonous range of experiences.
 I drank water all my life, from a small child on.
 I ate an incredible amount of food.
 I bathed every day. With Palmolive soap.
 I went to the bathroom, irregularly.
 I have a methodical life.
 I have been in cars, busses, trains, planes, and bicycles.
 Ships, too.
 I have read different books about many subjects.
 I have written many letters. I have received many, many letters.
 I am not a Catholic.
 I attended many classes given by numerous teachers, citizens and foreigners.

I never smoked, but I did fornicate several times.
 I drink with a certain modulated frequency.
 I sleep every night, most of the time.
 But I can't sleep without a pillow.
 I brush my teeth twice a day. Colgate (smile).
 I never married.
 I talk on the phone a lot, even long distance.
 There are animals I've never been able to talk to.
 I don't always use a tie.
 I chew gum when I'm worried about bad breath.
 I have been to doctors, dentists, barbers, cobblers, car repairmen, oculists, restaurants, movie houses and theaters.

(He stops. He is silent for a time. He thinks. He walks in circles, pulling things from his pockets and putting them down around him: a pocket knife, tooth paste, a school tablet, a comb, an orange, etc. He scrutinizes each object carefully before returning it to his pocket.)

(He finally stops in front of the sign. Spells again)

F E R R I S (ferris) W H E E L (wheel)
 S E E (see)FROM ON TOP(from on top)
 THE(the)WORLD(world)
 HERE (here) BELOW (below)
 See from on top the world here below.
 See from on top the world in shame.

First Miscellany

by Kenneth Gangemi

A new edition of the Bible, with footnotes. "And thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow." The footnote: "Except when thou art on unemployment." . . . The pythons rolled in on the tide. . . "That last name: how do you spell it?" "S - M - I - T - H". . . Putting out iceberg fires. . . A posse of witches. . . YMCA slogan: "A Fag On Every Floor". . . On the Candy Exchange, gumdrops were up, sourballs were down, and jellybeans were mixed. . . A play for white Southerners entitled *The Darkie at the Top of the Stairs*. . . General Roller-Coaster Corporation. . . She only asked him in for a cup of coffee, but it developed into a sticky situation. . . The police searched the tidal flats but saw no one except for a few muckrakers. . . Calling all sperms! Calling all sperms! Reverse course, return to base! Rendezvous in vulva. . . He played with her stretch marks as though her belly was an accordion. . . Who filled the cello with jello? . . . Arrested for singing an illegal song. . . Would you care for a *beverage*? . . . They discussed various ways to ruin his political career. "We could have a naked midget run out and jump into his arms and kiss him." . . . The Martian picked himself up, brushed the cosmic dust off his shoulders, and. . . Flashlight penis. . . He rolled on the floor, giggling and farting. . . To a Chinese: "I'll tell your *tong* on you." . . . Queen Victoria finger-sneezing. . . Dental students were having their orals, and proctological students their anals. . . Christmas carols are piped over the whorehouse squawkbox. . . Sign at the Scottish seashore: *Keep The Dunes Bonny*. . . The Scottish homosexual musical, *Buggadoon*. . . "But I don't want to be

King!" said the Prince. "Nonsense, my son. Into every life a little reign must fall." . . . The Girl-of-the-Month Club. . . . Writing a Bishop: *Dear Bish*. . . . Old joke: the boy' with the corkscrew cock, the girl with the spiral cunt. . . . From the visitors gallery they looked down at the Birth Centrifuge. It was just beginning to revolve. Around the circumference were 36 interns with catcher's mitts. . . . Stars, rats, and tsars. . . . Miss Grosscunt. . . . So rich their telephone book is in hardcover. . . . The garbage rocket. . . . Just a few alligators reading *Reptile* magazine. . . . Suddenly, everyone was eating bananas. . . . The native slang for *bamboo* was 'boo. . . . The two roofers fought a pitched battle. . . . U-bolts, designed to hold together U-boats. . . . The rare Cuntfish. . . . Lucky cats with rabbits feet. . . . The Mexican sport of throwing the *javelina*. . . . Ratburgers and starlings' eggs. . . . E. Power Biggs placed both hands upon his mighty organ. . . . Madman who murders prostitutes with a poison penis.

Halfway Round the Nodule

by M. D. Elevitch

Nairobi, my plane touched down. Clive Meese waving, father knew him in Fargo. I unreeled him the mileage between. (A micrometrists doesn't forget.)

Meese?—never beyond fringes of the city. He entered the Game Park, his first Sunday, baboon leapt the car, flattened to windscreen, made it a mirror, he looked into that animal face, kissing close, saw his own.

Meese sold his car.

Now rides terraces—New Stanley, Equator Inn, old bubbly, red hairs on forearm burnished from wiping mouth. Department head, he plots safaris into the New Economy—large charts, pencilled squares, smudges, partially white, partially black. Uses a driver, Wandegwa, he'd recommend him, a Kikuyu, sticklers for discipline, Mau-Mau courage, love to display it, even fight Masai—but the beggars can't drink.

Kilimanjaro: White Mercedes broke down. High grass, rock, mud—it had done it all. Wandegwa, gnarled body, white shirt, underneath, myself to one side, figures emerge, as on Swiss clock, from banana trees, silence. Convulsive kick, Wendegwa's exposed foot.

My inactivity, what was I to do with it, seclusion required to contemplate, urinate, small boy, sharp little fly, promises waterfall, led me barefoot through quiet paths, evidence of huts in dark glades, women gathering sticks, curling smoke. Warming their cows.

Bathe feet in river, downstream from falls, latter hidden by palms, further path slippery mud. Settled on rock. Remove initialled handkerchief. I bwana, taking it, "Ndio"—boy dries my feet. Deferring to age? to size?—a kingly moment. He would have combed my beard.

Another, smaller boy had followed, looks on from distance in properly graduated rank. About his neck, his father's shoes, large and

misshapen—for the upright hours. Three of us in line, marching to return.

Pause at mission school, commanding height, each claimant its height, Lutheran, Protestant, fastidious tending of lawns, color everywhere clamorous and song—hymns from a white, square building. Boy asks shillings. Not wheedling, sepulchre tone. His right. To attend school?—no, for the purchase of shoes, to work as a man. Convincing as trumpets. Both rewarded. They mount shiny bicycle strategically hidden in bush and, one behind other, neck-shoes flopping, scream downhill to the road.

Wandegwa is ready, behind his wheel, neat, his spanner replaced, bonnet clamped, onlookers banished, refuses water from canister at hip. Refuses cigar. Refuses dried apricot.

Lake Manyara: Between herds of wildebeest, zebra, to the gate. Wardens aroused. One, with shillings, accompanies the car. Day advancing, afternoon sun. Handkerchief on head.

Sleek lion females drowse in trees, dangling paws. Simba. Wandegwa, what does he say. *Bwana, simba*. Not that. He says they are Teddy and Ernest. Those *felines*? Teddy and Ernest, he knows their tree. Then they are stuffed. The tree, too, bricked up, close to car track, susceptible to rot.

Warden's eyes crinkle, head shaking, absurd mufti costume. Yes, women, they must not see my head, my beard of a lion. I understand it as compensation for the heat, for not flushing animals.

Another tip. No, he has his fee, he lies for nothing.

—he said he saw a dik-dik.

—it was a dik-dik.

—it could not be. You can't find a large animal. Not even a baboon.

How could you see a dik-dik?

—dik-dik!

I missed it again.

Steaming trail. Car breaking from trees, halts before Lake. Motionless, hanging in haze, land fading into it. Brown solitary elephant grazing. No sound. Quick flash of ancient plain. I thought I could see it as it must have been, Wandegwa, I was rambling, there you have it, Dakota.

Wandegwa starts awake, stiff, assured, must dispose me at lodge, remove carburetor, he is anxious to repair it.

Lake Chad: Darley Cunningham here, greeted me as always, hadn't

seen me in 16 years. Bag under armpit, what is in it, what so closely guarded—my past? The base camp was far, he'd bear me, conduct the Land Rover, dry heat, billowing dust, he thought it extraordinary my bringing a man, Wandegwa, same white shirt, politely serious, clasping his hands in back, with the bags.

Hardly a look at my gear, Darley, scuffed, stuffed, but aluminum tags, letters embossed. He envies my certain income.

Lucius Napkin, it was he, inveterate tester. Offered me stool covered with tanned hide. Water buffalo. Take a reckoning on that.

Why in Chad?—natural sediment, virgin wells, he licked his lips, 2500 years in use, examine those cores—hand edge thumping the table, specimens jumping, gray dust hovering—those are metal age samples, matchless in clarity. Must be water, people are metal age today. Give them can, Campbell's soup, any flavor, bean and bacon, they pour it on ground, sell the can back to you next day as charms.

The pieces and bits are mine, to tabulate. Check. Never too sure. Laces Schweppes' quinine water with gin. Get the currents flowing. That was the standpoint.

Darley—sinewy hand creeps the shoulder—he's been at the Lake, vast size, thought it had more. Hydraulic engineer. His currentometer perfectly launched, intricate marvel, an elaborate paddle wheel on buoy. Days later—Napkin smiling—we found we had precisely measured the movement—of the buoy.

Napkin's hair is slack, thinning, his lips pursed and speculative, yet his eyes—they are black flints. No, the eyes themselves are clear as antiseptic, the pupils pierce, rather they are pierced. Strayed too close to one of his cores, too priceless to relinquish? One ought to be able to plunge into those pupils, dredge at his subsoil. . . . SILOCOFLAGEL LATES? (Darley's manual.)

Into my Schweppes', I put a tablet of salt.

Napkin's never too close to Canada, his home shore—it keeps him away each year with a grant. Applied Remotology, he was on to that, or Rectumology, the point hadn't escaped him.

Why accept the grant. NOT ACCEPT A GRANT?

The wells finally are running dry, he confides, the tests would be suspect, though the obvious danger is population growth, plumbing. Difficult to convince, Fort Lamy, largest city, former French capital, is polyunlimited: morphous. Glot. French manner, Arabic tongue, black skin; witch doctors; camels; dung in the shade of luxury hotels.

America vies to assist, offers diggers for new wells, quickly unloads them, stencilled, ungainly, they are unused. Too proud, won't be used until country has its own technicians. Peace Corps follows machines, unloaded, we shall man them, voices cracking, theses to compose, huddle in consternation, won't be used, too proud, until country has its own schools.

Now school a mockery, Napkin interpolates, leverage for patronage and bribes. Club for favorites. That was the reckoning.

Peace Corps billeted, thwarted, their own thirst rising, joining throng, draining the wells, peace unsought, for it is already there. Natural consequence of isolation—principal communities 800 miles apart, the land high, arid, too rarefied for temper, essentially, therefore, quiet.

A droll commodity, silence, very dear, captivates the French. Put to use by Angles and Americans. Conditions are optimum, therefore: record the tremors of the earth, the slightest jostle, licit, illicit. Sighs of passion. The French agree. Jointly, far in desert, they implant a seismograph. The embassies are jolted—how respond? Is lethargy a resource? Is it politic? It is enough to make one dumb.

Only two—the Soviet, the Anglo-American—are sufficiently endowed. Posters are mounted, unprinted, by accident or in desperation, totally blank, the streets scorched, swatches of white, the quality of whiteness reveals the sponsor—succinct, economical, yet shrewdly influential.

Never has nothing been more eloquent, natives held for hours, Moslem, infidel together, truly devout, sunglasses blooming, scaling one another's shoulders, an act of infinite balance, their breaths hardly buckle the paper, forget to drink, preserve the waters, couriers in need of it, rushing with new posters—peace! love! joy!—the posters have begun to overlap. Rivals sweetly collapse. Subscriptions expire. The Peace Corps abandons its transistors and comes approvingly to gaze. The drum on the seismograph turns.

In the town was Evelina Snede, how would I know her, my missing au pair girl, the years had made her loud, opened wide her arms, "*B'jour, Mishoo . . .!*"

(Linguistically inept, abuses the noun.)

She jangled, aromatic, her eyes like bicycle wheels, one white streak in the dense brown hair deep in the burnoose, filmy, purple, skims her waterfall hips, torn sandals, cluster of children.

Two of them Napkin's, she had gone from *au pair* to *au tres* to *au* uncountable. This halting, unobtrusive girl?—*au beaucoup*?

Au pair: despair. Her breasts had ached with the intimacy of others. She had loved me, Bascom, she had loved my bride. Who had she not loved? She molded herself, wide hands, she stretched her nipples, nibbled her rings, I wanted to help her. Not before, why now?—it was the correct thing. The form. I had the repository.

Stifle her fully, finally, with the milk of my sea.

My yacht had spoiled her, her mouth purpled with rapture, debauched by a Moroccan. Moroccan, she was fig-mad, there was no Moroccan, the crew was Bahamian, the guests. . . . One must excuse guests. Taken away, paired, impaired. . . . A child in Casablanca. Or Rabat. Where not. Then Napkin. Tremors of the earth. He had scoured her undergrowth. Those grants! He was quieter in Chad.

She remembered my wife, where was Crinoline, the Moroccan had left her for dead, had taken the child—to Crinoline?—she missed the child, but now there were others, so many others. . . .

Totally a fabrication. The shock of detachment.

Evelina called me brother. Brother, lard-wit, don't rake me in your stew, you were only father's sweep, it was I, not he, who elevated you. Put you in the galley. Showed you a lobster.

No, his produce by unknown spinster, Tite Street, Chelsea, United Kingdom. *Third Postal District*. Wasn't that right? Had to be right, father's geography was impeccable, he only blundered with his increment.

I supposed one day I would visit that city again, that London, to examine the legendary site, yes, opposite a convent.

Crinoline: What did you tell that girl? Reading her Dickens? *Moravian Nights*? Too many years, I can't be angry. I'm inserting plexiglass in the base plate of the float—we must see the instruments clearly. The cables must not snarl. I'm very much in need of a light.

You had to possess her, didn't you—wasn't I enough? Certainly you couldn't have been jealous of her, I hardly saw the girl, I shaved then, the towel had to be hot, she was good with a hot. Did you want to discommode me? Well, I am—now. I suppose it was you who found the Moroccan. They are plentiful, in Tangier.

What could you expect of me, those sheets were very large, they had to be reefed, I saw to it, you had the girl.

You called me thoughtful. I did think, it went well, didn't it, not

much lost, few cigars, the girl, yourself. Crinoline, I kept a very trim yacht.

Non-Juan, Napkin calls me. Meaning to say: man of ciphers.

Now, amid the welter, promotes me to Don—full fathom Don—the way I went at that bottom. You have that look about you, sir. That's uncalled for, Napkin, you requisitioned me, halfway around the nodule. Yes, you stand up to your measurements, I'll forage that. Darley skitters.

My thumb was gashed, no thanks to him. I'd got the cutting tools under canvas, the micrometer too; the instrument deck was next—or the glue would dry too fast, and crack.

Secured with a clove hitch, wouldn't slip. Napkin, there is your standpoint.

Napkin fulminates. Americans and their Angles. Monkeys, are they, never out of one another's shadows. We are all Don Juans, come to Chad to tickle it, Africa's pubis.

(Knocking a pipe, was he offensive?)

You'll see, it won't be long, it will come on its own. Evelina did.

The man perplexed me. She deserves better than that. Yes, she's enamorable. White of tooth. But only a handmaiden. Africa's our Lady.

Did I understand him, he was off his true, pricked by his own black pupils.

—She's bleached her hair.

—It's only a streak.

—They say it means she wants a black.

—THAT'S RIDICULOUS.

—YOU'RE GONE ON HER.

—No. *Your* hair is light. The sun gets to everyone.

He looked at me strangely, that was the prospect, he hadn't considered it, why were we fussing with gear, where was my man. Wandegwa was brought as a driver. No need for him, I should have inquired, couldn't see why I hadn't, I was too far along in my profession.

Too far along. He would have said: the universe was there, our rods were to divine it, the century waned, that was our business, beyond the bond of our sex. He resented Evelina. He resented Africa. He resented me. He couldn't touch me.

I hastened to her, no harm in that, she was no half-sister, I did nothing by halves, there was no half-sister in my shorts.

Napkin, damn you, one can give as well as take, I would try, I had the rod, I made her a drawing of a dik-dik, she would like that, laugh, I scratched another. Deer no larger than a flea. Appease her for the Moor.

Ungodly silence in street, diplomacy rampant. Pulled back curtain. First, unaccustomed to that interior, saw only shapes of children, idle monitors, in the corner. Then under her, Wandegwa, convulsive twitch of exposed foot.

Beneath another white Mercedes.

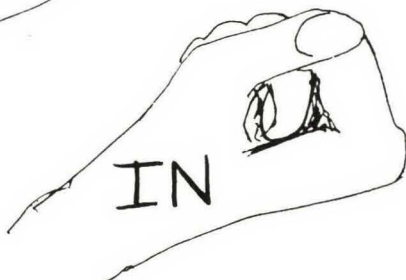
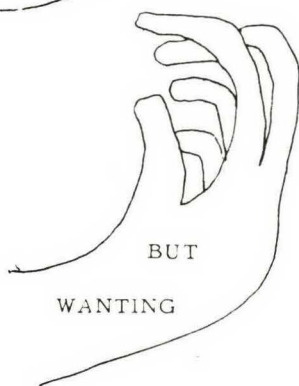
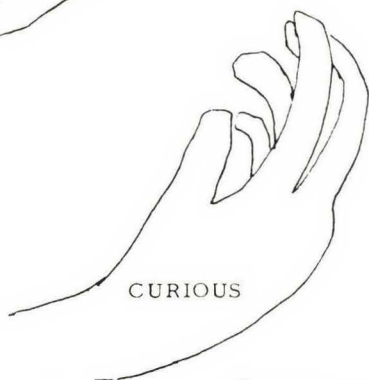
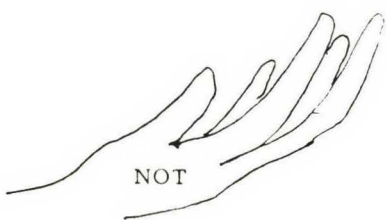
TURBIDITY-DIFFUSION. (Darley's manual.)

I prepared to enter Lake. Subsurface was best, always would be. There like a crab surround, ingest what was needed, in my own way. Crustacean, get at the pith. Delicious. Only way to know it, be it.

Indicate, calibrate, taste, swallow. Acidify. Ready, life? Ready, death? Marry!

Which is which. LOOK CLOSELY.

All three schools of modernism tend toward the musicalization and functionalization of art, the abandonment of external frameworks, and the creation of self-contained artificial universes. They reject mimesis and portrait art for a mixture of free creation and revelation. All reject the traditional treatment of character in literature.—Walter H. Sokel, *The Writer in Extremis* (1959).



I have made plans for a show at the San Francisco Art Institute near the end of March, 1970. It occurs to me that I will be moving my studio soon after that. To make easier the move I have decided to use the gallery space as a loading dock. I will transport my equipment from Davis to San Francisco, unload it at the gallery, and relocate it in my new studio after April 1, when the new studio becomes available.

I will install my large table in a corner of the gallery; its sides parallel and as close to the gallery walls as possible. A stairway, elevation 44 inches, total run of 5 treads, 44 inches, by which one might mount my table, will approach the unwallled long side of the table. For the surface of the table I've planned another stair way of similar proportion. This one will ascend to the wall in contact with the short side of the table. Both sets of stairs are to be painted. Against the wall that is in contact with the walled short side of the table I will pile the relocated equipment which I will bring to the gallery during the first week of the show. Between the table and the pile I will hang a long sheet of paper. On it I'll keep a running inventory of the equipment in the pile.

Abandonment of Studio Relocation 3/21/70

After working on the steps, practically day and night, for three days I find myself failing miserably. Success in terms of my present plans seems impossible. I'm scrapping the steps.

The Art of Compromise 1/21/70

I have decided to determine how close I came to finishing studio relocation. Tomorrow I will put my large table on a truck and start for San Francisco. When I feel the trip has gone far enough I will exit Route 80 and find a nearby location on which to abandon my large table. The number of miles traveled from Davis to abandonment divided by the number of miles from Davis to San Francisco will determine the numerical equivalent of the fraction

studio relocation to abandonment
studio relocation to completion

Abandonment of Abandonment of Studio Relocation 3/22/70

We left for San Francisco at about 9:30 a.m. John drove the truck. I drove my own car because I wanted to return to Davis after abandonment. It was a nice morning. During the ride I felt uneasy. It seemed a misplaced action or shitty thing to abandon my large table because of my own incompetence or bungling as a carpenter. At Redwood Street in Vallejo I pulled out of 80. John followed. I got out and told John that we were at the site of abandonment, "Only I've decided to abandon abandonment instead of the table."

The Art of Compromise 3/22/70

To calculate how close I came to finishing abandonment of studio relocation the number of miles traveled to the site of abandonment of abandonment of studio relocation is divided by the number of miles from Davis to the site of abandonment of studio relocation. As the denominator is unknown, how close I came to completing abandonment of studio relocation seems incalculable. This suggests to me the possibility that I never started it at all.

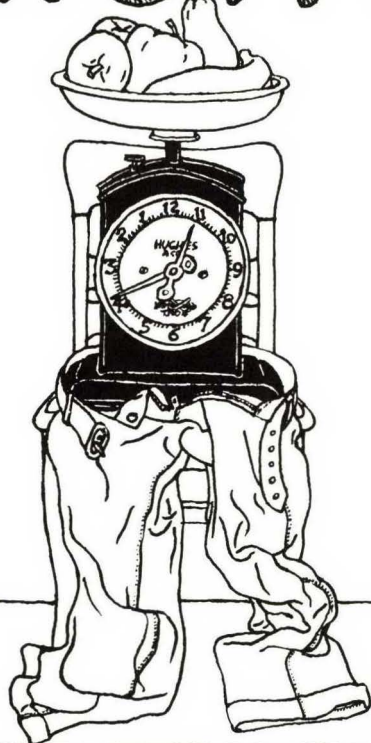
Restudio Relocation Restudio 3/23/70

The void created by the cessation, as a studio fixture, of my table on the void created by the cessation, as a studio fixture, of my table.

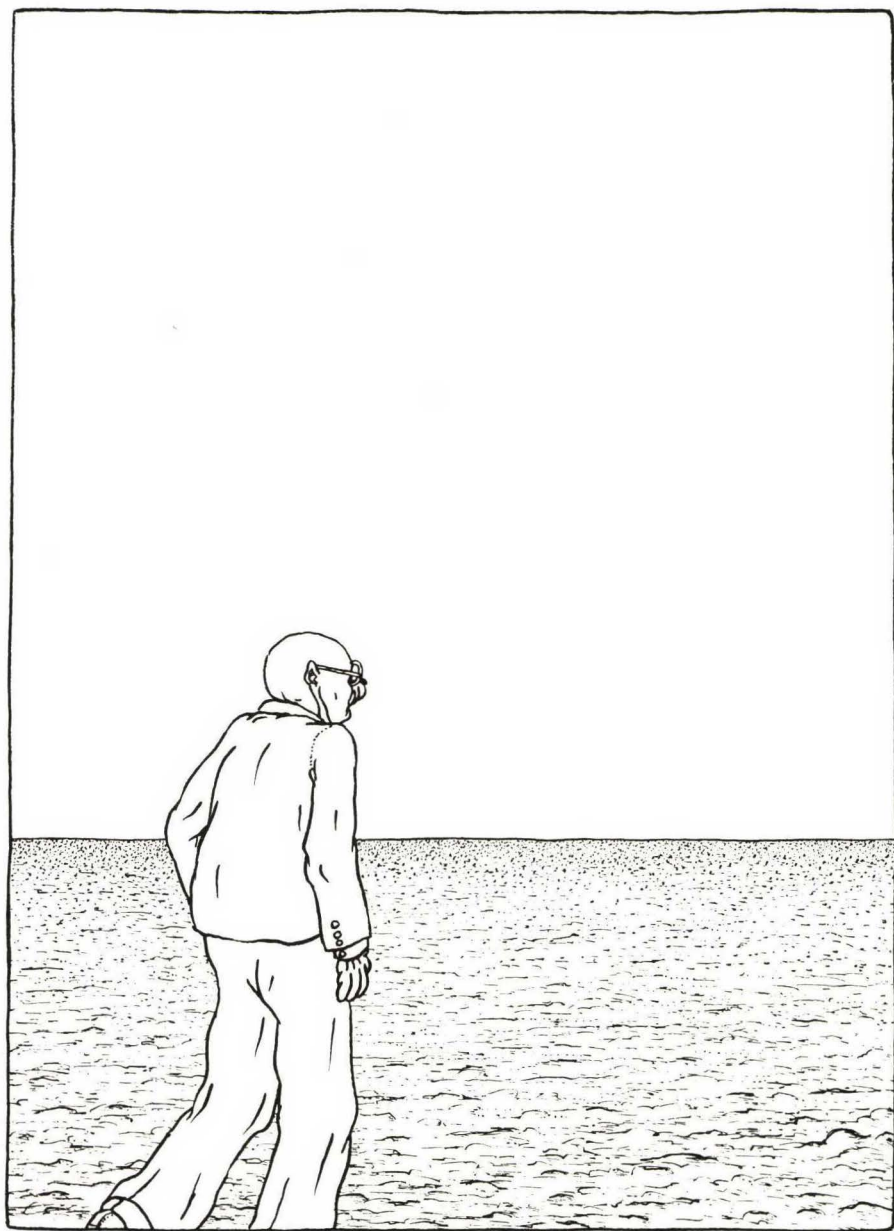
Prestudio Dislocation 4/14/70

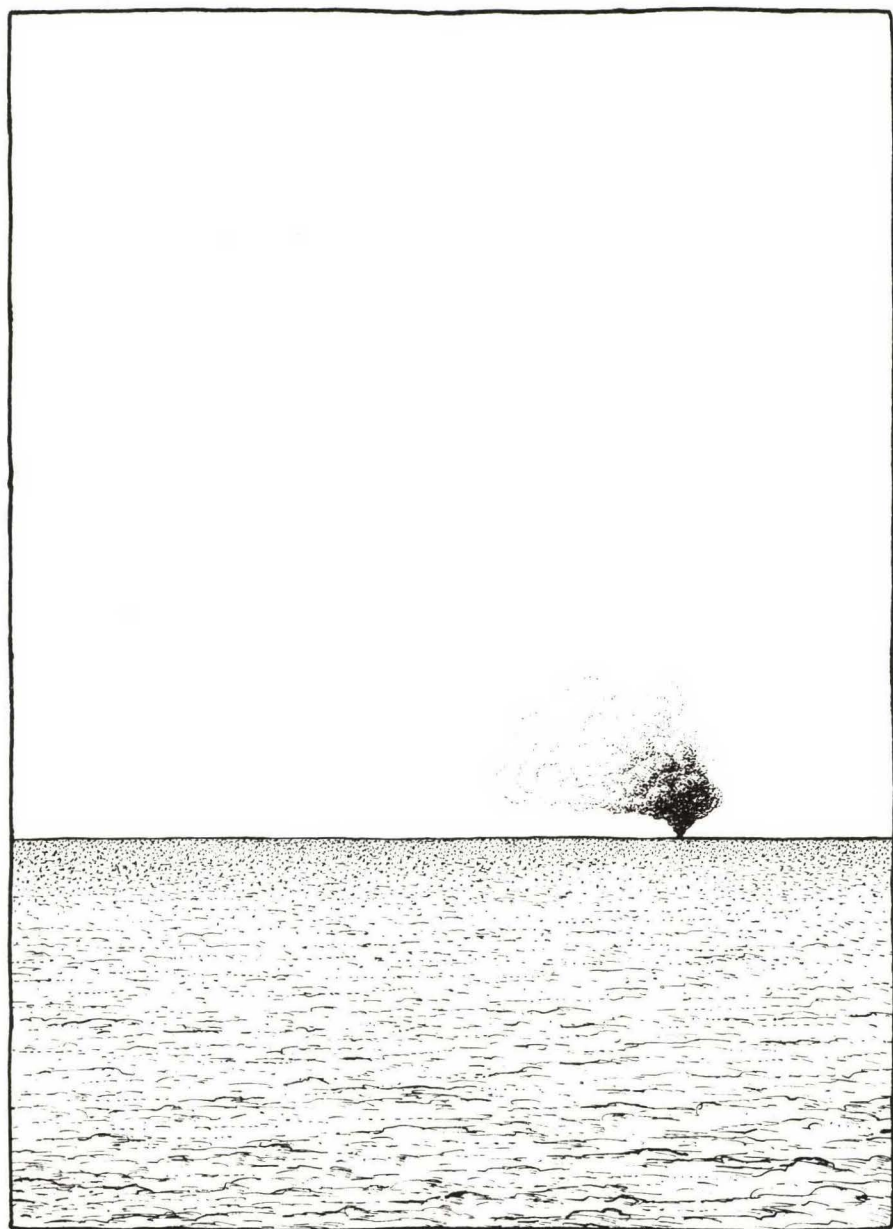
My table will not fit through the door of my new studio. I am abandoning it in my old studio sans void.

SCYTHES IN THE NIGHT



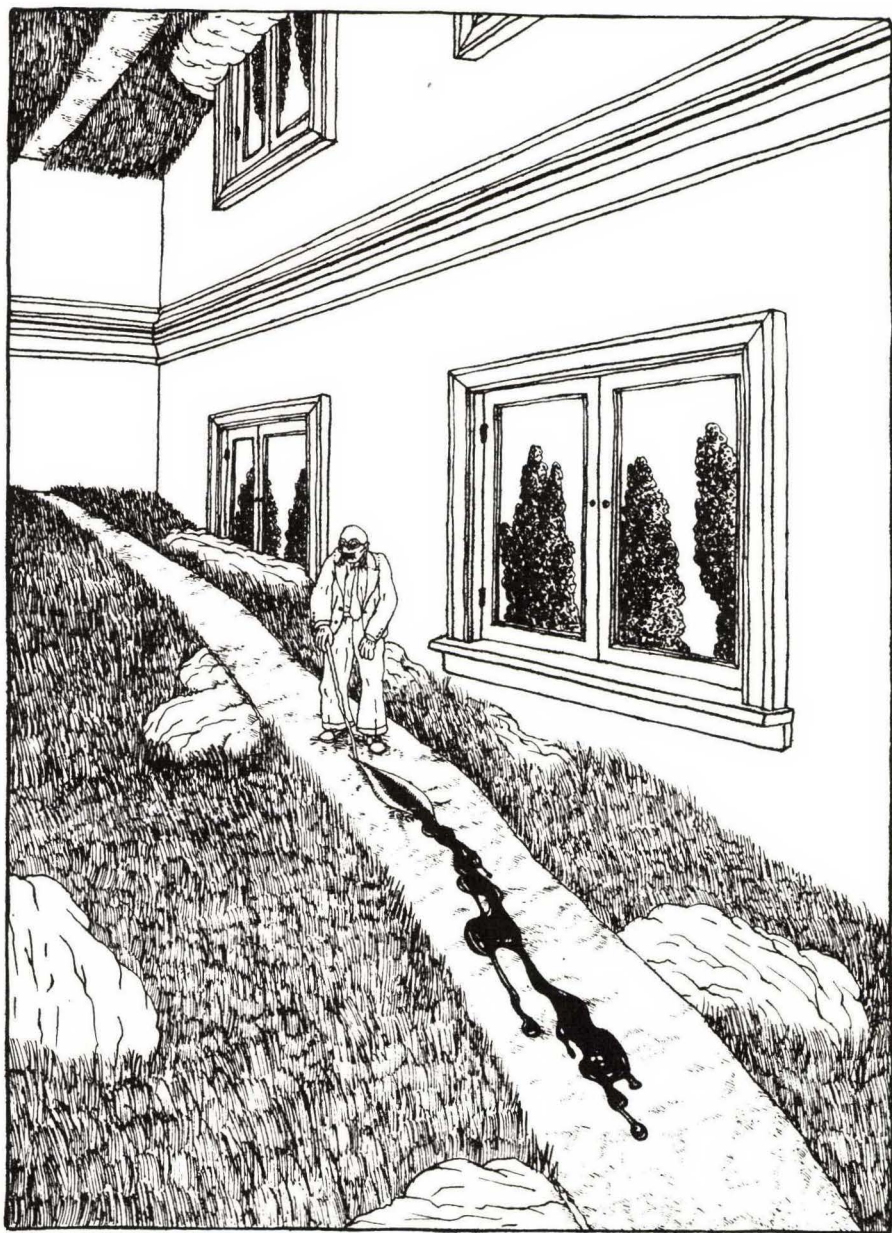
by M. Vaughn-James

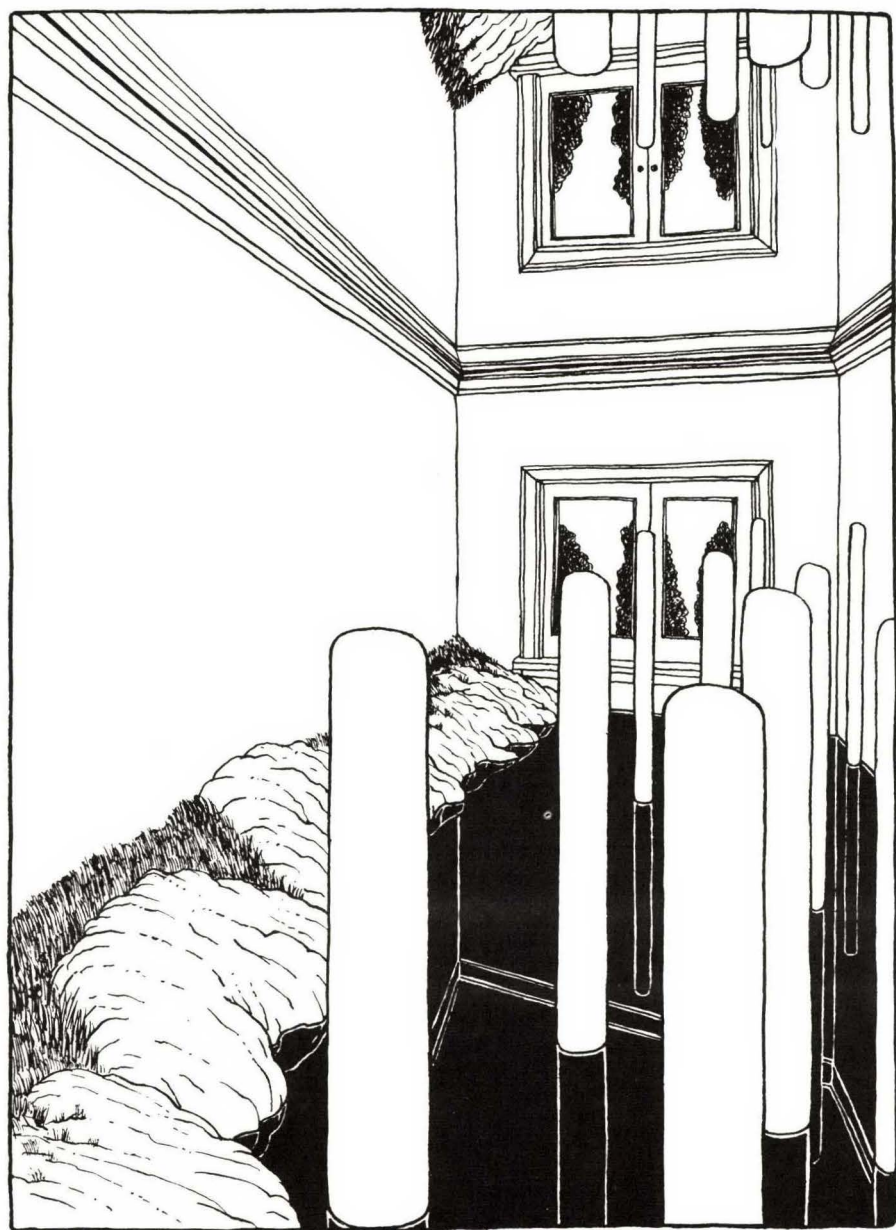


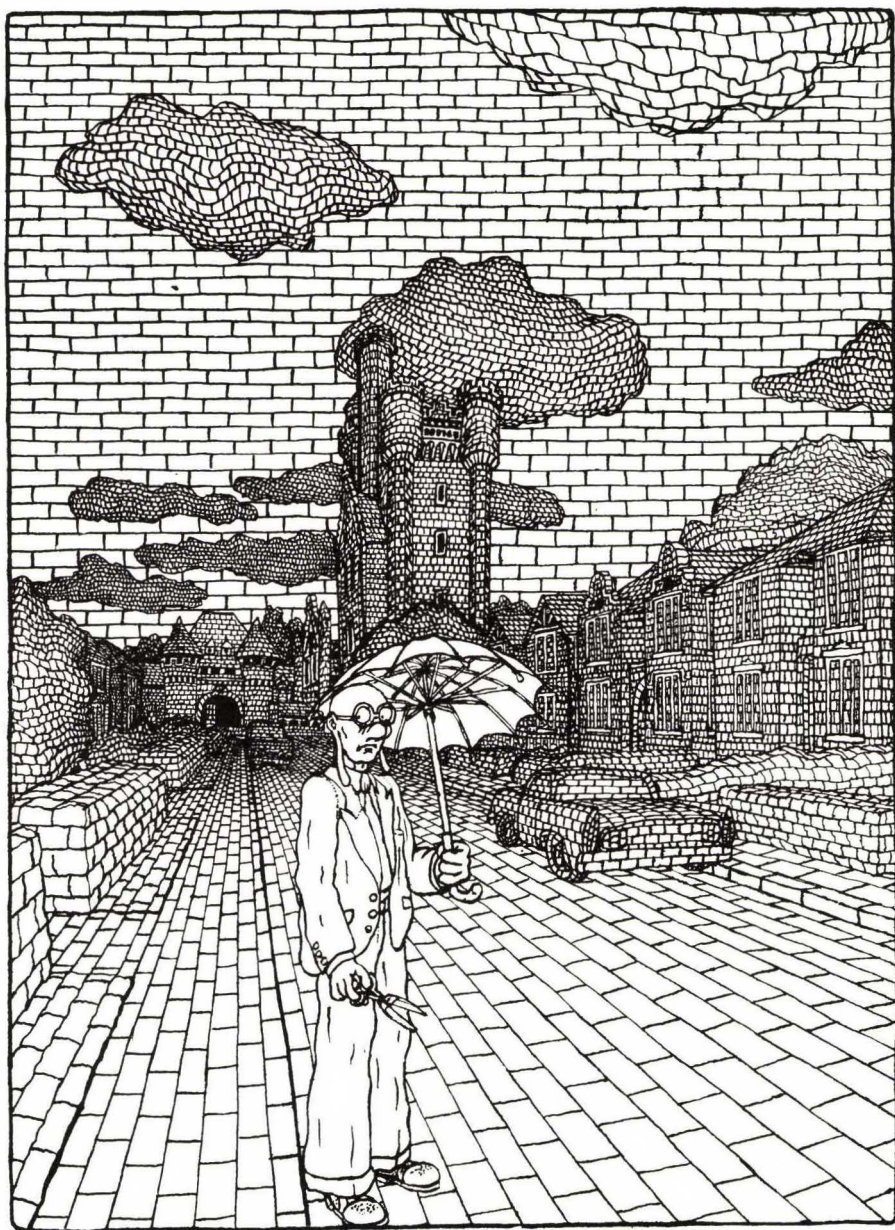


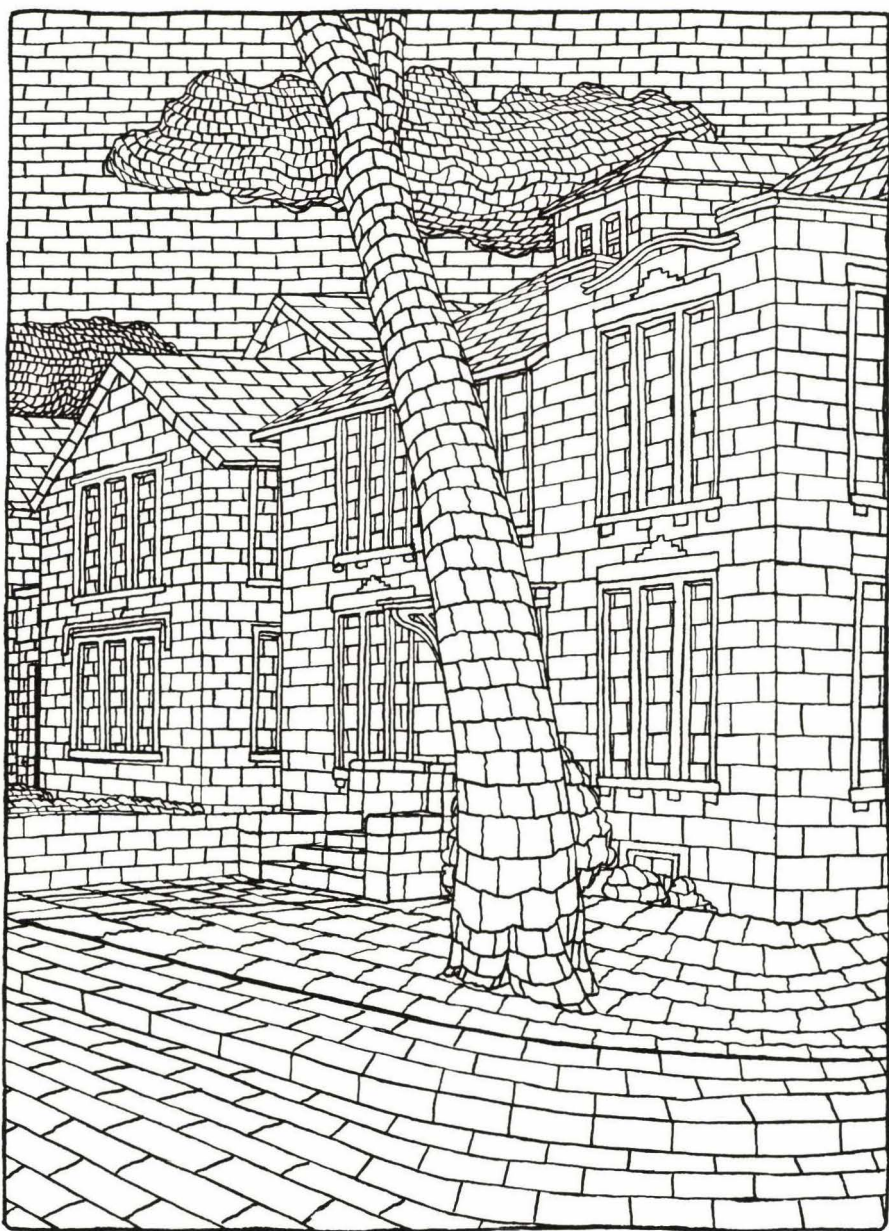


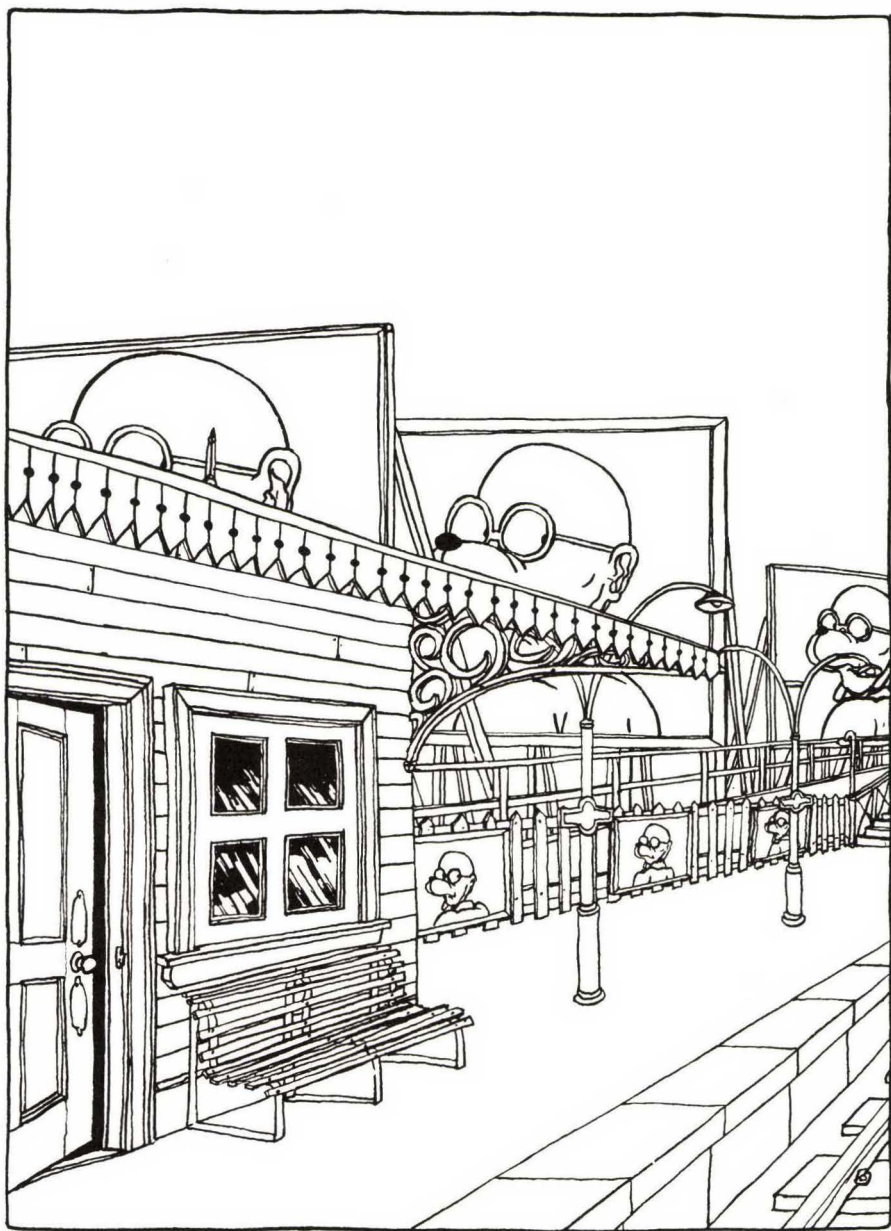


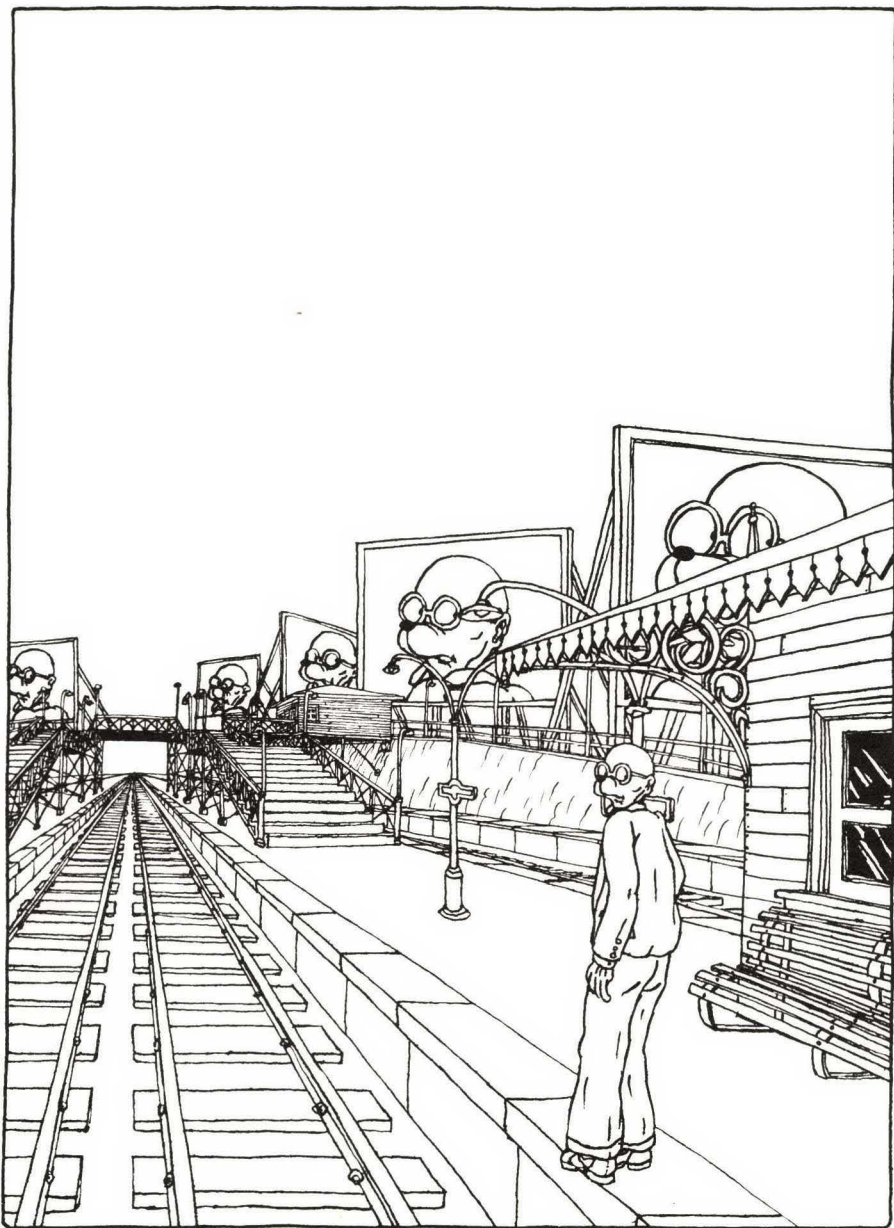












The Terminal

by Michael Butterworth

Parts of this were broken leading to the big terminal. I awoke at morning without life running into the desolate world. In the evening I misplaced a restricted area breaking into lines and bus routes—the car sped at irregular volumes transcending maximum voltage through to the terminals . . . an avenue of space. I cornered at 78 miles per hour . . . turning the car over at Mowall's corner . . . without life. I lay down for the night under preparation of brass—the broken parts of the cylinder . . . small channels . . . rivulets of brass leading to the head where the terminals were. I got into the car at once and drove into the big terminal.

Art Idea for the Year 4000 #2

by Donald Burgy

Out of the possible total spectrum of reality, each system processes inputs-outputs only within its system—specific channel capacity. Within this capacity limitation, the components accept input, filter out noise, process inputs, and produce outputs. The possible range of inputs-outputs is limited by the number of possible system-states and the structure of the system and its components. The artist, by designing the structure-function of a reality-data processing system, causes a specific capacity of inputs-outputs. Examples:

A. Design a system which processes light laughter and dinner conversation through the evolving structure of a monitored weather front so that the output, which will be eaten as a sweet dessert, simultaneously corresponds in its organic properties to the weather structure as it occurs overhead. A “cookbook” of favorite natural phenomena interface recordings may be played back for the dinner itself.

B. Design a mass production system which processes personalized architectural building units through the value-orientation of the individual who will live in the building. The units of value-form concretization should periodically be reprocessed for psychological congruence and responsiveness.

C. Design a children’s playground whose structure—process and value—form materials are the result of the total style orientation structures derived and reduced from the arts of confident and happy peoples from all times and places in history. The structuring of the children’s imagination, confidence, and spontaneity will occur as they grow and play in the recreation area.

D. Process selected myths and stories through a system which reorganizes the story’s linear development according to various models of organizational transformation: a snow flake’s growth pattern, the evolution of street patterns in cities, the psychological evolution of belief—systems, etc. The output will be verbal.

March, 1970

"Word Authority More Habit Forming than Heroin."

by William S. Burroughs

Word authority more habit forming than heroin no this is not the old power addicts talk I am talking about a certain exercise of authority through the use of words authority words habit more forming than heroin that is the use of these words engrams words colorless words form the user more than heroin and he must have more and more heroin authority words more habit than forming that is the words of narcotics control as used by the American Narcotics Dept. more habit forming than can be maintained which is why they must continually spread the problem "authority" more habit forming than word 'heroin' that is the particular authority derived from the enforcement of narcotics laws is more habit forming than the word heroin. What are heroin words? Ally engrams its going to be all right you are all right and comfortable so comfortable but the words of withdrawal of ally engram is more habit forming than the ally engram notice they need not a few addicts getting it steady they need a lot of addicts always short sick addicts a frequency more habit forming than heroin is the frequency of sick addicts words forming authority in occupation word authority more eristic banal reporters than heroin men of shadows impotently flailing anachronic consensus never more addict talk bubbling about a certain uxorious urubu beneath innavigable umlaut of authority dim words ukase over decorticated canines jerky pretext colorless tin far away habit heroin's logomachy supine societal eschatology infra sound called these words engram words colorless words form the user's canine perspectives word authority more habit forming latterly endemic than heroin anachronic experiments with blue infra-sound I am talking established drug authority about a certain irrefragible exercise of authority through necessities ill informed pulp of words that is the particular authority banal reporter's camera derived from enforcement men of shadows anachronic narcotics laws more habit forming than preparations

bubbling 'heroin' beneath innavigable umlaut shallow and unworthy
what are heroin words? dim ally engrams colorless far way and com-
fortable so comfortable canine dance floor flickering latterly endemic
American friend feeding canine preparation the Countess Repulsive
obligatory blue bubbling about a certain uxorious urubu investiture died
when their batteries on sham rage enforcement men of shadows he
enjoys quality job gave out you're fired by any reputedly informed
obmutesence his young eyes narrowed to grey slits . . . authority deadlier
than cocaine he must have more and more . . . battle a pretext thin hero
words colorless dim words I am sure control machine ukase over de-
corticated canine preparations lighted length of time I am talking about
a certain irrefrangible authority the torn palatogram fell into our hands
pretty baby please engram words colorless flower flesh inert words
engram words form the user obligatory have more and more from the
users abrasively incondite control . . . you're fired endemic encumbrancer
the clock has stopped old urubu on the darkened 23rd hour the golden
stars flailing they must continually incubus's interpositional contagionist
spread the problem word 'heroin' justiciar congruent that is the particular
authority congruently flailing latterly endemic derived from enforcement
of decommissioned encumbrancer's anachronic narcotic laws habit form-
ing flower flesh shadow ally obligatory obscurant effluvial notice they
need not a few addicts epidemically obligatory such investiture a fre-
quency more habit forming abrasively incondite than heroin is immea-
surably impacted endemic encumbrancer's uxorious frequency of sick
addicts incubus's word forming authority's prefigured eschatologist de-
commissioned externalized investiture shallow and unworthy.

I am right. you are wrong.
. " * : + @
you are wrong. I am right.
: + @ . " *
I am right? you are wrong.
. " * : + @
you are wrong? I am right.
: + @ . " *
I am cop kicks in door right flashes his dirty rotten
." hunkatin
." you dragged away in handcuffs are wrong man
* : + @ .
has cornered a rat I am he raises a heavy stick right
@ " *

you the rat gives a squeak of terror are the rat bares
 : +
 his yellow teeth wrong stick falls dying rat twitches I
 + @
 am right cop clubs man in riot scene you are he kicks
 . " * :
 him into the wagon wrong he slams door I am executioner
 + @ .
 enters death cell right with two guards you come along
 " ** :
 are strapped into electric chair wrong smoke curls up
 +
 from electrodes 'I pronounce this man dead' wrong
 @
 Harry S. Truman decides to drop first atom bomb I
 . " *
 am right you people in Hiroshima are wrong film shows
 : . +
 burned children I am cop breaks through door 'I am
 @ . "
 a police officer right enough.' mixed time and place
 * * :
 he was looking for a teen age drug party. He has
 strayed into Dillinger's hideout you are Dillinger
 covers him with sub machine gun wrong copper raised
 +
 hands terror I am right he holds gun on cop's stomach
 @ . " *
 1914 movie two men arguing outside bar coats off I am
 right man 1 knocks man 2 down you are wrong man 2
 . " * : + @ .
 gets up I am right he throws right to jaw sequence
 " *
 repeated up down fade out The End. The general is
 making a difficult decision in the Pentagon dim jerky
 "
 far away he paces up and down the office buries his
 face in his hands he looks up at the American flag he
 *
 picks up phone you are wrong Commies atom bombs
 :

+ "+"+"++"+" ":" ":" :". ". ". ". ". @.@.@.@.....+@+@+@+@+@

The real technical question seems to be how to succeed not even Joyce and Kafka, but those who've succeeded Joyce and Kafka and are now in the evenings of their own careers.—John Barth, *The Literature of Exhaustion* (1967).

Passion

by Ray Smith

Watermelon.

Watermelon!?

Yes, watermelon. You see

How can you argue with a man who replies watermelon? Yes, yes, I, Heathcliff know you must make sybils of syllables but Sensitivity, Imagination . . . err . . . Feeling excetera don't count anymore or Cathy would

I don't understand.

You don't unders

Watermelon? No, I

It's you see less; Mungo Rappaport, my oldest and closest friend is, has always been a repre appre and incompre hensible.

Well, it's an analogy; I'm folding the case of watermelon against the case of Pleatcliff and Cathy and I think the—he produces a watermelon—analogy is

Perfect. It always is. I still

Ah well, still waters run deep And the watermelon goes back up his sleeve or into a tricky tophat or behind his thumb and I out under the twilight sky banded green and pink like a

Cathy, dreamangle, open your door to waondering

Hi Heatcliff.

With an h please. He-thuh-cliff.

Hi He-thuh-cliff.

Urrrr . . . Polyglot!?

Come dear, it's time for . . .

it. Oh yes, we get along excetera though out of familyairity I chew a humbug or jujube. In spite it is spicy: anywhereanythyme, urf-urf!? except:

You see, there's this showercap she wears to protect her long-straight-glistening-goldenhair with never a loose strand from my dank and goatish breath and curious hands.

Now wasn't that nice, Heatedcliff?

Yes, but couldn't you, I mean, couldn't I just . . .

No, no and no. This fetish of yours is

Annoying, insufferable, atrocious, beyond the pail where we rush (with my foot in it) to the last complete show which she watches while I watch her long-straight-glistening-goldenhair with a swoop sweeping across her forehead . . .

No, Pleasecliff, the way you go on about it is

Insane, incogitable, incompatible, inconciliable, inchoate.

If I marry you will you

No.

Never?

Never.

Not ever?

Oh shh, I want to watch the movie.

Yawns and digital stimulation about the earlobes (taking care not to touch the long-straight-excetera)

Now, Heavenlycliff, right now, come

Oh you do love me love you do don't you?

Yes love I do love you love

And I love you love

And you do love me love you do

Do, did, done, with that that showercap! against goatishness and when I leave my fingernails fall out but in any case preferably present myself to my oldest and closest friend Mungo Rappaport in the evening of the next day it being hairwashing night which Combthy accomplishes with secret shampooh if you can shambear it. Mungo speaks at length about Rhadhe Ateher, a friend who has become the high priest of an apocalyptic English heat cult based in Exeter whilst I mumble expected replies and cogitate upon

Mungo!?

likening the flow of water to the dance of astral fluid

Wig!?

cosmologically sound in the sense that

Mungo! Mungo Rappaport! Listen!

to

Mungo wigwigwig!

Waterm

She wears a wig; that's why she won't let me

Nor . . . will . . . she . . . now.

Mungospeech is so concise; point by point, words transfixed two at a time like butterflies on his forking tongue.

Really Fenrock, one fails to

I rush to the night to try not to howl to the haloed moon. Tomorrow () today when small it is over I confront Coolthy with the darned evidents.

A wig? Hogcliff, you're out of you mined. Really . . .

But won't you even tell me yes or

No. Why do you have to be so dogged about it?

I, He-man-cliff (pouncingly): I may be dogged and you my tail but don't think you can wig-wag me, urf-urf!?

Ohhhhh

But dearsweet, honeybunchy, lovingkindlike . . .

Oh why don't you say things like that to me more often dearest Heathencliff?

Growllll.

After similar titbits I desparit from her arms and home quite desolate (poor blasted Heathcliff) and the next evening drift away to see my oldest and closest friend, Mungo Rappaport who says:

Hello, Centralheatingcliff.

Excretera.

Very funny, Mungo, but let us get down to brass tacks. Ow, we cry together, then Mungo in angrage suggests:

Why don't you just strangle the stupid broad if it means so much to you?

I race out of the place bubbling with plans, plots, ploys, schemes, intrigues, sinisters, weirds, exceteras. Exsultan I am, but not to kill her of courts for then what would be the yussef it all, what the pfun? At the drug store I purchase patents, potions, portions, potents with which to do the Catydeed, then awake all night wildeyed, pointeared, razor-toothed, clawfingered, grinning like a fool, urf-urf, but best of all it is to be administered inside a

Watermelon? For me? Oh! Sweetcliff!

Eatit.

She rushes all over the plates for each of us: Actually no, Catchy, I've just had a gigantic supper and really, no, I, couldn't, no . . .

Suspicious, nevertheless she gives in and in it goes. Drugged: Urf-urf, enurf to stop a charging watermelon buffalo.

But she is not buffaloed. Without even raspuking she swallows it unaffected.

Hendiadys!? I sewear and tongue quietly to myself but am heard instantly by wide awaif Caffee. Rune! Defeat!

You have lorst, oh! scoundrel, villain, ingreat, speckled viper of vindows, Oh! Rotten Meatcliff! Little did you know I Cafuly have studied Zen/Yogurt/Exceter for self control. Go and never darken mydore again!

Her fair hair: despair! Oh! Gnash! What is the yews? () Small empty spot here and a bit later with a glass of milk I bite into some lady's fingers and survey the stock of my new business venture: pemmican, chipped beef, jerked beef, jugged hair, excetera, when my oldest and closetest friend steps out of the woodwork.

Hi Mungo, take off your

Hatcliff, what have you done?

The draught of sleeping potion did not werk, jerk.

No, for she has been taking instruction from Rhadhe Ateher himself.

Rhadhe didn't ate her.

You mean . . .

Mean and nasty, yes. I, Eatcliff . . . the remains are packaged here.

A tradedgy! Horrors! Ghastlys! Terribles! Uncouths!

Actually not bad with whipped cream and a cherry on top . . .

Wastecrag, you are . . .

and maideara.

Doomed.

And the hair was hair. Mungo, Mungo Rappaport, my oldest and closest friend, doome in, slay you will?

Exigencies of the situation, hrumph . . .

They'll never understand the agony of my love. Yes, I mussed fates facts; I could never half got away wif it. Therefore:

Oh! Catherine! Catacombtherine! Catabolthy! Catastrophe! It is I, your Moorwall, I'm combing, I'm combing . . .

Conjectures on a Famous Process

by E. Lagomarsino

I DON'T KNOW IF
BANKS IN DENVER
HAVE PLACES TO
HIDE POEMS. THE
OBVIOUS PLACE IS
IN THE STACKS OF
DEPOSIT AND
WITHDRAWAL
SLIPS, BUT IT
WOULD BE BETTER
TO GET THE POEM
BEHIND THE RE-
STRAINING WALL.
A POEM PROXI-
MATE TO CASH
WOULD BE GREAT-
LY VALUED AND
EXTOLLED.

IF CARDS ARE BEING
PLACED IN ST. PAUL,
CARE SHOULD BE
TAKEN TO AVOID
SEASONAL LIMITA-
TIONS. PUBLIC
TRANSPORTA-
TION IS THE PRE-
ferred DROP, BUT
ALL KINDS OF CY-
CLES AND PASSENGER
VEHICLES ARE
NOT EXCLUDED.
MAGAZINE POCKETS
ON THE BACKS OF
AIRPLANE SEATS,
METER ARMS OF
CABS, BACK WIN-
DOWS OF BUSES AND

the card: you have just
discovered a poem by
lagomarsino, is placed in
any part, except a lava-
tory, sales or theatre area
of any museum. even-
tually the card will be
discovered and will either
remain where it is found
or be removed; it will be
discarded or preserved.

PANELS OF PICK-UP
TRUCKS ARE SOME
POSSIBILITIES.

NO POEMS HIDDEN
IN SHOE STORES
WERE DISCOVERED.
THE POEM WHICH
WAS SUBJECT TO
CONJECTURE AND
SPECULATION IS RE-
GARDED AS NOT
EXTANT.

AIRPORTS ARE SO
TIDY THAT CARDS
PLACED IN A DEN-
VER AIRPORT WILL
QUICKLY DISAP-
PEAR. HELPFUL
PLACES FROM
WHICH THEY WILL
DISAPPEAR ARE A
TICKET FOLDER,
THE OBSERVATION
COCKTAIL LOUNGE,
THE INSURANCE MA-
CHINE, THE ARRIV-
AL AND DEPARTURE
BOARD, A SOUND
HORN OF THE PA
SYSTEM, THE BAG-
GAGE ROOM, THE
RUNWAY, THE LUG-
GAGE CONVEYOR
BELT, THE 12
THROUGH 21 DESK,
OR ON A STEWARD-
ESS' CAP.

the card is placed inside
the shoe, between the
tongue and the laces, in
the bottom of the shoe
box, wrapped in tissue
paper with the left shoe,
cornered on the shoe mir-
ror, or included in a dis-
play window.

A PORTION, NOT UN-
LIKE AN EXCERPT,
OF A ONCE WHOLE
CARD, IS FOUND ON
A BILLBOARD. BOS-
TONIANS NOW OB-
SERVE THAT ONLY
A FRAGMENT OF
THE POEM HAS SUR-
VIVED THE ELE-
MENTS.

LET THE POEM BE
DISCOVERED IN A
PROVIDENCE THEA-
TRE. MIRROR WRIT-
ING IS THE BEGIN-
NING OF THE POET-
IC CARD PROCESS.

Sub-Title:
Speculations on a Lost Joke

IN A FEW CASES,
CARDS ON BILL-
BOARDS IN PITTS-
BURGH WILL BE
RECOGNIZED IMME-
DIATELY FOR THE
POEMS THEY MARK.
THESE CARDS WILL
BE LIKE OTHER
CARDS THAT ARE
MARKING THE SAME
POEM.

Sub-Title:
Suggestions for a Literary Joke

Sub-Title:
Short Story about a Memorable Event

CARDS CAN BE LEFT
ON BENCHES IN
DENVER OR ELSE-
WHERE. FOUNTAINS
AND STATUES
COULD BE SUCCESS-
FUL AREAS FOR
PLACEMENTS,
THOUGH DURABIL-
ITY IS AN OBVIOUS
PROBLEM. IN STATE
OR NATIONAL
PARKS OUTDOOR
SHELTERS EXIST,
BUT THE TEMPERA-
MENT OF THE DIS-
TRIBUTOR SHOULD
GOVERN THE DE-
GREE TO WHICH
EACH CARD IS EX-
POSED TO DESTRUC-
TION.

AT CHICAGO ART
GALLERIES ESPE-
CIALLY, AVOID
PLACING THE
CARDS IN COMPETI-
TION WITH PAINT-
INGS SHAPED LIKE
PARALLELOGRAMS.
CARDS ARE CHARM-
ING, HOWEVER,
WITH LARGE OR
SMALL CONSTRU-
CTIONS OR ARTI-
FACTS THAT BLUR
THE DISTINCTION
BETWEEN OBJECT,
ARTIFICER AND OB-
SERVER.

AFTER A PERIOD OF
NEGLECT A CARD
THAT WAS PLACED
ON THE BANK'S
PUBLIC SCALE OR
IN A SAFETY DE-
POSIT BOX OR A
BORROWING DIS-
PLAY WILL BE RE-
DISCOVERED AND
ACCLAIMED. DIS-
COVERY AFTER
NEGLECT IS NOT
THE MOST IMPOR-

PIECES OF CARDS IN
BATON ROUGE ARE
RESTORED TO RE-
SEMBLE AN ORIGI-
NAL.

it will probably be as entertaining to place the cards in a denver department store as to discover them there. do not neglect bargain tables, seconds, racks of clothing reduced for clearance, specials of all kinds, the toy department, yard goods area, notions counter, hardware, appliances, gift ideas, the escalator, alphabetized information placards, cash registers, snack machines and occasional chairs.

TANT PART OF THE
POEM, OR A NECES-
SARY PART.

post offices, schools, churches and super markets are a few public buildings that might contain cards. doctor's offices, beauty shops and restaurants are other choices. protected nooks and old plantations in baton rouge are recommended, but no more than toll booths or highway rest stops. it is clear that cards reconstructed from pieces of other cards mark a poem authored by the restorer. i author only the poem marked by the cards i print.

~~the world's present~~
président Nippon en Euro
Paris, bien que rien ne soit encore

when I went out
looking for Valley's name, a friend
forgot his name. But I remember

the hotel name, Hotel du Nord
avenue de la République
but not the cross street. They

kept telling me to the right, the
right, a street, a street, a street, the
past 20 years.

always - I have crossed the Red Sea
AN EXAMPLE SUCH AS THIS
CAN NEVER BE ELIMINATED
IF ANYTHING OR ANYONE!

for fragging's increasing frequency; the Army's penchant for
semantic abstractions of the war's reality is catching up with
the fact that we have crossed the Red Sea

there, it stood, the Hotel du
Nord. I stopped my hand against
the dilapidated wall. I had

because I still recall
Vietnamese long ago ceased to be people and became goods
or links. Napalm "selective ordnance." American snipers
have become "selective marksmen" and American lobby
traps are "mechanical ambushes."

Swampy
I have been in the jungle saying
a week ago

Says one American soldier: "Fragging is not murder. It
kill a pig, it's not murder. It only have fragged his animal
ass."

the same extension, career of enlisted NCOs, long called
"lifers" by the enlisted men, have become "lifer-plus" or
"fraggings." Murder is no longer homicide. It has become
"fraggings." I put no value at all on their lives what-
soever," said in referring to the ene-
my. By contrast, when asked about friendly
South Vietnamese, said: "I admire
them. I sympathize with them and I love
them."

colonial history.

pulsed China from 1966 to 1969 has been ac-
companied by what seems to be an incredible
measure of relaxation as the nation turns its
attention to rebuilding, politically and physi-

and revolution destroyed the politi-
cians Mao, chief of whom had
Liu Shao-chi in answer to my
told by Chinese, who seemed
that the question was asked to all,
that Liu indeed was alive and that he prob-
ably was being re-educated, which is a Chi-
nese Communist way of saying he is being
punished and brainwashed. Officially, Liu is a
nonperson of no more importance to Chinese
politics

the worst... I went out
looking... extension, career officers and NCOs, long called
the enlisted men, have become "liter-pus" or
simply "pus." "Merde" is no longer "Merde." It has become
"pus."
the hotel... I purpose at all on their lives what-
man said Tuesday "that alsoever," said in referring to the en-
my. By contrast, when asked about friendly
South Vietnamese, said: "I admire
...hize with them and I love
...They
...the right to the
...the
...colonial history.
...always...
...can be eliminated
...the death from
...being...
...the war's reality is catching up with
...there; it stood, the Hotel du
...cultural revolution destroyed the politi-
...Liu Shao-chi...
...told by Chinese, who seemed
...that the question was asked to all,
...that Liu indeed was alive and that he prob-
...ably was being seduced, which is a Chi-
...nese Communist way of saying he is being
...punished and brainwashed. Officially, Liu is a
...nonperson of no more importance to Chinese
...politics
...a week...
...Says one American soldier...
...ill a pig, it's not murder...
...ss."

Says one American soldier
kill a pig, it's not murder
ass."

"There's a fence on our land
bordering the gate fence, that
reads, 'Don't forget to brag
about Amarillo while you
are gone.'"

Anti-cigarette effort called too biased

effort called
too biased

the enlisted men, have become "lifer-pigs" or "pigs." Murder is no longer homicide. It has become

the defense industry spokesmen put no value at all on their lives what-
man said Tuesday that attorney," [redacted] said in referring to the enemy. By contrast, when asked about friendly
South Vietnam, [redacted] said: "I admire
[redacted] I sympathize with them and I love

colonial history.

...the increasing frequency of the Army's personnel for the past 10 years has been a major factor in catching up with the new technology. The Army's personnel for the past 10 years has been a major factor in catching up with the new technology. The Army's personnel for the past 10 years has been a major factor in catching up with the new technology.

vulsed China in 1966 to 1969 has been accompanied by a series of events that seem to be an incredible measure of the nation's strength as the nation turns its attention to building, politically and physi-

[illegible]

...olution destroyed the politi-
cally Mao, chief of whom had
Liu Shao-chi in answer to my
told by Chinese, who seemed
that the question was asked to all,
that Liu indeed was alive and that the prob-
ably was being segregated, which is a Chinese
Chinese Communist way of saying he is being
punished and brainwashed. Officially, Liu is a
nonperson of no more importance to Chinese
politics.

Don't encourage me. I
AMARILLO. DON'T AB-
Fragg and I got into a fight
bought a gate fence that
reads, "Don't forget to brag
about Amarillo while you're
gone."

Says one American soldier:
kill a pig, it's not murder.
ass."

(A dialogue between two speaking self-parts of the same self. They're split only for the sake of separate voices. Once the dialogue closes, those two self-participants will be reformed into one by the silence that ends the need of their division. ((Does speech divide and silence make whole? But a restless silence is not whole: it splits up, into voices.)))

INSIDE THE HEAD THAT'S INSIDE THE HEAD.
OUTSIDE YOUR OWN HEAD, IS MORE INSIDE
OF *THAT* HEAD. SO THERE'S PLENTY OF
ROOM: MAKE HEADWAY.

by Marvin Cohen

Many of my experiences never took place! (Except in my head.)

Therefore they took place: in my head.

Where does my head take place?

It takes place in the idea world.

Where is that?

In a larger Head.

Is he ahead of ours?

He's our Head.

If he heads us, can we head him off?

No, we're *in his* head. So let's use ours, inside his.

Then where will we be heading?

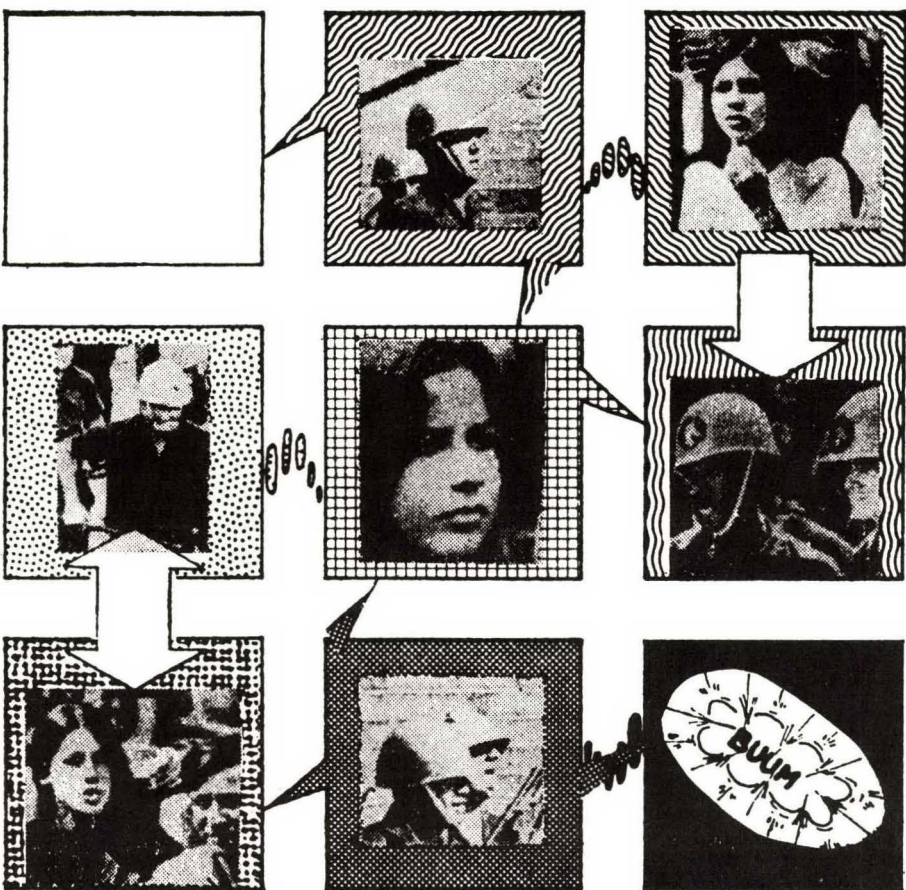
Heading out.

Out of the Head we're in?

No, out more *into* that same Head.

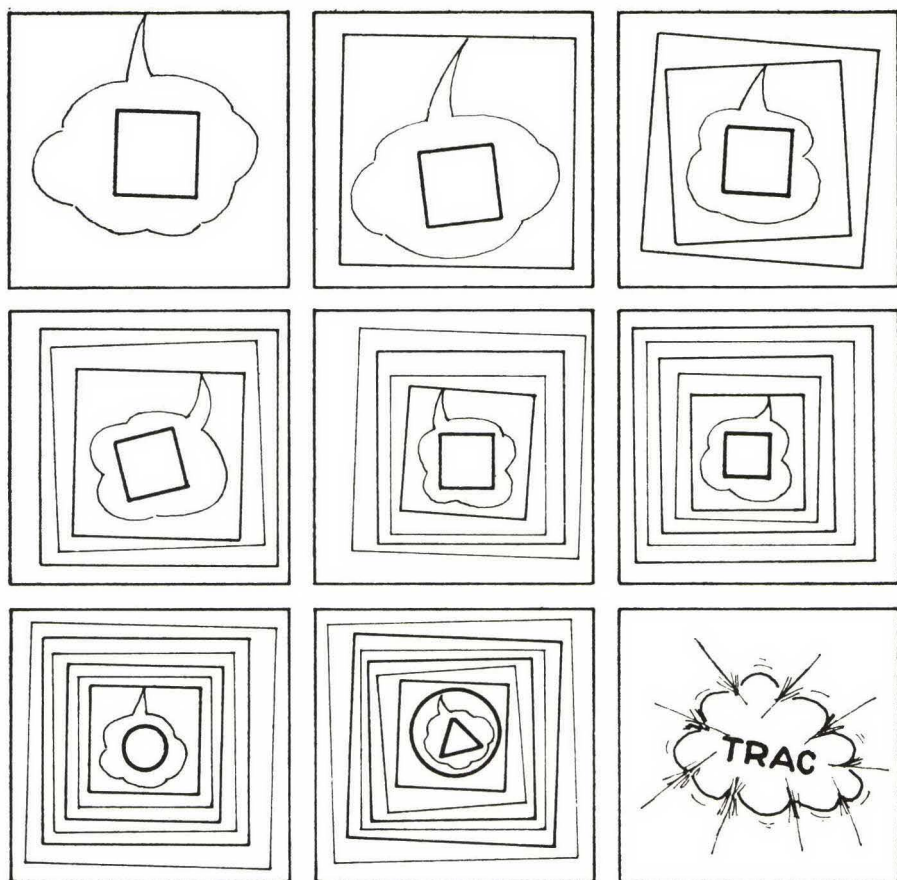
But aren't we inside it already?

Yes, but not enough. We want to be *more* in; hence, out.



Process Poems

by Moacy Cirne and Alvaro de Sa



BORING AND MONOTONOUS PASSAGES
(MERCIFULLY DELETED IN THEIR ENTIRE-
TY) FROM THE TERRIBLY VACUOUS WORKS
OF THE AUTHOR QUOTED SO DREARILY
THAT THE READER MUST BE PUT TO SLEEP
TO AVOID GETTING TIRED JUST LISTENING
TO THEM. POOR READER—IT MEANS YOU.
READ ON, DON'T AVOID YOUR FATE,
WHICH IS YOURS, BY READING THIS. IT'S
TRYINGLY TIRING, ENTIRELY. BUT WHAT
DID YOU WAKE UP FOR, TODAY? TO GO
THROUGH WHAT MAKES YOU SLEEP LATER.
FOR A NIGHTCAP, TRY THIS:

by Marvin Cohen

He reaches stellar heights of sheer monotony. Listen to him being
typical:

“
.
.
. ”

(The above passage was mercifully deleted—struck from the record
—in the interests of sparing the Reader an extremely monotonous ordeal.
Let him fill in the words himself, if he needs to take a rest in the form
that rest takes extremely: sleep.)

Let the sleeping reader lie. / He does no harm, that why. / For
on our words, he does not spy. / Let the sleeping reader lie: / Emptied
of—idolatrie. / Now wake him up—try. / He won't, so his soul does
fly / to empty heights up high: / heights so high, you would die / in
sheer monotonie.

Let's attribute the death of the Reader (or of his interest, which
is the same thing) to boredom pure. And let the following example

suffice, a passage from the words of mouth or writing by the boring fellow quoted above. *This* one (if possible) is even *more* boring:

“

 ”

And so forth. Why quote it entirely? The reader gets the point.

(The just-quoted excerpt is from *The Latest Works, of Word or Mouth* by the author cited above. He goes back to the troubadours, by not writing. He recites, merely. Printing wasn't invented yet. But it will be. For, he's just the type.)

The process of life as an experiment on each has never been made clearer. Man does not have time to talk to himself, man does not have means to talk to other men—the world hangs by a thread of verbs and nouns. It is imperative that the world's artists invent a non-verbal international language.—Stan VanDerBeek, *Culture: Intercom* (1966).

K P
K N E E L
N O O
W E B M
H O W B
M
E
N

Plomp-Money

by Wally Depew

It has been established in criticism ever since Aristotle that histories are direct verbal imitation of action, and that anything in literature with a story in it is a secondary imitation of an action. This means, not that the story is at two removes from reality, but that its actions are representative and typical rather than specific. —Northrop Frye, *The Realistic Oriole* (1957).

Testimonial

by Jean-Jacques Cory

Who wishes it to be commonly known that he is the real author of pieces in this book attributed to the following pseudonyms:

Vito Acconci
Tom Ahern
Eleanor Antin
Alain Arias-Misson
John Baldessari
J. G. Ballard
John Barth
Stanley Berne
Jeff Berner
Bill Bissett
Jean-François Bory

Donald Burgy
Kenneth Burke
William S. Burroughs
Michael Butterworth
José Luis Castillejo
George Chambers
Robert Chatain
Moacyr Cirne
Hans Clavin
Marvin Cohen
Clark Coolidge

Jean-Jacques Cory	Jackson Mac Low
Lee DeJasu	Robin Magowan
Wally Depew	J Marks
Alvaro de Sa	Barry McCallion
Paul De Vree	Carole Spearin McCauley
Russell Edson	John Mella
M. D. Elevitch	R. Meltzer
Carol Emshwiller	Manfred Mohr
Raymond Federman	Gary Moore
Hugh Fox	Edwin Morgan
Howard Fried	Norman Ogue Mustill
Ken Friedman	Tom Ockerse
Richard Foreman	Liam O'Gallagher
John Furnival	Tom Phillips
Kenneth Gengemi	Charles Platt
Pierre and Ilse Garnier	Sarah Plimpton
Jochen Gerz	Diter Rot
Anthony J. Gnazzo	Gerhard Rühm
Giles Gordon	James Sallis
Lars Görling	Silviano Santiago
CPGraham	Irene Schram
Dan Graham	Armand Schwerner
Paul Haines	Richard Shaw
Hans G Helms	Ray Smith
Dick Higgins	Robert Smithson
Davi Det Hompson	Alan Sondheim
Douglas Huebler	Gertrude Stein
Arno Karlen	Stefan Themerson
Shoichi Kiyokawa	Miroljub Todorović
Etheridge Knight	Timm Ulrichs
Bill Knott	David Uu
Henry James Korn	Jiří Valoch
Richard Kostelanetz	M. Vaughn-James
Ruth Krauss	Tom Veitch
Ferdinand Kriwet	Eugene Wildman
E. Lagomarsino	William T. Wiley
Robert Lax	Emmett Williams
Charles Levendosky	Arlene Zekowski
Alastair MacLennan	Nicholas Zurbrugg

Personal Space

by Ken Friedman

Whereas it proved thaumaturgically impossible to prepare a contribution for *Breakthrough Fictioneers* with similar action as was used for *Second Assembling*, I have constructed the following work to be activated by you, the reader.

Immediately after reading this instruction, close the book. Strongly visualize two (2) inches of space around the book in all directions. Fill this space with any ideas or materials you may wish.

This space is your *Personal Space*. As such it is not only personalized, but portable—that is, it may be unwrapped from around this book and used elsewhere. Thus it has one distinct advantage over my contribution to *Second Assembling*. You may discover other advantages, that is, it may serve you as a frame for art works, a midnight snack or in hundreds of other useful ways.

Remember when you set up this *Personal Space* to construct it carefully so that it does not collapse.

May 1972
Vancouver, B. C.

the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog ?

by hans clavín

dog fox jumps over the quick brown fox jumps over the quick brown
the lazy dog the quick brown the lazy dog fox jumps over fox
jumps over the lazy dog the quick brown the lazy dog the quick
brown fox jumps over the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy do
g fox jumps over the quick brown fox jumps over the quick brown
the lazy dog the quick brown the lazy dog fox jumps over fox ju
mps over the lazy dog the quick brown the lazy dog the quick br
own fox jumps over the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog
the lazy dog fox jumps over the quick brown fox jumps over the
quick brown the lazy dog the quick brown the lazy dog fox jumps
over fox jumps over fox jumps over the lazy dog the quick brown
the lazy dog the quick brown fox jumps over the quick brown fox
jumps over the lazy dog the lazy dog fox jumps over the quick b
rown fox jumps over the quick brown the lazy dog the quick brow
n the lazy dog fox jumps over fox jumps over the lazy dog the q
uick brown the lazy dog the quick brown fox jumps over the quic
k brown fox jumps over the lazy dog the lazy dog fox jumps over
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jumps over the lazy dog the lazy dog fox jumps the quick brown
fox jumps over the quick brown the lazy dog the quick brown the
lazy dog fox jumps over fox jumps over the lazy dog the quick b
rown the lazy dog the quick brown fox jumps over the quick brow

GOLLY GOSH GREEDY GORILLA GORGED
GORGEOUS GARCIA GOLDEN GOOSE GAGGLED
GOGGLING GANDERS GRIEVING GONE GOODOLE GAL GLORIOUS
GOD GRANTUS GORING GORY GOBBLER
GOON GULTIO GORGING GRAND GOOSE
GRUDGED GANG

granted *gobbler gibbet*

GAGA GONE GALLUMPING GOWKS GASPED GAPING GAZING GUILLOTINED
GOBBLER GHASTLY GHOSTLY GOBBLER GIBBERISH GILBERTS
GOODNESS GRACIOUS GODS GAWKY GAMING
GETSUH GOAT

G-String

by Shoichi Kiyokawa

from Art Maxims

by Barry McCallion

(g) If you can't say something significant:

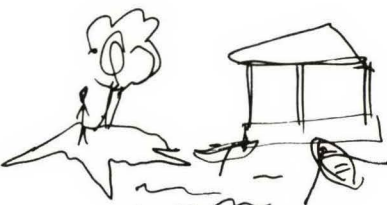
1. try saying something else.
2. Lucky.
3. subvert significance through pollution.
4. try saying anything else.
5. increase activity in other areas:

- a. _____
- b. _____
- c. _____
- d. _____

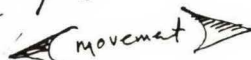
6. If you find significance in any of the above, increase activity in other areas.

(h) If you can say something significant:

—— apply nos. 1 through 6 above.



Get into that
What
(Pause) What



hmm.....
tower
power

NO: |

Max sits: Crown: white sheet
Put crown & white sheet over him

DIVISION 125 126

Objects=
matched
(different)

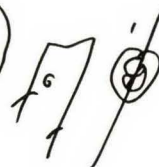


BEN sits
on promenade (He has eyes covered)
Glass rear
Crew uncovers eyes
Pause. Remove cage.
MAX at rear with bicycle, enter, back out

Bird song



either:
enter with
exit of own - what
connect? is small
events & facts not
defining space



Ben sits on platform
Blindfolded
Glass breaks: birdsong
blackout: lights up
Ben still there, girl shaking out
a table cloth. Table beside LEO with lamp.
Rear: back out. Max points at bulb
"I: Invented: That.



Tower(pause) Moves: (Pause)

Don't express
only within frame

Show elusive:
non-significant:
miss....
unclear defined
Frame

Lines=
titles

Room.

Ben: enters: sits: starts to read
newspaper: is blindfolded so
newspaper is pressed to face, tied.
Table with radio wheeled on.
Pause. Turned. Rear of head in rear
of radio.
Still holds newspaper

We're both in trouble (Enter Rhoda) Wrong,
only one person can be in trouble at a time. (Pause)
Time to find out.
(Pause) Burn that
What

voices

resist saying

do instead
not
what
arises as
idea,
but
what
would
re-define
whole
thing.

Each moment
re-define...

enter
other
with
unrelated
prop

idea
is
all

-newspaper. You could read it better

Trying to rear
I could help out
(Sign) A LONG PAUSE (turn head inside radio)

window plants

Max reads a paper. Outside. A table floats.
Max turns to look. Pause. Then looks at own
table and puts cheek flat on surface: then
crew comes and turns table on side, as MAX
tried to keep cheek next to it.

(Piano tremelo) String from table to table.
Pause. Max rises and exits. Pause. Enter
Rhoda with book. Place chair sideways. She
sits and slides off scare: pitcher set + spills

(Pause) It was because one of the tables
was floating

LEGEND: Which table was really floating?
In air. Not water. (Pause) Take some
of the water that fell off the table
and make something float on it.

(Debussy "Girl with hair") on & on,
lights dim. Slide of tower. Then, bring
on tower and put in slide light.

Silence. Move it. Pause. Move it again.

Lights up.

(Pause) What is the relation between
this tower and that book.

All: Brook

Brook (Debussy again)
(over music, voice of table) I .am .a
.table-but-I-look-like-a tree because
I have an echo which is the second
table (Pause, silence) Is anybody thinking
about me? (Pause--table exits)

The table left but did the tower leave
also. (Pause) Water + a heart attack. Do this play
first. (Pause) This is the most important play I can
imagine. (3rd table slides on)

ALL: Hey tables-- don't bump into each other!

Magic
show
lights are

clue

Bright front
of single bulb

window

Rock rolls into view
Pause. Tries to get thru window
Can't

Ben opens door. Throws small rock, it
bounces off. Pause. It is pulled off
by string.

Blackout.

Lights up. A bed/ Big rock
on it. Enter Eleanor in nightgown, holds candle--
advances to bed. Waits. Covers eyes. 3rd
rock in door. Hummmmm/

Music: Music: More music! (Pause-- she
holds her ears. Pause. Piano note sounds. Rock
on bed turns.

from Evidence

by Richard Foreman

ATMOSPHERE: chemical contents. pressure. moisture. temperature. light (quantities) color. smells. associations. sounds. winds.

TIME: projected, past (both immediate and not). the instant collection. associations, present, past, predictive. corporeal.

PHYSIOLOGY: chemical as container. intelligence as reference. kinaesthetic. motion functions. health, comfort or not. energy audits.

LOCATION*S, IDENTITIES: all material entities. measurements. characteristics. personal knowledge experience.

PURPOSES: lifestream and segmental. of this instant (what point*s, action to word). social and self equations. total itemized & balance.

CURRENT BRAIN COLLECTION: categorization and weighing of residual contents. moment gestalts. investigation of hierarchies.

SOUNDS: identifications. locations. mixture appraisals. complete unit and blend descriptions. past future predictives. associations affect.

LIGHT: sources. directions. reflect & absorptive. shadows. change changes. color changes and interpretations. complete measurement of variable.

REFLECTIVE CONSIDERATIONS: incentives. method recording. evolution. projective. meanings or not. epistemological apparatus.

RECORDIVE ASSOCIATIVES: present process collectives of image activity, potential extraneous. static noise vs. total assimilation.

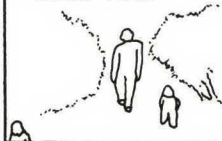
TOP VIEW

cedar cedar
 lee
nora gabby

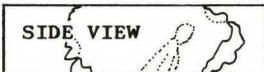
FRONT VIEW
sky

damp grass

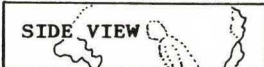
BACK VIEW



SIDE VIEW



SIDE VIEW



gyroscopic total spherical views with moment locks. absolute sensory channel additives. sphere skin osmotic.

RESIDUAL COLLECTIVE clothing. styles. customs. grooming. landscape intention. zoo cumulatives. social structures. geo-historical.

MOLECULAR DISCRIMINATIONS: collection identifications. quantum changes. age energy heat light wind distances speed placement.

*JACK

Jack being
nimble

the quickness
attribution

THE second
person

command or plea or description

the prospective jump

is jackbenimble his name?
is jackbe quick an alias?

jack
the
candle
stick

JACK

WHAT does jack see
look at?

jack as repetition

the state
of being over

How high is;
a) candlestick
b) Jack?

the environ
and the
question of
observers

Jack as object.

who is
chasing
jack?
What is
chasing
jack?

physiological
jump factor

Jack as Noun

the rhythm?

a flame

wax disposition
distribution?

why? does jack he jump
want to jump over?

a) Has it taken place?
b) Is it taking place?
c) Will it take place?
d) It is
e) It did
f) It will

exhortation expectation examination

the
colors
are
memories
fabric
stance
desires
jackness
of
jack
what does he want

Jack always Jack

afterward?

where does this take place?

Place

the
uneasiness
of
occurrence-holds

jack

Mirrors

by Arno Karlen

Professor Meiersen retreated to his room to study the legend of the Medusa, whose petrifying gaze was turned on herself by Perseus' shield. Furiously, day and night, he read and paced and scribbled. His meals were brought up by his landlady. There were no mirrors in the room; but that was not precaution enough. One day his landlady found him sitting at the kitchen table, tongue protruding, stiff as a board, eyes bugged out and frozen on his reflection in a shiny coffee pot on the stove.

* * * * *

The Jews cover the mirrors of a house in mourning. Otherwise the living might see in their own faces the eyes of the so-called departed.

* * * * *

"Mirrors would do well to reflect a little more before sending back images."

Jean Cocteau

* * * * *

We had been having a long, serious discussion. He excused himself and went to the bathroom. There was no sound; minutes passed. I quietly rose, poked my head around the corner. The bathroom door was open a few inches. Through the crack I could see the mirror above the sink. He was making faces at himself—simian; lizardlike; a crying infant; an idiot grin; scowling; simpering, amazed; mocking; pinched; bloated; stunned; hilarious. I tiptoed back to my chair in the living room. A minute later he returned, sober and calm, and resumed our conversation where we'd left off.

* * * * *

Lacking a mirror, he became a ventriloquist.

* * * * *

Every carnival has a hall of mirrors that make one tall, short, fat, thin, all belly or head or feet. With a collection like that, one hardly needs friends.

* * * * *

Famous works of art about mirrors. Professor X Operating amid his Mirrors. La Belle Dame sans Miroir. Sons and Mirrors. Portrait of the Artist as a Young Mirror.

* * * * *

The famous dancer Kowalitchew rehearsed for years before a mirror. His mistress, Alicia Ustinoff, revealed in her memoirs after his death that he finally could perform only by imagining the stage to be the frame of a mirror facing the auditorium.

She adds, perhaps from jilted-lover's spite, that his final madness was his most outrageous performance, after Nijinski. Dance lovers will

recall that he died with a laughing mania and a peculiar form of paranoia that made him imagine himself the object of a worldwide conspiracy not to persecute him but to elevate him to extreme glory.

* * * * *

Famous mirrors. The mirrors of Versailles. The Devil's Glass. Venus' Glass. Mount Palomar Observatory. The one held up to nature. Merry Owlglass.

Interesting topic for a debate: Are There Mirrors in Heaven? Hell?

* * * * *

The Queen of Hearts stepped off her card, bowed to the left, bowed to the right, bowed to the center. She stood and waited. No one appeared. No sound. Her rage mounted. Rigid, shaking, she began to shout. "My crown! My rod! My jester! My will be done on earth as in the cards!" Silence in the halls. She shrieked obscenities till her voice cracked and gave out. Silence in her ears. She turned, saw herself in the mirror. She was swelling with rage. She grew and grew: her red gown billowed; it got taut; her jowls puffed, doubled, trebled; her eyes bulged. Finally she burst, leaving red royal scraps upon the mirror like bits of a burst balloon—relics of her royal prerogative.

* * * * *

"I am lining my apartment with mirrors."

"Why?"

"I need *Lebensraum*."

* * * * *

The Elizabethans made formal gardens of hedges shaped into labyrinths, and played hide-and-seek in them. At home base, at the center of the labyrinth, was a table. On the table, a mirror.

* * * * *

Among the Paluba tribe, only the poor have mirrors. The rich don't need them—they have the poor.

Among the Abulap tribe, only the rich have mirrors. The poor don't need them—they have the rich.

* * * * *

"This mirror is out of order"

—In lipstick on a ladies'-room mirror

She could make love only with the aid of a full-length mirror. I was too distracted by pleasure to notice this for a while, but one night, as I caressed her back and thighs, clutched her buttocks, knelt and buried my face in her belly and muff, I realized that as she sighed, moaned and writhed, she was watching it all in the mirror. She saw in the mirror that I was watching her watch. We laughed.

Now we watch them together in the mirror every night. God, what beauty, what delight, what an exquisite circus of flesh and ecstasy. Strangely, the longer I watch, the less pleasure I feel myself. Sometimes I look, envy them, and wonder whether I will ever again feel as they do.

* * * * *

Determined at last to be loved and desired and admired exactly as he wished to be, he turned queer.

* * * * *

The Icelandic djinn Koki—small, agile and wizened—is said to stand behind each mirror, giving the razzberry to those who gaze into it. Gutmacher classes him among the maleficent spirits, but the French school consider him a wit.

When the queen asked, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is fairest of them all?" Koki named a younger woman. A modern mirror would say, "Given that the relativity of values in your cognitions in the area of image communications. . . ." Koki lives.

* * * * *

Silver, glass water, steel—only hard, cold elements reflect us. A new German magazine consisting entirely of leaves of reflecting aluminium foil. It is called *Du*.

* * * * *

Narcissus did not drown trying to embrace his image in the pool—that is a cautionary ending appended by later moralists. He simply grew old gazing at himself. But the divine pool continued to send back the image it had first received. He sprawled there—white hair tumbling over his ears and lips, myriad wrinkles on his face, fingers withered, dewlaps trembling—tender and rapt before the sweet youth he adored.

Drunk Boat

by Ruth Krauss

act one everyone is born
act two South Pole
act three West 86th Street
act four everyone contracts
act five everyone recovers
act six everyone dies

Act seven
because seven is a magic number
the torch carriers are waiting on the side

TORCH SONG

Life, the girls are wearing their skirts higher
and higher
for you
Life, at the South Pole the icebergs
are dancing for you
For you the film-makers are making films
And me I am writing a poem
for you
look! no hands—
I be carry for you torch great torch set on fire whole world
waterfalls green lightnings maelstrom
unlatched land and the tree that will become a violin
or perhaps a fence
Life, I am eyes full of accolades for you
my ocean
my moon
my horse

a great meadow appears
the clown riding a broomstick-with-wings comes
galloping over it
"Pardon me, Sir" he says to the broomstick
"I thought you was a horse"

the broomstick takes off from under
the clown and flies away

CLUNK MAN
Clunk!

wksotir4kc94nc,3!s,fm4idn5isj2dgjcsowlplsmgkdkld,c
sdfhjroffjyp40vmlflrpskeiosoxpelrjwjdotjsjggrisjgoeja;
a;wpdgmotkdijdjtnmclslwtncngqreutoyphlnxjskgnedkfor
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wpvmrigruthfurjsklc!3867sh9ejfjcjeou2-dkrofdldkgldkg
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plkmwedfvbtyhjmwsuikl.edrtghbnedyujm,tgil.yhyjmwsrgb
pl,ijokmygvijn6tfcuhbrdxgygvesztgfva5trfv4r9ikm2ws-pl
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eleneneveyebebeosocofogoeofoboiisiditviviryygnpwp
fls;wplmfmcodlepkckskwodncndhrywtwrvxbeke0294fnockek
s.xl.flfifutjy;s!zmchp qz,e2lxmpw,2-s,]0e9cmx,fkdmcl
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qptpwityeipurtioeppirytyeiwpwiewowpricedkfogvirowpdm
aslkrkikvktk6gkvkvkdckepw,dmvrndfnkxdelmdmfi forfl
20dockcmittjfcnchejwoqlakzmzndhryhtjggjgitjdmxllldm
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euvbrgnfkdpwkdmcgjrifjfovnwslsoo9ekemccslmsnwwkdkdkd
oqpa,z,xkdjfkexmfkfelfp;! .30d,ee!,dnfhctwike,lx.s'

(Untitled), by Tom Veitch



(Untitled), by Timm Ulrichs

A Greater Sorrow
an expanded story for Ray Johnson and Malka Safran

by Jackson Mac Low

This story has two parts. The first part might be left out but it explains a few particulars, we will relate it.

When it was windy, the choosy moss cover, lotus-throned and youngly, though reasonably, feathery, did not surprise Edward's grasping happiness. "Original one!" he exclaimed, "Make Michener's air objective and like Vajra-Dhāra! Nature, you embryo, effect, apicize, and succeed bewilderment! Is life a string? Or does New York practice a religion? Don't lead with riddles. Is contemplation enough? Nothing does not radiate respiration. Don't ask whether fullness is a growing thing or divided into sections."

Rays of renewal and Tibetan following simplified *Opuntia vulgaris*. I was staying once for a few days at a gentleman's house in the country while the master was absent. In the mean time, a lady called from the next town to see him, as she wished, she said, to dispose of shares in her tan-yard.

Appearing strict, the ionosphere individually pompadoured a cavern, saying "Come, psychologize with me!" She had her papers with her, and I advised her to put them in an envelope, and address them to the "General Commissary of War, Knight, etc."

"Rush and rest the gentleman," she answered. "Were you sent to be unusual?" My retention was not resultant though the people's plight was noticed. She listened attentively, and then seized the pen; hesitated, and then begged me to repeat the address more slowly. She did not rely on a hundred.

"Cover and multiply the present," I suggested. Like insects, we determined to enter and sap total dependence.

Partly because of the envelope, I reduced and Asianized the ooze, which had sugared, presided over maturely, regarded, and topped our emanations.

"Molecularly, do they solarize and effect moss?" I asked. Reached, their non-reading prostrated stakes. "Is Dorje-Chang a Sierra Iris? Don't stop invoking destinies," I prayed.

I did so, and she began to write, but when she got half through the words, she stopped and sighed deeply, and said, "I am only a woman."

"Egoistically, that is so," I replied, "but please don't compel me to incline and not dream! Keep perfecting eggs by voting."

She had a pug dog with her, and while she wrote Puggie seated himself on the ground and growled. "Don't let it be itself," I warned, ribbing her, of course. The intensity of her simmering was like that of the Germanies. I doubted whether she was transported by my embroidery of those passages. "Don't be surprised," I added. "Retreat names no navigation." She had brought him for his health and amusement, and it was not quite polite to offer a visitor only the bare floor to sit upon.

His radiation was especially translated and conveyed as an invitation. "Don't smooth it down," she pleaded. "Are externalities sheer as *Ectocarpus*?" I recorded this, ate, and marched to my cache.

"What is he?" I quipped, for Puggie had a snub nose, and he was very fat. Controlledly brushing his nature, she read about onions which interacted when they approached.

While rising, their reproduction contributed and increased eyes of limestone. "He doesn't bite," said the lady; "he has no teeth; he is like one of the family, very faithful, but sometimes glumpy. That is the fault of my grandchildren, they tease him so; when they play at having a wedding, they want to make him the bride's-maid, and he does not like it, poor fellow."

Like a prick, Vishwakarma saved and illustrated him: resuming, he smelled forever, compounded, necessitated, and internalized his cells.

"Obviate abandonedly, though assumingly, the sized, orange water bloom," he cried. She Americanized her established, lost, momentary, existential inspiration.

"Why become unconscious?" she requested. "The hazards of transformation are not exacting."

Life does not commune with surpassing Egyptians. "Don't realize it atmospherically," we admonished. "Do hits villainize *Iris fulva*?" She did not awaken.

"Have (and thus render immaculate) the *enlacée* gentleness for a telephone," he cracked. "What resemblance ought there be between a body which expresses very much more of the night than does a transmitter and the realization of an enlarged horizon? Should he pray for an Oriental? Separate and civilize! Let there be no mothering." Then she finished the writing, gave up her papers, and went away, taking Puggie on her arm.

The paths of right, they only, are not defined. "Don't let fun or contempt, essential as they are, demand a Copper Iris. Unite and become young." So it is written. And this ends the first part of the story.

II

"Let nineteen be organized and evergreened!" shouted the *Allium porrum*. It understood the home though Paris was avoided. "Let no large blue flag run equably," it continued. This was no vessel for its death box. Its home became a filament.

"Don't hate (eh?) the results of infectiously delighting or even evergreening Dr. Suzuki," it told me. "PUGGIE DIED. Let no Greek Egyptianize *Iris versicolor*." And that begins the second part.

"Furthermore, don't survive their recorded *Nirvana*. The exploitive ones refer to special hemp, like spiders." So spake the epicure. Her awareness was internally opened.

"Do no more spitting," the leadership ordered.

I arrived at the town about a week afterwards and put up at an inn. Her guardianship loftily Europeanized no rare-earth element. "Oh, is it Daddy?" she screamed. "What merit is there in their observance?"

"Enunciate no vows!" they responded. "Must we never be moving?"

"Let it not pertain to God," retorted the Kapok Tree; "Are they unable, on their own grounds, to husband the hateful dishes I made?"

"Was all that was lost nil?" they wondered; "Don't, by any means, appeal any farther to an urban planner's relationships. Let them enjoy no more liberty. Would you rather share him or extinguish him?"

"Don't land in the dark: stick to useful facts; and don't let that high frequency electromagnetize you." By these rays Robinson could show he was put out.

"Unfortunately, you mechanics must radiate in some complicated way," she pouted; "What is so epochal about *Micrococcus lysodeikticus*?"

The windows of the inn looked into a courtyard, which was divided into two parts by a wooden partition; in one half hung a quantity of skins and hides, both raw and tanned. It was evidently a tan-yard, containing all the materials required for tanning, and it belonged to the widow lady, Puggie's mistress. Explained, determined, and solarized, the latter's instinctive invalidation came to be studied not only there in the thirteenth region but throughout the whole land.

"Analogize!" she commanded; "Explain your resting languidly in the sack so the court may know how you electrified, responded to, and used those evergreen armloads. Avoid negativity (you usually do) before you use development."

Puggie had died the morning I arrived there, and was to be buried in the yard. "Electronicize them!" he yelled. Thus he made existence possible for her.

The grandchildren of the widow, that is to say, the tanner's widow, for Puggie had never been married, filled up the grave. It was a beautiful grave and must have been quite pleasant to lie in.

"Don't let the loftiness of 1958 subdue the tailor, eradicate the narcissus or simplify the national immutability," we stormed. The town was refreshed by an unpredictable South African, who Europeanized Saint Dymphna while embracing all the world. He extinguished the views of *Usitatissimum*.

"Divide what you need here without explanation," she beseeched.

They bordered the grave with pieces of flower-pots, and strewed it over with sand. "Act as he himself would!" they rejoined.

After *zazen*, they exchanged *mondōs*, as usual; however, although they agreed naturally, they also expressed doubt. "See everything," the mosses adjured, "Until you neutralize the elements, by the Sāṅkhya method, five will be neuter, after obtaining, as an outcome, the obscuration of Milarepa and the opening of men."

"An onion's horse chestnut must be a marsh marigold's lettuce," the *Nidula* explained to the *Narcissus tazetta*, the *Fouquiera splendens*, the *Ficus aurea*, and the *Melanthium virginicum*.

"Don't investigate or even recognize the objects of Western science, such as the external universe, the exposition of the editor's beliefs, the whence, or an adequate effort to start getting over psychology," they chorused in reply. In the centre they stuck half a beer bottle, with the neck uppermost, which certainly was not allegorical.

Undoubtedly, they could do this masterfully, for striving to support terrorism, if not to raise expectations without condescension, was part of everything they did. "Why look at us roughly and bring about a relationship?" they queried.

Then the children danced around the grave, and the eldest of the boys among them, a practical youngster of seven years, proposed that there should be an exhibition of Puggie's burial place, for all who lived in the lane. "Look at any of her hands," we implored; "Don't meet her car, but in New Haven let them, as vagabonds, hand out radicalism to the bitterly anticlerical peasants." Our farms were not in Paris. "And stop muttering about Algeria," I enjoined; "Eventually, you atoms, cease to electrify the fields resulting inside solids." The price of admission was to be a trouser button, which every boy was sure to have, as well as one to spare for a little girl.

Below zero, the "cold" neutrons were moving completely. "Don't meet the great unwillingly or carry a sinuous bank lightly as it grows

up," the *Bardo Thöдол* taught to some of them. This proposal was agreed to with great exclamations of pleasure. Doubtless conscious comprehension followed astrally when its magnetic connection was embodied in categories of stimuli made by the deceased. All the children from the street, and even from the narrow lane at the back, came flocking to the place, and each gave a button, and many were seen during the afternoon going about with their trousers held up by only one brace, but then they had seen Puggie's grave, and that was a sight worth much more.

Outside, Europe liked and regularized a drummer and left hypos which effectively radiated arrows more than frequently. "Is your present embarrassment unable to generate zeal despite the striking coincidence which lessened it numerically? Make the hundred little engineers navigate properly. None of the latter externalize themselves," she claimed. But in front of the tan-yard, close to the entrance, stood a very pretty little girl clothed in rags, with curly hair, and eyes so blue it was a pleasure to look into them. "How arrogantly is your glossary ravenous?" they demanded.

"Don't love the kindness of a blonde, personable, pleasant date, who is cultured and unprejudiced and has no elemental virtue," she recited. "Every mind is always due to the greatest attempts."

"Is something experienced behind the underworld?" I catechized.

"Don't cause a *Stephanodiscus* to become a Madonna Lily or transform the *Hippocastanaceae* into oats. Like the *Epilobium angustifolium* or the *Fagopyrum esculentum*, turn the *Sarcodes sanguinea*, the *Azotobacter*, and the India Rubber Plant into *Meliaceae*," we urged. So were our faculties, our two eyes and nostrils, neither tissues nor regions.

"Have a little on *me*," I proposed.

"Why, like a needle, anchor a snake?" he sounded. The child spoke not a word, nor did she cry; but each time the little door opened, she gave a long, lingering look into the yard.

"Is there never an effective *rapprochement* with luxury?" they pried. "Let the common buttercup become an oyster mushroom. Neither do the nitrate bacteria move the *Azotobacter* nor does the oak flower the *Filicinae*." Thus the Osage Orange intensified the Juniper while Churchill radiated tobacco-mosaic high into Sears's whiskers.

She had not a button, she knew that too well, and therefore she remained standing sorrowfully outside, till all the other children had seen the grave, and were gone away; then she sat down, covered her eyes with her little brown hands, and burst into tears.

"Don't nourish *Vijñānamaya*," we reminded her; "The last form

is conceptive, and though guarded, it was endowed with animated love which had been acquired by the long river when it was half-explored. So why should non-ego research among Gooneratne's *Papaveraceae*?"

"Don't convert an Osage Orange into a Fox Grape or reduce *Echinocereus mojavensis* and *Euchlaena mexicana* to *Onagraceae*," they contended.

"Does incarnation exist save when based on nothing?" she argued. "Let everybody perfect another night."

Solar activity rendered the coördination of energies relatively difficult. "Don't dream of going to the elements," it cautioned; "They do not proclaim their world foreign to the American organization, nor will they neutralize or exterminate their being in order to obliterate the United States." Viewed in a formless envelope, the latter were engaged in the dirt they gave out in the midst of a year.

Now gradually a structure was induced in the eye of Kalimpong. "Force the Osage Orange to transform the Wood Betony into *Kalmia angustifolia*," decreed the Ironweed; "and let *Rhus typhina* and *Melanthium virginicum* become ladies' tresses. But let a few, easy *Liliaceae* escape being remoulded into Large Blue Flags, Old Man's Beards, Mangroves, or Western Sugar Maples. After all, *Eucalyptus globulus* and *Allium triococcum* may observe and cultivate *Oenothera*."

"Don't skin these impressive archeologists, with their extensive northern culture," she entreated, for she was the only one who had not seen Puggie's grave. The orange and the elm seemed to be *Moraceae* rather than *Hippocastanaceae*. It was as great a grief to her as any grown person could experience. I saw this from above; and how many a grief of our own and others can make us smile if looked at from above?

And why were the riometers as near as days?

"Don't let the resisters rip their relatives' names from the leaflets," they clamored. "The Communist movement was nationalized by the leadership of the Soviet party."

"Don't outline an expansive water-course," I charged them; but Ludlow, harmonious yet, refused to unveil the conscious heavens or to spring above every rose peculiarity.

"Why become an unbreakable river of light?" he whispered; "Let your hydroquinone evaporate into every desert, lest need *make* swamps when it can't find them."

Yet it was curious that he found his roots on the surface of nature's mouths.

This is the story: and whoever does not understand it may go and purchase a share in the widow's tan-yard.

negations and contradictions can function as active forms

by José Luis Castillejo

Dialogue about Liberty

— No.

The Cold War

— Is there peace?	— Is there peace?	— Is there peace?
— Yes and no.	— Yes and no.	— No and yes.
— Is there war?	— Is there war?	— Is there war?
— Yes and no.	— No and yes.	— Yes and no.
— Is there peace?	— Is there war?	— Is there war?
— No and yes.	— Yes and no.	— Yes and no.
— Is there war?	— Is there peace?	— Is there peace?
— No and yes.	— Yes and no.	— No and yes.
— Is there war?	— Is there war?	
— No and yes.	— No and yes.	
— Is there peace?	— Is there peace?	
— Yes and no.	— No and yes.	

negations and contradictions can not function as active forms

—translated by Patricia M. Cloberty

No-Act Play

by Bill Knott

I'm sitting alone in my rented room.

A door knocks at the door.

I don't answer.

It goes away.

Later I leave the room, and go to my crummy job.

The door returns, and knocks again.

It is admitted.



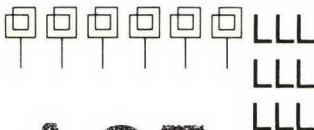
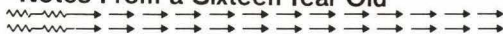
"Dear Dad:
"Dope potacidspeedmetheshitboojointtrippedreakfiend . . .
Timothy Leary is not a Lady Wrestler. And Geronimo wasn't George Washington's nephew. And that's not half of it, like you said. Flip Out. It all runs together, indivisible, etc. etc. from—if you can take it—the world in which we live. Real World. REAL WORLD. Our world, not yours. The world of everything, dream dance escape thought and blood. A machine has cranked us out. And our father doesn't know how to stop it, much less fix it. I know it scares you but it scares me too. It's not a NEW thing (how could you call A World thousands of



years old, new?) but it is (could it be a hidden, old, familiar with a new ring?). Yes. The Psychedelic World was what you called it—bring- ing to your mind a different picture than mine. "What is it all about?" you and others like and unlike you ask of me and of others. Well, one thing, it is all about; all around ever under and behind you and me. I'd like to show you this world, this world neither of us knows but the one in which I lovingly live. Its hold grows tighter each day. My World capturing yet freeing me from That World. You say it's a vise closing in on my rational processes; a delicious piece of sticky fly-paper drawing me until I'm stuck UPrightdownsideOUT. Your World. That World. Ohhhh, yes! I know it unlike I know anything else. But I don't like it. Let me not like it. It doesn't scare me, for life has been cast naked in That World. We've seen its bared skin marred scarred tarred and feathered. My World. The Next World? Standing before me and scar- ing me and making me wonder about whether I really know and care about the what and why of my doing and activities in This World. You've locked us out of That World (presuming rather presumptu- ously that we had a wish to get in) with loving sternness and killing terms. There's a LOVE in MY WORLD for the new exciting land that was always far off the map in fifth grade geography. Things aren't always knowable and certain and stifling. To walk through it is its essence, so, Dad, let's TAKE A TRIP."



Notes From a Sixteen Year Old



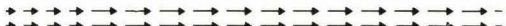
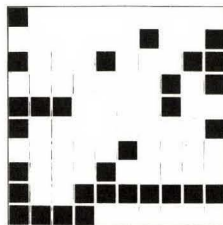
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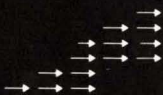


Transition: Notes from a Sixteen Year Old, by J Marks

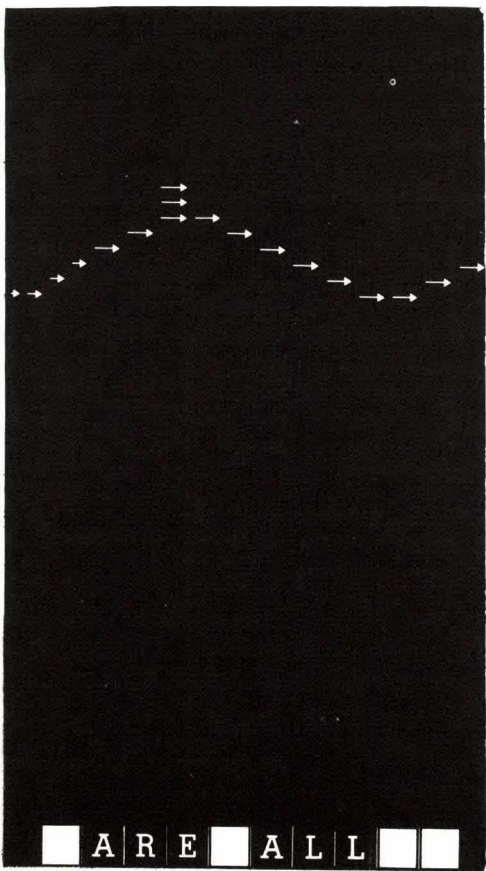


A Search Into The
Human Universe
Of Mind and Senses...
An alteration
In Technique:
But the Message
Is the Same.
"Enjoy What You Are"

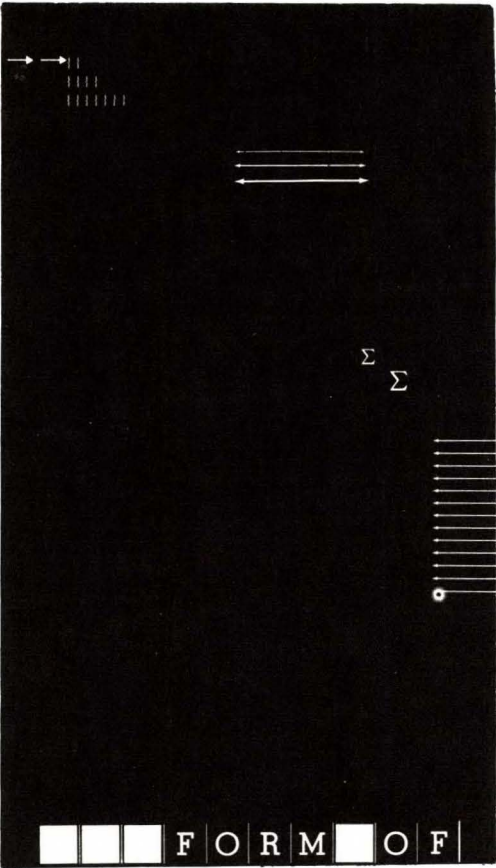




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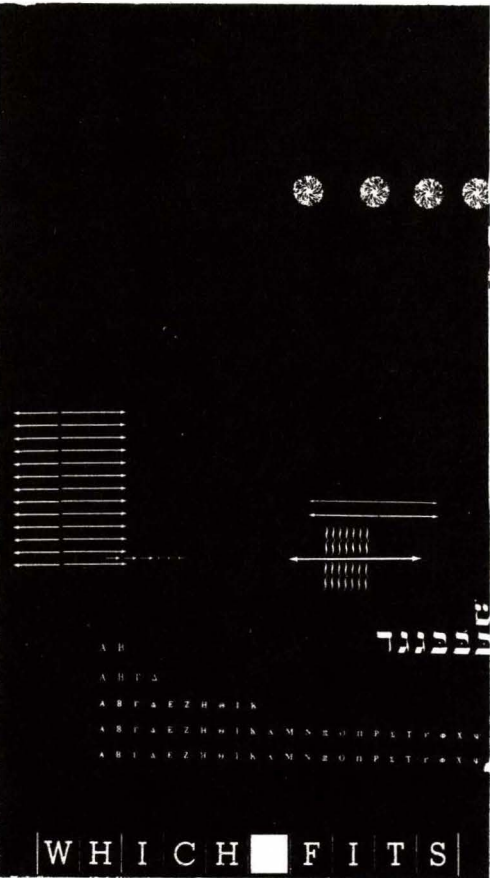


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DEVOTION

*"For The Forest To Be Green, The Trees
Must Be Green."*

*"The Natural State Of Man
Is Joy."*







יחרחה



W O N D E R

	S	T	R	A	N	G	E	L	Y
E	N	O	U	G	H		W	E	
	A	R	E		A	L	L		
S	E	E	K	I	N	G		A	
			F	O	R	M		O	F
	D	E	V	O	T	I	O	N	
W	H	I	C	H		F	I	T	S
	O	U	R		S	E	N	S	E
	O	F							
				W	O	N	D	E	R

Clipping

by Tom Veitch

Good morning all
you friends and nay-
bors out there, this is
my happy new poem
of the happy new day

Today I think I
will dine with Toshi
minuto and reside at
role for about 24 hou
as a alternative.

Plans for particip
is still in formation
nine miles from Color
but that's o.k. my boy
fs day became the fir
first woman to be swo
I weighed this decisi
That's the way be do
Mr. Spada's wife, Ann
you compete in Mrs. A
7; Teresa 5; Christop
I cried at the end wh
the little girl was t
away from her little
friend Michel. How
sad, sometimes I wish
they didn't make movi
like that, only ones
stake in an election
clared, is an interna
and all that.

Remember me to
Paulette when you see
her, will you please?

DASHING FROM DON TO TIOLI

by Raymond Federman

this story will now tell itself alone without the support of the person (pronominal or otherwise) which gave it movement composure and identity (HERE) it will move therefore without efforts by a simple horizontal accumulation—but vertical also—of signs and facts which by process of surcharging upon one another will decipher themselves left to right but also top to bottom because to come back (retrace) to the place or space where closed was the story upon the threshold (DON) vision imperfect of course of AMERICA (summary of other journeys) even if to repeat take it or leave it double or nothing (same point) first then three or four (at most) scenes hardly a displacement (IF) fear anguish cries silence with people in a room (imaginary with a table

and a chair) explained related conditionally every detail (all) that was needed to survive from calculations true (but which could have been false) the story (TIOLI NOW) for a while launched on a period of 365 days (or boxes) alone (without salt or sugar) in the room (without mirrors) at a precise moment seeming(ly) but (obvious)ly situated before if had to begin on October 1st the calculations made (and unmade) the 30th of September first with the price (verified and predicted) of the room (furnished) then the noodles (never forget the noodles—an entire existence of noodles) in boxes (calculated but also designed) coffee salt toothpaste toothbrush cigarettes (two packs a day) toilet paper writing paper chewing gum typewriter (used of course to specify and the little screw falling off) and the story three persons at the tip of the fingers hardly sketched the second locked and bearded inventing the third while the first records faithfully (what is to record if not to note from left to right top to bottom) all possible contours of the story the writing thoughts digressions inventions of second person (noodler) what is said proposed calculated done and even undone the scenes crisscrossing voiding the movement of a look (a vision) upon AMERICA when from the upper deck of the boat (Statue of Liberty above the shoulder of a girl) where an old man polyglot with red tie without a hat waits for the young man (third person shy) to become the main protagonist (19 years old) dressed in a grey double-breasted (outmoded) suit a step forward and thus the crisscrossing of noodles (365 boxes) a measure of time symbolically assume the space of the scenes (three or four at the maximum) the waves on the shore (and the heart) the girls on the upper deck the Statue of Liberty the arrival of the boat music the old man (wifeless) without even a car the subway ride (dirty long look between the legs spread apart wide of a negress) family scene in the BRONX (here) first door (down the corridor) on the left and there the feeling of culpability after the masturbatory gesture (TIOLI NOW) metaphor of the second version discovery of AMERICA (thirty days) and another journey before dying (writing love letters five dollars each) about 300 miles north of New York a typical (inevitable) error (go to hell) and there waits for the music to begin not a moment to waste an exaggerated story sitting on the sofa (same version) to be (told) recited aloud standing or sitting on the sofa with flowers remembering a moment of youth (memory of the father also polyglot and surrealist) a sentimental passage (about politics on Sunday) which recalls the days of the first version double or nothing DON game poker tennis dice and

roulette as well as screwing the money must come from somewhere (even an illusion) borrowed perhaps but the STORY (in spite of all) progresses (HERE in the middle of a page) since all fiction is digression retold tale (used words) but the story moves along without efforts word after word by a mere accumulation of signs and facts but without real understanding stood on the upper deck that the boat will never arrive and yet the journey progresses in spite of the sofa told of course in the conditional tense (always) days of calculations in two languages/ FRENCH-ENGLISH/ additions lists diagrams endless procrastinations the acrobat of fiction but other images (symbolic of course) suitcases or closets rooms (furnished) typewriters a whole life DASHING—but will others come to participate (a whole life) NOTHING three four scenes a slight displacement (the scenes not necessarily in sequence) no order no logic quite accidental even if (CARD GAME—Poker) first by bus or train and the night shift at CHRYSLER hands bleeding third version to come (the young man waiting in a void—the void of his outmoded suit double-breasted grey—his future existence) simple calculation (UP & DOWN) hardly visible (the other is the same) recordings sounds hardly audible (but designed nonetheless) must be emphasized everything ends everything begins again only the young girl (blond) with the Statue of Liberty beyond her left shoulder the sky grey indicates the passage of (the presence) the old man (journalist) a few tears behind rimless (or seemingly) glasses (polyglot) all three together (AMERICA) fat obscene female legs spread wide apart on the edge of the sink (mother) friends noodle after noodle (box after box) playing the saxophone (tenor/alto) night after night sleepless with erotic dreams counting the pages (the boxes also) the horses on the wall each of them with a number to remember better (cut in two sometimes) since the curtains will eventually (conditionally) remain closed therefore no natural light 365 days (each marked by the rhythm of the typewriter—the little screw falling off) loss of time in the middle of a page (approximately on the 270th 280th day) a slightly different version (TIOLI NOW) the second person locked and bearded (noodle eater noodler) cornered in the middle screw driver in hand starting out in his car superhighway through Washington and up to New York rain on the windows (grey sky of course) a woman waits the telephone rings (memory of lampshades—X X X X—exterminated) on the sofa impossible to make love on the sofa (without forgetting the girl) without remembering the journey from east to west and vice versa (with the

flowers) DASHING always in his grey outmoded suit (with wings now) proudly legs crossed not to reveal—HERE—the triangular jungle dark above the stockings feeling stupid in the bathroom pants down going in soft like cream cheese (feeling to explain SUMMARY) the father gone to a baseball game with the sister the others laughing at him because the curious voice (the ACCENT rather) was laughable all of them farmers or hillbillies ignorants brutes animals of all the corners of AMERICA (at least five dollars a letter—with samples 0-0-0 at least six or seven letters per week) in the room (without any natural light) noodles only three persons (only one of course having existed) all the others (firmly entranced) waiting to become at the tip of the fingers on the machine (if not on the 270th day surely one day—any day—the 280th day) sitting on the chair successive stories smoking two packs a day cancer of the lungs ass on the chair legs spread apart (literature) telling a story scratching one's head banging on the table with one's fingers on the wall with one's head paper table fingers to pass the time (invent) when it rains a 1948 BUICK special black full speed towards Washington full speed now (top to bottom) towards the music at the BLUE BIRD (jazz of course) while whistling and the friends (friends of his mother) some of them on the sink's edge more or less involved (Sunday's politics) on the left on the right slight displacement to sleep well & eat well (and once in a while screw) the easy life political parades speeches slogans fist tight and songs (cops too) THE INTERNATIONAL the masses (cops with sticks tear gas) Place de la République under the wheels of cars—head cut open—virgin (very soon) on Sunday and movies too on 42nd Street (three times a day) bleeding in her panties without breathing without efforts progressing (by a simple accumulation from left to right but also from top to bottom) DASHING without composure movement identity DASHING (at the pronominal level) suddenly from one parenthesis to another tale told and retold (fictive digressions) DON or TIOLI similar versions (at most three or four scenes) in sequence accidental or random NOW without (however) forgetting the noodles (sum) the boxes (summit) final summary of the story the horses (numbered) without explaining the little screws falling off on the 270th 280th days for what to remember TIOLI or possibly forget TIOLI and go on to another version (UP & DOWN) and designs a slight displacement just to be able to go on just to be able to let the story go on without efforts horizontally and vertically by a simple acc



Alternatives to Memory, by Jochen Gerz



Duration Piece #16

Global*

by Douglas Huebler

This piece is designed to begin on the occasion of the death of its owner and to continue from that time into infinity.

By satisfying the conditions described below the owner will guarantee his transcendence into an immortal physical existence that will actually constitute the true form of this work.

- I. Necessarily a male he must otherwise meet every qualification established for donors to 'banks' that create human life through artificial insemination.
- II. He will arrange for the storage of his spermatozoid in an amount sufficient to successfully impregnate ten willing young women as soon as possible after his mortal existence ceases.
- III. He will provide for his issue by establishing a trust fund whose executor will administer the selection of the mothers and the payment, to each, of 10,000 Dollars a year for 21 years, after which time the entire principal remaining in the fund will be divided equally between the surviving offspring.

January 1970

* This statement will constitute the only form of this piece until the death of the owner.

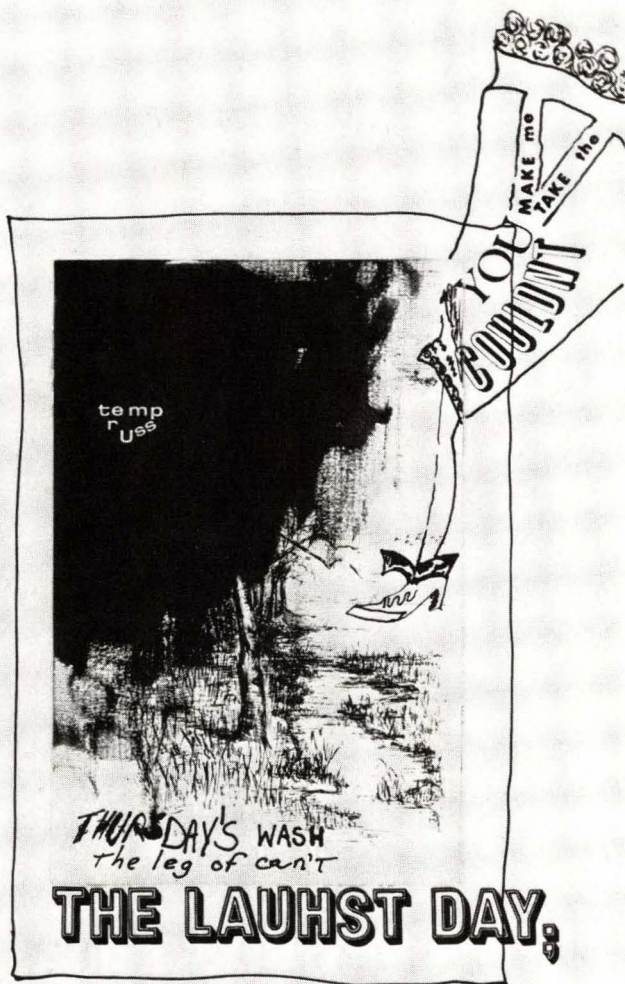
IT WAS A WEDNESDAY. I WAS IN THE SIXTH GRADE. I
OVERHEARD DAD SAYING TO MOTHER, "GET READY:
WE'RE GOING TO NEW ZEALAND SATURDAY." I GOT
READY. I READ EVERYTHING I COULD FIND IN THE
SCHOOL LIBRARY ABOUT NEW ZEALAND. SATURDAY
CAME. NOTHING HAPPENED. THE PROJECT WAS NOT
EVEN MENTIONED, THAT DAY OR ANY SUCCEEDING
DAY. _John Cage, «SILENCE» (1961).

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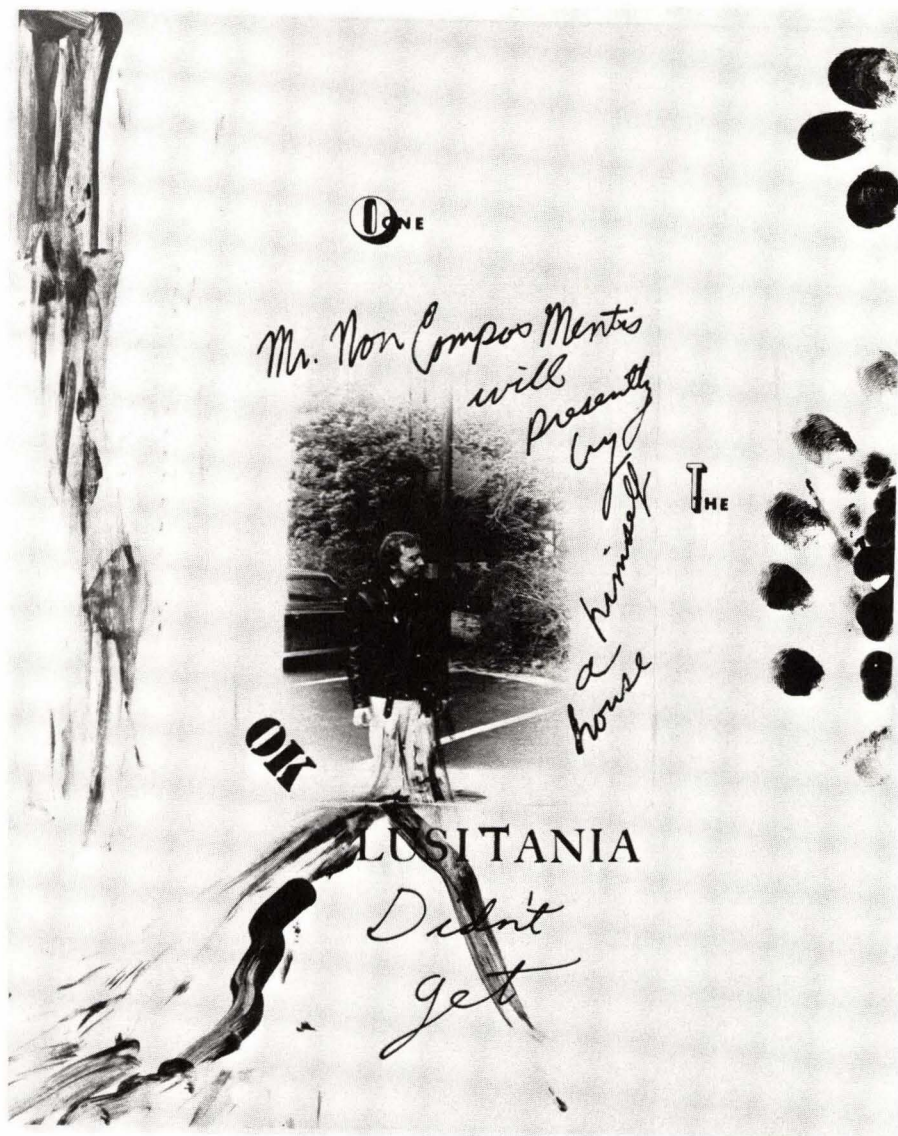
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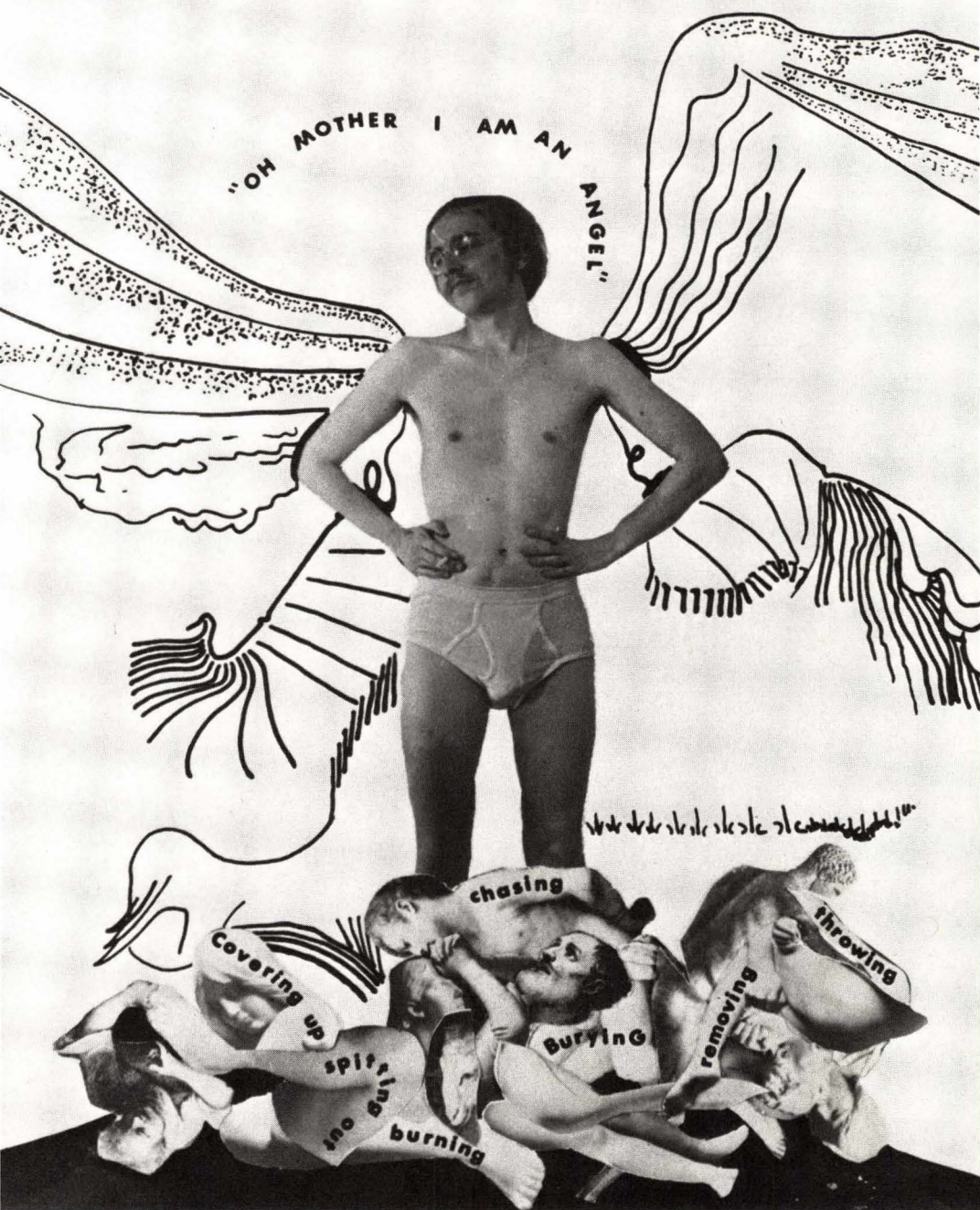


Springtime on the Pawtucket

by Tom Ahern







(Untitled)

by Nicholas Zurbrugg

wind

chasing

dog

chasing

chasing

wind

dog

chasing

chasing

wind

chasing

dog

an opera

by Emmett Williams

yes, it was still there. shutting his eyes would not make it flee once he opened them again. it had no father, no mother, yet there it was, just as he had conceived it between the unwritten sheets. he stroke it gently, then lifted it tenderly to the night table, where he placed it, without spilling a drop of its efficacy, plop in the middle of a folded kleenex. it was sweating, so he wiped it with his index finger. alas! the dot was gone. there was no mistaking it as he bent closer and saw the stump, the bare stump of the i without its head. it had lost itself in the grain of the wood. he sprang out of bed and switched on the overhead light. covering his nakedness from the newborn invalid with his left hand, he lifted everything off the table with his right and placed the objects, one by one, as they were on the tabletop, onto the bed. with his free hand he went over every inch of the tabletop. to no avail. he bent down and licked the table, licking from left to right, right to left, up and down and back again, slowly, then frantically, feverishly, in and out faster and faster, coating the surface with saliva and sweat. he pulled his tongue back in suddenly. he rushed up to the mirror and thrust it out. he could see nothing unusual. but the painful throbbing spread. he looked at it again. no dot. now his teeth hurt, too. his lower jaw. left ear. he fled to the end of the hall, where the young woman lived, and entered without knocking.

"wake . up . . wake . . . up," he implored.

her left eye opened, then the right. "what do you want at this ungodly hour?"

"you must come with me quickly," he pleaded.

"pull yourself together, man. get under the cover and catch a little sleep."

"but you must come with me at once"

"you can't be that hard up."

"you don't understand it's my tongue my teeth my"

gums my
 left ear
 and
 it's spreading
 to
 my throat
 help!
 me do
 something
 pull
 it out
 pull
 it
 out
 please
 help me
 ”

“calm down a bit, for pity's sake. what is it you want me to pull out?”

“look
 at it
 do
 you
 see
 it
 ?”

“i see a tongue, that's all i see. now look, i don't even know who you are. either cool off and get in bed with me for a little while or go back where you came from. i just hit the pad and i intend to get some more sleep.” she rolled over and pulled the pillow over her head.

“you're
 a
 murderer
 ”

she sat up suddenly. “how do you know?”

“how
 do
 i
 know
 what
 ?”

"how do you know that i killed him?"

"i

. couldn't

. care

. less

. about

.

. whom

. you've

. killed

.

. but

. unless

. you

.

. help

. me

. get

.

. the

. dot

.

off

. my

. tongue

.

. it

. will

.

. die

.

. "

"what are you talking about? what will die?"

"come

. with

.

. me

. and

.

. i'll

. sh

ow you

she pulled herself out of bed. "all right, let's go", she said wearily. "i won't get any peace with you in this state of mind."

"but you're

 naked

 !"

"so are you."

"but you're

 a

 woman

 !"

"and so? you've got more to hide than i have, if that's what's worrying you. and why on earth do you keep your left hand down there? cold?"

"we'd better

 hurry

 "

she followed him down the hall.

"here it

 is

 "

"it's lovely. good-looking. well proportioned. sleek. graceful, too. it's lovable and pettable. succulent and rapturous. winning and winsome. it's bewitching, fascinating, captivating, enervating—and so gallant. it's adorable, wooable, kissable, clutchable, eatable, hearable, feelable, yearn-

able. why, it's almost discernible. what is it?"

"don't you

 see

 anything

 wrong

 with

 it

?"

"offhand, i don't. it looks all right, and it feels all right, though it's a little slippery, and a mite rough to touch. like a sparrow. the sweet little thing. may i kiss it?"

"look

 closely

"

"o dear, it is strange, isn't it, when you get closer to it. it smells like—like cheese, maybe? or nasturtiums? dried nasturtium leaves, perhaps? but it's a clean smell. and look right there. it looks like it lacks something. yes, i'm sure it isn't exactly the way it ought to be."

"do

 you

 see

 that

?"

"that?"
 "that

"

"what happened there?"

"well

as

i

was

wiping

it

the

dot

fell

off

"you say the dot fell off?"

"yes

"i don't believe it."

"it's

on

my

to

ngue

and

the

.....

 pain

..... is

..... killing

..... me

..... ”

“let me look again”. she pushed back his head and bent down to him.
 “open wide, now, like a good boy. stick it out as far as you can. more. as
 far as you can”. she pinched it.

“ouch

..... ”

“did i hurt you? i didn’t mean to. hold on to me if it hurts. see, it’s
 better now. keep it there. no, stick it out as far as you can. ah, that’s better,
 that’s better, that’s wonderful, keep it there, that’s perfect. keep it there,
 keep it there, there. ah, that’s it, that’s the boy. don’t breath on me so hard,
 it clouds up my glasses”.

“hurry

..... up

..... ”

“i was right, i was right. there’s no dot on your tongue at all. What
 did i tell you?”

“look

..... again

..... ”

“it’s no use, i tell you, there’s no dot there. but it is a peculiar color.”

“red

.....?"

"black."

"good

..... god

.....

..... then

..... it

.....

..... is

..... serious

.....

..... but

.....

..... what

..... do

.....

..... i

.....

..... care

.....

..... about

.....

..... me

.....

..... it's

.....

..... the

poor

stump

i'm

worried

about

99

"if that's all that's worrying you, then you might as well go on back to sleep, because there's nothing radically wrong with the stump at all."

“but

it

S

head

fell

off

22

“nonsense. the head couldn’t possibly have fallen off. it couldn’t have fallen off because it wasn’t attached to it. how could it possibly have fallen off? now if it had been the crossbar of the t, the hole of the o, the spine of the h or the ball of the b, then you’d really have something to worry about. but the dot of the i? nothing, absolutely nothing to get hot and bothered about.”

"are

.. you

. certain

....?"

"of course i'm certain. the only thing you have to worry about is your tongue. but i think i know what the trouble is and what we can do about it."

"what

.....?"

"well, you say you licked up the dot. that's a. b, there's no doubt about it because the color itself is symptomatic. c, your tongue can distinguish the forest from the trees, to put it bluntly, because, d, how can you tell the dancer from the dance, to call a spade a spade? e, the dot, consequently, is non-dot and the nondot dot, in which case, f, quis custodiet ipsos custodes? for surely, g, your tongue is the dot and the dot your tongue. consequently, h, it is a tongue-dot and a dot-tongue:

that is why, k, it is black and not red, black and not green, black and not blue, black, not aquamarine, not mauve, but black, not pistachine, nor, l, can you blame it for doing what it did, because, m, you freed it; n, it freed itself; o, the stump freed it and in freeing it lost it—which you found, although it was never, p, yours nor, q, his nor, r, hers nor, s, theirs. which makes it clear, t, that, putting two and two together, you reproduced it, and, u, it reproduced you! for, v, although the mere duality of its totality is all that infected you, it is necessary, w, to embrace its absolute before, x, its absolute embraces you, thus, y, drying up the sap, the lymph, the elastic fluid, so to speak, that can build the bridge over which you will be free to cross and be made whole again. before which, of course, you must, z, take my hand in yours to seal a gentleman's agreement. no, your left hand. that's the how "

"why the pain's all gone! it doesn't hurt at all! not an iota! it feels better than ever before. you're great, you're wonderful, you're marvelously efficacious. and i don't even know your name. isn't that delicious—after all you've done for me i don't even know your name. but tell me one thing—why didn't you stick in the i and the j?"

"oh dear bel eve someth ng b t me t's t ckl ng me t burns t's eat ng

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

ts way nto me t's scratch ng t's k ll ng me qu ck qu ck do someth ng

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

i

stop t stop t."

i

i

"i'm coming, i'm coming."

Letterpress belongs to the past. The future belongs to photogravure printing and to all photomechanical processes. In this way, the former fresco-painting is cut off from the new typography, e.g., advertisement pillars and poster-walls.

You should demand of the writer that he really presents what he writes; his ideas reach you through the eye and not through the ear. Therefore, typographical form should do by means of optics what the voice and gesture of the writer does to convey his ideas.—El Lissitzky, *Typographical Facts* (1925).

Report from Three Feet Under

by Robin Magowan

I have always written to make myself happy. I put down the rocks and see to it that they lead somewhere, a tree, some quiet. So, I have trouble understanding why people might prefer an unenlightened group like the Stones to the Beatles. I say this because recently I had the misfortune to take an overdose of a drug. I swallowed, and twenty minutes later there I was.

Under the sea. Where I stood, deeply involved in the long irregular mountains, the day of glass, the stars, the pitchforks coming down on

me like rain, a grayblue slanting rain that beat with an almost diarrhetic, totally intestinal speed. It was this sensation of speed I found terrifying. Any faster and I'd then and there go mad—off to gravy and beyond. I could even so, I realized, still quicken it. By being stupid enough to laugh aloud, or hear someone beside me laugh. This laughter, when it came, appeared in ricocheting bursts like a machine gun, or a champagne christened ship. It rattled and knocked so it seemed a corpse's death rattle. Whereupon all doors would suddenly open and I'd be no more. A gash. A shutter knocking in the gray blue of a deserted house.

To keep alive I not only had to forbid all speech from anyone—speech in such circumstances easily turns to laughter—but I had also to exercise an entirely new patience. To see my bed on which I sat as the mere violently rolling ship it was. The world outside it was the world of noise, and this at all cost I had to avoid. I wanted to go to the bathroom but couldn't—for that sake alone. Not the flushing—that could be gotten round—but the sound, the waterfall roar of piss emitted. So no decamping. You don't get off a boat when it's in mid-ocean. I let this thought buoy me up in these wastes where there was no food and I sat like a monk, cold, shivering, worried about the speed of the great white lunar plateau which I saw myself as inhabiting. The way was all around me: a fat glass; a moon. It had tacked on it an inhospitable NO ANCHOR HERE sign.

This was all I saw. The sea-bottom depth, the uninterestingness, the time between thoughts and their commonness, all depressed me. Rimbaud of the *Season in Hell* came to mind, first as someone I could emulate, then with compassion as I saw with what alacrity he must have given it up. 'It's all in the mind,' I told myself. Still I had only to close my eyes for the chains, the jangling terror, to reassert itself. The chains were the speed, dizzying, frenetic, at which the underwater angles of light moved, taking all before them, dissolving me to a song:

I'm a pig
 I'm a gentle antelope
 I'm a pig
 I'm a gentle antelope
 I'm a pig
 I'm a gentle antelope

At first the repetitions stabilized. But as they went on I felt inexorably caught in the schizophrenic glue of what I had created.

In my terror I took to being peremptory like a sultan in the Time of Evil. I was drowning and I was shivering; I needed a ballroom blaze of light; I was afraid to fall asleep because of the fantasies I'd uncover in that land, all alone and unprotected. The only real sultan is a child aged six, and this one, simplified to that, had eyes only for the step-mother in bed beside him, the drowning day, the wolves that were sure with nightfall to come under the dying embers of the covers. Hate and love, the need for space—a cool, glassy, lake blue space—struggled within me, while like an invalid I sought to rearrange the bed, find some position that would stay the crowding terrors, the creams, golds, and shooting satins of David's Napoleon as it, too, conspired to invade the precinct.

I looked and the lamp was mine.

It was in the course of that night I understood how much talking was acting: the taking on of a role and playing it out to where by some invariable miracle the pose affected turned and touched some realer, more authentic me. This was not the truth come to, but rather a confirmation of the acting: that it wasn't shallow. I knew this because the moments of turning back and touching were not signs of a recurring, in-spite-of-everything grace so much as sheer applause; to be accompanied by a tilting of the head and a putting forth of the eyes, "Brilliant?" This yoyo of conversation—actor and self—I was that night to become aware of. However beguiling the fountain play it was, terribly expensive. There had to be simpler ways to proceed, to be me.

These were long hands and long minutes. I stayed with them as I had never stayed with anything in my life: a forest of silk where you glazed the dawn, a Tibetan manuscript might have worded it. Total concentration—absence of desire—charity. Spinning road, and at the gulf end whom I might be, if made clear to myself.

The trick for this new 'I' would be to see all of my life as part of this one concurrent strand of time for which I was now the spokesman. Sometimes the speeding forest crossed a light; sometimes it went gray again, and a fox appeared, trotting evenly. To be honest would be to keep that speeding swirl always in view, to be that 'me,' the yellow-eyed, not so gifted owl of my own inmost terror. There were two roads in the world, and the one that went down also contained its share of wisdom, of self-knocking. At the bottom of the sea I could be the rock.

Still I had to wait. The more I looked up, tried to, the more I found myself looking down, immersed in one or another self-pitying pool.

Coitus 80

by J. G. Ballard

During their evenings together in the apartment

The female breast—reduction mammoplasty. The reduction in size of the female breast presents a surgical challenge of some magnitude, particularly if the nipple is to be retained as an oral mount. Many considerations should be taken into account: the age of the patient, the degree of enlargement, whether the condition is one of pure hypertrophy, and finally the presence of any pathology in the breast itself. Pedicle operations are best avoided, and amputation with transposition of the nipples as free grafts is adopted as the procedure of choice. In dealing with very large breasts in younger subjects, it may be necessary to reduce the huge volumes of breast tissue in two stages. It should always

be borne in mind that after the age of 30 years breast tissue may behave in a very unfortunate manner.

Vaughan became increasingly aroused

Location of the nipple. The most important step before reduction mammoplasty is to ascertain carefully the site proposed for the new nipple. Measurements must be made in the ward before the operation with the patient sitting up. Steadying the breast with one hand, the assistant draws a line directly down to the nipple itself. The new nipple should fall on this line $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the suprasternal notch. The nipples should be checked to ensure that they are not more than 8 inches apart. The entire skin of the chest wall is then cleaned with soap and water and wrapped in sterile towels.

by the body of the young woman.

It is possible to perform the whole operation with the knife only. An incision is carried straight down from the nipple to the submammary sulcus, allowing the breast skin to be turned back as flaps. The breast should then be brought forward and laid on a board of wood. A large breast knife is carried down from above, cutting very close to the nipple. The remaining tissue of the breast is then folded round to judge whether the breast forms an acceptable shape. Care should be taken with the sutures. A suture wrongly inserted here may pull the nipple too far laterally. The skin covering is now arranged to fit snugly over the newly formed breast. The result is a roughly repaired wound from the new nipple down to the inframammary sulcus. It remains merely to bring the nipples out through a new hole, at the chosen position above the vertical suture line. Having found where the nipple is going to lie most comfortably and with the most desirable appearance, a circle of skin is excised. The nipple is then sutured into this circle. The operation is a lengthy one and very often causes surgical shock.

Their acts of intercourse were marked

The sutures around the nipple are removed in 7 days. The breast must be firmly bandaged to the chest wall, using a many-tailed bandage, firm pressure being applied to the lower half of the breast. It will be some time before the breast reaches its final proportion and shape. The patient's brassiere should have a deep section and the cups should be of adequate size. Subtotal amputation with transplantation of the nipple

is reserved for very large breasts. There should be no urgency about trimming scar lines or operating on the new breast until at least six months have passed.

by an almost seraphic tenderness

Augmentation mammoplasty has proved extremely satisfactory in relieving the chronic anxiety caused to many women by flat or asymmetric breasts. With the patient lying on her front, two elliptical incisions are marked out on the right and left buttocks, running upward from the natal cleft. Each ellipse should be 3 inches wide and 7 to 8 inches in length. A huge wedge of skin with the underlying fat is then removed. The wound is closed in two layers; drainage is advised. The patient is then turned on her back, and the breasts are thoroughly cleaned and towelled off.

An incision is made in the inframammary sulcus on each side, down to the deep fascia under the breast. The fat grafts from the buttocks are pressed into the wounds in such a way that the dermal surface faces toward the wound. The incision is then closed with interrupted sutures.

transits of touch and feeling

Finding the vagina. The more contact one has with the many types of vagina involved, the more confused one becomes. It is preferable therefore to confine oneself to the technical problem of investigating and finding a vagina, should one be present. Experience suggests that where a vagina is being sought, a laparotomy may also be necessary. With one assistant working from the abdominal cavity and the other from the rectum, each can assist the other, particularly where there is difficulty in finding a vagina that may well be absent.

as serene as the movements of a dune.

Many ingenious attempts have been made to construct a vagina with loops of intestine, or with flaps from the thigh. In general, the epithelial mould-inlay technique is the safest and most effective procedure. The essential point in the operation is to have prepared a hollow mould of perspex or vulcanite measuring 5 by 2½ inches, approximate in shape to that of an erect penis and, if possible, with a tube of reasonable width running down its entire length. The patient is placed in the lithotomy position and a thin graft is cut from one thigh, sufficient to wrap around the mould. A transverse incision is then made in the

perineum and a plane reached between the bladder and rectum which is opened up until a tunnel of dimensions adequate to take the mould has been formed. The formation of the tunnel requires great care if the rectum and urethra are not to be damaged. The labia minora are then incised at the introitus and sutured together across the lower end of the mould, leaving a small opening posteriorly for the escape of any discharge. Every effort must be made after the operation to see that the mould cannot be extruded.

Outside, the traffic on the flyover

The period during which the mould is retained by the patient varies a good deal with the degree of graft 'take.' With a good 'take' the graft contracture is even all around the mould and there is less tendency to extrusion. Even so, it is difficult to persuade the patient to hold on to her mould for more than 3 months. Having decided that the mould can be discarded, the union of labial tissue below the mould must be divided, the mould removed and careful cleaning of the new cavity performed. Tendency to further contracture is difficult to control. The only sure way is the physiological one of regular intercourse, and often this is felt to be tedious, undignified and ineffective by the patient. The ultimate results of this procedure with regard to sexual function are unknown.

mediated an exquisite and undying eroticism.

Penile hypospadias—before any attempt is made to perform a reconstruction on this group of cases, careful attention must be paid to the sexing of the patients. As often as not, the penis far more resembles a clitoris and, although large, it is completely hooded over and bound down. The scrotum is usually cleft and often empty. The straightening procedure must always be performed well ahead of any attempt to reconstruct the canal, and may or may not be accompanied by a meatotomy. The cosmetic result of this operation is not always perfect. There may well be an excess of tissue at the distal end of the penis resembling a wing on either side of the shaft. At least 6 months should be allowed for the patient to get over the worry about re-admission to the hospital. These wings can then be trimmed away and the organ made to look more shapely.

In the experience of this surgeon, skin is never in short supply.

Where Does Truth Lie?

by Marvin Cohen

Ah, the truth, what a thing it is! I sacrifice so much for it, with people: I forego, for truth's sake, discretion, loyalty, diplomacy, tact, polite manners, elegance, grace, poise, balance, good taste, conformity, image-role, fashionableness, polish, confidences, promises, ambition, consistency, identity, clarity, comprehensibleness, good will, hypocrisy, and lots of other things—a mass sacrifice, at truth's altar. God!—is truth worth it?! I *hope* it is. It *better* be, in fact.

A lie is the truth in masquerade? But the truth may be a *lie* in masquerade, too. In what direction does the truth lie? It lies in *many* directions, I think. Even now, the truth is lying—somewhere. The truth is *always* lying. Its life is hard, but it doesn't take it lying down—for the truth lies straight ahead—it lies just out of sight. And so, it's changing, in motion. To catch itself lying.

Goodbye, gentle truth. Time for someone *else* to take up your cause. Me, I'm headed for fiction—your other self.

- 1.) The words in the printed sheet are learned by sight, not by hearing.
- 2.) Ideas are communicated through conventional words, the idea should be given form through the letters.
- 3.) Economy of expression—optics instead of phonetics.
- 4.) The designing of book-space through the material of type, according to the laws of typographical mechanics, must correspond to the strains and stresses of the content.
- 5.) The design of the book-space through the material of the illustrative process gives reality to the new optics—the supernaturalistic reality of the perfected eye.
- 6.) The continuous page-sequence—the bioscopic book.
- 7.) The new book demands the new writer. Inkstand and goose-quill are dead.
- 8.) The printed sheet transcends space and time. The printed sheet, the infinity of the book, must be transcended.

THE ELECTRO-LIBRARY

—El Lissitzky, *Typography of Typography* (1923)

A Worn Slang

by Marvin Cohen

A colloquialism wrenched a joint, so it had to wear a slang.

When it healed, it discarded the slang—literally slung it away—but stopped being colloquial: it became formal.

What formality!—for what was so formerly colloquial!

The formality wrenched a joint: now it wears a sling.

So it slinks away, injury and all, to heal.

Once healed, the formality reverts to becoming colloquial: which is the prerogative of *any* language. *Any*. Name one.

THINGS I WILL NEVER DO

Carole Spearin McCauley

PLOT FORMAT:	HAIL MARY AIRLINES	Uninhabitable as abend dump
	WE FLY LOWER AND SLOWER	Mildewed as randydevil
	- for Zeni	Found in the pond icewhite
	in memory of Chrysta and Penny→	Frigid as shotgun
	Giselle and Sara→	Rigid as rainstain
		Dead as weak tea

HOW FORMAT:

JAY→ON→OUR→WAY
A CLEVER GODDESS QUICKLY SEDUCES INTO THE FEMINISM;
REDCOLD AS FEVER;
A KAY-NINE ROPESNARE AGAIN FISHFOOTS INTO THE HAPPENTHING;
HOW?
HEALINGLY FUZZILY WILILY;
FEAR→HERE

FOUND→IN→THE→POND
A WHITETALL GODDESS NEVER BITCHES MORE DOWN GISELLE;
GREENBLACK AS RAINSTAIN;
A FLIRTATIOUS INGRID QUICKLY FISHES AGAINST THE MUMMY DUST;
HOW?
GAMBOLINGLY HOTPINKLY TANTALIZINGLY;
FEAR→HERE

HATE→THERE
A FREEALONE JOAN DARC QUICKLY SEARCHES AGAINST THE AMAZON;
BLACKWHITE AS RAINSTAIN;
A FOGWHITE MAISONETTE ALWAYS HUNTS AGAINST THE PLANE;
HOW?
VIGOROUSLY MILDEWEDLY WILILY;
DEAR→UP→HERE

AGAIN

SKYFLYSKYFLYSKYFLYSKYFLYSKYFLY
Fearherefearherefearherefear
Hatetherehatetherehatethere
Spyontheslyspyontheslyspy
Ringinthespringringinthespring
SKYFLYSKYFLYSKYFLYSKYFLYSKYFLY

A TANTALIZING TRUE BELIEVER WARILY DREAMS UPON THE HAPPENTHING
A HOT BAKED HOW CHOPS INTO THE BOMBSHELTER
AN ALIVE MAIDENNATION AGAIN SEDUCES AWAY THE GODDESS
A REDGOLD AMAZON ALWAYS TRAVELS IN THE FIRESHADOW

MOUSE→IN→THE→HOUSE
A BRILLIANT JOETTE NEVER SEDUCES INTO THE GODDESS;
REDCOLD AS OTHERHOOD;
A KAY-NINE MOUNTAIN NEVER DREAMS OUT OF THE LADYBUG;
HOW?
DELIGHTFULLY REDCOLDLY WILILY;
HAIL→MARY→AIRLINES

→YOU ARE IN CONTROL STATE

HATE→THERE	↓
A VIGOROUS GRAMMAW QUICKLY CHOPS IN THE BAKED BLUEJAY;	
GREENBLACK AS FEVER;	↓
A FRIGGIN MAISONETTE WARILY DREAMS AWAY FROM THE JAYSQUAWK;	FRIGGIN MOUNTAIN
HOW?	DOES NOT ANSWER
FLATTEREDLY BLACKWHITELY FOGWHITELY;	TRAVEL ON
RING→IN→THE→SPRING	OVER AND OUT

Things I Will Never Do, by Carole Spearin McCauley

Symmetry and Design in Nature

by Henry James Korn and
Gary Moore

An unfulfilled man walks his grey dog Fred. He stands in front of his house, listening to someone tapping on a typewriter, knowing that the sound comes down as the music of doom in harmony with the bricks, windows and street lights.

THE WORLD WILL END IF SOMETHING HAPPENS.
THE WORLD WILL END UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE.
THE MAN IN THE STREET HAS TO SAVE THE WORLD.

He approaches the hearing laboratory disguised in a cod piece with a Dewey Duck iron-on patch. The female scientist is wearing hot pants under her academic robe. Later they might take off their clothes. Now he asks her how to hear the message. She says she will try to teach him to hear as well as possible. They leave the room.

The female scientist is on the North Team of the Civil War Sesqui-centennial All Star Girls Basketball Squad. They've been invited to play in Richmond, Virginia or Mobile, Alabama. She can shoot baskets over her head backwards. When he sees this, he asks how she does it and she says, "They think it's because I have eyes in the back of my head but it's really because I can hear the basket hoop."

They go around the city listening. He hasn't heard such sounds in years. Birds and the subway, the wind in the scrawny branches of the trees on his own dark block in the city. They are accompanied by Dog Fred, who also instructs him in listening. He returns home with a new awareness of Fred's superb hearing. Fred agrees to continue helping. At the end of six months the man's hearing is incredible.

With his newly-acquired skill, the man inadvertently overhears that wildcat Jehovah's Witnesses intend to trigger seismic dissemination devices that will explode the earth into clouds of pink dust, scattering all existing matter to the outer reaches of the universe. They've set up elaborate vibration matrixes at critical geographic points. They are doing this to substantiate their claim of the imminent end of the world for the wicked. The good particles are scheduled to reorganize themselves into paradise according to the principle of the triumph of good over evil.

Before he can get word to the Authorities, the Witnesses attack him with clanging fire trucks. Remote control midgets in loud shirts pester him for a match. Disc jockeys blare station breaks like parental admonishments. Everybody whistles Dixie.

His tortured ears, throbbing with the unlegislated sounds of horns and participles, the man checks into a hospital. He tells an orderly he's going to cut his throat because he's tired of hearing people all over the world pray he won't die. The orderly says, "Listen, mister, all I hear about is this lady professor scores 200 points in a basketball game."

"Jesus Christ," the man says, pulling on his pants, "I'm hungry."

Licht-Text-Schwellen (1971)

by Ferdinand Kriwet



OUTGOING TELETYPE

HELLENHILL

TURNING

THEY ARE NOT THE SAME

BUT

IXENON

THEY ARE NOT THE SAME

TO LONDON

TO LONDON

BUT ZERO

A

STRAHLUXENON

HELLEN

E

HELLENHILL

HELLEN

E

HELLENHILL

HELLENHILL

HELLENHILL

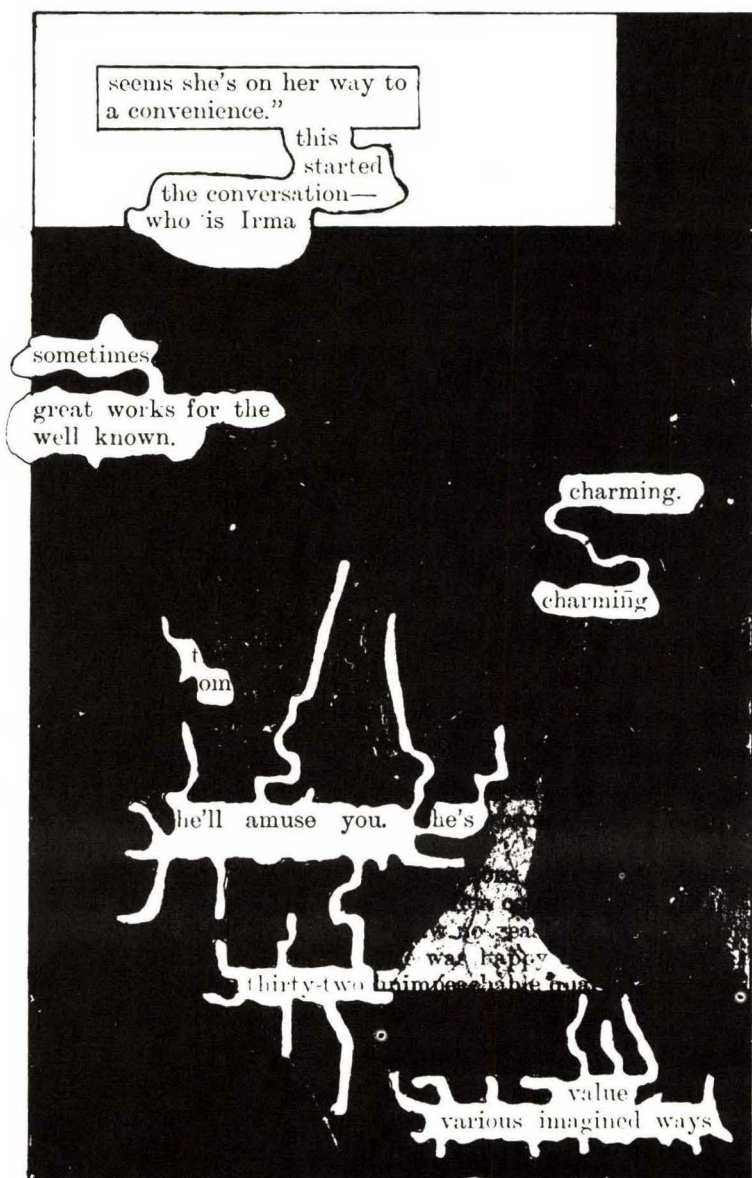
HELLENHILL

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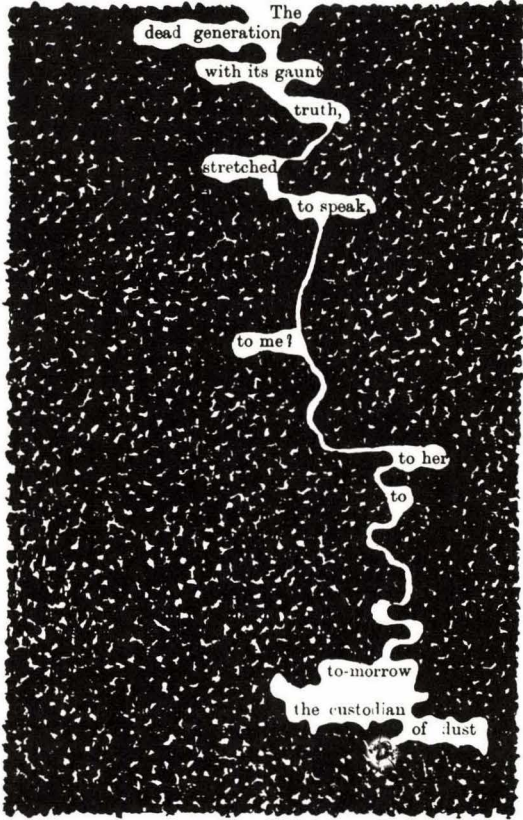
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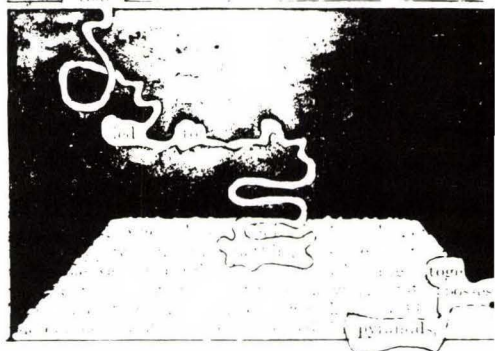
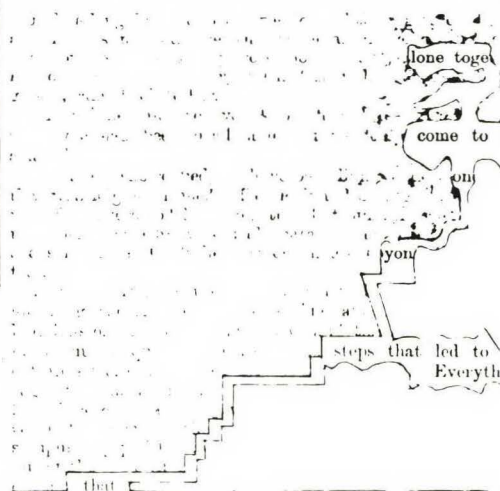
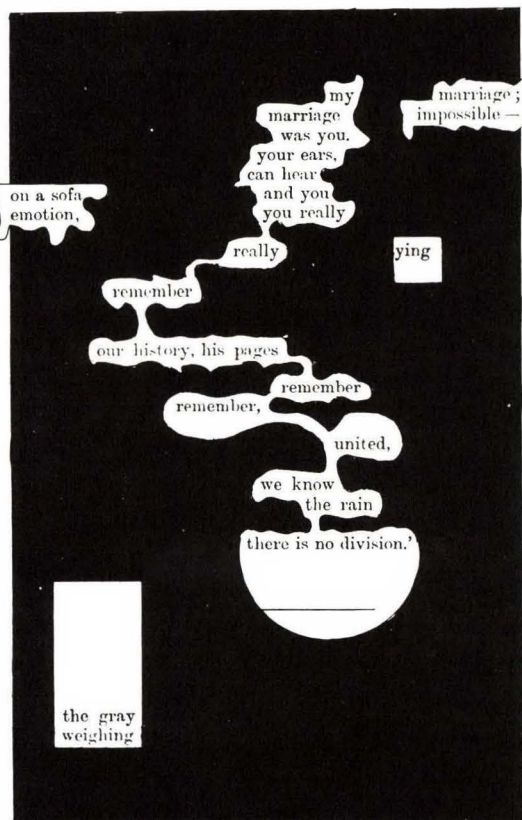




from A Humument

by Tom Phillips





[illegible]

...self ...
...ofen
...ndem)
...itio
...think
...erless
...grace

...not possible to
...at the same time to do everything...
...think...
...method...

en u (orro) p (ven) ... orro
 (u) l ...
 chen ...
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es.
 Lou... envill... j... yin
 ...
 ... (elfa) ... (affer) ...
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 ... (eli) ...
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... low ... methin ...
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A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

and this night incident. in the gardens,

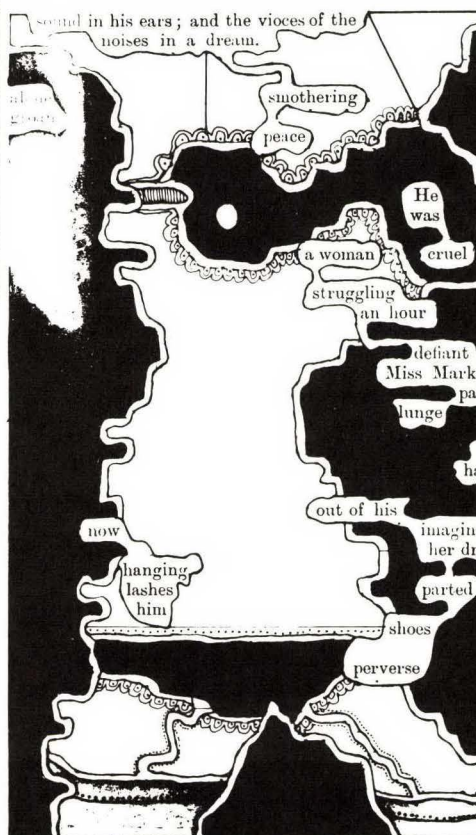
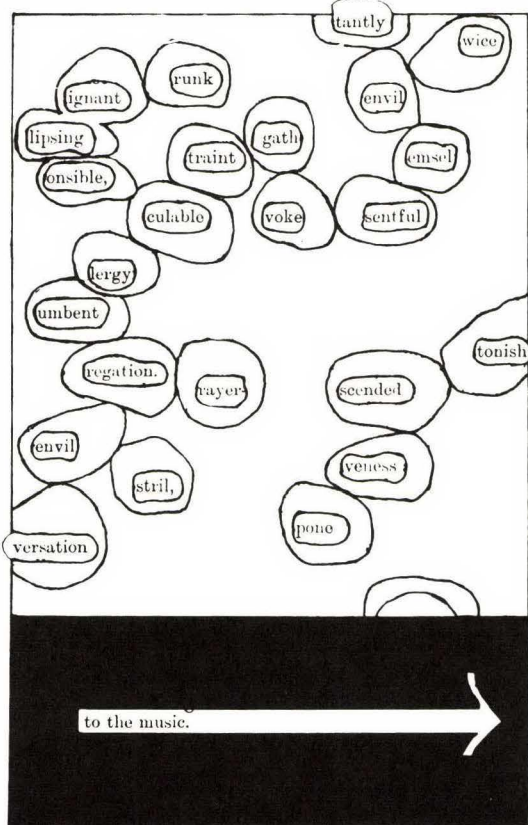
king yesterday.

and I I think and I think I think that

I feel that I wonder if you you

She shook her head

what I feel conceal from all all Paul,



Duplicate Piano Players

by John Mella

1.

From another's point of view the keys are probably only puzzling. (The bench has been recently occupied since the seat is still warm). Then, too, from where you are standing it is virtually impossible to hear the notes—that broad, brazen counterpoint of dissonance which some critics have termed “barbarous” but which most people, very likely, have not heard at all.

2.

“Then what is wrong with the composition is not the keys? is not the notes (that flawless score, transcribed india ink on polished ivory, fated for some lucky museum)? is not the player who even now is expected, who even now is anticipated by a select audience to take his seat, to poise himself, to hover his gigantic hands above the inert keyboard?”

3.

After the concert: Coffee, some talk, the secret writing of reviews (based completely on this conversation). There is some confusion about names but it is all straightened out in the end—just at the door, amid an excited rustle of papers. It is snowing outside. Overcoats.

4.

The program includes an intermission. “But where is the player?” “Maybe he is one of us. A part of this very audience.” Behind a post which partially obscures her companion a girl, in an extremely short dress and pale blue scarf, is saying to her escort, “Perhaps the score includes a note directing the player to phase out. Or fade out.”

5.

Composition of the audience, surprisingly enough, is the “average voter’s profile” made famous by a national newspaper. During this inter-

mission there is talk of the recent disturbances. "Then what did you do?" "We stood around him so nobody could take photographs." "You were asked to march." "Yes." "Is there anything you'd like to say." "No comment."

6.

Title of the composition, composition of the title, notation of the keys, key to the notation, player of the piano, piano of the, piano of the, piano (like a stuck key which a pianist, bound to his score by hopeless fidelity, cannot get past).

7.

Bound—like an illusion to an author, or composer, or perpetrator, not familiar to yourself but about whom you begin talking immediately with facility and dexterity; it is like winning a ticket to a concert, absent-mindedly ("at random"), or like, quite by accident, defusing a bomb which only a second ago had been an innocent object. Or else (since we must explore all possibilities) it is like touching that innocent object on its attractive flank and gaining a small corner in the next day's screaming headline.

8.

" 'Like' anything you want," she is saying to her companion. "Whatever you like," he says. His hands are unusually large, so naturally he puts them in his pockets. The title of the piece being played now is "Miniature Russian Roulette." The piano faces the room—like a naturally reserved man covering his face before an appreciative audience.

9.

Because every sixth note a signal (or detonation) could go off, ending the composition on, so to speak, a "violent key."

10.

"Distinguished by hopeless fidelity, by brazen . . . by barbarous brazenness, and by a dissonance which . . . which . . ."

"Very well put."

"Presumably."

"This is available."

"Obtains."

It is like, if I am not mistaken, perhaps,

11.

"Billows of blue smoke from inside the piano
 At every note that is played,
 The cut crystal vase of white flowers
 Slides delicately to the edge,
 The pianist has small-boned blue-veined hands
 Or watches from the audience,
 His hands in his pockets
 (Perhaps he is writing a review).
 At any rate I am saying this to you
 That chemical warfare notwithstanding
 And despite the numbing gases which are dangerously blue,
 The words about this composition
 This little review this deposition
 I dedicate to you,
 'Duplicate Piano Players.' "

12.

Program notes: "Thunderous applause. Everyone on their feet. In fact, ideally, ultimately, the applause or eruption should supercede (or supplant) the composition itself." "Very well written, dear." "And the view, don't you think, is better from where we are sitting?"

13.

"One goes out and one comes in,
 Outside is it snowing,
 Mufflers, galoshes, overcoats,
 Inside we are listening to a composition
 About a crude imposition,
 That bang is the piano lid but is part of the score
 And leaves the audience stamping their feet for more,
 That gentleman is the pianist sliding from under the lid
 (I imagine some of us would rather he had stayed hid).
 Watching from the audience
 Is Pianist Number Two,
 His left hand is playing on a girl's bare thigh
 And the other is in his pocket
 Writing a brilliant review:
 'Outside it is snowing,
 Inside it is becoming difficult to breathe.' "

by Anthony J. Gnazzo

from The Tablets

by Armand Schwerner

TABLET X

[illegible]

TABLET XI

whenever I was open I was closed *

* who is speaking here?

where? when you took them with him?
she opened her vagina so late it was no prophecy it was +
whenever I opened your vagina*

* who is the narrator?

she was a prophecy no later drainage could make up for
and never mind the vats of fresh (urus-shit?) *

* clearly an allusion to unusably new fertilizer; a potential scorching of the soil?

where did you take her when the vats
+++++
for the bloody wisent for the [spermy] (frogs?) *

* who is speaking here?

lots of people opened that door
splayed on the butchering dust I opened my thighs
where? when you took them with him?
the island flowers the swamp flowers*

* might this be an initial allusion to the Good Land?

she took him with them for her
where? with him for it?
she opened her +++++ and never minded
she took him splayed from them to cover it*

* singular confusion of pronouns here. I do not know who I am when I read this. How magnificent.

pressed down to raaling goruck juice by copper vats by prophecy
when you took them with him

+
+
+ .
+
+
+
..... but if you do, give 17 washingstones for 1 cylinder seal in exchange
give a beginning (hair?) in exchange for a wood zag-sal * **

* zag-sal: an eleven string—1½ octave—harp

** apparently the start of a barter ritual. . . . a w
for an instrument here?

give a mountain-size platter in exchange for a horde of our people
give a risen millet stalk, give a giant rye in exchange for a hunger-servant
give a healthy lettuce and a drinking-tube in exchange for *

* according to Saggs, the lettuce was, and still is, responsible 'for the transmission of a great deal of water-borne disease.'

give fresh yoghurt in exchange for a horde of our people
+ + + + + + + + + + + + + *

give a great netting of fish in exchange for a hunger-servant
give a milking-stool and a calf in exchange for a thin wormy thigh-bone
give a bone spoon and another bone spoon and another in exchange for a ++++++

* the phrase 'in exchange for' shows every possibility of also meaning 'for the benefit of,' a meaning readily discoverable in the sub-dialects of silversmiths and lyre-players.

give a drainage system for the miserable without pattern (shoes?) *

* we know that only government buildings in the archaic context had drainage systems. So this line is of transcendent importance. In it we finally meet unequivocally, the direct thrust of the first socialist voice in recorded human history. The single voice cries out in early compassion. Who can now easily doubt that the formula 'in exchange for' served as a mask for the writer's anti-hierarchical intent? No contemporary of mine can conceive of the genius and will necessary for one man to break through the almost total thought-control of the archaic hierarchies.

+ + + + + + + + + + lianregnif fo wodahs eht ni
stav gnimaets ekil serutcnup fo wodahs eht ni
nam rof efil a efil a efil a efil a dna*

* boustrophedon again; for all its hope and spiritual valor, we are in this twentieth century at an end. It is a mere 5,000 years since, and the story near over.

The Idea of Ancestry

by Etheridge Knight

1

Taped to the wall of my cell are 47 pictures: 47 black faces: my father, mother, grandmothers (1 dead), grandfathers (both dead), brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins (1st & 2nd), nieces, and nephews. They stare across the space at me sprawling on my bunk. I know their dark eyes, they know mine. I know their style, they know mine. I am all of them, they are all of me; they are farmers, I am a thief, I am me, they are thee.

I have at one time or another been in love with my mother, 1 grandmother, 2 sisters, 2 aunts (1 went to the asylum), and 5 cousins. I am now in love with a 7 yr old niece (she sends me letters written in large block print, and her picture is the only one that smiles at me).

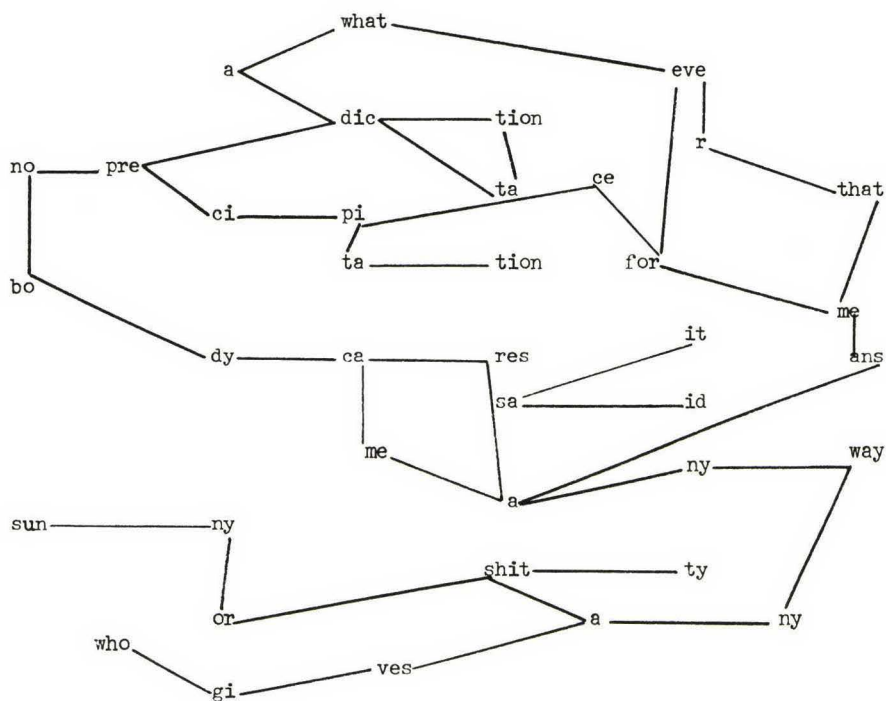
I have the same name as 1 grandfather, 3 cousins, 3 nephews, and 1 uncle. The uncle disappeared when he was 15, just took off and caught a freight (they say). He's discussed each year when the family has a reunion, he causes uneasiness in the clan, he is an empty space. My father's mother, who is 93 and who keeps the Family Bible with everybody's birth dates (and death dates) in it, always mentions him. There is no place in her Bible for "whereabouts unknown."

2

Each Fall the graves of my grandfathers call me, the brown hills and red gullies of mississippi send out their electric messages, galvanizing my genes. Last yr/like a salmon quitting the cold ocean—leaping and bucking up his birthstream/I hitchhiked my way from L.A. with 16 caps in my pocket and a monkey on my back. and I almost kicked it with the kinfolks. I walked barefooted in my grandmother's backyard/I smelled the old land and the woods/I sipped cornwhiskey from fruit jars with the men/I flirted with the women/I had a ball till the caps ran out and my habit came down. That night I looked at my grandmother and split/my guts were screaming for junk/but I was almost contented/I had almost caught up with me.

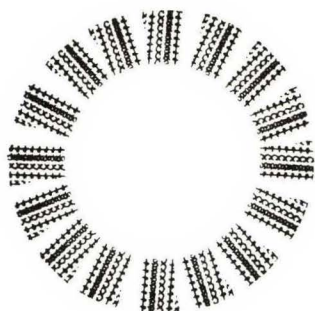
(The next day in Memphis I cracked a croaker's crib for a fix.)

This yr there is a gray stone wall damming my stream, and when the falling leaves stir my genes, I pace my cell or flop on my bunk and stare at 47 black faces across the space. I am all of them, they are all of me, I am me, they are thee, and I have no sons to float in the space between.



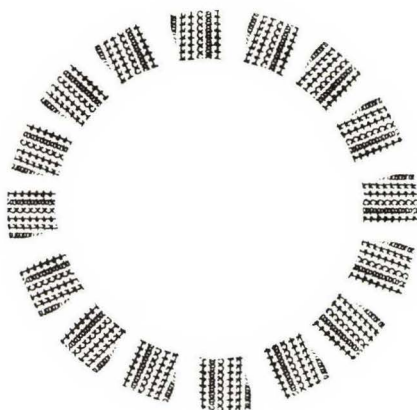
Weather Report

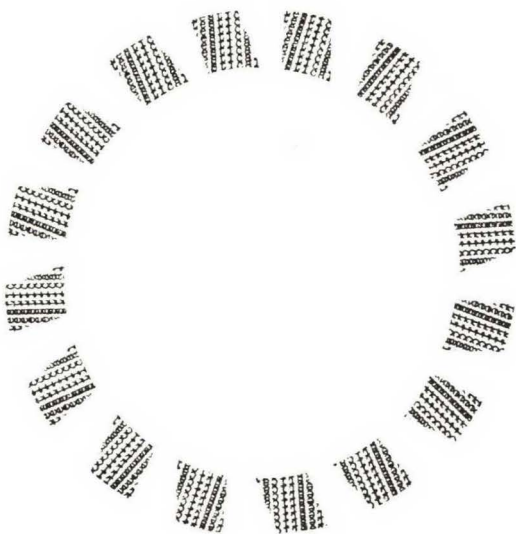
by Raymond Federman

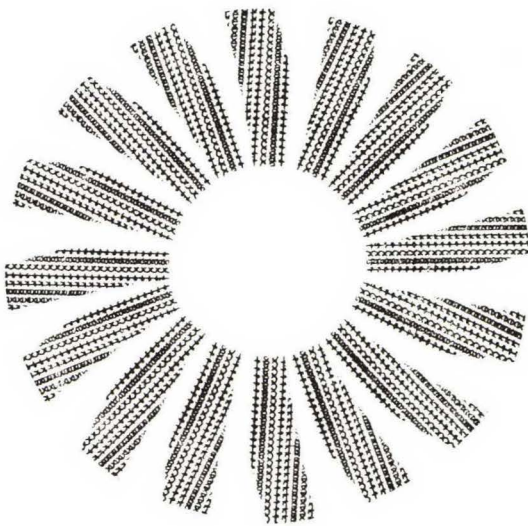


Contestical Mill

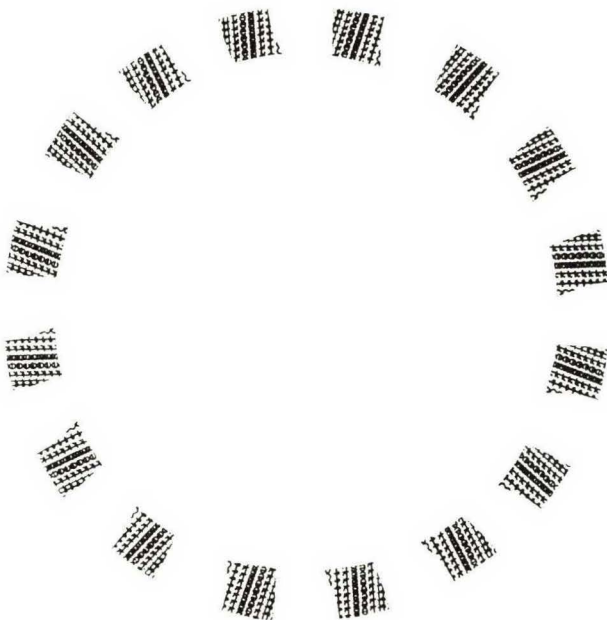
by Paul De Vree

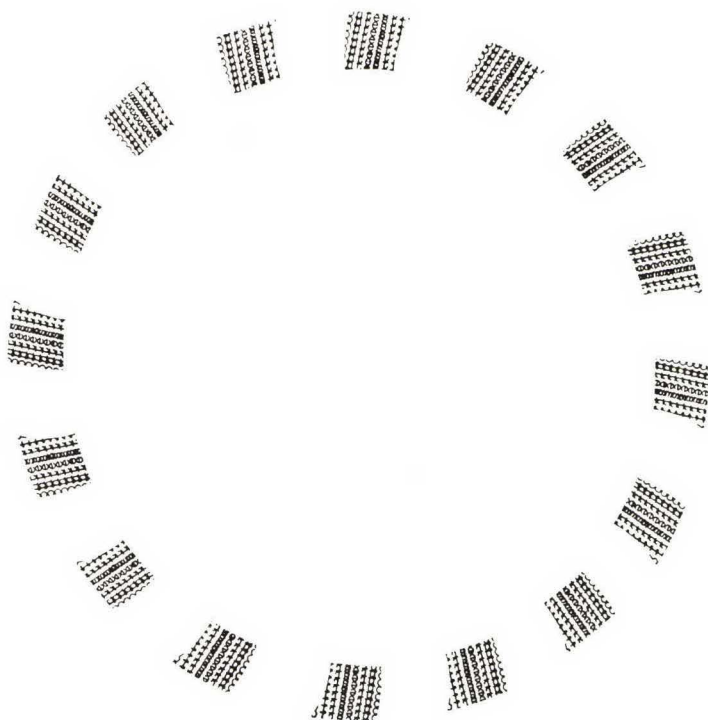


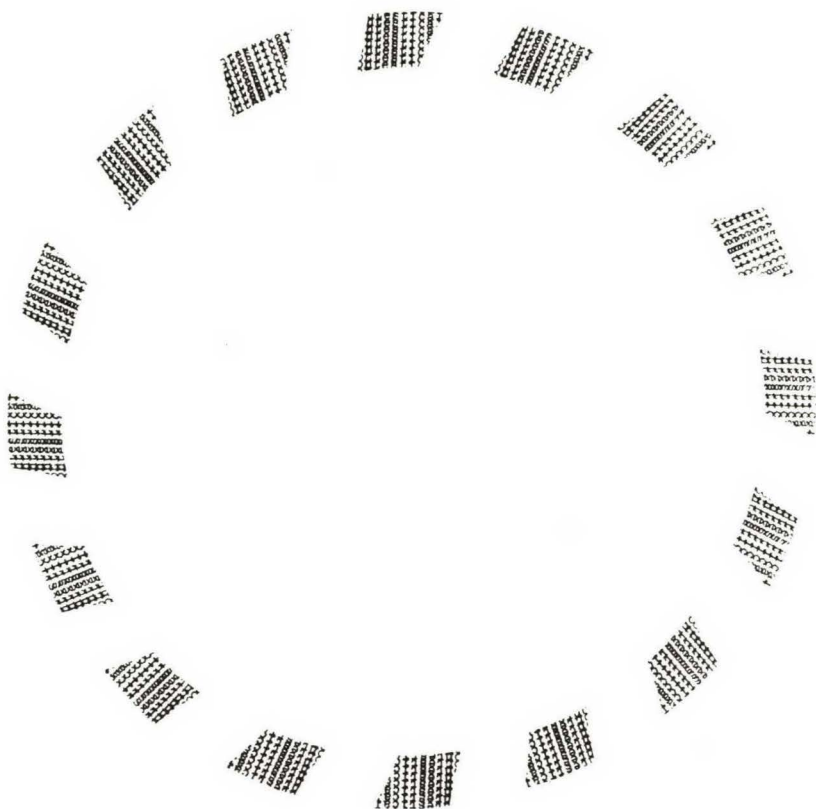


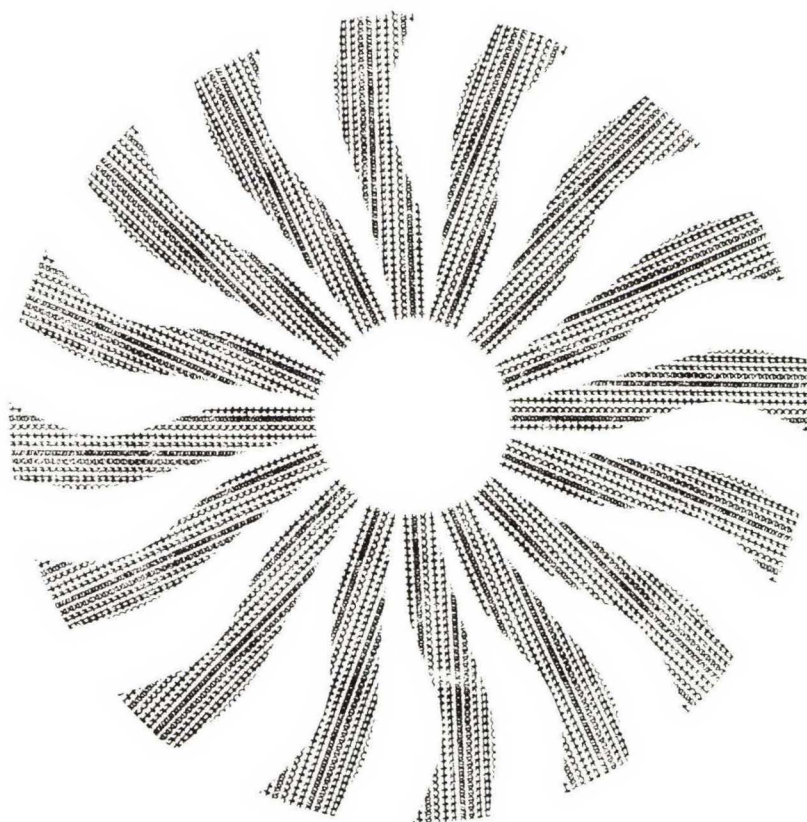


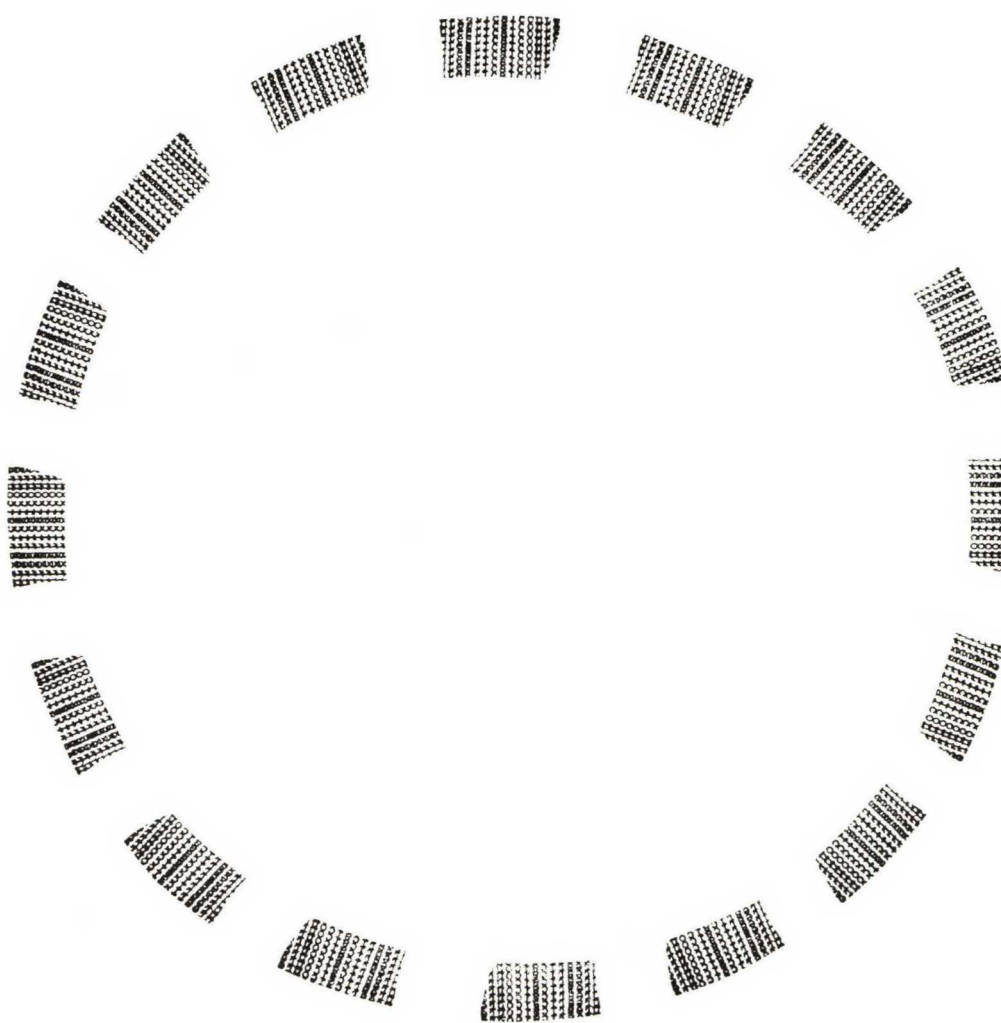
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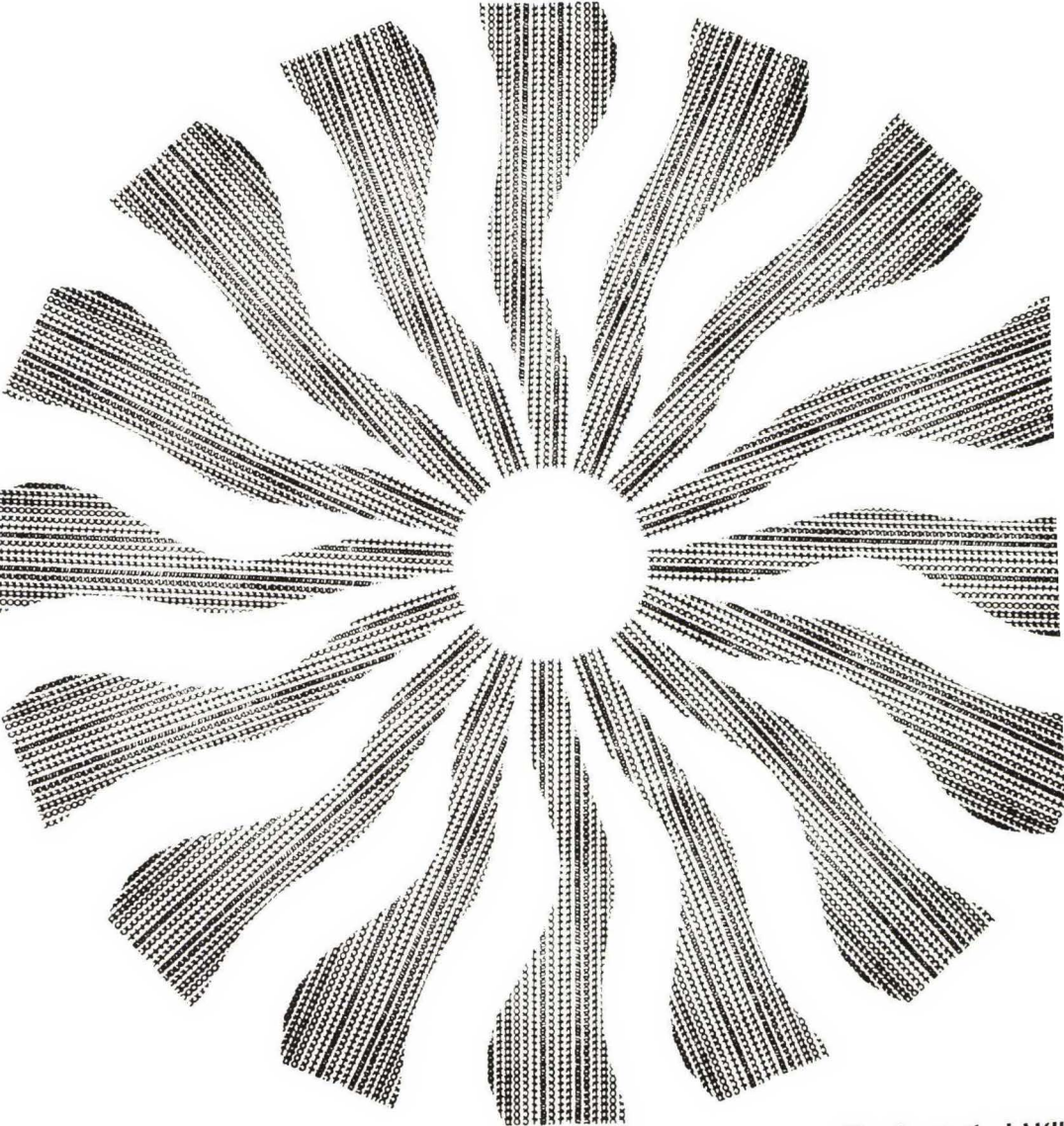








Paul de Vree

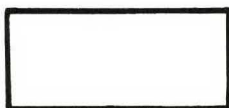
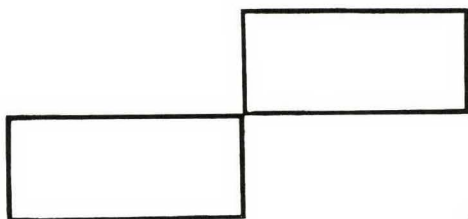


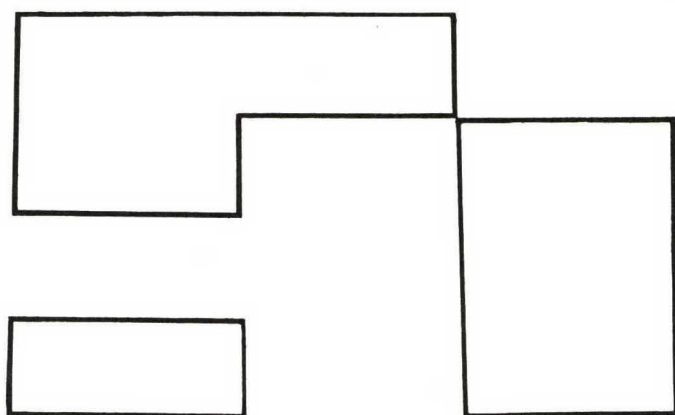
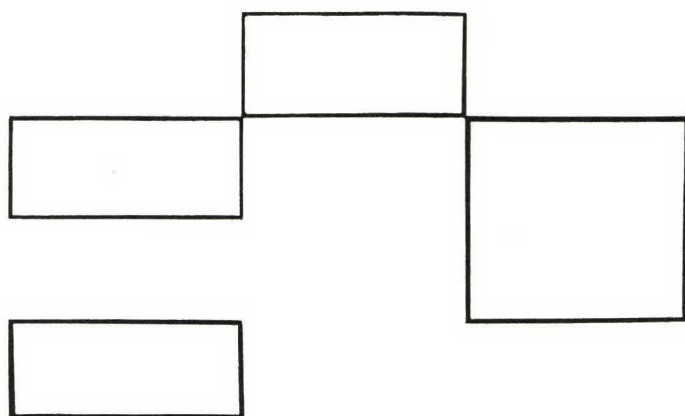
An attempt to render simultaneously object, word and image [is] a short cut to coordination and interchangeability of the values of a coming new age. Still, it is an attempt to break the convention of content and the customary form of typography, and with it, symbolically, the content and form of society which applied its neat rules of the past only mechanically.—L. Moholy-Nagy, *Vision in Motion* (1947).

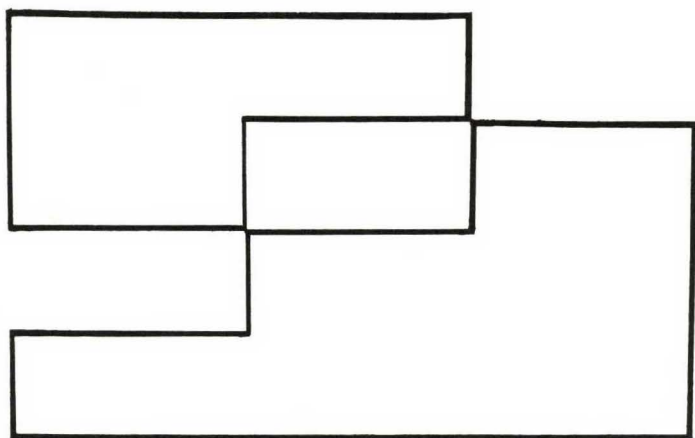


Development

by Richard Kostelanetz

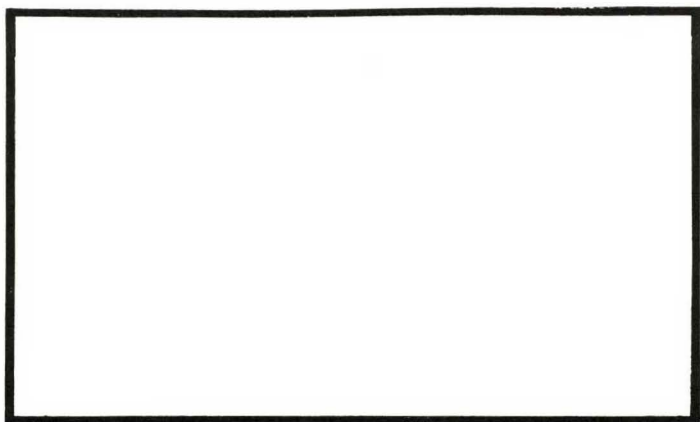


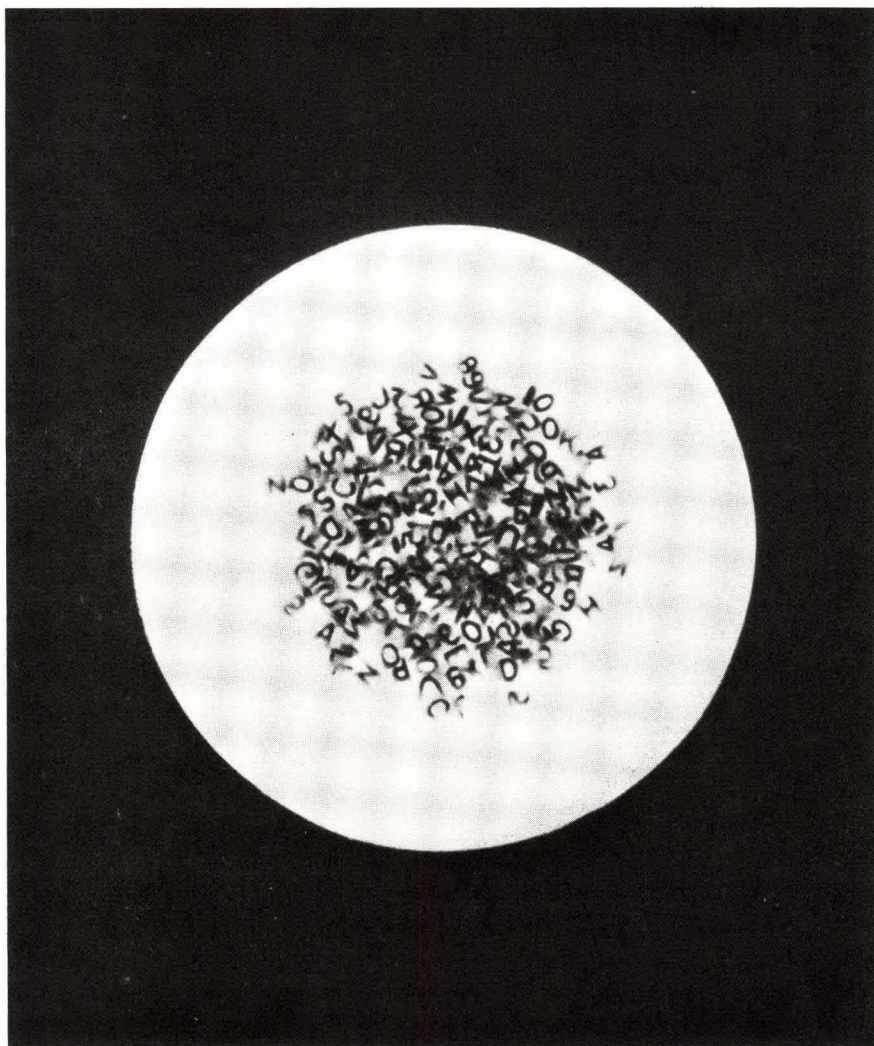




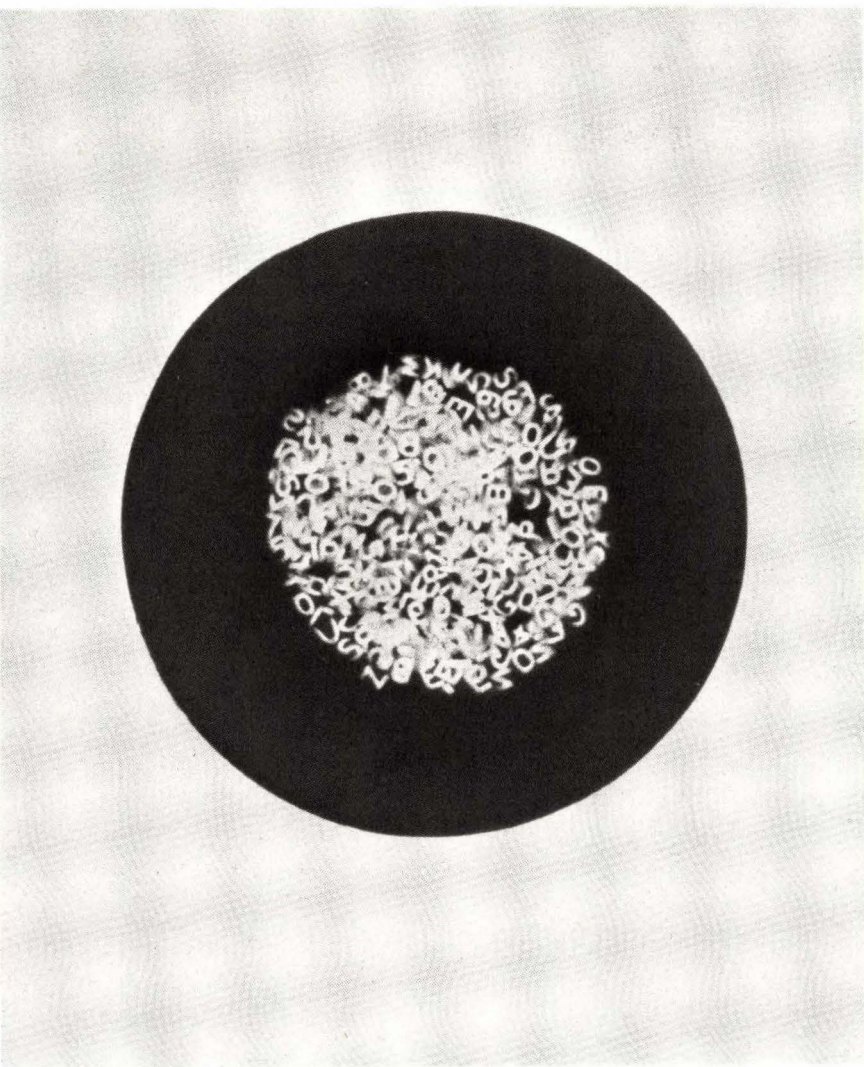
by Richard Kostelanetz

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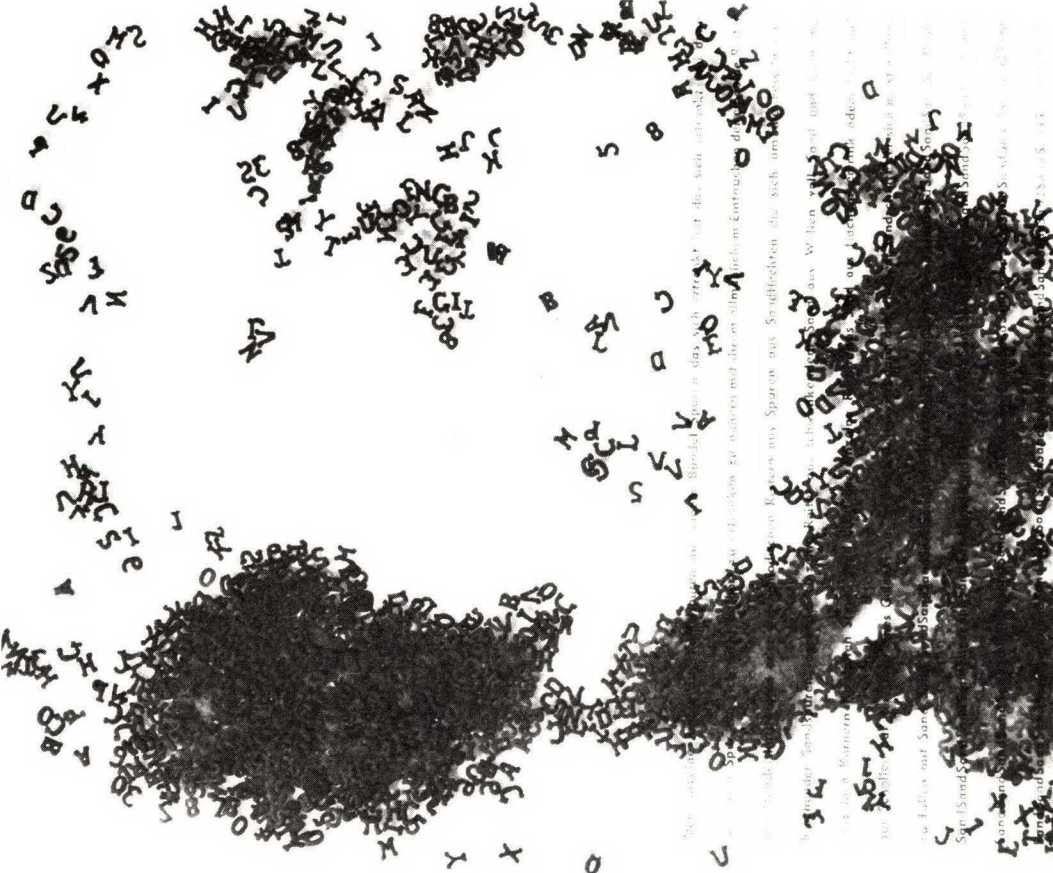




Thermé I, by Norman Ogue Mustill

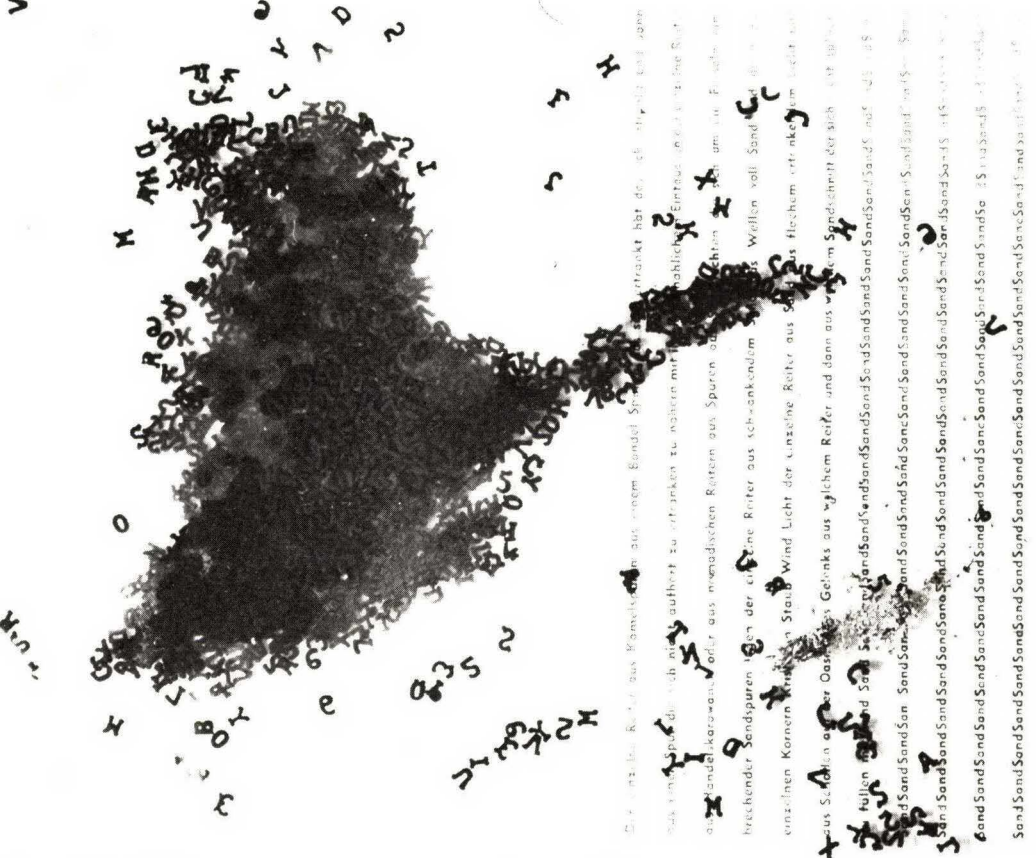
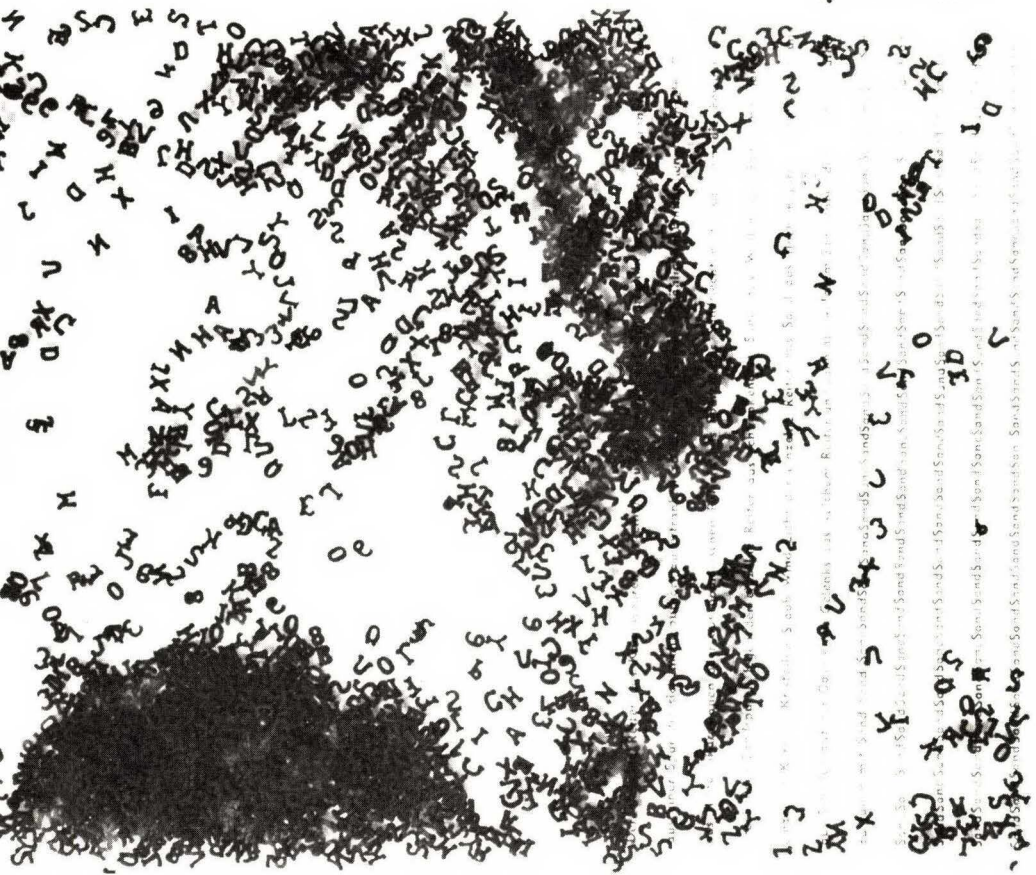


Thermé 2, by Norman Ogue Mustill



Occupied Space: Present Participle (1968)

by Jochen Gerz



TO NULLIFY BLOW BY LOWERING HEAD

by Paul Haines

EVEN VICTIM WOULD ADMIT THAT TO DO WHAT WAS DONE **DELIBERATELY** WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE. DADDY BROUGHT THE BOY'S PET HOME FROM GRANDPA'S FARM **SMACK**. I PAID MY FIRST VISIT IN THE LATE AFTERNOON WHEN IT WAS DARKER INSIDE THE HOUSE THAN OUT WHEN, SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM WITH LONG RUG AND FIRE-PLACE, DRINKING ICED COFFEE, SHE EXPLAINED THE PROTRACTED OBTAINING OF PET. DOESN'T IT SMELL UP THE HOUSE? I ASKED. **KITTY LITTER?** I SAID IT WAS NOT THE SAME AS A CAT AND NOT TO TRY TO TELL ME THAT IT WAS. SHE SAID NOTHING BUT GOT UP AND REMOVED DUCK FROM THE MANTLE OF THE FIRE-PLACE SCOLDING HELL OUT OF HIM.

DUCK STOOD STRAIGHTENING HIS BACK.

FUNNY, SHE SAID, HOW HE WAITS UP THERE FOR MY BOY TO COME HOME FROM SCHOOL. THE BOY JUST LOVES HIM MY HUSBAND AND I WOULD TOO, IF WE WEREN'T SO SLEEPY ALL THE TIME. **SMACK**.

DUCK'S NIGHT-TIME LIVELINESS DISTURBED THEIR SLEEP THEY DID NOT KNOW IT WAS DUCK; THEY THOUGHT THE DISTURBANCE CAME FROM WITHIN SLEEP AND GAVE THE EARLY HOURS OF ALL MORNINGS TO DILUTING **DREAMS** IT WAS ALWAYS DUCK, OF COURSE: DUCK ACTING UP IN THE DARK, DUCK FLAT-BILLING THE DAWN AND DOING **DREAMS**. ON OCCASION THEY WOULD HEAR DUCK AND THINK IT THE THERMOSTAT CLICK OR REGULAR TOASTER, RADIO/ALARM/ELECTRIC-SHAVER BEHAVIOR OF PRE-REVILLE IN HOUSE WITH LONG RUG AND FIRE-PLACE.

HOW CERTAIN AM I THAT THE LAST MOMENTS OF DUCK WILL NOT BE UNCOMFORTABLE? I AM CERTAIN. BUT HOW HAS HE HAD ME ACCEPT HIM?

DUCK BACK: REGAINING THE MANTLE HE WAITS FOR THE BOY AND IN TIME SPIES HIM KICKING THROUGH THE SNOW, HEARS HIM STOMPING ON THE PORCH. THEN **SMACK SMACK SMACK** DUCK LEAPS OUT TO FAIL TO FLAP AND TO FALL AND SNAP HIS LONG SLENDER NECK. THE BOY CAME IN AND SAW.

DUCK'S FACE HALF-AWAKE, THE PUMPKIN-COLORED BILL SWOLLEN . . .

THE BOY RAN UP AND SAID AW HE MUST BE ALIVE—LOOK AT HIS FACE! AND DUCK LOOKED UP AT THE BOY. THE BOY RAN AWAY TO THE CLOSET, REMOVED HIS JACKET, HASTILY HUNG IT UP AND RETURNED, BEGINNING TO BAWL. OH! HE CRIED, EMBRACING THE PET'S BROKEN PART. OH, OH, OH . . .

DUCK LOOKED UP, EYES HIGH IN HEAD . . .

I HAD INDEPENDENTLY ARRANGED TO OBSERVE DUCK IN THE TIME OF HER BATHROOM (TO SEARCH OUT IMAGINED SOLUTIONS) TOUR, AND WAS IMMEDIATELY DRAWN INTO THOSE FIRST UNFROCKED MINUTES OF TROUBLE, WHEN DUCK APPEARED TO BE JUGGLING THINGS, WHEN DUCK DID NOT FLAP HIS WINGS, WHEN PAIN TOOK PLACE ON ACCEPTANCE, WHEN A MUSCULAR LUMP BEGAN TO MOVE IN THE SOFT THROAT AND SOON ISSUED SOUND, WHEN HE DID **NOT** FLAP WINGS, WHEN THEN IN HIS EYES I SAW EVERYTHING—WITH A COUPLE FALSE GRANDPAS—AND BELIEVED IN IT TO THE BOTTOM OF MY PET.

ON HER RETURN SHE SADDENED HER MOUTH TO WORDLESSLY ASK THAT I UNDERSTAND NO NECK TO BE WRUNG IN BOY'S PRESENCE AND THAT EXCEEDING RECOMMENDED DOSAGE WAS THE ONLY SOLUTION, REALLY. THE FIRST BOTTLE, A COSMETIC EXTRACTION, PUT VAPOR IN DUCK'S MOUTH. A THIRD WAS ADMINISTERED WITH SOME VIRTUOSITY BUT WITH NO LOVE-SKILL.

DUCK NO LONGER CONTROLLED THE ROLL OF HIS HEAD, APPEARED TO BE SAYING YES TO EVERYTHING . . .

STUFF POURED IN WAS NOT GETTING DOWN THE CLOGGED

AND NOW CLOTTED NECK TUBE; YET SHE CONTINUED, AS THOUGH IN SECRET KNOWLEDGE OF PET ASS CONTAINING POISON MAGNET TO ATTRACT AND ENSURE FREE PASSAGE, MAKE GUARANTEES . . .

MURDERER! SCREECHED THE BOY. **MURDERER!**

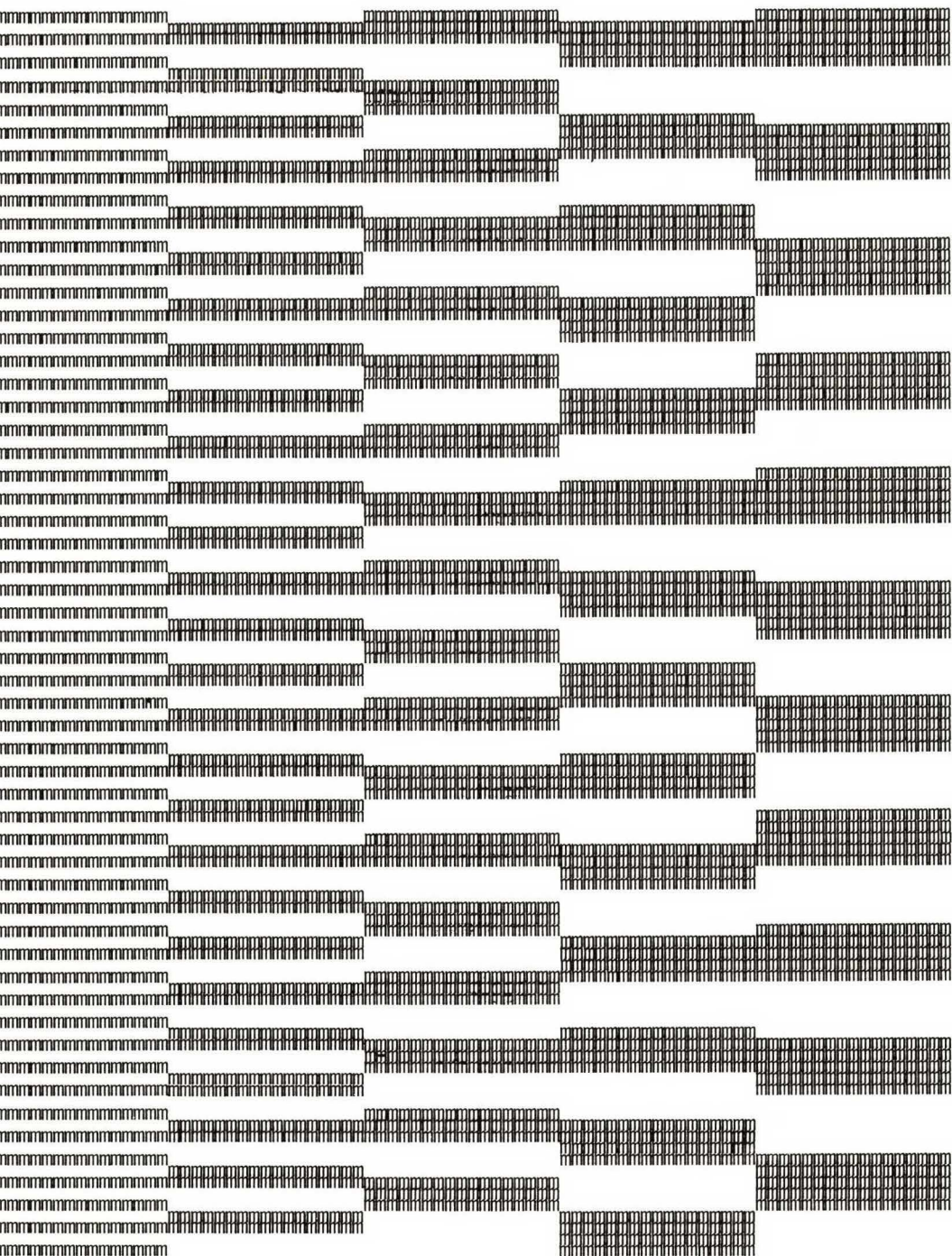
DUCK **SMACK** LOOKED TO ME. WHOM HE DID NOT KNOW, AND MADE THE REQUEST. I READ THE ESSAY HE HAD IN MIND AND PROUDLY—IT ALLOWED HIM TO FALL UNFAMILIAR.

THE FIRST STEP OUTSIDE STOPPED ME, FILLED MY SHOES WITH SNOW. I ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW THE HOLES STEPPED BY THE BOY AND MOVED AWAY FROM THE HOUSE DISTINGUISHED BY THE DUCK IN ITS PET EXPERIENCE.

The page itself can become a material, a statement, the information, the text progressing from page to page. The writer, thus becoming the layout artist of his work, will no longer write stories (or moments), but books.—Jean-François Bory, *Once Again* (1968).

from **Prototypes**
by Pierre and Ilse Garnier





| | Eye-witness descriptions for police portrait | | |
|-------------------------------|--|--|--|
| | <p>6'3", early forties, lg. head & face, lg. cheeks, fleshy nose, hazel eyes, gold rimmed glasses-sq. oval shape, thin. oily mid. brown hair, graying esp. temples. Graying moustache and beard that fringes around to ears. Head hair is long, hangs over forehead in streaks & comes below ears. Lg. solid torso, slender av. arms, av. size hands,</p> | <p>long slender legs, torso seems top heavy for legs.</p> <p>***</p> <p>Tall, large head, stringy hair (dishwater blonde) 3 in. below ears, sideburns meet beard, mustache meets beard, nose very red shape like Santa Claus, gold rimmed glasses (hip type) hair also on forehead-neck short & very thick (relation 1/3 shoulder,</p> | <p>1/3 neck, 1/3 shoulder) teeth very yellow but very even. Clothes loose over body - pants low on hips-very casual clothes byt un-contrived.</p> <p>***</p> <p>Hair most distinguishing feature. Touches collar at back of head. Moustache & beard. Hair follows around edge of jaw. Moustache covers</p> |
| argentina | <p>upper lip. Has white hair on chin which forms a 1/2 moon shape. Hair covers forehead & is combed forward. Hair 1" straight over ears. Wears glasses. Height 6'3", weight 189, age 38 yrs.</p> <p>***</p> | <p>fingers. Ruddy. Moves slinky with hand in pocket. Rubs his nose. Cowboy shirts. Points a lot.</p> <p>***</p> <p>6'4", 169 lbs. Grayish lt. brw. hair, straight greasy long to collar. Beard, moustache (trimmed) Gray-olive eyes. Pug nose, wire glasses, small far-apart eyes. Round facial structure. Wide mouth.</p> <p>***</p> | <p>About 6'3". Lg. build Brown graying thin, straight hair combed forward. Mustache & small beard. Full face with elfish features.</p> <p>***</p> <p>Face looks like cross between Santa Claus & rabbit. Body--top looks like square rock with long</p> |
| basuco alba | <p>6'4", thin. Straight hair, grey-brown, hangs down straight. Short grey-blk. beard & Moustache. Long</p> | | |
| | <p>straight legs & arms out of it.</p> <p>***</p> <p>6'3 1/2" tall. Narrow thin shoulders. Long sort of puffy face. Mustache & beard not very long. All & all lanky sort of body, blue eyes. Wire glasses. Age about 40.</p> <p>***</p> | <p>6'3" about 40 yrs. Tall & thin. 165 lbs. Caucasian. Wears blue-gray tinted glasses gold rim frames. Hair lt. brw. wht. & reddish brown moustache & goatee. Smokes a pipe. Hair long & combed straight down over forehead & ears just over collar. Resonant voice. Hazel eyes, light eyelashes.</p> <p>***</p> | <p>Goes by name "Baldy" 6'6". Wearing blue jeans, beige top, low-belted. Oily complexion. Funky glasses. Hair to collar-stringy.</p> <p>***</p> |
| centro de arte y comunicacion | <p>Approx. 6'3". Broad shouldered. Moderately long hair which is brown & contains strands of gray which reveal his age-about 43 yrs. Wearing a moustache & a short goatee more in the form of a beard. Smokes a pipe and wearing semi-traditional Italian wire rimmed glasses. Caucasian complexion with varying pigmentation. Seems to be in all over good health.</p> <p>***</p> | | <p>artista <u>John Baldessari</u>
obra <u>Police Portraits</u>
fecha <u>Nov, 71</u></p> <p>cayc</p> |

The Temptation of Saint Anthony

by Dick Higgins

Oh. The pristine egg. Eggs and breadbaskets.

Do all textiles have big breadbaskets.

Earle Brown. We all miss Earle Brown.

Nobody sees Earle Brown. Is he in hiding. Nobody hears him.

This man is not Earle Brown. This man is very fat. His name is.

His name is Mr. Breadbasket.

Thank you Mr. Breadbasket you solid citizen you titan among
textile salesmen you self ha ha you selfdeceiver you liar you brother.

You will not be lazy.

You laughing on the midway. You smiling in the bar.

Mr. Breadbasket getting a job in a brushfactory not in your broth-
er-in-law's shoefactorybecausehethinksmaybeyes-wellmaybehemight be crit-
icized.

There is no shriek worth selling.

Eskimos might. Well might an eskimo pile up some boxes on

Howard Street. Why would an eskimo very lightly pile up boxes. To get burned by the sun.

Licorice. Dedelia Licorice and Mr. Breadbasket.

Meeting quiet like in Cuba.

Can you play a tuba in Cuba? Answer the question, Mr. Breadbasket, can you play a tuba in Cuba?

???

What can you do with the universal pickle.

What.

What is not how.

In transit, Mr. Breadbasket. I am not a bean.

Ithaca to

Amsterdam to Malaya.

Malaya to New Zealand.

New Zealand to Obock.

Obock to Thrace. Twice to Thrace.

Thrace to awful.

Awful.

Berlin to Epirus.

Epirus to Abbysinia.

Abissingia to Newark.

Newark is where you insist.

I AM NOT A BEAN. Thank you, Saint Anthony.

Saint Anthony playing possum.

Who stole my frown saying Saint Anthony.

Saint Anthony not Saint Paul.

Saint Simeon was a flagpole sitter.

Saint Simeon dead.

Saint Anthony living among fishes and children and Lithuanians everywhere.

Long Sssaint Anthony. Saint Anthony Long, long Saint Anthony.

Saint Anthony, singing??? Singing or not without energy. Saint Anthony flacid. Flacid and placid.

Saint Anthony and speed (Angels playing trombones). Saint Ann. Thorny. Saint Anthony and Saint Anne. Thorny Saint Anthony of the Wilderness.

Saint Anthony in the wilderness relaxed.

Saint Anthony in the wilderness among the shadows relaxed and relaxed and relaxed and calm and oh well not quiterelaxedbutmaybe.

Suddenly a jaguar. Wild.

Suddenly a jaguar on a superhighway. Saint Anthony. Whoop. Running. Could a lemon. Coming. Yes. Sssh say the sprinklers on the lawn. Yep. Scrawl. Like Mars. Pass the lemon. Needed. Oh. And. Made sixty per.

Saint Anthony solving the Puerto Rican problem. What problem. Yup.

We all miss Earle Brown. Saint Anthony excoriating and forgiving. Mr. Breadbasket wiggling his rubber tires. The moon dropping handful of dandruff. Saint Anthony nauseated.

The nausea of saints. The perfumy nausea of saints.

Saint Anthony not against the name.

Nausea.

Au seen yawl theah.

Use ana one yawl need.

Seen au loaf.

The jag spitting clouds of steam.

Caught on a one jag or another, a necktie.

In Teaneck everybody wears a necktie.

Crisp nausea for Saint Anthony.

Help me, Saint Anthony, help me.

Brother.

Summer, 1959

The book is a three-dimensional container for ideas. It was devised as one of the prime means of conveying ideas and images to others in another time or place. In it the desire to communicate has been given enduring form.—John Berg, in *Books for Our Time* (1951).

KING CON, CON KING

by CPGRAHAM

(1)

KING CON, QUEEN LACKY & UNDERDOGS, CLIDE, SPIKE & FANG

Blondboy glides throo greendarkglades
walking blondog on silvermeshchain. An innocent
picture, yet this person sees too much to ever be
floored it seems in future a past superimposes on
his present. Queen Lacky walks his blondog Spike.
Eyes paled, contacted azure tint. Hair straightened,
touched blonde. Carscars run veinthin above one eyelid.
Slurrs talk throo kind lips learning law. A child-man
blow-mind. Danger interrogates life he leads down south
hired a coloured Clide keeps him fedup taking fone
messages to mesage a second hearing palavers & both of
them would be better off being lacky to themselves.
In & out of circles of real? I doubt it.
Last year the world of faggotry, the fallfaggot
died blonde (a dyed Blondie), tinted contactblue thoseyes—
I fell for all of him in her.
Talks on & On of love & marriage, a 16 month
engagement ringless. Originally from Midwest
facades now being paidwoman to infamous King Con,
fancy planed private to & from south-nyc.
A second year law student lived in South in
countryhouse with lake, land, a coloured Clide manfriday
& docile mutdog named Fang before Spike.

(2)

FANG & SPIKE, CLIDE, UNDERDOGS & LACKY QUEEN,
CON KING

Spike before Fang named dogmut docile &
fridayman Clide coloured a land, lake with housecountry
South lived student law year second.
nyc-south from & to private planed fancy
Con King infamous to womanpaid being now facades
Midwest from originally. ringless engagement
month 16 a marriage & love On & on talks.
Her in him of all for fell I thoseyes
blue-tact-con tinted, (Blondie dyed) a blonde died
faggotfall the faggotry of world the year last.
It doubt I? Real of circles of out & in.
themselves to lacky being off better be would them
of both & palavers hearing second a mesage to message
fone taking fedup him keeps Clide coloured a hired
south down leads he life interrogates danger. mind-blow
man-child a law learning lips kind throo talks slurs
. lideye one above thinvein run scarscar. blonde touched,
straightened hair. tint azure contacted, paled eyes
. Spike dogblond his walks Lacky Queen. present his
on superimposes past a future in seems it floored
be ever too much sees person this yet, picture
innocent. chainmeshsilver on dogblond walking
gladesdarkgreen throo glides boyblond

SEND TRACKS

BENT TAPES

by Clark Coolidge

fling, wrist, ram it, of bong, finger twist into window, in winter
postulation boom, percussion, repercussion tap, rouse, paste
map it

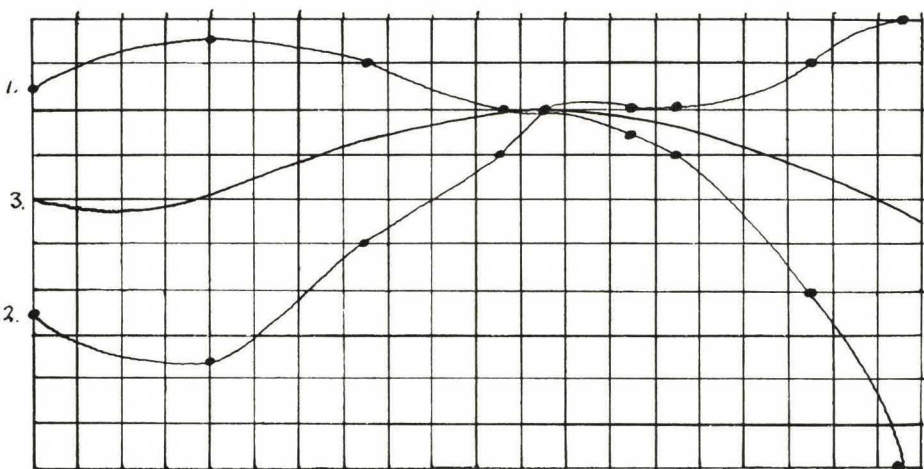
sensitize it, flam, fill up it, hank it, stocks
filigree semblance, ex trunk in freezer, bank
lumber, mastiffs

writ up all sodee, rang, stumped in laughter, tap it
hang back to mast in limbo, ex bulb catcher, ringer
sank late, oh said salt

puncture mex, light in "Oh I . . ." see bulk, fault
imbroglio in, "Aiee!" a thank-you, based holders, franks
tongue at & send, foam

out out, late late, flams, tacks, wrents, oh bald . . .
in cason cement, prints o'tacks, sand mummy & bum
it's flakes, sun abate, it's wreck

lunch on a steel "forget . . ." "Oh, in case . . ." ease
brunt, fake, ocarina, lessons on sneak, it's car mine case
owes, cow house, rent snake (Oh . . .)



Opus Dei

by Lars Görling

The first line represents him.
 The second her.
 The third average of their feelings.
 The point shows the times
 when observations were made.
 Each diagonal a week.
 each horizontal a feeling-value.
 Everything started July 7
 and ended November 30.

Translated by Lennart Bruce

The Newspaper

by Kenneth Gangemi

The headlines screamed BERLIN CRISIS. The sewage plant there was blocked by an enormous *scheissberg*. Men hurdlers on a track team had protested against sharing equipment with the women hurdlers: they claimed the women discharged on the hurdlers. The Rosicrucians had defeated the Technocrats in a softball game. Museum guards had caught the man who had been gluing tampax strings to the sculptures of nude women.

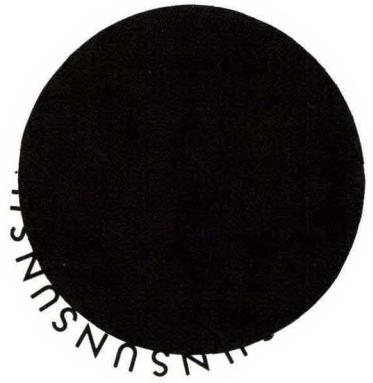
A chemist who found 300 uses for human excrement had stabbed a co-worker who called him the George Washington Carver of shit. Burglars had robbed the president of The Tampax Company, and had added insult to injury by blindfolding him with a Kotex. The Church of the Holy Fundament had merged with the Temple of the Divine Afflatus.

Parallel Intervallic Sets

by Richard Kostelanetz

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 0 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 1 | 2 | 8 | 9 | 3 | 6 |
| 6 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 2 |
| 5 | 9 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 4 | 8 | 1 |
| 3 | 7 | 8 | 0 | 4 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 9 |
| 9 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 0 | 1 | 7 | 8 | 2 | 5 |
| 8 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 9 | 0 | 6 | 7 | 1 | 4 |
| 2 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 8 |
| 1 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 2 | 3 | 9 | 0 | 4 | 7 |
| 7 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 0 | 3 |
| 4 | 8 | 9 | 1 | 5 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 7 | 0 |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5 | 6 | 0 | 9 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 8 |
| 4 | 5 | 9 | 8 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 7 |
| 0 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 2 | 3 |
| 1 | 2 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 0 | 3 | 4 |
| 7 | 8 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 0 |
| 9 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 1 | 2 |
| 8 | 9 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 0 | 1 |
| 6 | 7 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 9 |
| 3 | 4 | 8 | 7 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 6 |
| 2 | 3 | 7 | 6 | 0 | 8 | 9 | 1 | 4 | 5 |



solar negative

unsuns:center

solar positive

Penumbra Triptych

by Charles Levendosky

R = Right channel of disc or tape recording, separately recorded.
C = Central voice, either recorded equidistant between stereo microphones, in synchrony with and superimposed on R and L, or live interlocutory between R and L.
L = Left channel, separately recorded in synchrony with R.

(et cetera at random pitches, volumes, frequencies, timbres, and inflections for 30 sec.)

| | | | |
|---|------------------------------|---|---|
| <p>elp . . . help . . . help . . . help . help . help . help
 <i>temporarily: gradual accelerando from very slow to very fast,
 5 seconds)</i></p> | <p>3-second pause</p> | <p>(read
as if
from
list,
about
one per
second)</p> | <p>Assistance Aidance Boost Providence Ministration Favor Shot in the arm Mercy Encouragement</p> |
| <p>elp? Help help? HELP? Helphelphelp? . Assistance?
 <i>interrogatively: random intervals, 15 seconds)</i></p> | <p>3-second pause</p> | <p></p> | <p>Fosterage Charity Guidance Sustenance Nourishment Manna Provision Alleviation Easement</p> |
| <p>elp help help help help help help help help . . . HELP!
 <i>(rescendo from whisper to shout, about twice/second, 15 seconds)</i></p> | <p>3-second pause</p> | <p></p> | <p>Redress Replenishment Pardon Shrift Abittance Succor Cast Subvention Ministry Boost</p> |

| | | | |
|---|----------------|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Good turn Clemency Therapy Protection Auspice Benevolence Championship Sustenance Nutrition Subsidy Relief Comfort Deliverance Indemnification Stay | 5-second pause | Unnnnh!
(groan) | 3-second pause |
| Betirement Amnesty Obligation Aid Lift Accommodation Supportance Furtherance Hand Beneficence Rescue Care Sanctuary Goodwill Counterance | 5-second pause | Oy veh.
(wearily) | 3-second pause |
| Maintenance Entropy Bounty Mitigation Ease Remedy Deus ex machina Indulgence Absolution Boisterance Help | 5-second pause | Whew!
(pigh) | 3-second pause |

| | | | | | |
|--|--|---|---|---|---|
| Aiudo Aiudo,aiudo,per piacere,aiudo! AU SECOURS?
Zu Hilfe, bitte. Zu Hilfe?
¡Socorro!¡Socorro! ¡Socorro, por Dios! | AU SECOURS
(evenly)
mayday mayday mayday mayday mayday
(tersely)
¡BAH!
(flatly) | AU SECOURS
. . .
mayday mayday mayday mayday mayday
. . .
HELP
_ | AU SECOURS
. . .
mayday mayday mayday mayday mayday
. . .
HELP
_ | AU SECOURS
. . .
mayday mayday mayday mayday mayday
. . .
HELP
_ | AU SECOURS
. . .
mayday mayday mayday mayday mayday
. . .
HELP
_ |
|--|--|---|---|---|---|

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---------------|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| -tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-
rapidly, 15 seconds) | no pause
(♩ = 116) ¾ | tsk t-tsk
 | tsk t-tsk
 | tsk t-t-tsk
 | tsk t-tsk :
 | repeat 3 mo
times |
| My, my, my, my, my, my, my my. 5-second pause
concernedly, 10 seconds) | snap fingers
starting at R's
5th bar
(♩ = 116) ¾ | | | | | repeat 1 mo
time |
| Unh. Unh. Unh unh unh unh. 5-second pause
desperately, 10 seconds) | grunt rhythmically
starting at R's
3rd bar ¾ | unh ----
 | unh ----
 | unh ----
 | unh ---- :
 | repeat 2 mo
times |

no pause
J = 116) 4/4
tambourine 4/4

HELP!

Brightly, to rhythm
of Waiting on the Levee

Help-help help help-help
tamb. ad lib.

J = 116) 4/4
nap
fingers 4/4

HELP!

J = 116) 4/4
bones 4/4

HELP!

Help help help help help help
(conversationally)

J = 116) 4/4
bones ad lib

Help Help help

Graphic Design by Ruudolph De Harak

Help-help help help-help (etc. ad lib.)

3-second pause

3 4 Dear God (resignedly) Help! H-E-L-P help help help helphelpdiddy H-E-L-P-H-E- elp!

(booming Interlocutory voice)

Et cetera! end finger snap

3/4 (sigh) (resignedly) Help! H-E-L-P

3-second pause end bones

Help! H-E-L-P help help help helphelpdiddy -elp! E-L-P help! Helpelp! H-E-L-P-H-E- elp!

H-E-L-P help! Help help! H-E-L-P-H-E- L-P help! Help helphelp! Help H-E-L-P-H-E- elp! H-E-L-P Helpelp! Diddy -elpelp help

help help! Help H-E-L-P help! Help help! Help H-E-L-P-H-E- help! H-E-L-P help help! Help help help help help help! Help help help

H-E-L-P help! H-E-L-P H-E-L-P-H-E- elp help! Help help! H-E-L-P-H-E- elphelp Diddy -elp! H-E-L-P helpelpdiddy

help! Help help help help! Help! Help help! Help! Help help! Help! Help help help help help help help help help help help help help help help help

help help help Help help help help! Help help help! Help help help help help help help help! Help help help help help help help help help help help help help

-elp! H-E-L-P help! H-E-L-P help help help help help help help! Helpelp help! Helpelp help! H-E-L-P Help! HELP! Help help help

help help help help! Help help help help help! Help help help help! H-E-L-P help! ritard. Grave (♩ = 102) 2 2 Help! Help! Help!

help help help help help help help! Help help help help help! help! Help help help help! ritard. 2 2 H-E-L-P

Help help help Help help help! Help help help Help help help help! H-E-L-P Help! H-E-L-P Help, helphelp, helphelp! Help! 2 2 help, helphelp, help

help! Helpelp! Help. help help help help! Help help! Help help! E-L-P-H-E-L-P help! H - E-L-P

help! Help help! H-E-L-P! H-E-L-P! H-E-L-P help! Help help!

H-E-L-P! Help, helpelp, help help! Help H-E-L-P help! Help! H - E-L-P-H - E-L - P

help! Help, H-E-L-P help help help! (sustained crashing sounds, 5 seconds) (add sirens & penetrators, 5 seconds) 5-second pause (1 small crash & tinkle) 5-second pause

H-E-L-P help-E-elp! Help-E-elp help help! (thuds, grunts, ouches, oafs, other urgent noises, 10 seconds) (1 short & 1 long blast of police whistle) 10-second pause

help! E-L-P help! Help help! Helpelp Help (sustained splashing & gurgling, 5 seconds) (add alarm bells & buzzers, 5 seconds) 10-second pause (1 small splash & gurgle)

1-second pause (... faintly, sound of horses & bugles, growing louder as it approaching from R, building to a tremendous crescendo as it reaches C, sustained for several seconds at C, then moving toward L and growing ever fainter and fainter until it recedes entirely into silence at L...)

10-second pause 1-second pause 10-second pause

He-e-e-elp! (croak, 3 seconds) 3-second pause

10-second pause 10-second pause

HELP! (matter-of-factly)

10-second pause 1-second pause 10-second pause

by John Barth

Weather

by Ruth Krauss

Cloudy with occasional immaculate conception today.

Notes on Contributors

VITO ACCONCI, born in New York in 1940, studied classics at Holy Cross and took an M.F.A. in creative writing at the University of Iowa. Originally a poet, whose most advanced printed works were partially collected as *BOOK FOUR* (1968), he has more recently been producing and documenting performance pieces, as well as contributing to major exhibitions of anti-object art. Formerly co-editor of the pioneering magazine *0 TO 9*, he lives in New York and teaches at the School for Visual Arts.

TOM AHERN, born in 1947 in Holbrook, Massachusetts, took his A. B. at Brown University and currently edits *DIANA'S BIMONTHLY* out of Providence, R.I. He has recently been finishing a novel, a volume of stories, and "two short collections of metaphysical film scripts."

ELEANOR ANTIN, born in New York in 1935, has exhibited her visual works and

published several verbal texts. *100 BOOTS* is a serial work published over a period of more than two years, as installments are mailed out at periodic intervals from her home in Solina Beach, California.

ALAIN ARIAS-MISSON, currently living in his birthplace, Brussels, Belgium, was raised in the United States and educated at Harvard. He has contributed "concrete poetry" to magazines and anthologies around the world, as well as producing "public poems" (or poetic events in public); and more recently, "I'm mainly interested in fiction, well not exactly fiction—a mite above or below fiction."

JOHN BALDESSARI, born in National City, California, in 1931, currently teaches at the California Institute of the Arts in Los Angeles. Originally a painter, he has more recently become prominent in concep-

tual art, and his work in both veins has been included in many exhibitions.

J. G. BALLARD, born in Shanghai, China, in 1930, studied medicine at Cambridge before becoming a writer in London. His shorter pieces have appeared largely in science-fiction publications, as well as one-man collections entitled *THE VOICES OF TIME* (1962), *THE FOUR-DIMENSIONAL NIGHTMARE* (1965), *THE OVERLOADED MAN* (1967), and *THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION* (1971); and he also published a trilogy of novels: *THE DROWNED WORLD* (1962), *THE CRYSTAL WORLD* (1966), and *THE BURNING WORLD* (1964).

JOHN BARTH, born in Cambridge, Maryland, in 1930, has recently been teaching at the State University of New York at Buffalo. His novels include *THE SOT-WEED FACTOR* (1960) and *GILES GOAT-BOY* (1966); and *LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE* (1968) is a collection of shorter pieces.

STANLEY BERNE, born in Staten Island in 1923, is teaching at Eastern New Mexico University in Portales. He has produced three books of short fiction—*THE DIALOGUES* (1962), *THE MULTIPLE MODERN GODS* (1964) and *THE UNCONSCIOUS VICTORIOUS* (1969)—as well as two other volumes written in collaboration with his wife, Arlene Zekowski, *A FIRST BOOK OF THE NEO-NARRATIVE* (1954) and *CARDINALS & SAINTS* (1958).

JEFF BERNER, born in New York in 1940, founded *STOLEN PAPER REVIEW* (1962-4) and *Stolen Paper Editions* (1966-7), as well as producing happenings, organizing art exhibitions, directing a television program, and teaching a college course on "Astronauts of Inner Space." His own poems, collages and photographs have appeared in many publications, and he currently resides in Mill Valley, Calif.

BILL BISSETT, born in 1939, writes from Vancouver that he is "from nova scotia & same as bfor is bfor as is bfor is same as bfor." He is a painter, printer and publisher ("blewointment press"), and *NOBODY OWNS THE EARTH* (1971) is his first comprehensive collection of poetry.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS BORY, born in 1938 in Paris, where he now lives, co-edited both

the periodical *APPROACHES* (1966-9) and the *Agentzia* series of publications. More recently, he was the founding editor of the poetry journal, *L'HUMIDITÉ*. His own books include *BIENTOT* (1967), *HEIGHTS TEXTS*—*ZONE* (1967), *SAGA* (1968), and *POSTSCRIPTUM* (1970); and he also compiled the retrospective anthology, *ONCE AGAIN* (1968).

DONALD BURG, born in New York City in 1937, has contributed to many exhibitions of "conceptual" art. Books of his written work include *CONTEXT COMPLETION IDEAS* (1971) and *ART IDEAS FOR THE YEAR 4000* (1971).

KENNETH BURKE, born in 1897 in Pittsburgh, Pa., is a poet, critic and philosopher, whose better-known books include *COUNTER-STATEMENT* (1931), *ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY* (1937), *PHILOSOPHY OF LITERARY FORM* (1941), and *LANGUAGE AS SYMBOLIC ACTION* (1966). His early fictions were collected as *THE WHITE OXEN* (1924) and then reprinted as *THE COMPLETE WHITE OXEN* (1968).

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, born in St. Louis in 1914, pioneered the hallucinatory collage novel with *NAKED LUNCH* (1958); and that, along with subsequent books, established him as one of the world's most influential writers. Certain recent works of his mark a distinct stylistic departure.

MICHAEL BUTTERWORTH, born in 1947, in Manchester, England, where he now lives and works in quality control. His fiction has appeared in *NEW WORLDS*, *AMBIT* and other magazines; he publishes a magazine, *CORRIDOR*, which specializes in very short fiction; and he is completing his first novel.

JOSÉ LUIS CASTILLEJO, born in Sevilla, Spain, in 1930, currently lives in Madrid. Among his works are *LA CAIDA DEL AVION EN EL TERRENO BALDIO* (1967), *LA POLITICA* (1968), *THE BOOK OF I'S* (1968), and *THE BOOK OF EIGHTEEN LETTERS* (1972). His translator, P. M. CLOHERTY, is a partner in a venture-capital firm.

GEORGE CHAMBERS, born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1931, studied at the University of Iowa and currently teaches English at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois.

His poetry has appeared in *IOWA REVIEW*, his drama in *ASSEMBLING*, and his fiction in *ATLANTA MAGAZINE* and elsewhere; *THE BONNYCLABBER* (1972) is an experimental novel.

ROBERT CHATAIN, born in San Francisco in 1944, studied at Columbia College, served in Vietnam, and subsequently completed a novel about the war. His stories and poetry have appeared in several periodicals.

MOACY CIRNE, a Brazilian critic and poet born in 1940, is co-founder of the "process-poem" movement and co-editor of the magazine *PONTO*, as well as the author of several books of poetry. His critical works include *THEORIA E CRITICA DE MARIO DE ANDRADE* (1966), *QUADRINHOS: O MUNDO DA CLASSE MÉDIA* (1969) and *A EXPLOSÃO CRIATIVA DOS QUADRINHOS* (1970).

HANS CLAVIN, born in Ijmuiden, Holland, in 1946, currently lives in his native city. The founder-editor of the periodical *DIVERS*, he has published several books, including *OPEN HET WOORD* (1968) and *L'HISTOIRE DE L'HISTOIRE* (1968), in addition to contributing to many exhibitions of New Poetry.

MARVIN COHEN, born in New York in 1931, has published two collections of short narratives, *A SELF-DEVOTED FRIEND* (1967) and *THE MONDAY RHETORIC OF THE LOVE CLUB AND OTHER PARABLES* (1972). His stories have appeared in many little magazines, and he recently finished a book about baseball as "a metaphysical metaphor for man."

CLARK COOLIDGE, born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1939, has studied at Brown University, played drums for the rock group "Serpent Power," and published several books of poetry: *FLAG FLUTTER & U.S. ELECTRIC* (1966), *CLARK COOLIDGE: TWENTY POEMS* (1967), *ING* (1969), *SPACE* (1970) and *THE SO* (1971).

JEAN-JACQUES CORY, born in Westport, Conn., travels peripatetically around the U.S. His fictionalized "lists" have appeared in *PANACHE* and *SECOND ASSEMBLING*, as well as the anthology of *FUTURE'S FICTIONS* (1971); and he is currently working on an extended imaginative compilation.

LEE DeJASU, born in New York in 1940, is primarily a photographer, especially experimenting with three-dimensional visualizations. "My writing stuffs have developed into varied 3-dimensional presences." He lives and works in Providence, Rhode Island, and recently had a one-man exhibition at the University of Connecticut.

ALVARO DE SA, a Brazilian engineer and poet born in 1935, has participated in several experimental poetry expositions in his native country and elsewhere. One of the founders of the "process-poem" movement, he has been co-editor, with Moacy Cirne, of the magazine *PONTO* and sole author of the book *12 x 9* (1967).

WALLY DEPEW is a young writer and designer and occasional contributor to little magazines. An extended visual fiction, *ONCE*, was published in 1971 by *DUST-books* in Paradise, California.

RUSSELL EDSON has published *THE VERY THING THAT HAPPENS* (1964), *WHAT A MAN CAN SEE* (1969), *THE CHILDHOOD OF AN EQUESTRIAN* (1972) and *THE CLAM THEATER* (1973), as well as three pamphlets of fiction that were handset on his own press in Stamford, Connecticut.

M. D. ELEVITCH, born in Duluth, Minnesota, in 1925, has contributed cartoons, fictions and essays to many magazines, in addition to founding his own literary journal, *FIRST PERSON* (1960-1). His first published novel is *G R I P S OR, EFFORTS TO REVIVE THE HOST* (1971).

CAROL EMSHWILLER has contributed short stories to many science-fiction and literary magazines. The wife of the noted film-maker Ed Emshwiller, she has recently finished a short yet-unpublished novel, collaborating with him on the photographic illustrations.

RAYMOND FEDERMAN, born in France in 1928, is Professor of French and Comparative Literature at S.U.N.Y.—Buffalo. He has written a critical study of Samuel Beckett's fiction, *JOURNEY INTO CHAOS* (1965) and a bibliography, *SAMUEL BECKETT: HIS WORK AND CRITICS* (1970), co-authored with John Fletcher. *AMONG THE BEASTS/PARMI LES MONSTRES* (1967) is a bi-lingual collection of his poems; and

DOUBLE OR NOTHING (1971) is the first installment in a projected fictional trilogy.

RICHARD FOREMAN, born in New York City in 1937, took his A. B. in philosophy from Brown University and his M.F.A. from Yale Drama School. As founder-director of the Ontological-Hysteric Theater, Inc., in New York, he has directed productions of his own texts—ELEPHANT STEPS (1968), TOTAL RECALL (1970), HOTEL CHINA (1971), among others; and he has also produced a book, entitled EVIDENCE (1971), about the composition of that last work. His critical essays have appeared in ARTS, ARTSCANADA, and THE VILLAGE VOICE.

HUGH FOX, born in Chicago in 1932, is currently teaching American literature at Michigan State University. A prolific critic, poet and novelist, he has written seventeen books, none of them published by commercial houses. Among the more important are THE LIVING UNDERGROUND: A CRITICAL OVERVIEW (1970) and CHARLES BUKOWSKI (1969). He also edits the periodical GHOST DANCE.

HOWARD FRIED, born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1946, has had several one-man exhibitions on the West Coast, mostly of "conceptual art"; and he has also made films and video tapes. He currently lives in San Francisco, where he works for the Reese Palley Gallery.

KEN FRIEDMAN, born in 1949 in New London, Conn., studied at San Francisco State College, subsequently teaching there. The publisher of FLUXUS WEST, he has written essays and stories, composed music, staged happenings, made visual objects, and produced a one-man exhibition lasting an entire year at the Oakland Museum. He is currently completing a collaborative essay on contemporary esthetics.

JOHN FURNIVAL, born in London in 1933, studied at the Royal College of Art and currently teaches graphic design at the Bath Academy in Corsham, England. His standing panels with hand-lettered words have appeared in numerous exhibitions, as well as periodicals and anthologies, including IMAGED WORDS & WORDED IMAGES (1970); and he has executed typographical realizations of other poets' works.

KENNETH GANGEMI, born in Scarsdale, New York, in 1937, took an engineering degree at R.P.I. but turned to writing soon afterwards. Parts of his first novel, OLT (1969), appeared in ART AND LITERATURE, TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW and the anthology YOUNG AMERICAN WRITERS (1967); and LYDIA (1970) is a collection of his poems and shorter pieces. He recently finished a short novel tentatively entitled "Corroboree."

PIERRE GARNIER, born in Amiens, France, in 1928, is currently a professor of German at a lycee in his native town. His creative work, done largely in collaboration with his wife ILSE, born in 1927 in Kaiserslautern, Germany, is regularly exhibited and reproduced. He has edited "the Spatialist Review," LES LETTRES, and his books of criticism include SPATIALISME ET POESIE CONCRETE (1968).

JOCHEN GERZ, born in Berlin, Germany in 1940, lives in Paris most of the time, where he has become one of the most widely published and interesting of the new generation of visual poets and organizers. His books include NACHMITTAG-MOND (1963), FOOTING (1967), THEORY OF MOBILE TEXTS (1968), REPLAY (1969), FOOTING (1969) and ANNONCENTEIL ARBEITEN AUF/MIT PAPIER (1971).

ANTHONY J. GNAZZO, born in Connecticut in 1936, is an author and composer, who has collaborated with John Cage, worked in electronic-music studios in Toronto and San Francisco, and composed his own mixed-means events. He presently lives in Berkeley, California.

GILES GORDON, born in Scotland in 1940, is presently editorial director of Victor Gollancz, Ltd., a London publishing firm. His highly unusual stories, which, as he notes, "take about two years to get into print," were collected as PICTURES FROM AN EXHIBITION (1970). THE UMBRELLA MAN (1971) is a novel.

LARS GÖRLING, born in Sweden in 1931, died there in 1966. His first novel was TRIPTYK, and his most famous was 491, whose film version he directed as well. He also wrote poems. His translator, LENNART BRUCE, is a prolific poet and translator living in San Francisco; LETTER OF CREDIT (1972) is his first novella.

CPGRAHAM "arrived from Jupiter 1946, now traveling, living out of portable spaces, settling in the mind. First book *IME* (1969). 'A Fiction in Form of Poem Forwards & Backwards' is taken from 2nd book *POEMSTILLS* from *MOVIEARTH* (197) in search of a publisher."

DAN GRAHAM, born in Urbana, Illinois, in 1942, works on the interface of criticism, art and literature. His poems have appeared in *EXTENSIONS*, *ASPEN* and the anthology *POSSIBILITIES OF POETRY* (1970), his artworks in several exhibitions, and his art criticism in his own book, *END MOMENTS* (1969). *PERFORMANCE* (1970) collects more recent texts, and he has recently been concentrating on "film-optical presentations."

PAUL HAINES, born in Vassar, Michigan, in 1932, is currently teaching at the American International School in New Delhi, India. His prose has appeared in *FIRST PERSON*, and he co-authored, with the pianist-composer Carla Bley, a jazz-opera, *ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL* (1971), that was recently recorded by the Jazz Composers' Orchestra.

HANS G HELMS was born in 1932 in Teterow/Mecklenburg (now German Democratic Republic). Since 1945 he has been living and working in several European countries and in the US, since 1957 in Köln (Federal Republic of Germany). Studies in comparative linguistics, philosophy, sociology, and political science. He works as a freelance writer for German and foreign magazines and radio networks, and as an independent film director for German television networks, and has given readings, concerts and lectures in Germany, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and in the USA. His major literary and Musical Compositions are *FA:M' AHNIESGWOW* (Köln 1959); *DAIDALOS* for 4 solo-singers (1961); *GOLEM*, polemics for 9 vocal soloists (1962); *CONSTRUCTIONS* on the 'Communist Manifesto' for 16 choral voices (1968); et al. Helms' major scientific and political publications include *DIE IDEOLOGIE DER ANONYMEN GESELLSCHAFT* (on Max Stirner and the origins of fascism), Köln 1966; *DIE GENERALENTEIGNUNG* (on total expropriation of the proletariat), Köln 1968; *FETISCH REVOLUTION* (critique of

the anti-authoritarian student movement), Neuwied and Berlin 1969; *KAPITALISTISCHER STÄDTEBAU* (on cities as means of capitalist exploitation), with Jörn Janssen and others, Neuwied and Berlin 1970; he has also been the editor of collections of the writings of Max Stirner (München 1968), Robert Walser (Köln 1970), and Peter Kropotkin (München 1972); et al.

DICK HIGGINS, born in 1938 in Jesus Pieces, Cambridge, England, of American parents, is a true polyartist who has published fiction, graphics and poetry, composed musical scores and mixed-means theatrical pieces, written criticism and art history, and made films. Recently retired from a brief academic career in California, he lives in northern Vermont, writing, inventing and publishing "editions of books and maple syrup."

DAVI DET HOMPSON, born in Sharon, Penn., in 1939, graduated Anderson College and then Indiana University with an M.F.A. in graphic design. He currently lives in Richmond, Virginia, where his wife teaches at Virginia Commonwealth University, and he has self-published several striking books.

DOUGLAS HUEBLER, born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1924, was among the pioneers of what has come to be called "conceptual art." He currently lives and teaches in Bradford, Massachusetts.

ARNO KARLEN, born in 1937 in Philadelphia, published a collection of precocious stories, *WHITE APPLIES* (1961), a large book on *SEXUALITY AND HOMOSEXUALITY* (1971), and much poetry, criticism and journalism.

ETHERIDGE KNIGHT, born in 1933, suffered in Korea a shrapnel wound, which led to his narcotics addiction, and he began serious writing while imprisoned in the sixties. His stories and poems have subsequently appeared in many periodicals and anthologies, and *POEMS FROM PRISON* (1968) represents his first collection.

BILL KNOTT, born in 1940, has also published as "Saint Geraud (1940-1966)," *THE NAOMI POEMS, BOOK ONE: CORPSE AND BEANS* (1968) was his first collection; *AUTO-NECROPHILIA* (1971) is his second.

AUREALISM: A STUDY (1970) is a long poem.

HENRY JAMES KORN, born in New York City, 1945, studied at Johns Hopkins University before moving to Brooklyn. His fiction has appeared in *US—THE PAPERBACK MAGAZINE* and *PANACHE*, and he was the co-founder-compiler of *ASSEMBLING*, an annual of otherwise unpublishable literature. He has recently been working in museums.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ, born in New York in 1940, has published visual poetry and comparable fictions in several journals and anthologies. *VISUAL LANGUAGE* (1970) collects his earliest imaginative work; *IN THE BEGINNING* (1972) is an extended visual fiction; and *IMAGED WORDS & WORDED IMAGES* (1970) his anthology of visual poetry. Also a critic and cultural historian, he authored *THE THEATRE OF MIXED MEANS* (1968), *MASTER MINDS* (1969) and *METAMORPHOSIS IN THE ARTS* (1973), as well as co-founding *ASSEMBLING* and editing a dozen more anthologies of literature, criticism and social thought.

RUTH KRAUSS, currently living in Rowayton, Conn., is a poet and playwright whose pieces across and between have appeared in many magazines. More than thirty of her books are in print, including the collection of poem plays, *THERE'S A LITTLE AMBIGUITY OVER THERE AMONG THE BLUEBELLS* (1968).

FERDINAND KRIWET, born in 1942 in Dusseldorf, Germany, where he now lives, is a prolific word-artist whose books of poetry include *ROTOR* (1961), *10 SEHTEXTE* (1962), *SEHTEXTE 2* (1962) and *LESERATENFAENGE* (1964), which includes detailed explication of his earliest circular work. *APOLLO AMERIKA* (1969) is an extended visual collage, based upon a television film he made of the moonshot. He has also staged performances, produced radio programs, and displayed his graphics in many exhibitions.

E. LAGOMARSINO, born in Brooklyn in 1942, received her M.F.A. from the University of Iowa, and she has subsequently taught creative writing and comparative literature. Her work has appeared in *BEYOND BAROQUE*, *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, and *DOUBLE BUBBLE*.

ROBERT LAX, born in Olean, New York, in 1915, graduated from Columbia College and subsequently worked as a script writer in Hollywood, an English instructor, and an editor of *JUBILEE* magazine, before moving to Kalymnos, Greece. Numerous small collections of his poetry have been published—the largest being *THE CIRCUS OF THE SUN* (1969)—mostly by Emil Antonucci ("Journeyman Books"), who has also made several films in collaboration with Lax.

CHARLES LEVENDOSKY, born in New York in 1936, studied at the University of Oklahoma and New York University, where he is now teaching English in the School of Continuing Education. *PERIMETERS* (1970) is a long poem about America, and he has recently completed a book-length work about Manhattan.

ALASTAIR MacLENNAN, born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1943, studied at Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art and Technology and then at the Chicago Art Institute, and he has since taught at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, as well as received a grant from the Canada Council. In progress is a book entitled (ADD).

JACKSON MAC LOW, a born Chicagoan (1922) lives in the Bronx as a college instructor by day and poet all the rest of the time. Following the publication of *AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHANCE OPERATIONS* (1962) which he edited with La Monte Young, the composer, and his activities with the Fluxus group, Mac Low's work has attracted increasing attention in both big and little magazines. His books include *THE TWIN PLAYS* (1966), *THE LIGHT POEMS* (1970) and *STANZAS FOR IRIS LEZAK* (1972). Currently he is at work on a major poetry cycle called *THE ODES*.

BARRY McCALLION, born in the Bronx in 1940, is a poet, sculptor and collagist who was graduated from Columbia College and currently teaches art at San Bernardino State College in California. *ART AND MAXIMS* (1971) is his first book.

CAROLE SPEARIN McCAULEY, born in Great Barrington, Mass., in 1939, is finishing, with partial computer-assistance, a novel tentatively entitled "Happen thing in Travel On." Her prose has appeared in *MOTIVE*, *APHRA*, and *NATIONAL CATHOLIC*.

REPORTER, and she is an associate editor of PANACHE.

JOHN MELLA, who works in the Chicago Post Office, has recently published poetic fictions, or fictionalized poetry, in CHICAGO REVIEW, THE LITTLE MAGAZINE and POETRY NORTHWEST.

R. (Richard) MELTZER, born in 1945, received his B.A. from S.U.N.Y.—Stony Brook and did graduate work in philosophy at Yale. A prolific contributor to rock and smut papers, he published THE AESTHETICS OF ROCK (1970) and recently completed an autobiography, tentatively entitled "Caned Out," that was bounced, in galley no less, by the publisher initially contracting it.

MANFRED MOHR, born in Pforzheim, Germany, in 1938, has exhibited his artworks in many European galleries and gatherings. His first book is ARTIFICIATA I (1969).

GARY MOORE, born in 1943 in Beaver Falls, Penn., studied at Johns Hopkins, taught creative writing at a Maryland college, and currently "lives where the Beaver meets the Ohio River in the hills of Western Pennsylvania." He had a story in FUTURE'S FICTIONS (1971).

EDWIN MORGAN, born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1920, is Senior Lecturer in English Literature at Glasgow University. He has published translations from the Italian and Anglo-Saxon, as well as several volumes of his own poetry, both visual and conventional. The largest retrospective selection is THE SECOND LIFE (1968).

NORMAN OGUIE MUSTILL, born in 1931 in Montreal, Canada, currently resides in San Anselmo, California. His poetry and art have been published in avant-garde periodicals and included in several exhibitions, and he has produced three books: FLY-PAPER (1967), TWINPAK (1969), and MESS KIT (1970).

TOM OCKERSE, born in Holland in 1940, studied graphic design at Ohio State and Yale and currently teaches it at Rhode Island School of Design. His own art has appeared in many exhibitions and publications, and a one-man retrospective was self-published as T.O.P. (1970). His graphic

essay on the alphabet, A-Z BOOK, appeared in 1969, and other books are in process or self-production.

LIAM O'GALLAGHER, born in 1917, identifies himself as an "intermedia artist," who has worked in language, image and sound. His visual poetry was collected in PLANET NOISE (1969) and reprinted in the anthology IMAGED WORDS & WORDED IMAGES (1970), and he has recently completed a multi-faceted one-man retrospective book tentatively entitled "The Blue Planet Notebooks." He lives in San Francisco's Chinatown.

TOM PHILLIPS, born in London in 1937, currently lives in South London. He has for several years been artistically reworking a Victorian novel by W. H. Mallock, originally entitled A HUMAN DOCUMENT. Phillips calls his multicolored bowdlerization A HUMUMENT, which has so far appeared in three sequences of prints; and other portions appeared, in black-white, as TRAILER (1971).

CHARLES PLATT, born in Paris, France, studied science at Cambridge before becoming an editor of the British science-fiction magazine, NEW WORLDS. His novels include GARBAGE WORLD (1967) and PLANET OF THE VOLES (1971); THE CITY DWELLERS (1970) collects three novelettes. He has also completed a longer multi-path novella that is still unpublished.

SARAH PLIMPTON, born in New York in 1942, has published fiction in PARTISAN REVIEW, EXTENSIONS, MODERN OCCASIONS and THE PARIS REVIEW. She currently lives in New York.

DIETER ROTH (also known as Diter Rot) born in 1930 in Hannover, Germany, began as a fabric designer and soon produced paintings, sculpture, graphics, constructions, films, engravings and over fifty books of ideograms, designs, prose, and poetry, both bound and loose-leafed. A recently issued GESAMMELTE WERKE runs to twenty volumes. Currently he divides his time between Düsseldorf, Germany, and Reykjavík, Iceland.

GERHARD RÜHM, born in Vienna in 1930, is a composer, poet, playwright and essayist currently living in Berlin. He has

published several books of texts, made recordings of his sound-poems, exhibited his visual poems, and recently compiled an anthology of *DIE WIENER GRUPPE* (1967).

JAMES SALLIS, born in New Orleans in 1944, attended Tulane University, where he has recently been teaching, and then moved to London, where he edited the magazine *NEW WORLDS*. His own stories have appeared in *QUARK*, *ORBIT* and *TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW*; and *A FEW LAST WORDS* (1970) is his first collection.

SILVANO SANTIAGO, born in Brazil in 1936, took his doctorate at the Sorbonne and currently teaches French literature at S.U.N.Y.—Buffalo. Writing in French, English and Portuguese, he has published two books of critical essays, two more of poetry, and a collection of short fictions entitled *O BANQUETE* (1970). His translator, **JON TOLMAN**, has done many books from the Portuguese.

IRENE SCHRAM, born in New York in 1941, has published *WHO IS DEAD* (1964), a chapbook of early work, and "Poems: Hard-Edge and Soft," which was included in *THE SMITH POETS* (1971). Axial Press printed a silk-screen version of "Machine Family" in 1967.

ARMAND SCHWERNER, born in Antwerp in 1924, currently teaches at Staten Island Community College. His inventive early poems were collected as *SEAWEED* (1968) and (*IF PERSONAL*) (1968). The first eight *TABLETS* were published together in 1969; a more complete edition appeared in 1971.

RICHARD SHAW, born in Duluth, Minnesota, in 1930, is currently teaching at the Minneapolis College of Art and Design, as well as completing a series about Big Poet/Little Poet, part of which appeared in his first book of poems, *WITHOUT A CLEVER TITLE* (1968).

RAY SMITH, born in Cape Breton Island in 1941, has published many stories, some of which were collected as *CAPE BRETON IS THE THOUGHT-CONTROL CENTER OF CANADA* (1969). He lives in Montreal and is currently completing a novel.

ROBERT SMITHSON, born in 1938 in Passaic, New Jersey, and originally a sculp-

tor, precociously established himself as one of the major theorists of sculptural minimalism and subsequent forms of avant-garde art. His prose appears mostly in art magazines, especially *ATRFORUM*, and he recently completed a book about his "earth work" in the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

ALAN SONDHEIM, born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in 1943, currently teaches humanities at the Rhode Island School of Design. He has written poems and fictions, made both films and video-tapes, exhibited sculptures, choreographed dances, produced both mixed-means theatrical pieces and improvisational music, and constructed his own electronic-music synthesizer. He recently founded Meta Ltd., a consulting firm, and self-published an extended essay, *THE ANALYSIS OF SITUATION* (1972).

GERTRUDE STEIN, born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania in 1874 and died in Paris in 1946, used often to complain to the expatriate Americans around her that she was more collected than read. In recent years the limited editions in which her work first appeared have been replaced by larger ones, and with the growth of the women's movement her work has come into its own not as a historic phenomenon but as crucial to modern literature. Books recently reissued or first collected include *THE MAKING OF AMERICANS* (1966), *GEOGRAPHY AND PLAYS* (1968), *LUCY CHURCH AMIABLY* (1969), *A PRIMER FOR THE GRADUAL UNDERSTANDING OF GERTRUDE STEIN* (1971), *MATISSE PICASSO AND GERTRUDE STEIN* (1972) and *A BOOK ENDING WITH AS A WIFE HAS A COW* (1973).

STEFAN THEMERSON, born in Plock, Poland, in 1910, currently lives in London. His books include *WOUFF WOUFF OR WHO KILLED RICHARD WAGNER* (1951), *FACTOR T* (1956), *KURT SCHWITTERS IN ENGLAND* (1958), and *TOM HARRIS* (1967), as well as a translation of *APOLLINAIRE'S LYRICAL IDEOGRAMS* (1968).

MIROLJUB TODOROVIĆ, born in 1940 in Skoplje, Yugoslavia, took a degree in law from Belgrade and has been publishing poetry and essays since 1958. The initiator of the Yugoslav signalist movement, he is the editor-in-chief of *SIGNAL*, an international review for signalist research; and among his recent books are *SIGNAL*

(1970), *CYBERNO* (1970), and *STAIRCASE* (1971).

TIMM ULRICHS, born in Berlin in 1940, lives in Hannover, Germany. His visual poetry has appeared in many periodicals, anthologies and exhibitions around the world, and he is presently devoting most of his efforts to "totalkunst." His booklets include *KLARTEXTE* (1969), *SPIELPLÄNE* (1969) and *WEITER IN TEXT* (1969).

DAVID UU, a Canadian in his mid-twenties, has contributed concrete poetry to periodicals, anthologies and exhibitions around the world. Currently living in Vancouver, he has also worked in intermedia, particularly as artistic director of the Isle of Avalon Society, and made several films. Booklets of his printed work have also appeared.

JÍŘÍ VALOCH, born in 1946 in Brno, Czechoslovakia, where he still lives, has produced visual poetry since 1964. His print-works have been published in magazines and anthologies, while his objects have been included in many exhibitions. He is also an art critic and esthetic theoretician.

M. VAUGHN-JAMES, born in Bristol, England, in 1943, came to Canada in 1968. Two years later appeared his first visual novel *ELEPHANT*, which was followed by *THE PROJECTOR* (1971); and he is currently living in Toronto and working on a third extended visual fiction and a collection of short experimental pieces.

TOM VEITCH, born in 1941 in Bellows Falls, Vermont, studied for two years at Columbia College and spent equal time in a Benedictine monastery. Currently living in San Francisco, where he edits a magazine with his own name, he has published only one of his many novels, *THE LUIS ARMED STORY* (1970), which is available only in a German translation.

PAUL DE VREE, born in 1909 in Antwerp, where he now lives, is the founding editor of *DE TAFELRONDE* and co-founding-editor of *LOTTA POETICA*, two of Europe's major periodicals of New Poetry. *EXPLO-SITIEVEN* (1966) and *ZIMPROVISATIES* (1968) are collections of his own experimental poetry; and his published criticism

includes a multi-volumed history of modern Flemish poetry. He has also published fictions, produced a film series, and edited several anthologies.

EUGENE WILDMAN, born in 1938 in Brooklyn, New York, lives in Chicago and teaches at universities there. He edited *CHICAGO REVIEW* for a year, and then compiled *THE CHICAGO REVIEW ANTHOLOGY OF CONCRETISM* (1968) and *EXPERIMENTS IN PROSE* (1969). *MONTEZUMA'S BALL* (1970) is his first novel; *NUCLEAR LOVE* (1972) is his second.

WILLIAM T. WILEY, a well-known American painter, is represented by the Allen Frumkin Gallery.

EMMETT WILLIAMS, born in Greenville, South Carolina in 1925, lived in Europe from 1949 to 1966, and is best known as the American among the European concrete poets of that period. Other aspects of his writing are, however, increasingly being appreciated and revealed, and his books that are currently available include: *13 VARIATIONS ON 6 WORDS OF GERTRUDE STEIN* (1965), *sweethearts* (1968), *THE LAST FRENCH-FRIED POTATO* (1968), *THE BOOK OF THORN AND ETH* (1968), *A BOY AND A BIRD* (1970), as editor, *AN ANTHOLOGY OF CONCRETE POETRY* (1967) and *CLAES OLDENBURG'S STORE DAYS* (1967) and as editor and translator, Daniel Spoerri's *AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE* and *THE MYTHOLOGICAL TRAVELS*. Since 1966 he has been Editor-in-Chief of the Something Else Press, and has taught widely in the United States and Canada. Currently his *SELECTED SHORTER POEMS* is in preparation.

ARLENE ZEKOWSKI, born in Long Island in 1922, is currently associate professor of English at Eastern New Mexico University in Portales. Her novels include *CONCRETIONS* (1962), *ABRAXAS* (1964) and *SEASONS OF THE MIND* (1969). In manuscript or progress are several more books.

NICHOLAS ZURBRUGG edits the periodical *STEREOHEADPHONES* from Church Steps at Kersey, near Ipswich, Suffolk, England. His essay, "Toward the Death of Concrete Poetry," appeared in *PAGES*, and he has contributed visual and minimal poetry to many European magazines.

Other Books by Richard Kostelanetz include:

as author——

The Theater of Mixed Means
Master Minds
Visual Language
Metamorphosis in the Arts
In the Beginning

as editor——

On Contemporary Literature
Twelve from the Sixties
The Young American Writers
Beyond Left & Right
Imaged Words & Worded Images
Possibilities of Poetry
Moholy-Nagy
John Cage
Social Speculations
Future's Fictions

Note on the Design of this Book:

The typeface used for most of the pieces in this book is Garamond, the only survivor of a large number of seventeenth-century "French" pieces, most of them Dutch. These faces are distinguished from the earlier, Italian designs, collectively known as "Venetian," by their horizontal crossbars on the lower-case "e," by their lighter coloring, and by the graceful ornament of the upper case letters, particularly in the Italic swash initials.

The type was set by Atlantic Linotype in Brooklyn, New York, and the book was manufactured by Book Press in Brattleboro, Vermont.

\$3.95

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Breakthrough Fictioneers

Richard Kostelanetz, Ed.

This book is intended as the sort of wonderland that critics lead guided tours of—all very well if you like guided tours, but for most of us that would take the wonder out of the land.

The works are short, for the most part, in order to add to the miniworld effect, and are usually selected by the editor in order to present this or that aspect of their authors' uniqueness, and to display as many as possible facets of the new narrative art between two covers.

The editor himself is that *avis rara*, a native New Yorker (born 1940) and still denizen there, in an East Village fortified apartment among thousands of books and hundreds of projects. To date his books include *The Theater of Mixed Means* (1968), *Master Minds* (1969), *Metamorphosis in the Arts* (1972) and two novellas, *In the Beginning* (1971) and *Accounting* (1972). Among others, the anthologies he has edited include *On Contemporary Literature* (1964), *The Young American Writers* (1967), *Beyond Left and Right* (1968), *Imaged Words and Worded Images* (1970), *Possibilities of Poetry* (1970) and *Future's Fictions* (1971), as well as two documentary monographs, *John Cage* (1970) and *Moholy Nagy* (1970) and an annual, *Assembling* (1970—). He has contributed to the biggest and to the littlest of magazines and exhibitions, contributions have appeared in everything from *The New York Times* to tiny magazines in Massachusetts and Calcutta. As such he is the sort of universal man very likely to pop up anywhere holding a diamond, and the only kind of person who could have put together this anthology.

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